

# STAR TREK®

— BOLDLY GO —



MORE *STAR TREK* FROM **IDW**:

*STAR TREK: MANIFEST DESTINY*

*STAR TREK: STARFLEET ACADEMY*

*STAR TREK: VOL. 1–13*

*STAR TREK: NEW VISIONS, VOL. 1–5*

*STAR TREK/GREEN LANTERN, VOL. 1–2*



STAR TREK

— BOLDLY GO —



written by  
**Mike Johnson**

issues #7-9 written with  
**Ryan Parrott**

issues #7-8 & 11-12 art by  
**Megan Levens**

issues #9-10 art by  
**Tony Shasteen**

Special thanks to Risa Kessler and John Van Citters of CBS Consumer Products for their invaluable assistance.

For international rights, contact [licensing@idwpublishing.com](mailto:licensing@idwpublishing.com)

eISBN: 9781684063895

DIGITAL

**IDW**<sup>®</sup>  
[www.IDWPUBLISHING.com](http://www.IDWPUBLISHING.com)

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher • Greg Goldstein, President & COO • Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist • Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer • David Hedgecock, Editor-in-Chief • Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing • Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer • Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services • Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://facebook.com/idwpublishing) • Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing) • YouTube: [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://youtube.com/idwpublishing)  
Tumblr: [tumblr.idwpublishing.com](https://tumblr.idwpublishing.com) • Instagram: [instagram.com/idwpublishing](https://instagram.com/idwpublishing)



STAR TREK: BOLDLY GO, VOLUME 2, JANUARY 2018, FIRST PRINTING. ® & © 2018 CBS Studios Inc. STAR TREK and related marks are trademarks of CBS Studios Inc. © 2018 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing authorized user. © 2018 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as STAR TREK: BOLDLY GO issues #7-12.

issues #7-8 colors by  
**Sarah Stern**

issues #11-12 colors by  
**Marissa Louise**

issues #9-10 colors by  
**J.D. Mettler**

letters by  
**AndWorld Design**

series edits by  
**Sarah Gaydos**

series assistant edits by  
**Chase Marotz**

collection edits by  
**Justin Eisinger  
& Alonzo Simon**

collection design by  
**Shawn Lee**

cover by  
**George Caltsoudas**

publisher  
**Ted Adams**

star trek created by  
**Gene Roddenberry**





art by  
**George Caltasoudas**



IT'S A GREAT HONOR FOR YOU TO BE CHOSEN AS AIDES TO THE BABEL CONFERENCE. I'LL CONFESS THAT I MIGHT HAVE PULLED A WEE STRING OR TWO FOR YOU CADETS TO BE CHOSEN.

BUT REMEMBER THAT YOU'LL BE REPRESENTING STARFLEET ACADEMY IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF THE FEDERATION'S MOST IMPORTANT DIGNITARIES.

BEST NOT TO SPEAK UNLESS SPOKEN TO.















CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

AFTER THE BORG INCURSION INTO ROMULAN SPACE, AND THANKS TO THE CRITICAL ROLE PLAYED BY THE ENDEAVOUR IN DESTROYING THE THREAT, THE ROMULANS HAVE AGREED TO MEET WITH THE ASSEMBLED WORLDS OF THE FEDERATION HERE ON *BABEL*.

THE GOAL IS TO CONVINCE THE ROMULANS THAT OUR MUTUAL SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON WORKING TOGETHER IN THE FUTURE.

AND ON A PERSONAL NOTE, IT WILL BE GOOD TO MEET WITH THE VULCAN DELEGATION TO THE CONFERENCE.

A DELEGATION OF OLD FRIENDS.

NYOTA, SINCE YOU'RE HERE WITH SPOCK AND SAREK, DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE NEVER COMING HOME?

JUST ENJOYING MY VULCAN SABBATICAL WHILE THE NEW *ENTERPRISE* IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

GOOD TO SEE YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM WHAT THE BORG DID TO YOU, SPOCK.

I CREDIT MY VULCAN PHYSIOLOGY.

UNFORTUNATELY, I FEAR THE WOUNDS SUSTAINED BY CAPTAIN TERRELL OF THE U.S.S. *CONCORD*...



"...ARE NOT SO EASILY HEALED."

THEY CHOPPED MY SHIP APART, PIECE-BY-PIECE. WE FOUGHT BACK WITH EVERY WEAPON WE HAD.

IT DIDN'T EVEN SLOW THEM DOWN.

THEN I WATCHED AS THEY CONVERTED ME AND MY CREW.

THEY WERE IN MY HEAD, AND I WAS IN THEIR HIVE-MIND. SO BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY...

...THEY WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THEY ASSIMILATE EVERY LAST ONE OF US.

CAPTAIN, IF THE BORG ARE AS ADVANCED AS YOU CLAIM, SURELY THEY MUST SEE *SOME* BENEFIT TO PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE?

YOU'RE ASSUMING THEY SEE US AS EQUALS. THEY *DON'T*.

TO THE BORG, INDIVIDUALITY IS AN *IMPERFECTION*. THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT TREATIES OR BORDERS. THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE SOVEREIGNTY.

WE'RE AN UNFINISHED EQUATION. AND IF WE DON'T FIND A WAY TO COME TOGETHER—



"...THEY WILL *SOLVE* THAT EQUATION THEMSELVES."

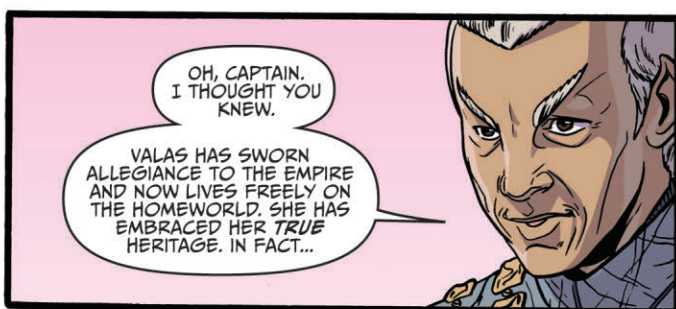
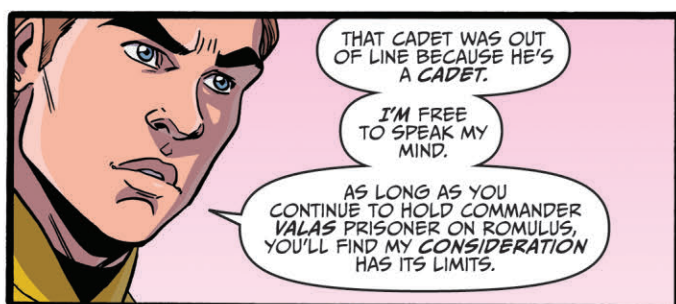
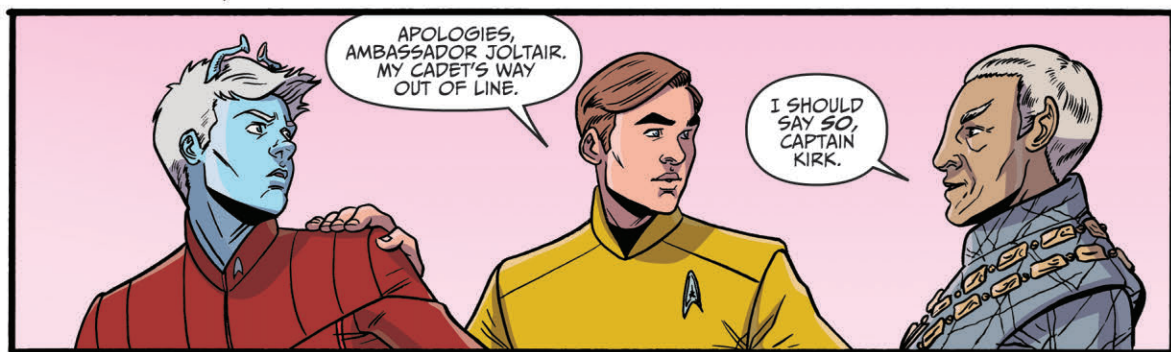
HELL OF A SPEECH, CAPTAIN.

I WONDER IF IT EVEN MATTERS, JIM. I REMEMBER WHEN THE FEDERATION WAS TRULY UNITED. LOOK AT IT NOW.

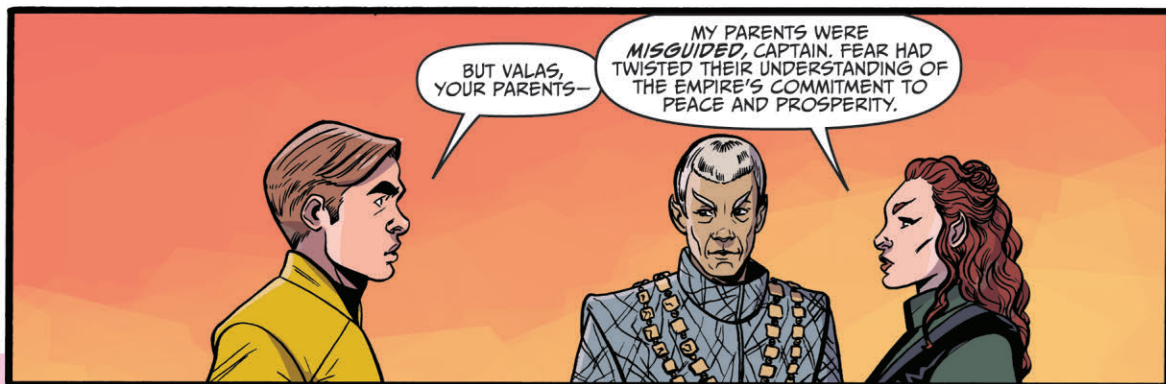
EACH SPECIES CLUSTERING TOGETHER ON ITS OWN. THAT'S WHAT FEAR DOES.













WE HAVE SHARED  
THAT SAME MISTRUST  
OF THE FEDERATION  
FOR SO LONG.

SINCE BEFORE  
ANY OF US WERE BORN,  
OUR PEOPLES HAVE  
BEEN AT ODDS.

AND I KNOW  
THERE ARE MANY  
HERE WHO WOULD  
LIKE TO KEEP IT  
THAT WAY.

I AM  
SORRY TO  
SAY THAT  
I...

...NNHH...

...I HAVE BEEN ONE  
OF THEM FOR MY  
ENTIRE LIFE.

BUT THE ARRIVAL  
OF THE BORG  
FORCES US ALL TO  
REASSESS OLD  
PREJUDICES.

IT IS TIME  
FOR BOTH  
SIDES TO FIND A  
COMMON GROUND  
THAT HAS THUS  
FAR...

...THUS  
FAR...

...ELUDED...

AMBASSADOR!

...HHKK...







HOURS LATER.

THE ROMULANS  
ARE THREATENING  
TO LEAVE.

WE MUST CONVINCE  
THEM TO STAY AND FINISH  
THE VITAL WORK OF THIS  
PEACE CONFERENCE.

DISCOVERING  
THE CAUSE OF THE  
AMBASSADOR'S DEATH  
IS A LOGICAL FIRST  
STEP.

TO DO THAT  
WE NEED ACCESS  
TO THE BODY, BUT THE  
ROMULANS WON'T LET  
STARFLEET MEDICAL  
PERSONNEL  
NEAR IT.



MY TRICORDER  
GRABBED ENOUGH  
DATA BEFORE THEY  
HAULED HIM AWAY.

I WISH I  
HAD BETTER  
NEWS.



IT'S  
POISON.

THE AMBASSADOR  
WAS MURDERED.

DIRE NEWS INDEED.  
THE ROMULANS WILL  
NO DOUBT BLAME  
THE FEDERATION.

UNLESS...

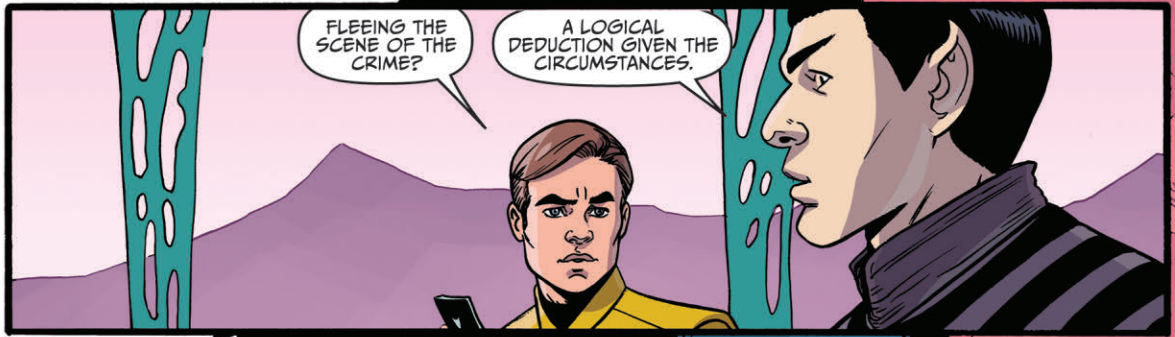
...WE HELP  
THEM CATCH  
THE KILLER.























FATHER,  
YOU KNOW  
I DIDN'T DO  
THIS!

OF COURSE  
NOT. YOU'RE A  
FOOL, NOT A  
KILLER.



IF YOU *HAD*  
DONE IT, I COULD  
AT LEAST USE THIS  
SITUATION TO GAIN  
FAVOR WITH THE  
EXTREMISTS  
WHO WELCOME A  
WAR WITH THE  
ROMULANS.

BUT  
INSTEAD MY  
SON IS MERELY  
STUPID ENOUGH  
TO BE MADE A  
PATSY.



IF WE CAN  
FIGURE OUT WHO'S  
BEHIND THIS...

NO. MY ONLY  
CONCERN NOW  
IS TO REPAIR  
THE DAMAGE  
YOU'VE CAUSED  
THIS FAMILY, NOT  
ONLY AT HOME  
BUT WITHIN THE  
FEDERATION.



PLEASE. I  
NEED YOUR  
HELP.

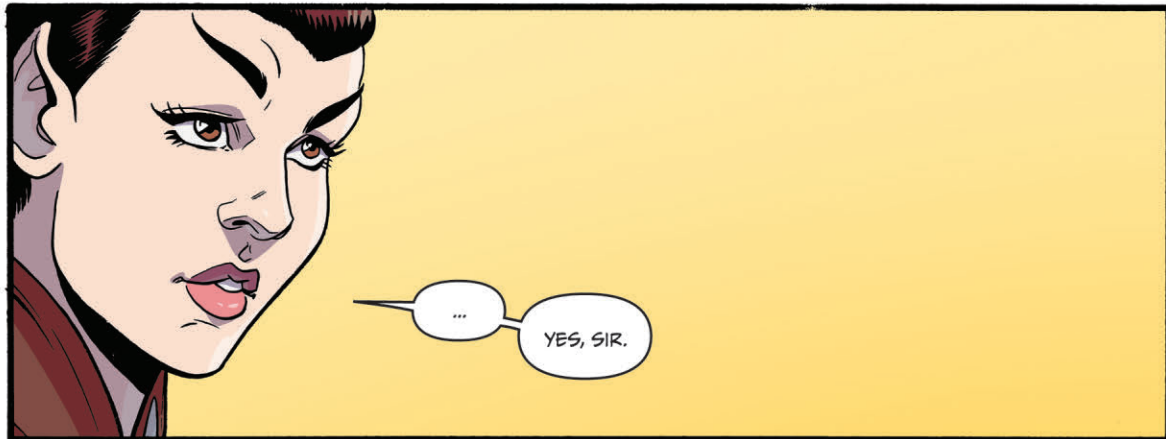
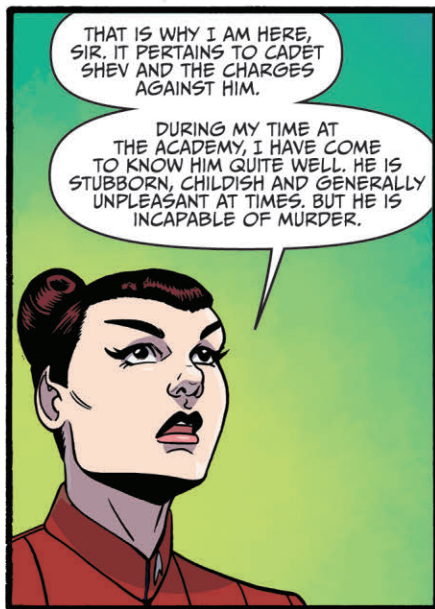
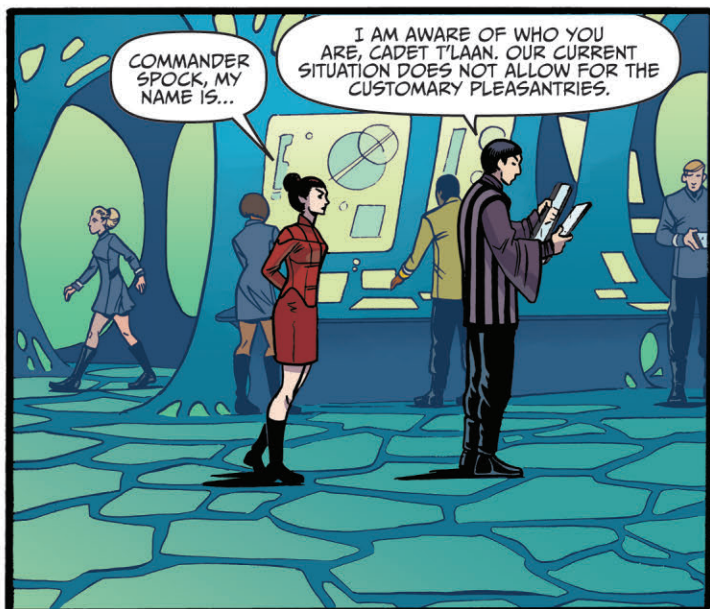


I WAS  
MISGUIDED  
IN PLACING  
ANY AMOUNT  
OF FAITH IN  
YOU.



THAT IS A  
MISTAKE I WILL  
*NEVER* MAKE  
AGAIN.







"STATUS,  
MR. SULU."



WE'RE CLOSING  
IN ON OUR MYSTERY  
SHIP, CAPTAIN.

THERE'S NO WAY  
IT CAN OUTHUN  
THE ENDEAVOUR.

CAPTAIN, THE SHIP JUST  
DROPPED OUT OF WARP  
NEAR THE STELLONIAN  
ASTEROID BELT.

GOOD. MAYBE  
WE'LL FINALLY GET  
SOME ANSWERS.

FULL STOP.  
SHIELDS UP.

"OPEN HAILING  
FREQUENCIES,  
LT. MURCIA."



NO RESPONSE  
TO HAILS, SIR, AND  
I'M NOT PICKING UP  
ANY LIFE SIGNS  
ONBOARD.

SCANS INDICATE  
THEY JETTISONED  
ALL ESCAPE  
PODS, SIR.

THEY MUST  
BE HIDING IN  
THE ASTEROID  
FIELD.

IF YOU CAN'T  
RUN, YOU HIDE.

IF THEY THINK A  
FEW ROCKS ARE GOING  
TO STOP US, I'M HAPPY  
TO PROVE THEM  
WRONG.













art by  
**Cryssy Cheung**





art by  
**George Caltsoudas**



CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

THE ENDEAVOUR SET OUT IN PURSUIT OF AN UNIDENTIFIED VESSEL, POTENTIALLY CONNECTED TO THE ASSASSINATION OF A ROMULAN AMBASSADOR AT THE FEDERATION'S BABEL PEACE CONFERENCE.

AFTER REPEATEDLY IGNORING OUR HAILS, THE SHUTTLE HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN THE LOTONIAN ASTEROID BELT, HOPING WE WON'T BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO FOLLOW.

THEY OBVIOUSLY  
DON'T KNOW ME  
VERY WELL.

CAPTAIN KIRK,  
THE OTHER AWAY  
TEAMS ARE CHECKING  
IN. STILL NO SIGN OF  
THE SHUTTLE.

UNDERSTOOD,  
ENDEAVOUR. SEND  
OUT THREE MORE AND  
BROADEN THE  
SEARCH RADIUS.

WE'RE  
NOT GOING  
HOME EMPTY-  
HANDED.

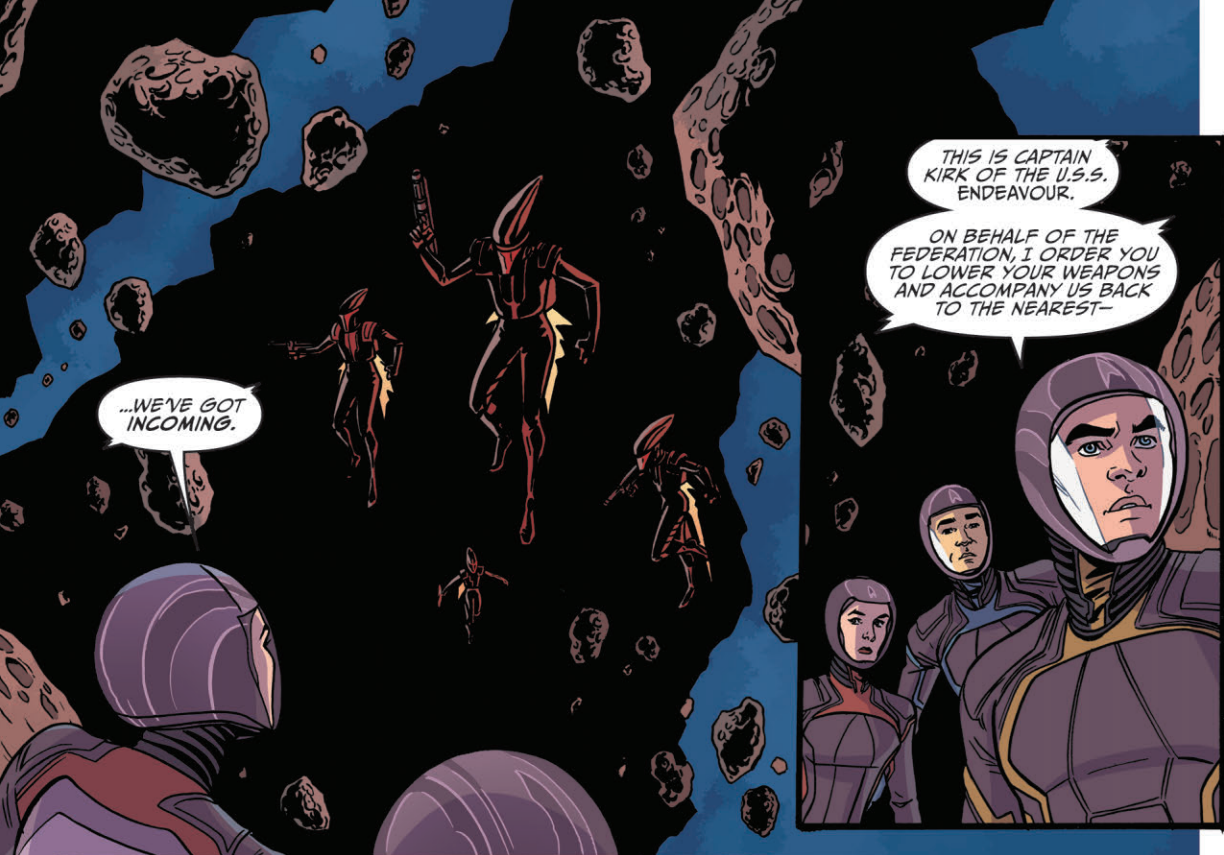
YOU SURE  
YOU DON'T WANT  
TO JUST BLAST OUR  
WAY THROUGH THESE  
ROCKS WITH THE  
ENDEAVOUR?

NO TIME,  
SULU.

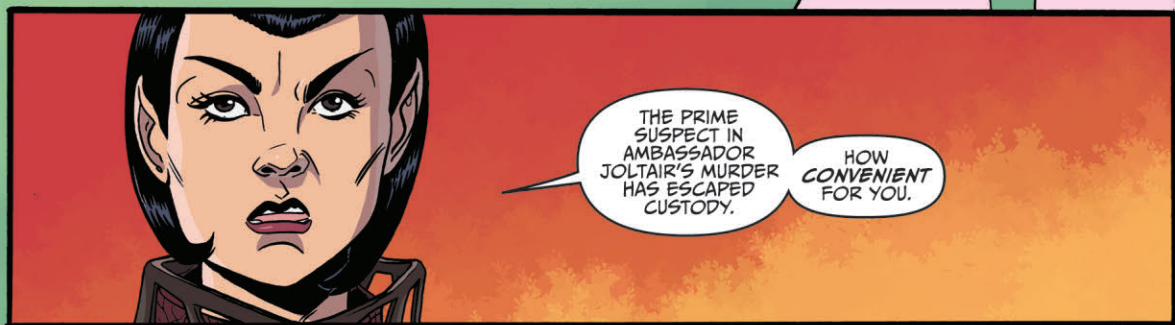
THIS WAY  
WE'LL COVER  
MORE GROUND  
AND FORCE  
THEM OUT OF  
HIDING.

WELL,  
CAPTAIN, I THINK  
YOU JUST GOT  
YOUR WISH...









THE PRIME SUSPECT IN AMBASSADOR JOLTAIR'S MURDER HAS ESCAPED CUSTODY.

HOW CONVENIENT FOR YOU.



SPARE ME YOUR INEVITABLE CLAIMS THAT YOU ARE DOING EVERYTHING IN YOUR POWER TO HUNT DOWN THE CADET AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.

WE BOTH KNOW THAT FEDERATION AGENTS ARE BEHIND THE ESCAPE.

WHAT YOU ARE SUGGESTING IS NOT LOGICAL, PILOK.



WHY WOULD WE ANTAGONIZE YOUR DELEGATION BY FACILITATING CADET AKRIA'S ESCAPE?



"ANTAGONIZE"?

YOU CANNOT "ANTAGONIZE" US. WE ARE NOT SIMPLETONS.

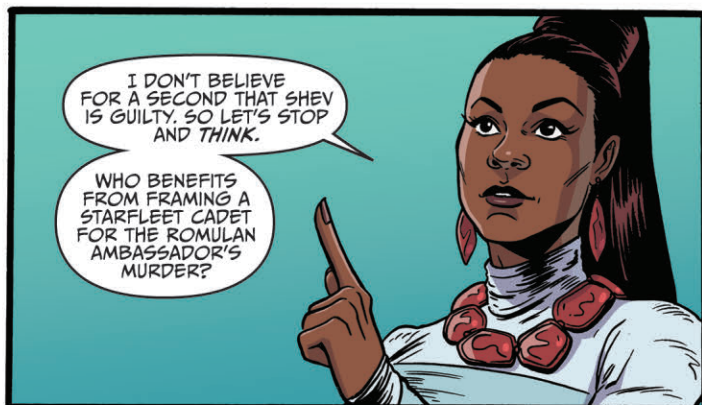
ALL YOU HAVE DONE IS ENSURED THE FAILURE OF THE BABEL SUMMIT.

THIS IS NO LONGER A PEACE CONFERENCE.



IT IS A MANHUNT.









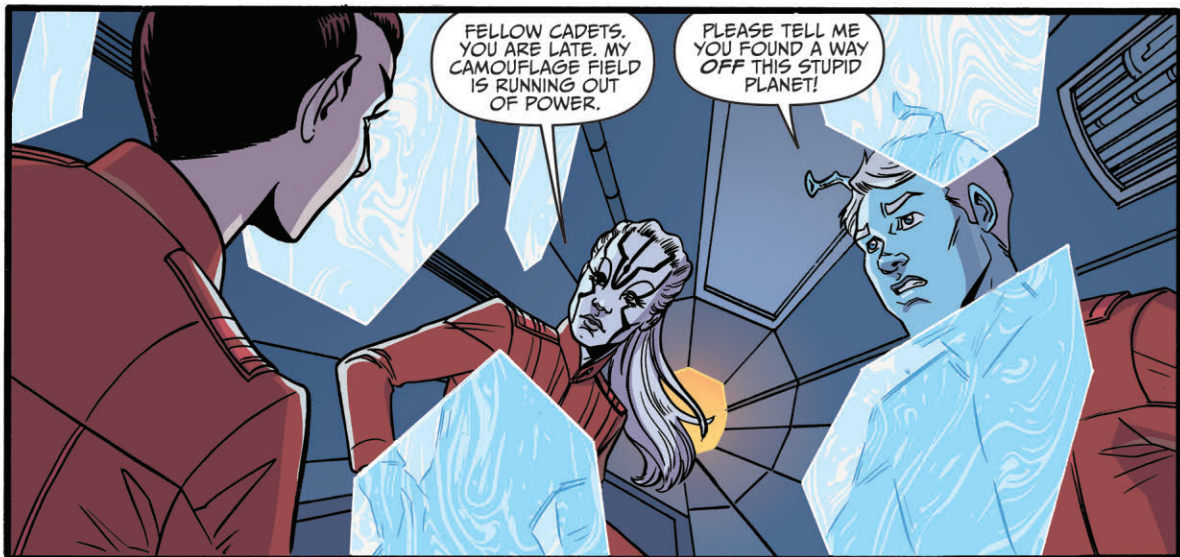
VEL IS  
CONCERNED THAT  
WE WILL ALL BE  
EXPELLED FROM  
STARFLEET  
ACADEMY.

DON'T WORRY, VEL.  
WE'RE GOING TO CLEAR  
SHEV'S NAME AND FIND  
THE REAL KILLER.

YOUR  
CERTAINTY IS  
ADMIRABLE,  
LUCIA, BUT THE  
ODDS OF—



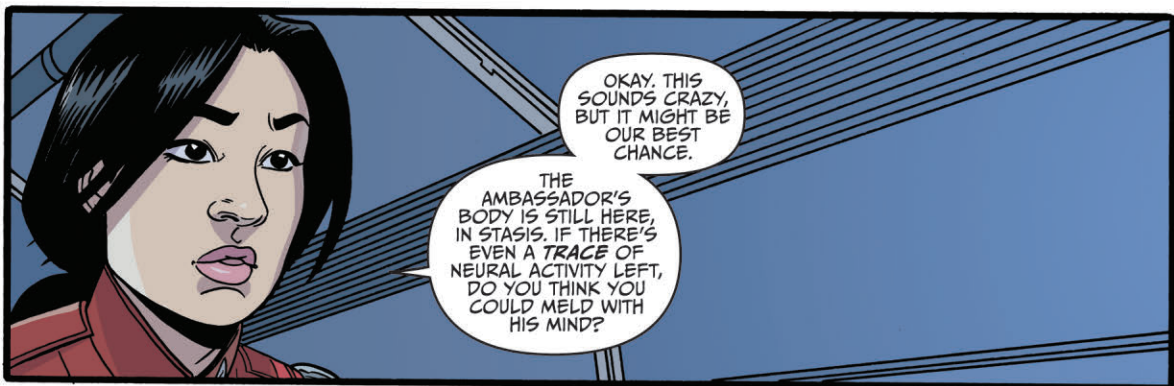
FASCINATING.



FELLOW CADETS.  
YOU ARE LATE. MY  
CAMOUFLAGE FIELD  
IS RUNNING OUT  
OF POWER.

PLEASE TELL ME  
YOU FOUND A WAY  
OFF THIS STUPID  
PLANET!









KIRK TO ENDEAVOUR,  
WHERE ARE MY  
REINFORCEMENTS?

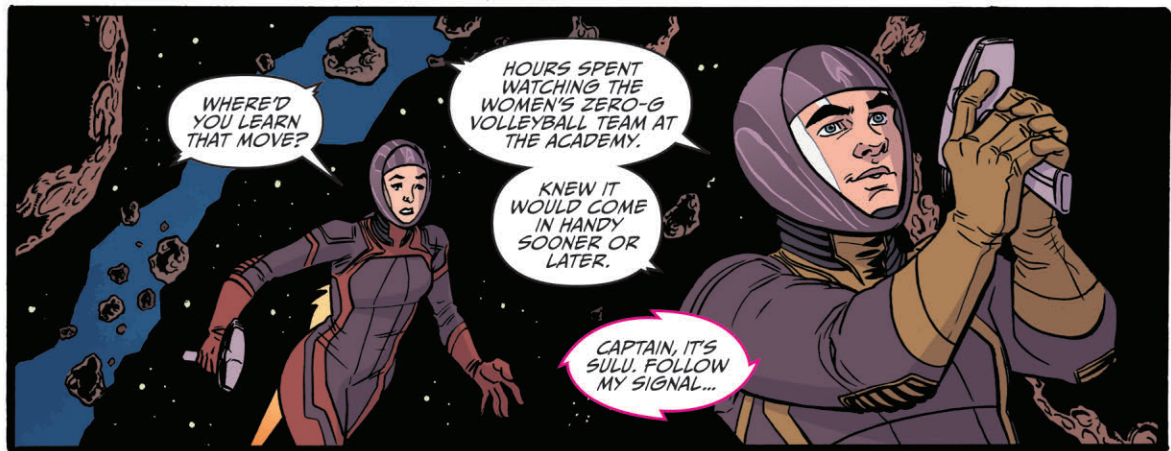
ON THEIR  
WAY, SIR. TWO  
MINUTES OUT.



THIS MAY  
BE OVER  
IN—



AAGH—



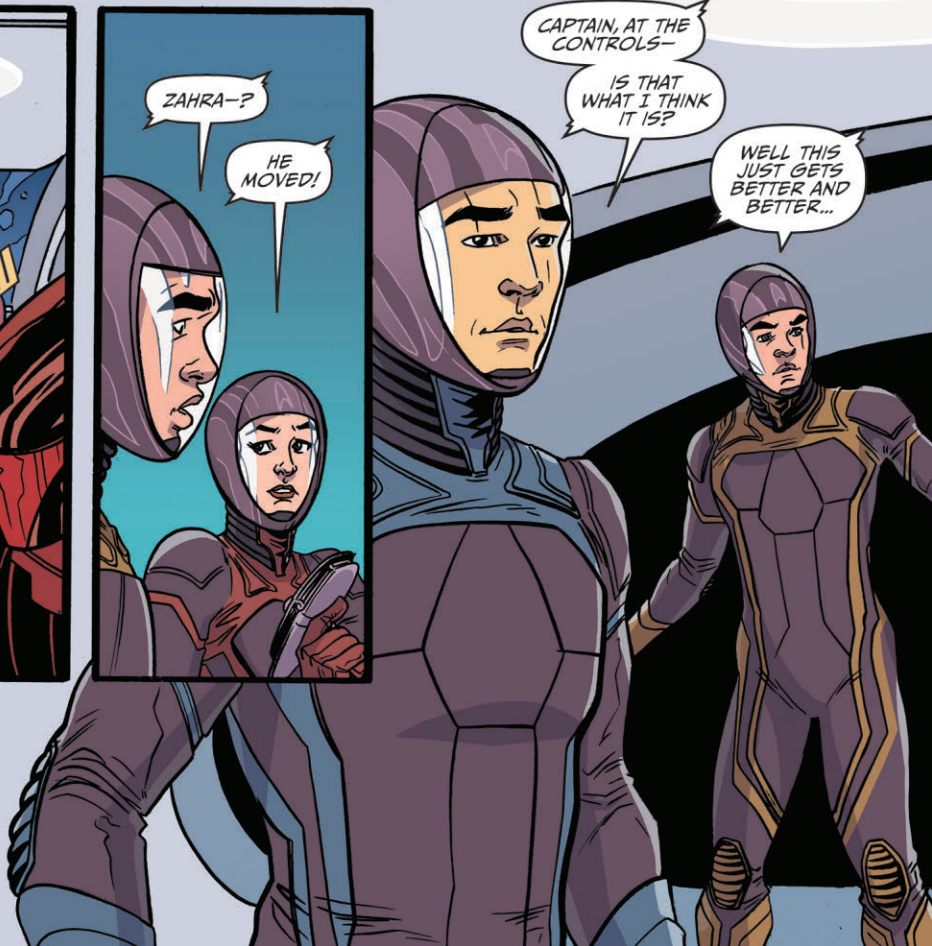
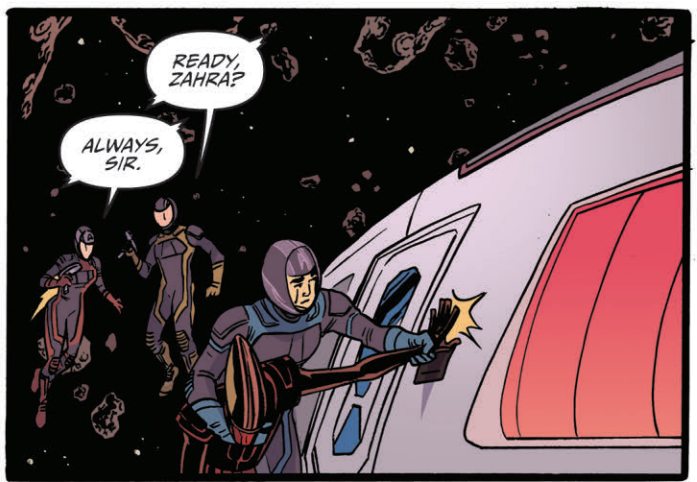
WHERE'D  
YOU LEARN  
THAT MOVE?

HOURS SPENT  
WATCHING THE  
WOMEN'S ZERO-G  
VOLLEYBALL TEAM AT  
THE ACADEMY.

KNEW IT  
WOULD COME  
IN HANDY  
SOONER OR  
LATER.

CAPTAIN, IT'S  
SULU. FOLLOW  
MY SIGNAL...















...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAIR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAIR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAIR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

...DON'T GET LOST IN THERE.

USE YOUR WRIST, JOLTAR...

FROM THE RISE OF OUR SUN TO THE CLOSING OF MY LIFE, I JOIN WITH YOU.

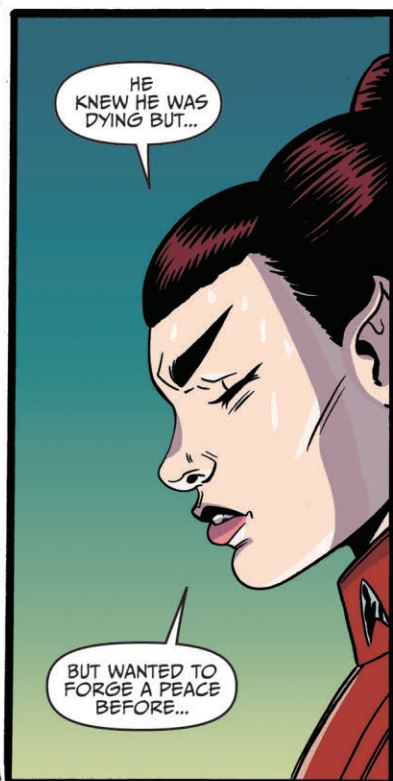
IT'S A GIRL...

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...

USE YOUR WRIST, PILOK...









I NEVER THANKED  
YOU FOR RESCUING  
ME.

YOU ARE MY  
FELLOW CADET.  
NOT TO HELP YOU  
WOULD BE  
WRONG.



I'VE  
NEVER REALLY  
MET ANYONE  
LIKE Y—



**SHKOW**

WHOA—!



BY ORDER  
OF THE ROMULAN  
STAR EMPIRE...

...YOU BRATS  
ARE COMING  
WITH US.





TAKE THE PRISONERS TO MY SHUTTLE.

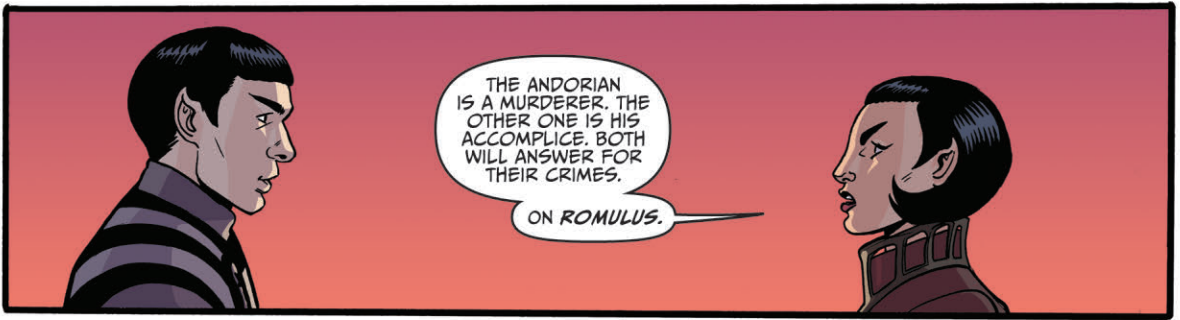
WE ARE LEAVING THIS CURSED PLACE IMMEDIATELY.

I AM AFRAID I CANNOT ALLOW THAT.



THOSE ARE MEMBERS OF STARFLEET.

YOU WILL REMAND THEM INTO MY CUSTODY IMMEDIATELY.



THE ANDORIAN IS A MURDERER. THE OTHER ONE IS HIS ACCOMPLICE. BOTH WILL ANSWER FOR THEIR CRIMES.

ON ROMULUS.



LIKE HELL THEY ARE.

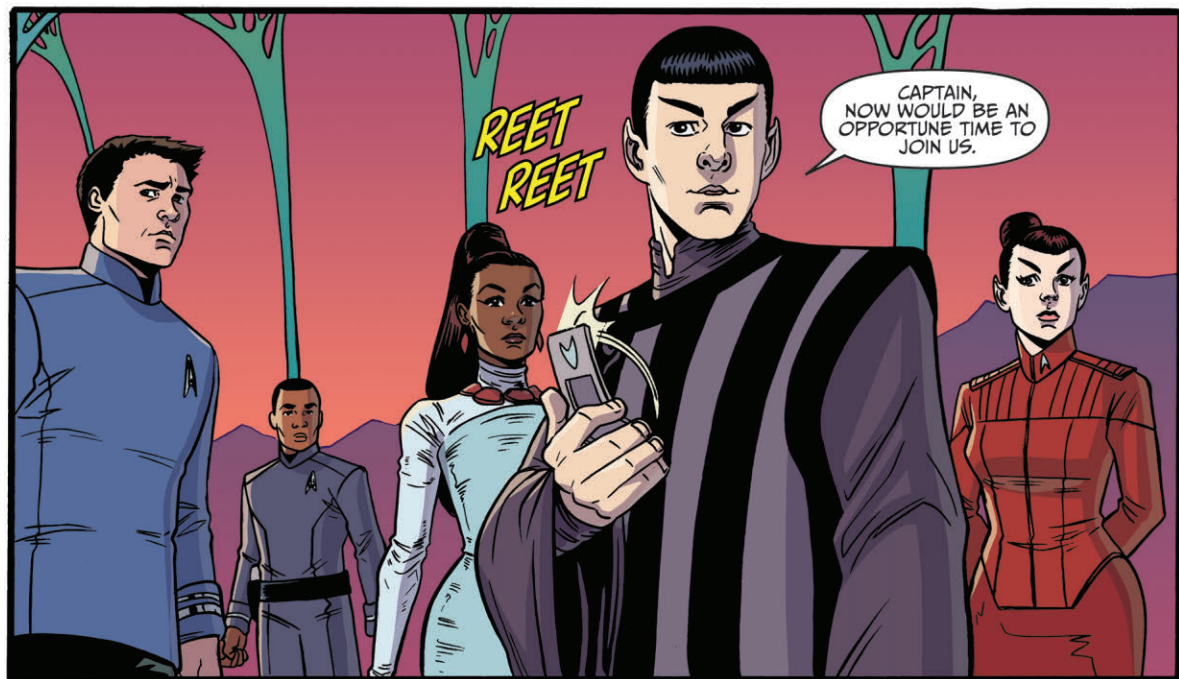
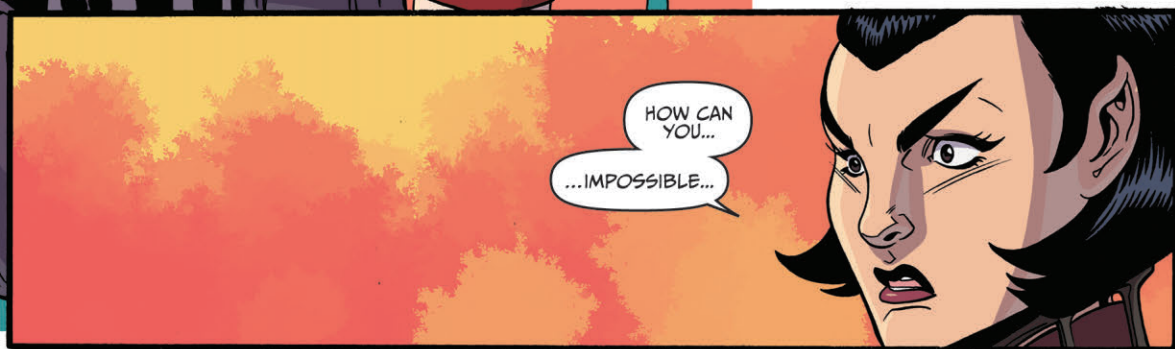
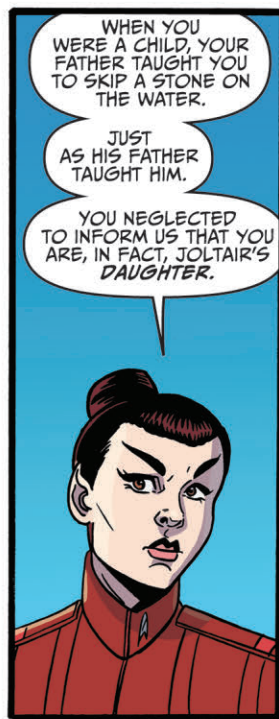
DOCTOR MCCOY'S SENTIMENT, HOWEVER UNDIPLOMATIC, IS CORRECT.



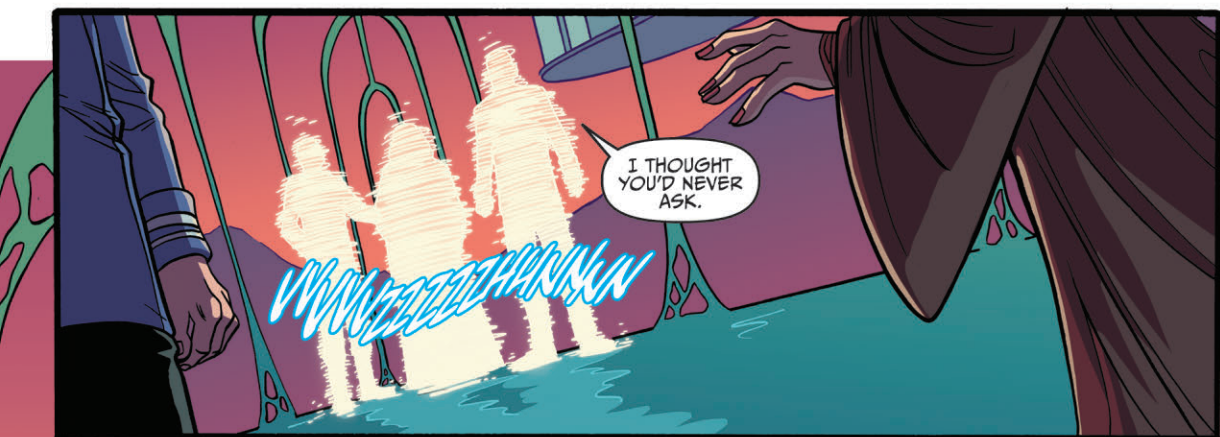
AMBASSADOR JOLTAIR'S DEATH IS A TRAGEDY, BUT ALL MEMBERS OF STARFLEET, GUILTY OR INNOCENT, ARE UNDER OUR JURISDICTION.

IF YOU BELIEVE I WILL NOT ENFORCE THAT, YOU ARE SEVERELY MISTAKEN.







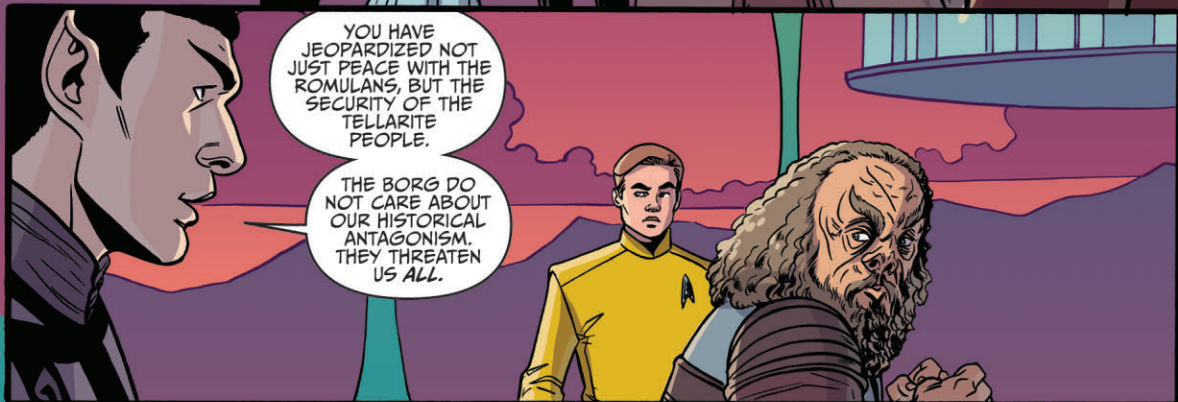




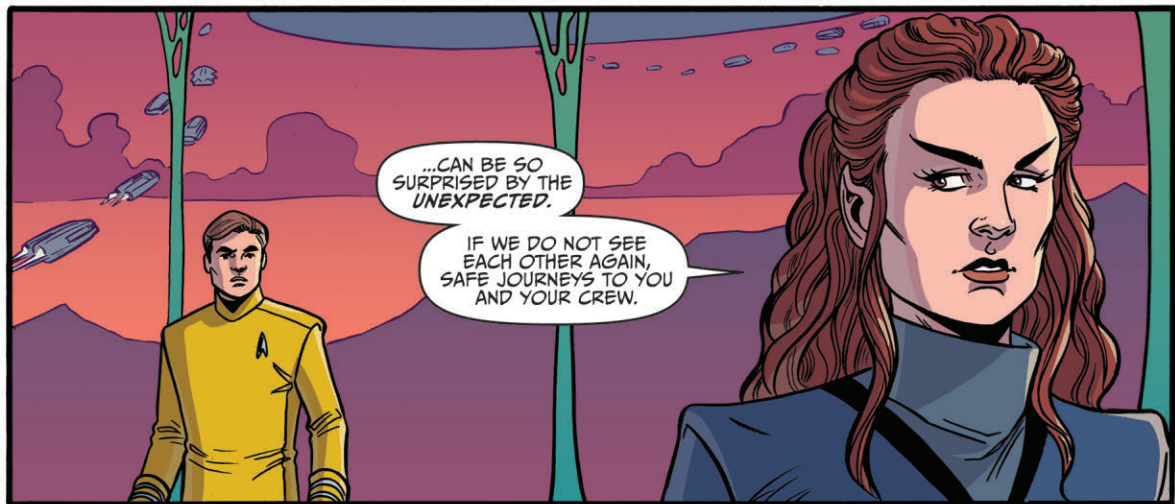
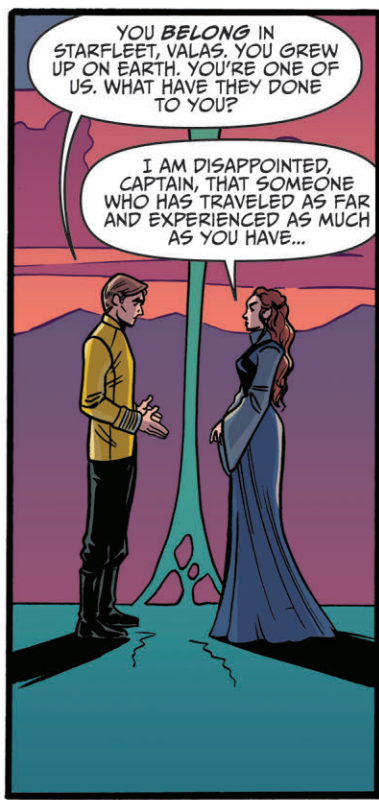
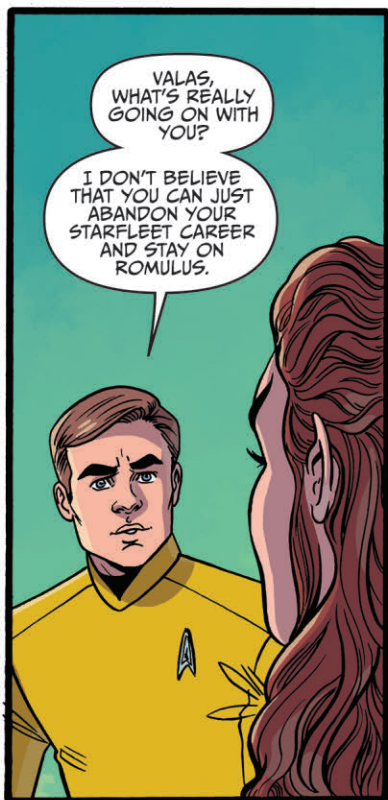
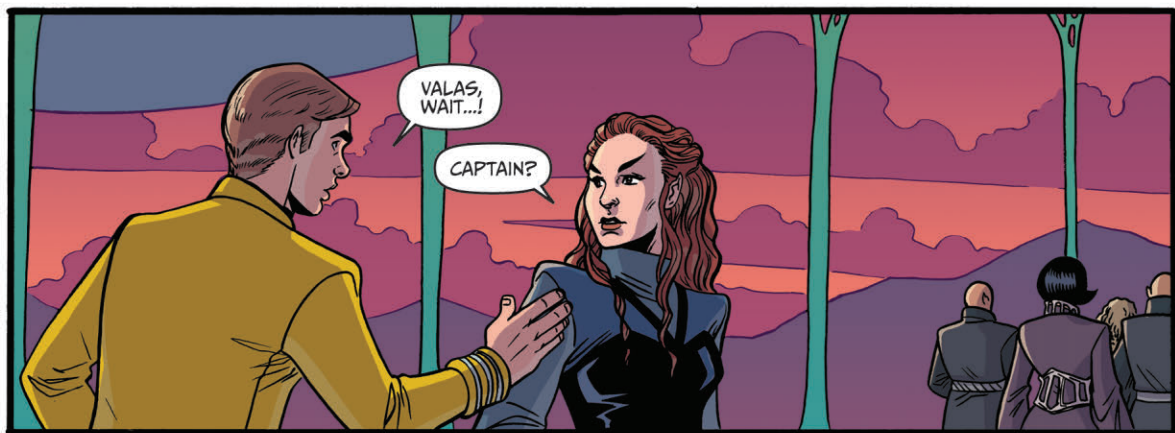


YOU FOOLS! I KILLED HIM TO PROTECT THE FEDERATION!

YOU CAN'T MAKE PEACE WITH THE ROMULANS! THEY'LL STAB US IN THE BACK AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!









"FORGET IT, JIM.  
SHE'S ROMULAN."



THEY'RE EVEN  
MORE INSCRUTABLE  
THAN VULCANS.

A SENTIMENT I  
AM SURE YOU INTEND  
AS A COMPLIMENT,  
DOCTOR.

I'M NOT  
GIVING UP ON HER.  
MY GUT TELLS ME  
THERE'S MORE  
TO IT.



WELL, YOU  
CAN'T GO INTO  
ROMULAN SPACE  
AFTER HER. THE BEST  
WE CAN HOPE IS THAT  
WE SEE HER AGAIN AT  
THE NEXT PEACE  
SUMMIT.



LET'S JUST  
BE GRATEFUL  
THEY AGREED  
TO ANOTHER  
ONE.

CAPTAIN,  
WE'RE READY  
TO DEPART  
FOR NEW  
VULCAN.



VERY GOOD,  
COMMANDER  
SULU.

LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'LL BE MY  
FIRST OFFICER  
FOR A WHILE  
LONGER.









art by  
**Cryssy Cheung**





art by  
**George Caltsoudas**



NEW VULCAN.

THIS WAS  
MY WIFE'S  
RECIPE.

BUT AMANDA'S  
**PLOMECK SOUP**  
WAS BETTER THAN  
ANY I'VE EVER  
TASTED FROM  
A VULCAN.

I HOPE  
MY PREPARATION  
DOES IT JUSTICE.

I'M SURE  
IT'S PERFECT,  
SAREK.

SO, NOW THAT YOU  
HAVE RESUMED YOUR  
SABBATICAL HERE ON NEW  
VULCAN, WILL YOU CONTINUE  
TO ASSIST OUR GROWING  
SCIENCE ACADEMY?

I WILL. BUT  
FIRST I HAVE BEEN  
INVITED TO ACCOMPANY  
AN EXPEDITION TO THE  
**VOROTH MASSIF** NEAR  
THE SOUTHERN POLE.

THEY HAVE  
DETECTED A  
GEOTHERMAL ANOMALY  
THAT DID NOT APPEAR ON  
OUR INITIAL PLANETARY  
SCANS PRIOR TO  
COLONIZATION.

AND YOU,  
NYOTA?

THE SCIENCE  
ACADEMY HAS  
ASKED ME TO TEACH  
CLASSES IN EARTH  
HISTORY AND  
CULTURE.

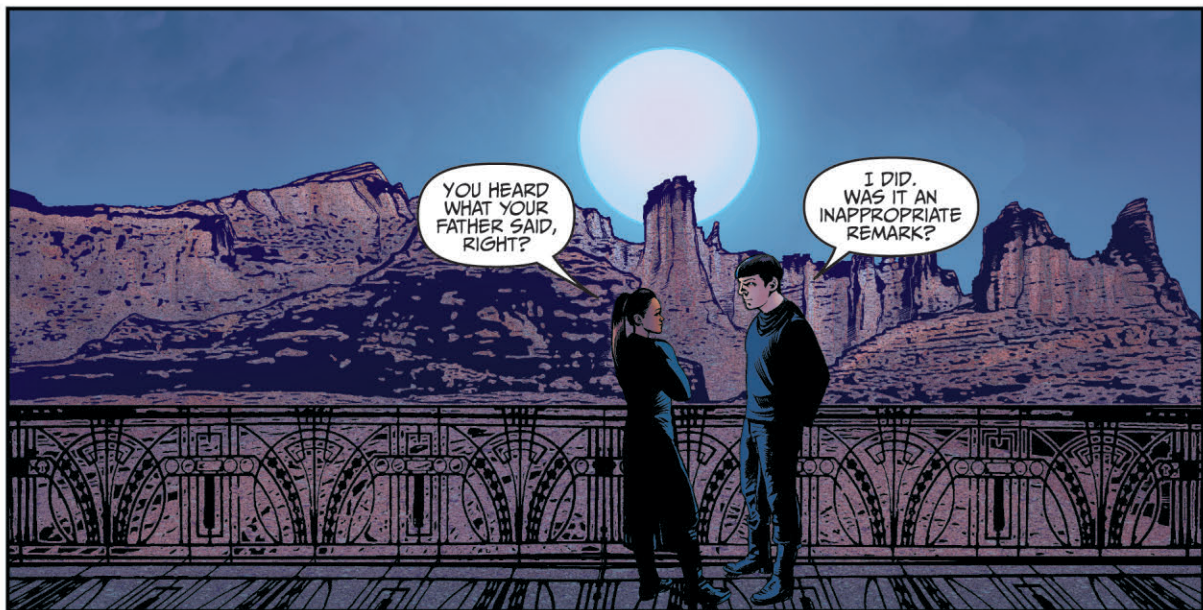
I'M SURE  
I'LL BE LEARNING  
MORE FROM MY  
STUDENTS THAN THEY  
WILL FROM ME.

THE ACADEMY  
IS FORTUNATE  
TO HAVE YOUR  
EXPERTISE.

I HOPE  
YOU WILL THINK  
OF THIS YOUNG  
WORLD AS A NEW  
HOME.

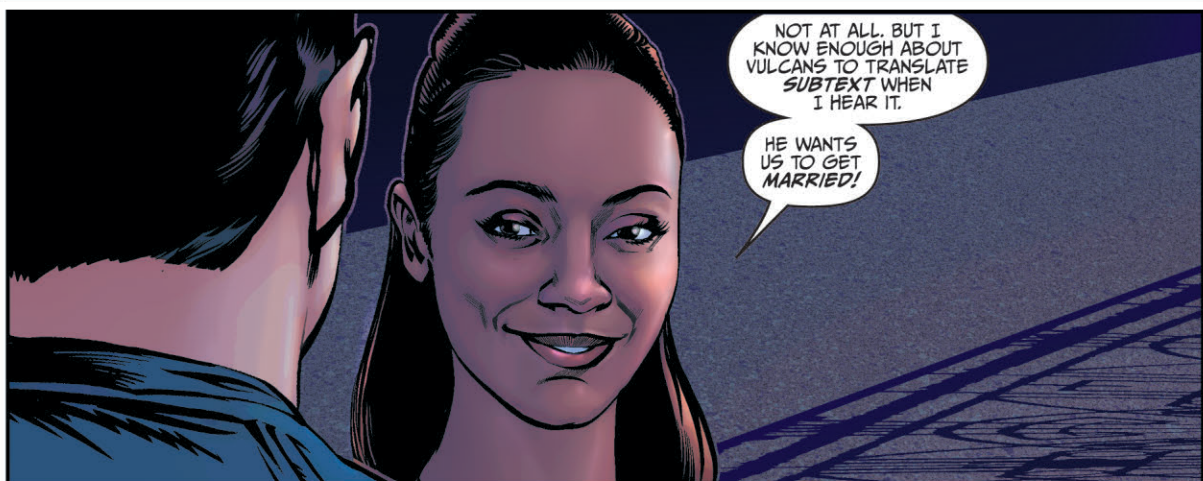
"A NEW  
HOME?"





YOU HEARD  
WHAT YOUR  
FATHER SAID,  
RIGHT?

I DID.  
WAS IT AN  
INAPPROPRIATE  
REMARK?



NOT AT ALL. BUT I  
KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT  
VULCANS TO TRANSLATE  
*SUBTEXT* WHEN  
I HEAR IT.

HE WANTS  
US TO GET  
**MARRIED!**



I HAVE NEVER  
HEARD MY FATHER  
SPEAK OF HIS  
DESIRE FOR US TO  
BE WEDDED.

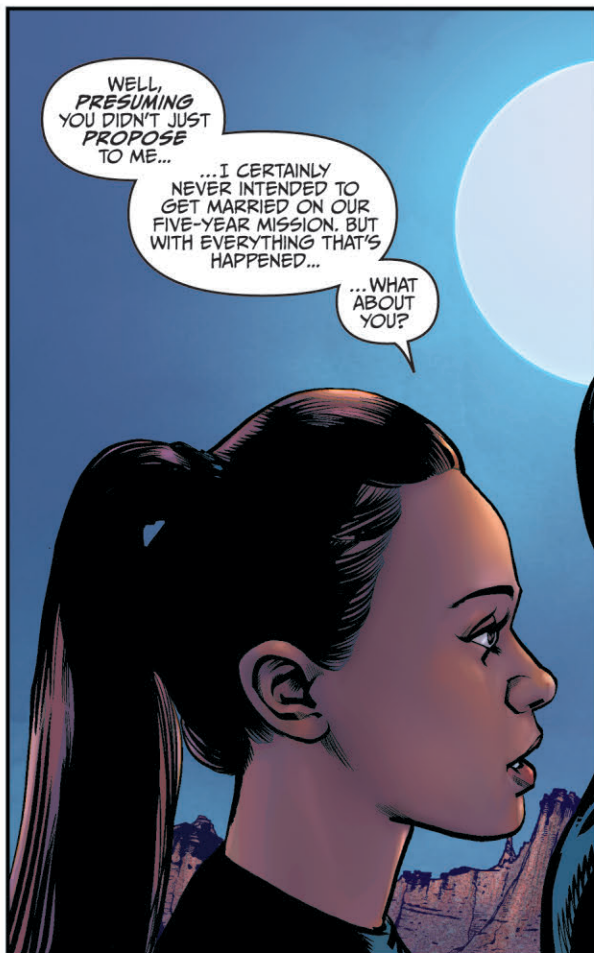
HE NEVER  
WOULD. BUT IT'S  
**OBVIOUS!**



YOU HAVE ALWAYS  
BEEN MORE ADEPT THAN  
I AT...*INTERPRETING*  
THINGS THAT GO  
UNSAID.

PRESUMING  
YOU ARE CORRECT,  
DO YOU SHARE HIS  
WISH?





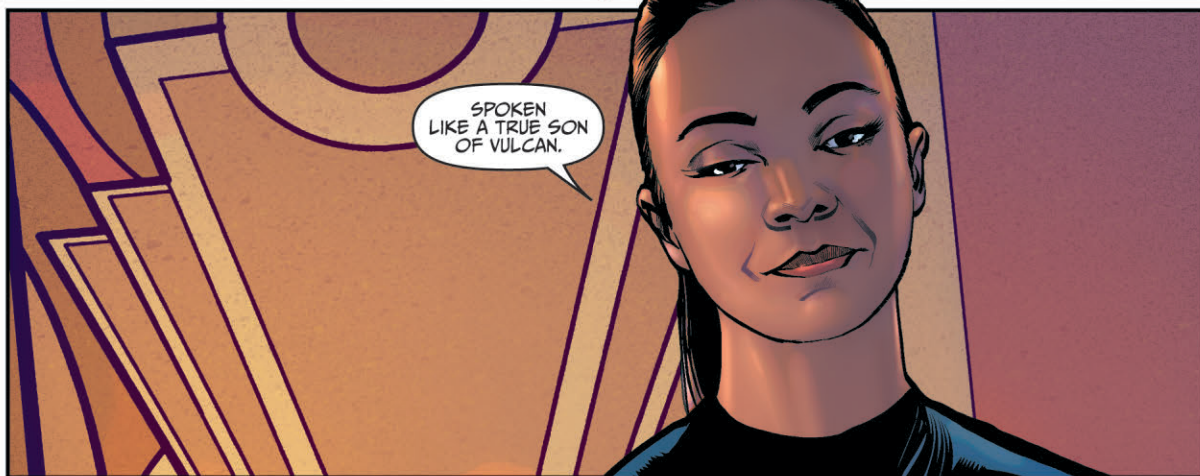
WELL,  
*PRESUMING*  
YOU DIDN'T JUST  
*PROPOSE*  
TO ME...

...I CERTAINLY  
NEVER INTENDED TO  
GET MARRIED ON OUR  
FIVE-YEAR MISSION. BUT  
WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S  
HAPPENED...

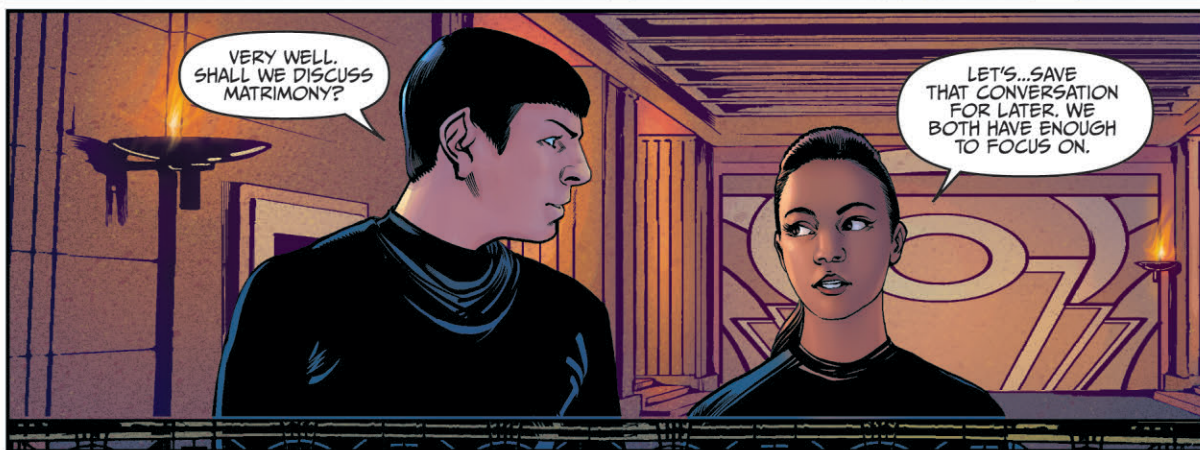
...WHAT  
ABOUT  
YOU?



IT IS  
CERTAINLY NOT  
AN UNAPPEALING  
NOTION.



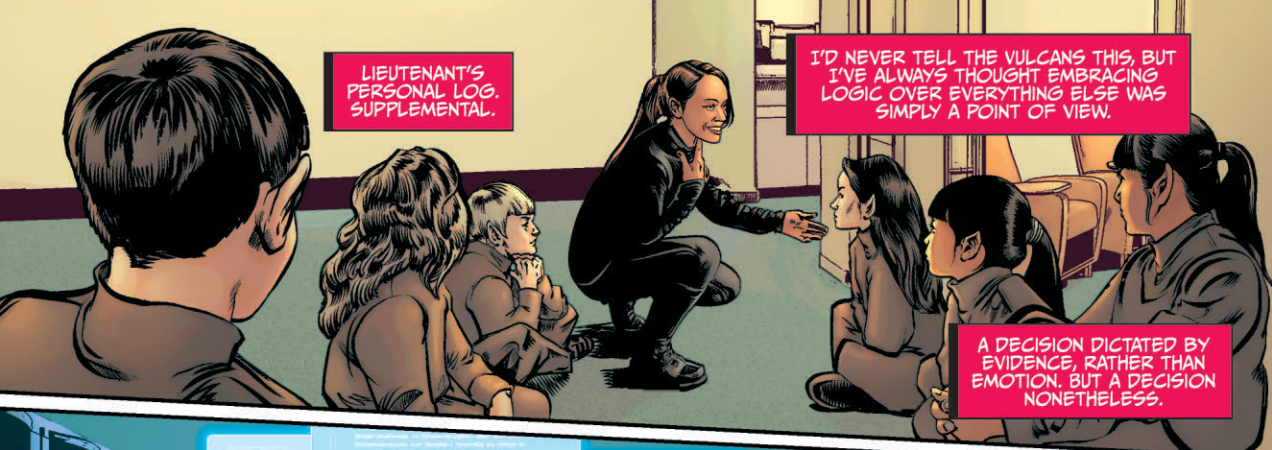
SPOKEN  
LIKE A TRUE SON  
OF VULCAN.



VERY WELL.  
SHALL WE DISCUSS  
MATRIMONY?

LET'S...SAVE  
THAT CONVERSATION  
FOR LATER. WE  
BOTH HAVE ENOUGH  
TO FOCUS ON.





LIEUTENANT'S  
PERSONAL LOG.  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

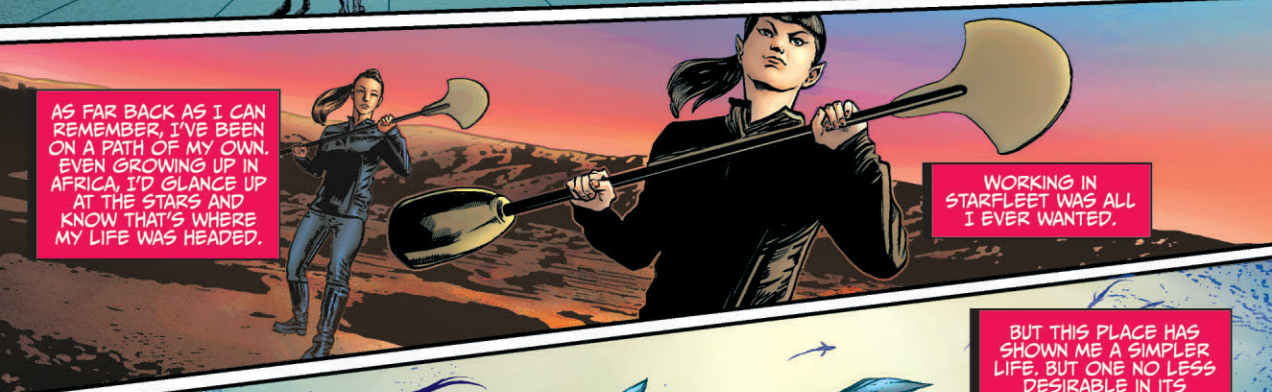
I'D NEVER TELL THE VULCANS THIS, BUT  
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT EMBRACING  
LOGIC OVER EVERYTHING ELSE WAS  
SIMPLY A POINT OF VIEW.

A DECISION DICTATED BY  
EVIDENCE, RATHER THAN  
EMOTION, BUT A DECISION  
NONETHELESS.



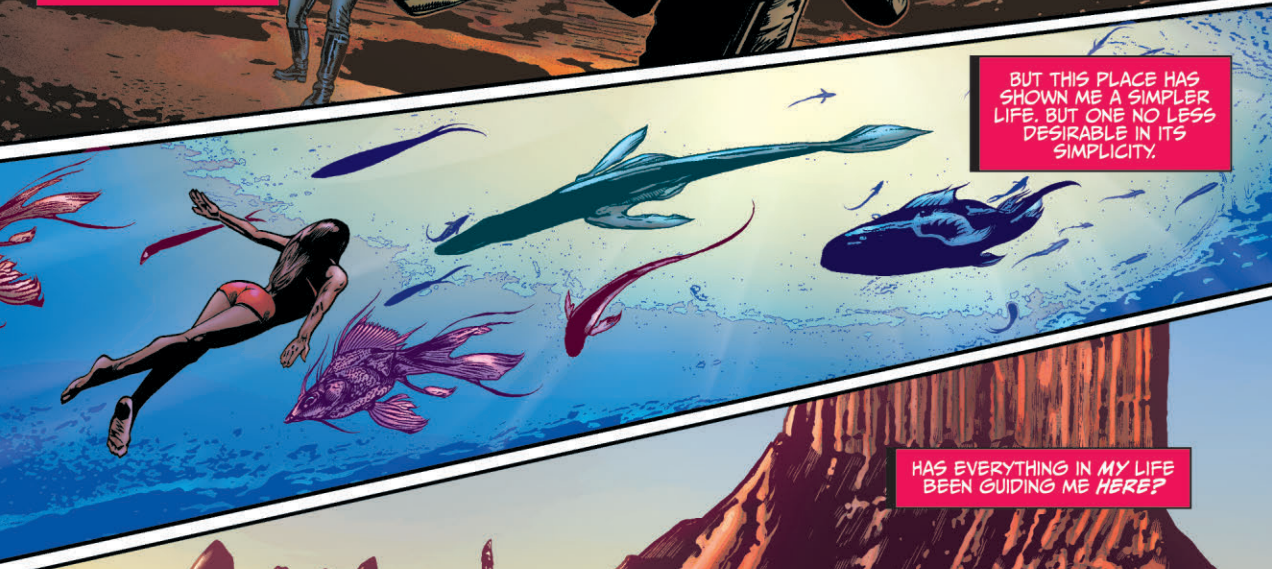
BUT HAVING SPENT TIME HERE  
ON NEW VULCAN, IT'S CLEAR THAT  
THEY SEE LOGIC AS SOMETHING  
MUCH MORE THAN THAT.

IT'S A SINGULAR DESTINATION  
THEY'LL ARRIVE AT AS LONG AS  
THEY SIMPLY FOLLOW THE PATH.

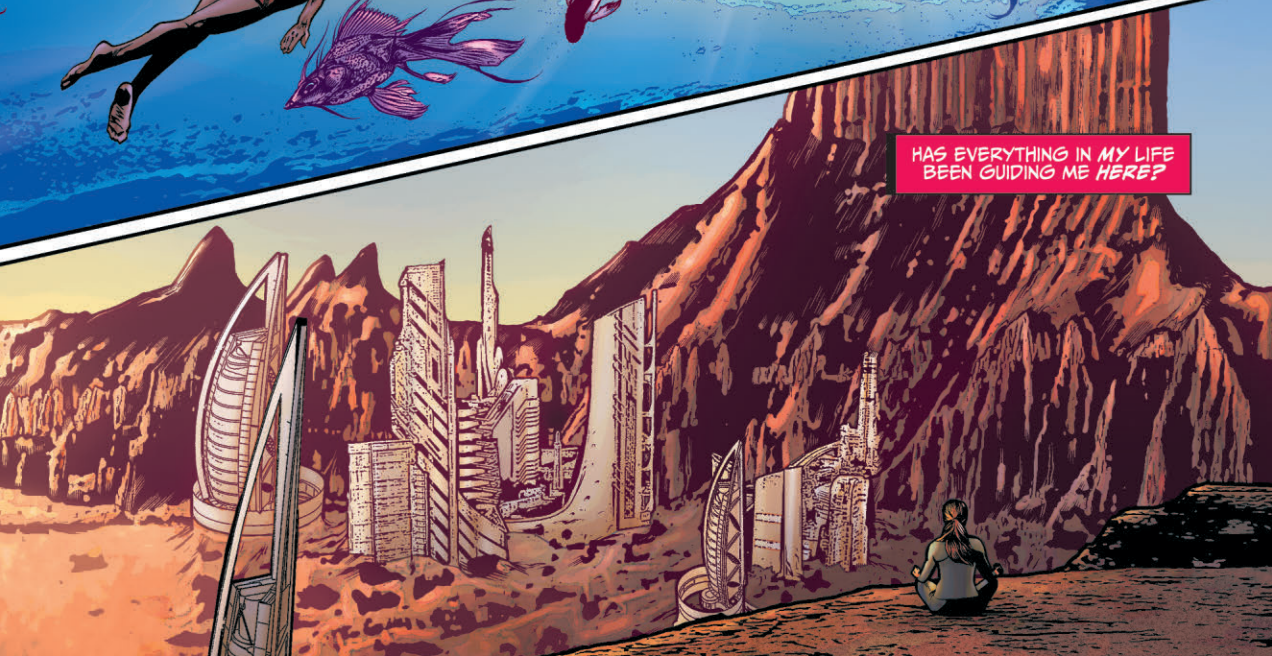


AS FAR BACK AS I CAN  
REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN  
ON A PATH OF MY OWN.  
EVEN GROWING UP IN  
AFRICA, I'D GLANCE UP  
AT THE STARS AND  
KNOW THAT'S WHERE  
MY LIFE WAS HEADED.

WORKING IN  
STARFLEET WAS ALL  
I EVER WANTED.



BUT THIS PLACE HAS  
SHOWN ME A SIMPLER  
LIFE, BUT ONE NO LESS  
DESIRABLE IN ITS  
SIMPLICITY.



HAS EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE  
BEEN GUIDING ME HERE?



VOROTH MASSIF  
SOUTHERN POLE.



WE ARE  
FORTUNATE  
INDEED,  
SPOCK.

THREE HUNDRED  
SQUARE KILOMETERS  
OF A NEW RADIOACTIVE  
ISOTOPE BENEATH OUR FEET.  
IF WE CAN EXPLOIT IT AS A  
POWER SOURCE, IT WILL  
GO FAR TOWARD MAKING  
US SELF-SUFFICIENT.

A STARFLEET  
DOCTOR I KNOW WOULD  
CALL IT A "HAPPY  
ACCIDENT."

BUT WE STILL HAVE MUCH  
TO LEARN ABOUT OUR NEW  
WORLD, NANIL.

EXCAVATING  
THIS ISOTOPE TOO  
QUICKLY COULD HAVE  
UNFORESEEN SEISMIC  
OR ECOLOGICAL  
REPERCUSSIONS.

THE ELDERS  
HAVE THEIR  
DOUBTS.

WHEN WE WERE  
CHILDREN, SPOCK,  
VULCANS WERE REVERED  
AND RESPECTED. BUT  
SINCE THE DESTRUCTION  
OF OUR PLANET, WE ARE  
SEEN AS A PEOPLE TO  
BE PITIED.

AS YOU KNOW,  
THERE HAS ALREADY  
BEEN TALK OF PLACING ALL  
WORLDS WITHIN THE  
CONFEDERACY OF SURAK  
UNDER DIRECT FEDERATION  
OVERSIGHT.

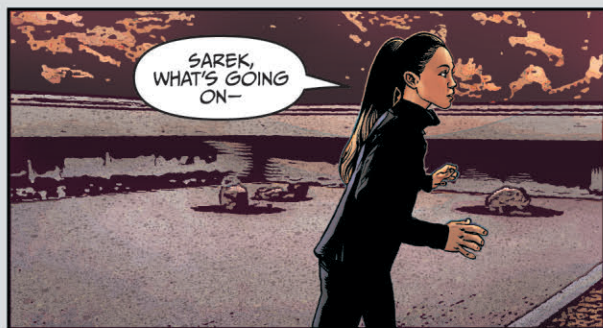
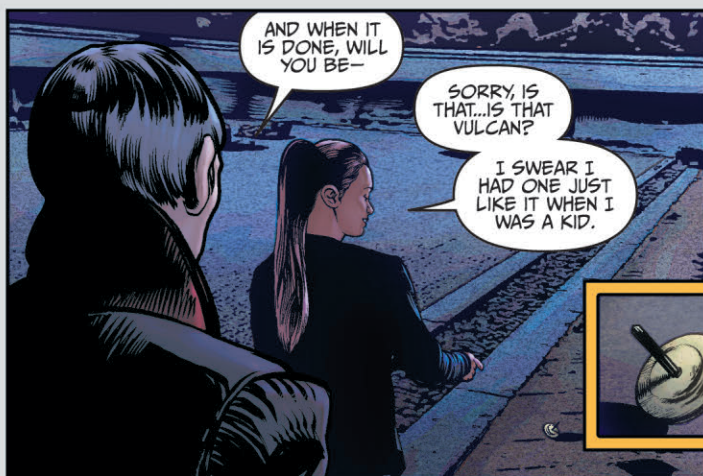
WHAT  
THEY CALL  
OVERSIGHT, I  
CALL CONTROL.

THE SOONER  
WE RESTORE OUR  
CIVILIZATION TO ITS FORMER  
PROMINENCE, THE BETTER. I  
KNOW WITH YOUR SUPPORT,  
THE ELDERS WILL APPROVE  
MOVING FORWARD.

BUT IT WILL HAPPEN  
ONLY IF YOU STAY AND  
OVERSEE THE PROJECT  
PERSONALLY.

CAN YOU MAKE  
THAT SACRIFICE  
FOR YOUR  
PEOPLE?







THIS... THIS IS  
WHERE I WAS  
BORN!

THAT'S MY  
SCHOOL!

THAT'S THE  
CORNER WHERE  
I TWISTED MY  
ANKLE...

HOW IS  
THIS...

NYOTA!  
STOP WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING  
RIGHT NOW!

MOM?!  
DAD?!

LISTEN TO  
YOUR FATHER,  
NYOTA! WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING IS  
DANGEROUS!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND—

YOU'RE TOO  
YOUNG!

STOP!  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO HURT  
YOURSELF!

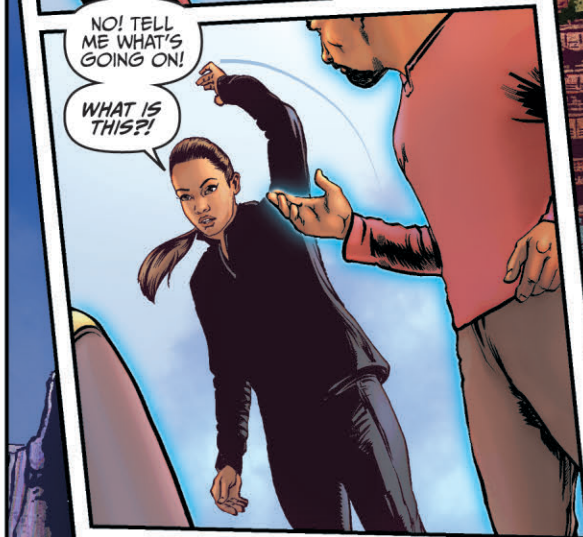
YOU'RE  
NOT REAL. THIS  
ISN'T—

NYOTA, I'M  
YOUR MOTHER.  
I ONLY WANT  
WHAT'S BEST  
FOR YOU.

DO YOU  
BELIEVE  
THAT?

I MEAN,  
YES, BUT—







MORNING.  
VULCAN SCIENCE ACADEMY.

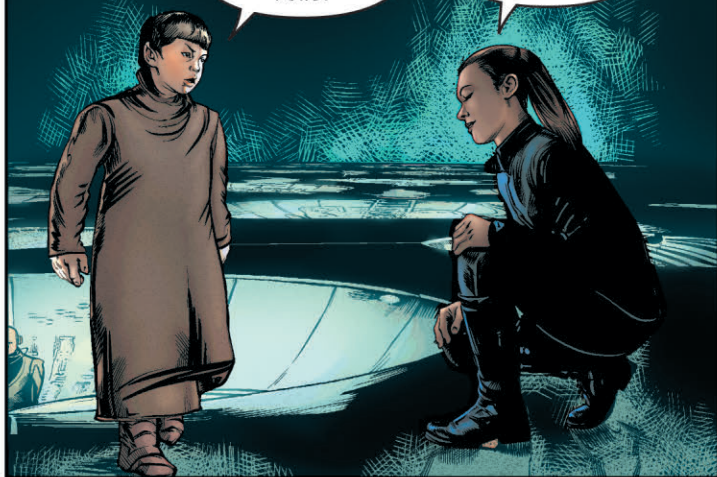
MS. NYOTA,  
WILL YOU BE  
MY MATE?

EXCUSE  
ME?



I KNOW  
WE ARE OF A  
DISPROPORTIONATE  
AGE, BUT I BELIEVE  
YOU WOULD MAKE  
AN EXCEPTIONAL  
MATE.

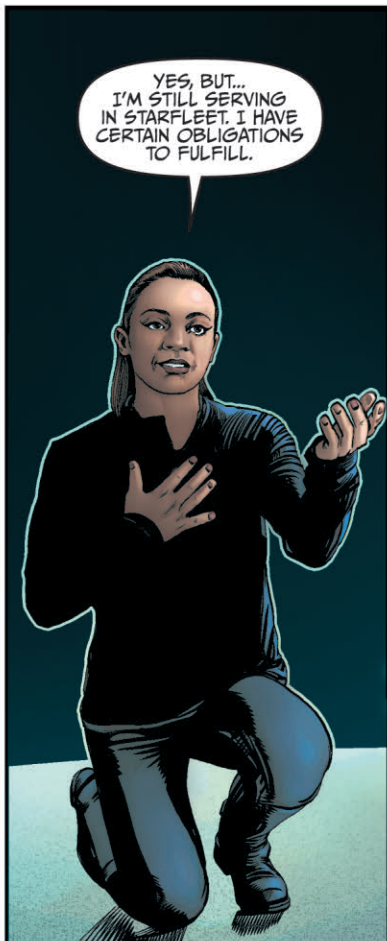
THANK YOU,  
T'VEN, BUT I  
DON'T THINK YOUR  
PARENTS WOULD  
APPROVE.



YOU  
WOULD NOT  
BE MARRYING MY  
PARENTS. ONLY  
ME.



YES, BUT...  
I'M STILL SERVING  
IN STARFLEET. I HAVE  
CERTAIN OBLIGATIONS  
TO FULFILL.



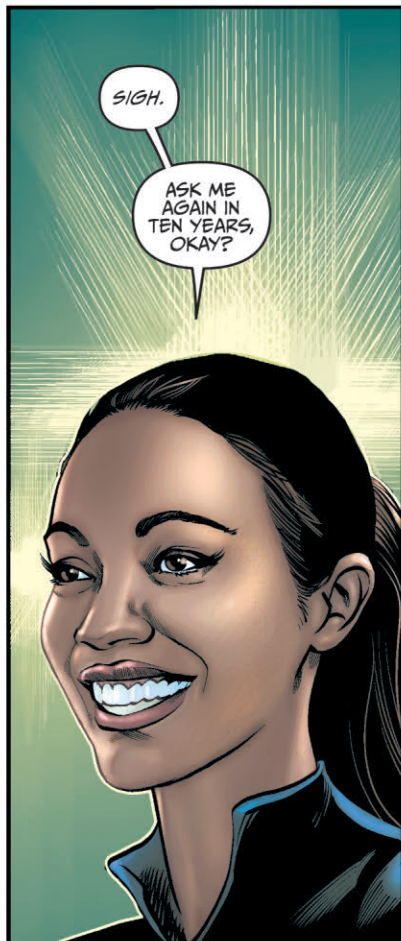
THEN I  
WILL JOIN  
YOU ON YOUR  
STARSHIP.

YOU ARE  
MY MATE. I  
GO WHERE  
YOU GO.

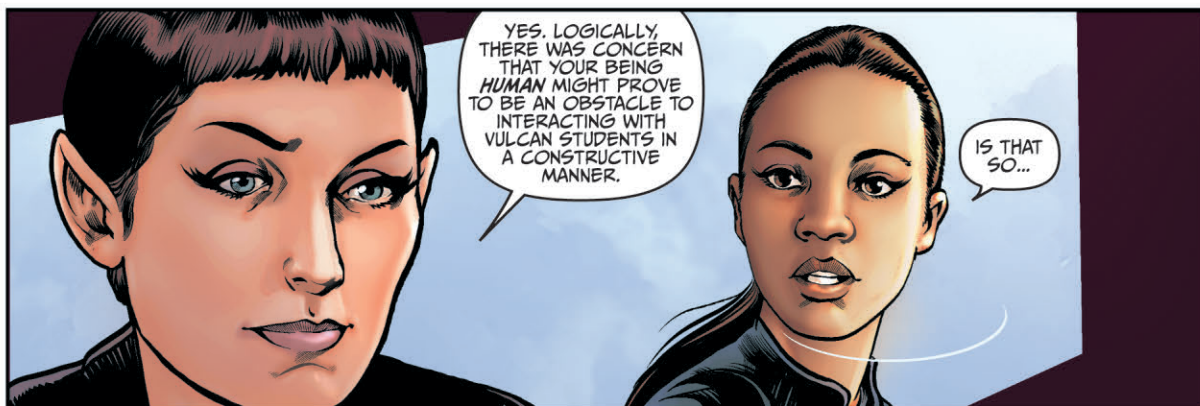
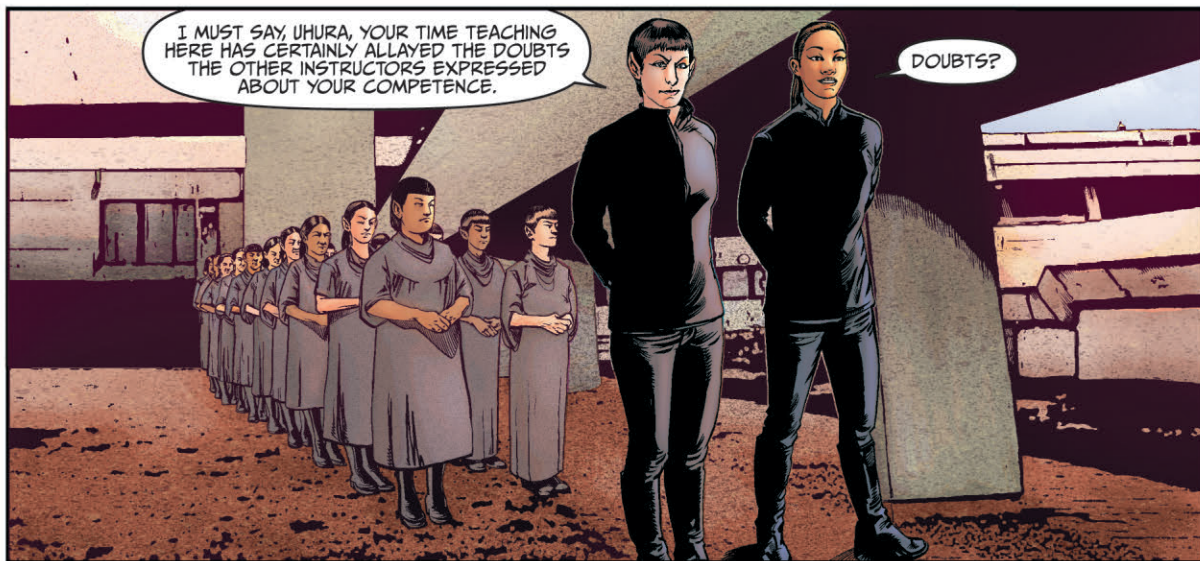


SIGH.

ASK ME  
AGAIN IN  
TEN YEARS,  
OKAY?



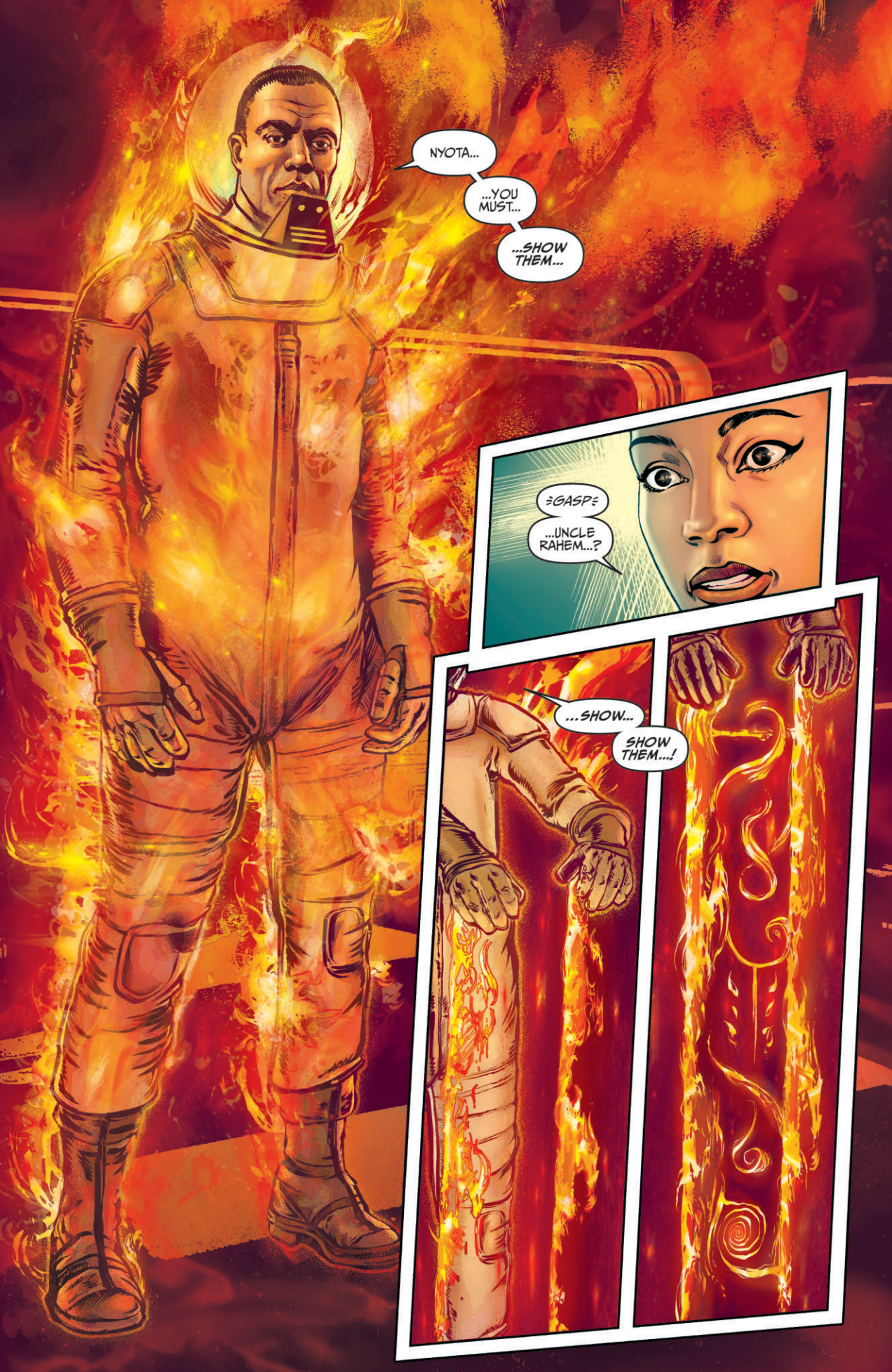












NYOTA...

...YOU  
MUST...

...SHOW  
THEM...

GASP

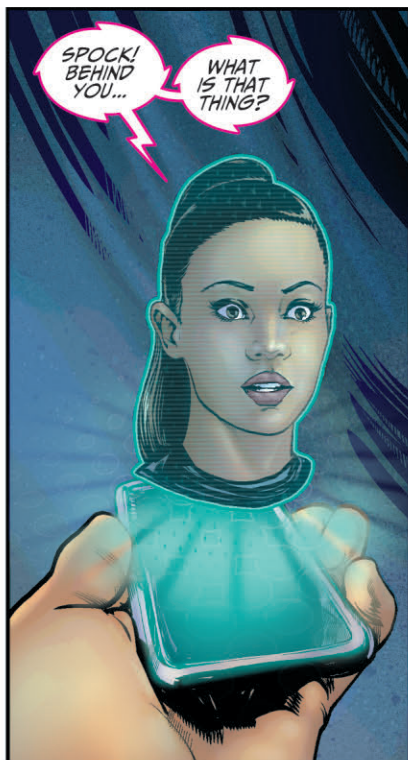
...UNCLE  
RAHEM...?

...SHOW...

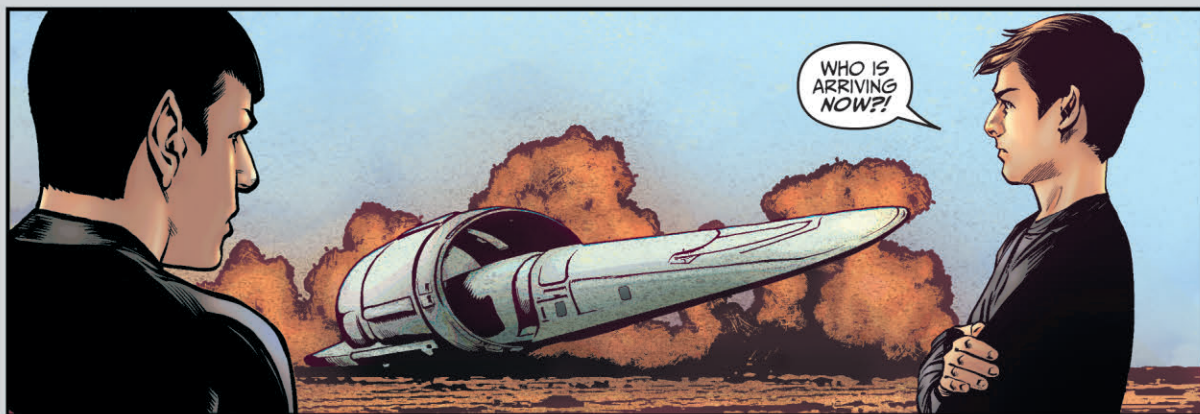
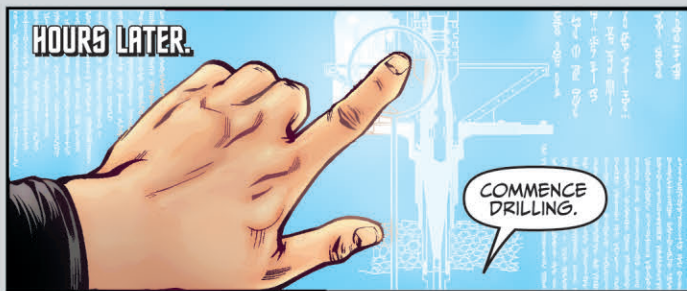
SHOW  
THEM...!



VOROTH MASSIF.



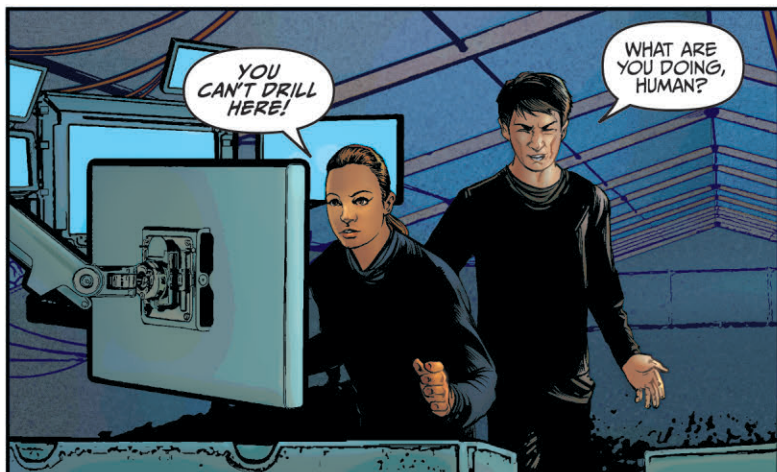






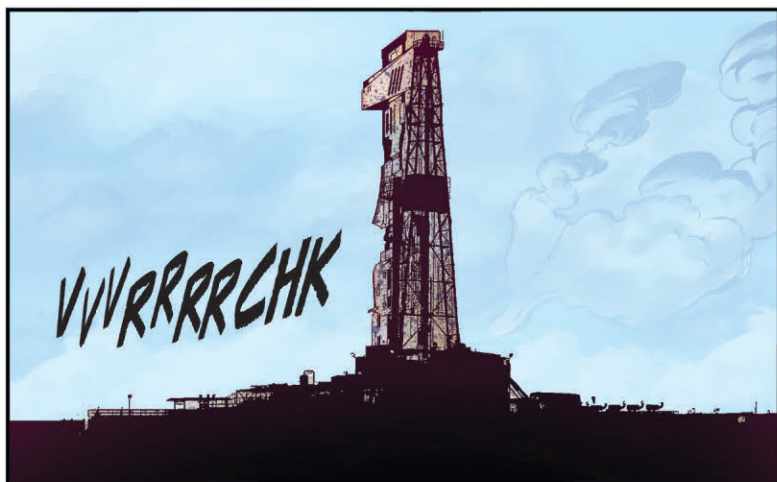


I SAW THE  
DRILL, SPOCK!  
I SAW IT IN MY  
VISION!



YOU  
CAN'T DRILL  
HERE!

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
HUMAN?



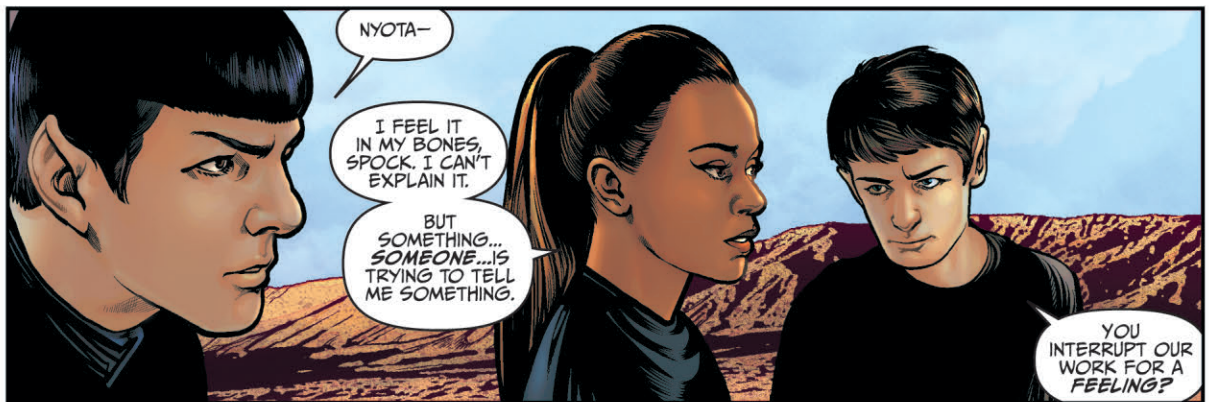
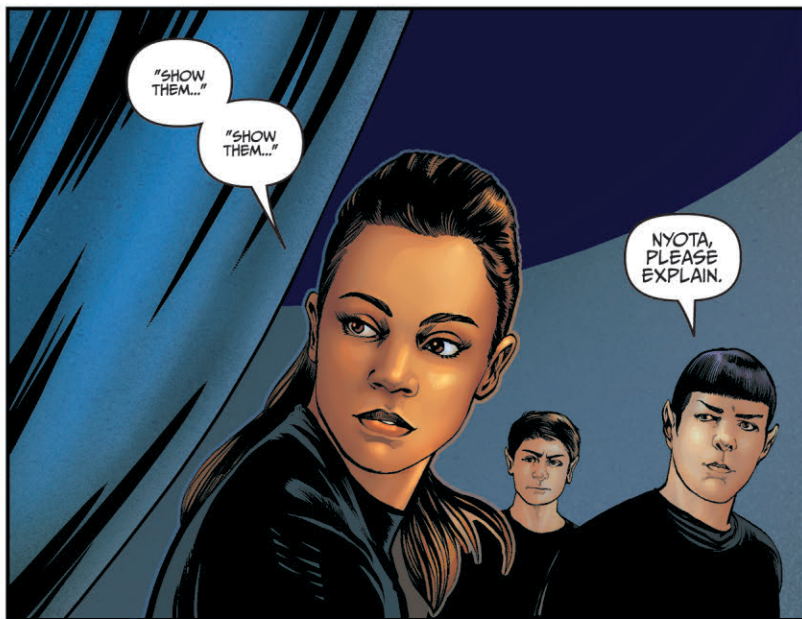
VVRRRRCHK



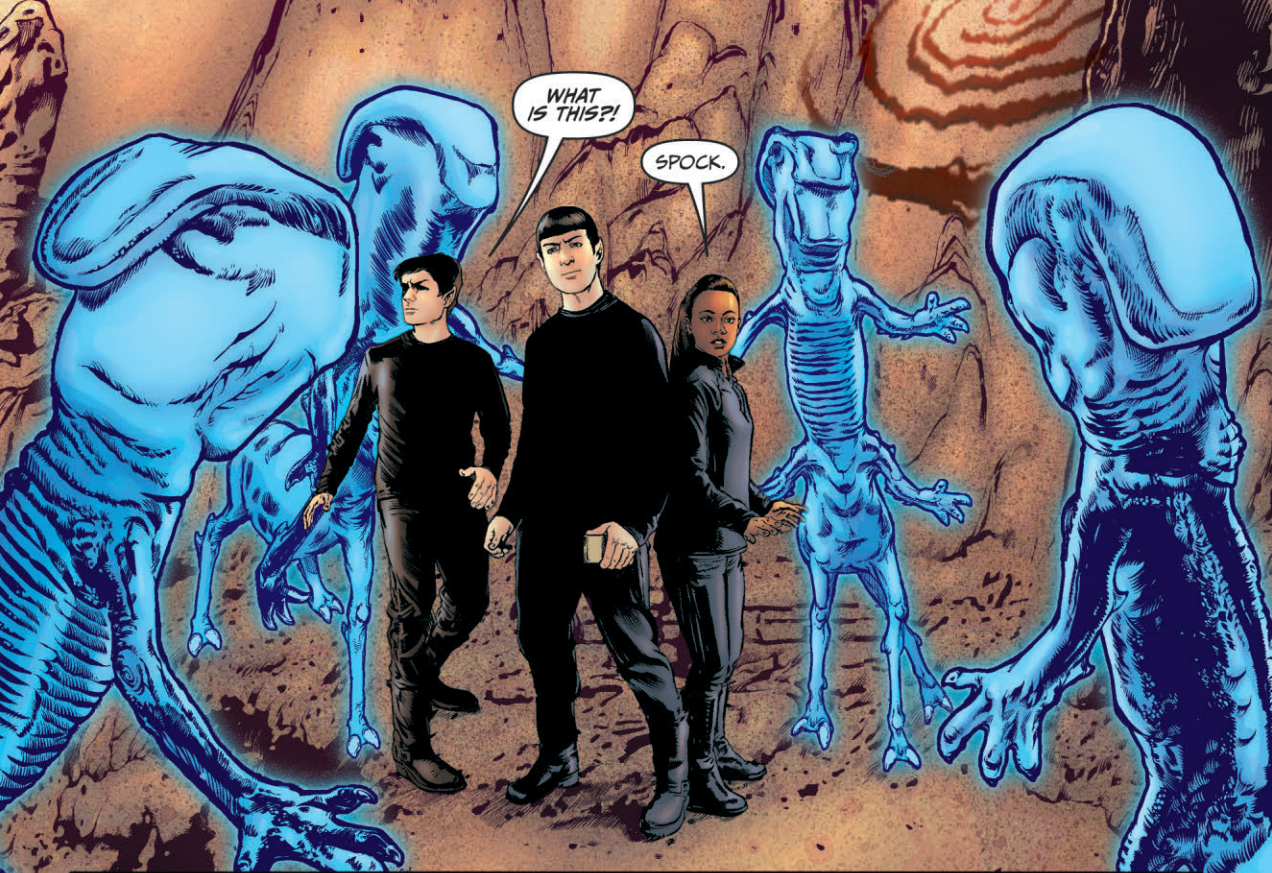
MY  
VISIONS WERE  
A WARNING.

SPOCK,  
YOUR... HUMAN  
FRIEND IS IN NEED  
OF MEDICAL  
ATTENTION.









WHAT IS THIS?!

SPOCK.

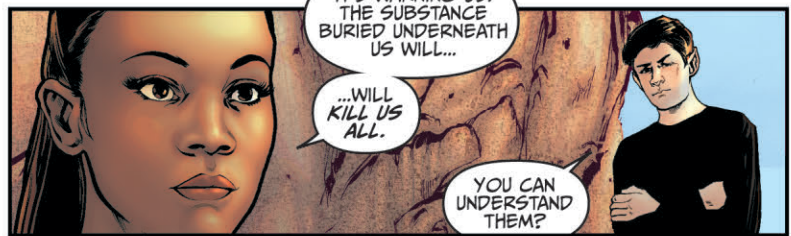


HONEY.  
YOU SEE  
THIS TOO,  
RIGHT?

INDEED.



מאנוס  
מאנוס  
מאנוס



IT'S WARNING US.  
THE SUBSTANCE  
BURIED UNDERNEATH  
US WILL...

...WILL  
KILL US  
ALL.

YOU CAN  
UNDERSTAND  
THEM?



NOT  
EXACTLY.

BUT I  
CAN HEAR  
THEM...

...INSIDE.



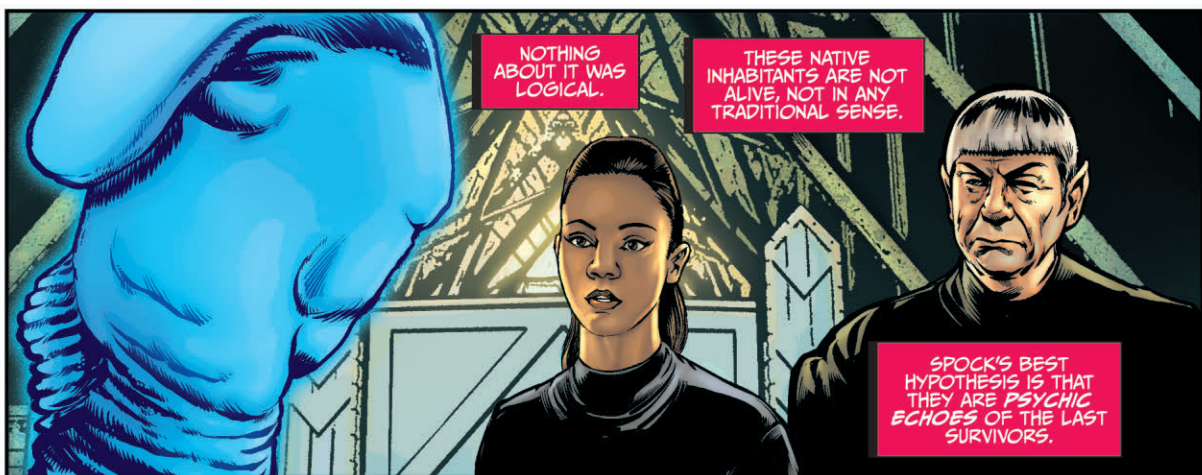
THREE NEW VULCAN CYCLES LATER.

PERSONAL LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

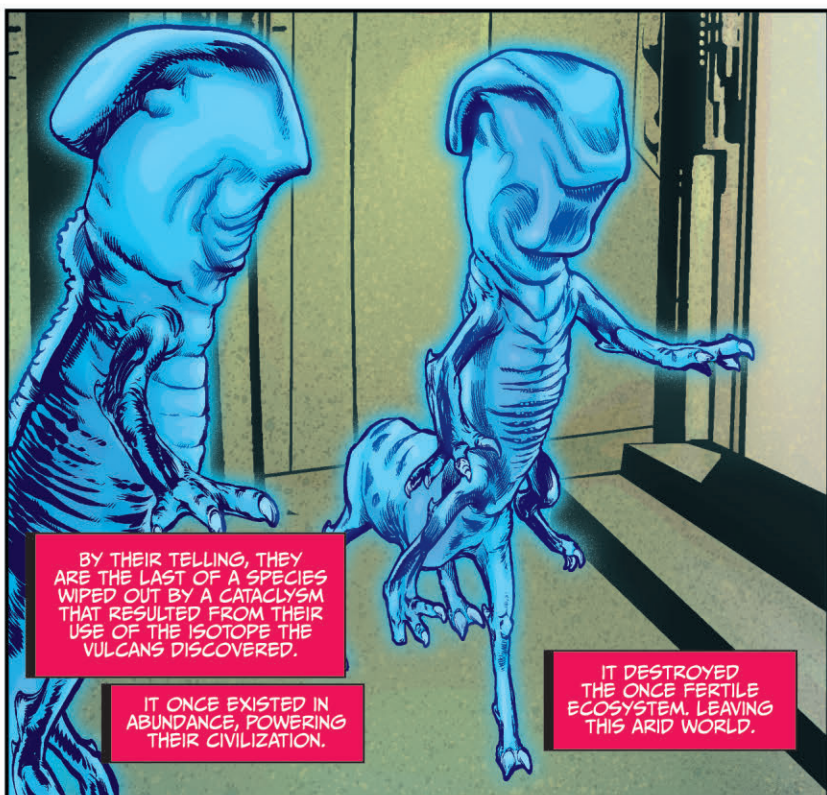


NOTHING  
ABOUT IT WAS  
LOGICAL.

THESE NATIVE  
INHABITANTS ARE NOT  
ALIVE, NOT IN ANY  
TRADITIONAL SENSE.



SPOCK'S BEST  
HYPOTHESIS IS THAT  
THEY ARE *PSYCHIC*  
ECHOES OF THE LAST  
SURVIVORS.



BY THEIR TELLING, THEY  
ARE THE LAST OF A SPECIES  
WIPED OUT BY A CATACLYSM  
THAT RESULTED FROM THEIR  
USE OF THE ISOTOPE THE  
VULCANS DISCOVERED.

IT ONCE EXISTED IN  
ABUNDANCE, POWERING  
THEIR CIVILIZATION.

IT DESTROYED  
THE ONCE FERTILE  
ECOSYSTEM, LEAVING  
THIS ARID WORLD.



THEY MARKED WHAT  
REMAINED OF THE ISOTOPE  
WITH A WARNING.

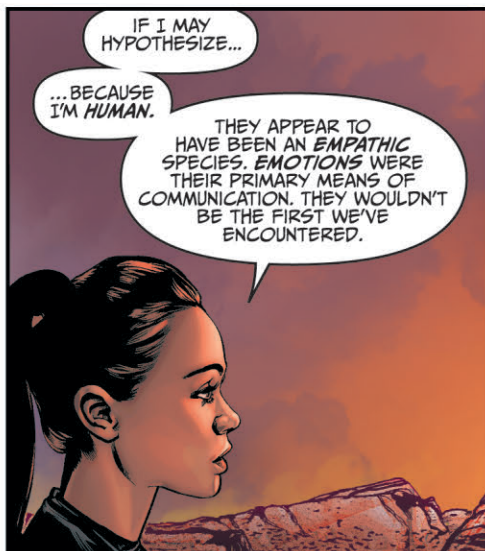
A WARNING ONLY  
I COULD HEAR.





BUT WHY ONLY YOU, I WONDER?

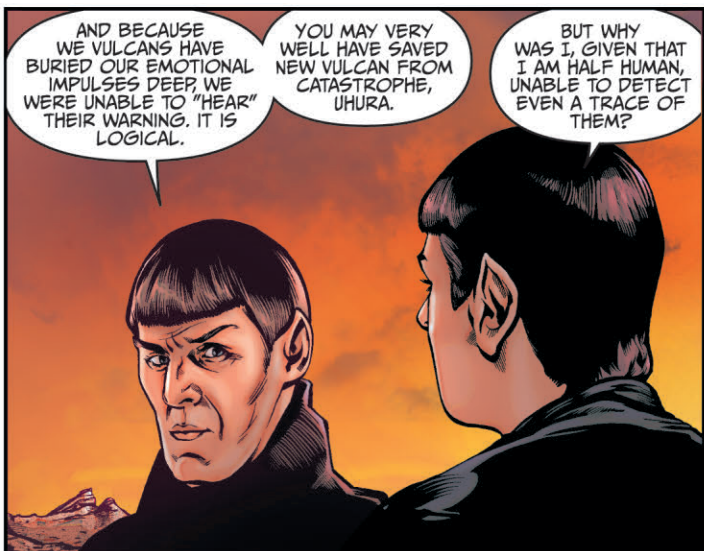
AND WHY WOULD THEY MAKE, SHALL WE SAY, "FIRST CONTACT" IN SUCH AN UNUSUAL WAY?



IF I MAY HYPOTHESIZE...

...BECAUSE I'M HUMAN.

THEY APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN AN *EMPATHIC* SPECIES. *EMOTIONS* WERE THEIR PRIMARY MEANS OF COMMUNICATION. THEY WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST WE'VE ENCOUNTERED.



AND BECAUSE WE VULCANS HAVE BURIED OUR EMOTIONAL IMPULSES DEEP, WE WERE UNABLE TO "HEAR" THEIR WARNING. IT IS LOGICAL.

YOU MAY VERY WELL HAVE SAVED NEW VULCAN FROM CATASTROPHE, UHURA.

BUT WHY WAS I, GIVEN THAT I AM HALF HUMAN, UNABLE TO DETECT EVEN A TRACE OF THEM?



IS THAT A TRACE OF VERY HUMAN *DISAPPOINTMENT* IN YOUR VOICE?

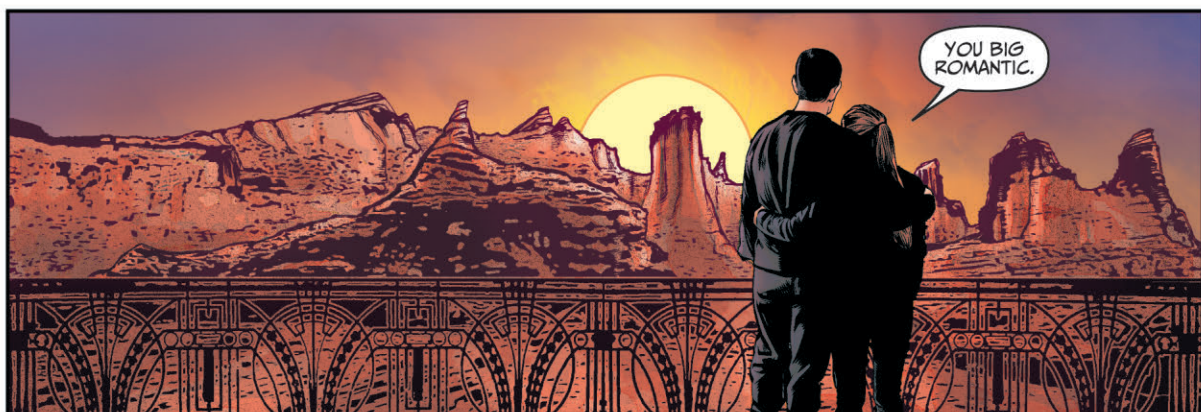
NOT AT ALL. I AM SIMPLY CURIOUS.



I WILL LEAVE YOU TWO TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITIES.

AMONG OTHER TOPICS.









art by  
**Cryssy Cheung**





art by  
**George Caltsoudas**



SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.

THE FIBONAN  
SPY CALLED  
HIMSELF *JAMES  
TIBERIUS KIRK*.

WE SAW  
THROUGH  
HIS RUSE  
IMMEDIATELY.



TOGETHER WITH MY  
FELLOW TEENAXI, I DID  
MY BEST TO BRING  
KIRK TO HIS KNEES.



HE ESCAPED LIKE A  
COWARD, BUT TWO OF US  
TRAVELED WITH HIM, INTENT  
ON DELIVERING JUSTICE.



BUT THEN...

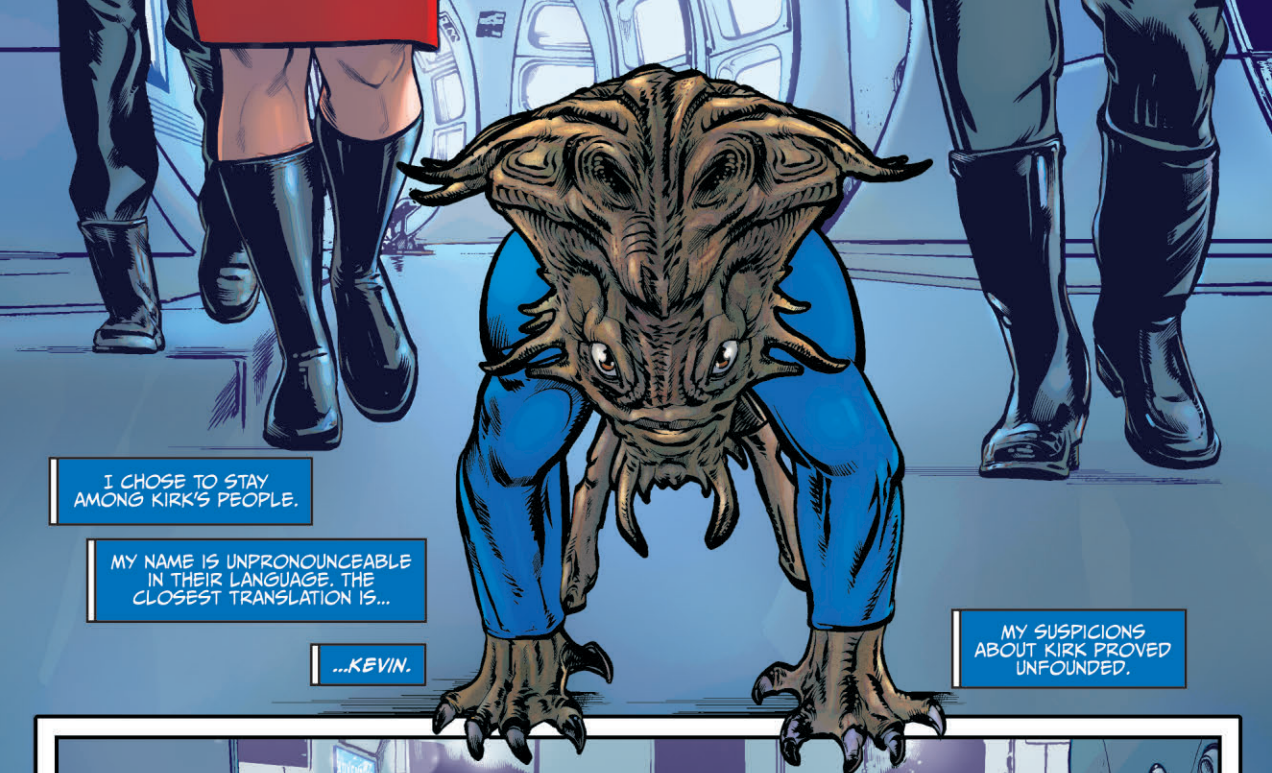
DO NOT BE  
AFRAID.

...EVERYTHING I  
THOUGHT I KNEW...

...CHANGED  
FOREVER.







I CHOSE TO STAY  
AMONG KIRK'S PEOPLE.

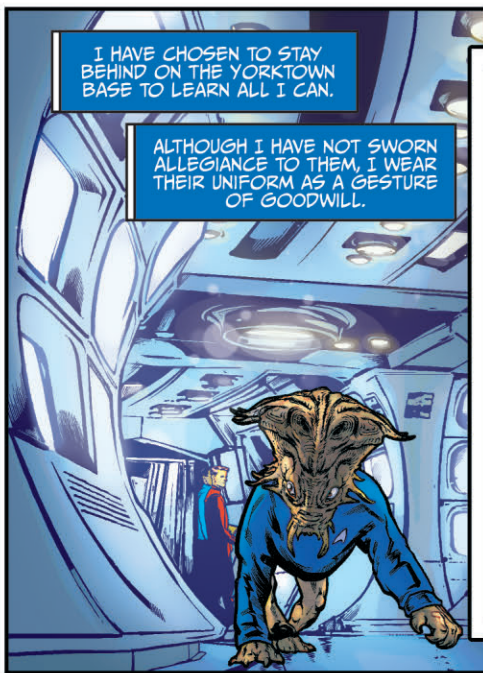
MY NAME IS UNPRONOUNCEABLE  
IN THEIR LANGUAGE. THE  
CLOSEST TRANSLATION IS...

...KEVIN.

MY SUSPICIONS  
ABOUT KIRK PROVED  
UNFOUNDED.

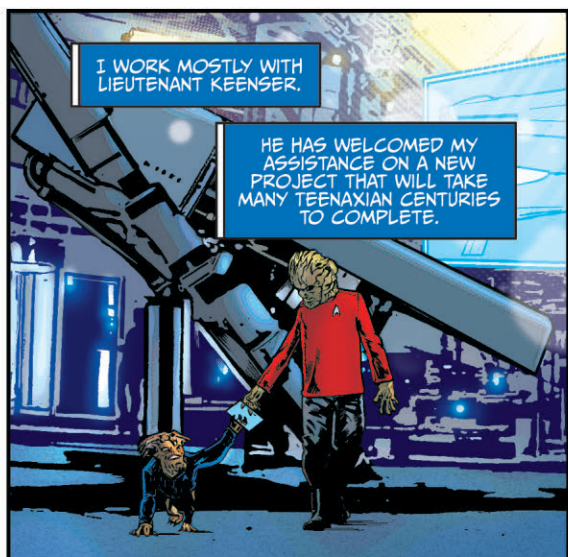


INSTEAD, I HAVE COME TO  
APPRECIATE THE PEACEFUL AND  
VIBRANT SOCIETY THEY CALL  
THE FEDERATION.



I HAVE CHOSEN TO STAY  
BEHIND ON THE YORKTOWN  
BASE TO LEARN ALL I CAN.

ALTHOUGH I HAVE NOT SWORN  
ALLEGIANCE TO THEM, I WEAR  
THEIR UNIFORM AS A GESTURE  
OF GOODWILL.



I WORK MOSTLY WITH  
LIEUTENANT KEENSER.

HE HAS WELCOMED MY  
ASSISTANCE ON A NEW  
PROJECT THAT WILL TAKE  
MANY TEENAXIAN CENTURIES  
TO COMPLETE.





IT IS COMING  
ALONG NICELY.





HELLO,  
MY WEE YET  
INDUSTRIOUS  
COMRADES!

I MUST  
ADMIT I'VE MISSED  
YOUR HANDSOME  
FACES.



WAS I AFRAID THAT WHEN I  
LEFT TO TEACH AT STARFLEET  
ACADEMY I WOULD RETURN TO  
FIND A MESS OF HISTORICAL  
PROPORTIONS?

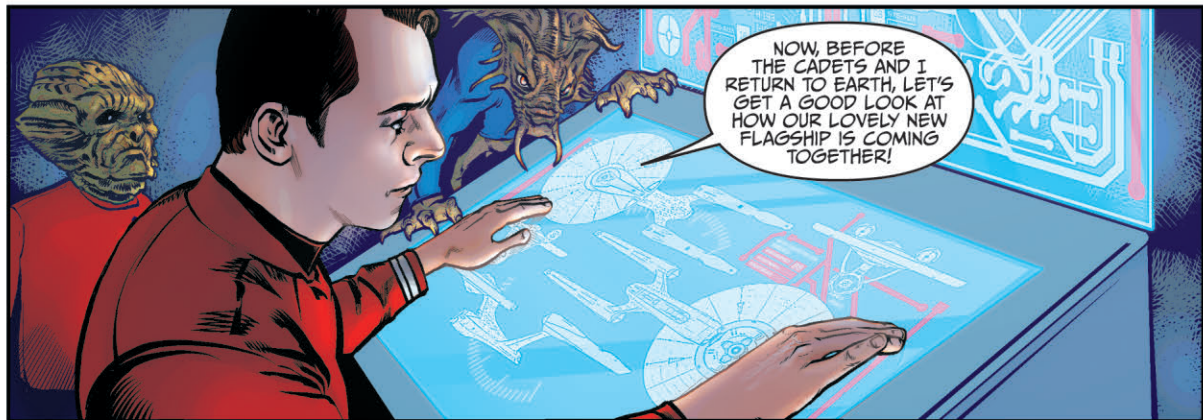
YES.  
YES I  
WAS.

BUT MY  
FEARS PROVED  
TO BE UNFOUNDED.  
WELL DONE.

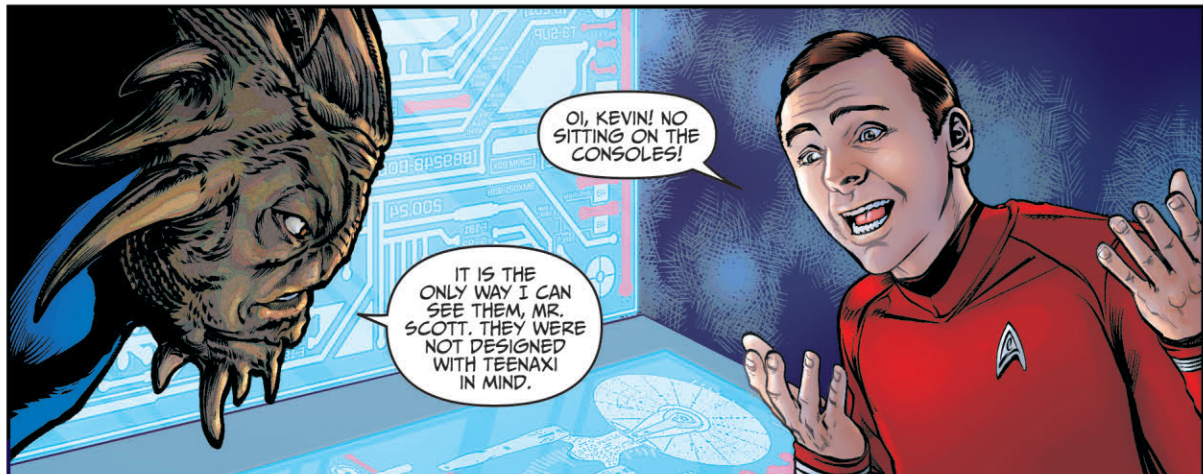


HELLO, KEVIN. IT  
IS NICE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN.

HELLO,  
JAYLAH. WELCOME  
BACK TO THE  
YORKTOWN.



NOW, BEFORE  
THE CADETS AND I  
RETURN TO EARTH, LET'S  
GET A GOOD LOOK AT  
HOW OUR LOVELY NEW  
FLAGSHIP IS COMING  
TOGETHER!



OI, KEVIN! NO  
SITTING ON THE  
CONSOLES!

IT IS THE  
ONLY WAY I CAN  
SEE THEM, MR.  
SCOTT. THEY WERE  
NOT DESIGNED  
WITH TEENAXI  
IN MIND.





I LIKE CHIEF  
ENGINEER SCOTT.

AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY  
FOR CAPTAIN KIRK HERE ON  
THE YORKTOWN MONTHS  
AGO, IT WAS MR. SCOTT  
WHO WAS ABLE TO INGEST  
THE GREATEST QUANTITY  
OF MOOD-ALTERING  
BEVERAGES.



THE CADETS FROM  
STARFLEET ACADEMY  
ARE ALSO VERY  
IMPRESSIVE.



EACH WITH THEIR  
OWN AREA OF  
SPECIALIZATION.



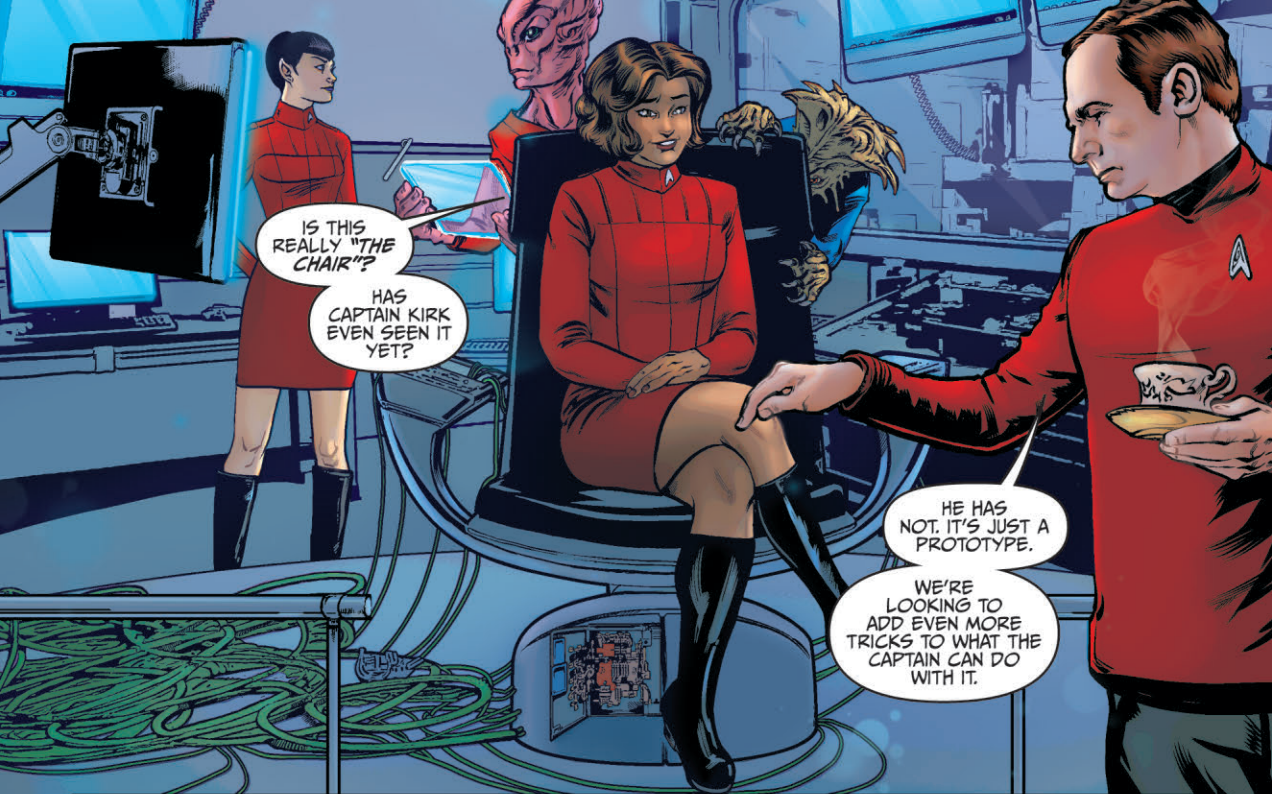
I AM STRUCK BY  
THEIR DIVERSITY.



WHEREAS WE  
TEENAXI ARE ALL  
SO SIMILAR.





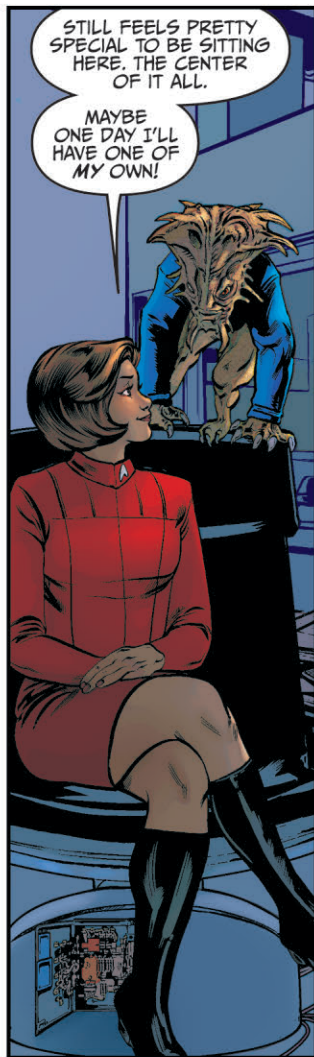


IS THIS REALLY "THE CHAIR"?

HAS CAPTAIN KIRK EVEN SEEN IT YET?

HE HAS NOT. IT'S JUST A PROTOTYPE.

WE'RE LOOKING TO ADD EVEN MORE TRICKS TO WHAT THE CAPTAIN CAN DO WITH IT.



STILL FEELS PRETTY SPECIAL TO BE SITTING HERE. THE CENTER OF IT ALL.

MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY OWN!



IT'LL BE THE LAST THING WE INSTALL ON THE FINISHED SHIP.

THE CHERRY ON TOP OF THE CONSTITUTION-CLASS SUNDAE, AS IT WERE.

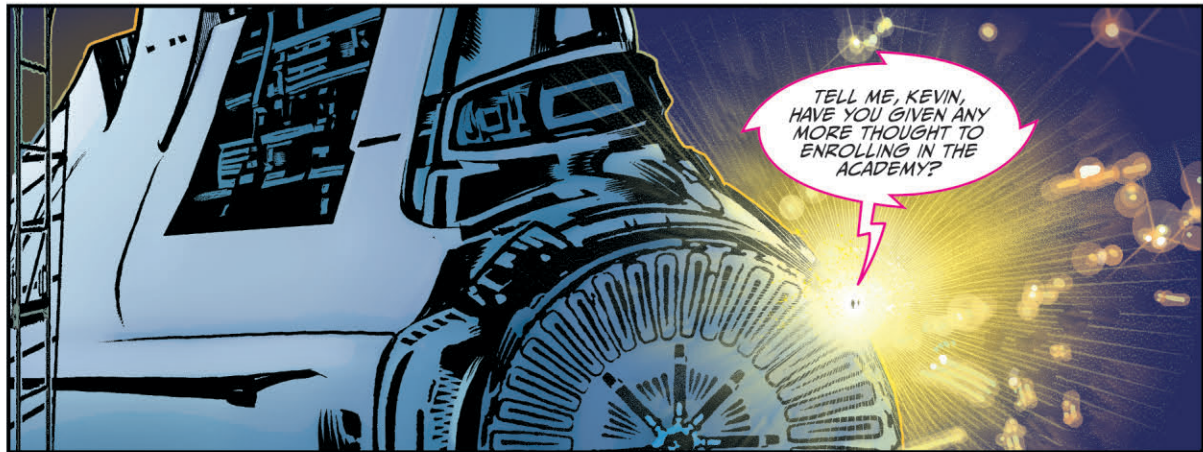


COME ON, LET'S GO AND SEE HOW THE COMMISSARY IS LOOKING. THEY PROMISED US COMFY CHAIRS THIS TIME...



THE CENTER OF IT ALL.





TELL ME, KEVIN,  
HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY  
MORE THOUGHT TO  
ENROLLING IN THE  
ACADEMY?



NOT THAT YOUR  
ENGINEERING SKILLS  
AREN'T ALREADY  
CONSIDERABLE.  
  
BUT  
TECHNICALLY,  
YOU AREN'T ALLOWED  
TO WEAR THE TUNIC  
IF YOU HAVEN'T  
GRADUATED.



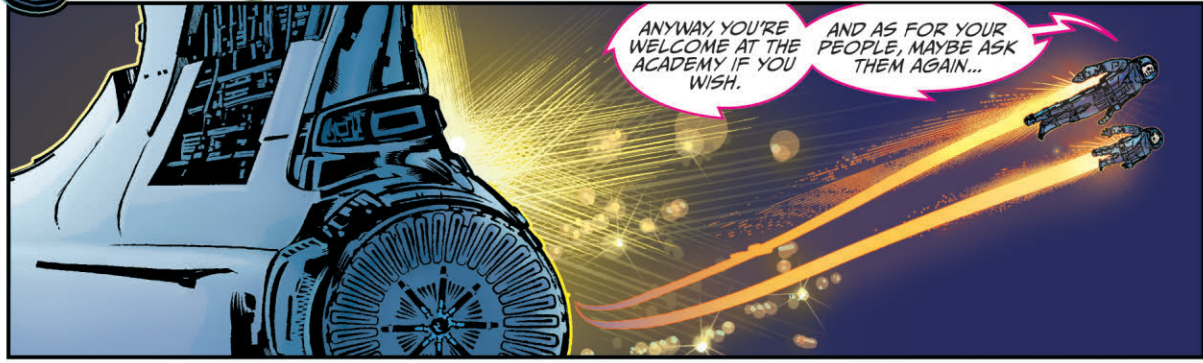
I HAVE  
CONSIDERED IT,  
MR. SCOTT, BUT IT WAS  
DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO  
CONVINCE MY PEOPLE  
TO ALLOW ME TO  
SPEND ANY TIME  
HERE.

I DOUBT THEY  
WOULD BE PLEASED  
IF I ASSIMILATED  
FURTHER INTO YOUR  
CULTURE.



DO ME A  
FAVOR, KEVIN? AVOID  
USING THE WORD  
"ASSIMILATE."

NEGATIVE  
CONNOTATIONS.

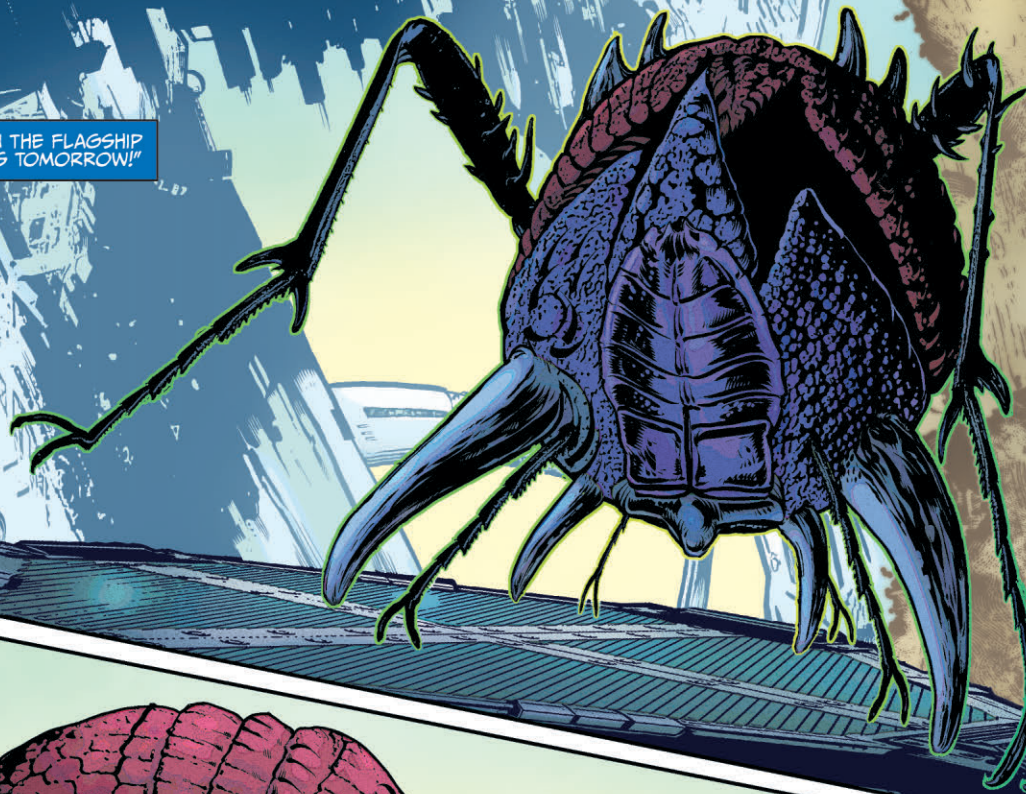


ANYWAY, YOU'RE  
WELCOME AT THE  
ACADEMY IF YOU  
WISH.

AND AS FOR YOUR  
PEOPLE, MAYBE ASK  
THEM AGAIN...

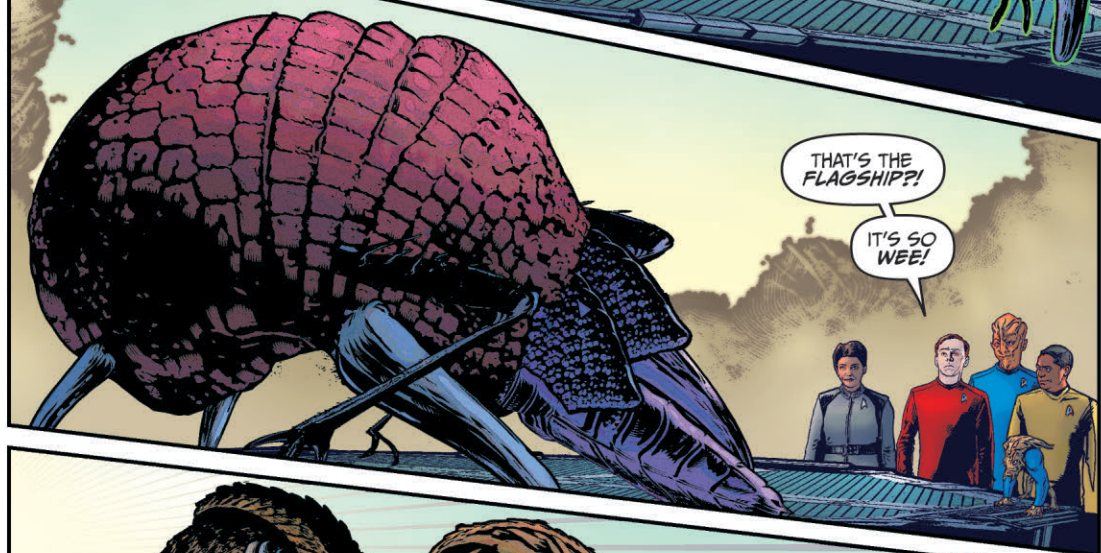


"...WHEN THE FLAGSHIP  
ARRIVES TOMORROW!"

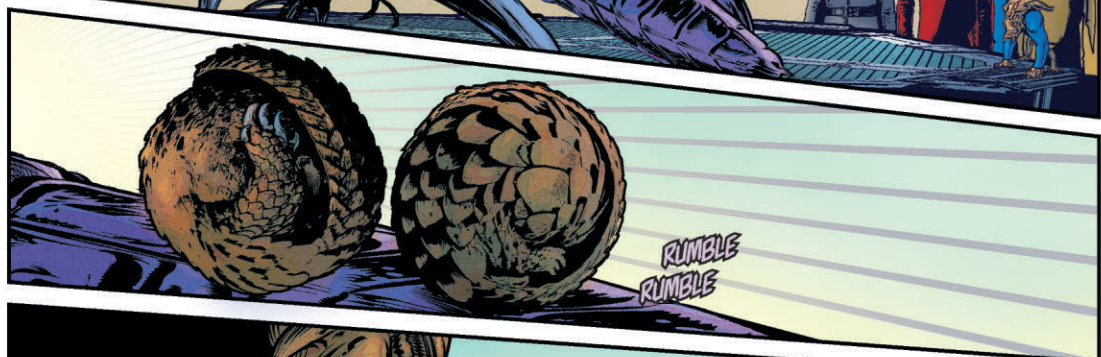


THAT'S THE  
FLAGSHIP?!

IT'S SO  
WEE!



RUMBLE  
RUMBLE



ON BEHALF  
OF THE UNITED  
FEDERATION OF  
PLANETS, WE WELCOME  
THE TEENAXI DELEGATION  
TO STARBASE  
YORKTOWN.

I AM  
COMMODORE  
PARIS, COMMANDING  
OFFICER OF THE  
BASE.

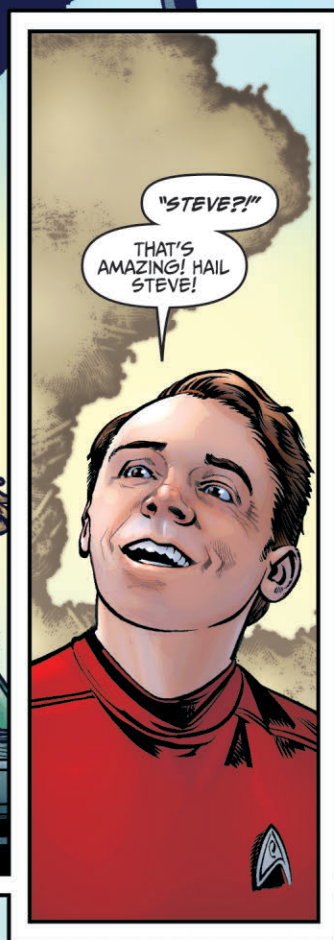






MY NAME EMBODIES THE HONOR AND GLORY OF MY POSITION AS GRAND AUDARCH OF THE TEENAXI PEOPLE.

I AM... STEVE.



"STEVE?!"

THAT'S AMAZING! HAIL STEVE!



I DO NOT ACCEPT YOUR FEALTY. YOU ARE NOT WORTHY.

OH. WELL. GLAD THAT'S SETTLED, THEN.



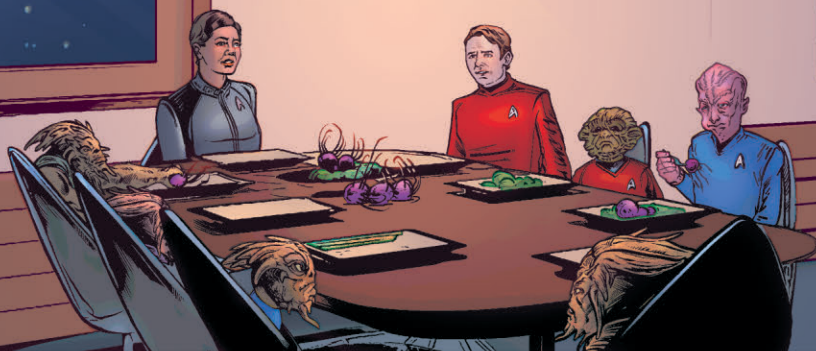
THE HUMANS ARE, OF COURSE, NOT AS ADVANCED A SPECIES AS WE TEENAXI, GRAND AUDARCH. BUT YOU WILL FIND THAT THEY DO HAVE SOME REDEEMING QUALITIES.

WE SHALL SEE.

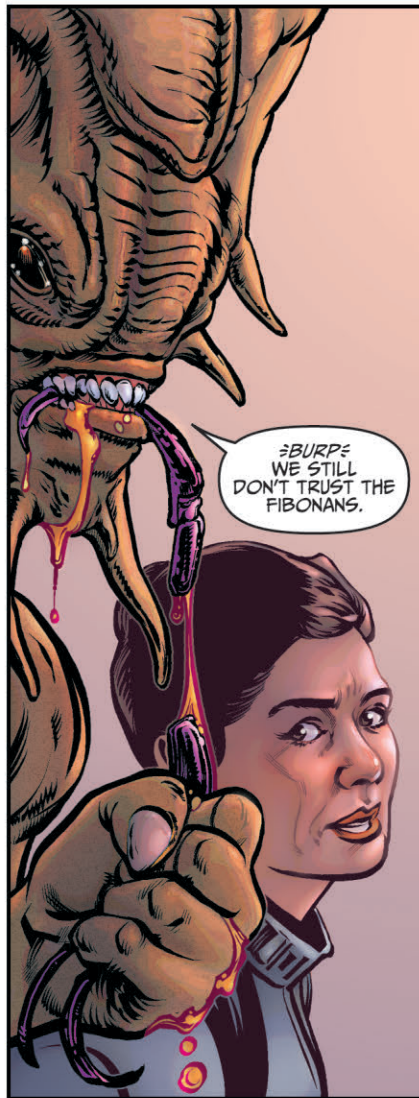
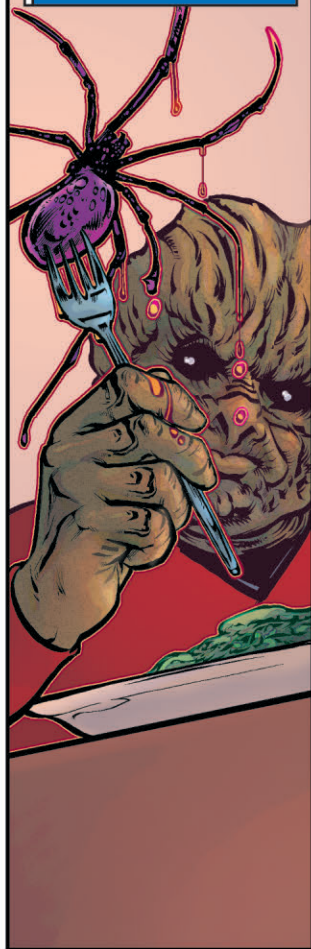


THE WELCOMING  
FEAST TRANSPIRED  
WITHOUT INCIDENT.

WHILE THE TEENAXI ARE NOT  
INCLINED TO FORMALLY JOIN THE  
FEDERATION, WE ARE WILLING TO  
DISCUSS FORMING BONDS OF  
COMMERCE AND TRADE.

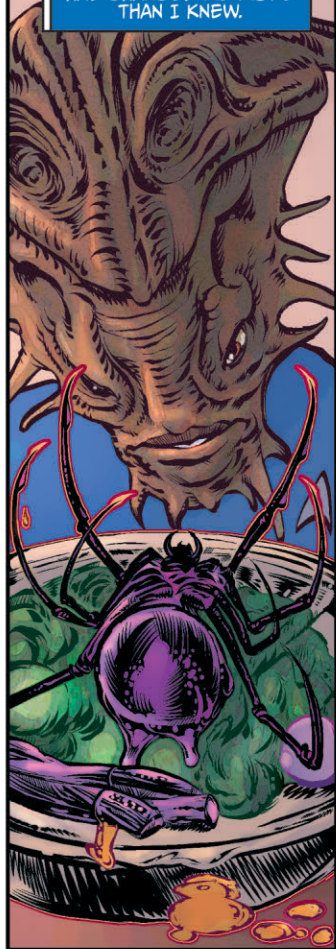


STEVE'S OFFERING  
OF TEENAXI DELICACIES  
NO DOUBT ASSURED  
THE FEDERATION  
REPRESENTATIVES OF  
OUR GOODWILL.

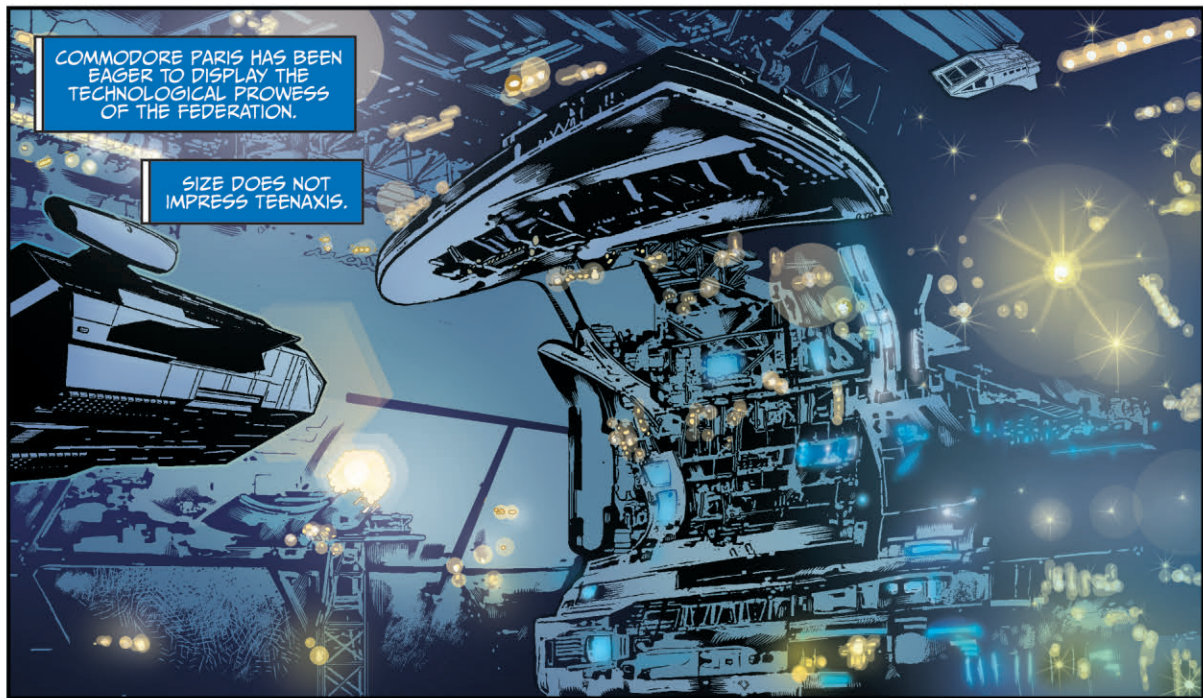


IT IS STRANGE, BUT I SEEM  
TO HAVE LOST MY TASTE  
FOR TEENAXI DELICACIES.

PERHAPS MY TIME HERE  
HAS CHANGED ME MORE  
THAN I KNEW.

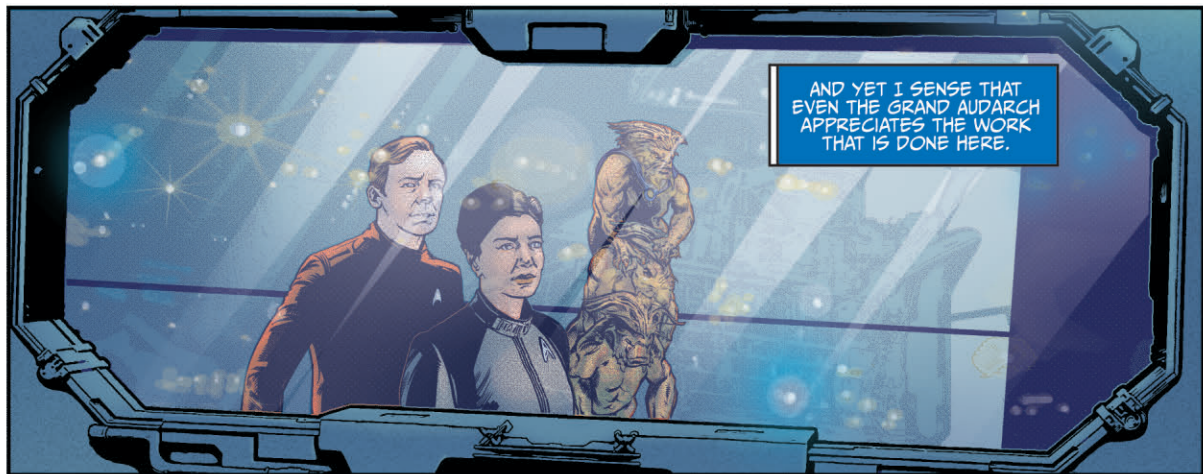






COMMODORE PARIS HAS BEEN EAGER TO DISPLAY THE TECHNOLOGICAL PROWESS OF THE FEDERATION.

SIZE DOES NOT IMPRESS TEENAXIS.



AND YET I SENSE THAT EVEN THE GRAND AUDARCH APPRECIATES THE WORK THAT IS DONE HERE.



YE SURE I CAN'T GIVE YE A LIFT TO SEE?

IF A HUMAN CARRIED ME, THE SHAME WOULD BE SO GREAT THAT THE GRAND AUDARCH WOULD HAVE ME SUMMARILY EXECUTED.

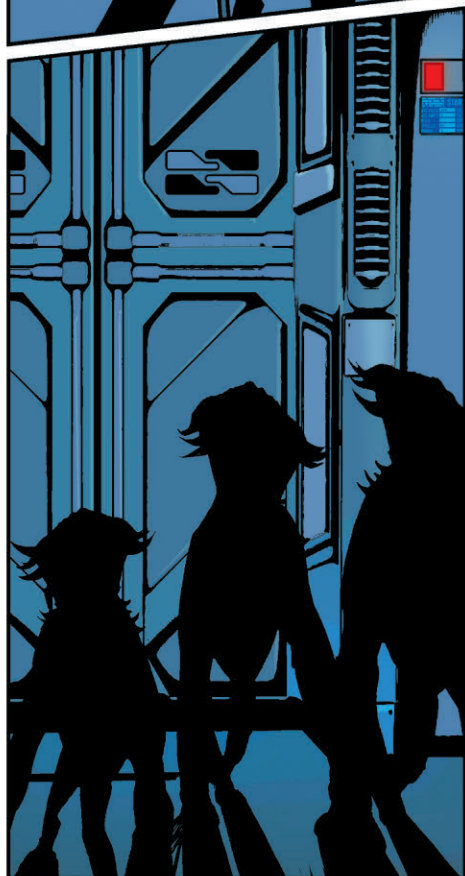


I SENSE A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING GROWING BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES.

NOW LET US SHOW YOU HOW THE WARP CORE IS COMING ALONG...



WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN  
THE HEAVINESS I NOW  
FEEL IN MY HEART.









HA!

<IT WAS AS EASY AS STEALING GRMMBYN FROM A FMMI!\*>

<BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A SPECIES THAT WEARS PANTS?>

<MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT WE COULD NOT SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR GROTESQUE FACES AS WE LEFT!>

\*TRANSLATED AS BEST WE CAN FROM TEENAXI.

<WITH THEIR CHAIR NOW SITTING IN OUR HULL, THEY WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE SUPERIORITY OF THE TEENAXI RACE.>

<WE SHALL DICTATE THE TERMS OF COOPERATION TO THEM, WITH NO NEED TO COMPROMISE!>

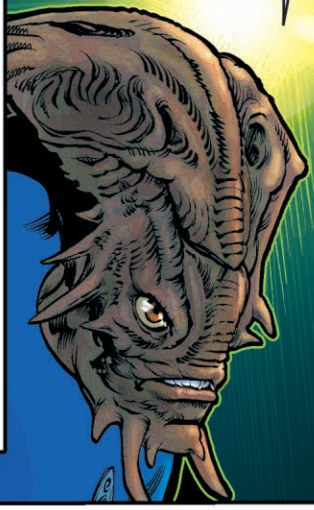
<FORGIVE ME, GRAND AUDARCH.>

<I SUPPOSE I...>

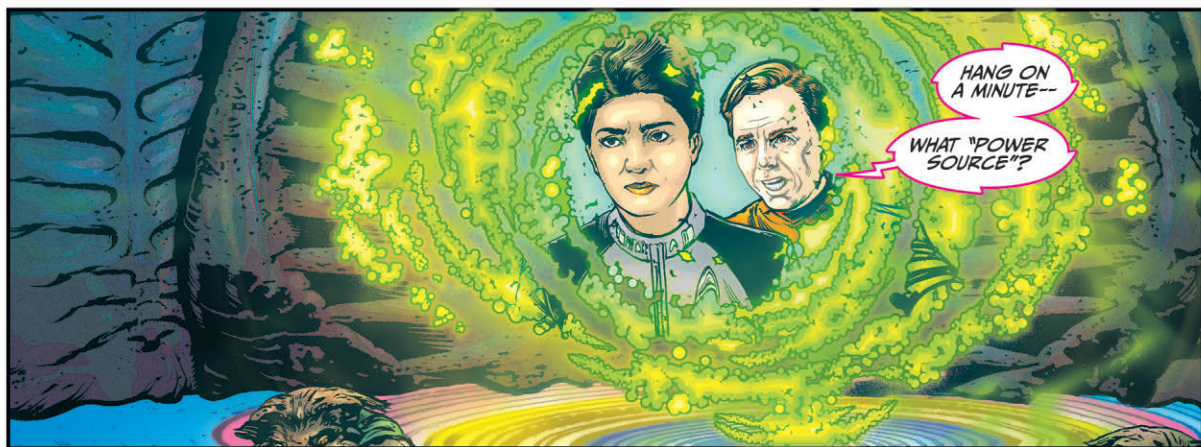
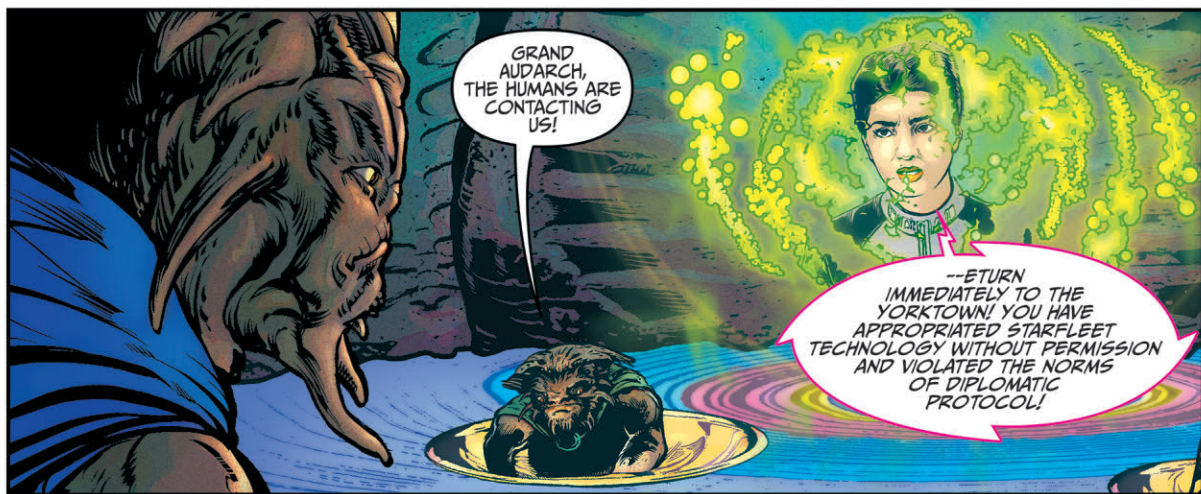
<...I...>

<YOU ARE QUIET, KEVIN. WHY DO YOU NOT CELEBRATE?>

<AND WHY DO YOU STILL WEAR THAT STUPID SHIRT?>











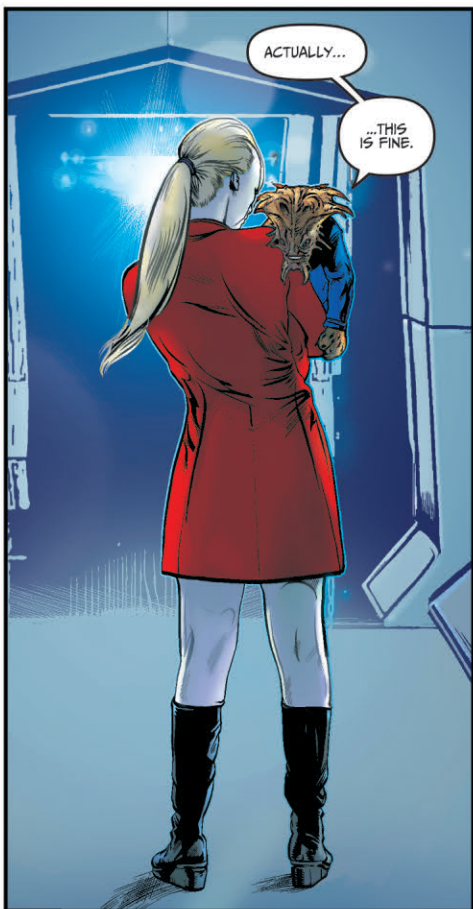
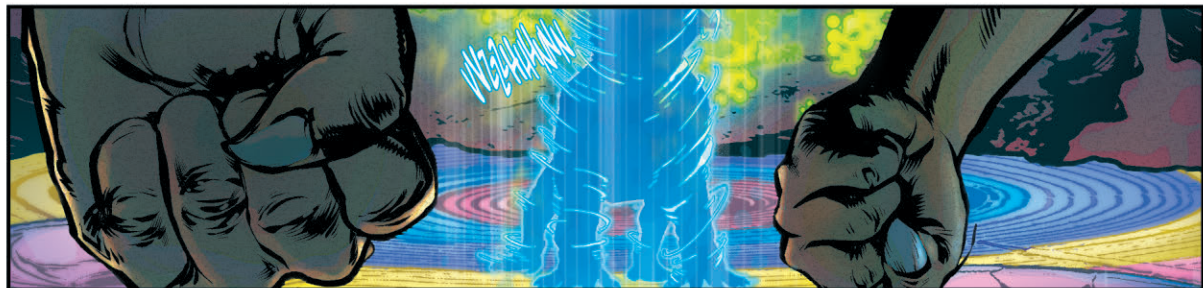














I'M HEADING BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO TOMORROW WITH THE CADETS. I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MONTHS TO CHECK ON THE REBUILD.

ARE YE SURE YE DON'T WANT TO COME WITH ME, KEVIN?

I AM HONORED BY THE OFFER, MR. SCOTT, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO STAY AND ASSIST MR. KEENSER.

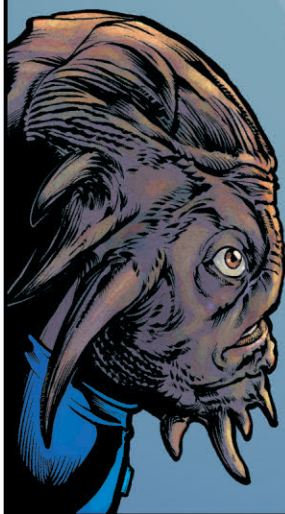
IT IS THE LEAST I CAN DO TO MAKE UP FOR THE LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

HRRMP.

WHO CARES? WE CAN CHURN OUT NEW CHAIRS ALL DAY!

BESIDES, YOUR HEART WAS UNDERSTANDABLY TORN BETWEEN TWO COMPETING AFFECTIONS.

ALL IS FORGIVEN.



AND YET NOW I CAN NEVER RETURN TO MY PEOPLE AGAIN.

I AM AN OUTCAST.

GIVE THE REST OF THE TEENAXI TIME. THEY'LL COME AROUND EVENTUALLY.

IN THE MEANTIME...



"...WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE YE."

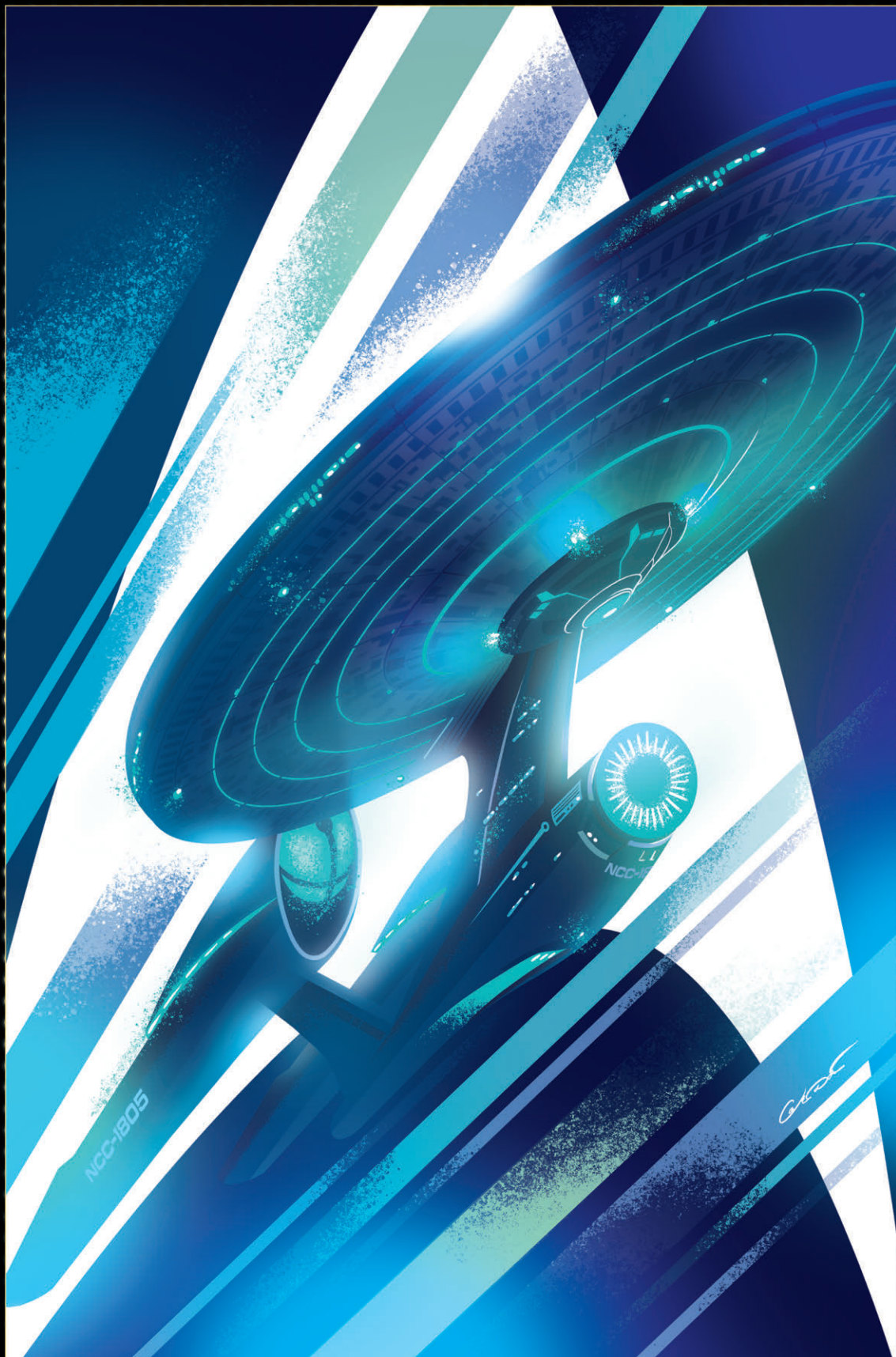
END





art by  
**Cryssy Cheung**

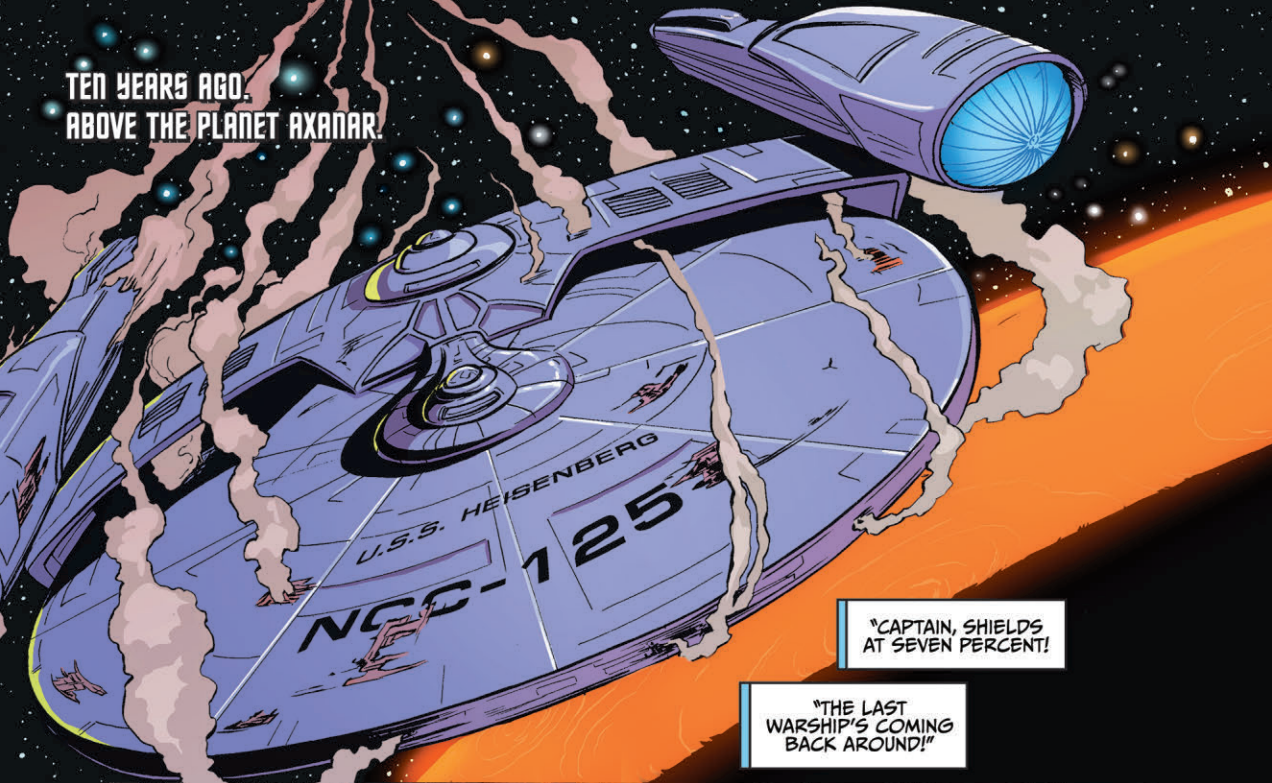




art by  
**George Caltasoudas**

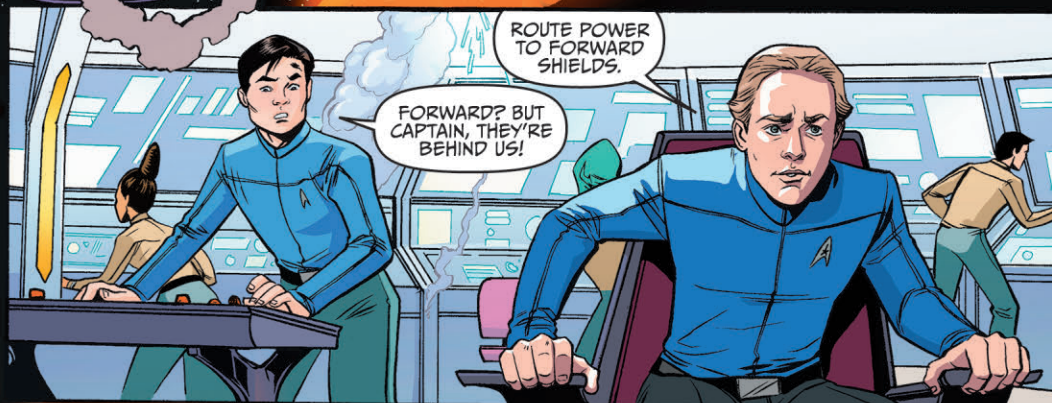


TEN YEARS AGO.  
ABOVE THE PLANET AXANAR.



"CAPTAIN, SHIELDS  
AT SEVEN PERCENT!"

"THE LAST  
WARSHIP'S COMING  
BACK AROUND!"



ROUTE POWER  
TO FORWARD  
SHIELDS.

FORWARD? BUT  
CAPTAIN, THEY'RE  
BEHIND US!



I'M WELL  
AWARE.

AKEELAH, FULL  
STOP ON MY MARK,  
IMMEDIATE TACK TO  
STARBOARD POINT  
ONE-TWO-ZERO.

AYE, SIR!



YOU'RE  
REALLY  
GOING TO  
TRY IT...



"NOW! FULL  
STOP!"

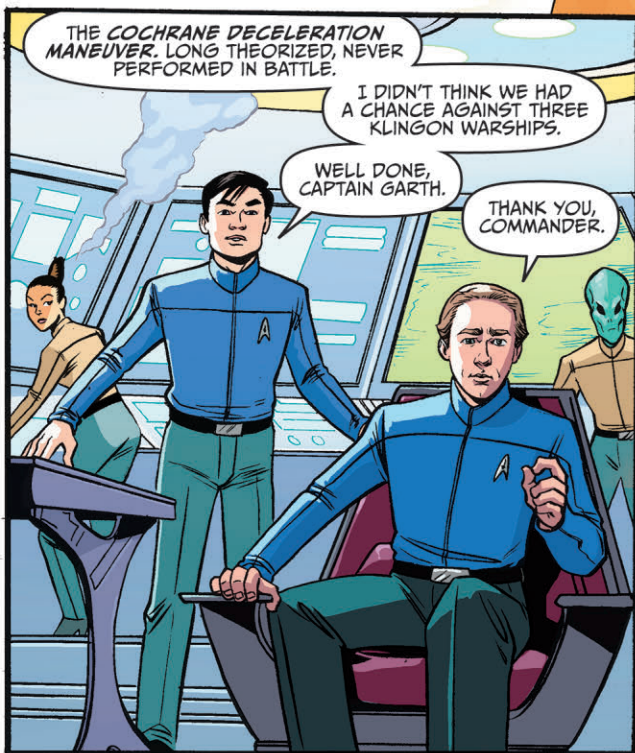
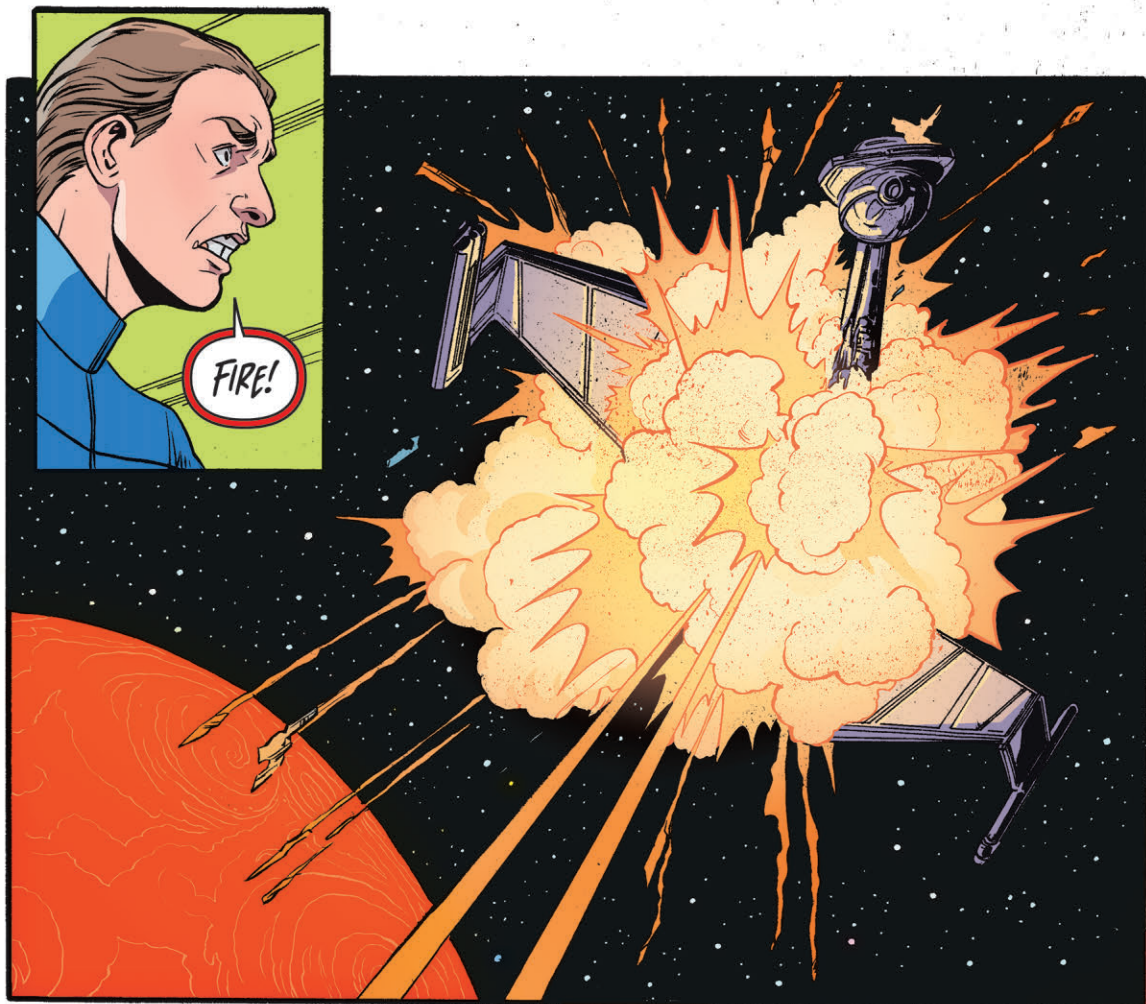
"TACK TO  
STARBOARD!"

COME ON, YOU  
BARBARIANS--

CAPTAIN, IT'S  
WORKING--

"--THE KLINGONS  
ARE IN FRONT  
OF US!"





"I JUST PRAY WE  
HAVEN'T STARTED  
A WAR."



SEVEN YEARS AGO.  
STARFLEET ACADEMY.

WAR  
WAS AVERTED  
THAT DAY.

BUT THAT  
ENCOUNTER AT  
AXANAR TAUGHT  
ME A VALUABLE  
LESSON.

PEACE IS  
A FRAGILE  
THING.

AMBUSHED BY  
THREE KLINGON SHIPS,  
WE BELIEVED THAT THE  
EXISTING DETENTE BETWEEN  
OUR CIVILIZATIONS WOULD  
PREVENT HOSTILITIES  
FROM BREAKING  
OUT.

AS IF THE  
TENUOUS PEACE  
WAS A SHIELD  
THAT WOULD  
PROTECT US.

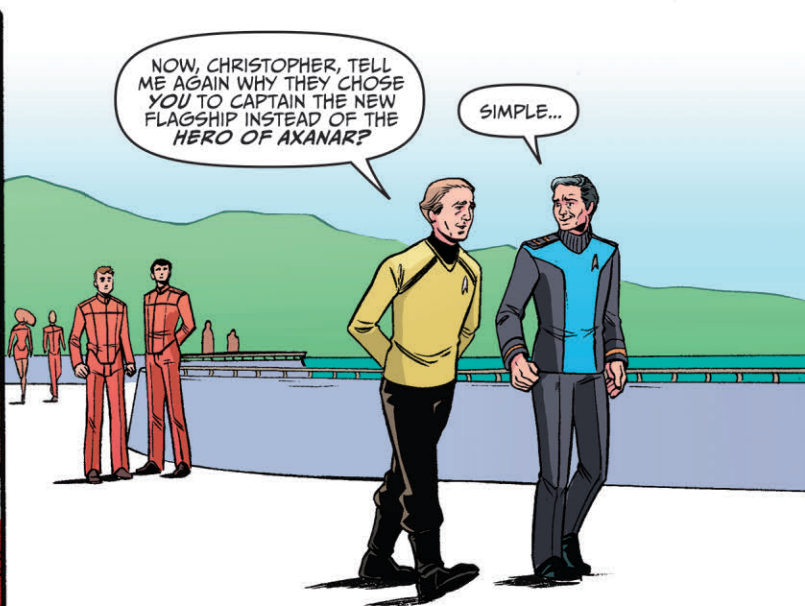
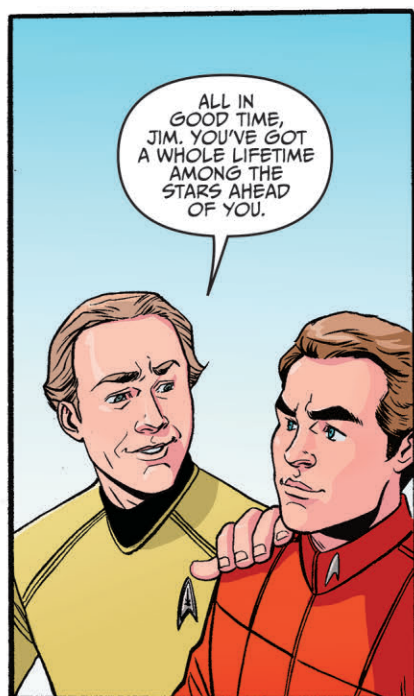
THE KLINGONS  
WASTED NO TIME  
SMASHING THROUGH  
THAT SHIELD, WHICH  
LEADS ME TO THE  
LESSON I HAVE FOR  
YOU TODAY.

THERE ARE SOME  
THINGS YOU CAN ONLY  
LEARN THROUGH  
EXPERIENCE.





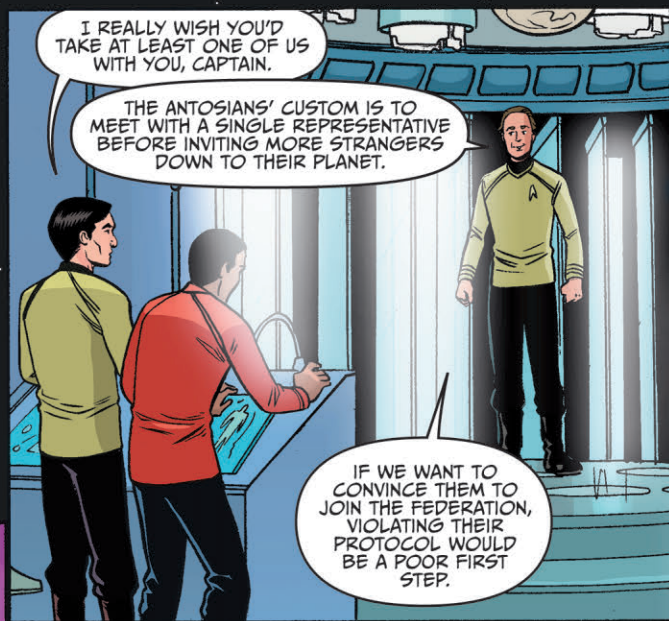
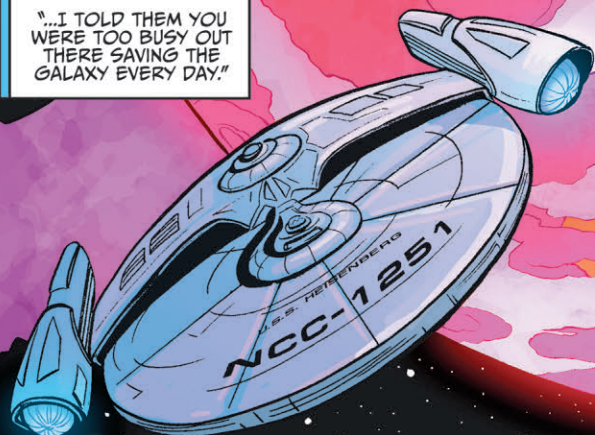






THREE YEARS AGO.  
THE PLANET ANTOS IV.

"...I TOLD THEM YOU  
WERE TOO BUSY OUT  
THERE SAVING THE  
GALAXY EVERY DAY."



I REALLY WISH YOU'D  
TAKE AT LEAST ONE OF US  
WITH YOU, CAPTAIN.

THE ANTOSIANS' CUSTOM IS TO  
MEET WITH A SINGLE REPRESENTATIVE  
BEFORE INVITING MORE STRANGERS  
DOWN TO THEIR PLANET.

IF WE WANT TO  
CONVINCE THEM TO  
JOIN THE FEDERATION,  
VIOLATING THEIR  
PROTOCOL WOULD  
BE A POOR FIRST  
STEP.



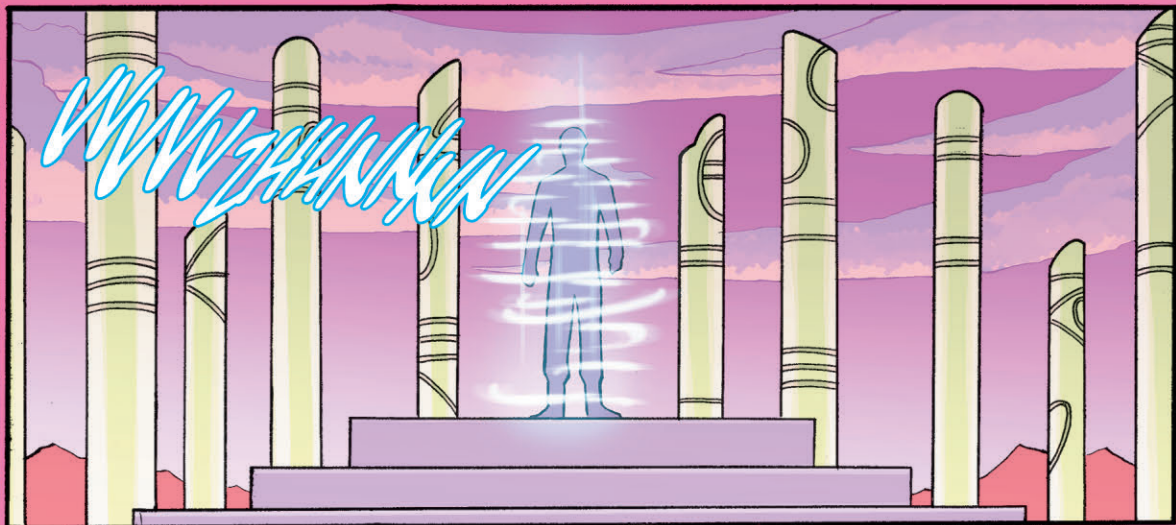
BESIDES,  
THE ANTOSIANS'   
PACIFISM IS  
LEGENDARY. THE  
ONLY DANGER IS  
THAT THEY MIGHT  
CHARM ME TO DEATH.



I'LL BE  
BACK IN NO  
TIME...

TRANSPORTER  
ENGAGED,  
CAPTAIN.







now.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

U.S.S. ENDEAVOUR

NCC-1805

AFTER THE EVENTS AT BABEL,  
THE ENDEAVOUR HAS RETURNED  
TO THE NORMAL RHYTHMS OF  
LIFE ON A STARSHIP.



I HAVE TO REMIND  
MYSELF THAT I'M ONLY  
THE INTERIM CAPTAIN.

I'LL CERTAINLY  
MISS THIS CREW  
WHEN I'M GONE.

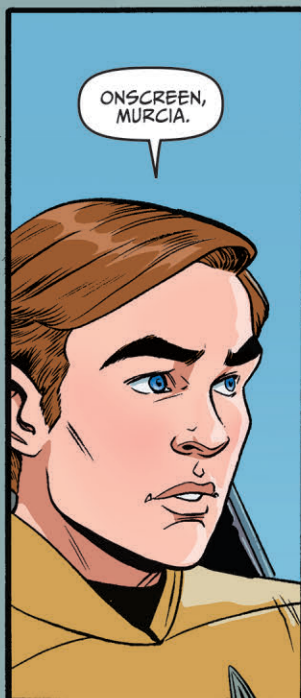


EVEN BONES HAS GRUDGINGLY  
COME TO APPRECIATE THE EXPERTISE  
OF HIS NEW BOSS IN MEDICAL.

ALL IN ALL...







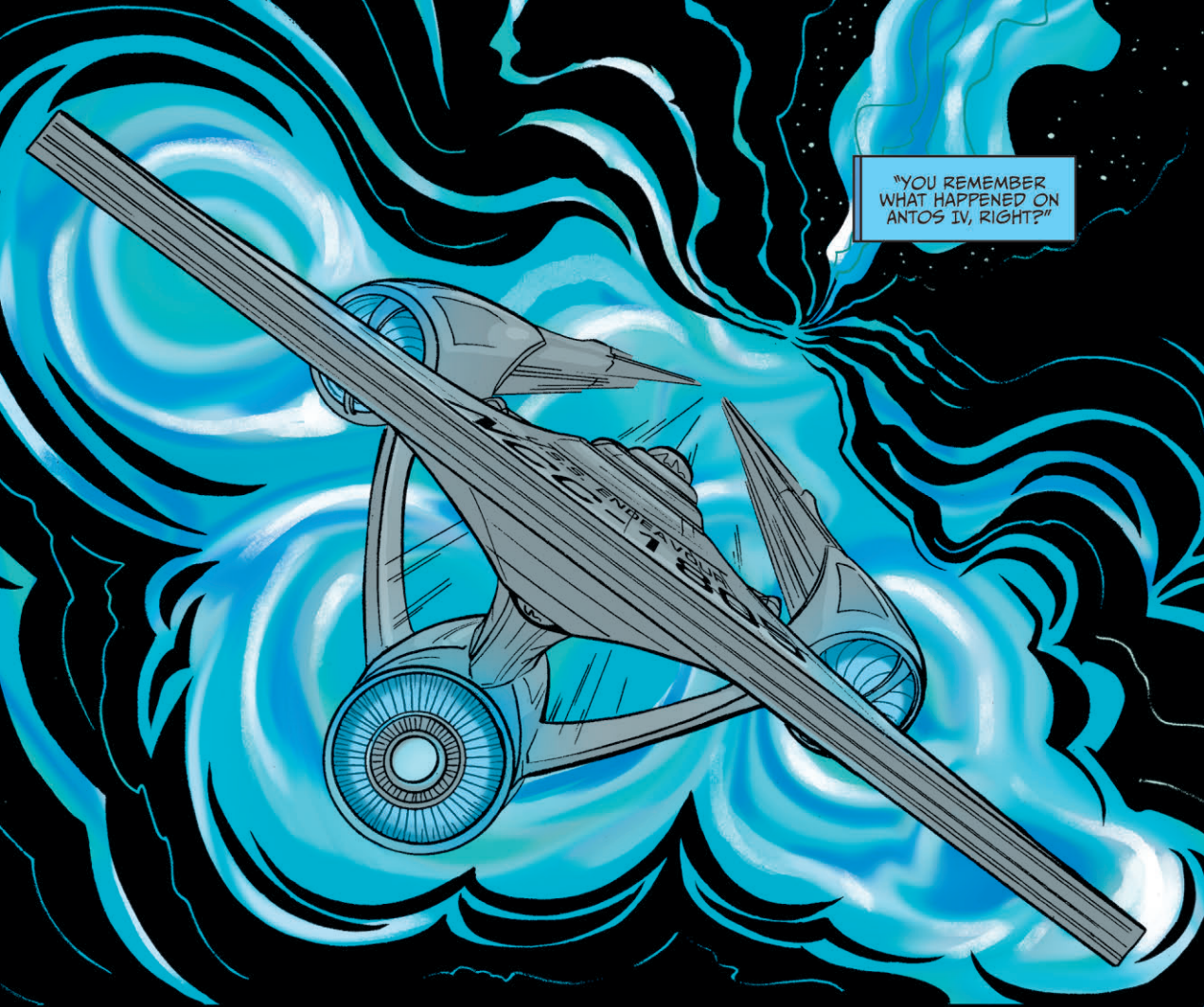












"YOU REMEMBER  
WHAT HAPPENED ON  
ANTOS IV, RIGHT?"



IT'S WHERE CAPTAIN  
GARTH TOOK HIS LAST  
TRANSPORTER TRIP.

HAVE A LITTLE  
RESPECT, BONES.

I'M JUST SAYING  
YOU MIGHT WANT  
TO TAKE A SHUTTLE  
DOWN THERE.



JIM, THIS  
DETOUR WE'RE  
TAKING...

...YOU SURE WE'RE  
NOT WALKING INTO  
SOMETHING BLIND?



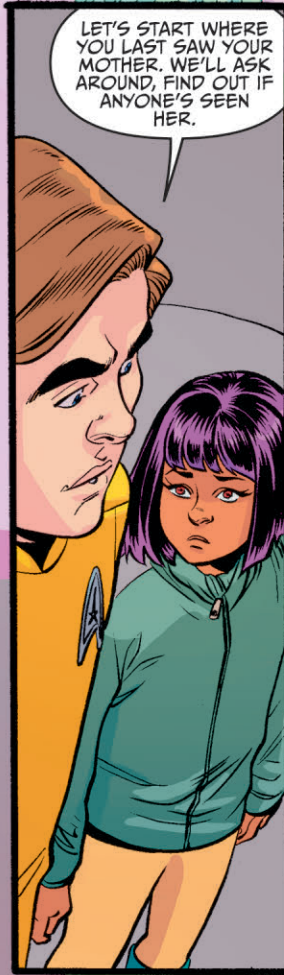
YOU MEAN THE  
FACT THAT EURYDICE IS  
A SPACE PIRATE WHO ONCE  
SOLD US OUT TO AN ALIEN  
CRIME SYNDICATE? THE  
THOUGHT CROSSED  
MY MIND.

BUT SHE DID IT  
FOR HER DAUGHTER.  
AND SHE RISKED HER  
LIFE TO SAVE US IN  
THE END. SO YES...

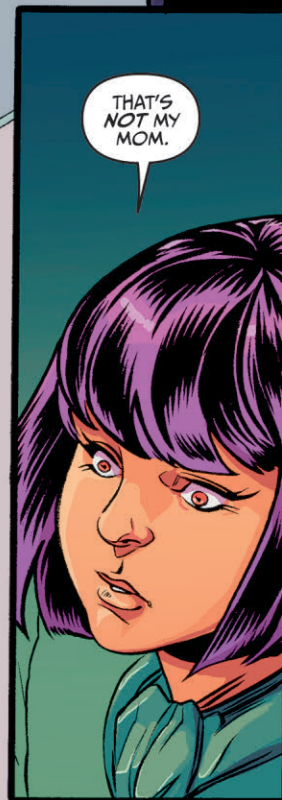








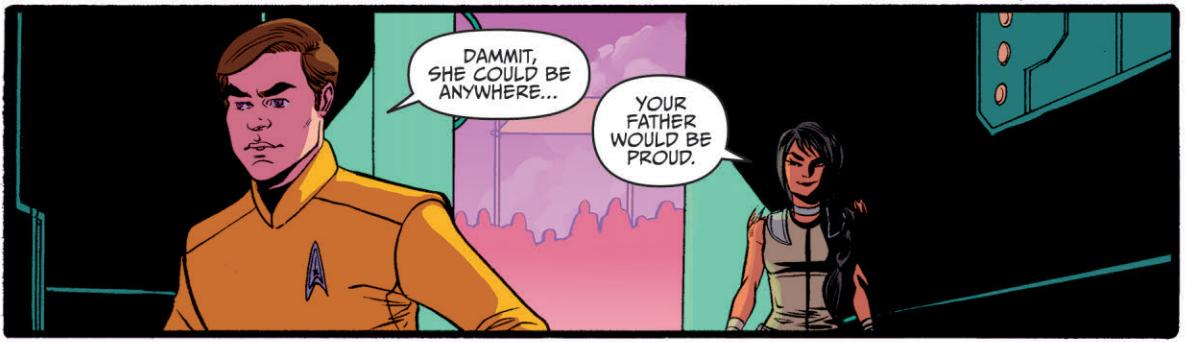




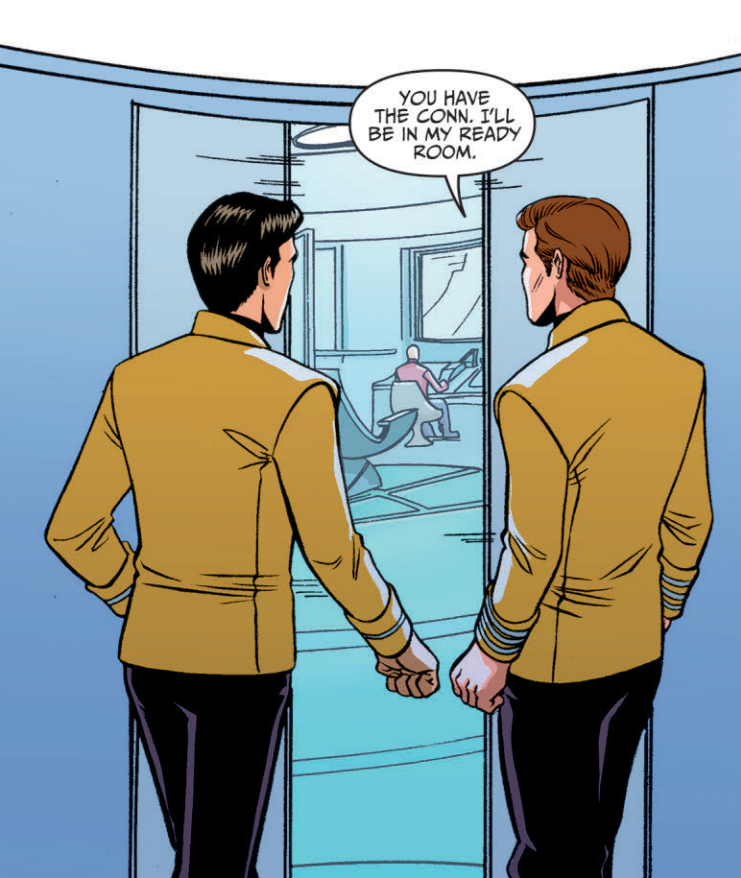




















art by  
**Cryssy Cheung**





art by  
**George Caltsoudas**



THE PLANET ANTOS IV.

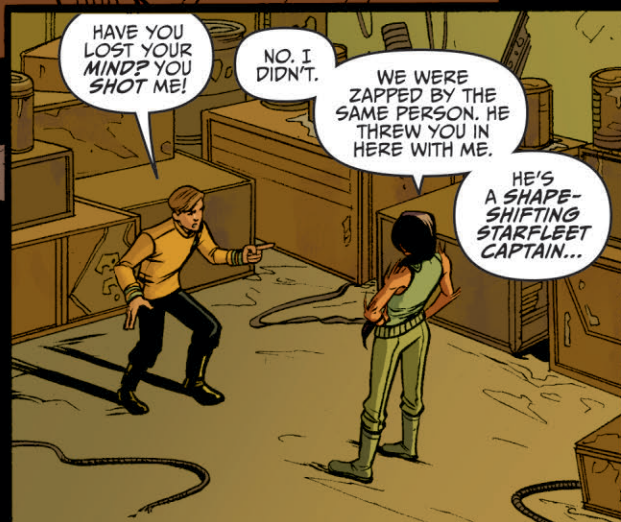


≡NNNNH≡  
WHAT...



WHERE.  
IS.  
MY.  
DAUGHTER?

EURYDICE!



HAVE YOU  
LOST YOUR  
MIND? YOU  
SHOT ME!

NO, I  
DIDN'T.

WE WERE  
ZAPPED BY THE  
SAME PERSON. HE  
THREW YOU IN  
HERE WITH ME.

HE'S  
A SHAPE-  
SHIFTING  
STARFLEET  
CAPTAIN...



YOU'RE  
DELUSIONAL. YOUR  
DAUGHTER FOUND ME  
AND SAID YOU'D  
DISAPPEARED.

I DID  
DISAPPEAR.  
BECAUSE I WAS  
ZAPPED BY A  
SHAPE-SHIFTING  
STARFLEET  
CAPTAIN!

STOP  
SAYING  
THAT!





CALLED HIMSELF GARTH. WAS LOOKING FOR A SHIP. TRIED TO TAKE *MINE*.

SOUNDS LIKE THALIA DID EXACTLY WHAT I TAUGHT HER TO DO AND WENT FOR HELP.



DID YOU SAY...CAPTAIN GARTH?

HE'S ALIVE?



IS THERE A REASON HE SHOULDN'T BE?

GARTH *DIED* HERE ON ANTOS IV YEARS AGO! A FREAK TRANSPORTER ACCIDENT...



YEAH, HE MENTIONED THAT. SAID THE ANTOSIANS PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER.

NOT MANY HUMANS ON ANTOS. IT'S MY OWN FAULT FOR STRIKING UP A CONVERSATION WITH HIM. TOLD HIM I'D MET A STARFLEET CAPTAIN BEFORE.

HE MUST HAVE FIGURED MY SHIP WOULD HAVE INFORMATION HE COULD USE. SO I ENDED UP WITH A STUN-BURN AND LOCKED IN HERE.



BUT YOU SAID *SHAPE-SHIFTING*...?

SWEAR TO THE GODS, I WATCHED HIM CHANGE INTO *ME* RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES. LAUGHING WHILE HE DID IT.

WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY YOU SAY THAT "*I*" SHOT YOU.



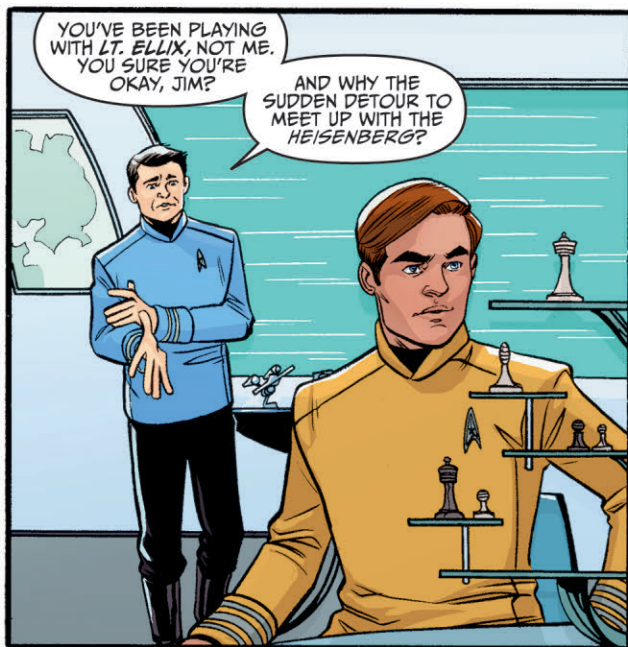
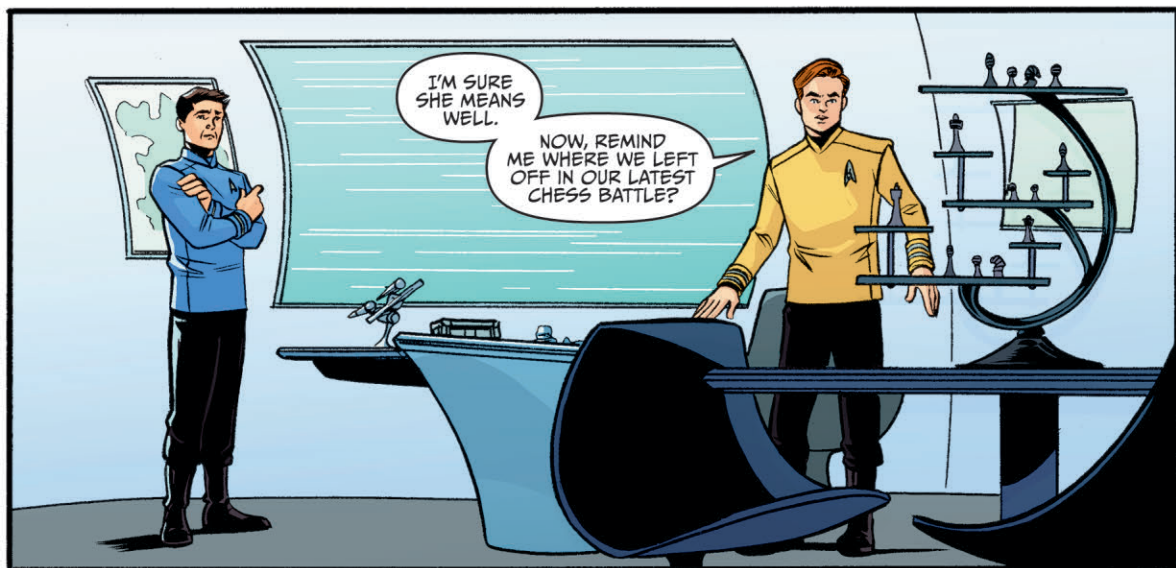




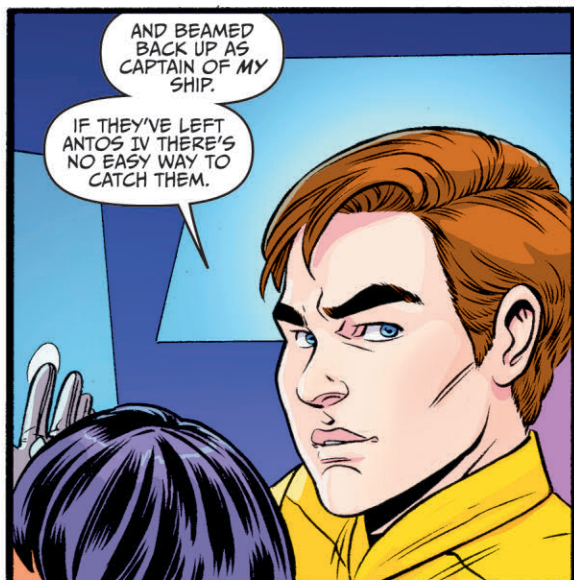
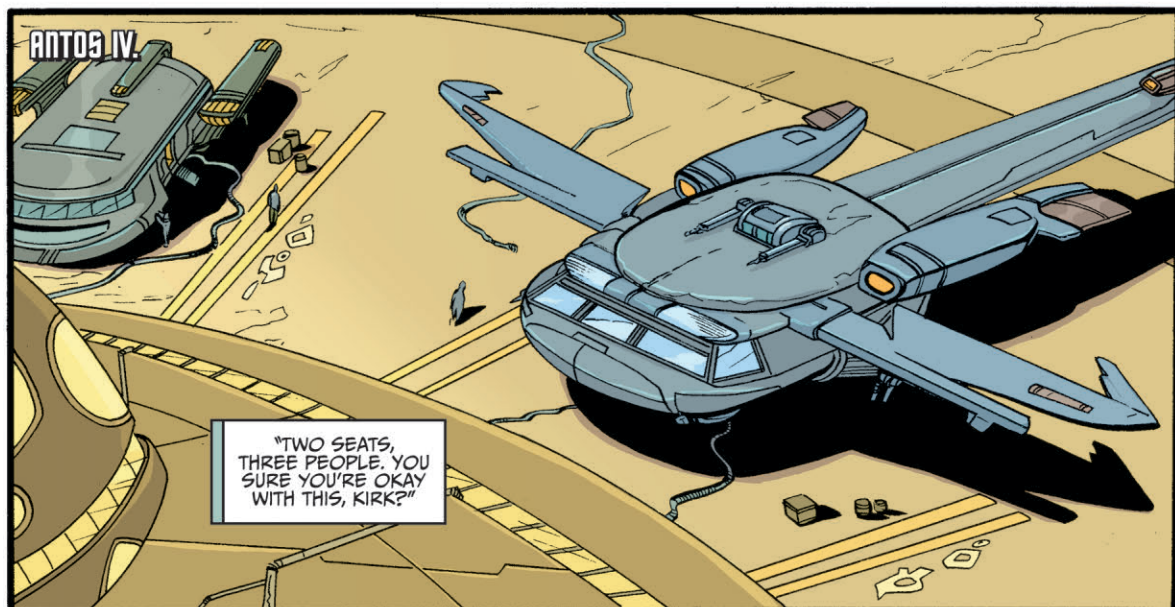




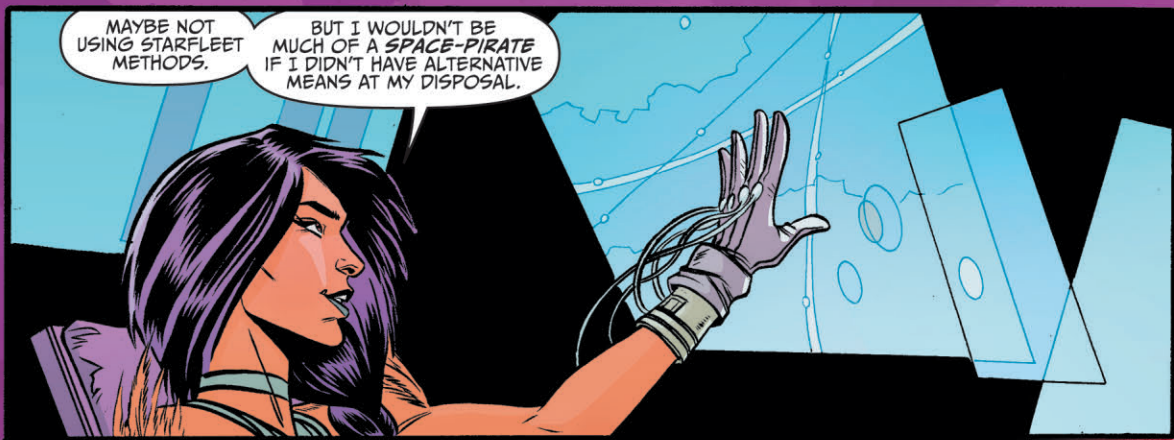






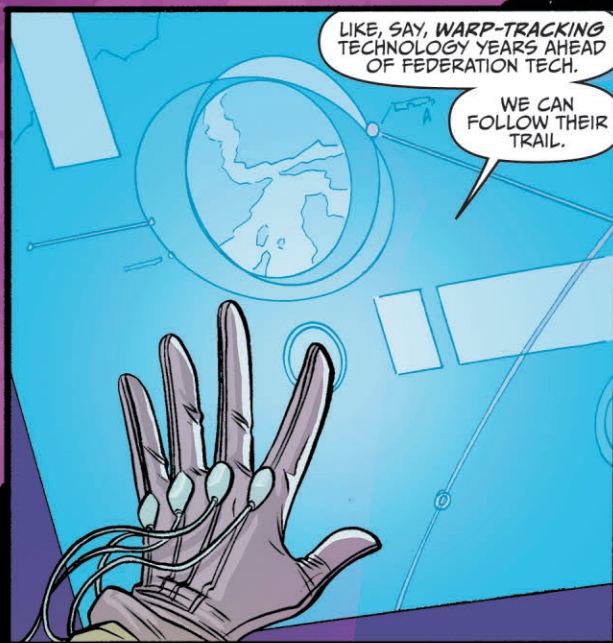






MAYBE NOT  
USING STARFLEET  
METHODS.

BUT I WOULDN'T BE  
MUCH OF A *SPACE-PIRATE*  
IF I DIDN'T HAVE ALTERNATIVE  
MEANS AT MY DISPOSAL.



LIKE, SAY, *WARP-TRACKING*  
TECHNOLOGY YEARS AHEAD  
OF FEDERATION TECH.

WE CAN  
FOLLOW THEIR  
TRAIL.



JAMES TIBERIUS,  
DO YOU WANT TO PUSH THE  
IGNITION FOR THE DORSAL  
THRUSTERS?

IT WOULD BE  
AN HONOR.



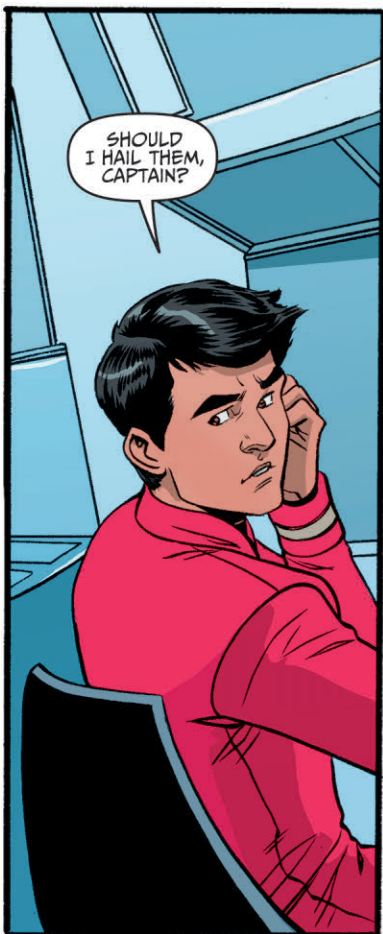
"LET'S GO GET  
MY SHIP BACK."



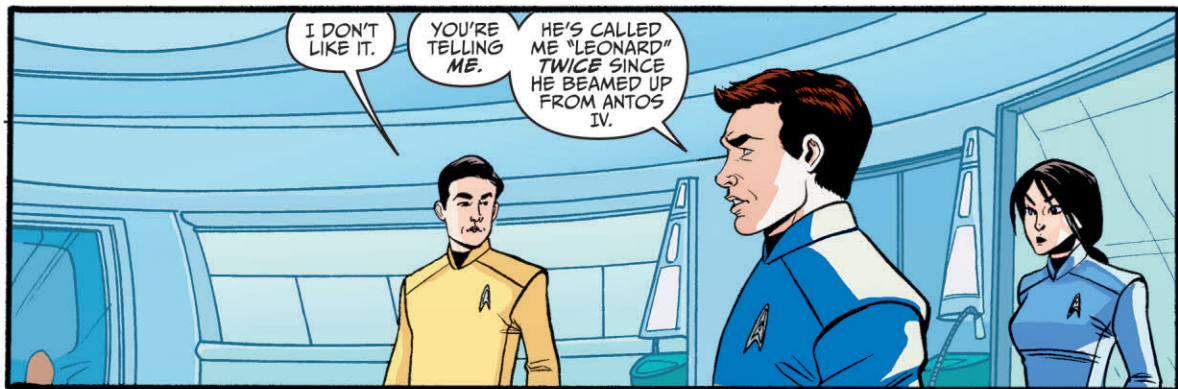
SEVERAL LIGHT-YEARS AWAY.



"APPROACHING  
THE HEISENBERG,  
CAPTAIN."









THE CHARADE  
HAS SERVED ITS  
PURPOSE.



I AM CAPTAIN  
GARTH OF STARFLEET,  
ASSUMING COMMAND OF  
THE U.S.S. ENDEAVOUR IN  
PLACE OF THE ABSENT  
CAPTAIN KIRK.



ALL SHIP SYSTEMS  
ARE NOW UNDER MY DIRECT  
CONTROL. ANY ATTEMPT TO  
CHANGE THAT WILL RESULT  
IN EXTREME MEASURES TO  
ENSURE THE COOPERATION  
OF YOU AND THE REST  
OF THE CREW.



COMPUTER,  
EMERGENCY OVERRIDE  
SIGMA-ALPHA-SEVEN,  
VOICE IDENTIFICATION  
SULU, HIKARU, FIRST  
OFFICER!

REQUEST  
DENIED.

WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE  
WITH JIM, YOU  
MADMAN?



CAPTAIN KIRK  
IS ALIVE AND HAS  
BEEN DETAINED  
FOR HIS OWN  
SAFETY.



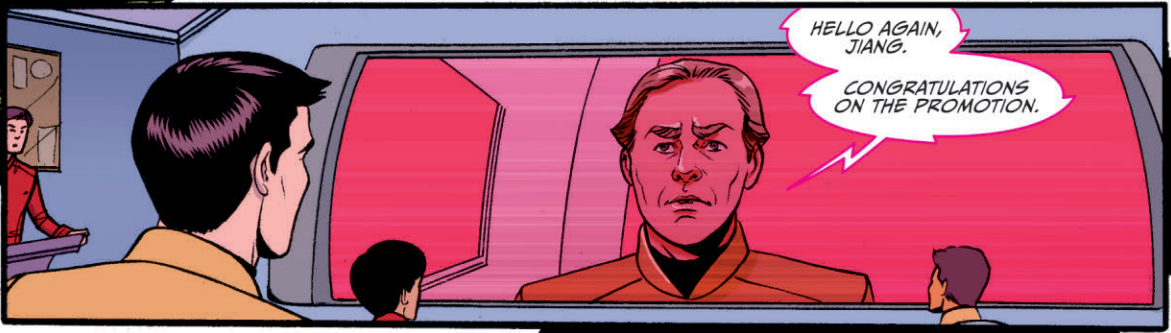




ENDEAVOUR,  
THIS IS CAPTAIN  
JIANG ABOARD THE  
HEISENBERG.



WHAT BRINGS  
YOU TO OUR NECK  
OF THE WOODS,  
CAPTAIN KIRK?



HELLO AGAIN,  
JIANG.  
CONGRATULATIONS  
ON THE PROMOTION.



CAP-CAPTAIN  
GARTH-  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE-?!

NEVER  
MORE SO,  
I ASSURE  
YOU.



AND NO  
THANKS TO  
YOU.





WE NEED TO GET IN THE READY ROOM.

IF WE CAN'T BYPASS THE COMPUTER LOCKOUT WE'LL HAVE TO USE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.

AYE SIR. WE'LL PREP FOR IT.



CAPTAIN, AFTER THE TRANSPORTER ACCIDENT YOU WERE--YOU WERE *GONE*--

THERE WERE NO LIFE SIGNS, AND IT WASN'T SAFE TO BEAM DOWN AFTER YOU UNTIL WE KNEW IT WAS SAFE TO DO SO--



**COWARDS!**

YOU ABANDONED YOUR CAPTAIN WHEN HE NEEDED YOU MOST!



IT WAS LEFT TO THE ANTOSIANS TO SAVE ME, AND IN THEIR MERCY, TO MAKE ME **STRONGER** THAN I EVER WAS IN MY...

...OTHER LIFE.

I DOUBT THEY EVEN KNEW WHAT THEY CREATED. SUCH A PEACEFUL SPECIES. SO NAIVE.



BUT NOW I HAVE THE MEANS TO BRING YOU TRAITORS TO JUSTICE.

COMPUTER, TARGET PHOTON TORPEDOES ON THE HEISENBERG NACELLES.

TORPEDOES LOCKED.

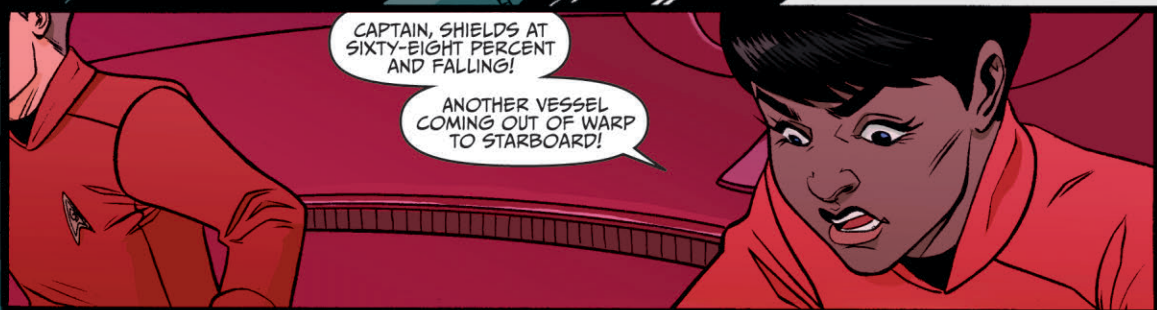




"FIRE!"



RED ALERT!  
EVASIVE MANEUVER  
MARK FIVE-  
SEVEN-FIVE!



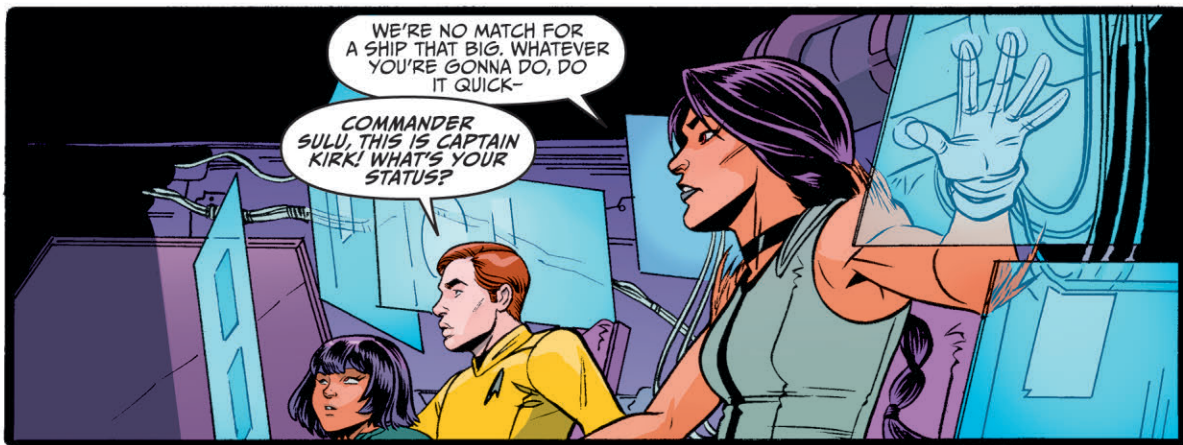
CAPTAIN, SHIELDS AT  
SIXTY-EIGHT PERCENT  
AND FALLING!

ANOTHER VESSEL  
COMING OUT OF WARP  
TO STARBOARD!



"ORIGIN  
UNKNOWN!"





WE'RE NO MATCH FOR  
A SHIP THAT BIG. WHATEVER  
YOU'RE GONNA DO, DO  
IT QUICK-

COMMANDER  
SULU, THIS IS CAPTAIN  
KIRK! WHAT'S YOUR  
STATUS?



HIS STATUS IS  
THAT HE CAN'T  
HEAR YOU,  
CAPTAIN.

GARTH!



AND EVEN  
IF HE *COULD*,  
THERE'S  
NOTHING HE  
COULD DO.

THE ENDEAVOUR  
BELONGS TO ME NOW.  
INTERFERE, AND YOU WILL  
SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS  
THE TRAITORS ABOARD  
THE HEISENBERG.



YOU'VE LOST  
YOUR *MIND*, GARTH!  
WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO YOU ON ANTOS  
HAS-

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO ME ON ANTOS  
HAS SET ME FREE,  
CAPTAIN, IN A WAY  
YOU COULD NEVER  
UNDERSTAND. THE  
FUTURE ISZZZT-  
ZZTT-



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

I KILLED THE  
COMMS. I HAVE HIS  
LOCATION ON THE  
SHIP. AND I HAVE  
A PLAN.



IF IT DOESN'T  
WORK...IT'S BEEN  
GOOD SEEING YOU  
AGAIN, JAMES.





COMPUTER,  
VOICE IDENTIFICATION  
KIRK, CAPTAIN JAMES  
TIBERIUS! RESTORE ALL  
SHIP CONTROLS TO  
NORMAL!

WVWVZZZZHHNNNN







-CAPTAIN?

IT'S HIM, SULU!  
IT'S GARTH! TAKE  
HIM DOWN!

SULU, IT'S ME.  
IT'S THE CAPTAIN.  
I'VE GOT THIS.  
STAND DOWN.



DON'T LISTEN  
TO HIM, SULU! I  
WAS ABLE TO BEAM  
DIRECTLY ABOARD BUT  
HE'S TRANSFORMED  
AGAIN TO CONFUSE  
YOU!



I'M THE  
ONE THAT BEAMED  
ABOARD, SULU!



WHICHEVER  
ONE OF YOU IS  
THE REAL CAPTAIN  
WILL UNDERSTAND  
WHEN I SAY I CAN'T  
TRUST EITHER ONE  
OF YOU.



SO ANSWER A  
SIMPLE QUESTION  
FOR ME.

WHAT'S MY  
DAUGHTER'S  
NAME?



I KNOW THE  
ANSWER.

BUT LET'S  
LET THE **OTHER**  
**ME** ANSWER  
FIRST.



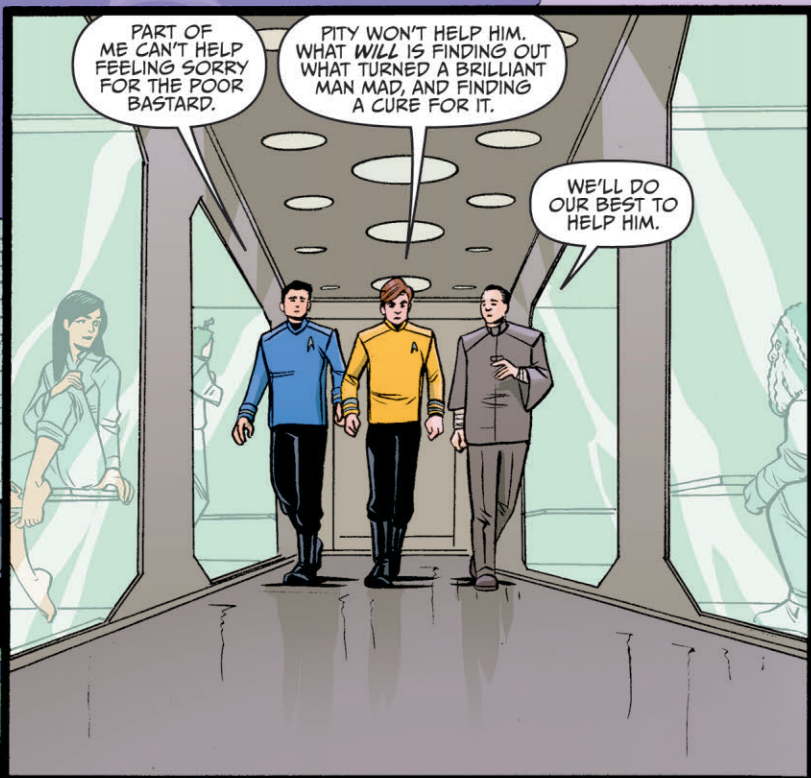




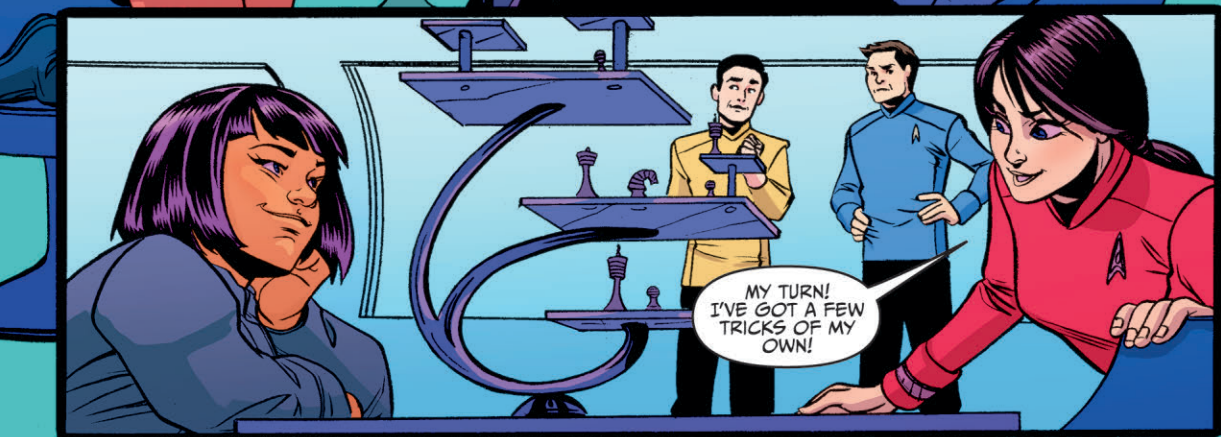
CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

WE'VE ARRIVED AT  
THE FEDERATION  
ASYLUM ON ELBA II.

I HOPE THIS ISN'T  
THE END FOR  
CAPTAIN GARTH.











"I HOPE HE'S ENJOYING HIS DATE NIGHT."



THIS IS YOUR PLACE, HUH?

STARFLEET REGULATIONS DON'T REALLY LET YOU ADD MUCH OF A PERSONAL TOUCH, DO THEY?

I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.



AH.

THE LONELY LIFE OF THE STARSHIP CAPTAIN.

SADDEST SONG IN THE GALAXY.



STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF AND GET OVER HERE.



COMPUTER...



"LIGHTS OFF."

END









art by  
**Garry Brown**





art by  
**Vincenzo Federici**

colors by  
**Davide Mastrodonardo**





art by  
**Arianna Florean**





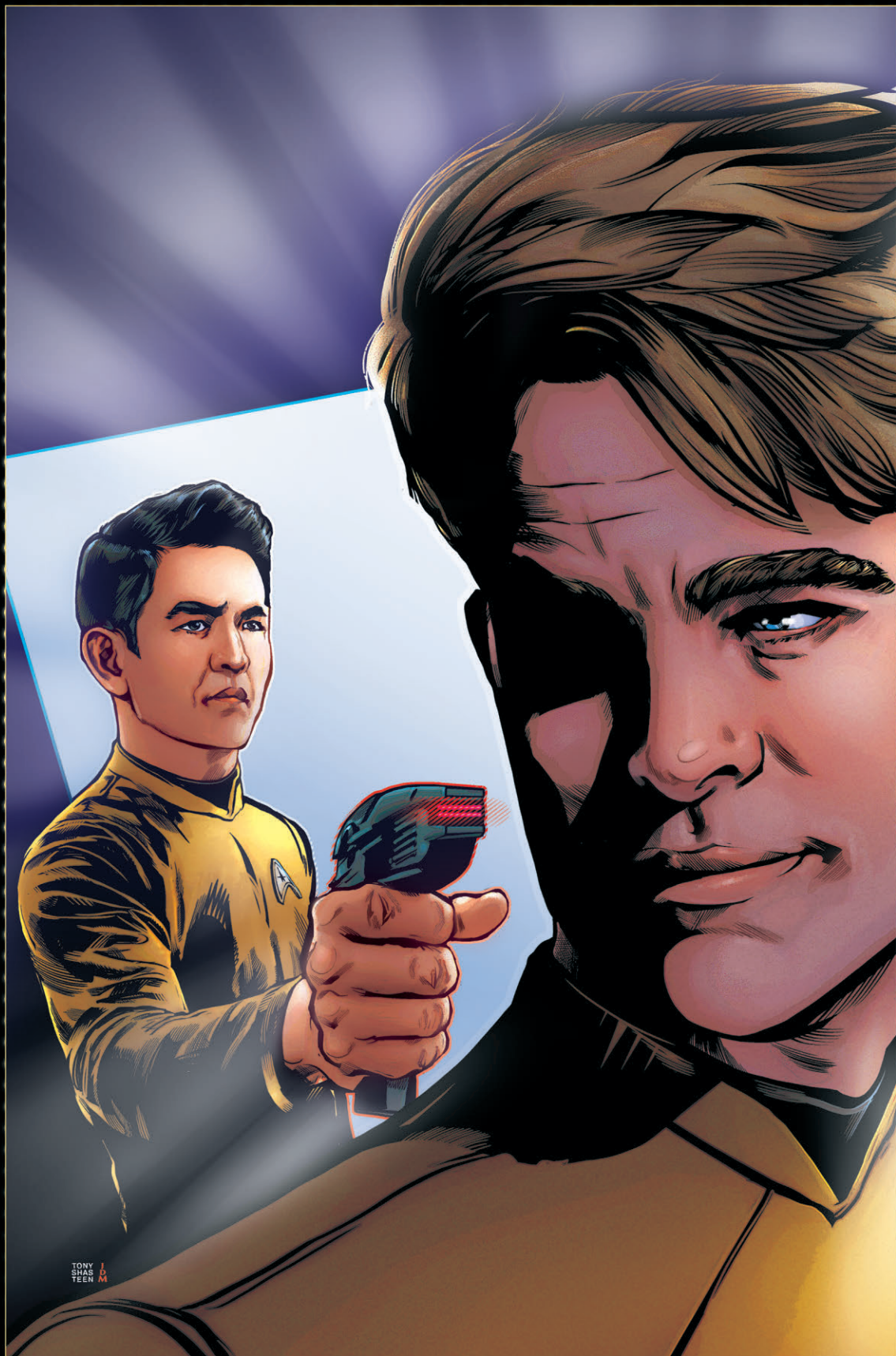
art by  
**Jason Badower**





art by  
**Tony Shasteen**



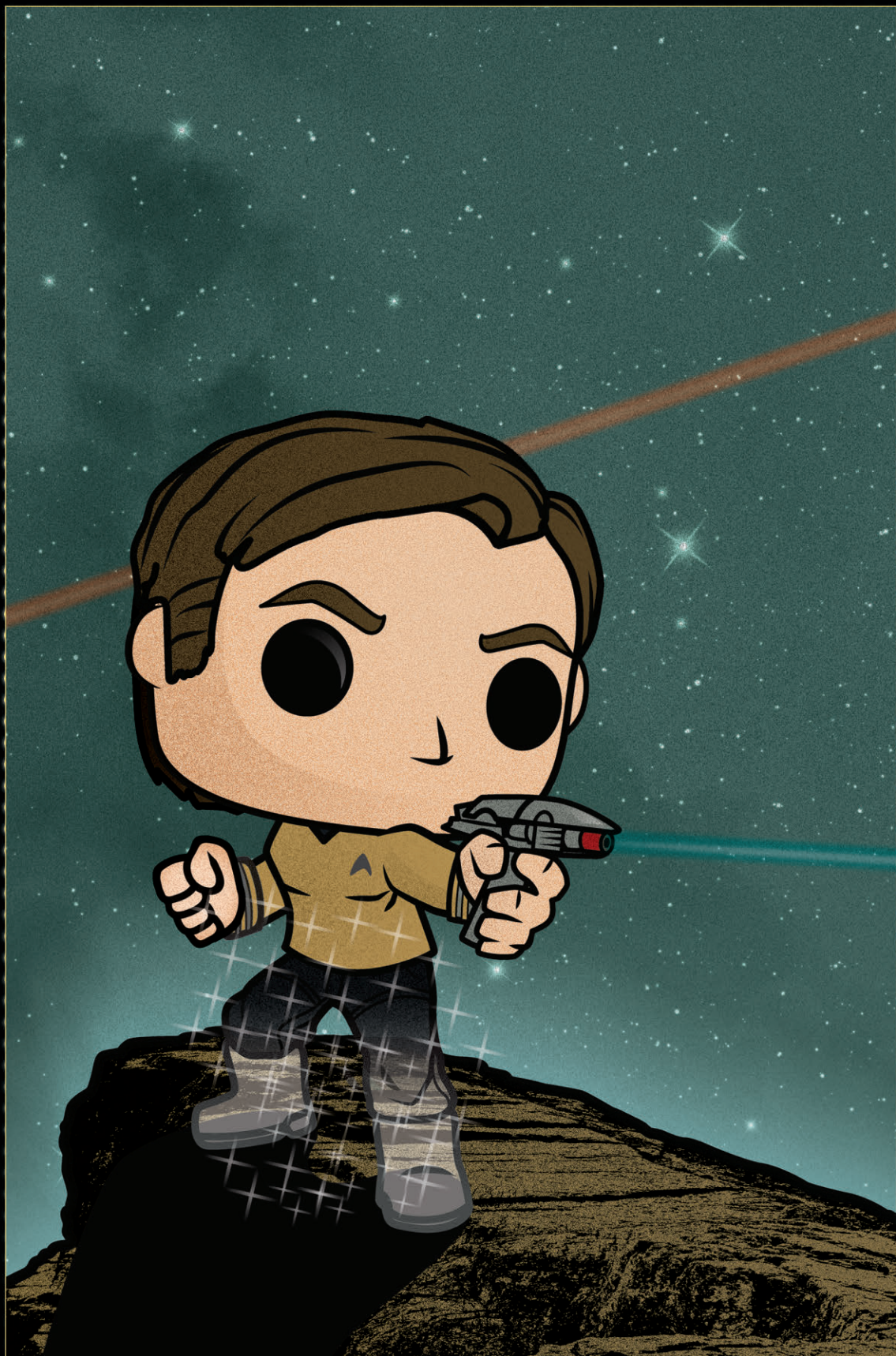


TONY  
SHAS  
TEEN

art by  
**Tony Shasteen**

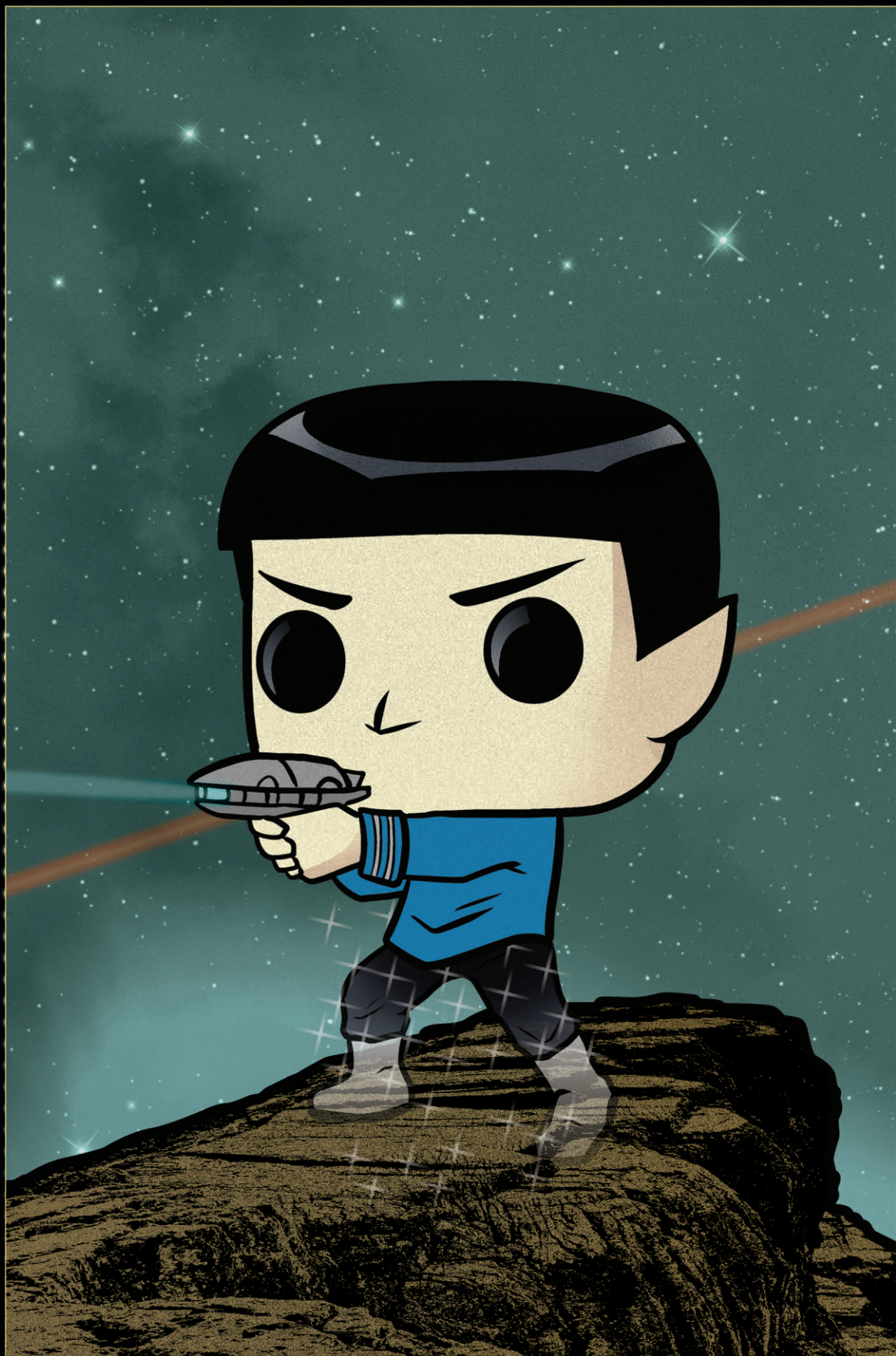
colors by  
**J.D. Mettler**





art by  
**Tim Gilardi**





art by  
**Derek Charm**

based on a design by  
**Tim Gilardi**



STAR TREK

— BOLDLY GO —







"THIS IS A MISSION THAT EVERY STAR TREK FAN OF THE CURRENT  
CREW SHOULD JOIN." –COMIC CRUSADERS

"MIKE JOHNSON REALLY DELIVERS IN NOT ONLY THE STORY  
BUT CAPTURING THE PERSONALITIES OF THE CHARACTERS  
FROM THIS TIMELINE." –POP CULTURE UNCOVERED

# STAR TREK®

## BOLDLY GO

AS THE FEDERATION AND ROMULANS CONVENE IN THE WAKE OF THE  
BORG ATTACK, THE PRECARIOUS PEACE IS THREATENED BY THE  
MURDER OF A KEY DIPLOMAT... AND A STARFLEET CADET IS THE PRIME  
SUSPECT! DON'T MISS THIS ALL-NEW ADVENTURE, GUEST-STARRING  
JAYLAH FROM STAR TREK BEYOND, AND THE CAST FROM THE HIT  
STARFLEET ACADEMY SERIES!

WRITTEN BY MIKE JOHNSON AND RYAN PARROTT WITH ARTISTS  
MEGAN LEVENS AND TONY SHASTEEN.

Collects issues #7–12

**IDW®**  
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM