ATTACK! SLAY ALL WHO DEFY THE RULE OF THE APES!

NOW! THE HULK AND THE MAN-THING TEAM UP TO... BATTLE THE BARBARIANS!
THE WAR HAS BEGUN -
THE ULTIMATE BATTLE
BETWEEN THE APES
AND THE MUTANTS! THE
APES ARE WINNING!

BUT EVEN IN WARS,
THERE ARE SMALLER,
VERY IMPORTANT CON-
FRONTATIONS, WHICH
ARE OFTEN THE REAL
POINT OF THE WHOLE
BATTLE!

DOUG MOENCH - WRITER
VIRGIL REDONDO - ARTIST
ARCHIE GOODWIN - EDITOR
YES... M.E. CAESAR...

BRECK... YOUR FORMER MASTERS...
YOUR CURRENT TORRENT... AND FUTURE EXECUTIONER!

FOR SOME FIVE MINUTES, CAESAR HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS. A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN FIVE MINUTES... ESPECIALLY WHEN MEASURED IN DESTRUCTION.

YOU'VE DONE BAD THINGS, CAESAR... YOU KNOW THAT...

YOU'RE NOT A DEPENDABLE UNIT... NO LONGER A FAITHFUL SLAVE...

WE HAVE TO RECONDITION YOU, CAESAR... YOU MUST LEARN AGAIN WHAT IT TO HAVE... AND SERVE A MASTER... POLITELY...

WHINING AS YOU DO SO... WRITHING IN PAIN WHICH WILL BURN YOU IF YOU DISOBEY.

NO, CAESAR... YOU CAN'T SET UP OR YOU'LL BURN...

YOU MUST STAY DOWN, CAESAR... LIKE A GOOD LITTLE PET... A GOOD LITTLE SLAVE.

WHOOFF...
THE HARSH CLAMOUR OF DISTANT BATTLE IS DROWNED OUT NOW, WASHED AWAY BY BREEK'S EVENLY CRAWLING TERRIBLE TAUNTING VOICE...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAESAR--CRAWL THROUGH THE STREETS OF "YOUR CITY...

CRAWL IN FEAR, CAESAR... CRAWL WITH YOUR YELLOW BELLIES DUG IN THE DIIRT...

WHOOF

WHOOSH

WHOOF

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CRAWL FROM ONE END OF THIS BURNING CITY TO THE OTHER...

CRAWL, CAESAR--WORM... AND LAST TO ME THROUGH YOUR FEAR...

WHOOF

WHOOSH

WHOOSH

I'M GOING TO BURN EVERY FILTHY LICE-RIDDEN HAIR OFF YOUR SKINNY MONKEY BODY! WOHN'T THAT BE FUN, CAESAR...?
AGH God... oh my god... Lisa...

What is it...? Lisa... maybe you better not look...

And the feast will be real fresh Caesar. Only the freshest of meat for Governor Breck...

And after that, Caesar, I'm going to sit down to a sumptuous feast of roast chimpanzee...

As if you don't know... you're learning, aren't you, Caesar? Clever ape, you always wore clever. Remember the day you chose your name? But there every Caesar has his Brutus...

Governor Breck. Formerly of California, before politics turned it into a radiation-swathed forbidden zone. Is mad...

And do you know why this feast is going to be so fresh, Caesar? Well, I'll tell you. Because the chimpanzee is going to be roasted alive!

Still, Breck doesn't know he's mad, but it doesn't excuse him one damned bit.
NO. IT'S NO USE. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE INTELLIGENT, BUT YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE NOT INTELLIGENT. CAESAR.

YOU'RE NEVER LEARN TO BE SMART--TO BE TOO SMART--YOU'RE JUST A BEAST...

IT'S BEEN BUILDING TOO LONG--TOO MUCH TOO FAST.-REACHING ITS PEAK...AND THAT PEAK IS UNENDURABLE...

EVEN NOW HE HAS BEEN BURNT AND BEATEN OUT OF HIM. CAESAR HAS BEEN WITHSTANDING HIS PAIN. THE INDOMITABLE STRENGTH WHICH HAS MADE OF HIM A LEADER.

THAT'S WHY YOU'LL HAVE TO BE DESTROYED. CAESAR--BURNT INTO A ROTTING PILE OF BLACKENED ASH...

AND NOW WITH HIS DEATH PRESSING CLOSER UPON HIM--BREATHEING HOTLY DOWN HIS NECK.

NO, BRECK--NOOOO!!

...LISA SHRIEKS...

--AND CAESAR LUNGE FORWARD--

KUH??!

--CRAMMING ALL THE PAIN AND HUMILIATION AND ABUSE RIGHT DOWN BRECK'S STICKING THROAT.

FWOOOSH
THANKS... THANKS A LOT FOR THE HELP. THAT IS... CAESAR...!

HERE... CAESAR... YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT...

NO, CAESAR--BUT WE'LL ALL BE DEAD IF WE DON'T START FIGHTING BACK! ALOI'S GORILLAS ARE TAKING CARE OF HALF OF THOSE, BUT THERE'S STILL THE OTHER HALF.

VIRGIL...! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...

ALL RIGHT--YOU'VE SEEN THAT THEY CAN BE DEFEATED--THAT THEY'RE NOT GODS--THAT THEY'RE NOTHING MORE THAN MEN!

I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED FROM WHAT YOU'VE SEEN AND THE OTHER LESSONS AT THE COST OF DEATH WILL BE NECESSARY...
NOW LET'S FIGHT THIS TIME--LET'S DEFEND OURSELVES AND OUR FAMILIES LIKE APES!!

LIKE APES!!

AND LIKE A BATTALION OF SAVAGE BERETS, THEY'RE REVIVE THE SCATTERED MUTANT FORCES...

BLAM KRAK

BLAM BLAM BLAM BRAK-AK AK-AKAK

BEYOND THE CITY, SIEGE SWIFTLY TURNS TO ROUT. MOST OF THE MUTANTS HAVE LONG SINCE RETREATED TO THE RELATIVE PROTECTION OF THEIR ANCIENT VEHICLES, ATTEMPTING A LAST-DITCH DEFENCE...

AND LAST-DITCH DEFENCE SUFFERS A SLIGHT SET-BACK.

BRAK-AK-AK-AK
AND NOW WITH EVEN DEFENCE DENIED THEY WERE OUT OF REACH...  

BRAK-AK  
AK-AK-AK  

BRAK  
AK-AK-AK  

SKRASH  
...THE PATH OF FLIGHT IS BLOCKED...  

KUH-FWHOOM!  

CAESAR IS SICKENED...DISGUSTED WITH HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH SPURTING FROM THE DEVICE IN HIS HANDS. THE GODDESSES FALLING LIKE WHEAT BEFORE HIS EYES...  

IT SEEMS ALDO CAN DO NO WRONG...  

CONSEQUENTLY HE IS VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF...  

BUT WHAT ELSE CAN HE DO? THERE IS NO CHOICE...
There is nothing but sound and fury... killing and death...

Caesar is at the centre of it, strangely calm in the midst of such chaos, like the eye of a brutal hurricane. And yet controlling the awesome storm, instigating it... and holding it together.

He kills, perhaps more than anyone. He does not most certainly. A thousand times.

They're running, Caesar... they're running... we beat them!

Yes... we beat them...
NOTHING WORKING! ONLY FEW TRUCKS MOVE!

DO WHAT YOU CAN! IDIOT! LOAD THE ONES THAT WILL GO--!

BUT ALL MEN NOT Fit? WHAT THEN DO--?

THEY CAN DO WHATEVER THEY LIKE!

LET THEM WORRY ABOUT IT AND JUST GET OUT OF HERE, STUDIO--!!

IS THAT IT? CAESAR...?

YES, THAT'S ENOUGH, VIRGIL!

WE MAY AS WELL GO NOW AND--

NO--!!

NOT GO HOME! KILL EVERY ONE! KILL ALL-- SO NONE LEFT TO GET AWAY!!

NOT CARE WHAT YOU SAY! YOU WEAK, ALDO STRONG!

ALDO SAY KILL ALL... AND IF YOU TRY TO STOP ALDO--

... THEN ALDO KILL YOU!!

NEXT: CAESAR VS. ALDO!