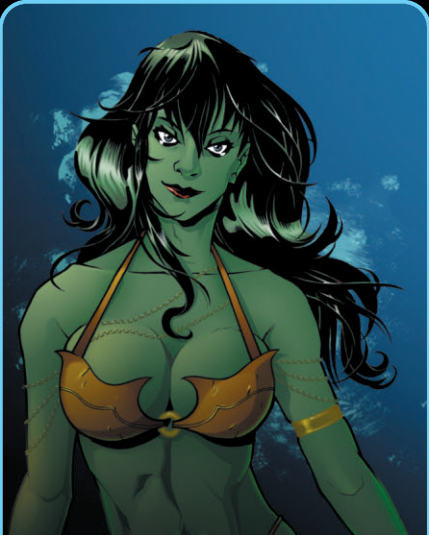
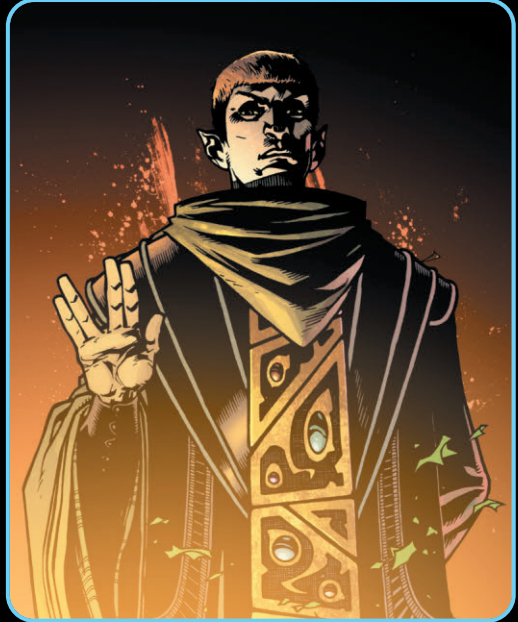
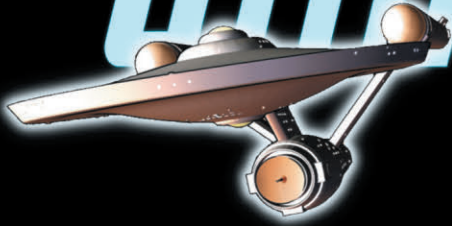


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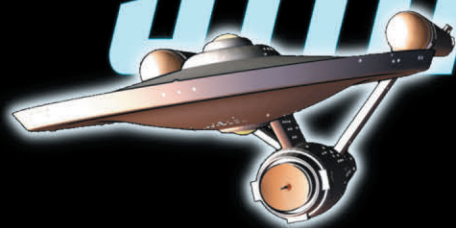
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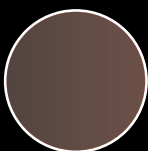
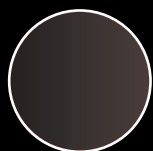
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ALIEN SPOTLIGHT

Volume 1



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GORN

page 4

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VULCANS

page 28

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ANDORIANS

page 52

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ORIONS

page 76

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BORG

page 100

Written by

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ROMULANS

page 124

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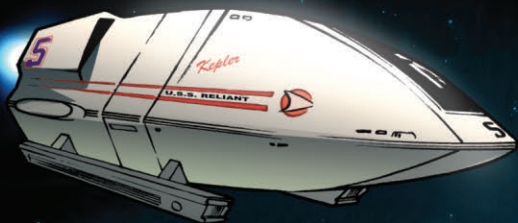
page 147

THE GORN



art by Zach Howard
colors and logo by Len O'Grady

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7952.6. WITH OUR MEDICAL MISSION TO THE FEDERATION OBSERVATION OUTPOST ON TE AWAMUTU VII A SUCCESS, WE'RE PROCEEDING ON SCHEDULE TO OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH *RELIANT*.



WHILE I WAS HAPPY TO AVOID THE DRUDGERY OF A SUPPLY STOP AT STARBASE 34, AS WELL AS GIVE COMMANDER KYLE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LOG IN SOME HOURS AT THE CONN, I'M ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO THE *RELIANT*. TOO MANY HOURS WITHOUT THE FEEL OF THE DECKS BENEATH MY FEET, AND I BEGIN TO GROW UNEASY.



IT'LL BE GOOD TO BE HOME.

CAPTAIN?

YES,
DOCTOR?





READINGSSSS INDICATE A
CRASH-LANDSSS, LOOKSSSS LIKE
NUMEROUSSSS SSSSURVIVORSSS,
SSSENDING OUT WAR PARTY
TO INTERCEPT.



WAR PARTY?
ABSSSOLUTELY
NOT.



SSSIR?

WE'VE ALL HEARD
THE SSSTORY, FIFTEEN
YEARSSS AGO, A HUMAN
CAPTAIN SSSPAIRED THE LIFE
OF OURSSS. NOW, FINALLY,
COMESSS OUR CHANGSSSE
TO BALANCSSS THE
SSSSCALESSS.

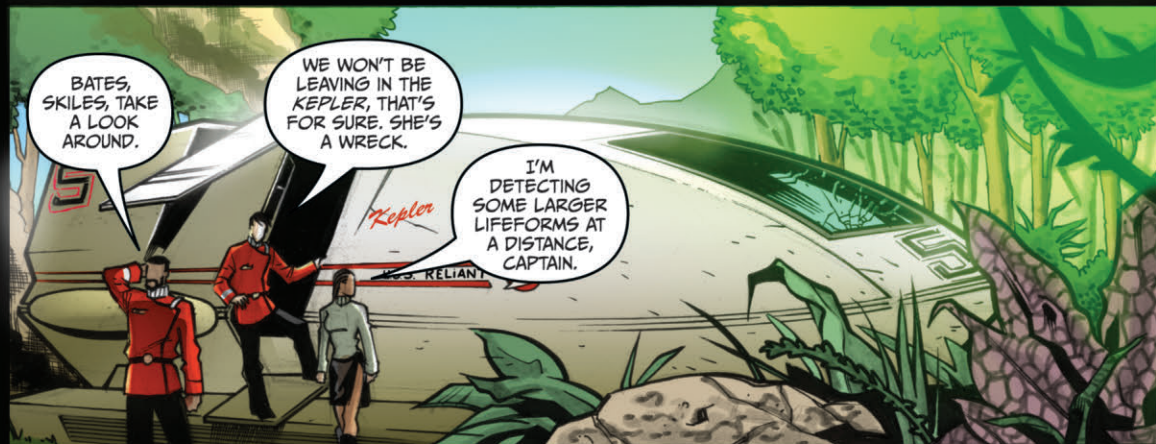


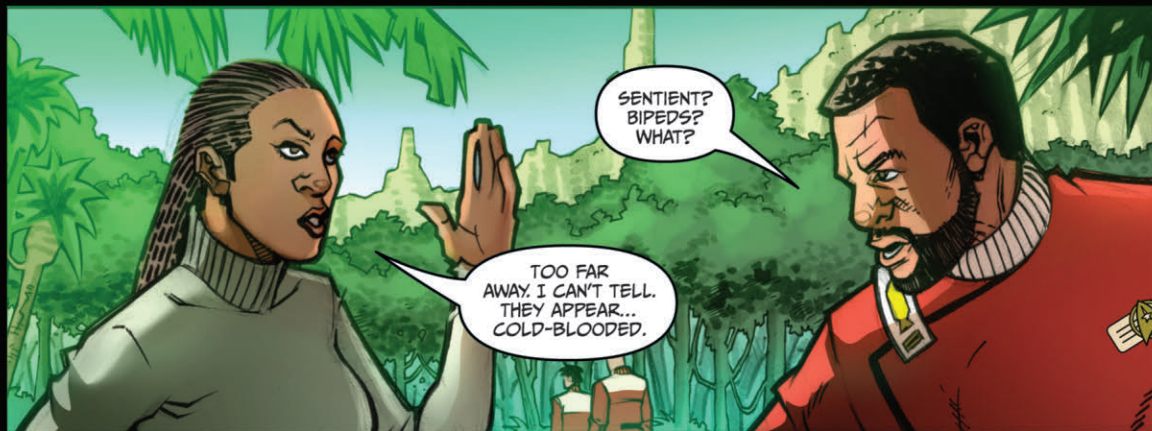
WE WILL
NOT ALLOW THE
GORN HEGEMONY
TO APPEAR
INFERIOR.



SSSEND OUT A
FULL MEDICAL AND
RESSCUE PARTY TO THE
HUMANSSS' AID. PROVIDE
ANY ASSSSSSSTANCSSS
NECESSSARY.

WITH ALL
HASSSTE,
SSSIR.





SENTIENT?
BIPEDS?
WHAT?

TOO FAR
AWAY. I CAN'T TELL.
THEY APPEAR...
COLD-BLOODED.



COLD-BLOODED,
EH?

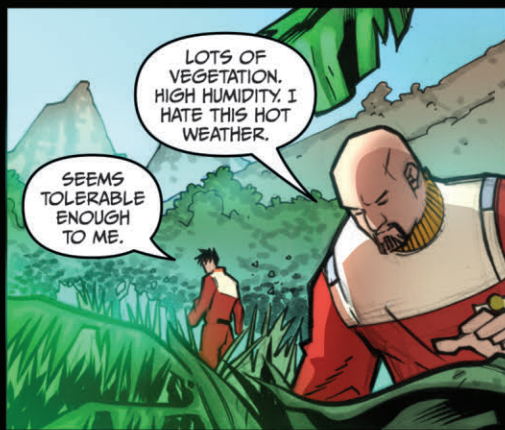
CHEKOV!
YOU LOST A
NACELLE.

I AM
SURE STARFLEET
WILL BILL ME
FOR IT.



SHIP'S
COMMUNICATIONS ARE
TOTALLY DESTROYED,
CAPTAIN. I CAN RIG UP
A SUBSPACE RESCUE
BEACON, BUT IT WILL
TAKE A FEW
HOURS.

EXCELLENT.
I HOPE WE
WON'T BE STUCK
HERE FOR
TOO LONG.



LOTS OF
VEGETATION.
HIGH HUMIDITY. I
HATE THIS HOT
WEATHER.

SEEMS
TOLERABLE
ENOUGH
TO ME.



STILL, THIS
PLACE GIVES ME
THE CREEPS.

THAT'S
PATHETIC! THIS
IS THE MOST
EXCITEMENT
WE'VE HAD IN
MONTHS.



I
DON'T *FEEL*
PATHETIC...



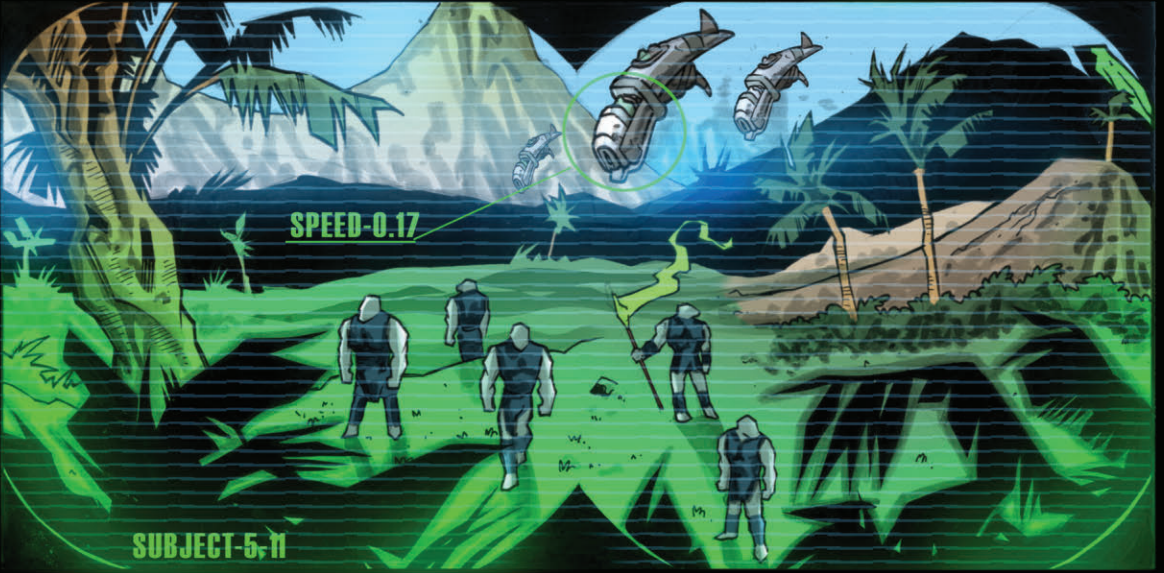
KLIX



WHA—























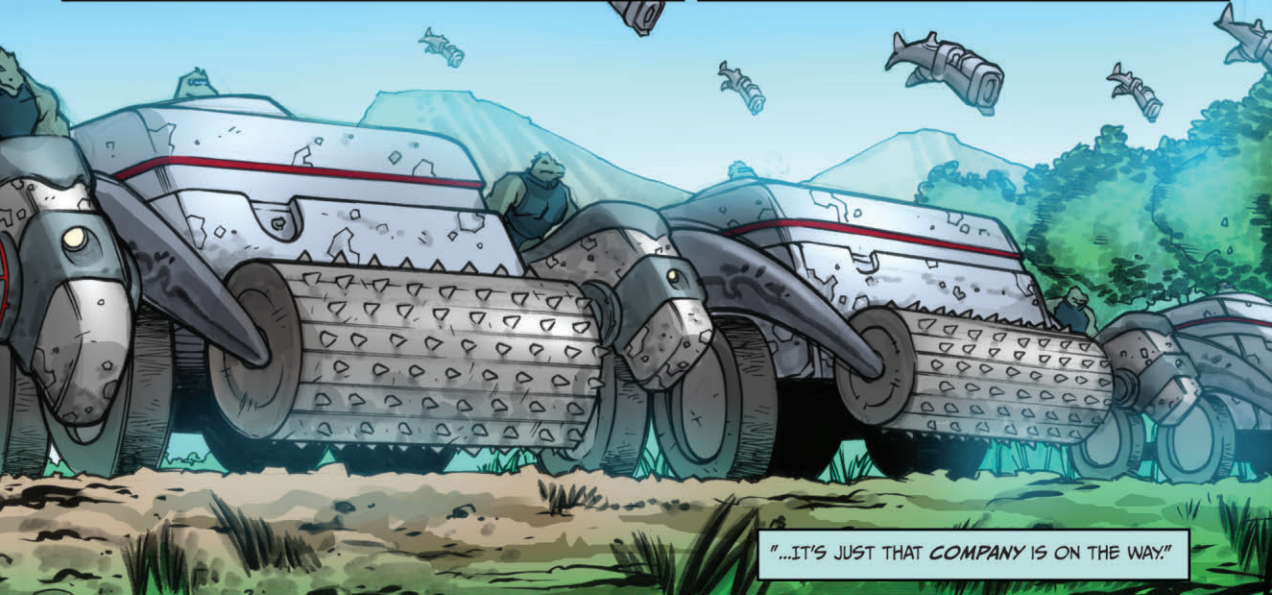
HOW'S IT
COMING,
DOCTOR?



I'M DOING
WHAT I CAN,
CAPTAIN...

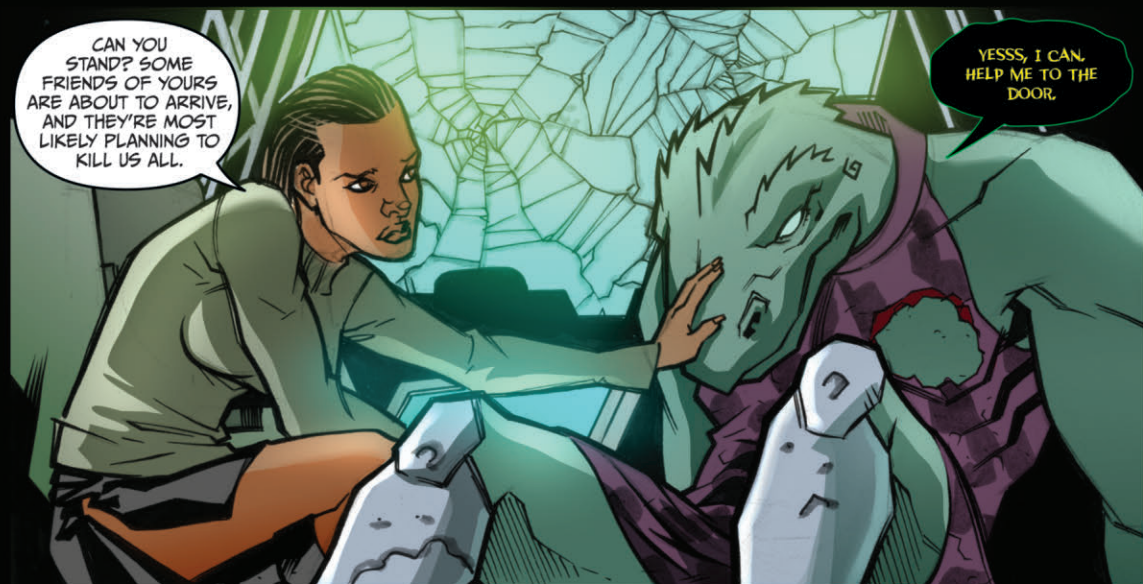


I'M NOT
TRYING TO
PRESSURE YOU,
DOCTOR...



"...IT'S JUST THAT COMPANY IS ON THE WAY."





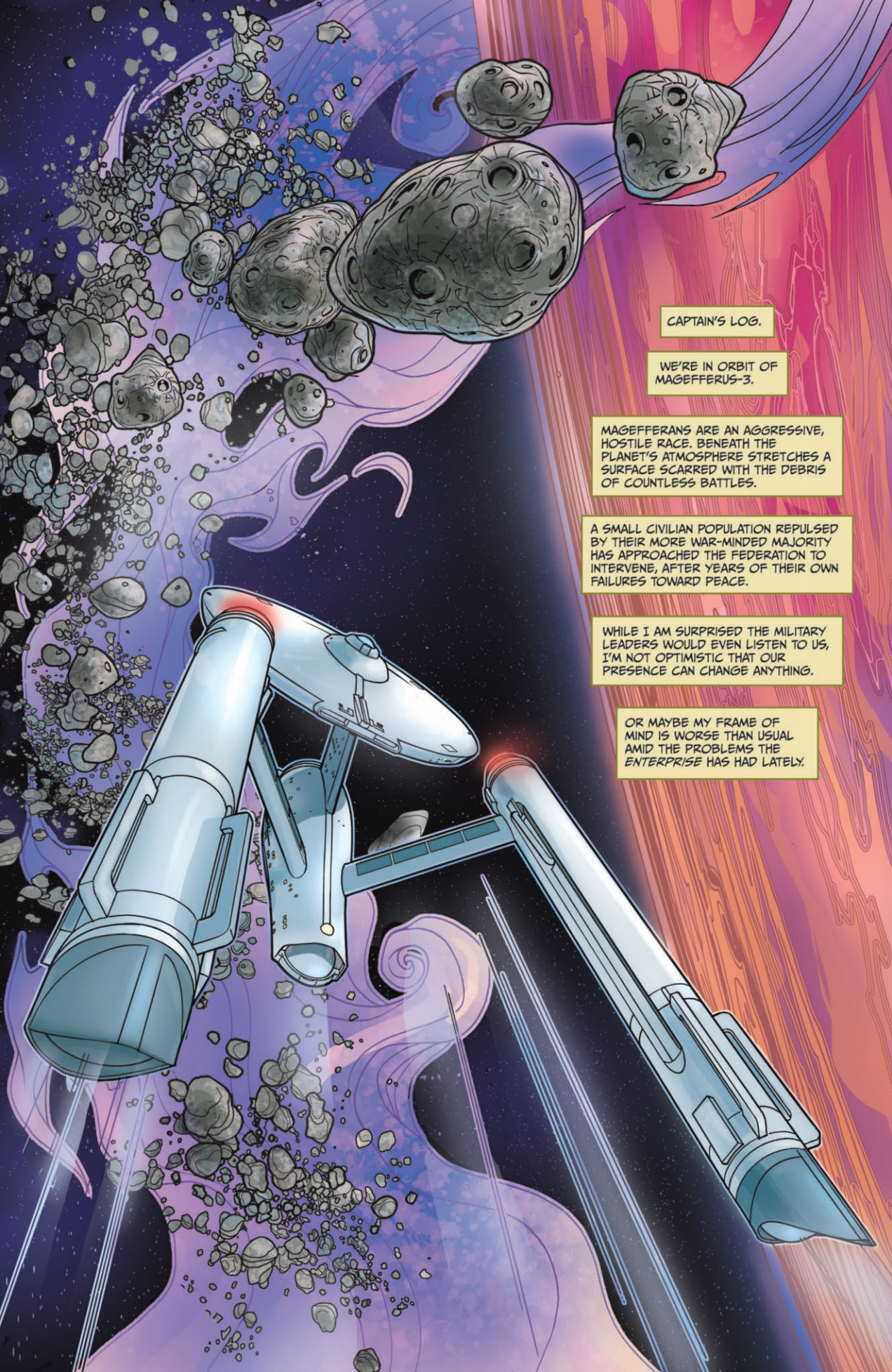








art by Zach Howard
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CAPTAIN'S LOG.

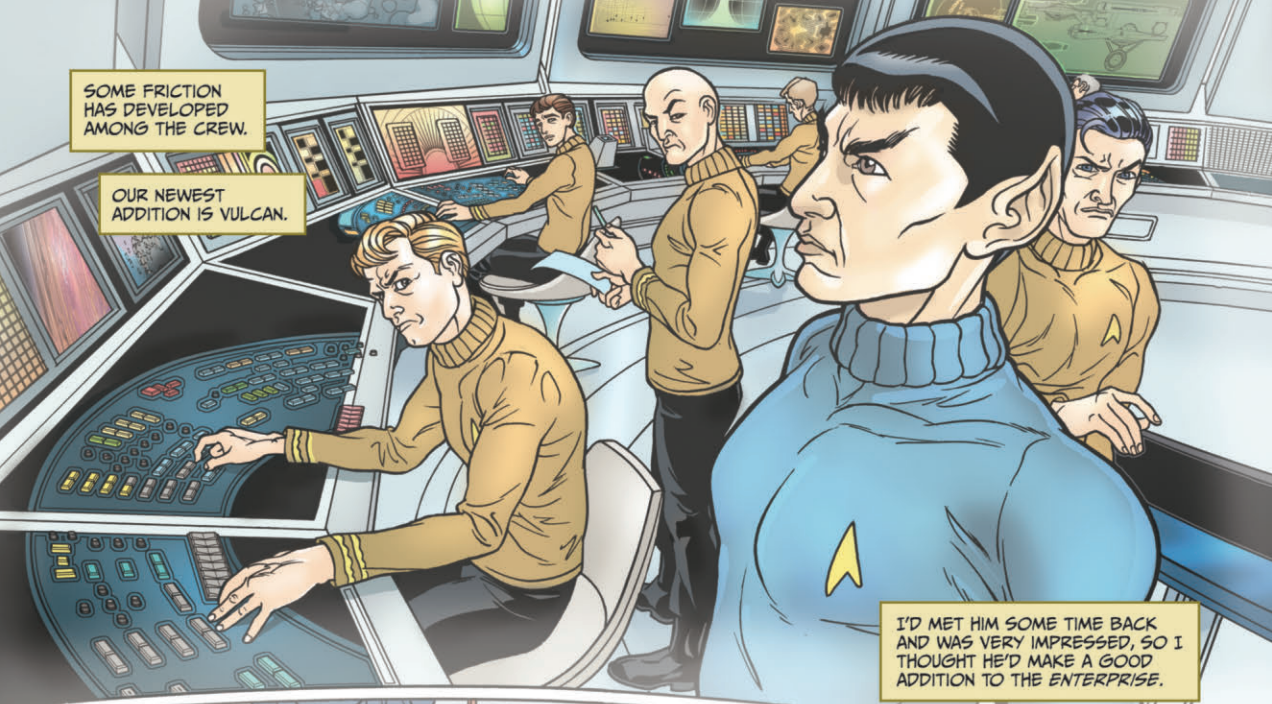
WE'RE IN ORBIT OF
MAGEFFERUS-3.

MAGEFFERANS ARE AN AGGRESSIVE,
HOSTILE RACE. BENEATH THE
PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE STRETCHES A
SURFACE SCARRED WITH THE DEBRIS
OF COUNTLESS BATTLES.

A SMALL CIVILIAN POPULATION REPULSED
BY THEIR MORE WAR-MINDED MAJORITY
HAS APPROACHED THE FEDERATION TO
INTERVENE, AFTER YEARS OF THEIR OWN
FAILURES TOWARD PEACE.

WHILE I AM SURPRISED THE MILITARY
LEADERS WOULD EVEN LISTEN TO US,
I'M NOT OPTIMISTIC THAT OUR
PRESENCE CAN CHANGE ANYTHING.

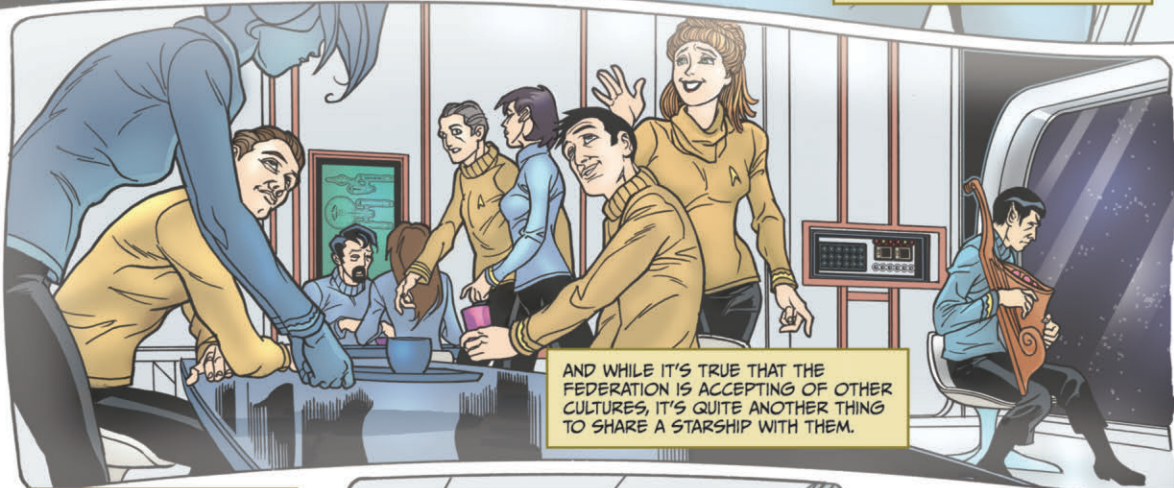
OR MAYBE MY FRAME OF
MIND IS WORSE THAN USUAL
AMID THE PROBLEMS THE
ENTERPRISE HAS HAD LATELY.



SOME FRICTION
HAS DEVELOPED
AMONG THE CREW.

OUR NEWEST
ADDITION IS VULCAN.

I'D MET HIM SOME TIME BACK
AND WAS VERY IMPRESSED, SO I
THOUGHT HE'D MAKE A GOOD
ADDITION TO THE ENTERPRISE.



AND WHILE IT'S TRUE THAT THE
FEDERATION IS ACCEPTING OF OTHER
CULTURES, IT'S QUITE ANOTHER THING
TO SHARE A STARSHIP WITH THEM.

VULCANS HAVE SERVED ON
SHIPS BEFORE, BUT *THIS*
CREW IS UNFAMILIAR WITH
THEM, SO THEIR SEEMING
LACK OF EMOTION IS
SOMETIMES MISTAKEN AS
RUDENESS OR UNCARING.

THE MOST VOCAL CRITIC HAS BEEN OUR
BRILLIANT BUT HIGH-STRUNG NAVIGATOR,
LIEUTENANT JOSE TYLER. I'M NOT THE SHIP'S
COUNSELOR, BUT IT'S NOT HARD TO TELL
THEY SHARE OPPOSING DISPOSITIONS.



CAPTAIN PIKE.

WHAT IS
IT?

WE'RE READY
TO TRANSPORT
DOWN.

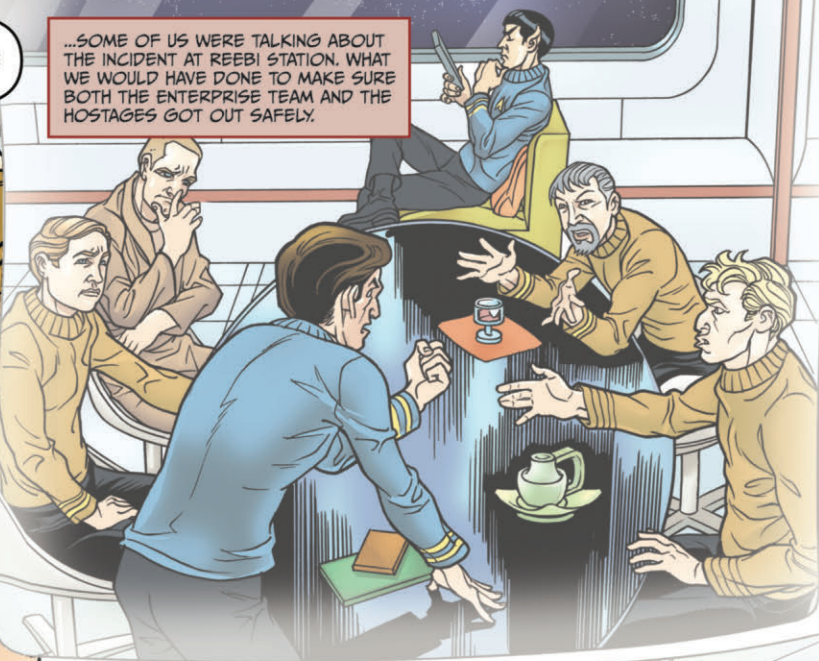


THINGS SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE WITH HIM.

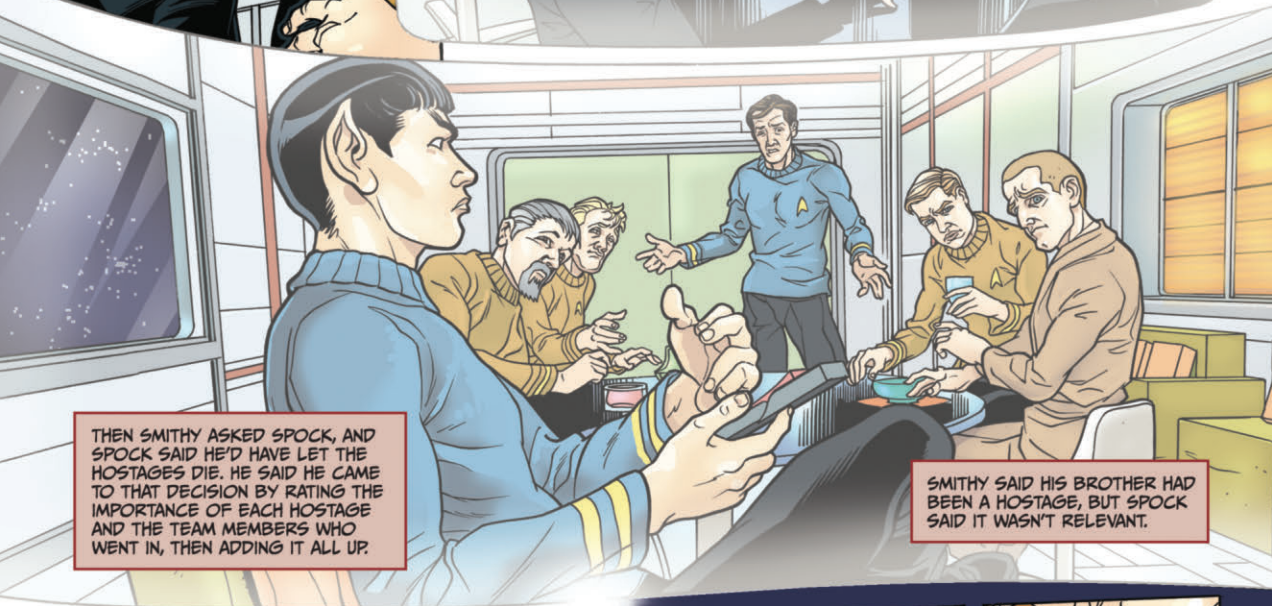
HOW SO?

LIKE EARLIER TODAY...

...SOME OF US WERE TALKING ABOUT THE INCIDENT AT REEBI STATION. WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE TO MAKE SURE BOTH THE ENTERPRISE TEAM AND THE HOSTAGES GOT OUT SAFELY.

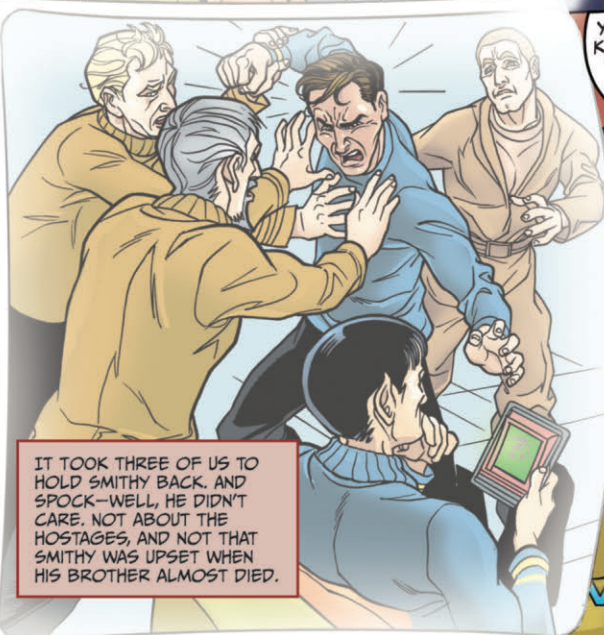


WWWMMMM



THEN SMITHY ASKED SPOCK, AND SPOCK SAID HE'D HAVE LET THE HOSTAGES DIE. HE SAID HE CAME TO THAT DECISION BY RATING THE IMPORTANCE OF EACH HOSTAGE AND THE TEAM MEMBERS WHO WENT IN, THEN ADDING IT ALL UP.

SMITHY SAID HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN A HOSTAGE, BUT SPOCK SAID IT WASN'T RELEVANT.



IT TOOK THREE OF US TO HOLD SMITHY BACK, AND SPOCK—WELL, HE DIDN'T CARE. NOT ABOUT THE HOSTAGES, AND NOT THAT SMITHY WAS UPSET WHEN HIS BROTHER ALMOST DIED.

YES, IT DOES SEEM THESE THINGS KEEP COMING UP. I WONDER IF IT'S WORTH UPSETTING THE BALANCE OF THE SHIP, AND IF I SHOULD JUST TELL STARFLEET TO REASSIGN HIM.



REALLY, CAPTAIN?

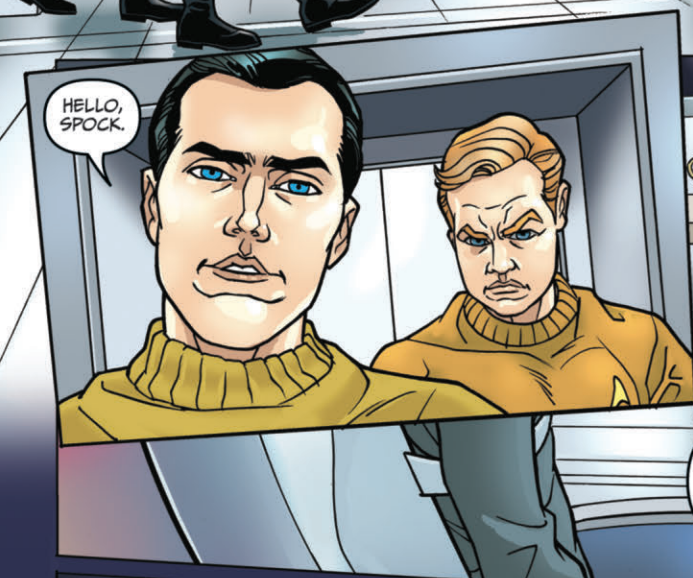


SORRY, CAPTAIN. I JUST MEANT YOU SHOULD DO WHAT'S BEST FOR THE SHIP.

MM THUMP! SSSSS



CAPTAIN,
LIEUTENANT
TYLER.



HELLO,
SPOCK.



CAPTAIN, WE
ARE TO MEET
THE MAGEFFERAN
MILITARY LEADERS
IN THE CITY OF
POMAPOLI.
THEY ARE WAITING
FOR US NOW.

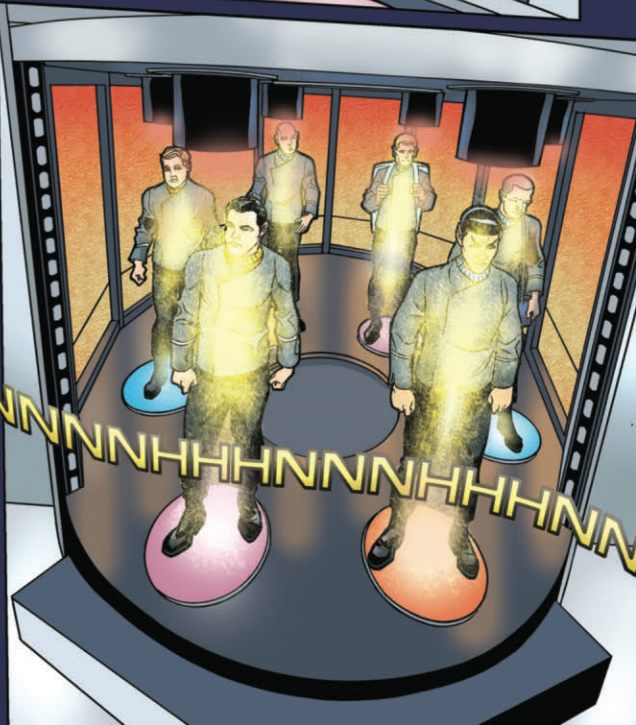
NUMBER
ONE.



YES,
CAPTAIN.



DON'T THROW
ANY PARTIES
WHILE WE'RE
GONE.



NNNNHHNNHHNN



LOOK AT ALL THE DEBRIS. I'D HEARD IT COVERED THE PLANET, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS.

CAPTAIN, WEREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO BEAM INTO THE CITY?

IT SEEMS OUR DESTINATION HAS BEEN DIVERTED. I DON'T LIKE THIS. CONTACT THE ENTERPRISE.

WE'RE BEING JAMMED.

CAPTAIN!





HOLD YOUR FIRE
AND PLEASE LISTEN.
WE JUST WANT TO TALK.
THIS IS A PEACEFUL
MISSION.



I KNOW WHAT
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE,
AND YOU'RE STUPID FOR
BELIEVING WE'D EVER
AGREE TO IT.



KILL THEM,
CUT OFF THEIR
HEADS, AND WE WILL
DELIVER THEM TO THE
FOOLS WHO INVITED
THEM HERE.



KPOW



REED!

EVERYONE
TAKE COVER!

CAPTAIN,
OUR PHASERS
ARE JAMMED,
TOO!



SPOCK?

I'M CHANGING OUR PHASER FREQUENCY, CAPTAIN, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A MOMENT.

CHANGE THE FREQUENCY OF OUR COMMUNICATORS AND GET US OUT OF HERE.

THE COMMUNICATORS ARE MORE SENSITIVE, CAPTAIN. I'M NOT SURE I HAVE WHAT I NEED HERE.



HANG ON, REED.

WE CAN'T, REED. WE DON'T HAVE COMMUNICATORS. JUST HANG ON.

LIEUTENANT—

LIEUTENANT, JUST TRANSPORT ME... TO THE SHIP... AND I'LL BE OKAY.



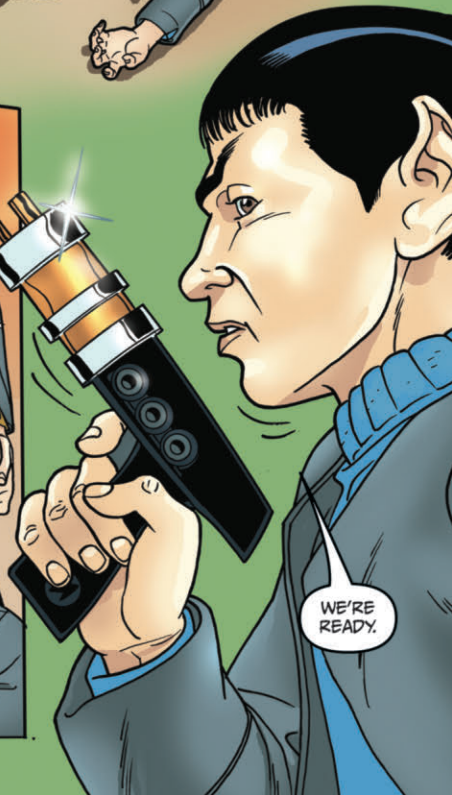
SPOCK?

PATIENCE, CAPTAIN.



ARE WE... ON THE SHIP YET...?

ANY SECOND NOW.



WE'RE READY.



FWEE

FWEE

FWEE

FWEE
FWEE

FRZAAK!

THE
LOCATION
IS SECURE,
CAPTAIN.



CAPTAIN, I SUGGEST WE RELOCATE. THE MAGEFFERANS WILL SURELY RETURN WITH REINFORCEMENTS.

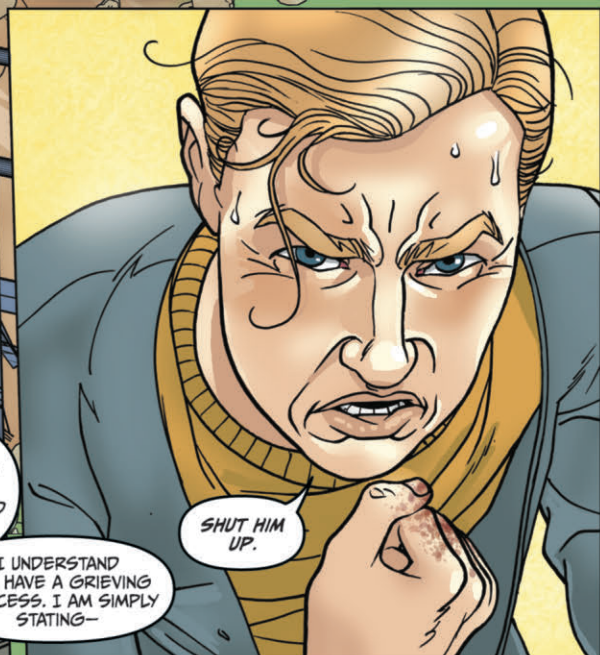


GIVE US A DAMN MOMENT HERE, VULCAN.



A MOMENT IS NOT LOGICAL, LIEUTENANT. WE SHOULD STRIP HIS EQUIPMENT, LEAVE HIM HERE AND FIND ANOTHER LOCATION IMMEDIATELY.

I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A GRIEVING PROCESS. I AM SIMPLY STATING—

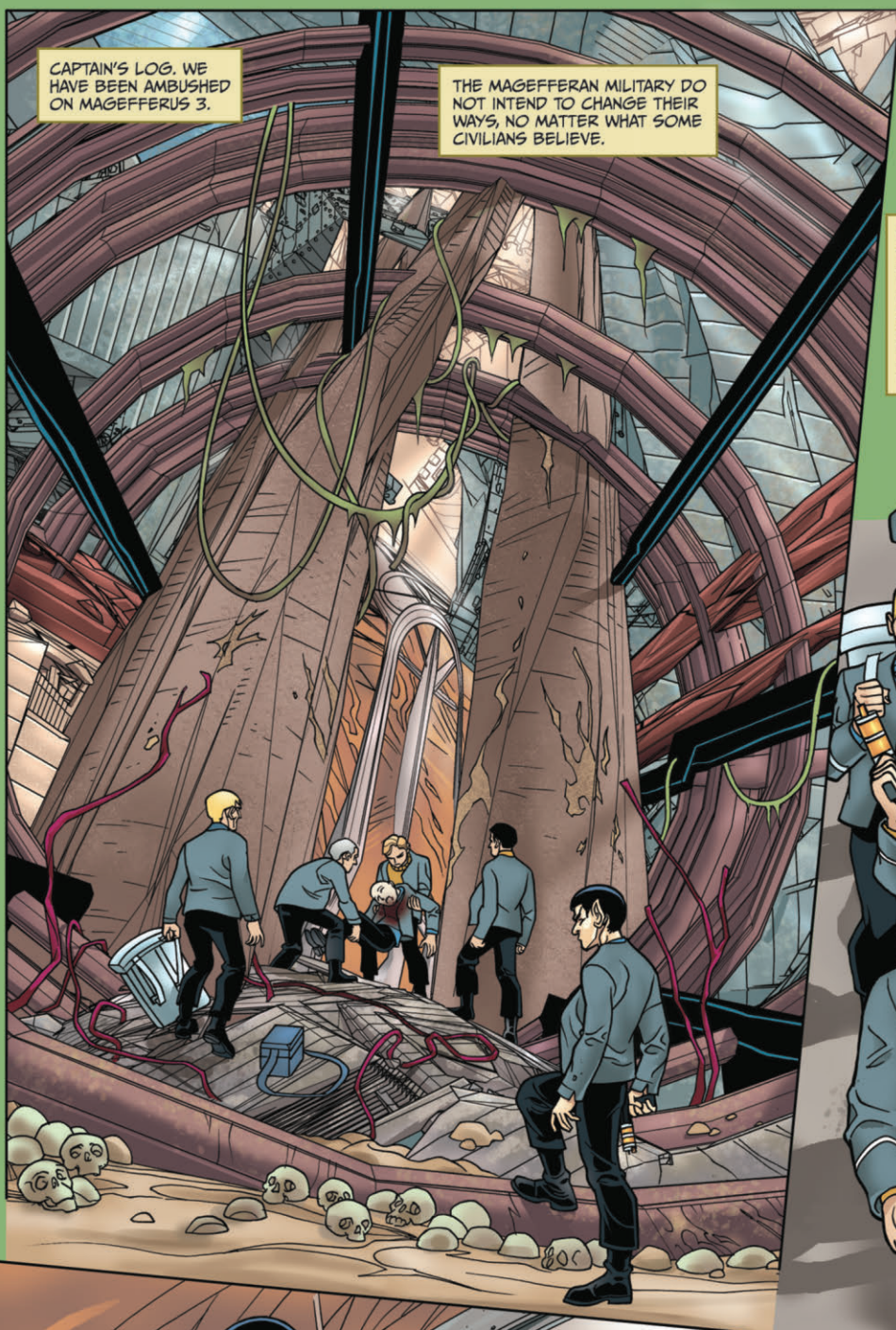


SHUT HIM UP.

CAPTAIN'S LOG. WE HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED ON MAGEFFERUS 3.

THE MAGEFFERAN MILITARY DO NOT INTEND TO CHANGE THEIR WAYS, NO MATTER WHAT SOME CIVILIANS BELIEVE.

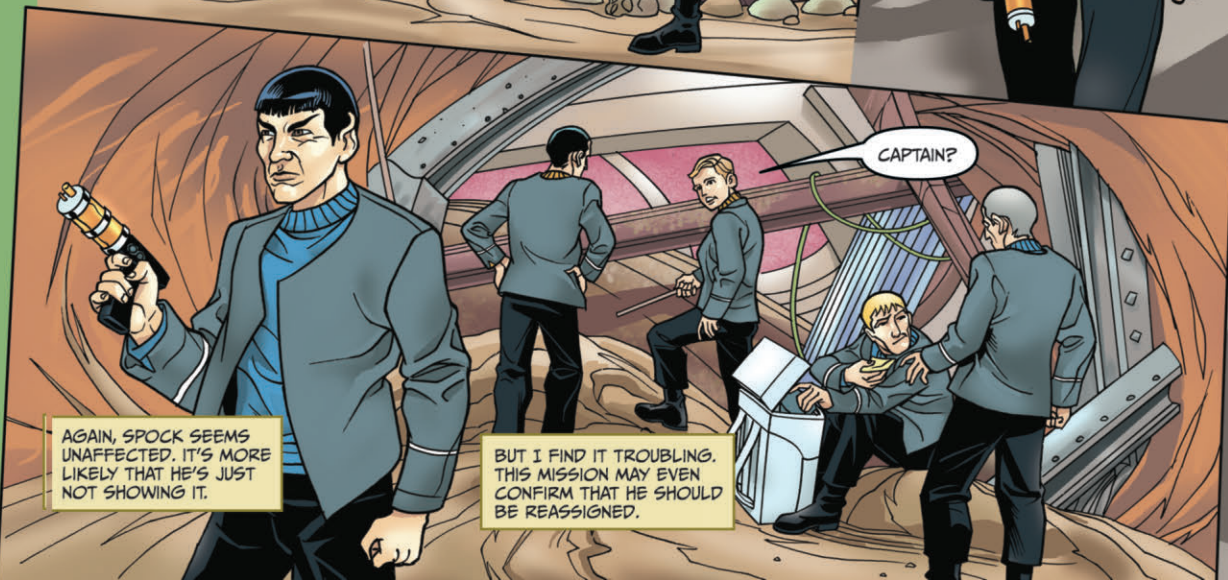
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SPOCK, THE MOOD REMAINS POOR. WE LOST AN EXCELLENT MAN, SECURITY OFFICER DANIEL REED. AFTER THE MISSION, WE'LL RETURN HIM TO THE *ENTERPRISE* FOR A PROPER FUNERAL.

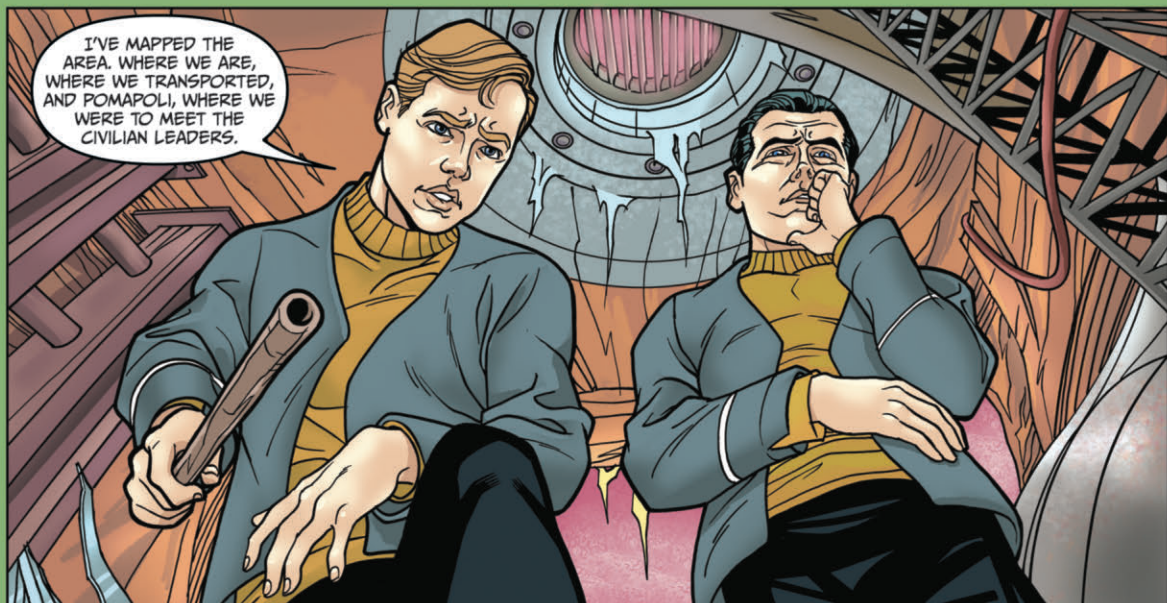


AGAIN, SPOCK SEEMS UNAFFECTED. IT'S MORE LIKELY THAT HE'S JUST NOT SHOWING IT.

BUT I FIND IT TROUBLING. THIS MISSION MAY EVEN CONFIRM THAT HE SHOULD BE REASSIGNED.

CAPTAIN?





I'VE MAPPED THE AREA. WHERE WE ARE, WHERE WE TRANSPORTED, AND POMAPOLI, WHERE WE WERE TO MEET THE CIVILIAN LEADERS.



WE'RE NOT THAT FAR, AND I'M SURE IT'S WHERE THE JAMMING SIGNAL ORIGINATES. IF WE MOUNT A CALCULATED ATTACK, WE COULD DISABLE THE INTERFERENCE FOR THE ENTERPRISE TO BEAM US UP.



AND WHAT ABOUT OUR MISSION, LIEUTENANT? HOW COULD WE PERSUADE THESE PEOPLE TO ADOPT A MORE PEACEFUL WAY IF WE BECOME HOSTILE TOWARD THEM?



THEY ATTACKED US. THE MISSION IS OVER.



OF COURSE THEY ATTACKED. IT IS THEIR NATURE. WE ARE HERE TO PROVIDE THEM WITH AN EXAMPLE OF ANOTHER WAY.











CAPTAIN?
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I CAN'T
BE SURE, BUT I'M
ASSUMING THE MAJORITY
OF MAGEFFERANS HAVE
NEVER SEEN A VULCAN
BEFORE.



WHAT
TRICK IS
THIS? WHAT
THING ARE
YOU?

I AM
SPOCK. I AM
VULCAN.



WHAT IS
THAT?

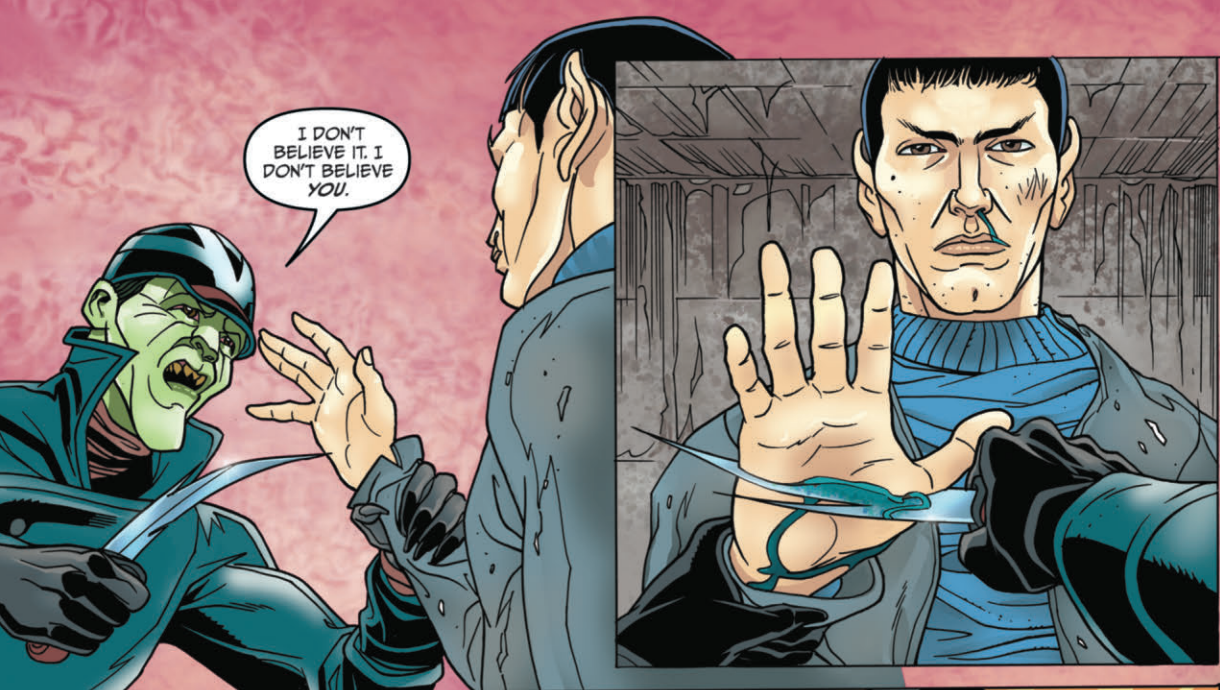
WE ARE A
PEOPLE WHO HAVE
MASTERED OUR
EMOTIONS.

NO. VULCANS ARE NOT BORN
THIS WAY. WE CONTAIN OUR
EMOTIONS THROUGH DISCIPLINE
AND THE TEACHINGS OF SURAK.
VULCANS WERE ONCE AS YOU
ARE NOW—EMOTIONAL,
AGGRESSIVE, EVEN MORE
SAVAGE THAN YOU.

IS HE—IS
HE LYING?

I'VE
NEVER SEEN
SUCH A THING—WHAT A
DIFFERENT SPECIES
YOU MUST BE.

VULCANS
DON'T LIE. THIS
MUST BE SOMETHING
THEY KEEP TO
THEMSELVES.



CAPTAIN'S LOG.



THE MAGEFFERANS WERE SO INTRIGUED BY SPOCK, I THINK THEY DIDN'T KILL US JUST SO THEY COULD KEEP LOOKING AT HIM.



WE WENT FROM LEADER TO LEADER AS THEY STUDIED HIS EMOTIONLESS FACE—ONE WITH NO PAIN, NO FEAR.



IT TOOK DAYS, BUT AFTER SPEAKING WITH DIFFERENT FACTIONS, WE CONVINCED MANY OF THEM TO MEET THEIR CIVILIAN LEADERS ON OUR SHIP.

I'VE DETERMINED OUR MISSION WAS AS SUCCESSFUL AS IT COULD HAVE BEEN UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE FEDERATION CAN HANDLE THE REST. MORE MEDIATORS ARE ON THEIR WAY NOW, MOST OF THEM VULCANS.



BEFORE WE LEAVE, HOWEVER, THERE ARE SOME LOOSE ENDS TO TIE UP WITH THE ENTERPRISE.



YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CAPTAIN?



I DID.
PLEASE,
HAVE A SEAT
LIEUTENANT.

I THINK
WHAT HAPPENED
NOT ONLY REMINDED
ME WHY I BROUGHT
SPOCK ON BOARD, IT
REINFORCED IT.



I ASSUME
THE EVENTS ON
MAGEFFERUS HAVE
CHANGED YOUR MIND
ABOUT SPOCK.



AND WHAT ABOUT
THE CREW, SIR? ARE YOU
SAYING HIS PRESENCE IS
REALLY WORTH UPSETTING
THE BALANCE OF
THE SHIP?



YOU'RE
A BRILLIANT
NAVIGATOR,
LIEUTENANT.

THANK YOU,
CAPTAIN.

AND
THIS IS AN
EXCELLENT
CREW.

IT IS.



NOW ALL OF YOU NEED TO ACT LIKE IT.



YOU NEED TO REALIZE THAT YOUR PERSONAL ISSUES DON'T MATTER NEXT TO HOW VALUABLE SPOCK IS TO THIS SHIP AND WHAT STARFLEET WANTS TO ACCOMPLISH OUT HERE. AND FROM THIS POINT FORWARD, YOU WON'T FORGET IT.

I'LL TALK TO SPOCK, TRY TO HAVE HIM KEEP HIS MORE CONTROVERSIAL OPINIONS TO HIMSELF. BUT HE'S GOING THROUGH AN ADJUSTMENT, TOO. MAYBE IN TIME HE'LL BECOME MORE UNDERSTANDING OF US.

BUT WE DON'T EXPECT THE MAGEFFERANS TO ACCOMPLISH PEACE OVERNIGHT—WE SHOULDN'T EXPECT IT OF OURSELVES, EITHER.



I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN. I'LL TRY MY BEST.

DISMISSED.



CAPTAIN'S LOG. ONE FINAL ENTRY BEFORE LEAVING MAGEFFERUS.



THIS CREW EXEMPLIFIES THE BEST OF WHAT STARFLEET REPRESENTS.

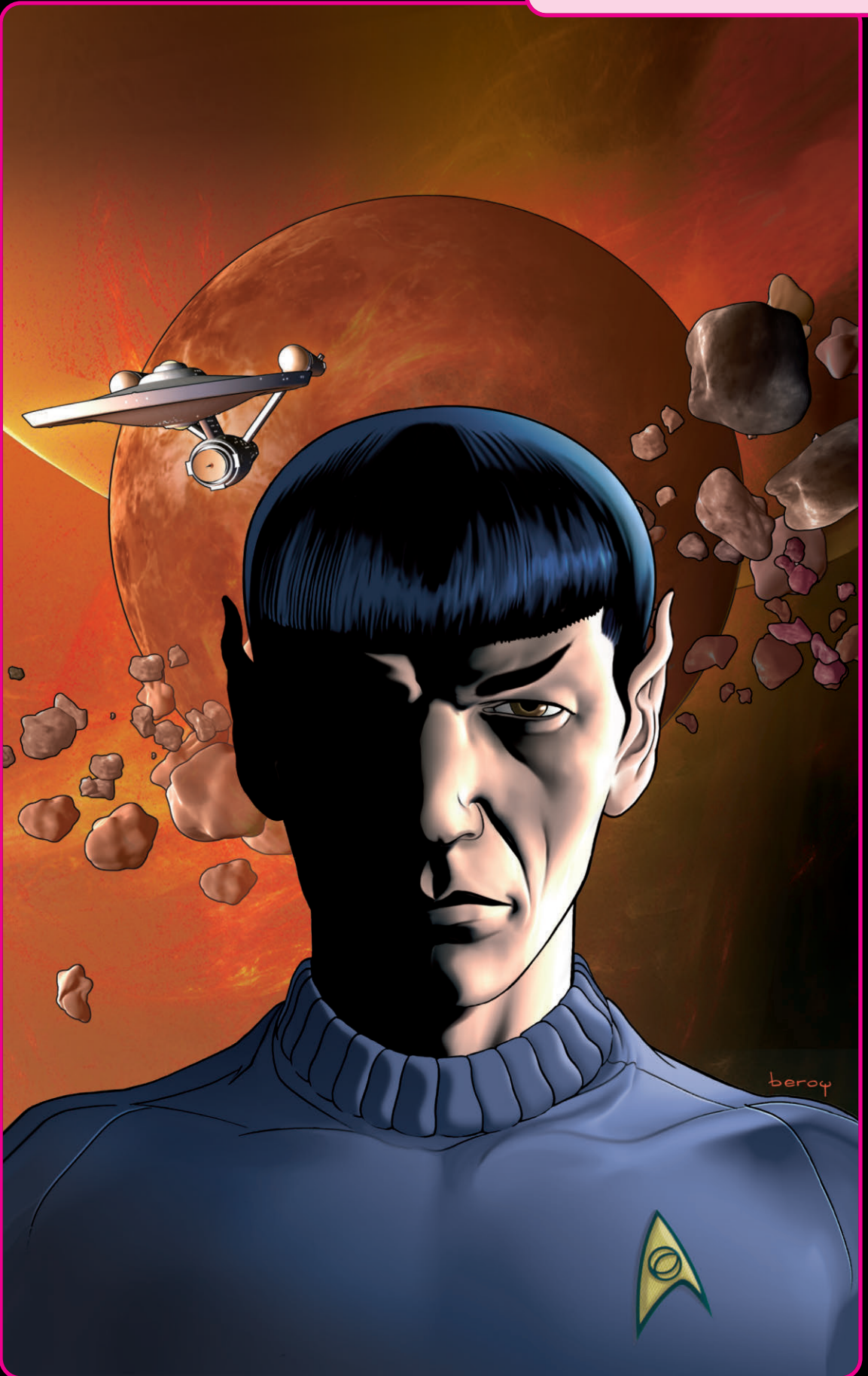
WE ARE A PIECE IN A LONG-TERM PLAN TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE A BETTER PLACE.

BUT PART OF ME BELIEVES SPOCK WILL BECOME A BIGGER PIECE TO IT ALL.

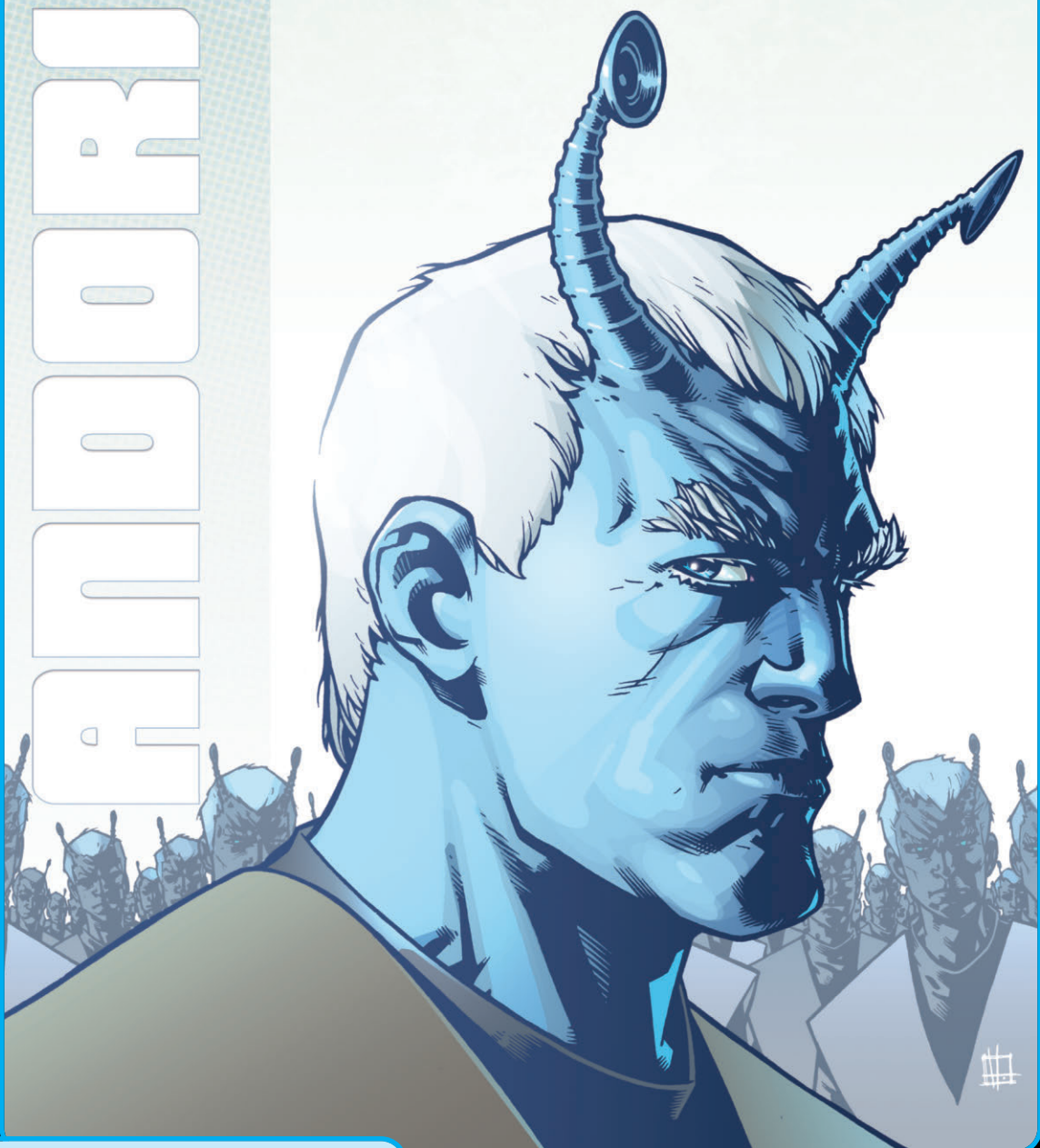
PART OF ME THINKS *WE* ARE MORE THE START OF *HIS* JOURNEY THAN HE IS THE START OF OURS.

IT'S WHY I INVITED HIM ABOARD. IT'S WHAT I FIRST SAW IN HIM, AND I WILL MAKE SURE TO NEVER FORGET IT AGAIN.

THE END.



ALIENORIANS



art by Zach Howard
colors and logo by Len O'Grady

STAR TREK: ALIEN SPOTLIGHT: ANDORIANS

THE OLD WAYS

COMMANDER SHARAD, PERSONAL LOG, STARDATE 47996.7. HOMECOMINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPY OCCASIONS. INSTEAD, I FEEL NOTHING BUT APPREHENSION.

STILL, WHEN I LEARNED THAT *ENTERPRISE* WAS ON ITS WAY TO ANDORIA, I PUT IN FOR SOME LONG-POSTPONED LEAVE AND WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SECURE TRANSPORT HOME. IT'S NOT HOW I IMAGINED MY FIRST TIME ON THE FEDERATION'S FLAGSHIP. I'VE HAD LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK IT OVER...



COMMANDER SHARAD? I'M DEANNA TROI. MAY I JOIN YOU?



OF COURSE, COMMANDER TROI. HOW MAY I BE OF SERVICE?

NO NEED TO BE SO FORMAL. PLEASE, CALL ME DEANNA.

THEN YOU MUST CALL ME ORTEES. DOES THIS INFORMALITY MEAN YOU'RE **NOT** HERE IN YOUR CAPACITY AS SHIP'S COUNSELOR?

NOT REALLY. I JUST NOTICED THAT YOU HAVEN'T HAD A LOT OF COMPANY DURING YOUR TRIP.

I'VE BEEN KEEPING BUSY. THE ENTERPRISE'S FITNESS AND COMBAT SIMULATIONS ON THE HOLODECK ARE OUTSTANDING.

I MUST ADMIT, I WAS WORRIED THAT YOUR ... **SOLITUDE** MIGHT NOT BE ENTIRELY OF YOUR OWN CHOOSING.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU MEAN.

IT'S JUST THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY ANDORIAN CREW ON ENTERPRISE AND VERY FEW ANDORIAN GUESTS.

AND YOU'RE WORRIED THAT THE CREW MIGHT NOT BE COMFORTABLE AROUND ME BECAUSE OF THAT?

PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE, COUNSELOR. EVERYONE HAS BEEN VERY WELCOMING AND HELPFUL. I HAVE JUST HAD... **OTHER THINGS** ON MY MIND THAN **SOCIALIZING**.



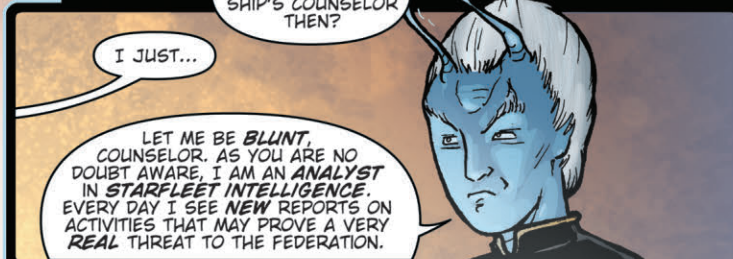
I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT. STILL, I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOU SEEM **TROUBLED**.



TROUBLED? AH, I'D FORGOTTEN. YOU'RE BETAZOID.

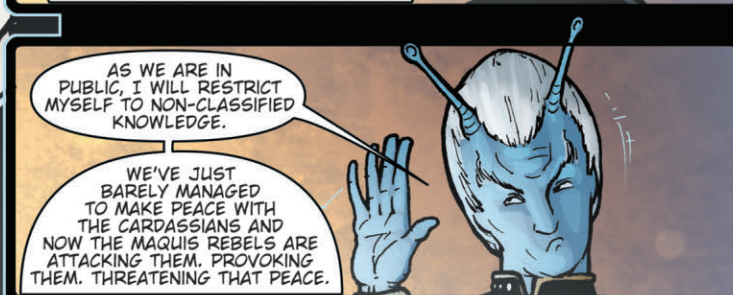
HALF, ACTUALLY. BUT IT DOESN'T REQUIRE THE EMPATHIC ABILITIES OF A BETAZOID TO SEE THAT **SOMETHING** IS BOTHERING YOU.

SO, YOU **ARE** HERE IN YOUR CAPACITY AS SHIP'S COUNSELOR THEN?



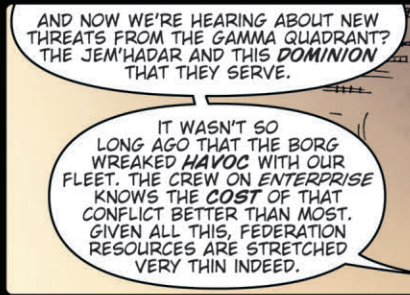
I JUST...

LET ME BE **BLUNT**, COUNSELOR. AS YOU ARE NO DOUBT AWARE, I AM AN **ANALYST** IN **STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE**. EVERY DAY I SEE **NEW** REPORTS ON ACTIVITIES THAT MAY PROVE A VERY **REAL** THREAT TO THE FEDERATION.



AS WE ARE IN PUBLIC, I WILL RESTRICT MYSELF TO NON-CLASSIFIED KNOWLEDGE.

WE'VE JUST BARELY MANAGED TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE CARDASSIANS AND NOW THE MAULIS REBELS ARE ATTACKING THEM. PROVOKING THEM. THREATENING THAT PEACE.



AND NOW WE'RE HEARING ABOUT NEW THREATS FROM THE GAMMA QUADRANT? THE JEM'HADAR AND THIS **DOMINION** THAT THEY SERVE.

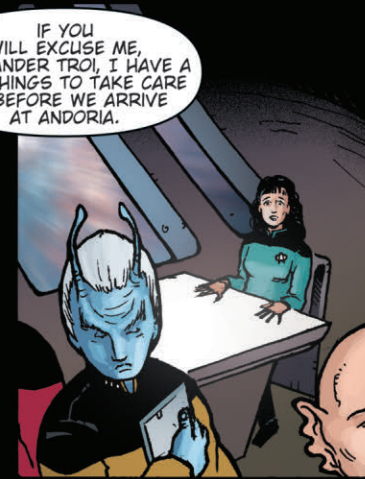
IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO THAT THE BORG WRECKED **HAVOC** WITH OUR FLEET. THE CREW ON **ENTERPRISE** KNOWS THE **COST** OF THAT CONFLICT BETTER THAN MOST. GIVEN ALL THIS, FEDERATION RESOURCES ARE STRETCHED VERY THIN INDEED.



IS IT ANY WONDER, THEN, THAT I AM **TROUBLED**?



IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, COMMANDER TROI, I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE WE ARRIVE AT ANDORIA.





WELL,
WELL. WHAT
DO WE HAVE
HERE?

LOOKS
LIKE SOME POOR
PINK SKIN GOT SO
COLD HE TURNED
BLUE.



I HOPE
THAT'S IT. I'D
HATE TO THINK AN
ANDORIAN WOULD
WRAP HIMSELF UP IN
THOSE STARFLEET
RAGS.

HEH.



ANY ANDORIAN
SHOULD BE **PROUD**
TO WEAR THIS UNIFORM. IN
CASE YOU'VE **FORGOTTEN**
YOUR **HISTORY**, WE
HELPED **FOUND** THE
FEDERATION.

OR MAYBE
YOU JUST
HAVEN'T GOTTEN
THAT FAR IN
SCHOOL?



BETTER WATCH
YOUR MOUTH, **FADE**!
WE'RE **REAL** ANDORIANS.
WE HAVEN'T BEEN TAMED
BY THE HUMANS.

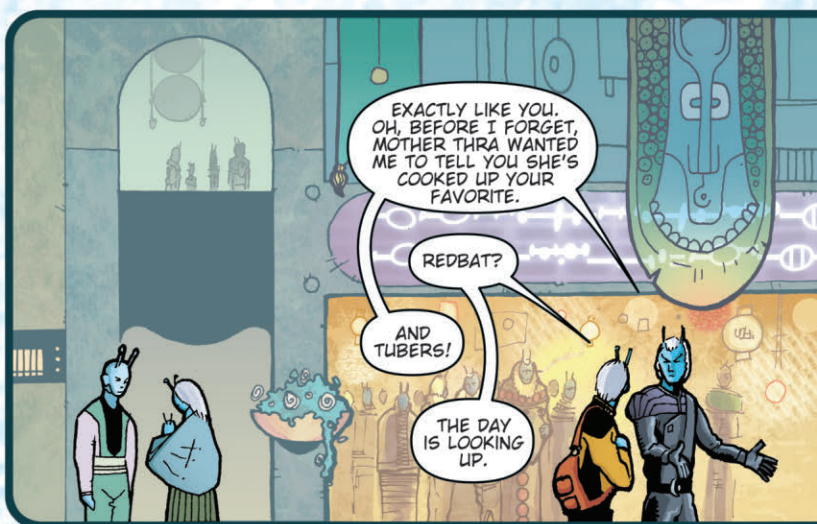
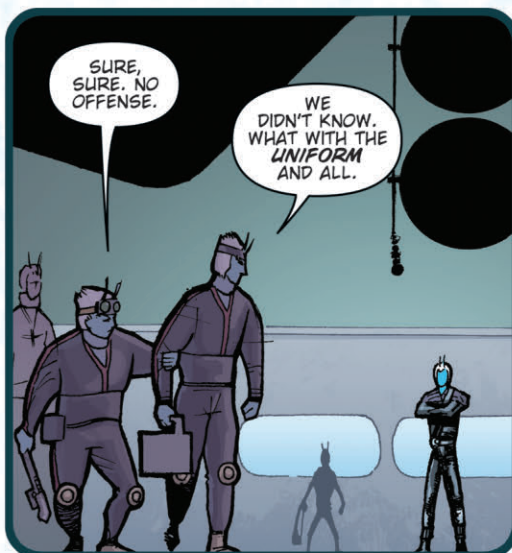


MAYBE WE
NEED TO TEACH
THIS FADE A
LESSON.



THAT'S
PROBABLY A
BAD IDEA.

OH, AND
WHY'S **THAT**
GUARDSMAN?





IT'S A TRAVESTY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! WE'VE BEEN A PART OF THE FEDERATION FOR OVER 200 YEARS. BACK THEN, THEY REALIZED WE COULD ACCOMPLISH MORE TOGETHER THAN APART.

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, SHRALLA. WE RAISE OUR CHILDREN ON TALES OF THE GREATNESS OF OUR FORMER EMPIRE. THEY CAN'T HELP BUT SEE THAT RIGHT NOW OUR FATE IS DETERMINED, IN LARGE PART, BY OTHERS.

WHOSE FAULT IS THAT? WE'VE PRACTICALLY DROPPED OUT OF THE FEDERATION. PERHAPS IF WE—

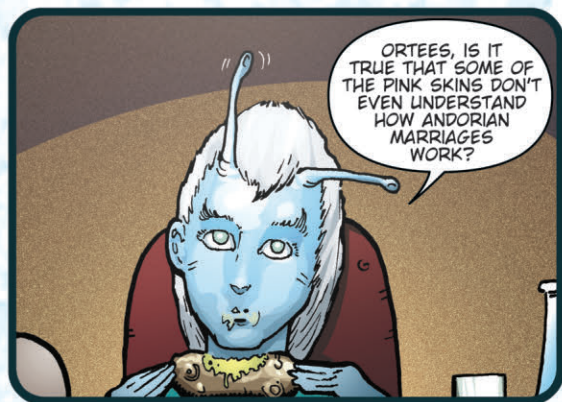
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY, BUT TRAJUN HAS A POINT. EVEN IF WE TAKE A MORE ACTIVE ROLE, THAT'S NO GUARANTEE THAT ANDORIAN CONCERNS WILL PREVAIL.



DO WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS OVER DINNER? I CAN'T BELIEVE THERE'S NOTHING MORE PLEASANT TO TALK ABOUT ON ORTEES' FIRST NIGHT HOME!



THRA, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION EXCEPT THAT THE FIRST THING ORTEES RAN INTO WHEN HE GOT HOME WAS A BUNCH OF ICE SNAKES SPOULTING THE OLD WAYS PARTY LINE.



ORTEES, IS IT TRUE THAT SOME OF THE PINK SKINS DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW ANDORIAN MARRIAGES WORK?



SOME DO, TORA. SOME DON'T. THEN AGAIN, SOME OF US DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEIR MARRIAGES WORK, EITHER.



SPEAKING OF MARRIAGE, WHEN ARE YOU AND THRYNN GOING TO HUNT UP ANOTHER PAIRING AND GET MARRIED YOURSELVES, ORTEES?



WHA-? WE...
AHEM... WOULDN'T WE HAVE TO **BE** A PAIRING BEFORE THAT COULD HAPPEN?



FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH YOUR OTHER MOTHER! THRYNN IS A FINE WOMAN. A STRONG WARRIOR. DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!



LOOK, I'M NOT SURE-

DEEEUUUUUNNN

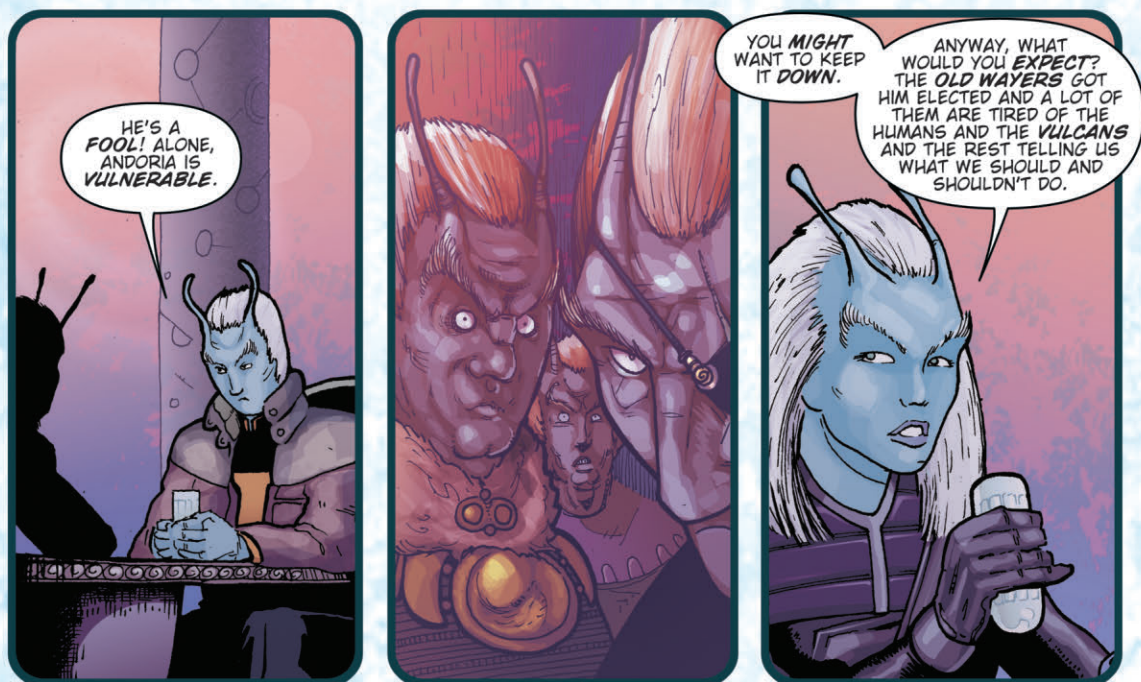
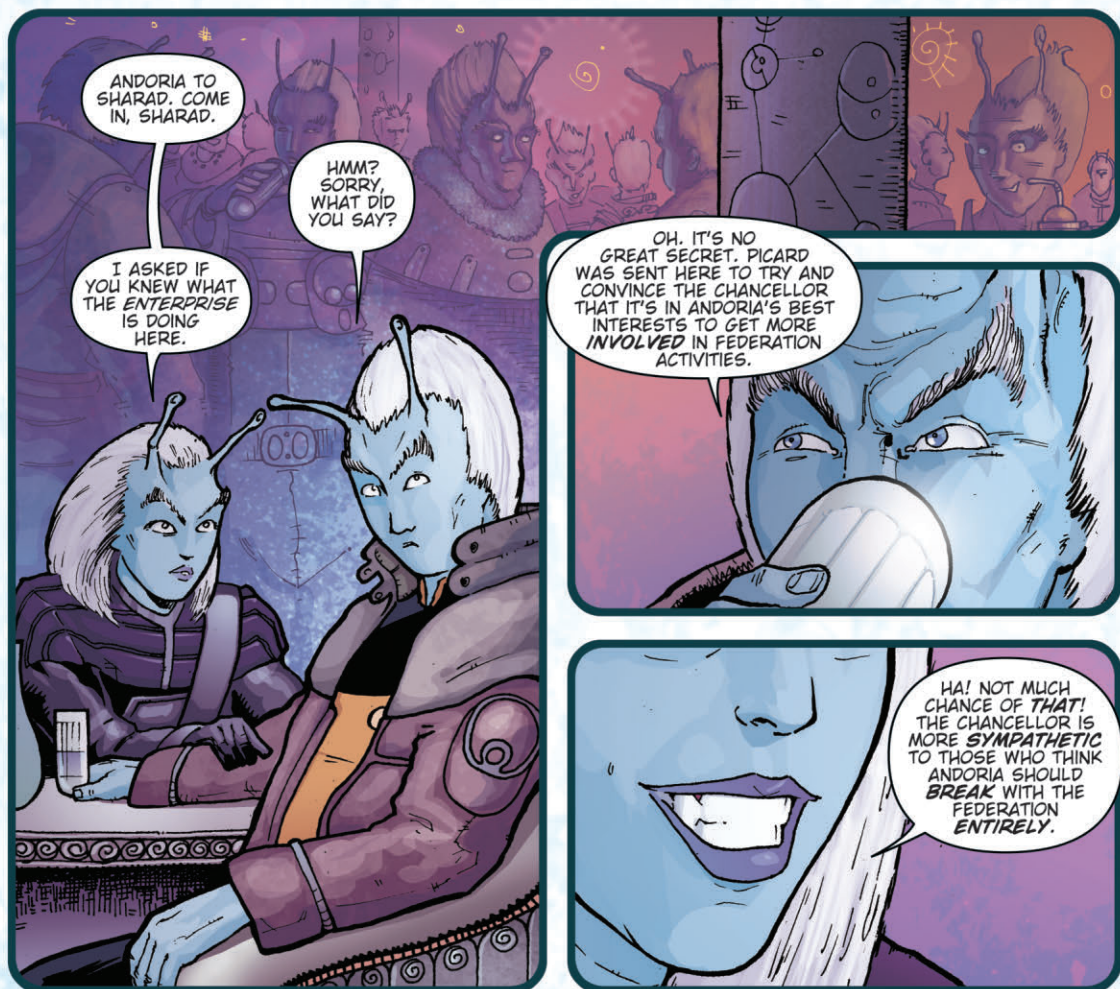


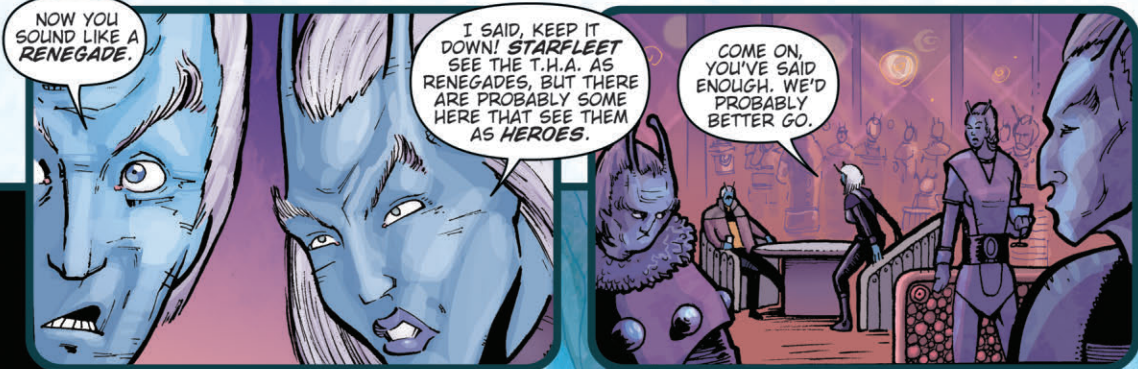
I'LL GET IT!

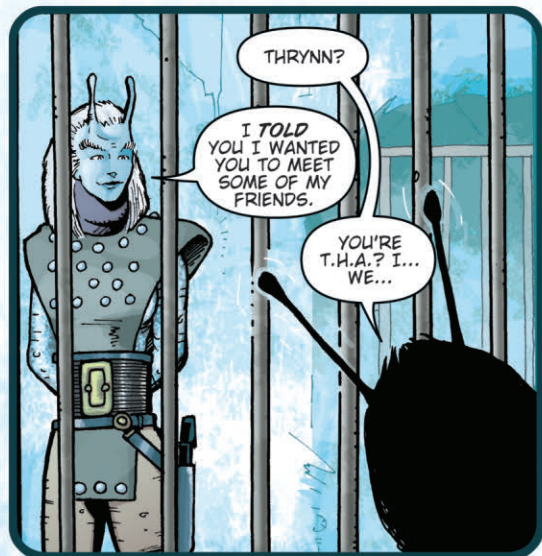
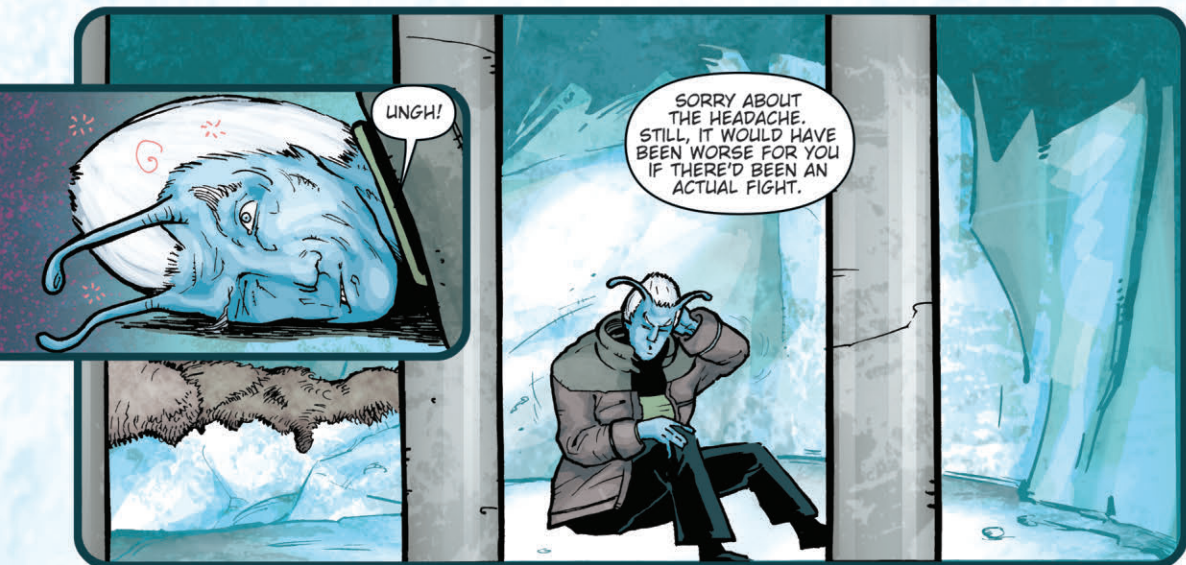
HMM. I WONDER WHO **THAT** COULD BE? NOT **THRYNN**, OF COURSE. AFTER ALL, ORTEES ISN'T SURE...



IF YOU'LL **EXCUSE ME**, I'M GOING OUT TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH SOMEONE WHO **DOESN'T** GET QUITE SO MUCH JOY OUT OF TWEAKING MY ANTENNAE.









YAAHHHR!

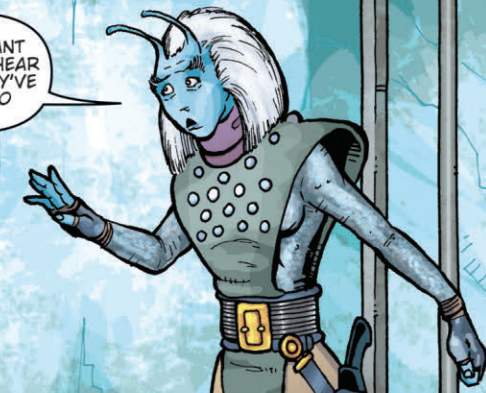
THEY'VE
TAMED YOU,
SHARAD. WASTED
YOUR SKILL. YOUR
PASSION!

I *KNOW*
YOU, SHARAD. YOU
WERE A *WARRIOR*
ONCE! NOW LOOK
AT YOU!

THEY'VE
TURNED
YOU INTO A
GLORIFIED *DATA*
INTERPRETER!

THERE IS
MORE TO *WAR*
THAN *KILLING*, THRYNN!
WITHOUT *KNOWING* ABOUT
THE ENEMY... A HUNDRED
VICTORIES CAN STILL
RESULT IN
DEFEAT.

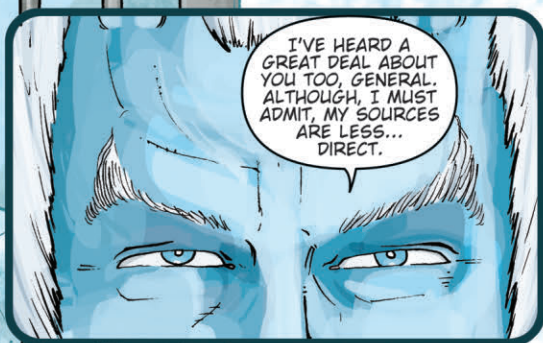
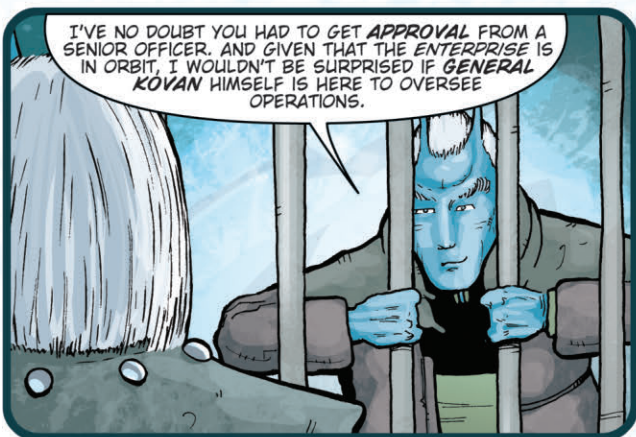
OH,
MY VALIANT
SHARAD. HEAR
WHAT THEY'VE
DONE TO
YOU.

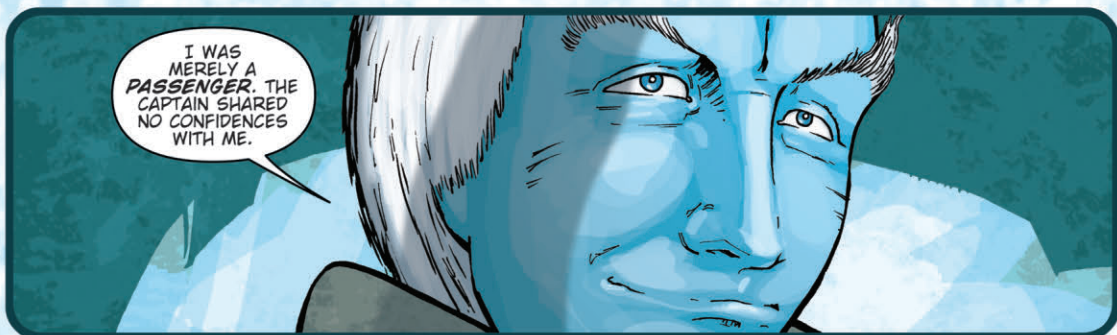
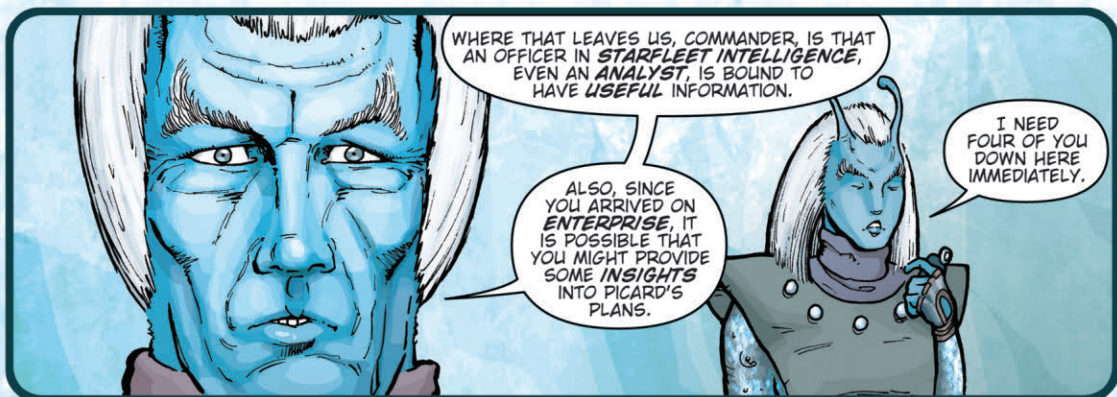
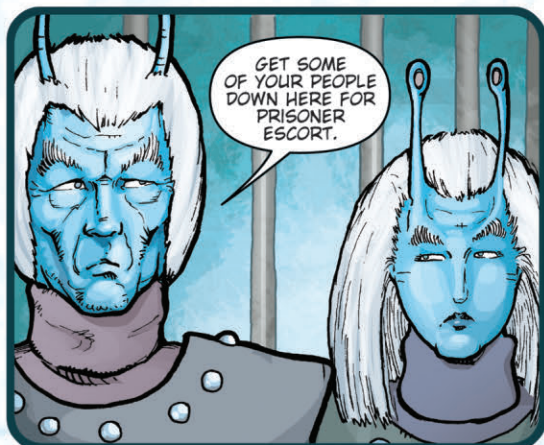
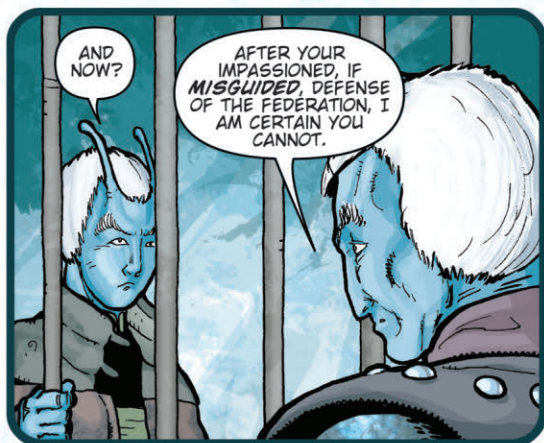
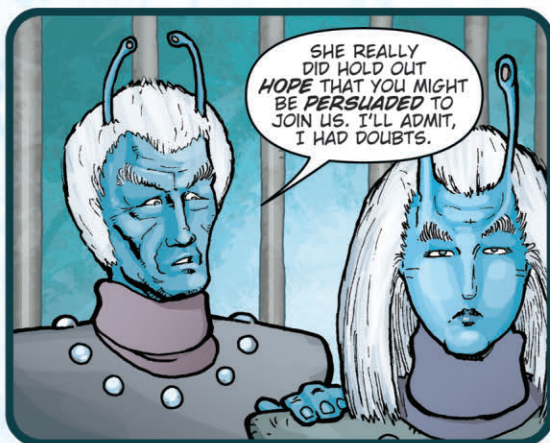


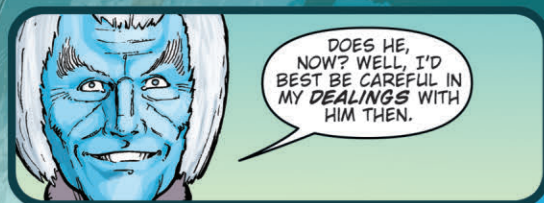
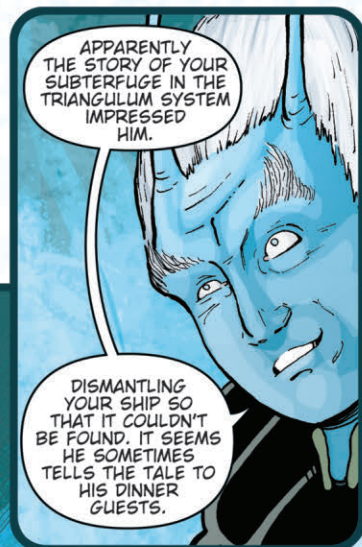
ENOUGH!
YOU AND I... OUR
HISTORY MAKES
FURTHER DISCUSSION
POINTLESS. I WANT
TO TALK WITH YOUR
SUPERIOR.

I AM THE
COMMANDER OF
THIS UNIT. THERE
IS NO ONE ELSE
FOR YOU TO
TALK TO.



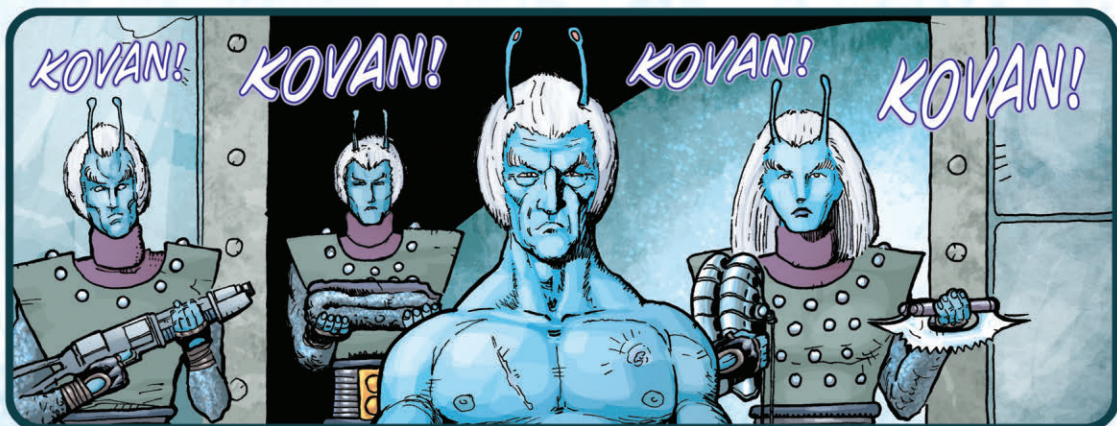
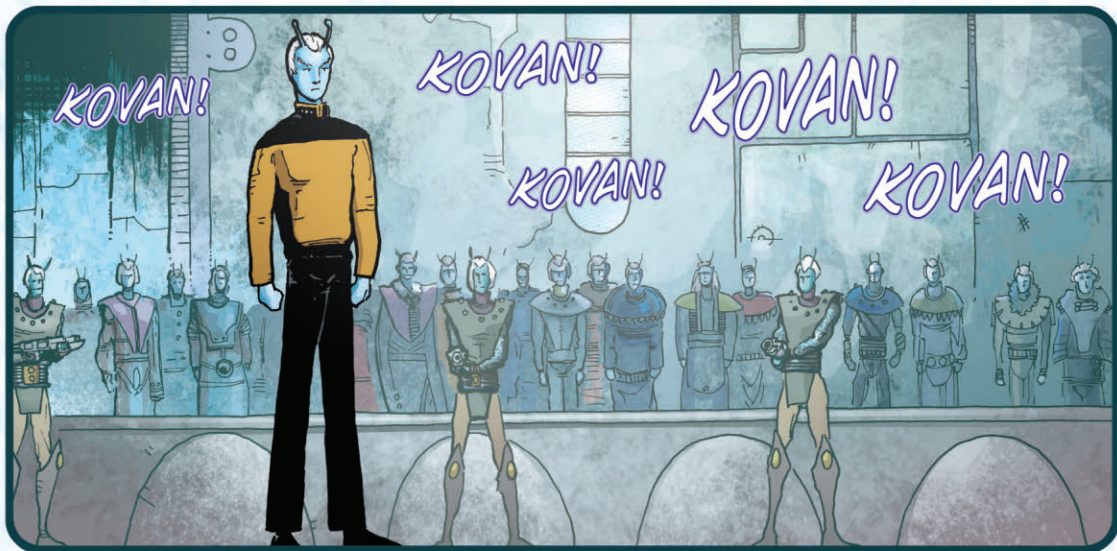


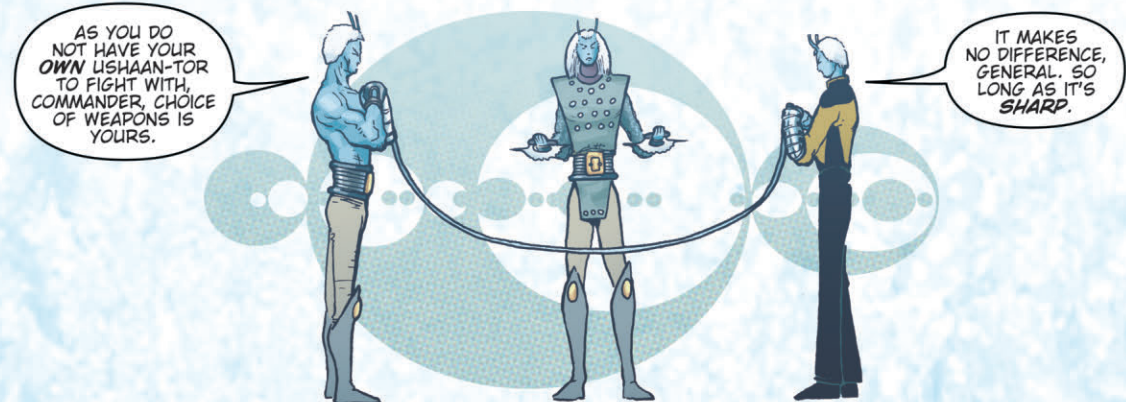


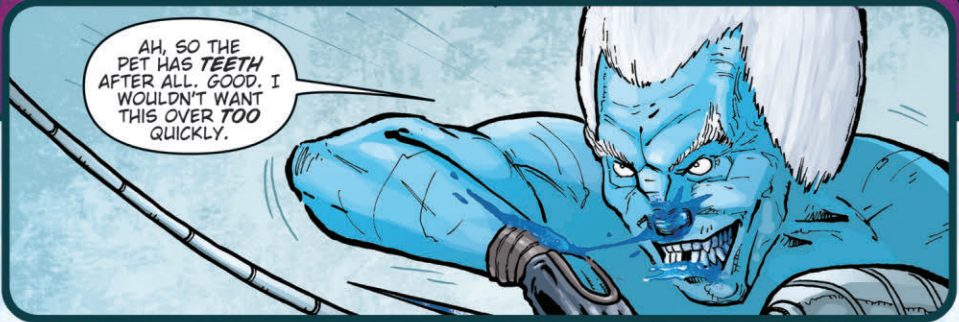
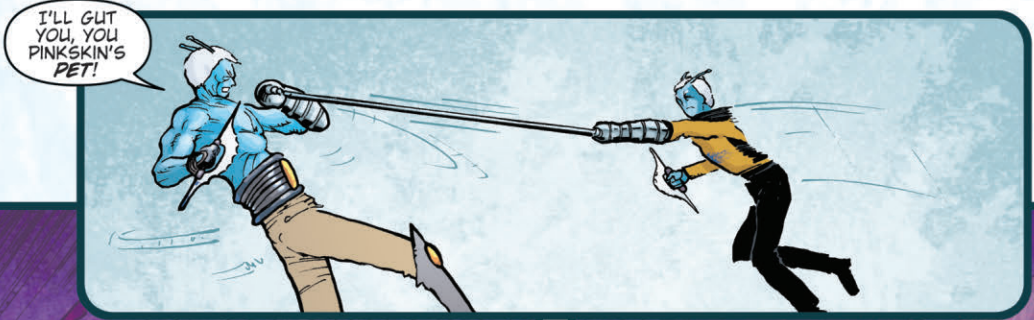




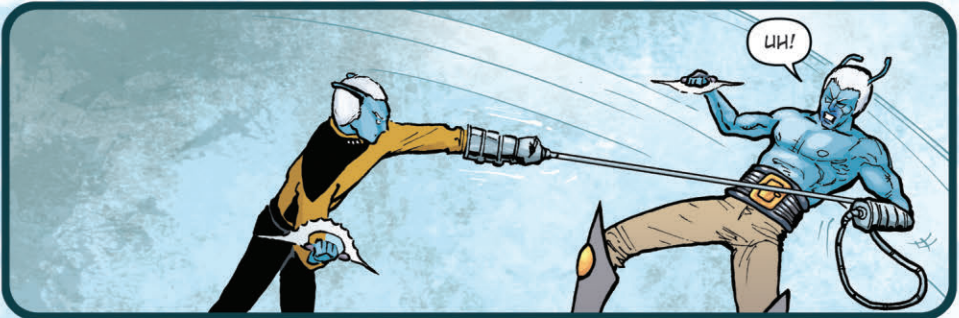




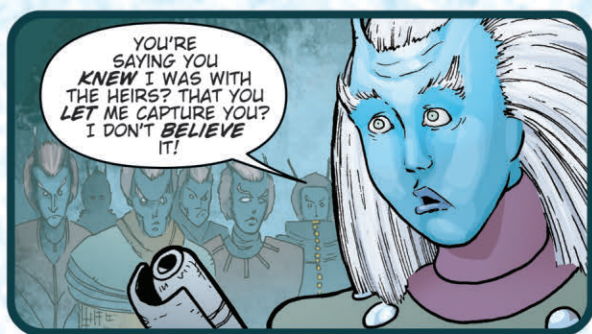
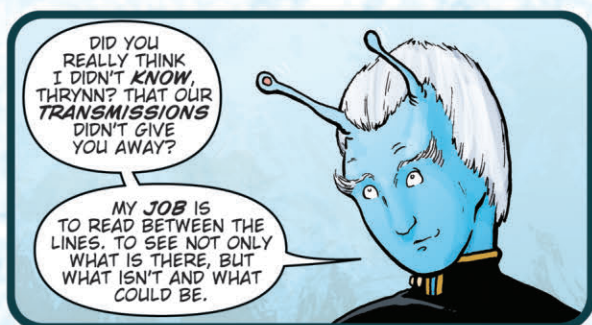


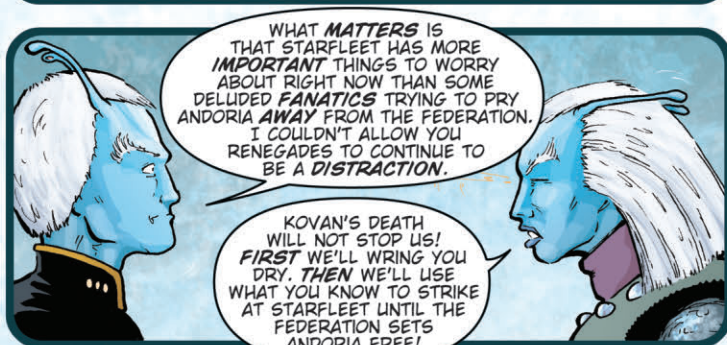
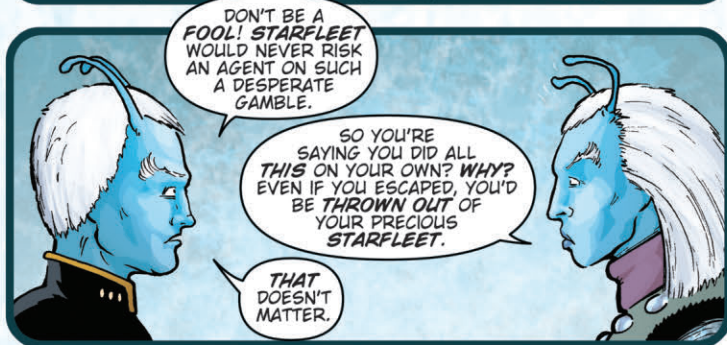
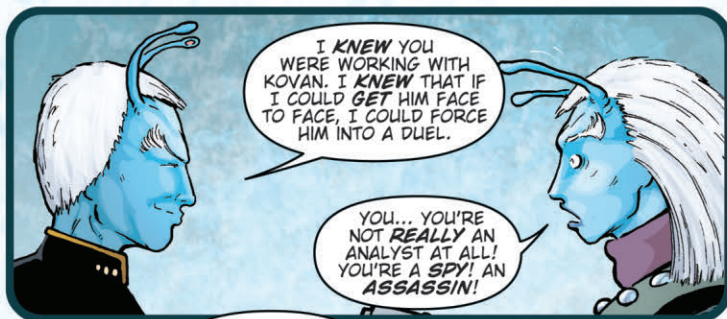


GUH!





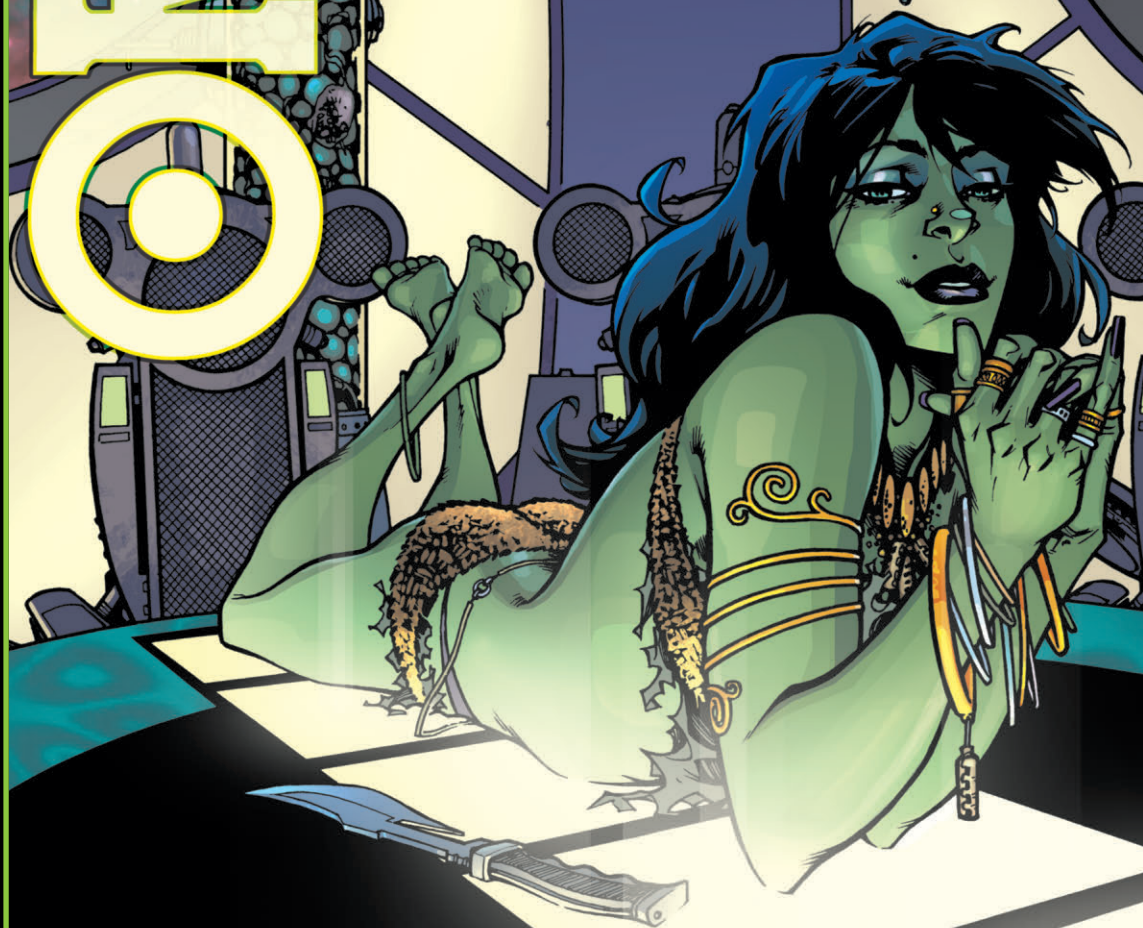




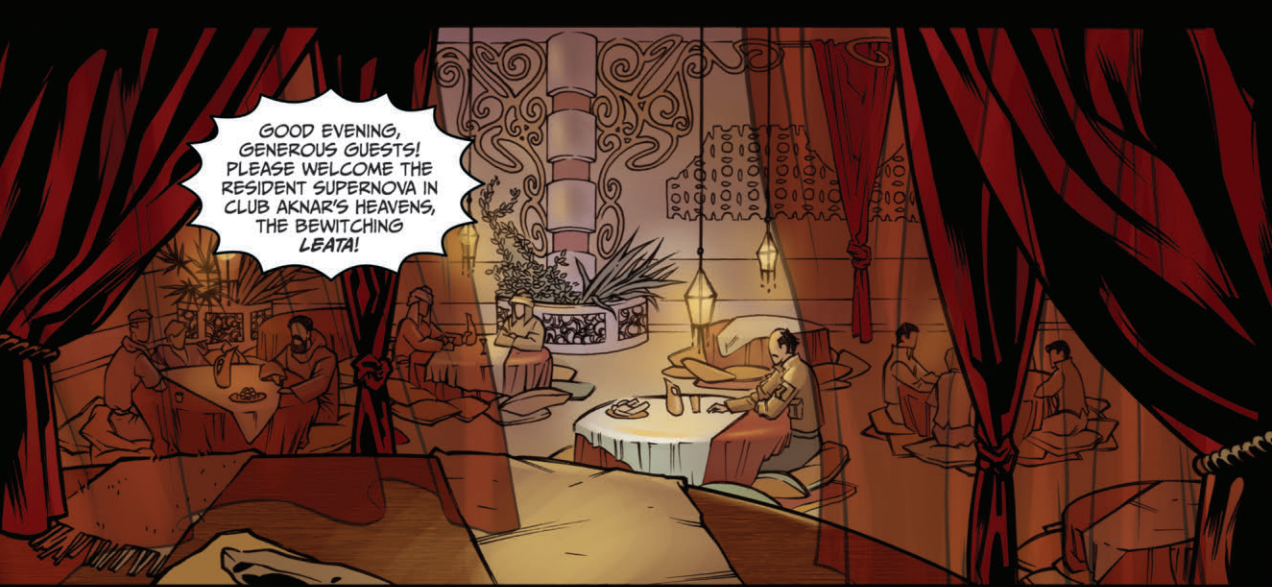
LEN 07



RIOT



art by Zach Howard
colors and logo by Len O'Grady



GOOD EVENING,
GENEROUS GUESTS!
PLEASE WELCOME THE
RESIDENT SUPERNOVA IN
CLUB AKNAR'S HEAVENS,
THE BEWITCHING
LEATA!



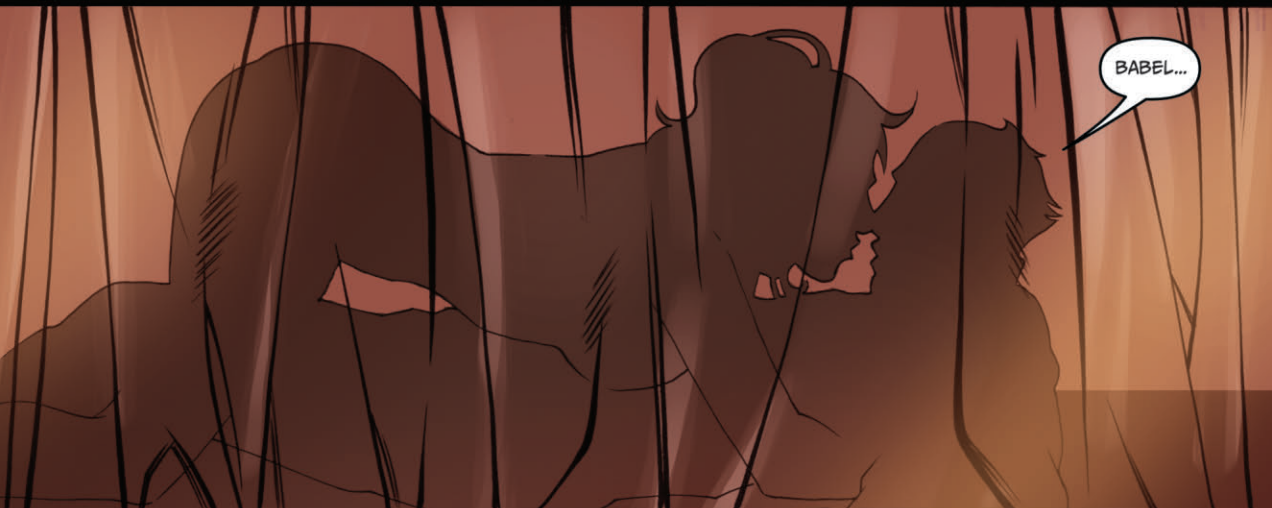
-GULP-





UNH.





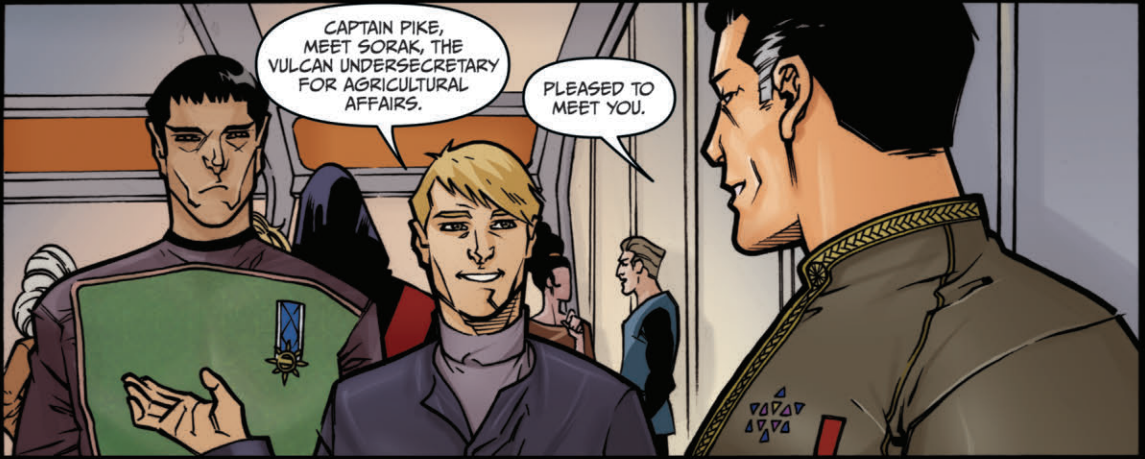


BABEL. THE LAST HURRAH FOR
USED-UP STARSHIP CAPTAINS.

YOU PUT IN YEARS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR,
AND AT THE END YOU GET TROTTED AROUND
AT DIPLOMATIC FUNCTIONS, INTRODUCED TO
ALIENS WHO BARELY KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THE GLORIES OF BEING "FLEET CAPTAIN."



CAPTAIN
PIKE! OVER
HERE!



ONE MORE DAY OF BEING
THEIR CONVERSATION PIECE
AND I CAN GET OFF THIS ROCK.



CAPTAIN PIKE,
WE'LL NEED YOU IN
THE RECEPTION
LINE SHORTLY!

ALL RIGHT,
SPENCE.
JUST NEED TO
STRETCH MY
LEGS A BIT.



A STROLL DOWN THE ESPLANADE
WILL DO ME SOME GOOD. GET
AWAY FROM THE DIPLOMATS AND
ADMINISTRATORS FOR A WHILE.



WHAT THE—







MY HEROIC CAPTAIN. I APPEAR TO BE IN YOUR DEBT.



AND I ALWAYS REPAY MY DEBTS!



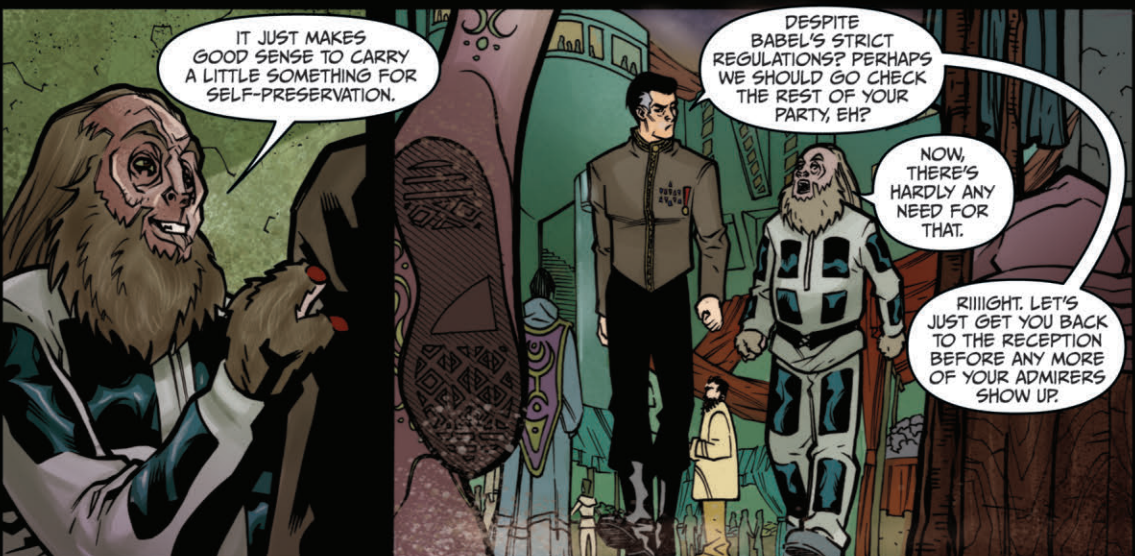
THERE'S NO CATCHING HER NOW, NOT THE WAY SHE MOVES...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU HUMAN DOG! HOW DARE YOU—



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU FAT OAF? THERE WON'T BE ANY MURDERS ON BABEL WHILE I'M HERE. HOW IS IT YOU EVEN GOT A WEAPON PAST SECURITY?!

A GOOD POINT, HUMAN! I AM ADMINISTRATOR MUSO, AND EVEN HERE, WE TELLARITES HAVE ENEMIES, YOU KNOW.



IT JUST MAKES GOOD SENSE TO CARRY A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR SELF-PRESERVATION.

DESPITE BABEL'S STRICT REGULATIONS? PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO CHECK THE REST OF YOUR PARTY, EH?

NOW, THERE'S HARDLY ANY NEED FOR THAT.

RIIIGHT. LET'S JUST GET YOU BACK TO THE RECEPTION BEFORE ANY MORE OF YOUR ADMIRERS SHOW UP.

TELLARITES ARE HOT-TEMPERED AND ARGUMENTATIVE. BUT MR. MUSO SEEMED EXCEPTIONALLY BELLIGERENT. I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO MAKE THAT ORION GIRL WANT TO KILL HIM.

I'LL CHECK WITH MENDEZ IN STARFLEET TO FIND OUT MORE. THIS KIND OF NONSENSE HAS NO PLACE ON BABEL.

I HEARD ABOUT YOUR LITTLE DUSTUP OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE, CHRIS. I KNOW IT'S BORING ON BABEL, BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

I DIDN'T SEEK THIS OUT, THAT'S FOR SURE. WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS TELLARITE?

MUSO SERVES AS A LIAISON BETWEEN A VARIETY OF TELLARITE MILITARY/INDUSTRIAL CONGLOMERATES AND INTERPLANETARY COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES.

HE'S HIGHLY PLACED WITHIN TELLARITE POLITICAL CIRCLES, AND WE'D HATE TO HAVE SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HIM. WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM?

I'M NOT A BODYGUARD, COMMODORE.

CONSIDER IT A FAVOR TO ME. JUST SEE IF YOU CAN TELL WHAT'S GOING ON. I'M DISCREETLY SENDING SOME EXTRA SECURITY TO BABEL. THEY'LL BE THERE SOON.





THERE'S SOMETHING VERY SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THIS GUY. I THINK HE'S UP TO NO GOOD.

YOU THINK THERE'S MORE HERE THAN THE TYPICAL TELLARITE PERSONALITY?



I DO. I'M CONVINCED PEOPLE ARE GETTING HURT, OR EVEN KILLED, AS A RESULT OF MUSO'S ACTIONS.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, THEORETICALLY, IF I WERE TO CHECK OUT HIS QUARTERS?

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS! CHRIS, STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.



NOT EXACTLY WHAT MENDEZ MEANT BY "STAY OUT OF TROUBLE." I'LL JUST TAKE A QUICK PEEK AROUND. WITH LUCK, NO ONE WILL NOTICE THAT I OVERRODE MUSO'S SECURITY CODE.



I'M EXPECTING THE FULL 10,000-CREDIT BOUNTY, AND IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THAT RIGELLIAN IS DEAD OR ALIVE. DO YOU FORESEE ANY PROBLEMS?



NO. WE'LL FETCH HIM, EITHER WHOLE OR IN PARTS.

AND THAT HUMAN, PIKE... HE'S BEEN WATCHING ME TOO CLOSELY. WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.



BOSS, PIKE'S A HIGH-PROFILE TARGET. HE'S A GUEST OF HONOR HERE. ARE YOU SURE...

KILL HIM. DISCREETLY. LEAVE NO TRACE OF HIM BEHIND.

HE'S A STARFLEET HERO. BUT I'LL FIND A WAY.



SEE? THEY
THINK YOU'RE A
HERO, TOO!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE? YOU AND
MUSO KISS AND
MAKE UP?

HARDLY. I
WAS HERE TO
KILL HIM, THEN
YOU GOT IN
MY WAY.
AGAIN.

HAVE YOU
FIGURED THIS
WHOLE THING
OUT YET?



MUSO SEEMS
TO BE SOME SORT
OF BOUNTY HUNTER,
AND A MURDERER
AS WELL.

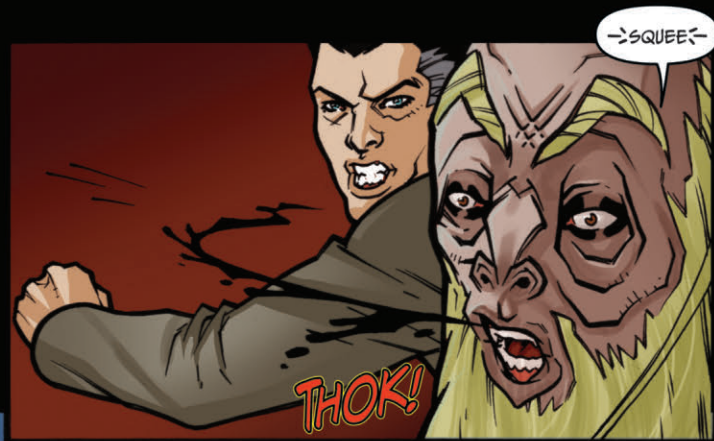
OH, I SEE
YOU NOTICED HE
JUST PUT A CONTRACT
ON
YOUR HEAD. MY MASTER
GOT TIRED OF THE ONE ON
HIS, AND SENT ME HERE TO
KILL MUSO. HE KNEW
THAT I'D RELISH THE
OPPORTUNITY...



MAYBE
WE SHOULD
WORK TOGETHER
TO KILL THIS
TELLARITE.











AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN KILL HIM. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE EVEN.



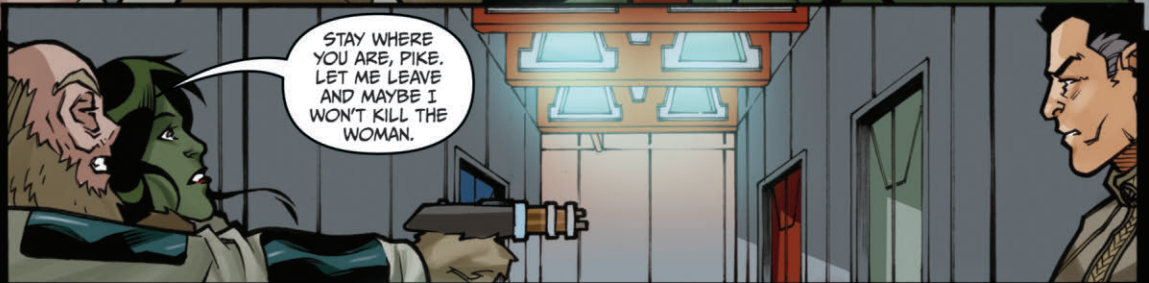
COME ON! HELP ME EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON TO STARFLEET, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU SLIP OUT OF HERE WHEN WE'RE DONE-DEAL?

PERHAPS, MY BRAVE CAPTAIN...



C'MERE, YOU!

WHAA--



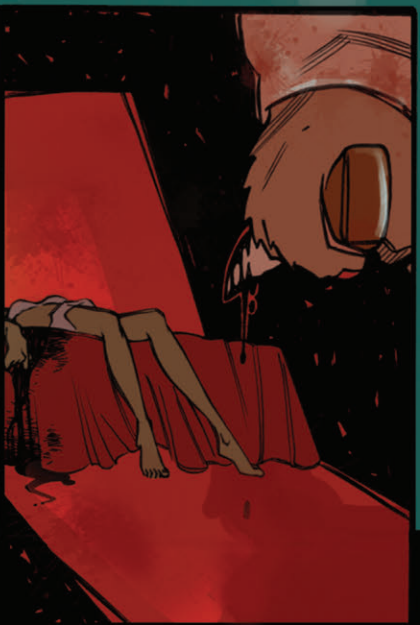
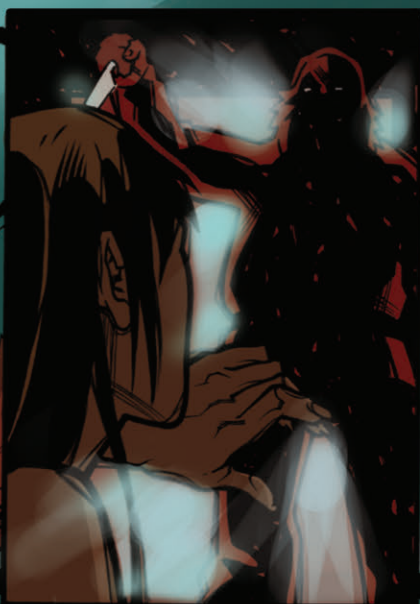
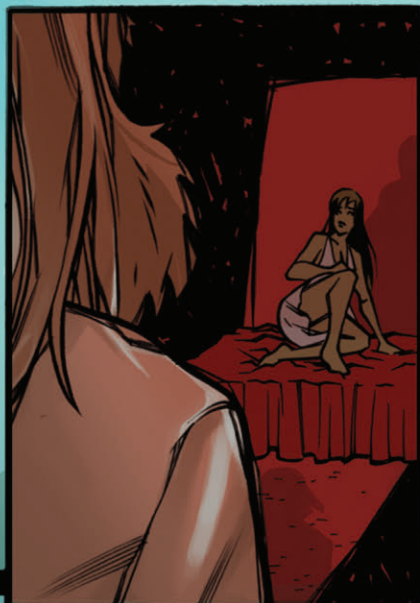
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, PIKE. LET ME LEAVE AND MAYBE I WON'T KILL THE WOMAN.



GNRRRAAGGH!

AAHHH!













...UM,
CAPTAIN?

HRM!
YES?



COMMODORE
MENDEZ
REQUESTS AN
IMMEDIATE
UPDATE, SIR.



IF YOU
DON'T MIND
COMING
WITH—



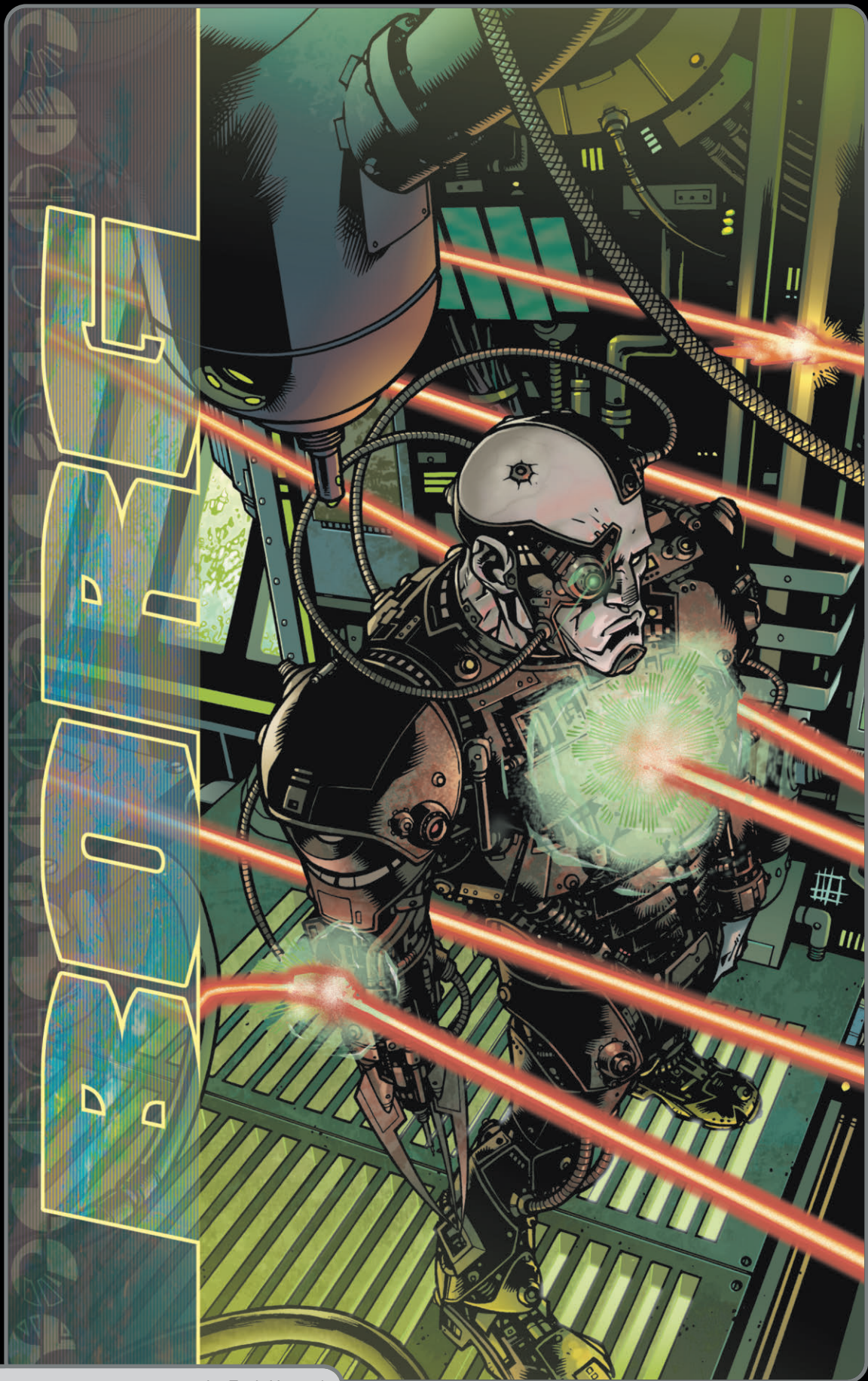
YES, OF
COURSE.

MAYBE THESE DIPLOMATIC FUNCTIONS
AREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL. THERE
MAY BE HOPE FOR BABEL YET.



END.



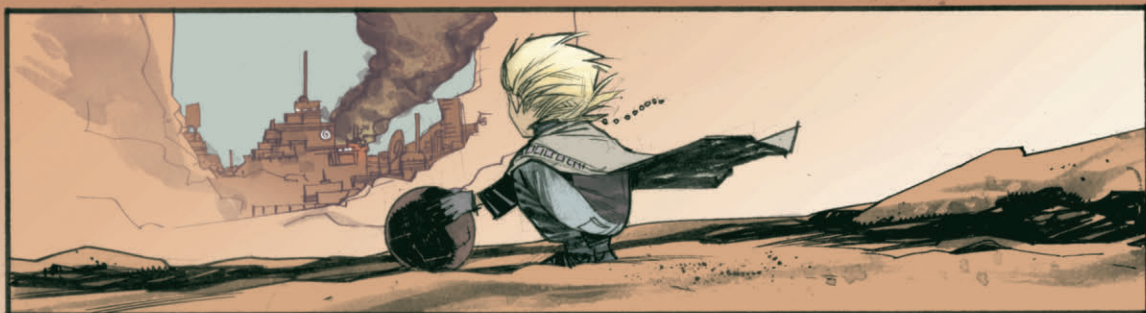


art by Zach Howard
colors and logo by Len O'Grady

STARDATE 41903.2.

THE PAST.

A COLONY WORLD IN
SECTOR 3-0 OF THE
FEDERATION-ROMULAN
NEUTRAL ZONE.



STARDATE 56344.5.

NOW.

THE U.S.S. MAVERICK.



THE NEBULA
REMAINS TURBULENT,
CAPTAIN HANLEY, BUT THE
SUBSPACE DISTORTIONS
HAVE SUBSIDED.



HELM, PLOT
A COURSE FOR
EARTH, BEST
POSSIBLE
SPEED.

STARFLEET
REPORTS THESE
DISRUPTIONS ALL OVER
THE GALAXY. IT NEEDS
THESE RESULTS
RIGHT AWAY.

WARP
ENGINES AT FULL
POWER NOW,
CAPTAIN.

LIGHT
THEM UP.



FWEEEEEE



SKKRE
SHHOOOM

THE U.S.S. COURAGEOUS.

CAPTAIN WALIA,
WE'RE RECEIVING A
DISTRESS CALL FROM
SCIENCE VESSEL
POLLUX.



ON
SCREEN.

KRSSSHH—

KHABOO

THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE.

—COMMANDER
LAFORGE REPORTS
THE NEW DILITHIUM
SAMPLES EXHIBIT THE
SAME MOLECULAR
INSTABILITY. PERHAPS
FURTHER STUDY
WOULD—

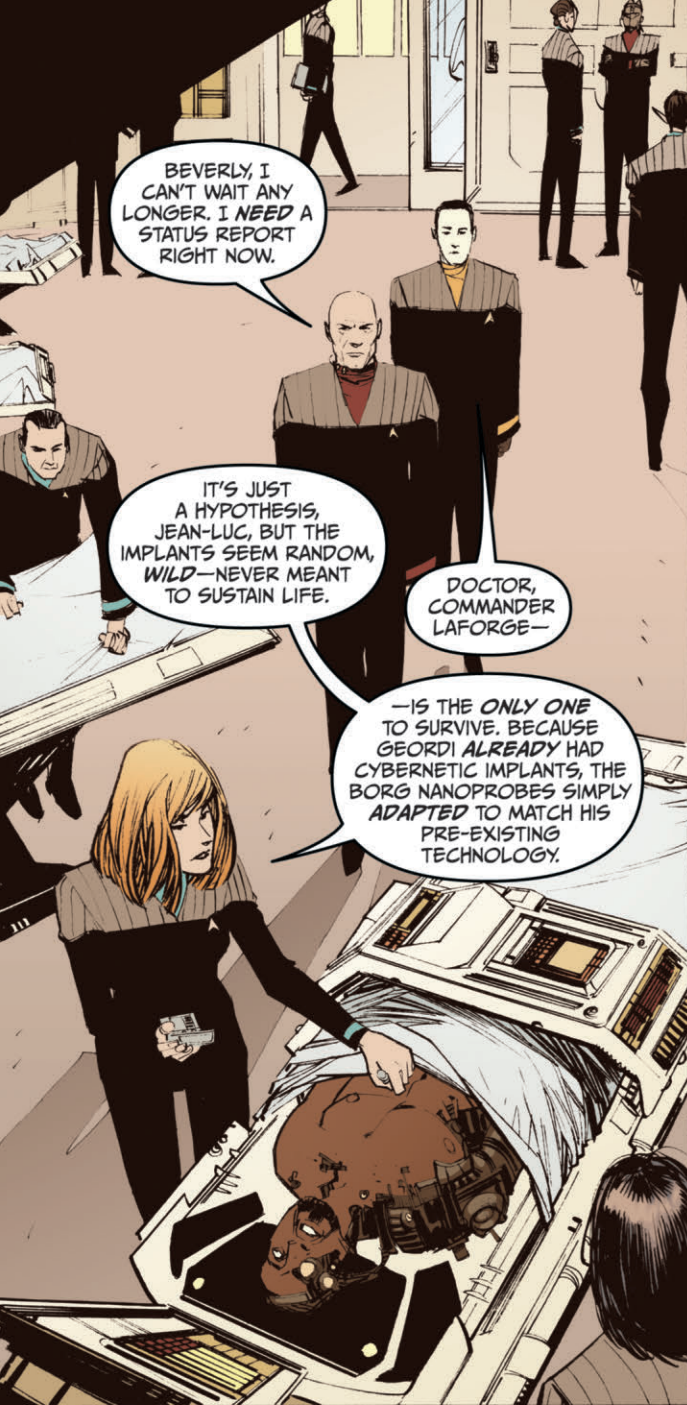
NO. NUMBER
ONE, GET THEM
OFF THAT ASTEROID,
AND HAVE THEM LEAVE THE
SAMPLES BEHIND. IT'S
TOO DANGEROUS
TO BRING THEM
ON BOARD.

ENERGIZING
NOW.

FRZZZAK

AAAUGGHGH!

RUH...
RESISTANCE
IS—



BEVERLY, I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. I NEED A STATUS REPORT RIGHT NOW.

IT'S JUST A HYPOTHESIS, JEAN-LUC, BUT THE IMPLANTS SEEM RANDOM, WILD—NEVER MEANT TO SUSTAIN LIFE.

DOCTOR, COMMANDER LAFORGE—

—IS THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE. BECAUSE GEORDI ALREADY HAD CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS, THE BORG NANOPROBES SIMPLY ADAPTED TO MATCH HIS PRE-EXISTING TECHNOLOGY.

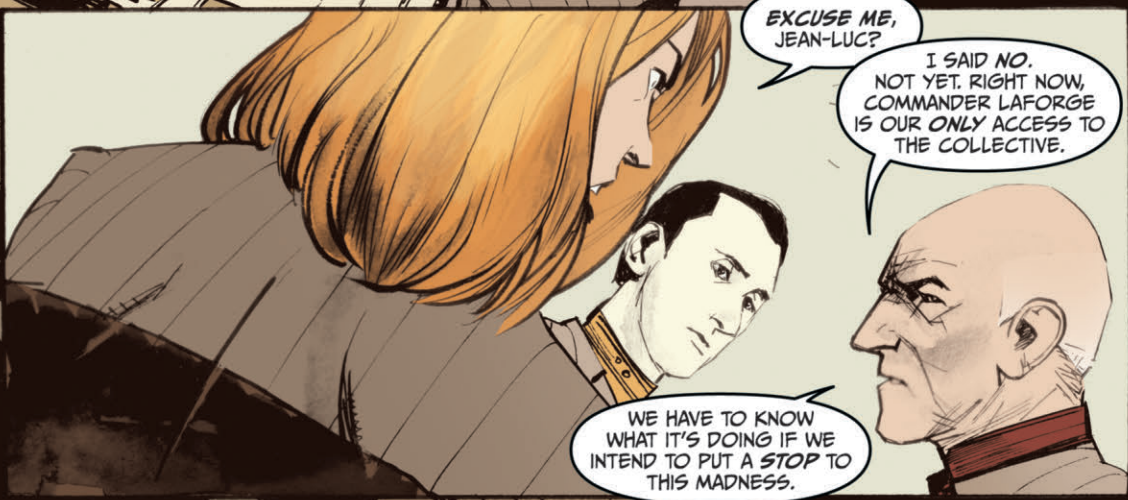


IT'S QUITE FORTUNATE, ACTUALLY.

SINCE THEY WERE FEDERATION IMPLANTS, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REVERSE THE INFECTION.



NO.



EXCUSE ME, JEAN-LUC?

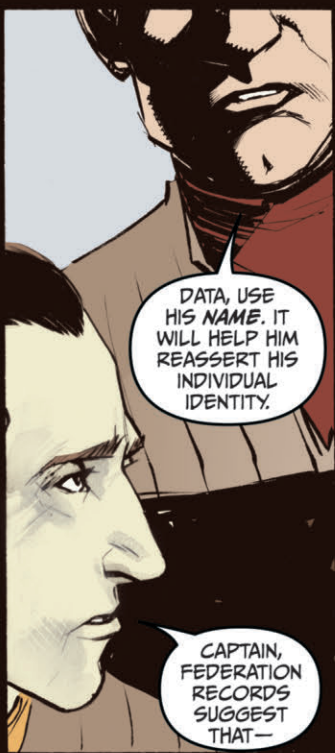
I SAID NO. NOT YET. RIGHT NOW, COMMANDER LAFORGE IS OUR ONLY ACCESS TO THE COLLECTIVE.

WE HAVE TO KNOW WHAT IT'S DOING IF WE INTEND TO PUT A STOP TO THIS MADNESS.



DATA...

I AM
HERE, MY
FRIEND.



DATA, USE
HIS NAME. IT
WILL HELP HIM
REASSERT HIS
INDIVIDUAL
IDENTITY.

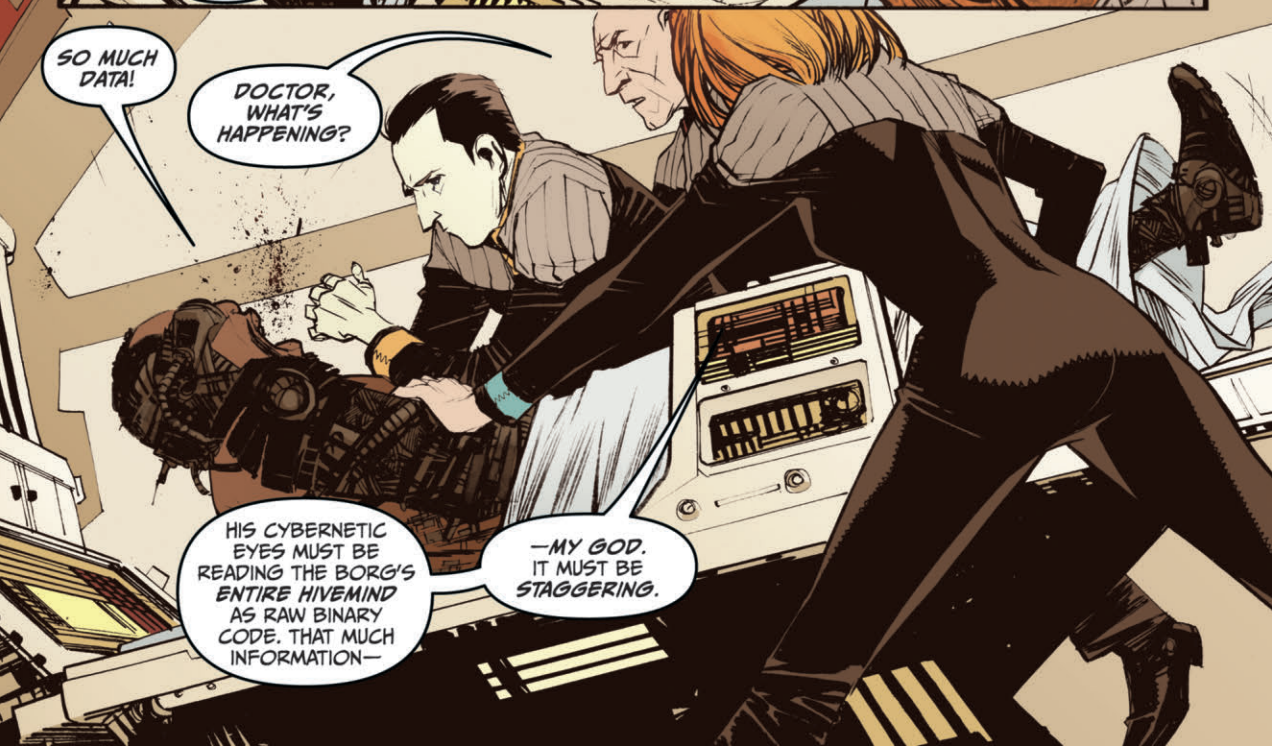
CAPTAIN,
FEDERATION
RECORDS
SUGGEST THAT—



YES, OF
COURSE.

I AM HERE,
GEORDI. IT
IS DATA.

NO...
DATA...

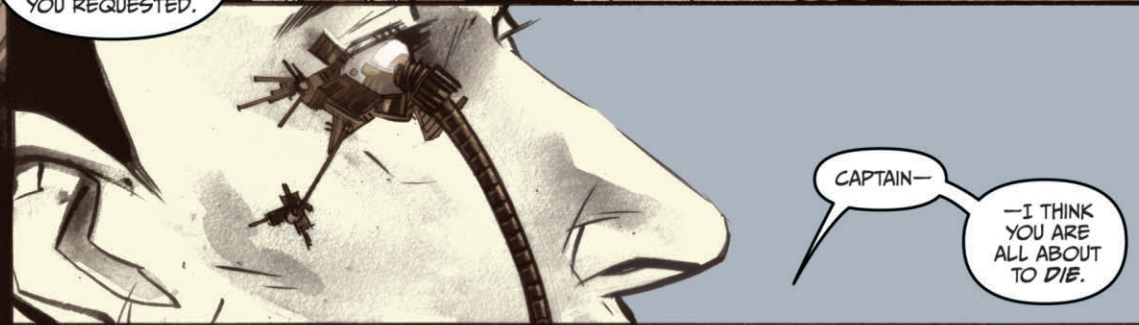


SO MUCH
DATA!

DOCTOR,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

HIS CYBERNETIC
EYES MUST BE
READING THE BORG'S
ENTIRE HIVEMIND
AS RAW BINARY
CODE. THAT MUCH
INFORMATION—

—MY GOD.
IT MUST BE
STAGGERING.





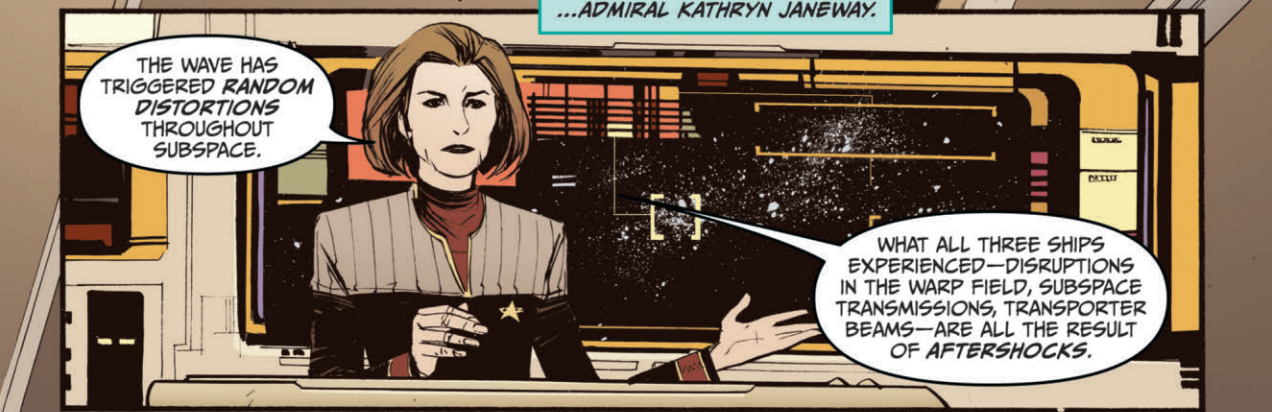
A TIME
WAVE.

TRAVELING
FROM THE FUTURE
TOWARD THE
PRESENT.

AN INTERSTELLAR
CASCADE OF TACHYONS
RETHREADING
BORG HISTORY
AS IT GOES.

THE FEDERATION'S EXPERT ON THE BORG...

...ADMIRAL KATHRYN JANEWAY.



THE WAVE HAS
TRIGGERED *RANDOM*
DISTORTIONS
THROUGHOUT
SUBSPACE.


WHAT ALL THREE SHIPS
EXPERIENCED—DISRUPTIONS
IN THE WARP FIELD, SUBSPACE
TRANSMISSIONS, TRANSPORTER
BEAMS—ARE ALL THE RESULT
OF *AFTERSHOCKS*.



AFTERSHOCKS?

YES, CAPTAIN
AMASOV.

THE WAVE
IS TRAVELING
BACKWARD THROUGH
TIME. ITS AFTERSHOCKS
OCCUR *AHEAD*
OF IT.

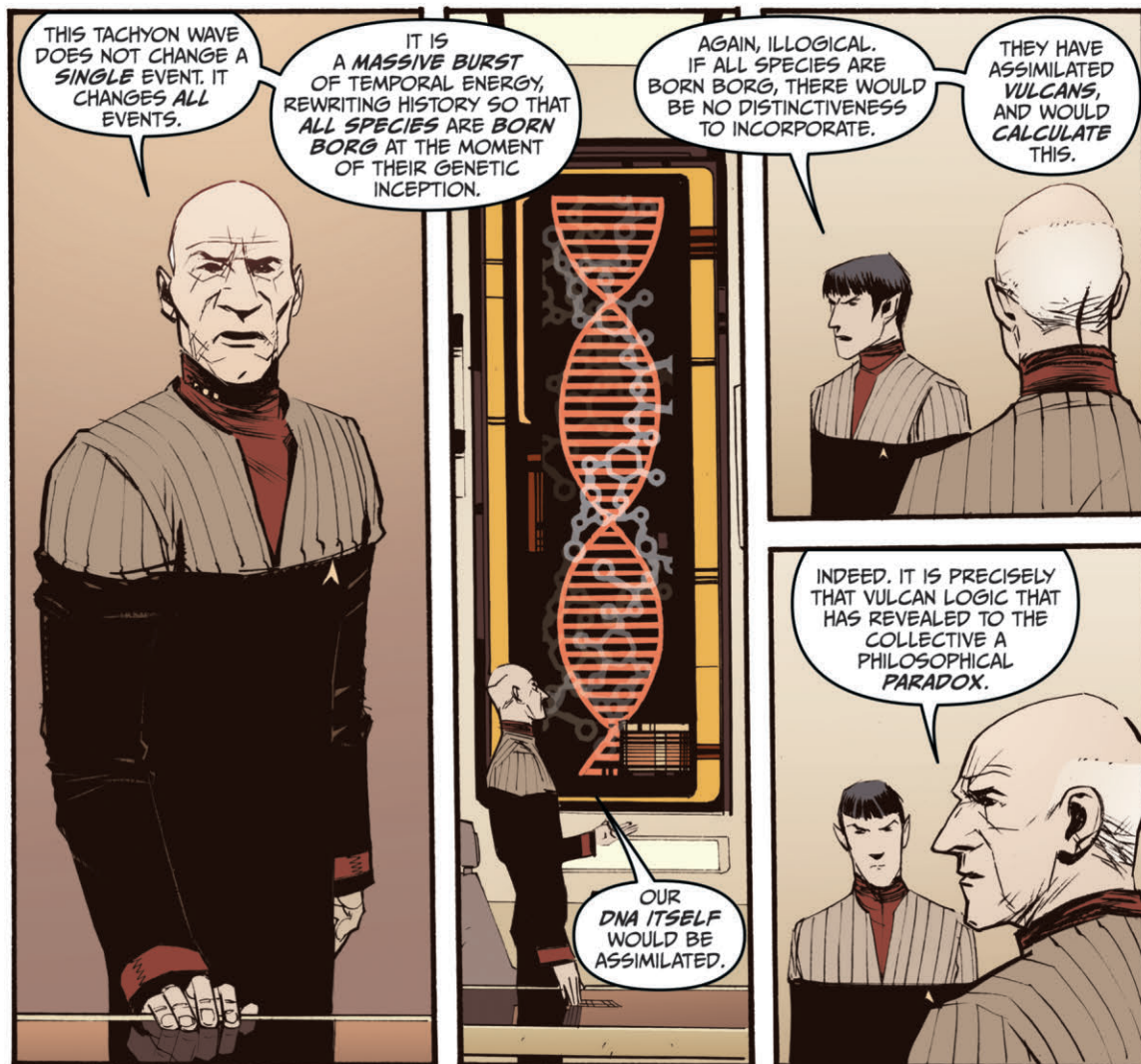
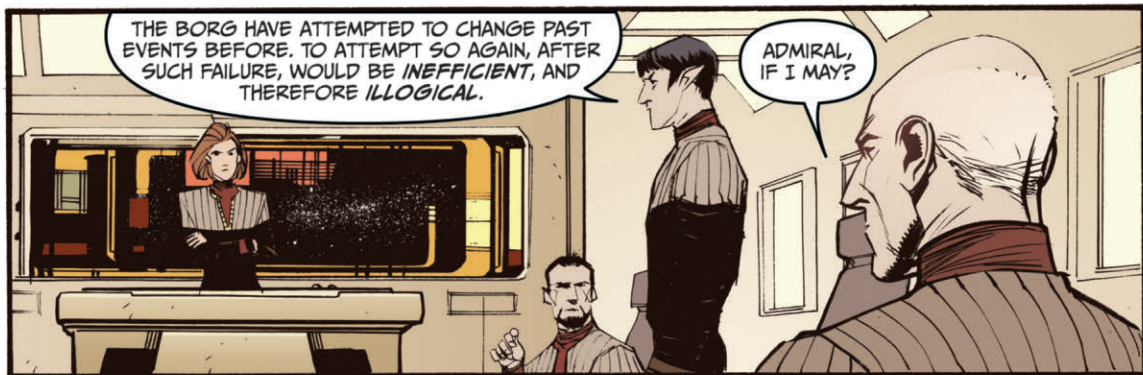


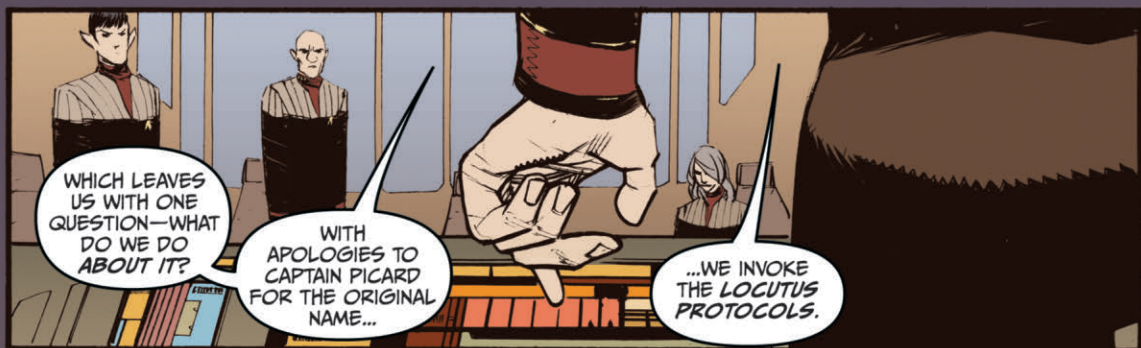
AS THE WAVE APPROACHES,
WE WON'T HAVE USE OF OUR
TRANSPORTERS, WARP ENGINES
OR EVEN SUBSPACE
CHANNELS.

THE ENTIRE
FLEET WILL BE
STRANDED AND
UNABLE TO
COMMUNICATE.



UNTIL, WHEN THE
WAVE HITS—AND THE
FEDERATION *CEASES*
TO EXIST AT ALL.

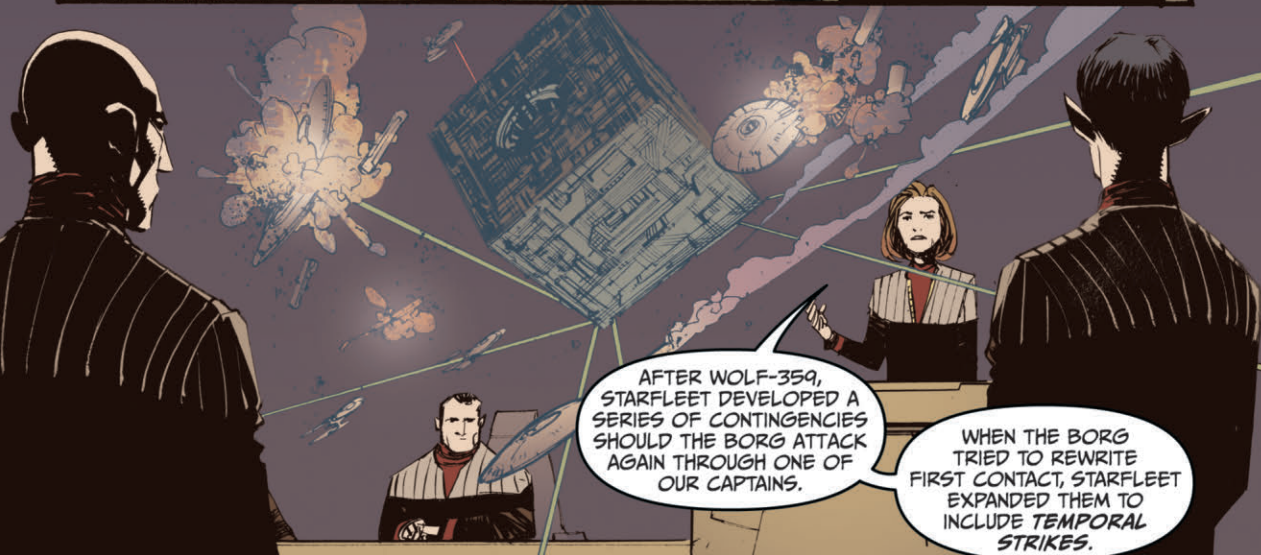




WHICH LEAVES US WITH ONE QUESTION—WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?

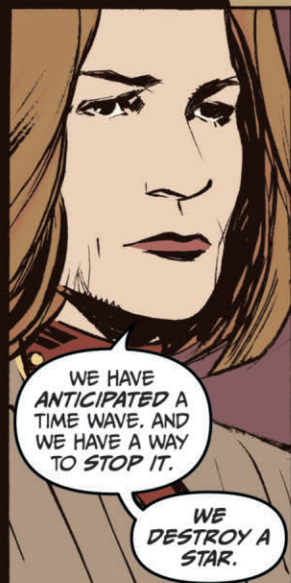
WITH APOLOGIES TO CAPTAIN PICARD FOR THE ORIGINAL NAME...

...WE INVOKE THE LOCUTUS PROTOCOLS.



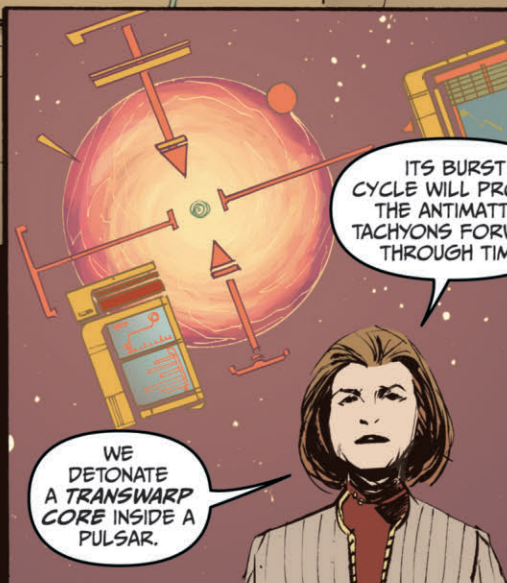
AFTER WOLF-359, STARFLEET DEVELOPED A SERIES OF CONTINGENCIES SHOULD THE BORG ATTACK AGAIN THROUGH ONE OF OUR CAPTAINS.

WHEN THE BORG TRIED TO REWRITE FIRST CONTACT, STARFLEET EXPANDED THEM TO INCLUDE TEMPORAL STRIKES.



WE HAVE ANTICIPATED A TIME WAVE. AND WE HAVE A WAY TO STOP IT.

WE DESTROY A STAR.



ITS BURST CYCLE WILL PROPEL THE ANTIMATTER TACHYONS FORWARD THROUGH TIME.

WE DETONATE A TRANSWARP CORE INSIDE A PULSAR.



UNTIL THE ANTI-TACHYON WAVE CRASHES INTO ITS BORG COUNTERPART—AND NEUTRALIZES IT.

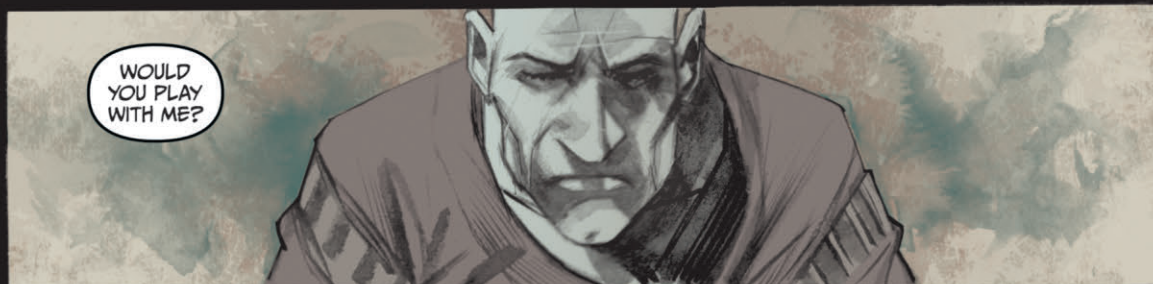


I KNOW SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE RESERVATIONS ABOUT THE DRASTIC NATURE OF OUR SOLUTION. I KNOW THAT I DO.

BUT BOTH THE FUTURE—AND THE PAST—OF THE FEDERATION ARE AT STAKE.



WOULD
YOU PLAY
WITH ME?

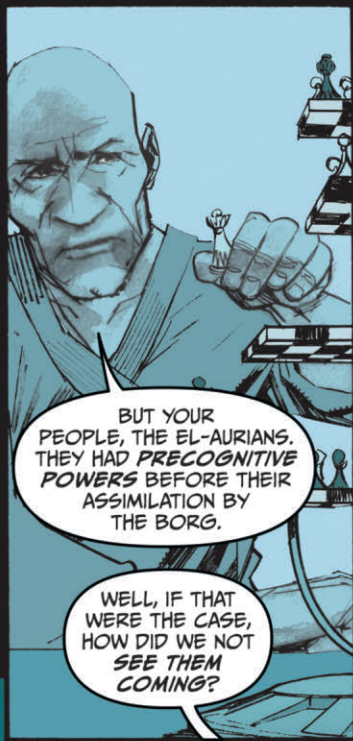


I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO,
GUINAN. IT'S NO USE WITH
SOMEONE WHO CAN
SEE THE FUTURE.



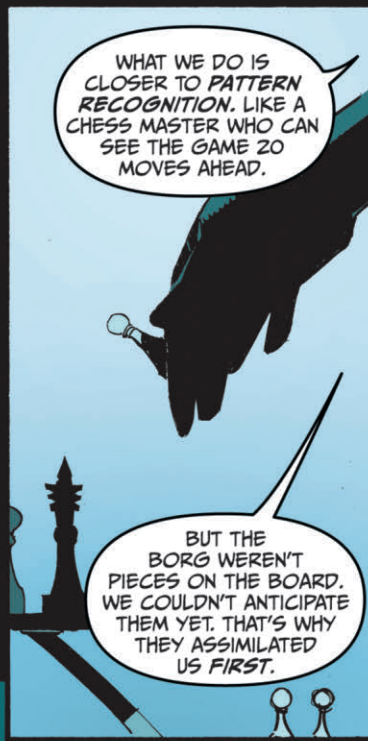
NOW, JEAN-LUC.
YOU KNOW I'VE NEVER
CLAIMED THAT. YOUR
PROBLEM HAS ALWAYS
BEEN THAT YOUR GAME
REFUSES TO
ADAPT.

BUT YOUR
PEOPLE, THE EL-AURIANS.
THEY HAD **PRECOGNITIVE
POWERS** BEFORE THEIR
ASSIMILATION BY
THE BORG.



WELL, IF THAT
WERE THE CASE,
HOW DID WE NOT
**SEE THEM
COMING?**

WHAT WE DO IS
CLOSER TO **PATTERN
RECOGNITION**. LIKE A
CHESS MASTER WHO CAN
SEE THE GAME 20
MOVES AHEAD.

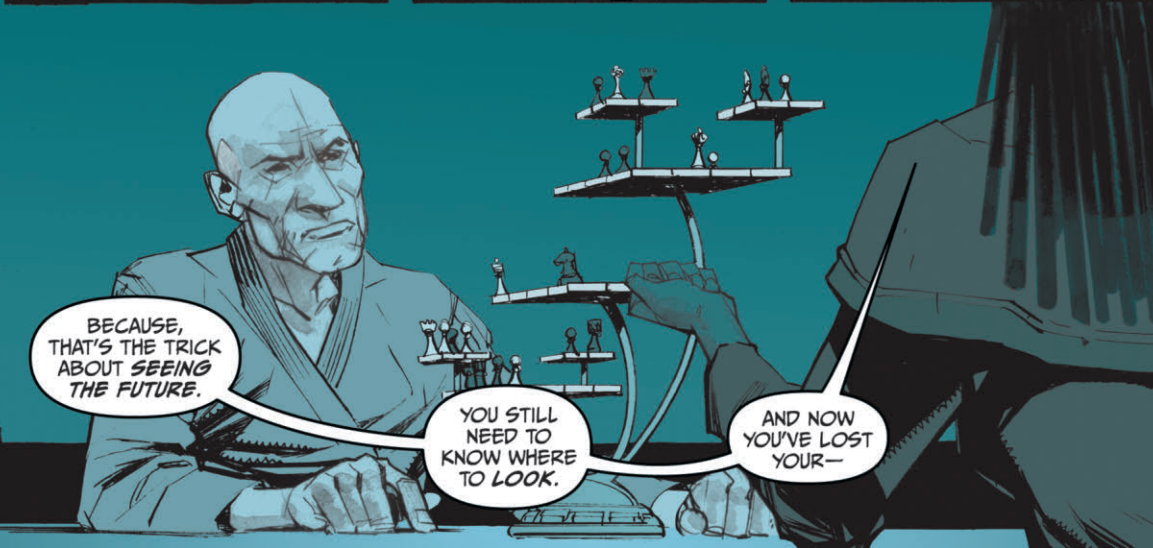


BUT THE
BORG WEREN'T
PIECES ON THE BOARD.
WE COULDN'T ANTICIPATE
THEM YET. THAT'S WHY
THEY ASSIMILATED
US **FIRST**.

BECAUSE,
THAT'S THE TRICK
ABOUT **SEEING
THE FUTURE**.

YOU STILL
NEED TO
KNOW WHERE
TO **LOOK**.

AND NOW
YOU'VE LOST
YOUR—



—*QUEEN*, LOCUTUS. THOUGH
IN TRUTH YOU NEVER REALLY HAD ONE.
YOU WERE A FAILED EXPERIMENT,
JUST LIKE YOUR FEDERATION.

YOU *MUST* REALIZE THAT
WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE PLANNING.
THESE EVENTS ARE ALL *HISTORY* TO
US. *IMPERFECT* HISTORY, THAT
NOW WE WILL *CHANGE*.

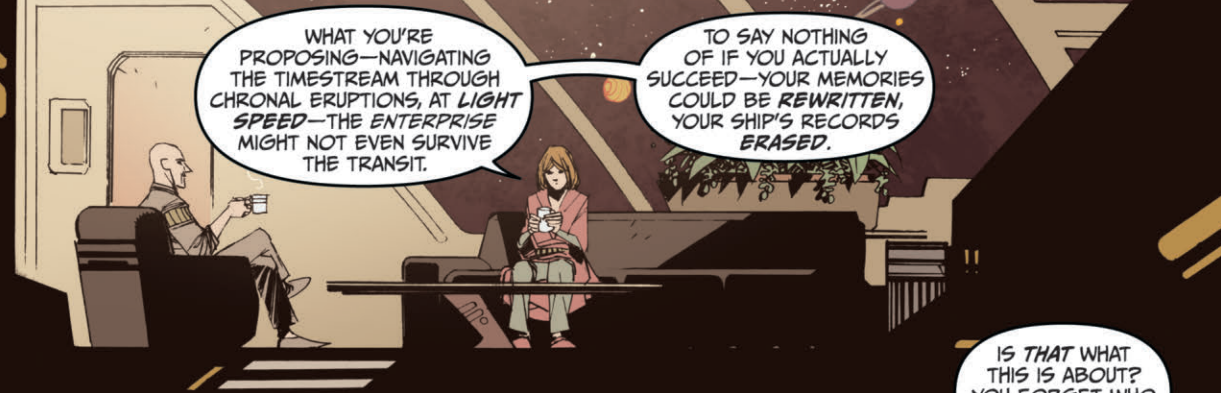
WE *KNOW*
YOU CAN SEE THIS. THE
EL-AURIANS WERE ALREADY PART
OF THE COLLECTIVE WHEN YOU
WERE ASSIMILATED. YOU HAVE *SEEN*
THROUGH THEIR EYES. YOU *KNOW*
HOW THIS WILL END.



YOU JUST
NEED TO
KNOW WHERE
TO LOOK.



NUMBER
ONE, GET ME
ADMIRAL
JANEWAY.



WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING—NAVIGATING THE TIMESTREAM THROUGH CHRONAL ERUPTIONS, AT **LIGHT SPEED**—THE ENTERPRISE MIGHT NOT EVEN SURVIVE THE TRANSIT.

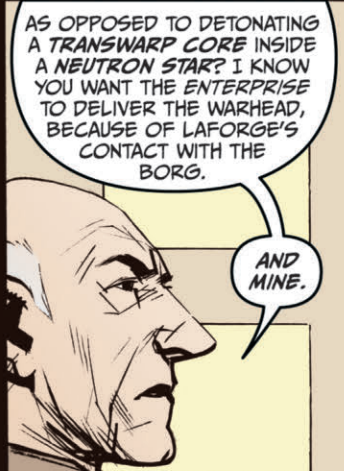
TO SAY NOTHING OF IF YOU ACTUALLY SUCCEED—YOUR MEMORIES COULD BE **REWRITTEN**, YOUR SHIP'S RECORDS **ERASED**.

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? YOU FORGET WHO YOU'RE SPEAKING TO, CAPTAIN.

THEN YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THE **BORG** AREN'T **EVIL**. THEY ARE MERELY FOLLOWING A **GENETIC IMPERATIVE**.




I'M SORRY, IT'S JUST TOO DANGEROUS.



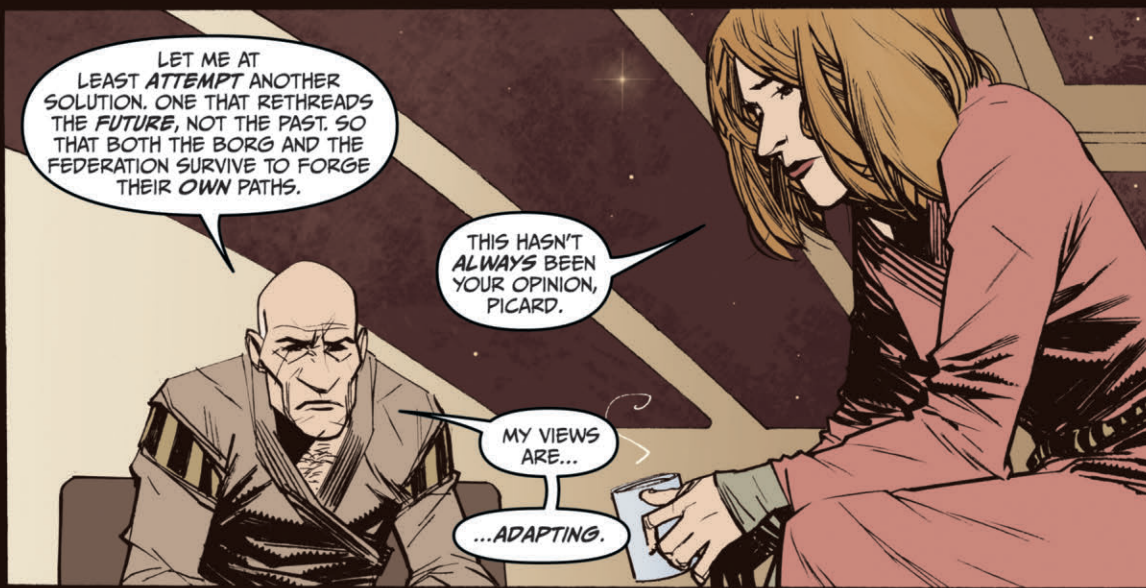
AS OPPOSED TO DETONATING A **TRANSWARP CORE** INSIDE A **NEUTRON STAR**? I KNOW YOU WANT THE ENTERPRISE TO DELIVER THE WARHEAD, BECAUSE OF LAFORGE'S CONTACT WITH THE **BORG**.

AND MINE.



BUT IF WE HURL ONE TIME WAVE INTO ANOTHER AS **BORG** HISTORY RETHREADS ITSELF, THE CONSEQUENCES FOR THE SPECIES COULD BE **CATASTROPHIC**.

THEY COULD BE **ERASED FROM EXISTENCE**. DO WE REALLY HAVE THE MORAL AUTHORITY TO DO THAT?



LET ME AT LEAST **ATTEMPT** ANOTHER SOLUTION. ONE THAT RETHREADS THE **FUTURE**, NOT THE PAST. SO THAT BOTH THE **BORG** AND THE FEDERATION SURVIVE TO FORGE THEIR **OWN** PATHS.

THIS HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN YOUR OPINION, PICARD.

MY VIEWS ARE...

...ADAPTING.



I AM PLEASED YOU ARE RECOVERING, GEORDI. AND I LIKE YOU IN THE VISOR AGAIN. I BELIEVE IT SUITS YOU.

IT'S JUST UNTIL MY OCULAR NERVES HEAL. BUT IT'LL HELP ME INTERPRET THE **BORG COMPUTER CODE** THAT'S STILL RATTLING IN MY BRAIN.

THEY COULD REMOVE THE IMPLANTS, BUT NOT THAT **BLASTED WHISPERING**. I JUST WISH THEY'D ALL SHUT UP.

CAPTAIN PICARD SAYS IT MAY NEVER FULLY—

—AHEM—



I HAVE. THE POINT IN SPACETIME IS A WHIRLPOOL OF TEMPORAL ENERGY. COUNTLESS FUTURE EVENTS ARE BALANCED ON IT.

MAY I ASK HOW YOU WERE ABLE TO LOCATE THIS FOCAL POINT?



MR. DATA... YOU JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

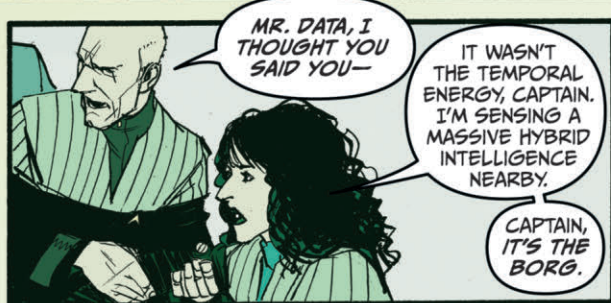
ENGAGE.



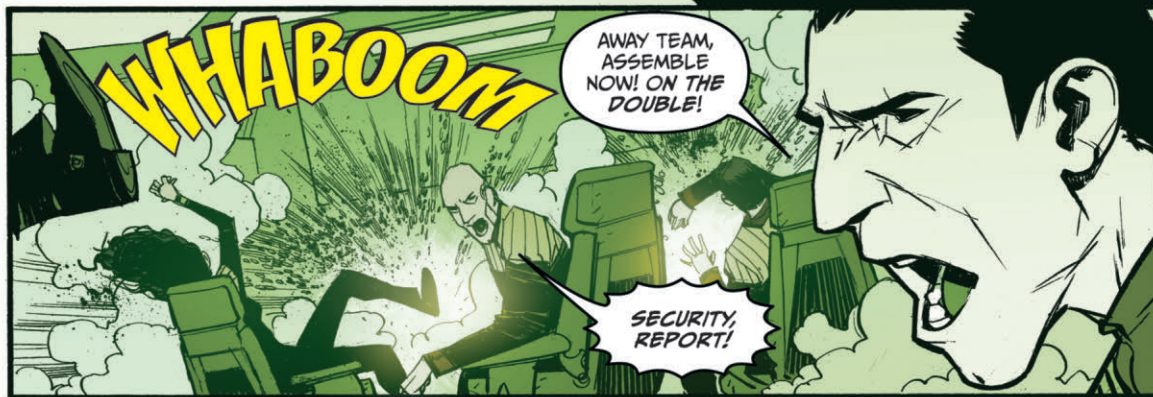
FWEEEEEE

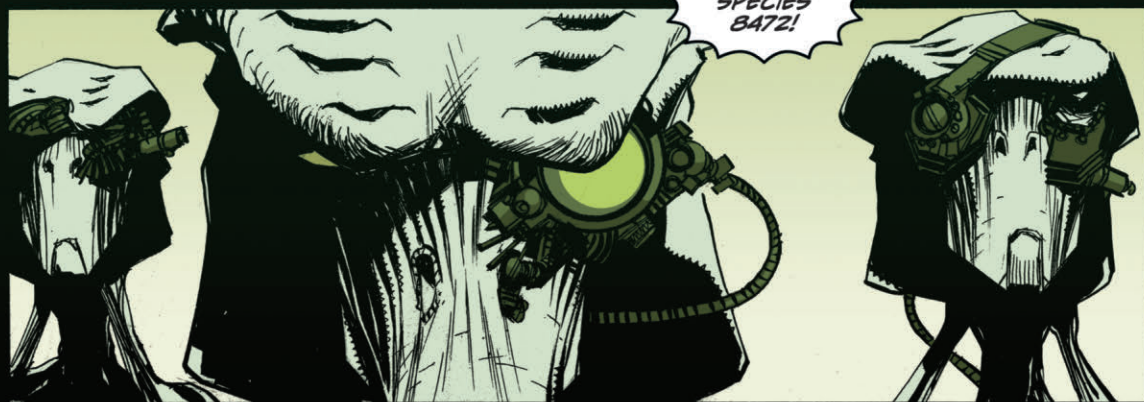


KRSHHH



"A HYPERCUBE."







CAPTAIN, I
COUNT FIVE IN
ENGINEERING. TWO IN
THE SHUTTLE BAY. SEVEN
AT ENVIRONMENTAL
SUPPORT. DOZENS
MORE ACROSS
ALL DECKS.

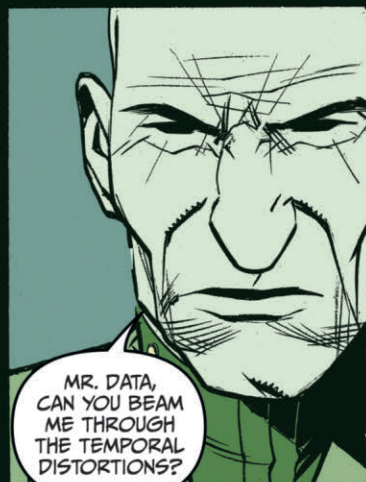
THEY WILL
TAKE THE BRIDGE
IN A MATTER
OF MINUTES.

YOU'VE GOT
TO GET TO THE
SURFACE. THESE ARE
BORG FROM THE
FUTURE. WE CAN'T
HOLD THEM
OFF!

NO! I WILL
NOT ABANDON
MY SHIP!



CAPTAIN. THIS
IS NO LONGER
YOUR SHIP.



MR. DATA,
CAN YOU BEAM
ME THROUGH
THE TEMPORAL
DISTORTIONS?



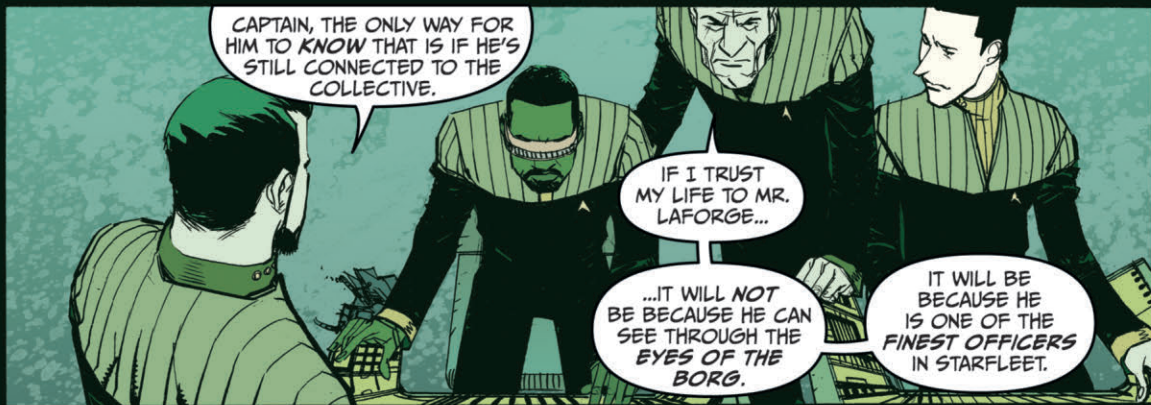
CAPTAIN...

...I CAN
DO IT.



THE BORG
ARE ALREADY
BEAMING DOWN USING
A MICROSCOPIC
TRANSWARP
CONDUIT.

I CAN SEND
ONE OF US
THROUGH BEFORE
THEY SEAL
IT OFF.



CAPTAIN, THE ONLY WAY FOR HIM TO KNOW THAT IS IF HE'S STILL CONNECTED TO THE COLLECTIVE.

IF I TRUST MY LIFE TO MR. LAFORGE...

...IT WILL NOT BE BECAUSE HE CAN SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF THE BORG.

IT WILL BE BECAUSE HE IS ONE OF THE FINEST OFFICERS IN STARFLEET.



COMMANDER...

...MAKE IT SO.

THERE'S A GROUP OF TEN DRONES ERASING AN OUTPOST.

IF THEY'RE TRYING TO ELIMINATE—

WAIT, GEORDI. THAT IS WHAT THE BORG WANT US TO THINK.



I HAVE ANALYZED THEIR ATTACK, CAPTAIN. THEY ARE IN UNITS OF TWO, THREE, FIVE AND SEVEN.

PRIME NUMBERS.

THESE ARE FUTURE-BORG, WHO BELIEVE THEMSELVES PERFECT. IT FOLLOWS THAT THEY WOULD ORGANIZE THEIR UNITS IN PERFECT VALUES.



THERE'S ONLY TEN AT THAT OUTPOST, DATA. THAT'S NOT A PRIME NUMBER.



PRECISELY.



MR. LAFORGE, SCAN THE SURFACE FOR AN ELEVENTH DRONE, AWAY FROM THE OTHERS.

THAT'S THE ONE I WANT.



YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, LOCUTUS.



NOT THAT IT WILL MAKE A *DIFFERENCE*. WE ALREADY KNOW ABOUT YOUR COUNTER-WAVE. *WE HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.*

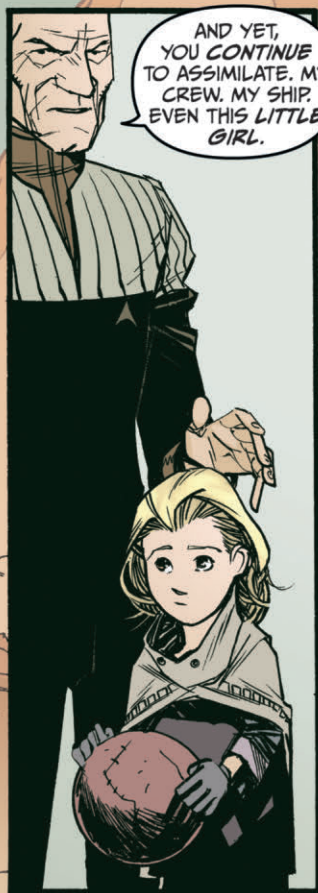
OUR TACHYON CASCADE WAS CREATED BY PARTICLE ZERO-ONE-ZERO. WHAT YOU CALL THE *OMEGA MOLECULE*. YOU *CANNOT* STOP IT.

WE WILL *ASSIMILATE THE PAST*, JUST AS WE ARE ABOUT TO *ASSIMILATE YOUR SHIP*.



YOU ARE *MISTAKEN*, 11 OF 11. I'M *NOT* GOING TO TRY TO STOP YOU.

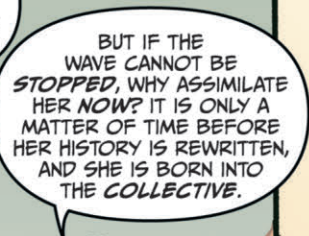
THE *BORG WILL* ACHIEVE PERFECTION. YOU AND I HAVE BOTH SEEN IT. WITH SO MANY POSSIBLE FUTURES, IT IS ALL BUT *INEVITABLE*.



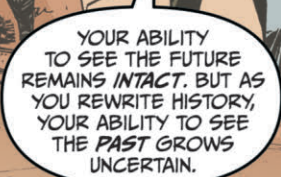
AND YET, YOU *CONTINUE* TO ASSIMILATE. MY CREW. MY SHIP. EVEN THIS *LITTLE GIRL*.



THIS CHILD WILL BECOME THE *BORG QUEEN* WHO CONCEIVES OF THE TACHYON WAVE.



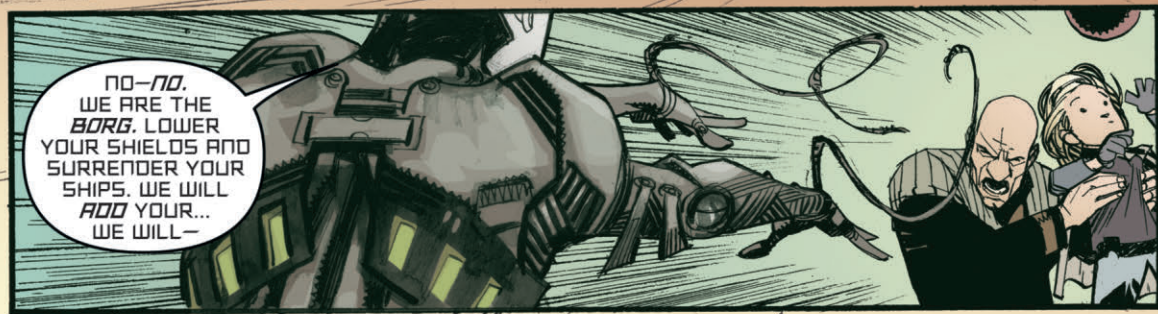
BUT IF THE WAVE CANNOT BE *STOPPED*, WHY ASSIMILATE HER *NOW*? IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HER HISTORY IS REWRITTEN, AND SHE IS BORN INTO THE *COLLECTIVE*.



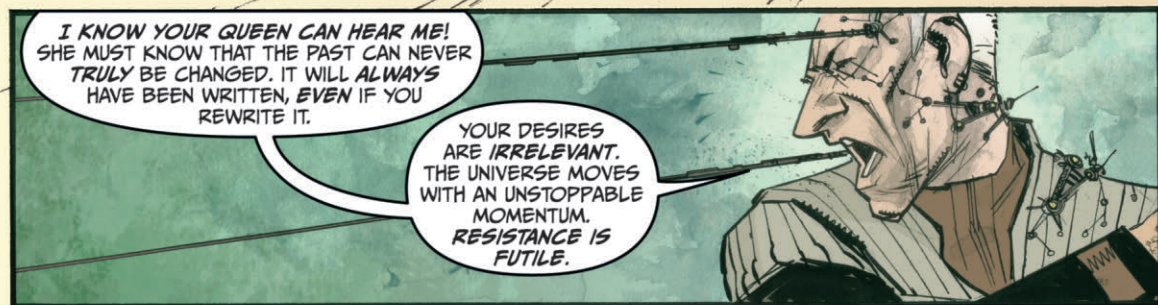
YOUR ABILITY TO SEE THE FUTURE REMAINS *INTACT*. BUT AS YOU REWRITE HISTORY, YOUR ABILITY TO SEE THE *PAST* GROWS UNCERTAIN.



YOU ARE *LOSING* YOUR PAST, BECAUSE YOU ARE ACTING *AGAINST* YOUR NATURE. IT IS *NOT* IN THE *BORG'S* NATURE TO *ALTER* THE UNIVERSE AROUND IT.



NO-NO. WE ARE THE *BORG*. LOWER YOUR SHIELDS AND SURRENDER YOUR SHIPS. WE WILL *ADD* YOUR... WE WILL—



I KNOW YOUR QUEEN CAN HEAR ME! SHE MUST KNOW THAT THE PAST CAN NEVER *TRULY* BE CHANGED. IT WILL *ALWAYS* HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, *EVEN* IF YOU REWRITE IT.

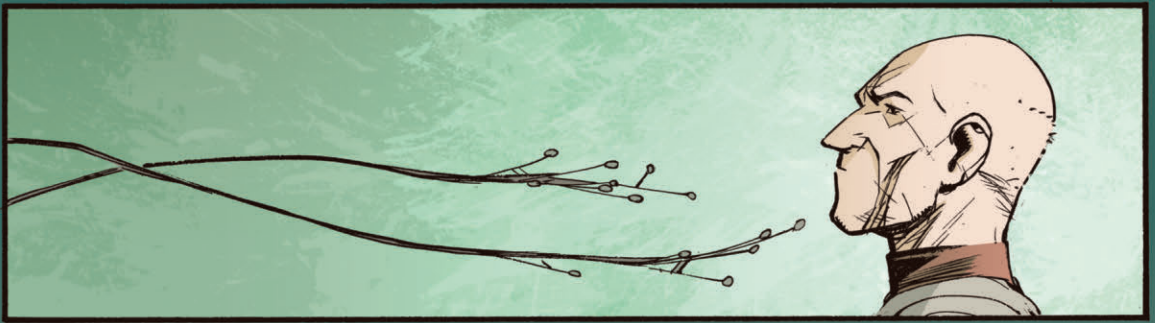
YOUR DESIRES ARE *IRRELEVANT*. THE UNIVERSE MOVES WITH AN UNSTOPPABLE MOMENTUM. *RESISTANCE* IS FUTILE.



TO ATTEMPT TO CHANGE YOUR HISTORY IS NOT *EFFICIENT*. IT IS NOT *LOGICAL*.

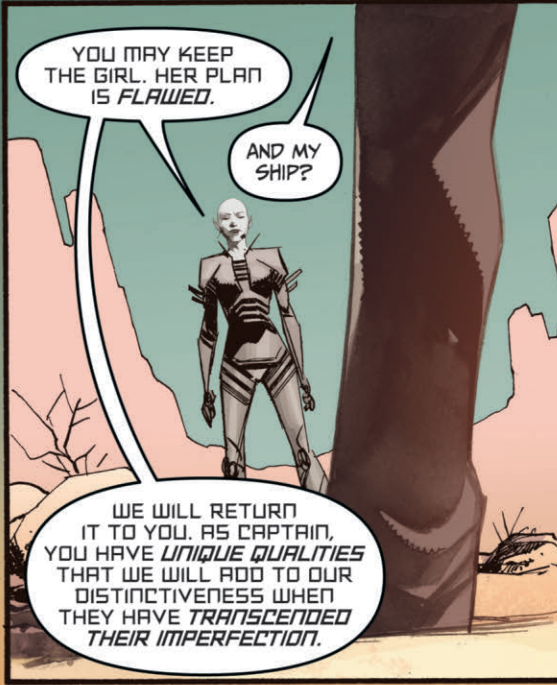
YOU KNOW WHAT THE *BORG* MUST DO. IT IS WHAT YOU *ALWAYS* HAVE DONE.

YOU... MUST... ADAPT.



WE WILL-
WE-

...



YOU MAY KEEP
THE GIRL. HER PLAN
IS *FLAWED*.

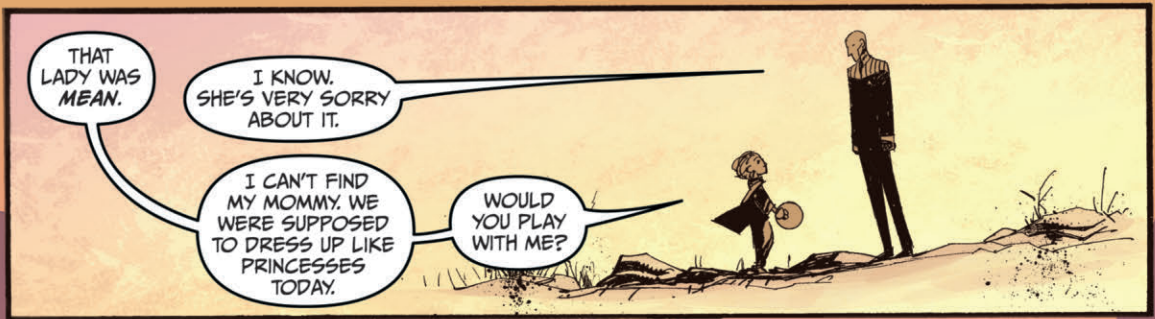
AND MY
SHIP?

WE WILL RETURN
IT TO YOU. AS CAPTAIN,
YOU HAVE *UNIQUE QUALITIES*
THAT WE WILL ADD TO OUR
DISTINCTIVENESS WHEN
THEY HAVE *TRANSCENDED*
THEIR IMPERFECTION.



YOU ARE
NOT YET
LOCUTUS.

BUT YOU
WILL BE.

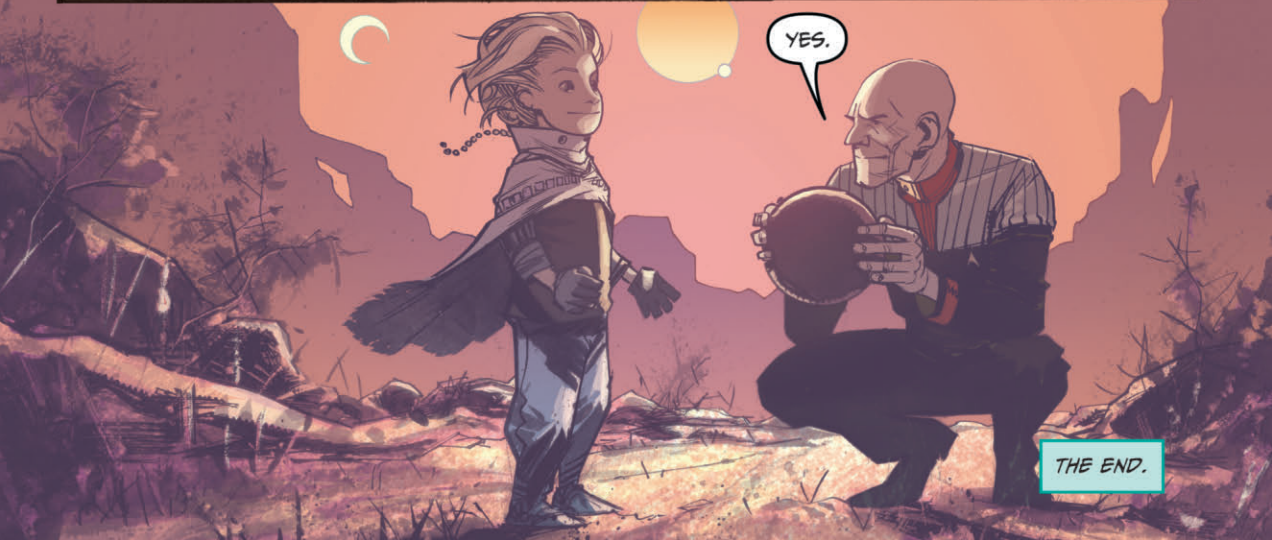


THAT
LADY WAS
MEAN.

I KNOW.
SHE'S VERY SORRY
ABOUT IT.

I CAN'T FIND
MY MOMMY. WE
WERE SUPPOSED
TO DRESS UP LIKE
PRINCESSES
TODAY.

WOULD
YOU PLAY
WITH ME?



YES.

THE END.





art by Zach Howard
colors and logo by Len O'Grady



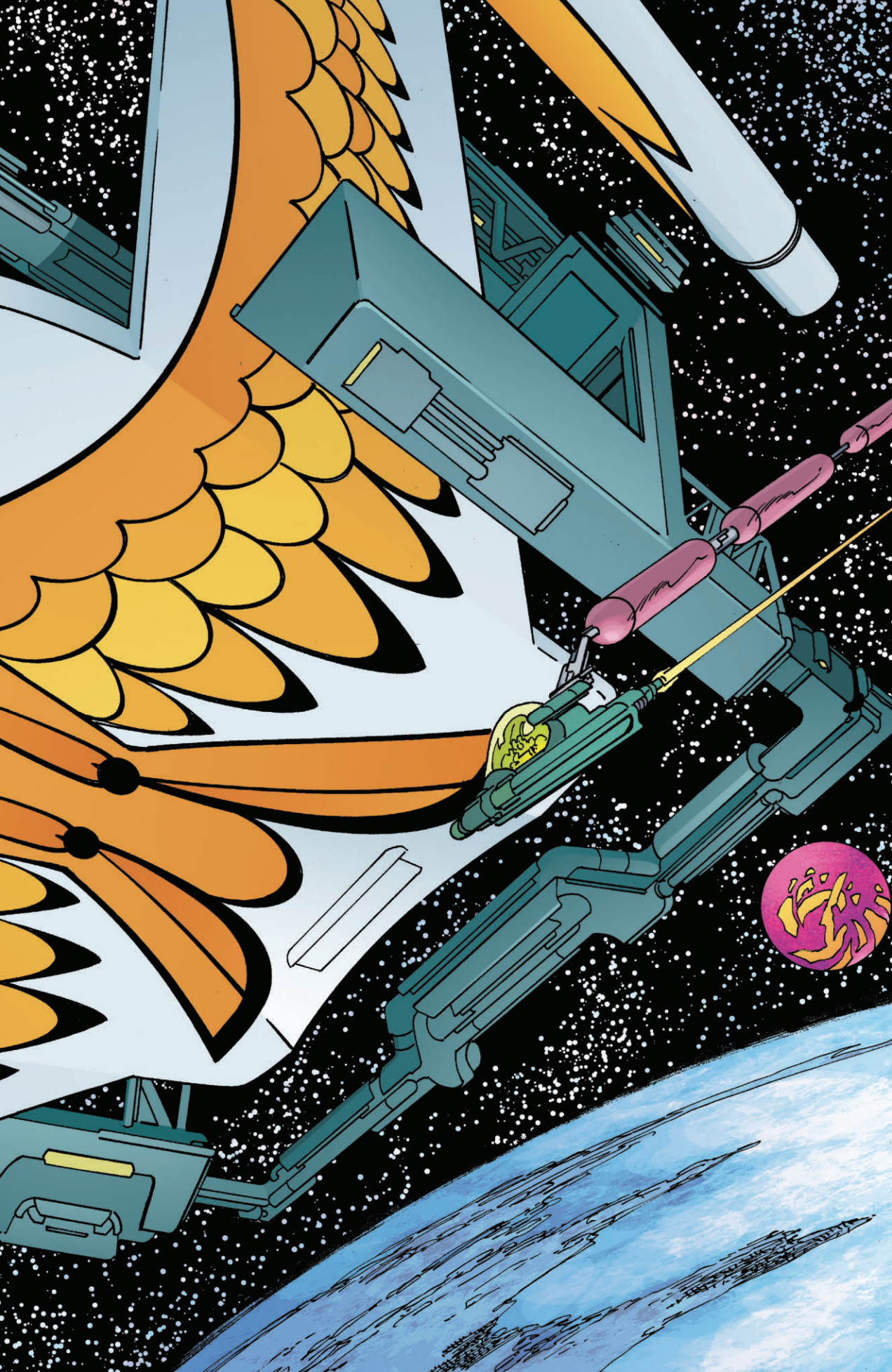
WELL,
COMMANDER...

...WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF
HER?



THIS, THEN, IS
THE NEW "GHOST
SHIP" THERE HAS BEEN
SO MUCH **CHATTER**
ABOUT THESE PAST
WEEKS?

THE DESIGN IS...
RADICAL. BUT SHE IS
SOMEHOW **SMALLER**
THAN I WOULD HAVE
EXPECTED.





SMALL, YES, BUT THE VERY PINNACLE OF ROMULAN TECHNOLOGY, COMMANDER.

THERE IS NO FINER SHIP IN THE FLEET.



AND NO FINER CREW.

YOU KNOW THIS OFFICER, I BELIEVE...

PRAXUS!



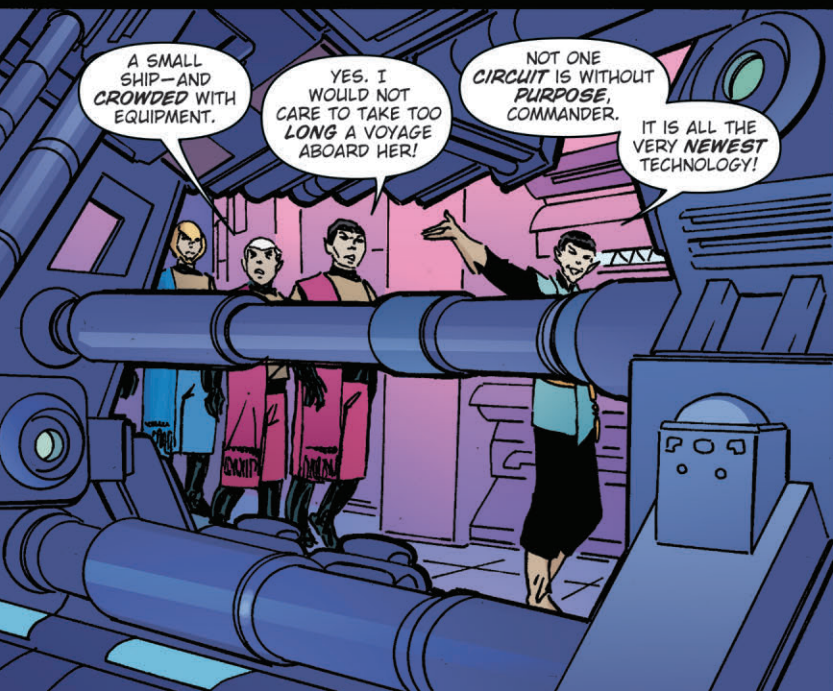
SO THIS IS THE NEW POSTING ABOUT WHICH YOU WERE SO MYSTERIOUS!

SINCE SHE IS TO BE MY SHIP TOO, IT SEEMS, TELL ME... IS SHE ALL SHE IS RUMORED TO BE?

THERE ARE SOME PROBLEMS WITH POWER USAGE, COMMANDER. WHEN THE CLOAK IS ACTIVE...

I AM THE ONE GIVING THE TOUR, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

THIS WAY, COMMANDER!



A SMALL SHIP—AND CROWDED WITH EQUIPMENT.

YES. I WOULD NOT CARE TO TAKE TOO LONG A VOYAGE ABOARD HER!

NOT ONE CIRCUIT IS WITHOUT PURPOSE, COMMANDER.

IT IS ALL THE VERY NEWEST TECHNOLOGY!



AND ALL VERY BRIGHT AND SHINY, IT WOULD SEEM!



WORTH ALL THE *LIVES* LOST IN THE DEVELOPMENT, I AM SURE.

CAUTION, COMMANDER.

COME ALONG, YOU TWO! YOU *DAWDL*E LIKE SCHOOLBOYS!

NOW, LOOK HERE, COMMANDER, THROUGH THE VIEW SCOPE.

WE ARE CLEAR OF SPACE DOCK, PRAETOR.



EXCELLENT!

NOW—TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE, COMMANDER.

A SHIP UNDER TOW.



A DREADNAUGHT CLASS HEAVY CRUISER.

??

MY SHIP!

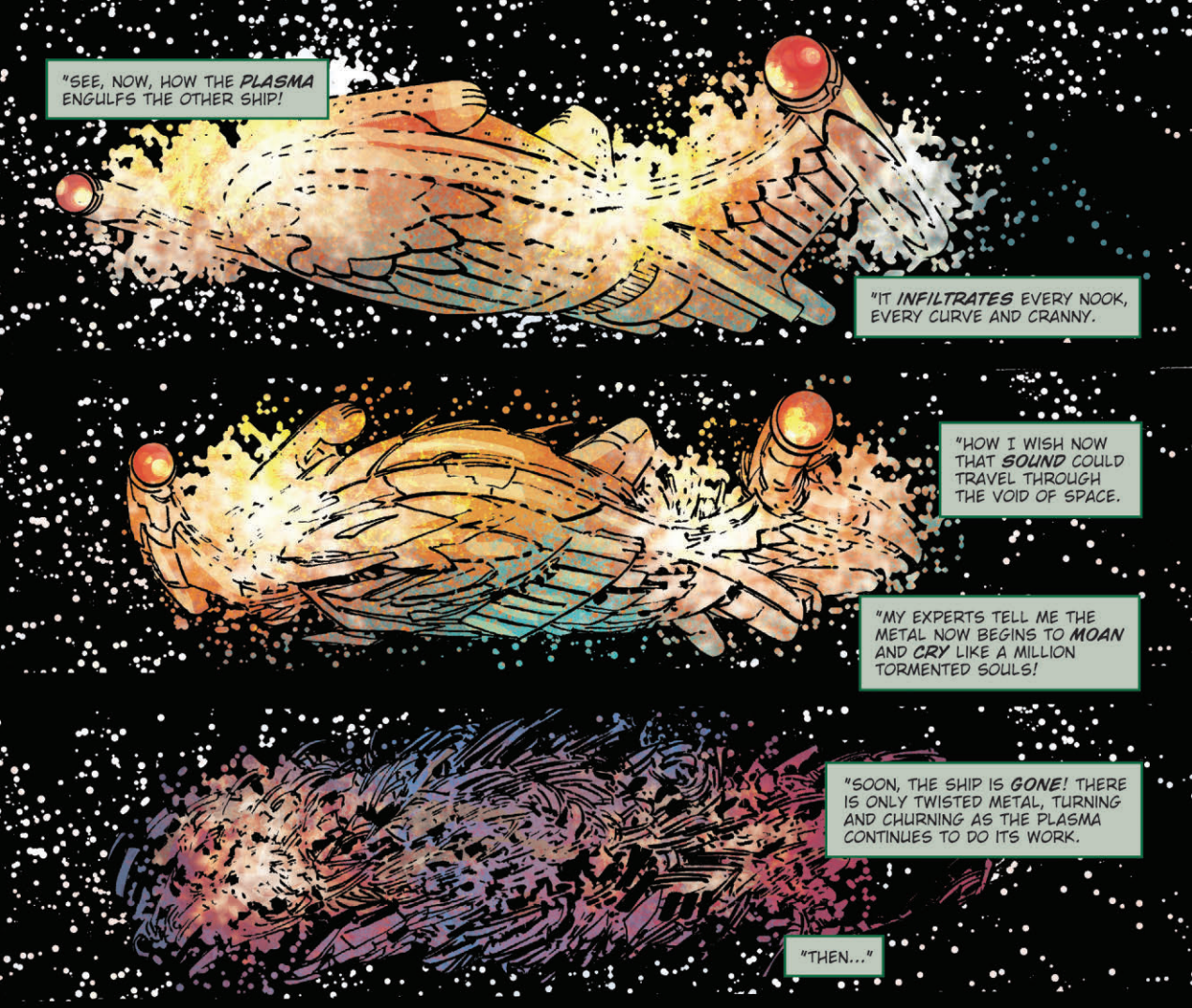


MY SHIP, YOU MEAN, COMMANDER.

NOW, WATCH!



WATCH AND SEE WHY THE ROMULAN EMPIRE NEED NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MORTAL FOE!



"SEE, NOW, HOW THE *PLASMA*
ENGULFS THE OTHER SHIP!

"IT *INFILTRATES* EVERY NOOK,
EVERY CURVE AND CRANNY.

"HOW I WISH NOW
THAT *SOUND* COULD
TRAVEL THROUGH
THE VOID OF SPACE.

"MY EXPERTS TELL ME THE
METAL NOW BEGINS TO *MOAN*
AND *CRY* LIKE A MILLION
TORMENTED SOULS!

"SOON, THE SHIP IS *GONE*! THERE
IS ONLY TWISTED METAL, TURNING
AND CHURNING AS THE PLASMA
CONTINUES TO DO ITS WORK.

"THEN..."



...IMPLOSION!

THE VERY
ATOMS OF THE
METAL *COLLAPSE*
UPON THEMSELVES,
FRAGILE AS
PAPER!



WELL, COMMANDER? YOU ARE STRANGELY SILENT.

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY BEFORE WE RETURN TO MY PALACE?



THERE IS... MUCH TO **ABSORB**, PRAETOR.

INCLUDING THE **LOSS** OF A **SHIP** ON WHICH I HAVE SERVED FOR HALF MY LIFE.

YOU ARE TOO **SENTIMENTAL**, COMMANDER.

LOOK!



THE **BEST** IS STILL TO BE **SEEN**!



?
NO SHIP IS THAT **FAST**!

OH, IT HASN'T GONE ANYWHERE, COMMANDER.

CLAP CLAP





SO,
COMMANDER!
THAT IS YOUR
NEW SHIP.

AND
TOMORROW, YOU
BEGIN YOUR NEW
ASSIGNMENT.



RETURN IN THE
MORNING, AND I WILL
TELL YOU WHAT
THAT IS!

AS YOU
COMMAND,
PRAETOR.



I... DO
NOT CARE FOR
THIS, COMMANDER. I
SERVED ABOARD THAT
OLD DREADNAUGHT
EVEN LONGER
THAN YOU.

I KNOW, MY
OLD FRIEND. WE
HAVE LOST MORE
THAN A SHIP
THIS DAY.



I WORRY
NOW... HOW MUCH
MORE WE MAY
LOSE BEFORE THE
PRAETOR IS
SATISFIED.



DAMN THE
MAN!



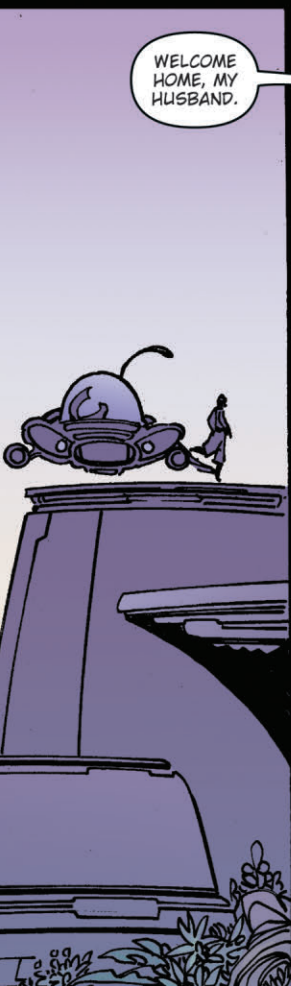
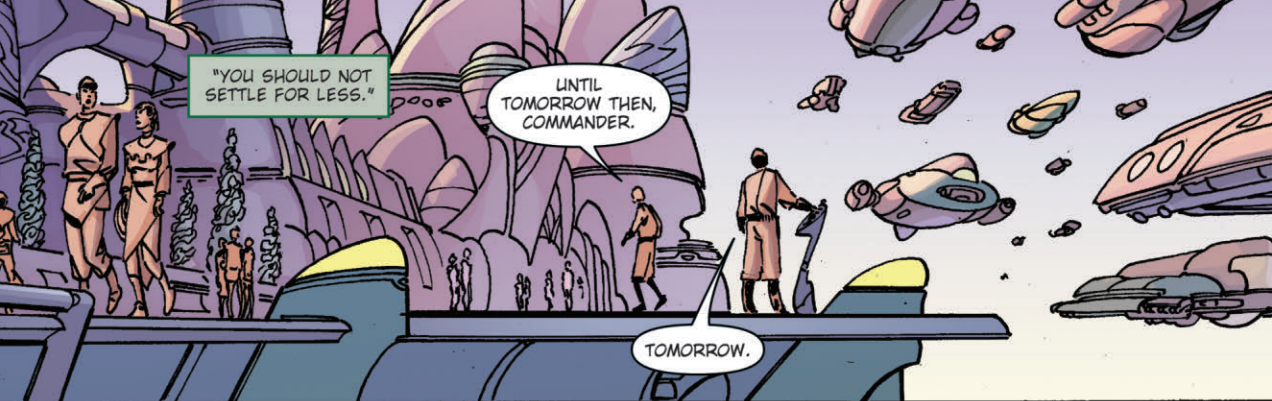
WAS THERE
EVER ONE SO
GLOOMY!

HE SUCKS
THE JOY FROM
A ROOM WITHOUT
EVEN SPEAKING
A WORD!

TRUE.



BUT YOU
HAVE SAID HE IS
THE **BEST** YOUR
SPACE FLEET
HAS.











THERE ARE *SOME THINGS*, I SUPPOSE, I DO NOT NEED TO WATCH.



YET... WHY MUST I WATCH AT ALL? WHY CAN I TRUST NO ONE?

WE HAVE A SAYING ON MY PLANET, PRAETOR.

"HEAVY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE CROWN."



YES. HEAVY.

THOSE WHO HAVE NOT *BORNE* THIS BURDEN CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS LIKE.



MY FATHER SEEMED ALWAYS TO CARRY IT SO *EASILY*. WATCHING HIM WIELD HIS POWER MADE ME *HUNGER* FOR THE DAY THE THRONE WOULD COME TO ME.



AND IT HAS! AND THAT IS WHAT I MUST REMEMBER!

IF THERE IS A *PRICE*—IT IS WORTH IT TO WIELD *ABSOLUTE* POWER!





"WITH IT, THERE IS NOTHING IN *STARFLEET* THAT COULD MATCH US!"



DEEEET



FORGIVE ME FOR CALLING UNANNOUNCED, OLD FRIEND.

I WOULD HAVE *WORDS* WITH YOU.

OF COURSE, COMMANDER. COME IN.

NO.



"SOMETIMES THE WALLS HAVE EARS."

"LET US WALK INSTEAD."

WHAT THOUGHTS HAS THE NIGHT BROUGHT YOU ABOUT THIS NEW SHIP, OLD FRIEND?

IT IS... TROUBLESOME. SUCH A VESSEL, SUCH A WEAPON, CAN HAVE BUT *ONE* PURPOSE.



AND THAT IS NOT *DEFENSIVE*.

WE HAVE ARRIVED UPON THE SAME PAGE, I THINK. THE PRAETOR'S NEW TOY IS FOR *WAR*, AND *WAR* ALONE.

AND NOT JUST TO *FIGHT* IN WAR.



NO. THIS SHIP IS MEANT TO *START* A WAR.

WHICH MEANS THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST DO.



"UNHEEDED THOUGH
MY WORDS MAY BE..."

...I MUST
SPEAK TO THE
PRAETOR.

YOU ARE
EXPECTED,
COMMANDER.



EXPECTED...?



MY WIFE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

THE PRAETOR
SUMMONED ME
THIS MORNING,
AFTER YOU
LEFT.

YOU
DID NOT
KNOW?

MY **SECOND**
SUMMONS MUST
NOT HAVE REACHED
HIM, LADY.



BUT, YOU SEE
HOW THE **FATES**
CONSPIRE TO BRING
MY PLANS TO
FRUITION?

HE COMES
WITHOUT BEING
CALLED.



I HAVE
REASONS TO BE
HERE, PRAETOR.
THE SAME CANNOT
BE SAID OF MY
WIFE.

WHY HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
HER HERE?

CAUTION,
MY HUSBAND.
CAUTION.



LISTEN TO YOUR
WOMAN, COMMANDER. AND
LEARN TO **MODULATE** YOUR
TONE WHEN YOU ADDRESS
YOUR **MASTER**.

YOUR WIFE IS MY
GUEST TO **INSURE**
YOUR NATIVE **PESSIMISM**
DOES NOT **INFLUENCE** THE
MANNER IN WHICH YOU
CARRY OUT YOUR
MISSION.





THEN I ACCEPT
HIS PRESENCE ON
THE **TERMS**
STATED.

AND NOW, IT IS
TIME FOR ME TO
LEAVE, TO BOARD
MY SHIP.



COME, MY
WIFE.



FORGIVE ME,
COMMANDER, LADY.
I MEAN NO
OFFENSE...

...BUT I
AM ORDERED TO
LET ONLY THE
COMMANDER
DEPART.



AND WHY
SHOULD IT BE
OTHERWISE?

LET YOUR LOVELY
MATE REMAIN, COMMANDER.
SURELY SHE WILL WISH TO
KNOW AS SOON AS I DO
OF YOUR SUCCESS!



GO, MY
HUSBAND. I
SHALL NOT COME
TO HARM HERE, IN
THE IMPERIAL
PALACE.

NO. THE
PEOPLE WOULD
NOT STAND FOR
IT. NOT YOUR
FATHER'S
DAUGHTER!

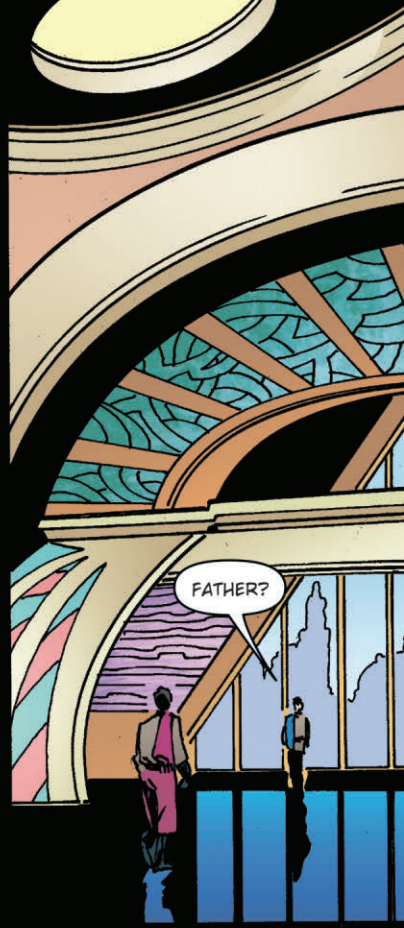
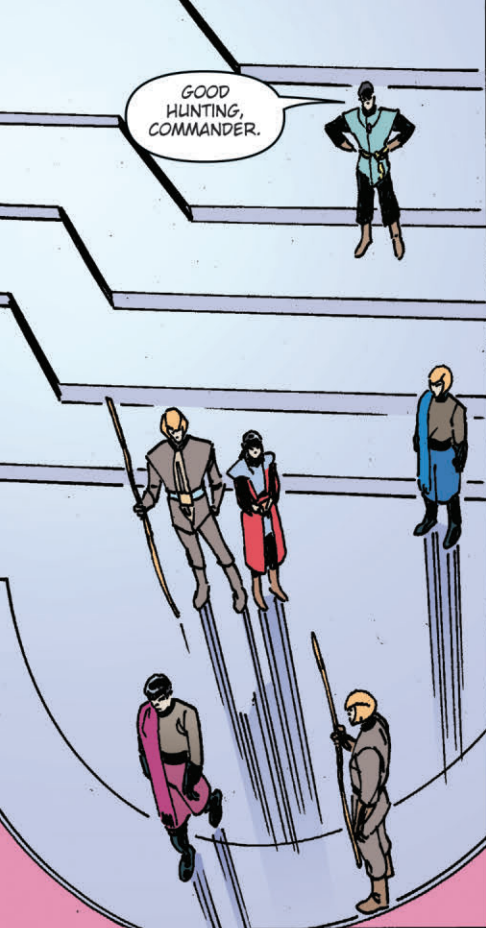
OF COURSE
NOT, COMMANDER.
REALLY! YOU SEE
PLOTS WHERE
NONE EXIST.



I SHOULD BE
GONE NO MORE
THAN THREE DAYS,
MY WIFE...

YOU WILL...
DO WHAT YOU
WILL DO, MY
HUSBAND.

BUT IF YOU
CAN, LOOK TO THE
STARS OF HOME,
AND FOLLOW THEM
BACK TO ME.



"WELL, COMMANDER?"



HE IS AS CHANGEABLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE, THE PRAETOR.

ONE MOMENT HE RAVES WITH PARANOIA...

...AND THE NEXT AS SWEET AS NECTAR.



IN THIS, HE IS MUCH LIKE HIS FATHER.

I WISH HE WAS LIKE HIM IN OTHER WAYS.

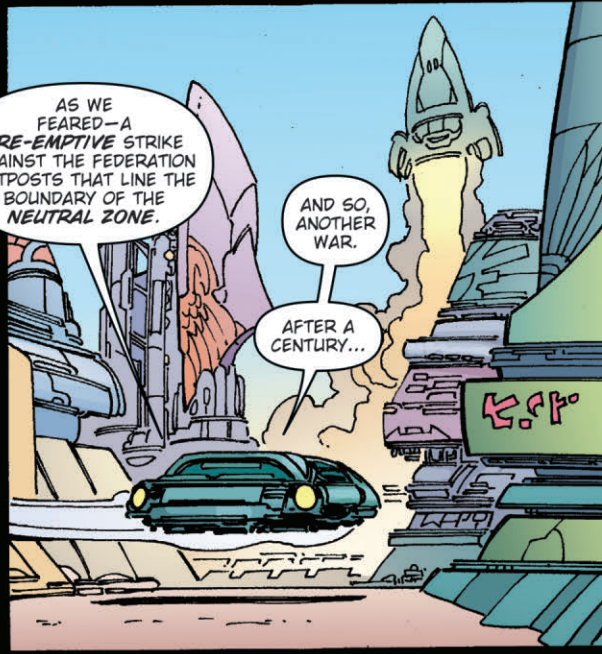
OUR FORMER RULER WAS SOMETIMES CALLOUS, SOMETIMES CRUEL.

BUT AT LEAST HE WAS PREDICTABLE.



SINCE HIS ASSASSINATION, PREDICTABILITY IS THE ONE THING THAT HAS BEEN MOST MISSED IN THE COURT OF HIS HEIR.

AND THE MISSION, COMMANDER?



AS WE FEARED—A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE AGAINST THE FEDERATION OUTPOSTS THAT LINE THE BOUNDARY OF THE NEUTRAL ZONE.

AND SO, ANOTHER WAR.

AFTER A CENTURY...



...WHAT WILL THEY BE LIKE?

THE ENEMY?

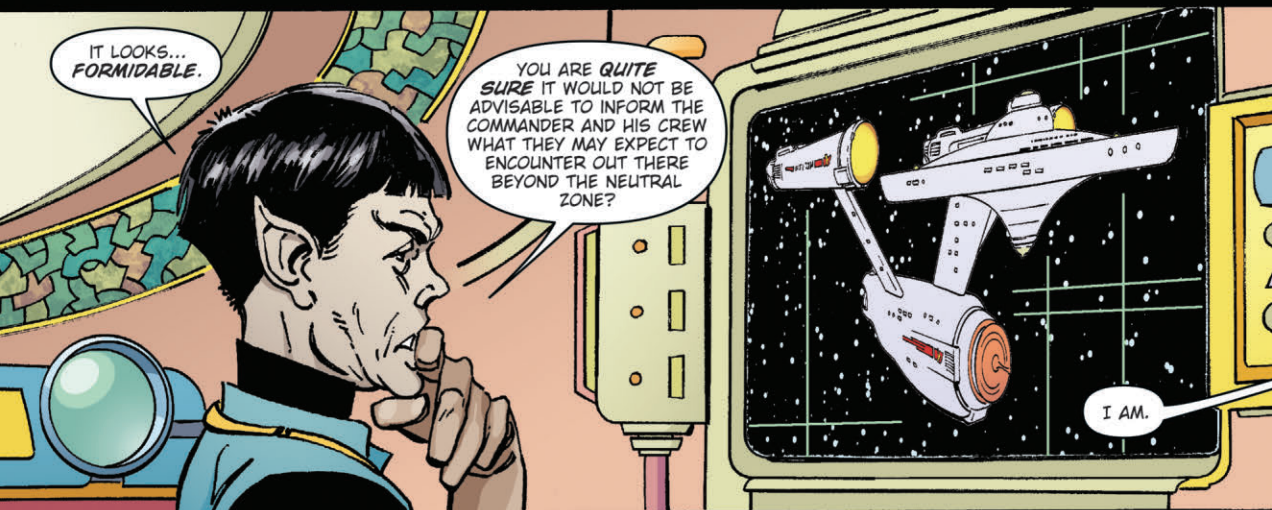
IN ANY WAR, THE MOST ONE CAN HOPE IS THAT THOSE WE MUST FIGHT AND KILL ARE AT LEAST MEN OF HONOR.

"THEY CALL IT A 'CONSTITUTION CLASS' STARSHIP.



"A COMMEMORATION OF A *SCRAP* OF PAPER ON WHICH THE EARTHERS PLACE *SPECIAL* SIGNIFICANCE."

"THIS IS THE *BEST* THE STARFLEET HAS TO OFFER."



IT LOOKS...
FORMIDABLE.

YOU ARE *QUITE SURE* IT WOULD NOT BE ADVISABLE TO INFORM THE COMMANDER AND HIS CREW WHAT THEY MAY EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER OUT THERE BEYOND THE NEUTRAL ZONE?

I AM.



YOU WANT THIS TO BE A TRUE *BAPTISM OF FIRE* FOR THE *PRIDE* OF YOUR NEW FLEET.

THAT IS WHAT IT WILL *BE!*



IT WILL BE...
GLORIOUS?

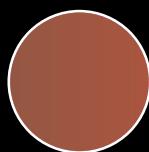
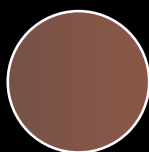
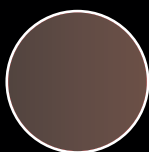
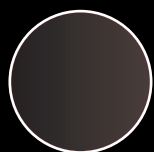
IT WILL BE *WAR*,
PRAETOR.



WAR IS
ALWAYS
GLORIOUS!

end.

CHARACTER SKETCHES BY JOHN BYRNE



EVOLUTION OF A COVER

BY JOHN BYRNE

>>>

It all starts with the cover sketch.



<<<

From there, John pencils the cover.



>>>

Then, the cover base is laid down with inks.



<<<

Effects and finishes are added, completing the final b&w art.



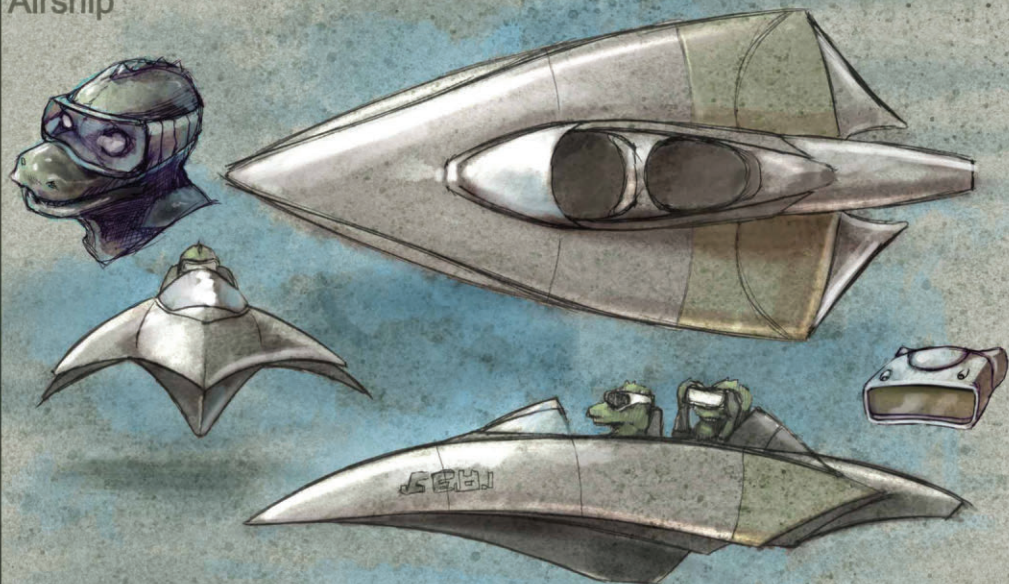
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Finally, Leonard O'Grady colors the art, giving us the finished cover.



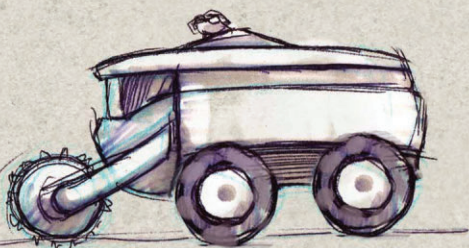
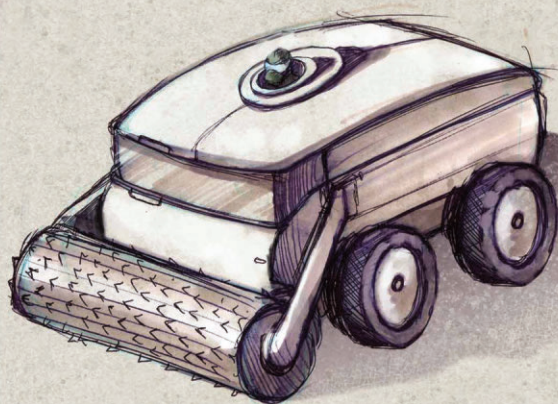
Gorn Tech Designs BY PAOLO MADDALENI

Airship



GORN

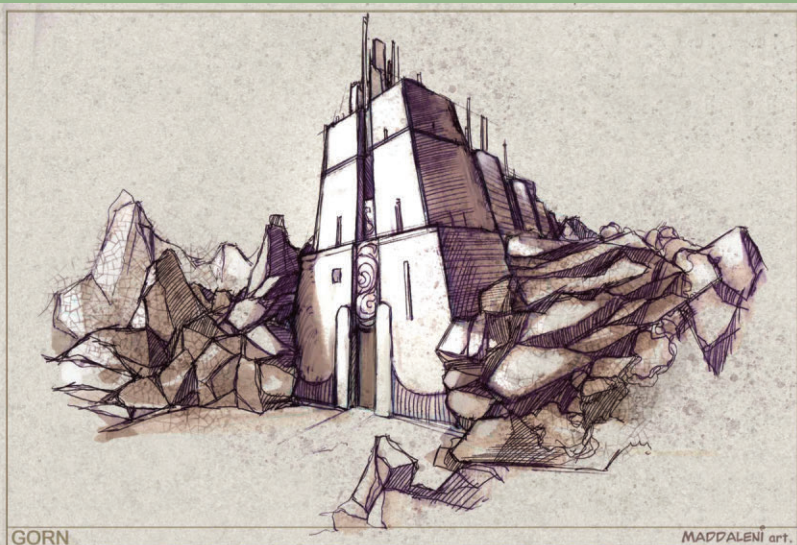
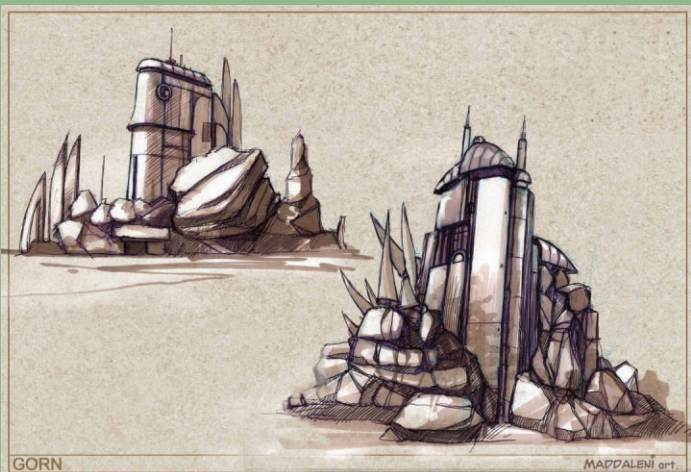
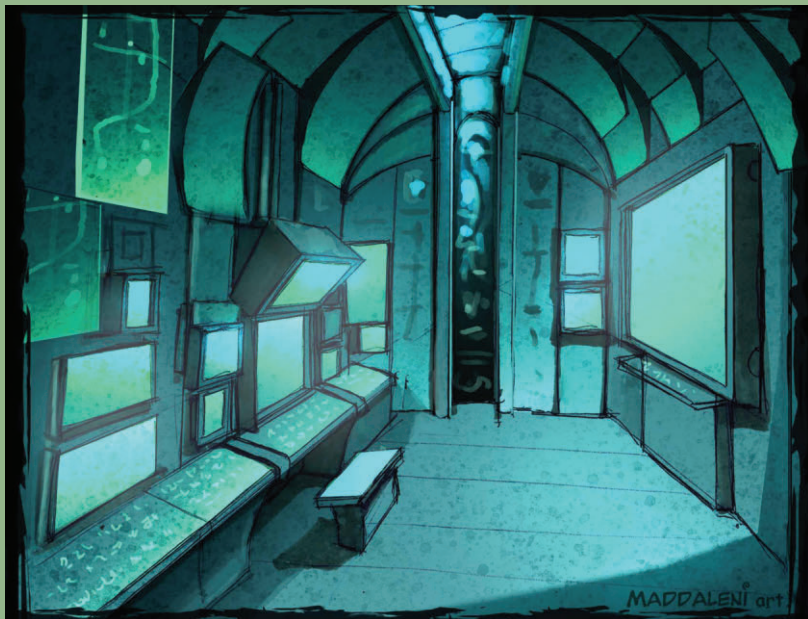
MADDALENI art.



GORN

MADDALENI art.

Five empty, rounded rectangular boxes stacked vertically, likely for a checklist or notes.



ALIENS,

FRIEND

AND FOE,

INVADE

SUMMER

2008

NEW SERIES
FEATURES:

KLINGONS

BETAZOIDS

FERENGI

THOLIANS

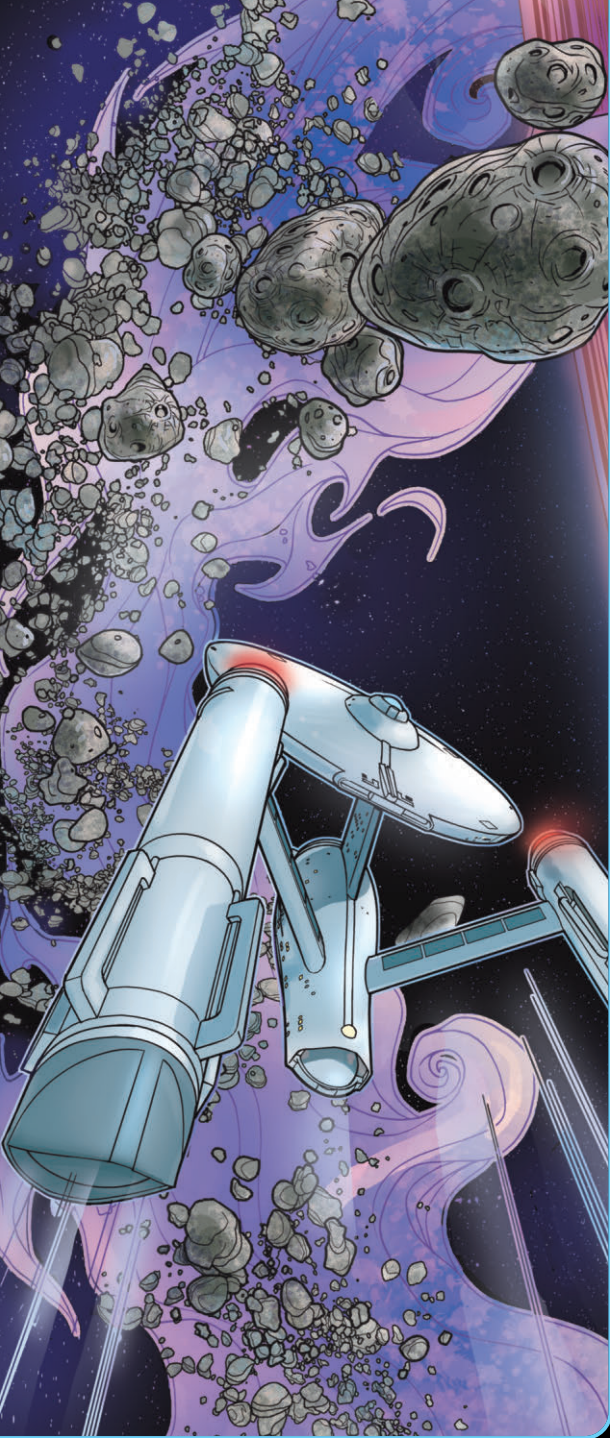
THE Q

STAR TREK[®]

ALIEN SPOTLIGHT



ART BY DAVID MESSINA



Star Trek's aliens—sometimes allies, sometimes antagonists, always enigmatic—until now! With this new collection of IDW Publishing's first six *Alien Spotlight* one-shots, featuring creators like comics legend **John Byrne**, IDW *Star Trek* editor **Andrew Steven Harris** and rising stars **Scott & David Tipton**, readers can for the first time glimpse through the eyes of the aliens for their point of view! Plus, as an added bonus, guest appearances by Captains Janeway, Pike and Terrell! One of the best-reviewed series in IDW's *Star Trek* line!

About *Spotlight: Romulans*

John Byrne has given us an added chapter of richness to an already stellar episode... expertly composed and controlled.

—*Comics Bulletin*

About *Spotlight: Borg*

Andrew Steven Harris not only knows his *Trek*, but he understands it, penning a tale as philosophically complex as any an Isaac Asimov *Foundation* novel...

—*Broken Frontier*

About *Spotlight: Gorn*

This is another quality entry in IDW's *Star Trek* line, and conclusive proof, if it was needed, that it is possible to do this franchise in comic form and do it well.

—*Fractal Matter*

About *Spotlight: Vulcans*

This comic should be taken as a model to future *Trek* writers... Buy this comic. Buy it now.

—*TrekWeb*