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4th June 88

Nº64 38p

U.S.\$1.45 CAN.\$1.85

THUNDERCATS™



THE CATS' LAIR



THE WITCH REPORT! Do you have a memory like Jaga the Wise? Can you recite all 600 recipes in *The Great Berbilfruit Cookbook*? If you can, you'll probably recall that, in *Year of the Cat* part 2, we left Wilykit and Wilykat trapped in the goo of the Bridge of Slime. Well, things are just about to get much worse for the kiddies as they make the acquaintance of that most fearsome of females, that most mouldy of maidens – the Netherwitch! Read all about this most hideous of sorceress' in the first part of *Flight of the Netherwitch*! You never know – you may even pick up a few beauty tips! We've another great *Fact File* for you this week, this time featuring the mystical Lynx-O. *Mini-Poster 41* revisits the cover of *THUNDERCATS* 45, while, on page 14, *Thunder-Chat* returns with another collection of quotes and criticisms from readers. The new Thundercats think their luck has changed when they meet Turmagar the Tuska, but they quickly find there's nothing to celebrate in this issue's text story – *Distress Signal!* With *Power Pack* still imprisoned on Snarkworld in the latest epic episode of *When You Wish Upon A Star!* It's pretty clear from the first page that *THUNDERCATS* 63 is going to be another classic copy of your Thunderian favourite. Just make sure the dog doesn't eat it!



- 3 **FLIGHT OF THE NETHERWITCH** – Part 1
- 10 **FACT FILE** Lynx-O
- 12 **MINI-POSTER 41** – **THUNDERCATS** 46 COVER
- 14 **THUNDER-CHAT**
- 15 **DISTRESS SIGNAL!** – Text Story 5
- 18 **POWER PACK** – When You Wish Upon A Star! – Part 4



THUNDERCATS 64:
COVER ART **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**
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FLIGHT OF THE

WETHERMITCH

PART
1

THE BRIDGE OF SLIME,
THIRD EARTH.

HEH!
AND WHO'S
COME TO VISIT POOR
OLD GRANNY THEN,
MMM? HEH!
HEH! HEH!

SUDDENLY
I DON'T FEEL
SO GOOD,
WILYKAT...

YOU SAID
IT, SIS! BOY-WE
SET OUT TO LOOK
FOR THUNDRILLIUM*
AND ALL WE FOUND
IS TROUBLE!

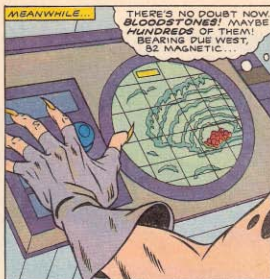
* SEE ISSUE 60











NEXT:

FIRE DOWN BELOW!

FACT FILE

NO.14

NAME: Lynx-O

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Thundera

HEIGHT: 5' 9"

WEIGHT: 195 lbs

EYES: Blind

HAIR: Pale orange, brown and black beard

Lynx-O is the eldest of the three new Thundercats, and very much the mystic of the team. A close friend of Lion-O's father, Claudus, and pupil of Jaga, Lynx-O was next in line to replace Jaga as Cardinal of The Wise, a group of six elder Thundercats entrusted with the sacred Chronicles of Thundera. Though unmarried, Lynx-O also acted as Guardian to Pumyra, an orphan of the Felis Concolor family. Pumyra lost her parents in a Mutant invasion shortly after she was born and was later adopted by Lynx-O.

As a student of Jaga, Lynx-O was trained from his early teens to develop his mental and spiritual powers, to the point where he could establish mind-contact with Jaga. Lynx-O has also perfected a means of raising his voice to an ultrasonic pitch, emitting waves of sound capable of destroying objects. One device he will develop during his stay on Third Earth is the 'Light Shield', which stores and concentrates the light of the sun, emitting it in blinding bursts to confuse his enemies. Blinded by falling wreckage on Thundera, Lynx-O himself is unaffected by the Shield. His greatest wish is to regain his sight.

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

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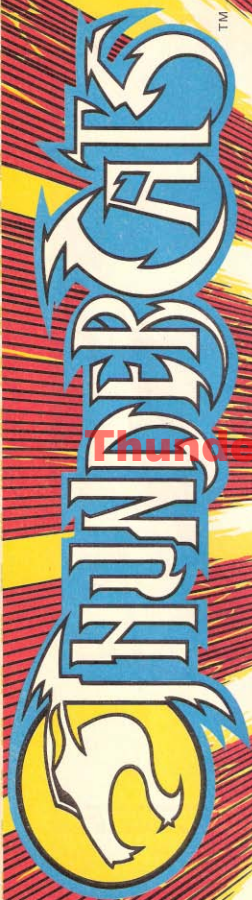


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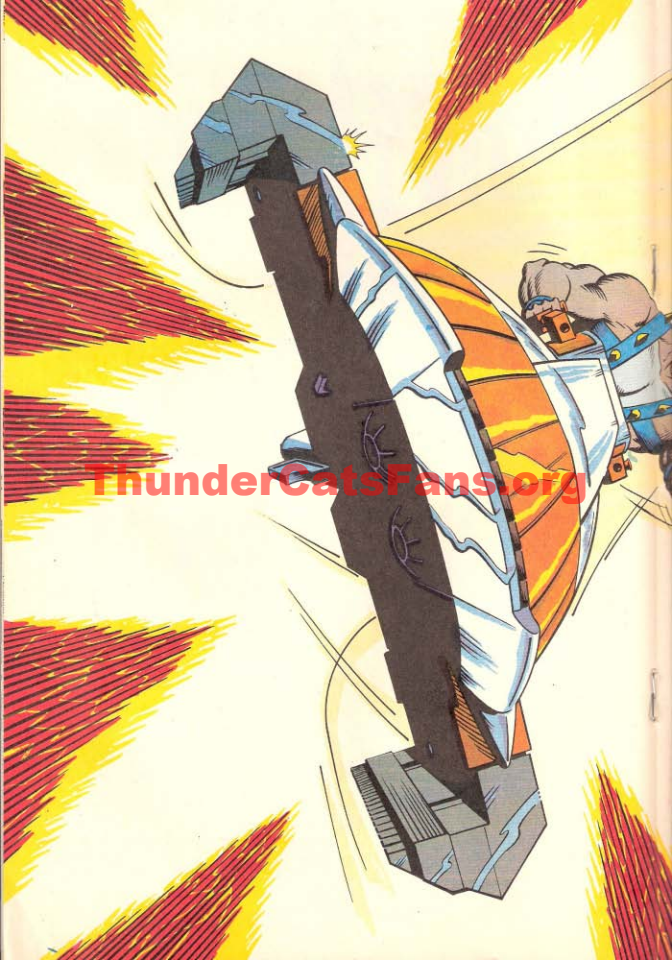
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MINI-POSTER Nº41

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TOP CATS



Best Cover: Issue 35

Best Story: Immortal Dreads

Best Artist: Martin Griffiths

Best Writer: Ian Rimmer

Best Issue: 29

Top Cats: selections by Gordon Thompson of Stourbridge

Dear Snarf,

In the Thundercats 53 story 'Ghost in the Machine', I noticed that they called the copy of Third Earth 'Third World'. Whoever made this mistake should be replaced!

Paul Jones,
Rhosesmor,
Mold.

Consider it done, Paul – and another trip to the Slime Pits!

Dear Snarf,

I have some questions to ask you:-

- 1) Does Lion-O sleep in his clothes?
 - 2) What else do you cook apart from Berbilfruit?
 - 3) Why is Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living called Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living?
- Stuart Whipps,
Birmingham.

- 1) Only if I let him, which isn't often!
- 2) Is there anything else apart from Berbilfruit? After all, I am the only one who can recite all 600 pages of 'The Berbilfruit Cookbook'.
- 3) Maybe its got something to do with him living forever. That's what HE says, anyway.

Dear Snarf

I'd love to be in a Thundercats movie! I could be you, Snarf, and I've been practising the noise.

David Stears,
Hitchin.

What noise is that, David?

Dear Lion-O,

You are my favourite Thundercat and I think your comic is great.

I have some questions to ask you:-

- 1) Where on Third Earth did you crash?
- 2) Which mutant is the strongest?
- 3) Will Ma-Mut be in any of the stories?
- 4) Can anything on Third Earth run faster than Cheetara?

Richard Digby,
Skelmersdale,
Lancs.

1) On the ground! Snarf! Snarf!

2) Well, from personal experience I would say S-S-Slithe, but I'm sure the other mutants would argue about that – they argue about everything!

3) I hope not.

4) Yes – Lion-O, Panthro and Tygra when its lunchtime! Snarf! Snarf!

Why is everybody writing to Lion-O all of a sudden? This is MY page!

Dear friendly Snarf,

Please can you tell me when Lion-O was born and what type of animal you are.

Anon.

Sorry – I seem to have lost your name and address. But to answer your questions: – Lion-O was born (as you must know if you've been keeping up with the story 'Year of the Cat') on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year of the Lion. As I KEEP telling people, I'm a Felis Snarfus Lacertilia Felidae. So there. Snarf! Snarf!



DISTRESS SIGNAL!

PLOT BY STEVEN ALAN / STORY BY DAN ABNETT

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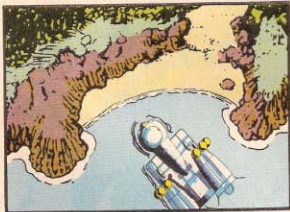
TEXT STORY Nº5



Mission Log of Termagar the Tuska –

The observers on our island lookout reported seeing a falling star last night. That sort of thing demands an investigation. I rose early and was at the airfield by daybreak. There, I found that my ground crew, who had been up since before dawn, had prepared my Gomplin for a scouting mission. My Gomplin was a good natured beast – we'd flown over forty missions together, but he didn't like being up early any more than I did. His complaining groans nearly drowned the roar of the engines as we lifted up, circled the airstrip, and headed off into the sunrise.

Still, the view across the ocean was more than worth the early start. Within half an hour we were approaching the likely landing zone of the 'star'; an atoll deep in mid-ocean that we had never given a name. I swung the Gomplin into a low approach run and overflew the tiny, jungle-clad island. It was then a glint of sunlight on metal caught my eye...



"...And that" said Ro-ber-Bert, crawling out from under the pilot console, his face covered in grime and oil, "is that!" For over an hour, the three Thundercats; Bengali, Pumyra and Lynx-O, had watched as the two berbils, Bert and Bob, had fiddled with the broken machinery of their crashed starship, the *Vanguard* of Ro-Bear.

"If our adjustments are correct, we've managed to turn the defunct weapons systems into a pretty effective distress flare." Ro-ber-Bert looked pleased with himself.

"All we must do now," added Ro-ber-Bob, "is

wait until the power units have generated enough impulse to fire it."

They all retired to the sandy beach beside the ship to wait. After a few moments, Pumyra's sharp ears caught something, and she called to the others. "Listen! Do you hear that? It sounds like an engine!" The others were all silent. Lynx-O, due to his blindness, had developed a particularly keen sense of hearing.

"You're right," he said, "It's coming from somewhere above us..."

"There!" shouted Bengali, pointing up at the blue morning sky. "There's something flying over the island. Berbils! We must signal at once."

"That may not be wise, Bengali," replied Ro-ber-Bert. "We haven't had a chance to test the flare yet."

"We must!" exclaimed Pumyra. "This may be our one chance to get off the atoll."

Realising the sense in this, the two berbils scurried aboard the *Ro-Bear* and prepared to fire. The power units whined in protest. "Oh dear," said Ro-ber-Bert. "We're experiencing a power surge. I said we should have tested it first."

But it was too late. Ro-ber-Bob had pressed the firing stud, and the *Ro-Bear's* cannon turret blasted, explosively, at the sky...

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Termagar's Log continued –
...I saw what appeared to be some sort of silver ship, crashed upon the beach, with several figures standing beside it. Before I could get a closer look to discover if they were friend or foe, I had to push the Gomplin into a sharp turn to avoid the blast of energy that came scorching up at me from the ship. Such a savagely hostile action took me a little by surprise, but I escaped intact, and banked around. No one attacks Squadron Leader Termagar without due warning and gets away with it. Diving steeply into the wind, I checked the magazine of my water-cooled, rapid-fire auto cannon, and took careful aim...



"Move it!" yelled Bengali, pulling his fellow Thundercats under the shelter of the ship. "He's got the wrong idea! He thinks we're attacking him!" Barely were they under cover when the soft sand of Downfall Beach exploded in a vicious row of fireballs. They could hear the rattle of a machine gun as the shadow of the flier passed overhead.

"This is terrible!" said Bengali. "We must do

something!"

He started to scrabble in the sand under the ship and in a moment pulled free a lump of driftwood. Before the others could stop him, he ran from cover out onto the beach.

"Bengali!" screamed Pumyra. "What are you going to do with a bit of wood? Hope he gets down low enough so you can beat him to death? Bengali! Come back! You'll get yourself killed...!"



Termagar's log continued –
...on the second approach, I got a clear view of one target, who had apparently come out of hiding. He was kneeling in the sand and doing something with what seemed to be a stick. However, following my earlier surprise, I was taking no chances. It could be some sort of rifle, I decided, and so I took careful aim to get off a shot before he could fire. Then a second figure, a female it appeared, ran onto the beach to join her companion. She was waving her arms at me, and shouting. I over-shot in the confusion and missed my target. It was as I flew over the second time, that I saw the first figure had scratched a word in the sand. One word... 'HELP'...

 Cautiously, Bengali and Pumyra approached the great beast and its rider that had come to land down the beach from the ship. The rider was a humanoid with vast curving tusks. He dismounted, pulling off a pair of goggles, and watched them approach, a large gun held in his hands.

Silently, they faced each other for a moment. Then the Tuska spoke: "I am Wing Commander Termagar of the Tuska Air Corp. Who am I addressing?"

"Thundercat Bengali, and this is Pumyra, part of the crew of a ship marooned on this island. I'm

sorry about the flare, and I'm glad you saw the message. Please...we need your help!"

Termagar's log continued –
...all a case of mistaken intention. The Thundercats and their strange allies, the berbils, are quite civilised and in desperate need of assistance. I have agreed to return to base and arrange for a larger expedition to set out to rescue them. I set course for home, turning the Gomplin into the wind again, and crossing the island with its great, dark, volcanic crater. Crossing the crater is proving difficult, as there seems to be an unusually strong downdraught, but I...



Horrorstruck, the crew of the *Vanguard* of Ro-Bear watched from the beach as Termagar's Gomplin seemed to struggle in the blustery air above the crater in the distance. Then, like a fluttering, broken kite, the flier fell and disappeared into the volcano!

"No!" cried Pumyra, "He was our only chance to escape! After all that!"

"No downdraught or vortex could cause a stall like that..." mumbled Ro-ber-Bob.

"Indeed," replied Lynx-O, who could not have seen the crash. "Did you not feel that electrical buzz in the air as it happened? Foul magic is at work! Magic has drawn in and captured our new-found friend!"

"In that case," said Bengali sternly, "We've no choice. Termagar needs our help. We must climb up to the volcano and save him, no matter what's lurking up there!"



TO BE CONTINUED!



WHAD'YA MEAN
NO THUNDERCATS?



MUMM-RA'S BOILING MAD AND IT'S NOT SURPRISING! The newsagent up at Castle Plun-Darr has sold the last copy of **THUNDERCATS** and now he's going to miss out on his weekly dose of Third Earth thrills and spills! To make sure you don't run the same risks as Mumm-Ra, why not place a regular order with your newsagent. Just follow the simple step-by-step instructions below, and your newsagent will know to reserve you a copy of Marvel's **THUNDERCATS** comic each and every week!

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NAME

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN



How do the Thundercats
defend themselves
against the Luna-Lasher?

Quickly.

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In a remote area of Third Earth, Pumyra has ventured out alone and fallen victim to the latest Evil Mutant weapon, the Luna-Lasher. With the Luna-Lasher strapped to his back, Mumm-ra can deliver crashing blows to any defenceless Thundercat. But help is at hand. Lion-O, wearing his new fast flying Thunderwings transporter, swoops towards Mumm-ra. Tuska Warrior wastes no time getting to the scene on the giant running legs of his new Stilt Runner, the fastest vehicle on two feet. Thanks to the Thundercats swift new Transporters, Pumyra is soon safe again, as Mumm-ra, who knows when he's outnumbered, retreats.

