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# ATARI FORCE







# ATARI FORCE



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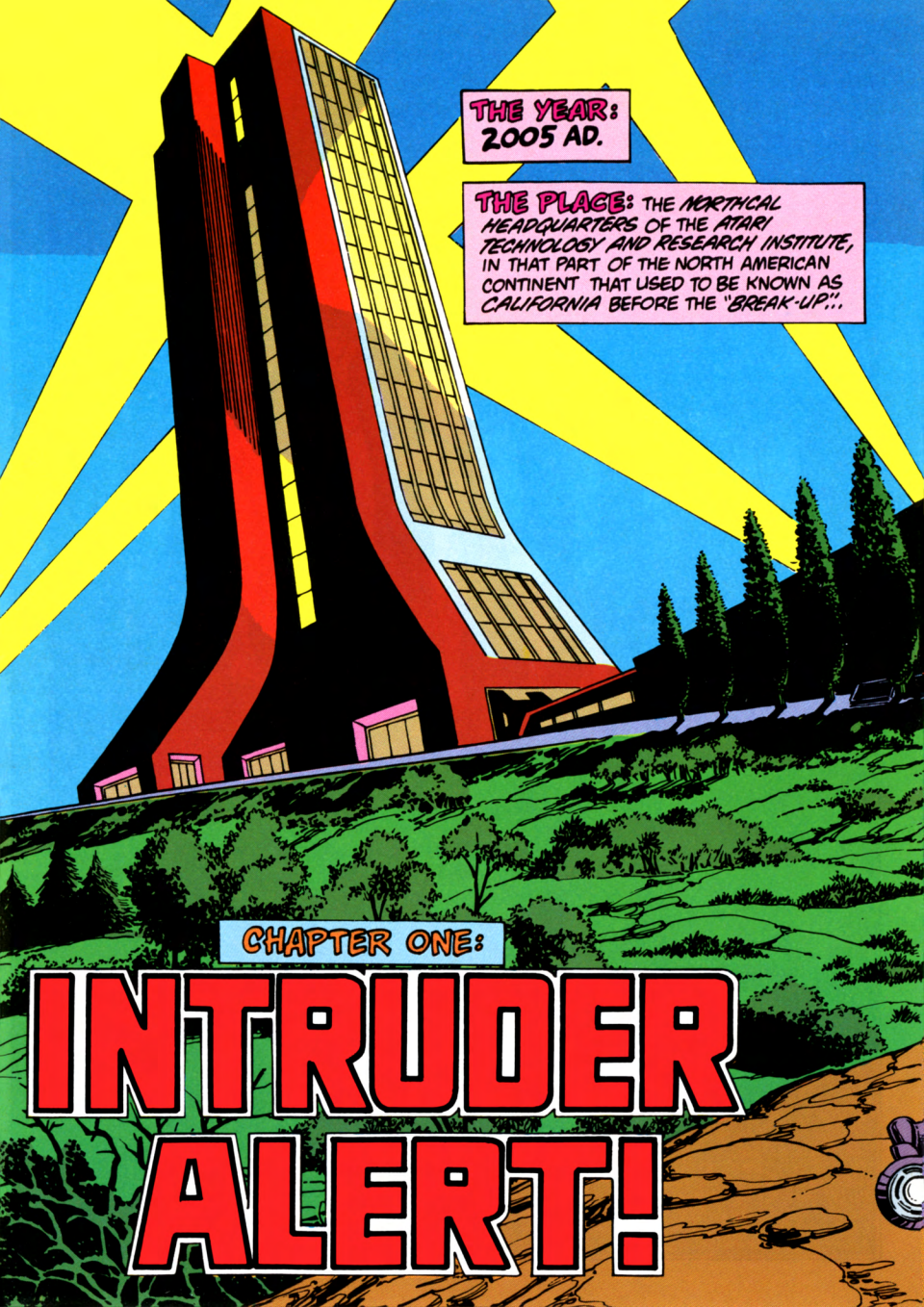
DICK GIORDANO

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**THE YEAR:**  
2005 AD.

**THE PLACE:** THE *NORTHCAL*  
HEADQUARTERS OF THE *ATARI*  
TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE,  
IN THAT PART OF THE NORTH AMERICAN  
CONTINENT THAT USED TO BE KNOWN AS  
*CALIFORNIA* BEFORE THE 'BREAK-UP'.

**CHAPTER ONE:**

# INTRUDER ALERT!



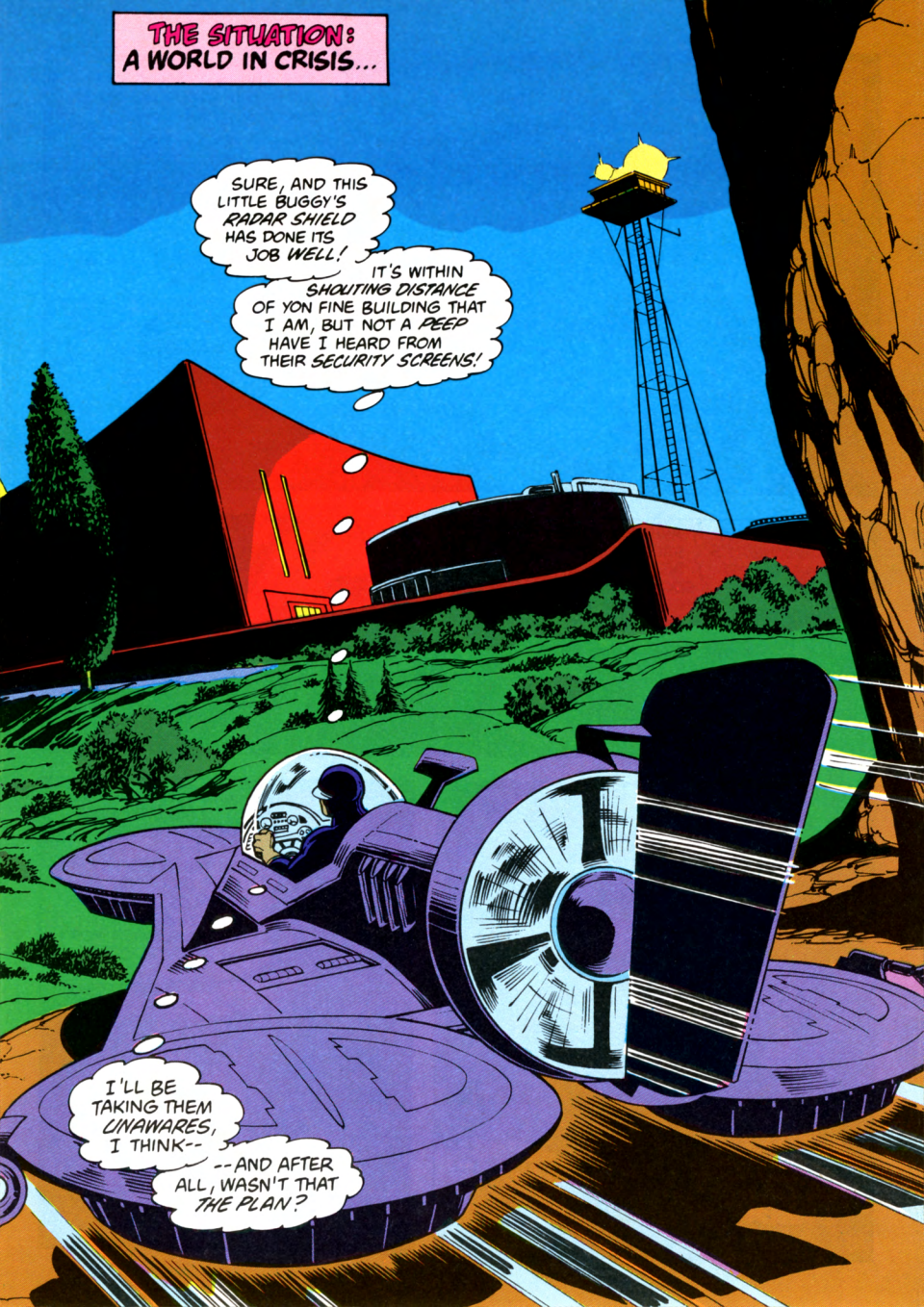
**THE SITUATION:  
A WORLD IN CRISIS...**

SURE, AND THIS  
LITTLE BUGGY'S  
RADAR SHIELD  
HAS DONE ITS  
JOB WELL!

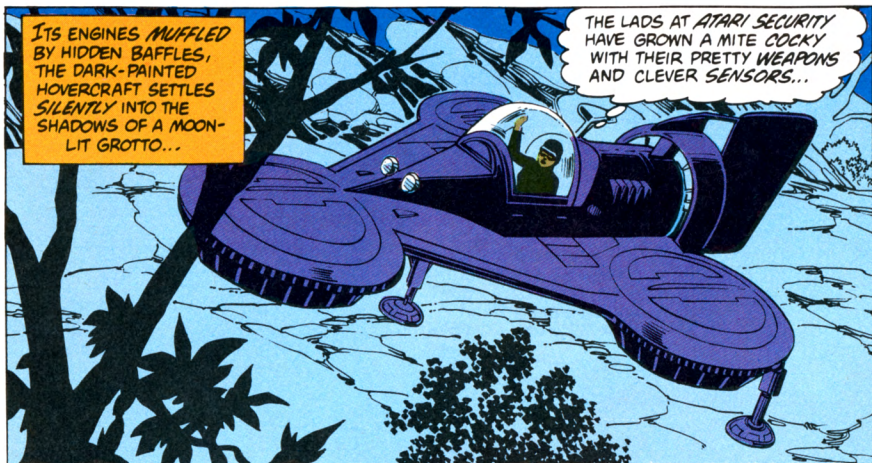
IT'S WITHIN  
SHOUTING DISTANCE  
OF YON FINE BUILDING THAT  
I AM, BUT NOT A PEEP  
HAVE I HEARD FROM  
THEIR SECURITY SCREENS!

I'LL BE  
TAKING THEM  
UNAWARES,  
I THINK--

--AND AFTER  
ALL, WASN'T THAT  
THE PLAN?







ITS ENGINES MUFFLED BY HIDDEN BAFFLES, THE DARK-PAINTED HOVERCRAFT SETTLES SILENTLY INTO THE SHADOWS OF A MOON-LIT GROTTA...

THE LADS AT ATARI SECURITY HAVE GROWN A MITE COCKY WITH THEIR PRETTY WEAPONS AND CLEVER SENSORS...



...AND TONIGHT, I'M THINKING, IT'S GOING TO COST THEM DEAR.

AHH, BUT IT'S A SAD THING THAT THEY'VE SO SOON FORGOTTEN THE LESSONS OF THE FIVE DAY WAR!



ALMOST, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE MY HEART BLEED.

SURE, IT'S A RUDE AWAKENING THAT AWAITS THEM.

I THINK I'LL LET THEM SLEEP A WHILE LONGER.



AND THERE THEY BE, LIKE DREAMING BABES.

WITH THE IMAGE INTENSIFIER BUILT INTO MY GOGGLES, I'M SEEING THEM CLEAR AS A BRIGHT SUMMER MORN IN COUNTY KERRY...



"... AND THE POOR DARLINGS DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE BEING WATCHED."

DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET USED TO THE SOUND OF THAT FORCE FIELD.

BLASTED THING MAKES MY TEETH ACHE.

ULTRA-FREQUENCY SONICS... THEY'RE A KILLER, ALL RIGHT.

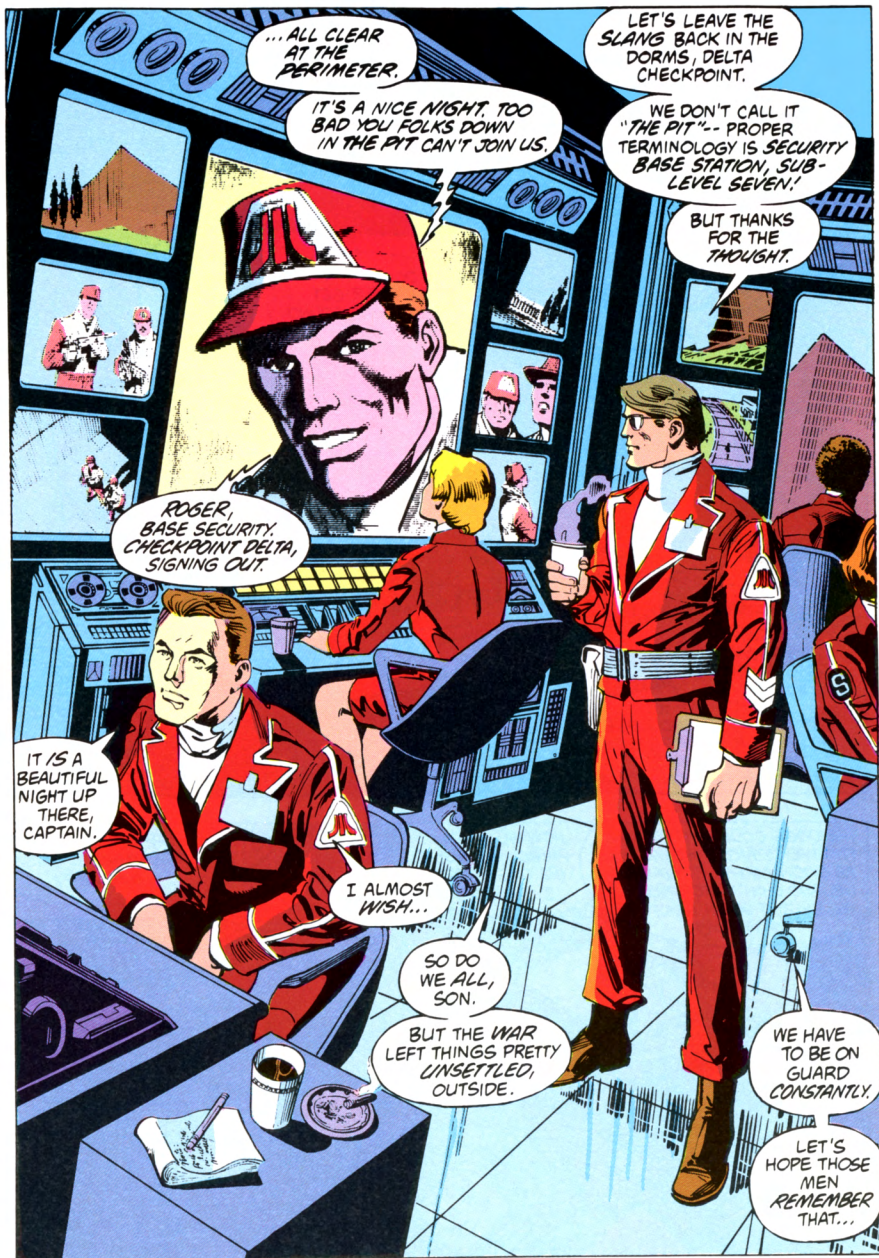
YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE GUARD-DOGS, THE NIGHT WE FIRST TURNED IT ON.

THE DOGS COULDN'T STAND IT-- THEY STARTED HOWLING AS SOON AS THE FIELD WENT UP, AND DIDN'T STOP TILL WE SHUT IT DOWN NEXT MORNING.

NOW WE WALK PATROL WITHOUT THE DOGS... AND I MISS 'EM.

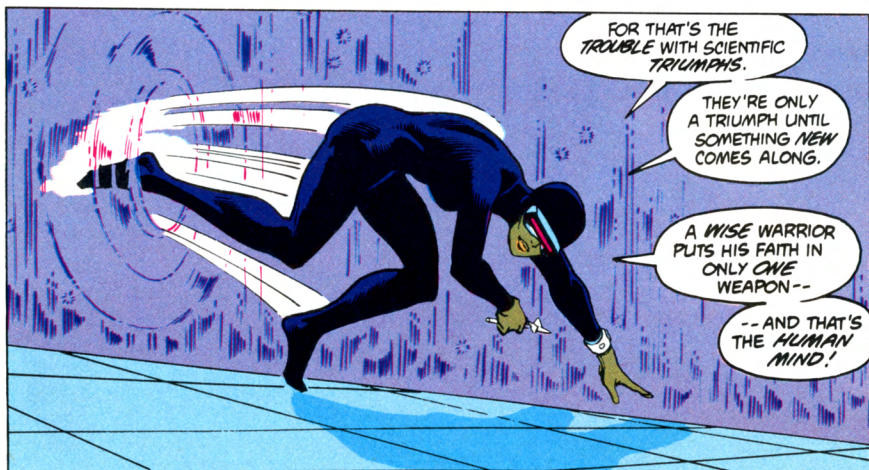
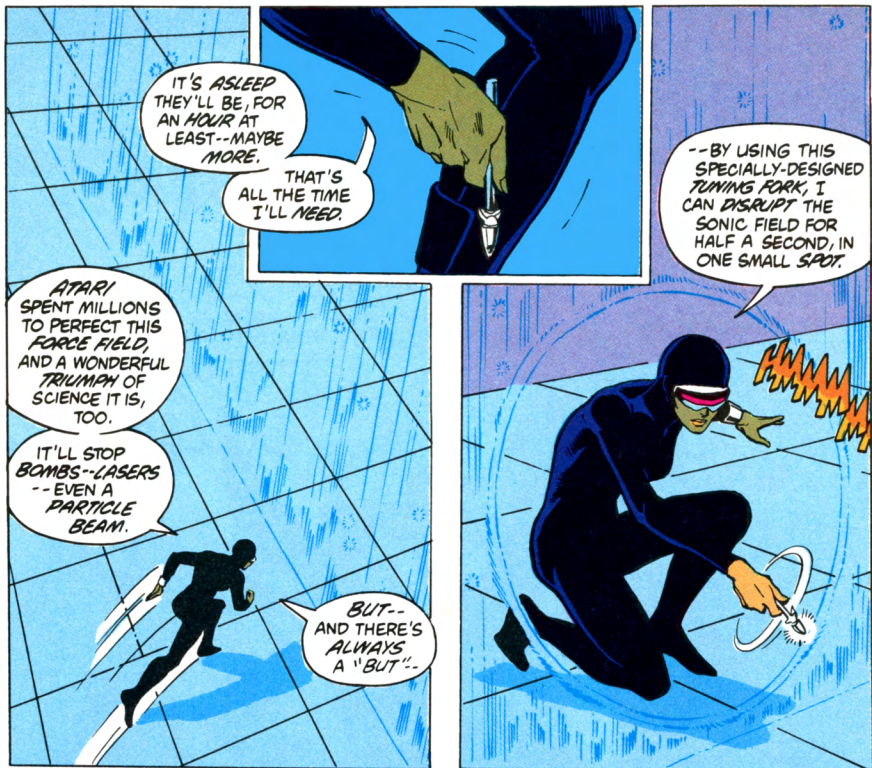
CHECKPOINT DELTA REPORTING TO BASE SECURITY...













IN "THE PIT" (OR, IF YOU PREFER,  
SECURITY BASE STATION, SUB-  
LEVEL SEVEN)...

**BEEP BEEP**

CAPTAIN--  
WE'VE GOT A  
FIELD BREAK  
AT CHECKPOINT  
DELTA!

NO...NO, THAT'S  
FUNNY...

PROBABLY JUST A  
MOMENTARY POWER  
SURGE.

SENSORS SHOW  
THE BREAK  
CLOSED BY  
ITSELF.

KEEP AN EYE OPEN  
TO SEE IF IT  
REPEATS.

NO ALARMS...  
NO EXTRA GUARDS  
ON THE PROWL....!

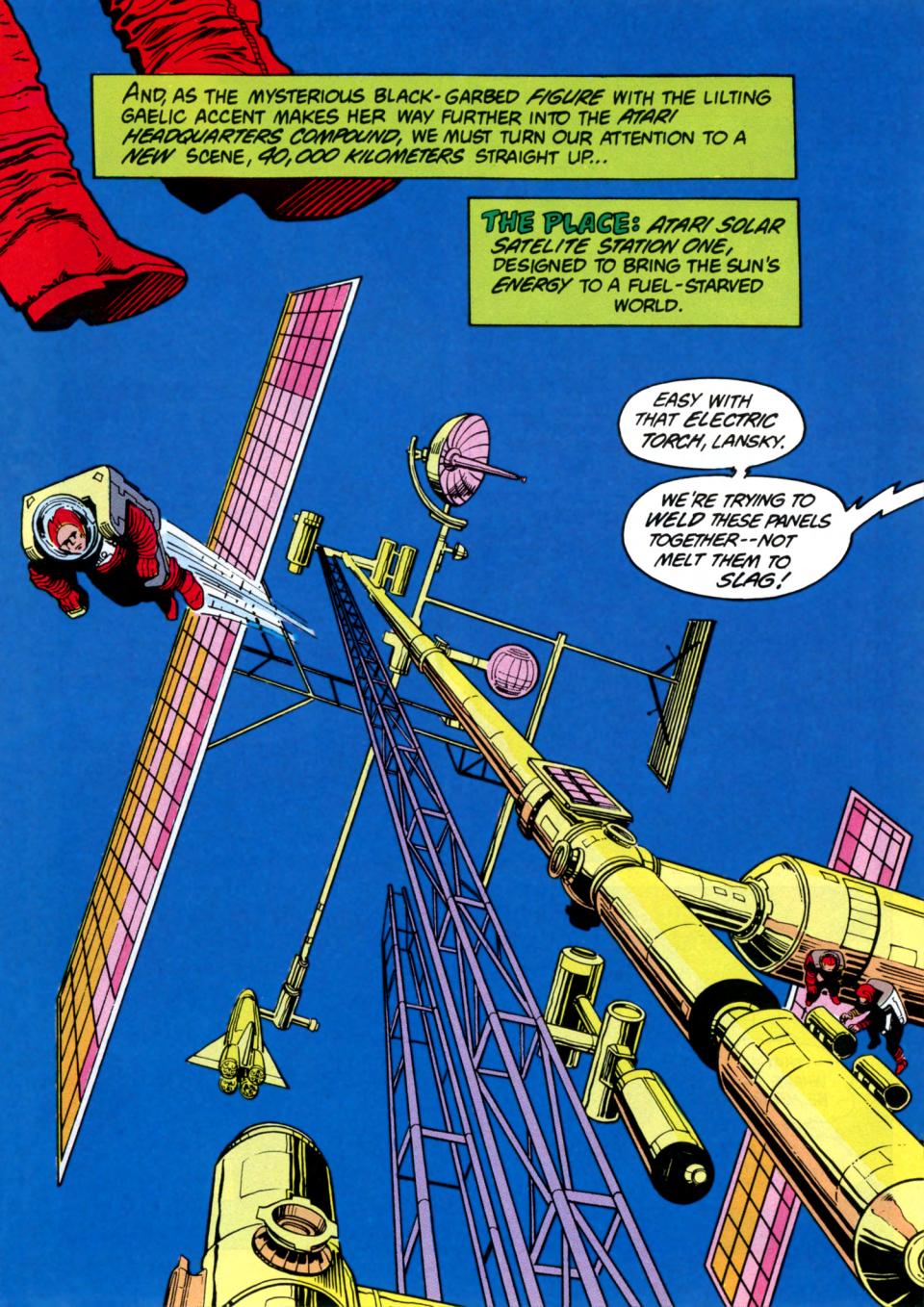
I'D CALL IT THE  
LUCK OF THE IRISH--  
BUT I'M NOT A  
WOMAN TO BELIEVE  
IN LUCK!

NOW IT'S TIME  
TO BE TAKING THE  
NEXT STEP.

FOR WEEKS, THERE'VE  
BEEN RUMORS OF A  
TOP SECRET OPERATION  
CALLED PROJECT MULTIVERSE  
A'WORKING DOWN IN  
SUB-LEVEL SEVENTEEN.

THAT'S  
WHERE I'LL  
BE HEADING...

...AND PITY  
ANYONE WHO TRIES  
TO STOP ME!



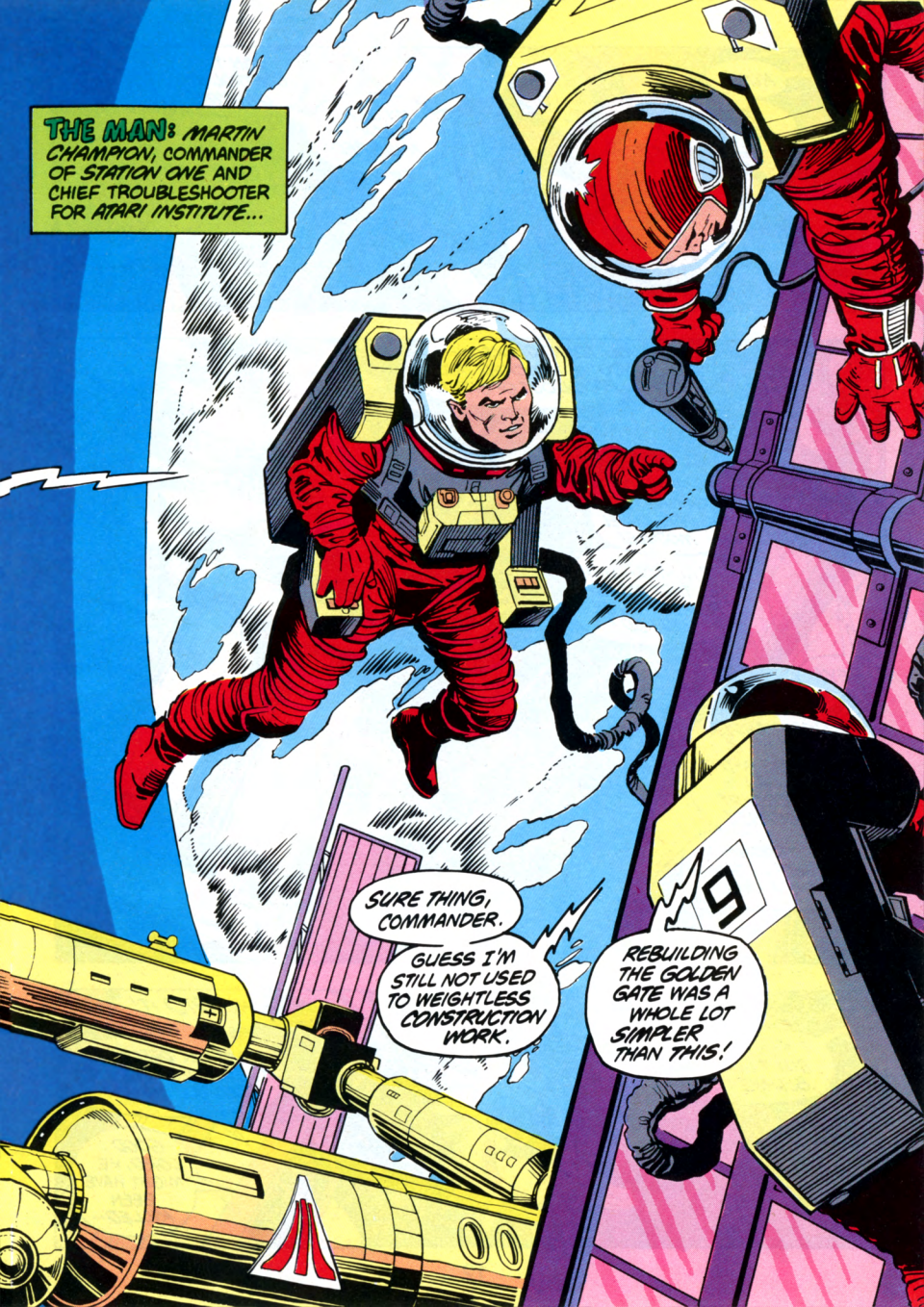
AND, AS THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK-GARBED FIGURE WITH THE LILTING GAELIC ACCENT MAKES HER WAY FURTHER INTO THE ATARI HEADQUARTERS COMPOUND, WE MUST TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A NEW SCENE, 90,000 KILOMETERS STRAIGHT UP..

**THE PLACE:** ATARI SOLAR SATELLITE STATION ONE, DESIGNED TO BRING THE SUN'S ENERGY TO A FUEL-STARVED WORLD.

EASY WITH THAT ELECTRIC TORCH, LANSKY.

WE'RE TRYING TO WELD THESE PANELS TOGETHER--NOT MELT THEM TO SLAG!





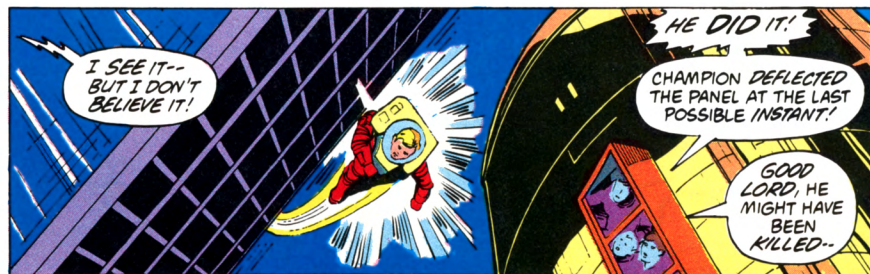
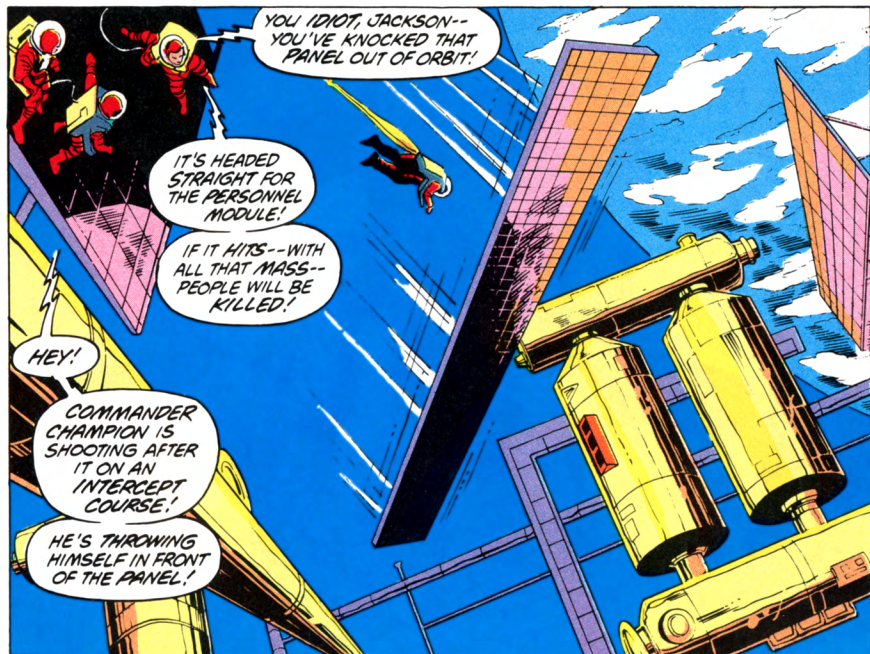
**THE MAN:** MARTIN  
CHAMPION, COMMANDER  
OF STATION ONE AND  
CHIEF TROUBLESHOOTER  
FOR ATARI INSTITUTE...

SURE THING,  
COMMANDER.

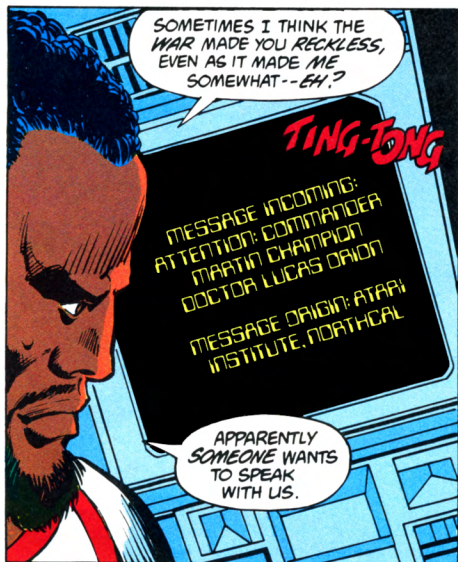
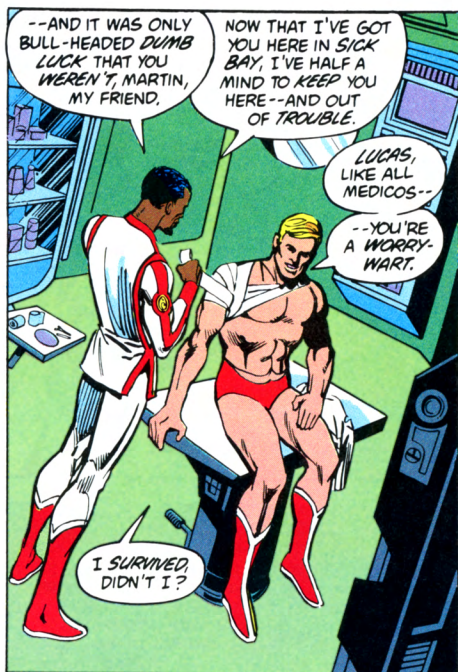
GUESS I'M  
STILL NOT USED  
TO WEIGHTLESS  
CONSTRUCTION  
WORK.

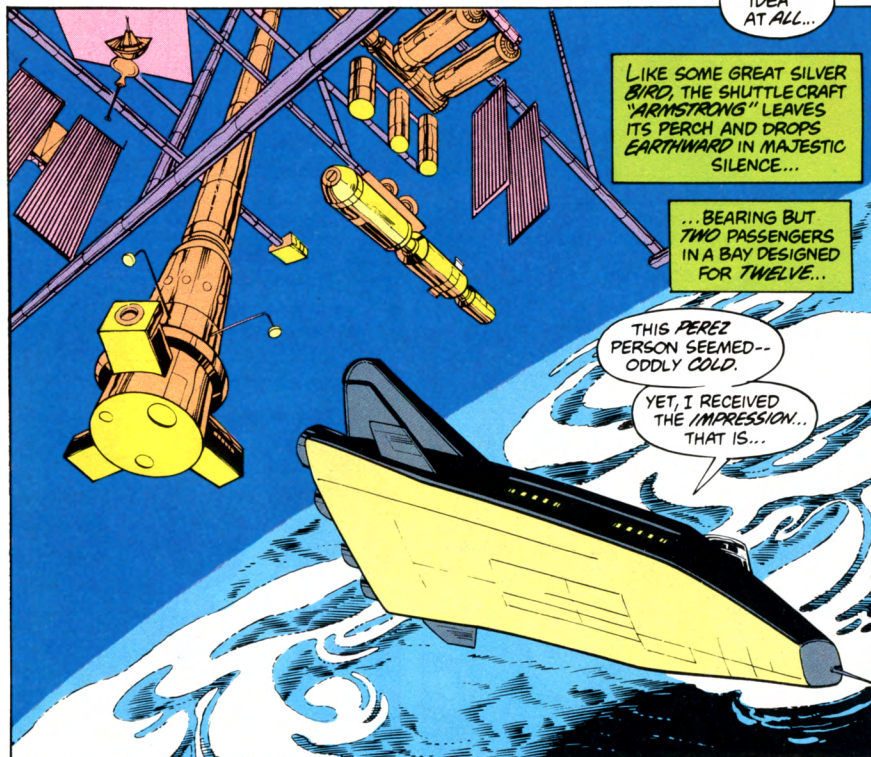
REBUILDING  
THE GOLDEN  
GATE WAS A  
WHOLE LOT  
SIMPLER  
THAN THIS!















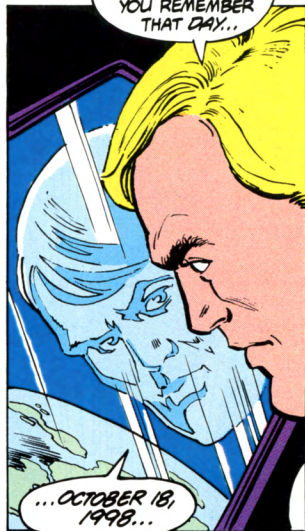
...IT SEEMED  
AS IF THE TWO OF  
YOU *KNEW*  
EACH OTHER.

IS SHE A FRIEND  
OF YOURS, MARTIN?

I ALWAYS THOUGHT  
SO, LUCAS... BUT NOW,  
I'M NOT SO SURE.

IT'S BEEN  
YEARS SINCE  
I SAW HER.

WE MET SEVEN  
YEARS AGO, HERE  
IN EARTH-ORBIT.  
YOU REMEMBER  
THAT DAY...



...OCTOBER 18,  
1998...



"...THE DAY ALL  
HELL BROKE  
LOOSE ON THE  
MOON!"

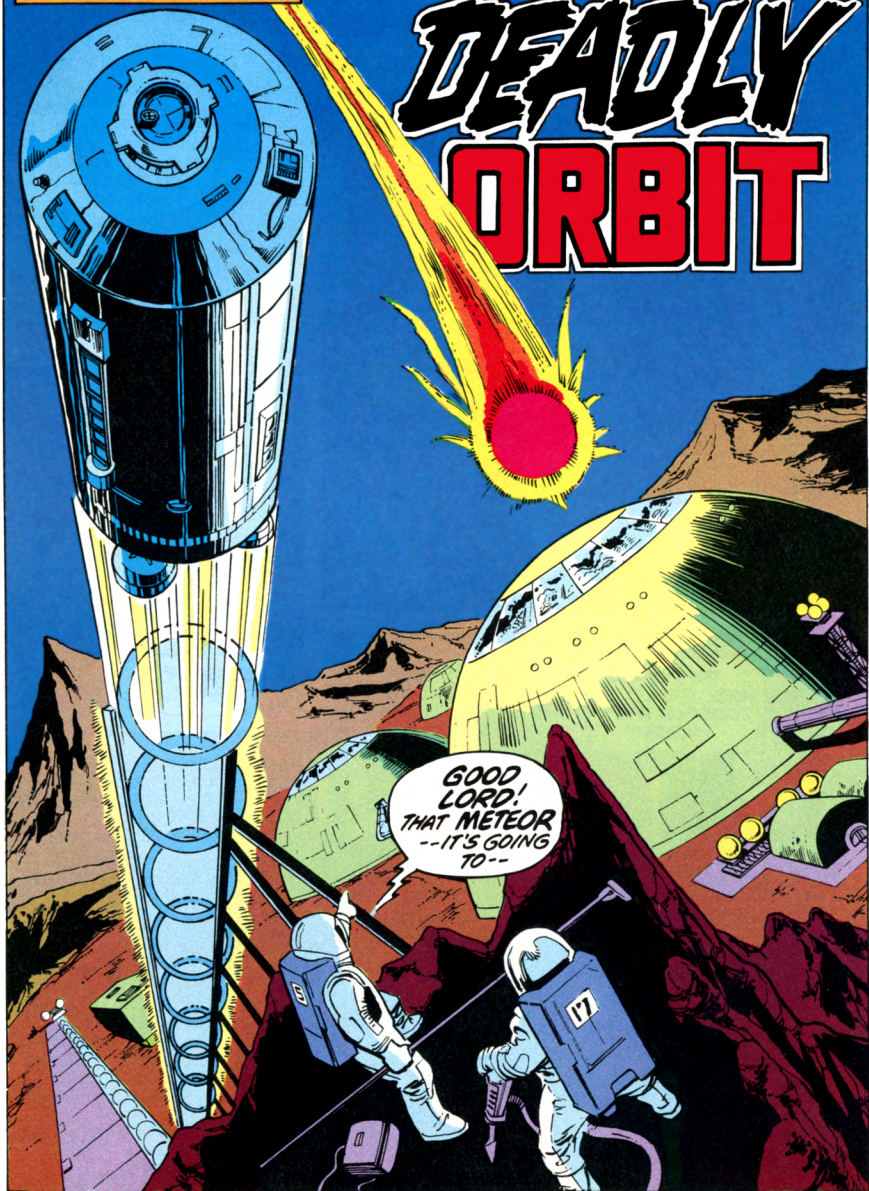
"NASA--REMEMBER  
NASA?--HAD ESTAB-  
LISHED THE FIRST LUNAR  
COLONY SIX MONTHS  
BEFORE, AND USING A  
MASS ACCELERATOR,  
THE COLONY WAS JUST STARTING  
TO EXPORT BUILDING MATERIALS  
TO NEAR-EARTH ORBIT..."

"IT WAS A PRIMITIVE LITTLE  
COLONY, NO MORE THAN TWO  
DOZEN PERSONNEL ON SITE...  
BUT IT WAS THRIVING..."

"...AND SOMEONE AMONG  
OUR ENEMIES DECIDED IT  
WAS THRIVING TOO WELL..."

CHAPTER TWO:

# DEADLY ORBIT

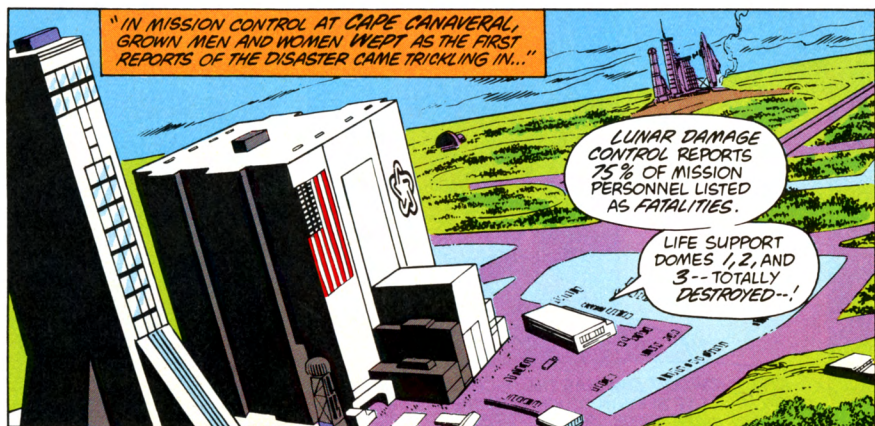






"IT TOOK NASA SIX MONTHS OF BACK-BREAKING EFFORT TO ESTABLISH MAN'S FIRST TENTATIVE FOOTHOLD ON THE MOON.

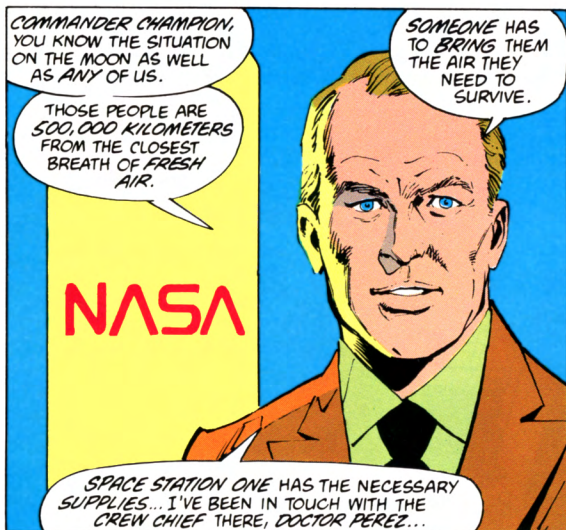
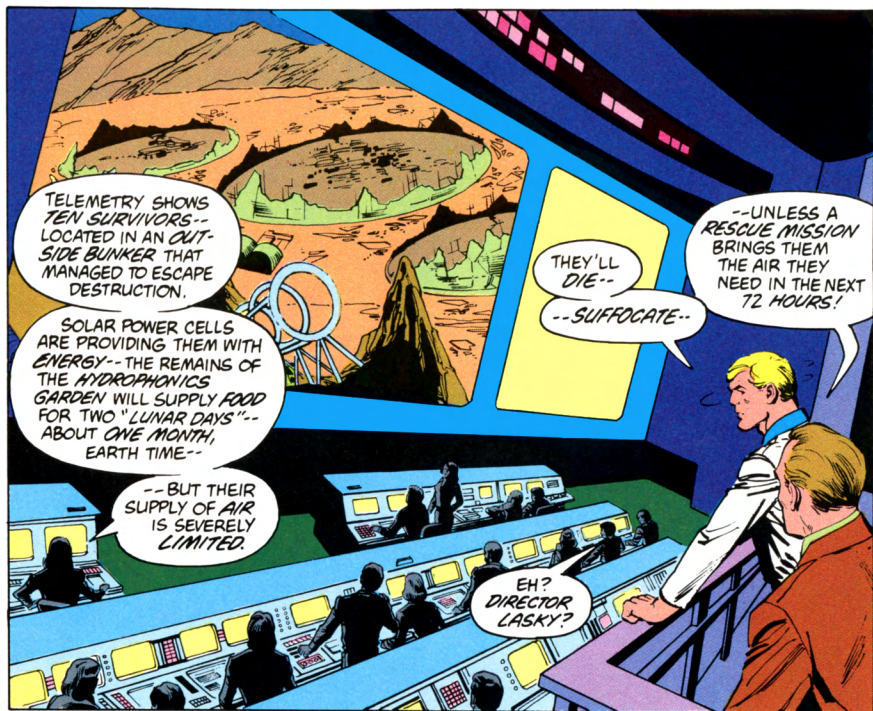
"AND IT TOOK SOMEONE ELSE JUST SIX SECONDS TO KNOCK THAT FOOTHOLD LOOSE."



"IN MISSION CONTROL AT CAPE CANAVERAL, GROWN MEN AND WOMEN WEEPED AS THE FIRST REPORTS OF THE DISASTER CAME TRICKLING IN..."

LUNAR DAMAGE CONTROL REPORTS 75% OF MISSION PERSONNEL LISTED AS FATALITIES.

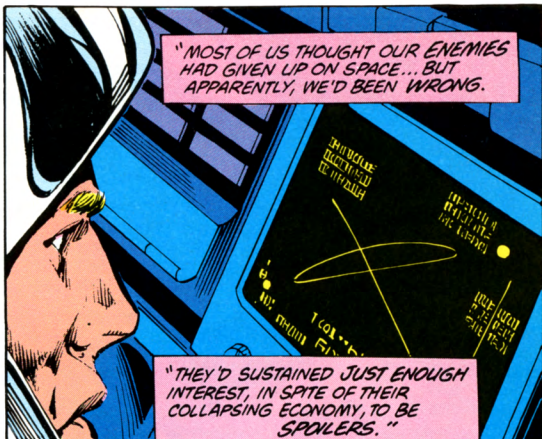
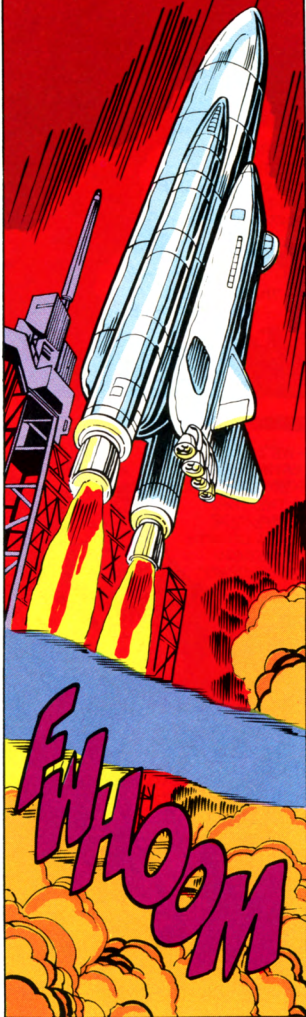
LIFE SUPPORT DOMES 1, 2, AND 3-- TOTALLY DESTROYED--!





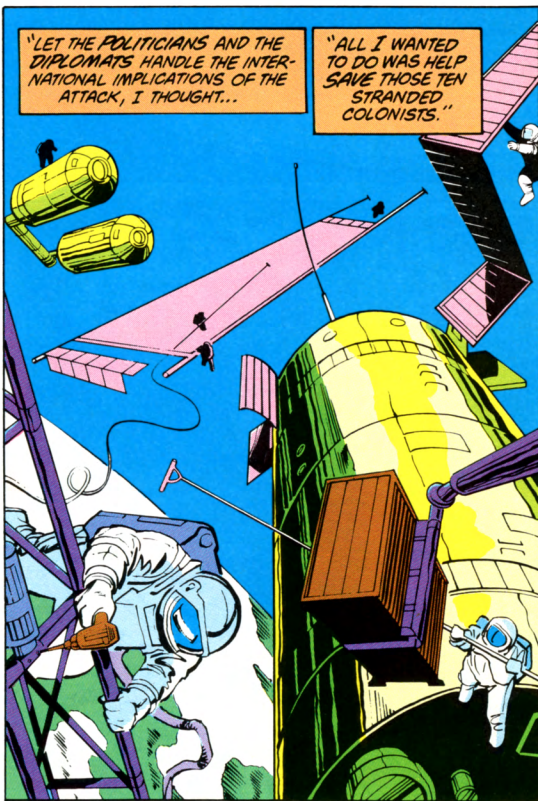
"'EXPERIENCE' IS RELATIVE. I'D BEEN TO THE MOON **FOUR TIMES** SINCE THE U.S. SPACE PROGRAM STARTED UP AGAIN, **FULL BORE**, IN THE MIDDLE 1990S...

"...BUT **NOBODY ELSE** HAD COMMANDED A LUNAR MISSION MORE THAN **TWICE**."



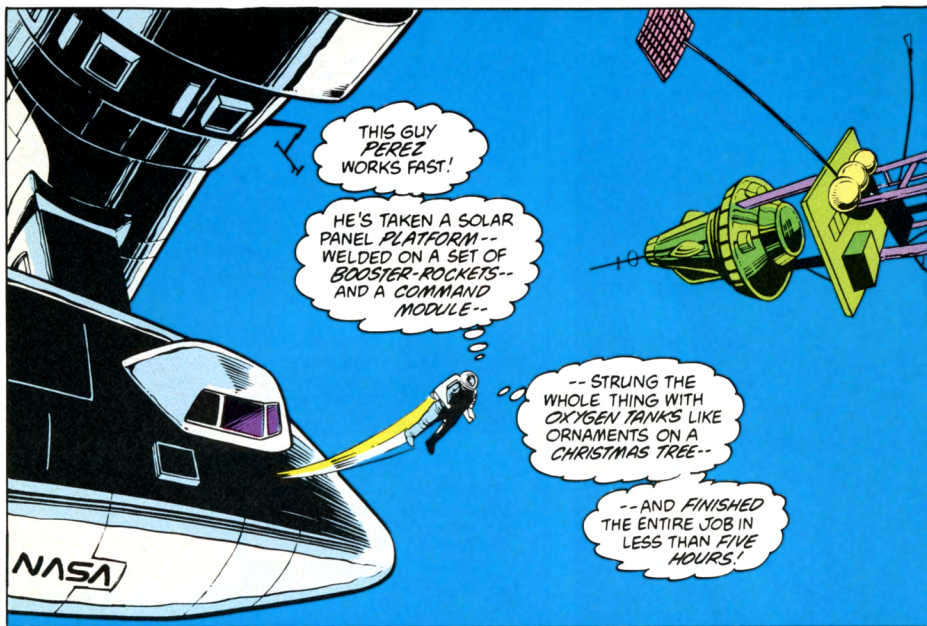
"MOST OF US THOUGHT OUR ENEMIES HAD GIVEN UP ON SPACE... BUT APPARENTLY, WE'D BEEN **WRONG**."

"THEY'D SUSTAINED JUST ENOUGH INTEREST, IN SPITE OF THEIR COLLAPSING ECONOMY, TO BE **SPOILERS**."



"LET THE **POLITICIANS** AND THE **DIPLOMATS** HANDLE THE INTERNATIONAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE ATTACK, I THOUGHT..."

"ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS HELP **SAVE THOSE TEN STRANDED COLONISTS**."

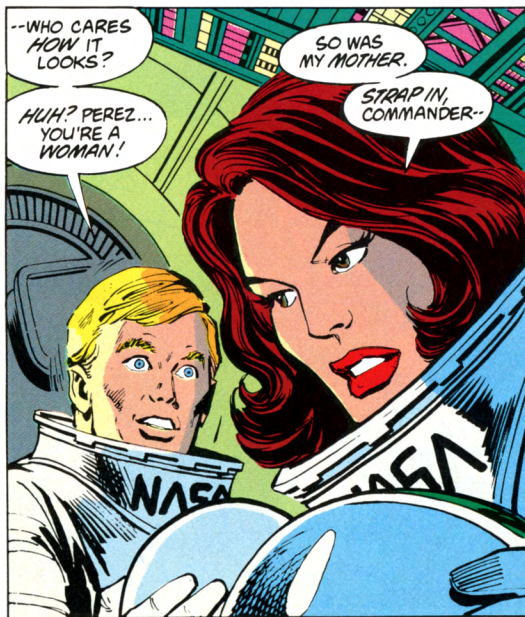


THIS GUY  
**PEREZ**  
WORKS FAST!

HE'S TAKEN A SOLAR  
PANEL PLATFORM--  
WELDED ON A SET OF  
BOOSTER-ROCKETS--  
AND A COMMAND  
MODULE--

-- STRUNG THE  
WHOLE THING WITH  
OXYGEN TANKS LIKE  
ORNAMENTS ON A  
CHRISTMAS TREE--

-- AND FINISHED  
THE ENTIRE JOB IN  
LESS THAN FIVE  
HOURS!



--WHO CARES  
HOW IT  
LOOKS?

HUH? PEREZ...  
YOU'RE A  
WOMAN!

SO WAS  
MY MOTHER.

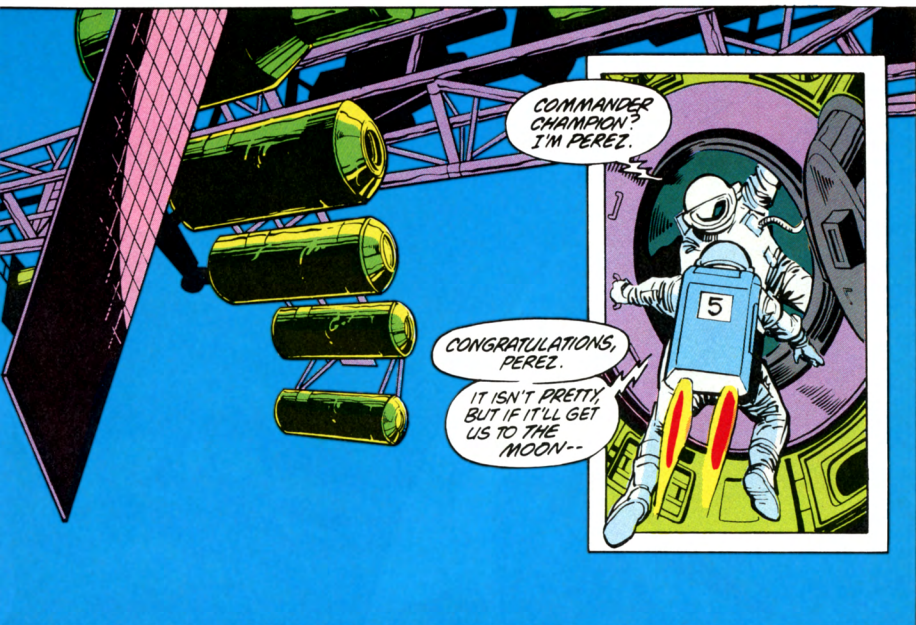
STRAP IN,  
COMMANDER--



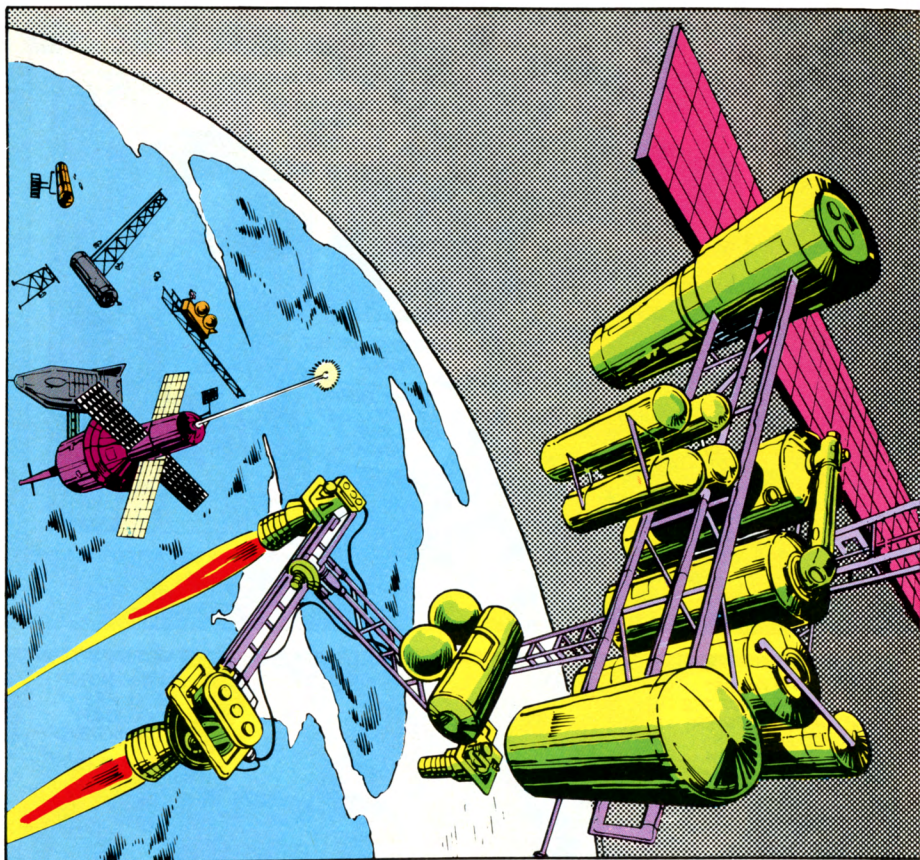
LOOK, I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO--  
FORGET IT.

--WE'LL BE  
LEAVING EARTH  
ORBIT AS SOON  
AS THE NAV  
COMPUTER  
COMES UP WITH  
A MISSION  
TRAJECTORY.









YOU--YOU  
IDIOT!

YOU'VE DEPLETED  
OUR TANKS--WE'LL  
BARELY HAVE ENOUGH  
POWER FOR MID-COURSE  
CORRECTIONS!

HOW WILL  
WE GET  
BACK?

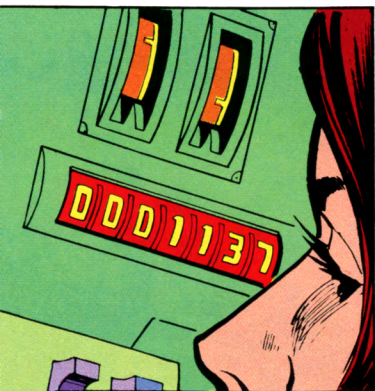
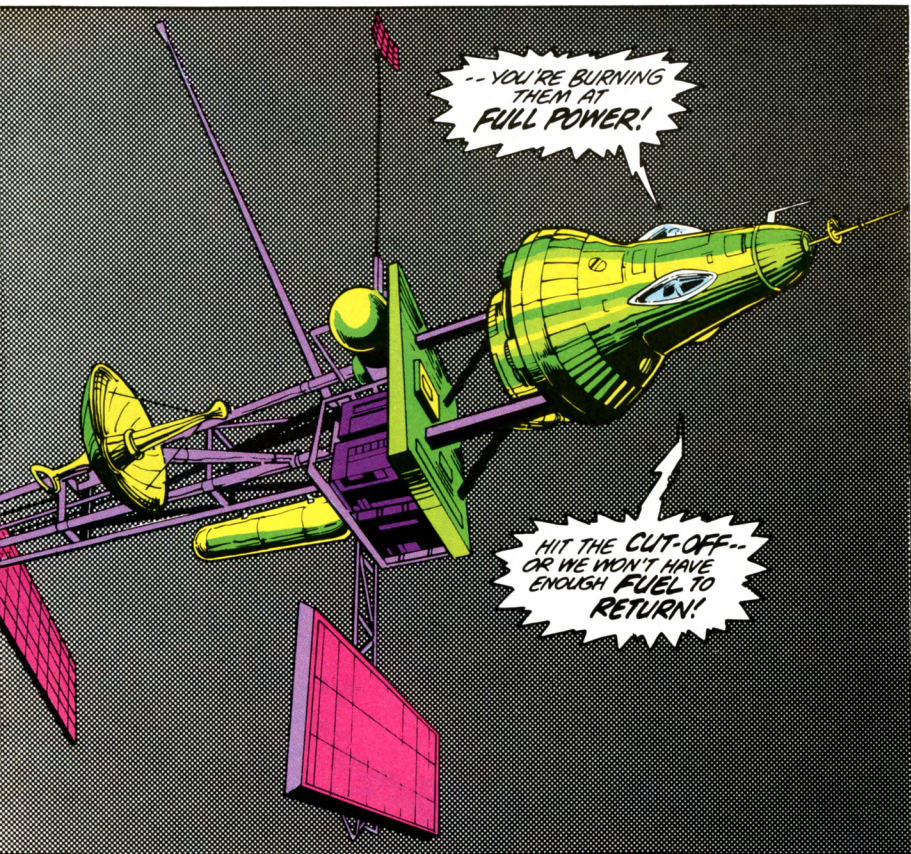
CALM  
DOWN,  
PEREZ...



...AND LOOK  
AT THE  
CHRONOMETER!

SIXTY-  
SEVEN  
HOURS...

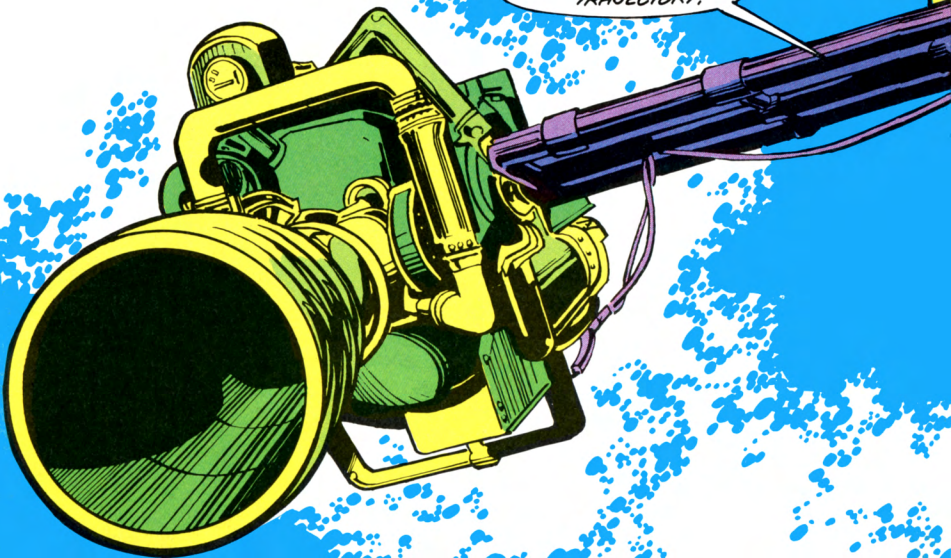




IF WE'RE EVEN A FEW  
SECONDS LATE, WE'VE LOST  
THE RACE AGAINST TIME--  
AND THOSE PEOPLE UP  
THERE WILL BE DEAD!

REMEMBER, PEREZ, I'VE  
"FLOWN" THIS ROUTE  
BEFORE--THE NAV  
COMPUTER CAN PLOT  
OUR COURSE AS EASILY  
IN FLIGHT AS BEFORE  
FLIGHT--

--AND RIGHT NOW,  
TIME IS MORE PRECIOUS  
THAN A PRE-PLANNED  
TRAJECTORY!



WE'LL USE THE  
MOON'S GRAVITY  
TO SLOW US  
DOWN.

MAYBE WE'LL  
HAVE A HARD  
LANDING--AND  
MAYBE WE'LL  
FAIL--

--BUT WE'LL  
HAVE GIVEN IT  
OUR BEST  
SHOT.

AND,  
PEREZ--

MY NAME IS  
MARTIN.





BUT, CHAMPION,  
WITHOUT THE NECESSARY  
*FUEL*--

--HOW CAN WE  
*BRAKE* OUR  
VELOCITY TO  
*LAND*?

...

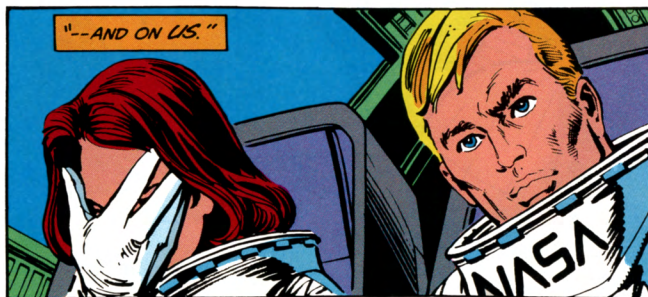
LYDIA.

APOLOGY  
ACCEPTED.

"MISSION CONTROL RELAYED REPORTS FROM THE COLONY...THINGS WERE GETTING BAD AS THE AIR TURNED FOUL.. FIGHTS BROKE OUT ...A MAN WENT SCREAMING MAD FROM CLAUSTROPHOBIA...AND EVERY HOUR THAT PASSED INCREASED THE PRESSURE ON THEM--



"--AND ON US."





"THEN, ON THE MORNING  
OF THE THIRD DAY, WE  
LOOKED THROUGH THE  
VIEWPORT--

"--AND THERE  
IT WAS."

"LUNAR RESCUE  
TEAM, THIS IS MISSION  
CONTROL. WE'VE JUST  
LOST RADIO CONTACT  
WITH LUNAR BASE."

"COMPUTER PROJECTIONS  
INDICATE--A 95%  
PROBABILITY--THAT IT'S  
ALL OVER."

"YOUR MISSION  
IS SCRUBBED.  
STAY IN LUNAR ORBIT  
UNTIL A PROPER  
RELIEF SHIP CAN--"

NEGATIVE,  
MISSION CONTROL

WE DIDN'T COME  
THIS FAR TO QUIT  
WITHOUT TRYING  
FOR A  
TOUCHDOWN!

"CHAMPION! THIS IS DIRECTOR LASKY! DON'T BE A FOOL--RISKING YOUR LIVES WHEN THERE'S SO LITTLE HOPE!"

"I'M ORDERING YOU TO--  
**SKWAARK!**"

SO MUCH FOR MISSION CONTROL.

WE CAN'T HEAR THEM AS WE SWING AROUND LUNAR DARKSIDE.

ANY RESERVATIONS, PEREZ?

NONE. YOU'RE PILOTING THIS JUNKPILE, CHAMPION.

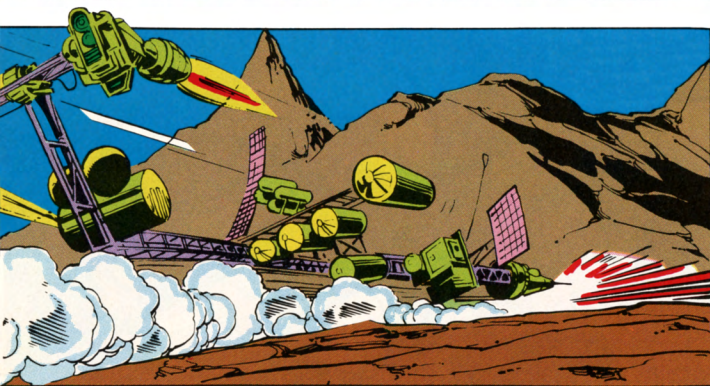
**GO FOR IT!**

"--IT WAS TIME TO BRING THAT BABY DOWN!"



"ONCE... TWICE... HALF A DOZEN  
TIMES, WE CIRCLED THE MOON,  
AND WITH EACH ORBIT WE DROPPED  
LOWER, SLOWING OUR DESCENT  
WITH A COMBINATION OF GRAVITY  
AND DYING RETRO-ROCKETS..."

"FINALLY, WE WERE  
TOO LOW TO MAKE  
ANOTHER ORBIT...  
AND, LIKE IT OR  
NOT--"



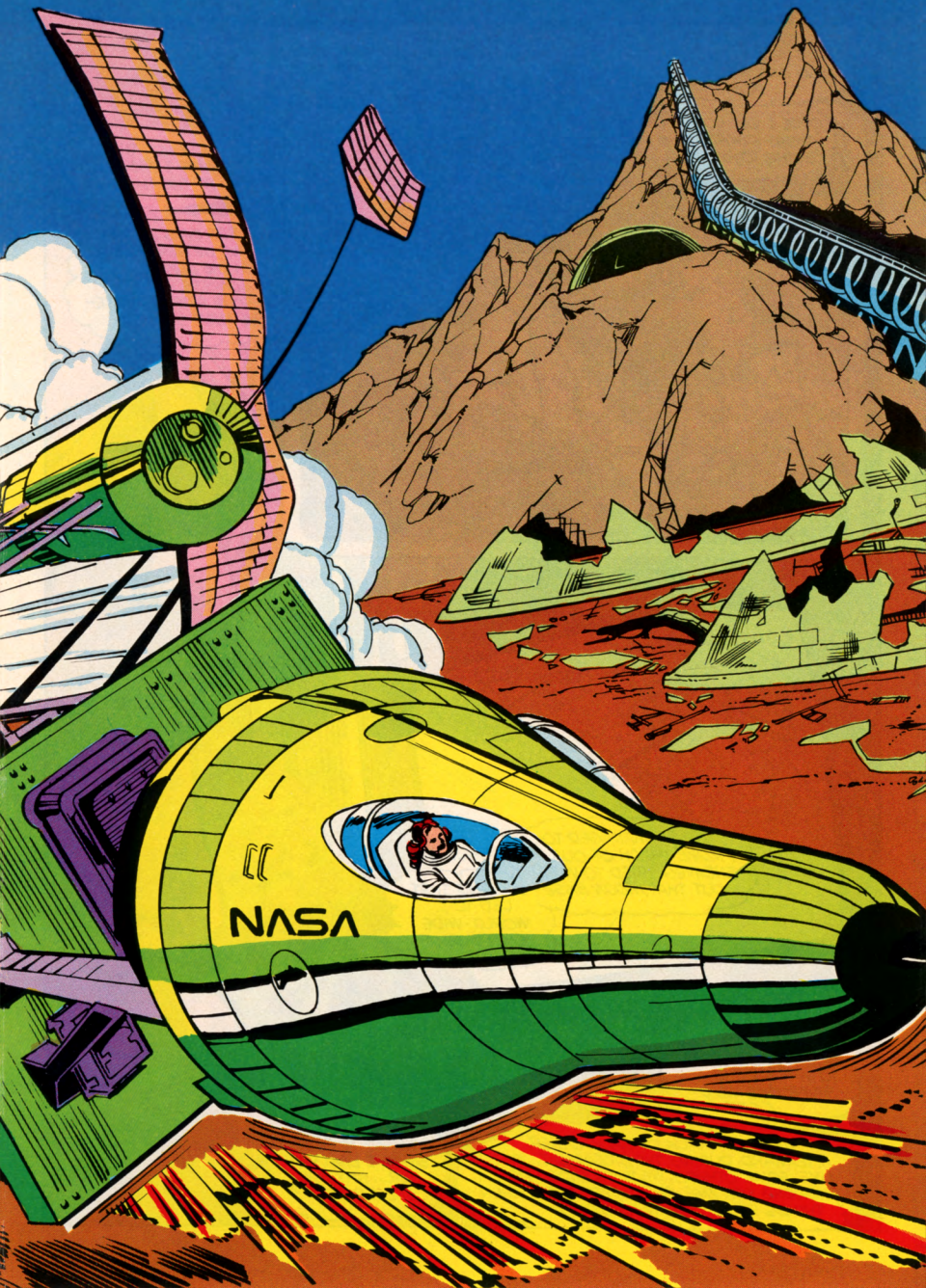


"I DON'T THINK  
MY HEART STOPPED--

"--BUT IT SURE  
AS HELL MISSED  
A BEAT!"









CHAMPION, YOU'RE CERTIFIABLE-- BUT YOU'RE ALSO ONE *HECK* OF A PILOT.

PEREZ, AS A *HERO* OF MINE ONCE SAID--

"THIS MAY BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP."

ONCE I GET LOOSE OF THESE STRAPS, I'M GOING TO *KISS* YOU.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I *THOUGHT* AT THE TIME.

A FEW DAYS LATER-- WHILE WE WERE WAITING WITH THE *LUNAR COLONISTS* FOR A RESCUE SHIP TO ARRIVE-- THE WAR STARTED.

NASA MANAGED TO PROVE WHICH OF OUR ENEMIES TRIED TO WIPE OUT THAT *MOON BASE*--

--AND THAT LED TO A WORLD-WIDE SHOOT-OUT!

THE *EARTH LYDIA* AND I CAME HOME TO WASN'T THE SAME ONE WE'D LEFT.

WE LOST TRACK OF EACH OTHER AFTERWARD, DURING THE *BREAK-UP*... AND LIKE SOME OTHERS, WE BOTH ENDED UP WORKING FOR THE *ATARI INSTITUTE*, WHEN THINGS FINALLY SETTLED DOWN.

IT'S BEEN SEVEN YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW HER... WHY WAS SHE SO COLD?



## CHAPTER THREE:

# FINAL APPROACH

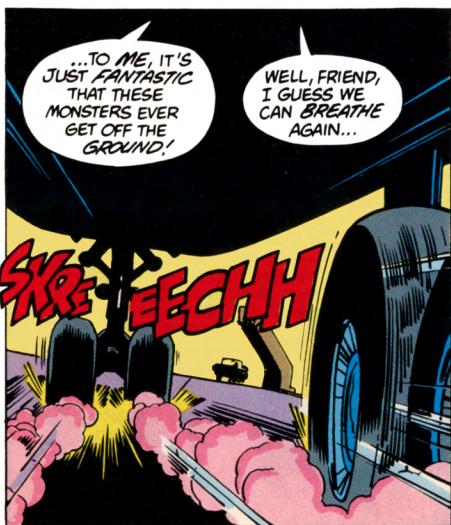
"ATARI CONTROL,  
WE'RE IN THE  
GLIDE PATH."

"ESTIMATED  
TOUCHDOWN AT  
2202:00:00."

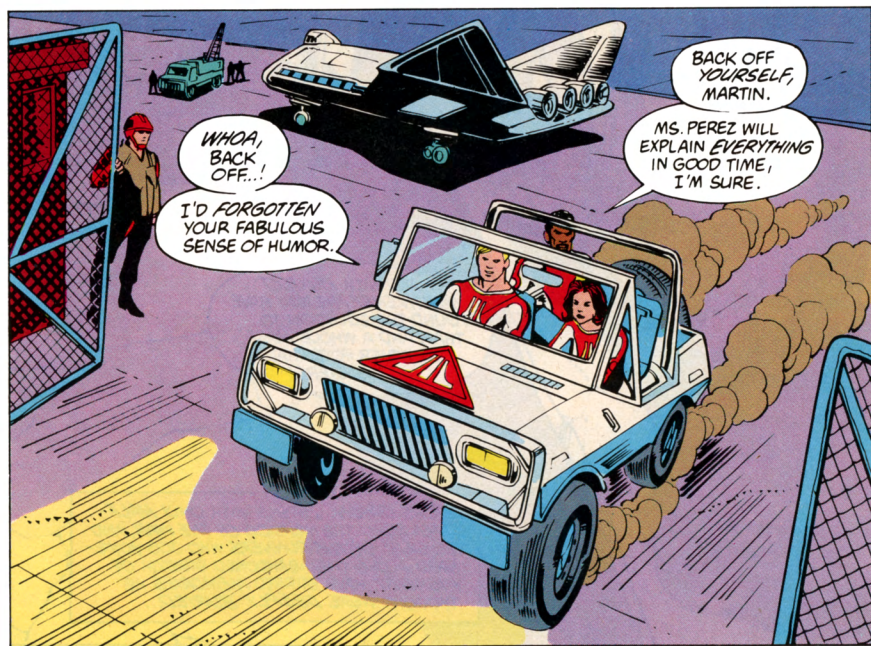
"ROGER,  
SHUTTLE EIGHT,  
YOU'RE RIGHT  
ON THE BUTTON."

"INFORM YOUR PASSENGERS  
THAT ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
PEREZ WILL BE ON THE PAD  
WITH A TRANSPORT VEHICLE  
WHEN THEY DEBARK."


"ATARI  
CONTROL--  
OUT!"











IT'S NOT MY  
PLACE TO  
EXPLAIN,  
DOCTOR.

THAT'S UP TO *THE*  
*DIRECTOR*--HE'S BEEN IN  
COMMAND OF *PROJECT*:  
*MULTIVERSE* FROM THE  
BEGINNING. I WAS ONLY  
BROUGHT IN ON THE *DESIGN*  
END SIX MONTHS AGO.

BUT I *CAN* TELL YOU  
THIS... SINCE *THE WAR*, WE'VE  
SEARCHED FOR A *SOLUTION*  
TO THE WORLD *FOOD*  
*SHORTAGE*...

... AND WITH *PROJECT*:  
*MULTIVERSE*, WE MAY HAVE  
FOUND THE *SOLUTION* TO  
THAT, AND A WHOLE *MOST*  
OF OTHER POTENTIAL  
DISASTERS!

*LUCAS ORION* LISTENS WITH ONLY *HALF-ATTENTION*: THE MENTION OF *THE WAR*, AND THE SIGHT OF *THE RUNNERS* WHO JOG HOMEWARD ALONG THIS ABANDONED STRETCH OF *HIGHWAY*, HAVE STIRRED *MEMORIES* HE THOUGHT WERE *DEEPLY BURIED*...



... MEMORIES OF A DAY SIX YEARS IN THE PAST, DURING THE DARK MONTHS OF THE BREAK-UP, THAT PROLONGED PERIOD OF WORLD-WIDE CHAOS WHICH FOLLOWED ON THE HEELS OF THE WAR...

***RUNNING  
FIGURES:***

THE RUNNERS OF HIS MEMORY WERE REFUGEES, FLEEING A BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN THE HEART OF A ONCE-STABLE AFRICAN STATE.

LUCAS ORION WAS A MEDIC ATTACHED TO A UNITED NATIONS PEACE-KEEPING FORCE... THE LAST SUCH "PEACE-KEEPING" FORCE THAT DYING ORGANIZATION WAS EVER TO SPONSOR.

DEAR HEAVEN--THIS IS THE FOURTH BURNING VILLAGE WE'VE PASSED THIS MORNING!

WHEN IS THE FIGHTING GOING TO STOP?

WHEN THE LAST MAN DROPS DEAD, DOC, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS--







... AND HE REALIZED THAT THERE WERE *OTHERS* IN THE WORLD WHOSE *HORRORS* WERE GREATER THAN HIS OWN:

THAT CHILD--

**WHAM!**

WAAAAA



-- SHE'S IN THE PATH OF THE BOMBARDMENT!

HAVE TO GET HER AWAY!



SHELLS WHISTLED AROUND HIM -- FLYING DIRT *BLINDED* HIM -- BUT THE GIRL'S CRIES DREW HIM ON ...

WAAAA

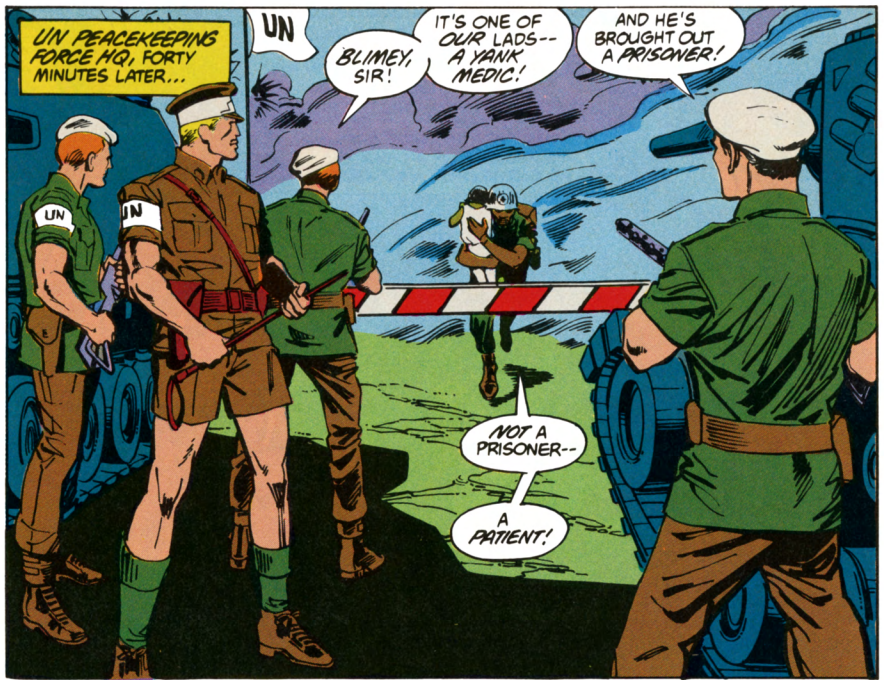


BEHIND HIM, LUCAS COULD HEAR *ENEMY TROOPS* CLOSING IN ON THE WASTED TOWN.

MACHINE GUNS CHATTERED *HUNGRILY* IN THE DUSK, NEARER, *NEARER*...





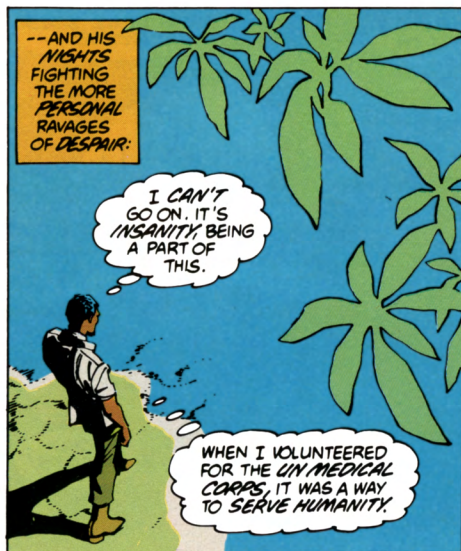






AND SO, THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUED, AS THE PEACEKEEPERS WAGED A BLOODY PEACE THAT SEEMED WORSE THAN WAR ITSELF.

LUCAS SPENT HIS DAYS BATTLING THE RAVAGES OF A DISEASE AS OLD AS CAIN AND ABEL--



--AND HIS NIGHTS FIGHTING THE MORE PERSONAL RAVAGES OF DESPAIR:

I CAN'T GO ON. IT'S INSANITY, BEING A PART OF THIS.

WHEN I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE UN MEDICAL CORPS, IT WAS A WAY TO SERVE HUMANITY.



INSTEAD, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, I FEEL AS IF I'M AIDING HUMANITY'S ENEMIES.

I HEAL MEN SO THEY CAN DIE.

NO MORE. NO MORE.



PERHAPS IT'S FATE  
THAT THIS CAME  
TODAY.

A NEW BEGINNING  
...NEW HOPES,  
NEW DREAMS...

UNITED NATIONS  
SPECIAL COMMUNIQUE  
TO: DR. LUCAS ORION  
% UN FORCE X320  
FROM: ATARI  
INSTITUTE  
SUNNYVALE, CA.

DEAR DR. ORION:  
BECAUSE OF EXPANDED RESPONSIBILITIES  
DUE TO THE BREAK-UP OF TRADITIONAL  
POLITICAL-NATION-STATES, ATARI INSTITUTE  
IS ASSUMING CONTROL OF NASA AND THE  
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE. STOP. YOUR  
OUTSTANDING ACADEMIC RECORD LEAD  
US TO OFFER YOU A POSITION AS  
MEDICAL RESEARCH

...PERHAPS EVEN  
A NEW FUTURE FOR  
ALL HUMANKIND.

ATARI  
INSTITUTE  
WANTS TO MAKE  
ME THEIR  
DIRECTOR OF  
MEDICAL  
RESEARCH.

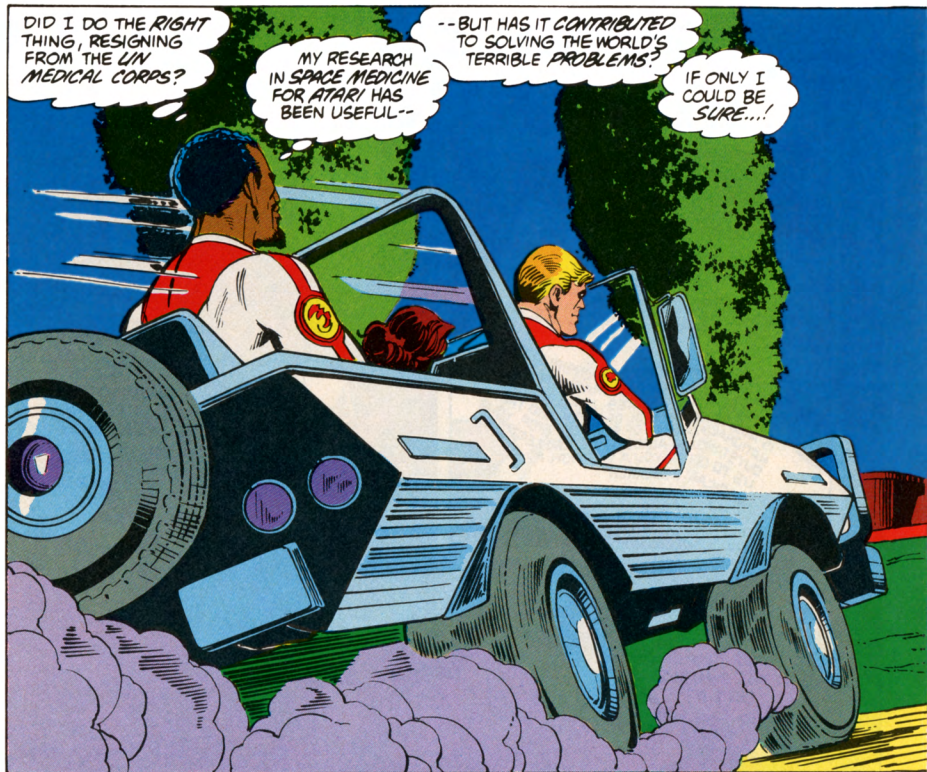
I COULD  
LEAVE ALL  
THIS BEHIND.

AND THAT'S  
WHAT I WANT,  
ISN'T IT?

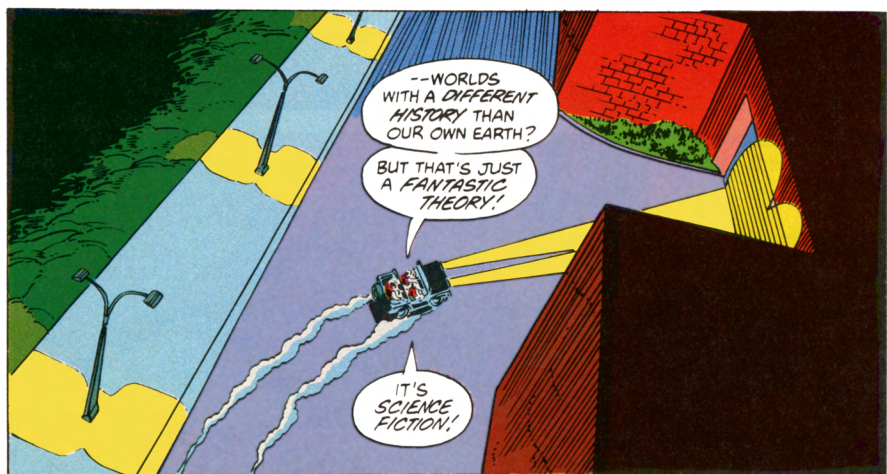
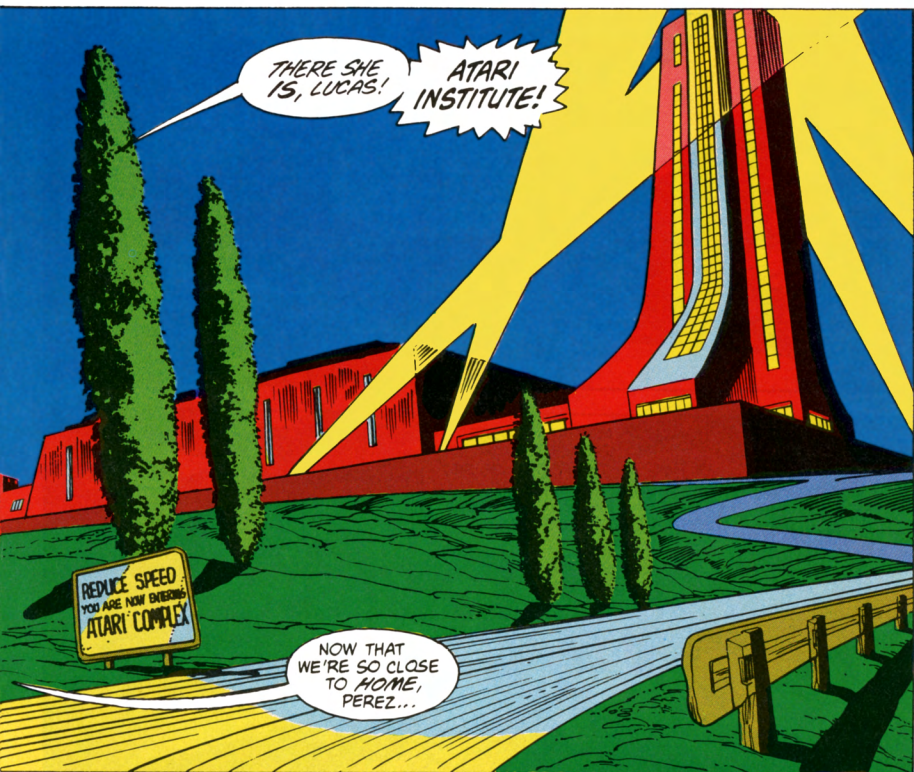
ISN'T  
IT...?

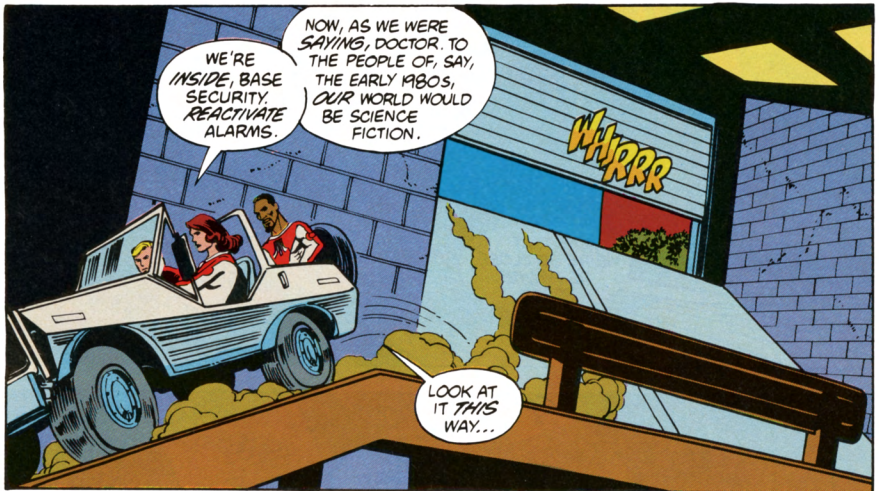
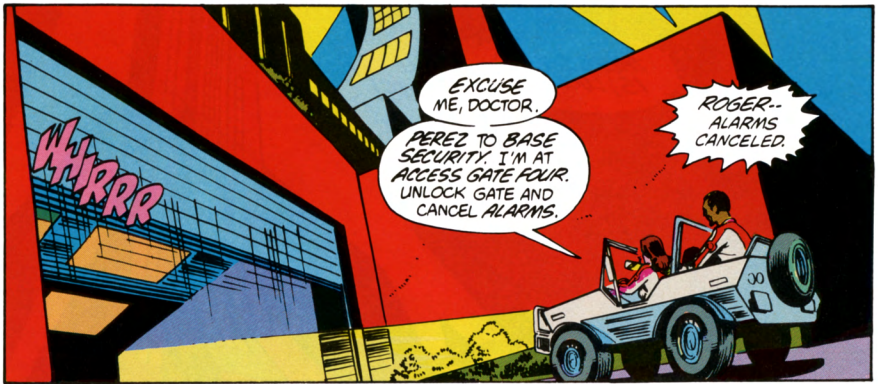
THE STARS HAD  
NO ANSWER FOR  
LUCAS ORION,  
THAT NIGHT...

...AND NOW, SIX  
YEARS LATER,  
THEY ARE AS  
CRYPTIC AS  
EVER.

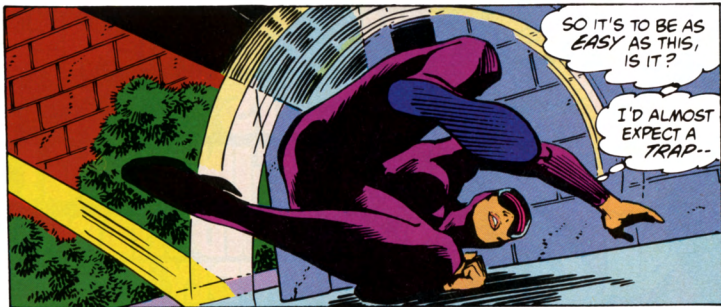












SO IT'S TO BE AS  
EASY AS THIS,  
IS IT?

I'D ALMOST  
EXPECT A  
TRAP--

-- BUT IT'S CLEAR  
THE LADS IN SECURITY  
HAVEN'T A *NOTION*  
THAT ANYTHING'S  
WRONG!

AYE, THIS  
SENSOR-DETECTOR  
TELLS THE TALE--

--AND WHAT  
A *WOOFUL*  
TALE 'TIS!

A MERE SLIP  
OF A GIRL HAS  
PENETRATED THE  
TIGHTEST SECURITY  
SYSTEM IN ALL  
NORTHCAL, LAYING  
BARE ITS GREATEST  
SECRET FOR THE  
PLUNDERING--

-- AND NOT A *MAN* OR  
*WOMAN* IN THE ENTIRE  
ATARI COMPLEX EVEN  
SUSPECTS I'M HERE!

**TO BE CONTINUED**

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GAME CARTRIDGE  
FOR THE STARTLING  
CONCLUSION OF  
**"ATARI FORCE--  
THE ORIGIN!"**



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