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14th May 88

NO61 38p

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THUNDERA
IS DYING... WE'RE
DOOMED!

NO
WAIT...

SAVIOUR from the STARS!

THE CATS' LAIR



HELP THE AGED! That's the theme for this week's **THUNDERCATS** story – *Year of the Cat!* Part Two. Lion-O may be wise beyond his years but he gets more than he bargains for when he inadvertently stumbles into the dreaded Cave of Time! Riddled with deadly Thundrillium, the Cave rapidly turns the once-proud Lord of the Thundercats into a wizened, feeble old feline who now finds himself at the mercy of S-S-Slithe and his Mutant Fist-Pounder! This week's text story continues the epic adventures of the new Thundercats as they struggle to escape from their dying home planet of Thundera. All seems lost for Lynx-O, Bengali and Pumyra until help arrives in a very odd, yet strangely familiar, form. Intrigued? Then turn to page 15 and read **Escape!** Meanwhile, in this week's **Power Pack** adventure, Katie, wounded and unconscious after crashing into the subterranean depths of Snarkworld, has found herself some new friends and would-be rescuers – the Burrowers! Find out more about them in the first part of *When You Wish Upon A Star!* on page 18. All this plus the usual dose of **Thunder-Chat**, **Thunder-Art** and a **Mini-Poster**, this week featuring the cover of **THUNDERCATS 43**, means there are plenty of reasons to pick up a sabretoothed copy of **THUNDERCATS 60** – they don't call it the boredom killer for nothing!

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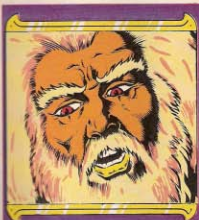
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THUNDERCATS 61 COVER ART
MARTIN GRIFFITHS
COLOUR BY EUAN PETERS

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JOHN TOMLINSON

YEAR OF THE CAT!

PART
2

THE CAVE OF TIME,
THIRD EARTH...

...WHERE THE SANDS OF TIME
FLOW RATHER TOO QUICKLY
FOR LION-O, LORD OF THE
THUNDERCATS!

S-S-SLITHE WILL BE
COMING SOON. I-IN THE
F-FISTPOUNDER, HAVE
TO G-GET AWAY—HAVE
TO RUN...

H-HOW DID I COME
TO THIS? HOW DID
IT HAPPEN? IT ALL
BEGAN SO
INNOCENTLY...

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"...WITH A SEARCH TO REPLENISH OUR THUNDERILLIUM POWER SUPPLIES..."



THE PASS OF THE ROCKMEN.



THE BRIDGE OF SLIME.









BEHOLD LION-O, YOUNG LORD OF THE THUNDERCATS.



ON HIS HOME PLANET OF THUNDERA, TODAY WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MONTH IN THE YEAR OF THE LION...



...HIS BIRTHDAY.

COME TO S-S-SLITHE
LION-O! I'VE A LITTLE
PRESENT FOR YOU!

THOOM!

...I DON'T
STAND A CAT'S
CHANCE!

 NEXT:



SNARF'S SWAPS



Swap: Cheetara, Lion-O, Jackalman, Hachiman, Monkian, Tuska, Vultureman, S-S-Slithe (miniatures, with weapons, good condition)

Wanted: Jaga, Panthro (full size, good condition, with weapons)

Contact: David Evans, 7 Weston Road, Balby, Doncaster DN4 8JS

Swap: Tygra or Panthro or Lion-O or Monkian or Snowman (full size, all weapons, good condition)

Wanted: Bengali (full size, all weapons, good condition)

Contact: James Lewis, 14 Bunkers Hill, Wash Common, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6TF

Swap: Kobra Khan and Man E Faces (with all weapons)

Wanted: Hachiman (all weapons)

Contact: Howard Marmion, 39 Melbourne Road, Bramhall, Stockport, Cheshire SK7 1LS

Dear Panthro

I'm writing this letter on behalf of my son Daniel, who is seven. In exchange he has made the beds and vacuumed the living room. Daniel would like to make a Thundertank of his own. Please could you let him have a set of plans to help him?

By the way, he has to call it 'Baby', just like you do in the cartoon series!

Mrs. B. Allen
Essex

Wish I could help you, Mrs. Allen – trouble is, the original plans for the Thundertank are locked away in Panthro's private vaults, and getting him to open them up is about as easy as getting Mumm-Ra to open a garden fête. There is a (slightly smaller) Tank available from Rainbow Toys though. . .

Dear Tygra,

No one ever writes to you so I thought I would (you're my favourite Thundercat anyway!).

Enough small talk, I have some questions for you:

- 1) Do you and Panthro ever argue?
- 2) Do you like Cheetara?
- 3) Do you like being invisible?
- 4) Were the other Thundercats grateful that you designed Cat's Lair? They don't seem to be.
- 5) Does Snarf ever annoy you?

Keep up the good work bashing the mutants.

Lee Polson
Clacton.

I managed to track Tygra down eventually (he keeps turning invisible when I try to talk to him), and I put your questions to him. Here are his answers:

- 1) Hardly ever.
- 2) Yes.
- 3) Yes.
- 4) Of course they were.
- 5) No. (I should think so, too!).

Dear Snarf the Great

I read **THUNDERCATS** 51 and saw Ryan Harden's letter about the Thundercats live-action film. It would be great! Put me down as an actor, because the Hermitage CP School (my school) did 'The Little Match Girl' as a play, and I played the cook. I would also like to be in a Thundercats club.

Ruth C. Wilson
Crewes

PS: My friends think I'm mad.

Mad, Ruth? But you're a Thundercats fan and a cook – who could be saner? As for the Thundercats club, that, too, is coming up in future issues of the new, improved THUNDERCATS! Keep those eyes – and potatoes – peeled! Snarf! Snarf!



THUNDER

CAT

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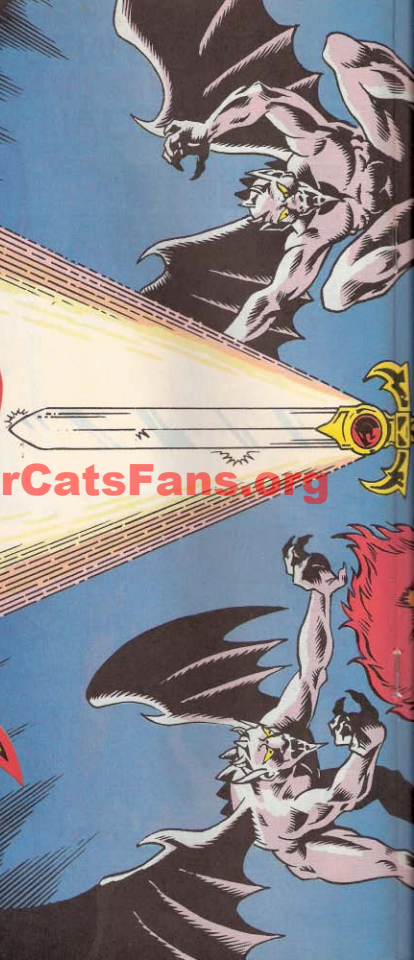
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MINI-POSTER N°38





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TEXT STORY №2



ESCAPE!



Adapted from THUNDERCATS HO! by Steve Alan

 High in the scalding thermals of Thundera's atmosphere, *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear* spiralled into a slow descent toward the dying planet. On the flightdeck of the Berbil spaceship, the viewscreen bathed the two pilots in a gentle orange glow, as scene after scene of terrible destruction flickered before their eyes.

 Far below, three forlorn figures stood on the cracked and baking launchpad of the Thunderian spaceport, as their last hope of survival powered away into the stars, a fading halo of light. 'Is the ship gone?' asked Lynx-O. Blinded by falling wreckage, he had only just begun to learn to exist in a world of darkness.

'Yes,' said Pumyra, choking back her bitter tears. 'It was the Royal Flagship of the Thundercats,' said Bengali, helping the stumbling Lynx-O to his feet. A sad smile flickered for a moment across Lynx-O's wise old face. 'Then all is not lost,' he said. 'The Code of Thundera still lives.'

'Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty ...' noted Pumyra. The Code of Thundera was the oldest of laws, passed down the ages from Catamountain, the very first Thundercat. No Thunderian ever forgot its significance. 'And the Thundercats will carry that Code to all whom they may encounter,' finished Bengali proudly. It was their only comfort; in a few short hours, Thundera and all they had known would be a blackened husk in the star drift.



 Aboard *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear*, Ro-Ber-Bert and Ro-Ber-Bob turned to each other, horrified by the disintegration of a once-proud world. Great, billowing, clouds of black smoke curled past the viewing ports as angry geysers of molten rock erupted here and there from the ruined plains. Thundera was tearing itself apart.

Then –
'Over there!' cried Ro-Ber-Bob. 'Survivors!'



 Supporting Lynx-O between them, Bengali and Pumyra trudged sadly away from the spaceport, each lost in his or her private thoughts. Bengali thought of his childhood, of the good-natured rivalry between himself and his brother Tygra, now safe aboard the Flagship. Happy times, soon to be lost forever. He was roused from the memory by a strange mechanical hum, increasing in volume against the rumble of the earthquake. What could it be? He spun around in alarm.

'An alien spaceship!'

'I hear it!' cried Lynx-O. Above them *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear* moved effortlessly into a hovering position, her hull a rich yellow in the surrounding flame. Without a sound, the small ship glided to a near-landing, hovering as if in curiosity before the three Thunderians. Presently, a hatch slid open on the command-sphere of the strange ship and a tiny ladder snaked out to the ground. Then a head appeared in the hatchway.

'Climb aboard, friends!' said Ro-Ber-Bert. 'Hurry!'

Bengali hesitated a moment, his mouth open in shock. A teddy bear! For all the world, their alien rescuer looked like a walking, talking teddy bear! He became aware that Pumyra was watching him, awaiting a decision. 'This way, Lynx-O,' he said, with a great deal more certainty than he felt.

 From the air-conditioned cool of the *Vanguard's* flight-deck, a pleasing change from the choking volcanic fumes, the three Thunderians struggled to gather their wits. 'Thank you,' said Lynx-O earnestly. 'You are our friends indeed.'

'And who are you?' asked Pumyra, her eyes bright, ears swivelling around in feline curiosity.

'We are Berbils, from the planet Ro-Bear,' replied Ro-Ber-Bert in his odd, sing-song mechanical voice. 'It's a very tiny planet,' continued Ro-Ber-Bob, 'and there are many of us. We must travel to other worlds, if our race is to survive.'

Without warning, the ship suddenly rocked violently, pitching Berbils and Thunderians alike to the deck. Powerful shockwaves rippled across the outer hull.

'What was that?' yelled Lynx-O above the fading roar. All climbed slowly to their feet, Ro-Ber-Bob rushing to the viewscreen. Seconds earlier, the surface of Thundera had been visible, suspended in space like a great, glowing cool. Now there was only darkness.

'Be grateful you were spared the sight of that, Lynx-O,' said Bengali, his voice breaking with emotion. Lynx-O walked slowly to the centre of the cabin, alone. He hung his head and said quietly 'The end of Thundera.'



 'Ro-Ber-Bert!' snapped Bob suddenly. Bert's eyes flickered to the instrument panel, where a small computer graphic of the Berbil ship flashed green on the starboard side. 'Look! The blast damaged one of the fuel tanks!' Had the Berbils' metal faces been capable of expression, they might, at that moment, have looked very worried indeed. A damaged fuel tank was serious enough – but they were now carrying three extra passengers. Their journey would have to be cut drastically short...

'Is there enough fuel left to reach Third Earth?' said Bert at last. Bob was silent, and Bengali exchanged worried glances with Pumyra. They had escaped the destruction of their planet – but in saving the three Thunderians, had the Berbils doomed them all?



'We have a chance,' said Bob at last. 'We must ready the suspension capsules.'

'B-but Ro-Ber-Bob,' said Bert. 'That means –' 'It means that our only hope is to proceed at minimum power,' interrupted Bob. 'We may have enough fuel to reach Third Earth, but the journey will be slow.'

'How slow?' inquired Lynx-O carefully, as though he already knew.

A small, mechanical sigh escaped Ro-Ber-Bert. 'Years, friend Thunderian,' he said. 'Many, many years.'

'Whaat?' Pumyra almost screamed.

'Calm yourself, Pumyra,' said Lynx-O gently. 'We will sleep for the length of the journey; that is the function of a suspension capsule. Centuries may pass, but we will awake unchanged.'

'In a Berbil suspension capsule?' said Bengali, horrified. For the first time, he noticed the size of their alien rescuers. Neither Berbil stood much above knee-height. 'We're all going to wake up with hundred year-old stiff necks!'

'It's more serious than that, friend Bengali,' said Bert gravely. 'If my calculations are wrong...'

'We may not wake up at all,' finished Bob.

Locked on course, the *Vanguard of Ro-Bear* limped into the cold, starlit night, a fine cloud of fuel particles trailing in her wake...

NEXT: FLYING BLIND!



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