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ATOMIC FORCE™



ATARI FORCE



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PART TWO

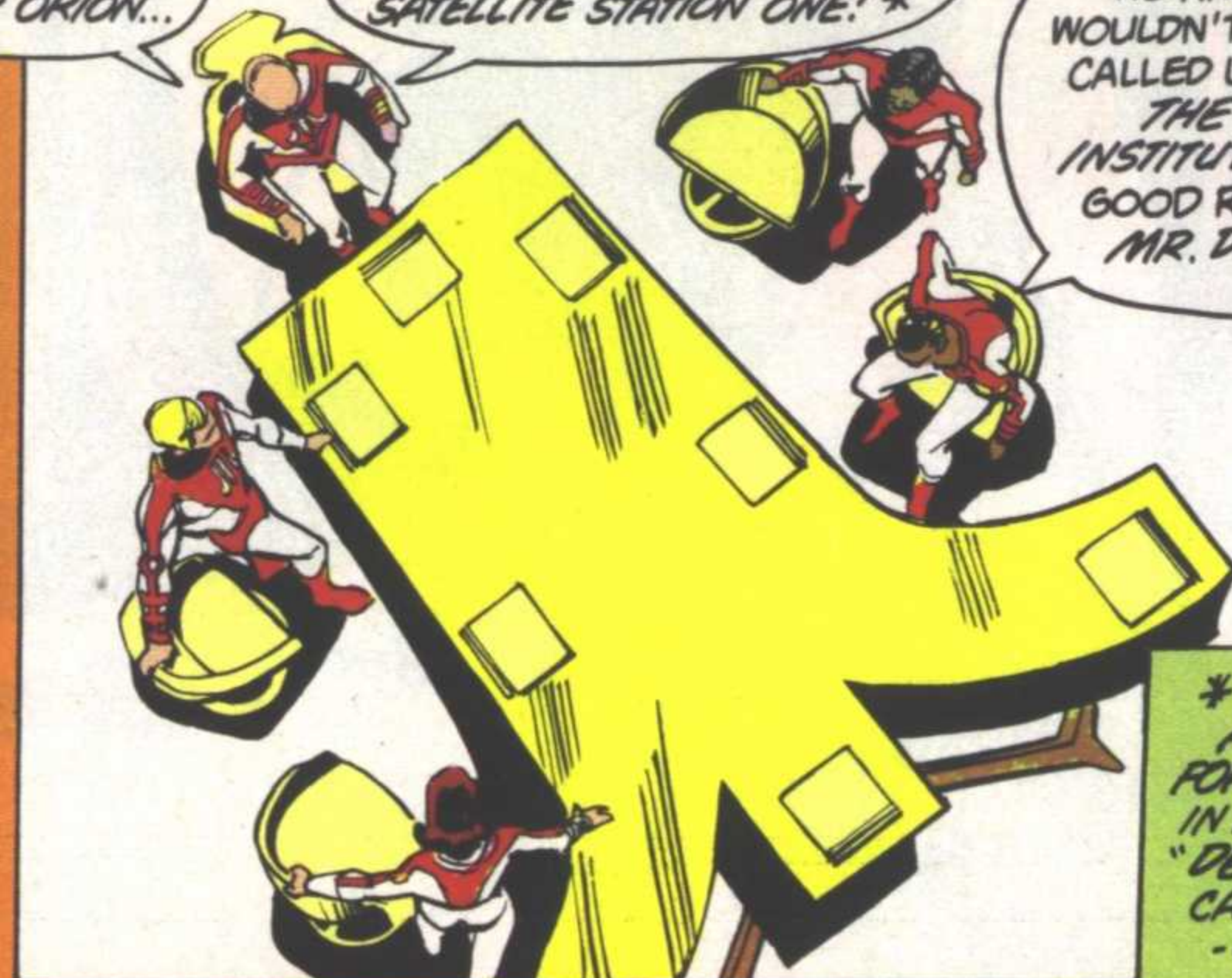
CHAPTER ONE*

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?

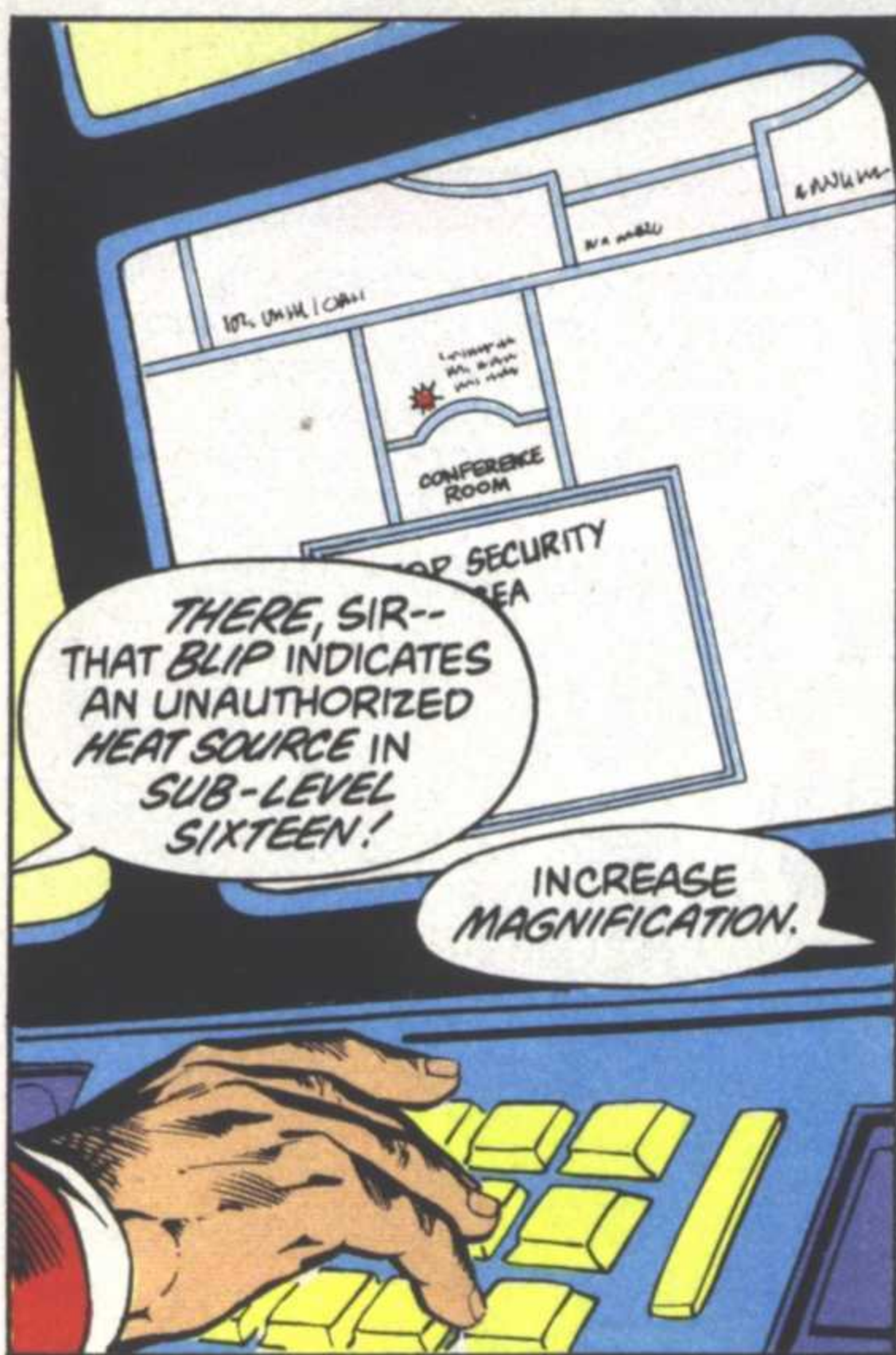
WORLDS WHOSE
HISTORY DIVERGES
FROM OUR OWN,
COMMANDER.

BUT ISN'T
THAT JUST A
FANTASY?

PURE SCIENCE
FICTION?

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

...WITHOUT
ANY MORE
INTERRUPTIONS!





--ISOLATE AND CONTAIN!

AYE-AYE, CAPTAIN--



--UNIT FOUR ON THE SPOT AND TAKING CHARGE!

THAT'S THE ACCESS HATCH TO THE MAINTENANCE AREA, TED.

LET ME TAKE POINT, SARGE!



NOT A CHANCE, YOUNGSTER.

I HANDLED PATROLS LIKE THIS DURING THE WAR.

ONE THING I LEARNED... BE VERY, VERY CAREFUL...



--EXCUSE ME, MR. DIRECTOR, BUT BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER, I THINK AN INTRODUCTION IS IN ORDER.

LUCAS ORION AND I ARE FRIENDS -- AND I KNOW ASSISTANT DIRECTOR PEREZ FROM SOME YEARS BACK--

BUT YOU ARE ASKING YOURSELF--

"WHO IS THIS SILLY MAN PLAYING WITH CAT'S CRADLE WHILE THE DIRECTOR SPEAKS OF SAVING WORLDS?"



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!









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 RECOG-
NIZING THE FINE MIND THAT HAD
ALMOST BEEN SUFFOCATED BY
OVERWHELMING POVERTY...

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

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

A
SPY!

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!

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

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



OKAY,
SISTER,
END OF
THE
ROAD!

WH-WHA--?

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



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

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!

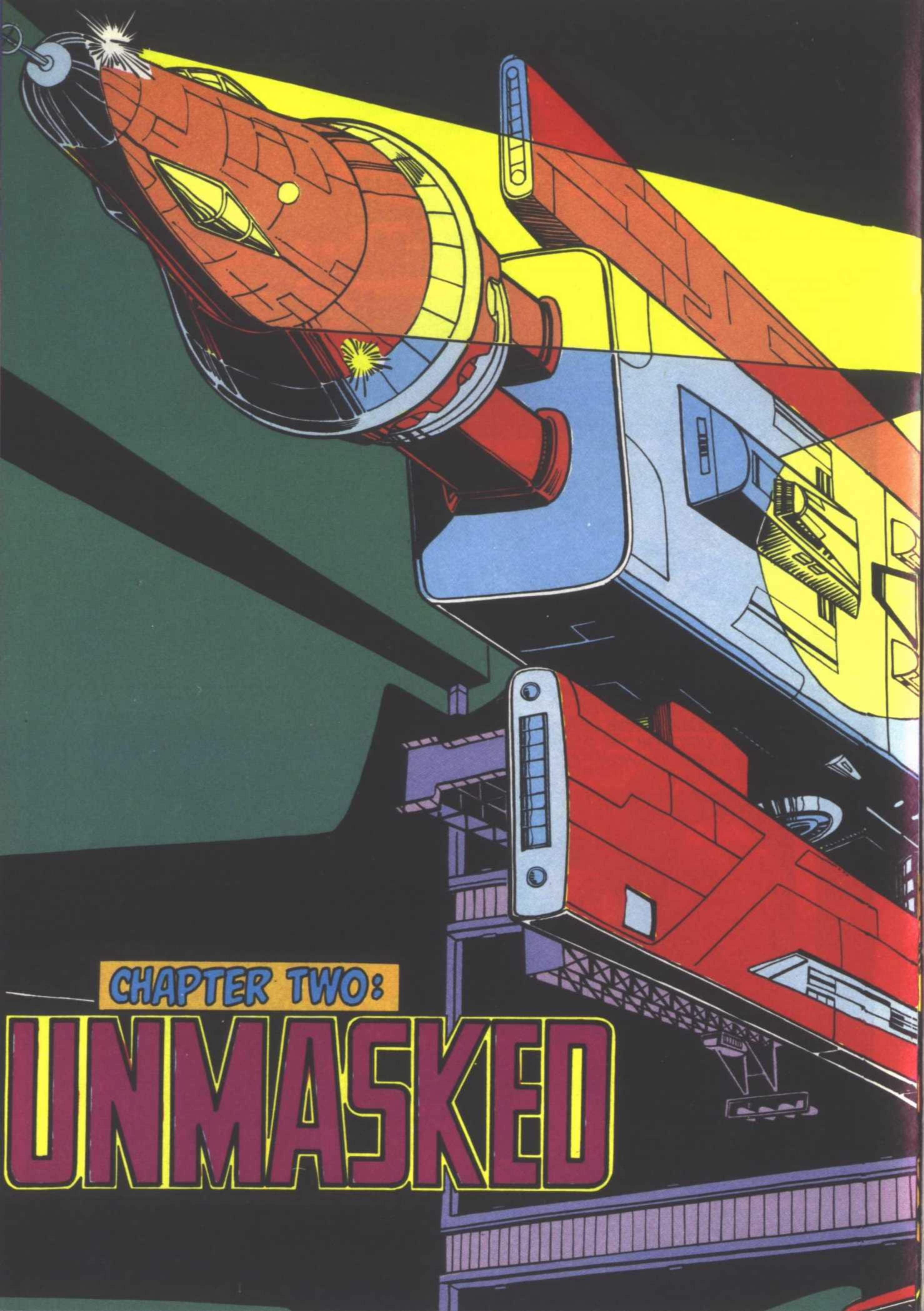


THE PROTECTIVE HATCH *UNSEALS*
WITH A PNEUMATIC HISS, AND
COMMANDER CHAMPION LEADS
THE OTHERS THROUGH THE DOUBLE-
LOCK...DRAWING UP SHORT ON
THE FAR SIDE...

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



SO THAT'S
THE BIG
SECRET--



CHAPTER TWO:

UNMASKED

--SCANNER
ONE IS A
SPACESHIP!

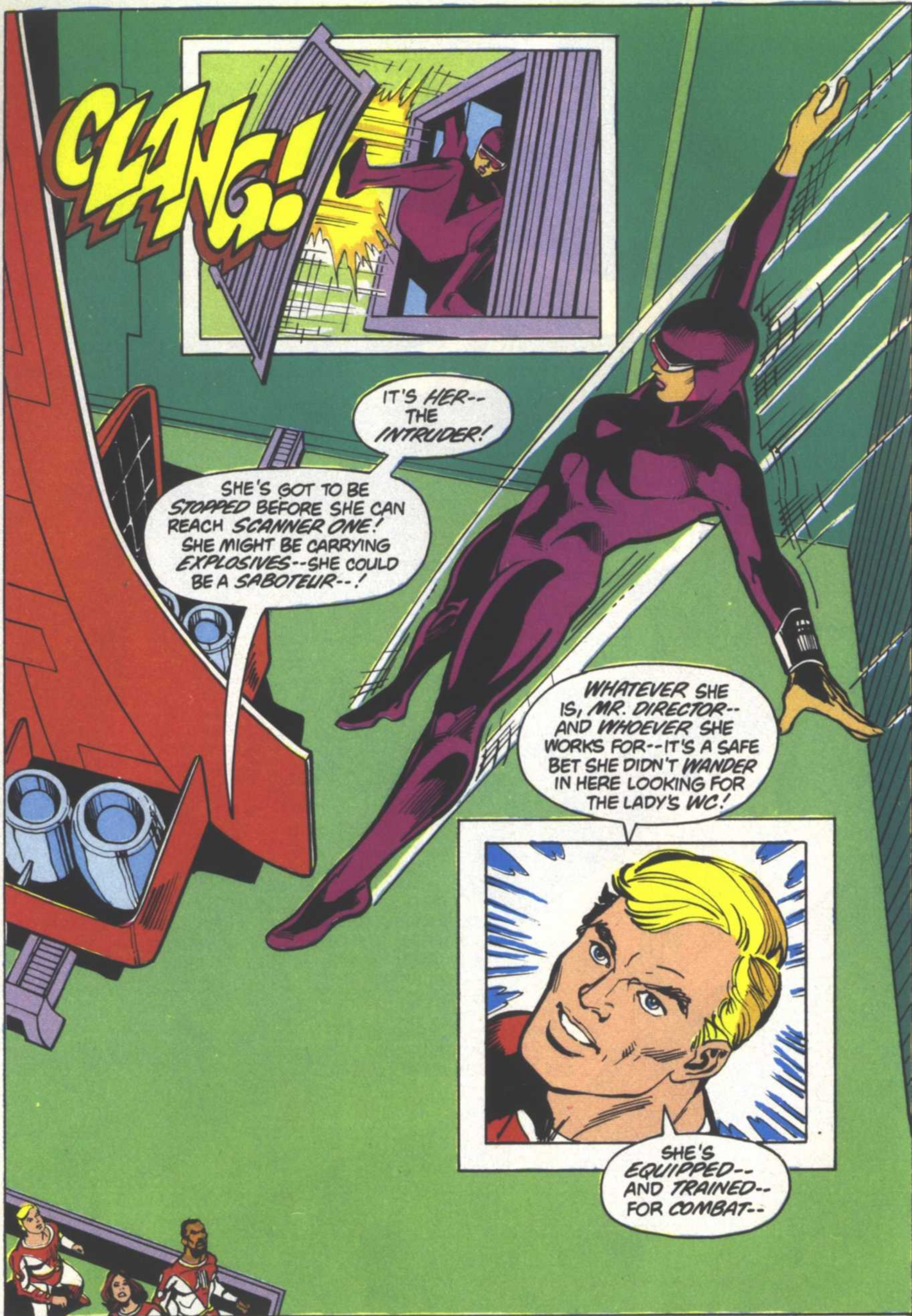
OH, MARTIN--
DON'T BE SUCH
A BLIND IDIOT!

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!





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--UNNH!

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



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--





"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."

CHAPTER THREE:

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!





BWHOOOM!

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

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



"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...

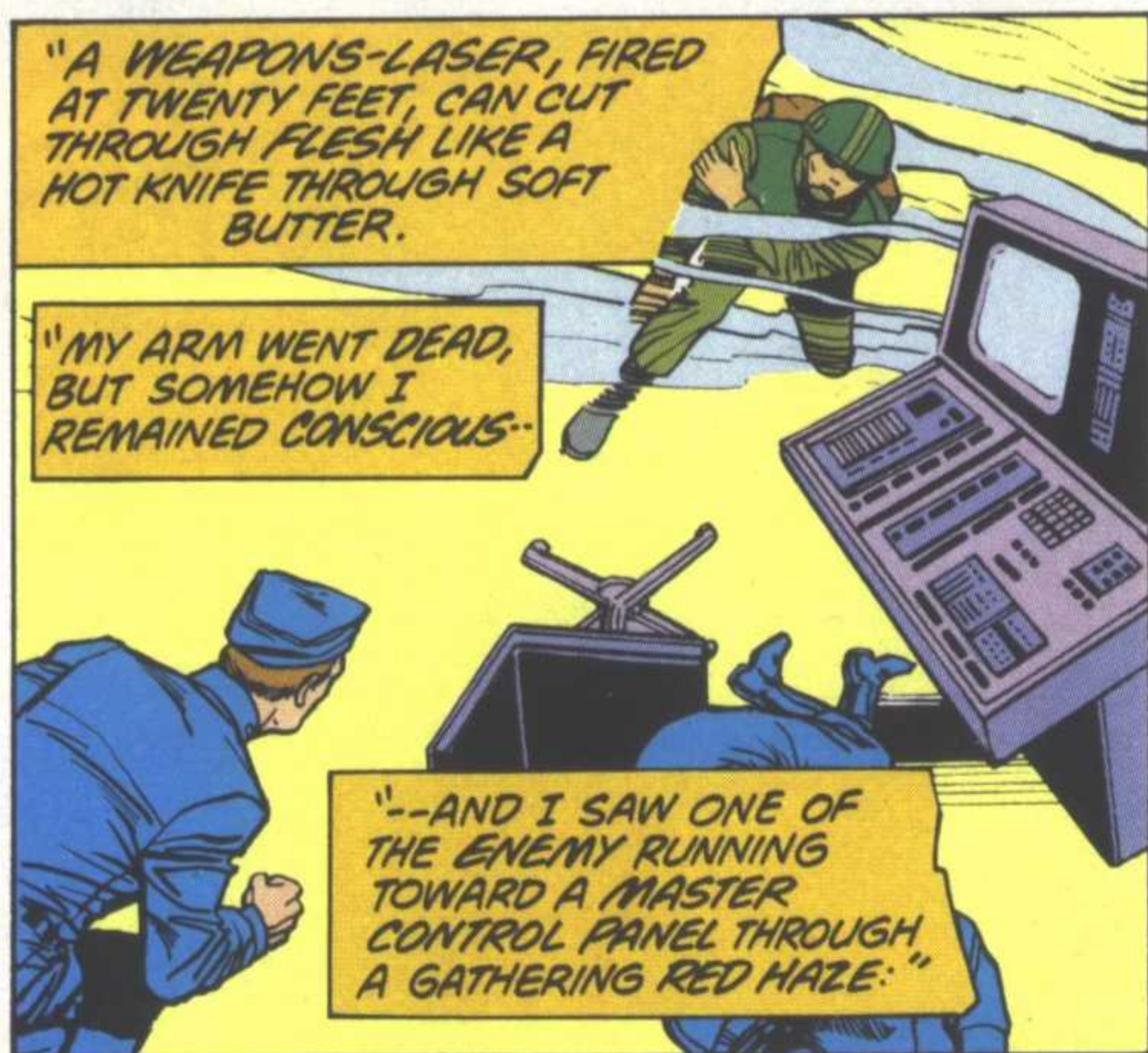
"...IF
THEY
COULD."



OUR FLYBOYS
ARE LAYING DOWN
A COVERING
BOMBARDMENT.

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







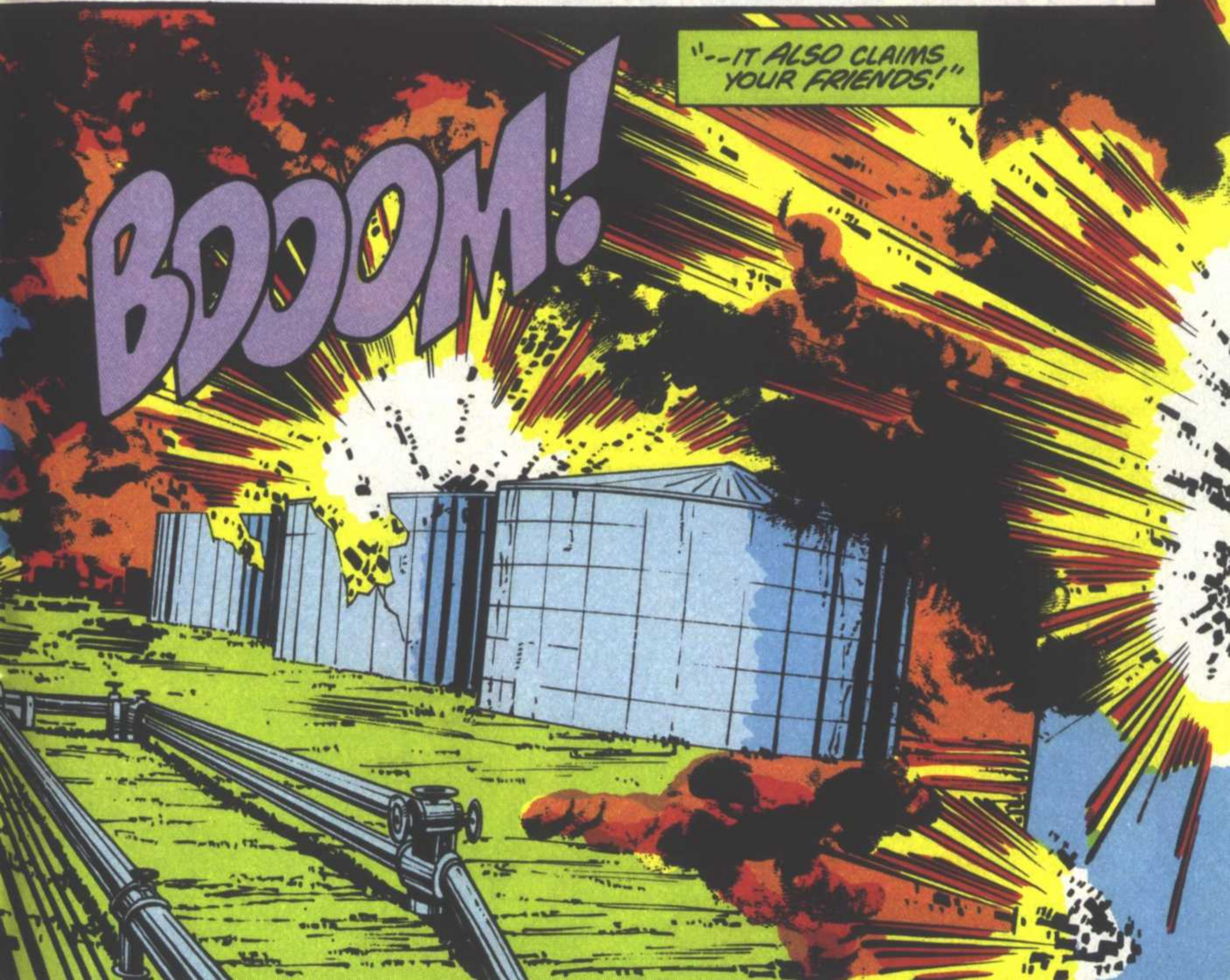


"NOT ONLY DOES WAR CLAIM YOUR ENEMIES..."



"--IT ALSO CLAIMS YOUR FRIENDS!"

BOOOM!



"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!



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 WONDER-
LAND," 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.



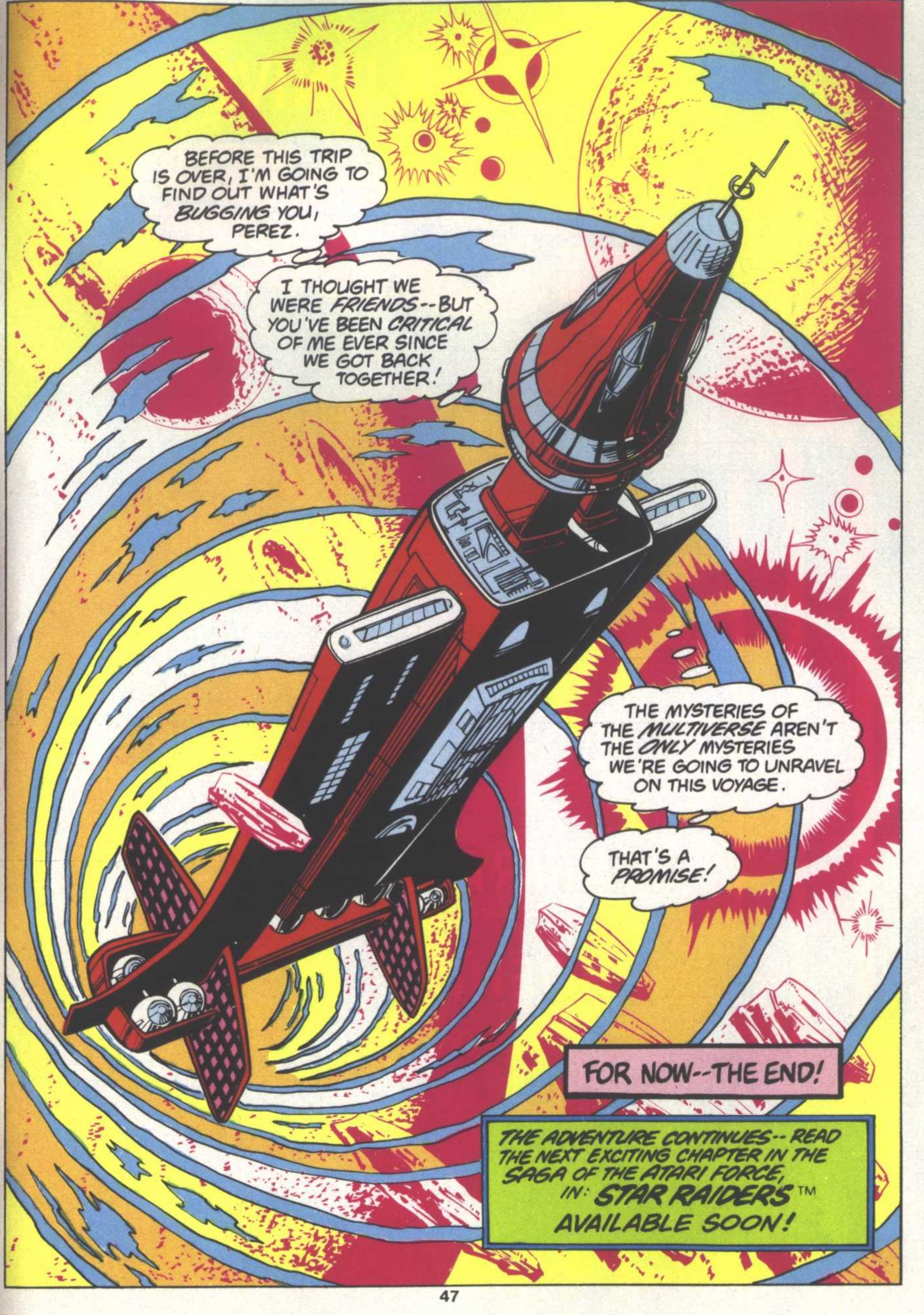
WHY, COMMANDER, A POETIC THOUGHT...!

I'D NEVER HAVE EXPECTED IT--

--FROM A DUMB JOCK?

I'M FULL OF SURPRISES, PEREZ.

...AND SO ARE YOU, LYDIA.



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!

THEIR MISSION:
SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

ATARI FORCE

DON'T MISS
THE FURTHER
EPIC ADVENTURES
OF THE CREW OF
SCANNER ONE

IN FREE BONUS COMICS
AVAILABLE ONLY IN
SPECIALLY-MARKED
CARTRIDGES FOR
**ATARI'S VIDEO
COMPUTER SYSTEM!**

ATARI FORCE 3 IN
STAR RAIDERS

ATARI FORCE 4 IN
PHOENIX

**BOTH AVAILABLE
SOON!**



—VIDEO GAME ACTION AT ITS BEST—AND MORE!

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