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ACTION

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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JUNGLE ACTION™ FEATURING:

# THE BLACK PANTHER™



**WRATH  
OF THE  
WHITE  
GORILLA!**



WITHIN  
THESE PAGES  
YOU WILL MEET  
THE MAN CALLED  
**SOMBRE,**  
—AND YOU  
AREN'T GOING  
TO LIKE  
HIM!!

Sanford

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE BLACK PANTHER!**™

DON MCGREGOR  
Writer

BILLY GRAHAM  
Pencils

CRAIG RUSSELL  
Inker

TOM PALMER, Colorist  
JOE ROSEN, Letterer

ROY THOMAS  
Editor



THE  
PANTHER'S  
UNIFORM  
IS  
SATURATED  
WITH  
DRYED  
BLOOD!

HE HAS  
PROWLED  
THE VAST  
NIGHT WITH  
THE SLEEK,  
PANTHERISH  
STRIDE OF  
THE BLACK  
CAT ON THE  
SCENT  
OF AN  
ANCIENT  
ENEMY...  
OR OF  
NEW  
PREY!

HE HAS PIERCED THE SHADOWS  
WITH BROODING AMBER EYES! AND NOW THE  
SCENT BECOMES OVERPOWERING. HE HAS  
FOLLOWED THE SPORE BACK TO THAT HATED  
PLACE...

RESURRECTION  
ALTAR!

WATCH OUT,  
JAKAK! IT'S THAT  
PANTHER-DEVIL!  
GET OUT OF MY WAY  
AND I'LL SEAR HIM  
IN HALF!

BUT NOW CAN  
IT BE HIM  
WENZORI?

WE WERE WITH KILLMONGER  
WHEN WE LEFT HIM FOR DEAD...  
LEFT HIM FOR THE WOLVES OF  
THE MIST TO DEVOUR!!

I WOULDN'T IMAGINE  
YOU GET MANY VISITORS  
...**DROPPING IN**  
UNEXPECTEDLY--

--BUT I  
THINK I'VE  
JUST LOCATED  
THE **WELCOME**  
**MAT!**

AND I'M CERTAIN  
YOU  
WOULDN'T  
TURN A  
**WEARY**  
**WAYFARER**  
AWAY.

HE HAS NOT  
SPOKEN FOR  
24 HOURS,  
AND THE  
WORDS COME  
FROM **BLISTERED**  
LIPS, DEEPLY  
SPLIT BY THE  
GLACIAL  
COLD.

HE WONDERES  
IF THEY HAVE  
UNDERSTOOD  
**ONE WORD**  
OF HIS  
CLEVER  
REPARTEE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU  
ESCAPED THOSE **DEVIL-**  
**WOLVES** AND THEIR  
RAVENOUS **APPETITES--**

--BUT IT IS A  
**SHORT-LIVED**  
**VICTORY!**

**DRIED BLOOD** IS ON HIS **TONGUE**, AND  
SPEAKING HAS **RIPPED** THE HEALING  
WOUND OPEN SO THAT **FRESH BLOOD**  
SPILLS INTO HIS MOUTH.

HE IS THE  
AGILE CAT  
SENSING A  
TRAP AND  
ASTOUNDINGLY  
ESCAPING  
IT!

JAKAK, THE  
WOLVES ARE  
NOT THE  
**DEVILS.**

**HE IS!**  
**LOOK**  
**AT HIS**  
**EYES!**

JAKAK WIELDS THE WEAPON  
EXPERTLY. IT IS A COMBINATION  
OF **NUNCHAKU** AND **MACE--**  
AND ITS DESIGN HAS ONLY  
**ONE PURPOSE--**

TO RIP  
AND  
FLAY  
AND  
CARVE  
DOWN  
TO THE  
BONE!  
IT'S  
SAD  
THE  
PANTHER  
THAT SUCH  
INGENUITY  
SHOULD BE  
WASTED TO  
DEVISE  
ANOTHER  
METHOD OF  
KILLING.

ONE MORE WEAPON ADDED TO KILLMONGER'S ARSENAL... AS IF IT IS ONLY THE WEAPONS OR THE POWERS THAT GIVE HIS FOLLOWERS IDENTITY.



HE POUNCES HURTLING LITHE AND DARKLY TOWARD HIS ENEMY. THE MACE-NUNCHAKU'S JAGGED BOLTS FIND FLESH AND TEARS IT FROM HIS BACK, OPENING A NEW WOUND NEAR THE WELTS THE WOLVES HAD RAKED INTO HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I'LL ASK BUT **ONCE!** WHERE IS KILLMONGER?

DOES HE HOLD **REIGN** INSIDE THE ALTAR?

KILLMONGER'S **GONE!**



HE LEFT THIS MORNING, WITH KING CADAVER. ONLY **SOMBRE** STAYS HERE **ETERNALLY.**

HE IS THE **ORACLE** OF RESURRECTION ALTAR... AND WE'LL BRING HIM YOUR BODY TO THROW INTO THE **ABYSS.**

**HEY!** WHAT ARE YOU--



BLOOD AND DEATH? IS THIS ALL I AM TO **HEAR** FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS?

DOING?



COULD YOU NOT FIND PLEASURE IN THE ACT OF **LOVE**--

--OR HAVE YOU BECOME SO PERVERTED THAT YOU FIND EXCITEMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT ONLY IN **BRUTALITY**?



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THOR! DR. STRANGE!  
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REVEALED SECRETS BEHIND THE  
CREATION OF YOUR FAVORITE  
SUPER-STARS-- AS TOLD BY  
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THE RUBY LASER'S INFRARED SCOPE CHANGES THE NIGHT INTO WEIRD, SURREALISTIC SHAPES. THE SLEEK, PANTHERISH FIGURE BECOMES AN ABSTRACT BEING AGAINST A SPECTRAL ICESCAPE.



IF KILLMONGER IS SO DETERMINED TO WIN HIS REVOLT AGAINST MY RULE AS CHIEFTAIN OF THE WAKANDAN NATION--

IT IS EASIER TO KILL AN ABSTRACTION THAN A HUMAN BEING!

--WHY HASN'T HE EXPOSED MORE OF HIS MEN TO THOSE HELLISH RAYS THAT RADIATE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS DAMNABLE ALTAR?



WHY HASN'T HE CREATED AN ARMY OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS LIKE KING CADWYER... AND THIS GRIM PRIEST OF DEATH YOU SPEAK SO REVERENTLY OF... SOMBRE?

NEITHER WENZORI NOR YAKAN ARE ABLE TO ANSWER.

THE PANTHER GASPES AND THE ICE AIR SEARS ACROSS HIS LUNGS LIKE FIERCE FIRE... BRINGING WITH IT TORMENTED MEMORIES OF SURVIVAL--

--GUTTING OPEN ONE OF THE SLAIN GLACIAL WOLVES--

--AND WRAPPING ITS BELT ABOUT HIM TO PROTECT HIS TORN FLESH FROM THE LETHAL ELEMENTS. THE EARLY MORNING HOURS HOWL WITH FROST-WINDS--

--UNTIL THE SUN RISES--

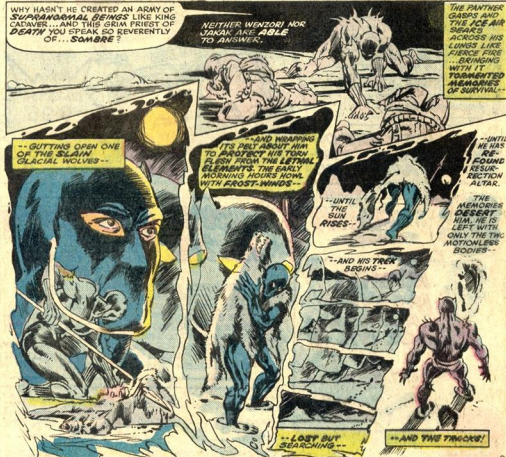
--UNTIL HE HAS RE-FOUND RESURRECTION ALTAR.

THE MEMORIES DESERT HIM. HE IS LEFT WITH ONLY THE TWO MOTIONLESS BODIES--

--AND HIS TREK BEGINS--

--LOST BUT SEARCHING--

--AND THE TRACKS!



THE SUN NEVER PENETRATES SERPENT VALLEY! IT IS BANISHED FROM THE LUSH, PRIMEVAL INTERIOR BY THE DENSE CLOUD FOREST THAT HAS BEEN THE ONLY "SKY" THIS LAND HAS EVER HAD. YET, THE MIST WHICH SWIRLS IN SERPENTINE ABANDON IS HUMID, HEATED BY SOME INNER SOURCE.

ERIK KILLMONGER MAINTAINS HIS BRISK, TIRELESS PACE. THE OTHERS SWEAT PROFUSELY, BUT KILLMONGER'S BROW REMAINS DRY AND HE SEEMS NOT TO NOTICE THE SWELTERING VAPOR.

KILLMONGER? DO YOU REALLY THINK IT WISE TO TRAVEL WHERE SERPENTS DWELL?

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SERPENTS YET, HAVE YOU, TAYETE?

NO!! OF COURSE NOT! I'D HAVE GIVEN THEM WIDE BERTH IF I HAD. RIGHT, KAZIBE?

RIGHT, IT DOES NOT BODE WELL TO RAISE THE WRATH OF SERPENTS.

TAYETE AND KAZIBE, ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE REGIMENT, NOTICE IT. THEY ARE ALSO APPREHENSIVE, ANOTHER HUMAN FAULTY TO WHICH KILLMONGER SEEMS IMMUNE.

BUT T'CHALLA IS THE PANTHER. DEVIL, AND HE WON'T BE PLEASED WITH SUCH DOINGS.

YOUR PANTHER-DEVIL IS PROBABLY DEAD--FILLING THE STOMACHS OF SOME CONTENTED WOLVES--

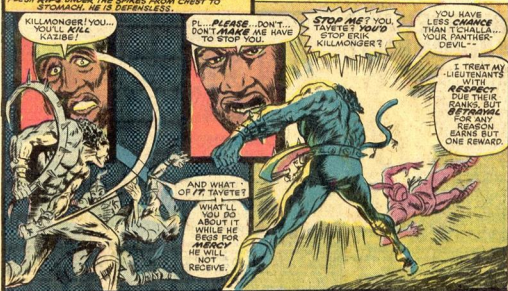
WE WILL NOT AVOID ANY SUCH SERPENTS, KAZIBE, THOSE SERPENTS... IF THEY EXIST... ARE OUR PURPOSE FOR ENTERING THE VALLEY. SOMBER IS THE ONLY OTHER HUMAN IN DECADES TO HAVE TROD THIS GROUND.

HE HAS TOLD ME OF MAMMOTS THAT THEY EVOLVED... MAGNIFICENT CREATURES WE COULD PUT TO EXCELLENT USE WHEN WE RAID CENTRAL WAKANDA AND TAKE OVER T'CHALLA'S PALACE AND THRONE!

--OR EVEN IF HE ISN'T. THERE IS NOT A THING HE CAN DO TO STOP MY ATTACK. BUT THIS REMINDS ME, KAZIBE--

IT WAS YOU AND TAYETE THAT LEO T'CHALLA TO RESURRECTION ALTAR, AND WHILE YOUR WEAKNESS HAS NOT IN THE LEAST HINDERED THE PROGRESS OF OUR EFFORTS... YOU HAVE DISPLEASED-- ME!!

THE SPIKED BELT LASHES OUT IN COUNTERPOINT TO KILLMONGER'S CALMLY SPOKEN WORDS. KAZIBE'S FLESH RIPS UNDER THE SPIKES FROM CHEST TO STOMACH. HE IS DEFENSELESS.



KILLMONGER! YOU... YOU'LL KILL KAZIBE!

PL... PLEASE... DON'T... DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO STOP YOU.

STOP ME? YOU, TAYETE? YOU'D STOP ERIK KILLMONGER?

YOU HAVE LESS CHANCE THAN T'CHALLA... YOUR PANTHER-DEVIL--

I TREAT MY LIEUTENANTS WITH RESPECT DUE THEIR RANKS, BUT BETRAYAL FOR ANY REASON EARNS BUT ONE REWARD.

AND WHAT OF IT, TAYETE?

WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT IT WHILE HE BEGS FOR MERCY HE WILL NOT RECEIVE.



NOW, TAYETE... DO YOU WANT TO CRAWL?



I... I WON'T LET YOU KILL KAZIBE. COULDN'T WE... WE TALK ABOUT THIS?

KILLMONGER'S FACE IS IMPLACABLE. HIS EYES ARE DARK WITH EGGON COLD WHICH, MYSTIFYINGLY, CHANGES TO EGGON FLAME! HE BEGINS TO LAUGH, RAUCOUSLY.

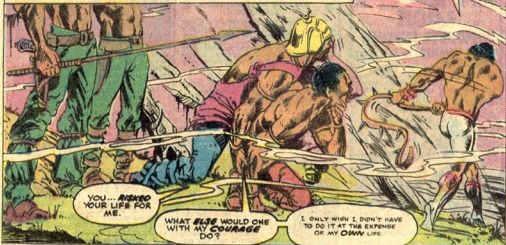


WELL DONE TAYETE.

YOU SURPRISED ME. I DIDN'T THINK YOU CAPABLE OF SUCH LOYALTY!

PICK UP YOUR WHIMPERING FRIEND AND LET US PROCEED. YOU MAY YET REDEEM YOURSELVES.

BUT HURRY TAYETE. LEST I CHANGE MY MIND. COME, I'LL LET YOU HAVE FIRST CHANCE AT BREAKING ONE OF THESE TREMENDOUS CREATURES.



YOU... RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR ME.

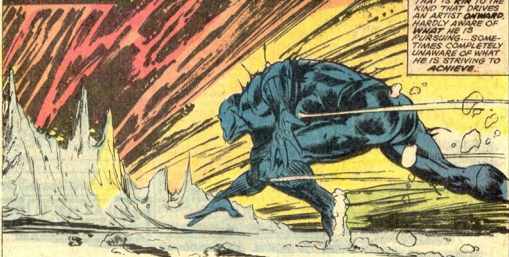
WHAT ELSE WOULD ONE WITH MY COURAGE DO?

I ONLY WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT AT THE EXPENSE OF MY OWN LIFE.



THE SKY IS SWEEPED WITH AN ARTIST'S PASSION... BEFORE IT HAS BEEN SOURED!

THE PANTHER IS MOVED BY A **COMPULSIVE FORCE** THAT IS **KIN** TO THE KIND THAT DRIVES AN ARTIST **ONWARD**, HARDLY AWARE OF WHAT HE IS PURSUING... SOMETIMES COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF WHAT HE IS STRIVING TO **ACHIEVE**.



IT IS A NIGHT WHEN A MAN CAN REACH AND BELIEVE HE CAN TOUCH THE STARS--



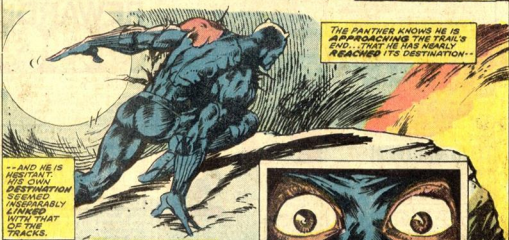
-- THAT HE IS A PART OF THE COSMOLOGICAL SCHEME OF THINGS!



A NIGHT WHEN A MAN COULD BELIEVE HE IS AN **INTEGRAL PART** OF THE UNIVERSE.

NOT OMNIPOTENT, NOT SUPERIOR.

JUST **UNIQUE** AND UNTO HIMSELF.



THE PANTHER KNOWS HE IS APPROACHING THE TRAIL'S END... THAT HE HAS NEARLY REACHED ITS DESTINATION--

-- AND HE IS HESITANT. HIS OWN DESTINATION SEEMED INSEPARABLY LINKED WITH THAT OF THE TRACKS.

THERE IS A RISING OF **UNEARTHY VOICES** FROM BEYOND, BECKONING HIM TOWARD THE EDGE--

-- AND THE VIEW THAT LIES BEFORE HIM IS **STAGGERING!**

THERE ARE TWO MAJOR RELIGIONS IN WAKANDA. TCHALLA WEARS THE SACRED ATTIRE OF THE PANTHER RELIGION. IT IS TORN AND COATED WITH BLOOD AND SWEAT, BUT IT IS NO LESS SACRED A GARMENT.

IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE AGONY FOR A MAN TO MEET HIS GODS... ESPECIALLY GODS THAT HE NEVER BELIEVED IN!

THE REGAL SAVAGE BEINGS THAT CONGREGATE BELOW HIM ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF WAKANDA'S SECOND RELIGION.

THEY HAVE THE STATURE OF GODS... THE AWE-INSPIRING WHITE GORILLAS!

SOMBRE STANDS IN THEIR MIDST, PURPLE VELVET ROBES SWIRLING. HE IS A PERVERTED MONK WHO RADIATES EVIL NOT SERENITY... HIS ARMS RAISED IN FALSE SUPPLICATION!

YOU HAVE SENSED MY PRESENCE AS I APPROACHED. AND YOU ARE AWARE THERE WAS A SECOND PRESENCE... NOT FAR FROM MY OWN.

YOU WONDER WHERE IS MY OFFERING TO YOU! ...YES, THERE IS AN OFFERING.

BUT IT IS A LIVE OFFERING!

ABOVE YOU, GREAT ONES! THERE IS YOUR SACRIFICE!

SOMBRE IS A FIGURE OF **CORRUPT DIVINITY**, AND WITH A CEREMONIAL FLOURISH HE GESTURES TOWARD THE PANTHER. T'CHALLA KNOWS HE IS SPOTLIGHTED AGAINST THE EARLY MORN MOON.



YES PANTHER, I AM AWARE THAT YOU **HOVER** OVER US.

DO YOU **COMPREHEND** THE UNCOMPREHENDABLE?

CAN YOUR **MIND** SCARCE GIVE **CREDENCE** TO WHAT YOUR EYES **BEHOLD**? I WOULD BELIEVE YOU A **SKEPTIC**... THAT THE FABLED WHITE GORILLAS OF YOUR **CHILDHOOD** COULD BE NOTHING MORE THAN **FABLES**.

LET ME ASSURE YOU, THEY HAVE THEIR **REALITY**. YOU WILL HAVE THE **DISTINCTION** OF DYING AT THE HANDS OF THOSE CONSIDERED **GODS** BY MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE...



...AND EVEN A **KING** MUST ADMIT THAT IS A **FITTING DEMISE!**



THEY ARE OVERPOWERING, **ANCIENT SPECIMENS** TO SOME FORGOTTEN ERA WHEN EARLY WAKANDAN LEGENDS WERE AT THEIR **BIRTH**. A **WANDERER**, PERHAPS DARING A NEW **FRONTIER** OF ICE AND SNOW, GLIMPSED THE TOWERING, GOD-LIKE BEINGS AND RETURNED TO HOME, **HUMBLLED** AND **MEEK** BY WHAT HE HAD SEEN, AND A RELIGION HAD BEEN **FORMED!!**

THE PANTHER CALCULATES THAT THE LARGEST BEING STANDS AT LEAST **TWELVE FEET TALL**. ITS WEIGHT IS **INCALCULABLE**.

YOU **COMMUNE** WITH THEM, SOMBRE. YOU STAND **AMONG GODS**... DO NOT MAKE THE **MISTAKE** OF THINKING YOU HOLD SUCH **GLORY!**



YOU HAVE A WAY WITH **WORDS**, PANTHER... BUT **TURN**. LOOK BEHIND YOU.

WHAT **DEVIOUS CHARADE** DO YOU PLY NOW, SOMBRE?

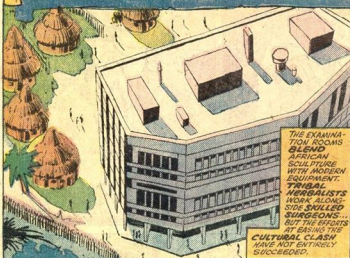


IT IS NO **CHARADE!**

HE IS **STAGGERED** BY ITS **IMMENSITY!** THIS IS NO GOD OF LOVE OR CHARITY. THIS IS A **VENGEFUL GOD** RISING FULL AND MALEVOLENT-

--DEMANDING ITS TRIBUTE!

THE MEDICAL CENTER IS A STUDY IN ANACHRONISM. MONICA LYNNE GIVES KAROTA SUPPORT AS THEY NEAR THE BUILDING AND SENSES THE WOMAN'S HORROR. IT IS AS IF THIS STRUCTURE IS A DEMON SHE CANNOT FATHOM... A DEMON THAT ARROGANTLY FLAUNTS ITSELF BESIDE THE HIGH-CEILINGED, THATCHED ROOFS OF THE HOMES IN CENTRAL WAKANDA.



THE EXAMINATION ROOMS BLEND AFRICAN SCULPTURE WITH MODERN EQUIPMENT. TRIBAL HERBALISTS WORK ALONGSIDE SKILLED SURGEONS... BUT THE EFFORTS OF A CULTURAL CLASH HAVE NOT ENTIRELY SUCCEEDED.

YOU HAVE **MALNUTRITION**, KAROTA. YOU HAVEN'T EATEN WELL SINCE YOUR HUSBAND WAS... **SLAIN** BY KILLMONGER'S AIDES.



MAL-NUT-RICHON? WILL MY SON, **KANTU**, CATCH THIS?

NO, NO, KAROTA. IT'S **NOT** CONTAGIOUS.



WE'LL ONLY HAVE TO BE INSIDE FOR A FEW MOMENTS. AND **MENDINAO** WILL GIVE YOU A FEW **VITAMIN** SHOTS.

VITE-A-MINS?

WHAT ARE VITE-A-MINS?

WELL... THEY'RE... UH... **VITAMINS ARE...** UHM...

THEY'RE WHAT **CURES** MALNUTRITION.



KAROTA, YOU **ACT** LIKE A CHILD. **MENDINAO** HAS TENDED YOU... AND YOUR **MOTHER** BEFORE YOU.

DID NOT MY **POULTICES** BREAK YOUR FEVER?



WOULD I BE IN THIS PLACE IF IT **HURT** OUR PEOPLE?

**STOP!**

MENDINAO, WHAT IS THIS **THING** YOU DO TO ME?

DON'T BE **AFRAID**, KAROTA.



KAROTA! THIS IS ONLY A **KIND** OF **POULTICE**.

YOU NEVER **STABBED** KAROTA WITH **POULTICES**, MENDINAO.

YOU HAVE BECOME AS THE **OUT-WORLDER**! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE **TRUSTED** TCHALLA'S WOMAN'S WORDS.

I'LL GO AFTER HER, MENDINAO.

BUT **TRUST** IS A **FRAGILE** CONCEPT THAT IS EASY PREY TO... **DISTRUST**.



CHANDRA'S MOOD IS INDIGO BLUE. THE MOMENT WKABI ENTERS THEIR QUARTERS INSIDE THE PALACE ROYAL, THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM ARISES, AS PALPABLE AS ANY ENEMY HE HAS EVER FACED.



THERE IS NO WEAPON THAT WILL STILL THIS ENEMY. IT IS AN ENEMY THAT NEITHER HE NOR CHANDRA NOR THEIR CHILDREN QUITE UNDERSTAND...AND THEY ARE ALL VICTIMS.

YOUR SONS CALLED FOR YOU, WKABI, BEFORE THEY WENT TO SLEEP. THEY ASK WHERE THEIR FATHER IS.

I ASK WHO HE IS.

I'D ASK THE SAME OF YOU, CHANDRA. ONCE YOU WELCOMED ME WITH AFFECTION...BUT THESE NIGHTS THERE IS ONLY HOSTILITY.

TCHALLA IS GONE... NO ONE KNOWS FOR HOW LONG. AS HEAD OF COURT SECURITY I AM LEFT IN CHARGE... WITH OUR RESTRICTION CELLS CROWDED WITH KILL-MONGERS MURDERERS.

I'M SURPRISED! YOU'RE ACTUALLY TAKING OFF YOUR ARMAMENT. DON'T YOU FEEL LOST WITHOUT IT, WKABI?

AFTER ALL, YOU'VE TURNED OUR QUARTERS INTO A MUSEUM FOR WEAPONS!

EVEN HERE THE WALLS CLOSE IN ON ME. I WON'T ALLOW THAT, CHANDRA!

THE IRATE MILITANT COMALANDS! I'VE WATCHED YOU SWAGGER PAST YOUR PRISONERS, WKA... UHHH!

WHAHARCK!

WAIT, CHANDRA! I SPEAK WORDS THAT DO NOT EXPRESS WHAT I FEEL...AND ACT OUT OF DESPERATION!

I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS, WKABI.

AND I WILL NOT BE TREATED AS SUCH!

THE NIGHT IS  
UNMERCIFULLY  
LONG!

THE WHITE GORILLA  
BATTERS AT THE  
PANTHER, AND HE  
IS FRAIL AND  
TRIVIAL BEFORE ITS  
SIZE AND POWER.

IN THE DAZED  
MURAL OF PAIN,  
CAMPFIRES  
DANCE BEFORE  
HIS EYES... TURNING  
WOOD TO CINDERS  
WITH CRACKLING MELODIES. HE IS  
SEVEN YEARS OLD AND ONLY  
THE SON OF A CHIEFTAIN. HE HAS  
YET TO WEAR THE  
SACROSANCT  
UNIFORM OF THE  
BLACK PANTHER--

--YET TO UNDERGO THE SPIRITUAL AND  
PHYSICAL RITUALS THAT WILL BESTOW  
HIS SHARPENED SENSES AND AGILITY.

HE LISTENS TO THE ELDERS TALKING.  
FABLES AND MYTHS WEAVE LIMITLESS  
HORIZONS WITHIN HIS MIND--

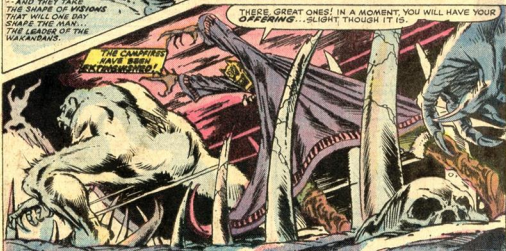


--AND THEY TAKE  
THE SHAPE OF VISIONS  
THAT WILL ONE DAY  
SHAPE THE MAN...  
THE LEADER OF THE  
WAKANDANS.

IT WAS BEFORE THOSE CAMPFIRES THAT MENDINGAO FIRST SPOKE  
OF THE WHITE GORILLAS... DROPPING HIS VOICE DRAMATICALLY FOR  
THE BENEFIT OF YOUNG EARS.



THERE, GREAT ONES! IN A MOMENT, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR  
OFFERING... SLIGHT THOUGH IT IS.



THE CAMPFIRES  
HAVE BEEN  
EXTINGUISHED!



THE HUGE HANDS GRASP HIM. ITS GRIP CRUSHES THE AIR FROM HIS LUNGS, AND ITS CLAWS RIP INTO HIS CHEST AND STOMACH! HE IS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH... CONFRONTED BY A GOD!

THE DEATH-GRIP CONVEYS ONE OTHER IMPRESSION. WARMTH! THE TEMPERATURE OF AN ANIMAL, HUMAN OR OTHERWISE!

HE DOES WHAT HE MUST... BEFORE HIS RIB-CAGE CRACKS JAGGEDLY AND HIS BONES ARE ADDED TO THE SNOW-SWEET GRAVE-YARD!



BLOOD SEEPS FROM ITS WOUND, BLINDING IT... ITS GOD-HOOD SEEPS WITH ITS LOSS.



KILL HIM, GREAT ONE!

THE REHEMOTH GROPE'S ABOUT SEARCHING FOR THE OFFERING THAT HAS CAUSED IT SUCH INTENSE AGONY. IT ONLY SEEMS TO RESPOND TO SOMBRE CHANTS.



IT BECOMES CLEAR, SOMBRE. IT WAS YOU WHO MANIPULATED THIS NIGHT... YOU WHO TRIED TO ACT AS A GOD.

MY LEGENDS HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE VULNERABILITY OF FLESH, SOMBRE--

--AND HAVE LOST THEIR GRANDIOSE MYTHOLOGY!

BUT THAT IS A GRANDNESS YOU'VE NEVER HAD, AND YOU'D BETTER PRAY I DIE AT ITS HANDS... BECAUSE IF I SURVIVE... I'LL BE COMING AFTER YOU!

HIS WORDS RACE INTO THE VASTNESS OF THE NIGHT... AND THE WHITE GORILLA REACHES FOR THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE.



HE NEARLY DANCES! HE KNOWS HE CANNOT SURVIVE ANOTHER BATTERING THE PAST NIGHT AND DAY HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL. HIS MOVEMENT IS PURELY REFLEXIVE!

ETERNITY BECKONS--



--AND LINGERS!



THE DEATH OF THIS GOD IS STARK AND BARREN-- AND AS UGLY AS MOST VIOLENT, SENSELESS DEATH. THE PANTHER IS CONSUMED BY A SENSE OF HIS OWN MORTALITY.

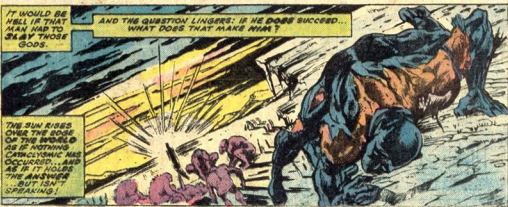


HE HAS KILLED A MYTH... AND HIS LIFE IS LESSENED BY THE ACT. HE HAS LOST PART OF HIS PAST WITHOUT ANYTHING TO REPLACE IT IN THE FUTURE.

IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE AGONY FOR A MAN TO MEET HIS GODS.

IT WOULD BE HELL IF THAT MAN HAD TO SLAY THOSE GODS.

AND THE QUESTION LINGERS: IF HE DOES SUCCEED... WHAT DOES THAT MAKE HIM?



THE SUN RISES OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD AS IF NOTHING CATASTROPHIC HAD OCCURRED... AND AS IF IT HOLDS THE ANSWER... BUT ISN'T SPEAKING!



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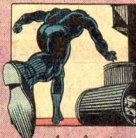
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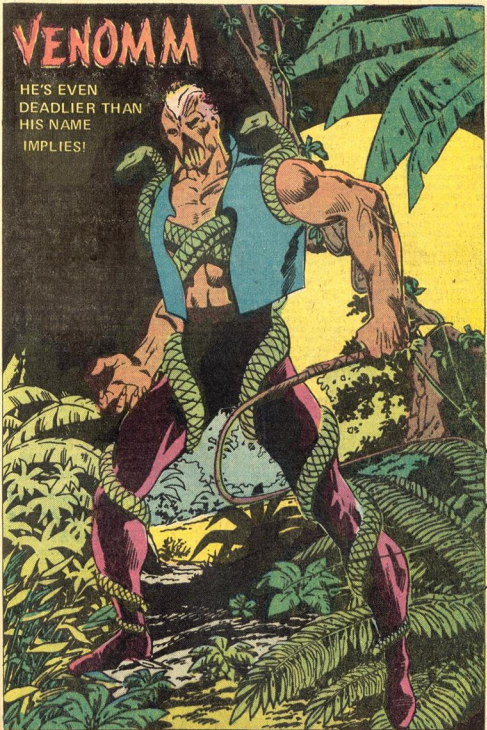


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## STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Even as I sagaciously-scribble these imperishable words, this summer's much-publicized Comic Art Convention is slowly drawing to a close here in New York. Boy, how I wish you could have all been here to toast our own Roy Thomas as he was co-guest of honor at a special, luminary-packed luncheon; and how I wish you could have heard and applauded Johnny Romita, Marie Severin, Gil Kane, and a host of other Bullpen big-timers who lent their time and talents to some of the zingiest panel discussions and demonstrations in the place! Those of you who comprise the riotous ranks of Foomdom, be sure to watch for your next ish of Foom which will clue you in on most of the fun and frivolity of the biggest Comic Art Con of all. As for the rest of the lustrous legions of Marveldom—Onward!

I know you'll find this hard to believe, but even yours truly can make a mistake! In the past few issues, no matter how many times I mentioned the great new ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS, the block-buster book which features the entire early history of your all-time favorites—no matter how many times I mentioned that you'll have the unedited origin stories, plus more recent yarns, plus page after page of straight-from-the-shoulder secrets of who did what, and how we did it—I still forgot to mention one of the most important things of all—we're also reproducing the actual cover of each magazine in which the origin stories appeared, thus making THE ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS the most complete history of Marvel's golden age ever published! Okay, now that I told you, the cosmos shall not crumble; the galaxy still stands!

Oops! One final word. I still can't give you all the details about our upcoming Spider-Man movie because everything was held up for a while due to the summer vacations. But, while you're breathlessly waiting, remember that the ol' wall-crawler can be seen, effective with their new series starting in October, on the world-famous Electric Company TV show. How's that for an appetite-whetter, Charlie?

So, till next time, hang loose, face front, think Marvel, and hey—why not take a troll to dinner?

Excelsior!

*Stan*

ITEM! Remember how we promised you the latest scoop on our mighty Marvel softball team? Well, the other day the Marvel Comics (as some anonymous wag christened our Bullpen batters) took on the whole cockamamey staff of the Greenwich Village Voice, one of New York's best-known newspapers. We won't exactly tell you who won—but let's just say that our new team motto is, "Wait'll next year!" 'Nuff said?

ITEM! Even as we speak, a couple of new Marvel goodies are going on sale, wherever magazines are displayed. One of the first full-size issue of our great new IRON FIST mag (not to be confused with the Living Weapon's appearances in MARVEL PREMIERE). We had to delay this one an entire month in order to do it just right—but we think you'll figure it was worth the wait! Our second smash is the first issue of MARVEL PREVIEW—a one-dollar wonder which will showcase a fabulous new feature each and every ish! Our maiden voyage: MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS! And if this stunning science-fiction tale of earth's first alien visitors doesn't knock Von Daiken and company right out of their chariots, then we're taking the first flying saucer out of here!

ITEM! Say hello to Live-It-Up LEN WEIN! Huh? You say he's already been piped aboard the Marvel ark? Well, it's true you've been thrilling in recent months to his much-acclaimed scripting on THE HULK and other Marvel biggies, and that he's currently beginning a stint on no less than the FANTASTIC FOUR itself. But now, due to the press of editorial work, STAN and ROY have hired him to become Associate Editor of our whole color-comics line as well—because

Len's already known and respected as one of the foremost writers in the field—because he's a sterling fellow and a hard worker—and mainly because he's darn near the only guy this side of Irv Forbush who knows the hectic history of all our far-out super-stars backward, forward, and then some! Keep 'em flyin', Len—while Stan and Roy prepare to unleash still further wonderment upon a breathlessly waiting world!

MARVELOUS MARVEL MINI-ITEMS! A hurried round of thanks to Judo JIM STARLIN, who took time off from a top-secret new mag he's preparing in order to pencil the latest full-length tale in GIANT-SIZE DEFENDERS, just when we needed him the most! And he did it beautifully—so what else is new? • You know one of the hardest tasks around Marvel these days? It's finding just the right artist (with the right amount of time) to do MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE! Reason: Not everybody can draw the ever-lovin', blue-eyed Thing just the way that nature (and Stan Lee) intended! If you've any ideas on the subject—and who doesn't?—please pass 'em along to Ye Editor, huh? • A final word: For those of you who've told us you can't always find our 75¢ and \$1 mags on your news-stands, and thus have missed out on some of the gleeful goodies we've been offering for-sale-by-mail in recent months, we've tossed in a full-page mail-order section this issue, in lieu of the usual Bullpen Bonus Page. Let us know if you'd rather see more such shop-by-mail segments in the future, or if you'd prefer instead the latest notes and news on our way-out writers and artists instead, okay? Till next time—be good to each other, okay?



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