



5

# STAR FORCE





# ATARI FORCE

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FIVE BRAVE EXPLORERS, WANDERING THE MANY DIMENSIONS OF THE MULTIVERSE, SEEKING A NEW HOME FOR EARTH'S WAR-WEARY MILLIONS: LED BY COMMANDER MARTIN CHAMPION, THEY ARE THE--

# ATARI FORCE™

--AND THIS IS THE STORY OF  
THEIR FINAL MISSION!

ANOTHER USELESS  
PLANET, CHAMPION! HOW  
MANY DOES THIS  
MAKE--

TWELVE?

MAYBE WE'LL  
FIND WHAT  
WE'RE LOOKING  
FOR NEXT TIME,  
PEREZ.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT THEY  
SAY--





# GALAXIAN

"LUCKY THIRTEEN?"

GOOD LORD,  
PEREZ! THIS RIDGE  
WE'VE BEEN STANDING  
ON--

--IT  
ISN'T  
A RIDGE! IT'S  
ALIVE!

BZAM

BZAM

AND I  
THINK IT  
WANTS US  
FOR  
DINNER!









ABOARD THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL DRIVE RESEARCH SHIP, SCANNER ONE...

TROUBLE, LI SAN!

APPARENTLY THIS OLD MOON ISN'T AS LIFELESS AS WE THOUGHT!

I'LL BREAK OUT THE LASER CANNON--!

NO! WHAT RIGHT DO WE HAVE TO HARM THAT CREATURE?

THIS IS ITS WORLD-- WE'RE THE INTRUDERS!

NOBLE SENTIMENTS, DOCTOR ORION...

BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL BE OF LITTLE COMFORT TO OUR FRIENDS IF THAT THING CATCHES THEM--!





SINGH! HUKKA! GET  
BACK TO THE SHIP!

PREPARE FOR  
EMERGENCY  
LIFT-OFF!

AYE-AYE,  
COMMANDER!

THAT'S ONE ORDER  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO GIVE TWICE!

HUKKA-  
HUKKA!  
RUUN!

CLOSER THAN YOU  
THINK, COMMANDER...!

HUKKA!  
SEENGH--?

BLAST!

EVEN WITH  
OUR JET-  
PACKS, WE'RE  
TOO SLOW!

IT'S GOING  
TO BE CLOSE--!

JET-PACK  
MISFIRING!  
I'M LOSING  
MY BALANCE--

-- GOING TO --  
UNNH!

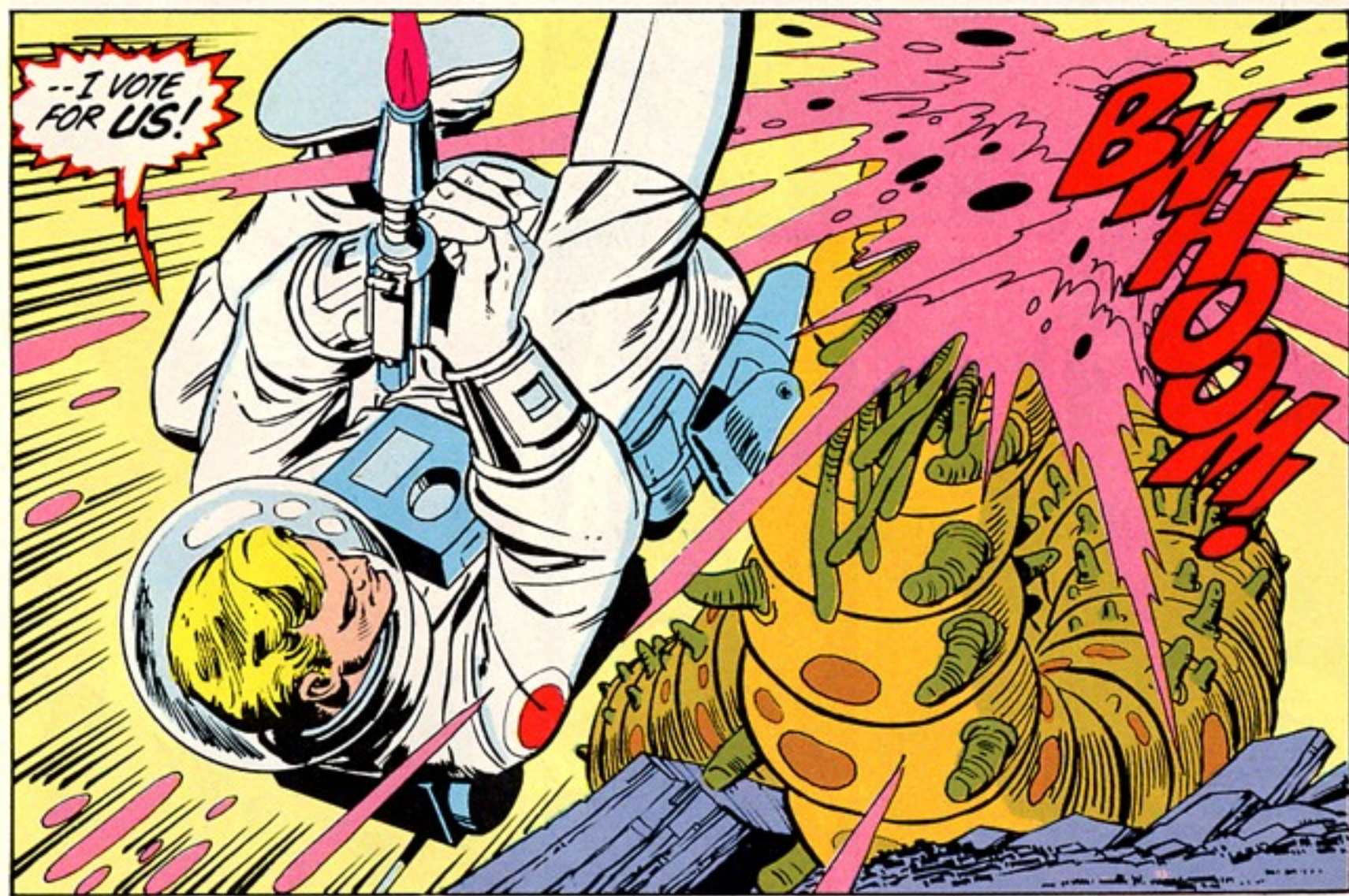
SINGH  
IS  
DOWN!

GET UP,  
MOHANDAS!  
FOR THE LOVE  
OF MERCY--!

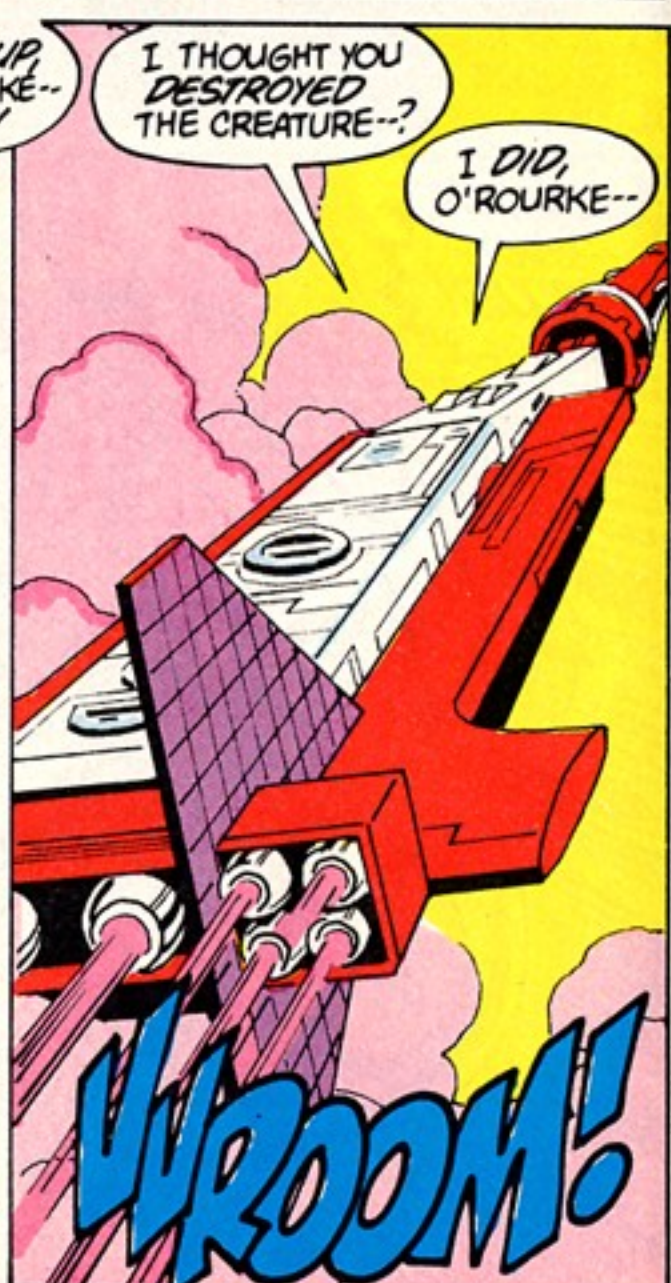
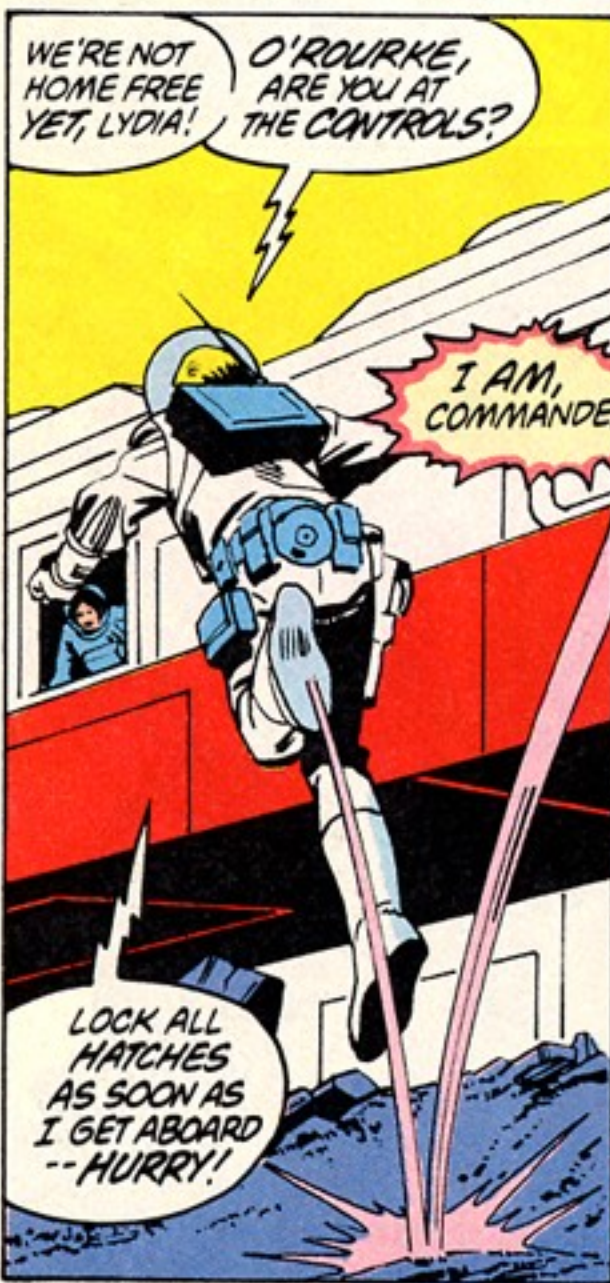
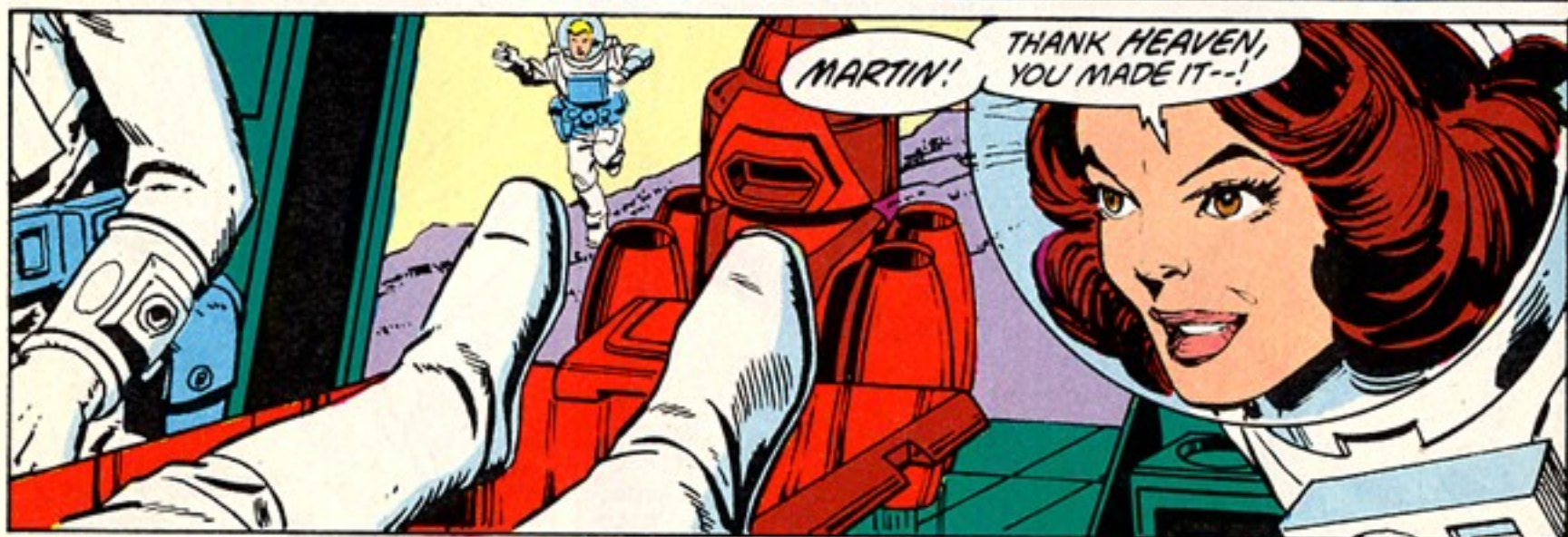
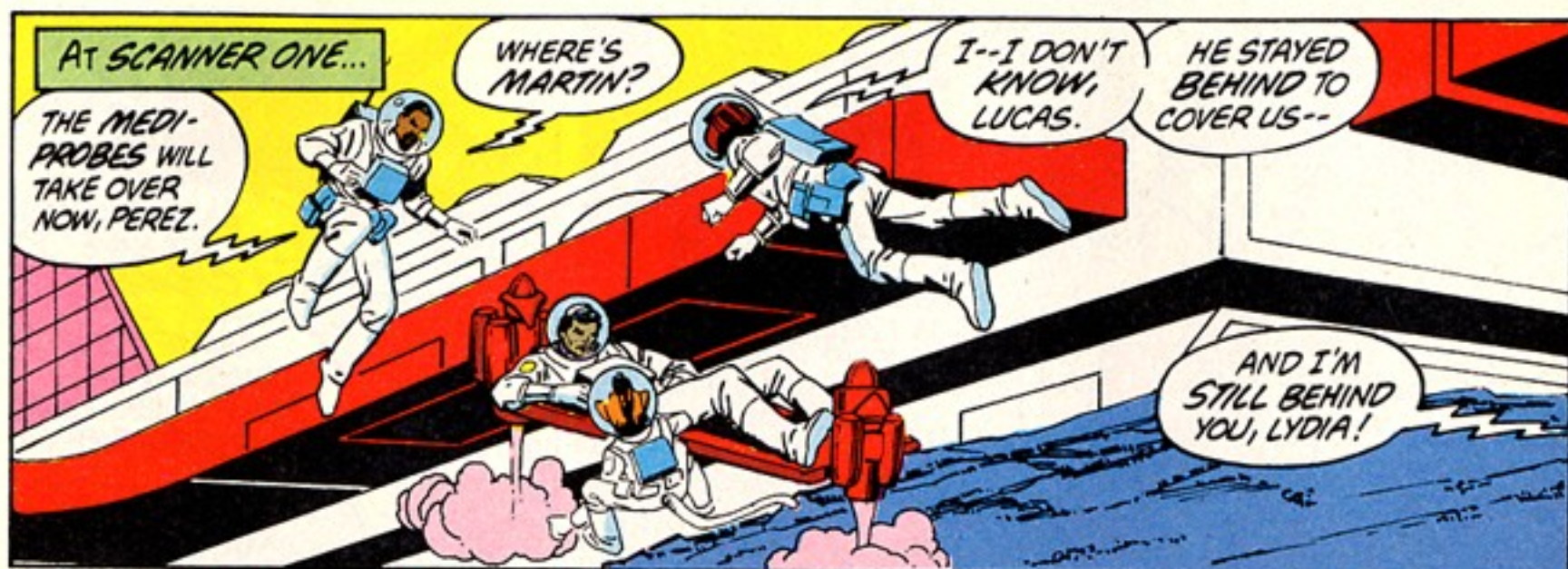




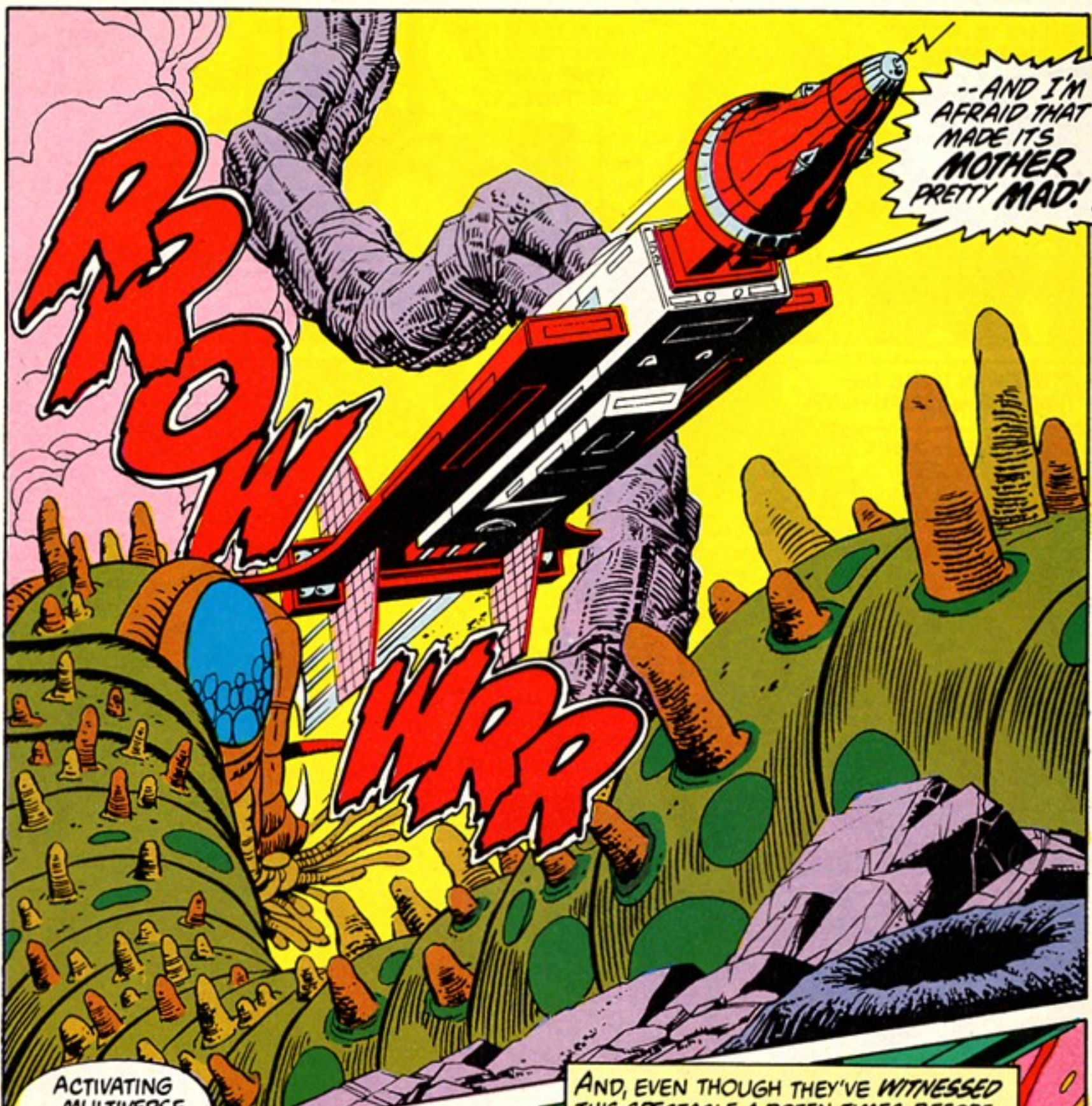












ACTIVATING  
MULTIVERSE  
HYPER-DRIVE,  
COMMANDER!

WE'RE  
ON OUR  
WAY!

GOOD  
WORK,  
O'ROURKE!

MASTER PILOT  
PEREZ, TAKE OVER!

AND, EVEN THOUGH THEY'VE WITNESSED  
THIS SPECTACLE A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE,  
THEY FIND THEIR BREATH CATCHING IN  
THEIR THROATS--

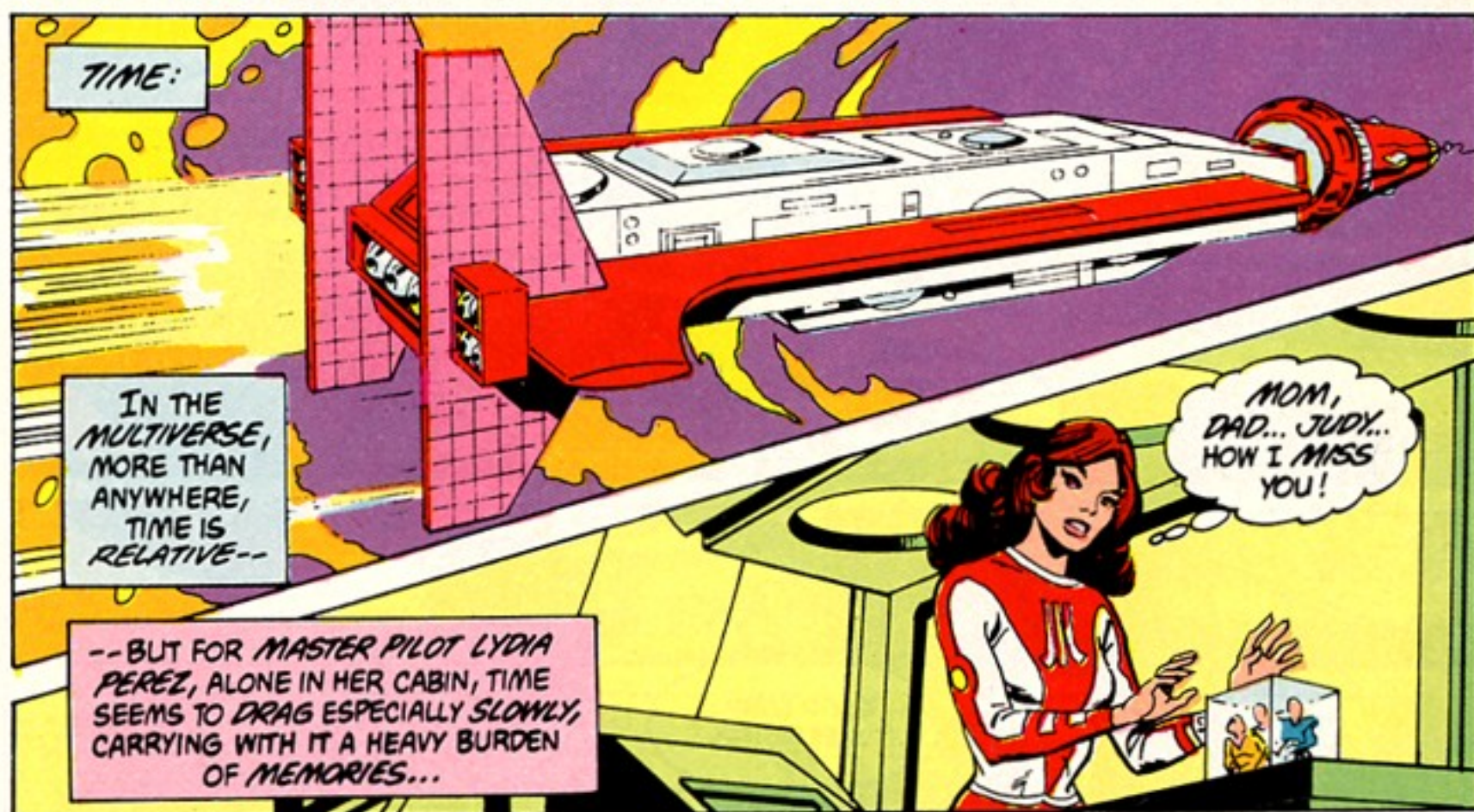


--AS THE SHIP'S VIEWSCREEN SHOWS A SIGHT FEW  
HUMANS HAVE SEEN. THE SPACE-BETWEEN-  
SPACE THAT IS THE MULTIVERSE!











TIME:

ABOARD SCANNER ONE, IT IS TWO DAYS LATER, AS THE HOURS ARE MEASURED IN THIS TIME-LESS VOID...

ALL SET FOR  
BREAKOUT  
PROCEDURE,  
PILOT?

READOUTS  
SHOW A LIFE-  
SUPPORTING  
UNIVERSE AT THE  
SPECIFIED TIME-  
LINE COORDINATES,  
COMMANDER!

ESTIMATED  
BREAKOUT IN  
FIVE SECONDS,  
SHIPBOARD  
RELATIVE TIME.

GO FOR IT,  
PEREZ.

I HAVEN'T TOLD HER--  
OR THE OTHERS--  
BUT THIS IS OUR LAST  
CHANCE TO FIND A  
HABITABLE WORLD!

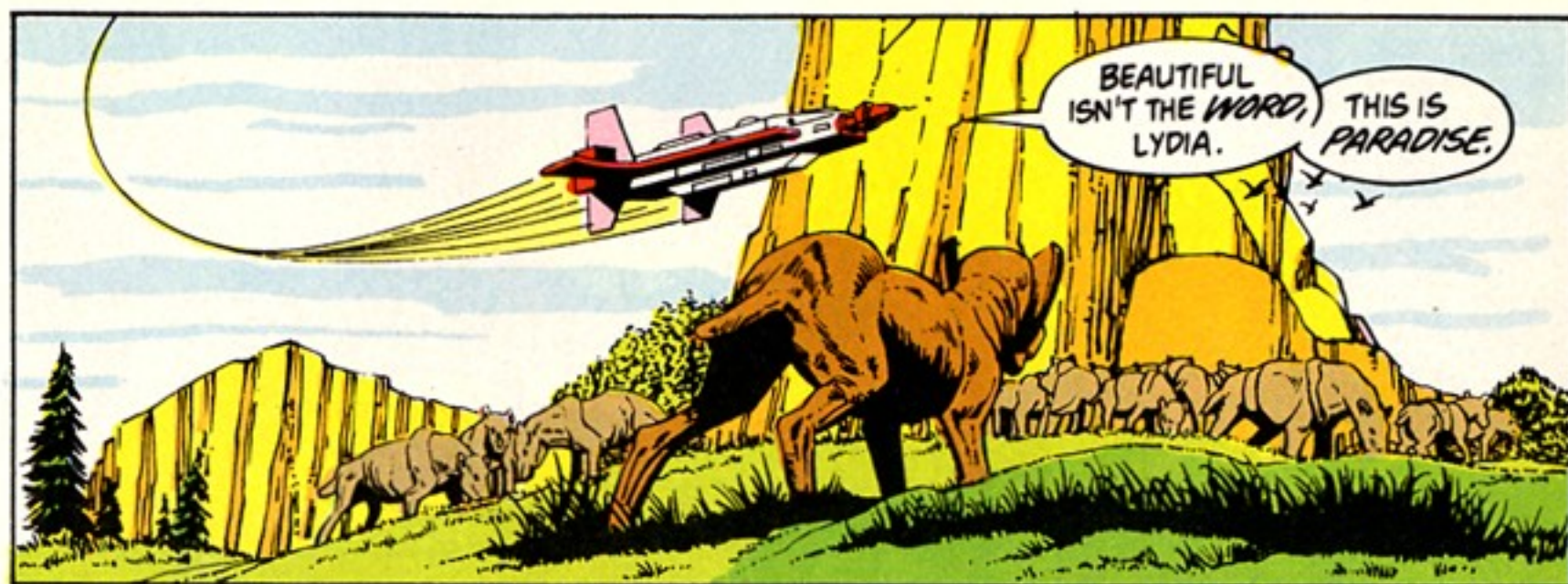
IF WE COME UP ZERO THIS  
TIME, I'M TURNING BACK  
FOR HOMEBASE.

--THREE--  
TWO--ONE--

**BREAKOUT**

GOOD LORD...  
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!





BEAUTIFUL  
ISN'T THE *WORD*,  
LYDIA.

THIS IS  
PARADISE.



IT--IT'S WHAT  
WE'VE BEEN  
LOOKING  
FOR, ALL THESE  
MONTHS!

JUST WHEN  
WE WERE  
BEGINNING TO  
BELIEVE WE'D  
NEVER FIND  
IT...



ALL HANDS  
PREPARE FOR  
LANDING.

PILOT, TAKE  
HER DOWN!



AND...

IF THIS ISN'T PARADISE,  
IT'S THE NEXT BEST  
THING.

BUT MAYBE YOU  
SHOULDN'T DRINK  
THAT *WATER*  
UNTIL--

I'VE ALREADY  
CHECKED IT,  
COMMANDER.

BACTERIA LEVELS  
EARTH-NORMAL.  
IT'S SAFE.

THIS WHOLE  
WORLD'S LIKE  
A DREAM.



INDEED, THE  
DAY PASSES  
LIKE A DREAM.

AND, WHEN  
SUNSET COMES...

PERFECT--  
IT'S ALL SO  
PERFECT!

NO CIVILIZED  
LIFE--A BEAUTIFUL  
WORLD, JUST  
WAITING FOR--

BY THE  
TREE OF  
BUDDHA!

WHOOOOOOSH!

DON'T UNDERSTAND--MY  
MONITORS SHOWED NO  
INTELLIGENT LIFE-  
FORMS--!

NEVER TRUST  
MACHINES, ORION!  
DON'T YOU KNOW  
THAT?

NO! I WON'T LET THEM  
TAKE THIS AWAY FROM US--  
I WON'T--!

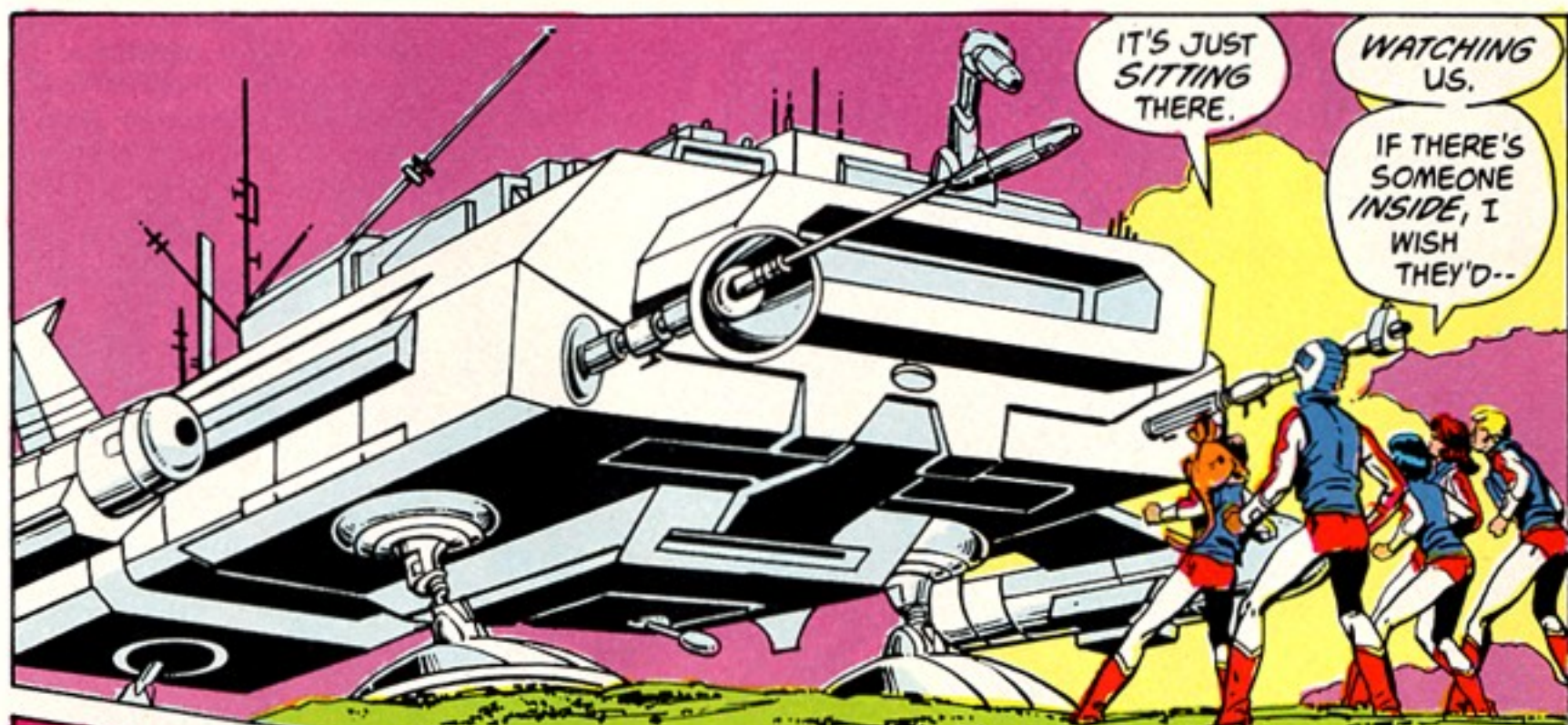
EASY, LYDIA!  
DON'T JUMP  
THE GUN!

LET'S SEE WHO  
OUR VISITORS ARE--  
AND WHAT THEY  
WANT!

MAYBE THEY'RE  
JUST THE LOCAL  
VERSION OF A  
WELCOME WAGON!

OH, PLEASE, I  
CAN'T STAND  
ANOTHER  
DISAPPOINTMENT...!

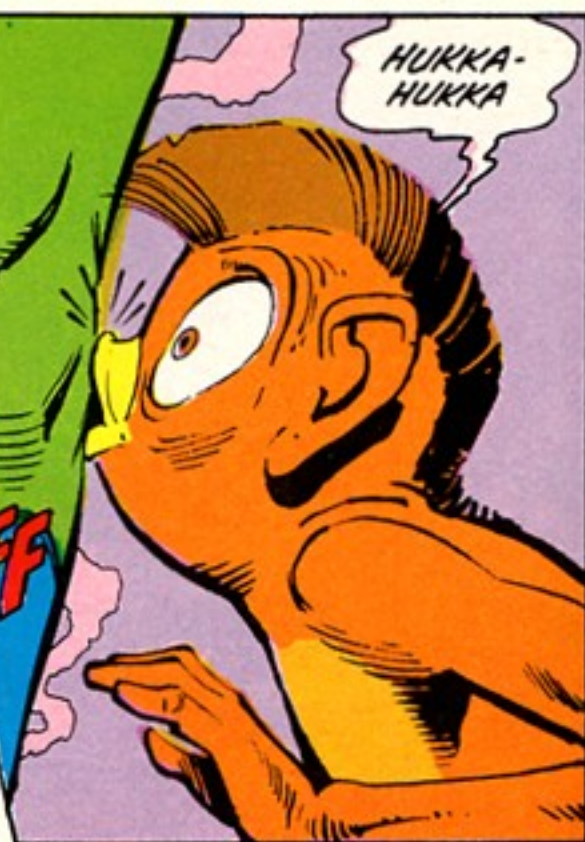








NOW,  
BEFORE WE  
GO ANY FURTHER,  
I INSIST YOU  
EXPLAIN--



HUKKA-  
HUKKA

SNIFF



HUKKA!

WH-WHAT  
SORT OF  
CREATURE  
IS THIS?

WHY IS IT LEAPING  
ON ME? WHAT IS  
IT GOING TO--?

HUKKA--  
NIZE--!  
HUKKA--  
NIZE!



HUKKA-  
HUKKA!

IT MAY BE STATING THE  
OBVIOUS, AVIAR, BUT  
HE-- OR SHE-- IS A  
HUKKA!

AS FOR  
WHAT THE HUKKA IS  
DOING, WHY, IT  
APPEARS HE'S  
APPROVING OF YOU!

MARTIN, I THINK  
WE'VE FOUND  
A FRIEND...

AND SO...

FOLLOW MY  
ION TRAIL--  
BUT NOT TOO  
CLOSELY,  
COMMANDER.

CENTERWORLD  
IS LESS THAN  
TWO PARSECS  
FROM THIS  
PLANET--



--A FEW HOURS TRAVEL THROUGH WARP SPACE, AND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CASE TO THE FIRST CUSTODIANS THEMSELVES.

WE'VE ACCEPTED THAT YOUR INTENTIONS ARE GOOD, AVIAR. THE HUKKA IS NEVER WRONG JUDGING CHARACTER.

BUT WE'D FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE--

--IF WE JUST KNEW MORE ABOUT THESE CUSTODIANS YOU KEEP REFERRING TO.

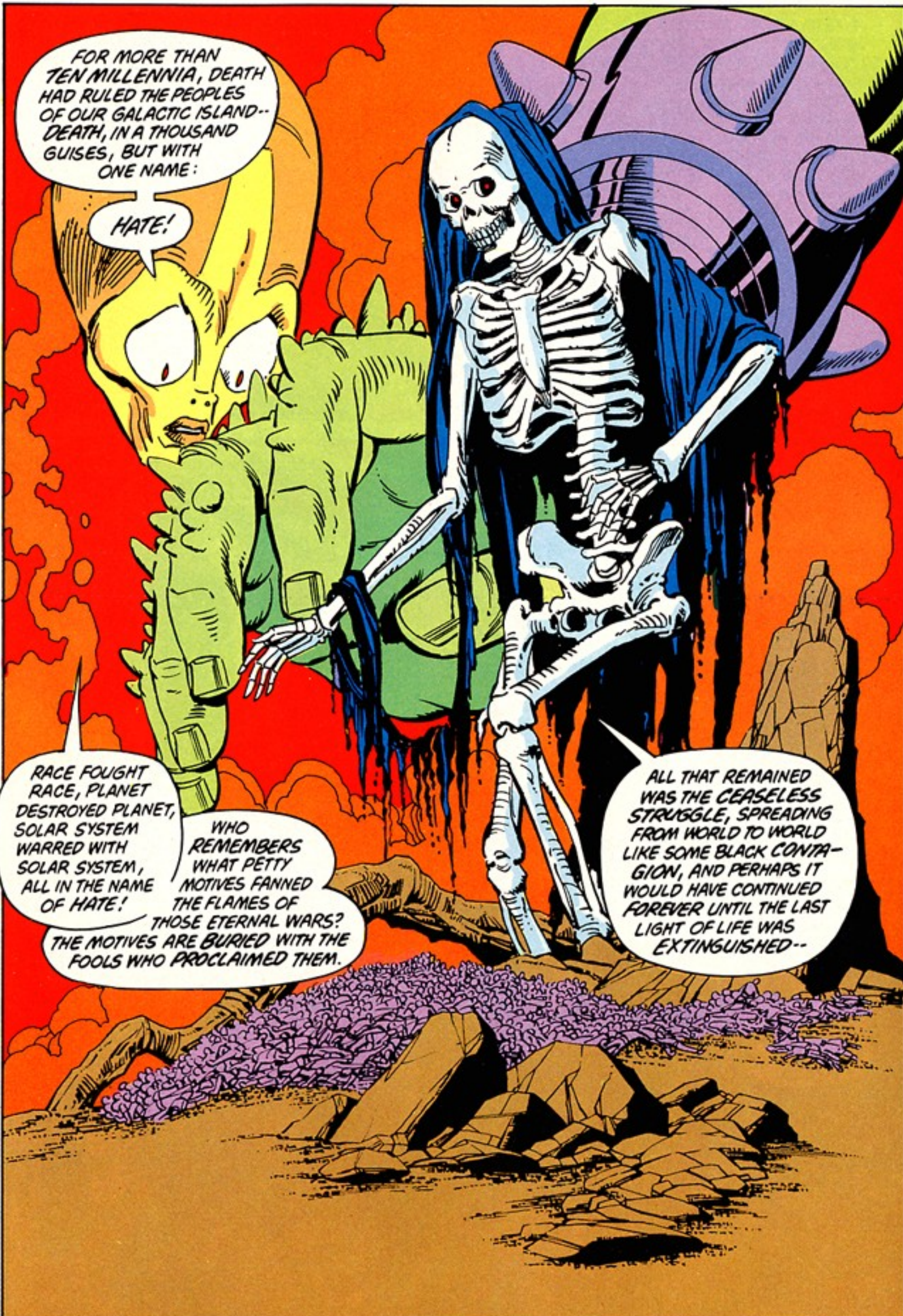
THE CUSTODIANS OF LIFE ARE THE MOST ETHICAL BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE, COMMANDER.

BUT TO UNDERSTAND THEM--

--YOU MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND OUR COSMOS AS IT WAS BEFORE THEY GAINED AUTHORITY.

WE WERE A GALAXY AT WAR...!





FOR MORE THAN  
TEN MILLENNIA, DEATH  
HAD RULED THE PEOPLES  
OF OUR GALACTIC ISLAND--  
DEATH, IN A THOUSAND  
GUISES, BUT WITH  
ONE NAME:

HATE!

RACE FOUGHT  
RACE, PLANET  
DESTROYED PLANET,  
SOLAR SYSTEM  
WARRIED WITH  
SOLAR SYSTEM,  
ALL IN THE NAME  
OF HATE!

WHO  
REMEMBERS  
WHAT PETTY  
MOTIVES FANNED  
THE FLAMES OF  
THOSE ETERNAL WARS?  
THE MOTIVES ARE BURIED WITH THE  
FOOLS WHO PROCLAIMED THEM.

ALL THAT REMAINED  
WAS THE CEASELESS  
STRUGGLE, SPREADING  
FROM WORLD TO WORLD  
LIKE SOME BLACK CONTA-  
GION, AND PERHAPS IT  
WOULD HAVE CONTINUED  
FOREVER UNTIL THE LAST  
LIGHT OF LIFE WAS  
EXTINGUISHED--



"-- BUT, ON A DAY SIX CENTURIES  
AGO, A FEW BRAVE ONES  
SAID... 'ENOUGH!'"

"AT FIRST, THEY WERE BUT A  
HANDFUL; THEN OTHERS,  
SICKENED BY THE ENDLESS  
FIGHTING, JOINED THEM, AND  
THE HANDFUL BECAME A SCORE,  
AND THE SCORE BECAME A  
HUNDRED, THEN A THOUSAND..."

"... AND THE THOUSAND TURNED  
THEIR BACKS ON THE LEADERS OF  
THEIR WAR-BLASTED PLANET, AND  
REFUSED TO WAR ANYMORE!"

"OF COURSE,  
THE LEADERS  
DEMANDED  
THAT THE  
REFUSERS  
RETURN."

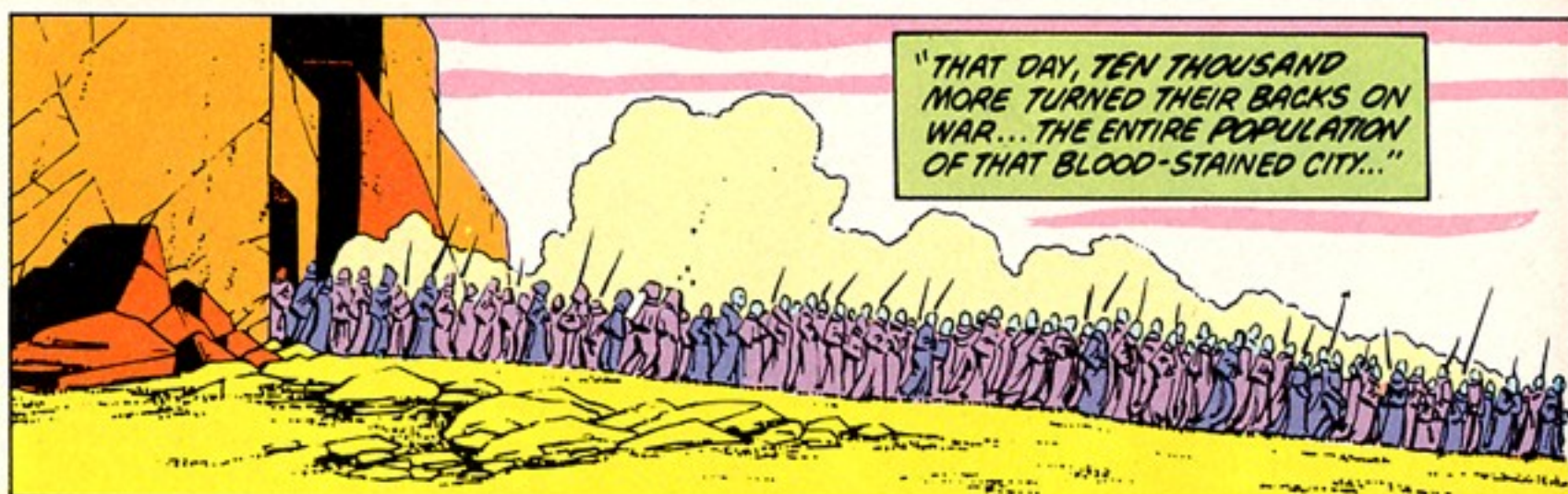
"THEY THREATENED,  
AND WHEN THREATS  
FAILED--"

"--THEY DID  
WHAT CAME  
NATURALLY."

ZAM

ZAM ZAM  
ZAM







"... AND THEIR MESSAGE SPREAD FROM  
WORLD TO WORLD ACROSS THE GALAXY  
IN A MATTER OF DAYS AND MONTHS.

"EVERYWHERE, THE SURVIVORS  
OF WAR TURNED THEIR BACKS  
ON DEATH, EMBRACING  
LIFE; AND IN HIS DARK  
CASTLE, DEATH MUST  
HAVE WAILED WITH  
HELPLESS FURY.

"SO QUICKLY DID THE MESSAGE  
SPREAD THAT WITHIN A SOLAR  
YEAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A  
THOUSAND CENTURIES, THE  
GALAXY WAS AT PEACE..."

"... AND UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE  
FIRST CUSTODIANS, WHO WEAR THE  
SACRED SYMBOL OF STAR AND LEAF,  
WE HAVE REMAINED  
AT PEACE..."

"... AND HAVE  
RESTORED  
THE DREAMS  
LONG THOUGHT  
FOREVER  
DESTROYED."

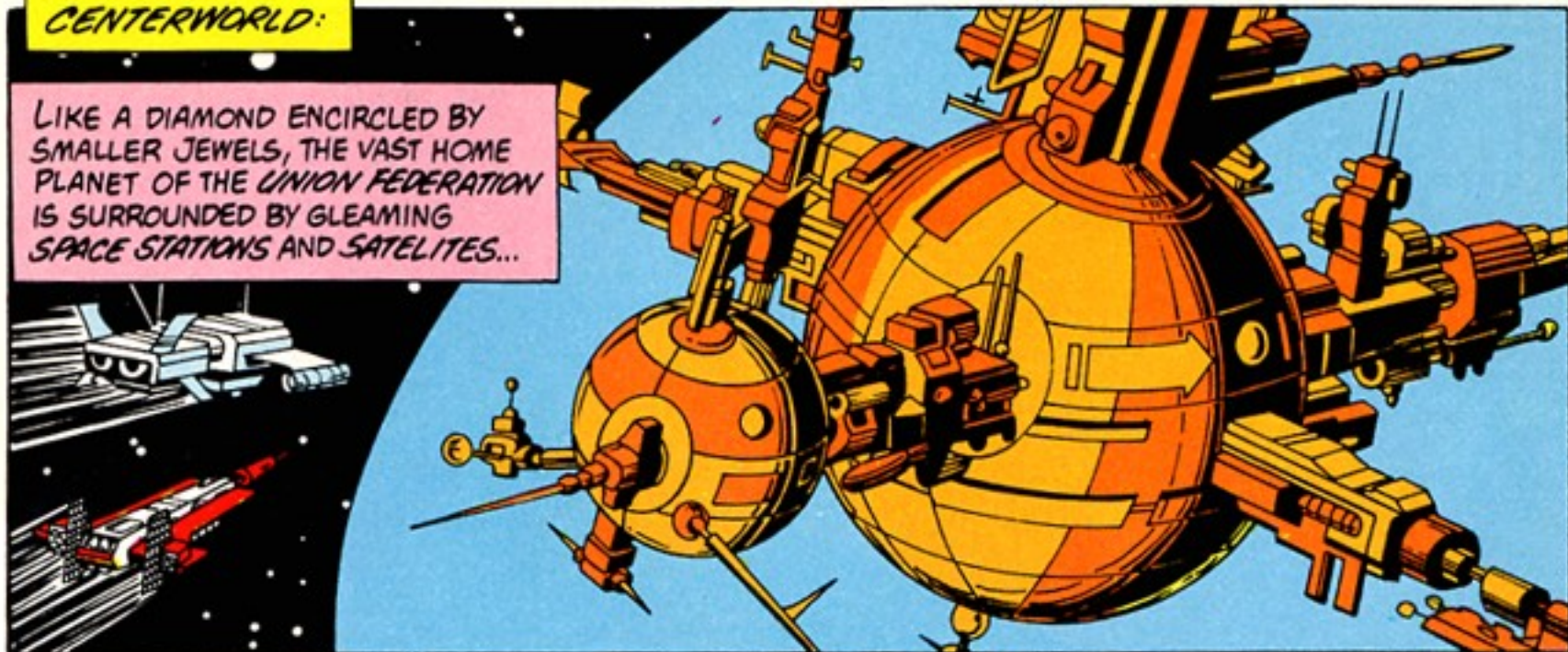




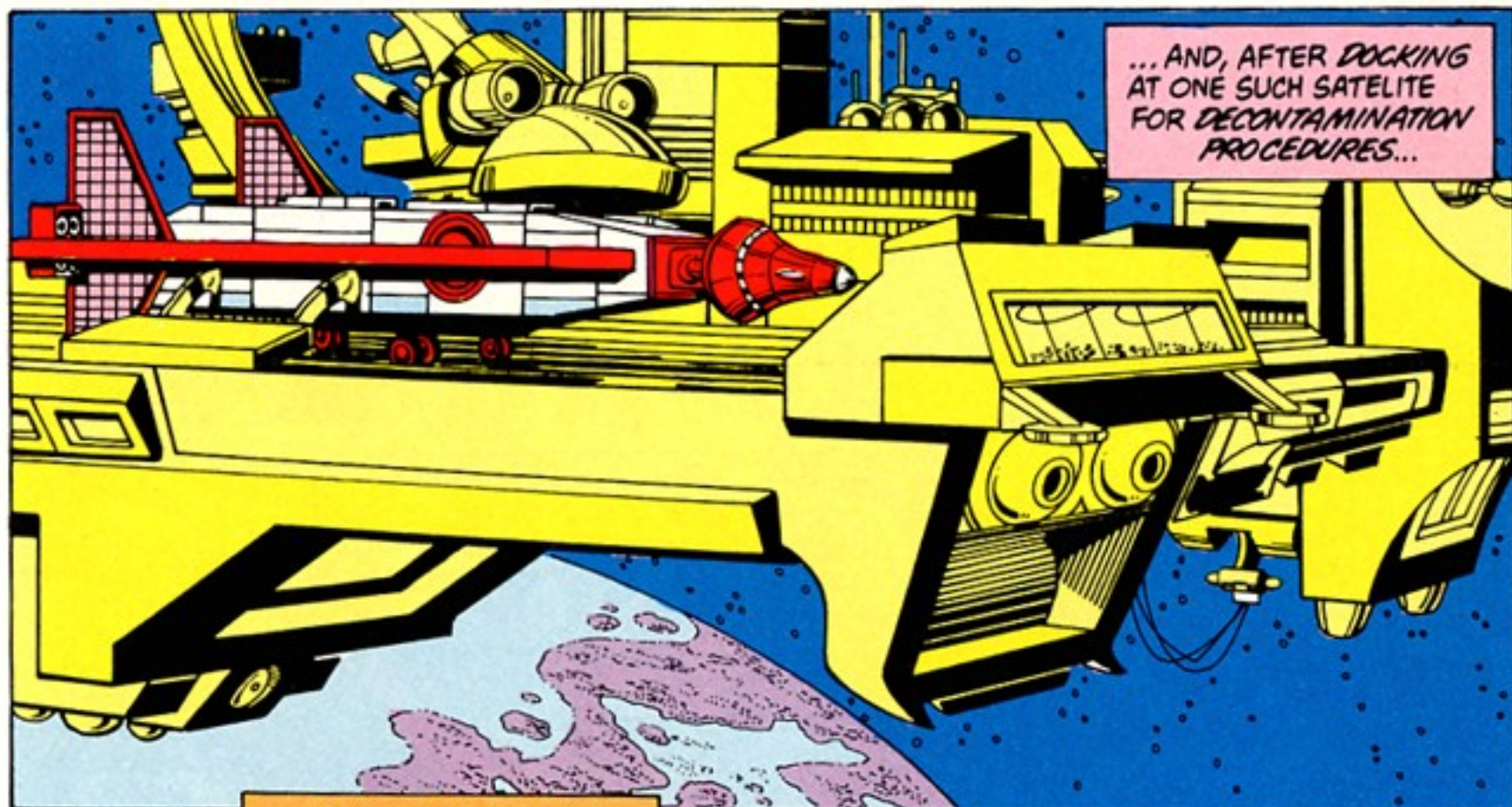


**CENTERWORLD:**

LIKE A DIAMOND ENCIRCLED BY SMALLER JEWELS, THE VAST HOME PLANET OF THE *UNION FEDERATION* IS SURROUNDED BY GLEAMING SPACE STATIONS AND SATELITES...



... AND, AFTER DOCKING AT ONE SUCH SATELITE FOR DECONTAMINATION PROCEDURES...

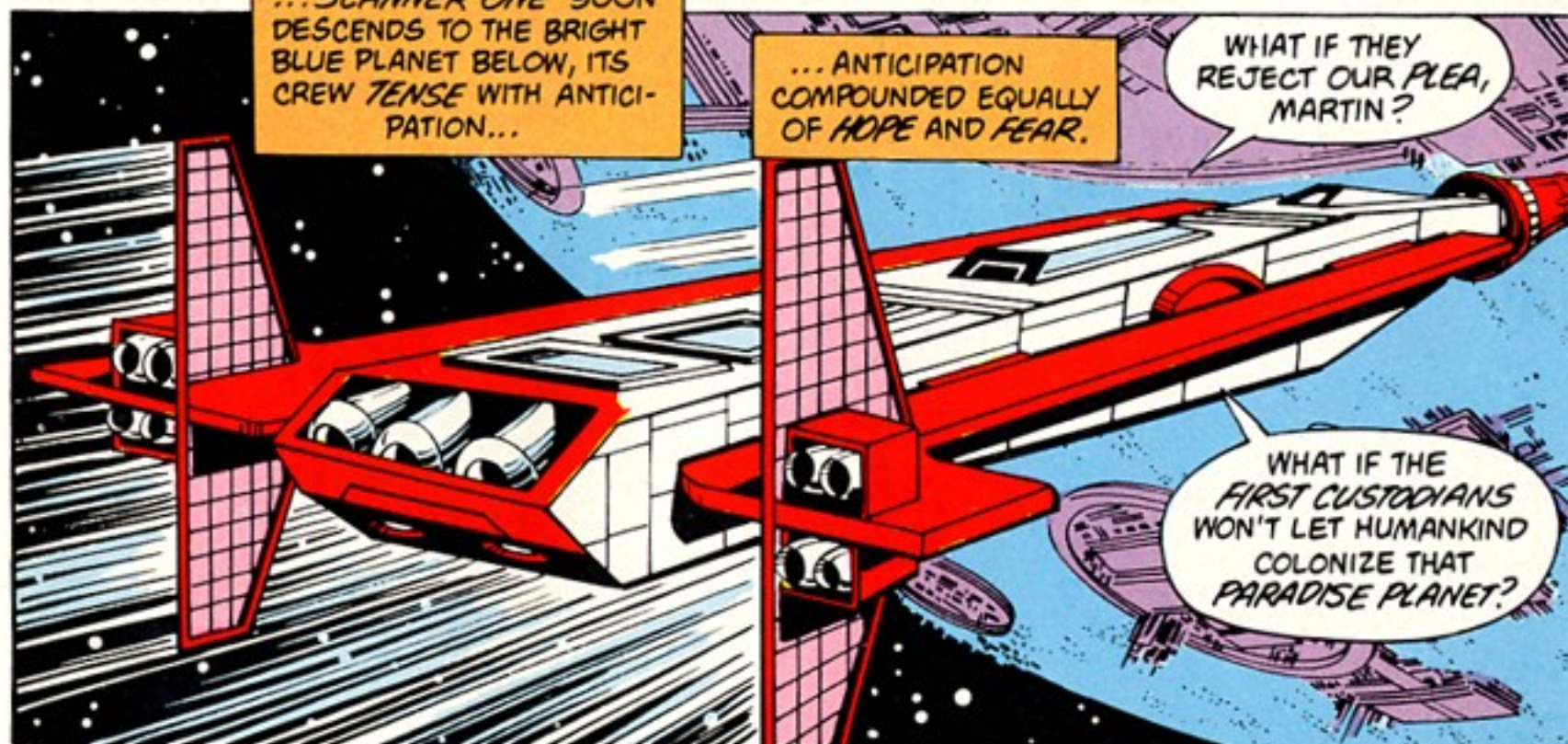


... SCANNER ONE SOON DESCENDS TO THE BRIGHT BLUE PLANET BELOW, ITS CREW TENSE WITH ANTICIPATION...

... ANTICIPATION COMPOUNDED EQUALLY OF HOPE AND FEAR.

WHAT IF THEY REJECT OUR PLEA, MARTIN?

WHAT IF THE FIRST CUSTODIANS WON'T LET HUMANKIND COLONIZE THAT PARADISE PLANET?





MARTIN CHAMPION DOES NOT ANSWER, AND HIS *SILENCE* IS AN ELOQUENT EXPRESSION OF THE *WORRY* EACH OF THEM HOLDS SECRETLY IN HIS HEART:

THE WORRY THAT HUMANKIND WILL BE FOUND... *UNWORTHY*!

AVIAR HAS ALREADY LANDED.

THAT MUST BE THE COUNCIL CHAMBER SHE DESCRIBED -- THE PORT COMPUTER IS PILOTING US IN FOR A LANDING.

ORION, DO THE SENSORS SHOW A BREATH-ABLE ATMOSPHERE?

OXYGEN LEVELS ARE NEAR EARTH NORMAL, WITH A HIGHER PROPORTION OF *INERT GASES* THAN WE'RE ACCUSTOMED TO.

IT'LL TASTE LIKE A *SHEET-METAL SHOP*, BUT WE CAN BREATHE IT, COMMANDER.

EH? THAT'S ODD...

...THE *SENSOR* IS PICKING UP ANOTHER LIFE-READING, FROM *SPACE*.

A TREMENDOUS CONCENTRATION OF MENTAL AND LIFE-ENERGY.

IT COULD BE ANOTHER *SPACE STATION*-- BUT THE READING INDICATES A *SINGLE ORGANISM*.

VERY, VERY ODD.

ORION TO ATARI 8000 COMPUTER.

ANALYZE LIFE READING, CORROLATE WITH SHIPBOARD MEMORY BANKS. REPORT FINDINGS ON REQUEST.

AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR; PROCESSING.





IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING.

THEN WHY DO I FEEL SO UNEASY?

WHATEVER MISGIVINGS LUCAS ORION MAY FEEL, THEY ARE QUICKLY DISPELLED BY THE WELCOME OF THE CROWD GATHERED ABOUT SCANNER ONE; A WELCOME AS WARM AS THE WARM SUMMER AIR THAT GREETES THEM.



BUT THEN, IN THE SPACE BETWEEN ONE INSTANT AND THE NEXT, A CHANGE COMES OVER THE SMILING FACES OF THE CLUSTERING CUSTODIANS OF LIFE...



...A CHANGE THAT CHILLS THE SUMMER AIR...



...LIKE THE PASSING OF A DARK CLOUD BEFORE THE SUN:

INTRUDERS!



MARTIN-- WHAT'S HAPPENING--?

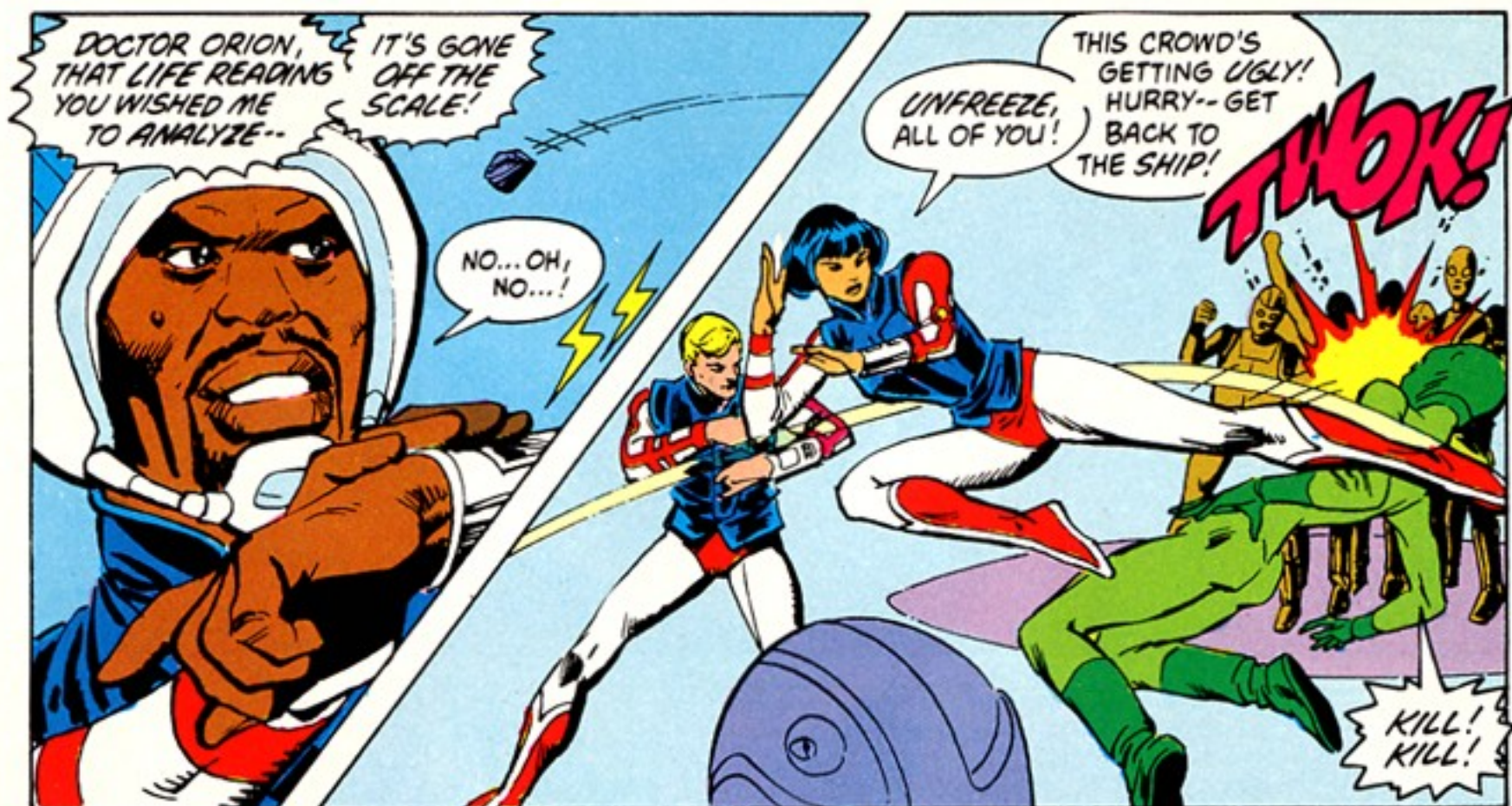
THEIR FACES, LOOK AT THEM--!

THEY'RE GOING CRAZY!

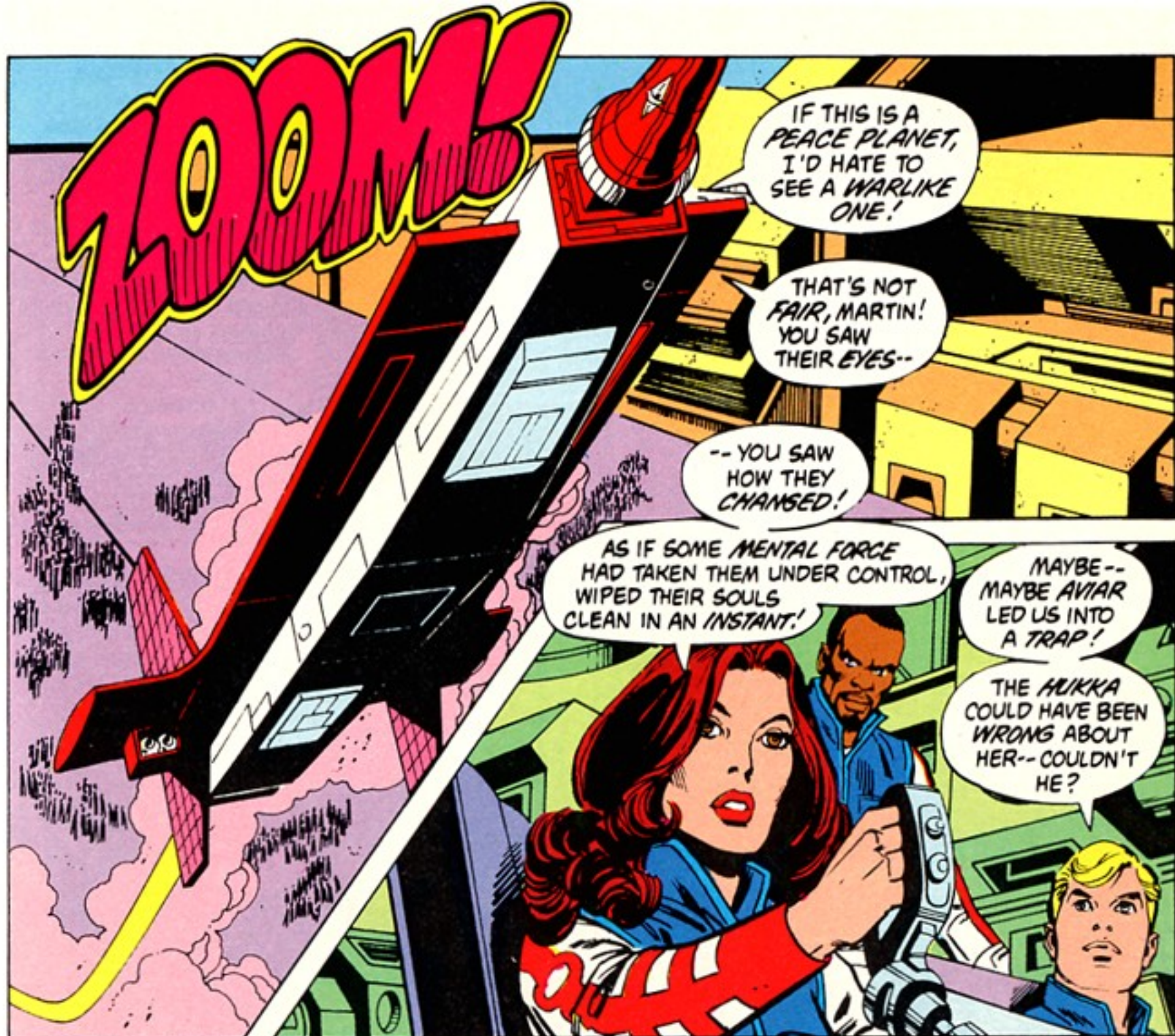
INTRUDERS! TRESPASSERS! KILL THE ALIENS!

KILL THEM, ALL!

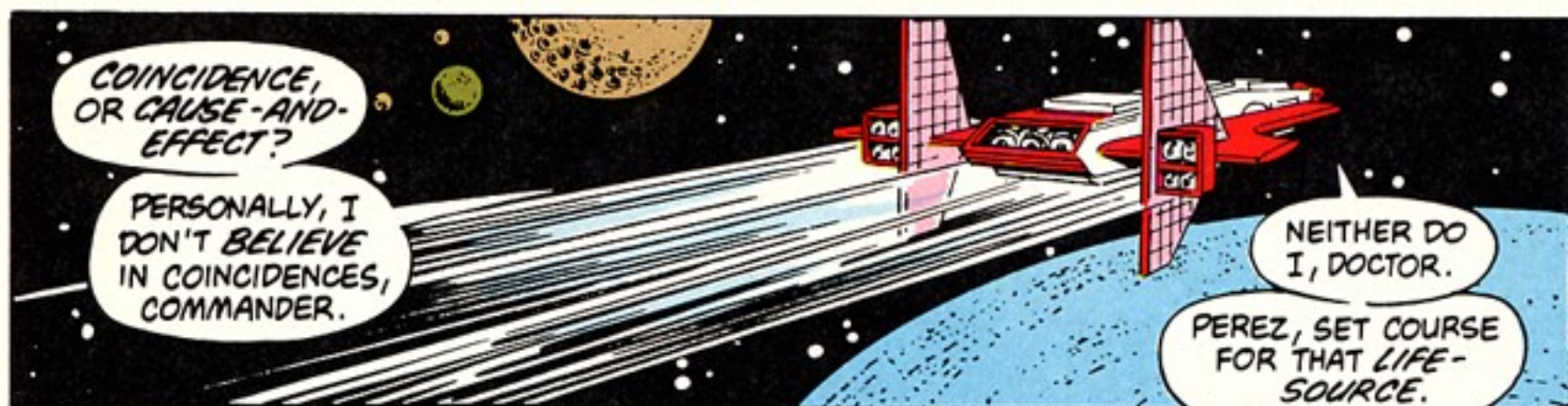
















NO--IT  
CAN'T BE!  
THE DARK  
DESTROYER  
IS DEAD!

IT WAS A HUGE,  
APPARENTLY UNTHINKING  
CREATURE WE DISCOVERED  
IN THE MULTIVERSE,  
EXISTING BETWEEN  
DIMENSIONS!

SOMEHOW, IT  
GAINED MENTAL CONTROL  
OVER A RACE OF BEINGS  
CALLED THE ZYLON--  
AND THROUGH THEM,  
DESTROYED THE HUMANOID  
RACE THAT ONCE LIVED  
ON THE HUKKA'S  
HOMEWORLD!



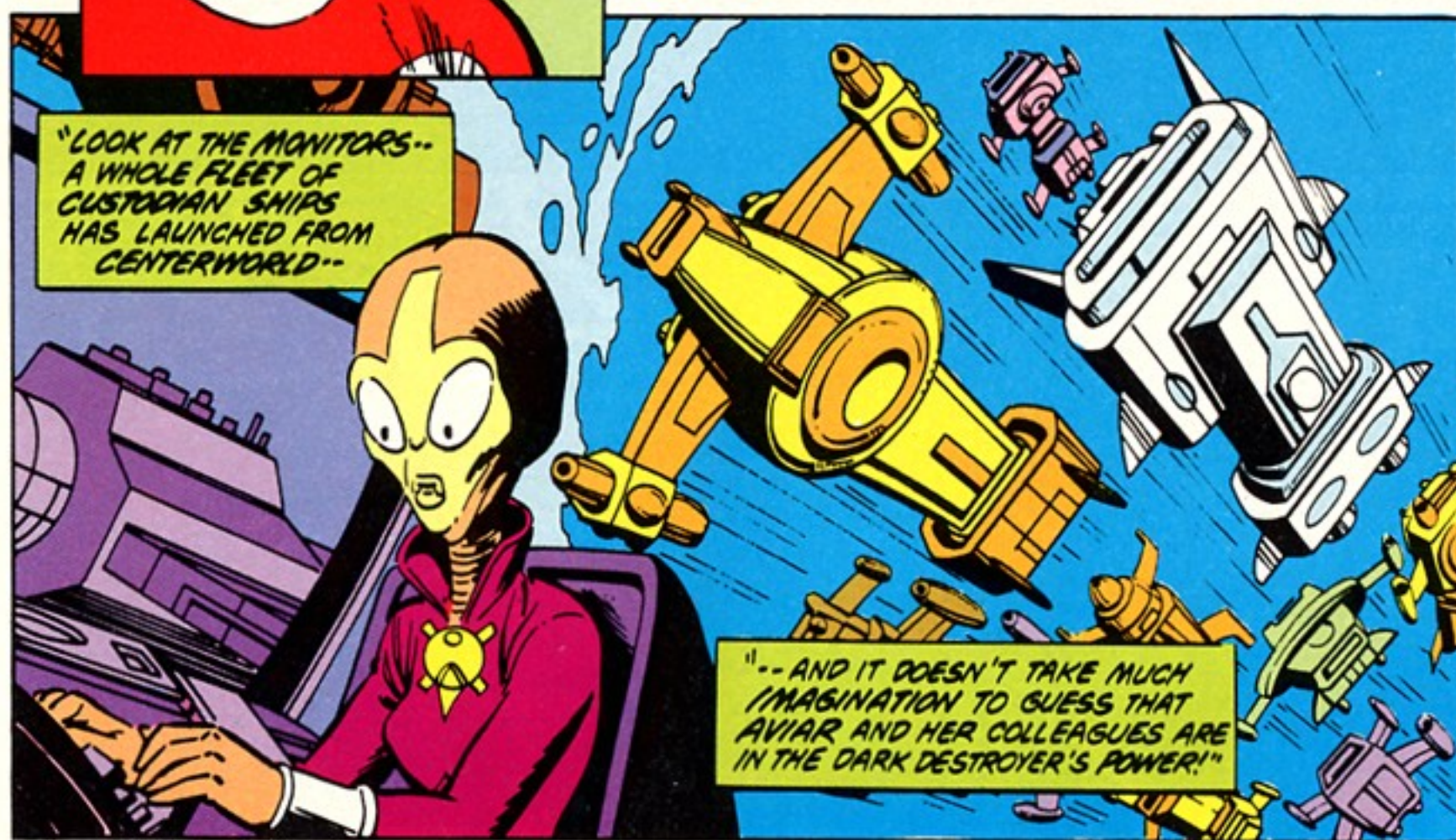
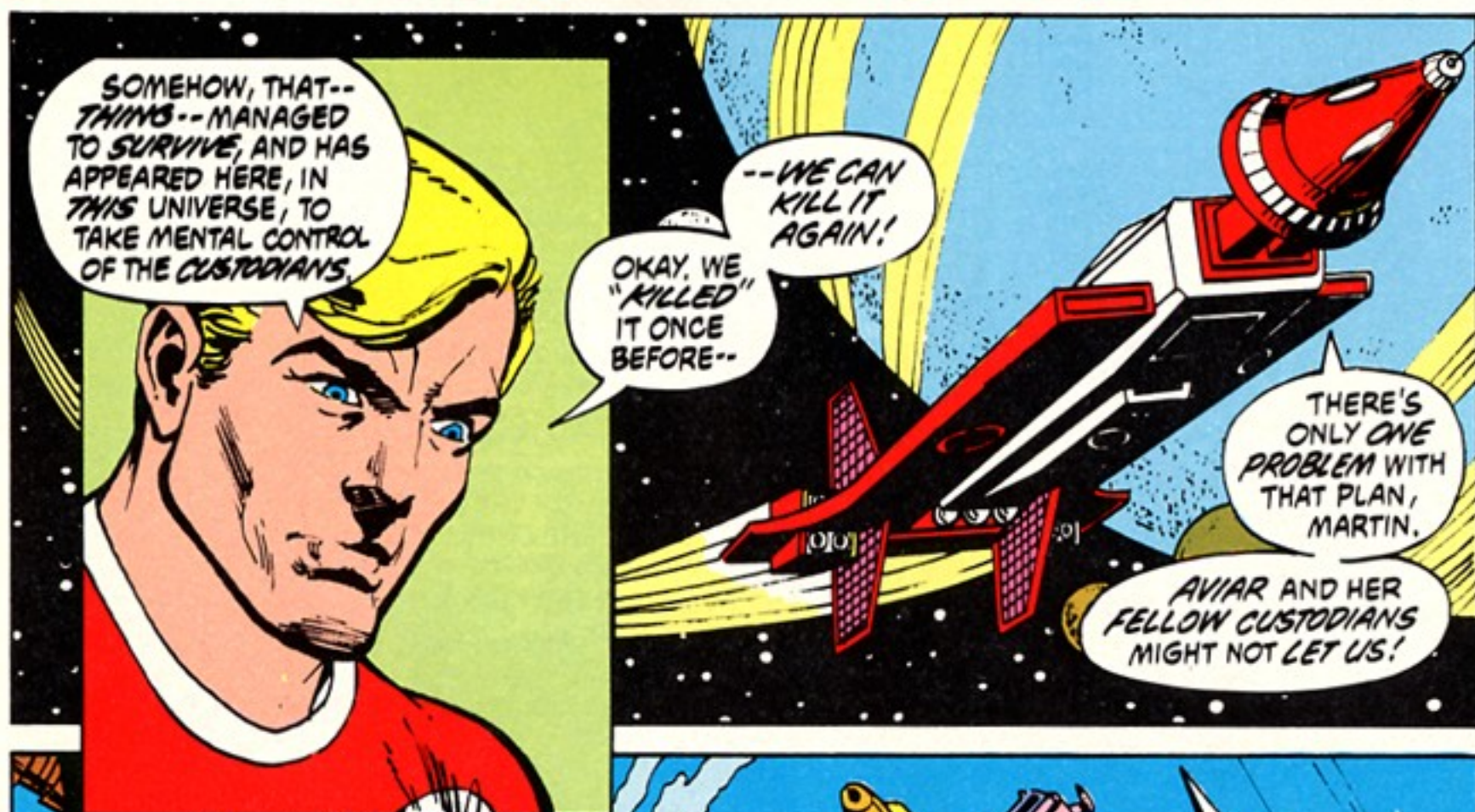
"IT CAUGHT US, ALMOST  
DESTROYED US, TOO,  
BUT IN THE END--"

--WE DESTROYED IT! \*  
HOW CAN IT BE ALIVE?  
HOW CAN IT BE HERE?

"HOW?"

\* SEE THE ATARI STAR RAIDERS  
CARTRIDGE FOR FURTHER DETAILS!.. ED.

















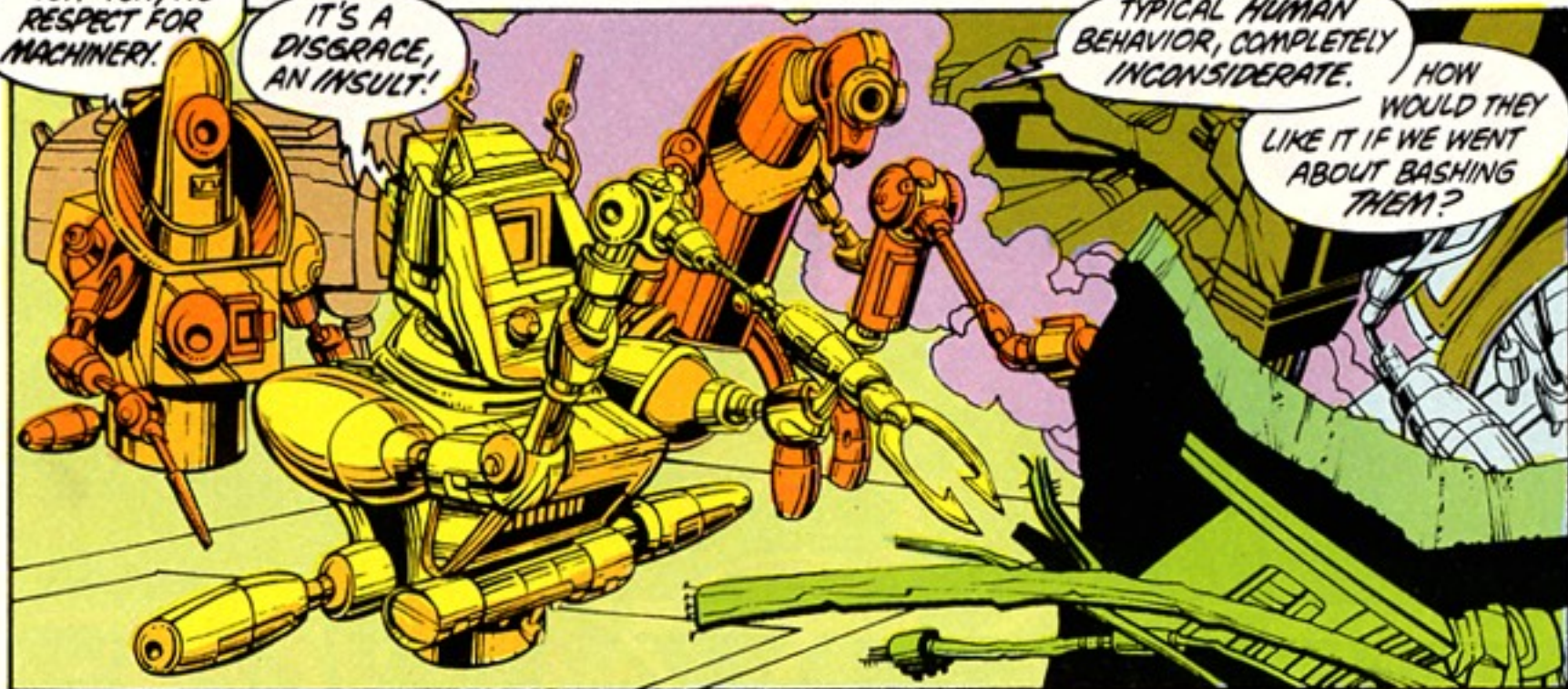


TCH-TCH, NO  
RESPECT FOR  
MACHINERY.

IT'S A  
DISGRACE,  
AN INSULT!

TYPICAL HUMAN  
BEHAVIOR, COMPLETELY  
INCONSIDERATE.

HOW  
WOULD THEY  
LIKE IT IF WE WENT  
ABOUT BASHING  
THEM?



**BATTLE:**

IN A GALAXY THAT HAD KNOWN  
PEACE FOR MORE THAN SIX  
CENTURIES, WAR IS REBORN,  
AND DEEP WITHIN THE SEEMINGLY  
LIFELESS ASTEROID WHICH IS AT  
THE CENTER OF THIS NEW  
COMBAT--



-- SOMETHING STIRS,  
AND RISES, LIKE A  
FLOWER OPENING  
ITS PETALS TO THE  
DAWNING SUN:



GOOD... IT IS  
GOOD TO TASTE THE  
MENTAL ANGUISH OF  
VIOLENT DEATH,  
AGAIN!

WHEN I WAS  
TRANSPORTED TO THIS  
DIMENSION-- AGAINST MY  
WILL-- I WAS TOO WEAK  
TO STIR THE HATREDS  
OF THESE PUNY "PEACEFUL"  
PEOPLES.





WITHOUT THEIR TORMENT  
AND PAIN TO FEED ME,  
I WASTED AWAY, ALMOST  
DIED.

THEN...THE  
HUMANS  
CAME! THE  
HUMANS, WHOSE  
ATTEMPT TO SLAY ME  
FORCED ME TO FLEE TO  
THIS WORTHLESS  
DIMENSION!

THE HUMANS ARE  
AN EMOTIONAL RACE.  
THE TASTE OF THEIR  
FEAR SUSTAINED ME.

THEIR PASSION  
GAVE ME STRENGTH  
TO STIR THE PASSIONS  
OF THESE SELF-  
STYLED CUSTODIANS...

... AND THROUGH  
THEM, TO WREAK  
VENGEANCE ON THE  
HUMANS THEMSELVES!

STRANGE, THAT I  
CAN FEED ON THE  
HUMANS' EMOTIONS...

...YET CANNOT  
SEEM TO GRASP  
THEIR MINDS!

YET, NOW THE  
TIDE TURNS IN  
THEIR FAVOR...

... SO I MUST  
PREPARE, IN THE  
UNLIKELY CASE THAT  
ONCE MORE I  
FACE DEFEAT...!



COMMANDER,  
IS IT MY FEVERED  
IMAGINATION--

--OR ARE WE  
WINNING?

**ZAM  
ZAMM**

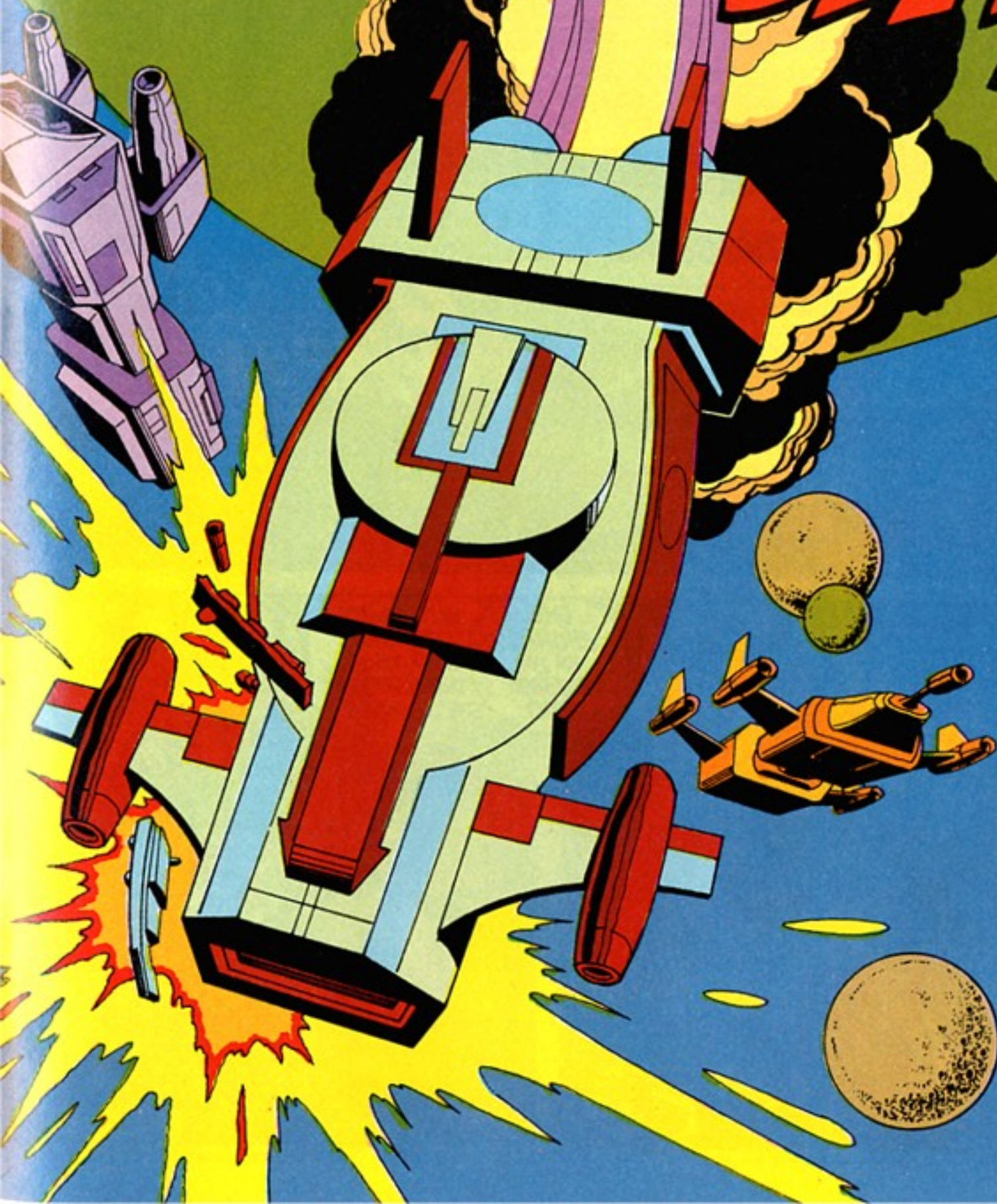




IT'S NO DREAM,  
MOHANDAS! BELIEVE  
IT OR NOT, ONE SHIP  
AGAINST A HUNDRED--

--WE'RE  
BEATING  
THEM!

**ZAMMM**  
**BZAM!**





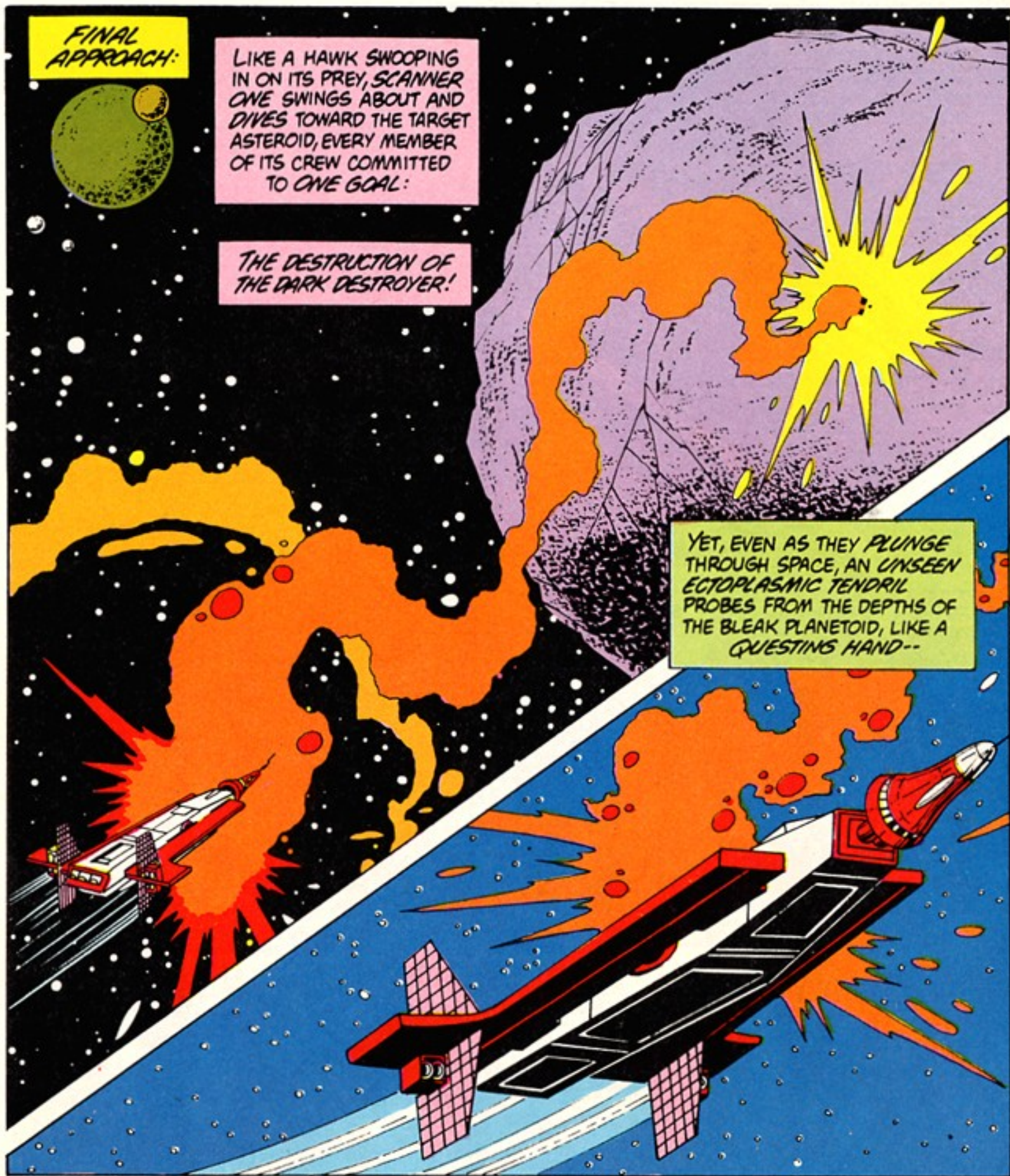
**FINAL  
APPROACH:**



LIKE A HAWK SWOOPING  
IN ON ITS PREY, *SCANNER  
ONE* SWINGS ABOUT AND  
DIVES TOWARD THE TARGET  
ASTEROID, EVERY MEMBER  
OF ITS CREW COMMITTED  
TO *ONE GOAL*:

*THE DESTRUCTION OF  
THE DARK DESTROYER!*

YET, EVEN AS THEY PLUNGE  
THROUGH SPACE, AN *UNSEEN  
ECTOPLASMIC TENDRIL*  
PROBES FROM THE DEPTHS OF  
THE BLEAK PLANETOID, LIKE A  
*QUESTING HAND--*



-- AND WHOEVER  
IT TOUCHES FEELS  
A WAVE OF *BLACK  
NAUSEA*, LIKE THE  
SUDDEN RISING  
TIDE OF AN EVIL  
SEA:



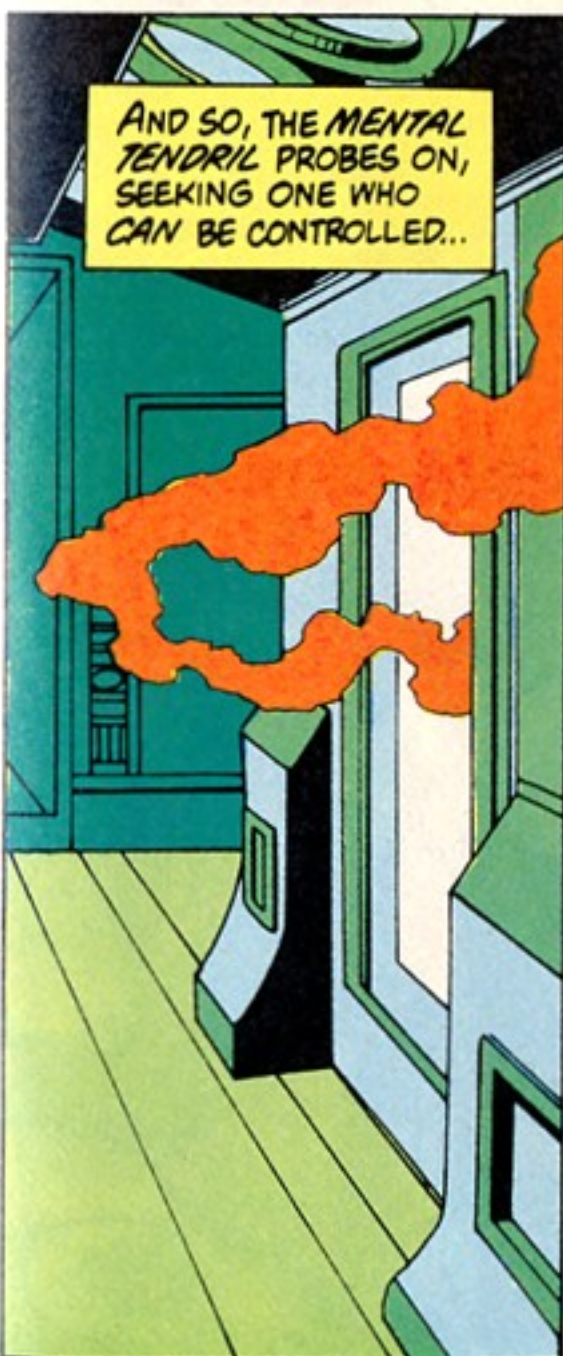




IT IS THE MENTAL  
ESSENCE OF THE DARK  
DESTROYER, AND FOR  
AN INSTANT, FOUL AND  
INDESCRIBABLE EVIL  
PERVADES THE HEARTS  
OF ALL ABOARD--



--BUT IT DOES NOT LAST,  
FOR THE DARK DESTROYER  
CANNOT CONTROL THESE  
CREATURES CALLED HUMAN  
BEINGS; THEIR MINDS ARE  
TOO ALIEN, THEIR EMOTIONS  
TOO RAW.



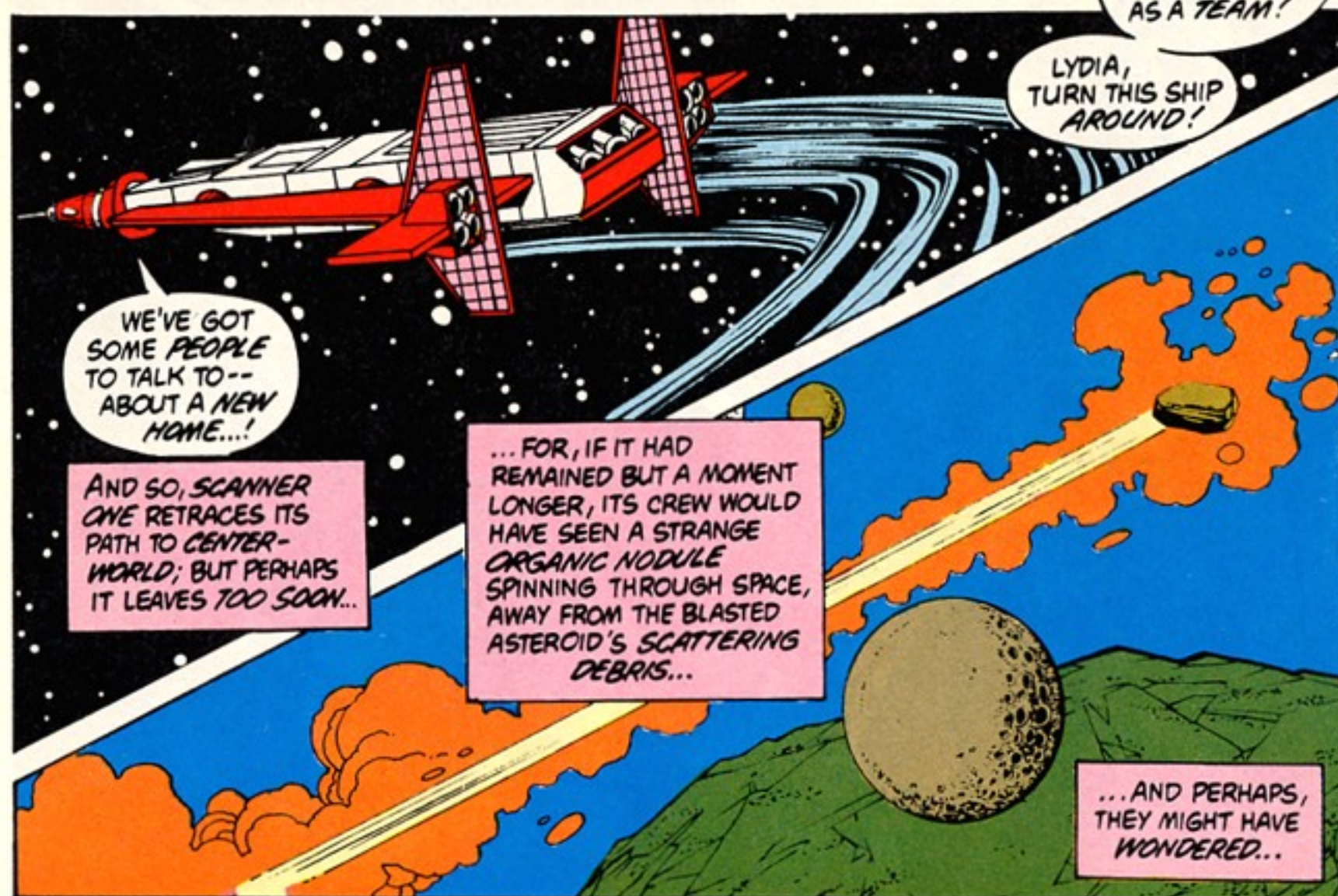
AND SO, THE MENTAL  
TENDRIL PROBES ON,  
SEEKING ONE WHO  
CAN BE CONTROLLED...



...AND FINDING THAT ONE,  
AMID THE GLEAMING INSTRU-  
MENTS OF THE HEALER'S ART,  
IN LUCAS ORION'S SICKBAY..

KILL.









CENTERWORLD:

I THINK WE'RE A HIT,  
COMMANDER.

WE STILL HAVE  
TO GET APPROVAL  
FROM THE FIRST  
CUSTODIANS,  
SINGH.

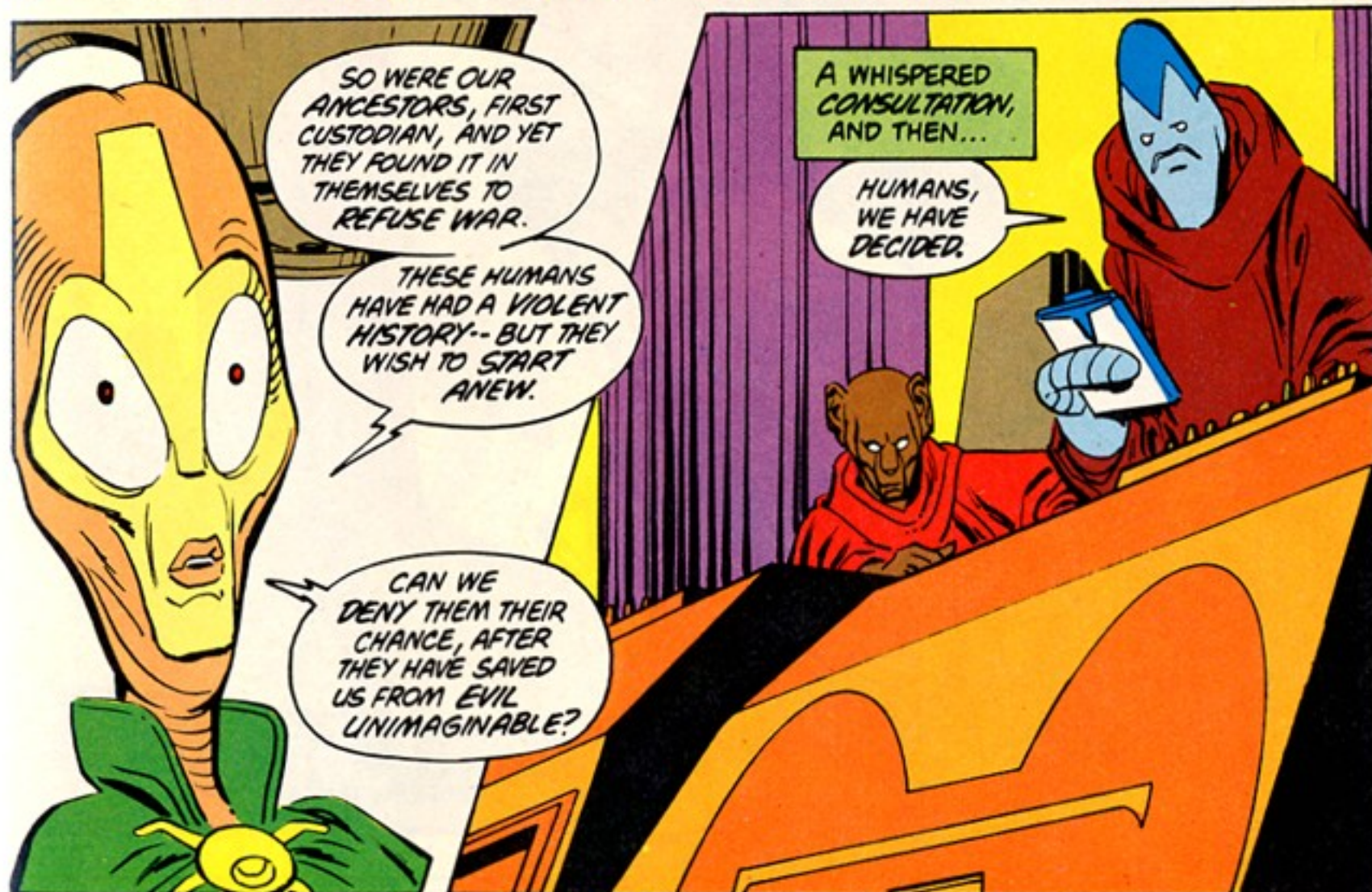
MARTIN,  
THEY MUST  
ACCEPT US!

AFTER ALL  
WE'VE BEEN  
THROUGH--!

BUT--

AVIAR, WE  
HAVE  
LISTENED,  
BUT ARE  
UNCONVINCED.

THIS IS A  
VIOLENT,  
WARLIKE  
SPECIES.



SO WERE OUR  
ANCESTORS, FIRST  
CUSTODIAN, AND YET  
THEY FOUND IT IN  
THEMSELVES TO  
REFUSE WAR.

THESE HUMANS  
HAVE HAD A VIOLENT  
HISTORY-- BUT THEY  
WISH TO START  
ANEW.

CAN WE  
DENY THEM THEIR  
CHANCE, AFTER  
THEY HAVE SAVED  
US FROM EVIL  
UNIMAGINABLE?

A WHISPERED  
CONSULTATION,  
AND THEN...

HUMANS,  
WE HAVE  
DECIDED.







SIX MONTHS LATER,  
ON THE WAR-WEARY  
WORLD CALLED EARTH,  
A FATEFUL COUNTDOWN  
REACHES CLIMAX:

THREE...  
TWO...  
ONE...

MULTIVERSE  
DRIVE ACTIVATED!

EXODUS  
ONE IS  
AWAY!

THERE THEY  
GO, LYDIA, THE  
FIRST SHIPLOAD OF  
COLONISTS FOR  
NEW EARTH--

--TWO THOUSAND  
MEN, WOMEN, AND  
CHILDREN LOADED IN  
SUSPENDED ANIMATION  
TANKS, CROWDED  
INTO THE CARGO BAY  
OF THE OLD SCANNER  
ONE.

THEY'VE GONE  
TO SLEEP ON A  
WORLD RUINED  
BY WAR...













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