

# STAR TREK

new visions



STAR TREK Created by  
**GENE RODDENBERRY**

Photoplays by  
**JOHN BYRNE**

**STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>**

**NEW VISIONS**







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DIGITAL

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HELLO, I'M JOHN BYRNE!

WELL, TECHNICALLY, THIS IS ME AS I WAS IN 1968, AROUND THE TIME THIS "LOST EPISODE" OF *STAR TREK* MIGHT HAVE BEEN TELECAST.

AND, IN THE NAME OF TRULY FULL DISCLOSURE, THIS IS MY HEAD SITTING ATOP WILLIAM SHATNER'S BODY.

WHICH IS SORT OF WHAT I'M HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.

A LITTLE BIT OF THE TECHNICAL PROCESS THAT WENT INTO PUTTING THIS PROJECT TOGETHER.

SOMETHING WE COULD CALL...

# STAR TREK "PIECES OF THE ACTION"

NOW HERE I AM BORROWING GEORGE TAKEI'S BODY -- WHICH POINTS UP IMMEDIATELY A COUPLE OF THE MAIN PROBLEMS OF THIS PROJECT, MATCHING LIGHTING AND SKIN TONES!

PLUS, GETTING THE SCALE RIGHT ISN'T ALWAYS EASY!



SOMETIMES IMAGES HAD TO BE RECOMPOSITED, MOVING FIGURES SO THE PANELS COULD BE CROPPED AS NEEDED.

THAT WAS EASIER THAN TRANSPLANTING HEADS, THOUGH! FOR SOME OF THOSE, I WILL JUST HAVE TO BEG YOUR INDULGENCES!

AND AT LEAST I HAD LOTS OF IMAGES TO PICK FROM -- UNLIKE HAVING ONLY ONE PICTURE OF MYSELF AT THE APPROPRIATE AGE!



LUCKILY THERE WAS NO PROBLEM WITH NOT HAVING CLEARANCE TO USE AN ACTOR'S LIKENESS!

ANYWAY... THIS IS AN IDEA THAT BEGAN IN MY HEAD AS A VIDEO PROJECT, USING CLIPS FROM THE DVDS AND ACTUAL DIALOG.

CAN'T IMAGINE WHY IT TOOK SO LONG TO THINK OF DOING IT IN THIS "PHOTONOVEL" FORM, BUT I'M GLAD I DID!



THIS WAS A WHOLE LOT OF FUN, AS I HOPE IT WILL BE FOR YOU WHO READ IT.

AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO **BOLDLY GO!**

ENJOY!





## THE HOLLOW MAN





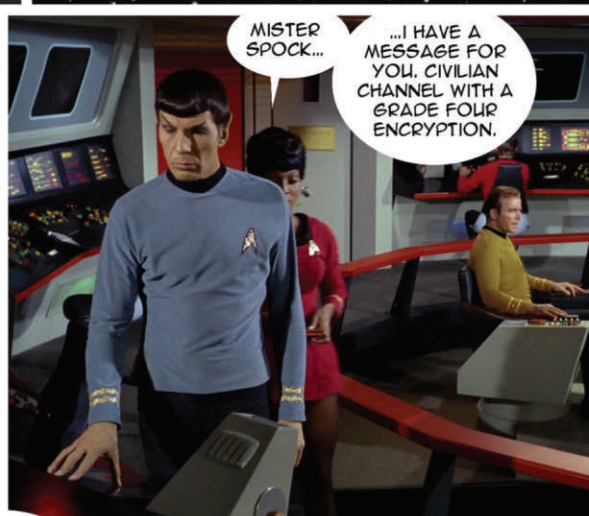
THANK  
YOU, RELAY  
NINE.

CONFIRM  
RECEIPT OF  
MESSAGE.  
ENTERPRISE  
OUT.



MISTER  
SPOCK...

...I HAVE A  
MESSAGE FOR  
YOU. CIVILIAN  
CHANNEL WITH A  
GRADE FOUR  
ENCRYPTION.



GRADE  
FOUR?

YOU ARE  
QUITE CERTAIN  
THE MESSAGE IS  
FOR ME, MISS  
UHURA?

I  
KNOW MY  
JOB, MISTER  
SPOCK.

IT'S  
FOR YOU.

AND IT  
GOT HERE  
THROUGH NO  
LESS THAN  
FOUR RELAY  
STATIONS.

WHO DO  
YOU KNOW  
WHO'S THAT  
FAR AWAY?



THANK  
YOU, MISS  
UHURA.

THAT  
WILL BE  
ALL.





CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 5862.5

FIRST OFFICER SPOCK  
HAS APPROACHED ME  
WITH A MOST  
UNUSUAL  
REQUEST...

A LEAVE  
OF ABSENCE,  
MISTER  
SPOCK?

THAT'S  
VERY UNLIKE  
YOU.

DO YOU  
MIND IF  
I ASK  
WHY?

I WOULD  
PREFER YOU  
DID NOT,  
SIR.

I ASSURE  
YOU, IT IS A  
MATTER OF NO  
CONCERN TO  
STARFLEET.

I EXPECT  
TO BE BACK  
AT MY POST  
WITHIN TEN  
DAYS.

I RESPECT  
YOUR PRIVACY,  
OF COURSE,  
SPOCK.

THOUGH I  
MUST SAY, AFTER  
SEEING YOU  
THROUGH PON  
FARR...

...I WOULDN'T  
HAVE THOUGHT  
THERE WAS  
ANYTHING YOU  
WOULDN'T TRUST  
US TO SHARE.

IT IS NOT A  
CASE OF TRUST,  
NOR LACK OF  
TRUST, CAPTAIN,  
I PROMISE  
YOU.

BUT IT *IS*  
SOMETHING TO  
WHICH I MUST  
ATTEND ON MY  
OWN.

VERY WELL,  
LEAVE OF ABSENCE  
GRANTED.

HOW SOON  
DO YOU WANT  
TO LEAVE THE  
SHIP?

WE ARE  
SCHEDULED TO  
PUT IN AT THE  
ORION COLONY  
IN TWO DAYS,  
SIR.

THAT  
SHOULD BE  
SOON  
ENOUGH.

I CAN  
ARRANGE FOR  
FURTHER  
TRANSPORT  
FROM  
THERE.

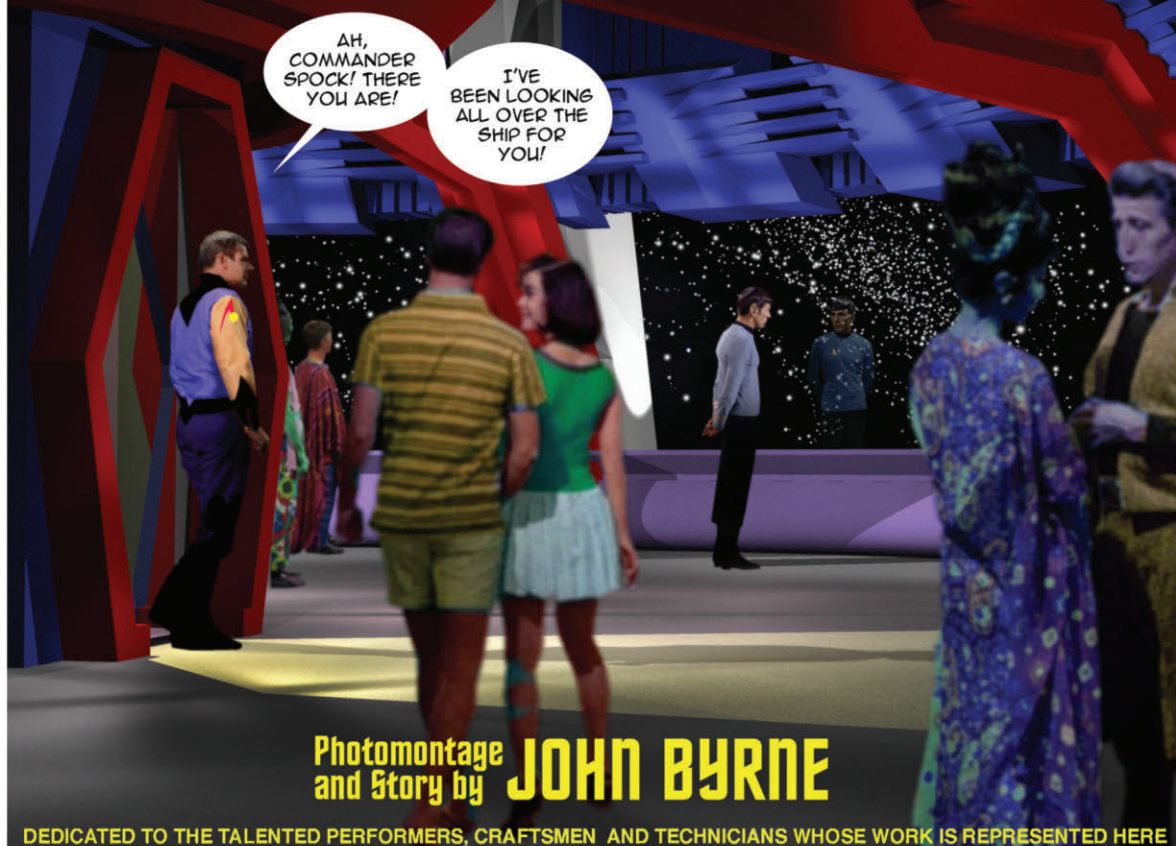


Space, the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*.  
Its five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations.  
To boldly go where no man has gone before.

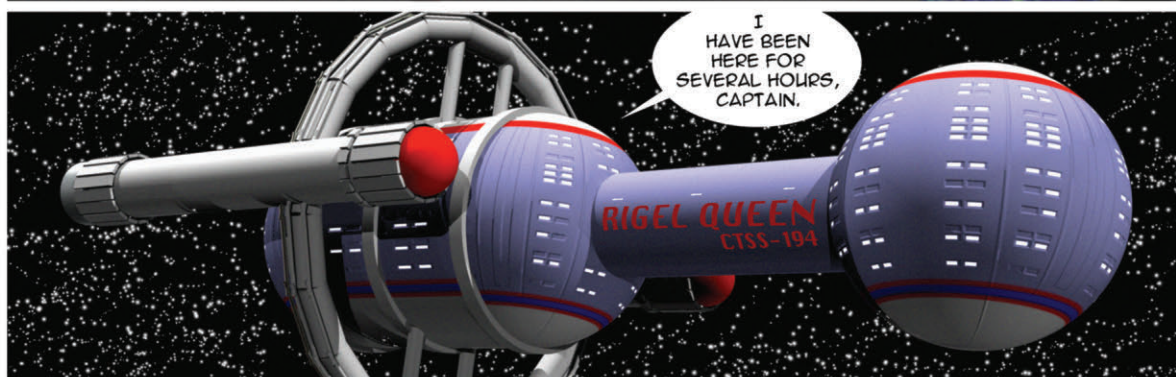
# STAR TREK

Created by GENE RODDENBERRY

## "THE HOLLOW MAN"



DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE







I GUESS I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU IN SUCH A POPULATED AREA!

HOWEVER, WE'LL BE DOCKING AT RIGEL IN HALF AN HOUR...

AN... HONOR?

...AND I WANTED TO SAY WHAT AN HONOR IT'S BEEN TO HAVE YOU ABOARD.



OH, YES! IT'S NOT OFTEN WE HAVE STARFLEET OFFICERS ABOARD COMMERCIAL SHIPS LIKE THIS ONE.

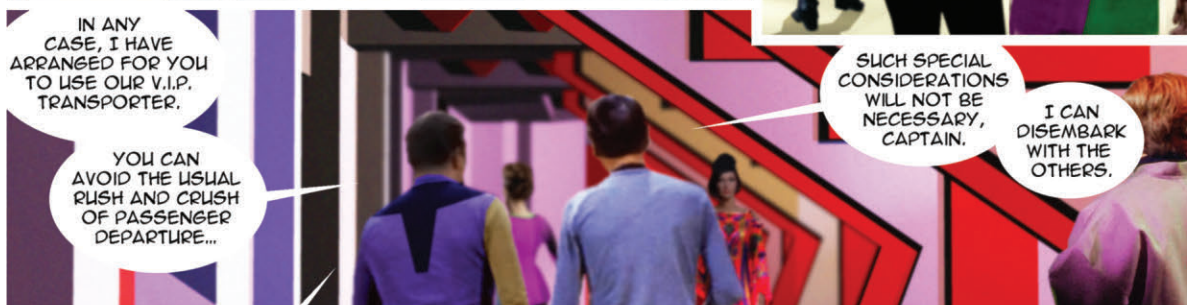
ESPECIALLY NOT OFFICERS WITH SUCH... ILLUSTRIOUS CAREERS.

YOU FLATTER ME, CAPTAIN.

I HAVE DONE NO MORE THAN WOULD ANY MEMBER OF THE ENTERPRISE CREW.

AS A VULCAN...

...I WOULD NOT EXPECT YOU TO SAY ANYTHING ELSE!



IN ANY CASE, I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO USE OUR V.I.P. TRANSPORTER.

YOU CAN AVOID THE USUAL RUSH AND CRUSH OF PASSENGER DEPARTURE...

SUCH SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, CAPTAIN.

I CAN DISEMBARK WITH THE OTHERS.

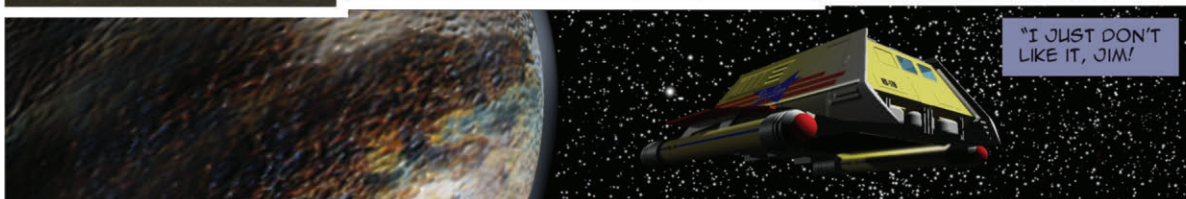


AS YOU WISH!

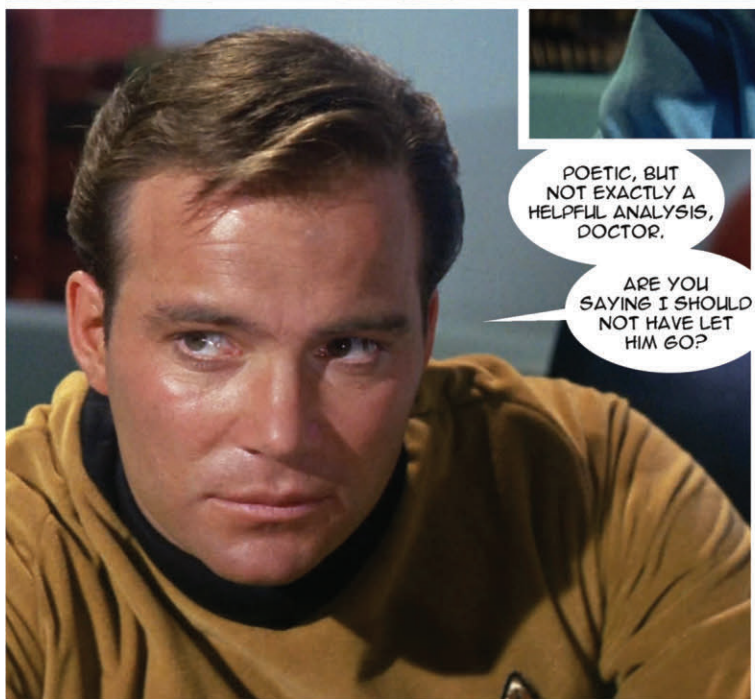
"YOU'LL BE BEAMED DIRECTLY TO ONE OF THE VISITOR RECEPTION AREAS."

COMMANDER SPOCK...?

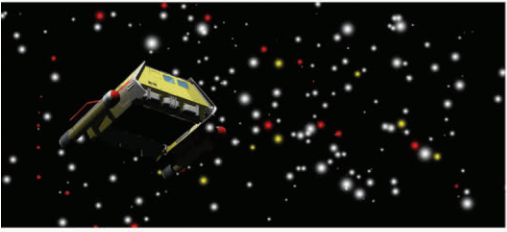




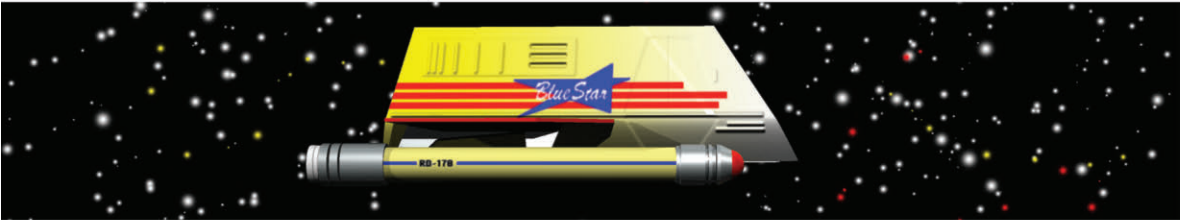
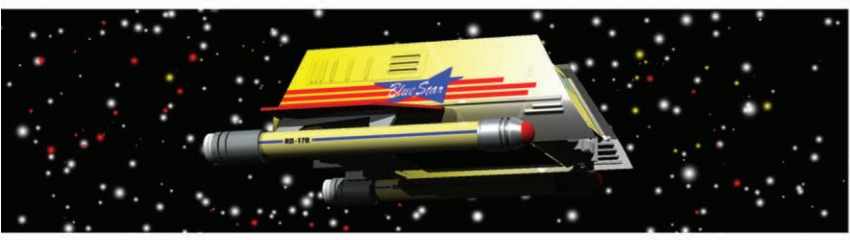
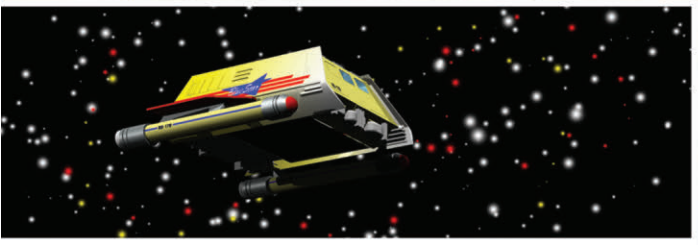


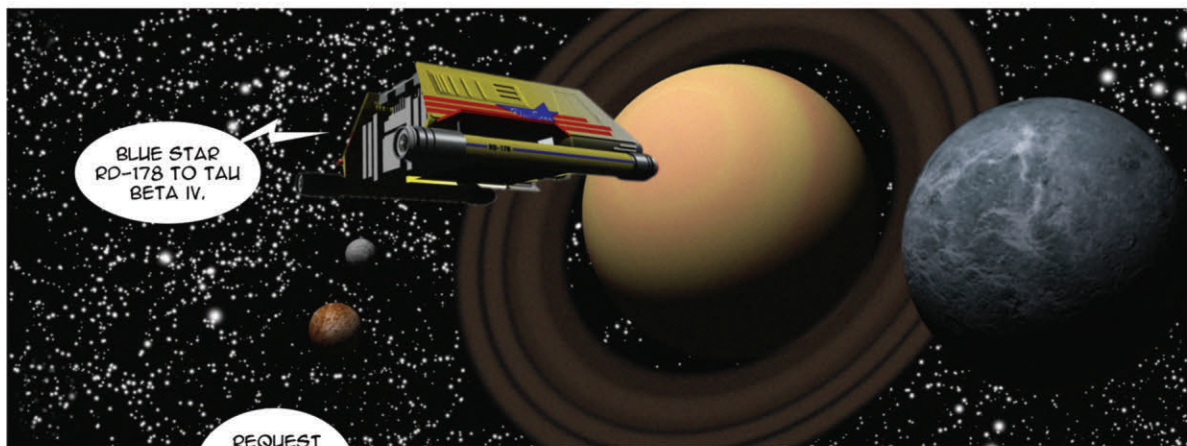






"AND THAT IS SOMETHING I  
WILL NOT VIOLATE!"





BLUE STAR  
RD-178 TO TAU  
BETA IV.

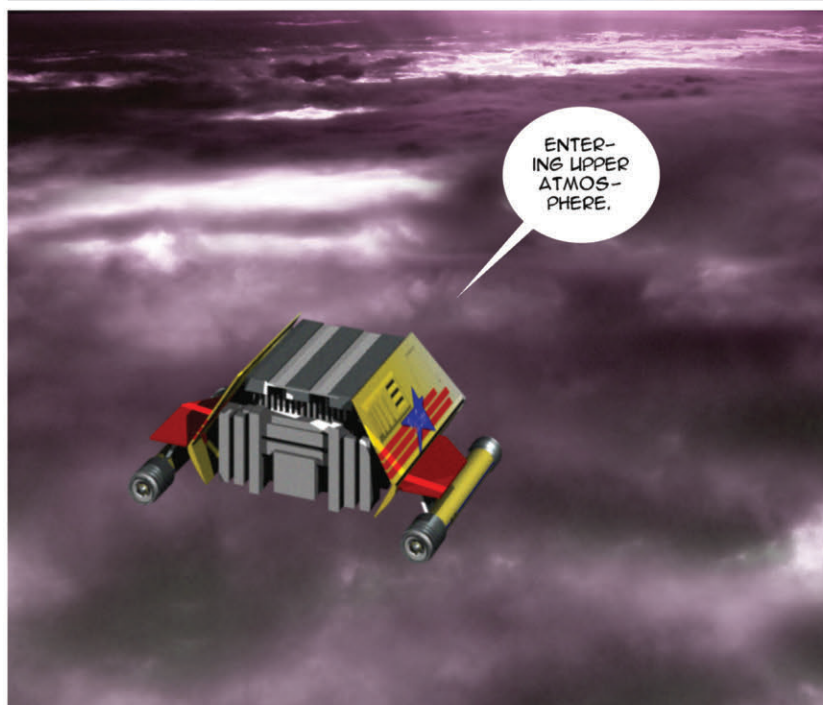
REQUEST  
LANDING  
COORDIN-  
ATES.

RECEIVING  
YOU, MISTER  
SPOCK.

GRID  
REFERENCE  
165.2 BY  
82.4.



ENTER-  
ING UPPER  
ATMOS-  
PHERE.



ACKNOWLEDGED.

ADJUST-  
ING FLIGHT  
PATH.

NOW  
APPROACHING  
OVER GRID  
SQUARE  
THREE-SEVEN-  
NINE.

BE  
ADVISED, WE  
ARE SHOWING  
HEAVY STORM  
ACTIVITY ON  
YOUR  
ROUTE.







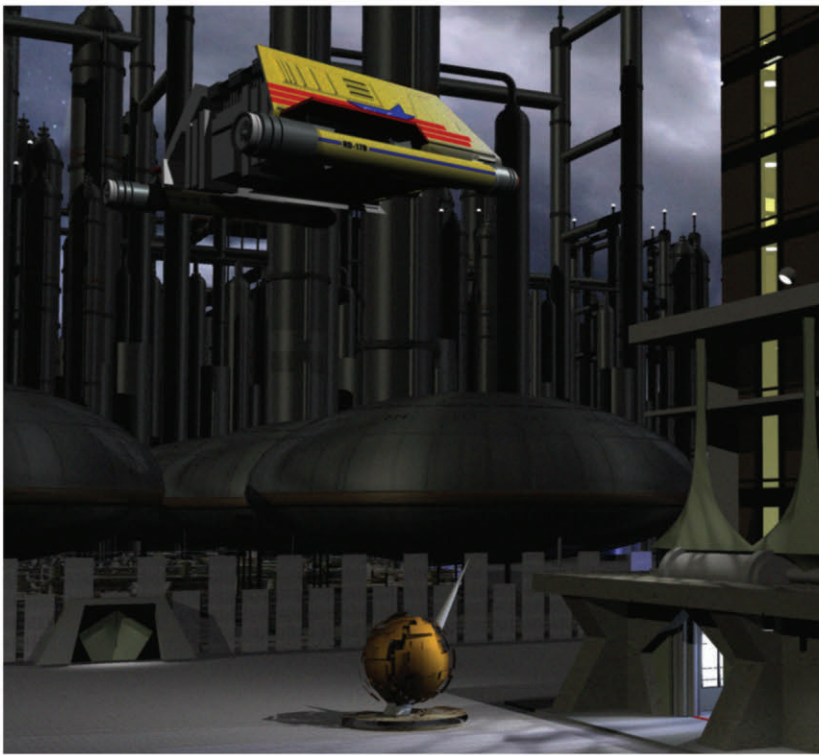
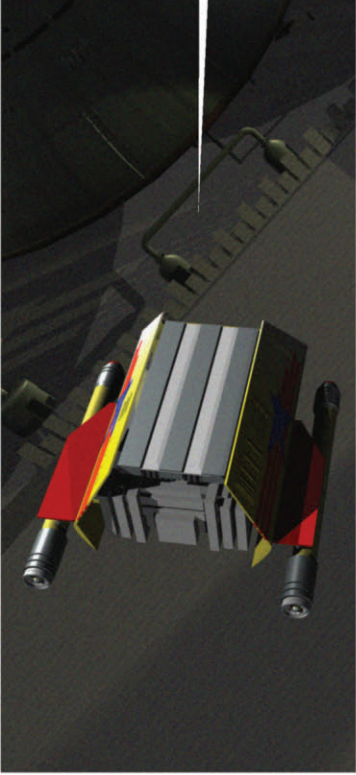
I AM  
ON YOUR  
LANDING  
BEACON.

ESTIMATE  
VISUAL CONTACT  
IN ONE  
MINUTE.



I HAVE  
VISUAL CONTACT,  
LANDING PROTOCOLS  
UNDER WAY.

CON-  
FIRMED. I'LL  
MEET YOU AT  
THE MAIN  
ENTRANCE.



HELLO,  
MISTER  
SPOCK.





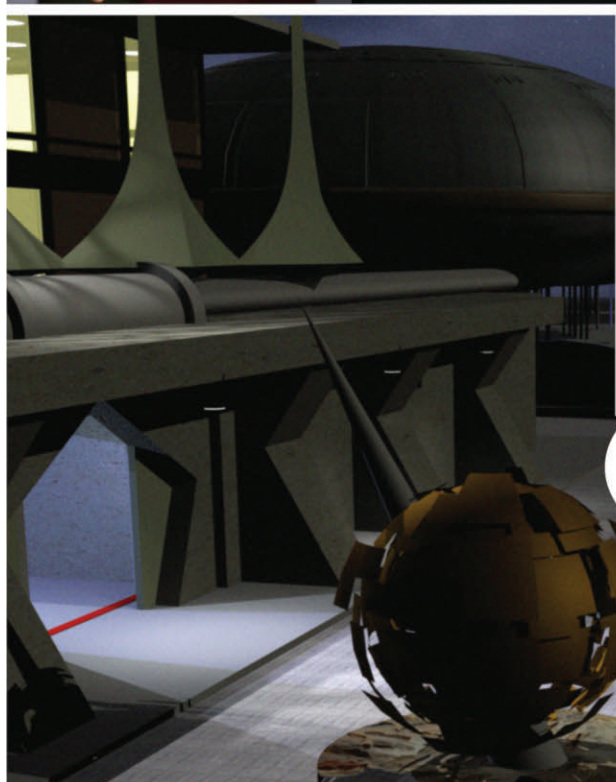
I CAN'T  
THANK YOU  
ENOUGH FOR  
COMING.

THE  
URGENCY OF  
YOUR MESSAGE  
LEFT ME WITH  
LITTLE  
CHOICE.



STILL... YOU  
COULD HAVE MADE  
AN EXCUSE. YOUR  
POSITION ABOARD  
THE *ENTERPRISE*  
PROVIDES MANY  
REASONS NOT  
TO COME.

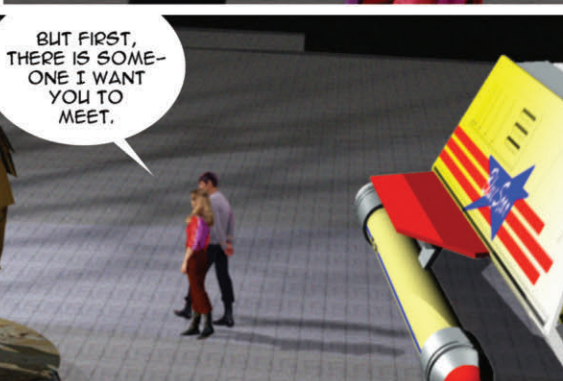
SO I'M  
GRATEFUL  
YOU'RE  
HERE.



YOU KNOW  
AS WELL AS ANY-  
ONE, LEILA, THAT  
IT IS NOT IN THE  
VULCAN NATURE TO  
MAKE  
EXCUSES.

NOW, PERHAPS  
IT IS TIME FOR YOU  
TO TELL ME IN  
GREATER DETAIL  
WHY I AM  
HERE.

YES.



BUT FIRST,  
THERE IS SOME-  
ONE I WANT  
YOU TO  
MEET.





I'M SURE YOU KNOW, STATIONS LIKE THIS, WHEN THEY HAVE PERSONNEL AT ALL, USUALLY HAVE UP TO A DOZEN PEOPLE.

NOT AS BIG OR COMPLEX AS A STARSHIP, BUT STILL PLENTY TO KEEP US BUSY.

IN YOUR MESSAGE YOU SAID THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF YOU HERE?



YES, THE STATION IS BEING CONVERTED TO FULL AUTO-MATION...

...BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR US TO BE RE-LOCATED...



...ALAN ASKED FOR TEMPORARY PERMISSION TO STAY ON.

AND, ALAN IS?



ALAN BECKER, MY HUSBAND.

OUR GUEST IS HERE.

ALAN, ARE YOU BUSY?

GUEST...?

OH, YES, OF COURSE.



MISTER SPOCK, IT'S A GREAT PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AT LAST.

LEILA HAS TOLD ME EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU.



INDEED?

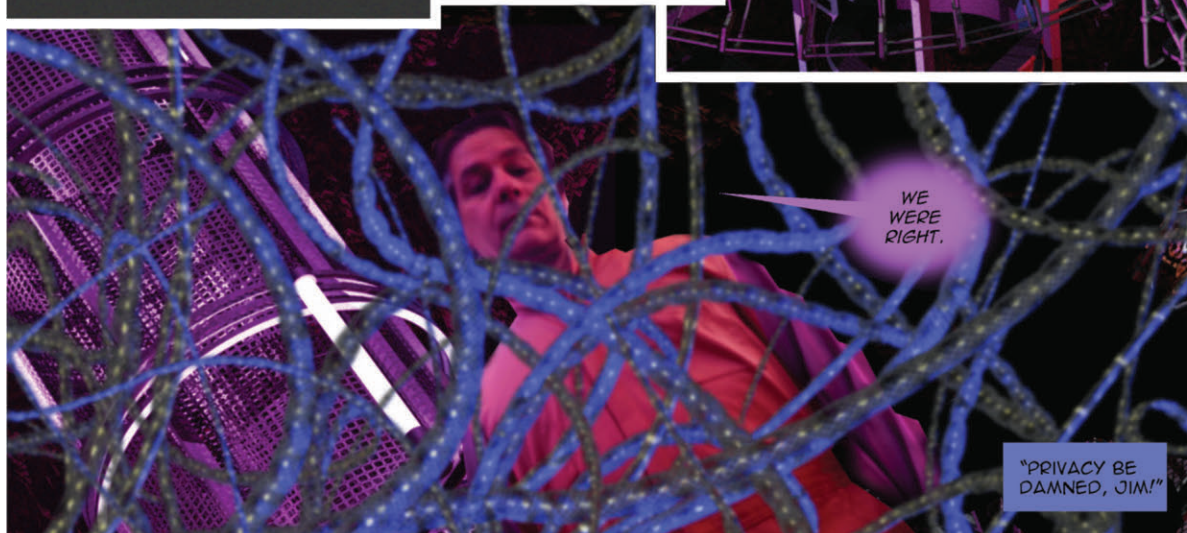
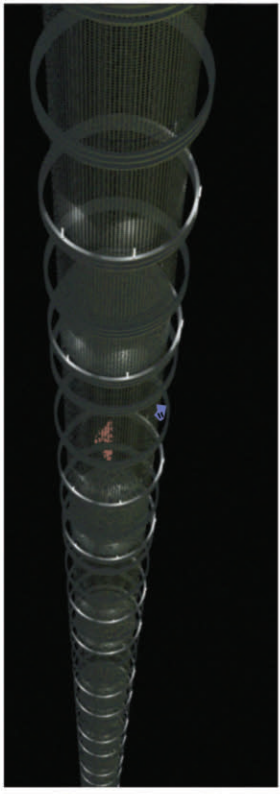
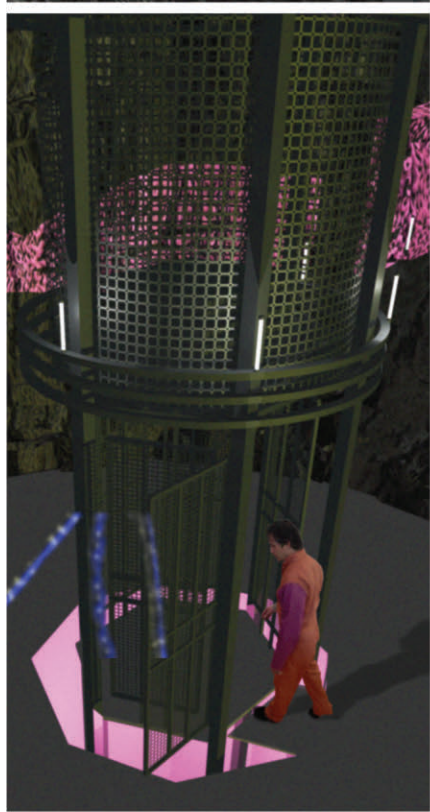
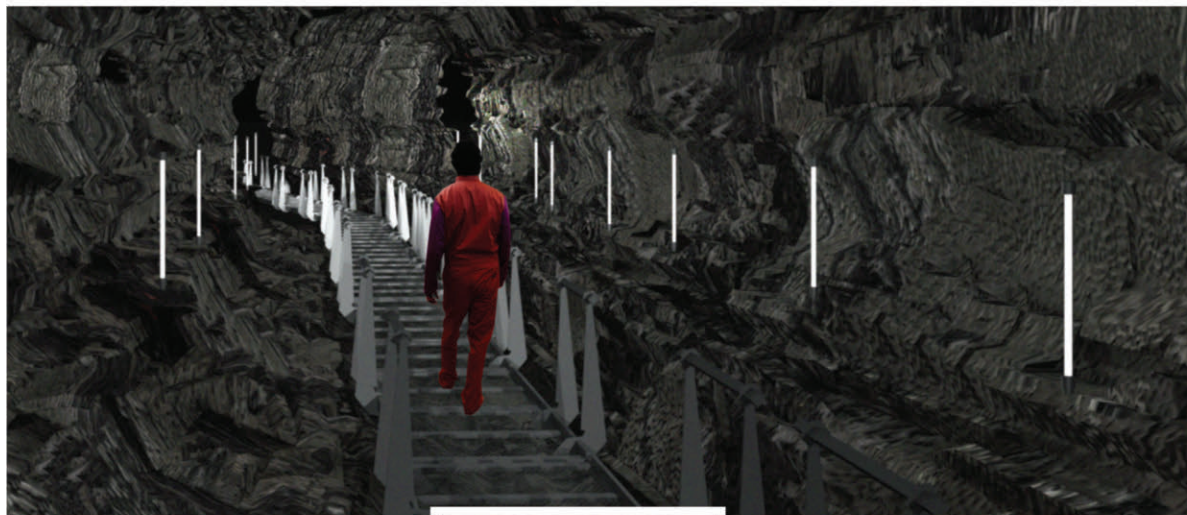




















...SO ONCE  
LEILA DETERMINED  
HOW VERY NEARLY  
IMPOSSIBLE IT  
WOULD BE TO  
TERRAFORM THIS  
PLANET...

...THE FEDERATION  
PLANETARY DEVELOPMENT  
COUNCIL DECIDED FUNDS  
WOULD BE BETTER SPENT  
CONVERTING THE WHOLE  
OPERATION TO  
AUTOMATION.

AND WHAT  
IS THAT  
OPERATION,  
PRECISELY?

MOSTLY  
DILITHIUM  
MINING.



FOR SUCH  
A SMALL TOTAL  
MASS, THIS PLANET  
HAS A REMARKABLY  
HIGH CONCENTRATION  
OF THAT  
MINERAL.

EXTRACTED,  
IT COULD  
SUPPLY THE  
FEDERATION'S  
NEEDS FOR  
DECADES.



INTERESTING.

IS THERE  
ANY NATURAL  
EXPLANATION  
FOR THIS  
BOUNTY?



NOTHING  
THE TEAM HERE  
WAS ABLE TO  
DISCOVER.

THAT WAS  
WHY ALAN  
REQUESTED AN  
EXTENSION OF  
OUR TIME  
HERE.



AS CHIEF  
MISSION  
GEOLOGIST, HE'S  
DETERMINED  
TO SOLVE THIS  
PUZZLE.

BUT I'M SURE  
MR. SPOCK WOULD  
RATHER SPEND  
TIME CATCHING  
UP WITH YOU,  
HONEY.

WHY DON'T  
YOU MOVE TO  
THE LIVING ROOM  
WHILE I CLEAR  
UP?

VERY  
WELL.

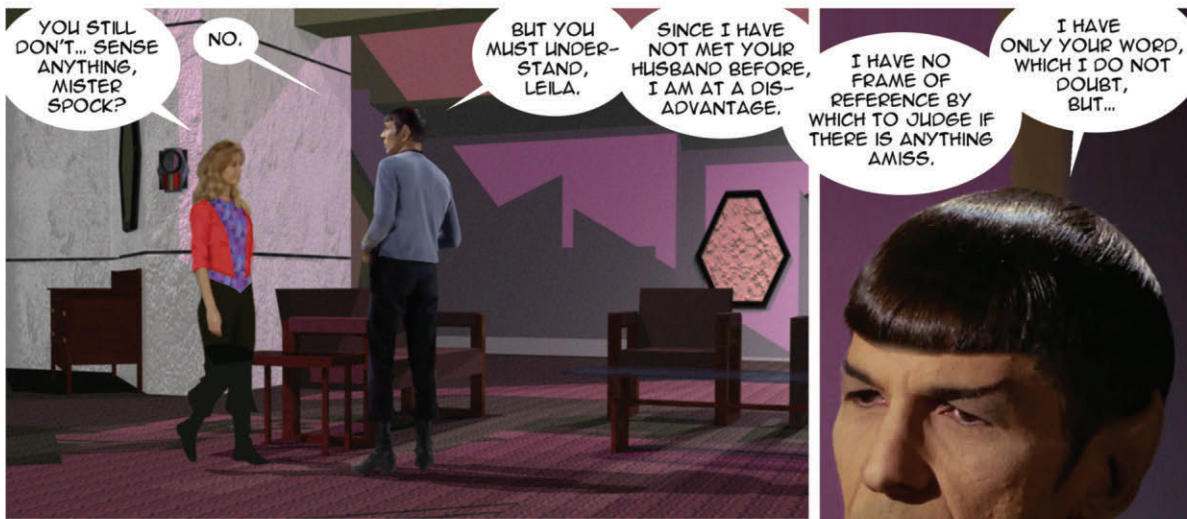
BUT I  
WOULD LIKE  
TO ACCOMPANY  
YOU INTO THE  
TUNNELS TO-  
MORROW.

YES, OF  
COURSE!

I'D BE  
DELIGHTED TO  
HAVE YOU TAG  
ALONG!







YOU STILL  
DON'T... SENSE  
ANYTHING,  
MISTER  
SPOCK?

NO.

BUT YOU  
MUST UNDER-  
STAND,  
LEILA.

SINCE I HAVE  
NOT MET YOUR  
HUSBAND BEFORE,  
I AM AT A DIS-  
ADVANTAGE.

I HAVE NO  
FRAME OF  
REFERENCE BY  
WHICH TO JUDGE IF  
THERE IS ANYTHING  
AMISS.

I HAVE  
ONLY YOUR WORD,  
WHICH I DO NOT  
DOUBT, BUT...



BUT I HAD  
HOPED, WITH YOUR  
KEENLY SENSITIVE  
VULCAN MIND...

...TELE-  
PATHY...

PER-  
HAPS...

IF YOU COULD  
GIVE ME SOME  
IDEA OF WHY YOU  
FEEL AS YOU DO,

I...  
I CAN'T!

IT'S JUST  
INTUITION... WHEN  
I LOOK INTO HIS  
EYES...

...I NO  
LONGER  
SEE  
ALAN.



"IT'S AS IF  
HE'S... HOLLOW."



I SHOULD BE  
PUTTING IN THE  
USUAL SIX OR  
EIGHT HOURS  
TODAY,  
HONEY.

UNLESS  
MR. SPOCK  
GETS BORED,  
THAT IS!

I DON'T  
THINK BOREDOM  
IS PART OF  
THE VULCAN  
NATURE,  
DARLING.

BE...  
CARE-  
FUL.





OH, I WILL, HONEY!

YOU KNOW ME!



YES... I DO...



I MUST THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THE USE OF THIS TRI-CORDER.

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT!

BUT SPEAKING OF HOW VULCAN'S FEEL...

I ADMIT I FEEL QUITE... INCOMPLETE WITHOUT ONE!

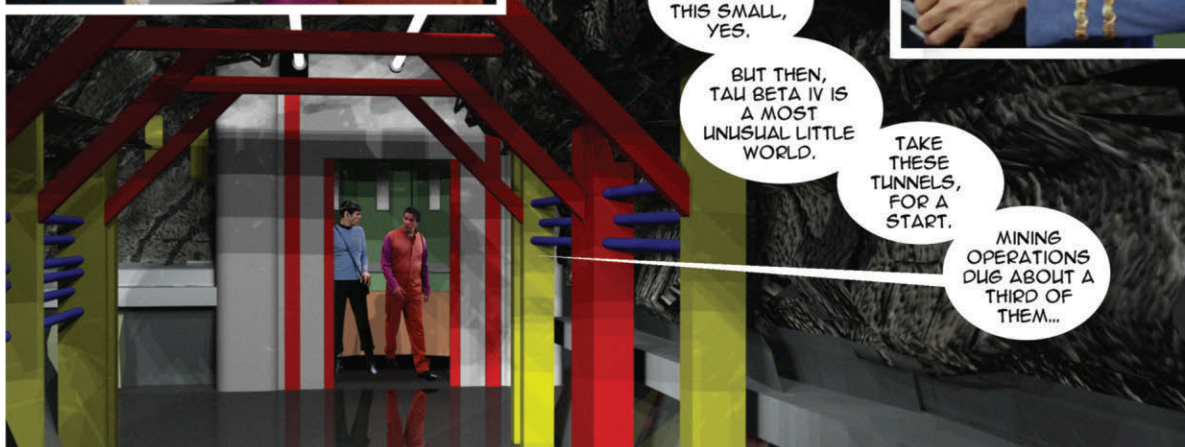


WE'RE GOING DOWN ABOUT TEN KILOMETERS.

WILL THE PRESSURE CHANGE BE ANY KIND OF PROBLEM FOR YOU?



NO...  
...BUT IS IT NOT UNUSUAL FOR NATURAL DILITHIUM CRYSTALS TO FORM THAT DEEP?

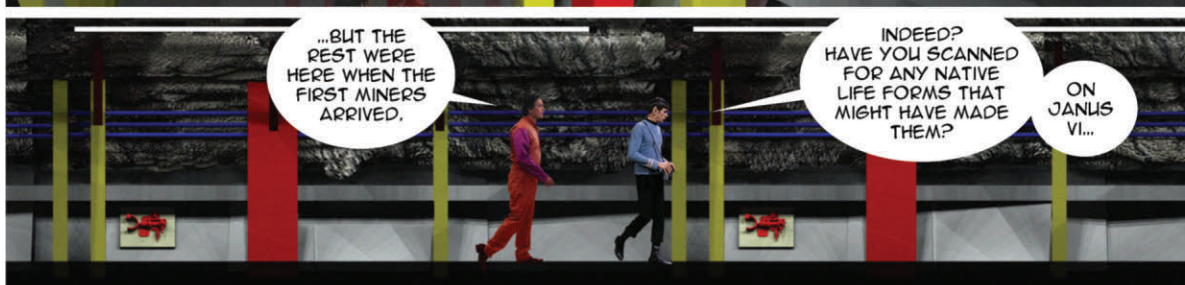


ON A PLANET THIS SMALL, YES.

BUT THEN, TAU BETA IV IS A MOST UNUSUAL LITTLE WORLD.

TAKE THESE TUNNELS, FOR A START.

MINING OPERATIONS DUG ABOUT A THIRD OF THEM...



...BUT THE REST WERE HERE WHEN THE FIRST MINERS ARRIVED.

INDEED? HAVE YOU SCANNED FOR ANY NATIVE LIFE FORMS THAT MIGHT HAVE MADE THEM?

ON JANUS VI...





AH, YES,  
THE  
HORTA!

THERE'S PROBABLY NOT  
A GEOLOGIST OR MINING  
ENGINEER IN THE FEDERATION  
WHO HASN'T STUDIED  
THOSE  
REPORTS!

BUT THERE'S  
NOTHING LIKE  
THAT HERE. NO  
NATIVE LIFE  
AT ALL.

NATIVE  
LIFE.

THAT  
SEEMS  
A RATHER...  
SPECIFIC  
TERM.

AND  
THERE IS A  
REASON FOR  
THAT!

THIS IS ONE  
OF OUR LONG-  
DISTANCE  
CONVEYOR  
UNITS.

OUR FIRST  
DESTINATION IS  
ABOUT SIXTY  
CLICKS FROM  
HERE.

ROUGHLY  
TEN MINUTES'  
TRAVEL  
TIME.

NOT  
EXACTLY  
WARP  
SPEED...

...BUT THAT  
SHOULD PROVIDE  
PLENTY OF TIME FOR  
ME TO POINT OUT  
SOME OF THE MORE  
INTERESTING  
SIGHTS!

FOR INSTANCE,  
IF YOU USE THAT  
TRICORDER TO  
SCAN THE TUNNELS  
AROUND  
US...



...YOU  
SHOULD NOTICE  
SOMETHING RIGHT  
AWAY.

OUR  
TUNNELS SHOW  
RED, THE  
NATIVE TUNNELS  
BLUE.

HM...

THE TUNNELS  
NOT CREATED BY  
HUMAN MINERS  
APPEAR ALMOST  
ORGANIC IN  
NATURE.









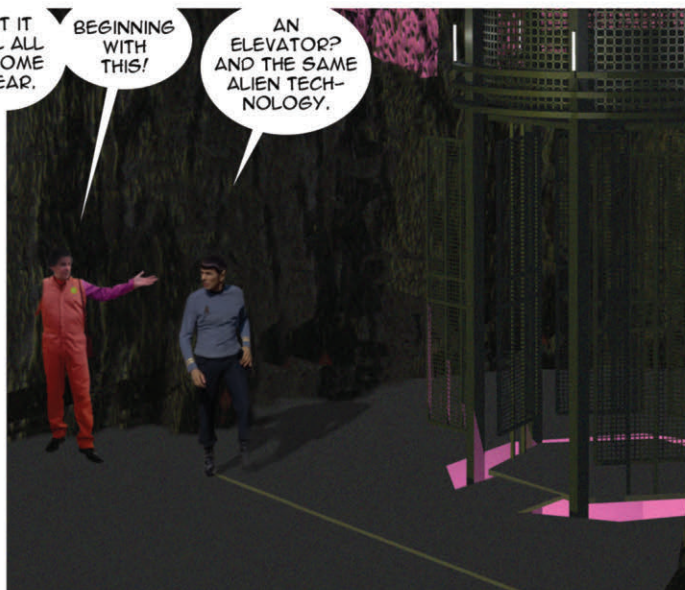
I DO NOT TAKE YOUR MEANING.

AND I WOULD NOT EXPECT YOU TO.

BUT IT WILL ALL BECOME CLEAR.

BEGINNING WITH THIS!

AN ELEVATOR? AND THE SAME ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.



GET IN.

AND PREPARE TO BELIEVE THE UNBELIEVABLE!



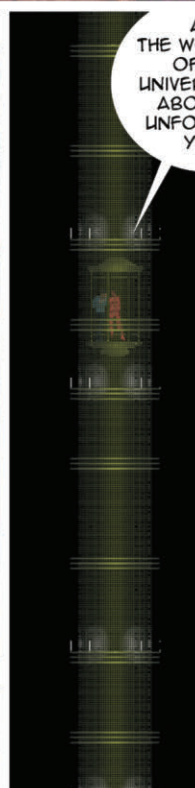
I SEE NO REASON FOR HYPERBOLE, DR. BECKER.

I...  
UH-HHN!



THERE IS... SOMETHING... PRESSING ON MY... MIND...

DON'T RESIST!

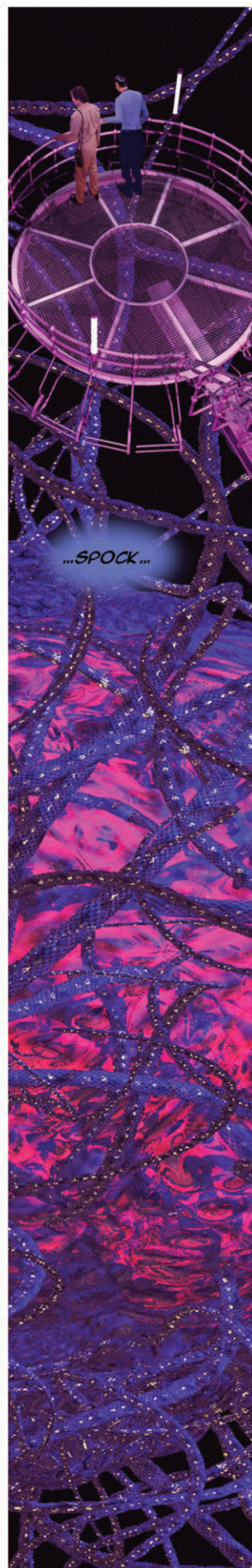
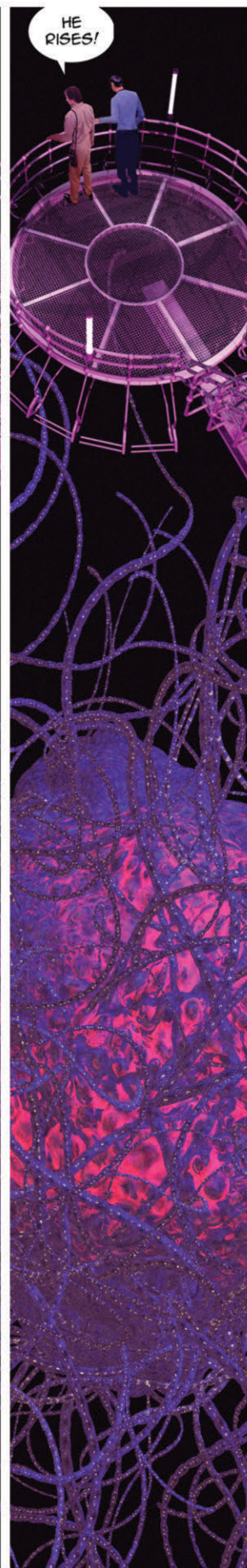
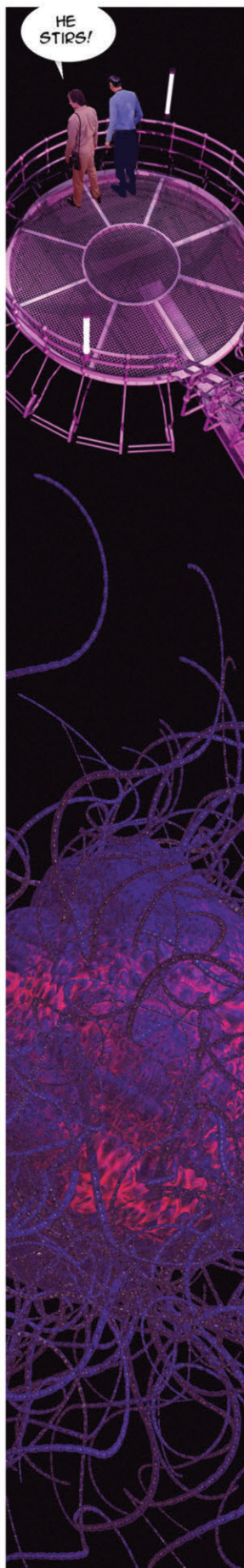
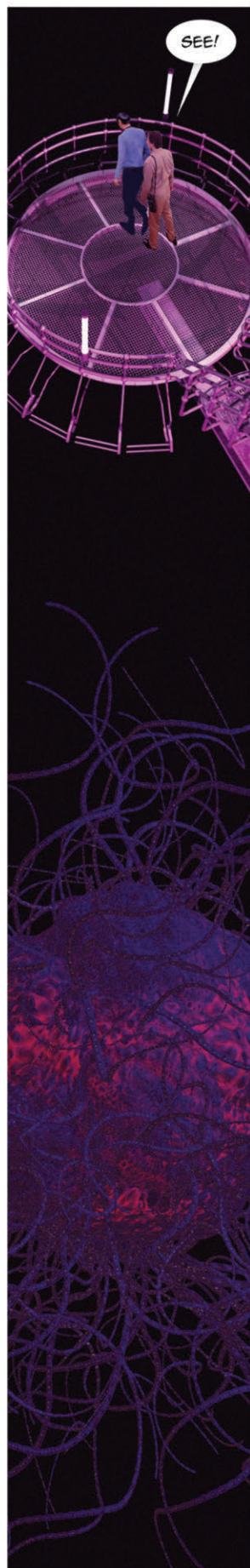


ALL THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE ARE ABOUT TO UNFOLD FOR YOU.

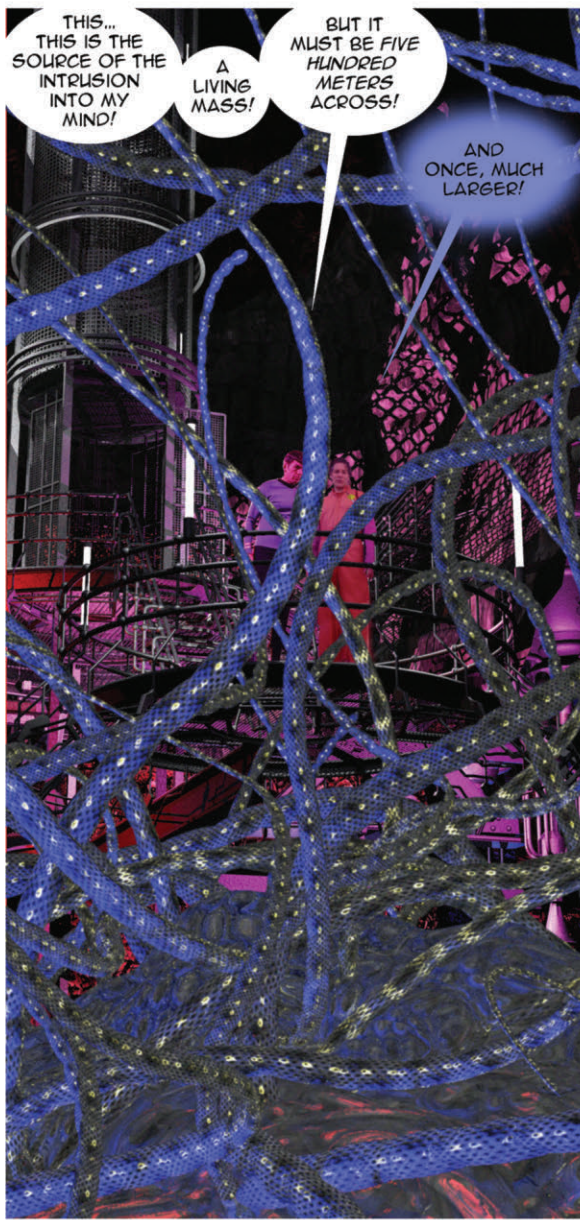


WELCOME IT! EMBRACE IT!

















HIS MIND IS EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN WE ANTICIPATED.

EVEN UNCONSCIOUS HE SHIELDS HIMSELF AGAINST OUR ATTACK.

WE MUST FIND A WAY TO BREAK THROUGH.

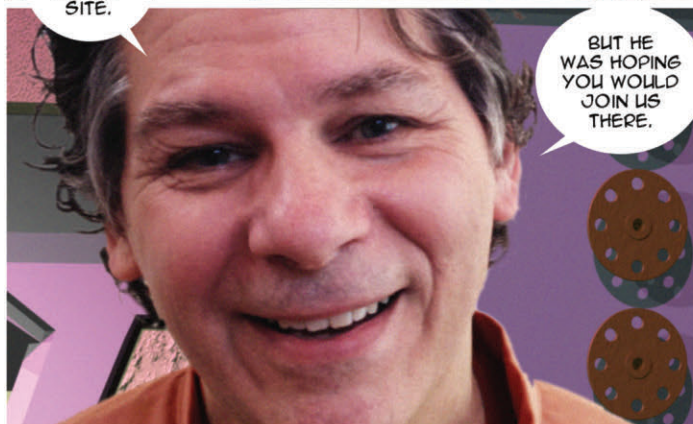


AND THERE IS SUCH A WAY...

ALAN... YOU'RE BACK!

WHERE IS MISTER SPOCK?

HE STAYED AT THE SITE.



BUT HE WAS HOPING YOU WOULD JOIN US THERE.



OF COURSE.



BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST CALL ME ON THE INTER-COM?

I COULD HAVE DONE THAT...



...BUT I WANTED A FEW MOMENTS ALONE WITH YOU.

THERE'S SOMETHING WE NEED TO DISCUSS...

"RIGEL? WHY WOULD SPOCK GO TO RIGEL?"





RIGEL IS ONE OF THE MOST HEAVILY POPULATED SYSTEMS IN THE FEDERATION, BONES.

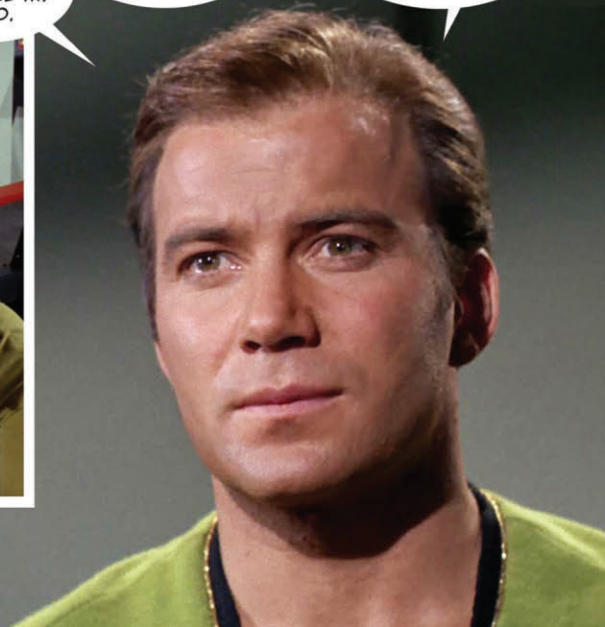
MAYBE SPOCK KNOWS SOMEONE THERE.

IF IT WAS ANYONE BUT SPOCK, I'D GUESS HE HAD AN OLD GIRLFRIEND THERE!

I'LL ADMIT THAT CROSSED MY MIND.

BUT THE ONLY REAL CANDIDATE WOULD BE LEILA KALOMI. YOU REMEMBER HER FROM THAT BUSINESS WITH THE SPORES ON OMICRON CETI III.

I HAD UHURA CHECK THE FEDERATION DATA BASE, AND LEILA AND HER HUSBAND, ALAN BECKER, ARE CURRENTLY ASSIGNED TO A MINING COLONY ON TAU BETA IV.



HUSBAND? WELL, I GUESS THAT TAKES HER OUT OF THE LOOP.

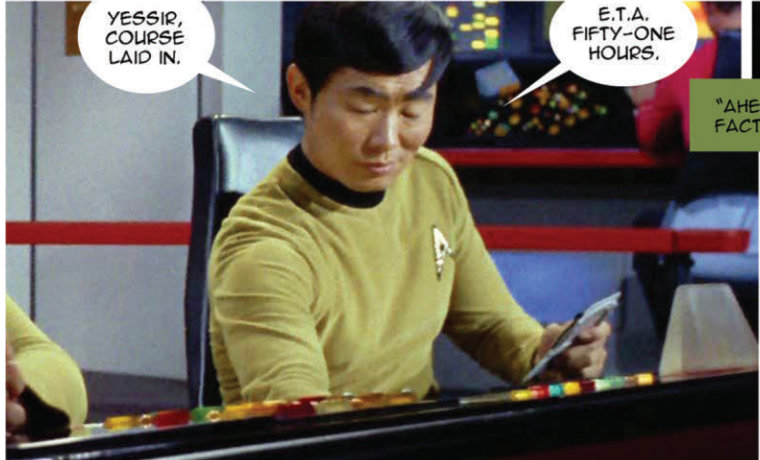
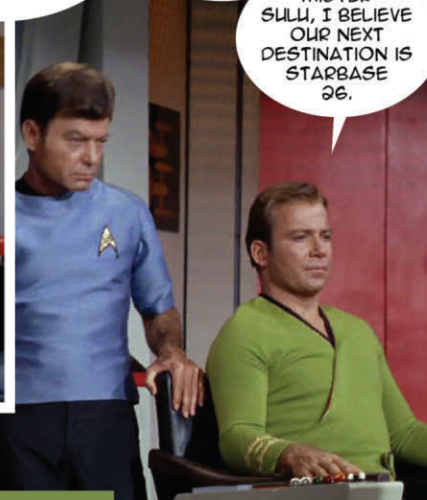
AND IT DOES SOMETHING ELSE, BONES!



IT REMINDS US THAT WE'VE GONE AS FAR AS WE SHOULD, PROBING INTO MISTER SPOCK'S PRIVATE BUSINESS.

EVEN IF THAT PROBING IS IN THE NAME OF FRIENDSHIP AND CONCERN.

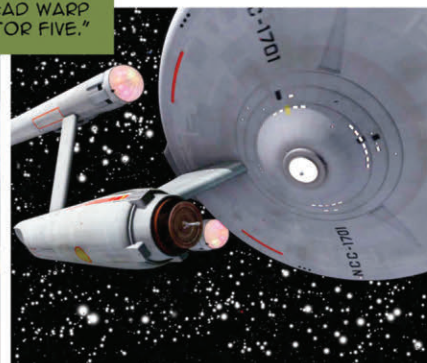
MISTER SULLI, I BELIEVE OUR NEXT DESTINATION IS STARBASE 06.



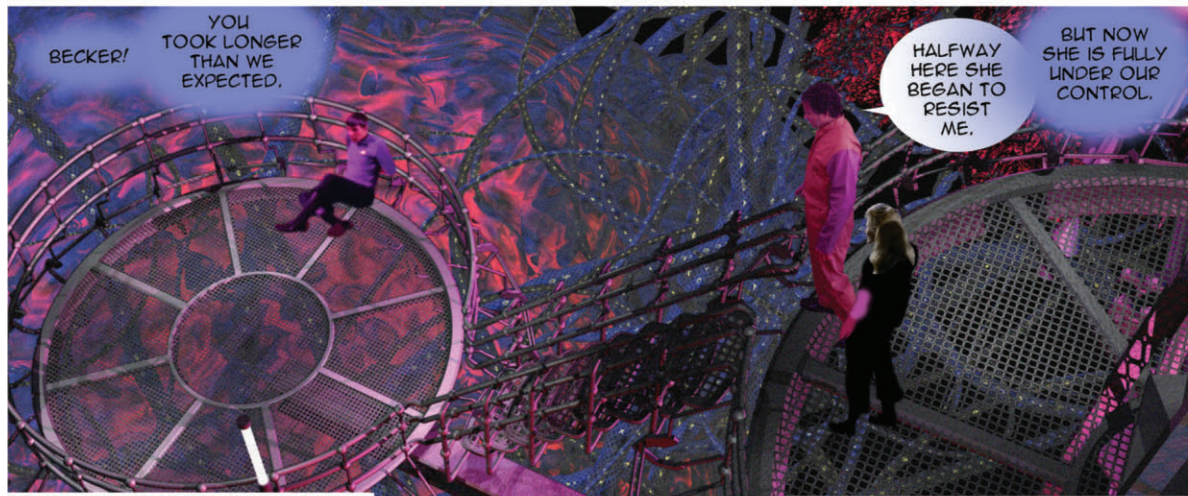
YESSIR, COURSE LAID IN.

E.T.A. FIFTY-ONE HOURS.

"AHEAD WARP FACTOR FIVE."







BECKER!

YOU  
TOOK LONGER  
THAN WE  
EXPECTED.

HALFWAY  
HERE SHE  
BEGAN TO  
RESIST  
ME.

BUT NOW  
SHE IS FULLY  
UNDER OUR  
CONTROL.



LEILA!

BECKER!  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN TO DO  
WITH HER?



FIRST, WE  
ARE NO LONGER  
MERELY "BECKER,"  
OUR NAME IS  
*S'UORA*.

WE ARE  
THE ONCE AND  
FUTURE  
RULER OF THIS  
GALAXY.



I AM  
ACQUAINTED WITH  
THE HISTORY OF  
MOST OF THE  
PLANETS IN THIS PART  
OF THE  
GALAXY...

...BUT  
THAT NAME IS  
UNKNOWN TO  
ME.



THEN YOU  
ARE AS GREAT  
A FOOL AS THOSE  
WHO THOUGHT  
THEY COULD  
IMPRISON  
US!

AND YOUR  
PUNISHMENT FOR  
THAT FOOLISHNESS  
WILL BE TO SERVE  
AS THE KEY WHICH  
UNLOCKS OUR  
CAGE.

UNLIKELY.  
I HAVE ALREADY  
SHOWN I CAN  
RESIST YOU AS  
LONG AS  
NEEDED.



YES,  
YOU CAN  
RESIST.

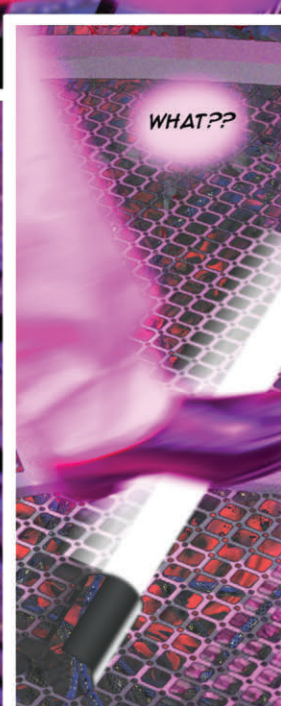
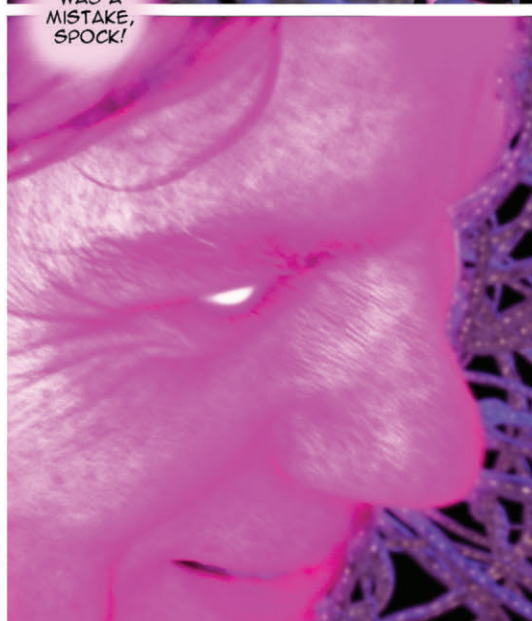
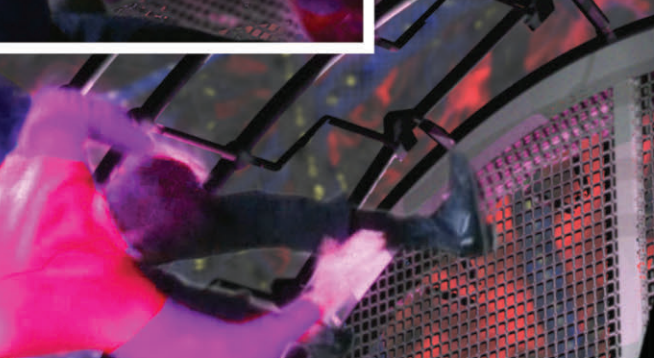
















UNCONSCIOUS. S'UORA MAY HAVE CONTROLLED BECKER'S MIND, BUT HE WAS STILL LEARNING HOW TO CONTROL HIS BODY!

HOW...

HOW BAD...?



HE IS ALIVE. BUT HE MAY HAVE FRACTURED HIS SKULL.

S'UORA APPEARS TO BE... GONE...?



BUT... NOT... FAR...



LEILA...?

AK

YOUR BODY WILL SERVE ME.



DEAD OR ALIVE!

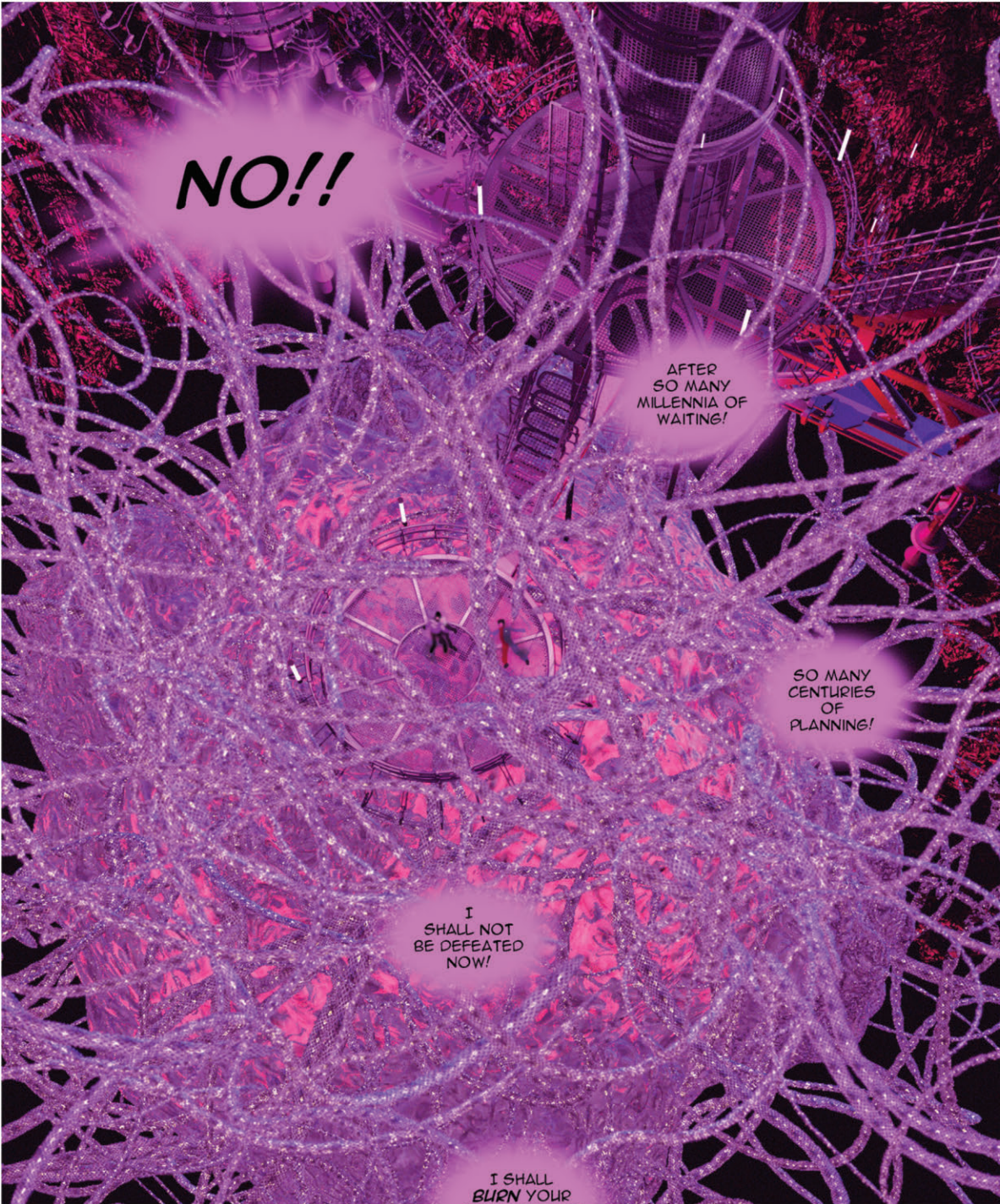
THOK



NO, S'UORA!

I CAN SENSE THAT YOU HAVE NOT BEEN IN CONTROL OF LEILA LONG ENOUGH TO IMPART THE IMMUNITY YOU GAVE BECKER.





**NO!!**

AFTER  
SO MANY  
MILLENNIA OF  
WAITING!

SO MANY  
CENTURIES  
OF  
PLANNING!

I  
SHALL NOT  
BE DEFEATED  
NOW!

I SHALL  
BURN YOUR  
BRAIN BEFORE  
I LET THAT  
HAPPEN!!



**UNGH!!**





YOU...  
ARE WEAK...  
S'HORA.

YOU HAVE...  
OVERTAXED...  
YOUR ALREADY...  
DIMINISHED...  
POWER.

NO!

I...  
CAN...  
RESIST...  
YOU.



MY POWER  
IS BEYOND THE  
INFINITE! WITH IT  
I RULED THE  
GALAXY!

AND  
YET... YOU  
WERE... DEFEATED  
AND... LOCKED  
AWAY WITHIN  
THIS... PRISON  
PLANET.

EVEN...  
NOW, I SEE...  
THE... PATTERN  
OF THAT...  
DEFEAT.

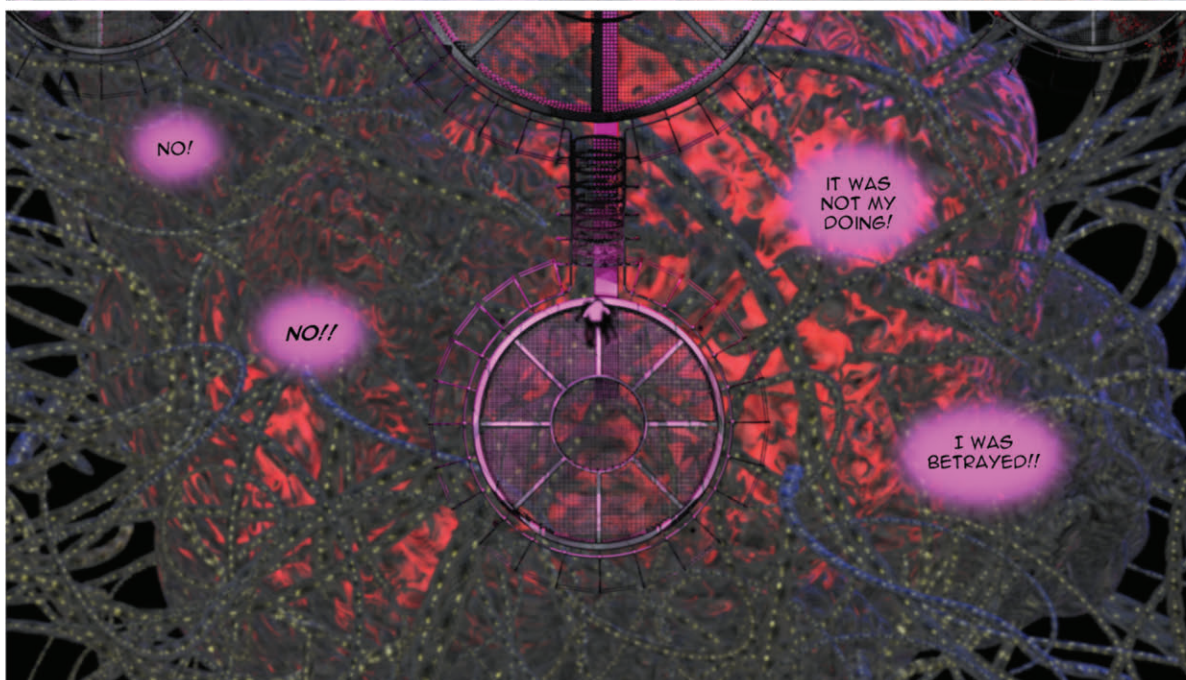


THE  
MEMORIES...  
OF YOUR...  
DOWNFALL...  
PLAYING ACROSS...  
YOUR  
MIND.

POWER  
WITHOUT  
DISCIPLINE,  
WASTED... ON  
PETTINESS...  
AND...  
GREED,



UNTIL...  
YOU SOWED...  
THE SEEDS OF...  
YOUR OWN...  
DESTRUCTION.



NO!

NO!!

IT WAS  
NOT MY  
DOING!

I WAS  
BETRAYED!!





BETRAYED?

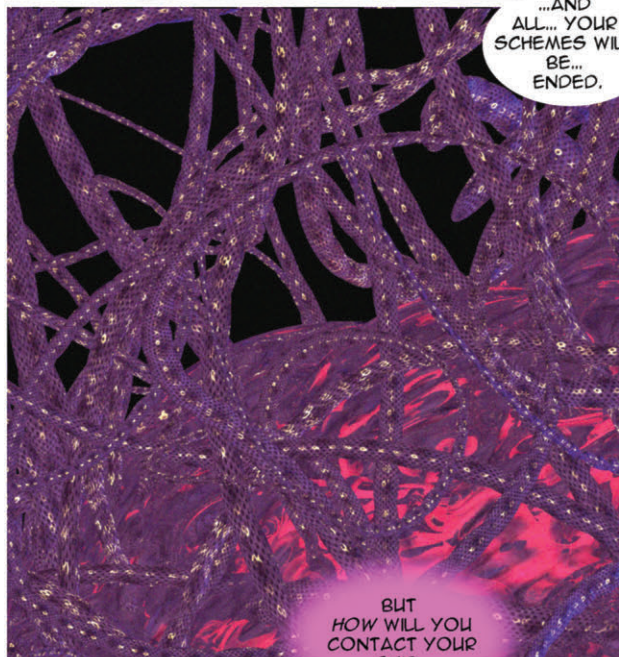
ONLY  
BY YOURSELF,  
S'UORA.

AND WHATEVER  
FORCES... YOU BRING  
TO BEAR AGAINST...  
MYSELF OR THESE  
HUMANS...

...IT WILL  
AVAIL... YOU  
NOTHING.

...I WILL...  
CONTACT MY  
SHIP...

ONCE  
WE ARE... ALL  
OUTSIDE YOUR  
DILITHIUM  
CAGE...



...AND  
ALL... YOUR  
SCHEMES WILL  
BE...  
ENDED.

BUT  
HOW WILL YOU  
CONTACT YOUR  
SHIP...

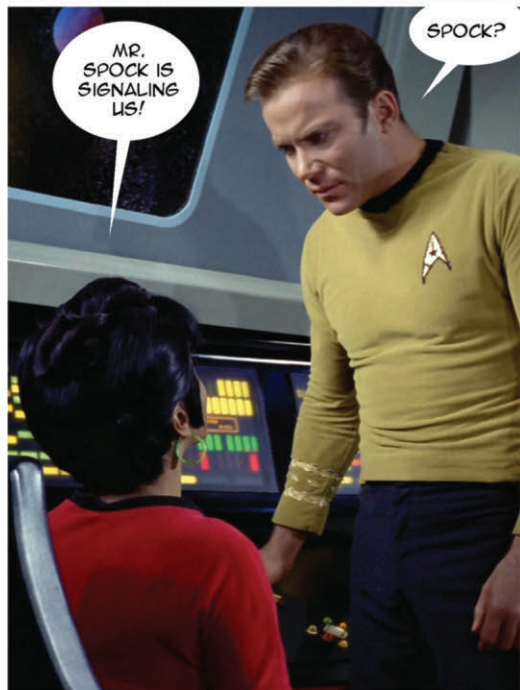


...IF  
YOUR  
MIND...



...HAS BEEN  
DESTROYED?!









PERSONAL LOG...

THE MYSTERY BEHIND SPOCK'S UNCHARACTERISTIC REQUEST FOR LEAVE IS ABOUT TO BE SOLVED.

I AM BEAMING DOWN WITH DR. MCCOY AND TWO SECURITY MEN.



SPOCK! YOU LOOK LIKE DEATH WARMED OVER!

WHAT IN BLAZES HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE?

MY CONDITION IS NOT YOUR PRIMARY CONCERN, DOCTOR.

PLEASE ATTEND TO LEILA AND DR. BECKER.



SHE'S ALL RIGHT -- JUST UNCONSCIOUS. BUT...

...HE HAS A SEVERE SKULL FRACTURE. HE REQUIRES IMMEDIATE SURGERY.

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO THE ENTERPRISE!

YOU SHOULD TRANSPORT UP IMMEDIATELY, DOCTOR.

AND WE SHOULD FOLLOW, CAPTAIN.

VERY WELL, MR. SPOCK. I'LL LET YOU EXPLAIN THE NEED FOR URGENCY LATER.

KIRK TO TRANSPORTER ROOM!



SHIP'S MEDICAL LOG,  
LEONARD MCCOY, CHIEF  
MEDICAL OFFICER  
RECORDING.

THE ENTERPRISE IS HOLDING  
IN ORBIT AROUND TAU BETA IV  
WHILE I BEGIN WHAT I AM ALREADY  
AFRAID WILL BE AN IMPOSSIBLE  
ATTEMPT TO SAVE ALAN BECKER.



MY  
APOLOGIES,  
LEILA.

MY REPORT  
TO THE CAPTAIN  
COULD NOT BE  
ABBREVIATED.

IT WAS NOT  
MY INTENT TO  
LEAVE YOU ALONE  
FOR SO  
LONG.

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT, MISTER  
SPOCK.

I'VE HAD  
PLENTY TO  
OCCUPY MY...  
TO HOLD MY  
ATTENTION.

DOCTOR  
MCCOY HAS BEEN  
OPERATING ALMOST  
NON-STOP FOR  
SIX HOURS.



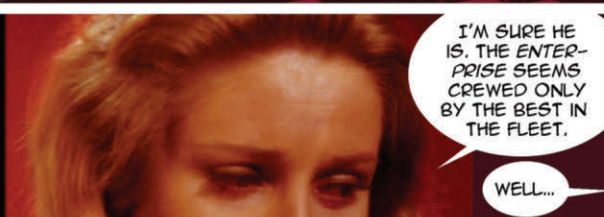
YOUR  
HUSBAND COULD  
NOT BE IN BETTER  
HANDS,  
LEILA.

DOCTOR  
MCCOY IS THE  
FINEST MEDICAL  
OFFICER IN THE  
FLEET.



I'M SURE HE  
IS. THE ENTER-  
PRISE SEEMS  
CREWED ONLY  
BY THE BEST IN  
THE FLEET.

WELL...



...DON'T KNOW  
IF I AM ENTIRELY  
WORTHY OF MR.  
SPOCK'S SUPER-  
LATIVES...

...BUT YOU'LL  
BE HAPPY TO KNOW,  
LEILA, THAT I HAVE  
SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED MY  
PART OF THE  
JOB.

I... WAS  
NOT AWARE THAT  
YOU COULD HEAR  
US, DOCTOR.

BUT WHAT  
DID YOU MEAN,  
YOUR PART OF  
THE JOB?

WHAT I MEANT,  
SPOCK, IS THAT I'VE  
REPAIRED THE  
PHYSICAL DAMAGE TO  
BECKER'S  
BRAIN...

...BUT  
S'LUORA DID  
ITS OWN  
KIND OF  
DAMAGE.







I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW CAN HIS MIND BE... BROKEN?

I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S THE MOST DELICATE WORD I COULD USE.

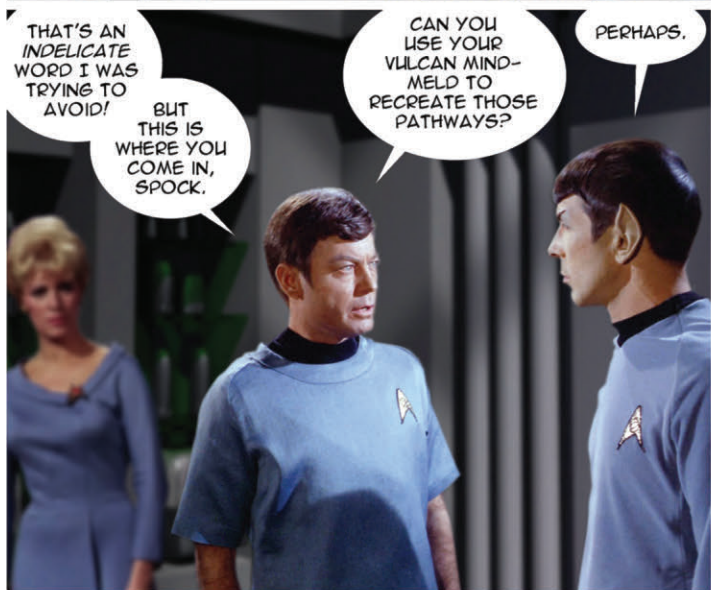
SEE FOR YOURSELF. ALL HIS PHYSICAL READINGS ARE PERFECTLY FINE.

ONLY HE'S COMPLETELY UNRESPONSIVE. HE SHOULD HAVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS BY NOW, BUT...

LOWER THE BED PLEASE, DOCTOR.

YES...

THE PATHWAYS BETWEEN HIS THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES HAVE BEEN... SMASHED.



THAT'S AN INDELICATE WORD I WAS TRYING TO AVOID!

BUT THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN, SPOCK.

CAN YOU USE YOUR VULCAN MIND-MELD TO RECREATE THOSE PATHWAYS?

PERHAPS.

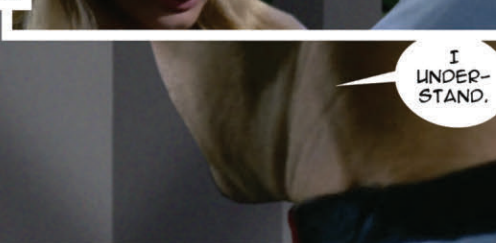
IS THIS SOMETHING YOU WISH ME TO ATTEMPT, LEILA?

THERE IS A POTENTIAL DANGER. IF MY MIND BECOMES ENTANGLED IN THOSE BROKEN PATHWAYS.

I COULD LOSE BOTH OF YOU.



THAT'S NOT A CHOICE I CAN MAKE, MISTER SPOCK.



I UNDERSTAND.



DOCTOR...

...I SHALL REQUIRE COMPLETE ISOLATION.





TWO HOURS!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO CHECK ON THEM!

YOU KNOW THERE ISN'T, JIM.

IF IT WAS ANYBODY ELSE, SURE, I COULD CHECK THE MONITORS. BUT I KNOW SPOCK. HE'D SENSE IF WE WERE SPYING ON HIM!



DOCTOR... ARE YOU REALLY SURE THIS CAN WORK?

SURE? NO, I CAN'T BE SURE.

BUT THIS IS SPOCK, AND I'VE SEEN HIM COME CLOSE TO WORKING MIRACLES.



NOT MIRACLES, DOCTOR.

TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE.

WELL. I'D CALL IT A MIRACLE!



ALAN!



CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE OUTBOUND  
FROM TAU BETA IV, CONFIRMED  
RENDEZVOUS WITH U.S.S. HANNON  
FOR TRANSFER OF LEILA AND  
ALAN BECKER.



...AND I'VE  
CONFIRMED WITH  
STARFLEET  
COMMAND THAT  
TAU BETA IV IS NOW  
UNDER THE MOST  
STRICT QUARAN-  
TINE.

IT'LL BE  
A HUNDRED YEARS  
BEFORE ANY SHIPS  
VISIT THAT PLANET  
AGAIN!

AND BY  
THEN EVEN  
S'UORA WILL  
BE LONG  
DEAD.

IT'S SUCH A  
SHAME, THOUGH,  
THAT WE HAVE  
TO LOSE THAT  
INCREDIBLE TROVE  
OF DILITHIUM!



YES... WELL,  
I'LL SAY  
GOODBYE,  
NOW.

LEAVE THE  
THREE OF YOU  
TO SAY YOUR  
FAREWELLS.

IF YOU DON'T MIND,  
ALAN, I'D LIKE TO  
SAY MY FAREWELL TO  
MR. SPOCK IN  
PRIVATE.

I'LL ONLY  
BE A FEW  
MINUTES.

OF COURSE.  
GOODBYE,  
MISTER  
SPOCK.

IT WAS  
GOOD TO  
FINALLY MEET  
YOU.



LIKE-  
WISE, DR.  
BECKER.





THERE WAS...  
SOMETHING YOU  
WISHED TO ASK ME,  
LEILA?

YES.

WHEN I  
LOOK INTO ALAN'S  
EYES, I SEE THE  
MAN I LOVE ONCE  
AGAIN.

BUT I  
SEE SOME-  
THING ELSE,  
TOO.



YOU DID  
SOMETHING  
MORE THAN JUST  
GUIDE HIM BACK TO  
CONSCIOUSNESS,  
DIDN'T YOU?



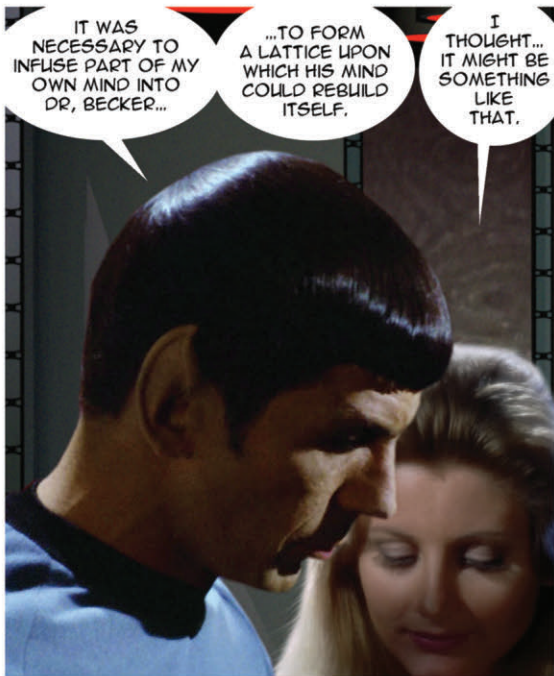
YES.

WHEN I JOINED  
WITH YOUR  
HUSBAND'S MIND, I  
FOUND THE DAMAGE  
THERE WAS MUCH  
GREATER THAN ANY-  
THING DR. MCCOY  
COULD HAVE  
GUESSED.

THE FORCEFUL  
OCCUPATION BY THE  
ALIEN MIND HAD BROKEN  
APART MANY OF THE  
LINKS BETWEEN ALAN  
BECKER'S THOUGHTS  
AND  
MEMORIES.

IT WAS,  
INDEED, AS  
YOU HAD SAID...  
AS IF HE HAD  
BECOME  
HOLLOW.





IT WAS NECESSARY TO INFUSE PART OF MY OWN MIND INTO DR. BECKER...

...TO FORM A LATTICE UPON WHICH HIS MIND COULD REBUILD ITSELF.

I THOUGHT... IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



THIS IS... ACCEPTABLE TO YOU?

OF COURSE.



I KNOW YOU DID WHAT YOU KNEW TO BE FOR THE BEST.

I DID.



GOOD-BYE, MISTER SPOCK.

THANK YOU.



LIVE LONG AND PROSPER, LEILA.

PART OF ME SHALL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU.

THE END









**MISTER CHEKOV**





MR.  
SCOTT...

...IF YOU  
HAF NO FURTHER  
NEED OF  
ME...

...MR.  
SULLI VAS  
GOING TO  
ASSIST ME  
ON THE  
SIMULATOR TO  
STUDY DE  
NAVIGATION  
PANEL...

NO  
FURTHER  
NEED OF  
YE?

OCH,  
LADDIE, DID  
NO ONE TELL  
Y'HOW IT  
WORKS?

Y'RE  
THE NEW  
MULE IN THE  
TEAM.

EVERY-  
BODY ELSE'LL  
BE SNUG IN  
THEIR BUNKS  
BEFORE YOUR  
DAY IS  
DONE!



BUT,  
MISTER  
SCOTT...

NO BUTS  
NOW,  
LADDIE!

YOU'LL  
HAVE PLENTY  
OF TIME FOR  
LEARNIN' ALL  
THE OTHER INS  
AN' OUTS OF  
THE SHIP...



...AFTER  
Y'VE DONE  
YOUR TURN  
IN ENGIN-  
EERING.

WHY,  
ALL THE VERY  
BEST PEOPLE  
COME UP FROM  
DOWN HERE,  
Y'KNOW!



NOW,  
BUCK  
UP...

...AN'  
I'LL SHOW YE  
WHY NIGHT SHIFT  
IS THE VERY BEST  
TIME TO RECALI-  
BRATE THE INTER-  
COOLERS!



Space, the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*.  
Its five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations.  
To boldly go where no man has gone before.

# STAR TREK

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2135.9

END OF SHIFT, AND I  
AM PREPARING TO TURN  
FULL COMMAND OVER  
TO MY FIRST OFFICER  
FOR A FEW HOURS.



Photomontage  
and Story by  
**JOHN BYRNE**

## "MISTER CHEKOV"

DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE



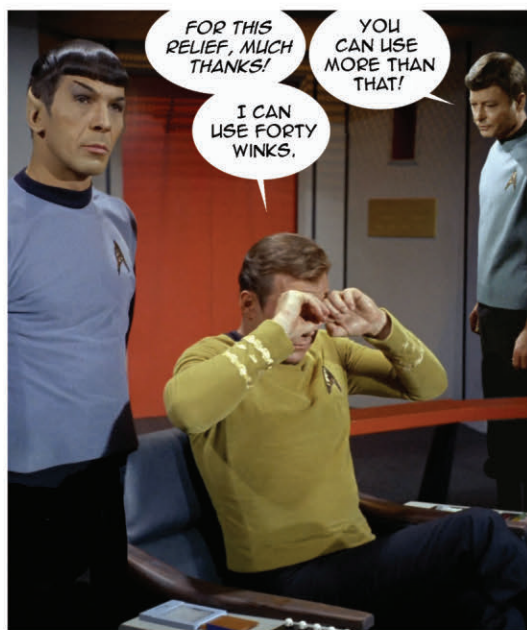
ALL SEEMS  
PEACEFUL.

ALL  
STATIONS  
REPORTING  
GREEN,  
SIR.

ALL  
CLEAR  
AHEAD.

YOU CAN  
TAKE YOUR  
SHIFT BREAK  
WITHOUT  
CONCERN.





FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!

YOU CAN USE MORE THAN THAT!

I CAN USE FORTY WINKS.



I'M PRESCRIBING A NIGHTCAP TO SOOTHE YOUR NERVES...

...AND THEN AT LEAST EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP!



AFTER ALL, YOU'RE A MERE MORTAL! YOU CAN'T GO DAYS AT A TIME, LIKE SPOCK!

AND DON'T I ENVY HIM THAT!

MR. SPOCK, THE BRIDGE IS YOURS!



NINETEEN HUNDRED HOURS, MR. DEPAUL, WE ARE DUE FOR A COURSE CORRECTION.

ENGAGE, MISTER SULLI.

YESSIR, ON THE BOARD.

YES, MISTER SPOCK.

TURNING ON ONE EIGHT FIVE, MARK NINE!



AHH, D'YE FEEL THAT, LAD?

THE SHIP'S TURNIN'. THE SIGNAL COMES DOWN FROM THE BRIDGE...

...AN' IN SCARCELY A NANOSECOND MY ENGINES RESPOND!

I'M SORRY, MISTER SCOTT.

I... DON'T FEEL ANYTHING!



YE'LL LEARN TO, LAD!

A SHIP IS LIKE A WOMAN.

SHE HAS HER MYSTERIES AN' HER MOODS.

PEACEFUL AN' CALM ONE MOMENT, HOT AS HADES THE NEXT.

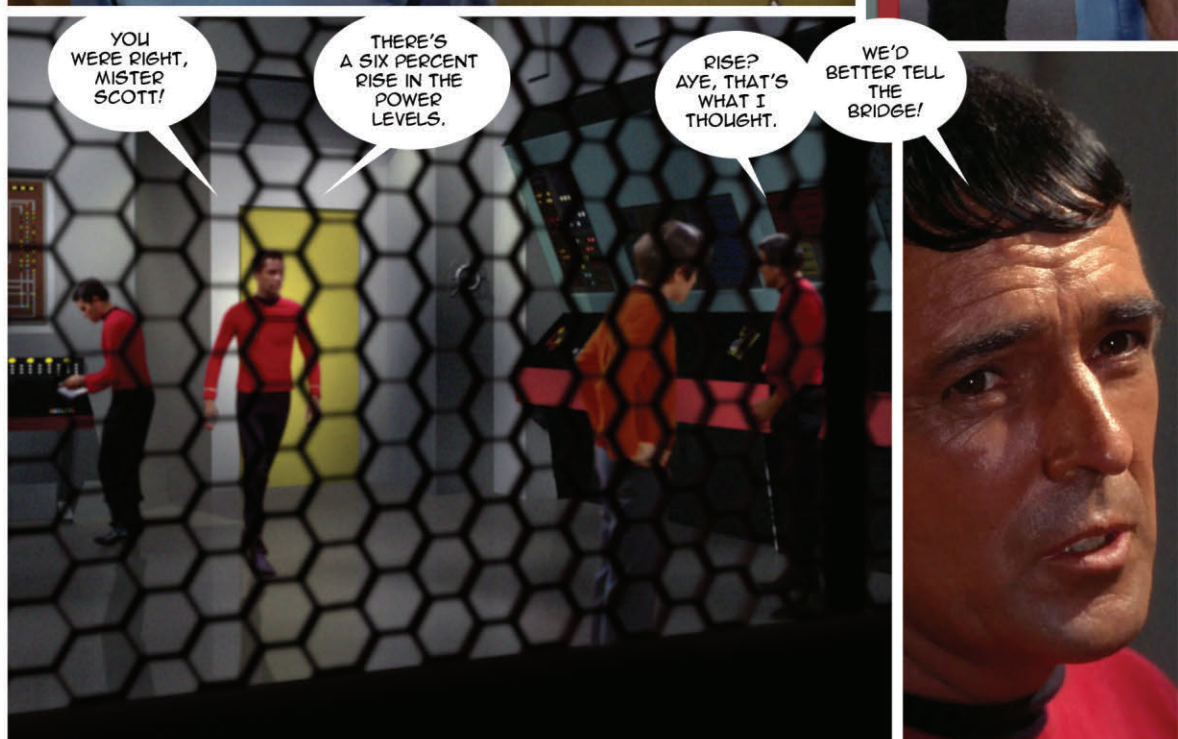
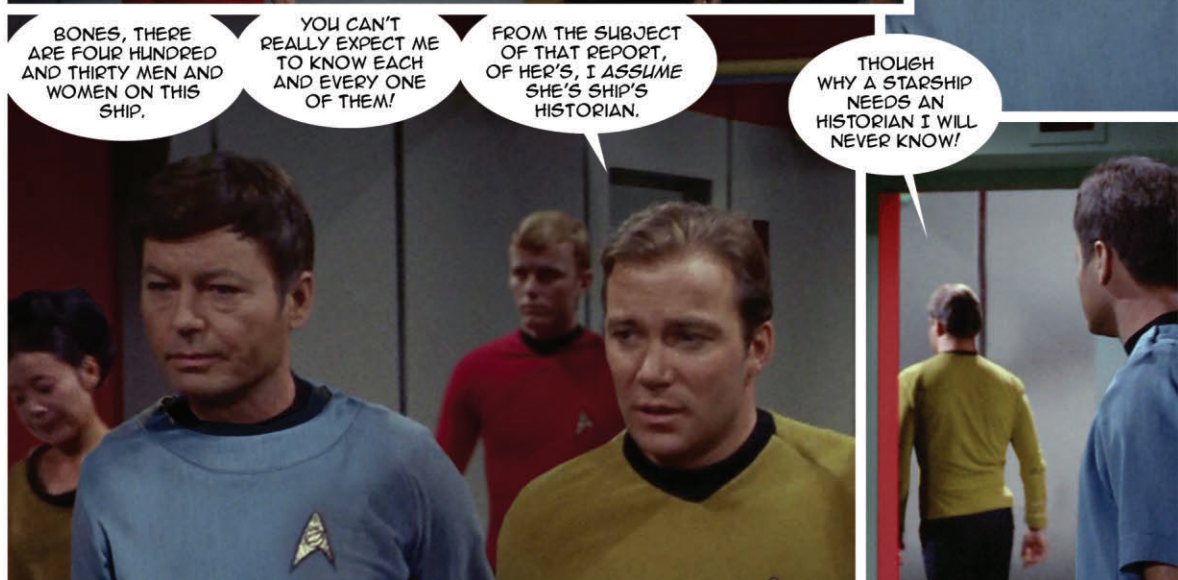
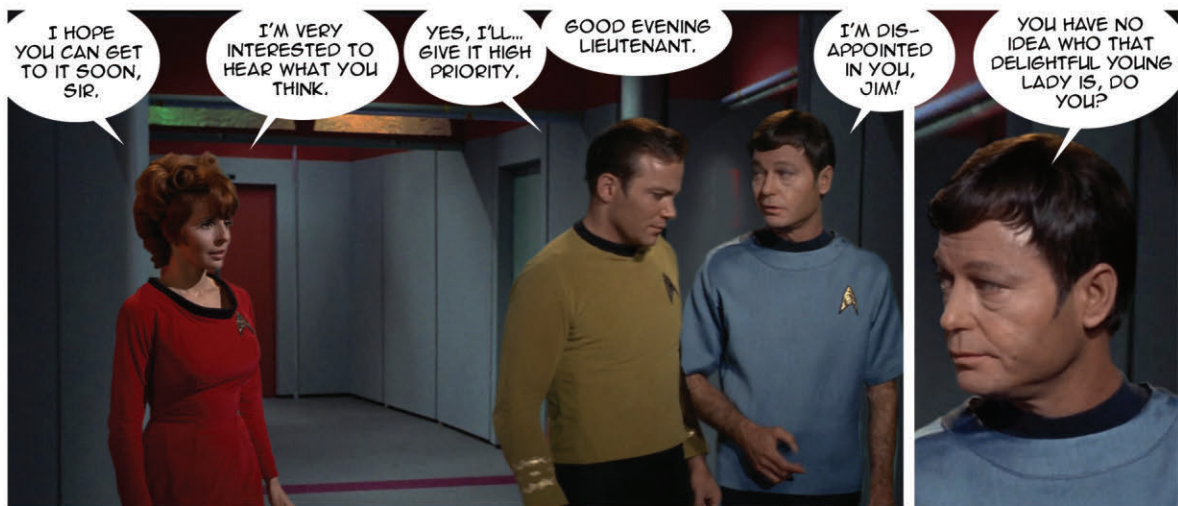
AN' WHEREVER Y'ARE ON THE SHIP, YE'LL LEARN TO KNOW THEM.

TO ANTICIPATE THEM.













...AND YOU CAN DETECT NO REASON FOR THIS ENERGY INCREASE, MR. SCOTT?

NO, MISTER SPOCK.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S OUTSIDE THE SHIP.

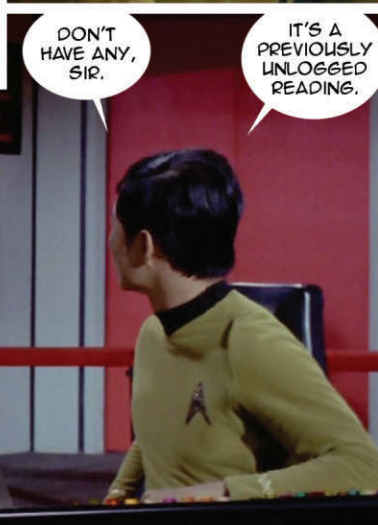
MISTER SPOCK...

LONG RANGE SCAN IS DETECTING... SOMETHING AHEAD.



CONFIRMING THAT, SIR.

SPECIFICS, PLEASE, MR. SULLI.



DON'T HAVE ANY, SIR.

IT'S A PREVIOUSLY UNLOGGED READING.



FASCINATING. A HERETOFORE COMPLETELY UNKNOWN PATTERN.

APPARENTLY SOMETHING UTTERLY ALIEN TO THIS UNIVERSE.

THAT'S HOW I READ IT TOO.



CENTRAL BODY APPROXIMATELY THREE HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS IN DIAMETER...

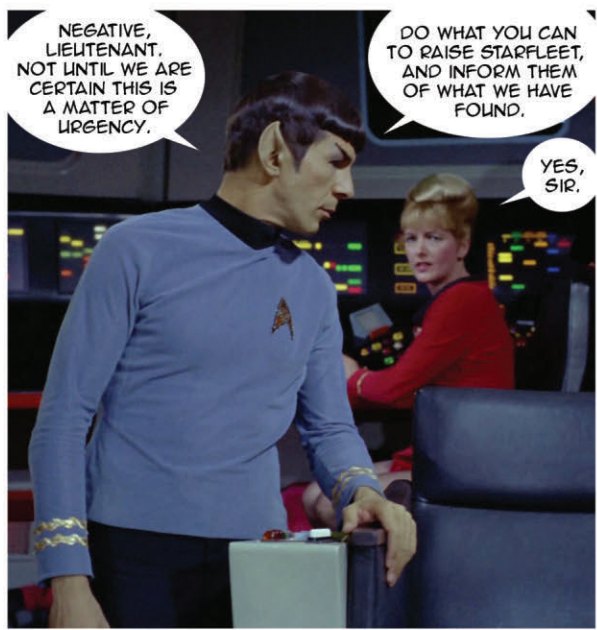
...BUT THE EFFECTS CREATED BY THIS PRIMARY REGION STRETCH BEYOND THE RANGE OF MY INSTRUMENTS.



I'M STARTING TO GET INTERFERENCE ACROSS THE MAIN STAR-FLEET CHANNELS, MR. SPOCK.

SHOULD WE WAKE THE CAPTAIN?









MISTER SCOTT, IF THIS PHENOMENON IS CONNECTED TO THE POWER INCREASE...

...LEVELS ARE LIKELY TO GROW EVEN HIGHER AS WE APPROACH THE CENTER.



ARE YOU READY TO HANDLE ANY POTENTIAL OVER-LOAD?

O'COURSE WE ARE!

SHEA, YOU AN' CHEKOV GET UP T'THE MAIN ROUTING CONDUITS.

MONITOR THE FLUX LEVELS.

ME, MISTER SCOTT?



YES, YOU.

AND DINNAE FESS Y'SELF, LAD! MR. SHEA WON'T LET Y'BREAK ANYTHING!

NOW, OFF YE GO!



HOW LONG HAF YOU BEEN SERVING UNDER MR. SCOTT, MR. SHEA?

NINE MONTHS NEXT WEEK.

AND LET ME GUESS...

YOUR NEXT QUESTION IS "DOES HE RIDE EVERYBODY AS HARD AS HE'S BEEN RIDING ME?"

VELL, IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S BEEN CUTTING ME A LOT OF SLACK!

PEASANTS UNDER THE OLD CZAR VORKED EASIER HOURS!



BE FLATTERED, CHEKOV!

HE MUST SEE SOME WORTH IN YOU...

...OR HE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE TIME OF DAY!





NOW,  
WATCH  
CLOSELY,  
PAVEL.

THAT'S  
YOUR NAME,  
RIGHT?  
PAVEL?

WATCH  
CLOSELY, AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW EVERY IOTA  
OF ENERGY GETS  
CHANNELED  
AROUND THIS  
SHIP!

I  
TINK I  
ALREADY  
KNOW SOME  
OF DIS, MR.  
SHEA.



DERE ARE  
EIGHTEEN PRIMARY  
UNITS LIKE DIS, PLUS  
EIGHT SECONDARY AND  
NINE BACKUP UNITS,  
FOR A TOTAL OF  
THIRTY-FIVE.

EACH PRIMARY  
UNIT HANDLES TWO  
ZONES ABOARD DE  
SHIP, SHARING VITH  
VON SECONO UNIT  
PER ZONE.

VERY  
GOOD!

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
COMES  
NEXT?



YES, SIR!  
VE TAKE DE  
REQUIRE READ-  
INGS BY  
ADJUSTING DE  
INTERFACE  
TO...



CHEKOV!!

WHAT  
DID YOU  
DO??



I  
DIDN'T  
DO ANY-  
THING!!





I HADN'T  
EVEN  
TOUCHED...

OOF!!



BRIDGE!

WHAT IN  
THE DEVIL IS  
GOING  
ON??

WE  
WERE TOSSED  
AROUND DOWN  
HERE LIKE RAG  
DOLLS!

WE'VE  
GOT THREE  
SERIOUS IN-  
JURIES!

WE  
NEED  
MEDICS!



WE ARE  
IN A SIMILAR  
CONDITION, MR.  
SCOTT.

CAN YOU  
CONFIRM THAT  
ENERGY LEVELS  
ARE CONTINUING  
TO RISE THROUGH-  
OUT THE  
SHIP?



AYE,  
WE'RE UP BY  
FIFTEEN  
PERCENT  
NOW...

...AN' THE  
LEVELS ARE  
STILL GOIN'  
UP.

PLUS TH' RATE OF  
INCREASE IS  
ACCELER-  
ATIN'!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN'  
OUT-  
SIDE?







WHAT MR. SULLI HAS DUBBED "SOLID SPACE" IS CONTINUING TO FORM AHEAD OF US.

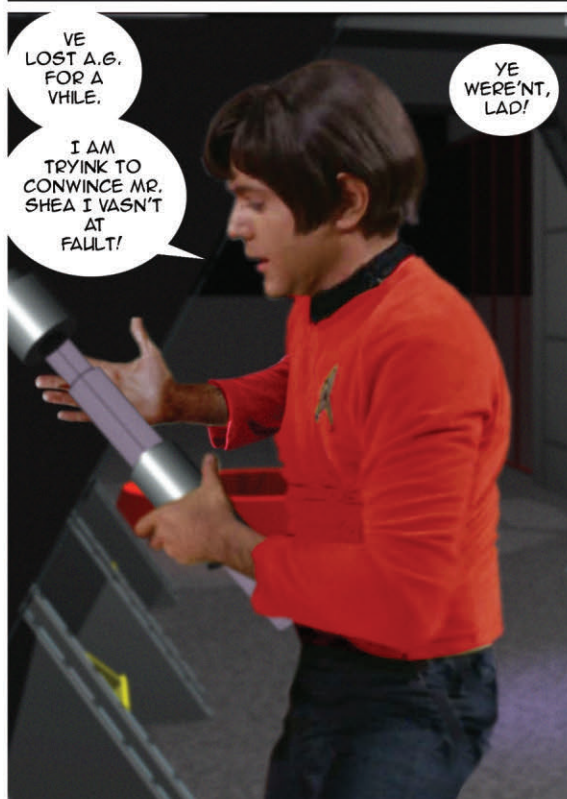
WE SHALL BE ENTERING ITS OUTERMOST REGIONS IN TWENTY MINUTES.

AN' IF THINGS HAVE BEEN BAD SO FAR...

...FROM HERE ON THEY'RE ONLY GOIN' T'GET WORST!

SHEA! CHEKOV! ARE Y'STILL WITH US UP THERE?

VE ARE HERE, MISTER SCOTT!



VE LOST A.G. FOR A WHILE.

I AM TRYING TO CONVINCE MR. SHEA I VASN'T AT FAULT!

YE WERE'NT, LAD!



THERE WERE ENERGY SPIKES ALL OVER THE SHIP, AN' THE EMERGENCY OVERRIDES CUT IN.

IT TOOK A MOMENT FOR THE SYSTEMS TO EVEN THEMSELVES OUT.

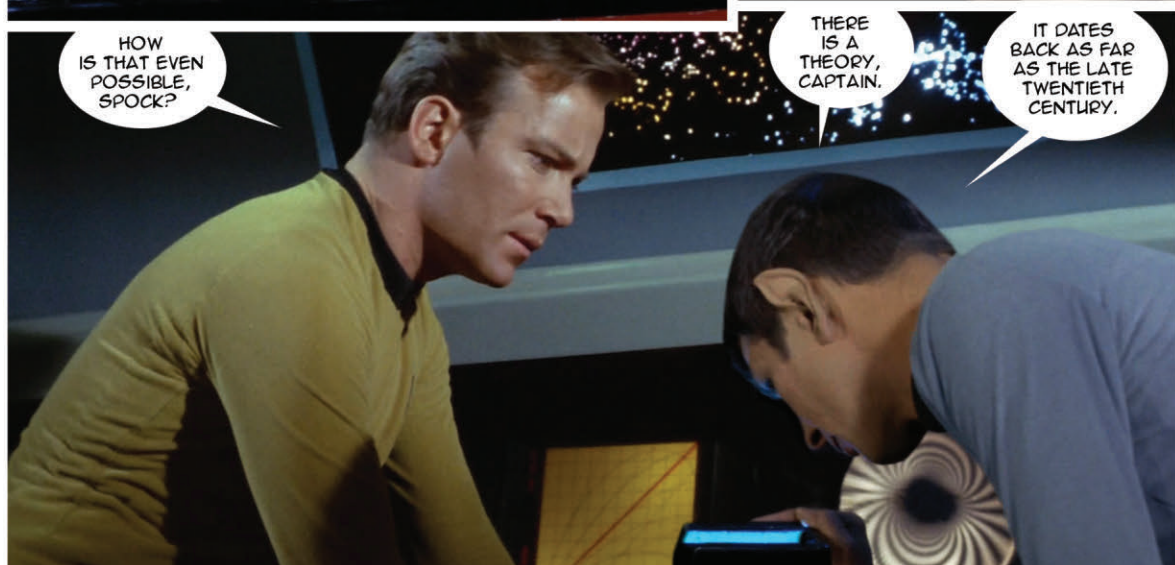
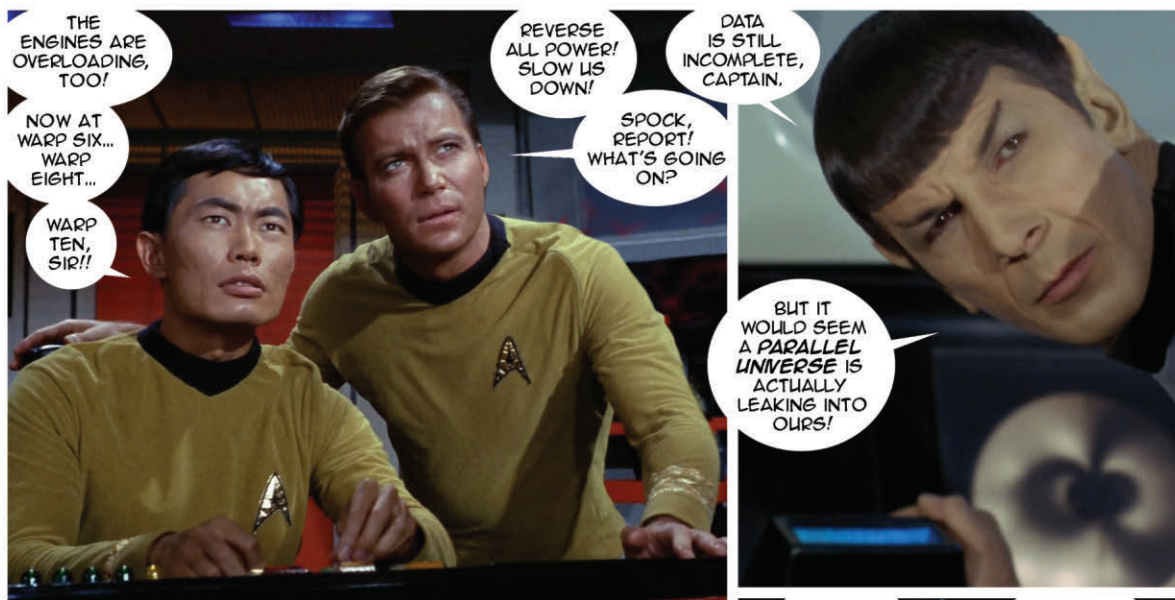
YOU AND SHAE RUN A FULL DIAGNOSTIC ON THE RELAYS.

WE'RE SAILIN' INTO WATERS WHERE WE CANNAE AFFORD T'HAVE IT HAPPEN AGAIN!













A FACT OF WHICH I AM SURE MR. SCOTT IS AWARE!

SCOTTY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?

GOOD NEWS, I HOPE!

I ONLY WISH, CAP'N!

I'VE GOT MY PEOPLE RUNNIN' ROUND LIKE CHICKENS WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF...

...AN' SO FAR NOBODY HAS FOUND A WAY TO KEEP THIS POWER OUT!



IT'S LIKE THAT STUFF OUT THERE IS A BIG TUB OF WATER, AN' WE'RE A SPONGE!

I... HAVE HAD ONE THOUGHT, THOUGH -- BUT I CANNAE THINK Y'RE GOIN' T'LIKE IT MUCH!

ANYTHING HAS TO BE BETTER THAN SLAMMING INTO THAT "SOLID SPACE" AT WARP TWELVE...

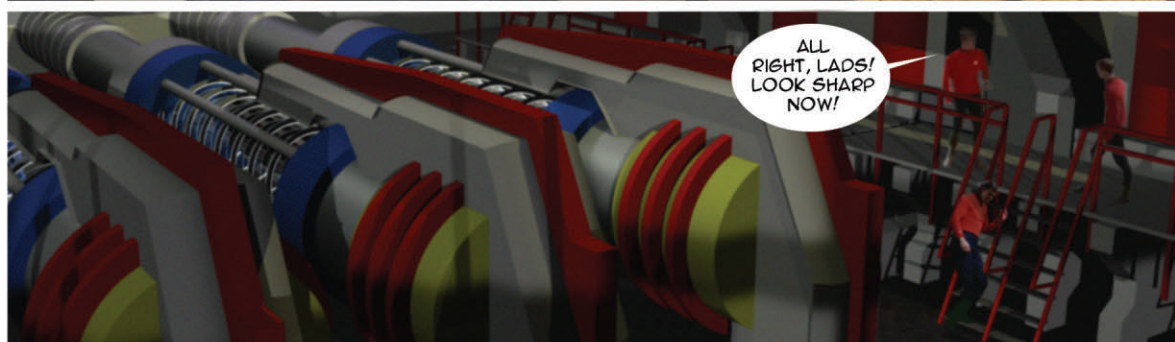


...WHILE THE SHIP TEARS ITSELF APART AROUND US!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, MISTER SCOTT?

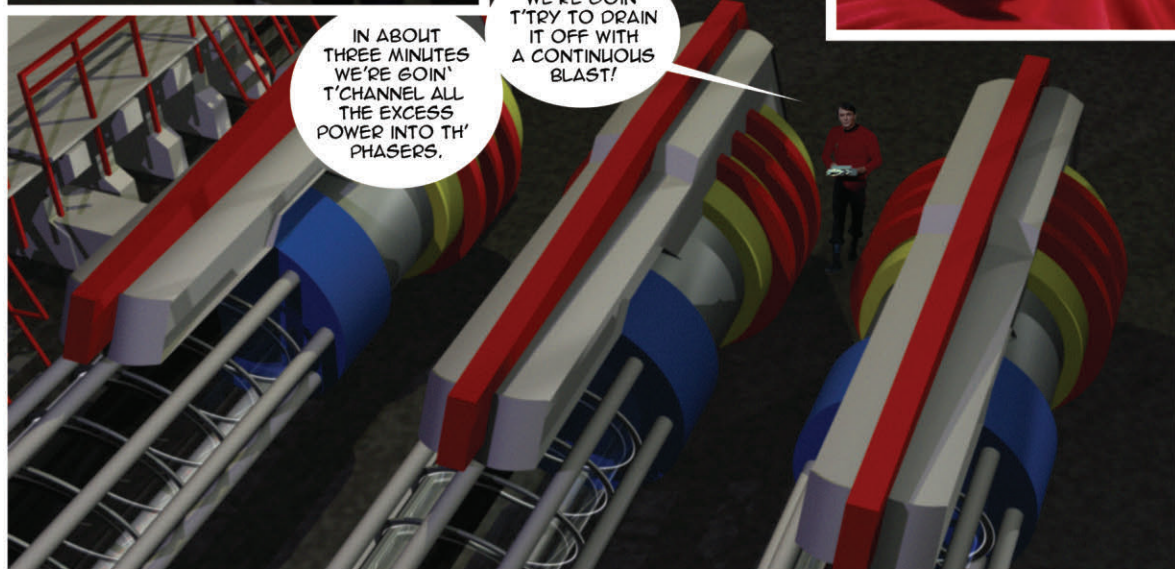
WELL, SIR. I WAS THINKIN', IF THERE'S NO WAY T'KEEP THE ENERGY FROM COMIN' IN...

...MAYBE WE SHOULD LOOK FOR A WAY T'GET IT OUT!

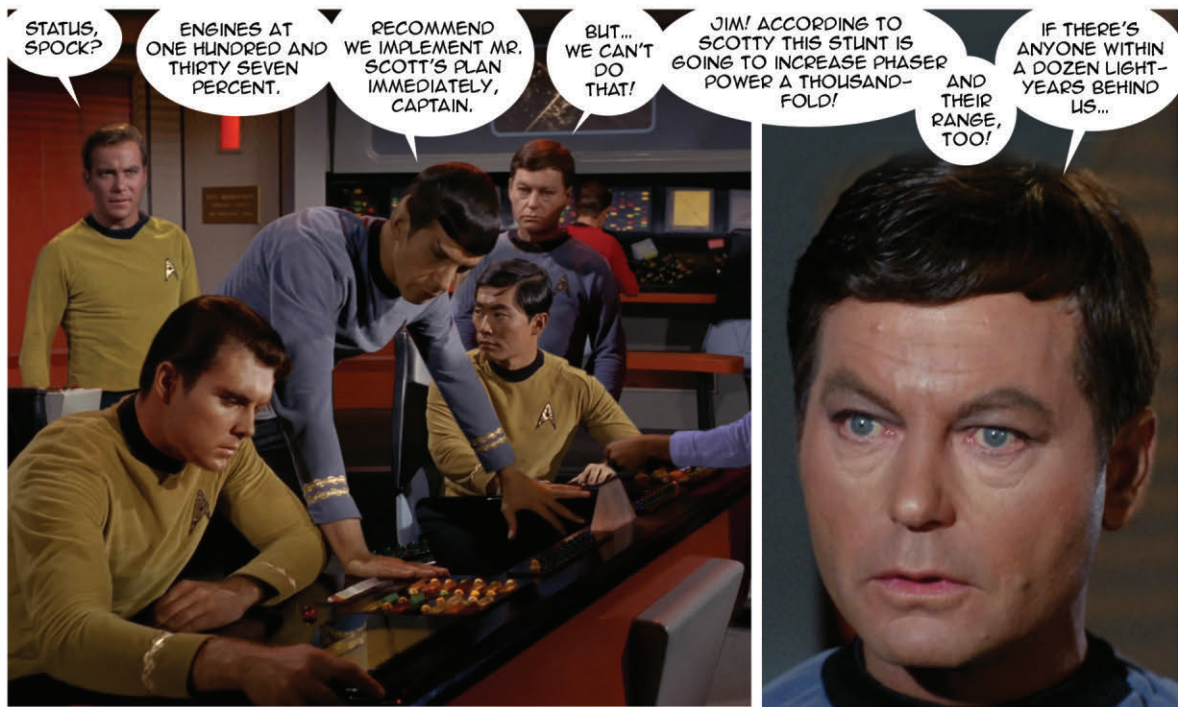


ALL RIGHT, LADS! LOOK SHARP NOW!









STATUS, SPOCK?

ENGINES AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVEN PERCENT.

RECOMMEND WE IMPLEMENT MR. SCOTT'S PLAN IMMEDIATELY, CAPTAIN.

BUT... WE CAN'T DO THAT!

JIM! ACCORDING TO SCOTTY THIS STUNT IS GOING TO INCREASE PHASER POWER A THOUSAND-FOLD!

AND THEIR RANGE, TOO!

IF THERE'S ANYONE WITHIN A DOZEN LIGHT-YEARS BEHIND US...

I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT PROBLEM, BONES.

LT. PALMER, HAVE YOU HAD ANY SUCCESS BROADCASTING A WARNING SIGNAL?

NO, SIR.

I'VE BEEN TRYING ALL CHANNELS, ALL FREQUENCIES.

NOTHING IS GETTING THROUGH.

THERE DON'T EVEN SEEM TO BE ANY OTHER SHIPS CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR.

YOU SEE, BONES?

WE'RE THE ONLY HOPE. PERHAPS FOR THE WHOLE GALAXY!



ROGER THAT, CAP'N!

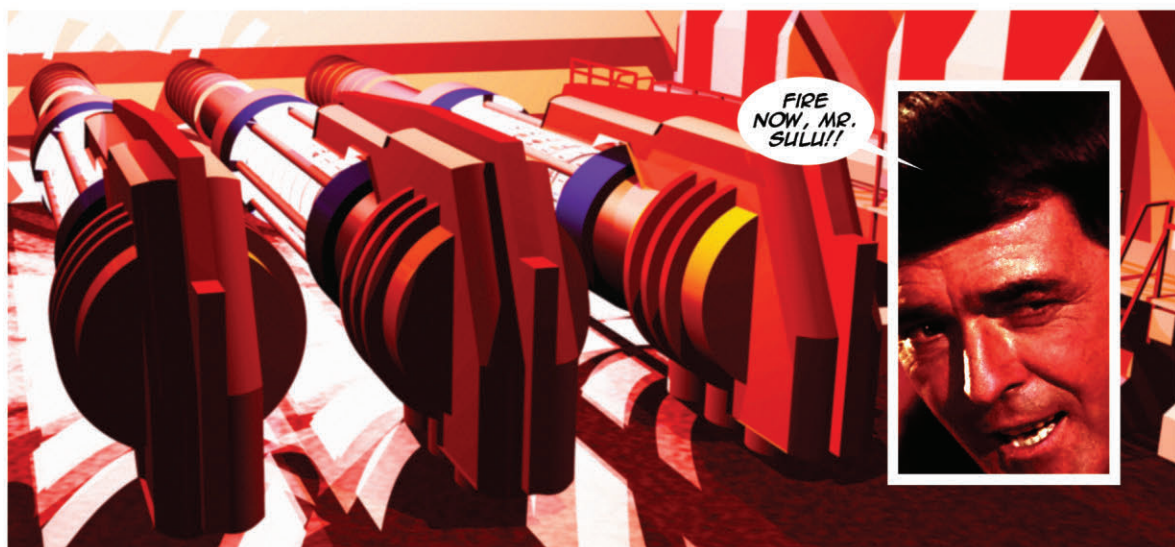
CLEAR OUT NOW -- UNLESS Y'WANT Y'R GRAN'CHILDREN T'GLOW IN THE DARK!

MR. SCOTT! DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

ALL RIGHT, LADS! SHE'S HOTTIN' UP!







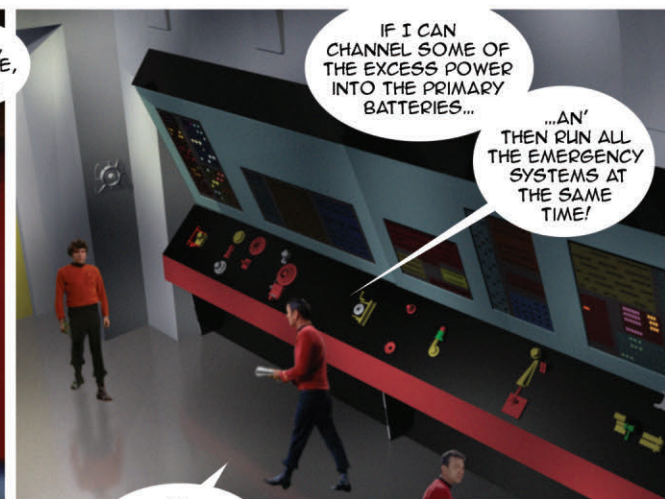




SCOTTY,  
ARE YOU  
THERE?

AYE,  
MAYBE,  
SIR.

IS  
THERE  
ANY-  
THING  
ELSE  
YOU  
CAN  
DO?



IF I CAN  
CHANNEL SOME OF  
THE EXCESS POWER  
INTO THE PRIMARY  
BATTERIES...

...AN'  
THEN RUN ALL  
THE EMERGENCY  
SYSTEMS AT  
THE SAME  
TIME!

AH,  
CHEKOV! Y'RE  
BACK!

COME  
ALONG, LAD!  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
PART OF THE  
SHIP Y'HAVEN'T  
SEEN!

BUT...  
MR. SCOTT!  
I AM DEAD  
ON MY FEET!



I REALLY  
NEED TO  
TAKE A  
BREAK!

I DON'T  
VANT TO MAKE  
A MISTAKE  
BECAUSE I AM  
TIRED!

EMERGENCIES  
ABOARD A STAR-  
SHIP ARE NAE  
INCLINED TO WAIT  
FOR EVERYONE TO  
BE BRIGHT EYED  
AND BUSHY  
TAILED!

THE MARK  
OF AN OFFICER  
IS THAT HE'S  
READY WHEN  
DUTY CALLS...



"...WHENEVER THAT  
MIGHT BE!"

ALL  
EMERGENCY  
SYSTEMS ON  
STAND-BY,  
MISTER  
SULLI.

FULL  
ACTIVATION THE  
MOMENT MR.  
SCOTT GIVES THE  
WORD!



HERE'S  
HOPING WE  
DON'T BLOW  
ALL OUR BACK-  
LIPS!

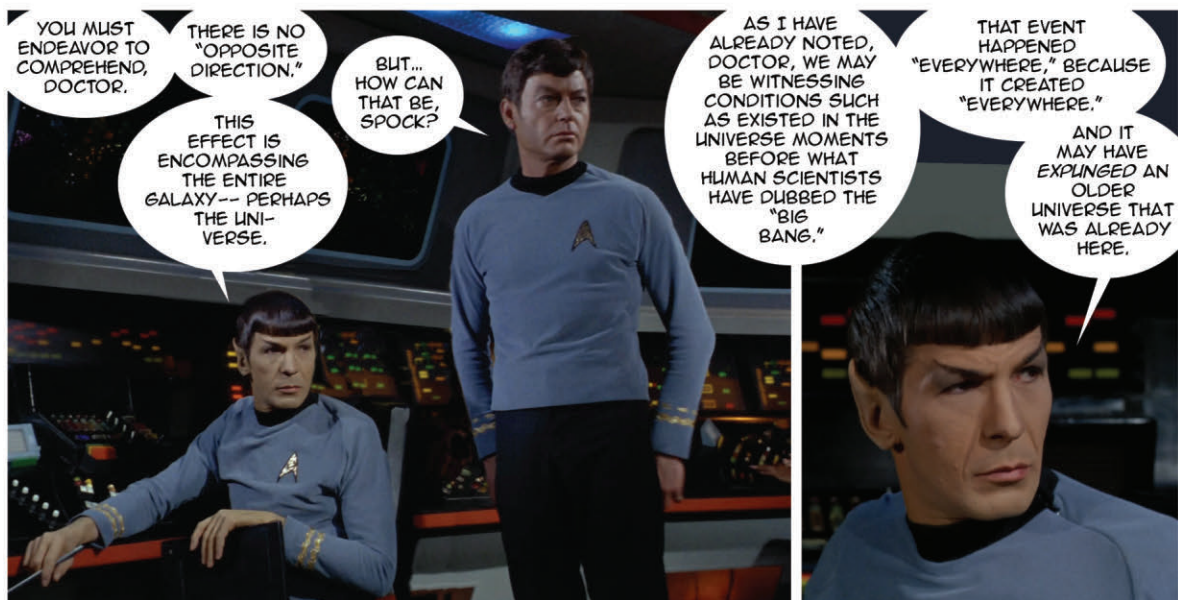
I DON'T  
SUPPOSE IT  
WOULD DO  
ANY GOOD...

...TO MENTION  
THAT NONE OF  
THIS WOULD BE A  
PROBLEM IF WE  
WERE GOING IN THE  
OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION!



AYE,  
SIR!





YOU MUST ENDEAVOR TO COMPREHEND, DOCTOR.

THERE IS NO "OPPOSITE DIRECTION."

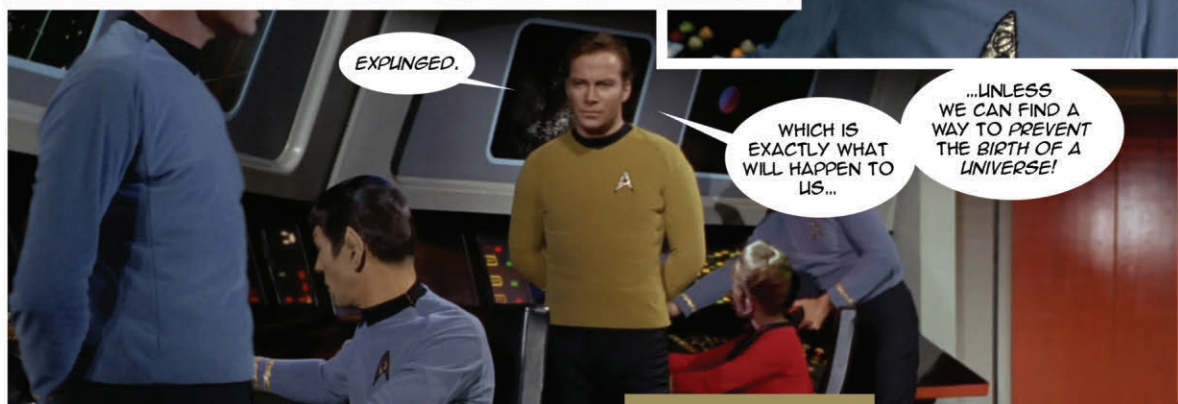
BUT... HOW CAN THAT BE, SPOCK?

THIS EFFECT IS ENCOMPASSING THE ENTIRE GALAXY-- PERHAPS THE UNIVERSE.

AS I HAVE ALREADY NOTED, DOCTOR, WE MAY BE WITNESSING CONDITIONS SUCH AS EXISTED IN THE UNIVERSE MOMENTS BEFORE WHAT HUMAN SCIENTISTS HAVE DUBBED THE "BIG BANG."

THAT EVENT HAPPENED "EVERYWHERE," BECAUSE IT CREATED "EVERYWHERE."

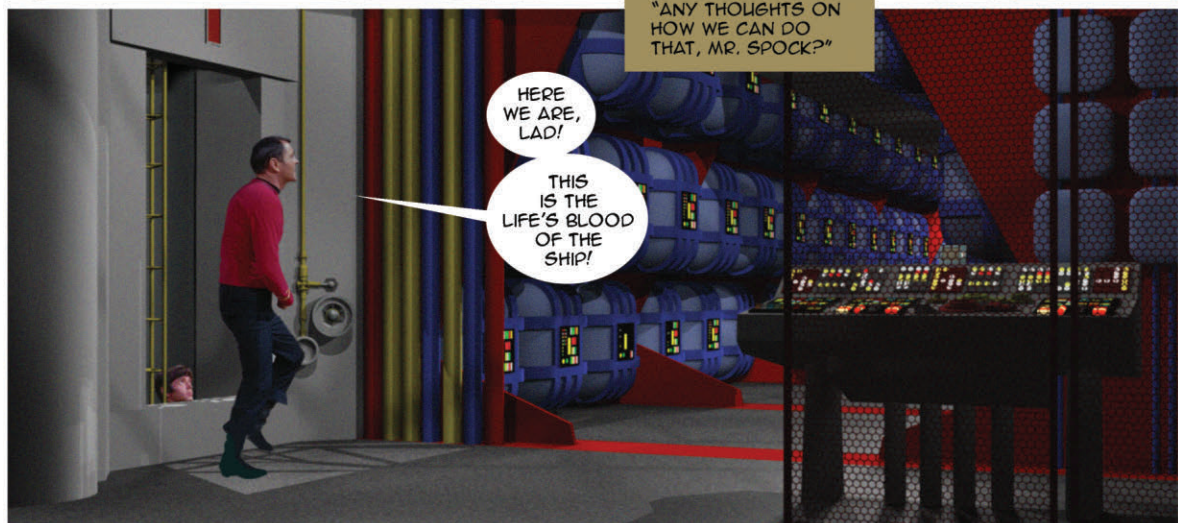
AND IT MAY HAVE EXPUNGED AN OLDER UNIVERSE THAT WAS ALREADY HERE.



EXPUNGED.

WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US...

...UNLESS WE CAN FIND A WAY TO PREVENT THE BIRTH OF A UNIVERSE!



"ANY THOUGHTS ON HOW WE CAN DO THAT, MR. SPOCK?"

HERE WE ARE, LAD!

THIS IS THE LIFE'S BLOOD OF THE SHIP!



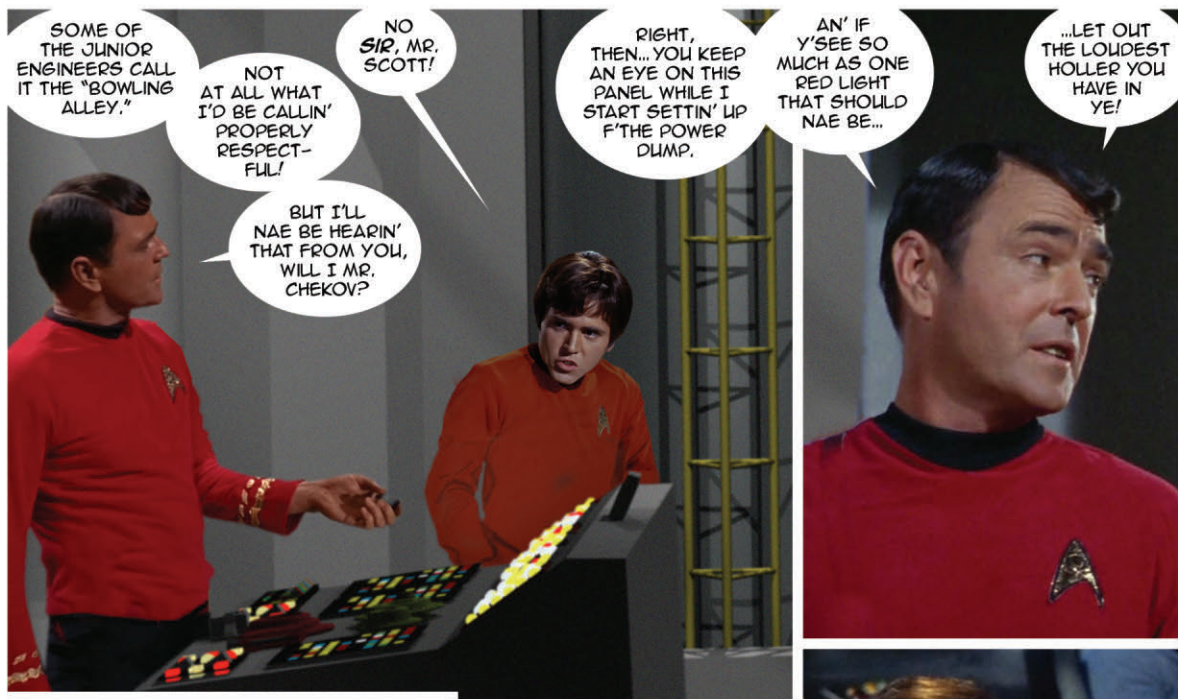
I HAF SEEN DIS IN DE PLANS OF THE SHIP...

...BUT I NEVER REALIZED IT WAS SO LONG!

AYE, IT RUNS ALMOST THE FULL LENGTH OF THE SECONDARY HULL.

BANK AFTER BANK OF HIGH CAPACITY BATTERIES!





SOME OF THE JUNIOR ENGINEERS CALL IT THE "BOWLING ALLEY."

NOT AT ALL WHAT I'D BE CALLIN' PROPERLY RESPECT-FUL!

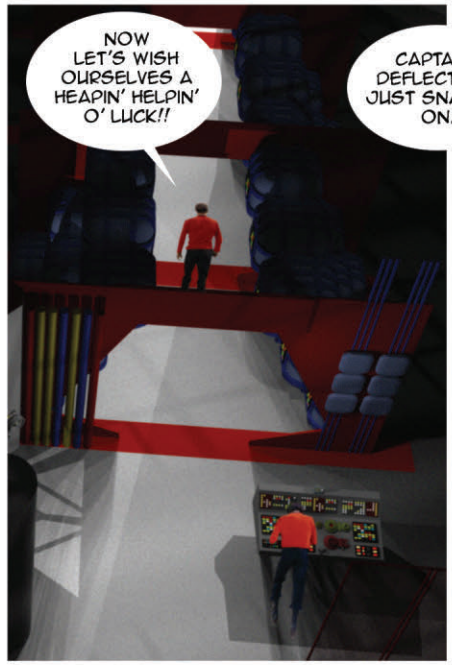
NO SIR, MR. SCOTT!

BUT I'LL NAE BE HEARIN' THAT FROM YOU, WILL I MR. CHEKOV?

RIGHT, THEN... YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PANEL WHILE I START SETTIN' UP F'THE POWER DUMP.

AN' IF Y'SEE SO MUCH AS ONE RED LIGHT THAT SHOULD NAE BE...

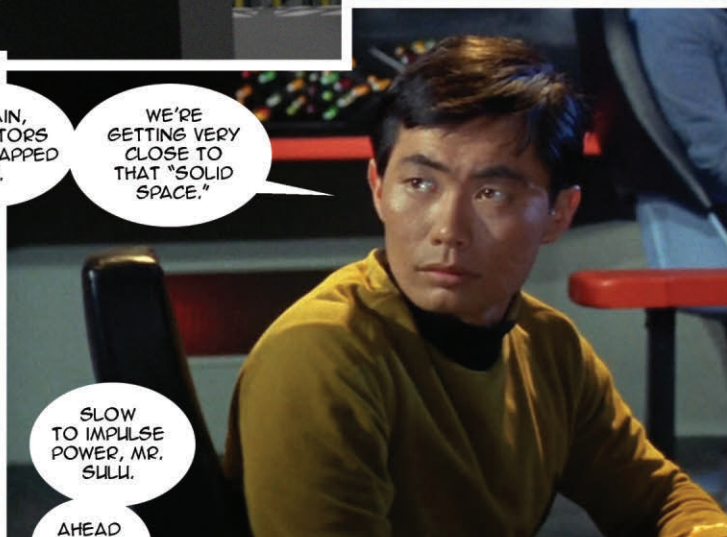
...LET OUT THE LOUDEST HOLLER YOU HAVE IN YE!



NOW LET'S WISH OURSELVES A HEAPIN' HELPIN' O' LUCK!!

CAPTAIN, DEFLECTORS JUST SNAPPED ON.

WE'RE GETTING VERY CLOSE TO THAT "SOLID SPACE."



SLOW TO IMPULSE POWER, MR. SULL.

AHEAD TWO-THIRDS.



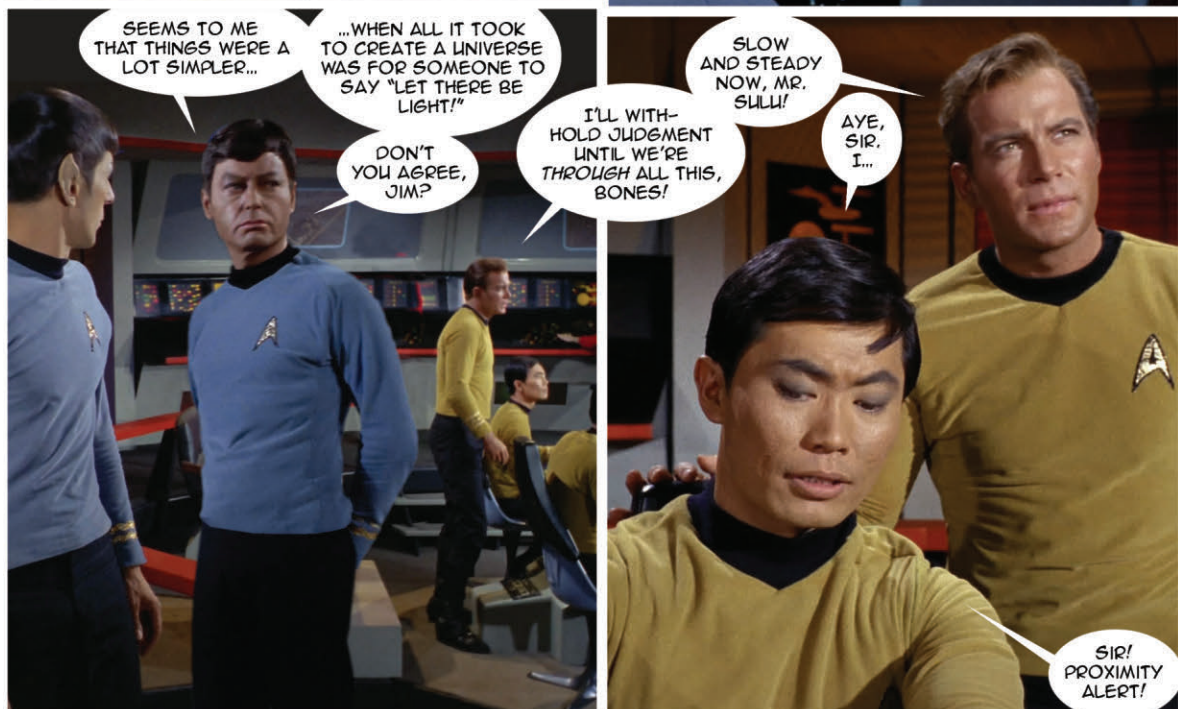
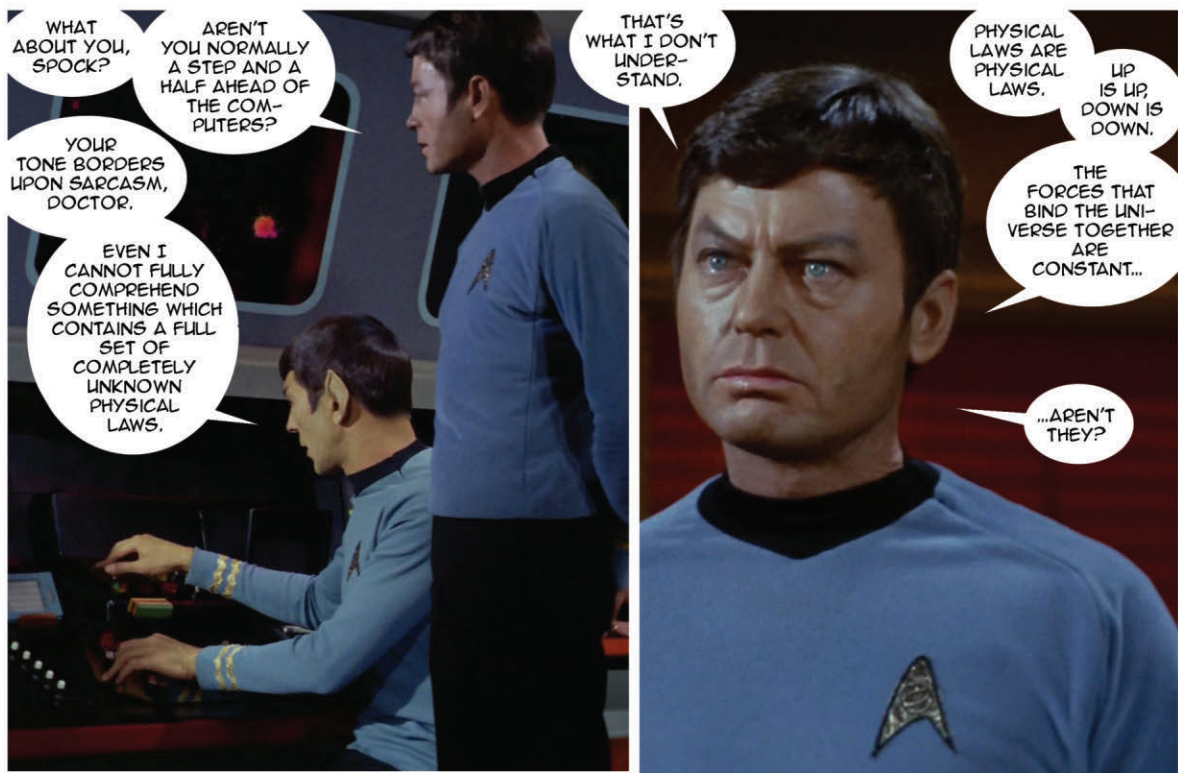
SPOCK, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING?



A VERITABLE STORM OF CONFLICTING READINGS, CAPTAIN.

THE COMPUTERS ARE HAVING GREAT DIFFICULTY INTERPRETING SOMETHING SO ALIEN.











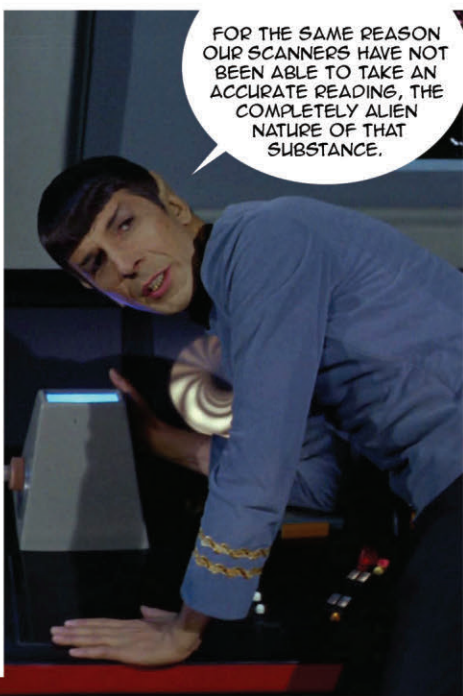


VERY GOOD, MISTER SULL.

HOLD HER STEADY!

YES, SIR.

BUT, WHY DIDN'T THE DEFLECTOR SCREENS PROTECT US?



FOR THE SAME REASON OUR SCANNERS HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO TAKE AN ACCURATE READING, THE COMPLETELY ALIEN NATURE OF THAT SUBSTANCE.



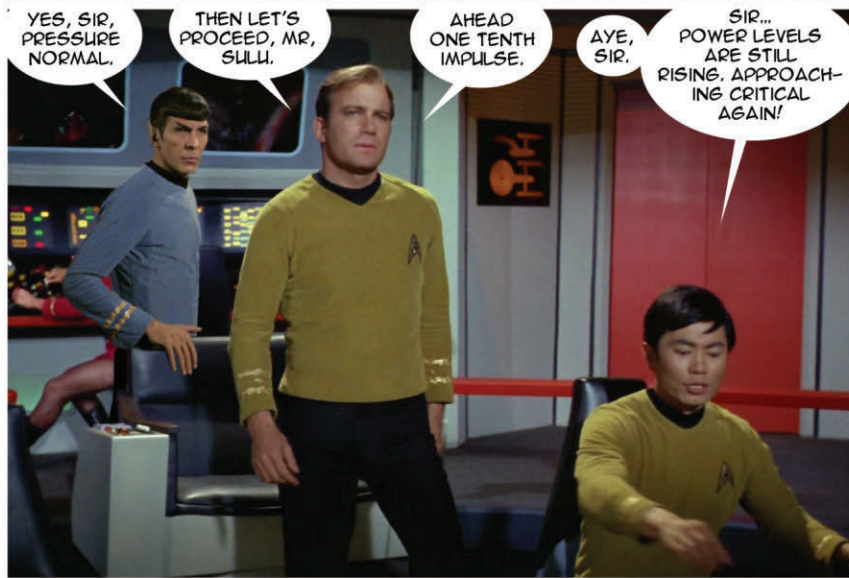
DAMAGE REPORT, RUPTURING TO OUTER HULL IN SECTIONS THREE AND FOUR, DECKS SEVEN THROUGH TEN.

AT LEAST EIGHT CREWMEN MAY HAVE BEEN SWEEPED OUT OF THE BREACH.



...EIGHT...

HAS THE RUPTURE SEALED?



YES, SIR, PRESSURE NORMAL.

THEN LET'S PROCEED, MR. SULL.

AHEAD ONE TENTH IMPULSE.

AYE, SIR.

SIR... POWER LEVELS ARE STILL RISING. APPROACHING CRITICAL AGAIN!



SCOTTY! RESPOND!

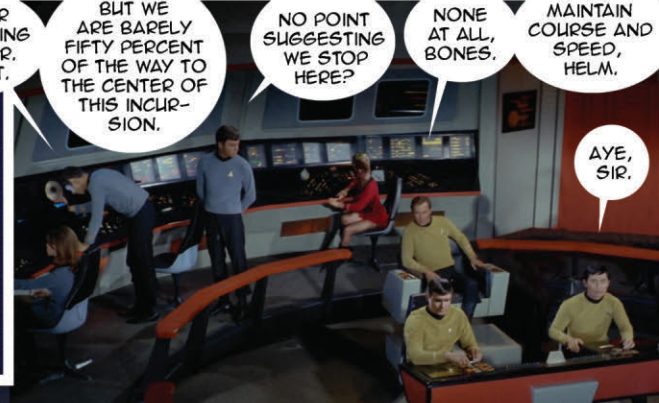
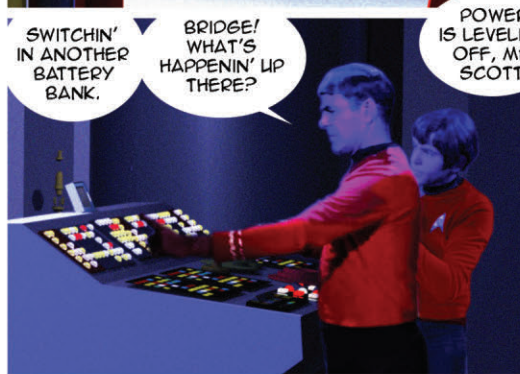
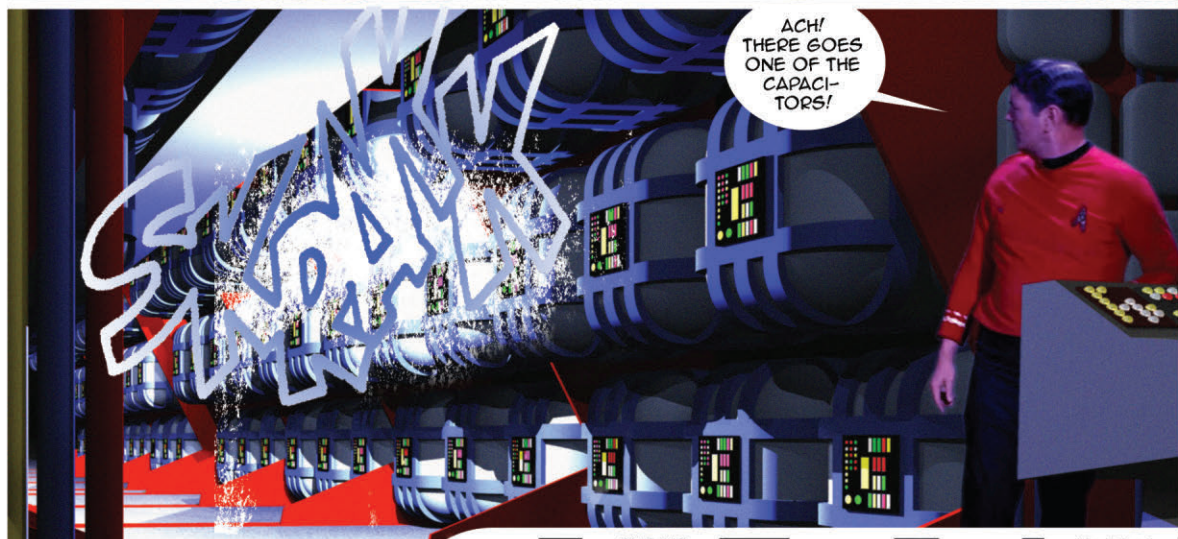
ARE YOU READY WITH THOSE BATTERIES?



AYE, CAP'N, ALL SET.

IF YE CAN JUST STOP BOUNCIN' US AROUND F'R A WEE BIT WE'LL ENGAGE TH' FIRST BANK!









ALL  
RIGHT,  
LAD...

...THE FIRE'S  
OUT AN' THE FLOW  
OF POWER INTO TH'  
BATTERIES IS  
STEADY'

WE'D  
BEST GET  
UP T'THE  
BRIDGE!

DE...  
DE...  
BRIDGE?

AYE,  
I NEED T'BE  
ABLE T'MONITOR  
ALL SHIP FUNCTIONS  
FROM ONE  
PLACE.

SUDDENLY  
NOT QUITE  
S'TIRED, EH,  
LAD?

NO,  
SIR!

"THEN COME ALONG...  
AN' TRY NOT T'GET  
UNDER ANYBODY'S  
FEET!"

POWER  
LEVELS SHOULD  
BE HOLDIN' F'YE  
NOW, SIR!

AN'  
THERE'S MORE  
BATTERIES IF  
Y'NEED 'EM.

THANK  
YOU, MISTER  
SCOTT.

SPOCK,  
WHERE ARE  
WE NOW?

NO MORE  
THAN AN HOUR  
FROM CENTER  
AT THIS SPEED,  
CAPTAIN.

AND  
WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN WE GET  
THERE?

HAVE  
YOU FIGURED  
OUT HOW TO  
FIX THIS THING,  
SPOCK?





I BELIEVE  
I HAVE,  
DOCTOR.

THOUGH  
WE MAY NOT  
HAVE TIME TO  
IMPLEMENT  
IT.



GRAVITY  
CONTROL  
SWITCHING  
TO  
BATTERIES.

ENGIN-  
EERING DECK  
THREE -- CAN  
YOU GIVE  
DAMAGE  
REPORT?

COM-  
MUNICATOR,  
WE NEED  
MORE LINES  
TO THE  
IMPULSE  
DECK!

AFT  
PHASER  
TO  
BRIDGE!

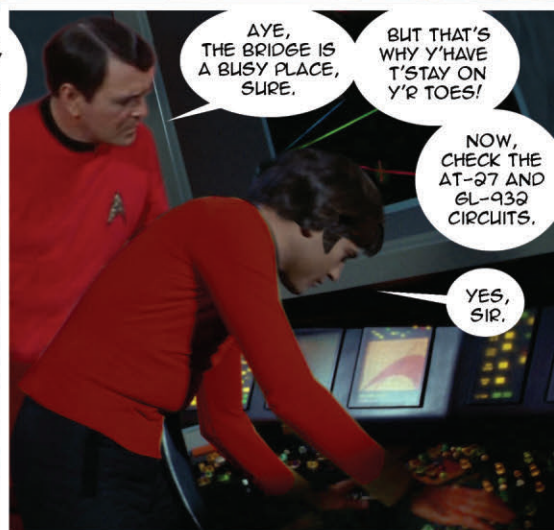
CHEKOV?

CHEKOV!



CHEKOV!  
D'YE RECKON  
Y'COULD SPARE  
A FEW MINUTES  
OF Y'R  
TIME?

OH!  
I AM SORRY,  
MR. SCOTT!  
I WAS... DIS-  
TRACTED!



AYE,  
THE BRIDGE IS  
A BUSY PLACE,  
SURE.

BUT THAT'S  
WHY Y'HAVE  
T'STAY ON  
Y'R TOES!

NOW,  
CHECK THE  
AT-97 AND  
GL-933  
CIRCUITS.

YES,  
SIR.

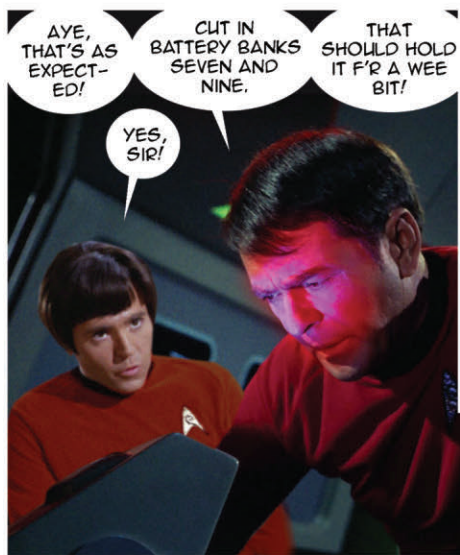


MR.  
SCOTT!

DE  
POWER  
LEVELS ARE  
RISING  
AGAIN!

BUT  
MUCH FASTER  
DIS  
TIME!



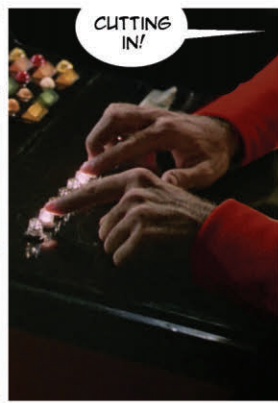


AYE, THAT'S AS EXPECT-ED!

CUT IN BATTERY BANKS SEVEN AND NINE.

THAT SHOULD HOLD IT F'R A WEE BIT!

YES, SIR!



CUTTING IN!



THAT'S HOLDIN' IT.

BUT I CANNAE SAY F'R HOW LONG!



MISTER SCOTT, A MOMENT.

WE NEED YOUR INPUT ON A SCHEME OF MISTER SPOCK'S.

AYE, SIR, BUT A MOMENT IS ALL I CAN SPARE!

WATCH THOSE LEVELS, CHEKOV!

AYE, SIR!



I SHALL BE BRIEF.

I BELIEVE A MASSIVE INFUX OF POWER DIRECTED TO PRECISELY THE RIGHT COORDINATES COULD INVERT THIS INCURSION...

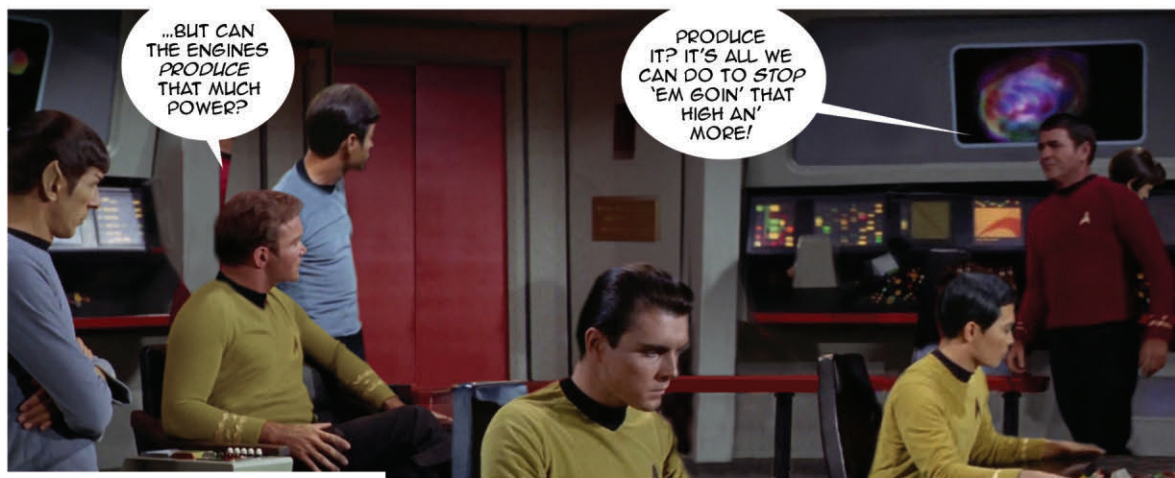
EFFECTIVELY IT WOULD BE TURNED INSIDE OUT.



HOWEVER, THE LEVEL OF POWER NEEDED WOULD BE ROUGHLY NINE HUNDRED TIMES NORMAL.

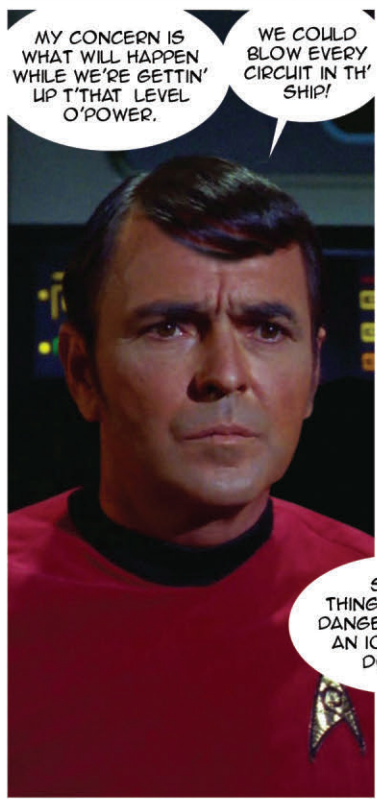
IT WOULD BE FOR ONLY POINT SIX FIVE OF A SECOND...





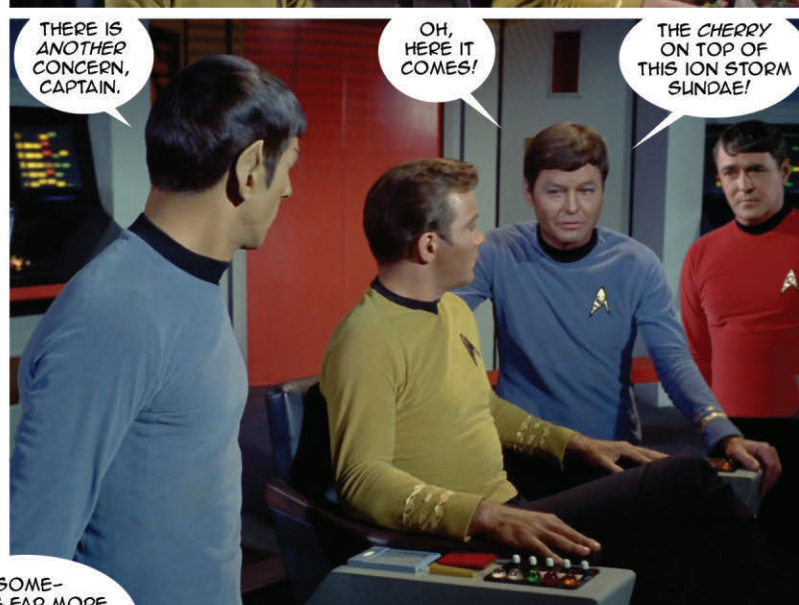
...BUT CAN THE ENGINES PRODUCE THAT MUCH POWER?

PRODUCE IT? IT'S ALL WE CAN DO TO STOP 'EM GOIN' THAT HIGH AN' MORE!



MY CONCERN IS WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHILE WE'RE GETTIN' UP T' THAT LEVEL O' POWER.

WE COULD BLOW EVERY CIRCUIT IN TH' SHIP!

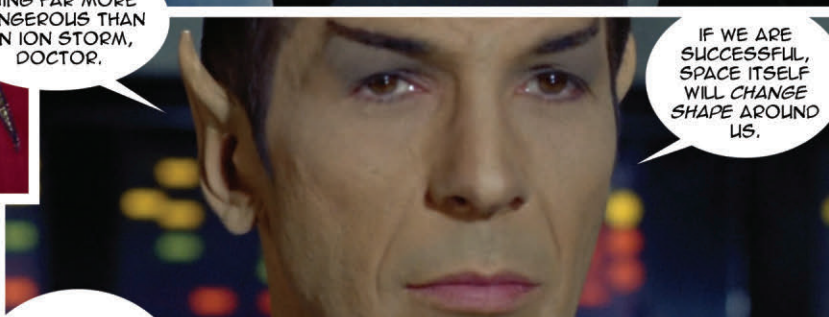


THERE IS ANOTHER CONCERN, CAPTAIN.

OH, HERE IT COMES!

THE CHERRY ON TOP OF THIS ION STORM SUNDAE!

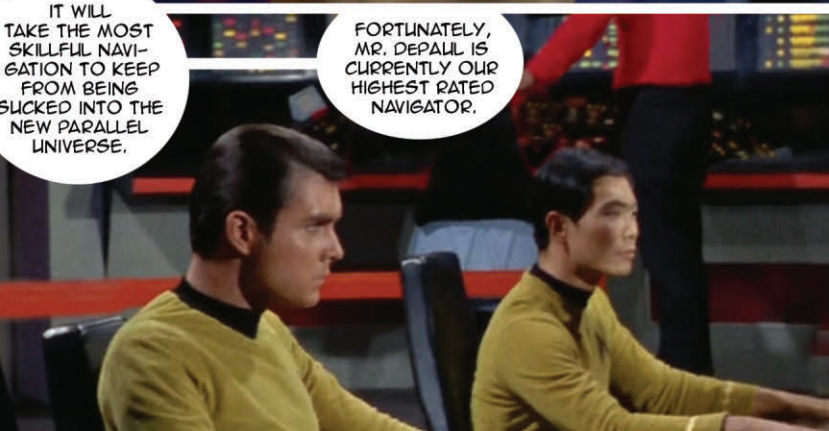
SOME-THING FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN ION STORM, DOCTOR.



IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL, SPACE ITSELF WILL CHANGE SHAPE AROUND US.

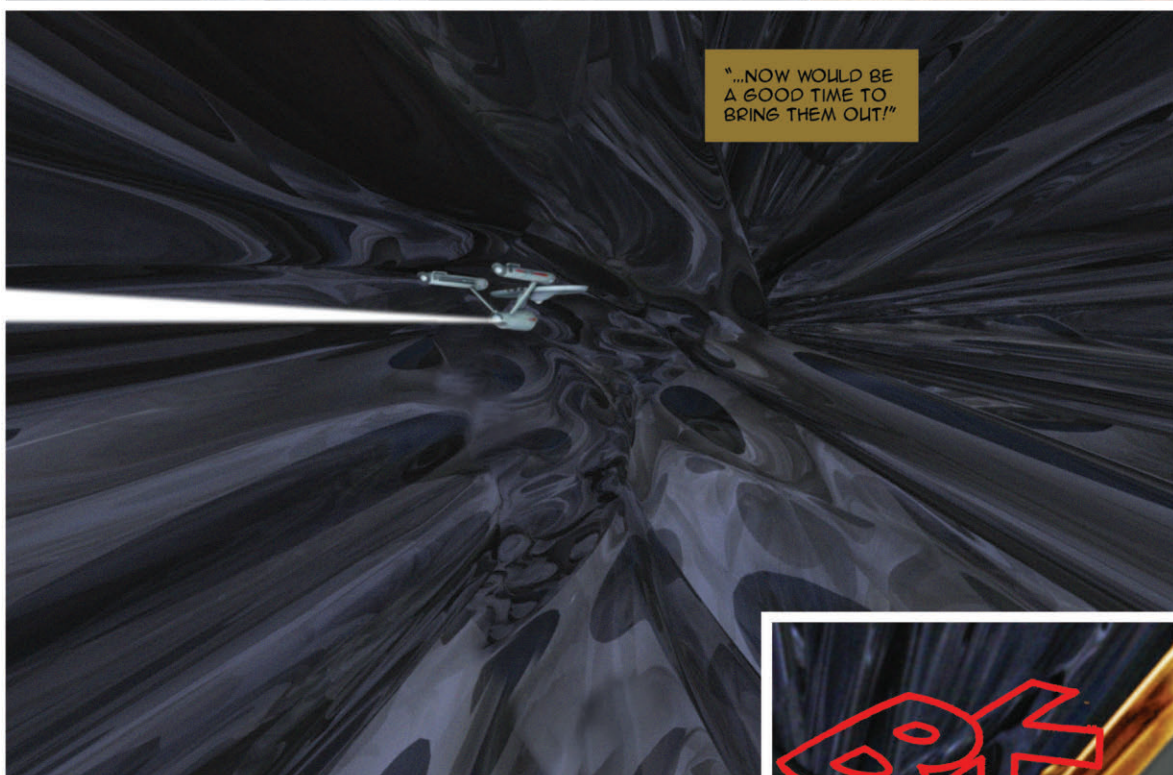
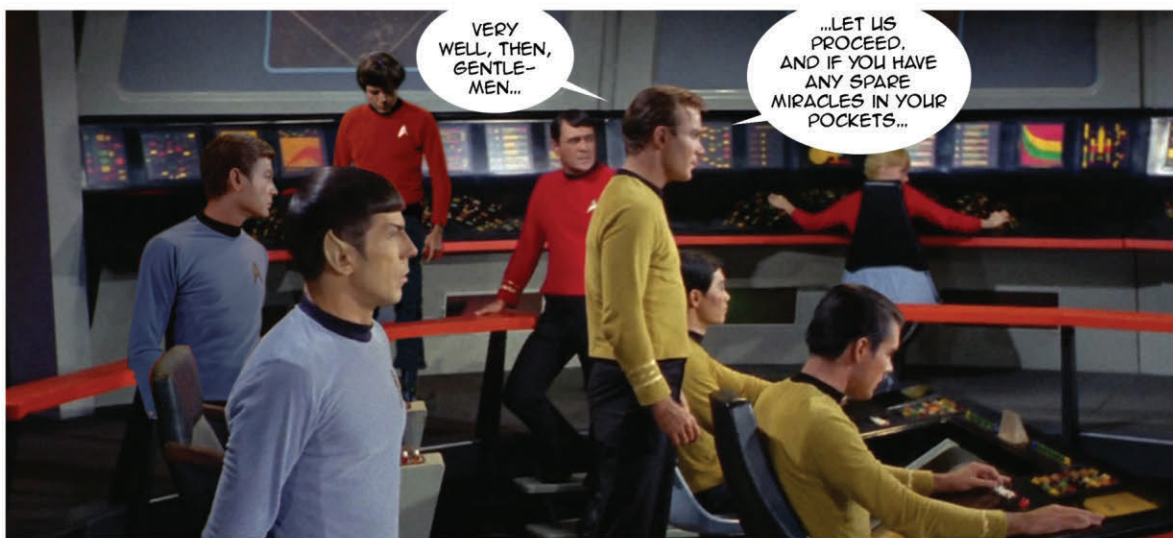


IT WILL TAKE THE MOST SKILLFUL NAVIGATION TO KEEP FROM BEING SUCKED INTO THE NEW PARALLEL UNIVERSE.



FORTUNATELY, MR. DEPAUL IS CURRENTLY OUR HIGHEST RATED NAVIGATOR.



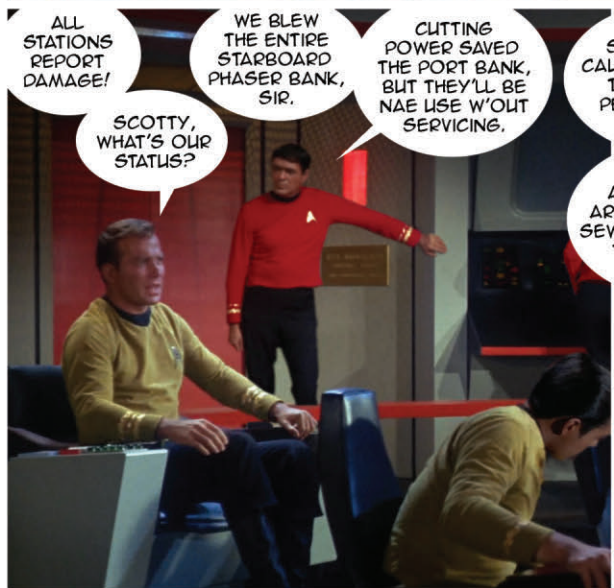






CUT  
POWER TO  
THE AFT  
PHASERS!

POWER...  
CUT!



ALL  
STATIONS  
REPORT  
DAMAGE!

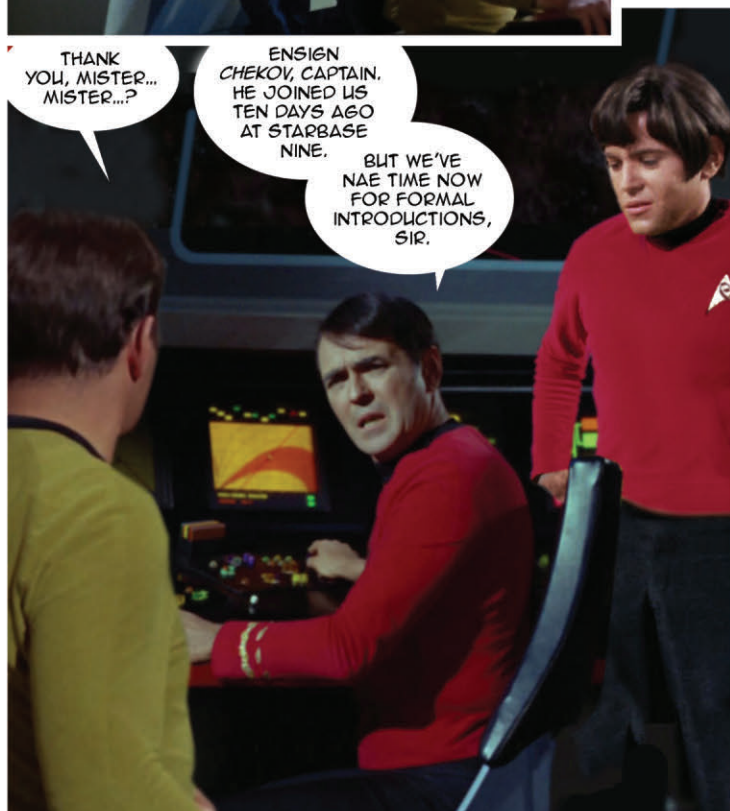
WE BLEW  
THE ENTIRE  
STARBOARD  
PHASER BANK,  
SIR.

CUTTING  
POWER SAVED  
THE PORT BANK,  
BUT THEY'LL BE  
NAE USE W'OUT  
SERVICING.

SCOTTY,  
WHAT'S OUR  
STATUS?

KEPTIN,  
SIR, DE BLAST  
CAUSED FEEDBACK  
TROUGH TIRTY  
PERCENT OF DE  
SHIP.

POWER  
AND SYSTEMS  
ARE OUT ON DECK  
SEWEN, EIGHT, NINE,  
TEN, ELEWEN,  
TWELVE...



THANK  
YOU, MISTER...  
MISTER...?

ENSIGN  
CHEKOV, CAPTAIN.  
HE JOINED US  
TEN DAYS AGO  
AT STARBASE  
NINE.

BUT WE'VE  
NAE TIME NOW  
FOR FORMAL  
INTRODUCTIONS,  
SIR.



WE'RE  
HAVIN' T'SHUNT  
ALL THE EXCESS  
POWER IN'T' TH'  
BATTERIES,  
NOW.

I'D  
CALCULATE  
NO MORE THAN  
THIRTY-FIVE  
MINUTES BEFORE  
THEY START  
BLOWIN' TOO!

AND  
MAYBE EWEN  
LESS, MR,  
SCOTT!!









THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN BUY MORE TIME!

CAN'T WE USE THE FORWARD PHASERS?

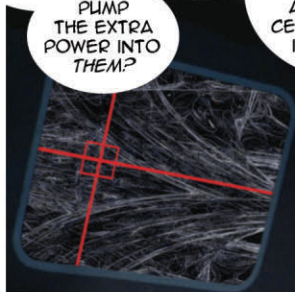
NOT AN OPTION, DOCTOR.

PUMP THE EXTRA POWER INTO THEM?

YOU CAN SEE ON THIS DISPLAY HOW CLOSE WE NOW ARE TO THE CENTER OF THE INCLUSION.

IF WE FIRE OUR PHASERS INTO THAT CENTER, WE MAY CAUSE AN IMBALANCE OF THESE ALREADY UNSTABLE ENERGIES.

THEN... WHAT??



YOU ARE PRONE TO INVOKING YOUR HUMAN DEITY.

IF YOU DRAW COMFORT FROM THIS, I SUGGEST YOU DO SO NOW!



TIME TO GET TO WORK, GENTLEMEN!

ALL DECKS TO RED ALERT.

DAMAGE CONTROL PARTIES TO STATIONS.

MR. DEPAUL, FIND US THE SHORTEST COURSE TO GET CLOSE TO THE CENTER.

MR. SULL, AHEAD ONE-THIRD.

ONE-THIRD IMPULSE, AYE!



MR. SCOTT, POWER LEVELS INCREASING AGAIN!

NOW AT VON HUNDRED NINETY SIX PERCENT!

RATE ACCELERATING!





"WHAT ABOUT THE  
EXTERNAL READINGS,  
SPOCK?"

"OFF THE SCALE,  
CAPTAIN. SIX MINUTES  
LEFT!"



LEVELS  
NOW AT  
TWO HUNDRED  
FIFTY PER-  
CENT!



NURSE 'EM  
JUST A WEE  
BIT LONGER,  
CHEKOV!

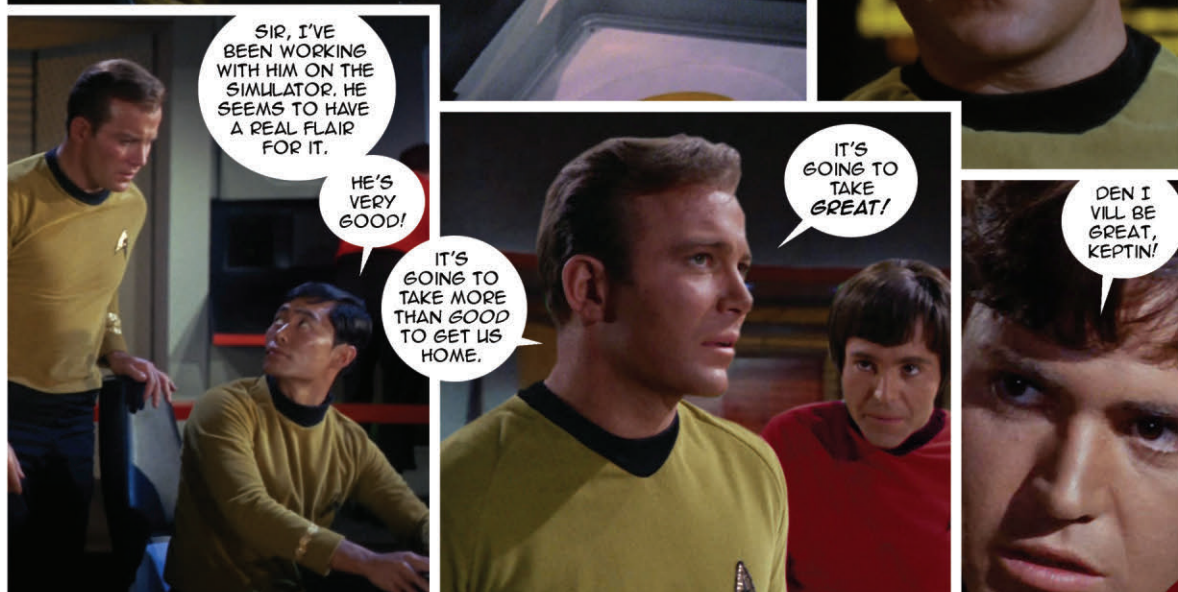


OVERLOAD  
IMMINENT ON  
DECK  
FIFTEEN!

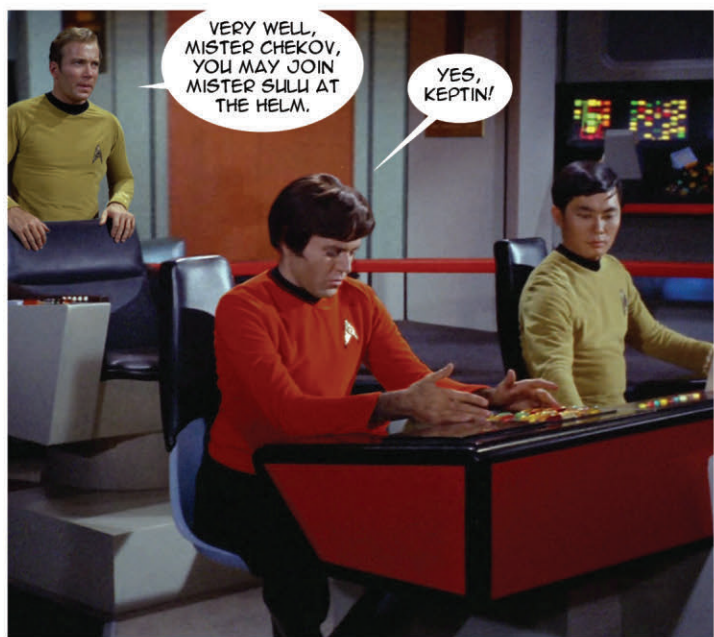


DEPAUL!!









VERY WELL, MISTER CHEKOV, YOU MAY JOIN MISTER SULL AT THE HELM.

YES, KEPTIN!



DON'T MESS THIS UP NOW, PAVEL!

I WAS ABOUT AN HOUR FROM END OF SHIFT WHEN THIS STARTED, AND I'D STILL LIKE TO GET THERE!



SEVENTY SECONDS TO THRESHOLD, CAPTAIN.

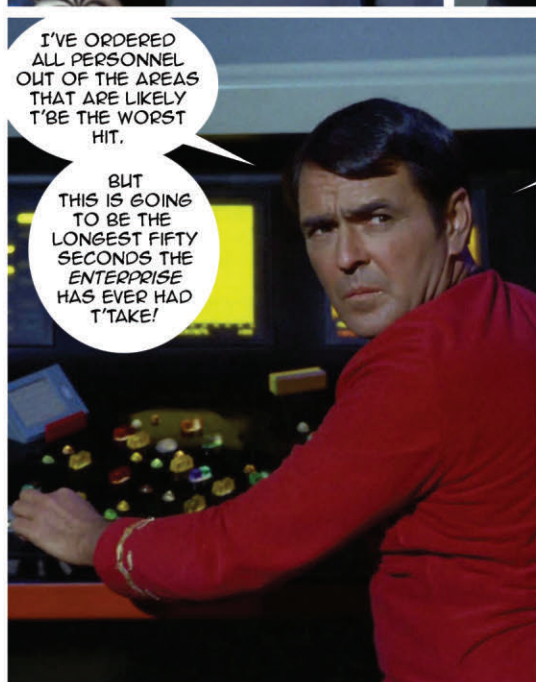
WE MUST CEASE ALL ATTEMPTS TO BLOCK THE INFLUX OF ENERGY.

UNDERSTOOD, MR. SPOCK.

CAN SHE TAKE IT, SCOTTY?



SIR, I'M FRANKLY AMAZED SHE'S TAKEN AS MUCH AS SHE HAS!



I'VE ORDERED ALL PERSONNEL OUT OF THE AREAS THAT ARE LIKELY T'BE THE WORST HIT.

BUT THIS IS GOING TO BE THE LONGEST FIFTY SECONDS THE ENTERPRISE HAS EVER HAD T'TAKE!



IT'S STARTING!!





POWER  
LEVELS AT FOUR  
HUNDRED TWENTY  
SEVEN PERCENT,  
MR. SPOCK!

IT'S  
NOW OR  
NEVER!

ALL  
POWER TO  
DEFLECTOR  
SHIELDS.



REVERSING  
SHIELDS...



NOW!







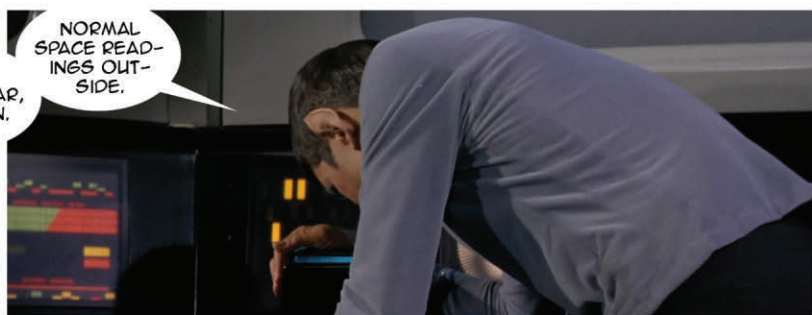






WE  
ARE CLEAR,  
CAPTAIN.

NORMAL  
SPACE READ-  
INGS OUT-  
SIDE.



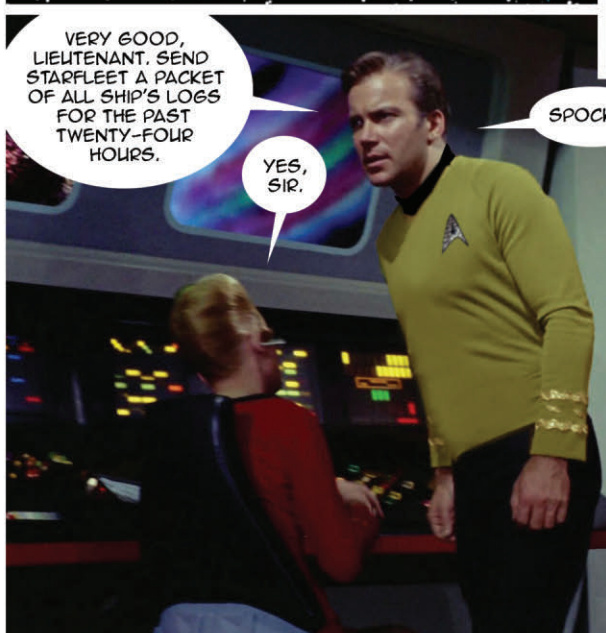
POWER  
LEVELS ARE  
RETURNIN' T'  
NORMAL TOO,  
SIR.

BUT  
WE'LL NEED  
A FEW WEEKS  
IN SPACE DOCK  
T'GET BACK  
IN PROPER  
SHAPE!



ALL  
STARFLEET  
CHANNELS  
RESTORED,  
SIR.

SUB-  
SPACE COM-  
MUNICATIONS  
ALSO BACK TO  
NORMAL.



VERY GOOD,  
LIEUTENANT. SEND  
STARFLEET A PACKET  
OF ALL SHIP'S LOGS  
FOR THE PAST  
TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS.

YES,  
SIR.

SPOCK...



...IS THERE  
ANY LIKELIHOOD  
OF THIS INCURSION  
REPEATING  
ITSELF?

I  
SHOULD  
SAY NOT,  
SIR.

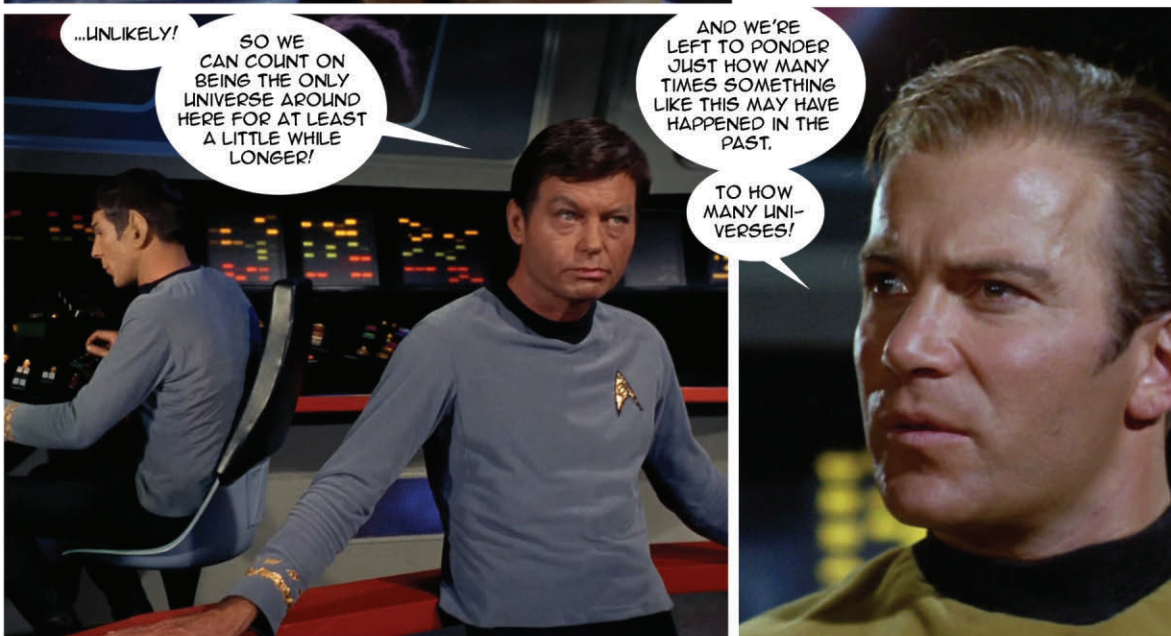




WITH INFINITE MATTER SPREAD ACROSS AN INFINITE MULTI-VERSE...

...LITERALLY ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, OF COURSE.

BUT EVEN ALLOWING THOSE CONDITIONS, I SHOULD SAY THE LIKELIHOOD OF REPETITION IS...



...UNLIKELY!

SO WE CAN COUNT ON BEING THE ONLY UNIVERSE AROUND HERE FOR AT LEAST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!

AND WE'RE LEFT TO PONDER JUST HOW MANY TIMES SOMETHING LIKE THIS MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN THE PAST.

TO HOW MANY UNIVERSES!



WELL, WORK TO DO BELOW DECKS!

COME ALONG, MISTER CHEKOV.

YES, MISTER SCOTT.

DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, PAV.

THAT WAS SOME AMAZING MANEUVERING. I HONESTLY DIDN'T KNOW SHE COULD DO SOME OF THAT!



NEITHER DID I!

I'LL BE LISTING YOU FOR COMMENDATION IN MY LOG, MR. CHEKOV.

AND...









OF WOMAN BORN



CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL...

WITH ONLY ONE CHANCE  
TO ESCAPE THE CLUTCHES  
OF THE BEING CALLED  
APOLLO...

...ALL HOPE LIES IN  
THE LOYALTY OF  
CAROLYN PALAMAS.



A WOMAN WHO BELIEVES  
HERSELF TO BE IN LOVE WITH  
THIS SELF-PROCLAIMED GOD.

I MUST SAY,  
APOLLO, THE WAY  
YOU APE HUMAN  
BEHAVIOR IS  
REMARKABLE.

BUT THERE  
ARE SOME OTHER  
THINGS I MUST  
KNOW. YOUR  
EVOLUTIONARY  
PATTERNS AND YOUR  
SOCIAL DEVELOP-  
MENT.

MY  
WHAT?

I'M SURE  
THEY'RE UNIQUE.  
I'VE NEVER  
ENCOUNTERED A  
SPECIMEN LIKE  
YOU BEFORE.

I AM  
APOLLO!  
I'VE  
CHOSEN  
YOU!



I'M SURE  
THAT'S VERY  
FLATTERING, BUT  
I MUST GET  
BACK TO MY WORK  
NOW.

I'M A  
SCIENTIST. MY  
PARTICULAR SPECIALTY  
IS ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS,  
RELICS AND MYTHS...  
SURELY YOU KNOW I'VE  
ONLY BEEN STUDYING  
YOU!

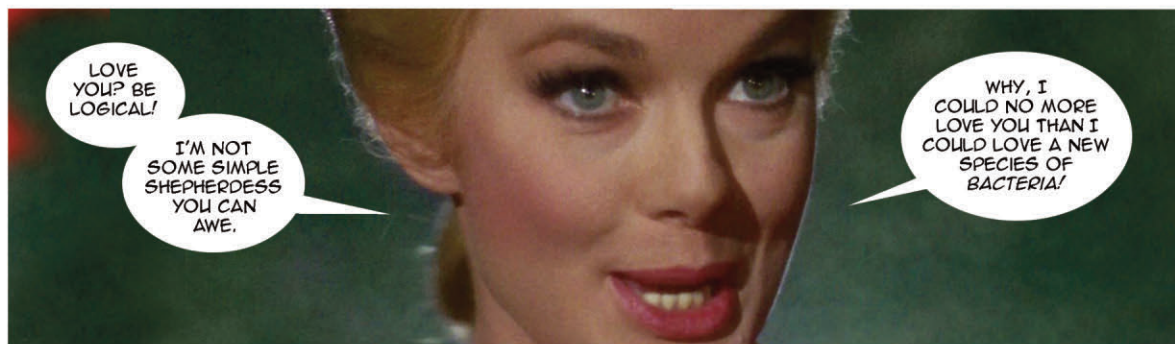


I  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

YOU  
LOVE  
ME!











WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT??

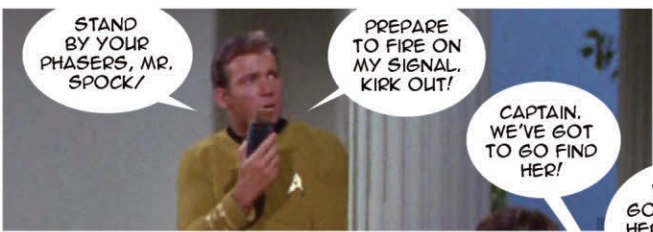
POOF



KIRK HERE.

SPOCK, CAPTAIN.

SENSORS ARE PICKING UP AN ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE IN YOUR AREA.



STAND BY YOUR PHASERS, MR. SPOCK!

PREPARE TO FIRE ON MY SIGNAL. KIRK OUT!

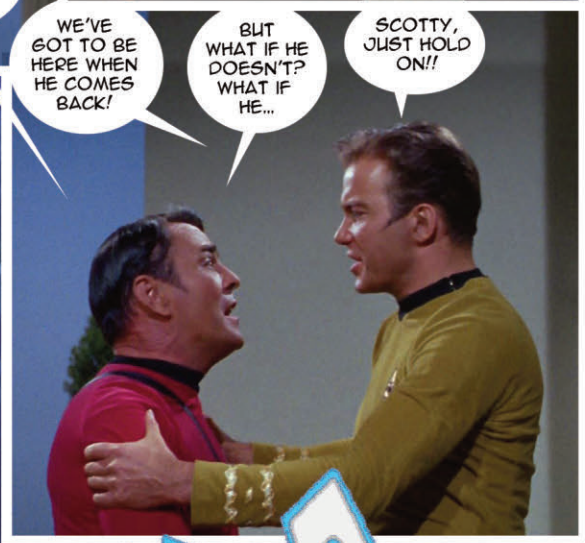
CAPTAIN. WE'VE GOT TO GO FIND HER!



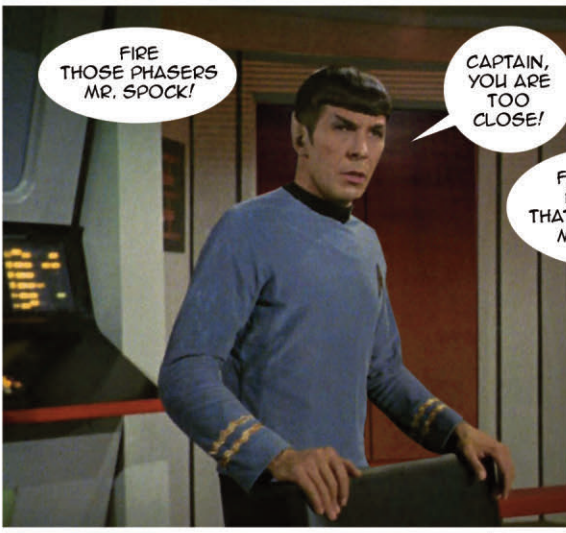
WE'VE GOT TO BE HERE WHEN HE COMES BACK!

BUT WHAT IF HE DOESN'T? WHAT IF HE...

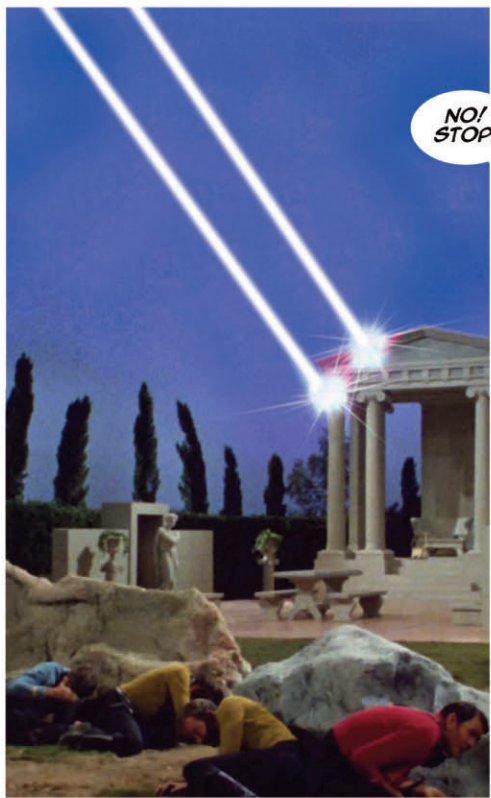
SCOTTY, JUST HOLD ON!!











NO!  
STOP!



STOP  
I  
SAY!!



MORE  
POWER TO  
THE  
SHIELDS!



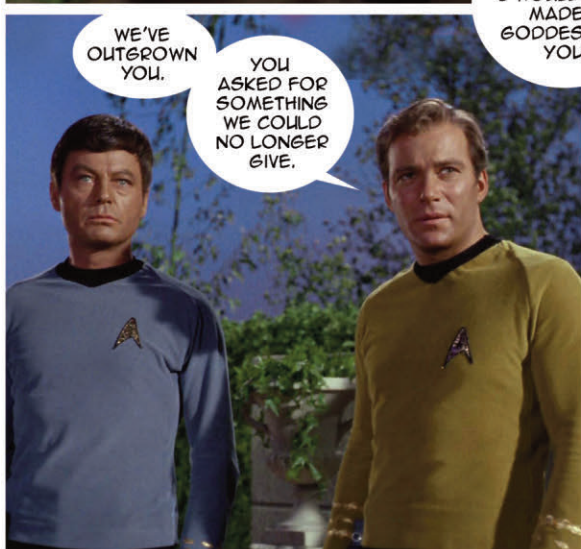
CAROLYN!!











I  
WOULD HAVE  
CHERISHED  
YOU.

CARED  
FOR YOU.

I  
WOULD HAVE  
LOVED YOU  
AS A FATHER  
LOVES HIS  
CHILDREN.

DID  
I ASK SO  
MUCH?

WE'VE  
OUTGROWN  
YOU.

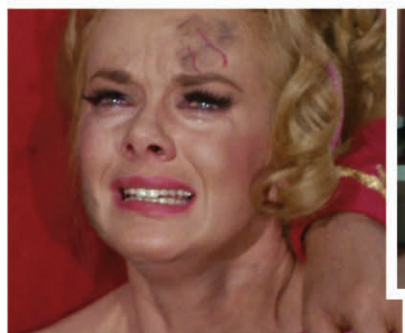
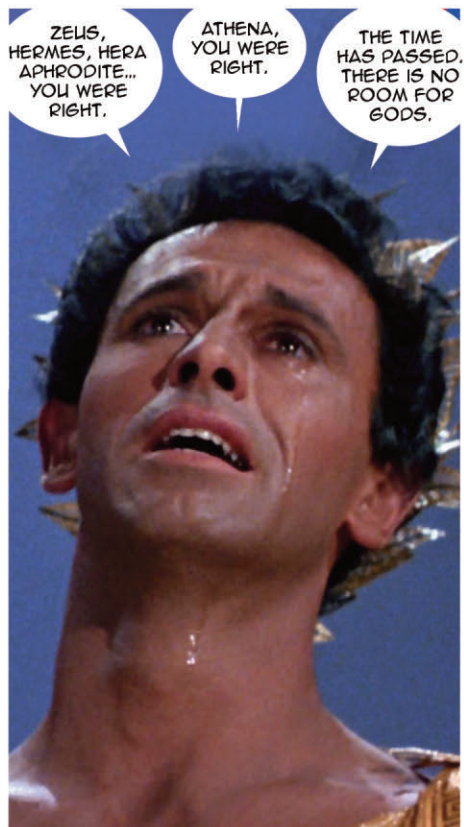
YOU  
ASKED FOR  
SOMETHING  
WE COULD  
NO LONGER  
GIVE.

CAROLYN  
I LOVED YOU.  
I WOULD HAVE  
MADE A  
GODDESS OF  
YOU.

I'VE  
SHOWN YOU  
MY OPEN  
HEART.

SEE  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE TO  
ME!









I... WISH  
WE HADN'T HAD  
TO DO  
THIS.

SO  
DO  
I!

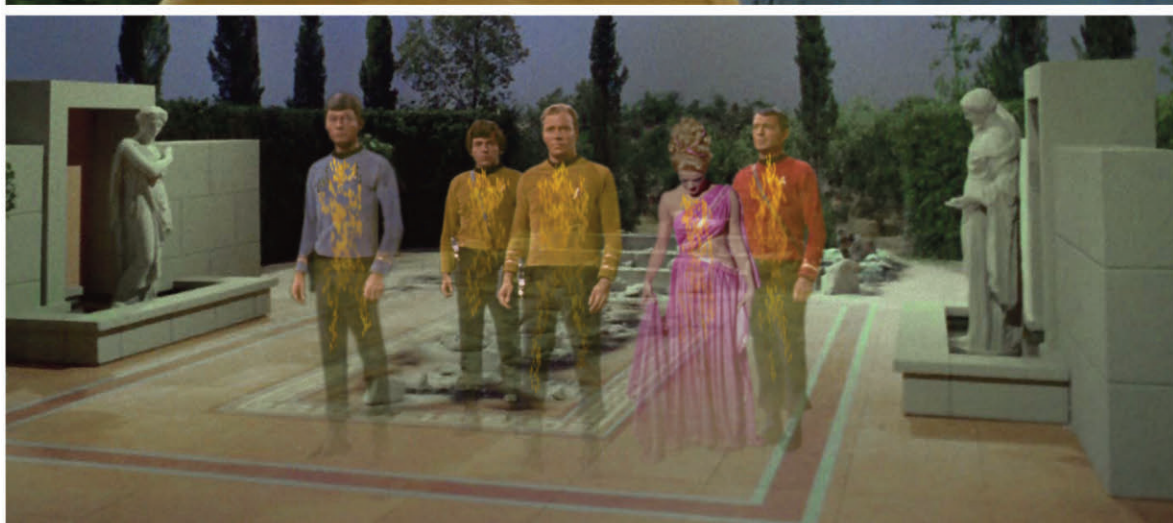
THEY GAVE US  
SO MUCH, THE GREEK  
CIVILIZATION. MUCH  
OF OUR CULTURE AND  
PHILOSOPHY CAME  
FROM A WORSHIP  
OF THOSE  
BEINGS.

THE  
WAY THEY  
BEGAN THE  
GOLDEN  
AGE.



WOULD  
IT HAVE HURT  
US, I  
WONDER...

...JUST  
TO HAVE  
GATHERED A  
FEW LAUREL  
LEAVES?





Space, the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*.  
Its Five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations.  
To boldly go where no man has gone before.

# STAR TREK

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 3479.8...

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**



SURVEY COMPLETED OF  
PLANET POLLUX IV. NO  
FURTHER SIGN OF... GODS.

HOWEVER, DR. MCCOY  
HAS SUMMONED FIRST  
OFFICER SPOCK AND  
MYSELF TO SICKBAY  
WITH SOME DISTURBING  
NEW INFORMATION.

## "OF WOMAN BORN"

Photomontage  
and Story by  
**JOHN BYRNE**

Inspired by an  
Original Script by  
**GILBERT RALSTON**

DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE

WERE  
YOU  
MISTAKEN,  
BONES?







I  
MIGHT HAVE  
SAID SO.

NORMALLY  
FERTILIZATION  
DOESN'T OCCUR  
UNTIL AS MUCH AS  
THIRTY-SIX HOURS  
AFTER INSEM-  
INATION.

AND IT'S  
ONLY NINE  
HOURS SINCE  
LIEUTENANT  
PALAMAS WAS  
ATTACKED BY  
APOLLO.

YET,  
THERE WAS  
SOMETHING...  
NOW THERE'S  
NOTHING.

INDEED. YOUR  
RECORDED SCANS  
CLEARLY INDICATE  
THE BEGINNINGS OF  
PREGNANCY...

BUT  
NOW, THERE'S  
NOTHING  
THERE.

IS  
THE SCAN  
FAULTY?

I'D  
SAY  
NO.

I  
TRUST MY  
EQUIPMENT.  
IT'S NO SCAN  
ERROR.

AND, SURE,  
A WOMAN CAN BE  
PREGNANT AND  
LOSE THE BABY IN  
THE EARLY  
STAGES.

SHE  
CAN EVEN  
ABSORB  
THE BABY.



BUT  
NEITHER OF  
THOSE THINGS  
OCCUR THIS...  
FAST?

DOCTOR  
MCCOY FOUND  
THIS PREGNANCY  
AS A RESULT OF  
A GENERAL  
EXAMINATION.

MUCH  
SOONER THAN HE  
WOULD HAVE  
UNDER NORMAL  
CIRCUMSTANCES,  
CAPTAIN.

ORDI-  
NARILY SHE'D  
HAVE BEEN  
AT SEVERAL  
WEEKS.

I  
WASN'T EVEN  
LOOKING  
FOR THIS.

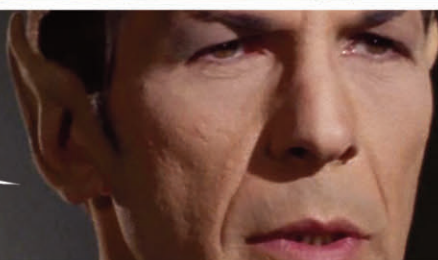
THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
SPOCK.



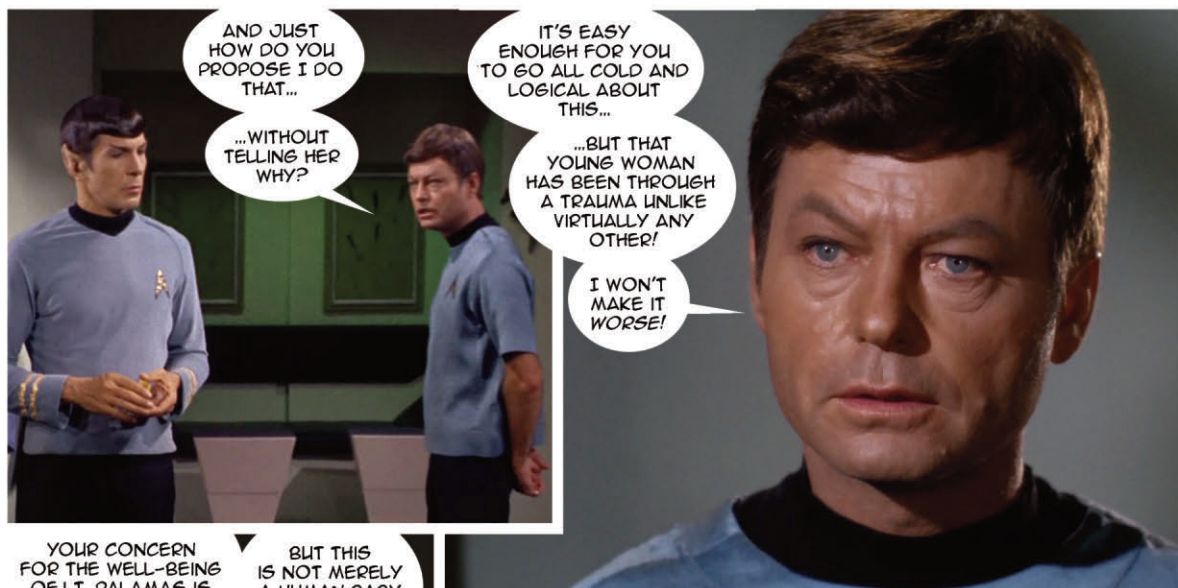
THEN I  
BELIEVE TWO  
THINGS ARE  
CALLED FOR  
NOW.

A  
COMPLETE  
CHECK OF THE  
APAR-  
ATUS...

...AND  
ANOTHER  
COMPREHENSIVE  
EXAMINATION  
OF LIEUTENANT  
PALAMAS.







AND JUST  
HOW DO YOU  
PROPOSE I DO  
THAT...

...WITHOUT  
TELLING HER  
WHY?

IT'S EASY  
ENOUGH FOR YOU  
TO GO ALL COLD AND  
LOGICAL ABOUT  
THIS...

...BUT THAT  
YOUNG WOMAN  
HAS BEEN THROUGH  
A TRAUMA UNLIKE  
VIRTUALLY ANY  
OTHER!

I WON'T  
MAKE IT  
WORSE!



YOUR CONCERN  
FOR THE WELL-BEING  
OF LT. PALAMAS IS  
ADMIRABLE,  
DOCTOR...

BUT THIS  
IS NOT MERELY  
A HUMAN BABY  
WE ARE DIS-  
CUSSING.



IF IT TRULY  
EXISTED -- AND  
IT WOULD SEEM  
IT DID...

...IT WAS THE  
OFFSPRING OF A  
HUMAN FEMALE  
AND A DEMI-  
GOD.

NOTHING  
IN OUR EXPERIENCE  
HAS PREPARED US  
FOR DEALING WITH  
THIS.

WHAT ARE  
YOU AFRAID  
OF,  
SPOCK?

IT IS NOT  
FEAR WHICH  
MOTIVATES  
ME.



IT IS THAT  
SELF-SAME  
LOGIC OF WHICH  
YOU WERE SO  
DISMISSIVE A  
MOMENT  
AGO.

GIVEN APOLLO'S  
POWER, AND GIVEN  
THAT WE KNOW  
NOTHING OF THE  
PROCESS BY WHICH  
GODS REPRODUCE  
THEM-  
SELVES...

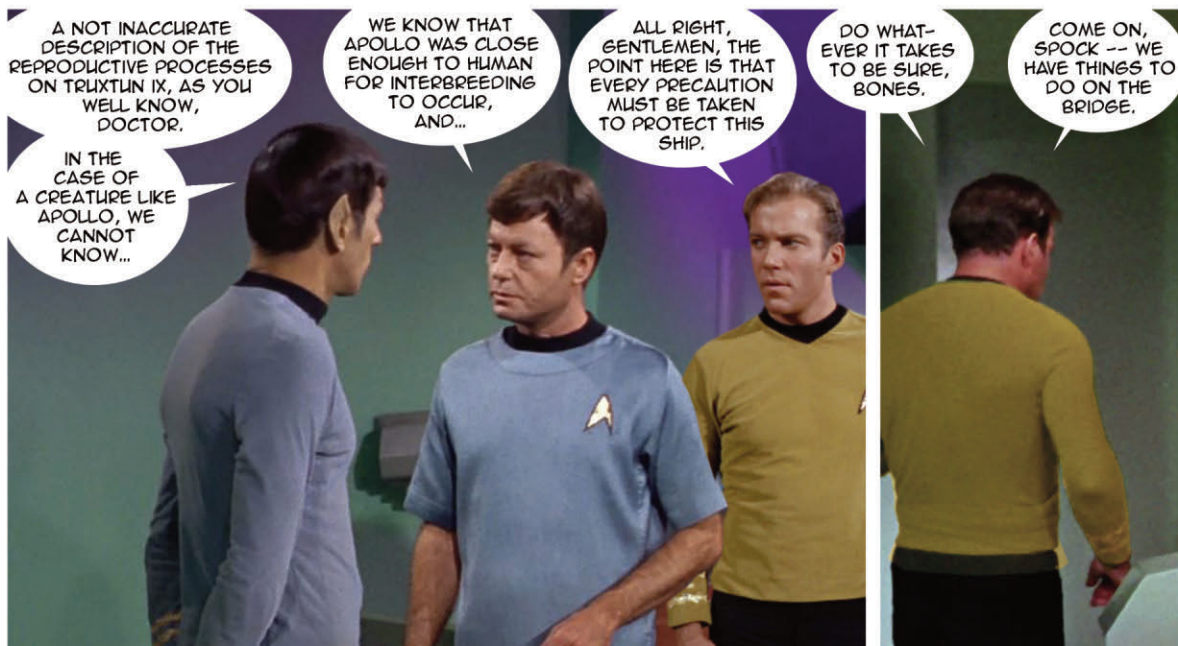
I  
KNOW YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO HEAR IT,  
BUT...

...SPOCK  
IS RIGHT,  
BONES.













DOCTOR MCCOY, ARE Y'ABOUT?

IN HERE SCOTTY.



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL, I HAVE NAE SEEN CAROLYN SINCE WE CAME BACK ABOARD.

IS SHE ALL RIGHT?



AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED.

I... WANT TO RUN A FEW MORE TESTS, JUST TO BE SURE.

CAN I SEE HER?



I KNOW YOU HAVE FEELINGS FOR HER...

...BUT THAT'S NOT THE BEST IDEA RIGHT NOW.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN SHE CAN HAVE VISITORS.

VERY WELL...

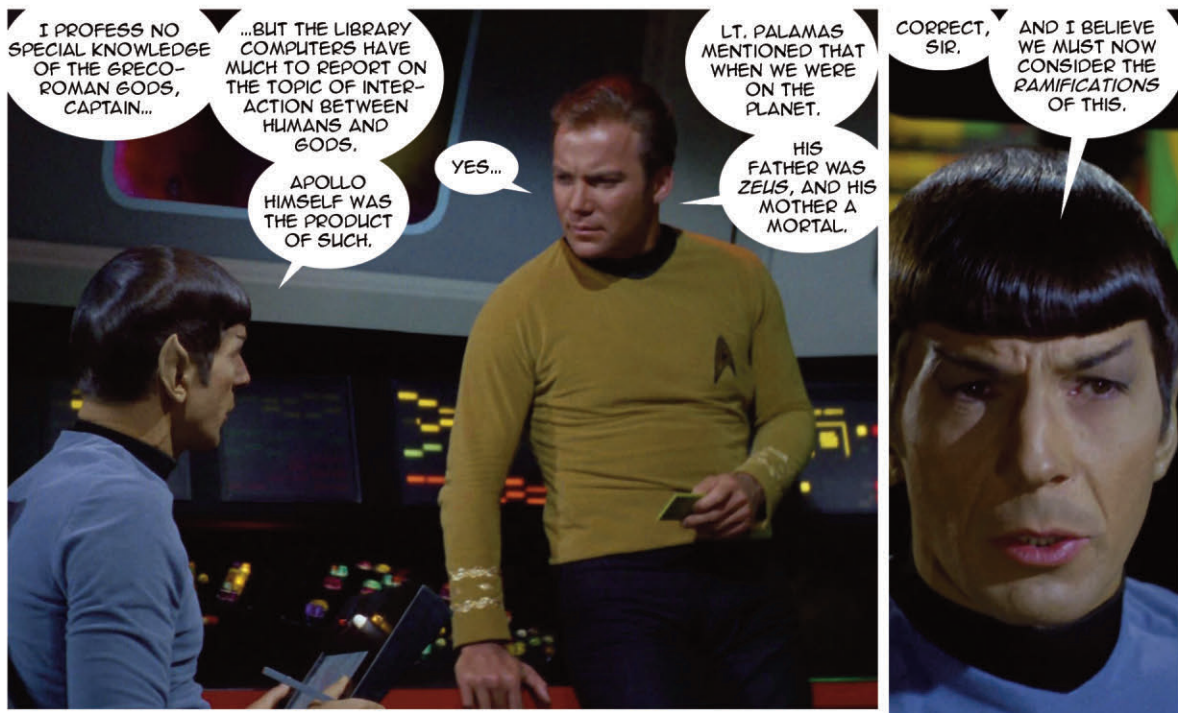
BUT ARE Y'ALL RIGHT Y'SELF, DOCTOR? Y'SEEM A WEE BIT DISTRACTED.



OH, I'M SURE I'M JUST TIRED. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY!

BUT JUST BEFORE YOU CAME IN I HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING I WAS BEING WATCHED!





I PROFESS NO SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE GRECO-ROMAN GODS, CAPTAIN...

...BUT THE LIBRARY COMPUTERS HAVE MUCH TO REPORT ON THE TOPIC OF INTER-ACTION BETWEEN HUMANS AND GODS.

YES...

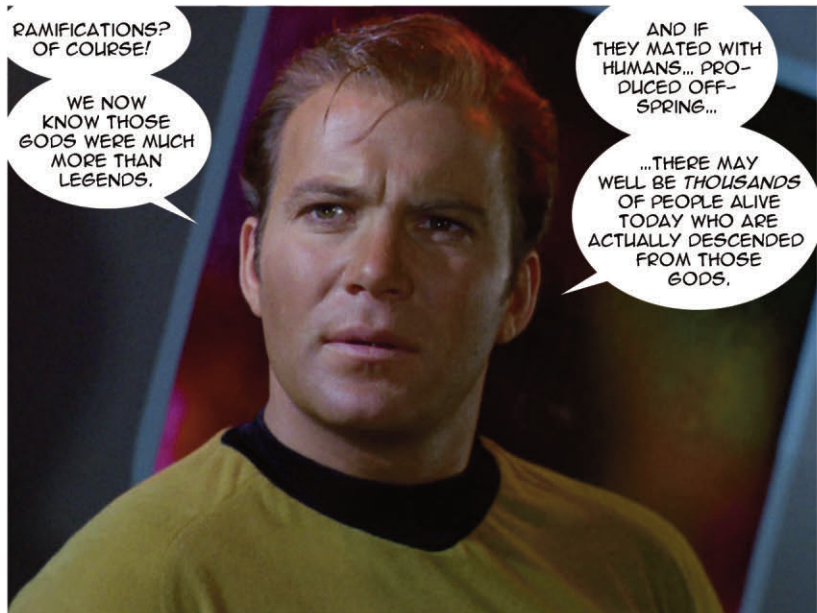
APOLLO HIMSELF WAS THE PRODUCT OF SUCH.

LT. PALAMAS MENTIONED THAT WHEN WE WERE ON THE PLANET.

HIS FATHER WAS ZEUS, AND HIS MOTHER A MORTAL.

CORRECT, SIR.

AND I BELIEVE WE MUST NOW CONSIDER THE RAMIFICATIONS OF THIS.



RAMIFICATIONS? OF COURSE!

WE NOW KNOW THOSE GODS WERE MUCH MORE THAN LEGENDS.

AND IF THEY MATED WITH HUMANS... PRODUCED OFF-SPRING...

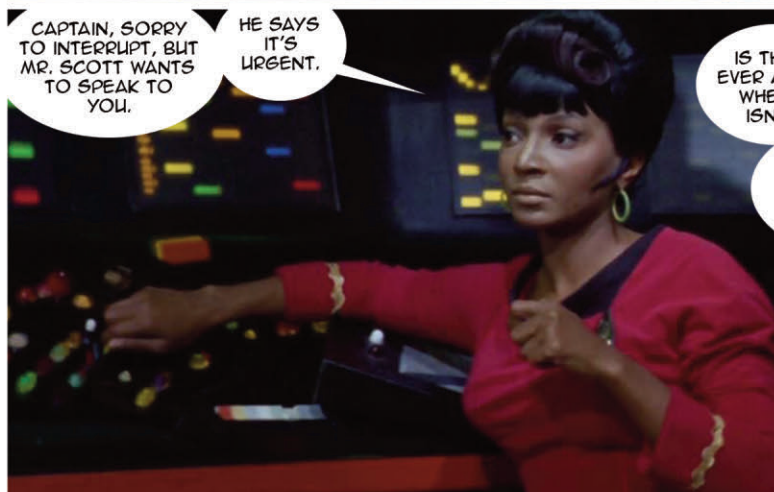
...THERE MAY WELL BE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ALIVE TODAY WHO ARE ACTUALLY DESCENDED FROM THOSE GODS.



YES, SIR,

THAT MIGHT EVEN BE AN EXPLANATION OF CERTAIN EXTRA-ORDINARY ABILITIES SOME HUMANS HAVE BEEN SHOWN TO HAVE.

I HAVE DONE SOME PRELIMINARY CALCULATIONS AS TO THE NUMBERS...

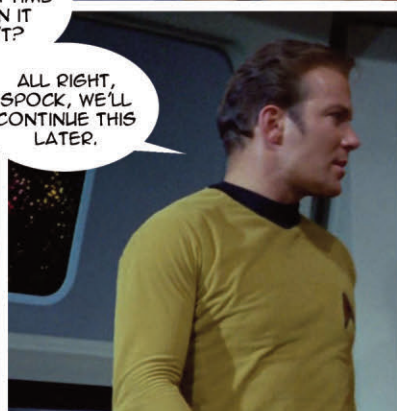


CAPTAIN, SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT MR. SCOTT WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU.

HE SAYS IT'S URGENT.

IS THERE EVER A TIME WHEN IT ISN'T?

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, WE'LL CONTINUE THIS LATER.



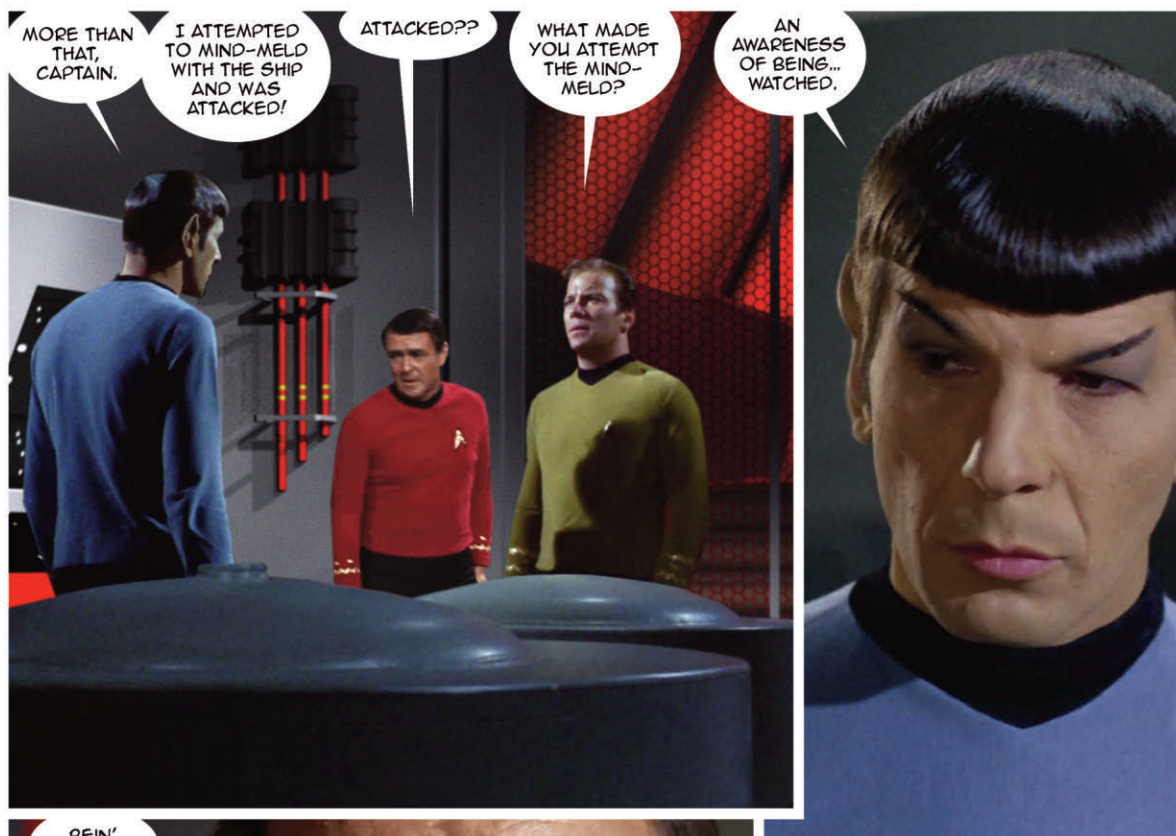




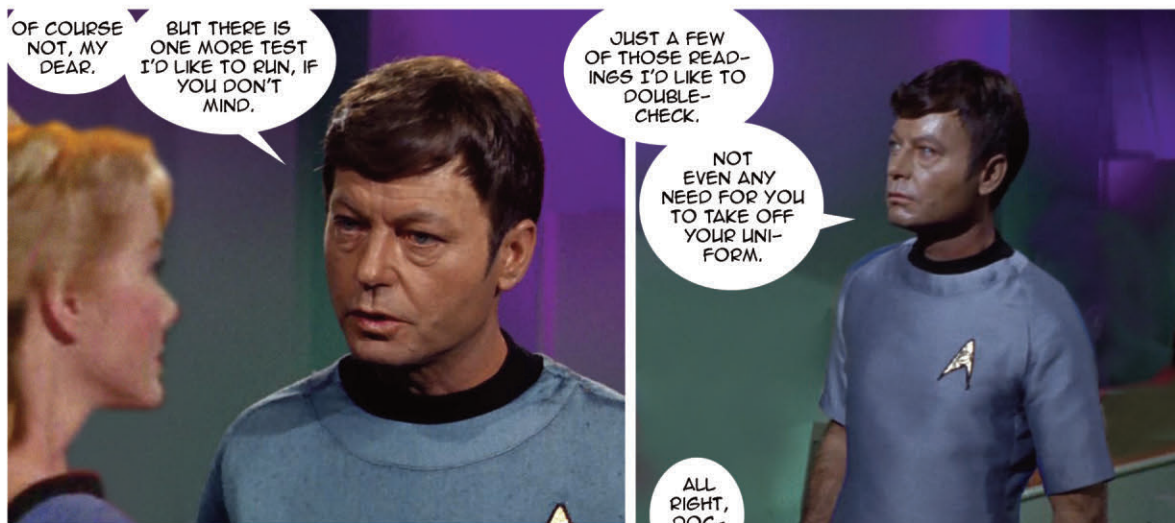
















DOCTOR MCCOY!!

...MOTHER...



HELP!

SOME-BODY...

OH!

OPEN!!



BRIDGE FROM SICK-BAY!

CAPTAIN KIRK! COME IN!!



BRIDGE, LHMURA.

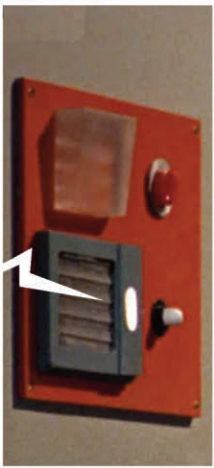
CAROLYN, IS THAT YOU? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

NO! I MUST TALK TO THE CAPTAIN!

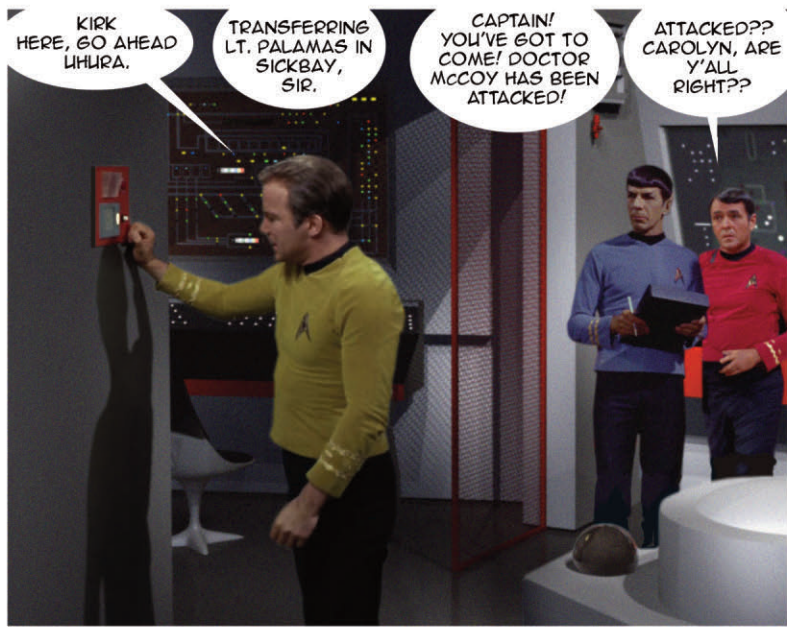
HE'S IN ENGINEERING.

HOLD ON WHILE I TRANSFER YOU!

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN KIRK!







KIRK  
HERE, GO AHEAD  
UHURA.

TRANSFERRING  
LT. PALAMAS IN  
SICKBAY,  
SIR.

CAPTAIN!  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
COME! DOCTOR  
MCCOY HAS BEEN  
ATTACKED!

ATTACKED??  
CAROLYN, ARE  
Y'ALL  
RIGHT??



I'M ALL  
RIGHT, SCOTTY.  
BUT THE DOORS  
ARE  
SEALED.

I CAN'T  
GET OUT. AND  
I -- OH... WAIT!  
NO!!

EEEEEEEEEE  
LIEUTENANT!!



SPOCK,  
YOU'RE WITH  
ME!

SCOTTY,  
YOU CONTINUE  
HERE!

SIR?!

NO, SCOTTY,  
NOT YOU. YOU HAVE  
FEELINGS FOR  
LIEUTENANT  
PALAMAS...

...BUT THERE  
ARE FOUR HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY-SIX  
OTHER PEOPLE ON  
THIS SHIP WHO ARE  
DEPENDING ON  
YOU.

AYE,  
SIR...Y'RE  
RIGHT.



"BUT... TAKE  
CARE OF HER!"

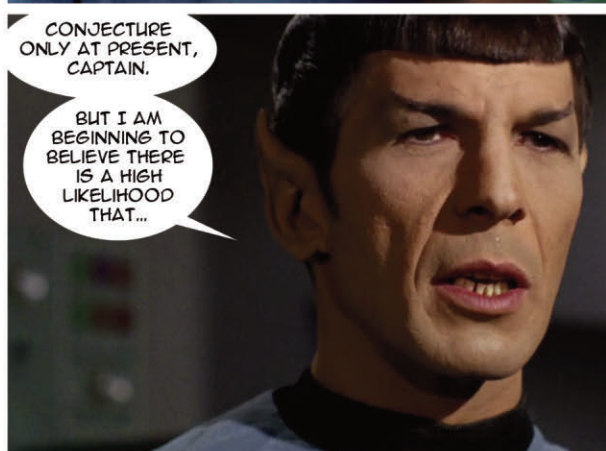
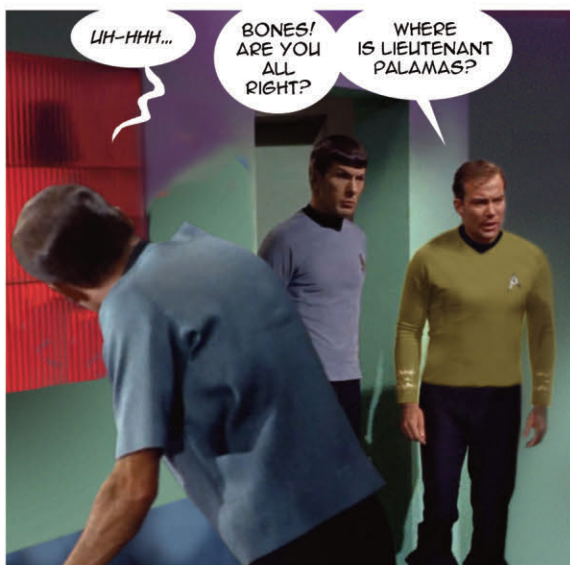
THE  
DOOR'S  
LOCKED FROM  
THE OUTSIDE,  
TOO!



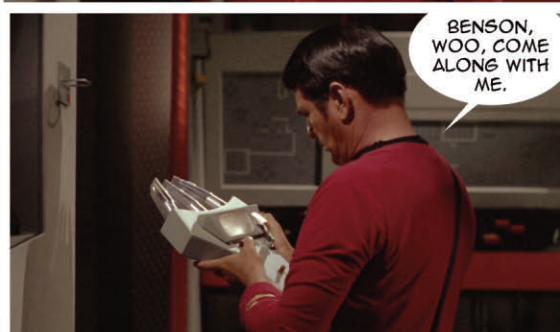
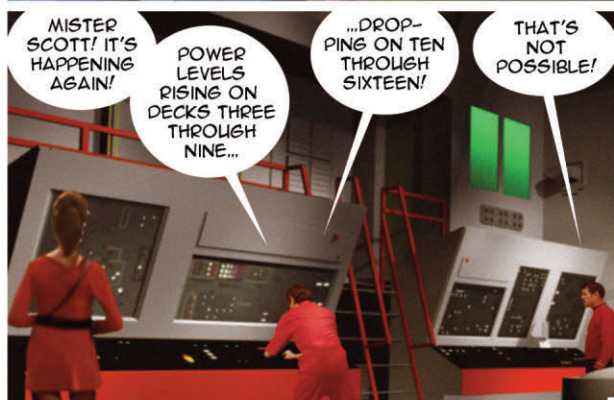
ONE MOMENT  
WHILE I TRY THE  
MANUAL  
CONTROLS...

HURRY,  
SPOCK!













WE'RE GOIN' T'HAVE T'CHECK EACH DECK MANUALLY!

OCH, NOW WHAT'S WRONG W'THIS DOOR?

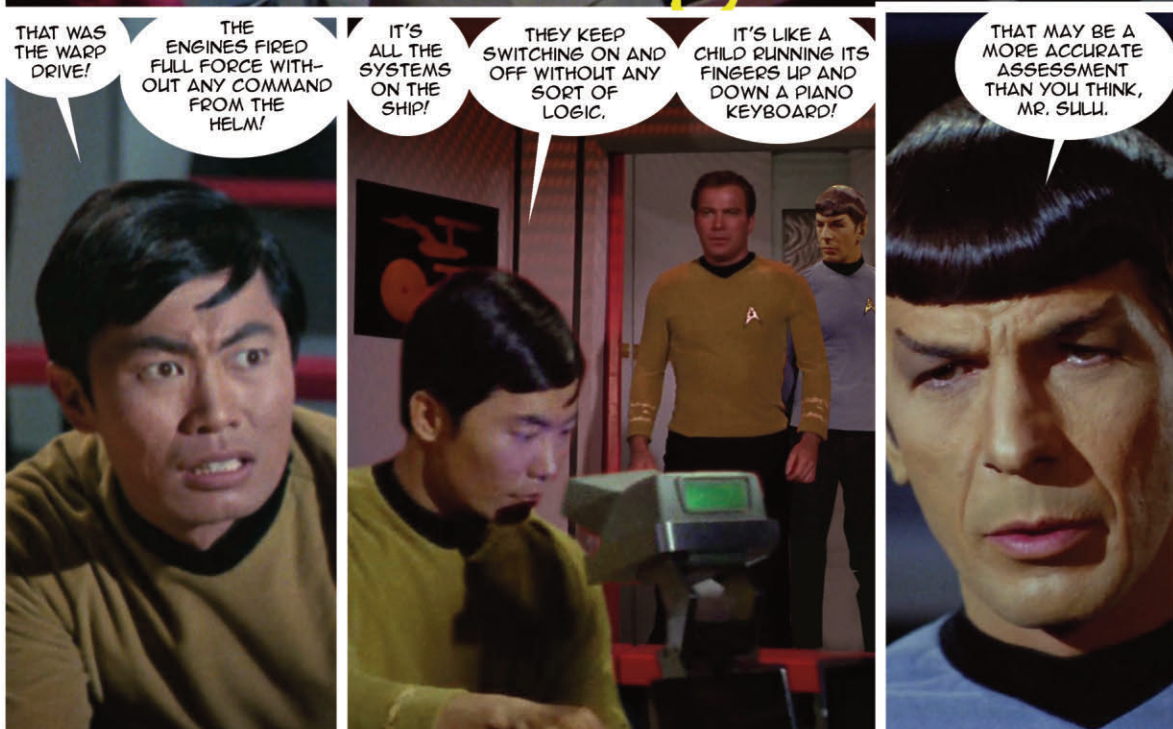
IT'S NOT JUST THIS ONE!

IT'S ALL THE DOORS, MISTER SCOTT!

THEY'RE OPENING AND CLOSING AT RANDOM ALL OVER THE SHIP!

LOCK IT DOWN BEFORE SOMETHIN' SERIOUS...

WHPOOM!



THAT WAS THE WARP DRIVE!

THE ENGINES FIRED FULL FORCE WITHOUT ANY COMMAND FROM THE HELM!

IT'S ALL THE SYSTEMS ON THE SHIP!

THEY KEEP SWITCHING ON AND OFF WITHOUT ANY SORT OF LOGIC.

IT'S LIKE A CHILD RUNNING ITS FINGERS UP AND DOWN A PIANO KEYBOARD!

THAT MAY BE A MORE ACCURATE ASSESSMENT THAN YOU THINK, MR. SULLI.





ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT SOMETHING.

WHAT IS IT?

A CONCLUSION BASED ON THE BEST EVIDENCE, CAPTAIN.

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE UNBORN CHILD OF APOLLO AND CAROLYN PALAMAS...

...HAS... PROJECTED ITSELF INTO THE STRUCTURE OF THIS SHIP.

AND, CAPTAIN, I THINK IT HAS NOW TAKEN HER WITH IT!



A BABY, SPOCK?

NOT EVEN A BABY! BARELY EVEN AN EMBRYO!

HOW COULD SOMETHING LIKE THAT COMPREHEND ALL OUR SYSTEMS?



IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF AS A HUMAN CHILD, CAPTAIN.

AT LEAST ONE QUARTER OF ITS GENETIC MATERIAL COMES FROM A SPECIES WE BARELY KNOW.

ONE QUARTER, SPOCK?



RECALL THE LEGEND. APOLLO WAS HALF HUMAN.

HIS MOTHER WAS LETO, A MORTAL.



CAPTAIN! EMERGENCY ON DECK NINE!

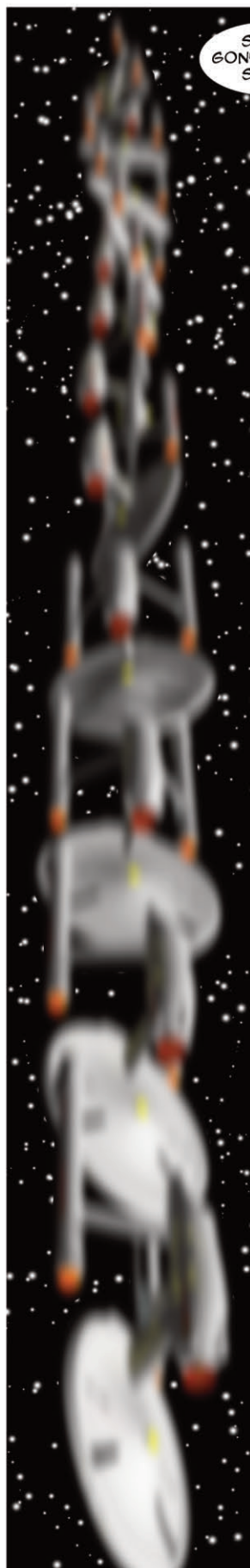
TWO OF THE TURBO-LIFTS JUST CRASHED INTO EACH OTHER!

THREE DEAD!









SHE'S  
GONE INTO A  
SPIN!!

SCOTTY!!



WE'RE...  
ON... IT...  
CAP'N!



ARTIFICIAL  
GRAVITY IS  
STABILIZIN'!

TRY  
Y'R  
HELM!



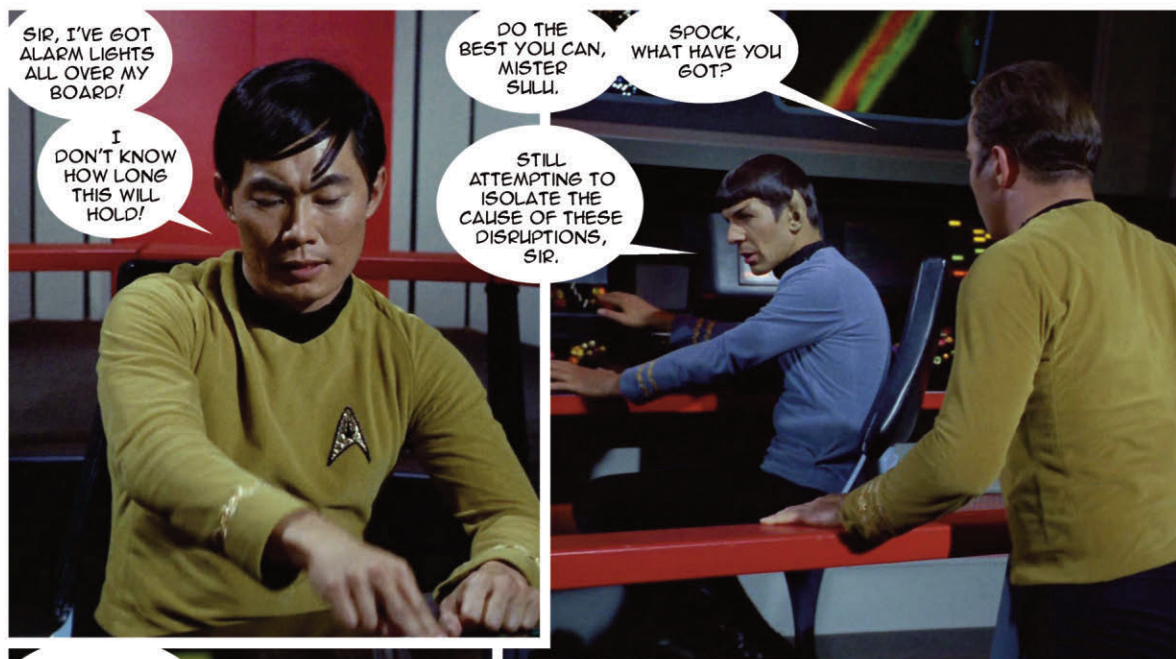
SULLY?

LEVELING  
OUT, SIR.

BACK TO  
FEDERATION  
STANDARD  
ORIENTATION.  
BUT...







SIR, I'VE GOT ALARM LIGHTS ALL OVER MY BOARD!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THIS WILL HOLD!

DO THE BEST YOU CAN, MISTER SULLI.

SPOCK, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

STILL ATTEMPTING TO ISOLATE THE CAUSE OF THESE DISRUPTIONS, SIR.



I AM MORE THAN EVER CONVINCED THERE ARE TWO MINDS HERE.

ONE... ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL.

THE OTHER, BARELY MORE THAN A WHISPER BY COMPARISON.

BOTH DEEPLY ENTANGLED WITH THE FABRIC OF THE SHIP.



WHenever I try to probe deeper, I feel a strong pressure on my mind.

I BELIEVE THE ONLY SOLUTION IS A DIRECT LINK TO THE INVADING INTELLECT.

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, SPOCK?

YOU WEREN'T DOWN ON THE PLANET WITH US.

YOU HAVE NO FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE OF WHAT THESE "GODS" CAN DO!

IF IT REALLY HAS ABSORBED CAROLYN PALAMAS...







...IT COULD DO THE SAME TO YOU!

I AM AWARE OF THAT RISK, DOCTOR.



SPOCK...

THERE'S NO WAY I CAN ASK YOU TO TAKE SUCH A CHANCE!

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO ASK, SIR.



"I AM VOLUNTEERING."

WELL, SPOCK, THIS ISOLATION WARD SHOULD BE JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

IT'S SHIELDED FROM EVERY KNOWN KIND OF RADIATION, NATURAL OR OTHERWISE.

BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YOU NEED TO BE STRAPPED DOWN!



THERE IS A VERY REAL CHANCE THE REACTION TO WHAT I PLAN MAY BE VIOLENT.

I FEEL IT BEST TO BE RESTRAINED TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF INJURY.

WELL, I STILL FEEL THIS IS CRAZY!

BUT WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, SPOCK.

REMEMBER, IF YOU NEED US...

...WE'LL BE ONLY A HEARTBEAT AWAY!











HUNGH!!

WHAT  
THE  
DEVIL...??

I  
THOUGHT IT  
WAS SPOCK WHO  
HAD TO BE TIED  
DOWN!

WHAT  
IS IT? WHAT  
IS  
HAPPENING?

BRIDGE  
TO CAPTAIN  
KIRK!

KIRK  
HERE.

REPORT,  
MISTER  
SULLI!

CAPTAIN,  
I'M READING  
CATASTROPHIC  
FAILURES ACROSS  
ALL OUR  
SYSTEMS!

LIFE  
SUPPORT IS  
SHUTTING DOWN  
ALL OVER THE  
SHIP!





LIEUTENANT  
PALAMAS.



MR. SPOCK...  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
TO ME?

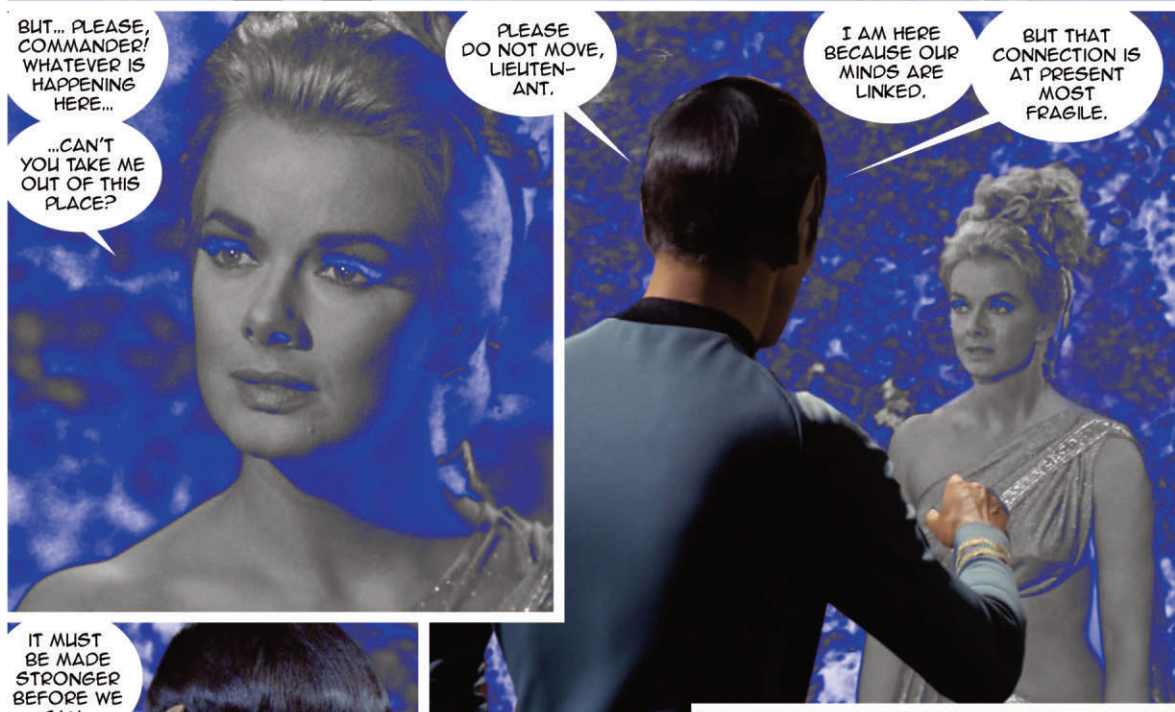


MISTER  
SPOCK...



I'VE BEEN...  
WANDERING.  
FOR DAYS IT  
SEEMS...









MISTER SPOCK!!

...NO...

...KEEP BACK...



I HAVE... MADE...



...CONTACT!



APOLLO?? BUT IT CAN'T BE!

I SAW HIM DIE!

AND THIS IS NOT APOLLO.

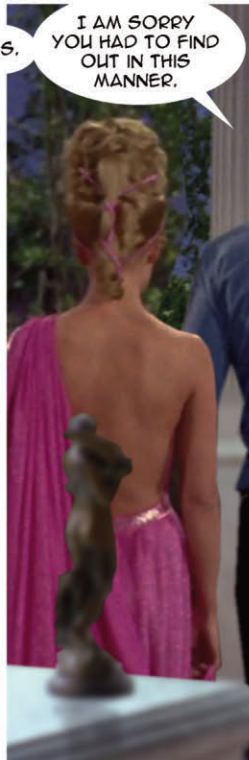
BUT I AM NOW FULLY LINKED TO YOUR MIND, AND I SEE THIS IMAGINARY WORLD AS CLEARLY AS DO YOU.

AND THE FIGURE WE BOTH NOW SEE IS DRAWN FROM YOUR OWN MEMORIES.

IT IS THE MOST APPROPRIATE FORM YOUR SON COULD FIND.



WAIT... WHAT?? MY... SON??



YES.

I AM SORRY YOU HAD TO FIND OUT IN THIS MANNER.

DR. MCCOY DISCOVERED THAT YOU WERE PREGNANT WITH APOLLO'S CHILD.

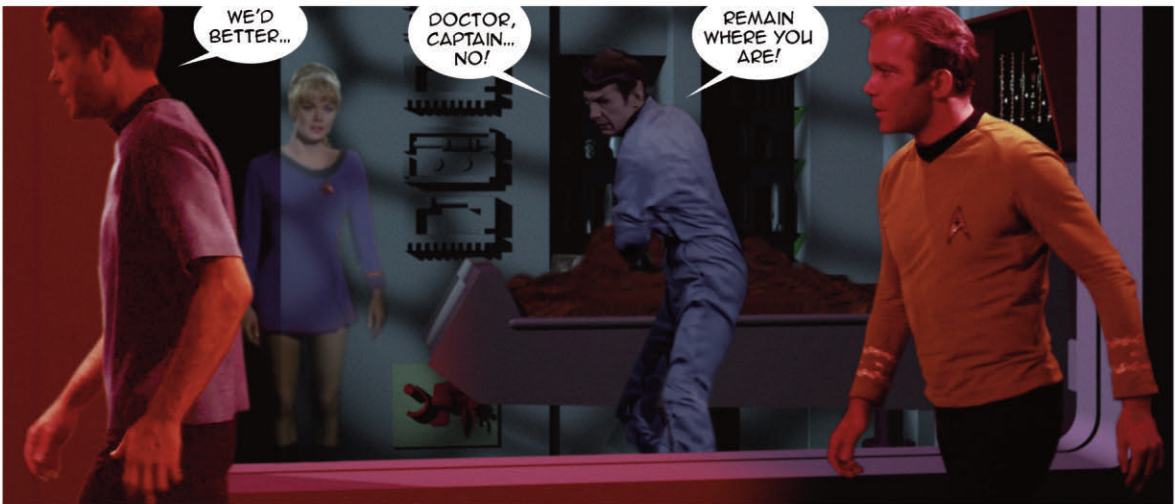
AND THIS IS AN AVATAR CREATED BY THAT CHILD. A CHILD WHO NOW THREATENS TO DESTROY THE ENTERPRISE!















NOW, LIEUTENANT...

...RELAX... RELAX... LET MY THOUGHTS FLOW INTO YOURS.

LET OUR THOUGHTS JOIN.

LET OUR MINDS BECOME AS ONE.

FOLLOW MY GUIDANCE, LIEUTENANT. FOLLOW.

FOLLOW... FOLLOW...

RETURN TO YOUR PROPER FORM.

...MISTER SPOCK...



LIEUTENANT!

...OH-HHH...



DOCTOR, CAPTAIN... I HOPE I'M NAE INTRUDIN'...

...BUT THINGS SEEM TO HAVE CALMED DOWN ABOARD SHIP, AN' I WANTED TO LOOK IN ON...

SCOTTY!



...CAROLYN...!

WHAT'S HE DOIN' TO'R??

SCOTTY, WAIT...!!



SPOCK...  
KNOWS WHAT  
HE'S  
DOING!

BUT...  
CAROLYN...

YOU  
MAY COME IN  
NOW, GENTLE-  
MEN.



THE CRISIS  
HAS  
PASSED.

THE  
BABY!

BUT...  
IT'S FULL  
TERM!

AND...  
IT'S ALL  
RIGHT?

LIEUTENANT  
PALAMAS...

BABY?

WHAT?

HOW  
ARE  
YOU?



I'M FINE.  
CAPTAIN.

BUT...  
SCOTTY,  
YOU AND I  
NEED TO  
TALK...

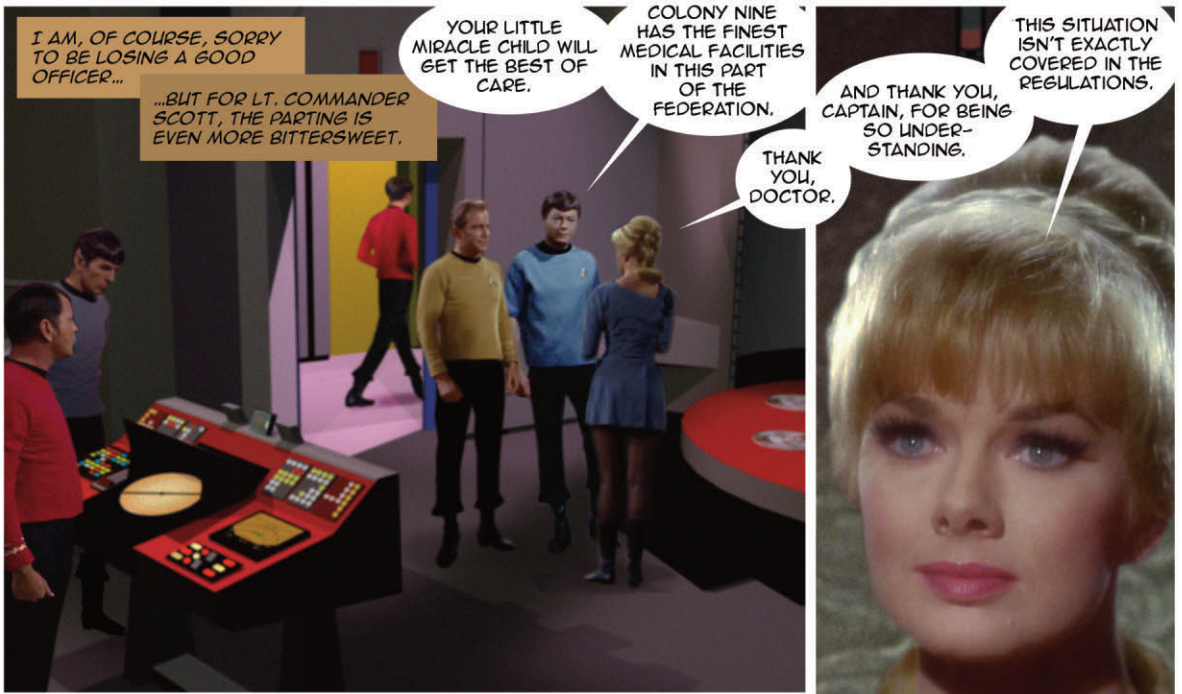


CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 3491.6

RENDEZVOUS WITH U.S.S. CONSTITUTION  
FOR TRANSFER OF LT. CAROLYN PALAMAS  
AND HER BABY TO EARTH COLONY NINE.







I AM, OF COURSE, SORRY TO BE LOSING A GOOD OFFICER...

...BUT FOR LT. COMMANDER SCOTT, THE PARTING IS EVEN MORE BITTERSWEET.

YOUR LITTLE MIRACLE CHILD WILL GET THE BEST OF CARE.

COLONY NINE HAS THE FINEST MEDICAL FACILITIES IN THIS PART OF THE FEDERATION.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

AND THANK YOU, CAPTAIN, FOR BEING SO UNDERSTANDING.

THIS SITUATION ISN'T EXACTLY COVERED IN THE REGULATIONS.



THAT'S TRUE.

BUT, THEN, A GOOD CAPTAIN HAS TO LEARN TO THINK WITH HIS HEART AS MUCH AS HIS HEAD!

GOODBYE, LIEUTENANT. AND GOOD LUCK!



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, SCOTTY?

YOU HAVE STRONG FEELINGS FOR THE GIRL...

THAT I DO, DOCTOR.

BUT SHE AN' I HAD A LONG TALK LAST NIGHT...

...AN' DECIDED OUR PATHS TAKE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS NOW.



I SHALL BE MOST INTERESTED TO SEE HOW YOU ENTER THIS IN YOUR MEDICAL LOG, DOCTOR.

SO WILL I!

I SCARCELY KNOW WHERE TO START! BUT I WILL SAY THIS...

CAROLYN PALAMAS HAD THE EASIEST DELIVERY OF ANY WOMAN IN ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY!

THE END



# STAR TREK

Created by

GENE RODDENBERRY

Photoplay by JOHN BYRNE



GOOD MORNING, SCOTTY.

## "I SING OF ARMS AND HEROES"

GOOD MORNIN', LEONARD.

AN' HOW ARE YOU? Y'LOOK FAIR SHAGGED OUT AN' THE DAY'S NOT EVEN STARTED YET!

OH, MY DAY IS GONNA BE SPENT RUNNING PHYSICALS ON THE NEW PERSONNEL WE JUST TOOK ABOARD.

THAT KIND OF THING TENDS TO WEAR ME OUT BEFORE I EVEN START!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? ANY OF OUR NEW ARRIVALS HEADED FOR YOUR DOMAIN?

I'M JUST HEADIN' ALONG T'FIND OUT. I CERTAINLY HOPE THEY ARE!

WE CAN USE A FEW EXTRA HANDS DOWN IN ENGINEERING!

WELL, SCOTTY...

...IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR PRAYERS MAY HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

THE  
END



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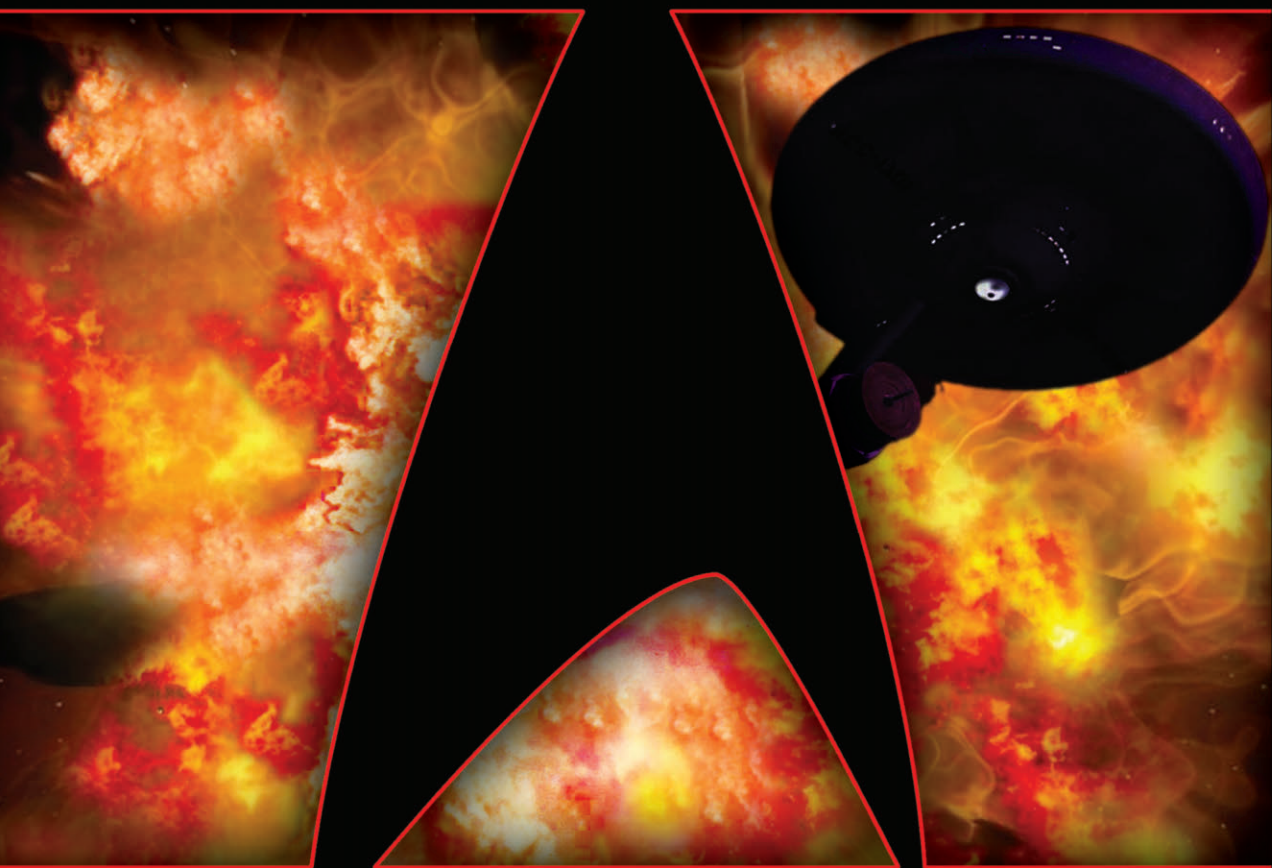
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