

# STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>

VOLUME 1



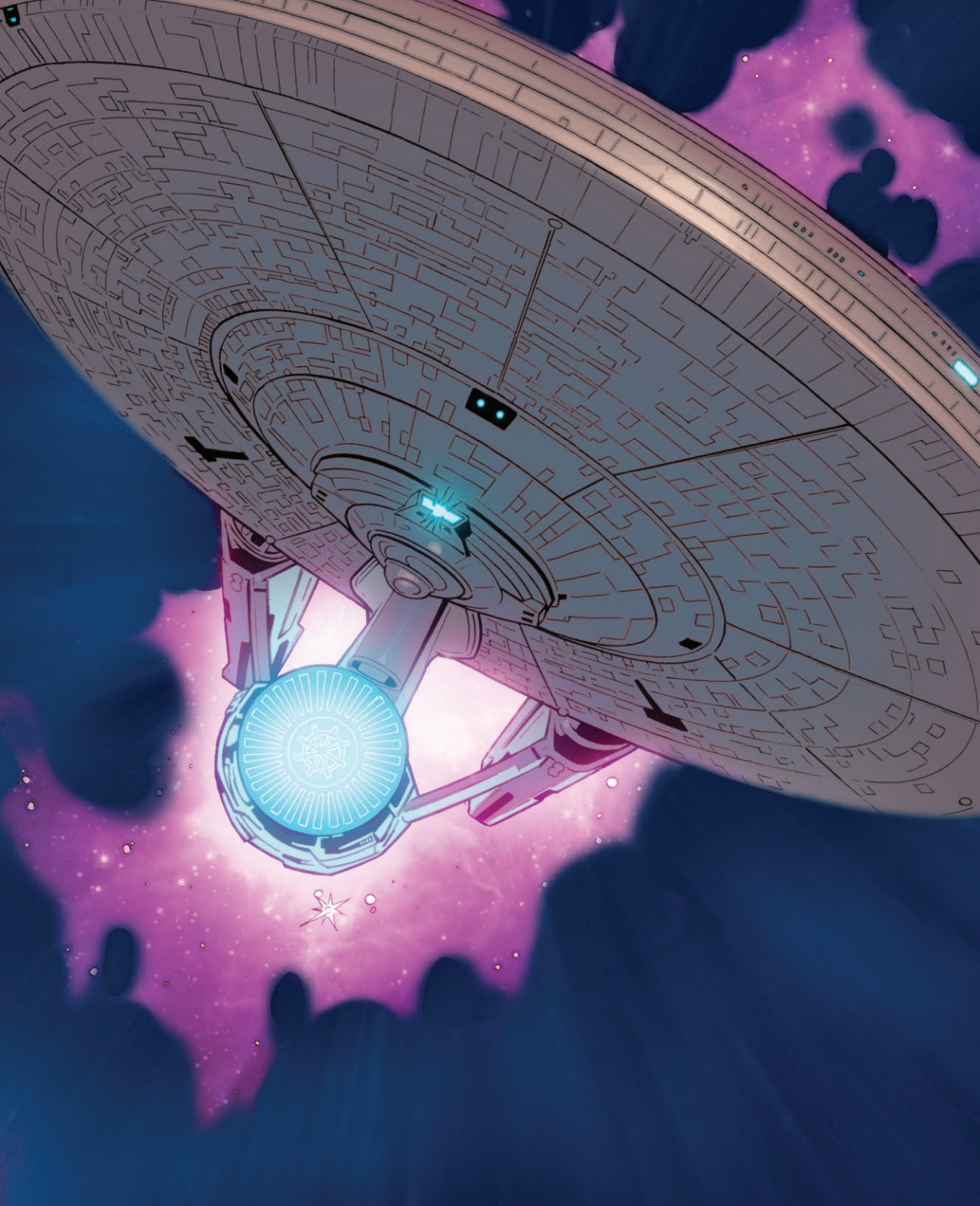
"The new *Star Trek* comic literally combines the best of the old series and the new movie."

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# *STAR TREK*®

VOLUME 1





STAR TREK created by Gene Roddenberry  
Special thanks to Risa Kessler and John Van Citters of CBS Consumer Products for their invaluable assistance.

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DIGITAL

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# STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>

VOLUME 1

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Based on the original teleplays of *Where No Man Has Gone Before* by Samuel A. Peeples  
and *The Galileo Seven* by Oliver Crawford and Shimon Wincleberg



**WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE**



Artwork by David Messina  
Colors by Giovanna Niro



CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG. STARDATE TWO-TWO-FIVE-EIGHT-POINT-TWO... FIVE...?

POINT-FIVE... SIX...?

DOES ANYONE ACTUALLY LISTEN TO THESE THINGS?

IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE WE LEFT EARTH. AGES SINCE THE VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE AND THE "THANKS FOR SAVING THE GALAXY FROM THE ROMULAN WITH THE POINTY SHIP."

AGES SINCE I TOLD STARFLEET THAT YE CANNAE EXPECT A SHIP THAT JUST ESCAPED THE GRIP OF A SPONTANEOUS BLACK HOLE...

FORGET IT.

...YE CANNAE EXPECT IT TO EMBARK ON A NEW MISSION WITHOUT A THOROUGH INSPECTION AND RETROFIT!

ADD THAT TO THE PILE.

THIS SHIP IS A MESS OF BROKEN PARTS AND FRIED CIRCUITS.

I'M OFF TO SEE THE CAPTAIN. MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.

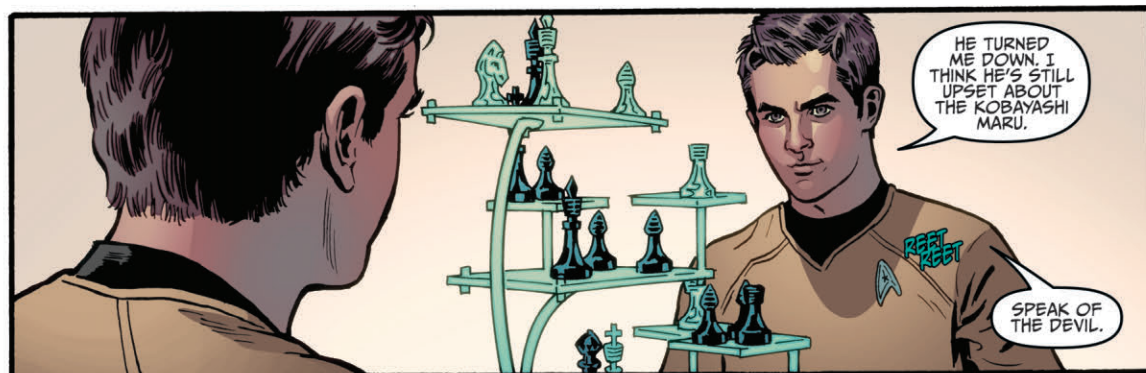
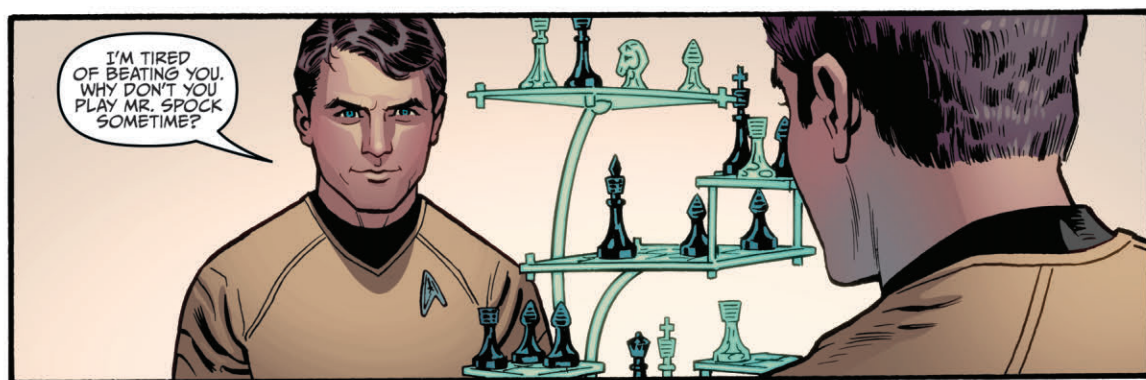
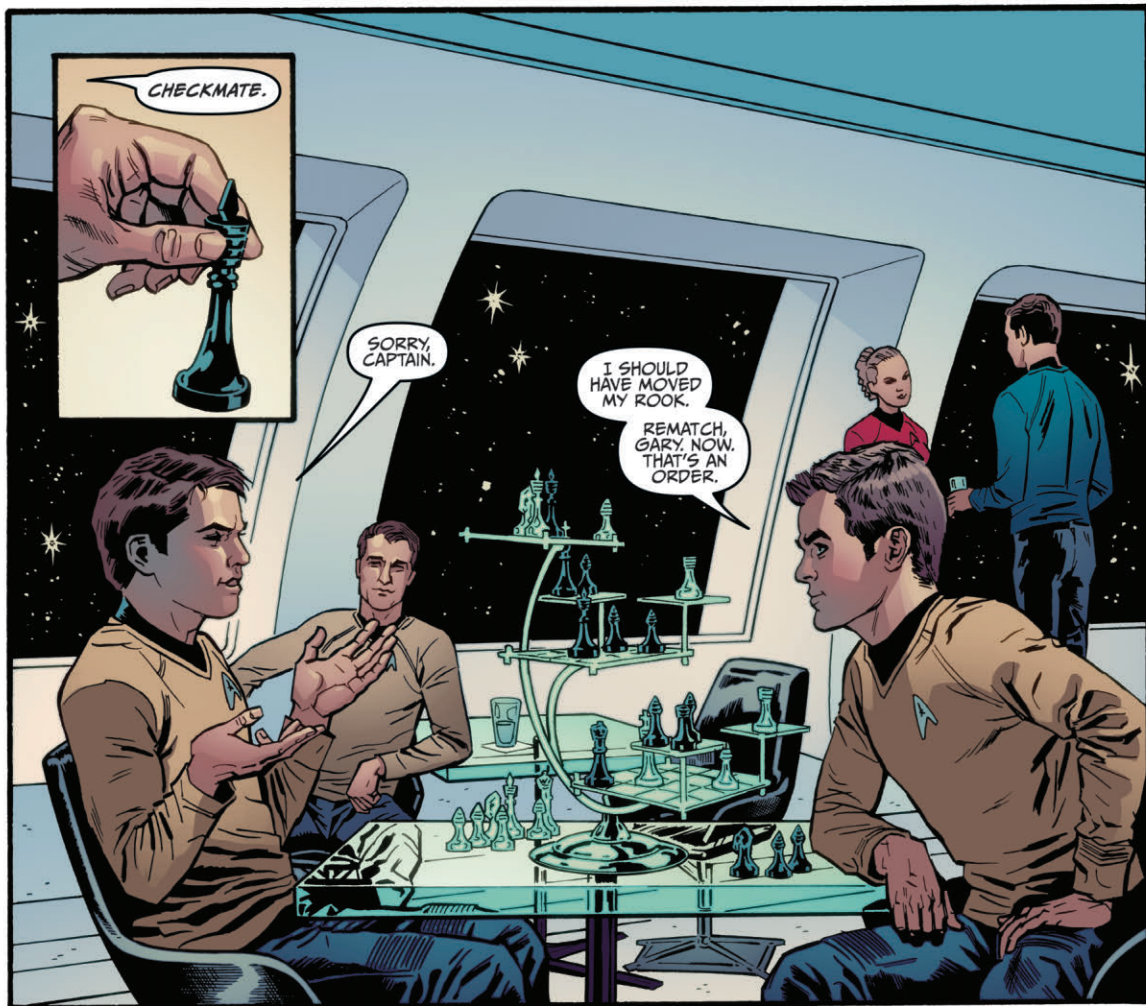
AND YET, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT...



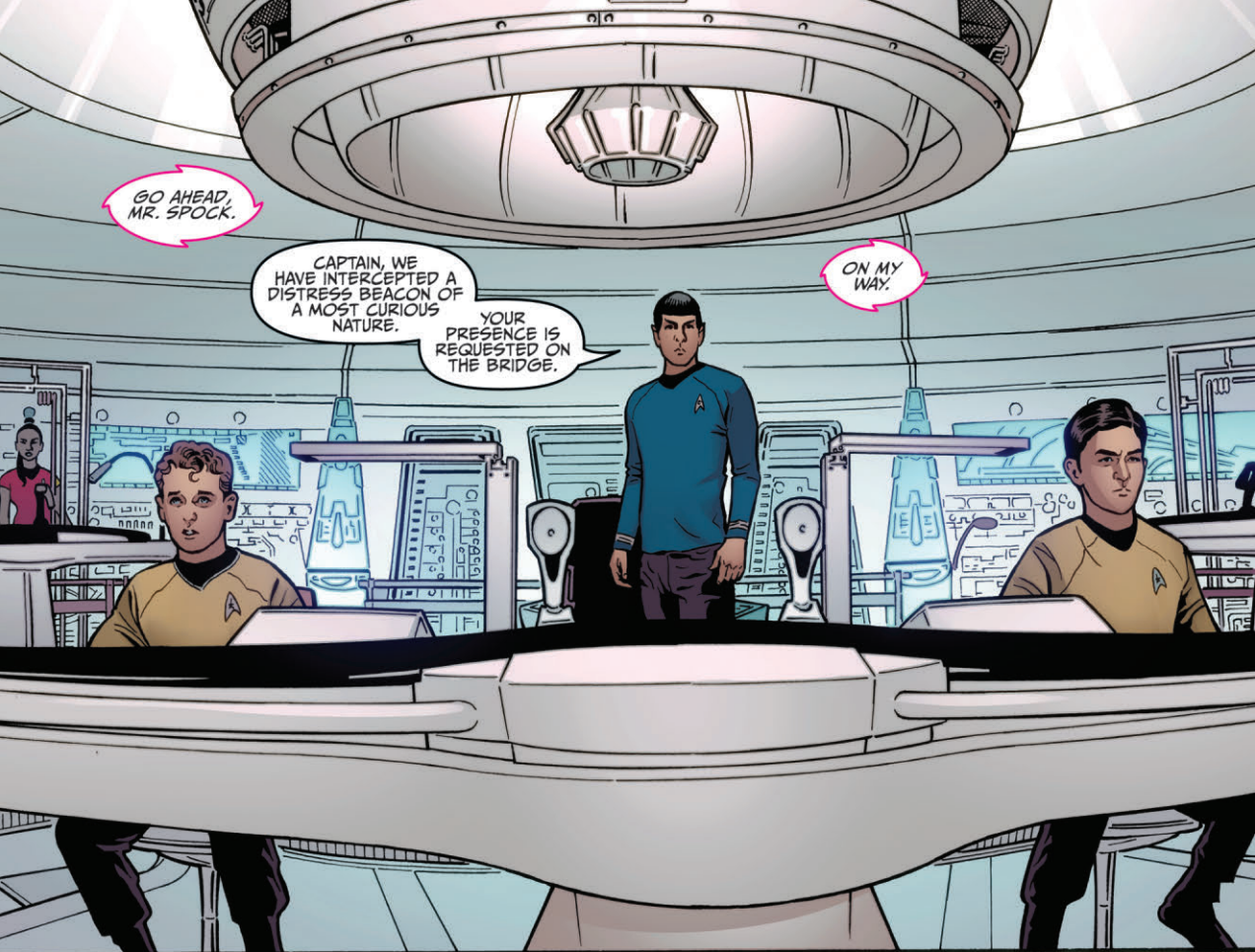
...SHE STILL LOOKS PRETTY  
ON THE *OUTSIDE*.









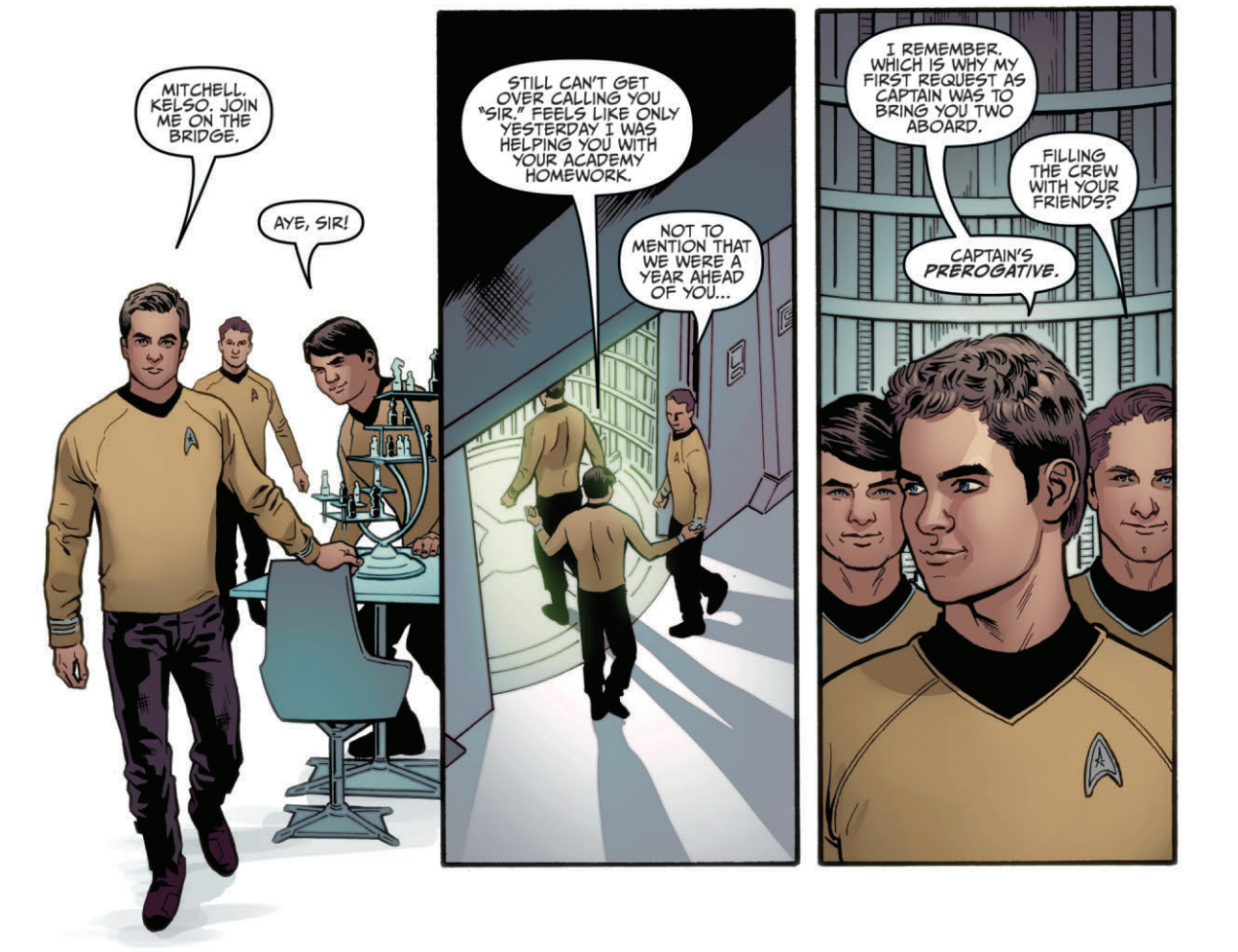


GO AHEAD,  
MR. SPOCK.

CAPTAIN, WE  
HAVE INTERCEPTED A  
DISTRESS BEACON OF  
A MOST CURIOUS  
NATURE.

YOUR  
PRESENCE IS  
REQUESTED ON  
THE BRIDGE.

ON MY  
WAY.



MITCHELL.  
KELSO. JOIN  
ME ON THE  
BRIDGE.

AYE, SIR!

STILL CAN'T GET  
OVER CALLING YOU  
"SIR." FEELS LIKE ONLY  
YESTERDAY I WAS  
HELPING YOU WITH  
YOUR ACADEMY  
HOMEWORK.

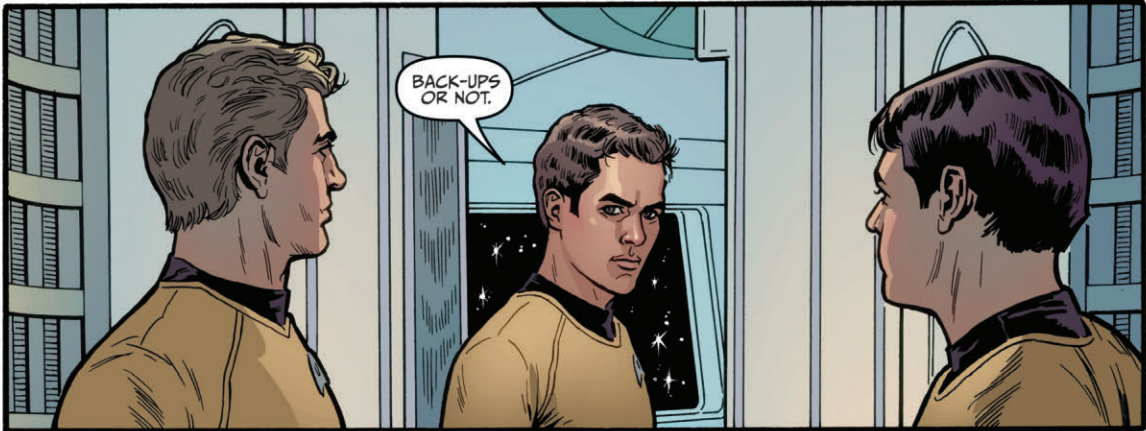
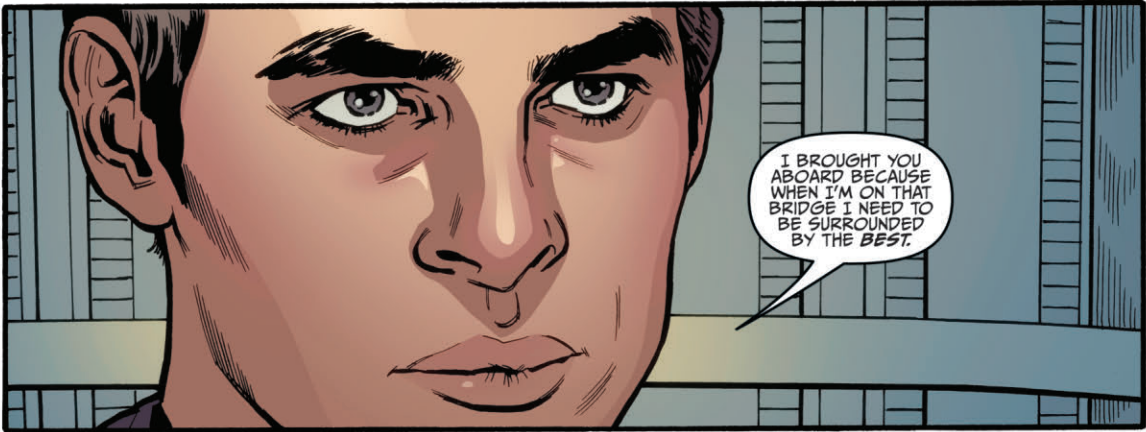
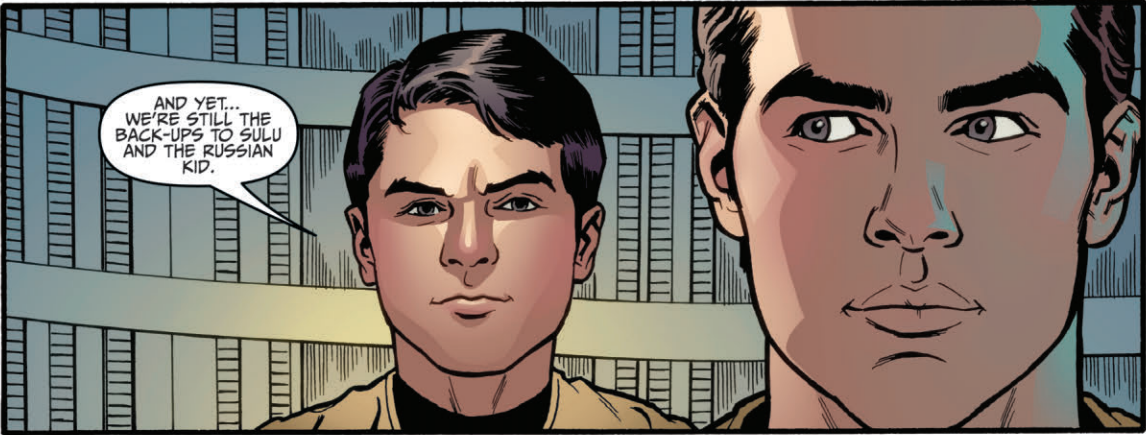
NOT TO  
MENTION THAT  
WE WERE A  
YEAR AHEAD  
OF YOU...

I REMEMBER.  
WHICH IS WHY MY  
FIRST REQUEST AS  
CAPTAIN WAS TO  
BRING YOU TWO  
ABOARD.

FILLING  
THE CREW  
WITH YOUR  
FRIENDS?

CAPTAIN'S  
PREROGATIVE.



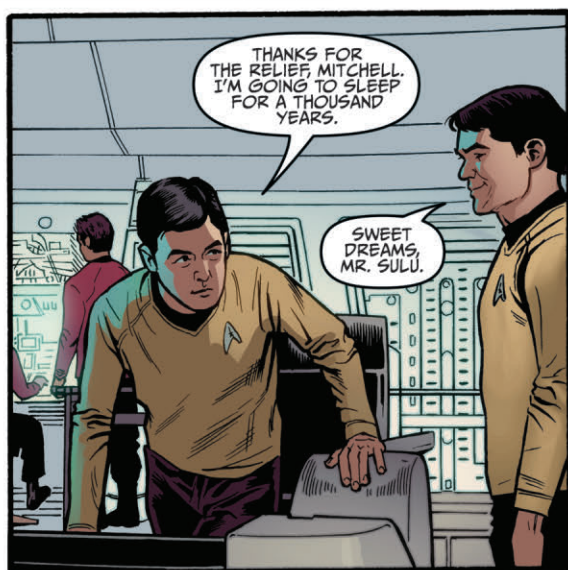






MR. MITCHELL,  
MR. KELSO, TO  
YOUR STATIONS.

MR. SPOCK!  
WHAT'VE WE  
GOT?



THANKS FOR  
THE RELIEF, MITCHELL.  
I'M GOING TO SLEEP  
FOR A THOUSAND  
YEARS.

SWEET  
DREAMS,  
MR. SULLY.



CAPTAIN, THE  
DISTRESS BEACON  
WE INTERCEPTED IS  
FROM AN OLD  
STARFLEET VESSEL.  
THE SS VALIANT.



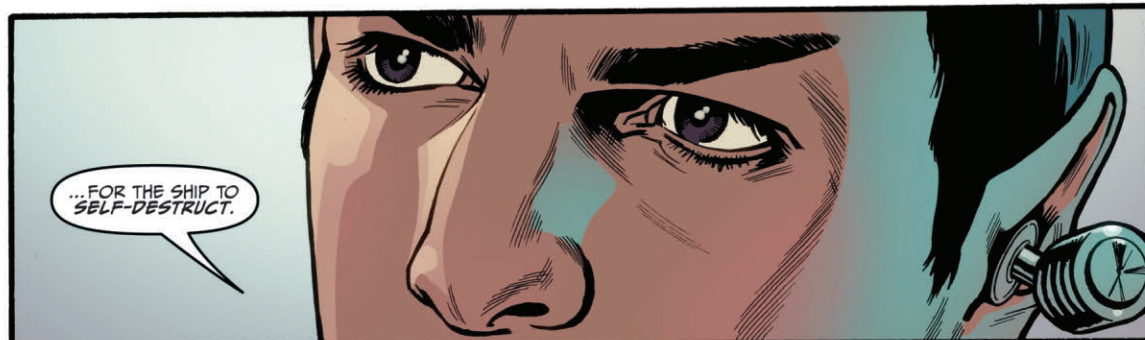
THE VALIANT?  
SHE DISAPPEARED  
TWO HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO!

INDEED, AND  
THERE IS STILL  
NO SIGN OF THE  
SHIP, JUST THE  
BEACON.



"I AM ATTEMPTING TO  
ACCESS THE BEACON'S DATA  
RECORDER REMOTELY."





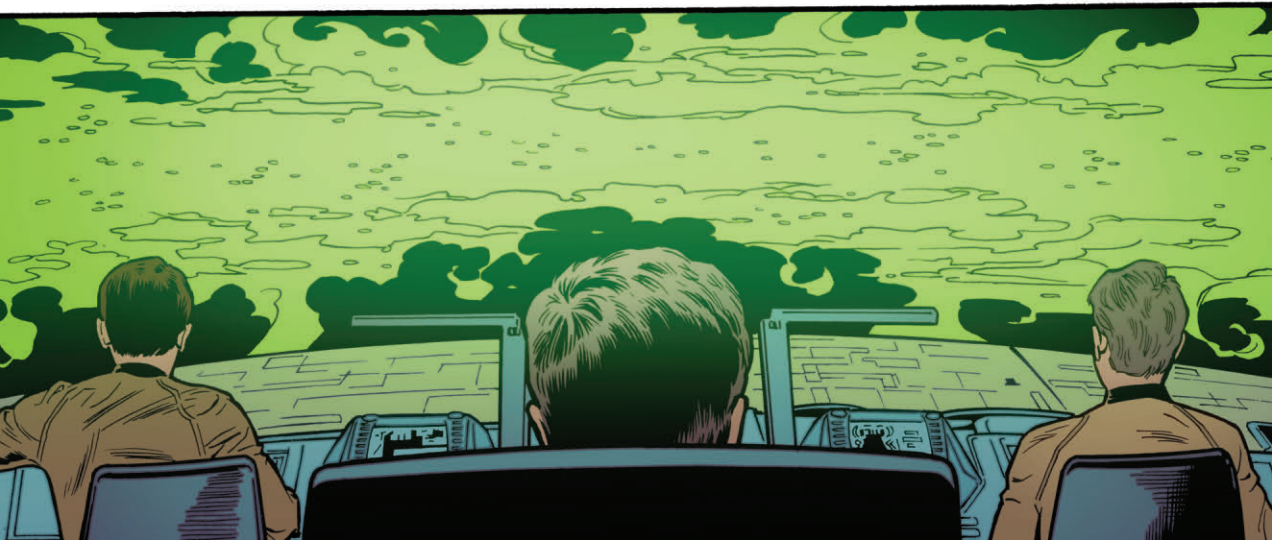
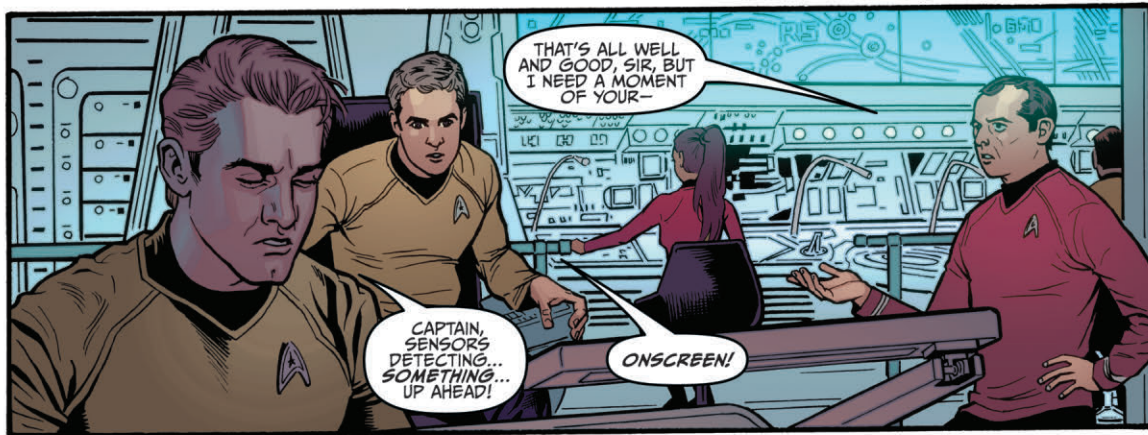




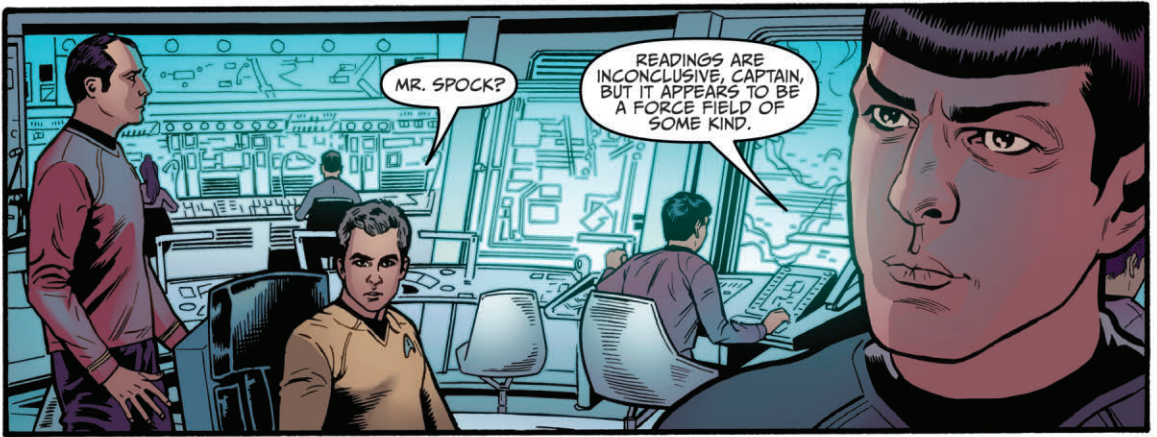


"AYE SIR."

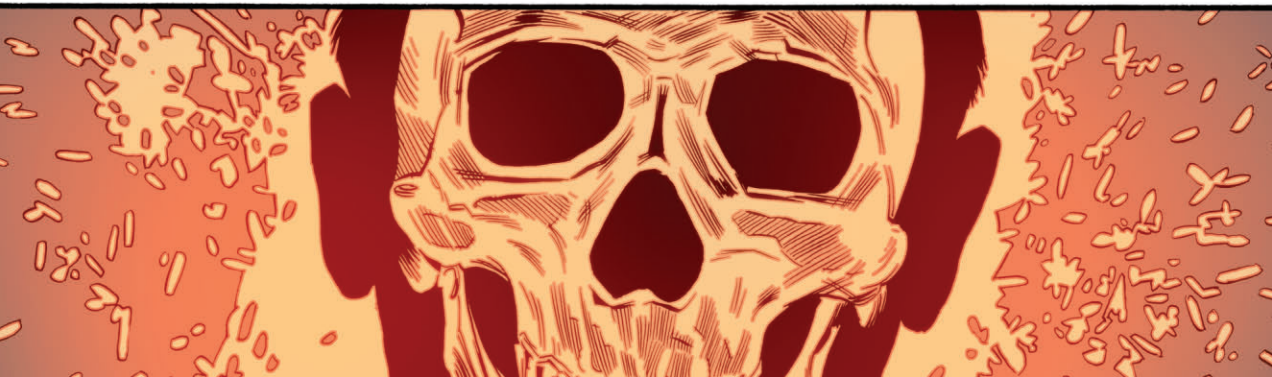
"CROSSING THE  
TERMINUS NOW."

















CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL.

OUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE  
FORCE FIELD AT THE GALAXY'S  
EDGE HAS CRIPPLED THE SHIP.

NINE CREWMEMBERS LOST.  
ALL FROM SUDDEN SEIZURES  
OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.

LIEUTENANT MITCHELL WAS ALMOST  
THE TENTH. DR. MCCOY HAS HIM  
UNDER OBSERVATION.

WE'VE LOST WARP  
CAPABILITY, REDUCED TO  
IMPULSE POWER ONLY.

BRIDGE FUNCTIONALITY  
HAS BEEN RESTORED.  
BARELY.

DAMNEDEST  
THING I'VE EVER  
SEEN, JIM. GARY'S  
VITALS ARE PERFECT.  
HE'S ALERT. BEEN UP  
READING FOR THE  
LAST TWELVE  
HOURS. HE KEEPS  
ASKING FOR  
"MORE."









BONES, WHERE'S THE PSYCHOLOGIST WHO JOINED US AT ALDEBERAN? *DEHNER*, WASN'T IT? SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.

WE, UH... *SHE* WITHDREW HER TRANSFER. GUESS SHE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART.



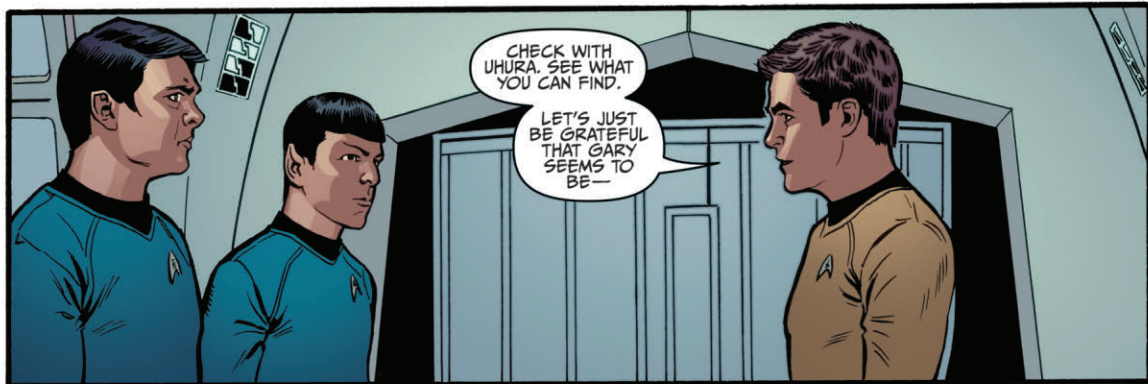
BONES, DON'T TELL ME...

IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I THOUGHT SHE'D FORGIVEN ME.



CAPTAIN, I AM CONCERNED ABOUT THE REFERENCE TO *EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION* IN THE LOGS RECOVERED FROM THE *VALIANT*.

I FEAR THERE MAY BE A CONNECTION TO WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR CREW.



CHECK WITH UHURA. SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND.

LET'S JUST BE GRATEFUL THAT GARY SEEMS TO BE—

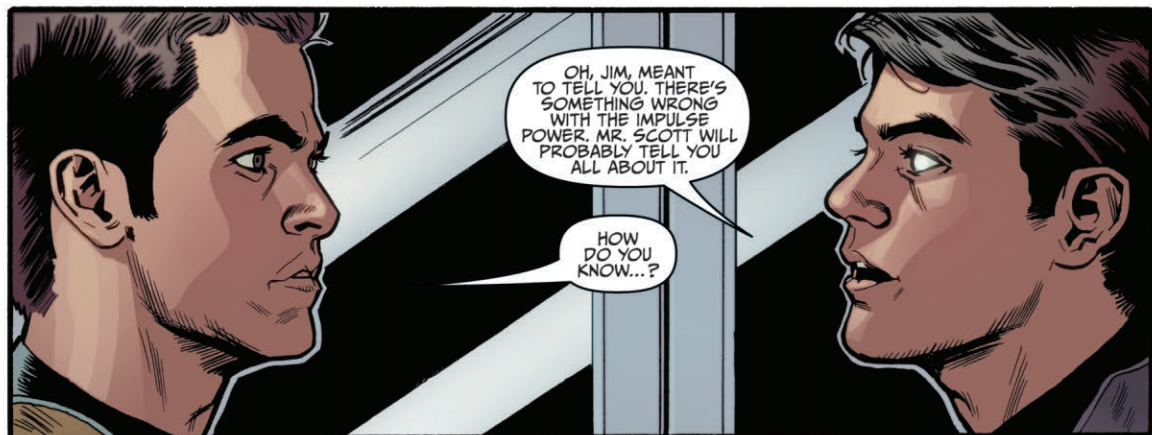


—OKAY?









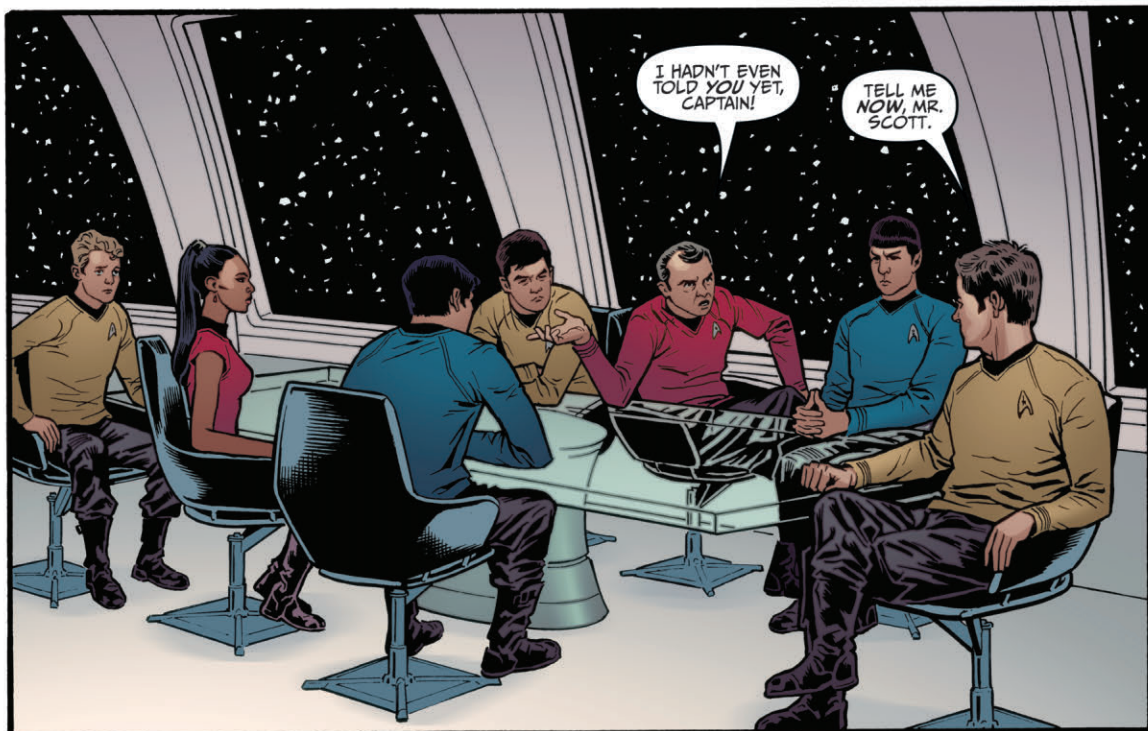








"HOW THE HELL DID HE  
KNOW ABOUT THE  
IMPULSE PROBLEM?"



I HADN'T EVEN  
TOLD YOU YET,  
CAPTAIN!

TELL ME  
NOW, MR.  
SCOTT.



WELL, WARP IS  
COMPLETELY FRIED, AS  
WE KNOW. BUT EVEN BEFORE  
WE WERE HIT BY WHATEVER IT  
WAS, I FOUND CRACKS IN THE  
IMPULSE ENGINES THAT I  
NEED A STARBASE  
TO FIX.

AN  
ASTONISHINGLY  
WELL-EQUIPPED  
ONE, PREFERABLY.



KEPTIN, WITHOUT  
WARP CAPABILITY IT WILL  
TAKES YEARS TO REACH  
THE NEAREST BASE.

IF IMPULSE  
POWER HOLDS,  
WE CAN REACH THE  
OUTPOST ON DELTA  
VEGA IN A FEW DAYS. IT'S  
AN OLD LITHIUM-CRACKING  
FACILITY. UNINHABITED,  
BUT IT MAY HAVE  
THE RESOURCES  
WE NEED.





LITHIUM CRACKING? WHY NOT JUST GIVE ME SOME GLUE AND STRING?

DO THE BEST YOU CAN, MR. SCOTT.



ANY UPDATE ON MITCHELL?

GOT HIM SEDATED. HE'S OUT, BUT HE'S STILL SMILING. MAKES ME NERVOUS.



UHURA, ANY CLUES FROM THE VALIANT LOGS?

I RECOVERED JUST ONE NEW FRAGMENT. THE CREWMAN WHO RECOVERED FROM THE ATTACK... HE SHOWED THE SAME SYMPTOMS AS MITCHELL.

SHORTLY AFTER THAT THE CAPTAIN ISSUED THE SELF-DESTRUCT ORDER.



OKAY, BONES, I WANT CONSTANT UPDATES ON GARY. IF HE SO MUCH AS BLINKS I WANT TO KNOW. CHEKOV, SULLY, SET COURSE FOR DELTA VEGA. AS FAST AS WE CAN GET THERE, MR. SCOTT, GIVE US WHAT YOU CAN.

I WANT NO DISCUSSION OF THE MITCHELL SITUATION WITH THE REST OF THE CREW.

DISMISSED.







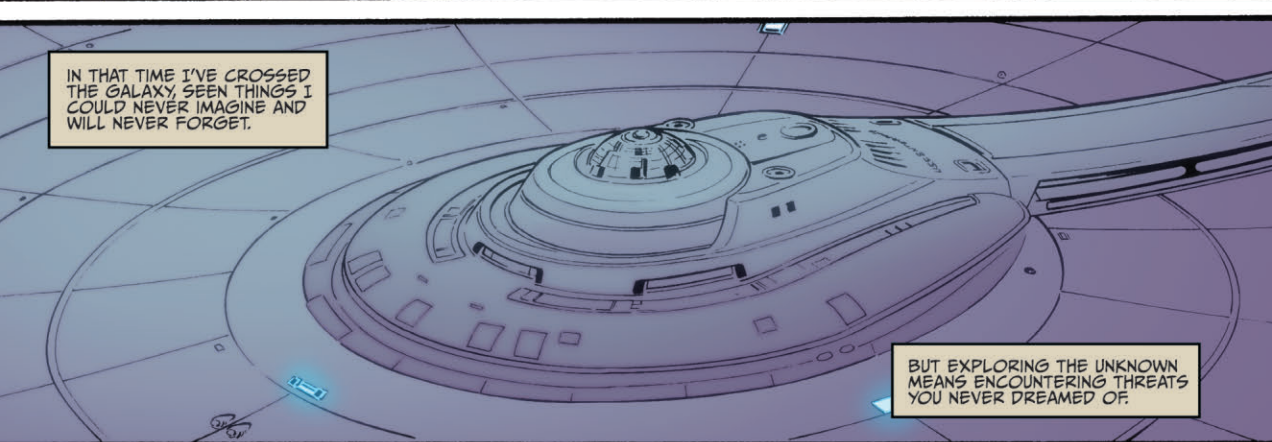






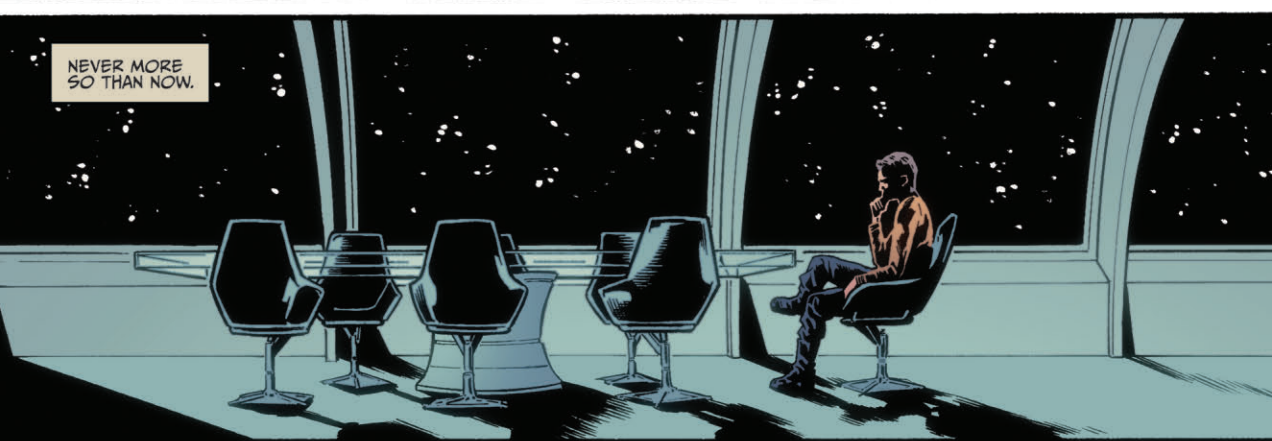
CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 1313.1.

I'VE BEEN A STARSHIP  
CAPTAIN FOR LESS  
THAN A YEAR.



IN THAT TIME I'VE CROSSED  
THE GALAXY, SEEN THINGS I  
COULD NEVER IMAGINE AND  
WILL NEVER FORGET.

BUT EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN  
MEANS ENCOUNTERING THREATS  
YOU NEVER DREAMED OF.



NEVER MORE  
SO THAN NOW.



CAPTAIN, WE  
HAVE REACHED  
DELTA VEGA.

VERY GOOD,  
MR. SPOCK. MEET  
ME IN SICKBAY.

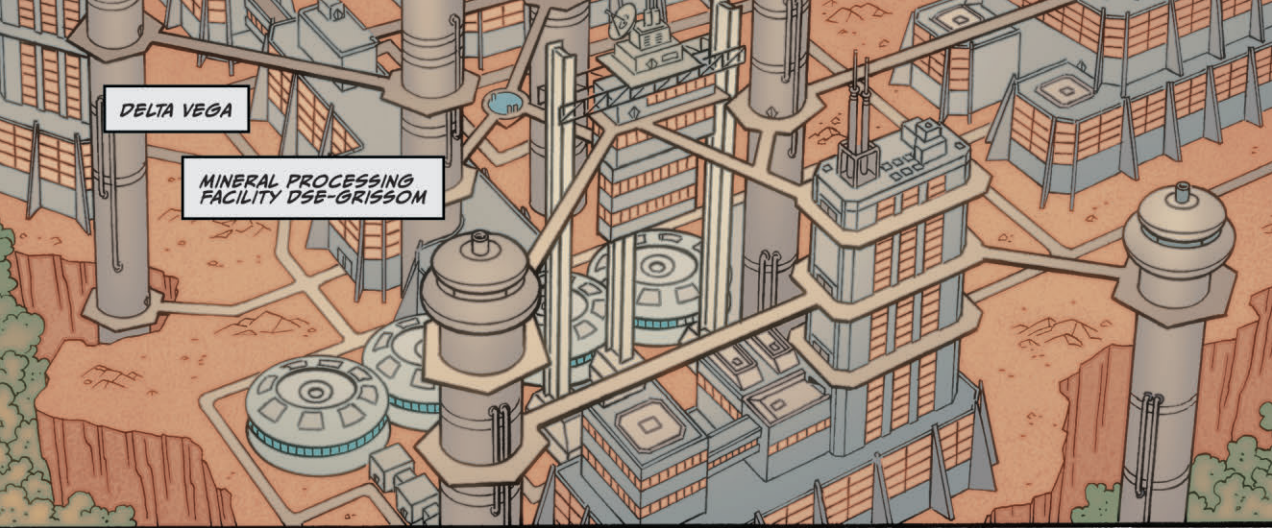






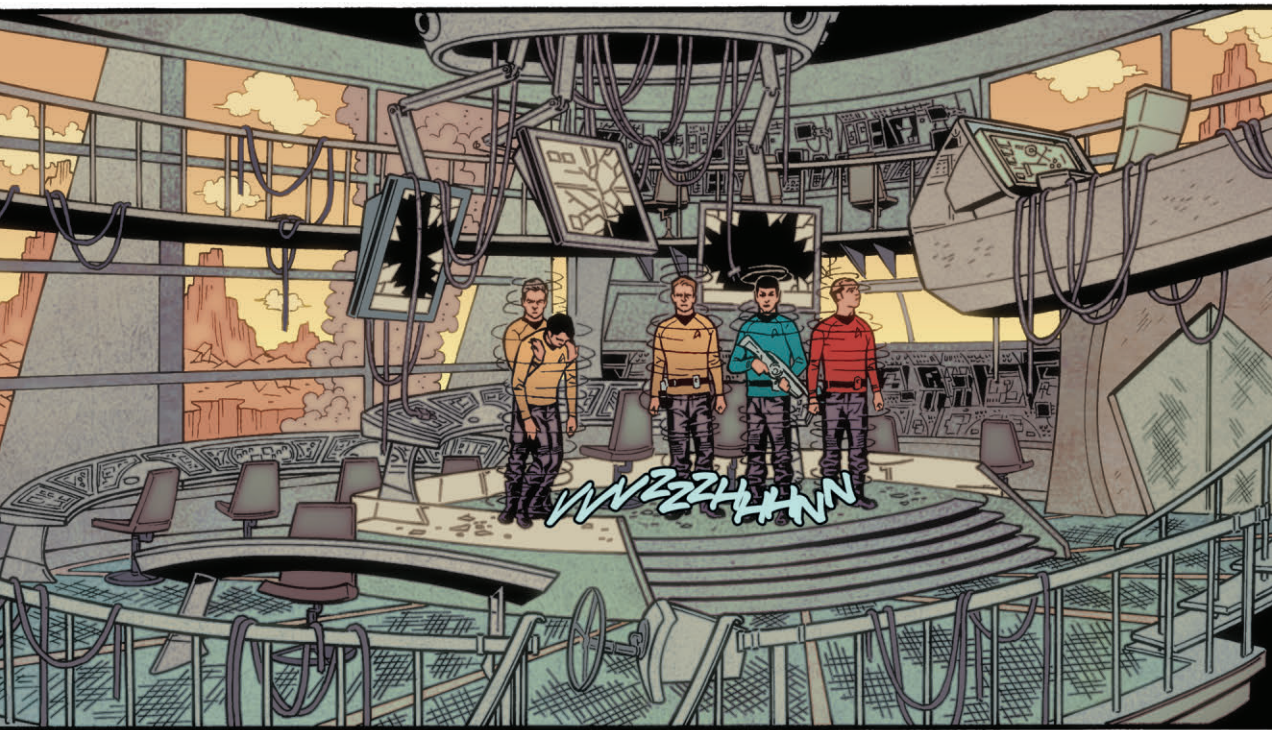




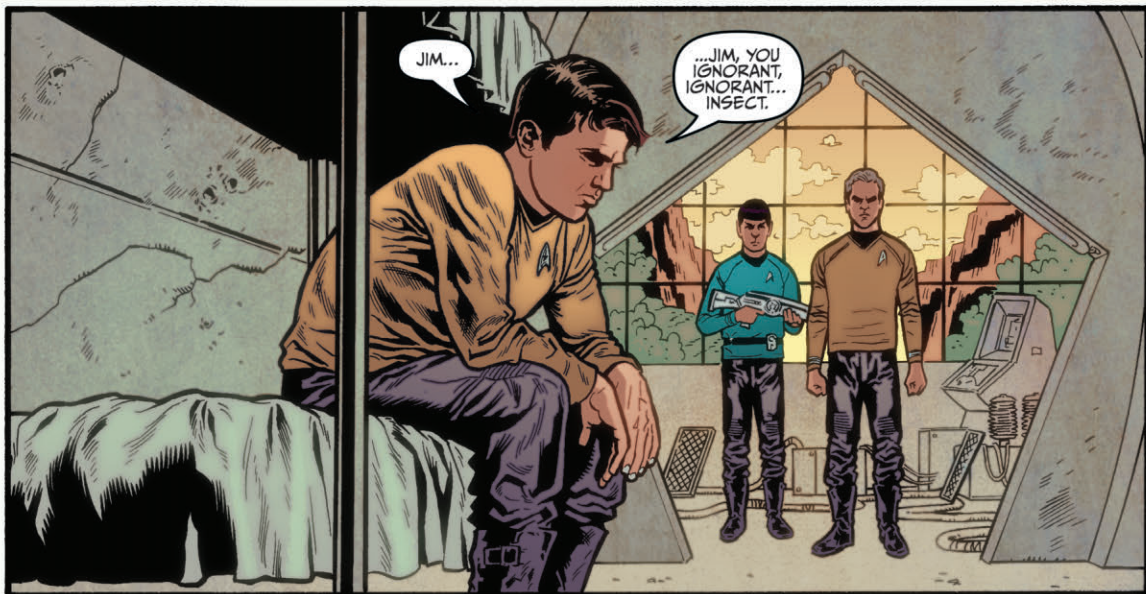


DELTA VEGA

MINERAL PROCESSING  
FACILITY DSE-GRISSOM



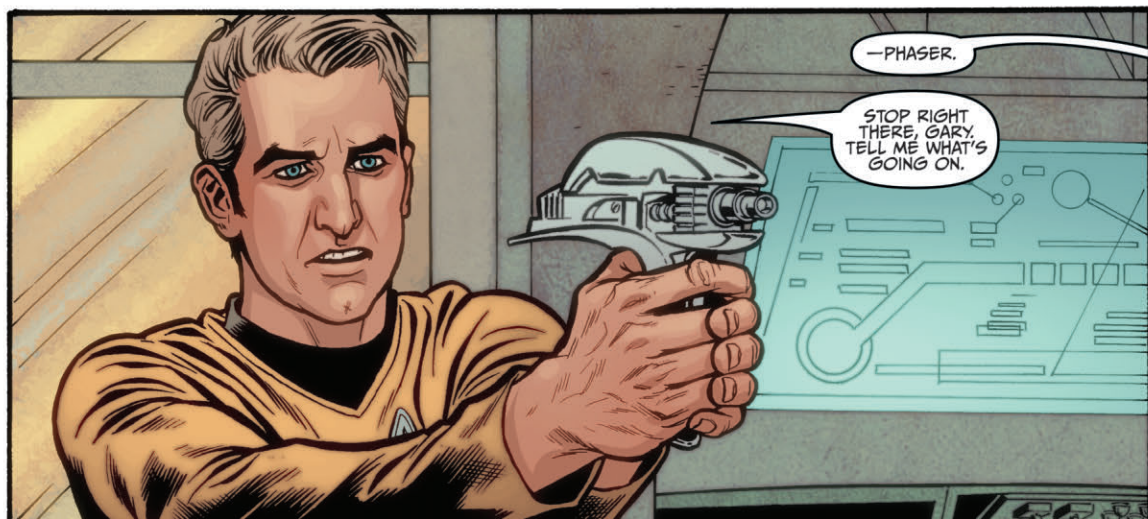




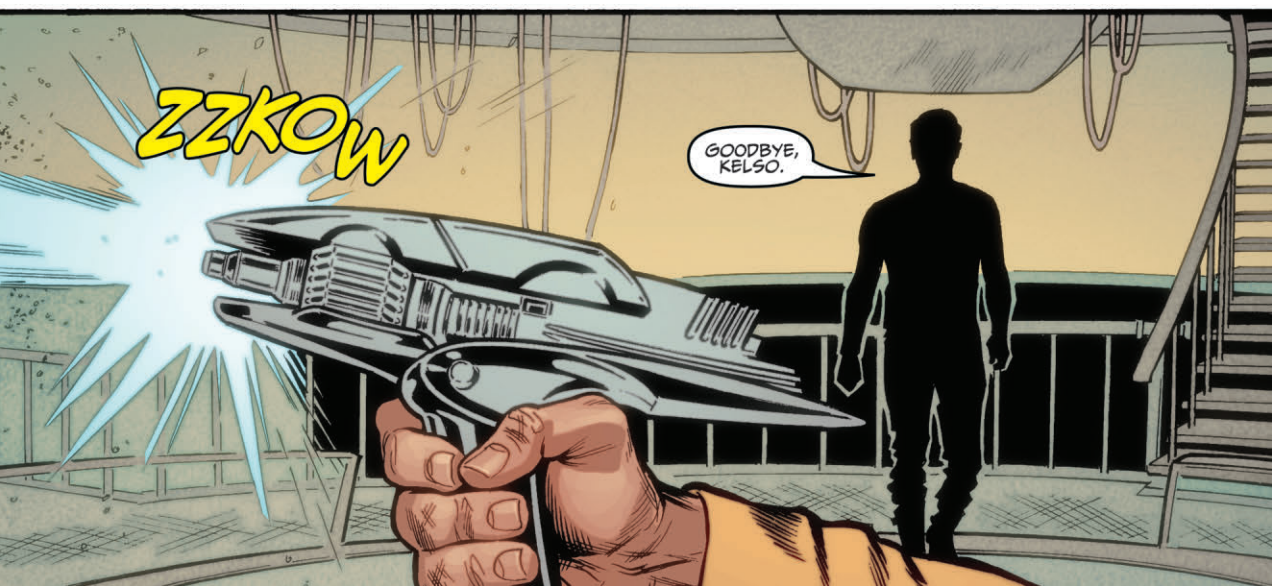
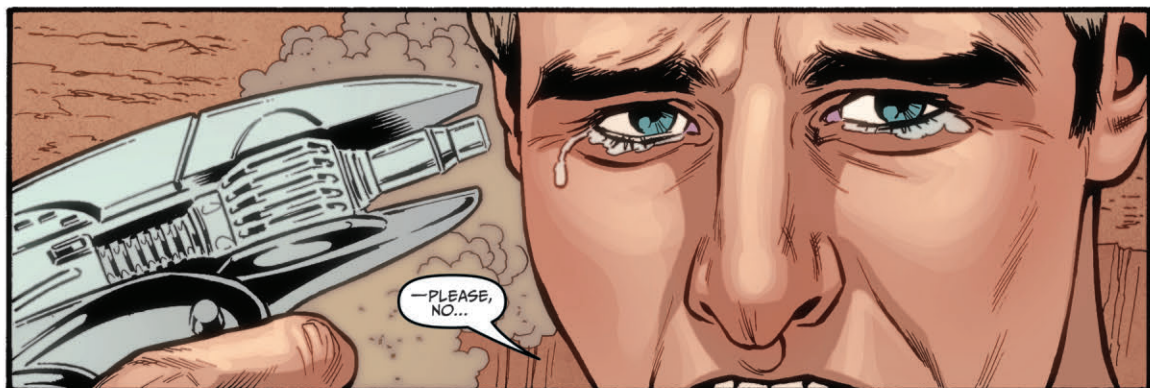








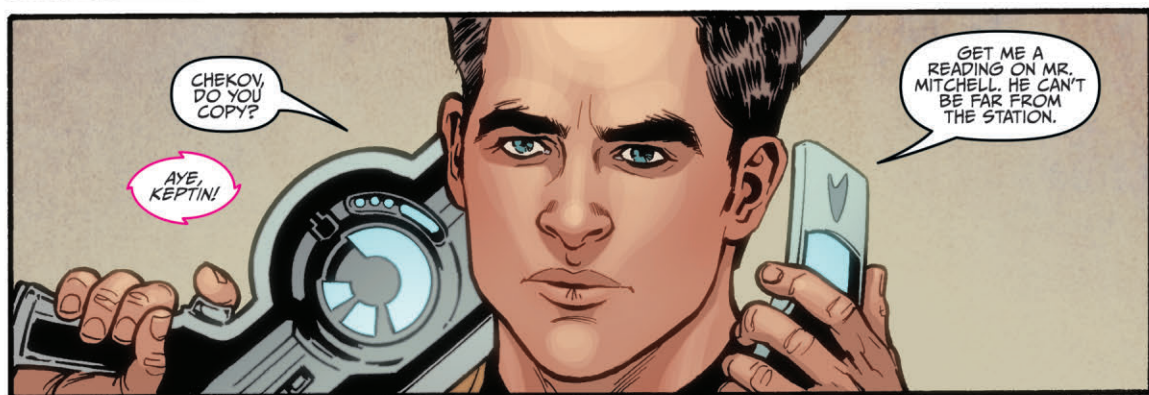
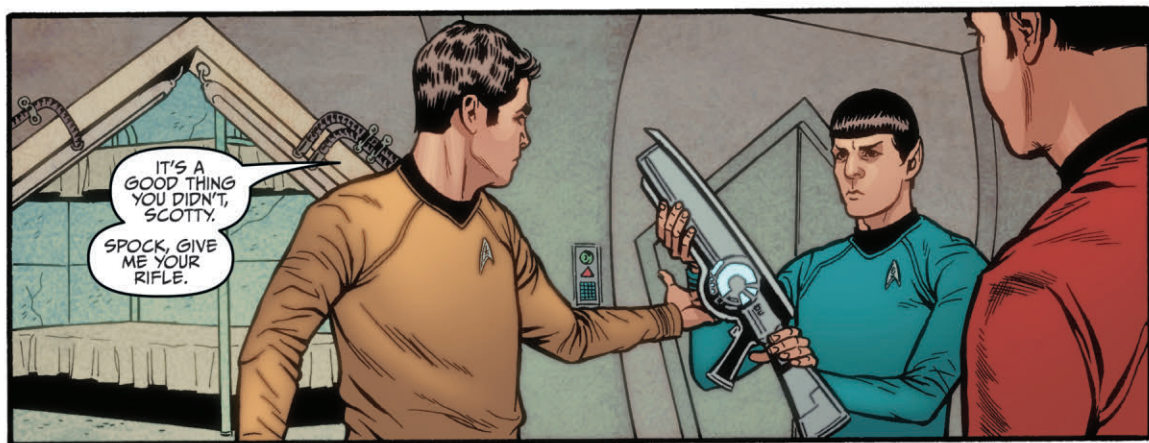








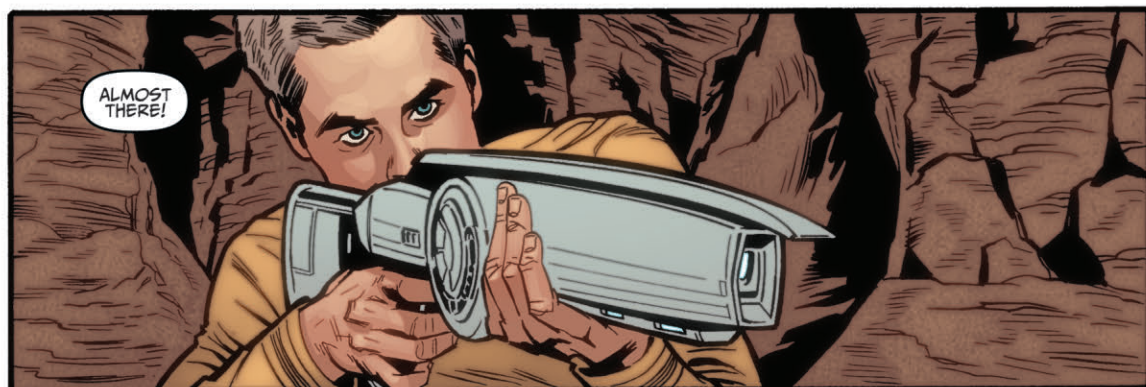




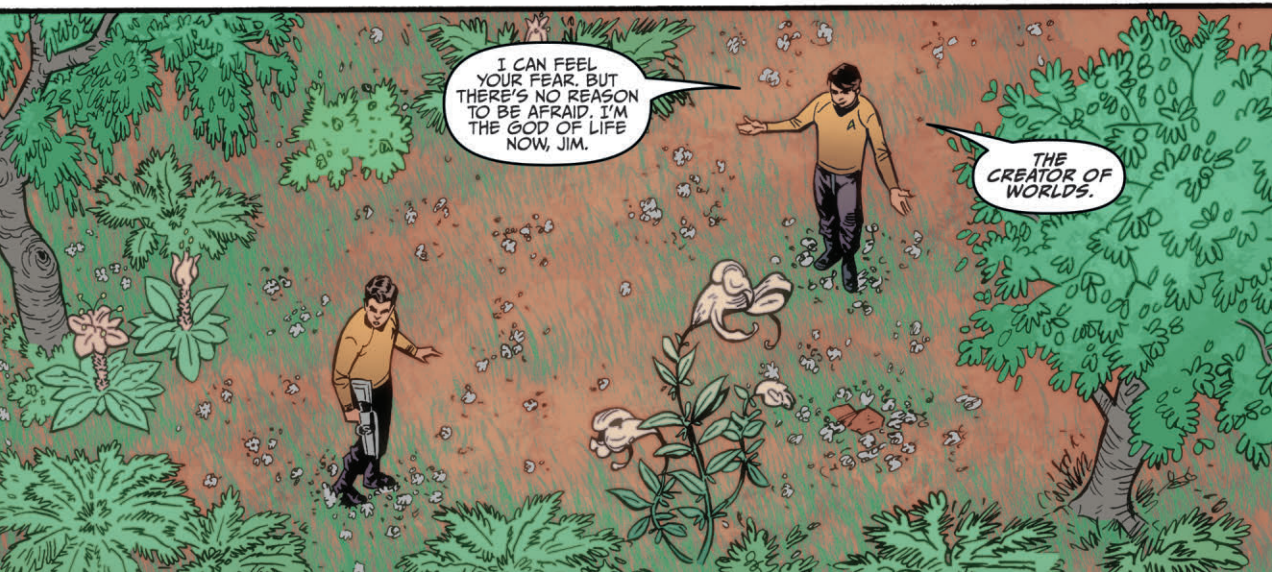
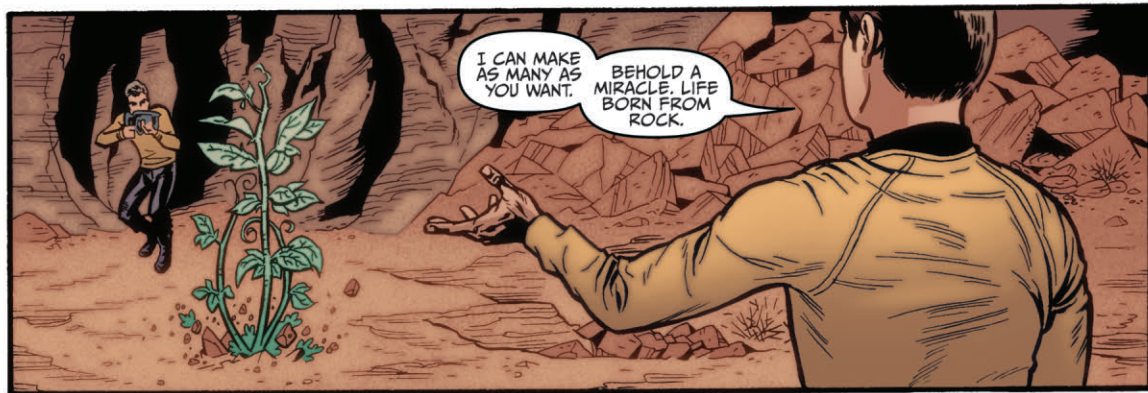


CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

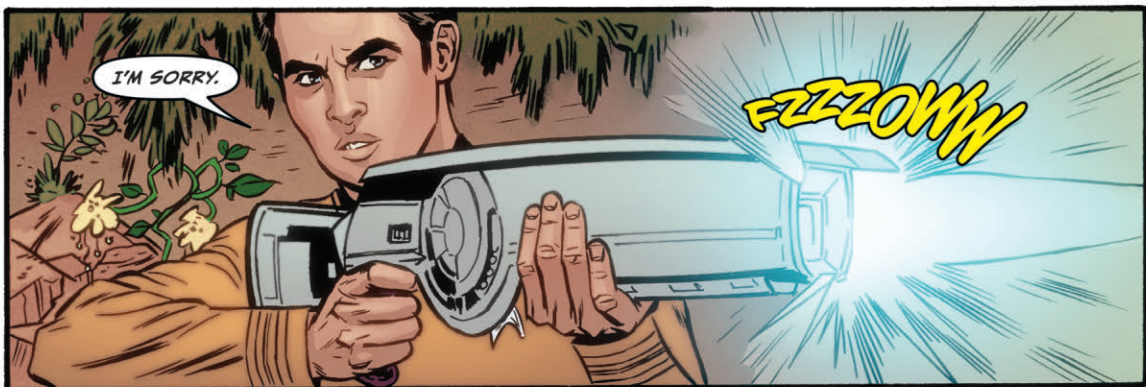
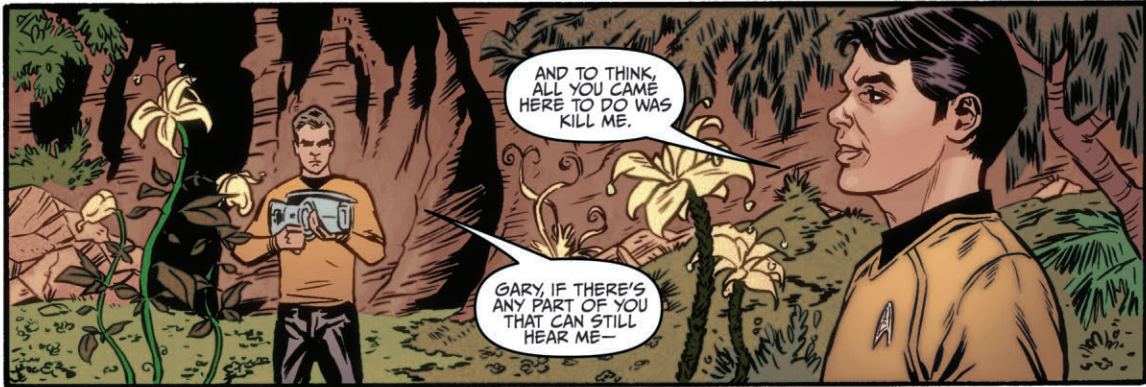
I DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT  
IT, BUT I KNEW IT WOULD  
COME TO THIS.





















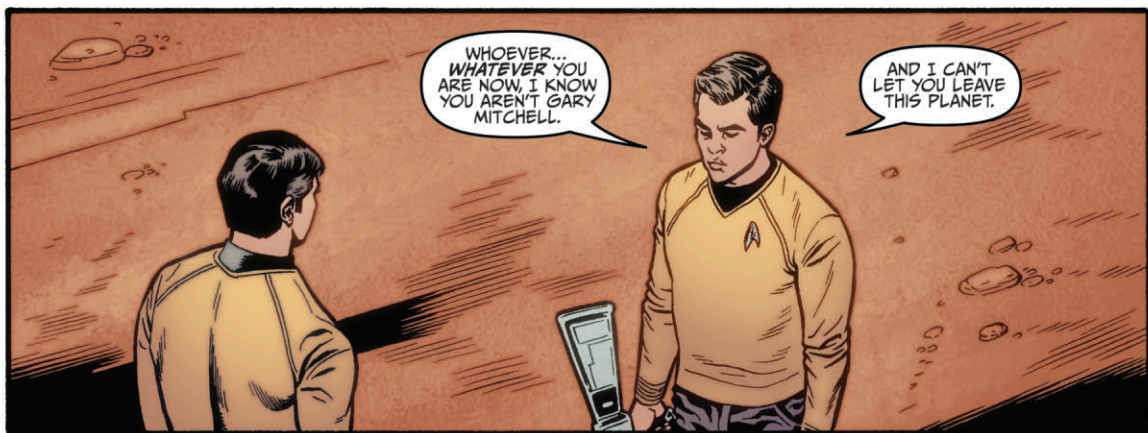


IF YOU SAY SO.



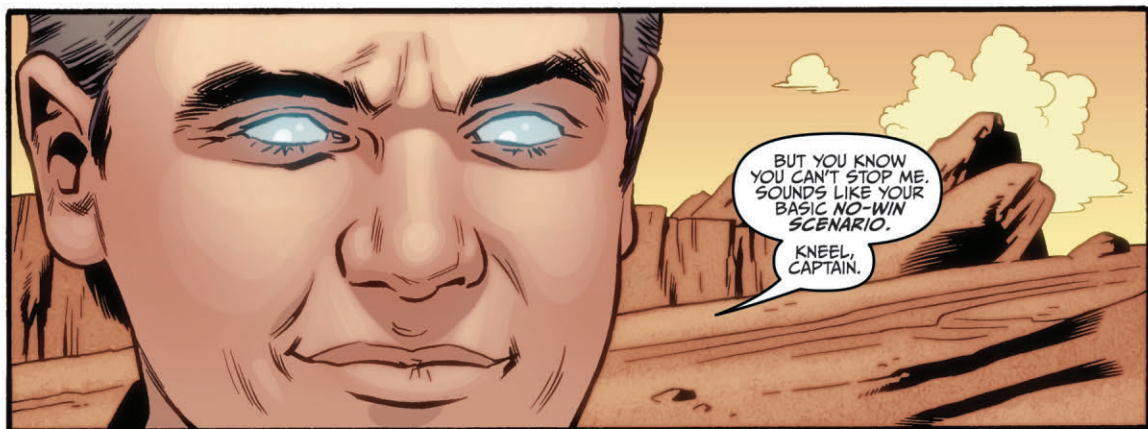
I'LL GIVE YOU A DECENT BURIAL, JIM. AFTER I TAKE OVER YOUR SHIP. "CAPTAIN GARY MITCHELL." I LIKE THAT.

A FUN ROLE TO PLAY UNTIL I GET BORED.



WHOEVER... WHATEVER YOU ARE NOW, I KNOW YOU AREN'T GARY MITCHELL.

AND I CAN'T LET YOU LEAVE THIS PLANET.



BUT YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T STOP ME. SOUNDS LIKE YOUR BASIC NO-WIN SCENARIO.

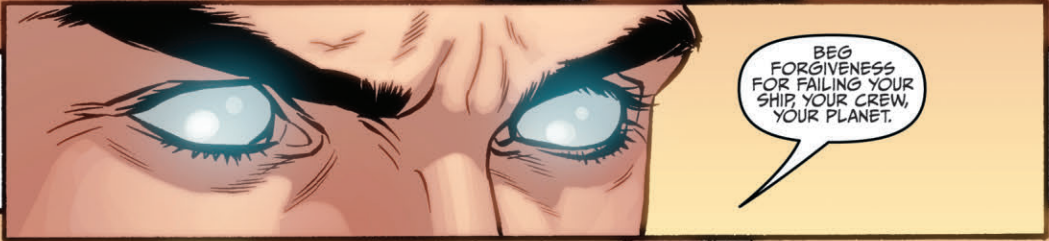
KNEEL, CAPTAIN.





KNEEL BEFORE ME AND BEG FORGIVENESS.

AAAGH!



BEG FORGIVENESS FOR FAILING YOUR SHIP, YOUR CREW, YOUR PLANET.



BEG FORGIVENESS FOR YOUR PITIFUL BRAVADO THAT THINKS IT'S ENOUGH TO OVERCOME ANY OBSTACLE.

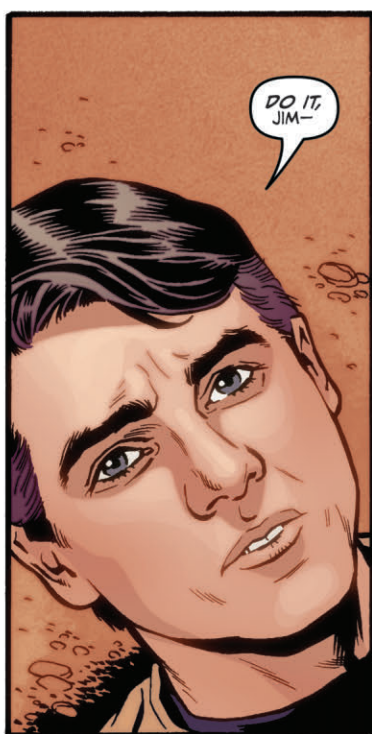
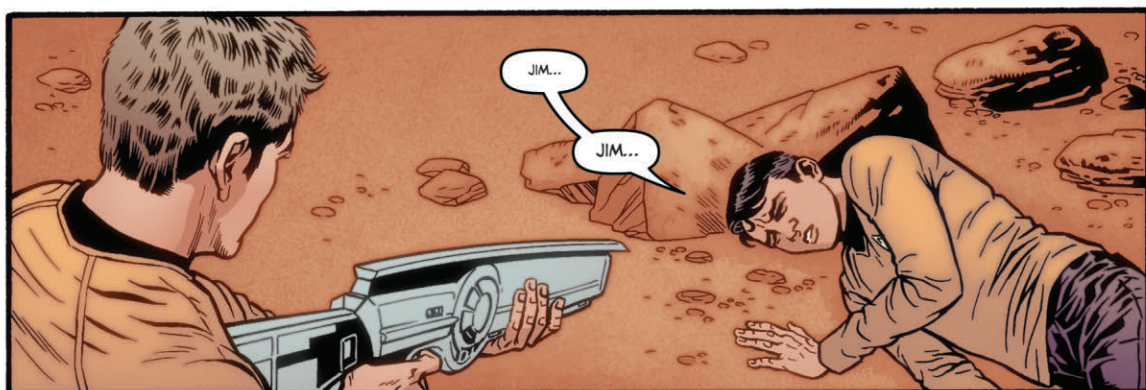


BEG FORGIVENESS FOR BEING HUMAN.

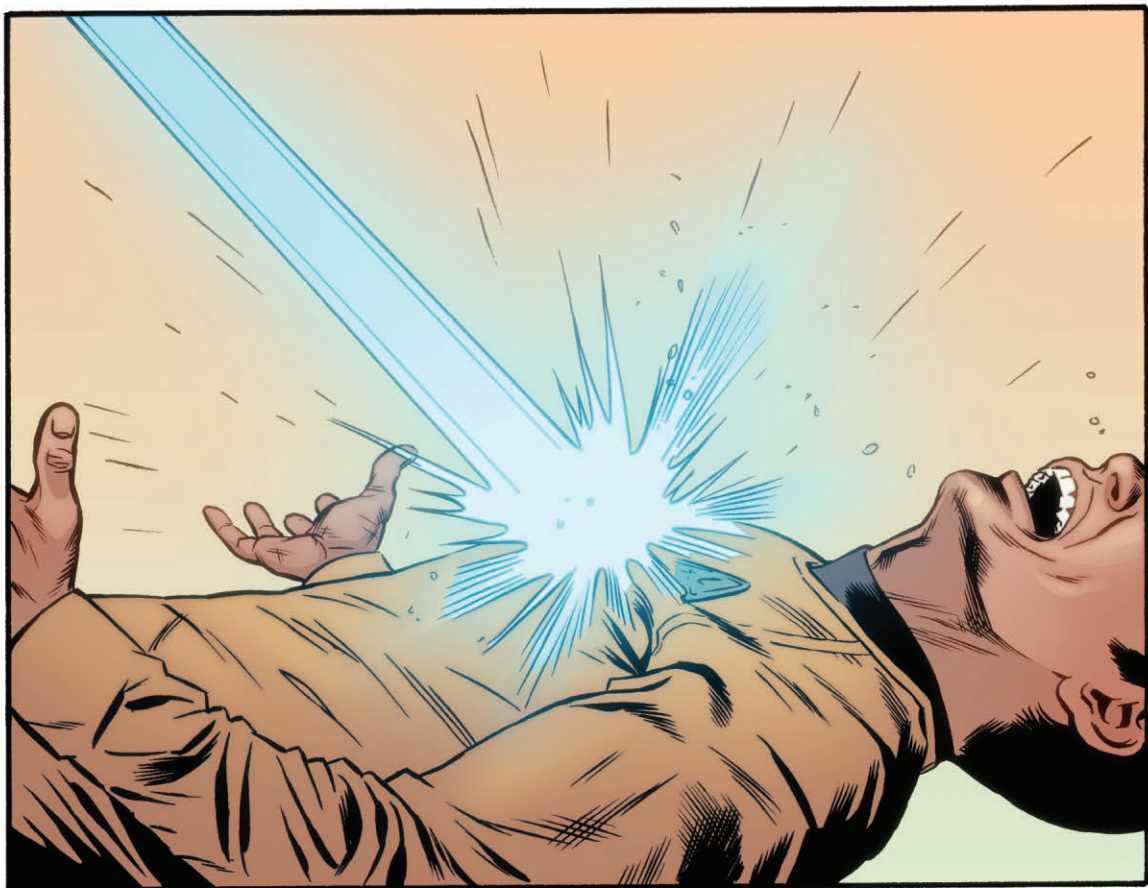




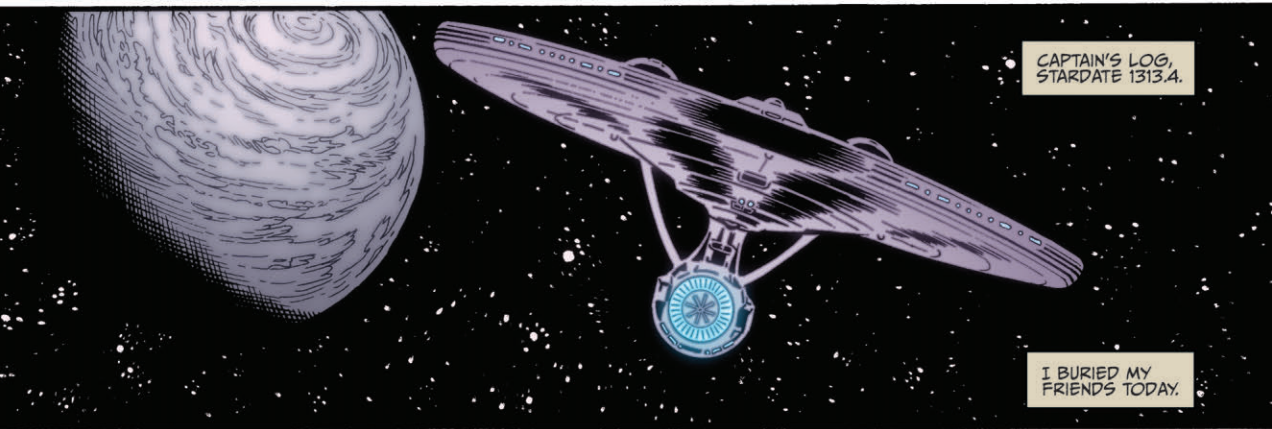






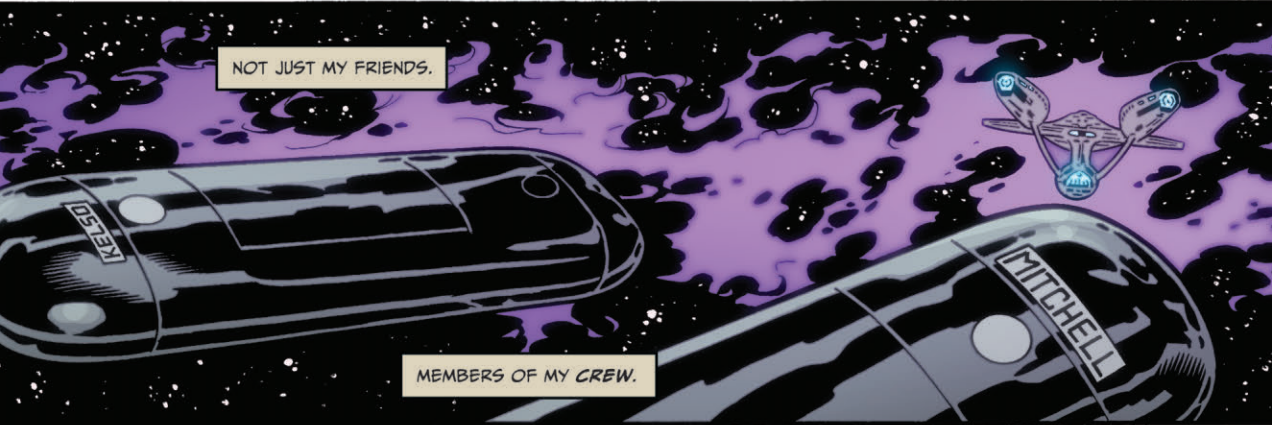






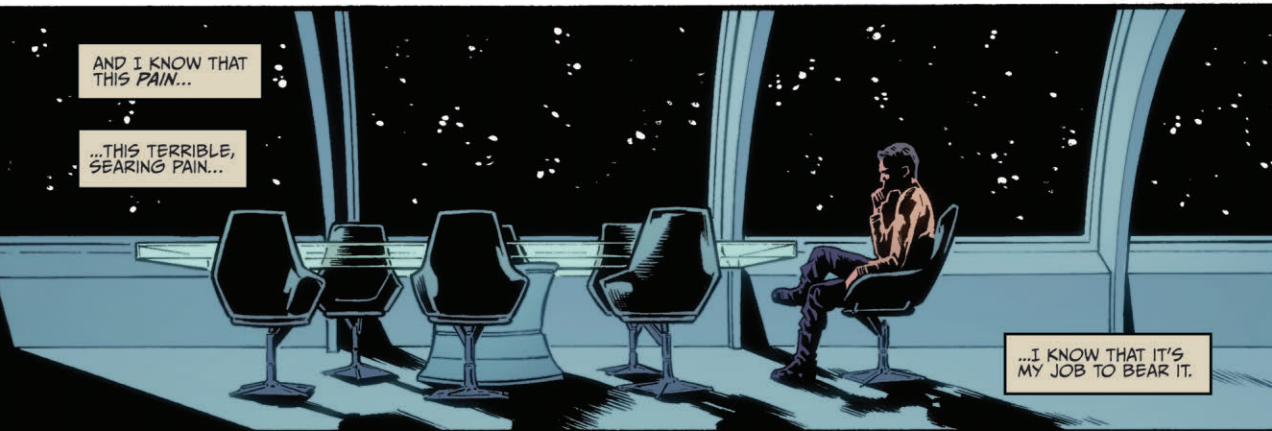
CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 1313.4.

I BURIED MY  
FRIENDS TODAY.



NOT JUST MY FRIENDS.

MEMBERS OF MY CREW.



AND I KNOW THAT  
THIS PAIN...

...THIS TERRIBLE,  
SEARING PAIN...

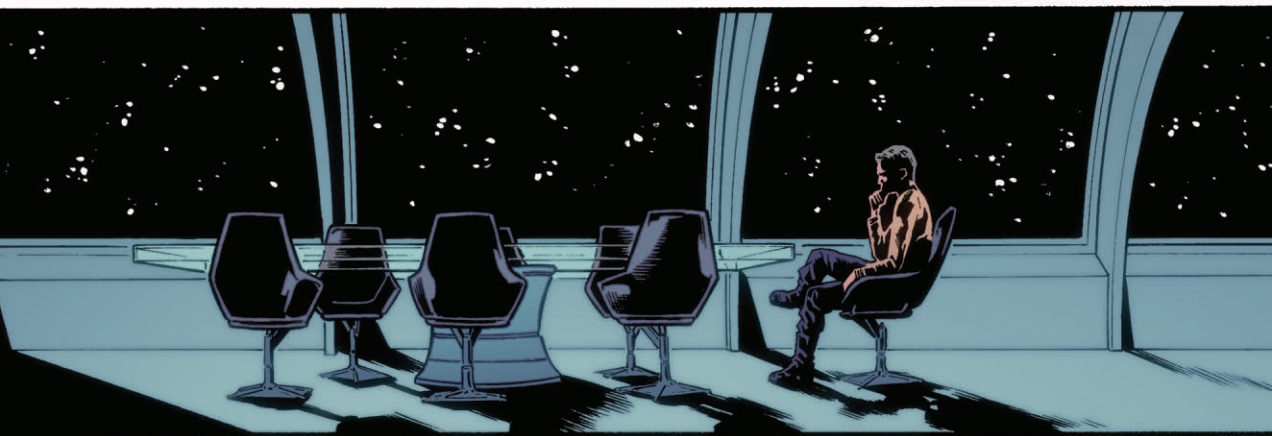
...I KNOW THAT IT'S  
MY JOB TO BEAR IT.



BECAUSE THE LIVES  
OF THE REST OF MY  
CREW DEPEND ON IT.

CAPTAIN.











# THE GALILEO SEVEN



TIM  
BRADSTREET  
2011

Artwork by Tim Bradstreet  
Colors by Grant Goleash



CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 2821.5.

EN ROUTE TO MAKUS III WITH A CARGO OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES, OUR COURSE LEADS US PAST MURASAKI 312, AN UNEXPLORED QUASAR-LIKE FORMATION, AND A PRICELESS OPPORTUNITY FOR SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

ON BOARD IS FEDERATION HIGH COMMISSIONER FERRIS, OVERSEEING THE DELIVERY OF THE SUPPLIES TO MAKUS III.

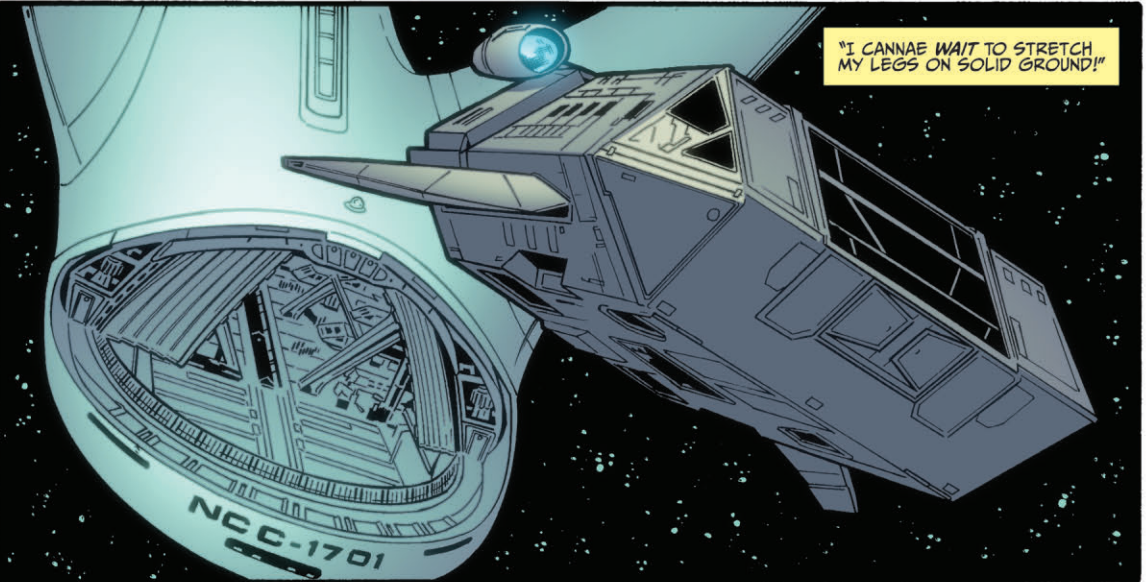
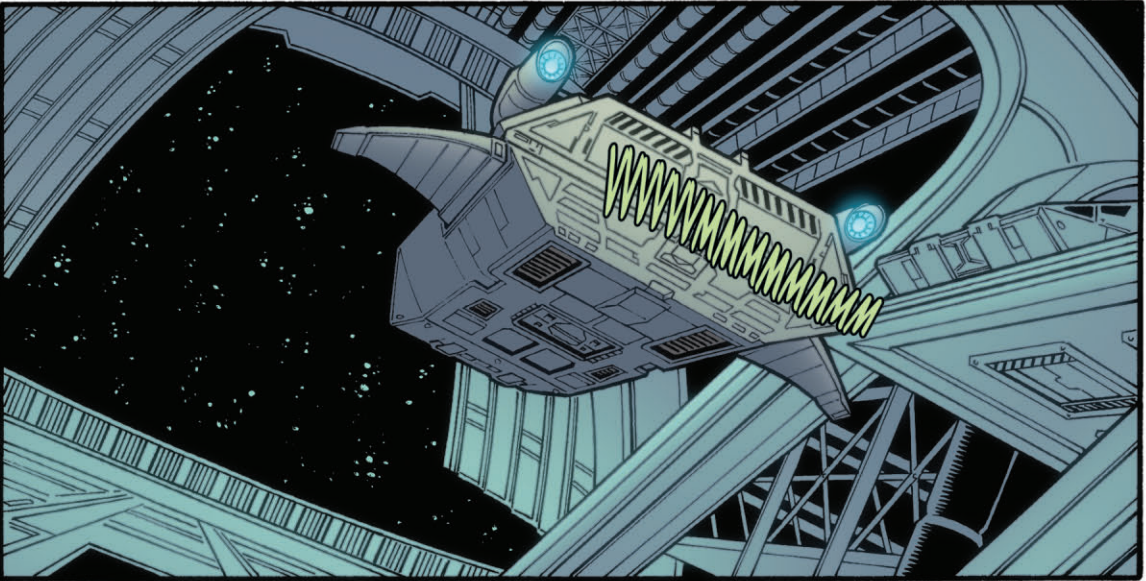
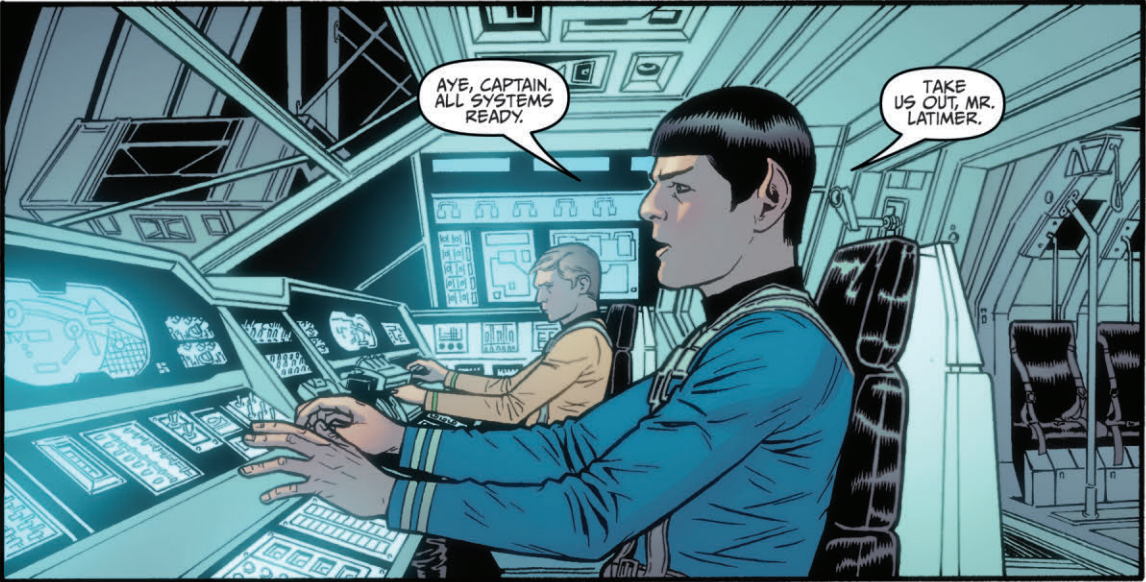
I AM ENTIRELY OPPOSED TO THIS DELAY! YOUR MISSION IS TO GET THE SUPPLIES TO MAKUS III IN TIME FOR THEIR TRANSFER TO NEW PARIS!

WE'LL BE THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME, COMMISSIONER.

IN THE MEANTIME I HAVE STANDING ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE ANY UNUSUAL PHENOMENA WE ENCOUNTER. MURASAKI 312 DEFINITELY QUALIFIES.

CAPTAIN TO GALILEO. WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, MR. SPOCK.









AS MUCH AS I LOVE  
ENGINEERING—AND I  
TRULY DO—IT'S NOT  
EXACTLY BUILT FOR  
RECREATION!



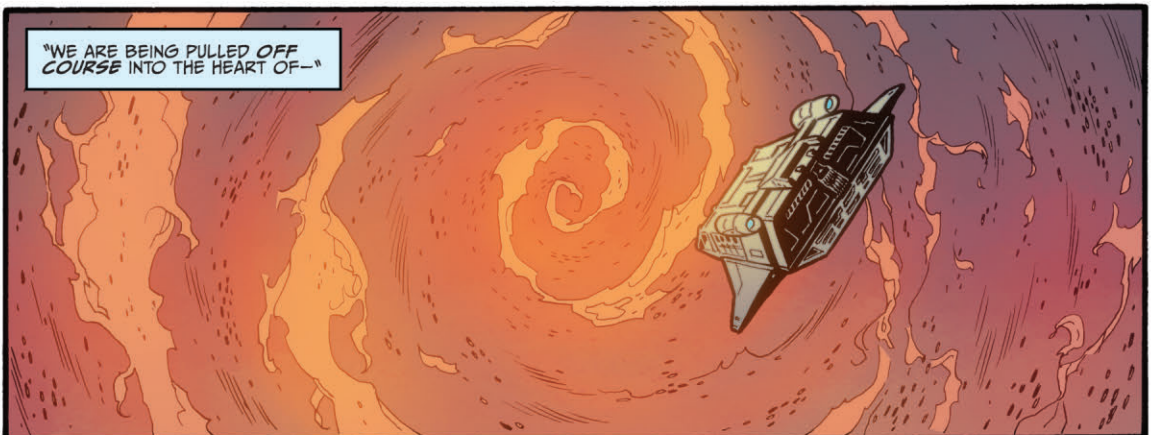
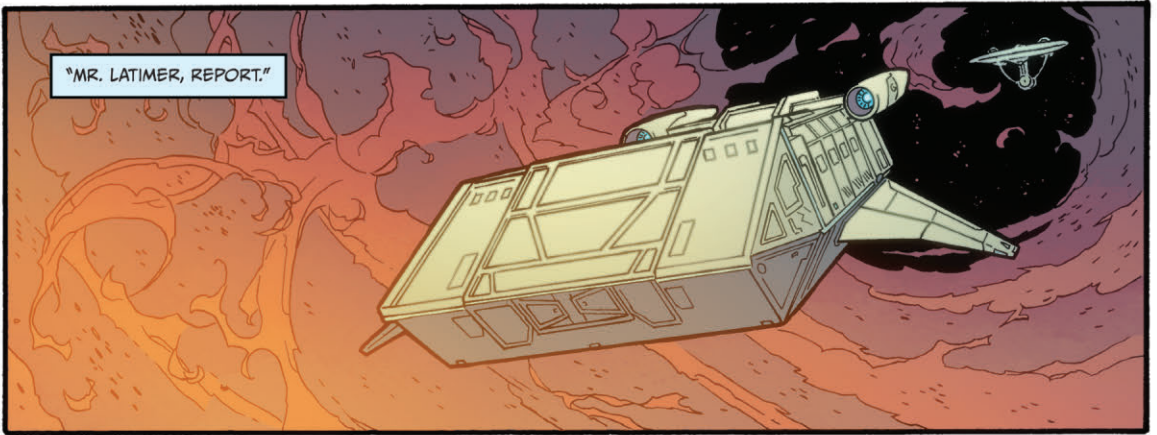
I MUST REMIND YOU  
THAT THE PURPOSE OF  
OUR EXPEDITION IS  
SCIENTIFIC, MR. SCOTT.  
NOT RECREATIONAL.

AYE, I  
SUPPOSE...

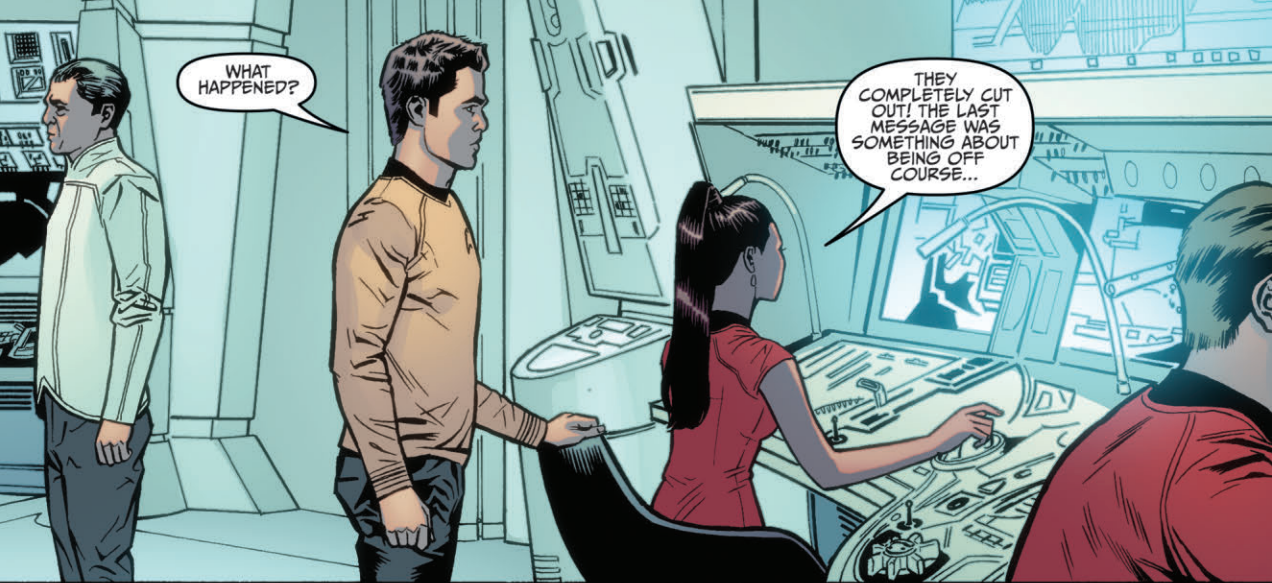


"...BUT WHY CANNAE WE COMBINE  
THE TWO FOR ONCE?"













FIRST OFFICER'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2823.3.

DESPITE THE MURASAKI EFFECT COMPROMISING THE  
GALILEO'S CONTROL SYSTEMS, MR. LATIMER SHOWED  
EXCEPTIONAL SKILL IN PILOTING THE SHUTTLE  
TOWARDS THE NEAREST INHABITABLE PLANET.

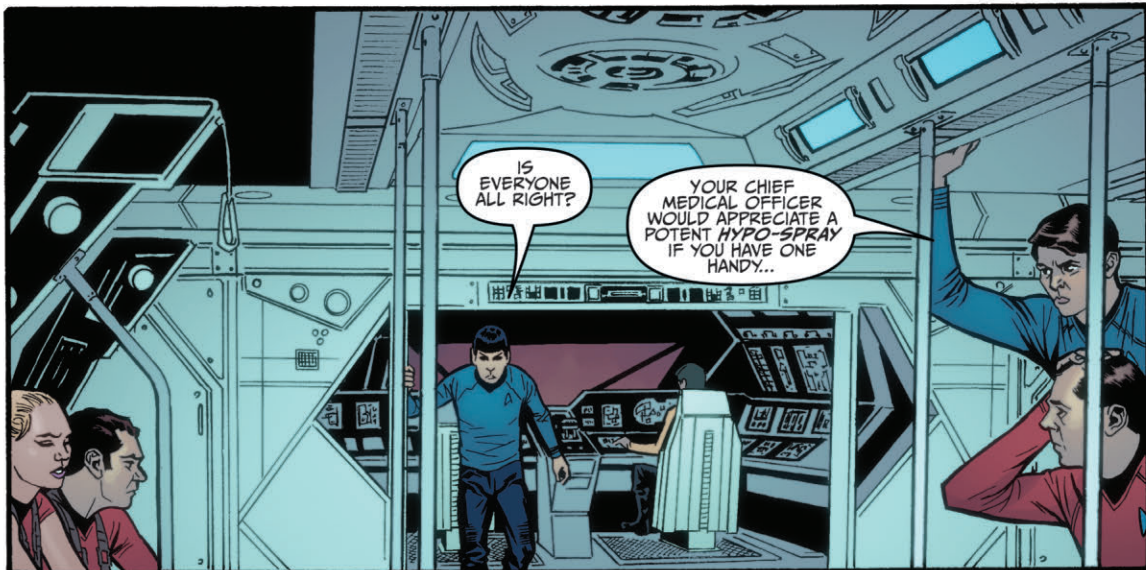


CONSIDERING THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES...



...OUR LANDING WAS  
MOST SUCCESSFUL.









MR. SCOTT,  
PLEASE CONTINUE  
WITH YOUR  
ASSESSMENT OF  
THE DAMAGE.

THE REST OF  
US SHOULD GATHER  
OUTSIDE AND GIVE  
MR. SCOTT THE  
ROOM HE NEEDS  
TO WORK.



MR. LATIMER,  
MR. GAETANO, ARM  
YOURSELVES AND  
SCOUT THE AREA.  
KEEP IN VISUAL  
CONTACT WITH  
THE SHIP.

AYE, SIR!



THE ENTERPRISE  
WILL COME LOOKING  
FOR US SOON  
ENOUGH.

IF THE  
IONIZATION EFFECT  
IS AS STRONG AS I  
BELIEVE IT IS, THEIR  
SCANNERS WILL BE  
COMPROMISED. THEY  
WILL HAVE TO RESORT  
TO A VISUAL  
SEARCH.

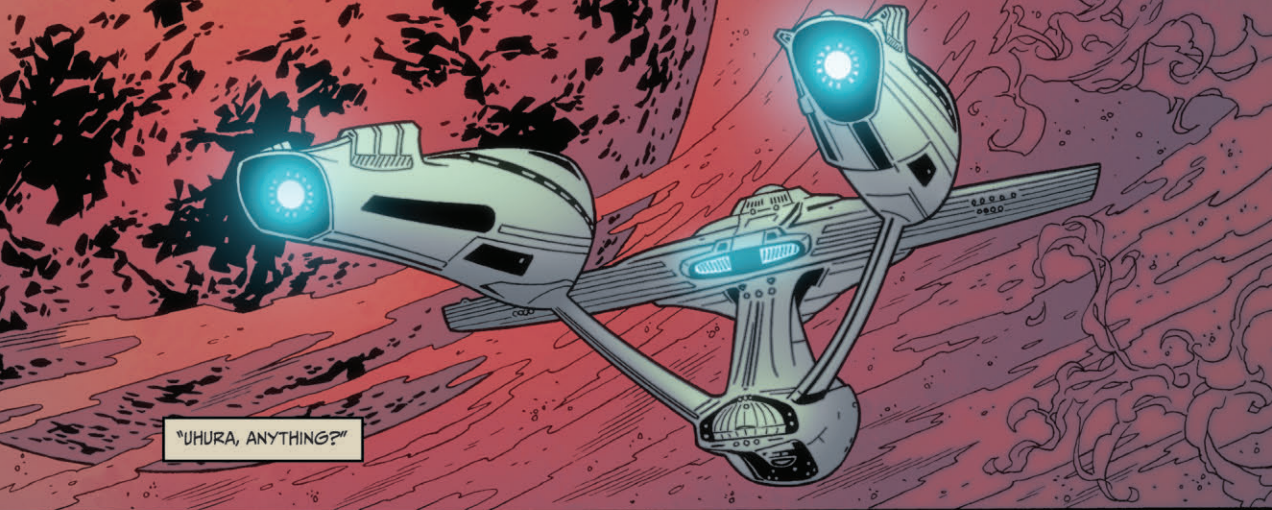
UNFORTUNATELY,  
I AM REMINDED OF  
AN OLD EARTH  
EXPRESSION. "A  
NEEDLE IN A  
HAYSTACK."



YOU DON'T  
THINK THEY'LL  
FIND US?

NOT WHILE WE  
ARE GROUNDED. WE  
MAY BE HERE FOR A  
VERY LONG TIME,  
DOCTOR.





"UHURA, ANYTHING?"



NOTHING, CAPTAIN.  
THE QUASAR IS  
DISRUPTING ALL  
COMMUNICATIONS.

SPOCK... IF YOU  
CAN HEAR ME... I'M  
GOING TO KILL YOU  
IF YOU DON'T  
COME BACK...



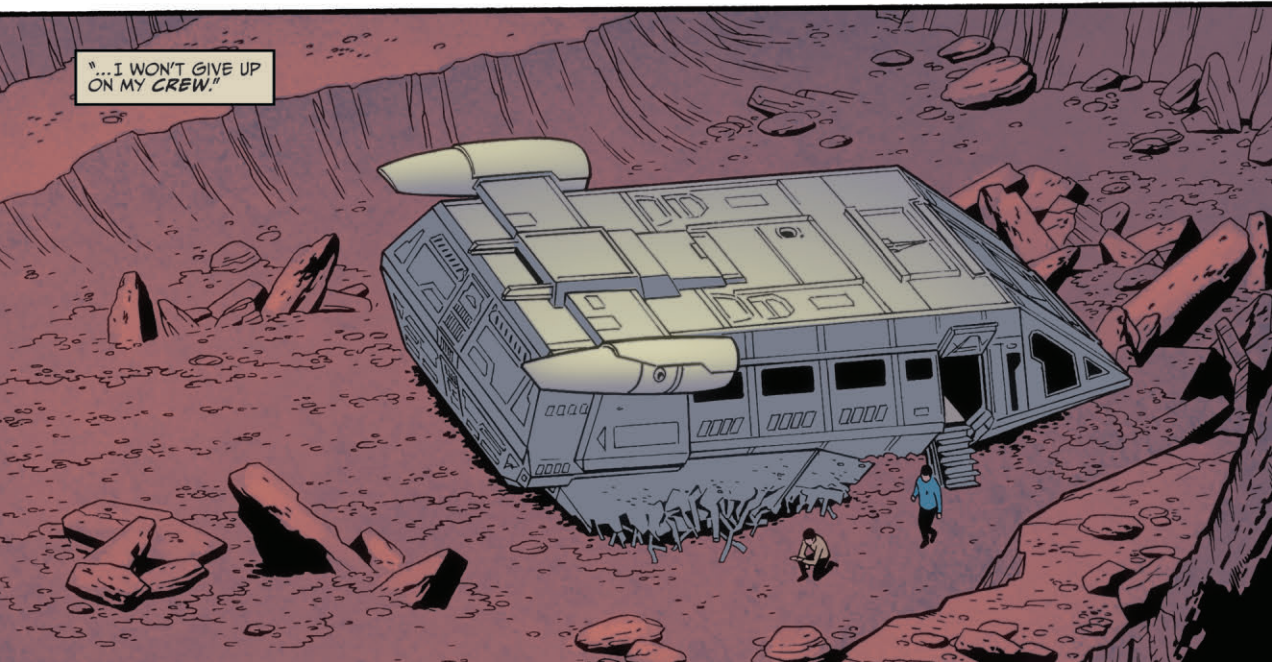
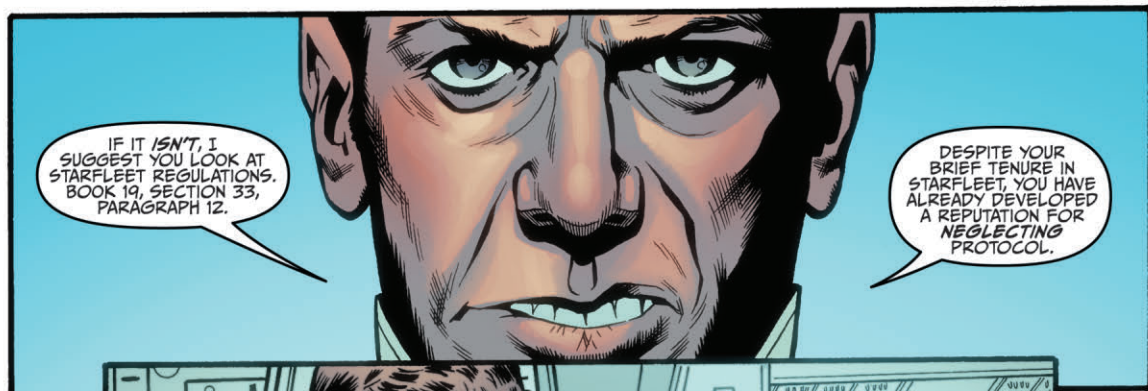
KEPTIN,  
TRANSPORTERS ARE  
COMPROMISED BY THE  
IONIZATION! EVEN IF WE  
COULD FIND ZEM, WE  
COULD NOT BEAM ZEM  
BACK ABOARD!



KIRK TO  
SHUTTLE  
BAY.

PREPARE ALL  
SHUTTLES FOR IMMEDIATE  
DEPARTURE TO THE SURFACE  
OF TAURUS II FOR VISUAL  
RECONNAISSANCE.  
CORRELATE COORDINATES  
WITH MR. CHEKOV.

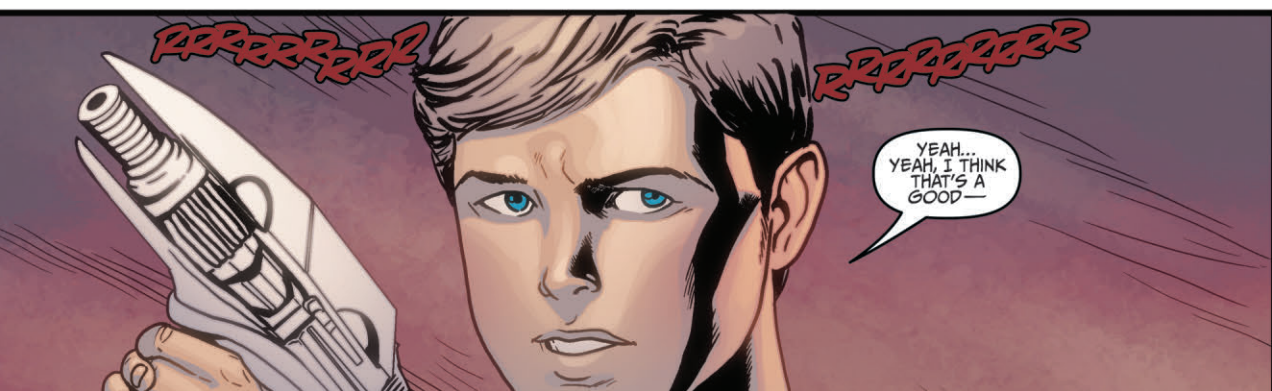






















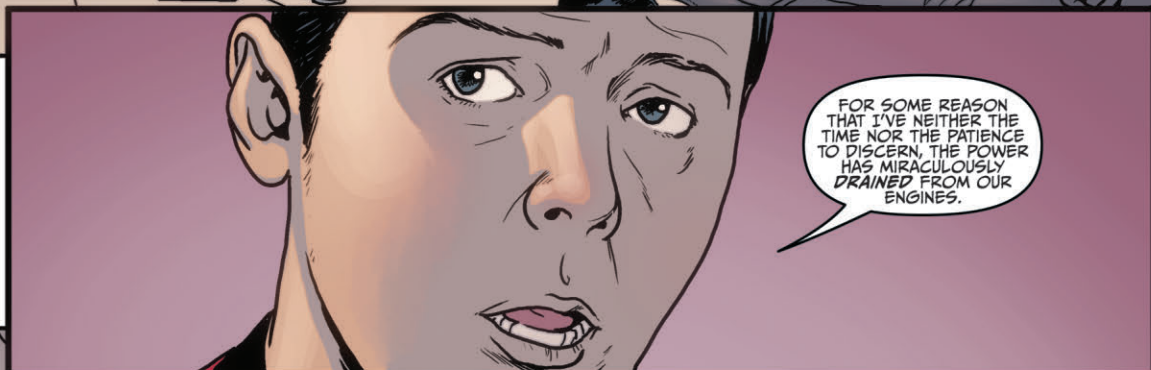






STATUS,  
MR. SCOTT?

THIRSTY,  
MR. SPOCK!



FOR SOME REASON  
THAT I'VE NEITHER THE  
TIME NOR THE PATIENCE  
TO DISCERN, THE POWER  
HAS MIRACULOUSLY  
DRAINED FROM OUR  
ENGINES.



WITHOUT AN  
ALTERNATE POWER  
SOURCE, WE'RE  
STUCK HERE.

OH, NO...  
JOSEPH...



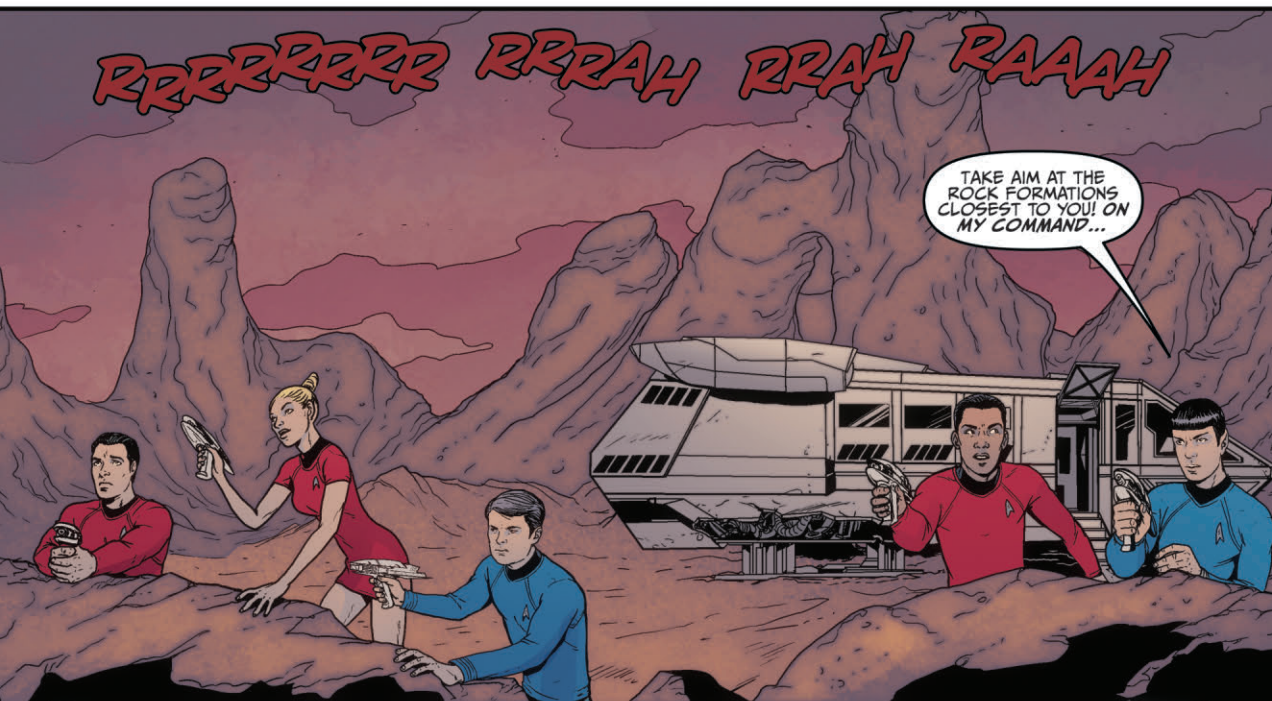
THEY'RE HERE!  
THE ANIMALS THAT  
KILLED LATIMER!

THEY  
MUST HAVE  
FOLLOWED  
US!







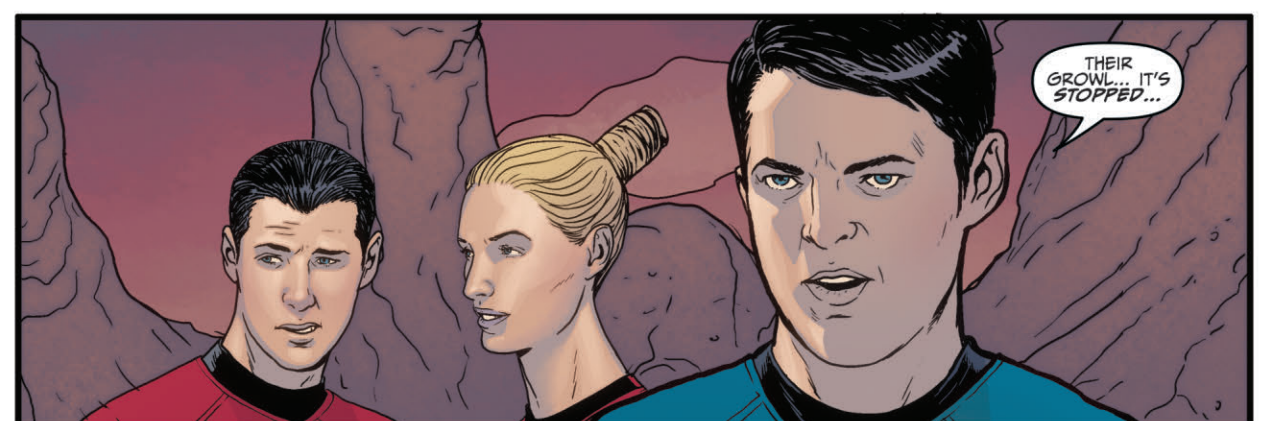






CEASE FIRE!

STAY ALERT...  
THEY MAY STILL  
BE CLOSE...



THEIR  
GROWL... IT'S  
STOPPED...



IT APPEARS  
OUR SHOW OF  
FORCE WAS  
SUFFICIENT TO  
SCARE THEM  
OFF.

I STILL SAY WE  
TAKE THE FIGHT TO  
THEM. *ELIMINATE* THE  
THREAT BEFORE THEY  
COME BACK IN GREATER  
NUMBERS.



YOUR OPINION  
IS DULY NOTED,  
MR. BOMA.

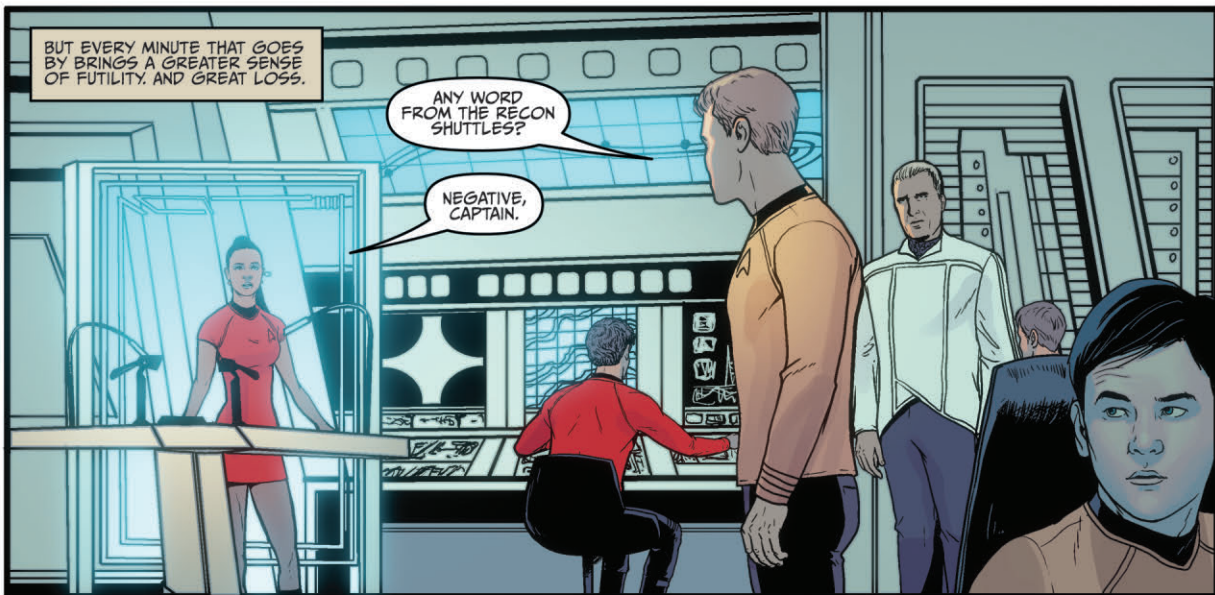
BUT OUR  
ORDERS AND THE  
RESPONSIBILITY FOR  
THEM REMAIN MINE  
ALONE.





CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2328.3

WE CONTINUE TO  
SEARCH FOR  
ANY SIGN OF  
THE GALILEO.



BUT EVERY MINUTE THAT GOES  
BY BRINGS A GREATER SENSE  
OF FUTILITY. AND GREAT LOSS.

ANY WORD  
FROM THE RECON  
SHUTTLES?

NEGATIVE,  
CAPTAIN.



YOU HAVE  
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  
LEFT, CAPTAIN. AFTER THAT I  
WILL INVOKE MY AUTHORITY  
TO ORDER AN IMMEDIATE  
CHANGE OF COURSE TO  
MAKUS III.



I APPRECIATE  
THE OPTIMISM,  
COMMISSIONER.

BUT I HAVE  
FAITH IN MY  
CREW.







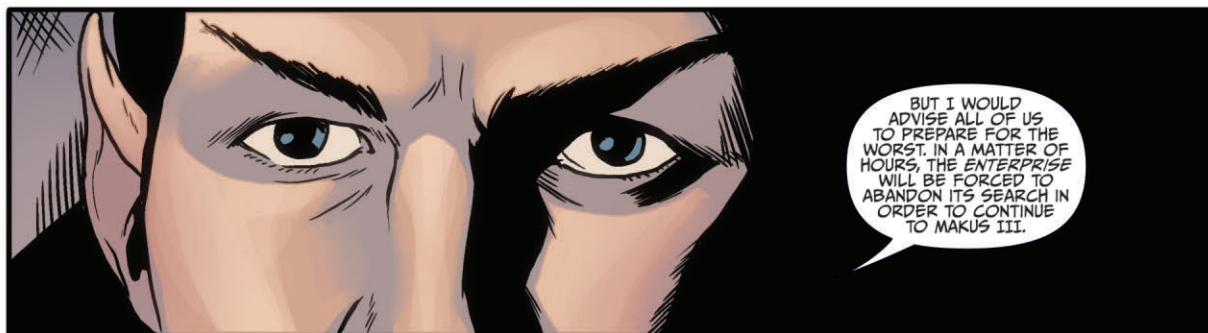


WELL THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL! AND TELL ME, HOW DO WE DECIDE WHO STAYS BEHIND ON THIS ROCK?

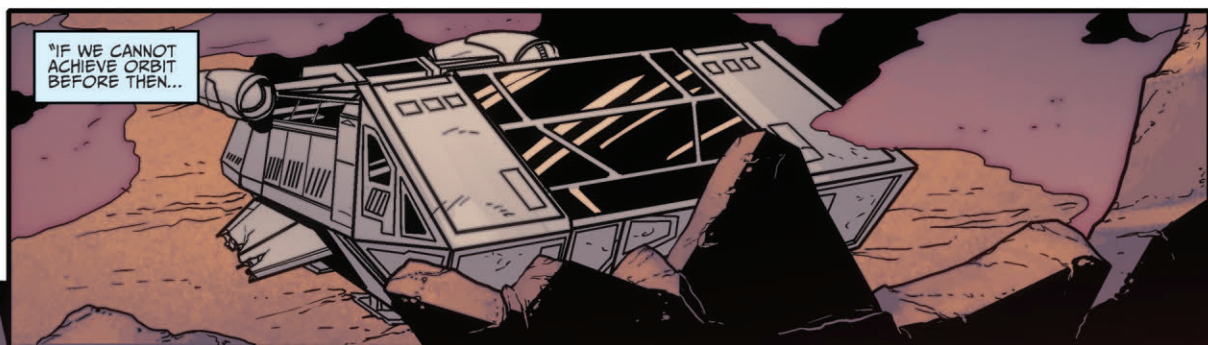
I DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD JUST DRAW STRAWS?



AS COMMANDING OFFICER, THE CHOICE WILL BE MINE. A LOGICAL CHOICE, ARRIVED AT THROUGH LOGICAL MEANS. SHOULD IT BECOME NECESSARY, OF COURSE.



BUT I WOULD ADVISE ALL OF US TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST. IN A MATTER OF HOURS, THE ENTERPRISE WILL BE FORCED TO ABANDON ITS SEARCH IN ORDER TO CONTINUE TO MAKUS III.




"IF WE CANNOT ACHIEVE ORBIT BEFORE THEN..."

"...WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FACE WHAT AWAITS US OUTSIDE."





"YOUR TIME IS UP,  
CAPTAIN KIRK."



WE CAN NO  
LONGER DELAY OUR  
RENDEZVOUS TO  
DELIVER THE MEDICAL  
SUPPLIES TO MAKUS III.  
MILLIONS OF LIVES  
DEPEND ON IT.

IT GRIEVES ME  
TO SAY THAT WE MUST  
ABANDON THE SEARCH FOR  
YOUR LOST CREW. MISTER  
SPOCK IN PARTICULAR WAS AN  
IRREPLACEABLE OFFICER.  
ALL OF STARFLEET WILL  
MOURN HIM.

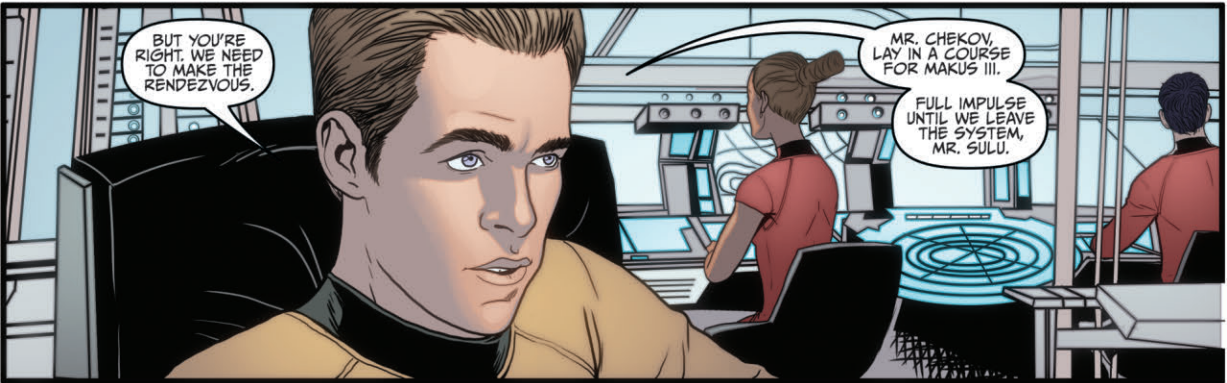
15.



EXCUSE  
ME?

MR. SPOCK IS AN  
IRREPLACEABLE  
OFFICER.

I'M NOT  
READY TO WRITE  
HIS OBITUARY  
JUST YET.

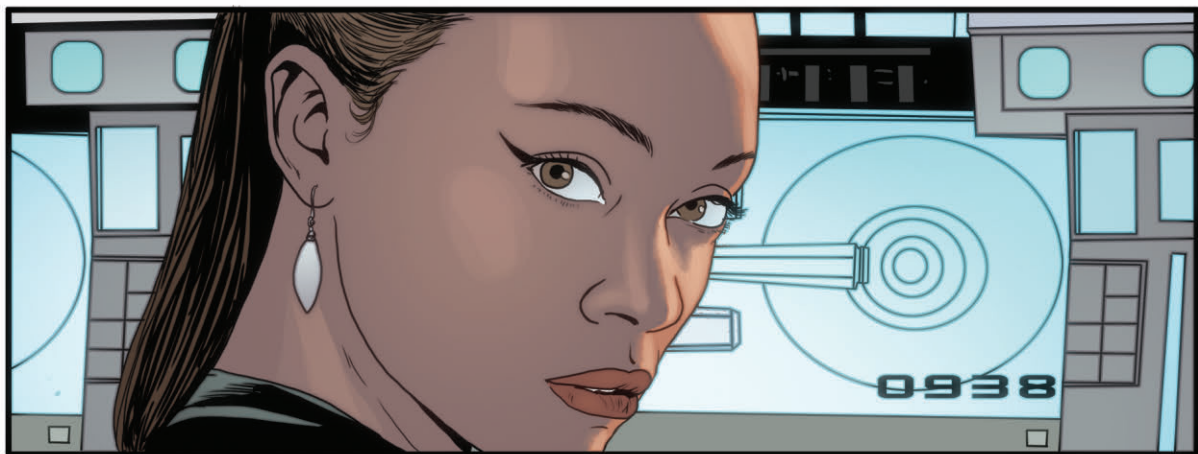
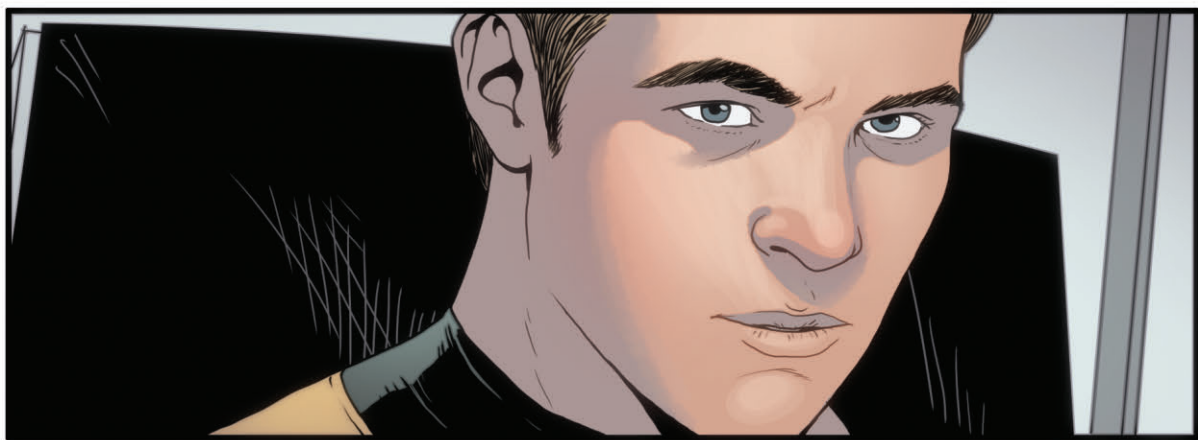
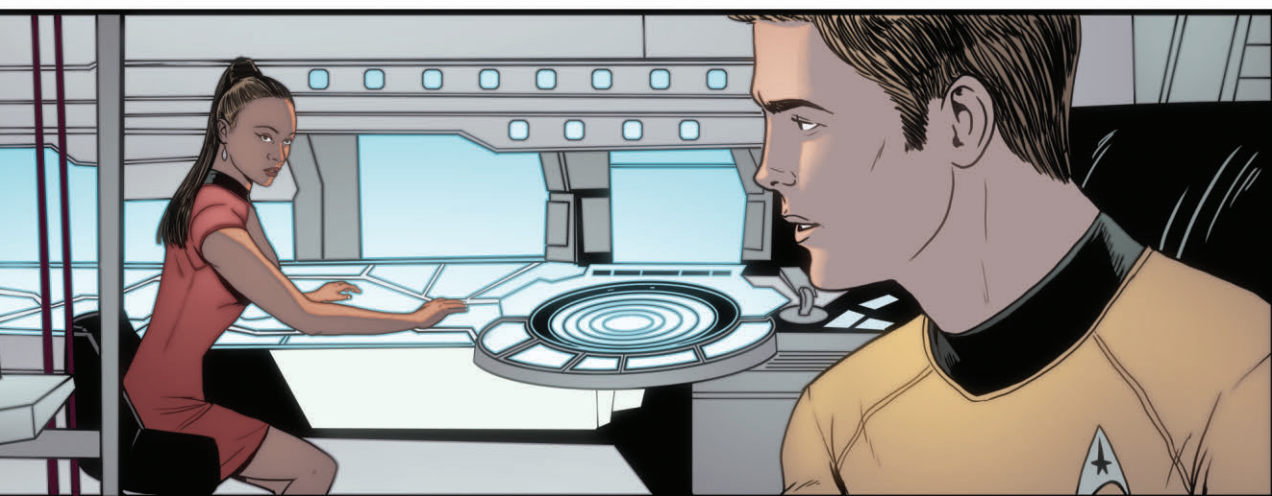
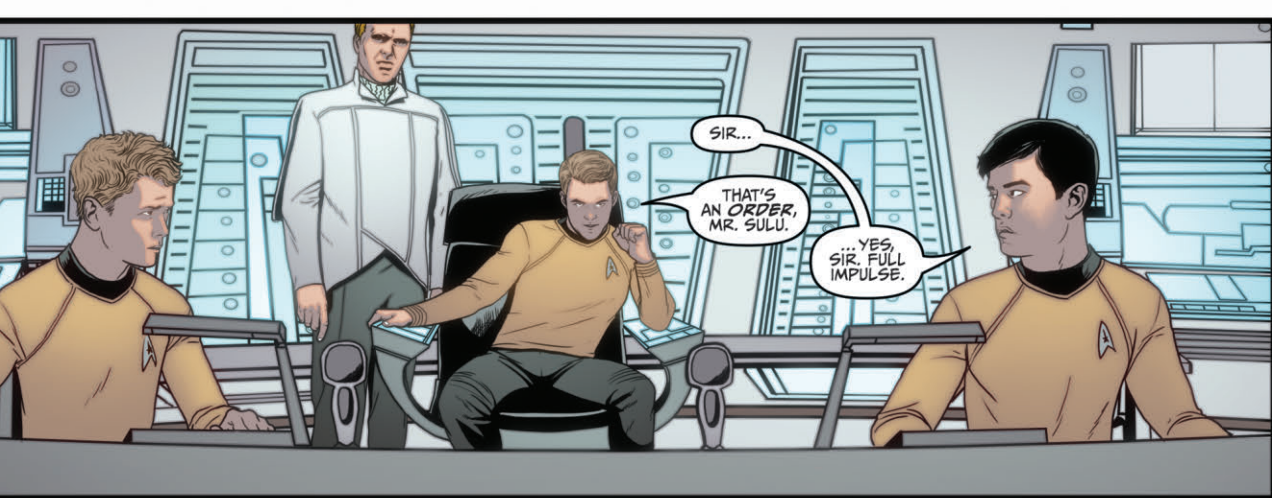


BUT YOU'RE  
RIGHT. WE NEED  
TO MAKE THE  
RENDEZVOUS.

MR. CHEKOV,  
LAY IN A COURSE  
FOR MAKUS III.

FULL IMPULSE  
UNTIL WE LEAVE  
THE SYSTEM,  
MR. SULU.









THE PRIME DIRECTIVE.

IT GOVERNS EVERYTHING  
WE DO AS STARFLEET  
OFFICERS.

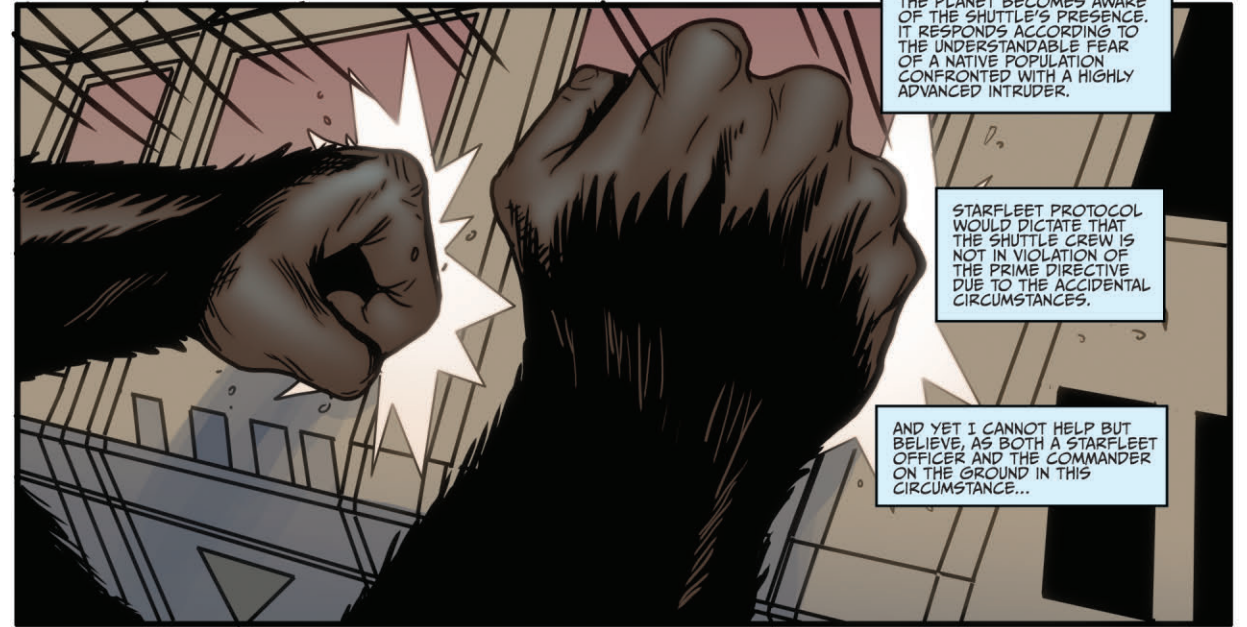
IN ESSENCE, THE PRIME  
DIRECTIVE TELLS US:  
**DO NOT INTERFERE.**



BUT WE ARE NOT ALWAYS GIVEN  
A CHOICE, PARTICULARLY HERE  
ON THE EDGE OF KNOWN SPACE.

A SHUTTLE FLIGHT ENCOUNTERS  
A DANGEROUS ANOMALY IN  
ORBIT AROUND AN UNEXPLORED  
PLANET. THE SHUTTLE CRASHES  
TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE PRE-WARP CIVILIZATION ON  
THE PLANET BECOMES AWARE  
OF THE SHUTTLE'S PRESENCE.  
IT RESPONDS ACCORDING TO  
THE UNDERSTANDABLE FEAR  
OF A NATIVE POPULATION  
CONFRONTED WITH A HIGHLY  
ADVANCED INTRUDER.



STARFLEET PROTOCOL  
WOULD DICTATE THAT  
THE SHUTTLE CREW IS  
NOT IN VIOLATION OF  
THE PRIME DIRECTIVE  
DUE TO THE ACCIDENTAL  
CIRCUMSTANCES.

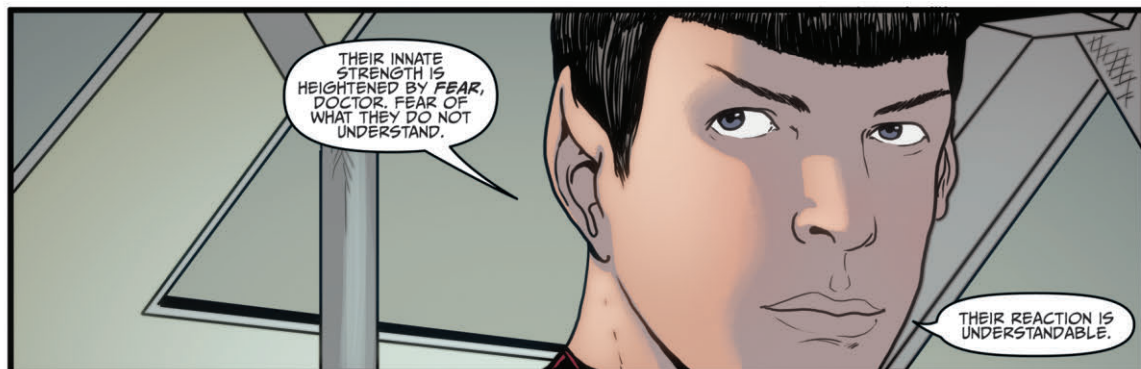
AND YET I CANNOT HELP BUT  
BELIEVE, AS BOTH A STARFLEET  
OFFICER AND THE COMMANDER  
ON THE GROUND IN THIS  
CIRCUMSTANCE...





... THAT I HAVE MADE  
A GRAVE MISTAKE.









AND YET...  
THE SHUTTLE'S  
STILL MUCH TOO  
HEAVY TO REACH  
ORBIT.



WHAT DO YOUR  
CALCULATIONS  
TELL YOU?

IT'S GRIM, MR.  
SPOCK. WE'RE AT  
LEAST **TWO BODIES**  
OVER THE THRESHOLD.  
WE CAN CERTAINLY TRY  
TO TAKE OFF AS  
WE ARE, BUT...



BUT THAT WOULD  
RISK THE LIVES OF THE  
ENTIRE CREW, WITH LITTLE  
CHANCE OF ESCAPING  
THE PLANET'S GRAVITY.  
I AM AFRAID  
THAT THE CHOICE  
IS CLEAR.



CHOICE?  
WHAT CHOICE?

LET ME GUESS.  
WE DUMP LATIMER'S  
BODY OVERBOARD  
WITHOUT THE DIGNITY  
OF DECENT  
BURIAL—

—WE LEAVE HIM  
TO BE **CHEWED UP**  
BY THOSE THINGS  
OUTSIDE—









I TAKE NO PLEASURE IN ABANDONING THE SEARCH FOR YOUR MISSING CREWMEMBERS, CAPTAIN. BUT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF LIVES DEPENDING ON THE VACCINES WE CARRY —

DO ME A FAVOR, COMMISSIONER...



...DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT MY CREW.



KEPTIN!  
VE HAVE AN EMERGENCY IN ZE SHUTTLE BAY! ONE OF THE SHUTTLES HAS BEEN HIJACKED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "HIJACKED"?



LIEUTENANT UHURA, WHERE'S THAT SHUTTLE GO—  
LIEUTENANT...?



...WHERE'S MY COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER?









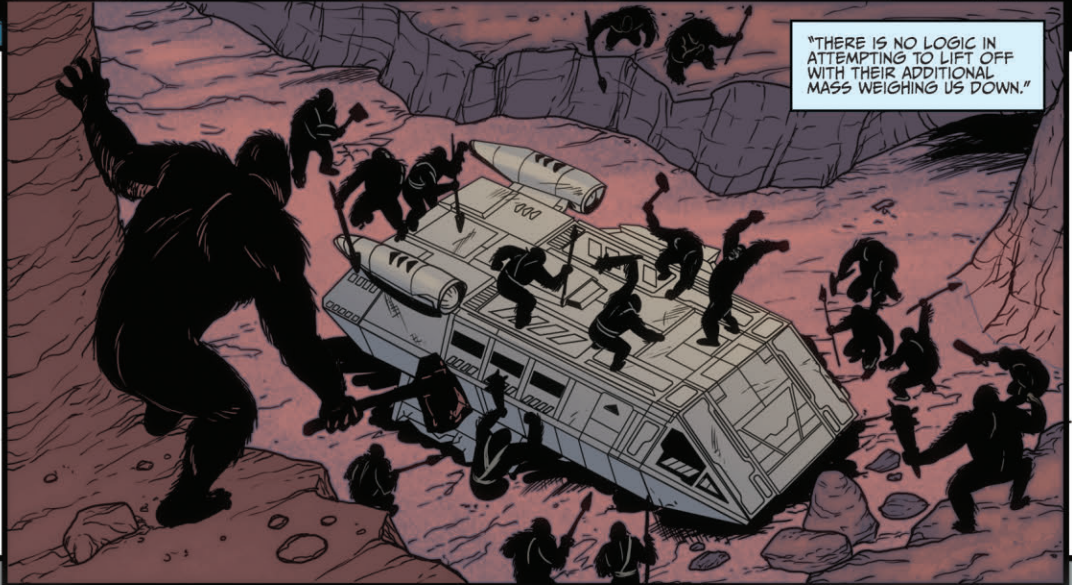
MR. SCOTT, AM I CORRECT IN MY BELIEF THAT THE EXTERIOR HULL OF THIS SHUTTLE COULD BE ELECTRIFIED BY RE-ROUTING POWER THROUGH THE REAR IONIZATION DAMPERS?

AYE, I SUPPOSE...

BUT WE'LL NEED TO SAVE OUR POWER JUST TO GET OFF THE GROUND!



TRUE, MR. SCOTT, BUT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LIFT OFF UNTIL OUR ATTACKERS HAVE BEEN... DISSUADED.



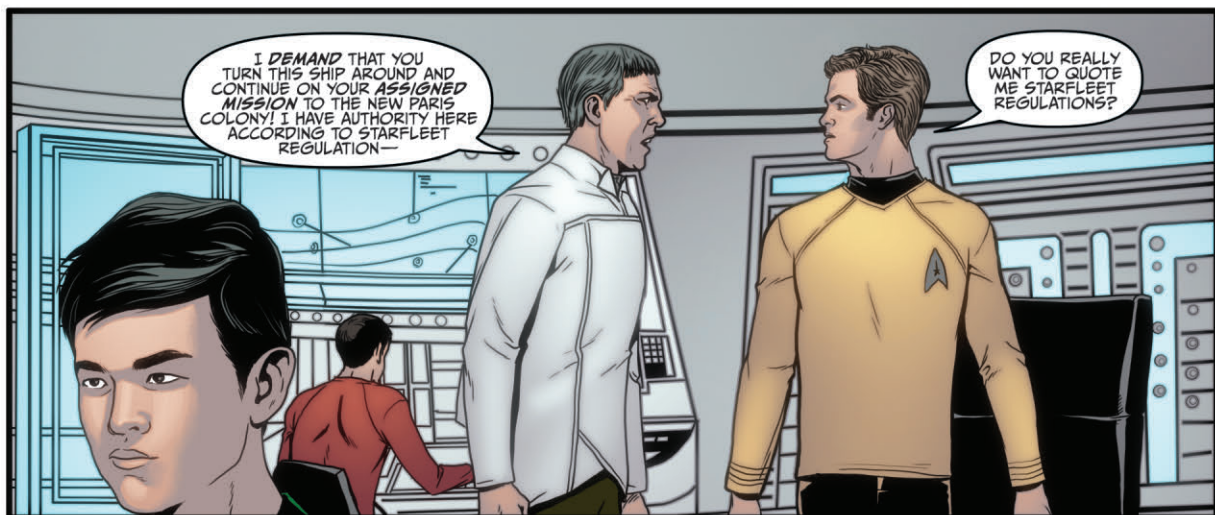
"THERE IS NO LOGIC IN ATTEMPTING TO LIFT OFF WITH THEIR ADDITIONAL MASS WEIGHING US DOWN."



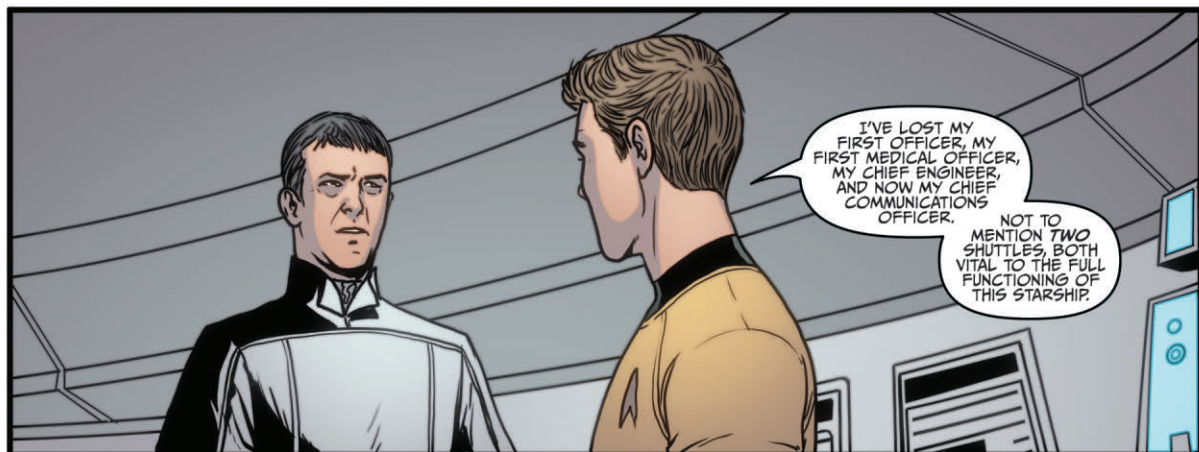
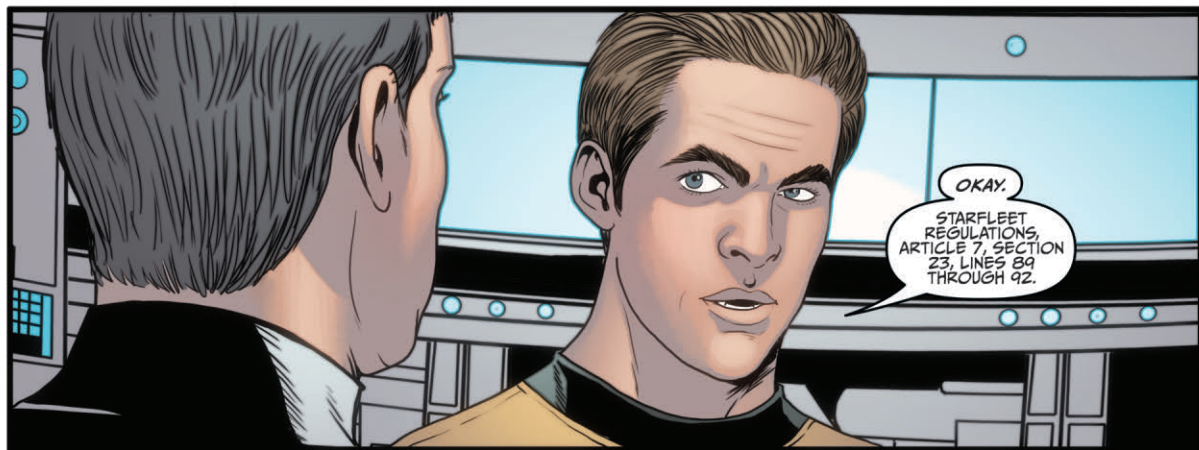
AH, I SEE! ELECTRIFY THE HULL... SEND THE FURRY BASTARDS FLYING... AND OFF WE GO!

INDEED.

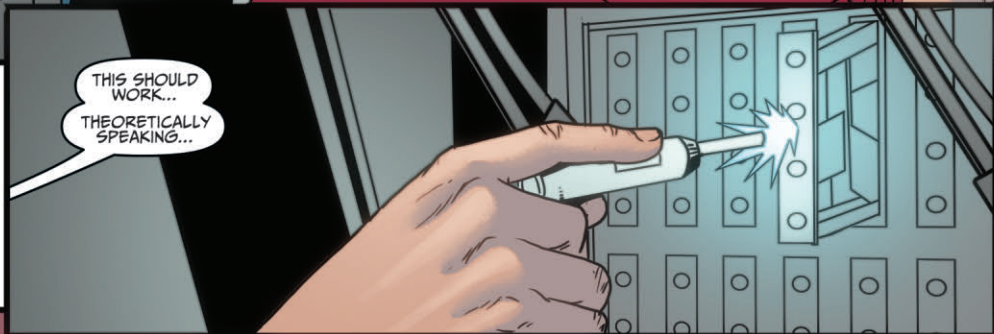








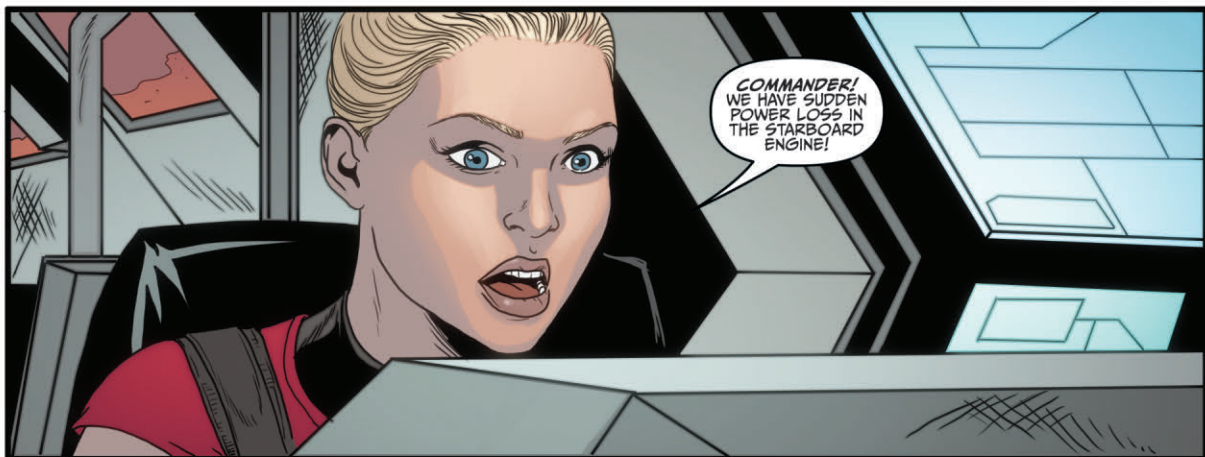
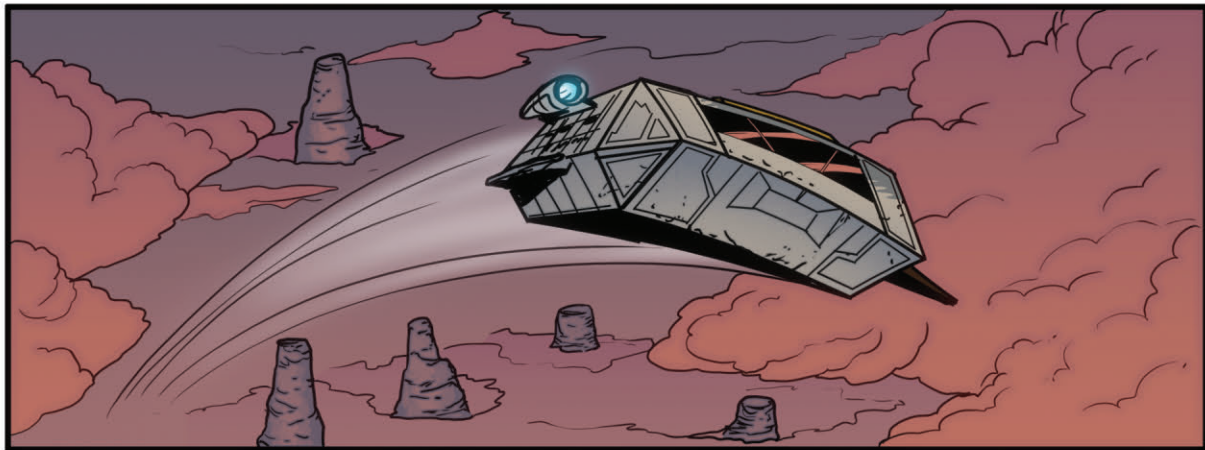




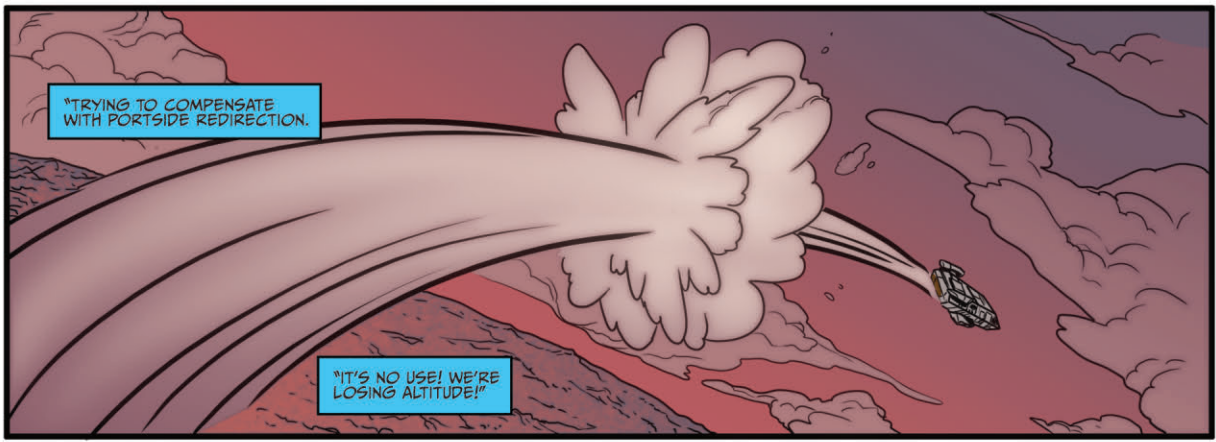












"TRYING TO COMPENSATE  
WITH PORTSIDE REDIRECTION.

"IT'S NO USE! WE'RE  
LOSING ALTITUDE!"



I SPOKE TOO  
SOON. I KNEW I  
WAS SPEAKING TOO  
SOON, AND I SPOKE  
ANYWAY...

I SHOULD  
HAVE STOPPED  
YOU.



WE NEED  
TO LIGHTEN THE  
WEIGHT OF THE  
SHUTTLE.

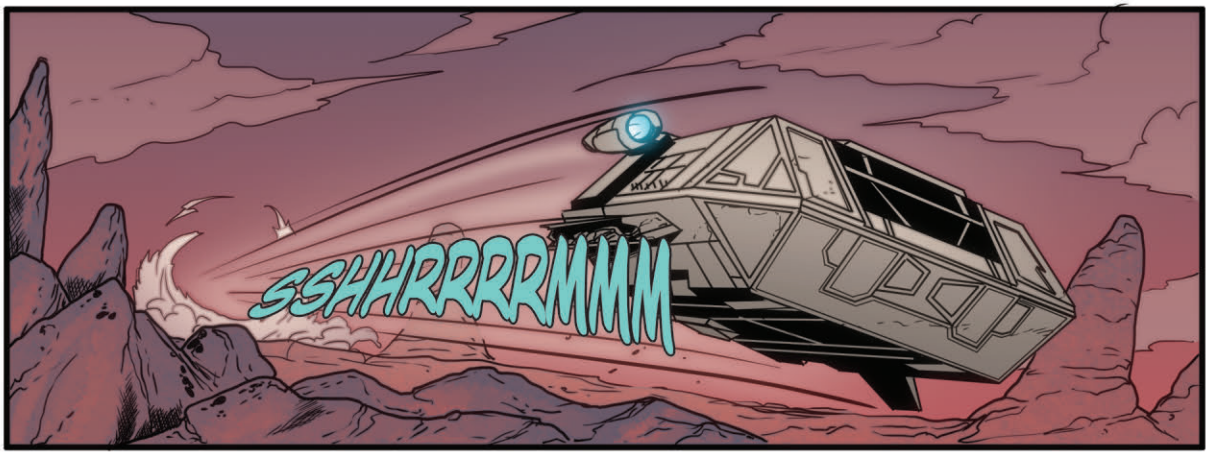
MS. RAND! TAKE  
US TEN METERS  
OVER THE GROUND.  
ALLOW GRAVITY TO  
DO ITS WORK TO  
CONSERVE  
POWER.



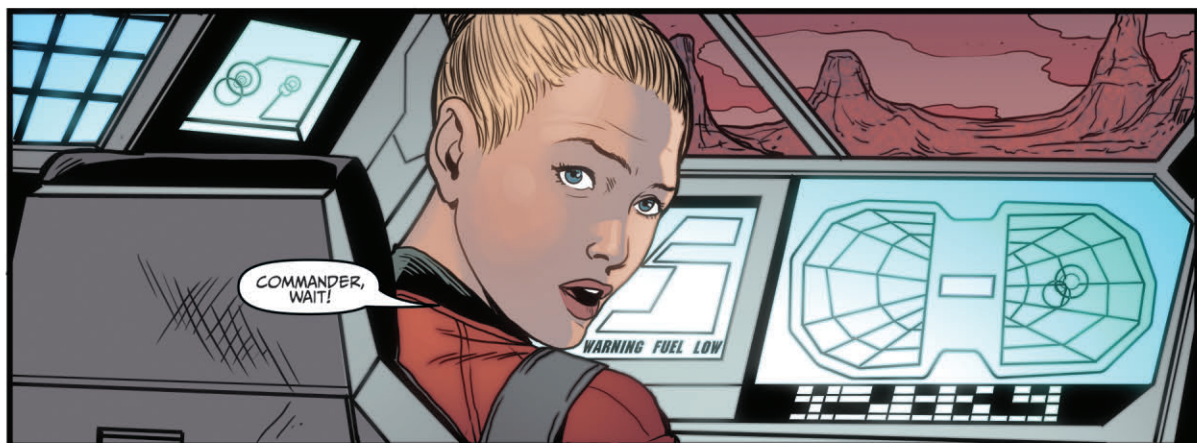
MR. BOMA,  
YOUR ASSISTANCE  
IF YOU PLEASE.

I NEED YOU  
TO OPEN THE  
DOOR OF THE  
SHUTTLE.

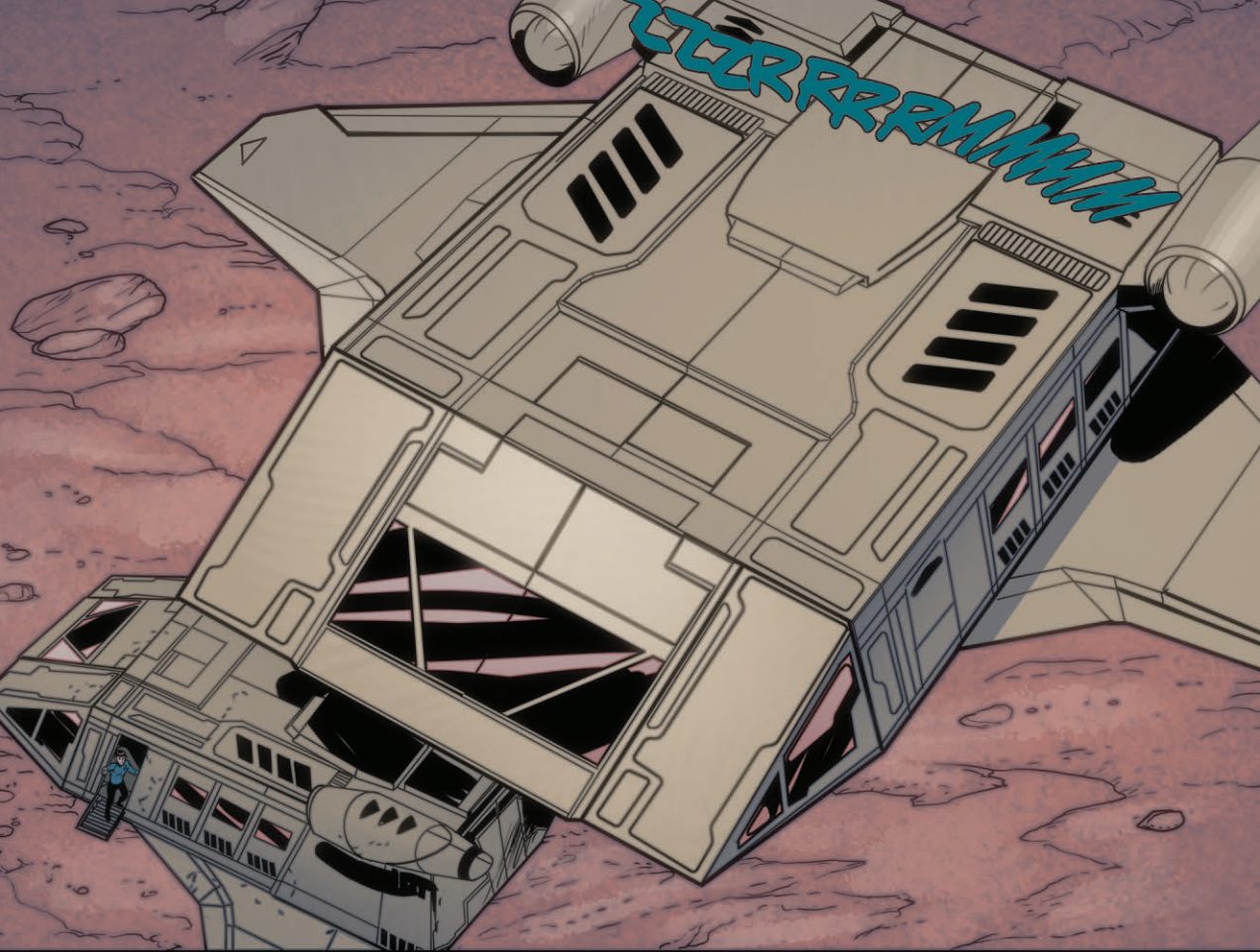










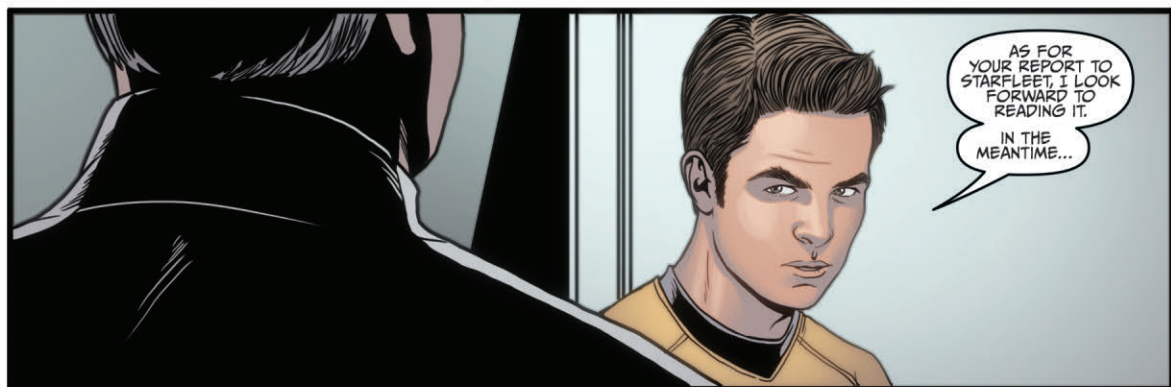






STARFLEET  
COMMAND WILL HEAR  
ABOUT THIS! I DON'T  
CARE HOW MUCH PULL  
YOU THINK YOU HAVE  
AFTER YOUR  
HEROICS...

RELAX,  
COMMISSIONER.  
MR. SULU ASSURES  
ME WE'RE GOING  
TO MAKE OUR  
RENDEZVOUS  
WITH TIME TO  
SPARE.

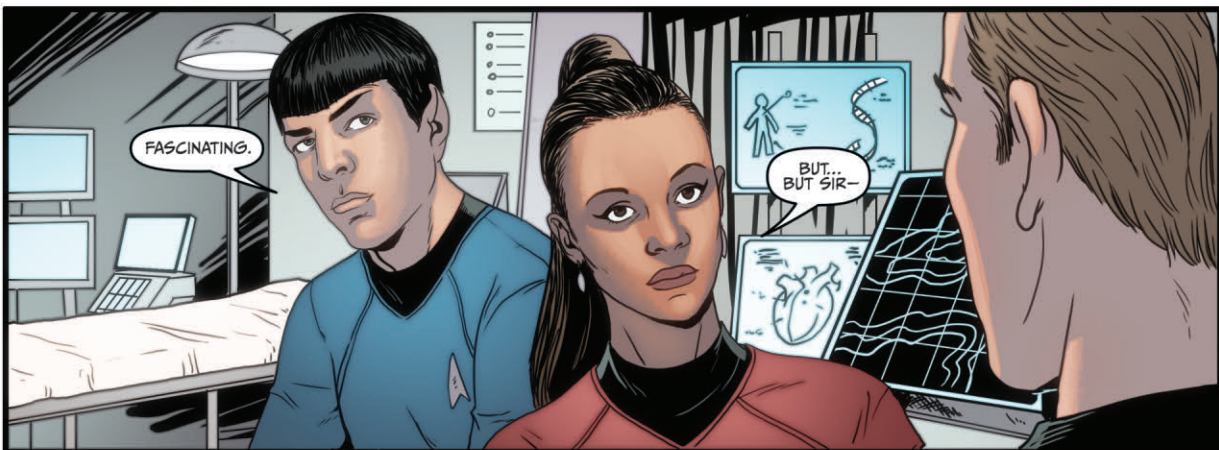
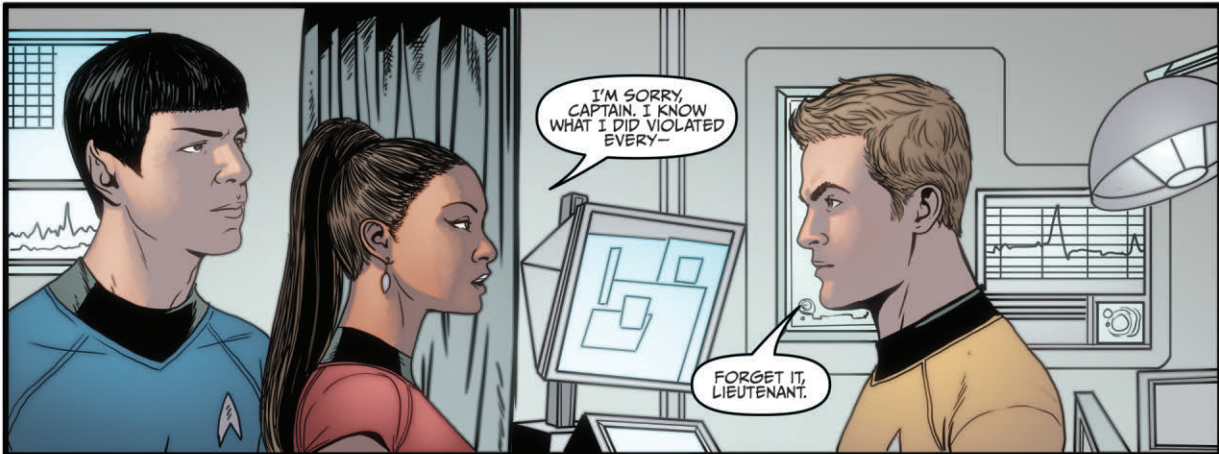


AS FOR  
YOUR REPORT TO  
STARFLEET, I LOOK  
FORWARD TO  
READING IT.  
IN THE  
MEANTIME...



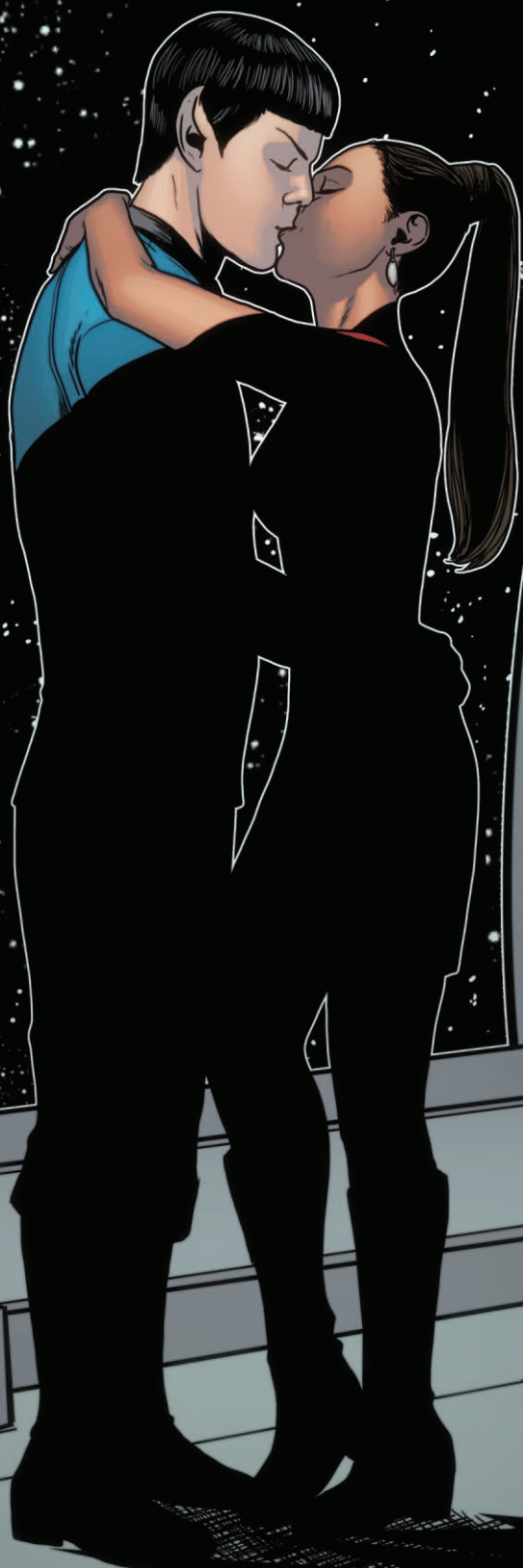
...I HAVE MORE  
IMPORTANT THINGS  
TO DO.







"CAPTAIN'S ORDERS."



END.





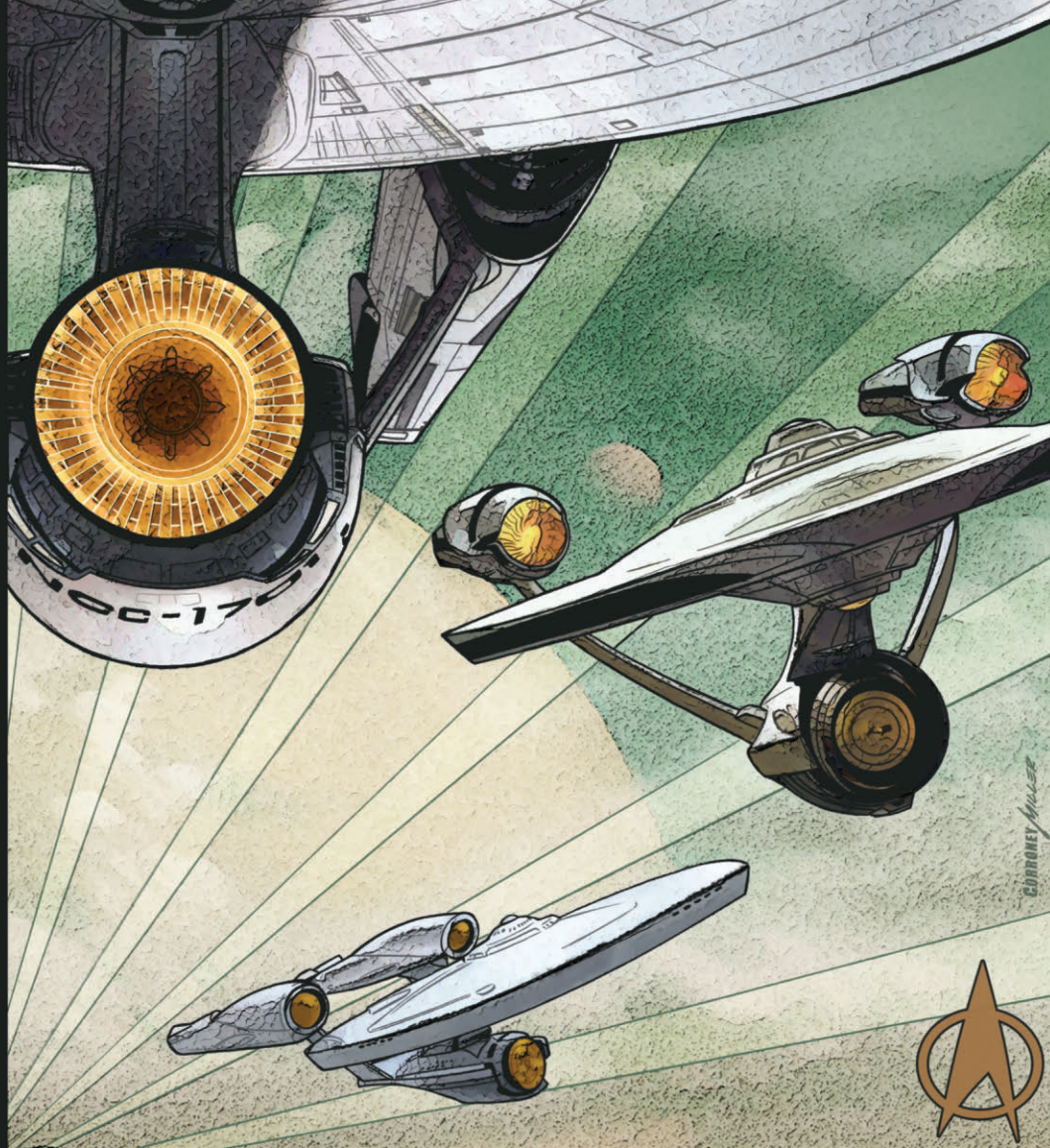
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Colors by Grant Goleash

TIME  
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2011  
2012  
2013



# CROSS

THE FINAL FRONTIER



# ENLIST IN STARFLEET





U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

NCC-1701

NCC-1701

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE NCC-

FORWARD ELEVATION

AFT ELEVATION

TYPE-II WO

ATION

IN RANGE OPERATIONS  
STORIES ARE REMOVED  
ONLY THEIR OR  
DAL MAGNETICALLY  
ALL GENUINELY  
WITH SUBSTANT  
OF CAS  
IN WH  
ANC

TIME  
SHEET  
2011  
97

Artwork by  
Tim Bradstreet



# GO BOLDLY



# ENLIST IN STARFLEET









# EXPLORE

STRANGE NEW WORLDS!



# ENLIST IN STARFLEET









Artwork by Tim Bradstreet  
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TIM  
BRADSTREET  
2011











"If you're a fan of the 2009 movie  
or a die-hard Trekker, do not miss this."

— [comicattack.net](http://comicattack.net)

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