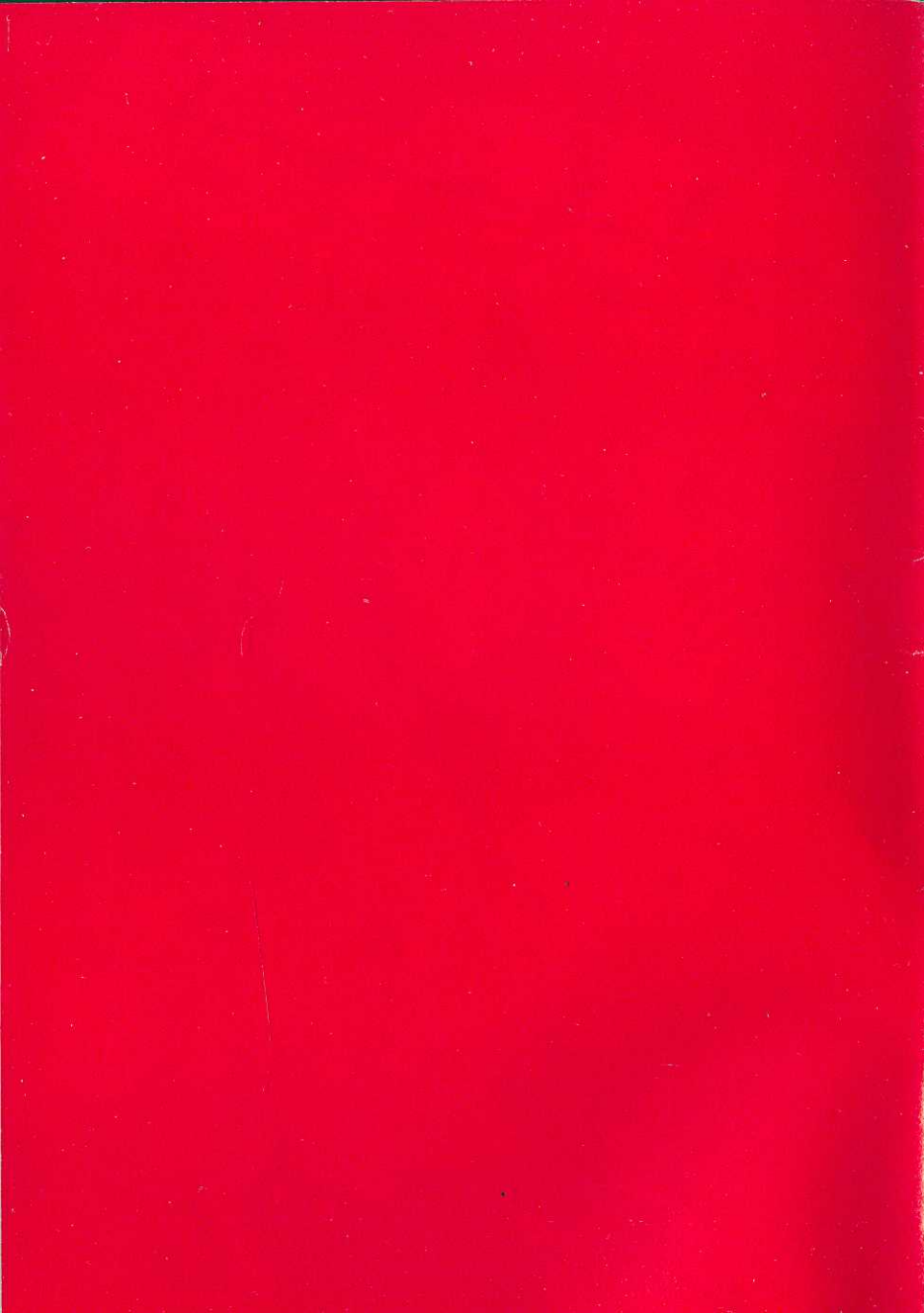




# ATARI FORCE

TM





# ATARI FORCE



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# BERSERK

COMMANDER CHAMPION... DOCTOR ORION...

...THANK YOU FOR MAKING THE TRIP HERE FROM SOLAR SATELLITE STATION ONE.\*

WE KNOW YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED US BACK TO THE ATARI INSTITUTE WITHOUT GOOD REASON, MR. DIRECTOR!

\* SEE ATARI FORCE #1, IN ATARI'S "DEFENDER" CARTRIDGE --EDITOR.

BUT WHY SUCH TIGHT SECURITY?

WE HAVE WHAT WE THINK ARE GOOD REASONS, DOCTOR.

PROJECT: MULTIVERSE IS TOP SECRET--



AH, 'TIS A RUDE AWAKENING YOU'RE IN FOR, MR. DIRECTOR!

SAD TO SAY, YOUR DEAR SECURITY ISN'T QUITE SO TIGHT AS YOU MIGHT THINK!

--AND FOR THE SAKE OF OUR WAR-WEARY WORLD, WHAT'S REVEALED TO YOU TODAY--MUST NEVER LEAVE THIS ROOM!

**THE YEAR:**  
2005 A.D.

**THE PLACE:**  
THE NORTHCAL HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ATARI TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE, IN THAT PART OF NORTH AMERICA THAT USED TO BE KNOWN AS CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE "BREAK-UP..."

**THE SITUATION:**  
A WORLD IN CRISIS...

FOR ALL  
YOUR FINE  
TECHNOLOGY--

-- ALL YOUR  
RADAR AND HEAT-  
SENSITIVE  
SENSORS--

-- A MERE SLIP OF  
A GIRL HAS MANAGED  
TO MAKE HER WAY INTO  
THE VERY HEART OF  
YOUR "WELL-GUARDED"  
ATARI COMPLEX!



SURE,  
AND IT'S  
AS I  
ALWAYS  
SAY--

"ANY  
SECURITY  
SYSTEM  
CAN  
BE BEATEN.

"ALL IT TAKES  
IS TIME--

-- AND A  
LITTLE  
INGENUITY!"



TAKE THIS SOUND-  
PROOF PLASTIGLAS  
DOME, NOW.

IT'S SUPPOSED  
TO KEEP AN EAVES-  
DROPPER FROM  
HEARIN' THE  
SECRETS BEING  
WHISPERED  
BELOW.

BUT,  
WITH A  
PORTABLE  
STETHA-  
SCAN...

...YOUR VOICES  
COME THROUGH  
AS CLEAR AS  
SUNRISE OVER  
DUBLIN BAY!

-- PROJECT: MULTIVERSE IS  
THE CODE NAME FOR AN ATTEMPT  
TO BREAK THE DIMENSIONAL  
BARRIER THAT SEPARATES US  
FROM AN INFINITY OF ALTERNATE  
WORLDS!

"ALTERNATE"  
WORLDS?

WORLDS WHOSE  
HISTORY DIVERGES  
FROM OUR OWN,  
COMMANDER.

BUT ISN'T  
THAT JUST A  
FANTASY?

PURE SCIENCE  
FICTION?

PLEASE,  
DOCTOR... LET  
THE DIRECTOR  
EXPLAIN...

...WITHOUT  
ANY MORE  
INTERRUPTIONS!

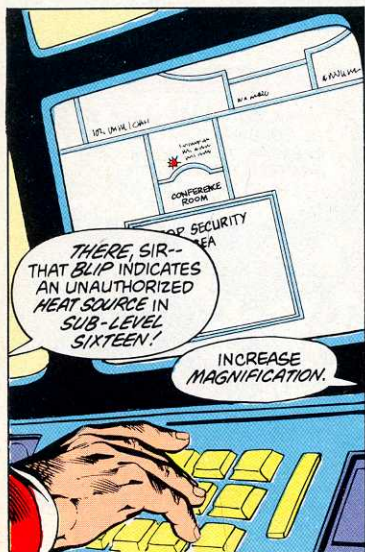


SECURITY BASE STATION, SUB-LEVEL SEVEN...

CAPTAIN, I'VE GOT A WEIRD READING ON THE INTERNAL MONITOR.

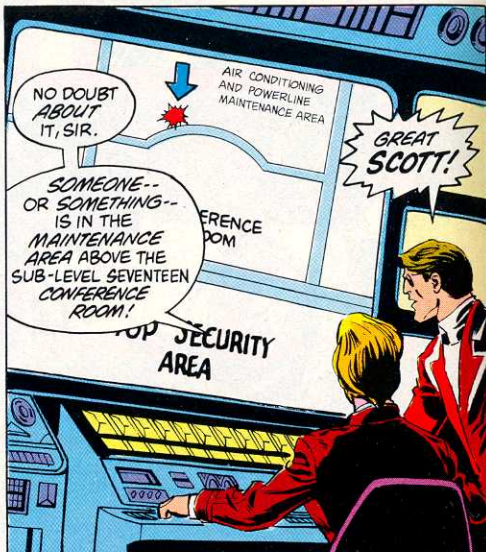
IT COULD BE ANOTHER SHORT-CIRCUIT, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND--

PUT IT ON THE SCREEN, TECHNICIAN. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE.



THERE, SIR-- THAT BLIP INDICATES AN UNAUTHORIZED HEAT SOURCE IN SUB-LEVEL SIXTEEN!

INCREASE MAGNIFICATION.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SIR.

AIR CONDITIONING AND POWERLINE MAINTENANCE AREA

GREAT SCOTT!

SOMEONE-- OR SOMETHING-- IS IN THE MAINTENANCE AREA ABOVE THE SUB-LEVEL SEVENTEEN CONFERENCE ROOM!

CONFERENCE ROOM

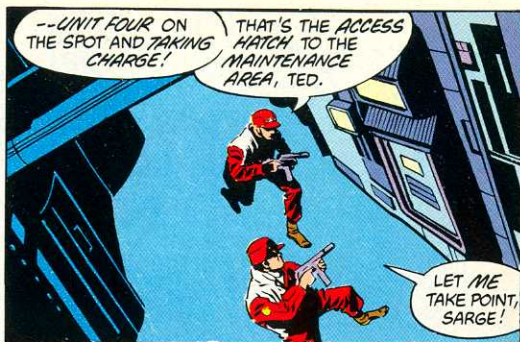
TOP SECURITY AREA



INTRUDER ALERT!

WE HAVE A "BERSERK SITUATION" IN QUADRANT SL-16!

LOCAL UNITS RESPOND IMMEDIATELY--







YES,  
YES.

THIS IS WHAT YOU  
ARE THINKING.

WELL THEN,  
MY NAME IS  
MOHANDAS  
SINGH.

MY PRESENCE  
HERE IS AS MUCH A  
MYSTERY TO ME  
AS TO YOU.

THE  
MOHANDAS  
SINGH?



THAT'S RIGHT,  
MARTIN.

THE MOHANDAS  
SINGH...CO-INVENTOR  
OF THE MICRON  
COMPUTER CHIP,  
CO-INVENTOR OF  
THE SINGH-LAZLO  
DIFFRACTION  
DRIVE...



... AND DIRECTOR OF COMPUTER  
RESEARCH HERE AT THE INSTITUTE  
FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'RE  
BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND  
HOW IMPORTANT THIS  
PROJECT IS!

OF COURSE, I  
WOULDN'T EXPECT AN  
EX-JOCK MILITARY  
MAY LIKE YOUR-  
SELF TO--

WHAT ON  
EARTH  
IS THAT?

**BREE BREE**

ALARMS--  
SOME KIND  
OF RED  
ALERT!

FLASHING  
LIGHTS...RED  
FLASHING  
LIGHTS...

A flashback scene showing Flash and Singh. Flash is on the left, looking surprised. Singh is on the right, looking thoughtful. They are both wearing red and white outfits. The background is a pink and white patterned curtain.

EH? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO SINGH?

HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING INTO A TRANCE...!

NOT A TRANCE, BUT RATHER, A REVERIE...

... AN UNWILLING FLASH-BACK OF MEMORY TO A TIME TWENTY YEARS BEFORE, IN THE CROWDED STREETS OF NEW DELHI, WHEN A MUCH YOUNGER MOHANDAS SINGH LIVED THE WILD LIFE OF AN URBAN ORPHAN IN THE WORLD'S MOST DESPERATE CITY...



HE WAS POOR-- HE WENT HUNGRY EVERY DAY, OR SO IT SEEMED--

-- BUT IN ONE AREA OF HIS LIFE, HE WAS RICH:

HE HAD A FRIEND... A FELLOW URCHIN WHO CALLED HIMSELF RAJA.

MOHANDAS-- WAKE UP-- A TOURIST!

A BRITISH RAJ, TOO-- MAYBE WORTH A FEW COINS, IF YOU BEG RIGHT!



HMM, WHAT'S THIS?

WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU LITTLE SCAMP?

PLEASE, SIR, A FEW PENCE FOR FOOD--?

FOOD!  
AY?

HOW YOU CAN EAT IN THIS BLOODY HOT CLIMATE, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

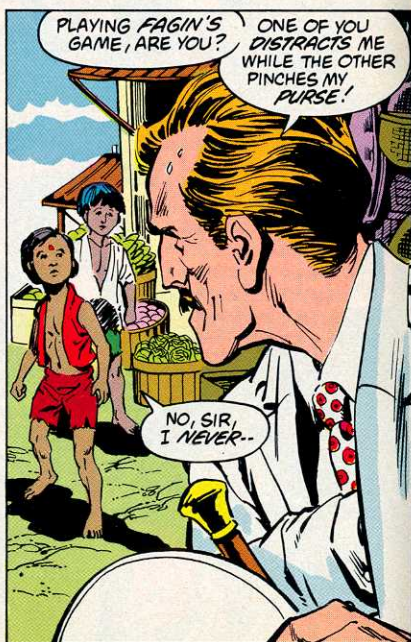


STILL, YOU LOOK LIKE A GOOD BOY--



--AND I SUPPOSE A FEW BOB IS THE LEAST I CAN -- EH?

MY WALLET--  
GONE!



PLAYING FAGIN'S GAME, ARE YOU?

ONE OF YOU DISTRACTS ME WHILE THE OTHER PINCHES MY PURSE!

NO, SIR, I NEVER--



EVEN IN MEMORY, MOHANDAS SINGH CAN FEEL THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART, THE PURE, PHYSICAL TERROR THAT GRIPPED HIS CHEST AND MADE EACH BREATH AN AGONY...

HE RAN WITHOUT REALLY KNOWING WHY...

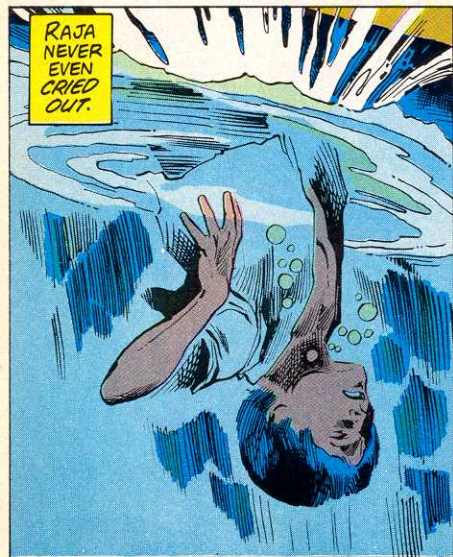


... AND OF THAT NIGHT-MARE MORNING, ALL HE CAN TRULY REMEMBER IS THE WAIL OF SIRENS AND THE POLICE CAR'S FLASHING RED LIGHTS...

**BREE BREE**

MY WORD...

...WHAT HAVE I DONE?



HE WILL NEVER FORGET.

THE LIGHTS, THE SOUNDS, SEARED INTO HIS BRAIN.

BREE  
BREE  
BREE  
BREE

IN SPITE OF HIS POVERTY...  
IN SPITE OF DAILY HUNGER  
AND CONSTANT FEAR...

...UNTIL THAT MOMENT,  
HE HADN'T KNOWN  
WHAT IT MEANT TO BE  
POOR...

I'M SORRY...  
THIS WAS MY  
FAULT...



...I WAS THE WORST KIND OF FOOL, SEEING WHAT I EXPECTED TO SEE--NOT WHAT WAS.

MY NAME IS MILES--  
PROFESSOR STANLEY  
MILES.

I'M  
HERE FOR A  
SYMPOSIUM--THE WORLD  
GEOPHYSICAL YEAR, YOU  
KNOW.

AHH...BUT OF  
COURSE, YOU  
DON'T KNOW.

SEE HERE. I  
CAN'T BRING YOUR  
FRIEND BACK TO  
LIFE...BUT PER-  
HAPS I CAN  
GIVE YOU A  
LIFE...



BUT SINGH WASN'T LISTENING. IN HIS MIND, HE STILL HEARD THAT TERRIBLE SIREN WAIL-- STILL SAW THOSE FLASHING LIGHTS--

-- AND EVEN NOW,  
TWENTY YEARS LATER,  
THEY THROW HIM INTO  
A KIND OF TRANCE,  
UNTIL--

-- SINGH...  
SINGH,  
SNAP OUT  
OF IT!

ARE YOU  
ALL  
RIGHT?

Y-YES...YES, COMMANDER,  
VERY MUCH ALL RIGHT.

I WAS JUST--  
EH?



PROFESSOR MILES PAID HIS DEBT IN FULL, BY SENDING MOHANDAS SINGH TO THE FINEST SCHOOLS ON THREE CONTINENTS, AND RECOGNIZING THE FINE MIND THAT HAD ALMOST BEEN SUFFOCATED BY OVERWHELMING POVERTY..

...A MIND THAT NOW  
FOCUSSES WITH INSTANT  
ALERTNESS ON NEW  
INPUT, CAUSING MOHANDAS  
SINGH TO CRY OUT:

COMMANDER,  
DIRECTOR--THERE  
IS THE CAUSE  
OF THE ALARM!

A  
SPY!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND,  
MARTIN--SECURITY  
WAS SO TIGHT--!

SO MUCH FOR SIX  
YEARS OF TRAINING  
IN THE MARINES--  
I NEVER EVEN  
LOOKED UP!

I THOUGHT  
YOU TOLD US  
PROJECT: MULTIVERSE  
WAS TOP SECRET,  
PEREZ!

DEAR LADY, IF I  
RAN MY MEDICAL  
RESEARCH  
DEPARTMENT  
THE WAY SECURITY  
APPARENTLY HAS  
RUN THIS  
OPERATION--







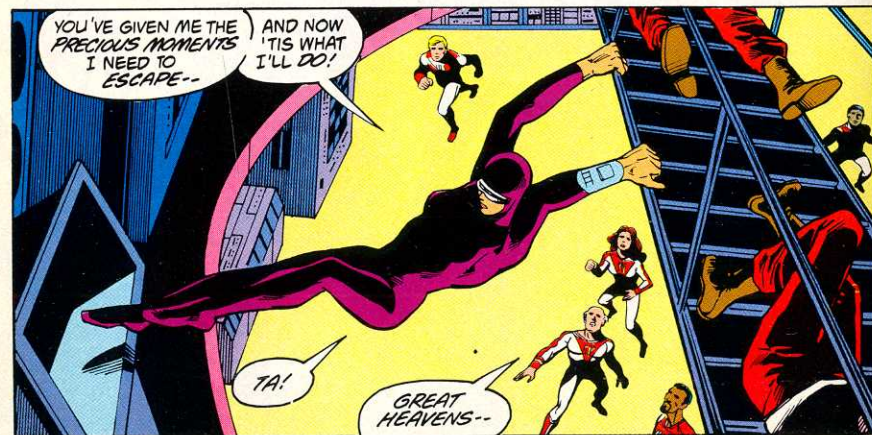
SARGE! SHE'S JUMPIN' AROUND LIKE SOME KIND OF KANGAROO!


OKAY, SISTER, END OF THE ROAD!  
WH-WHA--?

-- I'D SOON HAVE NO PATIENTS LEFT ALIVE!

TOO CLOSE TO USE MY WEAPONS-LASER WITHOUT HITTING YOU!  
GOTTA GET SOME ROOM TO MANEUVER OR SHE'LL--







--SHE'S SLIPPED INTO  
THE VENTILATING DUCT  
THAT LEADS TO THE  
SCANNER ONE HANGAR!

SCANNER ONE IS  
THE VERY HEART OF  
PROJECT: MULTIVERSE!

EVEN SECURITY  
ISN'T  
ALLOWED ON  
THIS LEVEL!



HURRY-- WE  
HAVE TO STOP HER--  
BEFORE SOMETHING  
DISASTROUS  
HAPPENS!

THE PROTECTIVE HATCH UNSEALS  
WITH A PNEUMATIC HISS, AND  
COMMANDER CHAMPION LEADS  
THE OTHERS THROUGH THE DOUBLE-  
LOCK...DRAWING UP SHORT ON  
THE FAR SIDE...

...HIS BREATH LITERALLY  
STOLEN BY THE  
SIGHT BEFORE  
HIM...



SO THAT'S  
THE BIG  
SECRET--

--SCANNER  
ONE IS A  
SPACESHIP!

OH, MARTIN--  
DON'T BE SUCH  
A BLIND IDIOT!

HOW CAN A  
SPACESHIP TAKE  
OFF FROM INSIDE  
A SEALED ROOM?

PEREZ, YOU  
MUST LEARN TO  
CURB THAT SHARP  
TONGUE OF YOURS!

COMMANDER  
CHAMPION CAN BE  
FORGIVEN FOR  
JUMPING TO  
CONCLUSIONS.

FOR NOW, LET ME ASSURE  
YOU, COMMANDER--YOU  
COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG!

CHAPTER TWO:

# UNMASKED

**CLANG!**



IT'S HER--  
THE  
INTRUDER!

SHE'S GOT TO BE  
STOPPED BEFORE SHE CAN  
REACH SCANNER ONE!  
SHE MIGHT BE CARRYING  
EXPLOSIVES--SHE COULD  
BE A SABOTEUR--!

WHATEVER SHE  
IS, MR. DIRECTOR--  
AND WHOEVER SHE  
WORKS FOR--IT'S A SAFE  
BET SHE DIDN'T WANDER  
IN HERE LOOKING FOR  
THE LADY'S WC!



SHE'S  
EQUIPPED--  
AND TRAINED--  
FOR COMBAT--





NOT  
BAD.  
YOU'RE  
FAST.

SURE, AND IT'S MORE  
THAN MERELY FAST THAT  
I AM, COMMANDER.

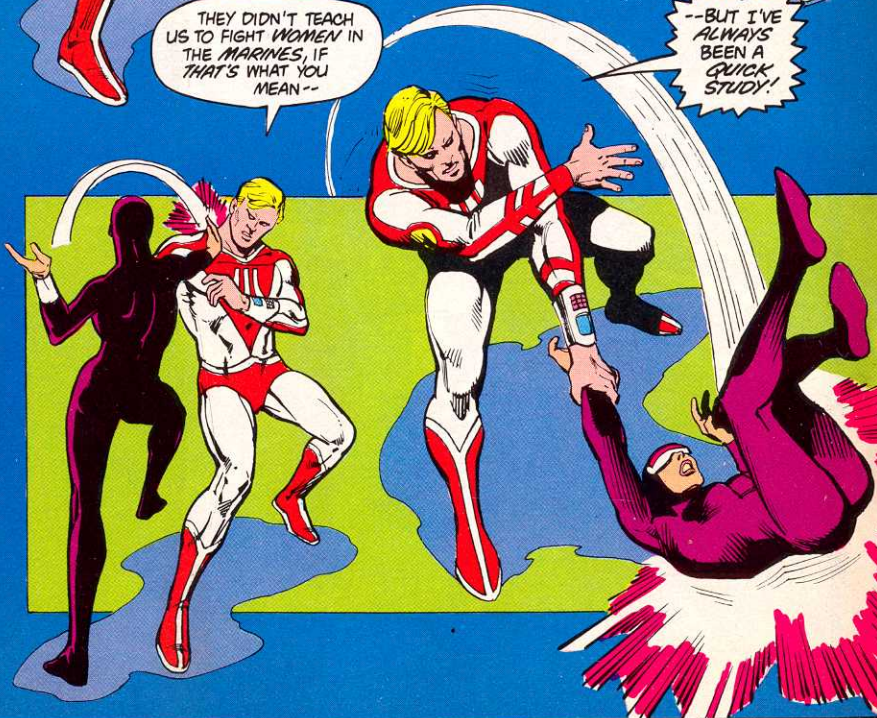
WHOOOSH!

I'LL  
SAY!



THEY DIDN'T TEACH  
US TO FIGHT WOMEN IN  
THE MARINES, IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
MEAN --

--BUT I'VE  
ALWAYS  
BEEN A  
QUICK  
STUDY!



IF THAT HAD COME  
EVEN A CENTIMETER  
CLOSER-- UHHH!

TELL THE TRUTH  
NOW, COMMANDER:

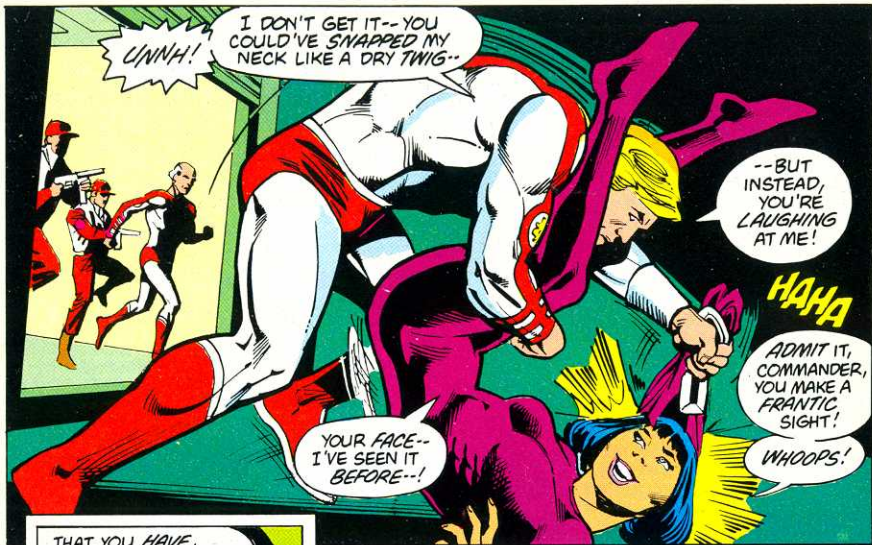
'TIS MORE  
OF A STRUGGLE  
THAN YOU  
EXPECTED,  
BESTING THIS  
LITTLE LASSIE!

AH, AND  
IF THAT'S THE  
CASE, MY  
LAD--

--THEN  
YOU'VE STILL GOT  
A LOT TO LEARN!

YEEOW  
W  
W





UNNH!

I DON'T GET IT-- YOU COULD'VE SNAPPED MY NECK LIKE A DRY TWIG--

--BUT INSTEAD, YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME!

HABA

ADMIT IT, COMMANDER, YOU MAKE A FRANTIC SIGHT!

WHOOPS!

YOUR FACE-- I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE--!

THAT YOU HAVE, COMMANDER, ON THE INSTITUTE REPORTS:

THE NAME'S O'ROURKE... LI SAN O'ROURKE...

...EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF ATARI SECURITY!

IT'S A LITTLE FIELD TEST OF OUR SECURITY PERSONNEL THAT I'VE BEEN RUNNING-- AND A SORRIER LOT OF OVER-ARMED BUMPKINS I'VE NEVER SEEN!

YOU LADS DEPEND TOO HEAVILY ON YOUR FINE COMPUTERS AND SOPHISTICATED SENSORS.

SORRY IF I'VE DISRUPTED YOUR LITTLE PARTY, MR. DIRECTOR, BUT AS YOU KNOW, ATARI HAS ITS ENEMIES-- AND VICIOUS THEY ARE, TOO, SINCE THE WAR.

WE HAVE TO PROTECT OURSELVES-- AND THAT MEANS WE MUST BE CONSTANTLY ALERT!

YOU'LL HAVE NO ARGUMENT ON THAT FROM ME, O'ROURKE.

IN FACT, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE...

...SINCE I WAS ABOUT TO SUMMON YOU, WHEN OUR "PARTY," AS YOU CALL IT, WAS SO RUDELY CRASHED!

O'ROURKE, YOU'RE THE FIFTH AND FINAL MEMBER OF A NEW TEAM WE'VE DESIGNATED THE ATARI FORCE!

OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS, WHILE YOU WERE ATTENDING TO YOUR REGULAR DUTIES, EACH OF YOU RECEIVED EXTRA TRAINING IN THE OPERATION OF A NEW COMPUTER--

--THE ATARI 8000, THE MOST ADVANCED CYBERNETIC "BRAIN" EVER DESIGNED!

THE ATARI 8000 IS THE GUIDANCE COMPUTER OF THIS VESSEL, SCANNER ONE.

THUS, WITHOUT KNOWING IT--FOR REASONS OF SECURITY--YOU'VE BEEN TRAINING FOR MONTHS FOR THIS, THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT OF YOUR LIVES!

NOW, IF YOU'LL WATCH YOUR STEP--



--I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND.

THIS FIRST COMPARTMENT IS THE MASTER AIRLOCK...

WHAT HAVE WEAPONS TO DO WITH A MISSION OF EXPLORATION?

WEAPONS EVERYWHERE, I SEE. MOST STRANGE.

DON'T BE NAIVE, SINGH.

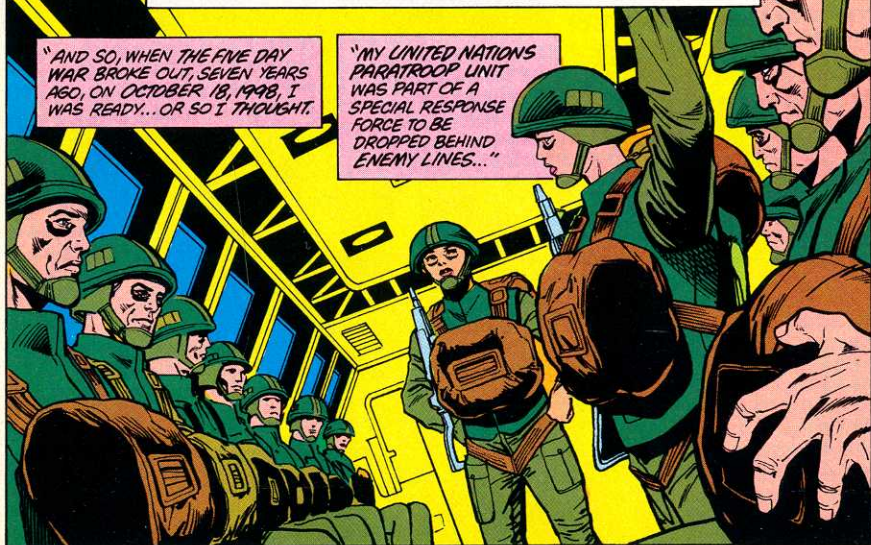
WE MAY HOPE FOR PEACE--



--BUT WE MUST BE READY FOR WAR!

MY FATHER WAS A SOLDIER, AND MY MOTHER, TOO.

SHE WAS CHINESE--HE WAS IRISH--AND THEY RAISED ME IN AN IRELAND TORN BY CIVIL WAR FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS!



"AND SO, WHEN THE FIVE DAY WAR BROKE OUT, SEVEN YEARS AGO, ON OCTOBER 18, 1998, I WAS READY...OR SO I THOUGHT.

"MY UNITED NATIONS PARATROOP UNIT WAS PART OF A SPECIAL RESPONSE FORCE TO BE DROPPED BEHIND ENEMY LINES..."

"DURING THE FIRST HOURS OF THE WAR, AFTER THE ATTACK ON NASA'S LUNAR COLONY THAT STARTED THE WHOLE MESS, THE ENEMY OCCUPIED A MAJOR OIL FIELD IN THE ARABIAN PENINSULA.

"OUR MISSION WAS TO FREE THE OIL FIELD-- WITHOUT GIVING THE ENEMY A CHANCE TO DESTROY IT.

"I WAS A LIEUTENANT- IN CHARGE OF MY OWN SQUAD.

"SAINTS PRESERVE ME, BUT I THOUGHT I WAS GOD'S SPECIAL CHILD, AND THAT NOTHING COULD HARM ME."

# SPOILS OF WAR

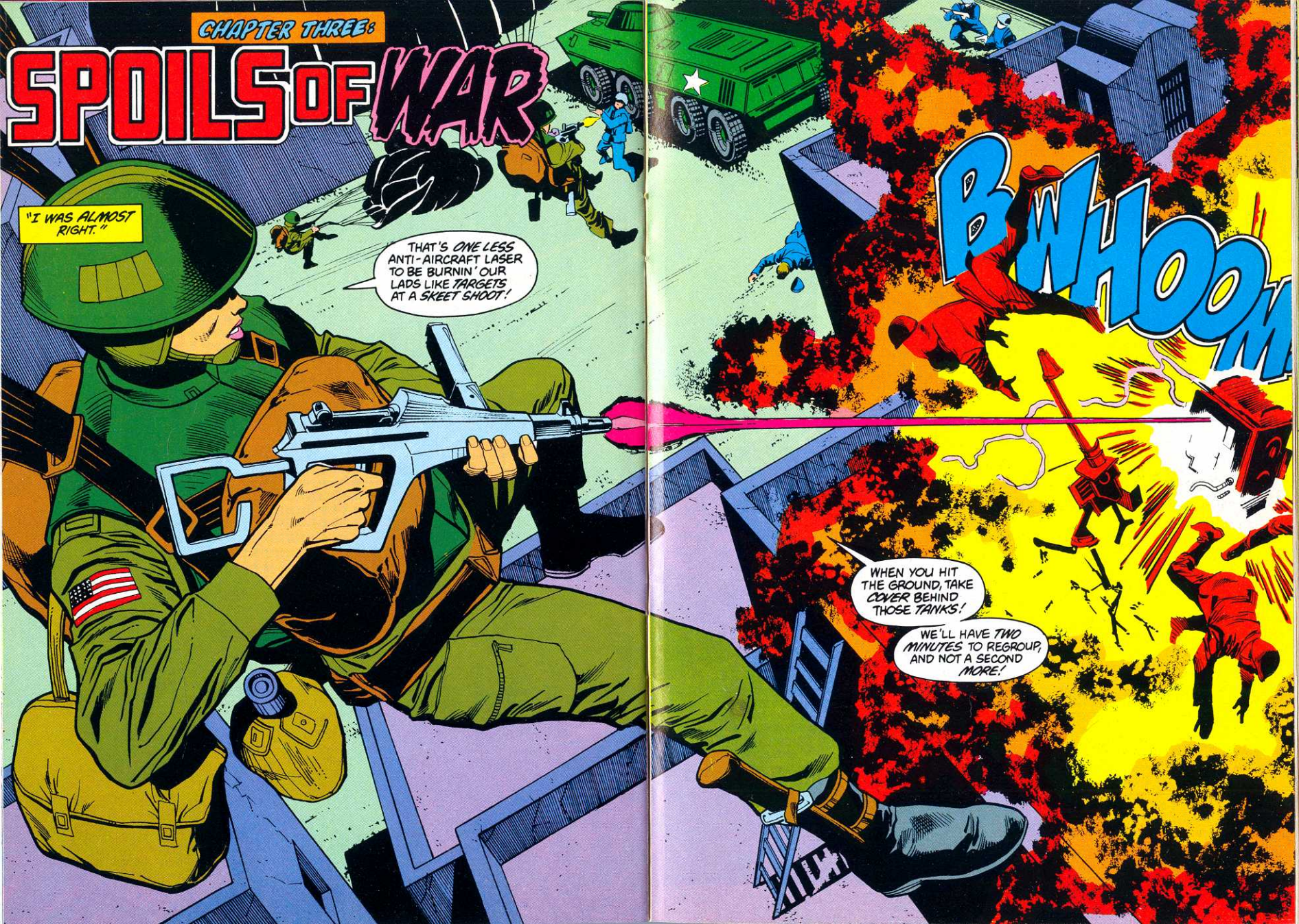
"I WAS ALMOST RIGHT."

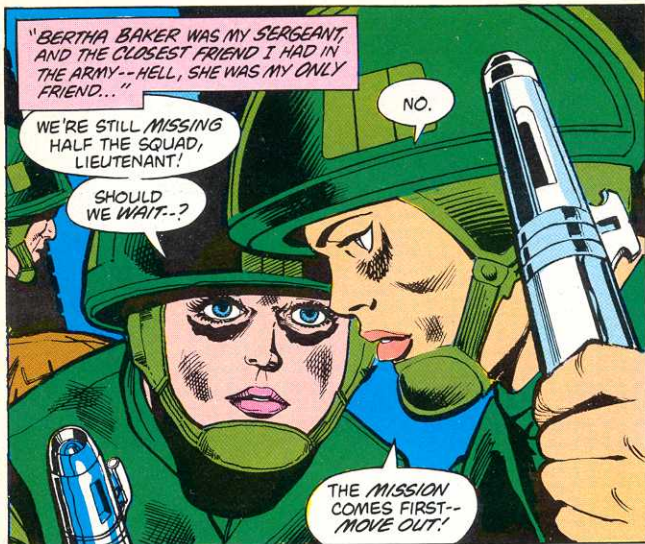
THAT'S ONE LESS ANTI-AIRCRAFT LASER TO BE BURNIN' OUR LADS LIKE TARGETS AT A SKEET SHOOT!

WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND, TAKE COVER BEHIND THOSE TANKS!

WE'LL HAVE TWO MINUTES TO REGROUP, AND NOT A SECOND MORE!

# BWHOOOM





"BERTHA BAKER WAS MY SERGEANT, AND THE CLOSEST FRIEND I HAD IN THE ARMY--HELL, SHE WAS MY ONLY FRIEND..."

NO.

WE'RE STILL MISSING HALF THE SQUAD, LIEUTENANT!

SHOULD WE WAIT--?

THE MISSION COMES FIRST--  
MOVE OUT!



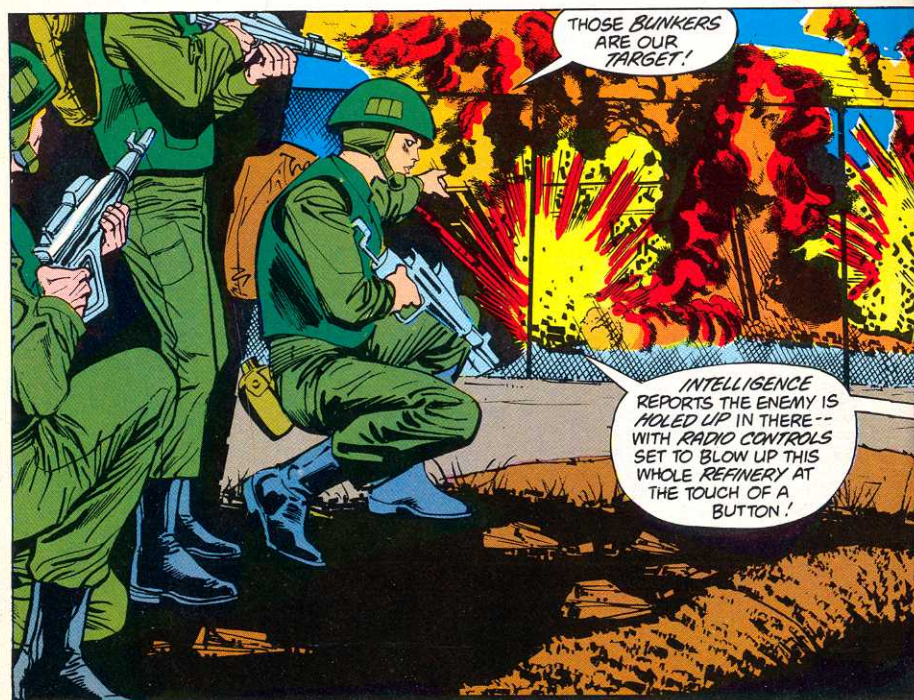
YOU'RE THE BOSS, LIEUTENANT!



"I WINCED AT THE DISAPPROVAL IN HER TONE, BUT AFTER ALL, WE WERE SOLDIERS--WE WERE PAID TO TAKE RISKS; IT WAS OUR DUTY AND OUR HONOR."

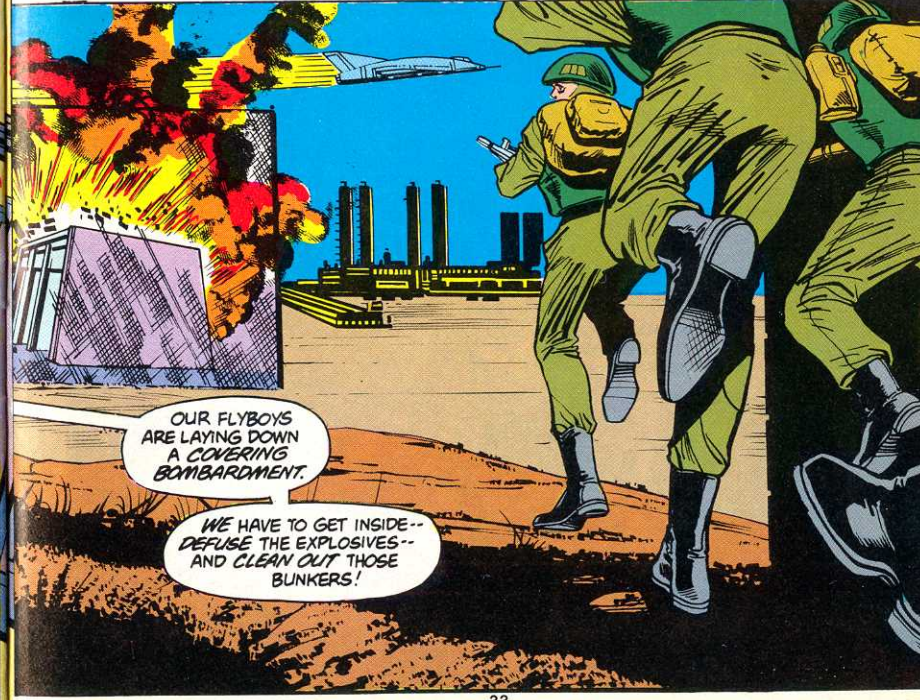
"THE OTHERS WOULD JUST HAVE TO CATCH UP..."

"...IF THEY COULD."



THOSE BUNKERS ARE OUR TARGET!

INTELLIGENCE REPORTS THE ENEMY IS HOLED UP IN THERE-- WITH RADIO CONTROLS SET TO BLOW UP THIS WHOLE REFINERY AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON!



OUR FLYBOYS ARE LAYING DOWN A COVERING BOMBARDMENT.

WE HAVE TO GET INSIDE--  
DEFUSE THE EXPLOSIVES--  
AND CLEAN OUT THOSE BUNKERS!

BERTHA, LASS, IT'S YOU I'LL BE DEPENDING ON TO DEFUSE THOSE EXPLOSIVES.

TAKE FOUR LADS AND SWING AROUND TO THE COMPOUND'S FAR SIDE--

--WHILE I LEAD THE MAIN ASSAULT!

"LUCK WASN'T PART OF MY VOCABULARY, SINGH; I FIGURED WE DIDN'T NEED LUCK, WITH PROPER PLANNING AND EXECUTION.

ON MY WAY, LIEUTENANT.

GOOD LUCK!

"BUT WE HAD LUCK, WE DID-- AND ALL OF IT WAS BAD!"

BLAST IT!

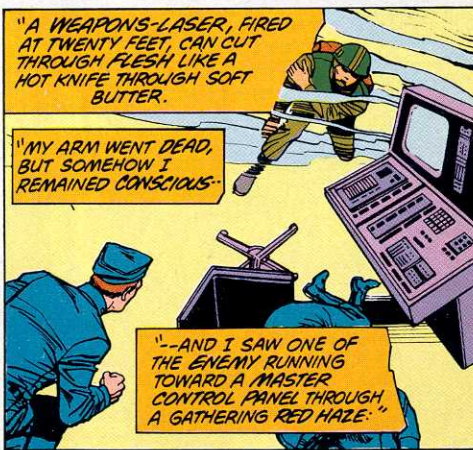
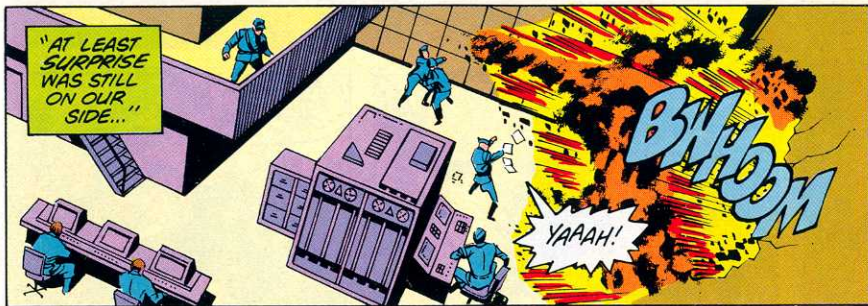
THE CONTROLS ON THESE EXPLOSIVE-PACKS ARE MORE COMPLICATED THAN WE EXPECTED!

CAN YOU DEFUSE IT, SARGE?

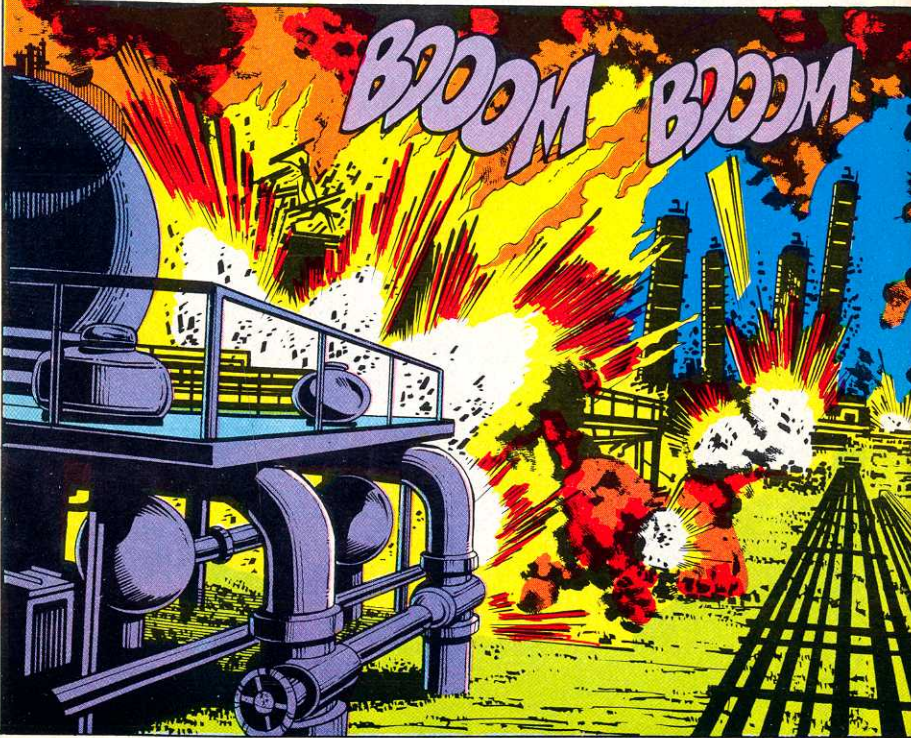
HELL, YES--

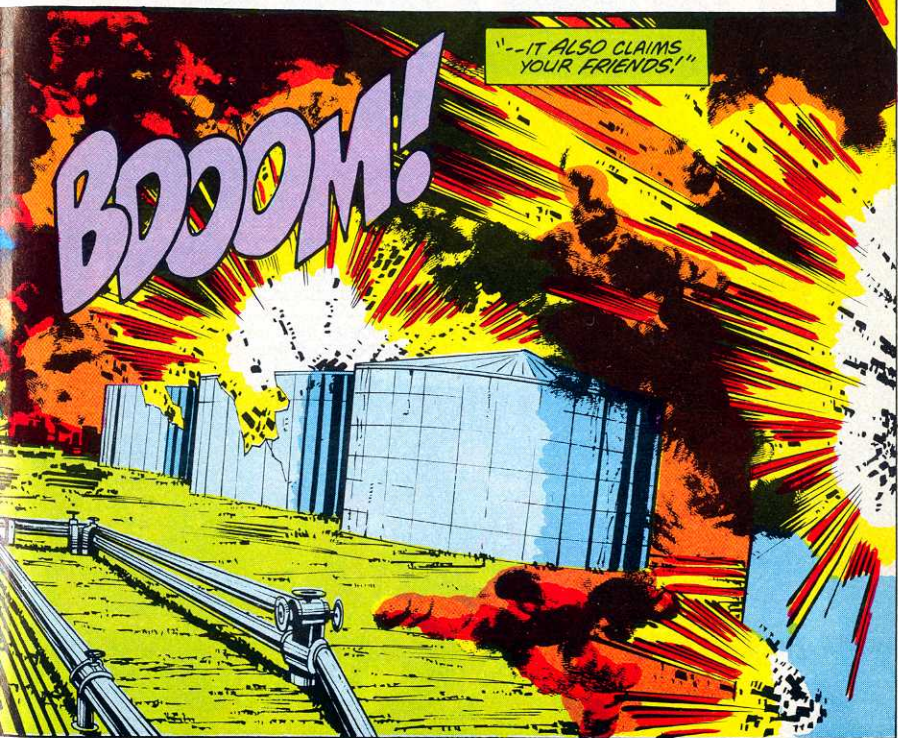
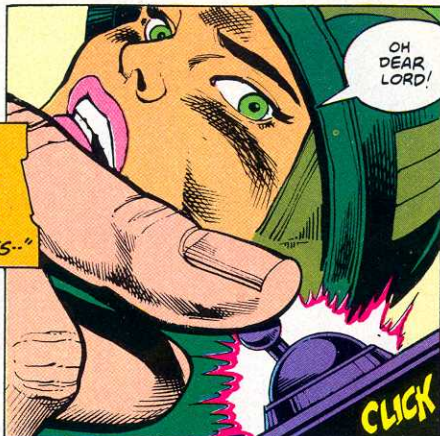
--BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME!

TIME...!









"THE EXPLOSIONS ECHOED LIKE NEAR THUNDER-- BUT I DIDN'T HEAR THEM."



"I'D GONE CRAZY-- STRIKING THAT ENEMY SOLDIER AGAIN AND AGAIN, SOB-BING WITH GRIEF--"

"--UNTIL, FINALLY, MY MEN HAD TO DRAG ME AWAY."



"YOU SEE, SINGH, I THOUGHT GOD WAS ON MY SIDE... THAT I COULDN'T BE HURT."



"BUT I'D FORGOTTEN THAT SOME OF WAR'S WORST WOUNDS... ARE THE WOUNDS YOU NEVER SEE."

"FORGIVE ME, LI SAN, BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I AM SURPRISED YOU'RE NOT A PACIFIST."

BUT I AM, SINGH.

AFTER THE WAR, I QUIT THE ARMY-- AND JOINED ATARI.

BEING WILLING TO DEFEND YOURSELF --AND BEING A PACIFIST--ARE NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE!

IF YOU SAY SO, LI SAN.

I FEAR DOCTOR ORION MIGHT NOT AGREE!



GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BRAIN-BOYS, MR. DIRECTOR.

YOU'VE BUILT SOME KIND OF SHIP.

YOU SAY ATARI'S SCIENTISTS HAVE LABORED SIX YEARS ON THIS PROJECT?

AND ALL THE WHILE, WE IN SECURITY NEVER HAD AN *INKLING* OF WHAT YOU WERE UP TO!

AYE, I'M IMPRESSED!

WE HAD TO KEEP IT A SECRET EVEN FROM YOU, O'ROURKE.


THE WORLD MAY NO LONGER HAVE NATIONS TO CONSPIRE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER--

--BUT ATARI HAS ITS OWN ENEMIES, CHIEF AMONG THEM THE CO-OP!

LIKE ATARI, THE CO-OP... A COLLECTION OF GOVERNMENT-OWNED MULTINATIONAL CORPORATIONS... IS SEEKING A SOLUTION TO THE WORLD'S MOST DIRE PREDICAMENT--

--A HEMISPHERIC DROUGHT THAT HAS REDUCED THE AMOUNT OF ARABLE LAND BY ALMOST A MILLION ACRES OVER THE PAST SEVEN YEARS.

SOME BELIEVE THIS DROUGHT IS A RESULT OF THE WAR, A KIND OF GREENHOUSE EFFECT CAUSED BY FALLOUT FROM THE DEATH-BOMBS UNLEASHED BY BOTH SIDES.



FORTUNATELY, ONLY TWO DEATH-BOMBS WERE EXPLODED IN THOSE LAST HOURS BEFORE OUR ENEMY'S GOVERNMENT COLLAPSED--

--OTHERWISE, WE WOULD NOT BE STANDING HERE TODAY.

IN ANY CASE, EVEN THOUGH GREATLY REDUCED-- THE WORLD'S POPULATION IS IN DANGER OF IMMINENT STARVATION!

PROJECT MULTIVERSE IS AN ATTEMPT TO ALLEVIATE POTENTIAL FAMINE --BY LOCATING INHABITABLE WORLDS AMONG THE INFINITY OF ALTERNATE REALITIES EXISTING IN OTHER DIMENSIONS PARALLEL TO OUR OWN!

SUCH WORLDS MAY BE PRIMITIVE JUNGLES--

--FUTURISTIC PARADISES--

--OR UNDERWATER WONDERLANDS! EACH WILL BE UNIQUE, WITH ITS OWN CULTURE, ITS OWN HISTORY!

SOMEWHERE AMONG THOSE MANY POSSIBLE WORLDS, YOU WILL FIND A PLANET MUCH LIKE OUR OWN EARTH.

AN UNINHABITED WORLD OF FERTILE FIELDS... GREEN HILLS... BLUE SEAS... UNTOUCHED BY MAIMING WAR.

WHEN YOU FIND THIS WORLD, RETURN TO US-- AND WE WILL BEGIN COLONIZATION.

THERE YOU HAVE IT: YOUR MISSION IN A NUTSHELL.

NOW, I MUST DEPART...

...AND SO MUST YOU.

FAREWELL... AND GOD-SPEED.

THE DIRECTOR-- DISAPPEARING--?

HE WAS NEVER TRULY PRESENT, COMMANDER CHAMPION.

WHAT YOU SAW WAS A HOLOGRAM-- PROJECTED BY ME.

HUH?

AND WHO ARE YOU?

I AM YOUR ATARI BOOD COMPUTER, COMMANDER.

AT YOUR SERVICE. THE DIRECTOR AND I THOUGHT THIS KIND OF INTRODUCTION WAS BEST.

NOW I SUGGEST YOU TAKE YOUR FLIGHT STATIONS AND PREPARE FOR DEPARTURE.

THE LIGHTED FLOOR-PANELS WILL LEAD YOU TO THE NAVIGATION SECTION... THE SECURITY COMMAND POST... AND THE MEDI-LAB.

WE'LL BEGIN WITH A SHORT TRIP--JUST A FEW DIMENSIONS--AS A WARM-UP, YOU UNDERSTAND.

IS EVERYONE COMFORTABLE?

SECURITY OFFICER O'ROURKE?

'TIS ALL HAPPENING SO FAST, MY HEAD'S BEEN SENT TO SPINNING!



BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, LADDIE--AYE, I'M AS COMFORTABLE AS A LEPRECHAUN WITH HIS OWN POT OF GOLD!

EXCELLENT. AND YOU, FLIGHT ENGINEER SINGH?

I AM BREATHLESS AND AWED, BUT SUCH, AFTER ALL, IS THE NATURAL CONDITION OF MAN.

OTHER THAN THAT--



--I TOO AM QUITE COMFORTABLE.

NO NEED TO ASK HOW I'M DOING, COMPUTER.

MY GREATEST DESIRE IS TO HELP HUMANITY RECOVER FROM THE MADNESS OF THE WAR.

THIS IS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.



I TAKE THAT AS AN AFFIRMATIVE, DOCTOR. COMMANDER CHAMPION... MISSION PILOT PEREZ...

...ARE YOU READY?

I CAN'T SPEAK FOR MY EXECUTIVE OFFICER, COMPUTER--

--BUT I'M STRAINING AT THE BIT.

ONE POINT, THOUGH--DON'T WE NEED SOME HANGAR DOORS UP THERE?



HOW DO WE GET OUT?

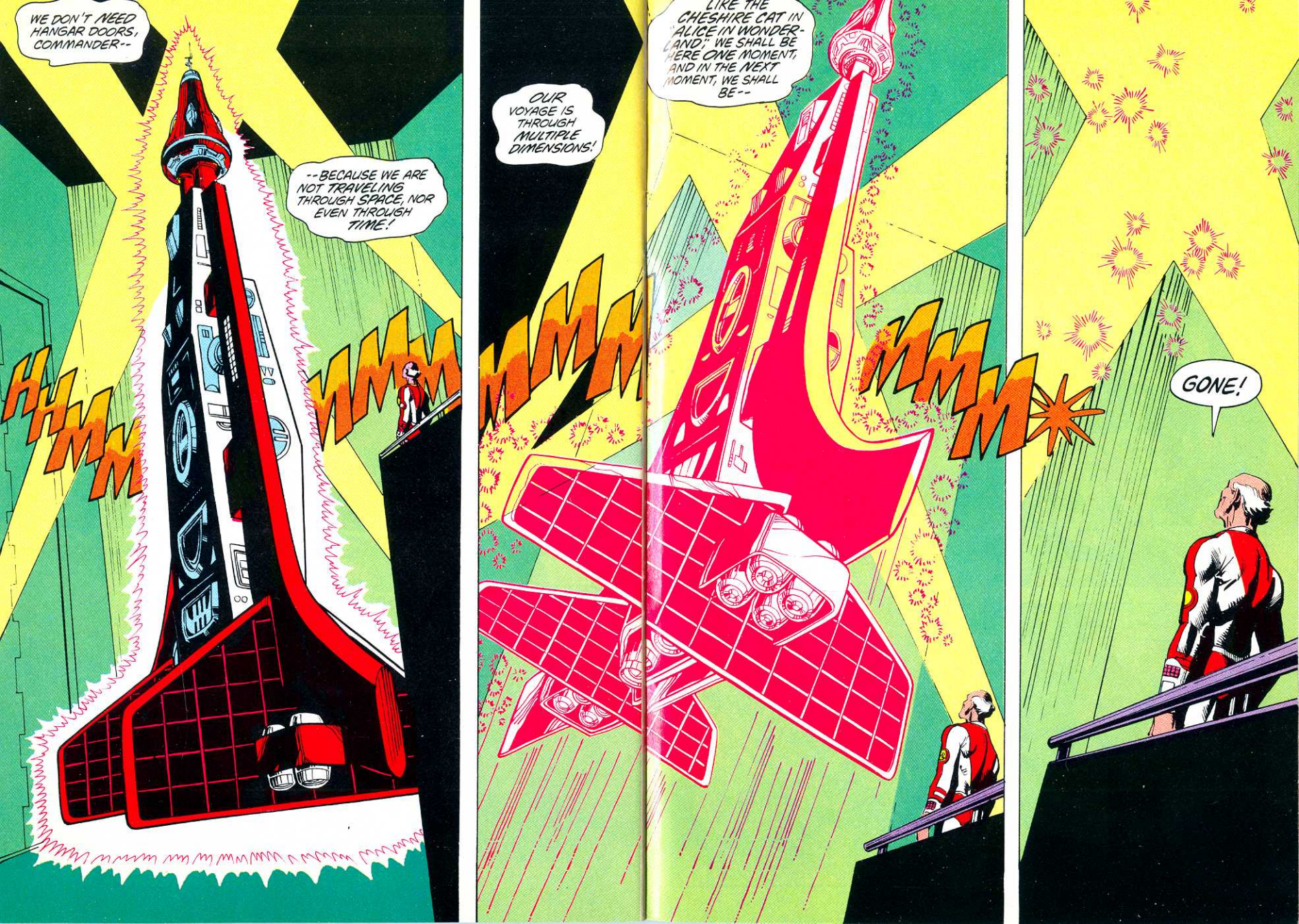
WE DON'T NEED HANGAR DOORS, COMMANDER--

--BECAUSE WE ARE NOT TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE, NOR EVEN THROUGH TIME!

OUR VOYAGE IS THROUGH MULTIPLE DIMENSIONS!

LIKE THE CHESHIRE CAT IN ALICE IN WONDERLAND: WE SHALL BE HERE ONE MOMENT, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT, WE SHALL BE--

GONE!







GOOD LORD.

WHERE ARE WE?

WE'RE IN THE VOID BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, COMMANDER.

ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO.



SINGH... O'ROURKE... ORION... ANY PROBLEMS?

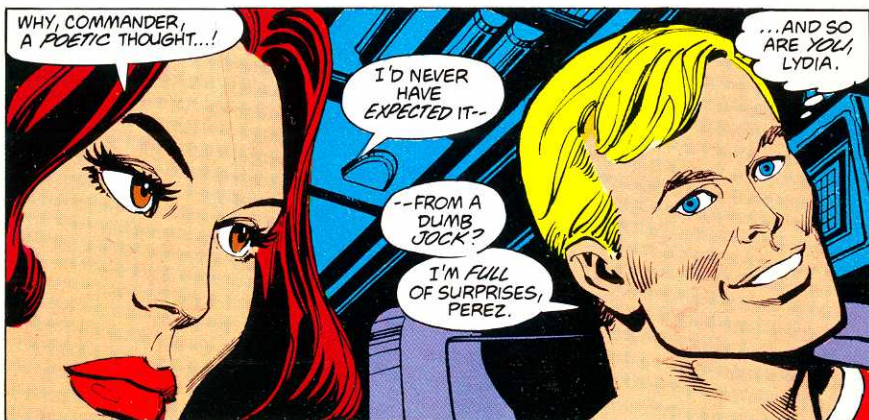
NONE, MARTIN.

SCANNER ONE IS SECURE!

MARTIN... OLD FRIEND... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A SIGHT AS BEAUTIFUL?

NEVER, LUCAS.

IT'S LIKE GAZING INTO THE FACE OF GOD.



WHY, COMMANDER, A POETIC THOUGHT...!

I'D NEVER HAVE EXPECTED IT--

...AND SO ARE YOU, LYDIA.

--FROM A DUMB JOCK?

I'M FULL OF SURPRISES, PEREZ.



BEFORE THIS TRIP IS OVER, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BUGGING YOU, PEREZ.

I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS-- BUT YOU'VE BEEN CRITICAL OF ME EVER SINCE WE GOT BACK TOGETHER!

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MULTIVERSE AREN'T THE ONLY MYSTERIES WE'RE GOING TO UNRAVEL ON THIS VOYAGE.

THAT'S A PROMISE!

FOR NOW--THE END!

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES-- READ THE NEXT EXCITING CHAPTER IN THE SAGA OF THE ATARI FORCE, IN: **STAR RAIDERS™** AVAILABLE SOON!

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