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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!

STON 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.

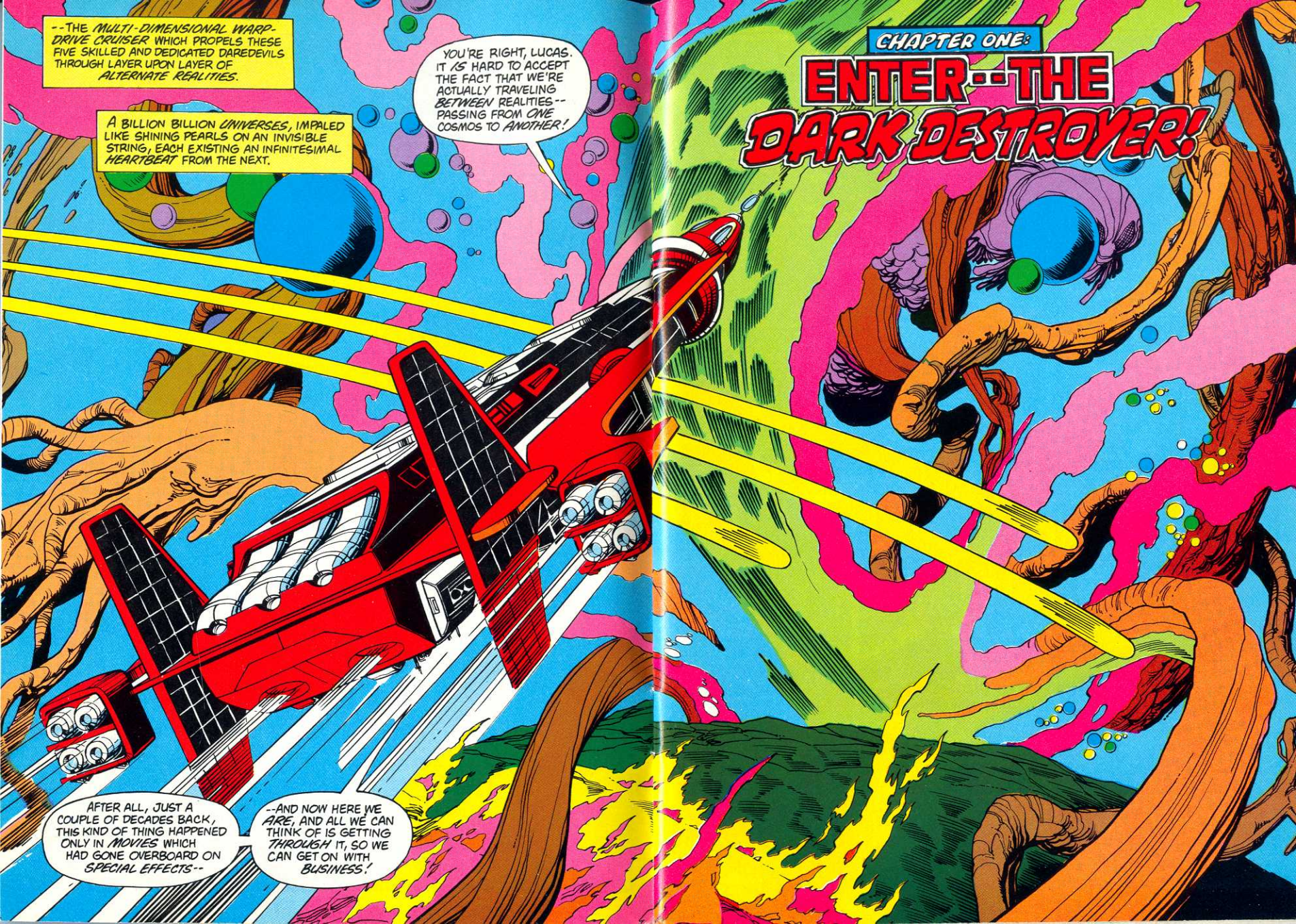
YOU'RE RIGHT, LUCAS. IT'S HARD TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY TRAVELING BETWEEN REALITIES--PASSING FROM ONE COSMOS TO ANOTHER!

CHAPTER ONE:

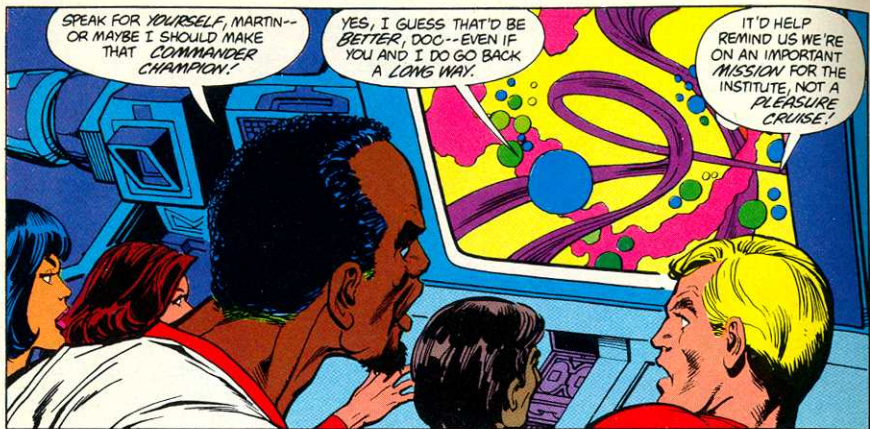
# ENTER--THE DARK DESTROYER!

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!







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 REMIND 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--

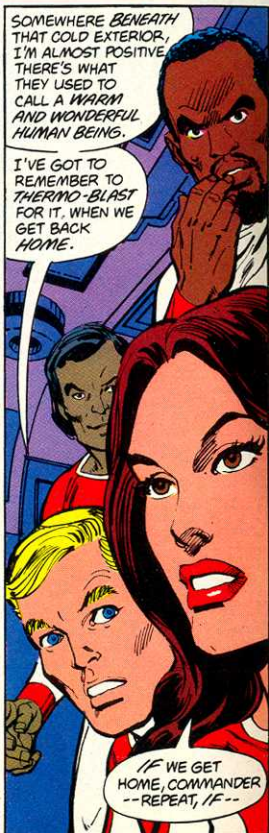
-- LIKE SEEING THE **HAND OF GOD,** WITH THE STARS SLIPPING THROUGH HIS FINGERS LIKE SO MUCH **DUST!**



**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 *HYPERSPACE*  
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 PHILOSOPHY*...  
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.





THAT WOULD BE QUITE ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY--  
LYNNHH!:

CHAMPION! WHAT'S HAPPENING??

I--I DON'T KNOW, LYDIA! ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'M HAVING TO FIGHT TO CONTROL 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 STOP  
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!



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!

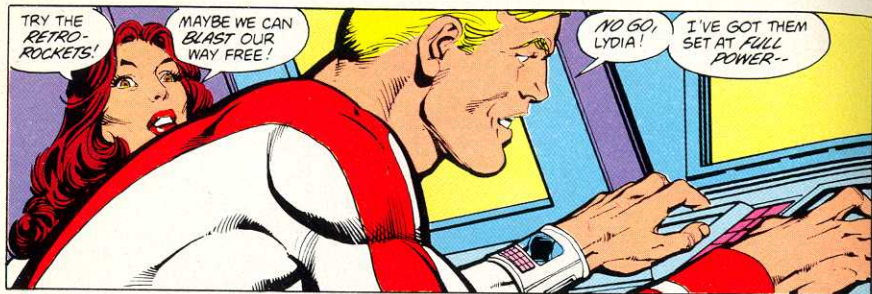
-- BUT I'LL BE  
HANGED IF I'VE  
GOT THE SLIGHTEST  
IDEA WHAT IT IS!

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!*

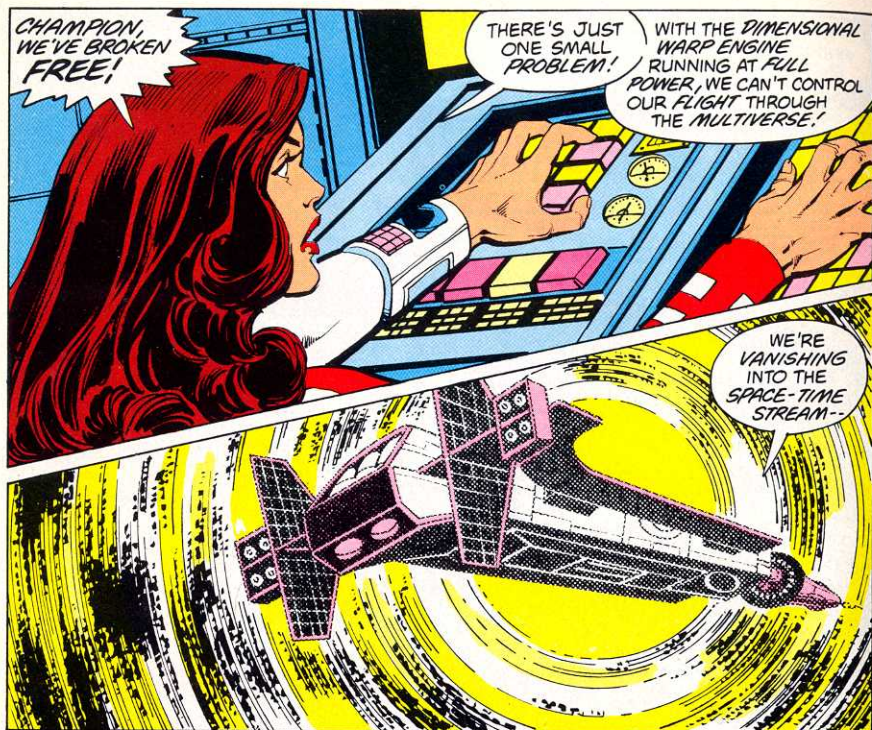










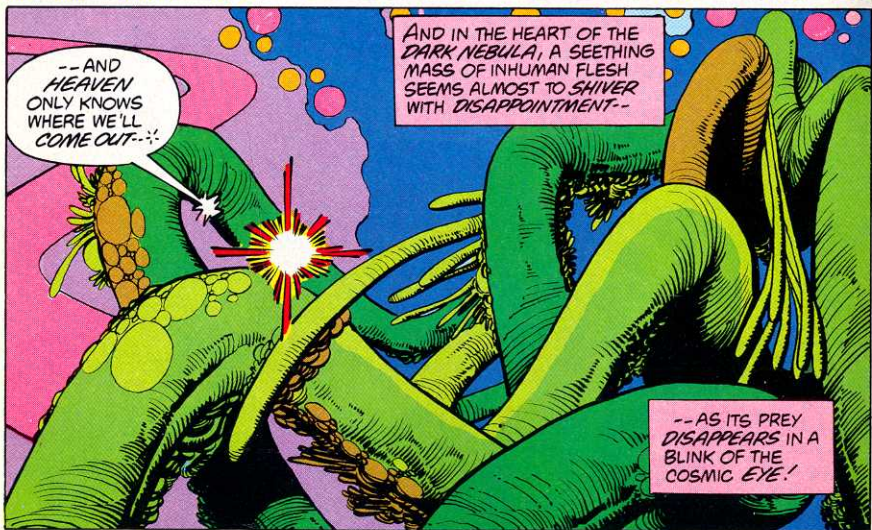


CHAMPION,  
WE'VE BROKEN  
FREE!

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!

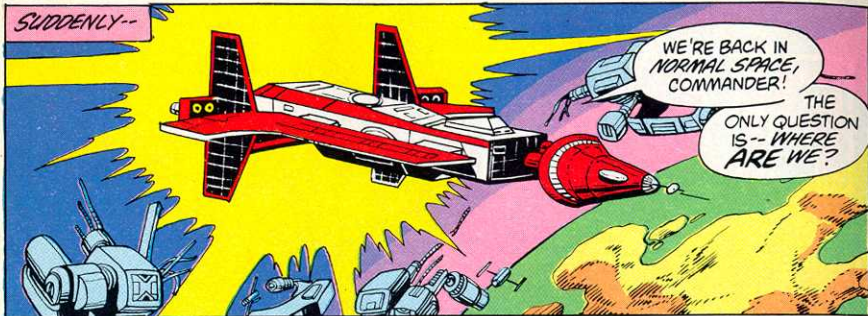


FOR MORE CENTURIES THAN HUMANITY HAS BEEN CIVILIZED, THIS ONCE-FERTILE WORLD IN A STAR-SYSTEM NOT UNLIKE OUR OWN HAS LAIN FALLOW AND BARREN...

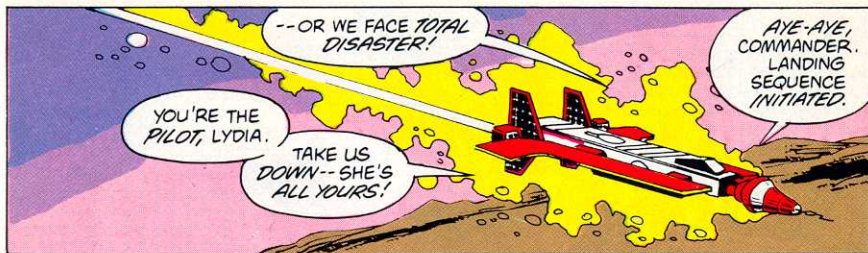
...ITS SKIES A JUNKYARD OF ANCIENT, CRUMBLING SATELLITES...

...A SARGASSO SEA OF BROKEN DREAMS!









--OR WE FACE TOTAL  
DISASTER!

YOU'RE THE  
PILOT, LYDIA.

TAKE US  
DOWN--SHE'S  
ALL YOURS!

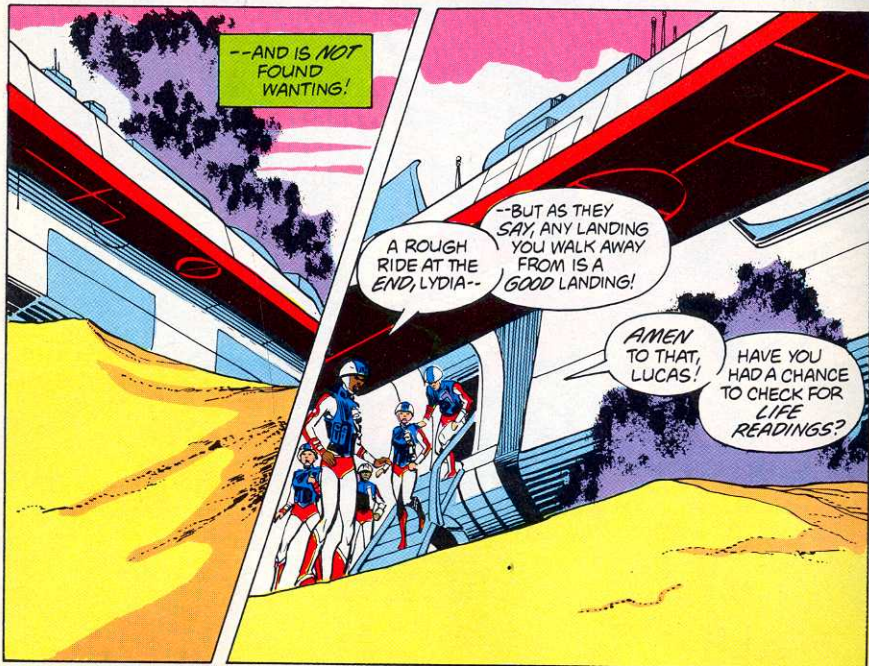
AYE-AYE,  
COMMANDER.  
LANDING  
SEQUENCE  
INITIATED.

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...

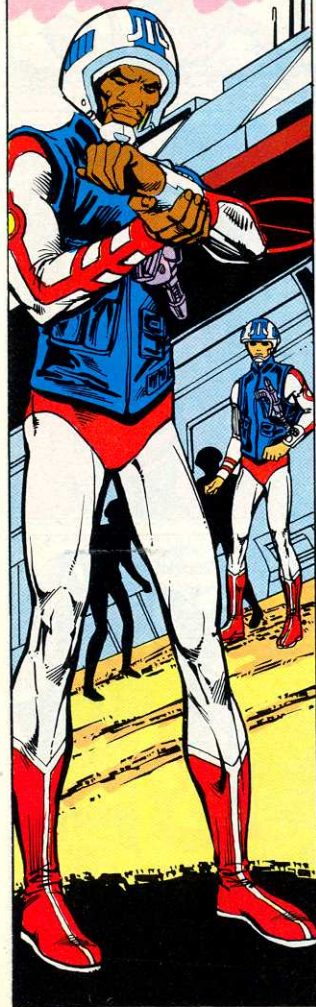






I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT CHECK SINCE WE ARRIVED, MARTIN.

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?

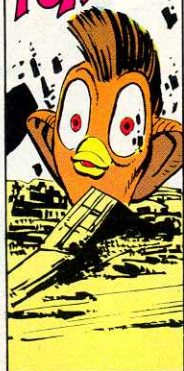
YOU SAID THERE WAS NO LIFE ON THE SURFACE, LUCAS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT 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!

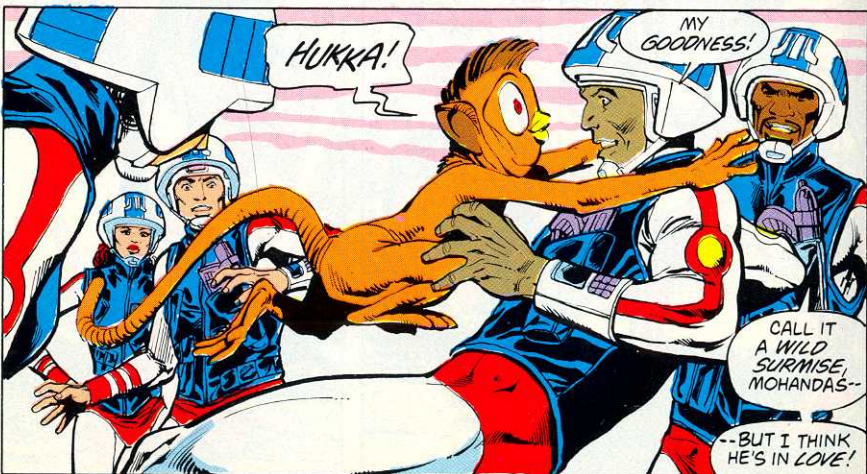
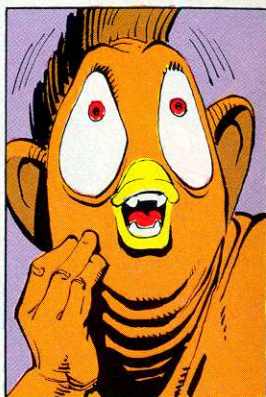
ALMOST LIKE IT'S LOOKING US OVER--!



HUKKA?



HUKKA-HUKKA?



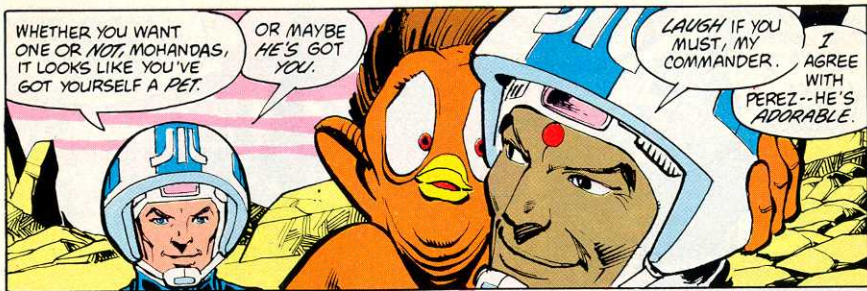
HUKKA!

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 DARLINGS CREATURE--

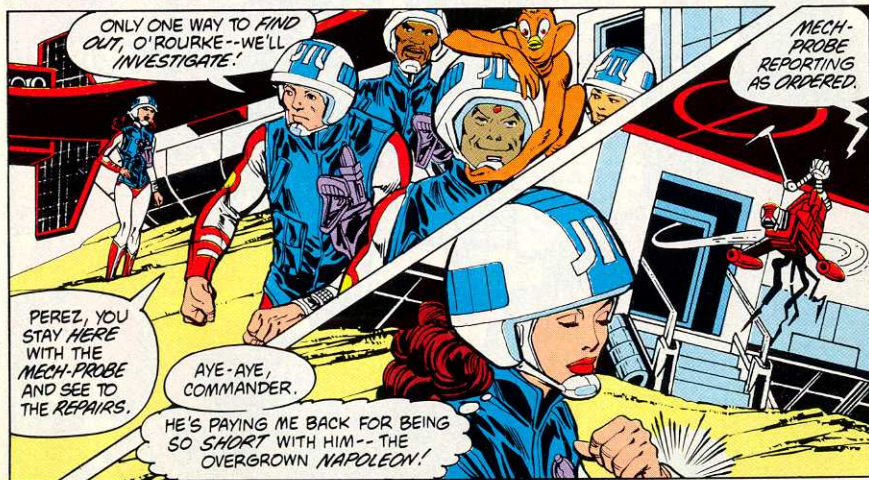
--BUT HAS ANYONE BUT MESELF NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE SURPRISING?

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 BENEIGHTED 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  
RETOUR 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...





THE ATARI 8000 HAS  
SCANNED THESE  
STRUCTURES, MARTIN--

-- AND  
ESTIMATES  
THEIR AGE  
AT WELL OVER  
15 BILLION  
YEARS!



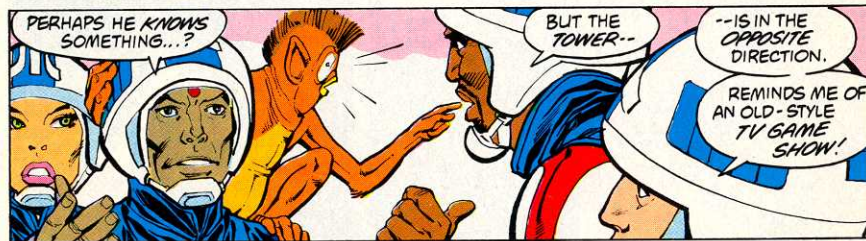
YOU'RE  
JOKING!

NOTHING'S  
THAT OLD--  
IT'S INCREDIBLE!

HUKKA!

HUKKA-  
HUKKA!

MY LITTLE FRIEND  
WANTS US TO GO THAT  
WAY, MY COMMANDER.



PERHAPS HE KNOWS  
SOMETHING...?

BUT THE  
TOWER--

-- IS IN THE  
OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION.

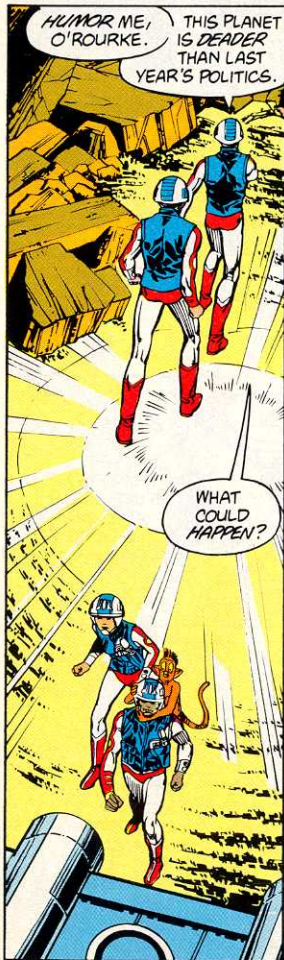
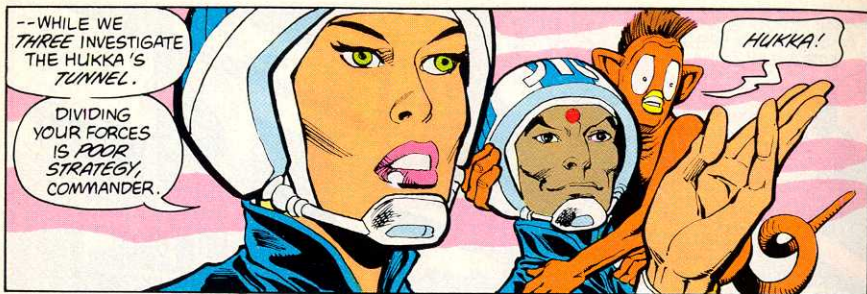
REMINDS ME OF  
AN OLD-STYLE  
TV GAME  
SHOW!



"PICK CURTAIN NUMBER  
ONE, NUMBER TWO,  
OR NUMBER THREE!"

BUT WE CAN  
CHOOSE TO PICK  
TWO "CURTAINS"--  
LUCAS AND I  
WILL CHECK OUT  
THE TOWER--







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.

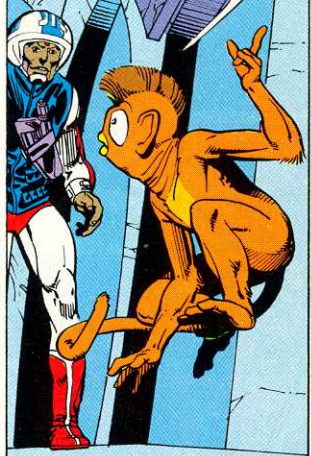


AT LAST, WHEN IT  
SEEMS THEY'VE  
BEEN DESCENDING  
FOR HOURS,  
THEY REACH--

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.

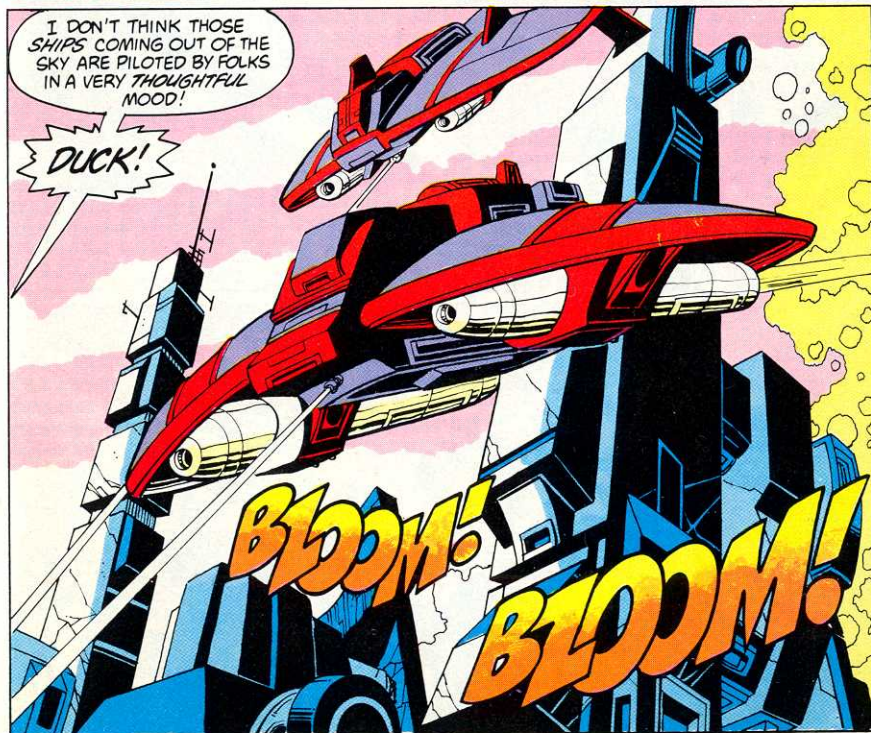
FUNNY, BUT  
FROM UP CLOSE,  
IT DOESN'T LOOK  
QUITE AS  
IMPOSING  
AS I'D--

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 UNITED 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--

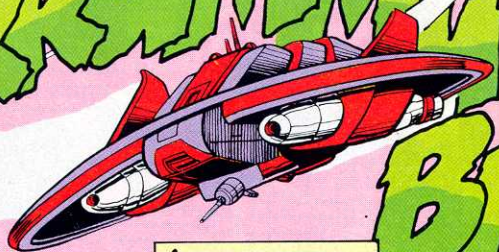
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FOR ONE SPLIT SECOND  
HIS HEART STANDS STILL,  
AND MARTIN CHAMPION  
IS STRUCK SPEECHLESS.

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

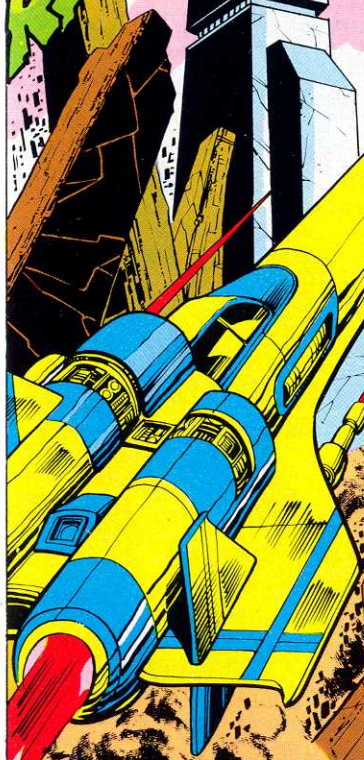
RRRUMMMMM



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:

BLE!

RRR



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**

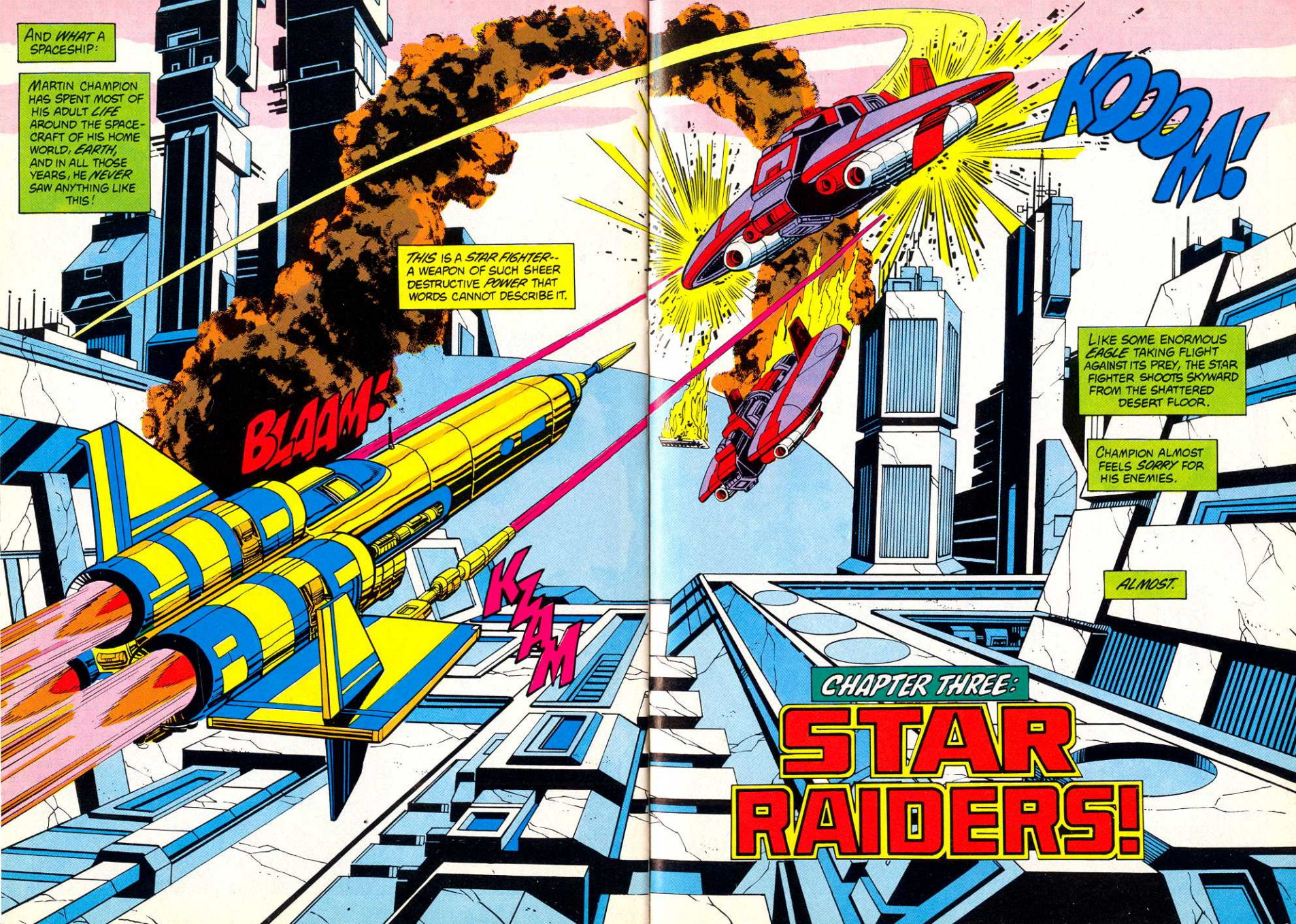
**KOOOM!**

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

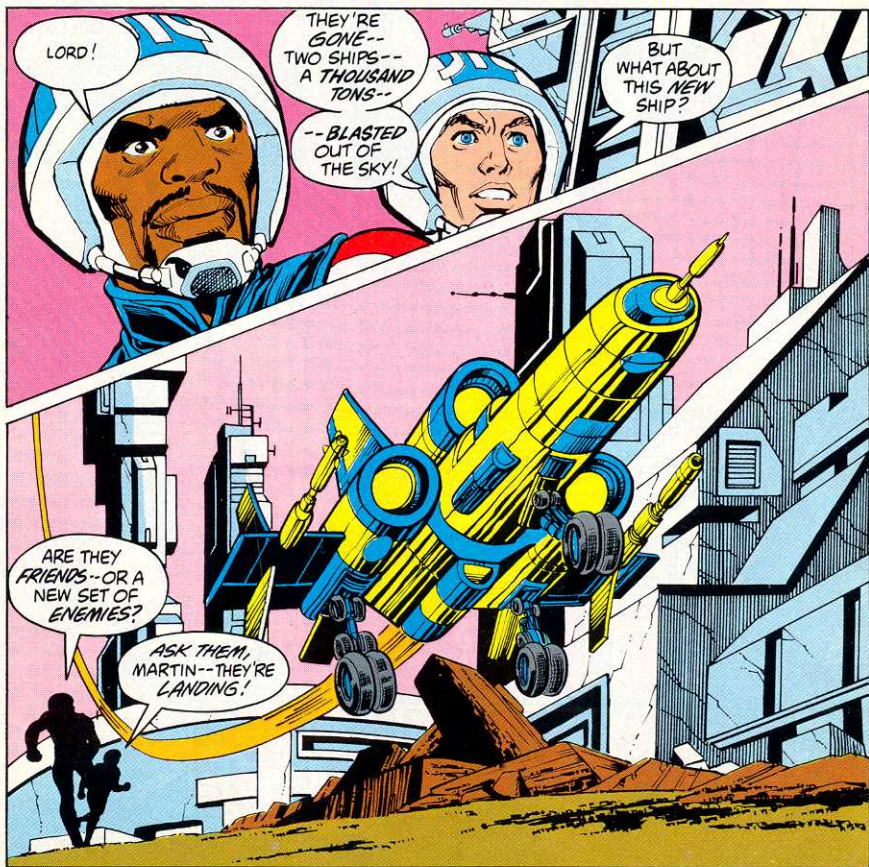
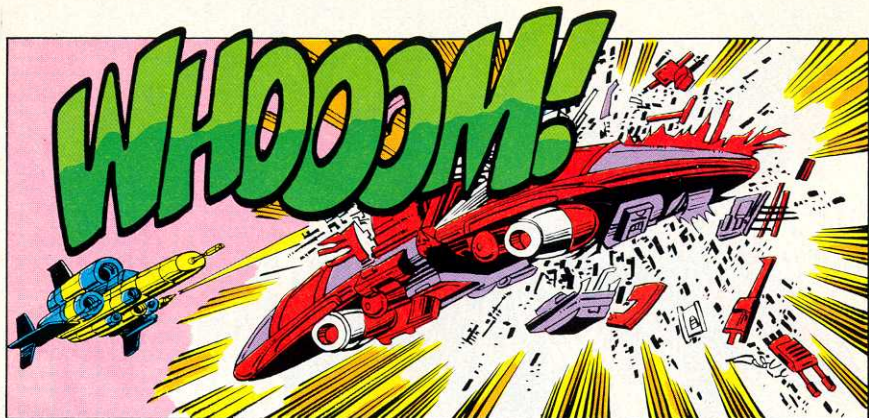
CHAMPION ALMOST FEELS SORRY FOR HIS ENEMIES.

ALMOST.

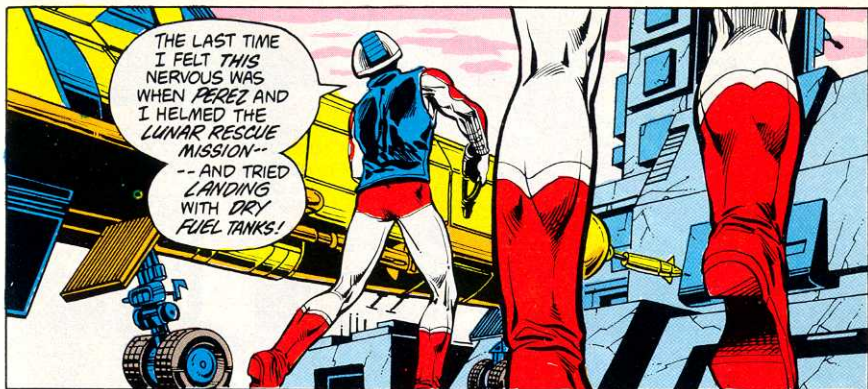
CHAPTER THREE:  
**STAR RAIDERS!**











THE LAST TIME  
I FELT THIS  
NERVOUS WAS  
WHEN PEREZ AND  
I HELMED THE  
LUNAR RESCUE  
MISSION--  
-- AND TRIED  
LANDING  
WITH DRY  
FUEL TANKS!



WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO BE  
FACING,  
LUCAS?

WHAT KIND OF  
CREATURE?

WE'LL KNOW  
IN ANOTHER  
MOMENT,  
MARTIN...

... THE COCKPIT  
HATCH IS CYCLING  
OPEN...!

**WHRRRRRRRR**



TOP OF THE  
MORNING TO  
YOU, LADS!

GREETINGS,  
COMMANDER!

HUKKA!

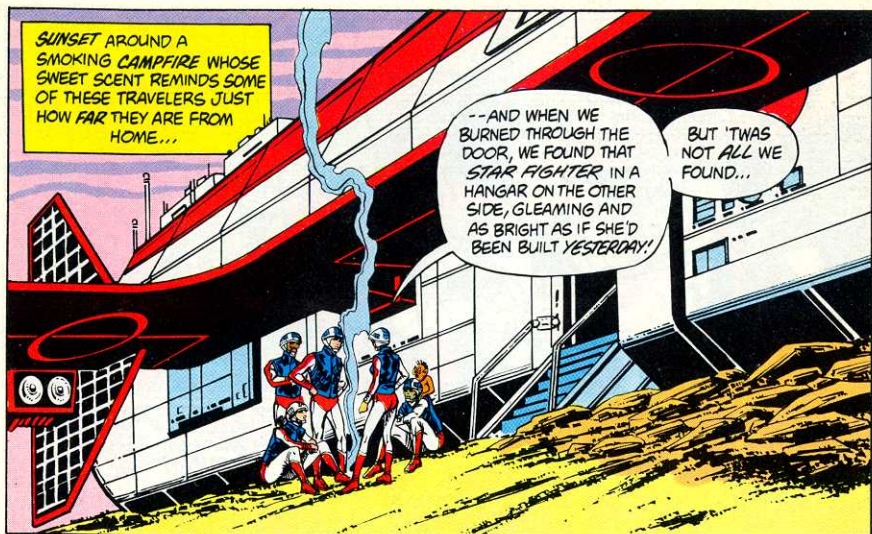
LUCAS,  
THIS IS ONE  
EXPLANATION  
I CAN'T WAIT  
TO HEAR...



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--

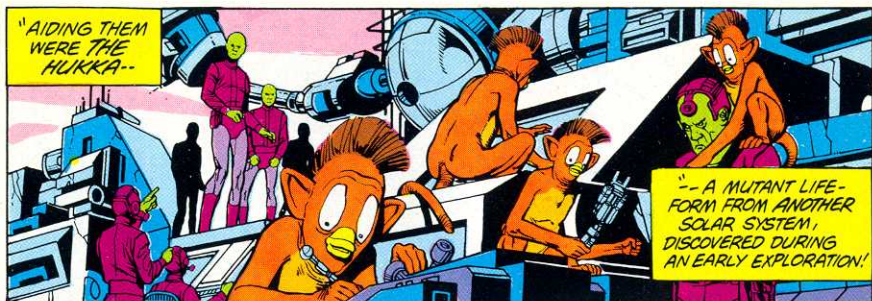


--THE  
ZYLONS!

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

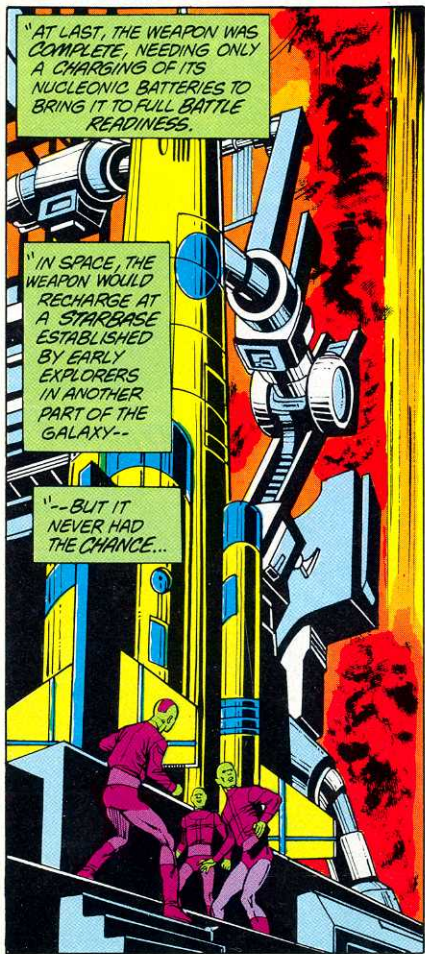
AS THE ZYLONS PULLED  
BACK TO REGROUP FOR A FINAL,  
DEVASTATING ASSAULT, THE  
GREATEST MINDS OF THE PLANET  
ASSEMBLED TO BUILD A WEAPON...





"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...

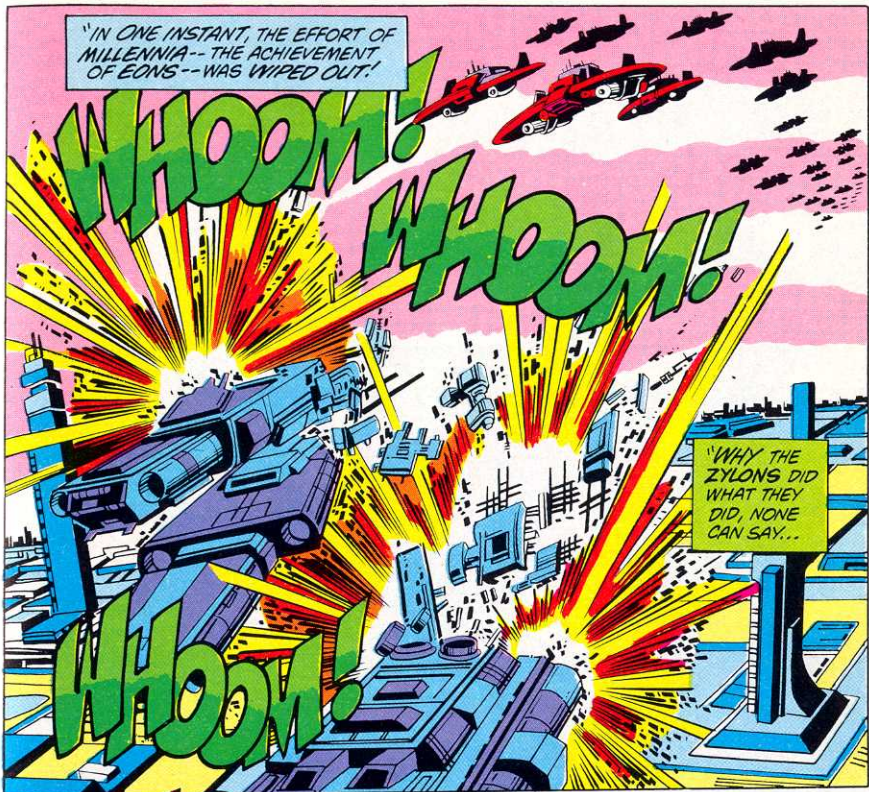


"... FOR, IN THOSE CRUCIAL HOURS BEFORE THE WEAPON WAS FULLY CHARGED--

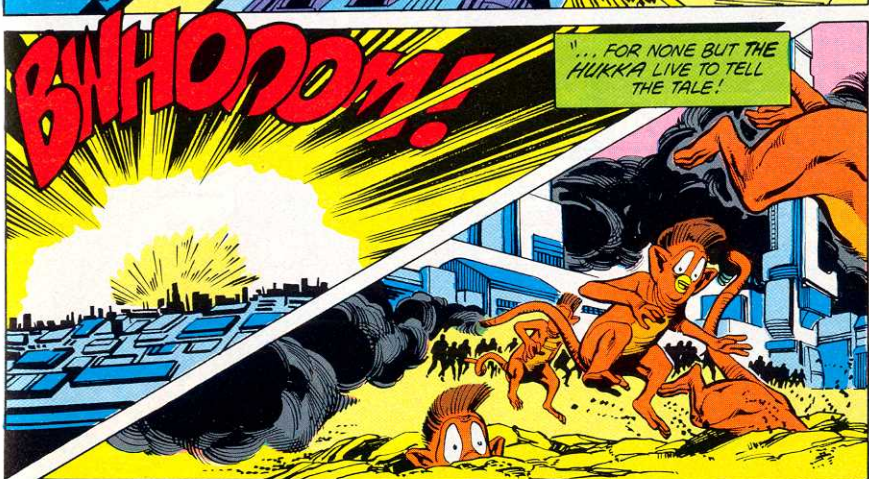
-- THE ZYLONS ATTACKED!



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

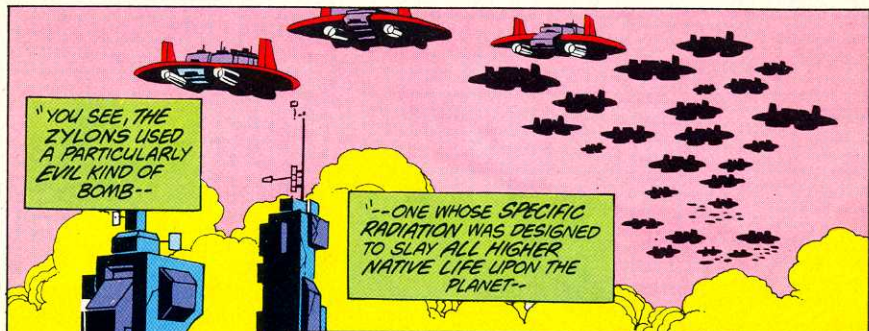


"WHY THE  
ZYLONS DID  
WHAT THEY  
DID, NONE  
CAN SAY...



"... FOR NONE BUT THE  
HUKKA LIVE TO TELL  
THE TALE!"





"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.

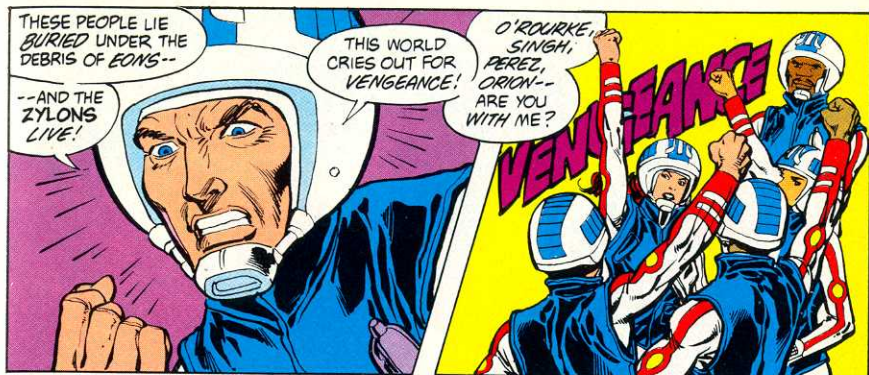
THEY'VE BEEN WAITING--

--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--

**BARROOM!**

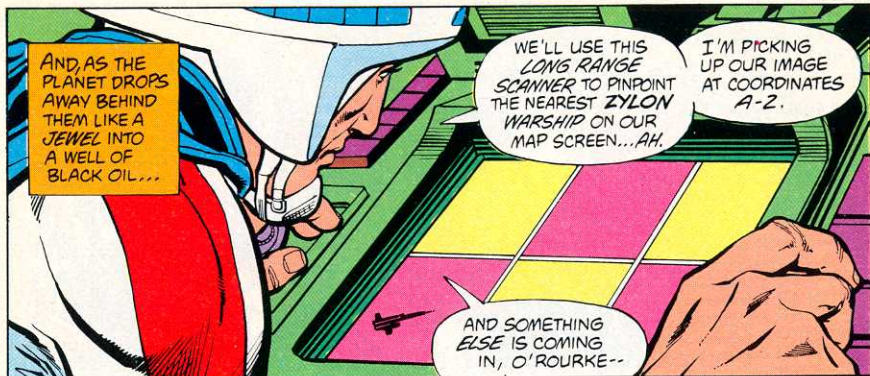
ALL RIGHT, LYDIA, THAT'S A LIFT-OFF!

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.

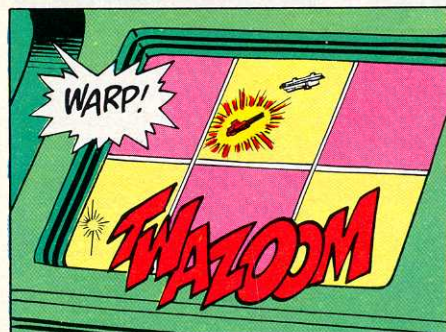
AND SOMETHING ELSE IS COMING IN, O'ROURKE--



--THE ZYLONS, AT COORDINATES B-1!



SET THE WARP CONTROLS AT WARP FACTOR ONE--



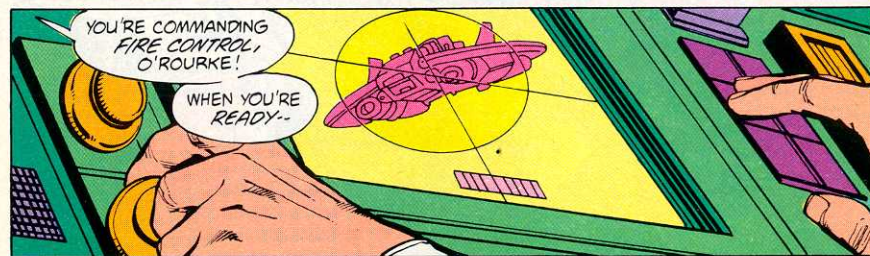
WARP!

THAZOOM



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...







...AND AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S NOT AT ALL WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE.

AN EMPTY SPACESUIT? IS THIS A JOKE?

DOCTOR ORION ISN'T LAUGHING, LYDIA.

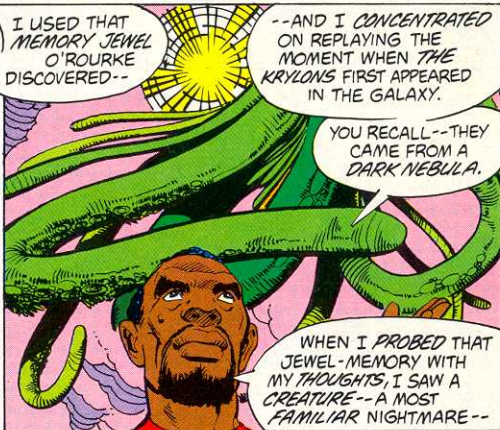
YOU ARE SAYING THE KRYLONS DON'T EXIST?



NOT QUITE.

LET ME EXPLAIN FURTHER.

I USED THAT MEMORY JEWEL O'ROURKE DISCOVERED--



--AND I CONCENTRATED ON REPLAYING THE MOMENT WHEN THE KRYLONS FIRST APPEARED IN THE GALAXY.

YOU RECALL--THEY CAME FROM A DARK NEBULA.

WHEN I PROBED THAT JEWEL-MEMORY WITH MY THOUGHTS, I SAW A CREATURE--A MOST FAMILIAR NIGHTMARE--



--THE SAME CREATURE WHICH ATTACKED US IN INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE!

OF COURSE!

THE KRYLONS ARE CREATURES--

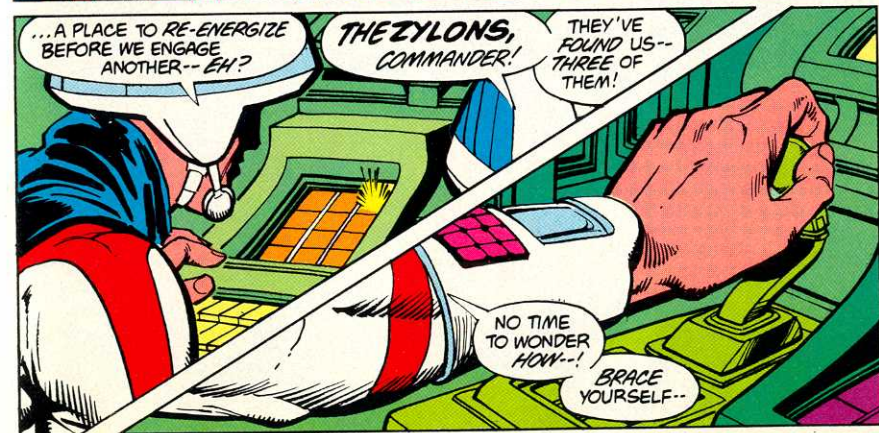
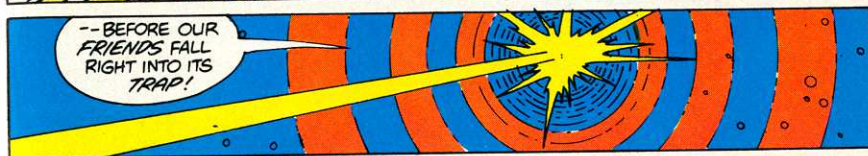
--MENTALLY CONTROLLED BY THAT MONSTROSITY BEYOND THE STARS!

THAT MEANS MARTIN AND LI SAN ARE FIGHTING A HIDDEN ENEMY!

ORION, SING--STRAP DOWN--

HUKKA-HUKKA!





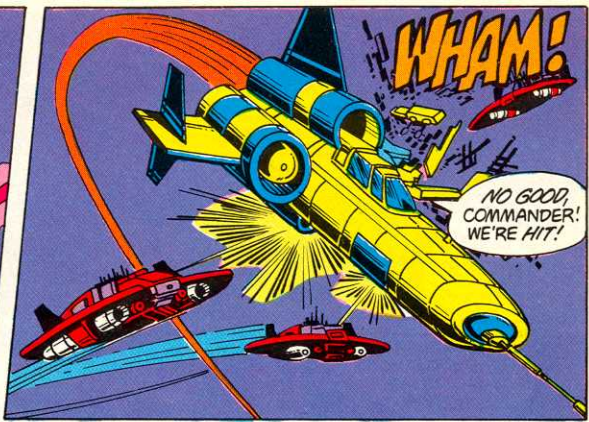




--WE'RE TAKING EVASIVE ACTION!

**BLAM**

**WHAM**



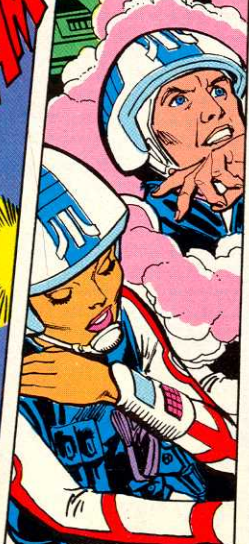
**WHAM!**

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--



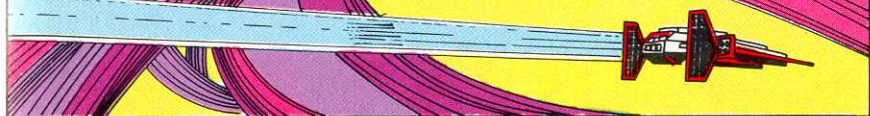
--AND IF THEY HIT US THAT WAY AGAIN--

--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.

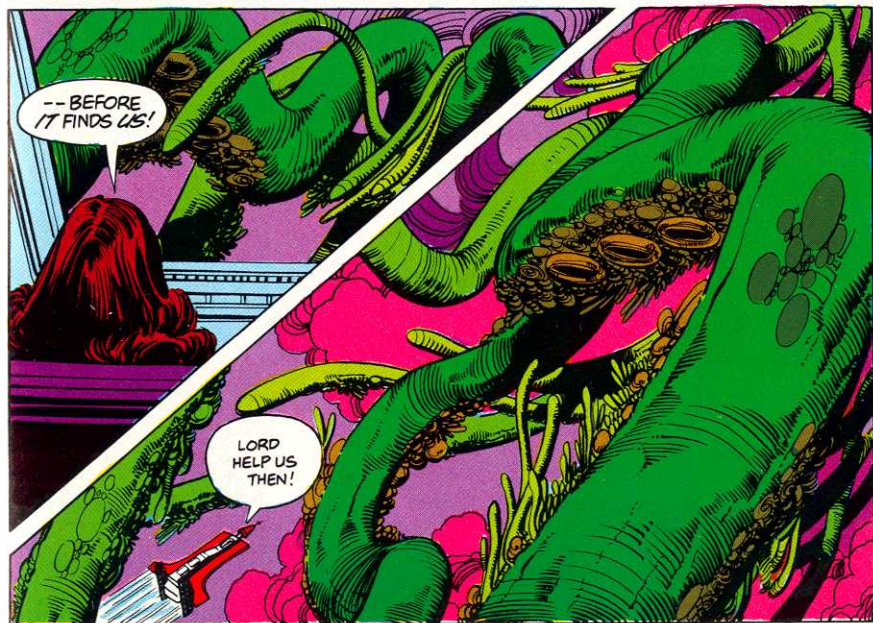


WE'VE FOUND THE  
DARK DESTROYER,  
AND IT'S ONLY A  
MATTER OF TIME--

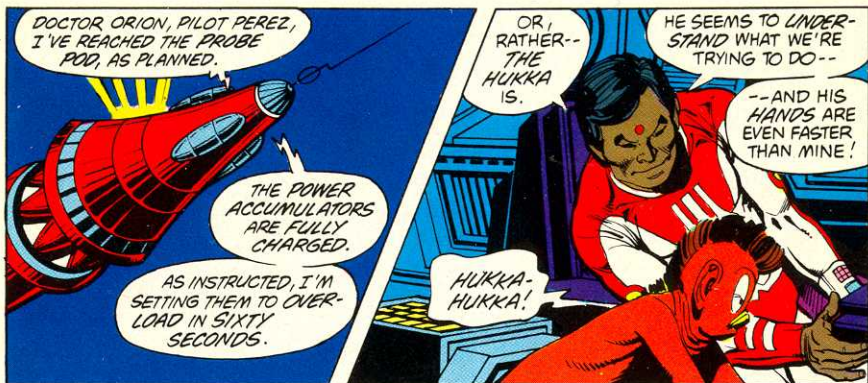


-- BEFORE  
IT FINDS US!

LORD  
HELP US  
THEN!







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!



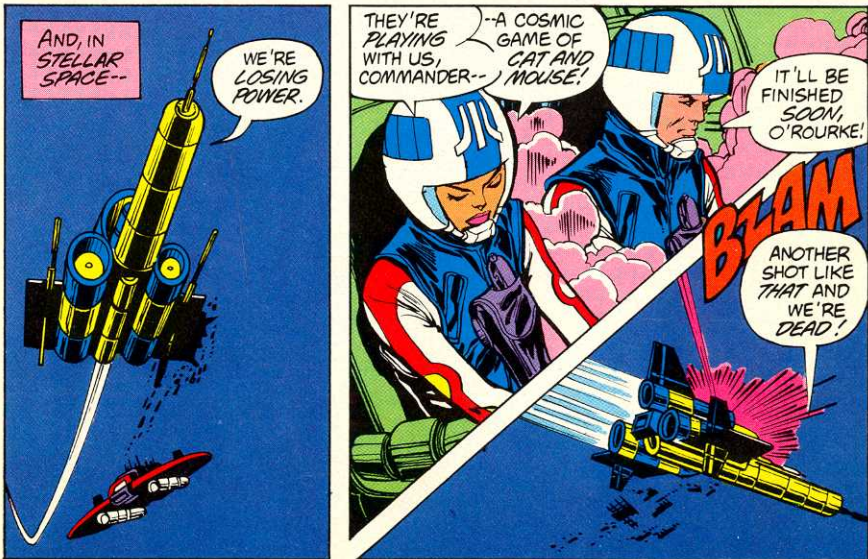
THAT CREATURE--  
SO FANTASTIC,  
SO EVIL!

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.

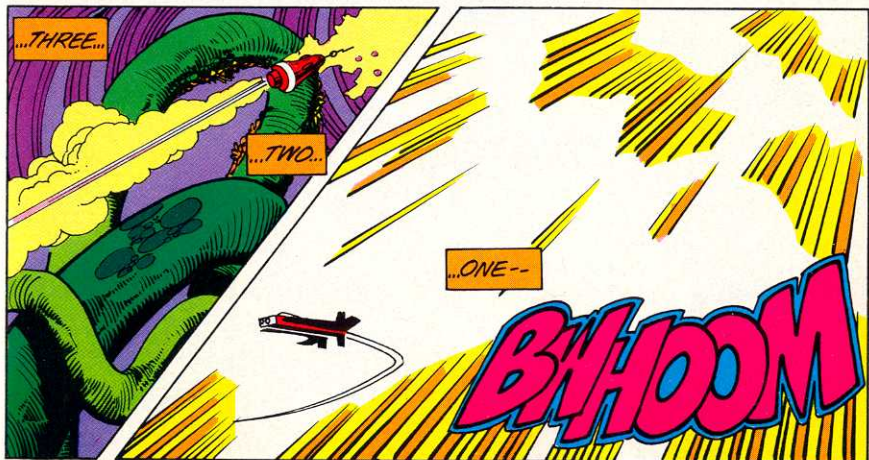
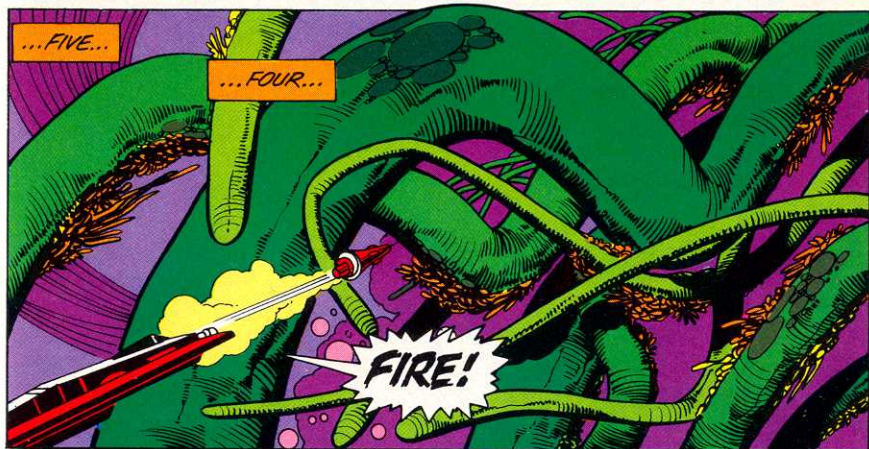
THEY'RE  
PLAYING  
WITH US,  
COMMANDER--

--A COSMIC  
GAME OF  
CAT AND  
MOUSE!

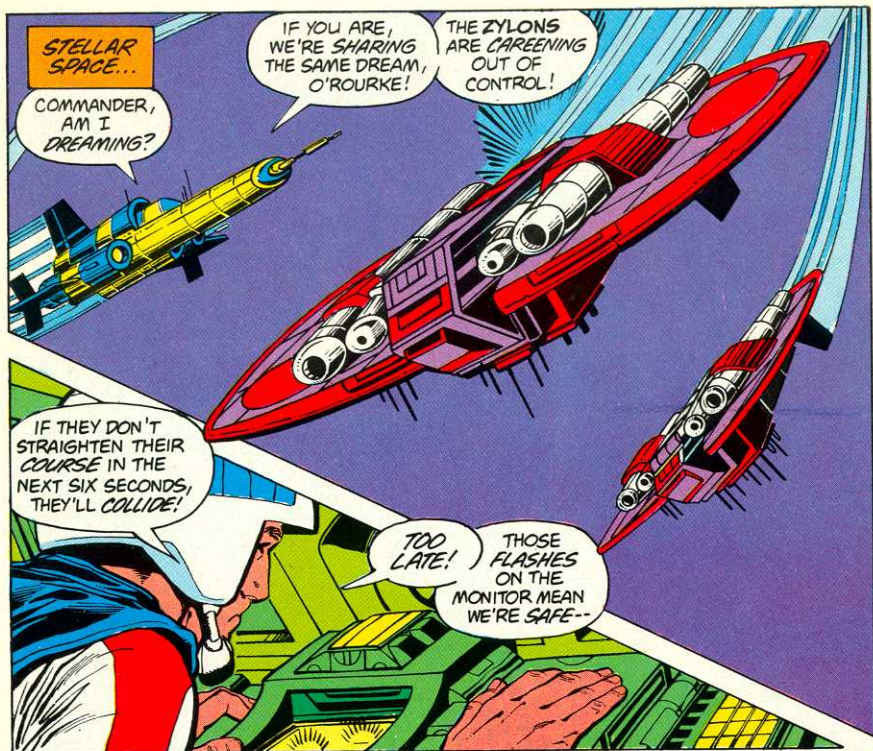
IT'LL BE  
FINISHED  
SOON,  
O'ROURKE!

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









STELLAR SPACE...

COMMANDER, AM I DREAMING?

IF YOU ARE, WE'RE SHARING THE SAME DREAM, O'ROURKE!

THE ZYLONS ARE CAREENING OUT OF CONTROL!

IF THEY DON'T STRAIGHTEN THEIR COURSE IN THE NEXT SIX SECONDS, THEY'LL COLLIDE!

TOO LATE!

THOSE FLASHES ON THE MONITOR MEAN WE'RE SAFE--

--BUT HOW AND WHY, I COULDN'T BEGIN TO GUESS!

WE WERE LUCKY, O'ROURKE.

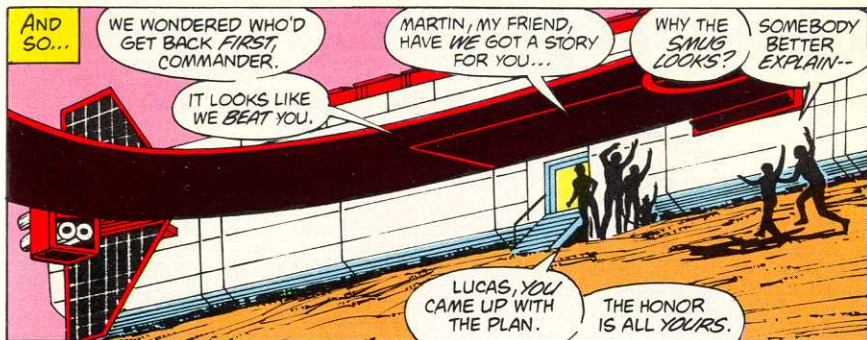
AYE, THAT WE WERE, COMMANDER.

IT WAS A MADNESS THAT CLAIMED US, A LUST FOR VENGEANCE!

I THINK WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON, O'ROURKE.

NOBODY EVER WINS AT WAR.

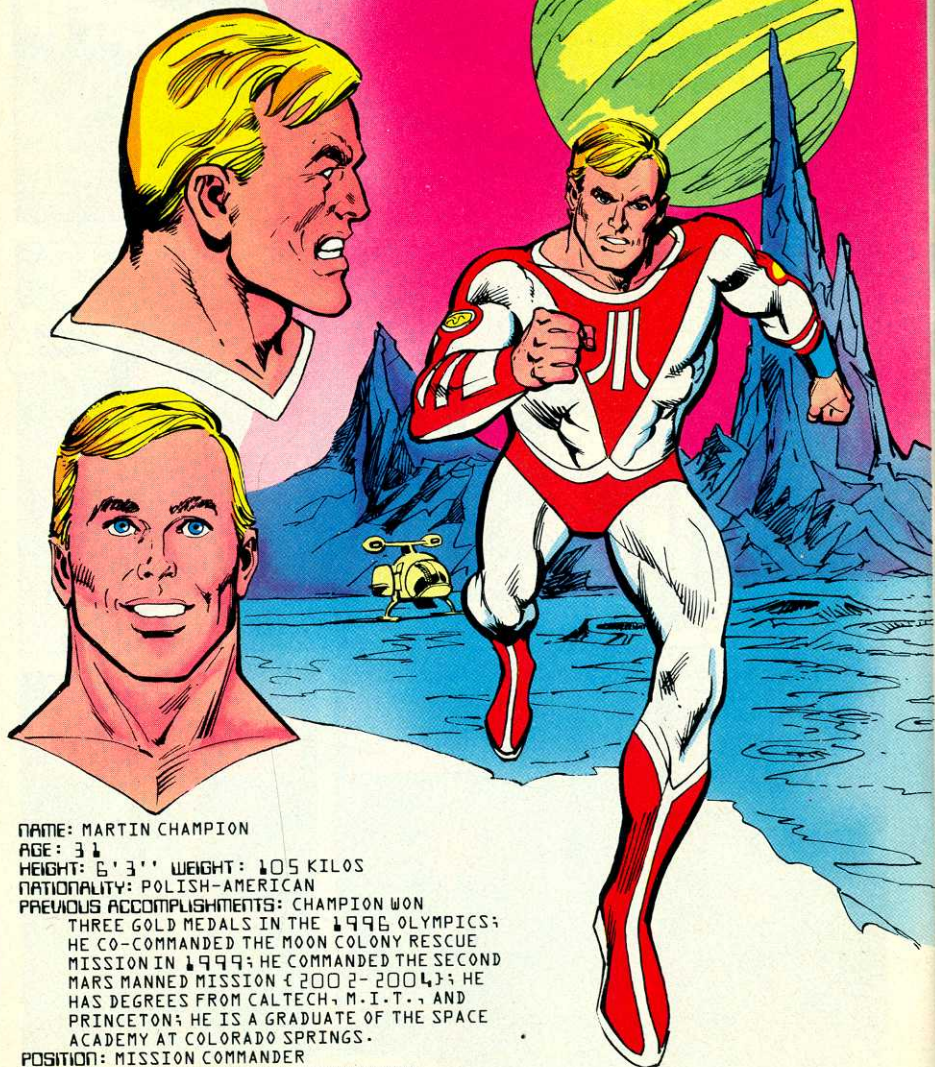






# ATARI FORCE FACT FILE:

## #1 COMMANDER MARTIN CHAMPION



**NAME:** MARTIN CHAMPION

**AGE:** 34

**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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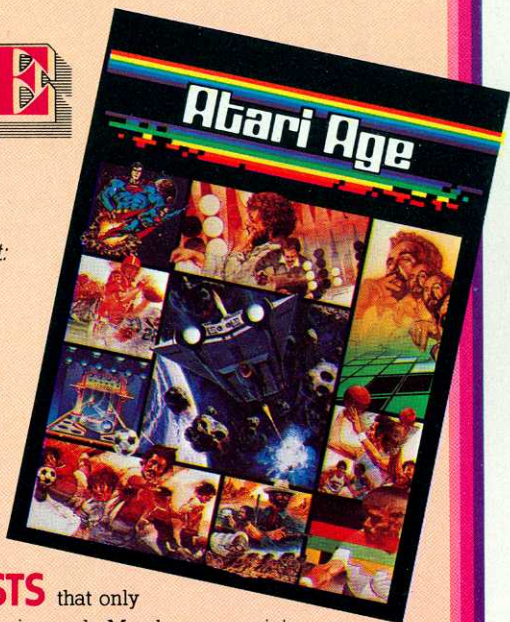
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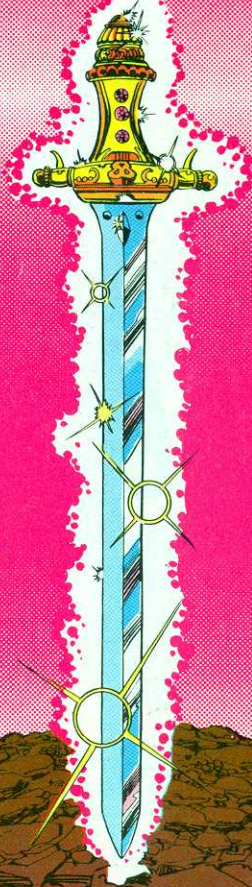
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