

STAR TREK[®]

VOLUME 6



AFTER DARKNESS

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Collection Cover by Tim Bradstreet, Colors by Grant Goleash
Collection Edits by Justin Eisinger and Alonzo Simon
Collection Design by Gilberto Lazcano

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: 9781623024314

DIGITAL

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Originally published as STAR TREK Issues #21–24.

Written by

MIKE JOHNSON

Art by

ERFAN FAJAR and
CLAUDIA BALBONI Issue 24

Additional Art by

AGRI KARUNIAWAN Issue 23

Inks by

MARINA CASTELVETRO Issue 24

Colors by

SAKTI YUWONO, IFANSYAH NOOR of Stellar Labs
and **ARIANNA FLOREAN** Issue 24

Colors Assist by

AZZURRA FLOREAN
and **VALENTINA CUOMO** Issue 24

Letters by

NEIL UYETAKE and **CHRIS MOWRY**

Creative Consultant

ROBERTO ORCI

Series Edits by

SCOTT DUNBIER



Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

GO'NOS.

THE KLINGON HOMEWORLD.

"WE HAVE BEEN
INVADED."

"THE SOVEREIGN
BORDERS OF THE
KLINGON EMPIRE HAVE
BEEN VIOLATED BY AN
ENEMY BENT ON OUR
DESTRUCTION."

BEHOLD THE
FACE OF THAT
ENEMY.



OUR SPIES IN THE FEDERATION HAVE CONFIRMED HIS IDENTITY AS A STARFLEET CAPTAIN.

HIS INCURSION PAST OUR DEFENSES, TO THE VERY SURFACE OF GO'NOS, HAS LEFT A TRAIL OF FALLEN KLINGON WARRIORS IN HIS WAKE.




THE HUMANS THOUGHT THEY COULD GO UNDETECTED. THEY WERE WRONG.


AND NOW WE WILL GIVE THEM THE VERY THING THEY ARE ASKING FOR. **BEGGING FOR.**



WE WILL GIVE THEM **WAR.**



"IT WAS MY IDEA.



"BUT MARCUS MADE IT POSSIBLE. I WAS A CAPTAIN, NOT AN ENGINEER. BUT ALEX...

"...ALEX EXCELLED AT *EVERYTHING*.

"HE WAS THE ONE WHO BUILT THE CONTROL OVERRIDE INTO MY ENTERPRISE. ONLY HE AND I KNEW ABOUT IT.



STARFLEET SECURITY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

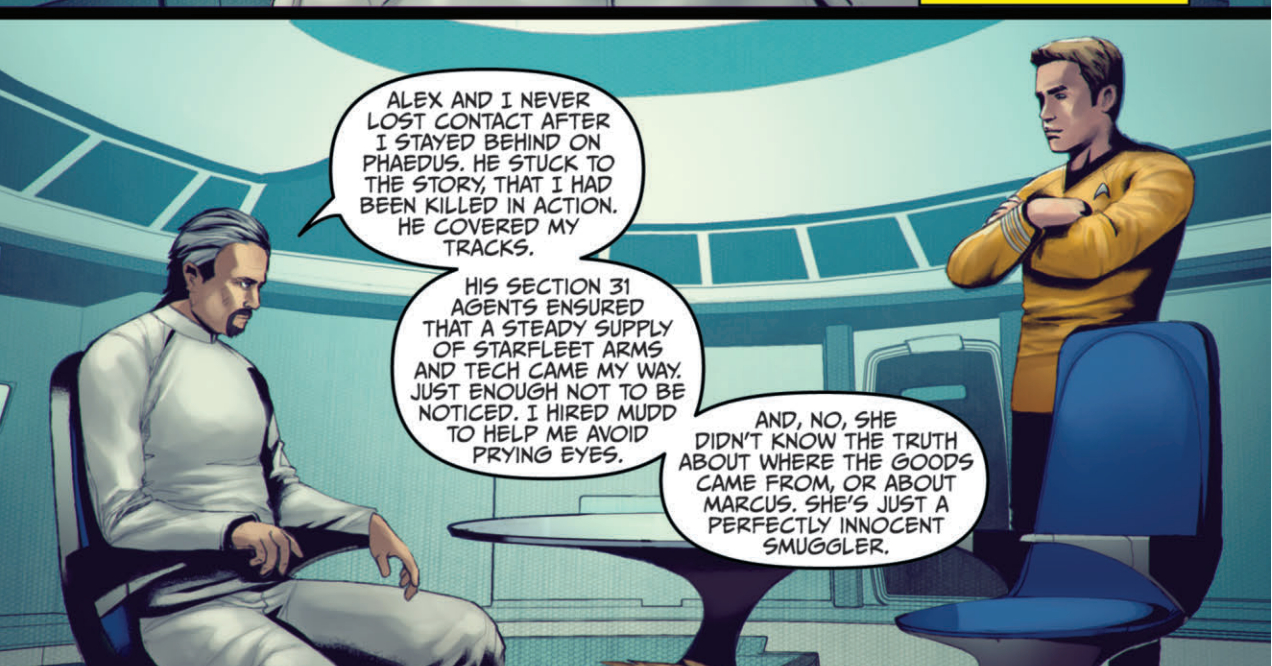
"IT WAS ALEX WHO ENSURED THAT THE SAME OVERRIDE MADE ITS WAY ONTO YOUR SHIP DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING ABOUT IT.

"NOT EVEN YOUR CHIEF ENGINEER COULD DETECT IT."



SO I KNEW
THAT IF I COULD
JUST GET ACCESS
TO YOUR COMPUTER,
I COULD TAKE THE
SHIP. AND IT ALMOST
WORKED.*


*AS SEEN IN THE *COUNTDOWN
TO DARKNESS* MINI-SERIES!



ALEX AND I NEVER
LOST CONTACT AFTER
I STAYED BEHIND ON
PHAEDUS. HE STUCK TO
THE STORY, THAT I HAD
BEEN KILLED IN ACTION.
HE COVERED MY
TRACKS.

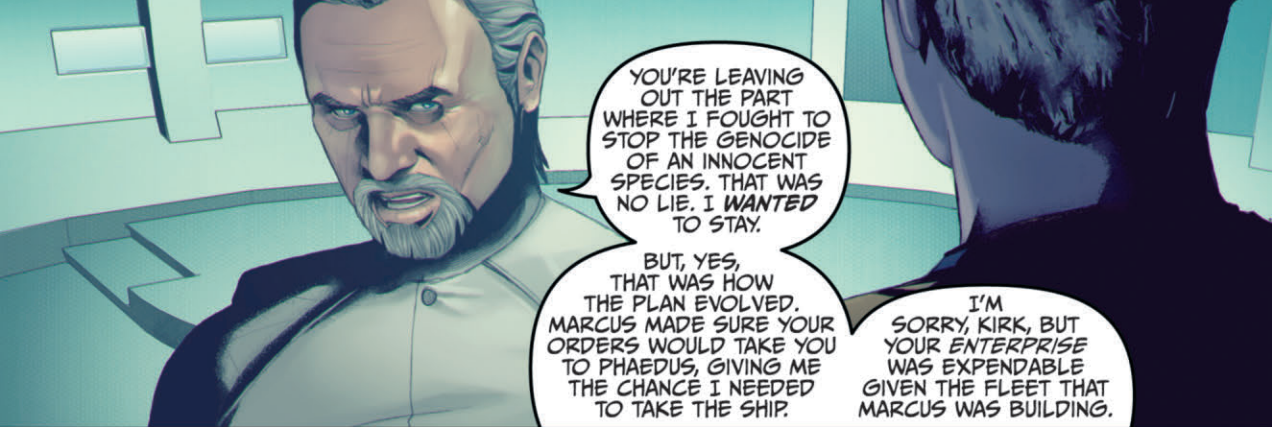
HIS SECTION 31
AGENTS ENSURED
THAT A STEADY SUPPLY
OF STARFLEET ARMS
AND TECH CAME MY WAY.
JUST ENOUGH NOT TO BE
NOTICED. I HIRED MUDD
TO HELP ME AVOID
PRYING EYES.

AND, NO, SHE
DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH
ABOUT WHERE THE GOODS
CAME FROM, OR ABOUT
MARCUS. SHE'S JUST A
PERFECTLY INNOCENT
SMUGGLER.



SO THE PLAN
WAS FOR YOU TO
DISTRACT THE KLINGONS
ON PHAEDUS, USING
THE ENTERPRISE—
MY ENTERPRISE—
AS BAIT...

...WHILE MARCUS
PREPARED A FRONTAL
ASSAULT ON THE
EMPIRE.



YOU'RE LEAVING
OUT THE PART
WHERE I FOUGHT TO
STOP THE GENOCIDE
OF AN INNOCENT
SPECIES. THAT WAS
NO LIE. I *WANTED*
TO STAY.

BUT, YES,
THAT WAS HOW
THE PLAN EVOLVED.
MARCUS MADE SURE YOUR
ORDERS WOULD TAKE YOU
TO PHAEDUS, GIVING ME
THE CHANCE I NEEDED
TO TAKE THE SHIP.

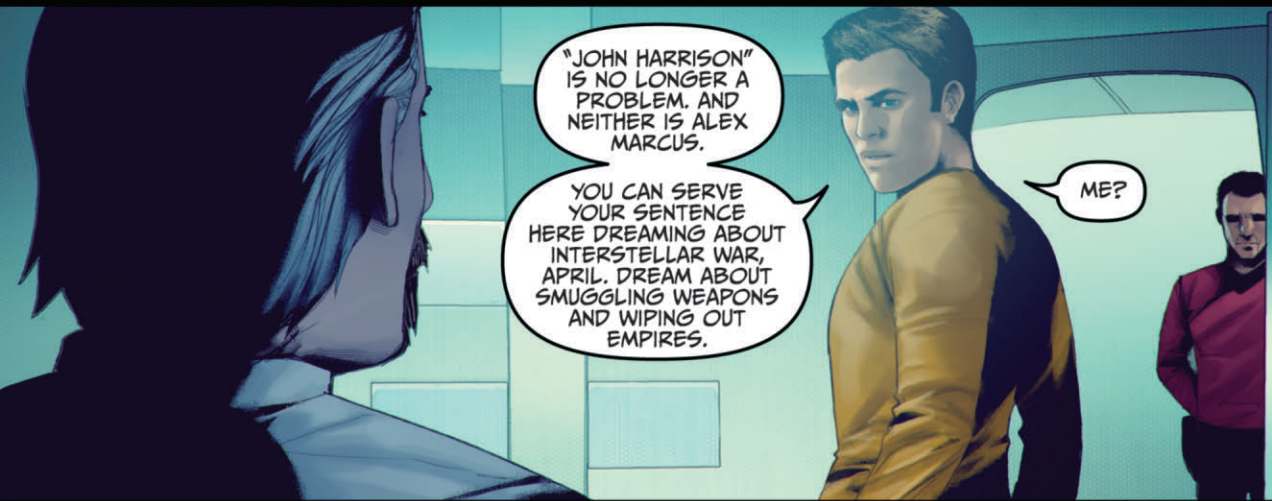
I'M
SORRY, KIRK, BUT
YOUR *ENTERPRISE*
WAS EXPENDABLE
GIVEN THE FLEET THAT
MARCUS WAS BUILDING.



YOU CAN'T STOP WHAT'S
COMING. THE FEDERATION AND
THE KLINGON EMPIRE CANNOT
PEACEFULLY CO-EXIST. MARCUS
AND I KNEW IT, AND WE STARTED
PREPARING FOR IT.

WHO KNOWS WHAT
OTHER PLANS MARCUS
SET IN MOTION WHILE I
WAS GONE? IF I HAD
TO GUESS...

...THE MAN
CALLED "JOHN
HARRISON" WAS
JUST THE
START.



"JOHN HARRISON"
IS NO LONGER A
PROBLEM. AND
NEITHER IS ALEX
MARCUS.

YOU CAN SERVE
YOUR SENTENCE
HERE DREAMING ABOUT
INTERSTELLAR WAR,
APRIL. DREAM ABOUT
SMUGGLING WEAPONS
AND WIPING OUT
EMPIRES.

ME?



I'VE GOT
MORE IMPORTANT
THINGS TO DO.

A large, dark blue Starship Enterprise is shown from a low angle, flying towards the viewer. The ship's iconic saucer section is at the top, with the secondary hull and nacelles below. The background is a vibrant nebula with shades of green, blue, and pink, filled with numerous stars.

ONE WEEK LATER.

TEN LIGHT YEARS AWAY.

"SPACE.

"THE FINAL FRONTIER.

"THESE ARE THE
VOYAGES OF THE
STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.

"ITS FIVE-YEAR MISSION:
TO EXPLORE STRANGE
NEW WORLDS...



"...TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE
AND NEW CIVILIZATIONS..."

"...TO BOLDLY GO
WHERE NO ONE HAS
GONE BEF—"

"DID YOU WRITE THAT?"



BECAUSE I
DON'T THINK YOU
WROTE THAT.

COMPUTER,
PAUSE CAPTAIN'S
LOG.

CAPTAIN'S LOG
PAUSED.



HOW DID YOU GET
IN HERE, BONES? I
THOUGHT I LOCKED
THE DOOR.

THE SHIP'S
DOCTOR CAN GO
WHEREVER HE
DAMN WELL
PLEASES.

I DON'T THINK
YOU WROTE THAT
BEAUTIFUL ODE TO
YOUR JOB. SOUNDS
MORE LIKE UHURA.
MAYBE EVEN THE
RUSSIAN KID.



HAVE A LITTLE
FAITH IN YOUR
CAPTAIN.

EVERY
ONCE IN A
WHILE I LIKE
TO REFLECT
ON WHY WE'RE
OUT HERE. IT'S
GOOD FOR THE
SOUL.



YOUR SOUL,
MAYBE.

SOMETHING
YOU WANT TO
TELL ME?

SICKBAY'S
EMPTY.



THAT'S A GOOD THING, RIGHT?

RIGHT. MEANS THE ENTIRE CREW IS COMPLETELY HEALTHY AND READY FOR THE—

—ARE WE REALLY GONNA BE OUT HERE FOR FIVE YEARS?



BONES.

WHAT DID YOU REALLY WANT TO TELL ME?



FINE.

I WANT YOU TO KEEP ME INFORMED, JIM. YOUR HEART'S PUMPING GOD KNOWS WHAT THROUGH YOUR ARTERIES RIGHT NOW!

I NEED YOU TO TELL ME THE SECOND THAT YOU START TO FEEL... DIFFERENT.



I'M FINE!

THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.

I'M FINE. YOU'RE FINE. YOU JUST TOLD ME THE CREW'S FINE.



RELAX...

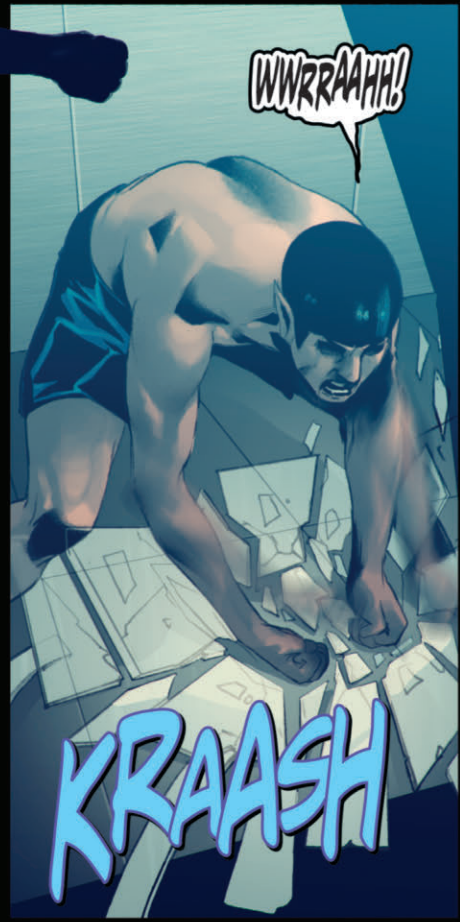


"...EVERYBODY'S FINE."

RRRAHHH!



RAAAHH!



WWWRAHH!

KRAASH



NNNNHH

HNNNH

...PLAK...



...PLAK
TOW...

SPOCK!





FINALLY
AN EMPTY
SICKBAY.

FINALLY A
LITTLE PEACE
AND QUIET.

MAYBE GET
SOME RESEARCH
DONE. MAYBE
A NAP.

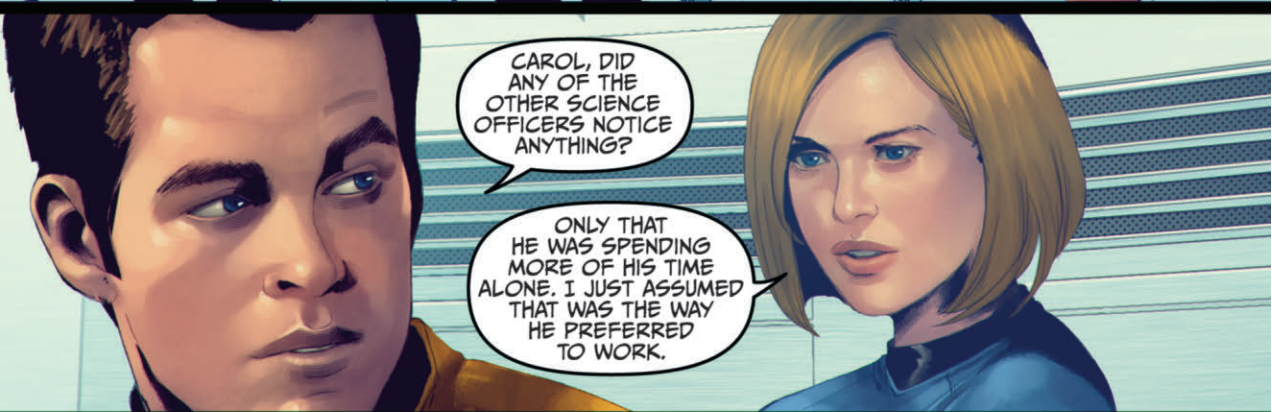


FIGURES THE
VULCAN WOULD
BE THE ONE TO
SCREW IT UP.

HOW LONG
HAS HE BEEN
ACTING LIKE
THIS?

A FEW DAYS.
HE WAS GETTING
SHORT-TEMPERED
WITH ME.
IRRITABLE.

AND THEN
TODAY I FIND HIM
REDECORATING
HIS ROOM WITH
HIS FISTS.



CAROL, DID
ANY OF THE
OTHER SCIENCE
OFFICERS NOTICE
ANYTHING?

ONLY THAT
HE WAS SPENDING
MORE OF HIS TIME
ALONE. I JUST ASSUMED
THAT WAS THE WAY
HE PREFERRED
TO WORK.



HHNN...

QUIET,
EVERYBODY.
SLEEPING BEAUTY
WAKES.



WHY DOES IT SEEM LIKE ONE OF US IS ALWAYS WATCHING OVER THE OTHER ONE ON THEIR DEATHBED?



FORGIVE ME, CAPTAIN.

I ASSURE YOU I AM IN PERFECT PHYSICAL HEALTH, AS DOCTOR MCCOY CAN CONFIRM.

YEAH, SO PERFECT THAT WE'VE GOT YOUR FEET IN RESTRAINTS. YOUR ADRENALINE'S OFF THE CHARTS, SPOCK. AND IF IT KEEPS INCREASING AT THIS RATE...

... YOU'LL BE DEAD IN TWO WEEKS.



SPOCK. TALK TO ME. TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU.

THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR IT IN ANY LANGUAGE OTHER THAN VULCAN, LIEUTENANT.

IT IS A... **CONDITION...** WHICH ARISES IN VULCAN MALES EVERY SEVEN YEARS OF THEIR ADULT LIFE. EMOTIONS RUN AMOK, WITH A CORRESPONDING INCREASE IN HOSTILITY.

HAVING NOT EXPERIENCED IT UNTIL NOW, I SIMPLY ASSUMED THAT, IN MY CASE, THE FACT THAT I AM HALF-HUMAN PREVENTED ITS ONSET. I WAS OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN.

THE CONDITION IS CALLED PON FARR.



"COMING OUT OF
WARP IN THREE..."

"...TWO..."

"...ONE..."

...IMPULSE ENGINES
ENGAGED, CAPTAIN,
THREE-QUARTER
POWER.

WE'LL BE OVER
NEW VULCAN IN
EXACTLY SEVEN
MINUTES.

THANK YOU, MR.
SULU. ESTABLISH
STANDARD ORBIT
OVER THE
COLONY SITE.

AYE, SIR.



LT. UHURA,
YOU'RE
COMING DOWN
WITH US.

AYE,
SIR.

MR.
SCOTT!

AYE,
CAPTAIN!



PUT DOWN
WHATEVER TOOL
YOU'RE MESSING
AROUND WITH AND GET
UP HERE! YOU HAVE
THE CONN WHILE I'M
PLANETSIDE!

BEGGING
YOUR
PARDON,
SIR...

... BUT I THOUGHT THAT,
GIVEN MY CHECKERED
HISTORY WITH STARFLEET
BIGWIGS, THEY INSISTED THAT
I REMAIN LOWER DOWN THE
CHAIN OF COMMAND THAN IS
CUSTOMARY FOR A CHIEF
ENGINEER?

SCOTTY,
DO YOU
WANT THE
CONN OR
NOT?



BE
RIGHT
THERE,
SIR!

THANK
YOU!

CAPTAIN...!

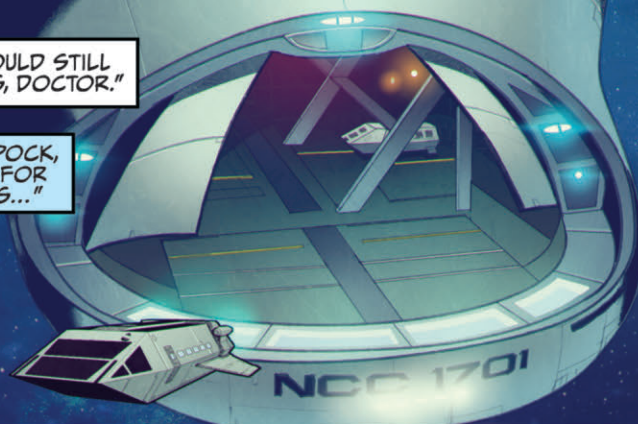


... PERMISSION TO JOIN THE AWAY
TEAM, SIR! I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS
SOME IDEAS I HAD WITH THE
VULCAN SCIENTISTS WHO
DEVELOPED THE HELIOS
DEVICE AND—

GRANTED,
LIEUTENANT.
JUST DON'T BE
LATE TO THE
SHUTTLE BAY.

"PERHAPS I SHOULD STILL BE IN RESTRAINTS, DOCTOR."

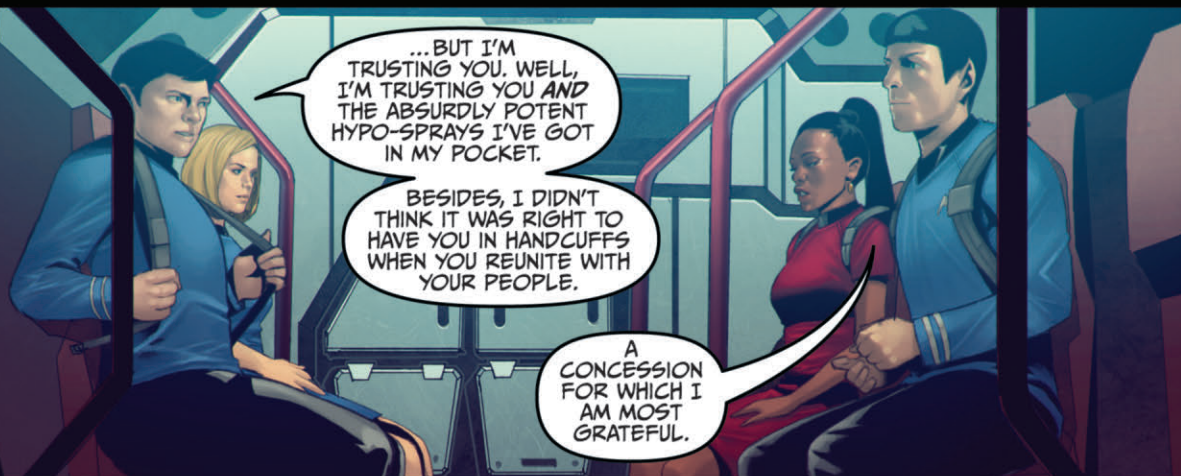
"BELIEVE ME, SPOCK, IT'S NOT EASY FOR ME TO SAY THIS..."



...BUT I'M TRUSTING YOU. WELL, I'M TRUSTING YOU AND THE ABSURDLY POTENT HYPO-SPRAYS I'VE GOT IN MY POCKET.

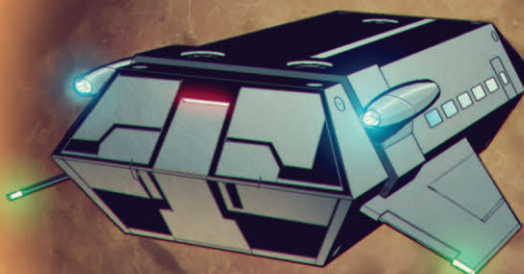
BESIDES, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS RIGHT TO HAVE YOU IN HANDCUFFS WHEN YOU REUNITE WITH YOUR PEOPLE.

A CONCESSION FOR WHICH I AM MOST GRATEFUL.



LET'S NOT GET TOO COMFORTABLE. LAST TIME WE VISITED NEW VULCAN WE ENDED UP IN A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT GALAXY.

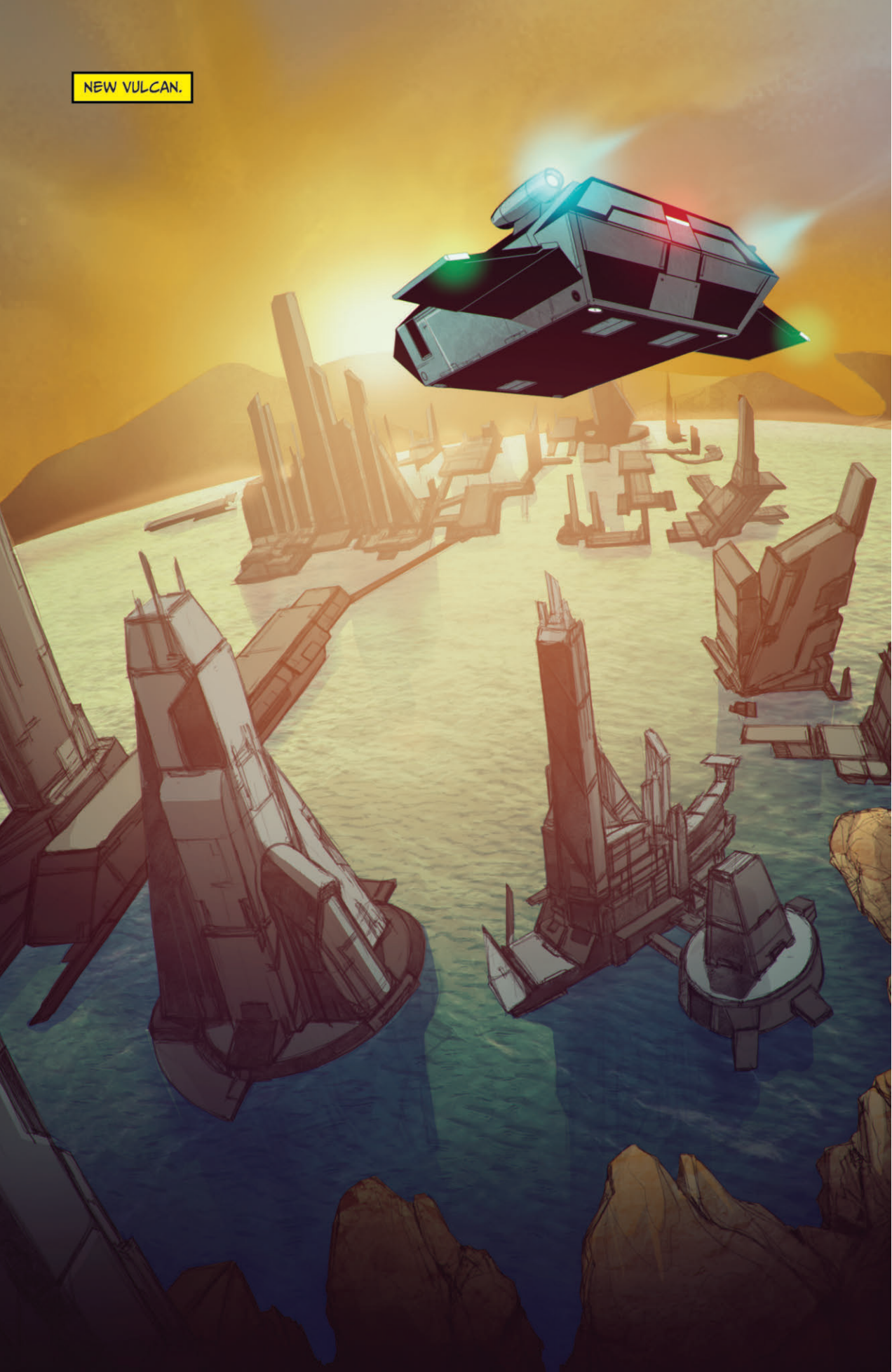
HOPEFULLY WE DON'T REUNITE WITH THE GORN THIS TIME AROUND.

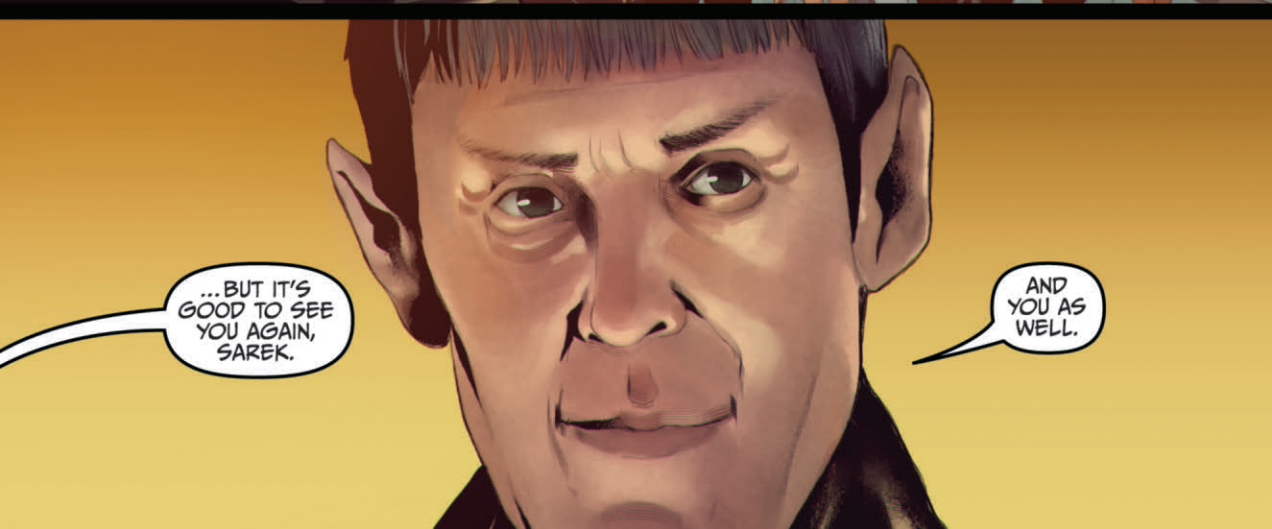


"DAMMIT, I ASKED YOU NOT TO MENTION THOSE THINGS AGAIN."

"SORRY, BONES. BAD MEMORIES, I KNOW."

NEW VULCAN.







FATHER.

SPOCK.



I AM THE REASON
FOR OUR RETURN
HERE, FATHER.

RECENTLY I HAVE
BEGUN TO SUFFER
THE EFFECTS OF AN
UNEXPECTED CHANGE IN
MY BIOCHEMISTRY.

I
FEEL—



YOU DON'T
NEED TO SAY
IT, SPOCK. I
KNOW WHAT
YOU FEEL.

YOU FEEL
PLAK TOW,
THE FEVER.

YOU
FEEL THE
CALL.



YOU
FEEL PON
FARR.
AS DO I, MY
BETROTHED.

WELCOME
HOME.



DID
SHE JUST
SAY...

BETROTHED?

ROMULUS.

"THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL.

"UNDER ANY OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES YOU WOULD BE THROWN INTO PRISON TO ROT THE REST OF YOUR DAYS, SIMPLY FOR BREATHING THE AIR OF OUR WORLD."

AND YET I MUST CONFESS THAT YOUR PROPOSAL IS INTRIGUING.



BUT WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE YOU? THE LAST TIME YOUR KIND WAS HERE OUR PLANET WAS NEARLY OBLITERATED.*

WHAT MAKES *YOU* MORE TRUSTWORTHY?

*AS SEEN IN STAR TREK ISSUES 7 & 8!



BECAUSE OF WHAT I OFFER. IT'S SOMETHING WE BOTH WANT. SOMETHING WE MIGHT EACH ACCOMPLISH WORKING ON OUR OWN.

MIGHT ACCOMPLISH.

BUT IT BECOMES *INEVITABLE* IF WE WORK TOGETHER.



THE KLINGON EMPIRE.

WIPED FROM THE STARS.

FOREVER.

STARFLEET HAS ABDICATED ITS RESPONSIBILITY TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, SENATOR...

...BUT *SECTION 31* HAS NOT.







Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Coleash

ROMULUS.

"YOU BELIEVE
THE HUMANS CAN
BE TRUSTED?"

OF
COURSE
NOT.

AS SOON AS
WE VANQUISH
THE KLINGONS
TOGETHER I HAVE
NO DOUBT THE
HUMANS WILL
TURN THEIR
WEAPONS
ON US.

THEN
WHY ALLY
OURSELVES
WITH THEM?

BECAUSE WE
CAN USE THEM. IF
THIS "SECTION 31"
CAN DELIVER THE
TECHNOLOGY THEY
HAVE PROMISED,
WHY NOT BENEFIT
FROM THEIR
LARGESSE?

AFTER ALL, THE
HUMANS SEEK TO
TAKE SOMETHING
FROM US IN RETURN,
THOUGH THEY WILL
NEVER ADMIT
TO IT.

THE QUESTION,
SENATOR, IS WHICH SIDE
ACQUIRES THE OTHER'S
ADVANTAGE FIRST.

WE KNOW WHAT
THE HUMANS WANT. BUT
BEFORE IT FALLS INTO
THEIR HANDS...

... WE WILL NOT
HESITATE TO USE
IT AGAINST
THEM.

NEW VULCAN.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

YOU'RE
"BETROTHED"...

...AS IN
ENGAGED...

...TO BE
MARRIED TO THIS
WOMAN?!

NOT IN THE
HUMAN SENSE
OF THOSE
WORDS.

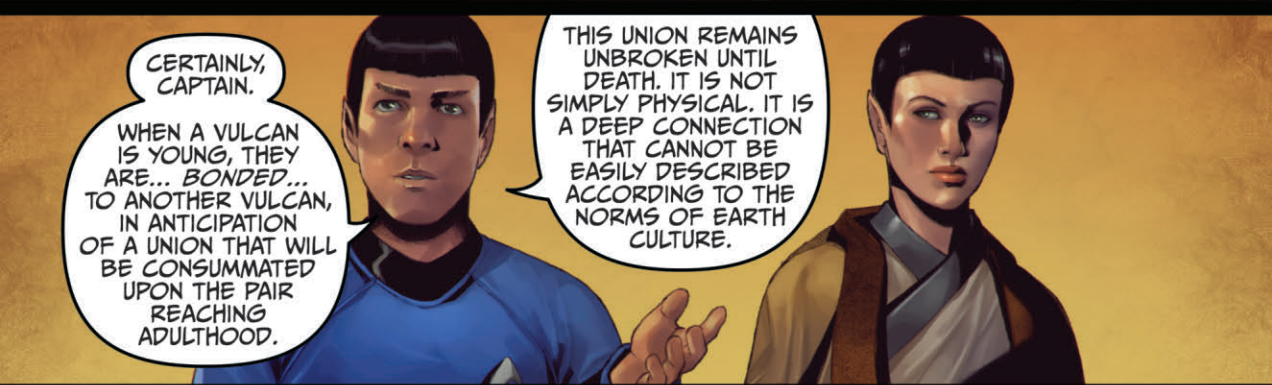




THEN
EXPLAIN!
NOW! IN
WHATEVER
SENSE
YOU—

AT EASE,
LIEUTENANT!

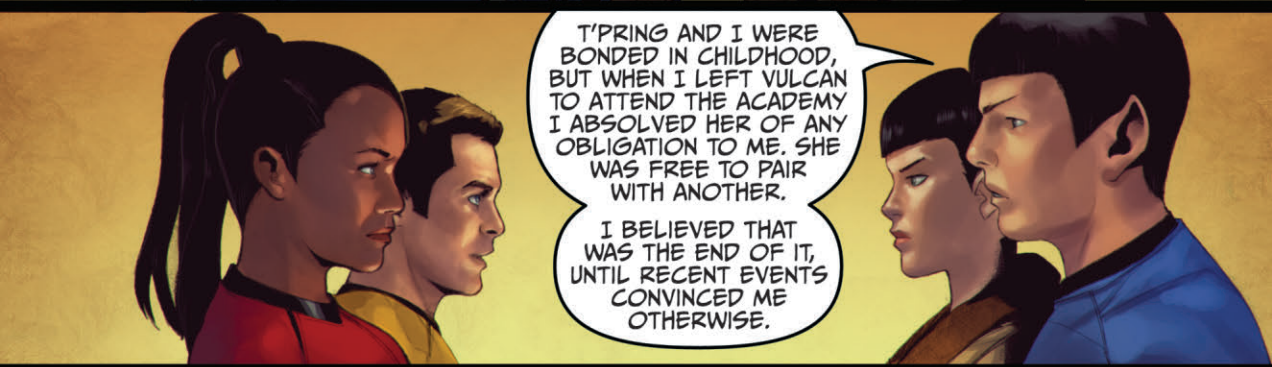
SPOCK...
EXPLAIN.
NOW.



CERTAINLY,
CAPTAIN.

WHEN A VULCAN
IS YOUNG, THEY
ARE... BONDED...
TO ANOTHER VULCAN,
IN ANTICIPATION
OF A UNION THAT WILL
BE CONSUMMATED
UPON THE PAIR
REACHING
ADULTHOOD.

THIS UNION REMAINS
UNBROKEN UNTIL
DEATH. IT IS NOT
SIMPLY PHYSICAL. IT IS
A DEEP CONNECTION
THAT CANNOT BE
EASILY DESCRIBED
ACCORDING TO THE
NORMS OF EARTH
CULTURE.



T'PRING AND I WERE
BONDED IN CHILDHOOD,
BUT WHEN I LEFT VULCAN
TO ATTEND THE ACADEMY
I ABSOLVED HER OF ANY
OBLIGATION TO ME. SHE
WAS FREE TO PAIR
WITH ANOTHER.

I BELIEVED THAT
WAS THE END OF IT,
UNTIL RECENT EVENTS
CONVINCED ME
OTHERWISE.



PON FARR.

YES. I
BELIEVED I WAS
IMMUNE TO IT GIVEN
MY HALF-HUMAN
HERITAGE. I WAS
MISTAKEN.

I CANNOT RESIST
THE SUDDEN URGE
THAT HAS OVERTAKEN
ME. THE URGE TO
RETURN TO MY
PEOPLE.

TO
RETURN TO
T'PRING.





SPOCK, YOU MUST STAY HERE WITH US. YOUR ORDEAL WILL BE OVER SOON.

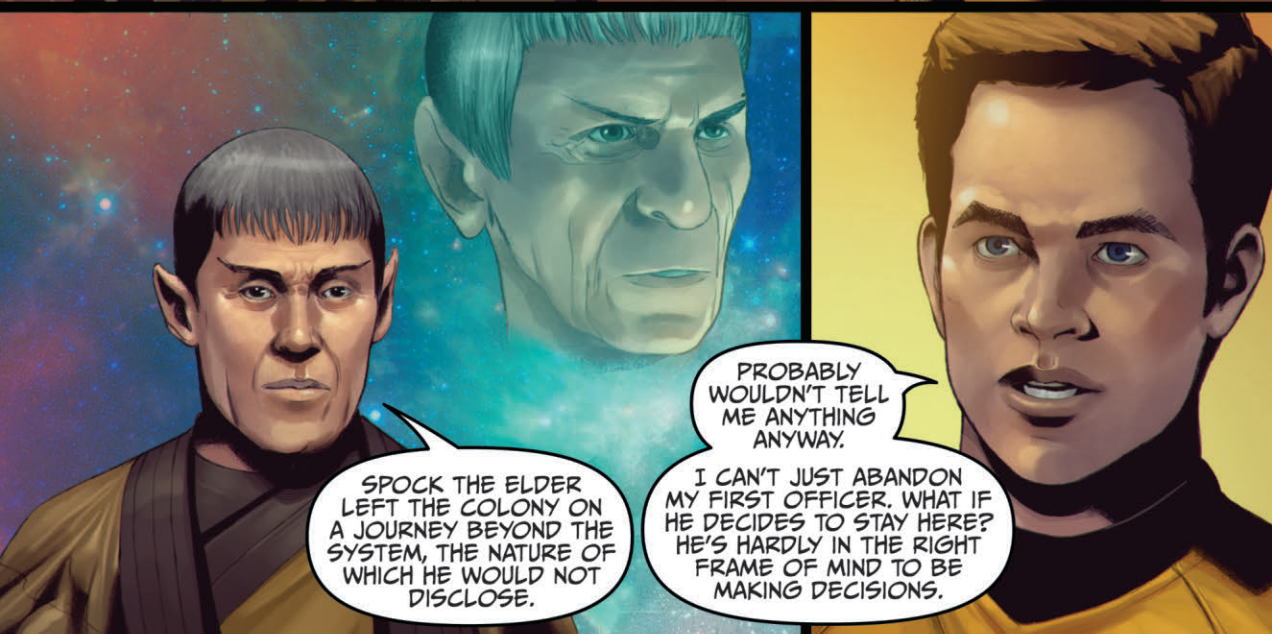
AND THEN WHAT? HE STAYS BEHIND WITH HER? WE'RE NOT JUST GOING TO LEAVE HIM HERE!



CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE DONE ALL YOU CAN. YOU HAVE BROUGHT HIM HOME. AS CLOSE TO HOME AS EXISTS FOR US NOW.

HE'S ALSO GOT A HOME ON THE ENTERPRISE, SAREK.

WHAT ABOUT THE OLDER SPOCK? THIS MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.



SPOCK THE ELDER LEFT THE COLONY ON A JOURNEY BEYOND THE SYSTEM, THE NATURE OF WHICH HE WOULD NOT DISCLOSE.

PROBABLY WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ANYWAY.

I CAN'T JUST ABANDON MY FIRST OFFICER. WHAT IF HE DECIDES TO STAY HERE? HE'S HARDLY IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND TO BE MAKING DECISIONS.



WHAT SPOCK CHOOSES FOR HIMSELF IS NOT FOR US TO SAY. ALL WE CAN DO IS EASE HIS PAIN.

PLEASE, CAPTAIN. RETURN TO YOUR SHIP...

...AND LET ME HELP MY SON.

"BARBARIANS."

"BENEATH THAT CALM EXTERIOR,
HIDING BEHIND ALL THAT
GODFORSAKEN LOGIC..."



...NOTHING BUT
GREEN-BLOODED
BARBARIANS!

YOUR
ASSESSMENT IS
NOTED, DOCTOR.





DAMMIT, JIM,
I'M WITHIN MY
RIGHTS AS CHIEF
MEDICAL OFFICER
TO BEAM SPOCK
RIGHT OUT OF
THEIR HANDS AND
INTO SICKBAY!

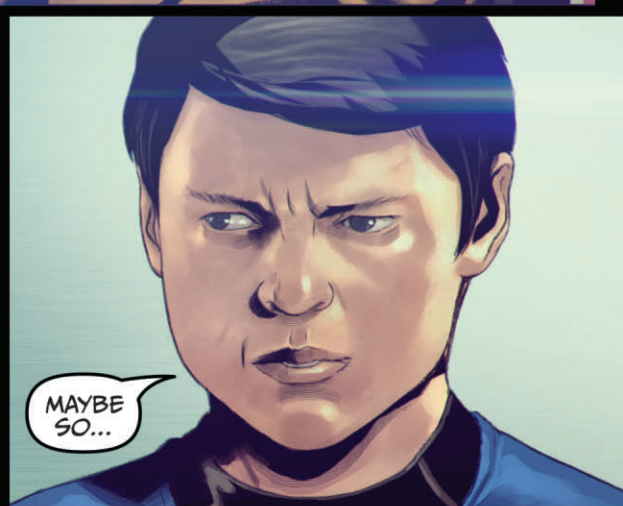
HOW CAN YOU
LET THEIR BACKWARDS
TRADITIONS GET IN THE WAY
OF HEALING A STARFLEET
OFFICER?

WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, BONES,
SICKBAY WASN'T DOING
HIM ANY GOOD. I
TRUST SAREK.



AND, MORE
IMPORTANTLY, I
TRUST SPOCK.

HE'LL COME
BACK TO US WHEN
THIS IS OVER.




MAYBE
SO...



"...BUT WHAT'S
THE COST?"



I'M SORRY,
LIEUTENANT.



I KNOW WHAT
SPOCK MEANS TO
YOU. AND BELIEVE ME,
I KNOW WHAT YOU
MEAN TO HIM.

BUT I
CAN'T LET THAT
RELATIONSHIP
AFFECT—

CAPTAIN.
STOP.

I KNEW. I
KNEW THE SECOND
I REALIZED I WAS
FALLING IN LOVE WITH
HIM. I KNEW THIS DAY
WAS COMING.



YOU KNEW
ABOUT PON
FARR...?

NO, HE
NEVER TOLD
ME. BUT I KNEW
THERE WOULD
ALWAYS BE A
PART OF HIM
I COULDN'T
REACH.

SPOCK RAN AWAY
FROM VULCAN, CAPTAIN,
BECAUSE HE FELT THE PULL
OF EARTH. HE FELT THE PULL
OF HIS HUMANITY. BUT IT WAS
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE HE GOT
PULLED BACK.

I LOVE HIS VULCAN
SIDE, BUT HE KEEPS SO
MUCH OF IT HIDDEN, EVEN
FROM ME. AND THAT'S
WHAT I REALIZED TODAY,
WHETHER I LIKE THE
CIRCUMSTANCES
OR NOT.

HE NEVER
TOLD ME ABOUT
PON FARR, ABOUT
HIS BETROTHAL,
ABOUT ANY
OF IT...

...BECAUSE
HE LOVES
ME.



CAPTAIN,
WE ARE BEING
HAILED BY THE
NEW VULCAN
COLONY!

SAREK?

NO, SIR!



T'PRING!

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED.



NOT LONG
AFTER YOU DEPARTED,
SAREK TOOK SPOCK TO THE
RET DATOR, THE ROOM
OF PREPARATION.

THERE HE WOULD
BE MADE READY FOR THE
CEREMONY TO MARK
OUR UNION.

NNNGH—



"BUT THE BLOOD FEVER
WAS TOO GREAT. IT WAS
CONSUMING HIM."

NNNHHAAAAA—!



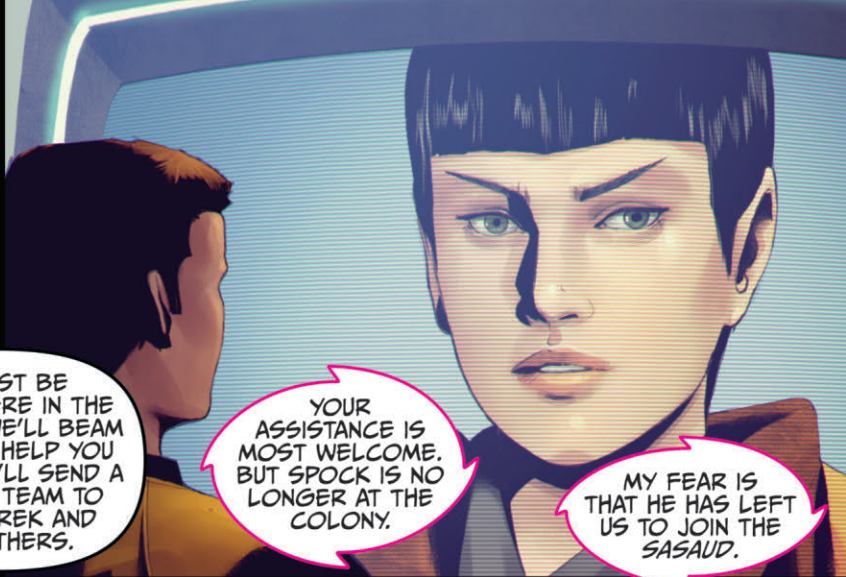
RRRAAH!

KRAK





HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE COLONY. WE'LL BEAM DOWN TO HELP YOU FIND HIM. I'LL SEND A MEDICAL TEAM TO HELP SAREK AND THE OTHERS.



YOUR ASSISTANCE IS MOST WELCOME. BUT SPOCK IS NO LONGER AT THE COLONY.

MY FEAR IS THAT HE HAS LEFT US TO JOIN THE SASAUD.



"SASAUD"?

IT... IT MEANS...
VANISHED.

THEY ARE A GROUP OF VULCANS WHO LIVE APART FROM THE REST, IN THE DEEP WILDERNESS OF THIS NEW WORLD.

AFTER THE DEATH OF OUR HOME PLANET, NOT ALL OF US COULD ADAPT TO THE LOSS IN A... LOGICAL FASHION. MANY WERE CONSUMED BY GRIEF IN A SURGE OF EMOTION EVEN STRONGER THAN THAT EXPERIENCED DURING PON FARR.

THEY REGRESSED TO A STATE LIKE THAT OF VULCANS FROM BEFORE THE TEACHINGS OF SURAK, BEFORE THE GREAT AWAKENING. THEY ARE LOST TO US NOW. THEY ARE THE SASAUD.

WE'LL FIND HIM, T'PRING, AND WE'LL BRING HIM BACK.

BE WARNED, CAPTAIN. THE EMOTIONS OF PON FARR CAN ONLY BE EASED IN ONE OF TWO WAYS. THROUGH MATING...



"...OR THROUGH TERRIBLE
VIOLENCE."

HERE

WAS HERE

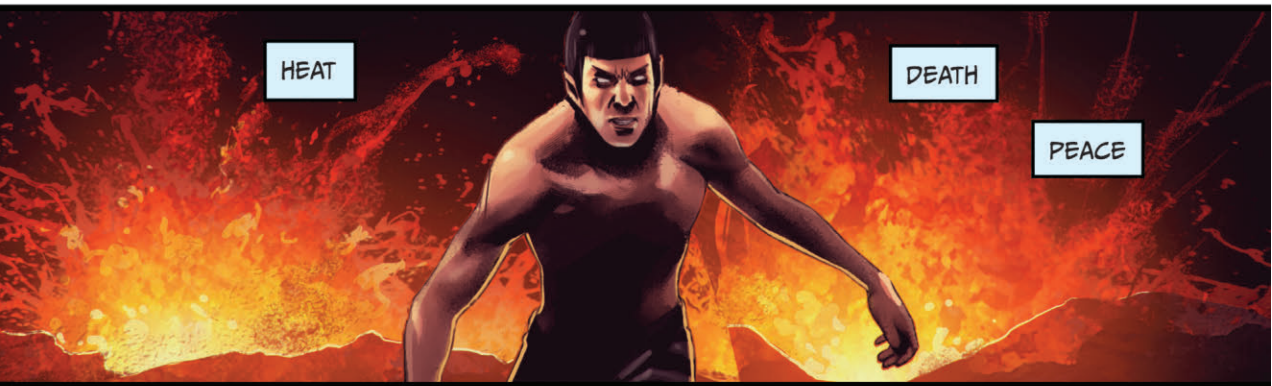
BEFORE

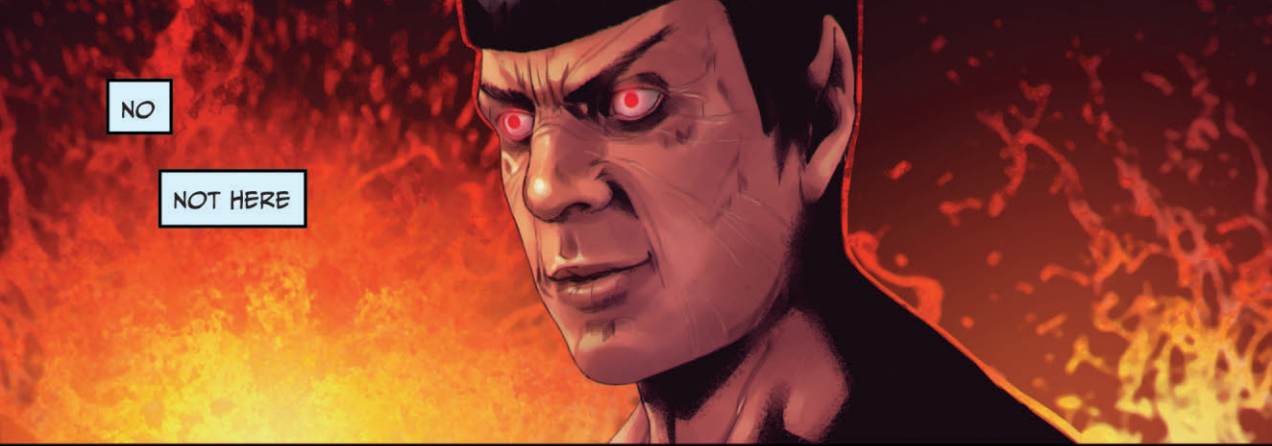


HEAT

DEATH

PEACE





NO

NOT HERE



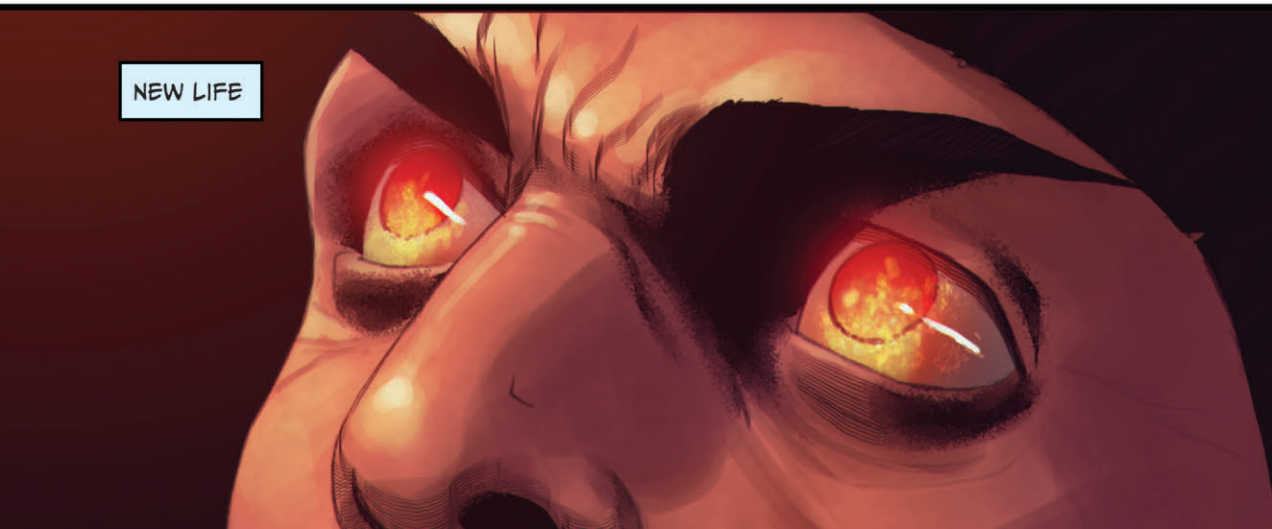
NEW

NEW WORLD

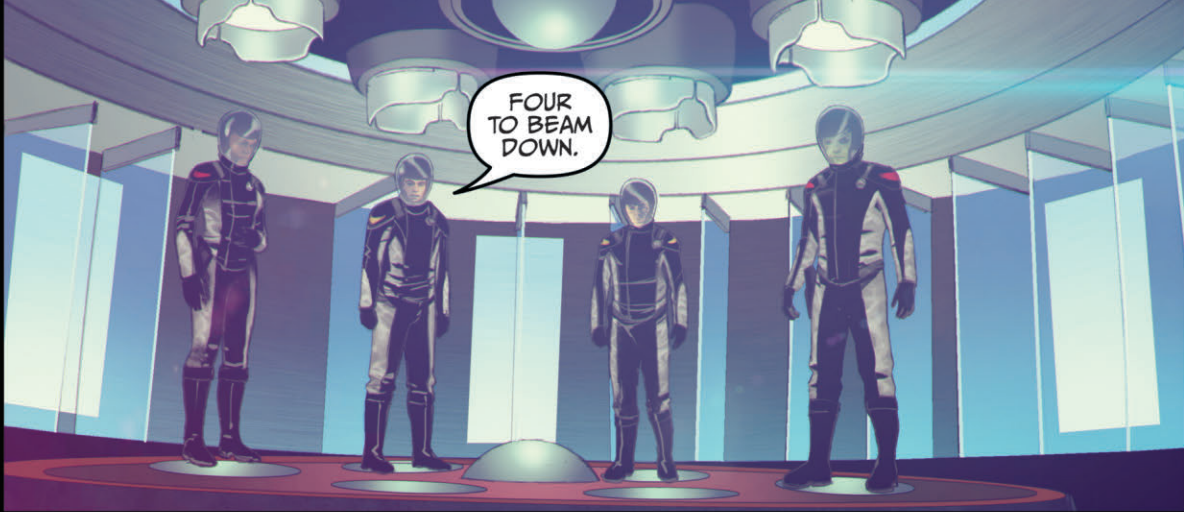
NO DEATH



LIFE



NEW LIFE





YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME. HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THERE?



IT'S NOT AS BAD OUT HERE AS THE INSIDE OF A VOLCANO, BUT STILL... THE SOONER WE FIND HIM THE BETTER.

AGREED.

PHASERS ON MAX STUN, EVERYBODY. IF WE CAN'T TALK SPOCK OUT OF IT, LET'S BE READY FOR THE ALTERNATIVE.



HOW CAN HE SURVIVE OUT HERE WITHOUT A SUIT?



VULCAN PHYSIOLOGY'S TOUGHER THAN OURS, SULU. COMBINE THAT WITH WHAT PON FARR'S DOING TO HIS BODY, AND—



AAGH!

KRAANG

UHURA!

YOU ALL
RIGHT-?

FINE. SUIT TOOK THE
BRUNT. BETTER WATCH
OUT FOR MORE ROCKS
BLASTING US.



THIS IS
NO ROCK.



CAPTAIN, I'VE
GOT MULTIPLE
CONTACTS
CLOSING IN ALL
AROUND US!



PHASERS
READY!

SPOCK!
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?
IS THAT
YOU?



CAPTAIN!
OVER THERE!



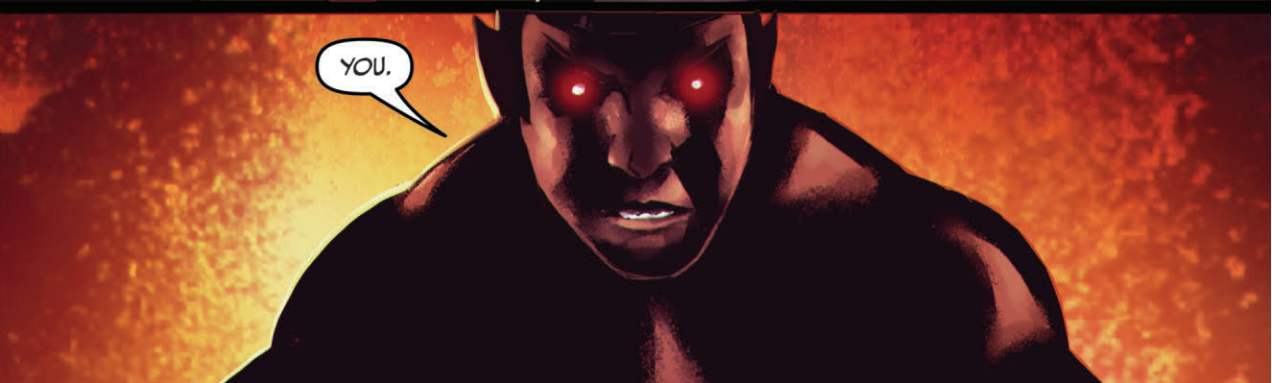
LOST
THEM IN THE
SHADOWS—

GAT



CAN'T
SEE WHERE
THEY'RE COMING
FROM!

KRAANG





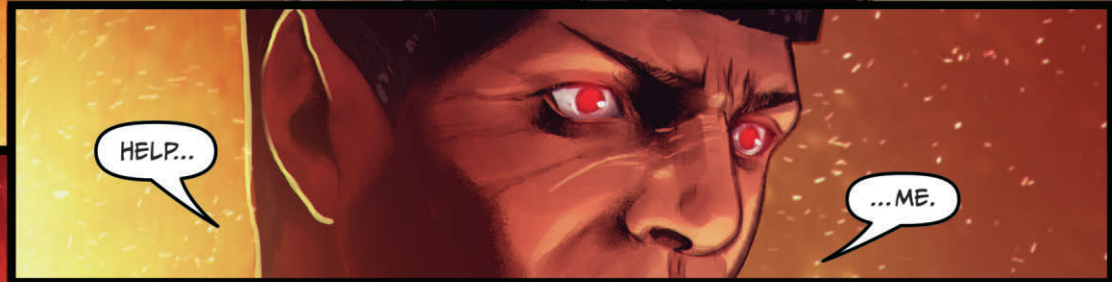
SPOCK!

STOP THIS!
WE'RE HERE
TO TAKE YOU
BACK!

BACK...



SPOCK,
LISTEN TO ME.
THIS ISN'T YOU.
LET US HELP
YOU.



HELP...

...ME.



YES. THAT'S
RIGHT.
LET US HELP
YOU. LET US TAKE
YOU HOME.

HOME...?
NO.



HOME.

IS HERE.



IT BEGINS.



ALERT THE REST
OF THE FLEET THAT
WE ARE READY
TO LEAVE THE
SYSTEM.

WE WILL
RENDEZVOUS AT THE
ARRANGED COORDINATES
AND PREPARE FOR OUR
FIRST ASSAULT.



PERHAPS WE
SHOULD WAIT,
COMMANDER
KOR.

THESE NEW
WARP DRIVES AND
WEAPONS SYSTEMS
HAVE YET TO BE
FULLY TESTED—



TESTED?

WE ARE GOING
TO TEST THEM NOW. IF
YOU ARE FRIGHTENED,
YOU WOULD DO WELL
TO ABANDON SHIP.

WE HAVE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH TO SHOW
OUR ENEMIES WHAT WE
HAVE BUILT. AND BY THE
TIME THEY REALIZE WHAT
WE HAVE DONE...

HHKK—!

"...IT WILL BE TOO LATE."







Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Goleash

TIM
BRAD-
STREET
2012



SCOTTY, ARE
YOU SEEING
THIS?



AYE,
CAPTAIN!
IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU'VE
FOUND MISTER
SPOCK! WELL
DONE!

NOT
DONE YET,
SCOTTY!

I NEED YOU
TO LOCK ONTO OUR
SIGNALS! AS SOON AS
WE GET SPOCK UNDER
CONTROL YOU NEED
TO BEAM US OUT
OF HERE!



HAPPY TO DO SO,
SIR, BUT YOU'LL NEED
TO GET CLEAR OF
THAT LAVA FIELD
FIRST!

THE MAGNETICS ARE
ALREADY MUCKING WITH
YOUR VISUAL FEED! I'D HATE
FOR THE SAME THING TO
HAPPEN TO YOUR *BODIES*
MID-BEAMING!

MR.
SCOTT...





...IT'S A RISK
WE MIGHT HAVE
TO TAKE!

EVERYBODY
KEEP PHASERS ON
STUN! DON'T FIRE
UNLESS—



RAAHH!

WHOA—!



YYYAA!

NNNH—





CAPTAIN, YOUR
HELMET FEEDS HAVE
FAILED, BUT I'VE STILL
GOT AUDIO! WHAT'S
HAPPENING DOWN
THERE?!

STANDBY,
SCOTTY! GET
READY TO BEAM
US OUT!

SKOW

SKOW



SPOCK!

SPOCK, TELL
THEM TO STOP!
WE'RE HERE TO
HELP YOU!



SPOCK...

IT'S ME...

PLEASE... I KNOW
YOU'RE IN THERE
SOMEWHERE...




NO—!

RRRAHH—!





A close-up of Spock's face, looking directly forward with a serious expression. He is wearing his orange Vulcan uniform.

THEY
ARE LOST
TO US.

FOREVER.


A wide shot of the Starship Enterprise bridge. Spock is seated at the command console on the left, looking towards the right. Captain Kirk is standing on the right, facing Spock. Other crew members are visible at their stations in the background.

I DON'T
ACCEPT THAT,
T'PRING.

AS LONG AS
COMMANDER SPOCK
IS STILL BREATHING,
I'M NOT GIVING
UP ON HIM.

YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN. IT IS
CLEAR NOW THAT THIS IS NOT
PON FARR AS WE HAVE KNOWN
IT IN THE PAST. PERHAPS IT IS
DUE TO THE LOSS OF OUR
HOMEWORLD.

NOT EVEN
THE VIOLENCE THEY
EXHIBITED TOWARDS
YOU HAS EASED THEIR
CONDITION. IT IS THEIR
NATURAL STATE
NOW.

A close-up of Spock's face on the left and the back of Kirk's head on the right. Spock is looking towards Kirk.

THE LOGICAL
RESPONSE IS TO
ACCEPT THAT FACT
AND LEAVE THEM
IN *PEACE*.

A close-up of Captain Kirk's face, looking directly forward with a determined expression.

I'VE NEVER BEEN
GREAT WITH THE LOGICAL
RESPONSE, T'PRING.

KIRK OUT.

"ALL OF THEM?!"



ABOUT
TWENTY-FIVE,
YEAH.

THEY WON'T
FIT!

THEY'LL
FIT.

YOU WANT TO BEAM
**TWENTY-FIVE ANGRY
VULCANS** ABOARD
THIS SHIP...



...AND,
MIND YOU, IN
CASE YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN, I
SAW WHAT **ONE
ANGRY VULCAN**
CAN DO THE
FIRST TIME I
EVER BEAMED
ABOARD THIS
SHIP...

...AND NOW
YOU WANT TO
BEAM TWENTY-FIVE
OF THEM ABOARD...
TO STUDY THEM?!



ABOUT
TWENTY-FIVE,
YEAH. AND I'M NOT
GOING TO STUDY
THEM.

**BONES
IS.**

DON'T LET
MY JOY AT
THE PROSPECT
OVERWHELM
YOU.







"EXPLAIN IT TO ME AGAIN, KID. I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A XENO-GEOPHYSICIST."

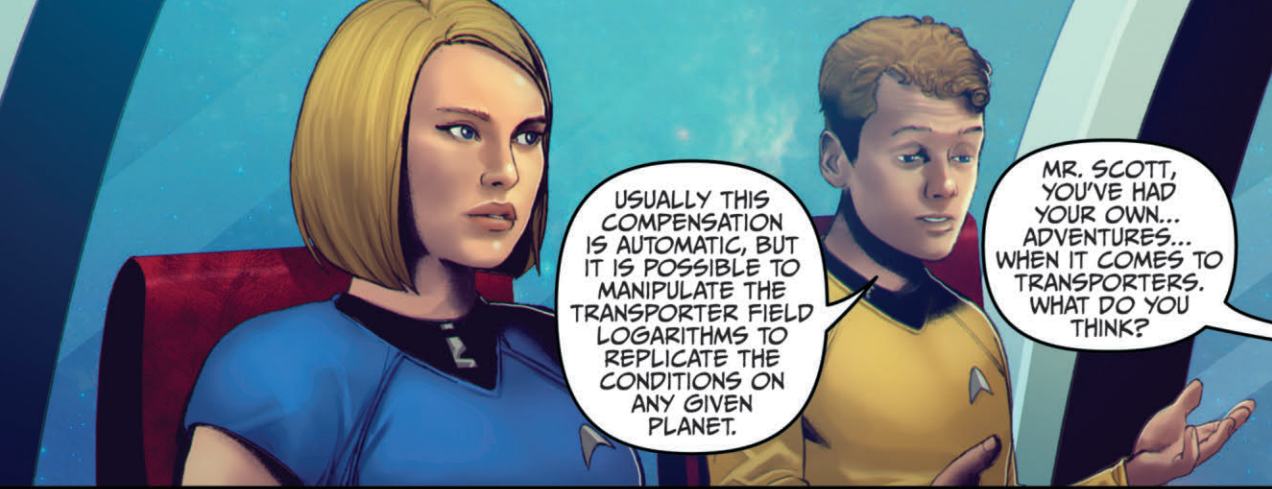
"CERTAINLY, DR. MCCOY!"



THE IDEA THAT LIEUTENANT MARCUS AND I PROPOSE IS BASED ON CUTTING-EDGE RESEARCH INTO *BEAM THEORY*.

EVERY PLANET WE BEAM TO OR FROM HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE SIGNATURE BASED ON ITS OWN ATMOSPHERICS, ITS OWN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS AND ITS AMBIENT RADIATION LEVELS.

EVERY TIME WE BEAM TO OR FROM A PLANET, THE TRANSPORTER COMPENSATES FOR THE DIFFERENCE IN ALL OF THESE FACTORS BETWEEN THE PLANET'S SURFACE AND THE INSIDE OF THE *ENTERPRISE*, SO WE ARRIVE IN THE SAME CONDITION WE LEFT.



USUALLY THIS COMPENSATION IS AUTOMATIC, BUT IT IS POSSIBLE TO MANIPULATE THE TRANSPORTER FIELD LOGARITHMS TO REPLICATE THE CONDITIONS ON ANY GIVEN PLANET.

MR. SCOTT, YOU'VE HAD YOUR OWN... ADVENTURES... WHEN IT COMES TO TRANSPORTERS. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



AYE, SIR, AND THANK YOU FOR NOT MENTIONING THE BEAGLE SPECIFICALLY!

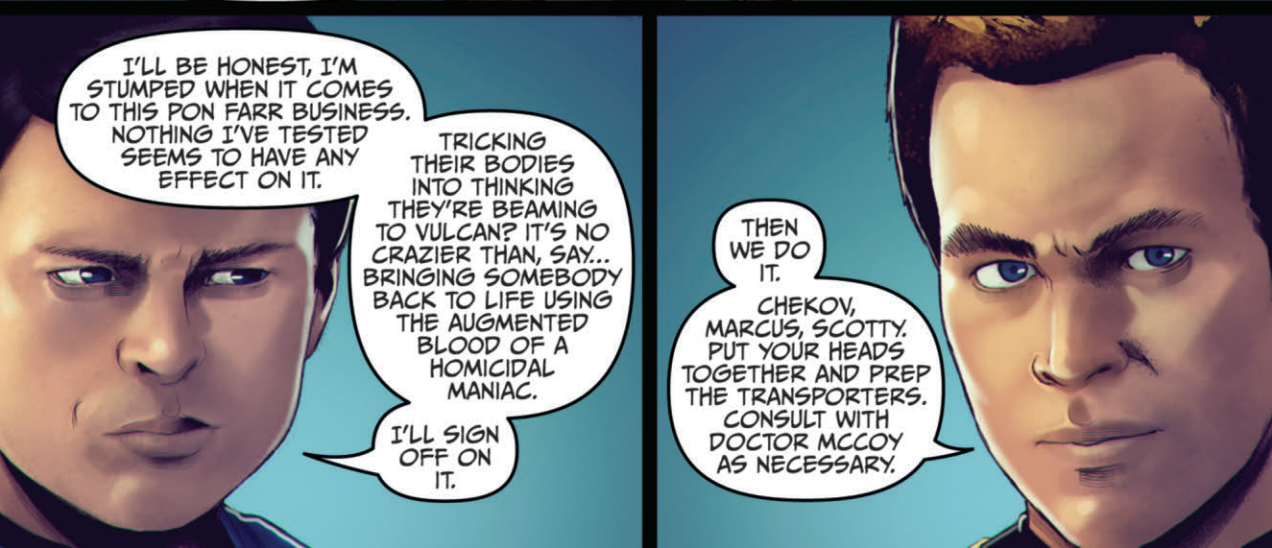
YES, EVERYTHING MR. CHEKOV SAYS IS TRUE. IT IS POSSIBLE TO "FOOL" THE TRANSPORTER TO THINK IT'S BEAMING TO OR FROM SOMEWHERE IT ISN'T.



WHAT CHEKOV AND I PROPOSE IS TO FOOL THE TRANSPORTER INTO THINKING WE ARE IN ORBIT AROUND **VULCAN**.

EVERY ORGANISM HAS A COMPLEX, INEXTRICABLE LINK TO ITS HOME ENVIRONMENT. FROM WHAT WE'VE LEARNED OF PON FARR, IT APPEARS THAT—BEFORE VULCAN'S DESTRUCTION—RETURNING TO THEIR PLANET WAS ESSENTIAL FOR RESTORING NORMAL FUNCTIONING OF A VULCAN'S NERVOUS SYSTEM.

WE BELIEVE THAT THE CURRENT CONDITION OF SPOCK AND THE OTHERS IS SO EXTREME BECAUSE THEY LITERALLY **CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN**.



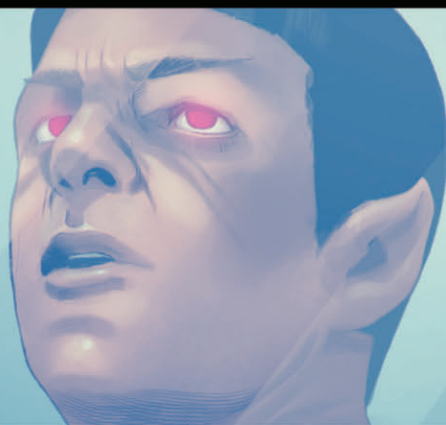
I'LL BE HONEST, I'M STUMPED WHEN IT COMES TO THIS PON FARR BUSINESS. NOTHING I'VE TESTED SEEMS TO HAVE ANY EFFECT ON IT.

TRICKING THEIR BODIES INTO THINKING THEY'RE BEAMING TO VULCAN? IT'S NO CRAZIER THAN, SAY... BRINGING SOMEBODY BACK TO LIFE USING THE AUGMENTED BLOOD OF A HOMICIDAL MANIAC.

I'LL SIGN OFF ON IT.

THEN WE DO IT.

CHEKOV, MARCUS, SCOTTY. PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER AND PREP THE TRANSPORTERS. CONSULT WITH DOCTOR MCCOY AS NECESSARY.



I KNOW
WHEN YOU
FELL IN LOVE
WITH ME.



IT WAS THE
FIRST TIME I
BEAT YOU AT
*CH*ESS.

BEFORE
WE PLAYED, YOU
SUGGESTED THAT THE
TWO-DIMENSIONAL
VERSION MIGHT AT
LEAST GIVE ME A
FIGHTING CHANCE.

I WASN'T OFFENDED. YOU'D
WON EVERY GAME OF CH



...*LOGICALLY*...

... THAT YOU
COULD NEVER
LOSE.



BEST PART
OF WINNING
FOR ME WAS
THE REACTION
ON YOUR
FACE.

THERE
WASN'T
ONE.



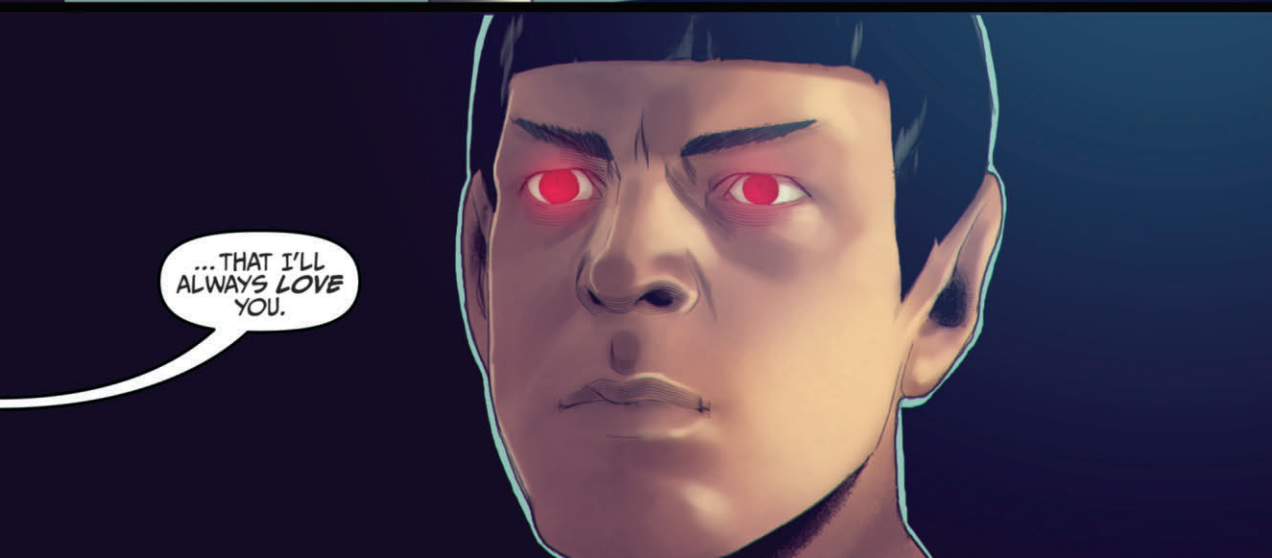
BUT THE NEXT
DAY THIS WAS
LEFT ON MY
DESK WITHOUT
A NOTE.

I KNEW THAT
YOUR CHESS SET
WAS NOW MISSING
A PIECE...
...AND THAT
I HAD YOUR
HEART.

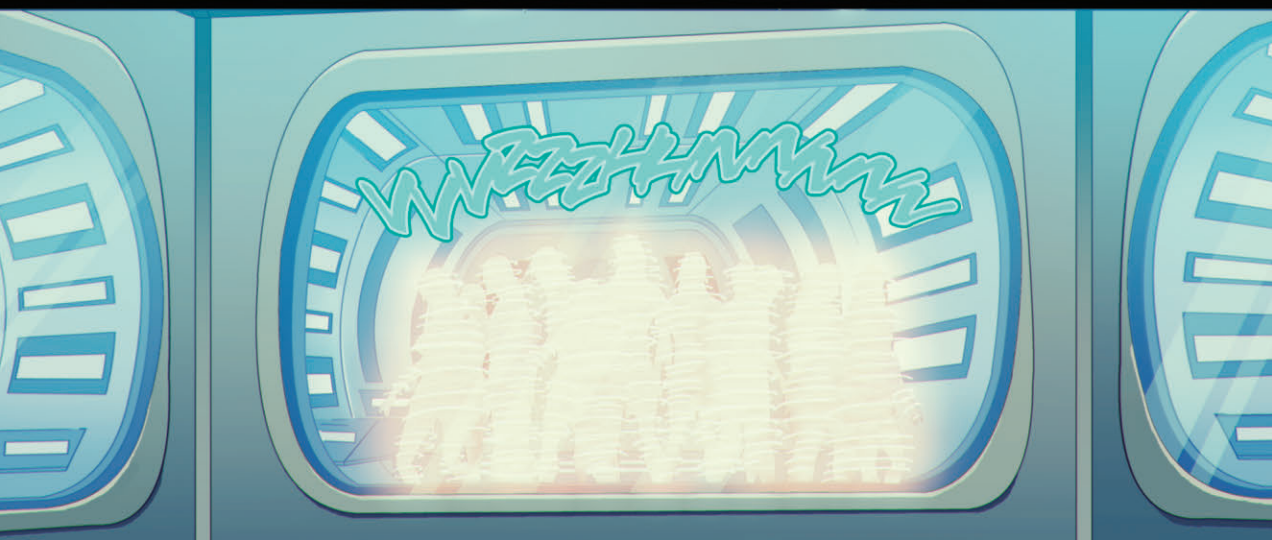
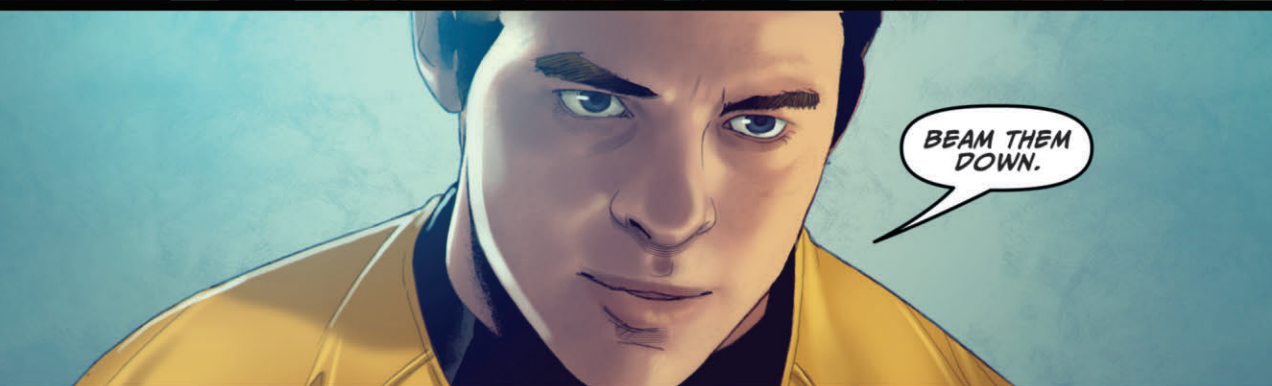


I JUST WANT
YOU TO KNOW THAT
I FORGIVE YOU. I
KNOW THAT YOU ARE
SUFFERING. AND I
KNOW YOU CAN'T
REALLY HEAR ME
ANYMORE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
IS GOING TO HAPPEN. I
DON'T KNOW IF I'VE LOST
YOU FOREVER. BUT EVEN IF
THE WORST HAPPENS, I
KNOW SEEING THIS AGAIN
REMINDS YOU...



...THAT I'LL
ALWAYS LOVE
YOU.



"KEPTIN, THIS IS GOING
TO TAKE LONGER THAN A
NORMAL TRANSPORT!



"WE SHOULD KNOW IN A
MINUTE IF EET WORKED!

"IF..."



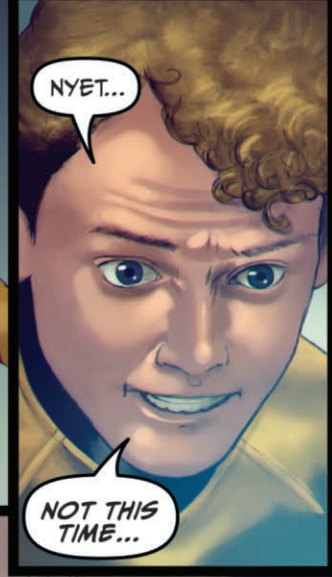
"...IF COMMANDER SPOCK
SURVIVED. I HAVE FULL
FAITH IN YOU, MR. CHEKOV."





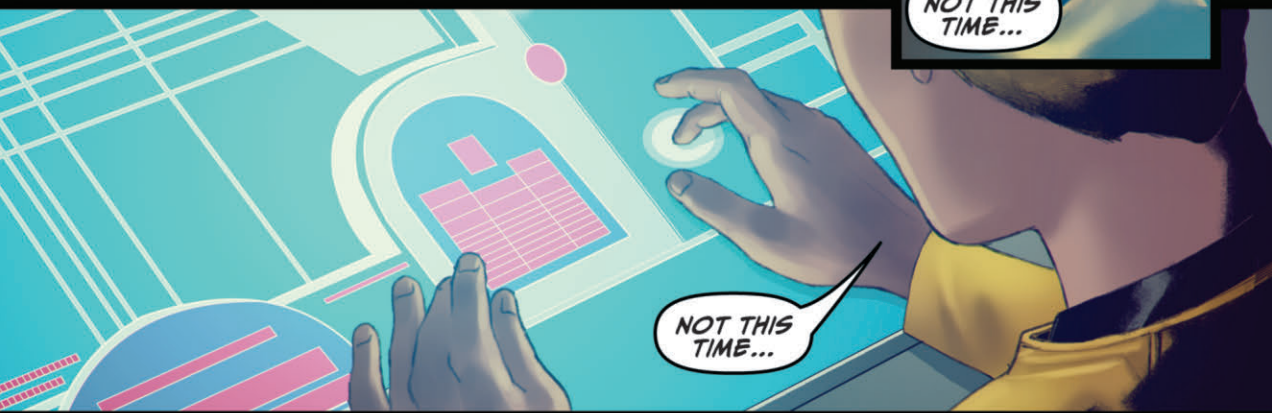


HANG ON,
HIS SIGNAL...
... SOME
KIND OF
INTERFERENCE...
**BLAST IT!
NO!**



NYET...

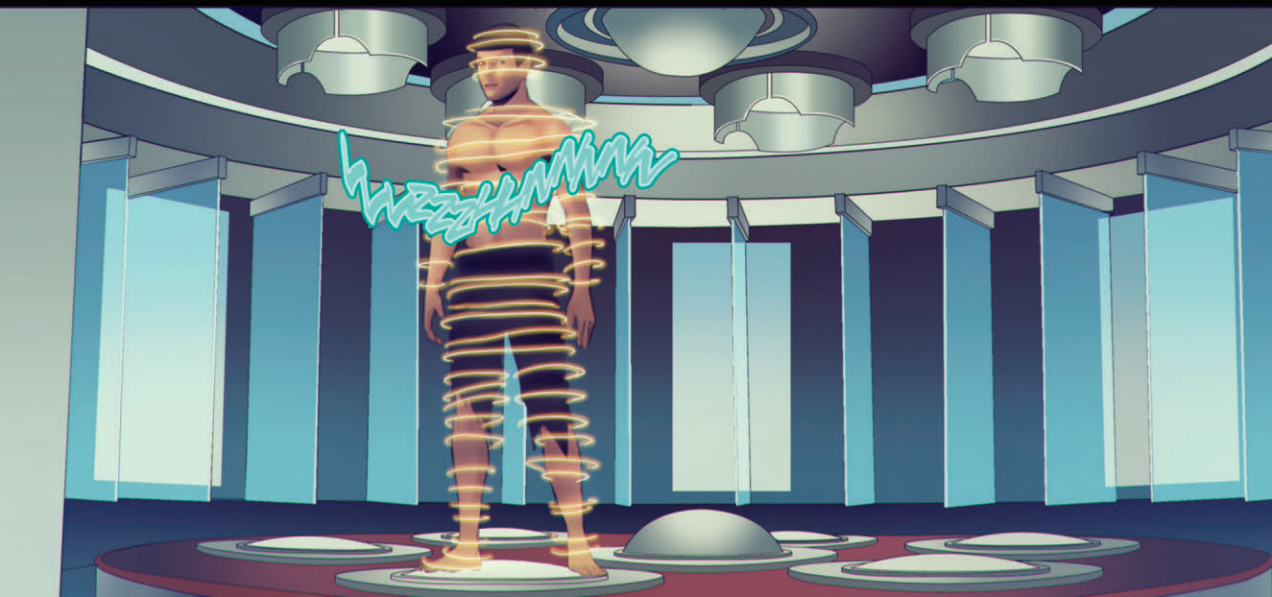
NOT THIS
TIME...



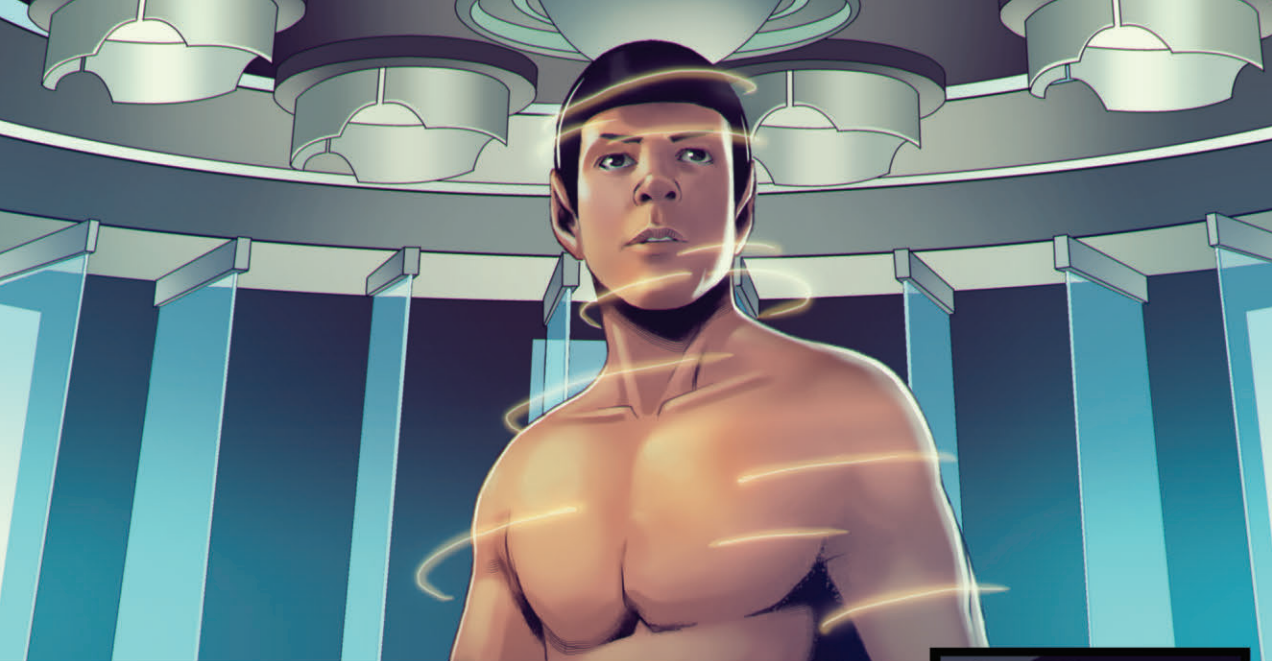
NOT THIS
TIME...



NE V ETOT
RAZ...



WAAAAAAAAA





GOOD NEWS ALL AROUND, T'PRING.

INDEED, CAPTAIN. OUR LOST BRETHREN HAVE RETURNED TO THE COLONY WITH THEIR HEALTH AND SANITY RESTORED.

THANKS TO THE HYPOTHESIS YOU TESTED AT GREAT RISK, WE NOW HAVE THE BEGINNINGS OF A CURE FOR WHEN PON FARR AFFECTS ANY OF US AGAIN. TO CONTINUE TO CLING TO THE OLD WAYS WOULD BE ILLOGICAL.

INDEED, T'PRING. AND YET I HOPE THAT YOU ARE NOT OFFENDED BY MY DECISION TO RE-ASSUME MY DUTIES ON THE ENTERPRISE.

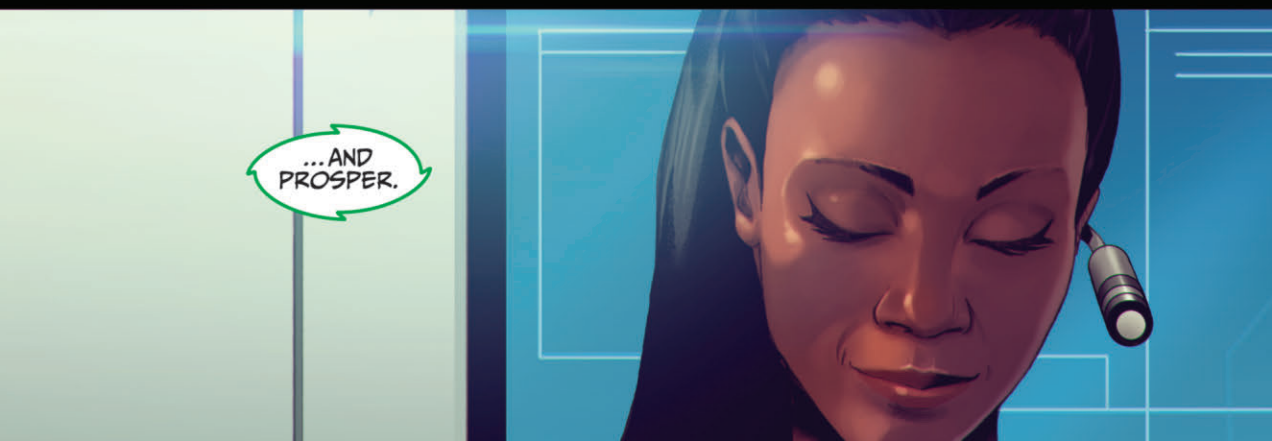


THE PROMISE WE MADE TO EACH OTHER IN OUR YOUTH WAS NEVER ONE I TOOK LIGHTLY.



NOR I, SPOCK. BUT YOUR PLACE IS THERE, AS MINE IS HERE.

LIVE LONG, MY OLD FRIEND...



...AND PROSPER.

ELSEWHERE.

THE ENTERPRISE
IS NOW DEPARTING THE
NEW VULCAN SYSTEM. WE
WILL KEEP IT UNDER
SURVEILLANCE.

WHAT IS
THE LATEST
FROM THE
EMPIRES?

REPORTS HAVE
THE NEW KLINGON
FLEET APPROACHING
THE EDGE OF THEIR
SECTOR EN ROUTE
TO ORION.

AS WE
ANTICIPATED.

THE ROMULAN
FLEET IS EN ROUTE TO
RENDEZVOUS WITH US
NEAR KHITOMER.

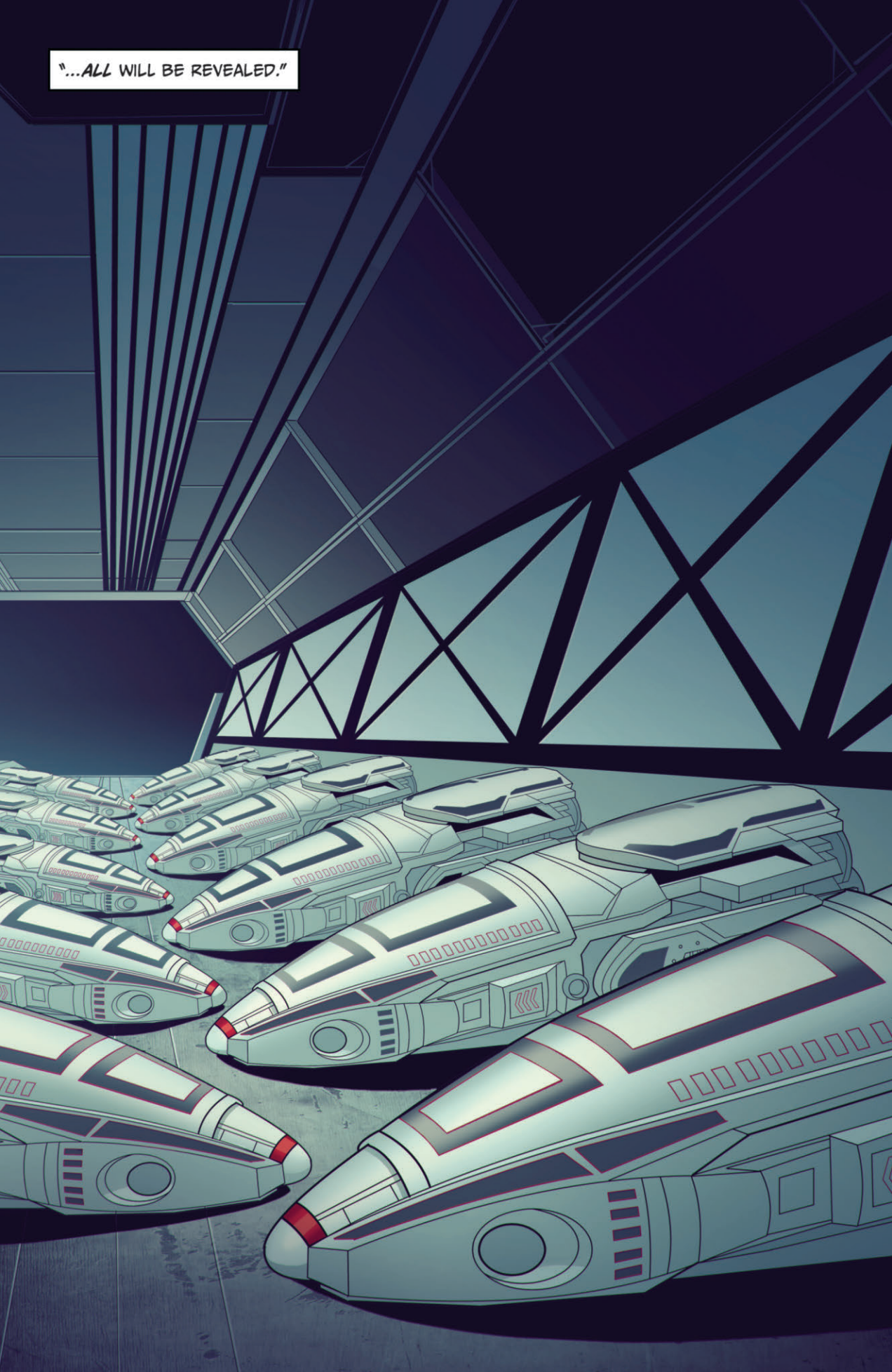
AS WE
PLANNED.

DO WE EXPLAIN
THE NEXT PHASE OF
OUR OPERATION TO
THE ROMULANS AT
KHITOMER?

PATIENCE.

WHY NOT LET
THEIR SOLDIERS
FIGHT OUR BATTLES
FOR US, FOR NOW?
WHEN THE TIME IS
RIGHT...

"...ALL WILL BE REVEALED."







Artwork by Tim Bradstreet
Colors by Grant Coleash

CAPTAIN'S PERSONAL LOG,
STARDATE 2260.115.

I HAD THE
NIGHTMARE
AGAIN.

THE ONE WITH
THE *SCALES*. THE
CLICK OF GIANT
CLAWS AGAINST
COLD FLOORS.

THE HISS OF AN
ANGRY ANIMAL AS IT
TRIES TO KILL ME.

AGAIN.

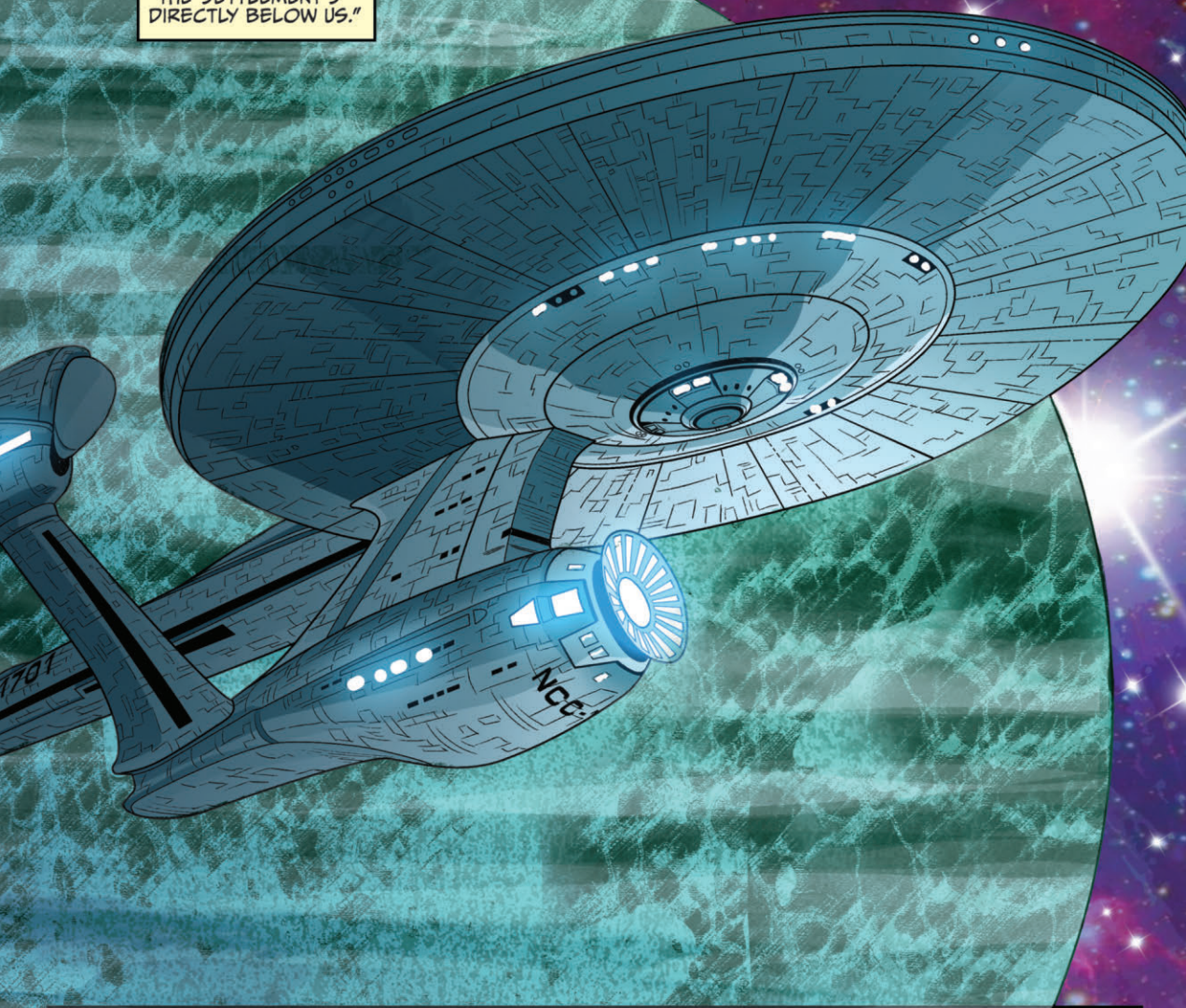
THEY DON'T TEACH YOU
THIS AT THE ACADEMY.

THEY TELL YOU THAT
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
UNIMAGINABLE THINGS
OUT THERE...

...BUT THEY
DON'T TELL YOU
WHAT IT DOES TO
YOUR *DREAMS*.

"STANDARD ORBIT ESTABLISHED
OVER PARTHENON 559, CAPTAIN.

"THE SETTLEMENT'S
DIRECTLY BELOW US."

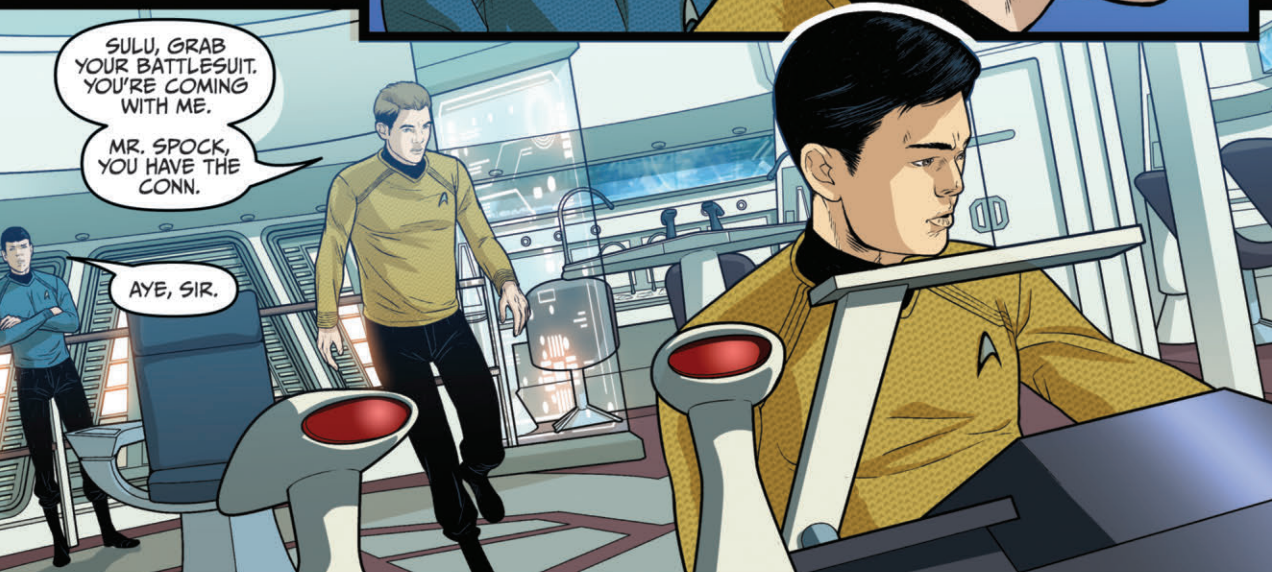
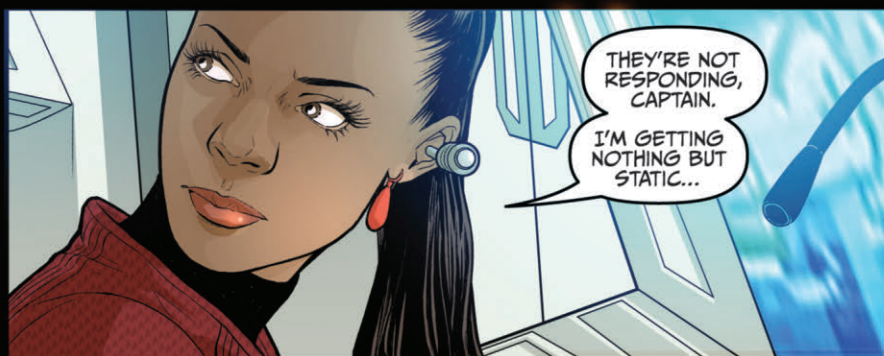


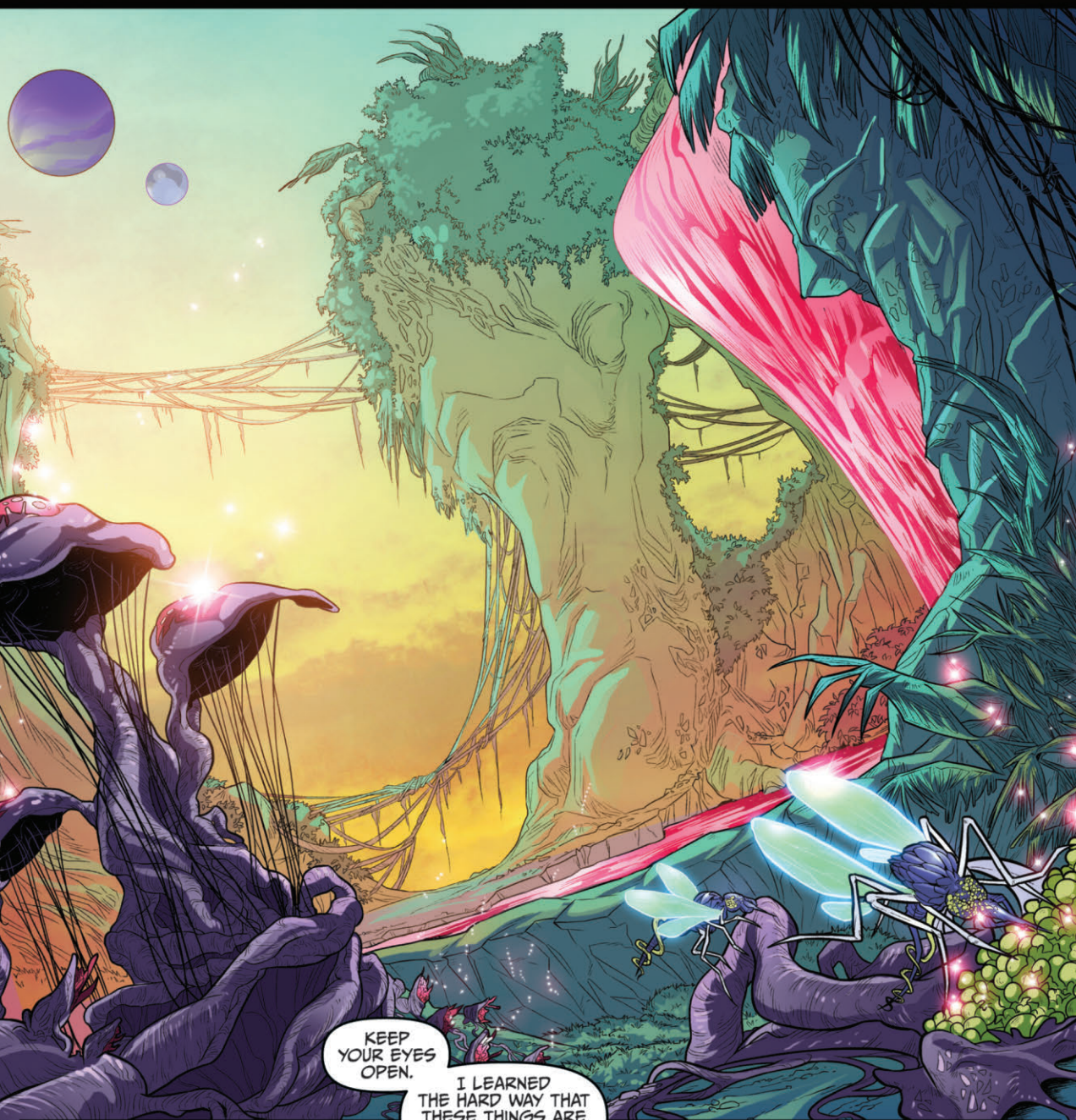
VERY
GOOD, MR.
SULU.

LIEUTENANT
UHURA, HAIL
THEM.

AND LET'S
PRAY WE'RE
NOT TOO
LATE.







KEEP
YOUR EYES
OPEN.

I LEARNED
THE HARD WAY THAT
THESE THINGS ARE
FASTER THAN
THEY LOOK.

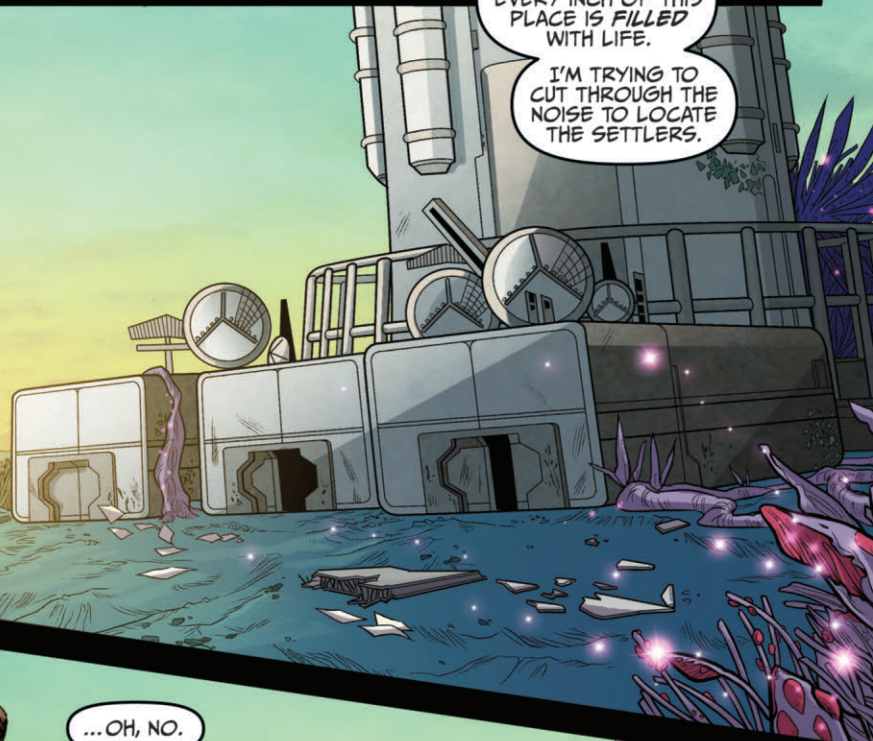
THE
SETTLEMENT'S
JUST BEYOND THE
FAR TREE LINE,
CAPTAIN.





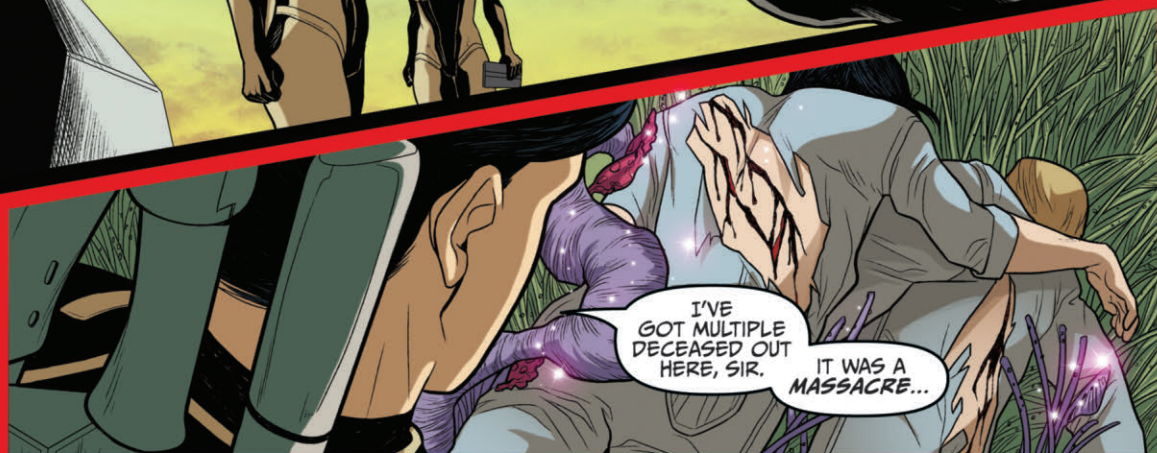
THIS IS IT. STAY ALERT!

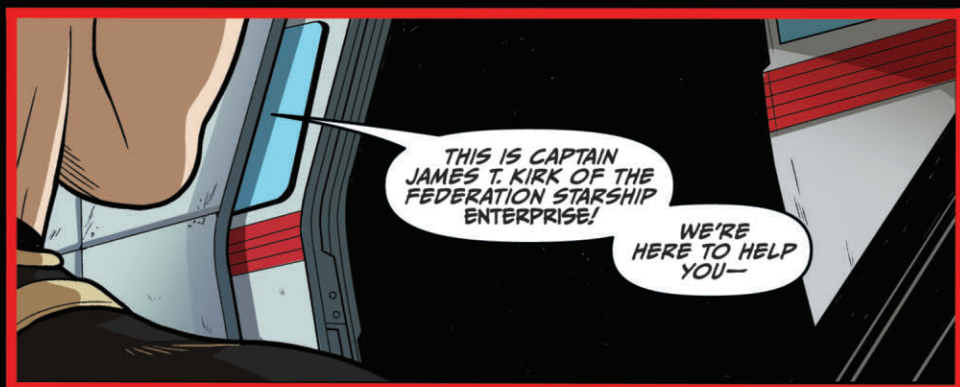
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS...




HELLO! CAN ANYONE—

...OH, NO.









"WE'RE THE ADVANCE TEAM FOR A MINING CONCERN WITH RIGHTS TO THIS SYSTEM."

"SET UP SHOP A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SMOOTHER."



THIS PLANET'S A GOLD MINE. WE WERE RUNNING THE USUAL SURVEY SWEEPS OUT FROM THE BASE CAMP WHEN WE STUMBLED INTO A NEST OF THOSE...

...THINGS. THEY FOLLOWED US HOME AND...

...MY GOD. IT WAS LIKE FEEDING TIME FOR THOSE ANIMALS.




I UNDERSTAND, MR. HENDERSON. WE'VE HAD *FIRST-HAND* EXPERIENCE WITH THEM OURSELVES.

THAT'S WHY WE WERE SENT TO ANSWER YOUR INITIAL DISTRESS CALL. WE'RE HERE TO TAKE THEM INTO CUSTODY.



CUSTODY?

NO! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT *KILLING MACHINES!* YOU'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THERE AND WIPE THEM OUT!



THAT'S NOT QUITE HOW WE *OPERATE*, MR. HENDERSON. BUT WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF YOUR TEAM GOING FORWARD.



LAST TIME WE SAW THEM, THE GORN ENTERED OUR GALAXY THROUGH THE RIP IN SPACE-TIME CAUSED BY THE HELIOS DEVICE.

IF THEY'VE FOUND A NEW WAY TO GET HERE FROM THEIR SECTOR...

I FEAR THE ASSEMBLED MIGHT OF STARFLEET WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH TO DEFEND AGAINST A FULL SCALE GORN INVASION.



AGREED. BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF A FLEET. JUST A FEW GORN ATTACKING A SINGLE SETTLEMENT ON A REMOTE JUNGLE MOON.

MAYBE THEY'RE STRAGGLERS FROM THE FORCE THAT CAME THROUGH BEFORE. OR MAYBE THEY'RE ADVANCE SCOUTS FOR THAT INVASION.

EITHER WAY, IT'S **ROUND TWO** FOR US, COMMANDER.



"ROUND TWO," CAPTAIN?

IT'S A **BOXING** TERM, SPOCK. Y'KNOW, **SPORTS**?



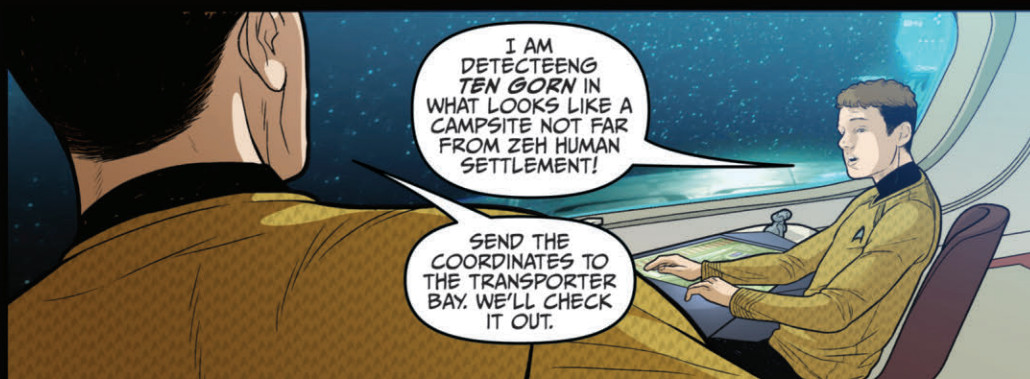
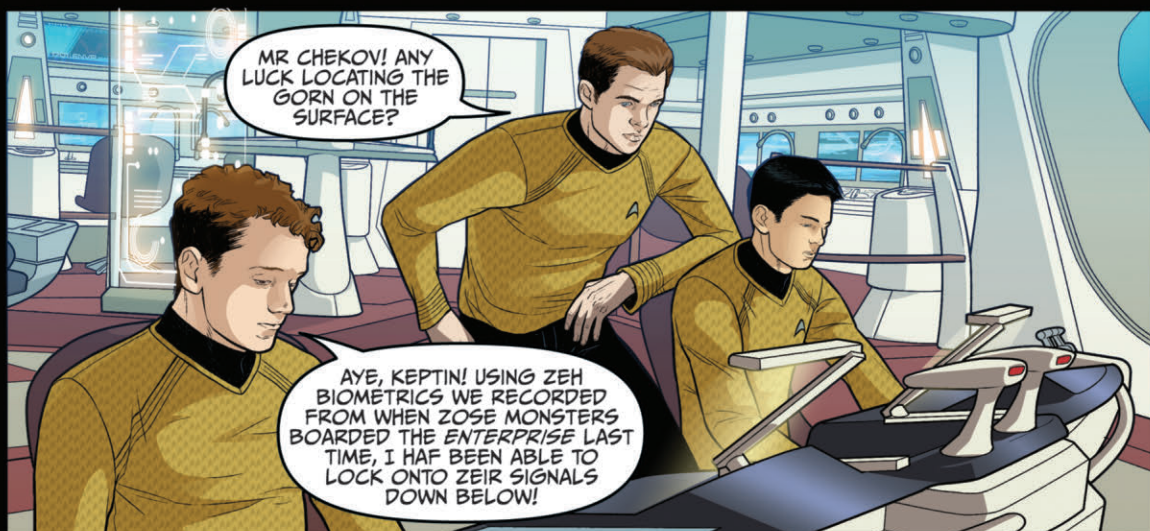
AH. SPORTS.

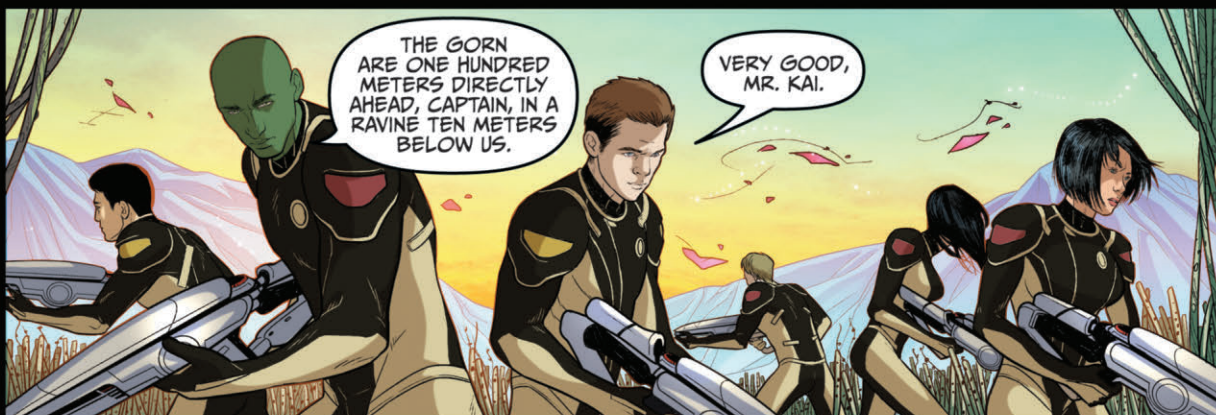
VULCANS DO NOT SEE THE LOGIC IN SUCH ACTIVITIES. SIMPLE PHYSICAL EXERTION WITHOUT A TANGIBLE CONSTRUCTIVE EFFECT ON SOCIETY APPEARS TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A WASTE OF ENERGY.



OF COURSE IT DOES.

NEVER MIND. TIME TO GET WHAT INTEL WE CAN FROM THE SCANS AND TAKE THESE BASTARDS BY SURPRISE.





THE GORN
ARE ONE HUNDRED
METERS DIRECTLY
AHEAD, CAPTAIN, IN A
RAVINE TEN METERS
BELOW US.

VERY GOOD,
MR. KAI.



CAPTAIN,
I'VE UPDATED THE
TRICORDERS' TRANSLATORS
WITH A RUDIMENTARY GORN
LANGUAGE PROGRAM BASED
ON WHAT WE RECORDED
DURING OUR PREVIOUS
ENCOUNTER.

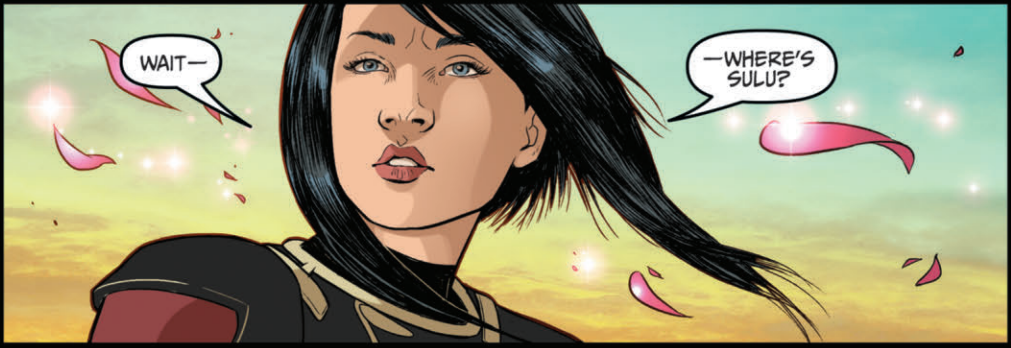


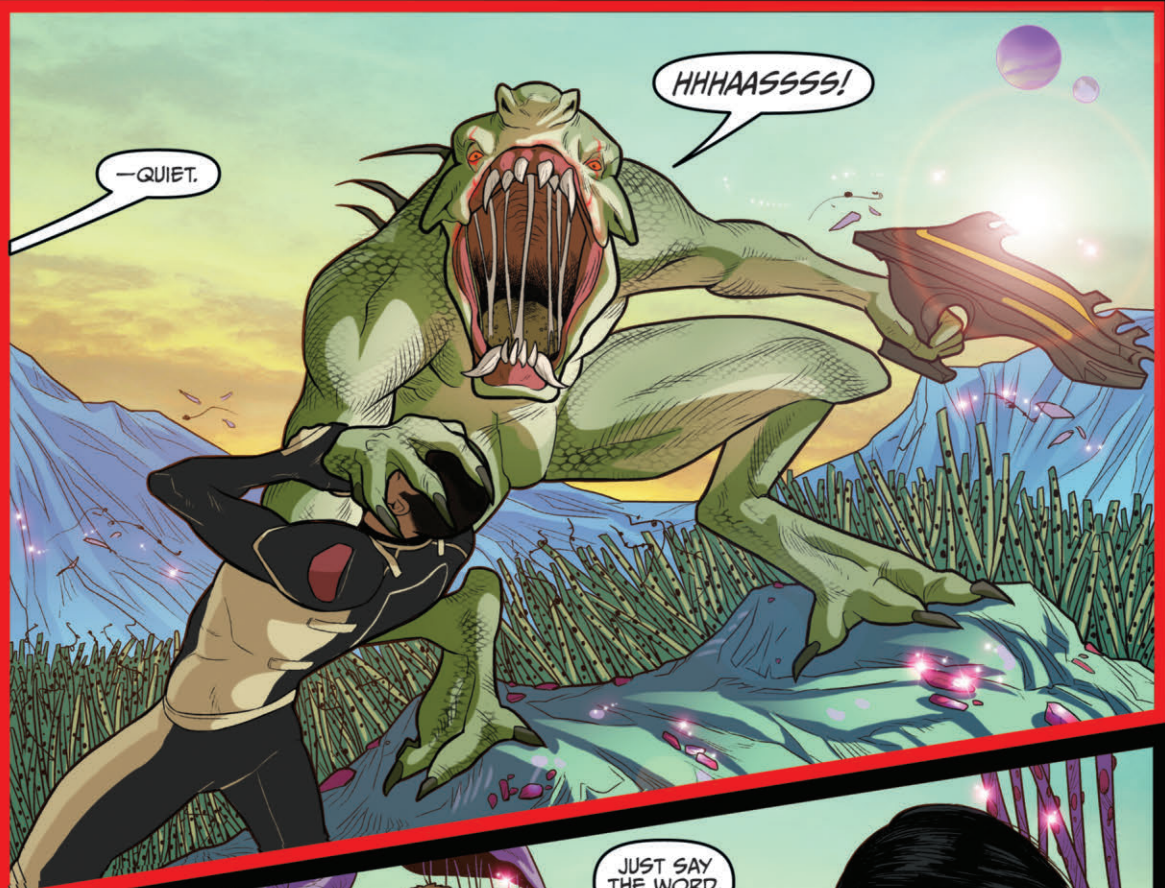
IT SHOULD
BE ENOUGH TO
COMMUNICATE
WITH THEM AS
NEEDED.

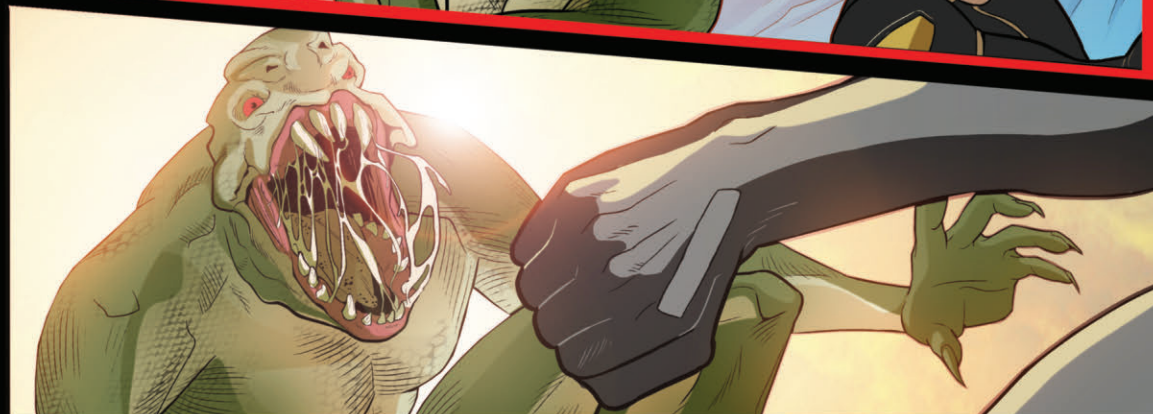
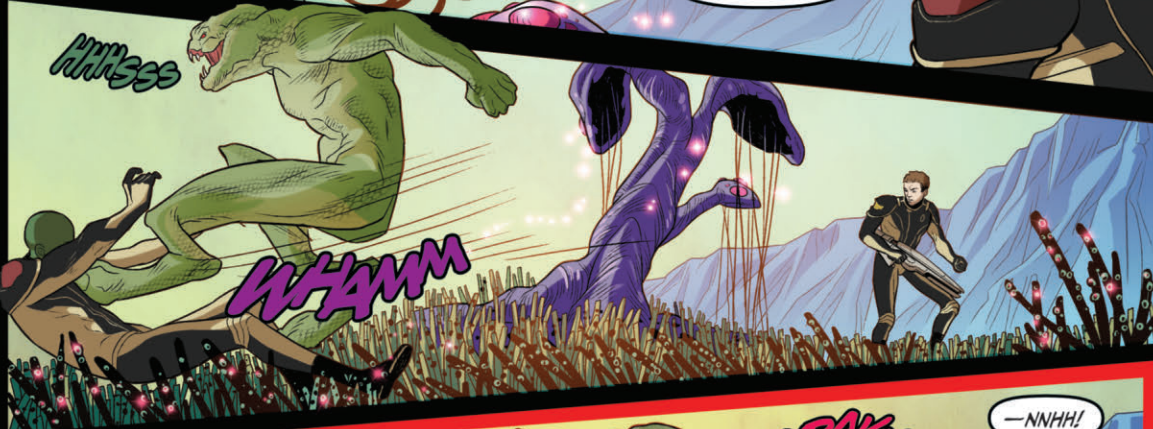
GOOD
WORK, UHURA.
BUT SOMETHING
TELLS ME...

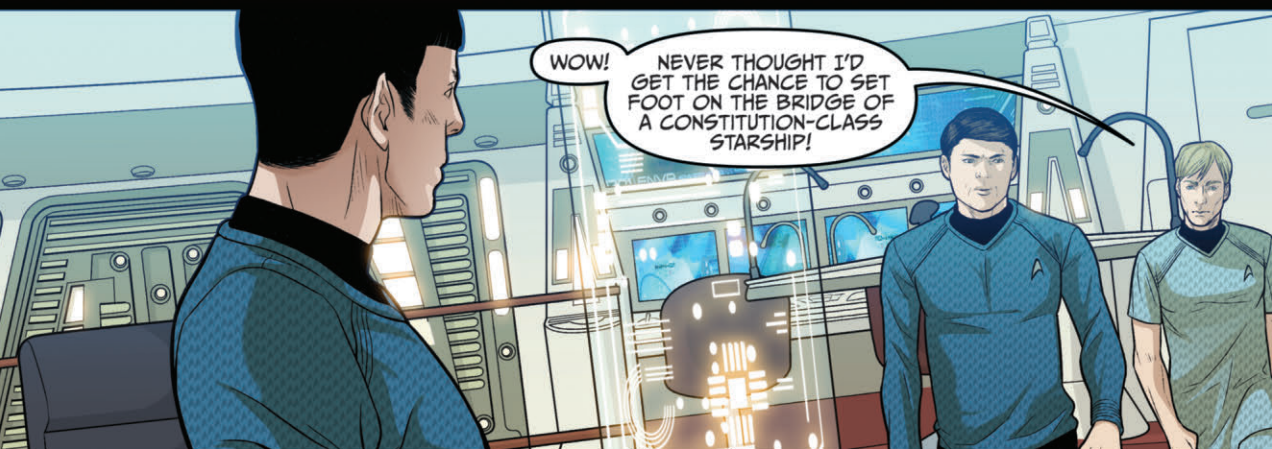


...TALKING
ISN'T GOING TO
HELP US.









WOW!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D
GET THE CHANCE TO SET
FOOT ON THE BRIDGE OF
A CONSTITUTION-CLASS
STARSHIP!



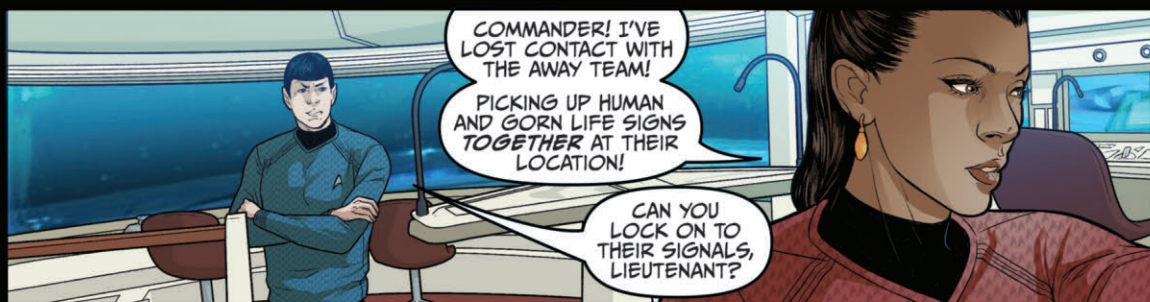
I AM PLEASED
TO SEE YOU WELL
ENOUGH TO DO SO,
MR. HENDERSON.

WE ARE CURRENTLY
REPAIRING YOUR COMPUTER
MAINFRAME. I BELIEVE WE
CAN SALVAGE MOST OF THE
SURVEY DATA YOU ACQUIRED
PRIOR TO THE ATTACK.



YOU'RE
A LIFESAVER,
MR. SPOCK!

*I'M THE
LIFESAVER, ACTUALLY.
AND I THINK YOU'D
BETTER BE GETTING
BACK TO SICKBAY
NOW.*



COMMANDER! I'VE
LOST CONTACT WITH
THE AWAY TEAM!

PICKING UP HUMAN
AND GORN LIFE SIGNS
TOGETHER AT THEIR
LOCATION!

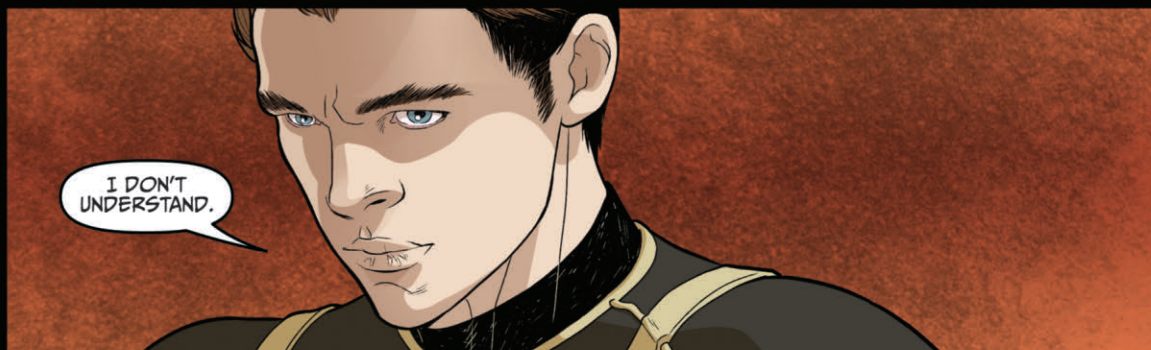
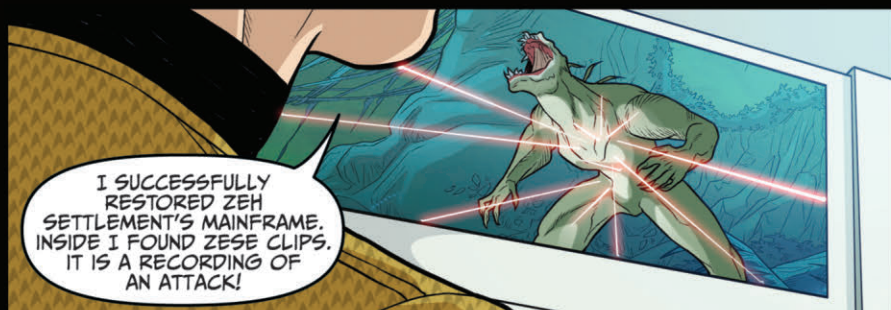
CAN YOU
LOCK ON TO
THEIR SIGNALS,
LIEUTENANT?



NEGATIVE!
SOMETHING'S
INTERFERING WITH
A CLEAN LOCK!

MOST LIKELY
GORN TECHNOLOGY
IS RESPONSIBLE.
CONTINUE MONITORING
THE SITUATION...







YOU DIDN'T COME TO OUR GALAXY WITH THE REST OF THE GORN?

WE DID.

WE LEFT THEM. THEY WERE NO LONGER OUR CLAN.



WE DID NOT SHARE THE CLAN MISSION.

NOTHING BUT BLOOD. NOTHING BUT DEATH.

IT HAS BEEN THE GORN WAY FOR EONS.

BUT WE FEW LEAVE IT BEHIND.

WE SEEK A BETTER WAY.

WE SEEK LIFE.

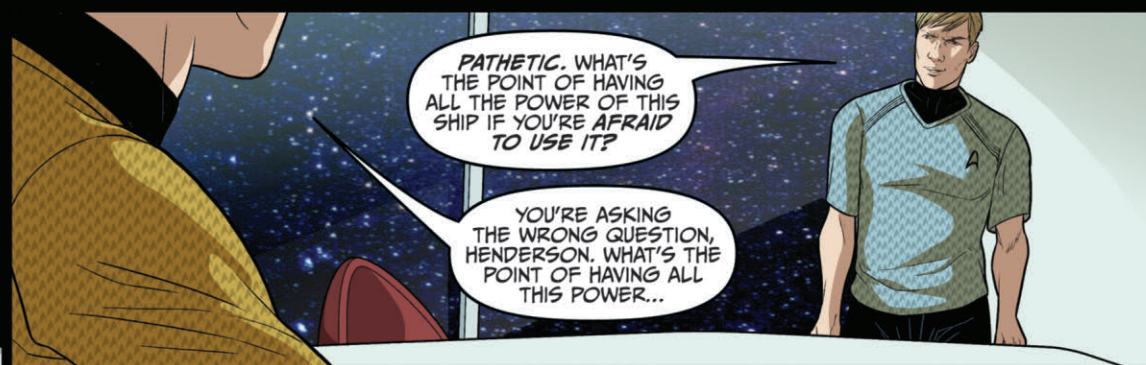
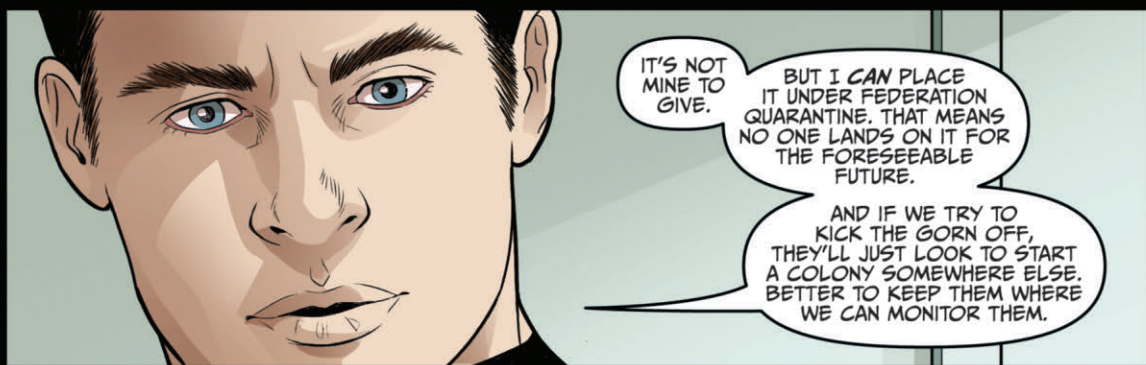
LIFE?

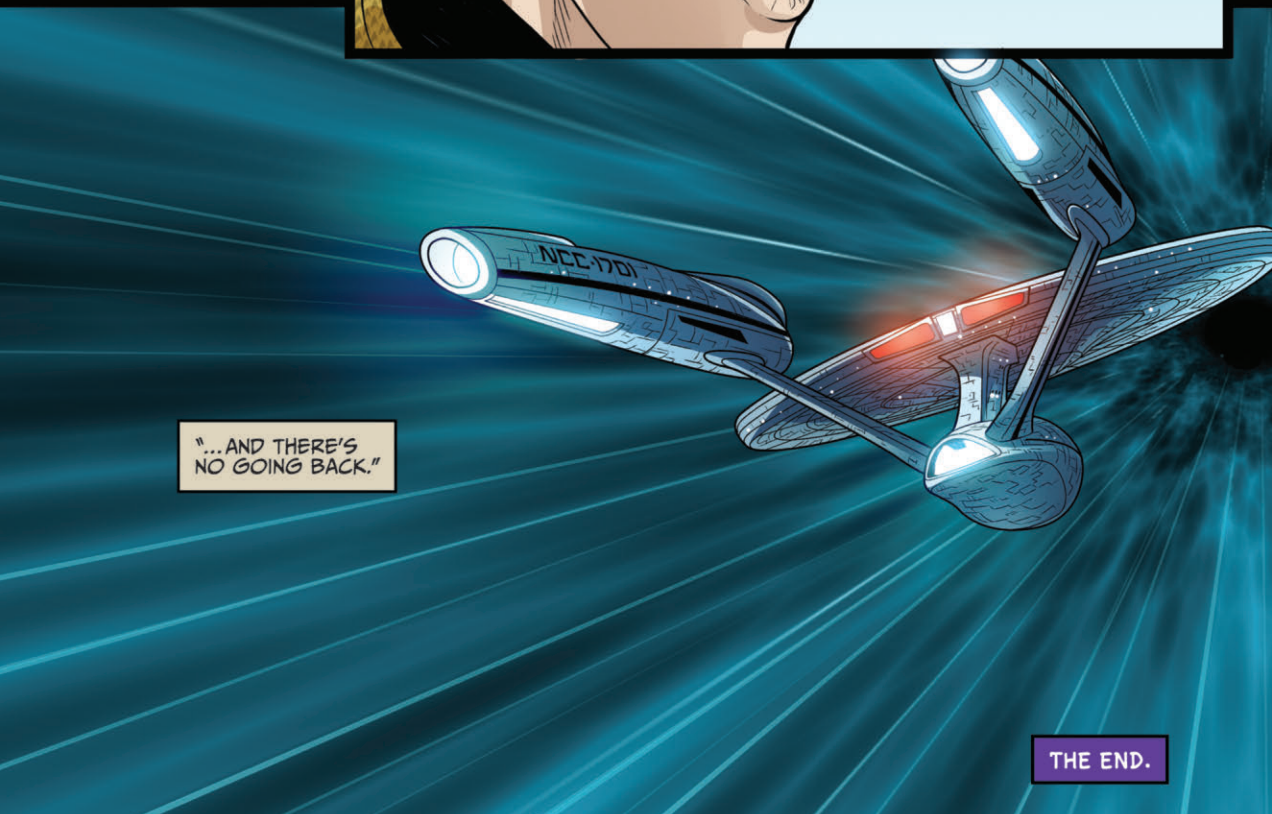
LIKE THE LIVES YOU ENDED BACK AT THE SETTLEMENT?

FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER MEMBER OF YOUR BLOODTHIRSTY SPECIES.











Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



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Tim Bradstreet



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Tim Bradstreet



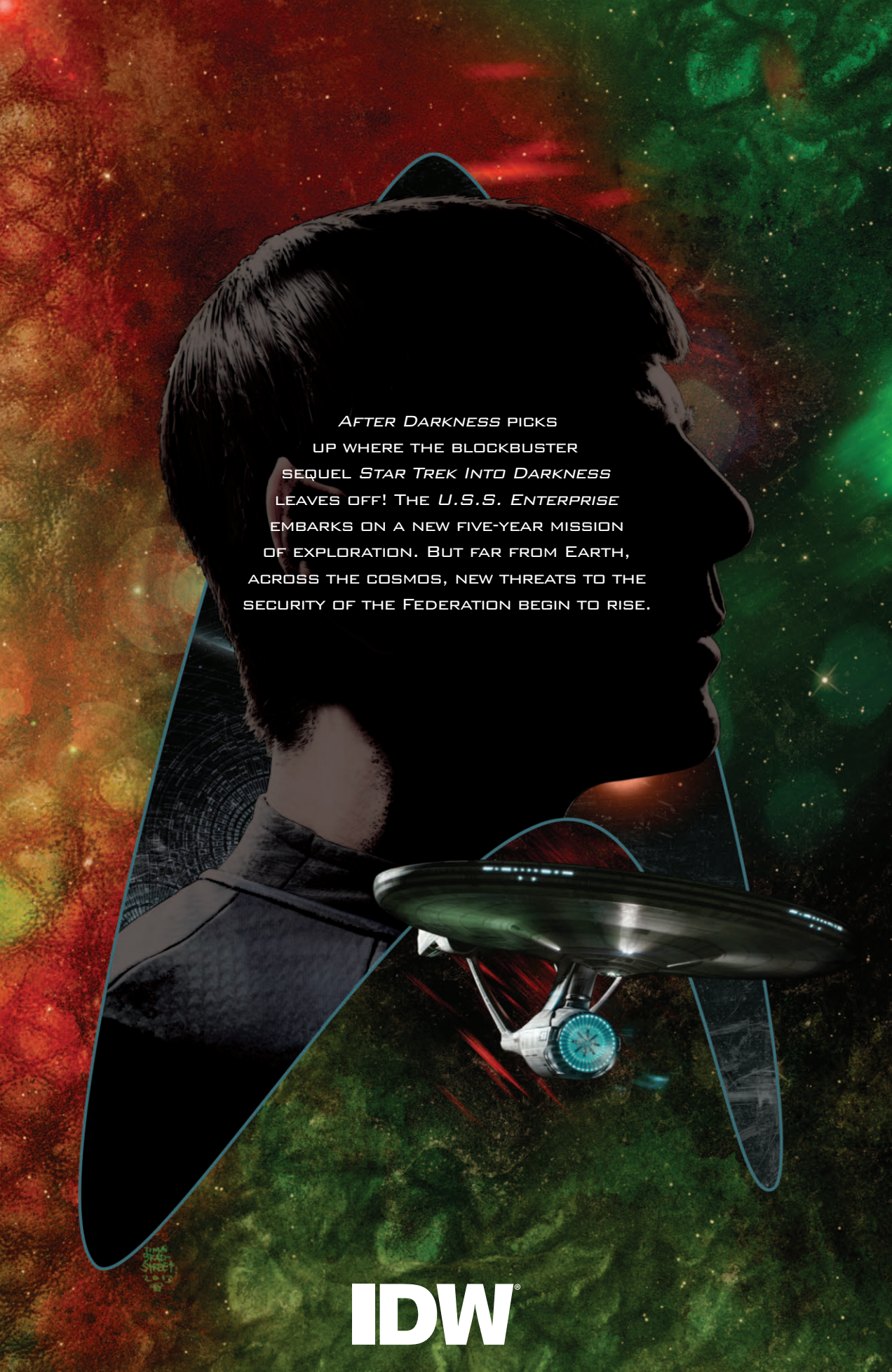
TIM
BRAD-
STREET
2013
19

Artwork by
Tim Bradstreet



Artwork by Garrie Gastonny
Colors by Ifansyah Noor





AFTER DARKNESS PICKS
UP WHERE THE BLOCKBUSTER
SEQUEL *STAR TREK INTO DARKNESS*
LEAVES OFF! THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE*
EMBARKS ON A NEW FIVE-YEAR MISSION
OF EXPLORATION. BUT FAR FROM EARTH,
ACROSS THE COSMOS, NEW THREATS TO THE
SECURITY OF THE FEDERATION BEGIN TO RISE.

IDW[®]