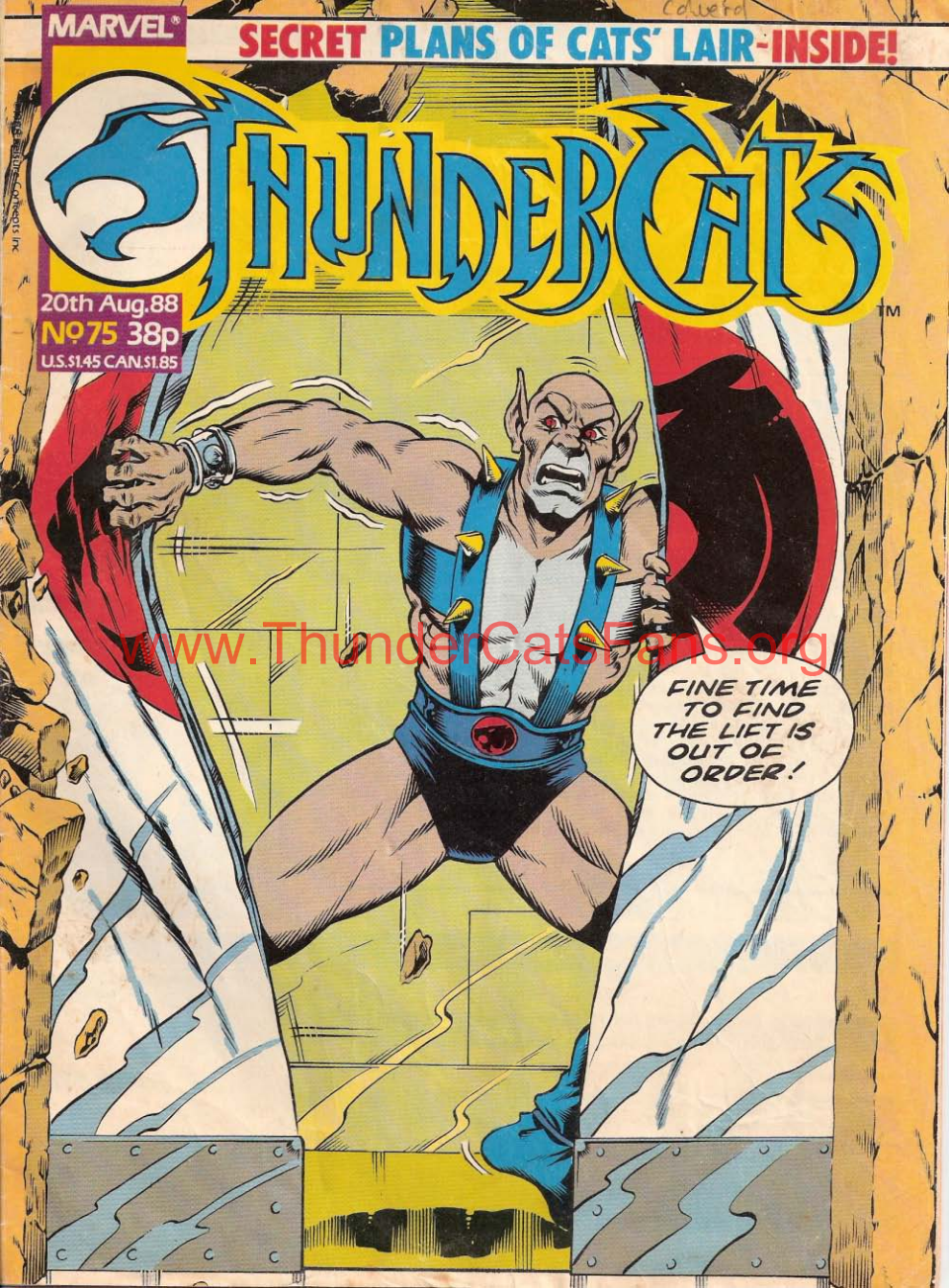
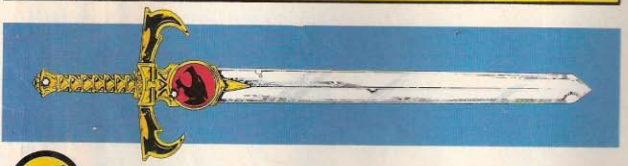


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THE CATS' LAIR



DIAMONDS AREN'T FOREVER! At least, not for *S-S-Slithe* they're not. With the *Wilys* in his power and the rest of the *Thundercats* forced to pay a ransom of moonstone diamonds for their safe return, things look pretty rosy for the mean green mutant – but are they? Read on! There's another batch of masterpieces on page 10 with *Thunder Art*, and something NEW on our centre pages this week – a sponditious cutaway plan of the *Cats Lair*! Don't worry, all you poster fans – the mini-posters return next week. *Thunder Chat* is at its usual post(!) on page 14, and the second part of *Mumm-Ra*'s story is the subject of this issues text story. Who – or what – is *Shapeshade*? Now's the chance to find out. Finally, there's the first part of a new *Power Pack* story, with the triumphal return of our heroes to Earth. But, as usual, there are a few problems on the way. Life is never simple when the Pack are on the loose! And thats THUNDERCATS 75 – a really CAT-astrophic issue!

3	**BAD PLAYMATES** – Part 4
10	**THUNDER ART**
12	**PLAN OF CATS LAIR**
15	**TEXT STORY** – The Sign of Six!
18	**POWER PACK** – Going Home! – Part 1







THUNDERCATS 75 COVER ART: **MARTIN GRIFFITHS/ STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** COLOUR BY **EUAN PETERS**

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NEXT: TRIAL BY FIRE!

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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.

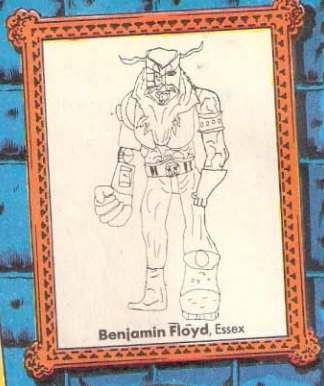
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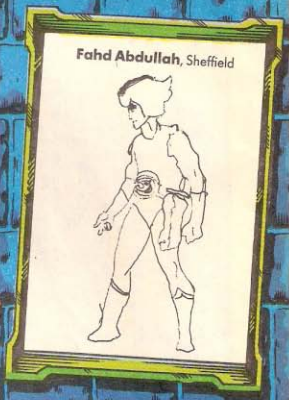
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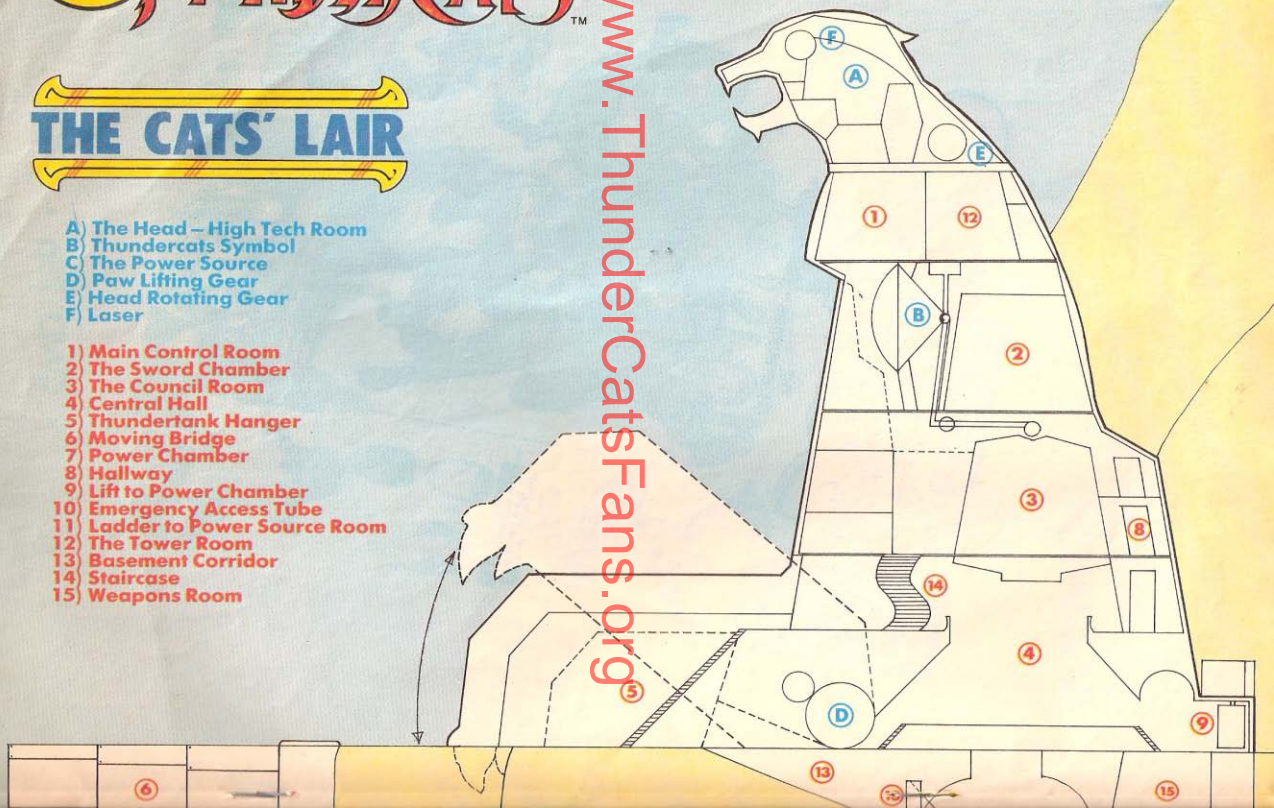
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THE CATS' LAIR

A) The Head – High Tech Room
B) Thundercats Symbol
C) The Power Source
D) Paw Lifting Gear
E) Head Rotating Gear
F) Laser

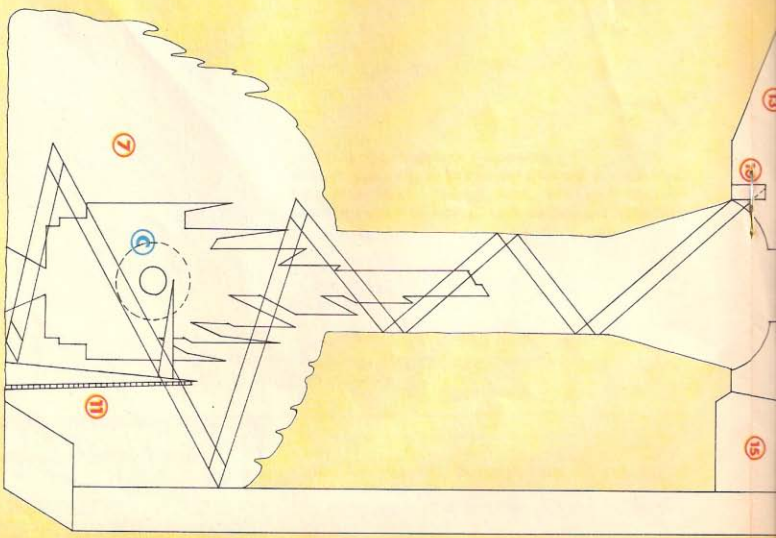
1) Main Control Room
2) The Sword Chamber
3) The Council Room
4) Central Hall
5) Thundertank Hanger
6) Moving Bridge
7) Power Chamber
8) Hallway
9) Lift to Power Chamber
10) Emergency Access Tube
11) Ladder to Power Source Room
12) The Tower Room
13) Basement Corridor
14) Staircase
15) Weapons Room



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SNARF'S SWAPS

Wanted: Thundertank.
Swap: Skycutter.
Contact: Gavin Radcliffe, 44 Fullers Close, Kelvedon Close, Colchester, Essex CO5 9JX.

Wanted: Thundercats Annual 2.
Swap: Thundercats Annual 1.
Contact: Christopher Taylor, 2 Hilltop Cottages, Brigham, Driffield, North Humberside YO25 8JW.

Wanted: Thundercats issues: – 3, 4, 37, 38-42 (inclusive), 46-49 (inclusive), 52, 61, 63, 65.
Swap: Transformers issues: – 105-131.
Contact: Daniel McDonald, 51 Sengard, Hackbridge, Surrey SM6 7BG.

Wanted: Thundercats issue 47.
Swap: Thundercats issue 17.
Contact: Daniel Read, 52 Scottswood Road, Bushey, Herts.

Dear Snarf,
I have some questions to ask you:–
1) Why do all of the Thundercats ignore what you say?
2) Why do we only see Mumm-Ra in some episodes?
3) Are Wilykit and Wilykat twins?
Snarf – you are the best Thundercat of all. You are small, neat and not too greedy, quiet and well behaved. What more could you ask for?
Gerard.

You didn't put your address, Gerard, but never mind – I'll answer your questions anyway:–
1) That's a question I keep asking myself – why, why, why? I don't get an aswer, though. That's because nobody's listening!
2) Because we keep beating him. He has to go off and sulk for a while.
3) Yes. Double trouble!

Dear Lion-O,
You are my favourite Thundercat. Please answer the following questions:–
1) When you call the Thundercats, why does the Eye change? Why does the Sword of Omens get bigger?
2) Who is your favourite Thundercat?
Peter Lewis,
Kingswinford West.

Lion-O had to go to bed early, so I'M going to answer your questions. So there.
1) The Eye of Thundera doesn't change, it sends out a signal. The Sword gets bigger so that Lion-O can fight with it. The rest of the time its small to make it easier to carry around. I think.
2) I think Cheetara is Lion-O's favourite, but he would never say so himself. He'd get embarrassed and probably hit me for telling you!

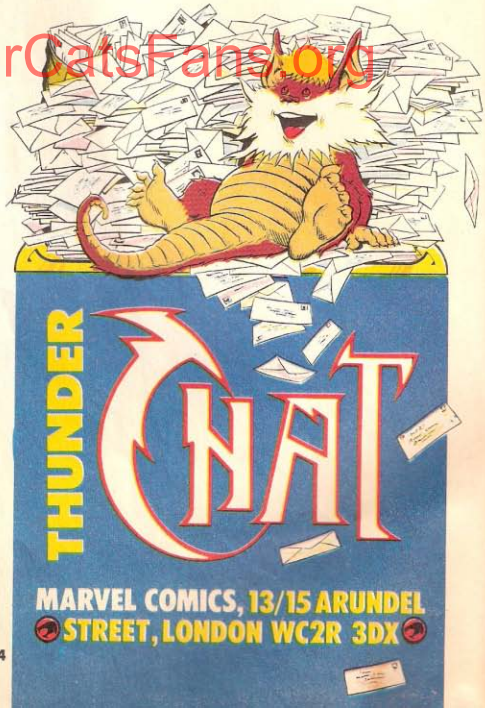
Dear Panthro,
I get the **THUNDERCATS** comic every week. I think it is brilliant. You are my favourite Thundercat because you are very strong and powerful. Tell Snarf that I did not leave him out, because he is great as well.
Gerard Whittaker,
Dunmurry,
Belfast.

Humph! Nice of you to remember me, Gerard! Panthro says 'Thank you' for the compliments. He's off in his room flexing his muscles in front of the mirror – showoff!

Dear Snarf,
Are Mumm-Ra and Mongor related in any way?
Sebastian Carey,
Cornwall.

Yes – They use the same tailor! Snarf! Snarf!

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THE SIGN OF SIX!

by Steve Alan



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'Yoww!' bellowed Panthro, in mingled rage and embarrassment. 'Get me outta this thing, Lion-O!' Levering a foot against the electronic door, the Lord of the Thundercats pushed with all his might. The door remained stubbornly half-closed. 'It's no good, Panthro,' said Lion-O. 'Until Tygra restores power to the circuits, you're stuck fast!' Almost as he spoke, the lights clicked on, Cats' Lair humming back into life. At once the door hissed open, releasing Panthro. 'Bout time,' said the big Thundercat gruffly. 'But I've got a very bad feeling about today.'



Far across phosphorous desert plains, in an oasis of evil known as The Onyx Pyramid, Mumm-Ra The Ever-Living paced the floor of his inner sanctum, his bandages swirling like the feathers of a dishevelled vulture. 'No!' he raged. 'Nooo! That which I feared has come upon me . . .' From the inky black depths of the devil-priest's cauldron, a one-eyed octopus gave a deep, liquid cackle. 'Not yet, Crumb-Ra,' said Slitherweed The Many-Legged, an Ancient Spirit of Evil. 'But it will! That tellin' off from ol' Dad-Ra was only the beginning . . .' Mumm-Ra spun angrily about, approaching the cauldron.

'You lie, loathsome one,' he rumbled. 'He whom I saw cannot have been my father! Shapeshade the Mystic was banished to the Cave of the Vortex long ages past, as were my brothers. There is no escape!'

'Better hope so, mean green,' laughed Slitherweed, disappearing in a dark froth of laughter bubbles. 'Cause on the day of Geddontide, they're all comin' back – and they aint gonna be too happy with you!' Something like horror passed across the crumpled, mummified features of the devil priest. 'What can I do?' he pleaded. It was not easy for a one-eyed spectral octopus to smile, but Slitherweed managed a wide, malicious grin as he spoke. 'Start packing,' he said. 'And include plenty more bandages.'

All the service hatches in Cats' Lair control room were open when Lion-O and Panthro entered at a run. 'I know what you're going to ask, Lion-O,' said Tygra, wiping oil from his fur. 'And I don't know the answer! Cats' Lair is functioning perfectly!' Lion-O frowned.

'I know why, Thundercats,' said a deep, resonant voice. Framed in the doorway, flanked by Cheetara and Snarf, was Snowman.

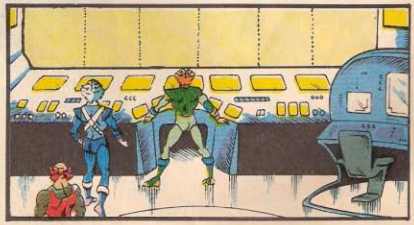
'But what is Geddontide, Snowman?' asked Cheetara, puzzled. 'Some kind of festival?'

I'm afraid not, Cheetara,' said Lynx-O, the elder Thundercat. 'Geddontide is the mythical day when the six brothers of Mumm-Ra will be united again, to destroy his evil forever!'

'What's so terrible about that? queried Cheetara.

'Lynx-O, Pumyra and I met one of them on Destiny Atoll,' said Bengali, his expression grave. 'Raman-Ka. If there are five more like that at home, Third Earth is in trouble that's gonna make Mumm-Ra look like a Berbil!'

Even as the old snow warrior spoke, Cats' Lair was plunged into darkness again. The temperature in the control room plummeted below zero in less than a second, as though Snowman had brought the icy wastes of Hook Mountain swirling through the corridors with him. A face was forming on the main viewscreen; or rather the abscence of a face. Concentrating, each of the Thundercats could make out a dark cowl, the colour of an eternity of starless nights. But the face of the figure beneath the hood was hidden from view. 'Greetings, Thundercats,' said a voice from all around them, rumbling like a quiet earthquake. 'I am Shapeshade the Mystic.'



Deep in a dank, moss-lined library vault, a frantic Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living rummaged desperately through a stack of crumbling manuscripts and dark-

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backed books. 'It must be here!' he bellowed. 'I, Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living, *command* it to be here!' in the far corner of the vault, a smaller cauldron gurgled contemptuously into life. 'If you mean the Berserker Book of Skulls, you're way off-beam, Numb-Ra,' said Slitherweed the Many-legged mockingly.

'Curses!' growled Mumm-Ra, swirling to face the cauldron. 'I forgot about the extension!'

'Ain't all you forgot,' gloated Slitherweed, his waters fizzing with dark mirth. 'You forgot the only spell that can save your slime green neck, didn'tcha?' With a bellow of rage, Mumm-Ra wrenched the tiny cauldron free of its supports. Slitherweed's eye widened once in surprise before disappearing as the devil priest hurled the cauldron against the far wall. 'I will not be made sport of by a talking jellyfish!' he roared. 'Ancient Spirits of Evil – I call upon another of your vile band!' As Mumm-Ra spoke, a pale, misty white cloud appeared above the cauldron, billowing out to fill an unimpressive corner of the room. 'H-hello?' said a tiny voice nervously, a small pair of pink eyes blinking timidly open at the centre of the cloud. 'Milkwand the Small at your service,' it said. 'Well, sort of. I've never really done this kind of thing before . . .'

Collapsing in a forlorn heap of bandages on the floor of his library vault, Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living, scourge of a thousand generations, prince of all evil, ageless devil priest of Third Earth, began to cry.



In the dark and silent sanctuary that was Cats' Lair, the Thundercats listened silently as Shapeshade the Mystic reached the end of his terrifying story. It was now so cold in the Lair that a rime of frost was forming on the control panels, but none of the 'Cats noticed.

'So you see the task before you, Thundercats,' said Shapeshade, in a voice older than time. 'I still don't get it,' said Lion-O. 'What will happen when the six brothers return?'

'They cannot return,' said Shapeshade. 'At least, not all at once. Mumm-Ra banished them to the dawn of time – to the great Ice Age of Third Earth. To reach him, the six brothers are sucking the very fabric of Third Earth into its own past, through the six sacred portals of time. The Cave of the Vortex is but one of these.

'The temperature loss?' said Tygra.

'Only the beginning,' replied Shapeshade. 'Unless you do as I instruct, Third Earth will disappear beneath a crust of ice a mile deep. They will have Mumm-Ra – and a world will die in the process.'

'But how can we help?' asked Lynx-O. 'Even we were powerless before Raman-Ka – and he is only one of them!'

'You must find the Sign of Six,' replied Shapeshade, his insubstantial image beginning to fade from the screen. 'In the lands to the far north. But beware – the Sign is also a source of great power for Mumm-Ra. He will summon all the dark forces at his command to stop you . . .'

'Um – Mumm-Ra?' said Milkwand the Small hesitantly, hovering patiently above the devil priest's left shoulder. Mumm-Ra had neither moved nor spoken for hours, and stared despondently at the wall. 'There is nothing you can say,' he said in a self-pitying mutter, 'That could possibly be of any interest to me.'

'B-but I have the answer you seek!' Milkwand sounded reproachful. 'T-the Sign of Six! I know where it is!'

'Whaat?' Mumm-Ra leapt to this feet. 'Then the race is on!'



'You're not going to like this, Lion-O,' said Tygra, as a computer graphic of the map of Third Earth flashed across the main screen. 'I already don't like almost everything about today,' replied Lion-O grimly, 'beginning with the part where I woke up. Tell me anyway.'

'The Kingdom of the Berserkers,' said Tygra.

'I'm going back to bed,' said Lion-O.

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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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