It is nearing sunset now. As the chaos of battle dwindles to numb shock, the mutants have been routed; the apes are triumphant.

Still, there is one ape who is reluctant to settle for mere victory. His name is Aldo. He is a gorilla... and he is savage.

**KILL!! KILL ALL! None left to get away...!!**

**NO, ALDO... there's been enough killing! They're running away... let them go...!**

**TREMOR of DOOM!**

*Script: Douglas Moench  Art: Virgil Redondo*
DO YOU HEAR ME, ALDO? I SAID THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH KILLING!

ALDO, HEAR YOU, CAESAR? BUT ALDO NOT LISTEN TO CAESAR.

KILL!!

CAESAR STUPID! BUT ALDO SMART!

CAESAR'S FEARS WOULD INDEED PROVE JUSTIFIED WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT IN ALDO'S EYES...

AND BEFORE THIS IS OVER, I'M AFRAID DISOBEDIENCE WILL BE THE LEAST OF HIS CRIMES...

BAM! BAM! KRAK!

YAAH!!

...KILLING IS ANYTHING BUT A CRIME.

RATHER, IN ALDO'S OPINION, MURDER IS IMMENSE FUN.

...TO ALDO'S EXHILARATION, SATISFACTION.

ALL DEAD! DEAD!!

NOW WE GO BACK--TO OUR CITY!!

AND SO, THEIR EERIE GREEN GLOW MAKING THEM EASY TARGETS IN THE DARKNESS, THE LAST FEW STRAGGLING MUTANTS ARE MERCILESSLY SLAUGHTERED.

PREDICTABLY ALDO'S FELLOW GORILLAS STUPIDLY CHEER HIM.
But, as the jubilant apes ride back toward the forest and the treehouse city therein...

What that...?

Who there...?!

Breck -- former governor of a thriving human metropolis, recently the mad leader of an enclave of corrupt mutants...

...but now, nothing more than a burned, exhausted, utterly beaten husk of flesh... a pitiful survivor of his earlier battle with Caesar.

P-please...

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Aldo has stopped laughing...
...AND BRECK...  
AGHH-K...!!  
--HAS STOPPED LIVING.

AK-AK-AK-  
AK- AK-  

HA-HA-HA-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HA

FAR AWAY IN THE MUTANT COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE ALMA AND HENDEZ TURN TO AN OPENING DOOR... TO SEE THE BATTERED AND BLEEDING REMNANTS OF TWO OF THEIR KIND...  
IT'S OVER...

WE...  
...LOST...  

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...  

YOU'VE JUST RECEIVED IT.

BRECK SAID TO WAIT FOR A MESSAGE.
DO IT.

BRECK ORDERED YOU TO DO IT.

NO... IT'S TOO PRECIOUS.

YOU KNOW THAT... YOU KNOW IT'S TOO PRECIOUS...

IT'S WAITING. IT'S READY. DO IT.

WE'LL WAIT. ALMA...

...AND WAIT... AND WAIT...

NO...
And amid the cheers, Caesar walks toward a very lonely place at the end of the dusty, blood-spattered street...

...The corral...

...Where human beings are kept penned like... animals.

Let them go, Virgil... all of them... NO!! They stay!!

Aldo... it looks as if you were right.

Yes, Virgil... I know.
ALDO KILL BRECK.

ALDO WIN BATTLE.

ALDO SAY WHAT TO DO NOW.

CAESAR SAY NOTHING!

THESE PEOPLE DO NOTHING. ALDO--THEY'RE INNOCENT!

AND I DO SAY SOMETHING--I SAY THEY GO FREE.

AS FOR YOU AND YOUR GORILLAS, THE PART IS OVER!

TURN YOUR GUNS BACK ON TOMANDEMUS.

ONE OF THE GORILLAS move and ALDO MERELY SNEERS...

YOU LIKE HUMANS, CAESAR? YOU WANT THEM NOT TO LIVE IN CORRAL--?

OKAY-- GOOD.

KILL HUMANS IN CORRAL!

KILL THEM ALL!!

NO--!!
Move, Caesar... now...

...or we kill you.

Silence which finally nurtures a soft, and stunned, voice of disbelief...

Kill... Caesar...?

Spoken softly, the words are still like thunder. Followed by complete, instant silence...

Aldo's rage flares deep within him. He knows that even his most loyal gorillas will hesitate to kill Caesar. But he also knows that he must bluff it through...

No! We keep guns!

But ape... has... never... killed ape...

It is Virgil, finally. Who places the unspeakable blasphemy within the context of words... words which are almost now in their truth...
...WORDS WHOSE TRUTH MUST NEVER BE SHATTERED...

AND WORDS WHICH NOW REMIND A SINGLE GORILLA THAT THEIR HOLY TRUTH HAS ALREADY BEEN SHATTERED...

LIKE A NIGHTMARE, IT RETURNS TO HIM... A MEMORY WHOSE FULL IMPORT HE HAS NOT HERETOFORE-REALIZED...

THE MEMORY-IMAGE IS CLEAR NOW, STARK AND TERRIBLE--AS HE REMEMBERS THE NIGHT WHEN APE AND KILL APE... WHEN ALDO KILLED CAESAR'S SON...


AND THOUGH HE DOES NOT LUCIDLY COMPREHEND THAT BECAUSE OF ALDO'S DARK DEED, THAT DARK NIGHT ONE OF THE CHIEF MORAL SUPERIORITY APES HAVE ALWAYS CLAIMED OVER HUMANKIND IS NOW NO MORE THAN A LIE...

...HE NEVERTHELESS KNOWS--FOR THE FIRST TIME--THAT ALDO HAS COMMITTED THE WORST POSSIBLE WRONG.

...THE REALIZATION SHOCKS HIM...

...AND FORCES HIM TO EXORCISE HIS SHOCK, AND TO MAKE HIS REALIZATION PUBLIC.

ALDO... ALDO... ALDO...

HE ACCUSES HIS FORMER LEADER--THE ONE WHO HE HAS ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS EFANIMPLY CHEERED.
AGAIN, IT IS VIRGIL WHO PLACES THE TRUTH... THE NOW SHATTERED TRUTH... INTO WORDS...

ALDO... WAS KILLED APE...

THE REACTIONS TO THIS TERRIBLE REVELATION ARE MANY... 

... AND VARIED, LEAVING NO ONE UNTouched. CONTINUED NEXT ISH!
looting. Names flood out: Scorpion, Diamondback, Sandman, Stiltman. They all abuse their power for a grudge, self-satisfaction or petty vengeance. But don’t get the idea that I think Marvel should cease churning out these swell guys. After all, Spidey, DD and Powerman would soon be out of business. I am, however, glad that the stereotyped ‘baddies’ like The Enforcers have been deadened. They served as indispensable punch-bags for our gallantrie. You see, while our stories become more sophisticated as Marvel marches on, so must our ‘villains’.

P. Ruthven-Murray,
6 Tetawn Gardens,

‘Compliments aside’ you said in your opening paragraph. We beg to disagree with you, hero, because in our collective opinion we reckon the remainder of your letter added up to one of the loveliest compliments we’ve ever been paid. What you’re saying is that you’re aware and appreciate the fact that Marvel ‘super-villains’ come in all sorts of shades of grey. And why do we feel so flattered? Because that’s the way we’ve always intended ‘em to be. The way we see ‘em ourselves. And you can rest assured that as Marvel goes a-marching on it’s merry way Marvel will inevitably change, and Marvel’s ‘super-villains’ will be right in step, all the way.

GAMMA RAYS

Curse you, curse you, gamma rays. Your curse forever haunts me. I look back To where and how it first began. That terrible blast. And, as in the past, I feel the pain, The terrible pain. Try to resist. I always try to resist, but it is hopeless, Always hopeless. The change has begun again, Will it never end? But wait, The change is nearly past, The pain has nearly gone. Yet, as my intellect begins to recede I know the curse has won And once again I am The Hulk. Curse you, curse you, gamma rays.

L. O’Malloran,
25 Bodmin Rd., Luton, BEDS.

Now who dares say this isn’t the age of Marvel literacy?
CALLING ALL "NOVA" FANS

Dear Marvel,

This is a message to all NOVA fans. I am producing and starting the only NOVA FAN CLUB I believe to be in existence. My magazine, "The Nova Fanzine", is published bi-monthly and sent to all members—cost 4p plus 6½p stamp. The first issue is free except for the S.A.E.

Members will also receive a NOVA NEWS and FACT sheet every month. No. 1 contains the origin of Nova, the only-ever Nova checklist and three black and white Nova reproductions.

To join you must send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope to this address: 9 Teignmouth Drive, Rayleigh, Essex. Full details and subscription form will be sent with No. 1.

Remember, the S.A.E. must be 8" x 6" to contain your fanzine. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Andrew Taylor PMM.
9 Teignmouth Drive, Rayleigh, Essex.

Well, there you have it, Nova fans. It's all yours to enjoy. There's just one point we have to make—this is NOT a Marvel enterprise, so PLEASE, no letters on the subject. And, having said that, let's also say have a lot of Nova fun!

REMEMBER "POW"!

Dear Marvel,

Thank you for putting the "Howling Commandoes" into MWOM. I have read a few Howler stories in old "POW!" annuals and enjoyed them. So it will be nice to read the whole series as it was first published.

The formats of your mags are now changing so fast that it is hard to keep up with all the changes. Now that you have combined Titans and Super Spiderman please don't bring out any more mags with the lengthways layout. I think the best layout you have is that of MWOM.

Having four stories in a normal-shaped comic with less pages to each story is better than having five or six stories in a comic with each story having a lot of small stories.

Paul Watson PMM, EFT.
19 Madginsford Rd., Bearsted,
 Maidstone, Kent.

HARD WORDS

Dear Stan,

Why waste all that valuable space, printing all those corny letters from ungrateful jerks? This valuable space could be used to lengthen the Brilliant Captain Britain stories.

Neil Austin, 80 Harmsworth Cres., Hove, Sussex.

Neil-ANYONE who takes the trouble to write to us deserves our attention. And if some oaf is ever REALLY nasty, well, we just send them a 'get-well-soon' card.

Paul Watson PMM, EFT.
19 Madginsford Rd., Bearsted,
 Maidstone, Kent.

Nick Fury's a busy man these days—but that's the way he likes to be. So you're an 'anti-landscape' man, huh? Okay, we've duly slipped your vote into the red-coloured box.

---

MARVEL MAILBAG
MARVEL COMICS, TUBS HILL HOUSE, SEVENOAKS, KENT.