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# ATARI FORCE



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CONSIDER THEM CLOCKWISE, THESE BRAVEST OF A FUTURE EARTH'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS:  
MARTIN CHAMPION--MISSION COMMANDER.  
MOHANDAS SINGH--FLIGHT ENGINEER.  
LUCAS ORION--MEDICAL OFFICER.  
LI SAN O'ROURKE--SECURITY OFFICER.  
LYDIA PEREZ--PILOT, EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

# ATARI FORCE

I--I GUESS I OUGHT  
TO BELIEVE IT-- BUT  
SOMEHOW, I CAN'T!

AND YET THE EVIDENCE  
IS THERE, DR. ORION--  
FOR THE DISCERNING  
EYE TO SEE!

SURE AND IT'S PINK  
ELEPHANTS WE'LL BE  
SPYING NEXT, TO MY  
WAY OF THINKING!

IN THIS  
LEAGUE, O'ROURKE,  
ANYTHING  
CAN HAPPEN!

STOW THE  
SCUTTLEBUTT,  
CREW! IF WE  
DON'T KEEP ON  
OUR TOES--

--THINGS  
COULD GET  
SLIGHTLY  
DEADLY!

THE YEAR IS 2005 A.D.--IF,  
INDEED, TIME ITSELF HAS ANY  
MEANING ON BOARD THE SHIP  
CALLED SCANNER ONE--



--THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL WARP-DRIVE CRUISER WHICH PROPELS THESE FIVE SKILLED AND DEDICATED DAREDEVILS THROUGH LAYER UPON LAYER OF ALTERNATE REALITIES.

A BILLION BILLION UNIVERSES, IMPALED LIKE SHINING PEARLS ON AN INVISIBLE STRING, EACH EXISTING AN INFINITESIMAL HEARTBEAT FROM THE NEXT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, LUCAS. IT *IS* HARD TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY TRAVELING BETWEEN REALITIES--PASSING FROM ONE COSMOS TO ANOTHER!

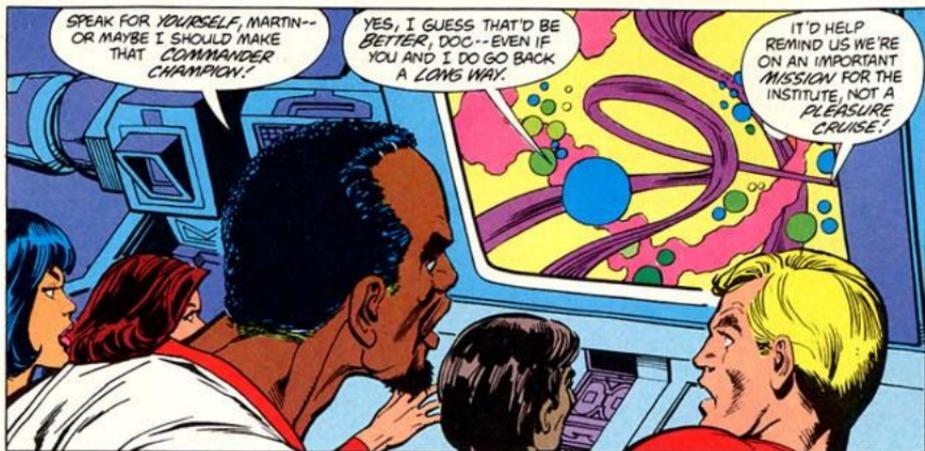
AFTER ALL, JUST A COUPLE OF DECADES BACK, THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENED ONLY IN MOVIES WHICH HAD GONE OVERBOARD ON SPECIAL EFFECTS--

--AND NOW HERE WE ARE, AND ALL WE CAN THINK OF IS GETTING THROUGH IT, SO WE CAN GET ON WITH BUSINESS!

CHAPTER ONE:

# ENTER--THE DARK DESTROYER!





SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MARTIN--  
OR MAYBE I SHOULD MAKE  
THAT **COMMANDER  
CHAMPION!**

YES, I GUESS THAT'D BE  
**BETTER, DOC--** EVEN IF  
YOU AND I DO GO BACK  
A LONG WAY.

IT'D HELP  
REMINDE US WE'RE  
ON AN IMPORTANT  
**MISSION** FOR THE  
INSTITUTE, NOT A  
**PLEASURE  
CRUISE!**



FINE BY ME-- BUT ALL THIS  
STILL GIVES ME THE **WEIRDEST**  
FEELING I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS  
A BOY BACK IN **DETROIT.**

I DON'T KNOW-- IT'S  
ALMOST **RELIGIOUS,**  
SOMEHOW--

-- LIKE SEEING THE  
**HAND OF GOD,**  
WITH THE STARS  
SLIPPING THROUGH  
HIS FINGERS LIKE  
SO MUCH **DUST!**



**FUNNY!** I LOOK OUT  
THERE, AND ALL I THINK  
OF IS **FUNDAMENTAL  
QUANTUM PHYSICS.**

WE'VE ENTERED THE  
**THEORETICAL TACHYON  
STREAM,** WHERE NOTHING  
CAN MOVE **SLOWER** THAN  
LIGHT-- THAT'S ALL!

YOU KNOW,  
YOU **INTEREST**  
ME, PEREZ...



SOMEWHERE **BENEATH**  
THAT **COLD** EXTERIOR,  
I'M ALMOST **POSITIVE,**  
THERE'S WHAT  
THEY USED TO  
CALL A **WARM**  
AND **WONDERFUL**  
HUMAN BEINGS.

I'VE GOT TO  
REMEMBER TO  
**THERMO-BLAST**  
FOR IT, WHEN WE  
GET BACK  
**HOME.**

IF WE GET  
**HOME, COMMANDER**  
--REPEAT, IF--



--AND RIGHT NOW,  
WITH ALL THE **STRESS**  
FACTORS OUR SHIP  
IS UNDERGOING IN  
OUR LITTLE **HYPER-**  
SPACE HOP--

--I'D SAY THAT  
WAS SHAPING UP  
AS A MIGHTY  
**SIZABLE**  
CONJUNCTION!

PERHAPS, MS. PEREZ!  
STILL, MY OBSERVATIONS  
CONVINCE ME THE SHIP'S  
STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING  
IS QUITE **SOUND**.

ELSE, WE WOULD **HARDLY**  
HAVE BEEN SENT UPON  
THIS QUEST FOR **PARALLEL**  
WORLDS WITH NATURAL  
RESOURCES TO AUGMENT  
OUR OWN.

THAT'S QUITE A  
**MOUTHFUL**,  
LADDIE...

... THOUGH I NOTICED  
THAT **YOU** WERE AFTER  
DOING A BIT OF STARING,  
AS WELL!

I WAS MUSING ON HOW THIS  
SUPPORTS MY **VEDIC PHILOSO-**  
PHY... OF A SUCCESSION OF  
WORLDS AND COUNTLESS  
**REINCARNATIONS**.



MAYBE WE'LL FIND **MORE** ON THIS  
JAUNT THAN THE ANSWER TO A FEW  
**SHORTASES** BACK HOME.



THAT WOULD BE QUITE ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY--  
UNNNH!?

CHAMPION! WHAT'S HAPPENING??

I--I DON'T KNOW, LYDIA! ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'M HAVING TO FIGHT THE CONTROLS.

IT'S AS IF SCANNER ONE WAS BEING SLAMMED-- BY SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE SHIP!

OUTSIDE!?! BUT WHAT COULD POSSIBLY--?



LIKE I SAID-- I DON'T KNOW!

BUT I DO DISTINCTLY RECALL ASKING THE REST OF YOU GLORY-HOUNDS TO STRAP YOURSELVES IN WHEN WE ENTERED HYPERSPACE!

I FEAR, COMMANDER, THAT OUR CURIOSITY FAR EXCEEDED OUR PRUDENCE!

O'Rourke!  
You're the  
OLYMPIC ATHLETE  
OF THIS LITTLE  
GROUPING.

THINK YOU CAN *SEEP*  
MOHANDAS, BEFORE HE  
GOES SPLAT ALL OVER  
OUR NICE SHINY  
COMPUTER  
COMPONENTS?

SURE AND WHAT  
KIND OF SECURITY  
OFFICER WOULD I BE  
NOW IF I COULDN'T?

BUT--  
DOCTOR  
ORION--

--LUCKED OUT  
ON HIS OWN!  
THANKS!

BUT MARTIN--  
COMMANDER--  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON OUT THERE?

THAT'S  
JUST IT,  
DOC.

SOMETHING  
DID--

IT FELT AS IF  
SOMETHING JUST  
REACHED OUT AND  
GRABBED  
SCANNER ONE!

-- BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF I'VE GOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT IT IS!

EVEN AS COMMANDER CHAMPION CRIES OUT IN SURPRISE, THE ATARI INSTITUTE COSMO-CRAFT COMES ABRUPTLY TO A DEAD STOP--

-- IN AN EERIE SECTOR OF DIMENSIONAL SPACE WHERE A VAST BLACK NEBULA SEEMS TO BLOT OUT STARS, PLANETS, AND ALL OTHER PHYSICAL PHENOMENA!



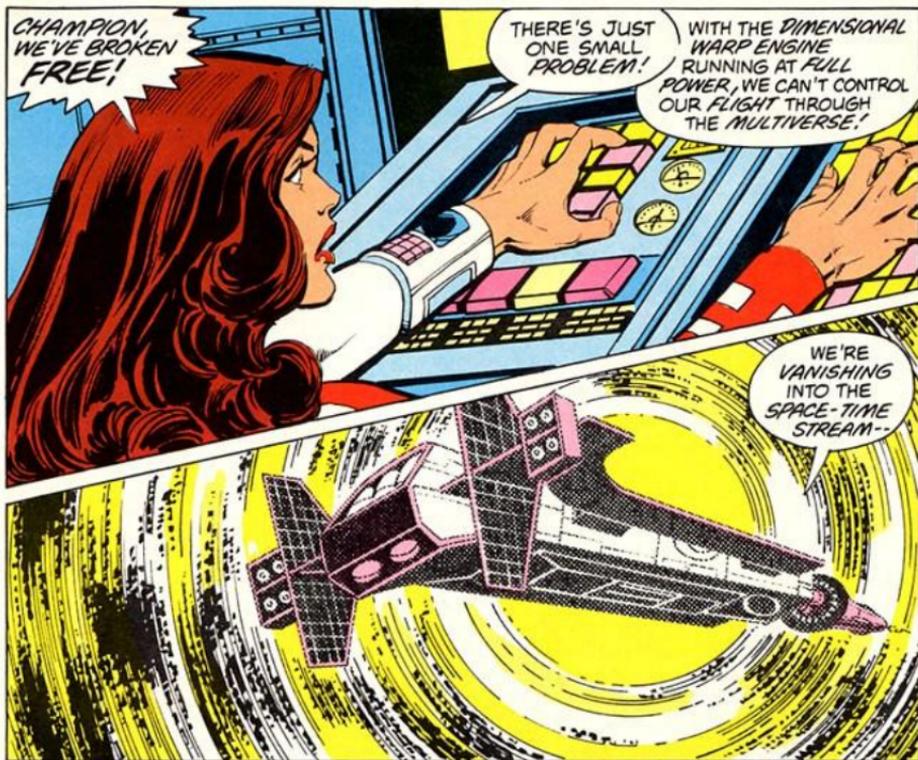
HITTING THE *OUTSIDE VIEWER* BUTTON, HE SEES THAT THE SHIP HAS BEEN SEIZED BY A MONSTROUS, WORLD-DWARFING TENTACLE--

--NOR IS IT THE ONLY SUCH TENDRIL WHICH REACHES FOR SCANNER ONE FROM THE VERY *HEART* OF THE DARK, FORBIDDING NEBULA!

AND WITHIN THAT CLOUD OF GAS AND DUST: A SPREADING RED STELLAR GLOW WHICH RESEMBLES NOTHING SO MUCH AS A HUGE AND ANGRY EYE!





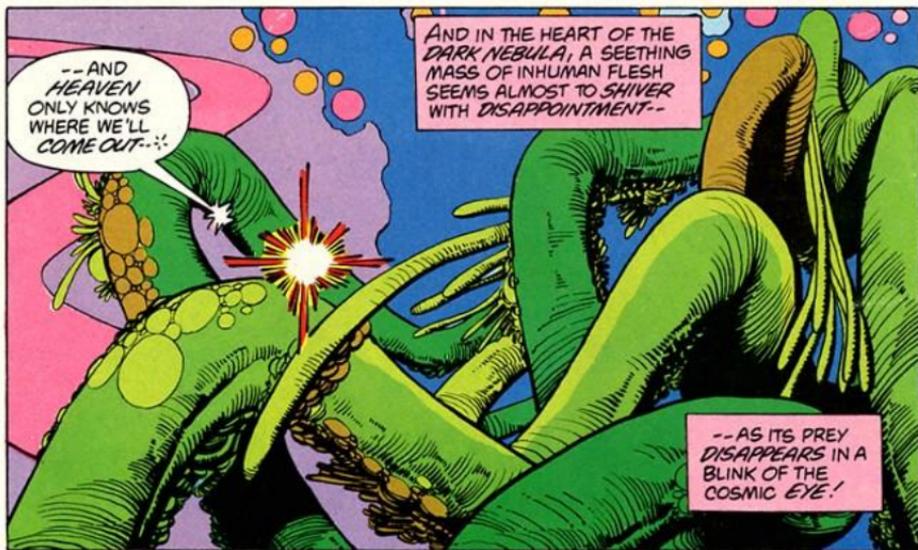


CHAMPION,  
WE'VE BROKEN  
FREE!

THERE'S JUST  
ONE SMALL  
PROBLEM!

WITH THE DIMENSIONAL  
WARP ENGINE  
RUNNING AT FULL  
POWER, WE CAN'T CONTROL  
OUR FLIGHT THROUGH  
THE MULTIVERSE!

WE'RE  
VANISHING  
INTO THE  
SPACE-TIME  
STREAM--



-- AND  
HEAVEN  
ONLY KNOWS  
WHERE WE'LL  
COME OUT--

AND IN THE HEART OF THE  
DARK NEBULA, A SEETHING  
MASS OF INHUMAN FLESH  
SEEMS ALMOST TO SHIVER  
WITH DISAPPOINTMENT--

-- AS ITS PREY  
DISAPPEARS IN A  
BLINK OF THE  
COSMIC EYE!

CHAPTER TWO!

# PLANET OF THE DOOMED!

FOR MORE CENTURIES THAN HUMANITY HAS BEEN CIVILIZED, THIS ONCE-FERTILE WORLD IN A STAR-SYSTEM NOT UNLIKE OUR OWN HAS LAIN FALLOW AND BARREN...

...ITS SKIES A JUNKYARD OF ANCIENT, CRUMBLING SATELLITES...

...A SARGASSO SEA OF BROKEN DREAMS!

SUDDENLY--



WE APPEAR TO BE IN LOW ORBIT OVER AN EARTH-TYPE WORLD IN A DIMENSIONAL SYSTEM PARALLEL TO OUR OWN.

JUDGING BY THE SCATTERED DEBRIS--MUCH OF IT HEAVILY PITTED BY METEORITE IMPACT--I WOULD SAY WE ARE THE FIRST VISITORS TO THIS SYSTEM IN MORE THAN TWO MILLENNIA!



DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, MASTER PILOT PEREZ?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT HER QUESTIONS, COMPUTER--

--BUT IT CERTAINLY ANSWERS MINE!

COMMANDER, WITTICISMS ASIDE--



--YOU SHOULD KNOW WE'RE STILL IN DEEP TROUBLE!

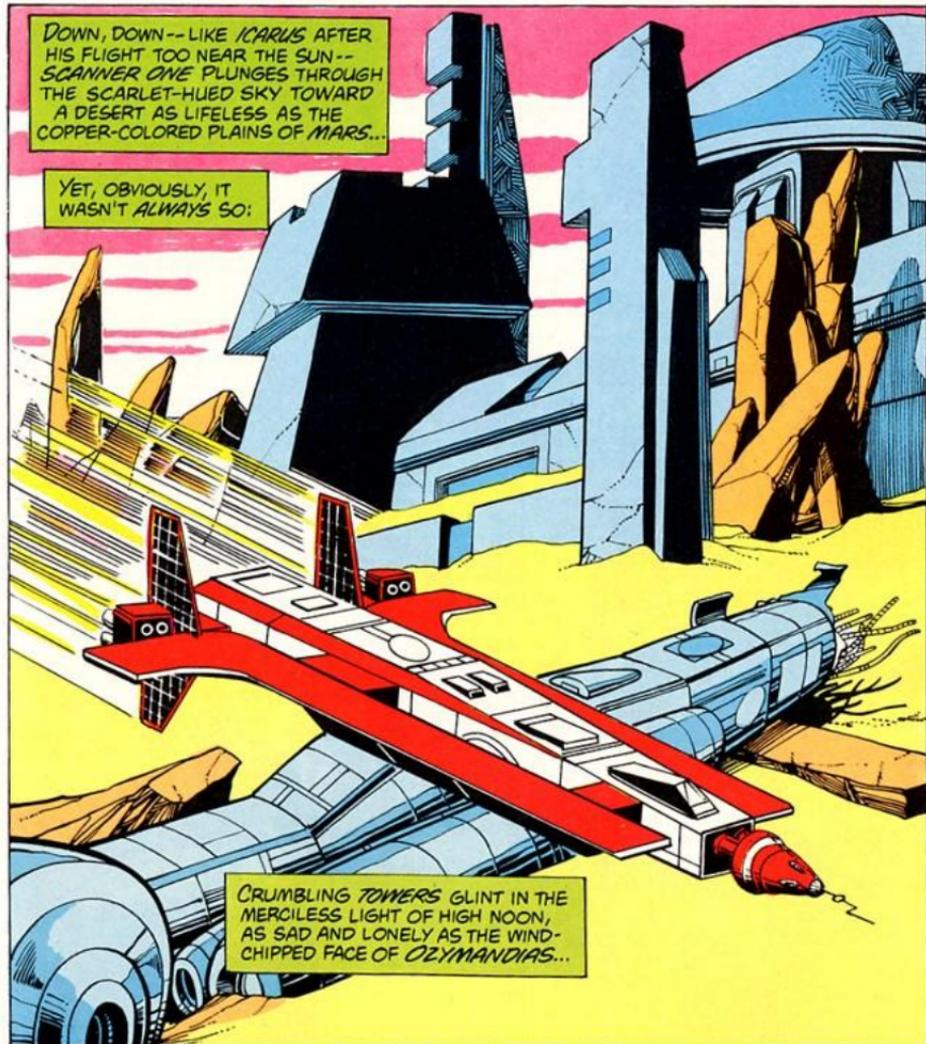
OUR DIMENSIONAL WARP ENGINES ARE CLOSE TO A BURN-OUT!

WE HAVE TO LAND FOR REPAIRS SOON -- IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES--



DOWN, DOWN-- LIKE ICARUS AFTER HIS FLIGHT TOO NEAR THE SUN-- SCANNER ONE PLUNGES THROUGH THE SCARLET-HUED SKY TOWARD A DESERT AS LIFELESS AS THE COPPER-COLORED PLAINS OF MARS...

YET, OBVIOUSLY, IT WASN'T ALWAYS SO:



CRUMBLING TOWERS GLINT IN THE MERCILESS LIGHT OF HIGH NOON, AS SAD AND LONELY AS THE WIND-CHIPPED FACE OF OZYMANDIAS...



BUT THE CREW OF SCANNER ONE HAS NO TIME FOR SIGHT-SEEING JUST NOW--

**BWHIMP!**



--AS THEIR SHIP, BUILT TO WITHSTAND THE RIGORS OF INTER-SPATIAL TRAVEL, TESTS ITSELF AGAINST THE SOMEWHAT MORE IMMEDIATE DIFFICULTIES OF A DESERT LANDING--

**SHKRASH!**



--AND IS *NOT* FOUND WANTING!

A ROUGH RIDE AT THE END, LYDIA--

--BUT AS THEY SAY, ANY LANDING YOU WALK AWAY FROM IS A GOOD LANDING!

AMEN TO THAT, LUCAS!

HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO CHECK FOR LIFE READINGS?

I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT CHECK SINCE WE ARRIVED, MARTIN.

USING THE WRIST-COMP COMMUNICATIONS LINK TO OUR ATARI 8000 COMPUTER BACK ON BOARD SCANNER ONE, I'VE ORDERED OUR MAIN SENSORS TO SWEEP THIS ENTIRE HEMISPHERE--



--BUT I'M AFRAID THESE RUINS ALREADY TELL THE TALE:

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE SURFACE OF THIS WORLD!

WHAT A TRAGEDY-- TO COME SO FAR, ACROSS SO MANY DIMENSIONS--



-- ONLY TO FIND A GRAVEYARD AT OUR FIRST--

EH?

YOU SAID THERE WAS NO LIFE ON THE SURFACE, LUCAS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT UNDERGROUND?



GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT?

POK!



HUKKA?

HUKKA-HUKKA?





WHY, IT'S ADORABLE!

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! WE DON'T WANT TO SPOOK IT!

LOOK AT THE WAY IT'S STUDYING US!

ALMOST LIKE IT'S LOOKING US OVER--!



HUKKA?



HUKKA-HUKKA?



HUKKA!

MY GOODNESS!

CALL IT A WILD SURMISE, MOHANDAS--

--BUT I THINK HE'S IN LOVE!



WHETHER YOU WANT ONE OR NOT, MOHANDAS, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A PET.

OR MAYBE HE'S GOT YOU.

LAUGH IF YOU MUST, MY COMMANDER.

I AGREE WITH PEREZ--HE'S ADORABLE.



SURE AND HE'S A DARLING CREATURE--

--BUT HAS ANYONE BUT MESELF NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE SURPRISING?

THAT TOWER IN THE RUINS--



-- 'TIS STARTING TO GLOW, AND I FOR ONE AM WONDERING WHY!

CAN IT BE THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE ON THIS BENIGHTED PLANET, AFTER ALL?



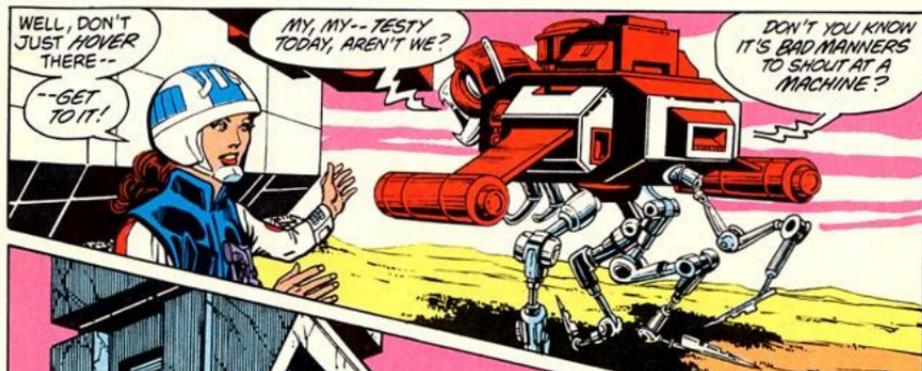
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, O'ROURKE--WE'LL INVESTIGATE!

MECH-PROBE REPORTING AS ORDERED.

PEREZ, YOU STAY HERE WITH THE MECH-PROBE AND SEE TO THE REPAIRS.

AYE-AYE, COMMANDER.

HE'S PAYING ME BACK FOR BEING SO SHORT WITH HIM-- THE OVERGROWN NAPOLEON!



WELL, DON'T JUST HOVER THERE--

--GET TO IT!

MY, MY-- TESTY TODAY, AREN'T WE?

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S BAD MANNERS TO SHOUT AT A MACHINE?

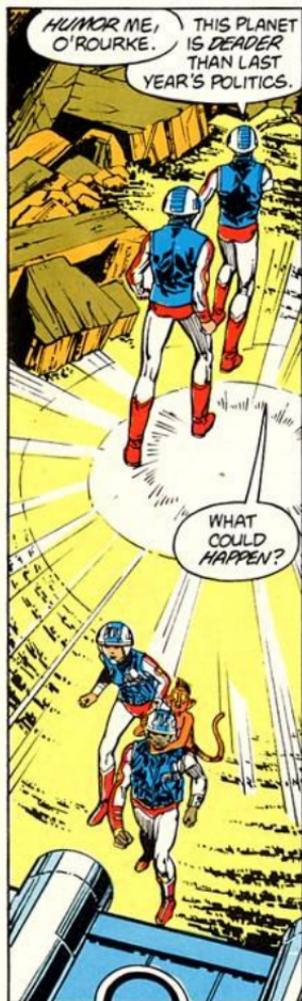
MASTER PILOT LYDIA PEREZ CHOKES BACK AN ANGRY RETORT AND MANAGES A SHEEPISH CHUCKLE INSTEAD...

... BUT AS SHE WATCHES THE MECH-PROBE GO ABOUT ITS WELL-PROGRAMMED BUSINESS, HER GAZE AND THOUGHTS TURN TO HER FOUR FELLOW CREW-MEMBERS...



... AND EVEN THOUGH SHE ISN'T WITH THEM, SHE SHARES THEIR SENSE OF WONDER, AS THEY APPROACH THE SHADY RUINS OF A CITY THAT WAS GREAT WHILE EARTH ITSELF WAS YET UNBORN...





DOWN, DOWN, DOWN INTO  
UTTER DARKNESS THEY CLIMB,  
LIGHTING THEIR WAY WITH A  
WEAPONS-LASER SET AT  
LOW ON A WIDE BEAM...

FOOTSTEPS  
ECHO FROM  
UNSEEN WALLS,  
AND SOME-  
WHERE IN THE  
FATHOMLESS  
SHADOWS,  
WATER DRIPS  
FROM AN  
ANCIENT  
LEAK.



AT LAST, WHEN IT  
SEEMS THEY'VE  
BEEN DESCENDING  
FOR HOURS,  
THEY REACH--

A DEAD  
END!

YOUR PET'S  
LED US ON  
A MERRY  
CHASE, FLIGHT  
ENGINEER SINGH.  
I HOPE HE'S  
ENJOYED HIS  
LITTLE JOKE  
AT OUR  
EXPENSE!



DON'T ALWAYS  
EXPECT THE WORST,  
O'ROURKE!

LOOK!

HUKKA!  
HUKKA-  
HUKKA!



THIS ISN'T A  
DEAD END,  
IT'S A  
DOOR!

AND HE  
WANTS US  
TO GO  
THROUGH  
IT--!

SET YOUR  
LASER AT  
MEDIUM  
HOT!



SURE AND  
I'M A STEP  
AHEAD OF YOU,  
MOHANDAS!

WE'RE  
BURNING  
THROUGH!

GIVE  
IT A  
MOMENT  
TO COOL--



--AND THEN,  
LET'S HAVE  
A LOOK-SEE  
AT WHAT'S ON  
T'OTHER  
SIDE!



SWEET SAINTS  
OF OLD EIRE!

HUKKA-  
HUKKA!



MEANWHILE,  
TOPSIDE...

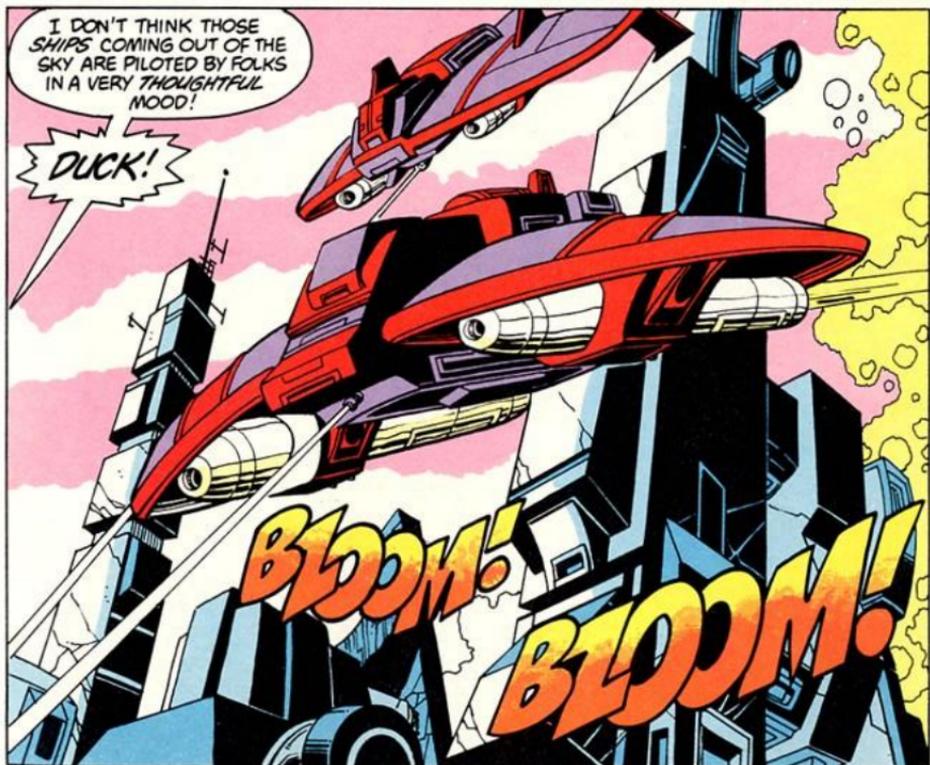
THERE'S  
THE TOWER,  
LUCAS.

FUNNY, BUT  
FROM UP CLOSE,  
IT DOESN'T LOOK  
QUITE AS  
IMPOSING  
AS I'D--

WHAT ON  
EARTH?!?

ZAM!  
ZAM!

SOMEONE'S  
SHOOTING  
AT US!





WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY COULD SURE USE A FEW LESSONS IN FRIENDLINESS!

WHAT SAY WE GIVE THEM A FEW POINTERS, EH, LUCAS?

USE VIOLENCE TO FIGHT VIOLENCE?

NO, MARTIN-- I SAW TOO MUCH OF THAT ON EARTH WHEN I SERVED WITH A LIMITED NATIONS 'PEACE-KEEPING FORCE'!!



WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT TAKING SIDES IN AN UGLY LITTLE THIRD WORLD CIVIL WAR, LUCAS--

--THIS IS A MATTER OF SURVIVAL!

MARTIN, MY FRIEND, I'M SORRY...

...BUT I'D RATHER DIE THAN FIGHT!

ZAM!

UH-HUH! YOU JUST MIGHT GET YOUR WISH, LUCAS!

THEY'VE GOT OUR RANGE, AT LAST--



SHWOOSH!  
WHOOOSH!

--AND THEIR NEXT BLAST SHOULD-- HUH?

THEY'RE FLEEING! BUT WHY? WHAT COULD HAVE--

--

FOR ONE SPLIT SECOND  
HIS HEART STANDS STILL,  
AND MARTIN CHAMPION  
IS STRUCK SPEECHLESS.

THEN HE FEELS  
IT, EVEN AS HIS  
EYES REGISTER  
THE SCENE BEFORE  
HIM:

RRRUMMM



AND HE SHARES THE  
TERROR OF THE UN-  
SEEN PILOTS IN THE  
ATTACKING STARSHIPS,  
AS A VOICE CRIES OUT,  
A VOICE THAT HE KNOWS  
IS HIS OWN:

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
COMING UP  
OUT OF THE  
GROUND!

DEAR LORD,  
IT'S A  
SPACESHIP!

AND WHAT A  
SPACESHIP!

MARTIN CHAMPION  
HAS SPENT MOST OF  
HIS ADULT LIFE  
AROUND THE SPACE-  
CRAFT OF HIS HOME  
WORLD, EARTH,  
AND IN ALL THOSE  
YEARS, HE NEVER  
SAW ANYTHING LIKE  
THIS!

THIS IS A STAR FIGHTER--  
A WEAPON OF SUCH SHEER  
DESTRUCTIVE POWER THAT  
WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE IT.

**BLAAM!**

**KRAM**





**KOOOM!**

LIKE SOME ENORMOUS EAGLE TAKING FLIGHT AGAINST ITS PREY, THE STAR FIGHTER SHOTS SKYWARD FROM THE SHATTERED DESERT FLOOR.

CHAMPION ALMOST FEELS SORRY FOR HIS ENEMIES.

ALMOST.

CHAPTER THREE:

# STAR RAIDERS!



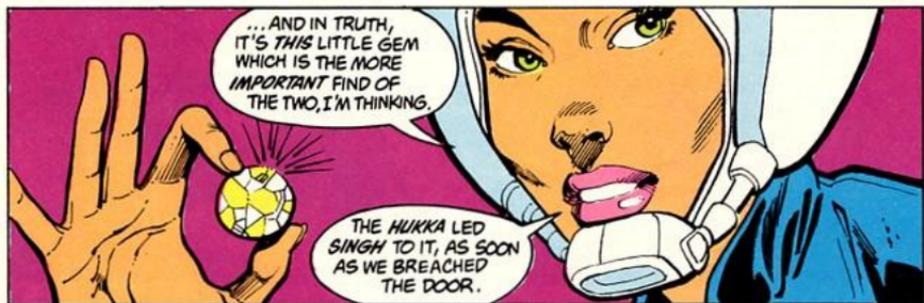




SUNSET AROUND A SMOKING CAMPFIRE WHOSE SWEET SCENT REMINDS SOME OF THESE TRAVELERS JUST HOW FAR THEY ARE FROM HOME...

--AND WHEN WE BURNED THROUGH THE DOOR, WE FOUND THAT STAR FIGHTER IN A HANGAR ON THE OTHER SIDE, GLEAMING AND AS BRIGHT AS IF SHE'D BEEN BUILT YESTERDAY!

BUT 'T WAS NOT ALL WE FOUND...



... AND IN TRUTH, IT'S THIS LITTLE GEM WHICH IS THE MORE IMPORTANT FIND OF THE TWO, I'M THINKING.

THE HUKKA LED SINGH TO IT, AS SOON AS WE BREACHED THE DOOR.



A JEWEL?

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT--

TOUCH IT TO YOUR BROW, COMMANDER--

VISIONS...

-- AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I SAW WHEN I PUT IT TO MINE!



I SEE THIS  
PLANET, THE WAY  
IT WAS 15 BILLION  
YEARS AGO!

MAGNIFICENT...  
A RACE REACHING  
FOR THE STARS!

THEY'D JUST TAKEN  
THEIR FIRST TENTATIVE  
STEPS OUT OF THE SOLAR  
SYSTEM--INTO INTER-  
STELLAR SPACE--

--WHEN THEY MET ANOTHER  
HOSTILE RACE--OUT OF A  
DARK NEBULA--



**THE  
ZYLONS!**

THESE PEOPLE WERE  
PEACEFUL; THEY HAD  
ABANDONED WAR  
CENTURIES BEFORE  
AND WERE DEFENSE-  
LESS BEFORE THE  
ZYLONS' FIRST  
ATTACK!



AS THE ZYLONS PULLED  
BACK TO REGROUP FOR A FINAL,  
DEVASTATING ASSAULT, THE  
GREATEST MINDS OF THE PLANET  
ASSEMBLED TO BUILD A WEAPON...



"AIDING THEM WERE THE HUKKA--

-- A MUTANT LIFE-FORM FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM, DISCOVERED DURING AN EARLY EXPLORATION!



"AT LAST, THE WEAPON WAS COMPLETE, NEEDING ONLY A CHARGING OF ITS NUCLEONIC BATTERIES TO BRING IT TO FULL BATTLE READINESS.

"IN SPACE, THE WEAPON WOULD RECHARGE AT A STARBASE ESTABLISHED BY EARLY EXPLORERS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GALAXY--

"-- BUT IT NEVER HAD THE CHANCE...



"... FOR, IN THOSE CRUCIAL HOURS BEFORE THE WEAPON WAS FULLY CHARGED--

"-- THE ZYLONS ATTACKED!

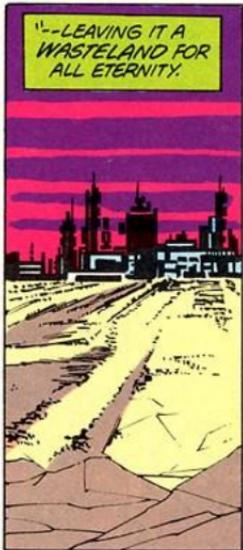
"IN ONE INSTANT, THE EFFORT OF  
MILLENNIA-- THE ACHIEVEMENT  
OF EONS-- WAS WIPE OUT!"





"YOU SEE, THE ZYLONS USED A PARTICULARLY EVIL KIND OF BOMB--

"--ONE WHOSE SPECIFIC RADIATION WAS DESIGNED TO SLAY ALL HIGHER NATIVE LIFE UPON THE PLANET--



"--LEAVING IT A WASTELAND FOR ALL ETERNITY.



"AND SO IT'S REMAINED, FOR ALL THESE BILLIONS OF YEARS... A DEAD WORLD, WITH ONLY THE HUKKA LEFT TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE LOST GLORY OF A LOST RACE..."



ALL THESE YEARS-- THEY'VE KEPT THE WEAPON--THE STAR RAIDER-- IN PERFECT WORKING CONDITION.

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING--

--WAITING FOR THEIR FRIENDS TO RETURN...

...YET KNOWING THEY NEVER WOULD.

THE HUKKA LED US RIGHT TO IT, COMMANDER.



THESE PEOPLE LIE  
BURIED UNDER THE  
DEBRIS OF EONS--

--AND THE  
ZYLONS  
LIVE!

THIS WORLD  
CRIES OUT FOR  
VENGEANCE!

O'ROURKE,  
SINGH,  
PEREZ,  
ORION--  
ARE YOU  
WITH ME?

**VENGEANCE**



AND, IN THE RESULTING RUSH OF  
ACTIVITY, NONE NOTICES THAT ONE  
AMONG THEM HAS NOT SEALED  
HIMSELF TO THEIR PACT...

... BUT, RATHER,  
STANDS BEWILDERED,  
AS IF SUDDENLY  
FINDING HIMSELF  
LOST AMONG  
STRANGERS.



FORTY  
MINUTES  
LATER--

**B  
R  
A  
R  
O  
O  
M!**

ALL RIGHT,  
LYDIA, THAT'S A  
LIFT-OFF!

WE'LL REMAIN IN  
CONTACT WITH THE  
REST OF YOU ABOARD  
SCANNER ONE VIA  
THE ATARI 8000--

--BUT RIGHT NOW,  
WE'RE PREPARING TO  
JUMP INTO  
HYPERDRIVE!

ROGER,  
COMMANDER.  
GOOD  
HUNTING!



AND, AS THE PLANET DROPS AWAY BEHIND THEM LIKE A JEWEL INTO A WELL OF BLACK OIL...

WE'LL USE THIS LONG RANGE SCANNER TO PINPOINT THE NEAREST ZYLON WARSHIP ON OUR MAP SCREEN...AH.

I'M PICKING UP OUR IMAGE AT COORDINATES A-2.

AND SOMETHING ELSE IS COMING IN, O'ROURKE--



--THE ZYLONS, AT COORDINATES B-1!

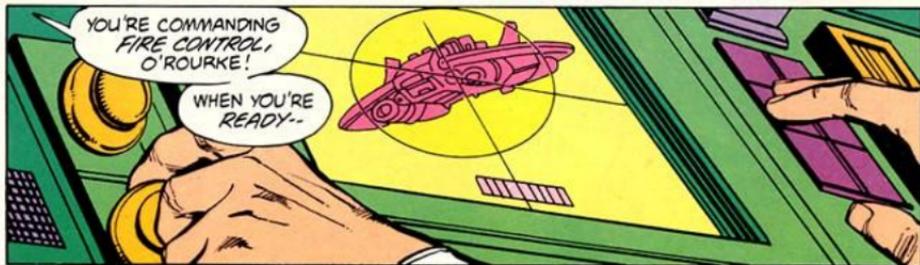


SET THE WARP CONTROLS AT WARP FACTOR ONE--



THEY'RE ON OUR SCREENS, COMMANDER!

SURE AND 'TIS A LOVELY SIGHT--LIKE A MARAUDING WOLF AT BAY AND ME WITH A LOADED SHOTGUN!



YOU'RE COMMANDING FIRE CONTROL, O'ROURKE!

WHEN YOU'RE READY--



BLESSED HILLS  
OF OLD EIRE, DID  
YOU SEE THAT,  
COMMANDER?

ONE ROUND AMIDSHIPS  
AND UP HE WENT LIKE  
A ROMAN CANDLE!

A FEW GHOSTS WILL  
REST EASIER TONIGHT,  
O'ROURKE.

LET'S KEEP  
ON HUNTING...



MEANWHILE,  
BACK ABOARD  
SCANNER  
ONE...

PEREZ, SINGH--  
I'VE GOT SOMETHING  
TO SHOW YOU.

DOCTOR,  
I'M NOT  
EASILY  
SHOCKED...

...BUT YOU  
SHOCK ME!

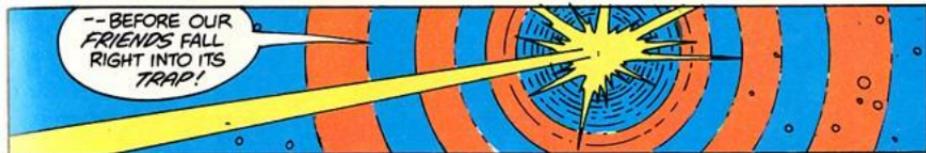
IS THAT--  
A DEAD  
BODY?

HUKKA!

SO IT WOULD  
APPEAR.

I FOUND IT IN THE  
WRECKAGE OF ONE  
OF THE ZYLON  
WARSHIPS...







-- WE'RE  
TAKING  
**EVASIVE**  
ACTION!

**BLAM**



**WHAM!**

NO GOOD,  
COMMANDER!  
WE'RE HIT!

THE WAY THEY  
MANEUVERED--  
IN TOTAL  
COORDINATION!

IT'S AS IF ONE  
MIND WERE  
CONTROLLING  
ALL THREE  
WARSHIPS!

NOW THEY'RE  
CLOSING IN--

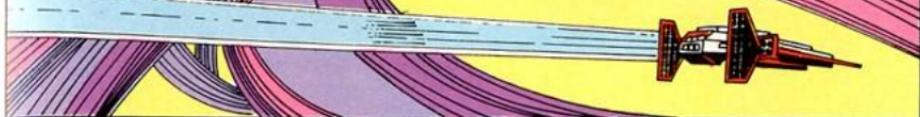


-- AND IF  
THEY HIT US  
THAT WAY  
AGAIN--

-- WE WON'T  
STAND A  
CHANCE!

SPACE OUTSIDE  
SPACE, TIME  
OUTSIDE TIME:

THIS IS THE INTERDIMENSIONAL LIMBO KNOWN  
AS THE MULTIVERSE AND THROUGH THIS UN-  
REALITY SCANNER ONE PLUNGES LIKE A DOLPHIN  
THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS...



I'VE RECHECKED THE PLAN  
TWICE WITH OUR ATARI  
8000 COMPUTER, SINGH.

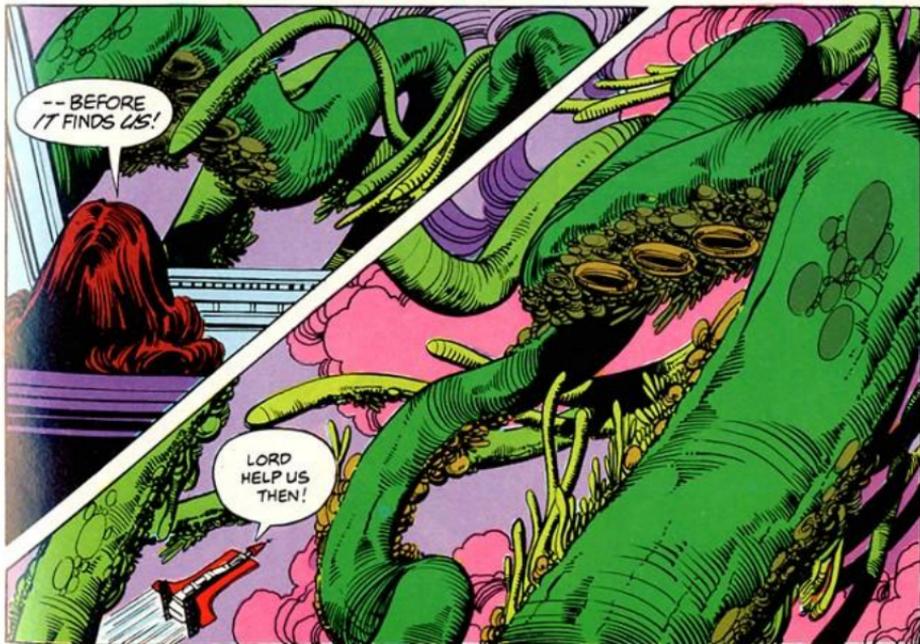
YOU HEARD  
THE DOCTOR,  
MOHANDAS.

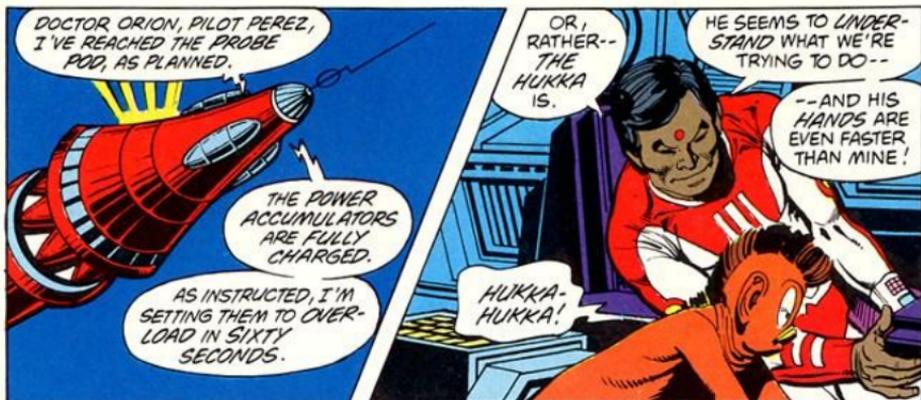
HURRY.

IT'S OUR  
ONLY  
HOPE.



WE'VE FOUND THE  
DARK DESTROYER,  
AND IT'S ONLY A  
MATTER OF TIME--





DOCTOR ORION, PILOT PEREZ,  
I'VE REACHED THE PROBE  
POD, AS PLANNED.

THE POWER  
ACCUMULATORS  
ARE FULLY  
CHARGED.

AS INSTRUCTED, I'M  
SETTING THEM TO OVER-  
LOAD IN SIXTY  
SECONDS.

OR,  
RATHER--  
THE  
HUKKA  
IS.

HE SEEMS TO UNDER-  
STAND WHAT WE'RE  
TRYING TO DO--

-- AND HIS  
HANDS ARE  
EVEN FASTER  
THAN MINE!

HUKKA-  
HUKKA!



THAT CREATURE--  
SO FANTASTIC,  
SO EVIL!

THIS CLOSE, IT'S  
LIKE LOOKING  
INTO THE EYE OF  
SATAN HIMSELF!

IF THIS MONSTER IS  
CONTROLLING THE  
ZYLONS-- THEN IT  
DESTROYED AN ENTIRE  
RACE FOR NO REASON!

HOW ELSE  
WOULD YOU  
DEFINE EVIL,  
DOCTOR?

SINGH  
HERE.  
READY AT  
THIS END--  
GO!



AND, IN  
STELLAR  
SPACE--

WE'RE  
LOSING  
POWER.



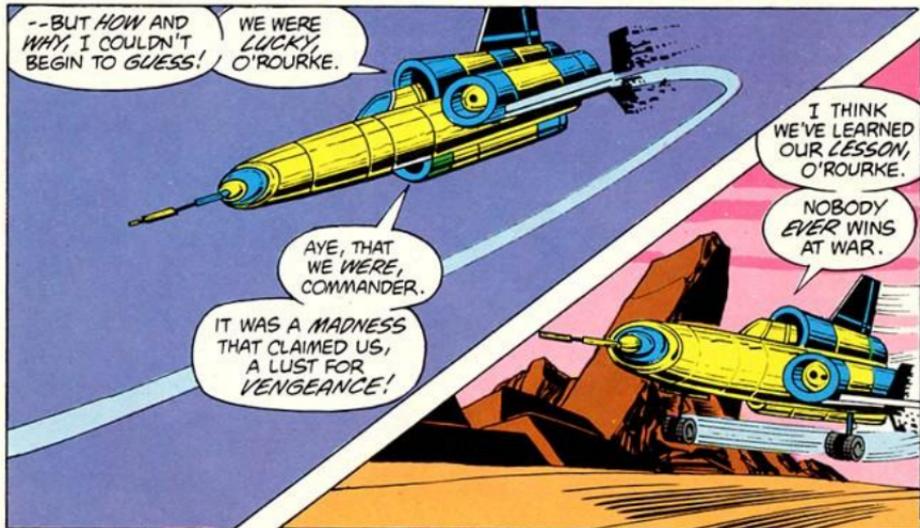
THEY'RE  
PLAYING  
WITH US,  
COMMANDER--

-- A COSMIC  
GAME OF  
CAT AND  
MOUSE!

IT'LL BE  
FINISHED  
SOON,  
O'ROURKE!

**BLAM**  
ANOTHER  
SHOT LIKE  
THAT AND  
WE'RE  
DEAD!







AND SO...

WE WONDERED WHO'D GET BACK FIRST, COMMANDER.

MARTIN, MY FRIEND, HAVE WE GOT A STORY FOR YOU...

WHY THE SMUG LOOKS?

SOMEBODY BETTER EXPLAIN--

IT LOOKS LIKE WE BEAT YOU.

LUCAS, YOU CAME UP WITH THE PLAN.

THE HONOR IS ALL YOURS.



ONE BRIEF EXPLANATION LATER...

SO, WHEN THE DARK DESTROYER WAS BLASTED--

--THE ZYLONS JUST COLLAPSED!

IF YOU SAY SO, LUCAS. I SAY, IT'S TIME TO GO.

AH, COMMANDER -- THE HUKKA--?



IF YOU TWO ARE SO ATTACHED TO EACH OTHER, SINGH--

--WELL, HE MIGHT AS WELL TAG ALONG!

HUKKA-HUKKA!

AS IF WE HAD A CHOICE!



AND, AS THE CREW OF SCANNER ONE JOINS TOGETHER IN HEART-FELT LAUGHTER, SOMEWHERE IN THE MULTIVERSE...



...WHERE A DARK NEBULA CHURNS LIKE A CLOUD TORN FROM THE HEART OF NIGHT...

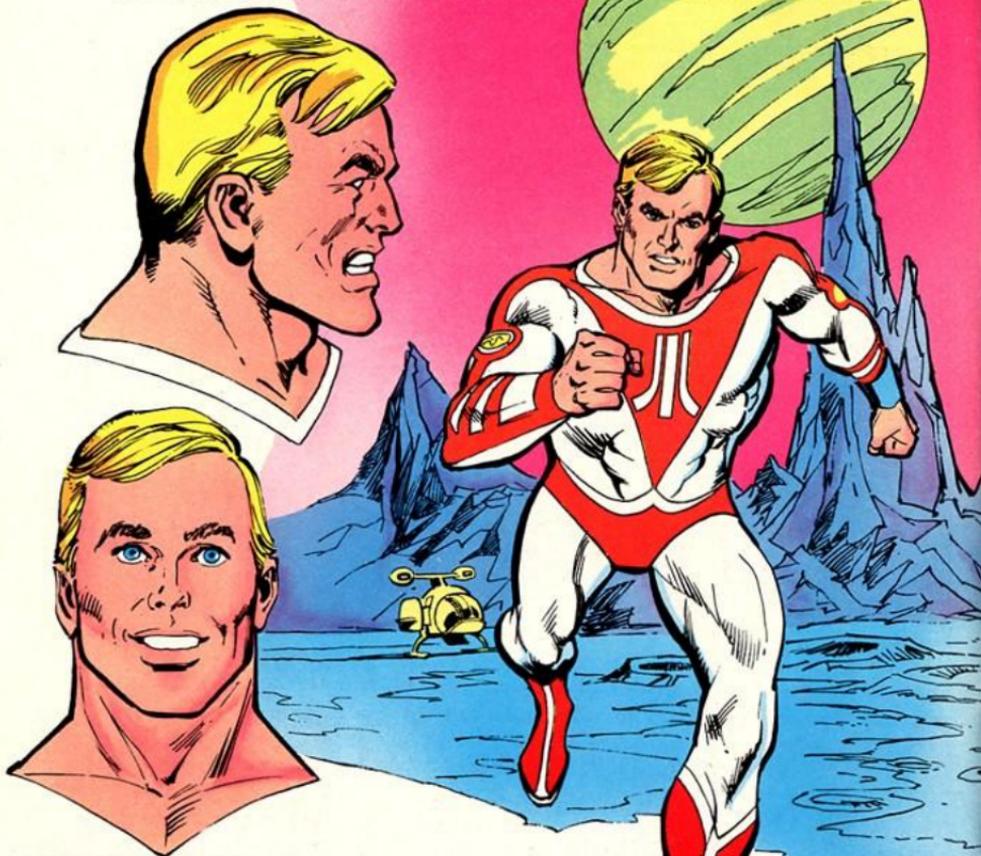


...A RED GLOW SLOWLY BRIGHTENS, LIKE THE GRADUAL OPENING OF AN ANGRY EYE...

THE ATARI FORCE WILL RETURN-- IN "PHOENIX," COMING THIS FALL!

# ATARI FORCE FACT FILE:

## #1 COMMANDER MARTIN CHAMPION



**NAME:** MARTIN CHAMPION

**AGE:** 31

**HEIGHT:** 6' 3" **WEIGHT:** 105 KILOS

**NATIONALITY:** POLISH-AMERICAN

**PREVIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS:** CHAMPION WON THREE GOLD MEDALS IN THE 1996 OLYMPICS; HE CO-COMMANDED THE MOON COLONY RESCUE MISSION IN 1999; HE COMMANDED THE SECOND MARS MANNED MISSION (2002-2004); HE HAS DEGREES FROM CALTECH, M.I.T., AND PRINCETON; HE IS A GRADUATE OF THE SPACE ACADEMY AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

**POSITION:** MISSION COMMANDER

**REMARKS:** IN ANY OTHER MAN, CHAMPION'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS MIGHT HAVE RESULTED IN THE CREATION OF AN OVERBEARING EGO; CHAMPION REMAINS REMARKABLY UNAFFECTED, AND AT TIMES SEEMS ALMOST BOYISH; YET HIS COOL, CONFIDENT MANNER MAKES HIM A PERFECT LEADER, AND INSPIRES THE LOYALTY OF HIS FELLOW EXPLORERS . . .

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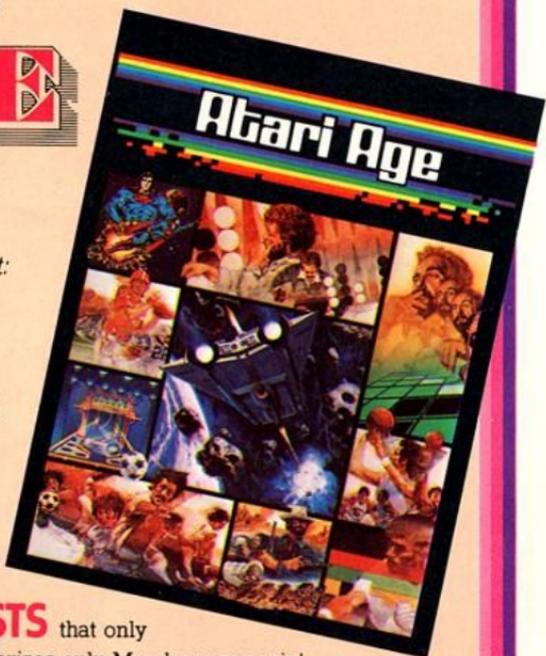
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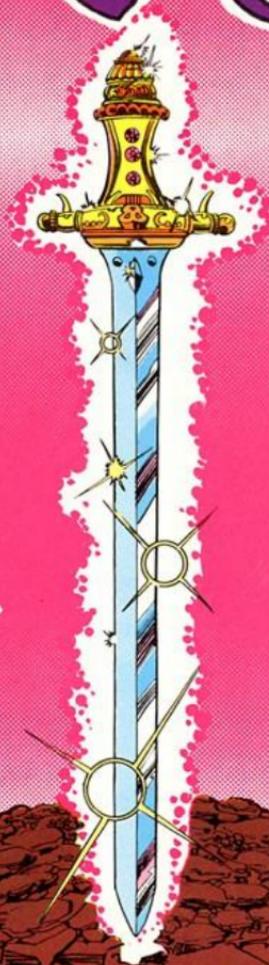
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