

STAR TREK®

VOLUME 5



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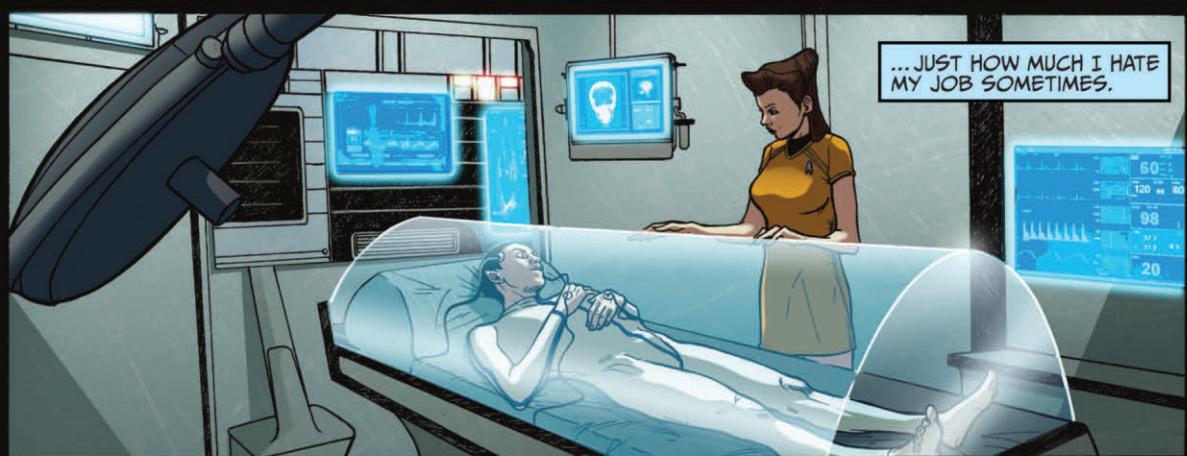


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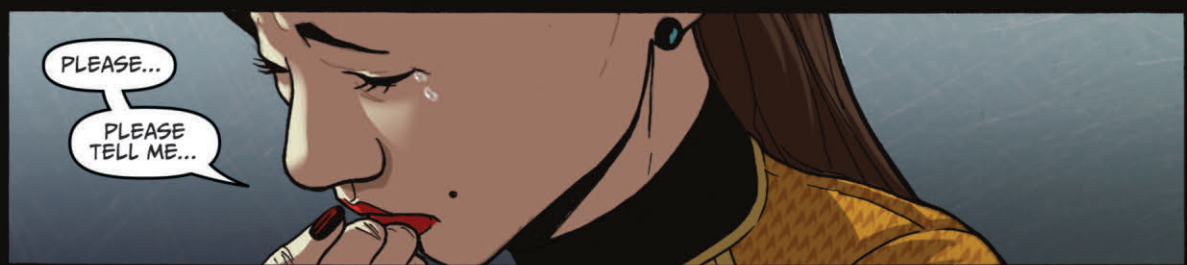
CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER'S
LOG, STARDATE 2258.247.



IT'S DAYS LIKE TODAY
THAT REMIND ME...

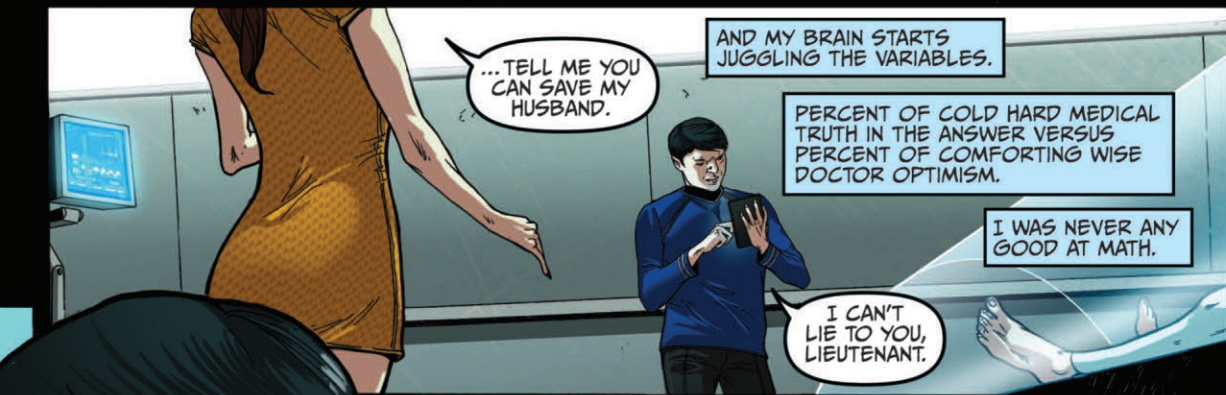


...JUST HOW MUCH I HATE
MY JOB SOMETIMES.



PLEASE...

PLEASE
TELL ME...



...TELL ME YOU CAN SAVE MY HUSBAND.

AND MY BRAIN STARTS JUGGLING THE VARIABLES.

PERCENT OF COLD HARD MEDICAL TRUTH IN THE ANSWER VERSUS PERCENT OF COMFORTING WISE DOCTOR OPTIMISM.

I WAS NEVER ANY GOOD AT MATH.

I CAN'T LIE TO YOU, LIEUTENANT.



OUR OPTIONS ARE LIMITED. I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN.

IT'S MY FAULT. I CONVINCED HIM TO JOIN ME ON ACTIVE DUTY.

I... I UNDERSTAND.

HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE BEAMING DOWN TO UNEXPLORED PLANETS ON AWAY TEAMS. HE SHOULD BE SITTING BEHIND A DESK IN SAN FRANCISCO...



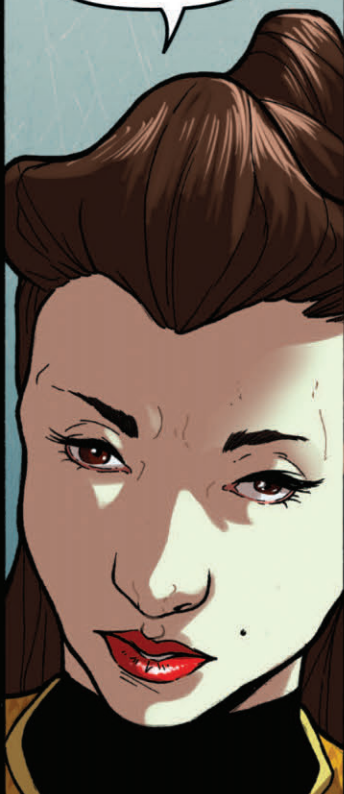
AND IF HE HADN'T BEEN ON HIS AWAY MISSION, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF TWO FELLOW CREWMEMBERS.

WHATEVER INFECTED HIM ON THAT PLANET, LET'S JUST BE GLAD HE STILL MADE IT BACK ONBOARD.



YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NOT HELPING HIM BY REGRETTING ANYTHING.

TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO ENLIST? WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO SIGN UP FOR THIS?



WEIGHING THE VARIABLES AGAIN.

DO I MAKE A JOKE ABOUT ESCAPING MY EX-WIFE...



...OR DO I TELL THE TRUTH?

MISSISSIPPI.

BEFORE.

HOW COME
I COULDN'T
BRING
ANYTHING TO
PLAY WITH?

'CAUSE
THAT'S NOT THE
POINT, LEN. THE POINT
IS TO GET AWAY FROM
ANYTHING THAT NEEDS A
VIEW SCREEN TO BE
INTERESTING. GET
OUTSIDE!

THERE'S NO
BETTER VIEW
SCREEN THAN MOTHER
NATURE'S! YOU MIGHT
EVEN LEARN
SOMETHING!

WHAT IF
WE GET
LOST?

THEN WE
DESERVE TO
STARVE OUT HERE
AND GET EATEN
BY RABID
RACCOONS.

AND YOUR
MOTHER WOULD
UNDERSTAND.

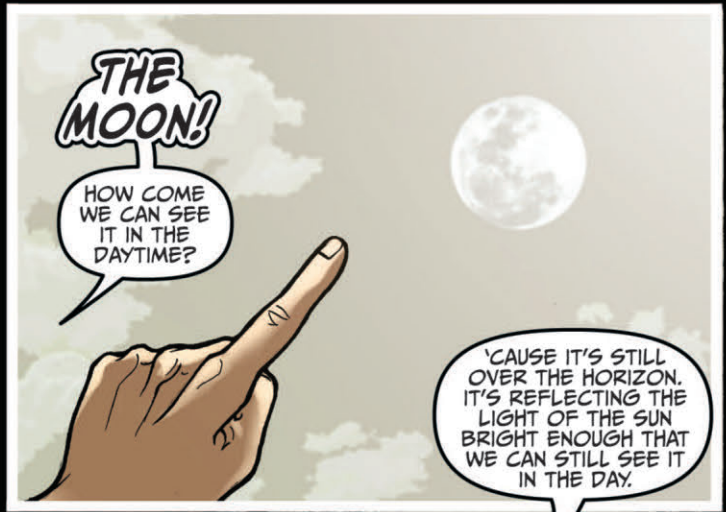
RABID
RACCOONS?!
YOU THINK WE
CAN FIND
ONE?

I'LL DO
MY BEST.
HEY, LEN,
NOT TOO
HIGH...



I'LL BE FINE!
YOU GOTTA LET
ME HAVE A
LITTLE FUN!

HEY,
LOOK!



THE
MOON!

HOW COME
WE CAN SEE
IT IN THE
DAYTIME?

'CAUSE IT'S STILL
OVER THE HORIZON.
IT'S REFLECTING THE
LIGHT OF THE SUN
BRIGHT ENOUGH THAT
WE CAN STILL SEE IT
IN THE DAY.



YOU THINK
WE CAN
EVER TAKE A
VACATION
THERE?



WE'LL SEE.
MOM'S NOT
CRAZY ABOUT
SPACE
TRAVEL.

HOW 'BOUT
YOU QUIT
STARING AT THE
MOON AND KEEP
YOUR EYES ON THE—

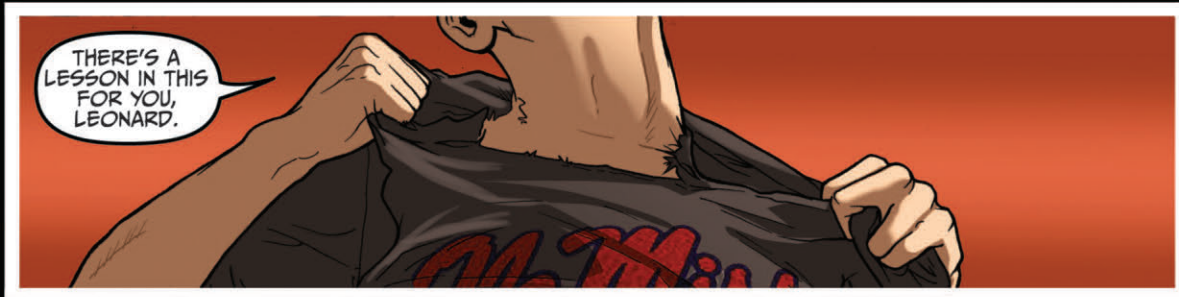


WHOA!

KRRRAAKK

DAAAAAAAAAAD!





LATER THAT DAY.

GOOD AS NEW!

THE BONE REGENERATOR WORKED LIKE A CHARM. ALWAYS EASIER WITH YOUNGER PATIENTS. YOU'RE BUILT TO BOUNCE BACK.

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU HAVE A FATHER WITH HIS OWN CLINIC? YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW TO GET THIS FIXED OTHERWISE.

I GUESS...

...THIS ISN'T GONNA HURT MY CHANCES OF PLAYING PRO BALL WHEN I GROW UP, IS IT?

BASKETBALL? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA BE A BRILLIANT DOC LIKE ME?

NAH. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THAT.

SO...

...WE GONNA PRACTICE NOW OR WHAT?

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BASKETBALL?

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GROW UP TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER?

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT THE MOST ATHLETIC THING I'VE EVER SEEN YOU DO IS ALDORIAN BEER PONG...

...EVERYTHING IS FUNNY ABOUT IT!

EVERYBODY NEEDS A DREAM, SMARTASS.

SO, WHAT, YOU GAVE UP AND FOLLOWED IN THE OLD MAN'S FOOTSTEPS?

LET'S JUST SAY MY KEEN DIAGNOSTIC EYE TURNED OUT BETTER THAN MY JUMP SHOT.

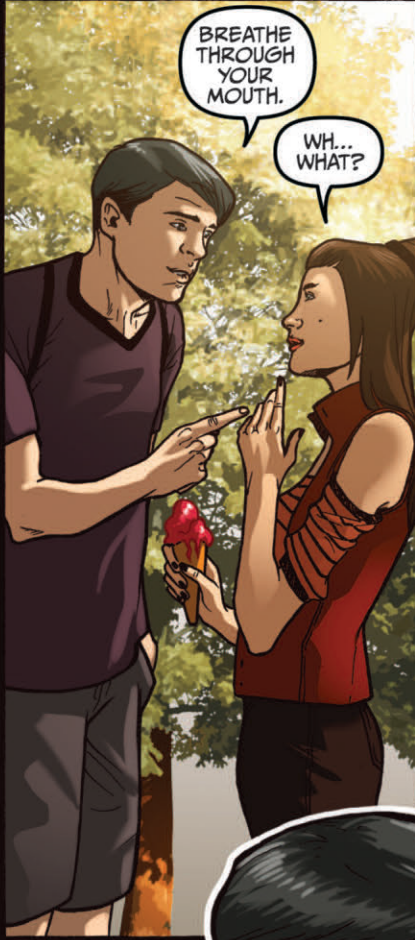
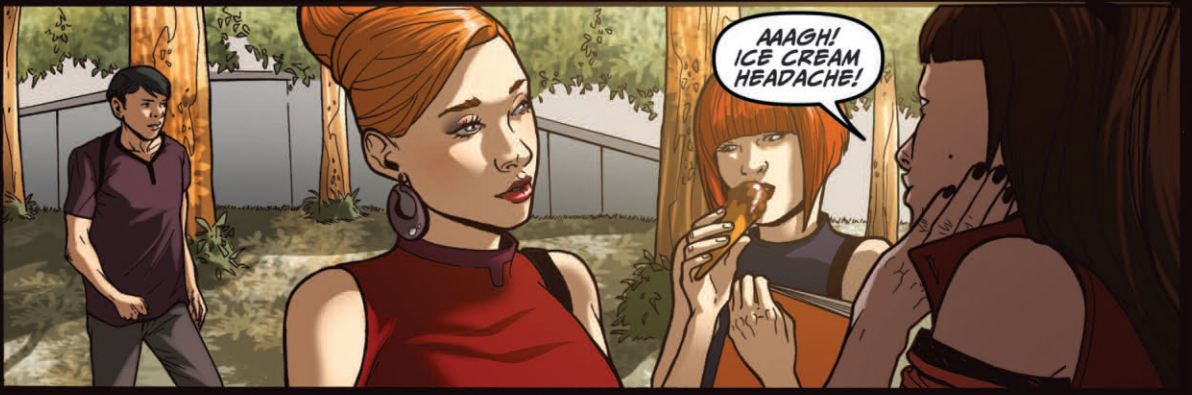
SPEAKING OF KEEN DIAGNOSTICS...

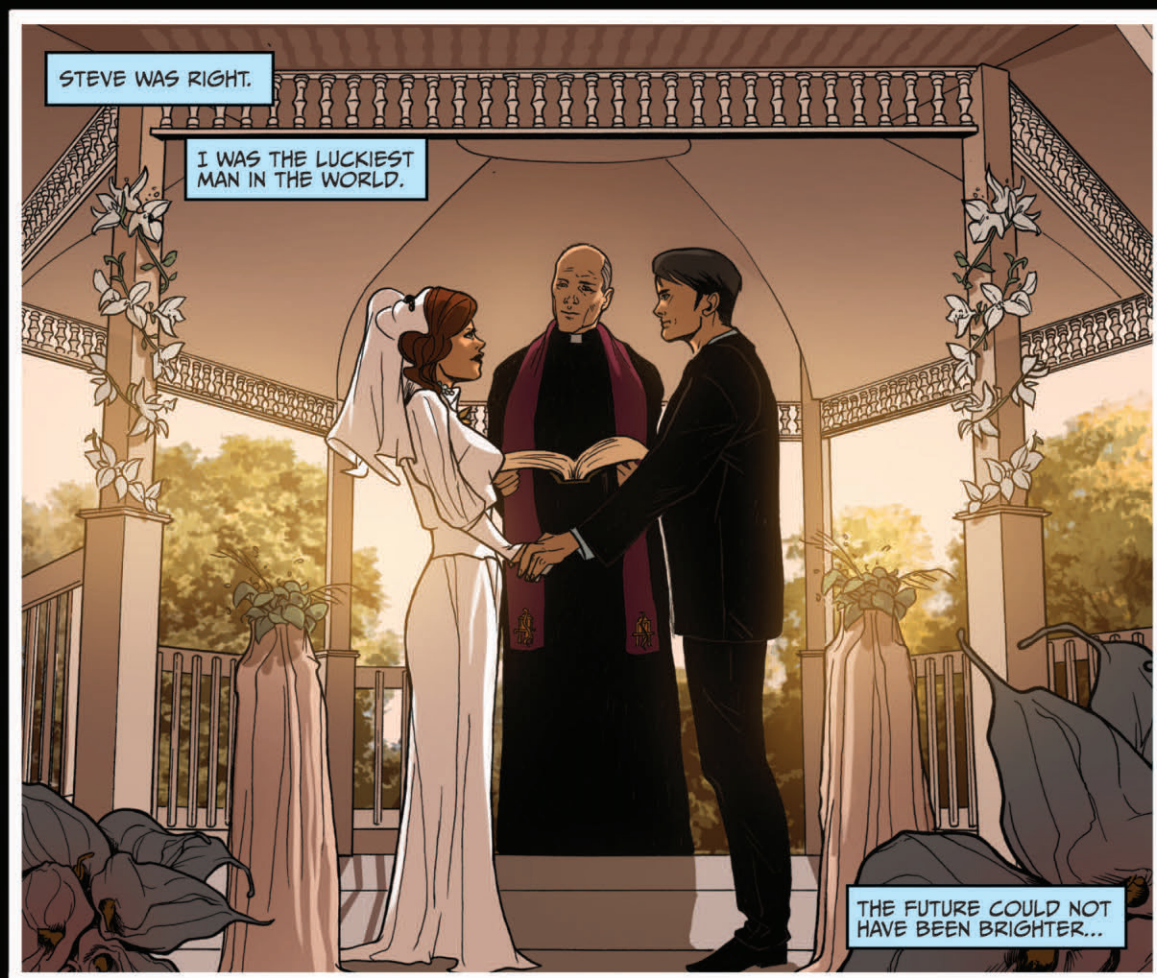
...THERE SHE IS. PAMELA BRANCH.

TIME FOR THE DOCTOR TO GO TO WORK. WATCH AND LEARN, STEVEN.

YOU'RE NOT A DOCTOR YET, LEONARD.

TECHNICALITIES.





...AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS
ON MY *SIDE* OF THE HOSPITAL BED.

MEET JENNY.

YOU WANTED
TO BE A
BASKETBALL
PLAYER WHEN
YOU GREW UP?
HA HA HA
HA HA!

WHY DOES
EVERYONE
ALWAYS LAUGH
WHEN I TELL
THEM THAT?

IT'S JUST FUNNY
TO THINK OF YOU
RUNNING AROUND
IN THOSE LITTLE
SHORTS, DR.
MCCOY!

FAIR ENOUGH.
WHAT ABOUT
YOU, JENNY?
WHAT'S YOUR
PLAN?

I FEEL TERRIBLE
ASKING HER...

...BECAUSE THERE'S
AN EVER-INCREASING
CHANCE SHE WON'T
LIVE THAT LONG.

I'M GOING TO
JOIN STARFLEET!
I'M GOING TO BE
CAPTAIN OF A
STARSHIP!

STARFLEET?
YOU'RE A LOT
BRAVER THAN ME.
ALL THAT DARK
EMPTY SPACE...

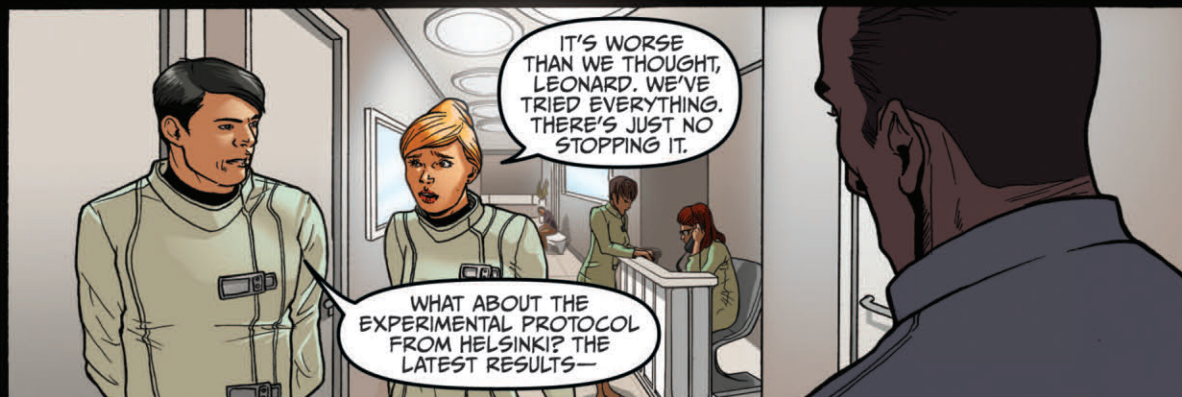
...SPOOKY!

DR. MCCOY,
A WORD
WITH YOU,
PLEASE?



CAN I GO HOME SOON, DOCTOR MCCOY? I FEEL BETTER!

JUST NEED TO RUN A COUPLE MORE TESTS, JENNY. DON'T WORRY, WON'T BE LONG.



IT'S WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT, LEONARD. WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. THERE'S JUST NO STOPPING IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE EXPERIMENTAL PROTOCOL FROM HELSINKI? THE LATEST RESULTS—



—HAVE JUST BEEN UPDATED. THE DISEASE ADAPTED TO THE INTERFERON ADJUSTMENTS.

IT'S TIME TO FOCUS ON MAKING HER LAST DAYS EASY FOR HER.



DAMMIT, MAGGIE, SHE'S NINE YEARS OLD! I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP NOW!

WE'VE CURED JUST ABOUT EVERY OTHER EARTHLY DISEASE! I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET SOME NEW HORROR BE THE ONE THAT FINALLY STUMPS US!



THEN I'LL LET YOU TELL THAT TO HER PARENTS. BUT YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME...

I WAS ALWAYS GOOD TALKING TO KIDS FOR SOME REASON. ADULTS, NOT SO MUCH...

...AND THAT TREND
CONTINUED AT HOME.

THE FIRST YEAR
WAS BLISS.



THE YEARS AFTER
THAT, NOT SO MUCH.

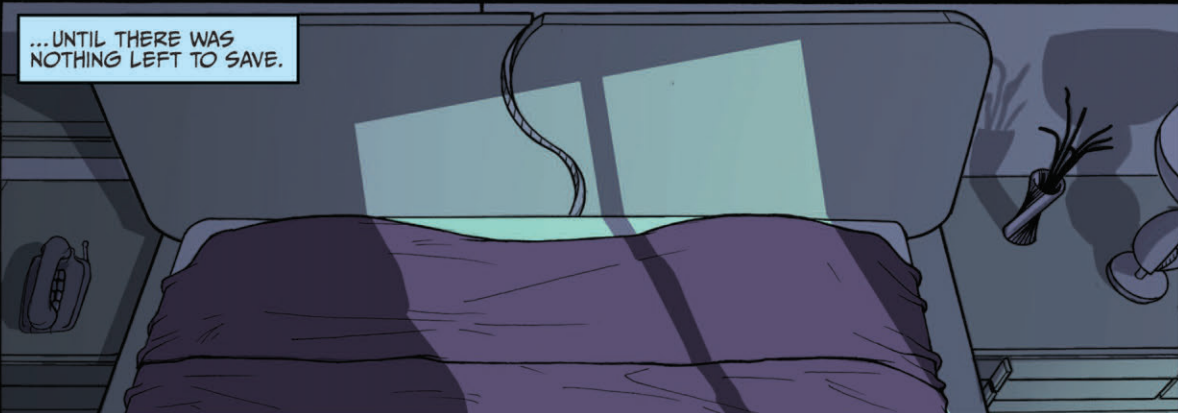
TOO MUCH WORK, FOR
BOTH OF US. TOO LITTLE
COMMUNICATION.



THE SPACE BETWEEN
US KEPT GROWING...



...UNTIL THERE WAS
NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE.





...DOCTOR...?

...DOCTOR MCCOY...?



...WHUH...?

...JENNY!
HI!

DOCTOR
MCCOY...



...I WANT TO
TELL YOU ABOUT
MY STARSHIP...

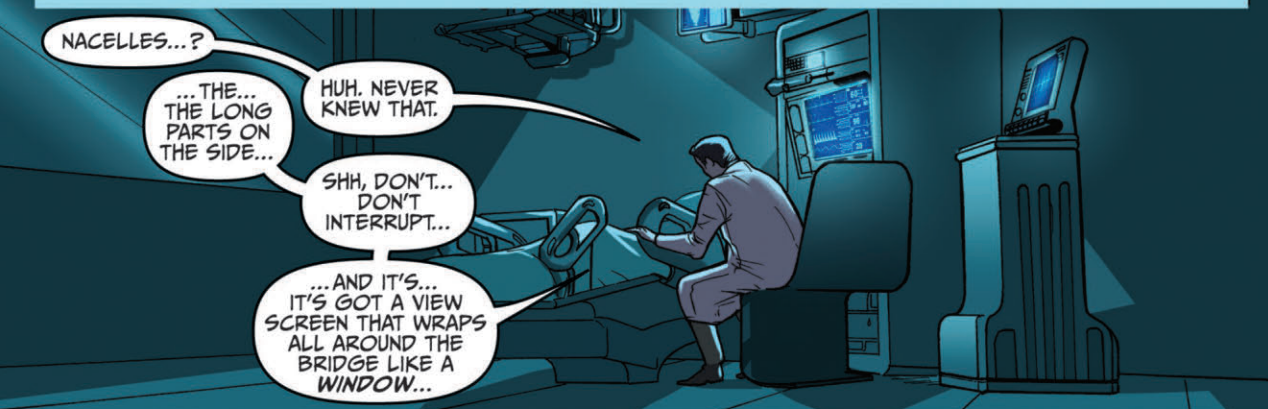
YOUR
STARSHIP?

THE ONE I'M
GONNA BE
CAPTAIN OF... IN
STARFLEET...



TELL ME
ABOUT IT,
JENNY...

IT'S... *BIG*.
REAL BIG. AND IT
HAS... *THREE*
NACELLES, NOT
TWO...



NACELLES...?

...THE...
THE LONG
PARTS ON
THE SIDE...

HUH. NEVER
KNEW THAT.

SHH, DON'T...
DON'T
INTERRUPT...

...AND IT'S...
IT'S GOT A VIEW
SCREEN THAT WRAPS
ALL AROUND THE
BRIDGE LIKE A
WINDOW...



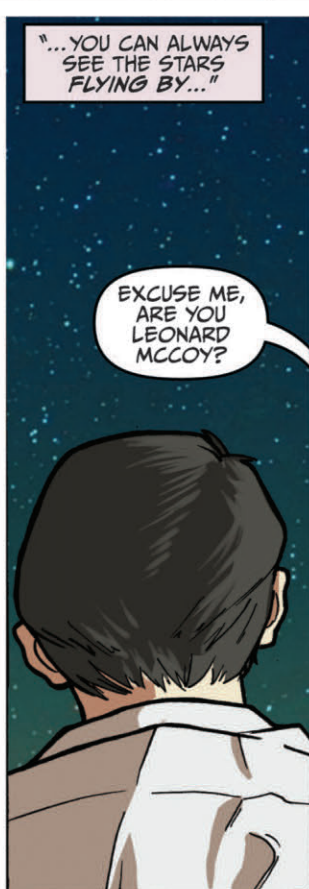
"...ALL AROUND
THE BRIDGE LIKE
A WINDOW..."



"...SO THAT ALL THE
TIME, WHENEVER YOU'RE
ON THE BRIDGE..."



"...YOU CAN ALWAYS
SEE THE STARS
FLYING BY..."



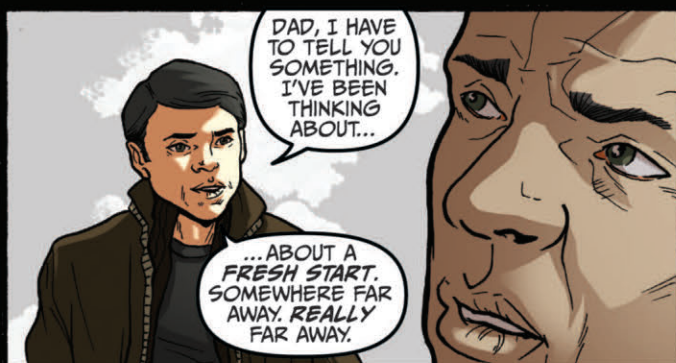
EXCUSE ME,
ARE YOU
LEONARD
MCCOY?

YES.
WHO'S
ASKING?

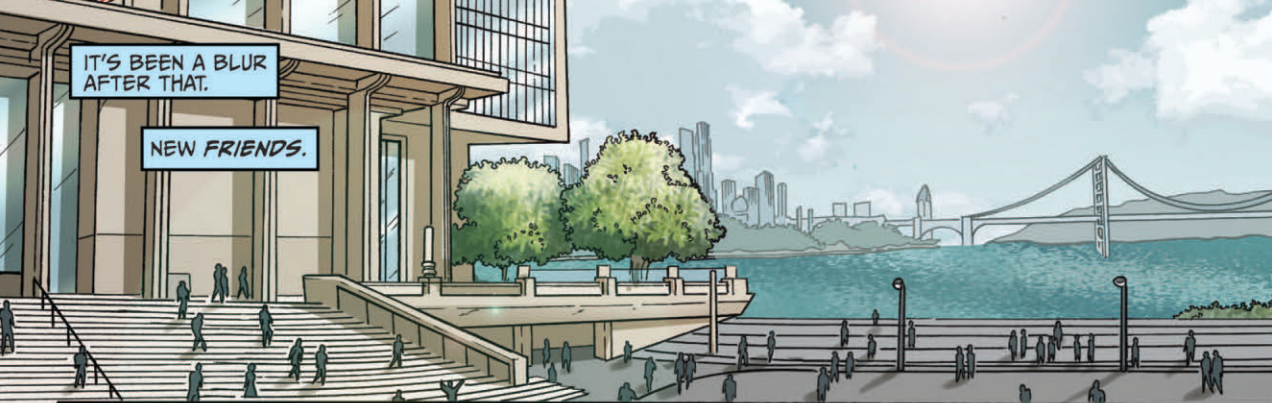
I
REPRESENT
YOUR WIFE,
PAMELA
MCCOY.



YOU'VE
BEEN
SERVED.







IT'S BEEN A BLUR
AFTER THAT.

NEW FRIENDS.



NEW...
COLLEAGUES.



AND, OF COURSE,
A WHOLE GALAXY
FULL OF NEW WAYS
TO GET SICK.

WHATEVER YOUR HUSBAND
PICKED UP PLANETSID, IT'S
PROVING TO BE A REAL
BASTARD WHEN IT COMES
TO OUR STANDARD
XENOLOGICAL
TREATMENTS.



ARE
YOU SAYING
THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO?



NO,
MA'AM.

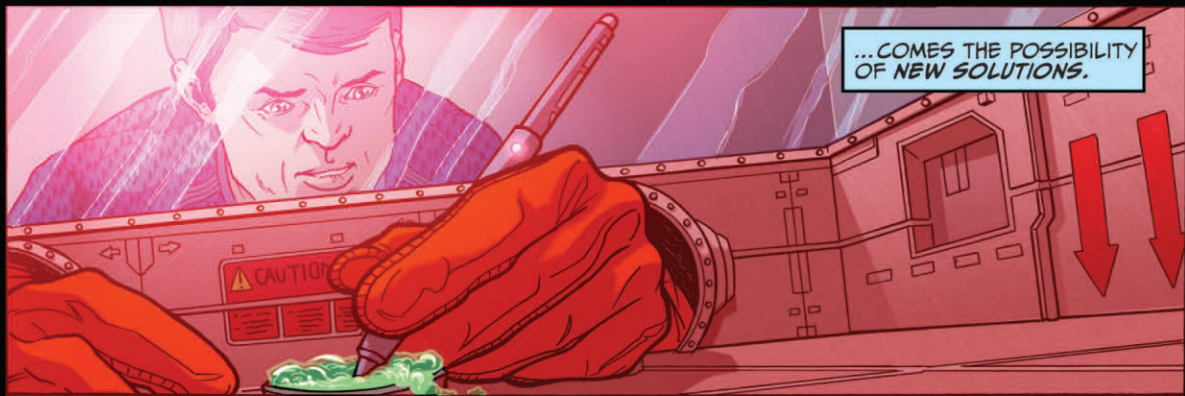
AND I
NEVER
WILL.

I'VE GOT ONE HUGE
ADVANTAGE OUT
HERE THAT I DIDN'T
HAVE ON EARTH.

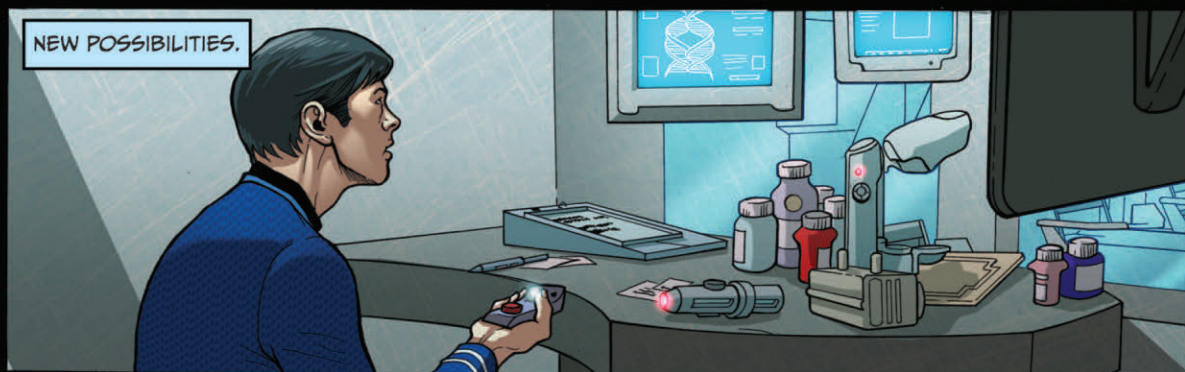
WITH EVERY NEW
PLACE WE DISCOVER...



... COMES THE POSSIBILITY
OF NEW *SOLUTIONS*.



NEW POSSIBILITIES.



NEW *CURES*.



IT'S JUST LIKE
DAD SAID...

...WORK WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

YOU'RE A
MIRACLE
WORKER,
DOC!

I'VE BEEN
CALLED THAT
BEFORE.
BELIEVE ME,
I'M NOT.

YOU PICKED UP A
NASTY NEW BUG ON
YOUR LAST MISSION,
BUT IT HAD ENOUGH IN
COMMON WITH OTHER
STRAINS WE'VE
ENCOUNTERED THAT I
WAS ABLE TO WHIP
UP AN ANTIDOTE.

BUT I'M
CONFINING YOU
TO *DESK DUTY*
FOR A WHILE.
YOU'RE NOT
BEAMING
ANYWHERE.

I SECOND
THAT!

YOU NEVER
DID TELL ME,
DOCTOR...
WHAT MADE YOU
SIGN UP FOR
STARFLEET?

I
SUPPOSE
YOU COULD
SAY...

...AN OLD FRIEND
RECOMMENDED IT.

IT'S A FUNNY THING.
NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LEAVE MISSISSIPPI.

BUT IT WAS THERE
THAT I LOST MY WAY.



IT TOOK TRAVELING
ACROSS THE GALAXY
TO FIND IT AGAIN.



A NEW SENSE
OF PURPOSE.



AND A NEW HOME.

THE SCREEN DOESN'T
WRAP ALL AROUND
THE BRIDGE, JENNY...



...BUT I THINK
YOU'D STILL LIKE IT.

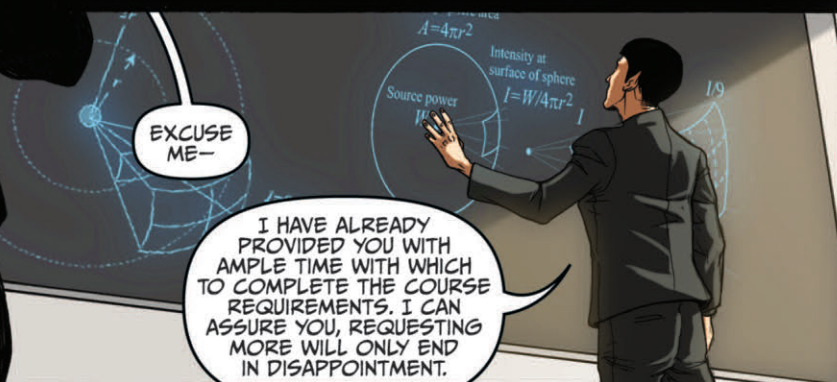
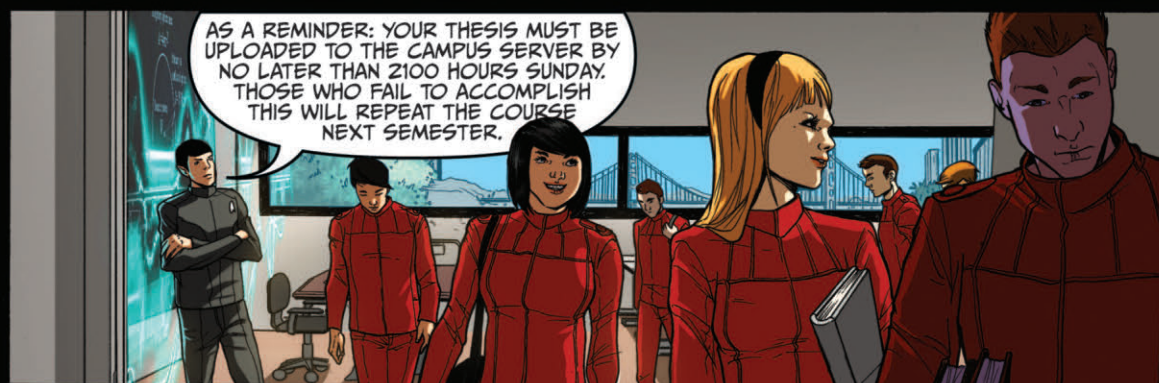
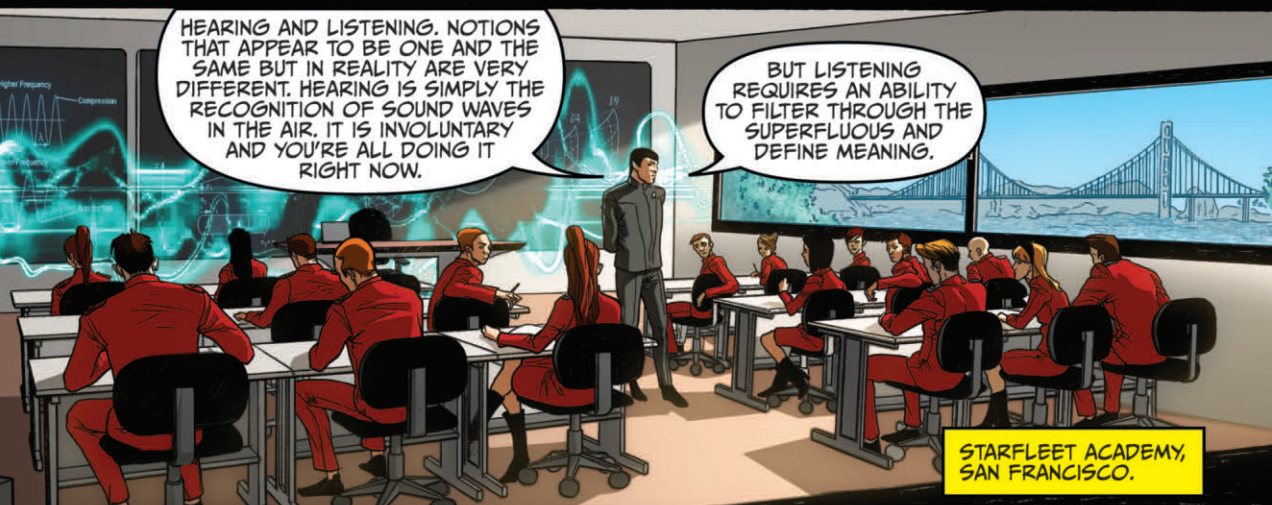




THE VOICE OF A FALLING STAR



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

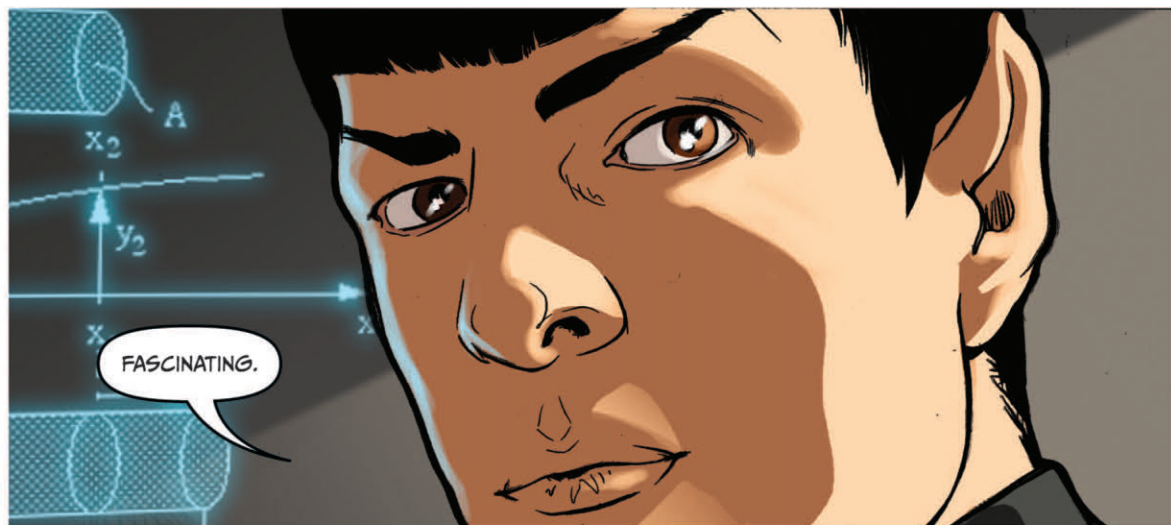




ACTUALLY, COMMANDER, I UPLOADED MY THESIS LAST WEEK AND IT'S ALREADY BEEN COLLATED AND GRADED. IF YOU'D CARE TO CHECK, YOU'LL SEE THAT I FINISHED WITH THE HIGHEST SCORE IN THE CLASS.

NOW, CONSIDERING I'VE COMPLETED THIS COURSE AND YOU NO LONGER HAVE ANY IMPACT ON MY ACADEMIC FUTURE, I WAS HOPING TO ASK YOU TO DINNER.

HOW'S THAT SOUND?



FASCINATING.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER.

I MUST ADMIT, I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD FIND A HUMAN WITH A TASTE FOR ROKEG BLOOD PIE.

MY UNCLE MADE ME TRY IT ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID. LOVED IT EVER SINCE.

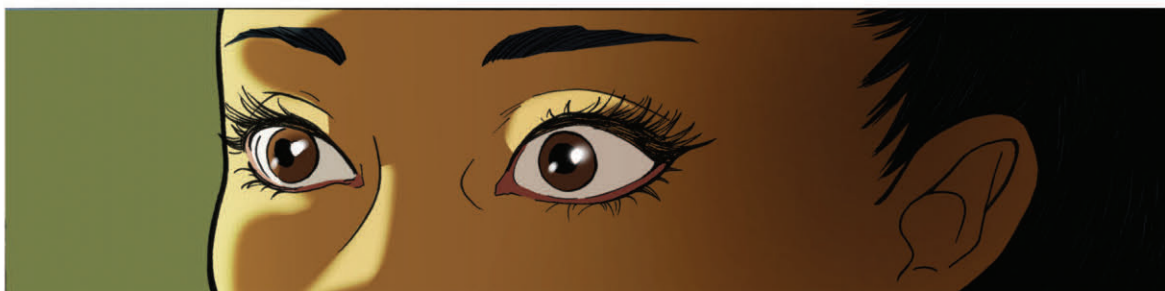
NYOTA, WHEN WE FIRST BEGAN THIS COURTSHIP, I WAS APPREHENSIVE ABOUT ITS LONGEVITY.

ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M SURPRISED WE LASTED A WEEK.

I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF OUR TIME TOGETHER AND WHEN A VULCAN COUPLING HAS ACCUMULATED A SIGNIFICANT RAPPORT, IT IS COMMON FOR THEM TO ENGAGE IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS "EMAFA KITO."

SPOCK, ARE YOU ASKING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE ASKING?

NOT EXACTLY.









YEP IT'S JUST SOME METEORITE DAMAGE. SHOULD ONLY TAKE A SECOND.



I WANNA SEE!

NYOTA—



WHERE IS IT?

I'M GOING TO COUNT TO FIVE, YOUNG LADY—

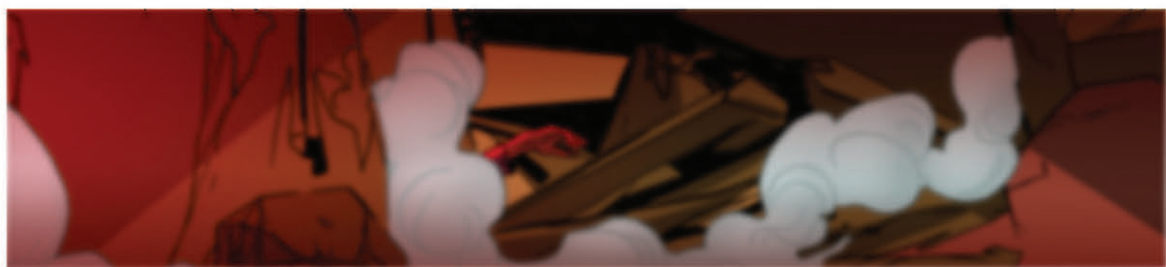
DON'T HURT YOURSELF.

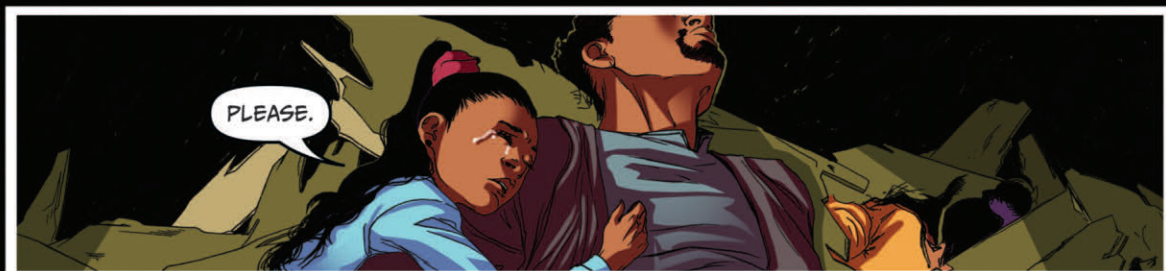


THAT'S IT.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

UH-OH.



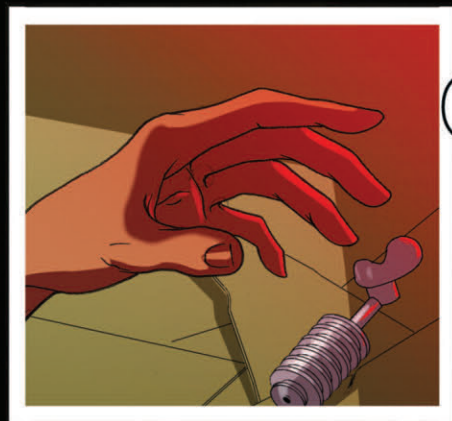




WHO'S
THERE?
HELLO?



IS
SOMEONE
THERE?



UNCLE
RAHEEM?

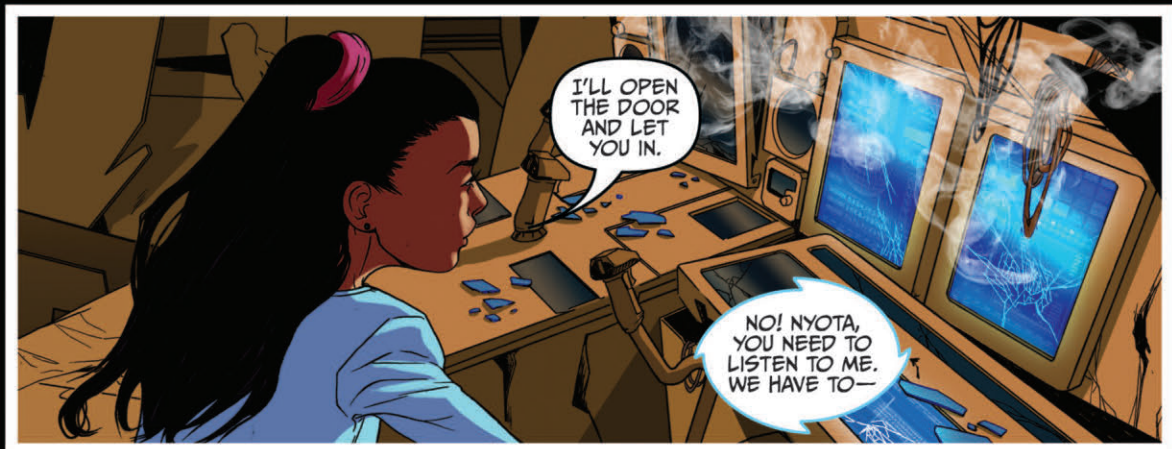


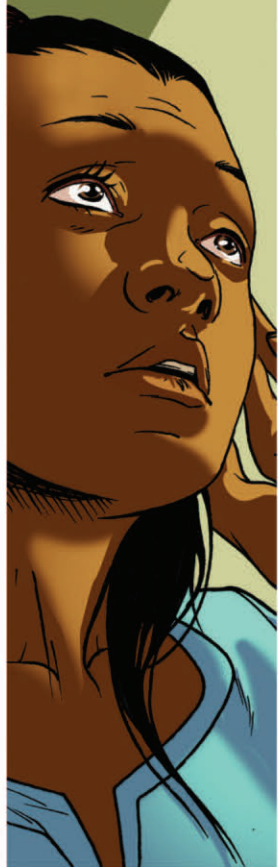
NYOTA?
OH, THANK
GOD! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



I'M OKAY, I
THINK. BUT MY
PARENTS, THEY'RE
NOT MOVING. THERE'S
SMOKE EVERYWHERE.
I'M SCARED... AND
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO.

WHERE
ARE YOU?





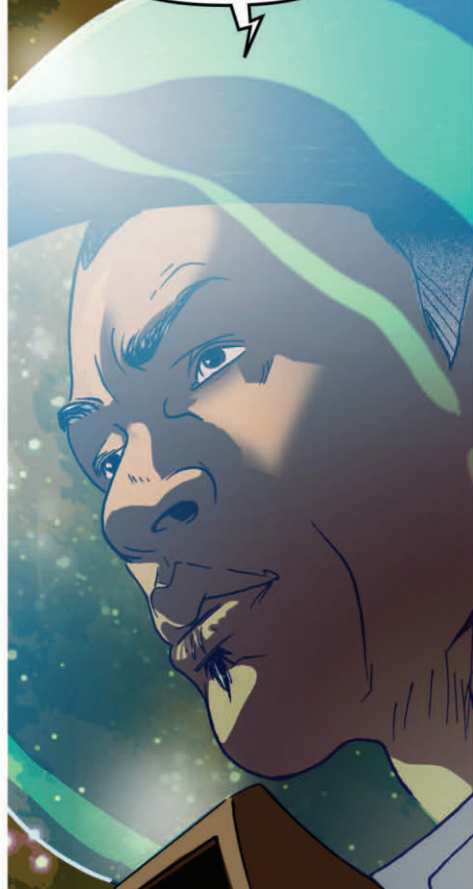
—ER ME?
NOY—

UNCLE?



NYOTA,
LISTEN
TO ME!

THE AUTO BACKUP
SYSTEMS KICKED ON.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH
TIME. SO, NYOTA, I LOVE
THAT YOU'RE HEADSTRONG...
BUT IF YOU LOVE ME, AND
YOU LOVE YOUR PARENTS...
PLEASE! YOU MUST FOR
ONCE JUST LISTEN TO ME.
CAN YOU DO THAT?



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT ME
TO DO?



GO TO THE
ESCAPE POD IN THE
BACK. I NEED YOU TO
OPEN THE HATCH AND
DRAG YOUR PARENTS
INSIDE. QUICKLY.



IT'S NOT
OPENING.



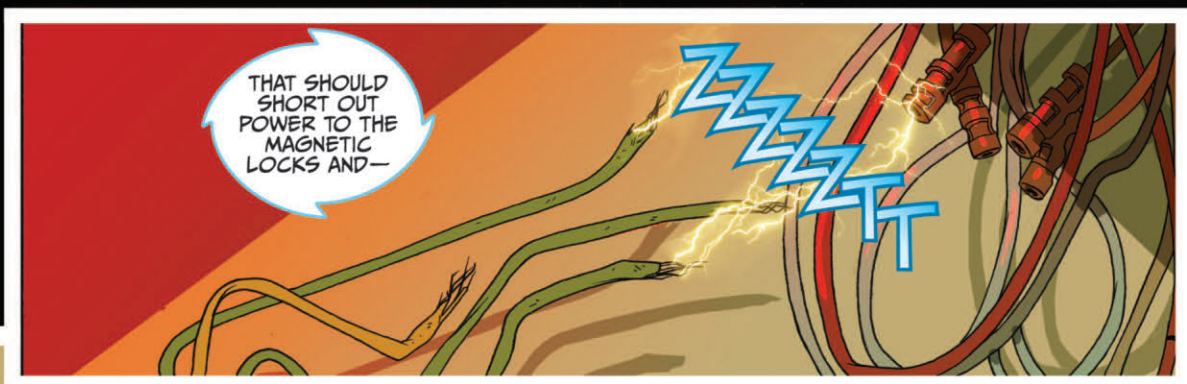
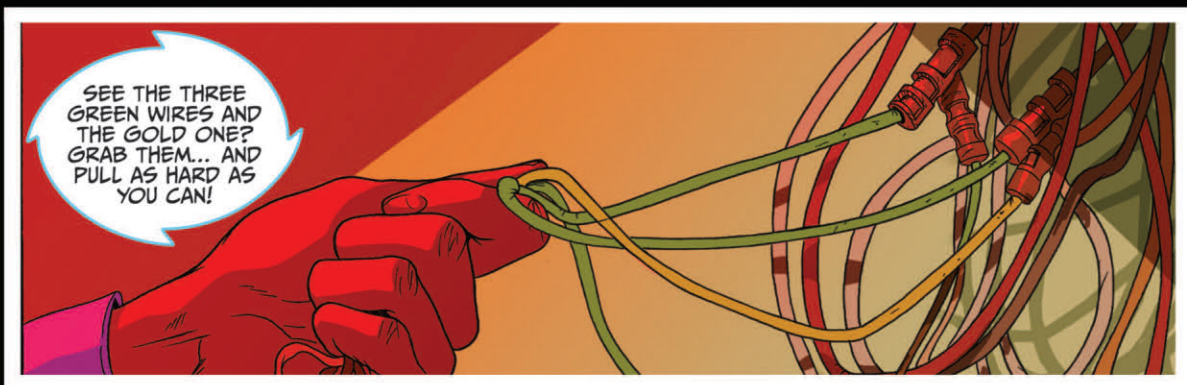
THAT'S OKAY.
PRY THE PANEL
BELOW IT FREE TO
EXPOSE THE WIRES.
WE'RE GONNA POP
IT MANUALLY.

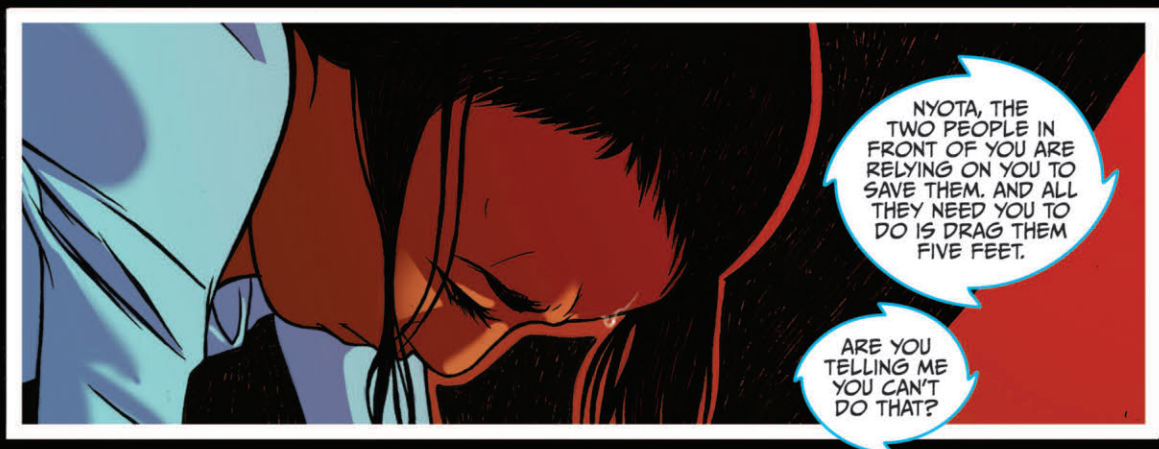
I'VE
NEVER
DONE—

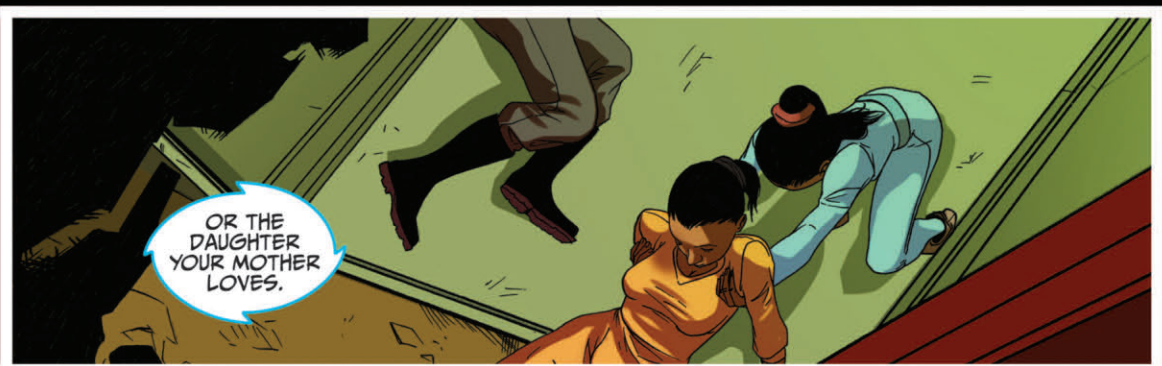
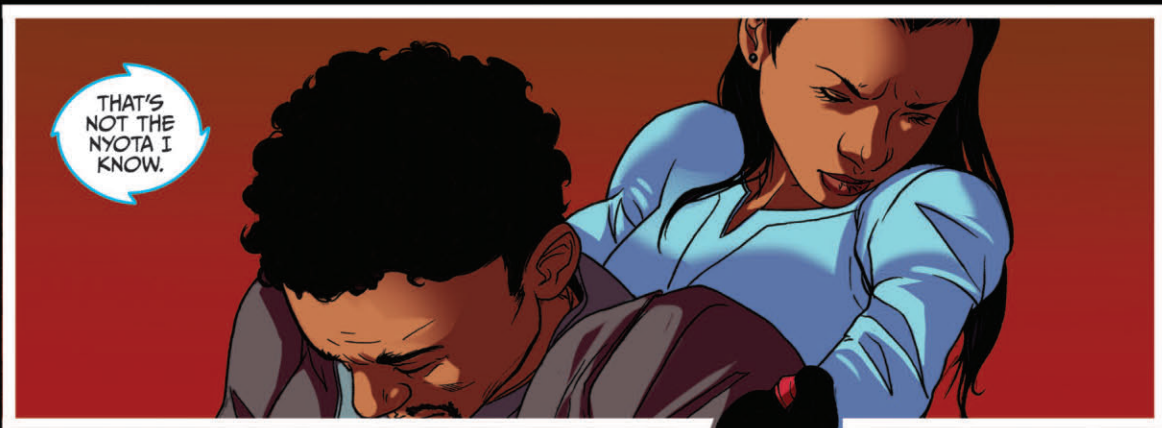
THAT'S WHY
I'M GONNA TALK
YOU THROUGH IT.
YOU CAN DO
THIS. IS IT
OPEN?



THERE'RE
SO MANY.











EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT,
NYOTA. GOOD
JOB. I'M VERY
PROUD OF
YOU.

THE PLANET!
YOU'LL BURN UP
IN REENTRY!



WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME?
I COULD HAVE
COME AND
GOT YOU!



THE FIRST
EXPLOSION
LAUNCHED ME FREE
OF THE SHUTTLE.
THERE WAS NEVER
ANY CHANCE OF
SAVING ME.



I HAD TO
MAKE SURE
YOU WERE
OKAY FIRST.



BUT
IT ISN'T
FAIR!

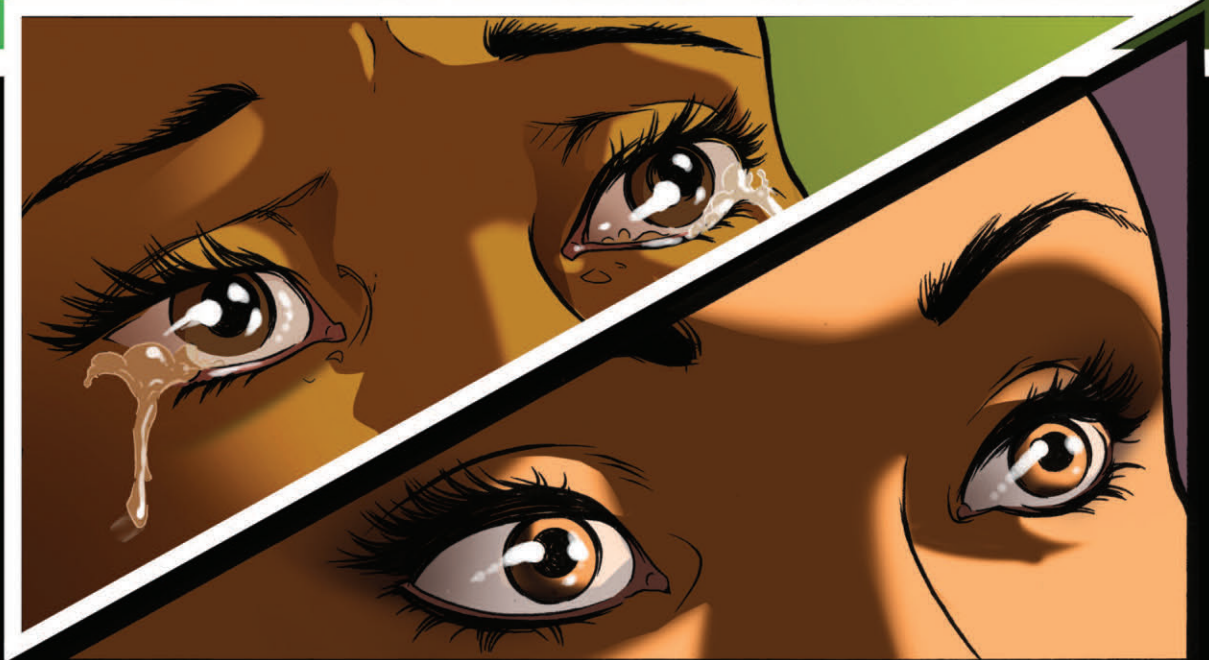
I KNOW,
KIDDO. I KNOW.
NOW LISTEN.
I'M VERY VERY
PROUD OF
YOU.

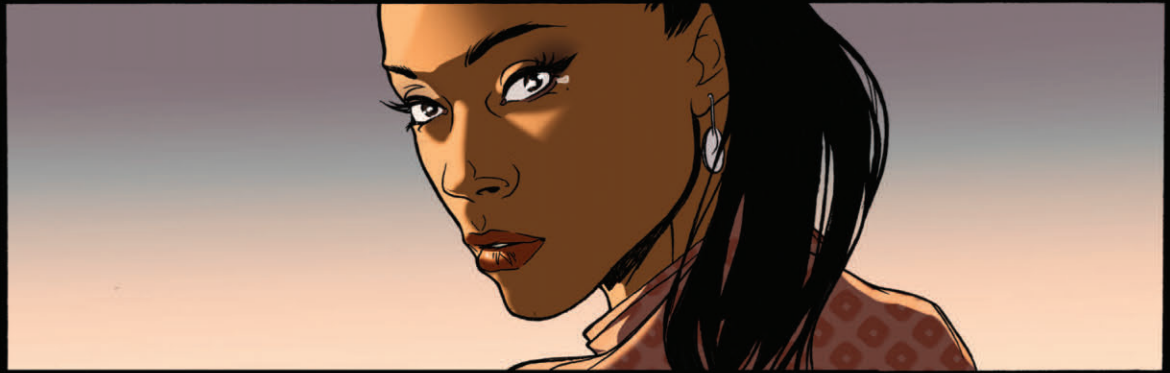
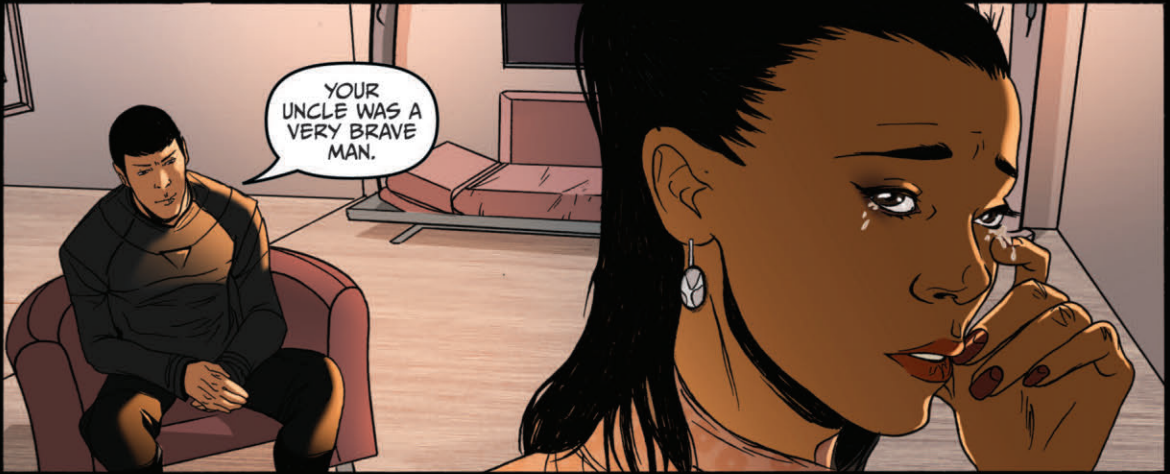
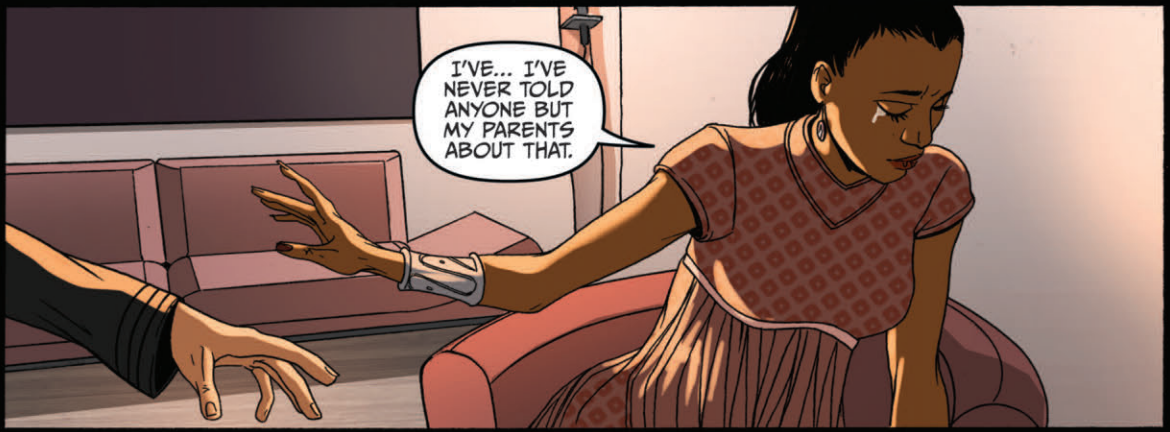


BE HAPPY.
LOVE YOUR
PARENTS AS MUCH
AS THEY LOVE
YOU AND ABOVE
ALL ELSE—



—KNOW THERE
ISN'T ANYONE IN THE
UNIVERSE I'D RATHER
HAVE MY LAST
CONVERSATION
WITH.









SCOTTY



WARP DRIVE NACELLES
SUBSPACE FIELD COILS
FIELD GEOMETRY SENSORS

NCC-1701

CARGO BAY AFT
TRACOR BEAM EMITTER
CARGO CONVEYER
PHOTON TORPEDO LAUNCHER

MAIN SHUTTLE BAY
ANTIMATTER FILL PORT
ENS COMPUTER CORE
ANTIMATTER STORAGE

IMPULSE REACTION SYSTEM
OBSERVATION LOUNGE
MAIN BRIDGE
JUNIOR OFFICERS QUARTER

MAIN SICKBAY
LOWER SENSOR
COMPUTER CORE P/B
PHOTON TORPEDO LAUNCHER
BATTLE BRIDGE
MAIN ENGINEERING
PHOTON TORPEDO LAUNCHER
WARP REACTOR CORE
PRIMARY NAV DEFLECTOR

STAR
TREK
2011

"I SUPPOSE YOU COULD
SAY ENGINEERING'S IN
MY BLOOD."

1787.

OFF THE COAST
OF GIBRALTAR.

THE HMS ENTERPRISE.

ALL HANDS TO
STATIONS! CHECK THE
BASTAYS! WATCH FOR
THE BROACH!

WE'LL
BEAT THIS
MONSTER
YET!





CAPTAIN! WE SHOULD
TURN BACK NOW! IF WE
KEEP HEADING INTO THE
STORM WE WILL—

WE WILL
NOT TURN
BACK!



OUR ORDERS
ARE TO CHASE THE
FRENCH 'ROUND THE
HORN AND PUSH THEM
BACK TO BISCAY!

I WON'T ALLOW
A MINOR SQUALL
TO ALTER OUR
COURSE!



THIS IS THE HMS
ENTERPRISE, NOT SOME
MAGGOT-RIDDEN
SLOOP!

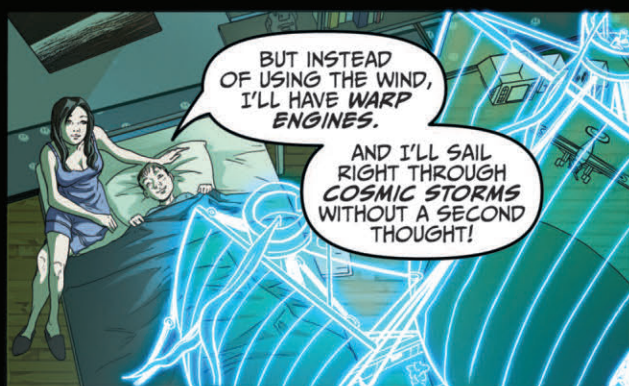
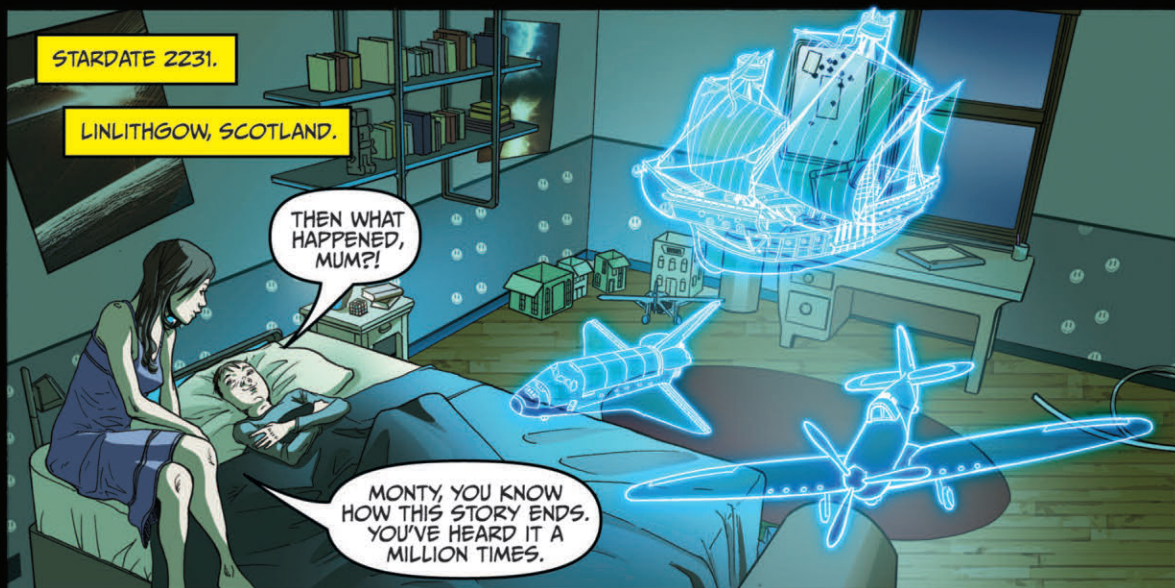
MISTER SCOTT!
REPORT!



REPORT,
CAPTAIN?!

WE'RE ALL GOIN'
TO BLOODY DIE,
SIR, THAT'S MY
REPORT!







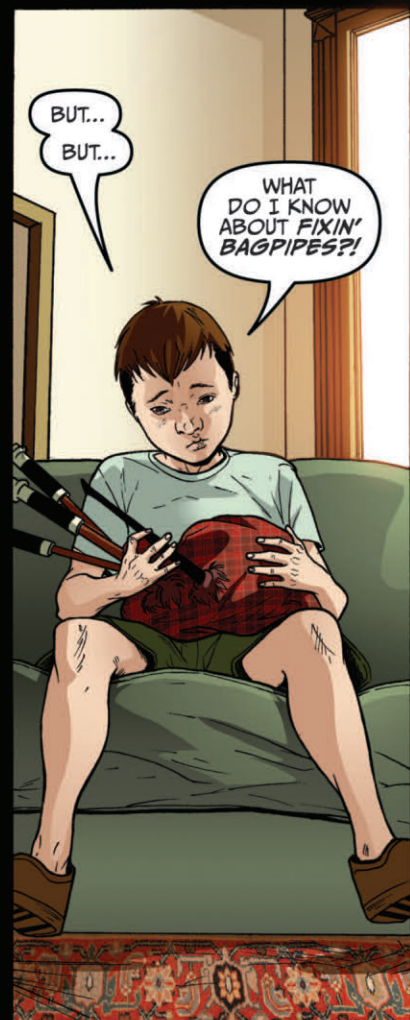


OOOH, THAT'S NO GOOD!

I THINK YE MAY BE RIGHT, MONTGOMERY! THESE PIPES NEED FIXIN'!



SO FIX 'EM!



BUT... BUT...

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT FIXIN' BAGPIPES?!



MONTGOMERY CHRISTOPHER JORGENSEN SCOTT!

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE!



UH... I'M... I'M A...

WHO AM I, EXACTLY?



YOU'RE A SCOTT!

FOR CENTURIES OUR FAMILY HAVE BEEN THE **GREATEST ENGINEERS IN HISTORY!**

WE'VE BUILT EVERY KIND OF CRAFT IMAGINABLE! DESIGNING, BUILDING AND FIXING THINGS IS IN YOUR **BLOOD!**



IF YE CANNAE FIX A SIMPLE SET OF BAGPIPES...



"...HOW CAN YE CALL YERSELF A SCOTT?"

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.

I WANT TO WORK ON STARSHIPS, NOT BAGPIPES!

LINLITHGOW SHIPYARDS.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

WE
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE,
MONTY!

MUM WILL
KILL US FOR
BEING OUT
THIS LATE!

QUIT
WORRYIN',
ROBBIE! I
STUFFED
PILLOWS IN OUR
BEDSHEETS.
SHE'LL PEEK IN
AND THINK
WE'RE
ASLEEP!

WHAT ARE WE
EVEN DOIN' HERE,
MONTY?

WE'RE EXPLORIN'! WE'VE
GOT THIS INCREDIBLE PLACE
RIGHT IN OUR BACKYARD, FULL
OF THINGS JUST WAITING
TO BE—

—DISCOVERED!

OH...



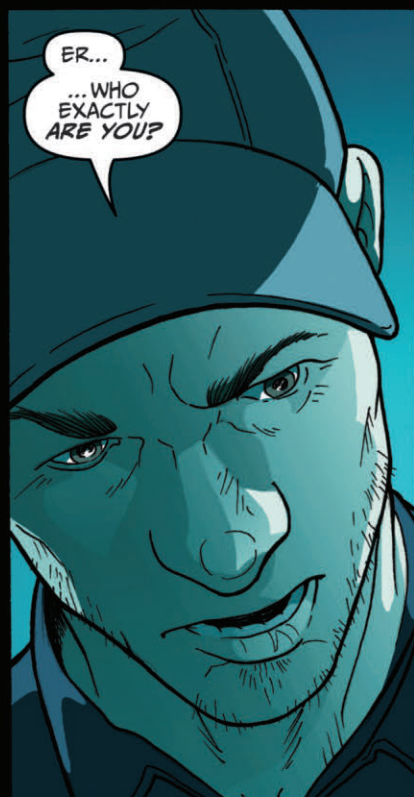




WHAT DID YOU SAY?

THE WIRING!
THEY'RE WASTIN'
IT!

THEY COULD COMBINE ALL
OF THESE OPTIC LEADS INTO ONE
MAIN CONDUIT THAT WOULD QUADRUPLE
THE ACTIVE PHASE TRANSFER!



ER...
...WHO
EXACTLY
ARE YOU?



I'M
MONTGOMERY
SCOTT!

AND
ONE DAY I'M
GONNA BUILD
STARSHIPS!



HEY!

AYE, YOU'RE
SMART ENOUGH,
AREN'T YA?

*TOO SMART
FOR YOUR OWN
GOOD!*

"AND THAT WAS THE
FIRST OF MANY TIMES
I WOULD HEAR IT."



YOU'RE FORBIDDEN FROM SETTING ANOTHER FOOT IN THOSE SHIPYARDS! EVER!

UNDERSTOOD?



BUT MUM...!

YOU COULD'VE BEEN KILLED, MONTY! AND YOUR BROTHER ALONG WITH YOU!

BUT, MUM, I FIXED A PROBLEM ON THE SHIP!



AYE, WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

"THERE IT WAS AGAIN."

MONTGOMERY! DID YOU FIX THE PIPES YET?



NO, GRANDPA.

FIX THE PIPES!

AYE, GRANDPA.

"I REMEMBER THINKING THAT MAYBE THE PROBLEM WASN'T THAT I WAS TOO SMART..."

"...WHAT IF EVERYONE ELSE WAS JUST TOO DUMB?"

"SUBMITTED FOR EVIDENCE: THE EDINBURGH RECRUITING OFFICE FOR STARFLEET, ON THE DAY I INTERVIEWED FOR ADMISSION. THE *FIRST TIME*."

I'M CONCERNED, MR. SCOTT. YOUR **TECHNICAL SKILLS** ARE EXEMPLARY.

BUT I SEE THAT YOU'VE REPEATEDLY RUN AFOUL OF YOUR TEACHERS FOR, AND I QUOTE BUT ONE EXAMPLE HERE, "CARRYING OUT EXPERIMENTS THAT RESULTED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF SCHOOL PROPERTY AND EXCEEDED THE BOUNDS OF RESPECTABLE SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY."

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

WELL, SIR, YOU CAN'T HAVE A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH WITHOUT "BREAKING THROUGH" SOME EGGS NOW AND THEN, CAN YOU?

UM, TO MAKE THE, ER... "SCIENTIFIC OMELET"...

...SO TO SPEAK... SIR.

I ASSURE YOU, MR. SCOTT, THAT STARFLEET WILL NOT TAKE KINDLY TO BREAKING **ANYTHING** IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

IF YOU THINK OTHERWISE, PERHAPS THE ACADEMY IS NOT THE PLACE FOR YOU.

OH, COME ON! HOW ELSE DO YOU EXPECT TO REALLY **DISCOVER** THINGS? YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE A FEW RISKS NOW AND THEN! **BE BOLD!**

WE CAN'T ALL JUST SIT SAFELY BEHIND OUR BORING DESKS IN OUR BORING OFFICES DOING NOTHING ALL DAY, CAN WE?

ER...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT LAST BIT, SHOULD I?

APPLICATION
DENIED

"TOO SMART FOR MY OWN GOOD."



"FORTUNATELY
STARFLEET DOESN'T
HAVE THE MONOPOLY
ON SPACE TRAVEL."

"SO WORKING ON OLD
TRADING FREIGHTERS
WAS MY FIRST TICKET
OFF-PLANET."



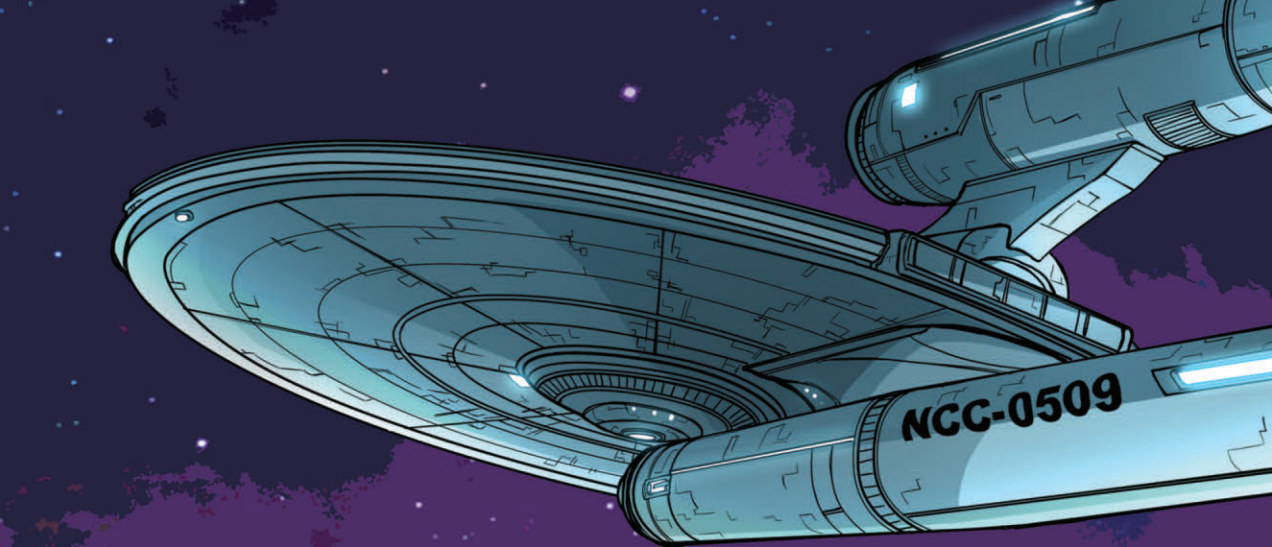
MR. SCOTT!
GET YOUR BUTT
UP HERE, IF YOU
PLEASE!

IN A MINUTE,
CAPTAIN! JUST DOING
MY DAILY WORK TO
ENSURE THIS RUSTY
DEATHTRAP DOESN'T
KILL US ALL...



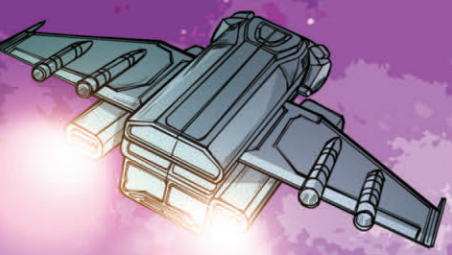
...WHAT IS
IT, CAP?

SEE FOR
YOURSELF.
I PICKED UP A
DISTRESS CALL
A WHILE BACK...



NCC-0509

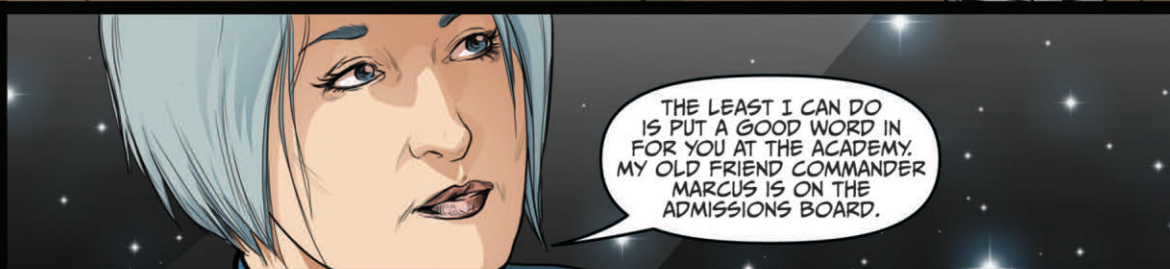
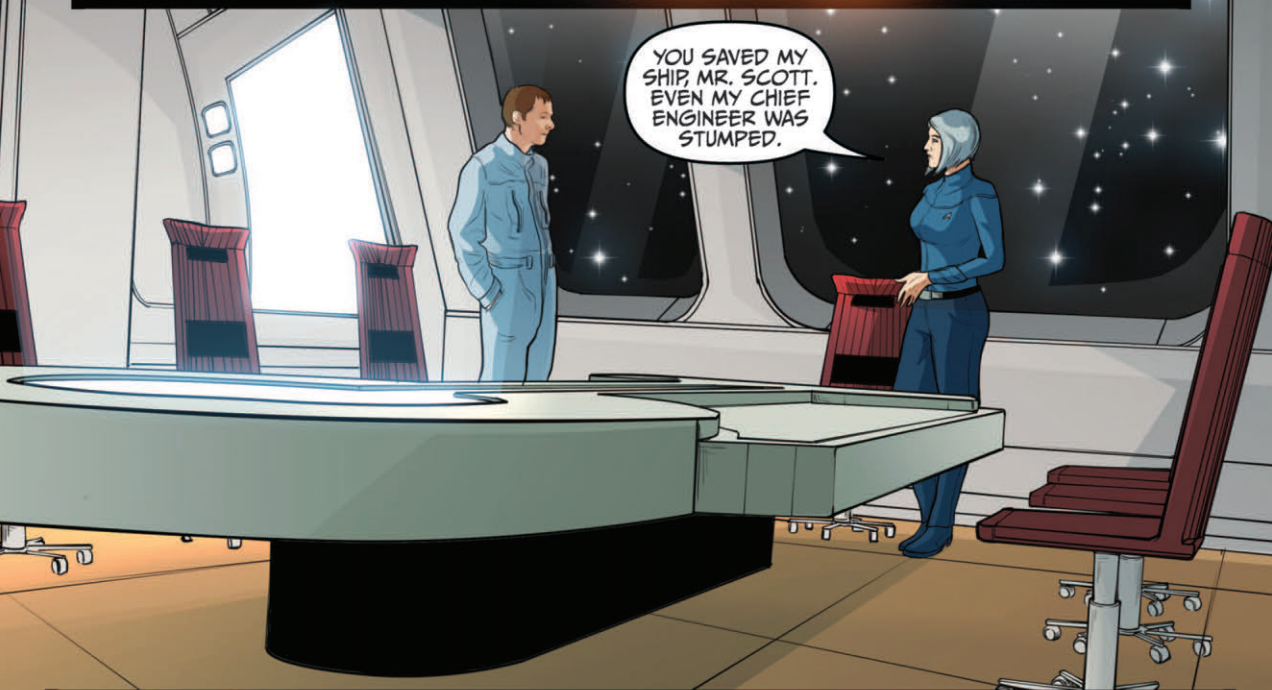
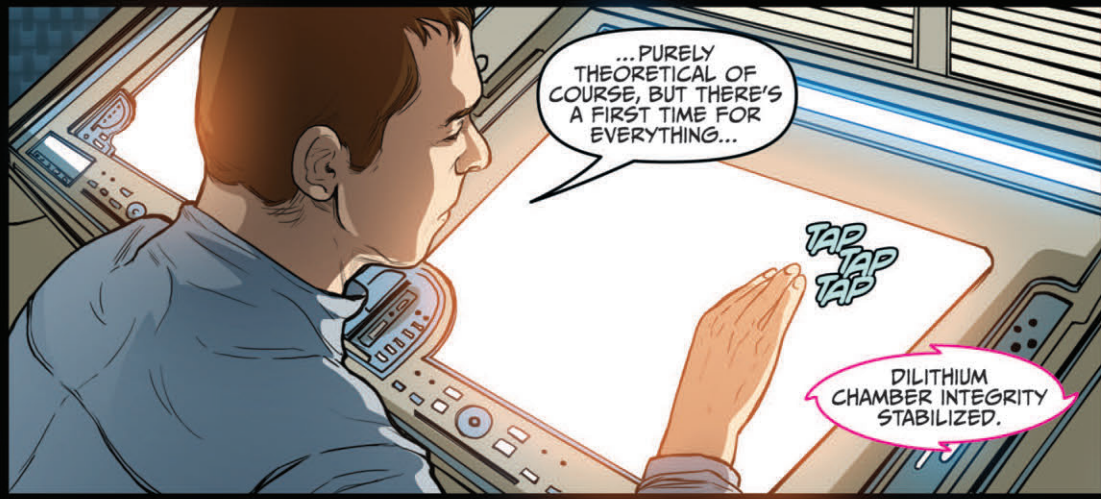
"THEY'RE ASKING IF WE'VE GOT ANY ENGINEERS TO SPARE!"



"I'M NOT A BIG BELIEVER IN FATE. BUT I BELIEVE IN OPPORTUNITY."

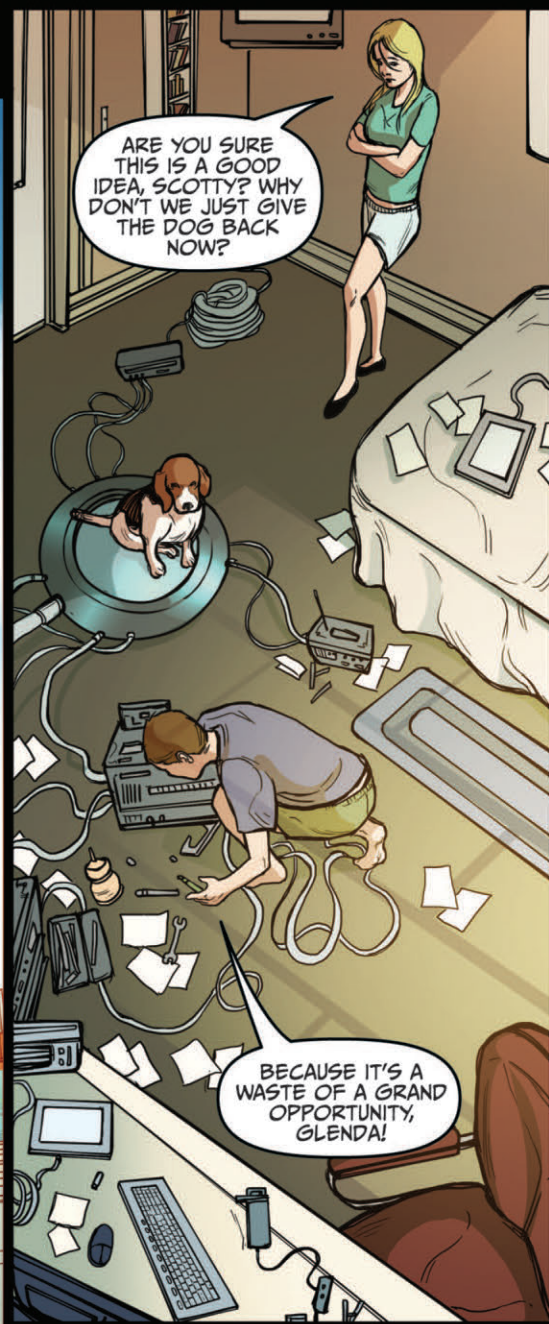


THE PROBLEM'S WITH YOUR PRIMARY DILITHIUM SCRUBBERS! YOU'LL NEED A TOTAL CHAMBER REFIT WHEN YOU GET HOME, BUT LET ME JUST TRY A TEMPORARY STOPGAP...





"BETTER LATE
THAN NEVER!"



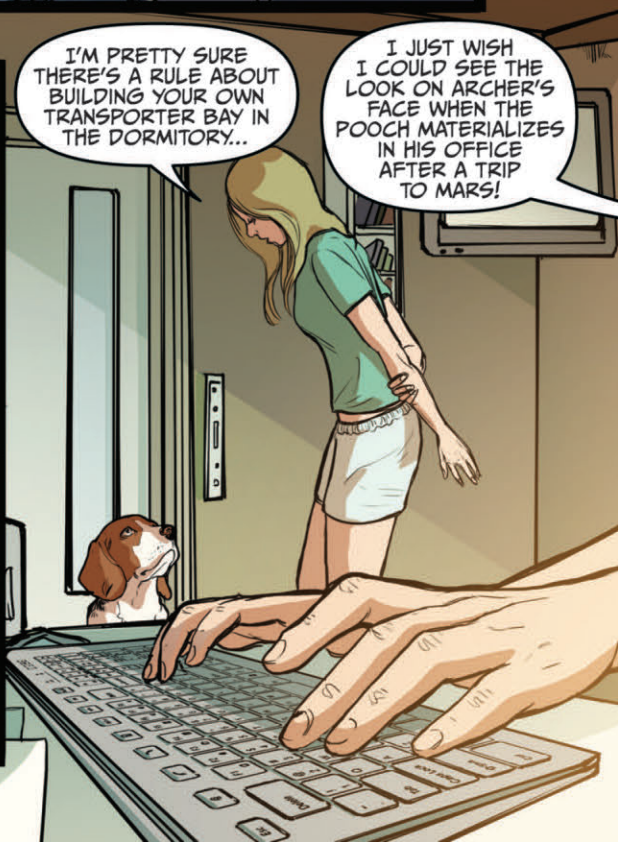
ARE YOU SURE
THIS IS A GOOD
IDEA, SCOTTY? WHY
DON'T WE JUST GIVE
THE DOG BACK
NOW?

BECAUSE IT'S A
WASTE OF A GRAND
OPPORTUNITY,
GLENDA!

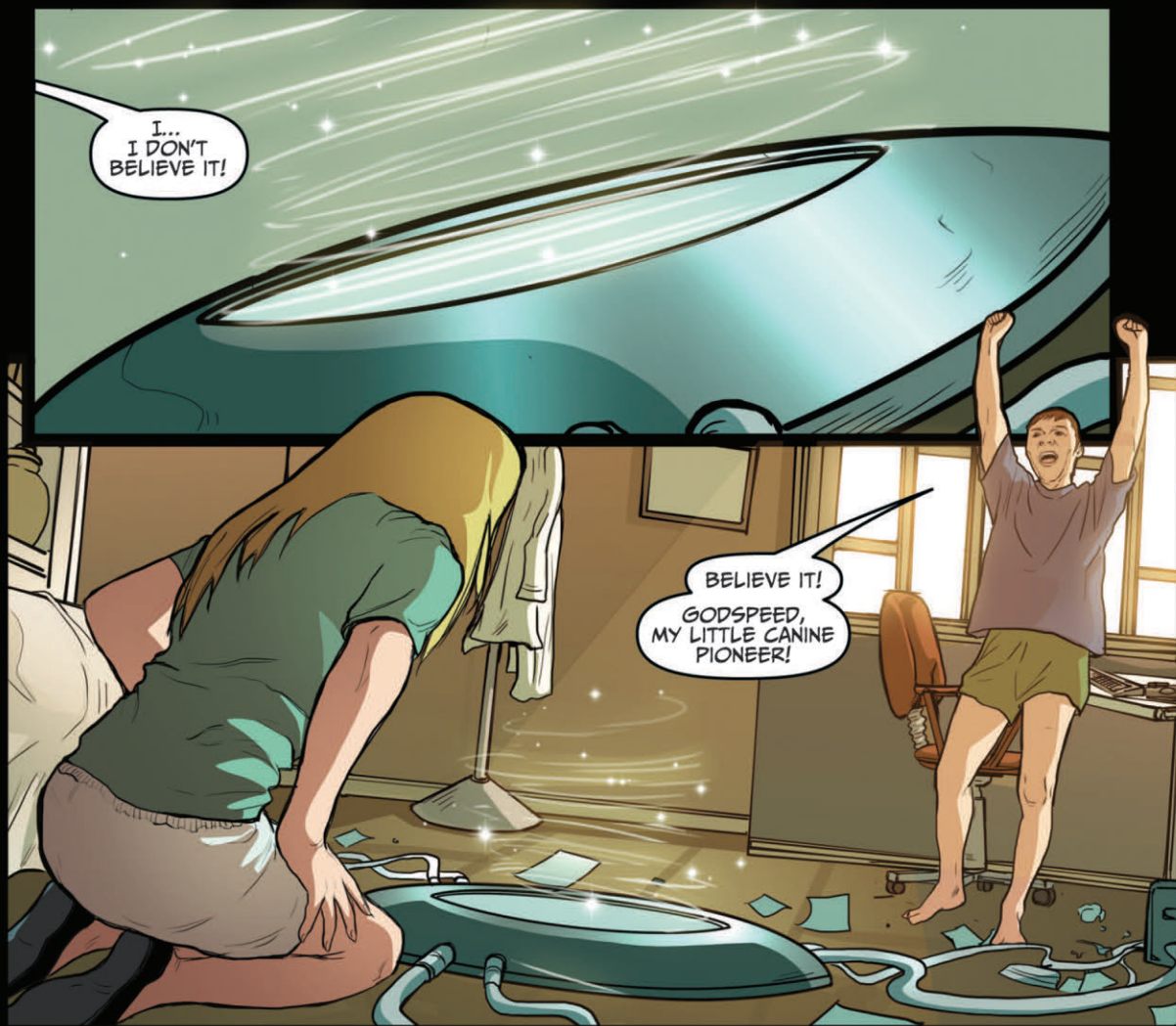


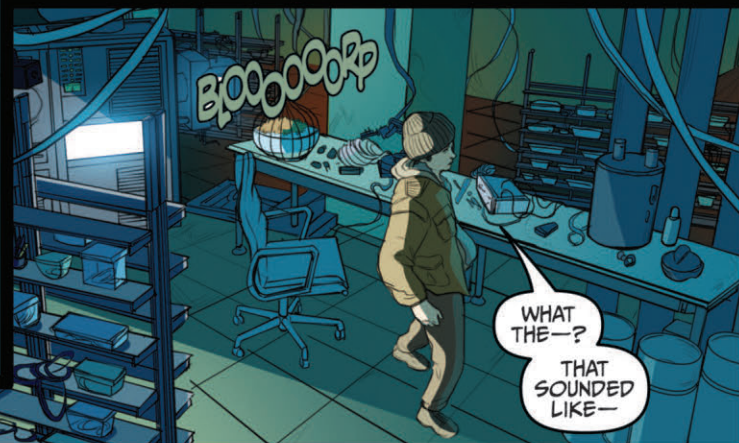
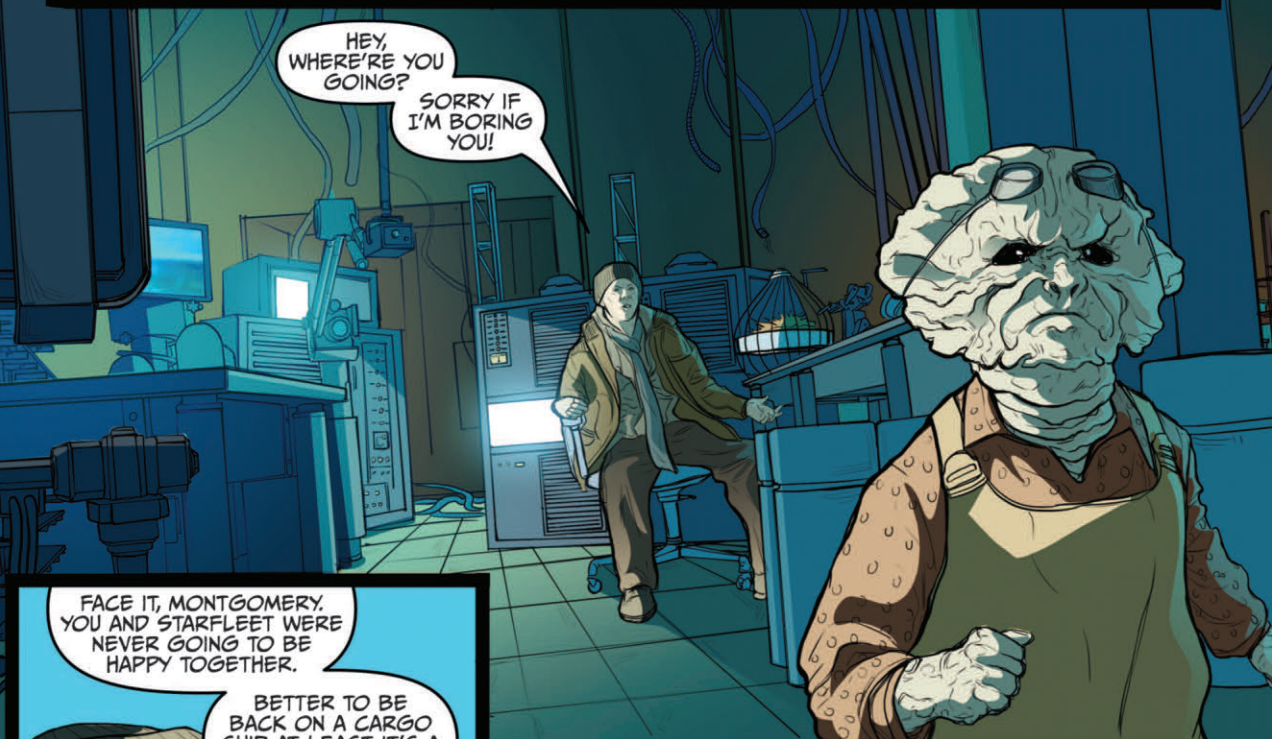
I FOUND THE LITTLE
GUY WANDERING ALL
ALONE IN THE PRESIDIO
LAST NIGHT. YES, I COULD
JUST DELIVER HIM TO
ADMIRAL ARCHER'S
OFFICE NOW...

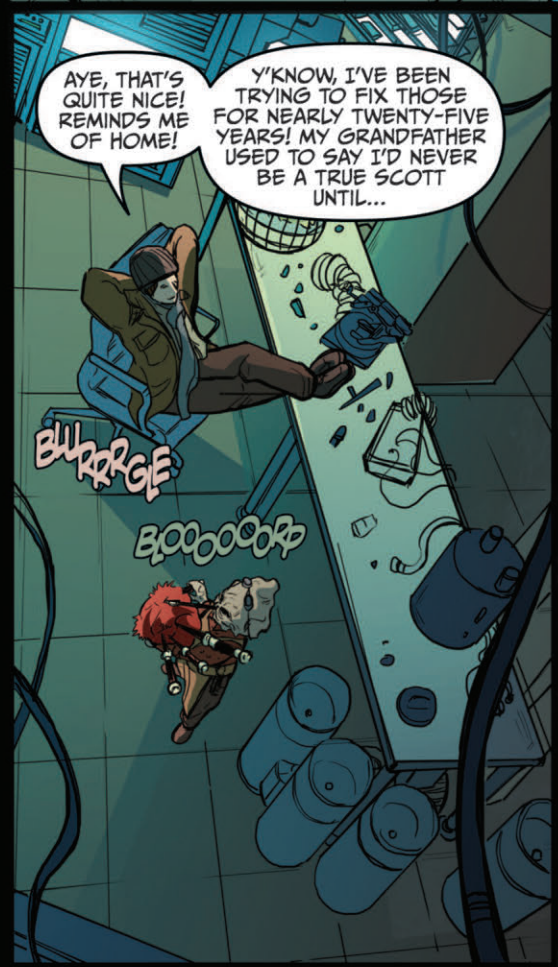
...BUT WHY NOT
BEAM HIM THERE
INSTEAD AND PROVE MY
THEORY? HE'LL BE THE
MOST FAMOUS BEAGLE
IN HISTORY!













RED LEVEL DOWN



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

"THE UNITED FEDERATION
OF PLANETS WAS
ESTABLISHED IN 2161.

"ALTHOUGH IT SPANS NEARLY
EIGHT THOUSAND LIGHT
YEARS AND IS COMPRISED
OF OVER ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY WORLDS, IT WAS
CLEAR FROM THE START—

"—NOT ALL MEMBERS
WERE CREATED *EQUAL*."

STARFLEET
ACADEMY IS NO
DIFFERENT.

RED SQUAD
WAS FORMED
TO TURN THE
ELITE CADETS
INTO ADMIRALS,
CAPTAINS,
SENATORS...
AND EVEN
PRESIDENTS.

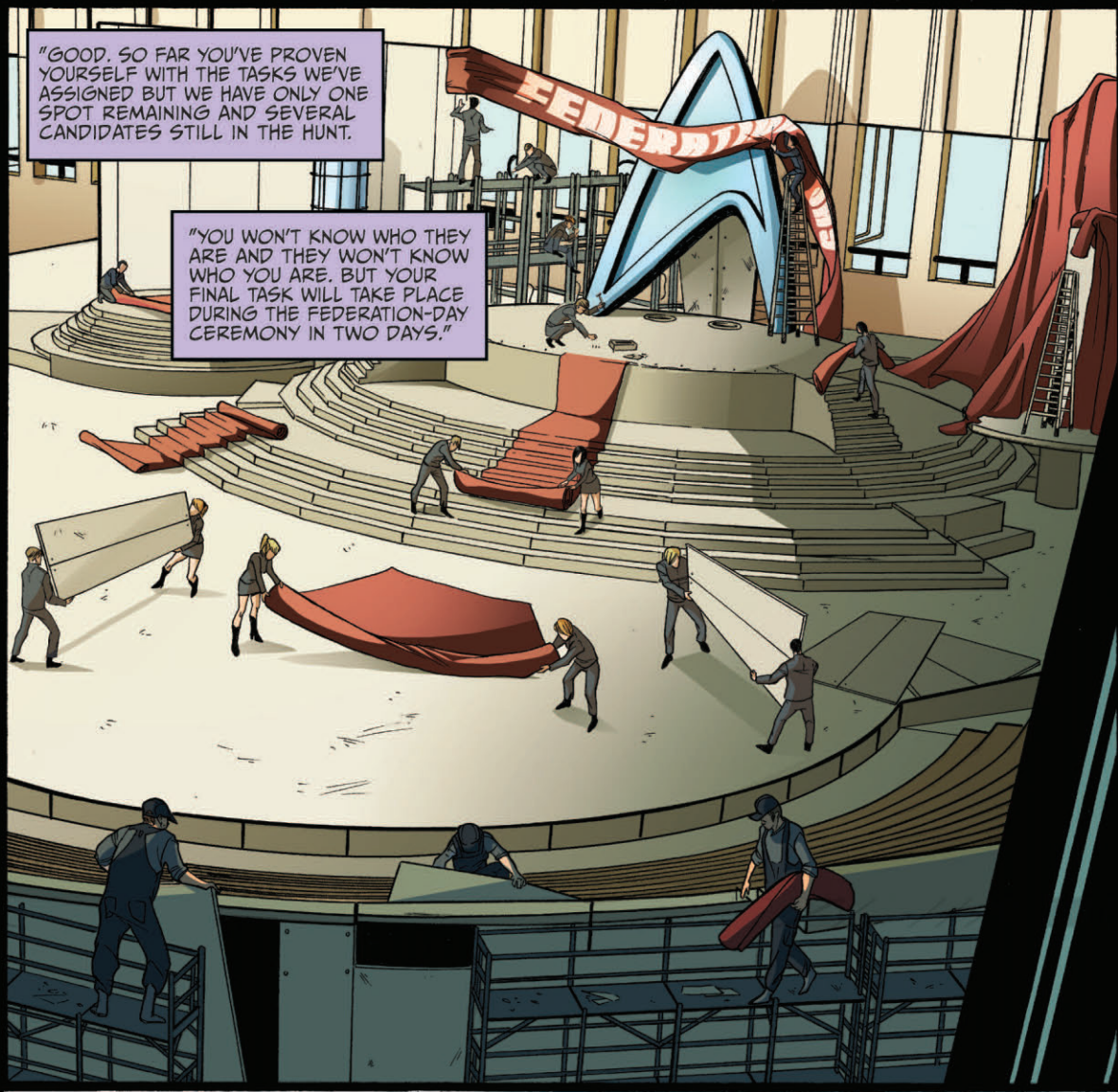
WE ARE
THE BEST OF THE
BEST... OF THE BEST.



STARFLEET ACADEMY.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

READY TO
RUN HOME
YET, SULU?

NO,
SIR.



"GOOD. SO FAR YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF WITH THE TASKS WE'VE ASSIGNED BUT WE HAVE ONLY ONE SPOT REMAINING AND SEVERAL CANDIDATES STILL IN THE HUNT.

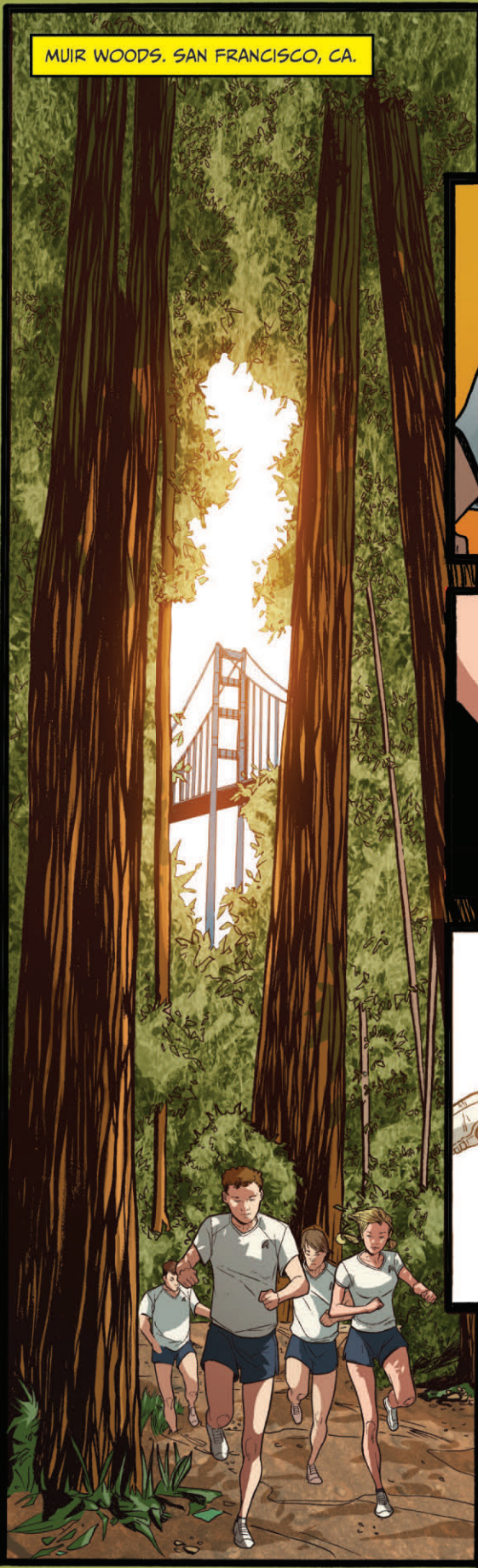
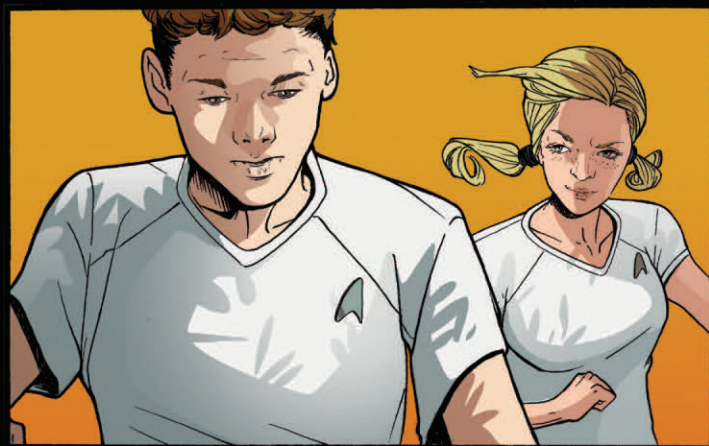
"YOU WON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND THEY WON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. BUT YOUR FINAL TASK WILL TAKE PLACE DURING THE FEDERATION-DAY CEREMONY IN TWO DAYS."

SUCCEED, AND YOU WILL BECOME A MEMBER OF RED SQUAD AND ON THE WAY TO YOUR FIRST COMMISSION.

BUT FAIL...

...THEN YOU'RE OUT.

MUIR WOODS. SAN FRANCISCO, CA.





SPEED UP
OR GET
OUT OF
THE WAY,
CHEKOV!

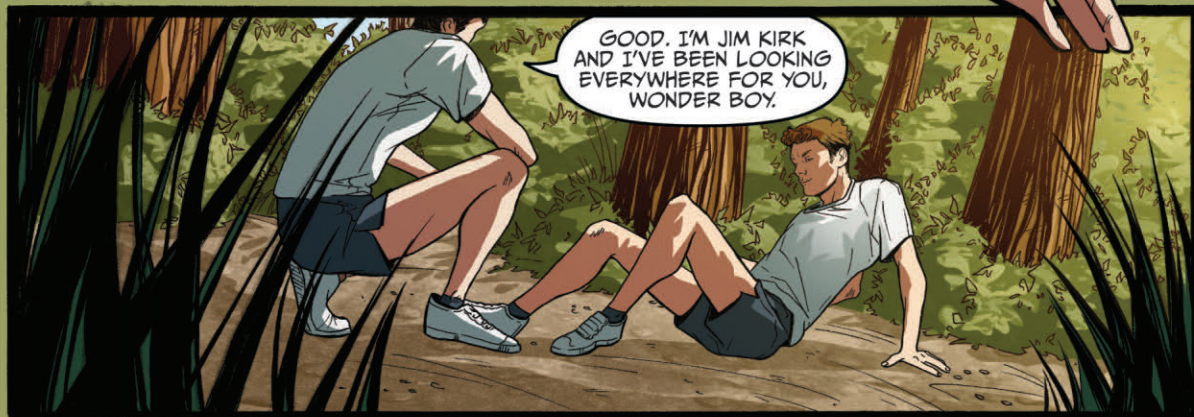


HEY...



...YOU
BREAK
ANYTHING
THERE,
KID?

NYET.
JUST TRIPPED.
I'M FINE.



GOOD. I'M JIM KIRK
AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING
EVERYWHERE FOR YOU,
WONDER BOY.

SHUTTLE BAY.

"SULU, DID YOU DOUBLE CHECK THESE SARIUM LEVELS? THEY LOOK A LITTLE LOW."

"NO. I'M SORRY. I MUST HAVE FORGOT."

HEY—WHAT'S GOING ON?

THIS IS IMPORTANT AND YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF IT ALL DAY.

DAVID, I KNOW—I—LOOK, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL ANYONE BUT—RED SQUAD JUST GAVE ME MY FINAL INITIATION TASK.

REALLY? WOW. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MADE IT TO THE FINAL STAGE?

I MEAN—CONGRATS. WHAT'D THEY ASK YOU TO DO?

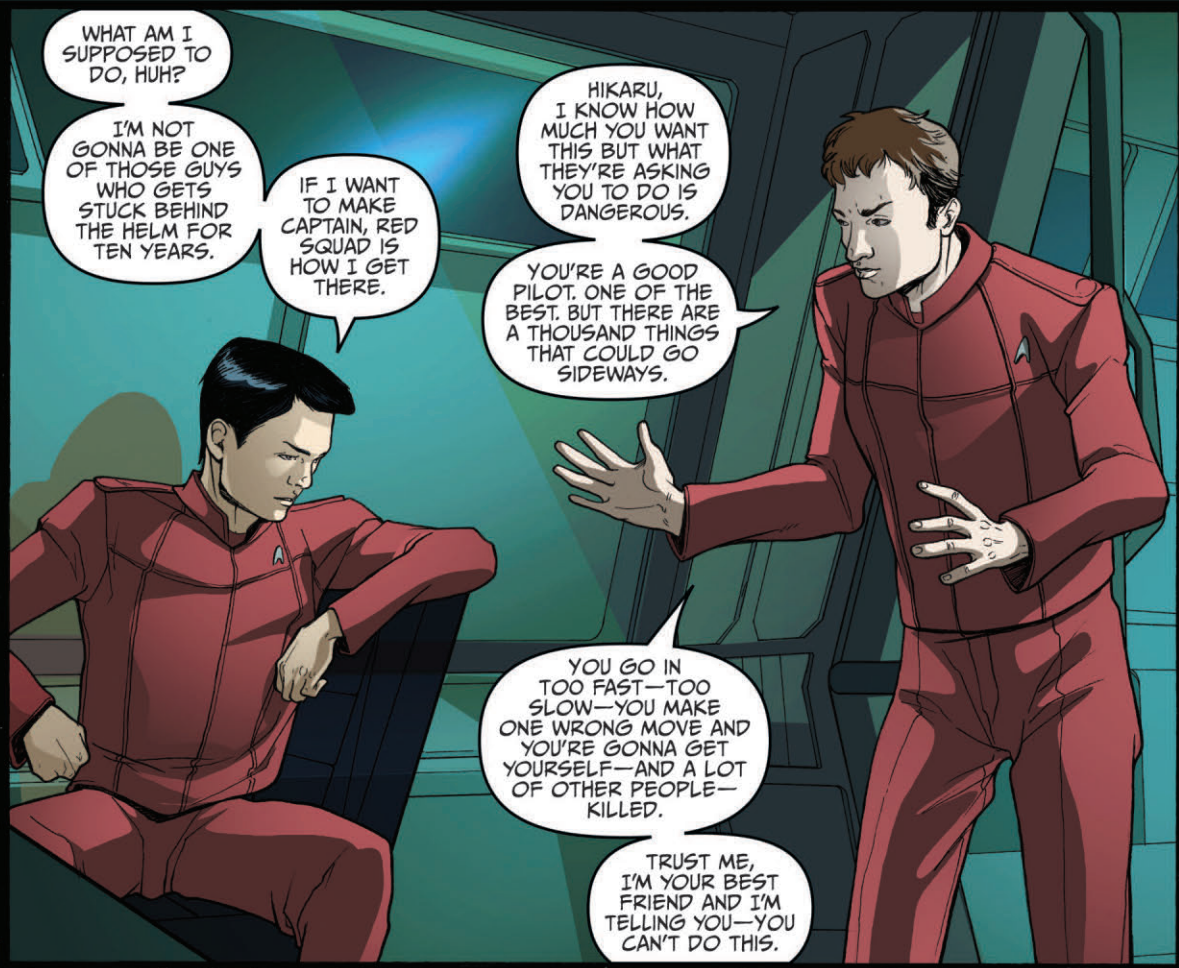
MCKENNA WANTS ME TO BUZZ THE CROWD DURING HER FEDERATION-DAY SPEECH.



WHAT?!

YOU'RE
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

IF YOU DROP
TO THAT ELEVATION
AND YOUR ENGINES
STALL—



WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO
DO, HUH?

I'M NOT
GONNA BE ONE
OF THOSE GUYS
WHO GETS
STUCK BEHIND
THE HELM FOR
TEN YEARS.

IF I WANT
TO MAKE
CAPTAIN, RED
SQUAD IS
HOW I GET
THERE.

HIKARU,
I KNOW HOW
MUCH YOU WANT
THIS BUT WHAT
THEY'RE ASKING
YOU TO DO IS
DANGEROUS.

YOU'RE A GOOD
PILOT. ONE OF THE
BEST. BUT THERE ARE
A THOUSAND THINGS
THAT COULD GO
SIDWAYS.

YOU GO IN
TOO FAST—TOO
SLOW—YOU MAKE
ONE WRONG MOVE AND
YOU'RE GONNA GET
YOURSELF—AND A LOT
OF OTHER PEOPLE—
KILLED.

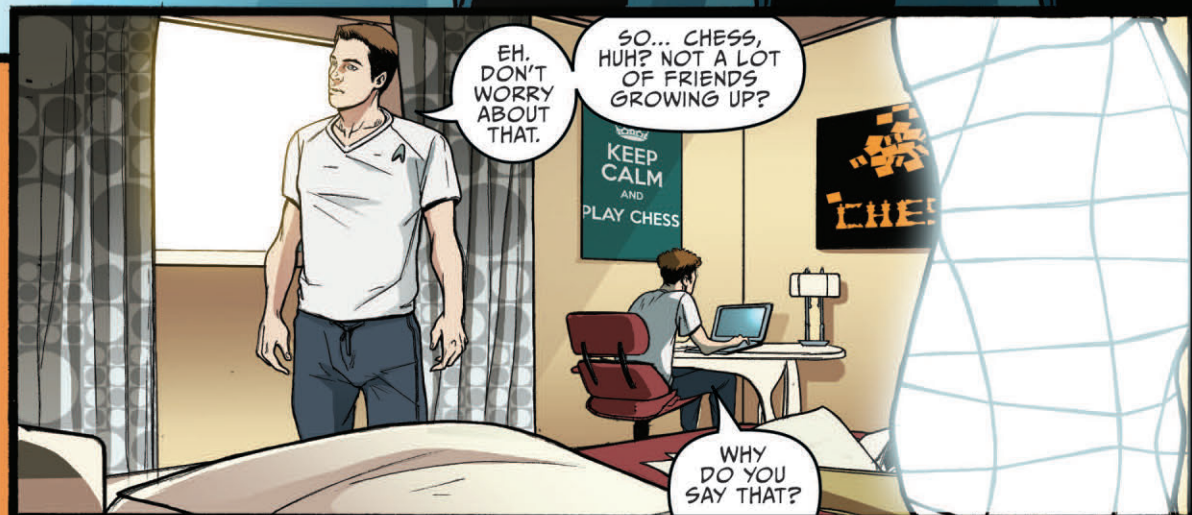
TRUST ME,
I'M YOUR BEST
FRIEND AND I'M
TELLING YOU—YOU
CAN'T DO THIS.

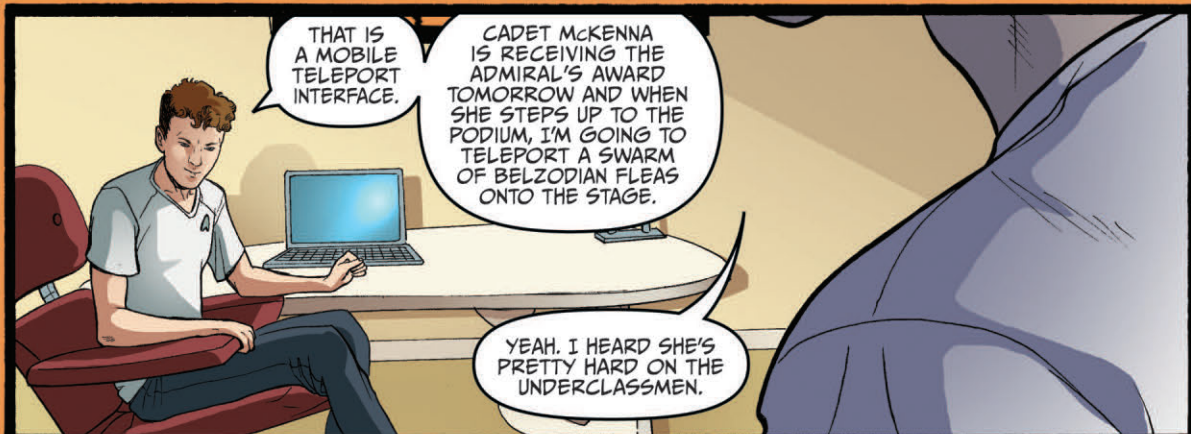


ACADEMY DORMS.

SO, THEORETICALLY SPEAKING, YOU COULD DESIGN A SUBROUTINE THAT MAKES A SIMULATED SHIP THINK ITS SHIELDS ARE UP—WHEN THEY'RE ACTUALLY DOWN?

THAT'S EASY. GETTING IT INTO THE PROGRAM UNDETECTED— THAT'S THE DIFFICULT PART.

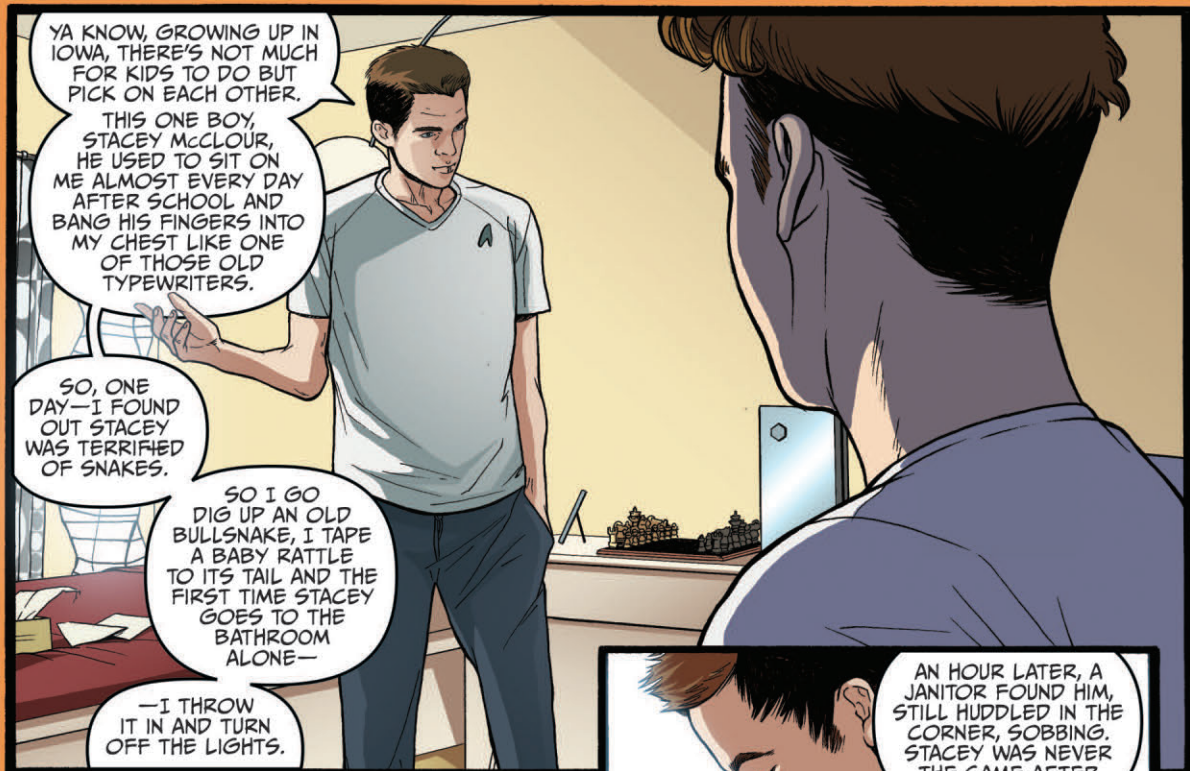




THAT IS
A MOBILE
TELEPORT
INTERFACE.

CADET MCKENNA
IS RECEIVING THE
ADMIRAL'S AWARD
TOMORROW AND WHEN
SHE STEPS UP TO THE
PODIUM, I'M GOING TO
TELEPORT A SWARM
OF BELZODIAN FLEAS
ONTO THE STAGE.

YEAH. I HEARD SHE'S
PRETTY HARD ON THE
UNDERCLASSMEN.



YA KNOW, GROWING UP IN
IOWA, THERE'S NOT MUCH
FOR KIDS TO DO BUT
PICK ON EACH OTHER.

THIS ONE BOY,
STACEY MCCLOUR,
HE USED TO SIT ON
ME ALMOST EVERY DAY
AFTER SCHOOL AND
BANG HIS FINGERS INTO
MY CHEST LIKE ONE
OF THOSE OLD
TYPEWRITERS.

SO, ONE
DAY—I FOUND
OUT STACEY
WAS TERRIFIED
OF SNAKES.

SO I GO
DIG UP AN OLD
BULLSNAKE, I TAPE
A BABY RATTLE TO
ITS TAIL AND THE
FIRST TIME STACEY
GOES TO THE
BATHROOM ALONE—

—I THROW
IT IN AND TURN
OFF THE LIGHTS.

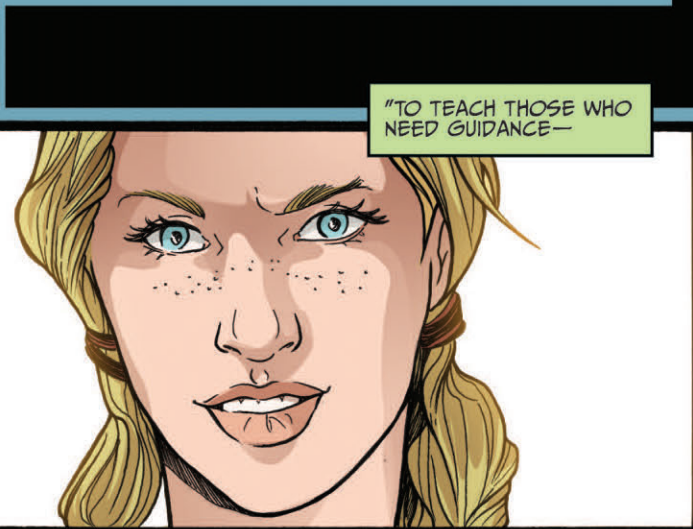
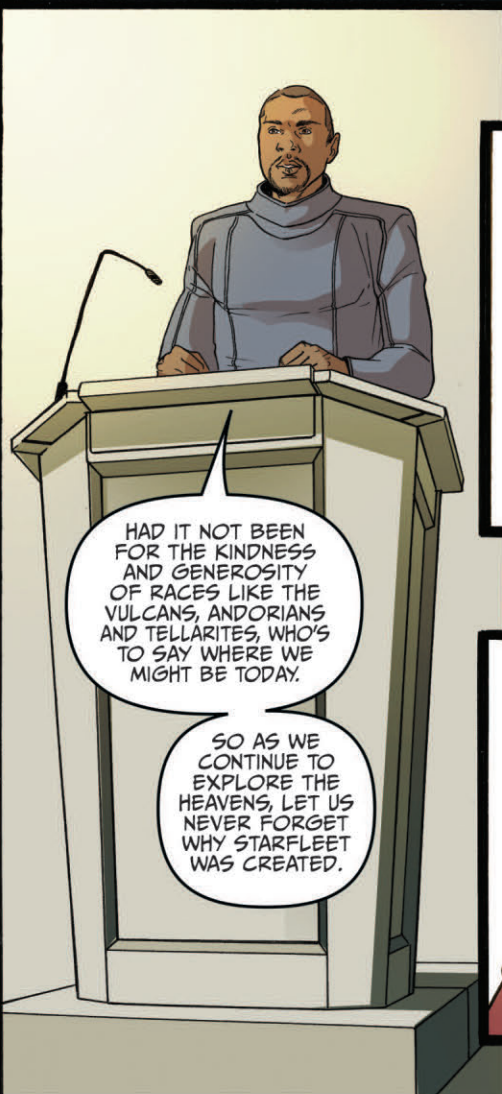
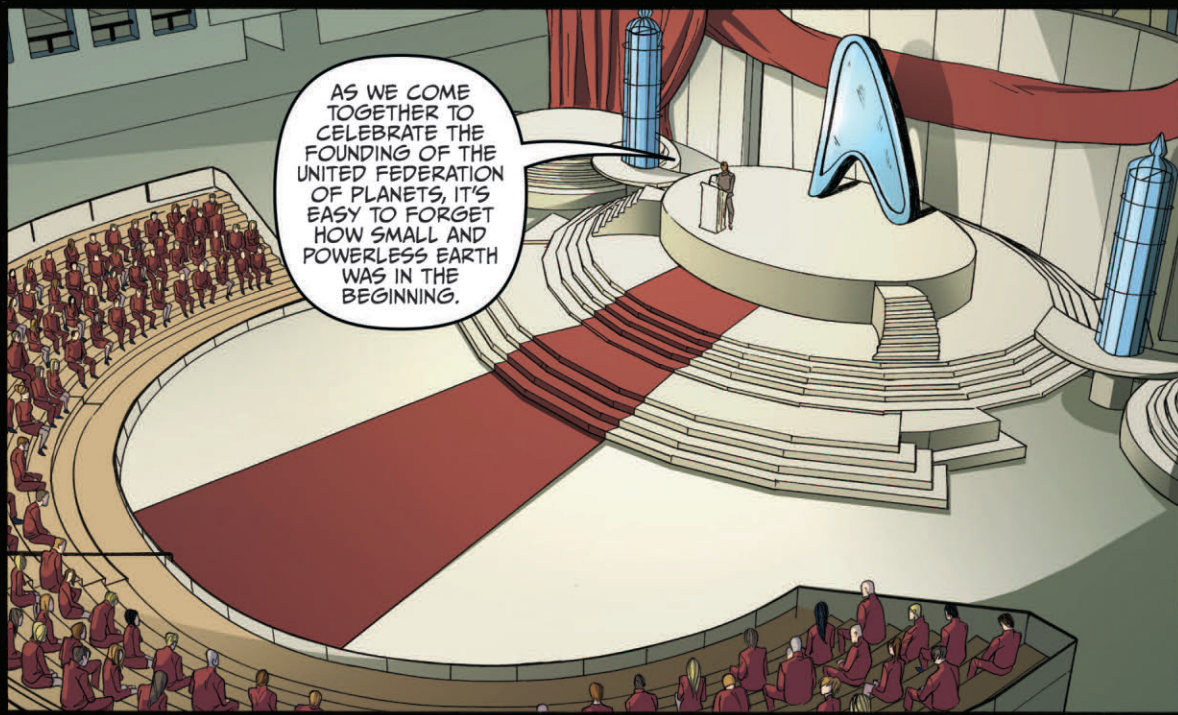
AN HOUR LATER, A
JANITOR FOUND HIM,
STILL HUDDLED IN THE
CORNER, SOBBING.
STACEY WAS NEVER
THE SAME AFTER
THAT—

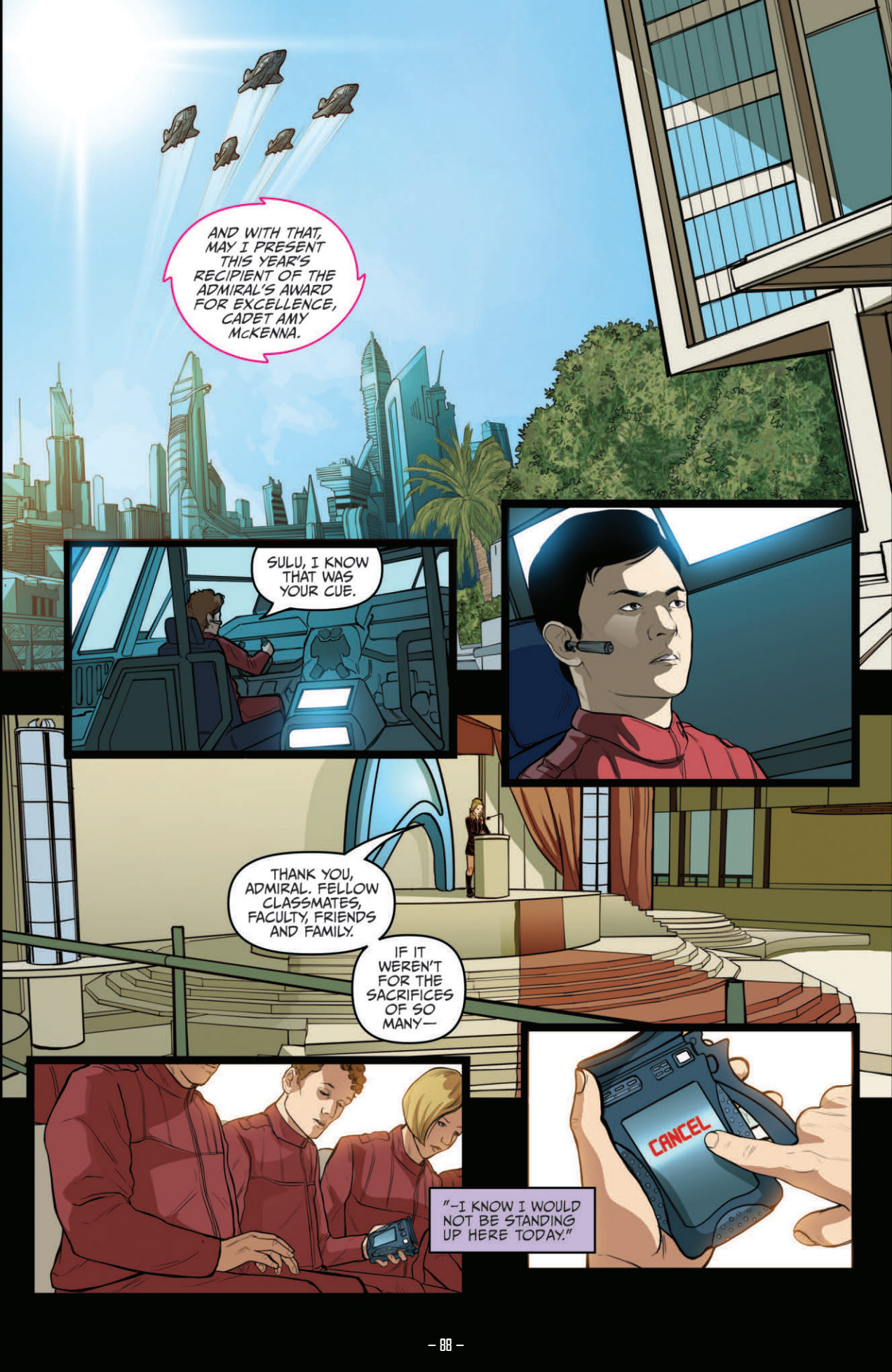


—AND
NEITHER
WAS I.

I'M SURE CADET
MCKENNA DESERVES
EVERYTHING THAT'S
COMING TO HER BUT
JUST MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T END UP DOING
SOMETHING YOU'RE
ASHAMED OF.








AND WITH THAT,
MAY I PRESENT
THIS YEAR'S
RECIPIENT OF THE
ADMIRAL'S AWARD
FOR EXCELLENCE,
CADET AMY
MCKENNA.



SULU, I KNOW
THAT WAS
YOUR CUE.



THANK YOU,
ADMIRAL. FELLOW
CLASSMATES,
FACULTY, FRIENDS
AND FAMILY.



IF IT
WEREN'T
FOR THE
SACRIFICES
OF SO
MANY—



"—I KNOW I WOULD
NOT BE STANDING
UP HERE TODAY."



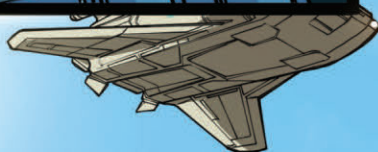
SULU, ARE YOU—

NO.

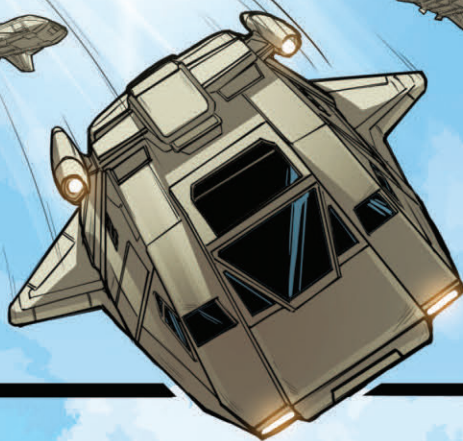
I'M NOT.



GOOD—



—BECAUSE I AM.

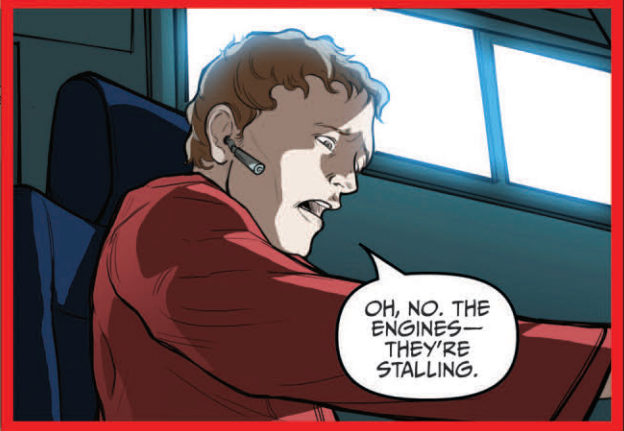


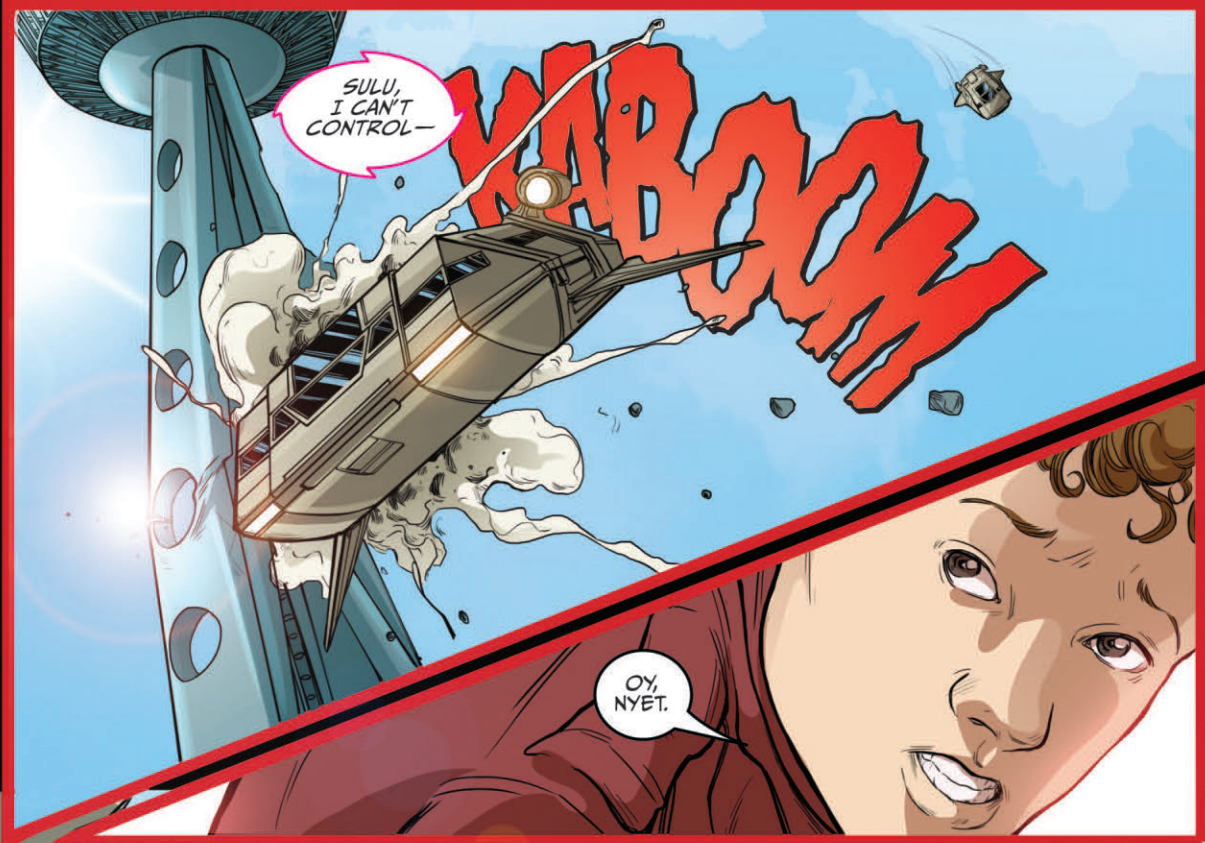
DAVID, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

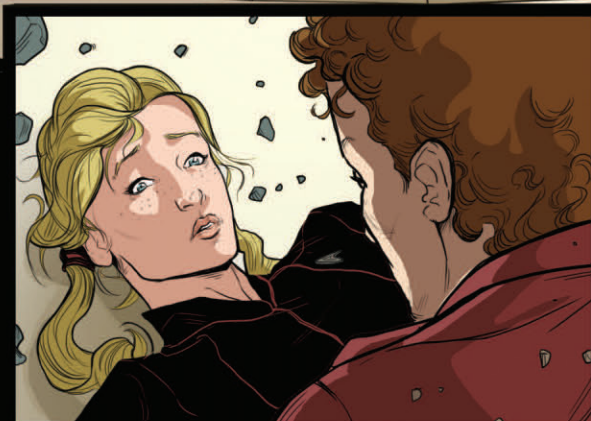



EXACTLY WHAT THEY TOLD ME TO.











DAVID, WE
HAVE TO
DECREASE
YOUR
VELOCITY.



I NEED YOU
TO OVERCHARGE
YOUR ANTI-GRAVS
AND FIRE THEM
ON MY MARK!

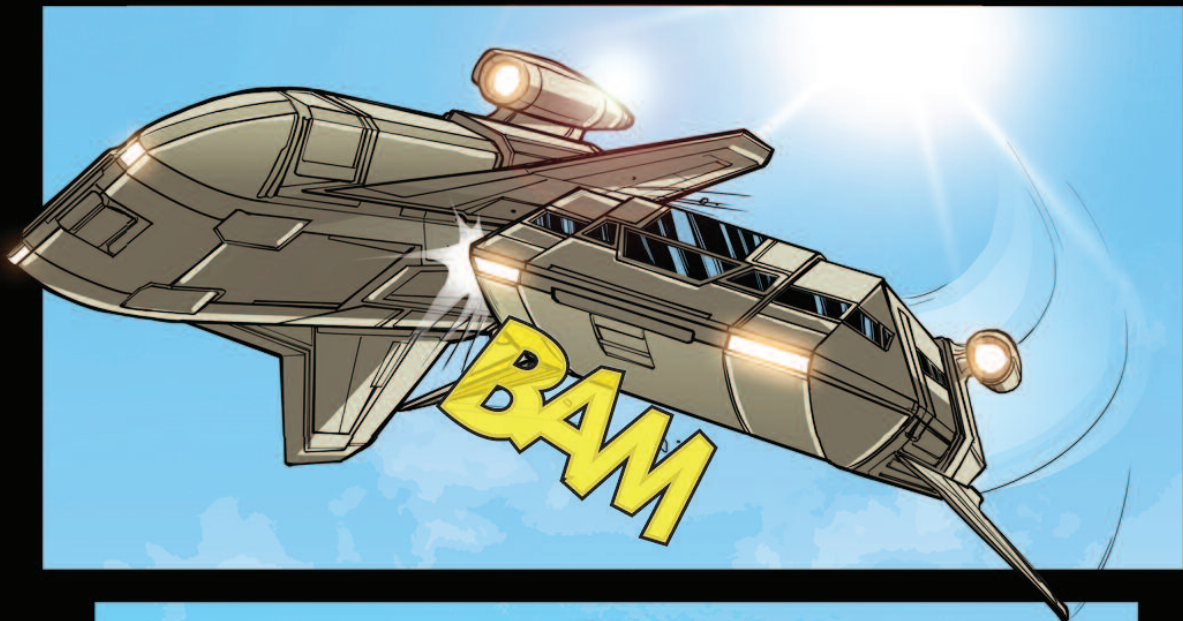


BUT WITHOUT
ENGINES, I'M GOING
STRAIGHT INTO THAT
BUILDING.

TRUST
ME—



—I WON'T
LET THAT
HAPPEN.

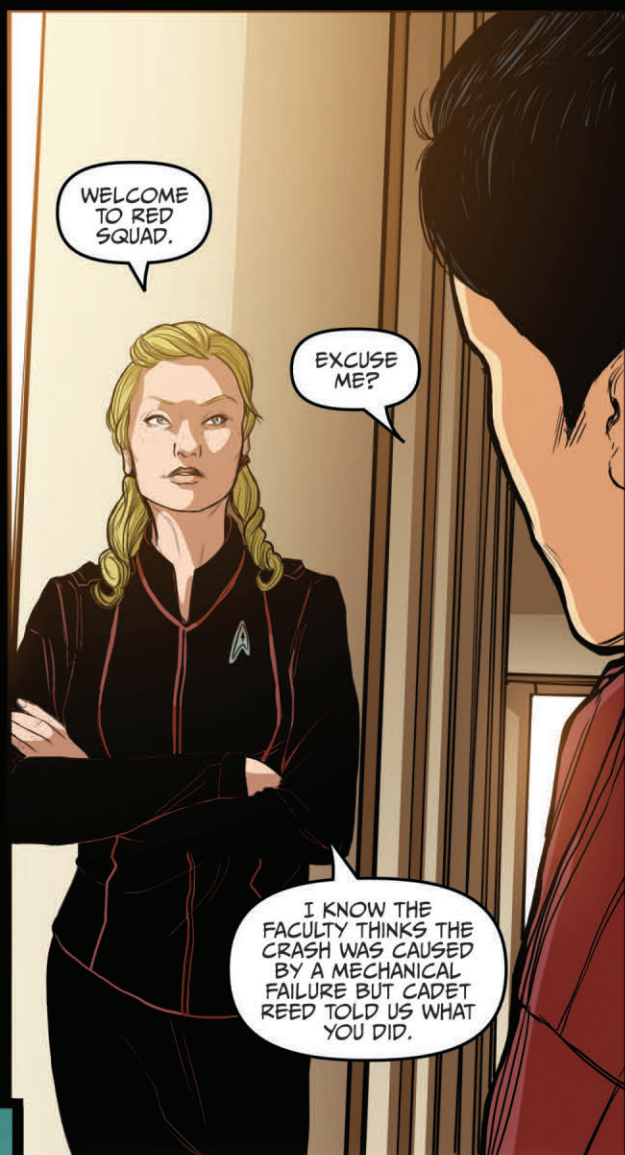




"—JUST SHUT UP AND FLY."

TWO WEEKS LATER.

HEY,
CADET...



WELCOME
TO RED
SQUAD.

EXCUSE
ME?

I KNOW THE
FACULTY THINKS THE
CRASH WAS CAUSED
BY A MECHANICAL
FAILURE BUT CADET
REED TOLD US WHAT
YOU DID.



AND ANYONE WHO CAN
PULL OFF THAT KIND OF
MANEUVER, DESERVES TO
BE PART OF THE ELITE.
CONGRATULATIONS.



NO, THANKS.



I'M SORRY.
WHAT WAS
THAT?

I THOUGHT
I WAS PRETTY
CLEAR.

I DON'T WANT
TO BE A PART
OF YOUR FANCY
LITTLE CLUB.

NO ONE
SAYS "NO"
TO US,
CADET.


AND I'LL
REMIND YOU, IF
YOU EVER WANT
A CHANCE AT
THE CAPTAIN'S
CHAIR—




YOU SET MY
FRIEND AGAINST
ME AND HE
ALMOST DIED.



—YOU'RE
GONNA
NEED US.



SO IF
TURNING YOU
DOWN MEANS I
HAVE TO BE AT A
HELM FOR TEN
YEARS—



"—MAYBE THAT'S
EXACTLY WHERE I'M
SUPPOSED TO BE."

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER.



ENSIGN,
CAN I GET
A STATUS
REPORT?



UM—
WHERE'S
HELMSMAN
MCKENNA?

OH—LUNGWORM.
HE AND HIS
SISTER, AMY. BAD
LUCK, HUH?



THE
WORST.



ENSIGN CHEKOV,
PAVEL ANDREIVICH.

LT. HIKARU
SULU.

PLEASURE
TO MEET YOU,
LIEUTENANT.



WELCOME TO
THE ENTERPRISE.

THE END.



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet




Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



TIM
BRADSTREET
2013
10





LEARN THE BACK
STORIES AND SECRETS
TO SOME OF THE MOST
DEVOTED CREW ABOARD THE
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. FEATURING
ONE-SHOTS FOCUSED ON MCCOY,
UHURA, SCOTTY, CHEKOV, AND
SULU, OVERSEEN BY STAR TREK
WRITER/PRODUCER Roberto Orci!

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