

STAR TREK

DISCOVERY

SUCCESSION



BEYER • JOHNSON • HERNANDEZ

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The background of the cover is a dark, starry space. In the upper left, there is a faint, stylized line drawing of a Klingon Gorn head and a Klingon dagger. Below this, there are some faint, stylized line drawings of what appear to be Klingon ships or structures. The title "STAR TREK" is in a large, metallic, 3D font. Below it, "DISCOVERY" is in a smaller, gold, 3D font. Below that, "SUCCESSION" is in a smaller, white, 3D font. The background is filled with small, golden, star-like particles.

STAR TREK[®]

DISCOVERY

SUCCESSION

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IT'S
TIME.

THE
EMPEROR
IS OLD AND
ADDLED.

AND
WORSE
THAN
THAT...

...SHE'S
CONTENT.

CONTENT TO
PRESIDE OVER A
STAGNANT EMPIRE,
WHILE REVOLUTIONARIES
OF EVERY SPECIES ON
EVERY WORLD PLOT
TO OVERTHROW
US.

BUT
IF ANYONE'S
GOING TO
OVERTHROW
HER...

...IT'S
GOING TO
BE ME.

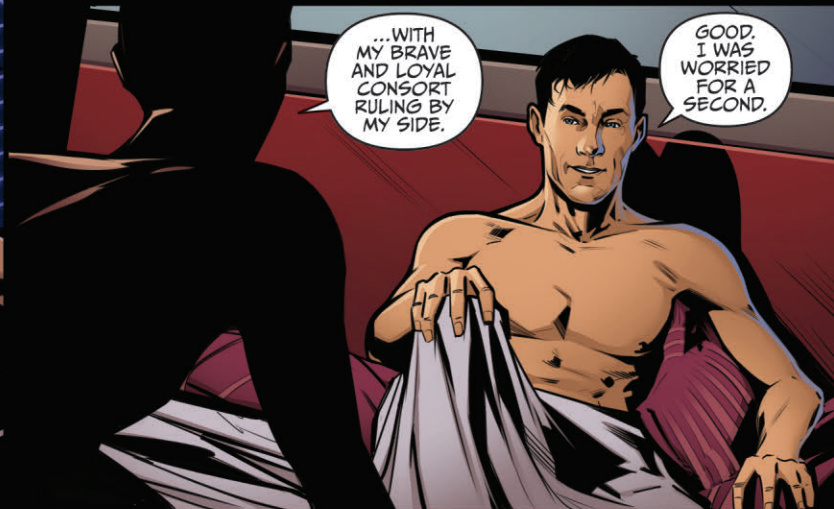


I THINK YOU MEAN *US*.

OF COURSE, GABRIEL.



I JUST MEAN THAT IT'S FITTING THAT HER *DAUGHTER* BE THE ONE TO TAKE HER PLACE...



...WITH MY BRAVE AND LOYAL CONSORT RULING BY MY SIDE.

GOOD. I WAS WORRIED FOR A SECOND.



NO NEED TO.

OUR RELATIONSHIP IS THE EXCEPTION TO THE TERRAN RULE, DARLING.



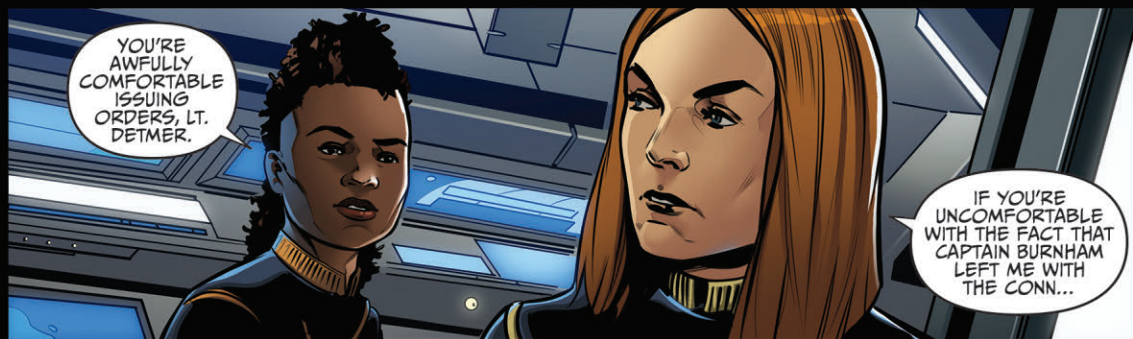
NOTHING WILL *EVER* COME BETWEEN *US*.

ONE YEAR LATER.
HOURS AFTER THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE IMPERIAL FLAGSHIP
CHARON.



"THIS IS THE I.S.S.
SHENZHOU HAILING
ALL SURVIVORS.
PLEASE RESPOND."







NO,
LIEUTENANT.

I WILL
PERFORM MY
DUTY AS CAPTAIN
BURNHAM WOULD
EXPECT ME
TO.



I THINK
YOU MEAN "NO,
COMMANDER."

I'M AS
SURPRISED
AS YOU ARE TO
SEE BURNHAM
ALIVE AGAIN, BUT
SHE REMAINS
OUR CAPTAIN.
HER ORDERS
STAND.



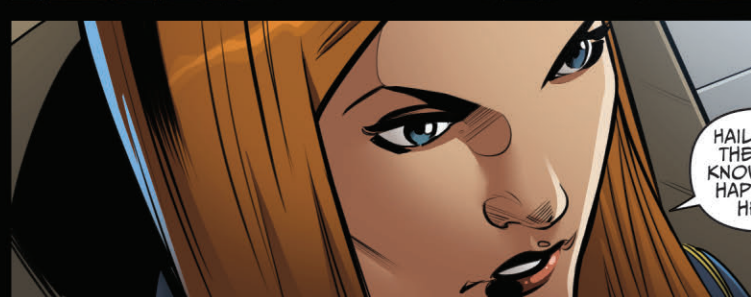
SCANS,
REPORT! THERE
MUST BE SOME
CLUE TO WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE *CHARON*!

RESIDUAL
TACHYON TRACES
INDICATE THE SHIP
WAS HERE, AND THE
MYCELIAL NETWORK
WAS ACCESSED, BUT--



--WAIT--

--PICKING
UP AN
IMPERIAL
SHUTTLE
NEARBY!



HAIL THEM.
THEY MAY
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE.

BUT WE
SHOULD
PREPARE
FOR THE
WORST.

IF THE
CHARON WAS
DESTROYED,
AND EMPEROR
GEORGIU IS
DEAD...

A
"...THERE IS A
VOID AT THE
HEART OF
OUR EMPIRE."

SAN FRANCISCO.
CAPITAL CITY OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE.



LORD
ALEXANDER!

MY
LORDS,
TAKE YOUR
SEATS.

I HAVE
DIRE
NEWS.

WHY
WOULD HE
CALL US ALL
TOGETHER AT
SUCH SHORT
NOTICE?

ONLY THE
EMPEROR
HAS THAT
AUTHORITY...



WORD
HAS REACHED
US OF A GREAT
TRAGEDY THAT HAS
JUST OCCURRED
MANY LIGHT
YEARS AWAY.

THE
IMPERIAL
FLAGSHIP
HAS BEEN
DESTROYED.



MY BELOVED
COUSIN, EMPEROR
PHILIPPA GEORGIOU
AUGUSTUS IAPONIUS
CENTARIUS...

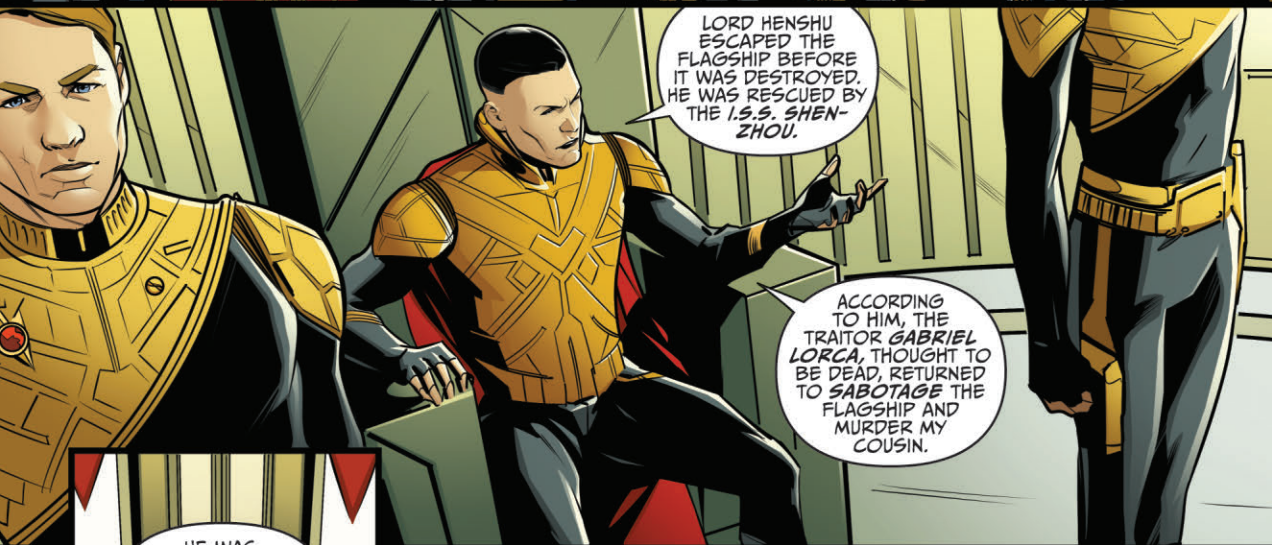
...MOTHER OF
THE FATHERLAND,
OVERLORD OF VULCAN,
DOMINUS OF QO'NOS,
REGINA ANDOR...

...IS
DEAD.



HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?!

THE REBELS DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY THE FLAGSHIP!



LORD HENSHU ESCAPED THE FLAGSHIP BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED. HE WAS RESCUED BY THE I.S.S. SHENZHOU.

ACCORDING TO HIM, THE TRAITOR GABRIEL LORCA, THOUGHT TO BE DEAD, RETURNED TO SABOTAGE THE FLAGSHIP AND MURDER MY COUSIN.



HE WAS ABETTED BY CAPTAIN BURNHAM OF THE SHENZHOU, ALSO BELIEVED DEAD.

THEIR CRUEL BETRAYAL LED TO THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION.



AS MY COUSIN'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE, I HEARBY ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY AS LEADER OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE.

THE EMPEROR IS DEAD.

LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR.

I.S.S. SHENZHOU.

YOU HAVE
MY ETERNAL
GRATITUDE,
COMMANDER
DETMER.

MY SHUTTLE'S WARP
DRIVE WAS DAMAGED.
HAD YOU NOT RESCUED
ME, I FEARED I WOULD
PERISH ALONE, AND NO
ONE WOULD KNOW
THE FATE OF THE
CHARON.

WE ARE
FORTUNATE
INDEED,
LORD
HENSHU.

WE
RELAYED THE
NEWS TO EARTH.
EMPEROR
ALEXANDER ASKED
ME TO OFFER
HIS THANKS
TO YOU.

PERSONALLY.



AND IT'S
CAPTAIN
DETMER
NOW.



THE TERRAN COLONY WORLD QO'NOS.



"THIS CHANGES
NOTHING."

"YES, THE TERRANS
HAVE SUFFERED A
GREAT SETBACK."

"BUT THEIR TYRANNY
PERSISTS ON EVERY
OCCUPIED WORLD."

"OUR WORK
MUST GO ON."

YES, THE LOSS OF
MY BELOVED VOQ
AND THE OTHERS ON
HARLAK CUTS DEEP.

BUT VOQ
WOULD NOT WANT
US TO GIVE UP HOPE.
HE WOULD WANT
US TO CONTINUE THE
WORK FOR WHICH
HE GAVE HIS
LIFE...

...AND ENSURE
THE SURVIVAL
OF OUR
ALLIANCE.

OUR
COMRADES
ACROSS
THE QUADRANT
AWAIT DIRECTION
FROM US.

NEVER
HAS THE
FERVOR FOR
FREEDOM
BEEN
STRONGER.

AND
NOW IS THE
MOMENT TO
STRIKE,
L'RELL.

PRINCE
ALEXANDER
HAS ASSUMED
THE THRONE IN
HIS COUSIN'S
PLACE, BUT HE IS
YOUNG AND
UNTRIED.



MY HUSBAND WOULD SAY IT IS ONLY LOGICAL.



SAREK LIVES ON IN YOU, AMANDA.

WE WILL NEED YOUR WISDOM NOW.



OUR FELLOW REBELS ARE ACTIVE ON MANY WORLDS, YES.

BUT THERE MUST BE MORE COORDINATION BETWEEN OUR ATTACKS IF WE ARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS CRITICAL MOMENT.



WE NEED **SIMULTANEOUS STRIKES** ON THE TERRAN POWER CENTERS ON EVERY OCCUPIED WORLD.

A WEAK AND INEXPERIENCED EMPEROR WILL BE UNABLE TO RESPOND EFFECTIVELY.



AGREED. BUT NOT JUST ATTACKS ON EVERY OCCUPIED WORLD.

NOW IS THE TIME TO IMPLEMENT VOG'S PLAN FOR A FATAL BLOW TO THE TERRANS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE EARTH ITSELF.

SAN FRANCISCO.

FINALLY
THE OLD
WHORE IS
DEAD.

AMAZING,
REALLY.

ALL
THOSE YEARS
I SPENT WAITING
FOR THE MOMENT
TO KILL HER MYSELF,
AND SHE DIES ACROSS
THE GALAXY AT THE
HANDS OF A PAIR OF
TRAITORS BACK
FROM THE
DEAD.

I DO APPRECIATE
THAT I CAN SPEAK
FRANKLY WITH
YOU.

YOU
HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN MY MOST
LOYAL AIDE,
COMMANDER
CORNWELL.

AND THAT
WILL NEVER
CHANGE,
ALEXANDER.

THE
REBELS WILL
NO DOUBT SEE
YOUR ASCENSION
TO THE THRONE AS
A MOMENT OF
WEAKNESS.

THEY
WILL BE
PLANNING NEW
ATTACKS ON
THE EMPIRE
SOON.



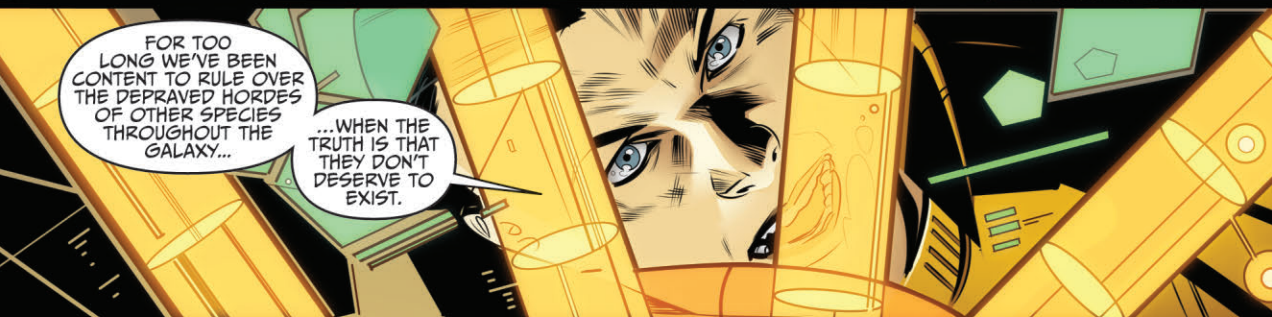
NO DOUBT.

THEY HAVE ONLY SURVIVED THIS LONG BECAUSE MY COUSIN WAS TOO LENIENT.



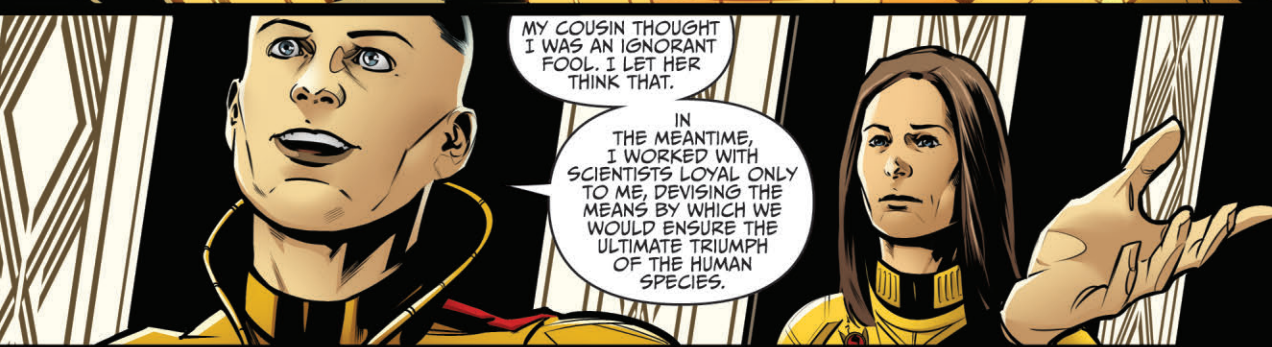
BUT I HAVE THE RESOLVE SHE NEVER HAD, TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.

PURITY, THY NAME IS HUMAN.



FOR TOO LONG WE'VE BEEN CONTENT TO RULE OVER THE DEPRAVED HORDES OF OTHER SPECIES THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY...

...WHEN THE TRUTH IS THAT THEY DON'T DESERVE TO EXIST.



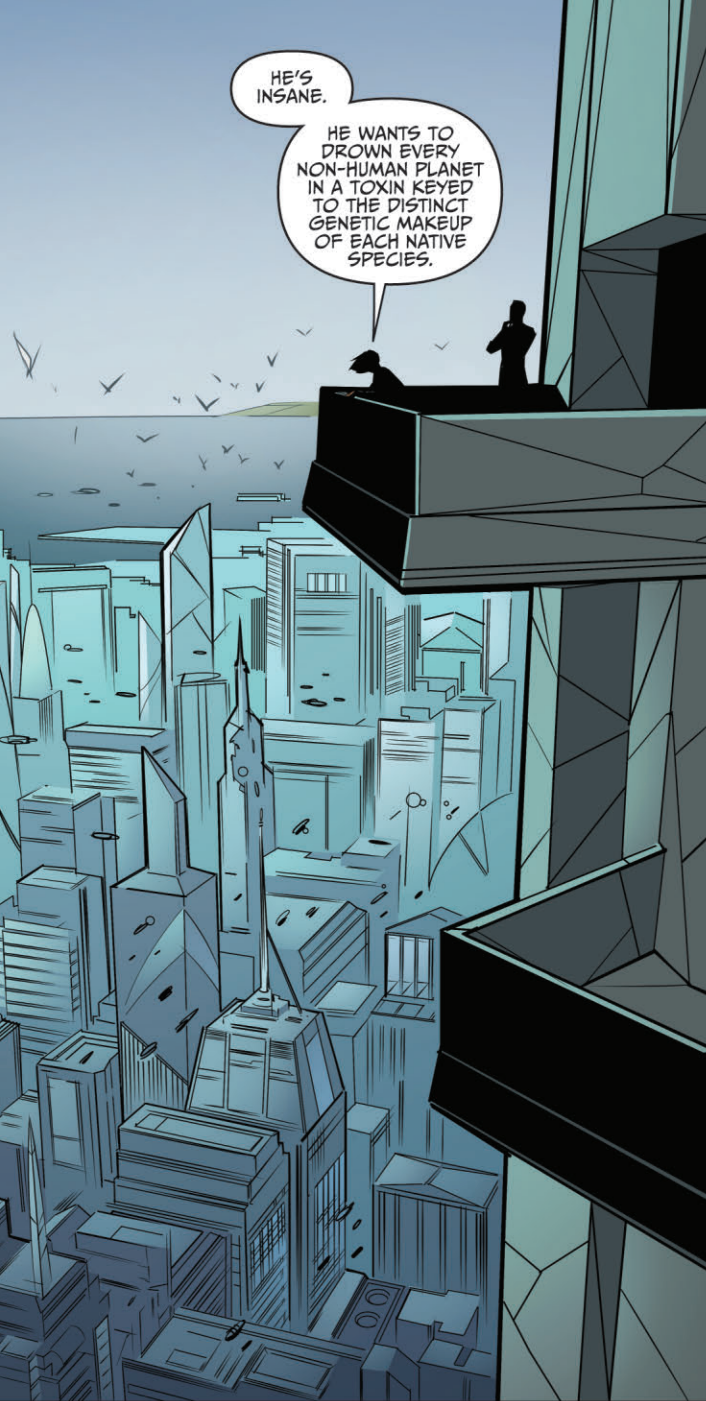
MY COUSIN THOUGHT I WAS AN IGNORANT FOOL. I LET HER THINK THAT.

IN THE MEANTIME, I WORKED WITH SCIENTISTS LOYAL ONLY TO ME, DEVISING THE MEANS BY WHICH WE WOULD ENSURE THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.



WE ARE GOING TO CLEANSE THE GALAXY OF ALL OTHER SPECIES, AND REPLACE THEM WITH GENERATIONS OF HUMANS YET TO COME.

YOU, CORNWELL, WILL BE THE ONE TO HELP ME DO IT.



HE'S INSANE.

HE WANTS TO DROWN EVERY NON-HUMAN PLANET IN A TOXIN KEYED TO THE DISTINCT GENETIC MAKEUP OF EACH NATIVE SPECIES.



THE LOGISTICS ALONE...

HE'S RECALLING THE FLEET AND EQUIPPING THEM ALL WITH THE GENE-WEAPONS.

IT'S MADNESS.



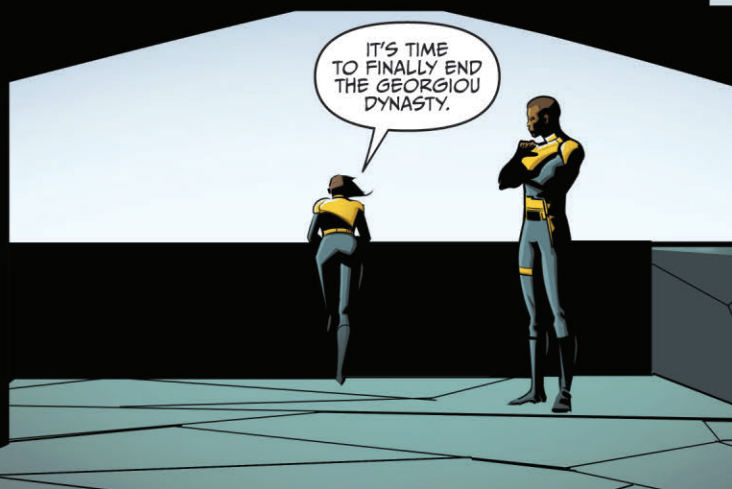
CORNWELL, I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED ON THE CHARON.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS--

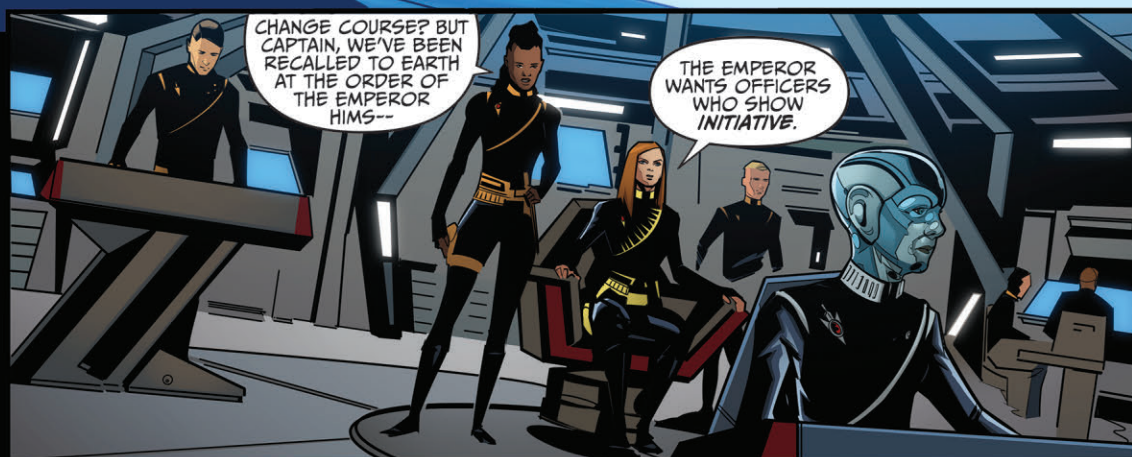
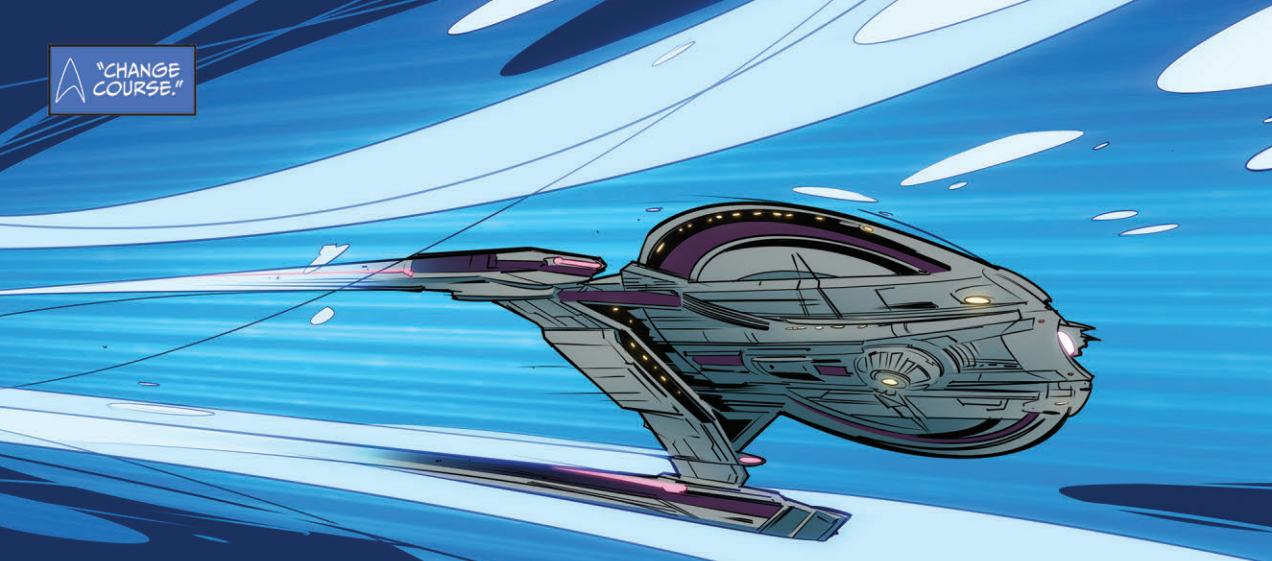


SPARE ME THE PLATITUDES, EDWARDS. GABRIEL WOULD THINK LESS OF YOU FOR IT.

IT'S TIME FOR US TO RALLY HIS SURVIVING LOYALISTS AND FINISH WHAT HE STARTED.



IT'S TIME TO FINALLY END THE GEORGIU DYNASTY.







COMPUTER,
OPEN A
SHIPWIDE
CHANNEL.



CHANNEL
OPEN.

ATTENTION
ALL DECKS,
THIS IS CAPTAIN
AIRIAM.



I HAVE ELIMINATED THE COMMAND STAFF AND BRIDGE CREW AND ASSUMED THE CAPTAINCY OF THE SHENZHOU.

I HAVE REPROGRAMMED ALL SHIP SYSTEMS TO OBEY ONLY MY COMMANDS.



IF ANY OF YOU INTEND TO CHALLENGE MY AUTHORITY, I WILL LOCKDOWN THE BRIDGE, DISABLE LIFE SUPPORT THROUGHOUT THE SHIP...



...AND KILL YOU ALL.

IF THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS...



...APPLICATIONS FOR A NEW BRIDGE CREW ARE NOW OPEN.

"EASY THERE,
LITTLE ONE."

REFUGEE CAMP.
THE PLANET RISA.





...BUT
IT'S GETTING
HARDER AND
HARDER TO
GET WHAT
WE NEED.

HELPING
REFUGEES IN
NEED IS NOT A
PRIORITY OF
THE TERRAN
EMPIRE.



I CAN
HELP YOU
WITH THAT...



...IF YOU'LL
HELP ME IN
RETURN.

SORRY,
STRANGER.

UNLESS
YOU'VE GOT
FRIENDS HIGH UP
IN THE IMPERIAL
BUREAUCRACY--



I
DO.



WHO
ARE YOU?
A MIRACLE
WORKER?



NO. NOT
A MIRACLE
WORKER.

ALTHOUGH...





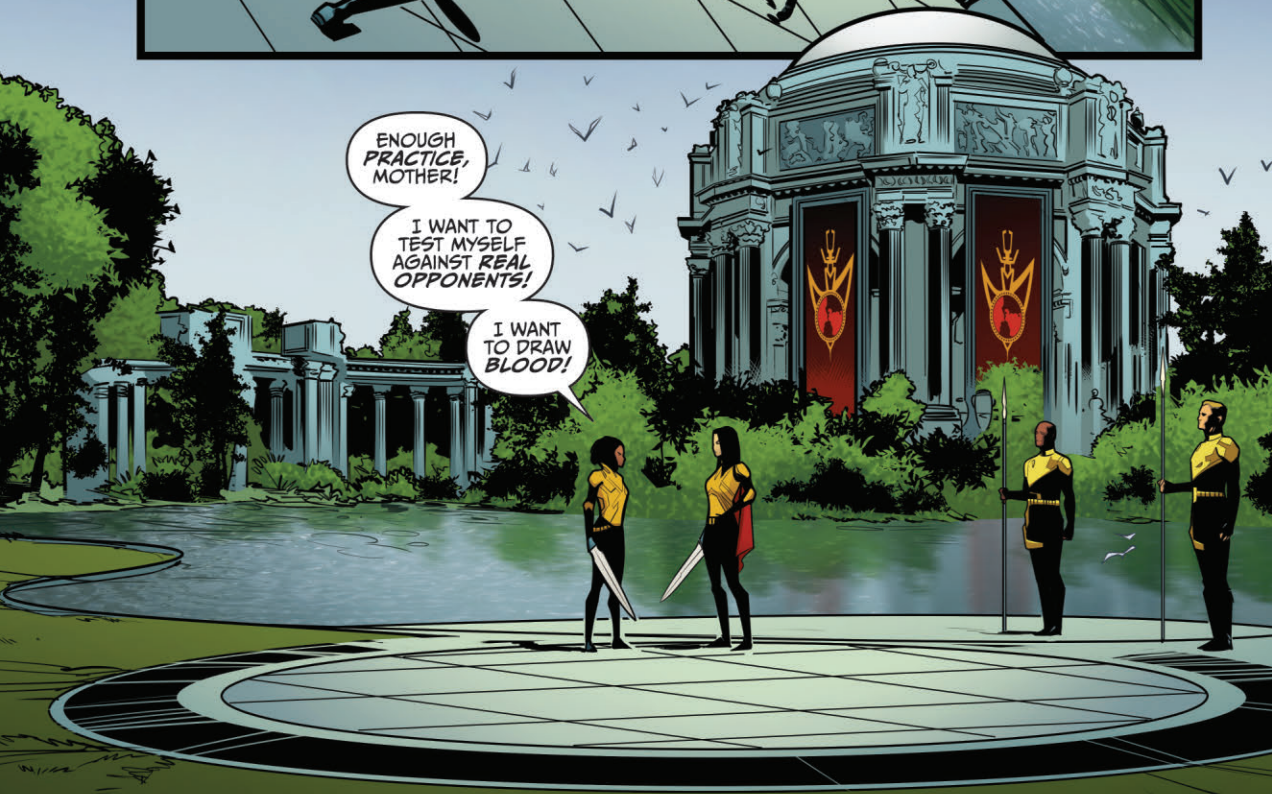


TEN YEARS AGO.



GOOD, MICHAEL!

YOUR REFLEXES ARE GETTING EVEN FASTER, IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!



ENOUGH PRACTICE, MOTHER!

I WANT TO TEST MYSELF AGAINST REAL OPPONENTS!

I WANT TO DRAW BLOOD!



"REAL" OPPONENTS?

≡WHUUP≡

I'M SO SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

BUT IF IT'S BLOOD YOU WANT TO SEE, MY BELOVED DAUGHTER...

...JUST SAY THE WORD!



EMPEROR GEORGIU, MY APOLOGIES FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR...*PERSONAL TIME*...WITH YOUR DAUGHTER.

THE HIGH ADMIRALTY REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE. THE UNREST ON TELLAR HAS ESCALATED.



STAY HERE AND PRACTICE WITH THE GUARDS, MICHAEL.

ONLY IF YOU LET ME FIGHT FOR REAL!

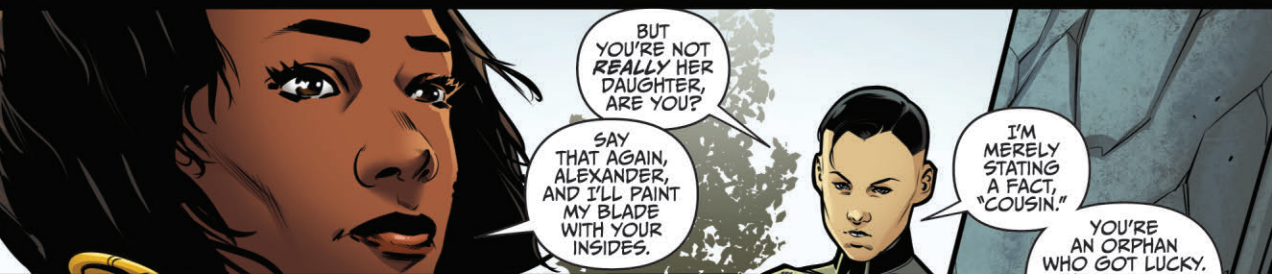


VERY WELL. IF MY GUARDS CANNOT STOP YOU FROM CUTTING THEM OPEN, THEN THEY DO NOT DESERVE TO SERVE ME.

AND IF YOU CANNOT STOP THEM FROM DOING THE SAME TO YOU...



...THEN YOU DO NOT DESERVE TO BE MY DAUGHTER.



BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY HER DAUGHTER, ARE YOU?

SAY THAT AGAIN, ALEXANDER, AND I'LL PAINT MY BLADE WITH YOUR INSIDES.

I'M MERELY STATING A FACT, "COUSIN."

YOU'RE AN ORPHAN WHO GOT LUCKY. THE EMPEROR TOOK PITY ON YOU AND GAVE YOU A HOME.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU ROYALTY. THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU A LEGITIMATE HEIR.

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, YOU'LL NEVER SIT ON THAT THRONE.

"I CAN STILL HEAR HIS WHINY LITTLE VOICE."

REFUGEE CAMP. THE PLANET RISA. NOW.

ALEXANDER WAS ALWAYS TAUNTING ME ABOUT MY PAST.

HE COULDN'T BEAR THE FACT THAT MY MOTHER NAMED ME HER RIGHTFUL HEIR.

AND NOW THAT WHINY LITTLE VOICE IS GIVING ORDERS FROM THE THRONE.

HELP ME BRING HIM DOWN, MUDD. YOU OWE ME ENOUGH FAVORS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT, MICHAEL.

YES, YOU'VE HELPED ME OUT WHEN I'VE FALLEN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF IMPERIAL LAW, MORE TIMES THAN I WANT TO COUNT.

AND I'VE ALWAYS PROVIDED YOU WITH PRICELESS MORSELS OF SENSITIVE INFORMATION IN RETURN.

BUT ONLY SO THAT I CAN CONTINUE MY WORK IN PEACE.

HARRY MUDD, BENEVOLENT CHAMPION OF THE POOR AND POWERLESS?

SARCASM DOESN'T MAKE IT A LIE.

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, THE POOR AND POWERLESS ARE NOT EXACTLY A PRIORITY FOR THE EMPIRE



WHAT DO YOU THINK I CAN DO FOR YOU, ANYWAY?

IF IT'S WEAPONS YOU WANT, FORGET IT. I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE.



I CAN GIVE YOU FOOD. MEDICINE. CLOTHES. NOTHING AS FANCY AS YOU *USED* TO WEAR, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR TASTES HAVE CHANGED.

I CAN ALSO GIVE YOU ADVICE.

START OVER. FORGET THE THRONE. EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE DEAD. YOU HAVE A CLEAN SLATE NOW.

ALEXANDER WILL PUT YOU IN CHAINS THE SECOND HE SEES YOU AGAIN, IF HE DOESN'T KILL YOU FIRST.

HE CAN TRY.

I DON'T NEED SUPPLIES FROM YOU, MUDD. AND I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE.

HELP ME FIND SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND.



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID WHEN I'M SITTING ON MY THRONE.

EARTH.

IF ONLY MICHAEL WAS ALIVE TO SEE ME NOW.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMT SHE SNUCK INTO MY CHAMBERS AND TRIED TO POISON ME IN MY SLEEP.

I HAD HER DISEMBOWELED ON A LIVE BROADCAST ACROSS THE EMPIRE.

I WOKE UP IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD.

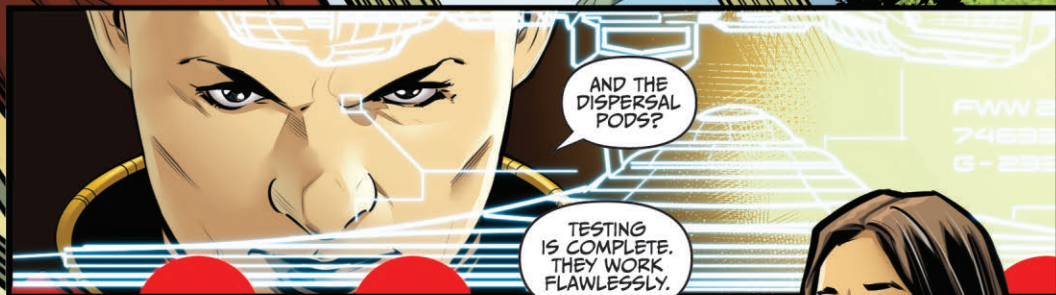
DON'T RUIN IT WITH BAD NEWS, CORNWELL.

HARDLY, MY LIEGE.

OUR PLANS ARE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

OUR SHIPS ARE DOCKING AT BASES ACROSS THE ALPHA AND BETA QUADRANTS.

EACH ONE IS TAKING ABOARD A SUPPLY OF *GENE-TOXIN* LARGE ENOUGH TO ELIMINATE THE POPULATIONS OF FIVE INHABITED WORLDS.



AND THE DISPERSAL PODS?

TESTING IS COMPLETE. THEY WORK FLAWLESSLY.

FWW 2
74533
G-238

MY MOOD CONTINUES TO IMPROVE!

OUR FIRST USE OF THE TOXIN SHOULD SET AN EXAMPLE.

SOMETHING THAT HERALDS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW DAWN FOR HUMANITY!

DEPENDING ON THE SIZE OF THE PLANET, THE TOXIN CAN BE DISPERSED THROUGHOUT THE ATMOSPHERE IN UNDER ONE SOL CYCLE.



WE COULD BEGIN WITH ONE OF THE SMALLER WORLDS, MY LIEGE.

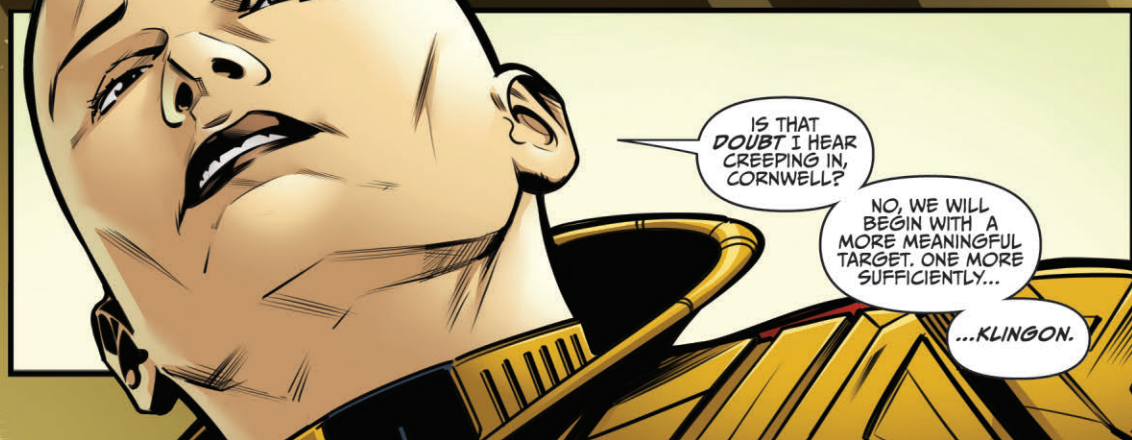
SOMETHING THAT WILL ALLOW US TO ASSESS THE EFFICACY OF THE TOXIN AND MAKE ANY NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS.



IS THAT DOUBT I HEAR CREEPING IN, CORNWELL?

NO, WE WILL BEGIN WITH A MORE MEANINGFUL TARGET, ONE MORE SUFFICIENTLY...

...KLINGON.



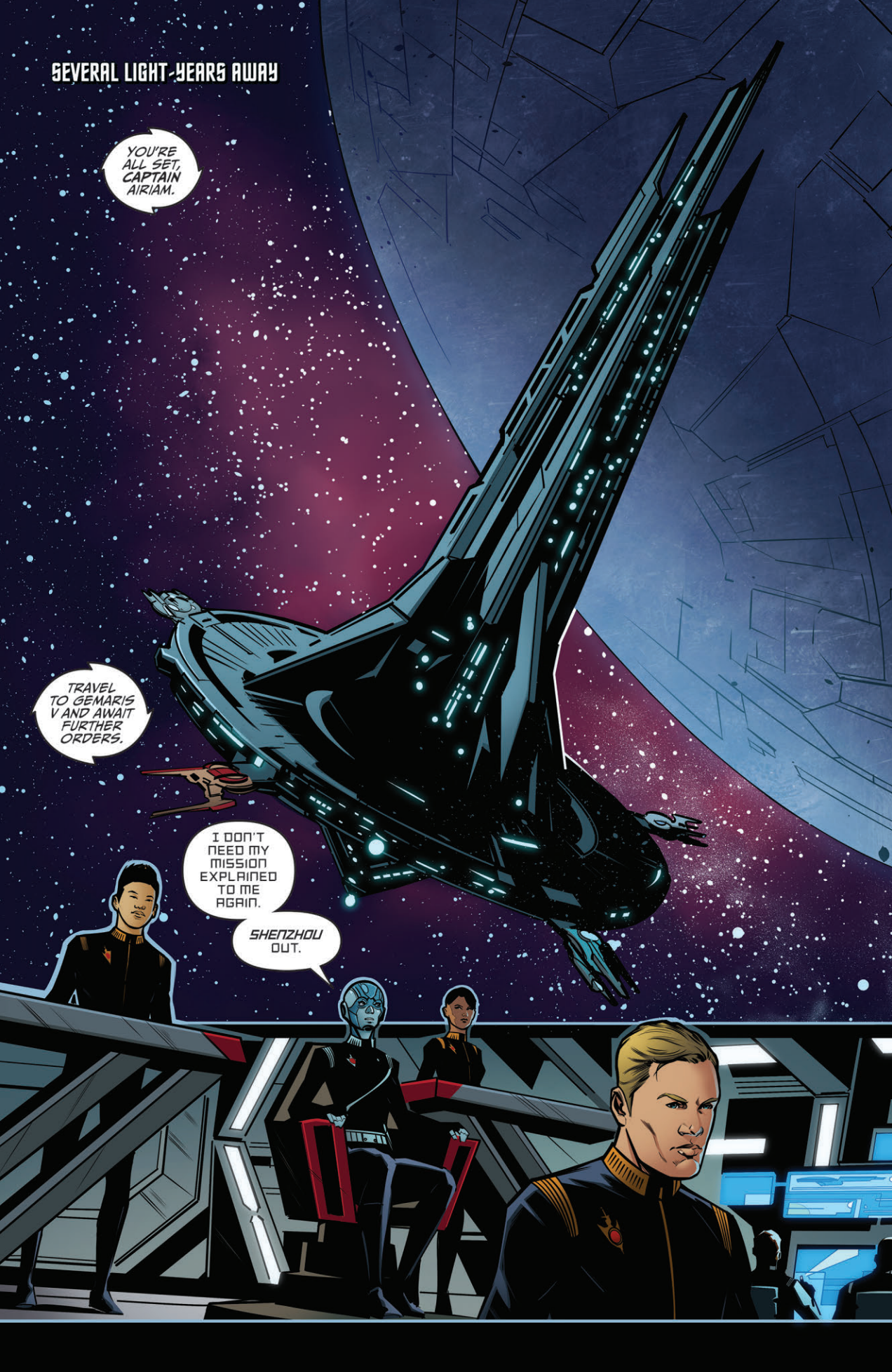
SEVERAL LIGHT-YEARS AWAY

YOU'RE
ALL SET,
CAPTAIN
AIRIAM.

TRAVEL
TO GEMARIS
V AND AWAIT
FURTHER
ORDERS.

I DON'T
NEED MY
MISSION
EXPLAINED
TO ME
AGAIN.

SHENZHOU
OUT.





CAPTAIN, THE TOXIN
AND DISPERSAL
PODS ARE
SECURE.

THANK
YOU, LT.
RHYS.

HELM,
TAKE US
OUT.

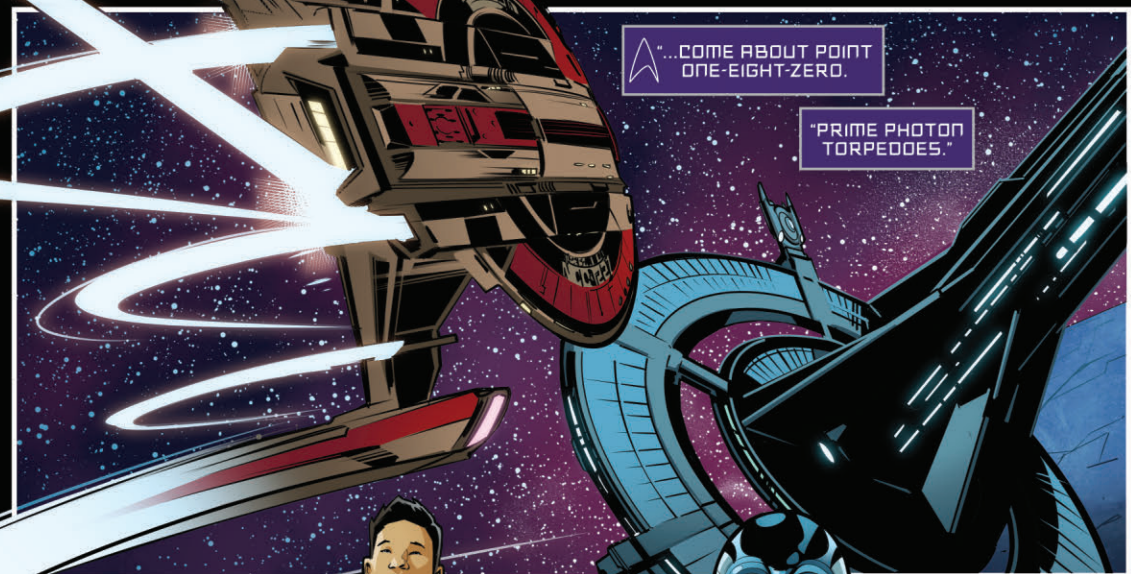


WE
SHOULD
ARRIVE AT
GEMARIS
V IN--

WE'RE
NOT GOING
TO GEMARIS
V.



HELM, WHEN
WE CLEAR THE
STATION'S
OUTER WEAPONS
RANGE...



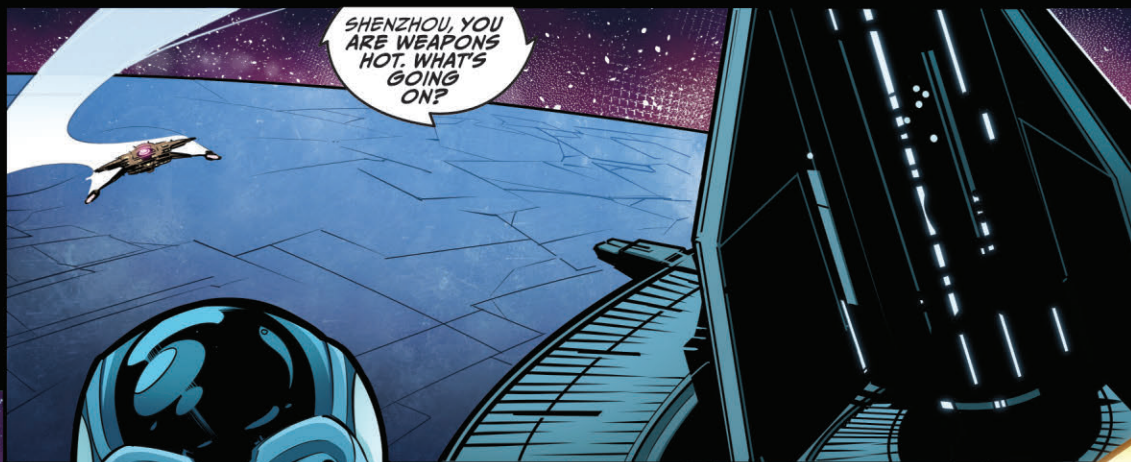
"...COME ABOUT POINT
ONE-EIGHT-ZERO.

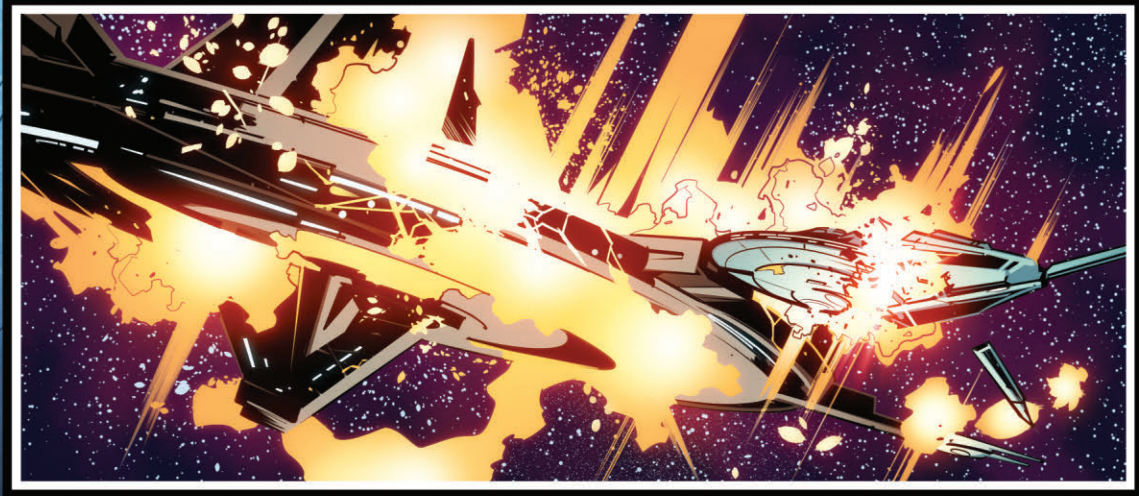
"PRIME PHOTON
TORPEDOES."



TARGET THE
STATION'S
PRIMARY
CORE.

CAPTAIN,
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING--?!







HELM,
SET COURSE
FOR QO'NOS,
WARP FIVE.



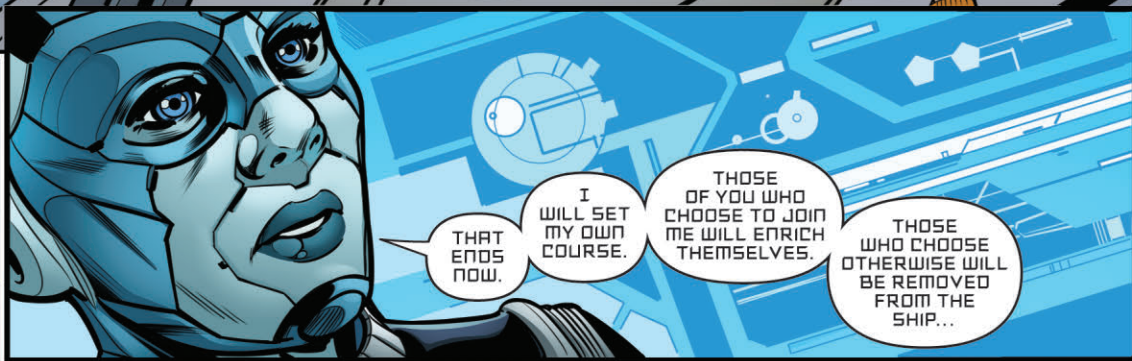
THE ONLY
REASON I AM
GOING TO EXPLAIN
MYSELF TO YOU
ALL NOW IS SO THAT
YOU DON'T WASTE
TIME AND ENERGY
HYPOTHESIZING.

I NO
LONGER TAKE
ORDERS FROM
THE TERRAN
EMPIRE.



ALL
OF MY LIFE
I HAVE BEEN
REMINDING THAT
I AM NOT *FULLY*
HUMAN.

THAT
FOR ALL
OF MY TALENT
AND EFFORT I
WILL ALWAYS BE
SOMEHOW *LESS*
THAN THE REST
OF YOU.



THAT
ENDS
NOW.

I
WILL SET
MY OWN
COURSE.

THOSE
OF YOU WHO
CHOOSE TO JOIN
ME WILL ENRICH
THEMSELVES.

THOSE
WHO CHOOSE
OTHERWISE WILL
BE REMOVED
FROM THE
SHIP...

A "...EXPEDITIOUSLY."





SOMETHING'S
WRONG,
L'RELL.

THE
TERRANS
ARE LEAVING
THE PLANET IN
DROVES.

THEY'VE
LEFT A BARE
MINIMUM OF TROOPS
TO SECURE THE
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS
AND GUARD THE
GOVERNOR.

TERRANS
LEAVING IS A
BAD THING,
KALEV?




WITHOUT
WARNING OR
REASON?
YES.

THEY'RE
UP TO
SOMETHING.




THEN
WE ACT
TONIGHT AS
PLANNED.

WE
MUST REACH
THE GOVERNOR
BEFORE HE
DEPARTS AS
WELL.



THEY'RE
GOING TO
POISON THE
NATIVE
POPULATION,
MARK MY
WORDS.

WIPE THE
PEOPLE OUT
AND RESETTLE
THE PLANET
WITH HUMANS
ONLY.



PARANOIA
MAKES YOUR
ANTENNAE
QUIVER, DID
YOU KNOW
THAT?

TERRANS
WANT TO RULE
AND EXPLOIT
OTHER SPECIES,
NOT WIPE
THEM OUT.



〈WHAT SAYS
KAHLESS?〉*

〈REMAIN
KLINGON.〉

(*TRANSLATED
FROM KLINGON.)



BUT I AGREE,
SOMETHING
IS GOING
ON.

IT
MIGHT
BE TIME TO
CONTACT OUR
ALLY WITHIN
THE TERRAN
RANKS--



THERE'S
A TRAITOR
HIDING IN THE
IMPERIAL
RANKS?



SAY
IT ISN'T
SO.



TERRAN
SCUM!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?!

I'M
UNARMED.



I
DON'T
CARE.

WHY
AREN'T
YOU
DEAD?



YOU
KNOW
WHO I
AM?

ALL
TOO
WELL.

THEN
ASK YOURSELF
WHY I HAVEN'T
FILLED THIS LITTLE
HIDEOUT WITH
IMPERIAL
SHOCKTROOPS.



IT'S ALRIGHT,
L'RELL. SHE
CAME
UNARMED.

YOU
SHOULD
HEAR WHAT
SHE HAS
TO SAY.



I DON'T
BLAME YOU
FOR DESPIING
EMPEROR
GEORGIOU.

I'D LOSE
RESPECT FOR
YOU IF YOU
DIDN'T.

BUT SHE
WASN'T A
MONSTER.

TELL THAT TO
THE INNOCENTS
HER EMPIRE
SLAUGHTERED.

THAT YOU
SLAUGHTERED.

YOU
EXPECT THE
EMPIRE TO IGNORE
THREATS TO ITS
SOVEREIGNTY?
DON'T BE
NAIVE.



BUT
THINGS ARE
DIFFERENT NOW
THAT ALEXANDER IS
EMPEROR. HE DREAMS
OF A GALAXY
CLEANSED OF ALL
SPECIES EXCEPT
HUMANS.



AND YOU
SAID I WAS
PARANOID.

WHY ARE
THE TERRANS
SUDDENLY
LEAVING
QO'NOS?



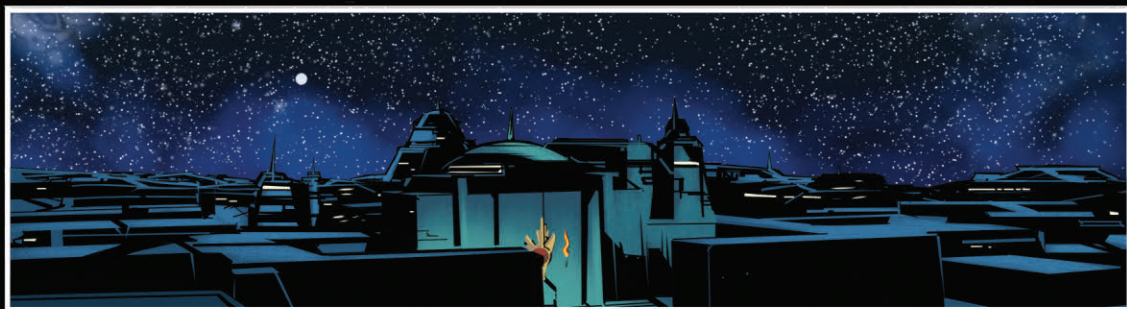
I SAW
THAT TOO.
I DON'T
KNOW.

BUT I'LL HELP
YOU ASSASSINATE
THE GOVERNOR OF
QO'NOS IF YOU HELP ME
OVERTHROW ALEXANDER
IN RETURN. I CAN GET
YOU INTO THE
GOVERNOR'S
PALACE.

WHY
SHOULD
WE TRUST
YOU?

I DON'T
EXPECT
YOU TO.

SO DO
WE HAVE A
DEAL OR
NOT?







YOU'LL
FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH.
FIRSTHAND.

UNLESS MY
EYES DECEIVE,
IS THAT THE
LATE MICHAEL
BURNHAM?



HER
GHOST.

I'M HERE
TO WELCOME
YOU TO THE
AFTERLIFE.



NOT
TODAY.

I'LL BE
SURE TO INFORM
THE EMPEROR OF
YOUR BLESSED
RESURRECTION.

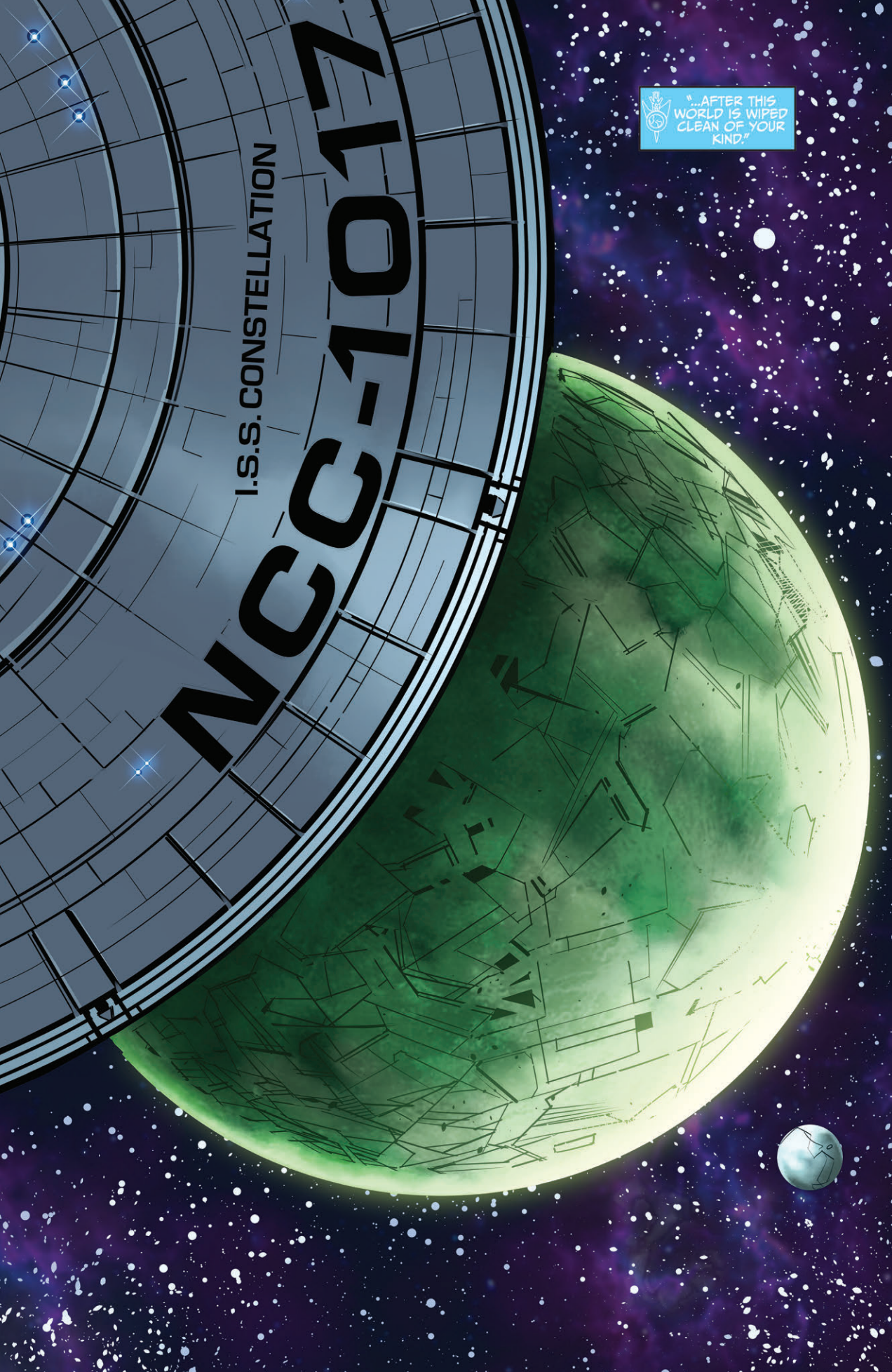
ONE
TO BEAM
UP.



NO!

I'LL BE
BACK SOON
ENOUGH...

SHKOW



I.S.S. CONSTELLATION

NCC-1017

“...AFTER THIS
WORLD IS WIPED
CLEAN OF YOUR
KIND.”





SAN FRANCISCO.
EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO.

GABRIEL
LORCA WILL
DIE BY MY
HAND.

ANY TERRAN
OFFICER WHO
SEEKS TO GAIN
FAVOR WITH ME
BY KILLING
LORCA...

...BEFORE
I HAVE THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO DO SO
MYSELF...

...WILL
SUFFER
LORCA'S
FATE.

AM I
UNDERSTOOD?

YES,
EMPEROR
GEORGIU.

I WILL
FIND AND
DELIVER LORCA
TO YOU
MYSELF.

I
WOULD EXPECT
NOTHING LESS,
CORNWELL.

BUT WERE
YOU NOT ONE OF
GABRIEL'S CLOSEST
FRIENDS? I RECALL
HIM SPEAKING
OF YOU AS THE
SISTER HE
NEVER HAD.

HOW DO I KNOW
YOU WILL NOT LEAVE
HERE IN PURSUIT OF
LORCA, ONLY TO
FIND HIM AND JOIN
HIS TRAITOROUS
CAUSE?

HOW CAN I
TRUST ANY
OF YOU?

WITH RESPECT, MY
LIEGE, BECAUSE HE
HAS BETRAYED
ME AS WELL.

GABRIEL
AND I WERE
CLOSE. BUT I KNEW
NOTHING OF HIS
PLAN TO REBEL. IN
ATTACKING YOU,
HE ATTACKS
ME.

FOR
MY LIFE IS
NOTHING IF
IT DOES NOT
SERVE MY
EMPEROR.

MY
LIEGE--

I AM
GRIEVED TO
REPORT...

...THAT
OUR BELOVED
MICHAEL
BURNHAM, FIRST
IN LINE TO THE
THRONE...

DO
YOU HAVE
WORD OF
MICHAEL?

...IS DEAD.
SHE DIED
ATTEMPTING
TO APPREHEND
THE TRAITOR
LORCA.

LEAVE.

ALL OF
YOU.

SAN FRANCISCO.
NOW.

SAY
IT AGAIN,
GOVERNOR.

BECAUSE
WHAT YOU
JUST TOLD
ME CANNOT
POSSIBLY
BE TRUE.

I SAW
HER WITH MY
OWN EYES,
EMPEROR
ALEXANDER.

MICHAEL
BURNHAM IS
ALIVE AND ON
QO'NOS.

SHE
CONSPIRES
WITH
THE KLINGON
TERRORIST
LEADER
L'RELL.

OH, I BELIEVE WHAT YOU
SAID ABOUT MY COUSIN
BEING ALIVE AND
WORKING WITH THE
KLINGONS.

WHAT I
DO NOT BELIEVE
IS THAT YOU FLED
QO'NOS WITHOUT
APPREHENDING
MICHAEL
YOURSELF.

MY
LIEGE,
I--

IT
WAS INCUMBENT
UPON ME TO
LEAVE THE PLANET
BEFORE THE
ORBITAL ATTACK
COMMENCED--





WHAT WAS INCUMBENT UPON YOU WAS TO PUT THE INTERESTS OF YOUR EMPEROR FIRST.

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE ATTACK COULD WAIT WHILE YOU CAPTURED BURNHAM. SHE MUST BE BROUGHT HERE, TO EARTH, TO ANSWER FOR HER CRIMES.



I WILL RETURN TO THE SURFACE AT ONCE, MY LIEGE. I WILL DELIVER HER TO YOU IN CHAINS.



NO. THE ATTACK WILL PROCEED AS PLANNED. THE GENE-WEAPON WILL DISPERSE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AND KILL EVERY KLINGON ON THE PLANET.

MICHAEL WILL BE EASY ENOUGH TO FIND AND CAPTURE AFTER THAT. AS A HUMAN, SHE'LL BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE, STUMBLING THROUGH A SEA OF CORPSES.

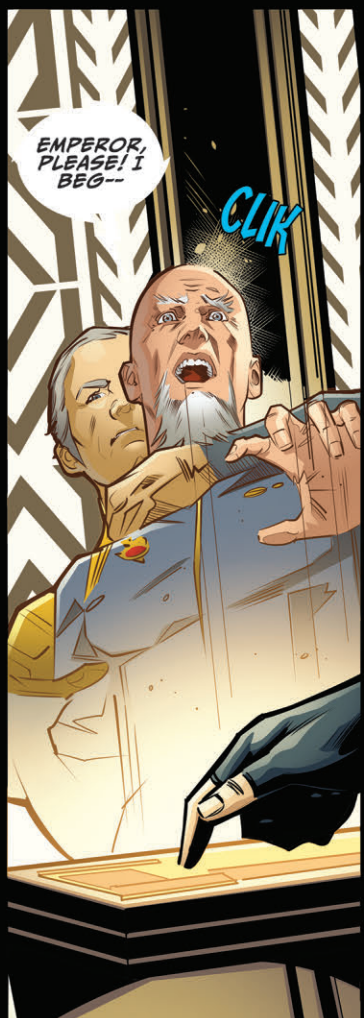


CAPTAIN TRACEY, THANK YOU FOR TRANSPORTING THE GOVERNOR SAFELY OFF GO'NOS. PUT HIM IN AN AGONIZER UNTIL I CONTACT YOU AGAIN.

YES, MY LIEGE.

BEGIN THE ATTACK ON GO'NOS.

YES, MY LIEGE.



EMPEROR, PLEASE! I BEG--

CLIK

QO'NOS.

YOUR
PEOPLE
ARE GOING
TO DIE,
L'RELL.

DESPITE
WHAT YOU
MAY THINK,
I TAKE NO
JOY IN IT.

BUT THE ORDERS HERE
IN THE GOVERNOR'S
PRIVATE RECORDS
ARE CLEAR.

ALEXANDER
HAS DISPATCHED
WARSHIPS ARMED
WITH WEAPONS THAT
WILL **ANNIHILATE**
NATIVE POPULATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE
GALAXY.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
YOU.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER IF YOU
BELIEVE ME.
THESE PLANS
ARE CLEAR.

THE ATMOSPHERE
OF QO'NOS IS
ABOUT TO BECOME
LETHAL TO ALL
KLINGONS.

THE
HUMANS ALL
EVACUATED
AS A
PRECAUTION.

I SUGGEST
WE **BOTH** FIND
A WAY OFF THIS
PLANET AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE. YOU
STILL OWE ME.

OUR
AGREEMENT
IS VOID. THE
GOVERNOR IS STILL
ALIVE. I AM OF A
MIND TO KILL
YOU NOW.

WE
BOTH WANT
ALEXANDER'S
HEAD ON A
PLATTER,
L'RELL.

ONCE
WE HAVE
IT, YOU'RE
WELCOME
TO TRY.

ABOVE QO'NOS.

"READY FOR
LAUNCH, CAPTAIN
DECKER."

THIS IS
AN HISTORIC
MOMENT. THE END
OF THE KLINGON
SPECIES IS AT
HAND.

LOWER
SHIELDS
FOR LAUNCH.
DEPLOY ON
MY MARK...



SIR, A SHIP'S
DROPPING
OUT OF WARP
NEARBY--

IT'S
TARGETING
US!





WHO HIT US?!



HELLO, CAPTAIN DECKER.

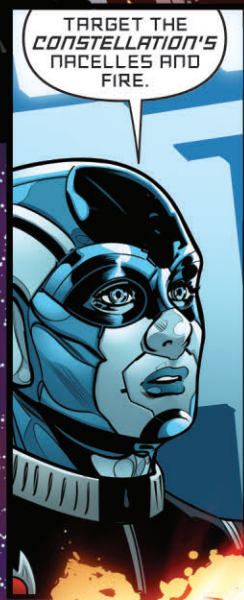
THANK YOU FOR DELIVERING THE GENE-WEAPON TO QO'NOS.

THE SHENZHOU WILL TAKE IT FROM HERE.



LOCK ONTO THE WEAPON AND BEAM IT INTO THE CARGO HOLD.

AYE CAPTAIN!



TARGET THE CONSTELLATION'S PACELLES AND FIRE.





YOU SURE THIS WRECK CAN GET US OFF-PLANET?



IT IS THE ONLY SHIP WE HAVE, BURNHAM.

GO. NOW. SEE MY FRIENDS TO SAFETY.

BUT I AM STAYING HERE.



L'RELL, DON'T BE FOOLISH--

SEE THAT BURNHAM FULFILLS HER PROMISE TO US, AMANDA.

BUT I CANNOT LEAVE MY PEOPLE TO DIE.



WE DON'T HAVE TIME T--

AGGH!



BUTCHER!!

YOU SOIL OUR HOMEWORLD WITH YOUR PRESENCE!



KOL!
NO!

SHE IS
WORKING
WITH US!

WITH US?!
THE BUTCHER
OF THE BINARY
STARS WANTS
ONLY TO KILL
US ALL!



LISTEN
TO YOUR--

--UNHH--

--FRIEND,
UGLY. WE
MADE A
PACT.



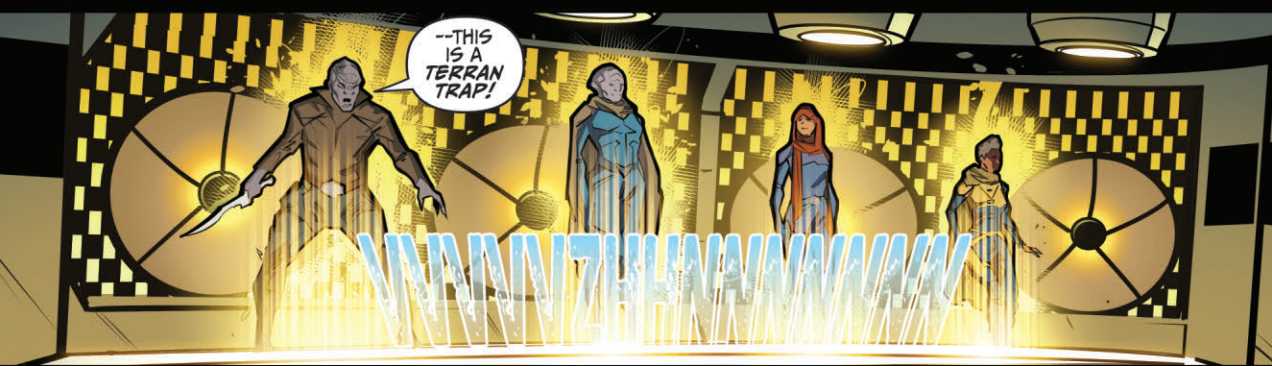
WHAT
IS SHE
PLAYING AT,
L'RELL?

AMANDA
WILL EXPLAIN
IT ALL, KOL.
FOLLOW HER
ONBOARD.
TIME IS--



--RUNNING
OUT--?

I TOLD
YOU,
L'RELL--



YOU
KNOW THIS
TERRAN,
L'RELL?

L'RELL AND
I MET MANY
YEARS AGO,
WHEN SHE WAS
CAPTURED IN
THE KHITOMER
RAIDS.

I WAS
ASSIGNED TO
THE STAFF OF
HER DETENTION
CAMP.

WE
DISCOVERED
THAT OUR VIEWS
OF THE EMPIRE
WERE SIMILAR.

YOU MAY HAVE
FOOLED L'RELL,
HUMAN, BUT
NOT ME!

WHY DO
YOUR GUARDS
GREET US WITH
WEAPONS
DRAWN?

APPEARANCES.



CONVINCED
NOW?

AND
DON'T
CALL ME
HUMAN.



I OVERHEARD THOSE TWO
CONSPIRING AGAINST ME. THEY
DID NOT REALIZE THAT I AM
PATCHED INTO SHIPWIDE
COMMS AT ALL
TIMES.

NO
WEAPONS
FOR YOU.



FOLLOW
ME. IT IS TIME
TO MAKE A
PLAN.

“ANDORIA IS THE
NEXT TARGET.”



WE HAVE TIME BEFORE WORD
OF THE FAILURE AT QO'NOS
REACHES EMPEROR ALEXANDER.
IN THE MEANTIME THE
ATTACKS ON OTHER NATIVE
POPULATIONS WILL
PROCEED.

IT
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE.



THE EMPIRE
RELIES ON THE
ENSLAVEMENT OF
NATIVE SPECIES
FOR CHEAP
LABOR.

WIPING
THEM OUT
WILL CRIPPLE
THE EMPIRE'S
COMMERCE
AND RUIN ITS
WEALTH!

ALEXANDER
DOESN'T
CARE.

TO HIM, EVERY WORLD
EMPTY OF ITS ALIEN
POPULATION BECOMES
A WORLD WAITING TO
BE FILLED BY FUTURE
GENERATIONS OF
HUMANS.

RACIAL
PURITY IS
ALL THAT
MATTERS
TO HIM.

SO
WE GO TO
ANDORIA TO
STOP THEM
THERE?

NO. TO
STOP THE
EMPEROR...



A "...WE MUST BRING THE FIGHT TO HIM."

THE
SILENCE
GNAWS
AT ME.

CALVUS!



YES,
EMPEROR?

WHAT
WORD FROM
GO'NOS?



STILL NOTHING, I
FEAR, MY LIEGE. NO
DOUBT WE WILL
SOON HAVE
GOOD--

OUT!

KLANG

MY
APOLOGIES...



...LUNATIC.





I.S.S.
SHENZHOU,
THIS IS
TERRAN
CONTROL.



EXPLAIN YOUR
RECENT FAILURES
TO RESPOND TO
IMPERIAL HAILS.
YOU SHOULD BE
EN ROUTE TO
GEMARIS V.

THIS IS CAPTAIN
AIRIAM. WE CAME
UNDER ATTACK BY
REBEL FORCES AT
STARBASE K-3 AND
OUR LONG-RANGE
COMMS WERE
COMPROMISED.

OUR
COMMAND STAFF
WAS ABOARD THE
STATION WHEN IT WAS
DESTROYED, ALONG
WITH THE GENE-WEAPON
WE INTENDED TO
DELIVER TO
GEMARIS V.

WE
REQUEST REPAIR
ASSISTANCE
WHILE WE AWAIT
NEW ORDERS.

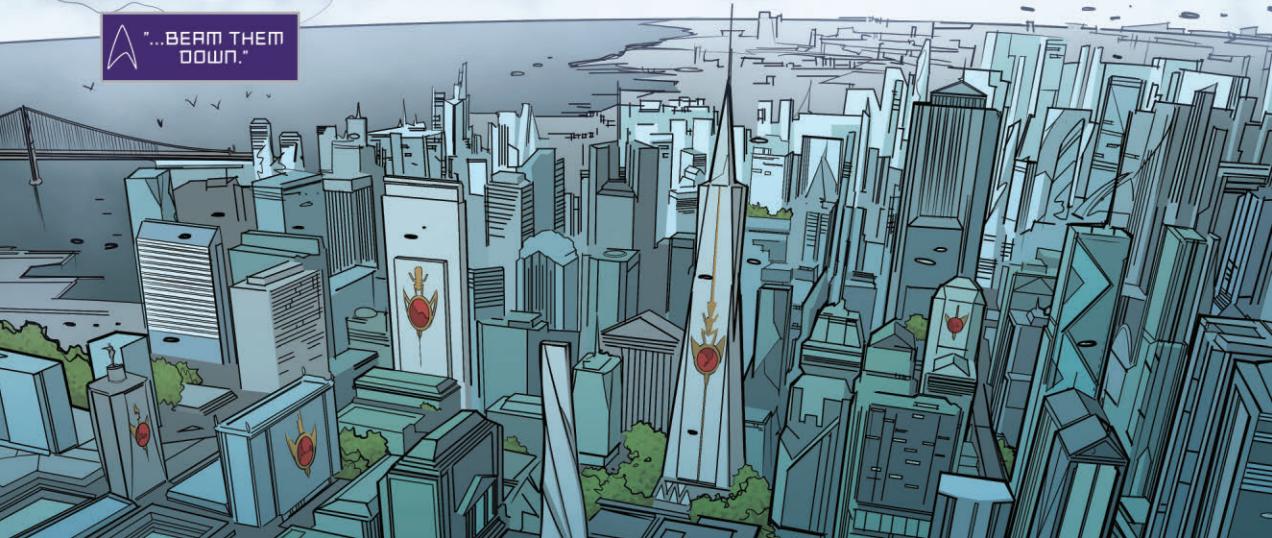


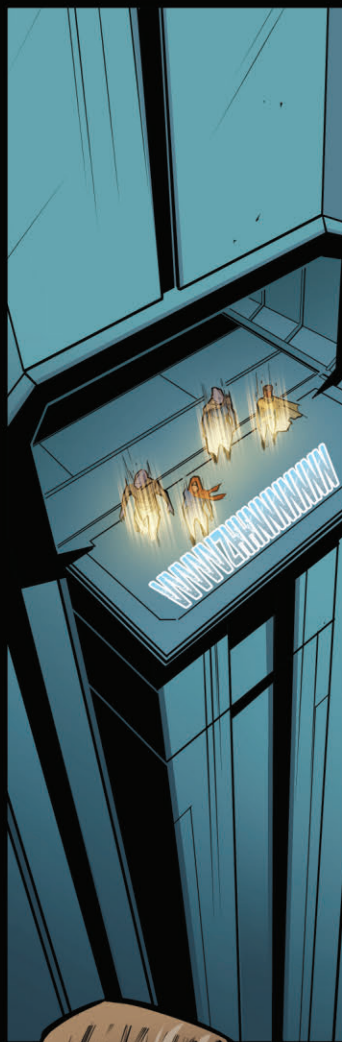
IS THE
AWAY TEAM
READY?

READY,
CAPTAIN.

GOOD...

...BEAM THEM
DOWN.





AIRIAM
SAID THERE'D
BE SOMEONE
HERE TO
MEET US?

I
COULDN'T
BELIEVE IT
WHEN SHE
TOLD ME.

YOU
SHOULD
BE DEAD. I
WISH YOU
WERE.

KATRINA.



L'RELL.
WE FINALLY
MEET IN
PERSON.

KATRINA,
YOU'RE ONE OF
THESE REBELS?
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE LOYAL TO
GABRIEL--



I'M NO
REBEL. WE
JUST HAVE THE
SAME GOAL.
THE EMPEROR
GONE.

AND I
DON'T WANT
TO HEAR YOU
SAY GABRIEL'S
NAME EVER
AGAIN.

YOU
LOST THAT
PRIVILEGE
WHEN YOU GOT
HIM KILLED.



CORNWELL,
WE DO NOT
HAVE TIME TO
FIGHT OVER
THE PAST.

AIRIAM
RELAIED
OUR PLAN
TO YOU, I
SEE.



YES.
I'LL BRING
YOU BEFORE THE
EMPEROR AS MY
PRISONERS.

GUARDS
LOYAL TO
ME WILL BE
THERE TO
ASSIST US.



AND WHEN
WE AMBUSH HIM
AND POLISH THE
PALACE FLOOR
WITH HIS
ENTRAILS, WHAT
THEN?

WHO
TAKES HIS
PLACE ON
THE EMPTY
THRONE?



IF YOU THINK
IT WILL BE YOU,
BURNHAM, YOU'LL
SOON FIND THAT
YOU DO NOT ENJOY
THE SAME LOYALTY
EMEROR GEORGIU
INSPIRED IN HER
PEOPLE.

YOUR
REIGN
WILL BE
SHORT AND
PAINFUL.



I'M
OFFENDED
YOU THINK I
DON'T KNOW
THAT,
KATRINA.



MY MOTHER WAS
AN OLD FOOL. I
HAVE NO WISH TO
FOLLOW HER
PATH.

I'LL
FIND A PATH
OF MY OWN ON
A PLANET VERY
FAR FROM
HERE.

THE THRONE ROOM.

THIS IS
THE *THIRD*
GREATEST
DAY OF MY
LIFE.

THE
SECOND
WAS THE DAY
I HEARD YOU
WERE DEAD,
MICHAEL.

THE FIRST,
OF COURSE,
WAS THE DAY I
ASCENDED TO
MY RIGHTFUL
PLACE AS
EMPEROR.

BUT
TODAY...

...TO
HAVE THE
CHANCE TO
KILL YOU
MYSELF...

PTOO

SLAAP



YOU WERE NEVER ONE FOR COURTLY MANNERS, MICHAEL.

THANK YOU, BY THE WAY, FOR BRINGING YOUR FRIENDS TO ME.



L'RELL. LEADER OF THE KLINGON RESISTANCE.

YOU'RE EVEN UGLIER THAN I IMAGINED.



KOL OF HOUSE KOR. WHAT IS IT THEY CALL YOU? "THE BLADE OF KAHLESS?"

SOON NO KLINGON WILL BE LEFT TO SING SONGS ABOUT YOU.



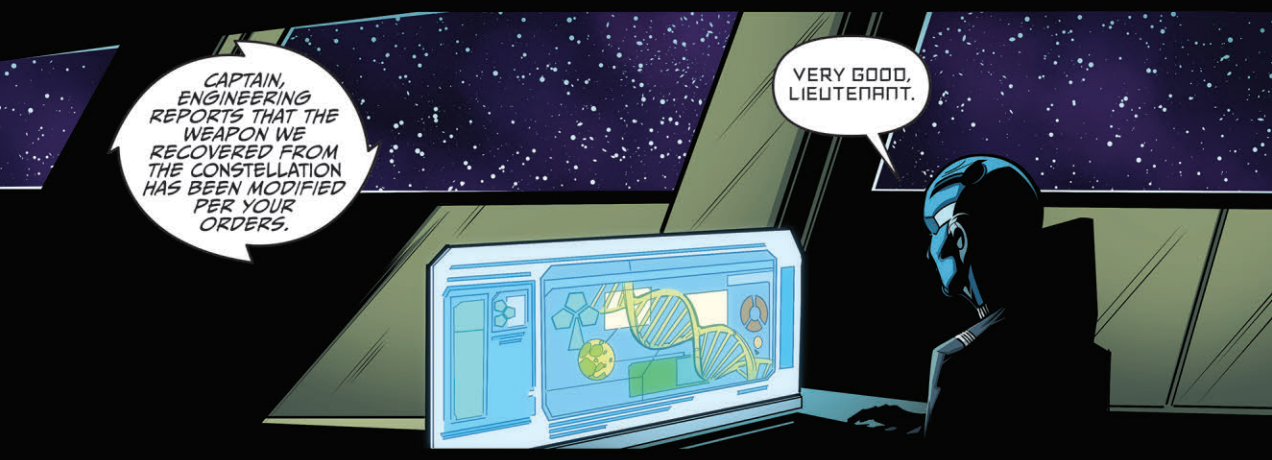
AND YOU, AMANDA GRAYSON.

TRAITOR TO HER SPECIES.



WE'LL START WITH YOU.





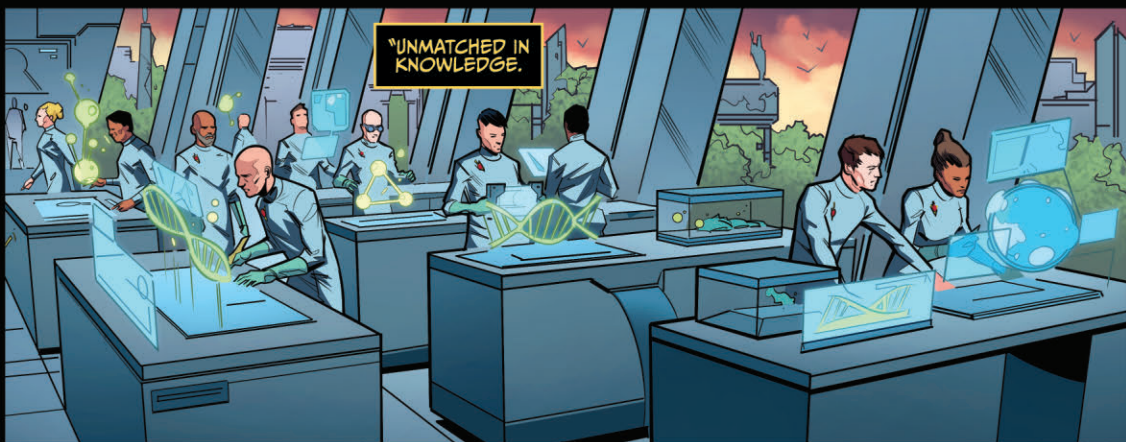




"THE TERRAN
EMPIRE IS THE
MOST ADVANCED
CIVILIZATION IN
THE HISTORY OF
THE GALAXY."



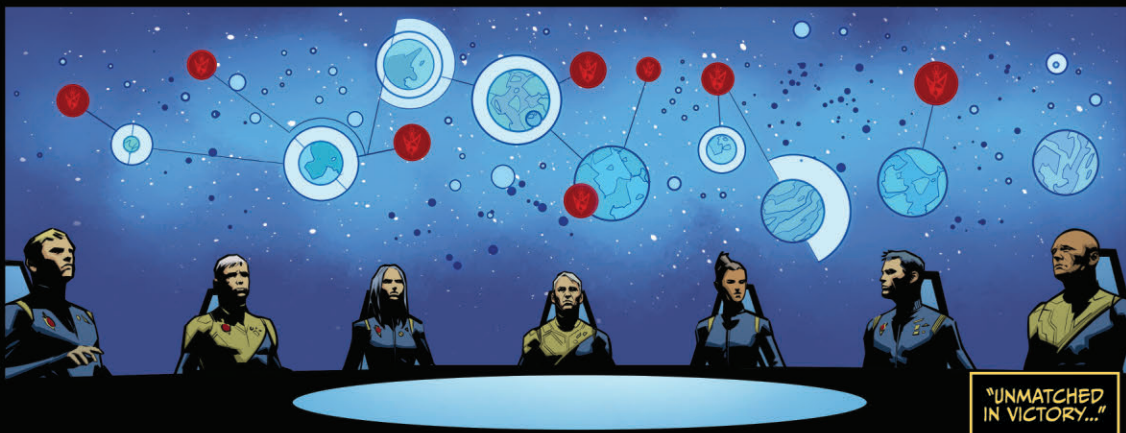
"UNMATCHED IN
KNOWLEDGE."



"UNMATCHED
IN POWER."



"UNMATCHED
IN VICTORY..."







...ARE
NO MATCH
FOR KLINGON
STRENGTH!

HRAAAH!

CRACK

CRACK



FOR
QO'NOS!

WHAM



YRRRAH--!

CHOK



THUD



WEAPONS
DOWN OR THE
EMPEROR
DIES!







WHY
SO BAFFLED,
ALEXANDER?

YOU
NO DOUBT
EXPECTED
MICHAEL WOULD
WANT TO ASSUME
THE THRONE
IN YOUR PLACE.



BUT
BURNHAM
HAS ASSURED
ME THAT SHE
WANTS NOTHING
TO DO WITH
IT.

A
RULING COUNCIL
OF GOVERNORS WILL
OVERSEE THE EMPIRE
UNTIL A NEW EMPEROR
CAN BE CHOSEN. YOUR
GENOCIDAL PLANS ARE OVER.
YOUR REIGN IS FINISHED.



YEAH,
ABOUT
THAT...







INFORM THE OTHERS OF THE GLORIOUS NEWS AND RETURN TO ME WITH THE EMPEROR'S SENIOR COUNSELORS.

AS YOU COMMAND, EMPEROR BURNHAM.



RED BLOOD. DISGUSTING.

SORRY ABOUT THAT.



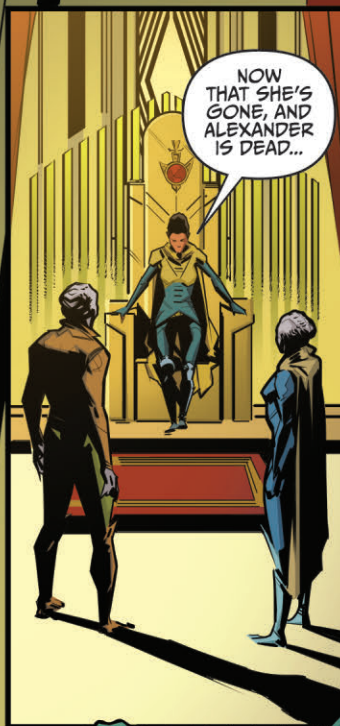
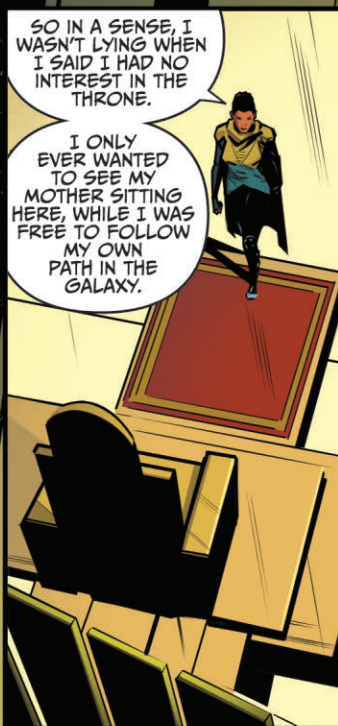
BURNHAM, YOU SAID--

I SAID WHAT I NEEDED CORNWELL TO HEAR SO THAT SHE WOULDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING.



MY MOTHER BELIEVED I BETRAYED HER LOVE FOR LORCA'S.

SHE WAS WRONG. BUT I NEVER HAD TIME TO TELL HER.





DO NOT FORGET THAT YOU WOULD BE DEAD ON THIS FLOOR IF NOT FOR US.

AND THE KLINGON PEOPLE ARE STILL AT THE MERCY OF THE EMPIRE YOU NOW CLAIM AS YOUR OWN.



AND MERCIFUL I SHALL BE.

ALEXANDER WANTED TO RID THE GALAXY OF ALL NON-HUMAN SPECIES. HE WAS A FOOL WHO EQUATED MURDER WITH POWER.

MY MOTHER UNDERSTOOD THAT AN EMPEROR IS NOTHING WITHOUT SUBJECTS TO RULE.



I WILL FULFILL HER LEGACY. YOUR PEOPLE, LIKE ALL OF MY SUBJECTS, WILL BE PROTECTED.

YOU WILL CONTINUE TO LIVE AND WORK IN SERVICE TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE EMPIRE.

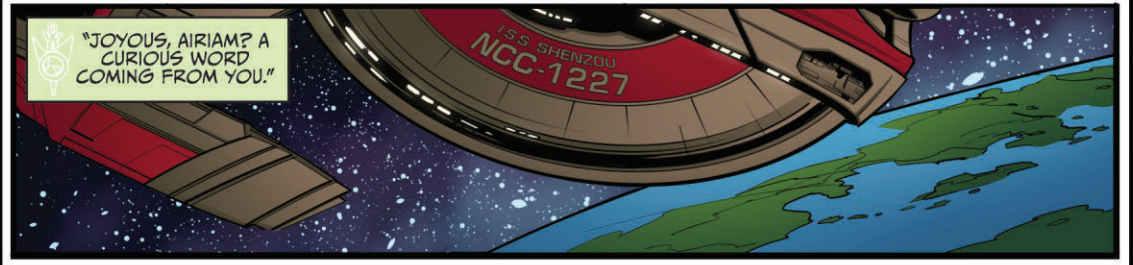


AND TO REWARD YOU FOR YOUR PERSONAL SERVICE TO ME, YOU WILL SERVE AS THE NEW GOVERNORS OF QO'NOS TOGETHER.



YOUR EMPEROR THANKS YOU.

"THIS IS JOYOUS NEWS, EMPEROR."



"JOYOUS, AIRIAM? A
CURIOUS WORD
COMING FROM YOU."



I DON'T
THINK I'VE
EVER SEEN
YOU CRACK
A SMILE.

AND YET
I AM PLEASED
TO HEAR OF YOUR
SUCCESS. I PLEDGE
MY FEALTY AND
THAT OF MY
CREW TO
YOU.



I EXPECT
NO LESS.

AFTER MY
CORONATION
YOU WILL
ESCORT THE
KLINGONS
BACK TO
QO'NOS.



IT
WILL BE
DONE.

LONG
LIVE THE
EMPIRE!

"OUR
EMPEROR?"



WE'VE JUST TRADED ONE TYRANT FOR ANOTHER, L'RELL.



AND YET HERE WE ARE, KOL.

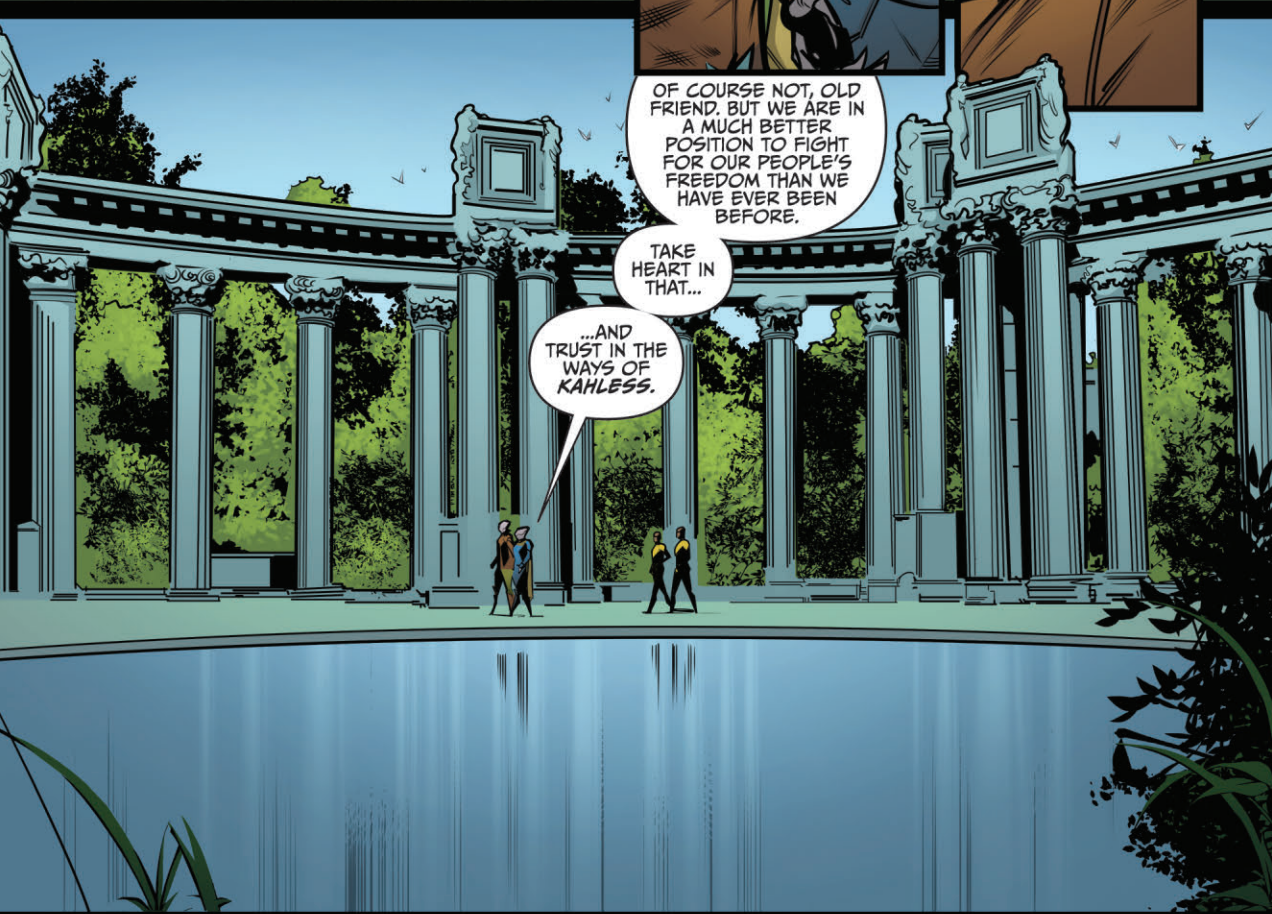
TWO KLINGONS STROLLING THROUGH THE TERRAN IMPERIAL GARDENS, WITH INVITATIONS TO THE EMPEROR'S CORONATION, NO LESS.

IF BURNHAM WANTED US DEAD, WE WOULD BE.



WE DEFILE OUR LUNGS WITH THIS TERRAN AIR. AND OUR PEOPLE ARE NO MORE FREE THAN THEY WERE YESTERDAY.

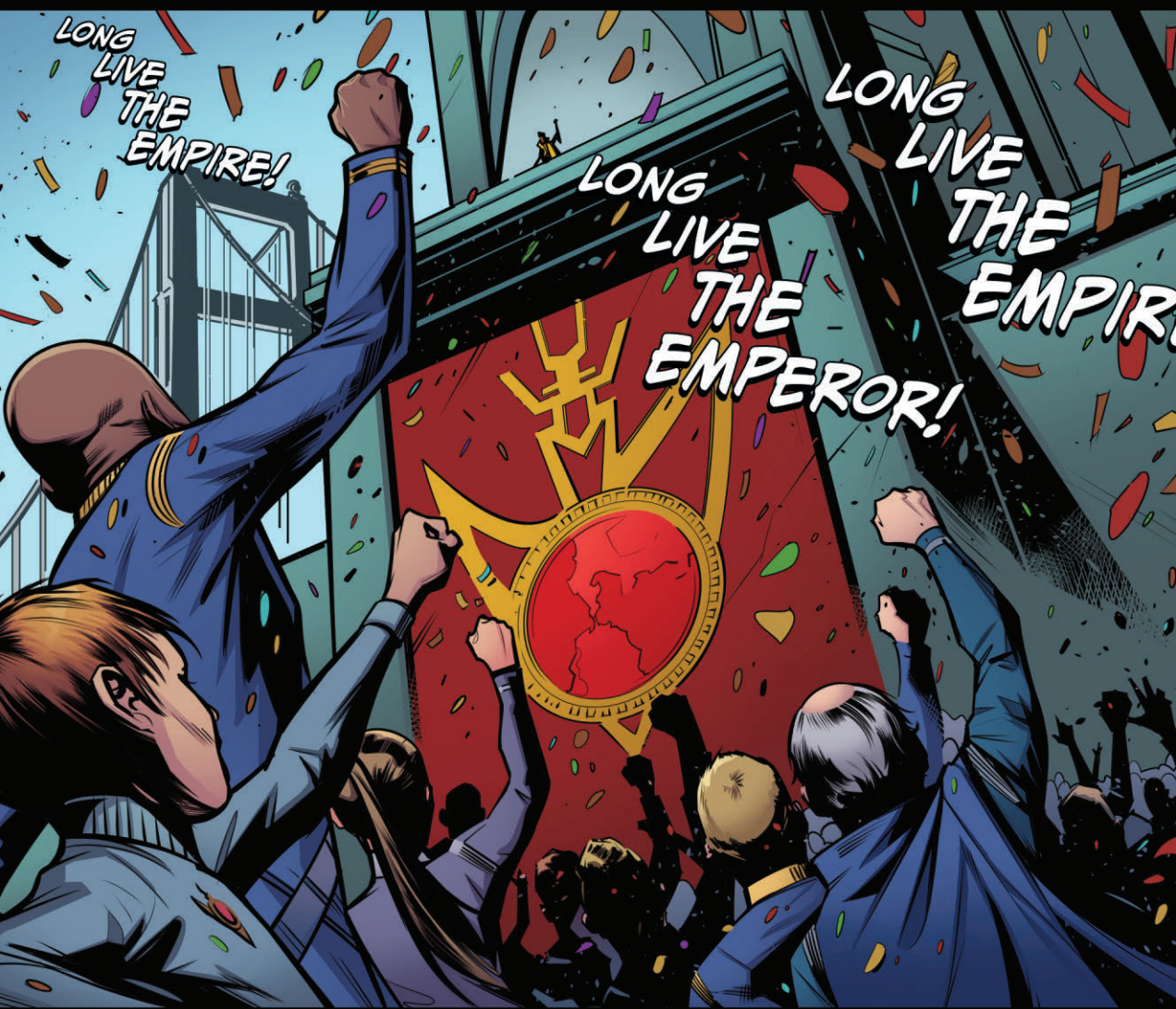
OUR FIGHT IS NOT OVER.



OF COURSE NOT, OLD FRIEND, BUT WE ARE IN A MUCH BETTER POSITION TO FIGHT FOR OUR PEOPLE'S FREEDOM THAN WE HAVE EVER BEEN BEFORE.

TAKE HEART IN THAT...

...AND TRUST IN THE WAYS OF KAHLESS.







W-WHAT--?

AAAAGHE

HUKKHE

IGHKE

UGHCE

N-NO--!

AAAGH--!

WHAT IS HAPPENING--?

HUHHCKE

YUH--YUH--



YES.



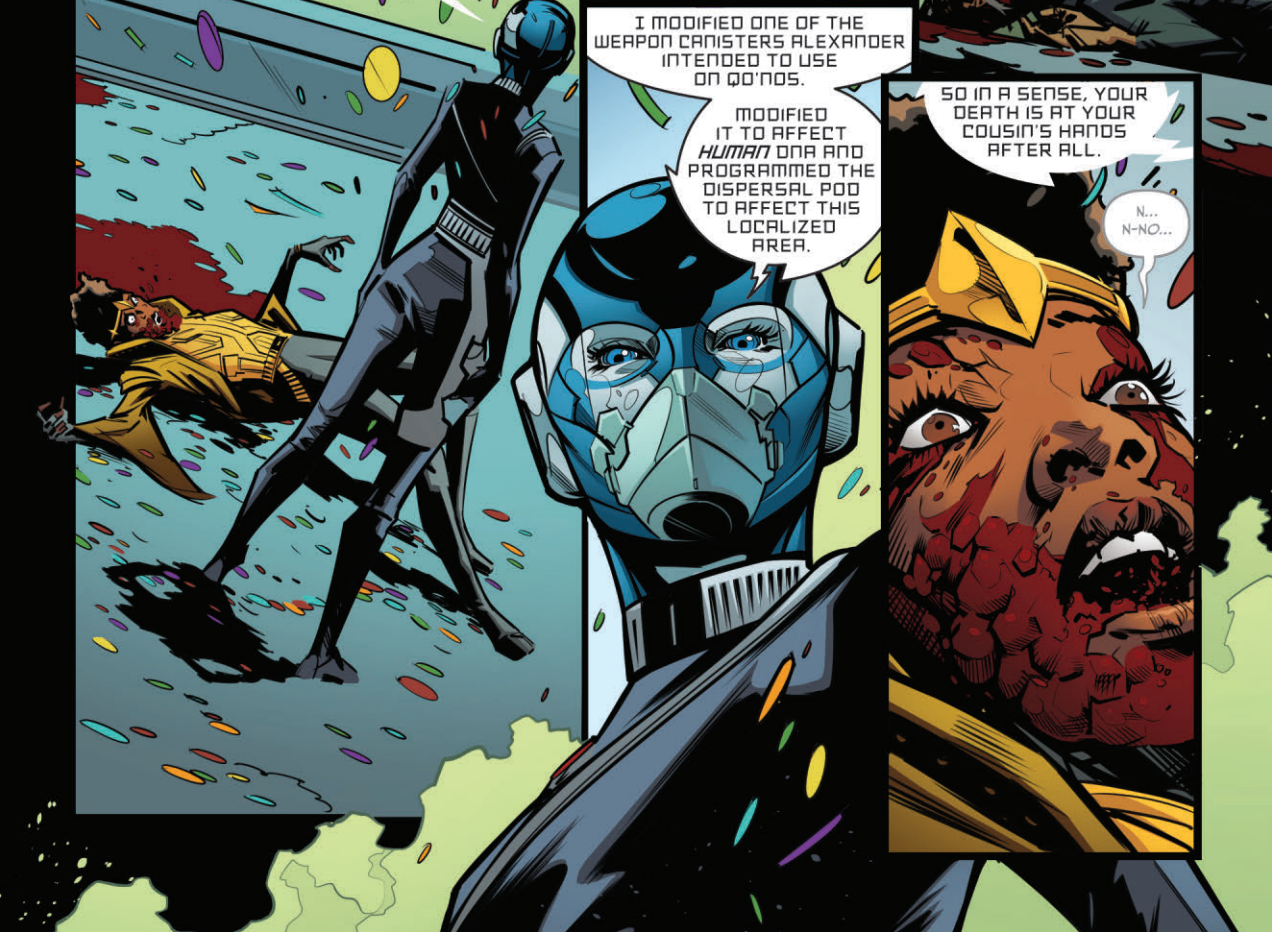
HAPPY
CORONATION
DAY.

I MODIFIED ONE OF THE
WEAPON CANISTERS ALEXANDER
INTENDED TO USE
ON QO'NOS.

MODIFIED
IT TO AFFECT
HUMAN DNA AND
PROGRAMMED THE
DISPERSAL POD
TO AFFECT THIS
LOCALIZED
AREA.

SO IN A SENSE, YOUR
DEATH IS AT YOUR
COUSIN'S HANDS
AFTER ALL.

N...
N-NO...







SLAUGHTERING
YOUR OWN
PEOPLE?

YOU
SHOULD BE
GRATEFUL. I
COULD HAVE LEFT
THE POISON KEYED
TO KLINGON DNA
AS WELL.



AND THESE
WERE NEVER MY
PEOPLE. NOT
REALLY.

TO MOST
TERRANS I HAVE
ONLY EVER BEEN
A *FREAK*, ALIVE
ONLY BECAUSE
TECHNOLOGY
ALLOWS ME
TO BE.



BUT BEING AN OUTCAST
HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.
NO ONE PAYS MUCH
ATTENTION TO
YOU.

SO
YOU'RE
FREE TO
MAKE
PLANS.

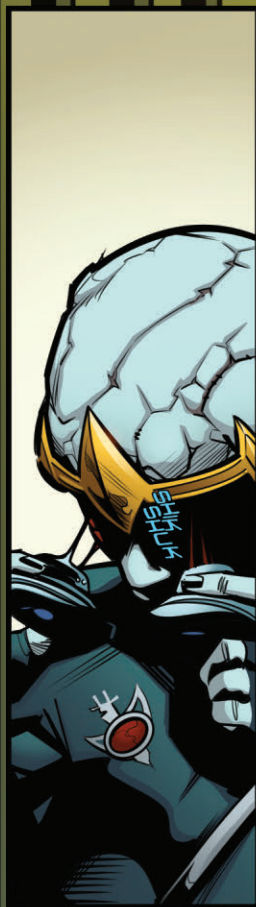
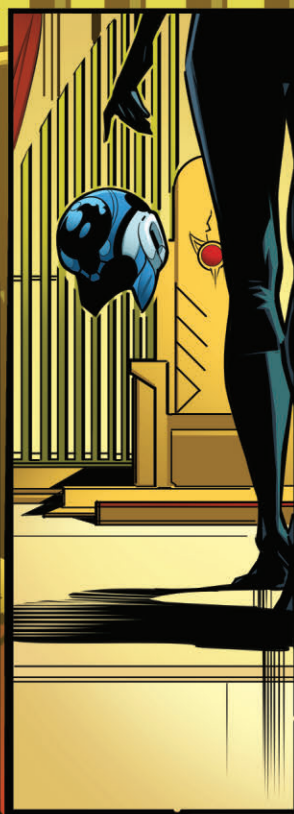


THE SHENZHOU
WILL TAKE YOU
BACK TO QO'NOS.
YOUR STATUS AS
NEW GOVERNORS
REMAINS IN
EFFECT.

YOU
THINK YOU HAVE
POWER NOW?
WHY WOULD ANY
TERRAN FOLLOW
YOU AFTER
THIS?!



SILLY
KLINGON. I
ALREADY TOLD
YOU. WHEN THEY
SEE WHAT I'VE
DONE, THEY'LL
GLADLY BEND
THEIR KNEES.



EPILOGUE.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL.

I SWEAR THAT
SOMETIMES NEWS
TRAVELS FASTER
THAN LIGHT.

AND THE NEWS
FROM THE IMPERIAL
CAPITAL IS CERTAINLY
UNEXPECTED

OUR MISSION REMAINS
THE SAME, NO MATTER
WHO'S SITTING ON THE
THRONE.

BUT IN THE SPACE OF A
FEW WEEKS, WE'VE
SEEN FOUR DIFFERENT
EMPERORS.

THIS NEW
ONE CERTAINLY
SOUNDS CAPABLE.

AS MY FIRST
OFFICER IS FOND
OF SAYING...

...FASCINATING.







BEFORE.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL.

THERE WAS
NO WARNING.

WE WERE COLLECTING
RARE SPECIMENS FROM AN
UNMAPPED ASTEROID BELT
WHEN THE ROCKS STARTED
SPINNING WILDLY.

REROUTE ALL
AUXILIARY POWER
TO SHIELDS!

COME ABOUT
THREE-TWO-
FIVE!

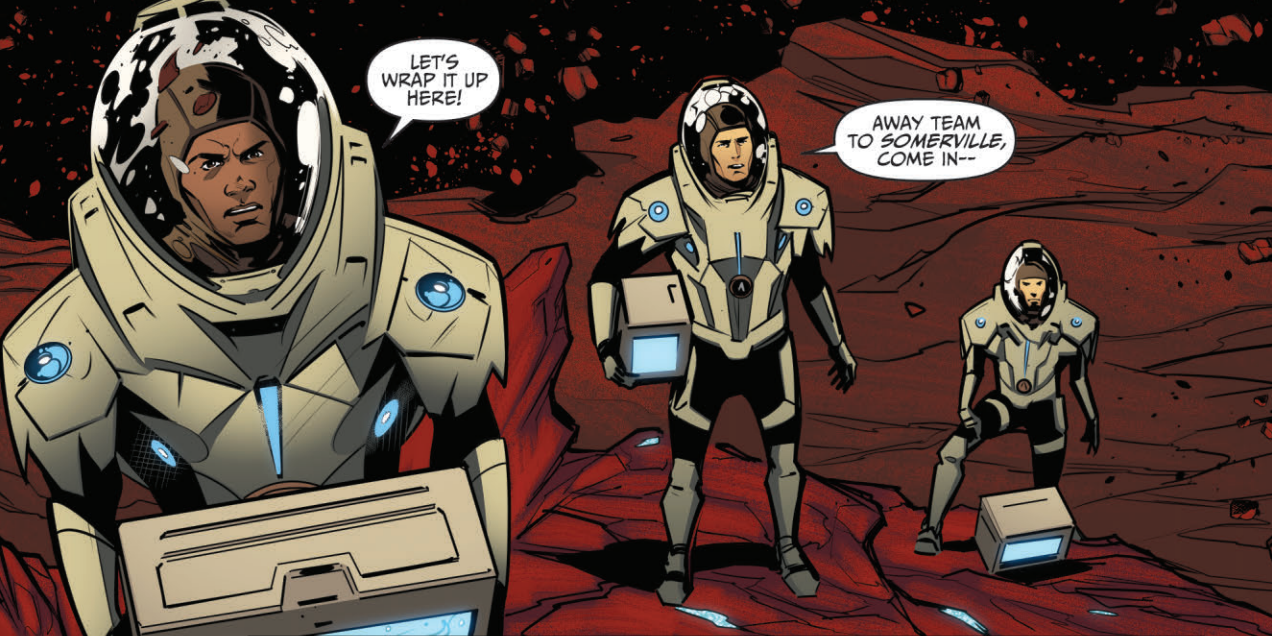
AYE,
CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN,
SHIELDS ARE
HOLDING...

"...BUT I DON'T
KNOW FOR
HOW LONG!"

MAGNETICS FROM
THE ASTEROIDS WERE
PLAYING HAVOC WITH
OUR COMMS.

WE'RE
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE UNTIL
WE BRING OUR
AWAY TEAM
HOME!



LET'S
WRAP IT UP
HERE!

AWAY TEAM
TO SOMERVILLE,
COME IN--



3TTZT5-
OMERVILLE,
PLEASE RES
3PTTZ-TTZT5

HOLD
YOUR POSITIONS,
LIEUTENANT! WE'RE
LOCKING ON TO
YOU NOW!

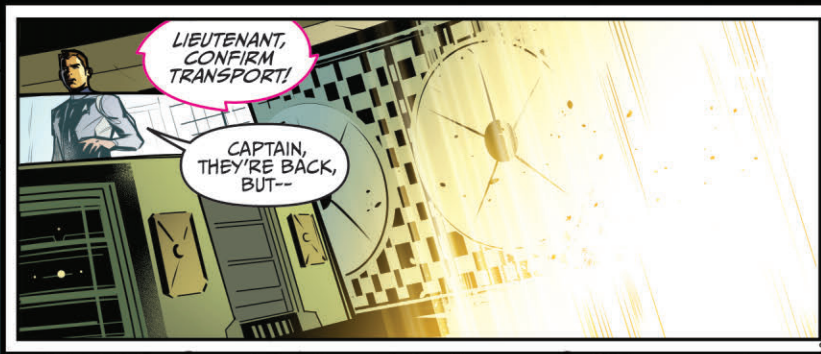


I'VE
GOT THEM,
CAPTAIN!



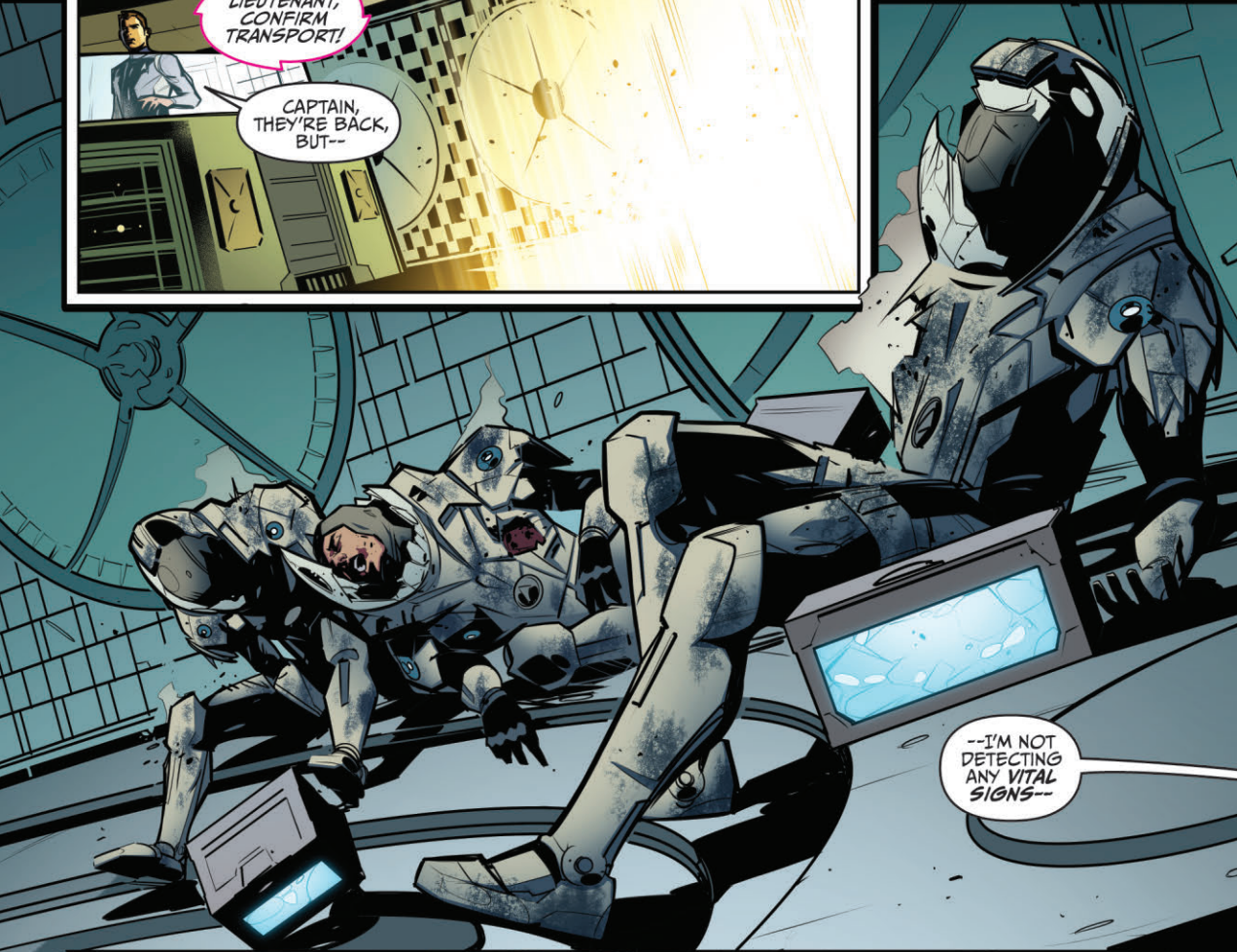
"TRANSPORTING
NOW--"

KA-KOOOM



LIEUTENANT,
CONFIRM
TRANSPORT!

CAPTAIN,
THEY'RE BACK,
BUT--



--I'M NOT
DETECTING
ANY VITAL
SIGNS--



SOMEHOW, THE
SPECIMENS SURVIVED
THE TRANSPORT.

--WE LOST
THEM,
CAPTAIN!

HELM, GET
US OUT OF
HERE, WARP
FOUR!

MAY THE KNOWLEDGE
THEY PROVIDE US BE
WORTH THE SACRIFICE.



MONTHS LATER. THE PLANET DENEVA.

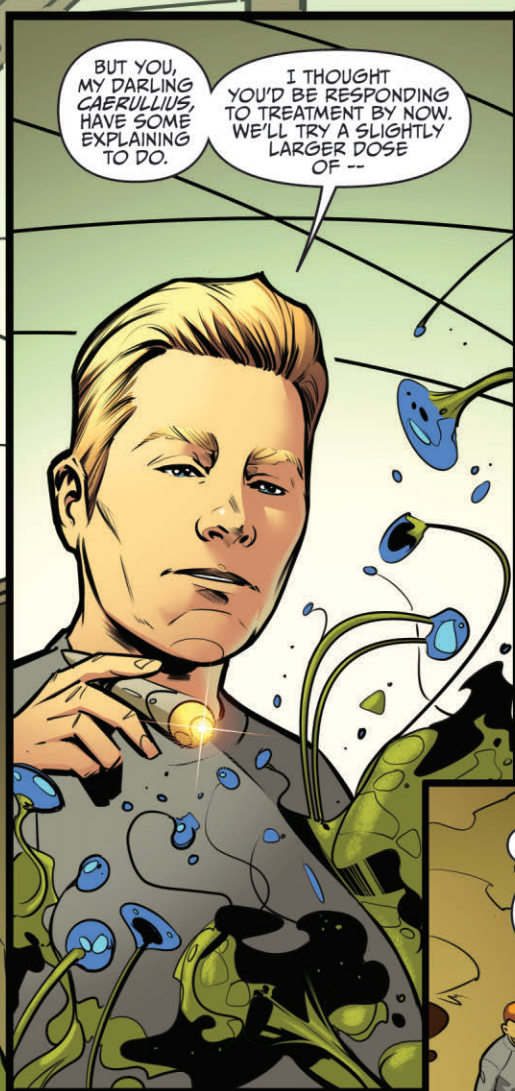
CYATHUS
POEPPIGII, HOW
ARE YOU THIS
MORNING?

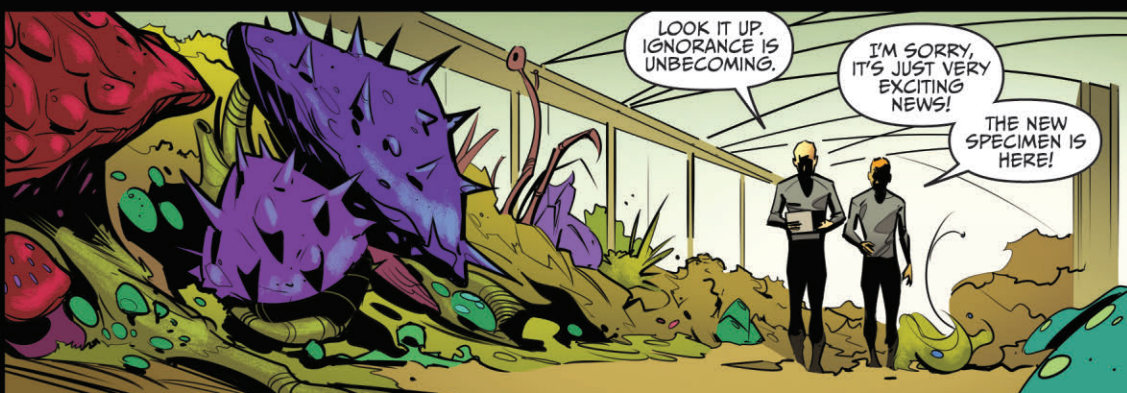
PLEUROTUS
LELAS, YOU'RE
LOOKING PARTICULARLY
RAVISHING...

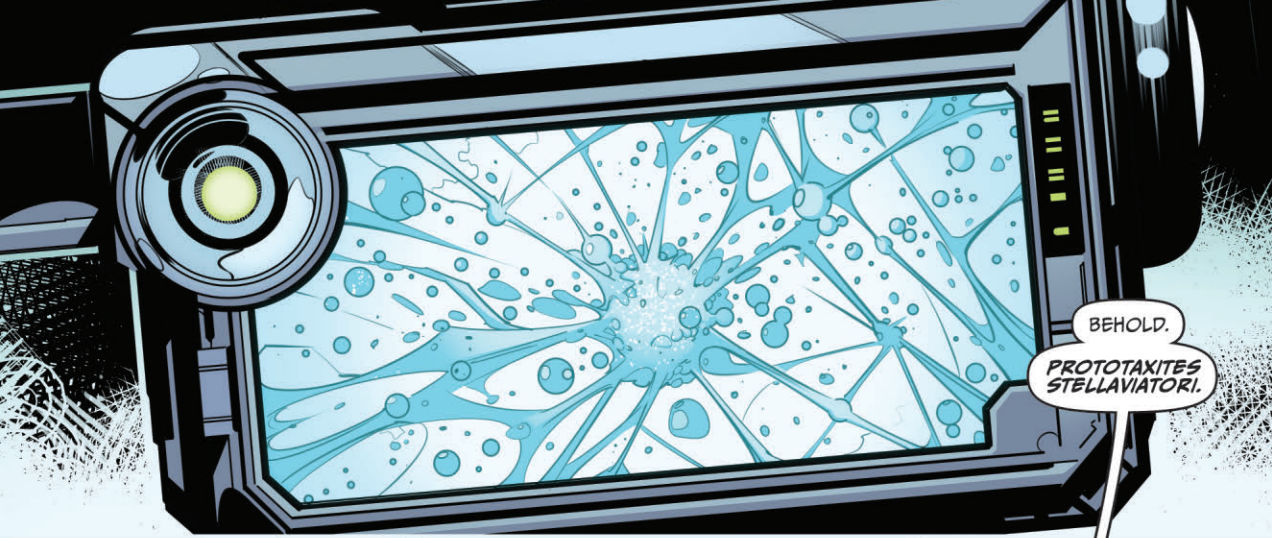
AMANITA
KESSLERAE, I'M
SEEING SOME
EXCELLENT
PROGRESS...

...AND NO, HEBELOMA
CITTERIA, THAT'S NOT A
SUBTLE CRITICISM OF
YOU, RELAX...

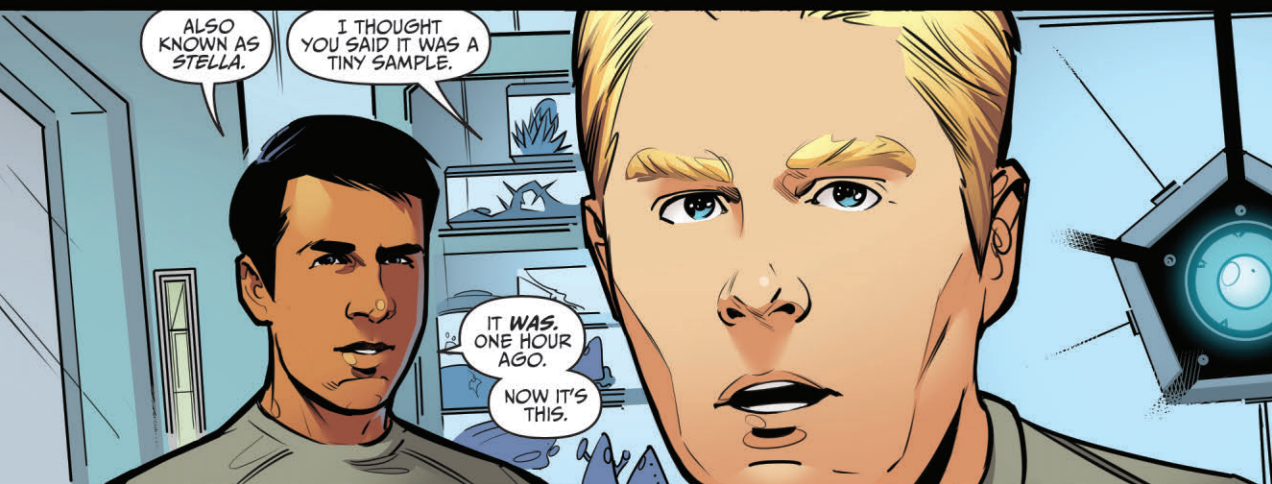








BEHOLD.
**PROTOTAXITES
STELLAVIATORI.**



ALSO
KNOWN AS
STELLA.

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID IT WAS A
TINY SAMPLE.

IT WAS.
ONE HOUR
AGO.

NOW IT'S
THIS.



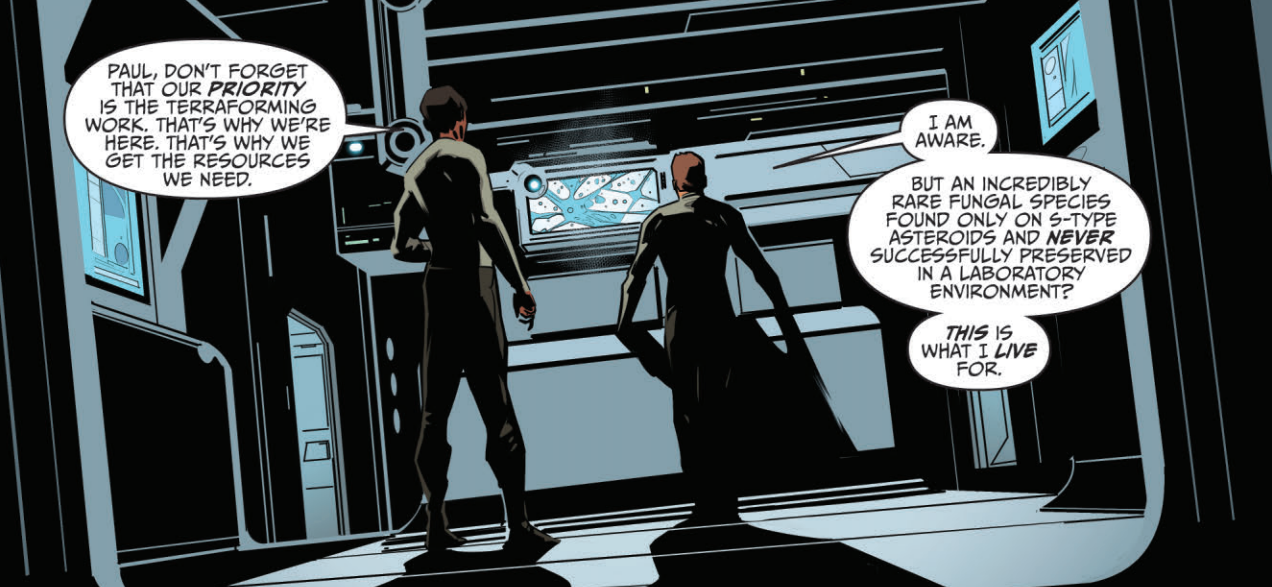
I'VE DOSED IT WITH A
GROWTH INHIBITOR SO IT
DOESN'T DEVOUR THE WHOLE
FACILITY BY TOMORROW
MORNING.

INCREDIBLE...



WE ARE THE
**FIRST ONES TO
STUDY STELLAVIATORI!**
IN A CONTROLLED
ENVIRONMENT!

START ETCHING
OUR NAMES ON
THE ZEE-MAGNEES
PRIZE!



PAUL, DON'T FORGET THAT OUR **PRIORITY** IS THE TERRAFORMING WORK. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THAT'S WHY WE GET THE RESOURCES WE NEED.

I AM AWARE.

BUT AN INCREDIBLY RARE FUNGAL SPECIES FOUND ONLY ON S-TYPE ASTEROIDS AND **NEVER** SUCCESSFULLY PRESERVED IN A LABORATORY ENVIRONMENT?

THIS IS WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M INVITING YOU TO THE OPERA TONIGHT.

AMELIA HAS AN EXTRA TICKET TO THE NEW KASSEELIAN PRODUCTION, AND YOU NEED A NIGHT OFF.

KASSEELIAN OPERA BORES ME. LOOK AT THE RATE OF THIS PRIMORDIUM DEVELOPMENT--

AND THESE RHIZOMORPHS-- I'VE NEVER SEEN **ANYTHING** LIKE THESE--

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THIS LAB UNTIL I COME BACK TOMORROW MORNING, ARE YOU?

I LIKE TO THINK THE GREATEST STRENGTH OF OUR FRIENDSHIP IS THIS KIND OF MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

HAVE FUN AT THE OPERA.





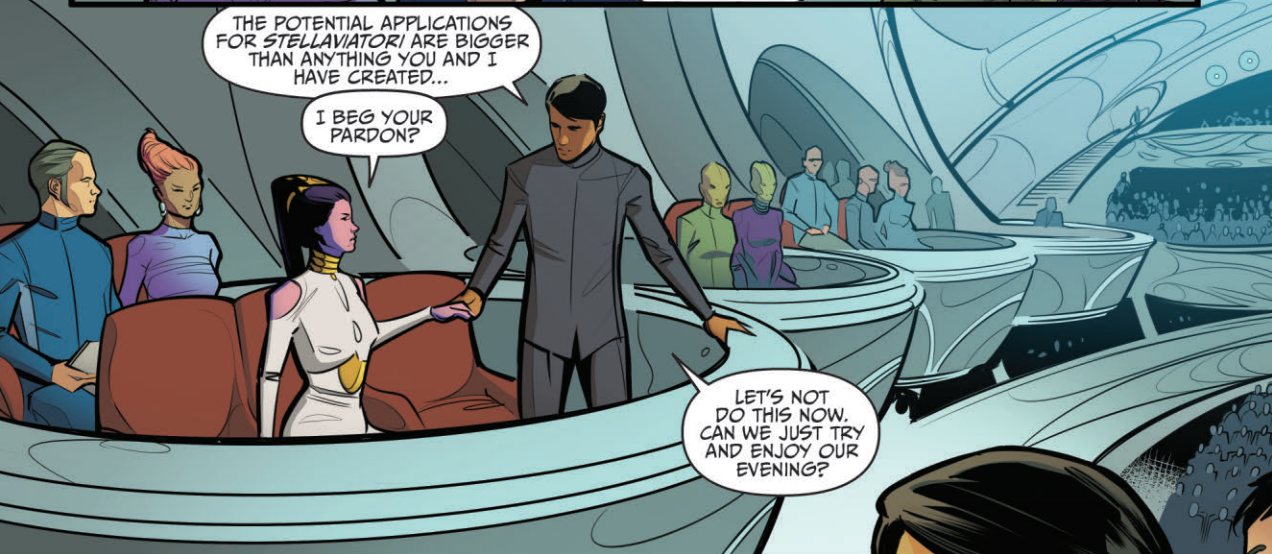
"YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS,
JUSTIN..."



...WE'RE MONTHS AWAY
FROM TERRAFORMING
DRAXUS, A GOAL WE HAVE
WORKED TIRELESSLY
TOWARD FOR FIVE
YEARS...

IT'S NOT THAT
SIMPLE...

...AND YOU
WANT TO PISS THAT
AWAY BECAUSE PAUL
FOUND A NEW
MUSHROOM?



THE POTENTIAL APPLICATIONS
FOR STELLAVIATORI ARE BIGGER
THAN ANYTHING YOU AND I
HAVE CREATED...

I BEG YOUR
PARDON?

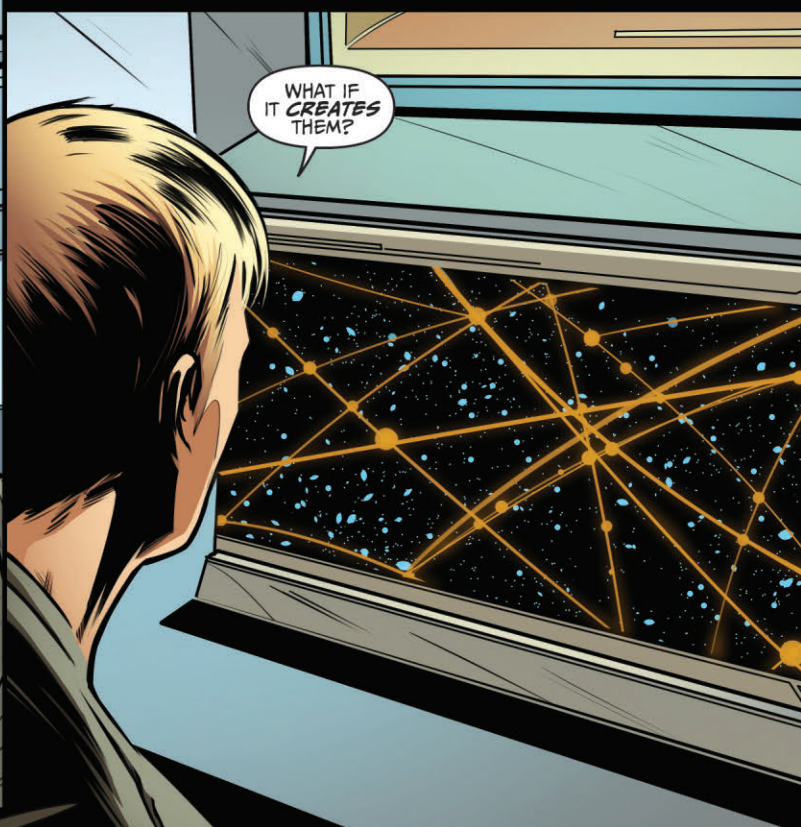
LET'S NOT
DO THIS NOW.
CAN WE JUST TRY
AND ENJOY OUR
EVENING?



I NEED TO
KNOW THAT I,
THAT **WE** COME
FIRST, JUSTIN.

OF
COURSE
WE DO.

BECAUSE
I'M GOING TO
DRAXUS...WITH OR
WITHOUT YOU, MY
LOVE.





AMAZING. AN ELECTRICAL SIGNAL PASSED BETWEEN TWO PHYSICALLY UNCONNECTED THINGS.

CONGRATULATIONS, DR. STAMETS. YOU'VE INVENTED THE COMMUNICATOR.

WHY DOES YOUR SKEPTICISM ALWAYS CLOAK ITSELF IN HUMOR?

I DIDN'T JUST **SEND** AN ELECTRICAL SIGNAL. I INJECTED THE SMALLER SAMPLE WITH A MARKER PROTEIN.

COME HERE AND LOOK AT THIS.

THE SAME PROTEIN SPONTANEOUSLY APPEARS IN THE PRIMARY SAMPLE.

FORGET COMMUNICATORS. THESE THINGS ARE **TRANSPORTERS**.

I'VE REPLICATED THE PROCESS THROUGH ALL THE SAMPLES. IT'S LIKE THERE'S AN **INVISIBLE ROOT SYSTEM** CONNECTING THEM ALL!

NO OTHER FUNGAL SPECIES HAS EVER COME CLOSE TO THIS!

WE'LL HAVE TO DIVE DEEPER. REPLICATE YOUR RESULTS UNDER THE MOST RIGOROUS CONDITIONS.

YES. AND THEN?

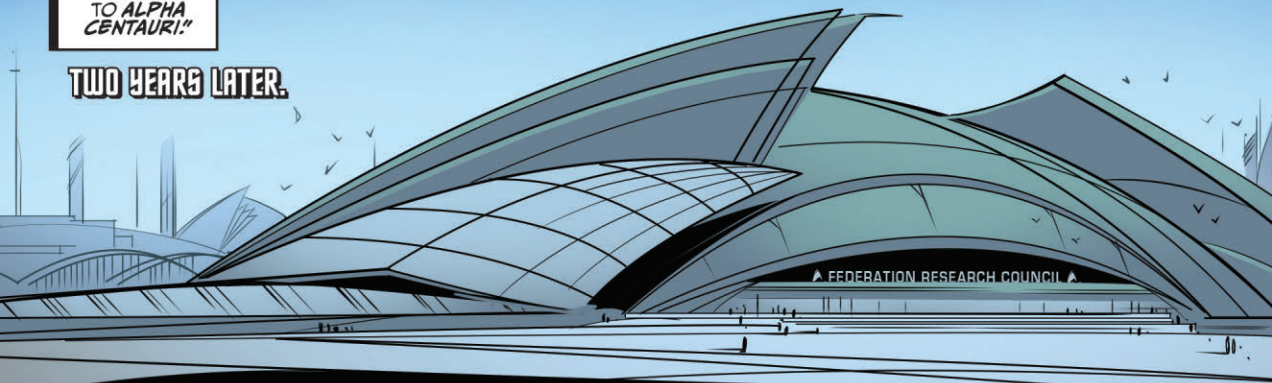
WE FORMULATE A WORKING HYPOTHESIS THAT WE CAN PRESENT FOR PEER REVIEW.

YES. AND THEN?

AND THEN...

"...WE TAKE IT
TO ALPHA
CENTAURI!"

TWO YEARS LATER.



MYCELIUM.

THE MICROSCOPIC NETWORK THAT CONNECTS FUNGI ACROSS DISTANCES GREAT AND SMALL, CREATING WHAT CAN LEGITIMATELY BE CALLED THE LARGEST ORGANISMS FOUND ON ANY PLANET.

THUS FAR WE HAVE UNDERSTOOD MYCELIUM TO BE A NETWORK DEVOTED TO WATER AND NUTRIENT DELIVERY.

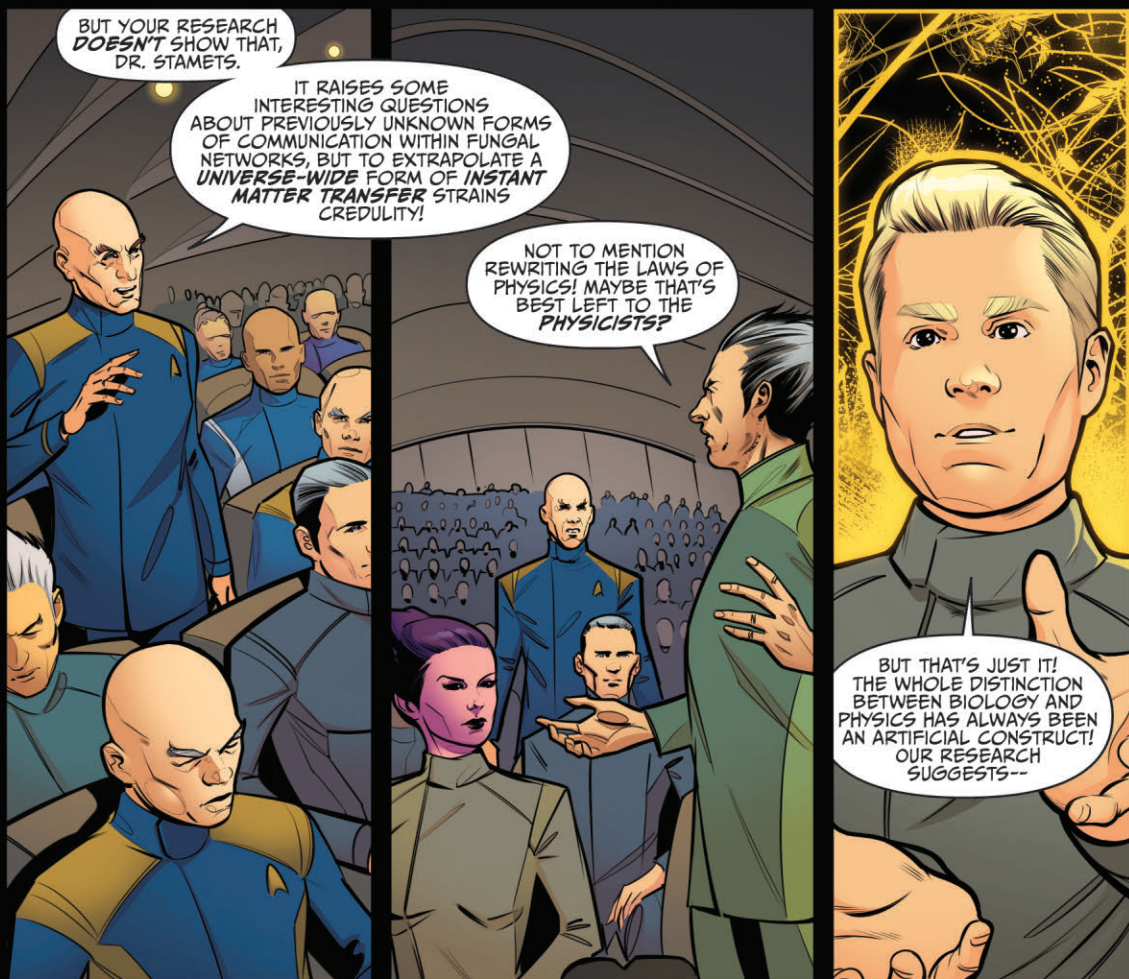
BUT AS THE RESEARCH WE'VE PRESENTED TODAY HAS SHOWN, MY COLLEAGUE AND I HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW FACET OF MYCELIAL CONNECTION THUS FAR LIMITED TO ONE EXTREMELY RARE SPECIES.

PROTOTAXITES STELLAVIATORI.

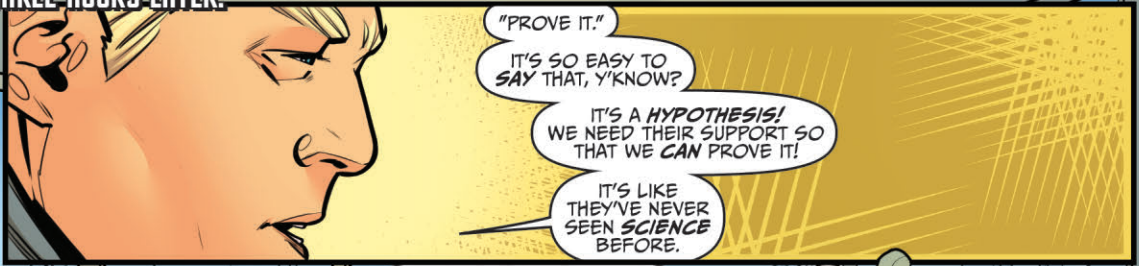
A FUNGAL NETWORK THAT COMMUNICATES ON A QUANTUM LEVEL.

UNDETECTABLE TO THE NAKED EYE, BUT *THERE*.

WITH NO LIMIT TO THE DISTANCE ACROSS WHICH MATTER ITSELF CAN TRAVEL.



THREE HOURS LATER.



"PROVE IT."

IT'S SO EASY TO SAY THAT, Y'KNOW?

IT'S A **HYPOTHESIS!** WE NEED THEIR SUPPORT SO THAT WE **CAN** PROVE IT!

IT'S LIKE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN **SCIENCE** BEFORE.

WE'RE **MYCOLOGISTS**, PAUL. FACE IT. WE HAVE NEVER BEEN, AND NEVER WILL BE, THE COOL KIDS IN THE ROOM.

LISTEN, AMELIA WANTS TO SEE ME TONIGHT. SHE'S CONCERNED THAT OUR **STELLA** RESEARCH IS TAKING AWAY FROM THE TERRAFORMING PROJECT.

WELL I'M **SURE** TODAY'S PRESENTATION CHANGED HER MIND.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER MEETING NOW. TRY NOT TO DROWN YOURSELF WHILE I'M GONE.

NO PROMISES.

SIGH

I MISS MY MUSHROOMS.

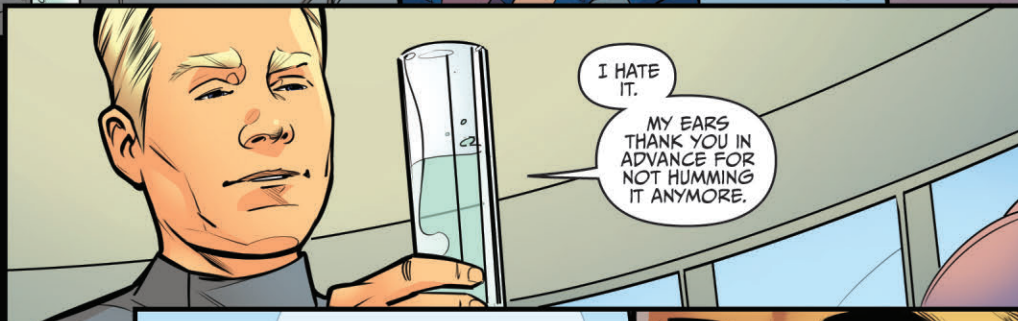
*mmm hmmm
hmm
hmm hmmm
mmmm
mmmm*





EXCUSE ME, IS THAT KASSEELIAN OPERA YOU'RE HUMMING?

YES! YOU KNOW IT?



I HATE IT.

MY EARS THANK YOU IN ADVANCE FOR NOT HUMMING IT ANYMORE.



YOU'RE RUDE.

AND YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY.

AND YOU HAVE BAD TASTE IN MUSIC.



YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT MY TASTE IN MUSIC IS, BECAUSE I DON'T HUM IT IN PUBLIC.

BARKEEP?



YOUR LECTURES ARE BETTER THAN YOUR MANNERS. I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE PART ABOUT "STAR PATHS."

GOOD LUCK.



...I LIKE HIM.



DR. STRAAL,
I'M COMMANDER
ZEV REBHOLZ. IT'S A
PLEASURE TO FINALLY
MEET YOU.

I'M SURPRISED
TO SEE STARFLEET
AT A CIVILIAN MYCOLOGY
SYMPOSIUM.

STARFLEET'S
SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS
ARE INCREDIBLY VARIED.
MY DIVISION IS DOING
CUTTING-EDGE WORK IN
QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT,
AND I'M INTRIGUED BY
THE WORK YOU'VE
BEEN DOING.

I REALIZE NOT
EVERYONE HERE TODAY
SAW THE GENIUS IN DOCTOR
STAMETS'S PRESENTATION,
BUT I CERTAINLY DID.



YOU'VE STILL
GOT A WAYS TO GO,
BUT I PLAN TO FOLLOW
YOUR RESEARCH
CAREFULLY.



THAT'S...
FLATTERING,
COMMANDER.

PAUL SOMETIMES
GETS A LITTLE AHEAD
OF HIMSELF, BUT I
BELIEVE WE'RE CLOSE TO
PROVING OUR THEORIES
ABOUT ORGANIC
ENTANGLEMENT.



YOU MAY NOT HAVE
THOUGHT ABOUT SIGNING
UP WITH STARFLEET. BUT WE
OFFER MORE THAN JUST
THE CHANCE TO FLY
STARSHIPS.

THE FREEDOM
TO FOCUS ON YOUR
GOALS WITH UNLIMITED
RESOURCES AND MINIMAL
DISTRACTIONS CAN BE
EXHILARATING.



YOU MIGHT FIND
SOME OF THESE
ARTICLES
HELPFUL.

KEEP IN
TOUCH, WON'T
YOU?



WHY DID YOU COME HERE, AMELIA?



STAGE ONE IS COMPLETE. THERE IS ENOUGH ATMOSPHERE ON DRAXUS NOW TO BEGIN SEEDING.

THAT'S WONDERFUL. BUT YOU COULD HAVE SIMPLY SENT ME A MESSAGE.

I WANTED TO SEE THOSE POTENTIAL APPLICATIONS FOR PAUL'S MUSHROOMS FOR MYSELF.



IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOUR PEERS WERE ANY MORE IMPRESSED THAN I WAS.

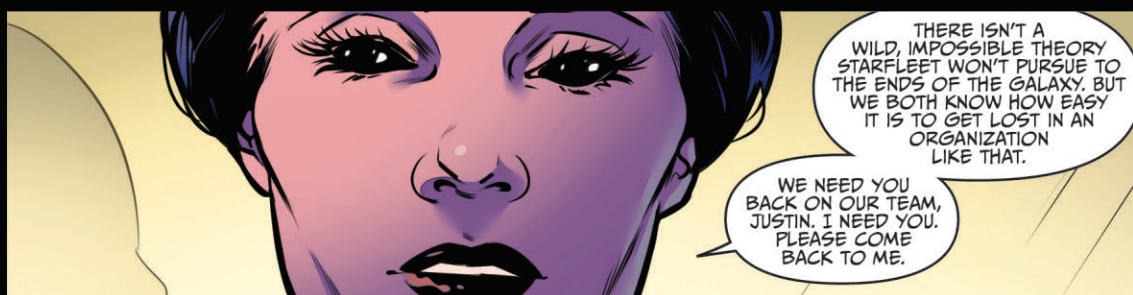
I'M TRULY SORRY. PUBLIC HUMILIATION IS NEVER FUN. BUT I THINK WE BOTH KNOW WHERE YOU BELONG, AND WHERE YOUR FUTURE REALLY LIES.

I'D STILL WELCOME PAUL BACK ON OUR TEAM, BUT YOU HAVE TO DECIDE NOW.



STARFLEET WAS IMPRESSED.

THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWING OUR WORK AND AGREE ABOUT ITS POTENTIAL.



THERE ISN'T A WILD, IMPOSSIBLE THEORY STARFLEET WON'T PURSUE TO THE ENDS OF THE GALAXY. BUT WE BOTH KNOW HOW EASY IT IS TO GET LOST IN AN ORGANIZATION LIKE THAT.

WE NEED YOU BACK ON OUR TEAM, JUSTIN. I NEED YOU. PLEASE COME BACK TO ME.

FINAL
CALL FOR
THE SHUTTLE
TO DENEVA.



"NO.
ABSOLUTELY
NOT!"

STARFLEET WILL
NEVER GET THEIR
HANDS ON OUR
RESEARCH!

JUST
HEAR ME
OUT--

NO, STRAAL, I'M **NOT**
GOING TO HEAR YOU OUT. I'M
GRATEFUL YOU DECIDED TO
COME BACK TO WORK.

I KNOW IT
CAN'T HAVE BEEN
EASY FOR YOU TO TELL
AMELIA WE WOULDN'T
BE JOINING HER ON
DRAXUS.

I'M GOING TO **SAVE** YOU
FROM WASTING ANY MORE OF YOUR
EXTREMELY VALUABLE BRAINPOWER
ON THE UNACCEPTABLE NOTION OF
WORKING FOR STARFLEET.

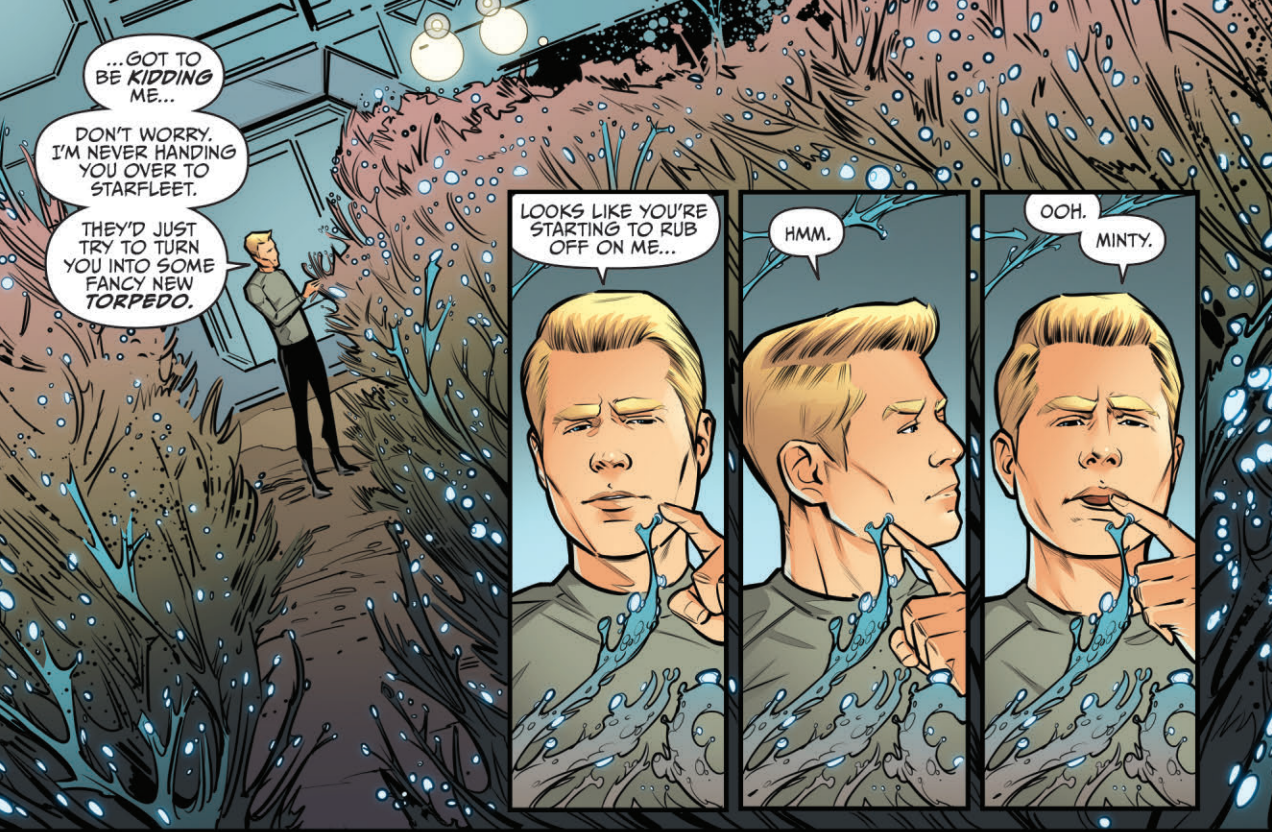
THAT'S MY POINT.
STARFLEET THINKS
OUR BRAINPOWER IS
VALUABLE ENOUGH TO
COMMIT SIGNIFICANT
RESOURCES TO OUR
RESEARCH. BETTER
EQUIPMENT, MORE
ASSISTANTS...

...THIS COULD
SHAVE YEARS
OFF OUR
WORK!

AND ALL THAT
WORK WILL BELONG
TO STARFLEET.

**NO THANK
YOU.**

I'LL BE IN THE
STELLA GARDEN--
OUR GARDEN--IF
YOU NEED ME.



...GOT TO
BE KIDDING
ME...

DON'T WORRY.
I'M NEVER HANDING
YOU OVER TO
STARFLEET.

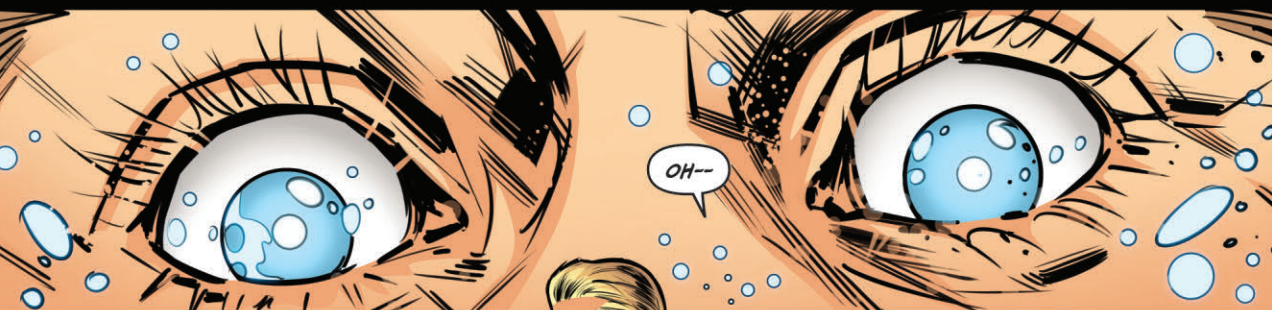
THEY'D JUST
TRY TO TURN
YOU INTO SOME
FANCY NEW
TORPEDO.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
STARTING TO RUB
OFF ON ME...

HMM.

OOH.

MINTY.



OH--



--YES!



"...I'LL EAT EVERY
LAST SPORE BEFORE
I SEE THEM ON A
STARFLEET SHIP."



I LOOKED
AT THE SCANS
YOU SENT ME.
YOU'LL BE
FINE.

I FIGURED
IT WAS BEST TO
GET A SECOND
OPINION.

YOU WEREN'T
JUST USING IT AS
AN EXCUSE TO
TALK TO ME?

OF COURSE
I WAS.
DO ME A FAVOR.
I'M UP LATE GOING
OVER THIS DATA.
KEEP ME
COMPANY?

OF
COURSE.

THANK YOU.
SO, TELL ME
ABOUT YOUR
DAY...

THREE MONTHS LATER.

I WONDER IF THIS IS WHAT **EMORY ERICKSON** FELT LIKE THE FIRST TIME HE TESTED HIS TRANSPORTER.

IF THIS WORKS, WE'LL BE GOING FARTHER AND NEEDING LESS POWER THAN HE EVER COULD HAVE *DREAMED*.

DENEVA STATION TO BETA DARIUS. WE'RE READY IF YOU ARE.

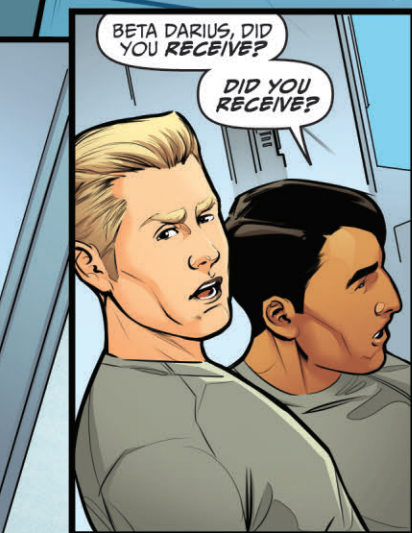
READY TO RECEIVE, DR. STAMETS.

EXCELLENT. COMMENCING TEST.

THE HONOR IS YOURS, PARTNER.

THE HONOR IS *OURS*, PARTNER.

PORE INFUSION COMMENCING



SIX MONTHS LATER.



IT'S READY
FOR A HUMAN
TEST.

NO, IT'S
NOT.

I DON'T CARE
HOW MANY SIMULATIONS
WE'VE RUN, THE DISTORTION
IN THE SPORE DISPERSAL
RATIOS ARE STILL OUTSIDE
ACCEPTABLE LEVELS.

BUT THAT JUST
AFFECTS EFFICIENCY
OF TRANSPORT! IT
DOESN'T POSE A THREAT
TO THE SAFETY OF
THE TRAVELER!



YOU DON'T
KNOW THAT. WE RUN
MORE SIMULATIONS, AND
IF WE DON'T GET OPTIMAL
RESULTS, WE TAKE A BREAK
UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT
HOW TO GET
THEM.

"TAKE A
BREAK."

SO THAT'S
WHAT THIS IS
ABOUT.



EXCUSE ME?

THIS IS
ABOUT YOUR
WIFE.

YOU'VE BEEN
AWAY FROM
AMELIA TOO LONG,
AND YOU WANT
TO GO BACK
TO HER.

THAT'S FINE,
BUT DON'T FOR A
SECOND TRY TO
MAKE IT ABOUT
THE WORK.



STAFF,
LEAVE US,
PLEASE.

SIR, I--

CHARLIE,
GO.



PAUL, THAT'S THE LAST
TIME YOU BRING UP MY
PERSONAL LIFE IN FRONT
OF THE STAFF.

THEY NEED TO HEAR
IT. THEY'VE SEEN WHAT
I'VE SEEN THE LAST
FEW MONTHS.

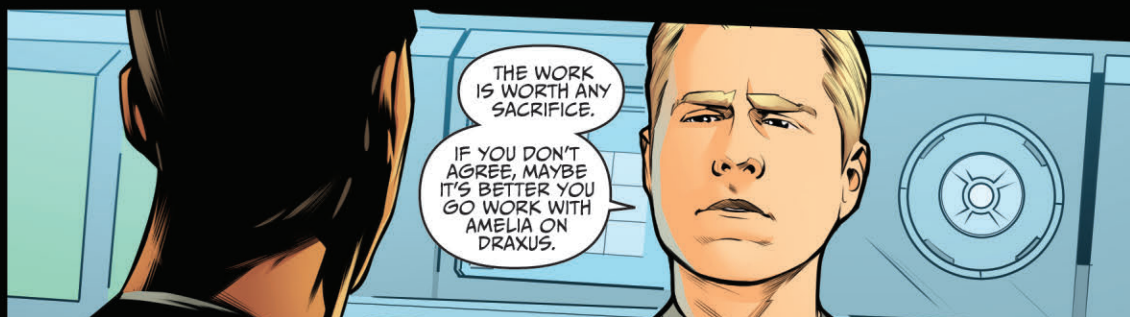
IT'S LIKE THE
CLOSER WE GET
TO SUCCESS, THE
MORE AFRAID
YOU GET!



BECAUSE
WE HAVE TO
BE CAREFUL,
PAUL!

WE'RE THE ONLY
PEOPLE IN THE *GALAXY*
DOING THIS RESEARCH! IF
WE SCREW IT UP, ALL THE
WORK WE'VE DONE IS
FOR NOTHING!

OUR
SACRIFICES
WILL BE FOR
NOTHING!



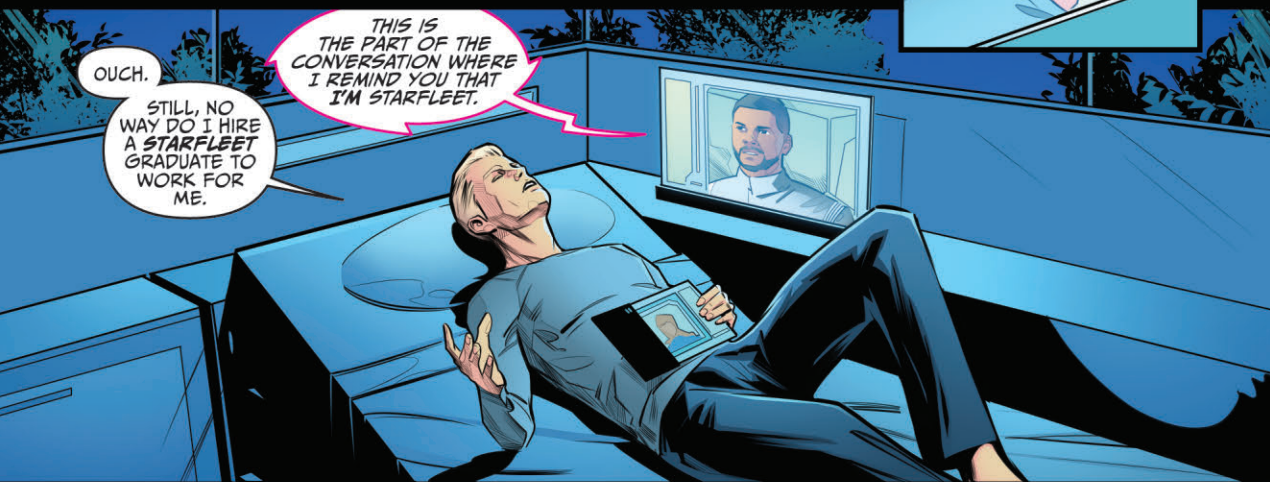
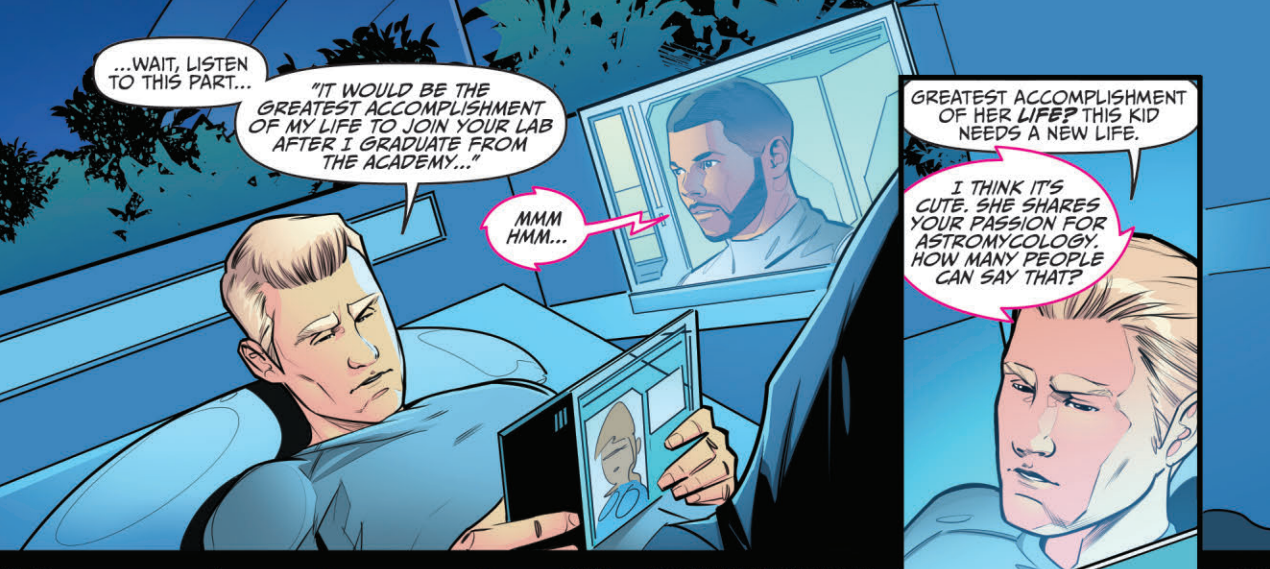
THE WORK
IS WORTH ANY
SACRIFICE.

IF YOU DON'T
AGREE, MAYBE
IT'S BETTER YOU
GO WORK WITH
AMELIA ON
DRAXUS.



WE'RE *SO*
CLOSE.

SO
CLOSE.





WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHAT'S--

OH NO--



CHARLIE...

...HE TRIED
TO TEST THE
NETWORK
HIMSELF.

NO NO
NO...

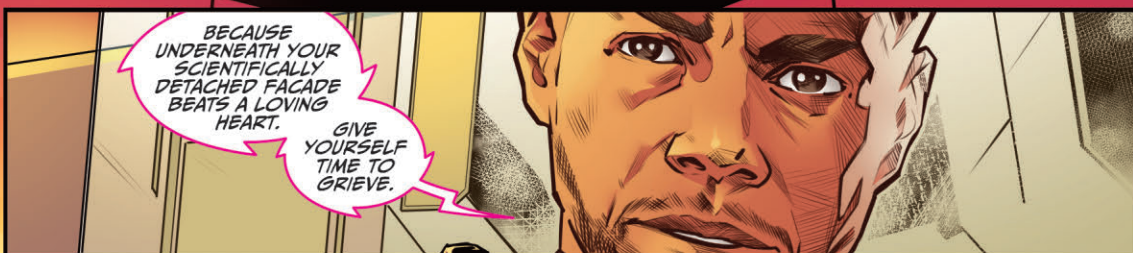
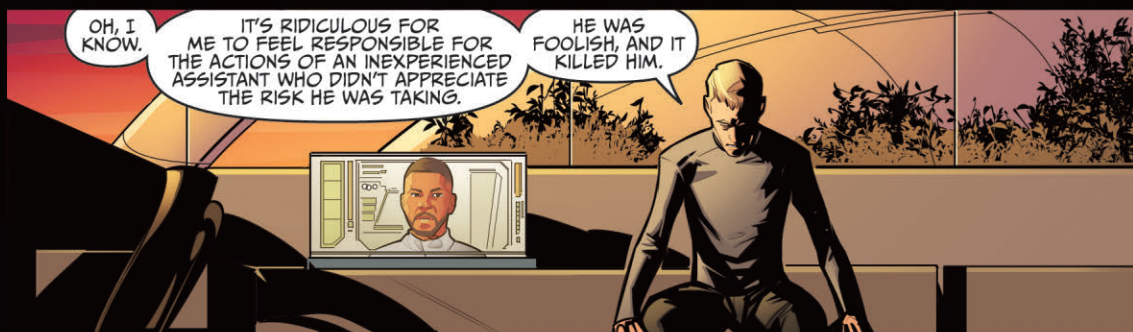
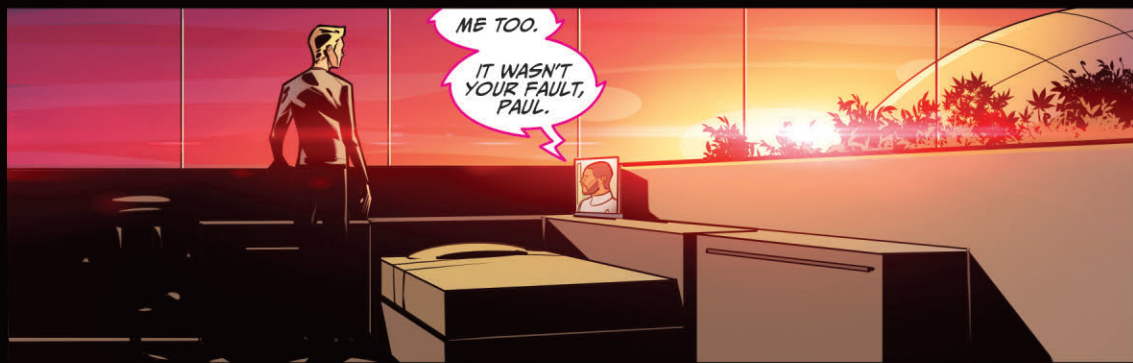
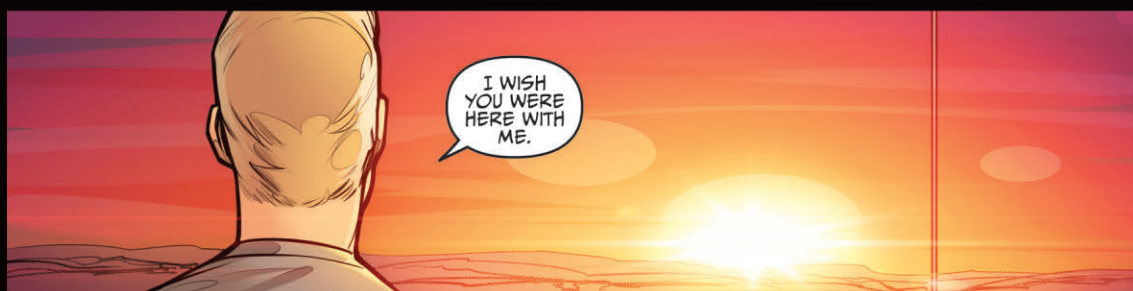


WE WARNED
HIM NOT TO
BUT--

--HE WAS
WORRIED YOU
TWO MIGHT
SPLIT UP--

--THAT
YOU MIGHT
CLOSE THE
LAB--





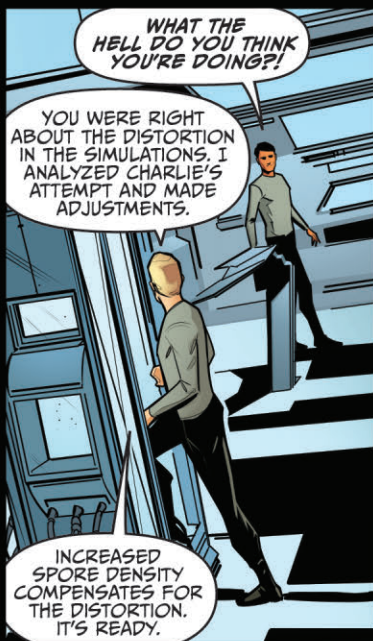
ONE WEEK LATER.



REMOTE
ACCESS TO
BETA DARIUS
GRANTED.

RECEPTION
PROTOCOL
ACTIVATED.

ON
MY MARK,
COMMENCE
JUMP.



WHAT THE
HELL DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?!

YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT THE DISTORTION
IN THE SIMULATIONS. I
ANALYZED CHARLIE'S
ATTEMPT AND MADE
ADJUSTMENTS.

INCREASED
SPORE DENSITY
COMPENSATES FOR
THE DISTORTION.
IT'S READY.



AND I'M NOT GOING
TO RISK ANYONE ELSE'S
LIFE TO TEST IT.

PAUL,
DON'T DO
THIS.

IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO
YOU--



IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO ME, OUR
WORK IS FINISHED
ANYWAY.

AT LEAST I'LL
GO OUT WITH A BANG.
OR, I SUPPOSE, A
SOFT THUMP.

COMPUTER--



PAUL,
PLEASE.

LET'S
TALK ABOUT
THIS.

IT'S OKAY. IF
ANYTHING GOES
WRONG, IT'S ON ME.
GO BACK TO
AMELIA.

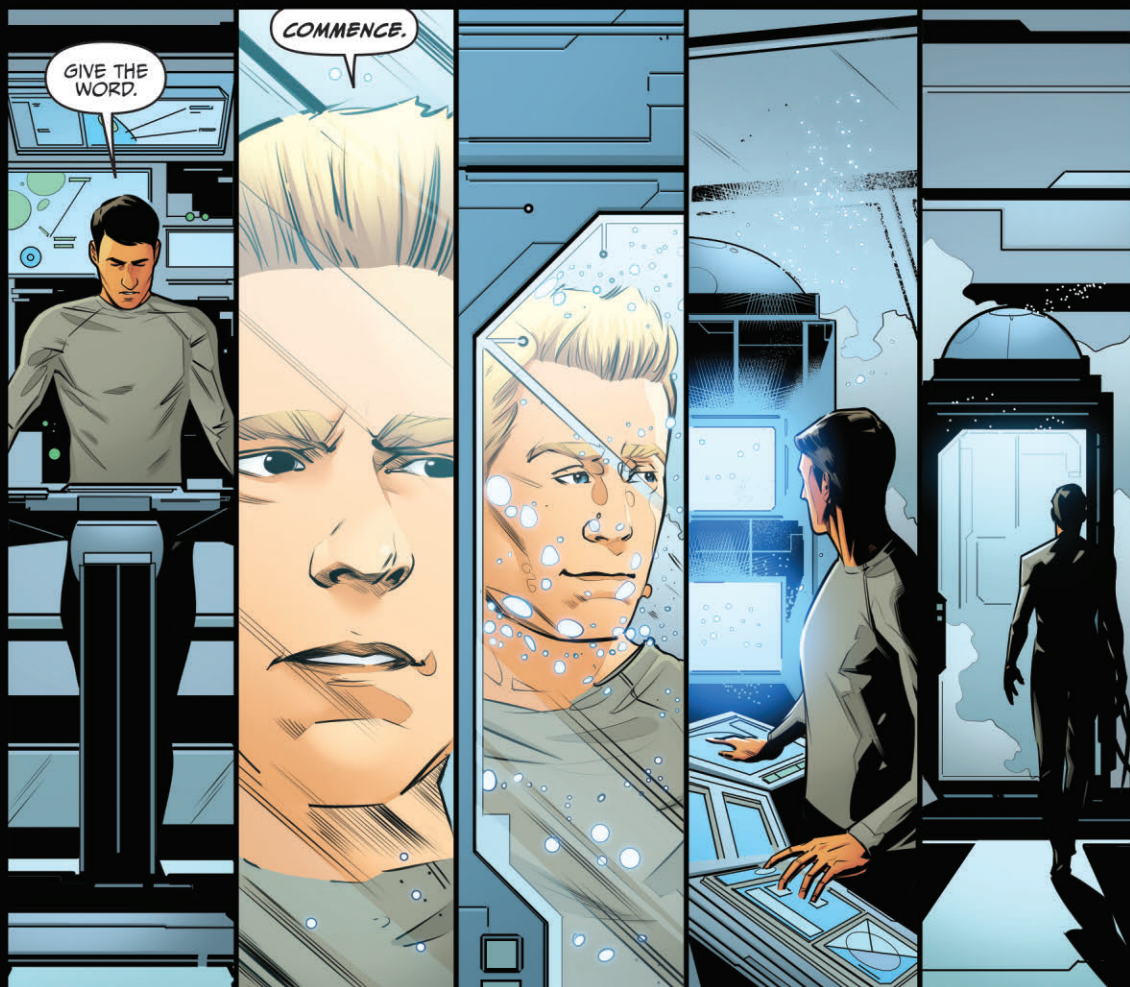
LIVE YOUR
LIFE.



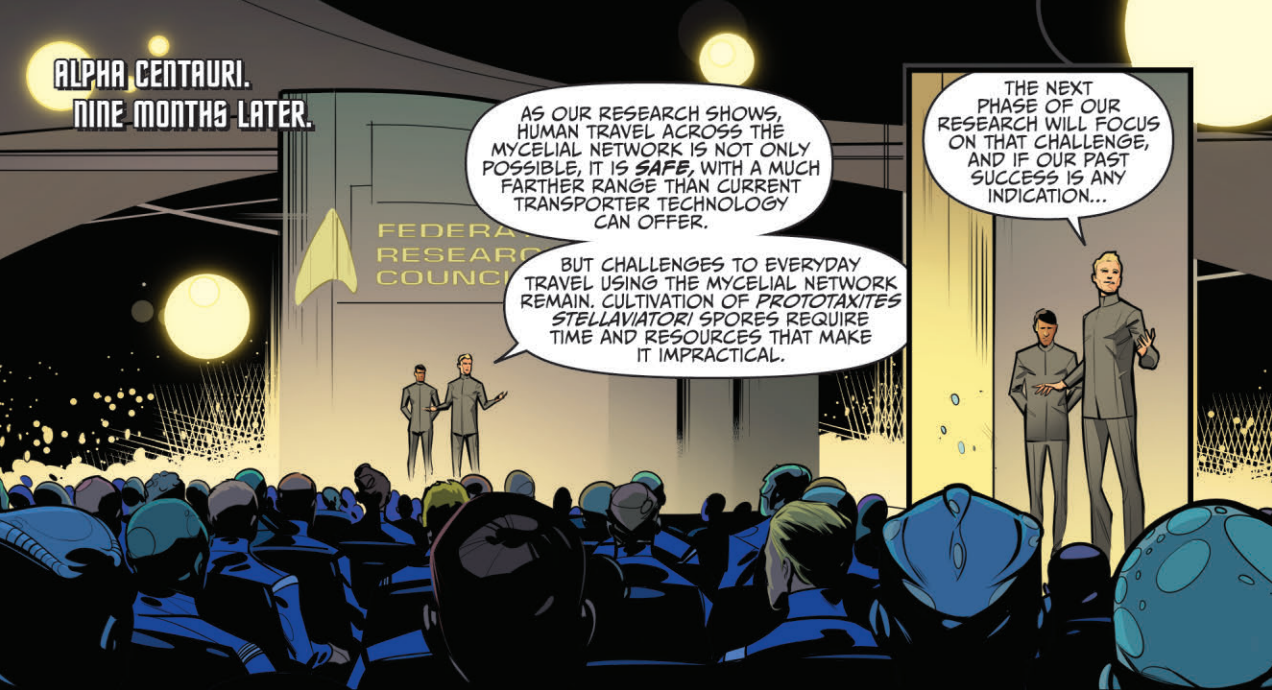
NO,
PAUL.

IT'S
ON ME
TOO.

IF YOU'RE
GOING TO DO THIS,
I'M NOT GOING TO
LET YOU DO THIS
ALONE.



ALPHA CENTAURI.
NINE MONTHS LATER.



AS OUR RESEARCH SHOWS, HUMAN TRAVEL ACROSS THE MYCELIAL NETWORK IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE, IT IS **SAFE**, WITH A MUCH FARTHER RANGE THAN CURRENT TRANSPORTER TECHNOLOGY CAN OFFER.

BUT CHALLENGES TO EVERYDAY TRAVEL USING THE MYCELIAL NETWORK REMAIN. CULTIVATION OF **PROTOTOXITES STELLAVIATORI** SPORES REQUIRE TIME AND RESOURCES THAT MAKE IT IMPRACTICAL.

THE NEXT PHASE OF OUR RESEARCH WILL FOCUS ON THAT CHALLENGE, AND IF OUR PAST SUCCESS IS ANY INDICATION...



"...WE'LL BE BACK HERE AGAIN NEXT YEAR WITH EXCITING NEWS."

CONGRATULATIONS. TRULY GROUNDBREAKING WORK!



INDEED. CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU BOTH.

I WONDERED WHEN STARFLEET WOULD COME CALLING AGAIN.

LOOKING TO WEAPONIZE.



NO. NOT WEAPONS.

WE'RE THINKING **PROPULSION**.



YOU MEAN LIKE...

...SHIPS?

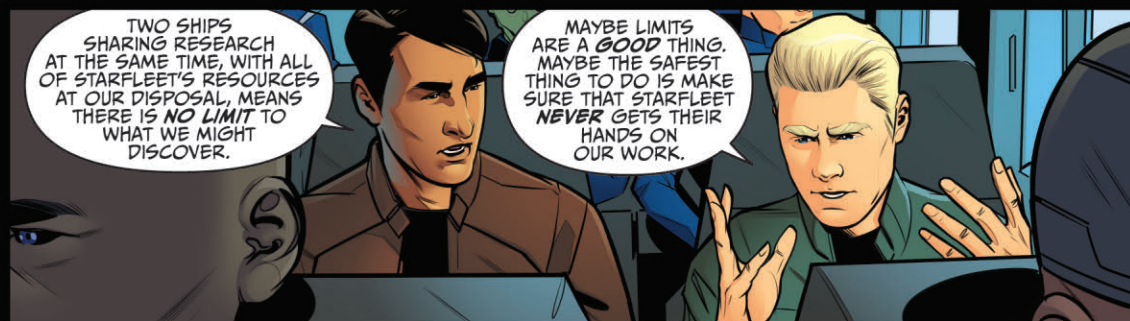
"NOT JUST
ONE SHIP..."



...ONE
FOR EACH
OF US!

WHAT IF I
DON'T WANT MY
OWN SHIP?

WHAT IF I JUST
WANT TO STAY ON THE
GROUND? IN MY LAB?
WITHOUT STARFLEET
LOOKING OVER MY
SHOULDER?



TWO SHIPS
SHARING RESEARCH
AT THE SAME TIME, WITH ALL
OF STARFLEET'S RESOURCES
AT OUR DISPOSAL, MEANS
THERE IS **NO LIMIT** TO
WHAT WE MIGHT
DISCOVER.

MAYBE LIMITS
ARE A **GOOD** THING.
MAYBE THE SAFEST
THING TO DO IS MAKE
SURE THAT STARFLEET
NEVER GETS THEIR
HANDS ON
OUR WORK.



PAUL.

I LEFT
AMELIA. WE'RE
SPLITTING UP.

AND I'M TAKING
STARFLEET'S OFFER
WITH OR WITHOUT
YOU.



IT'S GOING
TO BE TWO
SHIPS, OR IT'S
GOING TO BE
ONE.

THREE DAYS LATER.

COMPUTER...
...BEGIN
PREP FOR DEEP
FREEZE.

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.

YOU'RE REALLY
GOING TO *DESTROY*
OUR SAMPLES TO
STOP STARFLEET
FROM ACQUIRING
THEM?

MYCELIAL
EXPANSION.

WHAT?

WE'VE SPENT
YEARS BEATING OUR
HEADS ABOUT HOW TO
TRANSPORT MORE THAN
ONE ORGANISM
AT A TIME.

WE CAME UP
WITH THE FRAMEWORK
OF MYCELIAL EXPANSION,
WHICH WOULD AFFECT
A WIDER DEFINED
AREA. LIKE, SAY, A
STARSHIP.

WE JUST
HAVEN'T HAD THE
WHEREWITHAL
TO TEST IT.

NOW
WE DO.

STARFLEET WOULD
EVENTUALLY PUT OUR
RESEARCH TO USE ANYWAY.
AT LEAST THIS WAY WE CAN
HAVE SOME SAY OVER
HOW IT'S DONE.

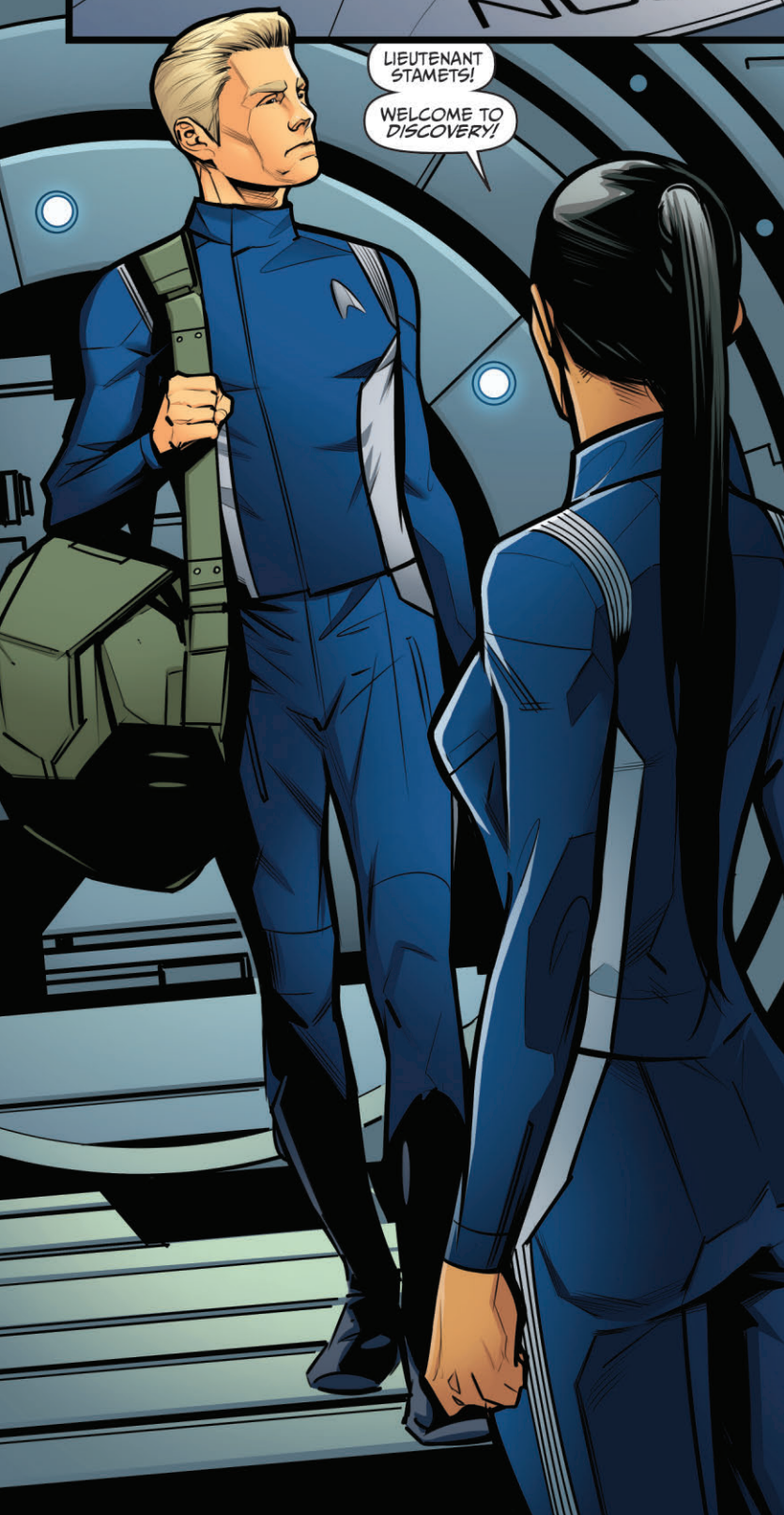
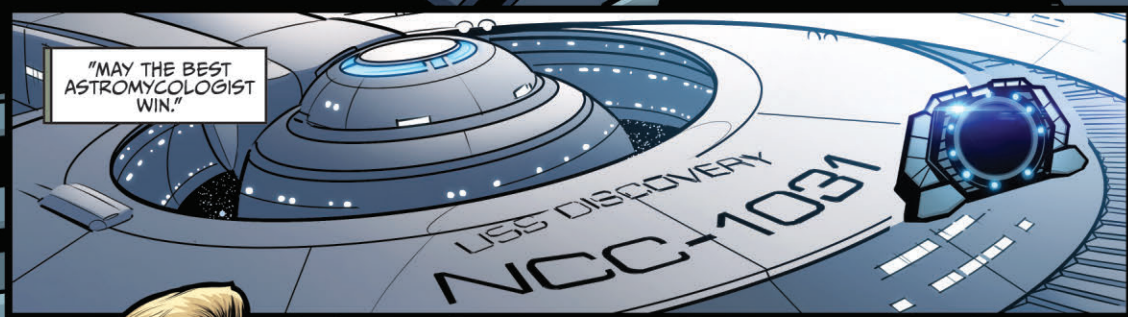
SO NO. I'M NOT
FREEZING THE GARDEN
TO KILL IT. THAT WOULD
BE A CRIME AGAINST
SCIENCE.

I'M FREEZING
OUR SPECIMENS
FOR TRANSPORT TO
OUR RESPECTIVE
DESTINATIONS.

THANK YOU.
I KNOW THIS
WASN'T AN EASY
DECISION FOR
YOU.

OH,
DON'T BE
FOOLED.

I'LL WORK OUT
MY FRUSTRATIONS BY
TRouncing YOU IN THE
RACE TO PERFECT A
SPORE DRIVE.



LIEUTENANT
STAMETS!
WELCOME TO
DISCOVERY!



PUT THIS IN MY
QUARTERS.

YESSIR.
RIGHT
THIS WAY,
FOLLOW
ME!



LATER.
I NEED TO
TALK TO THE
CAPTAIN.



LIEUTENANT
STAMETS!

IT'S GOING TO
TAKE SOME TIME
TO GET USED
TO THIS.



OH,
THE LIGHTS?
WELL, I HAVE
A CONDITION
THAT--

NO.

BEING CALLED
"LIEUTENANT."



AH. THE RELUCTANT
ENLISTEE.

STILL, I HOPE
EVERYTHING HAS MET
YOUR EXPECTATIONS
SO FAR?

HARDLY. WHY
HAVE ALL OF MY
STAFF REQUESTS
BEEN TURNED
DOWN?

I CAN'T WORK
WITHOUT A TEAM
THAT I CHOOSE.



I CAN RELATE. WE'RE
BOTH GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE
DO WITH WHAT WE'RE *GIVEN*
WHEN IT COMES TO CREW
AND EQUIPMENT.

IF YOU CAN'T
ACCEPT THAT, THERE'S
STILL TIME FOR YOU
TO *UNE*LIST.



AT THE VERY
LEAST GIVE ME *ONE*
OF MY PREFERRED
CANDIDATES.

I KNOW YOU SAID
NO CADETS, BUT SHE IS AN
EXTRAORDINARY AND CAPABLE
ENGINEER WHO IS FAMILIAR
WITH MY WORK IN
ASTROMYCOLOGY.

I WON'T SERVE
WITHOUT HER.

ONE HOUR LATER

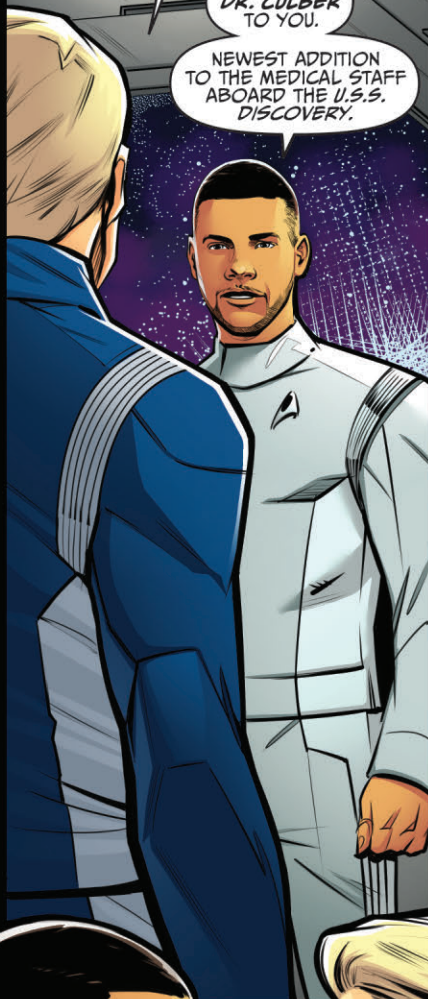
LET'S SEE HOW
MICROSCOPIC MY
QUARTERS ARE...



HUGH?!

THAT'S
DR. CULBER
TO YOU.

NEWEST ADDITION
TO THE MEDICAL STAFF
ABOARD THE *U.S.S.*
DISCOVERY.



WHAT ARE
YOU *DOING*
HERE?

I REQUESTED
A TRANSFER.



I FIGURED IT COULD
ONLY BENEFIT THE MENTAL
AND EMOTIONAL HEALTH OF
MY FAVORITE STARFLEET
OFFICER.

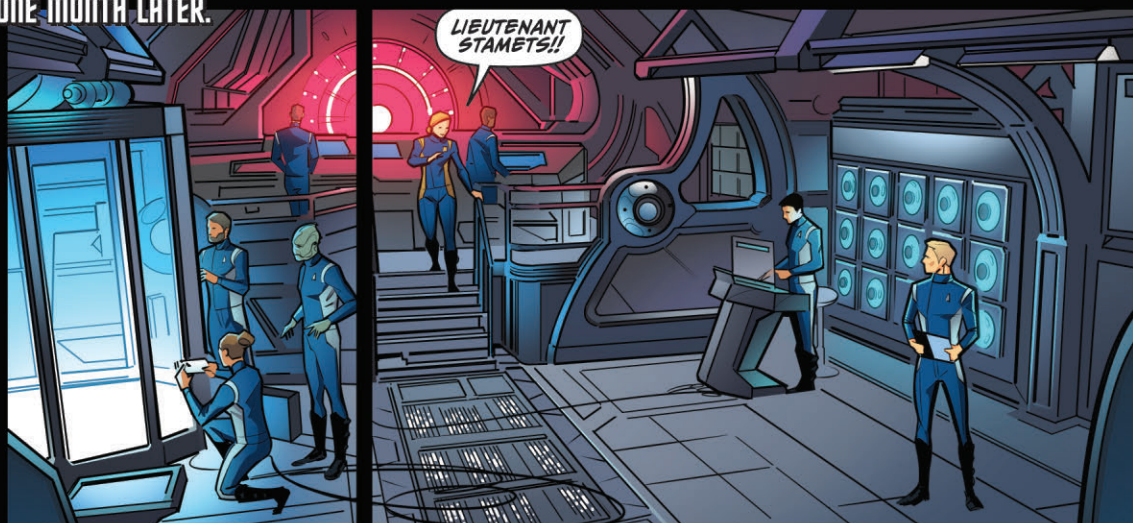


I KNOW
ENLISTING
WASN'T EASY
FOR YOU...

"...BUT YOU DO
LOOK GOOD IN
A UNIFORM."



ONE MONTH LATER.

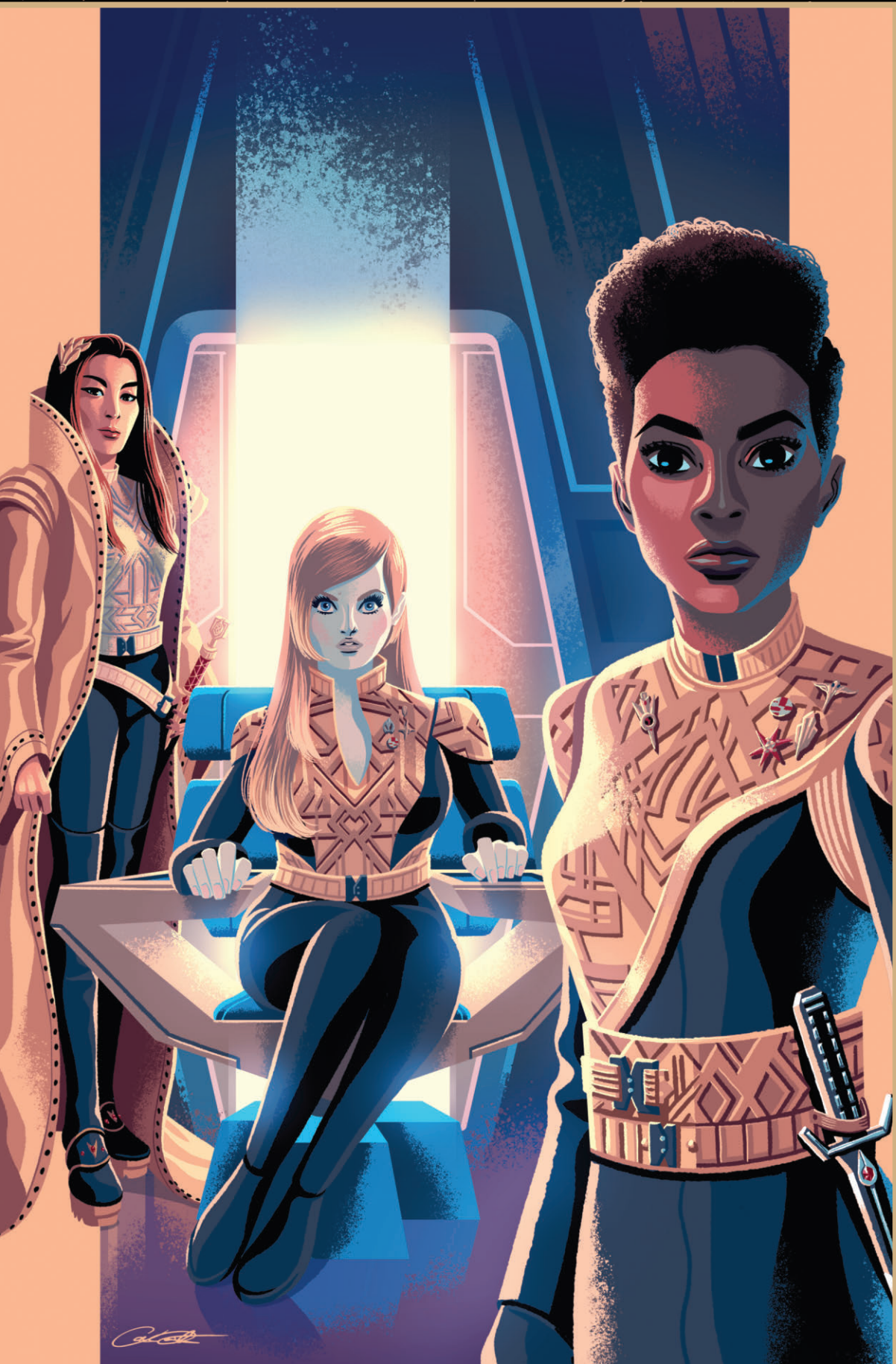


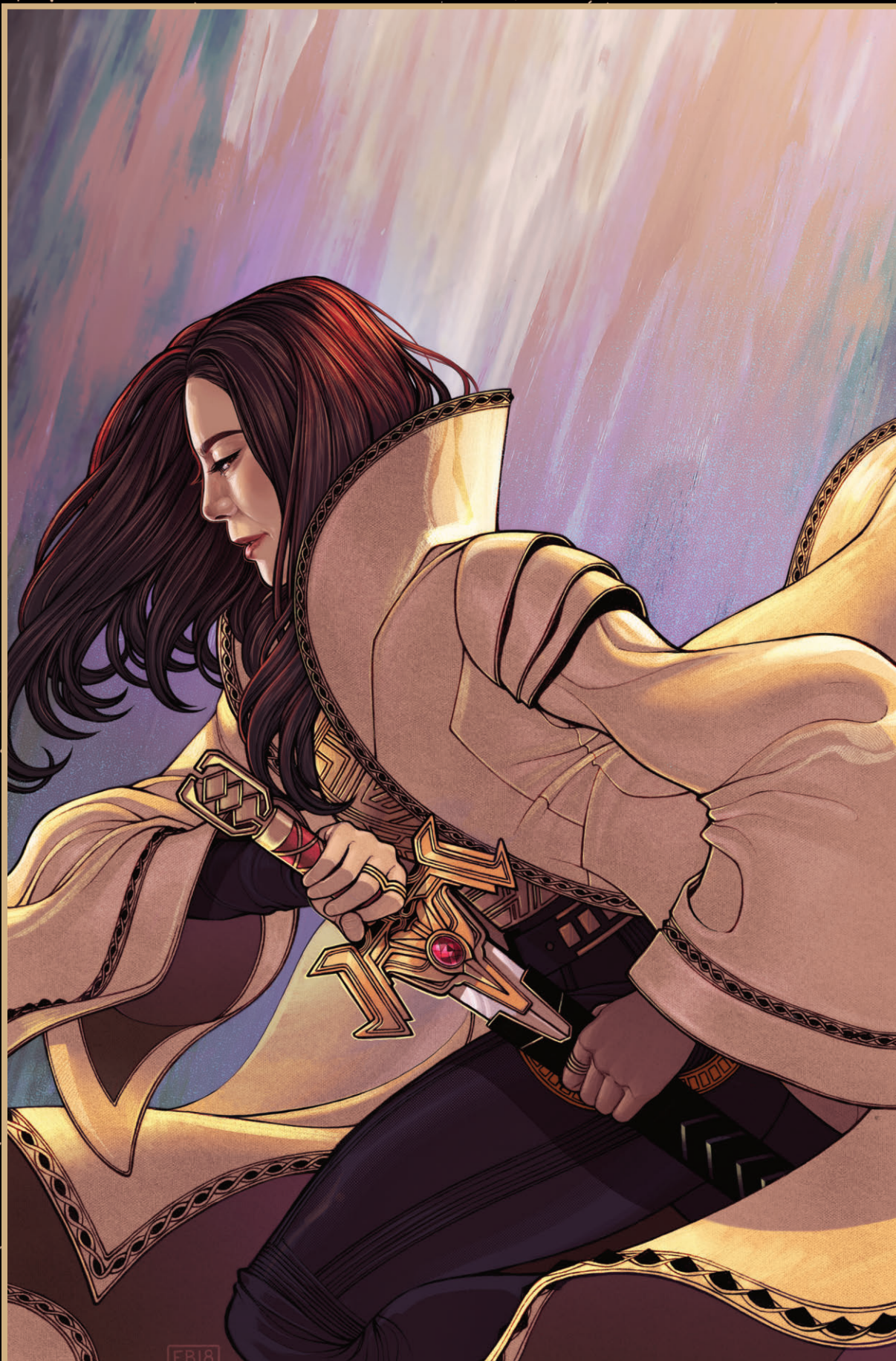
THE BEGINNING.

ART BY **GEORGE CALTSOUDAS**



ART BY **GEORGE CALTSQUODAS**











ART BY **DECLAN SHALVEY**

COLORS BY **JORDIE BELLAIRE**





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A NEW ADVENTURE TIED DIRECTLY TO EVENTS FROM THE SECOND HALF OF THE HIT SERIES' FIRST SEASON, FEATURING ALL YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS... OR, AT LEAST, VERSIONS OF THEM!

Ten years before Kirk and Spock set off on their original five year mission, the crew of the *U.S.S. Discovery* visited the infamous Mirror Universe, and didn't like what they found. Now journey deeper into the alternate reality, and uncover more about the Mirror versions of Michael, Saru, Ash, Paul, and Sylvia as they learn that "Succession" can be a truly dangerous concept.

Collects the four-issue series and the 2018 *Annual* by writers **KIRSTEN BEYER** and **MIKE JOHNSON** with artist **ANGEL HERNANDEZ**.

