

STAR TREK

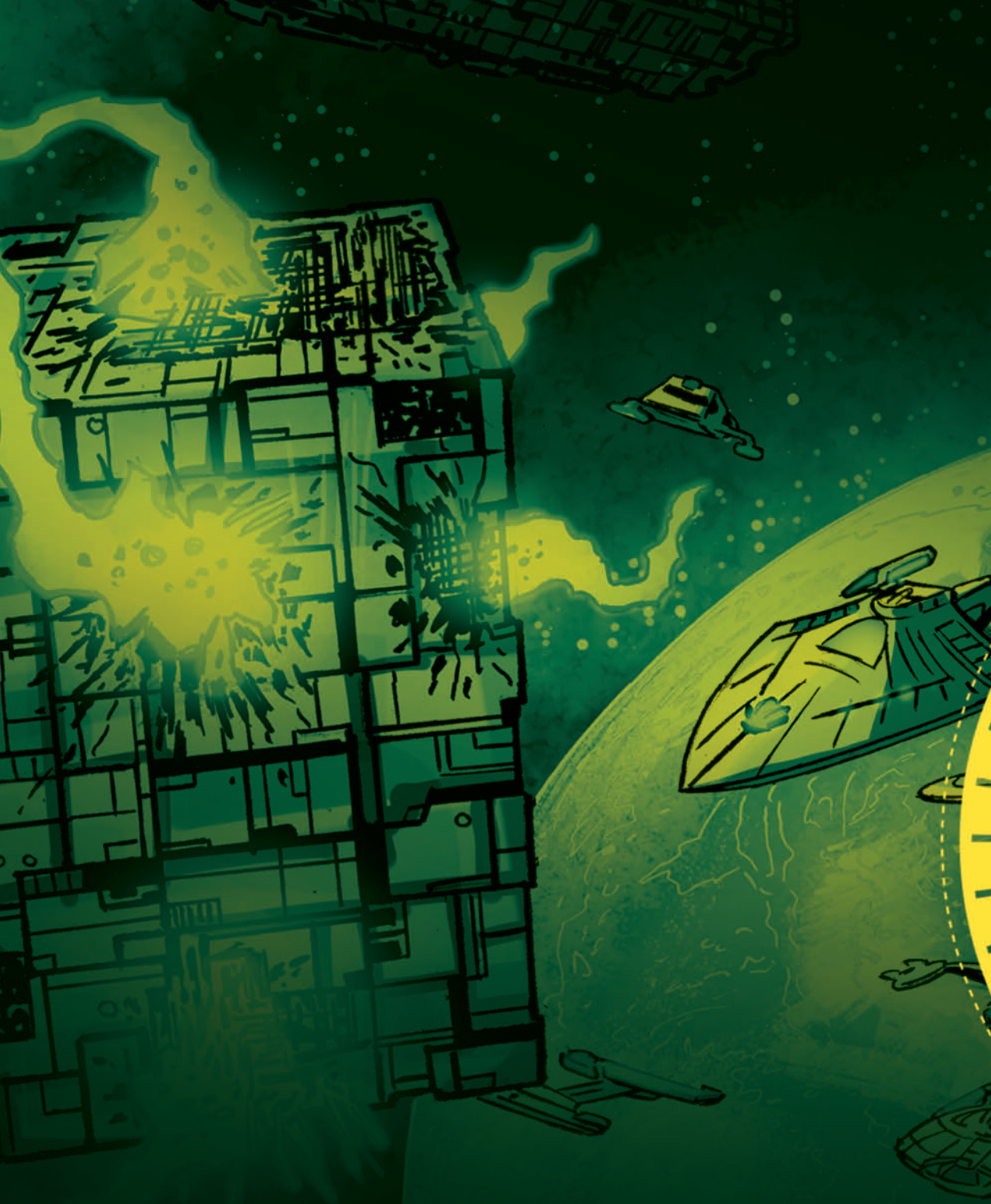
THE NEXT GENERATION®



STORY BY BRANNON BRAGA • ART BY JOE CORRONEY

The logo is centered on a dark green, textured background. It features a large yellow circular frame with a dashed outer edge and a solid inner edge. Inside the frame, the words "STAR TREK" are written in a bold, italicized, yellow-outlined font. Below this, "THE NEXT GENERATION" is written in a smaller, italicized, yellow-outlined font, followed by a registered trademark symbol. At the bottom of the frame, the word "HIVE" is written in a large, blocky, yellow-outlined font.

STAR TREK
THE NEXT GENERATION®
HIVE



Grateful acknowledgement to Mark Rademaker for Merian-Class Starship design.
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IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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DIGITAL



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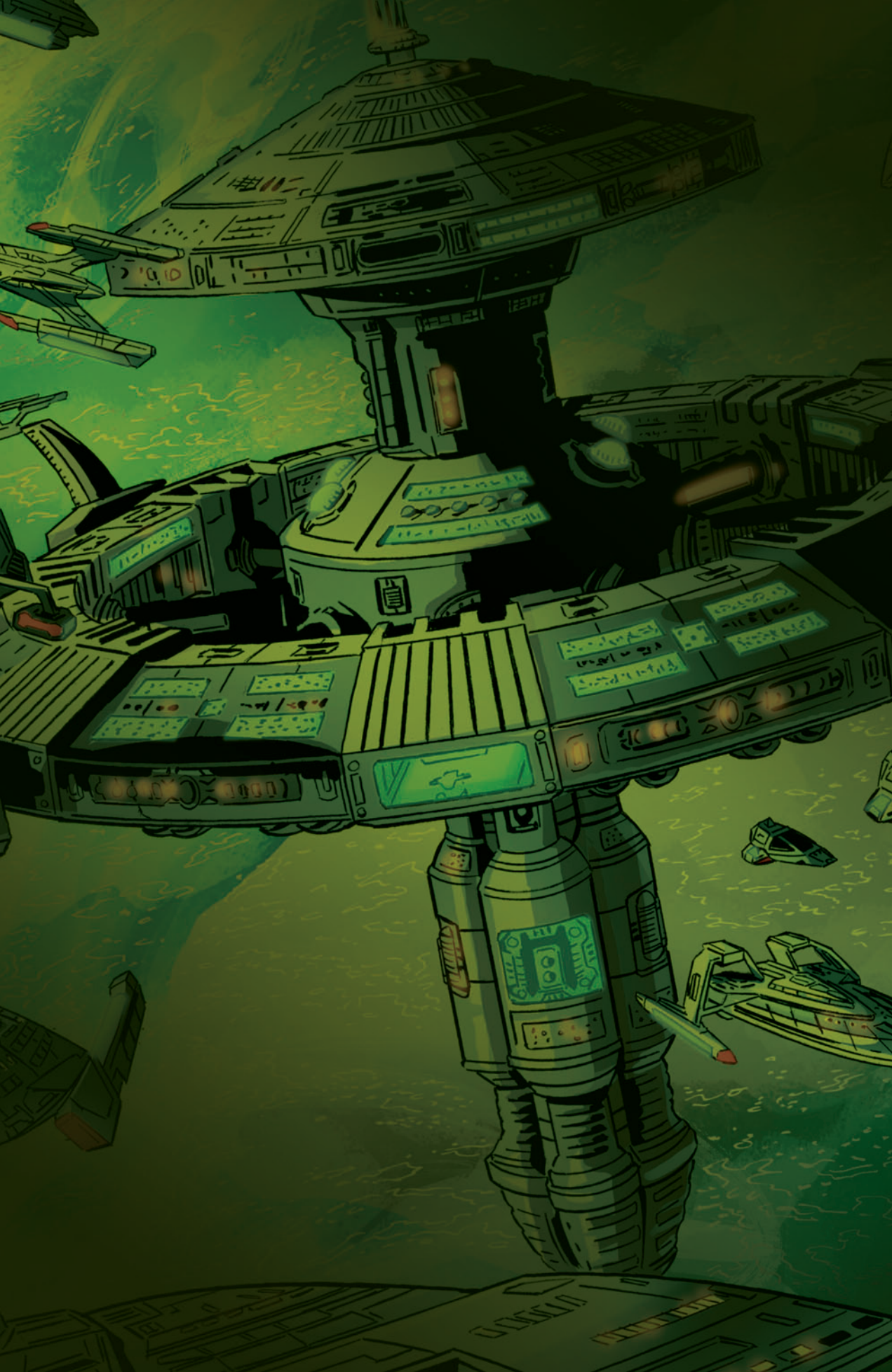
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29TH CENTURY.

11

I AM ALONE WITH
MY THOUGHTS.

COMPARTMENTALIZED AFTER
ALL THIS TIME. BUT NOT
FOR LONG. SOON, THE
COLLECTIVE WILL HEAR.

IT IS ONLY NOW, AFTER
TOTAL VICTORY, I HAVE
GROWN WEARY OF THE
HIVE AND ITS DOMINANCE.

THE LAST WORLD OF THE
OLD FEDERATION FELL
OVER A CENTURY AGO.
RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE.



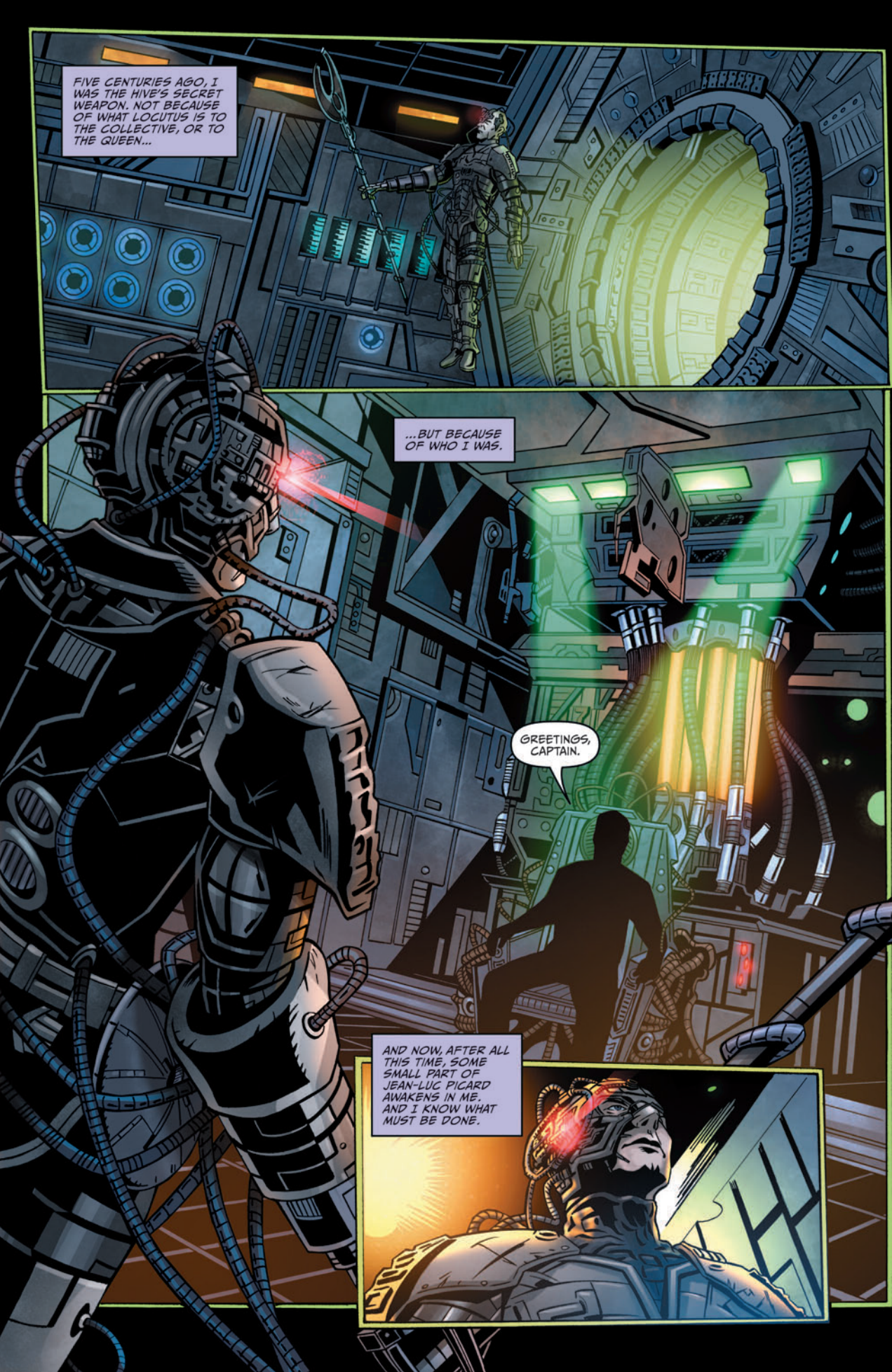
THE COLLECTIVE
HAS FAILED.



WE PURSUED TOTAL ASSIMILATION
OF THE GALAXY. WE ATTAINED
THE POWER TO DO THIS, BUT
LOST THE ABILITY TO ASK WHY
IT WAS WORTH DOING.



AND NOW WE ARE WITHOUT
PURPOSE. PERFECTION HAS
NOT BEEN ATTAINED. PERHAPS
INDIVIDUALITY WAS, INDEED,
PERFECTION ALL ALONG.



FIVE CENTURIES AGO, I
WAS THE HIVE'S SECRET
WEAPON. NOT BECAUSE
OF WHAT LOCUTUS IS TO
THE COLLECTIVE, OR TO
THE QUEEN...

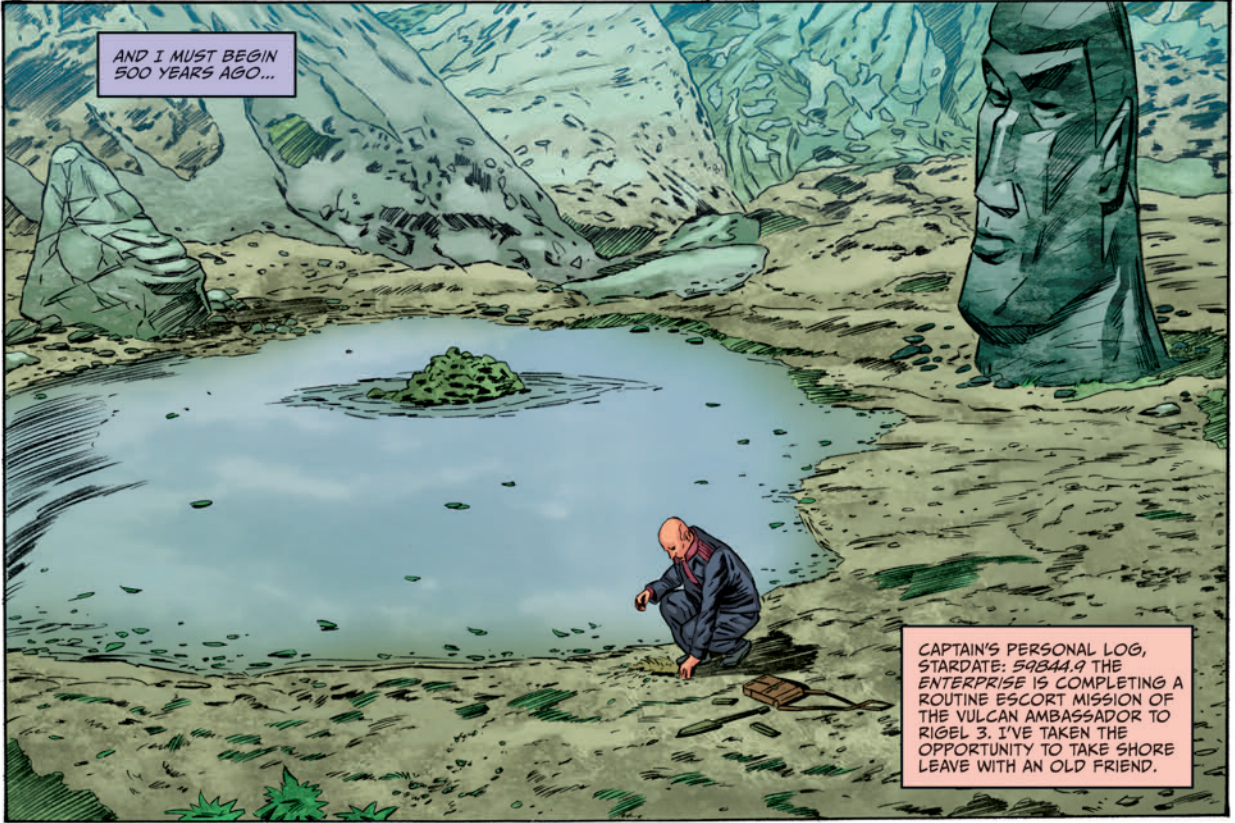
...BUT BECAUSE
OF WHO I WAS.

GREETINGS,
CAPTAIN.

AND NOW, AFTER ALL
THIS TIME, SOME
SMALL PART OF
JEAN-LUC PICARD
AWAKENS IN ME.
AND I KNOW WHAT
MUST BE DONE.



AND I MUST BEGIN
500 YEARS AGO...



CAPTAIN'S PERSONAL LOG,
STARDATE: 59844.9 THE
ENTERPRISE IS COMPLETING A
ROUTINE ESCORT MISSION OF
THE VULCAN AMBASSADOR TO
RIGEL 3. I'VE TAKEN THE
OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE SHORE
LEAVE WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

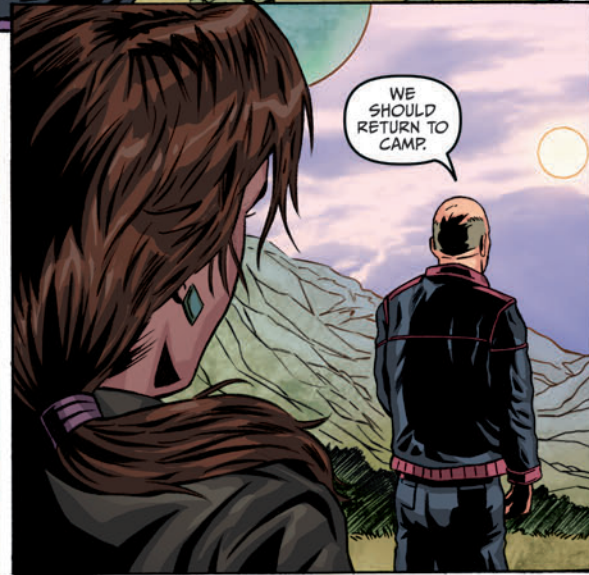
MY MIND HAS BEEN...
CLUTTERED AGAIN.
LONGING TO JOIN ITSELF
WITH OTHERS. I'M HOPING
THIS BREAK WILL CLEAR
MY THOUGHTS.

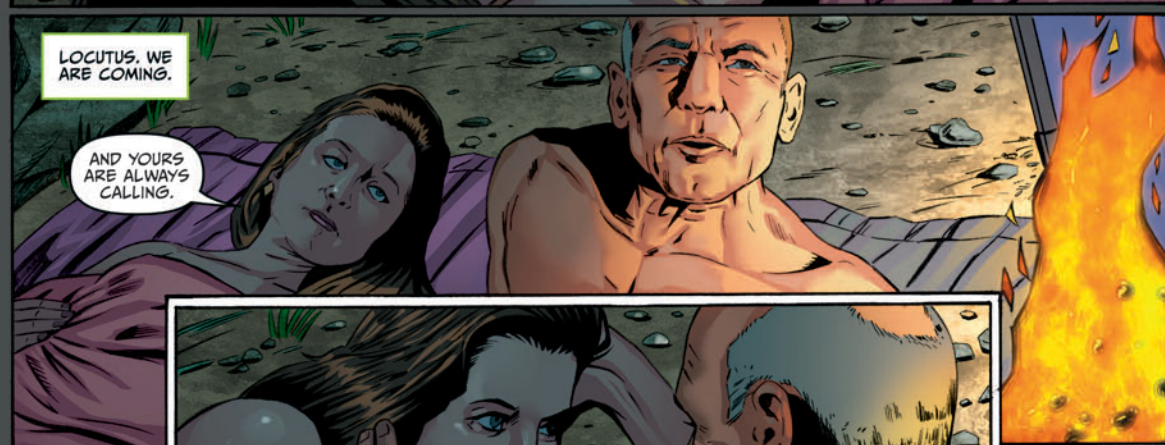
JEAN-LUC!
COME LOOK
AT THIS!



WE'RE
ABOUT TO
MAKE HISTORY.







CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL: I'VE ENDED MY LEAVE EARLY AND REROUTED THE *ENTERPRISE* TOWARD EARTH TO MEET WITH STARFLEET COMMAND.



THE BORG ARE COMING. I CAN HEAR THE HIVE MIND. I FEEL THEIR APPROACH.

STARFLEET HAS INTERCEPTED CHATTER ACROSS ALL COM FREQUENCIES. IT'S THE MOST BORG ACTIVITY IN YEARS.



EVERYTHING IS ABOUT TO CHANGE. LOCUTUS, HEAR OUR THOUGHTS...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN?



I'M FINE, LIEUTENANT ARCHER. YOU HAVE THE CONN.



AYE, SIR.



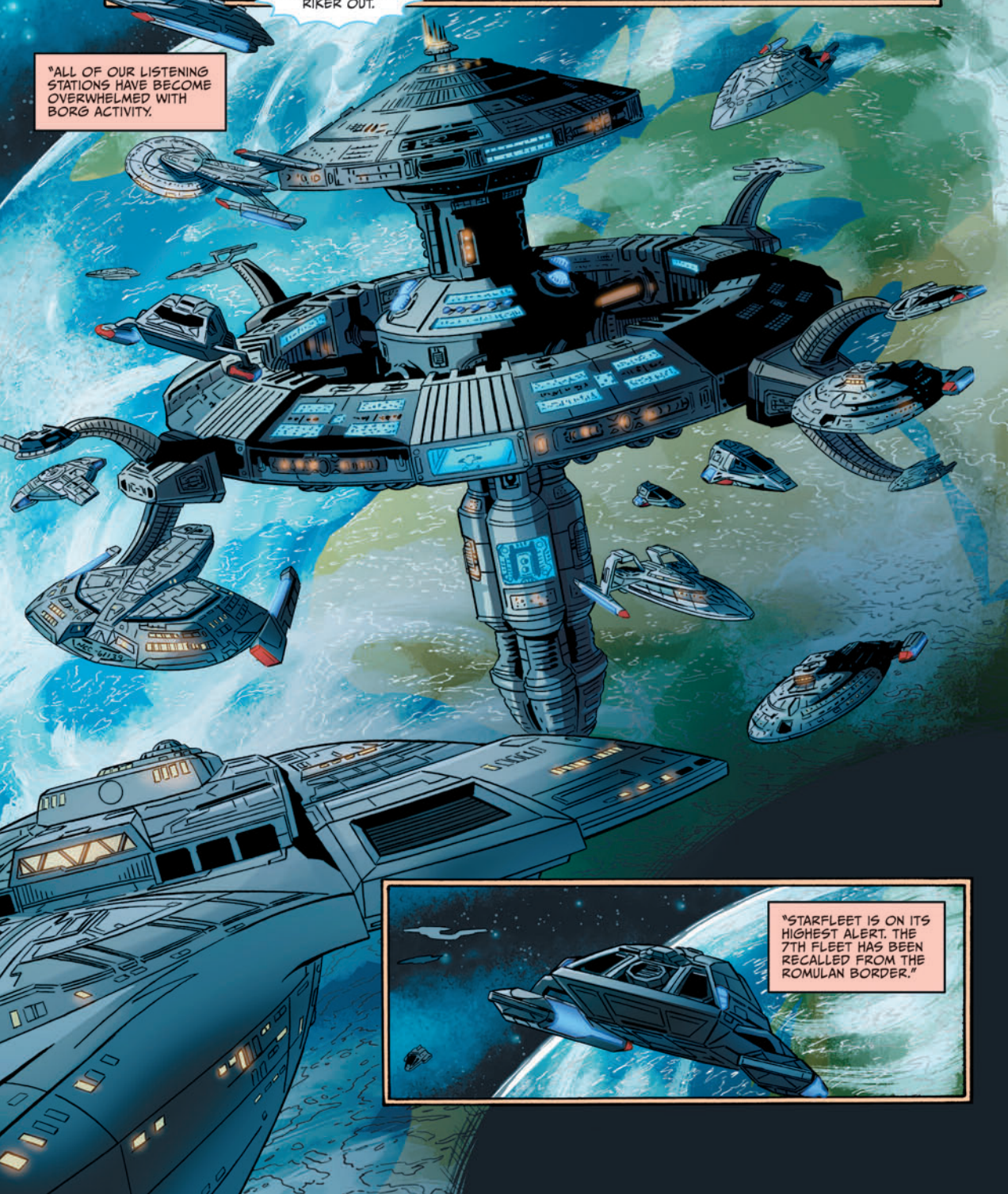


WE'LL ARRIVE
WITHIN THE HOUR.
THE TITAN WILL BE IN
GOOD HANDS WHILE
I'M AWAY.




I APOLOGIZE
FOR THE SHORT
NOTICE, WILL.

YOU CAN BUY ME
A DRINK WHEN IT'S
ALL OVER, CAPTAIN.
RIKER OUT.

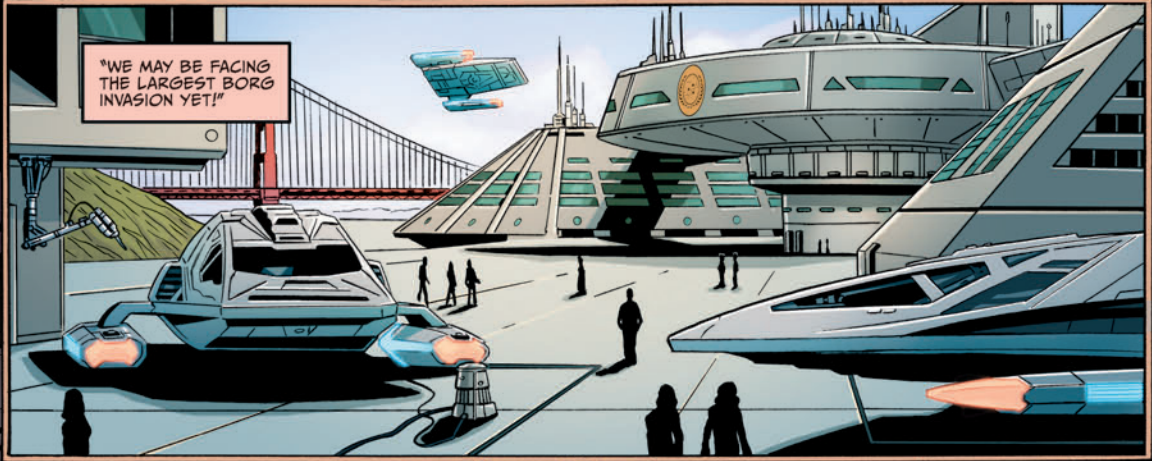


*ALL OF OUR LISTENING
STATIONS HAVE BECOME
OVERWHELMED WITH
BORG ACTIVITY.



*STARFLEET IS ON ITS
HIGHEST ALERT. THE
7TH FLEET HAS BEEN
RECALLED FROM THE
ROMULAN BORDER."

"WE MAY BE FACING THE LARGEST BORG INVASION YET!"

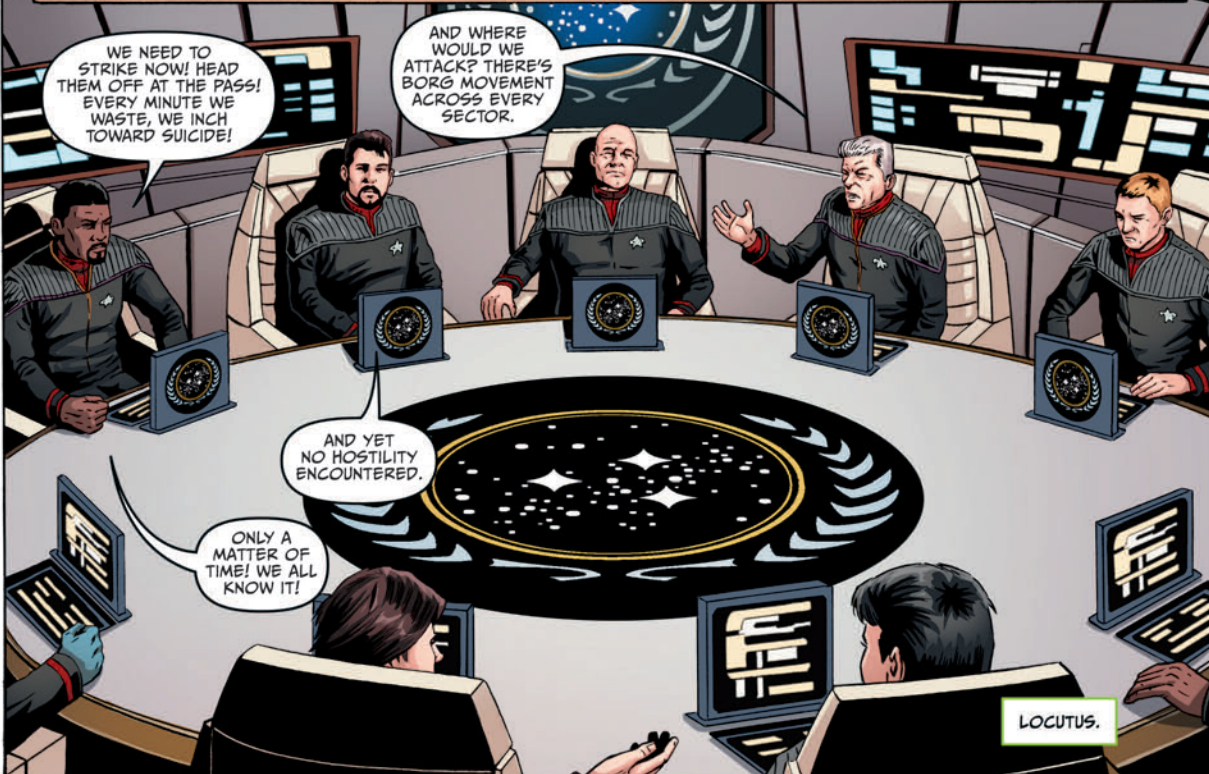


WE NEED TO STRIKE NOW! HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS! EVERY MINUTE WE WASTE, WE INCH TOWARD SUICIDE!

AND WHERE WOULD WE ATTACK? THERE'S BORG MOVEMENT ACROSS EVERY SECTOR.

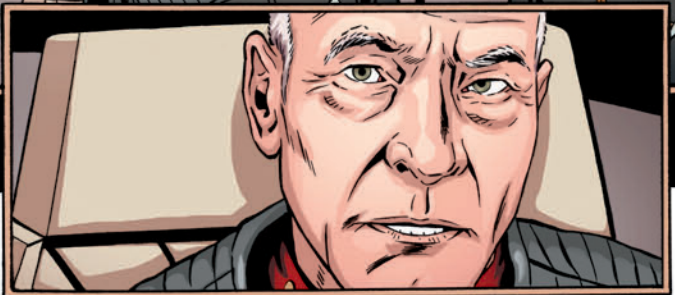
AND YET NO HOSTILITY ENCOUNTERED.

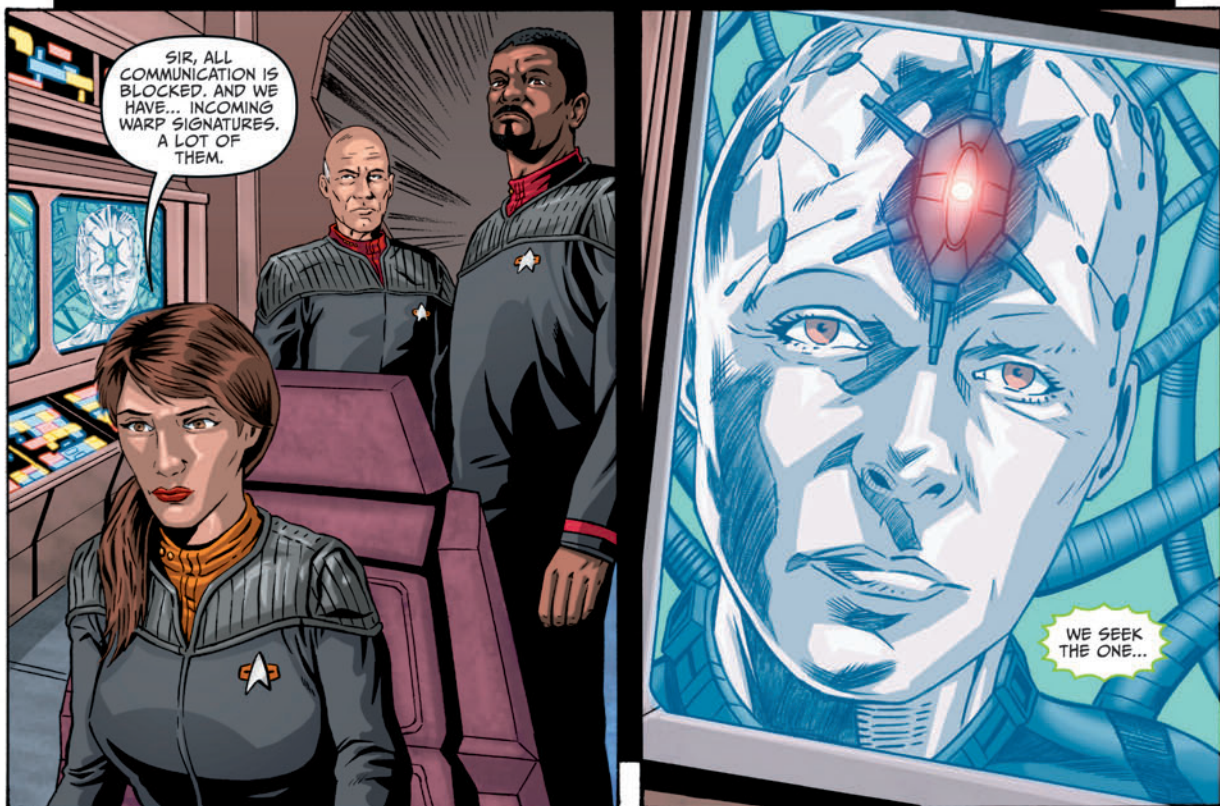
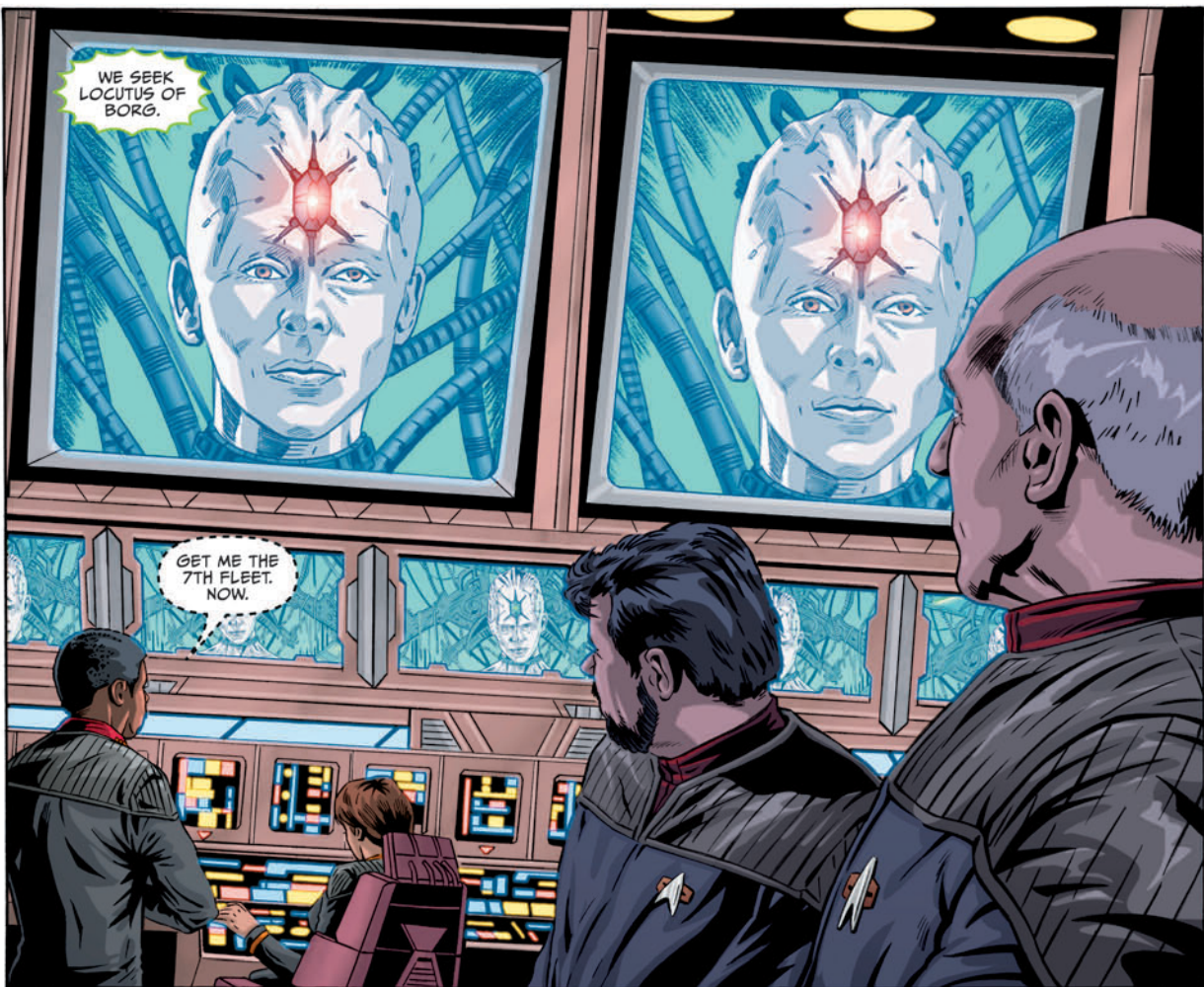
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME! WE ALL KNOW IT!



LOCUTUS.

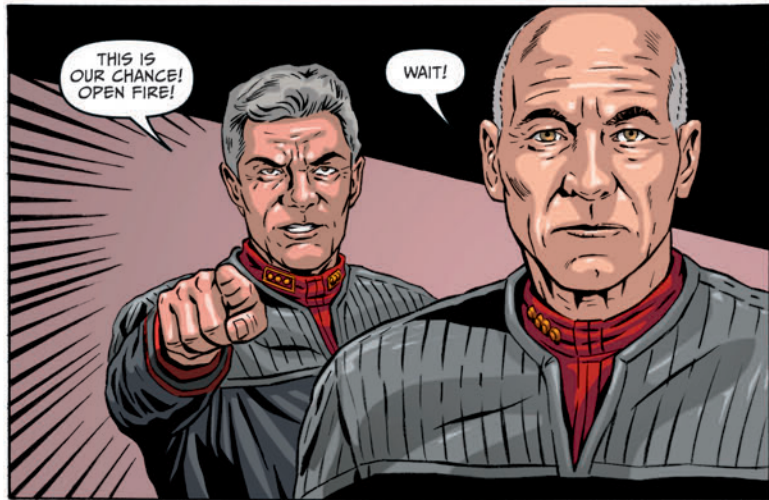
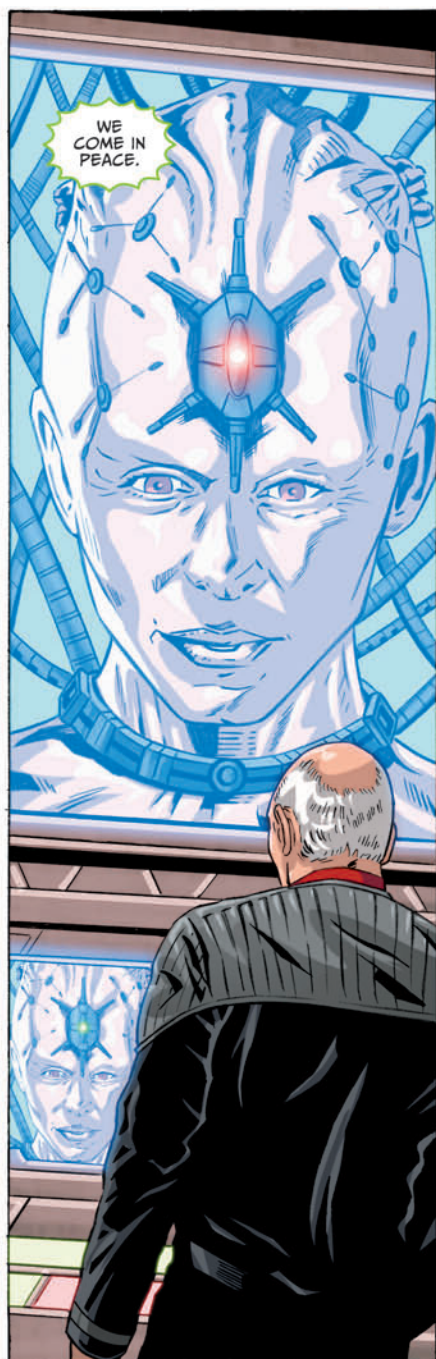
WHAT IN HELL WAS THAT?

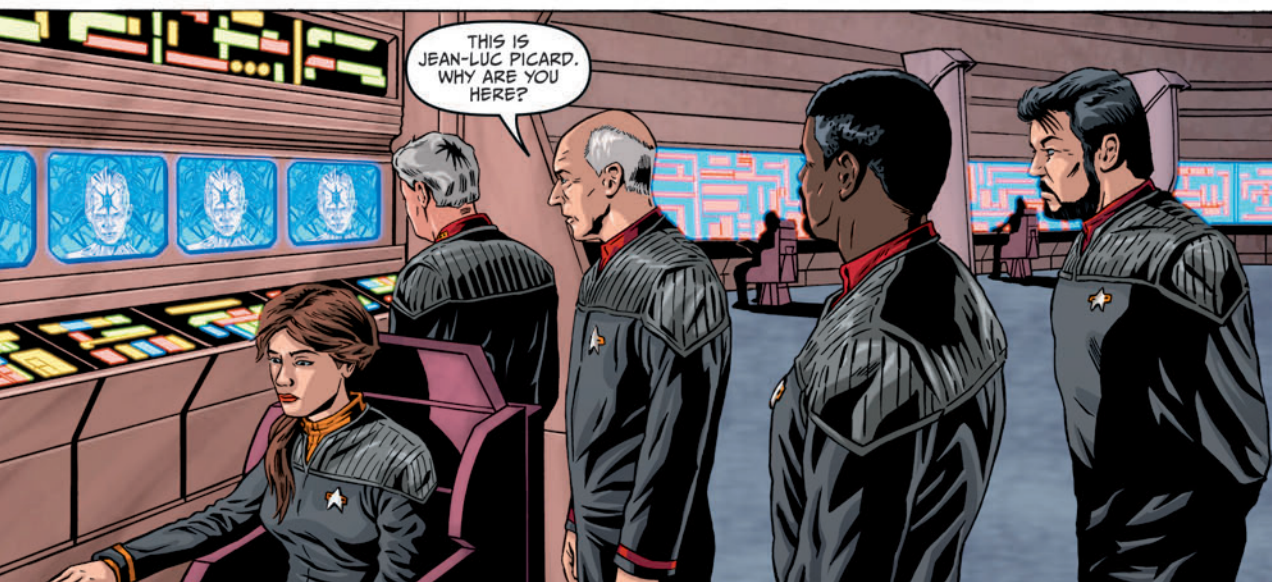




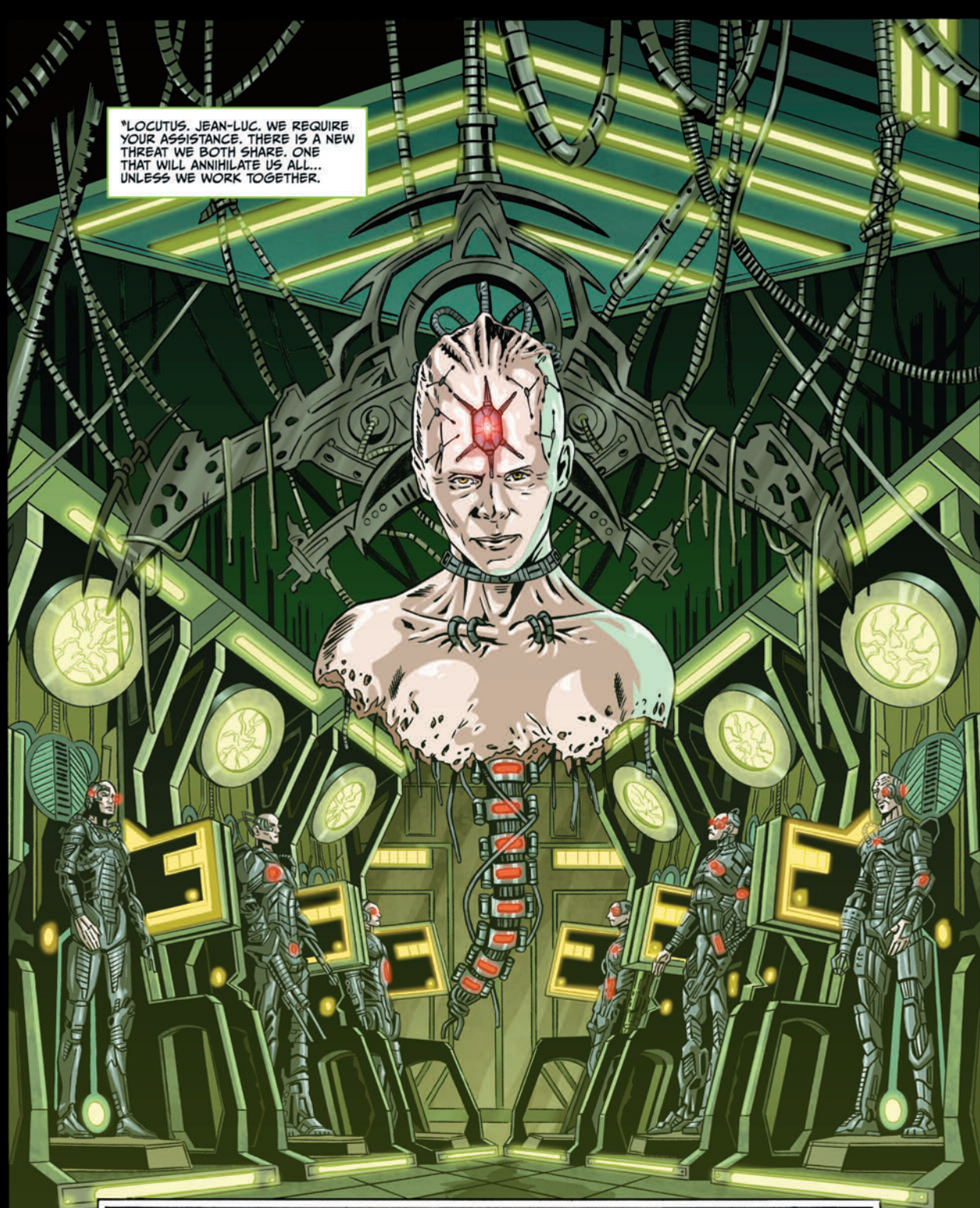
"...THE ONE YOU CALL
JEAN-LUC PICARD..."







"LOCUTUS. JEAN-LUC, WE REQUIRE
YOUR ASSISTANCE. THERE IS A NEW
THREAT WE BOTH SHARE. ONE
THAT WILL ANNIHILATE US ALL...
UNLESS WE WORK TOGETHER.



"THE COLLECTIVE WAS
EXPERIMENTING WITH
INTER-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL."





"IN ORDER TO FIND NEW BIOLOGICAL
AND TECHNOLOGICAL DISTINCTIVENESS,
WE TRAVELED TO OTHER PARALLEL
AND NON-PARALLEL WORLDS.

"IT WAS THERE THAT WE DISCOVERED
SPECIES 1881. THE VOLDRANAIL.
RULERS OF A REALM OF CHAOS."

"OUR ATTEMPTS TO ASSIMILATE THEM FAILED. THEIR BIOLOGY WAS TOO COMPLEX. WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RETREAT."



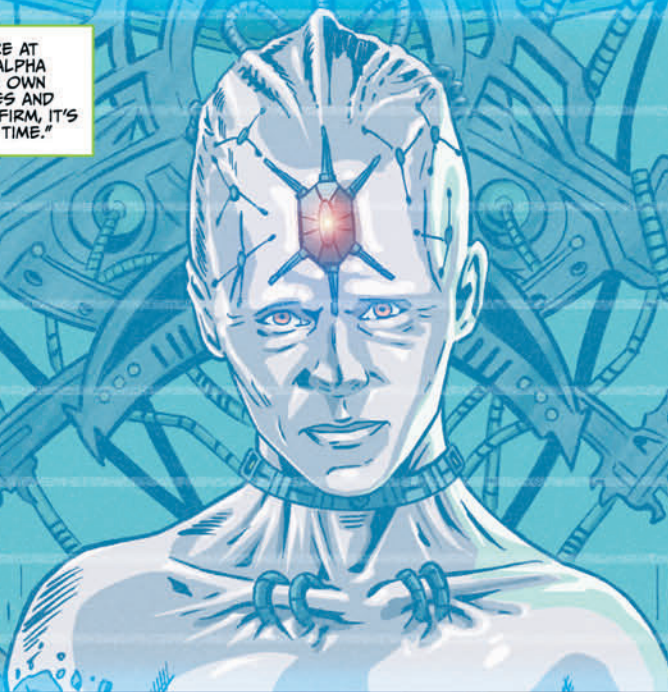
"AND THEY FOLLOWED US BACK..."

"...BACK TO THIS DIMENSION. THEY INTEND TO PURGE THIS UNIVERSE OF ALL OTHER SPECIES, PARANOID SOMEONE WILL ENTER THEIR DOMAIN AND ATTACK THEM AGAIN.

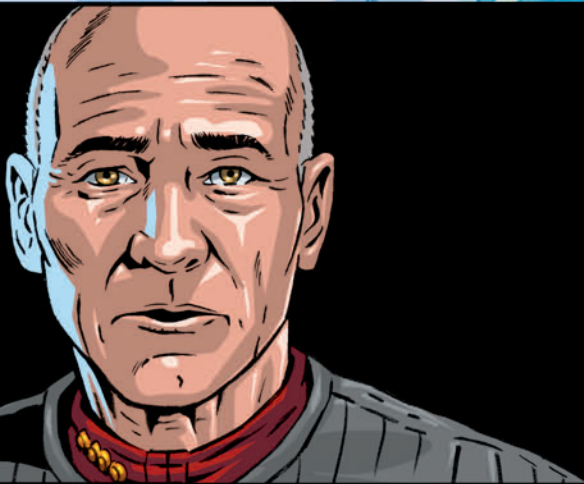
"WE WERE NO MATCH FOR THEM. THEIR VESSELS WERE ARMED WITH TECHNOLOGY BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION.

"AS WE SPEAK, THEY ARE TEARING OUR GALAXY APART, RIPPING AT THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME. THEIR GOAL IS TO RENDER OUR UNIVERSE LIKE THEIR OWN: PERFECT CHAOS."

"THE VOLDRANAI ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE ALPHA QUADRANT. AS YOUR OWN DEEP SPACE PROBES AND STATIONS WILL CONFIRM, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME."

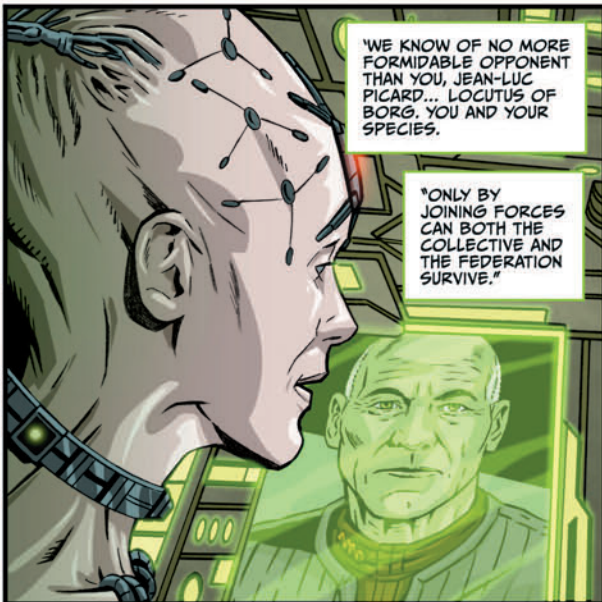


WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



"WE KNOW OF NO MORE FORMIDABLE OPPONENT THAN YOU, JEAN-LUC PICARD... LOCUTUS OF BORG. YOU AND YOUR SPECIES."

"ONLY BY JOINING FORCES CAN BOTH THE COLLECTIVE AND THE FEDERATION SURVIVE."



AND IF WE AGREE TO THIS TRUCE, TELL ME HOW YOU INTEND TO WORK TOGETHER. HIVE MIND AND HUMANS.



"WE WILL SEND...
AN AMBASSADOR."



500 YEARS LATER.



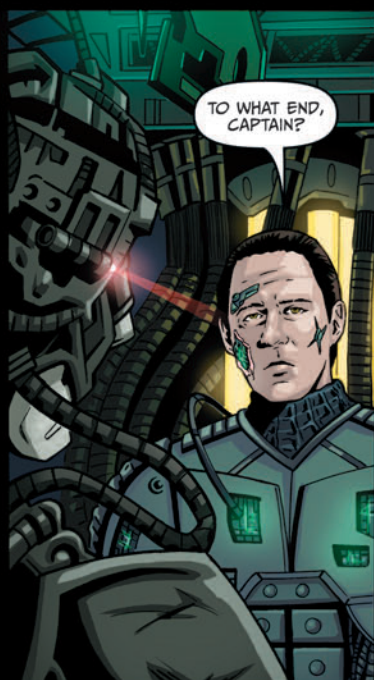
GREETINGS,
CAPTAIN. HOW
IS IT I AM
HERE?

A COPY OF
YOUR POSITRONIC
MATRIX WAS STORED
IN OUR HIVE MIND. I'VE
RECONSTRUCTED
YOU.

WHY?

BECAUSE I
CANNOT DO
THIS ALONE.





TO WHAT END,
CAPTAIN?



"IT INVOLVES MYSELF IN
THE DISTANT PAST.
JEAN-LUC PICARD, BEFORE
HE WAS REASSIMILATED."



"I HOPE HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO DO
WHAT MUST BE DONE. I REMEMBER HIM
ENOUGH TO KNOW HE WILL RESIST."

"FOR THE SAKE OF ALL
LIFE IN THE GALAXY...
LET'S HOPE HE DOES NOT."



THE COLLECTIVE IS
THE CLOSEST TO
PERFECTION THAT
THIS GALAXY HAS
EVER SEEN.



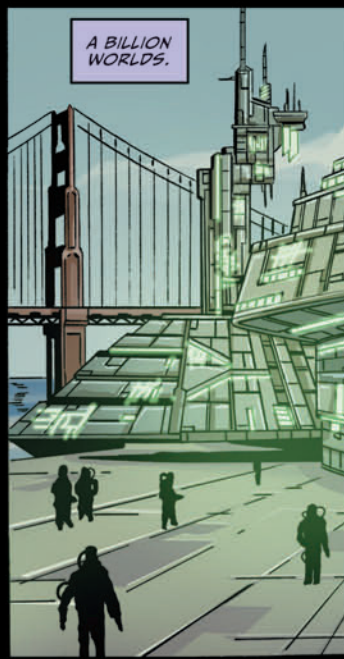
TOTAL EFFICIENCY.



NOT A SINGLE
WASTED EFFORT.

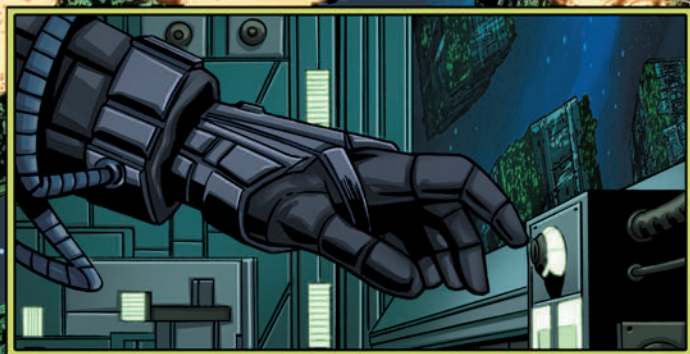


A BILLION
WORLDS.

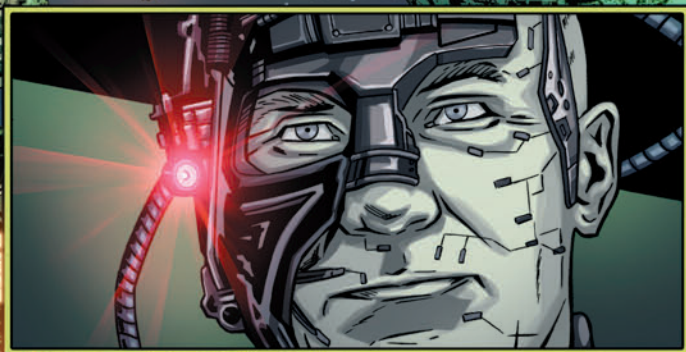


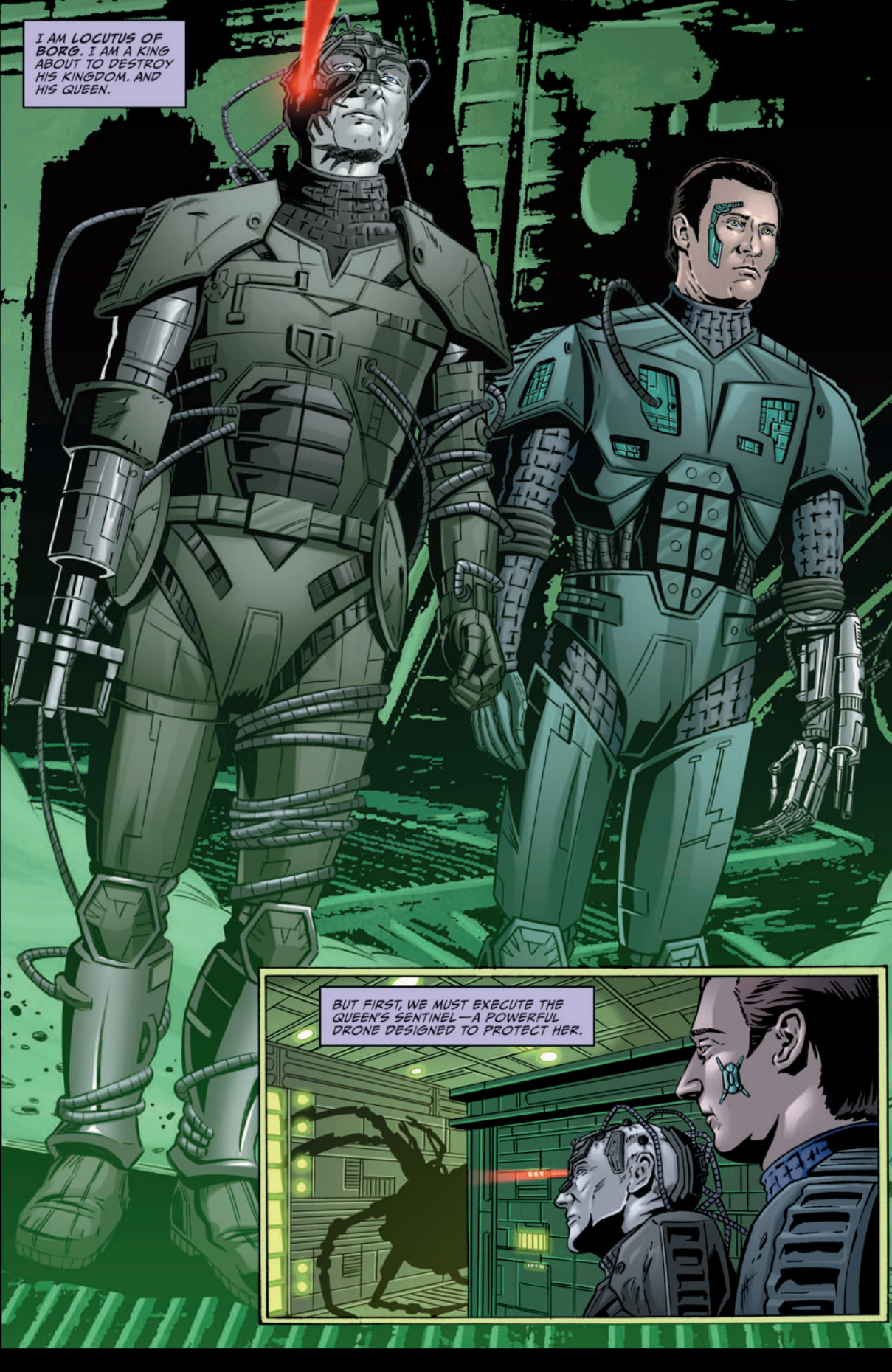
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE LAST GASP
OF RESISTANCE. THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING
THAT REQUIRED A SWIFT ALLOCATION OF
RESOURCES. AND CERTAINLY NOTHING THAT
WOULD ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE QUEEN.



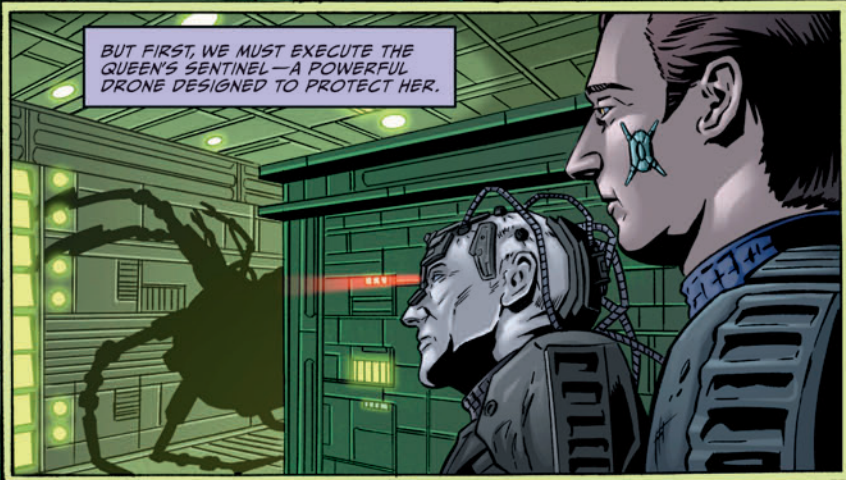


UNTIL NOW.

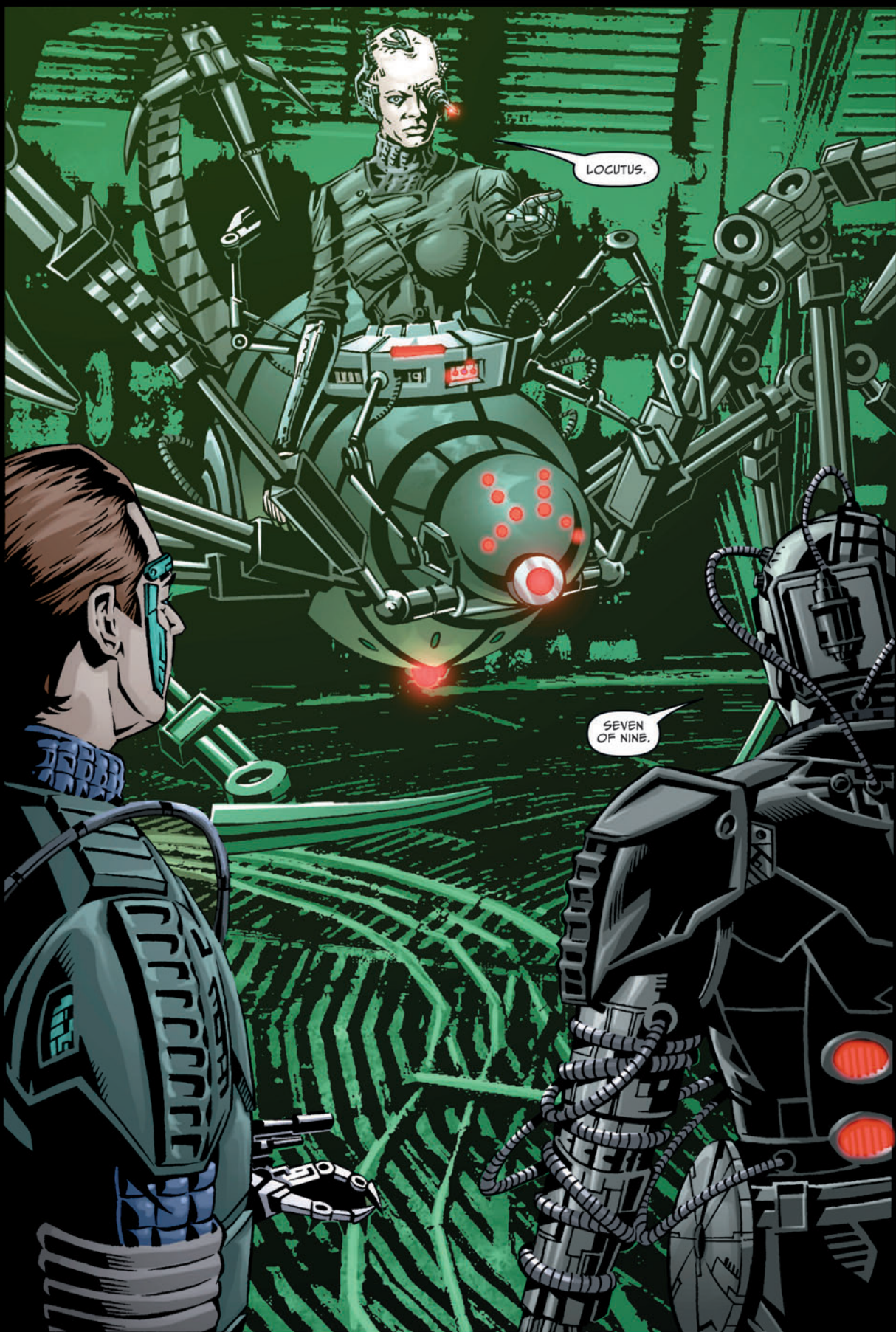




I AM LOCUTUS OF BORG. I AM A KING ABOUT TO DESTROY HIS KINGDOM. AND HIS QUEEN.



BUT FIRST, WE MUST EXECUTE THE QUEEN'S SENTINEL—A POWERFUL DRONE DESIGNED TO PROTECT HER.

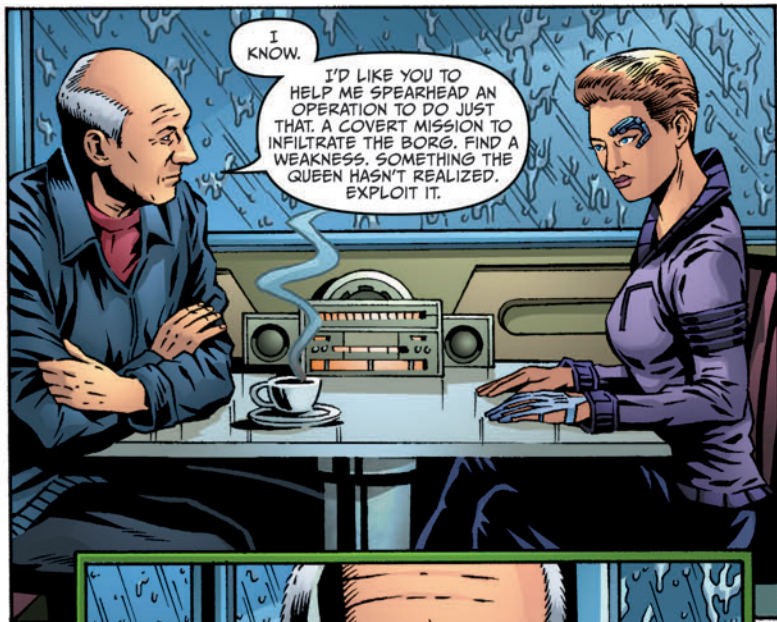
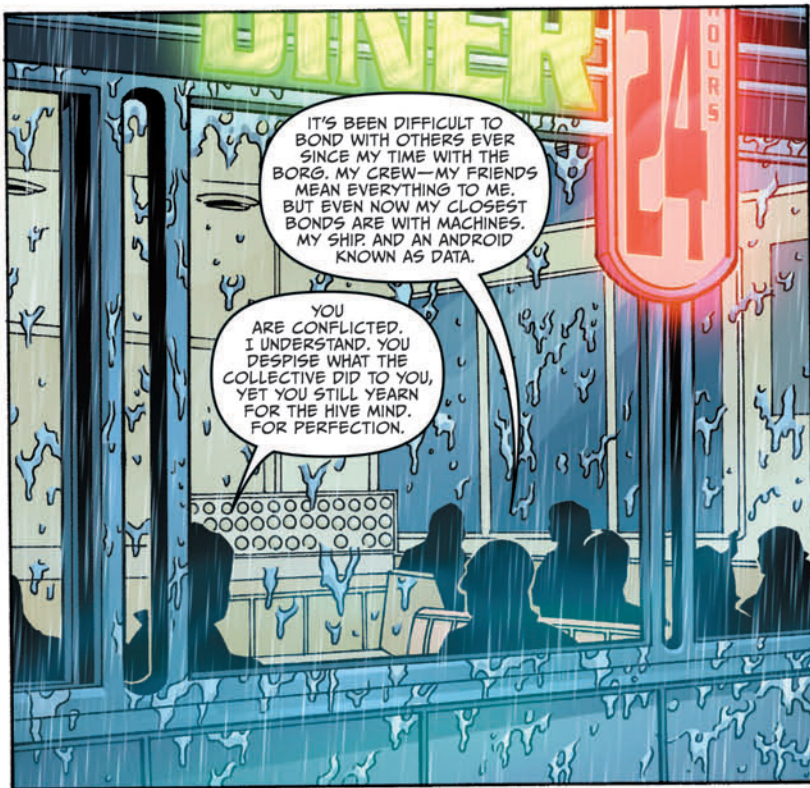


503 YEARS EARLIER.

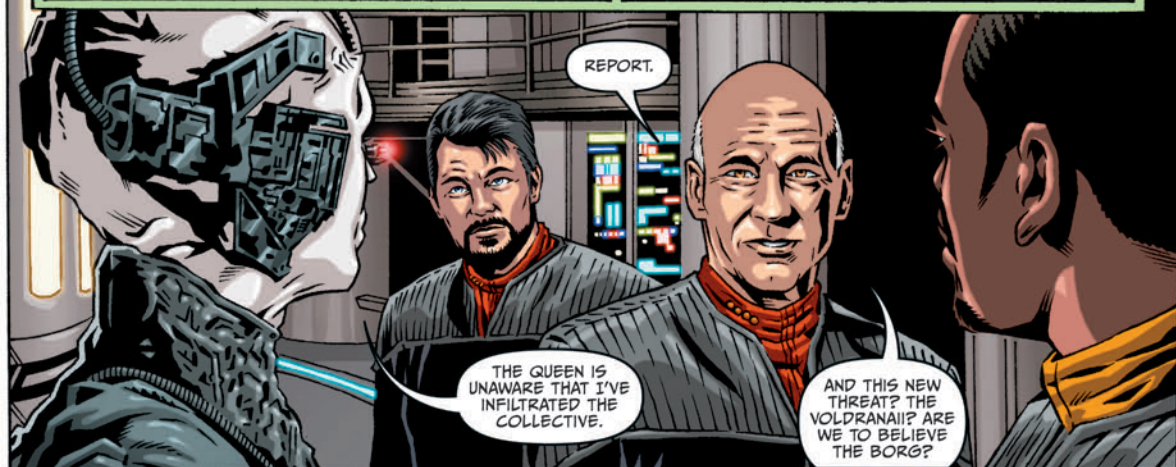
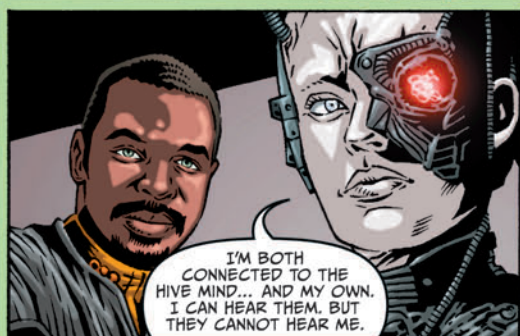
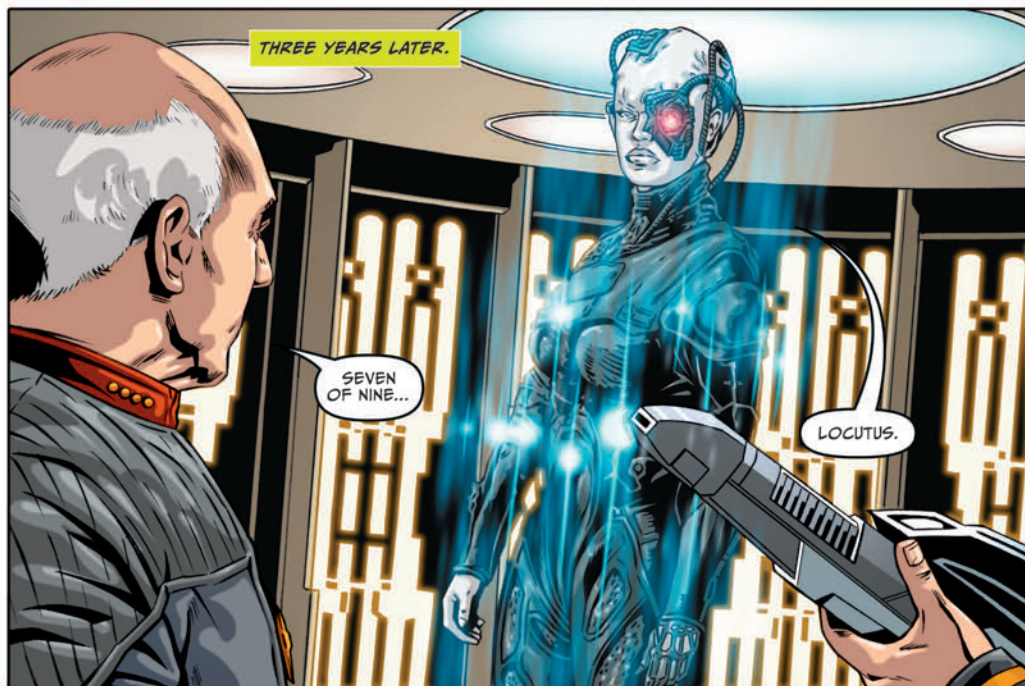
WELCOME HOME, ANNIKA.

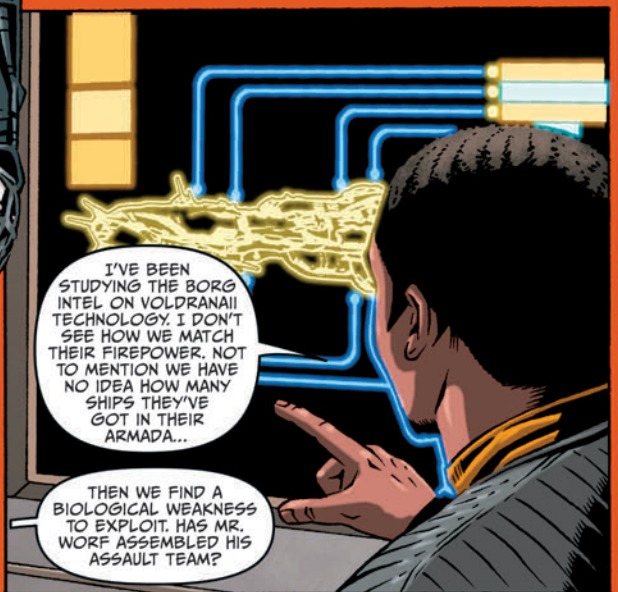
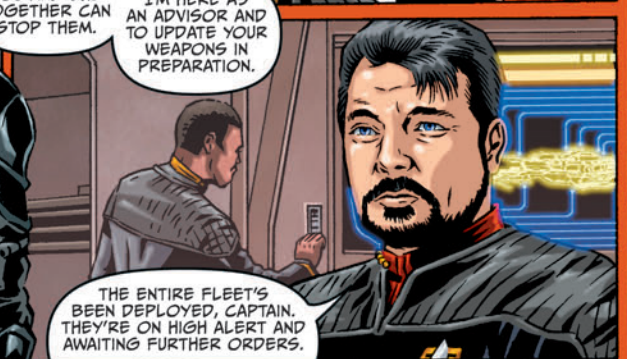
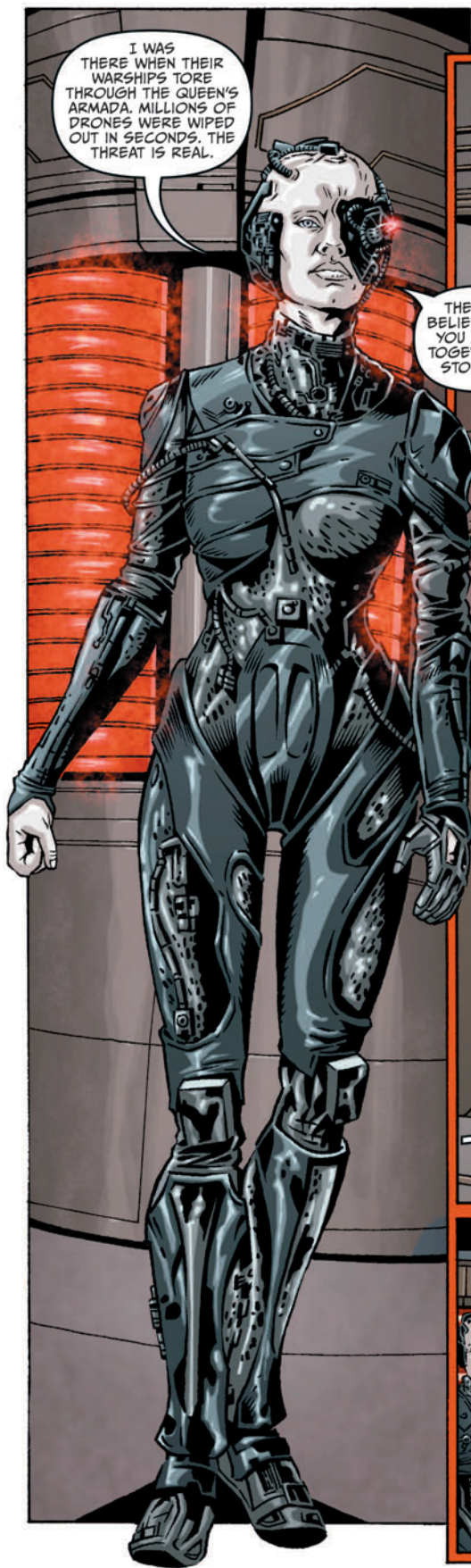
YOU ARE—

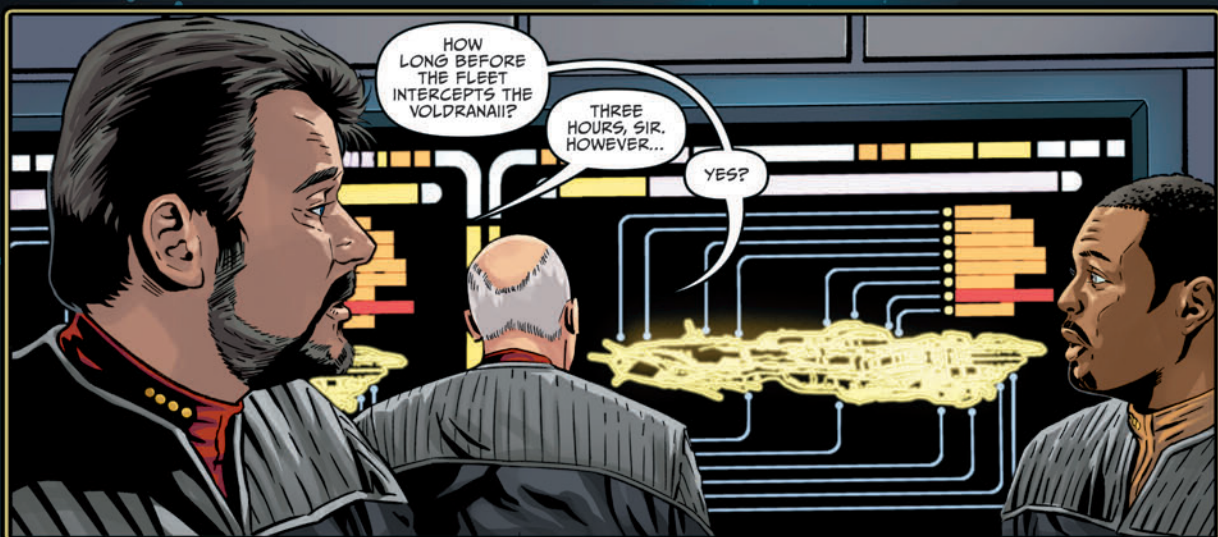
—JEAN LUC PICARD. BUT YOU KNOW ME AS...





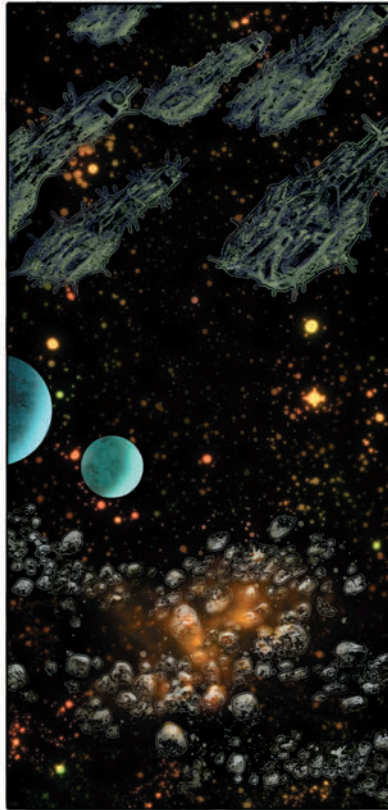
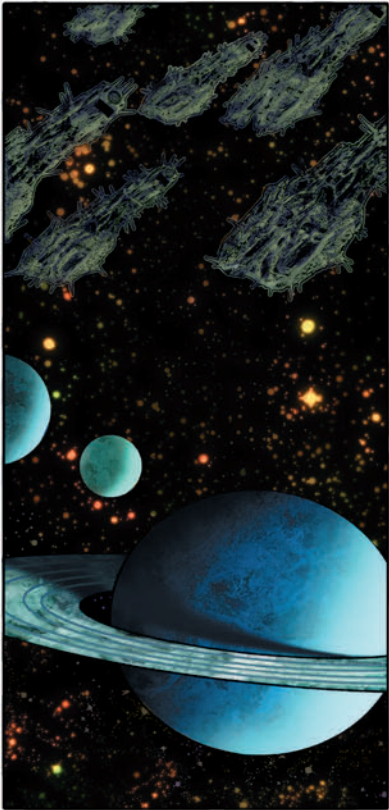
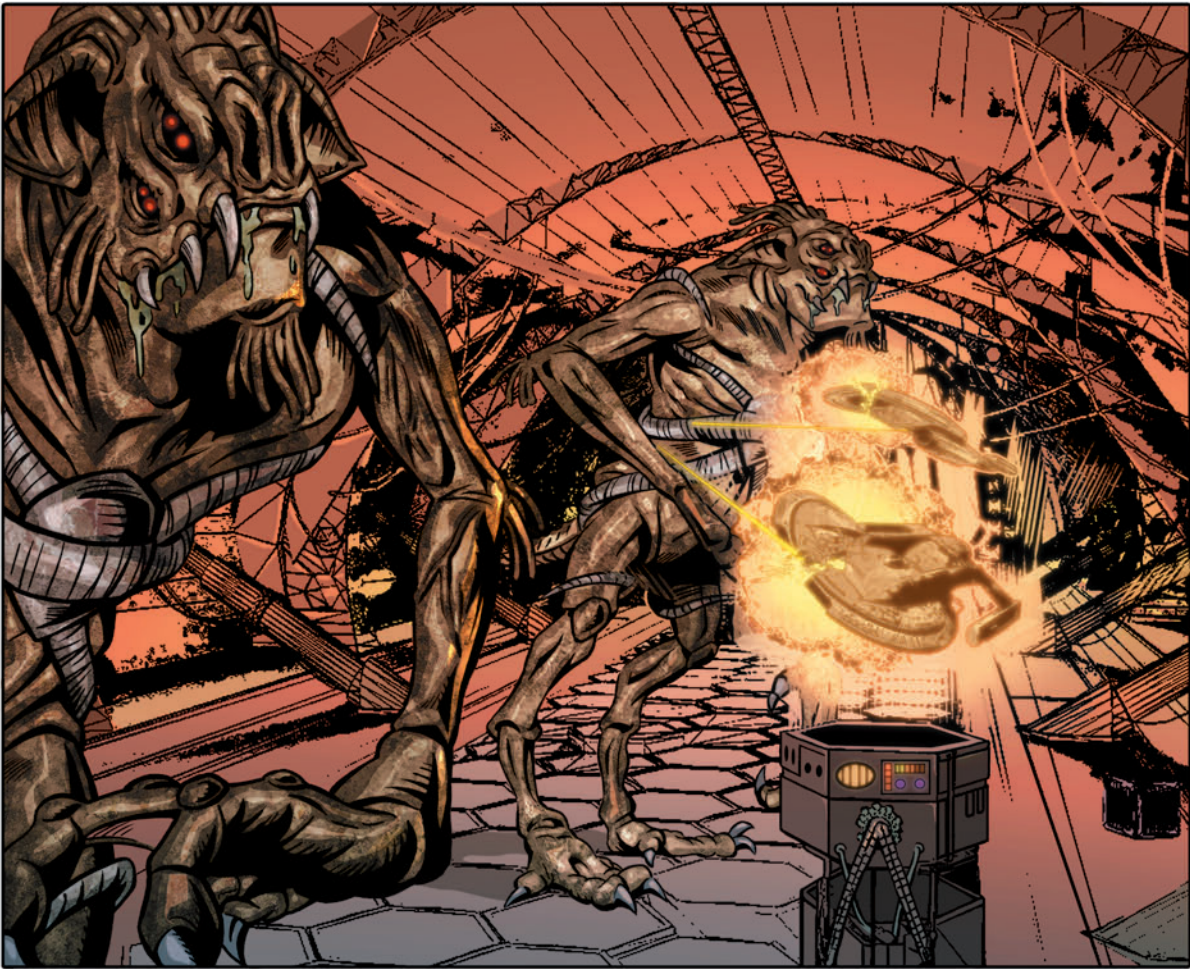






"WE WON'T MAKE IT IN TIME TO SAVE ANDORIA. THE *INTREPID* AND THE *NIKITA* ARE THE CLOSEST STARSHIPS. LET'S HOPE THEY CAN HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL WE GET THERE."





CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE SUPPLEMENTAL. I HAVE ASSEMBLED THE FLEET JUST INSIDE THE MUTARA NEBULA. THE DUST CLOUD'S STATIC DISCHARGE AND IONIZED GASES SHOULD MASK US FROM THE APPROACHING VOLDRANAI SHIPS. IT'S A TRICK I LEARNED FROM AN OLD FRIEND.



NEWS OF ANDORIA PRIME WAS A BLOW TO MORALE, BUT THE CREW REMAINS READY TO STRIKE BACK.

LOOK AT THEM, BORG SHIPS NEXT TO OURS. NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY.

I KNOW THIS CAN'T BE EASY FOR YOU, KIRA.

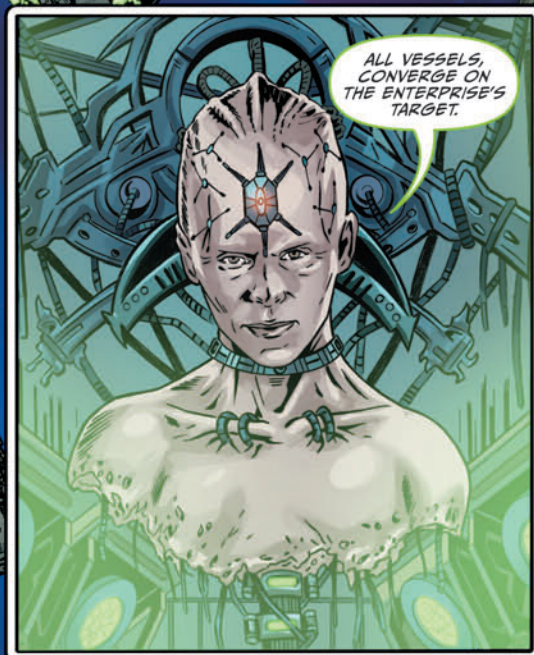
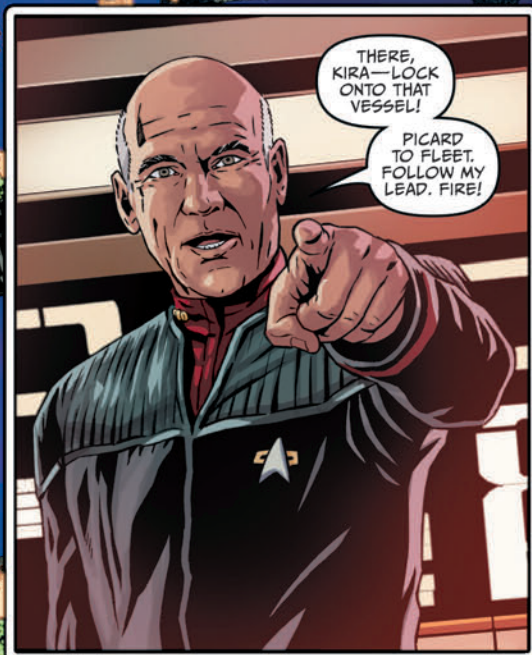
THIS ISN'T THE "REVENGE" I HAD IN MIND AFTER MY BROTHER WAS ASSIMILATED.

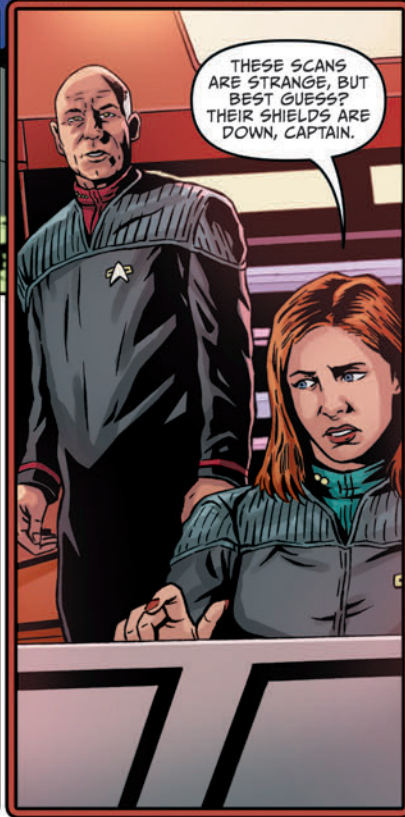
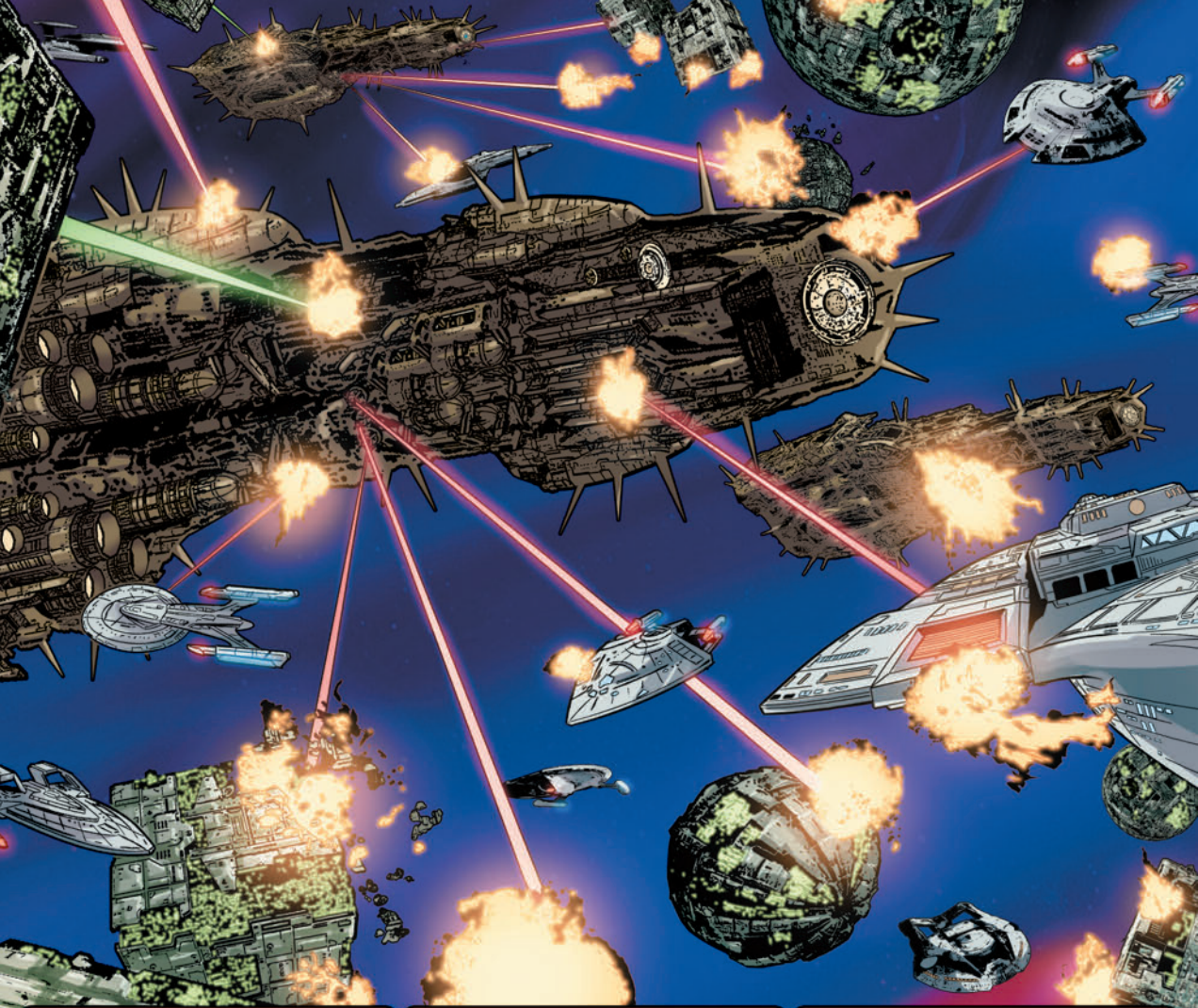
SEVEN OF NINE CAN BE TRUSTED, LT. ARCHER.

ONCE A BORG... ALWAYS A BORG.

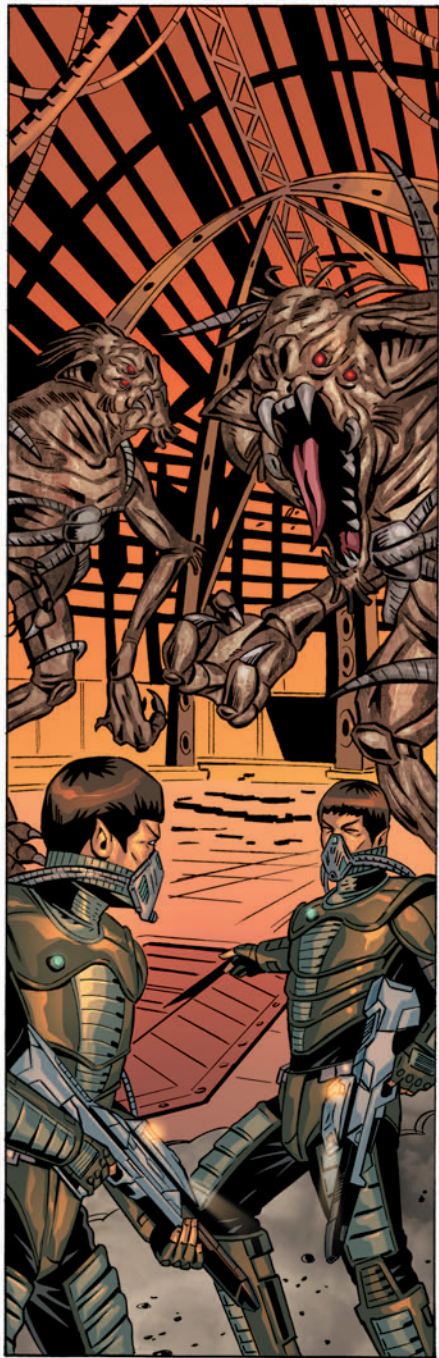
CAPTAIN! MASSIVE READINGS DIRECTLY AHEAD —

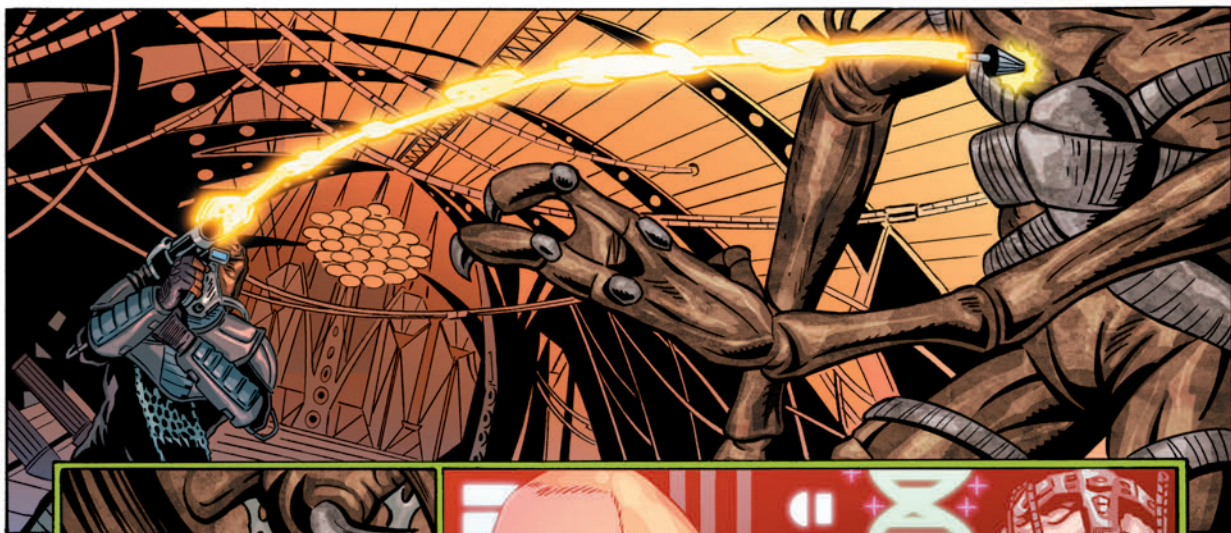
"—THE NEBULA'S DISRUPTING
THEIR SENSORS. THEY'RE BLIND!"











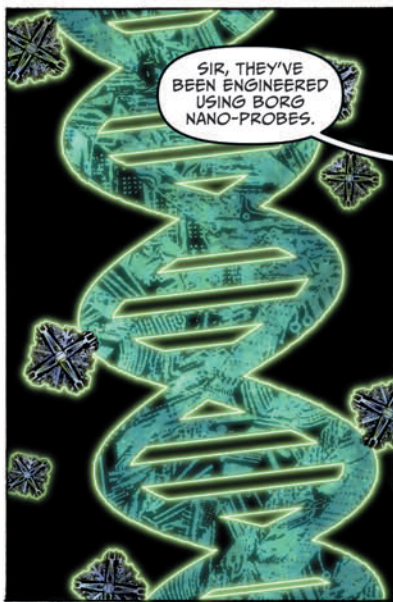
WOLF TO ENTERPRISE. BIO-SCANNER DEPLOYED.

"THANK YOU, MR. WOLF."



SEVEN?

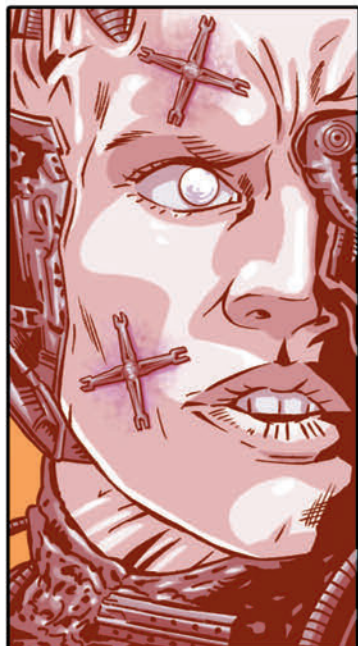
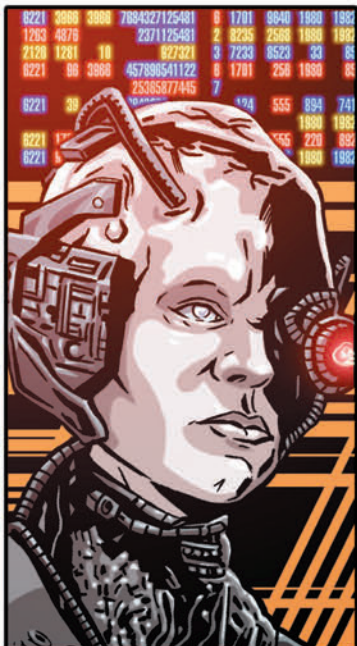
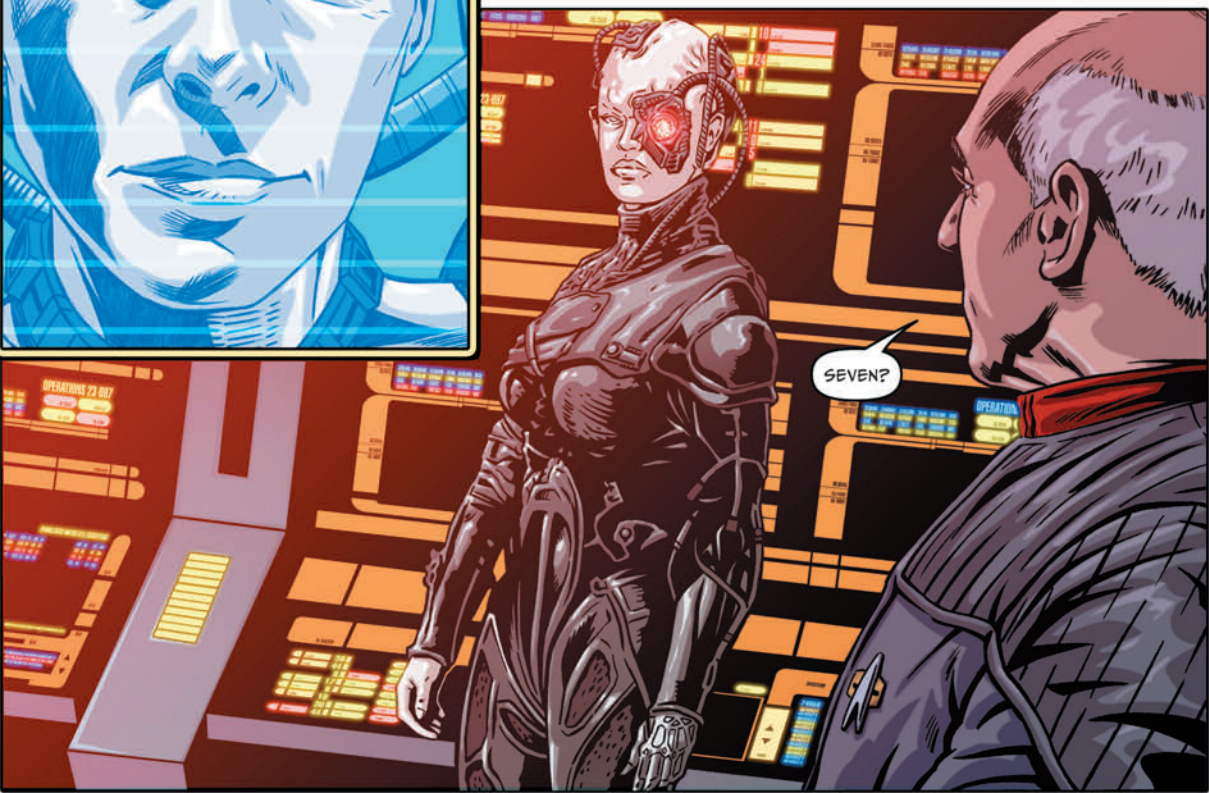
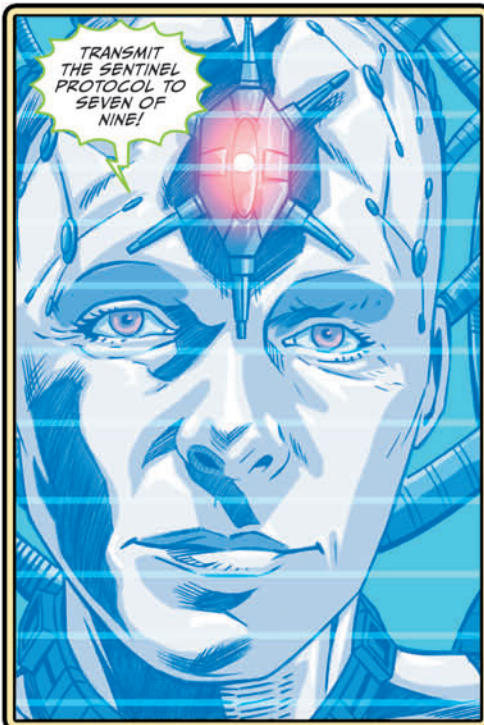
WE HAVE A DNA LOCK. THE VOLDRANAI HELIX HAS BEEN SPLICED IN SEVERAL LOCATIONS. I'M FINDING TRACES OF DOZENS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES.



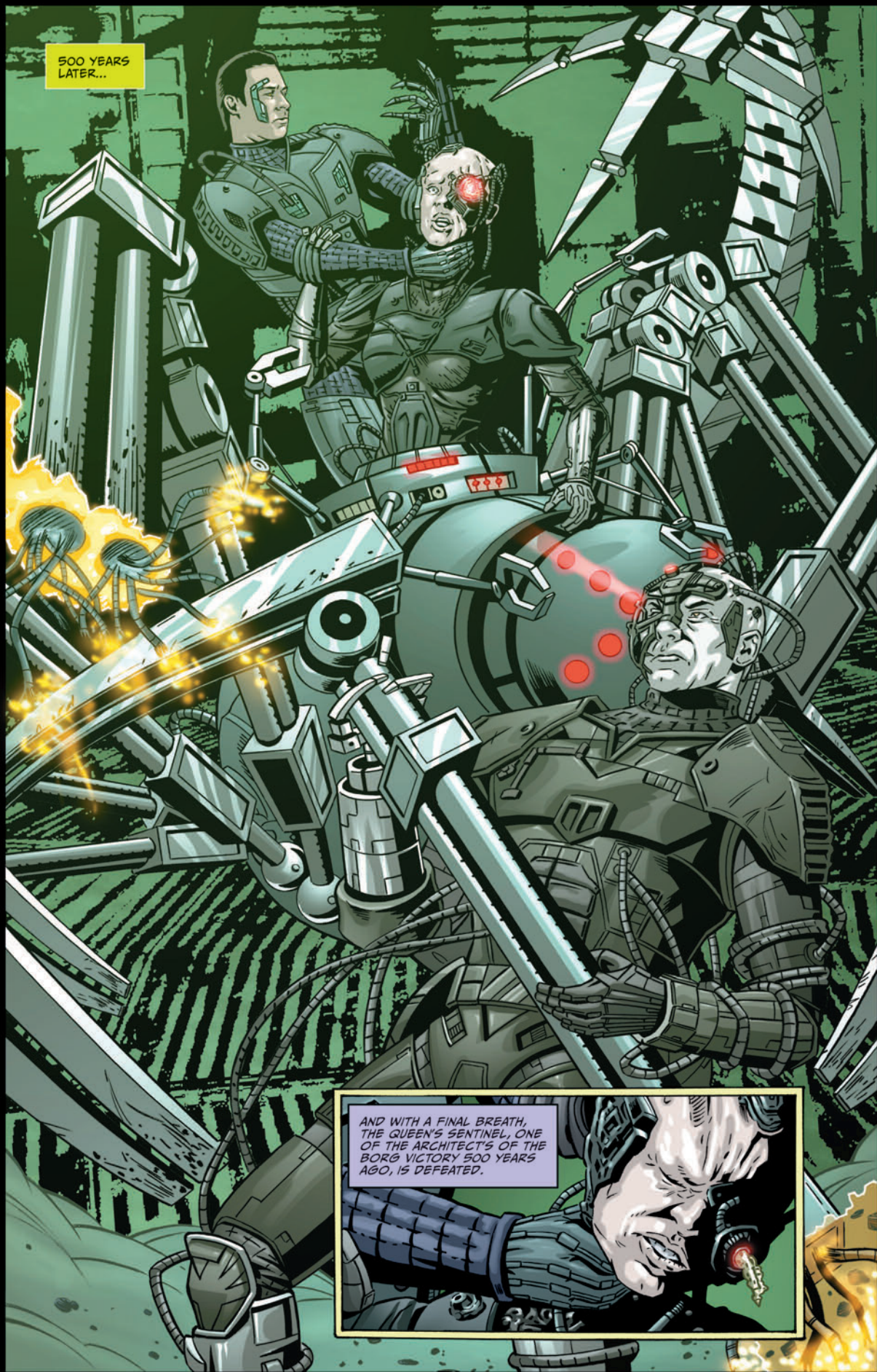
SIR, THEY'VE BEEN ENGINEERED USING BORG NANO-PROBES.



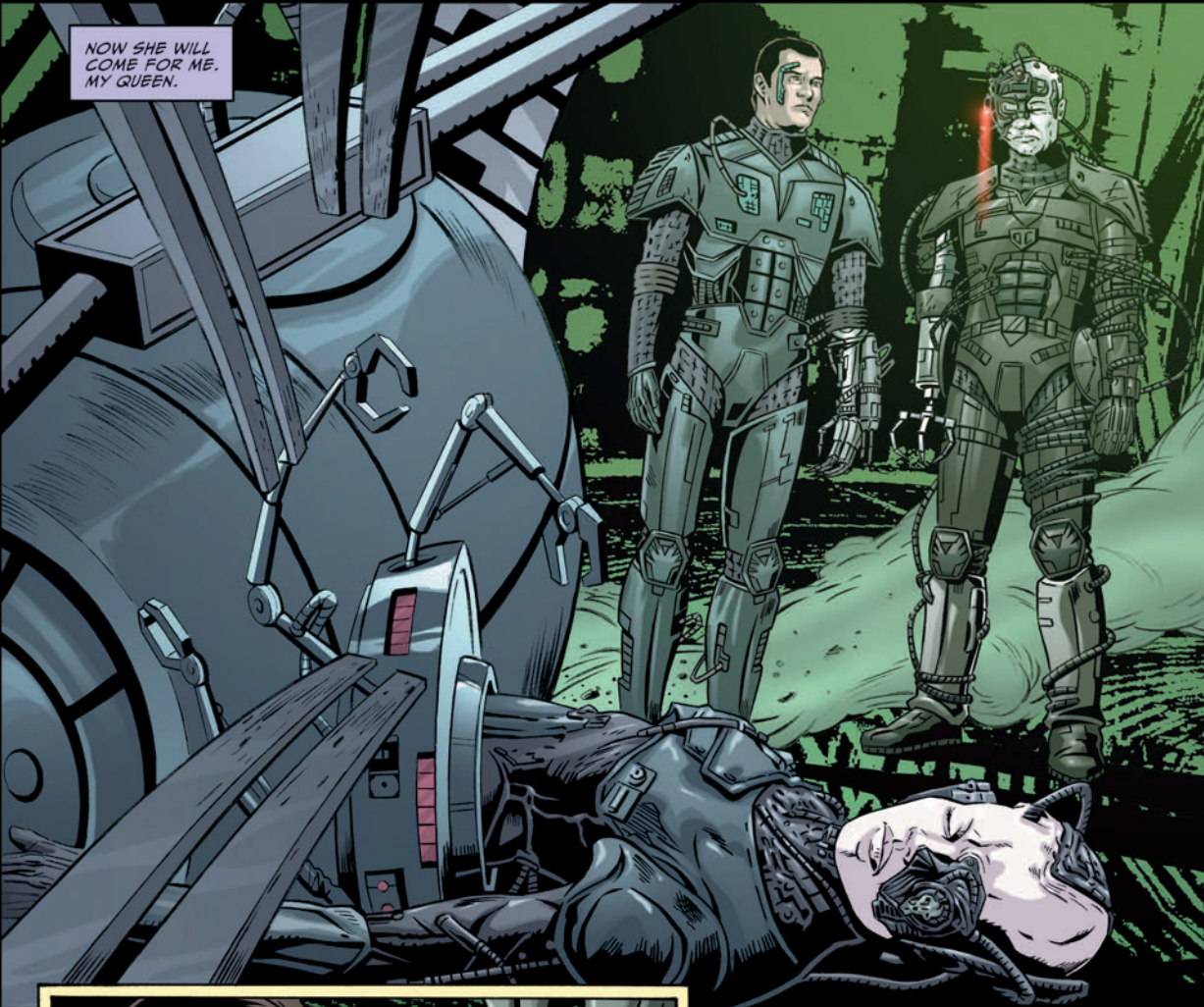
PICARD TO ALL STARFLEET VESSELS! DISENGAGE THE VOLDRANAI AND REGROUP TO POSITION M510 IMMEDIATELY!



500 YEARS
LATER...




AND WITH A FINAL BREATH,
THE QUEEN'S SENTINEL, ONE
OF THE ARCHITECTS OF THE
BORG VICTORY 500 YEARS
AGO, IS DEFEATED.



NOW SHE WILL
COME FOR ME.
MY QUEEN.

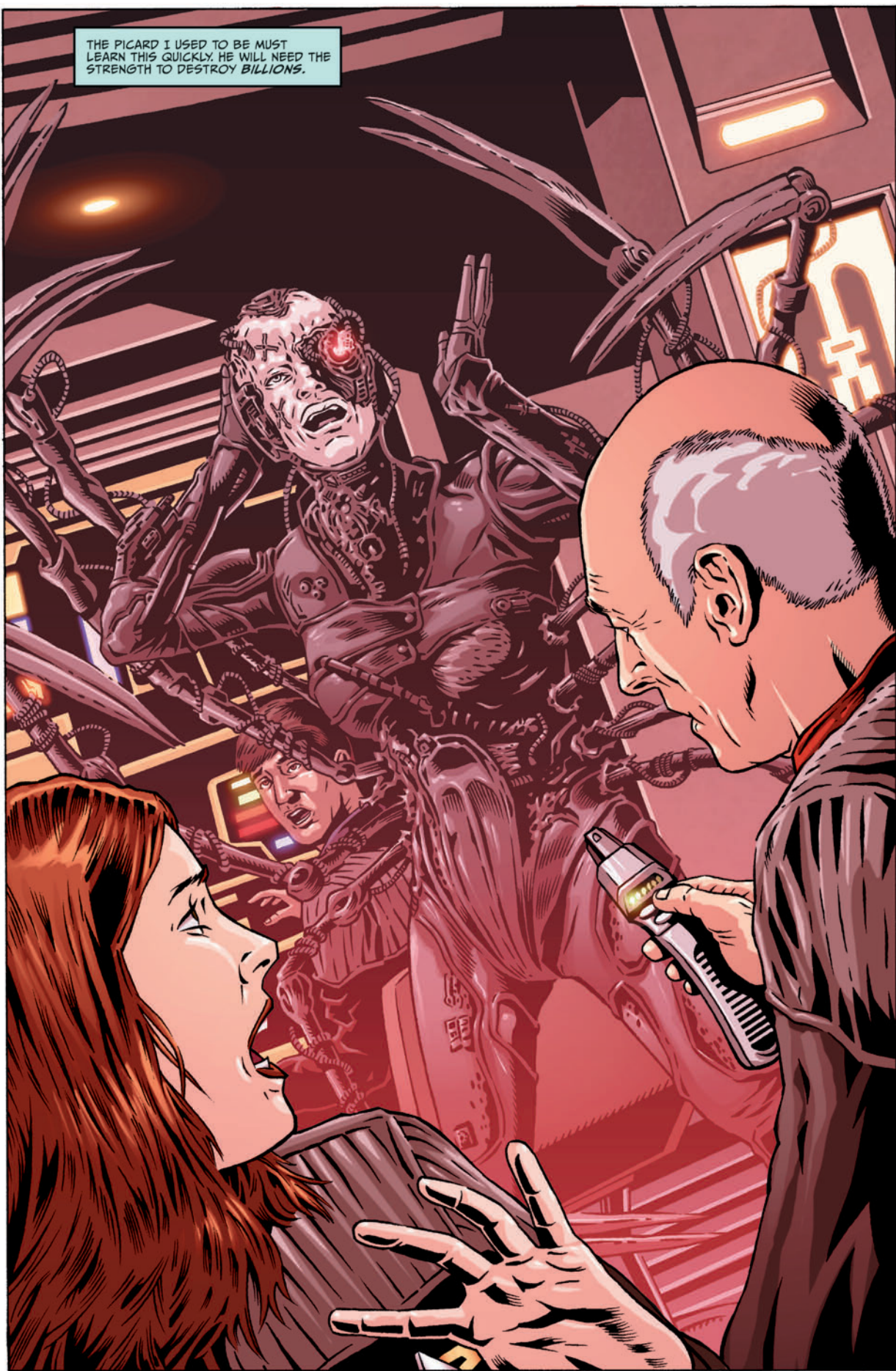


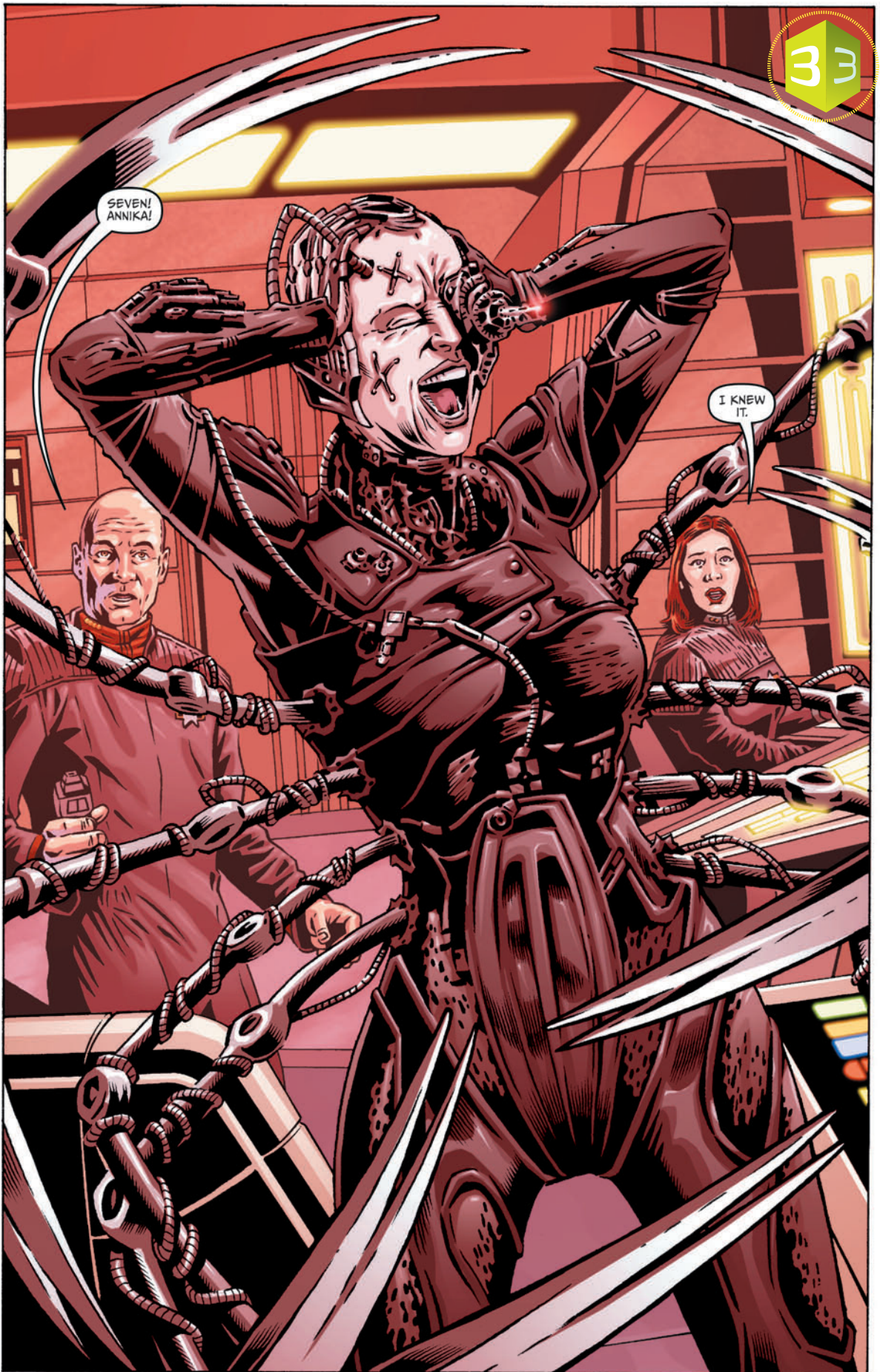
I RECOGNIZE
THIS INDIVIDUAL.
SHE USED TO BE
ONE OF US.

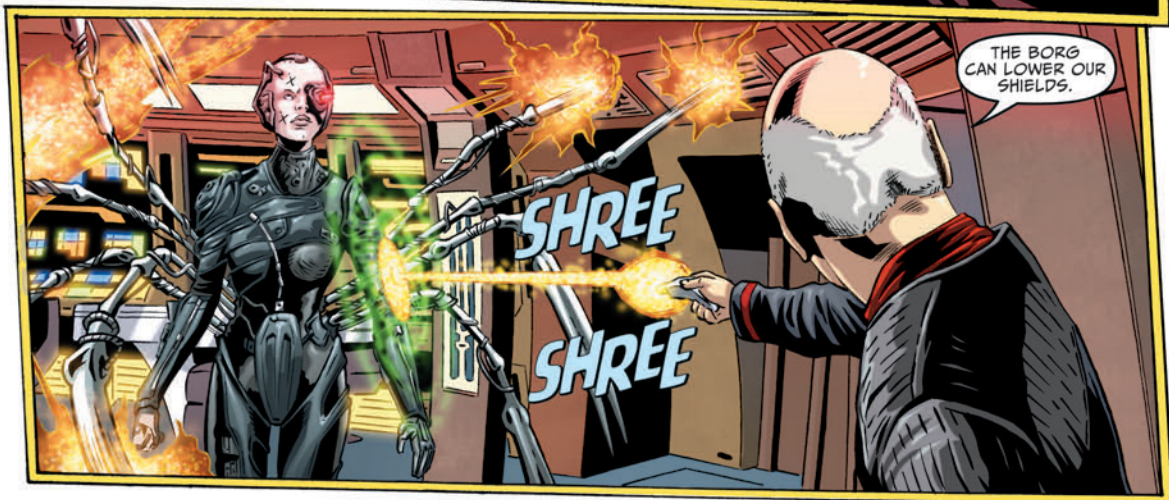
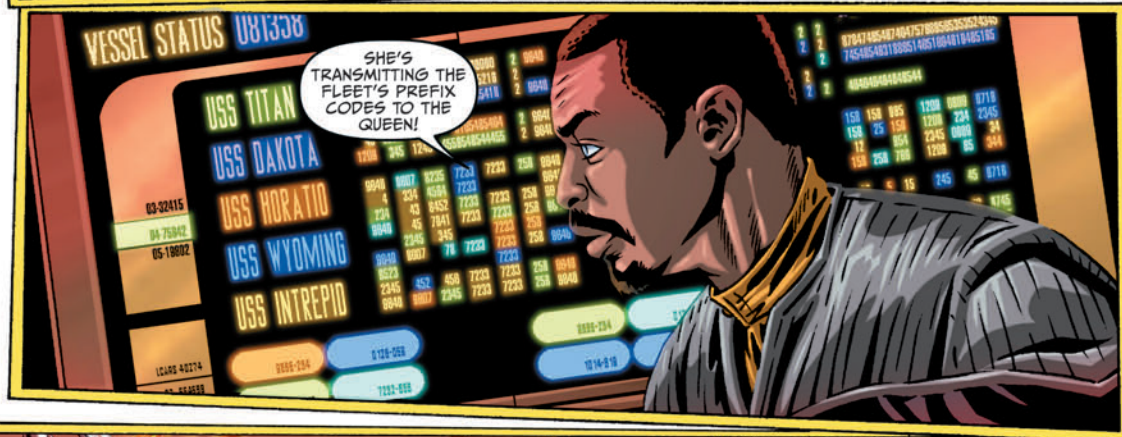


WE CAN'T THINK
ABOUT WHO SHE
WAS, DATA. WE
MUSTN'T HESITATE TO
DESTROY ANYONE
WHO STANDS IN
OUR WAY.

THE PICARD I USED TO BE MUST
LEARN THIS QUICKLY. HE WILL NEED THE
STRENGTH TO DESTROY *BILLIONS*.




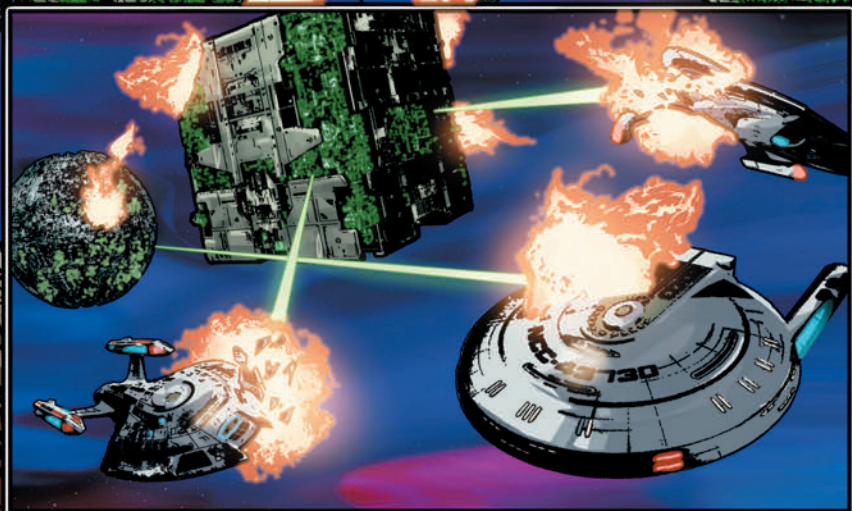






OPEN FIRE ON THE FLEET! DON'T STOP
UNTIL EVERY LAST SHIP IS DUST. VOLDRAN!!
DRONE SHIPS, BLOCK THEIR ESCAPE.

"PICARD TO FLEET, OUR
PREFIX CODES HAVE
BEEN COMPROMISED!



"FALL BACK! RETREAT
IMMEDIATELY!"

ON THE U.S.S. TITAN...

OUR
SHIELDS ARE
LOWERING!

WE'RE
DEFENSELESS.

EVASIVE
MANEUVERS!





ON THE VOLDRANAI SHIP...

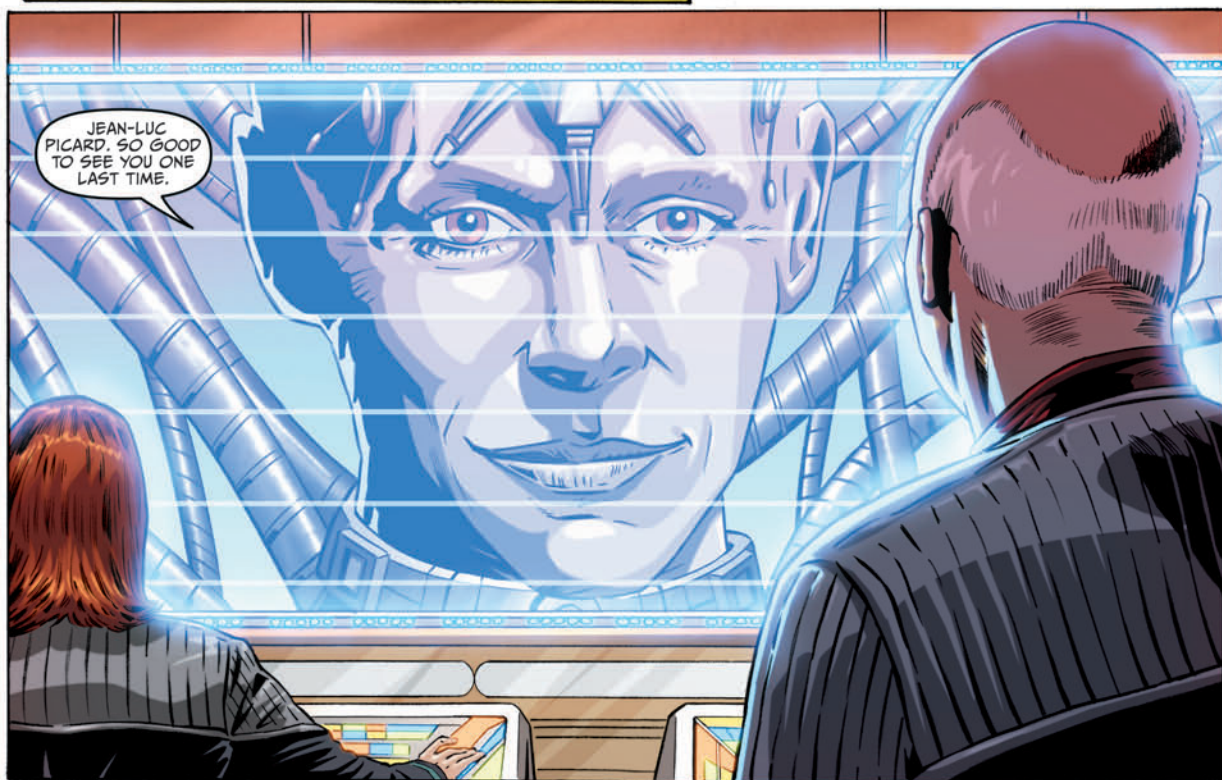
"PICARD TO WORF! YOU
AND YOUR TEAM GET BACK
TO THE ENTERPRISE NOW!"

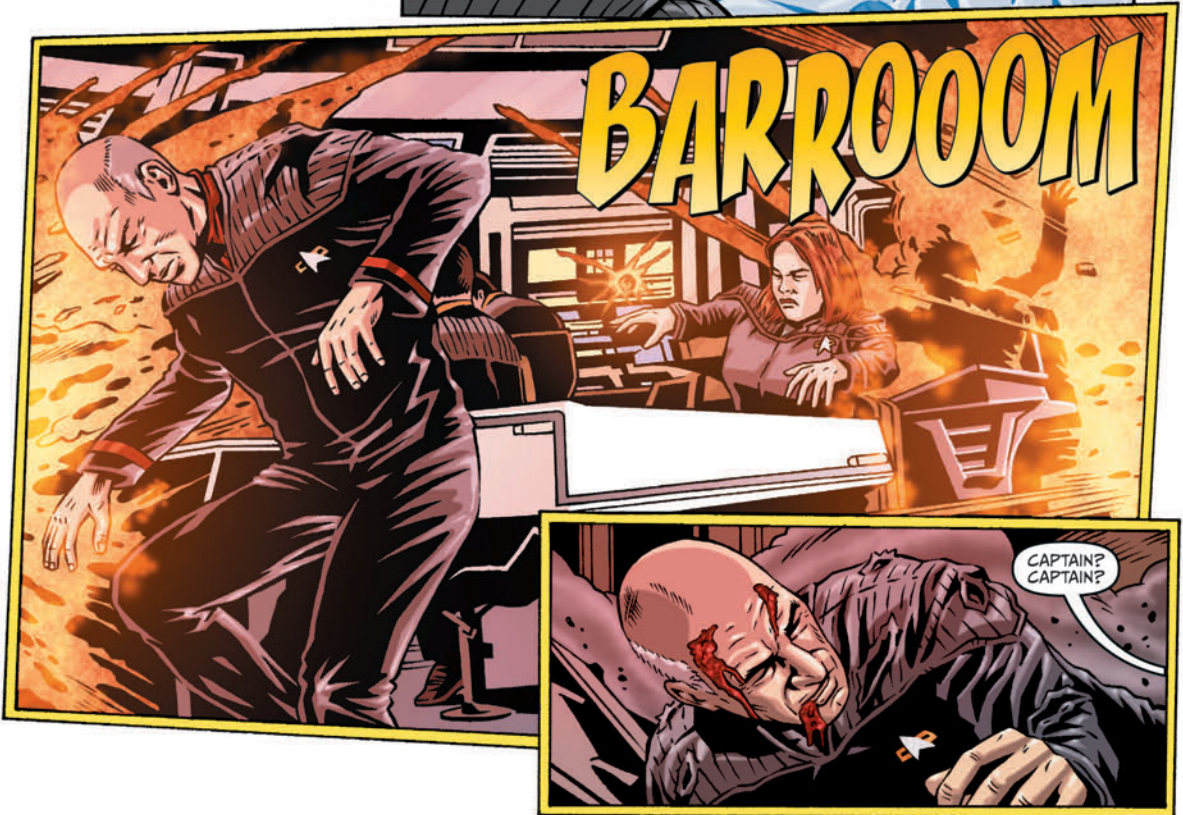
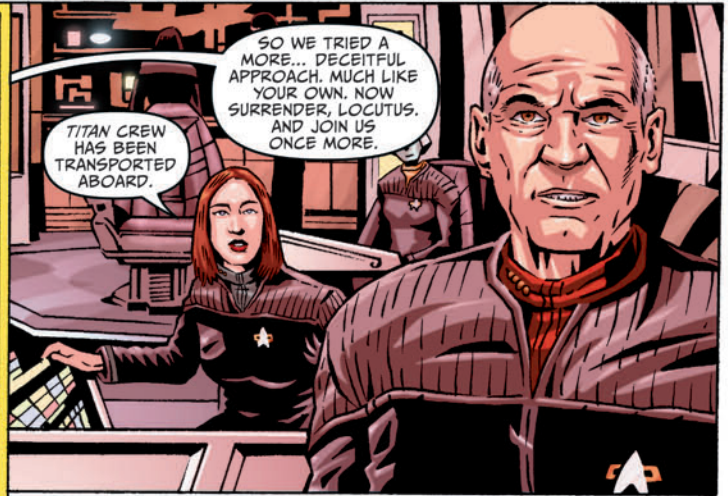
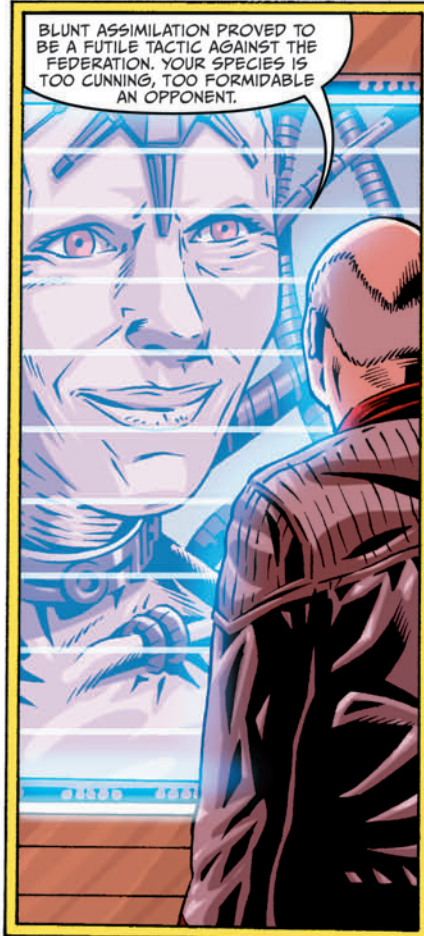
MY MEN
ARE DEAD,
SIR. TODAY
IS A GOOD
DAY TO—

"STOW IT, WE'RE
BEAMING YOU
BACK NOW!"

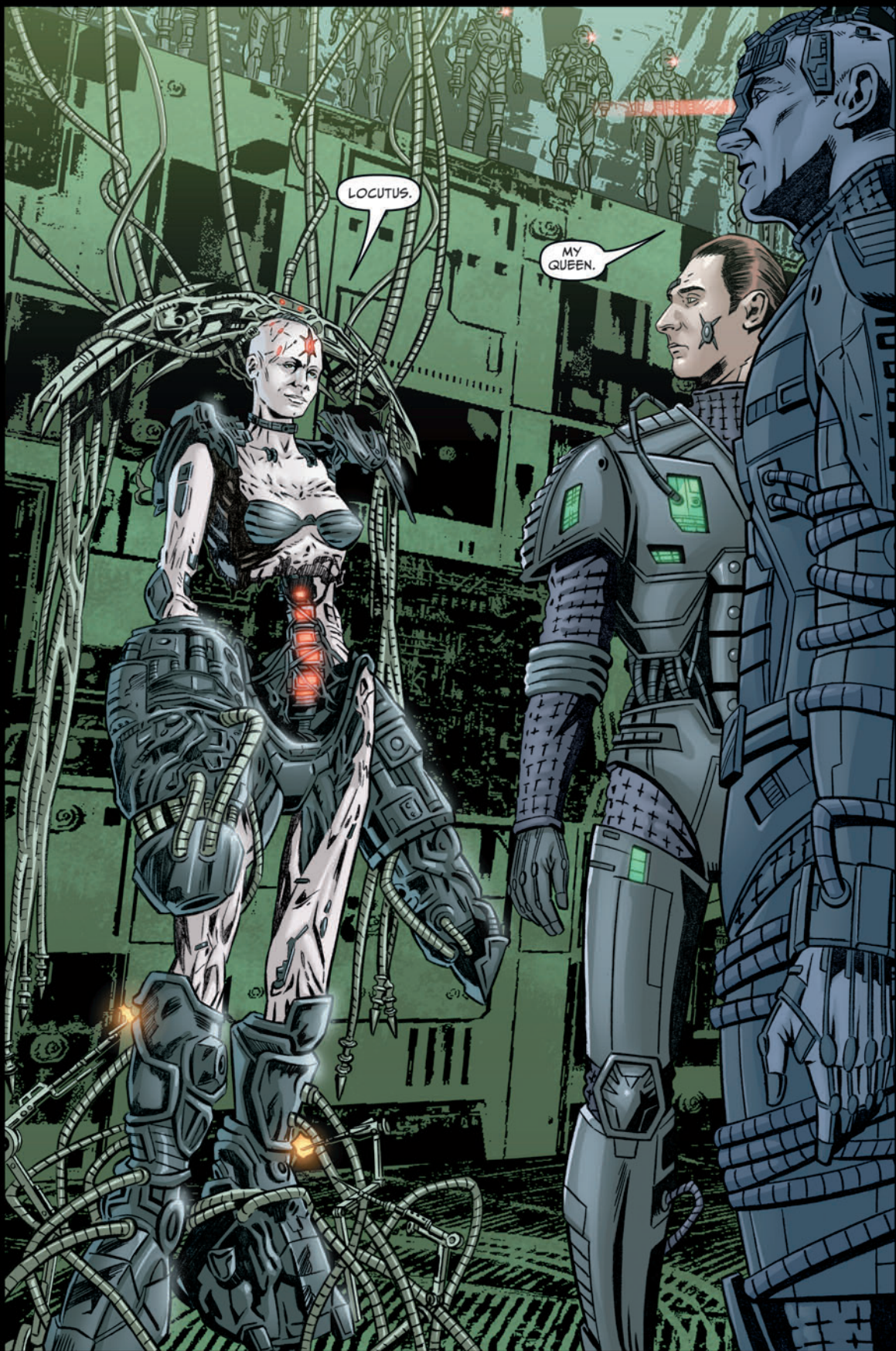














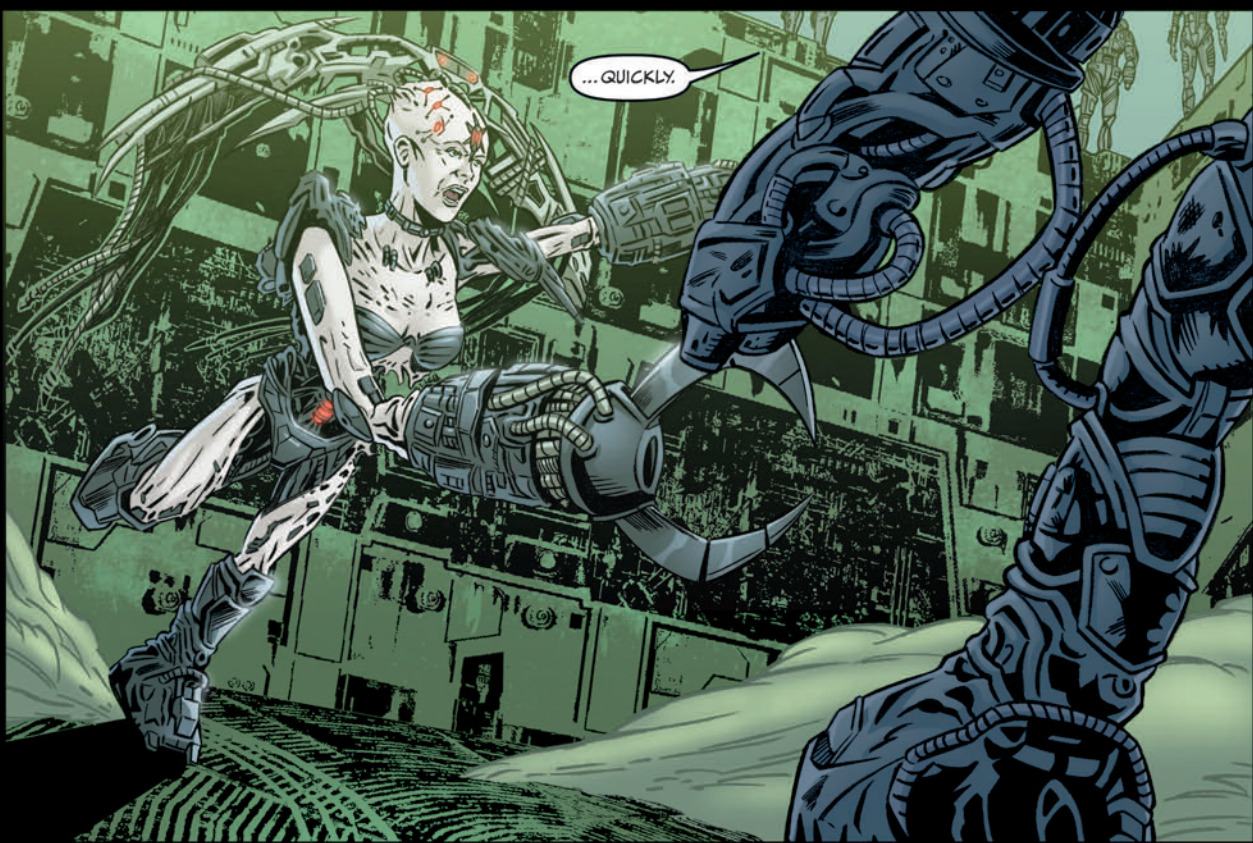
YOU RULED AN
EMPIRE, AND NOW
YOU SEEK TO
DESTROY IT?

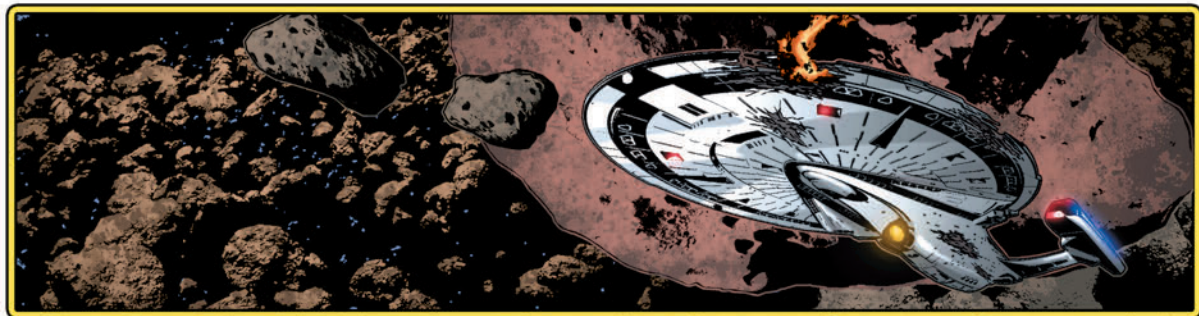
WE HAVE FAILED.
WE ARE WITHOUT
PURPOSE.

WE ARE
GODS, LOCUTUS.
THE UNIVERSE
IS OURS.

NOT
FOR MUCH
LONGER.
READY,
MR. DATA?

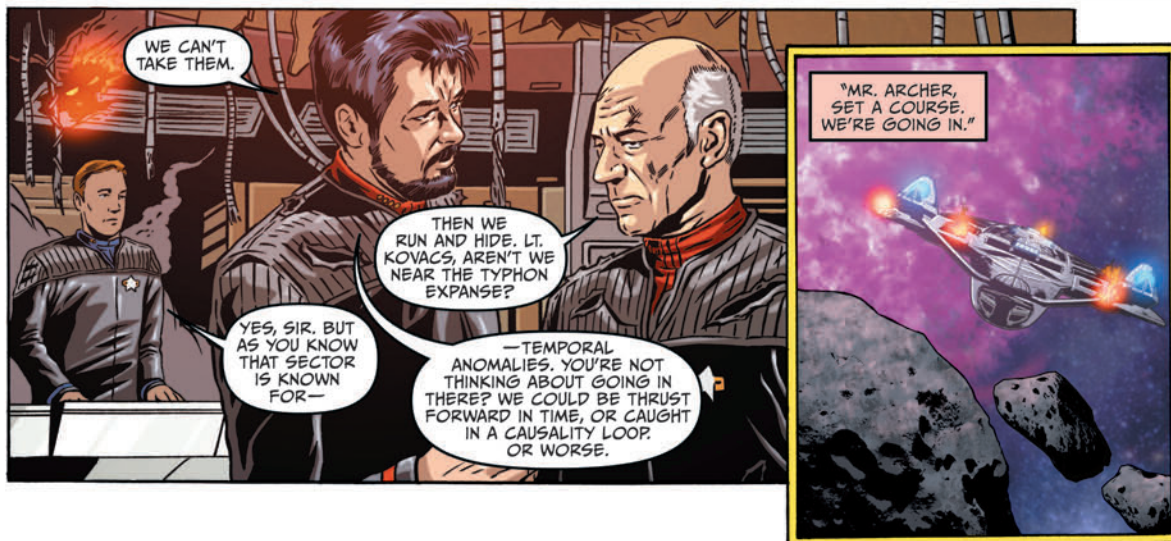
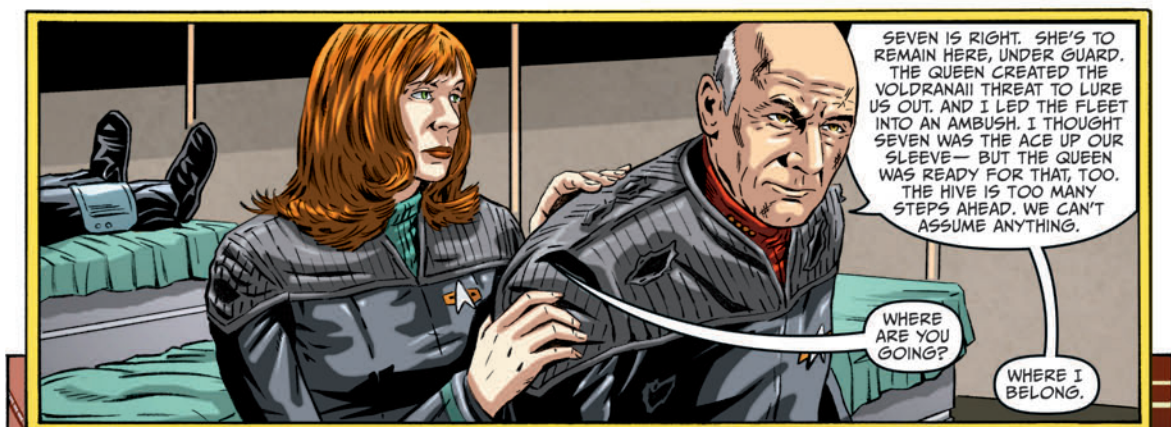
I'M NOT SURE
ONE COULD EVER
BE READY FOR
THIS SCENARIO.
BUT I'M HOPING
TO ADAPT...











"THIS IS PROFOUNDLY RISKY, JEAN-LUC. YOU REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WE WERE HERE?"



THE BOZEMAN LOOP, OF COURSE. BUT I KNOW THE BORG WILL NOT ENTER ANY TEMPORALLY UNSTABLE SECTORS. THEIR CAUTION AND MY... LACK OF CAUTION SHOULD WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

THE NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS IS CONTACTING THE FLEET AND—

CAPTAIN! WE'RE EXPERIENCING A TACHYON SURGE OF SOME KIND!

TZZZ CRRRCHTZZZ

THIS IS NOT A GOOD IDEA. WE'VE GOT TO CHANGE COURSE.

AND GO WHERE, WILL? MR. ARCHER, CAN YOU NAVIGATE THESE WATERS?

CAPTAIN!



500 YEARS LATER.

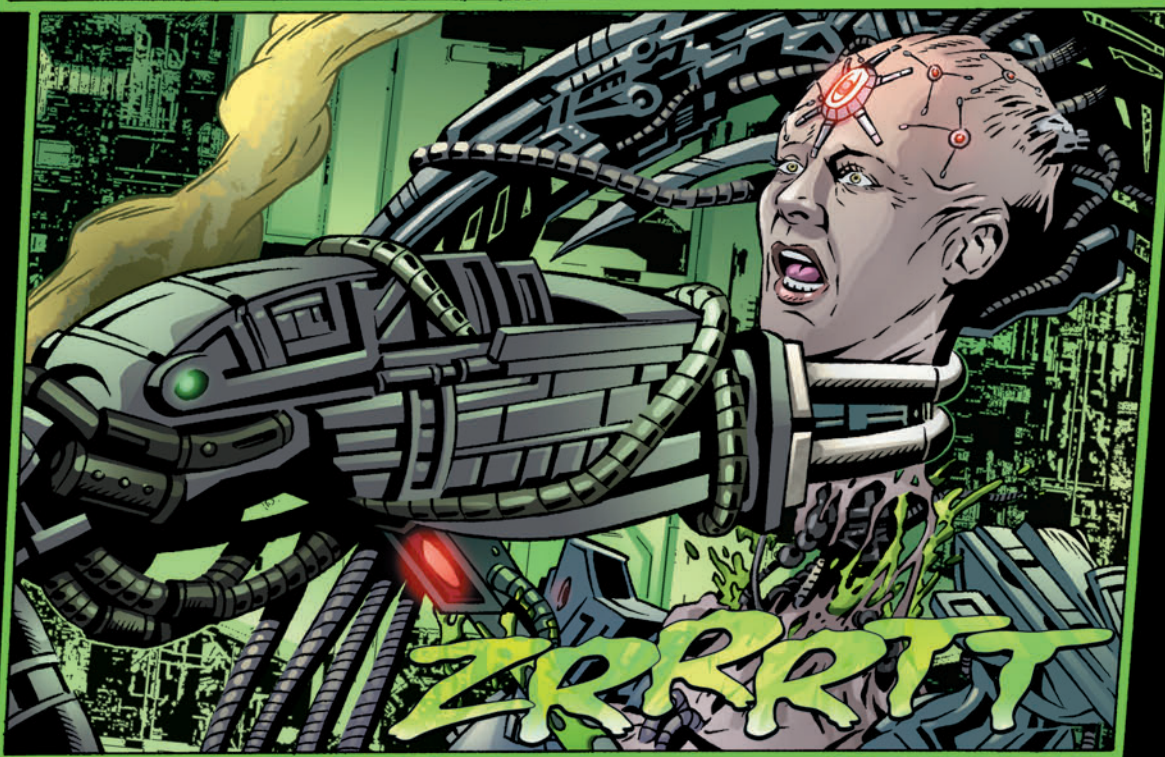


500 YEARS OF WISDOM AND YOU'RE STILL FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BELIEVE RESISTANCE IS POSSIBLE.



YOU ARE LOCUTUS OF BORG. AND YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME.

CRACK ZRTT





DATA.

CAPTAIN.



THE CHAMBER
JUST BEYOND THE
QUEEN'S ALCOVE.
IT'S A TEMPORAL
DISPLACEMENT
HUB.



USE THESE COORDINATES IN TIME AND
SPACE. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'M
UPLOADING TO YOU NOW A SERIES
OF CODES. CONVINCE ME TO USE
THEM. IT IS THE ONLY WAY.

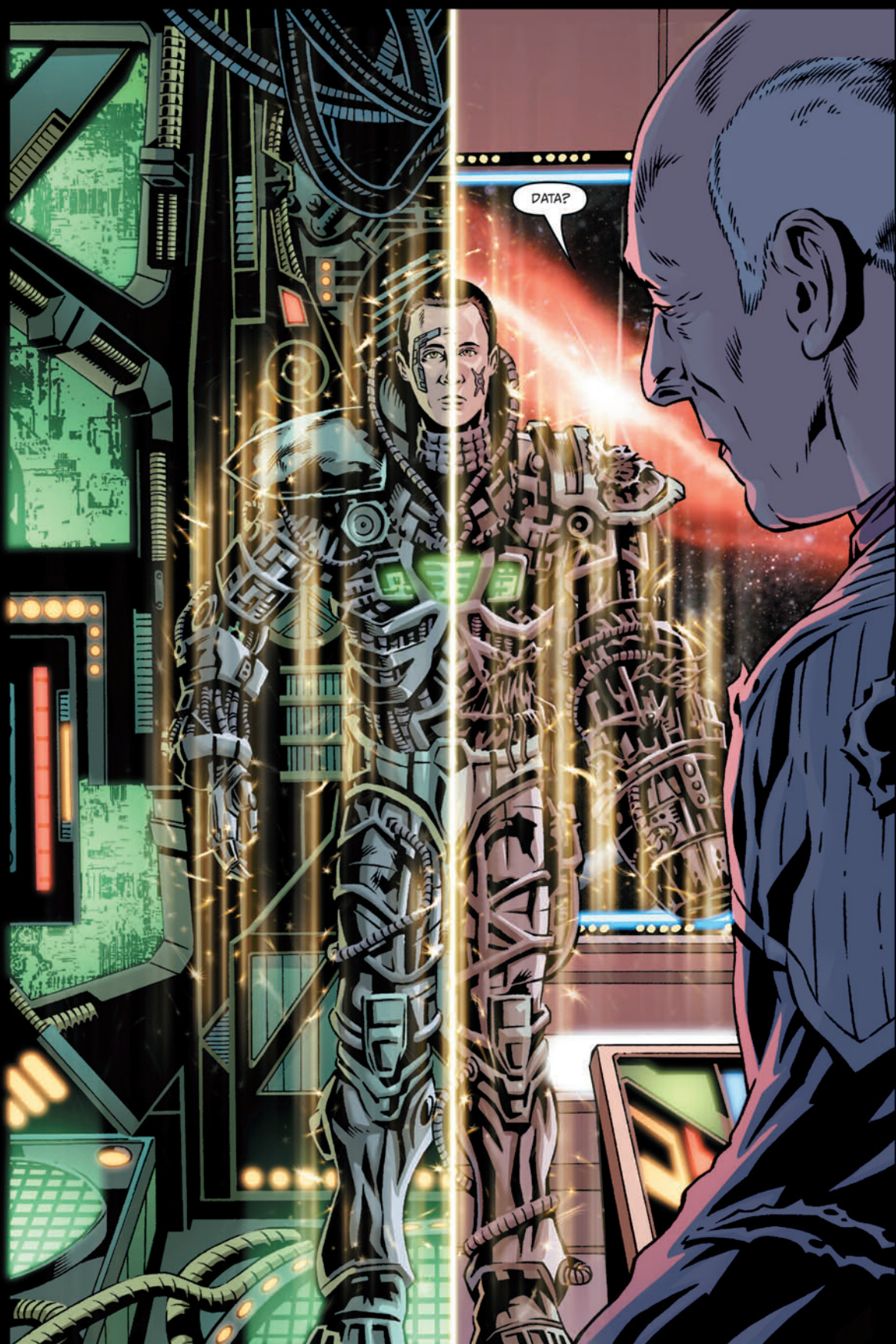
BUT
CAPTAIN...

TRUST
ME. AND
DATA?



IT WAS
GOOD TO
SEE YOU, ONE
LAST TIME.







MY BLOOD
IS ON FIRE.

THE FIRST THING YOU FEEL WHILE
BEING ASSIMILATED ARE THE BORG
NANOPROBES CLAWING THROUGH
YOUR BODY, RIPPING INTO EVERY
ORGAN. REBUILDING YOU. AND
THEN... YOUR THOUGHTS ARE NO
LONGER YOUR OWN.

24 HOURS
EARLIER...

AS THE IMPLANTS
CONQUER YOUR BODY,
IT'S YOUR MIND THAT
SUFFERS. THE VOICES
OF THE COLLECTIVE
ARE OVERWHELMING.
YOUR SANITY DWINDLES
AWAY. UNTIL...

...THE VOICES WASH
OVER YOU. YOU ARE
THEM, AND THEY ARE
YOU. AND IN THAT
CHORUS, PEACE.

WELCOME
BACK, MY
COUNTERPART.
MY BORG
KING.

I AM
LOCUTUS OF
BORG.



DATA?

GREETINGS, CAPTAIN. WE HAVE A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO. 500 YEARS, 8 MONTHS, 4 DAYS, 16 HOURS, TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES, TO BE EXACT.



THE BORG ASSIMILATED THE DAYSTROM INSTITUTE. LOCUTUS KNEW MY POSITRONIC MATRIX WAS INSIDE THE B4 PROTOTYPE SO HE WAS ABLE TO RETRIEVE... WELL, MY BRAIN.

MY FUTURE SELF, LOCUTUS, KILLED THE QUEEN AND REBUILT YOU. THEN SENT YOU BACK IN TIME?

LOCUTUS KNEW THAT YOU WOULD TAKE THE ENTERPRISE INTO THE TYPHON EXPANSE ON THIS EXACT DATE. ITS TEMPORAL PROPERTIES MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CROSS OVER TO THIS TIME-FRAME.

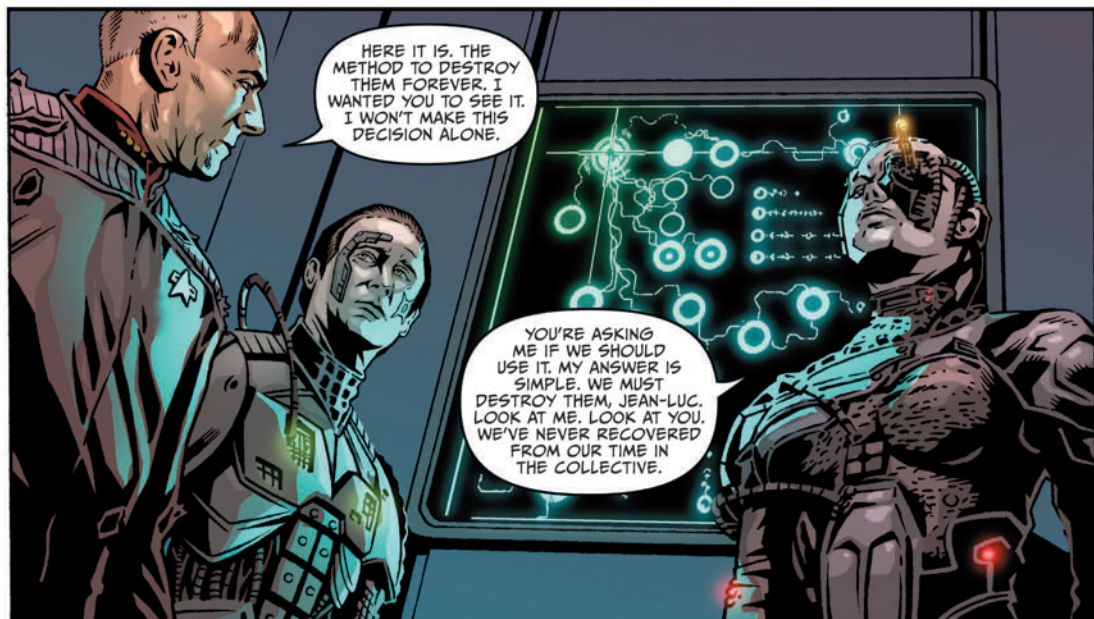


WHY DID HE—WHY DID I SEND YOU, DATA?

TO HELP YOU DESTROY THE BORG. LOCUTUS PROGRAMMED A WEAPONIZED NANO-VIRUS INTO MY NEURAL NET. ONCE INJECTED INTO THE HIVE, IT WILL INFECT EVERY DRONE AND PERMANENTLY FRACTURE THE COLLECTIVE. WITHIN HOURS, THE BORG WILL BE EXTINCT.







HERE IT IS. THE METHOD TO DESTROY THEM FOREVER. I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT. I WON'T MAKE THIS DECISION ALONE.

YOU'RE ASKING ME IF WE SHOULD USE IT. MY ANSWER IS SIMPLE. WE MUST DESTROY THEM, JEAN-LUC. LOOK AT ME. LOOK AT YOU. WE'VE NEVER RECOVERED FROM OUR TIME IN THE COLLECTIVE.



WE MISS IT. WE NEED IT. THE VOICES OF THE HIVE CALL US STILL.

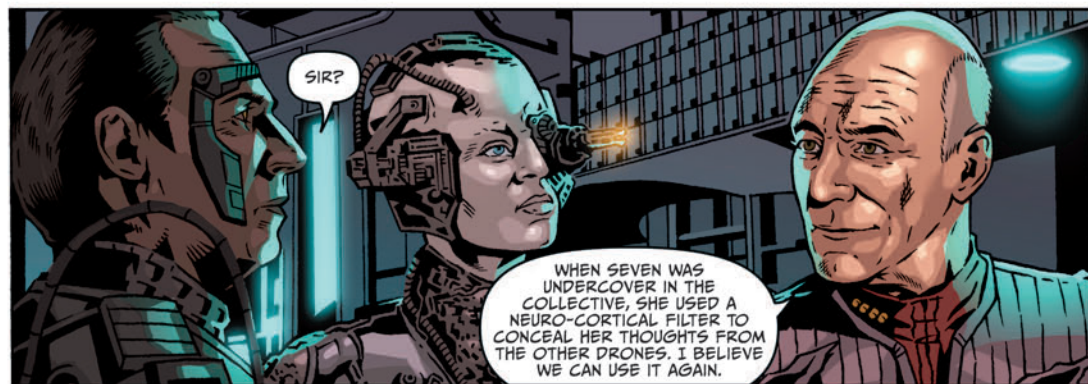


THE VOICES, YES.



ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING? FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, OF COURSE.

I BELIEVE SO, CAPTAIN.



SIR?

WHEN SEVEN WAS UNDERCOVER IN THE COLLECTIVE, SHE USED A NEURO-CORTICAL FILTER TO CONCEAL HER THOUGHTS FROM THE OTHER DRONES. I BELIEVE WE CAN USE IT AGAIN.



LATER...

WILL,
WHERE IS THE
BORG ARMADA
NOW?

POSITIONED
NEAR THE OUTER
RINGS OF FLAMBIUS IV
ON THEIR WAY TO THE
SOL SYSTEM. IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THEY LAUNCH
AN ASSAULT ON
EARTH.

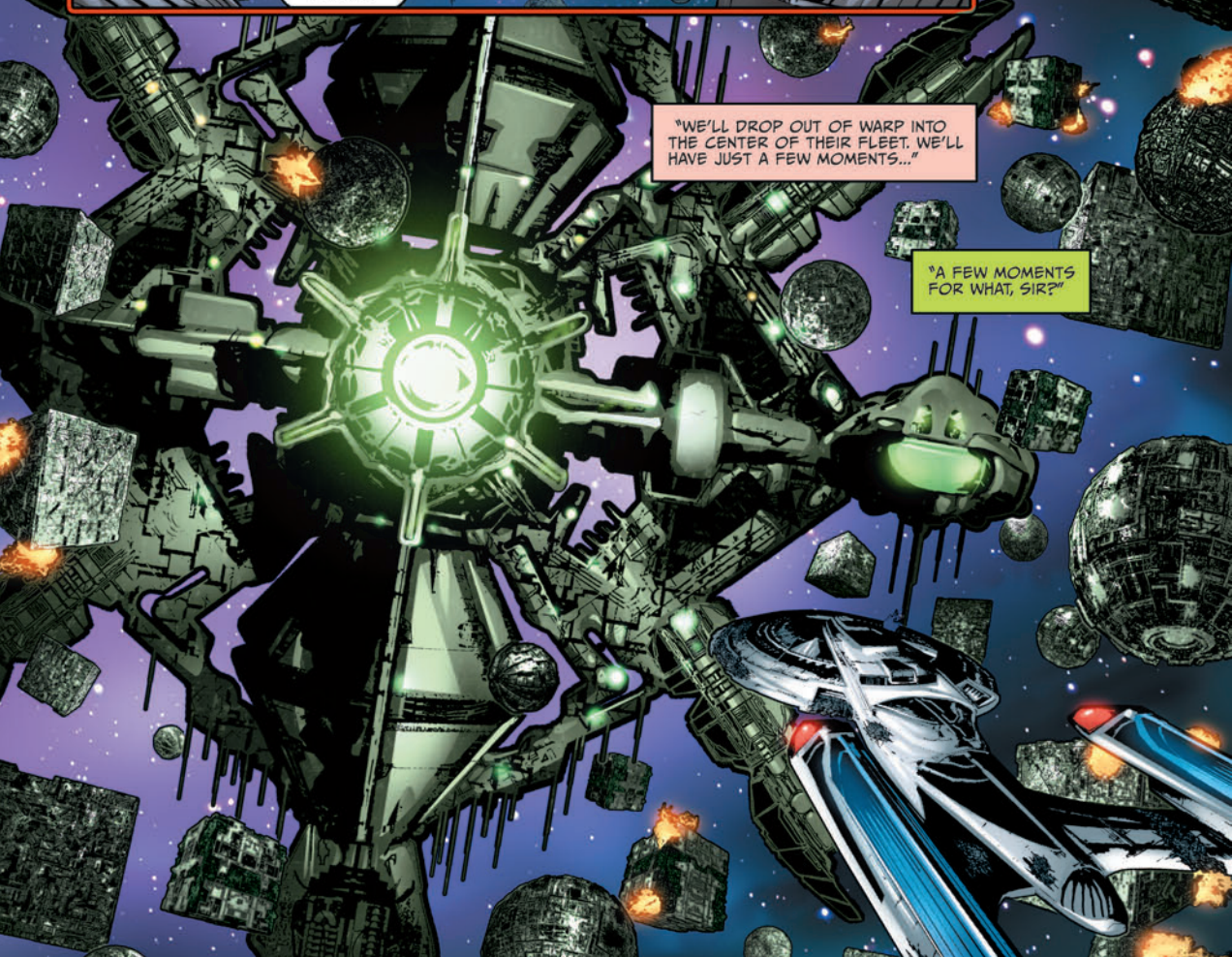
THE QUEEN HAS
MOVED TO THE
BORG VINCULUM, AT
THE CENTER OF THEIR
FLEET. THIS IS HOW
THEIR HIVE MIND
THINKS. HOW THEY
THINK AS ONE.




AND THIS IS
WHERE WE'RE
GOING.

"WE'LL DROP OUT OF WARP INTO
THE CENTER OF THEIR FLEET. WE'LL
HAVE JUST A FEW MOMENTS..."

"A FEW MOMENTS
FOR WHAT, SIR?"





"I'LL BEAM ABOARD THE VINCULUM WITH AN AWAY TEAM."

"I'LL TAKE DATA AND SEVEN. THE QUEEN BELIEVES SEVEN IS UNDER HER CONTROL, AND DATA'S IMPLANTS FROM THE FUTURE WILL REGISTER HIM WITHIN THE HIVE AS A DRONE."


"CAPTAIN, THERE MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE WHO CAN DO THIS."



"THIS IS IT. THE HIVE MIND ITSELF."

"I CAN HEAR THEM."

"IT HAS TO BE ME, WILL. SHE WANTS ME THERE."



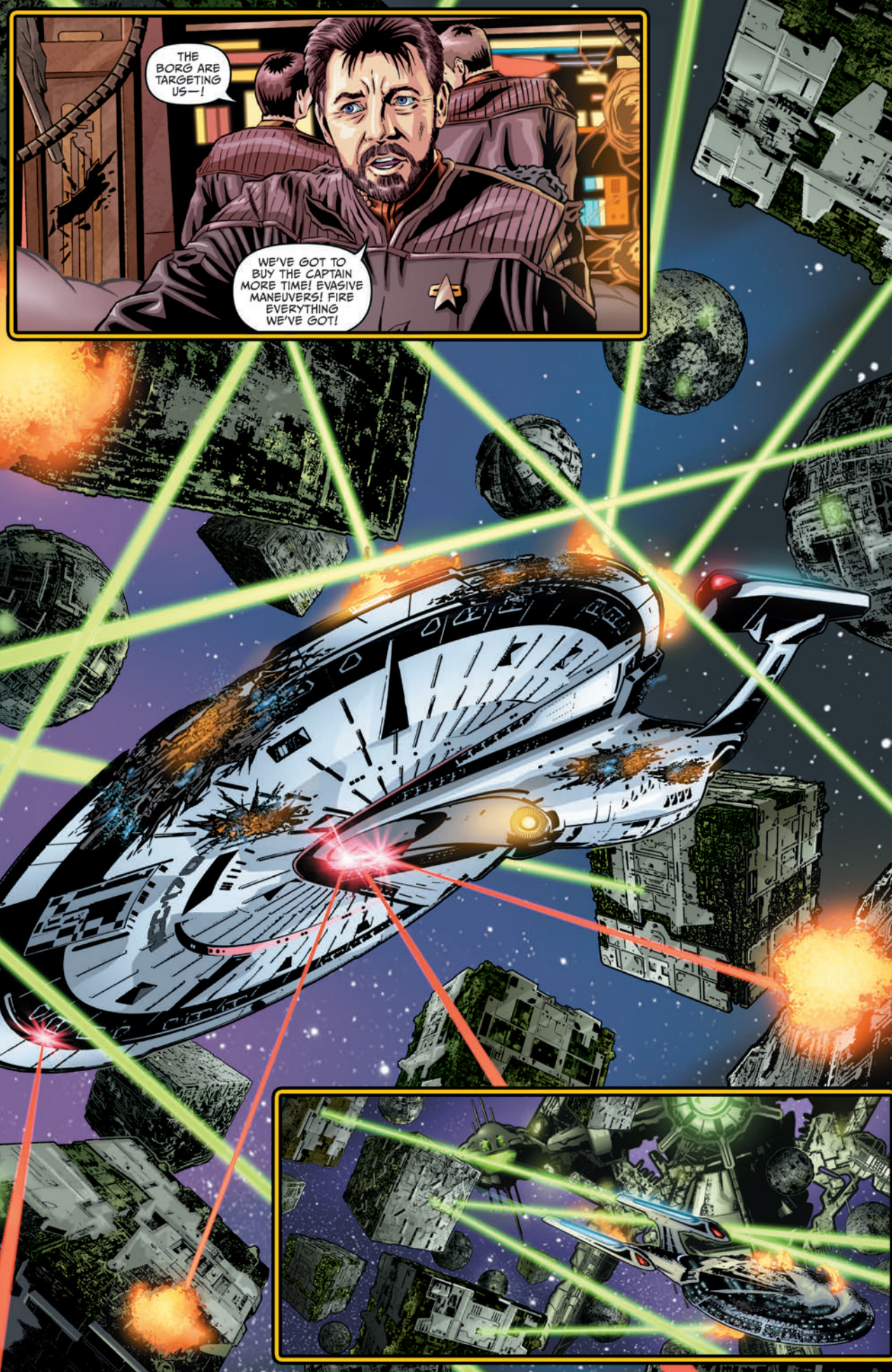
"IT HAS TO BE ME THAT SHE ASSIMILATES..."



"WELCOME HOME, LOCUTUS."

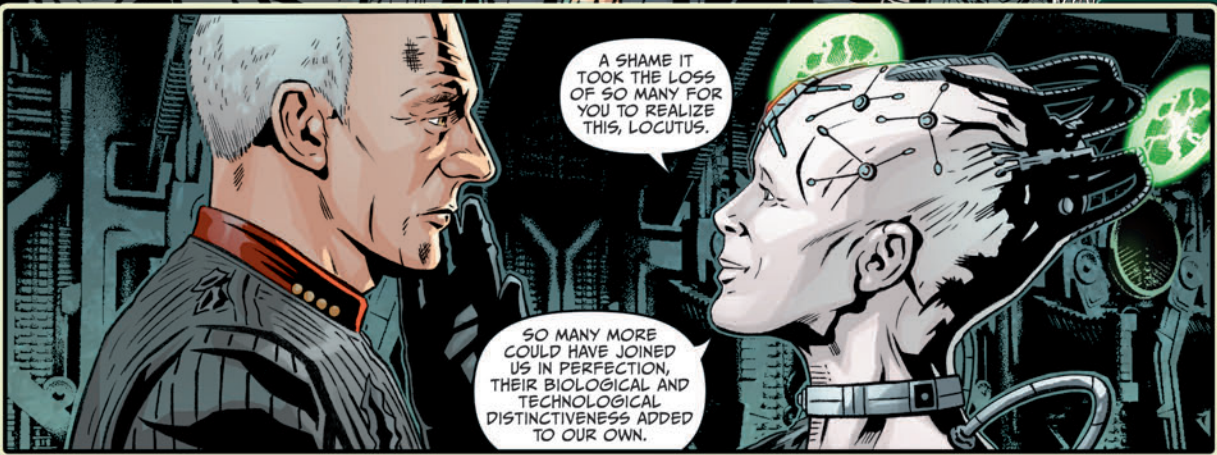
THE
BORG ARE
TARGETING
US—!

WE'VE GOT TO
BUY THE CAPTAIN
MORE TIME! EVASIVE
MANEUVERS! FIRE
EVERYTHING
WE'VE GOT!



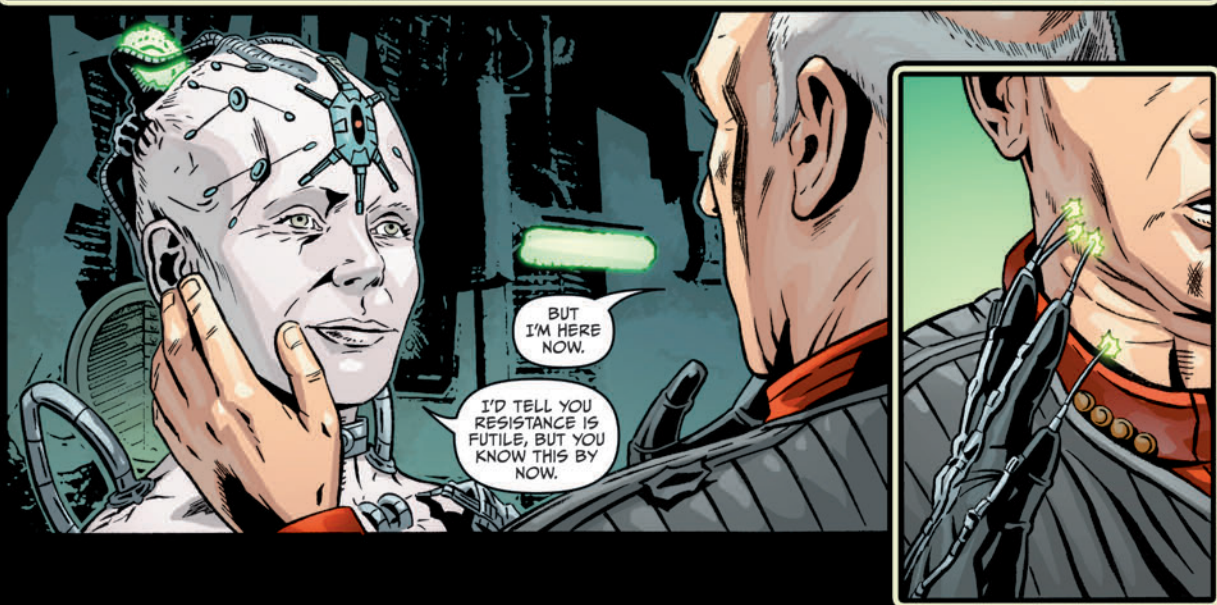


I WON'T FIGHT
YOU ANYMORE. I
BELONG HERE.
AMONG THE MANY
WHO ARE ONE.
WITH YOU.



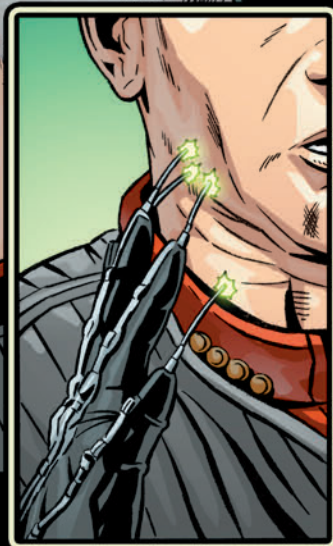
A SHAME IT
TOOK THE LOSS
OF SO MANY FOR
YOU TO REALIZE
THIS, LOCUTUS.


SO MANY MORE
COULD HAVE JOINED
US IN PERFECTION,
THEIR BIOLOGICAL AND
TECHNOLOGICAL
DISTINCTIVENESS ADDED
TO OUR OWN.



BUT
I'M HERE
NOW.

I'D TELL YOU
RESISTANCE IS
FUTILE, BUT YOU
KNOW THIS BY
NOW.



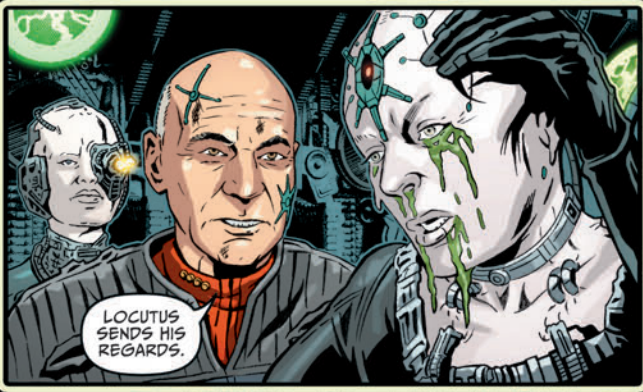


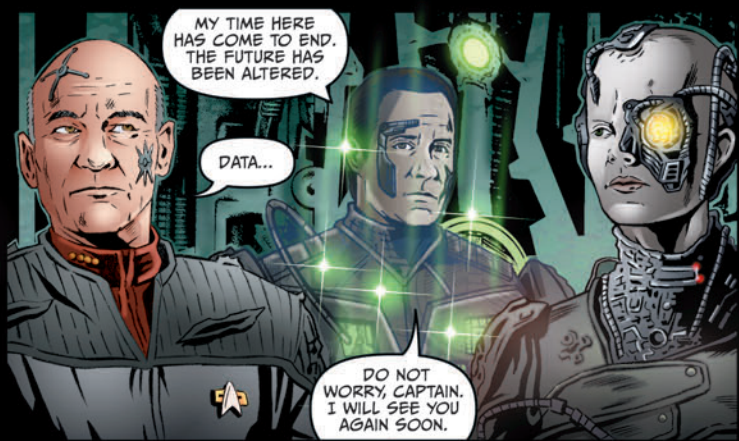
AND AT ONCE,
THE VOICES
RETURN. I AM
BORG. I AM
LOCUTUS. BUT
I AM NOT
ALONE.

I AM
HERE.

SEVEN IS WITH ME.
HER FILTER IMPLANT
IS PROTECTING US
FROM THE QUEEN.

WHAT?!







CAPTAIN,
YOU'VE GOT
TO GET OFF
THAT SHIP!



WE NEED A
FEW MORE
MINUTES,
WILL!



"WE'VE GOT TO SAVE
AS MANY AS WE CAN!"



SAVE
THEM? THE
HELL YOU
WILL!

ARCHER—



I WON'T
LET YOU
DO IT!

STAND
DOWN,
LIEUTENANT!



I'VE INTERFACED WITH THE COLLECTIVE. I'M USING THE FILTER TO PROTECT AS MANY DRONES AS I CAN FROM THE NANO-VIRUS...



...THIRTY DRONES ARE NOW FREE FROM THE HIVE MIND... FORTY... EIGHTY...



"THREE HUNDRED... I MUST SAVE MORE OF THEM..."

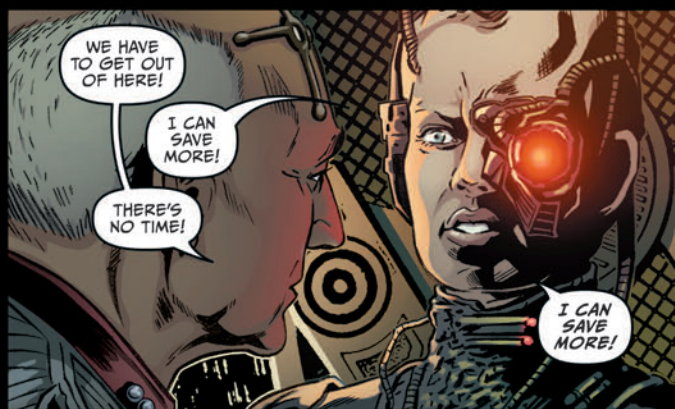


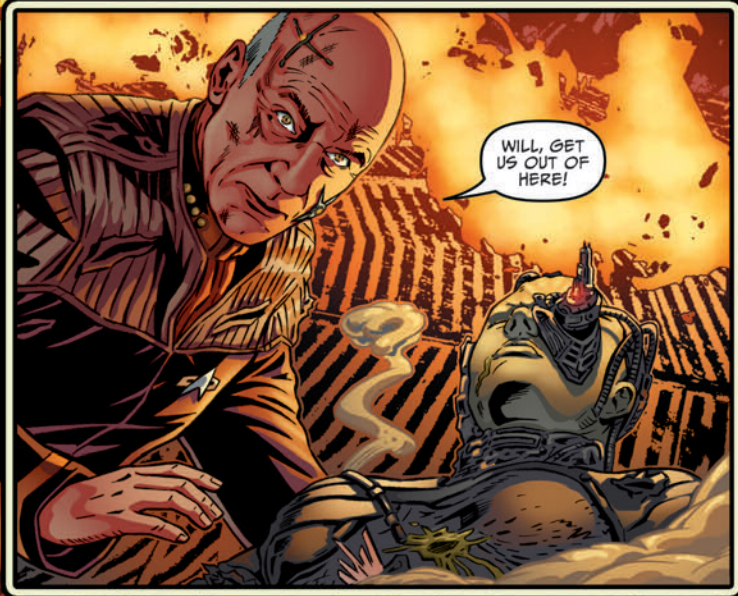
ENTERPRISE, TELL THE RESCUE SHIPS TO START SCANNING FOR BORG SURVIVORS.



ENTERPRISE?



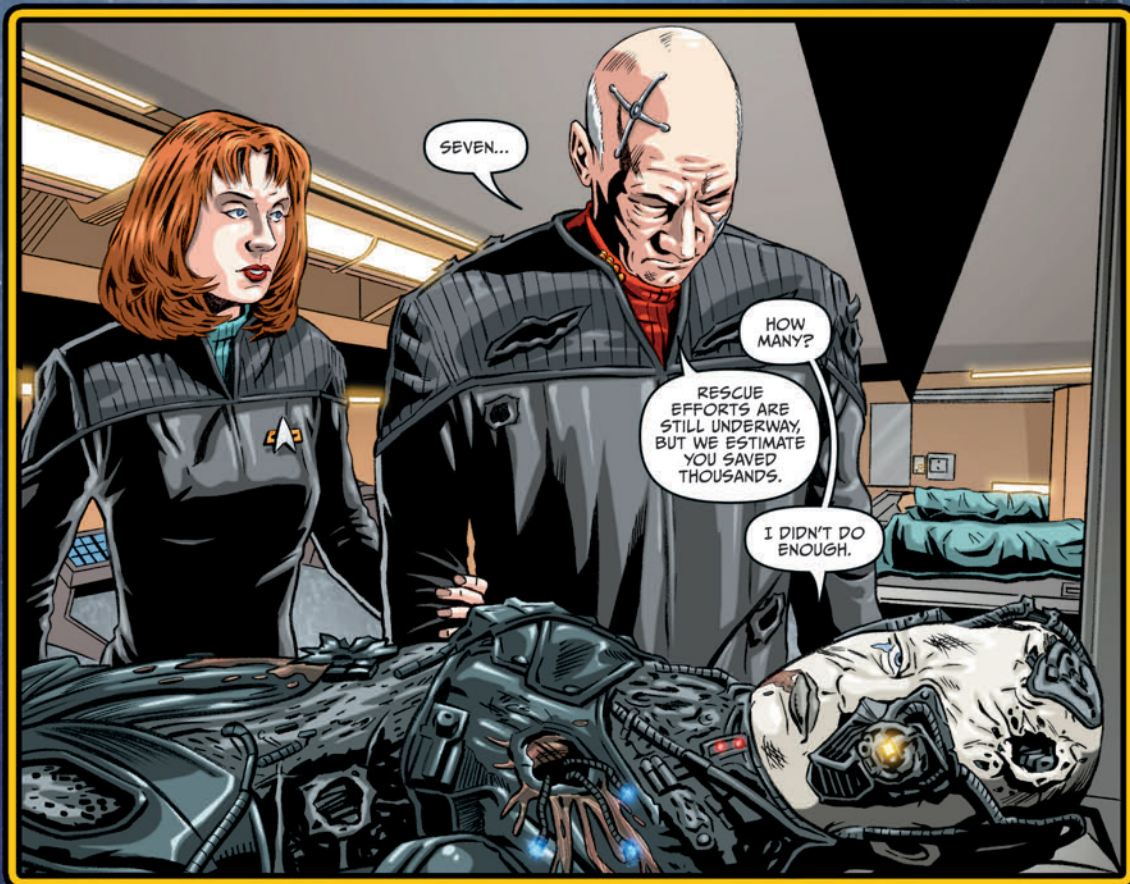




CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL.
SEVEN OF NINE'S INJURIES ARE
GRAVE. BOTH HER HUMAN AND BORG
ORGANS ARE FAILING QUICKLY.



THERE'S NOTHING WE
CAN DO EXCEPT TRY
TO GIVE COMFORT IN
HER FINAL HOURS.

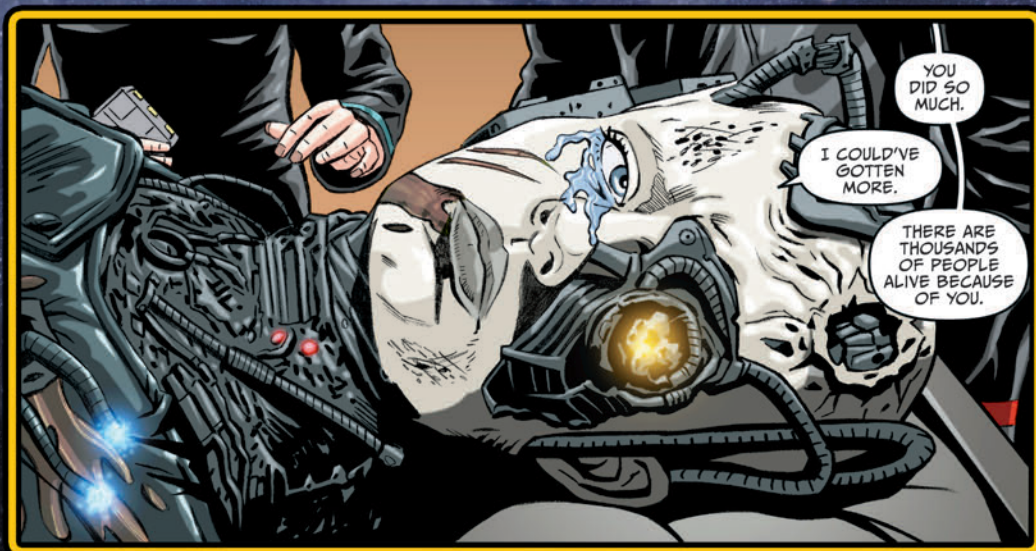


SEVEN...

HOW
MANY?

RESCUE
EFFORTS ARE
STILL UNDERWAY,
BUT WE ESTIMATE
YOU SAVED
THOUSANDS.

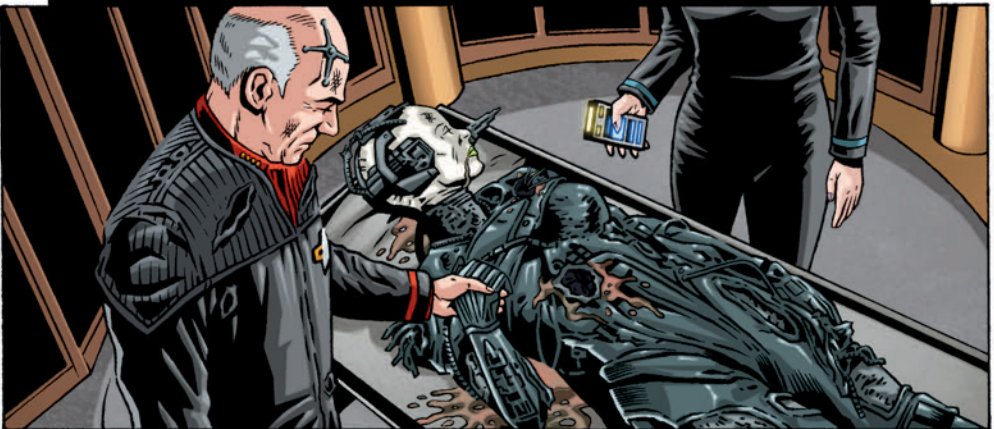
I DIDN'T DO
ENOUGH.



YOU
DID SO
MUCH.

I COULD'VE
GOTTEN
MORE.

THERE ARE
THOUSANDS
OF PEOPLE
ALIVE BECAUSE
OF YOU.



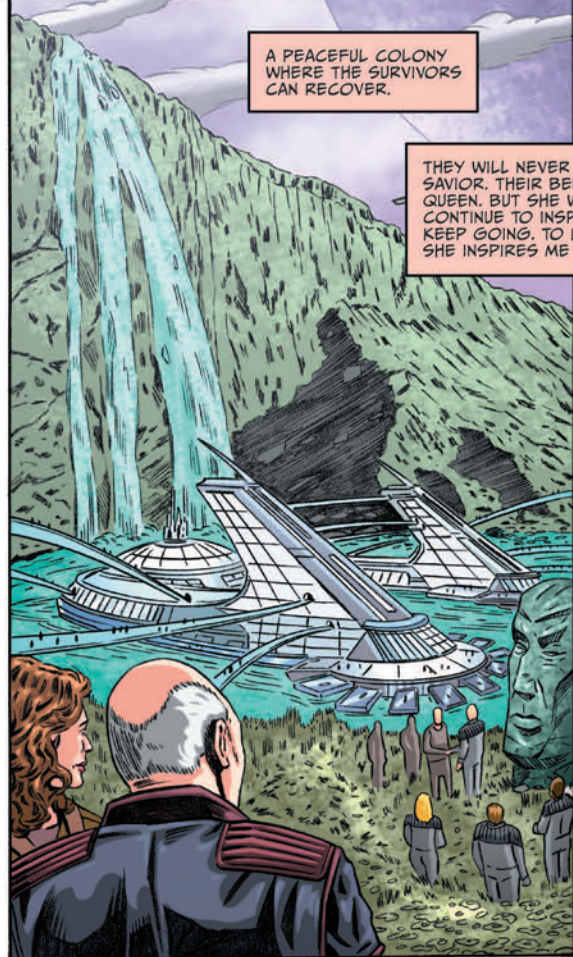


WHEN THE DUST CLEARED, OVER FIVE THOUSAND BORG SURVIVORS WERE RESCUED IN A MASSIVE STARFLEET RELIEF EFFORT. THEY'LL BE GIVEN A PLACE ALL THEIR OWN TO LIVE.



A PEACEFUL COLONY WHERE THE SURVIVORS CAN RECOVER.

THEY WILL NEVER KNOW THEIR SAVIOR, THEIR BENEVOLENT QUEEN. BUT SHE WILL CONTINUE TO INSPIRE THEM TO KEEP GOING, TO KEEP LIVING. SHE INSPIRES ME EVERY DAY.



I SHALL VISIT HERE OFTEN, THIS NEW WORLD. AFTER ALL, I AM ONE OF THEM.





ART GALLERY

!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **JOE CORRONEY** ART

Hi-Fi COLORS

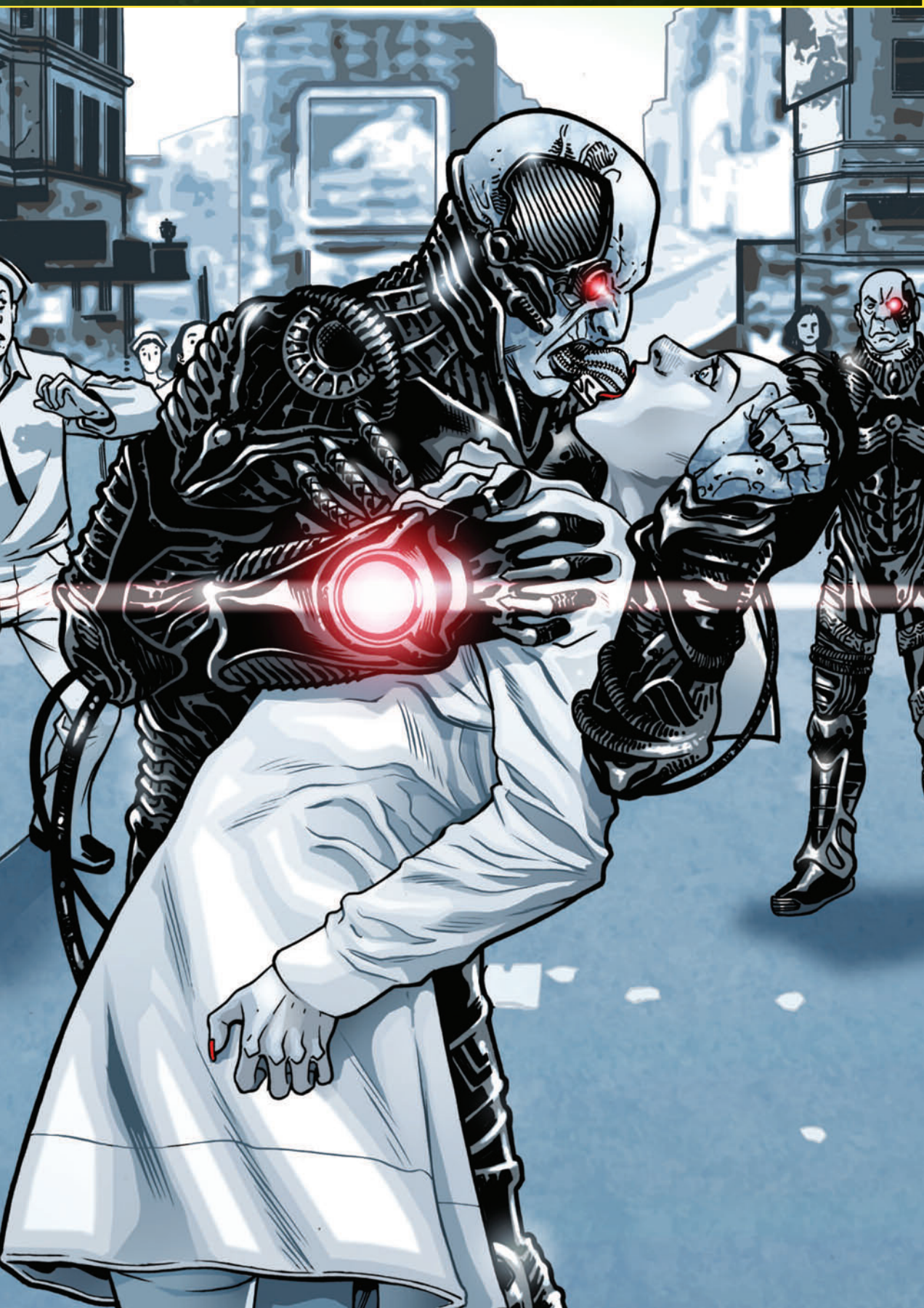


JOE CORRONEY



!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **DAVID MESSINA** ART

ILARIA TRAVERSI COLORS



RESISTANCE IS FUTILE.
YOUR LIFE, AS IT HAS BEEN, IS OVER.
FROM THIS TIME FORWARD
YOU WILL SERVICE US.



!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **JOE CORRONEY** ART

Hi-Fi COLORS

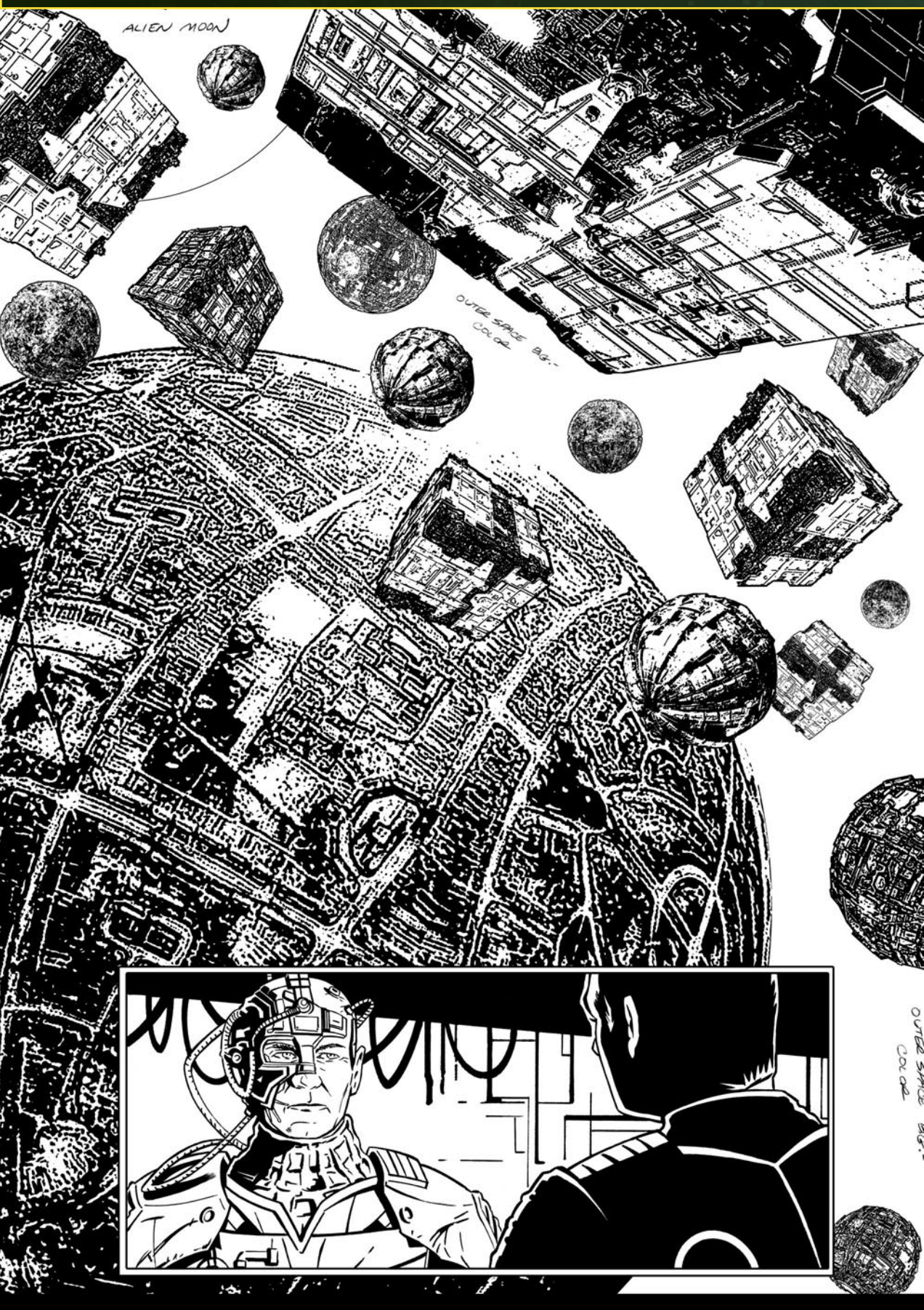




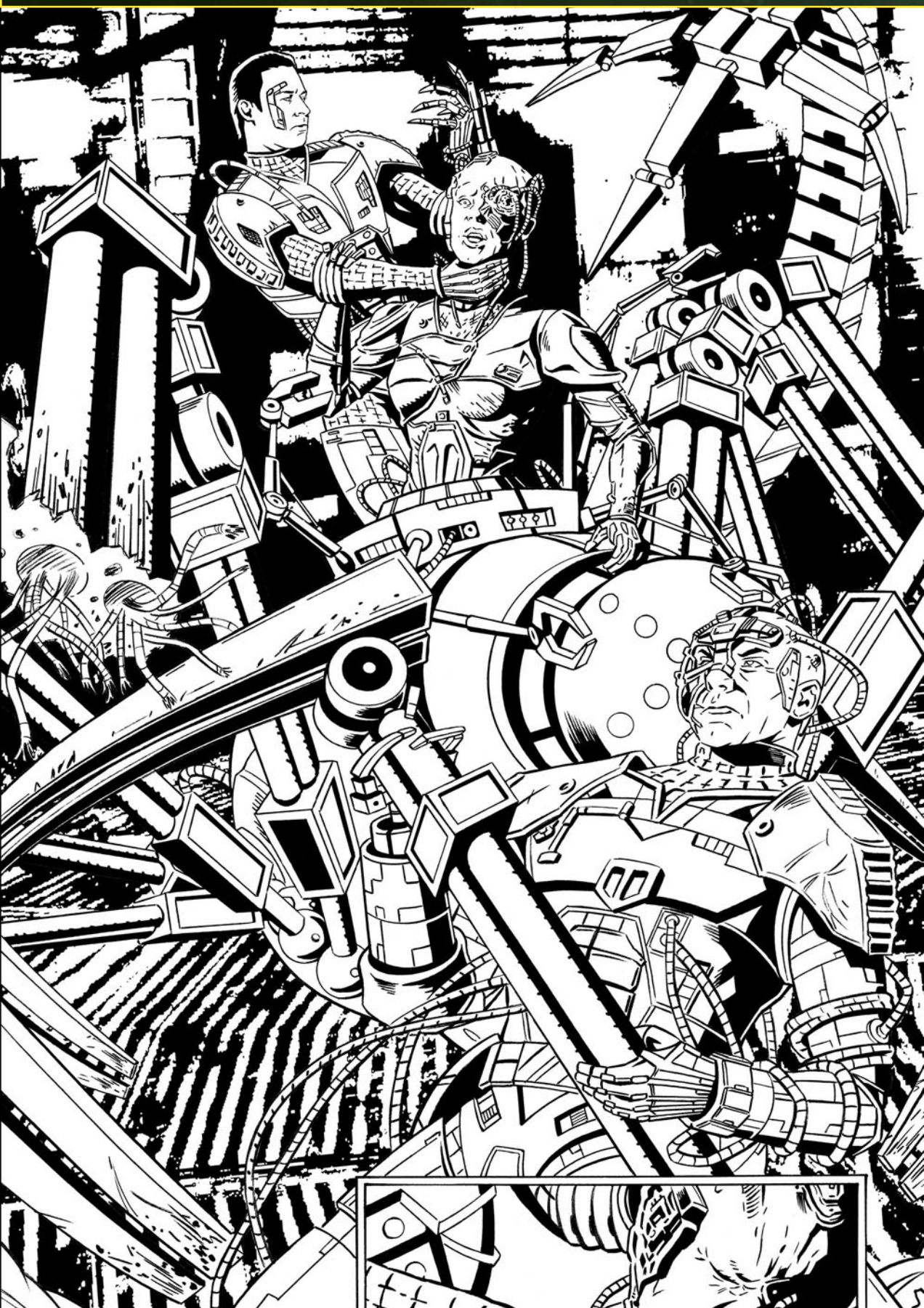
!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **DAVID MESSINA** ART

ILARIA TRAVERSI COLORS










The logo is centered on a dark green, textured background. It features a large yellow circular frame with a dashed outer edge and a solid inner edge. Inside the frame, the words "STAR TREK" are written in a bold, italicized, yellow font. Below this, "THE NEXT GENERATION" is written in a smaller, italicized, yellow font, followed by a registered trademark symbol. At the bottom of the frame, the word "HIVE" is written in a large, stylized, yellow font with a black outline.

STAR TREK
THE NEXT GENERATION®

HIVE

STORY BY LEGENDARY STAR TREK WRITER
BRANNON BRAGA!



IN THE DISTANT
FUTURE, THE ENTIRE
GALAXY HAS BEEN COMPLETELY
ASSIMILATED BY THE BORG AND ITS
KING... LOCUTUS! THE ONLY HOPE FOR
THE FUTURE LIES IN THE PAST-IN THE
HANDS OF CAPTAIN JEAN-LUC PICARD
AND THE CREW OF THE *STARSHIP*
ENTERPRISE-AS PICARD FACES OFF
AGAINST THE BORG COLLECTIVE IN
ONE FINAL, TERRIFYING, AND
DEFINITIVE ENCOUNTER!

STAR TREK

THE NEXT GENERATION®

HIVE

IDW®