

STAR TREK[®]

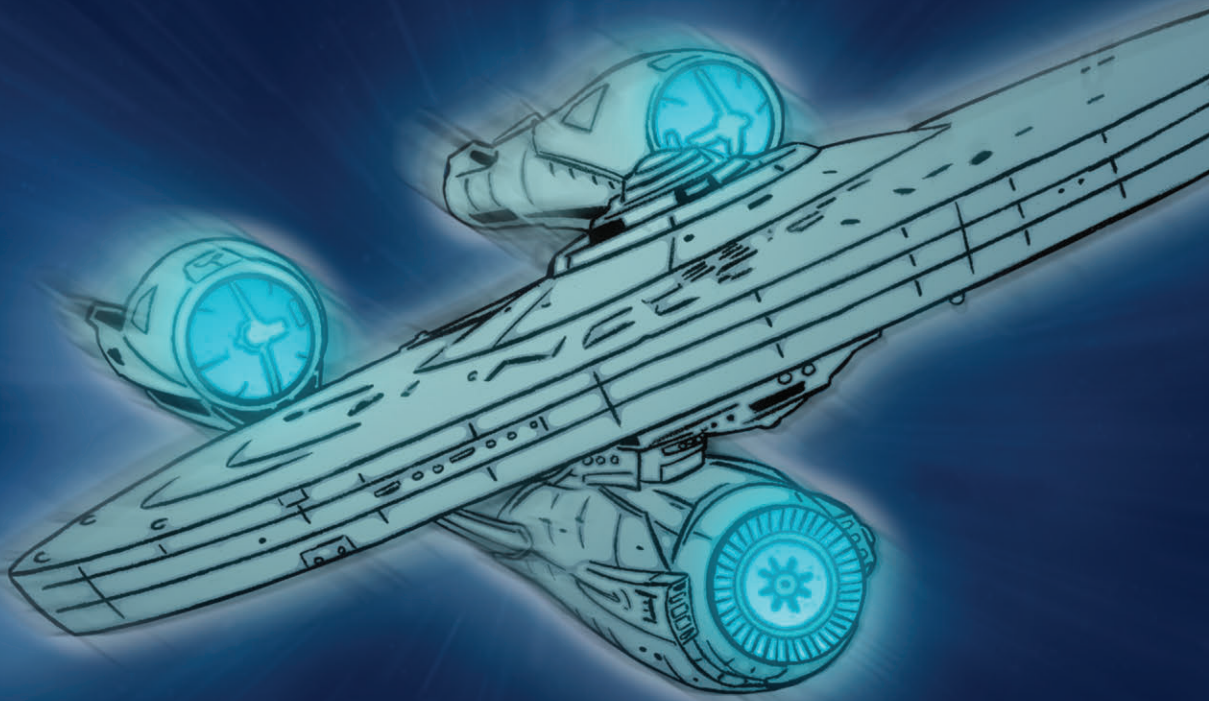
VOLUME 2



TRUSSARDI
STREET
2011

STAR TREK®

VOLUME 2



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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ISBN: 9781623020323

DIGITAL

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Originally published as STAR TREK Issues #5-8.



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VOLUME 2

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Issues #5-6 based on the original teleplay of *Operation: Annihilate*

by Oliver Crawford and Steven W. Carabatsos

OPERATION: ANNIHILATE



TIM
BRADSTREET
2011

Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash



IOWA.

BEFORE.

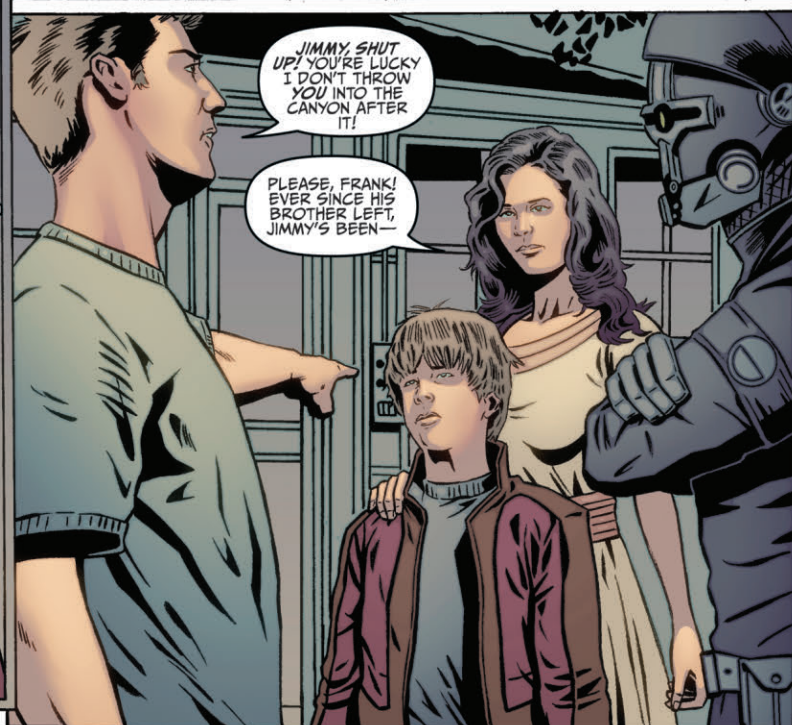
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "BEYOND REPAIR"?

A RECOVERY CREW IS GATHERING THE PIECES OF THE CAR FROM THE RAVINE NOW, SIR, BUT THERE IS NOT ENOUGH LEFT TO RESTORE IT TO ITS PREVIOUS CONDITION.



AS THE REGISTERED OWNER YOU ARE ENTITLED TO FILE A GRIEVANCE, BUT BECAUSE YOU ARE THE BOY'S LEGAL GUARDIAN—

IT'S NOT EVEN MY UNCLE'S CAR! IT BELONGED TO MY DAD BEFORE HE DIED—!



JIMMY, SHUT UP! YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T THROW YOU INTO THE CANYON AFTER IT!

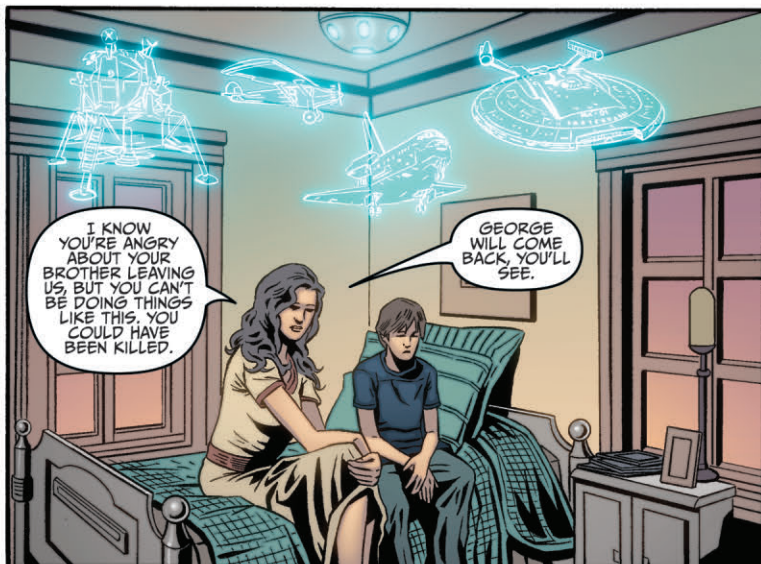
PLEASE, FRANK! EVER SINCE HIS BROTHER LEFT, JIMMY'S BEEN—



WINONA. DON'T.

GET HIM INSIDE. HE DOESN'T LEAVE HIS ROOM UNTIL I SAY SO.





I KNOW YOU'RE ANGRY ABOUT YOUR BROTHER LEAVING US, BUT YOU CAN'T BE DOING THINGS LIKE THIS. YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED.

GEORGE WILL COME BACK, YOU'LL SEE.

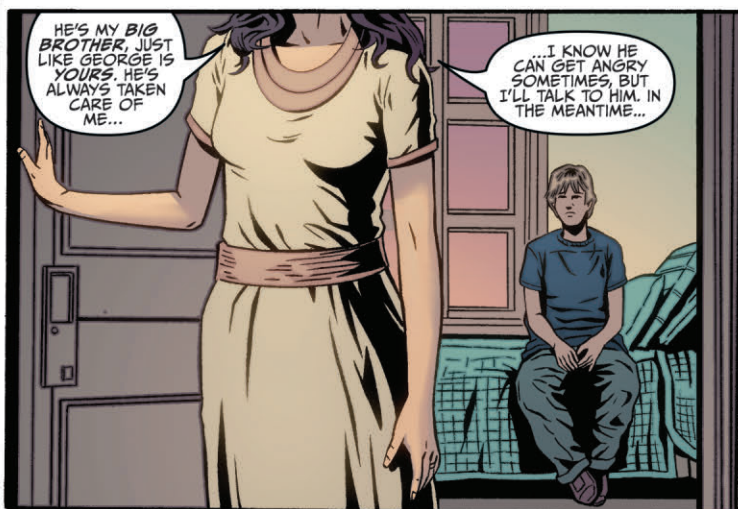


YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOM. GEORGE WENT TO STAY WITH GRANDPA BECAUSE HE COULDN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE.

HE SAID HE COULDN'T BE A KIRK IN THIS HOUSE.

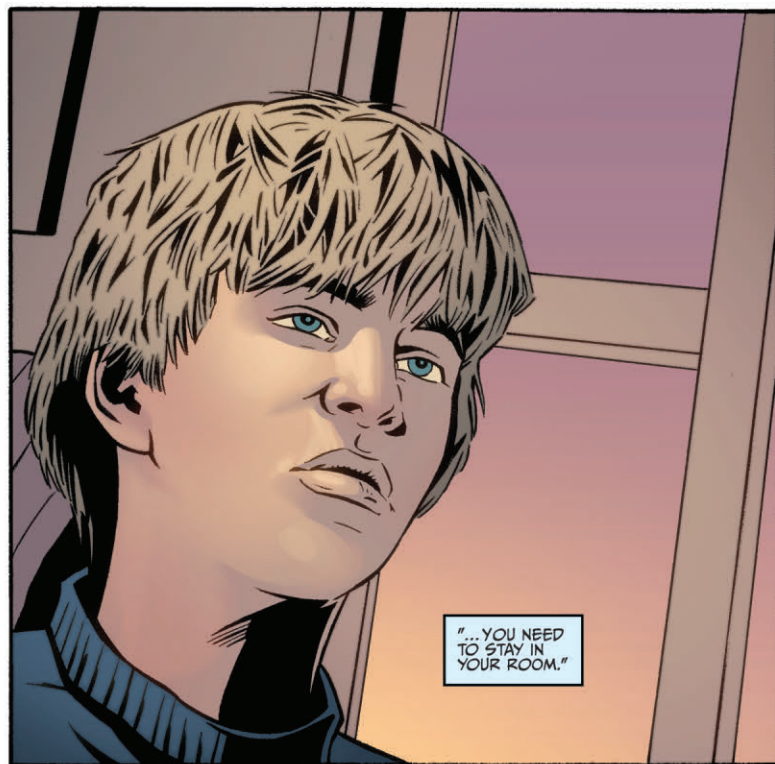


...UNCLE FRANK HAS GIVEN US A HOME. PLEASE, JAMES... I...

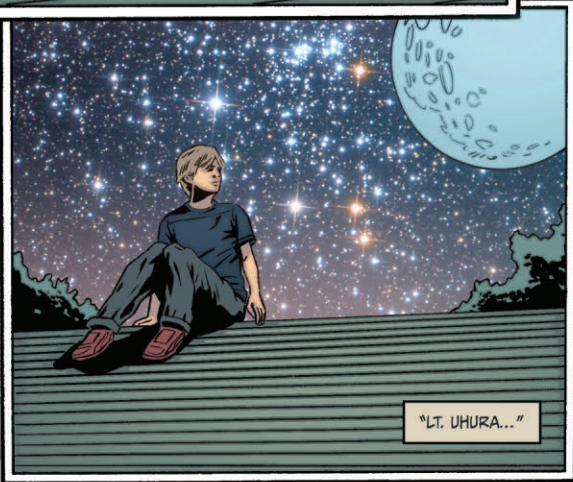
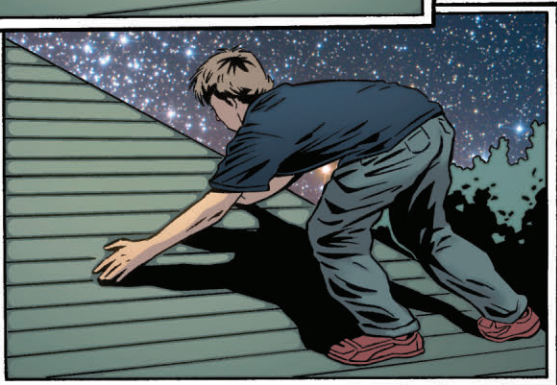
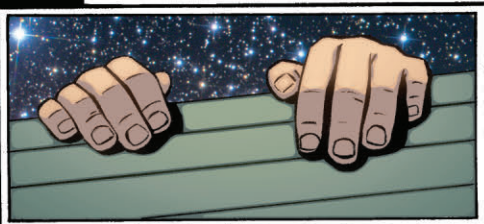


HE'S MY BIG BROTHER, JUST LIKE GEORGE IS YOURS. HE'S ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF ME...

...I KNOW HE CAN GET ANGRY SOMETIMES, BUT I'LL TALK TO HIM IN THE MEANTIME...



"... YOU NEED TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM."



"LT. UHURA..."

USS ENTERPRISE.

NOW.

...ARE YOU
PICKING UP
ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN.
NO RESPONSE FROM
ANY OF THE STATIONS
ON DENEVA. I'LL KEEP
TRYING.

YOU FIND
ANYTHING,
SPOCK?

AS I SUSPECTED,
DOCTOR, THE OVERALL
PATTERN OF *MASS*
INSANITY ON SEVERAL
REMOTE PLANETS
FOLLOWS AN ALMOST
STRAIGHT PATH TO
DENEVA.

BETA
PORTALON,
LEVINIUS V, THETA
CYGNI XII... A
CENTURIES-OLD,
YET *SYSTEMATIC*,
PROGRESSION.

STRAIGHT TO
DENEVA.

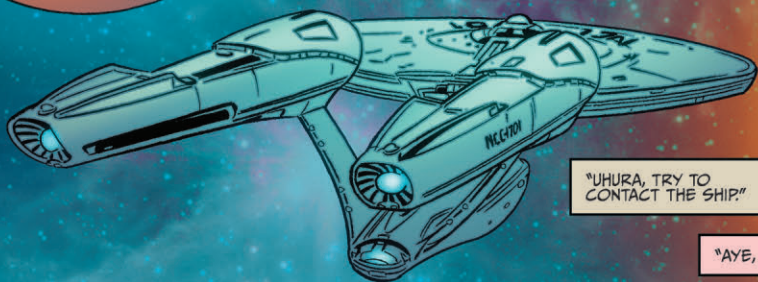
ANY
THEORIES,
BONES?

WISH I HAD ONE.
THERE IS NO KNOWN
MEDICAL CAUSE FOR
WHAT HAPPENED ON
THOSE PLANETS.

CAPTAIN! SENSORS
PICKING UP A SHIP...
HEADING *DIRECTLY*
INTO THE DENEVAN
SUN!



PLOT AN
INTERCEPTION
COURSE, MR. SULLI,
WARP FACTOR
EIGHT.



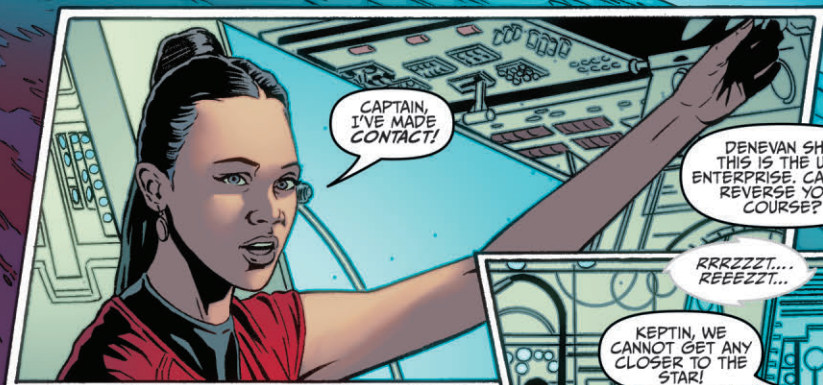
"UHURA, TRY TO
CONTACT THE SHIP."

"AYE, SIR!"



SENSORS
INDICATE IT IS A
ONE-MAN DENEVAN
VESSEL. NO APPARENT
MALFUNCTIONS, BUT
ITS COURSE IS SET
STRAIGHT FOR
THE HEART OF
THE SUN.

IT IS OUT
OF RANGE OF
OUR TRACTOR
BEAMS.



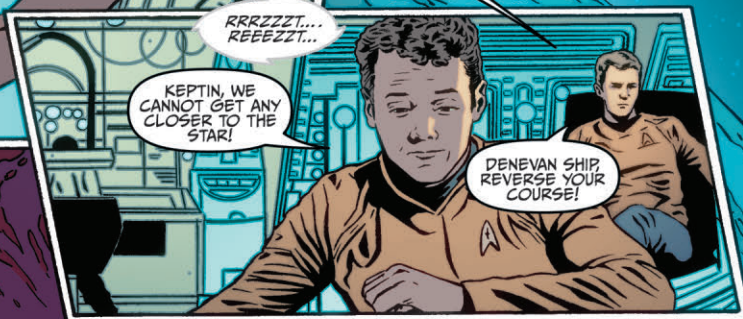
CAPTAIN,
I'VE MADE
CONTACT!

DENEVAN SHIP,
THIS IS THE USS
ENTERPRISE. CAN YOU
REVERSE YOUR
COURSE?

RRRZZZT....
REEZZZT....

KEPTIN, WE
CANNOT GET ANY
CLOSER TO THE
STAR!

DENEVAN SHIP
REVERSE YOUR
COURSE!





ACKNOWLEDGE!

...TZZT... I'M
FREE!... RZZEE... IT'S
FINALLY GONE!...



...FINALLY
YYZZT...
I'M FREEEEE...
EEKKKZZZT...



CONTACT
BROKEN,
SIR!



THE SHIP...
IT'S BURNED
UP, CAPTAIN!

HE'S
GONE!



REVERSE
COURSE!

GET US TO
DENEVA AS FAST
AS YOU CAN,
MR. SULU!



AYE, SIR!



HE FLEW
INTO THE SUN
DELIBERATELY.
WHY?

THE MOST
OBVIOUS
ANSWER,
JIM?
INSANITY.



SENSORS INDICATE ZEE EXPECTED NUMBER OF LIFE SIGNS ON ZEE SURFACE, KEPTIN, BUT WE ARE STILL UNABLE TO MAKE CONTACT WIZ ANY OF ZEM.

KEEP CHECKING. WE'LL REPORT BACK AS SOON AS WE FIND ANYTHING.

IF THE POPULACE HAS BEEN GRIPPED BY THE SAME MENTAL AFFLICTION WE HAVE BEEN TRACKING, WE WOULD BE WELL ADVISED TO LIMIT OUR EXPOSURE TO THEM.



SO ADVISED. PHASERS READY ON STUN.



I AM BEAMING YOU DOWN TO THE ZENTER OF THE ZEE KEPITAL ZITY!

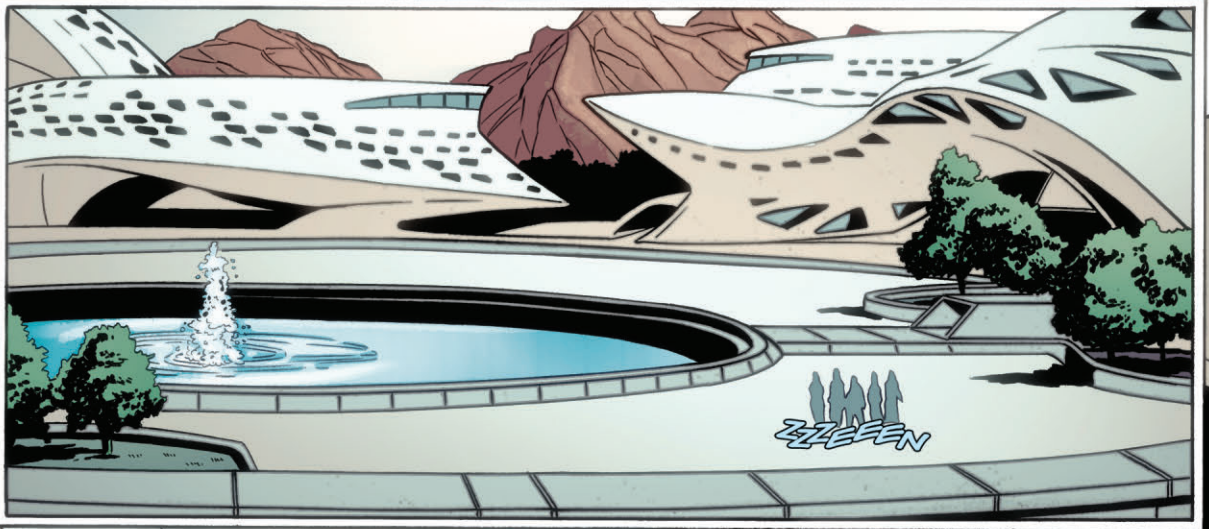
счастливого пути!*

*BON VOYAGE!



THANK YOU, MR. CHEKOV.

ENERGIZE!



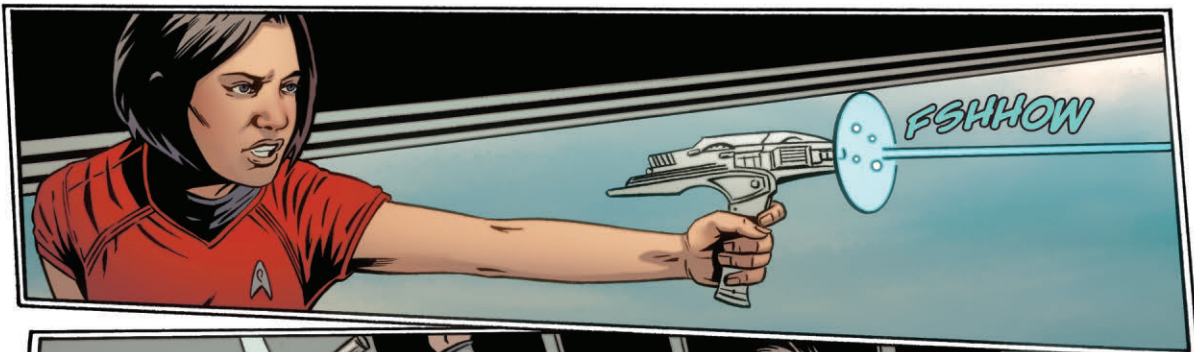
STAY ALERT!

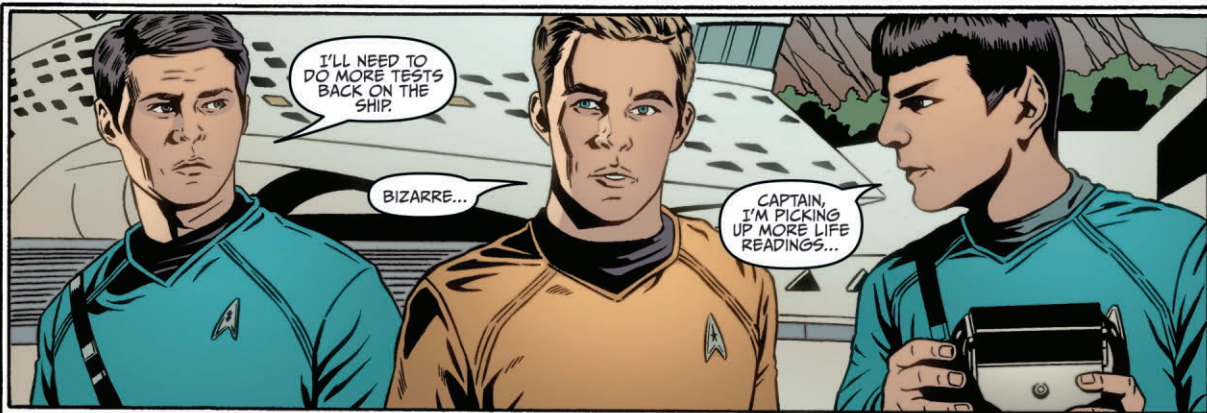
CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE. BETTER WEATHER THAN THE BEST EARTH HAS TO OFFER!

THERE'RE ALMOST A MILLION INHABITANTS OF DENEVA. SO WHERE ARE THEY?

CAPTAIN... IT APPEARS THAT AT LEAST SOME OF THEM HAVE FOUND US.





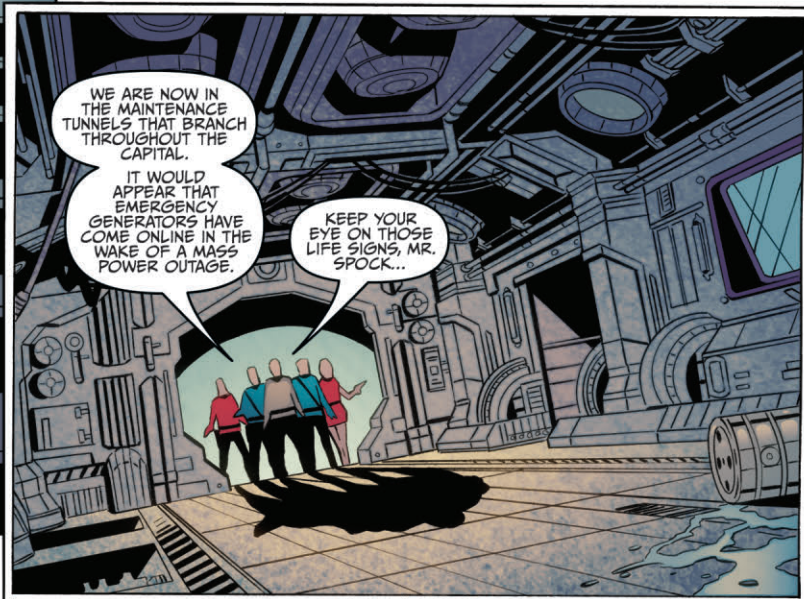




MORE LIFE
SIGNS COMING
FROM BELOW.
THEIR NUMBER
FLUCTUATES. I
CAN'T GET AN EXACT
READING...



ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND
OUT. PHASERS
READY.



WE ARE NOW IN
THE MAINTENANCE
TUNNELS THAT BRANCH
THROUGHOUT THE
CAPITAL.

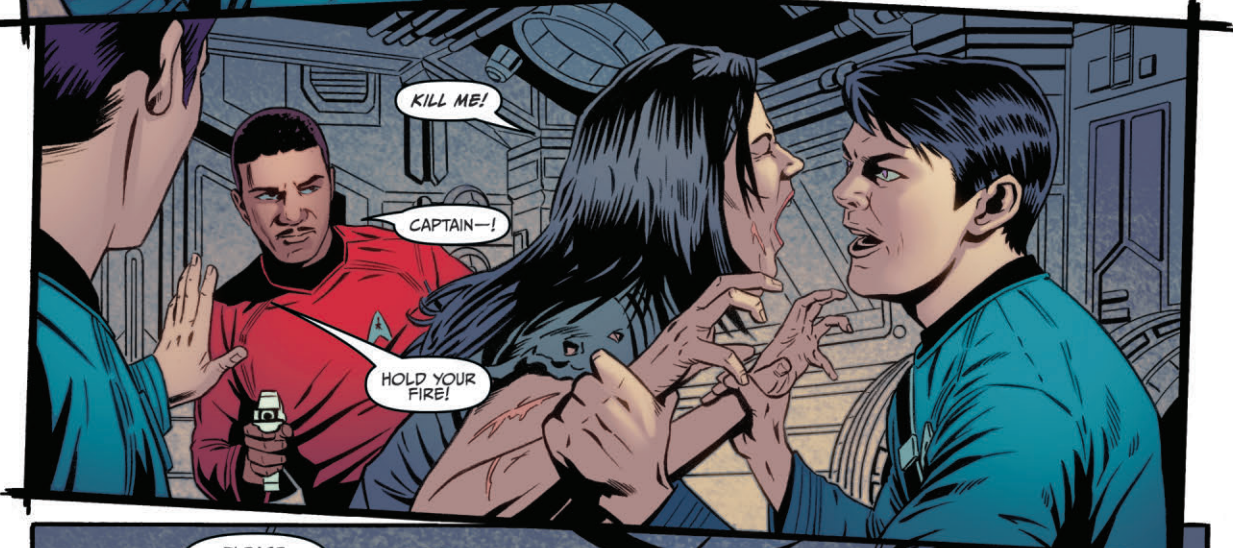
IT WOULD
APPEAR THAT
EMERGENCY
GENERATORS HAVE
COME ONLINE IN THE
WAKE OF A MASS
POWER OUTAGE.

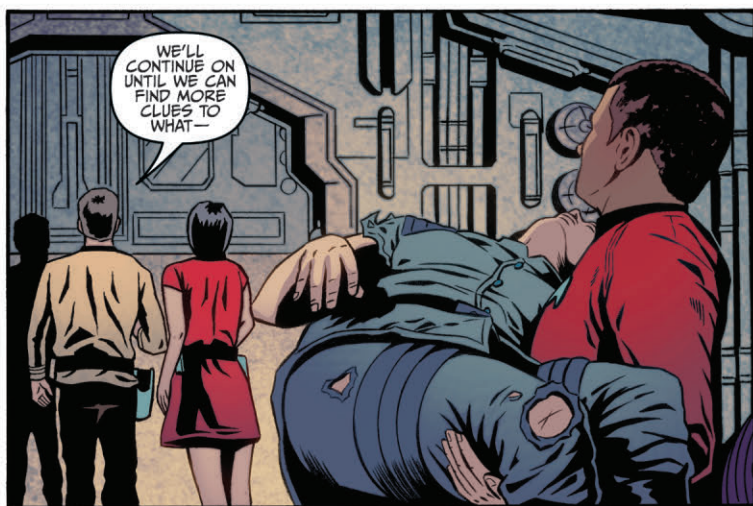
KEEP YOUR
EYE ON THOSE
LIFE SIGNS, MR.
SPOCK...

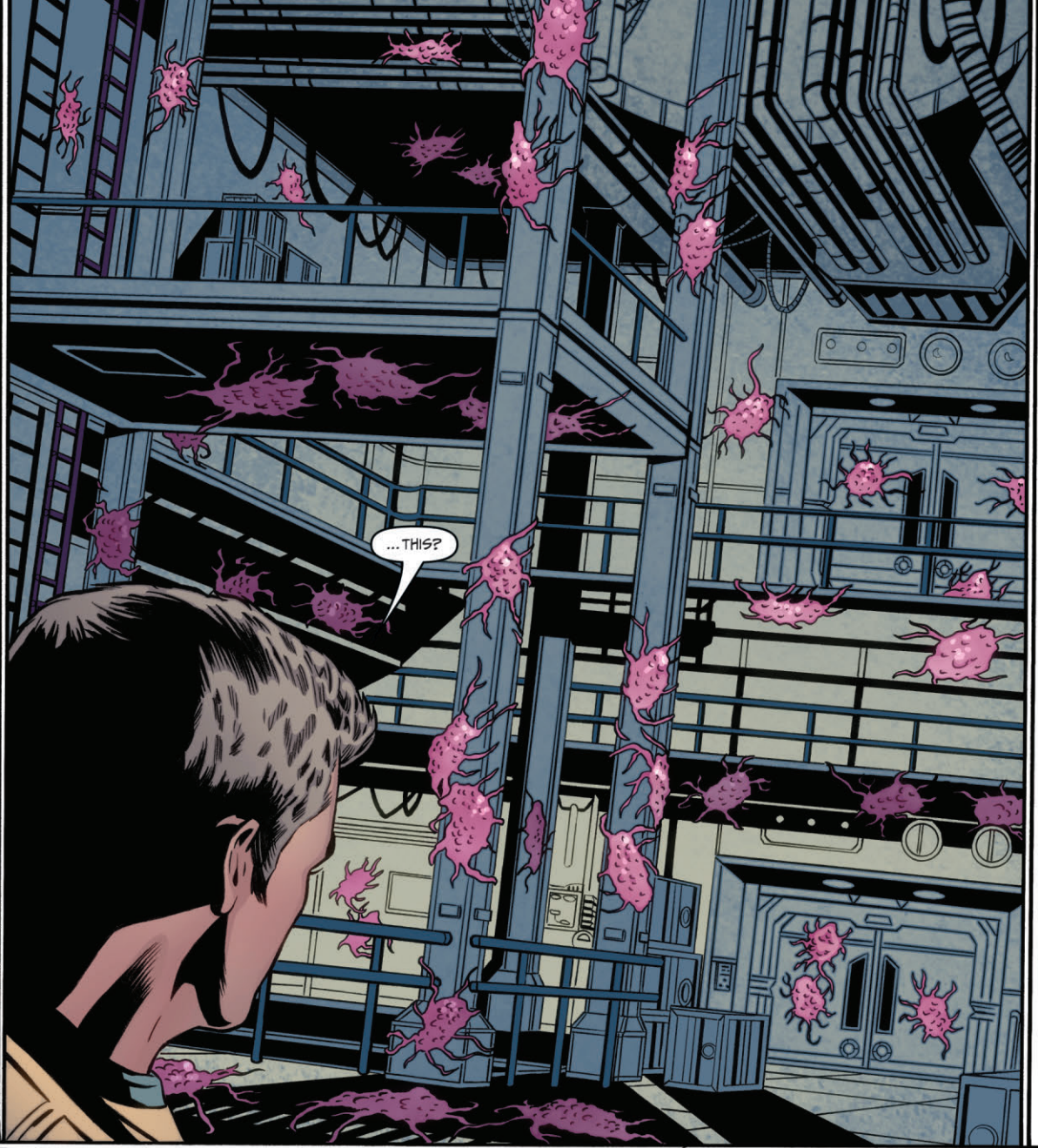


YOU! HELP
ME!

HEYYY--!





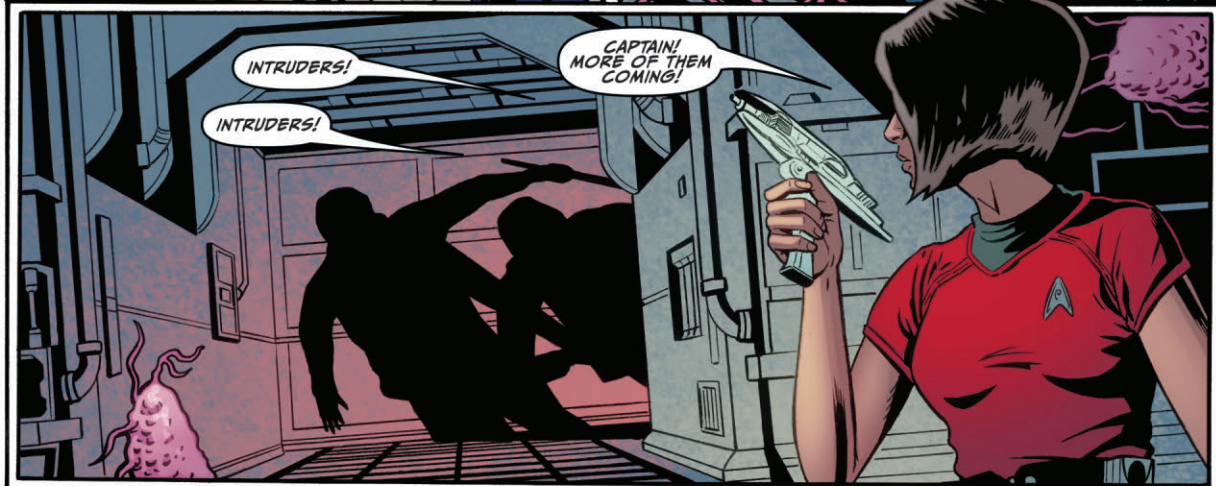


...THIS?



FASCINATING.

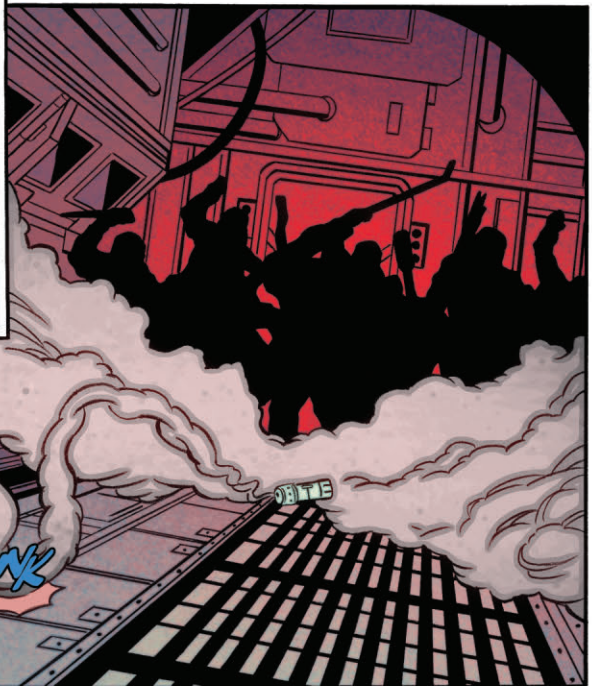
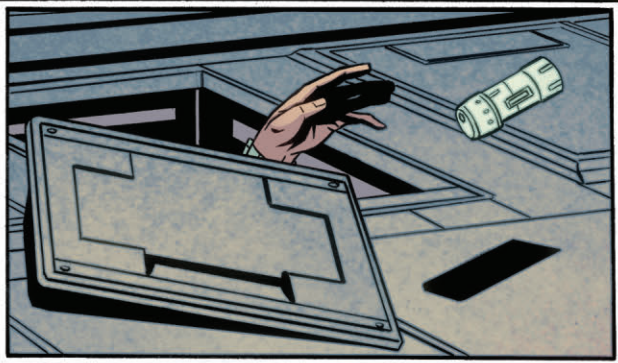
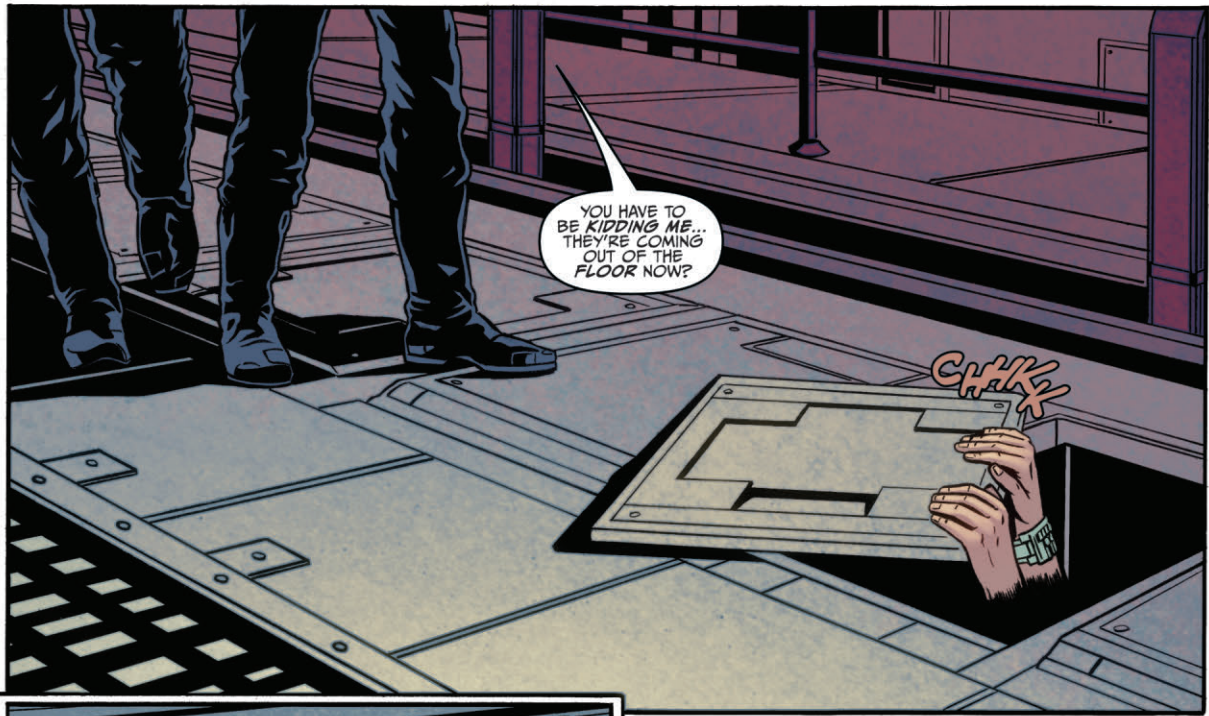
IT APPEARS TO BE A HERETOFORE UNKNOWN LIFEFORM. IT MIGHT VERY WELL BE CONNECTED TO THE DENEVANS' STRANGE BEHAVIOR.













HURRY!
DOWN HERE!



CAN'T
BE ANY
WORSE THAN
UP ABOVE...



ZAHRA,
COVER US!

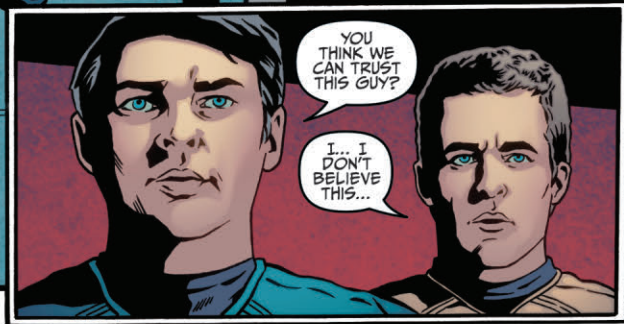
BONES,
GRAB HIS
LEGS!



THEY'RE
TRYING TO
PRY UP THE
FLOOR!

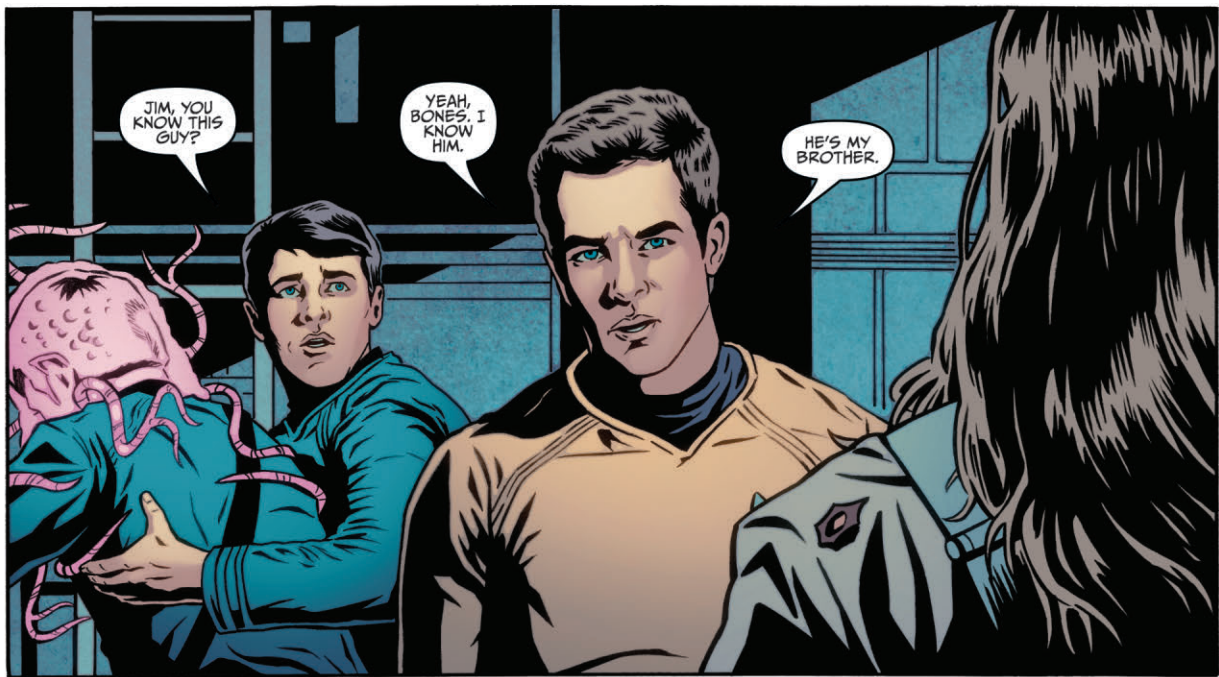


FOLLOW ME. I
KNOW ANOTHER
PATH TO THE
SURFACE.



YOU
THINK WE
CAN TRUST
THIS GUY?

I... I
DON'T
BELIEVE
THIS...





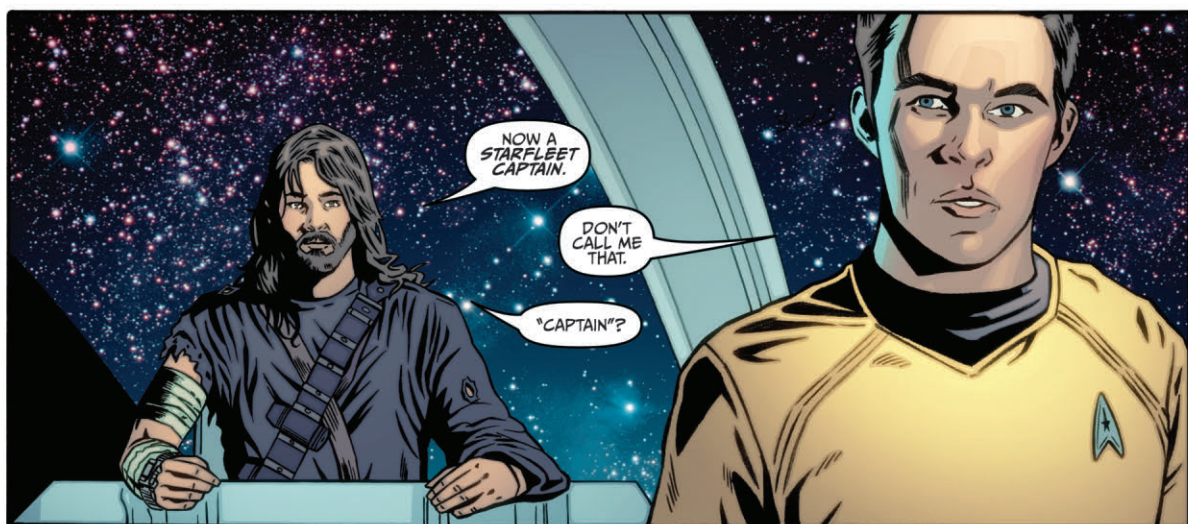
CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL.

THE *ENTERPRISE* IS IN ORBIT
OVER THE PLANET DENEVA, WHERE
A FEDERATION COLONY IS THE
LATEST VICTIM OF A DANGEROUS
THREAT SWEEPING THIS SECTOR.

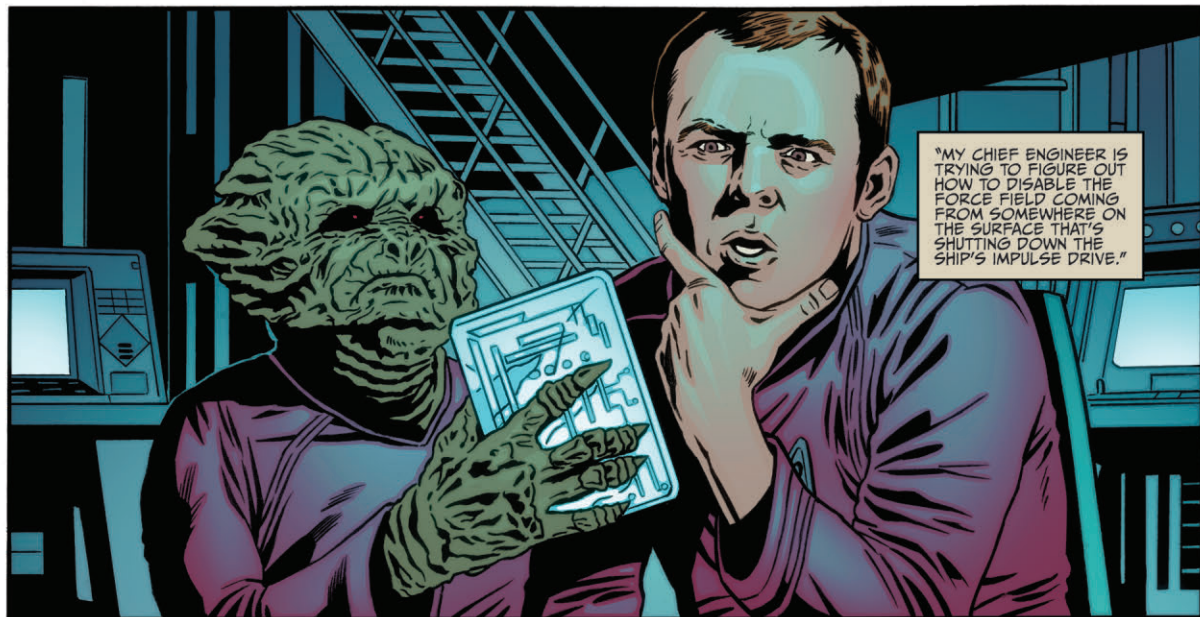
AN UNKNOWN ALIEN LIFE-FORM HAS
TAKEN ROOT IN THE COLONY, AND WE
BELIEVE IT MAY BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE MASS INSANITY THAT HAS
AFFLICTED THE POPULATION.

MR. SPOCK IS NOW INFECTED
AS WELL. DR. MCCOY IS
ATTENDING TO HIM, BUT THE
PROGNOSIS IS UNCLEAR.

OUR AWAY TEAM WAS FORTUNATE TO
ESCAPE THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET
THANKS IN NO SMALL PART TO AN
UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH THE LAST
PERSON I EXPECTED TO SEE...



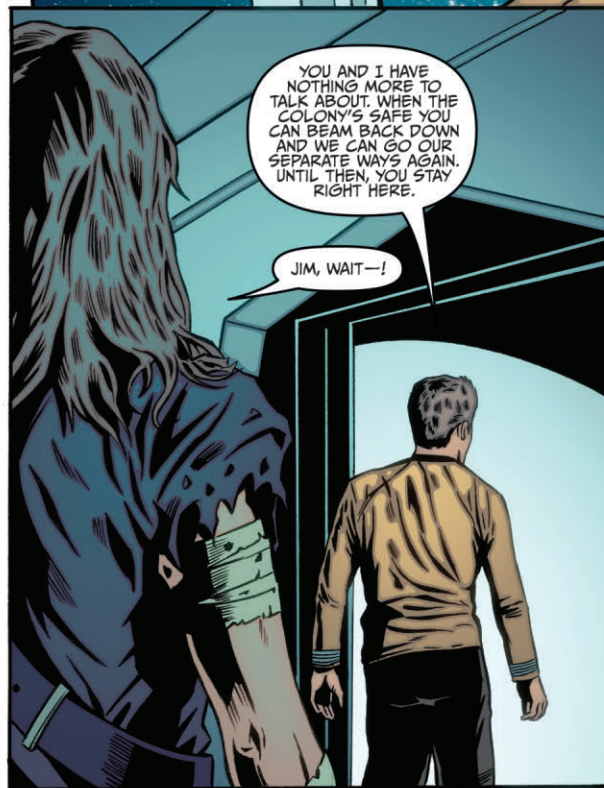




"MY CHIEF ENGINEER IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DISABLE THE FORCE FIELD COMING FROM SOMEWHERE ON THE SURFACE THAT'S SHUTTING DOWN THE SHIP'S IMPULSE DRIVE."



NOT TO MENTION A MILLION COLONISTS DOWN THERE WHO ARE STILL IN DANGER OF GOING INSANE AND KILLING EACH OTHER, LIKE THE OTHER INFECTED POPULATIONS BEFORE THEM.



YOU AND I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO TALK ABOUT. WHEN THE COLONY'S SAFE YOU CAN BEAM BACK DOWN AND WE CAN GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS AGAIN. UNTIL THEN, YOU STAY RIGHT HERE.

JIM, WAIT—!



THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU.

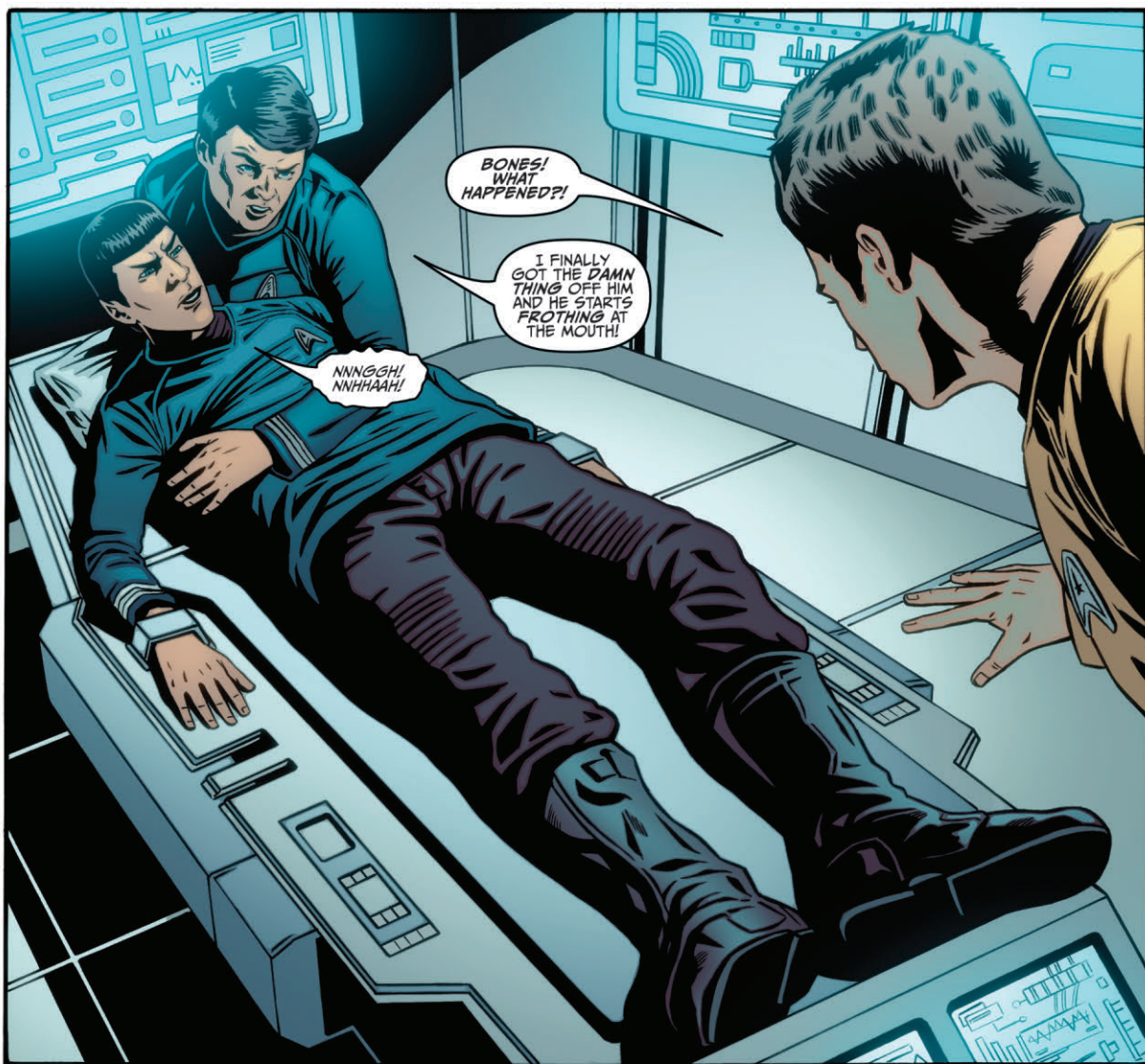
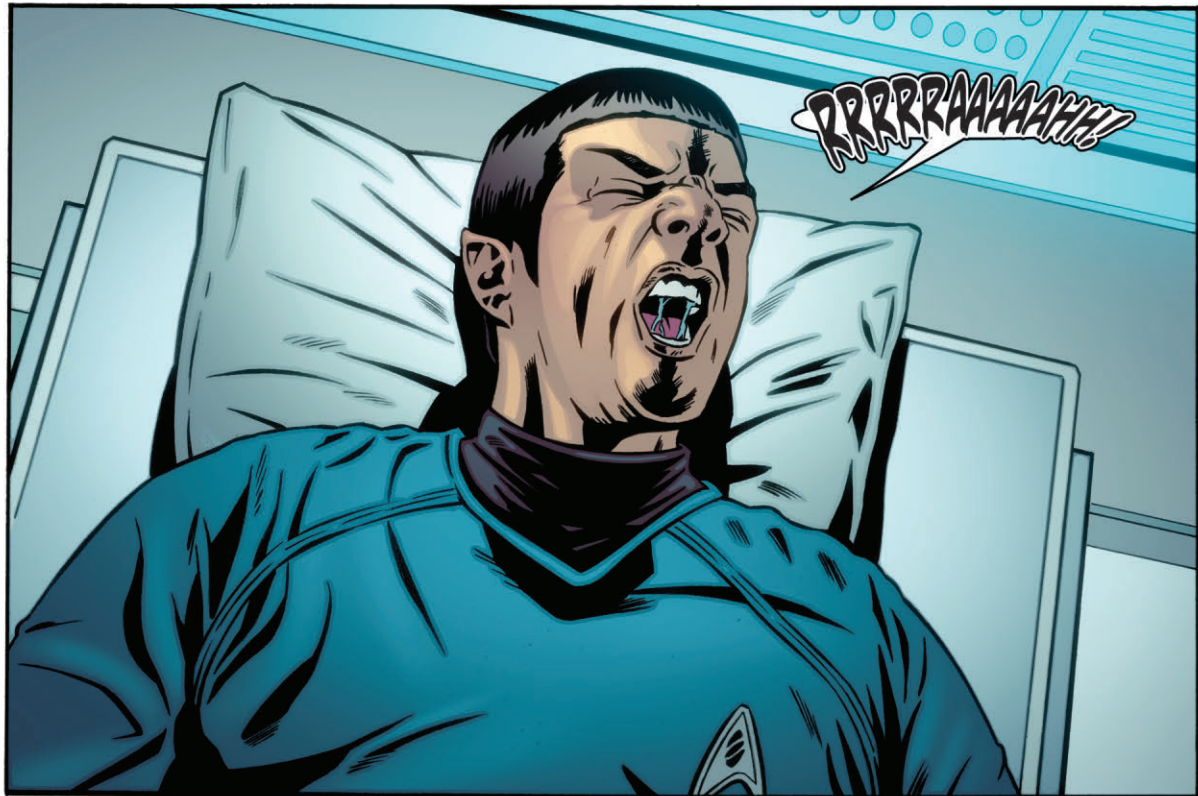
THOSE COLONISTS STILL TRAPPED DOWN THERE... MY WIFE IS ONE OF THEM.

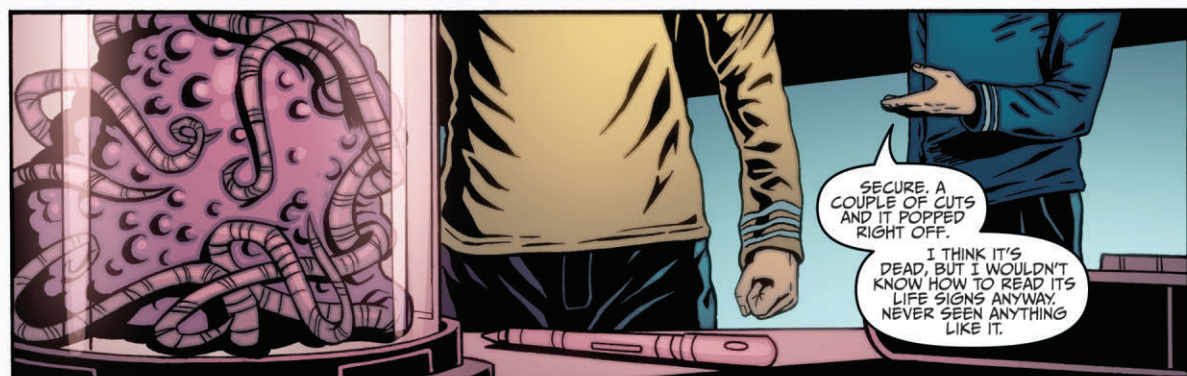


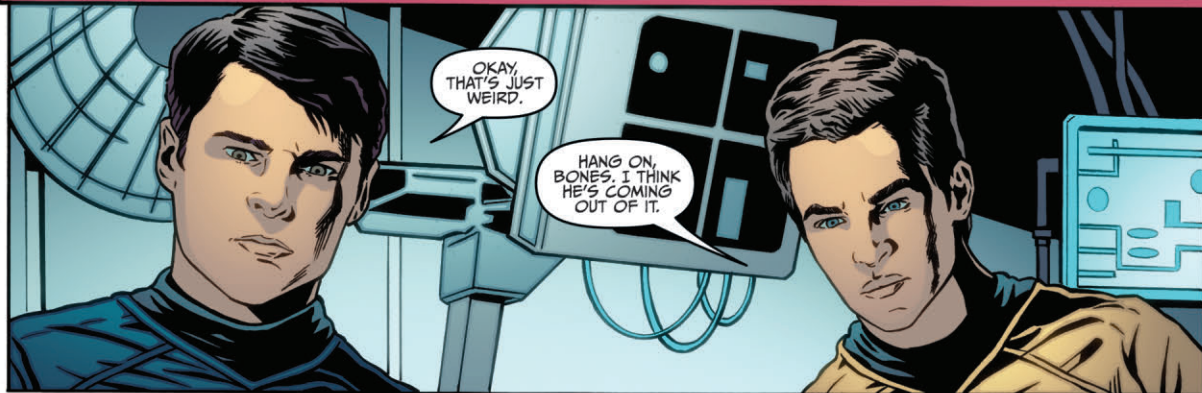
AND SO IS YOUR NEPHEW.

WHAT...?





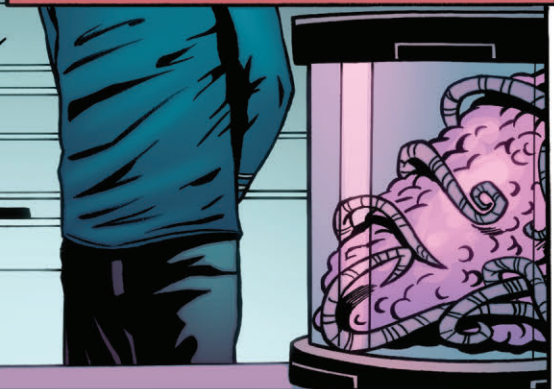


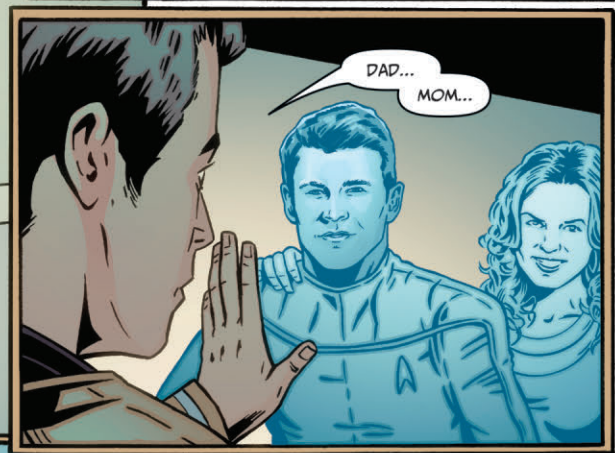






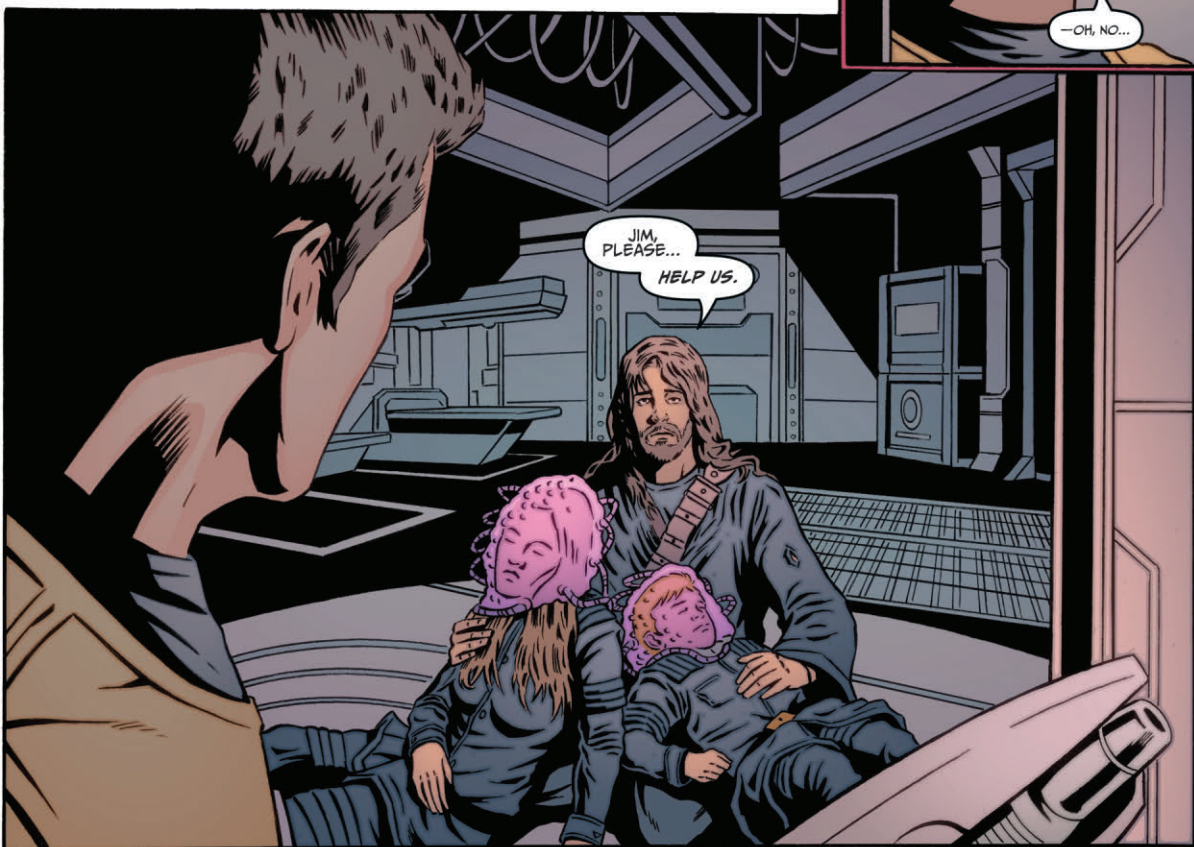
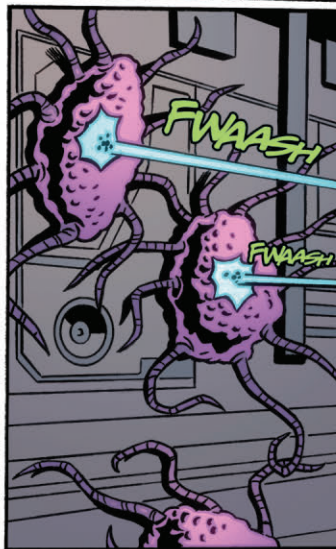














KIRK TO ENTERPRISE, COME IN! BONES, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I'M HERE CAPTAIN!

FOUR TO BEAM DIRECTLY TO SICKBAY!

CAPTAIN, THIS IS MR. SCOTT! THE INTERFERENCE FROM THE PLANET HAS INCREASED! I CANNAE GUARANTEE WE CAN SAFELY BEAM YOU BACK!

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT MR. SPOCK HAS COME UP WITH A SOLUTION TO THE LITTLE BASTARDS!

MR. CHEKOV AND I HAVE RIGGED A SATELLITE ARRAY TO FLOOD THE CITY WITH ULTRAVIOLET WAVES! THE TRICK IS SHOOTING THEM THROUGH A TRANSMAGNESITE FILTER THAT—



JUST BEAM US OUT, MR. SCOTT!

AYE, SIR!



IT'S OKAY, GEORGE, WE'RE GONNA GET THEM OUT OF HERE—

JIM, I'M SORRY... I HAD TO FIND THEM...



GEORGE... IT'S OKAY.

...PETER...?

...PETER,
CAN YOU HEAR
ME...?

YOU'RE
GONNA BE
JUST FINE,
PETER.

WE'LL HAVE
YOU BACK
HOME IN NO
TIME.

HI, I'M JAMES
KIRK, CAPTAIN
OF THE USS
ENTERPRISE.

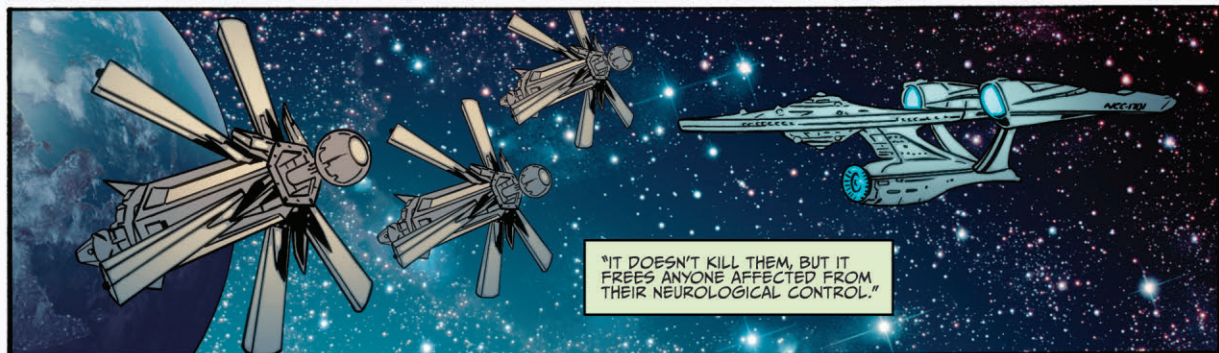
I'M YOUR
UNCLE.

WELCOME
ABOARD.



EXPLAIN IT
TO ME AGAIN,
WITHOUT A
SCOTTISH
ACCENT.

SCOTTY
FIGURED OUT A WAY
TO BASICALLY COOK
THE CREATURES FROM
ORBIT WITH RADIATION
THAT INCAPACITATES
THEM.



"IT DOESN'T KILL THEM, BUT IT
FREES ANYONE AFFECTED FROM
THEIR NEUROLOGICAL CONTROL."



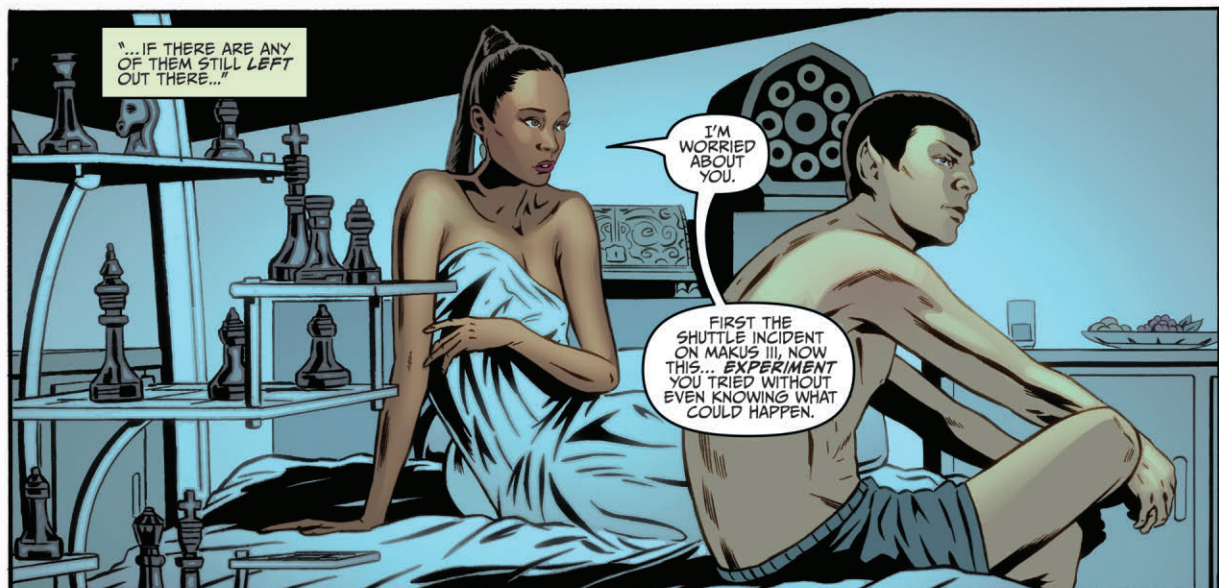
BUT IT'S ALL
THANKS TO SPOCK.
THAT CRAZY VULCAN
NEARLY KILLED HIMSELF
FIGURING OUT THE
CURE.

AND HIS
EYESIGHT?



COMING BACK SLOWLY, BUT I'M
NOT A VULCAN OPHTHALMOLOGIST,
JIM. THEY'VE GOT SOME KIND OF
INNER EYELID THAT TOOK THE BRUNT
OF THE BLAST, I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO REPAIR IT.

HE CAN GET
AROUND ON HIS OWN,
BUT WE STILL NEED TO
CONSULT A VULCAN
PHYSICIAN...



"...IF THERE ARE ANY
OF THEM STILL LEFT
OUT THERE..."

I'M
WORRIED
ABOUT
YOU.

FIRST THE
SHUTTLE INCIDENT
ON MAKUS III, NOW
THIS... **EXPERIMENT**
YOU TRIED WITHOUT
EVEN KNOWING WHAT
COULD HAPPEN.



YOU'RE SUDDENLY TAKING THESE RISKS, LIKE YOU'RE NOT THINKING THEM THROUGH. THAT'S NOT YOU.

TALK TO ME. IS THIS ABOUT VULCAN?

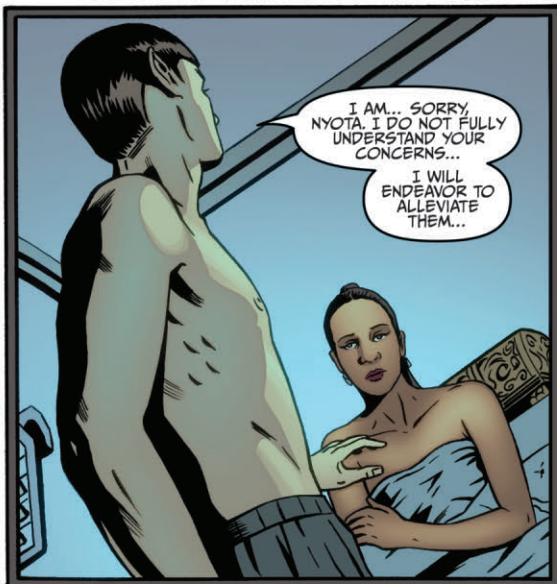


IF YOU ARE IMPLYING THAT MY JUDGMENT IS SOMEHOW *STILL* IMPAIRED AS A RESULT OF THE LOSS OF MY HOMETOWN, I BELIEVE I HAVE DEMONSTRATED IN THE MONTHS SINCE THAT—



THAT YOU'RE *STILL* GRIEVING, AND THAT'S OKAY. THAT'S PERFECTLY OKAY. BUT I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN ANYONE, AND I SEE YOU MAKING CHOICES THAT IGNORE ALL SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION.

NO MATTER HOW NOBLE YOUR MOTIVATION.



I AM... SORRY, NYOTA. I DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS...

I WILL ENDEAVOR TO ALLEVIATE THEM...

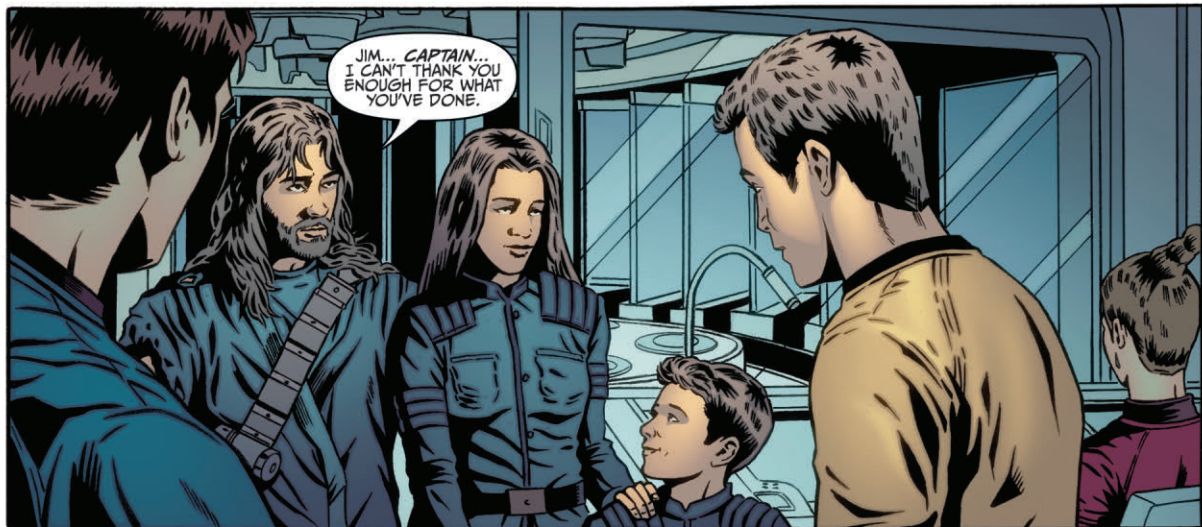


...AS CIRCUMSTANCES REQUIRE.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL.

THE PLAN WORKED. CITY BY CITY, DENEVA IS BEING FREED FROM CONTAMINATION. THE ENTERPRISE WILL SHORTLY BE EN ROUTE TO THE NEAREST STARBASE TO DELIVER SAMPLES OF THE INVADING LIFEFORMS FOR FURTHER STUDY.







VULCAN'S VENGEANCE



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

A FORGOTTEN TAVERN IN A FORGOTTEN CORNER OF THE DELTA QUADRANT.

...AND THAT IS HOW I, QUOCCH, ESCAPED FROM THE NOTORIOUS KLINGON PRISON COLONY RURA PENTHE...

...AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE!

AND A FASCINATING TALE IT IS.

BUT IT IS NOT WHY WE ARE HERE.

YOU ARE CERTAIN YOU WERE NOT FOLLOWED?

HOW MANY TIMES DOES QUOCCH HAVE TO TELL YOU? QUOCCH IS NOT STUPID. QUOCCH IS A SMUGGLER. AVOIDING DETECTION IS WHAT QUOCCH DOES BEST.

RELAX...

...I HAVE EVERYTHING YOU REQUESTED RIGHT HERE.

GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE LAST FRAGMENT OF NERO'S LEGACY. I GIVE YOU...

...THE NARADA.

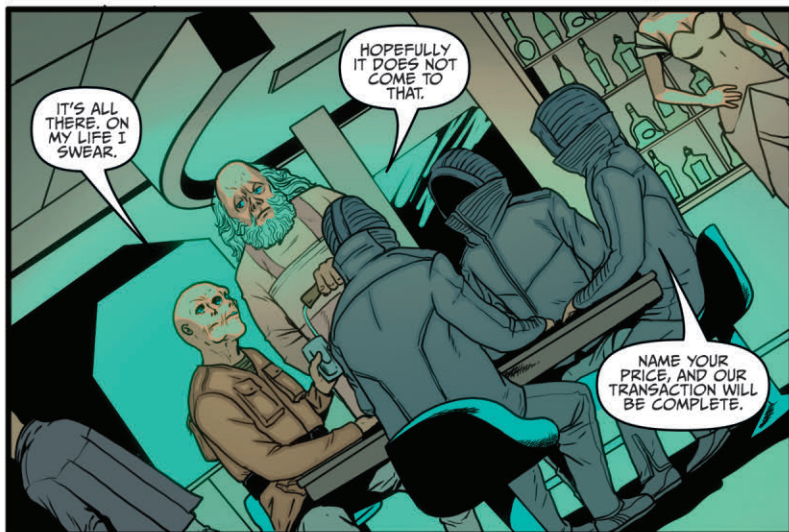
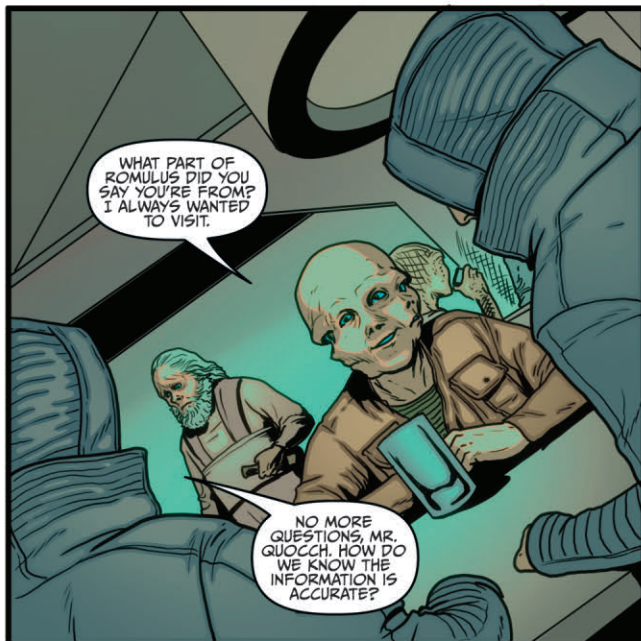
COMPLETE SCHEMATICS, FROM WARP DRIVE TO WASTE DISPOSAL.

BUT I WARN YOU, SOME OF THE TECH ON HERE IS FAR BEYOND EVEN MY COMPREHENSION.

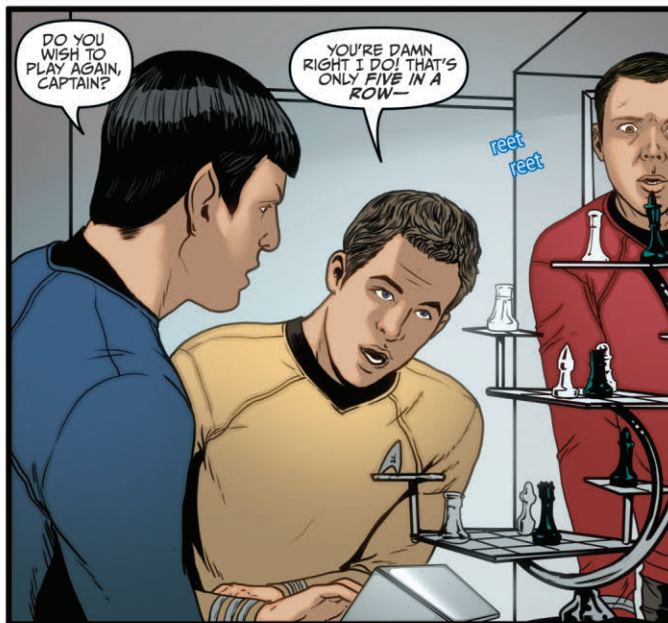
A RISK WE ARE MORE THAN WILLING TO TAKE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?

AN OLD... WAR INJURY. AND NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.









"WE HAVE ARRIVED AT
THE SUBSPACE RELAY!"

"VERY GOOD, MR.
CHEKOV. ON MY WAY."





SABOTAGE.
THIS CLOSE TO
THE NEUTRAL
ZONE...
...ROMULANS?

WHOEVER IT
WAS, THEY WANTED
TO SILENCE THIS
SECTOR.



CHEKOV, SCAN
FOR ANY IMPULSE
OR WARP ECHOES
NEARBY.

IF WE'RE LUCKY,
WHOEVER DID THIS
LEFT US A TRAIL
TO FOLLOW.

AYE,
KEPTIN!



WHY WOULD THE
ROMULANS VIOLATE
THEIR TREATY WITH THE FEDERATION
BY ATTACKING A SENSOR
RELAY?

SEEMS A LITTLE
INSIGNIFICANT, GIVEN
THE EMPIRE'S
REPUTATION.



PERHAPS NOT SO
INSIGNIFICANT AS IT WOULD
APPEAR, CAPTAIN. DISABLING A
SENSOR RELAY PREVENTS ANY
SUBSPACE COMMUNICATION
BETWEEN SHIPS.

SHOULD WE
FIND ANY EVIDENCE
OF FURTHER ROMULAN
AGGRESSION, WE WOULD
BE UNABLE TO ALERT
STARFLEET WITHOUT
CONSIDERABLE
DELAY.

KEPTIN! I'M
PICKING UP A
FAINT WARP
SIGNATURE!

BUT ZIS... ZIS
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE...





*TRANSLATED FROM VULCAN.

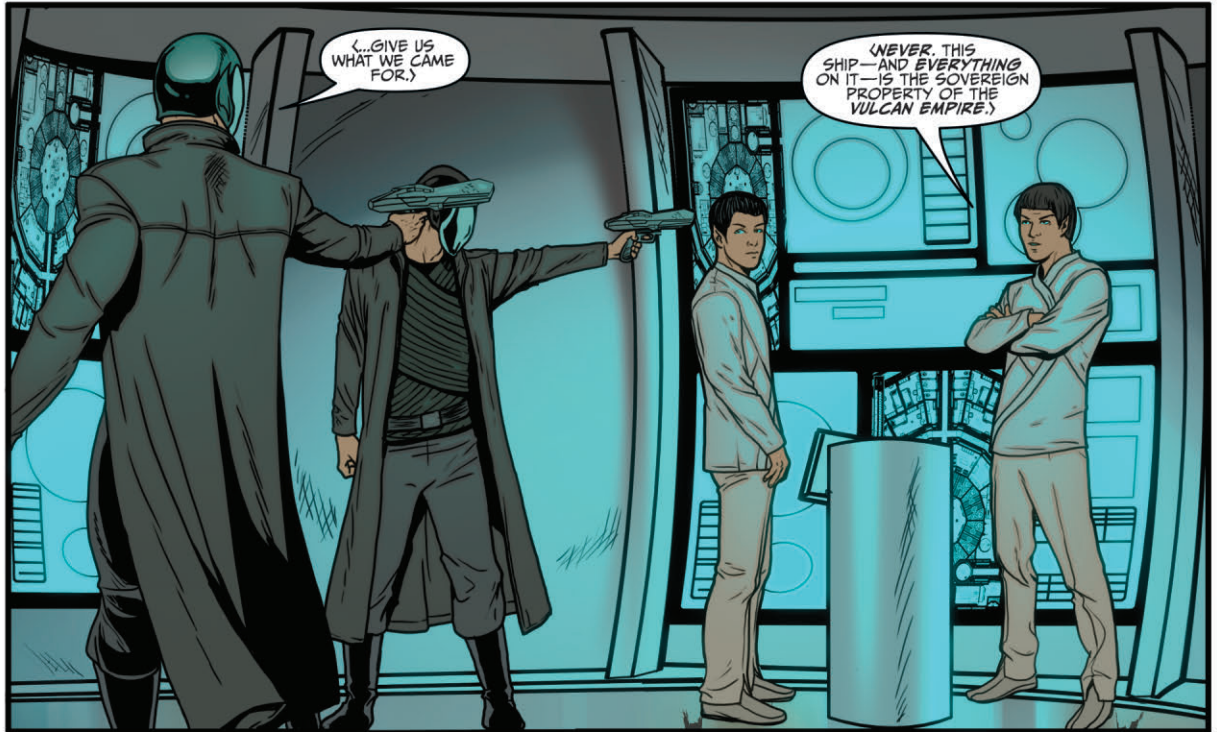




⟨DISABLING
CONTROL SYSTEMS
NOW...⟩

⟨VERY GOOD.
RENDEZVOUS IN
ENGINEERING.⟩

⟨NOW...⟩



⟨...GIVE US
WHAT WE CAME
FOR.⟩

⟨NEVER. THIS
SHIP—AND EVERYTHING
ON IT—IS THE SOVEREIGN
PROPERTY OF THE
VULCAN EMPIRE.⟩



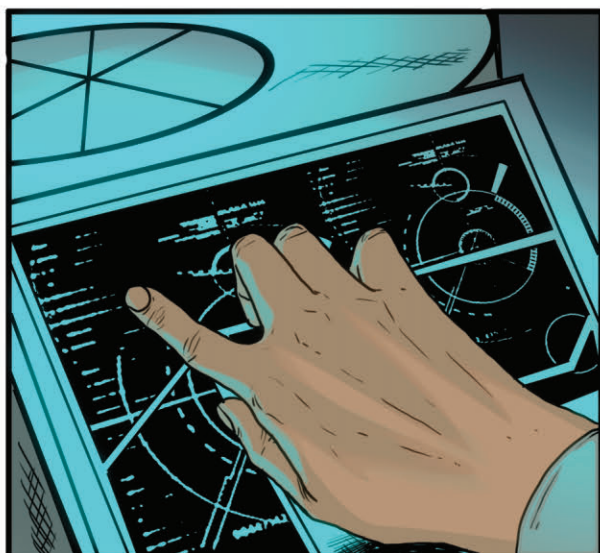
⟨YOU AND I
BOTH KNOW
THE EMPIRE IS
DEAD.⟩

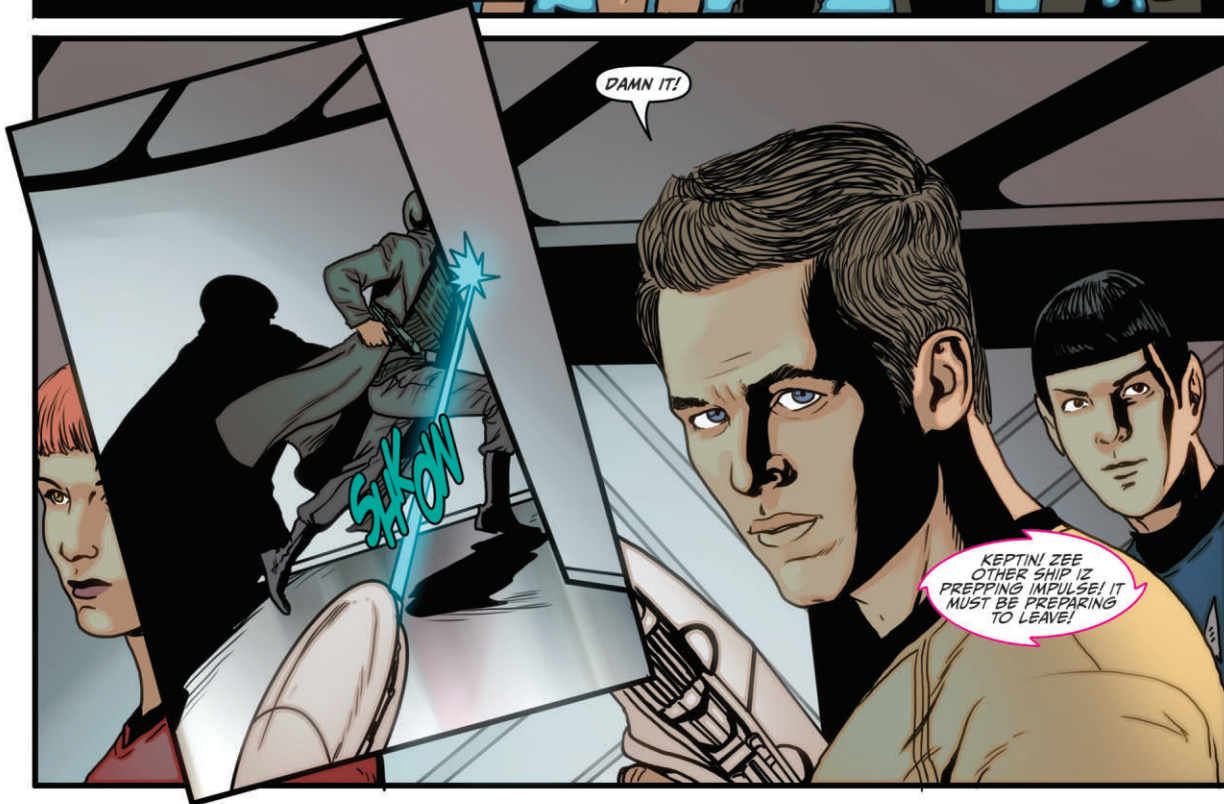
⟨GIVE ME THE
DEVICE AND ENSURE
THAT YOU DON'T
FOLLOW IT.⟩



⟨YOUR BRITISH
TACTICS ARE AS
PATHETIC AS THEY
ARE FUTILE.⟩

⟨YOU HAVE
UNDERESTIMATED
OUR DEVOTION TO
OUR PEOPLE.⟩









LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT WHATEVER THEY CAME FOR.



YOU! STOP RIGHT THERE!



I THINK NOT. LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. OR THE VULCAN DIES.



WE'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR SHIP IN TRACTION. YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY.



WE SHALL SEE.

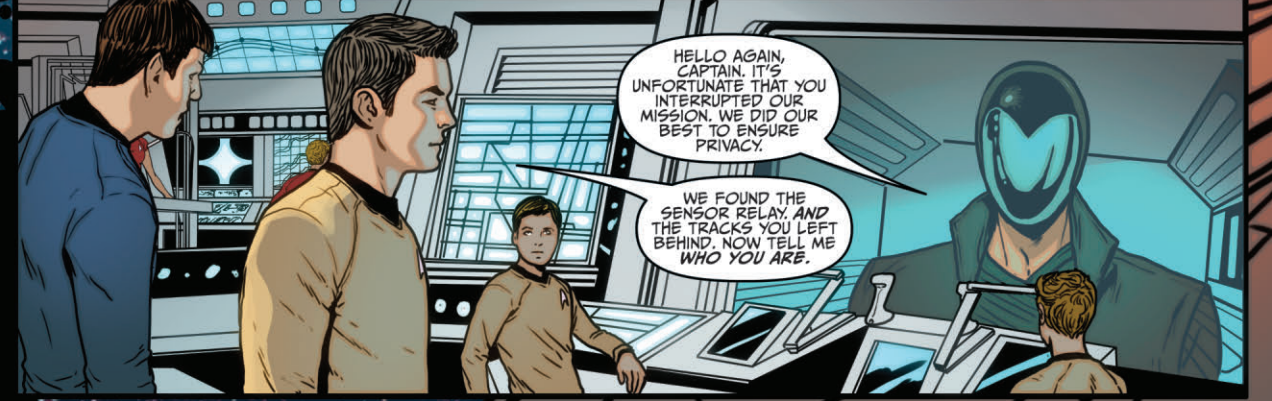


ENTERPRISE, GET US OUT OF HERE!



"CAPTAIN, WE'RE
BEING HAILED!"

"ONSCREEN,
LIEUTENANT!"



HELLO AGAIN,
CAPTAIN. IT'S
UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU
INTERRUPTED OUR
MISSION. WE DID OUR
BEST TO ENSURE
PRIVACY.

WE FOUND THE
SENSOR RELAY, AND
THE TRACKS YOU LEFT
BEHIND. NOW TELL ME
WHO YOU ARE.



MY NAME IS
UNIMPORTANT. ONLY
MY MISSION
MATTERS.

NO DOUBT
YOU THOUGHT
YOUR VICTORY
COMPLETE WHEN
YOU DESTROYED
THE NARADA MANY
MONTHS AGO.

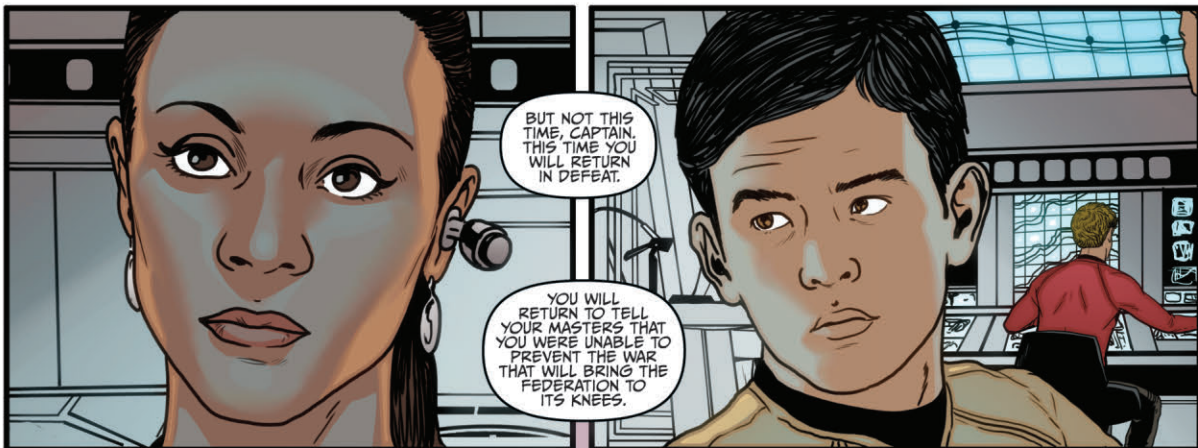
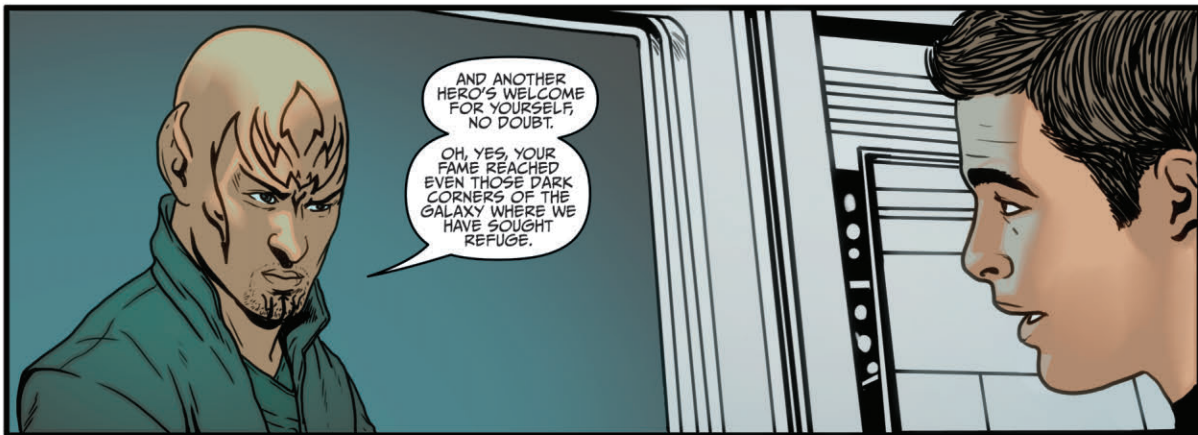


INDEED, YOUR
VICTORY OVER THE
SHIP AND HER
CAPTAIN WAS
COMPLETE...



...BUT NOT
OVER HER
CREW.

NERO WILL BE
AVENGED.





KEPTINI!
SOMEHOW ZEY ARE
DEFLECTING OUR
TRACTOR BEAM!

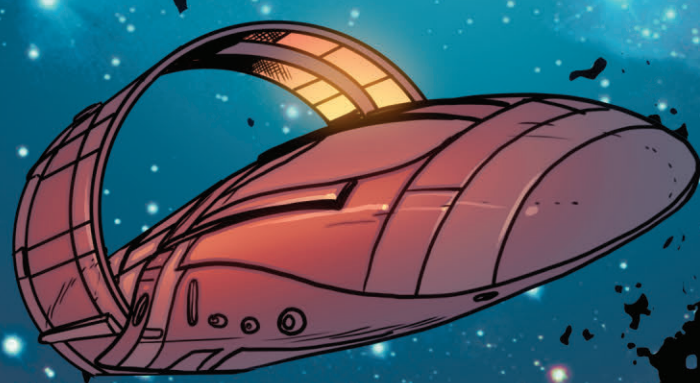


"ZEY ARE
GETTING
AWAY!"



IF YOU
ATTEMPT TO
ENGAGE US AGAIN,
I WILL DETONATE
THE RED MATTER
PREMATURELY.
TAKING YOU
WITH US.

DO YOU DOUBT
MY WILLINGNESS TO
DO SO, CAPTAIN?
THEN, BY ALL
MEANS...

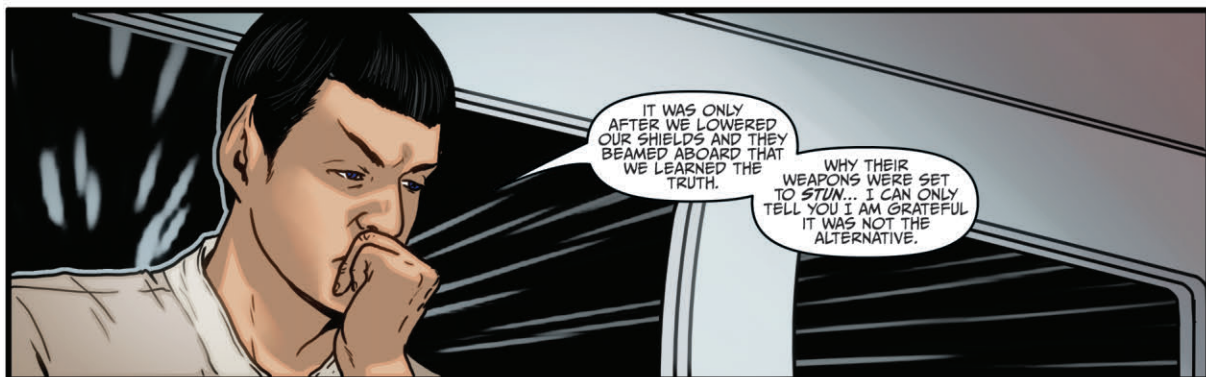


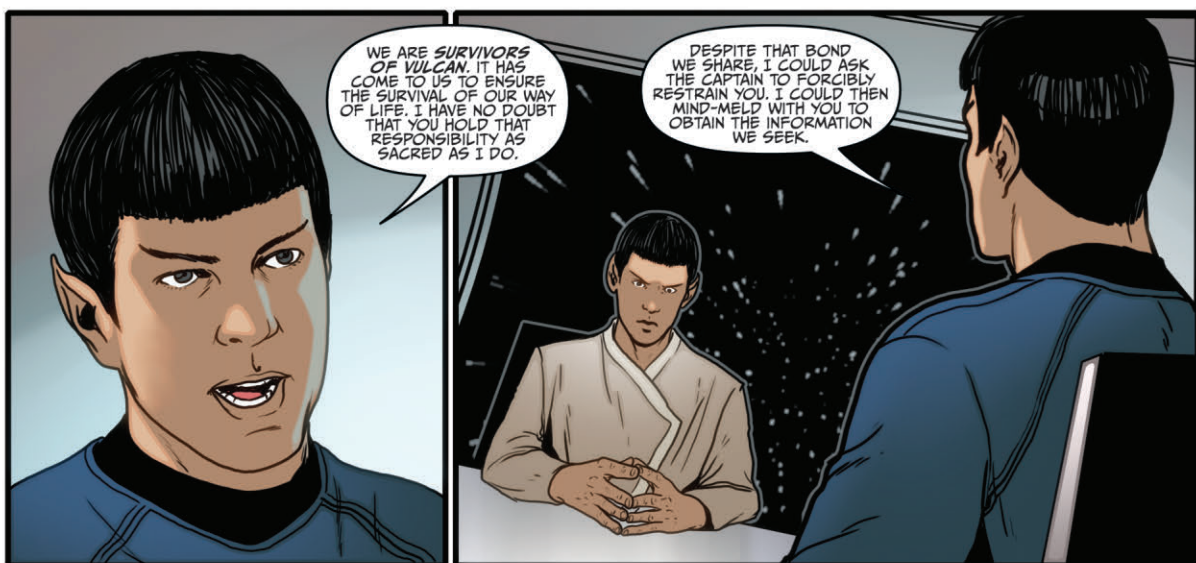
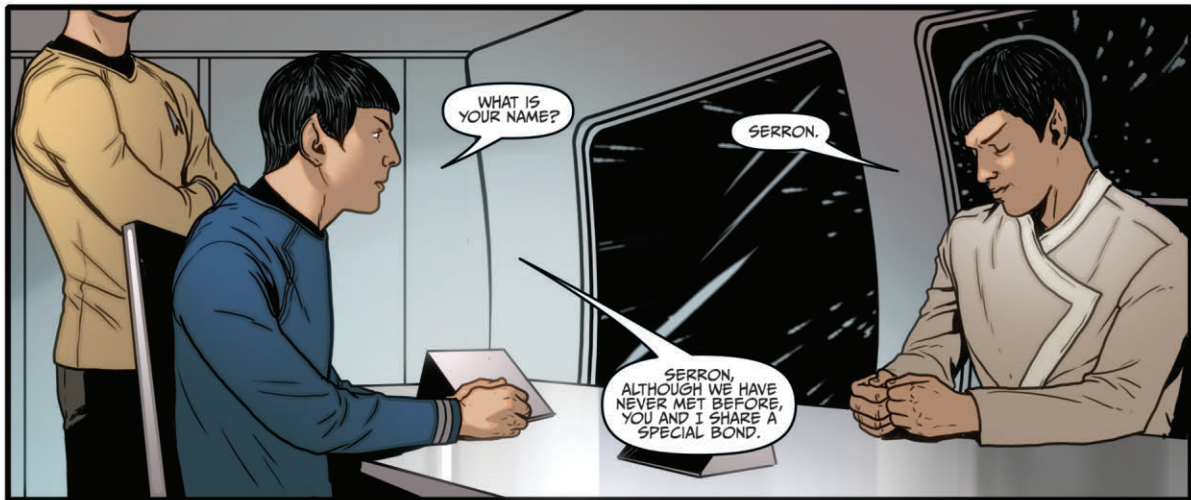
...FOLLOW US.



"IF YOU DARE."









"OUR ORDERS CAME FROM THE RULING COUNCIL ITSELF. THEY WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW OF OUR MISSION."

"WE WERE SENT TO *VULCAN SPACE*, TO EXPLORE THE VERY LOCATION WHERE OUR HOMELAND ONCE THRIVED."



"NOW NOTHING BUT THE *VOID*. FORBIDDEN BY THE COUNCIL FOR ANY SHIP TO ENTER... EXCEPT *OURS*."

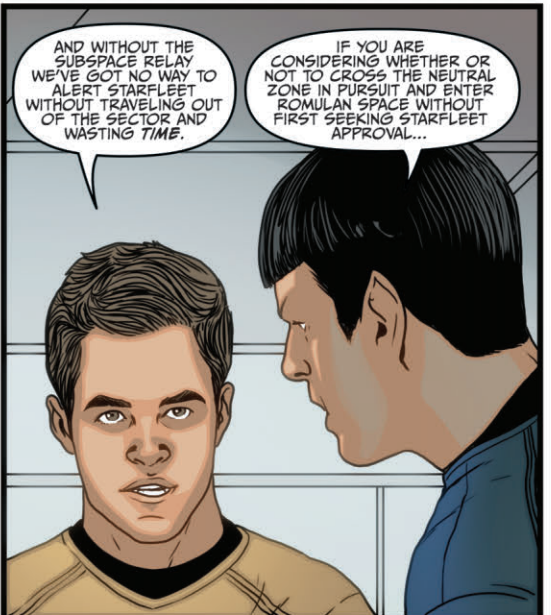


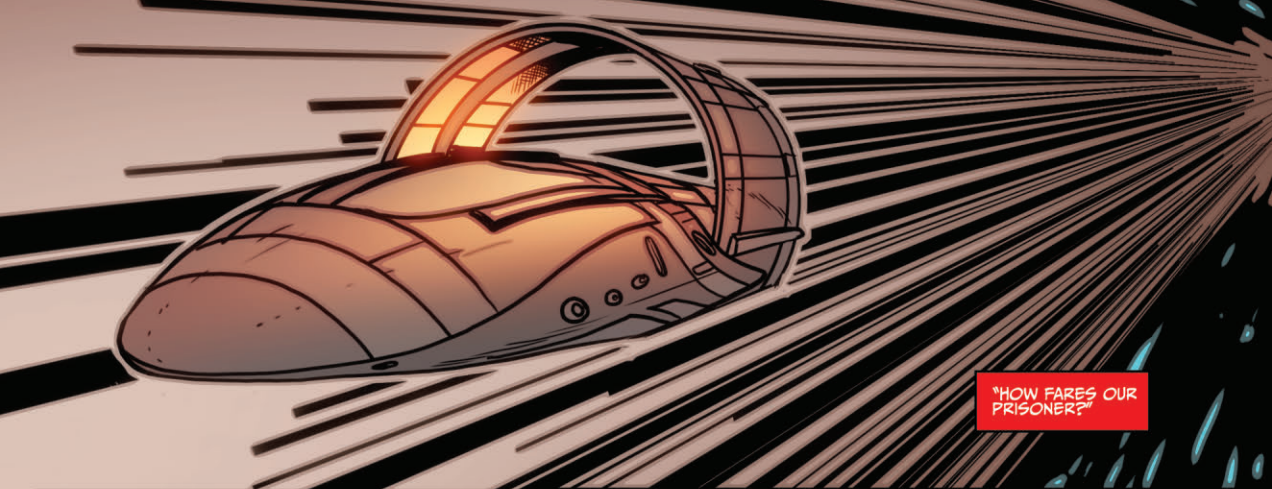
"OUR MISSION WAS TO RECOVER WHATEVER FRAGMENTS OF THE HOMELAND WE COULD... EVEN THE SMALLEST STONE THAT MAY HAVE SURVIVED."



"MICROSCOPIC PARTICLES OF *RED MATTER* THAT SURVIVED THE DEATH OF *VULCAN*."

"THE *VOID* GAVE UP ONLY A FEW MOTES OF *DUST* FROM OUR WORLD. BUT IT GAVE US *SOMETHING ELSE*."





"HOW FARES OUR PRISONER?"



YOU JEST, BUT
PRETENDING I WAS
YOUR HOSTAGE WAS
A RECKLESS
GAMBIT.

PARTICULARLY GIVEN
SPOCK'S UNEXPECTED
ARRIVAL. ONLY A SELECT FEW
KNEW OF MY PRESENCE ON
THAT SHIP. IF I HAD BEEN
RECOGNIZED...



BUT YOU WEREN'T.
NEITHER SPOCK NOR ANY
OF THE OTHERS GAVE ANY
INDICATION THAT THEY
RECOGNIZED YOU.

REST ASSURED,
THEY WILL NOT BE SO
FOOLISH AS TO PURSUE
US INTO ROMULAN SPACE
WITHOUT FIRST SEEKING
APPROVAL FROM
STARFLEET.



BY THEN
IT WILL BE
TOO LATE.

YOUR PLAN
HAS WORKED
PERFECTLY...



...SAREK.

THE NEUTRAL ZONE
SEPARATING FEDERATION
AND ROMULAN SPACE.

"I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU NEED YOUR CHIEF
MEDICAL OFFICER FOR THIS
LITTLE HUNTING PARTY,
CAPTAIN. I'VE GOT WORK TO
DO BACK ON THE ENTERPRISE."

"WHAT KIND OF
WORK, BONES?"

IT'S, UH...
NEED TO
KNOW.

WELL, WHEN
YOU FIGURE OUT
WHAT IT IS, LET
ME KNOW.

IN THE MEANTIME,
THE MORE THIS MISSION
LOOKS HUMANITARIAN AND
LESS LIKE AN ACT OF
WAR, THE BETTER. THEY'VE
GOT A VULCAN HOSTAGE
THAT MIGHT NEED
YOUR HELP.

SO IT'S JUST
THE TWO OF US,
ZAHRA FLYING THE
SHUTTLE...

...AND
CUPCAKE.

SIR,
PLEASE...

SORRY, MR.
HENDORFF...

AND OUR PRISONER.

CAPTAIN!
PICKING UP
MULTIPLE
CONTACTS!
THEY
KNOW WE'RE
HERE!

THEY PICKED UP
OUR S.O.S. FASTER
THAN I THOUGHT
THEY WOULD.

WHICH MEANS
THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN PATROLLING
INSIDE THE
NEUTRAL ZONE
ALREADY.

WHICH MEANS
THEY'RE ITCHING
FOR A FIGHT.
WELL...

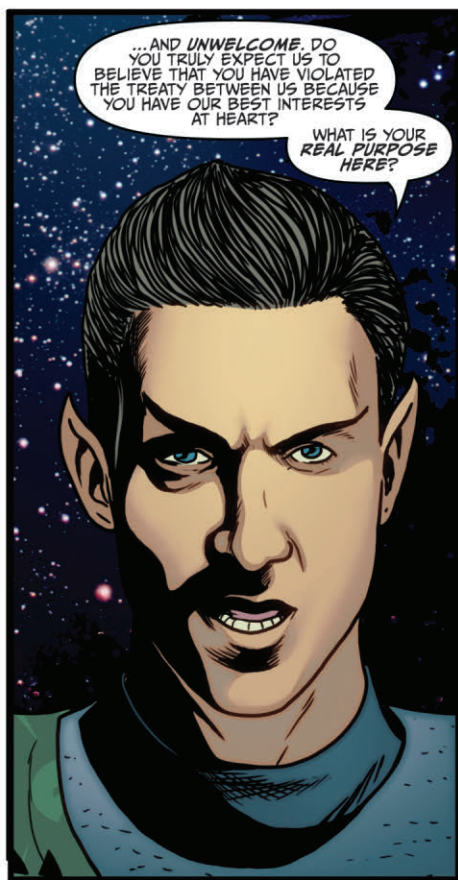


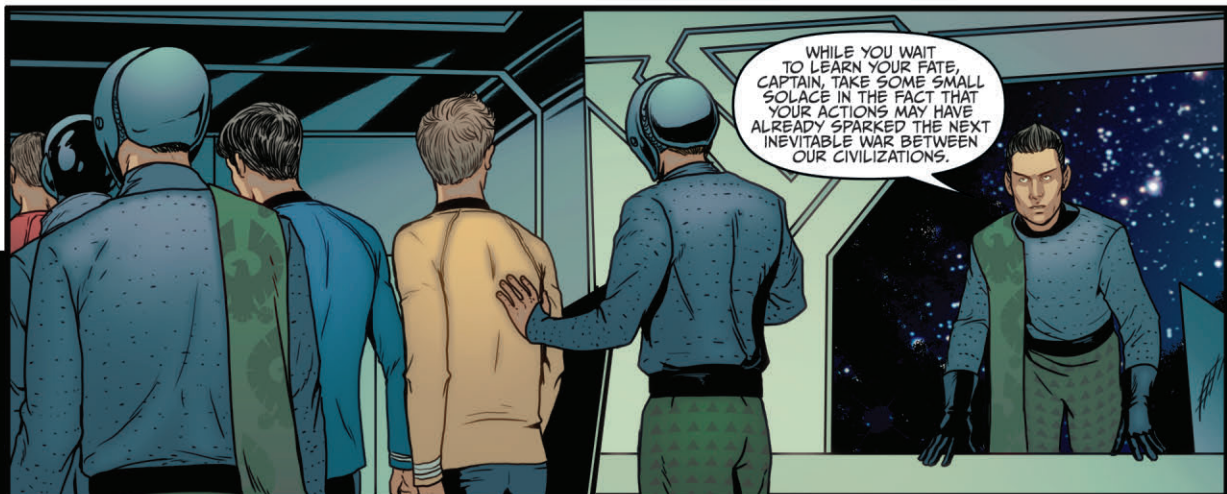
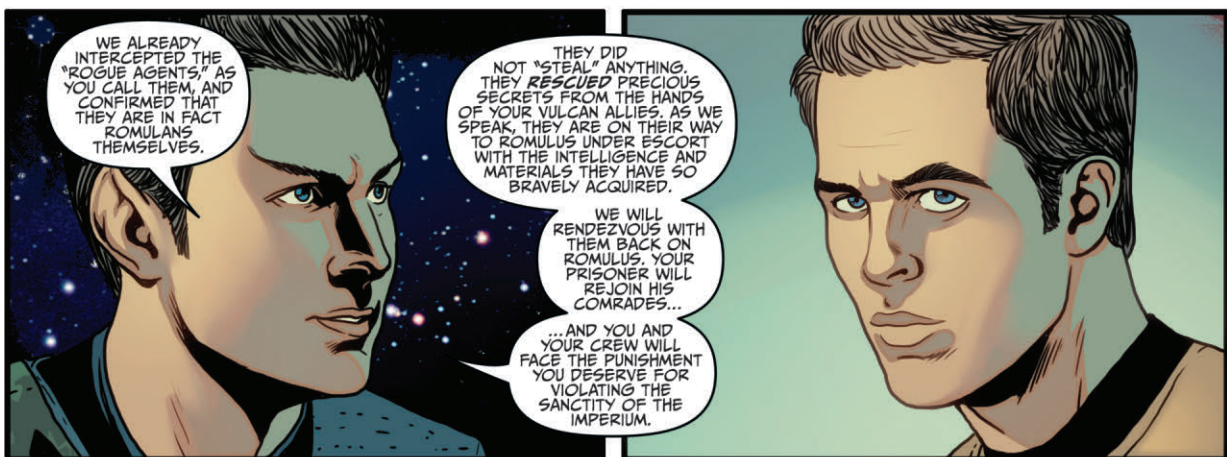
"...LET'S TRY NOT TO
GIVE THEM ONE."

FEDERATION
SHUTTLE. YOU HAVE
CROSSED INTO THE
NEUTRAL ZONE IN
VIOLATION OF THE
TREATY BETWEEN
OUR EMPIRES.

IDENTIFY
YOURSELF
IMMEDIATELY OR
BE DESTROYED.







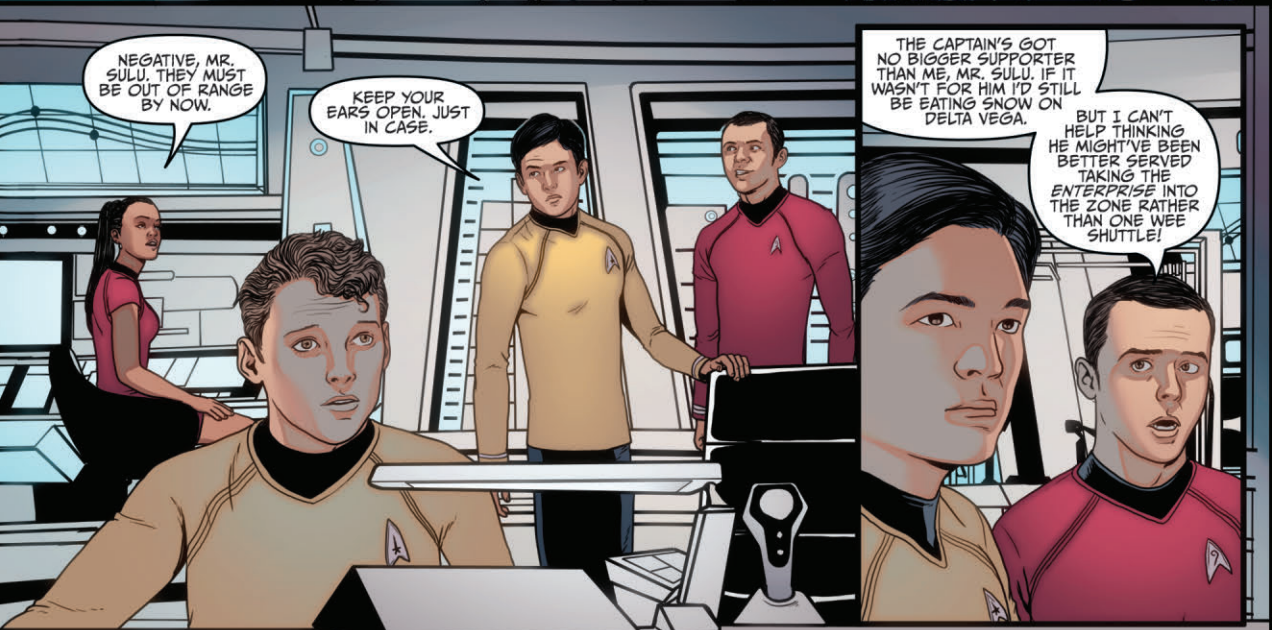
"TAKE SOLACE THAT YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR PLACE IN HISTORY!"



THE FEDERATION BORDER
OF THE NEUTRAL ZONE.



"ANYTHING, LT. UHURA?"



NEGATIVE, MR.
SULU. THEY MUST
BE OUT OF RANGE
BY NOW.

KEEP YOUR
EARS OPEN. JUST
IN CASE.

THE CAPTAIN'S GOT
NO BIGGER SUPPORTER
THAN ME, MR. SULU. IF IT
WASN'T FOR HIM I'D STILL
BE EATING SNOW ON
DELTA VEGA.

BUT I CAN'T
HELP THINKING
HE MIGHT'VE BEEN
BETTER SERVED
TAKING THE
ENTERPRISE INTO
THE ZONE RATHER
THAN ONE WEE
SHUTTLE!

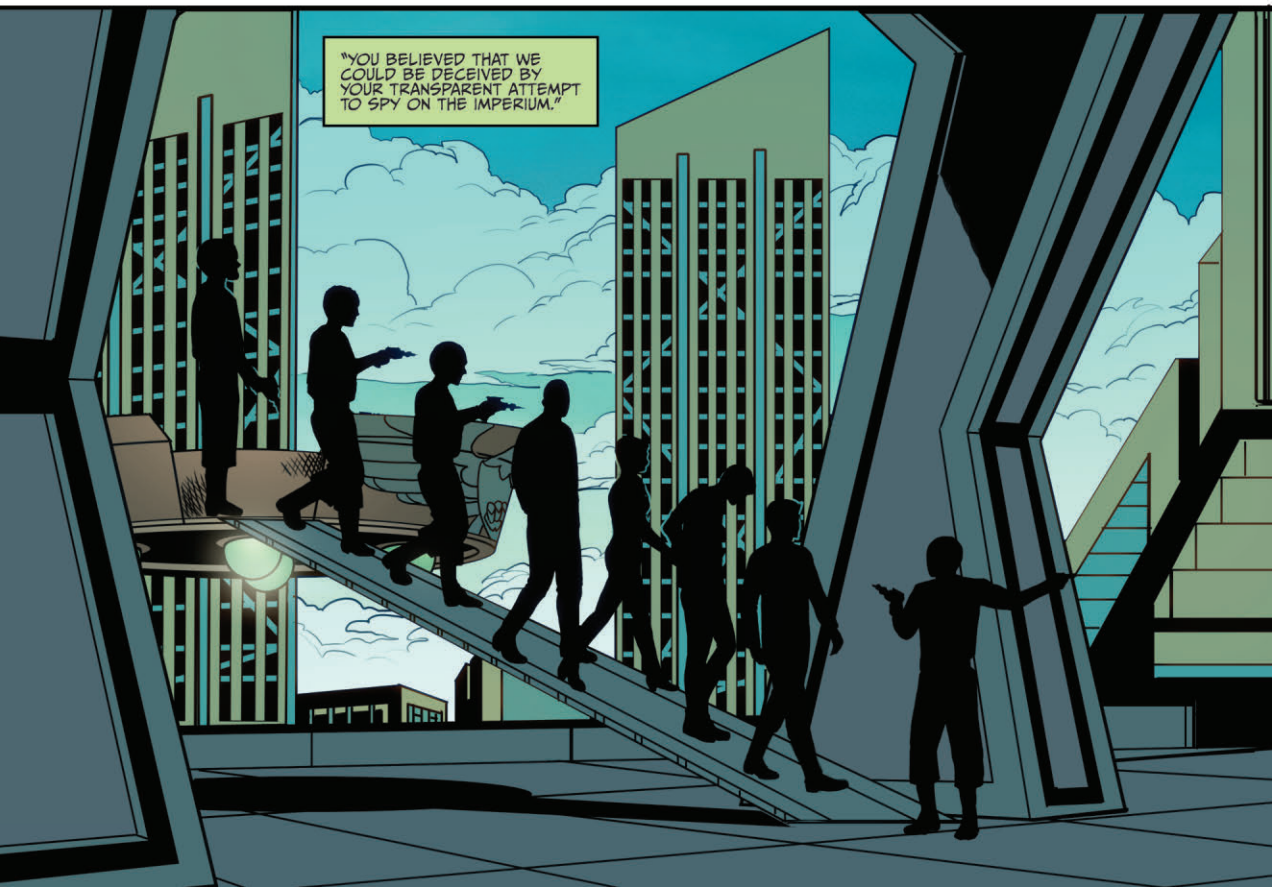
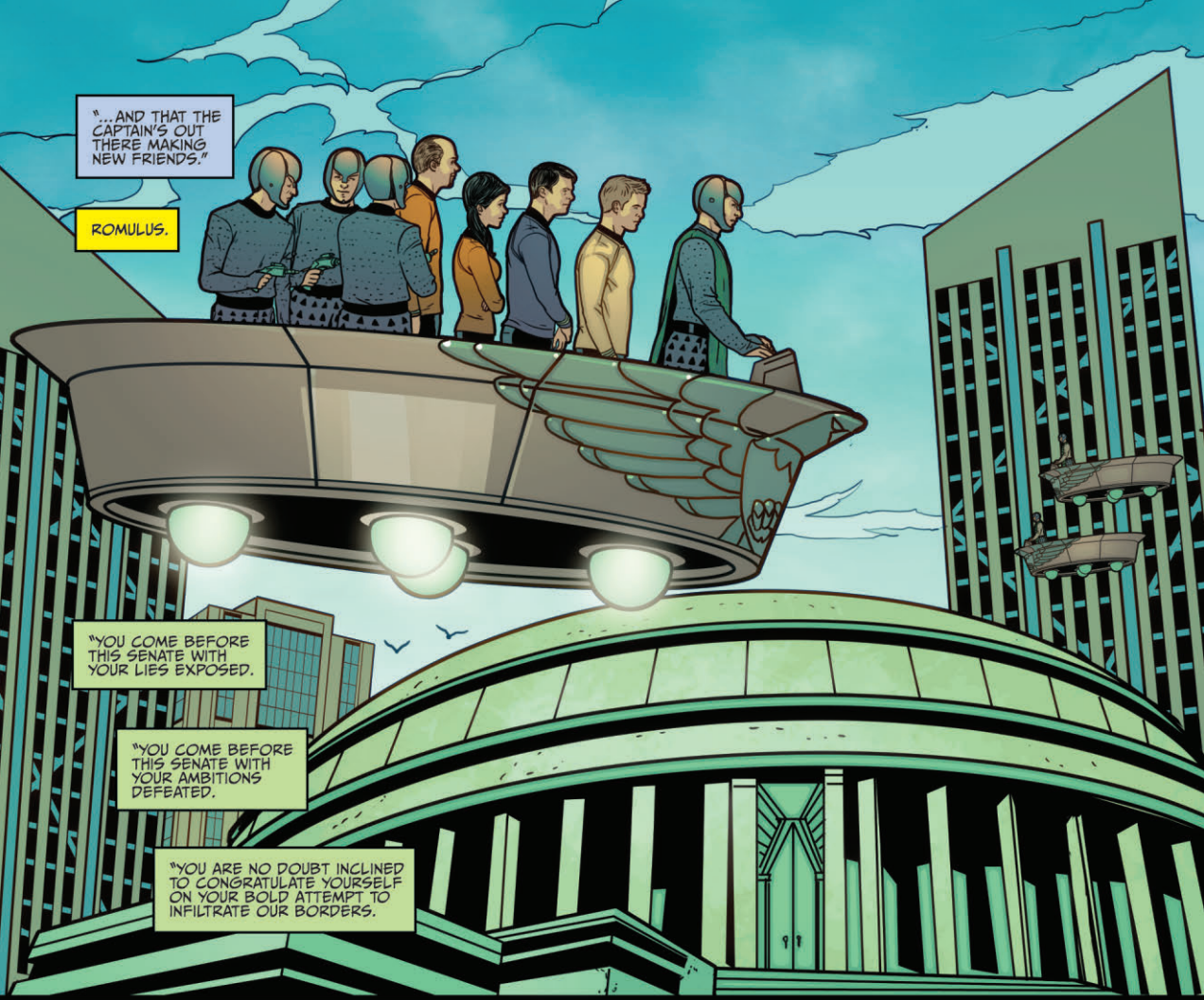


DAMNED IF HE
DOES, DAMNED IF HE
DOESN'T, MR. SCOTT.
SHOW UP IN THE FLAGSHIP,
WE RISK PROVOKING AN
IMMEDIATE ATTACK. TAKE A
SHUTTLE, AND WE HOPE
THEY AT LEAST ASK
QUESTIONS FIRST.

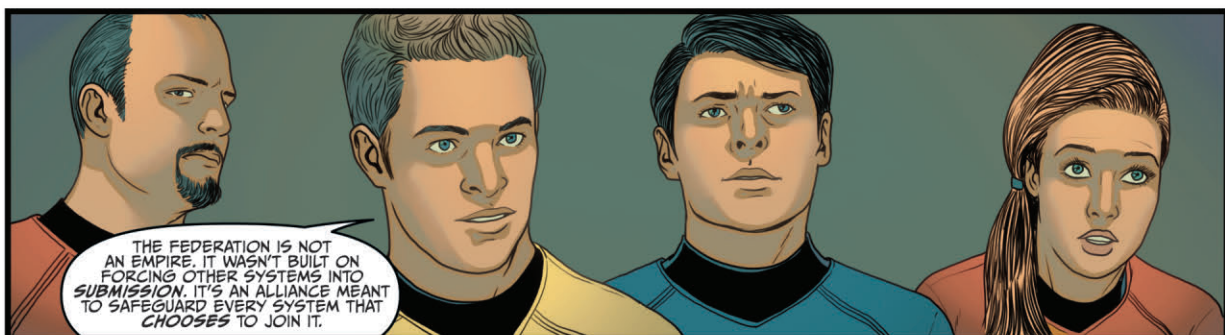


AYE. I SUPPOSE. I
JUST WISH THERE WAS
MORE WE COULD DO THAN
SIT AND WAIT. I DON'T ENVY
YOU HAVING THE CONN. I'D
BE ITCHIN' TO FOLLOW
THEM.

WHO SAYS I'M
NOT? LET'S JUST
HOPE NO NEWS
IS GOOD
NEWS...











DID YOU HEAR?
THEY'RE THROWING
THE STARFLEET
CREW INTO THEIR
DUNGEONS.




UNDERSTANDABLE.
IT WAS FOOLISH OF
KIRK TO THINK HE
COULD REASON
WITH THEM.

THERE IS NO
REASONING WITH
THE ROMULANS. THE
ONLY LANGUAGE
THEY UNDERSTAND
IS BRUTALITY.



CAREFUL WHAT
YOU SAY, TEVOK. WE
DO NOT KNOW HOW
FAR OUR VOICES
CARRY HERE IN THE
HOUSE OF OUR
ENEMY.

YOUR CONCERNS
ARE UNFOUNDED,
VARIK. WE HAVE GAINED
THEIR TRUST. WHY ELSE
WOULD THEY LEAVE
US HERE ALONE?



SOON WE WILL
DELIVER THE RED
MATTER TO THEIR
COUNCIL. AND THEN WE
WILL DETONATE IT. OUR
SACRIFICE WILL BE
COMPLETE.

AND VULCAN
WILL BE
AVENGED.



VAREEEET

ENTER!



AH, OUR LOST
BROTHER RETURNS TO
THE FOLD. WELCOME,
TAREK!

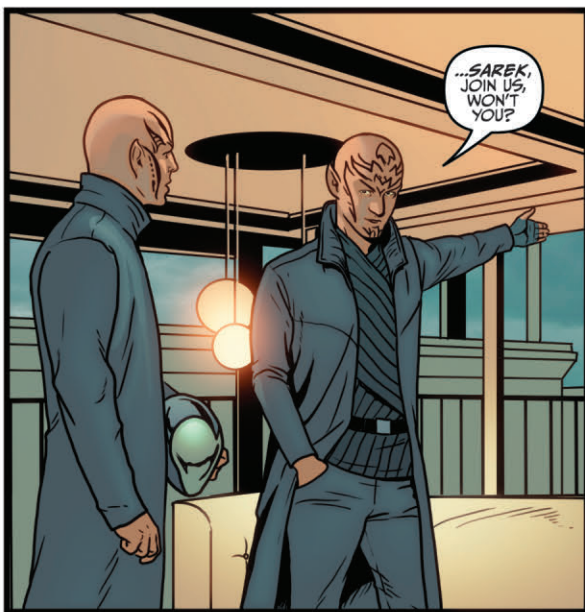
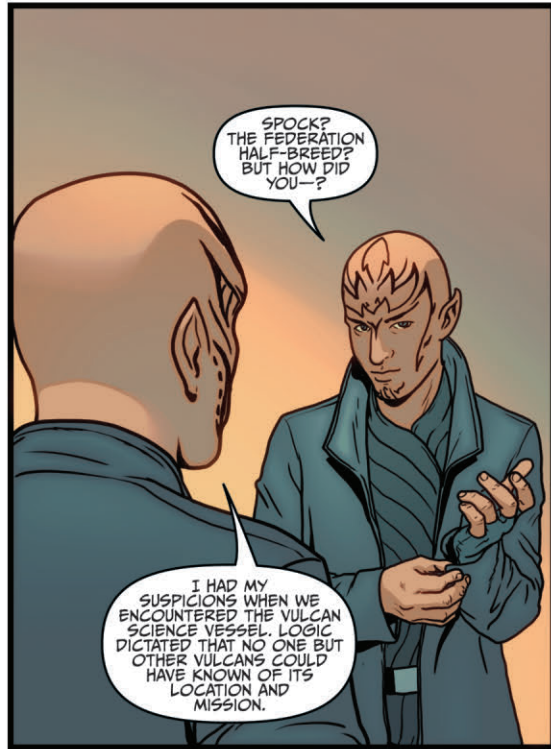
LEAVE US, GUARD.
INFORM THE COUNCIL
THAT WE WILL BE
JOINING THEM
SHORTLY.



I REGRET LEAVING
YOU BEHIND IN THEIR
CUSTODY, TAREK, BUT WE HAD
NO CHOICE. FORTUNATELY YOU
HAVE ARRIVED IN TIME TO
SHARE IN OUR TRIUMPH.

PARAH
PASHA
POOH

YOUR
APOLOGY IS
UNNECESSARY.





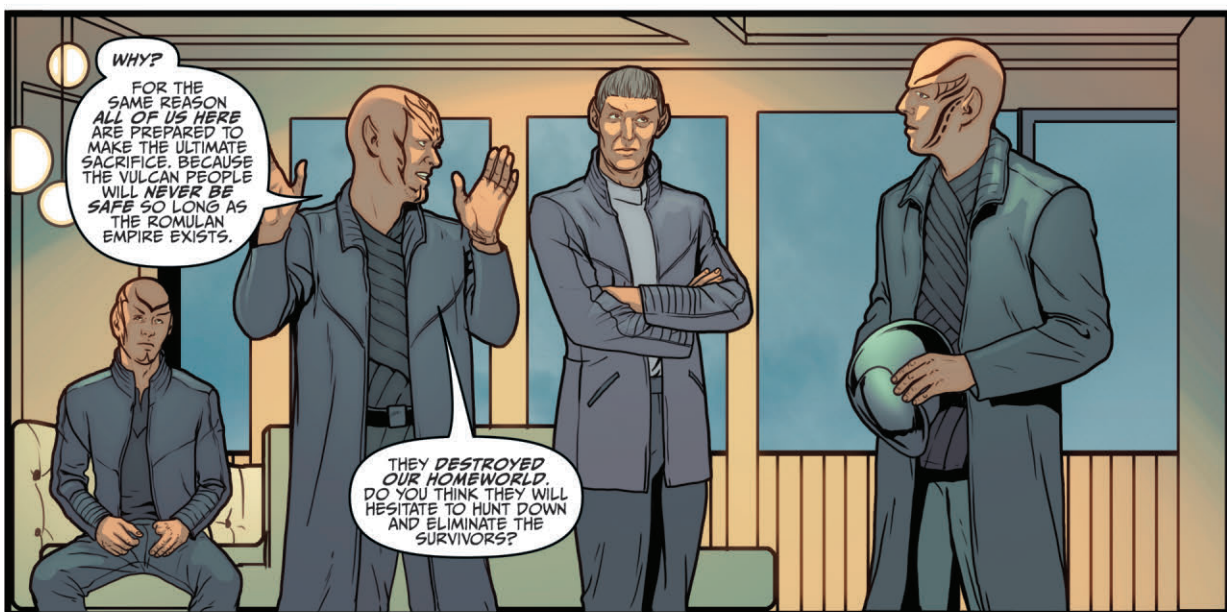
I NEVER MEANT FOR YOU TO KNOW, MY SON.

I INTENDED TO MAKE MY SACRIFICE, AND MY FATE WOULD FOREVER BE... UNKNOWN.



I KNEW A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL HAD TO BE INVOLVED. ONLY THEY WOULD KNOW ABOUT THE SECRET MISSION TO RECOVER RED MATTER. BUT I NEVER IMAGINED IT COULD BE... YOU...

WHY, FATHER?



WHY?

FOR THE SAME REASON ALL OF US HERE ARE PREPARED TO MAKE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE. BECAUSE THE VULCAN PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE SAFE SO LONG AS THE ROMULAN EMPIRE EXISTS.

THEY DESTROYED OUR HOMELAND. DO YOU THINK THEY WILL HESITATE TO HUNT DOWN AND ELIMINATE THE SURVIVORS?

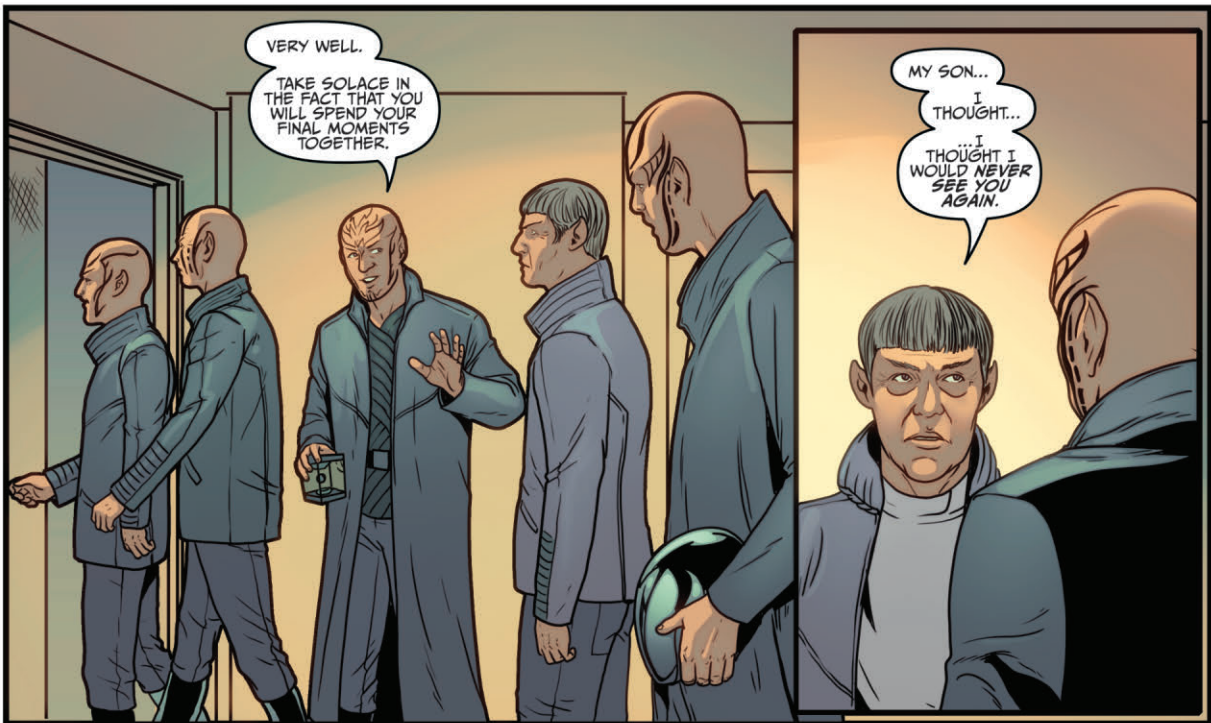
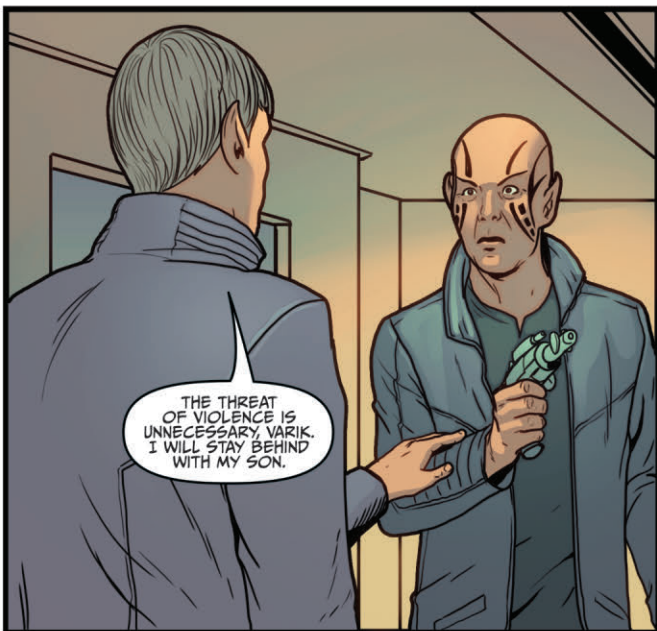


BUT, TEVOK, VULCAN WAS DESTROYED BY A LONE MADMAN FROM AN ALTERNATE TIMELINE. HIS ACTIONS WERE UNSANCTIONED BY THE EMPIRE.




AND YOU THINK THE EMPIRE DID NOT REJOICE WHEN THEY LEARNED OF VULCAN'S FATE?

THAT MADMAN FROM ANOTHER TIMELINE WAS A TRUE SON OF ROMULUS. AND NOW WE WILL ENSURE THAT HE WILL NEVER BE BORN IN THIS ONE.






YOU ARE HEREBY
REMAINED INTO THE
CUSTODY OF THE
IMPERIAL DETENTION
AUTHORITY.



YOU WILL BE
DELIVERED TO THE
CAPITOL PRISON FOR
PROCESSING, AND EACH
OF YOU WILL BE SENT
TO A DIFFERENT PENAL
COLONY TO SERVE
OUT YOUR TERM.



"SERVE OUT OUR
TERM?" WHY DOESN'T HE
JUST SAY "SPEND THE
REST OF YOUR MISERABLE
LIVES IN PERPETUAL
SUFFERING?"



JIM, THAT "ONE
LAST MOVE ON
THE BOARD" YOU
MENTIONED...

WHEN
EXACTLY WERE
YOU PLANNING
TO MAKE IT?

I MIGHT HAVE
OVERESTIMATED OUR
CHANCES. STILL, AS
LONG AS WE'RE STILL
BREATHING...



...LT. ZAHRA!
THINK YOU COULD FLY
ONE OF THESE THINGS
IF YOU GOT THE
CHANCE?

EASIER THAN AN
ACADEMY SHUTTLE
SIM, CAPTAIN.

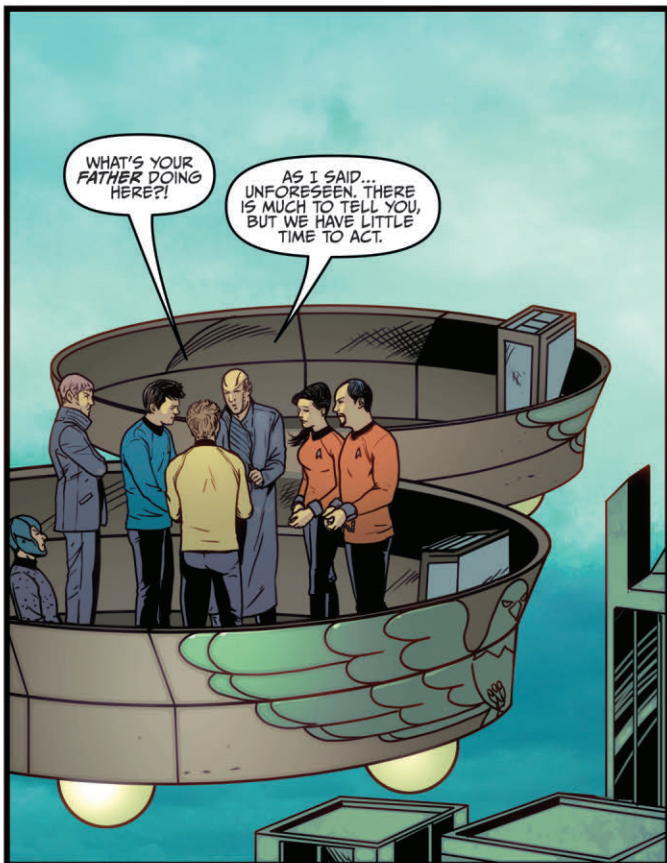


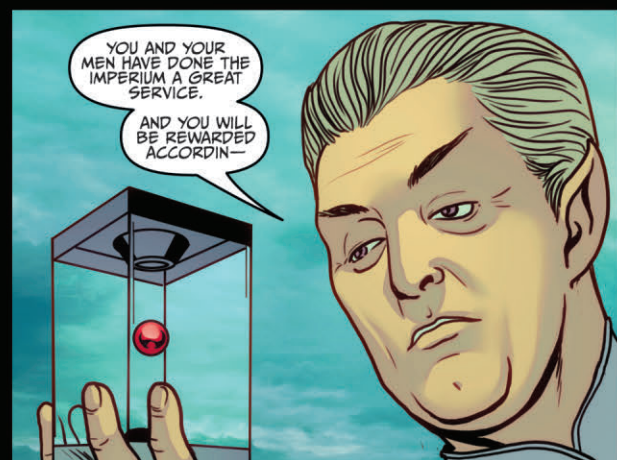
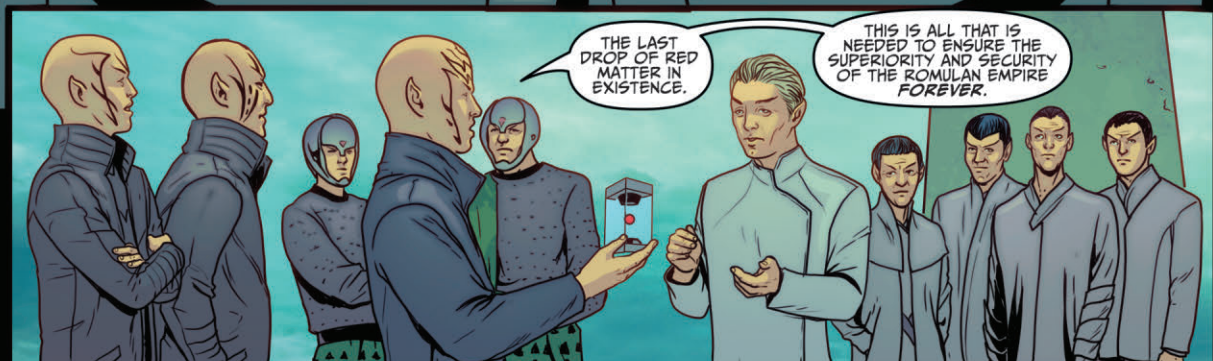
HEY, CUPCAKE!
REMEMBER WHEN
WE MET BACK IN
THE BAR IN
IOWA?

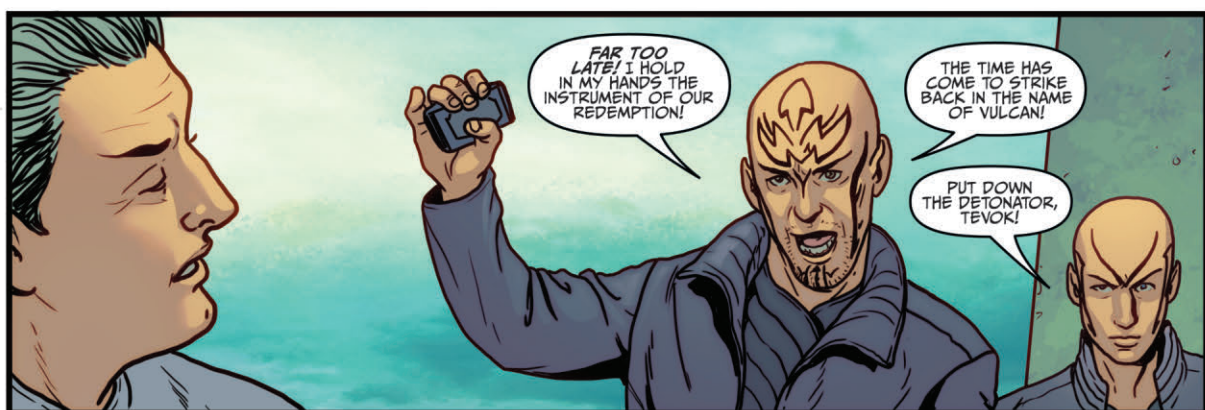
THINK YOU
COULD SHOW ME
THAT OLD TRICK
YOU PULLED?

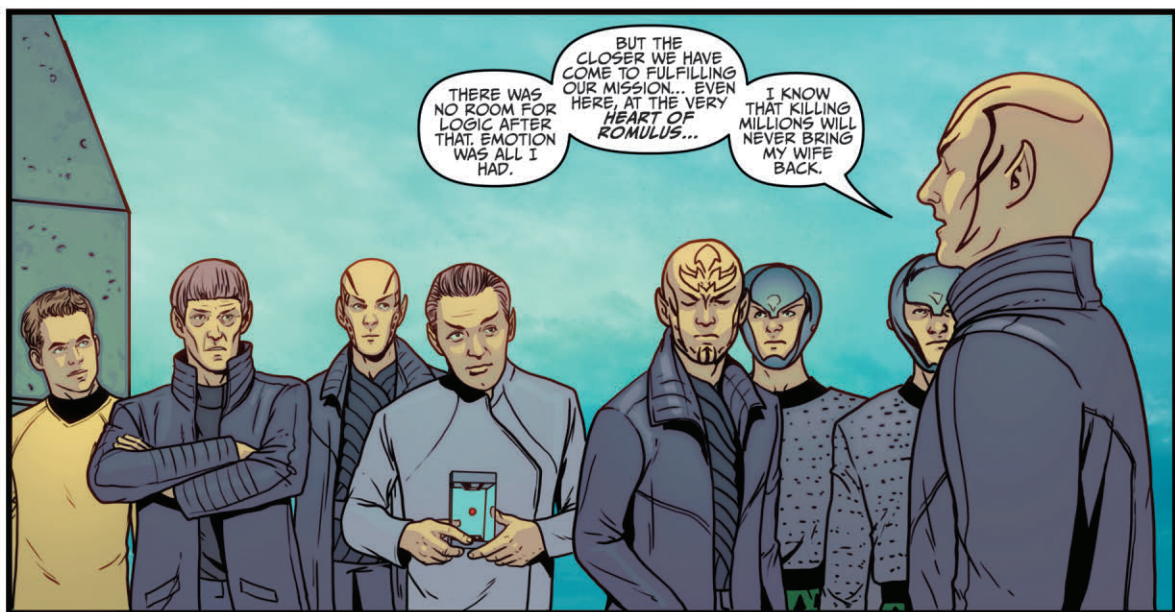
DAMMIT, SIR,
I TOLD YOU
ALREADY...



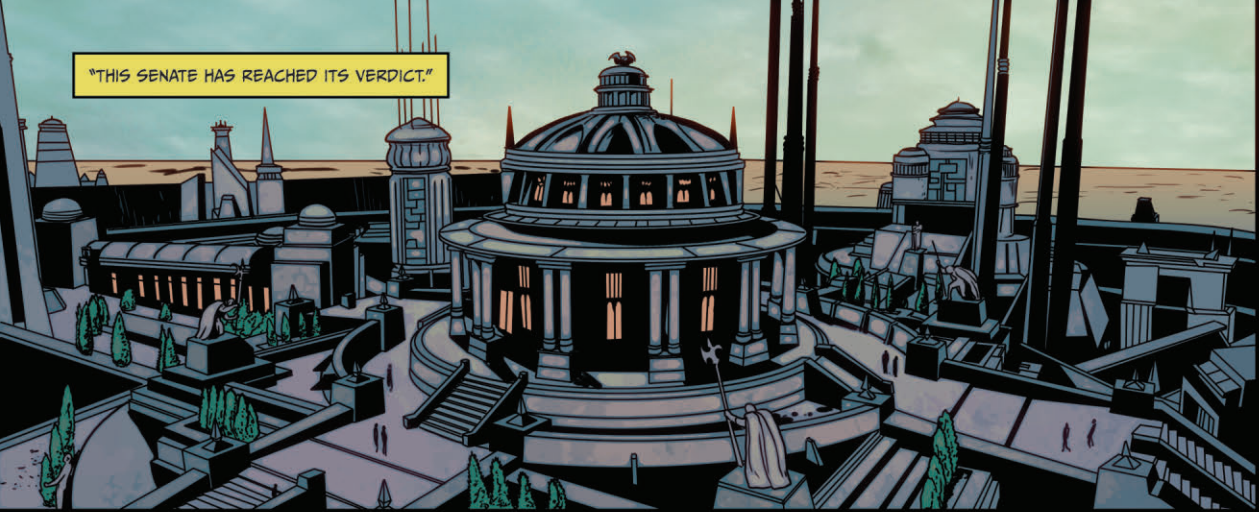








"THIS SENATE HAS REACHED ITS VERDICT."



IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS AUGUST BODY THAT THE FEDERATION INCURSION INTO OUR SPACE WAS NOT INTENDED AS AN ACT OF WAR, BUT WAS INSTEAD A MISGUIDED ATTEMPT TO RECOVER A WEAPON THEY FOOLISHLY ALLOWED TO ESCAPE THEIR POSSESSION.



KEEPING YOU IN CUSTODY WOULD ONLY CAUSE A CONFRONTATION WITH THE FEDERATION THAT WOULD NOT BE IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE IMPERIUM...

...AT THIS TIME.



SUCH MERCY WILL NOT BE GRANTED THE VULCAN AGENTS WHO SOUGHT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EMPIRE.



YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT AT AN IMPERIAL PENAL COLONY.

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.





AS FOR
YOU, SAREK...

BY RIGHT YOU
SHOULD BE SENTENCED
ALONG WITH YOUR VULCAN
BROTHERS, BUT IT IS THE
JUDGMENT OF THIS BODY THAT
WE ARE BETTER SERVED BY
ALLOWING YOU TO RETURN TO
YOUR FELLOW VULCAN
ELDERS WITH A MESSAGE
FROM THE IMPERIUM.



THAT MESSAGE: DO NOT
ATTEMPT TO VIOLATE OUR
BORDERS AGAIN. ANY VULCAN
FOUND WITHIN THE IMPERIUM
WILL BE IMPRISONED
INDEFINITELY.

AND ANY FURTHER
PLOTS AGAINST THE
IMPERIUM WILL PROVOKE
AN ARMED RESPONSE
OF OVERWHELMING
POWER.



WHAT ABOUT THE
RED MATTER? AND
THE DESIGNS FOR
THE NARADA?



THE RED
MATTER AND THE
INTELLIGENCE FROM
THE NARADA STAY
HERE, SECURE IN
HEART OF THE
EMPIRE.

CONSIDER IT A
FAIR EXCHANGE
FOR YOUR RELEASE,
CAPTAIN.

*THIS BODY IS
NOW ADJOURNED.

YOU ARE FREE TO GO.



"HOW DID UHURA
TAKE IT?"




SHE WAS NOT PLEASED BY THE
CHANGE IN MY APPEARANCE.
EVEN LESS PLEASED THAT
I TOOK THE RISK
I DID.

DID YOU
CONFER WITH
VICE-ADMIRAL
PIKE?




YEAH. I'D
RATHER GO TEN
ROUNDS WITH
NYOTA.

SURELY HE UNDERSTOOD THAT
OUR OPTIONS WERE LIMITED. YOUR
DECISION TO ENTER THE NEUTRAL
ZONE IN PURSUIT WAS MADE
IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF
THE FEDERATION'S
SECURITY.



NERO WAS A TERRORIST,
CAPTAIN, A LONE AGENT DRIVEN
SOLELY BY VENGEANCE. LOGIC
WOULD DICTATE THE ROMULAN
EMPIRE WOULD NOT EMBARK
ON A SIMILAR CRUSADE
AGAINST US.



OH, HE GOT IT. WHAT
HE DIDN'T LIKE WAS THAT
THE ROMULANS ARE NOW IN
POSSESSION OF THE LAST
REMAINING REMNANT OF
RED MATTER.

THE PHRASE
"BALANCE OF
POWER" CAME UP
MORE THAN A
FEW TIMES.

I DON'T HAVE
QUITE YOUR FAITH IN
LOGIC, COMMANDER.
BUT I HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT...

"...I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT."



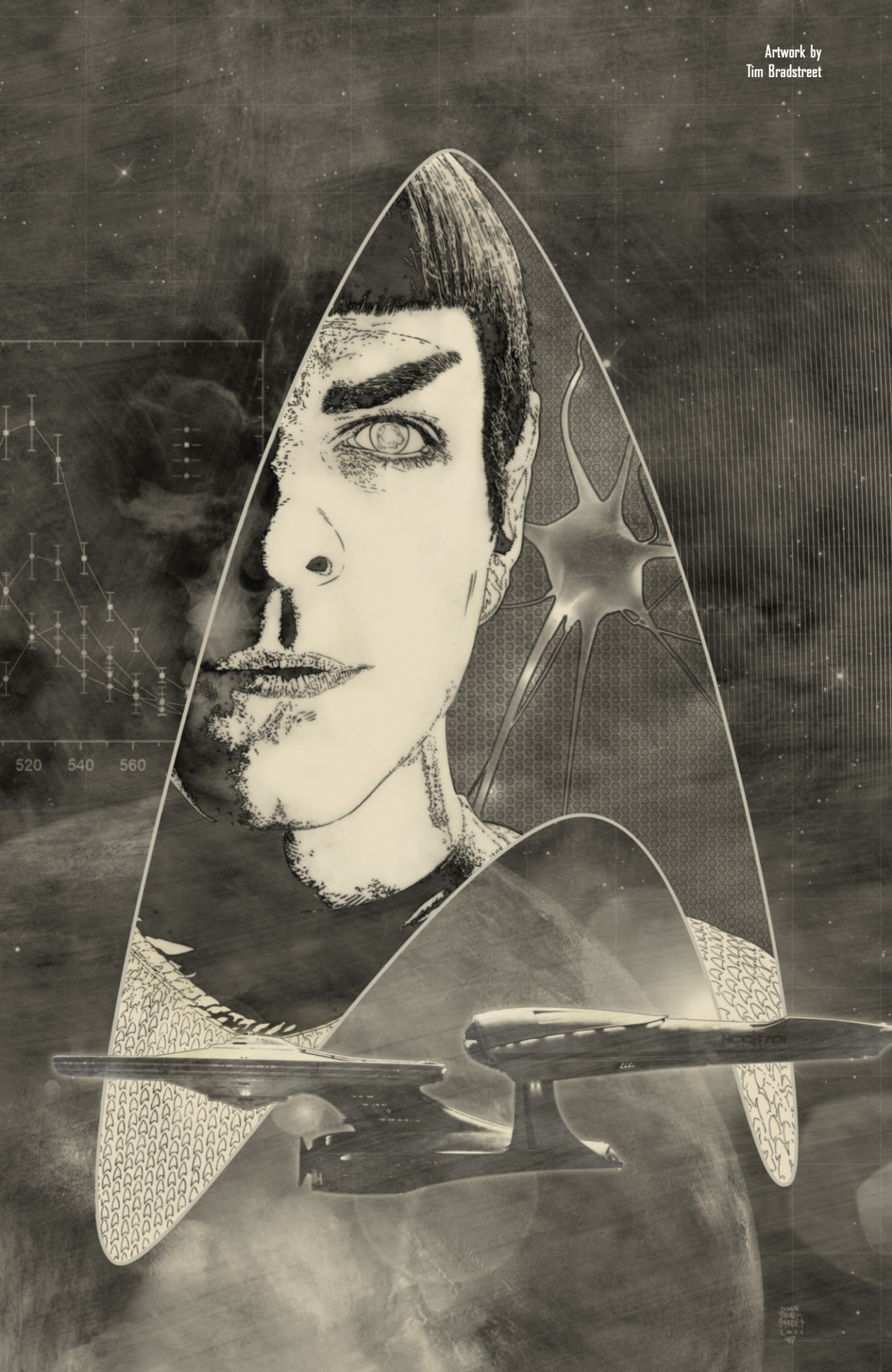
END.

ART GALLERY

Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash



Artwork by
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— TrekMovie.com

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