

STARRIORS™

MARVEL®



No. 6



BOLAR!



FROM
TOMY.

CARLOS G.

STARRIORS™



WINDSTORM:
A HIGH-SPEED, AIRBORNE
VULTOR, SHE IS A USEFUL
SPY AND VEHICLE, AND A
HOPELESS SNITCH.

FLASHFIST: ➤
A BATTERY IN
WASTOR FORM, HE
USES HIS ENEMIES'
OWN ENERGIES
AGAINST THEM.



◀ **RIPSAW:**
A WASTOR ON A
QUEST FOR TRUTH,
HE FIGHTS ONLY TO
PROTECT OTHERS.



▲ **TWIN BLADE:**
A BRILLIANT ARTISTIC
WASTOR WHO LOVES
HIS OWN WORK MORE
THAN THE PROTECTORS'
CAUSE.

BOLAR:
A FORMIDABLE
WASTOR WARRIOR
IN SEARCH OF THE
PERFECT OPPONENT.



PROTECTORS

The mission to find Man continues!
Collect all the new, exciting Starriors
characters! Look for them in stores
everywhere.

DESTRUCTORS

CLAWGUT: ➤
A SPITEFUL COWARDLY
WASTOR QUICK TO
INSTIGATE TROUBLE
FOR OTHERS.



◀ **SLICE:**
THIS WASTOR IS A
STRICT SPOILSPORT
WHO LOVES INFLECTING
PUNISHMENT ON HIS
ENEMIES.



TWINHORN:
ENFORCING ALL DESTRUCTOR
REGULATIONS, THIS FIERCE
STALKOR GIVES SUPPORT TO
ANY DESTRUCTOR USING IT FOR
TRAVEL.

BOLAR!

CLAWGUT! SLICE!
YOU KNOW WHAT OUR
ORDERS ARE... NO
PROTECTORS ARE
ALLOWED TO ENTER
THE FORBIDDEN
ZONE!

THAT
MEANS WE'VE
GOT TO CAPTURE
THOSE THREE
THAT GOT AWAY
FROM US!



YES!
CAPTURE
THEM!

BUT... THEY WERE AWFULLY TOUGH. MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE REINFORCEMENTS.



I-I'D HATE TO THINK THAT WHEN WE FINALLY CATCH THEM, THEY WOULDN'T GET ALL THE PUNISHMENT THEY DESERVE!



TOUGH? PROTECTORS? LISTEN TO YOURSELVES! YOU TWO ARE A DISGRACE TO ALL DESTRUCTORS!

YEAH! SHAPE UP!



I'M OFF TO SEE OUR LEADER, *SLAUGHTER STEELGRAVE*, AND FIND OUT IF HE HAS ANY NEW INSTRUCTIONS FOR US... WHEN I COME BACK, YOU TWO HAD BETTER HAVE DEALT WITH THIS DISCIPLINARY PROBLEM...

...OR YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT PUNISHMENT REALLY IS!

YES!

UHP!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE DESERT...

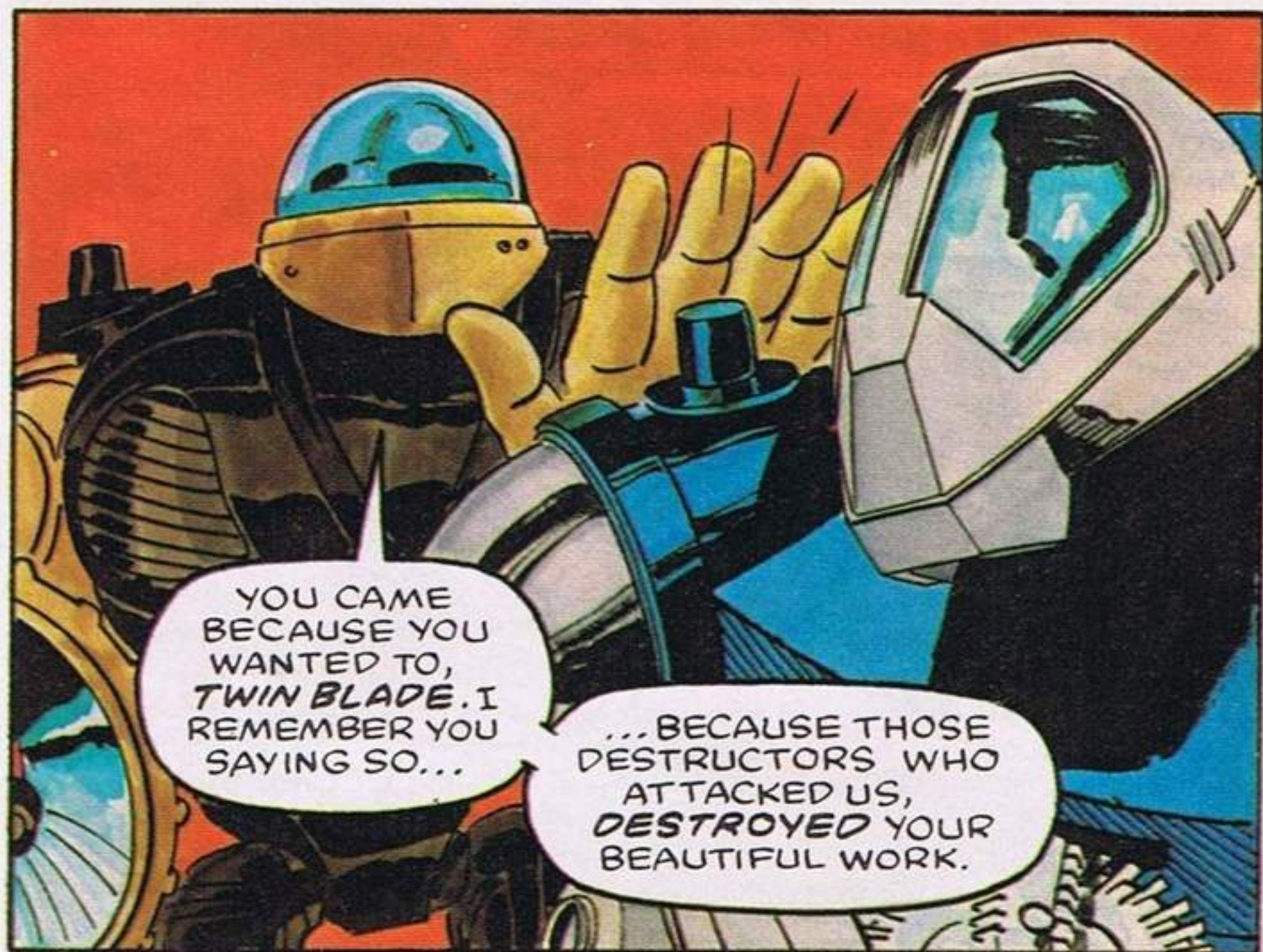
FLASHFIST, I HAVE TO SAY, I'M WORRIED. I THINK WE'RE LOST... AND I DON'T THINK WINDSTORM IS COMING BACK!

SHE'LL COME BACK, TWIN BLADE. SHE PROMISED SHE WOULD. SHE ONLY FLEW ON AHEAD TO SCOUT OUR WAY FOR US.

I DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE DOING THIS... LOOKING FOR RELICS OF MAN HERE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, WHEN WE'RE NOT SURE MAN EVER EXISTED.

WE'RE RISKING DESTRUCTION BY BREAKING THE RULES AND COMING HERE...

... AN ARTIST LIKE ME SHOULD HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH HIS TIME.



YOU CAME
BECAUSE YOU
WANTED TO,
TWIN BLADE. I
REMEMBER YOU
SAYING SO...

... BECAUSE THOSE
DESTRUCTORS WHO
ATTACKED US,
DESTROYED YOUR
BEAUTIFUL WORK.

WINDSTORM HAS GONE TO
SEE IF SHE CAN FIND ANY
OTHER PROTECTORS IN
THE *FORBIDDEN ZONE*...


... LIKE
HOTSHOT AND
HIS BAND OF
RENEGADES.
RUMOR HAS IT
THAT THEY'VE
ACTUALLY FOUND
PROOF
MAN ONCE
EXISTED--AND
CREATED
ALL OF US
STARRIORS!

HEY, ISN'T
THAT
WINDSTORM
NOW?



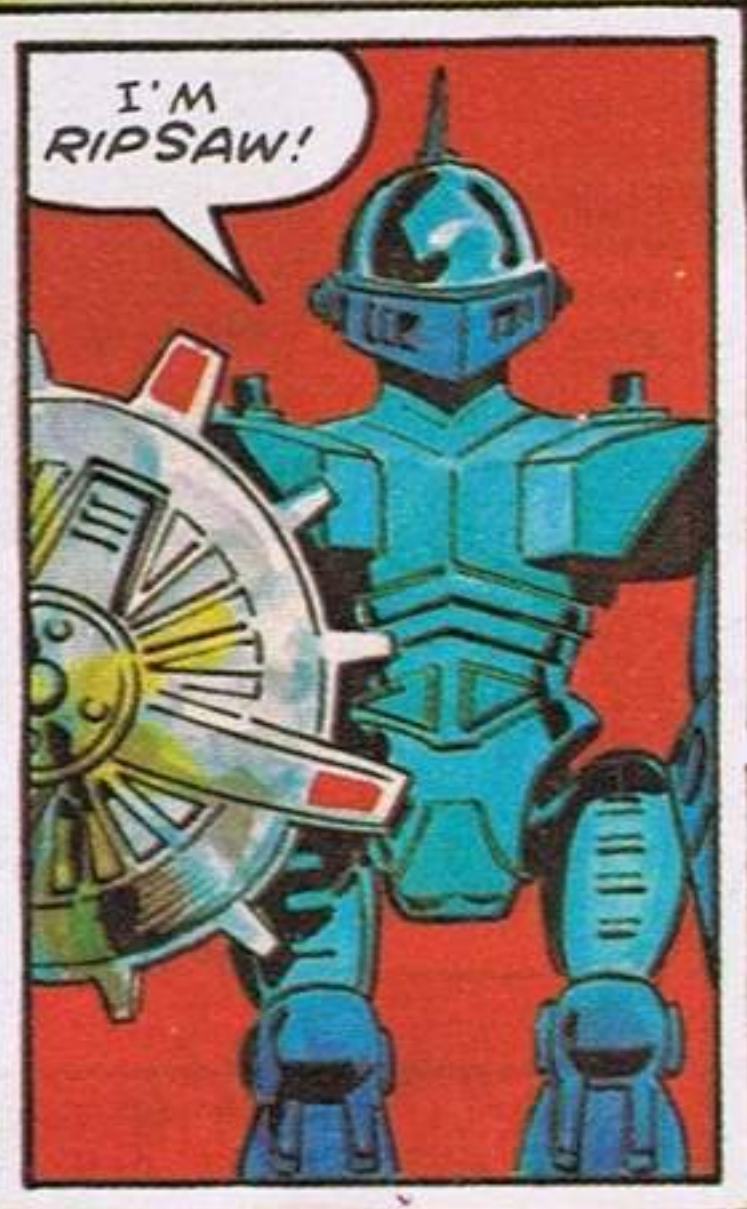


YOO-HOO!
TWIN BLADE!
FLASHFIST!
I'M BACK!

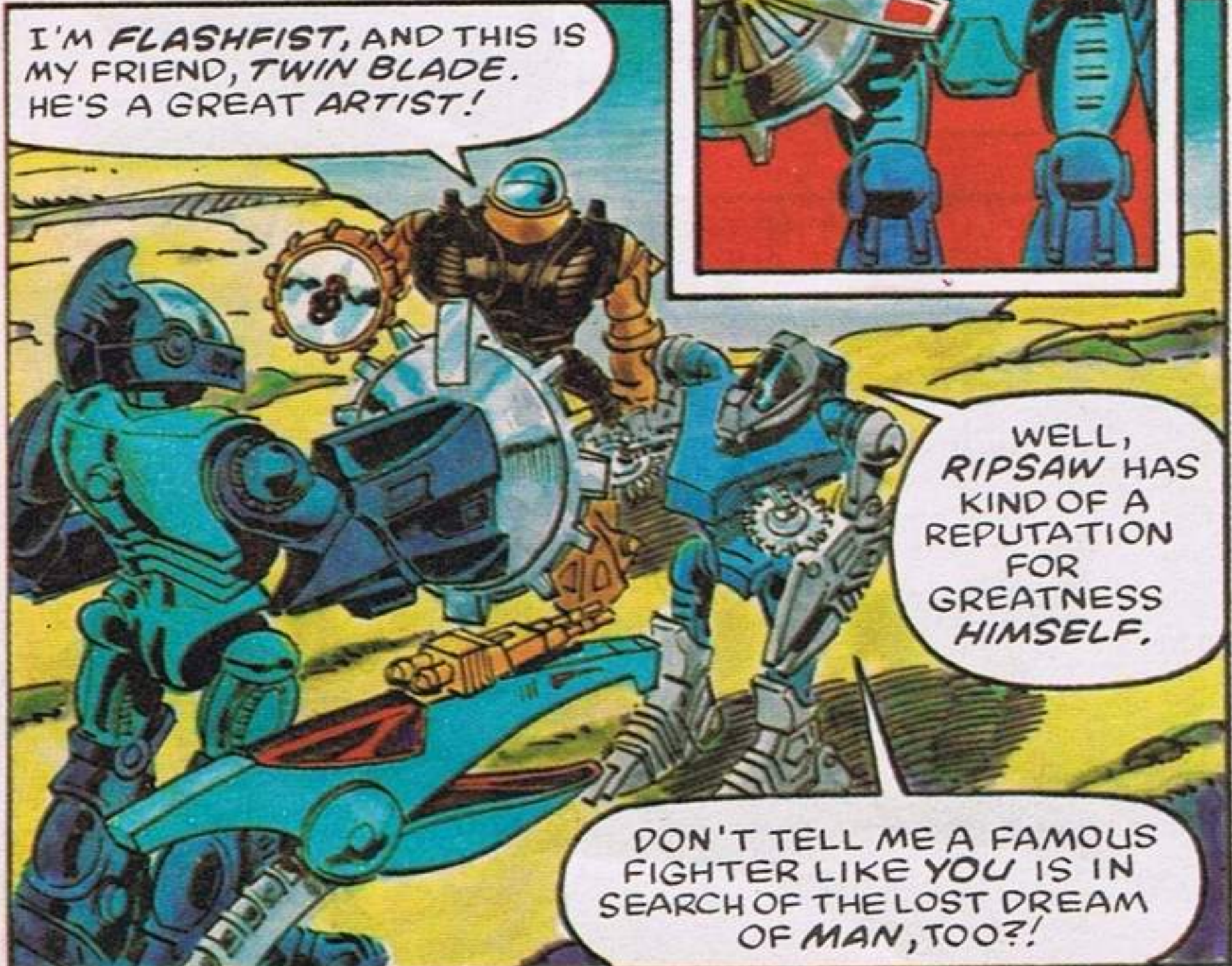


HI,
WINDSTORM!

WHO'S
THAT
YOU'VE
BROUGHT
WITH
YOU?



I'M
RIPSAW!



I'M *FLASHFIST*, AND THIS IS
MY FRIEND, *TWIN BLADE*.
HE'S A GREAT ARTIST!

WELL,
RIPSAW HAS
KIND OF A
REPUTATION
FOR
GREATNESS
HIMSELF.

DON'T TELL ME A FAMOUS
FIGHTER LIKE YOU IS IN
SEARCH OF THE LOST DREAM
OF MAN, TOO?!



I... DO NOT KNOW WHAT I AM IN SEARCH OF. NOT A FIGHT, CERTAINLY, MAYBE I JUST WANT SOME ANSWERS.

WINDSTORM TOLD ME THAT YOU THREE ARE LOOKING FOR THE BAND OF RENEGADES, WHO CLAIM TO HAVE PROOF OF WHERE MAN SLEEPS...

... IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN... AND KNOW THE TRUTH AT LAST.



WELL, WE'LL FIND THE TRUTH FASTER IF WE CAN FIND HOTSHOT AND HIS COMRADES!

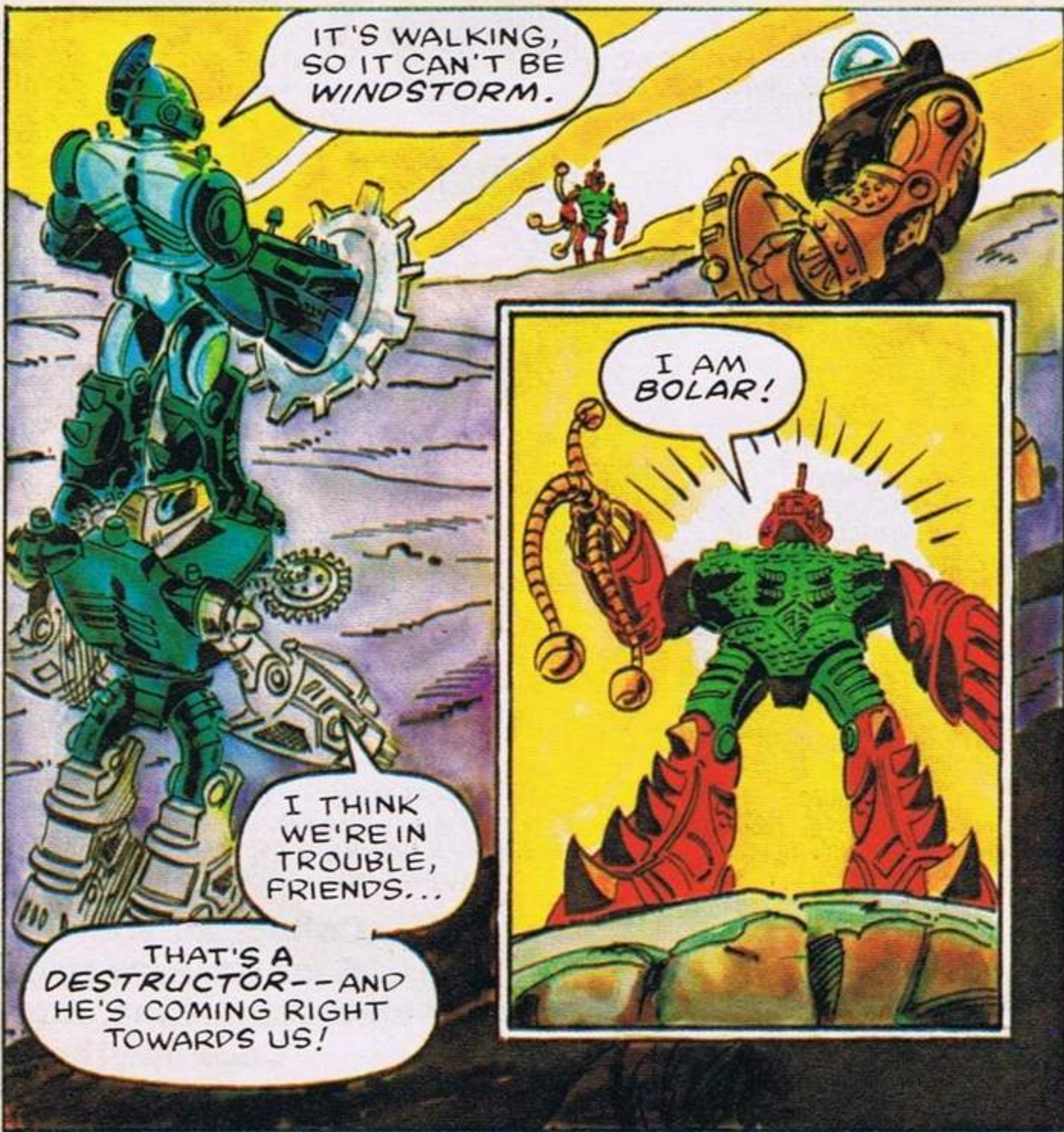
THEY'RE THE ONES WHO CLAIM TO KNOW IT ALL!

BE BACK SOON... 'BYE!



FOR MANY HOURS, THE THREE PROTECTORS TRUDGE ACROSS THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, AND THEN...

WHO'S THAT UP AHEAD?



IT'S WALKING, SO IT CAN'T BE WINDSTORM.

I AM BOLAR!

I THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE, FRIENDS...

THAT'S A DESTRUCTOR--AND HE'S COMING RIGHT TOWARDS US!

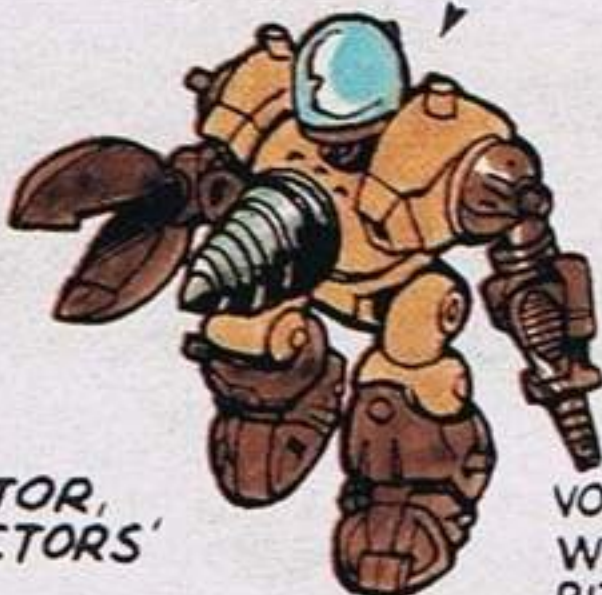
PROTECTORS

STAR



HOTSHOT:
LASER-WEILDING WASTOR,
LEADER OF THE PROTECTORS'
QUEST FOR MAN.

CRANK:
SLOW-WITTED,
GENTLE WASTOR,
WITH A RAGE AS
BIG AS HE IS.



CUT-UP:
VOLATILE WASTOR
WITH A WIT AS
BITING AS THE
SAW IN HIS
CHEST.



THINKTANK:
WISE AND ANCIENT
RAMMOR,
HOTSHOT'S ADVISOR.



MOTORMOUTH:
MESSENGER RAMMOR
WHO TALKS TOO MUCH.

RUNABOUT:
IMAGINATIVE
STRAZOR, A
SHAPE-CHANGING
ALL-TERRAIN
TRANSPORT.



TINKER:
ENTERPRISING TRASHOR,
THE PERFECT REPAIR
ASSISTANT.



NIPPER:
AMNESIAC TRASHOR,
WITH A GENIUS FOR
SCAVENGING.



Collect all your favorite
Each Starrior is exciting
with wind-up mechanisms, high-spe
Look for them in s

TOMY®

STARRIORS™

DESTRUCTORS

MORE
BATTLE-
ACTION



SLAUGHTER STEELGRAVE:
VIBRO-CHISEL WELDING WASTOR,
LEADER OF THE DESTRUCTORS



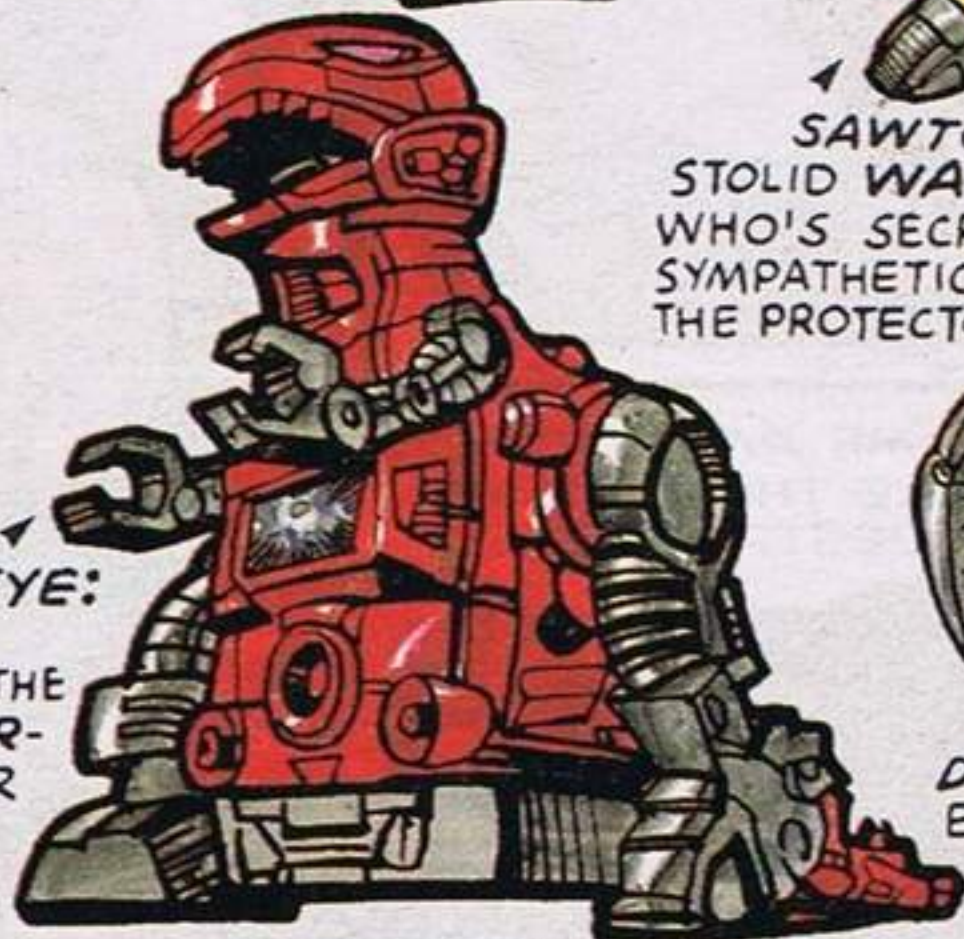
GOUGE:
SADISTIC, ILL-TEMPERED
WASTOR, WHO USES HIS
REAM FOR DESTRUCTION.



SAWTOOTH:
STOLID WASTOR,
WHO'S SECRETLY
SYMPATHETIC TO
THE PROTECTORS.



DEADEYE:
BLIND
COSMITTOR, THE
DEMOLISHOR-
FIRING KILLER
WITH THE
SOUL OF A
POET.



BACKFIRE:
UNLUCKY RAMMOR
WHOSE EFFORTS TO
HELP ALWAYS...
BACKFIRE.



CRICKET:
DEADEYE'S
EXCITABLE DEAF-
MUTE SCOUT.



AUNTIE TANK:
HEAVILY ARMED,
HIGH-SPEED SEARCH
AND DESTROY RAMMOR.



SPEEDTRAP:
ERRATIC, DANGER-LOVING,
HIGH-SPEED, SHAPE-
SHIFTING STARRUNNER.



...the Starriors characters!
...g and action-packed —
...ed action or remote control action.
...tores everywhere.

TOMY®

I SEEK THE PROTECTOR KNOWN AS *RIPSAW*, FOR I HAVE HEARD THAT IN HIM I MAY FIND AN OPPONENT WORTHY OF MY GIFTS!

THEN YOU'VE COME ON A FRUITLESS ERRAND!

NOW... WE **DON'T** WANT ANY TROUBLE. SO, IF *TWINHORN* OR *SLAUGHTER STEELGRAVE* SENT YOU--

NO ONE SENDS ME ANYWHERE! I DO NOT SHARE THE CONCERNS OF MY FELLOW DESTRUCTORS!

HEY, WATCH IT!

WHAK!

ALL I SEEK IS A MATCH WITH THE FINEST OPPONENT TO BE HAD. I CANNOT FIGHT MY FELLOW DESTRUCTOR, *DEADEYE*, FOR HE IS BLIND, AND SUCH A CONTEST WOULD BE UNFAIR...

... SO, IT MUST BE *RIPSAW*!



THEN YOU HAVE COME A LONG WAY FOR NOTHING, BOLAR. I WILL NOT FIGHT YOU...

YEAH!
LEAVE
RIPSAW
ALONE!

...GO--
AND LEAVE
MY COMPANIONS
AND ME IN
PEACE!



HIS
COMPANIONS...
YES... I SEE,
NOW...

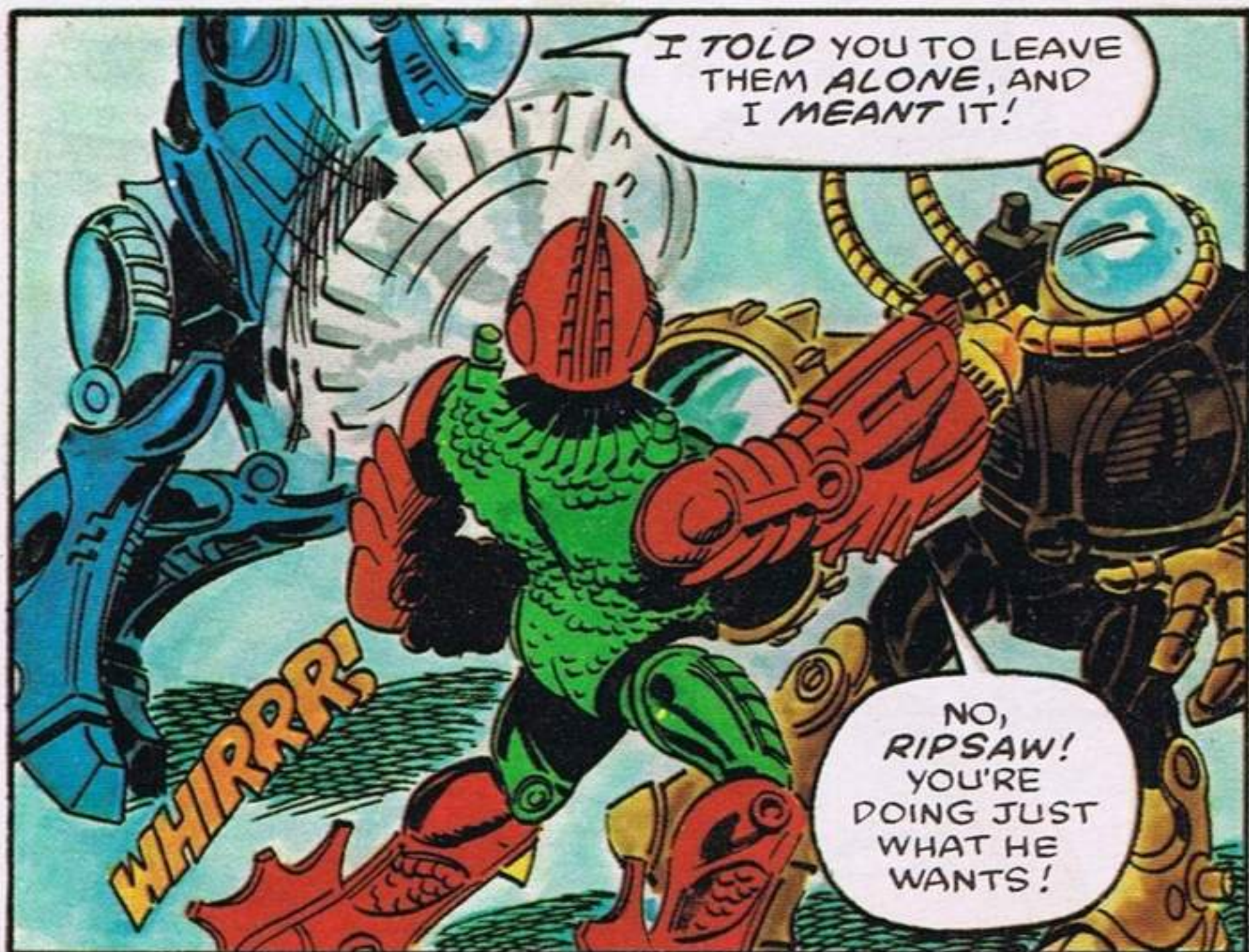


THE
BEST WAY TO
PROVOKE
YOU...

... IS TO MENACE
YOUR FELLOW
PROTECTORS!

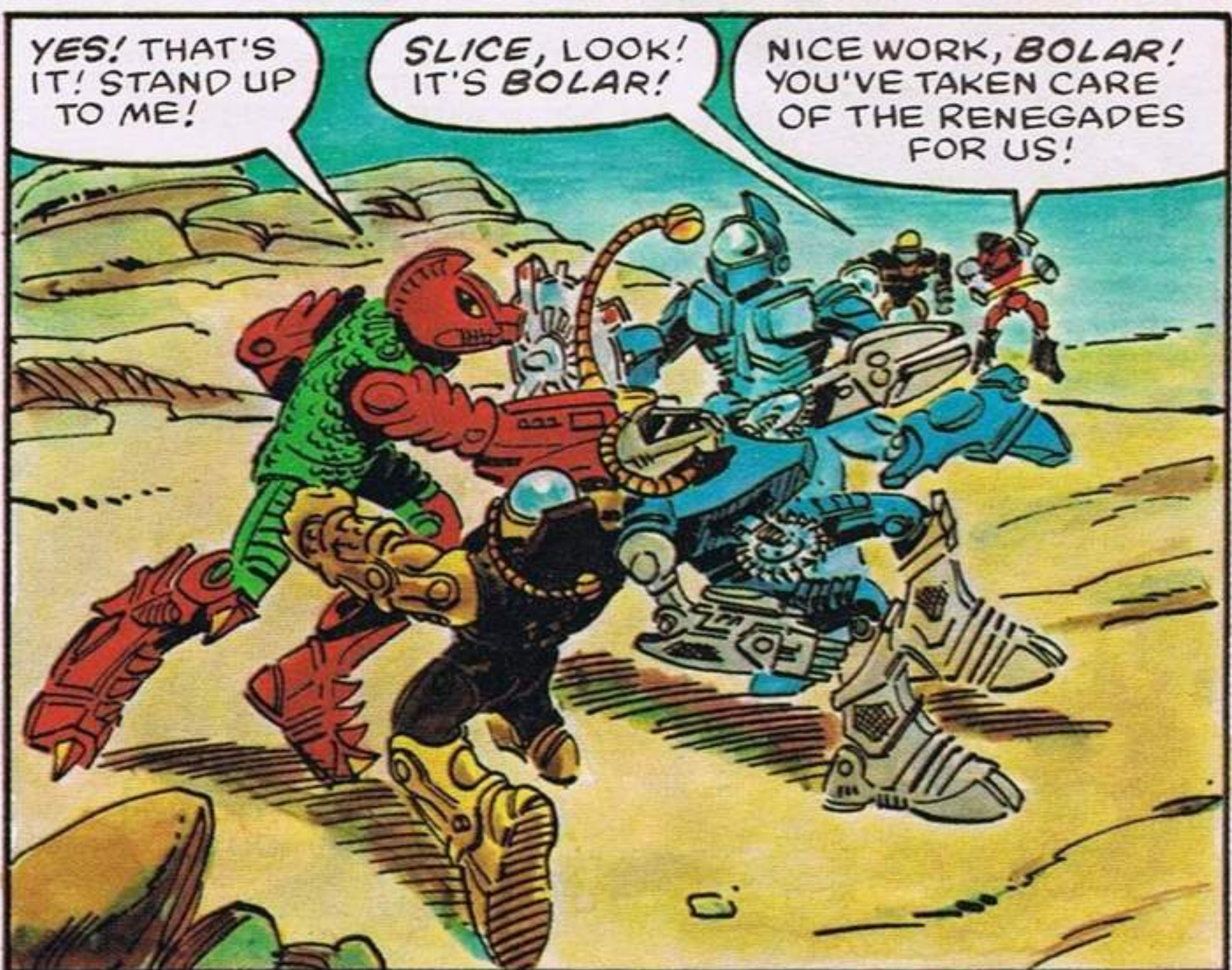
HEY!!

CUT
THAT
OUT!



I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THEM ALONE, AND I MEANT IT!

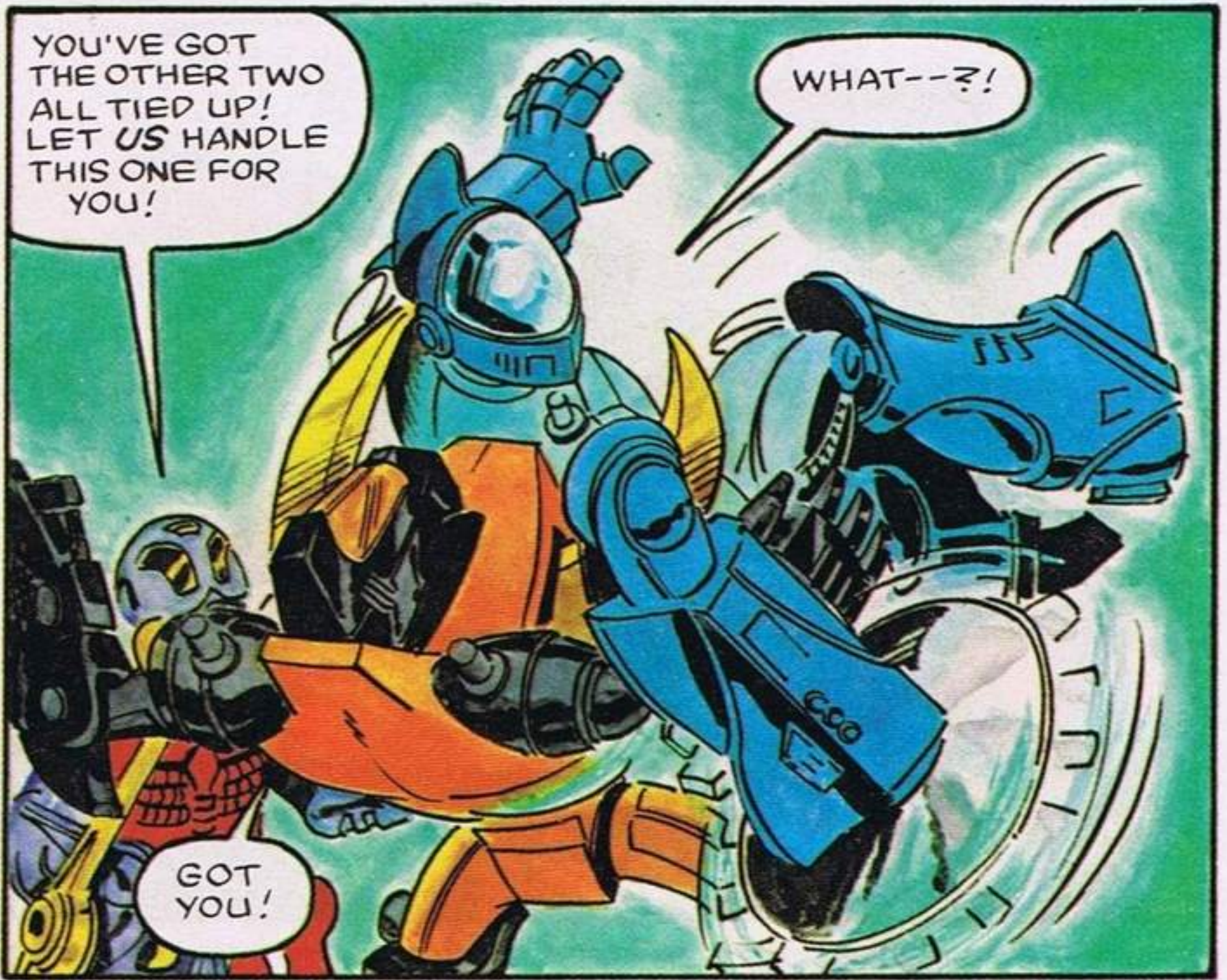
NO, RIPS AW!
YOU'RE DOING JUST WHAT HE WANTS!



YES! THAT'S IT! STAND UP TO ME!

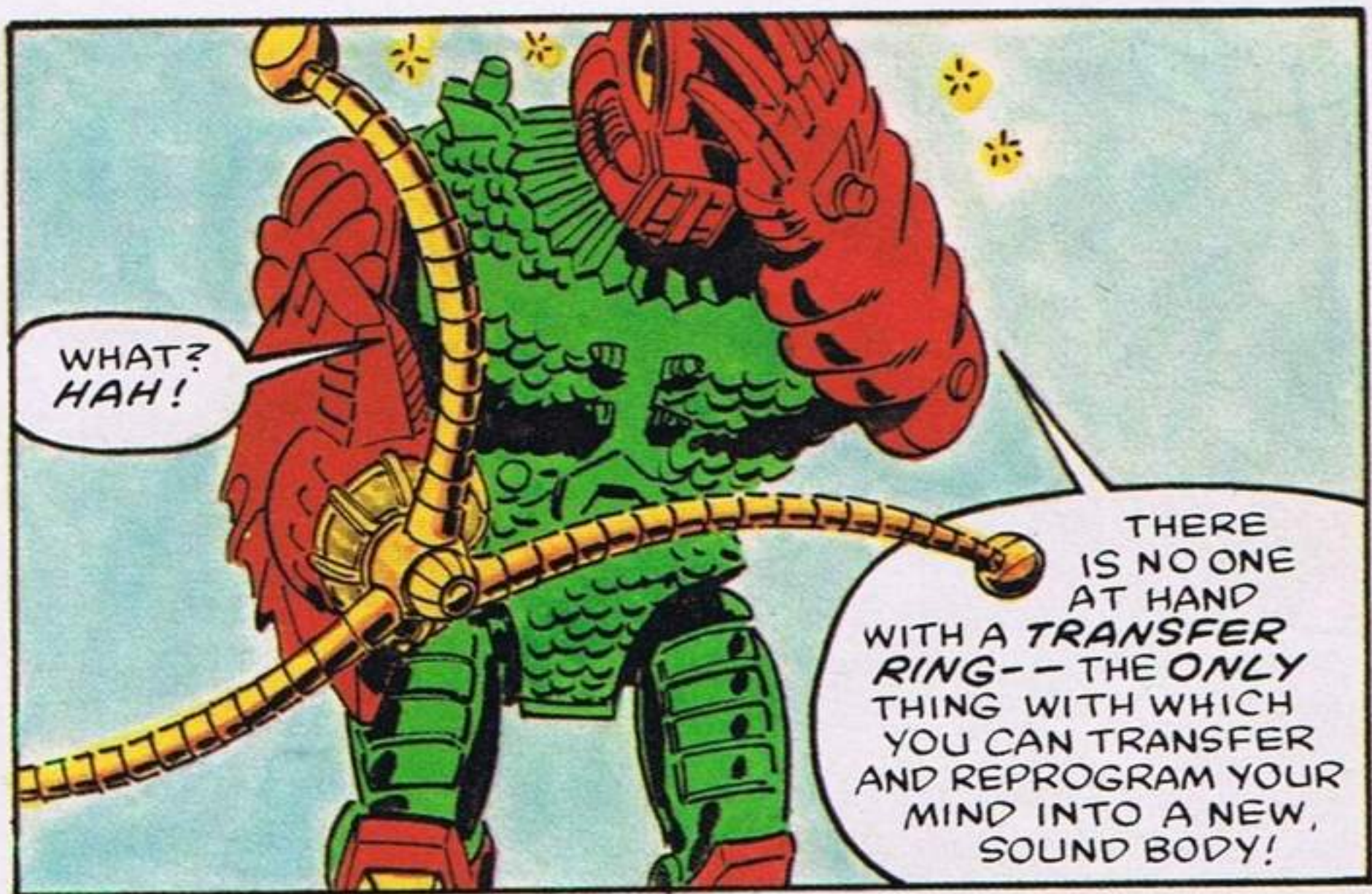
SLICE, LOOK!
IT'S BOLAR!

NICE WORK, BOLAR!
YOU'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE RENEGADES FOR US!



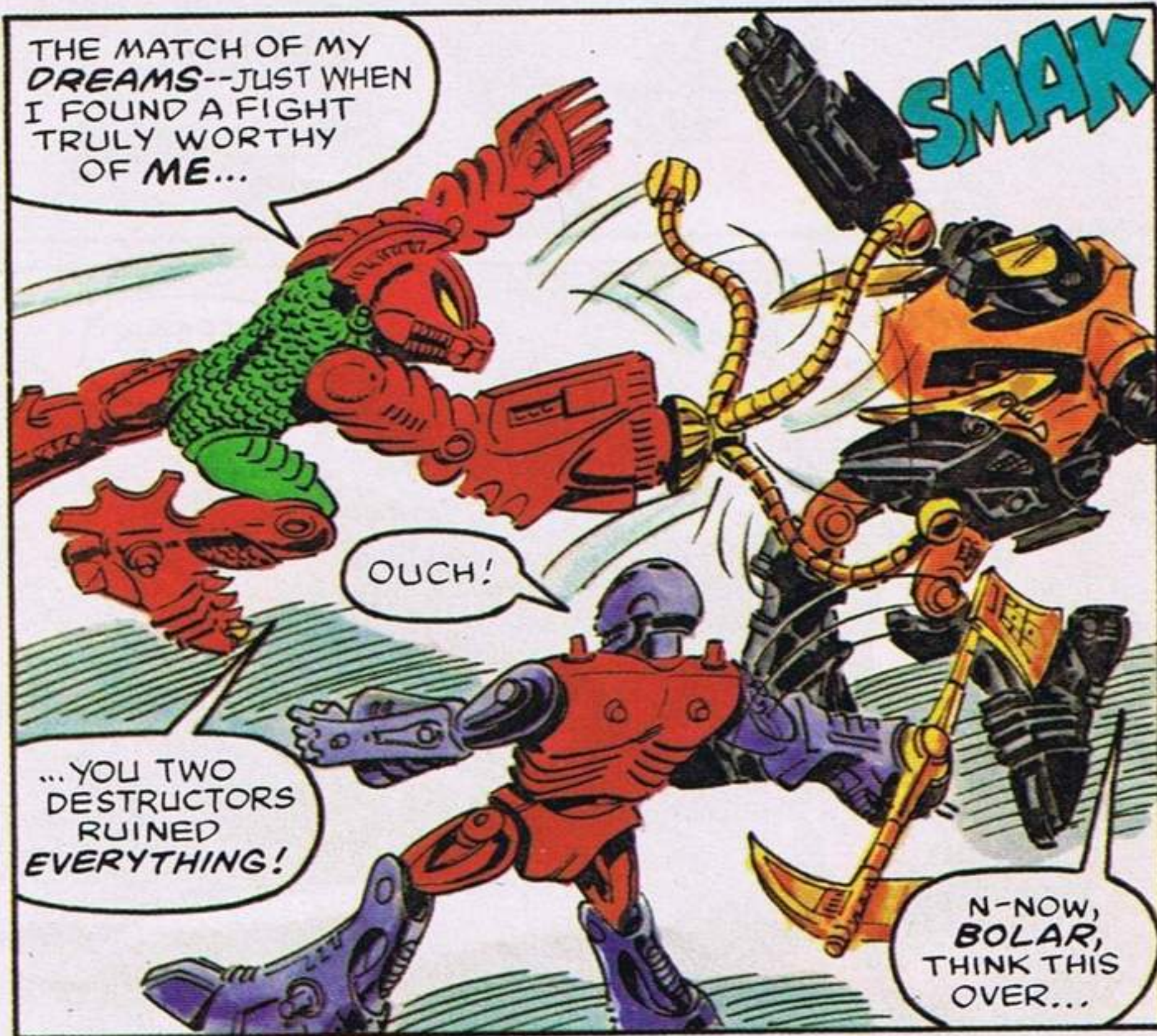






WHAT?
HAH!

THERE IS NO ONE AT HAND WITH A **TRANSFER RING**-- THE ONLY THING WITH WHICH YOU CAN TRANSFER AND REPROGRAM YOUR MIND INTO A NEW, SOUND BODY!




THE MATCH OF MY **DREAMS**--JUST WHEN I FOUND A FIGHT TRULY WORTHY OF **ME**...

SMACK

OUCH!


...YOU TWO DESTRUCTORS RUINED **EVERYTHING!**

N-NOW, **BOLAR**, THINK THIS OVER...




SINCE YOU CAN WALK,
RIPSAW, NOW MIGHT BE A
GOOD TIME TO BE ON
OUR WAY.

DESTRUCTION
IS TOO GOOD
FOR YOU!!



INDEED... I'M
IN NO SHAPE TO
AID YOU TWO
NOW, IF WE'RE
PURSUED,
BUT I REALLY
THINK...

... UNLESS A
DESTRUCTOR WITH
A *TRANSFER*
RING
HAPPENS BY...



... *SLAUGHTER STEELGRAVE* WILL BE
SHORT TWO OR THREE FOLLOWERS
BY NIGHTFALL.

END.

STARRIORS™



IN THE FAR FLUNG FUTURE:

EARTH is devastated by deadly solar flares. Realizing his danger, Man creates the STARRIORS—intelligent PROTECTOR and DESTRUCTOR robots, with brain centers molded in Man's own image. He programs the PROTECTORS to prepare the blighted Earth for his return, and the DESTRUCTORS, to guard it from invasion by aliens and mutated monsters. Then Man retreats beneath an ARMORED BATTLESTATION to pass the blistering epoch in suspended animation, promising to someday return.

MILLENNIA pass. The STARRIORS develop their own civilization and much of their original programming is lost. Finally most remember Man only as a legend.

BUT SLAUGHTER STEELGRAVE, leader of the DESTRUCTORS, knows that Man exists. He enslaves the PROTECTORS and, certain that re-emerged Man would threaten the very existence of the STARRIORS, he declares the desert surrounding the BATTLESTATION a Forbidden Zone.

THEN the PROTECTOR, HOTSHOT, finds an artifact that proves Man exists and sends him, and a band of renegades, on an impossible Quest—to find and awaken Man!

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