THE MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL
FEATURING
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
AND PLANET OF THE APES
WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME
NOW RULE THE APES!

RISE! RISE!!

IT'S THE BEHEMOTH! FLEE!

ATTACK OF THE VIKING APES!
And Lightsmith's mindless litany aside, there is joy here in the softly falling snow...

...the joys of release from danger—The joy of peace—and, most of all, the joy of freedom.
A SHAME, THEN, THAT SUCH BOUNDLESS (AND RARE) JOY IS SOON KILLED—BY JASON, OF COURSE...

ALEX—MALAGUEÑA—I HATE TO RUIN YOUR FUN, BUT IT SEEMS YOU TWO NEED TO BE REMINDED OF SOMETHING...

WE MAY BE FREE FOR A CHANGE—but we're still lost. And since the tunnel collapsed behind us, we can't even take the railcar back to the PSYCHEDROME.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JASON—AND IT'S GETTING COLDER, TOO...

YEAH—WE'LL BE LUCKY TO LAST A DAY DRESSED THE WAY WE ARE.

A GOOD PERSON IS ALWAYS COLDER. IT IS GOOD TO LAST A DAY.

YOU SHOULD TALK, ALEX—AT LEAST YOU'VE GOT A TUNIC, AND SOME LEGS ON YOUR PANTS.

...AND BY THE WAY, WHY ARE YOU BEING SO HELPFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN?

MY DESTINY IS NOW INEXTRICABLY INTERWOVEN WITH YOURS. SHOULD YOU PERISH, I WILL STAND ALONE IN THIS ALIEN WORLD—

--SINCE THE PSYCHEDROME WAS DOUBTLESSLY DESTROYED IN THE NUCLEAR DETONATION.

LOOKING AT THE REMAINS OF THE ONCE-AWESOME MOUNTAIN AT WHOSE CENTER THE PSYCHEDROME IS LODGED, THE KEEPER'S SPECULATION MIGHT SEEM HIGHLY ACCURATE.

BUT DEEP INSIDE THIS SPRAWLING PILE OF RUBBLE—
-- DEEP INSIDE THE PHENOMENAL PSYCHEDROME ITSELF --

-- IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT WHILE THE STRUCTURE HAS SUFFERED EXTENSIVE DAMAGE --

-- NOTHING IS QUITE EVER BEYOND REPAIR.

Fixer-Two-on-the-move.

Time-to-get-this-junk-removed.

Fixer-Three-on-a-spree.

From this rubble must be free.

Meanwhile, in one of the undamaged sectors --

-- A TYPICAL KEEPER Fiddles WITH SOME KNOBS. COME IN, KEEPER OF THE LIQUID Sustenance.

Oh, matters could be worse.

I lost my mate in the detonation, but there are other mates -- and fortunately my residence is unscathed.

Mine, as well. In any event, the fixers, should have matters back to normal within 20 or 30 years.

Fixer-Four with a chore.

Wish I had more metal.

What is the status in your sector?
ABRUPTLY SHIFTING OUTSIDE AGAIN--TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN--WE FIND THE PRIMITIVE ASSISTIMANS SOLEMNLY MOVING AMONG AMONG THE SHARDS OF SHATTERED STONE, FORMING A BURIAL MOUND OVER THE BODY OF THE SLAIN CHIEFTAIN MAGUANUS.

IT IS A POIGNANT RITUAL WHICH BRUTUS VIEWS WITH DISDAIN. AFTER ALL, HE MURDERED MAGUANUS.

STUPID FOOLS--A DISGRACE TO THE ENTIRE RACE OF APES!

COMMANDER BRUTUS--WE HAVE FOUND SOMETHING WHICH REQUIRES YOUR ATTENTION!

WE'RE MOVING OUT, WARKO--TO FIND THAT STINKING HUMAN JASON, AND TO KILL HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THIS MOUNTAIN CONTAINED MY DREAMS--THE MEANS TO KILL EVERY HUMAN IN THE WORLD--AND JASON DESTROYED--

WHAT DID YOU FIND, DRONE-KYEW?

--WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY BELONGED TO ONE OF JASON'S COMPANIONS. IT COULD PROVE USEFUL...

A STEAM-DRIVEN VEHICLE OF SOME SORT--

USEFUL, HUH?

WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT.

BUT FROM HERE, IT LOOKS LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN A BROKEN-DOWN HUMAN SHACK ON WHEELS.

BACK IN THE RAILCAR...

YOU SURE THESE OUTFITS WILL KEEP US WARM, KEEPER? THEY'RE PRETTY THIN--AND THAT WHITE STUFF IS STARTING TO COME DOWN HARD OUT THERE.

THE GARMENTS ARE THERMO-INSULATED.

WONDER WHERE LIGHTSMITH AND GILBERT ARE...

Hey, Jase--Maybe we should take some of those swords from the dead monkey-demons in the back of the car....

NEVER KNOW WHEN THEY MIGHT COME IN HANDY.
I suppose you're right, Alex—we don't know what we'll find out there...

Ah, but that's the point, Jase.

Weapons can hurt.

Have it your way, Alex, but we'd better get moving—never find the way home by standing around here...

—let's move.

I've got the suits, Jason—but I think we've lost Lightsmith and Gilbert.

...And extra weapons can't hurt.

—Lightsmith's mute companion, Gilbert the Gibbon.

What is it, Gilbert? What's wrong—? Where's Lightsmith—?

In panic, Gilbert jumps up and down, pointing into the distance—

—up toward a far ridge.

Blizzards are not kind to vision. The figures glimpsed on the ridge are vague and indistinct...

But apparently one of them is the helplessly zombie-like Lightsmith.

Maybe if I fire a burst of warning shots...

Forget it, Jase—they're already vanished over the ridge.

We'll just have to follow them.

Yeah—and you'd better give me one of those monkey-demon swords, Alex...

...because those "warning" shots were the last shots. The clip's all fired-out.

Poor Gilbert crumples in silent despair...

—while theagas keeps openly watches.
Anyone with any knowledge of snow would never even set foot out in this blizzard.

This ain't gonna be easy—the white stuff's falling so fast it fills up tracks as soon as they're laid down.

But we've still got to try—we've got to.

But then, no one in this group has ever seen snow before. Besides, their friend is in trouble.

Meanwhile, back at the wonder wagon...

...Brutus investigates the treasure trove of ancient paraphernalia which Lightsmith has reverently called "the glorious stuff of knowledge and progress"...

...and quickly pronounces it—JUNK!

Bring the stupid wagon with you, drone—KVYV—IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY.

---SOMETHING ELSE IS.

---JASON---

---MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT! WE'RE LOST. WE COWND'T EVEN FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE RAILCAR NOW.

YEAH, BUT AT LEAST THE WHITE STUFF ISN'T FALLING SO MUCH ANYMORE...

What is your business in the northlands?--in the domain ruled by the family of Eriko??
"LIGHTSMITH" - the word is like ice dashed by hot mead.

It melts - and becomes nothing in my ear.

Oh yeah? Well listen, buster. You may be big - but you're only one sword to our four...

...so maybe you'd better do the answering.

One sword...?

Now - answer my challenge!!

Aye, Erik - we heard the hairless one's defiant speech.

Time, then, to reply with some sport...?

More than sport, Jardo...

It's time to...

Yikes!!

Me and my big mouth - again...!

Beet some answers from them!!
JASE, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BACK YOU UP THIS TIME-- YOU'RE CRAZY!!

SO I SUGGEST YOU FIND YOUR OWN TREE TO HIDE BEHIND--!

--WHEN HE CAN BRUSH THEM ASIDE!!

HO HO HO! THIS LITTLE TWIG--?

WHATRE YOU LAUGHING AT, BIG FEET--?

I BET I CAN RUN AROUND THIS TREE FASTER THAN YOU!

JARD DOES NOT RUN AROUND TWIGS...

OBOY

LEAVE THEM ALONE YOU BIG BRUTES!!

BUT THEIR MISTAKE LIES IN THE FACT THAT FiERY TEMPerS SELL/DOM OBESE ROCKS BOUNDARIES OF GENDER OR BODY-FUR... AS FLARN LEARNS TO HIS PAINFUL CHAGRIN.

HAH! THE HAIRLESS SHE HAS CURED YOUR LAZINESS, FLARN-- AS WILL BE DEMONSTRATED WHEN YOU NEXT ATTEMPT TO SIT DOWN!

UNTIL NOW, THE THREE BOISTEROUS ROGUES HAVE ignored MALAGUEÑA. AFTER ALL, SHE IS A MERE FEMALE-- AND A HAIRLESS ONE, AT THAT.

YEEEE-OWCH!!
HAH! Didn't expect that--did you ape?!

**CHOK!**

**UNGH!**

Hold on, Malaguena! I'm com--not so fast, hairless.

**H-Huh--??**

Now, then...

We thank you for the excellent sport.

**HO HO HO!!!**

Then you... you're going to... to kill us now...

Kill you...??

What for--? You were merely trespassing. Kill you for that--?!

**HO HO HO HAW HAW HAN!!!**

Friend, I don't know what you're talking about--or who this "Lightsmith" is...

But...

But you stole Lightsmith--carried him off...!!

...but if anyone was abducted around here it must have been the work of the snow-shamblers. The hideous brutes are always doing things like that.

Indeed, we've been meaning to clean out the whole nest of them once and for all.
WE'D BE POOR NORTH-APES IF WE DIDN'T. WE'LL LEAD YOU TO THEIR NESTS IF YOU WANT—EVEN HELP YOU ANNihilATE THEM.

COME ON.

UH...COME ON WHERE--?

JUST DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PRECIPICE--

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THESE... THESE "SNOW-SHAMBLERS"--?

TO OUR LONGSHIP.

T'S ERIKO-- ERIKO COMES!!

ERIKO--? HA-HAH!

THEN, THE FEAST IS ONLY A FJORD AWAY--!!

POST, JASON-- HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BLINKED AT THE KEEPER--? I COULD SWEAR THEY DON'T EVEN SEE HIM.

UM... ERIKO...? JUST WHERE DO THESE SNOW-SHAMBLERS LIVE?

YEAH, I KNOW, MALAGUENA—but we can't turn this CHANCE DOWN...

LIVE? WHY, THEY LIVE IN--
"...CAVES, OF COURSE..."

A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS LIVES IN CAVES.

FOO-FOO.

A GOOD PERSON IS ALWAYS FOO-FOO.

EET-EET.

IT IS GOOD TO EET-EET.

FOO-FOO!

A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS FOO-FOO.

HMM?

A GOOD PERSON NEVER SAYS--

OH, YES.

EET-EET!!

--MEEF-MUPH?

EET-EET!!

FOO-Foooo!!!

EEET-EEEET!!

AH Goom PermOn Aways feeF foofooF an EEf-eeth...

SPU-TOOF!!
MAGNIFICENTLY, THE NORTH-APES RETURN HOME...

OF COURSE NOT THIS IS OUR VILLAGE,

BUT YOU SAID YOU'D LEAD US TO THE SNOW-SHAMBLERS--
AND HELP US RESCUE OUR FRIEND LIGHTSMITH.

BEFORE THE BATTLE COMES THE FEAST, THUS IT HAS EVER BEEN--THUS IT SHALL BE THIS DAY.

LEAVING THEIR NEW COMPANIONS SOMewhat DISMAYED...

HEY--I DON'T SEE ANY CAVES.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO EAT--WHILE LIGHTSMITH MAY BE DYING--??!

BUT ERIKO IGNORES MALAGUENA'S OUTBURST... PREPARE A FEAST FIT FOR WARRIORS!
FOR SOON WE SHALL BATTLE WITH OUR NEW FRIENDS--

AND HELP THEM RESCUE THEIR COMPANION FROM THE SNOW-SHAMBLERS!

WHAT?! YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS THESE BARBARIANS--!

THINKING OF YOUR STOMACH, JASON--

WAUM-WAUM.

“WHEN A FRIEND COULD BE LYING HALF-DEAD IN A COLD CAVE SOMEWHERE!!”

YES, INDEED--IT IS GOOD TO BE WAUM-WAUM. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT...?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK