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THUNDERCATS™

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THUNDERCATS™



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Who's fighting who in the final part of our exciting story?

Page 10 ... **Fact File Number 4**

features the young leader of the Thundercats, the brave and noble **Lion-O!**

Page 12 ... **Fabulous** full colour poster to brighten up your Lair!

Page 14 ... **Immortal Dreads.** The conclusion of this thrilling story—it's a race against time for Panthro!

Welcome to Third Earth! It's fun and adventure all the way in the latest issue of your favourite comic! In Part Two of **Double Jeopardy**, the Thundercats face a confusing problem in the shape of enemies who look exactly like them! When you have finished reading *that* exciting story, you can turn to the second and final part of **Immortal Dreads!** Little did Panthro realize that by carelessly wandering on to unfamiliar territory, he would awake an evil spirit who believes that trespassing is punishable by death! Will Panthro manage to make amends in time to save the lives of his friends? You'll have to start reading to find out!



Cover illustration by Mario Capaldi and John Burns



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EDITOR: SOPHIE HEATH

THIRD EARTH-IN THE FORESTS
SURROUNDING CATS' LAIR...

DOUBLE JEOPARDY!

PART
2

GREAT, WILYKIT-
FIRST WE'RE ATTACKED
BY EVIL DOUBLES OF LION-O
AND CHEETARA, THEN
HUNG OUT TO DRY
IN THESE
COCCOONS!*

NEXT TIME
LION-O TELLS US
TO STAY IN CATS' LAIR,
WILYKIT, LET'S STAY
IN CATS' LAIR,
OK?

* SEE LAST ISSUE



CATS' LAIR, WHERE DOUBLES OF LION-O AND CHEETARA HAVE ALL BUT RUINED THE BERBIL/BERSERKER PEACE CONFERENCE... *

HAMMERHAND!
I SUPPOSE YOU AND LION-O
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A
BIG LAUGH TREATING
ME LIKE THAT!

HUH?

* SEE LAST ISSUE

PARDON ME, RO-BER-BILL,
BUT GETTING THE SWORD OF
OMENS JAMMED IN MY
FACE AINT MY IDEA OF
A PARTY!

WHAT?
WERE YOU
ATTACKED
TOO?

AND, IN A DISTANT
ONYX PYRAMID...

WHADDAYA
MEAN 'TOO'? TALK
SENSE, FURRY-
BEFORE I GET
MEAN!

HA! SUSPICION-MISTRUST-USING
THOSE SHAPE-CHANGING ALIENS,
THE GWANZULUMS, WAS A
MASTER STROKE! SOON ALL
PEOPLES OF THIRD EARTH
WILL BE AT WAR...

...AND I,
MUMM-RA, THE
EVER-LIVING,
SHALL RULE WHAT
REMAINS!

YOU WERE
BORN MEAN,
YOU-YOU-
PIRATE!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, THAT'S
THEM DEALT
WITH!

LET'S GO TO THE
OTHERS IN
CATS' LAIR!

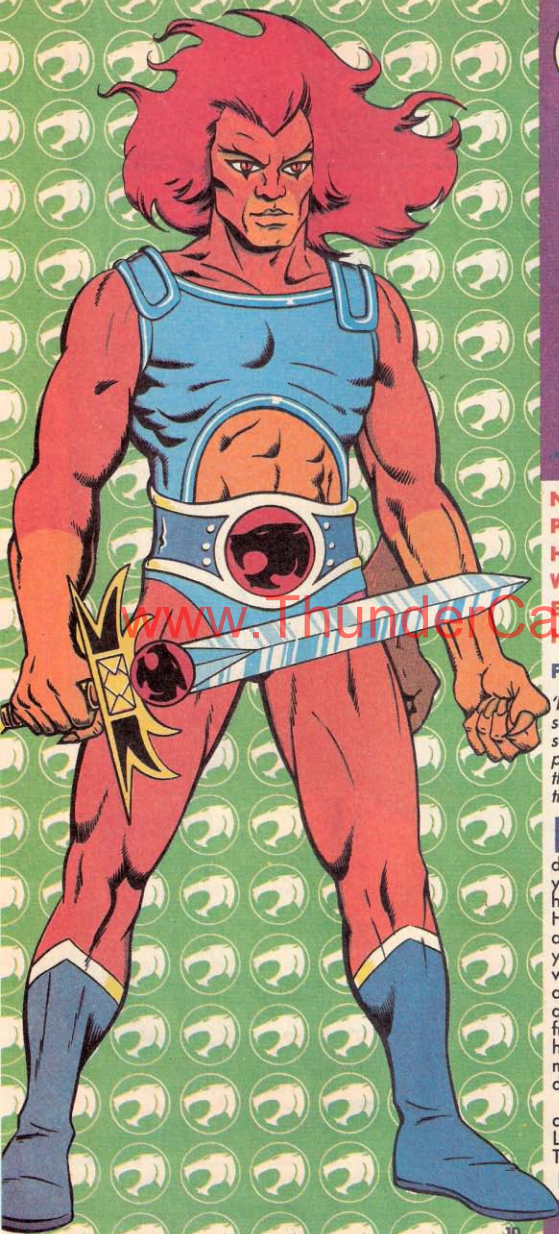
YEAH -
WILL THEY BE
SURPRISED!







 **NEXT: DR DOMETONE!**



THUNDERCATS

FACT FILE

Nº4

NAME: Lion-O

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Thundera

HEIGHT: 6'1"

WEIGHT: 235lbs

EYES: Red

HAIR: Red

From the Chronicles of Thundera:

'For it is written that, on the seventh day of the seventh month in the Year Of The Lion, a great scarlet disc did appear in the skies above the palace of the noble Panthera Leo line. And on that day was born a Thundercub who would, in time, lead his people to glory...'

From early childhood Lion-O knew that he would one day become Lord of the Thundercats. His elder, Jaga the Wise, coached the young Lion-O for the awesome responsibility he would one day hold. To rule in Justice, Truth, Honour and Loyalty is the Code Of Thundera, and often a weighty burden for Lion-O's young shoulders. He was barely ten years old when gravitational forces tore Thundera apart, and the Thundercats embarked on their epic quest for a new world. Though Lion-O awoke from his suspension capsule grown to manhood, he still possessed the rash, impetuous mind of a ten year-old. Maturity, he was to discover, would be a battle hard won.

Now, guided by the spectral form of Jaga and armed with the mystic Sword of Omens, Lion-O fulfils his destiny at last – as Lord of the Thundercats!

Illustration: **HYLTON/HINE/ABADZIS**

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THUNDERCATS

Panthro, on a lone hunting expedition, unwittingly disturbs the **Sacred Temple of the Si-Tare**, a band of immortal wrath-creatures. When his fellow Thundercats are stricken by a mysterious fever, Panthro is convinced that the Si-Tare are responsible...



PUNISH
ME, NOT MY
FRIENDS!

THE HALLS OF CATS' LAIR
RING WITH THE ECHO OF HIS
CRY, BUT PANTHRO RECEIVES
NO OTHER ANSWER...



...UNLESS HIS ANSWER IS
THE DISTANT RUMBLE
OF THUNDER, LIKE A GHOSTLY
WHISPER OF MOOING
LAUGHTER.



FOR HOURS, PANTHRO MINISTERS
DESPERATELY TO HIS FELLOW
THUNDERCATS, WATCHING HELP-
LESSLY AS FEVER AND DELIRIUM
OVERTAKE THEM...

THEY'RE
FADING...

THIS IS MY
FAULT, I'M THE
ONE THE SI-TARE
GHOSTS WANT.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
I CAN DO -- RETURN TO THE
SI-TARE SANCTUM -- AND
WIN BACK THE LIVES OF
MY FRIENDS.

EVEN IF THE
WINNING COSTS
ME MY OWN.

OUTSIDE, THE STORM THAT CAME WITH THE DAWN IS IN FULL FORCE, BUT PANTHRO HARDLY FEELS THE RAIN ON HIS FUR...

... NOR DOES HE SENSE THE EYES WATCHING HIM AS HE RACES NORTH FROM CATS' LAIR.

I TELL YOU, IF WE DESTROY THEM ALL OF THEM, EXCEPT THE BIG CAT. I SAW IT MYSELF.

IF WE DESTROY THEM ALL OF THEM, EXCEPT THE BIG CAT. I SAW IT MYSELF.

... AND I, KONTOS, WILL BE THE MUTANTS' NEW LEADER.

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PANTHRO... WHAT--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PANTHRO?

KRAKK!

NO!
THUNDERCATS, HO!



WOOD... THAT DIDN'T DO OLD SNARF MUCH GOOD. FEVER LEFT MY POOR HEAD SPINNIN'.

SAY, WHERE'S PANTHRO?

PANTHRO I REMEMBER-- WAS IT A FEVER DREAM...?

NO, IT WASN'T A DREAM. I HEARD PANTHRO TALKING... ABOUT SOMEONE OR SOMETHING CALLED SI-TARE.

PANTHRO THOUGHT THIS SI-TARE WAS MAKING US SICK... AND HE WENT OFF... TO WIN BACK OUR LIVES...

"...EVEN IF IT COSTS HIM HIS OWN..."

WHAT?

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OVERHEAD, THE SKY IS BLACK AND WHITE WITH THUNDERCLOUDS AND LIGHTNING; UNDERFOOT, THE GRASS OF THE HUNTING PLAINS IS SWAMPY WITH RAIN...

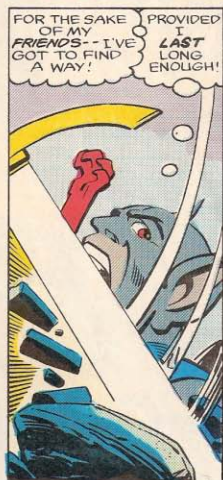
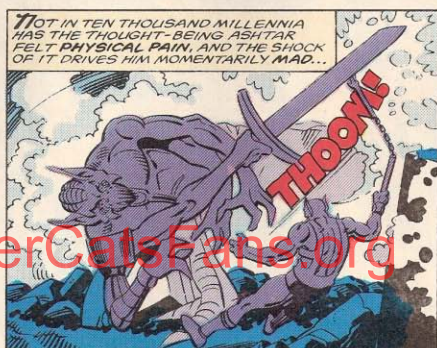
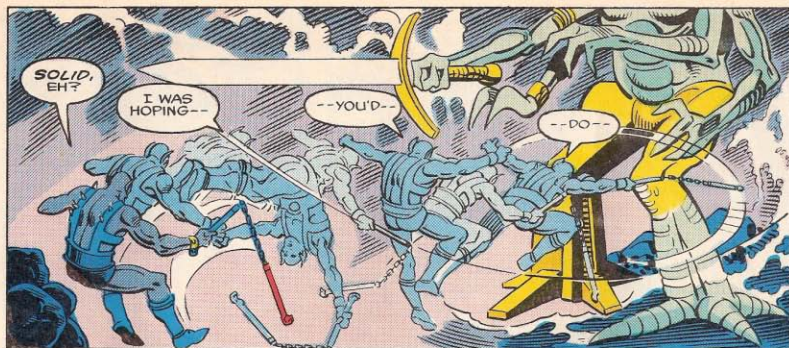
HE'S NEVER HAD TO FACE SUCH POWER BEFORE; NOT ALONE.

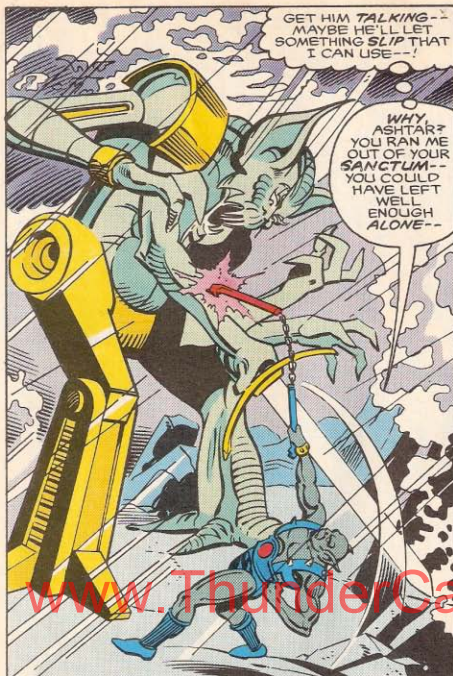
IT DOESN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN.

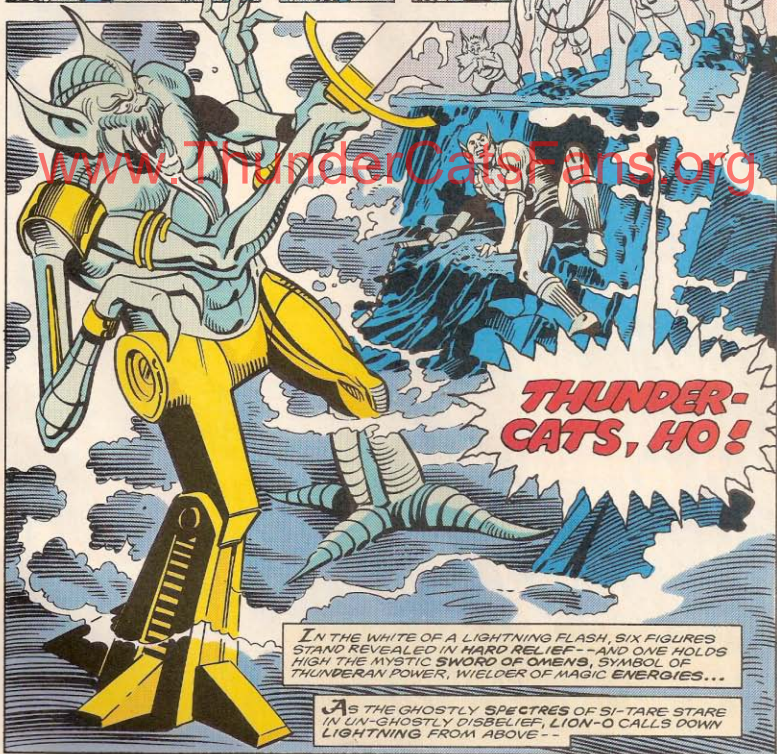
THERE THEY ARE-- WAITING FOR ME. THEY KNEW I'D BE BACK.

GOOD. THAT'LL SAVE US TIME.









-- AND THE HEAVENS ANSWER!



GUESS THAT WAS MORE THAN THE SI-TARE COULD HANDLE! THEY'RE *FLEEING* BACK INTO THEIR SHRINE, AND THEY PROBABLY WON'T COME OUT FOR *ANOTHER* TEN MILLION YEARS...

WE'VE WON...

...SO WHY DO I FEEL SO... *BAD*?

YOU LED US QUITE A *CHASE*, PANTHRO. THE SHAPE WE WERE IN, WE ALMOST DIDN'T *FIND* YOU.

BUT SNARF'S NOSE SCENTED YOU OUT, EVEN IN ALL THIS *RAIN*! YES, HE *DID*!

AND JUST IN TIME, TOO, FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS.

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THE STRANGE THING IS, SICK AS I FELT A FEW MINUTES AGO--I FEEL *FINE* NOW...

SO DO GOOY, DO WE ALL, I THINK.

PANTHRO, THOSE SPECTRES IN THE MIST--WERE THEY THE SI-TARE? WHY DID THEY ATTACK US?

THEY ATTACKED-- BECAUSE I ATTACKED THEM. AND THAT'S WHY I STILL FEEL BAD, EVEN THOUGH WE "*WON*" THIS FIGHT.

WRONG AS THEY WERE TO DO WHAT THEY DID, I WAS WRONG, TOO.



NEXT:

SAFARI JO!