



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

NO. 239
WEEK ENDING
APR. 27, 1977

THE MIGHTY WORLD OF
MARVEL™

10P

FEATURING

THE INCREDIBLE

HULK

AND

**PLANET
OF THE APES**™

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



NORTH LANDS!

FAR FROM THE PSYCHEDROME, THE BIZARRE RAILCAR HAS JUST RUN OUT OF TRACKS. NO ONE IS COMPLAINING.

THIS STUFF MAY BE COLD--BUT IT SURE IS FUN!!

IT IS GOOD TO BE COLD.

A COLD PERSON IS ALWAYS FUN.

HAH! YOU MISSED ME, ALEX--!

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 BOUND-
LESS (AND RARE) JOY IS SO 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?

ALL PSYCHEDROME
RAILCARS ARE
EQUIPPED WITH
GARMENTS SUITABLE
TO INCLEMENT
WEATHER
VARIATIONS.

HUH--? IF
YOU MEAN THERE
ARE WARMER
CLOTHES IN THERE,
KEEPER--

--THEN
SHOW US
WHERE TO
FIND
THEM...

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 SPEC-
ULATION 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.

I LOST MY MATE
IN THE **DETONATION**,
BUT THERE ARE
OTHER MATES--AND
FORTUNATELY MY
RESIDENCE IS
UNSCATHED.

OH, MATTERS
COULD BE
WORSE.

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-me-
a-metal--

WHAT IS THE STATUS
IN **YOUR** SECTOR?

ABRUPTLY SHIFTING **OUTSIDE** AGAIN--TO THE **FAR** SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN--WE FIND THE PRIMITIVE **ASSISIMIANS** SOLEMNLY MOVING 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** SOME-
THING 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?

A **STEAM-
DRIVEN VEHICLE**
OF SOME SORT--

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

USEFUL,
HUH?

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

WELL, WE'LL JUST
SEE ABOUT THAT.

BACK IN THE
RAILCAR...

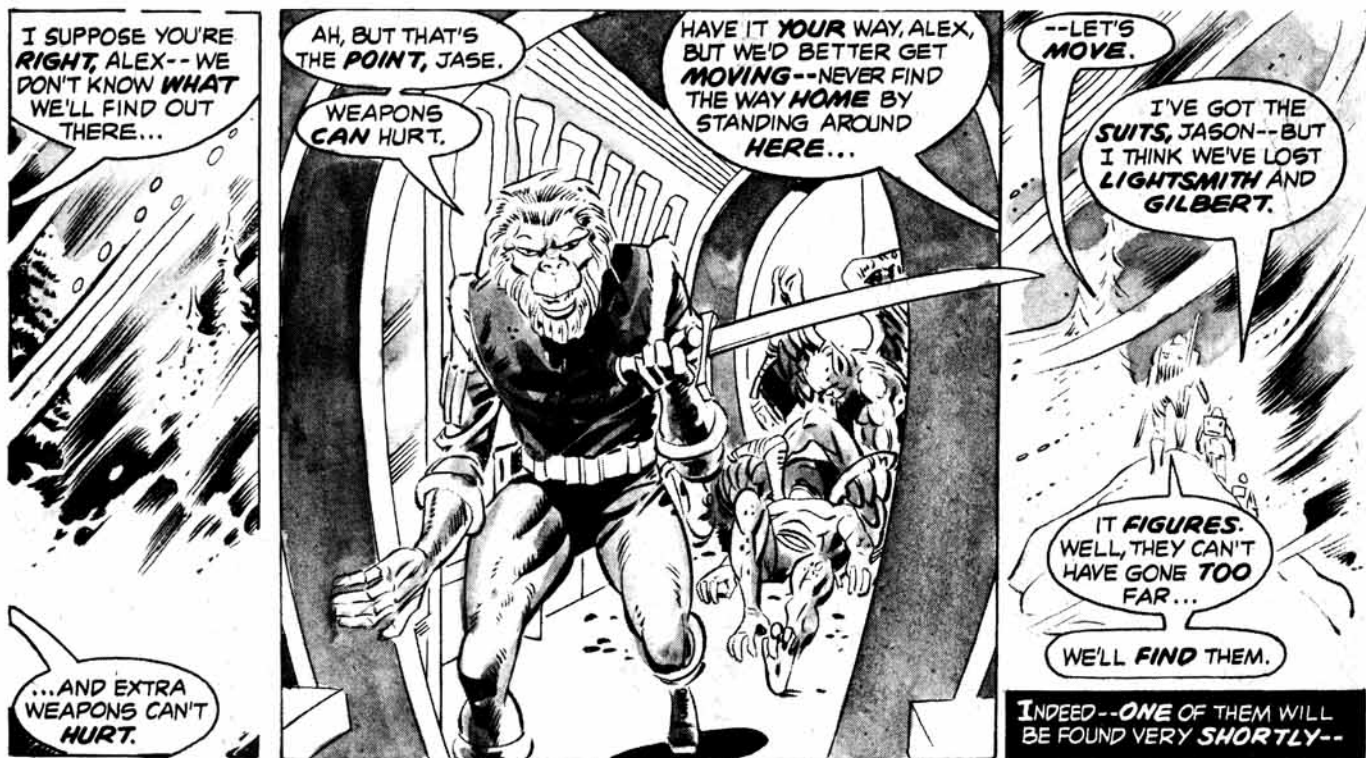
YOU **SURE** THESE
OUTFITS WILL KEEP US
WARM, KEEPER? THEY'RE
PRETTY **THIN**--AND THAT
WHITE STUFF IS STARTING
TO COME DOWN **HARD**
OUT THERE.

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**.

IT **FIGURES**. WELL, THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE **TOO FAR**...

WE'LL **FIND** THEM.

INDEED--**ONE** OF THEM WILL BE FOUND VERY **SHORTLY**--



--LIGHTSMITH'S MUTE COMPANION, **GILBERT THE GIBBON**.

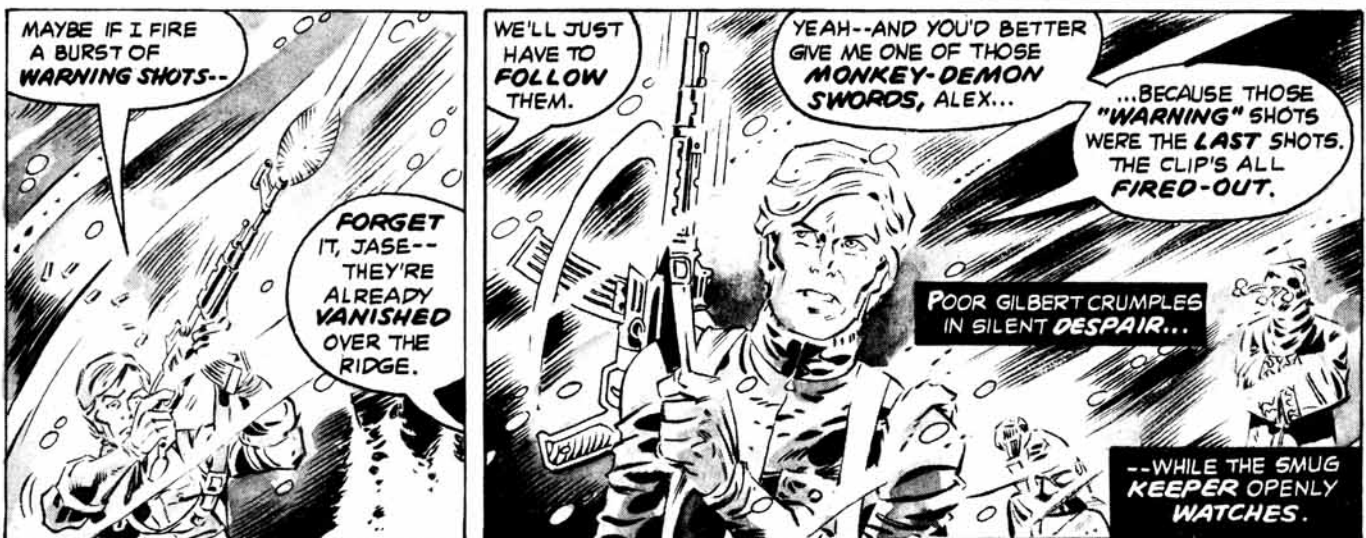
WHAT IS IT, **GILBERT**? WHAT'S **WRONG**--? WHERE'S **LIGHTSMITH**--?

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 **FIRE**-OUT.

POOR **GILBERT** CRUMPLES IN SILENT **DESPAIR**...

--WHILE THE **SMUG KEEPER** 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. BE-
SIDES, 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!



--SOMETHING ELSE IS.

WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS IN THE **NORTHLANDS**?--IN THE DOMAIN RULED BY THE FAMILY OF **ERIKO**--?!

HUH--?!

NOW JUST **HOLD ON**, BUSTER, CUZ WE'VE GOT A QUESTION FOR YOU-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH **LIGHTSMITH**?

"--JASON!"

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

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

TRUE, ALEX, BUT IF THE **SNOW** IS NO LONGER FALLING HEAVILY--

"LIGHTSMITH"..? THE
WORD IS LIKE ICE
DASHED BY HOT MEAD.

IT **MELTS**-- AND
BECOMES **NOTHING**
IN MY EAR.

NOW--
ANSWER MY
CHALLENGE!!

AYE, ERIKO--WE HEARD
THE HAIRLESS ONE'S DEFIANT
SPEECH.

TIME, THEN, TO
REPLY WITH SOME
SPORT--?

MORE THAN
SPORT, JARDO...

'TIS TIME
TO--

--BEAT SOME
ANSWERS FROM
THEM!!

ME AND MY BIG
MOUTH--AGAIN...!

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--?

FLARN!
JARDO--!

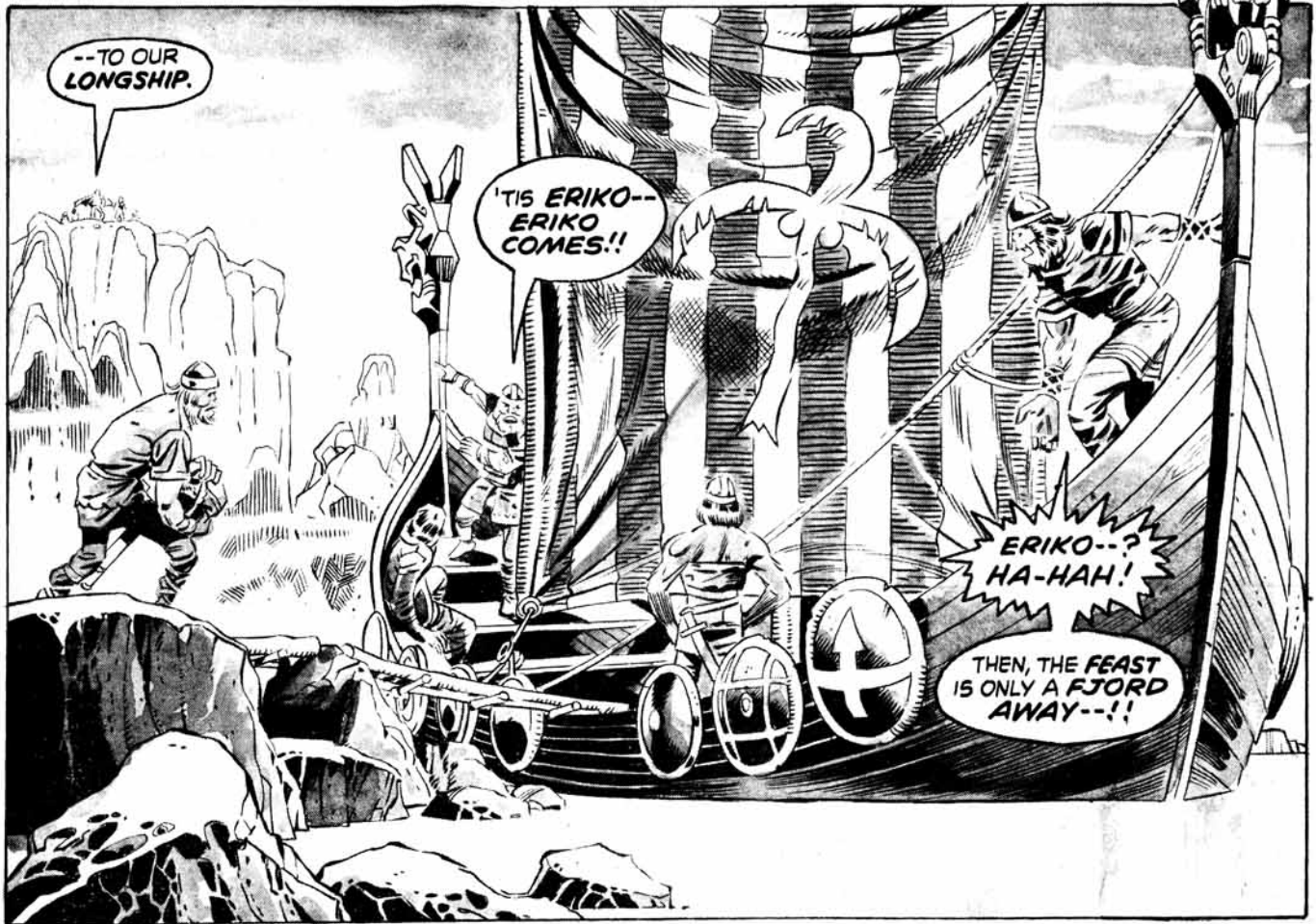
UH OH.

YIIKES!!

SKANK









MAGNIFICENTLY, THE NORTH-APES RETURN HOME...



...LEAVING THEIR NEW COMPANIONS SOMEWHAT DISMAYED...

HEY--I DON'T SEE ANY CAVES.



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.

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!

WELL, I GUESS I AM KIND OF HUNGRY...

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



THINKING OF YOUR STOMACH, JASON--

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



WAUM-WAUM.

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

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK