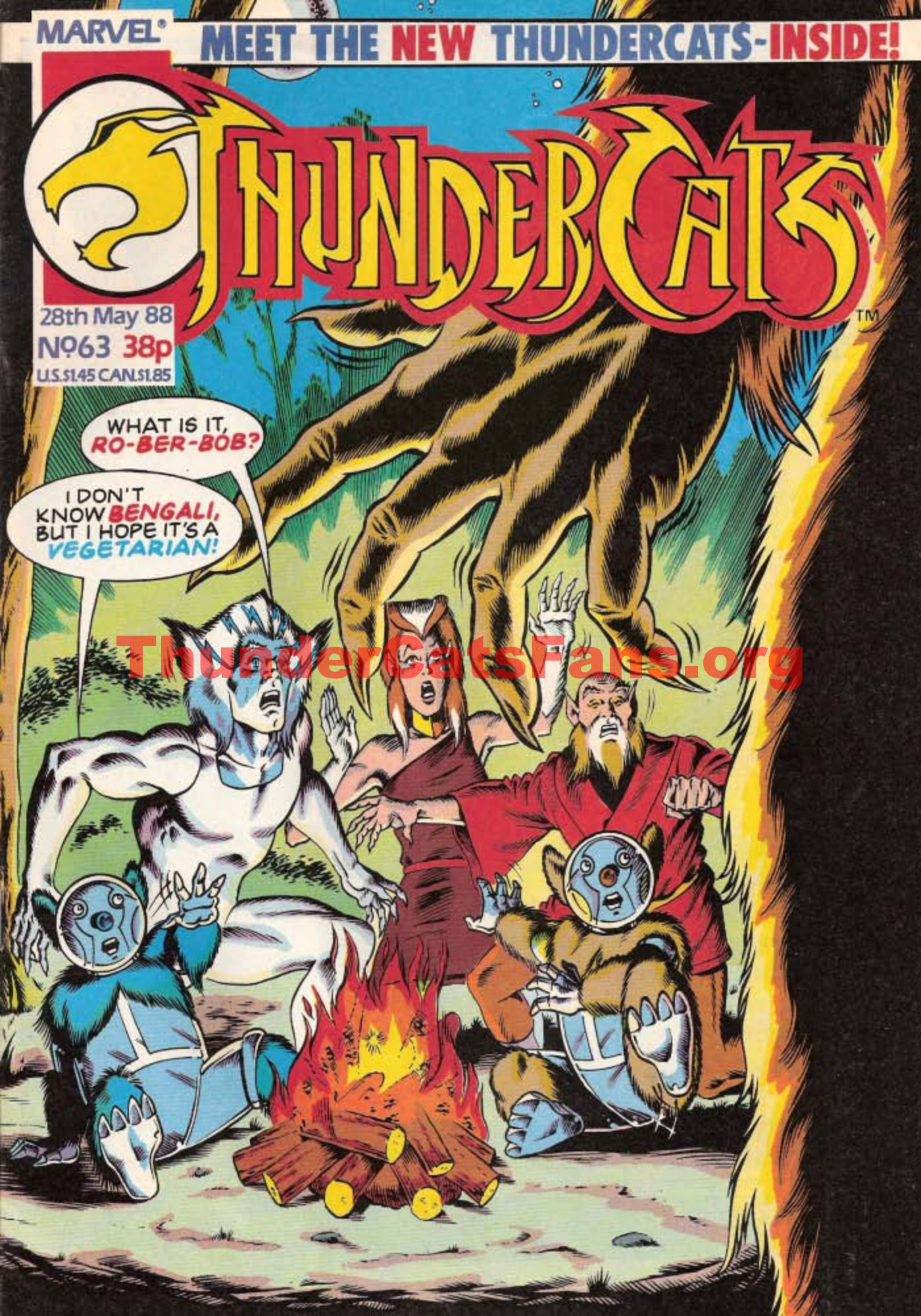


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THE CATS' LAIR

LION-O.A.P! The Thundrillium in the *Cave of Time* has laid waste to Lion-O. To make matters worse for the aged leader of the Thundercats, he has fallen into the tender clutches of S-S-Slithe. The Plun-Darrian hopes to restore his foes' former youthful vigour at the magical *Geyser of Life then* finish him off once and for all! But Thundercat Cheetara has other plans! She rushes to the aid of her friend and leader, but things go terribly wrong, when in the ensuing melee, the two combatants fall into the geyser. There, the mystical waters of this legendary fountain reduce Cheetara and S-S-Slithe to young children, knee-high to a berbil! How do they close the generation gap? Read the fantastic finale to *Year of the Cat*! and find out! This week, there's another chance to become a Thunder-Warrior and join the *Thundercats Fan Club* – but remember, any mail regarding the club should not be sent to us here at Marvel. Instead, if you have any problems, write to the Fan Club address provided. *Thunder-Chat* is back this week, while *Mini-Poster* 40 features the cover of THUNDERCATS 45. *Thunder-Art* is followed by the continuing adventures of Lynx-O, Pumyra and Bengali in this issue's text story – *Destiny Atoll!*, while *Power Pack* finds Kofi in a tight corner on Snarkworld in episode 3 of *When You Wish Upon A Star!* So there you have it – THUNDERCATS 63! Get it and get a Tiger by the tail!

3 **YEAR OF THE CAT!** – Part 4

9 **THUNDERCATS FAN CLUB PAGE**

10 **THUNDER-CHAT**

12 **MINI-POSTER – THUNDERCATS** COVER 45

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15 **DESTINY ATOLL** – Text Story 4

18 **POWER PACK** – When You Wish Upon A Star – Part 3

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THUNDERCATS 63
COVER ART **MARTIN GRIFFITHS/ STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**
COLOUR BY **EUAN PETERS**

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Editor **STEVE WHITE** Assistant Editor **EUAN PETERS**



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Script **STEVE ALAN** Breakdowns **ELWOOD P. DOWDES** Finished Art **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** Letters **GLOP** Colour **WEASEL**







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SNARF'S SWAPS

Swap: Lion-O (good condition, all weapons)
Wanted: Pumyra (good condition, all weapons)
Contact: Michael Heafield, 62 Devonshire Road, Maltby, nr. Rotherham S66 7DQ.

Swap: Issues 37, 38, 39.
Wanted: Issues 5, 6, 7.
Contact: Robin Dowse, 5 Fitzgerald Road, Lewes, Sussex BN7 2JB.

TOP CATS

Best Cover: Issue 24
Best Story: Friend or Foe – Part 1
Best Artist: Stephen Baskerville
Best Writer: Ian Rimmer
Best Issue: 16
Top Cats selections by Claire Pearson of Coulsdon

Dear Lion-O,
In issue 51, Snarf asked that if there were ever a real-life Thundercats movie, who should play the Thunder-heroes? I think that Ralph Macchio should play you, Morten Harket should be Tygra, Jason Bateman should be Panthro, Michael J. Fox should be Lynx-O, Debbie Greenwood should be Pymyra, Phillip Schoffield should be Bengali, Sarah Greene should be Cheetara, Kylie Minogue (Neighbours) could play Wilykit, Jason Donavon could be Wilykat and Dolph Lundgren could be Jaga. Also, Timothy Dalton could be Jackalman, Michael Douglas can play Mumm-ra, Andy Crane could play S-S-Slithe and Paul Daniels could be Monkian.
Melanie Dent,
Reading.
P.S. Snarf is cute.

Thank you very much, Melanie! It looks like you've put a lot of thought into this. Obviously, I don't know who all of these Terrestrials are, but I wonder if anybody else has any ideas on the subject? Write and let me know!

Dear Snarf,
I think your comic is great. Of course, you are the best Thundercat along with Cheetara, Tygra, Panthro, Lion-O and the two Wilys. I have some questions:-
1) Where did the Eye of Thundera come from?
2) How old are you?
3) Who made the Sword of Omens?
4) Who made Cat's Lair?
Tell the Thundercats what I said and I'll say it again – your comic is great!
Paul Bullard,
Newcastle.

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Paul! Here are some answers:-
1) Not even Jaga knows the origin of the Eye, so I can't help you there. Sorry!
2) Don't be personal!
3) Lion-O's ancestor, Leonus the Wanderer, found the Sword of Omens in an ancient lava basin on Mount Grimalkin, a dormant volcano. There'll be more on the origins of the Sword of Omens and the history of the Thundercats in this year's great new Thundercats Annual. Don't miss it!
4) Tygra designed and built Cats Lair, a fact he never tires of telling the rest of us!

Dear Snarf,
What do you and all the Thundercats do when you are not fighting Mumm-Ra? I like to play games and read books.
Daniel Wilton.

How about sleeping? Snarf! Snarf! We don't get much spare time with ol' bandage-face about, but in the odd moment I've seen Lion-O playing with his teddy, Cheetara mending the holes in her running shoes, Panthro polishing the Thundertank and the Wilys in the kitchen – MY kitchen! I never seem to be able to find Tygra. Funny, that. So there you are, Daniel!

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THUNDERCATS™

MINI-POSTER Nº40



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THUNDER ART

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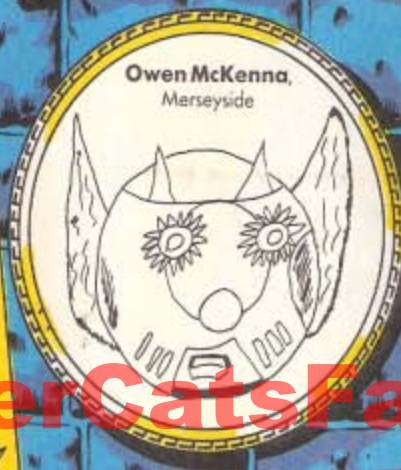




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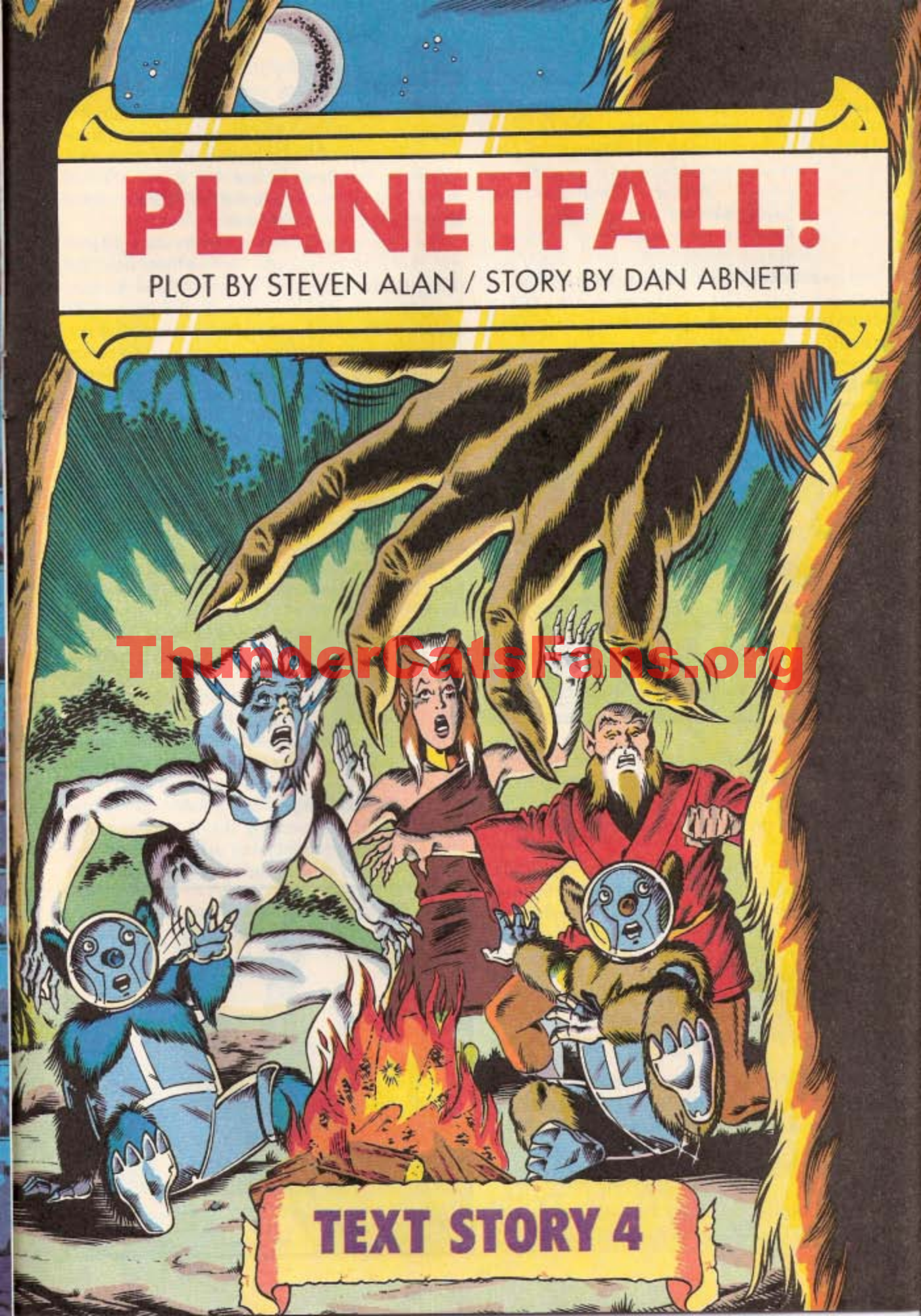


Angela Keogh, Southampton

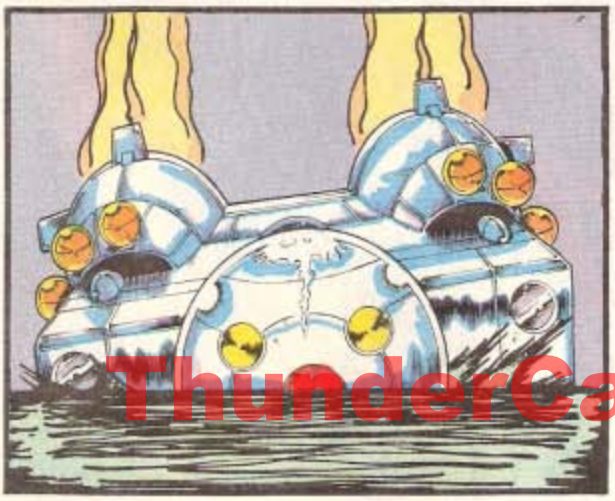


Teresa Vaughan, Lincoln

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PLANETFALL!
PLOT BY STEVEN ALAN / STORY BY DAN ABNETT
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TEXT STORY 4

In the beginning, there was dark... but Ro-ber-Bob fumbled with the reserve generators and, moments later, there was light. The auxilliary filaments in the wall panels glowed numbly, and there they were, three Thundercats; Pumyra, Bengali and Lynx-O, and two Berbils; Ro-ber-Bob and Ro-ber-Bert, five refugees from a world that had been splintered by some gravitational nut-cracker. They stood in the false dusk of emergency lighting, in a disabled starship that had recently made planetfall on an unknown world at an unknown time.



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Lynx-O suggested it was time to investigate their surroundings and their situation. The Berbils scurried forward to the control units and activated what systems they could.

"Hmmm," said Ro-ber-Bob. "All the ship's drive and navigational systems are burned out beyond repair. I'm afraid that the *Vanguard of Ro-Bear* will never make another trip."

"Oh golly," said Ro-ber-Bert." Sensors show a large volume of saline based hydrogen/oxygen mix leaking into our hydraulic landing gear!"

"Come again?" said Bengali, leaning forward.

"Salt water!" exclaimed Ro-bert-Bob. "We're sinking!"

Ro-ber-Bert hurried through the gloom and yanked open the seal release on the airlock. Cold daylight and a hint of soft breeze drifted in. "One small step..." murmured the Berbil, and disappeared. There was a pause, followed by a small splash.

"Ro-ber-Bert?" called Pumyra anxiously. "Where are you? Are you all right?"

The three Thundercats ran to the palely lit hatchway with Ro-ber-Bob and looked out. Below, on the soft rise of a sandy beach, Ro-ber-Bert floundered in the shallows of the surf. "We've landed at the tidemark," called Ro-ber-Bert. "Come on down. It's not deep!" he added, despite the fact that the water lapped about his portly waist.

The others swung down out of the useless Berbil ship that had so valiantly carried them from the dying planet Thundera. Bengali helped Ro-ber-Bob down to join his fellow Berbil in the little breakers. They took in the scene: a wide, blue sky, darkening towards evening, a vast, rolling ocean behind them, and ahead, a wide sandy beach sweeping up into the rich green of dense jungle.

"I can feel the wind, the sea around my feet... where are we?" asked Lynx-O, hating his blindness more than ever.

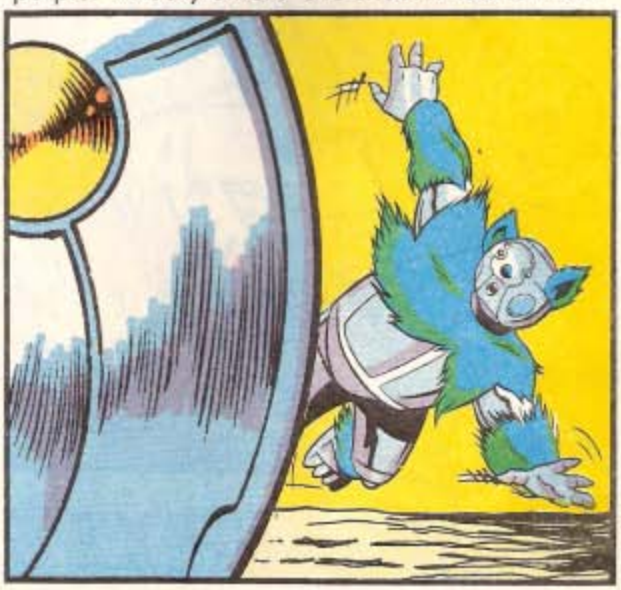
"We're on a beach..." replied Pumyra, "the beach of a desert island surrounded by ocean. It's beautiful... but so lonely."

"It's some remote atoll," said Bengali. "No one here, it seems, but us. We're all alone... but we're alive!"

"We must be thankful," said Lynx-O, "that our destiny was to survive. If this place needs a name, let it be 'Destiny Atoll'."

"That's a good name" replied Bengali. Beside him, Ro-ber-Bert, scrambling for the shore, slipped in the waves and sprawled with a splash and a squeal. "And I guess this should be called 'Downfall Beach'."

"Look!" cried Pumyra. She pointed up into the deep blue of the evening sky. A shooting star burned for a moment, hot white against the purple. "A lucky omen!" she cried. "Make a wish!"



Later, as night fell, the five travellers huddled around a hastily made fire at the edge of the treeline. The air had turned cold, and strange bird calls screeched out of the forest. The *Vanguard of Ro-Bear* was now no more than a distant shadow down the beach. The ocean rolled around it in distant whispers.

They were all a little uneasy about their new surroundings, yet exhaustion overcame their fears. The Berbils were curled close to the fire, worn-out by the events of the landing. The firelight shone from their metal body shells.

"Despite our nervousness about this strange new world," said Lynx-O after a while, "we must get what rest we can. Tomorrow we must explore the atoll; find a source of food, fresh water and perhaps other inhabitants. Let's make the most of the night."

"We don't yet know how long a night *is*." remarked Bengali ominously." Pumyra scowled playfully at Bengali. "Pesimist!" she said, "What does that matter now we're safe here on Third Earth?"

Somewhere nearby through the dark trees, a large something uttered a long, deep growl.

"I think you spoke a little too soon!" announced Bengali. "What was that?"

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They were all suddenly awake. The Berbils cowered behind Pumyra and Bengali who crouched, defensively, beside Lynx-O. Something growled again and seemed to move closer. They could hear the undergrowth being pushed aside.

"Oh my!" gasped Ro-ber-Bert." It sounds very big, whatever it is!"

"Quiet!" hissed Lynx-O, but even the eldest and wisest of the travellers couldn't stop the icey feeling of fear that clung to him. The noises moved closer, and a great dark bulk loomed out of the jungle towards the firelight. It seemed taller than the trees, taller than anything they had ever seen before. Lynx-O felt so helpless, not even able to see the hulking shadow.

"Dear me!" said Ro-ber-Bob. "Do we run now, or do we sit and hope it doesn't see us?"

But he joined the others in shocked silence as the something moved into the firelight. The something was vast, like a bear but built like a mountain, Powerful arms parted the undergrowth as it shambled forward, its eyes gleaming dully. It was, though they did not know it, the Metokangmi, the greatest, most massive creature to inhabit the fantastic lands of Third Earth.



"Do we fight it?" asked Pumyra desperately.

"Sticks and stones against that?" breathed Bengali. "We wouldn't stand a chance! I'm sorry to say it, but after all we've been through, I'm afraid our adventures are going to come to an end at the hands of that walking hill coming our way!"

The Metokangmi loomed over them like a cliff face. Too terrified to move, the five travellers waited for the huge beast to strike, sure that it was all over.

The Metokangmi snuffled something at them. It hunkered down and sat its massive bulk down by the fire. With surprisingly delicate paws, it hooked down some fruit from an overhanging tree and sat presenting the soles of its hindfeet to the fire. As it ate and warmed itself, something like a gentle smile crossed its huge face.

"Well I'll be..." said Bengali. "It just wants warmth in the night. It's not going to attack!"

"What a night!" said Pumyra. "Arrival, a lost island and an enormous monster that likes eating plants. And a shooting star..!"

"What did you wish, Ro-ber-Bert?" asked Bengali.

"Same as earlier," replied the Berbil. "Even though it seems safe enough, I don't like things that big, particularly in the middle of the night," he chuckled. "All I wished was 'Let there be light!'"

In the morning, which only took six Thunderian hours to come, there *was* light, and the Metokangmi had gone back to the forest. Now it was up to the three Thundercats and their Berbil friends to explore the Third Earth island Destiny Atoll properly.

NEXT: **DISTRESS SIGNAL**



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