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THE CATS LAIR

SCRAPE ATTACK! *Scrape*, the evil salvage expert, has finally broken into the great *Plug*, the machine sealing the planet-killing fissure in *Third Earth*'s seabed. Using his great robot eel, he hopes to drain the oceans so he can mine a rock he needs to fuel his home planet. The result of this would be the end of Third Earth as a life-supporting planet and, not surprisingly, the *Thundercats* are keen to prevent this. So Lion-O and the Plug's controller, Dr Dometone, arrive at the scene of the crime, knowing that time is running desperately short for the planet they now call home. The fate of Third Earth hangs in the balance and the only way to find out which way the scales will tip is to read the third thrilling instalment of *Dr Dometone*! Wanna find out what it's really like to be a Thundercat? Well, now's your chance because *Thundercats* fan club page is up-and-running in full business on page 9, along with the Cats Lair gallery, in *Thunder Art* on page 10. *Mini-Poster* 47 revisits the cover of **THUNDERCATS** 52, while you'll find the *Fact File* you've all been waiting for on page 14. Yes, it's the Berbil biography this week, followed by *Twister*!, a text story that proves its not always blue skies over Third Earth! In Power Trip, part 5, we find *Power Pack* caught up in the civil war that has erupted on Snarkworld. Power-less and helpless, things look grim for the kids, but you can get the latest frontline reports from Snarkworld on page 18. So hurry – get a copy of **THUNDERCATS** 70 and really put the 'cat amongst the pigeons!

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Boring, rain soaked days! Dull, humid evenings! Interminable traffic jams! Endless airport queues! Yes, another glorious British summer is just around the corner! But have no fear because **Marvel** has found a cure for the Summertime Blues. It's called Excitementus Incredibalis or, in English, the **MARVEL BUMPER COMIC!** This fabulous holiday special contains a multitude of your favourite characters – including, or course, the mighty Thundercats. But there's also the **Transformers**, those fantastic shape-changing mechanoids, plus another character well known to Transformers fans – the mighty **Death's Head**! You can also take a ride across the High Frontier with the **Galaxy Rangers**, enjoy a trip through time and space with **Doctor Who**, plus do a bit of spectre-splattering with the **Real Ghostbusters**. As if this isn't enough, there's the chance to become acquainted with Marvel's latest and greatest freedom fighters – **Dragon's Claws**, and enjoy the web-slinging adventures of that old stalwart, **Spiderman**! But that's not all! Yes, there's more fun and frolics with that loony lawman, **Inspector Gadget**, and, finally, smiles and sarcasm with that Earth-bound alien, **Alf**. Good grief! What a lot you get in your 48 pages, and all for 75p. So why not pick up a copy of the **MARVEL BUMPER COMIC** and brighten up your summer – it'll be blue skies, nothing but blue skies, from May to September!

THUNDERCATS 70 COVER ART
MARTIN GRIFFITHS/TIM PERKINS
COLOUR BY **STEVE WHITE**

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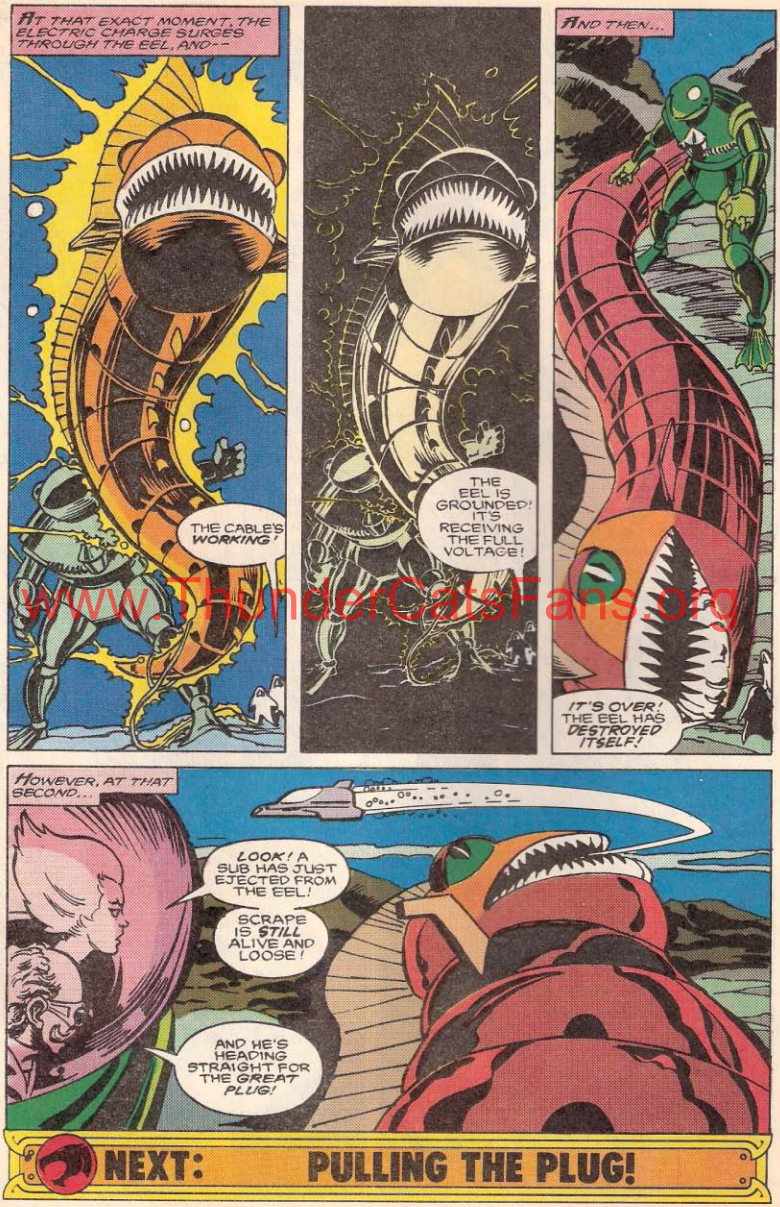
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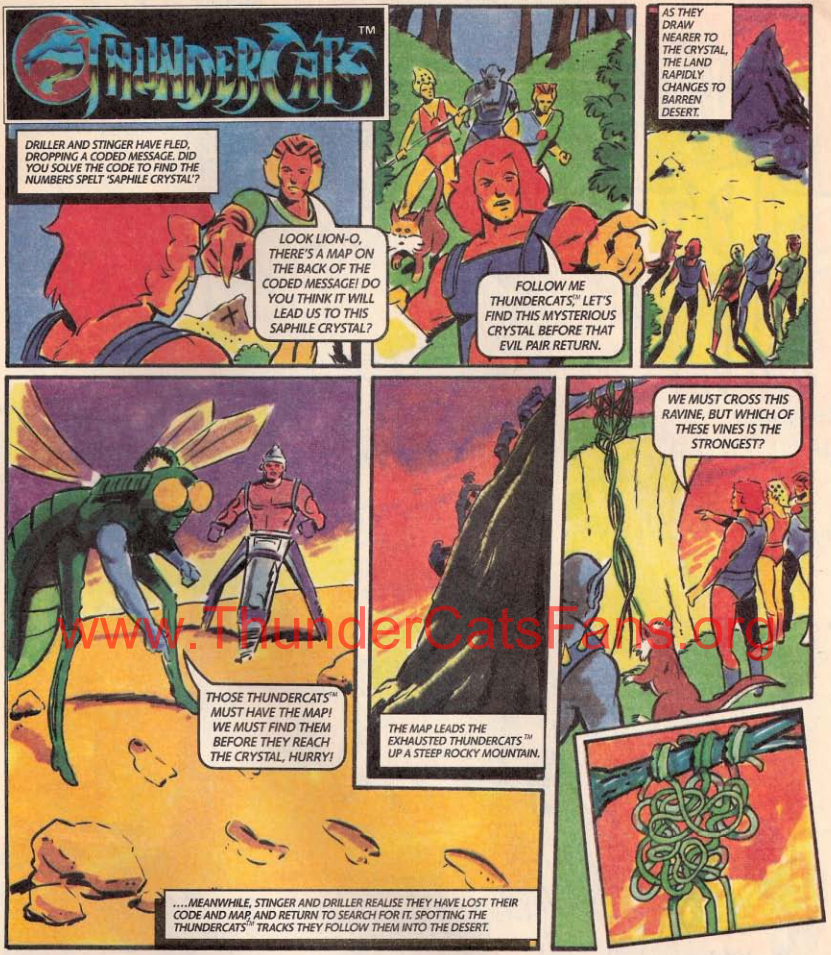
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Help Lion-O and his companions cross the ravine by picking the unbroken rope. Remember, Driller and Stinger are on their trail, so be quick! Once you have done this, you will have truly proved your ability and readiness to become a Thunder Warrior. Then, like all Thunder Warriors, you can become a member of the Thundercats Club,™ which means you will receive three action-packed Thunderbolts over the course of a year, containing exciting adventures, quizzes and secret codes.

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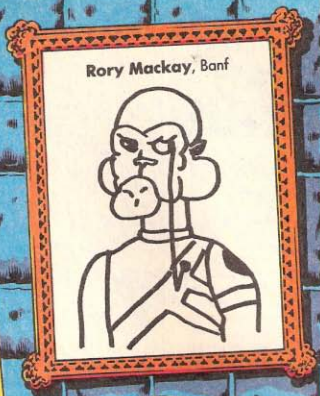
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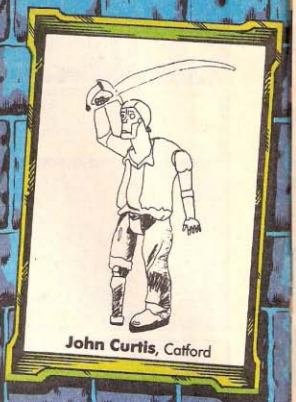
THUNDER ART

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GOOD NEWS FROM THIRD EARTH, FOUR NEW THUNDERCATS. (THE BAD NEWS, FOUR NEW EVIL MUTANTS.)



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JAGA
Spiritual adviser to Lion-O, he's the wisest of the Thundercats.

PUMYRA
As lithesome as she is beautiful.

SAFARI JOE
Thinks of himself as an intrepid hunter.

CAPTAIN CRACKER
One-legged and one-eyed, he's as shifty as they come.

BEN-GALI
His loyalty is matched only by his fearlessness.

CAPTAIN SHINER
His warty features are the nicest thing about him.

LINX-O
He uses his special fighting skills to ward off the Mutants.

MONGOR
He aims to reap destruction wherever he goes.

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MINI-POSTER Nº 47

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THUNDERCATS FACT FILE Nº17

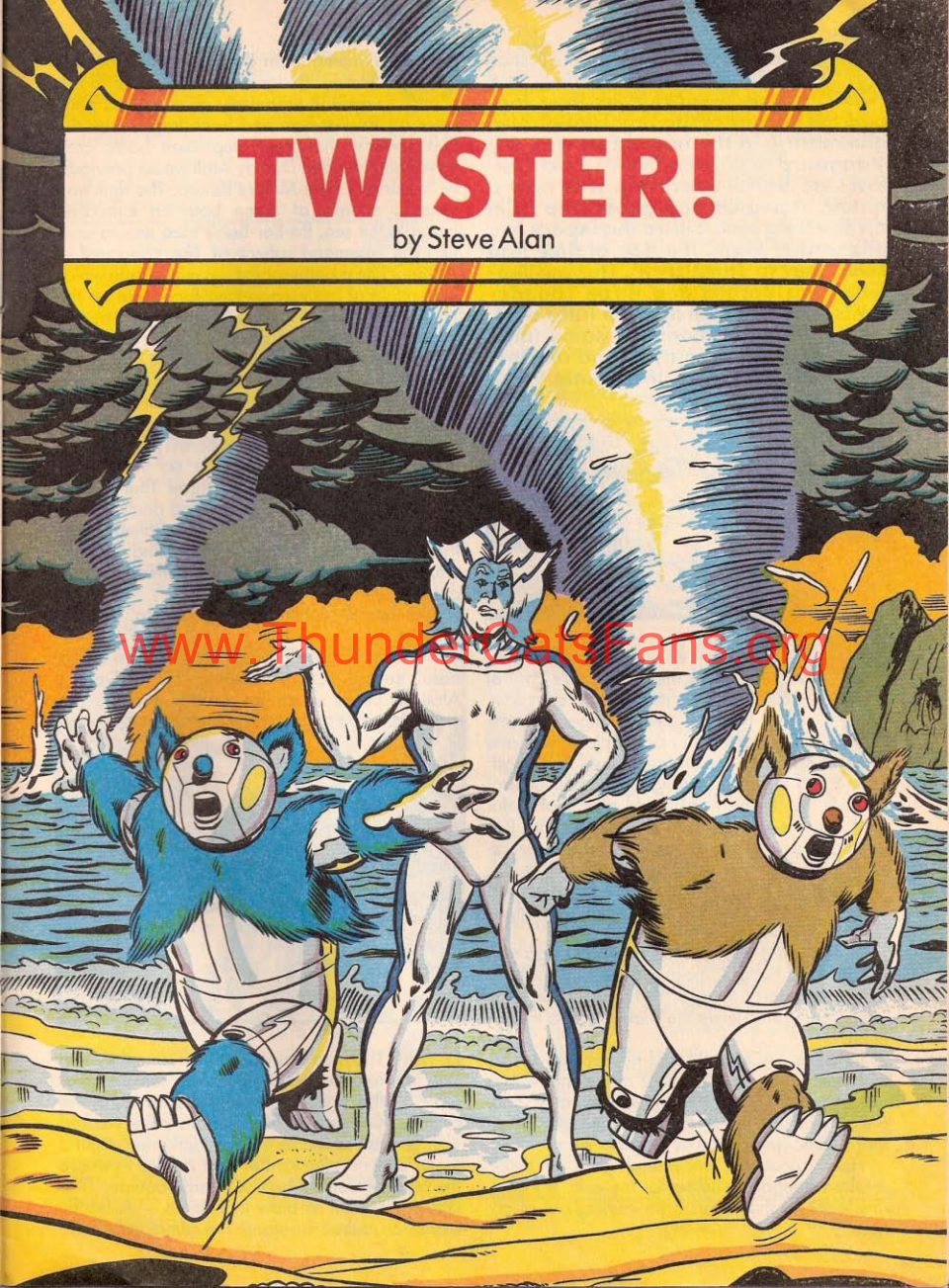
NAME: Berbils
PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Ro-Bear
HEIGHT: 2' 4" (average)
WEIGHT: 55 lbs (average)
EYES: Red
HAIR: Variable colour

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Small, furry and not noticeably threatening, the Berbils are among the more peaceful races on Third Earth. As such, they often fall foul of large, hairy and noticeably threatening races, such as the Berserkers. Since making their home on Third Earth, the Berbils have seen their village variously raided, destroyed by earthquake, devastated by a rogue Thundercat and completely levelled by a runaway robot. Only the Berbils' strict code of non-violence prevents them from fighting back; originally they were a savage race of warrior-bears, whose own barbaric nature almost wiped them out. The Berbils saved themselves by turning to science.

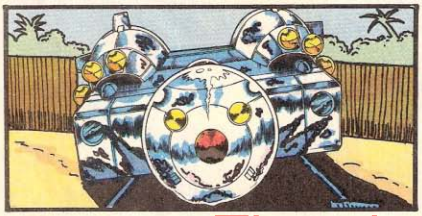
They are now the most technologically advanced race in the known galaxy, a fact they try hard to disguise. It is mistakenly thought that the Berbils choose to live in quaint mushroom houses for this very reason: 'No, they're just easier to rebuild,' says leader Ro-Ber-Bill dolefully.

Script: **STEVE ALAN** Illustration: **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**



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Sunlight broke across the face of Third Earth, setting the waves a-sparkle as they lapped the shores of the tiny island. Also glimmering in the new dawn was *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear*. Once a rich yellow, the Berbil spaceship was now a pitted, star-bleached ghost ship from an age long past. Like a dust speck in a blizzard of stars, the tide of time had swept her to Third Earth. Her passengers, two Berbils and three Thunderians, were now inside the little craft, where they had been for some time; since sunrise, the only sound on Destiny Atoll had been the gentle wash and backwash of the sea.



'It's almost *too* quiet,' said Bengali, sniffing the air in the *Vanguard*'s control cabin as a hunter might. 'Don't complain, Bengali,' said Pumyra, the younger, female Thunderian. 'For a tiny island, this place has been pretty short on peace and quiet just lately.' Both turned to look at the *Vanguard*'s main control console, from which protruded a pair of metal clad, furry feet. 'How are you progressing, Ro-Ber-Bob?' asked Lynx-O, the third Thunderian, an edge of impatience in his usually calm voice.

'I told you I'd only be a few hours, friend Lynx-O,' came a muffled but nonetheless impatient voice from inside the panel.

'It's not what you said, it's how long ago you said it,' said Bengali, pacing back and forth. 'If we're really going to get off this island I'd like to be young enough to leave the ship without a wheelchair.'

'Patience, my friends,' said Ro-Ber-Bert soothingly, emerging from the rear of the ship with a tray of Berbilfruit wine. 'We have a carpet of sand, a warm sun and a well-stocked wine cellar. What more could any castaway possibly wish for?'

'How about the occasional glass of milk?' retorted Bengali, heading for the exit. 'If I drink any more of that stuff it'll be coming out of my ears.'

Jumping from the ship onto Downfall Beach, Bengali regretted his harsh words. It was really quite a good plan, after all. Ro-Ber-Bob had been inspired by the Thundertank, the great amphibian battle craft which had invaded Destiny Atoll weeks previously, in pursuit of the Mutant Rataro. The tank had seemed equally at home both on land and beneath the sea. Ro-Ber-Bob's idea was to convert the command sphere of *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear* into a bathysphere – a mini-sub, in which they might at last escape their long exile on the tiny island. Bengali began to smile, until he felt again the same uneasy calm. On Destiny Atoll, not one bird was singing. The sea was still and glassy smooth, except for – Bengali saw the dark shape on the horizon and felt his blood chill to ice.

Angry clouds boiled across the noonday ocean, darkening the sky to a grey evening shade. All three Thunderians now stood on the beach, watching grimly as the black, whirling tower of a cyclone spiralled across the ocean towards them. 'It's getting bigger,' whispered Pumyra. 'How can something that *big* get bigger?'

'It is merely coming closer, Pumyra,' replied Lynx-O.

'Which means it'll be a lot bigger when it gets here,' Bengali said, shuddering. 'It'll rip Destiny Atoll out of the ocean like a rotten turnip!'



The race was on. All knew that they had hours at best to complete conversion of the *Vanguard* before the arrival of the cyclone; Berbils and Thunderians alike worked with feverish speed as the day darkened around them. 'Down!' cried Ro-Ber-Bert, rushing to where the others crouched behind a large boulder. 'The charges are set to blow in T-minus –' A terrific explosion rocked the island. The command sphere

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of the *Vanguard* lifted clean away from the rest of the ship, bouncing across the sands like a rogue beach ball. 'Think you used enough explosive there, Bert?' said Bengali wryly. Bert looked worried. 'The retro charges are normally used only in emergency, friend Bengali,' he replied.

'Yeah?' said Bengali. 'When do you think there's likely to be one?'

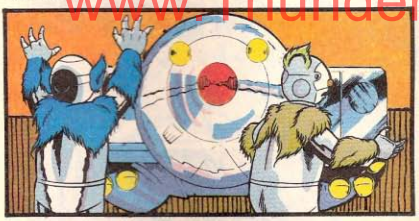


As all headed back to the separated sphere at a run, Ro-Ber-Bob produced a small meter, which was already bleeping with a manic urgency. 'It's worse than I thought,' he said. 'The Command Sphere's ion drive unit was damaged on impact!'

'Meaning what, Ro-Ber-Bob?' asked Lynx-O.

'Meaning that it could blow sky-high at any moment!' Ro-Ber-Bert answered for his stricken comrade.

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They had almost reached the *Vanguard* when, with a banshee howl, the wind suddenly increased in velocity. Fine, driving needles of sand sprayed their eyes, and in seconds the entire island was invisible beneath a blinding wall of tiny particles.

'Pu-' began Bengali, and was silenced instantly as his mouth filled with sand. His coughing was inaudible even to the sensitive ears of Lynx-O, crouching only a few feet away. Lynx-O tried to rise, staggering against the pelting tide, and then something unseen pinioned his arms to his sides. There was sharp tug and he felt himself heaved backwards, colliding with someone else. Before Lynx-O had time to react, both he and his unseen companion were dragged forwards with considerable force.

The main hatch of the *Vanguard* made a hollow clang as Ro-Ber-Bert wrenched it open with desperate paws, scrabbling into the cabin with Bob close behind. A fine spray of sand followed, and both Berbils banged the hatch shut again with pants of relief.

'We were very lucky, Ro-Ber-Bert,' Bob gasped. 'Had the ion detector not enabled me to track the ship, we might still have been trapped outside when the cyclone hit!' Ro-Ber-Bert sighed. 'Yes,' he said. 'But what about our friends?'

As if in response there was a loud clattering on the hatch, and as Bob tugged it open a sand-caked Pumyra crawled heavily into the cabin. Behind trailed her belt-sling, in which were entangled a bewildered Bengali and Lynx-O. The two Thunderians coughed explosively as they slammed the hatch again, shaking what seemed like pounds of sand from their fur. 'Quick thinking, Pumyra,' rasped Bengali in a dry whisper. 'But how did you know where to find the ship?'

'I didn't,' Pumyra said pointedly.



As fast as it had arisen, the sandstorm died down. All five companions crowded around the viewing port for a look at the scoured geography of the beach, and all five gasped in horror.

The twister now filled the horizon from east to west. The sea was almost invisible now, its churning surface sucked into the whirling heights of the titanic windstorm. Trees, rocks and other objects swirled wildly in its mighty depths, little flickers of lightning spiked out at random. All were so engrossed in the terrible spectacle that the explosion from the rear of the cabin took them completely by surprise. 'What was that?' Bengali coughed, wafting away the clouds of thick, black smoke. 'The ion pod!' wailed Ro-Ber-Bob. 'Our last hope of escape!'

Ahead of them the twister met the shores of Destiny Atoll with a sound like the laughter of mountains. . .



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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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