

THUNDERCATS^{TMX}

THE MUTANTS' ALLIANCE

BOOK AND
RECORDING



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THE MUTANTS' ALLIANCE

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The ThunderCats had crash-landed on a small planet that seemed able to support their kind of life. But much hard work would have to be done before they could call it home.

Panthro was unloading heavy machinery from their wrecked spaceship. "Lion-O!" he called. "Give me a hand with this!"

It didn't look like much fun to the young prince. "Uh - well, maybe it would be better if I scouted the area while you're doing that. It's my responsibility to make sure we're in a secure position here!"

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"But we need all the help we can get . . ."

"No – Lion-O is right," Tygra cut in. "The surrounding territory should be reconnoitered, and as Lord of the ThunderCats, his responsibility is our safety."

Lion-O's faithful old friend, Snarf, came bounding up. "Darn right!" he exclaimed. "I'll go with you!"

"I don't need a nursemaid anymore! Try to get that through your head, Snarf!"

Seeing his crestfallen look, Tygra said, "Come, Snarf, you're still needed. We can sure use your help here."

"Nn, snarf – sure." The hairy little creature came slinking back. "Nobody even knows I'm around 'less there's work to be done."

"Take the Claw Shield and the Sword of Omens, Lion-O," said Tygra. "You may need to summon us."

"Oh, I think I'll be able to handle anything that comes along." Nevertheless, the young lord took the fabulous weaponry that was handed to him, and swaggered off.



Meanwhile, the enemy mutants were flying low over the same planet, called Third Earth – looking for whatever creatures might live there.

Jackalman pointed suddenly to the telescreen, which showed crumbling temples and pyramids below. . . . Architecture of a sort!"

"But in ruins," said the Monkian. "So there was some kind of civilization on this ridiculous pebble of a planet!"

"We have no time to ponder that now," the Reptilian S-S-Slithe warned the other two sharply. "If I know the ThunderCats, they will lose no time in building an impregnable fortress. We too must establish a base, so look for a likely spot to build Castle Plun-Darr, yes-s-s?"

"Up ahead!" barked Jackalman. "A desert most likely and . . . something else."

Their spaceship slowed and hovered over a strange black pyramid and tall, tapering shafts like stone figures pointing skyward. Lightning crackled from their tips.

"Oo-huh – what's that thing?" Monkian chattered nervously.

All three stared fearfully at the telescreen.

"No primitive life form constructed it – that's cer tain!" hissed S-S-Slithe. "Yes-s-s?"

"I—I don't like the looks of it," muttered Jackalman.

"Whoo-Whoo-Whoo! Let's get as far away from it as we can!"

But as their spaceship started to lift and cruise onward, the lightning flashed and exploded more brilliantly than ever! The ship rocked – sparks burst from the control panel!

"What's happening?"

"The controls aren't responding!"

"We're falling!"

The Mutants hissed and yelped and chattered in terror as their cruiser plunged to earth. To their amazement, they were still alive! At last they ventured out of their crippled spacecraft.

"I see no enemy about . . ." said S-S-Slithe.

"Then what caused us to crash?!"

Lightning crackled again from the pointing stone obelisks.

"There! There's the cause!" exclaimed Jackalman.

The Reptilian snarled and hissed in fury. "ROWWWWRSSSS!! Nothing – no being or thing – thwarts S-S-Slithe! Come! Yes-s-s?"

The others hesitated as he slunk toward the black pyramid.



"Uh . . . Is that a good idea?"

"You're afraid, Jackalman? And you call yourself a Mutant? We are the fearmakers – not the ones who fear!"

Jackalman plucked up his spirits. "Hnyah, hnyah, hnyah, hnyah, hnyah! By Plun-Darr, you're right, S-S-Slithe! Lead on!"

"Whooh-ha-uh-ha-whooh! L-L-Look!" The Monkian's eyes widened as he pointed a trembling paw. A doorway had suddenly opened in the smooth black pyramid!

"Enter!" boomed a hollow voice from the tomb.

"Arm yourselves!" S-S-Slithe hissed to his companions.

But the voice went on: "Your weapons are not needed . . . you are welcome here. Follow the ball of light."

A glowing greenish ball appeared. It led the Mutants through a musty, spiderwebby passageway, past walls carved with hieroglyphics and weird symbols.

"Wh-Where are you?" Monkian asked the invisible speaker.

"Wh-Who are you?" Jackalman added.

"You shall soon see . . .

Scarab beetles scurried along beside them, and bats squeaked overhead.

At last they came to a room containing a large bubbling cauldron. Beyond it, they could see a mummy case and four statues of human figures with animal heads. The mummy case was standing upright.

"What's that thing?" said Jackalman.

"It looks like some kind of casket, whooh!"

S-S-Slithe frowned and looked around. "But where is he who bid us enter? I seen nothing alive . . ."

The mummy case began to glow and shimmer, and the lid flew open! Inside stood an ancient hooded figure. "As long as Evil exists," it replied, "Mumm-Ra lives!"

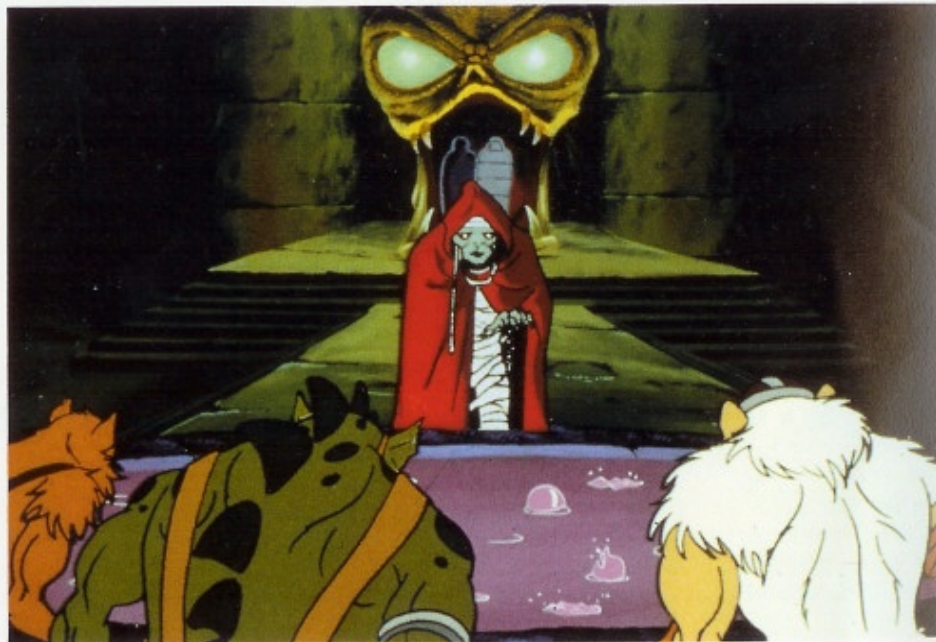
It spoke in the same hollow echoing voice they had heard before! The Mutants stared in awe.

"What manner of being are you?" asked S-S-Slithe.

"You need only know that I am Mumm-Ra! . . . and that I know of your mission here on Third Earth! You seek to possess the Eye of ThunDERa!"

"You know of the Eye of ThunDERa? Yes-s-s?"

"I have known of its power for a thousand years" – Mumm-Ra pointed upward to an opening in



the top of the pyramid, through which they could glimpse the night sky dotted with stars and constellations – "from a time when this was still First Earth!"

"Even if this is so," snarled Jackalman, "what makes you think we need your help?!"

The Eyes of Mumm-Ra seemed to blaze out from beneath the hood of his cloak. "You mock my power!"

He lifted his arms, and lightning crackled from his fingertips. The whole pyramid rumbled with a sound like distant thunder, shaking dust down on their heads!

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But the Mutants were not impressed.

"Huh," sneered the Monkian. "The communication module on our ship hasn't been damaged. Hm – hum. We can call in the other Mutant ships and have them blast this place to powder! And you – Mumm-Ra – with it! Whoo!"

"Come see your ship, foolish creatures!" He beckoned them to the huge cauldron. Through its boiling vapor, they could see their spacecraft, which had crash-landed outside the pyramid. As they watched, it sank out of sight – and the desert sands closed over it!

"Whoo-Whoo-Whoo-Whoo!" the Monkian screeched in alarm. "Our ship!!"

"Gone forever!" gloated Mumm-Ra, "– along with the hope of ever summoning any other Mutant ships! You are now stranded on Third Earth – and without Mumm-Ra, you perish!"

S-S-Slithe and his partners huddled together fearfully. "Hmm! What do you think?" chattered Monkian.

"Do we have a choice?!" said Jackalman. "We have to go along with him!"

"Yes-s-s . . . for now!" S-S-Slithe hissed with an evil smile.

"Even shared," Mumm-Ra pointed out, "there is power enough in the Eye of ThunDERa for all of us."

"Sure there is, Mumm-Ra," the Reptilian agreed slyly. "It's only right that we share."

And his cohorts chimed in: "S-S-Slithe speaks for all of us!" . . . "We're with you, Mumm-Ra! Heh, heh!"

Their false smiles did not fool Mumm-Ra. He knew what kind of double-crossers he was dealing with. But he too could be cunning.

"Yes – I am pleased to see that you are so agreeable," he murmured smoothly and raised his arms. "Look into the cauldron once more. You will see where the Eye of ThunDERa is to be found . . ."

"It's Lion-O!" cried S-S-Slithe.

Mumm-Ra nodded. "Yes – the Lord of the ThunderCats!"

"He carries the Sword, but where is he?!"

"– that we may ambush him!" S-S-Slithe added with a crafty grin.

"Mumm-Ra will transport you!" As the hooded figure raised his arms, there was a buzzing, crackling sound.

The three Mutants became transparent – then disappeared!

Lion-O was scouting the jungle near the ThunderCats' camp. From a high knoll, he spied a mother gazelle and her calf.



"Wow! What great hunting!" Raising his Sword, Lion-O leaped forward with an eager roar. Next thing he knew, there was a flash and the Sword flew from his hand! It landed point-first and stuck deep in the tree!

"What's going on here?!" the young lord fumed angrily. He yanked hard on the Sword, but it wouldn't budge!

The more he tried, the angrier he got. "That's enough of that! I command you to –"

A ghostly voice interrupted: "The Sword will not obey you, Lion-O . . ."

"Huh?!" The Lord of the ThunderCats whirled – and saw the misty image of the old chief. "Jaga?!"

"The Sword will never obey an order to destroy wantonly, Lion-O."

"Aw . . . I was just going to have some fun."

"Fun? Your food supplies are plentiful at present, and those gentle creatures have as much right to the life-force as you do, Lion-O. The Sword will only come to life to combat evil. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Jaga . . ." The young lord hung his head. When he looked up, the image had faded.

Lion-O turned back to the Sword. As his hand touched the hilt, the Eye of ThunDERa opened wide – and the Thundercat roar resounded through the jungle!

The Sword came out of the tree easily. The Eye was glowing brightly now. The crossbar curled to form eyeholes, and the Sword itself was growing!

"What is it? Danger?!" Lion-O peered through the eyeholes. "I don't see any –"

He broke off as three figures suddenly materialized out of nowhere. "It's the Mutants again!" They grabbed his arms before he could strike out at them!

"The Sword!" hissed S-S-Slithe. "Seize the Sword!!"

Lion-O fought furiously as all three of his enemies leaped on him and grappled with him. Even so, he managed to raise his Sword arm and shout, "THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDER-CATS – mmmfff!"

S-S-Slithe clamped a hand over the young lord's mouth. Enraged, Lion-O fought more fiercely than ever and finally shook off his attackers. "THUNDERCATS – HO!!" he roared.

The Sword swelled to its full size, and a fiery beam shot skyward from the Eye of ThunDERa!

Back at camp, Panthro heard Lion-O's roar and paused from unloading their wrecked ship. He saw the sign of the ThunderCats blazoned across the sky!

"Wilykat – kit! Lion-O's in trouble . . . C'mon!!"



With glowing yellow cat's eyes and blazing red insignia, the three rushed into the jungle! They reached the scene just in the nick of time!

"Lion-O! Hold on, we're here!"

"I'm . . . doing . . . fine Panthro!" With his mighty Sword, Lion-O beat off his attackers' blows.

With three more ThunderCats joining the fight, the Mutants knew it was time to flee!

"Back! Get back!!" S-S-Slithe hissed to his partners.

Panthro, who was about to hurl the Reptilian against the nearest rock, found himself clutching empty air. The Mutants had suddenly disappeared!

"No spaceships above," gaped Wilykat.

"So where did they dematerialize to?!" Wilykit puzzled.

"Don't like the looks of that," frowned Panthro. "Seems like those blasted Mutants have learned some new tricks!"

"Where are Tygra and Cheetara?" said Lion-O.

"Gone lookin' for a good place to build our new home."

"Why didn't they see the ThunderCats signal?"

"Mm, good question. I'll go look for them!"

"No – I'll go Panthro. I'm not a kid anymore," Lion-O spoke quietly but firmly.

Panthro understood. The young lord was boss now. "Ri-i-ight! Heh, heh, heh!"



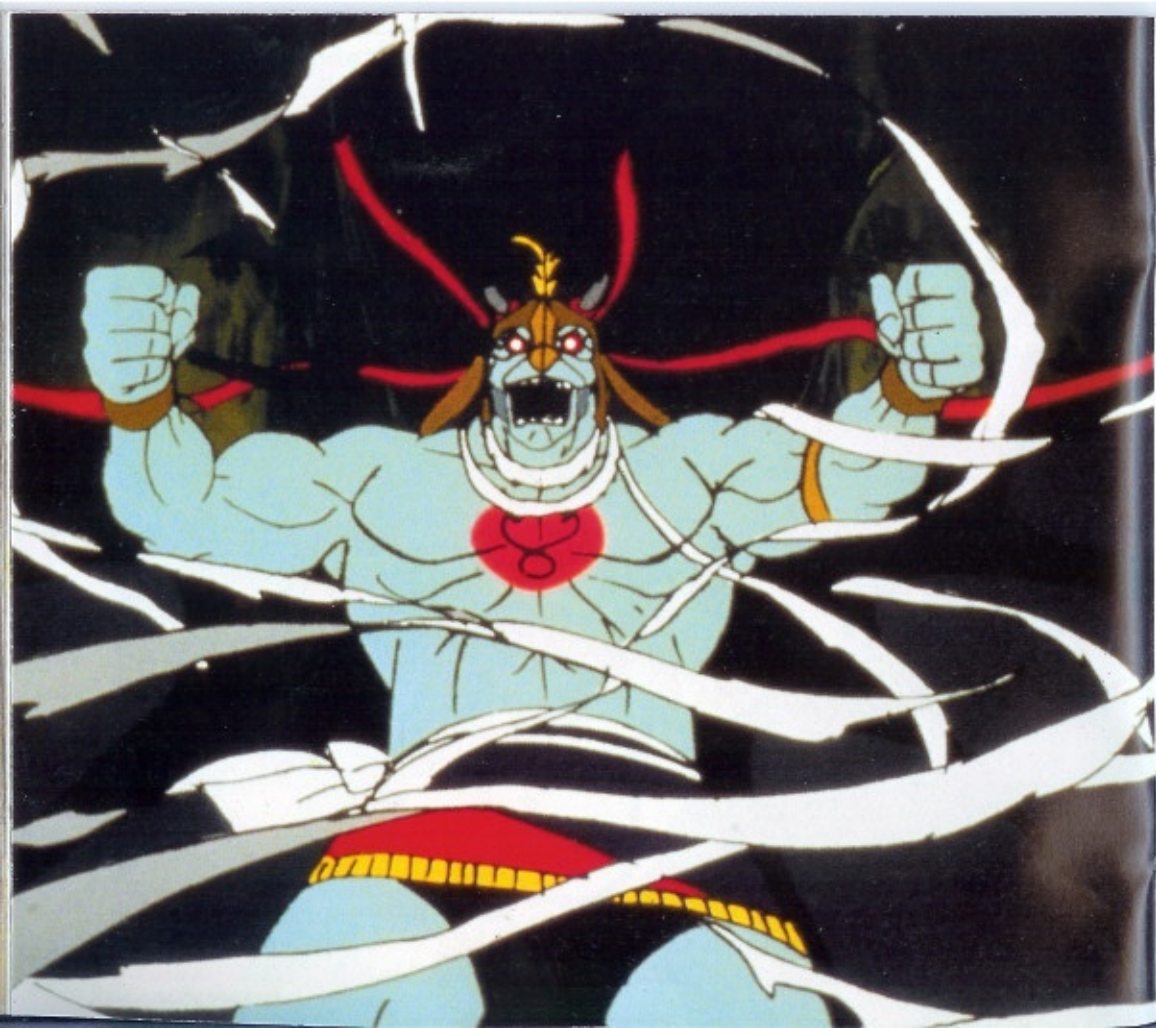
Back in Mumm-Ra's tomb, the hooded ancient one sneered at the three figures who once more stood before him. "So! The dreaded Mutants – the scourge of the universe – return with their tails between their legs!"

"Humm – if you think it's so easy fighting the ThunderCats, try it yourself next time! Huh!" chittered the Monkian.

"Yes-s-s!" hissed S-S-Slithe. "We haven't seem much of your self-proclaimed power yet, 'mighty' Mumm-Ra!"

"You dare to taunt Mumm-Ra, Reptilian?! . . . You shall see my power then – much to your sorrow!"





The hooded figure flung out his arms and began a dreadful chant that chilled his three listeners with fear:

"ANCIENT SPIRITS OF EVIL! . . . TRANSFORM THIS DECAYED FORM . . . TO MUMM-RA – THE EVER-LIVING!"

His cloak fell away – he began to swell in size. His muscles bulged, bursting through his mummy wrappings, and his red eyes blazed like deadly fire!

At the same time, the double-snake insignia on his weird costume began to pulse with a fiery light. The animal-headed statues glowed red around his coffin. Mumm-Ra himself seemed to take on some of their likeness – even to vulture wings attached to his powerful arms.

The Mutants fell back in awe as he soared aloft – and burst out of the black pyramid!

Lion-O was walking through the forest, searching for the other two ThunderCats. "Tygral! . . . Cheetara!" he called.

A vast, bubbling dark pool lay ahead. "What's that? Some kind of black lake?" he wondered – and tested it with his finger. "Whoo! It's hot!"



He tried to rub away the tar with his other hand, encased in the glove of the shiny Claw Shield.
"... and sticky! It won't come off," Lion-O muttered.

"He had stuck his Sword in the ground while he tested the black lake. Suddenly the Eye of ThunDERa snapped open! The ThunderCat roar sounded – and the Sword began to grow!

Lion-O sensed: "Danger!" and whirled to pull out the Sword! He gasped as he found himself facing Mumm-Ra! "Wh-What is that thing?! I'd better –"

Raising ther Sword, he started to shout, "THUNDER-THUNDER –"



Then abruptly, Lion-O lowered his weapon. "No! As Lord of the ThunderCats I must fight this demon alone!"

He charged at the fearsome specter – but Mumm-Ra whacked the Sword with his Vulture Wing and sent it flying! It landed in the sticky pool and sank down until the Eye was covered with black tar!

Lion-O hastened to pull out the sword. But as he turned back to his foe, Mumm-Ra sprang upon the young lord, clasping him with the two vulture wings!

"He he he he he he, ha ha ha! You think to destroy Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living? It cannot be done – boy!!"

'Lion-O squirmed out of his foe's embrace, muttering, "Th-the Ever-living?! This c-creature isn't mortal! If I can still just ..."

He grabbed up the weapon which had fallen from his hand – then rolled over on his back and lifted the Sword with the Eye and aimed skyward. "THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDERCATS – HO!!"

To his dismay, nothing happened! No fiery beam shot upward!

"THUNDERCATS ... HO!" he faltered. Then he realized that the EYE was blinded with tar!

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Mumm-Ra cackled with laughter. Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, "It's no use, boy . . . The Eye of ThunDERa cannot summon your friends this time! . . . I only wish it could!"

Again he leaped at Lion-O. Soon they were locked in fierce combat!

The young lord fought valiantly, but he could no longer use his Sword, though he still clasped it tightly. Unable to fight freely with both hands, he found himself being forced to the ground by the demon!

With an evil laugh, Mumm-Ra pointed his fingers to zap the young ThunderCat with his magical force rays. "In a moment the Eye of ThunDERa will be mine to command – boy!!"

As Lion-O raised a gloved hand to protect himself, the demon suddenly caught sight of his own reflection in the shiny Claw Shield. He shrank back with a groaning shriek of terror. "YYYYAAAAHHH!!!"





Tygra and Cheetara were coming out of a cave where they had been searching for some kind of stone to use in building the Cats' Lair.

Cheetara stopped short. "Tygra, listen! I thought I heard the Thundercat roar! . . . Something's going on and we'd better see what it is! Come on!"

But the fight was over by the time the two came running up, followed by the other ThunderCats.

"We heard battle cries!" exclaimed Tygra.

"Are you all right, Lion-O?!" asked Panthro. "What was all that racket?!"

"Snarf, snarf – I told you not to go off by yourself!"

Wilykat pointed to a ghastly figure zooming off through the sky. "Wilykit Look!!" "Yecccchh! What is that thing, Lion-O?!"





"It . . . He is called Mumm-Ra the Ever-Living.
That's all I know . . ."

Lion-O told his comrades about his blood-chilling fight with the ancient demon, and added:
"It was its own reflection that drove it off, yet it feared nothing!"

The ghastly creature returned to its black tomb.
The Mutants watched mockingly as it shrank
back into the form of a cloaked and bandaged
mummy.





"Humm – did you get it, Mumm-Ra?!"
chattered the Monkian.

And Jackalman barked, "Did you, Mumm-Ra?!" Do you have the Eye of ThunDERa?!"

"He doesn't answer," sneered S-S-Slithe. "He didn't get it! . . . So the 'great' Mumm-Ra also failed! Yes-s-s!"

But as he stepped back into his casket, Mumm-Ra intoned vengefully. "There will be another time!" – and the coffin lid closed with a bang!

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