

MARVEL



SEPT 89
NO 100 45p

FABULOUS 100th ISSUE! JOIN THE PARTY!

THUNDERCATS™



CELEBRATE WITH THE THUNDERCATS!

THUNDERCATS

HO!



This is Lion-O welcoming you to Third Earth, just in time for a great celebration! In this issue you can read all about the preparations for a huge party to commemorate the reunion of the original Thundercats with their fellows from Thundera, Lynx-O, Pumyra and Bengali! But there's another reason to party! You hold in your hands the one hundredth edition of the fabulous Thundercats comic! One hundred! Can you believe it? I even bet that some of you out there arrived on Third Earth way back in issue one at the same time that we did! Well, it's been adventure all the way since then, and this issue is no exception. It may be party time at Cat's Lair, but that doesn't mean the danger is over! Oh no, far from it...

IN YOUR CELEBRATION 100TH ISSUE:

- Page 3 ... The latest instalment of the classic tale **WORLDS IN CHAOS!** Tygra plunges down a chasm ... Cheetara faces the wrath of the vulturemen ... can things possibly get worse?
- Page 8 ... Turn to our letters page for some rather special messages!
- Page 10 ... **THUNDERCATS ... FRAMED!** It's party time at Cat's Lair, and everything's laughter and fun ... or so the Thundercats believe!
- Page 14 ... Part four of the brilliant Map of Third Earth.
- Page 16 ... Our strip story **THROUGH A DARK GLASS** comes to its Third Earth-shattering conclusion in a twelve-page episode of spectacular action!



Cover illustration by Art Wetherell



THUNDERCATS™ is published monthly by **MARVEL COMICS LTD.**, 13-15 Arundel Street, London WC2. **THUNDERCATS** and **THUNDERCATS** characters are trademarks of Telepictures Corporation. Copyright © 1989 Telepictures, Leisure Concepts Inc and Ted Wolf. All rights reserved. All other material is © Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. Editor Dan Abnett. Assistant Sophie Heath.

THUNDERCATS

Worlds in Chaos Part 6:

Deep in the land of ice and snow, Tygra is hurled down a mysterious chasm by a powerful vortex ...



ELSEWHERE...





**SNOWMAN CASTLE, ON
HOOK MOUNTAIN...**

...SO TYGRA AND
OUR CHART WERE
BOTH LOST. YOU
KNOW THE REST—
AND YOU KNOW
YOU CAN FORGET
THIS SERVANT
STUFF!



IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE,
SMALL ONE. WE SNOW-
MEN SAVED YOU—
AND NOW YOU MUST
REPAY THAT DEBT!



LISTEN, KING—HANUMAN,
IS IT? THE ONLY THING I'M
INTERESTED IN RIGHT NOW IS
WHETHER OR NOT TYGRA IS
STILL IN ONE PIECE!



YOUR FRIEND IS A
PRISONER OF THE
VORTEX. SERVE US,
AND WE SHALL RESCUE
HIM FOR YOU!



DOESN'T
LEAVE ME
A WHOLE LOT
OF CHOICE,
DOES IT?

NO. YOUR TASK IS THIS—RID
US OF OUR SWORN ENEMY, THE
VULTUREMAN. VULTUREMEN
ARE FAST—BUT SO ARE YOU,
THUNDERCAT!



WE'RE ALSO SWORN TO
PROTECT LIFE—NOT ATTACK
OTHER CREATURES!
FORGET IT!



AND FORGET TYGRA?
FORGET THIRD EARTH?
I'VE GOT TO HELP THEM—
EVEN THOUGH IT GOES
AGAINST EVERYTHING
I STAND FOR...



YOU WILL HELP
US, THUNDERCAT—
I, KING HANUMAN,
SWEAR IT!





LETTERS TO THE LAIR!

MARVEL COMICS LTD, 13-15 ARUNDEL STREET, LONDON WC2R 3DX.

Dear Cat's Lair,

I'm not sure I believe all these adventures you claim to get up to. After all, no one wins every time! C'mon let's have the truth for a change!

S-S-Slithe, Castle Plun-Darr.

Lion-O replies: 'It's all true, every word! By the way, don't I know you from somewhere ...?'



Dear Snarf,

Please can you pass on our hearty congratulations to the Thundercats as they celebrate one hundred splendid issues! Also, we'd like to take this opportunity to say thanks again for all your brave work over the last few years!

Berbil Bill, on behalf of Berbil Village.

P.S. Can you come to a party in the Village on Tuesday? There'll be Berbil Fruit Punch and Banana Pudding!

Snarf replies: 'Berbil Fruit Punch? Of course we'll come!'



Dear Thundercats,

One hundred mighty issues, eh? Well done! Be honest, though, once in a while you couldn't have done it without my help!

Lynx-ana, Deep Space.

Lion-O answers: 'Well, maybe, Lynx-ana, maybe! By the way, if you're in the vicinity of Third Earth in the next few days, pop in and join the party! We'll be glad to see you!'



Ahoy there, you scurvy cats!

Yo ho ho! So, you think you are the best there is, do you, you swabs? Well, shiver my timbers if that ain't wrong! You're all just second-rate, barnacle-clad upstarts! D'ya hear me? You're all bilge-rat, ship's-biscuit crumbs with no more sense than a salty bit o' driftwood, you flotsam and jetsam, you ... hoy! Cruncher! Mind what you're doin' with that boat hook, you scurvy dog, you'll be havin' the deck out ... hoy! Now you've done it, you blithering idiot! We're going' down ...

Lion-O comments: 'When this letter arrived, it was unfinished and rather soggy. I think it's from Hammerhand and the Berserkers ...'





• Thundercats •

THUNDERCATS . . . FRAMED!

It was a cheerful time in Cats Lair, home of the mighty Thundercats. Preparations were well underway for a big dinner to celebrate the anniversary of the old Thundercats – Lion-O, Cheetara, Panthro, Tygra, Snarf and the Wilys – reuniting with the new 'cats – Lynx-O, Bengali and Pumyra.



Everybody had made some effort for the party: Panthro had decked out Cats Lair with beautiful ribbons and streamers, Tygra had arranged a firework display for when it got dark, and Lion-O had inflated a huge number of party balloons. Lynx-O had prepared a speech of thanks on behalf of the new cats, the Wilys had perfected a dazzling space board display to entertain them all. Cheetara and Bengali had forced Snarf out of the kitchen to take a rest for once and cooked a magnificent feast for them all, and Pumyra was ready to stun everybody with the amazing feat she had practised: the juggling of twenty berbil fruits all at once! It was going to be quite a celebration! Only Snarf had been secret about his offering to the feast. He seemed, as the day of the feast approached, to be worried and impatient, as if waiting for something or somebody. He could be found pacing the ramparts of Cats Lair muttering 'Where is he? Where is he?' Finally, on the morning of the party, he left Cats Lair 'on an errand' and was still gone as evening approached.

"We can't have the party without Snarf," announced Lion-O to Pumyra as the two stood on the ramparts hoping to catch a glimpse of the homecoming Warrior-chief. "Indeed," replied Pumyra. "But where is he? I . . . wait a minute, Lion-O, someone's coming!"



Sure enough, a figure was making his way across the plains towards the Lair . . . but it wasn't Snarf! The figure was of medium height, and was clad in a frock coat and breeches of dark cloth, clothes not normally seen on Third Earth. The man's face was not that of a man at all – rather it was that of a field mouse, or a harmless-looking rat. Half-moon spectacles perched on the end of the sniffing nose. Over his shoulder, this bizarre

newcomer carried a strange box wrapped in a cloth and folded tripod legs. "Welcome to Cats Lair," said Lion-O as they greeted him at the gate," and who might you be?"

"I," said the rodent man in a squeaky voice, bowing low in greeting. "am Papa Ratsie, senior partner in my family firm 'Ratsie & Sons'. Here is my card . . ."

Lion-O took the proffered business card and read it: "Ratsie & Sons, Third Earth Ltd. Portrait Photographers to the Rich and Famous. We also cover Weddings, Christenings, Gymkhanas and other functions."

"I received an invitation some weeks ago," Mr Ratsie Snr went on, "from a Mr. Snarf, asking me to come here and take a group picture of the noble Thundercats for some anniversary or other. I trust I am not too late."

"No, indeed," replied Lion-O with a puzzled look, "but I'm afraid Mr . . . er . . . Snarf is not here at the moment."

"Well, perhaps I could arrange the photo sitting whilst we wait for him to arrive?"



Time passed, and the Thundercats were assembled in a group in front of Mr Ratsie's camera. They were all ready, but there was still no sign of Snarf. "Oh dear me," said Papa Ratsie, looking at his exposure meter, "the daylight is fading, and I really am getting pushed for time. I have to get to Berbil Village tonight to cover a beauty contest. I really must insist I take the photo now."

"It's such a shame that Snarf's not here," said Lion-O, "but if you must take it now, I suppose you must."

"Right," said Papa Ratsie, bending over his camera, "Watch the birdie and smile . . . say cheese!"

Just at that moment, the main doors burst open and in bounded Snarf . . . and Papa Ratsie!

The two Ratsies looked at each other for a moment. "What on Third Earth . . .!" exclaimed the newcomer.

"Stop that Rat!" yelled Snarf excitedly, "he's an imposter!"

"Too late," chuckled the first Papa Ratsie, his thumb closing on the shutter release, his face slowly blurring into that of Mumm-ra, "in an instant I will have imprisoned the Thundercats in my Dimension Cage device!"



But Mumm-ra had reckoned without Lion-O's speed. The young Lord of the Thundercats dived forward and brought the evil sorcerer and his device crashing down in a struggling heap. Then there was a click, a blinding flash . . . and Mumm-ra disappeared!

Lion-O picked himself up. "Where did old bandage-face go?" asked Bengali. The Thundercats grouped around the fallen 'camera'. They could hear a tiny voice from within. "Let me out!" it piped, "Let me out at once!"



"When Mr Ratsie didn't show up, I went looking for him," explained Snarf a little while later. "I thought he might be lost . . ."

"That fiend Mumm-ra ambushed me on my way here, tied me up and shape-changed into me to play out his deception on the lot of you!" said the real Mr Ratsie. "If Snarf hadn't found me tied up in the Berbil fruit orchard, we might all be in dire straits now!"

"It seems we must thank Snarf for quite a lot today!" exclaimed Lynx-O.

"Enough of all that!" yapped Snarf, "are we all ready?"

"Yes!" they all chorused.

"Right," said Papa Ratsie, stooping over his viewfinder and raising the flash gun. "Now look at the camera all of you . . . oh what a picture! What a photograph! . . . Smile!"

The flash gun flashed, the shutter clicked and the Thundercats, grinning from ear to ear, all yelled out "Cheese!"

The Thundercats had been framed . . . in the nicest possible way!



BEACH of
The CRABMEN

www.ThunderCatsFans.org



WHIRLPOOL of
INFINITY

GAW RAK-RAK of
The TWO HEADS

www.ThunderCatsFans.org

THUNDERCATS

Through a Dark Glass Part 2:

The trouble doubles as the Thundercats try to negotiate peace between two warlike tribes...



FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURPRISED SHERAK HOLDS YOU IN SUCH CONTEMPT, GREAT RAM-TUK.



SHERAK! SHE'S PART OF THIS-- THIS-- INSULT!



A FEW MINUTES EARLIER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CATS' LAIR DRAWBRIDGE, IN THE CAMP OF THE PEAK TRIBE...



IF I'M TO MAKE THE BEST TREATY FOR MY PEOPLE THAT I CAN, I MUST REMAIN EVER ALERT-- AND TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF MY FEMININE WILES.







IN THE FOREST OF SILENCE, ALL IS NOT SILENT, AS MUFFLED GRUNTS AND WEARY EXCLAMATIONS PUNCTUATE THE THUNDERKITTENS' CONTINUING EFFORTS TO FREE THEMSELVES.







ACROSS THE RIVER OF DESPAIR,
BEYOND THE DESERT OF SINK-
ING SANDS, IN THE ONYX
PYRAMID OF MUMM-RA, A
VOICE ANCIENT AND EVIL
CHUCKLES SOFTLY WITH
DELIGHT...

...FAR BETTER
THAN I EVER
HOPED.

YOU HAVE SOWN
DISSENSION
AND DISTRUST.

THERE WILL BE WAR, AND THE
THUNDERCATS WILL TAKE
THE BLAME.

EVEN BETTER,
THEY WILL BE
PART OF IT,
WHETHER THEY
WISH TO BE, OR
NOT.

AND WHEN THE WAR IS OVER,
I, MUMM-RA, WILL TAKE
CONTROL.

WONDERFUL.
WONDERFUL.

STAY CLOSE TO
THE SCENE.

MAKE AS MUCH
TROUBLE FOR
LION-O, AND HIS
FRIENDS AS
YOU CAN.

AS YOU
COMMAND,
MASTER.

EXCELLENT,
EXCELLENT.
REMEMBER...
I'LL BE
WATCHING.

LOOKS LIKE WE
GOT HERE RIGHT
ON TIME.











AND, AFTER WILYKIT AND WILY-KAT HAVE EXPLAINED THE NATURE OF THE "DARK TWINS" AND MUMM-RÄ'S PLAN...

WERE THOSE REALLY **OUR** DARKER SELVES?

THEY SEEMED SO-- VICIOUS...



WE'LL SAID TYGRA-- AS ALWAYS.

LET'S HOPE IT'S A LESSON WE CAN TEACH SHERAK AND RAM-TUK.

DA-DOOM!
DA-DOOM!
DA-DOOM!



SURRENDER YOUR FORCES, AND PERHAPS I'LL FIND **MERCY** IN MY HEART TO-- AGGH! THAT **LIGHT**--!

IT BURNS MY EYES-- BLINDS ME--!

IT'S NOT THE **LIGHT** THAT BLINDS THE TWO OF YOU, SHERAK...

