

# STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>

VOLUME 11



GARDNER/MILLER



# ***STAR TREK***®

**VOLUME 11**



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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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eISBN:9781623029012

Digital

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Originally published as STAR TREK issues #46-49 and STAR TREK: FLESH AND STONE.



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VOLUME 11

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Created for the Qualcomm Tricorder XPRIZE competition. Learn more about XPRIZE at [xprize.org](http://xprize.org)!

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# THE THOLIAN WEBS



Cover by Joe Corroney





CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2262.54.

WE'RE ON OUR  
WAY HOME.



NOT ALL THE WAY.  
OUR MISSION ISN'T  
OVER YET.

BUT CLOSE ENOUGH TO RE-ESTABLISH  
CONTACT WITH STARFLEET, AND MAKE  
REPAIRS AFTER THE EVENTS OF THE  
PAST FEW WEEKS.

STATUS,  
MR. SULU?



ALL  
SYSTEMS  
OPTIMAL,  
CAPTAIN.

WE SHOULD  
BE BACK INSIDE  
ALPHA'S BOUNDARY  
IN JUST ABOUT—



WAIT.  
HOW THE—





WE'RE  
DROPPING  
OUT OF  
WARP!

MR. SCOTT,  
REPORT!

SHE JUST  
POWERED DOWN  
ON HER OWN,  
CAPTAIN!









IT IS  
SIMPLER TO  
SHOW YOU THAN  
TO EXPLAIN.



DA,  
COMMANDER.  
VERY MUCH  
SO!



IN A WORD,  
CAPTAIN...

INTERPHASE.





"INTERPHASE?"

YOU JUST  
MADE THAT UP,  
DIDN'T YOU?



ON THE CONTRARY, DR.  
MCCOY, ALTHOUGH ONLY A  
THEORY UP TO THIS POINT, THE  
CONCEPT OF INTERPHASE HAS  
BEEN THE BASIS OF STUDY BY  
STARFLEET ASTROPHYSICISTS  
FOR YEARS.

AYE, THAT'S  
RIGHT.



THE THEORY  
HOLDS THAT THERE  
ARE POCKETS OF  
SPACE IN WHICH  
TIME AND...

...WELL, AND  
SPACE...

...CEASE  
TO EXIST!



A DRAMATIC  
SUMMATION OF THE  
PHENOMENON, BUT YES,  
IT IS HYPOTHEZIZED THAT  
ANY CRAFT ENCOUNTERING  
AN INTERPHASE POCKET  
WOULD SIMPLY  
DISAPPEAR.

IT APPEARS WE  
ARE OBSERVING  
THE HERETOFORE  
UNKNOWN MECHANISM  
BY WHICH THAT  
HAPPENS.

OBSERVE.



THAT'S ENOUGH, SPOCK.  
WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE  
DEMONSTRATIONS.

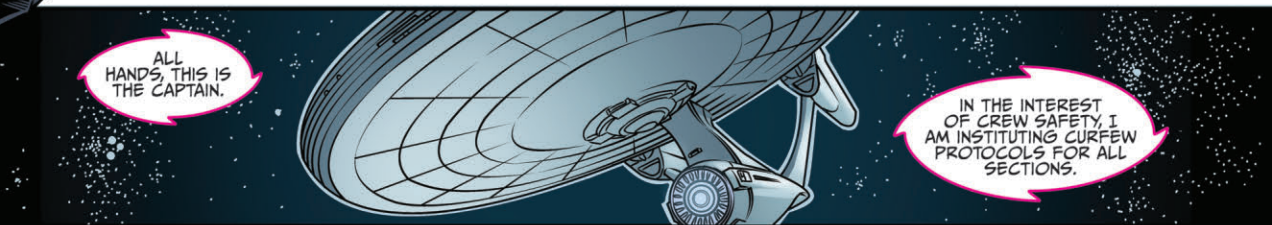
















THE CURFEW WILL BE LIFTED AS SOON AS WE CAN GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF ALL PERSONNEL.

KIRK OUT.



DAMMIT!



MR. SULU, ANY INDICATION WHEN WE'LL BE FREE OF THIS INTERPHASE REGION?

NO WAY TO TELL, SIR! WITHOUT WARP CAPABILITY, WE ARE MAINTAINING OUR PREVIOUS HEADING AT FULL IMPULSE—

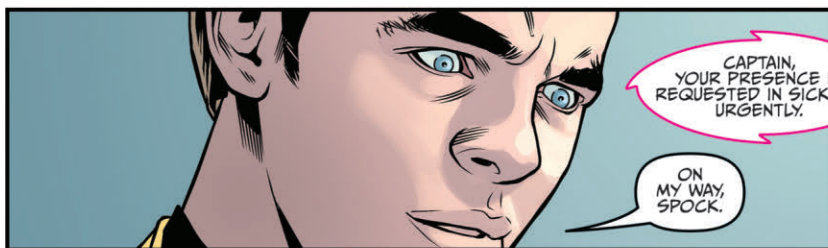


AAAGH—

SULU?



I'M... FINE, SIR. I DON'T THINK THE ALTAIRIAN SOUP I HAD FOR LUNCH AGREES WITH ME...



CAPTAIN, YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED IN SICKBAY. URGENTLY.

ON MY WAY, SPOCK.





WHAT  
HAPPENED?

DR. MCCOY  
SEDATED HIMSELF.  
HIS VITAL SIGNS  
ARE STABLE.



BUT WHY?

HE LEFT US  
THIS MESSAGE  
INFORMING US OF  
HIS INTENTIONS.

JIM, SPOCK, IF  
YOU'RE HEARING THIS,  
AT LEAST IT MEANS  
YOU'RE STILL  
ALIVE.



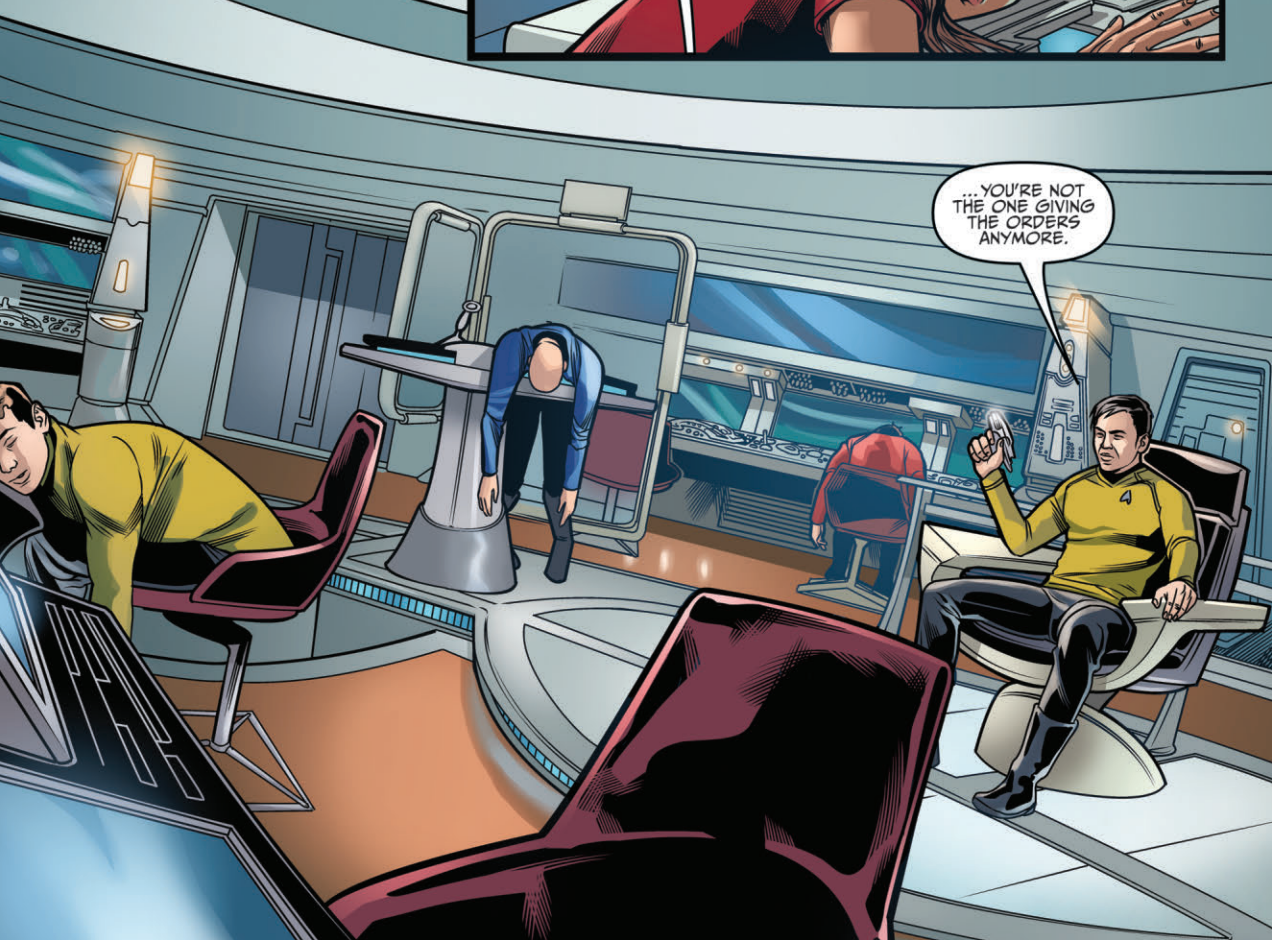
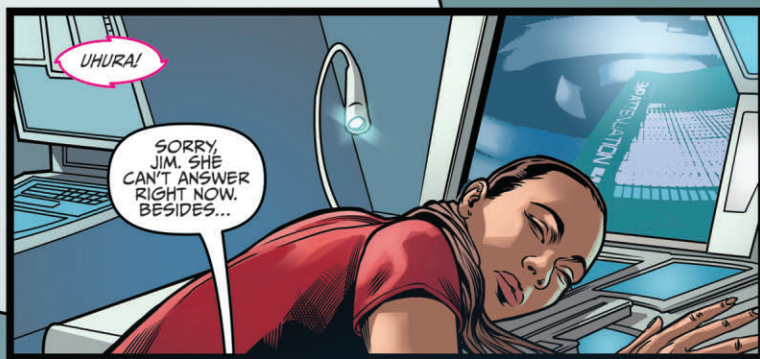
I COULDN'T  
AFFORD TO ARGUE  
WITH YOU BEFORE I  
DID IT, SO JUST  
LISTEN.

THIS WEIRD  
REGION OF SPACE  
INDUCES A DEGENERATIVE  
PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE IN HUMAN  
BEINGS. I'M ONE OF THE FIRST.  
YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN  
OTHERS SUCCUMB BY  
NOW.

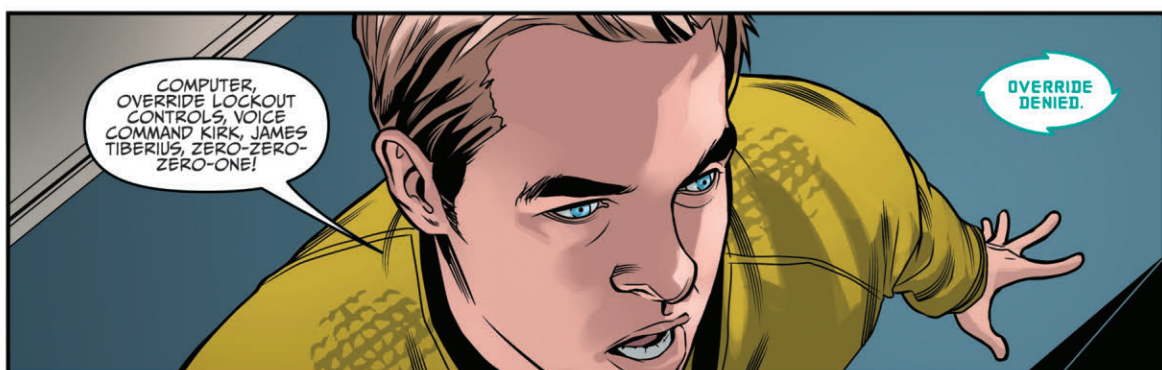




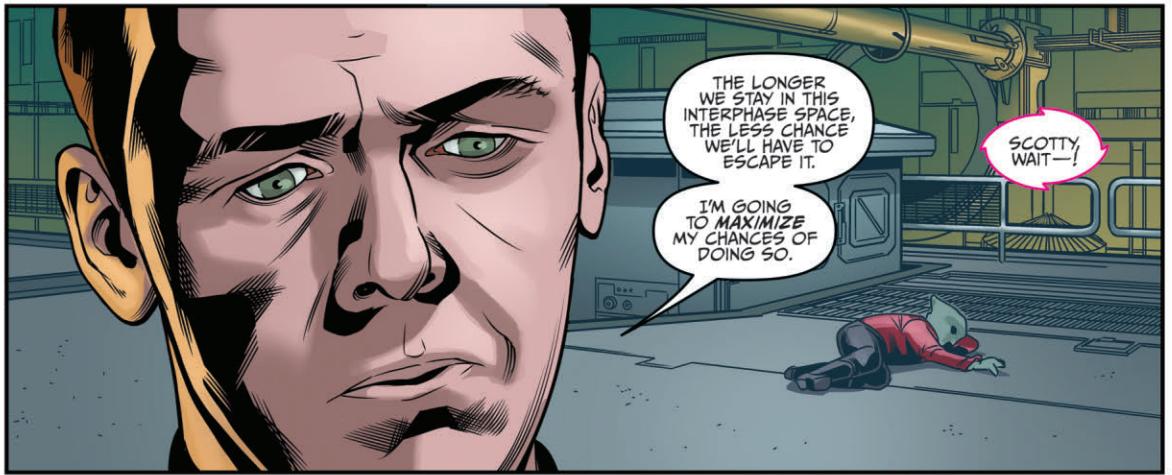















A large, sleek, white spaceship with blue accents is shown in a dynamic pose, appearing to be disengaging from a larger structure. The ship has a prominent circular blue light on its side and several small blue lights along its length. The background is a dark blue space with white stars and a grid-like pattern. A man with short brown hair is shown in a close-up, smiling and looking upwards. A speech bubble from him says, "ACTUALLY, SIR, I FEEL RATHER WONDERFUL! THE WORST OF IT HAS PASSED, BUT THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN." A smaller speech bubble from an unseen character says, "DISENGAGING PRIMARY HULL CLAMPS."

ACTUALLY, SIR,  
I FEEL RATHER  
WONDERFUL! THE  
WORST OF IT HAS  
PASSED, BUT THANK  
YOU FOR YOUR  
CONCERN.

DISENGAGING  
PRIMARY HULL  
CLAMPS.

A close-up of a man with short brown hair, wearing a yellow shirt, shouting with his mouth wide open. He is in a control room with blue panels and a window in the background. A speech bubble from him says, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SCOTTY? YOU'LL KILL US ALL!"

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
SCOTTY? YOU'LL  
KILL US ALL!

A close-up of a man with short brown hair, wearing a yellow shirt, shouting with a worried expression. He is in a control room with blue panels and a window in the background. A speech bubble from him says, "DON'T BE SO MORBID, HIKARU!"

DON'T BE  
SO MORBID,  
HIKARU!

AYE, CHANCES OF  
SURVIVAL ARE BETTER  
FOR ME ONCE I'VE GOT THE  
WARP DRIVE WORKING AGAIN,  
AND EVEN BETTER WITHOUT  
THE NEED TO COMPENSATE  
FOR THE ADDED MASS OF  
THE SAUCER SECTION...

...BUT YOU AND  
THE OTHERS IN THE  
SAUCER WILL STILL  
HAVE A FIGHTING  
CHANCE!





SECONDARY AND  
TERTIARY CLAMPS  
DISENGAGED.

SAUCER  
SEPARATION  
COMPLETE.



WE NEED  
TO GET OVER TO  
ENGINEERING. USE  
ONE OF THE SAUCER'S  
SECONDARY SHUTTLES,  
SOMEHOW OVERRIDE  
THE DOCKING  
CONTROLS TO  
GET IN—

I SUGGEST THAT  
OUR PRIORITY SHOULD  
BE RE-ESTABLISHING  
CONTROL OF THE  
SAUCER SECTION  
ITSELF, CAPTAIN.









DETECTING  
UNKNOWN ENERGY  
SIGNATURE IN CLOSE  
PROXIMITY.

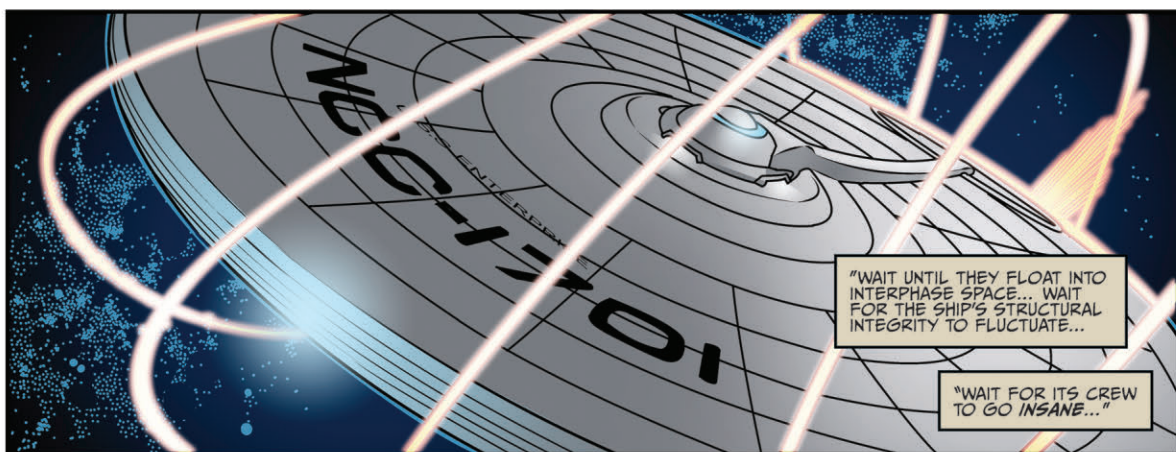
WHAT KIND  
OF TRICK IS  
THIS, SULU?

IT'S NOT  
ME, YOU IDIOT!  
IT'S SOMETHING—  
SOMEONE—  
ELSE!

SEE FOR  
YOURSELVES!

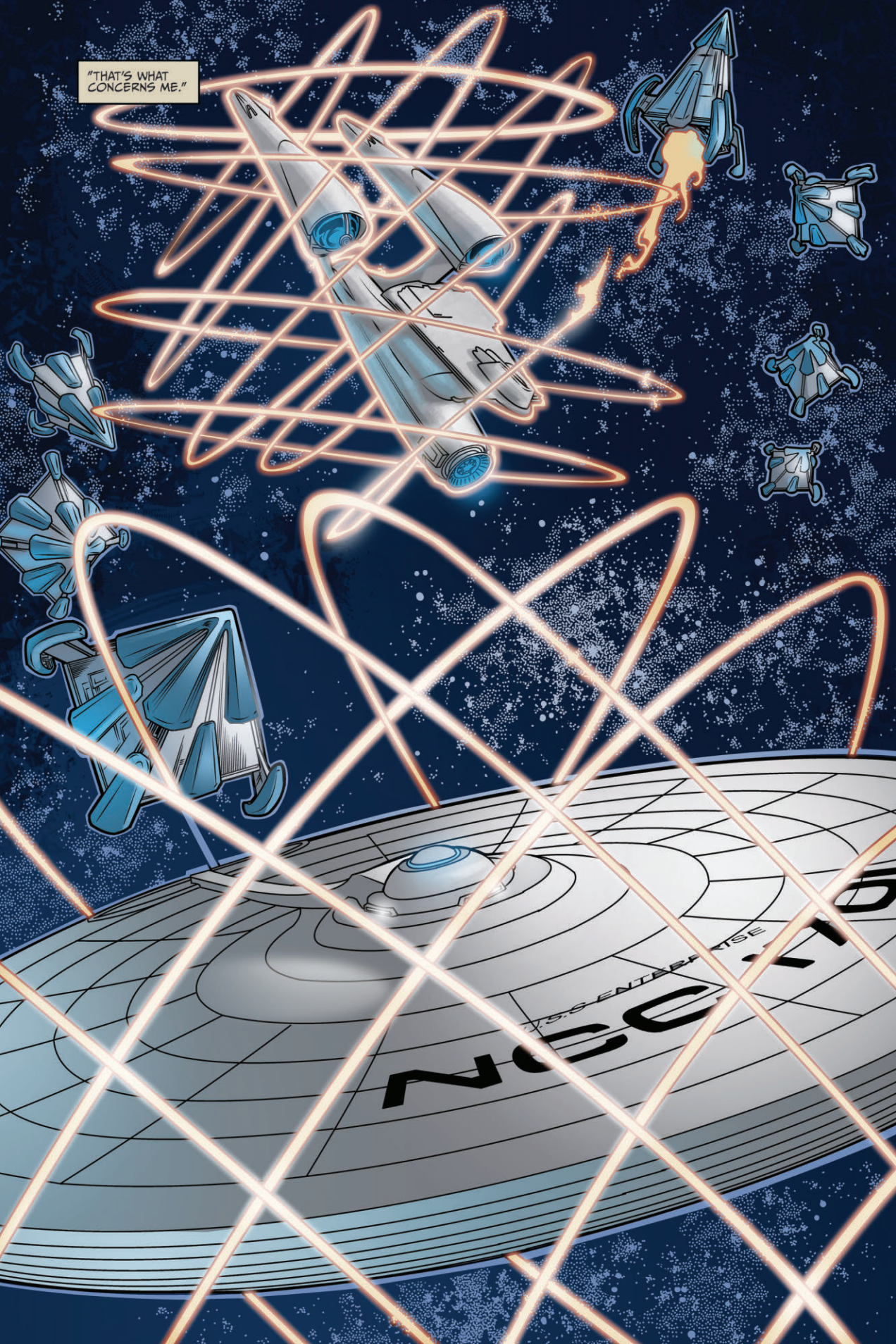
WHAT IN  
THE NAME  
OF—







"THAT'S WHAT  
CONCERNS ME."







SULLU,  
UNLOCK THE  
DOORS!  
NOW!

I'VE FAILED IN JUST ABOUT  
EVERY WAY A CAPTAIN CAN.



I'VE LOST CONTROL  
OF THE HELM.



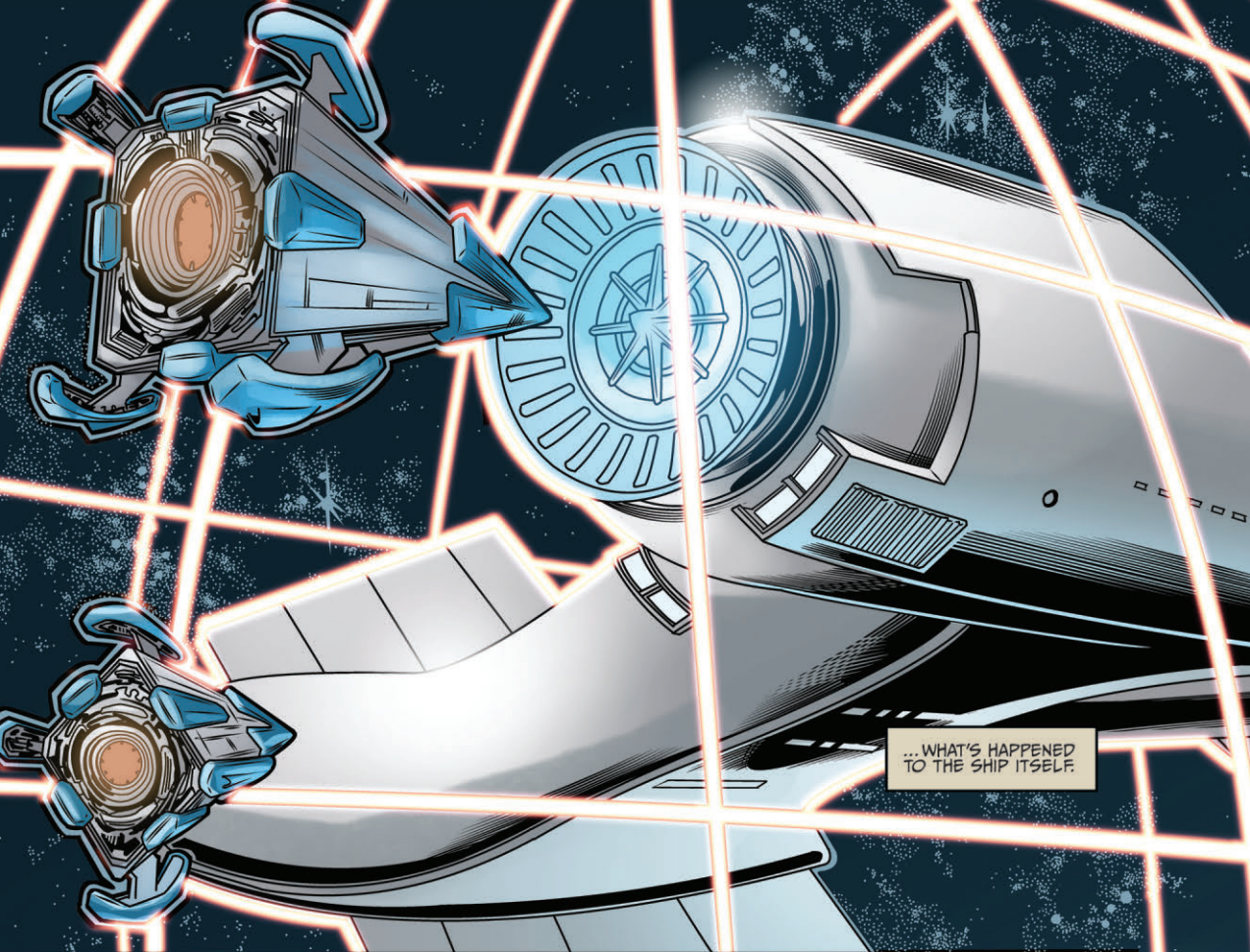
ALLOWED MY SENIOR  
OFFICERS TO BE  
COMPROMISED.



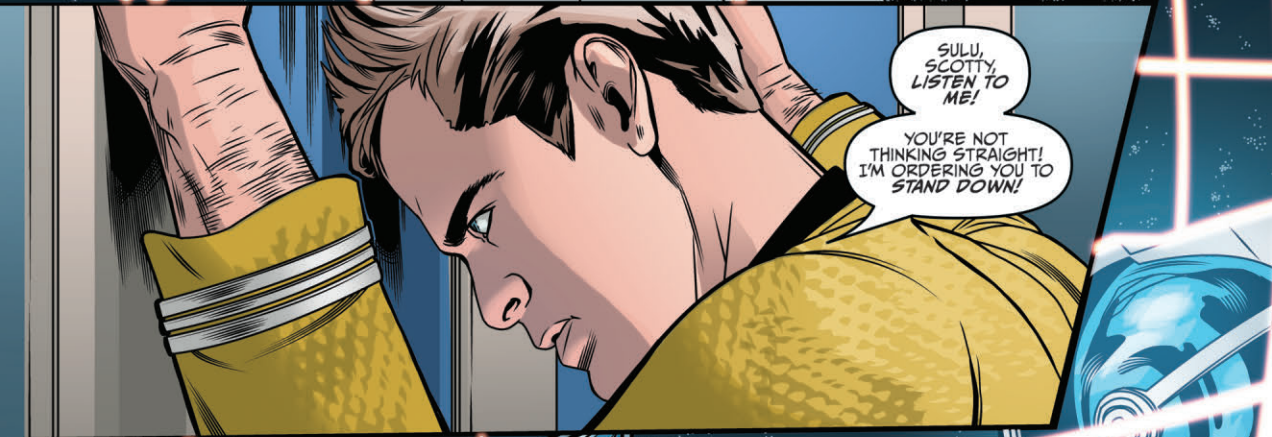
AND ENDANGERED  
THE REST OF THE CREW.

NOT TO  
MENTION...





... WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THE SHIP ITSELF.



SULU,  
SCOTTY,  
LISTEN TO  
ME!

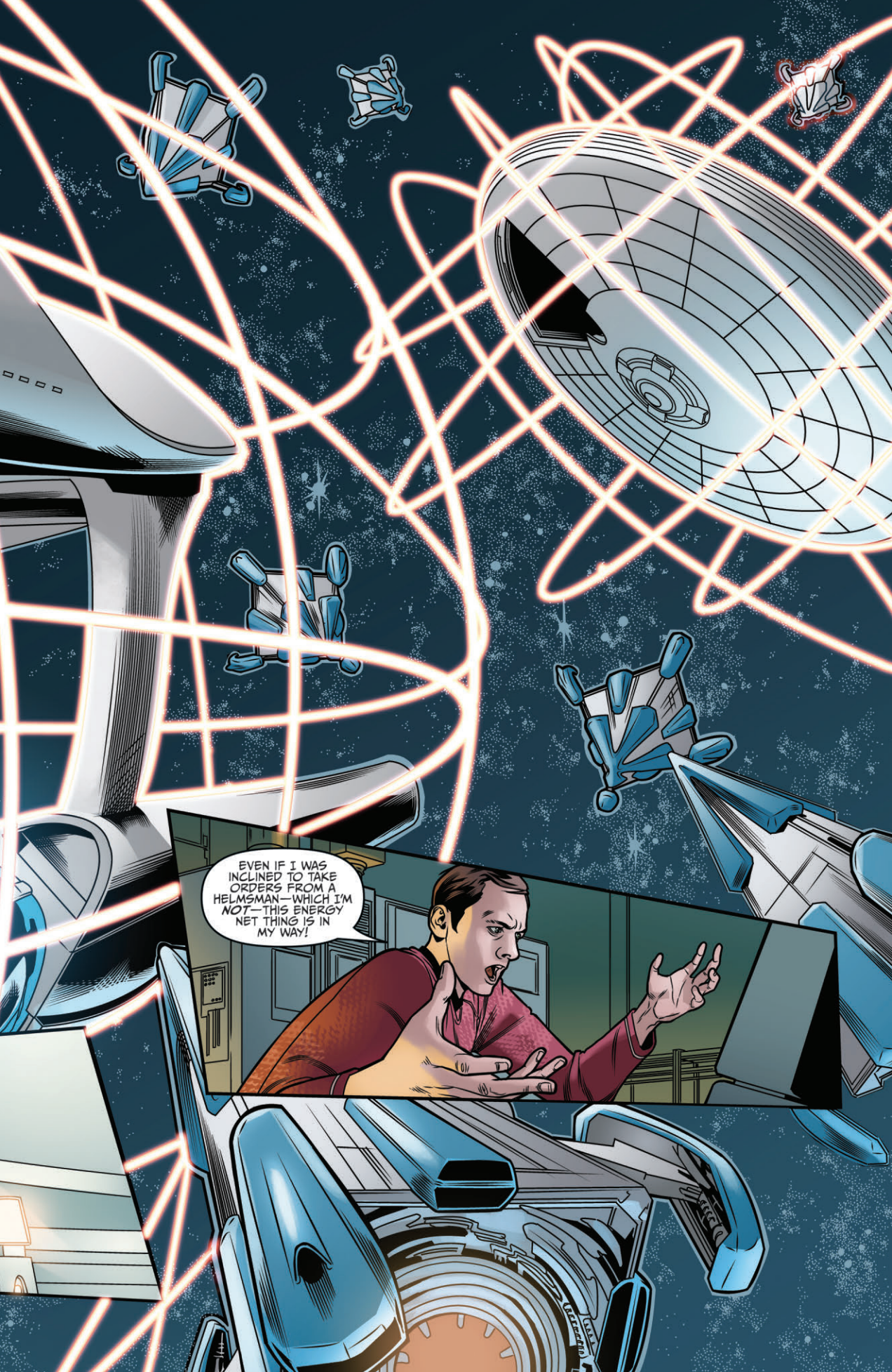
YOU'RE NOT  
THINKING STRAIGHT!  
I'M ORDERING YOU TO  
STAND DOWN!



WHY WOULD I  
GIVE UP THE CHAIR  
NOW, CAPTAIN? JUST  
SIT BACK AND LET ME  
TAKE CARE OF  
EVERYTHING.

SCOTTY, I'M  
ORDERING YOU TO  
RECONNECT THE MAIN  
HULL TO THE SAUCER  
SECTION.





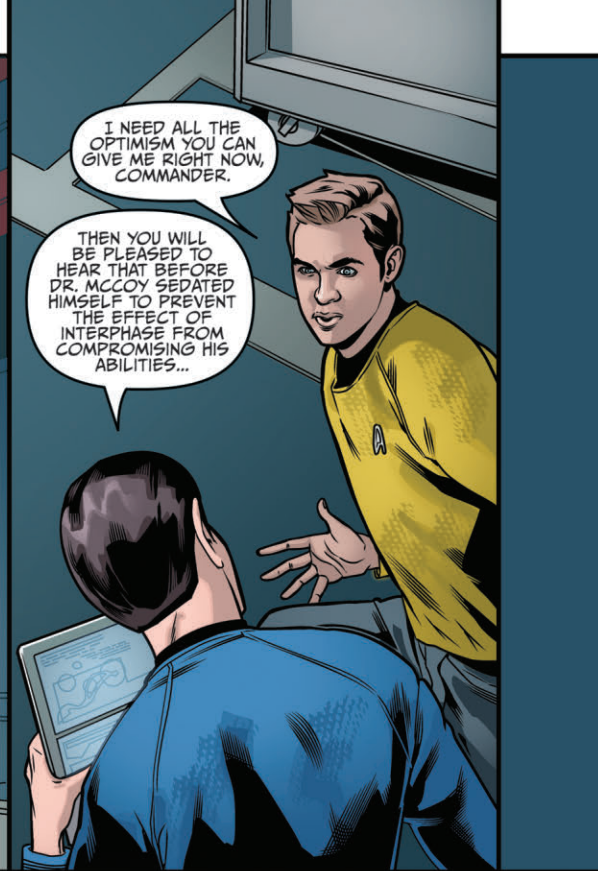
EVEN IF I WAS  
INCLINED TO TAKE  
ORDERS FROM A  
HELMSMAN—WHICH I'M  
NOT—THIS ENERGY  
NET THING IS IN  
MY WAY!





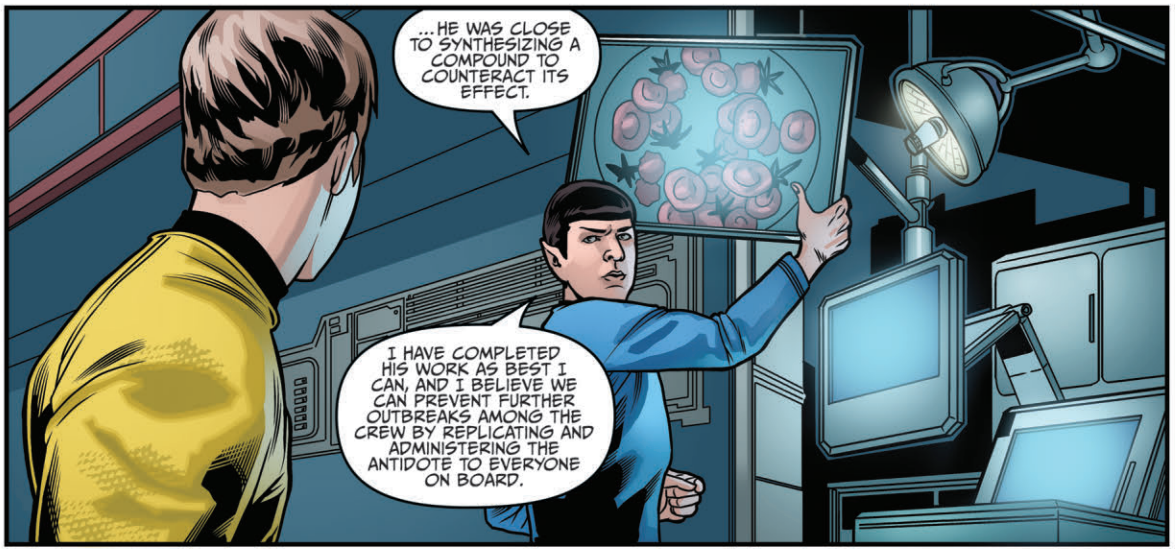
SULU'S LOCKED ME OUT OF THE CONTROLS. I'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE BRIDGE USING THE JEFFERIES TUBES.

ASSUMING SULU HAS NOT SECURED THEM.



I NEED ALL THE OPTIMISM YOU CAN GIVE ME RIGHT NOW, COMMANDER.

THEN YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT BEFORE DR. MCCOY SEDATED HIMSELF TO PREVENT THE EFFECT OF INTERPHASE FROM COMPROMISING HIS ABILITIES...



...HE WAS CLOSE TO SYNTHESIZING A COMPOUND TO COUNTERACT ITS EFFECT.

I HAVE COMPLETED HIS WORK AS BEST I CAN, AND I BELIEVE WE CAN PREVENT FURTHER OUTBREAKS AMONG THE CREW BY REPLICATING AND ADMINISTERING THE ANTIDOTE TO EVERYONE ON BOARD.



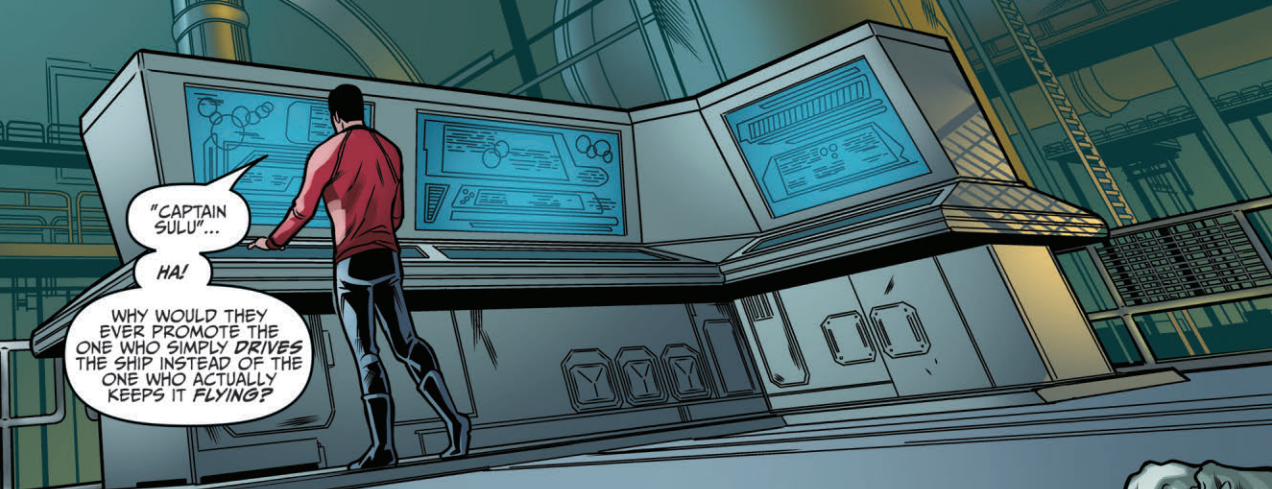
PERFECT. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT.

NOW CROSS YOUR FINGERS THAT THE TUBES ARE STILL OPEN...









"CAPTAIN  
SULIK"...

HA!

WHY WOULD THEY  
EVER PROMOTE THE  
ONE WHO SIMPLY *DRIVES*  
THE SHIP INSTEAD OF THE  
ONE WHO ACTUALLY  
KEEPS IT *FLYING*?



NO MATTER, I'VE  
GOT THE WARP CORE  
BACK ONLINE. IN JUST A  
FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE  
WARPING *THROUGH* THIS  
WEB AND AWAY TO  
GREATER GLORY!

I'M SORRY  
YOU'RE NOT AWAKE  
TO SEE THIS,  
KEENSER, BUT I CAN'T  
LET YOU INTERFERE  
WITH—



WAIT.

WHERE'D  
HE GO?



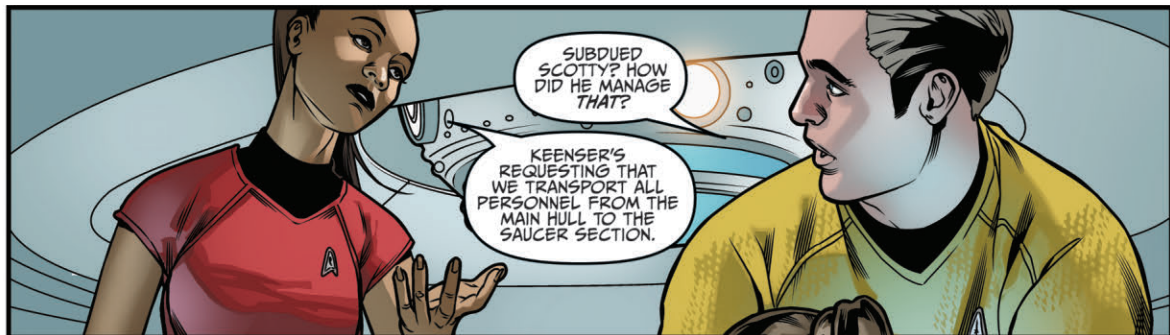
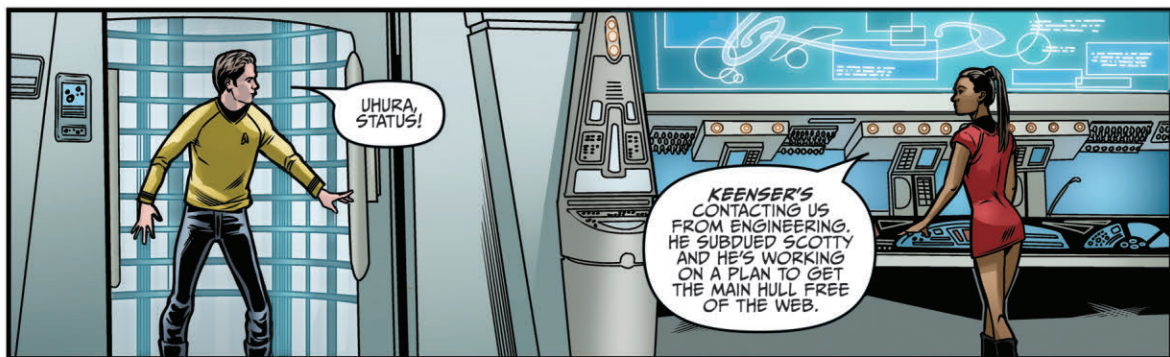
HEY—!

WIAK!













FIRST OFFICER'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL.

USING THE ANTIDOTE CREATED BY DR. MCCOY, WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY STEMMED THE OUTBREAK OF PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTABILITY THAT RESULTED FROM OUR ENCOUNTER WITH INTERPHASE SPACE.

WE HAVE BEEN CAUTIOUS IN WAKING DR. MCCOY FROM HIS SELF-PRESCRIBED SEDATION.



...NNHH...



DR. MCCOY, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S A MEDICAL TERM FOR IT THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE PROFANITY...

WHAT'S OUR SITUATION?



YOUR ANTIDOTE TO INTERPHASE SICKNESS HAS PROVED EFFECTIVE.

CAPTAIN KIRK HAS RESUMED COMMAND OF THE BRIDGE.

THE SAUCER SECTION HAS DETACHED AND BOTH PARTS OF THE SHIP ARE STILL CONTAINED WITHIN ENERGY FILAMENTS PREVENTING OUR ESCAPE.



WONDERFUL.

YOU COULDN'T HAVE WOKEN ME UP AFTER YOU FIGURED OUT THAT LAST PART?











ATTENTION  
ALIEN VESSEL.



I AM COMMANDER  
LOSKENE OF THE  
THOLIAN ARMADA.

YOU ARE  
TRESPASSERS WITHIN  
THE SOVEREIGN  
BORDERS OF THOLIAN  
SPACE.



I AM LT. UHURA OF THE FEDERATION  
STARSHIP ENTERPRISE. WE HAD NO  
INTENTION OF VIOLATING YOUR  
BORDERS. AN ACCIDENT  
FORCED US TO—

THE CAUSE OF  
YOUR TRANSGRESSION  
IS NOT IMPORTANT.

YOUR ATTEMPT TO  
ESCAPE BY SPLITTING YOUR  
SHIP INTO TWO VESSELS  
WAS UNSUCCESSFUL.



YOU WILL NOW BE  
TAKEN TO OUR HOMEWORLD  
TO ANSWER FOR YOUR CRIMES  
AGAINST THE THOLIAN  
ASSEMBLY.

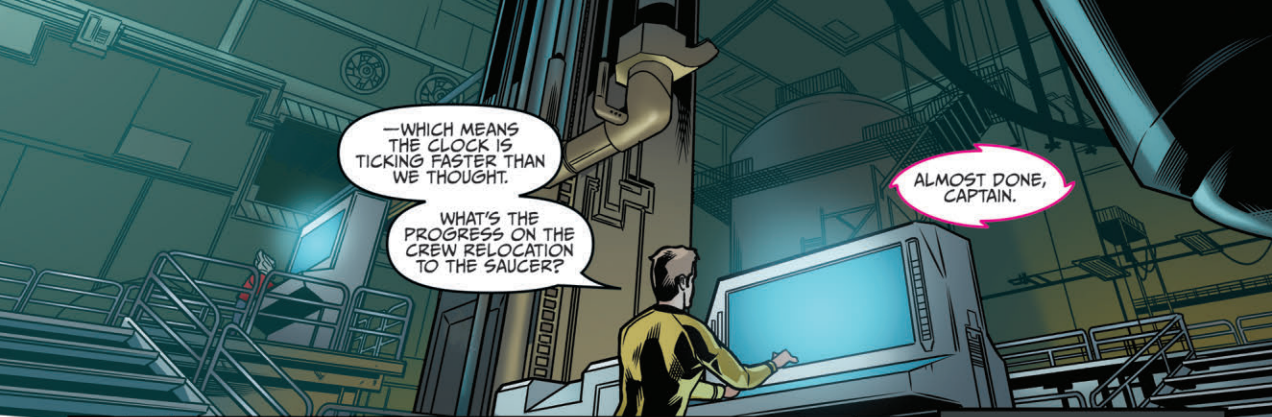
THERE WILL BE NO  
FURTHER COMMUNICATION  
BEFORE THAT TIME.



CAPTAIN, DID  
YOU HEAR ALL  
THAT?

EVERY WORD,  
UHURA—





—WHICH MEANS  
THE CLOCK IS  
TICKING FASTER THAN  
WE THOUGHT.

WHAT'S THE  
PROGRESS ON THE  
CREW RELOCATION  
TO THE SAUCER?

ALMOST DONE,  
CAPTAIN.



SPOCK IS  
MAKING SURE  
EVERYONE IS  
INOCULATED AGAINST  
THE INTERPHASE  
SICKNESS.

WHAT'S THE  
PLAN ON YOUR  
END?



WORKING  
ON IT.

KEENSER, ARE YOU  
SURE ABOUT THESE  
CALCULATIONS? MAYBE  
WE SHOULD TRY TO WAKE  
SCOTTY, SEE IF HE'S  
REGAINED HIS SENSES—



HRRMP



WHAT'S THIS?  
RECONFIGURE THE  
INJECTOR FLOWS IN  
BOTH NACELES...

COMBINE TO  
CREATE A TARGETED  
PLASMA BURST...

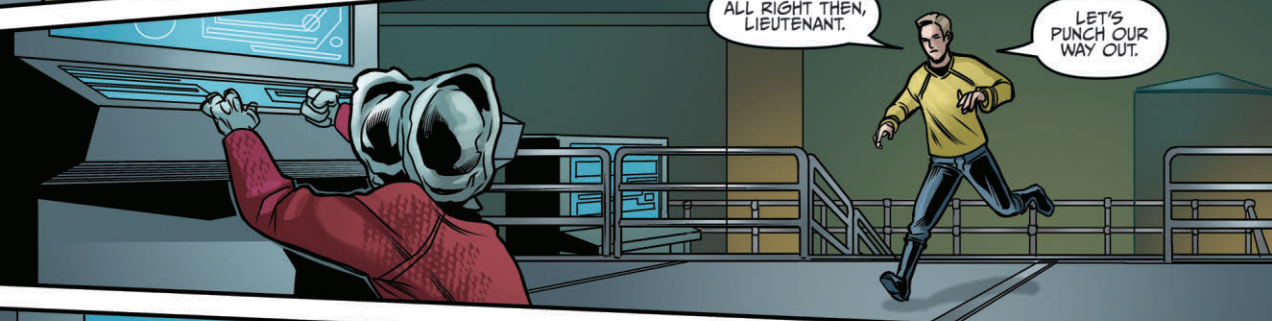
THIS...



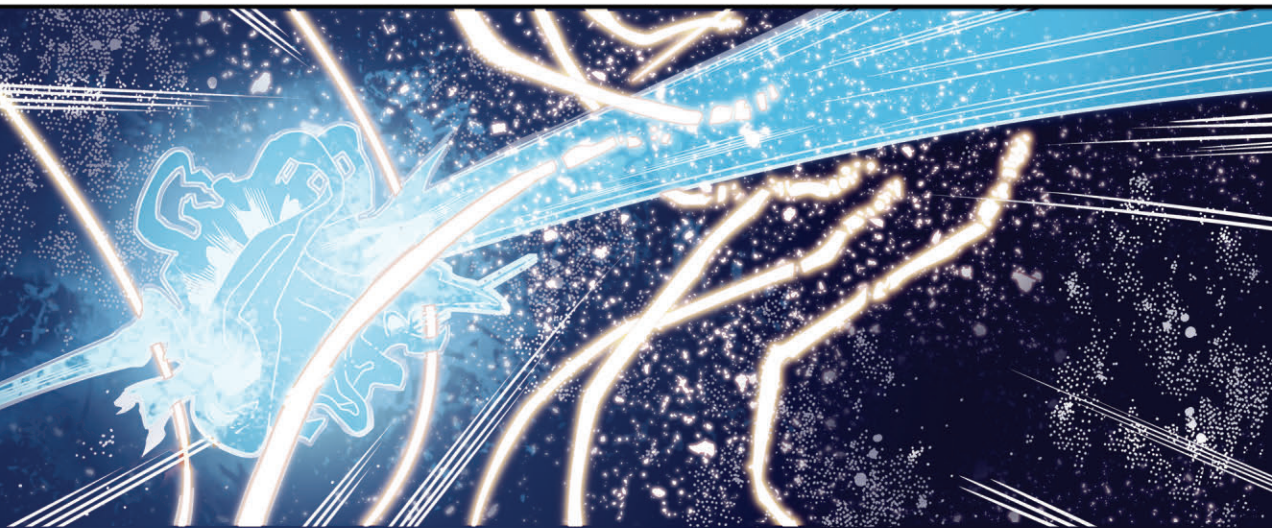
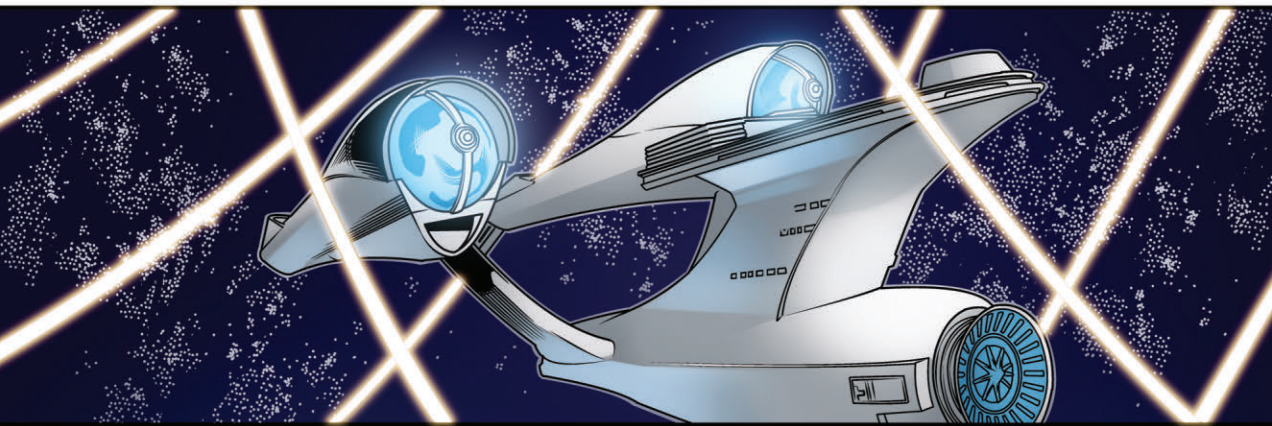
THIS IS  
REALLY  
GOOD.

HRRMP

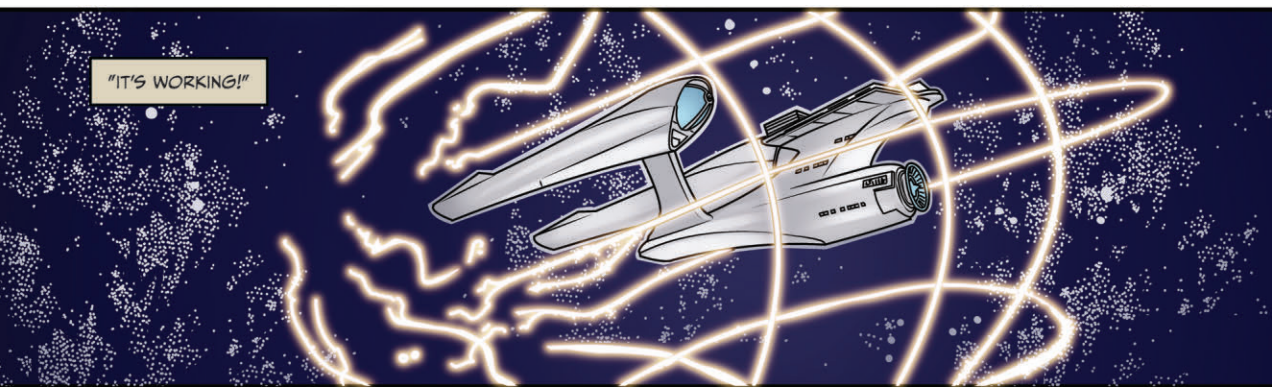




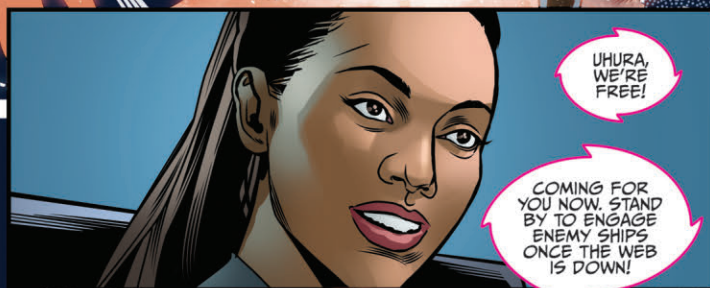




"IT'S WORKING!"













YOUR COWARDLY  
SABOTAGE HAS  
SAVED YOU.

BUT IT HAS  
INVOKED THE WRATH  
OF THE THOLIAN  
ASSEMBLY.

A STATE OF  
WAR NOW EXISTS  
BETWEEN OUR  
CIVILIZATIONS.

WHEN NEXT  
WE MEET...

...NO AMOUNT  
OF TRICKERY WILL  
SAVE YOU.

LOOKING  
FORWARD  
TO IT.

CAPTAIN, THE  
THOLIANS ARE  
FLEEING. SHOULD  
WE PURSUE?

LET THEM GO,  
LIEUTENANT. AT  
LEAST WE NOW  
KNOW WHAT  
THEY'RE UP TO  
OUT HERE...

"...AND *THEY* KNOW THAT WITHOUT  
THEIR WEBS, THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR  
THE FLAGSHIP, SEPARATED OR NOT."

NOT  
AGAIN.

LOOKS LIKE THE  
WEBS COUNTERACTED  
THE INTERPHASE EFFECT  
ON THE SHIP. NOW THAT  
WE'RE FREE IT'S  
STARTING AGAIN.







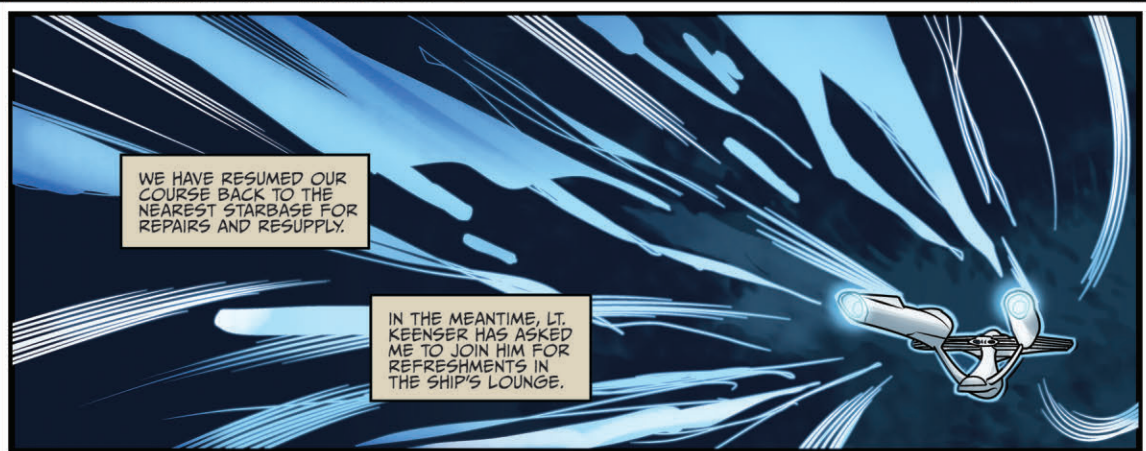


CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

WE ARE SAFELY FREE  
OF THOLIAN SPACE  
AND THE INTERPHASE  
REGION THAT NEARLY  
DOOMED US.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE  
THAT OUR ENCOUNTER  
WITH THE THOLIANS  
ENDED IN HOSTILITIES,  
ESPECIALLY GIVEN  
THE CURRENT TENSION  
THE FEDERATION  
ALREADY FACES WITH  
THE KLINGONS AND  
THE ROMULANS.

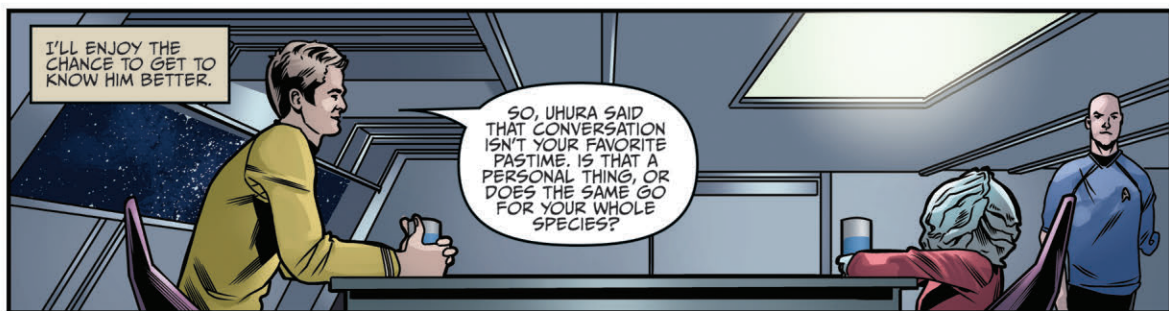
BUT I AM HEARTENED BY THE  
PERFORMANCE AND BRAVERY  
OF THE CREW DURING THIS  
CRISIS. I AM RECOMMENDING  
THAT LIEUTENANTS KEENSER  
AND UHURA BE GIVEN CITATIONS  
FOR EXTRAORDINARY VALOR.



WE HAVE RESUMED OUR  
COURSE BACK TO THE  
NEAREST STARBASE FOR  
REPAIRS AND RESUPPLY.

IN THE MEANTIME, LT.  
KEENSER HAS ASKED  
ME TO JOIN HIM FOR  
REFRESHMENTS IN  
THE SHIP'S LOUNGE.









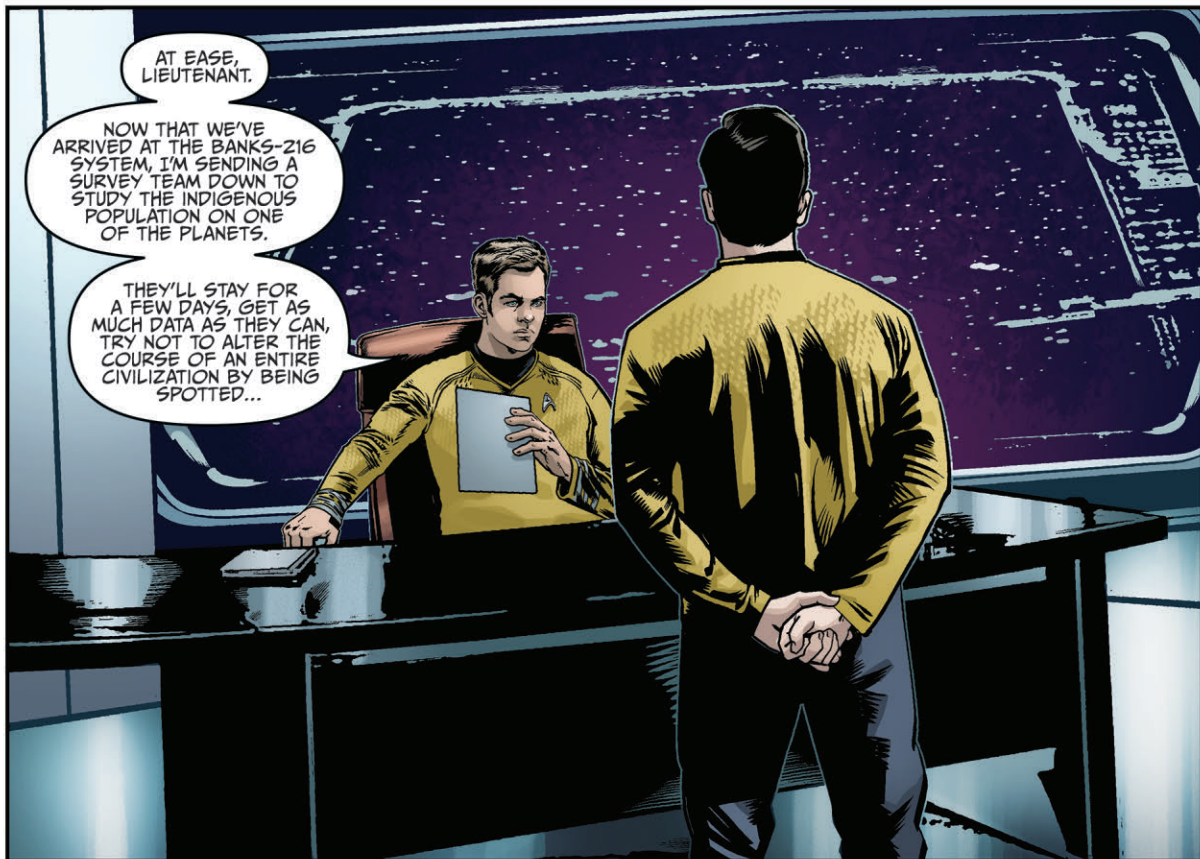


DEITY

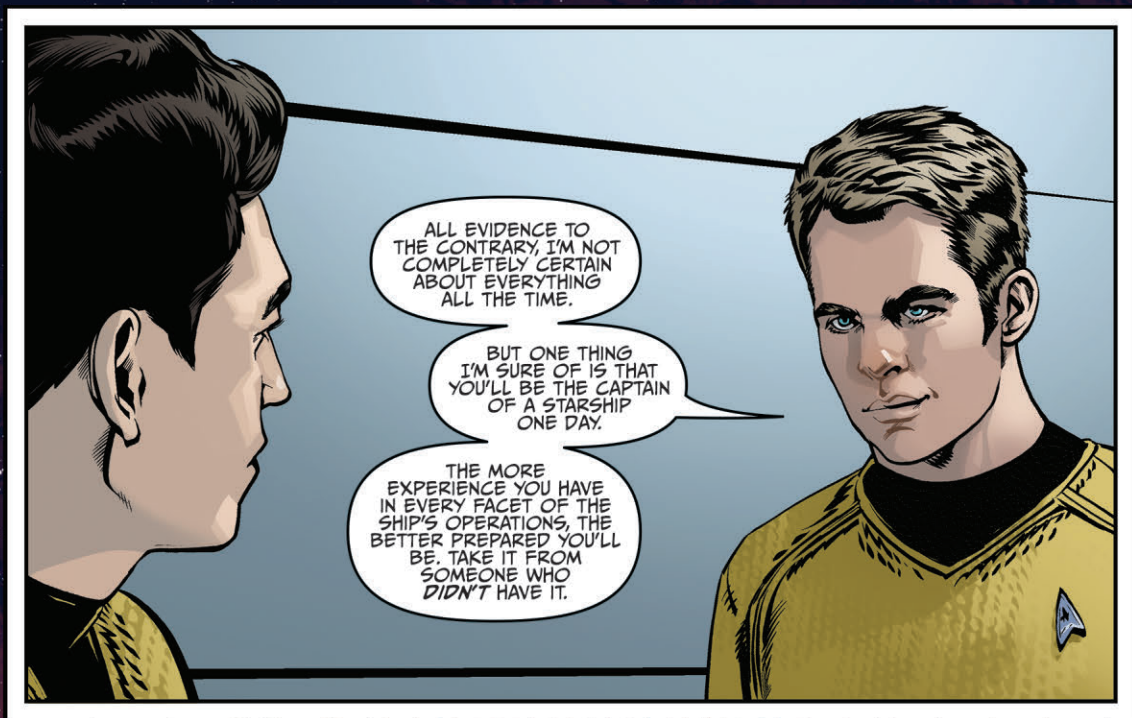


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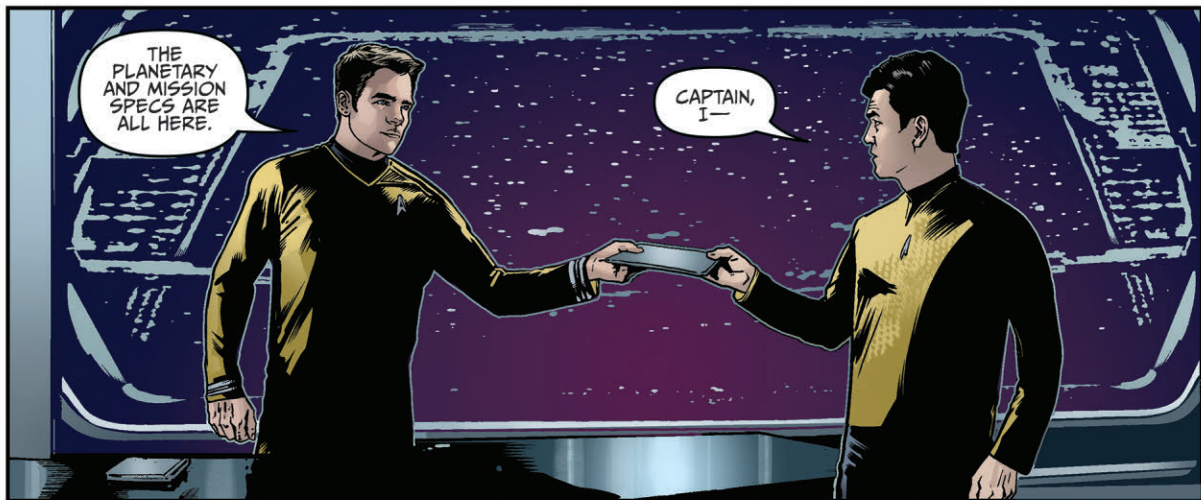




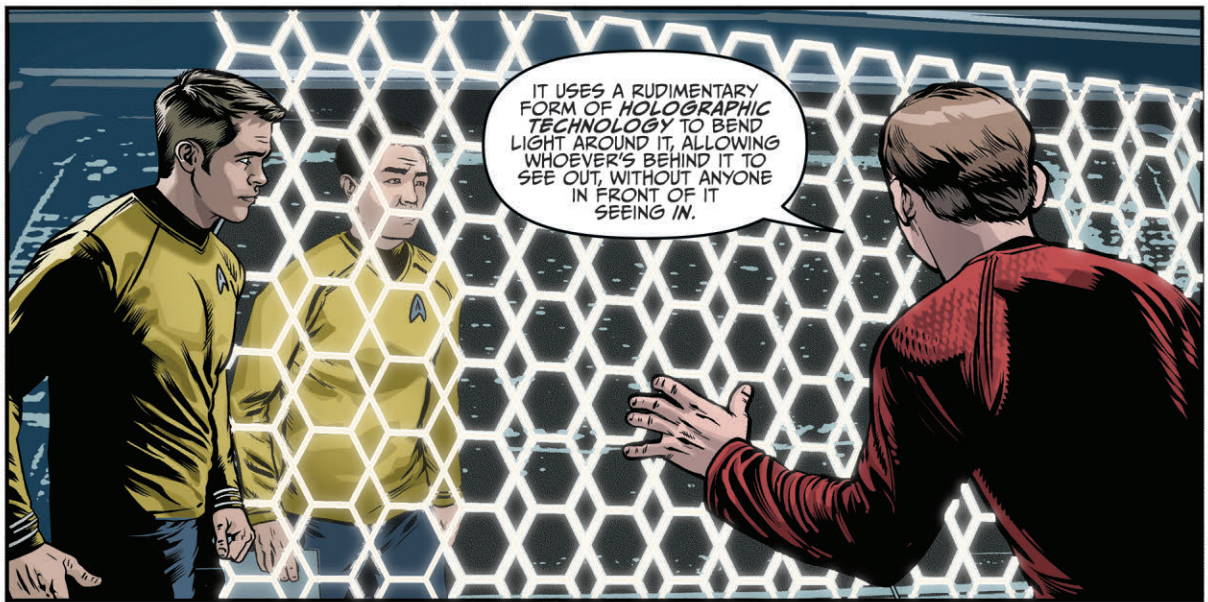
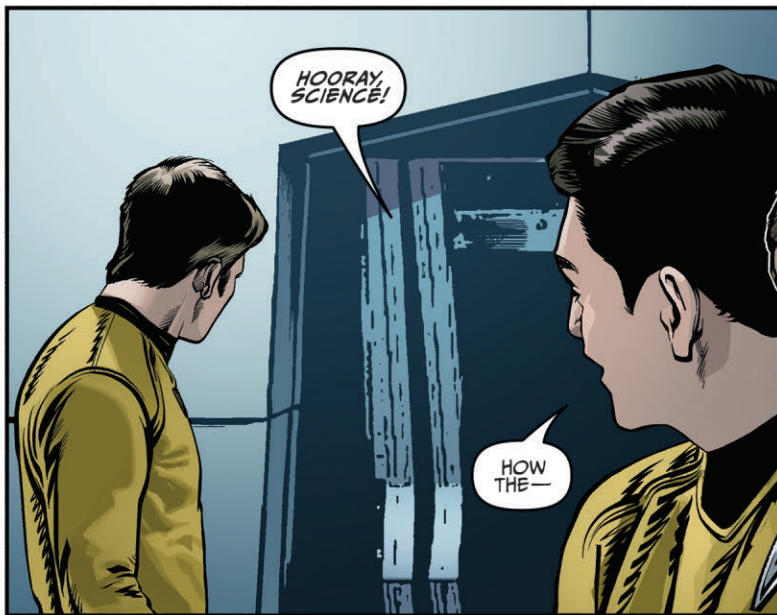














HELMSMAN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

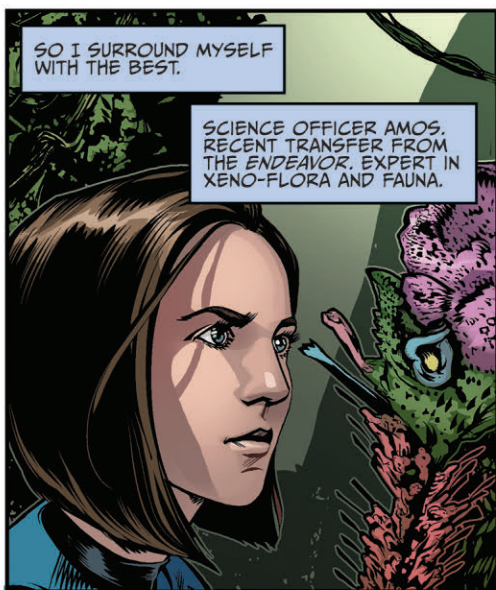
I'D BE LYING IF I SAID I WASN'T  
NERVOUS. HOLDING THE CONN ON  
THE BRIDGE IS ONE THING. YOU'RE  
SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL HUNDRED  
EXTREMELY TALENTED PEOPLE AND  
A STATE-OF-THE-ART FLAGSHIP.

BUT LEADING AN AWAY TEAM DOWN  
TO AN UNKNOWN PLANET AND TESTING  
PROTOTYPE TECHNOLOGY? THAT'S  
SOMETHING ELSE.

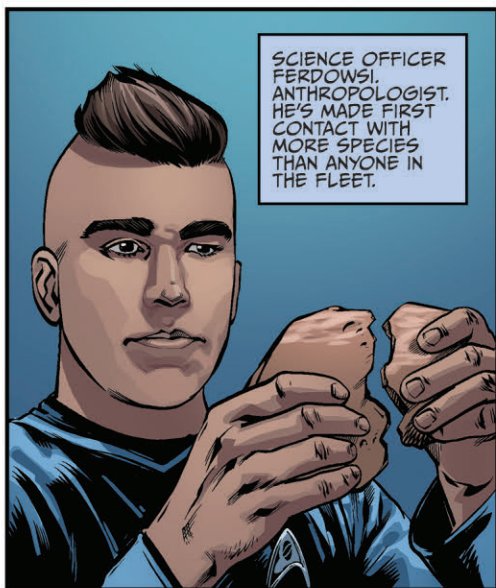


SO I SURROUND MYSELF  
WITH THE BEST.

SCIENCE OFFICER AMOS,  
RECENT TRANSFER FROM  
THE ENDEAVOR. EXPERT IN  
XENO-FLORA AND FAUNA.



SCIENCE OFFICER  
FERDOWSI,  
ANTHROPOLOGIST.  
HE'S MADE FIRST  
CONTACT WITH  
MORE SPECIES  
THAN ANYONE IN  
THE FLEET.



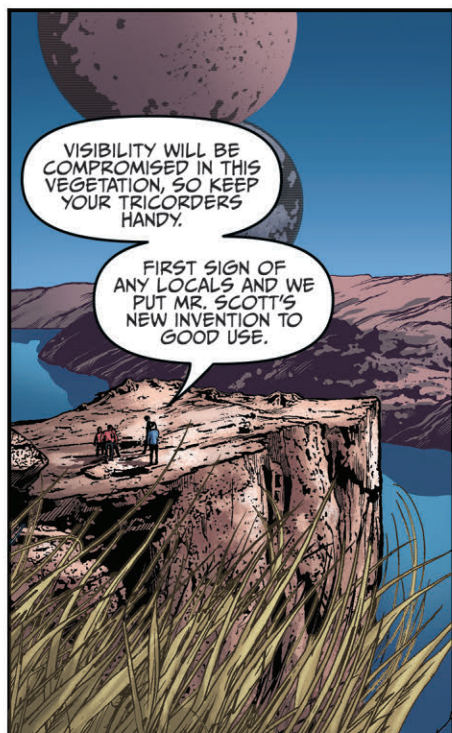
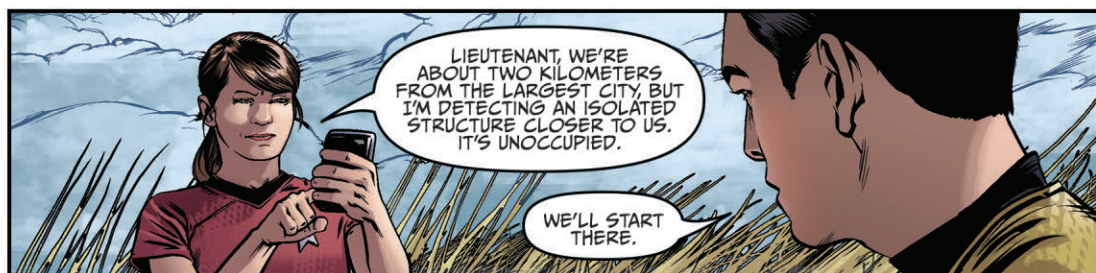
FOR SECURITY, LT. CORDRY.  
RUMOR IS SHE ONCE TOOK  
DOWN A FULLY GROWN RABID  
SEHLAT WITH HER BARE HANDS  
ON A TRIP TO VULCAN.

AND MR. SCOTT INSISTED  
ON SEEING HIS PROTOTYPE  
IN ACTION FIRSTHAND, SO  
THAT MAKES FIVE OF US.





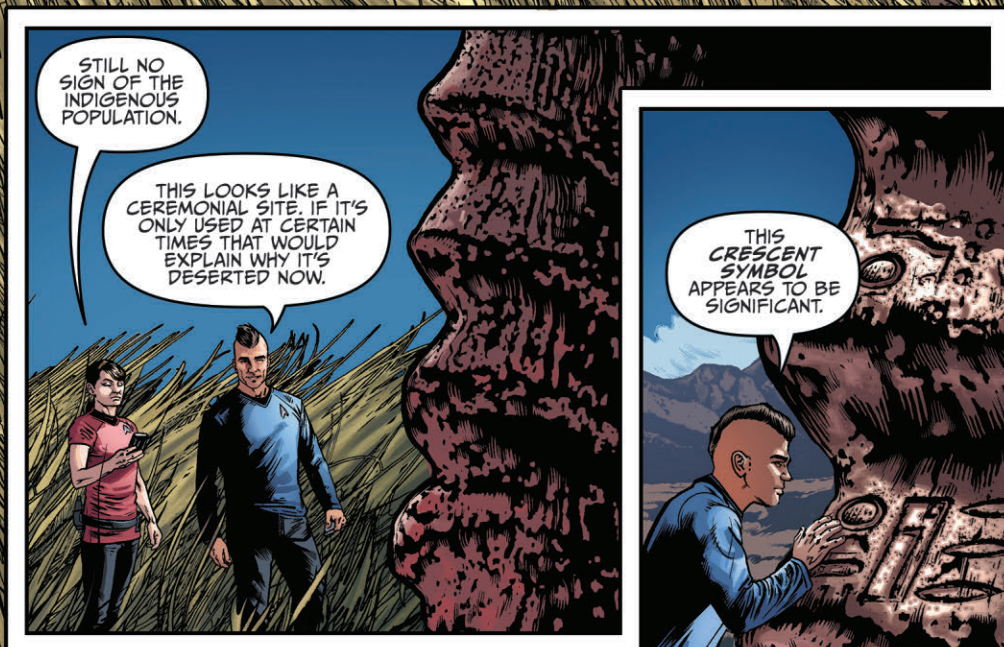
WE'RE ON THE GROUND AN HOUR AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.







MAGNIFICENT.



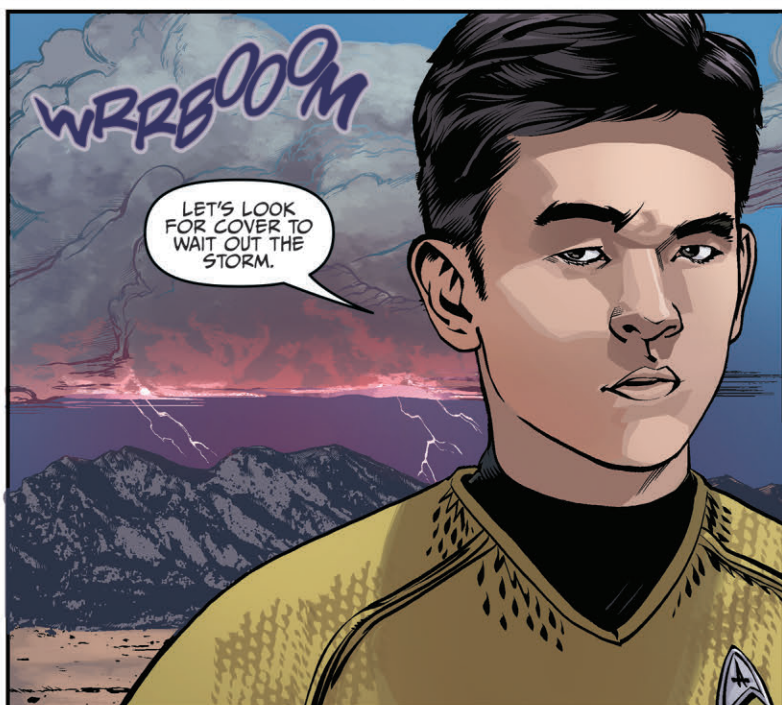
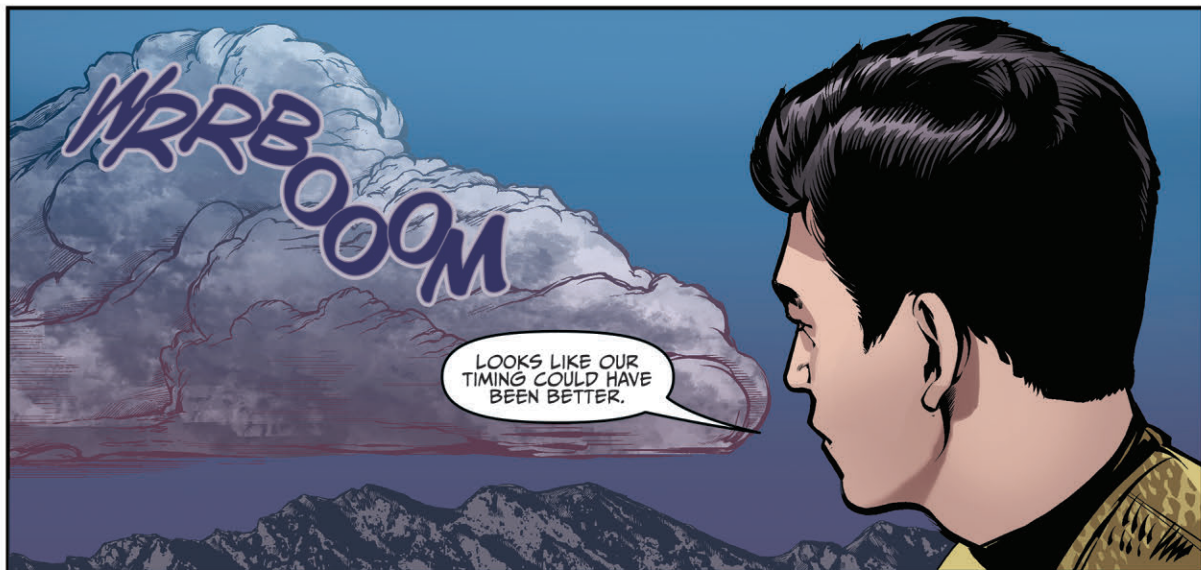
STILL NO SIGN OF THE INDIGENOUS POPULATION.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A CEREMONIAL SITE. IF IT'S ONLY USED AT CERTAIN TIMES THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY IT'S DESERTED NOW.

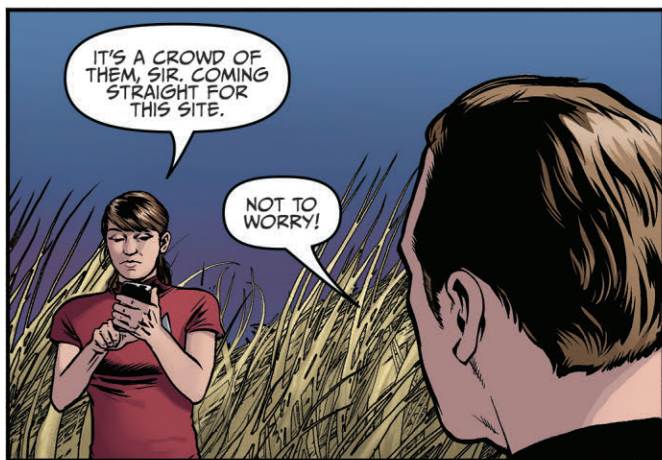


THIS CRESCENT SYMBOL APPEARS TO BE SIGNIFICANT.









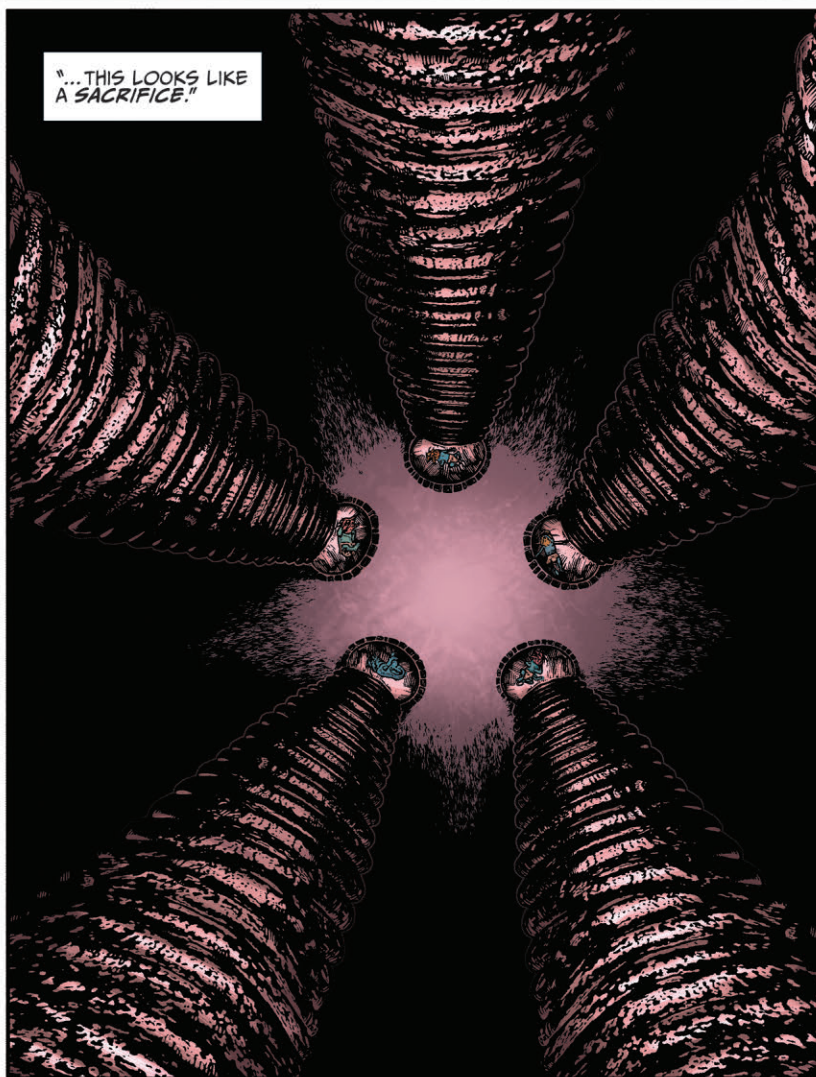




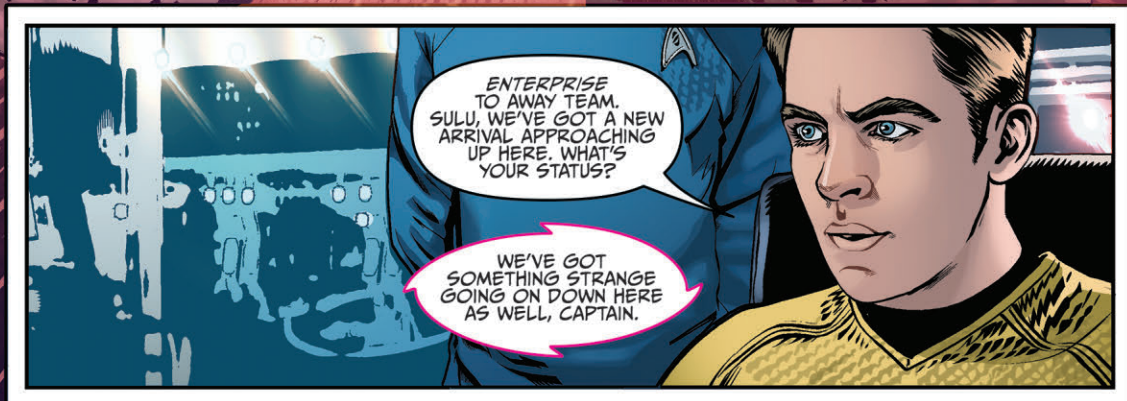










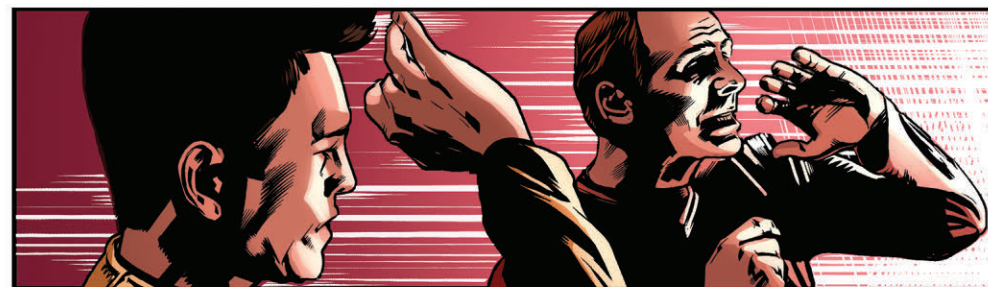




WE'RE OBSERVING THE  
INDIGENOUS POPULATION  
CONDUCTING SOME KIND  
OF RITUAL—



SHRAK  
KOWW



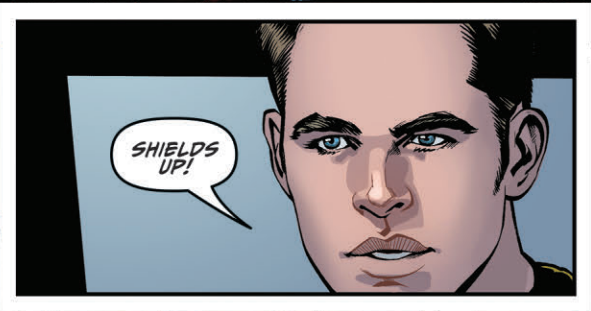




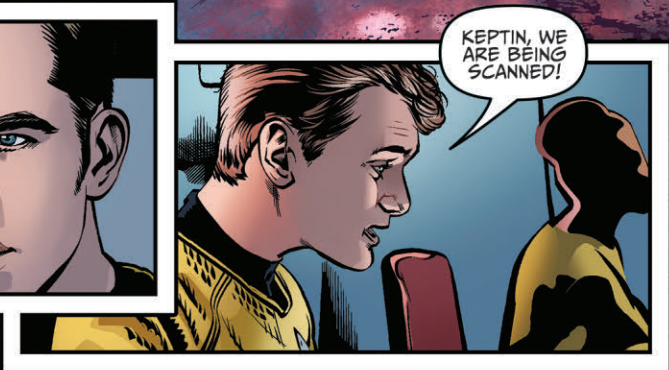






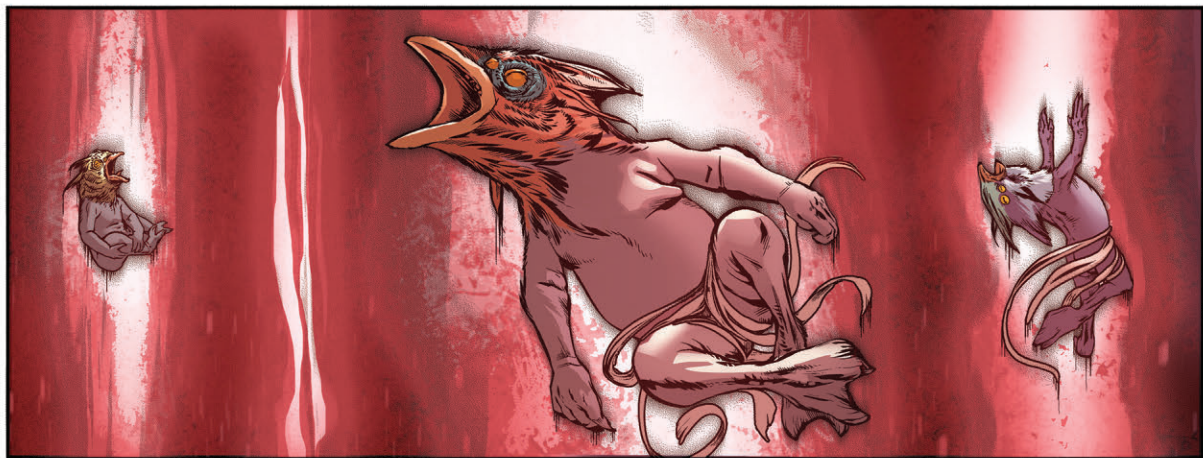


SHIELDS  
UP!



KEPTIN, WE  
ARE BEING  
SCANNED!









MOST CURIOUS.

THE SHIP APPEARS TO BE **ABSORBING** ELECTRICITY FROM THE STORM ON THE PLANET BELOW.



CLICK  
CLICK

OH DEAR, LIEUTENANT, NOW MAY BE A GOOD TIME FOR US TO MAKE A HASTY—



—RETREAT.



↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓  
↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑  
↑ ↑





HELMSMAN'S LOG, CONTINUED.

EVERYTHING THAT COULD  
GO WRONG ON MY FIRST  
AWAY COMMAND HAS.

WE'VE LOST CONTACT  
WITH THE ENTERPRISE.

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY  
AN ARMED POPULACE.

THE PRIME DIRECTIVE  
HAS BEEN SHATTERED.

MY ONLY CONSOLATION  
IS THAT THINGS CAN'T  
GET ANY WORSE...

...CAN THEY?



HELMSMAN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

IF MY LEADERSHIP OF  
THIS AWAY MISSION IS  
ANY INDICATION OF MY  
FUTURE CAREER AS A  
STARFLEET CAPTAIN...

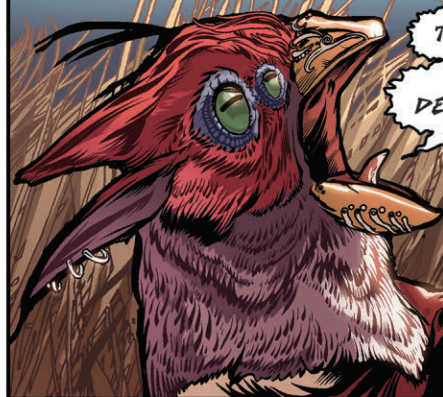
...IT'S GOING TO  
BE A SHORT ONE.

THE FAILURE OF OUR OBSERVATION BLIND MEANS  
THAT WE NO LONGER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE  
PRIME DIRECTIVE. IT'S BEEN BLOWN TO PIECES.

WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE  
ENTERPRISE, BUT FORTUNATELY  
OUR TRANSLATORS ARE WORKING.

WHICH MEANS WE CAN AT LEAST  
TRY TO EXPLAIN WHO WE ARE TO  
A SPECIES THAT'S NEVER BEEN  
CONTACTED BEFORE.

AND WE CAN TRY TO CONVINCE  
THEM WE'RE NOT A THREAT  
THEY NEED TO DEAL WITH.



THERE.

OUR  
DESTINATION.

THE  
DROWNING  
CITY.







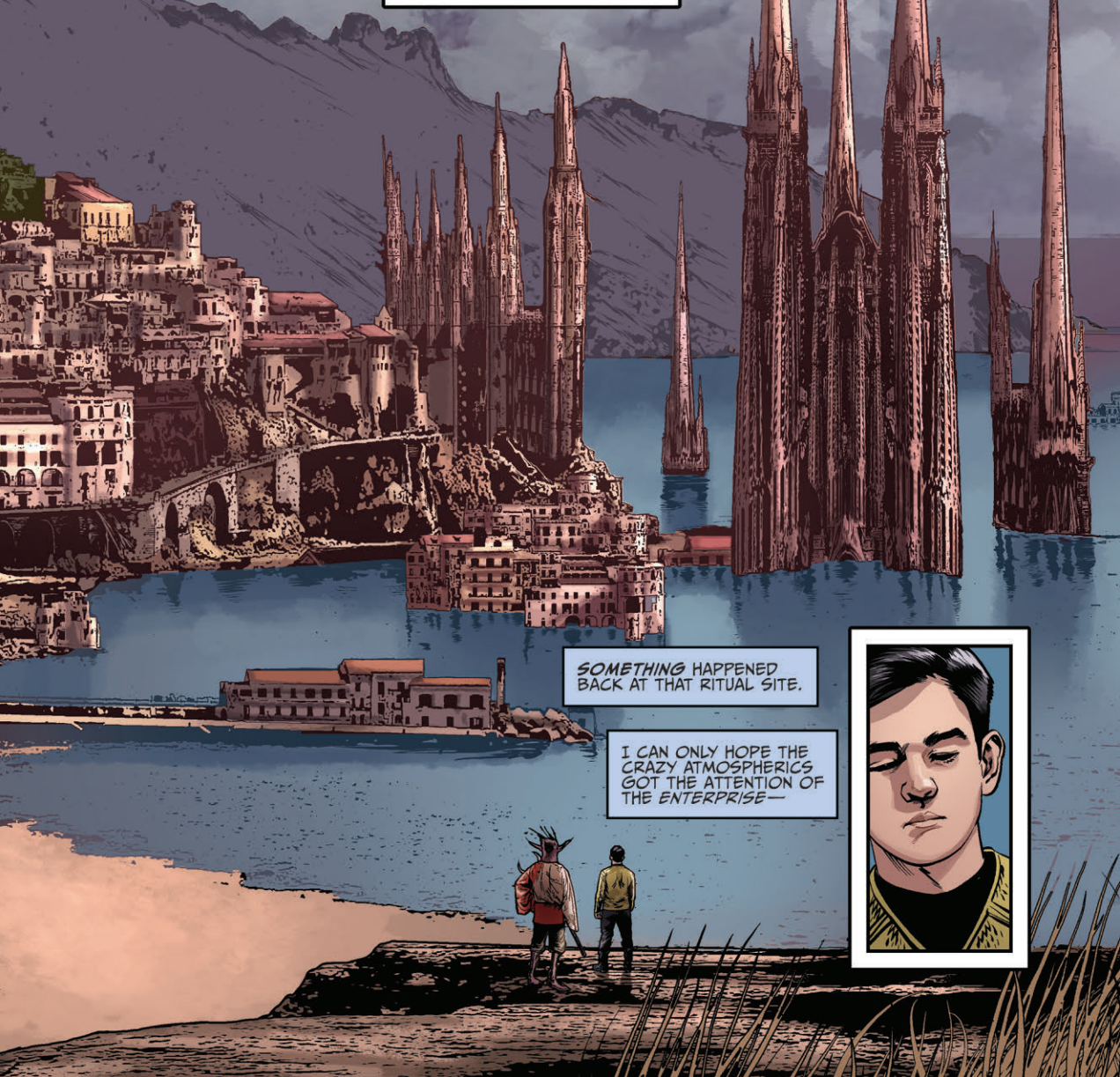


WE MEAN YOU  
NO HARM. WE ARE  
ONLY HERE TO  
OBSERVE.

SILENCE  
NOW.



ONLY  
BEFORE THE  
AERIE WILL  
YOU SPEAK.



SOMETHING HAPPENED  
BACK AT THAT RITUAL SITE.

I CAN ONLY HOPE THE  
CRAZY ATMOSPHERICS  
GOT THE ATTENTION OF  
THE ENTERPRISE—





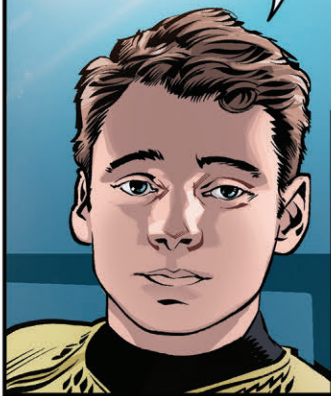


—AND THEY'RE ALREADY  
INVESTIGATING.

CHEKOV,  
WHAT ARE WE  
LOOKING AT?

SCANS  
INDICATE A  
VESSEL OF  
UNKNOWN  
PROVENANCE,  
KEPTIN!

THEY ARE  
SCANNING US  
AS WELL!

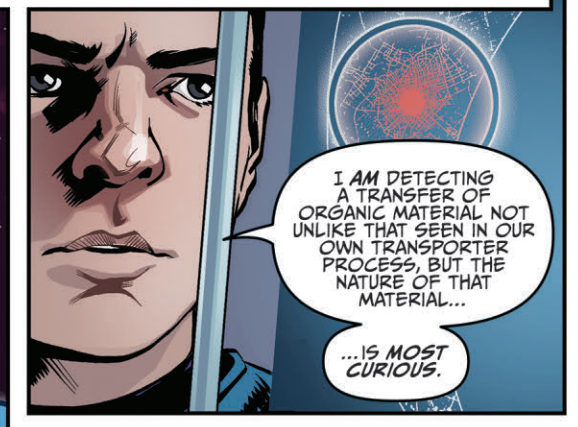
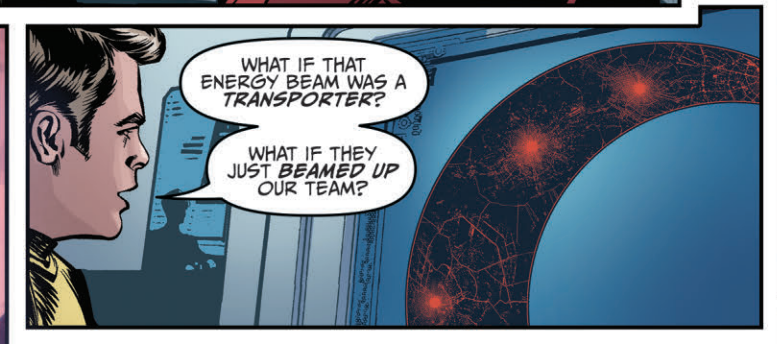
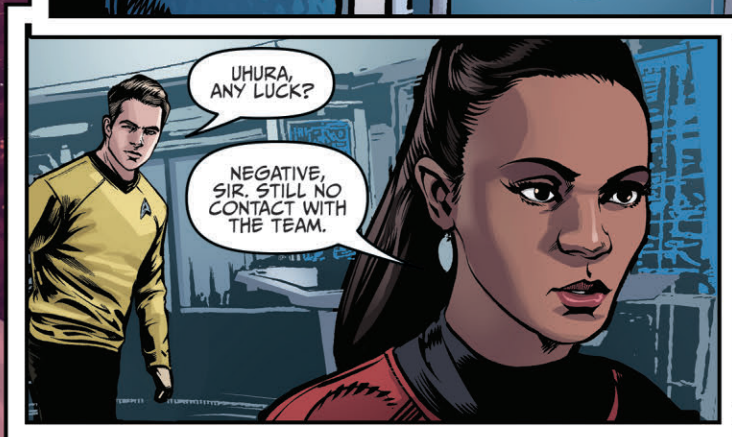
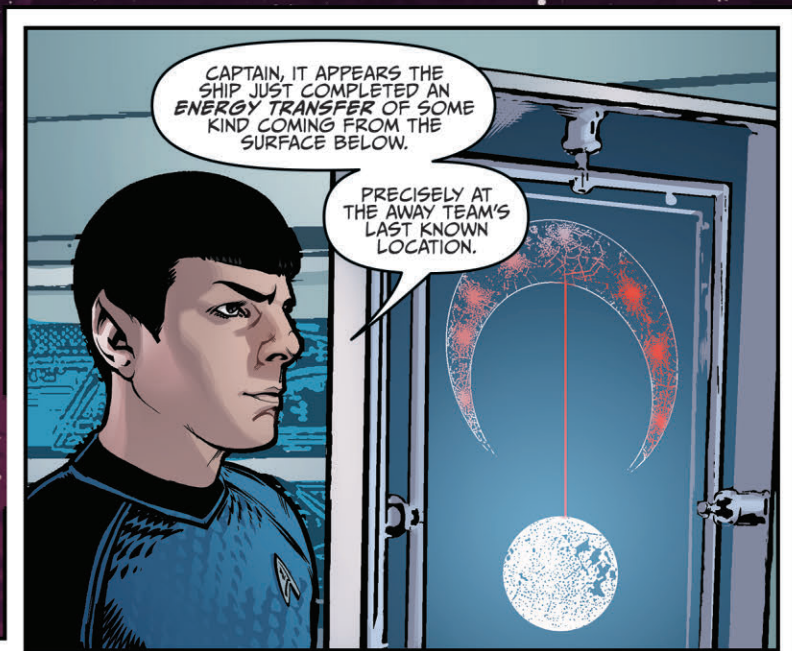


SHIELDS  
UP, YELLOW  
ALERT.

LET'S GET A  
GOOD LOOK AT  
EACH OTHER...









WE ARE THE  
AERIE, GUIDING  
ASSEMBLAGE OF  
THE FELIDAE  
PEOPLE.

TO US  
YOU WILL  
EXPLAIN YOUR  
EXISTENCE.

AN EXISTENCE  
NOT FORETOLD IN  
THE SONGSCROLLS OF  
THE DEITY, AND THUS  
IMPOSSIBLE.

I AM LT. HIKARU SULU  
OF THE FEDERATION  
STARSHIP ENTERPRISE. WE  
COME ON A MISSION OF  
PEACE, TO OBSERVE YOUR  
CIVILIZATION, BUT NOT  
TO INTERFERE.

WE ARE FROM  
A CIVILIZATION  
MANY LIGHT-YEARS  
AWAY. A PLANET  
CALLED EARTH.

LIGHT...  
YEARS...?

RIDDLES ARE  
YOUR LANGUAGE.  
RIDDLES ARE FORBIDDEN  
BY THE DEITY.

TO ANGER  
THE DEITY IS TO  
INVITE ANOTHER  
DELUGE.

SOUNDS LIKE  
THEIR VERSION  
OF A GOD,  
AYE?

WHAT WE SAW  
MUST'VE BEEN  
AN OFFERING  
TO IT.

AN  
OFFERING OF  
THEIR  
YOUNG...?

THE DEITY...

WHY DID IT  
TRY TO SINK  
THE CITY?





AS PUNISHMENT  
JUST AND DESERVED  
BY THE FELIDAE.

SINCE FIRST SINGING,  
THE SONGSCROLLS  
COMMANDED THE OFFERING  
OF NEW LIFE.

"EACH TIME COMES  
THE DEITY, THE  
DEITY RECEIVES  
THEM INTO ITSELF.

"THUS THE FELIDAE  
PEOPLE SURVIVE.



"BUT CAME TIME THE  
WAYWARD ONES DENIED  
THE DEITY ITS GIFT.



"AND THUS WERE  
ALL PUNISHED."

THUS  
CLEANSED  
OF FOLLY.





WELL, THAT WAS AWFULLY OLD TESTAMENT OF THIS "DEITY"...

—ULU! SULU, DO YOU COPY? WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?

COPY, UHURA!

SOME KIND OF ELECTRICAL STORM BLEW OUR COVER.



YES, WE JUST MET WHAT CAUSED IT. LOOKS LIKE THE INTERFERENCE HAS PASSED. ARE YOU READY TO BEAM BACK?



IT'S COMPLICATED. WE'RE CURRENTLY SLIGHTLY UNWELCOME GUESTS OF THE LOCAL POPULATION.

WHAT VOICE IS THIS? WHO HIDES AMONG YOU?



LT. SULU, HAS THE PRIME DIRECTIVE BEEN VIOLATED?

NOT INTENTIONALLY, BELIEVE ME. THE STORM KNOCKED OUT OUR CAMOUFLAGE.



SULU, I'M GETTING YOU ALL OUT OF THERE. PREPARE TO BEAM UP.

CAPTAIN, WAIT.











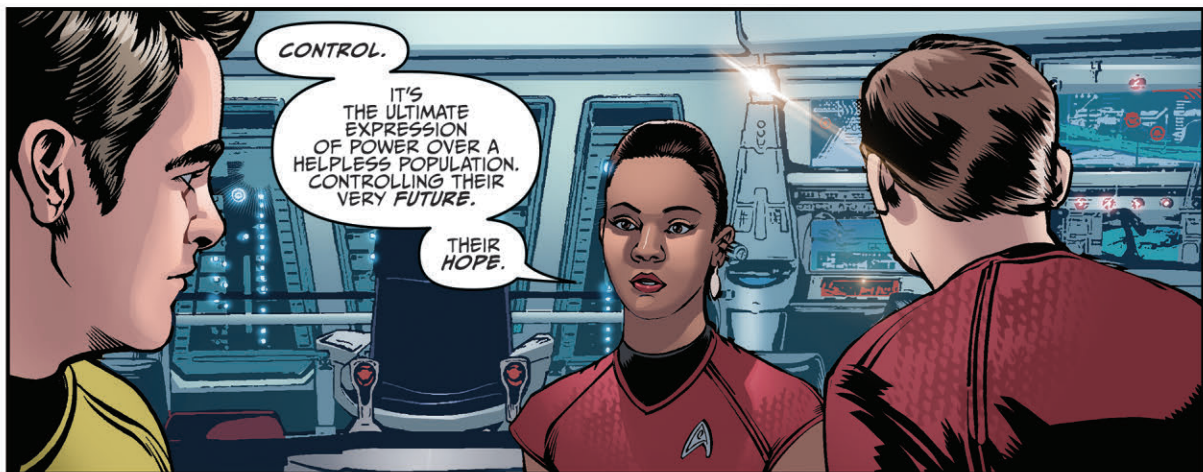
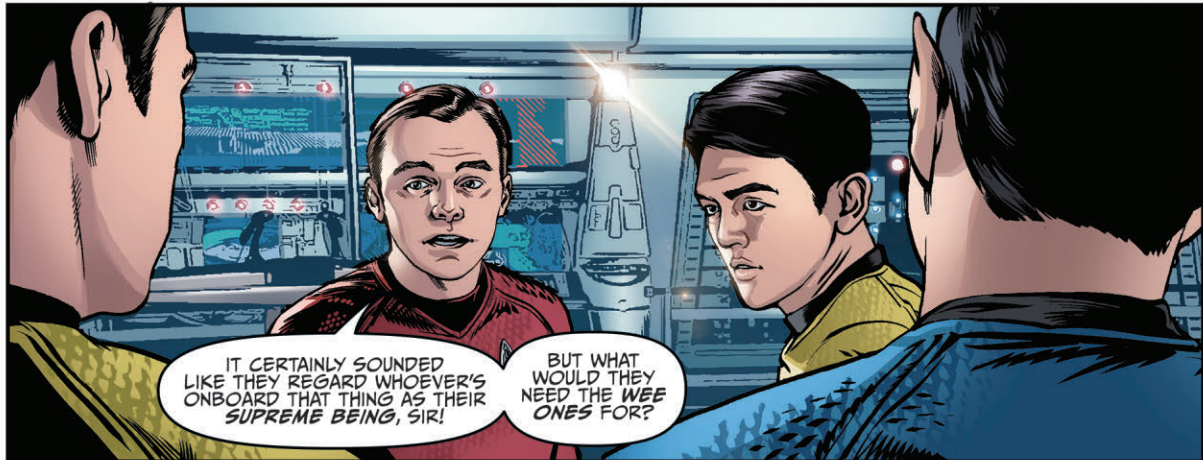
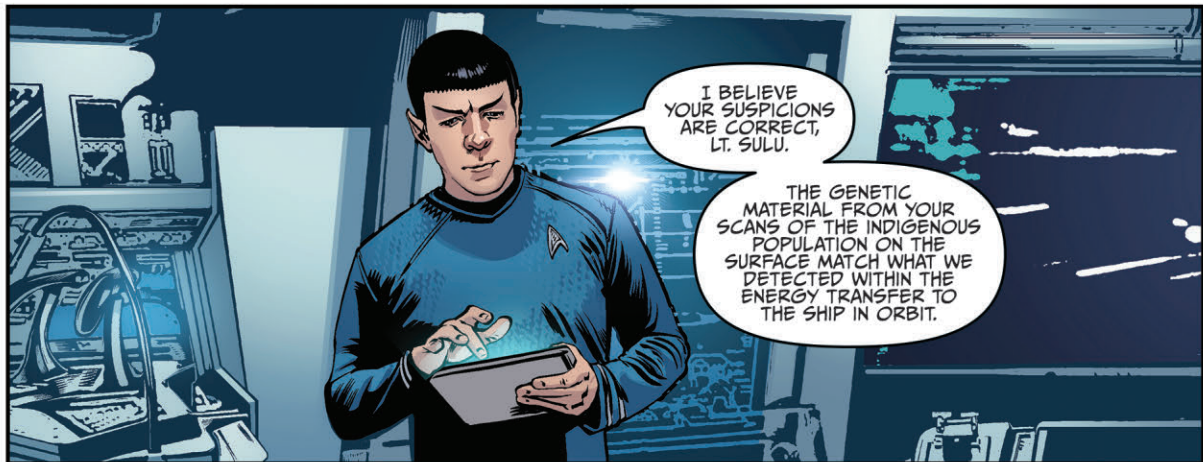


OUR NAME IS  
BEYOND YOUR  
LANGUAGE.

OUR NATURE  
IS BEYOND YOUR  
COMPREHENSION.











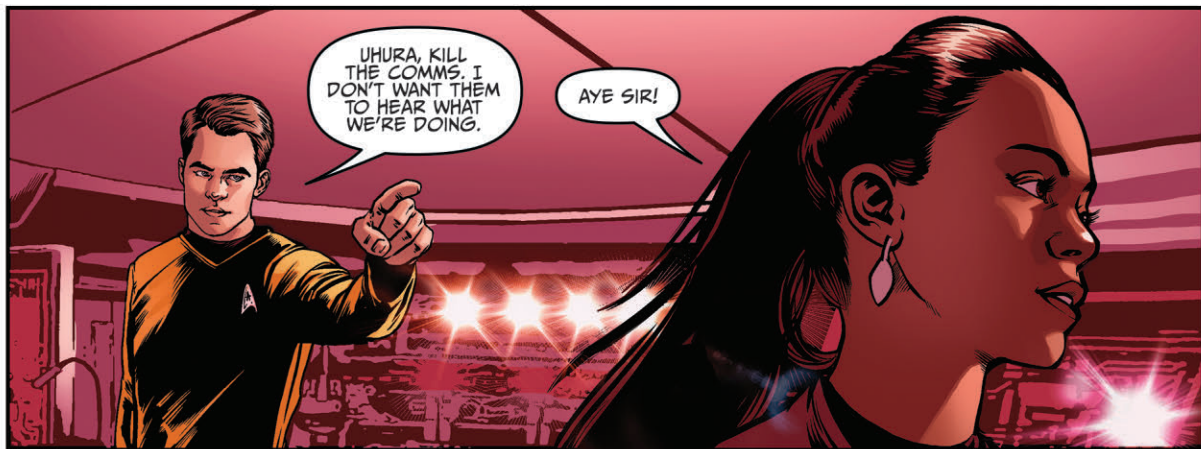
**ENOUGH.**

**YOUR INTRUSION  
INVITES OUR WRATH.**

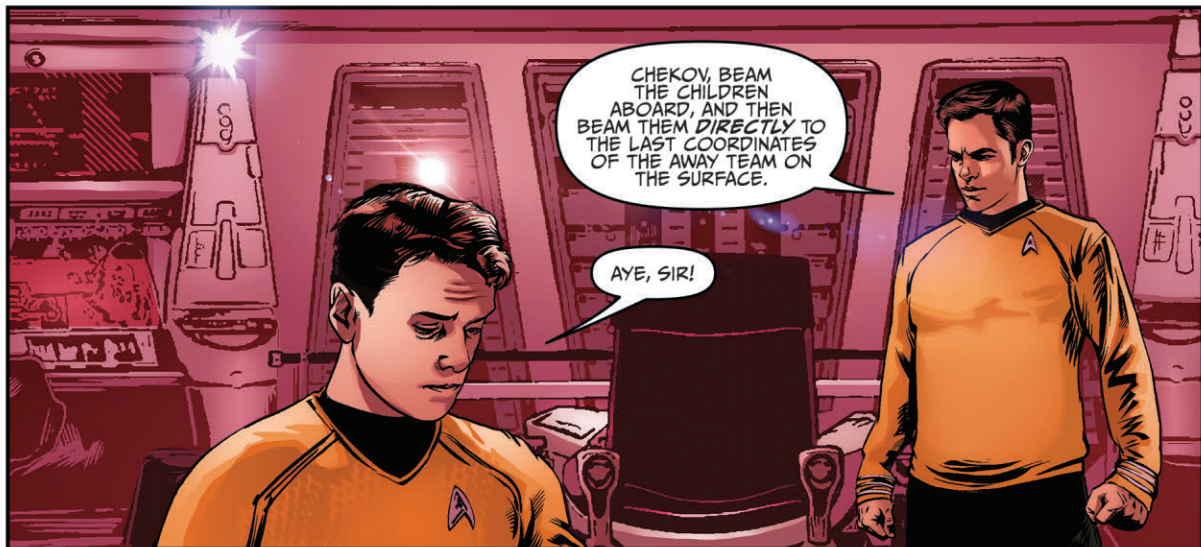
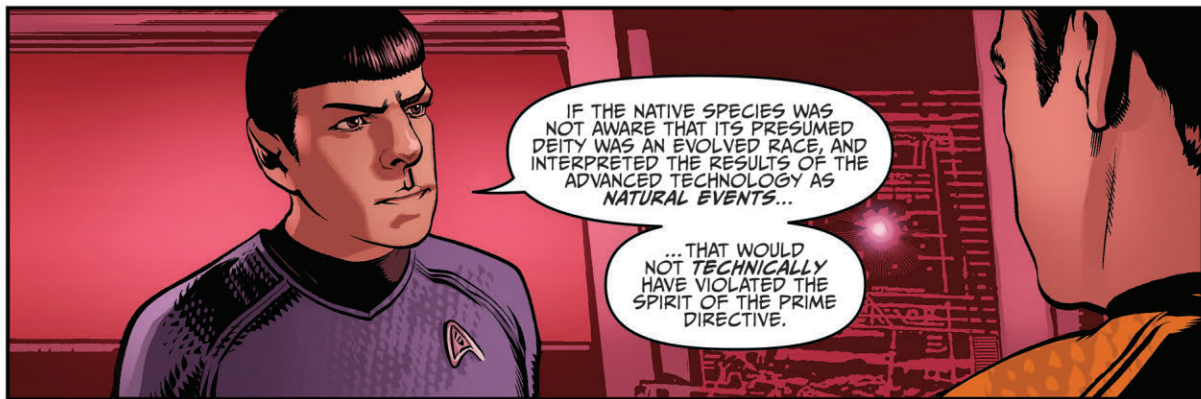
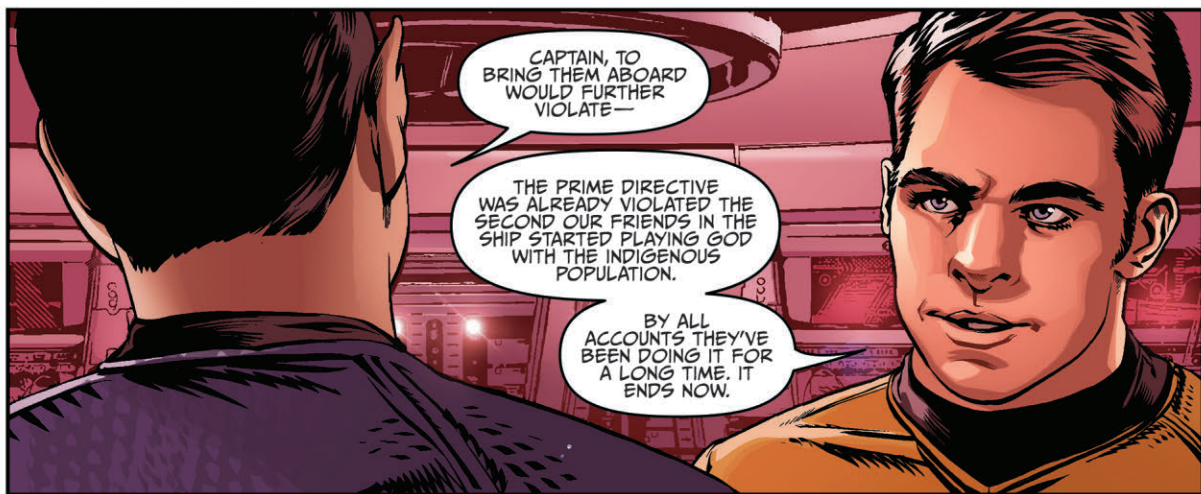


KEPTIN, THEY  
HAVE ATTACKED  
WITH SOME KIND OF  
**ENERGY DEWICE!**  
SHIELDS AT EIGHTY  
PERCENT!







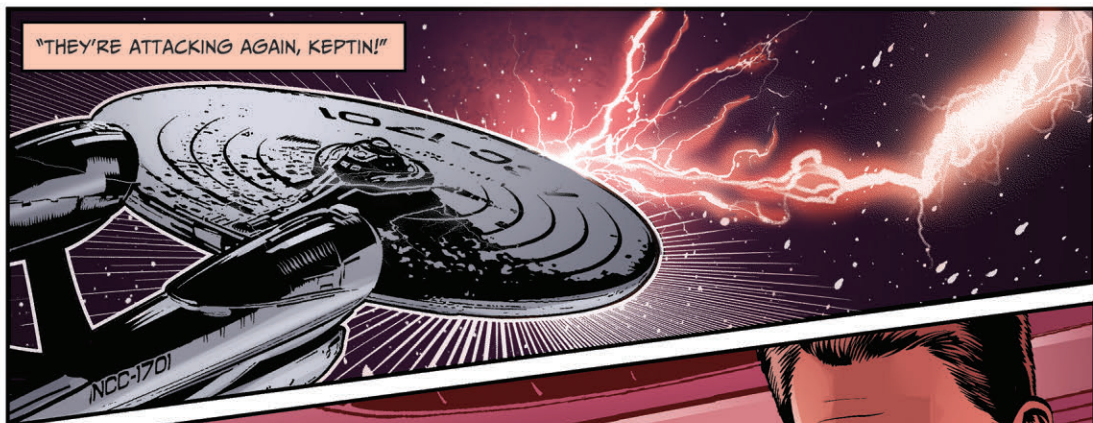




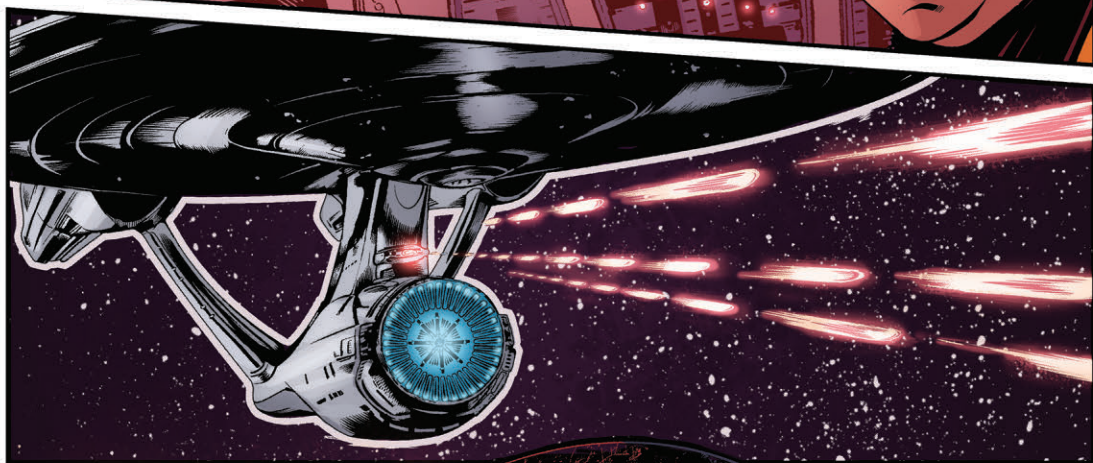




"THEY'RE ATTACKING AGAIN, KEPTIN!"



FIRE PHOTON  
TORPEDOES!

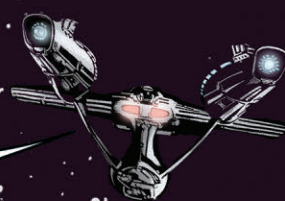






...CHEKOV?

WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED?



THEY'RE...  
THEY'RE *GONE*,  
KEPTIN!

WE SCORED  
DIRECT HITS TO  
THEIR MAIN POWER  
CENTERS!







CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

COMMANDER SPOCK HAS DONE  
AN ADMIRABLE JOB MASKING HIS  
DISPLEASURE AT MY DECISION  
REGARDING THE NATIVE SPECIES.

I LOOK FORWARD TO THE MIRACULOUS  
DAY WHEN OUR INTERPRETATION OF  
THE PRIME DIRECTIVE IS THE SAME.

TIME  
FOR YOUR  
PERFORMANCE  
REVIEW, LT.  
SULU.









# FLESH AND STONE



Cover by Sharp Brothers, Colors by John Rauch



SPACE STATION DIAMANDIS 1



ENSIGN?



ENSIGN HAVA...

YES, SIR?

I SEE THE WAY YOU'RE LOOKING AT THAT LONG-RANGE SCAN REPORT. WHAT'S GOING ON?



IT APPEARS TO BE AN UNIDENTIFIED AND UNLOGGED SHIP, SIR, WHERE THERE SHOULD NOT BE ONE. IT'S APPROACHING THE STATION AT LOW WARP SPEED. I'VE BEEN TRACKING IT FOR 10 MINUTES NOW, TRYING TO ASCERTAIN ITS CONFIGURATION...

BLAST IT, HAVA. WHEN WERE YOU GOING TO TELL ME?



YELLOW ALERT! SECURITY TO THE COMMAND CENTER.



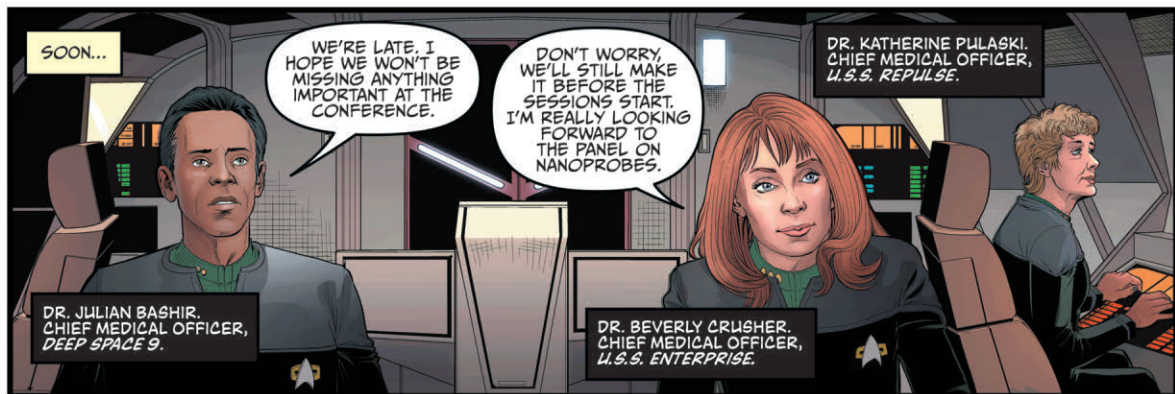
SORRY, SIR, AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A SENSOR REFLECTION, I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE...

YES, YES, BUT YOU SHOULD LET ME KNOW... WAIT, WAIT... THAT'S IT.

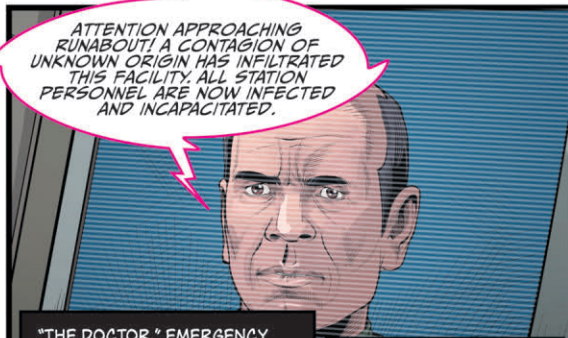








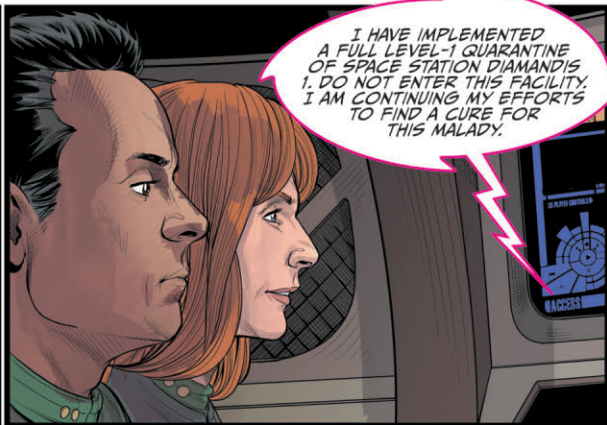




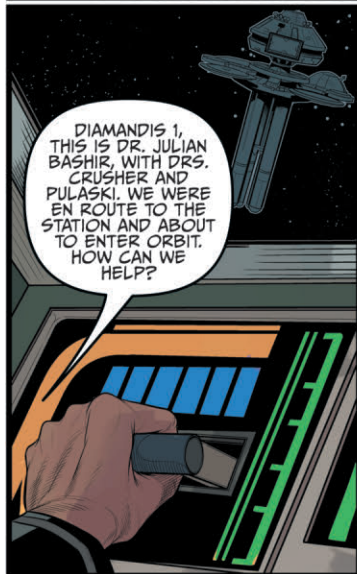
ATTENTION APPROACHING  
RUNABOUT! A CONTAGION OF  
UNKNOWN ORIGIN HAS INFILTRATED  
THIS FACILITY. ALL STATION  
PERSONNEL ARE NOW INFECTED  
AND INCAPACITATED.

"THE DOCTOR," EMERGENCY  
MEDICAL HOLOGRAM THAT  
GAINED SENTIENCE DURING  
U.S.S. VOYAGER'S LONG RETURN  
TO THE ALPHA QUADRANT.

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT:  
CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER,  
COPERNICUS STATION.



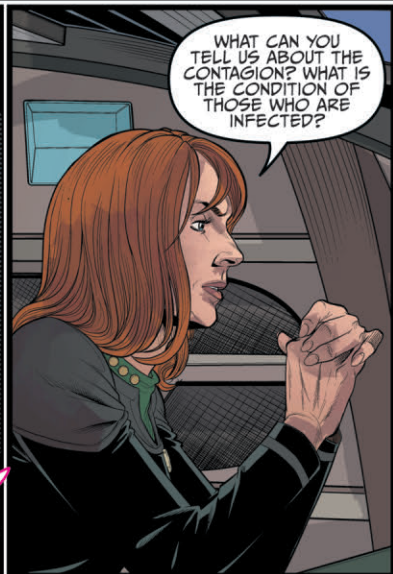
I HAVE IMPLEMENTED  
A FULL LEVEL-1 QUARANTINE  
OF SPACE STATION DIAMANDIS.  
I DO NOT ENTER THIS FACILITY.  
I AM CONTINUING MY EFFORTS  
TO FIND A CURE FOR  
THIS MALADY.



DIAMANDIS 1,  
THIS IS DR. JULIAN  
BASHIR, WITH DRs.  
CRUSHER AND  
PULASKI. WE WERE  
EN ROUTE TO THE  
STATION AND ABOUT  
TO ENTER ORBIT.  
HOW CAN WE  
HELP?



HOW FORTUITOUS.  
WE COULD DEFINITELY USE  
THE ASSISTANCE OF SUCH  
EMINENTLY QUALIFIED  
PHYSICIANS.



WHAT CAN YOU  
TELL US ABOUT THE  
CONTAGION? WHAT IS  
THE CONDITION OF  
THOSE WHO ARE  
INFECTED?



ALL PERSONNEL ARE  
COMPLETELY PARALYZED OR  
RAPIDLY BECOMING SO. THEIR  
BODIES SEEMINGLY UNDERGOING  
AN UNEXPLAINED TRANSFORMATION  
TO A STONELIKE SUBSTANCE,  
ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE  
CRYSTALLIZING. SENDING  
STATION LOGS NOW...



"THIS ESCAPE POD ARRIVED UNDER AUTOMATIC CONTROL AT THE STATION BARELY 24 HOURS AGO. INSIDE WERE FOUR HUMANS, UNCONSCIOUS, SUFFERING FROM WHAT WE NOW KNOW AS THE PARALYTIC CONTAGION."



"AT FIRST, WITH SO MANY PHYSICIANS HERE FOR THE CONFERENCE, EVERYONE WAS CONFIDENT THAT THE PASSENGERS COULD BE TREATED AND CURED QUICKLY."



"ENTHUSIASM TURNED TO DESPONDENCY, HOWEVER—NO ONE WAS ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE CONTAGION OR COME UP WITH AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT. WORSE, EVEN THOUGH ALL DECONTAMINATION PROTOCOLS WERE IMPLEMENTED, EVERYONE ON THE STATION—THE CREW AND THE VISITING PHYSICIANS—BEGAN TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MYSELF, OF COURSE."



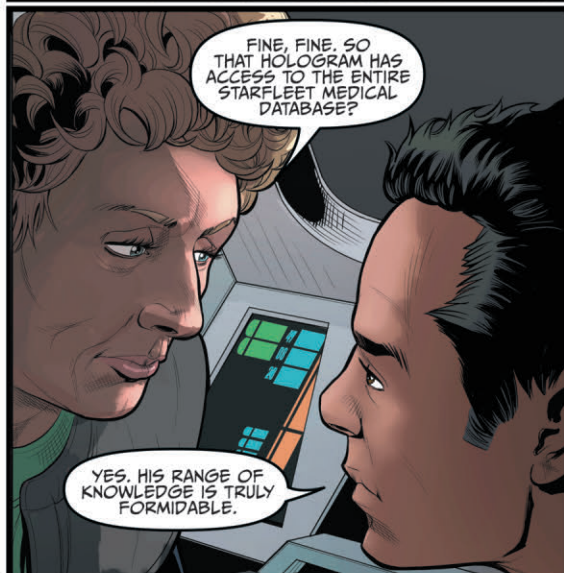
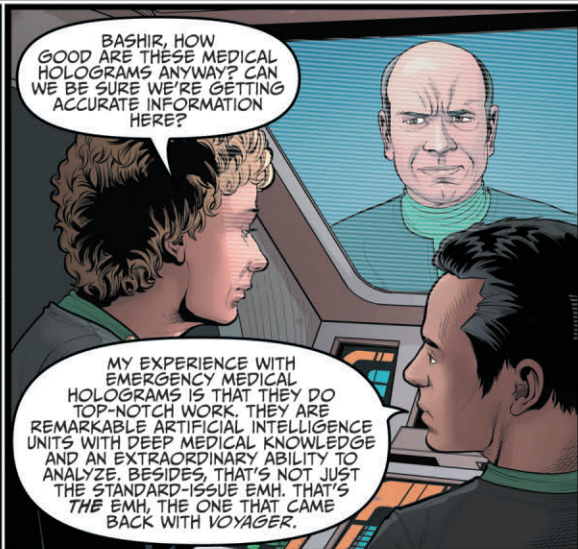
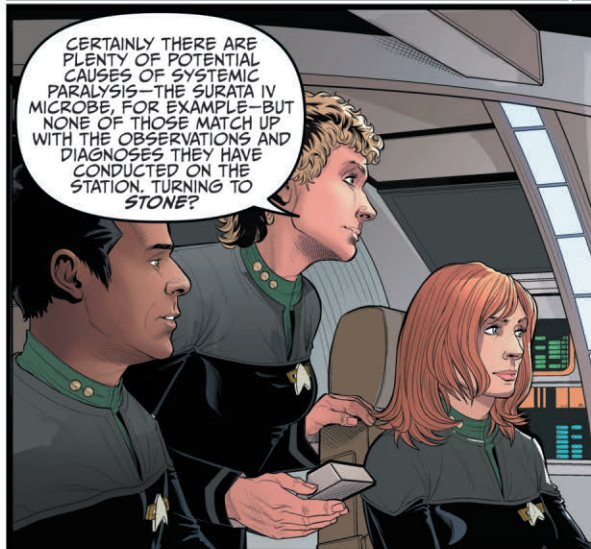
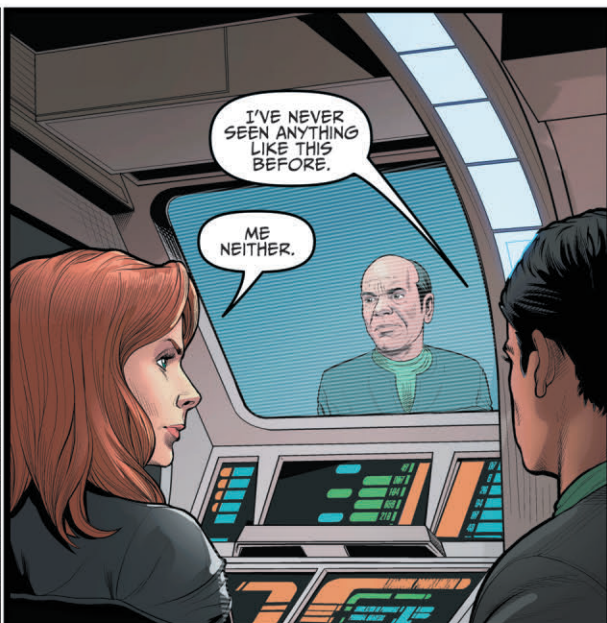
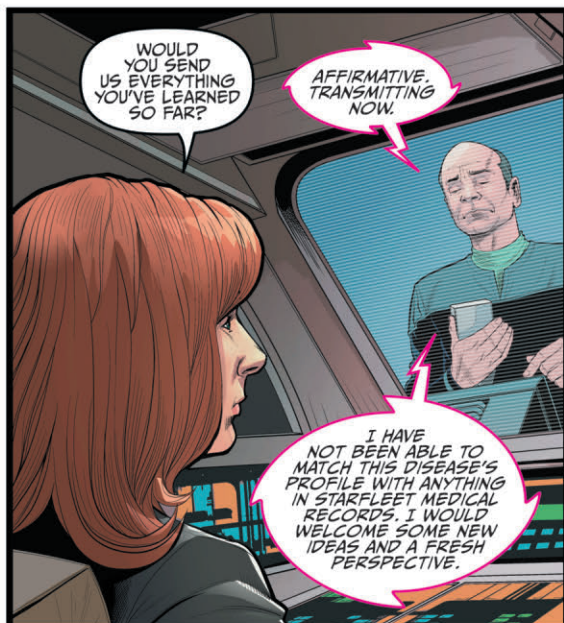
"AT PRESENT, ALL PERSONNEL ABOARD ARE IMMOBILIZED AND UNDERGOING VARIOUS STAGES OF THE TRANSFORMATION, ALTHOUGH ALL REMAIN ALIVE."



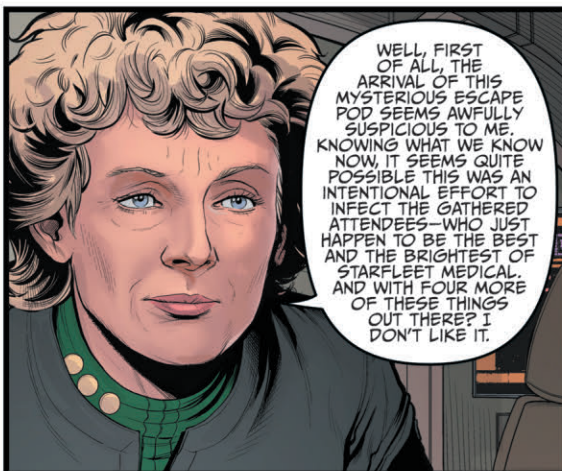
IN ADDITION, THE STATION'S LONG-RANGE SCANNERS INDICATE FOUR MORE SIMILAR SIGNALS HEADING TOWARD POPULATED WORLDS. SHOULD THOSE LIFEPODS ALSO CONTAIN THE CONTAGIONS, THE POSSIBILITY FOR WIDESPREAD INFECTION IS GREAT. EMERGENCY RESPONSE SIGNALS HAVE BEEN SENT.



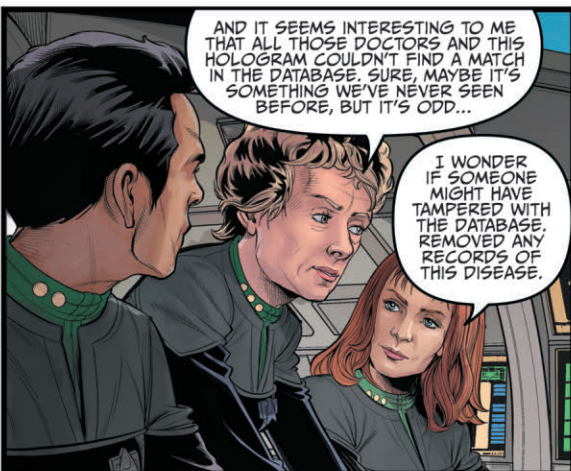








WELL, FIRST OF ALL, THE ARRIVAL OF THIS MYSTERIOUS ESCAPE POD SEEMS AWFULLY SUSPICIOUS TO ME. KNOWING WHAT WE KNOW NOW, IT SEEMS QUITE POSSIBLE THIS WAS AN INTENTIONAL EFFORT TO INFECT THE GATHERED ATTENDEES—WHO JUST HAPPEN TO BE THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST OF STARFLEET MEDICAL. AND WITH FOUR MORE OF THESE THINGS OUT THERE? I DON'T LIKE IT.

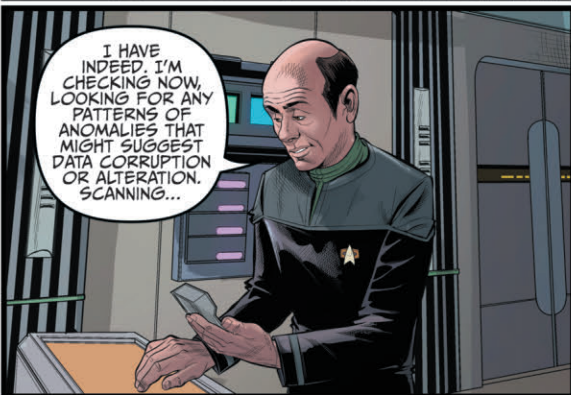


AND IT SEEMS INTERESTING TO ME THAT ALL THOSE DOCTORS AND THIS HOLOGRAM COULDN'T FIND A MATCH IN THE DATABASE. SURE, MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, BUT IT'S ODD...

I WONDER IF SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE TAMPERED WITH THE DATABASE, REMOVED ANY RECORDS OF THIS DISEASE.



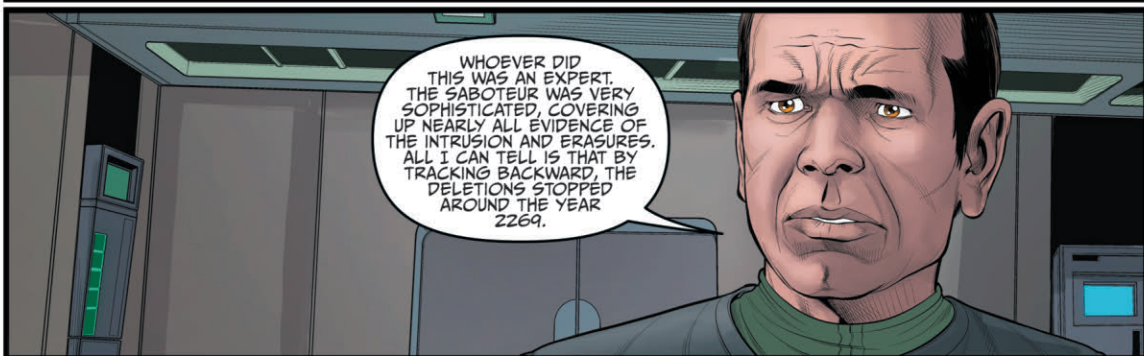
LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT, DOCTOR, HAVE YOU BEEN LISTENING?



I HAVE INDEED. I'M CHECKING NOW, LOOKING FOR ANY PATTERNS OF ANOMALIES THAT MIGHT SUGGEST DATA CORRUPTION OR ALTERATION. SCANNING...

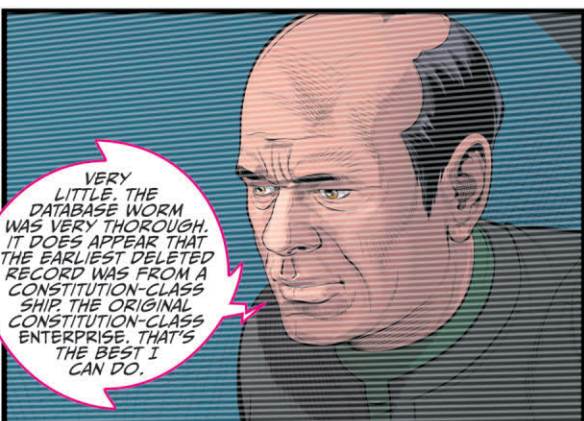


CONFIRMED. THERE'S A SUBTLE, WELL HIDDEN TRAIL OF ERASED RECORDS IN THE MEDICAL DATABASE THAT ALIGNS WITH THE THEORY OF AN INTENTIONAL ALTERATION. DATA SABOTAGE, PROBABLY WITH SOME SORT OF DATABASE WORM.

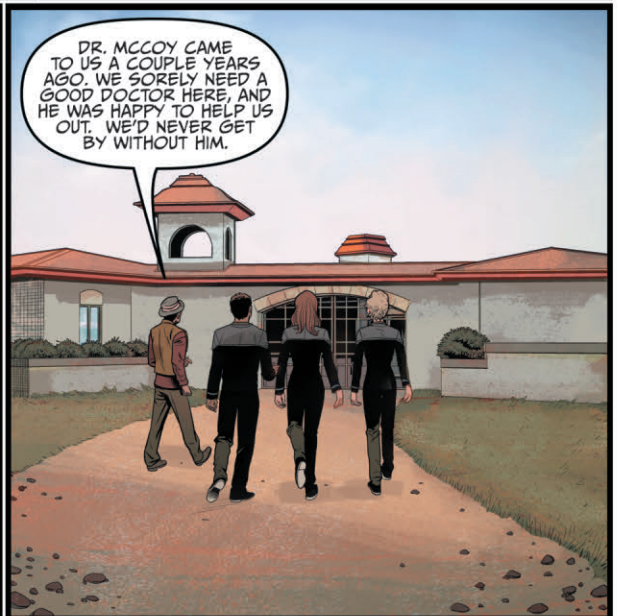


WHOEVER DID THIS WAS AN EXPERT. THE SABOTEUR WAS VERY SOPHISTICATED, COVERING UP NEARLY ALL EVIDENCE OF THE INTRUSION AND ERASURES. ALL I CAN TELL IS THAT BY TRACKING BACKWARD, THE DELETIONS STOPPED AROUND THE YEAR 2269.

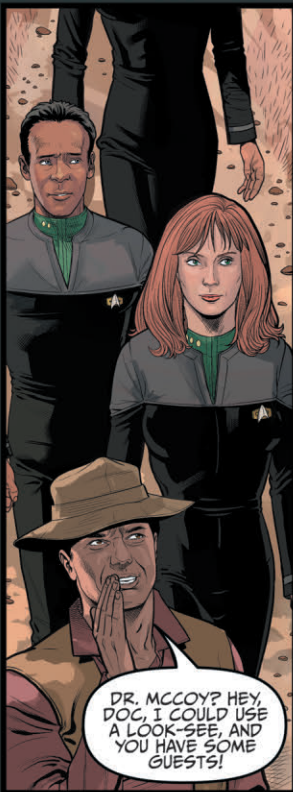




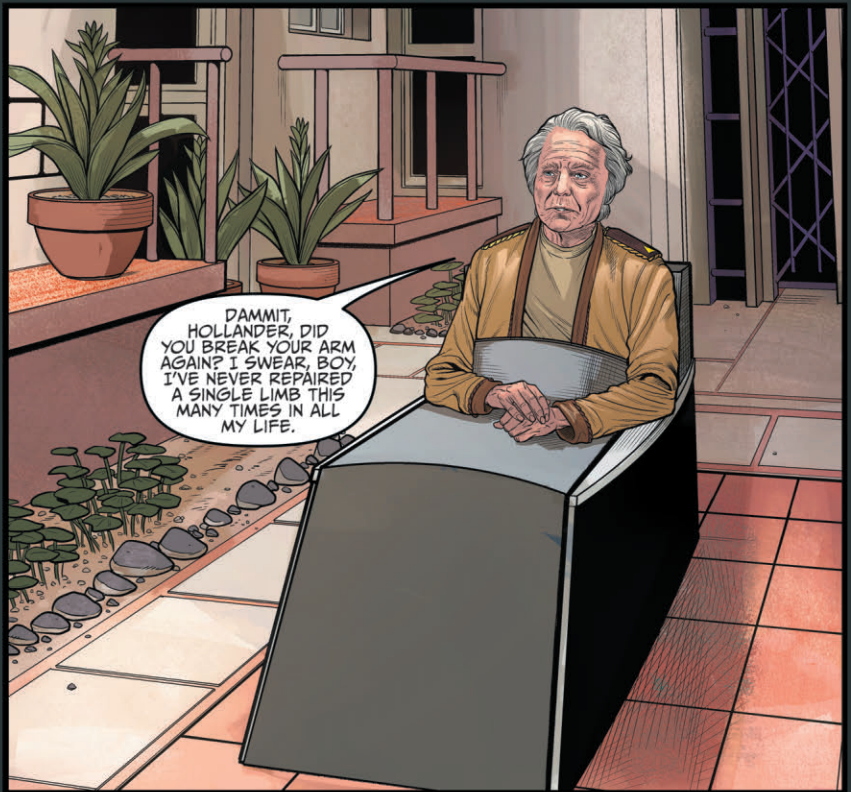








DR. MCCOY? HEY, DOC, I COULD USE A LOOK-SEE, AND YOU HAVE SOME GUESTS!



DAMMIT, HOLLANDER, DID YOU BREAK YOUR ARM AGAIN? I SWEAR, BOY, I'VE NEVER REPAIRED A SINGLE LIMB THIS MANY TIMES IN ALL MY LIFE.

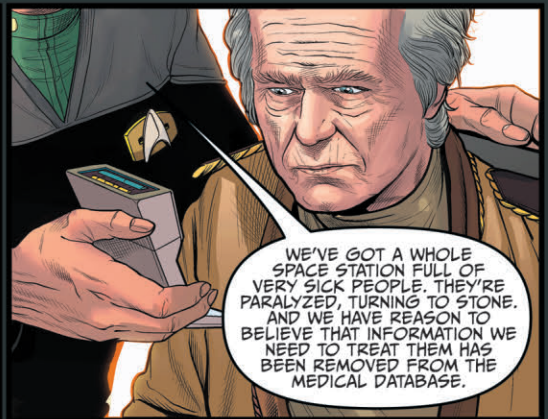


HOW FAR AWAY DO I HAVE TO GO BEFORE STARFLEET CAN'T FIND ME ANY MORE? YOU'D BETTER NOT BE HERE TO DRAFT ME AGAIN.



OH, NO, SIR, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT AT ALL. I'M DR. BEVERLY CRUSHER, FROM THE ENTERPRISE.

WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?



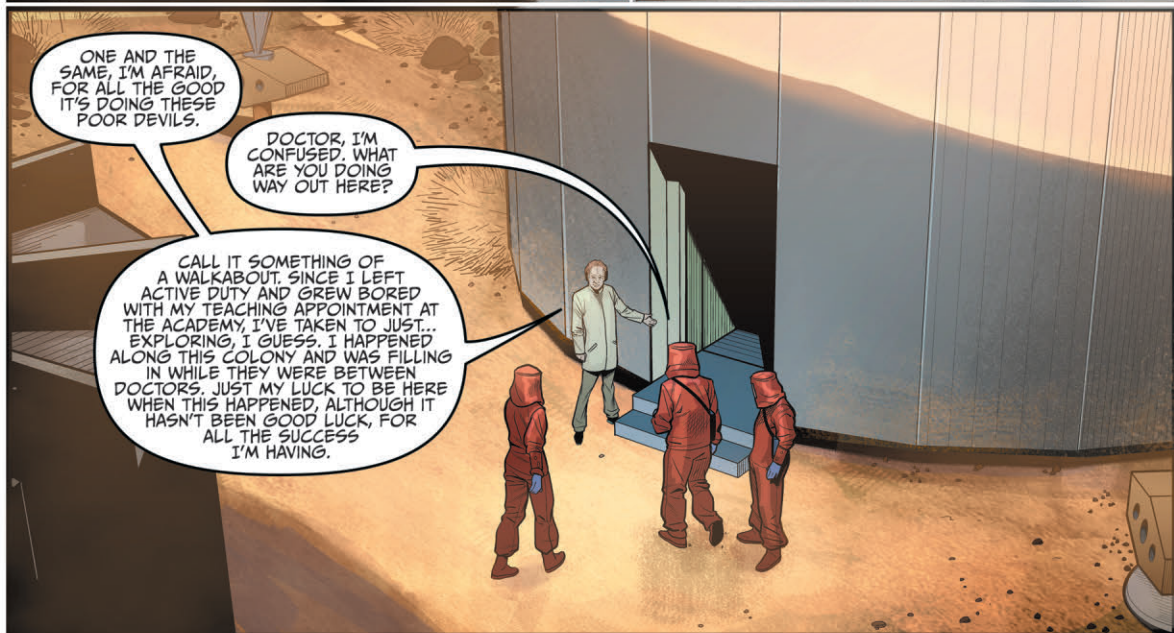
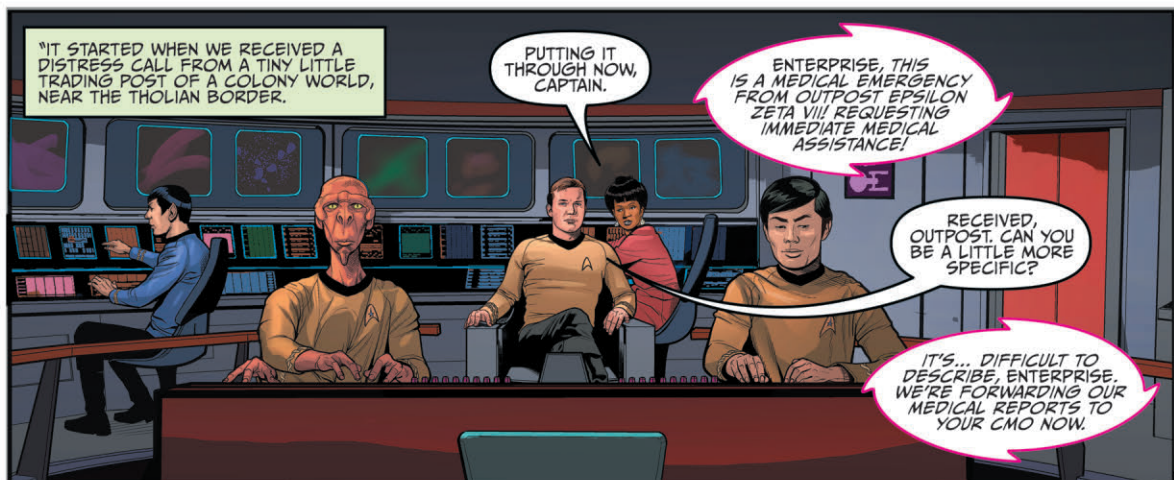
WE'VE GOT A WHOLE SPACE STATION FULL OF VERY SICK PEOPLE. THEY'RE PARALYZED, TURNING TO STONE. AND WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT INFORMATION WE NEED TO TREAT THEM HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE MEDICAL DATABASE.



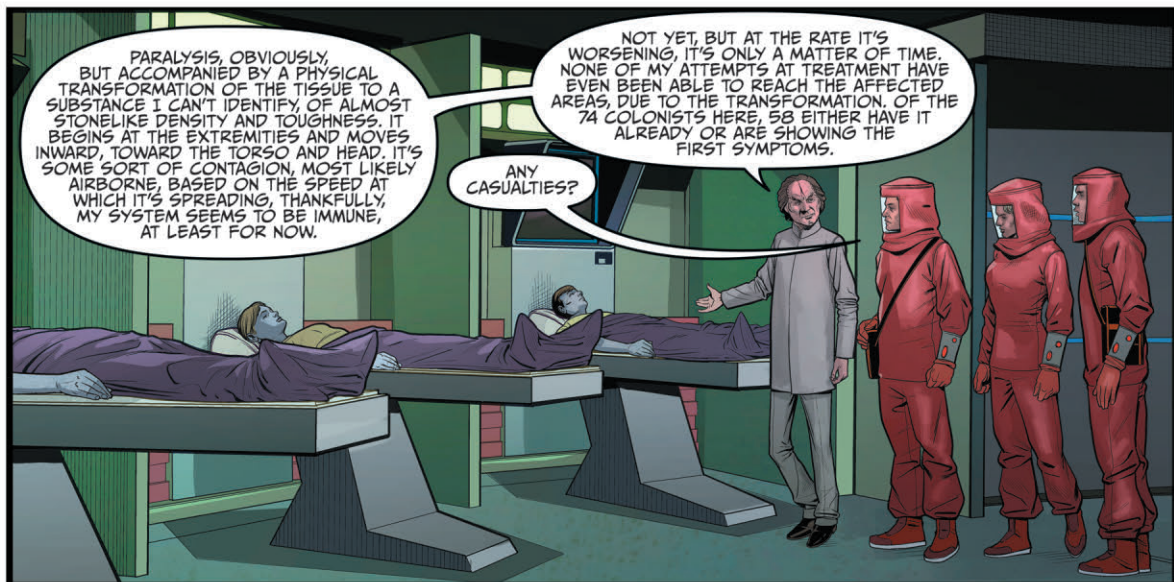
DO THESE SYMPTOMS LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU?

HRM... AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY DO...









PARALYSIS, OBVIOUSLY, BUT ACCOMPANIED BY A PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE TISSUE TO A SUBSTANCE I CAN'T IDENTIFY, OF ALMOST STONELIKE DENSITY AND TOUGHNESS. IT BEGINS AT THE EXTREMITIES AND MOVES INWARD, TOWARD THE TORSO AND HEAD. IT'S SOME SORT OF CONTAGION, MOST LIKELY AIRBORNE, BASED ON THE SPEED AT WHICH IT'S SPREADING, THANKFULLY, MY SYSTEM SEEMS TO BE IMMUNE, AT LEAST FOR NOW.

NOT YET, BUT AT THE RATE IT'S WORSENING, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. NONE OF MY ATTEMPTS AT TREATMENT HAVE EVEN BEEN ABLE TO REACH THE AFFECTED AREAS, DUE TO THE TRANSFORMATION. OF THE 74 COLONISTS HERE, 58 EITHER HAVE IT ALREADY OR ARE SHOWING THE FIRST SYMPTOMS.

ANY CASUALTIES?



BRAIN FUNCTIONS ARE NORMAL. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AFFECTING THE BRAIN TISSUE.

YES. IS THAT A BLESSING OR A CURSE? THEY MUST BE TERRIFIED.



BONES, WHAT'S THE STATUS?

I'VE GOT A LOT OF SICK PEOPLE DOWN HERE, JIM. PARALYZED, PRACTICALLY TURNED TO STONE. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT, AND I DON'T DARE BRING THEM UP TO THE SHIP UNTIL I'M SURE THE DECONTAMINATION FILTERS WILL BE EFFECTIVE.

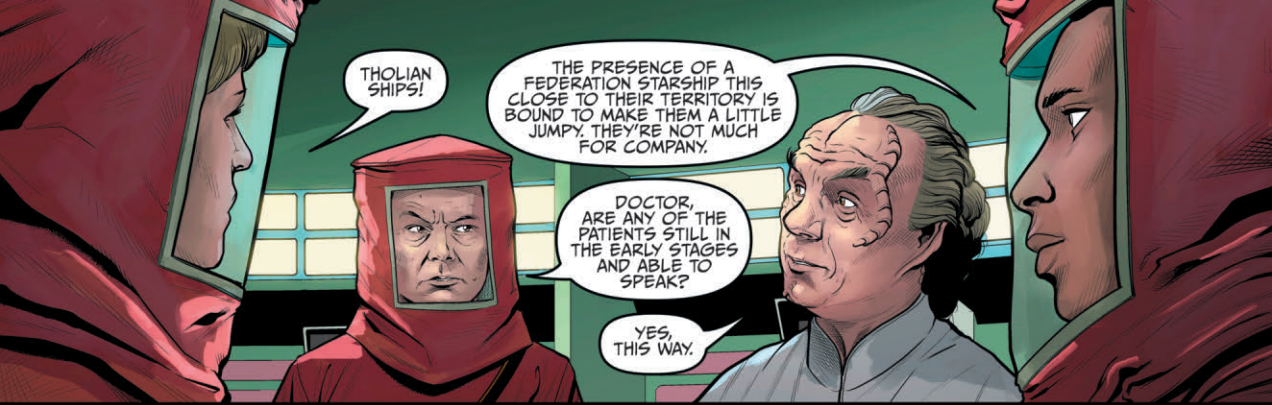


WELL, DOCTOR, I'D SUGGEST YOU MAKE A DECISION SOON...



"...BECAUSE IT SEEMS WE'VE GOTTEN THE ATTENTION OF THE NEIGHBORS."





THOLIAN SHIPS!

THE PRESENCE OF A FEDERATION STARSHIP THIS CLOSE TO THEIR TERRITORY IS BOUND TO MAKE THEM A LITTLE JUMPY. THEY'RE NOT MUCH FOR COMPANY.

DOCTOR, ARE ANY OF THE PATIENTS STILL IN THE EARLY STAGES AND ABLE TO SPEAK?

YES, THIS WAY.



ZWEIG, THIS IS DOCTOR MCCOY OF THE ENTERPRISE. ZWEIG IS ONE OF THE COLONY'S BUSIEST PILOTS AND TRADERS.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, ZWEIG?

I GOTTA SAY, I'VE FELT BETTER, DOC.



WHAT'S UP WITH THE SCARF, SON?

JUST A LUCKY CHARM. BEEN WEARING IT SINCE I GOT HERE. STUPID, I KNOW.

THAT WOULDN'T BE THOLIAN SILK, WOULD IT?



YOU KNOW TRADE WITH THE THOLIAN ASSEMBLY IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

IT'S HARMLESS, DOC. JUST A FEW TRINKETS AND KNICKKNACKS.

MY WORD. I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED THAT.



DOCTOR. HAVE YOU EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING A THOLIAN?

ONLY IN PASSING, NEVER IN PERSON.

THEIR BODIES ARE CRYSTALLINE SURROUNDED BY A THICK, UNBREAKABLE SHELL—EXTREMELY SIMILAR IN SUBSTANCE TO WHAT WE'RE SEEING HERE. THAT'S NOT STONE. IT'S A CARAPACE! THEY'RE CRYSTALLIZING!



IF ZWEIG BROUGHT BACK SOME SORT OF THOLIAN BACTERIA OR VIRUS WITHOUT REALIZING IT, IT COULD BE HAVING THIS EFFECT ON HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY, CALCIFYING THE TISSUE IN A MANNER THAT APPROXIMATES THE THOLIAN CARAPACE.

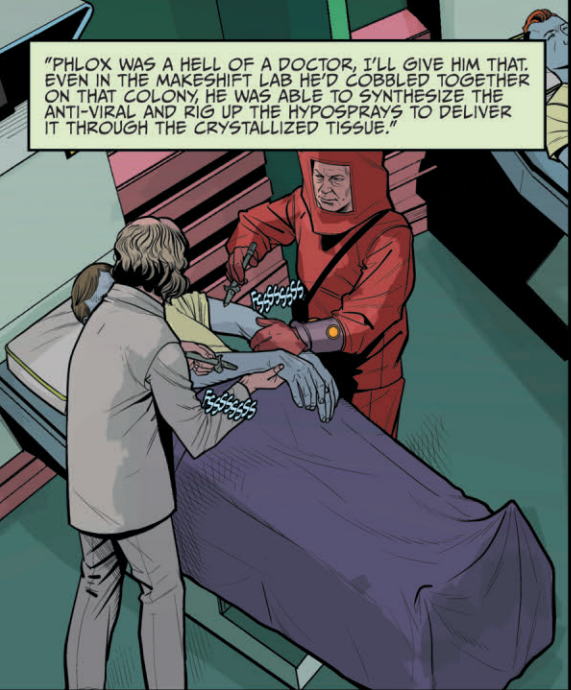
WHAT IF WE WERE TO REHYDRATE THE TISSUE ON A CELLULAR LEVEL, CARRYING WITH IT AN ANTI-VIRAL THAT WOULD HALT THE TRANSFORMATION AT THE SAME TIME IT REVERSES THE EFFECTS?

HAVE YOU GOT A LAB AROUND HERE?

RIGHT THIS WAY, DOCTOR!



"PHLOX WAS A HELL OF A DOCTOR. I'LL GIVE HIM THAT. EVEN IN THE MAKESHIFT LAB HE'D COBBLED TOGETHER ON THAT COLONY, HE WAS ABLE TO SYNTHESIZE THE ANTI-VIRAL AND RIG UP THE HYPOSPRAYS TO DELIVER IT THROUGH THE CRYSTALLIZED TISSUE."



IT'S WORKING!

SO IT WOULD SEEM. WELL DONE, DOCTOR.



MCCOY TO ENTERPRISE!

GOOD NEWS, BONES?



IT'S LOOKING LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL. TURNS OUT IT WAS A THOLIAN VIRUS BROUGHT HERE BY ILLEGAL TRADE, BUT WE SEEM TO HAVE JUST SYNTHESIZED A CURE. I'LL NEED A FEW DAYS TO ADMINISTER IT TO ALL THE COLONISTS AND DO THE PROPER FOLLOW-UP.

ILLEGAL TRADE, YOU SAY? I THINK WE CAN ARRANGE FOR YOU TO EXTEND YOUR STAY, DOCTOR.

LIEUTENANT UHURA, OPEN A CHANNEL TO THE THOLIAN VESSELS.



ATTENTION, THOLIAN CAPTAIN. OUR MEDICAL TEAM HAS DETERMINED THAT OUR PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING FROM A VIRUS CONTRACTED AS A RESULT OF ILLEGAL TRADE WITH MEMBERS OF THE THOLIAN ASSEMBLY. WE HAVE NO DOUBT THAT THIS WAS PURELY HAPPENSTANCE AND BY NO MEANS A HOSTILE ACT.

...BY NO MEANS, CAPTAIN.

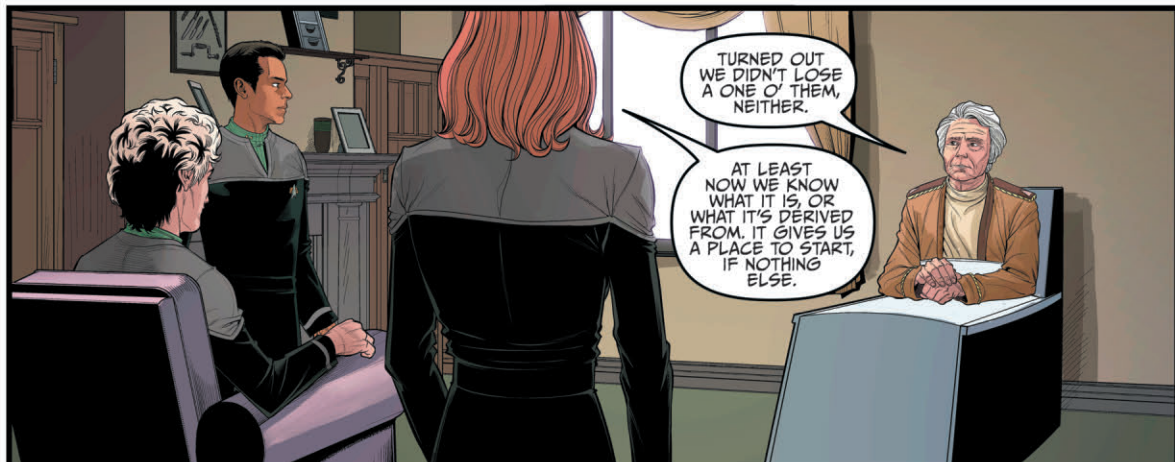
SINCE IT'S WELL KNOWN HOW MUCH YOU... PRIZE YOUR SOLITUDE, SURELY THESE CONTACTS WERE AN ISOLATED INCIDENT. YOU WON'T MIND, THEN, IF WE REMAIN FOR JUST A WHILE LONGER TO COMPLETE THEIR TREATMENT.

HOW THOUGHTFUL. KIRK OUT.

...NATURALLY. AND WE WILL TAKE PAINS TO REMIND OUR BRETHREN NOT TO ENGAGE IN UNAUTHORIZED TRADE. ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING YOUR... APPARENT FRAGILITY.







TURNED OUT  
WE DIDN'T LOSE  
A ONE O' THEM,  
NEITHER.

AT LEAST  
NOW WE KNOW  
WHAT IT IS, OR  
WHAT IT'S DERIVED  
FROM. IT GIVES US  
A PLACE TO START,  
IF NOTHING  
ELSE.



WELL, DARLIN', I  
MIGHT JUST BE  
ABLE TO GIVE  
YOU A LITTLE  
MORE THAN  
THAT.



SOMETIMES BEIN'  
A SENTIMENTAL OL'  
FOOL PAYS OFF.



CARRIED THIS THING AROUND  
FOR FIVE YEARS. NEVER HAD THE  
HEART TO GET RID OF IT. BROKE I  
DON'T KNOW HOW MANY REGULATIONS  
SNEAKING IT OFF THE SHIP WHEN WE  
RETURNED TO EARTH. NEVER  
EMPTIED OUT THE MEMORY  
BANKS, EITHER.



EVERYTHING  
YOU NEED TO  
CURE THEM FOLKS  
SHOULD BE IN THERE  
STILL. I'D GO WITH  
YA, BUT I'D ONLY  
SLOW YOU  
DOWN.

YOU'VE  
DONE MORE  
THAN ENOUGH,  
ADMIRAL. THANK  
YOU SO MUCH.



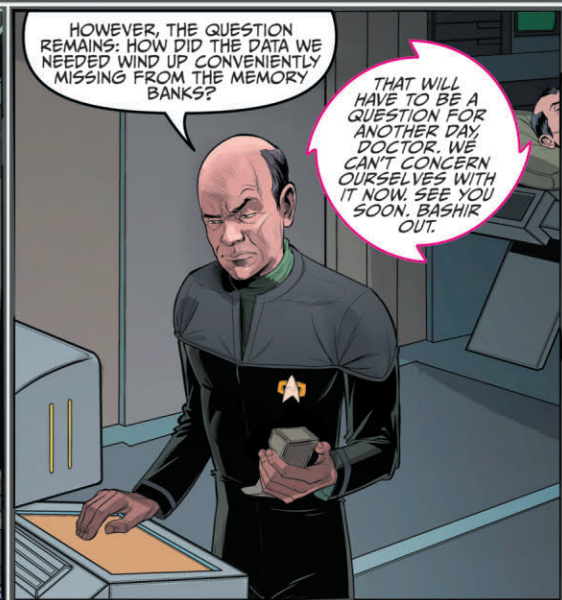


WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK NOW, DOCTOR. WITH THE DATA WE WERE ABLE TO GET FROM ADMIRAL MCCOY, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO NOT ONLY CURE THE VICTIMS, BUT ALSO CREATE AN ANTIVIRUS THAT WILL PREVENT THE CONTAGION FROM SPREADING. THE SYSTEMS WHERE THOSE LIFEPODS ARE HEADED ARE ALREADY ON ALERT.



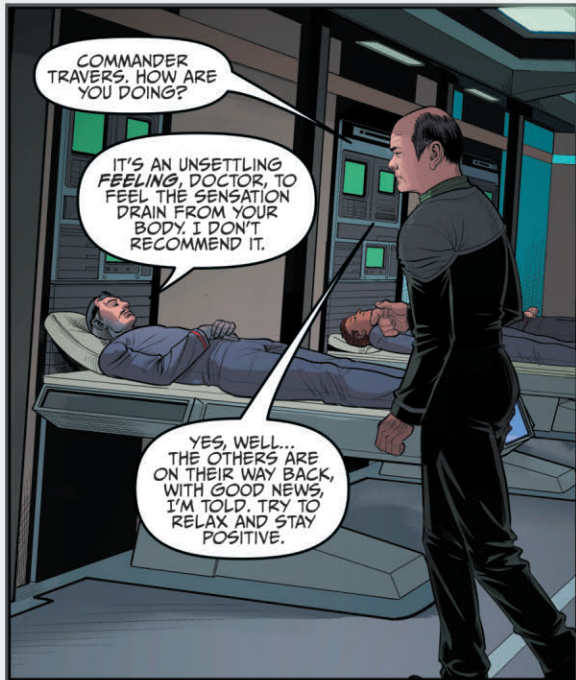
ALL GOOD NEWS INDEED, DOCTOR BASHIR. WHEN DO YOU ESTIMATE YOUR RETURN?

I'M PUSHING THE ENGINES TO THE LIMIT—WE SHOULD BE BACK AT DIAMANDIS 1 WITHIN AN HOUR OR SO.



HOWEVER, THE QUESTION REMAINS: HOW DID THE DATA WE NEEDED WIND UP CONVENIENTLY MISSING FROM THE MEMORY BANKS?

THAT WILL HAVE TO BE A QUESTION FOR ANOTHER DAY, DOCTOR. WE CAN'T CONCERN OURSELVES WITH IT NOW. SEE YOU SOON, BASHIR OUT.



COMMANDER TRAVERS. HOW ARE YOU DOING?

IT'S AN UNSETTLING FEELING, DOCTOR, TO FEEL THE SENSATION DRAIN FROM YOUR BODY. I DON'T RECOMMEND IT.

YES, WELL... THE OTHERS ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK, WITH GOOD NEWS, I'M TOLD. TRY TO RELAX AND STAY POSITIVE.



HOW LONG HAVE YOU HANDLED OPERATIONS HERE, COMMANDER?

SINCE THE STATION WAS BROUGHT ONLINE, 18 MONTHS AGO.

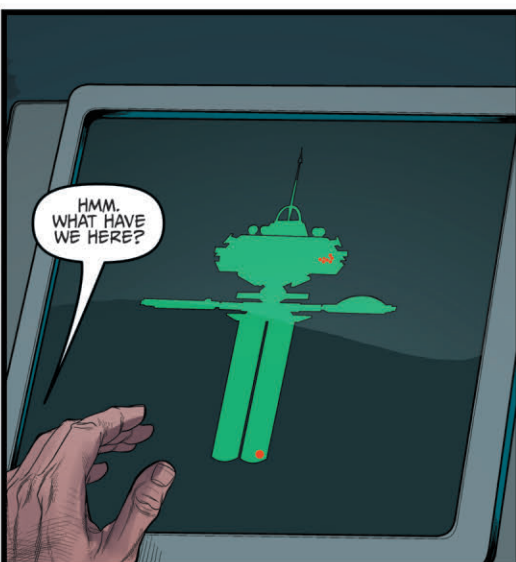
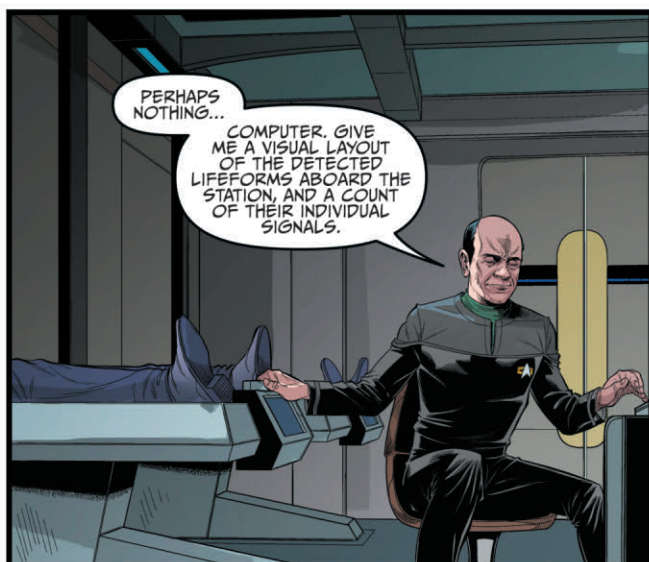
AND HOW MANY PERMANENT STAFF ARE ABOARD?

THIRTY-FIVE.

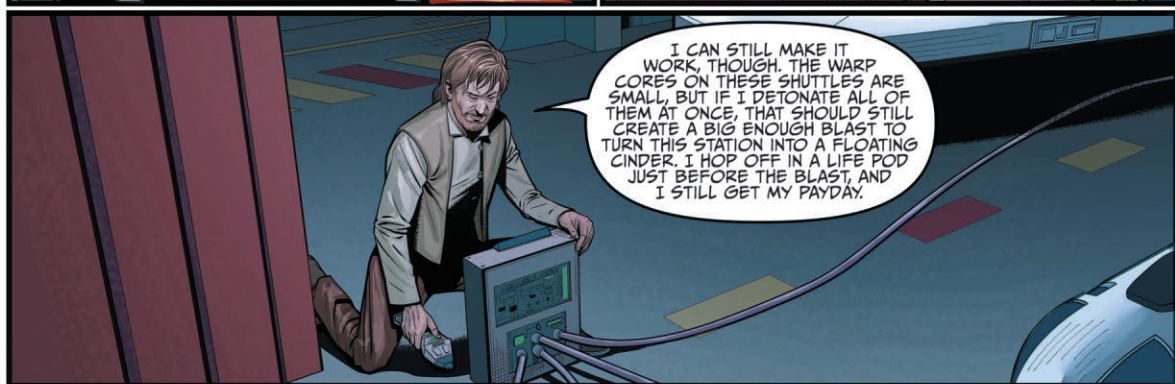
PLUS THE 70 INVITED GUESTS MAKES 105 OCCUPANTS, ALL UNFORTUNATELY ILL AND ACCOUNTED FOR.

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?





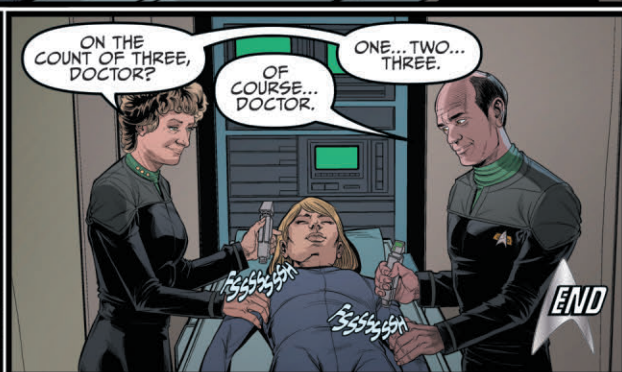
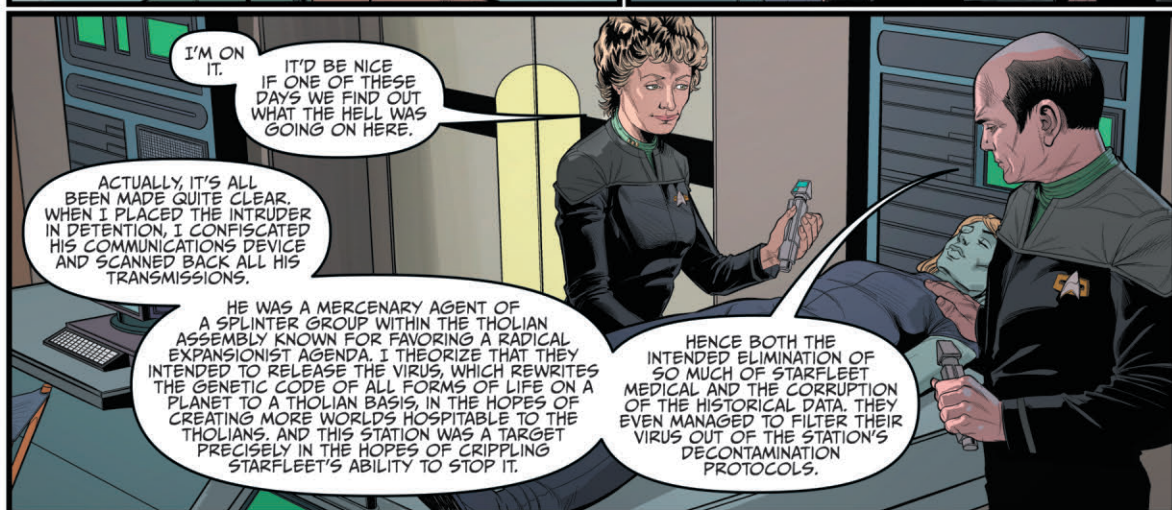
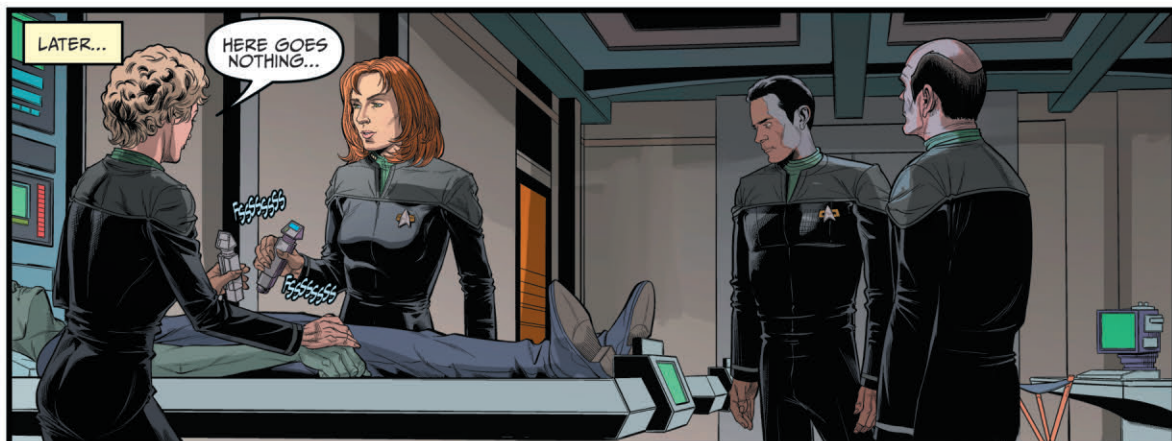




















Cover by Joe Corroney





No. 47  
JULY

399¢

WHERE NO ONE HAS GONE BEFORE...

# STAR TREK

## SPACE! THE FINAL FRONTIER!



YOU ARE NOW  
**PRISONERS**  
OF THE KLINGON  
EMPIRE!

CAPTAIN!  
I BELIEVE THE  
KLINGONS HAVE  
PERFECTED  
THEIR SHRINKING  
TECHNOLOGY!

YOU  
DON'T  
SAY!

## SHRUNKEN CAPTIVES!

Cover by Derek Charm





Cover by Tony Shasteen



THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE* CONTINUES ITS FIVE YEAR MISSION OF DISCOVERY INTO UNCHARTED SPACE. IN "THE THOLIAN WEBS" THE SHIP BECOMES TRAPPED IN INTERPHASE, A DANGEROUS CONDITION OF SPACE WITHIN WHICH THE SHIP'S STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY—AND THE CREW'S SANITY—ARE AT RISK. IN "DEITY," THE CREW ARRIVES AT THE PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED PLANET BANKS-216, SENDING AN AWAY TEAM THAT BECOMES EXPOSED WHEN A MASSIVE ALIEN SHIP ARRIVES IN ORBIT.

WRITTEN BY MIKE JOHNSON WITH ART BY RACHEL STOTT AND TONY SHASTEEN.

ALSO CONTAINS THE "FLESH AND STONE" ONE-SHOT SPECIAL, WHERE ALL OF *STAR TREK*'S MEDICAL OFFICERS TEAM UP FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, BY WRITERS SCOTT AND DAVID TIPTON WITH ART BY THE SHARP BROTHERS.

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