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# ATARI FORCE



# 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!

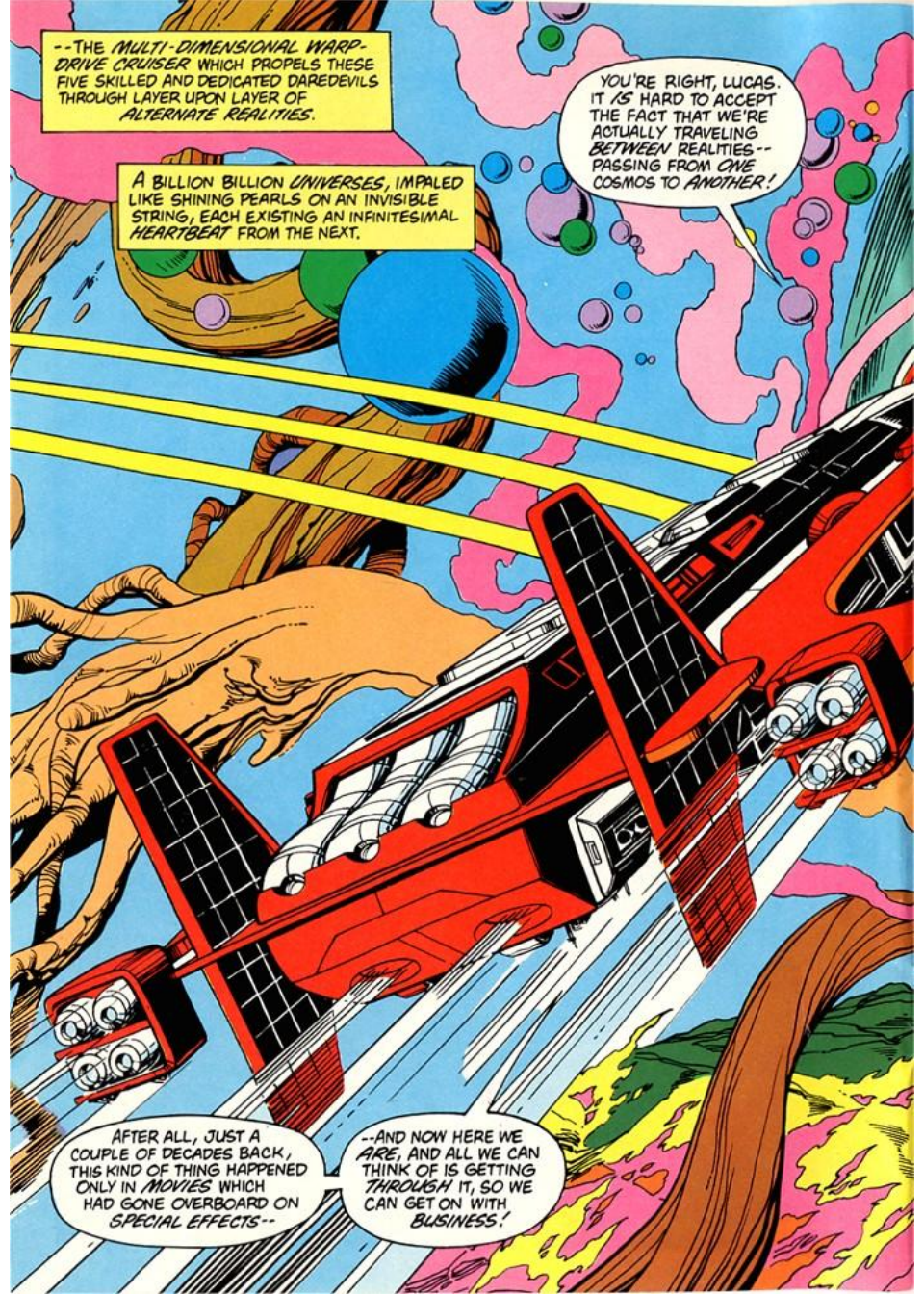
IN THIS  
LEAGUE,  
O'ROURKE,  
ANYTHING  
CAN  
HAPPEN!

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, IMPAIRED 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!

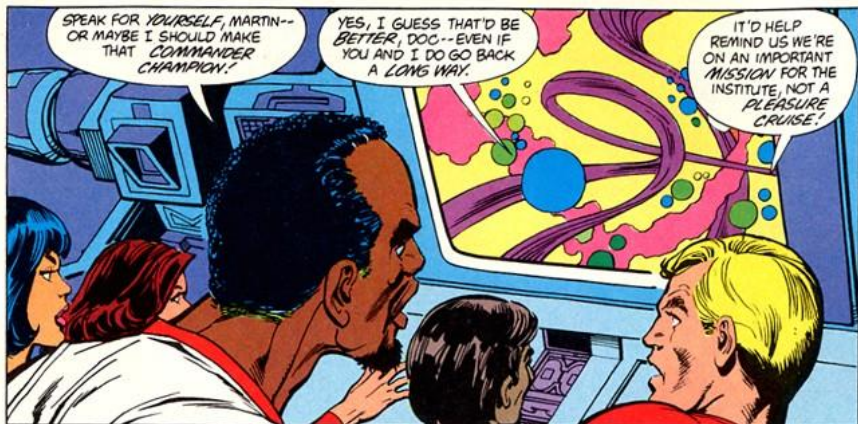


CHAPTER ONE:

# 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 BEING.

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  
**SHORTAGES** BACK HOME.









O'Rourke!  
YOU'RE THE  
OLYMPIC ATHLETE  
OF THIS LITTLE  
GROUPING.

THINK YOU CAN *STEAL*  
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!

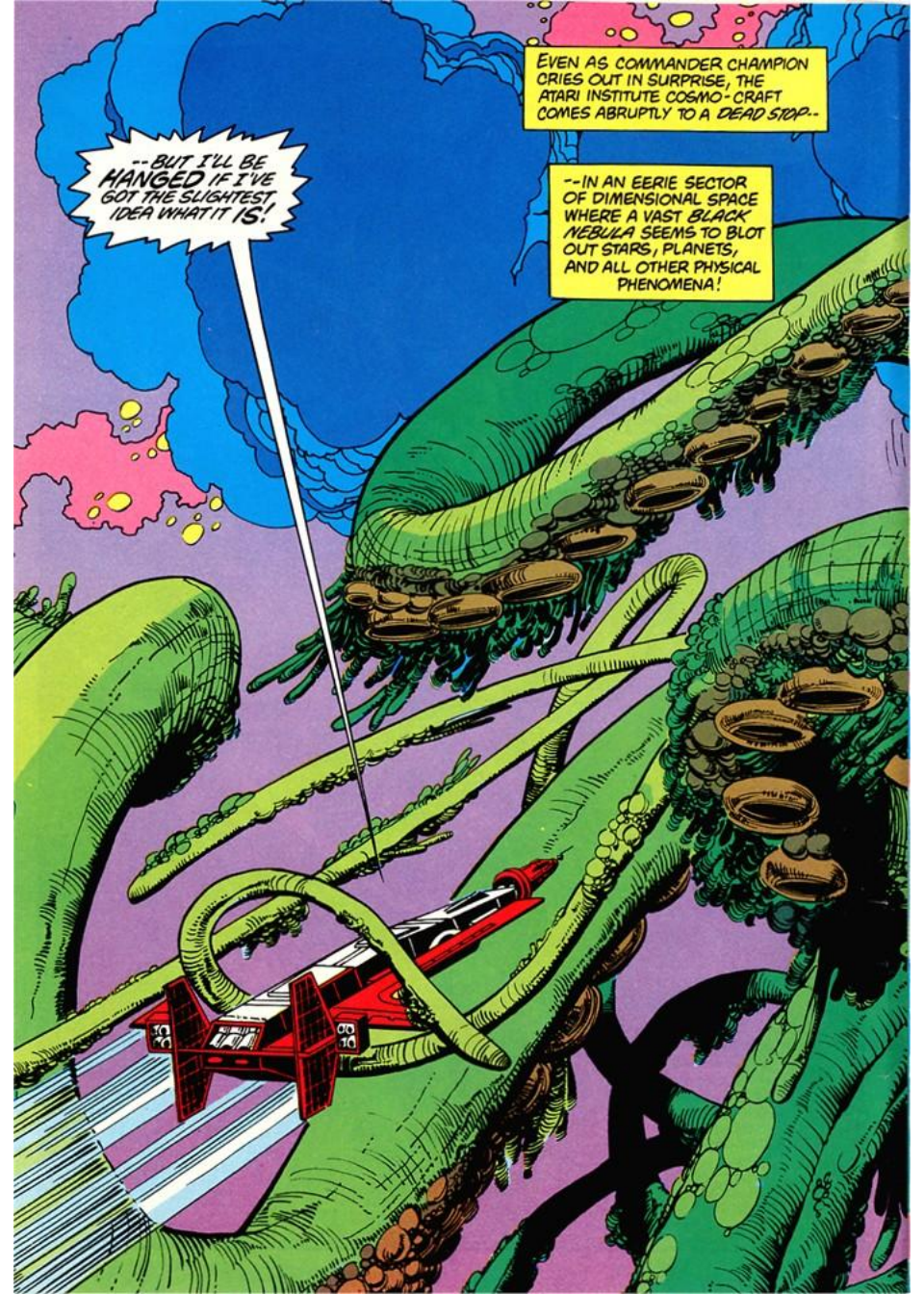
BUT MARTIN--  
COMMANDER--  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON OUT THERE?

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

THAT'S  
JUST IT,  
DOC.

SOMETHING  
DID--



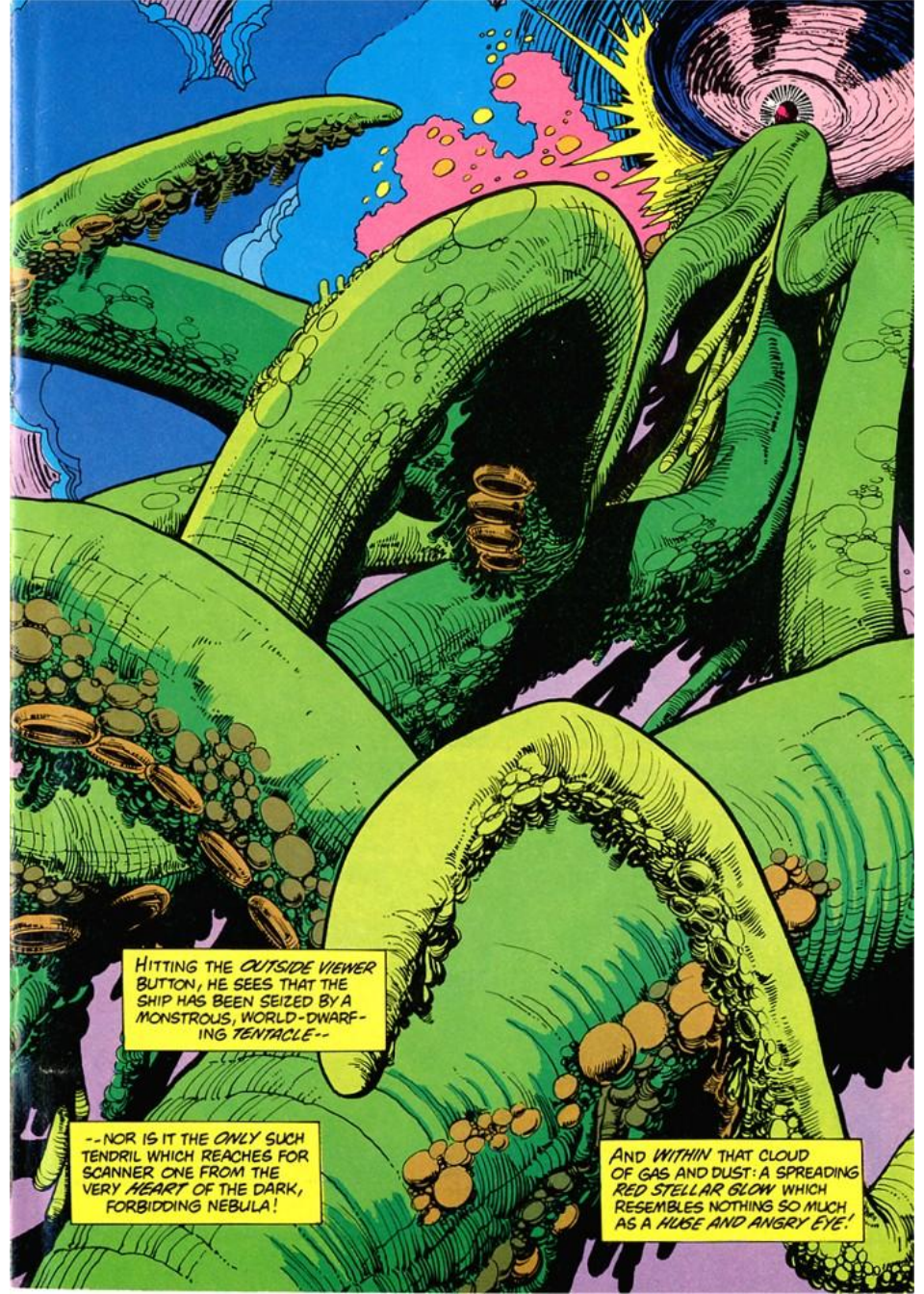


EVEN AS COMMANDER CHAMPION  
CRIES OUT IN SURPRISE, THE  
ATARI INSTITUTE COSMO-CRAFT  
COMES ABRUPTLY TO A DEAD STOP..

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

--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-DWARF-  
ING 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:

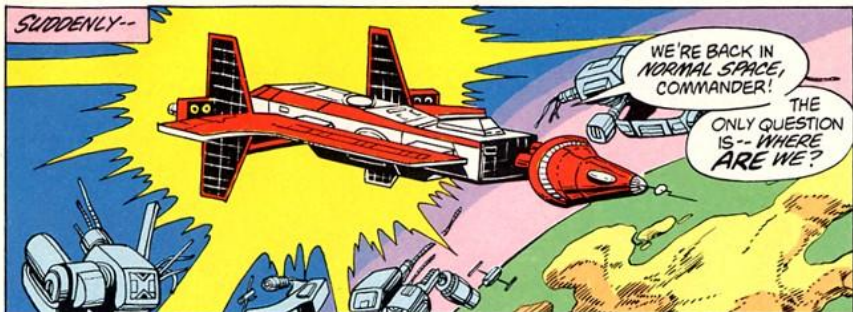
# PLANET OF THE DOOMED!

FOR MORE CENTURIES THAN  
HUMANKIND HAS BEEN CIVI-  
LIZED, 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--

COMMANDER, WITTICISMS ASIDE--

--BUT IT CERTAINLY ANSWERS MINE!



--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--





--OR WE FACE **TOTAL DISASTER!**

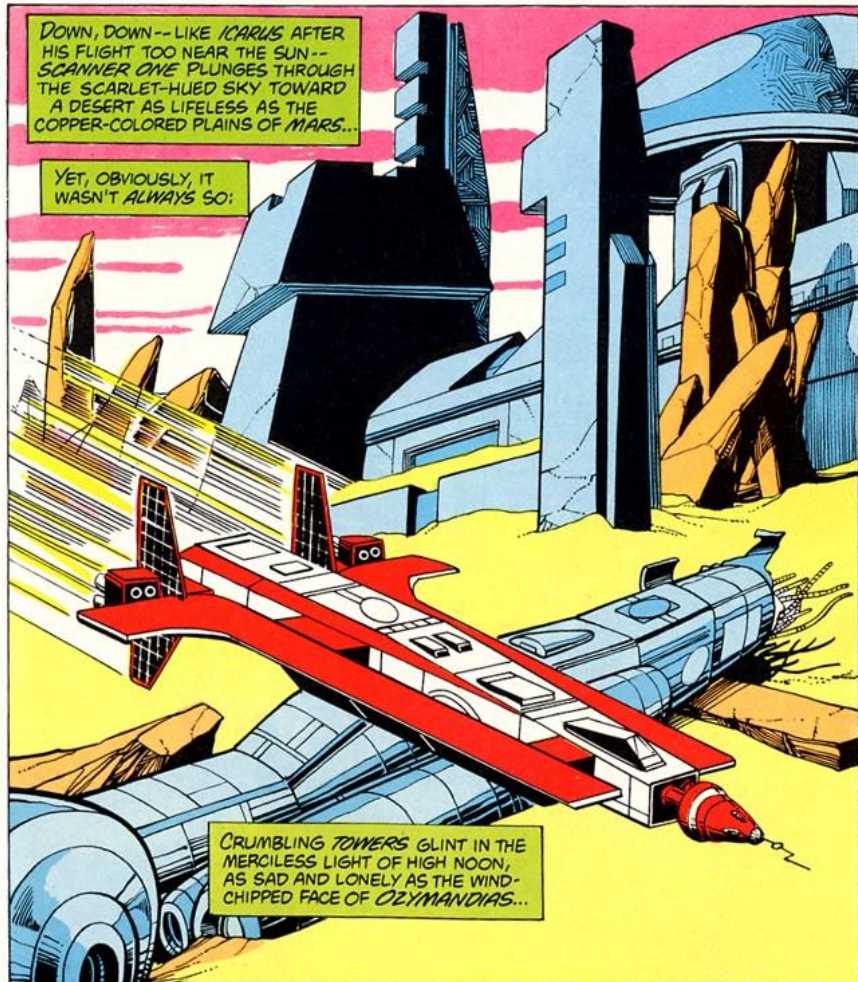
YOU'RE THE PILOT, LYDIA.

TAKE US DOWN--SHE'S ALL YOURS!

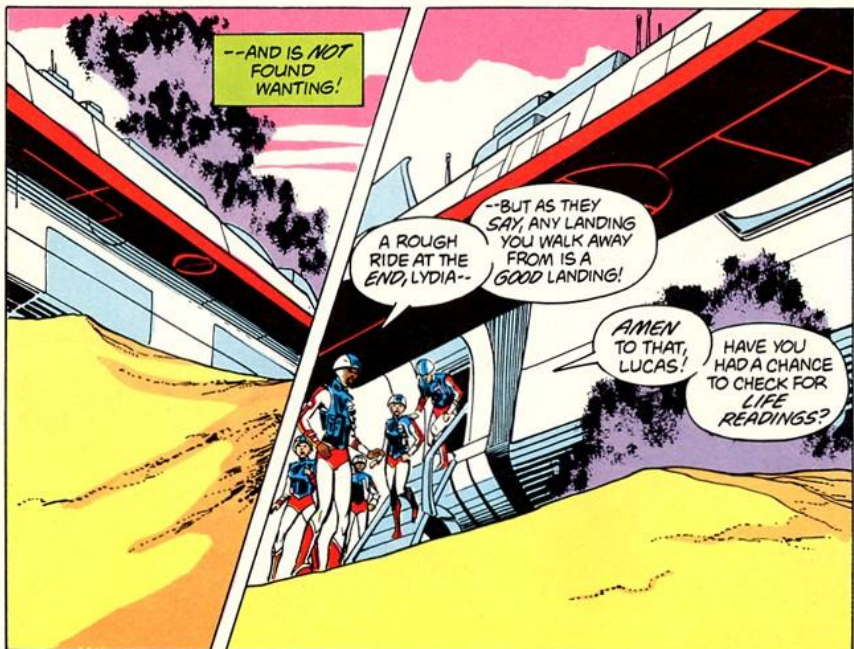
AYE-AYE, COMMANDER. LANDING SEQUENCE INITIATED.

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*...





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 UNDER-  
GROUND?



GOOD  
LORD!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

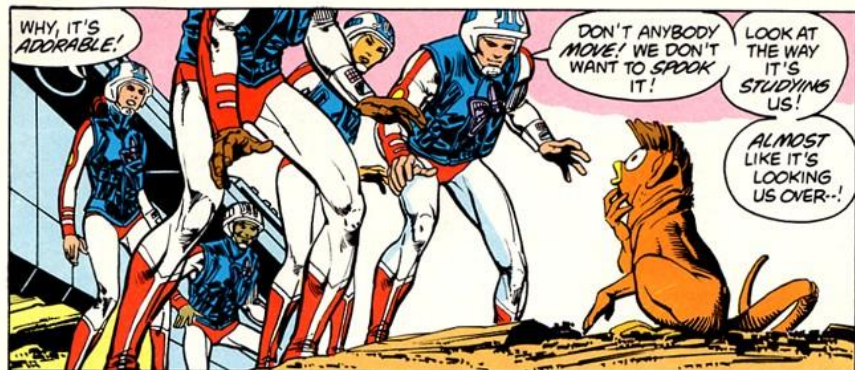
POK!



HUKKA?

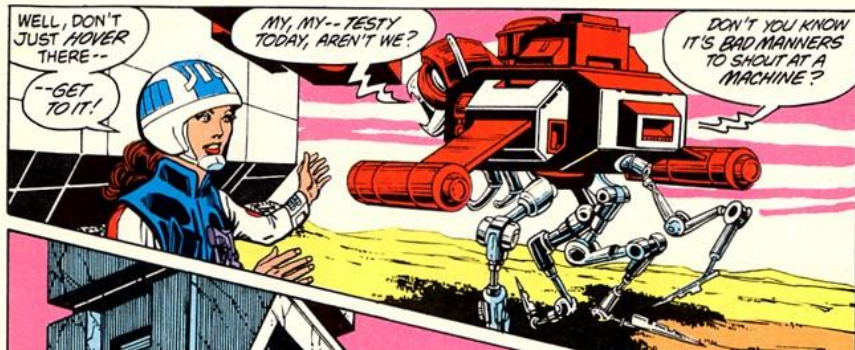
HUKKA-  
HUKKA?





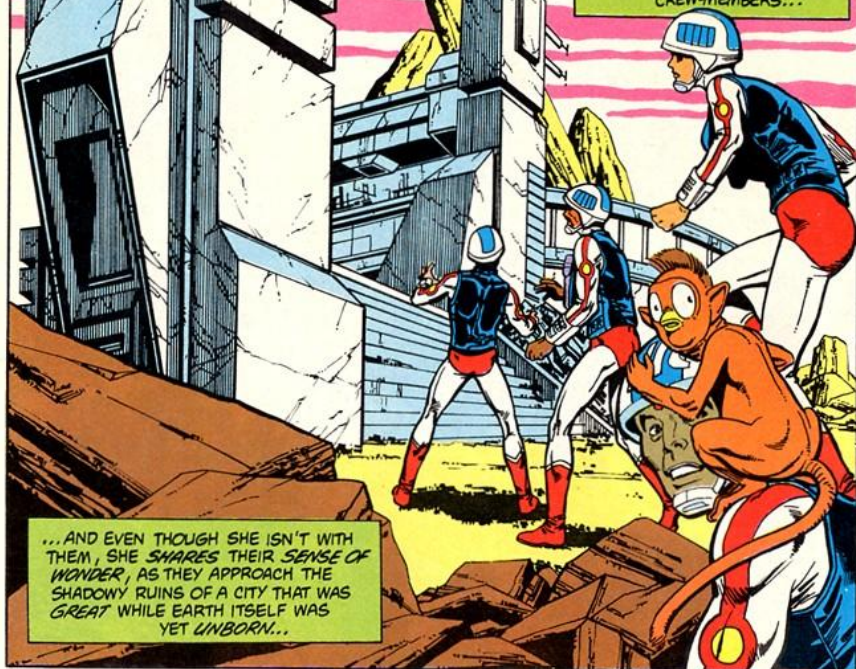






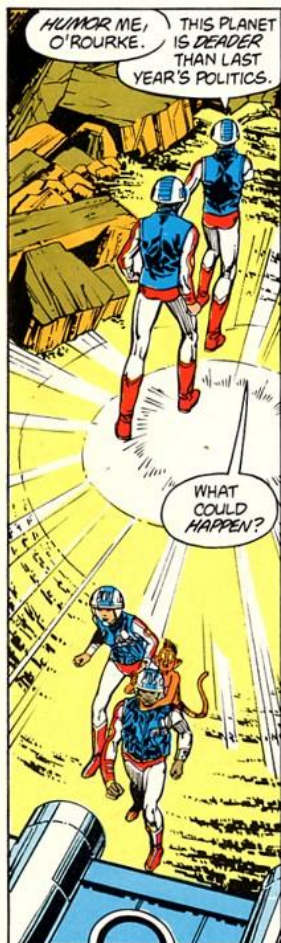
MASTER PILOT LYDIA PEREZ CHOKES BACK AN ANGRY RETORT AND MANAGES A SHEEPISH CHUCKLE INSTEAD...

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











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--













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  
BLE!

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!**

**KZAM**







KOOOM!

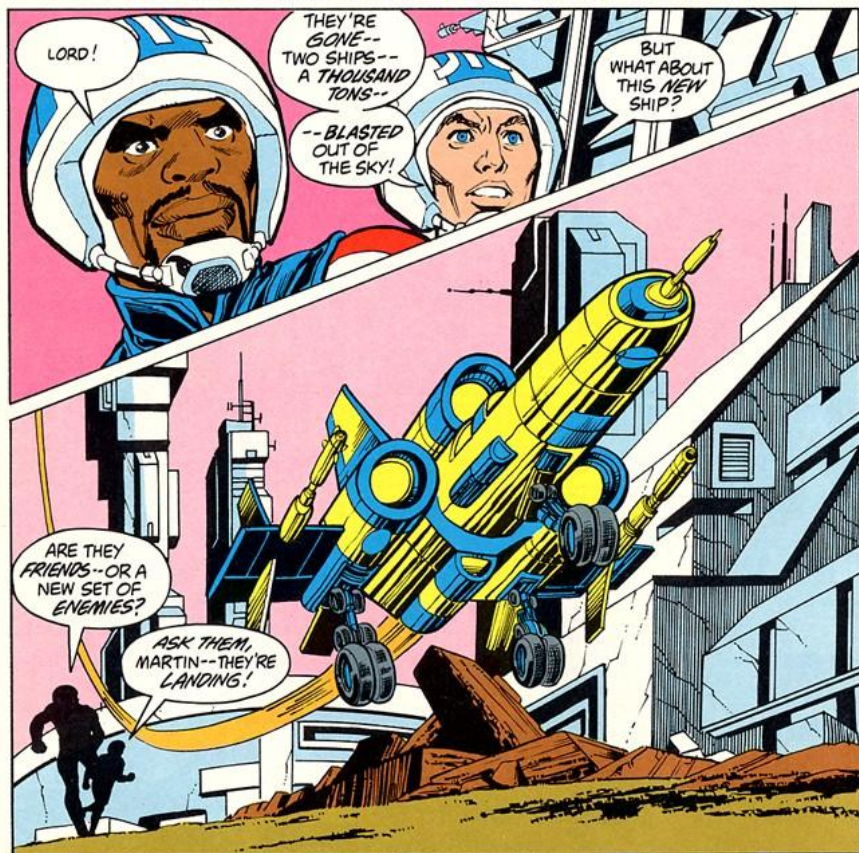
LIKE SOME ENORMOUS EAGLE TAKING FLIGHT AGAINST ITS PREY, THE STAR FIGHTER SHOOTS SKYWARD FROM THE SHATTERED DESERT FLOOR.

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...





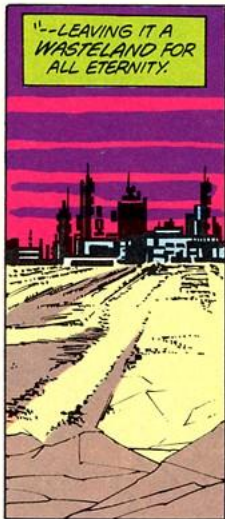
"IN ONE INSTANT, THE EFFORT OF  
MILLENNIA-- THE ACHIEVEMENT  
OF EONS-- WAS WIPE OUT!"





"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 HUKKIA 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.

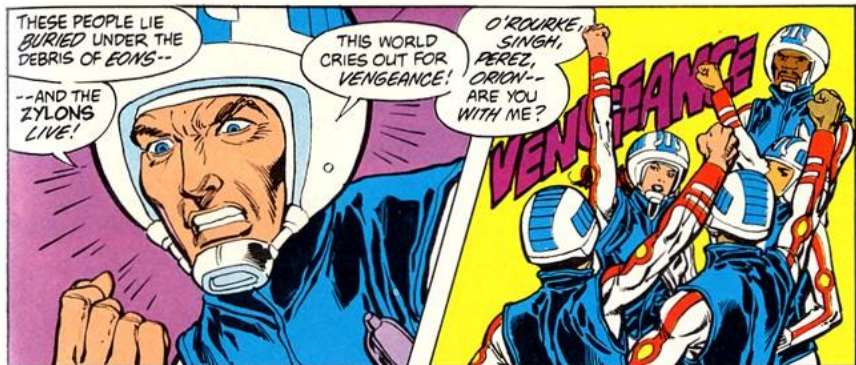
THEY'VE BEEN WAITING--

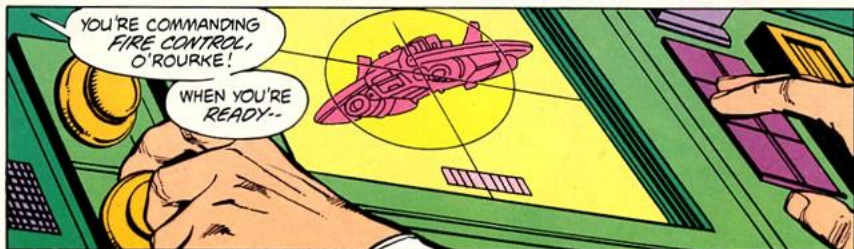
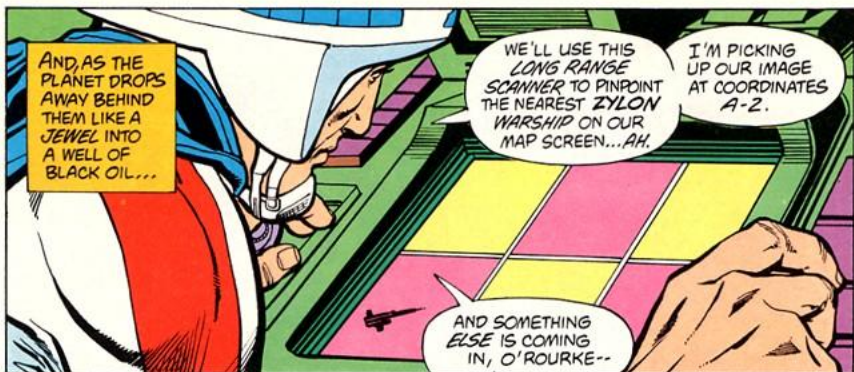
--WAITING FOR THEIR FRIENDS TO RETURN...

...YET KNOWING THEY NEVER WOULD.

THE HUKKIA LED US RIGHT TO IT, COMMANDER.











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!

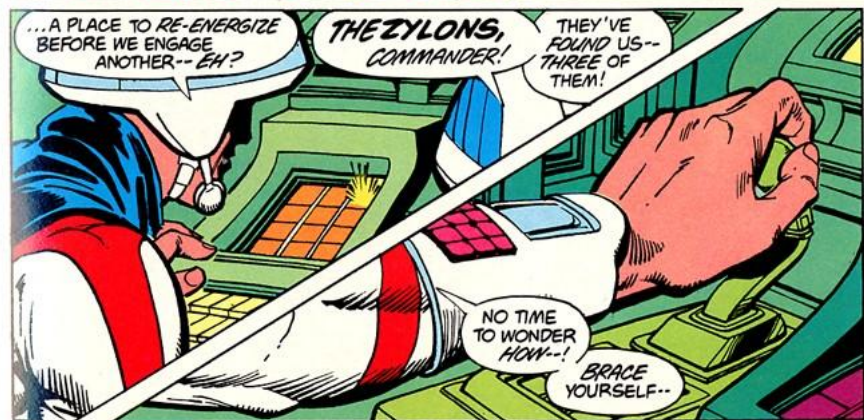
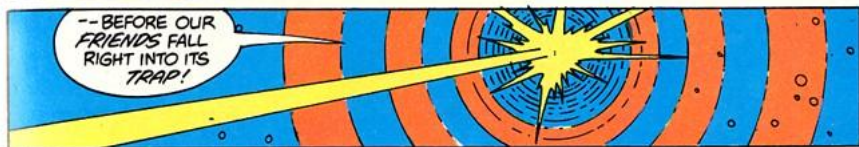


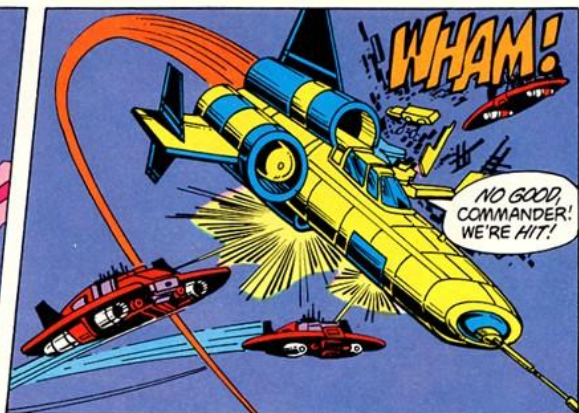
SO IT WOULD  
APPEAR.

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









THE WAY THEY  
MANEUVERED--  
IN TOTAL  
COORDINATION!

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

NOW THEY'RE  
CLOSING IN--





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.



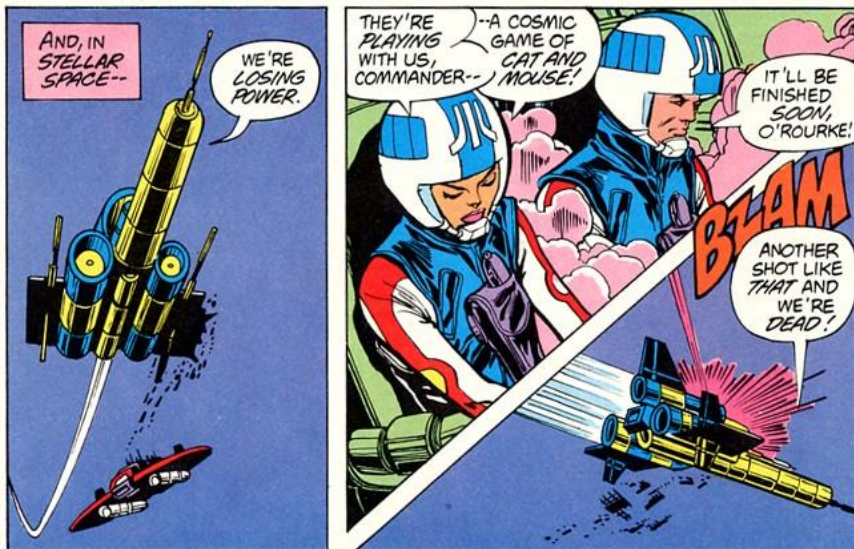
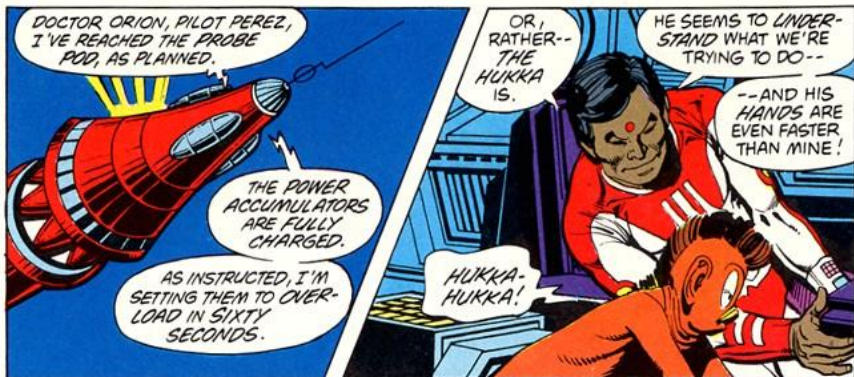
WE'VE FOUND THE  
DARK DESTROYER,  
AND IT'S ONLY A  
MATTER OF TIME--



-- BEFORE  
IT FINDS US!

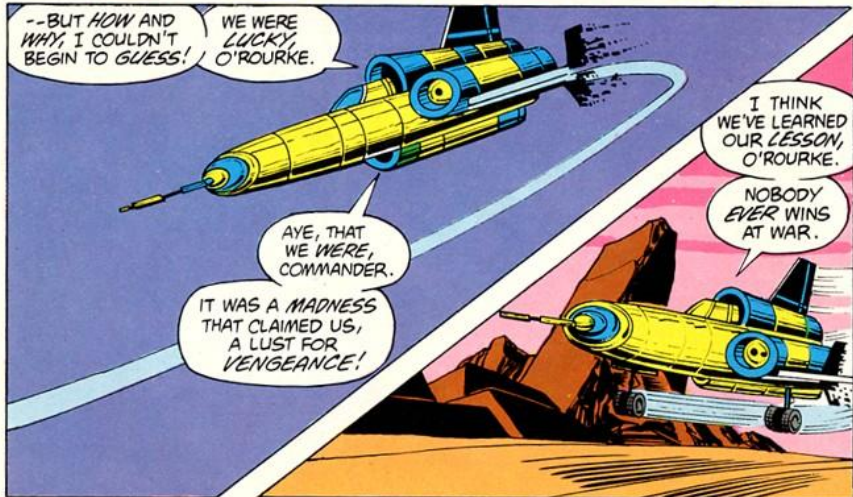
LORD  
HELP US  
THEN!



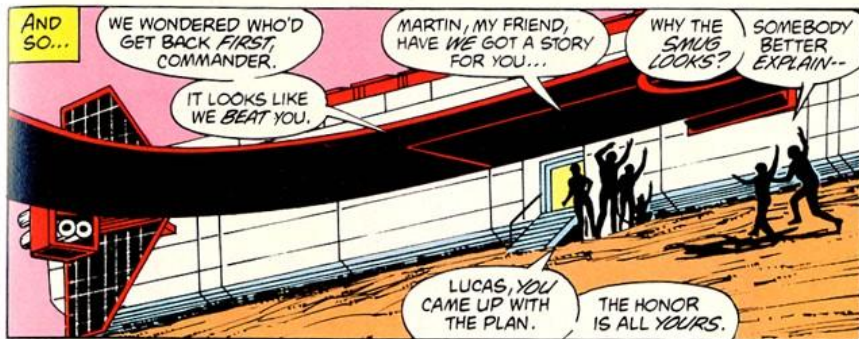






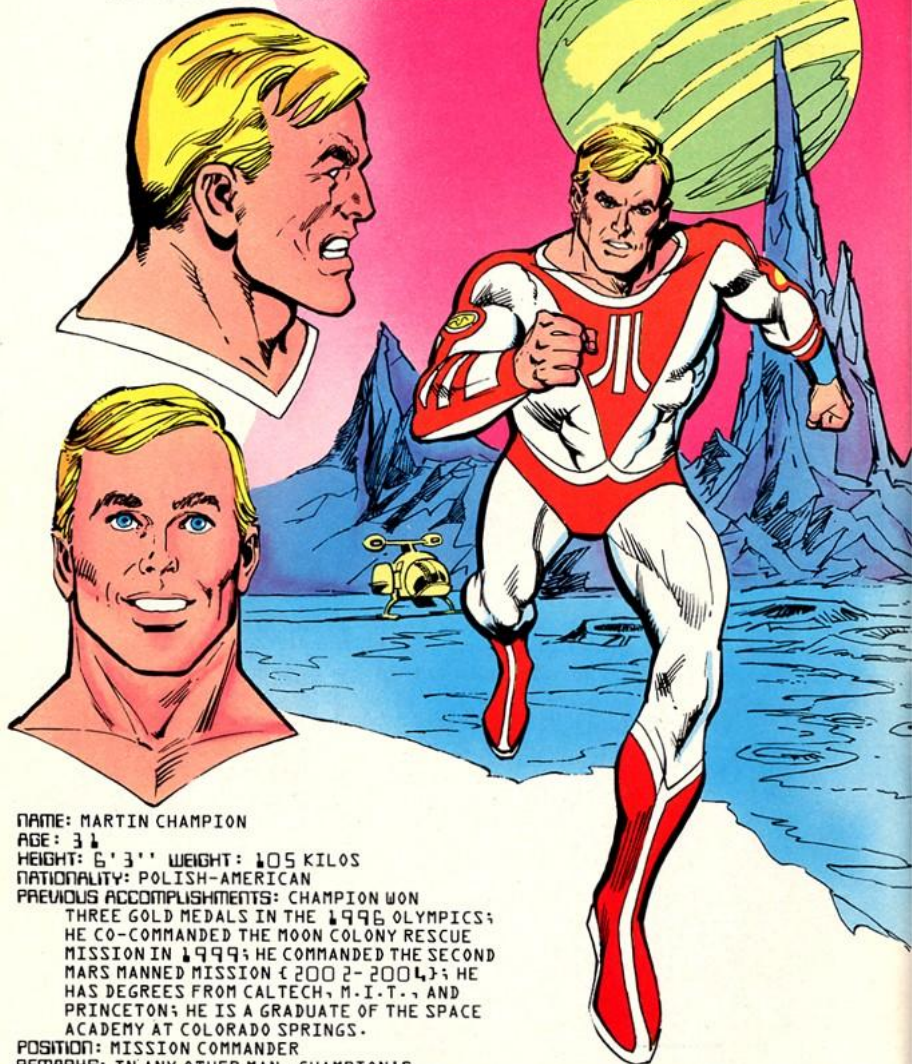






# ATARI FORCE **FACT FILE:**

## #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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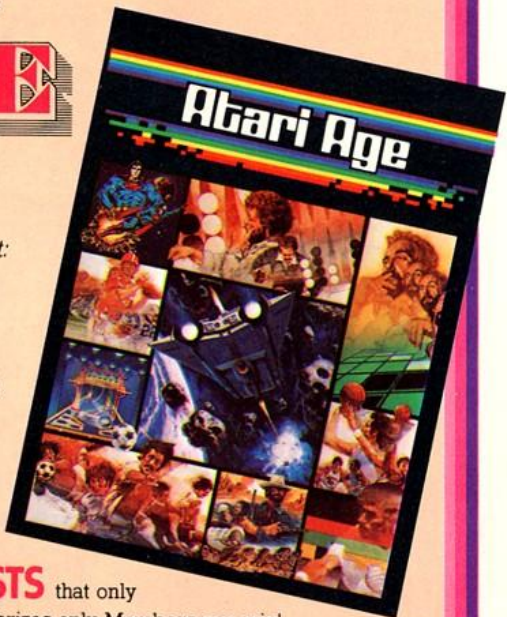
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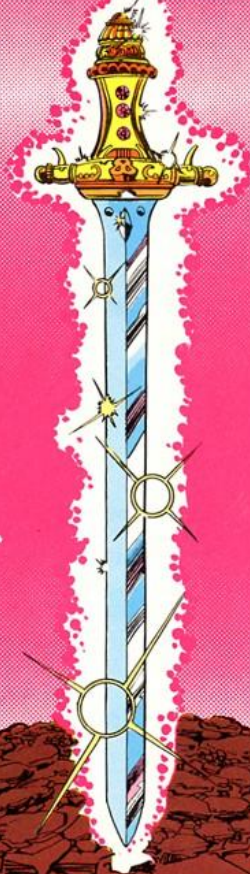
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