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THUNDERCATS™

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THE CATS' LAIR

BE-WITCHED! Wilykit and Wilykat's first encounter with the *Netherwitch* has not been pleasant. First imprisoned, the Wilys have now been hypnotised and their spirits transported to *Fire Rock Mountain*. There, amid the scalding fire pits of deadly Thundranium, the sorceress hopes for a quick decision on which one of the young Thunderians will be her next apprentice. Could this be a fate worse than death? Will the Wilys remain loyal to Lion-O and the Code of Thundera? Or will one of them end up as the next witches' cat? There's only one way to find out – read *Flight of the Netherwitch* part two! There's a full complement of features this issue, opening with another fantastic *Fact File*. This week it profiles the beautiful bounty hunter, Lynxana. Snarf delves into the mail sack for another *Thunder-Chat* on page 10, while there's a *Mini-Poster* part two in the brilliant cover of THUNDERCATS 47. *Thunder-Art* returns on page 15 – remember to keep those pictures coming! There's a new text story on page 16, featuring not the New Thundercats (who've taken a break for a couple of weeks), but those old favourites, Cheetara and Tygra. Find out what they get up to when they meet the new boy in town, Captain Shiner, in *Brothers in Arms!* With the explosive climax of the latest *Power Pack* adventure, what more could you want? A glossy coat, those glowing eyes, it has to be – THUNDERCATS 65!

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A QUESTION:

What is the difference between Thundranium and Thundrillium?

Answer: Aside from the fact that Thundrillium has a lower atomic number (look that up in your chemistry books!), Thundranium happens to be highly dangerous to Thundercats. However, Thundrillium, principal power source on Third Earth, is virtually harmless to the Thunderians – unless, of course, you drop a large crystal of it in Snarf's Berbilfruit yoghurt. Now the more observant among you will have noticed that, in Cats Lair for the past few weeks, poor old Thundrillium has been blamed for the hideous misfortunes that befell Lion-O during the story, *Year of the Cat!* Well, the time has come to wipe the slate clean, to set the record straight. Thundrillium is innocent of the crimes it is supposed to have committed. The real culprit is the highly toxic Thundranium. This particularly nasty substance can be found in large quantities in the fire pits around Fire Rock Mountain, as those responsible for this appalling error are about to find out . . .

THUNDERCATS 65 COVER ART
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE
COLOUR BY **STEVE WHITE**

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THUNDERCATS FACT FILE No15

NAME: Lynxana The Hunter

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Thundera

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: 138 lbs

EYES: Green

HAIR: Dark Brown

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Lynxana is a rogue Thundercat, a member of the *Polska Felidae* tribe of noblecats on ancient Thundera. The seeds of Lynxana's rebellion were sown in early childhood, in a kayak race across the deadly Sabre Tooth Rapids. Though her comrades steered their kayaks clear of the most dangerous waters, Lynxana braved the treacherous Weir of Lost Souls – and won the race. Lynxana's courage and determination made her the natural choice as next tribe leader; but when her brother was appointed instead, she rebelled, attempting to seize the power she felt she deserved. As punishment, Lion-O's father Claudus (the last Emperor of Thundera) banished Lynxana to deep space, where she spent years wandering the galaxy as the most feared bounty hunter of them all. Her travels brought her to Third Earth, where S-S-Slithe's Evil Mutants had hired her to capture Lion-O and his fellow Thundercats. Eventually an uneasy truce was reached – but when Lynxana and the 'Cats meet again, will it be as friends – or enemies...?

Script **STEVE ALLEN** Illustration **JIM MOONEY/ BRETT BREEDING**

SNARF'S SWAPS

Swaps: Panthro (good condition, all weapons).
Wanted: Bengali (good condition, all weapons).
Contact: Karl Englishby, 2 Shutford Road, Nr Banbury, Oxon, OX15 6BU.

Swap: Nose Diver and Sword of Omens.
Wanted: Bengali and Lynx-O with all weapons.
Contact: Matthew Wicks, Chungton Road, East Sussex, BN 25 4HP.

TOP CATS

Best Cover: Issue 42
Best Story: Excalibur
Best Artist: Martin Griffiths
Best Writer: Steve Perry
Best Issue: No 32
Top Cats selections from Niki Hill, Jedburgh.

Dear Snarf,
Why does Lion-O go out on his own?
Ben Readman,
Newmarket.

Because he can't get anyone to go with him! Snarf, snarf!

Dear Tygra,
You are my favourite Thundercat. I have some questions for you:–
1. How do you vanish?
2. How do you get on with Snarf?
3. Which Thundercat do you like best?
I know lots of readers say this, but **THUNDERCATS** is great!
Nicholas Lawrence,
Tamworth.

Do you know how difficult it was to FIND Tygra and ask him your questions? I did finally track him down and got some answers out of him:–
1. He just thinks about it and it happens (A likely story, Snarf! Snarf!).
2. VERY well. (I made him say that).
3. Panthro. (I know why that is – Panthro lets Tygra drive the Thundertank sometimes!)

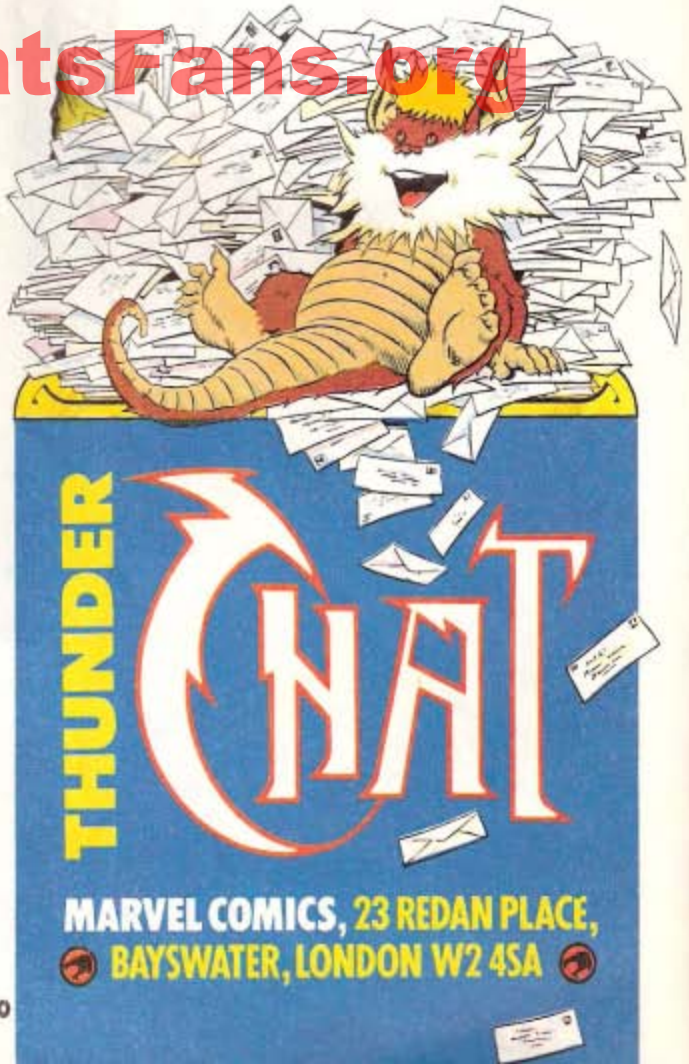
Dear Snarf,
I have got the video **'Thundercats Ho!'** and I think it is very good. I have some questions for you:–
1. How did the mutants know that the Thundercats were going to Third Earth?
2. Why didn't the mutants grow old in space like Jaga did?
3. Where does Panthro get the stuff to build things like the Thundertank?
Joseph Barker,
Bristol.

Glad to hear you like our film, Joseph! As for your questions:–
1. They didn't – the rotters were just following us to cause trouble.
2. They probably had suspension chambers like we did.
3. Some of the bits came from the wreck of our ship, but I've noticed some of the cooking pots have gone missing from my kitchen recently! Snarf! Snarf!

Dear Snarf,
I think you are a very good Cat for looking after Lion- O. Please make sure that you all remain good and well. Also make sure you find the mutants and beat them.
Michael Carroll,
Teignmouth.

You sound like a sensible terrestrial, Michael. Thank you for the praise! You can be sure that I'll do my best to keep everyone out of trouble! (not easy). As for beating the mutants, don't we always? Snarf Snarf!

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MINI-POSTER Nº42



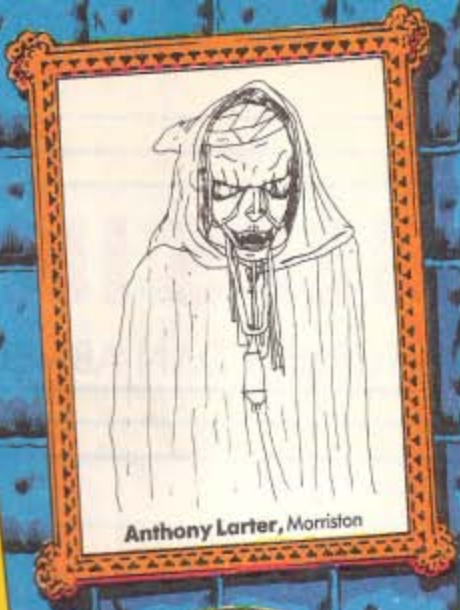
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THUNDER ART

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Anthony Larter, Morriston



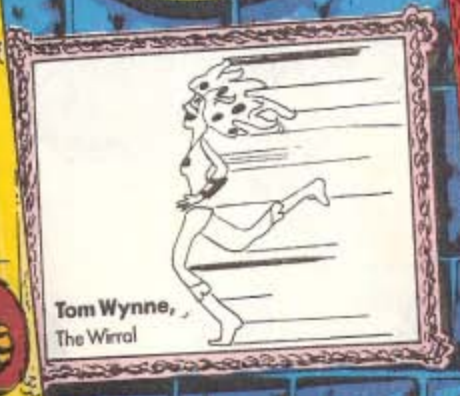
Gerard Canny, County Galway



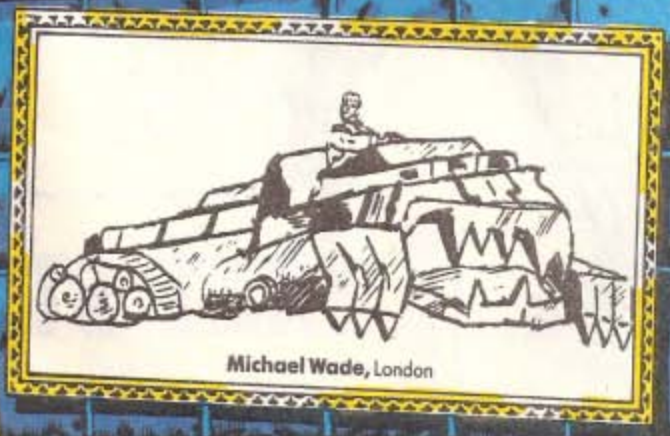
Daniel Kinnersley, Elyton



Ciaran Bannan, County Donegal



Tom Wynne, The Wirral



Michael Wade, London

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BROTHERS IN ARMS

STORY BY DAN ABNETT



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TEXT STORY 6

Something moved in the heart of the forests surrounding Castle Plun-Darr. Invisible under the tree canopies, it could be tracked by the terrible clanking noise it made, a noise like vast metal footsteps, or a berserk steam engine. Ancient black oaks shuddered and shook and crashed down onto the forest floor before its onslaught, until with a particularly massive crunch, the terrible noise ceased, to be replaced by a much quieter growling.



The source of this quieter noise was S-S-Slithe, leader of the Evil Mutants, who was beating his fists against a tree-trunk in frustration. Nearby, the cause of the louder noises sat silently. The Mutant Fist-Pounder, that terrible steel-clad war-machine was embedded in the tree-stump it had been in the process of tearing through. Jackalman, sitting on top of the damaged vehicle, called down to Monkian, who had crawled up into an inspection hatch to make repairs. "Well, Monkey? What's the damage?"

"S-S-Slithe's not going to like this," replied Monkian from below.

"We've sheared the trans-axle. I don't know if I can fix it this time."

S-S-Slithe roared in anger "Why are we plagued by faulty goods? Why does nothing we build work for more than ten minutes?"

"We just can't get the parts," replied Monkian. "Not like those blasted Thundercats. When they build, they build to last. They've got the technology, you see. That Thundertank for instance, anti-lock brakes and a non-rust warranty . . ."

"I'm not interested!" bellowed S-S-Slithe." I just want reliability from a high-performance Battle Machine."

"Then don't look at me," grumbled Monkian." I haven't got the know-how. You'd be better off asking Tygra to build one for you!"

S-S-Slithe was about to thump Monkian for his rudeness, when he suddenly stopped. An evil grin spread over his face. "That," he said, "is the first sensible suggestion you've made since you told me to drive around this tree-stump. Only this time, I'm going to take your advice!"

" . . . and one more makes a hundred." S-S-Slithe placed a last gem on the top of the pile that was spread before him. Across the table, a dark figure leaned forward to look at the riches closely.

"One hundred fire stones, mined from the caves beneath Plun-Darr. With that, S-S-Slithe, you buy my interest."

"Your reputation has preceded you, Captain Shiner." replied the Mutant, "You are said to lead the best team of mercenary soldiers on Third Earth. I would like to hire you for a simple job."

"For these gems, plus another hundred later, we will do as you ask." said Shiner, the firelight glinting off his monocle. "The Thundercat Tygra will be your prisoner here at Plun-Darr by nightfall!"



The sunlight shone golden through the woods near Berbil village, but despite the peace and calm, Tygra stalked forwards cautiously. He would not be caught out this time. He strained his ears to catch the faintest noise, prepared for any sudden attack. Yet when it came, Tygra never even saw his assailant.

"Cheetara!" he said, laughing, seated as he was on the ground where she had pitched him. "As ever, you're quicker than me. You win again!"

Cheetara smiled sweetly as she leaned against the very tree she had sprung from. "That makes five times this afternoon! Training exercises are meant to improve your reactions, you know!"

Tygra had a retort poised on his lips as he stood up, but suddenly he froze and looked about him.

"Oh come on, Tygra," said Cheetara. "I'm not falling for that!"

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"Shhh!" hissed Tygra, "There's something wrong!" A shadow suddenly fell across them and they were blasted as if by a strong wind. Neither Thundercat could move. 'It's some sort of force beam ...' thought Tygra to himself as he struggled in its grip. Then over the roar of the gale, he heard a voice: "Good afternoon. My name is Captain Shiner, and you are my prisoners!"

"I won't do it." said Tygra, fiercely. "Do what you like to me, but I'll not help you!"

"You're in no position to argue, Thundercat," snarled S-S-Slithe. "You may not value your own pelt, but do not forget we have your friend Cheetara prisoner too!"

"Most persuasive, mutant." muttered Shiner from nearby, where he and his men stood guard over Cheetara. S-S-Slithe drew closer to Tygra, gesturing behind him to where the Fist-Pounder still lay embedded in the forest clearing. "Fix it!" he ordered." Then when you've done that, you can fix the Skycutter and all our other vehicles. I want them working better than ever! Do it, or your friend will be the one to suffer!"

Tygra shrugged. "Lead on, S-S-Slithe."

"Tygra! You can't!" shouted Cheetara.

"I've no choice, Cheetara," Tygra answered. "I'm sorry. So what's the problem, S-S-Slithe?"

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"He says he's done it!" yelled Monkian from the top of the Fist-Pounder.

"About time." muttered Shiner, still guarding Cheetara. Evening had by now fallen over the forest, and Mutant, mercenary and Thundercat alike were feeling the chill. "Pay me the rest of my fee, S-S-Slithe" Shiner called, "So I can be on my way."

"After I've tested this machine," replied S-S-Slithe, climbing up onto the Fist-Pounder. Jackalman and Monkian led Tygra over to Shiner and his group, and together they watched. "This better be good, Thundercat!" warned S-S-Slithe as he got behind the controls.

The Fist-Pounder growled into life. Its engines roared out, and the vast bludgeoning fists rose and fell with a resounding crash.

"Perfect!" screamed S-S-Slithe, over the din. "It's perfect!"

"Great," said Jackalman. "So it works. Now can we get some dinner?"

"What's that fool S-S-Slithe doing?" murmured Shiner crossly. "Why doesn't he turn aside?"

They all realised at once the Fist-Pounder was coming straight for them. "*I've lost control!*" screamed a now-frantic S-S-Slithe. "The steering seems locked! What have you done, Thundercat?"



"Oh, just a little programmed mayhem," muttered Tygra. "I suggest, Cheetara, that we move, now!"

In the chaos, the two Thundercats sprang away, as the mutants and the mercenaries dived clear of the flailing Fist-Pounder. It charged on, demolishing trees and shrubs, chasing Shiner's men and the frantic mutants deep into the forst.

"Help us!" screamed Monkian as he ran.

"I can't stop!" yelled S-S-Slithe from the Fist-Pounder.

"Come back here, S-S-Slithe!" bellowed Shiner, giving chase to the wayward tank. "I want my money!"

Tygra and Cheetara watched the bizarre convoy disappear into the twilight, until all that remained was the sound of falling trees and Shiner and S-S-Slithe yelling at each other.

"Let's get home." said Cheetara. "I think you've prevented them giving us anymore trouble for a while yet."

Tygra nodded and smiled. "It was worth it just to see them run like that." he said. "That's something you don't see everyday!"

NEXT: **MYSTIC MAZE!**



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MUMM-RA'S BOILING MAD AND IT'S NOT SURPRISING! The newsagent up at Castle Plun-Darr has sold the last copy of **THUNDERCATS** and now he's going to miss out on his weekly dose of Third Earth thrills and spills! To make sure you don't run the same risks as Mumm-Ra, why not place a regular order with your newsagent. Just follow the simple step-by-step instructions below, and your newsagent will know to reserve you a copy of Marvel's **THUNDERCATS** comic each and every week!

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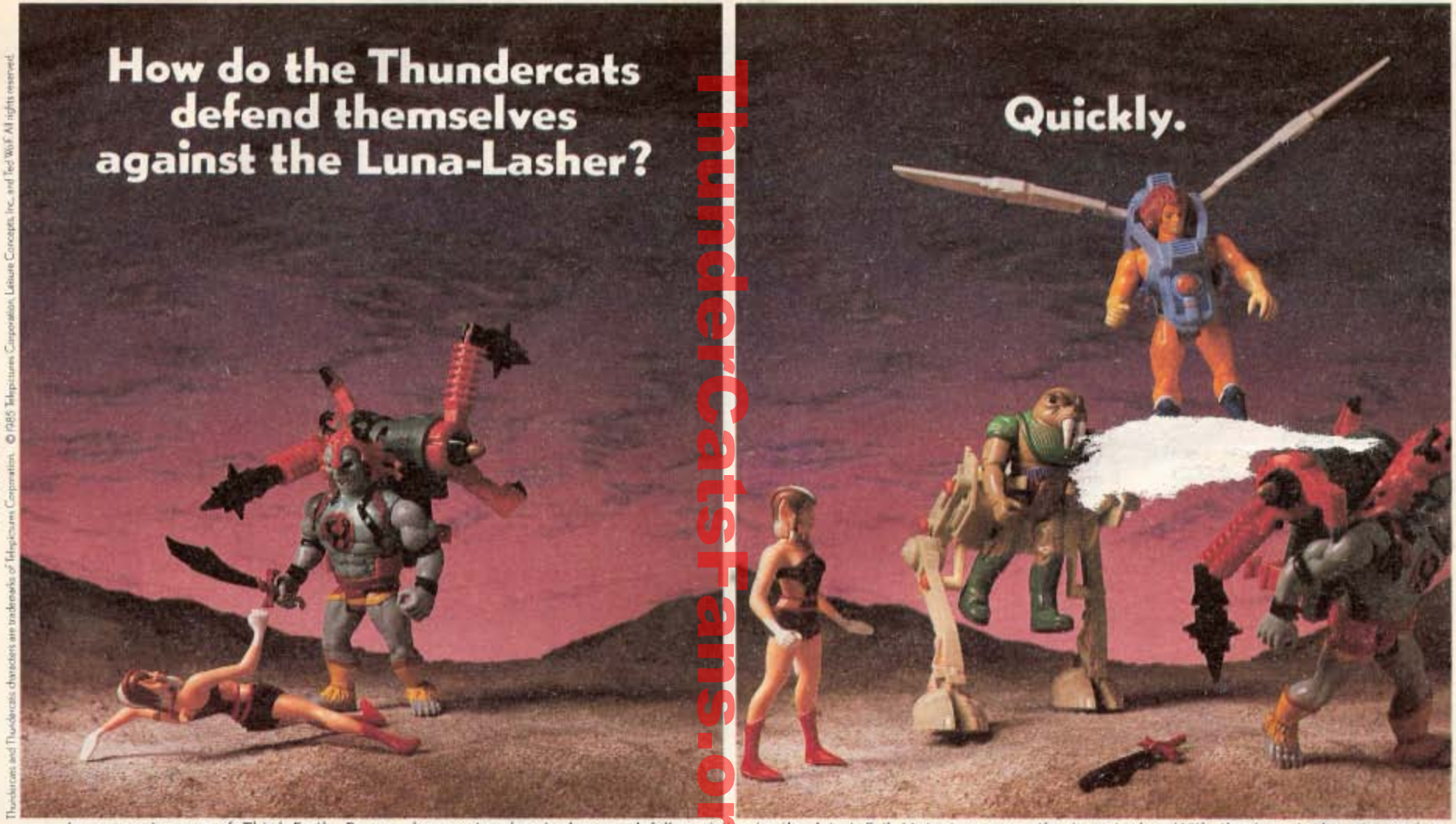
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In a remote area of Third Earth, Pumyra has ventured out alone and fallen victim to the latest Evil Mutant weapon, the Luna-Lasher. With the Luna-Lasher strapped to his back, Mumm-ra can deliver crashing blows to any defenceless Thundercat. But help is at hand. Lion-O, wearing his new fast flying Thunderwings transporter, swoops towards Mumm-ra. Tuska Warrior wastes no time getting to the scene on the giant running legs of his new Stilt Runner, the fastest vehicle on two feet. Thanks to the Thundercats swift new Transporters, Pumyra is soon safe again, as Mumm-ra, who knows when he's outnumbered, retreats.

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