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

TERROR ON TWO WORLDS!
Cruel faces moving through a peaceful forest! The gorilla Brutus and his mutant-drone allies are on the march.

But as cruel as they are, there are far more menacing forms in these serene woods, lurking in the shadows above, watching... and waiting...

I tell you it's all Jodar's fault, Warko... that human whelp has interfered with my plans time and again!

But he won't stop me again, Warko! Do you hear...?

Yes, Commander Brutus—I fully agree.
And now the chaos explodes in full force amidst screaming, shouting, and all the other sounds of violent assault and death. Horrible berserkers of synthesized gorilla and flesh swarm over Brutus! Party with incredible speed and fury.

Each berserker possesses the strength of twenty normal gorillas, and each exploits that strength to full and awesome effect.

Brutus' gorillas are instantly subdued...

...and the mutant drones are murdered with savage callousness...

...with the exception of one -- Drone Kyew -- who manages to scrawl into the surrounding brush, he activates his chest-transmitter and...

Calling cavern control... Drone Kyew calling cavern control...

Life functions of all drones in service of the gorilla Brutus are presently being terminated by gorilloids...

Far away in the caverns of the inheritance deep within the forbidden zone, the urgent transmission is monitored...

Repeat: Gorilloids... Gorilloids...? That means the makers are active again! What else can you tell us, Kyew?

Nothing further -- except that I alone escaped and reached safety before...

Mutant drone Kyew is an 'other.' Bits of his bloody skull mingle with the flying fragments of his steel helmet.
The final life-support monitor has gone blank.

Then you've also been terminated.

Precisely. Drone pitch -- and they have all been terminated by the makers' creations...

Otherwise known as... the inheritance.

Then if you tell us is true.

I've lost every one of the drones assigned to Brutus!

...which is why you must make an immediate report to the supreme gestal commanders.

We're in a heap of trouble. Dat's de troof.

26-four's linguistic lapse aside. I fully concede the situation is exceedingly grave, and precautionary measures must be instigated. Although it does not seem likely after all these years, we must guard against any form of reprisal by the makers.

Place all available drones on immediate alert.

Elsewhere... a clear, intelligent voice too long pulled by the effects of brainwash sounds from the prow of a Northlands ship...

Well, now that I know the spaceship is not the answer, I guess I'd better start rethinking my life's priorities... But at least I'm sure of one thing now -- the thoughts of the psychodrome were the ancients, and it was they who wrought the great destruction of progress.

So did Jason, but it's now clear to me that the real ancients came down from the star ships and granted our ancestors the glorious wonders of progress and illumination...
I can't make any sense out of a single word you just said, Lightsmith, and I couldn't care less.

As far as I'm concerned, the only thing that matters is that Brutus is finally dead... killed in that explosion which destroyed the psychodrome.

I just wish I could've torn the filthy ape apart with my own hands.

Jason worries me. Alex's so... obsessed.

Even after Brutus' death he's still filled with anger. If he doesn't overcome it... soon. I'm afraid it's going to break him.

And Alex gravely nods.

At the rail, Halaquena sighs...

The speaker is Lightsmith, a worshipper of knowledge. His pontifications are wrong, of course, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him.

As for Gilbert the Mute, Gabriel he simply jumps up and down, pointing and waving his broken windmill.

What is it, Gilbert? What do you see?

Gilbert's not saying... but if not for the absence of sound he'd be screaming as fool hard on.

And the object of his excitement? Just a riverboat named Simian.

That weirdfangled boat is Pollerin' us. Julius, just like yuh pictured...

Whoops... reckon we'd better shore up, Dan. Ouz less'n wheezing ears re filled with reekus slime. Thet that's young Jason's voice!
GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN!! HOW ARE YOU? HOW HAVE YOU BEEN--?

OH, PURTY GOOD. JASON-LAP--LIKE TWO GRINNIN' POLECATS IN A FIELD O' CRIPPLED LAMBS. JUST A REAPIN' OUR SHARE O' THE GOOD LIFE.

NOWDY, ALEX-- SEE YUH STIL' GOT DAT DARK-EYED GUY? GAL' WITH YUH-- BUT CAN'T SAY AS I RECOGNIZE MORE OTHER TWO PENS...

LIGHTBITH AND GILBERT THE GIANT, MEET GUNPOWDER JULIUS'S STEELY DAN.

SURE, IF YOU SAY SO, JULIUS-- BESIDES, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING.

VER AN' IF IT WARRT IT FER THEM CONNERNED COWFLOP-EATIN' ASSIMANIANS, WE COULD HAVE US A REAL WHOOP-DE-DOO!

WHAT MADE THESE ASSIMANIANS SO MAD, JULIUS? IS IT BECAUSE THEIR LEADER WAS KILLED IN THE PSYCHEDRAMA EXPLOSION?

WELP, SEEMS THE ASSIMANIANS ARE ON THE WARPATH IN THESE HERE PARTS. JASON, SO ME 'N PAN ARE USIN' THE RIVERBOAT GIANT TH' TRANSPORT SUPPLIES AN' WEAPONS TUH TH' STODAHANE FEATHERER-JAN I FETCH. YOU'LL BETTER COME WITH US. GETTIN' PURTY DARK.

IT'S C'ZU O'MACIUS. ALL RIGHT, BUT HE WARRN'T KILLED BY NO 'SPLOSION--'TWAS A LONE GORILLA IN LEATHER TUH 'CLEAF' WUT CROACKED 'IM. AN' I HEAR 'ELL HE WAS A MINE OLD CLOGS, SORTA LIKE--

BRUTUS--!!

IT MAD TO BE BRUTUS! THEN HE'S-- BRUTUS IS STILL ALIVE!!

INDEED.

Far away in the city where Jason and Alex grew up and where Brutus was once the peace officer, before his wood terrorists murdered Jason's mother and father...

Have you heard the news, Zilenus?

What news? About the lawyer's condition?
THIS, then—this vile purple mist-shrouded place of ruins... this desperate mission into the haunted region of mystery... this is why Young Th supermarkets has abandoned his normal duties...

He selects the crumbled building with the strange stones in front—it impinges on him for some reason.

Perhaps here he will find the vital mystery knowledge...

But once inside he feels an overwhelming foreboding. For the place is filled with nothing but dust and many staff-covered things with sheafs of parchment inside...

Surely there is no knowledge here...

---When he hears strange sounds, from below...

Whirring and humming...

---To a room, set into the very foundation of the ruin.

---He lifts it, and the sounds become louder. More intriguing. As a series of whirrs rise, he knows he will descend these steps...

And so he is just about to leave this worthless place...

---He precipitates to follow the sounds...

...But he has had no idea of what awaits him at their bottom.

Thus, he is shocked by his first sight of these beings whose existence he has never even suspected.

The makers—grotesque human mutants, perverted pre-holocaust researchers in bionics and cybernetics who have now turned to somewhat bizarre pursuits...

...As exemplified by their current product: the Trekkers.
Thaddeus would probably gasp were he not speechless.

This is the last batch of hairy-creepy dope. What are we gonna do? Once we put this final arm in, arm on?

With Brutus of course.

All right — what's going on here?

Right — right — us makers'll have nothing to make, make, but there's a party of catchers out right now — now.

They should bring back more hairy-hairy specimens soon. Fact, should've been back long ago.

Where oh where can they be — be?

You killed every one of the primate drones — but you haven't hurt any of us...

Not one gorilla has suffered a serious injury.

Just who are you — and what do you want?

We gorillas want you. We want all apes, need more of us.

Makers say gotta take you back so makers can make more of us...

Makers make you like makers make us.
But why do you serve these "makers"? Who are they? Do you like them?

There is already a mad gout in Brutus' eye. He sees his opening and plumes through.

Then maybe my dream of slaughtering humans is not destroyed, if you gorillas would join me...

We gorillas! Gorillas! Makers! Makers! We makers rip off mamas -- parts of heads -- other things we need! Stick metal in us instead!

Much pain! But makers make us... we obey makers...

Of course... that's it! You've got to join me!

The dumb gorillas, it seems, are beginning to take Brutus' bluff proposal seriously...

Hall -- It's Gunpowder Julius -- the meanest, bar-wrasse-lin' polecat, grin-nin' iron backed-on, twice-cussed riverboat roller in Arkansas and back again?

We come tuh Per tec, yuh?

You tell 'em, Julius -- I'm all outta breath from polein'.

Well, Gilbert, it certainly is a good feeling to have my old chest-pumped enlightened mind back again.

It's a wondrous... just to thank and ponder again if you know what I mean.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER.
AFTER THE SUPPLIES AND
WEAPONS HAVE BEEN
CARRIED INTO THE
STOCKADE COMPOUND...

---A HAIL OF BRIGHTLY FEATHERED
ARROWS CROSSES THE RIVER IN AWHIS...

REMINDS ME
OF THE ELVIN
WOODHAGUE WHEN
JULIUS GETS TUP
CHOPPIN' DOWN
A TREE.

HEAD FOR THE
STOCKADE---

OWW! THAT ONE
SCRATCHED ME!!

NO TIME TUSH WORRY 'BOUT
SCRATCHES, JASE-BOY---

YUP KIN START KOLLERIN'
WHEN YUP BINSKREWED IN
THE MEAN TIMES, JUST BE THAT
FUL WE MANAGED TUSH GIT TH'
POWDER AN' BALLE INTO TH'
STOCKADE ALREADY!

AWRIGHT, YOU POINTED-POLE DWELLERS
--YUP BINSKREWED IN THIS HERE POR' LONG
ENOUGH! NOW IT'S TUSH RIGH'T
BACK.

IT'S THE CONSIDERED ASSASINAINS,
ALL RIGHT, AN' THEM CONDOERS ARE
POINTED THIS AWAAY... NOT TUSH
MENTION TH PACK THAT THEY'S
HOLLIN' FOR OUR RED JUICE.

MOLD STILL.
JASON--OR I'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO
STOP THE
BLEEDING.

WHY BOTHER.
MALAGUENA--? THEY'RE
ONLY GOING TO MAKE US
ALL BLEED IN A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...
Indeed, Jason's greatest comment seems highly prophetic...

MAGANUS DEAD! NOW ALL YOU DIE!

But then they have yet to reckon with the wily frontier spirit of the Stockade defenders, spearheaded by the inimitably gritty gunpowder junkus...

WAIT TILL THE TOP ONE REACHES YER KNEE-JOINT... THEN KICK!

THAT WAY, Y'LUH TAKE OUT THREE OR FOUR OF 'EM--STEAD O' JUST ONE!

...for the assassins are mad... and they've got ladders.

ATTA GAL, GYPSY, EYES!

GIVE 'EM WHAT FOR ANYWAY! AS JASON HOW T'LUH DO IT!

NICE AIM, JASE-BOY... PARTED HIS NAPE RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE!

IF HE DON'T LEARN A LESSON FROM THAT, HE'S HOPLESS!

MALAGUENA, BEHIND YOU!!

AND THIS ARE THE CAPITALS DEFENDED...

MORE NEXT WEEK