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ATARI FORCE™



ATARI FORCE

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**ATARI
FORCE**

PHOENIX

**ZAM
ZAM**

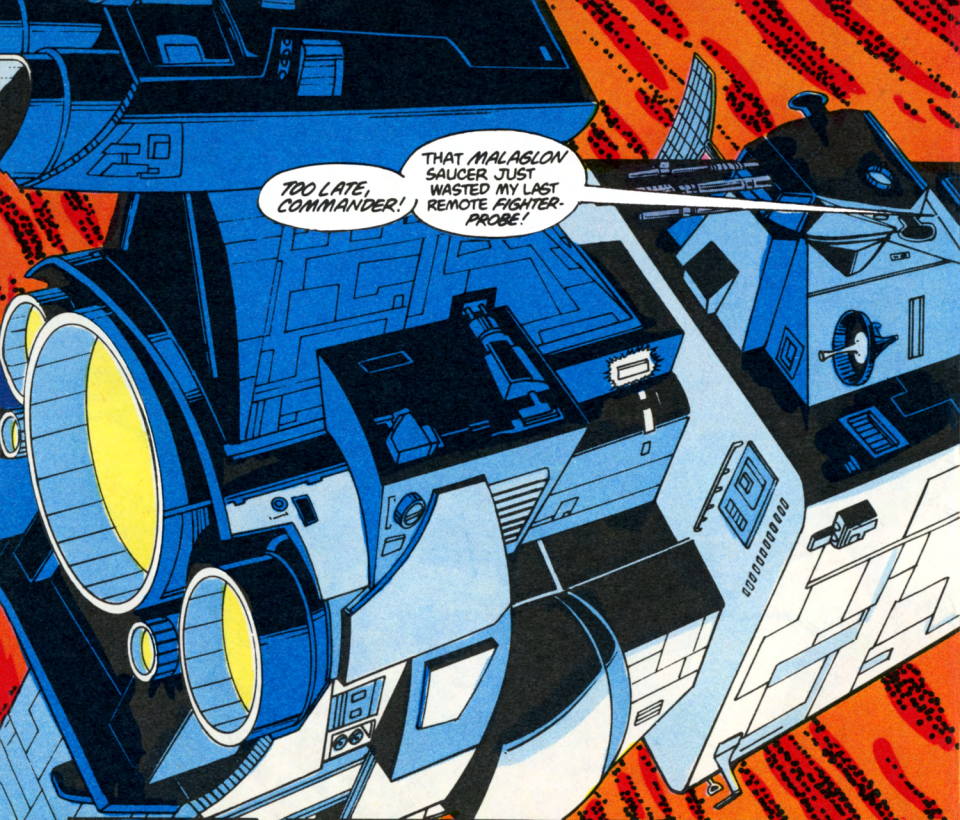
ZAM!

PULL BACK!
YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR SHIELDS!

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

WARD OUT,
OR THEY'LL
DESTROY YOU!





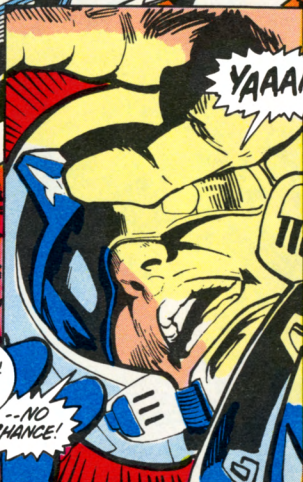
TOO LATE, COMMANDER!
THAT MALASLOW
SAUCER JUST
WASTED MY LAST
REMOTE FIGHTER-
PROBE!



SAVE
YOURSELF!

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

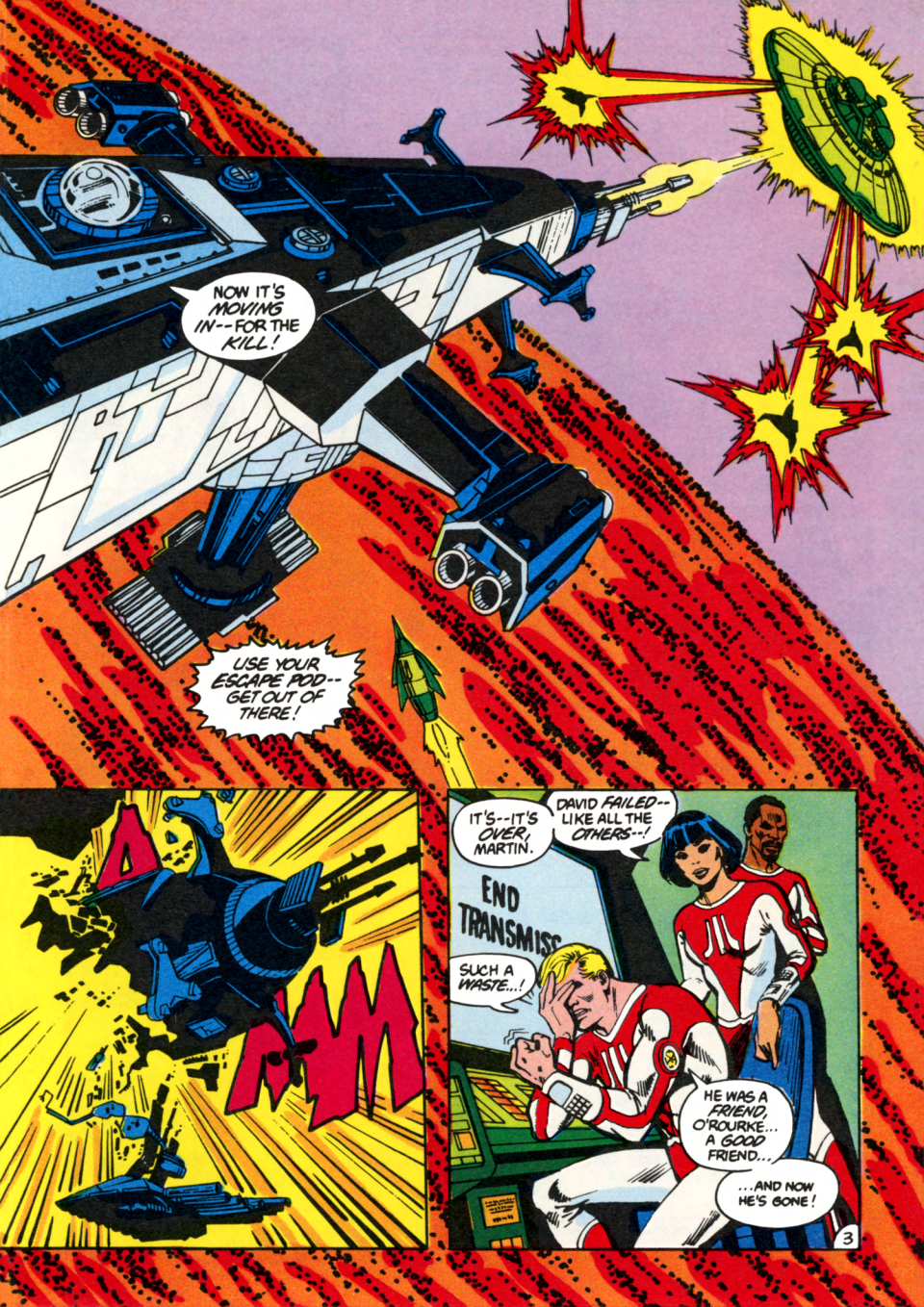
--NO
CHANCE!



YAAAA--



WHRAAAA



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

USE YOUR
ESCAPE POD--
GET OUT OF
THERE!



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 NORTICAL, 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.

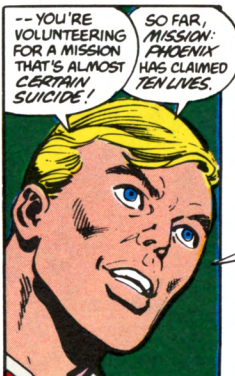
BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, LUCAS--

NONSENSE.



-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERS, ALL OF YOU.

BUT I WONDER IF YOU FULLY REALIZE--



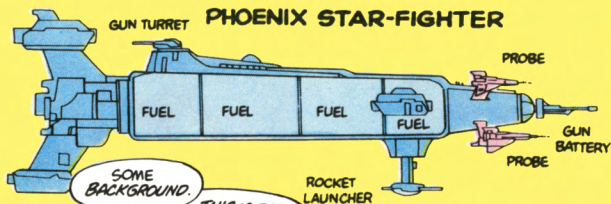
-- YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING FOR A MISSION THAT'S ALMOST CERTAIN SUICIDE!

SO FAR, MISSION: PHOENIX HAS CLAIMED TEN LIVES.



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

...AND THE END IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

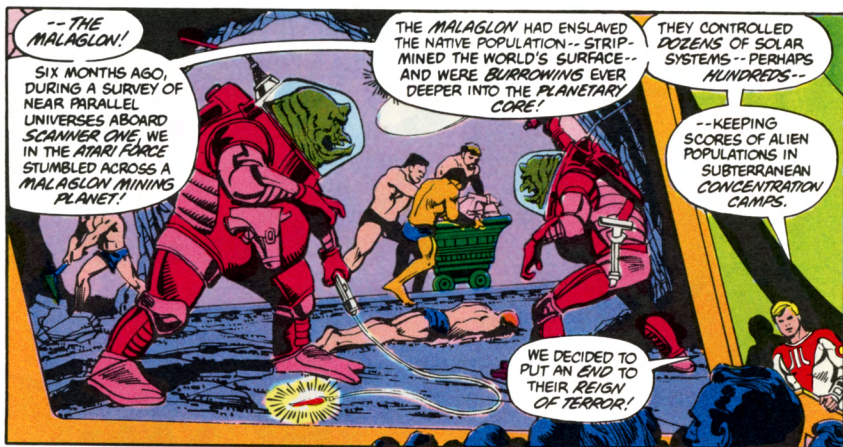


SOME BACKGROUND.

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!

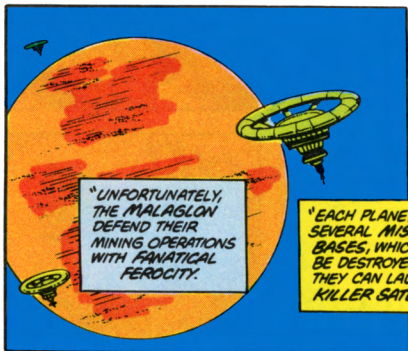
SIX MONTHS AGO, DURING A SURVEY OF NEAR PARALLEL UNIVERSES ABOARD SCANNER ONE, WE IN THE ATARI FORCE STUMBLED ACROSS A MALAGLON MINING PLANET!

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--

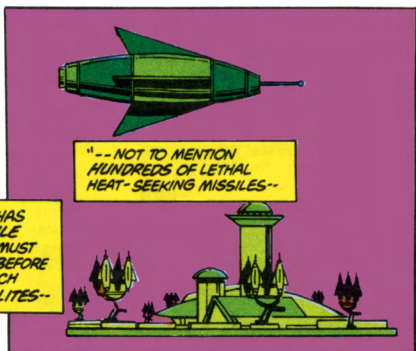
--KEEPING SCORES OF ALIEN POPULATIONS IN SUBTERRANEAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

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

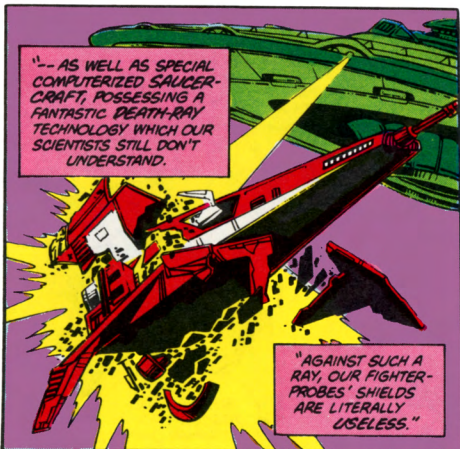


UNFORTUNATELY, THE MALAGLON DEFEND THEIR MINING OPERATIONS WITH FANATICAL FEROCITY.

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...?

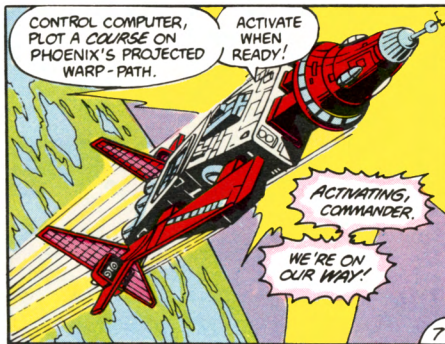
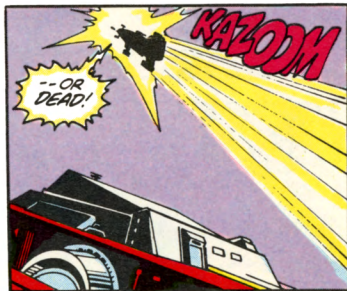


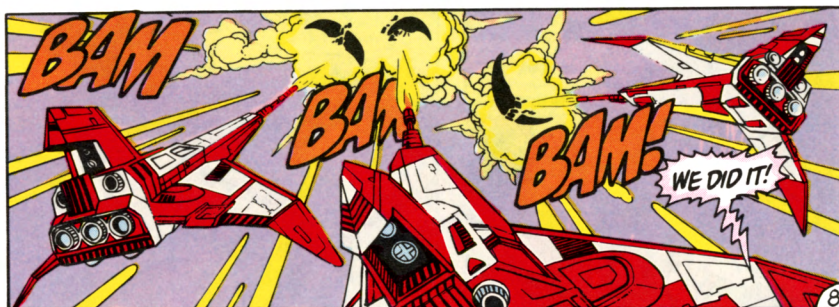
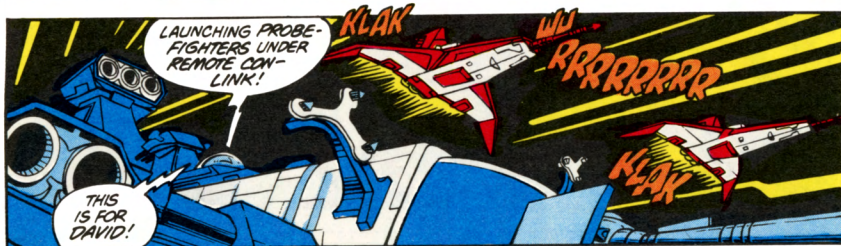
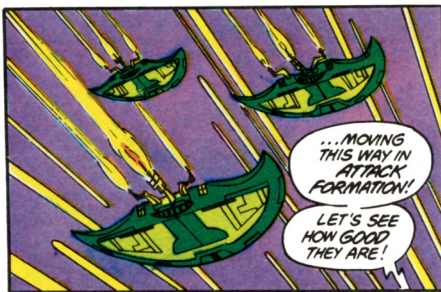
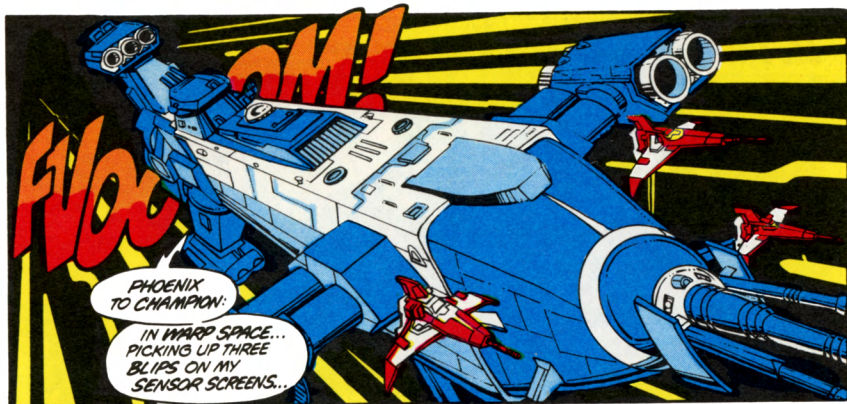
LIFT-OFF!

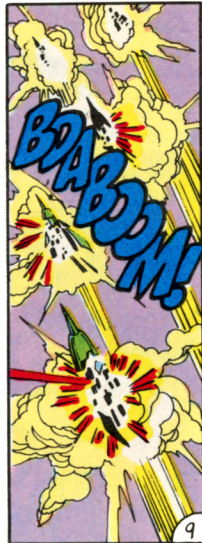
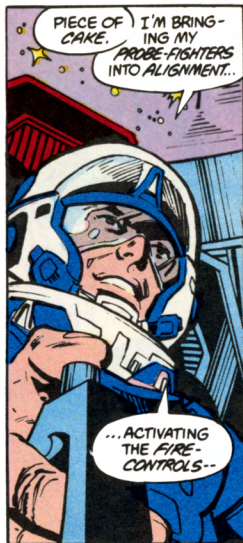
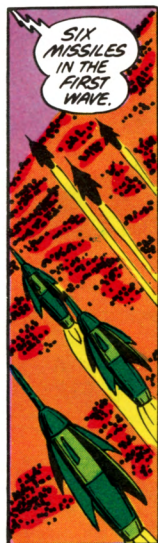
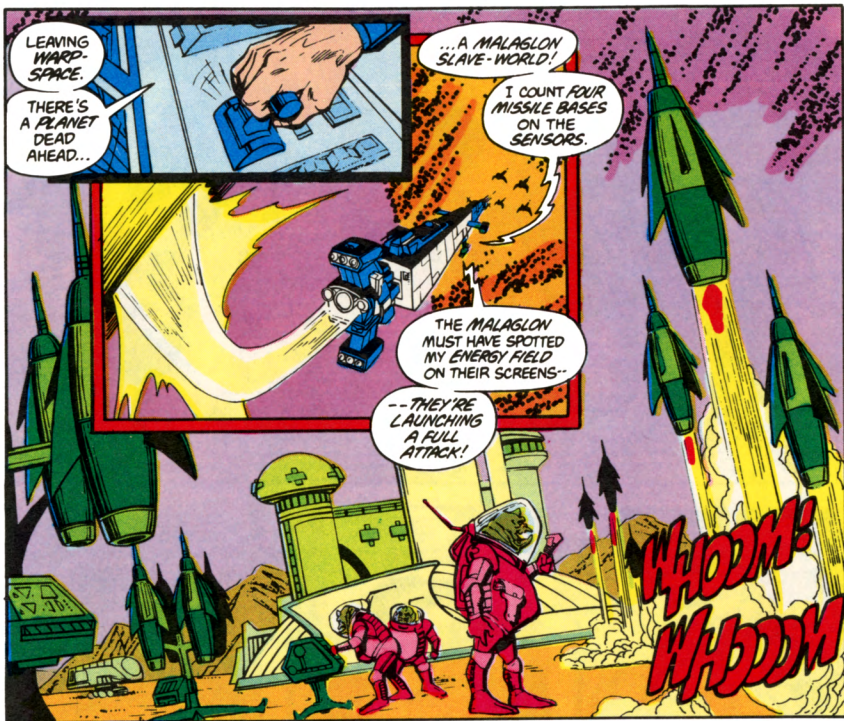
FROM THE BATTLE-SCARRED GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, TWO FANTASTIC CRAFT RISE SPACEWARD, BORNE ON PILLARS OF INVISIBLE FIRE.

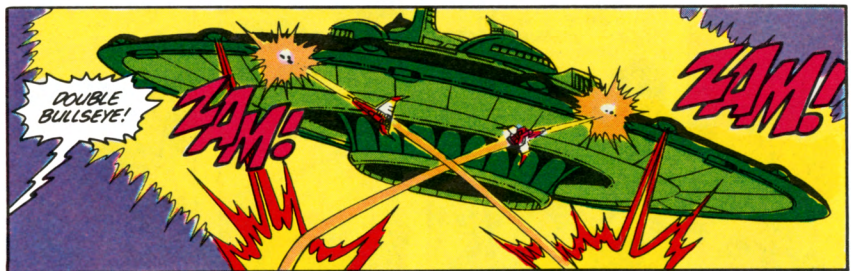
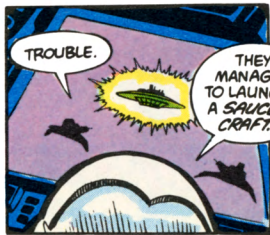
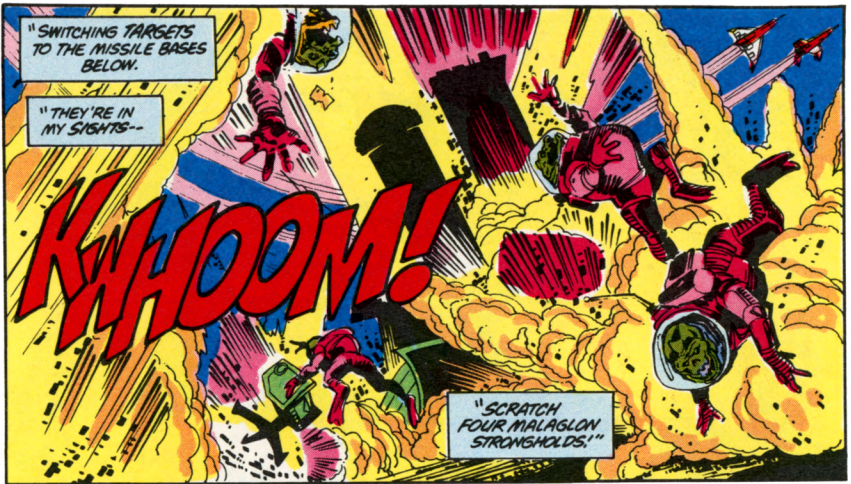
THE FIRST BRISTLES WITH WEAPONRY, FOR THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, MOST ADVANCED WARCRAFT EVER TO LEAVE EARTH'S ORBIT.

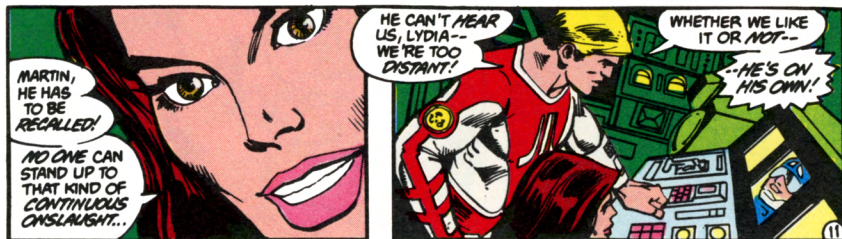
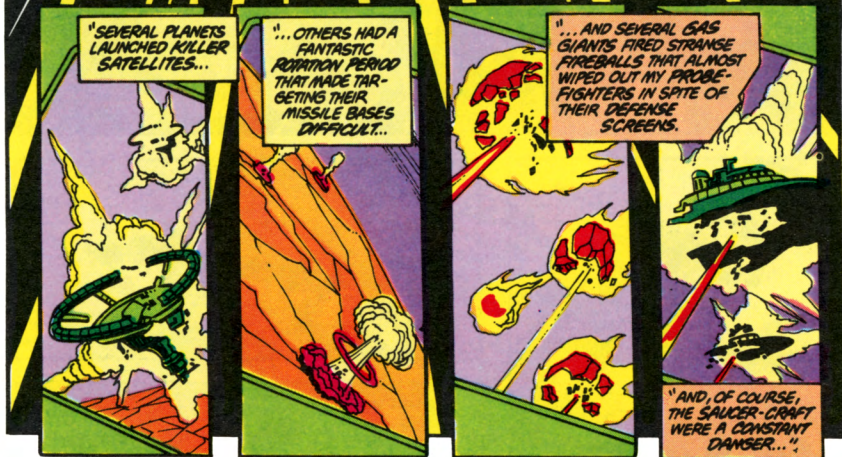
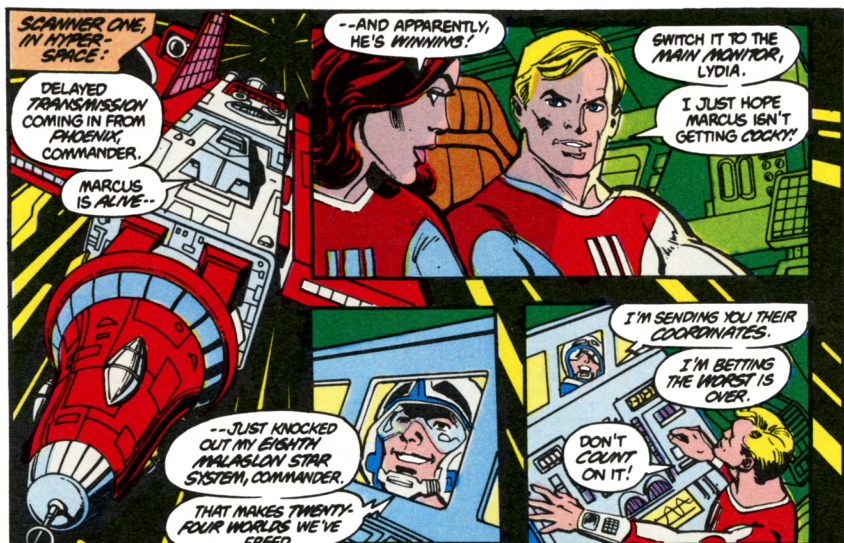
THE SECOND, SMALLER, IS *SCANNER ONE*, SCOUT SHIP OF THE *ATARI FORCE*, UNDER THE CONTROL OF *COMMANDER CHAMPION* AND *MASTER PILOT PEREE*.

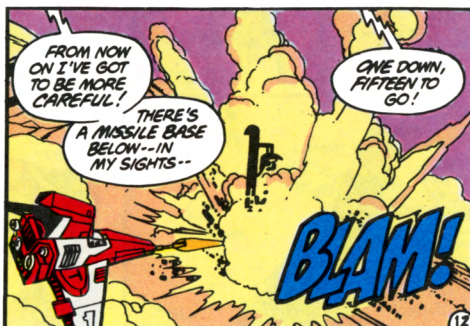
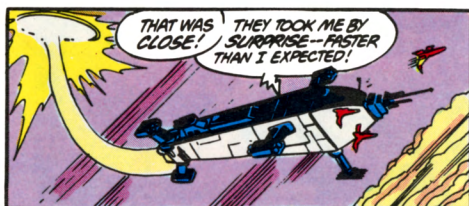
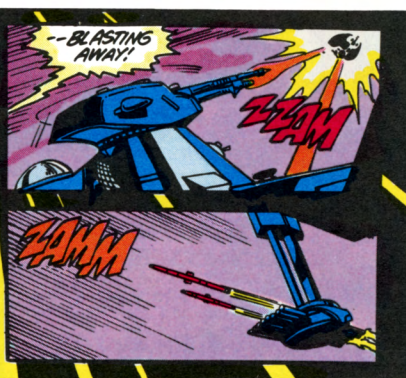
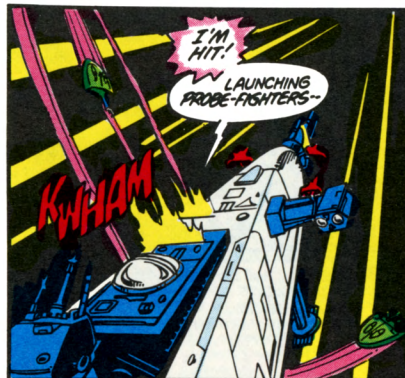
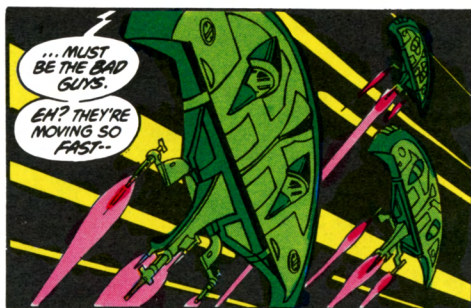


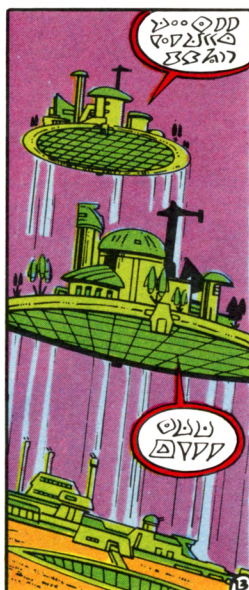
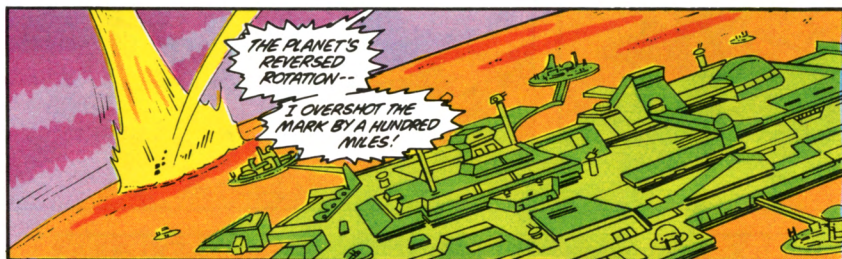
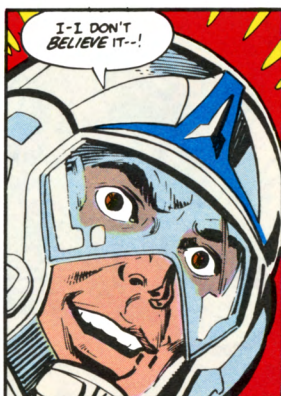
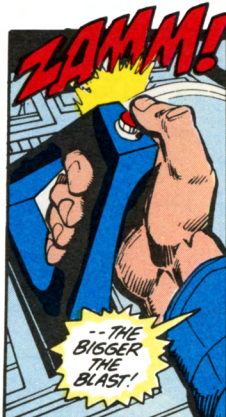
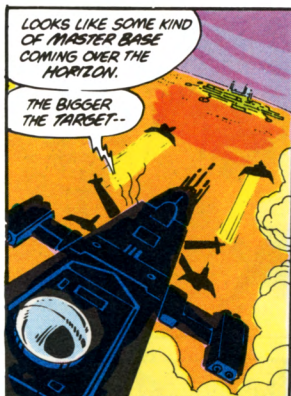


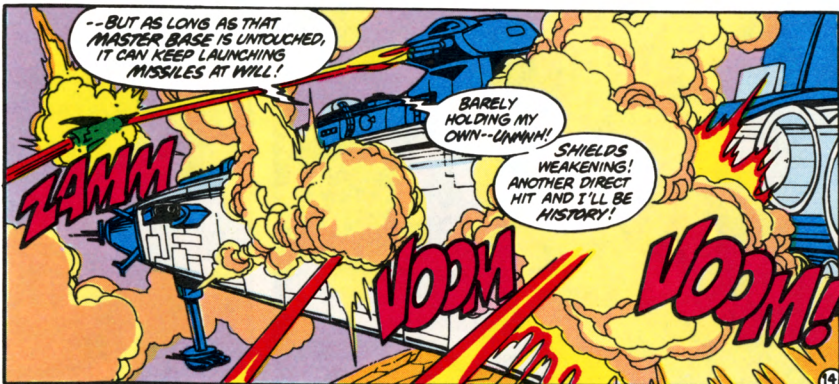
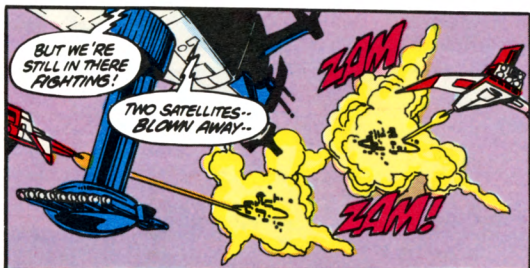
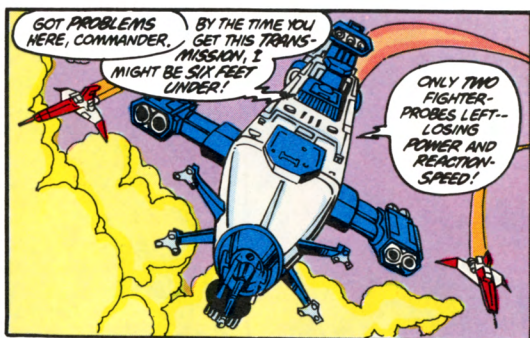


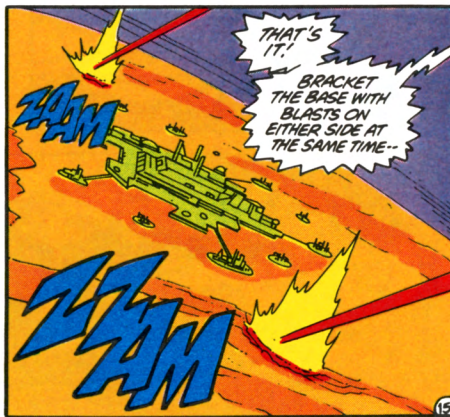
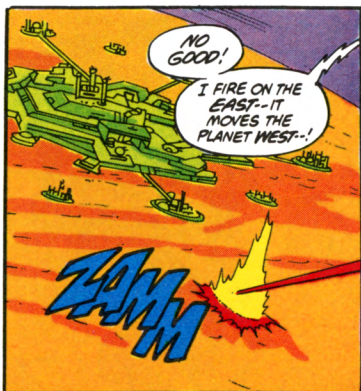
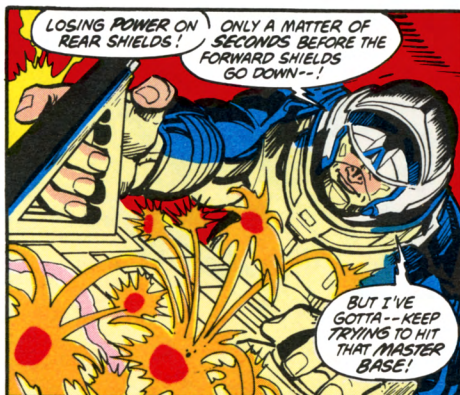


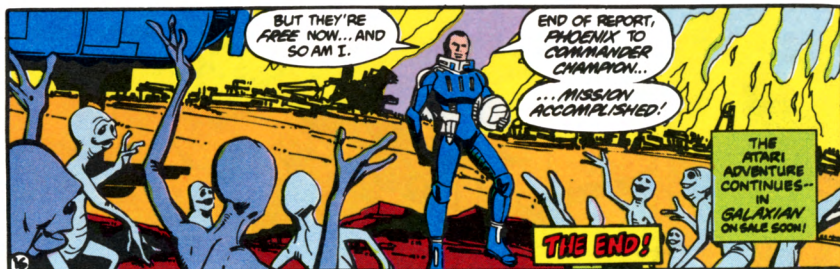
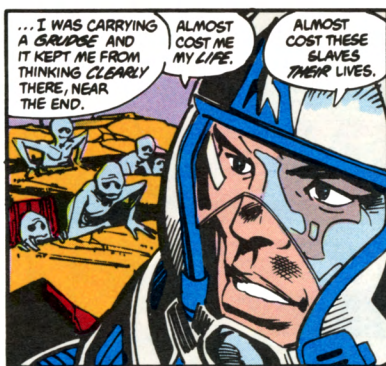















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