

MARVEL®

MEET THE NEW THUNDERCATS-INSIDE!

THUNDERCATS

25th June 88

NO 67 38p

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IS IT TRUE
THAT CATS ALWAYS
LAND ON THEIR FEET,
BENGALI?

FINE
TIME TO ASK,
PUMYRA!

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THE CATS' LAIR



DOUBLE TROUBLE! Wilykat and Wilykit once again stumble into trouble when they discover several strange cocoons near the Cats Lair. Even more bizarre are the contents of two of the pods, for they contain exact replicas of Lion-O and Cheetara! Now the doubles have escaped their cocoons, imprisoned the Thunderkittens, and broken into the Cats Lair. The result, not suprisingly, is chaos! The devilish doppelgangers wreck a Berbil/Berserker peace conference and cause untold confusion amongst the ranks of the Thunderians. How will the Third Earth felines get out of this one? Read the second gripping instalment of *Double Jeopardy* and see for yourself! Berserker fans will be pleased to know that this week's *Fact File* features the leader of those bionic buccaneers, Hammerhand, while *Thunder-Art* and *Mini-Poster 44* complete the features line-up. The New Thundercats, Bengali, Pumyra and Lynx-O, return to continue their adventures on *Destiny Atoll* in this issue's text story, *Raman-Ka!* To provide an outstanding finale to **THUNDERCATS 67**, there's the second episode of *Power Trip*, where *Power Pack* find that their worst nightmare has come true. With all this to enjoy, **THUNDERCATS 67** will have you leaping around like a cat on a hot tin roof!

MIGHTY MARVEL MOVES! That's right, Marvel Comics is moving to new premises, so if you have any correspondence, whether to Thunder-Chat or Thunder-Art, please write to:

**13-15 ARUNDEL STREET
LONDON WC2**

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SIGN UP FOR DRAGON'S TEETH

Don't forget that, on 25th June, the creative team for Marvel's latest and possibly greatest action title, **DRAGON'S TEETH**, will be appearing at comic shops in the north of England. Geoff Senior (artist), Simon Furman (writer), and Steve White (colourist) will be signing copies, answering questions and engaging in witty conversation at Nostalgia & Comics, 129 Middlewalk, Broadmarsh Shopping Centre, Nottingham from 10 am till noon. The team will then be moving to Nostalgia & Comics, 14-16 Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham, and will be in the store from 2.30 till 4.30. This could be your one and only chance to find out what they look like, so don't miss it!

**THUNDERCATS 67: COVER ART
DOUGIE BRAITHWAITE
COLOUR BY EUAN PETERS**

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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 CHESTARA, 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



CAT'S 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!

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MEANWHILE...

WELL, THAT'S
THEM DEALT
WITH!

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

YEAH -
WILL THEY BE
SURPRISED!

CATS' LAIR.

SNARF!
HAVE YOU SEEN **LION-O**
AND **CHEETARA**? THIS
WHOLE PEACE CONFER-
ENCE SEEMS TO HAVE
BROKEN DOWN...

NOT NOW,
TYGRA! I'M BUSY
SWEEPING UP ALL THE
MUD HAMMERHAND
TRACKED IN HERE...

SOUNDS LIKE FUN.
KEEP AN EYE OPEN
FOR THEM,
HUH?

SURE
THING,
PANTHRO!

THAT **LION-O**!
HE'S NOT A BAD BOY,
BUT HE'S ALWAYS TOO
WRAPPED UP IN
HIS RESPONSIBILITIES...

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SNAAARF!

LION-O! WE WERE WORRIED!
SOMETHING WEIRD HAS
HAPPENED TO UPSET RO-BER-
BILL AND HAMMERHAND...

AWWW,
COOL YOUR JETS, YOU
OLD KILLJOYS! WE DON'T
NEED PEACE! WHAT
WOULD WE DO
THEN? TAKE UP
KNITTING?



CHEETARA! ARE
YOU GOING ALONG
WITH THIS
GARBAGE?

YOU BET
YOUR POINTY
LITTLE EARS,
BALDY!



UH-PANTHRO-I THINK
I'M JUST GOING TO GO
AND LIE DOWN FOR A
LITTLE WHILE,
OK?

BALDY...?



WELL, WHAT'S THIS?
THE TALL AND SHORT
COME BACK FOR
MORE?



IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU DID
US SOME
GOOD AFTER
ALL, LION-O...

YEAH-WE HATED THE
WAY YOU TREATED US
MORE THAN WE HATED
EACH OTHER!
GETTEM!

WHA-?







THUNDERCATS

FACT FILE

NO. 16

NAME: Hammerhand

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Third Earth

HEIGHT: 5' 9"

WEIGHT: 300 lbs

EYES: One

HAIR: Grey

Hammerhand is captain of the Berserkers, a vile band of seafaring supervillains from Third Earth's far north. Together with his piratical pals, Ram Bam, Cruncher and Top Spinner, the be-whiskered buccaneer has been the scourge of the high seas since seizing command of their ship, the Scurvy Dog. After a vicious grudge fight with his former captain, Bucket Feet McBeard, Hammerhand forced the luckless looter to walk the plank, which instantly snapped under the weight of his enormous feet. He was not seen again. Hammerhand's mechanical right hand, weighing almost a hundred pounds and capable of great feats of strength, made him a formidable enemy when the Mutant S-S-Slithe hired the Berserkers to defeat the Thundercats. But it was no match for the Sword of Omens, and now Hammerhand confines his Berserker raids to softer targets, such as Berbil Village. 'I love to see them mangy cans o' fur tryta waddle away,' he says, laughing cruelly.

Script **STEVE ALAN** Illustration **DOUGIE BRAITHWAITE**

THUNDER ART

THUNDER-ARTISTS...HO!
SNARF HERE, WITH
A THIRD EARTH GALLERY
OF YOUR AWESOME ART-
WORK. SEND YOUR
ENTRIES TO:

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AND REMEMBER: DRAW
IN BLACK INK ON
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MINI-POSTER Nº44

ThunderCatsFans.org





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 crushing blows to any defenceless Thundercat. But help is at hand. Lion-O, wearing his new fast flying Thunderwings transport, swoops towards Mumm-ra. Tuska Warrior wastes no time getting to the scene on the giant running cat 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.

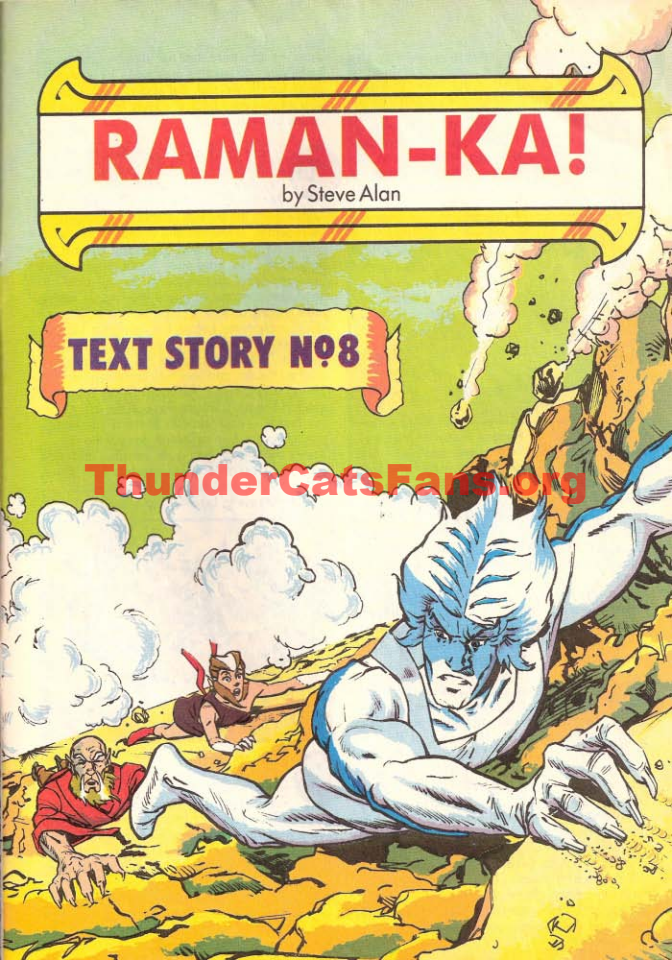


RAMAN-KA!

by Steve Alan

TEXT STORY Nº8

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Pushing his already screaming muscles to the limit, clambering higher to another treacherous, crumbling ledge, Bengali broke his own rule of only minutes earlier, and looked down. The fluted walls of Destiny Atoll's only volcano spread out before him in a dizzying spiral. All strength left his legs as he pressed himself to the rain-lashed rock, claws digging deep.



Just behind Bengali, Pumyra clawed her way across another wet and greasy rock slab. She looked up, catching the expression of terror on Bengali's face, and stopped. Behind her, Lynx-O was as calm as ever, but his breath came in laboured gasps and his skin was an unhealthy grey. 'Why have we stopped, Bengali?' he shouted into the wind. 'Termagar may be hurt! Time is precious if we are to save him!'

'So are our lives, my friend,' replied Bengali grimly. Tearing his eyes from the sheer drop, he spied a small, sheltered ledge, recessed into the walls of the volcano. Thunder boomed as he beckoned to the other Thunderians.

'Couldn't have picked a nicer day for it,' said Ro-Ber-Bob glumly, as needles of rain beat a steady, driving rhythm on the viewing ports of *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear*.

Both Bob and his Berbil captain, Ro-Ber-Bert had taken shelter in the tiny spacecraft. Only weeks earlier it had made planetfall on the tropical shores of Destiny Atoll; now fuel-less, it was little more than a shelter from the storm. 'Well, I still think we should have gone with them,' Bert replied uneasily.

'And do what, Ro-Ber-Bert?' Bob looked down at his squat, furry Berbil body. 'We're not exactly built for climbing. Anyway, you know the legends!' Bert sighed. 'It is written that, when the skies grow dark and the heavens weep, the great spirit of

Ursus the Rain Bear shall fall from the clouds and Berbilkind shall become as statues,' he quoted. 'In other words, we rust. But really, Ro-Ber-Bob — how many angry gods are likely to fall from the clouds out here?'

'We're close now,' hissed Bengali. Ahead of them the lip of the volcano loomed tantalisingly near, but then —

'Mother of Jagal!' gasped Bengali.

Above them, the sky was aflame. Pumyra gripped his shoulder. 'Is the volcano erupting?' she whispered. As they watched, projected against the boiling sky, an enormous figure approached. Coloured lights flickered and danced about its head like a swarm of angry fire-flies, its mighty limbs making a swirling pattern of the clouds as it stood, motionless, before the trembling Thunderians. 'W-we have angered the gods,' stammered Pumyra. 'We have climbed the mountains and touched the sky, and now they come to punish us!' 'N-no,' said Lynx-O. 'Perhaps it is our mountain spectre! The sun is shining through the rain above our heads — each droplet forms a tiny mirror, projecting our own reflection against the sky...' 'Kneel, fools!' said the figure, stepping into plain sight. He was at least four metres tall. 'Kneel, before the imperial majesty of Raman-Kal!' 'You were saying, Lynx-O?' said Bengali.



'Why do you not kneel, fool,' roared Raman-Ka, hoisting Bengali into the air with one spadelike hand 'when you know I will destroy you?' Below Bengali, the great bowl of the volcano's crater yawned like a great stone whirlpool. There was no sign of Termagar. 'It's not exactly easy to kneel in mid-air, friend,' he quipped, to mask his fear. Behind them, Pumyra scabbled onto the slippery ledge and she uncoiled her sling. 'Put him down, villain,' she hissed, with as much menace as she could summon. 'Now!'

Raman-Ka's eyes flashed a deep red as he smiled, his teeth like steel knives.

'So,' he said. 'You are warriors, too. I smell the vile hand of my brother in this!' 'There are more like you at home?' Pumyra was horrified.

Raman-Ka laughed a savage, booming laugh. There was bitterness in his voice as he spoke. 'Indeed not, cubling,' he snarled. 'Not since the six sons of Shapeshade the Mystic were banished to the winds of time by our seventh evil brother — Mumm-Ra, the Ever Living!'



'The secret of a long life,' shivered Ro-Ber-Bob, as the two Berbils began their ascent of the volcano 'has nothing at all to do with what we're doing now!' He sneezed violently, angrily brushing water from his fur. 'You saw the omen!' cried Ro-Ber-Bert. The lights in the sky! Our friends are at the mercy of Ursus the Rain Bear! We must rescue them!'

'I can feel all the bolts seizing up on my left-hand side,' grumbled Bob. 'Anyway, what are we supposed to do when we get there? Make faces at him?'



Raman-Ka raised his gigantic arms skywards, lifting all three Thunderians into the air. With the howling emptiness of the volcano before them and a sheer drop to the forest behind, they could only wait for Raman-Ka's next move. 'I read fear in your faces, catlings,' boomed Ka. 'Well might you tremble, if you are indeed emissaries of my brother!'

'We know of no Mumm-Ra,' said Lynx-O wearily. 'We came here in search of our friend, Termagar!'



Ka looked thoughtful for a moment. 'Perhaps your part in this is innocent,' he said. 'But I warn you —' again, lightning crackled about his fingers, and the three Thunderians felt their hackles rise. 'Don't warn us, yelled Bengali, above the storm. 'Explain! What are you doing here? Surely you don't just hang around the volcano, threatening anyone who

happens to show up?'

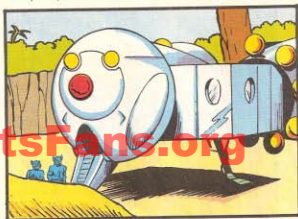
'My quest is to unite my brothers,' Ka said gravely. 'On the day of Geddontide, the six shall be as one again, and the evil of Mumm-Ra vanquished forever!'

'But what about Termagar?' said Pumyra. 'Was he sucked into the vortex down there?'

Ka's face clouded. 'The Well of the Timelost is more than a vortex, little one,' he said. 'The Tuska now wanders through time itself, as I do.' Gently, he deposited the three Thunderians on the lip of the volcano. 'I go now, to resume my quest. I will return your friend to his own time.' 'Great,' said Bengali. 'In the meantime we're still stuck in this forsaken sandpit!'

Several hundred feet below, Ro-Ber-Bert stumbled forward, pitching face-first into a pool of mud. 'Let's go home,' he spluttered.

'Yes, lets,' said Ro-Ber-Bob.



It was dusk when Bengali, Pumyra and Lynx-O returned to the *Vanguard* of Ro-Bear. For some reason, the two Berbils were wrapped in blankets as they arrived, and it seemed to Lynx-O's enhanced hearing that their joints creaked a little more than usual, but he thought it polite not to mention it.

'What is that?' shivered Bengali, horrified, as Ro-Ber-Bob emerged from the main hatch of the *Vanguard*, a slab of something like dull, purple leather in his paws.

'Dried Berbilfruit pemmican,' Bob said cheerfully, tearing off a chunk and handing it to Pumyra. 'Good for warding off evil spirits. Try some?'

'Why not,' said Pumyra, laughing. 'After all we've just been through, I'm not afraid to take one more chance.'

NEXT: BERBIL TROUBLE!



IN **THUNDERCATS** 68!

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!

Here's what to do ...

Complete the order coupon here with your name and address and mark on it whether you want your copy of **THUNDERCATS** held back for collection or delivered to your door. Then ask your parents if it is alright for you to order **THUNDERCATS** every week and get them to sign the coupon. Finally, cut out the completed coupon and take it to your local newsagent. That way you can be sure that there will be a copy waiting for you.

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