

MARVEL®

MEET THE NEW THUNDERCATS-INSIDE!

THUNDERCATS™

9th July 88

NO 69 38p

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

YOU
DIRTY
RAT!



THE CATS' LAIR



PULLING THE PLUG OUT! That's the intention of evil salvage expert, *Scrape*. But this is no ordinary plug. This is a great feat of engineering that is sealing a fissure in the seabed of Third Earth. *Scrape* wants to wreck the plug so that the planet's oceans will drain away, enabling him to mine a rock that fuels his home planet – *Blue Plunder*. The problem – and it's a big problem – is that when the oceans vanish into the crack, the waters will douse Third Earth's fiery heart, laying waste to the planet. Controller of the plug, *Dr Dometone*, cannot allow this to happen and has teamed up with the Thundercats in the hope of stopping *Scrape*. Will they do it? Read the second gripping instalment of *Dr Dometone!* and find out! There's more guffaws and grumbles in another bout of *Thunder Chat* on page 10, while the cover of **THUNDERCATS 51** is the subject of this week's *Mini-Poster*. A picturesque *Thunder Art*, on page 14, is followed by this issue's text story, *Rat's Tale!*, starring that rodent rogue, *Rataro*. With *Power Pack* still power-less on *Snarkworld*, there can be little doubt that **THUNDERCATS 69** will be catapulting you into another weekly dose of feline-filled fun and frolics!

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THUNDERCATS 69 COVER ART:
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE
COLOUR BY **STEVE WHITE**

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THUNDERCATS

DR DOMETONE!

Dr Dometone, controller of the great Plug — a huge building used to seal a potentially devastating fissure in Third Earth's seabed, seeks the help of the Thundercats. With their help, he hopes to stop attacks on the plug by the evil Scrape, as he explains. . .

I HAVE TO GET BACK TO HELP MY CREW. WITHOUT SUPPLIES, THEY'LL STARVE!

YET IF THEY LEAVE THE STATION FOR FOOD, SCRAPE WILL DESTROY THE PLUG. THIRD EARTH'S SEAS WILL DRAIN AWAY AND HE WILL BE FREE TO MINE THE ROCKS THAT FUEL HIS HOME PLANET—BLUE PLUNDER!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE FIRES AT THE CORE OF OUR PLANET WILL BE DOUSED—THIRD EARTH WILL DIE!



SCRAPE HAS TO BE STOPPED! THE PLUG'S CREW MUST BE RESCUED!

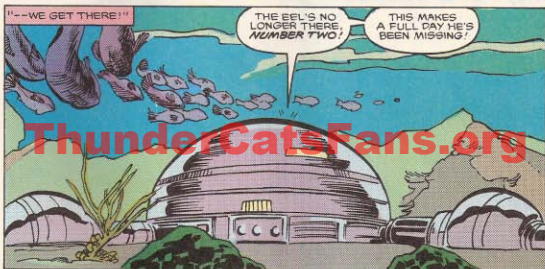


ME AND TYGRA CAN DESIGN AN EMERGENCY RIG TO PROTECT THE GREAT PLUG!





LET'S JUST
HOPE THOSE POOR
DEVILS AT THE
ATLANTIS PLUG
CAN HOLD OUT
UNTIL --



"--WE GET THERE!"

THE EEL'S NO
LONGER THERE.
NUMBER TWO!

THIS MAKES
A FULL DAY HE'S
BEEN MISSING!



WE RAN OUT OF
FOOD A WEEK AGO!
DR. DOMETONE IS
OBVIOUSLY NOT
COMING BACK!

IF WE DON'T GO FOR HELP
NOW, WE'LL BE TOO WEAK
TO ATTEMPT IT LATER!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
I'LL NOTIFY OUR
PEOPLE NOW!



**NOW HEAR THIS! NOW
HEAR THIS! THIS IS
NUMBER TWO IN COMMAND!
WE'RE GOING TO ATTEMPT
A BREAK-OUT!**

**STAND BY TO
ELEVATE THE
OBSERVATION
POWER!**

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE OBSERVATION TOWER IS RAISED ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE DOME...

IT LOOKS ALL CLEAR!



I'M ALL SUITED UP! SHALL I ORDER THE PROPULSION LAB?

GO FOR IT! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!



AND SO, WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE SUB IS LAUNCHED...

I'LL TRY TO GET HELP-- SOMEHOW-- SOMEWHERE!

KAAWOOSH!!



SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING, THE EEL SHIP UNEXPECTEDLY BLASTS UP FROM THE ROCKS IN WHICH IT WAS HIDING, AND THEN--

OH, NO! IT'S ATTACKING!

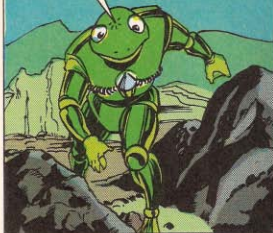




ELSEWHERE, AT THAT
PRECISE MOMENT...

THE AUTOPILOT HAS
JUST SHUT OFF! THAT
MEANS WE'RE ALMOST
THERE!

THE DOME
SHOULD
BE COMING
UP ON OUR
RIGHT!



OH, MY!
SOMETHING
SEEMS TO BE
WRONG!
HORRIBLY
WRONG!

NERKY,
STOP!



ON TOP
OF THE DOME!
IT LOOKS LIKE...
SCAR'S
SHIP!

ThunderCatsFans.org



AT THAT MOMENT,
INSIDE THE
TOWER...

ATTENTION,
ALL SURVIVORS!
YOU HAVE FIVE
MINUTES TO GET
INTO YOUR ESCAPE
PODS-- AND
LEAVE-- BEFORE
I PULL THE
PLUG!



NEXT:

SEA FURY!



SNARF'S SWAPS



Swap: Hordak (good condition, with weapons).

Wanted: Tygra (good condition, with weapons).

Contact: Paul Hastings, New Farm, Southwick, Dumfries DG2 8AP

Swap: Road Ripper, Merman, Evil Lynn.

Wanted: Topspinner, Ram Bam, Cruncher (with weapons).

Contact: Mark Stagg, 9 Victory Manor, Brompton, Gillingham, Kent ME7 5RR

Swap: Tuska, Vultureman, Hatchiman, Lion-O, Berbil-Bill.

Wanted: Panthro, Thundertank.

Contact: David Guilding, 181 London Road, Holybourne, Alton, Hants GU34 4EY.



TOP CATS



Best Cover: Issue 47

Best Story: Assault on the Onyx Pyramid

Best Artist: Geoff Senior

Best Writer: Ian Rimmer

Best Issue: No. 46

Top Cats selections from Gillian J. Cockburn, Aylesbury.

Dear lovely Snarf,

I have some questions to ask you:-

1. Why do Tygra and Cheetara always go together?
2. Why is Captain Shiner so horrible to S-S-Slithe, because he is a mutant too.
3. Do you ever get sick of people not listening to you?

You are my very, very favourite Thundercat.

Sian Beusch,
Peterborough.

Thank you, Sian. You terrestrials are so kind. To answer your questions:-

1. Because they work well together.
2. Captain Shiner is a mercenary, which is even worse than a mutant - he does nasty things for money.
3. HAH! I'm getting very used to people not listening to me!

Dear Snarf,

Could you tell me if the new Thundercats will be on television. I also have some questions:-

1. Is Lynx-O always blind?
 2. Which is your favourite Berbil food?
- I think Thundercats are brill and do try to put One Cat and his Cod in every issue of Thundercats.

Wayne Simpson,
Kings Lynn,
Norfolk.

I don't know if the new Thundercats will be in

the cartoon series, but you never know - keep watching this space! As for your questions, Wayne:-

1. Yes, but he makes up for it by having very sensitive hearing.
2. There is only one Berbil food - **BERBIL-FRUIT!**

I'm afraid we've seen the last of Cat and Cod, but don't panic - there's going to be a new half-page humour strip starting soon, featuring the Wilys.



Dear Snarf,

Why did you put Fact File No. 11 (Bengali) on the back of Mini-Poster No. 37? It was most annoying choosing which to have on my wall! PLEASE don't put me in such a tight spot like that again!

Kristina Knight,
Fleet,
Hants,

P.S. Please could you tell Tygra he is ACE. By the way - you are so cute!

Aw, shucks! You've got me all embarrassed now! So is Tygra - he faded completely away! We probably won't see him for days. Sorry about the Fact File/Mini-Poster confusion, but we don't always have a choice about where we put some of the pages.



THUNDER ART

THUNDER-ARTISTS...HO!
SNARF HERE, WITH
A THIRD EARTH GALLERY
OF YOUR AWESOME ART-
WORK. SEND YOUR
ENTRIES TO:
THUNDER-ART,
MARVEL COMICS,
13/15 ARUNDEL
STREET,
LONDON, WC2.
AND REMEMBER- DRAW
IN BLACK INK ON
WHITE PAPER.



Neil Thompson, Hull



Jonathan Fitt, Cambridge



TYG14

Jennifer Dunn
 Preston



Daniel Cassidy,
 Hertfordshire



Gareth Morgan, Holsted

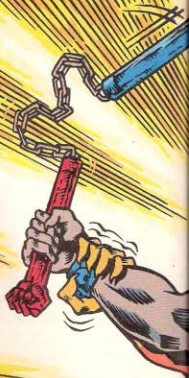


Richard Shouler, Nottingham



THUNDERCATS

MINI-POSTER Nº 46



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RAT'S TALE!

by Steve Alan



TEXT STORY 10



It was Bengali who spotted the light in the sky. He had made a hobby of skywatching since the sighting of a mysterious shooting star during their second week on Third Earth. The highest point of their beachfront encampment was now a lookout post, built by Bengali and, so far, manned only by Bengali. So it was, that when rescue came from the night skies, Bengali was the only witness.



As he watched, what had previously been only the finest pinpoint in the northern sky became luminous and brilliant. Then there was the sound... like a swarm of mechanical bees, Bengali thought, his hackles rising. 'L-Lynx-O -' he breathed, his voice a dry whisper.

Instantly Lynx-O appeared at the door of their wooden stockade. Though blind, Lynx-O's other senses were superhumanly sharp; he had heard both Bengali's strangled whisper and the hum of the approaching object. He rushed to Bengali's side just as the strange, spherical craft glided to an effortless landing. Light strobed across the encampment as the other Thunderian, Pumyra and the two Berbils, Ro-Ber-Bert and Ro-Ber-Bob, joined their companions. As they watched, a seamless hatch slid open on the underbelly of the globular ship, and a ramp extended from the dim interior. Seconds later a huge pair of furry, clawed feet descended the steps. 'Anyone know anything about engines?' said Rataro, with the ghost of a smile.



After a while, it was almost possible to look at Rataro without feeling ill, Pumyra thought. He wasn't exactly ugly, but - she looked at him again. Rataro's eyes were mean and bloodshot, their crimson pupils darting back and forth as he spoke. Then there were the tusks - Pumyra didn't like to think about the tusks. Rataro also wore long, twirling

moustaches, which seemed to curl and writhe with a life of their own. All things considered, Pumyra thought, Rataro was ugly. Hideously ugly.

'My mission was one of peace,' said Rataro, shifting uncomfortably and repositioning the ugly, jewelled daggers at his hip. His hefty battle armour didn't look very comfortable either, thought Pumyra. 'I was despatched in the Ratstar to bring harmony to a backward, strife-torn area of Third Earth known as the Plain of Fertility,' Rataro continued, with what might have been a noble smile on the face of anyone less ugly. Bengali looked puzzled. 'The Plain of Fertility?' he said. 'Doesn't sound all that strife-torn to me...' 'Ah,' said Rataro, widening his ugly smile. 'Would that this were so, gentle stranger. The natives of the Plain of Fertility were savages, untamed and hostile. Even now they pursue me - they almost succeeded in destroying the Ratstar,' he indicated the spherical ship. 'Will you help me to repair her?'

Bengali and Pumyra exchanged uncertain glances. Neither had taken an instant liking to Rataro; but if they could repair his craft, their long exile on Destiny Atoll might be over...



Lion-O punched an angry fist into the dashboard of the Thundercat, his eyes blazing with fury. 'Blast Rataro!' he fumed. At his side, Tygra sighed. 'Easy, Lion-O,' he said calmly. 'The Ratstar is still targeted on our optiscanner. We'll find him.' Both Thundercats looked out at the ocean, swirling in a dim greenish glow as the tank sped along the seabed. 'We'd better,' said Lion-O grimly.



Lynx-O ran his hands expertly over the pitted fuselage of the Ratstar, his brow knitted in a frown. 'I was not aware that "untamed savages" were capable of laser weaponry, Rataro,' he said.

'I refer to their temperament only, blind one,' said Rataro reproachfully. 'They drive a great juggernaut, bristling with weaponry. It travels by land or sea, destroying all in its path like a

Ventrux Mega-Rhino.'

'And if there's one thing we lack here, it's firepower,' said Bengali, reappearing with a coil of rope slung over one shoulder. 'There's a little trick from my childhood back on Thundera which might just change all that, though!' he grinned, walking outside the stockade. 'A lot of good bread pellets are going to do us,' said Pumyra, under her breath.



'Ocean floor shelving away, Lion-O,' said Tygra, as the murk of seawater began to lighten above their heads. 'We're surfacing!' 'Good,' said Lion-O. 'Be ready to hit him with all we've got...'



Dawn had already broken across the face of Third Earth when the two Berbils emerged from the interior of the Ratstar. 'Have you done it?' said Rataro, his eyes darting with excitement. 'Your engine hatch looks like a dying Thelvian spaghetti plant,' said Ro-Ber-Bert disgustedly. 'But I think we've mended her.'

'A thousand thanks, friend Berbil,' grinned Rataro, showing more yellowed tusks than Pumyra cared to see. 'And now —' TH-TOW! A bolt of energy brought one of the doors of the stockade crashing down and Bengali leapt into action, skipping eagerly over the fallen gate. Outside, he had strung two giant wooden catapults. He loaded them both with rocks as the metal monster of Rataro's description advanced on the beach, its engines roaring like — like thunder, thought Bengali.



There was a splintering crash and Tygra ducked, as splinters of smashed wind-shield showered them both. 'Throwing stones isn't Rataro's usual style,' he said. 'More like my brother Bengali's!'



Bengali ducked and ran for cover, as both his catapults were buried beneath the remainder of their falling stockade. 'Anyone know any prayers?' he yelled, as he

joined the other Thunderians. 'Short ones, that is ...' At that moment, Rataro appeared in the hatchway of the Ratstar. 'I have something better,' he said. 'Something which will enable us to win!'

In his hands, he held a sword. Great and golden, it sparkled in the new dawn, the faintest glimmer of red in its ornate hilt. 'The S-Sword of Omens!' said Pumyra and Bengali, in unison. 'But only the Lord of the Thundercats may possess the Sword,' Pumyra continued. 'You must have *stolen* it!'

'Borrowed it, rather, fair lady,' said Rataro roguishly, then looked frightened. The sword had begun to vibrate. Thunder rumbled above their heads, and then a commanding voice rang out. 'Sword of Omens —' it said. 'Come to my hand!'



Faster than their eyes could follow the sword spun out of Rataro's grip, a silver spiral laced with gold as it flitted over the smashed stockade. The Thunderians rushed after it.

'Thundercats!' cried Pumyra. 'The Lord of the Thundercats himself has come to rescue us!' But when they reached the beach, the only trace of the Thundertank was a fading oval of bubbles in the calm morning ocean.



Time seemed to stop for a moment, as the three forlorn Thunderians stood on the beach. Then the silence was suddenly broken by a deafening roar and a fine, needling spray of hot sand as the Ratstar took off behind them. A loudspeaker crackled, Rataro's voice was briefly heard, and then the Ratstar was gone, a dot in the southern sky. 'What'd he say?' said Pumyra.

'I'm not sure,' Lynx-O replied, 'But it sounded very much like "So long, suckers".'

NEXT: TWISTER!



ThunderCatsFans.org

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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Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THUNDERCATS** every week.

Hold it back for collection/"Deliver it with our regular paper order"

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

GOOD NEWS FROM THIRD EARTH, FOUR NEW THUNDERCATS. (THE BAD NEWS, FOUR NEW EVIL MUTANTS.)



JAGA
Spiritual adviser to
Lion-O, he's the wisest
of the Thundercats.

PUMYA
As handsome
as she is
beautiful.

SATARI JOE
Thinks of
himself as an
intrepid hunter.

CAPTAIN CRACKER
One-legged and
one-eyed, he's as
shifty as they come.

BEN-GALI
His loyalty is
matched only by
his fearlessness.

CAPTAIN SHINER
His wary features
are the nicest
thing about him.

LNX-O
He uses his special
fighting skills
to ward off the Mutants.

MONGOR
He aims to reap
destruction wherever
he goes.

