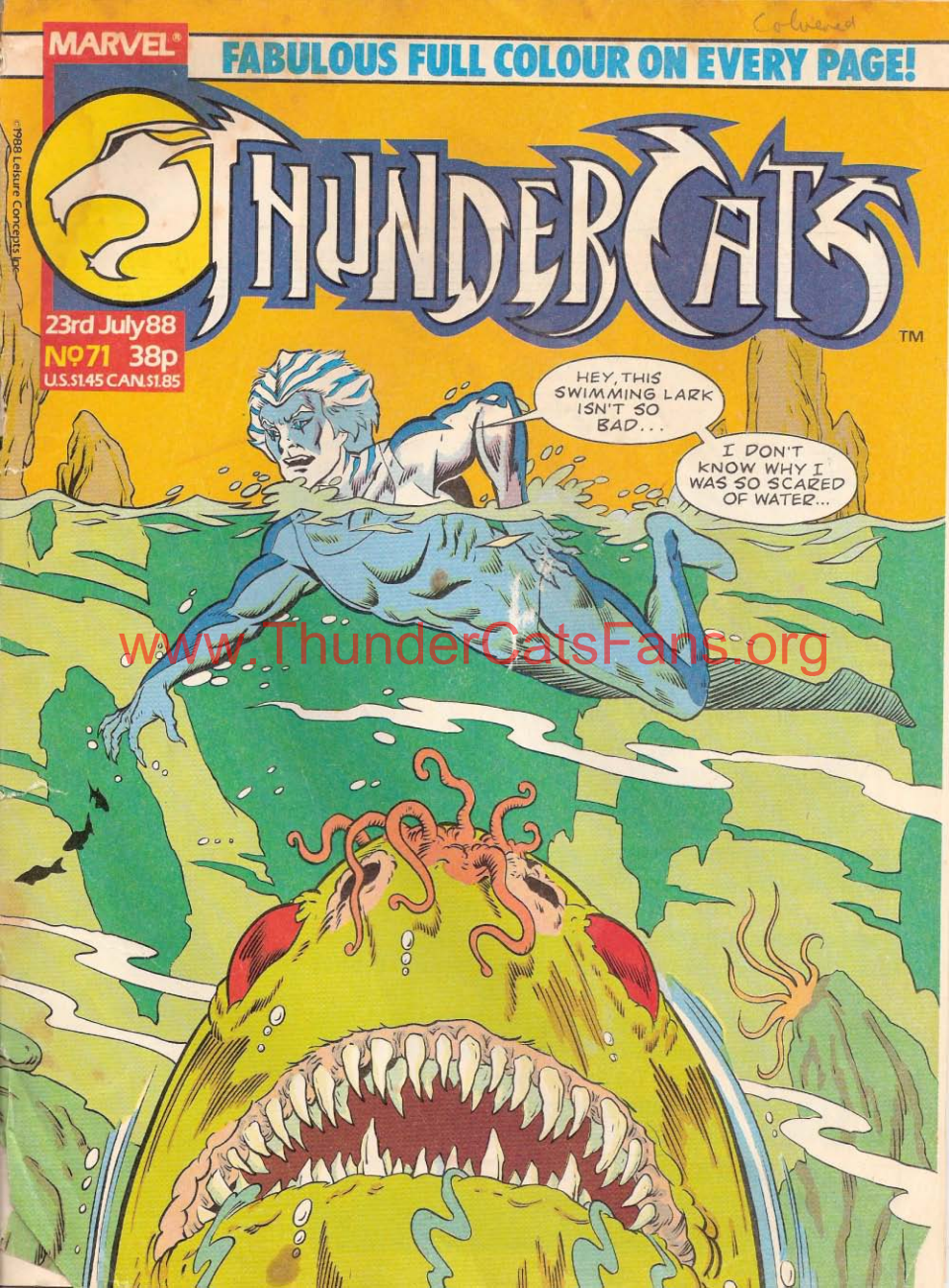


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THE CATS' LAIR

SCRAPPED! That seems to be the fate of evil alien salvage expert, *Scrape*, when *Lion-O*, the *Wilys* and *Dr Dometone* ruin his plans to destroy the *Plug*, that mighty feat of engineering that stops the oceans of *Third Earth* from draining away. But it's not over yet! Scrape *must* drain Third Earth's seas so that he can mine a rock that fuels his home planet, and even though his original plan has failed, he is determined to finish the job anyhow, anyway! They've beaten him once but will the Thundercats and the good doctor defeat Scrape again? Find out in the final fantastic instalment of *Dr Dometone*! You'll find a full quota of fabulous features in this week's great issue. Opening the extravaganza is *Thunder Art* on page 10, followed by another magnificent *Mini-Poster*, this week taking a nostalgic look back at the cover of THUNDERCATS 53. *Thunder Chat*, on page 14, precedes a new *Fact File* featuring that mutant mercenary, Captain Shiner. You'll find a storm breaking on page 16 in the latest text story, *The Enemy Below!* , while *Power Pack* sees the final battle in the Snark civil war racing towards its climax, even as Engergiser, alias Katie, is surrendering to her arch-enemy – Lord Jakal! THUNDERCATS 71 – it's a catalogue of thrills, spills, action and adventure – what ever you do, don't miss it!

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14	**THUNDER CHAT**
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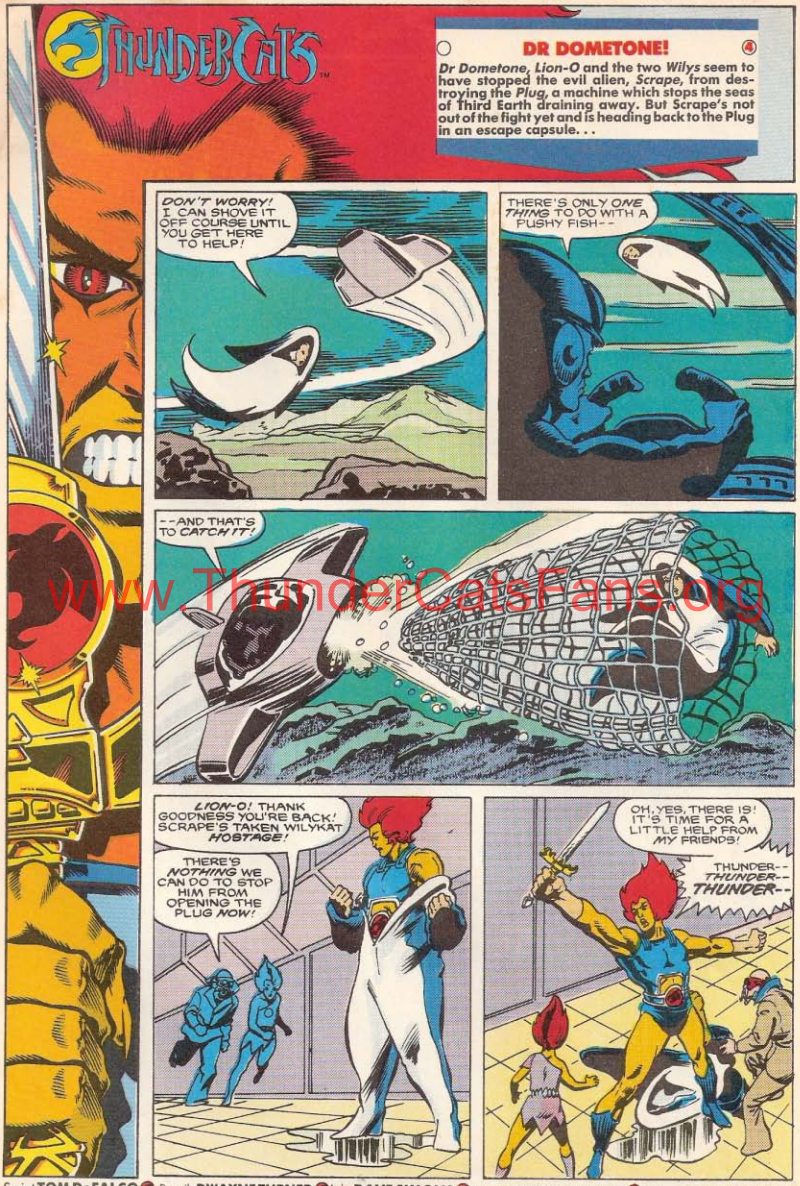






THUNDERCATS 71 COVER ART: **ART WETHERELL/TIM PERKINS** COLOUR BY **EUAN PETERS**

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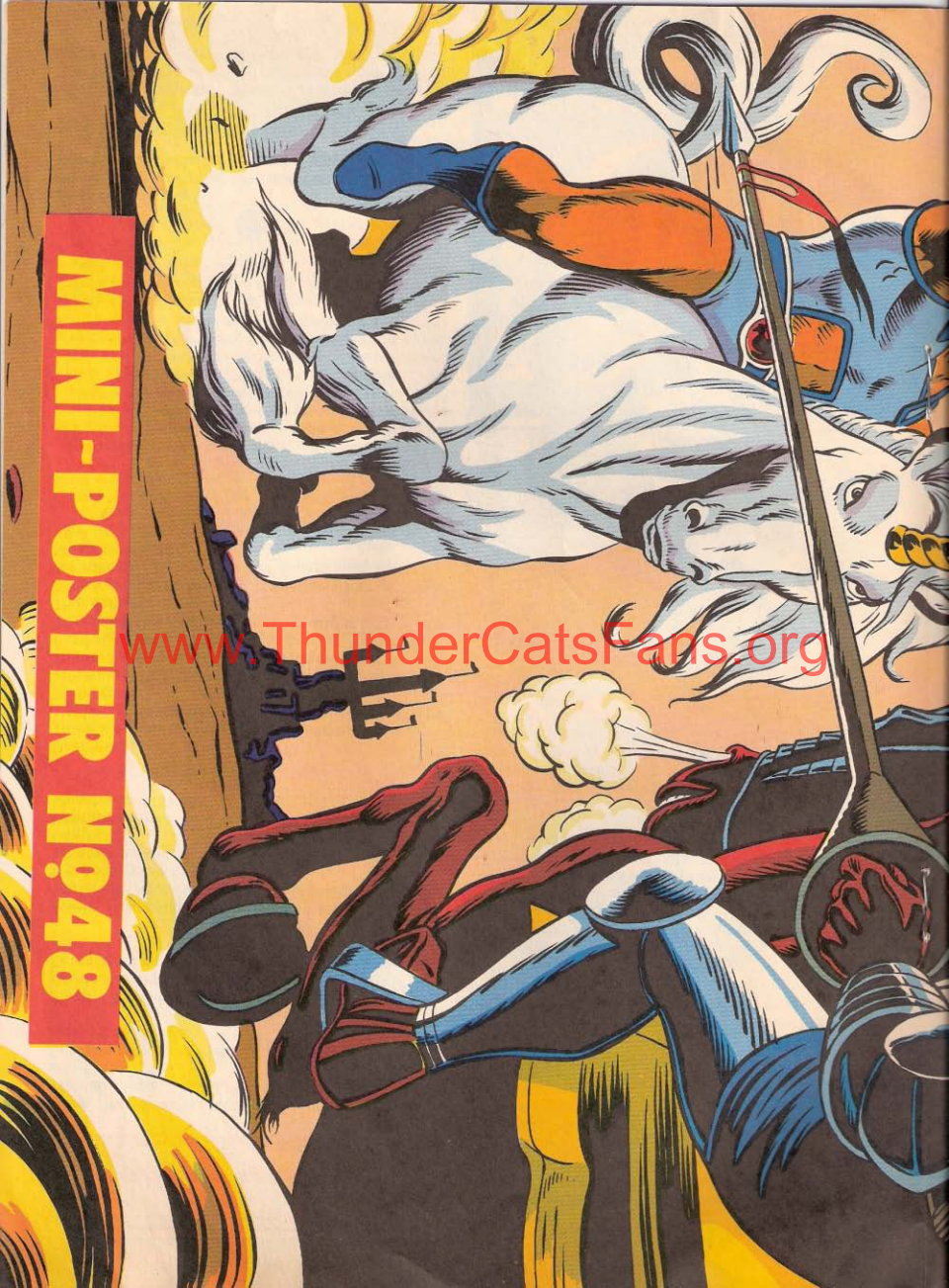


Jonathon Honeyands, Oxford

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SNARF'S SWAPS

Swap: Thundertank (excellent condition.)
Wanted: Jaga, Pumyra, Bengali (good condition, all weapons.)
Contact: Gareth Marland, Creswell House, Creswell, Stafford ST18 9QP.

Swap: 'Thundercats Ho!' the movie.
Wanted: Bengali, Cheetara, Snarf.
Contact: Jarrar Mir, 62b St. James Street, London E17 7PE.

Swap: Jackalman with weapons (miniature), Slithe, Hachiman, Rataro, Vultureman, (miniatures, without weapons, good condition.)
Wanted: Bengali (full size, with weapons, good condition.)
Contact: Michael Bold, 8 Chetwynd Avenue, Urmston, Manchester M31 1BX.

Dear Snarf,
There are some questions I would like to ask you:-
1) When are Hachiman and Tuska Warrior going to be in the comic?
2) In issue 60, the Thundercats had to split up to find the Thundrillium, but in the second Thundercats Annual, Panthro went to the quarry to get the Thundrillium. Why can't the Thundercats go to the quarry in the Thundertank?
3) How can the Berbils eat candy and Berbilfruit if they are robots?
Stuart Horrington,
Cleveland.

Phew! You don't want to know much, do you Stuart! Here we go:-
1) If you've been keeping up with the text stories, you'll have seen that Tuska Warrior has already been in the comic (issue 64). Hachiman has yet to make an appearance, but you'll be pleased to know that we intend to rectify this in the near future.
2) Would you believe the Thundertank had a puncture?
3) The Berbils aren't exactly robots. They are part robot and part bear. That's why they can eat Berbilfruit, etc. Which goes to show they also have taste – Snarf! Snarf! There's been a Fact File on the Berbils and there'll be a story featuring the origin of the Berbils, so all will be explained about our little metal friends in due course.

Dear Friendly Snarf,
Please could you answer my questions:-
What sort of animals are Bengali, Pumyra and Lynx-O?
Fred Mann,
Gainsborough.

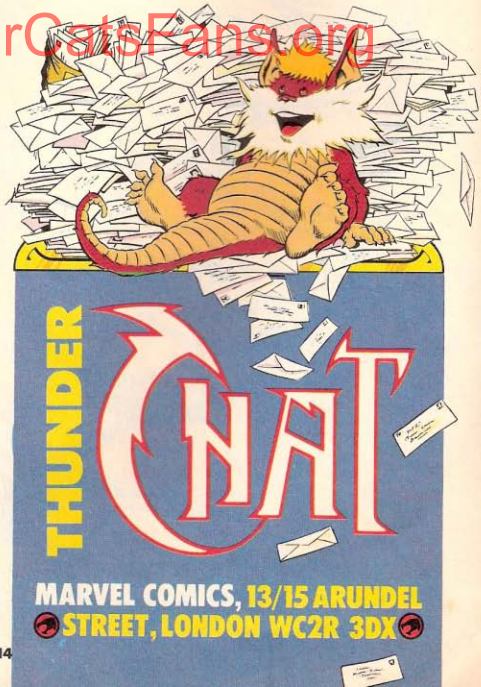
Oh, good – a nice easy question to answer. Bengali is what you Terrestrials call a Bengal Tiger, like his brother Tygra, Pumyra is a Puma and Lynx-O is a Lynx.

Dear Snarf,
Here are some questions for you:-
1) Does Tygra ever show off about his invisibility?
2) Do you think that you are the hardest working Thundercat?
I bet you do.
Adrian Skidmore.
Harrow.

1) I wouldn't know if Tygra was showing off – I can't see him!
2) There's a Terrestrial saying that answers this question very well. I think it goes 'you bet your life I do!'

Dear Snarf,
Please could you answer some questions for me:-
1) How fast is the Thundertank.
2) Who is the tallest Thundercat?
3) Will Wilykit and Wilykat grow up?
4) Who is the stupidest mutant?
David Semmens,
Sheffield.

1) Faster than a speeding mutant! Snarf! Snarf!
2) Me! When I'm standing on a very tall box, that is. Actually, Lion-O is probably the tallest, but that's only because I make him eat all his Berbilfruit.
3) Not if they carry on the way they are!
4) The one that tries to outrun the Thundertank!



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THUNDERCATS FACT FILE No18

NAME: Captain Shiner

PLACE OF BIRTH: The Planet Sarpedon

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: 180 lbs

EYES: Red (monocle in left)

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Captain Shiner left his home-planet of Sarpedon as soon as he qualified as a star-skipper – it was the furthest he could get from the mocking laughter of his countrymen. An accident with a mechanical rice-picker left the young Shiner seriously injured. Skilled plastic surgeons repaired his face, but unfortunately their instruction booklet was upside down at the time, and Shiner emerged from the bandages looking like the prize entry in a Sarpedon marrow-growing contest.

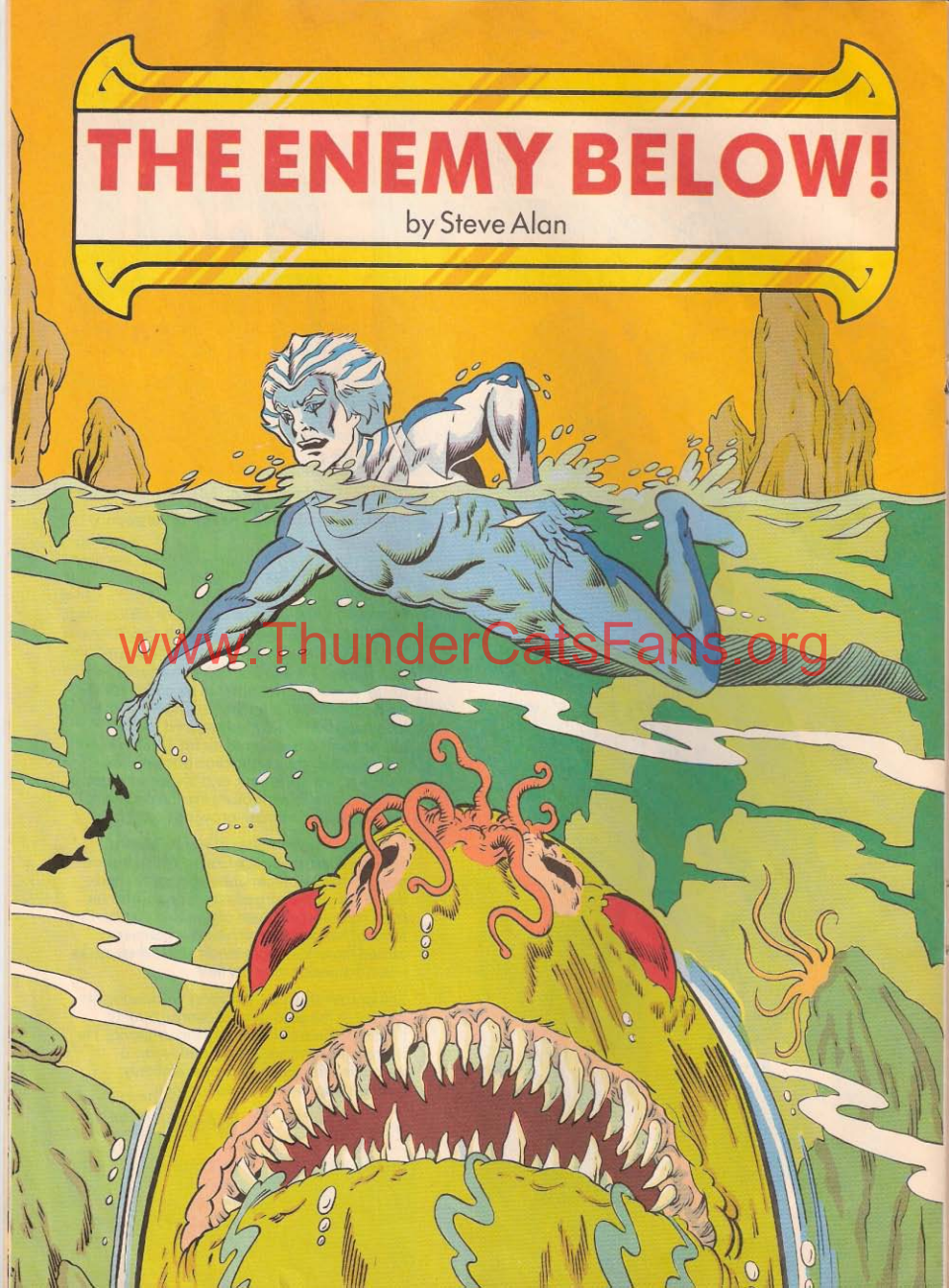
To escape the cruel jibes of his few friends, Shiner joined the Space Corps. With a trusted band of fellow officers, he ruthlessly hunted down the plastic surgeons responsible for his face. After forcing them at gunpoint to alter the faces of his men to match his own, Shiner buried the unfortunate medics up to their necks – in a Sarpedon marrow field.

Shiner spent the next ten years wandering the galaxy as the second most-feared bounty hunter of them all (the first being Lynxana). He is intelligent and well-read, and wears a monocle in his eye, which he mistakenly believes improves his appearance.

Script: **STEVE ALAN** Illustration: **DARREN GOODACRE**

THE ENEMY BELOW!

by Steve Alan



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It was all over. It had to be, thought Bengali. An age long voyage across the lonely wastes of the Universe, from a doomed planet, in a crippled ship. Against all odds, they had landed on Third Earth, and there then followed long months of hard-won survival on Destiny Atoll. And then, when escape at last seemed possible, disaster had struck again in the form of a colossal, raging tornado, last seen hurtling towards their makeshift mini-sub at a terrifying velocity. It was all over, thought Bengali. It had to be.



His eyes snapped open. They were alive! As he adjusted his vision to the dim light in the command sphere of *The Vanguard of Ro-Bear*, he took a cautious peek at the viewing ports. A fish swam into view, fixed him with its flat, silvery stare, and was gone. Bengali's mouth hung open. 'I hate water,' he said, for want of anything better.

He was interrupted by a thin, electronic squeal from nearby. 'Do you realise what this means, friend Bengali?' trilled the Berbil captain, Ro-Ber-Bert. 'It worked! Somehow the twister blasted us clear of Destiny Atoll, and now the *Vanguard*'s command sphere is functioning as a mini-sub, as we planned!' Around them the others were now beginning to stir, stretching their stiffened limbs awkwardly. 'But we're moving!' said Pumyra, the Thunderian girl, rubbing at a small bruise on her temple. 'And there's light in here! I thought you said that the ion pods had blown!' A perplexed frown formed on Ro-Ber-Bert's metallic features. 'So they have, friend Pumyra,' he said. 'Battery power will keep our systems running for a short while, but we should *not* be moving!'

'A powerful undersea current, perhaps,' offered his Berbil companion, Ro-Ber-Bob, scanning the instrument panel. 'Oh,' he said. 'Oh dear.'

'What ails you, my friend?' asked the elder Thunderian, Lynx-O. 'It seems our oxygen reserves are running a little low,' Bob replied sadly. 'We have air enough for only three hours!'

'And with no power, we have no way of surfacing,' added Ro-Ber-Bert. 'I hate water,' said Bengali.

An hour later, the pull of the ocean current had intensified, and the makeshift bathysphere now raced along the ocean floor. The five companions had by now recovered, and all scanned the viewing ports eagerly. Stubbornly, the ocean cloaked its secrets in a greenish swirl. 'Wherever we're going, we won't know until about a second before we get there,' Bengali gruffed impatiently. 'I can't see a thing!' At that moment, there was a frenzied beeping from the control panel. 'Oh,' said Ro-Ber-Bert. 'Oh dear.'

'*What?* the three Thunderians yelled in chorus. 'Something ahead,' said Bob. 'Something very, very large.'



Dark and fathomless, ringed with coral, the tunnel yawned ahead as the bathysphere plunged on. There was no light or detail to be seen within, but as Ro-Ber-Bert wound a dial on the control panel, a sound could be heard. A steady, dull throb, like the pounding of some enormous engine. 'Machinery?' said Lynx-O. 'Let's hope so' Bengali replied, striking a fist into his palm. 'Because machinery means civilisation – and we're going in!' All braced themselves as the bathysphere entered the tunnel, Lynx-O clapping hands over his sensitive ears as the pounding grew louder. Only Pumyra saw the great, amber disc of an eye that blinked, once, as they entered the tunnel which was no tunnel at all. 'A monster!' she shrieked. 'We're being swallowed by a sea monster!' As the rhythmic hammering intensified in volume, they realised with horror that it had been a heartbeat all along.

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With the two Berbils crouched in readiness by the hatch, Pumyra and Lynx-O supported Bengali between them. 'Are you quite sure about this, my young friend?' asked Lynx-O, his breathing thick and laboured. At two hours into their oxygen supply, the air was becoming stale. 'We've no choice,' Bengali replied. 'Unless one of us goes for help, we'll be stuck in here until the air runs out, or we find out what this swimming stomach does for a digestive system!'

'What'll happen when we blow the hatch, Ro-Ber-Bert?' Pumyra asked timidly. 'Don't even think about it,' Bengali interrupted gruffly. 'Just be ready to slam it shut with everything you've got! Three – two – one' The hatch opened. 'Lords of Thun*dera*,' cried Bengali. 'I HATE WATERRRRRR!'



He swam. With muscles screaming, with lungs bursting for air, with all his Thunderian might, Bengali powered his way with firm strokes along the ribbed, fleshy throat of the sea beast. Ahead of him, a faint oval of light was his only sight of the creature's still open mouth, and freedom. It was then that Bengali realised that, once outside, he had absolutely no idea what he would do next...

'No... air...' coughed Pumyra, forcing her head above water once again. Beside her the Berbils bobbed helplessly, coughing and wheezing. Despite their combined strength, the four had barely managed to jam the hatch shut behind Bengali. All that remained of their meagre air reserves was a small air pocket at the top of the flooded cabin. 'Hopeless,' gasped Lynx-O. 'Even if Bengali were to find help, we will survive only... minutes... May the Lord Jaga have mercy on our spirits...'

Bengali sped out of the mouth of the sea beast like a living projectile. Turning slightly, he saw the great, amber discs of the creature's eyes cloud and dull with leviathan rage as it hauled its colossal, snakelike bulk clear of the seabed. It was coming after him. Bengali's heart lurched as he realised that what they had taken to be coral was in fact row upon row of gleaming, needle-sharp teeth...

'One... chance...' Ro-Ber-Bob spluttered. 'The... batteries...' with a last, wheezing breath, he dived beneath the murky surface of the water. Pumyra wanted to dive after him – to save the little Berbil – but her head was bursting, her vision growing clouded and dark. She lost consciousness just as Ro-Ber-Bob channeled all their remaining battery power into one brilliant burst, electrifying the hull of the bathysphere.

It had been generations since the sea beast had felt pain; countless thousands of years since it had heard itself scream. With a mighty, spasming cough, it ejected the tiny bathysphere free, catapulting it with blinding speed along its colossal length. Through the ocean, past the floundering Bengali, like a supercharged cannonball it flew, beyond the ocean, beyond the clouds, its metal hull searing as the air blistered past...

Forgetting the pain instantly, the sea beast relaxed, drifting gently back to the ocean floor, where it opened its mouth – and began to wait...



Small breakers on a familiar beach lapped the bathysphere as its hatch was blown, Lynx-O, Pumyra and the Berbils pouring onto the sand in a wave of stagnant seawater. Gasping in great lungfuls of fresh air, Pumyra raised her weary head. Many of the trees had been levelled by the wind storm, as had their stockade, but there was no mistaking their surroundings. 'Know what I hate more than water?' said Bengali, crawling wearily ashore.

'Destiny Atoll.'

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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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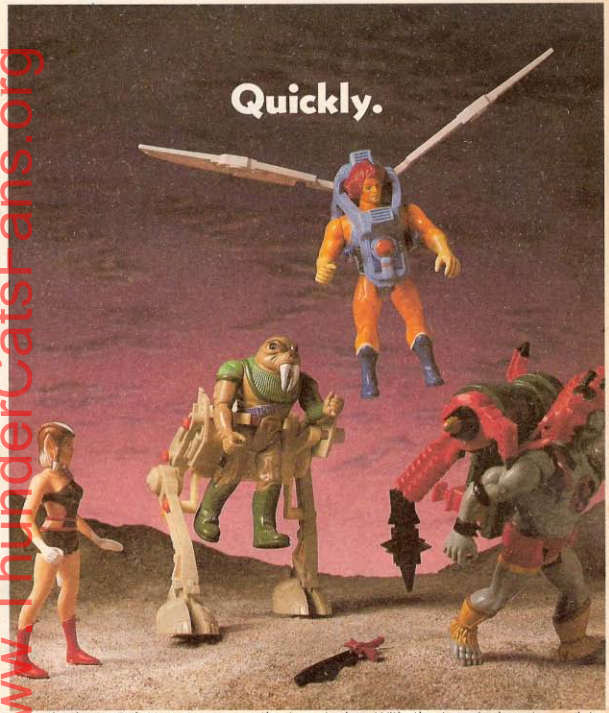
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How do the Thundercats defend themselves against the Luna-Lasher?



Quickly.



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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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