



**MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP**

NO. 231
WEEK ENDING
MAR. 2, 1977

THE MIGHTY WORLD OF
MARVEL
FEATURING

9p

HULK AND **PLANET
OF THE APES**

WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME
--NOW RULE THE APES!



THE RAMPAGING
**GREEN
GOLIATH!**



THE SAVAGE
SIMIANS!

YOUR
MIGHTY MARVEL
FAVOURITES--
TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST
TIME!



THE DYNAMIC
DAREDEVIL!



THE COSMIC
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**™



THE BATTLE, CONCEIVED IN INSANITY, WAGED WITH BRUTALITY, AND MEASURED IN BLOOD, HAS **BEGUN**. THE CORPSES OF GENERAL ALDO'S **GORILLA SENTRY**S LIE SCATTERED OVER THE RIDGE, BLEEDING INTO THE **EARTH**, BAKING UNDER THE **SUN**.

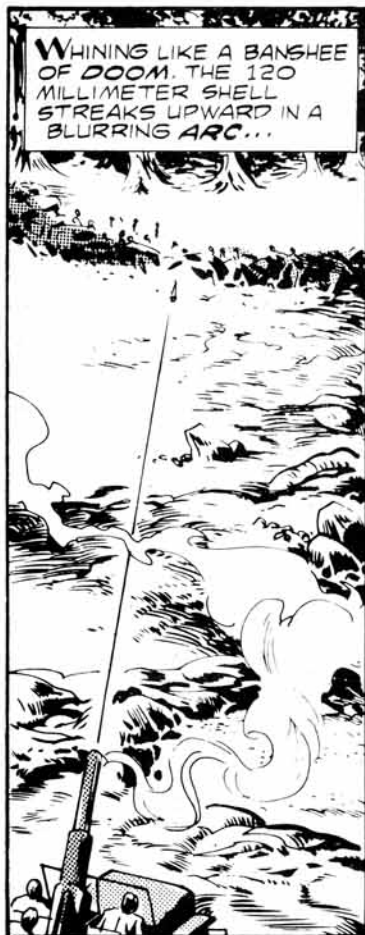
THE INVADERS FROM THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**-- MUTATED **MADMEN**, ARMED WITH WEAPONS OF THE PAST WAR WHICH **CREATED** THEM-- WAIT ON THE HILLSIDE, SURVEYING THE **CITY OF THE APES** BELOW THEM...

THEIR LEADER-- THE FORMER GOVERNOR **BRECK**-- SNARLS AN ORDER...

...**NOW!!**
BWOOM

CONQUEST of BLOOD!





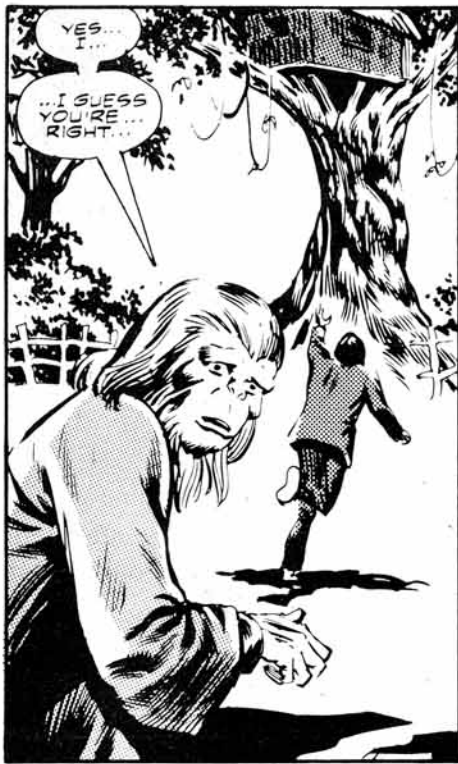
THE EXPLOSION'S ECHO STILL SEEMS TO LINGER, IF NOT IN THE SMOKE-HAZED AIR, THEN AT LEAST IN THE MINDS OF CHIMPS AND ORANGUTANS Huddled FOR SAFETY BEHIND THE BARRICADE...

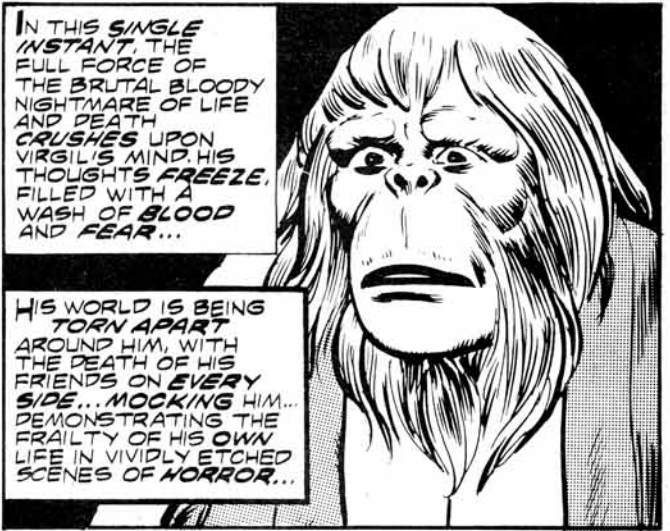
CAESAR AND VIRGIL ARE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN, IN THEIR PLACES... LIES A HEAP OF DEBRIS FROM THE PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED BARRIER...











IN THIS SINGLE INSTANT, THE FULL FORCE OF THE BRUTAL BLOODY NIGHTMARE OF LIFE AND DEATH CRUSHES UPON VIRGIL'S MIND. HIS THOUGHTS FREEZE, FILLED WITH A WASH OF BLOOD AND FEAR...

HIS WORLD IS BEING TORN APART AROUND HIM, WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FRIENDS ON EVERY SIDE... MOCKING HIM... DEMONSTRATING THE FRAILTY OF HIS OWN LIFE IN VIVIDLY ETCHED SCENES OF HORROR...



VIRGIL FLEES.

BUT DON'T CONDEMN HIM...FOR HE IS NOT A COWARD. HE IS MERELY... ALONE.



ELSEWHERE, IN A REGION OF THE CITY THUS FAR UNTOUCHED BY THE CARNAGE OF RAGING BATTLE, A PIERCING SHRIEK OF ANGUISH AND REMORSE ISSUES FROM ONE MANY ARBOREAL DWELLINGS...

NOOOOOO!!

THIS PARTICULAR DWELLING IS THE HOME OF CAESAR...



...AND OF HIS WIFE, LISA...FOR WHOM THE WORLD HAS JUST TURNED FILTHY AND GREY...

WHY--?!

WHYYY!!

YOUNG CORNELIUS TOO, ONCE LIVED HERE...



...BUT THAT WAS BEFORE ALDO SENT HIM CRASHING THROUGH THE TREES, AND SNEERED AT HIS SMALL BODY LYING CRUMPLED ON THE GROUND...

EASY, LISA... THERE IS NOTHING...

...NOTHING WE CAN DO...



THAT WAS BEFORE... CORNELIUS DIED.

EARLIER IN THIS DREAD DAY OF BLOOD, GENERAL ALDO HAD ESCAPED THE MUTANT'S FIRST ASSAULT ON THE RIDGE...



HE HAD FLED, EVEN AS THE LAST OF HIS GORILLA SENTRIES HAD BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE FIRST IMPLACABLE SALVO OF ANCIENT WAR-WEAPONS.

BUT IN THE INTERVAL, EVEN AS CORNELIUS WAS DYING--AND HIS FATHER WAS BEING FLUNG FROM THE BARRICADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF A 120 MILLIMETER SHELL--



--ALDO HAS RALLIED A SECOND FORCE OF HIS GORILLA SOLDIERS...

...AND NOW, AS THE REINFORCEMENTS CLUSTER AT HIS SIDE, GRUNTING AND SNARLING, ALDO IMAGINES THE TASTE OF BLOOD THICK AND HOT IN HIS THROAT.



NOW...!!

NOW WE KILL!!



THEY THUNDER DOWN THE RIDGE, RIFLES CUTTING THE CRISP AIR. THESE GORILLAS WHO PERHAPS FIND THEIR DAWNING INTELLIGENCE TOO FOREIGN--TOO COMPLEX--AND WHO THEREFORE REJECT IT.



...REVERTING TO THE PRIMAL SAVAGERY THEY HAVE KNOWN FOR MILLENIA...

OR PERHAPS--IN A SUBLIMINAL, GUT-LEVEL MANNER--THEY SIMPLY EMBRACE THEIR HUMAN-LIKE INTELLIGENCE TOO RAPIDLY, ADOPTING THE BEHAVIOUR PATTERNS OF "INTELLIGENCE"... WHILE LACKING THE HUMAN SUBTLETY OF APPLICATION...



IN ANY CASE, THEY CUT THE MUTANT CARAVAN IN HALF.



SURPRISED, THE MUTANTS WILL HAVE MORE OF A CHANCE IN **HELL...** THAN IN FACING THE RUTHLESS ONSLAUGHT OF **ALDO'S** FORCES...

INDEED, THE MUTANTS SCARCELY HAVE A CHANCE TO EMPLOY THEIR WEAPONS--



-- BEFORE THE TWO BIZARRE FACTIONS CLASH... APES BESTOWED WITH GROWING INTELLIGENCE, ON THE RISE...

...AND HUMANS RAVAGED BY RADIATION-SPAWNED INSANITY, DEFINITELY ON THE DECLINING ROAD TO EXTINCTION...



ALDO WAS THE FIRST TO CAST ASIDE HIS RIFLE AND DRAW HIS **SWORD**. HE PREFERS THIS CLOSE, HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT-- WHERE HE CAN FEEL THE DEATH OF HIS ENEMY SHUDDERING UP HIS ARM, AS HIS BLADE SLICES FLESH AND SHATTERS **BONE...**

ALL THE GORILLAS PREFER IT THIS WAY, AND MANY CONTINUE SLASHING AND HACKING LONG AFTER THEIR OPPONENTS' SCREAMS HAVE DIED.



BRECK-- THEY GOT US BACK THERE-- US DYING!

LET THE FOOLS DIE! I'M THEIR LEADER!

IF THEY CAN'T FOLLOW ME, THEY DESERVE TO DIE!



FOR SOME FIVE MINUTES, **CAESAR** HAS LAIN WITH HIS FACE IN THE **DIRT...**

...HIS BODY UNMOVING, **LIFELESS.**



YOU CAN STOP COUNTING NOW.

WH-WHAT...?

VIRGIL...? LISA...? IS CORNELIUS... BETTER... NOW...?



YOU....!

NEXT: } FUTURE EXECUTIONER!