

MARVEL®



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No 94 38p

THUNDERCATS™

Featuring...



Mumm-Ra,
and



Monkian.



THUNDERCATS™

HO!



Hello! Panthro here! I'm just back from Firerock Mountain. Phew! It was a long walk. Anyway I'm in time to tell you all about this thrilling installment of **Thundercats!** Just look at this issue's Cat-a-logue of Events!

CAT-ALOGUE OF EVENTS:

- Page 3** . . . The last of our fantastic strip story '**Astral Prison**.' Turn quickly to see what happens!
- Page 10** . . . The middle pages have a fabulous pin-up of the lovely Cheetara! Much nicer than Kylie!
- Page 12** . . . An extra long text story! Panthro and Tygra are trapped on the top of a steep cliff. They can't escape upwards or down Mumm-Ra's evil little robots are coming to get them!
- Page 16** . . . Get your empty washing up bottles and double sided sticking tape, and turn to our fabulous activity pages. It's not building a life size Eiffel Tower from matchsticks, but you can make a rather nice Snarf puppet!
- Page 18** . . . Thundercats Ho! Ho! Ho! Have you sent in any jokes recently? If not, why not? Hurry up and send some in. The address is on the new jokes page!
- Page 19** . . . Sight beyond Sight/Marvel Checklist!



Cover Art: Art Wetherell



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Editor Nancy Hazel.

THINK. LION-O - THINK! YOU
FOUND THE MASTER KEY,
WHICH OPENS THE ASTRAL
PRISON - WHERE JAGA
IS BEING HELD...

GETTING TO THE KEY
EXHAUSTED THE POWERS
OF THE EYE OF THUNDERA,
RENDERING THE SWORD OF
OMENS VIRTUALLY USELESS...

AND THEN...YES! YOU REACHED
OUT AND TOUCHED THE KEY...
AND LESS THAN AN INSTANT
LATER, YOU FOUND
YOURSELF...

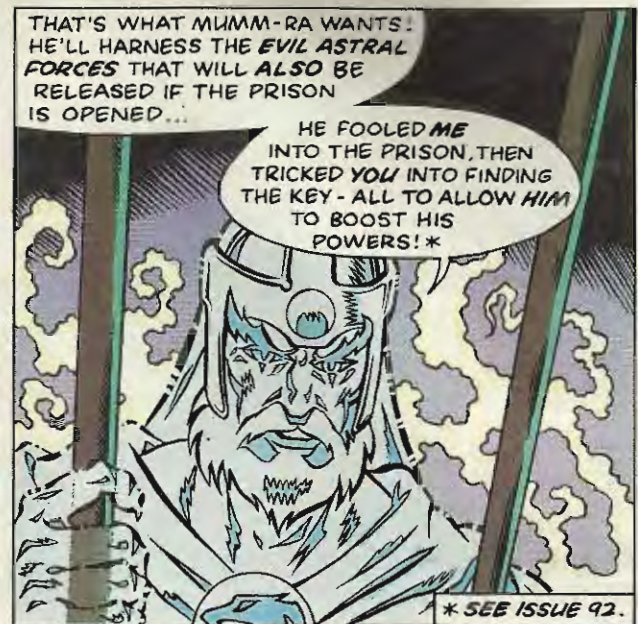
WHERE!?

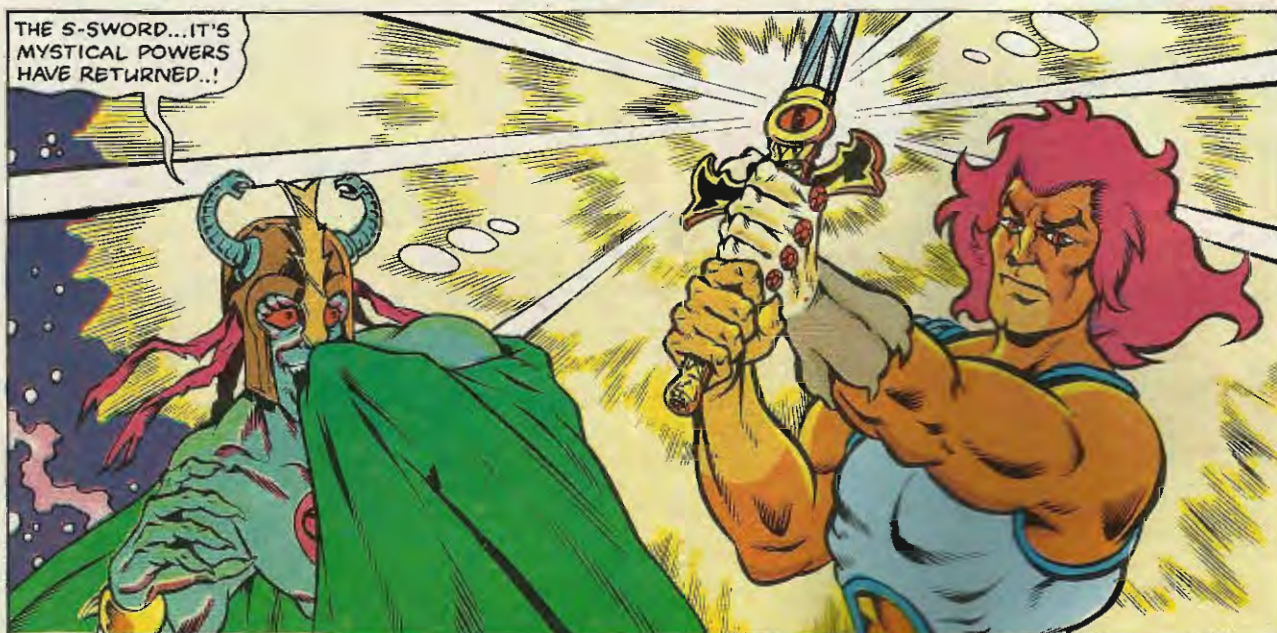
ASTRAL PRISON

PART THREE











AS HAVE WE, MUMM-RA -
TO **THIRD EARTH**! AND
HERE WE CAN BATTLE
ON **MY** TERMS...



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, MUMM-RA?
LOST **YOUR** APPETITE FOR THE
FIGHT, NOW THAT THE EYE
IS RECHARGED...?

N-NO, I...I
HAVE NO NEED
TO FIGHT...

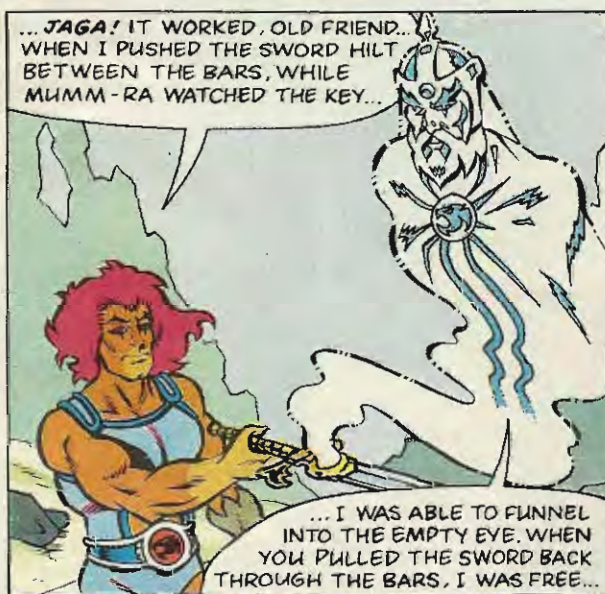


...YOU'VE ABANDONED JAGA
IN THE ASTRAL PRISON -
THAT'S VICTORY ENOUGH
FOR ME...!

FLEE WHILE YOU
CAN, YELLOW-BELLY,
FOR BELIEVE ME...



...THE ONLY VICTORY
TODAY BELONGS TO...



... **JAGA**! IT WORKED, OLD FRIEND..
WHEN I PUSHED THE SWORD HILT
BETWEEN THE BARS, WHILE
MUMM - RA WATCHED THE KEY...

... I WAS ABLE TO FUNNEL
INTO THE EMPTY EYE. WHEN
YOU PULLED THE SWORD BACK
THROUGH THE BARS, I WAS FREE...



...AND ABLE TO USE **MY** POWERS TO
CONVINCE MUMM-RA THAT THE
SWORD'S POWERS HAD RETURNED!

THOSE **WILL**
RETURN SOON, BUT I'VE
LEARNED TODAY THAT, EVEN
AT ITS WEAKEST, THE SWORD
IS STILL A POWERFUL
FORCE TO COMBAT
INJUSTICE..!



NEXT:

WILYKATS LAIR!

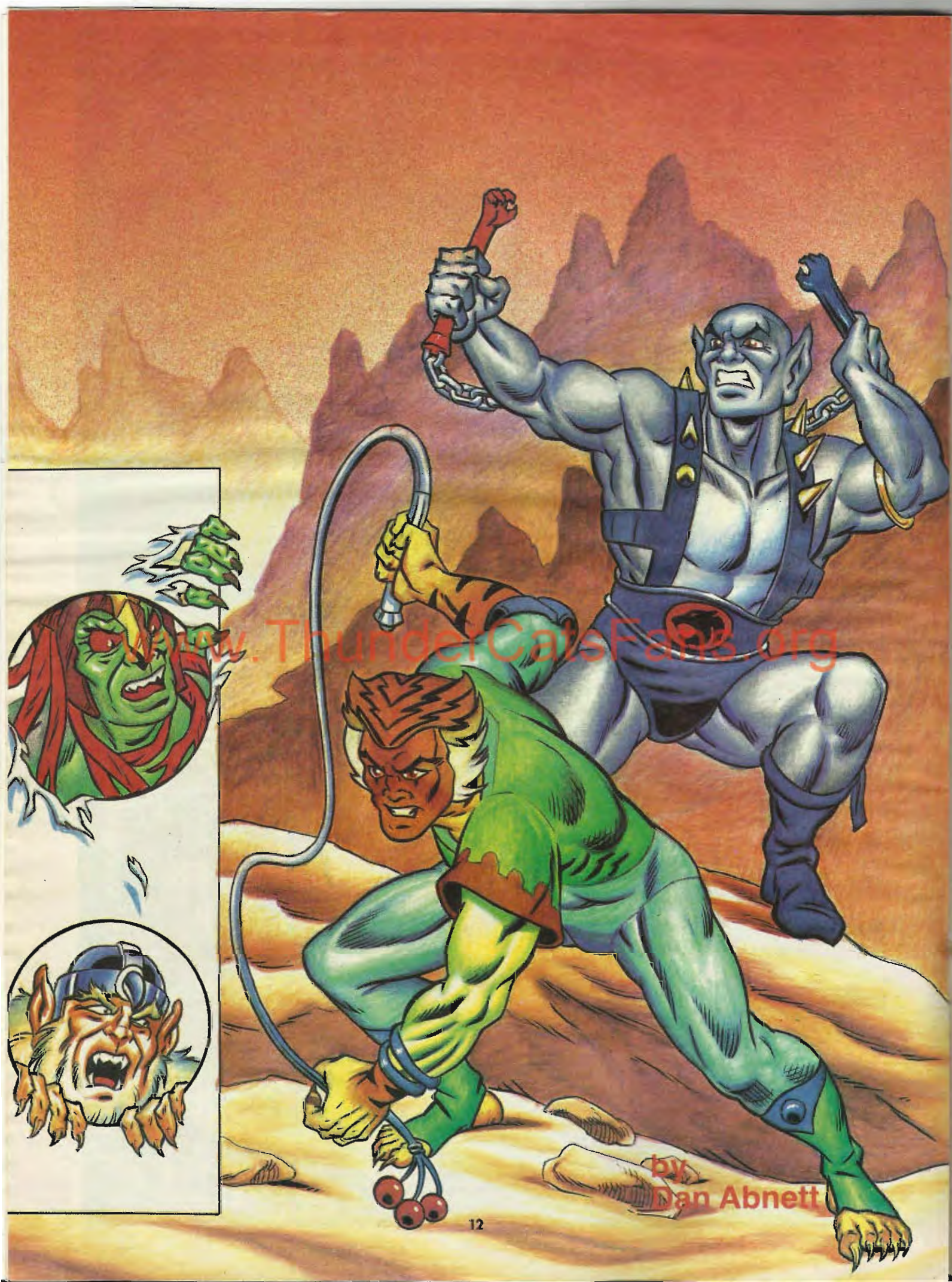
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B+0





Clockwork Chaos!



The crag was high ... very high, with steep cliffs all around.

Beyond, on every side, were the sharp spires of the Fire Rock mountain range. About the cliff top, the gale still howled with relentless fury. Betha, of the Warrior Women Tribe, shivered and looked round at her sister in arms, Zoe. "This is a mess and no mistake!" murmured Betha. "I'm afraid that with no way down from here we're rather facing the final curtain!"

Zoe nodded grimly. "It was so stupid of us to test the new hot air balloon with a storm gathering." She looked round at the crumpled basket and tattered material that was the sad remains of the craft that had brought them here. "Now we're well and truly stuck ... and I'm afraid no one is going to come after us in this weather!"

The two girls huddled closer together for warmth, aware that time for them was running out ...



When the storm came, Lion-O knew the Thundercats would be needed before too long. The terrible winds ripped against the walls of Cat's Lair, and within an hour appeals for help had come in from the Berbils, the Tuska and the Nai people, all of whom had suffered damage from air and sea. Lion-O sent Pumyra, Lynx-O, Bengali and Snarf out to help the Berbils and the Tuskas, and was about to lead the other Cats out to the Nai village when the call came in from Willa, leader of the Warrior Women Tribe. "Willa says two of her women in a hot air balloon have been swept off into the Fire Rock Range," Lion-O told Tygra and Panthro. "Can you get to

them and give a hand? We're going to be busy enough with the Nai people."

So it was that Panthro and Tygra headed out for the Fire Rocks. The winds were too strong to use any of the Thundercats' flying craft, and soon they had to abandon the Thundertank and press on, by foot.

"I hope wind and rocks are all that we have to deal with," muttered Panthro grimly to Tygra as he hauled him up the first of the jagged cliffs in their way ...



With a chuckle, Mumm-Ra turned away from the fading image of the two Thundercats in his oily cauldron. "Perfect," he mused, "two Thundercats separated from their friends and ready to be ambushed."

He looked round to where the mutant Monkian was standing. "You know I

have chosen you for this because of your great climbing talent, Monkian? Take this to the area of the Fire Rocks the Thundercats are presently in and turn the handle ...” Mumm-Ra held out the small metal box, which bore a brass funnel, a copper chimney and a little bronze handle.

“What is it, Great One?” Monkian asked.

“A device of mine ... when you use it, it makes an endless stream of mechanical warriors who will attack the first thing they see. Take care, therefore to point it at the Thundercats when you work it. Now are you sure you are up to a job like this?”

“Hey,” said Monkian, in a hurt voice, “I’m not S-S-Slithe, ya know ...!”

man-shaped metal figure, chuffing steam from a chimney stack where its nose should have been. With a clank and a whir, the first of the mechanical horrors rattled off towards the ‘Cats, an army of his fellows following on behind.

Monkian chuckled. “Mumm-Ra will be pleased to know his plan is running like *clockwork* ...!”



In a blurr of bright blue, Panthro’s numchuks whirled round again and struck away yet another of the clockwork horrors. Tygra’s whip cracked, sending yet another falling back, but the weight of numbers was against them.

“How do we get out of this one, Tygra!” yelled Panthro over the noise of battle.



Leaping up to the next crag, with Mumm-Ra’s box cradled under his arm Monkian grinned with pleasure. Ahead, clearly preparing to climb the first leg of one of the Fire Rock Range’s most massive spires were the Thundercats Tygra and Panthro.

Setting down the box, he aimed the funnel at his foes, and began to wind the handle. In an instant, a blob of cogs and steam plopped out of the funnel followed by a second and a third. By the time the fourth had emerged, the first had grown into a small

"These metal monsters have the edge in numbers, and we've got nowhere to run to!"

Tygra risked a glance behind him, but Panthro was right. The cliff was sheer and impossible to climb. This was going to be the end for them ...

A rope flapped down the cliff and swung invitingly in reach. "I don't believe it!" yelled Tygra. "Panthro! We are leaving! Come on ...!"



"... we saw you below and thought we had to do something ..." explained Betha. "That rope from our balloon was the only thing we could think of."

"Well, it's much appreciated," said Tygra, as the four of them crouched on the top of the crag.

"I hate to disappoint you, but it may only have been a temporary reprieve," warned Panthro, glancing over the edge. "It won't take those creeps long to find a way up here and then we really will have nowhere to run to."

"Can't we use your balloon to escape?" asked Tygra. "The wind's dropped to a breeze now, the storm's died."

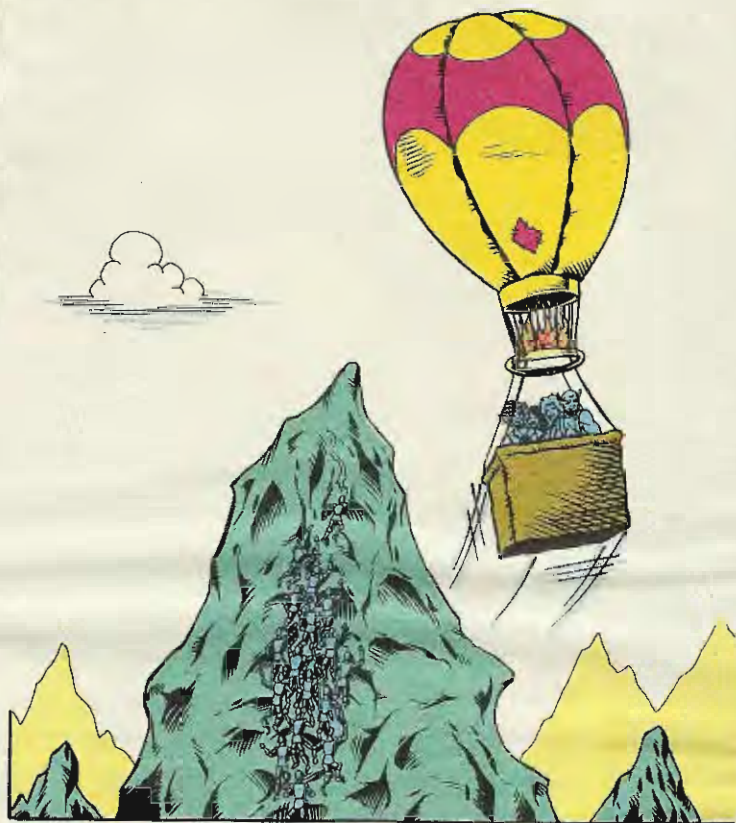
"The balloon's patched," sighed Zoe, "but we've no way of inflating it. We lost our burners ... we can't produce the hot air."

Tygra thought for a moment, then looked at Panthro with a grin. "Do you think we can grab a hold of the first metal maniac that comes over the edge? I've got an idea ... and it's *hot*!"



The smile died on Monkian's face. There was no mistaking the four figures in the basket of the balloon that drifted away from him and the Fire Rocks overhead: Panthro, Tygra and the two Warrior Women. They had escaped! But that wasn't

Monkian's primary concern at that moment. Above him on the cliff face



were several thousand robot monsters who would soon be looking for a new target. Monkian began to run ...



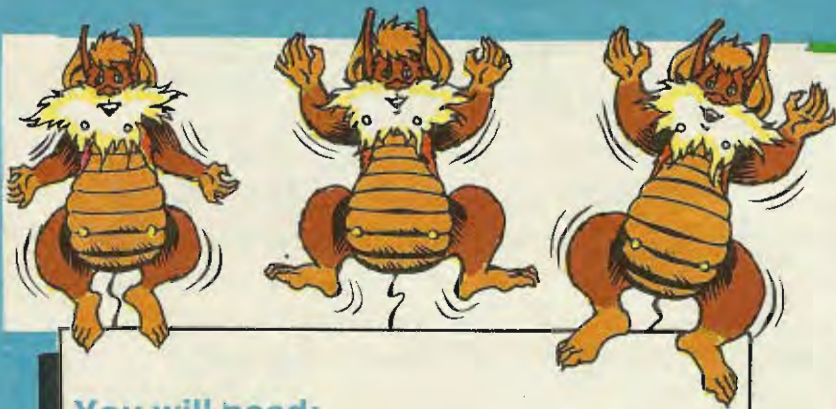
With Third Earth spread gloriously out beneath them, the four balloon riders relaxed at last.

"A fine idea of yours to use the boiler furnace of one of these machine men as a hot air burner for the balloon!" laughed Panthro.

"I have my moments ..." smiled Tygra.

"What's that?" asked Betha, pointing down at a little figure far below that was hurtling down the cliffs with the robot army in pursuit. Panthro and Tygra peered down carefully, and then exchanged a grin. "I haven't the faintest idea ..." said Panthro.

NEXT: Trick or Treat?



Make a Snarf Puppet!

You will need:

A sheet of thin card. A red crayon.
Scissors Four paper clips.
Tracing paper. Cotton.

Ask an adult to help you.



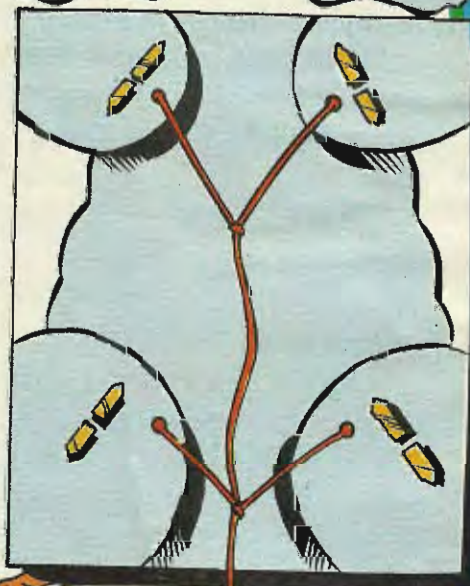
1. Stick these pages on to thin card. Cut around Snarf's arms and legs, carefully marking the circles' positions.

2. Make holes in the card and join the arms and legs to the body at the points marked with the paper fasteners.

3. Thread a short length of cotton between two small holes in the arms and tie it, but not too tightly. Do the same with the legs.

4. Finally, tie a length of cotton to the centre of the shorter pieces.

5. Gently pull the long length of cotton and watch Snarf jump about.







Send your jokes to: Thundercats
Ho Ho Ho, Marvel Comics Ltd,
13-15 Arundel Street, London,
WC2R 3DX.

Where do the Thundercats go on holiday?

Katmandu!

Russ Crooby,
Ilford.

Why don't cats shave?

Because nine out of ten cats purrr fer whiskers!

Stuart Phipps,
Dawlish.

What skims across the Channel barking at cats?

Hovercrafts!

Michelle McNutt,
Poole.

How do you make a Swiss roll?

Throw him off the top of the Alps!

Bobby Spiers,
Essex.

What cat lives in the ocean?

An octopus!

Tony Parker,
Dyfed.

Why couldn't the leopard escape from the zoo?

He was always spotted!

Richard Jones,
Carnoustie.

What do you get if you cross a cat with a chemist?

Puss in Boots!

Anon.

What do you get if you cross . . .

A cat with a Chinese leader?

Miaow Tse Tung!

A cat with a Chinese city?

A peking tom!

A cat with a lemon?

A sourpuss!

A cat with a ball of wool?

Mittens!

A cat with a tin of plasters?

First Aid kit!

A cat with a coin?

Money in the kitty!

SIGHT BEYOND SIGHT!

In issue 95



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THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 208** It's Armageddon in the Arctic as the Autobots, responding to a distress call, meet the Decepticons! Don't miss part 1 of **Dark Star**, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt. Also find out just what it is that Starscream has been after all this time!

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 39** Peter and Egon find themselves in the money in **Ghoul Street Crash**, by Flaxman and Wildman. Even the breakfast isn't safe in **This Ghost is Toast**, by Brenner and Elliot, and there's a ghost in need of support in **Ghost Buttress**, by Brenner and Williams.

☐ **ACTION FORCE 10** Not one, not two, not three, but FOUR great stories! Thrill to **Blood Brothers** by Rimmer and Johnson, **BATS Out Of Hell** by Rimmer, Marshall and Harwood, **War Correspondent** by Rimmer (again?), Wildman and Baskerville, and **Run to Ground**, by Furman, Hopgood and Harwood.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 9** The cataclysmic conclusion to the N.U.R.S.E. saga! As Dragon and Slaughterhouse battle for the amusement of N.U.R.S.E.'s maniacal Matron, the Claws must form a decidedly uneasy alliance... with the Evil Dead! **Treatment** is by Furman and Senior.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 94** There's lots to read and do in this week's new look issue, with part 3 of **Astral Prison** by Rimmer, Wetherell and Baskerville, a Snarf puppet to make, a Cheetara poster, and a new jokes page! Also a text story by Abnett, **Clockwork Chaos**.

ON SALE NOW!