

MARVEL®

COMPETITION RESULTS-INSIDE!

COVER

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CAT
in a
DOGFIGHT!

THE CATS' LAIR

GATE CRASHER! It's party time at the village of the *Nai* people. They're throwing a bash in honour of the *Thundercats* and everybody is getting on down when a *Sea Dragon* arrives to ruin the proceedings! This leaves *Lion-O* and the other 'cats to act as bouncers and eject the gate crasher. But not everyone is having fun. *Wilykat* and *Wilykit* have been left behind to babysit for the *Cats' Lair*. However, boredom has set in, and when the chance comes for a few games with another pair of *Thunderkittens*, they snap it up. But things turn sour for the *Wilys* when their playfriends turn out to be decoys to lure them into a *Mutant* trap. What fate awaits them now that they have fallen into the vile clutches of *S-S-Slithe*, and how will the other *Thunderians* deal with their party pooper? It's all in the second part of *Bad Playmates!* If you've entered a *THUNDERCATS* competition within the last month, you'll be pleased to know that at last they're printing the results. So now you can rush to page 10 to see if your name is amongst the winners lists. The *Mini-Poster* returns after this week's batch of readers drawings in *Thunder Art*. Poster 49 features a nostalgic look back at the cover of *THUNDERCATS* 54, while the latest *Fact File* gives us the low-down on *Mongor*. He's also the vengeful star of *Invisible Peril*, this issue's *Text Story*. There's good news and bad news in part 8 of *Power Trip!* on page 19. The good news is that *Power Pack* are regaining their powers. The bad news is that they've all got the wrong ones. Mix ups! Mayhems! Mirth! It's all there when *THUNDERCATS* 73 unsheaths its claws!

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SIGHT BEYOND SIGHT! FUTURE ATTRACTIONS IN THUNDERCATS!

If you enjoyed last week's *Lion-O* mask, have we got news for you! Over the coming weeks, you'll have the chance to collect a whole series of these fabulous activities that will include all your favourite heroes and villains. Next issue's will feature the baddest of the bad, when *Mumm-Ra*'s vile visage will adorn the centrespread of *THUNDERCATS* 74. But masks won't be the only activity you'll be able to enjoy. Future issues will feature a do-it-yourself *Cats' Lair* control room and a *ThunderTank* garage. There'll also be cutaway plans of *Cats' Lair*, *Castle Plun-Darr* and the *Onyx Pyramid*. But *THUNDERCATS'* cover fans need not fear, because *Mini-Posters* will continue to appear on a bi-weekly basis. For those of you who miss the chuckles you got from *One Cat* and his *Cod*, there'll be another half page strip packed with giggles and groans. As promised, it will feature *Wilykit* and *Wilykat*, and should be appearing in the very near future. For more news on our forthcoming attractions, stay tuned to this column!

THUNDERCATS 73 COVER ART:
**KIRK ETIENNE/STEPHEN
BASKERVILLE** COLOUR BY
EUAN PETERS

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The Thundercats are enjoying the hospitality of the Nai people, when the festivities are rudely interrupted - by a Sea Dragon. But things may not be quite as they seem ...



NEARBY...













COMPETITION WINNERS!

Well, Thunderfans, the moment you've all been waiting for has finally arrived – the Competition Results! Sorry about the delay, but you can rest assured that the Terrestrials responsible are on their way back to the Slime Pits!

The Hairy Yeti Competition (Issue 41).

Winners: – **Steven Miller**, Durham. **Gary Brumat**, Stockport. **Alan Curnow**, Mid Glamorgan. **Lee Heron**, Notts. **Lee Russell**, Merseyside. **Edward Whitehurst**, Derby. **Christopher P. Daniels**, Rotherham. **Martin Conley**, Hull. **George Siopera**, London. **Gary Dad**, Huddersfield.



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Copy Cats Competition (Issue 55).

Winners: – **Edward Relph**, Surrey. **Nathan Kenda**, Herts. **David Bugg**, Hants. **Lee Bright**, Essex. **Liam Ambrose**, N. Yorks. **Matthew Knott**, Kent. **Matthew Upfield**, Surrey. **Paul Walters**, Lancs. **Erik Pollit**, Lancs. **Colin Marks**, Lancs. **Lee Spencer**, Norfolk. **Kenneth Diamond**, Glasgow. **Timothy McFarlane**, Co. Armagh. **Frederic De Condappa**, Surrey. **Barry James**, Lancs. **Adam Mizler**, Middx. **Ben Colley**, Cardiff. **David Shepherd**, Kilmarnock. **A. Gibney**, Bath. **Ross Vennard**, Irvine. **Martin Roberts**, Liverpool. **Darren Clavert**, Huddersfield. **Andrew Lawson**, Aberdeen. **Philip Jackson**, Hants. **Timothy Allen**, Dorset. **Paul Mason**, Northumberland. **C. Stobbart**, Worcs. **Christopher Blake**, London. **Alan Williams**, Cornwall. **Kris Hunter**, Cheshire. **Andrew Kemp**, Moray. **Stephen Williams**, Peterborough. **Donnchadh Hoey**, Co. Meath. **Edward Muxlow**, S. Humberside. **David Lee Cecil**, W. Midlands. **Steven Murray**, Ayrshire. **Ian Critchley**, Coventry. **Richard Edwards**, Middx. **Daren May**, Kent. **Mark Field**, Beds.



The Mighty Mutant Fistpounder Competition (Issue 60).

Winners: – **Richard Baker**, Ryde. **John Allen**, Cannock. **Douglas McDonald**, Banf. **Gary Porritt**, Cleveland. **Daniel Hancock**, Herts. **John B. Ritchie**, Aberdeen. **Neil Rotherham**, Leics. **Colin Skillern**, Co. Down. **Julian Lemel**, Essex. **Ian Jeffs**, W. Sussex.



CONGRATULATIONS!



THUNDER ART

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STREET,
LONDON WC2.

AND REMEMBER- DRAW
IN BLACK ON
WHITE PAPER!



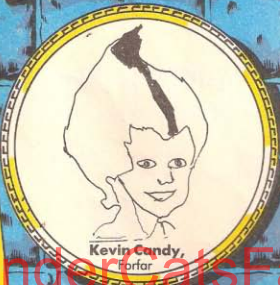
James Walsh, Cardiff



Christian Norton, Lincoln



Kevin Candy,
Exeter



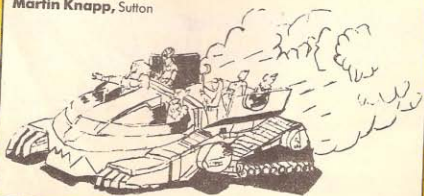
Stephen Fletcher,
Sheffield



Paul Wanless, Harold Hill



Martin Knapp, Sutton

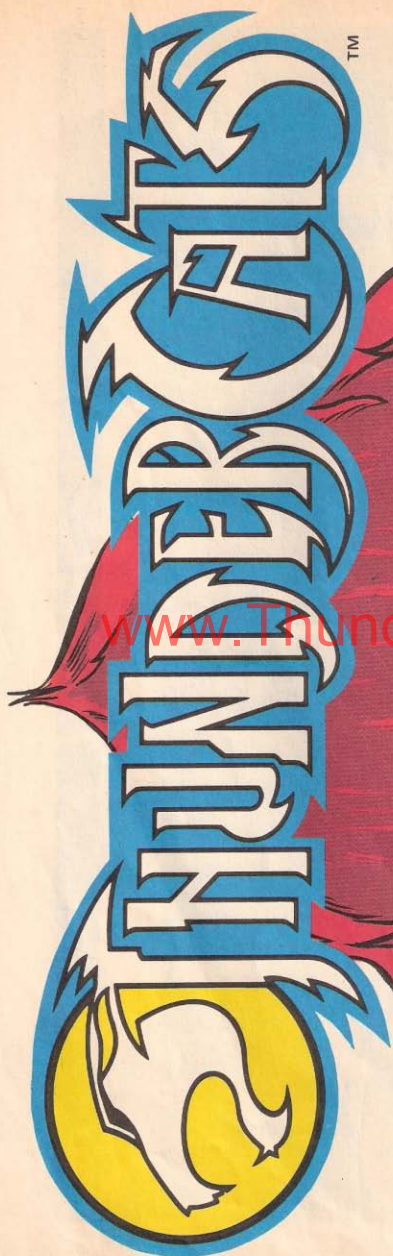


**How do the Thundercats
defend themselves
against the Luna-Lasher?**

Quickly.

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.





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MINI-POSTER №49

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FACT FILE

No 20

NAME: Mongor

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Third Earth

HEIGHT: 5' 9"

WEIGHT: 243 lbs (dripping wet)

EYES: Sunken

FUR: Matted

One of the severe disadvantages of his status as dastardly devil-priest of Third Earth is that Mumm-Ra The Ever-Living has little control over the various and sundry Ancient Spirits of Evil at his command. Whereas he might, on a good day, summon up The Dreadful Goograzill, Dread Entity From The Land Beyond, he might as easily get stuck with Mongor.

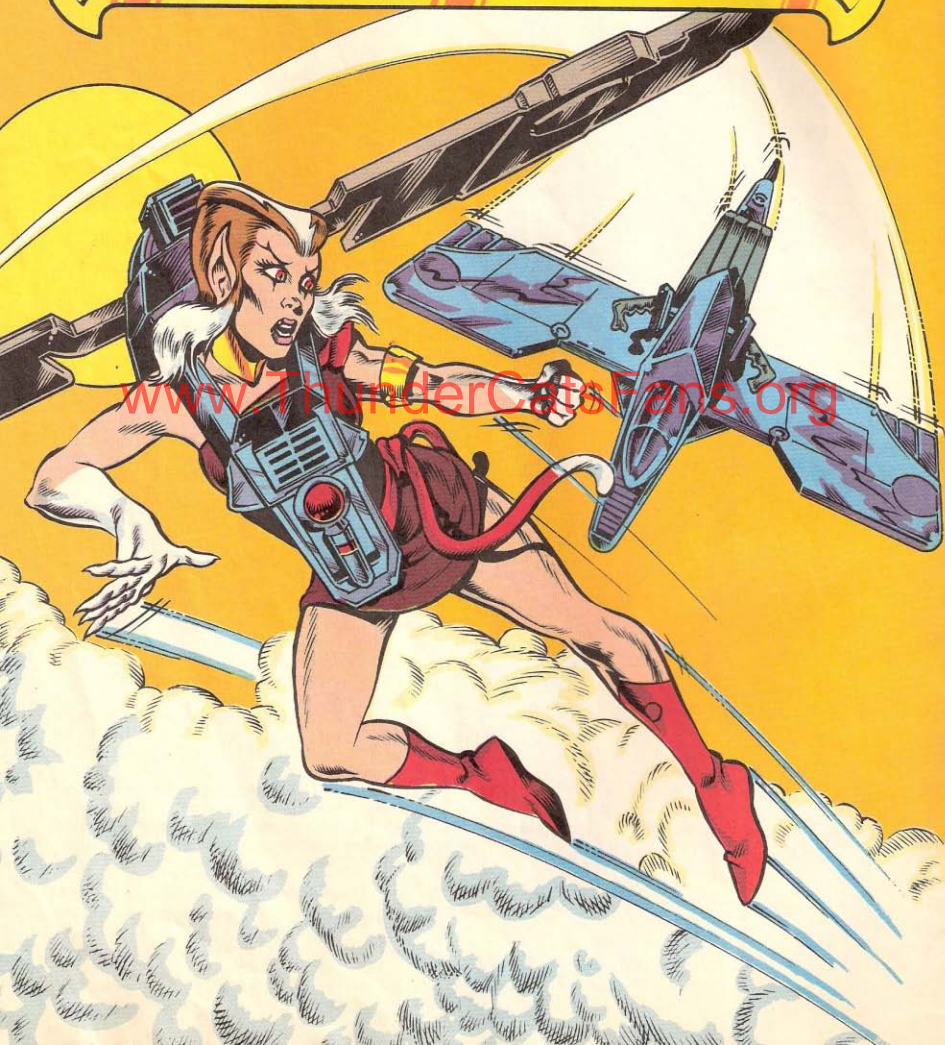
Mongor, (whose name is derived from the word 'Mongrel,' meaning nothing very complimentary in any language) is a demon of limited paranormal power. Whereas Goograzill, Dread Entity From The Land Beyond usually appears as a giant scaly mammoth, shattering entire mountain ranges, causing month-long rainstorms and so on, Mongor often cannot be seen at all, and has to be content with knocking over small items of furniture. In a futile attempt to give him a more threatening appearance, Mumm-Ra presented Mongor with a huge scythe: Mongor can usually be found on his favourite knoll in the Slime Pits of Grizquetr, sharpening pencils with it.

Script **STEVE ALAN** Illustration **DARREN GOODACRE**

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INVISIBLE PERIL!

STORY BY DAN ABNETT





With a terrible scream of "Vengeance is mine!", Mongor smashed his scythe down and sunk the blade deep into the marble floor. Mumm-Ra nodded in approval and muttered "That's the spirit."

As the air of the Onyx Pyramid stopped resounding with the dreadful blow, Mongor glanced up at his evil master. A baleful look glowed deeply in his eyes. "The Thundercats made a fool of me when last I encountered them..."

"One in particular, I seem to remember," murmured Mumm-Ra. "The Thundercat called Panthro. He outwitted your sorcery with his science. We both underestimated his resources. I wish to harness the revenge that burns within you, Mongor. Unleash you against the Thundercats once more. This time, however, I will arm you well in advance. All the technology in the mutants' arsenal is at your disposal. What it lacks in finesse it makes up for in sheer brutal power. Use it well. Combine it with your magics. Finish the Thundercats."

Mongor hauled his scythe out of the shattered floor and began to smile...



Free... on ice-white wings, turning in the winds above Third Earth... Pumyra, one of the newest Thundercats to join the enclave of Cats' Lair, felt happier than she had done for a long time. The elegant, mechanical Thunderwings, built by Tygra, held her aloft effortlessly. She felt this to be an ideal pastime, swooping and climbing in the thermals of the late afternoon.



Abruptly, she heard the noise of an engine, labouring over the roar of the wind. She glanced round, in time to see what appeared to be a mutant Skycutter bearing down on her. But, impossibly, it had no pilot. Pumyra cried out in alarm, for the Skycutter's control surfaces moved by themselves, and the cannon began to fire,

triggered by invisible hands.

The white wings crumpled... Pumyra fell...



There was laughter echoing through the trees, and the sound of heavy running feet. Tygra and his brother Bengali raced each other through the sunlit Berbil fruit orchards, each riding a set of powerful Stilrunner legs. "Not fair!" yelled Bengali as Tygra cleared a twelve metre stream with one bound. "You invented these things, Tygra! No wonder you can race them better!"



"Stop complaining! You just can't hack the pace!" replied Tygra. "Why don't you... UURK!"

Bengali leapt clear in desperation as Tygra went sprawling across the Orchard floor. Turning on the Stilrunner to help, Bengali called out "Tygra! What happened?" Tygra was disengaging himself from his harness and clambering away from his fallen Stilrunner. "I don't know," he replied, "But the ground seemed to break under me, I..."

Before he could finish, the earth exploded upwards in a churning mass, ripping Tygra's discarded Stilrunner to shreds. Tygra scrambled away. "We're under attack, Bengali!" he yelled. "A mutant nosediver unless I'm very much mistaken."

Sure enough the mutant tunneling machine ploughed up out of the ground, and the Two Thundercats froze in amazement. There was no one at the controls of the nosediver...



The sun was setting as Lion-O brought his Thunderclaw in to land at the edge of the Plains of Fertility. With a quiet hum, the Hovercat, with Panthro at the controls, settled to the earth alongside. "Well?" asked Lion-O as his friend climbed from the craft.

"It looks bad, Lion-O, very bad," replied Panthro. "I found the twisted remains of two sets of Stilrunners in the Berbil fruit orchards. There's no sign of Tygra or Bengali."

"It's worse, old friend," said Lion-O sadly, pointing to the shattered remains of the Thunderwings he carried in the Thunderclaw. "I found these not too far away. No sign of Pumyra."

"If I'd got here sooner," said Panthro, "I could have used the Hovercat's heat sensors to thermal-ly trace their attackers . . ."

With one fluid swing, Lion-O drew the Sword of Omens. The blade glinted in the sunset. Panthro had never seen such fury in the Thundercat leader. "Sword of Omens . . ." growled Lion-O, "give me Sight beyond Sight! Someone's going to pay for this . . . Vengeance is mine!"



The night was red with volcanic flame as Lion-O and Panthro guided their craft down across a desolate area near the Field of Dagger Rocks. Who'd want to make a home here? wondered Panthro, but said nothing: this was the location that the Sword of Omens had indicated they might find their friends. "There!" bellowed Lion-O, indicating a dark spire of rock ahead. "Maybe!" replied Panthro, "but here comes company!"



The Skycutter screamed out of the night, guns blazing, and looped to get on Lion-O's tail. The Thundercat leader was so surprised that the skycutter had no pilot, that he nearly lost control. Panthro, old enough to never be surprised by things on Third Earth, cut his speed, dropped behind the Cutter and blew it to fragments with a burst of the Hovercat's blaster. "Come on!" he shouted to Lion-O and they both dived steeply for the rock, sweeping in through a cave mouth into the blazing cavern beyond. As they screamed their ships to a halt, they took in the scene: the evil mutant Mongor standing guard over the chained-up forms of Tygra, Pumyra and Bengali. "More Thundercats . . . oh good!" snarled Mongor, turning and lifting his scythe. "Hit him, Panthro, with all you've got!" shouted Lion-O, springing forward and drawing the Sword of Omens. But Panthro was thrown from his feet by

the riderless Nosediver that burst from the ground under him. "You'll face me alone!" growled Mongor and swung the scythe. Lion-O parried it and then leapt away as the Nosediver turned for him. Desperately he swung the mystic sword and cut the Nosediver apart. Mongor's scythe just missed him again, but this time, the young Lord snapped its haft with a clever riposte. "Good. A fine blow," smiled Mongor. "But I have the powers of the entire Mutant arsenal at my disposal, all piloted and directed by invisible spirits that my sorcery has summoned. Observe!"



At once, a Luna-lasher came hovering through the air, blades spinning. Lion-O knew he could not hold such weapons off forever. Mongor cackled a victorious laugh . . . and then was knocked flying by a blow from the Luna-lasher and fell in an unconscious heap on the floor. Before Lion-O's startled eyes, Tygra materialised at the Lasher's controls. "Panthro freed me while you distracted Mongor," explained Tygra, "and the mutant mistook me for one of his invisible spirits. He'd forgotten about my power."



The Thundercats reunited happily. "Poor old Mongor," muttered Panthro as he finished chaining him up. "Took us on with magic and science this time, and all he ever needed was just a little common sense!"





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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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