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THUNDERCATS



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THUNDERCATS

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One of this exciting story, in which Wilykit and Wilykat are taken prisoner once again – and this time their captors are ... Lion-O and Cheetara?!

Page 11... **Fact File Number Three** features Bengali.

Page 12... **Fantastic** Full Colour **Poster** of this issue's cover!

Page 14... **Immortal Dreads** – Part

One. Panthro finds himself being made responsible for the survival of the Thundercats!

Thundercats Ho! In this issue we present the first episodes of two fantastic strip stories. The Thunderkittens come across a disturbing case of mistaken identity in **Double Jeopardy** when they stumble upon two rather overgrown cocoons in the forest. In the second story, **Immortal Dreads**, the Thundercats are ambushed by the evil mutants while out hunting, and Panthro finds the fate of his friends rests squarely on his shoulders! As if that wasn't enough to keep you busy, there is also a fabulous Kellogg's Ricicles Competition, with the chance for you to win some fantastic prizes, so make sure you enter!



Cover Illustration by Mario Capaldi
and John Burns



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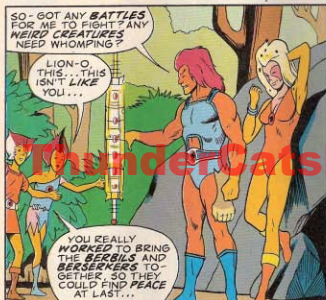
DOUBLE JEOPARDY!

THIRD EARTH - IN THE
FOREST'S SURROUNDING
CATS' LAIR...

UH-
WILYKAT-
REMEMBER WHAT
LION-O SAID
ABOUT NOT GOING
OUT BY OUR-
SELVES...

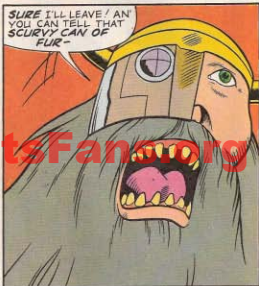
HOW CAN
I FORGET, WILYKIT-
BUT I'VE JUST
GOTTA KNOW WHAT
THOSE COCOONS
ARE ALL ABOUT!

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THUNDERCATS™

FACT FILE NO 3

NAME: Bengali

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Thundera

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: 170 lbs.

EYES: Blue

HAIR: White (blue markings)

Bengali is the younger brother of Thundercat Tygra, an albino member of the same tribe of Thunderians. Growing up together in Thundera's capital city of Grimalkingrad, Tygra and Bengali were not always the best of friends. Bengali, though a talented blacksmith, was jealous of Tygra's ability to turn invisible, and the two Cats often came to blows. These fights were usually won by Tygra, due to his greater age, experience—and invisibility.

Tygra also became a fully-fledged Thundercat before his brother, and after Tygra had left the family home to join the other noblecats, Bengali began to spend more time with his friends Lynx-O and Pumyra. On the final day, when immense gravitational forces tore Thundera apart, Bengali led Lynx-O and Pumyra to their only hope of survival—an Ark ship, bound for deep space. But were they already too late...?

Illustration: **MARTIN GRIFFITHS** Script: **STEVE ALAN**

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NORTHWEST OF CATS' LAIR, BEYOND THE RO-BEAR-BERBILS' VILLAGE, LIE THE HUNTING PLAINS, WHERE THE BLUE-TINTED SABRE GRASS OF THIRD EARTH SHIMMERS LIKE A LANDBOUND SEA BENEATH THE AUTUMN BREEZE.

IT A DAY, PANTHRO, WE'VE BEEN OUT SINCE DAWN, AND WE HAVEN'T SPOTTED A RUMPA YET. TIME TO GO HOME.

LET'S CALL

AND PUT UP WITH SNARF'S **BERBILFRUIT STEW** FOR DINNER AGAIN?

NO, THANKS, LION-O. IF IT TAKES ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT, I WON'T--

HEY!

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IMMORTAL DREAMS



KAA-YAAAAA!



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"ONCE PANTHRO GETS AN IDEA IN HIS HEAD, NOTHING SHORT OF AN EARTHQUAKE CAN SHAKE IT LOOSE."

"HE MAY BE SO BUSY HUNTING THAT RUMPA, HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE TROUBLE COMING-- UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE."

IT CAME THIS WAY I CAN SMELL IT.





EH? THAT'S NOT **ALL** I SMELL. SOMETHING ELSE... **MOULDY** AND **ANCIENT**. OLDER THAN TIME ITSELF, FEELS LIKE.

REMINDS ME OF THAT CREEP **MUMM-RA**, BUT THE SCENT'S DIFFERENT. NOT **EVIL**, EXACTLY.



WHAT **IS** IT? IT'S LIKE A KIND OF **SHRINE**, PLACE? ...OR A **TEMPLE** OF SOME SORT...

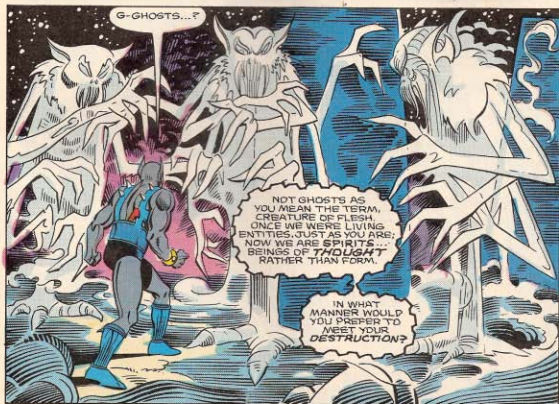
AND THEN HE HEARS IT: A **SUBTLE WHISPER**, A **HISS** LIKE **ESCAPING STEAM**...



... A **WHISPER** THAT **DEEPENS** TO A **VOICE**, **THIN** AS **SMOKE** BUT **HOT** WITH **ANCIENT ANGER**.

FOR **TEN THOUSAND** **MILLENNIA** HAVE THE **SI-TARE** **SLEPT**, **DREAMING** OUR **DREAM** OF **DESTINY**.

FEW HAVE BEEN **THOSE** WHO **DISTURBED** OUR **REST**, **FEWER** STILL **THOSE** WHO **SURVIVED** TO **TELL** OF **IT**.



G-GHOSTS...?

NOT **GHOSTS** AS YOU MEAN THE TERM. **CREATURE** OF **FLESH**. ONCE WE WERE **LIVING** ENTITIES. JUST AS YOU ARE; NOW WE ARE **SPIRITS**... BEINGS OF **THOUGHT** RATHER THAN **FORM**.

IN WHAT MANNER WOULD YOU PREFER TO MEET YOUR **DESTRUCTION**?



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SHRIEKS SO HIGH-PITCHED THEY'RE ALMOST BEYOND THE RANGE OF HEARING. **REVENGE** THE TWILIGHT.

NOT CHANCING A LOOK BACK, PANTHRO CLIMBERS TO SAFETY. HIS OLD WARRIOR'S HEART POUNDING AS RAPIDLY AS ANY NEW RECRUIT'S ON THE FIRST DAY OF BATTLE.



PAIN IS IN THOSE SCREAMS, AND ANGER TOO. AN UNEARTHLY MISTFUL DANGER. THE COLD ANGER OF PURE THOUGHT DIRECTED TO RAGE.

THE DUSK TWILIGHT TURNS DEEPER BLACK AS A WHIRLING VORTEX SPINS INTO EXISTENCE ABOVE THE SI-TARE SANCTUM.



CLOUDS CHURN, AND SOMEWHERE FAR ABOVE THUNDER DRUMS.

WHATEVER PANTHRO HAS AWAKENED HERE TONIGHT, IT WILL NOT SOON RETURN TO ITS SLUMBER.



TO. NOT TILL IT HAS CLAIMED ITS REVENGE...



MEANWHILE, SOUTH, IN THE FOREST
BORDERING THE HUNTING PLAINS...



...BUT WE BROUGHT THE INGREDIENTS FROM THUNDERA, AND THERE WAS ONLY ENOUGH FOR ONE SMALL BATCH.



WE MIXED IT A FEW DAYS AGO, AND THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE HAD TO USE IT, SINCE.

IT'S ALSO THE LAST TIME, UNLESS WE FIND SOME JEWEL-ROOTS HERE ON THIRD EARTH. PRETTY SOON WE'LL HAVE TO--



HEY!

ONE MOMENT THE AIR IS CLEAR, WITHOUT A HINT OF FOG... AND THE NEXT, WILYKAT FINDS HIMSELF ENFOLDED IN A FINE, CLOUDLIKE MIST...

NOR IS HE ALONE.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS HAZE; IT ISN'T MOIST, THE WAY A GROUND FOG SHOULD BE...



...AND IT CLINGS TO THE SKIN, CRAWLING OVER THEIR FUR LIKE A MILLION SMALL INSECT'S SEEKING FOOD.



GASPING, THE THUNDERCATS STRUGGLE FOR BREATH.

AND THEN, WHEN IT SEEMS THEY EITHER HAVE TO BREATHE OR PASS OUT--



--THE MIST IS GONE.

WHAT WAS THAT?

SWAMP GAS?

SNARF, WE'RE NOWHERE NEAR A SWAMP.

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D NOTICE THAT.

WORRY ABOUT THE MIST LATER--THOSE
MUTANTS COULD BE WALKING UP
BEHIND US. WHILE WE STAND HERE
TALKING.

I STILL DON'T FEEL
COMFORTABLE ABOUT
LEAVING WITHOUT
PANTHRO, THOUGH.



ODD YOU SHOULD SAY
THAT, BECAUSE I'D FEEL
UNCOMFORTABLE LEAVING
WITHOUT ME, TOO...

PANTHRO!



WHILE YOU WERE
HUNTING WE HAD A
MIX-UP WITH THE
MUTANTS!

IS
THAT
SO?

YES,
BUT WE
ROUTED
THEM!

GLAD
YOU'RE SAFE
TOO!

YEAH!

CAN WE
PLEASE, PLEASE
GET OUT
OF HERE!



REUNITED, THE THUNDERCATS MAKE QUICK
WORK OF THE WALK HOME THROUGH RO-BEAR
BERBIL COUNTRY. THOUGH PANTHRO HANGS
BACK FROM HIS FRIENDS JUST A BIT, HIS
GAZE TURNING BACK TIME AND AGAIN...

...A SHIVER PASSING
OFTEN DOWN HIS SPINE.



AND THAT NIGHT, AT CATS' LAIR...

LION-O, NOW THAT
THE OTHERS ARE
ASLEEP, I HAVE TO
ASK YOU...





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THANKS TO HIM, WE ESCAPED THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THUNDERA. WHEN HE REALIZED HE COULDN'T BE HERE TO GUIDE US ON THIRD EARTH, HE TRANSLATED HIMSELF TO A SPIRITUAL PLANE.





 **NEXT: CONSEQUENCES!**