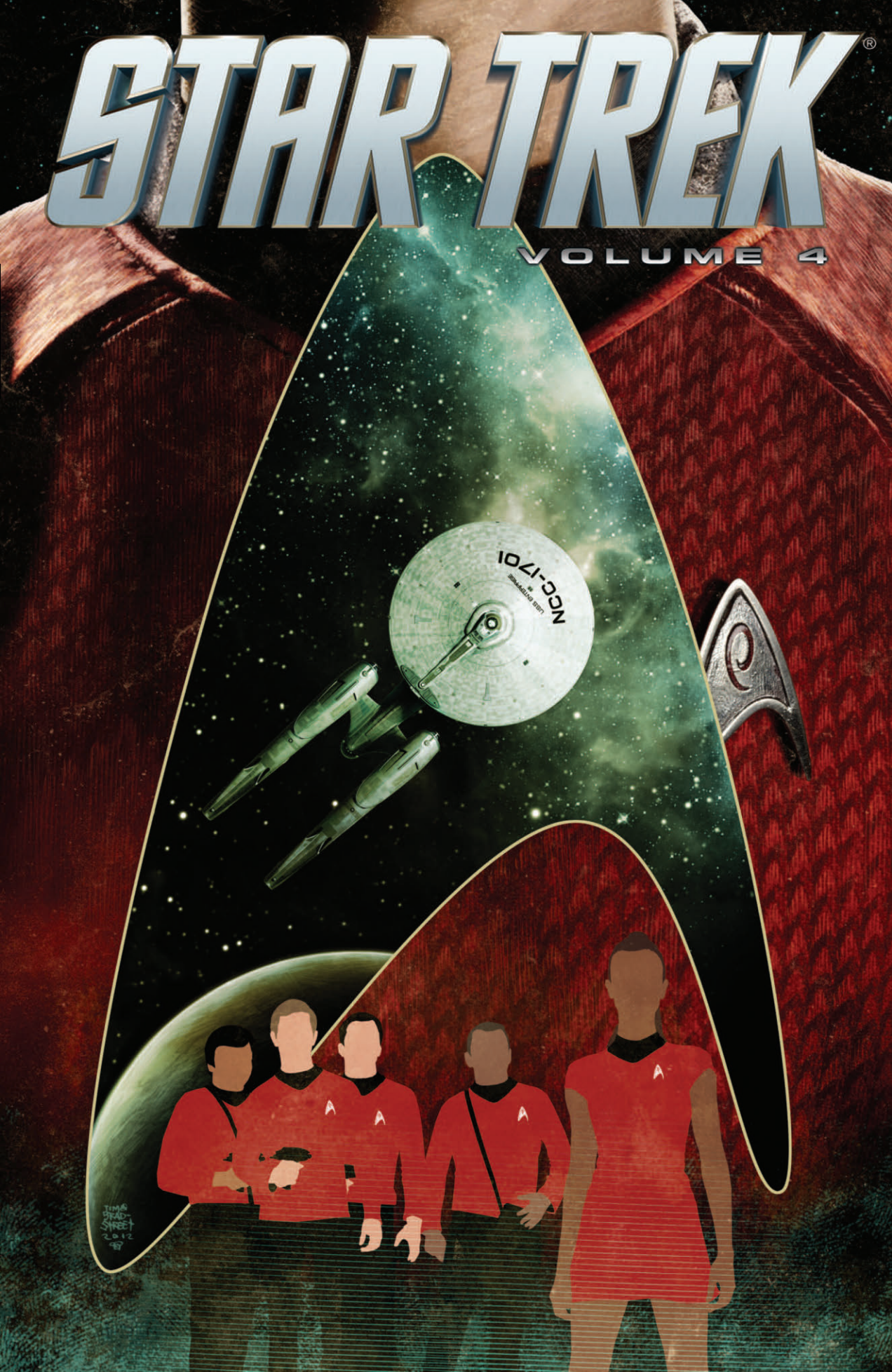


STAR TREK[®]

VOLUME 4



STAR TREK®

VOLUME 4

STAR TREK[®]

VOLUME 4

Collection Cover by Tim Bradstreet, Colors by Grant Goleash

Collection Edits by Justin Eisinger and Alonzo Simon

Production by Shawn Lee

"Mirrored" based on the original teleplay of *Mirror, Mirror* by Jerome Bixby.

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

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins |

ISBN: 9781623022600

DIGITAL

IDW[®]

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services

Become our fan on Facebook [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing)

Follow us on Twitter @idwpublishing

Check us out on YouTube [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)

www.IDWPUBLISHING.com



STAR TREK, VOLUME 4, MARCH 2013, FIRST PRINTING. ® & © 2013 CBS Studios Inc. STAR TREK and related marks and trademarks of CBS Studios Inc. © 2013 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing authorized user. © 2013 Idea and Design Works, LLC. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as STAR TREK Issues #13-16.

Written by

MIKE JOHNSON

Art by

**STEPHEN MOLNAR, and ERFAN FAJAR,
HENDRI PRASETYO,
and MIRALTI FIRMANSYAH** of Stellar Labs

Colors by

**JOHN RAUCH, and Ifansyah Noor
and Sakti Tuwono** of Stellar Labs

Creative Consultant

ROBERTO ORCI

Letters by

NEIL UYETAKE

Series Edits by

SCOTT DUNBIER

HENDORFF



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

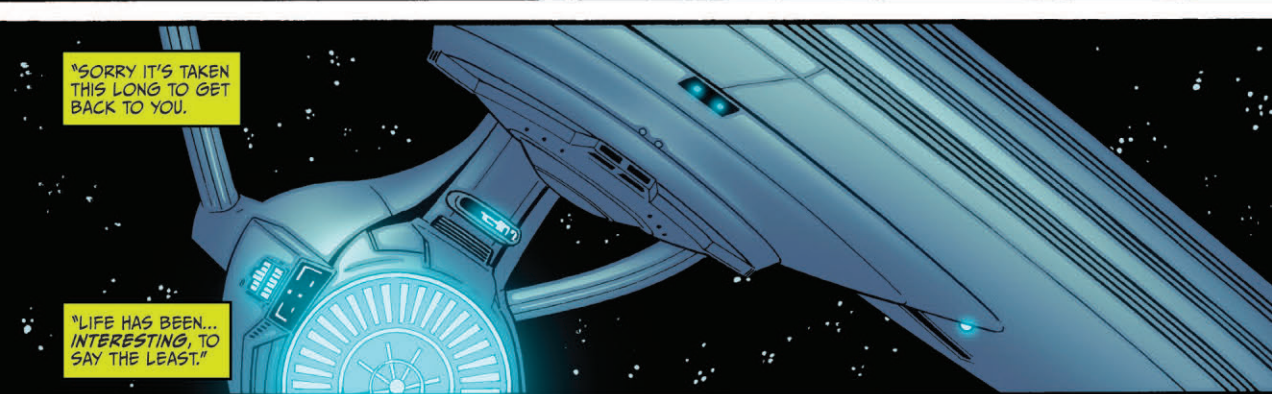


"Hi, MA. HI, PA.



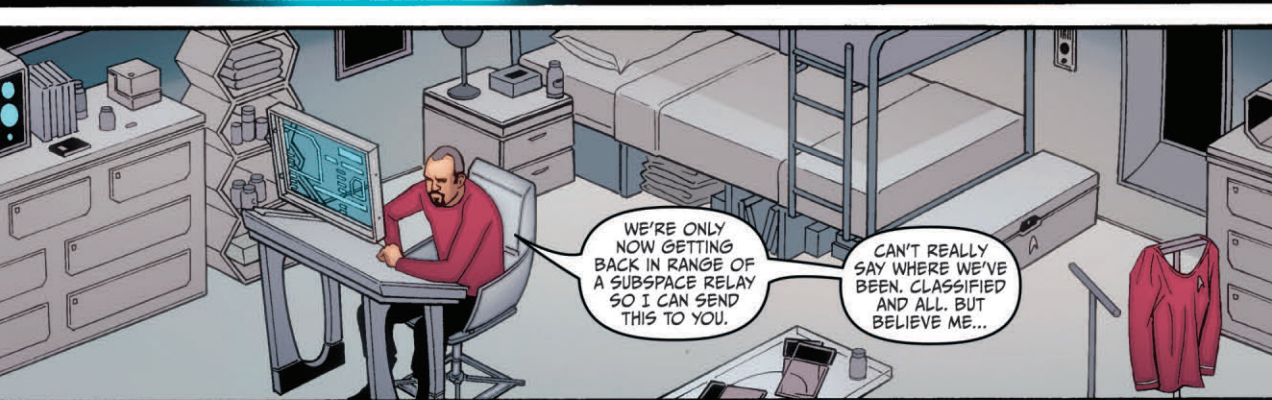
"THANKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS VID.
YOU BOTH LOOK GREAT.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN FEEDING SCOUT, BUT
THAT IS ONE FAT LABRADOR.



"SORRY IT'S TAKEN
THIS LONG TO GET
BACK TO YOU.

"LIFE HAS BEEN...
INTERESTING, TO
SAY THE LEAST."



WE'RE ONLY
NOW GETTING
BACK IN RANGE OF
A SUBSPACE RELAY
SO I CAN SEND
THIS TO YOU.

CAN'T REALLY
SAY WHERE WE'VE
BEEN. CLASSIFIED
AND ALL. BUT
BELIEVE ME...



...IT'S MORE
THAN I EVER
DREAMED
OF.

"I CAN'T SAY IT GOT OFF TO THE BEST START. MY FIRST OFFICIAL MEETING WITH THE CAPTAIN WAS A LITTLE..."

"...AWKWARD."

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR?



"...WE DIDN'T EXACTLY START OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT."



ARE YOU REFERRING TO THE INCIDENT IN IOWA A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK, SIR?



THE "INCIDENT"? THAT "INCIDENT" RESET MY JAW.

SIR, IF YOU WANT ME TO APOLOGIZE, I—



NOT YOU, HENDORFF.

ME. I'M THE ONE APOLOGIZING. I WAS WAY OUT OF LINE THAT NIGHT. I DESERVED IT.

I SAW YOU A COUPLE OF TIMES AT THE ACADEMY LATER ON, WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT... DIDN'T KNOW WHAT.



"AND THEN THERE WAS THE *SECOND* TIME WE MET, WHEN I WAS AT THE WRONG END OF YOUR PHASER."







THERE WAS... TALK. NO ONE HAD EVER BEEN PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN SO QUICKLY. YOU DIDN'T SPEND YEARS PAYING YOUR DUES ON THE BRIDGE OF ANOTHER SHIP OR TWO.

BUT THE THING IS, SIR...

"...NO ONE EVER DID WHAT YOU DID BEFORE."



YOU SAVED THE WORLD.

"YOU AND COMMANDER SPOCK."



"SO, YEAH, THERE WAS TALK, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU WERE PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN INSTEAD OF HIM."



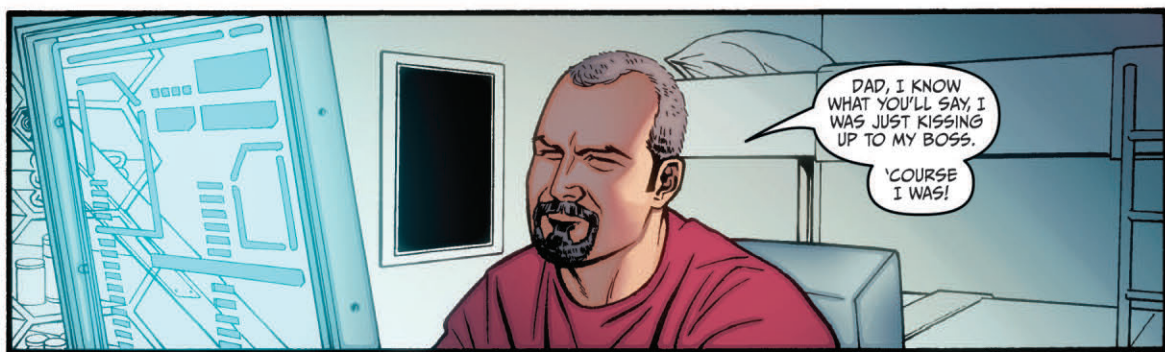
BUT WE ALL KNOW WHAT YOU DID, AND WE RESPECT YOU FOR IT.

HOW IS THE CREW HANDLING THE TRANSITION?



WE'RE A STARFLEET CREW.

WE'LL FOLLOW WHEREVER YOU LEAD US.



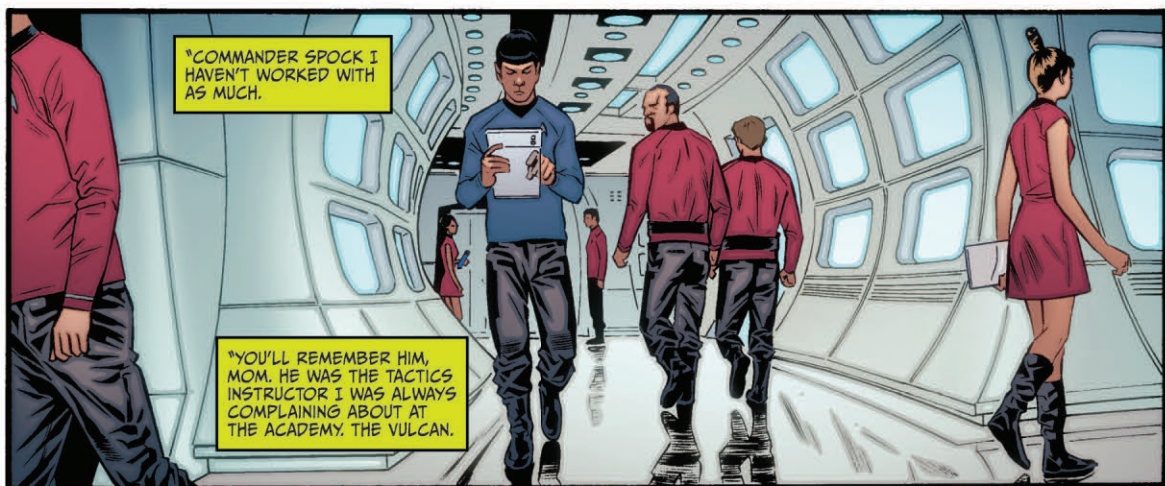
DAD, I KNOW
WHAT YOU'LL SAY, I
WAS JUST KISSING
UP TO MY BOSS.

'COURSE
I WAS!



"BUT I'VE SEEN THE CAPTAIN IN
ACTION ENOUGH NOW TO KNOW THAT
STARFLEET MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

"HE'S FEARLESS. HE'S
RELENTLESS. AND HE
DOESN'T ASK ANY OF
US TO DO ANYTHING HE
WOULDN'T DO HIMSELF.



"COMMANDER SPOCK I
HAVEN'T WORKED WITH
AS MUCH.

"YOU'LL REMEMBER HIM,
MOM. HE WAS THE TACTICS
INSTRUCTOR I WAS ALWAYS
COMPLAINING ABOUT AT
THE ACADEMY. THE VULCAN.



"HE'S NOT EXACTLY THE TOUCHY-FEELY
TYPE. I THINK WE'RE ALL A LITTLE
INTIMIDATED BY HIM.

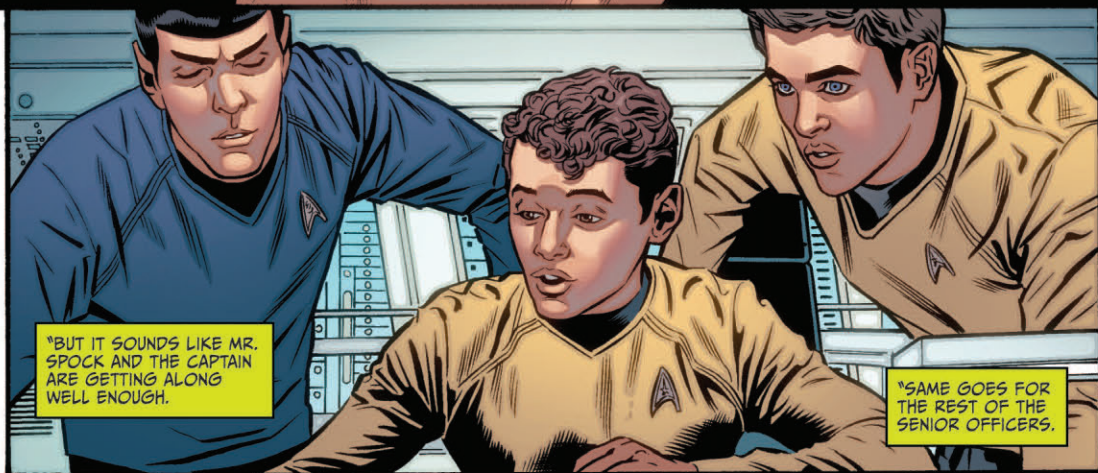
"AND THERE'S THE WHOLE
THING WITH THE VULCAN
HOMEWORLD..."



"...THE TRAGEDY."

"YOU WOULDN'T KNOW
IT AFFECTED HIM JUST
BY LOOKING AT HIM."

"BUT WE CAN
ALL FEEL IT."



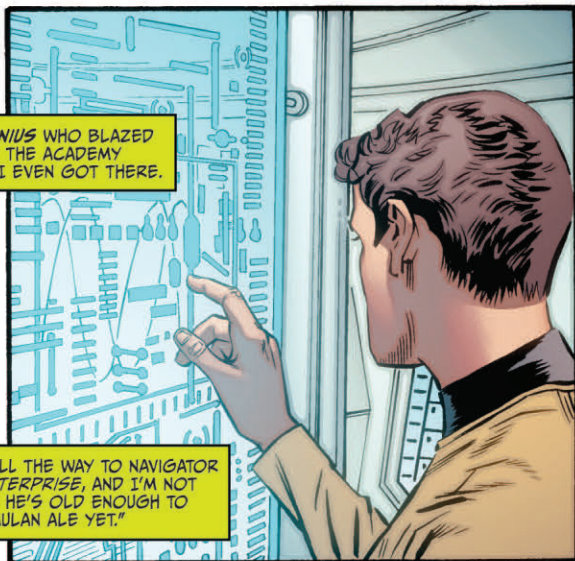
"BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE MR.
SPOCK AND THE CAPTAIN
ARE GETTING ALONG
WELL ENOUGH."

"SAME GOES FOR
THE REST OF THE
SENIOR OFFICERS."

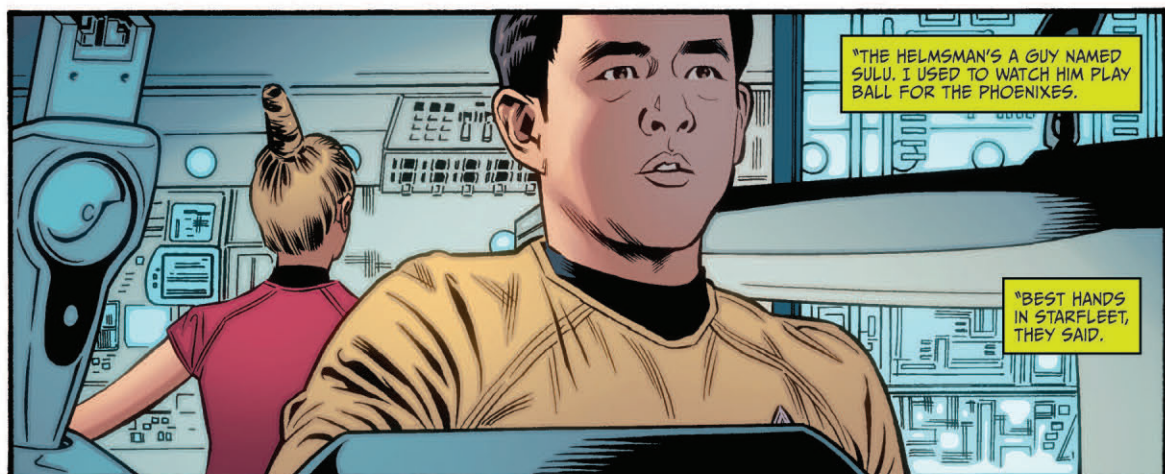


"THERE'S THIS
ONE GUY... GUY?
HE'S JUST A KID!"

"THIS GENIUS WHO BLAZED
THROUGH THE ACADEMY
BEFORE I EVEN GOT THERE."

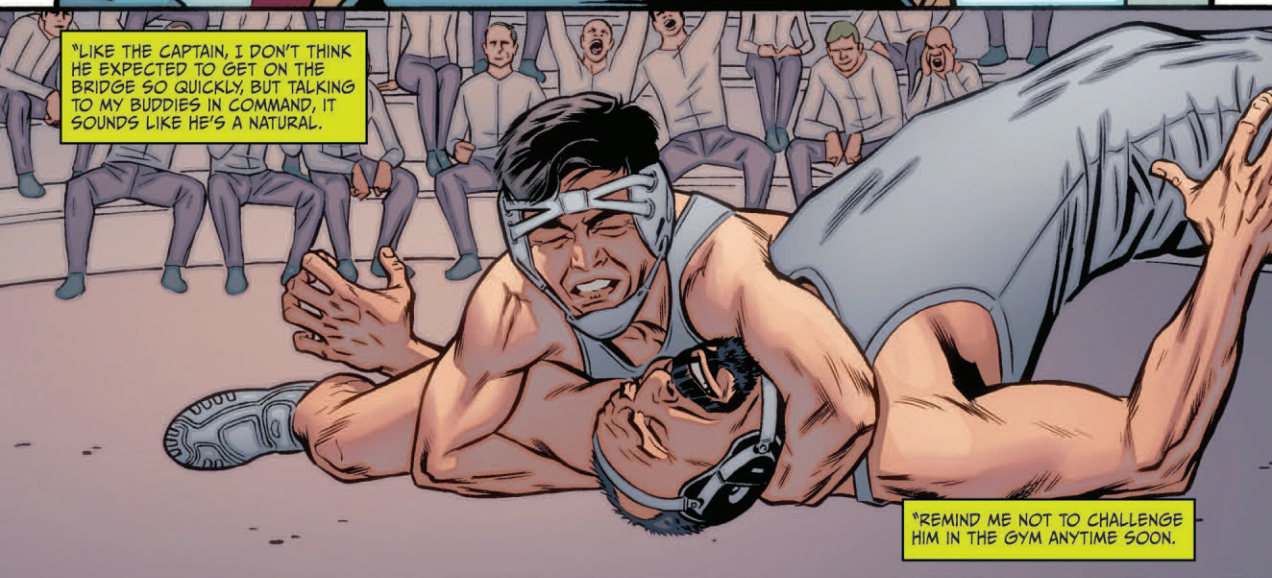


"MADE IT ALL THE WAY TO NAVIGATOR
ON THE ENTERPRISE, AND I'M NOT
EVEN SURE HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO
DRINK ROMULAN ALE YET."



"THE HELMSMAN'S A GUY NAMED SULU. I USED TO WATCH HIM PLAY BALL FOR THE PHOENIXES.

"BEST HANDS IN STARFLEET, THEY SAID.



"LIKE THE CAPTAIN, I DON'T THINK HE EXPECTED TO GET ON THE BRIDGE SO QUICKLY, BUT TALKING TO MY BUDDIES IN COMMAND, IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S A NATURAL.

"REMIND ME NOT TO CHALLENGE HIM IN THE GYM ANYTIME SOON.



"GOOD NEWS IS ONE OF MY OLD FRIENDS IS ON THE BRIDGE TOO.

"NYOTA UHURA. YOU GUYS MET HER AT GRADUATION.

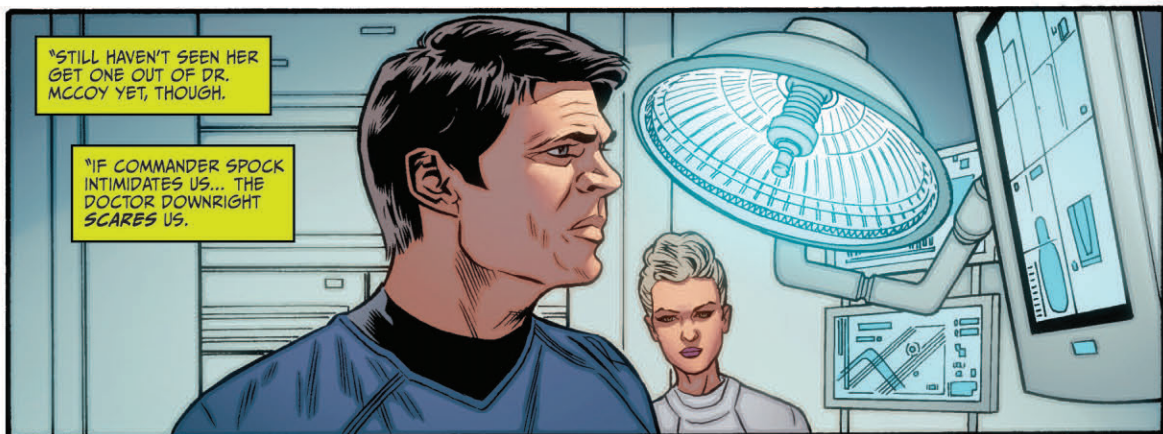


"SHE'S THE CUTE ONE DAD SAID I SHOULD HURRY UP AND MARRY BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES.

"IT'S NICE TO HAVE A FAMILIAR FACE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE."



"SHE PUTS EVERYBODY IN A GOOD MOOD. IN FACT, SHE'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE SEEN WHO CAN GET A SMILE OUT OF COMMANDER SPOCK."



"STILL HAVEN'T SEEN HER GET ONE OUT OF DR. MCCOY YET, THOUGH."

"IF COMMANDER SPOCK INTIMIDATES US... THE DOCTOR DOWNRIGHT SCARES US."



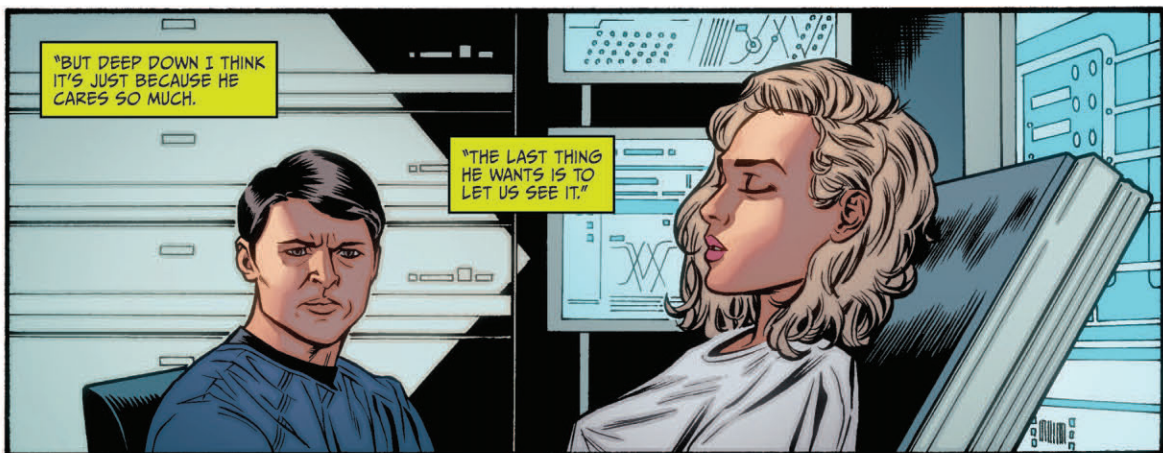
"I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO SEE HIM WHEN I CAME DOWN WITH THE LEVODIAN FLU A FEW WEEKS BACK. HIS BEDSIDE MANNER CAN BE A LITTLE—"

OWW....!

OH, MAN UP, HENDORFF! DON'T GET YOUR RINGLET'S IN A BUNCH.

"—DIRECT."

"HE'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMETHING. USUALLY HIS PATIENTS."



"BUT DEEP DOWN I THINK IT'S JUST BECAUSE HE CARES SO MUCH."

"THE LAST THING HE WANTS IS TO LET US SEE IT."



"AND THEN THERE'S THE HIGHEST-RANKING REDSHIRT."

THIS...

"CHIEF ENGINEER SCOTT."

"IN A WAY, HE HAS ALL OF OUR LIVES IN HIS HANDS."

...WAS A MUCH BETTER IDEA IN PRINCIPLE. ALL THAT WORK JUST TO FIND OUT I WAS WRONG.

"HE KNOWS THE SHIP BETTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE."



MR. KEENSER, I AM ENTRUSTING YOU WITH A TASK VITAL TO THE CONTINUED SAFE RUNNING OF THIS STARSHIP: CLEAN THIS UP.

I HAVE VERY IMPORTANT WORK TO DO WITH MR. HENDORFF.



"AS PART OF MY ENGINEERING ROTATION HE ASKS ME TO HELP HIM OUT WITH WHATEVER PROBLEM HE'S TACKLING AT THE TIME."

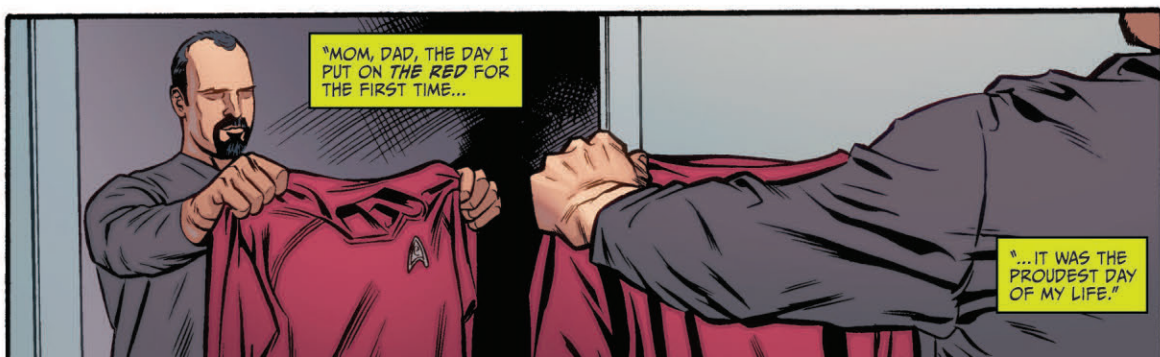
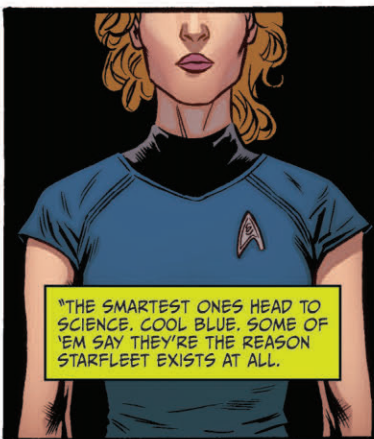
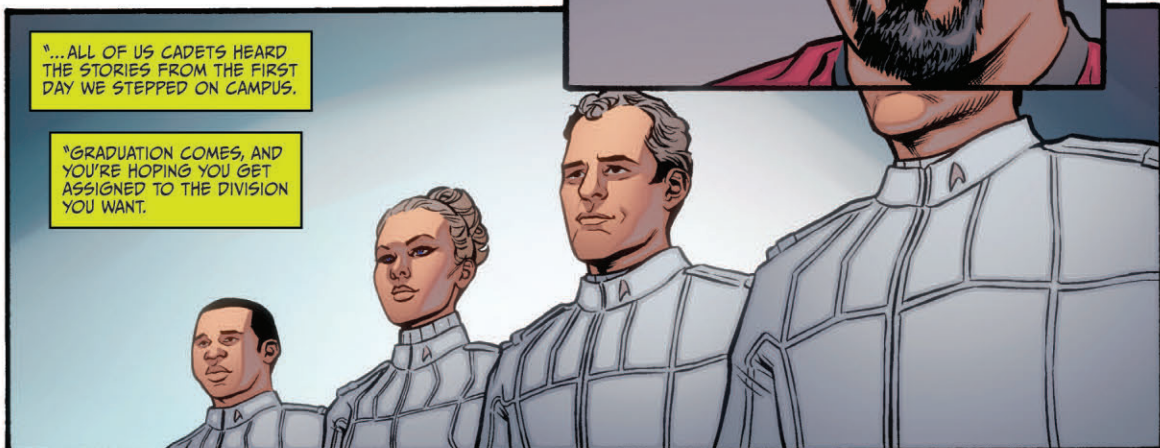
HENDORFF! DID YOU FIND THE PART I REQUESTED ON YOUR AWAY MISSION?

"I THINK HE'S TAKEN A LIKING TO MY WORK."



THE FINEST ISLAY MALT, FRESH FROM THE TRADING BAZAARS OF ELITHIA DOMUS.

MR. HENDORFF, YOU ARE A HERO OF THE FEDERATION.



"NOW, I'M NOT SAYING THE
JOB ISN'T WITHOUT ITS RISKS.



"JUST THE OTHER DAY WE HAD A
CLOSE CALL ON AN AWAY MISSION.



"IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PLANETS
WITH A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE,
SO WE DIDN'T NEED TO WEAR A
LOT OF GEAR.

"IT MAKES MOVING AROUND
EASIER, BUT IF I'VE LEARNED
ANYTHING SINCE I'VE BEEN
ON THE ENTERPRISE...

"...EASIER DOESN'T
ALWAYS MEAN
SAFER. I'LL SPARE
YOU THE DETAILS."

OUR ORDERS ARE TO MAKE
CONTACT WITH THE INDIGENOUS
POPULATION A FEW KLICKS AWAY. I
WANT TO SCOUT THE AREA FIRST,
GATHER AS MUCH DATA AS WE
CAN ABOUT THIS PLACE.

DEPENDENT ON
HOW UNFRIENDLY THE
LOCALS ARE, WE MIGHT
NOT GET ANOTHER
CHANCE.







HENDORFF...?

AM KA

AM KA TRA
KA NA

...MMWWH...
WHA...
WHERE'M...

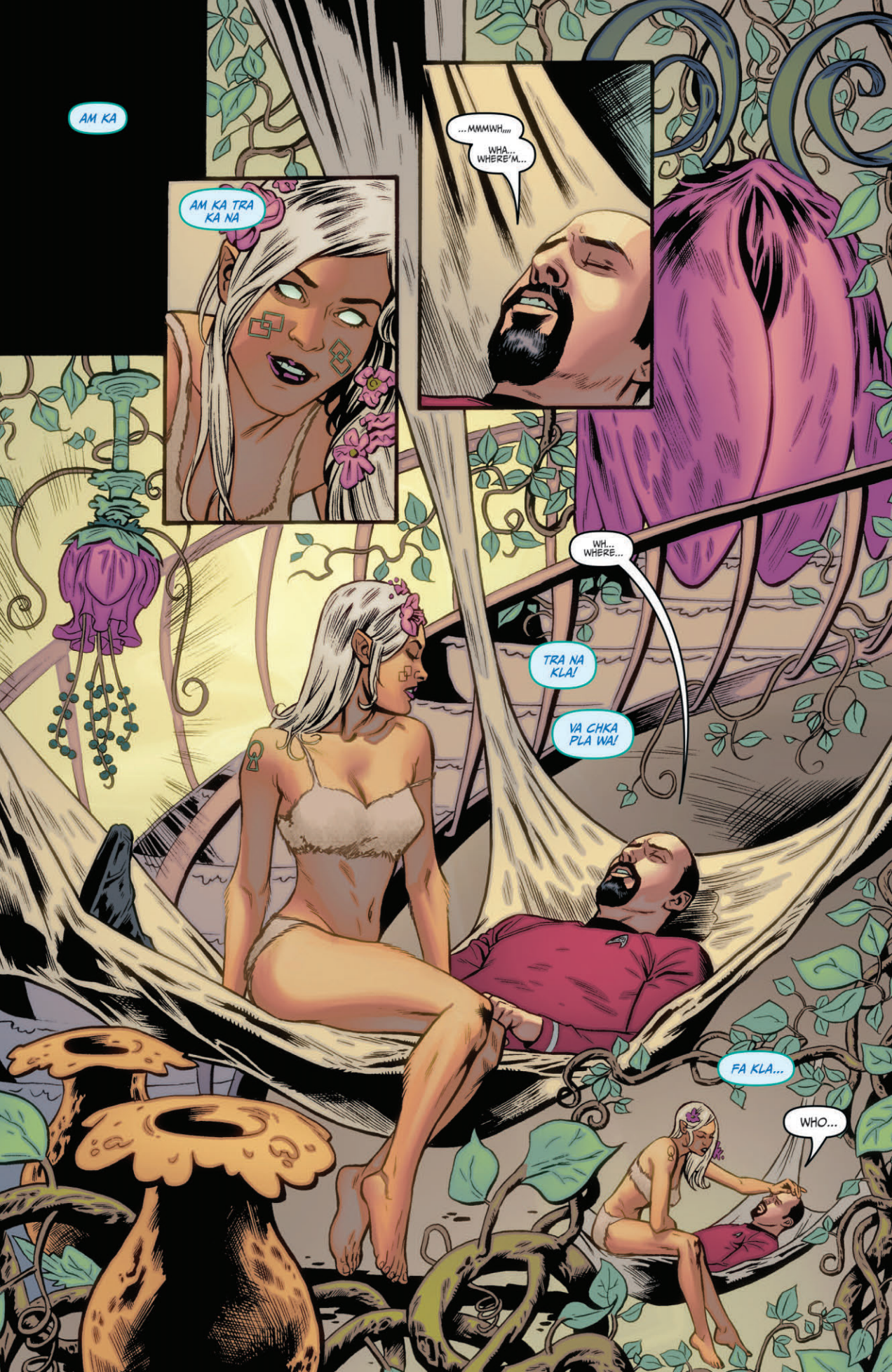
WH...
WHERE...

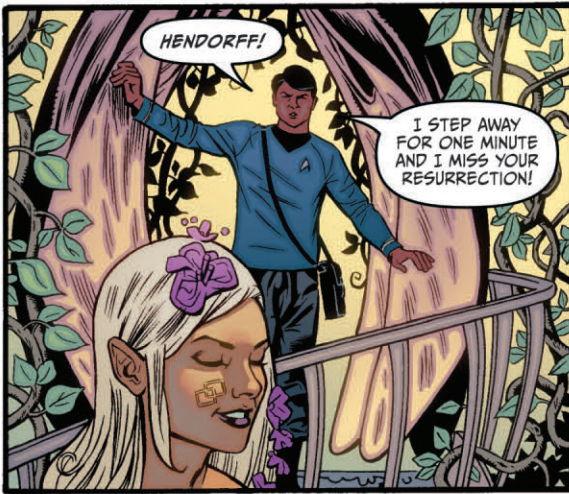
TRA NA
KLA!

VA CHKA
PLA WAI!

FA KLA...

WHO...





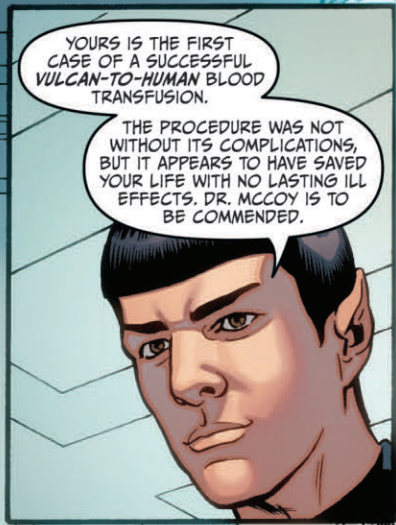






YOU HAVE MADE MEDICAL HISTORY, MR. HENDORFF.

AND YOU AND I HAVE BECOME UNIQUELY CONNECTED.



YOURS IS THE FIRST CASE OF A SUCCESSFUL VULCAN-TO-HUMAN BLOOD TRANSFUSION.

THE PROCEDURE WAS NOT WITHOUT ITS COMPLICATIONS, BUT IT APPEARS TO HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE WITH NO LASTING ILL EFFECTS. DR. MCCOY IS TO BE COMMENDED.



I MUST HAVE CONTRACTED SOMETHING MYSELF DOWN ON THAT PLANET, BECAUSE NOW I'M HALLUCINATING.

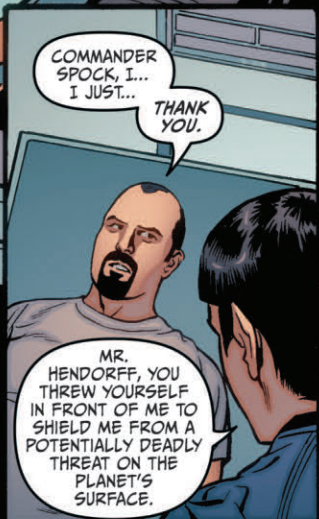
DID YOU JUST SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT ME, COMMANDER?



AS THE SITUATION DICTATES, DOCTOR.



I'LL TAKE IT.
MR. HENDORFF, I NEED YOU FOR JUST A FEW MORE HOURS AND THEN WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET.



COMMANDER SPOCK, I... I JUST...

THANK YOU.

MR. HENDORFF, YOU THREW YOURSELF IN FRONT OF ME TO SHIELD ME FROM A POTENTIALLY DEADLY THREAT ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE.



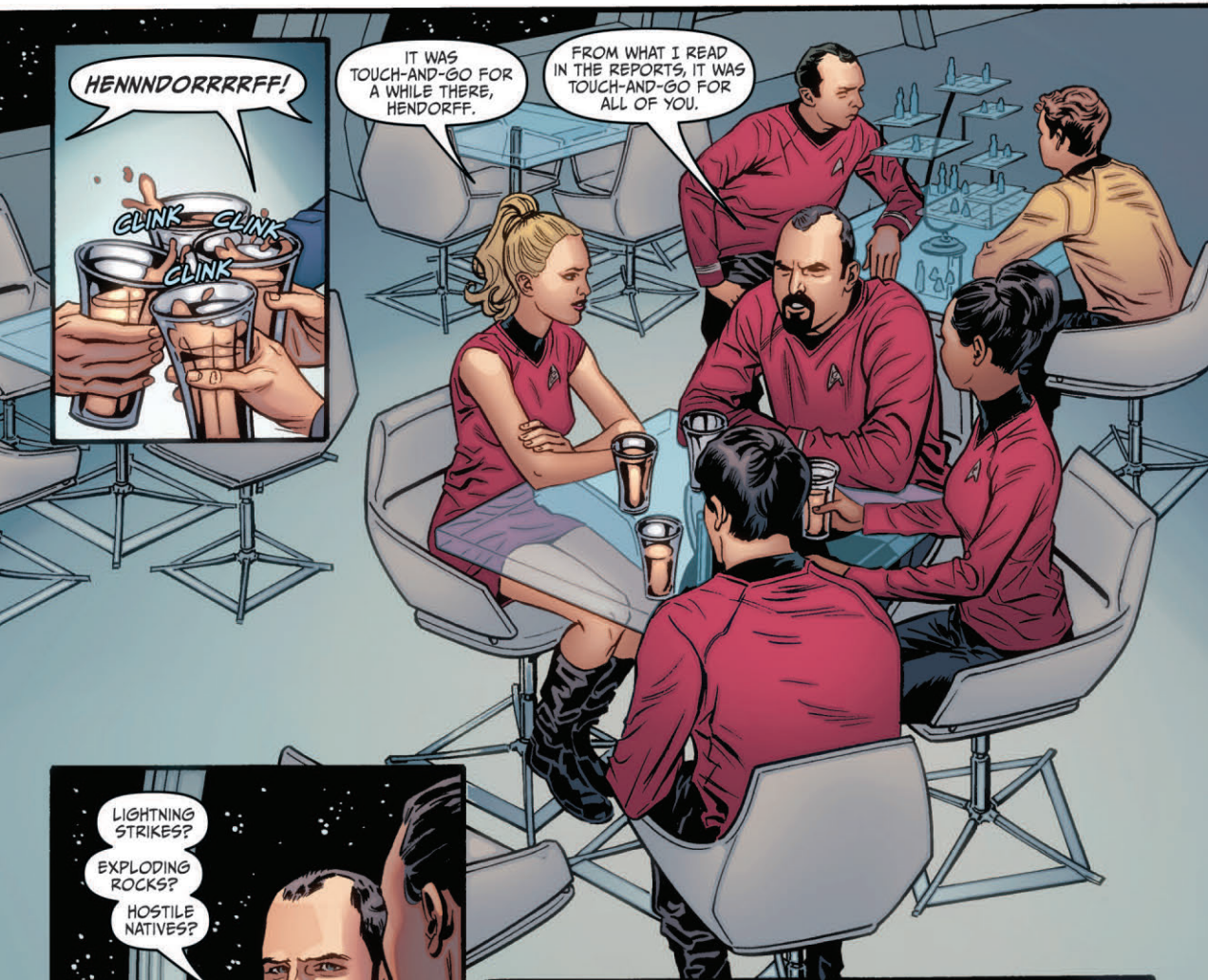
IT IS I...

...AND ALL OF US ONBOARD WHO BENEFIT FROM THE PROTECTION OF OUR SECURITY CREW...

...WHO SHOULD BE THANKING YOU.



"HERE'S TO HENDORFF!"



HENNDORRRRRFF!

CLINK CLINK CLINK

IT WAS TOUCH-AND-GO FOR A WHILE THERE, HENDORFF.

FROM WHAT I READ IN THE REPORTS, IT WAS TOUCH-AND-GO FOR ALL OF YOU.



LIGHTNING STRIKES?
EXPLODING ROCKS?
HOSTILE NATIVES?



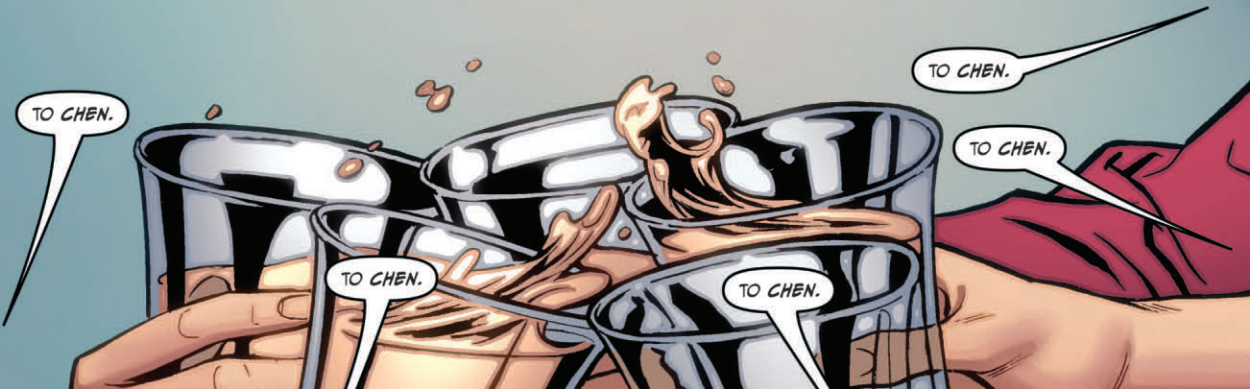
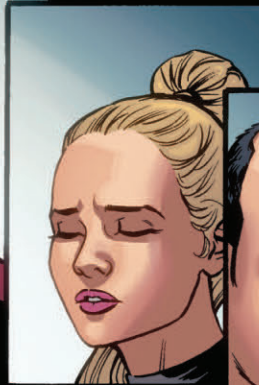
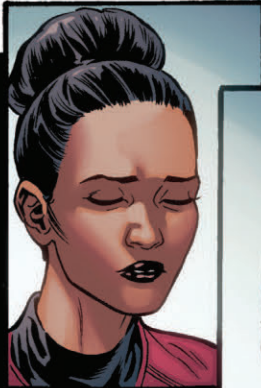
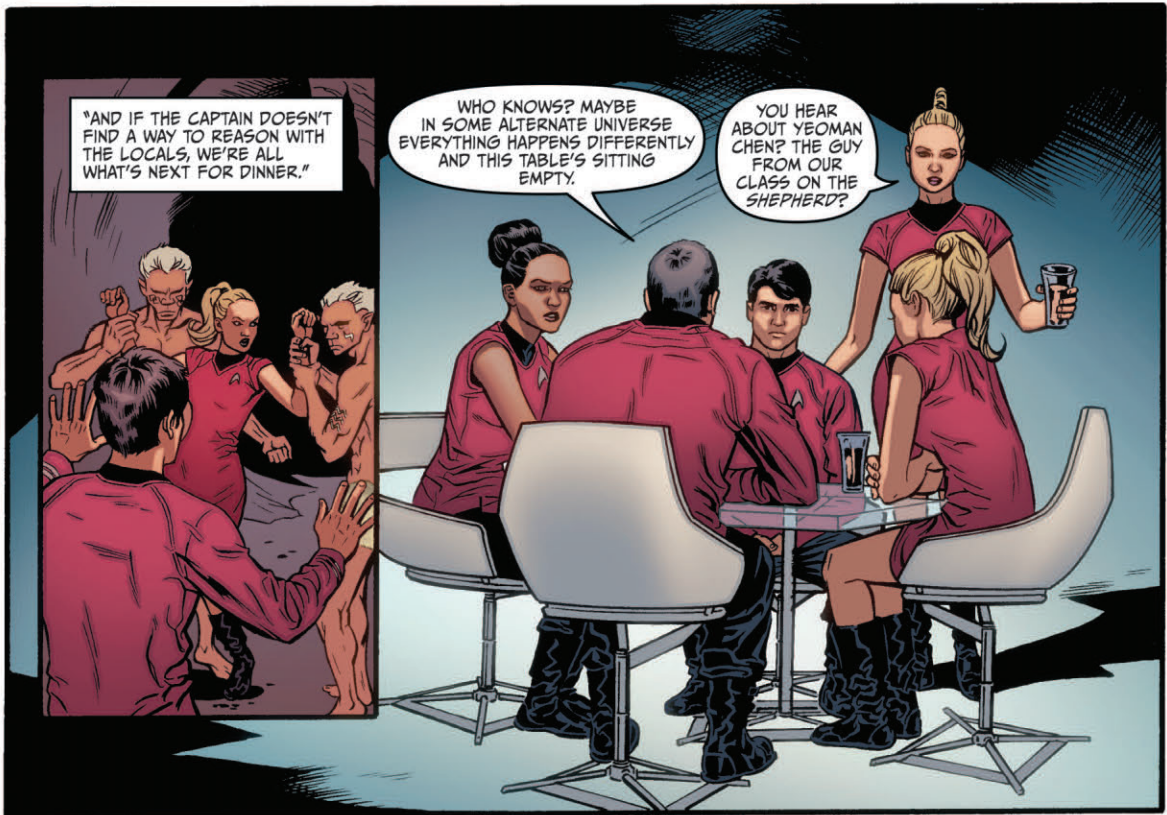
YEAH, SO MUCH FOR EXPLORING PARADISE.
WE ALL GOT LUCKY.



A FEW FEET IN THE WRONG DIRECTION AND I'M ANOTHER CAUTIONARY TALE.



IF MALLORY'S SCANS AREN'T PRECISE, HE STEPS ON AN ALIEN MINE.



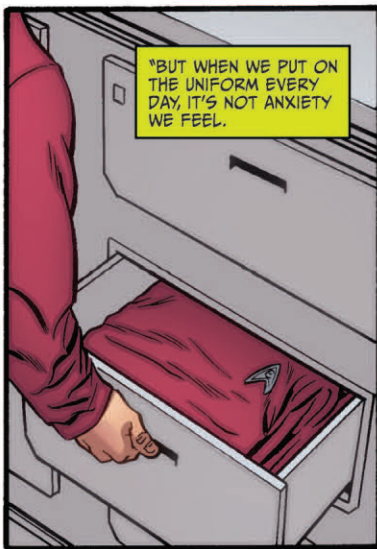


"THE IMPORTANT THING, MA AND PA, IS NOT JUST THAT WE ALL MADE IT BACK ALIVE...

"...IT'S THAT WE'RE ALL READY TO DO IT AGAIN IN A HEARTBEAT.



"WE KNOW ALL THE STORIES ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS TO WEAR RED. WE'VE HEARD ALL THE JOKES.



"BUT WHEN WE PUT ON THE UNIFORM EVERY DAY, IT'S NOT ANXIETY WE FEEL.



"IT'S NOT FEAR.



"IT'S PRIDE.



"IT COMES WITH THE UNIFORM.

"SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. NO MATTER HOW FAR I FLY, NO MATTER WHERE I GO...

"...I'LL BE FINE."

END.



KEENSER'S STORY



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash



THIS SHIP DOESN'T
FIT ME.



THE PEOPLE
ARE TOO BIG.

HURF.



THE CHAIRS ARE
TOO SMALL.

HMMP.



THE CONTROLS ARE
TOO HIGH.

ERFF.



AND THE
LANGUAGE IS—

O! WEE
MONSTER!
WHAT'RE YOU
PLAYING
AT?!

—AWKWARD.

HUUF.



I TOLD YOU TO FINISH
THAT DIAGNOSTIC *THREE*
HOURS AGO AND MOVE
ON TO THE DILITHIUM
SCRUBBERS!

CAN'T.



"CAN'T?" I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT YOUR PLANET, BUT
ON MINE THE WORD "CAN'T"
IS NOT IN AN ENGINEER'S
VOCABULARY!

CAN'T
REACH.



AH,
I SEE. I'M SORRY,
KEENSER, I TRULY AM.
BUT IT'S BECOMING
APPARENT THAT YOU MAY
JUST BE *TOO SMALL* TO
SERVE ON A STARSHIP
EFFECTIVELY.

TOO SMALL.







HA HA HA
HA HA

HEEP

LITTLE
BARBARIANS!

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
MY SON?

YES,
FATHER.

I'M USED
TO IT BY
NOW.



"USED TO IT"?
"USED TO IT"?!
NO CHILD OF MINE
SHOULD EVER BE "USED
TO" SUCH HUMILIATION!
YOU NEED TO **STAND**
YOUR GROUND!

YES,
FATHER.



YOU ARE SO MUCH
MORE THAN THEY WILL
EVER BE! YOUR GREAT SIZE
IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE
SIZE OF YOUR **INTELLECT!**
YOU ARE DESTINED FOR
GREAT THINGS,
KEENSER!

YOU
ALWAYS SAY
THAT, FATHER,
BUT...

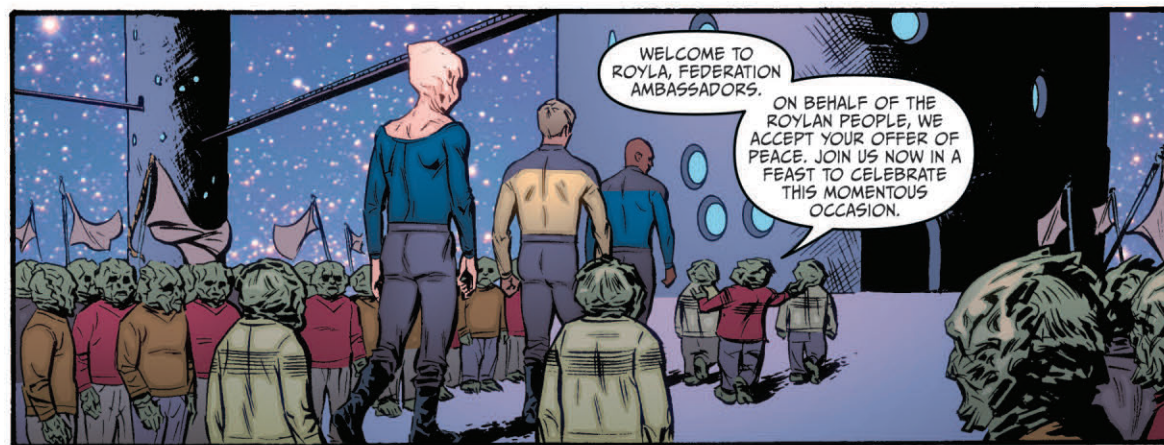


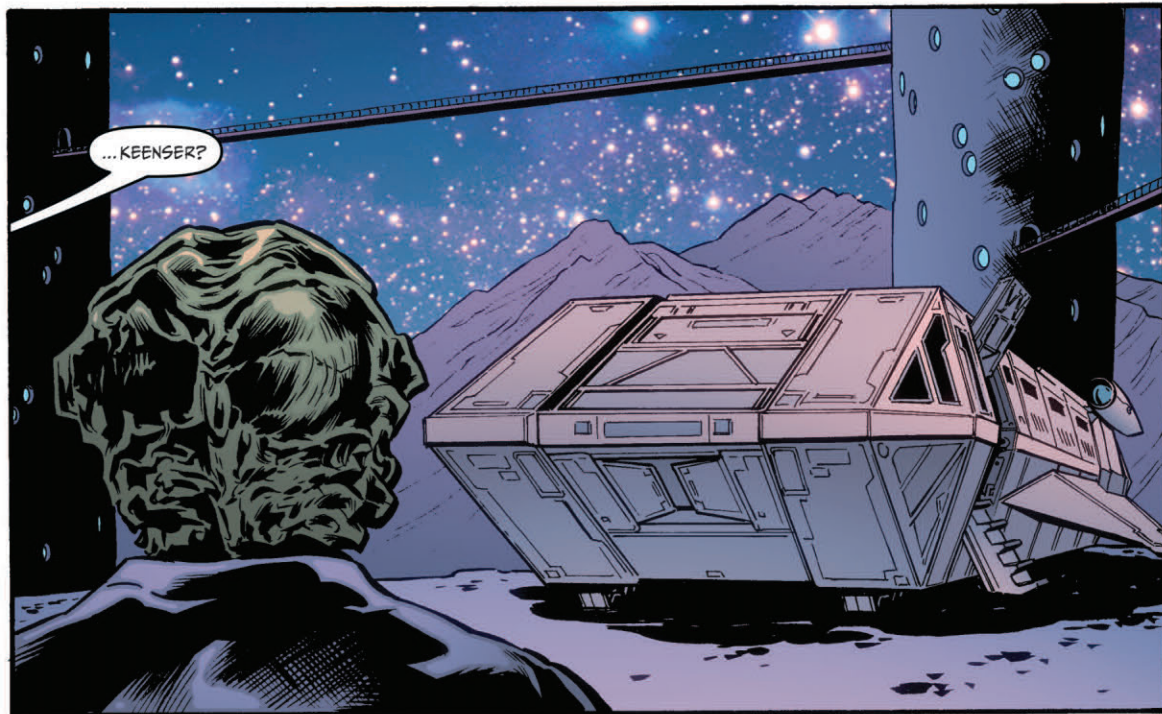
ENOUGH! I DID NOT
COME HERE TO RESCUE
YOU FROM THOSE WHELPs.
I EXPECT YOU TO DO
THAT YOURSELF.

NO, SON. I
CAME TO SAY
TWO WORDS
TO YOU.



THE TWO
WORDS WE HAVE
WAITED SO LONG
TO HEAR...







THIS IS BAD.

HOW BAD?

BAD ENOUGH TO KEEP THE ENGINES OFFLINE. I CAN'T PINPOINT WHAT'S CAUSING IT, THOUGH. MIGHT BE SOMETHING ATMOSPHERIC.



I CAN TRY REBOOTING THE INERTIAL CAPACIT—

OH, HEY THERE, FELLA!
YOU'RE KIND OF A BIG ONE, AREN'T YOU?



...IS THIS FOR ME?
THANKS!

WHAT IS IT?



NIFTY LITTLE GADGET. PROBABLY SOME KIND OF PEACE OFFER!

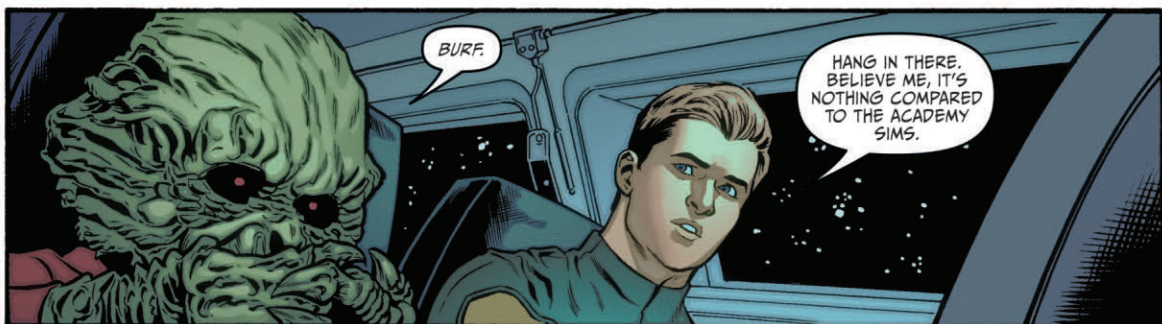
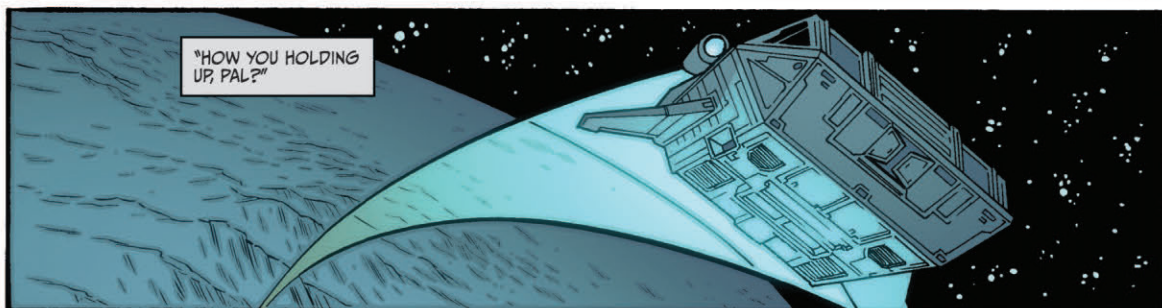
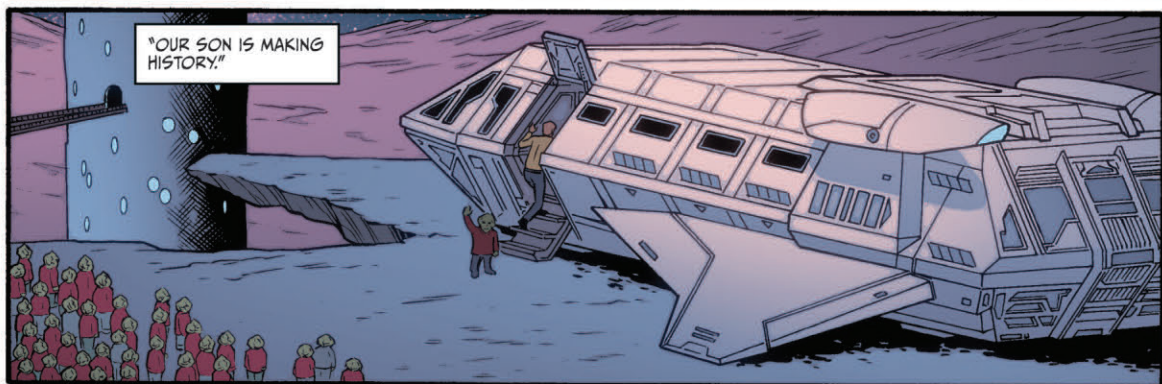
WHOA.

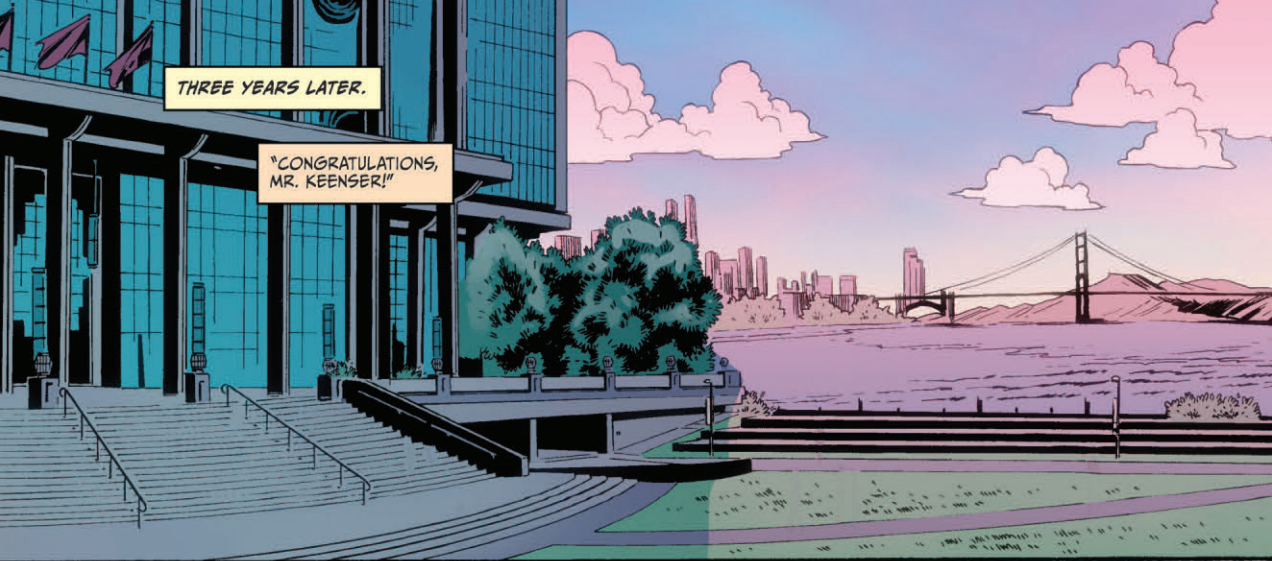


THIS... THIS IS A COMPLETE DIAGNOSTIC OF THE SHUTTLE. HE'S PINPOINTED THE PROBLEM. WE NEED TO REROUTE POWER TO THE AUXILIARY DAMPENERS.



HOW... HOW DID YOU DO THIS?



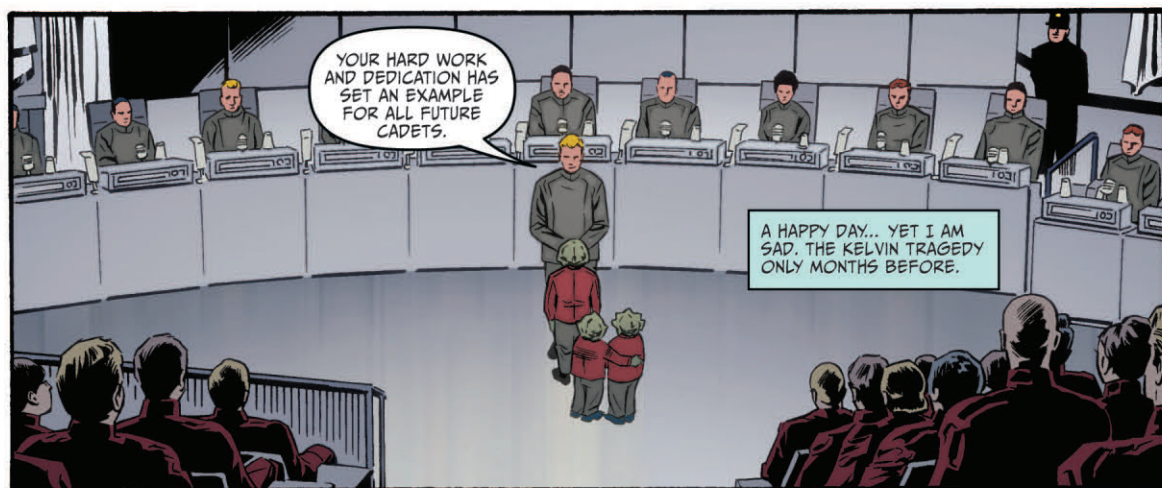


THREE YEARS LATER.

"CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. KEENSER!"



IT IS MY GREAT
HONOR TO BESTOW
UPON YOU THIS SPECIAL
COMMENDATION, MARKING
YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENT AS
THE FIRST CADET FROM THE
ROYLA HOMEWORLD TO
EVER GRADUATE FROM
THE ACADEMY!



YOUR HARD WORK
AND DEDICATION HAS
SET AN EXAMPLE
FOR ALL FUTURE
CADETS.

A HAPPY DAY... YET I AM
SAD. THE KELVIN TRAGEDY
ONLY MONTHS BEFORE.



MY FRIENDS
GONE.

I DEDICATE MY
SERVICE TO THEM.

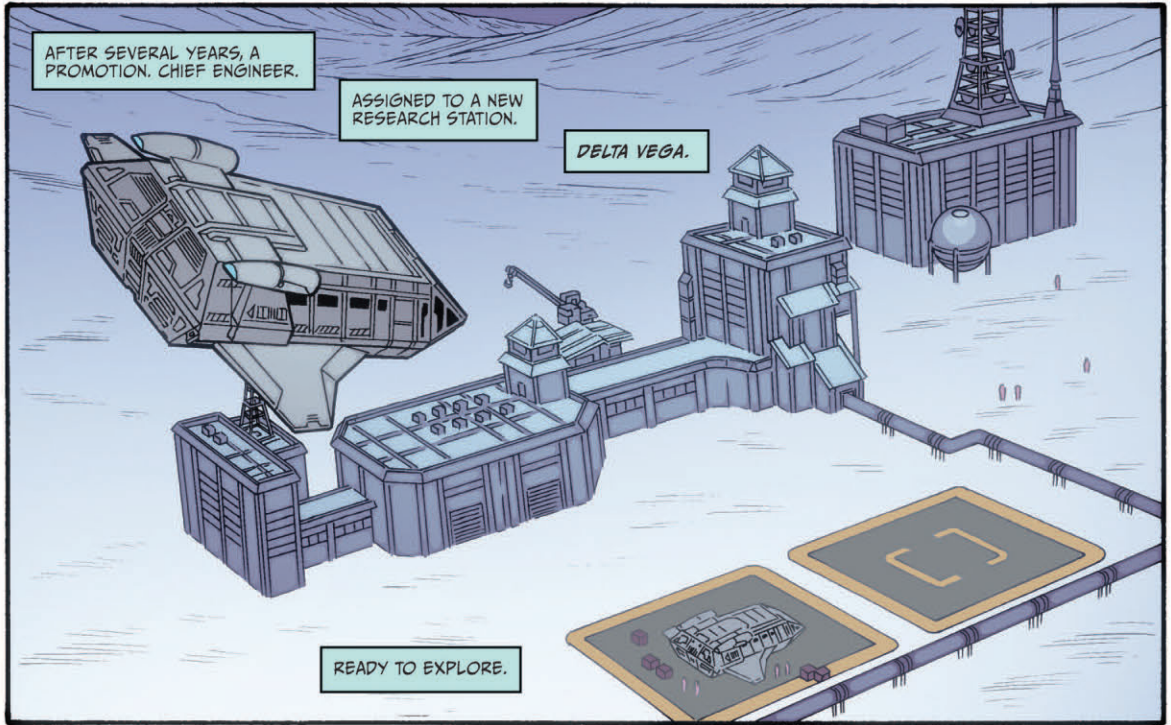


TIME FLIES.

I AM ASSIGNED
TO SHIPS.

STARBASES.

STRANGE NEW WORLDS.

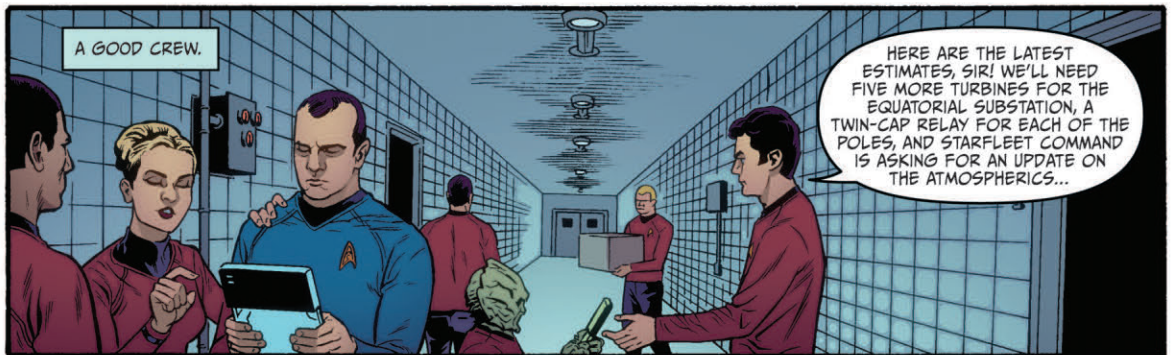


AFTER SEVERAL YEARS, A
PROMOTION. CHIEF ENGINEER.

ASSIGNED TO A NEW
RESEARCH STATION.

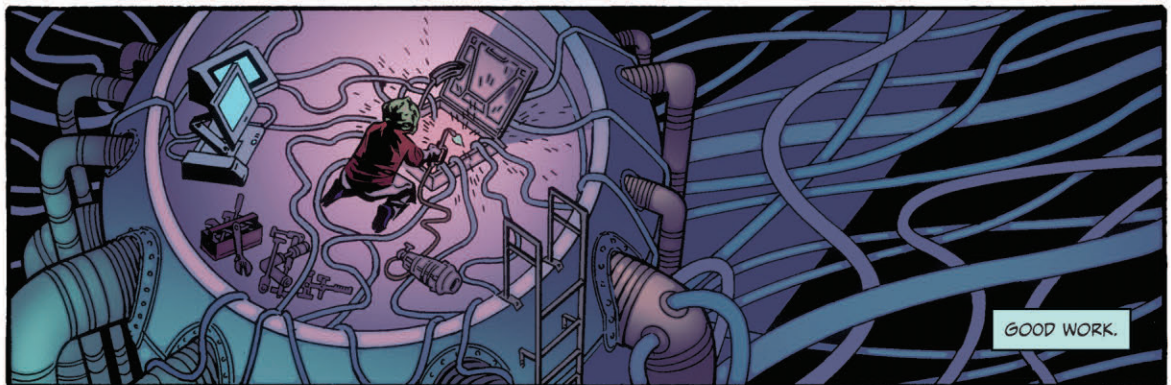
DELTA VEGA.

READY TO EXPLORE.



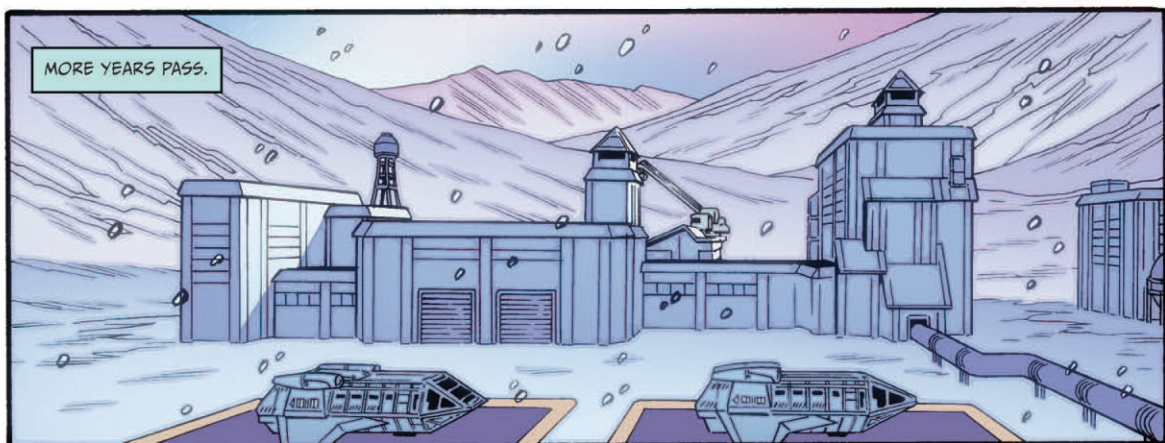
A GOOD CREW.

HERE ARE THE LATEST
ESTIMATES, SIR! WE'LL NEED
FIVE MORE TURBINES FOR THE
EQUATORIAL SUBSTATION, A
TWIN-CAP RELAY FOR EACH OF
THE POLES, AND STARFLEET
COMMAND IS ASKING FOR AN
UPDATE ON THE ATMOSPHERICS...

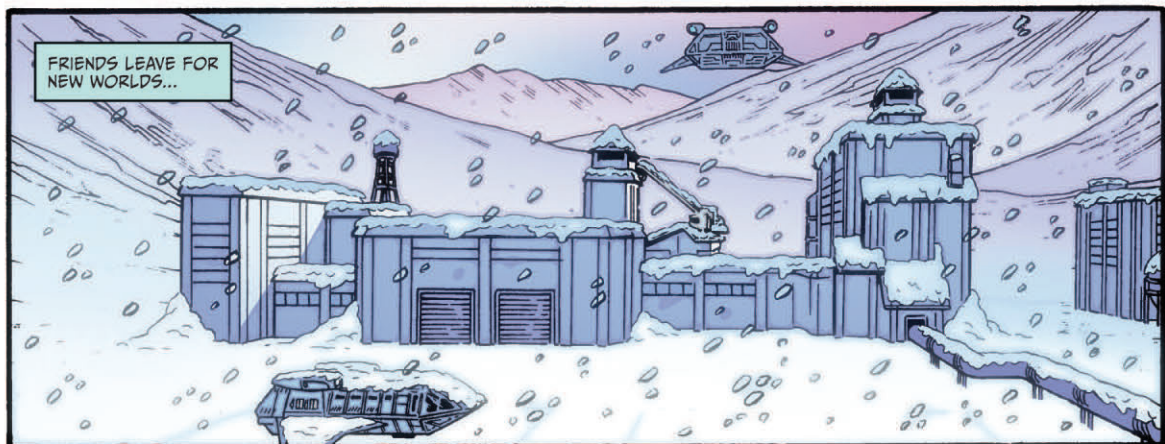


GOOD WORK.

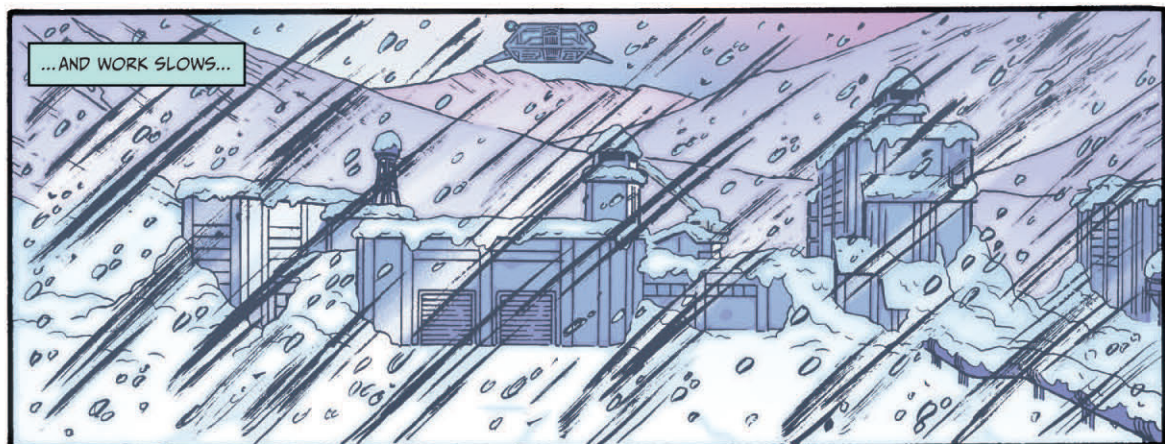
MORE YEARS PASS.



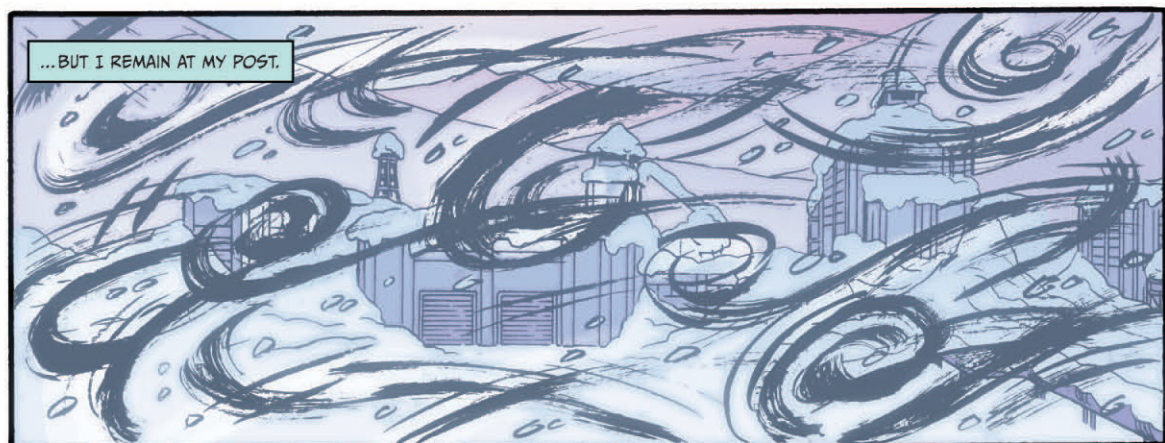
FRIENDS LEAVE FOR
NEW WORLDS...

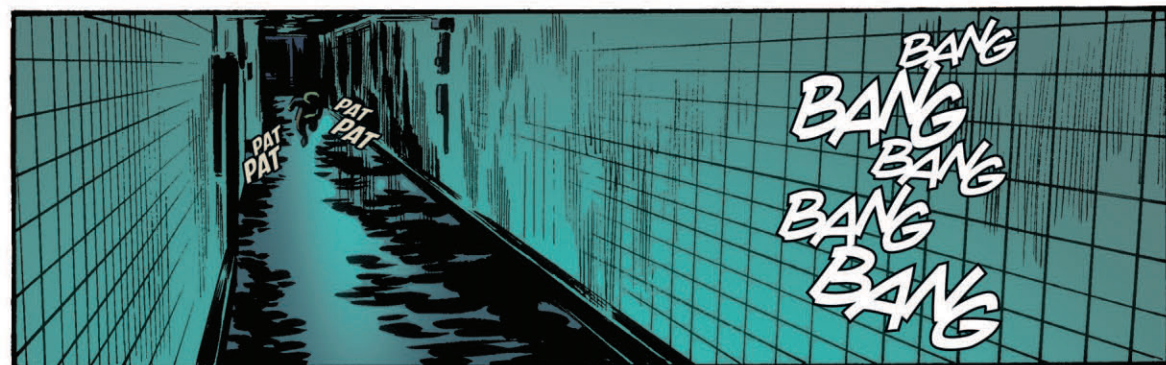


...AND WORK SLOWS...



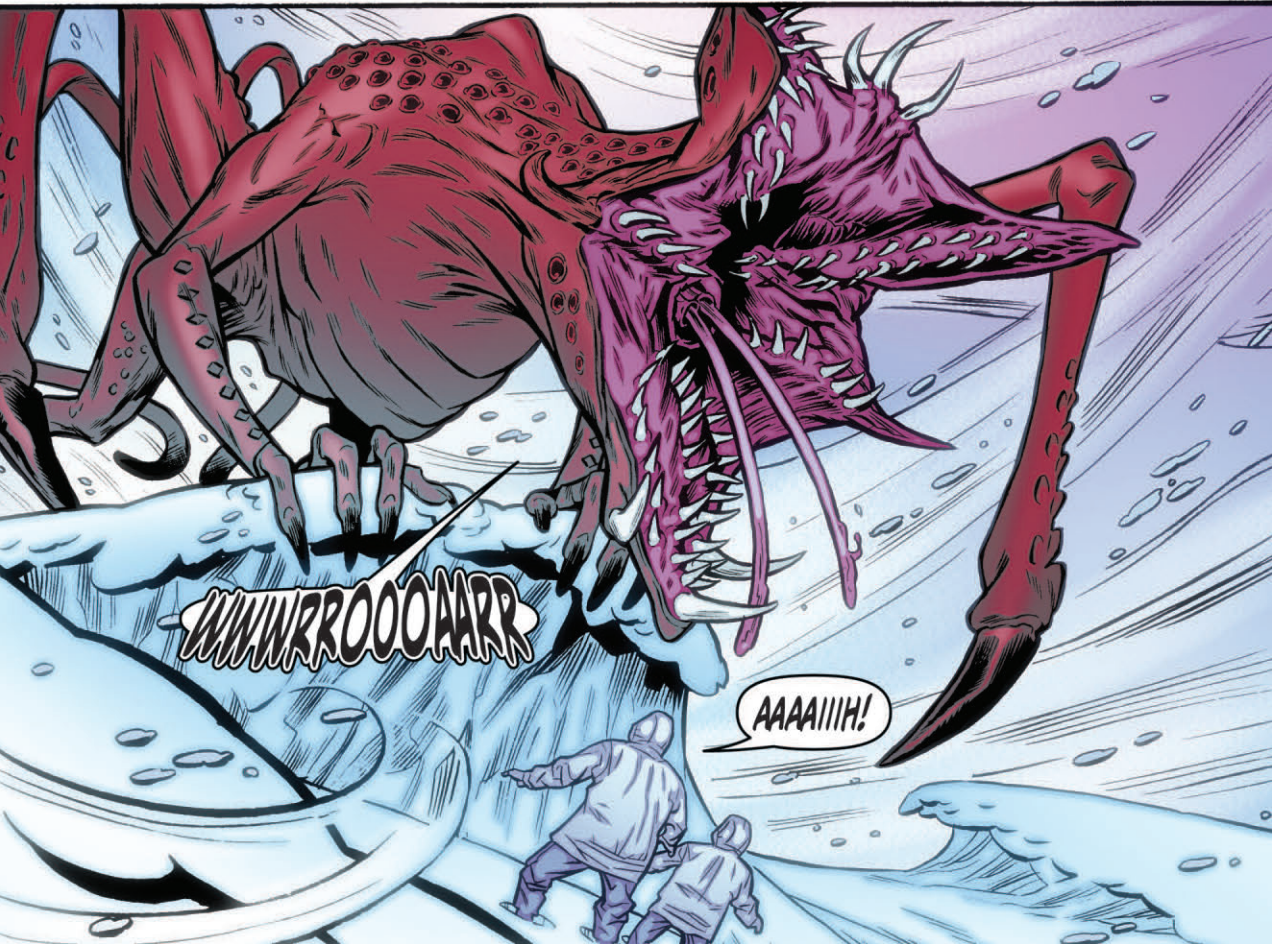
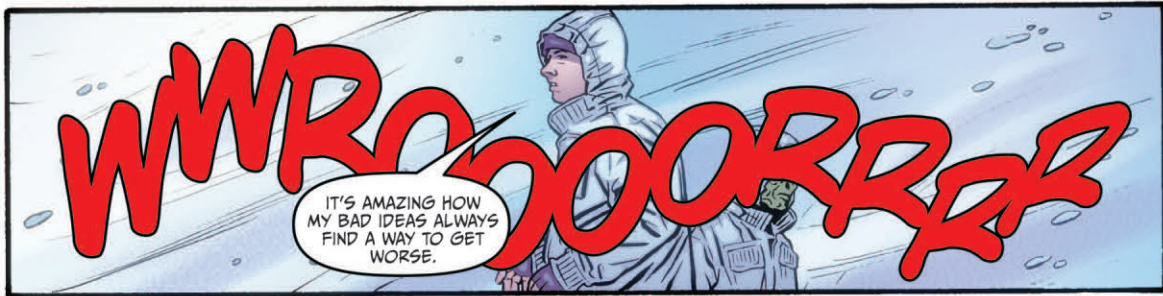
...BUT I REMAIN AT MY POST.

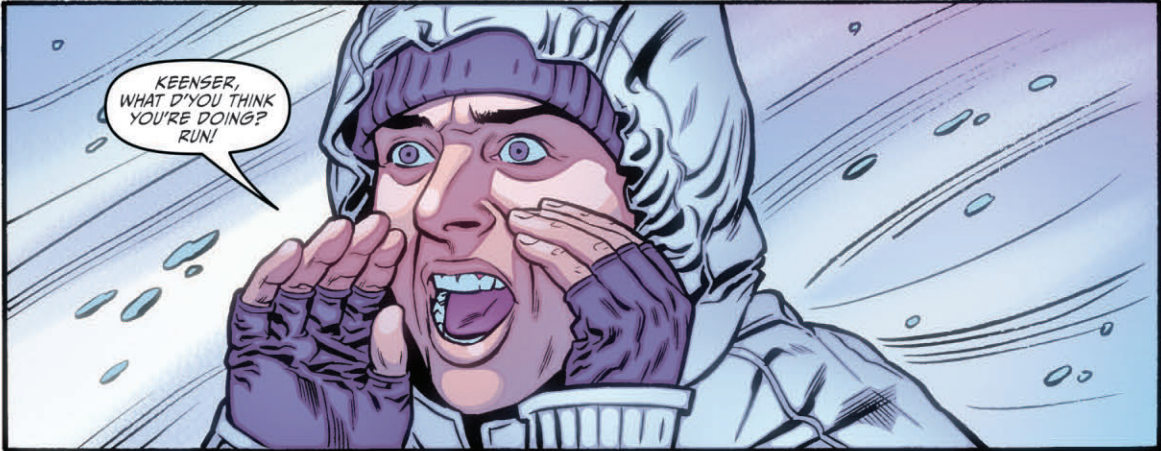


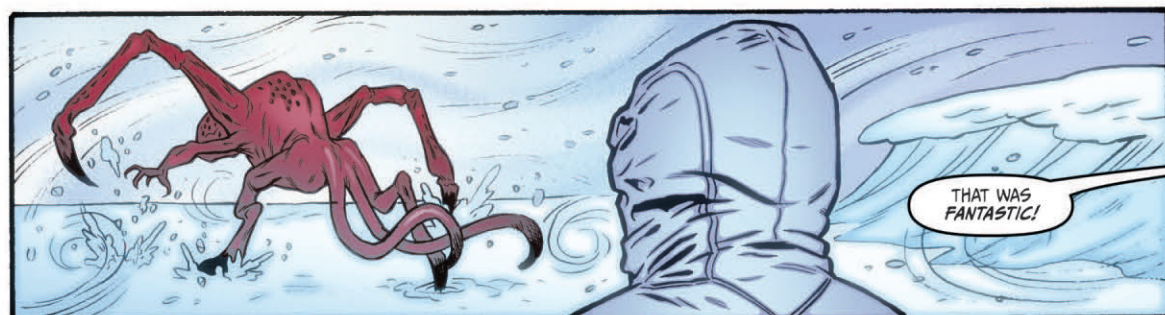
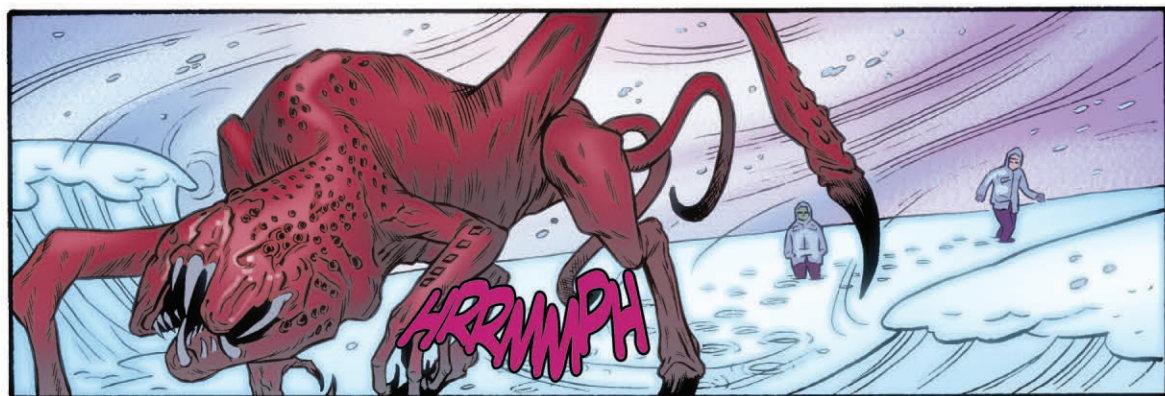












CAN WE GO BACK INSIDE NOW?



...KEENSER?
ARE YOU
EVEN LISTENING
TO ME?



I GET IT. THE SILENT
TREATMENT. LOOK, I'M NOT
SAYING YOU'RE TOO SMALL TO
SERVE IN STARFLEET, JUST THAT
PERHAPS THE ENGINEERING
SECTION OF A MASSIVE
SHIP ISN'T —

PROBLEM.



"PROBLEM?"
WELL, YES,
BUT —

STOP.
LOOK.

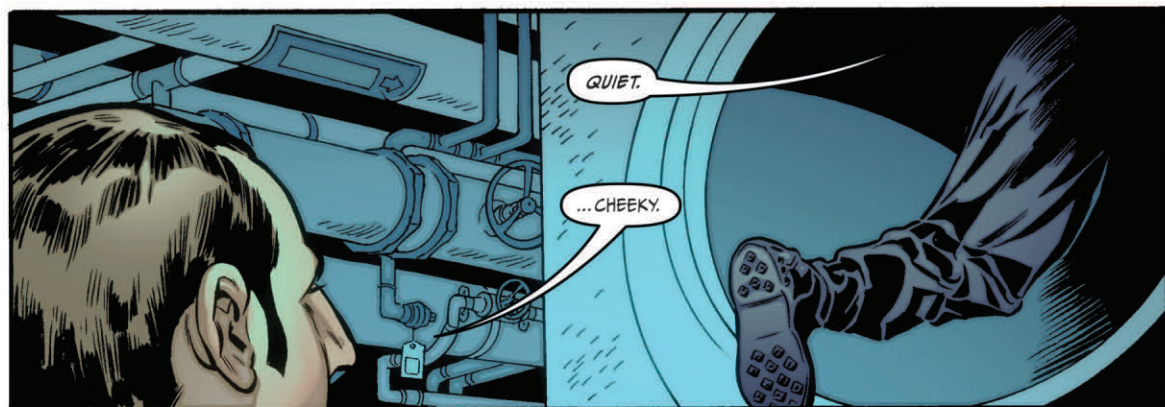
OH.

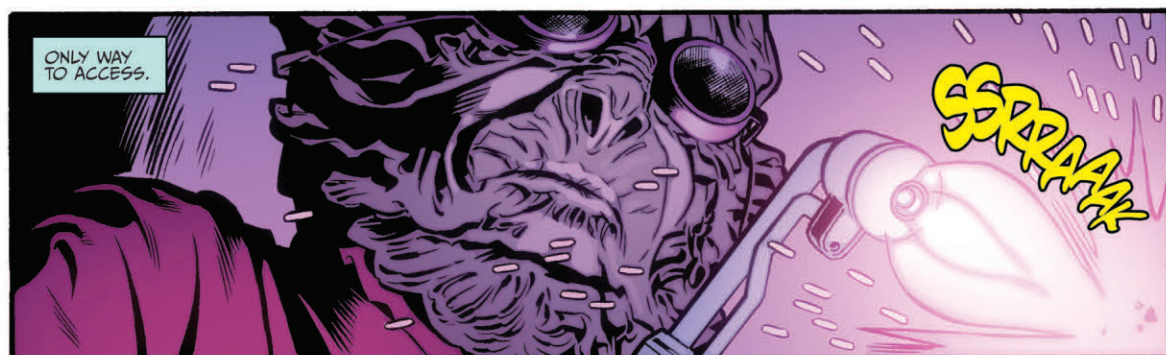


PROBLEM.

PROBLEM.

LET'S... AH...
LET'S NOT TELL THE
CAPTAIN ABOUT THIS
QUITE YET...







"ALL THE TIME WE'VE SPENT TOGETHER, AND I DON'T THINK I'VE ACTUALLY EVER HEARD YOU LAUGH BEFORE."

"HEH HEH HEH"

"I THINK IT MIGHT VERY WELL BE THE WORST SOUND IN THE UNIVERSE."

"HEH HEH HEH HEH"

"PLEASE STOP. PLEASE."

"HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH"



END.



MIRRORED



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

"EXPLAIN IT TO ME AGAIN."



"AGAIN?!"

DID YOU SLEEP THROUGH *EVERY* ASTROPHYSICS LECTURE AT THE ACADEMY? IT'S NOT THAT HARD A CONCEPT!

DID YOU SLEEP THROUGH ANY BIOLOGY COURSES?

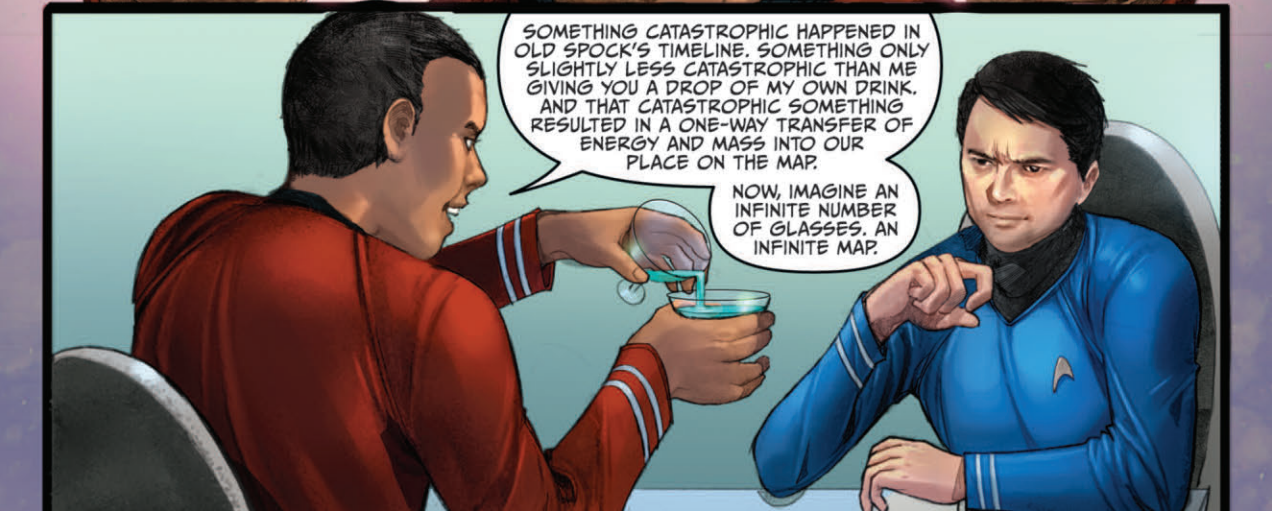
OF COURSE NOT! MY DEVOTION TO MY STUDIES WAS THE STUFF OF LEGEND.

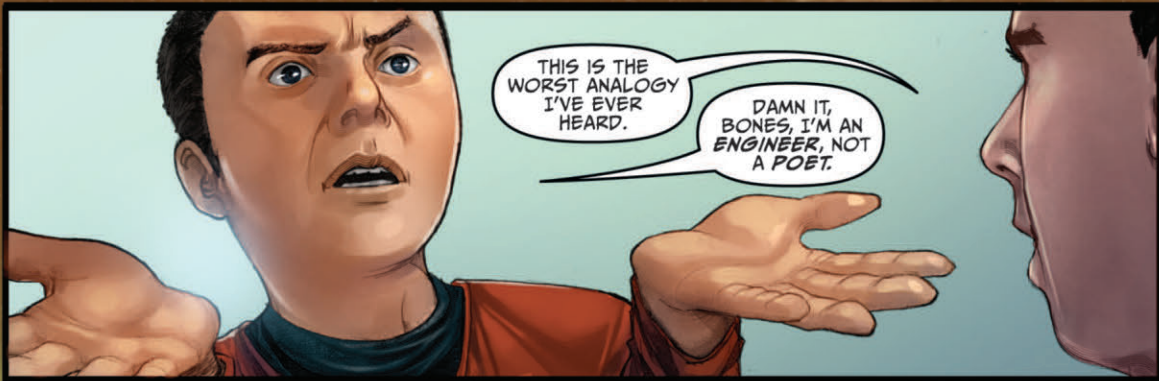
THEN TELL ME HOW LUNGS WORK.

CERTAINLY! IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF... OF RESPIRATORY...

...RESPIRATORY
...I HATE YOU.

EXACTLY. SO DON'T BLAME ME FOR HAVING TROUBLE WRAPPING MY HEAD AROUND THE IDEA OF JUMPING BETWEEN ALTERNATE TIMELINES.





THIS IS THE WORST ANALOGY I'VE EVER HEARD.

DAMN IT, BONES, I'M AN ENGINEER, NOT A POET.



IT'S THE INFINITE THAT'S BOTHERING ME. BECAUSE IT'S NOT JUST INFINITE TIMELINES. IT'S INFINITE "YOU'S AND INFINITE "ME'S.

AND AT ANY MOMENT THEY COULD DROP IN FOR A VISIT?



HIGHLY UNLIKELY, BUT... APPARENTLY POSSIBLE.

I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT **PRECISELY** HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT OLD SPOCK STUBBORNLY REFUSES TO HELP ME. HE'S HIDING BEHIND SOME SILLY "NON-INTERFERENCE" NONSENSE...



...BUT YES, SOMEWHERE OUT THERE ARE INFINITE VERSIONS OF YOU, ME, THIS SHIP, STARFLEET... **EARTH ITSELF.**

COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE'S A REALITY WHERE I **AM A POET** INSTEAD OF AN ENGINEER! AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MONTGOMERY SCOTT POETS, ACTUALLY.

NOW **THAT'S** A TERRIFYING CONCEPT.

"OH, COME ON, DOCTOR..."

A dramatic comic book illustration. In the foreground, a character with dark hair, wearing a blue armored suit with a chest plate and gauntlets, stands on a rocky ledge with hands clasped behind their back, looking out over a vast, devastated landscape. The middle ground is dominated by a sprawling, ancient city that has been completely destroyed. The ruins are in flames, with bright orange and yellow fire consuming the structures. In the background, a dark, jagged mountain range rises against a sky filled with thick, dark smoke. Several blue energy beams or laser trails streak across the sky, and a small, dark, winged creature is seen flying in the upper right. The overall color palette is dominated by the warm tones of fire and the cool blues of the character's suit and the sky's energy beams.

"...SURELY THAT'S NOT THE WORST
TIMELINE YOU CAN IMAGINE?"

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 2258.56.

QO'NOS. THE KLINGON
HOMEWORLD.

THE DAY A *NEW*
REALITY IS BORN.

THE WAR IS OVER.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS DEAD ON BOTH SIDES. ENTIRE WORLDS SHATTERED. FINALLY IT ENDS HERE, IN THE VERY HEART OF THE ENEMY.

THE *TERRAN EMPIRE* NOW RULES THE GALAXY ALONE.

IT IS ONLY *LOGICAL*.

CAPTAIN SPOCK! THE PRISONER YOU REQUESTED!

THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT SULU.

CHANCELLOR *GORKON*. IT APPEARS EVEN THE FABLED *YAN-ISLETH* WERE NOT ENOUGH TO PROTECT YOU.

A CONCEPT YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND.

IF SUCH A CONCEPT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RESPECTIVE POSITIONS IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES, CHANCELLOR, I AM QUITE HAPPY TO REMAIN IGNORANT OF IT.

I OFFER YOU A SIMPLE CHOICE, GORKON. SWEAR FEALTY TO THE *TERRAN EMPIRE* AND YOU WILL LIVE. AFTER UNDERGOING *TERRAN RE-EDUCATION*, YOU WILL BE GRANTED A LOWER ADMINISTRATIVE POST IN THE NEW *KLINGON COLONIES*.

REFUSE, AND YOU DIE TODAY.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SWORD DIED WITH HONOR, VULCAN DOG.



SWEAR FEALTY THE
WAY THE **VULCANS** DID
WHEN THE **TERRANS**
CONQUERED THEM?

ACQUIESCE
LIKE **COWARDS**
SO THAT I MAY ONE
DAY WEAR THE
UNIFORM OF MY
ENEMY THE WAY
YOU DO NOW?

DEATH IS A
WELCOME
ALTERNATIVE.

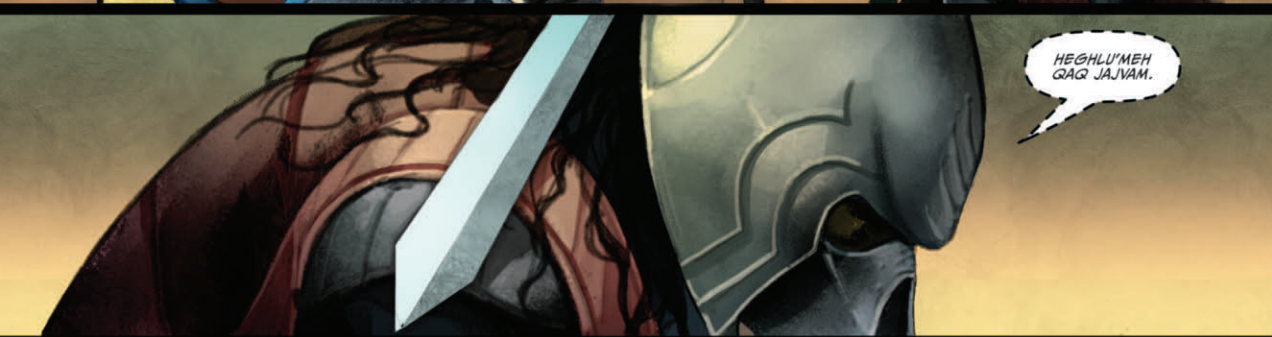


MR. SULU, IF
YOU PLEASE.

SO BE IT.

AYE, SIR!

ANY LAST
WORDS,
KLINGON?



HEGHLU'MEH
GAG JAJVAM.





WHAT WAS HE
WHISPERING?

HE SAID,
"TODAY IS A
GOOD DAY
TO DIE."

HAPPY TO
OBLIGE.



ANY
WORD FROM
COMMANDER
KIRK? HE SHOULD
HAVE REPORTED
BACK FROM THE
PRAXIS FRONT
BY NOW.

HE DID.
PRAXIS IS
UNDER OUR
CONTROL.



BUT KIRK LEFT
PRAXIS AN HOUR
AGO EN ROUTE TO
THE KLINGON PRISON
COLONY ON RURA
PENTHE. HE TOOK A
STRIKE SQUAD
WITH HIM.

RURA PENTHE'S
ALREADY IN OUR
HANDS, SO I CAN'T
GUESS WHAT
HE'S AFTER.

I BELIEVE
I *CAN*, MR.
SULU.

COMMANDER
KIRK IS LOOKING
FOR *REVENGE*.




HOW VERY
HUMAN OF
HIM.



RURA PENTHE.

"LOOK ALIVE, PRISONER.
YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR."



YOU ARE STILL
ALIVE, AREN'T
YOU, NERO?



I
CERTAINLY
HOPE HE
IS.

WHO...?



I DIDN'T
COME ALL THIS
WAY TO BE
DISAPPOINTED.

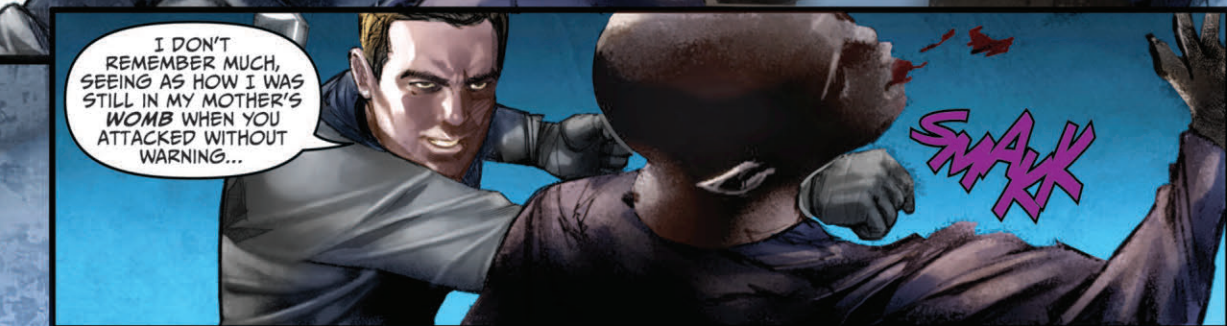
HI. I'M
JIM KIRK.

YOU KILLED
MY DAD.



I-?

YOU DON'T REMEMBER? 'BOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO? THE TERRAN WARSHIP *KELVIN*? HELL OF A SHIP, BUT NO MATCH FOR THAT MONSTER YOU SHOWED UP IN OUT OF NOWHERE.



I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH, SEEING AS HOW I WAS STILL IN MY MOTHER'S *WOMB* WHEN YOU ATTACKED WITHOUT WARNING...

SMACK



... BUT I'VE GOT THIS... THIS FEELING...

... LIKE I *KNEW* MY DAD WAS SAYING GOODBYE TO US, RIGHT BEFORE HE DIED SAVING US.

WRACK

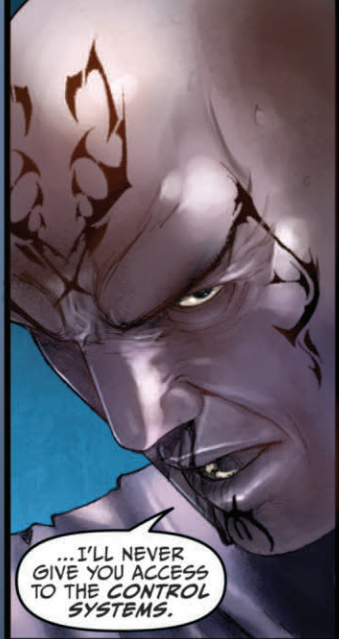


TOO BAD THE KLINGONS CAPTURED YOU BEFORE THE TERRANS COULD. BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE TOO STUPID TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO REPLICATE YOUR SHIP.

US TERRANS WON'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM.

I'LL NEVER... NEVER LET YOU TAKE MY SHIP...

CRASH



...I'LL NEVER
GIVE YOU ACCESS
TO THE CONTROL
SYSTEMS.



DON'T
NEED YOU
TO.

RRRAHH!

BUT UNLIKE
YOU, I'M NOT GOING
TO USE FANCY
TORPEDOES...

THE REST OF
YOUR CREW GAVE
IT TO US BEFORE
WE EXECUTED
THEM.

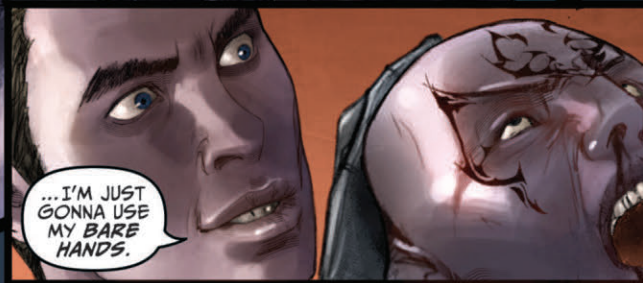
SEE, I'M
NOT HERE TO
INTERROGATE
YOU, NERO...

...I'M
HERE TO
KILL YOU.



...WHILE I SIT
SAFELY INSIDE MY
SHIP. NO PHASERS,
NO BLADES. NO,
FOR YOU...


HGGHK—




...I'M JUST
GONNA USE
MY BARE
HANDS.



KRRRAAKK



"NOW *THIS* IS WHAT
I'M TALKING ABOUT!"



I CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS THING'S JUST BEEN
SITTING AROUND BECAUSE
THE KLINGONS WERE TOO
DUMB TO FIGURE OUT
HOW IT WORKS.

AND TOO
SPINELESS TO
GET NERO AND
HIS CREW TO
TELL THEM.



BONES!
SCOTTY! WHAT
HAVE YOU
FOUND?

JUST WHAT YOU
SAID THERE'D BE, JIM.
MEDICAL TECH MORE
ADVANCED THAN ANYTHING
I'VE EVER SEEN. IT
PUTS MY SICKBAY
TO SHAME.



ENGINES
LIKE I'VE NEVER
DREAMED OF,
SIR!

AND I FOUND
THIS IN THE CAPTAIN'S
QUARTERS! THOUGHT IT
ONLY FITTING YOU
SHOULD HAVE IT!



I'M AIMING
FOR A LOT MORE
THAN CAPTAIN,
SCOTTY...

...INTERESTING. SEEMS
TO BE SOME KIND OF
CEREMONIAL...



CHIK-
CHAK

...INSTRUMENT.

I LIKE
IT.

ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN, TIME
TO REPORT BACK.
BUT FIRST...

...GET RID OF
THE COLORS.

THE
COLORS,
SIR...?

YOUR UNIFORMS. DON'T
YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD
YOU? THE COLORS REPRESENT
THE OLD WAY OF DOING
THINGS.

"AND ALL OF THAT IS
ABOUT TO CHANGE."



I DON'T TRUST
COMMANDER
KIRK.



I HAVE NEVER TRUSTED
HIM. NOT AT THE ACADEMY. NOT
WHEN WE WERE BOTH ASSIGNED
TO THE ENTERPRISE. AND
CERTAINLY NOT IN THESE RECENT
MONTHS, AS THE WAR HAS
COME TO AN END.

I SENSE
HIM JOCKEYING
FOR POSITION. *MY*
POSITION. TELL
ME I AM WRONG,
UHURA.



I PROMISED I
WOULD NEVER
LIE TO YOU, MY
LOVE.
I'M NOT
ABOUT TO
START NOW.

NOT AT THE
MOMENT OF
YOUR GREATEST
TRIUMPH.
YOU'RE A HERO OF
THE EMPIRE NOW. AND
YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR
FINALLY WINNING THE WAR
AGAINST THE KLINGONS.
ANYTHING YOU
DESIRE...



YOU ARE ALL
THAT I DESIRE.
YOU KNOW
THAT.

ME?
JUST ME?

YOU HAVE A CHANCE
TO SEIZE A PLACE IN THE
UPPER ECHELONS OF THE
EMPIRE! YOU COULD EVEN
RIVAL THE **EMPEROR**
HIMSELF ONE DAY! WHY
NOT **SEIZE** IT WHILE
YOU CAN?

SUCH NAKED
AMBITION IS A **HUMAN**
TRAIT, NOT A **VULCAN**
ONE. AND I AM ONLY
HALF-HUMAN.

VULCANS LIVE TO
SERVE LOGIC ABOVE ALL
ELSE. THE LOGIC OF
CONTROL OVER CHAOS. THE
LOGIC OF THE STRONG
OVER THE WEAK.

THEN BY YOUR OWN
LOGIC YOU SHOULD
RETURN TO EARTH AND
TAKE WHAT'S YOURS! WHY
SHOULD YOU CONTINUE TO
DO THEIR BIDDING, OUT
HERE ON THE EDGES
OF SPACE?

FOLLOW YOUR
OWN LOGIC TO
ITS NATURAL
END!



YOU
SOUND LIKE
KIRK NOW.

KIRK IS A
BUMBLING FOOL.
BUT EVEN A **FOOL**
CAN STUMBLE INTO
SENSE ON
OCCASION.



KEPTIN SPOCK!
YOUR PRESENCE IS
REQUESTED ON THE
BRIDGE! COMMANDER
KIRK HAS RETURNED
FROM HIS MISSION!

THANK YOU,
MISTER CHEKOV.

COME,
UHURA. LET US
DISCOVER WHAT
THE FOOL HAS
BEEN UP TO.





IMPRESSIVE,
COMMANDER
KIRK.

ALTHOUGH
I WOULD HAVE
PREFERRED THAT
YOU HAD MADE ME
AWARE OF YOUR
PLANS BEFORE
EMBARKING ON
YOUR MISSION.



AND MISS
THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE?
WHERE'S THE
FUN IN THAT?

NO, I LIKE IT THIS WAY.
THIS WAY YOU DON'T SEE IT
COMING. THIS WAY YOU DON'T
REALIZE THAT **EVERYTHING'S**
CHANGED UNTIL IT'S
TOO LATE.



I DON'T
FOLLOW YOU,
COMMANDER...



THAT'S EXACTLY MY
POINT, SPOCK. YOU'VE **NEVER**
FOLLOWED ME. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN
ME FOLLOWING YOU. FOLLOWING
YOUR ORDERS, FOLLOWING YOUR
MISGUIDED LOGIC, MAKING UP
FOR YOUR MISTAKES.

I'M DONE
FOLLOWING.







GANG'S ALL HERE!

TIME TO WRAP THIS UP AND GET GOING!

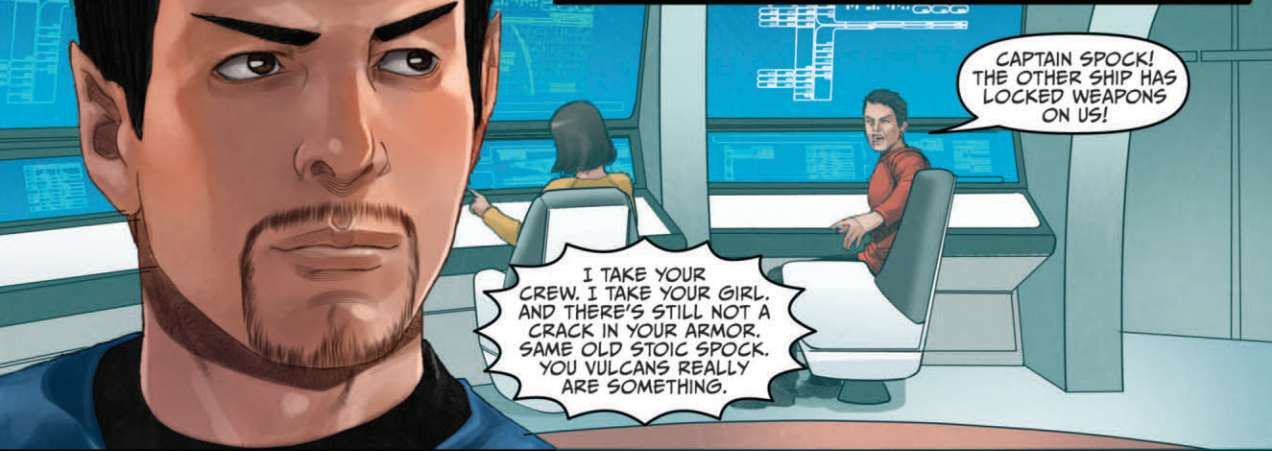


I GOTTA SAY, SPOCK, I'M IMPRESSED.



FOR A SECOND THERE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LEAVE WITHOUT ME.

AND MISS THE LOOK ON HIS FACE? NO WAY.



CAPTAIN SPOCK! THE OTHER SHIP HAS LOCKED WEAPONS ON US!

I TAKE YOUR CREW. I TAKE YOUR GIRL. AND THERE'S STILL NOT A CRACK IN YOUR ARMOR. SAME OLD STOIC SPOCK. YOU VULCANS REALLY ARE SOMETHING.



RED ALERT! SHIELDS AT MAXIMUM!



WHAT ARE
YOU PLAYING
AT, KIRK?

"PLAYING AT?"
NO, SEE, THAT'S JUST
THE KIND OF VULCAN
CONDESCENSION I
DON'T HAVE TO TAKE
ANYMORE!

AND SOON
NO HUMAN WILL
EVER HAVE TO
AGAIN!



THE TERRAN EMPIRE
HAS TOLERATED THE
VULCANS LONG ENOUGH!
THERE'S NO USE MAINTAINING
THE PRETENSE OF AN
ALLIANCE ANYMORE!



THAT'S TERRAN
EMPIRE, SPOCK.
NOT VULCAN.

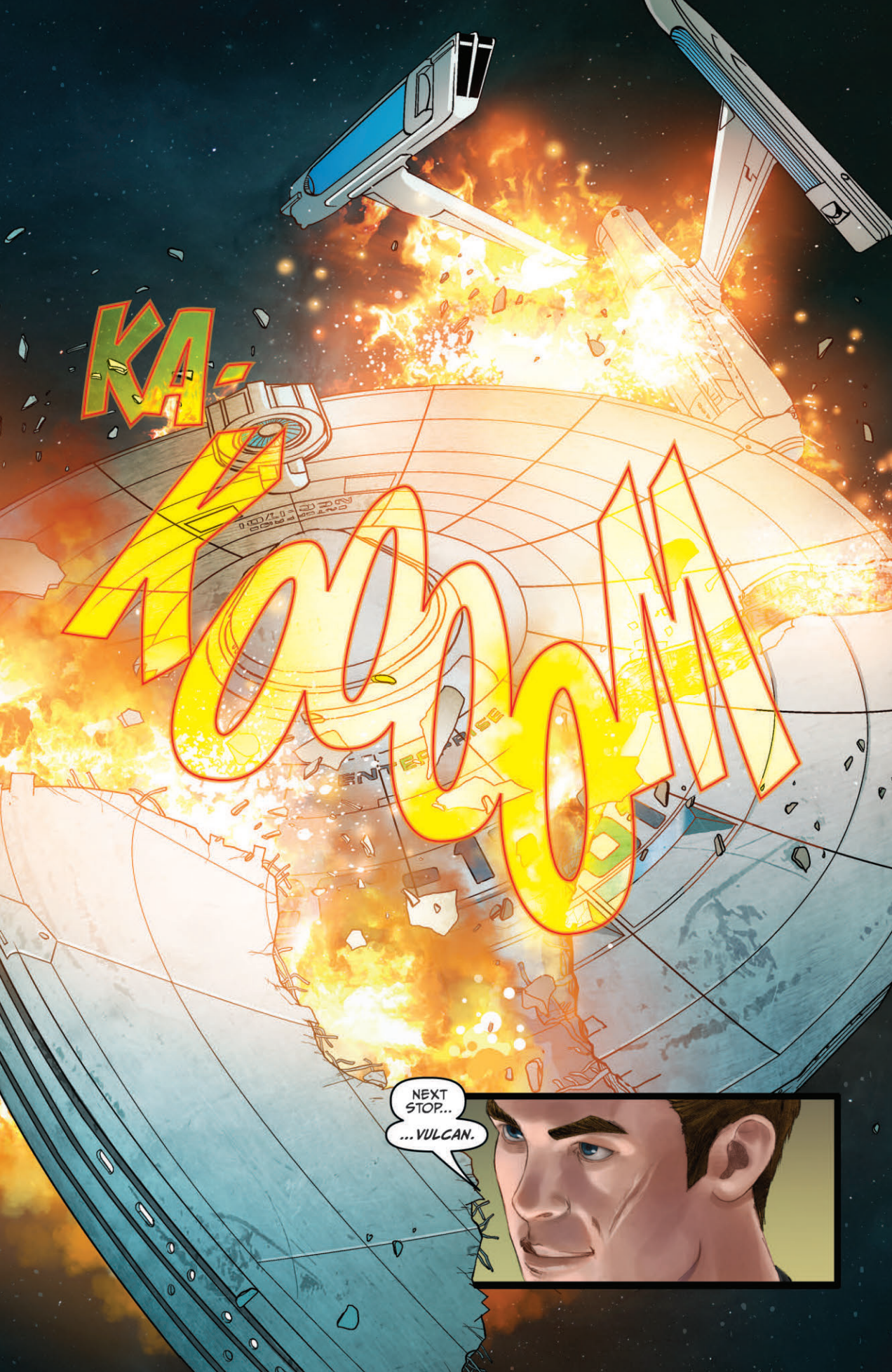
OR DO YOU THINK
IT'S AN ACCIDENT THAT YOUR
HUMAN CREW HAS CHOSEN TO
ABANDON YOU? WE'VE GOT THE
POWER NOW TO REMAKE THE
EMPIRE AS WE SEE FIT. A
HUMAN EMPIRE FOR THE
HUMAN RACE!



YOU'RE
INSANE.

MAYBE. BUT
I'VE GOT THE
BIGGER SHIP.

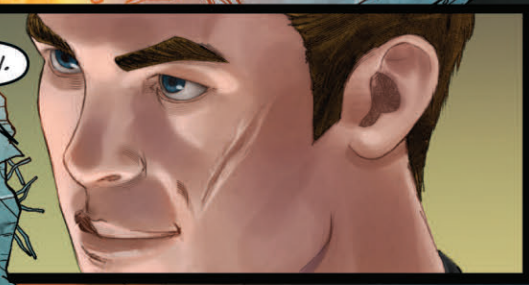


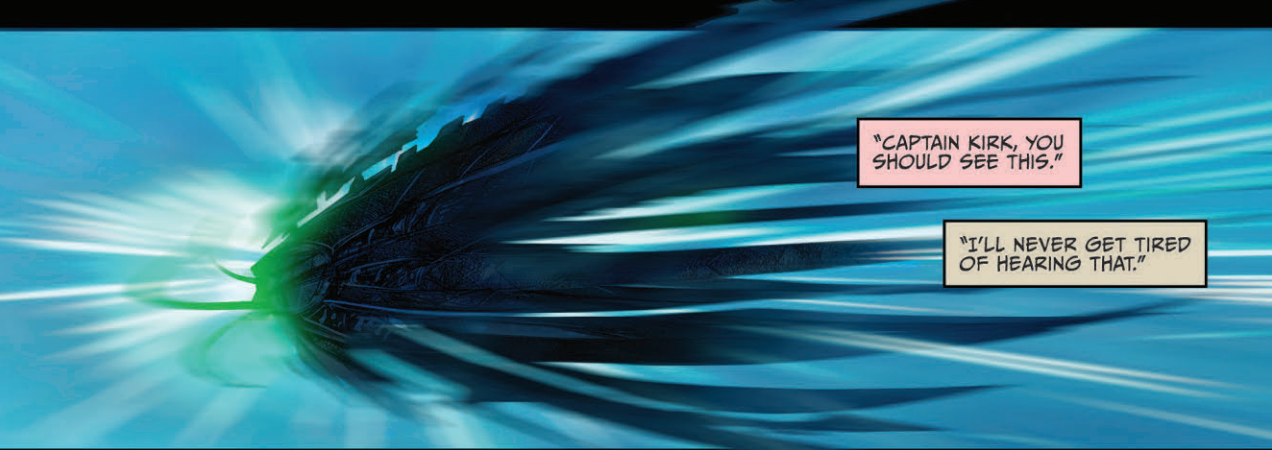


KA-

KOON

NEXT
STOP...
... VULCAN.





"CAPTAIN KIRK, YOU SHOULD SEE THIS."

"I'LL NEVER GET TIRED OF HEARING THAT."



SIR?

BEING CALLED "CAPTAIN." I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR IT. TOO LONG.

SO WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

IT IS MOST INTERESTING, KEPTIN...

...WE FOUND INFORMATION IN THE **NARADA** DATABASE THAT SUGGESTS THE IMMINENT REAPPEARANCE OF THE **SAME ANOMALY** THAT WAS DETECTED WHEN **NERO** FIRST APPEARED...

THE DAY YOUR... YOUR...



DON'T BE SHY, MR. CHEKOV. SAY IT.

THE DAY MY FATHER DIED.



SO WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE ANOMALY?

VELL, ALL THE DATA IS IN ROMULAN, BUT WITH MISS UHURA'S HELP VE HAVE MANAGED TO ASCERTAIN THAT THE ANOMALY IS IN FACT A KIND OF VERM HOLE...



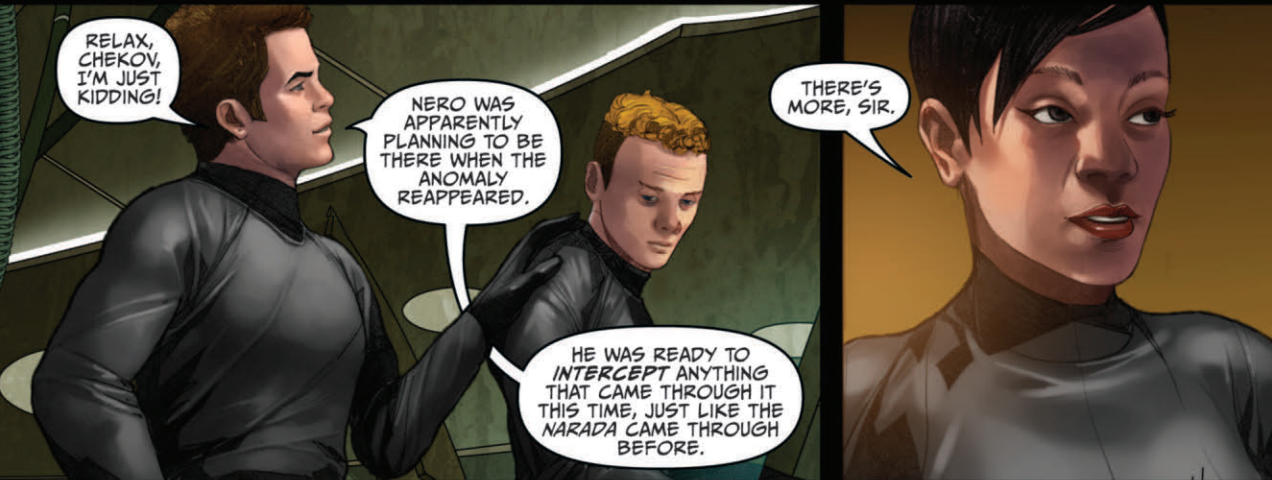
A WHAT?

VERM HOLE, SIR.

A WHAT?

A VERM...
A WO...

WORM....



RELAX, CHEKOV, I'M JUST KIDDING!

NERO WAS APPARENTLY PLANNING TO BE THERE WHEN THE ANOMALY REAPPEARED.

THERE'S MORE, SIR.

HE WAS READY TO INTERCEPT ANYTHING THAT CAME THROUGH IT THIS TIME, JUST LIKE THE NARADA CAME THROUGH BEFORE.



INTERESTING. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING ELSE WAS COMING. AND IF IT'S ANYTHING AS IMPRESSIVE AS THIS SHIP, I WANT TO INTERCEPT IT TOO.

CHEKOV, LAY IN A COURSE FOR THE ANOMALY COORDINATES.



AYE, KEPTIN!

AND UHURA...

...I THINK WE'RE OVERDUE FOR A CHAT WITH THE IMPERIUM.

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITOL OF THE
TERRAN EMPIRE.

"SENATOR PIKE, PRIORITY SIGNAL
COMING IN FROM CAPTAIN JAMES
TIBERIUS KIRK."

"CAPTAIN KIRK...?"

EXPLAIN YOURSELF,
KIRK! WHERE IS CAPTAIN
SPOCK? WHERE IS THE
ENTERPRISE?


NICE TO
SEE YOU TOO,
SENATOR!

TELL ME, HOW ARE
THE REPAIRS ON THE
BLACK GATE BRIDGE
COMING? SHAME
ABOUT THAT KLINGON
TERRORIST
ATTACK.

RIGHT IN THE
HEART OF THE
EMPIRE! WHO'D
A' THOUGHT?


SPARE ME, KIRK.
TELL ME WHAT'S GOING
ON BEFORE I SEND THE
REST OF THE ARMADA
AFTER YOU.

YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
TRY, SENATOR.



THE TRUTH IS
I'M DOING WHAT I'VE
ALWAYS DONE SINCE THE
DAY YOU RECRUITED ME.
I'M SERVING THE
INTERESTS OF THE
EMPIRE.

AFTER THE VICTORY AT
QO'NOS, CAPTAIN SPOCK
DECLARED HIS INTENTION TO
HIJACK THE ENTERPRISE AND
LEAD A VULCAN REVOLT
AGAINST EARTH AND
HER ALLIES IN THE
IMPERIUM.



TOGETHER WITH
THIS BRAVE GROUP OF
LOYAL CREWMEMBERS,
I MANAGED TO STOP
SPOCK BEFORE HE
COULD CARRY OUT
HIS PLAN.


UNFORTUNATELY,
THE ENTERPRISE
WAS DESTROYED
ALONG WITH
SPOCK.



DESTROYED?!
THE ENTERPRISE IS
THE FLAGSHIP OF
THE EMPIRE!

WAS THE
FLAGSHIP. RELAX,
SENATOR. I
UPGRADED.

"AND I GOT A LITTLE
BIT OF REVENGE IN
THE DEAL.



"FORGET ABOUT THE ENTERPRISE.
HELL, FORGET ABOUT THE REST OF
THE ARMADA. I'M BRINGING YOU A
SHIP SO ADVANCED THAT NO ENEMY
WILL EVER BE ABLE TO STAND
AGAINST THE EMPIRE AGAIN!"



BUT BEFORE I CAN DELIVER IT TO YOU, I HAVE A LITTLE PIECE OF BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.

I'M GOING TO VULCAN.

FOR TOO LONG WE'VE LET THE VULCANS RUN THEIR OWN AFFAIRS. THEY'VE COME TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS OUR EQUALS.

YOU EVEN MADE ONE OF THEM CAPTAIN OF YOUR PRECIOUS FLAGSHIP.



BUT NOT ANYMORE. I'M GOING TO VULCAN TO DELIVER A MESSAGE.

I'M GOING TO SHOW THEM WHO'S REALLY IN CHARGE OF THE EMPIRE. THEY THINK THEY'RE OUR PARTNERS? THEY'LL LEARN WE'RE THEIR MASTERS.



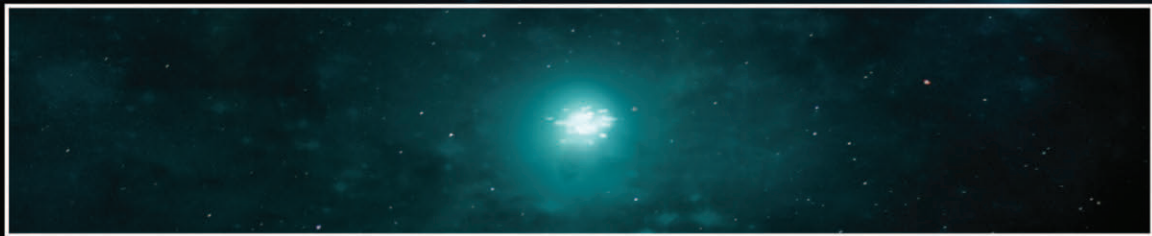
DAMMIT, KIRK, DON'T BE RECKLESS! YOU'LL DO NOTHING WITHOUT DIRECT ORDERS FROM THE IMPERIUM! RETURN TO EARTH AT ONCE!

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, PIKE? FROM NOW ON...



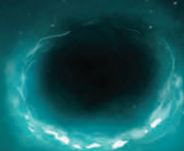
...I AM THE IMPERIUM.

KIRK OUT.



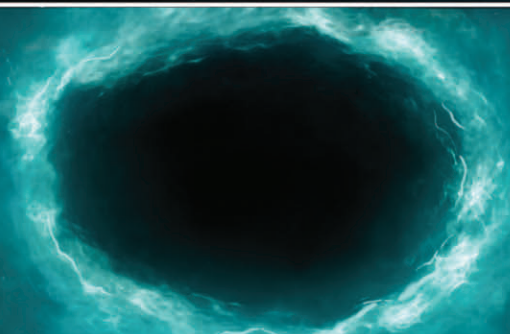
"TALK TO ME, CHEKOV."

"AYE, KEPTIN! IT'S..."



"...IT'S..."

"...IMPOSSIBLE!"

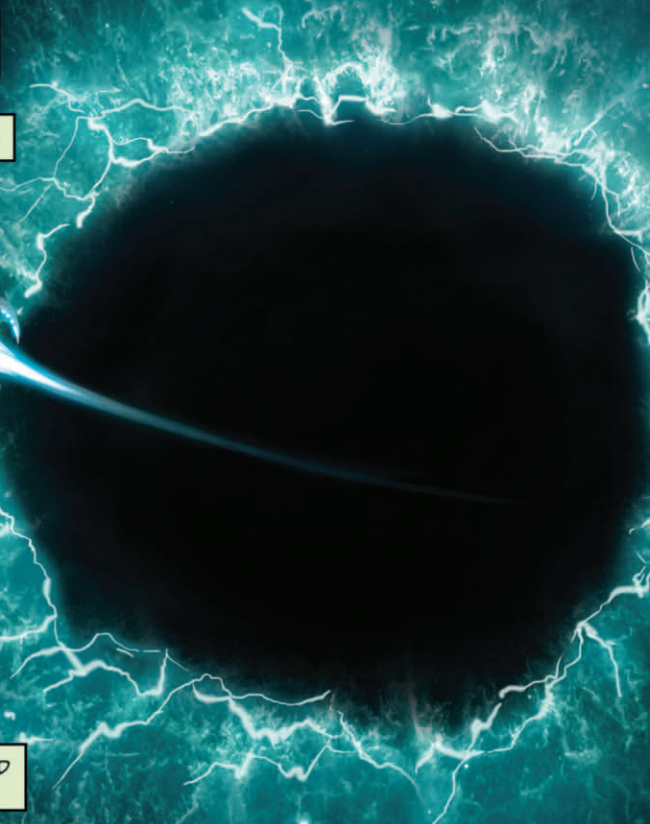


"KEPTIN, SOMETHING IS
COMING THROUGH IT!"

"IT LOOKS LIKE..."



"...LIKE SOME KIND
OF *SHIP*, KEPTIN!"





I WANT
THAT SHIP!
SULU, LOCK
ON WITH THE
TRACTOR
BEAM!



TRYING, SIR!
STILL NOT QUITE
SURE HOW THE TECH
ON THIS BIRD
WORKS...

WE'LL FIGURE IT
OUT, LIEUTENANT,
BEFORE I SEND YOU
OUT TO GRAB IT WITH
YOUR HANDS!

"NO NEED FOR
THAT, CAPTAIN."



"I'VE GOT IT!"





AND YET
HERE I AM.
BUT YOU...

... YOU ARE NOT
THE JAMES KIRK
I REMEMBER...

SULU.

UHURA.
SECURE THE
PRISONER.

"WHAT THE HELL IS
STARFLEET?"



YOU'RE IN
THE HANDS OF THE
TERRAN EMPIRE, OLD
MAN. STOP TALKING
ABOUT STARFLEET, OR
I'M GOING TO LOSE
MY **TEMPER**.

IF YOU DON'T START TELLING
ME THE TRUTH ABOUT WHERE YOU
CAME FROM, I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO START **ENCOURAGING** YOU
TO BE HONEST.

YOU WON'T ENJOY
MY METHODS OF
ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE TERRAN
EMPIRE, OF
COURSE.

I HAVE MADE
A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE...

SO YOU **HAVE**
HEARD OF THE
EMPIRE! WHAT'S YOUR
PLAN, OLD MAN? HOW
DID YOU KNOW NERO?
WHAT WERE YOU
TWO UP TO?

I ASSURE YOU,
NERO WAS NO ALLY
OF MINE. AT LEAST,
NOT ANYMORE...



STOP TALKING IN RIDDLES!

TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW! YOUR SHIP'S A LOT MORE VALUABLE TO ME THAN YOU ARE, BELIEVE ME!

ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THE TRUTH.

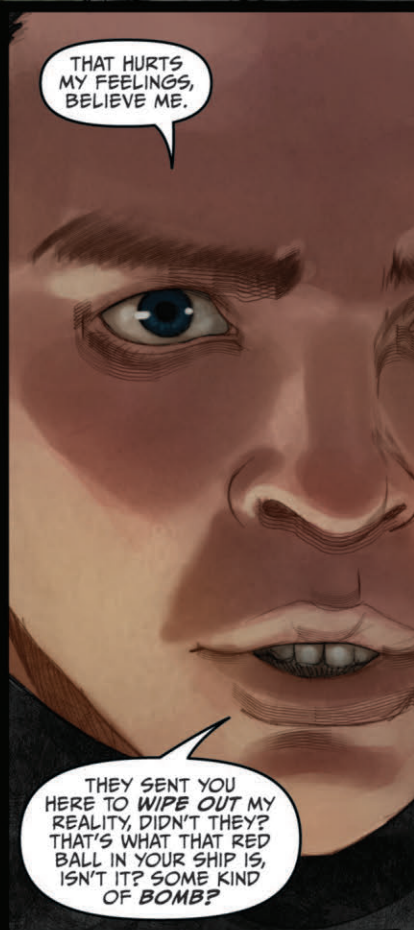


I AM FROM AN **ALTERNATE REALITY**. A REALITY WHERE THERE WAS NO **TERRAN EMPIRE**. IN ITS PLACE WAS THE **UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS**. AN ALLIANCE OF ADVANCED CIVILIZATIONS DEDICATED TO **PEACE**.



BUT YOU'VE **HEARD OF THE EMPIRE?**

UNFORTUNATELY, YES. OUR PARALLEL REALITIES HAVE **CROSSED** EACH OTHER BEFORE. BUT IN MY REALITY **JAMES KIRK** WAS A BRAVE AND HONORABLE MAN.



THAT HURTS MY FEELINGS, BELIEVE ME.

THEY SENT YOU HERE TO **WIPE OUT** MY REALITY, DIDN'T THEY? THAT'S WHAT THAT RED BALL IN YOUR SHIP IS, ISN'T IT? SOME KIND OF **BOMB?**



NO. NOT A BOMB. NOT A WEAPON, IF USED WISELY. BUT THE RED MATERIAL IS INHERENTLY **UNSTABLE**. YOU MUST USE THE UTMOST CARE WITH IT.

UNSTABLE IS GOOD. I **LIKE** UNSTABLE. SO WHAT'S IT FOR?



IT WAS INTENDED TO STOP THE SPREAD OF A RAPIDLY EXPANDING SUPERNOVA THAT THREATENED THE ENTIRE GALAXY.

I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT DESPITE MY... UNEXPECTED *JOURNEY*... MY OWN REALITY IS NOW SAFE. I SUPPOSE I WILL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE.



YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART.

LOUD AND CLEAR, MR. SCOTT. AND WAITING FOR GOOD NEWS.

ARE YOU THERE, CAPTAIN?



GOOD NEWS INDEED, CAPTAIN! NO NEED TO CONTINUE THE INTERROGATION. I'VE MANAGED TO DEDUCE HOW THIS "RED MATTER" WORKS!

LET ME JUST SAY... I THINK WE'VE JUST WON THE UNIVERSE, SIR!




ON MY WAY, SCOTTY.

SULU, WITH ME. UHURA, WATCH THE PRISONER.

SORRY, SPOCK. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE JUST BECOME EXPENDABLE.





"SCOTTY, HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE GOT?"



SHOULD TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO CUT THROUGH THE CRUST, SIR!

GOOD. BECAUSE I WANT TO ENGAGE IN A LITTLE PERSONAL DIPLOMACY FIRST.



VULCAN.

ALTHOUGH I CANNOT SEE IT...

...I KNOW WE ARE HERE.



I HAVE DOOMED MY HOME.

OUR HOME.



AND IT IS NOT DOOMED YET.

... FASCINATING.

VULCAN. THE
KATRIC ARK.

RRRRRUUMMMBLE

WHAT IS
HAPPENING?

IT IS AN ATTACK
FROM ORBIT! A
WEAPON UNLIKE ANY
WE HAVE EVER
SEEN!

I KNOW!
ISN'T IT
GREAT?

WHO-?

JAMES
TIBERIUS
KIRK.

NO SIGN OF
THE TERRAN EMPIRE
HERE IN THE ARK, HUH? NO
BANNERS, NO SYMBOLS
OF OUR PROUD
ALLIANCE?

JUST
CONFIRMS
WHAT I ALREADY
SUSPECTED.

YOU VULCANS HAVE
NEVER BEEN TRUE
PARTNERS WITH EARTH.
YOU'VE JUST BEEN WAITING
FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO
SABOTAGE THE EMPIRE
FROM WITHIN AND TAKE
CONTROL FOR
YOURSELVES.

NO MORE
CHANCE OF
THAT.

I CAME DOWN HERE SO
I COULD TELL YOU **FACE TO
FACE**. SO YOU WOULD KNOW WHO
IT IS THAT DESTROYED YOUR
WORLD. IN THE NAME OF THE
TERRAN EMPIRE...

...VULCAN
DIES TODAY.



WHO ARE YOU TO SPEAK FOR THE EMPIRE? THIS IS MADNESS!



THIS IS PROGRESS.
SCOTTY, CAN YOU HEAR ME? GET READY TO DROP A LITTLE RED INTO THE MIX.



THE NOISE... THE TREMORS...

THEY'VE STOPPED.



SCOTTY, CAN YOU HEAR ME? SCOTTY?

SCOTTY CAN'T RESPOND, KIRK...

UHURA—?

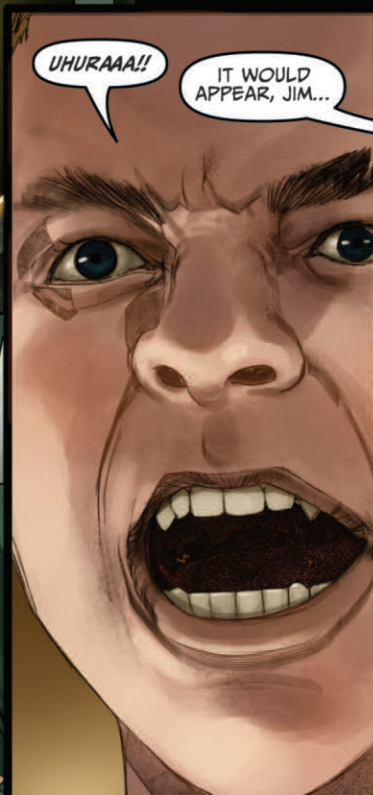


...EVER AGAIN.

UHURA?! WHAT'S GOING ON?!


THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN COMMAND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE. SO PLEASE, WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME FROM NOW ON...

...CALL ME CAPTAIN.




UHURAAA!!

IT WOULD APPEAR, JIM...




...THAT SOME THINGS
REMAIN THE SAME IN OUR
TWO REALITIES. NYOTA'S
AFFECTION FOR THE
VULCAN PEOPLE BEING
ONE OF THEM.

YOU?!



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF
MIND-TRICK YOU USED
ON UHURA, BUT IT
WON'T WORK
ON ME!

I'LL FIND A WAY
BACK TO THE SHIP
AND FINISH WHAT I
STARTED, *AFTER*
I'VE FINISHED
WITH YOU!



YOU CAN'T
WIN, JIM. BUT
YOU STILL HAVE
A *CHOICE*.

I KNOW THAT
SOMEWHERE INSIDE
YOU IS A GOOD MAN. A
BRAVE MAN. A MAN I
WAS PROUD—I *AM*
PROUD—TO CALL
MY FRIEND.



YOU'RE IN THE
WRONG REALITY,
OLD MAN.

BUT, HEY, AT
LEAST YOU'LL GET
TO DIE ON YOUR
HOME PLANET! NOT
EVERYBODY
GET—





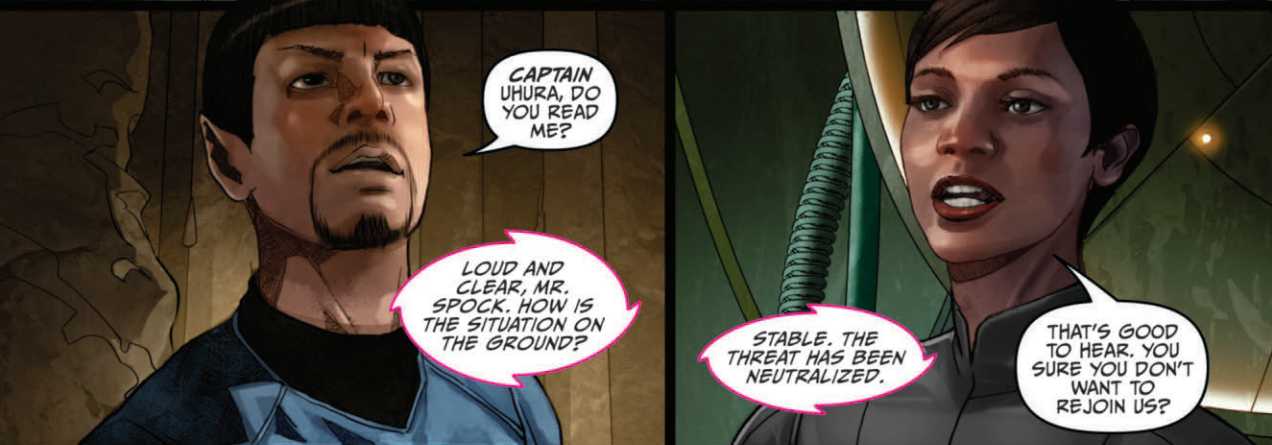
IT WAS ONLY LOGICAL.

SPOCK!
AND...
SPOCK?!



INDEED. A MOST UNUSUAL PARTNERSHIP, ADMITTEDLY.

BUT A MOST PRODUCTIVE ONE.



CAPTAIN UHURA, DO YOU READ ME?

LOUD AND CLEAR, MR. SPOCK. HOW IS THE SITUATION ON THE GROUND?

STABLE. THE THREAT HAS BEEN NEUTRALIZED.

THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO REJOIN US?



I AM SURE. MY BATTLES ARE OVER. THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN VULCAN AND EARTH HAS BEEN PRESERVED.

MY PLACE IS AMONG MY PEOPLE FOR NOW.



GODSPEED,
NYOTA. AND
THANK YOU.

I WILL SEE
YOU AGAIN ONE
DAY, SPOCK.

NARADA
OUT.



SULU. CHEKOV.
I'M NOT GOING TO
HAVE ANY PROBLEMS
WITH YOU TWO,
AM I?

NO,
MA'AM!

HAPPY
TO SERVE,
KEPTIN!



HOW
ABOUT YOU,
BONES?

HEY,
I'M JUST A
DOCTOR.

CURIOUS,
THOUGH. HOW'D YOU
GET SPOCK OFF THE
ENTERPRISE BEFORE
IT EXPLODED?



I BEAMED
HIM ABOARD THE
NARADA WHILE KIRK
WAS BUSY BOASTING.
THAT WAS ALWAYS
JIM'S PROBLEM.

HE NEVER DID
UNDERSTAND
WOMEN.



NOW, TIME
TO SET A
COURSE BACK
TO EARTH...

"...AND SHOW THEM WHAT
THE FUTURE LOOKS LIKE."



"THAT'S THE
CRAZIEST THING
I'VE EVER HEARD,
MR. SCOTT."



AND YET, IT'S
SCIENCE.

YOU'RE SAYING
THAT EVERYTHING
THAT COULD
POSSIBLY HAPPEN
NOT ONLY *HAS*
HAPPENED...

... *WILL*
HAPPEN...

...BUT *IS*
HAPPENING IN AN
INFINITE NUMBER
OF REALITIES
RIGHT NOW, AND
IT'S POSSIBLE TO
TRAVEL BETWEEN
THEM?





ART GALLERY

Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



TIM
BRADSTREET
2012

Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet




Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



TIM
BRADSTREET
2012







IN "HENDORFF,"
EXPERIENCE LIFE ON
THE *ENTERPRISE* THROUGH
THE EYES OF A REDSHIRT!
ALSO, FIND OUT HOW SCOTTY
AND HIS ALIEN SIDEKICK FIRST
MEET IN "KEENSER'S STORY." PLUS,
AN ALL-NEW RE-IMAGINING OF THE
CLASSIC "MIRROR, MIRROR" STORY! ALL
OVERSEEN BY STAR TREK
WRITER/PRODUCER **ROBERTO ORCI!**

IDW

TOMMY
BROAD-
SHEET
2012
-17