THE INCREDIBLE HULK AND PLANET OF THE APES
WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME
NOW RULE THE APES!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK BATTLES THE DEADLY SAMSON--
WHILE A CITY TREMBLES!

GUEST-STARRING
MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST FIGHTING FORCE:
S.H.I.E.L.D.!
AN ENDING...

A BEGINNING!

THE SECRET IS OUT--AN APE HAS KILLED ANOTHER APE! YES, THE GORILLA ALDO HAS DONE WHAT NO OTHER SIMIAN HAS EVER DONE BEFORE--KILLED ONE OF HIS OWN KIND!

THE REACTION TO THIS KNOWLEDGE, BY BOTH HIS FELLOW APES AND THE CAPTIVE HUMANS, IS MOST ACCUSING--AND NO LESS HOSTILE!

DOUG MOENCH--WRITER

VIRGIL REDONDO--ARTIST

ARCHIE GOODWIN--EDITOR
There is good cause for the sadness when covers MacDonald's face-like a bleak mask. Though he was the one who discovered the slow branch of branch near Cornelius, broken body, he can take no pleasure from the last innocent that branch has caused.

Caesar's lips slide back over strong, sharp teeth in the sound of Virgil's words spoken a brief eternity ago. He'll finally met him...

He stalks toward Aldo: His flight no longer erect. His eyes slumbered and laced with a gutteral animal—like snarl...

You murdered my son, Aldo... you killed Cornelius...

You're not an ape, Aldo... you're nothing but filth.

And you'll pay for what you've done...

No longer the fearsome leader of and elite savage corps of mighty gorillas—but rather a frightened animal at bay—Aldo backs away from Caesar's relentless advance...

For as stupid as the brutish gorilla is, he knows there will be yet another battle this ominous night... the true battle for the destiny of this planet of the apes.

And Aldo knows he must win this battle...

...using whatever means he can.
Aldo has regained a measure of confidence. The sword has given him strength.

How now, Aldo? Kill Caesar -- prove Aldo smart and strong and new leader!

But Caesar. His eyes blazing with rage does not falter a step...

SWEEEEEEF

CAESAR--!!
HERE, CAESAR...!!!

ALDO HESITATES NOW. THE STING OF THE CHAIN STILL SHUDDERING UP HIS ARM...

COME ON, ALDO... YOU KILLED MY SON...

SEE IF YOU CAN KILL ME!

AND THUS ALDO'S ARTIFICIAL STRENGTH HAS ALSO BEEN NULLIFIED.

BUT STILL THE GORILLA HESITATES. THE STRENGTH FED TO HIM BY THE SWORD HAS NOW BEEN EQUALLED BY CAESAR'S CHAIN...

HE FLEES, SEEKING REFUGE IN A NEARBY Copse OR SHADOW-ENCROACHED TREES...
AND HIDDEN IN THE DEEP DARKNESS, ALDO FINDS THAT REFUGE...

SNIFF, SNIFF

...IF ONLY TEMPORARILY. VENGEANCE TEMPERED BY FLEETING IMAGES OF HIS SLAIN SON, BURNS WITHIN CAESAR'S HEART. HE SCALES THE TREE SWIFTLY, KNOWING WHAT MUST BE DONE...

EVEN IF HE DOES NOT FULLY EXPECT THE OBSTACLES WHICH WILL CONFRONT HIM.

CHOK!

YAAHHH, AHHRRR!!

WUMPT!
NOW, ALDO...
NOW YOU MUST FACE ME... AND APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE...
--CAESAR IS EMPHATICALLY WRONG.

BUT AS FAR AS THE COWARDLY GORILLA IS CONCERNED...

BUT THEN CAESAR IS ALSO FALSE... ASKED TO BE RIGHT.

WE... WE COULD ESCAPE NOW... ALL OR ELSE THE APES WOULD NEVER EVEN NOTICE...

MACDONALD DOES NOT EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK AT THE TEACHER AS HE REPLIES...
IF YOU WANT TO GO... GO... RIGHT NOW. I DOUBT IF THE APES WOULD REALLY CARE.

INDEED... FOR THE GATHERED APES, THEIR FACES UP TURNED TO THE TREES ABOVE SENSE THAT THE FUTURE OF APE DESTINY IS BEING PLAYED OUT BEFORE THEM...

IT IS FRIGHTENING... AND IT IS SPELL-BINDING.

WE COULD PRACTICALLY JUST WALK AWAY...
AND IT IS ABOUT TO END...
THERE ARE NO MORE TREES TO JUMP ALDO--NO MORE BRANCHES TO GRASP...

...NOWHERE LEFT TO FLEE...

...NOWHERE TO HIDE...

THIS IS IT, ALDO--THIS IS IT.

NO--KILL--KHHH!!EELLL!!

SWFFF--

WRATT

KRATCH

REEWAAAARRR--

SKUUMPP

ALDO'S NECK SNAPS. HE DIES INSTANTLY.
AND SUDDENLY, HIGH ABOVE ON A PRECARIOUS BRANCH, A WAVE OF DIZZINESS AND EXHAUSTION SWEPT OVER CAESAR’S MIND AND BODY...

THE RADIATION SICKNESS, THE BLOOD OF HIS SON CONGEALS, THE STOMACH WOUND DELIVERED BY ALDO’S STONE, AND THE RIGHT ITSELF... ALL SEEM TO GATHER AT ONCE...

IT’S... ALL RIGHT, LISA... HIS BODY... CUSHIONED ME...

EVERYTHING... WILL BE ALL RIGHT... NOW...

CONVERSING ON HIM MERCILESSLY...

HE STAGGERS...

AND TOPPLES.

CAESAR... DARLING NOOO!!

NO... PLEASE...

NO...
If you mean to set us free, Caesar, then free us completely—or leave us here.

What do you mean—?

He means... we don't want to be free just to do us apes to do. We're not your children, Caesar—we have a destiny, too.

We want to live our own way, a human way—but with you, with the apes, but our way...

The human way is violence and death!

Aldo wasn't human... was he, Caesar?

Very well, Virgil... you've made your point... and I suppose MacDonald and the humans are right...

And as the human pour out of their former prison... jubilant cheering... a moment of destiny settles over four strangely matched individuals...

Tomorrow we'll clean up and try to rebuild what's ruined... and begin again.

Tell me, MacDonald... can you begin again... and make the future what we wish?

I've heard it's possible, Caesar.

...and how long is the journey I wonder...

We'll just have to wait and see...

...will bless us, and live among us...

"...wait for Taylor. Who—if when he comes finds not a planet of lords and slaves, apes or humans—"
AND WHO WILL MAKE ALL THINGS NEW ONCE MORE.

...AND SEND US ONWARD INTO A FUTURE THAT WILL HAVE NO END.

I AM AFRAID, MY CHILDREN...

...THAT WE MUST WAIT A LONG TIME YET...

HIT THE DIRTY APE!!

HIT HIM--PUNCH HIM--KILL HIM!!

"...A VERY LONG... LONG TIME..."

KIHIIIIIIII!!

PUNCH HIM--PUNCH THE HUMAN!!

BUT LAWSICK--
WHEN WILL TAYLOR COME?

YES--HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?

HOW... LONG...?
HAIL HOWARD!

Dear Bullpen,

I thought I'd drop a line about this, your twelfth and latest treasury edition—Howard the Duck. As you might remember, about five months ago I wrote complaining of the decline in quality of your treasuries. Now, though I by no means retract all I said, I must admit that this was one heck of a magazine. For a mere 50p we got 48½ pages of riotous reprints, 31½ pages of amusing new material and two very nicely-drawn covers.

First, the story "The Duck and the Defenders" wasn't bad, although Steve's comic style seemed slightly under par, as did Sal's art. I would have preferred Colan or Brunner, but it was an enjoyable strip nonetheless—five such fearful felons ne'er didst tred this earth. Overall Steve's style seemed different, I felt there was something missing—a Howard story is usually a harsh satire, this seemed more like R.T.'s early 'flippant' story/style.

This reprints, though I've read them before, were the highlight of the magazine—I doubt that H.T.D. will ever again equal (story or art-wise) "Frog Death" or "Hell Cow". But I suppose their reprinting may have seemed a bit premature to some people—you should allow more time before reprinting stories. The text features were mildly amusing, but no more. On the whole it was a magazine well worth buying. Keep it up.

Martin Tudor,
845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End,
B'ham.

"Well worth buying. Keep it up." Sheeesh! Sounds like a half-term report. But no offence taken, Martin. And all that praise you heaped upon H.T.D., well, it couldn't have happened to a nicer duck.

A SHADY PAST . . .

Dear Stan,

The Hulk stories are great, and so's the art, although it has been too shady in the past. Conan is always good in both art and story, but Daredevil is constantly much too shady and black, so please change this. Power man is good so far, keep up the good work.

Jonathan Hubby,
10 Baldwin Cresc.,
Camberwell, London, SE5.

What a none of contention, for such a long, long time, the question of shading has been. Armens insert it to give balance to a picture, but, like so much of all that appertains to art, there's a lot of room for personal taste on the subject. We try, we really try, to please most of you—but we're resigned to the fact that when it comes to shading, we never shall.

WRITA BETTA LETTA

Dear Mr. Lee,

I enjoy your comics very much, but I have one complaint. The Letters page is one of the most enjoyable parts of the comic but it is spoilt by such letters as "I think Captain America is great, but I don't like The Vision." These kind of letters are of no real use, in my opinion. Now, I'm not saying to cut them out altogether, just minimise them.

Recently the re-entry of Gwen into Spidey's life has begun a new era in Peter's being. The comeback of the Green Goblin may present further problems. Although he is presently in an asylum, you never know with ol' Gobbo. The best story of recent times, I think, has been Tarantula. Ross Andru is to be congratulated on his work on The Jackal. I have a sneaky suspicion he's Harry Osborn, but somehow I think I'm wrong.

POTA is as good as ever—Quest is a brilliant piece of writing. My last comment is this. Lately there has been a lot of criticism about Jack Kirby's art, and, frankly, I quite agree. Maybe at one time he was the greatest, but now his drawing is square and unfilialike. I know I will get a lot of criticism if this is printed, but I just had to say what I think.

Derry O'Flynn,
Killarney Rd., Millstreet, Co. Cork,
Eire.

Derry—it's one of the inescapable facts of life that no-one is going to approve of every letter we publish. If you enjoy MOST of 'em then count yourself as one of life's lucky ones, 'cos you're on the winning side.