




ATARI FORCE™




ATARI®
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ATARI FORCE

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ATARI FORCE, VOL. 1, No. 4, published by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, 10103.
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**ATARI
FORCE**

PHOENIX

**ZAM
ZAM**

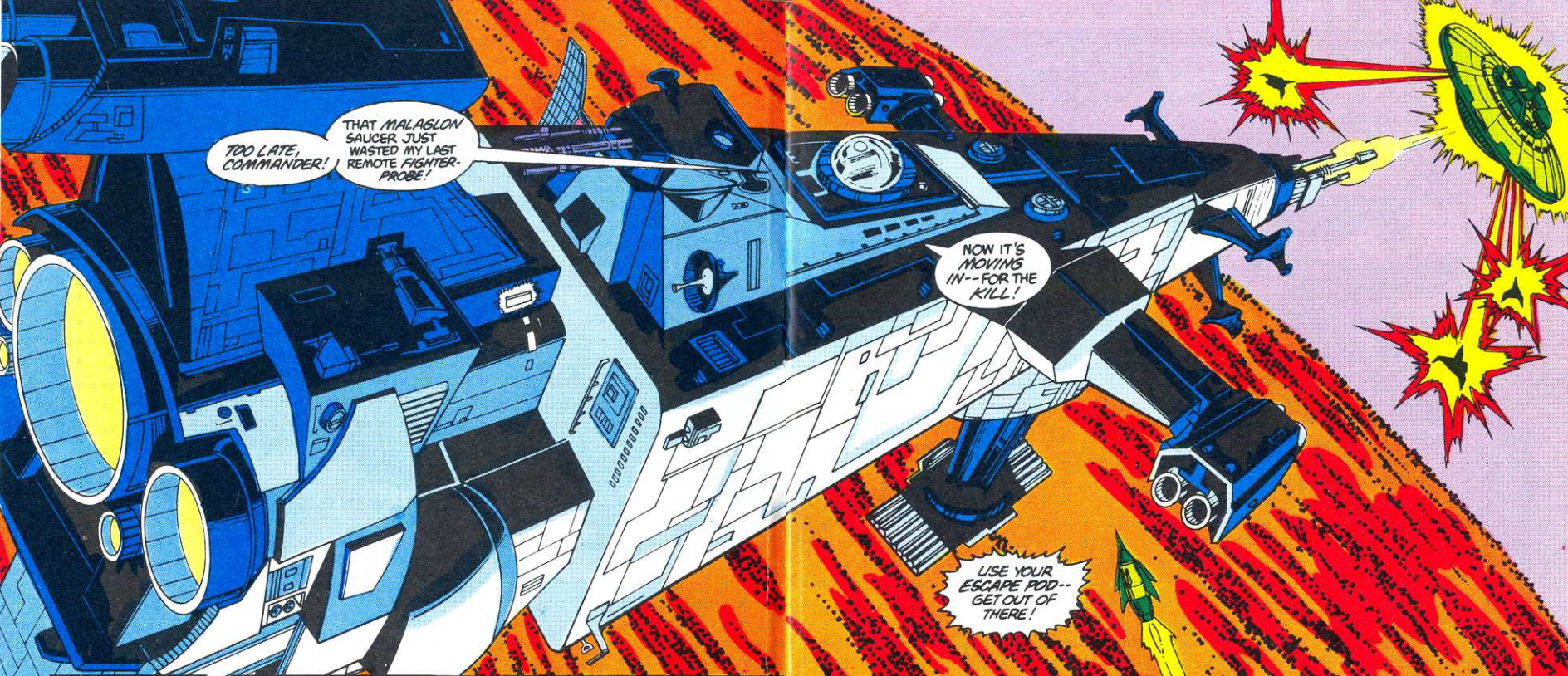
ZAM!

**PULL BACK!
YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR SHIELDS!**

**WITH YOUR
PROBE-SHIPS
BLASTED BY THAT
DEATH-RAY,
YOU'RE
DEFENSELESS!**

**WARP OUT,
OR THEY'LL
DESTROY YOU!**





TOO LATE, COMMANDER!
THAT MALASLON SAUCER JUST WASTED MY LAST REMOTE FIGHTER-PROBE!

NOW IT'S MOVING IN-- FOR THE KILL!

USE YOUR ESCAPE POD-- GET OUT OF THERE!



THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER!

SAVE YOURSELF!

CAN'T, COMMANDER! NO POWER-- NO ESCAPE POD--
--NO CHANCE!



YAAAA--



IT'S--IT'S OVER, MARTIN. DAVID FAILED-- LIKE ALL THE OTHERS--!

END TRANSMISSION
SUCH A WASTE...!

HE WAS A FRIEND, O'ROURKE... A GOOD FRIEND...

...AND NOW HE'S GONE!

ATARI HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX, IN NORTHCAL, ON THE WAR-WEARY GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, IN THE YEAR 2005 A.D...

ATARI TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE, HOPE FOR EARTH'S FUTURE AND HOME BASE FOR COMMANDER CHAMPION AND THE ATARI FORCE...

YOU'RE BLAMING YOURSELF, MARTIN-- AND YOU SHOULDN'T

DAVID HAD THE BEST TRAINING MY SECURITY TEAM COULD PROVIDE--

MAYBE YOUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH, LI SAN.

CHAMPION DIDN'T MEAN THAT, O'ROURKE.

HE'S BEEN UNDER A TERRIBLE STRAIN SINCE THE PHOENIX.

BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, LUCAS--

NONSENSE



-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERS, ALL OF YOU.

BUT I WONDER IF YOU FULLY REALIZE--



-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING FOR A MISSION THAT'S ALMOST CERTAIN SUICIDE!

SO FAR, MISSION: PHOENIX HAS CLAIMED TEN LIVES.



FRIENDS OF YOURS... FRIENDS OF MINE...

...AND THE END IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER

GUN TURRET

FUEL FUEL FUEL FUEL

ROCKET LAUNCHER

PROBE

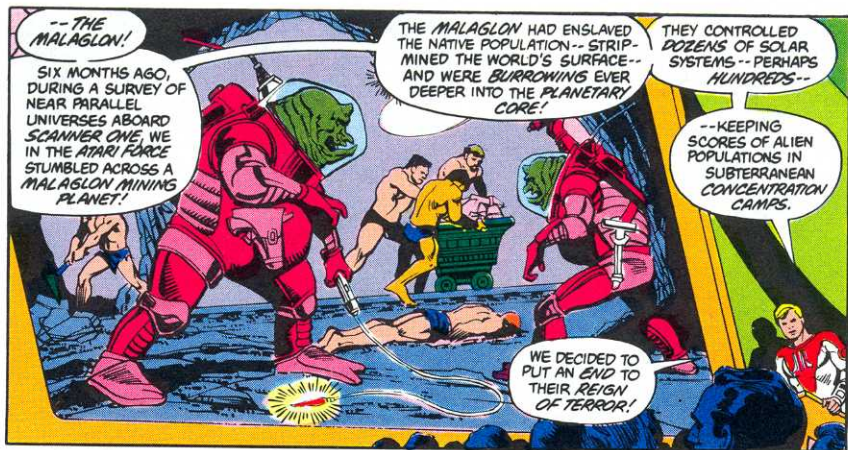
GUN BATTERY

PROBE

SOME BACKGROUND. THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, DESIGNED BY ATARI ENGINEERS TO INCORPORATE THE MOST ADVANCED REMOTE-WEAPON SYSTEM EVER CONCEIVED--

--FOUR SEPARATE FIGHTER-PROBES, WHICH DETACH FROM THE MAIN SHIP AND ACT IN FORMATION, UNDER THE PHOENIX PILOT'S DIRECT CONTROL.

THE PHOENIX'S TARGET--



-- THE MALAGLON!

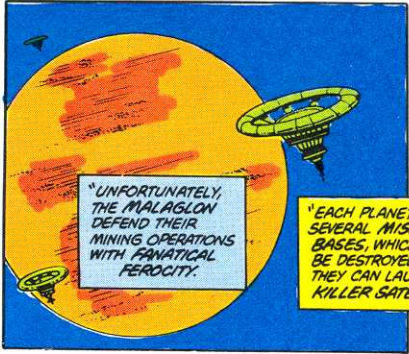
SIX MONTHS AGO, DURING A SURVEY OF NEAR PARALLEL UNIVERSES ABOARD SCANNER ONE, WE IN THE ATARI FORCE STUMBLED ACROSS A MALAGLON MINING PLANET!

THE MALAGLON HAD ENSLAVED THE NATIVE POPULATION-- STRIP-MINED THE WORLD'S SURFACE-- AND WERE BURROWING EVER DEEPER INTO THE PLANETARY CORE!

THEY CONTROLLED DOZENS OF SOLAR SYSTEMS-- PERHAPS HUNDREDS--

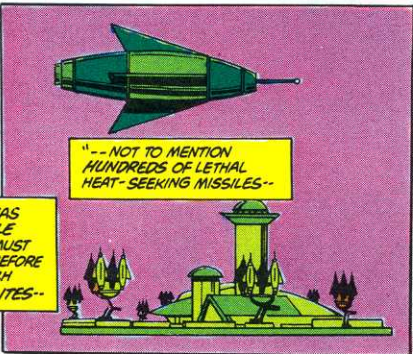
--KEEPING SCORES OF ALIEN POPULATIONS IN SUBTERRANEAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

WE DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO THEIR REIGN OF TERROR!

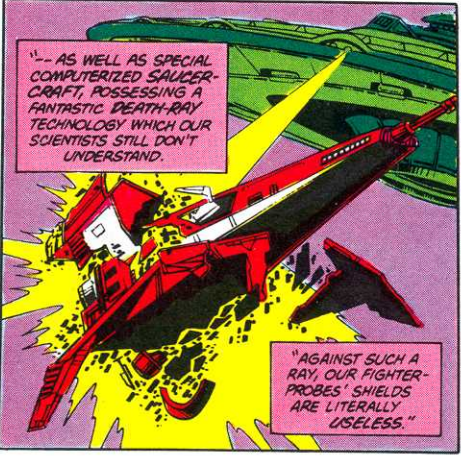


"UNFORTUNATELY, THE MALAGLON DEFEND THEIR MINING OPERATIONS WITH FANATICAL FEROCITY.

"EACH PLANET HAS SEVERAL MISSILE BASES, WHICH MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE THEY CAN LAUNCH KILLER SATELLITES--



"--NOT TO MENTION HUNDREDS OF LETHAL HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES--



"-- AS WELL AS SPECIAL COMPUTERIZED SAUCER-CRAFT, POSSESSING A FANTASTIC DEATH-RAY TECHNOLOGY WHICH OUR SCIENTISTS STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

"AGAINST SUCH A RAY, OUR FIGHTER-PROBES' SHIELDS ARE LITERALLY USELESS."



IT WAS THE DEATH-RAY THAT SLEW OUR LAST PHOENIX VOLUNTEER, MISSION COMMANDER DAVID MARCUS!

DAVID...!?

FORGIVE ME FOR
BREAKING THE
NEWS THIS WAY--
BUT TIME IS SHORT,
AND EVERY SECOND
IS CRUCIAL!

OUR COMPUTERIZED
SCOUTS REPORT THAT
THE MALAGLON
VANGUARD IS MOVING
TOWARD OUR SECTOR
OF THE MULTIVERSE.

WE MUST
STOP THEIR
ADVANCE-- AND
LIBERATE THEIR
SLAVE WORLDS--
NOW, OR NEVER.

EACH OF YOU
HAS ALREADY
VOLUNTEERED
FOR THIS
MISSION.

ALL THAT
REMAINS--
IS THE
CHOICE.

CLINK
CLINK



DAVID... MY BIG
BROTHER... DEAD!

STILL--
CAN'T
CONVINCE
MYSELF IT'S
TRUE!

CLINK
KA-
CLINK



GOOD LORD.

THE NAME ON THIS
IDENTITY
TOKEN IS
MARCUS--

BOB
MARCUS!

READY,
COMMANDER!

MORE
THAN YOU
CAN
KNOW!

ONE GRIM BRIEFING LATER...

BOB, IF YOU'RE HEADED
INTO THIS WITH A
GRUDGE...

NO GRUDGE,
COMMANDER.

DAVID
DID HIS
JOB--

NOW IT'S
MY TURN.

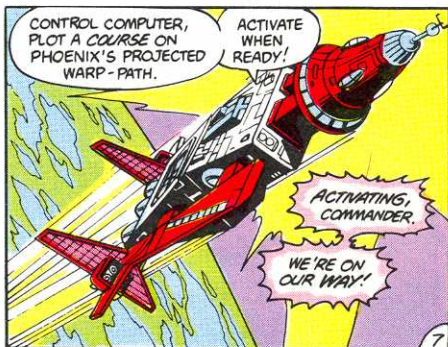
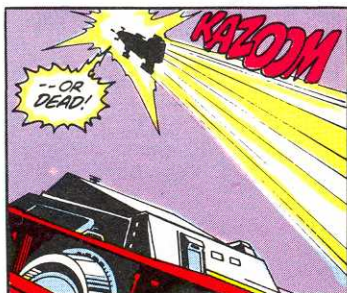
ALL RIGHT--
BUT WE'LL BE
TRACKING YOU IN
SCANNER ONE!

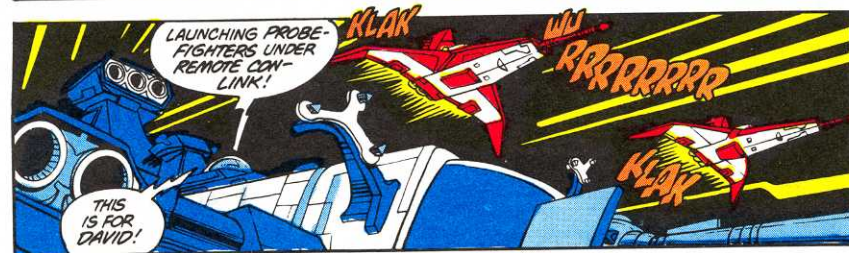
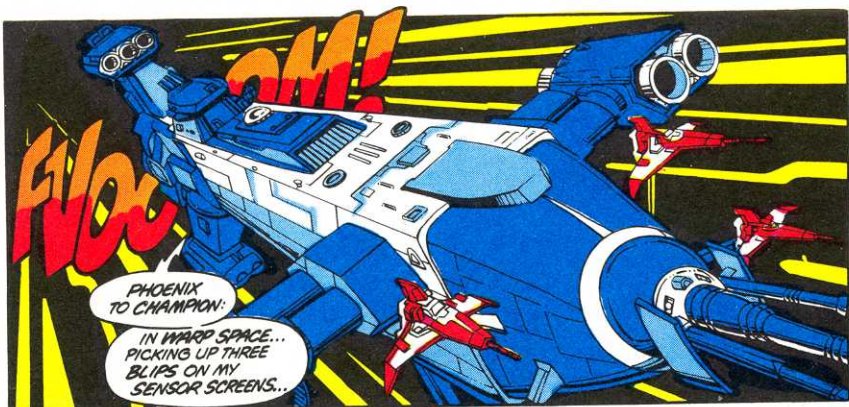
LIFT-OFF!

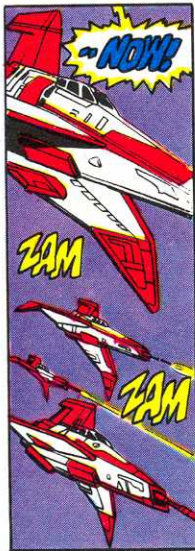
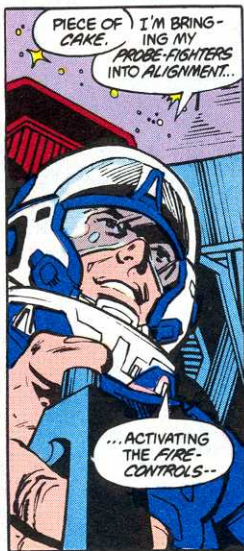
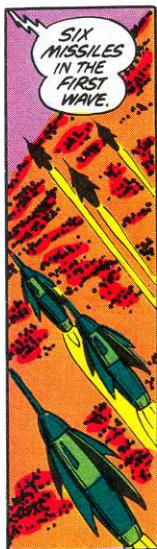
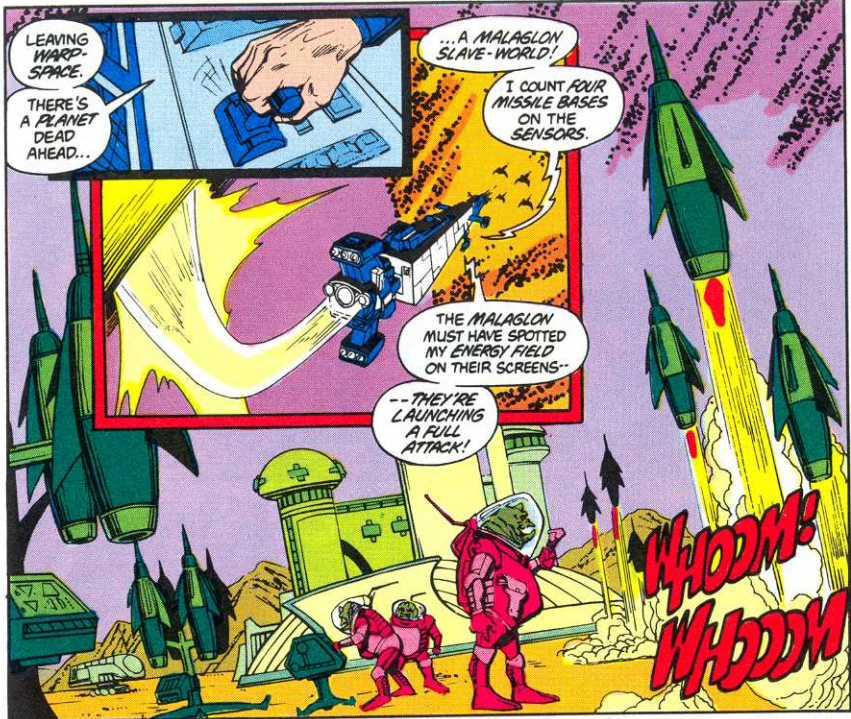
FROM THE BATTLE-SCARRED GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, TWO FANTASTIC CRAFT RISE SPACEWARD, BORNE ON PILLARS OF INVISIBLE FIRE.

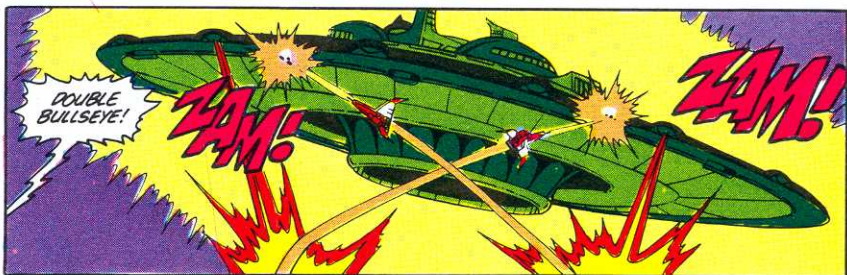
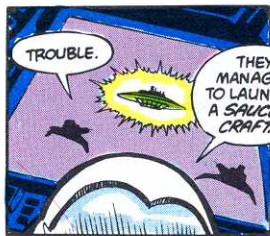
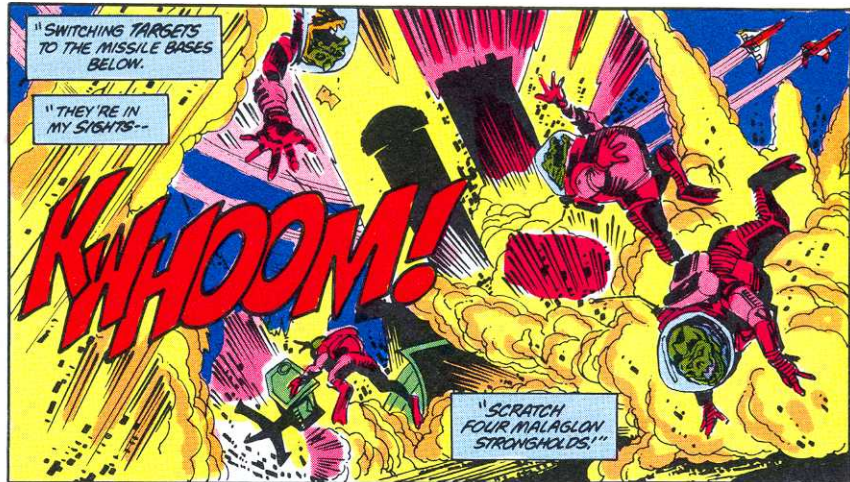
THE FIRST BRISTLES WITH WEAPONRY, FOR THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, MOST ADVANCED WARCRAFT EVER TO LEAVE EARTH'S ORBIT.

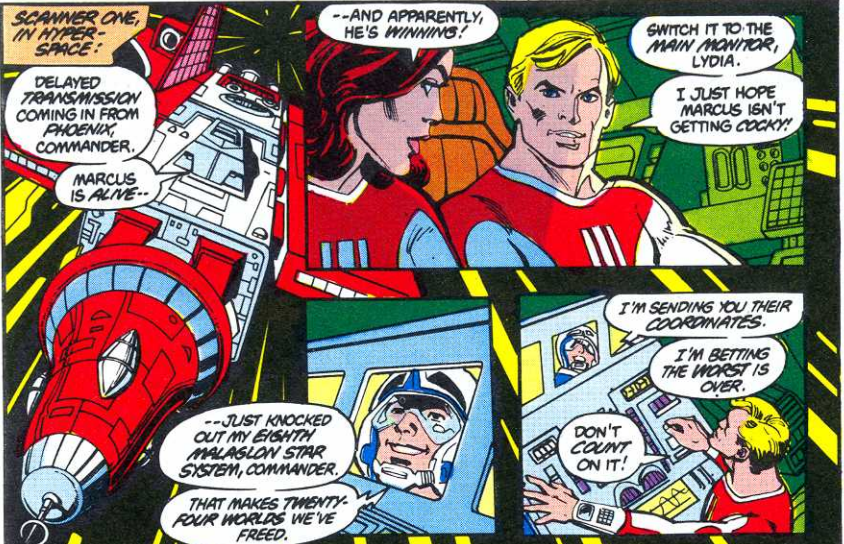
THE SECOND, SMALLER, IS SCANNER ONE, SCOUT SHIP OF THE ATARI FORCE, UNDER THE CONTROL OF COMMANDER CHAMPION AND MASTER PILOT PEREZ.











SCANNER ONE, IN HYPER-SPACE:

DELAYED TRANSMISSION COMING IN FROM PHOENIX, COMMANDER.

MARCUS IS ALIVE--

--AND APPARENTLY, HE'S WINNING!

SWITCH IT TO THE MAIN MONITOR, LYDIA.

I JUST HOPE MARCUS ISN'T GETTING COCKY!

--JUST KNOCKED OUT MY EIGHTH MALAGLON STAR SYSTEM, COMMANDER.

THAT MAKES TWENTY-FOUR WORLDS WE'VE FREED.

I'M SENDING YOU THEIR COORDINATES.

I'M BETTING THE WORST IS OVER.

DON'T COUNT ON IT!

"SEVERAL PLANETS LAUNCHED KILLER SATELLITES..."

"... OTHERS HAD A FANTASTIC ROTATION PERIOD THAT MADE TARGETING THEIR MISSILE BASES DIFFICULT..."

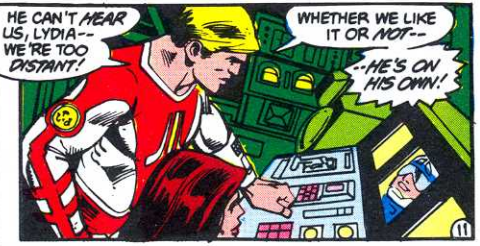
"... AND SEVERAL GAS GIANTS FIRED STRANGE FIREBALLS THAT ALMOST WIPE OUT MY PROBE-FIGHTERS IN SPITE OF THEIR DEFENSE SCREENS."

"AND, OF COURSE, THE SAUCER-CRAFT WERE A CONSTANT DANGER..."



MARTIN, HE HAS TO BE RECALLED!

NO ONE CAN STAND UP TO THAT KIND OF CONTINUOUS ONSLAUGHT...



HE CAN'T HEAR US, LYDIA-- WE'RE TOO DISTANT!

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT--

--HE'S ON HIS OWN!

