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EXTRA: THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN KIDD

THUNDERCATS

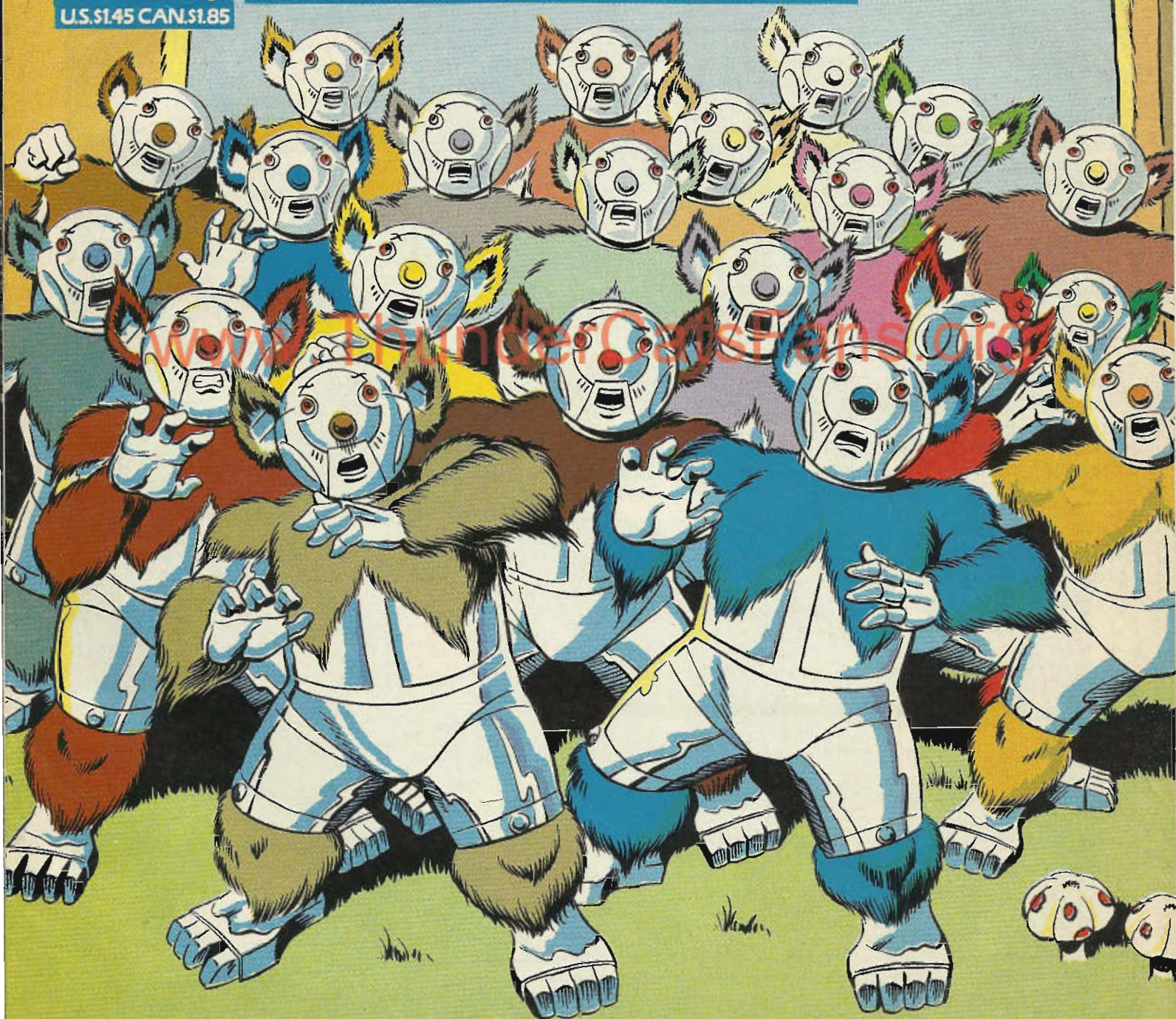
and

GALAXY RANGERS™

15th Oct. 88

NO 83 38p

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BIG TROUBLE IN BERBIL VILLAGE!

THE CATS' LAIR



Thundercats Lion-O and Cheetara get involved in a strange and increasingly desperate adventure this issue, as Cheetara's *Sixth Sense* brings them into conflict with a bizarre alien spaceship on a collision course with Third Earth! Throw the evil mutants S-S-Slithe, Monkian and Vultureman into the chaos and you've got the first part of a Thundercats Blockbuster you won't want to miss!

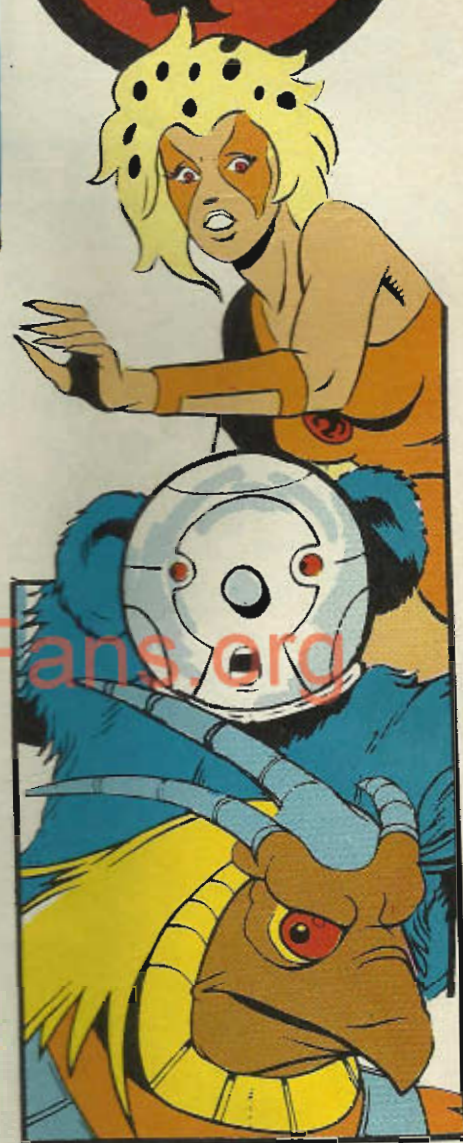
The valiant Berbil crewbears of the famous starship Vanguard of Ro-Bear are back in this week's exciting text story... along with an old friend! Things may have changed for brave Ro-ber Bob and Ro-ber Bert but in *Bear Necessities*, they find that problems still come in big packages!

Let's not forget though, that the Galaxy Rangers are out in action this week too! League of Planets diplomat Waldo Zeptic is a prisoner of Captain Kidd and his ruthless pirates. Only the Rangers can save him from his wind-tunnel torture, but where are they? And who is the mysterious stranger who has just arrived in town?

All the answers and all the adventure can be found in the next few pages so read on: *Thundercats* 83 has everything you could want and more besides!



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COVER ART MARTIN GRIFFITHS
COLOUR STEVE WHITE

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THUNDERCATS

LOOK, LION-O!
A SHOOTING STAR!

WHEN I WAS A CUB ON
THUNDERA, I'D ALWAYS MAKE
A WISH WHEN I SAW ONE.

SHOOTING STAR, SHINING BRIGHT,
SEEN UPON A PEACEFUL NIGHT,
I WISH I MAY, I WISH I MIGHT,
HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT!

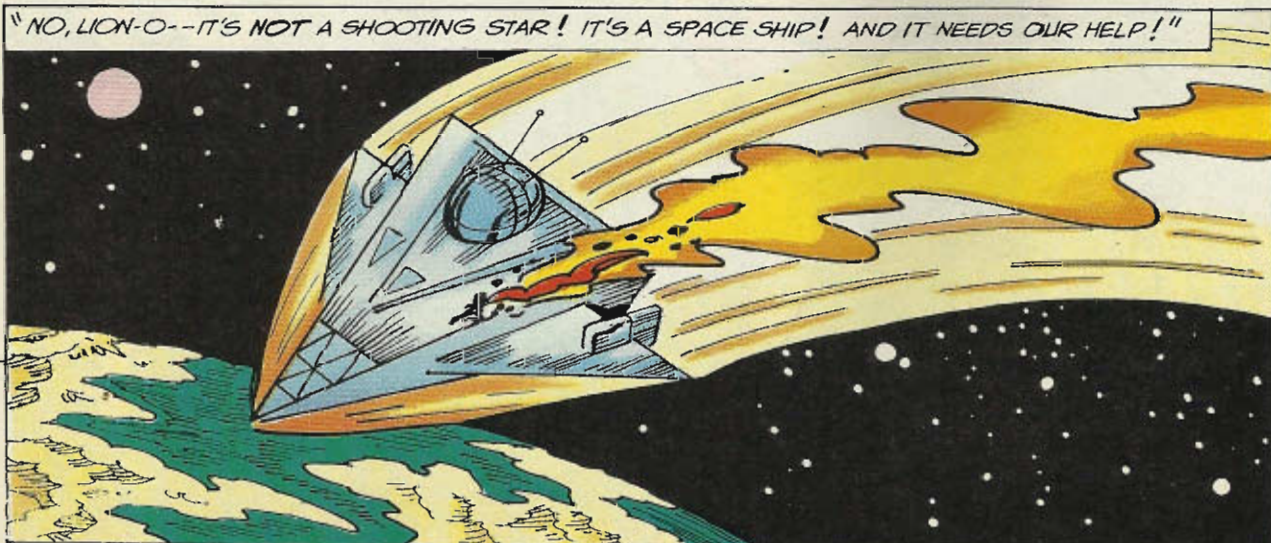
THERE, I--UH-OH!

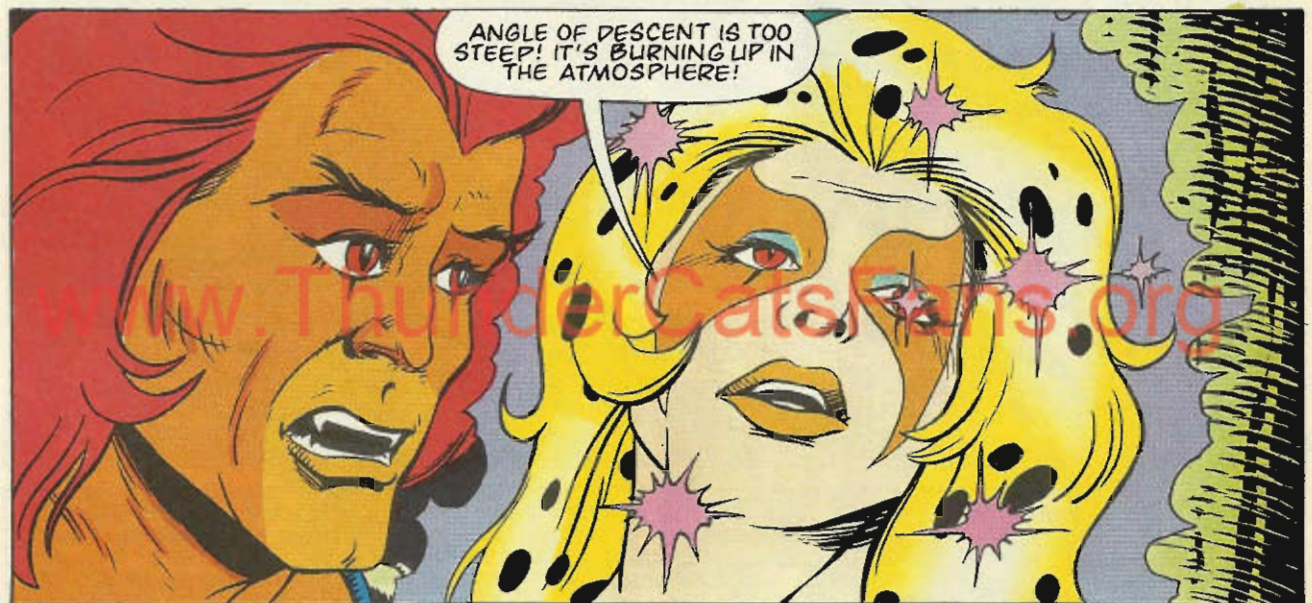
WHAT'S WRONG,
CHEETARA?

MY SIXTH SENSE IS
TELLING ME THAT'S **NOT** A
SHOOTING STAR! IT'S A
SPACESHIP IN TROUBLE!

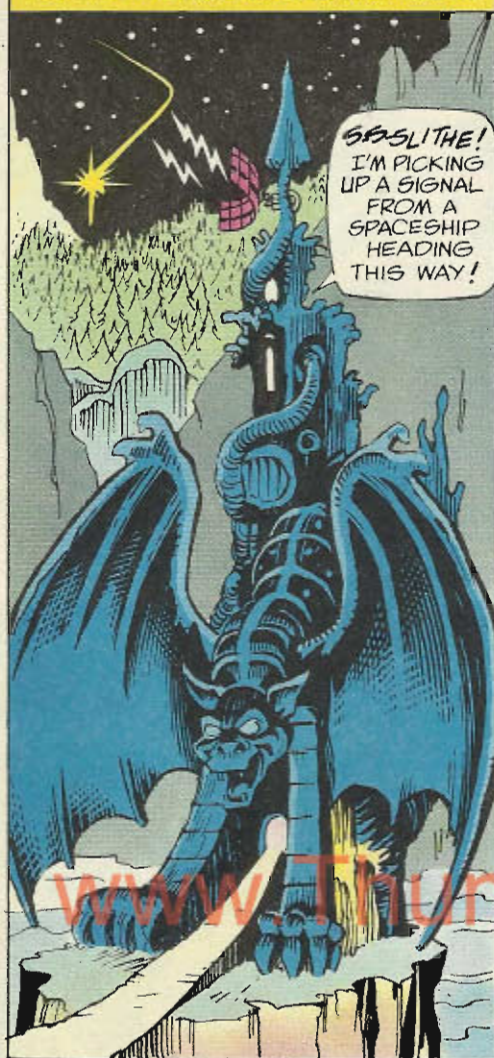
OH, C'MON,
CHEETARA! YOU
DON'T EXPECT ME
TO REALLY BELIEVE
THAT, DO YOU?
AFTER ALL, NONE OF
US OTHER THUNDER-
CATS HAVE A "SIXTH
SENSE"!

SIXTH SENSE





AND, AT CASTLE PLUN-DARR, HOME OF THE THUNDERCAT'S ENEMIES...



S-S-S-LITHE!
I'M PICKING
UP A SIGNAL
FROM A
SPACESHIP
HEADING
THIS WAY!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR,
VULTURE MAN? TRANSLATE IT!

I-- I CAN'T--
IT'S IN CODE!

WHY DOESN'T THE
SHIP APPEAR ON THE
SCREEN?

IT MUST BE
JAMMING OUR
RADAR, MONKIAN!



BAH! LET ME AT THE
CONTROLS! I'LL FIND
THAT SHIP!



BUT...
DRAT! NOTHING!
NOT EVEN AT
FULL POWER!



HUH! LET'S FORGET THAT
SPACESHIP! IT'S THE
THUNDERCATS WHO'RE OUR
REAL ENEMIES!

FOOL! THAT SHIP COULD
HAVE WEAPONS WE COULD
USE TO BEAT THE
THUNDERCATS!



S-S-S-LITHE IS RIGHT,
MONKIAN! LET'S FIND
THAT SHIP--AND FAST!





 **NEXT: CRASH LANDING!**

SIGHT BEYOND SIGHT! THUNDERCATS 84

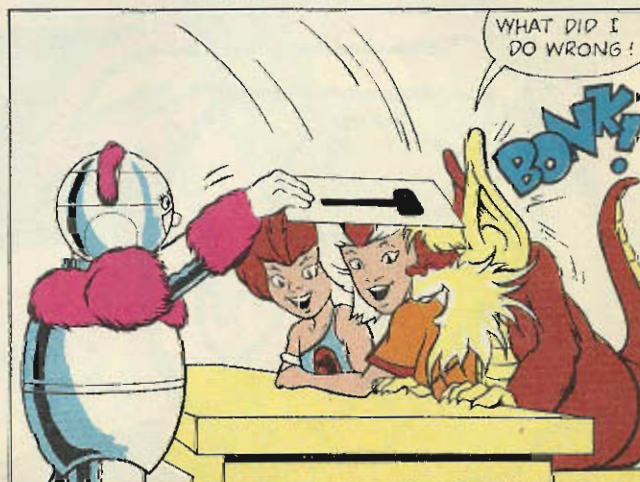
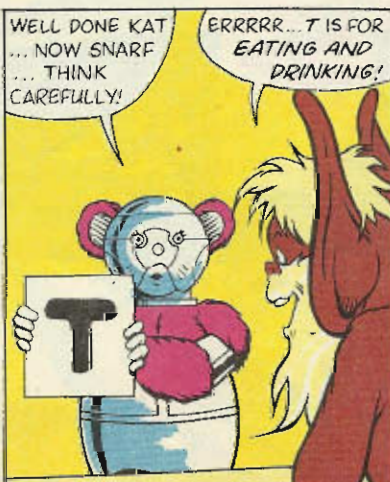
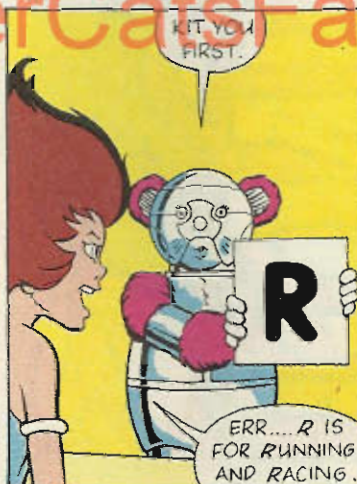


Not only can you catch up with the excitement next issue as Lion-O and the Thundercats race to save Cheetara, but you can also revel in the new-look *Thundercats Fortnightly*... which features Thundercats and Thundercats from wall to wall and cover to cover! If you're a Thunderfan, are you really going to miss this?



THE KIT AND KAT CLUB

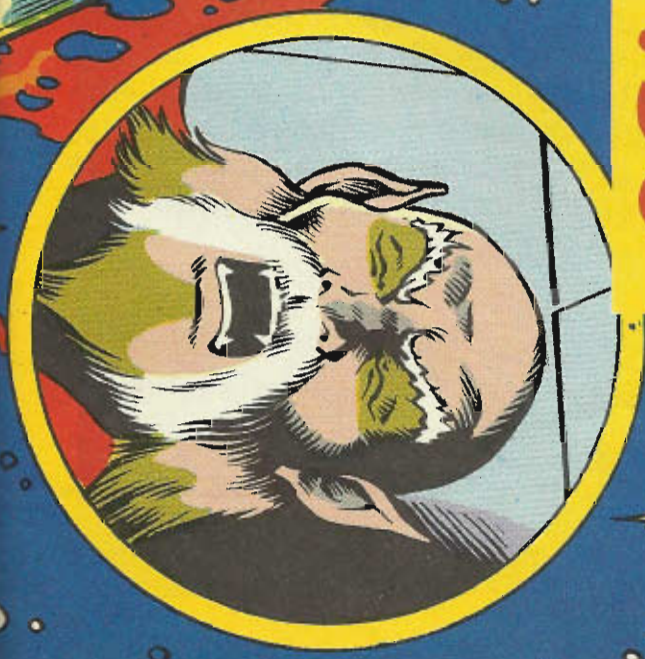
Bambos/Carnell/Goodacre





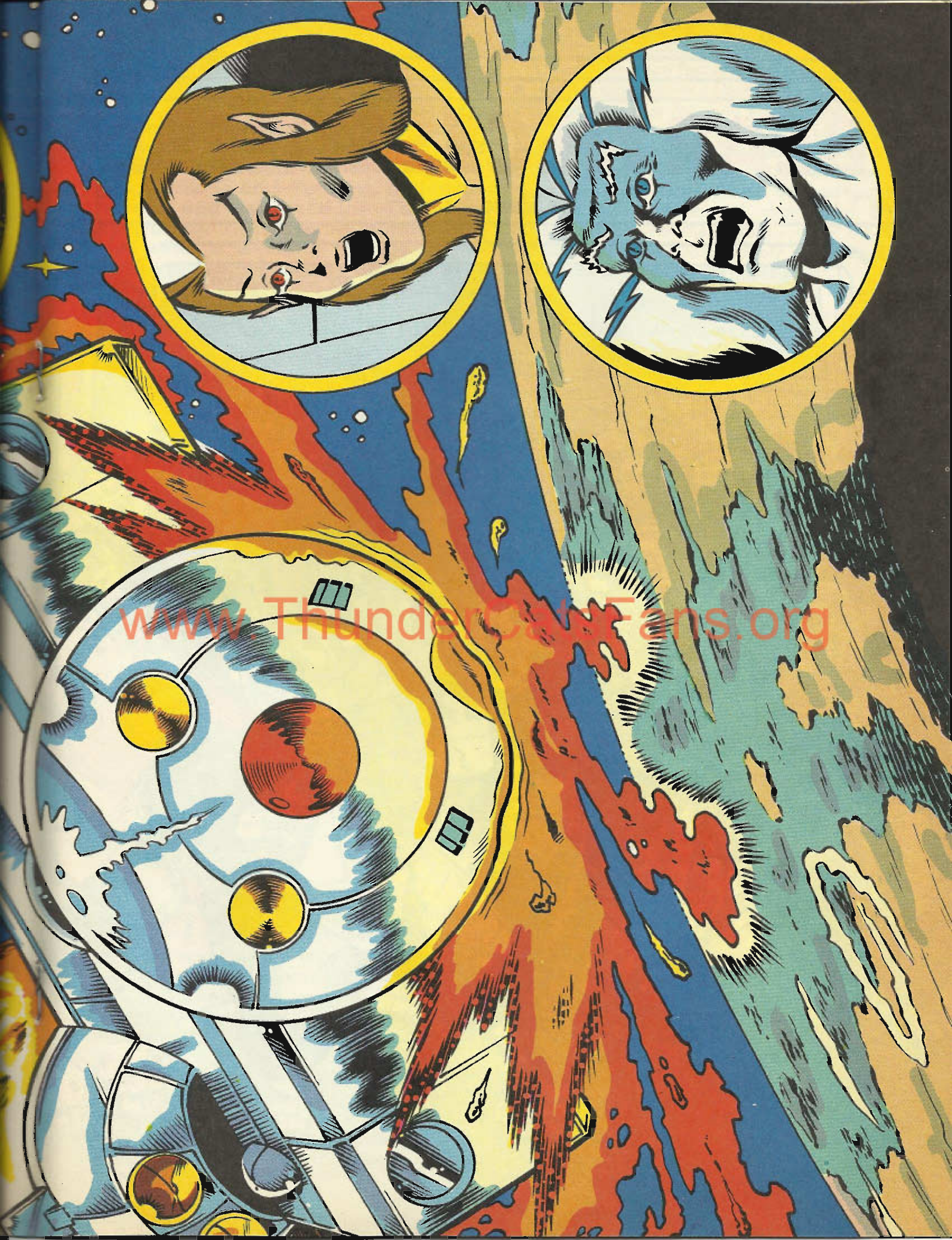
THUNDER CATS

MINI-POSTER N°56



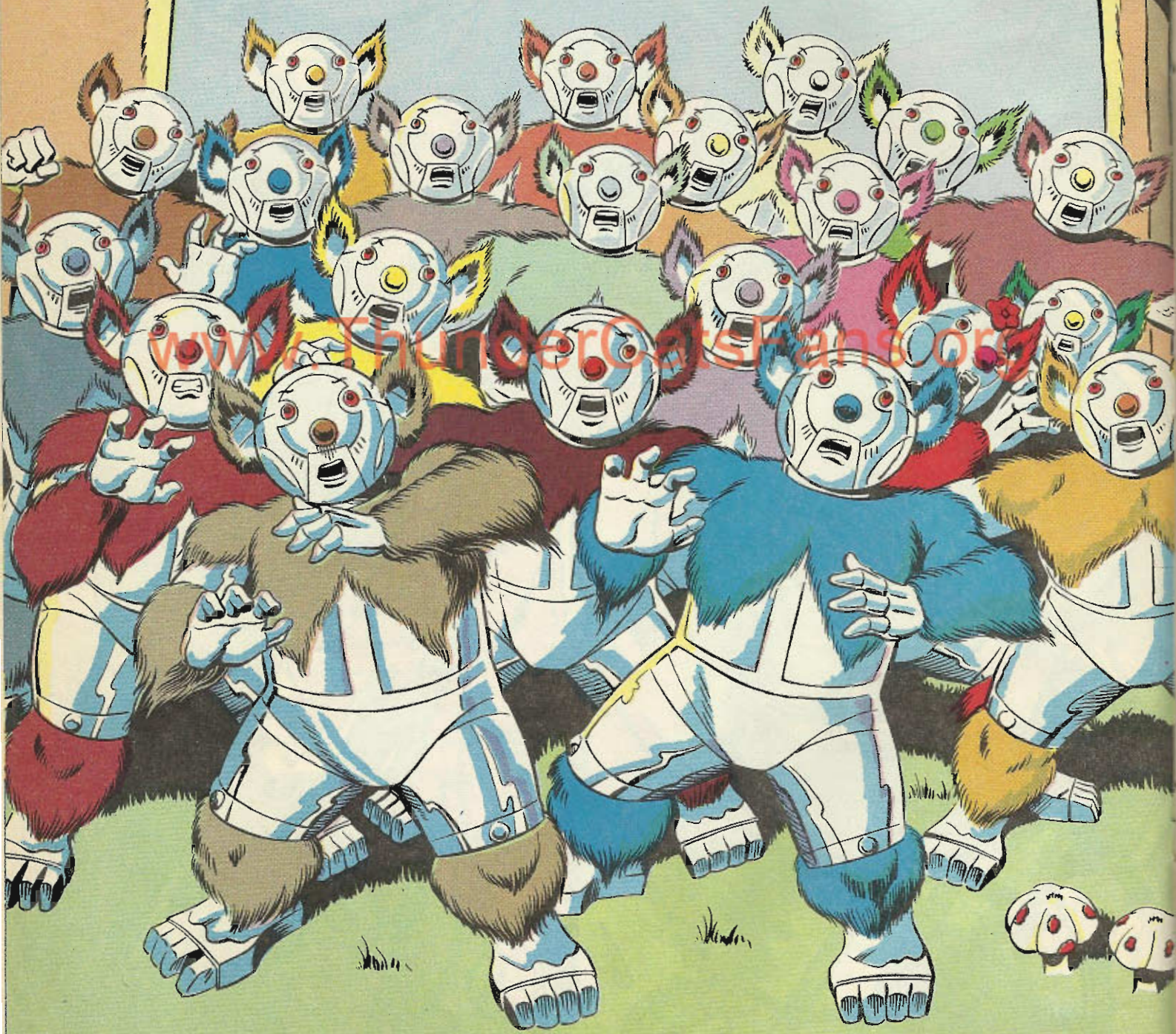
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TM



BEAR NECESSITIES!

by Steve Alan





Ro-Ber-Bert sneezed angrily in the hayfield. Destiny Atoll was now a distant memory; the many months since their rescue from the remote desert island had seen the three new Thundercats, Bengali, Lynx-O and Pumyra, hailed as heroes, and welcomed into Cat's Lair by Lion-O. Those same months had also seen a dramatic change in the fortunes of Ro-Ber-Bert and Ro-Ber-Bob, their Berbil companions. A change for the worse. . .



'I am a twice-decorated captain in the Astrobear Space Arm,' said Ro-Ber-Bert, sneezing again as he shoulder-charged a huge wheelbarrow of Opar fruit. The wheelbarrow failed to budge an inch. 'I am growing very, very bored with pushing trolleys of fruit for a living.' His friend and second in command, Ro-Ber-Bob, sat heavily on a small knoll, fanning his brow with a spotted hankerchief.

'You don't have to tell me, Ro-Ber-Bert,' he sighed. 'But this is Third Earth – and the Berbils here live a simple life. We need money – and there isn't much call for twice-decorated Astrobears, I'm afraid.'

Uh-oh,' breathed Bert. 'Here comes trouble. . .' A large, ginger-furred Berbil was waddling importantly across the field towards them. 'See here,' barked Ghun-Ber-Bill crossly. 'I don't pay you two laggards nine shnekkels a week to sit around gossiping!' The Berbil farmer drew a large, golden watch out of a chest panel, attached to a ceremonial chain, and Bert groaned. Ghun-Ber-Bill liked to show off his watch. Next he would probably start boasting about his seat on the Berbil High Council. . .



'I didn't get to be a member of the Berbil High Court Council by employing lazy, shiftless outworlders!' Ghun-Ber-Bill snapped. Bert's patience had also reached breaking point, and he leapt to his feet. 'I can see that,' he hissed. 'It must have been your sunny personality!' Behind him, Bob buried his face in his paws. 'I want the pair of you off my property by nightfall,' said Ghun-Ber-Bill icily, spinning around with a theatrical flourish, and resuming his waddle across the field. 'Trained Astrobears,' he scoffed. 'Couldn't even build a boat to sail away from Destiny Atoll. Hah!' In minutes, the old Berbil was a ginger dot on the horizon, somehow managing to look like a very *important* ginger dot. . . Dawn found Ro-Ber-Bert and Ro-Ber-Bob at the doors of the Berbil Employment Office, a modest orange mushroom hut on the outskirts of the village. 'Destiny Atoll is hundreds of miles from anywhere,' cried Bert, throwing up his paws in dismay. 'We could have been adrift for months! If I hear that crack about building a boat one more time. . .'

'I get seasick, anyway,' said Bob sadly, as they entered the office. Behind the desk, Ro-Ber-Bess smiled. 'You two are becoming regular customers,' she said. 'I'm afraid I have only one job available. . . 'Bess dissolved into a fit of giggles as she handed over the card, which Bert snatched irritably. It was a vacancy for two workers in the Berbil boatyards. . .



All of a sudden, there were four mighty Third Earth tremors, followed by a chilling howl. The screams of terrified Berbils sounded outside the hut as walls, houses and trees were savagely up-rooted. Rushing outside, Bert and Bob were just in time to see a massive, furred back disappear, crashing, into the forest.

Berbil Village was a wreck. Doors hung from their shattered frames, mangled water hydrants spurted great jets into the air, and the main street was a mosaic of crumbling fragments, in the

shape of... 'Do you recognise that footprint?' asked Ro-Ber-Bill. The print was enormous, deep and apelike, a good fourteen metres across. Both Berbils recognised it instantly.

 'It's just as the runes predicted!' shrieked Ro-Ber-Rose Lee, pulling the shawl tight about her thin shoulders. 'Ro-Ber-Bruin, the Berserker Mountain Bear has returned! We shall all be eaten!' Ghun-Ber-Bill advanced to the front of the crowd, his arms raised. 'Citizens, please!' he cried. 'Ro-Ber-Bruin is but a legend! The monster will not return...' There was a hushed murmur among the crowd, and Ghun-Ber-Bill shuddered. Ro-Ber-Bill would have known what to do – but the Berbil leader was still on holiday. What would happen when he returned to find Berbil Village a smoking ruin? 'Eaten, I tell ye!' cackled Rose Lee. 'Picked clean!'

 'If that was who I think it was, the chances are he'll be back very shortly,' whispered Bob. Bert nodded, as a blood-curdling roar seemed to confirm this opinion. The roar sounded again, terrifyingly close, and the villages began to panic. As they watched, the towering, goliath form of the Metokangmi lumbered mournfully into the village...

 The population of Berbil Village fled in a screaming tide. 'Ro-Ber-Saints preserve us!' shrieked Ro-Ber-Rose Lee, tottering away on her stick-like legs. 'We'll be scoffed whole! Nibbled to nothing! It's a snack attack!' Seemingly unaware of the panic he had created, the Metokangmi reached down into the village with a hand like a steam shovel, scooping up the struggling figure of Ghun-Ber-Bill. A slow, simple smile was breaking across his enormous face, revealing a mountain range of teeth.

 'Metokangmi!' shouted Ro-Ber-Bert, advancing into the square. 'Would – uh – would you mind putting him down, please?' With a thunderous gurgle of joy as he recognised his friends, the Metokangmi did so.



Long and lonely had been his quest from Destiny companions. Now, at last, his search was at an end. Flopping down on the ground with a tremor that shook the village, the trees and the distant hills, the great Yeti-creature held out his other hand. Bert and Bob walked fearlessly onto the leathery terrain of the Metokangmi's palm as gasps of wonder rose from the assembled crowd of Berbils. 'Y-You save my life!' spluttered Ghun-Ber-Bill. 'He would have – he was going to ...'

'Nahh,' said Bert. 'The Metokangmi is a picky eater...'



 Within hours, at the direction of Bert and Bob, the Metokangmi had repaired the damage to Berbil Village. As the Yeti-creature lumbered shyly into the forest, felling acres of trees, Ghun-Ber-Bill approached the two Berbils. This time, thought Bert, Ghun-Ber-Bill did not look important at all. In fact he looked almost sheepish...

'I don't pretend to know how you tamed the great beast,' he said, 'but Berbil Village needs heroes of your stature.' He coughed self-consciously. 'I'd like to offer you both seats on the Berbil High Council. Er – with full wages, of course,' he added hurriedly. The Berbils smiled. 'We'll give it some thought,' said Bob as, with a theatrical flourish, they sauntered away down the newly-paved main street.

 'I don't suppose this would be a good time to mention that we knew the Metokangmi on Destiny Atoll,' whispered Bob, as Ghun-Ber-Bill waddled away, shaking his head. 'Have you lost your mind?' hissed Bert. 'They'd only want to know why he didn't build us a boat...'



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