
MARVEL
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THUNDERCATS
TM
2nd July 88
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SORRY, RO-BER-BOB! WE THINK ITS...
RUST!?!
ThunderCatsFan

THE CATS' LAIR







THUNDERCATS 68: COVER ART ART WETHERELL /TIM PERKINS COLOUR BY EUAN PETERS

THIS IS NOT WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED! So thinks Wilykit when her afternoon swim is interrupted by an attacking sea monster. But things aren't as bad as they seem. After being swallowed by the creative, she discovers that it is, in fact, a giant robot that is owned by one Doctor Dometome. He seeks the help of the mighty Thundercats, and when he arrives at Cats Lair in his metallic mount, he has a very interesting, nay terrifying, story to tell. Read all about it in the first part of *Doctor Dometone!* Readers will be pleased to know that *Thunder-Chat* returns on page 10 this week, while there's another great *Mini-Poster*, re-living the cover of THUNDERCATS 50. The Thunder-gallery re-opens for another batch of *Thunder-Art* on page 15, and the New Thundercats have a little *Berbil Trouble* on page 16. With *Power Pack* powerless and at the mercy of Lord Jakal, there can be little doubt that you'll be *feline* groovy when you pick up a copy of THUNDERCATS 68!

Thundercats-ns.org

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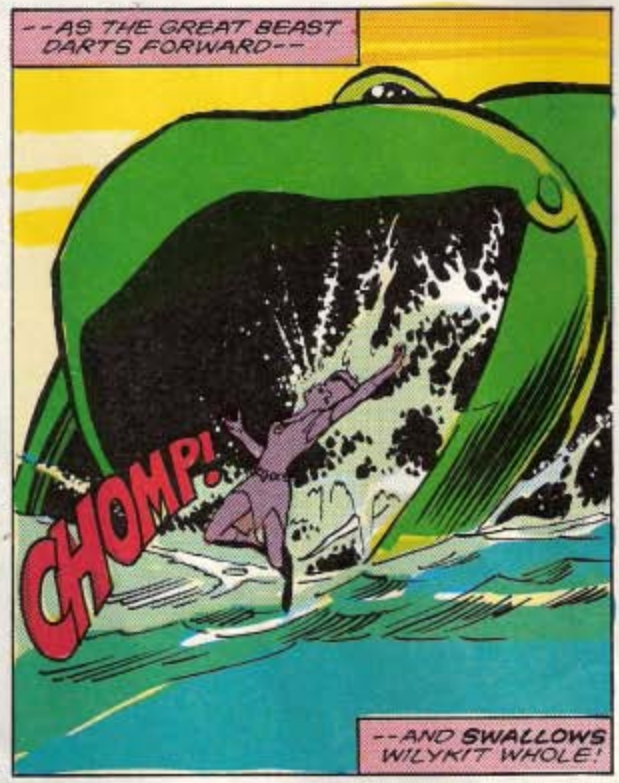
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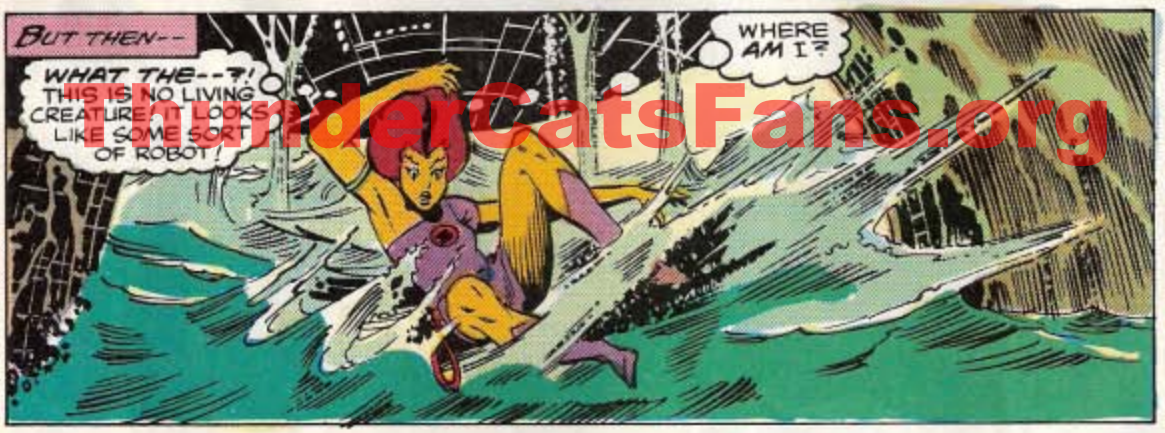


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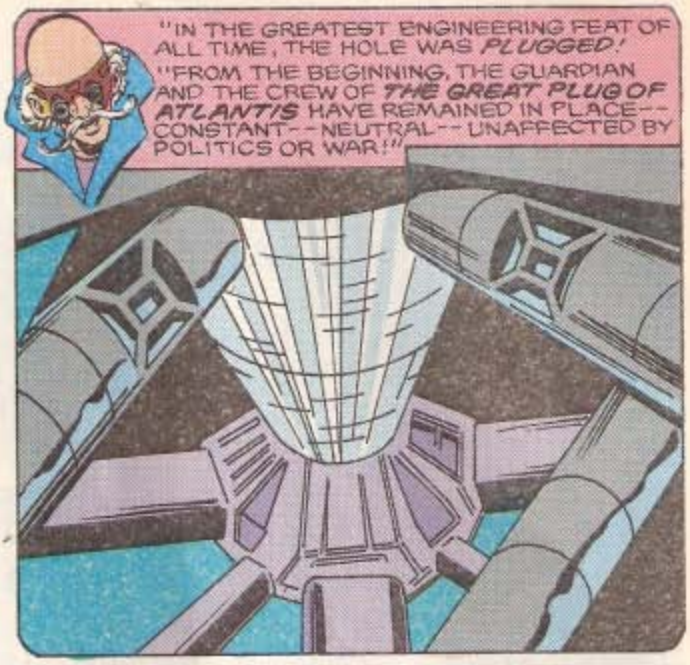




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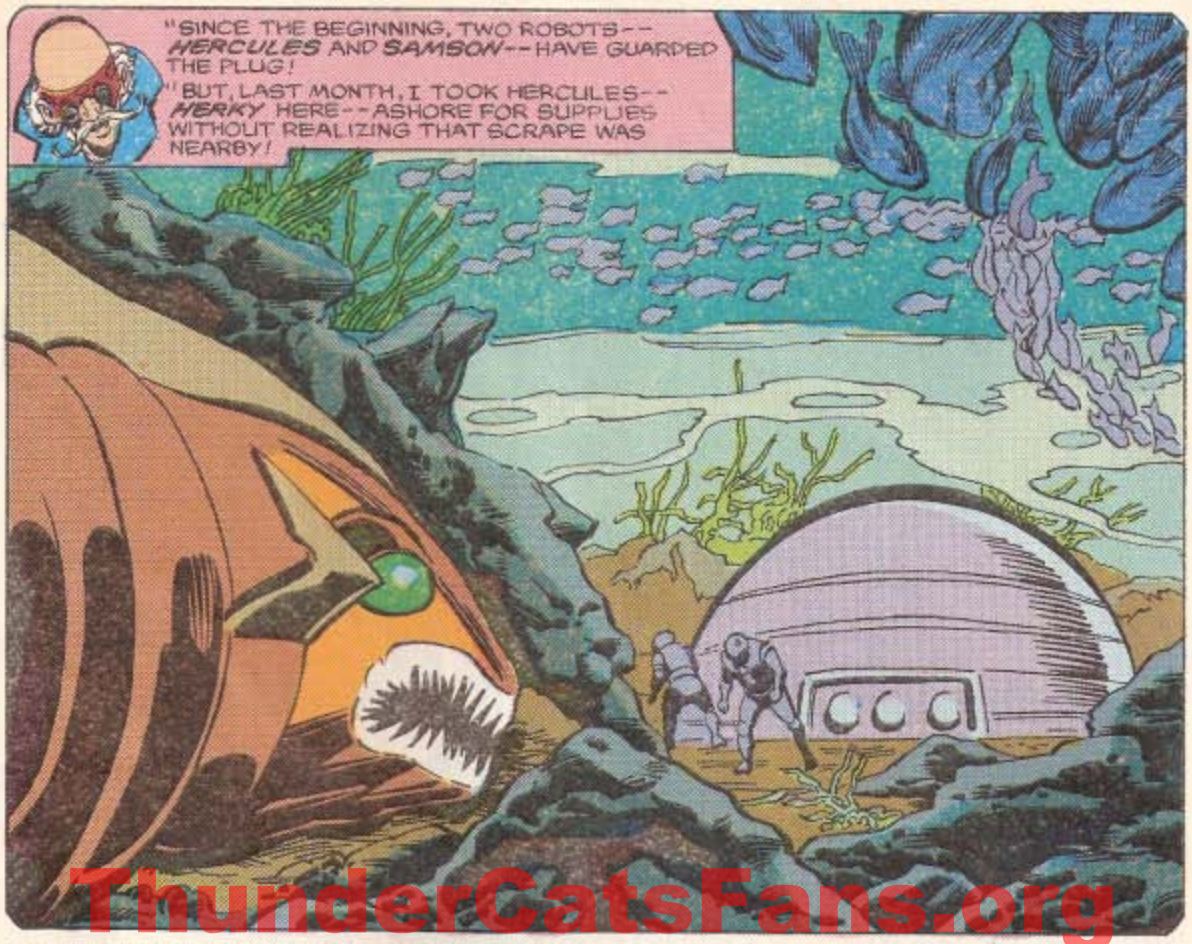




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NEXT: UNDER SIEGE!

SNARF'S SWAPS

Wanted: Jaga and Tygra (both full size).
Swap: Man-at-Arms, He-Man, Twobad and Orco (from Masters of the Universe).
Contact: James Ryan, 139 Anson Road, Cricklewood, London NW2 4AH.

Wanted: Cheetara and Snarf.
Swap: Thundercats Spring Special, issues 41-50 (inclusive), 53-56 (inclusive) and 58.
Contact: Jay, 62b St. James Street, London E11.

TOP CATS

Best Cover: Issue 38
Best Story: Rampage
Best Artist: Jeff Anderson
Best Wrtier: Ian Rimmer
Best Issue: No. 54
Top Cats selections by Martin Cornwall, Essex.

Dear Snarf,
I have some questions:-
1) Why are you the cook?
2) What does your food taste like?
3) Have you ever burnt yourself?
4) Have any other Thundercats tried to cook?
5) Has the cooker even blown up?
6) Have you ever had trouble washing up?
Peter Watson,
Tytherington.
P.S. You're great, Snarf!

At last! Somebody who wants to know something REALLY important! It's about time we had a few gastronomic questions.
1) Because nobody else will do it, (but I enjoy it really).
2) Perfect.
3) No.
4) That's a laugh!
5) No, which surprises me because Panthro built it.
6) I'VE never had trouble washing up – its getting anybody else to do it that's the trouble!

Dear Tygra,
I really thought that the Bengali Fact File was great, but don't get jealous because I like you both. I hope to see you saying more in the comic.
Alan Stewart,
Exeter.

HUMPH! Doesn't he say enough already?

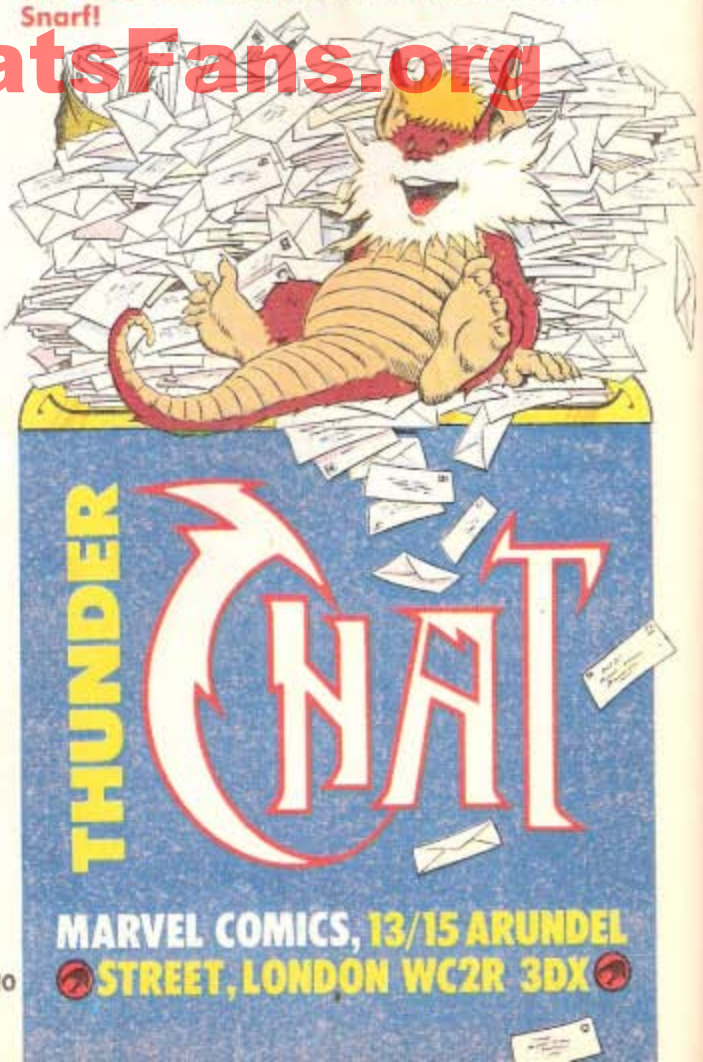
Dear Snarf,
I have some questions for you:-
1) Who is the strongest mutant?
2) Will there be any more stencils? I thought they were great.
Darren Leeming,
West Yorkshire.

Well, Darren, I dare say the mutants wouldn't agree about who is the strongest, but I would say S-S-Slithe – because he's got such a big mouth he needs all his strength to carry it around! Snarf! Snarf! I don't know if there will be any more stencils, so you'll just have to keep reading the comic to find out!

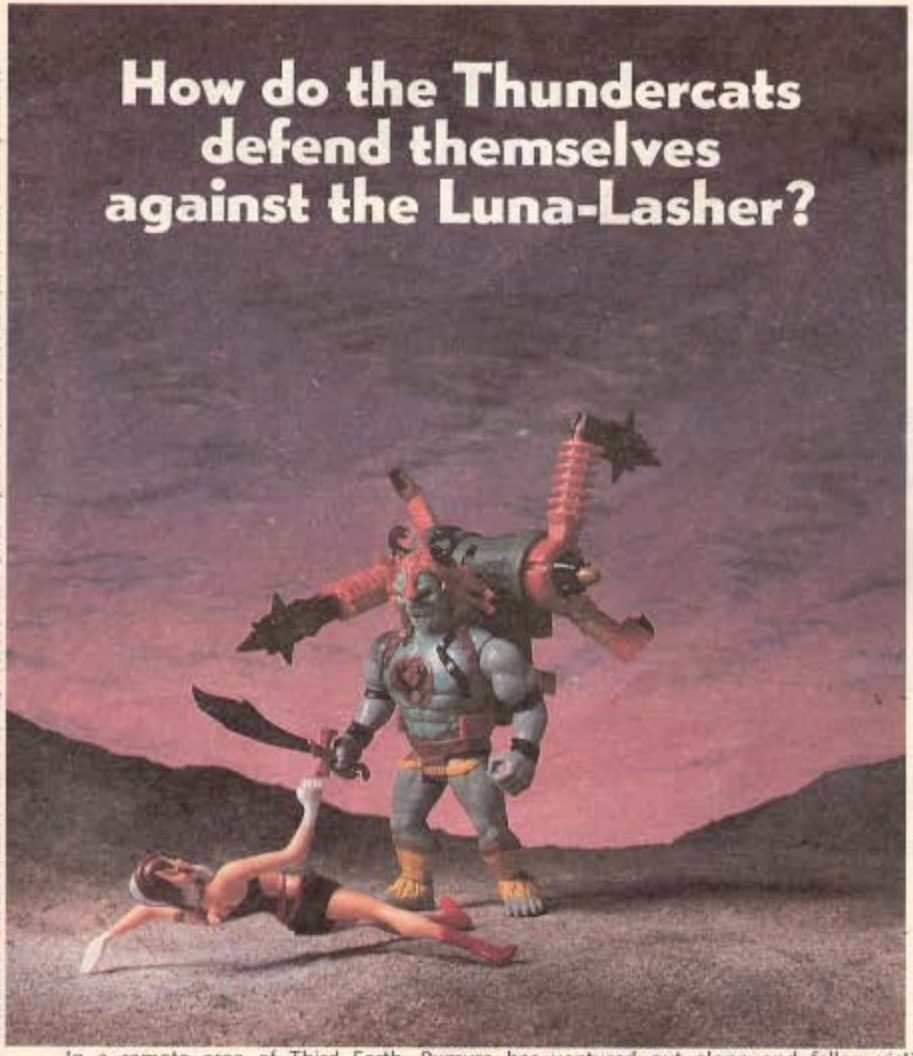
Dear Snarf,
I have a limerick for you:-
An evil mutant called S-S-Slithe,
Captured a horse for a ride,
The horse bucked and kicked,
Until S-S-Slithe was quite sick,
That silly mutant called S-S-Slithe.
Alison Hillman,
Middlesex.

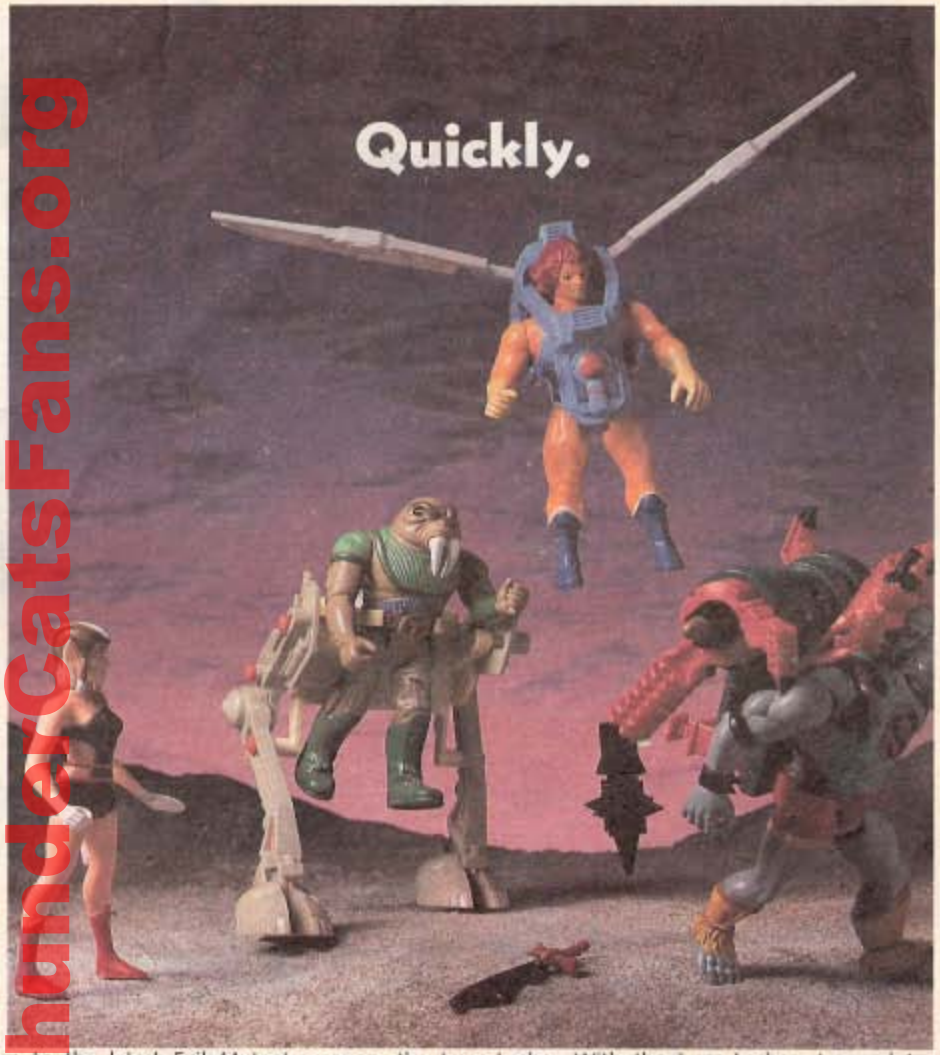
Very good, Alison! I laughed so much I dropped my Berbilfruit pie. It was all right, though. The floor was there to break its fall. Snarf! Snarf!

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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.

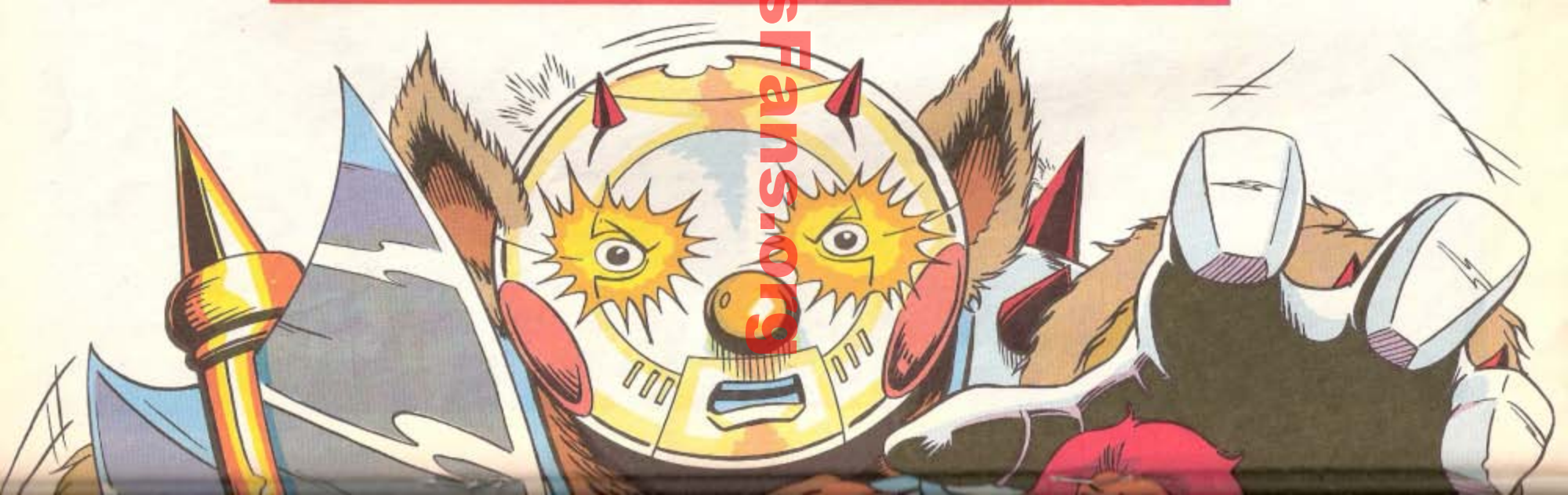
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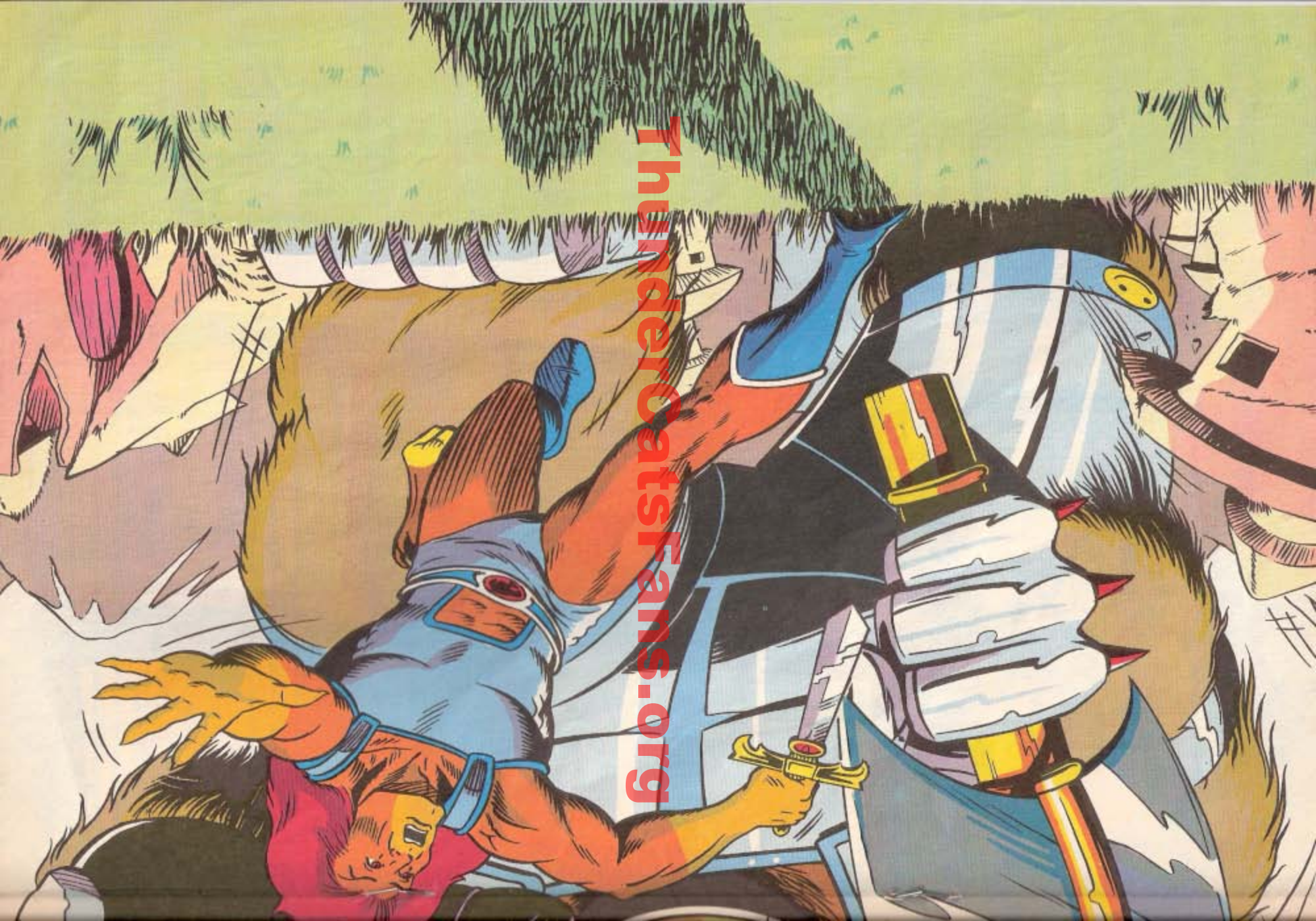
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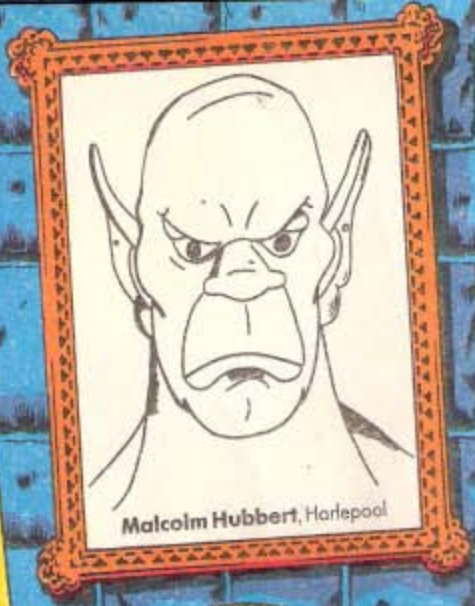
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THUNDER ART

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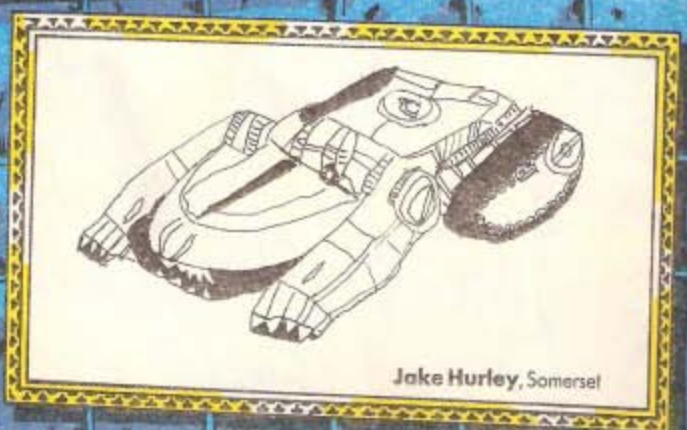
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Martin Frankson, Basingstoke

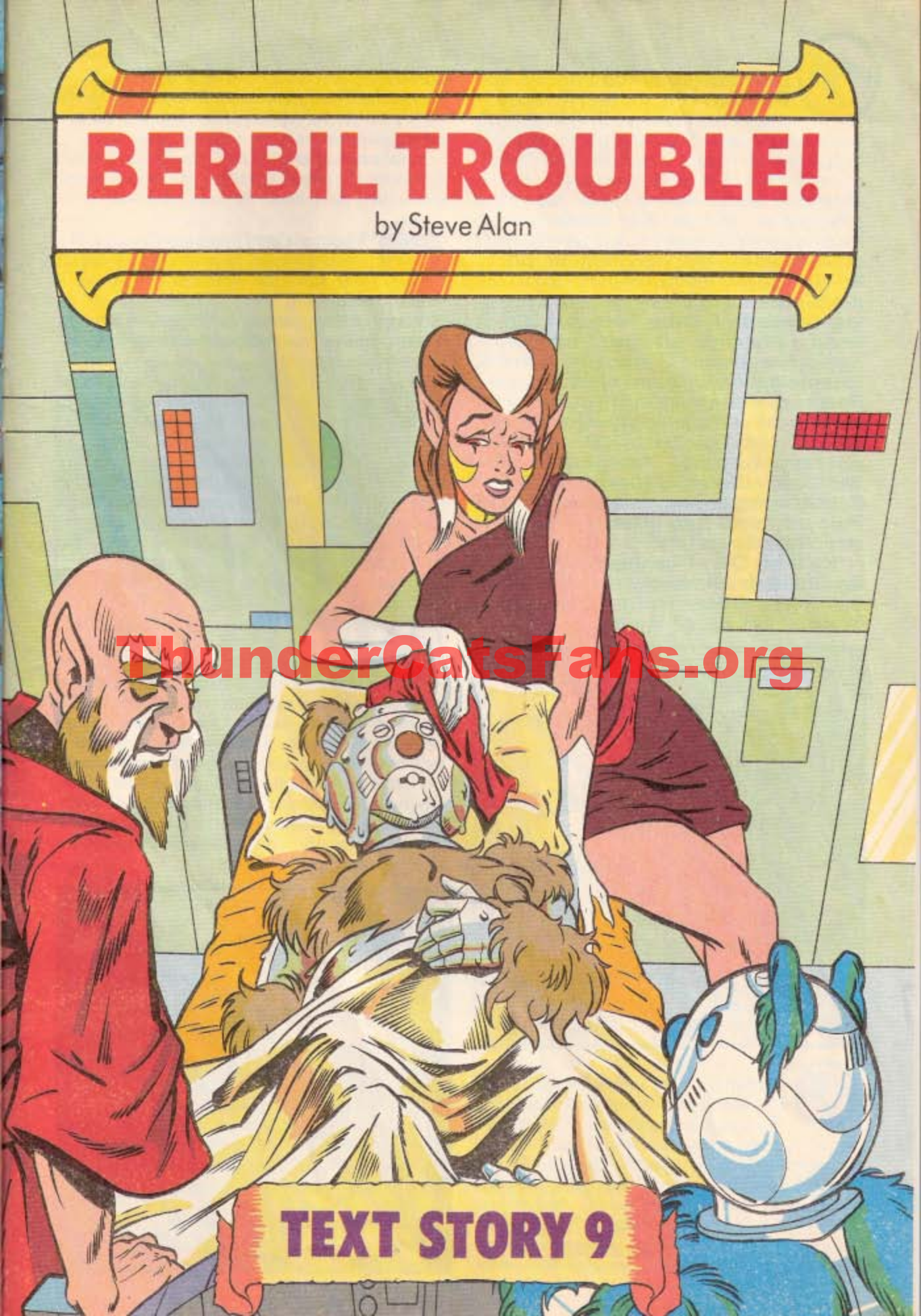


Karl Cunniffe, Oldham



Jake Hurley, Somerset

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It was already too late. As Ro-Ber-Bert ran, his feet floundering in the slushy, clinging mud, he could hear the mighty, gargling laughter of Ursus the Rain Bear. The great god was reaching down from the churning black clouds with his dripping paws, his eyes like whirlpools as he prepared to bestow his terrible gift of rust upon the horrified Berbil. . . Ro-Ber-Bert cried out again, lost in his nightmare as the fever raged. Crooning a gentle lullaby from her childhood, Pumyra mopped his brow again, wondering if mopping a metal faceplate did any good at all. Ro-Ber-Bert had been struck down by the virus shortly after their expedition to the Well of the Timelost, Destiny Atoll's dormant volcano. 'I'm worried, Ro-Ber-Bob,' she said, turning to Bert's Berbil companion. 'Me too, friend Pumyra,' said Bob gravely. 'We must strap him down.'

'He'll be OK –' began Pumyra, but Ro-Ber-Bob cut her short. 'It's not Ro-Ber-Bert's safety which worries me,' he said. 'It's ours.'

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'Lighten up, Bob,' yelled Bengali, as the little Berbil descended the ladder from *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear*. 'What happened – you get up on the wrong side of the world this morning?' Bob surveyed the campsite. Thanks to their new-found friend, the giant, ape-like Metokangmi, Bengali and Lynx-O had almost completed their wooden stockade. He had levelled enough wood in a single afternoon to keep the eager Thunderian builders busy for weeks. Sometimes, Bob thought, brute strength could be very useful. Then he shuddered. 'Ro-Ber-Bert is still very poorly,' he replied, dolefully. 'For all our sakes, you must help me restrain him.'

In moments, Bengali and Lynx-O were at his side. 'I don't follow,' said Bengali. Bob slumped down on a rock, head between his paws.

'It began a long time ago,' he said sadly. 'We Berbils are a gentle, peace-loving race, but –' he looked at the ground. 'It was not always so.'

'Scourge of the galaxies, huh?' grinned Bengali. 'Let me guess – you roamed the universe gatecrashing picnics, right?'

'We were barbarians, Bengali!' shouted Bob, and Bengali's grin faded. He had never heard anger in the Berbil's voice before. 'We almost destroyed ourselves, until we learned to control our war-like nature. We transformed our appearance, so that others would not fear us, but there are times –' He was cut short by a terrified scream from the Berbil spaceship. Its high-pitched echoes tore across the island and scattered flocks of birds into the cloudless skies. 'Pumyra!' Bengali broke into a run.

'There are times when we lose control,' said Ro-Ber-Bob.

There was a terrific thud, and a huge dent appeared in the hull of the *Vanguard*, as though something huge and powerful were fighting its way out. It was. As they watched, the thick metal of the ship was peeled back like grapeskin as the something pounced free onto the wet sand. Its great head swayed back and forth as it studied the three friends with tiny, hate-reddened eyes. Ragged tatters of metal hung from its great flanks as it roared – and then it was gone, loping into the forest. 'By Thundera's silver spires,' gasped Bengali.



'What happens now?' said Pumyra, still trembling as she sipped her second beaker of mulled Berbilfruit wine. Bengali turned from the torn hole in the *Vanguard's* control cabin as Ro-Ber-Bob spoke. 'I don't know, friend Pumyra,' he said helplessly. 'In his feverish state, Ro-Ber-Bob could run riot for weeks, and we'd be powerless to stop him.'

"Then we must lay a trap,' said Lynx-O grimly. 'Dig a pit, cover it with leaves and sand –'

'Look!' Pumyra's face was white as she pointed at the main viewing port, eyes wide. Directly ahead, the enormous bear-creature that had been Ro-Ber-Bert was charging the ship head-on.



With a bellow of rage, it launched itself at the cockpit, clinging to the hull with fists like great, furred man-traps. Wordlessly, Bob rushed to the control console, flicking switches. There was a flash like summer lightning, a low hum, and the creature howled with pain then disappeared from view.

'At this rate, we're going to need a pit to bury what's left of the ship,' said Pumyra bitterly, mopping up her spilt wine.

It was late evening when the first crashings in the undergrowth alerted the Thunderians to the rogue Berbil's return. The main searchlight of *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear* was full on and, pinioned in the beam, Ro-Ber-Bob stood alone in the campsite. 'You OK, Bob?' Bengali whispered, concealed nearby.

'If I had a lower lip, it would be trembling,' the little Berbil replied nervously. The thrashing noises stopped for a moment – but only for a moment. With a savage roar, the Bert-thing leapt into view. 'NOW!' yelled Bengali. Pumyra dropped from the trees above, unleashing a stone from her sling. It caught the snarling creature across the shoulders and, as Pumyra landed, she darted around the rampaging monster. The creature spun around, bellowing in rage and puzzlement. This game of cat and mouse continued for several breathless minutes, Pumyra deftly avoiding the advances of the Bert – thing until it was completely bewildered.

'It's working!' cried Pumyra. 'He's getting dizzy!'

At that moment Bengali dropped from another tree, trailing a giant net. Woven by Ro-Ber-Bert himself only days earlier from stout marram grass, it had been intended as a fishing net. 'Whooaa!' yelled Bengali. 'I caught me a –' A spadelike paw struck him across the side of the head. Bengali bounced off the wooden walls of their newly-built stockade and was still. 'Oh no,' breathed Pumyra. 'Oh no...'

At that moment a shrill, piercing cry rang out across the enclosure. Pumyra spun around, in time to see Lynx-O emerge from the forest. He opened his lips again, emitting the same strange, penetrating wail. Without warning, the bear-thing fell to its great, shaggy knees, whimpering in something like mindless contentment. A large, simple smile broke across its fearsome muzzle as it slumped in a heap – a heap which seemed to be growing rapidly smaller...

'How did you *do* that?' said Pumyra, aghast. 'Your voice –' 'Ultrasonic waves, 'Lynx-O replied smugly. 'A little trick I developed on Thundera. It always worked in calming down my pet bear-cat, and it seems to have had a similar effect on our friend here!'



Ro-Ber-Bob and Bengali had now joined the group, Bengali massaging his neck painfully. Bob knelt, to where the now-recognisable Ro-Ber-Bert sat, wreathed in smiles and humming a tuneless Berbil folk song. 'How do you feel, Ro-Ber-Bert?' Bob asked nervously. 'Like –' Bert gulped – 'like I've been riding the tail of a meteor storm.'

'Yeah,' said Bengali. 'So do we all!'

NEXT: **RAT'S TALE!**

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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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