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THUNDERCATS
and
GALAXY RANGERS™

I'VE DONE
IT! I'VE BEATEN
THE GREAT
LION-O!..

... NOW
NO-ONE WILL
LAUGH AT
JACKALMAN
AGAIN!

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THE CATS' LAIR



There are three things that the more absent minded Thundercats always forget: names, faces and... they can't remember the other one! In this week's dramatic issue, however, Bengali leads the Thundercats to a discovery that may explain any sudden lapses in memory... particularly concerning the sweet-as-can-be Berbils. That's right, join Bengali as he suddenly *remembers* the awesome secret of the Berbil race!

Whilst you're at it, don't forget to read this week's dramatic episode in the tense lives of the Galaxy Rangers! On the quiet backwater planet of Quince, all-out war explodes as the Rangers confront both a ruthless bounty hunter and the deadly Shrike Gang! Catch a piece of the action in *A Fistful Of Credits*..!

On top of all that, there's of course the latest exciting text story which, as our cover dramatically shows, features... Lion-O defeated by Jackalman! For surprises, shocks and things that go bump in the night, read *Plun-darrcat!* On page 9!

Thundercats 82: action beyond action in the mighty Marvel manner!



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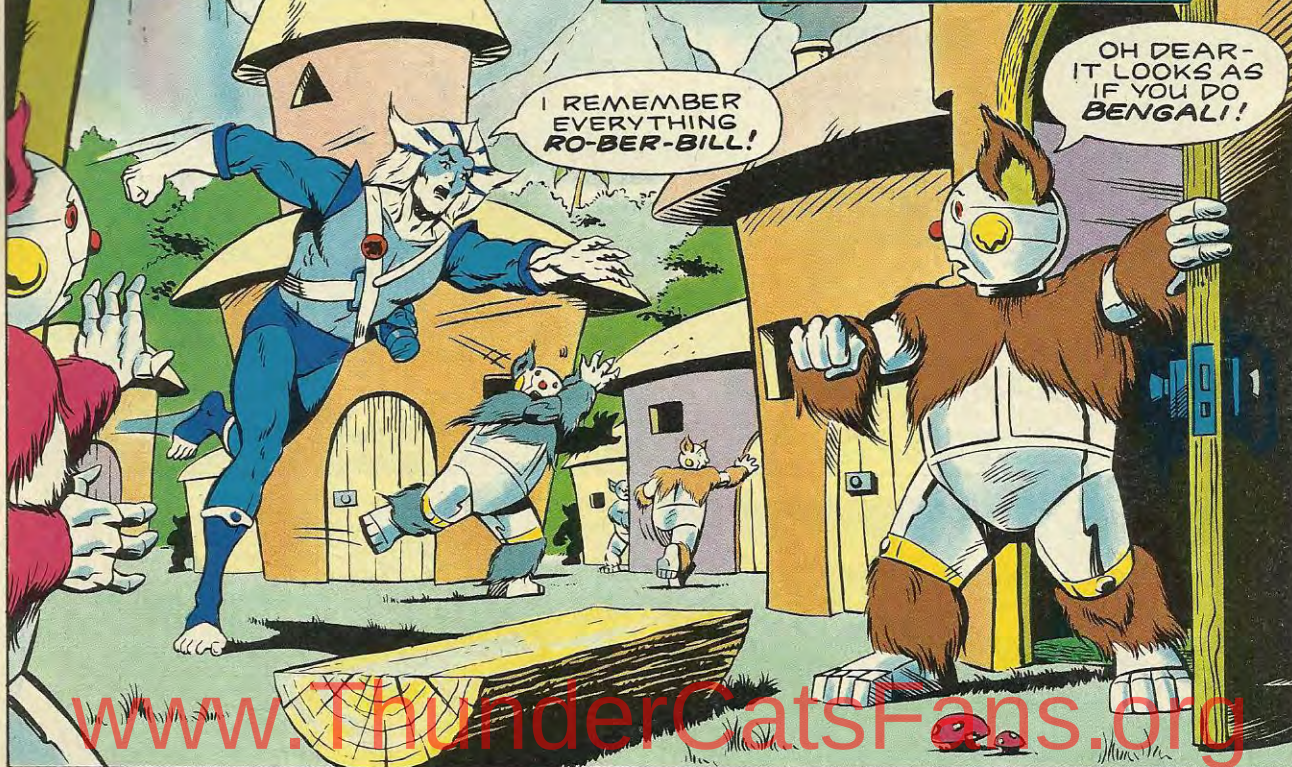


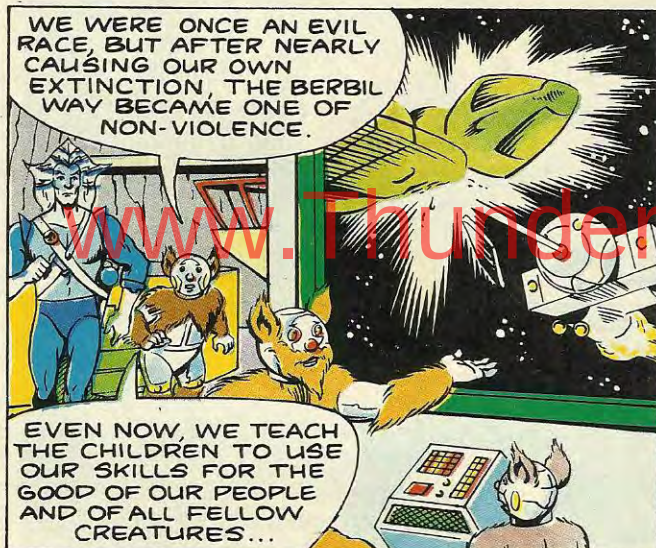
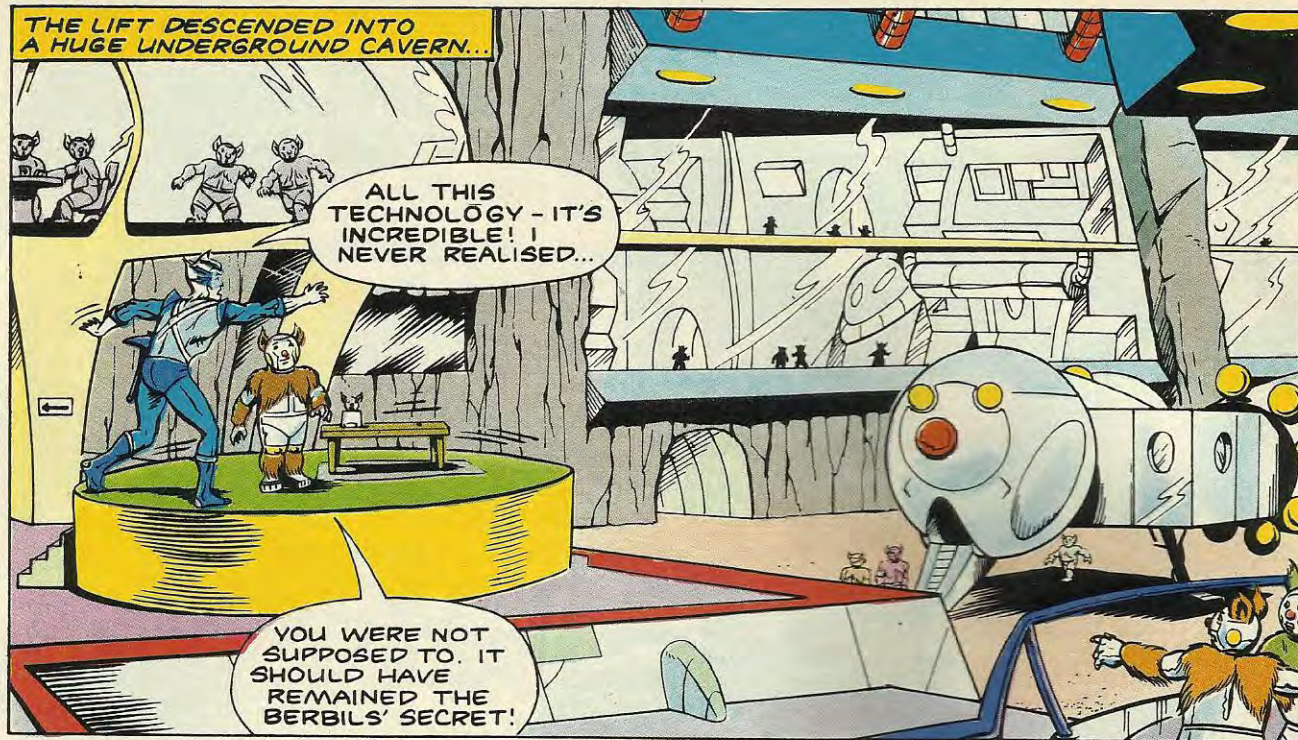
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THE BERBIL VILLAGE
THIRD EARTH...

THE MEMORY CRYSTAL



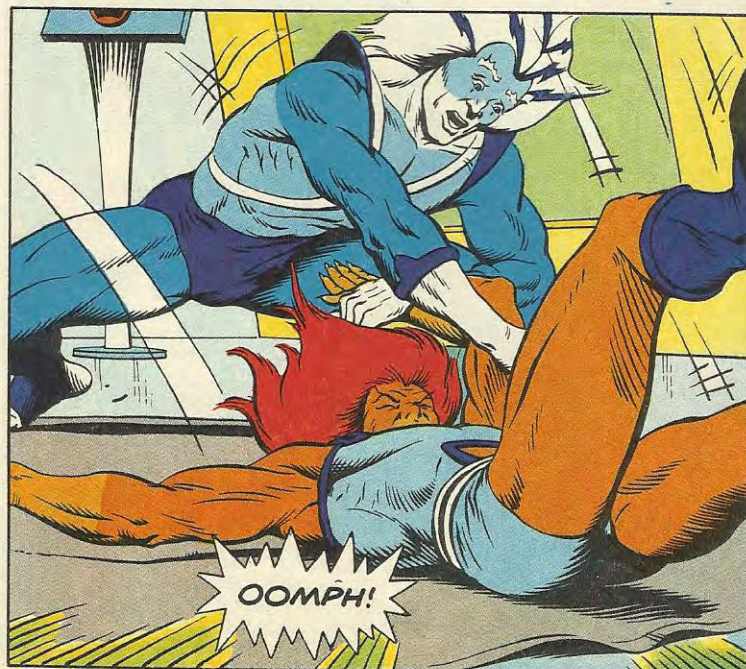


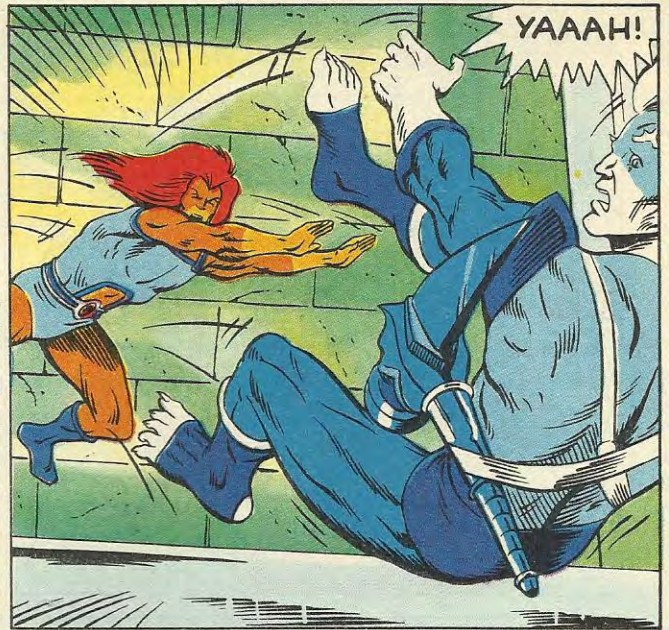
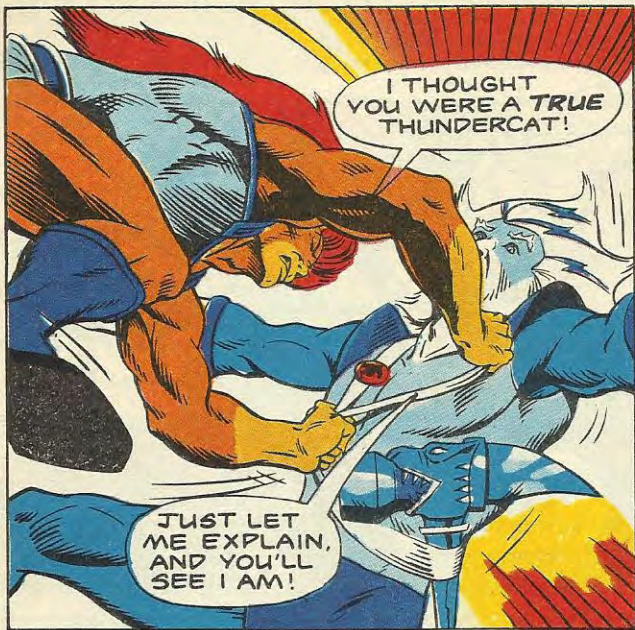
... WE CALL IT
THE MEMORY
CRYSTAL!

BERBILLION, OUR ROBOT GUARDIAN,
WENT BERSERK AND ATTACKED
LION-O* IT WAS SO STRONG THAT
ITS BLOWS DAMAGED MUCH
DOWN HERE - INCLUDING THE
CRYSTAL!

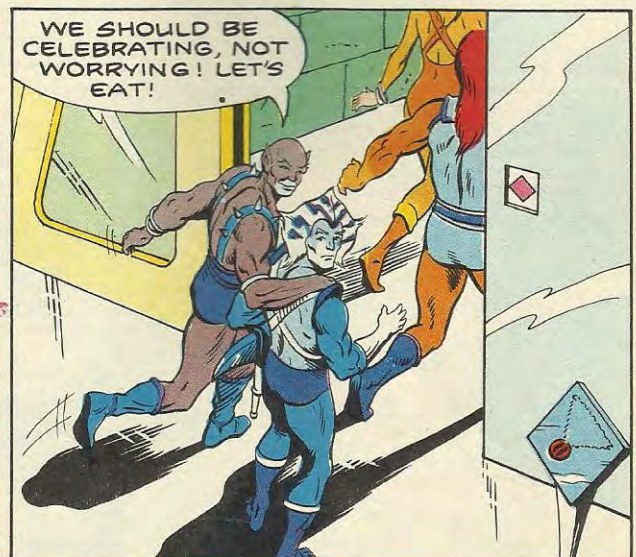
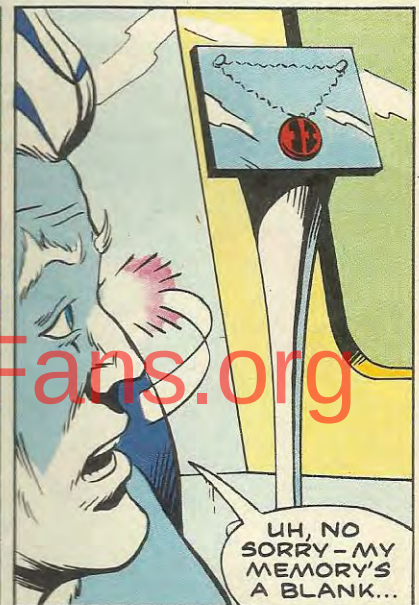
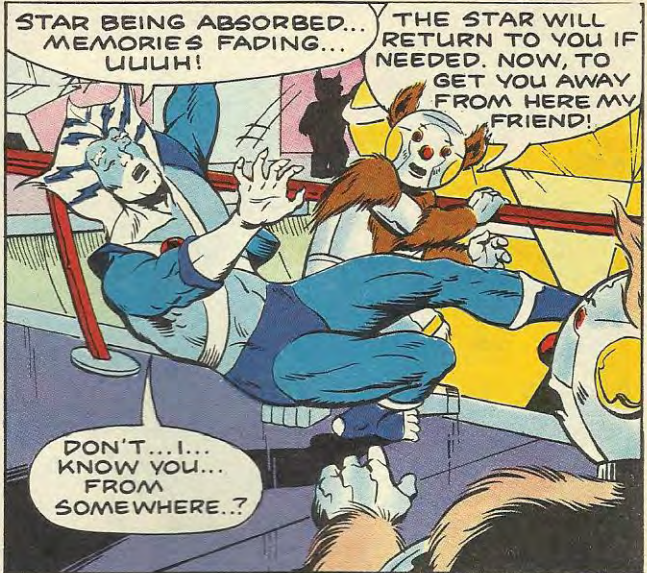
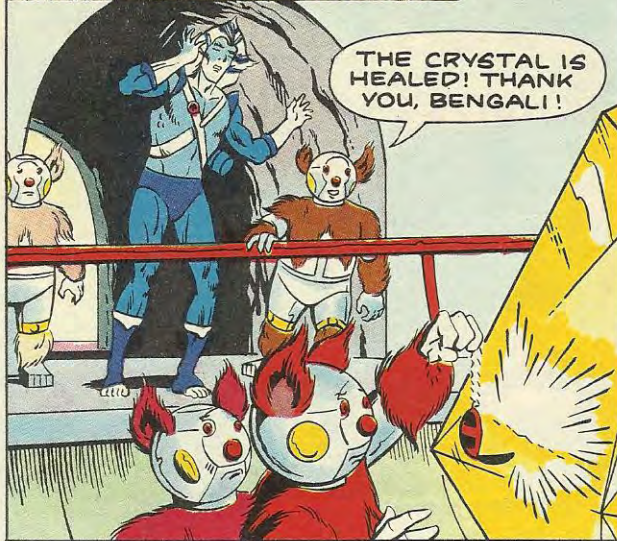
* SEE THUNDERCATS 50







BACK AT THE MEMORY CRYSTAL...



NEXT: SIXTH SENSE

PLUN-DARRRCAT!

by Steve Alan

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Night did not simply fall on Castle Plun-darr; it plummeted. Jackalman stood at his window in the Mutant stronghold as the murky, twilight grey changed instantly to a starless velvet, and was afraid. In itself, this was not unusual – Jackalman was afraid morning, noon and night. Jackalman was afraid of his shadow, afraid of his reflection, and when he woke in the depths of the night and could see neither – well, Jackalman was afraid of *that* most of all. He poised himself to run. Jackalman had had plenty of practice in running.



'Monkian!' he cried, in shrill panic. His voice echoed eerily around the dank stone chamber that was his bedroom. 'You forgot to light the torch on the landing!' There was an undignified cursing in the corridor, and a dull yellow glow appeared around the edge of his door. Presently Monkian, the ape-Mutant, was in his room, a lighted torch in his paw. 'Quit whining, Jackalman,' he yawned 'I've got to get up the stairs first, haven't I?' 'B-but I was on my own,' said Jackalman, reproachfully. 'I hate the dark!' 'Don't I know it,' said Monkian wearily. "'Light the torch, Monkian. Leave my bedroom door open three inches, Monkian. There's someone under my bed, Monkian.'" I don't get any rest until you've whimpered yourself to sleep!' Jackalman was silent, apart from the embarrassed shuffle of his feet. 'Anyway, I'm goin',' said Monkian gruffly, beginning to leave the room. 'Don't have no nightmares, or nothin'.' 'N-nightmares?' said Jackalman, suddenly panic-stricken. But Monkian was gone.



JUDDJUDDJUDDSHISHHH!

The antiquated plumbing of Castle Plun-darr lurched and hammered like the Mutant Fistpounder as Jackalman poured himself a glass of water. Next door, Monkian buried his head despairingly in the pillow, cursing softly. Sleep was impossible. Presently Jackalman pushed open his bedroom door, coughing nervously. 'M-Monkian?' he said. 'What?' howled Monkian, leaping out of bed. 'What NOW?' 'I – think there's something in my wardrobe,' said Jackalman, his eyes luminous with fear.

Suddenly there was the thundering of heavy, reptilian feet in the corridor. Seconds later Monkian's door was smashed against the wall as the Mutant leader, S-S-Slithe entered, his bloodshot, sleepless eyes blazing with fury. 'Will you two miscreants hold the noise down?' he raged. 'Is it not enough that my Imperial Bedchamber is next to Vultureman's laboratory? It's difficult enough to sleep with him hammering and drilling until all hours!' Jackalman fell to his knees, whimpering abjectly. 'A thousand pardons great S-S-S-Slithe,' he stuttered. 'But I heard noises from my wardrobe, and –' 'You snivelling coward, Jackalman,' roared the reptilian leader. 'Now get back to bed, or I will destroy you!'



'Monkian! Don't forget!' 'Aww, no. Not tonight. I don't feel like it tonight.' 'It'll help me sleep...' 'It's dumb.' 'P-please?' 'Oh, for cryin' out loud – all right. "Good night, sleep tight, an' I'll meet you on the corner of Cloud Street and Sleepy Bye Lane"' 'Thanks Monkian.'



As suddenly as night had fallen, dawn arose, but it was a red-eyed and irritable band of Mutants that shuffled into the breakfast chamber. 'Where's my breakfast, Jackalman?' thundered S-S-Slithe, pounding the table and bouncing cutlery into the air. 'D-drink your scum java, great S-S-Slithe,' stammered Jackalman. 'The Zoran eggs are not yet tough enough...' 'Imbecile!' bellowed S-S-Slithe. 'You know I like my eggs runny!' Jackalman paled beneath his fur. When S-S-Slithe began the day in such a foul temper, things could only get worse. Both Monkian and Vultureman exchanged worried glances. 'I have a new invention, great S-S-Slithe,' said Vultureman, running his tongue nervously over his beak. The reptilian leaned menacingly forward. 'I slept for a total of twenty eight minutes last night, Vultureman,' he said. 'It had better be an astonishingly good invention.'



Jackalman appeared at the table. 'Your breakfast, great S-' he began, and slipped. A huge bowl of egg pudding slopped over the reptilian leader's head, turning his outraged howl into an anguished gargle. 'Dolt! Simpleton! Ingrate!' screamed S-S-Slithe. Jackalman was on his knees instantly. 'A thousand, thousand apologies, mighty S-S-Slithe,' he whimpered. 'I was so in awe of your splendour and majesty that my hands slipped. I -' 'You craven, cringing cur Jackalman!' thundered the reptilian, grasping Jackalman by the scruff of his neck. 'How can the Mutants ever hope to defeat the Thundercats with a whining, incompetent wretch like you to hinder my plans?' With all his strength, he hurled the trembling Jackalman in the direction of the breakfast chamber window - which was open - although on the second floor. Jackalman disappeared from view with a strangled cry.



'I feel better already,' said S-S-Slithe, turning around, but the smile died on his lips. Standing in front of him, tall and crimson-haired, was the unmistakable figure of Lion-O, Lord of the Thundercats. 'Ho-how did you get in, Thundercat?' he said weakly. 'I am here to serve you, great S-S-Slithe,' said Lion-O with a broad grin.



Jackalman sat where he had been sitting for almost half an hour, in the branches of a tree. In part this was because he was deep in thought, but it was also because a large, brightly-coloured but unlovely spider had followed him into the tree, and if there was one thing on Third Earth which petrified Jackalman, it was spiders. I need to prove myself, thought Jackalman, as the spider watched him with unblinking scarlet eye-stalks. After all, he wasn't *really* a coward. Was he? 'Just cautious,' he said aloud. If he could perform some daring act of heroism, S-S-Slithe would be *forced* to take him seriously. Wouldn't he?

There was a rustling in the undergrowth, and the spider scuttled away. Jackalman peered through the branches to the forest floor, in time to see the tall, crimson-haired, unmistakable figure of Lion-O, Lord of the Thundercats, pass by. A nervous smile began to form on his lips...



'S-S-Slithe! Come quickly, S-S-Slithe!' It was the voice of Jackalman. The Mutant leader's brow clouded heavily as he trudged to the window of Castle Plun-darr, preparing a stream of insults. The words died in his throat. Outside on the drawbridge stood Jackalman, chest thrust proudly forward as he stood over the tall, crimson-haired and unmistakably broken figure of Vultureman's Lion-O robot. 'See!' crowed Jackalman. 'I've defeated the Lord of the Thundercats!'



They chased him over the hills and far away, but Jackalman escaped. After all, Jackalman had had plenty of practice in running.



'It cannot fail,' said Vultureman later, after the demonstration. 'As you have seen, my robot walks, talks and acts *exactly* like the real Lion-O!'

'Even his eyes are the right colour,' said Monkian, under his breath. Vultureman shot him a withering stare. S-S-Slithe, however, was smiling again. 'Excellent, Vultureman,' he said. 'Our robot Lion-O could cause *chaos* in the Thundercat ranks!' Vultureman's claws clattered nimbly over the control box which hung from his neck. Wordlessly, the decoy Lion-O turned and marched from the room. 'To Cats' Lair!' commanded S-S-Slithe, 'and victory!'



THUNDERCATS

MINI-POSTER M055

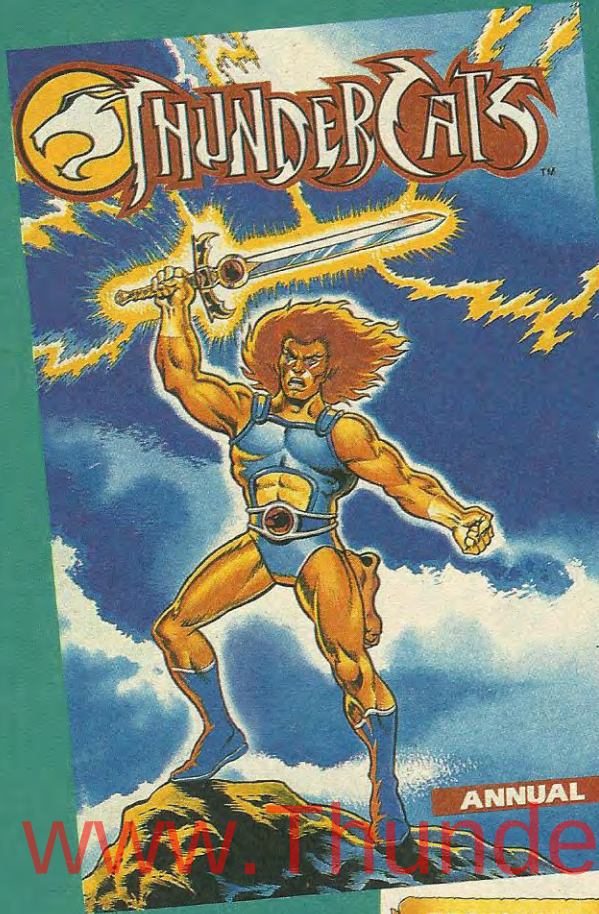
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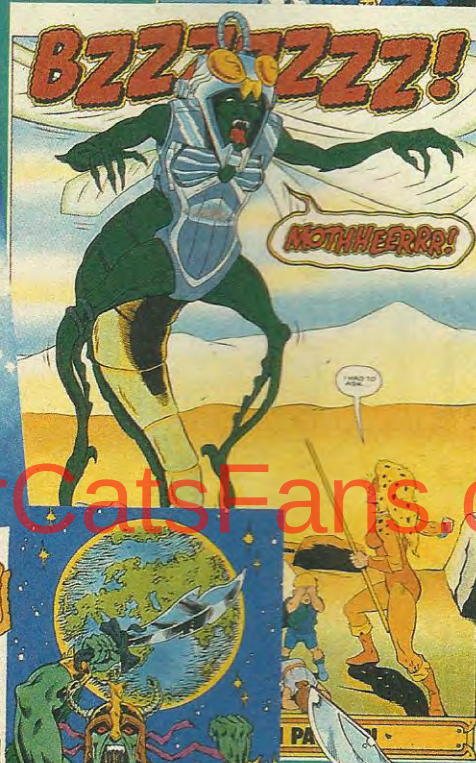
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EYE OF THUNDERA... GIVE ME SIGHT BEYOND SIGHT...

WILL I GET A THUNDERCAT ANNUAL FOR CHRISTMAS?



THUNDER
STRIP
ACTION



THE EVIL
THUNDER
DOGS

THE HISTORY OF PLUN-DARR

THE CHRONICLES OF THIRD EARTH

And it came to pass that the noblecats of Thundera and the Mutants of Plun-darr did make planetfall on a small blue-green planet, third in line from a young and vital sun. Third Earth was already home to a great variety of races and species, some of whom



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