

MARVEL®

FANTASTIC MUMM-RA MASK-INSIDE!

THUNDERCATS

13th Aug.88

№74 38p

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



AH... NO
REST FOR THE
VICTIMS

YEH, YEH,
YEH, YEH!

THE CATS' LAIR



BLUE EYES, BABY'S GOT BLUE EYES! Well, perhaps Wilykat and Wilykit aren't babies but they most definitely have not got their usual green eyes. Why, you may ask? Well, the two Thunderkittens encountered by Lion-O and the other 'cats are, in fact, robot replicas. They switched places with the real Willys while the other Thunderians were at a party at the *Nai People's* village. Now they are about to complete the task they were built for by telling Lion-O that the real kittens are being held hostage by the vile *S-S-Slithe* and his band of *Mutants*! The price for their release? Well, you'll just have to read the third fantastic part of *Bad Playmates* to find out! Its *Thunder-Warriors* time again this week, with another chance to join the *Thundercats Fan Club* on page 9. *Thunder Art*, on page 10, is followed by another fabulous *Power Pack* story, this week featuring the adventures of *Mutants*, *Thundercats* friends and foes, the devious of devil-priests – *Mumm-Ra*! *Thunder Chat* delves deep into Snarf's mailbag when it returns on page 14, and is closely followed by *Shapeshade*! This quaint little *Text Story* gives you a brief insight into the personal life of *Mumm-Ra*, and answers all the questions you've been dying to ask – what conditioner does he use on his bandages, how does he like his seafood, and does he put the lid back on the tooth paste? To complete this week's epic issue, *Power Trip* reaches its long-awaited climax as *Power Pack* face off for the last time against mad *Lord Jakal* and his evil mother, *Queen Maraud*! So that's **THUNDERCATS 74** – a veritable feast of fun and thrills that will have you caterwauling with delight!

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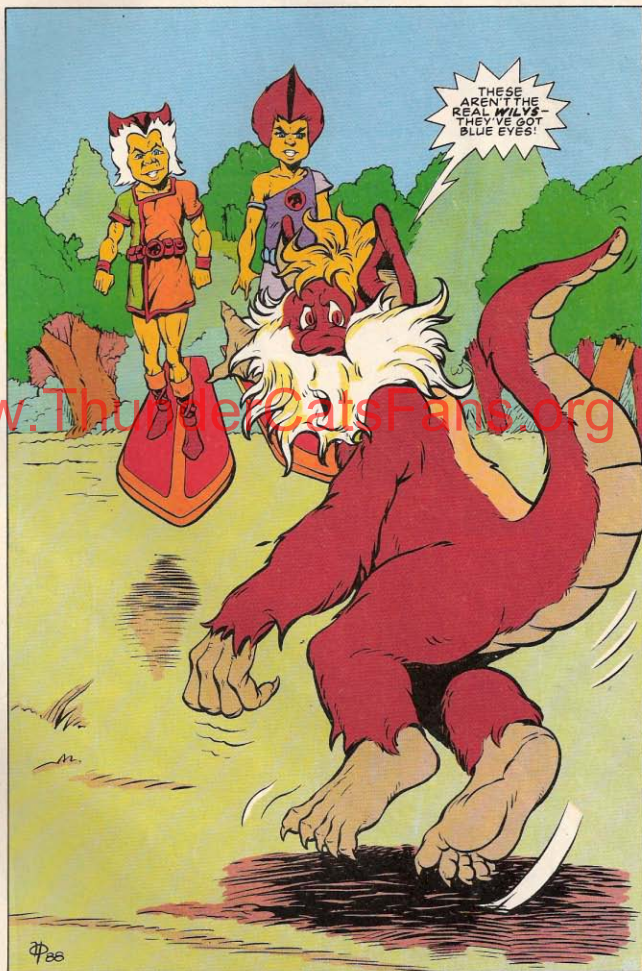


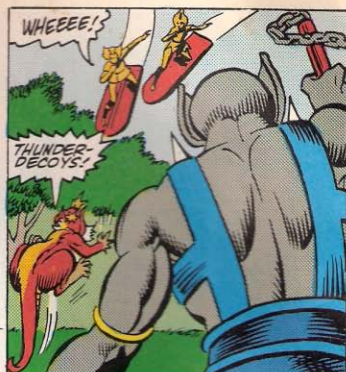
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**MARTIN GRIFFITHS/
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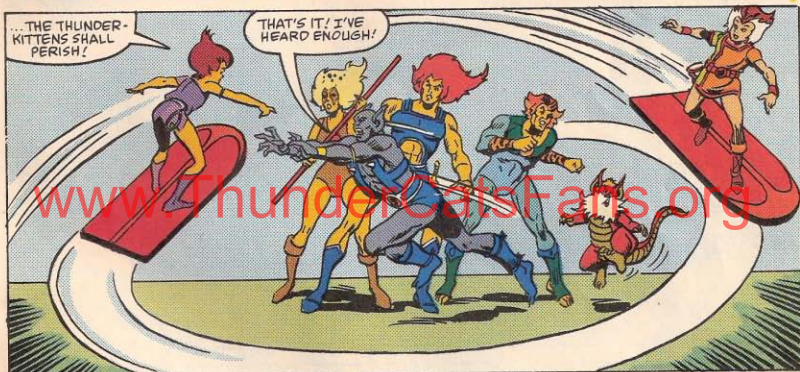
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BAD PLAYMATES

After an eventful party with the *Nai People*, the *Thundercats* return to *Cats' Lair*, to be welcomed by *Wilykat* and *Wilykit*. Yet there is something suspicious about these *Thunderkittens*, as *Snarf* points out...









THE POINT OF AVARICE...
NEARLY ONE HOUR LATER.

TIME IS
ALMOST
UP,
YESSS!



WHEN I GIVE
THE SIGNAL,
JACKALMAN...
BLAST THEM,
YESSS!



ONLY A FEW MINUTES
MORE, S-S-SLITHE...

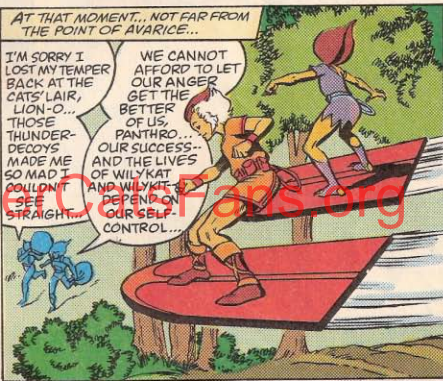
... AND IT'S
GOODBYE,
THUNDER-
KITTENSSS!



AT THAT MOMENT... NOT FAR FROM
THE POINT OF AVARICE...

I'M SORRY I
LOST MY TEMPER
BACK AT THE
CATS' LAIR,
LION-O...
THOSE
THUNDER-
DECOYS
MADE ME
SO MAD I
COULDN'T
SEE
STRAIGHT...

WE CANNOT
AFFORD TO LET
OUR ANGER
GET THE
BETTER
OF US,
PANTHRO...
OUR SUCCESS--
AND THE LIVES
OF WILYKAT
AND WILYKAT'S
DEPEND ON
OUR SELF-
CONTROL...



MASTER!

THE THUNDERCATS
HAVE ARRIVED!

AND
IT LOOKS
LIKE THEY
BROUGHT
THE
RANSOM!





NEXT:

JUST DESSERTS!



Did you choose the unbroken rope A correctly and help the Thundercats™ to swing across the huge ravine? If you did, you will surely have helped them to keep ahead of the evil Driller and Stinger in the hunt for the SAPHIRE CRYSTAL. Find out the fate of the mysterious crystal in issue 78... don't forget!

Now you have helped Lion-O and the Thundercats™ you are surely ready to become a Thunder Warrior yourself, and, like all Thunder Warriors, you can become a member of the Thundercats Club™. This means you will receive three action packed Thunderbolts over the course of a year, containing exciting adventures, quizzes and secret codes.

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THUNDERCATS

CLUB



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THUNDER ART

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SNARF HERE, WITH
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WORK. SEND YOUR
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MARVEL COMICS,
13/15 ARUNDEL
STREET,
LONDON, WC2.
AND REMEMBER, DRAW
IN BLACK INK ON
WHITE PAPER.



Daniel Brown, Brighton



I HATE MUMDRA

Paul Sweeney, Cambridge



Anon

Adam Hart, Rotherham



Fred Mann,
Gainsborough



Gerard Canny,
Dunmore



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.





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Surprising as it may seem, there are some Thundercats readers who actually like Mumm-Rai. Yes, unbelievable isn't it! Well, for the fans of that fiend's foul features, there's the chance to take on the guise of your notorious hero with this fantastic *Mumm-Ra* mask! Stick this double page to some thin card, then cut out Mumm-Ra's hideous head. Cut out the eyeholes, make little holes at the sides, attach some string or rubber bands to fit over your ears and wear! Now all you have to do is go round upsetting the balance of the cosmos, performing acts of nastiness against the Thundercats and bursting babies balloons with the end of your magic staff, and there you go – the perfect Mumm-Rai!



the Power Pack Appreciation Society – outside! Snarf! Snarf!



SNARF'S SWAPS



Swap: Hordak and Man-e-Faces (good condition, all weapons.)

Wanted: Bengali (good condition, all weapons.)

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

Swap: Hatchiman and Grune the Destroyer (good condition, all weapons.)

Wanted: Snowman of Hook Mountain and Captain Cracker (good condition, all weapons.)

Contact: Christopher Fyfe, 70 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh EH11 1LL.

Swap: He Man, Skeletor and Stridor.

Wanted: Bengali, Pumyra and Lynx-O.

Contact: Graeme Newman, 2 Derwent Close, Gossops Green, Crawley, West Sussex RH11 8BX.

Swap: Mongor and Captain Cracker (good condition, all weapons.)

Wanted: Lynx-O and Pumyra (good condition, all weapons.)

Contact: Sam Child, 73 Conway Road, Cardiff CF1 9NW.

Dear Tygra,

I have some questions for you:

- 1) Did any of your inventions blown up?
 - 2) What day did Panthro finish the Thundertank?
 - 3) What did the Space Rations taste like?
 - 4) Did the mutants ever break into the Cats Lair?
- Kevin Wade,
Wisbech.

1) No – not when anyone was looking, anyway.

2) The day before it broke down!

3) Horrible – they tasted like dog food.

4) Yes – in the story 'Unforgettable Snarf'.

Dear Snarf,

We know that Lion-O is a Lion, etc, but what are the Wilys? Steven El Sharawy.

The Wilys are what you Terrestrials call Wildcats. Wild by name, wild by nature!



TOP CATS



Best Story: Double Jeopardy

Best Issue: No. 60

Best Cover: No. 68

Best Artist: Martin Griffiths

Best Writer: Mike Collins

Best Fact File: Bengali

Best Thundercat: Lynx-O

Best Mutant: Grune

Dear Snarf,

I would like to say that **THUNDERCATS** is great and I would like to know if the new Thundercats will ever meet the old Thundercats.

Cheryl Anderson,
Cumbernauld.

Yes, Cheryl, they will be meeting up very soon. Stay tuned!

Dear Thundercats,

I love Thundercats, but I think Power Pack is rubbish. I think it should not be in Thundercats comic because it has nothing to do with Thundercats.

Ann Lynes,
Surrey.

P.s. All my friends think so too.

Phew! Its pretty obvious where you stand in



THUNDER
CAT

MARVEL COMICS, 13/15 ARUNDEL
STREET, LONDON WC2R 3DX

FACT FILE

NO 21



NAME: Snowman

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Third Earth

HEIGHT: 6' 3"

WEIGHT: 300 lbs

EYES: Brown

HAIR: Brown

Snowman is a different kind of hero — Snowman is a warrior alone. Though once a proud and much-decorated General in the armies of King Hanuman, ruler of The Kingdom of Snowmen, Snowman is, by nature, a hermit, shy of company and essentially peace-loving. For the past twenty years, since his honourable discharge from the army, Snowman has lived a solitary existence in his remote snowy hideaway, built high on the slopes of Hook Mountain. His only companion is the faithful Snowmeow, a breed of wild Sabrecat from a lost plateau in Third Earth's equatorial region, where it is rumoured that dinosaurs still walk. On the rare occasions that they are still called upon to fight, Snowman and Snowmeow make formidable enemies — but, on the whole, Snowman would much rather be at home by the fire carving bookends.

Script **STEVE ALAN** Illustration **MARTIN GRIFFITHS/STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**

SHAPESHADE!

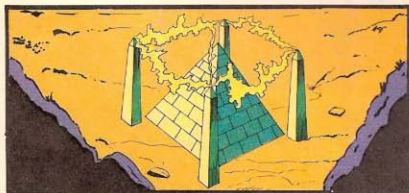
by Steve Alan





Angry clouds boiled darkly across the desert skies in search of somewhere to rain. The plains below rumbled as though in the grip of some terrifying earthquake, rippling with primeval power as jagged, fiery bolts of lightning scoured the sands. Somewhere a dog howled. To all intents and purposes, it was a fairly typical day at the Onyx Pyramid.

Deep in the dank, rancid heart of the pyramid, something stirred. The insectile eyes of a stone sarcophagus glowed with hidden menace as, slowly, its lid began to slide eerily back. Coughing slightly in a haze of dust and moss particles, Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living, fearsome former-ruler of Third Earth, shuffled stiffly forward. The ancient devil-priest cursed briefly, tripping on a trailing thread of bandage. The curse emerged as a small spell, and the bandage disappeared in a cloud of unpleasant black smoke. Mumm-Ra's heavy-lidded red eyes scanned the gloomy walls of his inner sanctum with obvious displeasure as he heard again the plaintive canine howls. 'Ma-Mutt!' he roared. 'Be silent!'



The only response was a volley of pitiful barks, and the scrabbling of feet at the door of a smaller, kennel-shaped sarcophagus some metres away. Aiming an angry kick at the sarcophagus, Mumm-Ra cursed again as he missed, badly bruising his toe and tripping on another loose bandage. The bandage transformed briefly into a large centipede before vaporising in a puff of blue steam. Pawing madly at his lid, Ma-Mutt scampered free of the coffin, snuffling at his master's ankles and turning cartwheels some two feet above the ground. 'What is it, my ravaging one?' rumbled Mumm-Ra, his aged brow furrowing into a thousand

lines. Whimpering, Ma-Mutt scampered across the stale air toward the devil priest's cauldron, which bubbled darkly at the centre of his inner sanctum. For the first time, Mumm-Ra noticed that the waters were an inky black, and his cold heart missed a beat. 'Oh no,' he whispered. 'Not that...'



Far across Third Earth, in the snowy wastes of Hook Mountain, Snowman and his cat-companion Snowmeow stopped at the mouth of the Cave of the Vortex. The big warrior had passed the same spot many times on his regular hunting expeditions, yet always something colder than ice would chill him as he reached the cave. Snowman had always been afraid of the Cave of the Vortex, and now it was speaking to him. 'Sssnowmaann...' it crooned into the icy wind. 'Sssnow-maann...' Despite the fear, Snowman stood his ground. He was, after all, a warrior. Still, legend had it that the cave was a portal to times and places long past, and that many unwary travellers had become lost in its ageless corridors. 'Come closer, Snowman,' whispered the cave. 'Heed my warning...'



At the centre of the Onyx Pyramid, crouched over his darkening cauldron, Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living began a familiar chant. 'Ancient Spirits of Evil', he intoned, as a dank chill descended on the chamber. At once the pitch black waters rippled, clearing to reveal the image of a huge, one-eyed octopus. 'Oh no, not you,' groaned the devil-priest. 'Hi kid,' said the octopus.

The octopus was Slitherweed the Many-Legged, a lesser but nonetheless pompous ancient spirit of evil, who rarely missed an opportunity to boast of his greater age and wisdom. 'I am Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living!' thundered the devil-priest.

'You're still a kid to me, pal,' replied Slitherweed, unimpressed. 'Those bandages you're wearing, or you still in nappies?' Mumm-Ra's face drained to the colour of withered leaves. 'You dare to mock Mumm-Ra?'

he bellowed. 'Speak! Why do you darken my mystic cauldron?' Slitherweed sighed a bored sigh, which emerged as a thin stream of bubbles. 'Ask yourself, Dumb-Ra,' he gurgled. 'Even a squirt like you should know what a black cauldron signifies.' Something like cold green sweat began to break out on Mumm-Ra's forehead. 'It begins with a 'G', said Slitherweed patiently.



'Geddontide,' said the voice of the Vortex, from all around Snowman. He could not remember having entered the cave, yet here he was, Snowmeow tugging urgently at his boot. 'On the day of Geddontide, the ssix brothers of Mumm-Ra will return to claim revenge on the one who exiled them to the winds of time,' the Vortex continued in a whispering symphony. 'Mumm-Ra himself! Hiss evil will be vanquished forever, if... the winds gust to a chilling flurry...' the planet of Third Earth ssurvivess! Snowman was both puzzled and frightened. 'But what will happen?' he asked.

'Sssshhhh,' howled the Vortex, blasting him clear of the cave and into a snowdrift. 'He comesss... he who ssitridess the sspace between the momentssss...'

'S-Shapesshade?' stammered Mumm-Ra. The name felt strange on his dry lips, and the devil priest realised that he had not spoken it aloud for long ages. 'B-but he can't come back! Do you realise what he'll do to me?'

'Why do you think I'm hanging around,' sighed Slitherweed, splashing impatiently in the inky depths of Mumm-Ra's cauldron. 'Sure isn't because of your sunny smile...'

'I command you!' cried the sorcerer, with a bellow of rage and a swirl of bandages. 'As an ancient spirit of evil you must - you *shall* aid me!'

'Well,' said Slitherweed at last, 'There is one spell...'

Though Snowman and Snowmeow had been plodding steadily downhill for close to an hour, it seemed to Snowman that the howling from the Cave of the Vortex

had, if anything, increased in volume.

Steeling himself against the icy teeth of the gale, Snowman marched across the downward slopes of Hook Mountain, towards the Plain of Fertility. Perhaps only the Thundercats could save them now...



'Where am I going to get the ankle-bone of a Slab-Footed Marsh Fiend?' stormed Mumm-Ra, angrily pacing his sanctum. 'By sheer fluke I was able to find the tongue of a Zanthian tree locust, and by the purest of good fortune I discovered a last pint of Si-Tarean rat venom at the back of my cold cabinet. But *that*...'

'You're a smart kid,' said Slitherweed, gurgling cruelly. 'You figure it out...' All at once there was a loud, ringing bark, as Ma-Mutt scampered across the air toward his master, something large, green and altogether unpleasant in his jaws. 'Ma-Mutt!!' cried Mumm-Ra. 'The anklebone of a Slab-Footed Marsh Fiend!'

Snatching it roughly from the devil-dog's lips, the sorcerer cackled with demonic glee as he dropped the last of the spell-ingredients into the murky depths of his cauldron.



There was a sudden thunderclap, and it seemed to Mumm-Ra that the whole of his Onyx Pyramid was lit for a moment by pale green lightning bolts. The grin died on his ancient lips as a tall figure strode slowly into the sanctum, his face hidden by a robe which was not so much black as a total absence of colour.

'Actually I was kidding about the spell,' chuckled Slitherweed wetly. 'You'd have known that, if you weren't such a smart-mouth, wet-behind-the-ears punk.'

'Mumm-Ra,' said Shapesshade the Mystic, in a voice like tumbling stone walls. 'I'm very disappointed in you, Mumm-Ra.'

'I-I can explain, Father,' the devil priest replied, knowing perfectly well that he could not...





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WHAD'YA MEAN
NO THUNDERCATS?

MUMM-RA'S BOILING MAD AND IT'S NOT SUR-PRISING! 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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