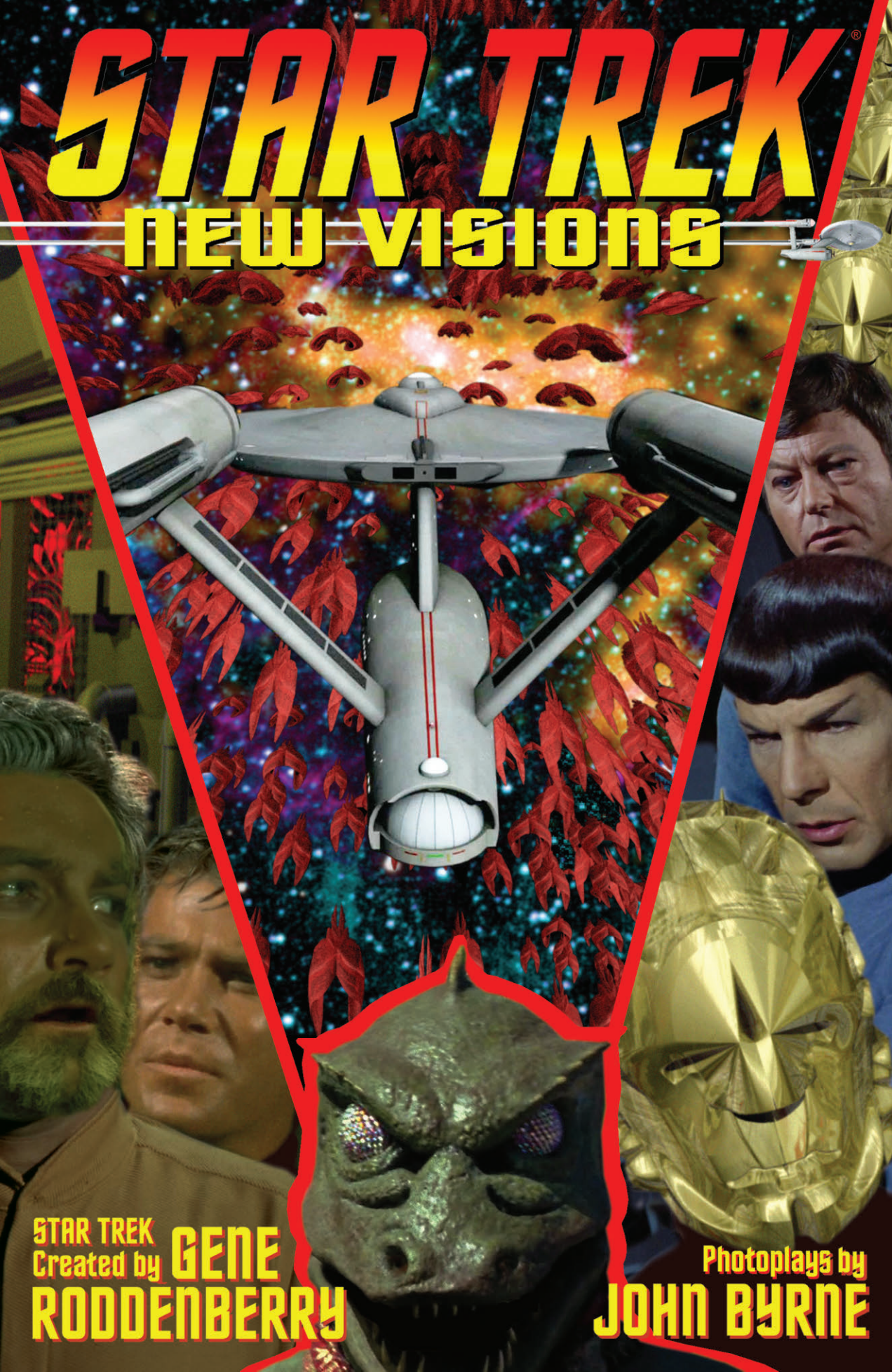


STAR TREK[®]

NEW VISIONS



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Created by **GENE
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STAR TREK[®]

NEW VISIONS





PHOTOMONTAGE AND STORY BY:
JOHN BYRNE

EDITS BY:
CHRIS RYALL

COLLECTION EDITS BY:
JUSTIN EISINGER
AND **ALONZO SIMON**

COLLECTION DESIGN BY:
GILBERTO LAZCANO

PUBLISHER:
TED ADAMS

STAR TREK CREATED BY:
GENE RODDENBERRY

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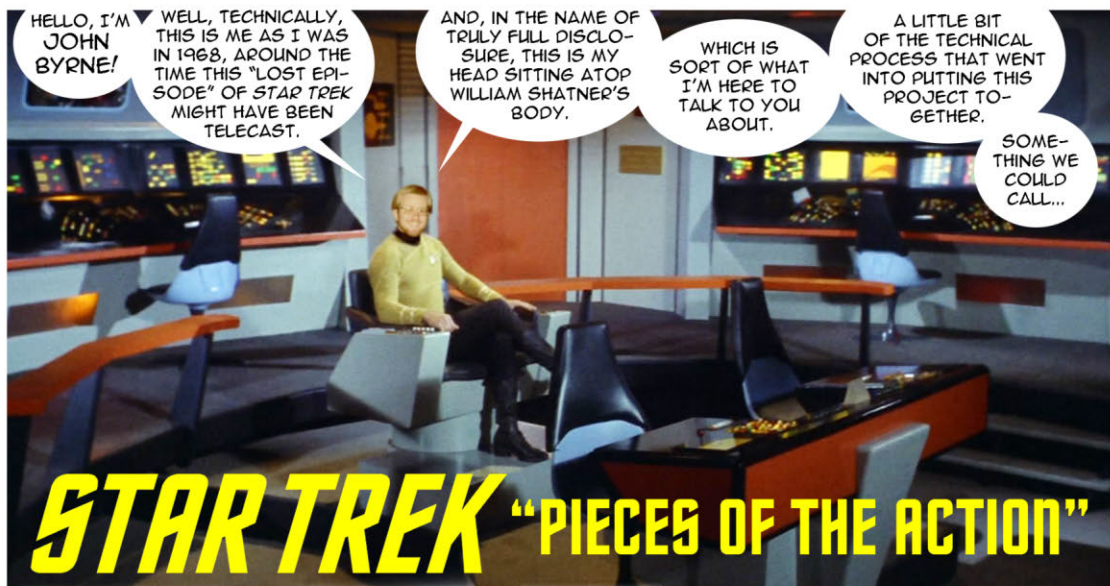
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HELLO, I'M JOHN BYRNE!

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!



SWARM



I STILL CAN'T
READ A CLEAR
SIGNAL FROM
COPERNICUS
VII, SIR.

THE FRAGMENTS
ADD UP TO A DISTRESS
CALL, BUT I CAN'T
GET ANY RESPONSE
TO MY HAILS.

A NOVA?
WAS THERE ANY
WARNING?

NONE.

IF THERE
HAD BEEN, THE
FEDERATION
WOULD HAVE BEGUN
EVACUATION
MONTHS, EVEN YEARS
AGO!

IT...
READS LIKE
INTERFERENCE
FROM A SUPER-
NOVA!

A SUPERNOVA
SEEMS UNLIKELY,
CAPTAIN.

WE ARE STILL
TOO FAR OUT FOR
PRECISE READINGS,
BUT ENERGY LEVELS
ARE DROPPING
FAST.

THAT WOULD
BE MOST ATYPICAL
FOR AN
EXPLODING
STAR.



INTERFERENCE
LEVEL IS DROP-
PING TOO,
CAPTAIN.

BUT THERE'S
NO SIGNAL AT
ALL, NOW.

COPERNICAN
SYSTEM NOW
IN VISUAL
RANGE,
CAPTAIN!

LOOK!!



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 4575.9

APPROACHING COPERNICUS
STAR SYSTEM--OR WHAT
REMAINS OF IT.

"SWARM"

SLOWING TO IMPULSE POWER
ONLY, ONE QUARTER SPEED.

I'LL
NEVER CEASE
TO BE AWESTRUCK
BY THE TERRIBLE
BEAUTY OF AN
EXPLODING
STAR.

SO
MUCH DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION,
AND YET...

BEAUTY
IS A HUMAN
CONSTRUCT,
DOCTOR.

Photomontage
and Story by JOHN BYRNE

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



IN NATURE,
A THING SIMPLY
IS WHAT IT
IS.

WHICH STILL DOESN'T
TELL US WHY LIEUTENANT
UHURA KNEW THAT WAS
A NOVA BEFORE YOU
DID, SPOCK!

SAVE
IT,
BONES.

WHAT ARE
YOU READING
NOW,
SPOCK?



PATTERNS OF
DESTRUCTION AS ARE
TYPICALLY ASSOCIATED
WITH A SUPERNOVA,
CAPTAIN.

ALL THE
INNER PLANETS
HAVE BEEN
DESTROYED.

THREE OUTER
PLANETS REMAIN,
BUT THEIR ORBITS
HAVE BEEN
GREATLY DIS-
RUPTED.



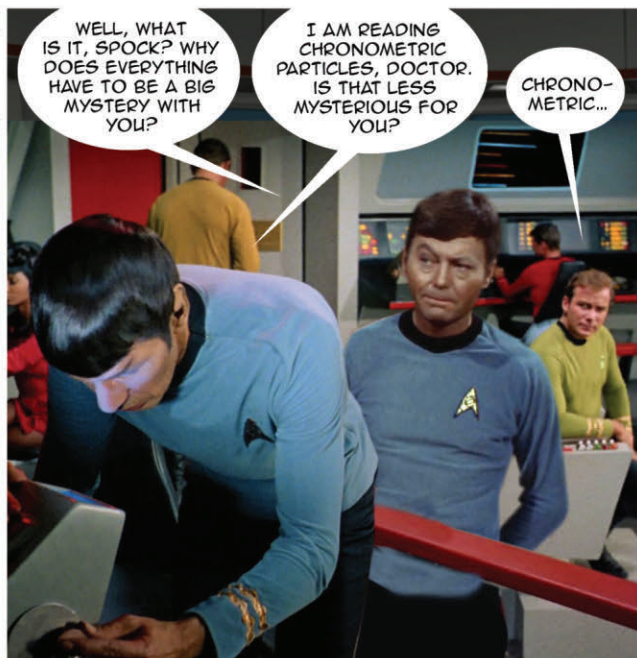
ONLY THE
STEADY, RAPID
DROP IN ENERGY
LEVELS IS
UNUSUAL...

WAIT!



THERE IS
ANOTHER
READING.

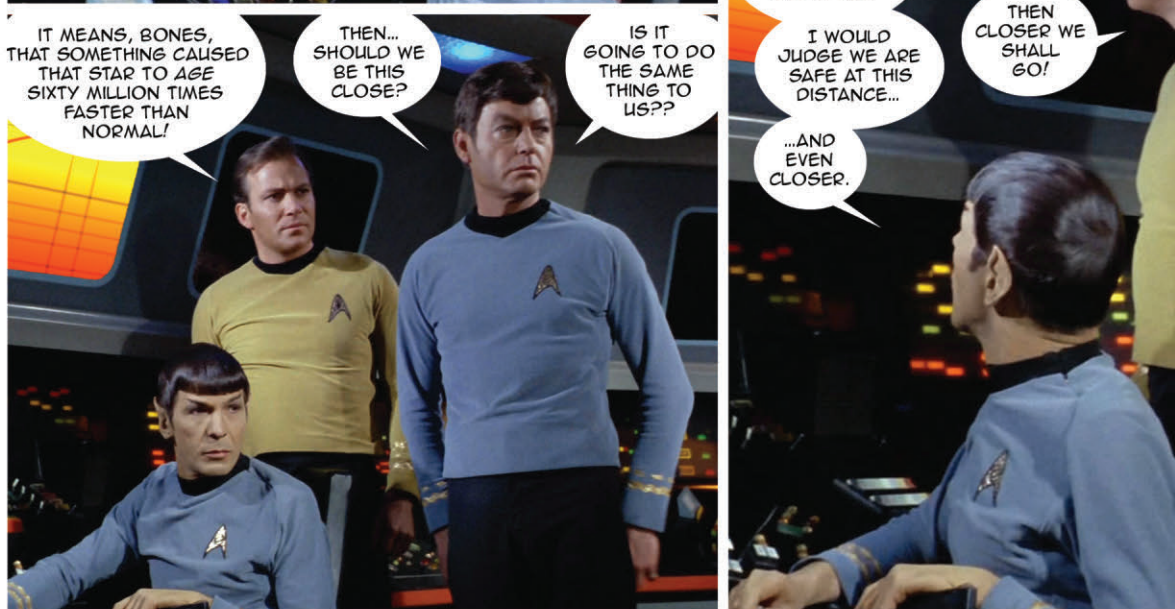
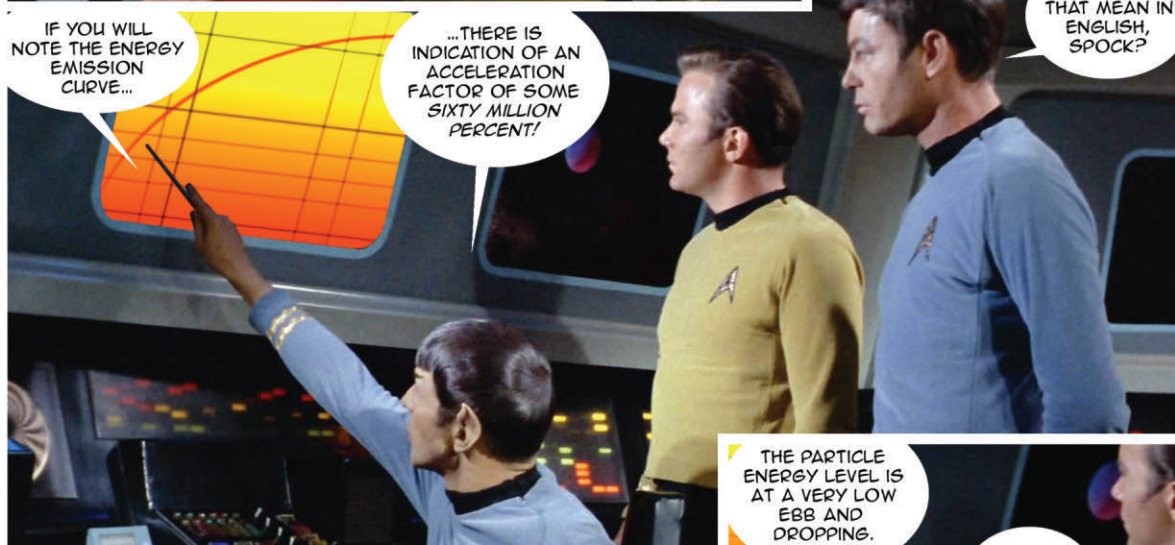
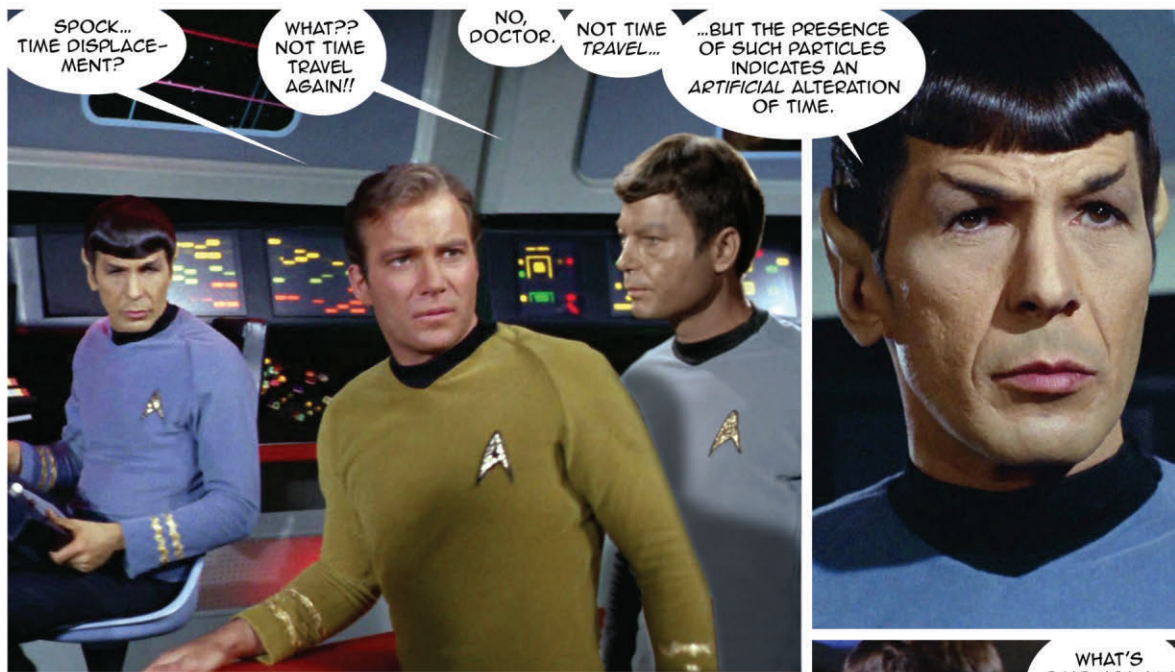
ONE WHICH
MAY EXPLAIN THE
UNEXPECTED
DESTRUCTION OF
THIS STAR
SYSTEM.

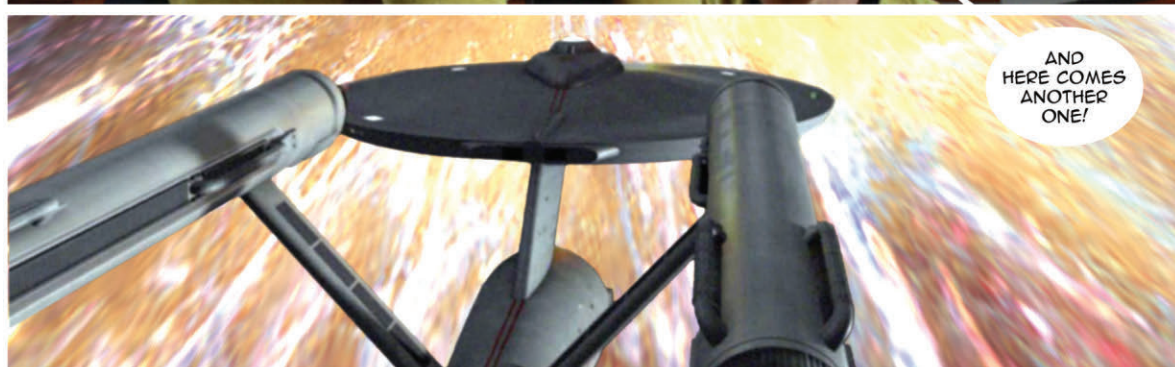
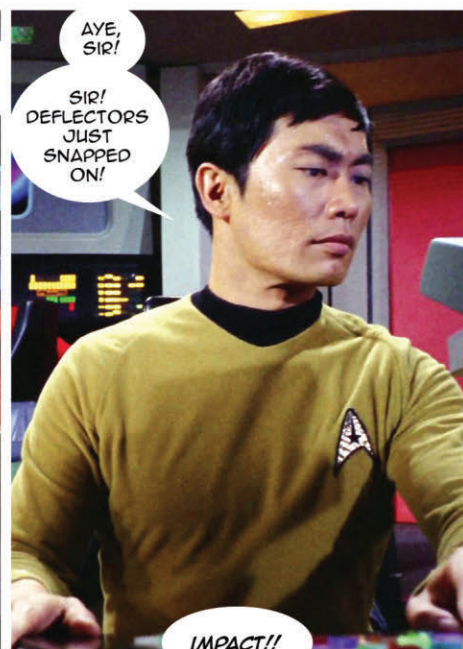
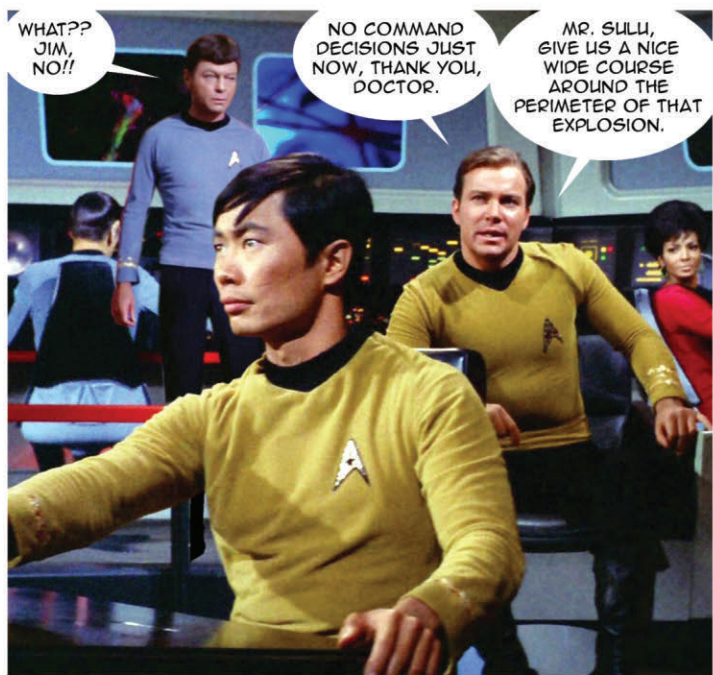


WELL, WHAT
IS IT, SPOCK? WHY
DOES EVERYTHING
HAVE TO BE A BIG
MYSTERY WITH
YOU?

I AM READING
CHRONOMETRIC
PARTICLES, DOCTOR.
IS THAT LESS
MYSTERIOUS FOR
YOU?

CHRONO-
METRIC...





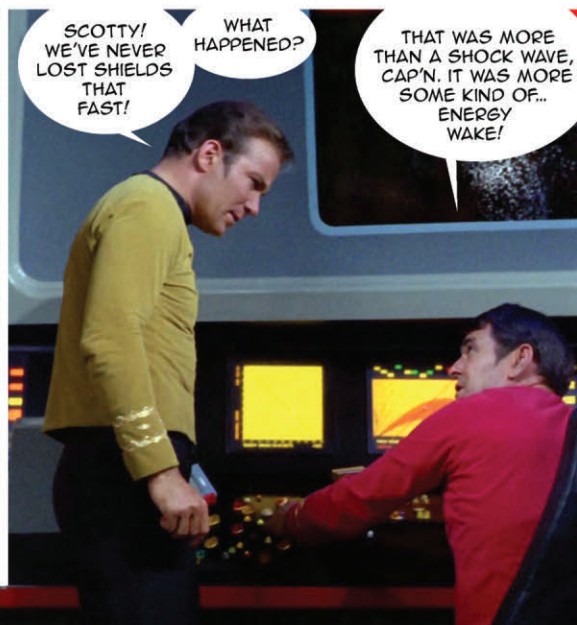


SHIELDS ARE DOWN, CAPTAIN!

SULLI! GET US OUT OF HERE!

FULL REVERSE ENGINES!

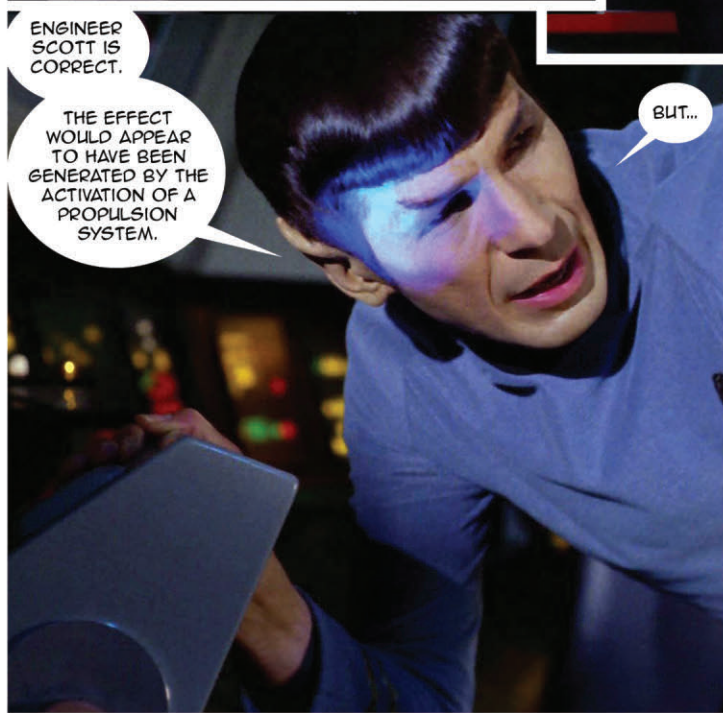
AYE, SIR!



SCOTTY! WE'VE NEVER LOST SHIELDS THAT FAST!

WHAT HAPPENED?

THAT WAS MORE THAN A SHOCK WAVE, CAP'N. IT WAS MORE SOME KIND OF... ENERGY WAKE!



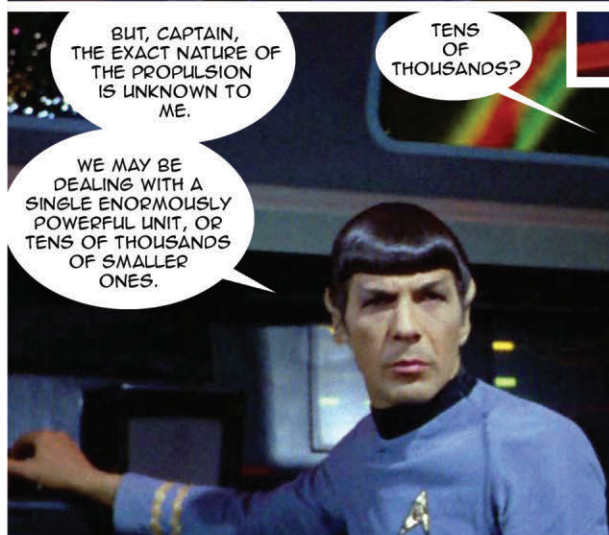
ENGINEER SCOTT IS CORRECT.

THE EFFECT WOULD APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN GENERATED BY THE ACTIVATION OF A PROPULSION SYSTEM.

BUT...



"BUT," SPOCK?



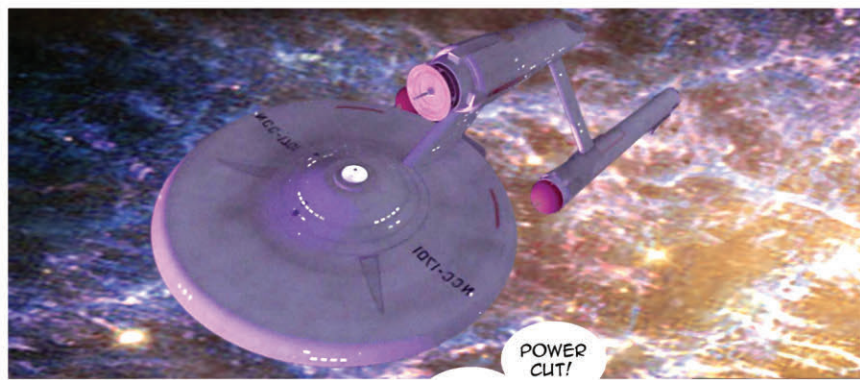
BUT, CAPTAIN, THE EXACT NATURE OF THE PROPULSION IS UNKNOWN TO ME.

WE MAY BE DEALING WITH A SINGLE ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL UNIT, OR TENS OF THOUSANDS OF SMALLER ONES.

TENS OF THOUSANDS?



THIS WOULD SEEM TO BE OUR DAY FOR BIG NUMBERS, SPOCK!



POWER
CUT!

GRAVITY
IN
FLUX!

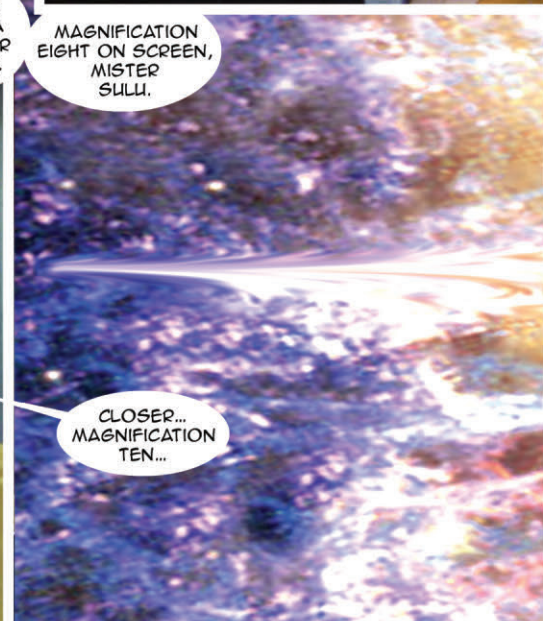


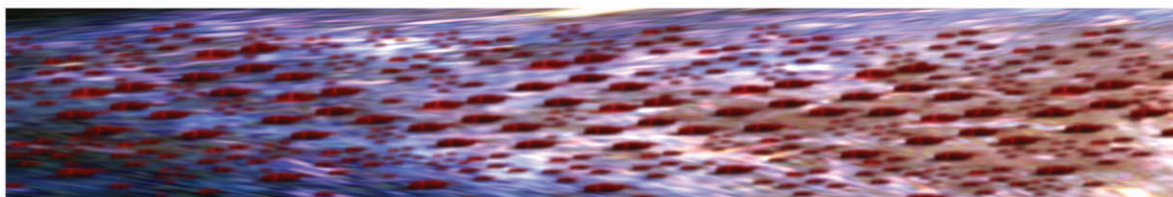
SCOTTY!

DO
SOME-
THING!

I'M
TRYIN',
SIR!!







WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS, SPOCK?

THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF THEM!



NINE HUNDRED TWENTY SEVEN THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED EIGHT.

AND THEIR NUMBER IS INCREASING!

ARE THEY FROM THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM, SPOCK?

SOME KIND OF... LIFE-BOATS?

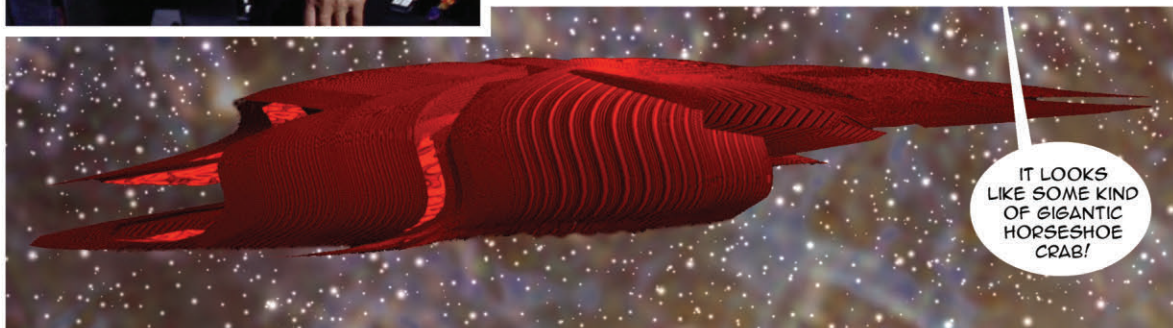


NO, SIR, NO LIFEFORM READINGS.

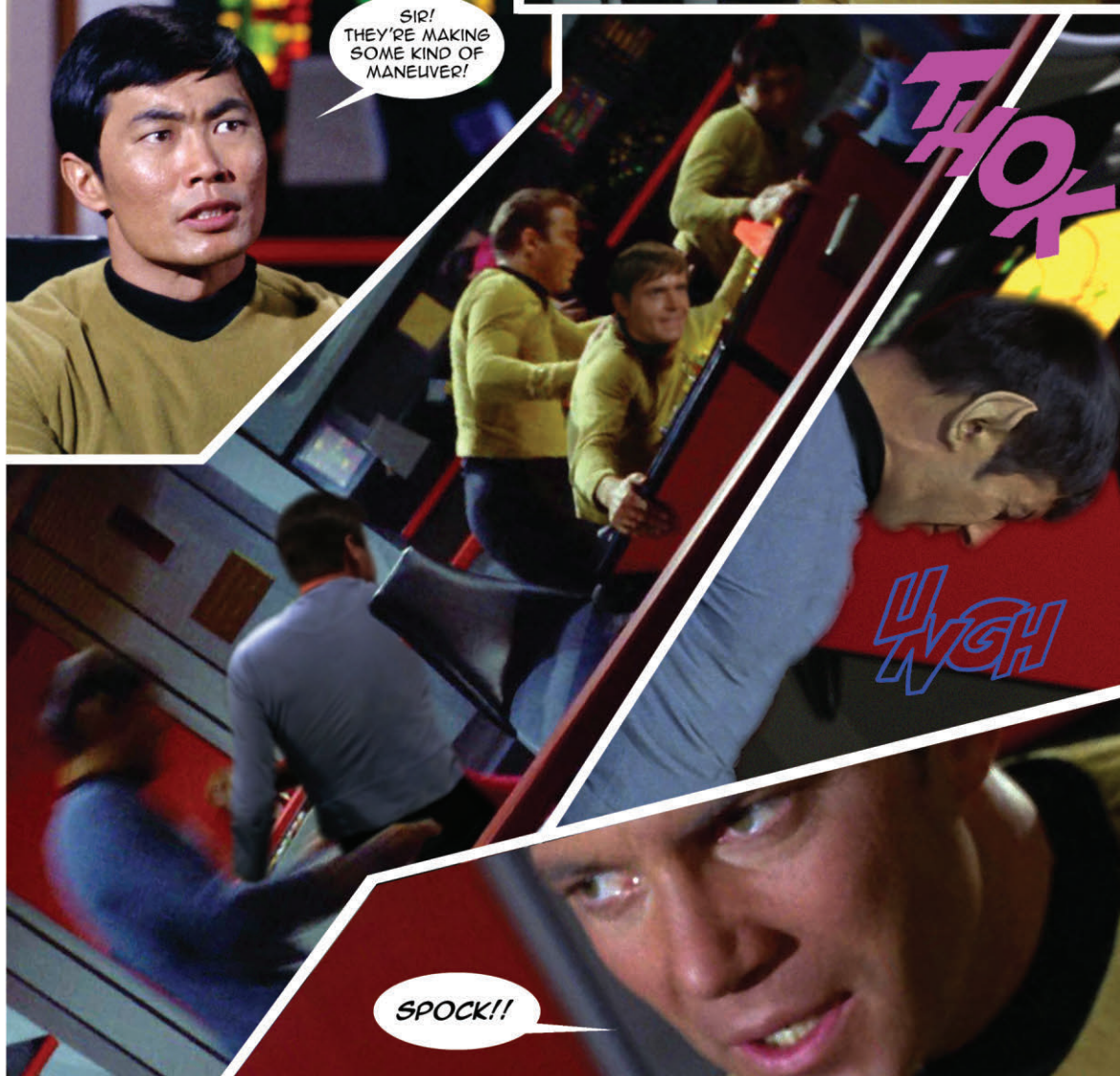
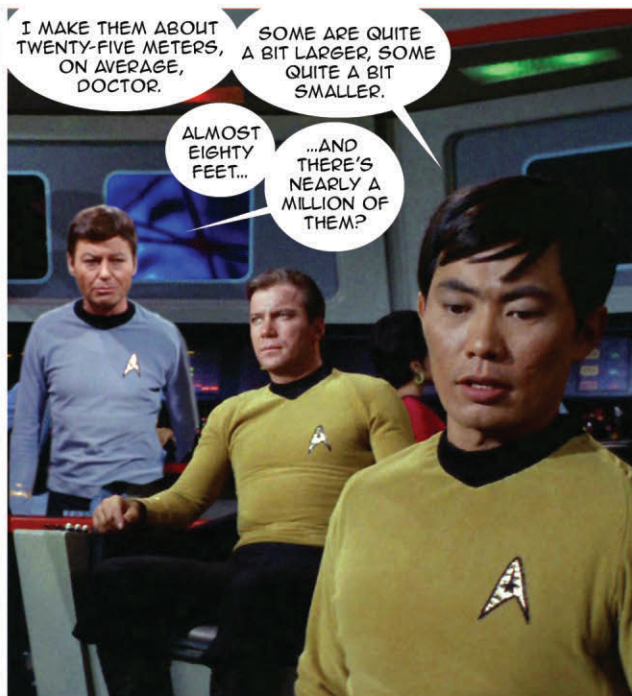
AND THEIR COMPOSITION SUGGESTS AN ORIGIN COMPLETELY ALIEN TO THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

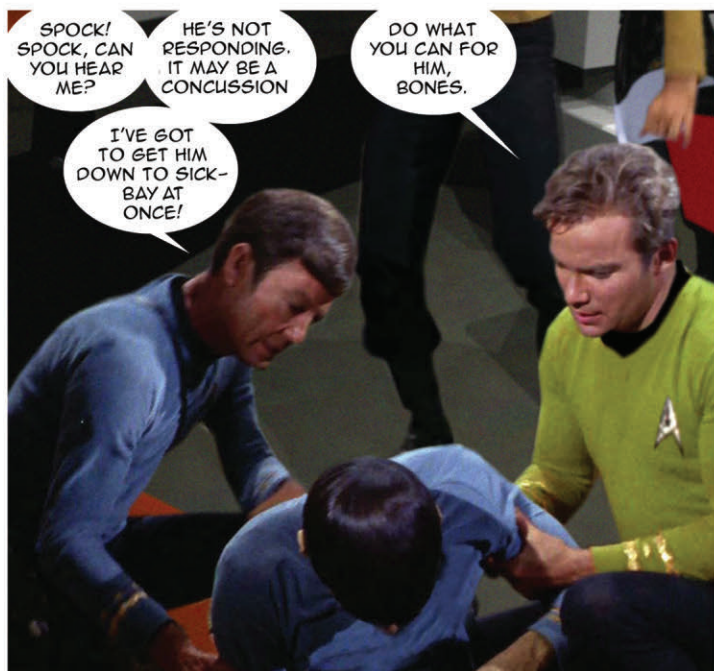
LET'S INCREASE THE MAGNIFICATION. SEE IF WE CAN ISOLATE ONE OF THEM FOR A BETTER LOOK...

CAPTAIN, WHAT IS THAT THING?



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF GIGANTIC HORSESHOE CRAB!



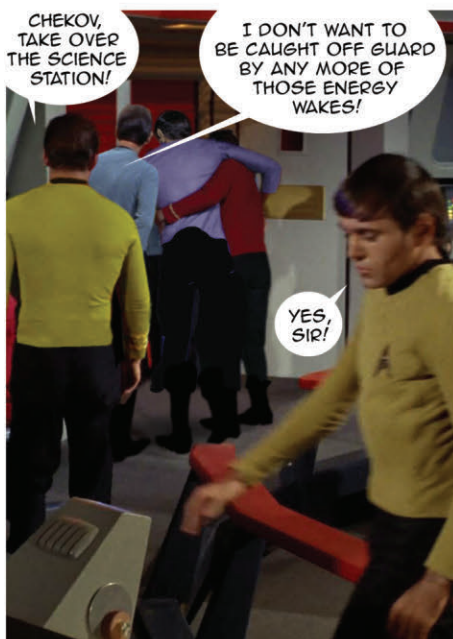


SPOCK!
SPOCK, CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

HE'S NOT
RESPONDING.
IT MAY BE A
CONCUSSION

DO WHAT
YOU CAN FOR
HIM,
BONES.

I'VE GOT
TO GET HIM
DOWN TO SICK-
BAY AT
ONCE!



CHEKOV,
TAKE OVER
THE SCIENCE
STATION!

I DON'T WANT TO
BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD
BY ANY MORE OF
THOSE ENERGY
WAKES!

YES,
SIR!



MISTER
SULLI...

GET US
AWAY FROM
THAT
SWARM.

TAKE US
TO MAXIMUM
SENSOR
RANGE.

IF THERE
ARE ANY MORE
OF THOSE
WAVES, I WANT
AS MUCH
WARNING AS WE
CAN GET!

YES,
SIR!



MOVING
TO MAXIMUM
SENSOR
RANGE.

SIR, I'VE
PLOTTED OUT
THEIR COURSE
BASED ON THEIR
DIRECTION.



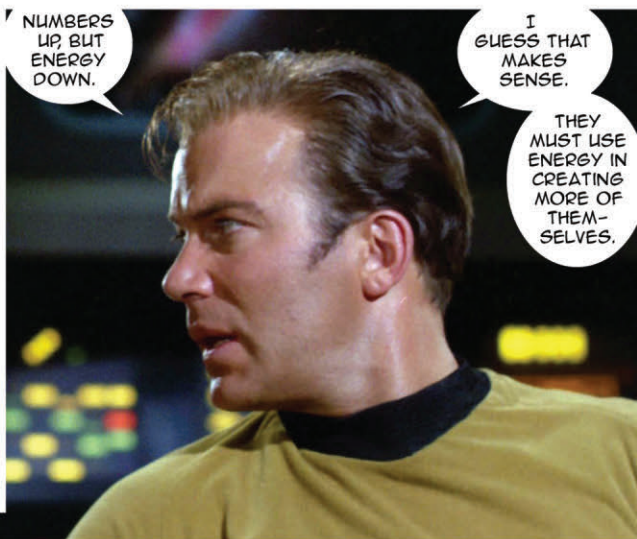
THEY'RE
HEADED FOR
THE NEXT
CLOSEST
SYSTEM.



KEPTIN!

DE SVARM
HAS INCREASED
ITS NUMBER BY
TWENTY-FIVE
PERCENT...

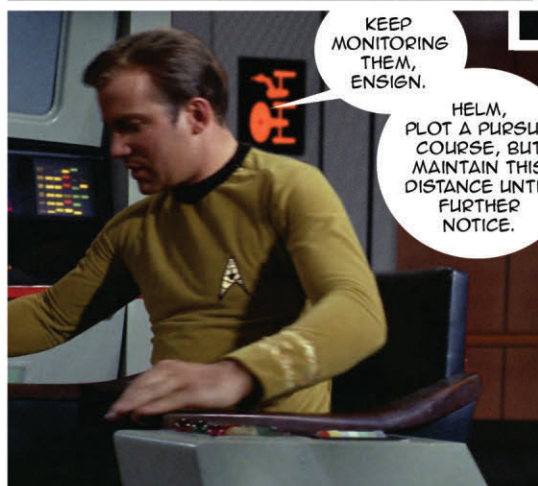
...BUT ITS
ENERGY LEWELS
HAVE DROPPED
BY ALMOST
DOUBLE
THAT!



NUMBERS
UP, BUT
ENERGY
DOWN.

I
GUESS THAT
MAKES
SENSE.

THEY
MUST USE
ENERGY IN
CREATING
MORE OF
THEM-
SELVES.



KEEP
MONITORING
THEM,
ENSIGN.

HELM,
PLOT A PURSUIT
COURSE, BUT
MAINTAIN THIS
DISTANCE UNTIL
FURTHER
NOTICE.

I'M GOING
DOWN TO SICK-
BAY TO CHECK
ON MISTER
SPOCK.

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!

FOLLOWING
AT WARP
FOUR.



HE'S
STABLE,
JIM...

...BUT THAT'S
THE ONLY GOOD
NEWS I HAVE
RIGHT NOW.

HE
SUFFERED
QUITE A SEVERE
HEAD
TRAUMA.

YOU'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING,
BONES.

I
NEED HIM
ON THE
BRIDGE!

...CAPTAIN...



SPOCK!
DON'T TRY
TO
SPEAK!

YOU'RE
STILL
TOO...

NO,
BONES.

LET HIM
SAY WHAT HE
WANTS TO
SAY!

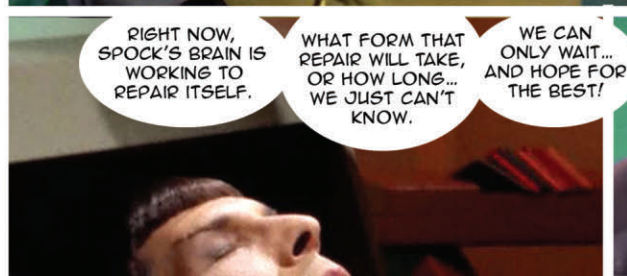
...THE...
WAY THEY...
MOVE...

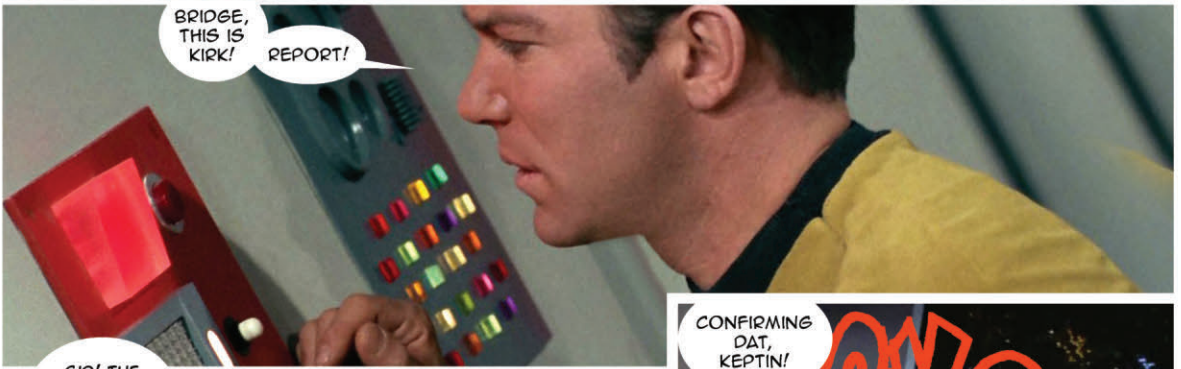
...ALL...
PARTS IN...
UNISON...

...AS
IF...



SPOCK!





BRIDGE,
THIS IS
KIRK!

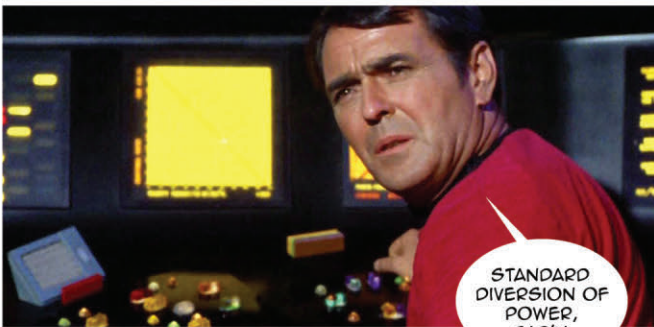
REPORT!



SIR! THE
SWARM HAS
DETECTED
US.

ABOUT
TWO DOZEN
OF THEM HAVE
TURNED BACK
TOWARD
US.

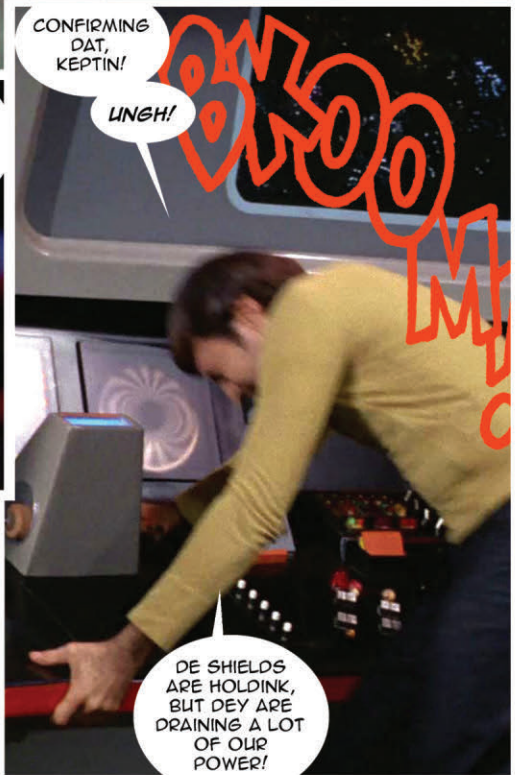
THEY'RE
FIRING SOME
KIND OF...
IONIC PULSE
WEAPON!



STANDARD
DIVERSION OF
POWER,
CAP'N.



BUT
THAT'S NOT
THE WORST
NEWS!

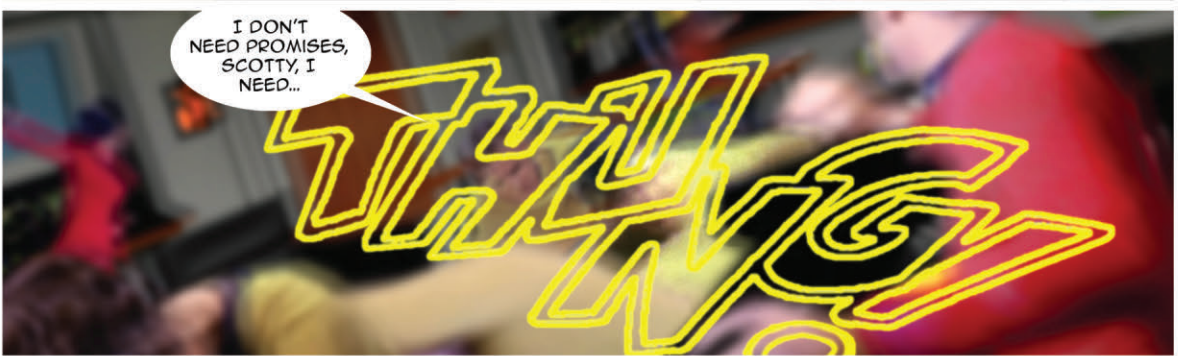
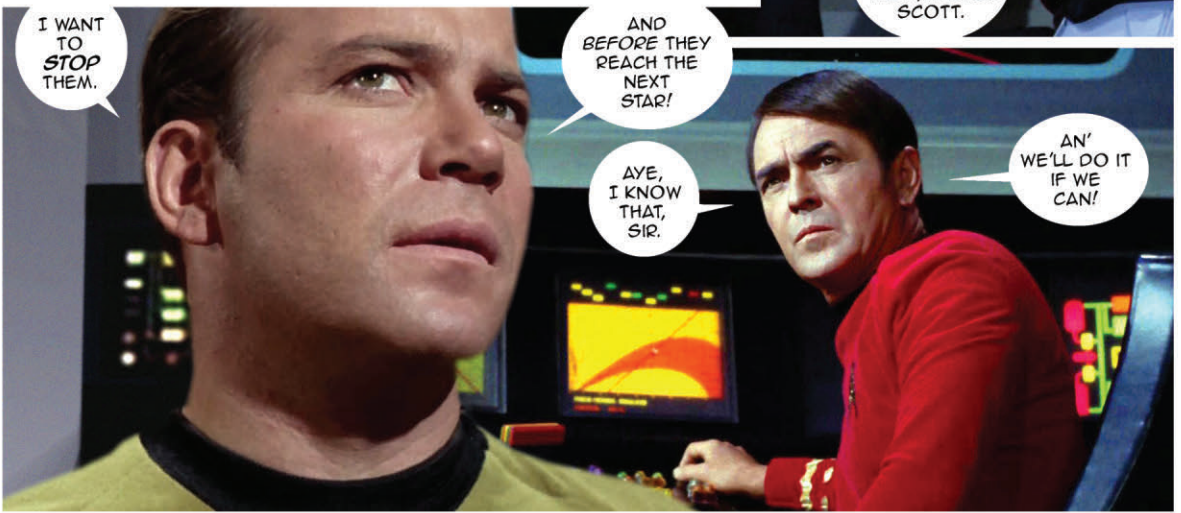
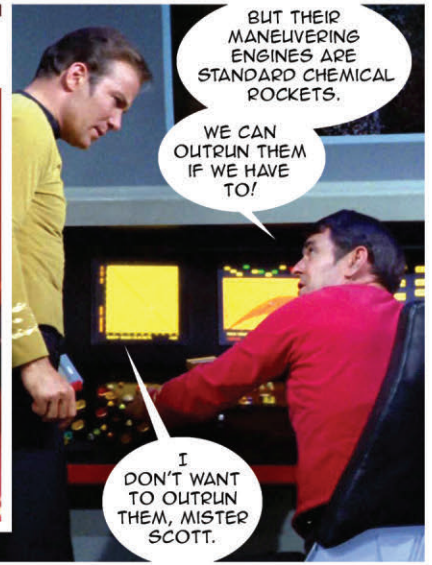


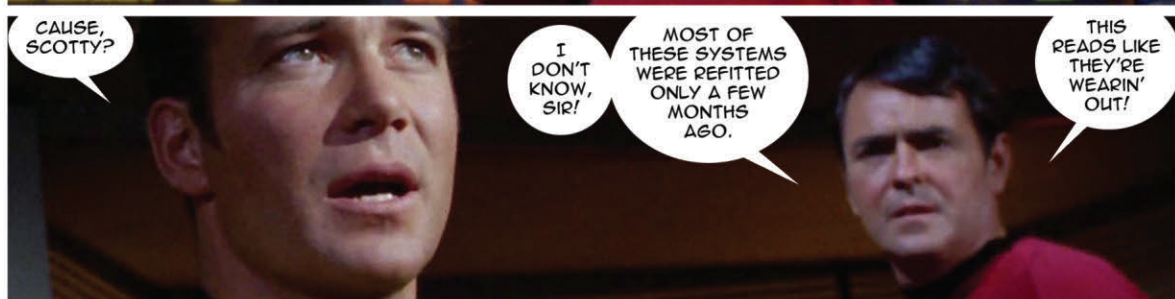
CONFIRMING
DAT,
KEPTIN!

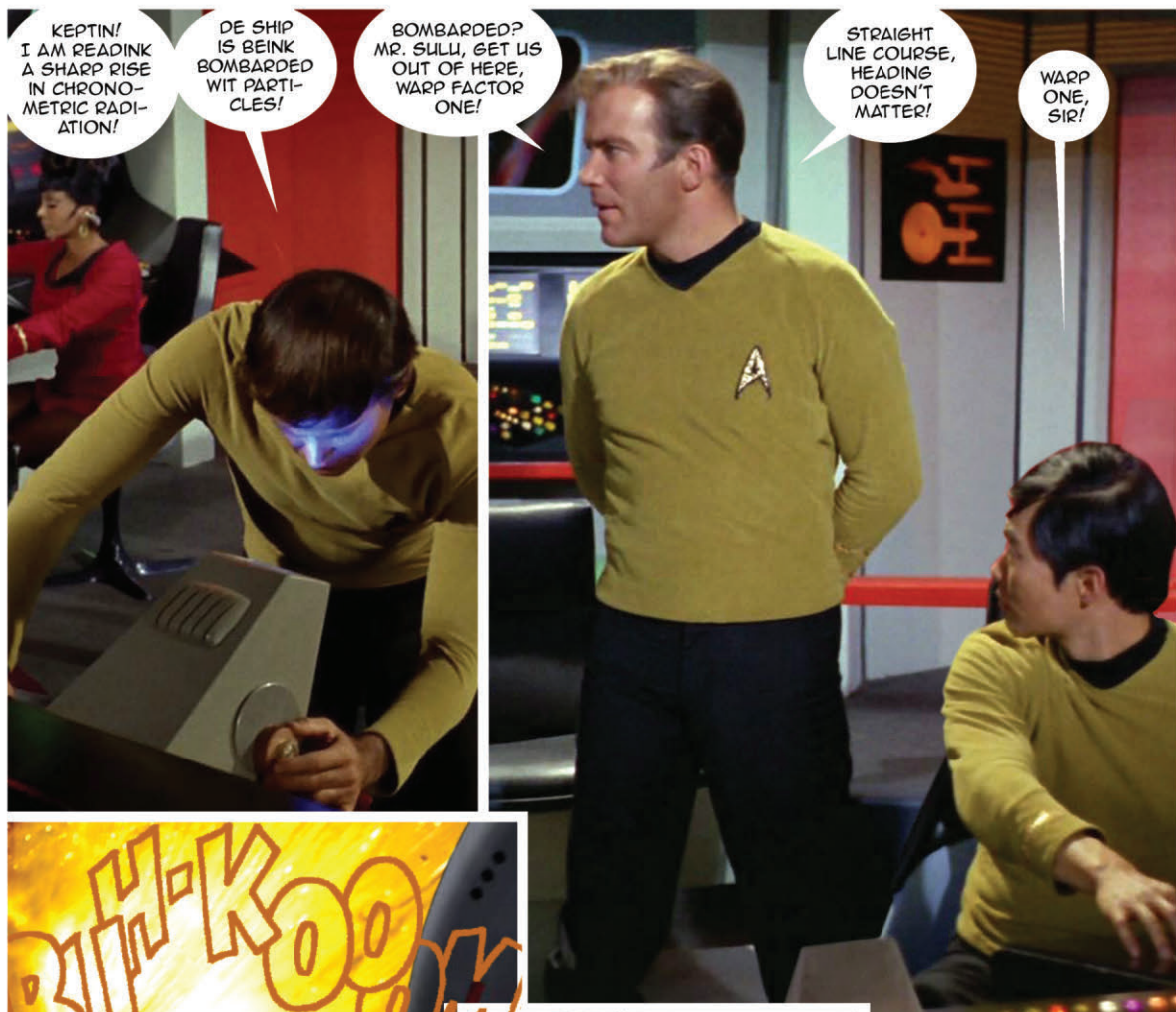
UNSH!

DE SHIELDS
ARE HOLDINK,
BUT DEY ARE
DRAINING A LOT
OF OUR
POWER!









KEPTIN!
I AM READINK
A SHARP RISE
IN CHRONO-
METRIC RADI-
ATION!

DE SHIP
IS BEINK
BOMBARDED
WIT PARTI-
CLES!

BOMBARDED?
MR. SULLU, GET US
OUT OF HERE,
WARP FACTOR
ONE!

STRAIGHT
LINE COURSE,
HEADING
DOESN'T
MATTER!

WARP
ONE,
SIR!



BUM-KOOOM!

BLOW
OUT IN THE
STARBOARD
INTER-
COOLERS!

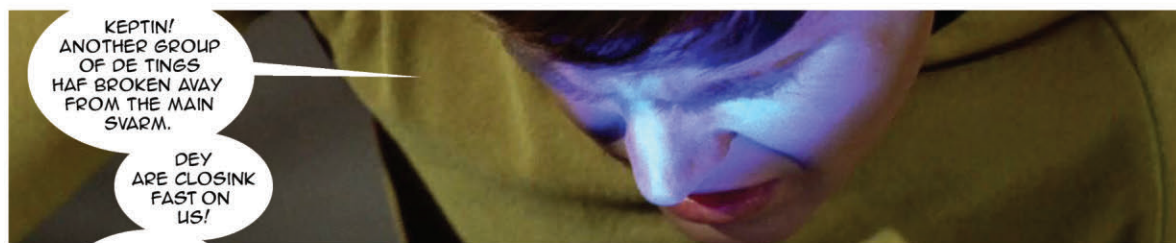
I'M
SHUTTIN'
DOWN
POWER TO THAT
NACELLE!



CAPTAIN,
THEY'RE
GAINING ON
US!

WITH
ONE ENGINE
GONE,
WE
CAN'T MAINTAIN
DISTANCE!





KEPTIN!
ANOTHER GROUP
OF DE TINGS
HAF BROKEN AWAY
FROM THE MAIN
SVARM.

DEY
ARE CLOSINK
FAST ON
US!

DERE
MUST BE MORE
DEN FIVE
HUNDRED OF
DEM!!

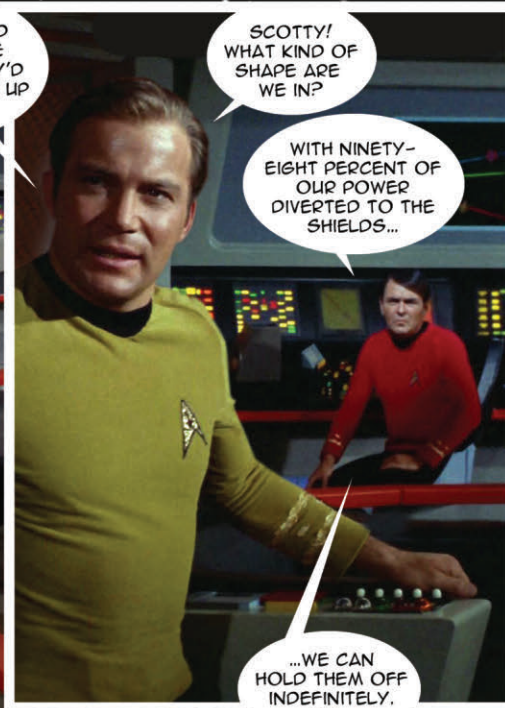


THE WAY THEY MOVE
SO PERFECTLY IN UNISON...
UHURA, YOU'RE MONITORING
NO COMMUNICATION
BETWEEN THEM?

NOTHING
I CAN DETECT
ON ANY OF MY
CHANNELS,
SIR!

KEPTIN,
DEY ARE MOVINK
INTO A SPHEROID
CONFIGURATION
ALL AROUND
US!

WHICH WOULD
BE JUST THE
POSITION THEY'D
TAKE TO BLOW UP
A STAR!



SCOTTY!
WHAT KIND OF
SHAPE ARE
WE IN?

WITH NINETY-
EIGHT PERCENT OF
OUR POWER
DIVERTED TO THE
SHIELDS...

...WE CAN
HOLD THEM OFF
INDEFINITELY.
OR...

...UNTIL
WE ALL
STARVE!

...DOCTOR...







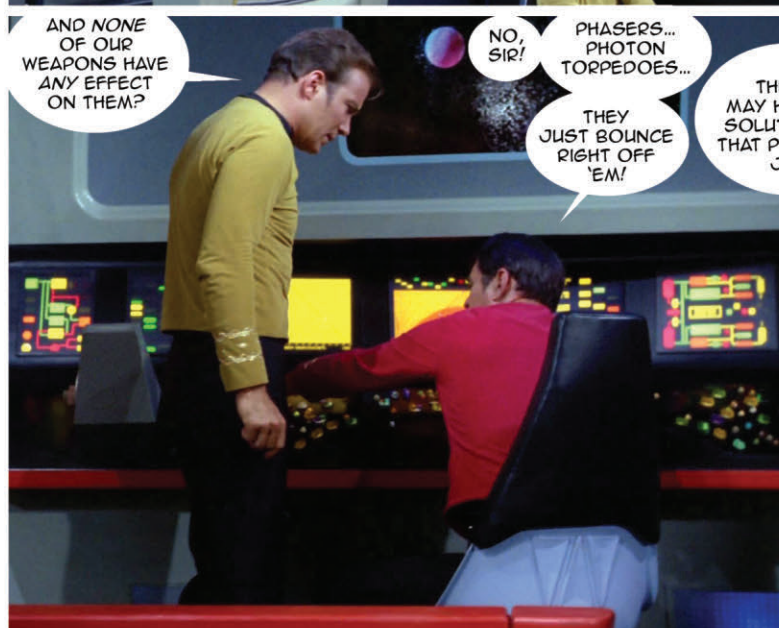
SCOTTY!

SOME
GOOD NEWS,
PLEASE!

BEST I HAVE
TO OFFER IS THAT
THE NEWS HASN'T
CHANGED,
SIR!

OUR
SHIELDS WILL
HOLD...

...BUT WE'RE
STUCK FAST UNLESS
THEY LOSE
INTEREST!



AND NONE
OF OUR
WEAPONS HAVE
ANY EFFECT
ON THEM?

NO,
SIR!

PHASERS...
PHOTON
TORPEDOES...

THEY
JUST BOUNCE
RIGHT OFF
'EM!

I
THINK I
MAY HAVE A
SOLUTION TO
THAT PROBLEM,
JIM.



YOU,
BONES?
WHAT?
HOW?

WELL, IT'S
NOT ALL
MINE!

MOSTLY
IT'S WHAT I
COULD GET
OUT OF
SPOCK.

MISTER
SPOCK?



I
THOUGHT
HE WAS IN
A
COMA!

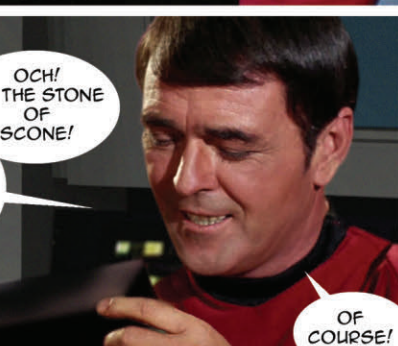


HE IS
AND HE
ISN'T.

LOOK,
IF NOBODY
UP HERE WANTS
THIS, THERE
ARE THINGS I
CAN BE DOING IN
SICKBAY!

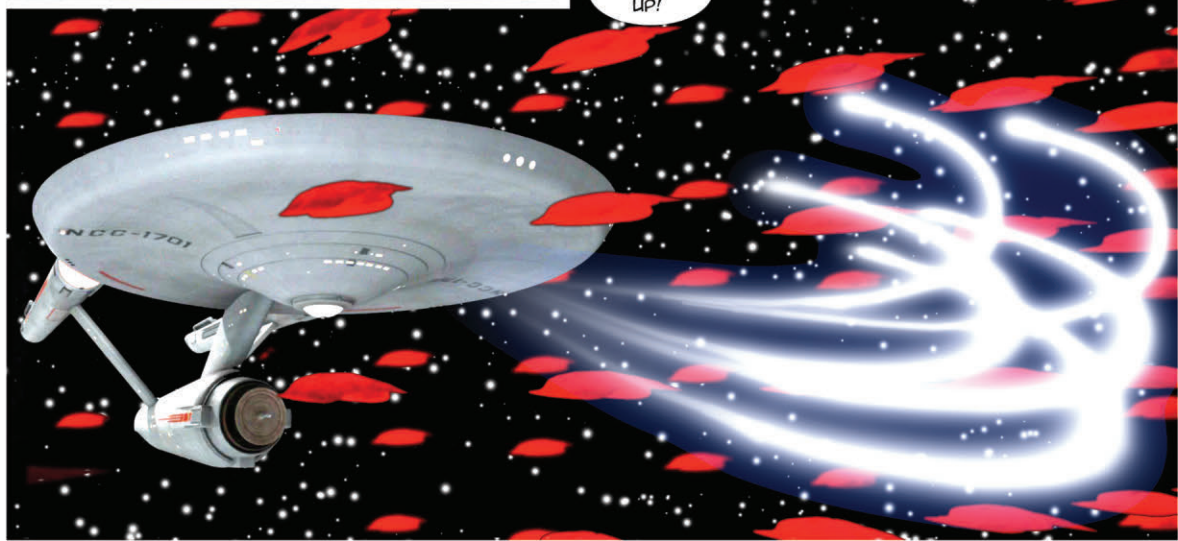
ALL
RIGHT, DOCTOR!
NO NEED TO
GET Y'R
KNICKERS IN A
TWIST!

I'LL
TAKE A
LOOK
AT...



OCH!
BY THE STONE
OF
SCONE!

OF
COURSE!





SIX SHOTS, SIX HITS!

KEPTIN, DE OTHERS ARE BREAKING FORMATION.

DEY ARE MOVING AWAY!

I WILL TAKE OVER NOW, ENSIGN.

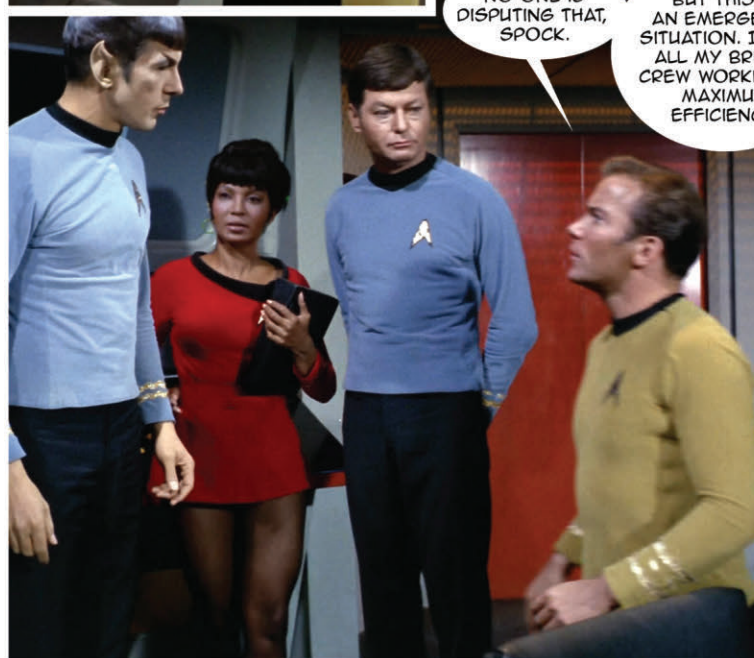


NOT SO FAST, SPOCK!

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO BE ON THE BRIDGE!

I ASSURE YOU, DOCTOR, I AM MORE THAN WELL ENOUGH TO RESUME MY DUTIES.

AND MY FAMILIARITY WITH THE SCIENCE STATION IS WELL IN ADVANCE OF MISTER CHEKOV'S!



NO ONE IS DISPUTING THAT, SPOCK.

BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY SITUATION. I NEED ALL MY BRIDGE CREW WORKING AT MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY.

WHICH I AM QUITE PREPARED TO DO, CAPTAIN.

YOU MUST SURELY REALIZE I WOULD DO NOTHING TO ENDANGER THE SHIP IN ANY WAY!

VERY WELL, MISTER SPOCK...



TAKE YOUR USUAL STATION.



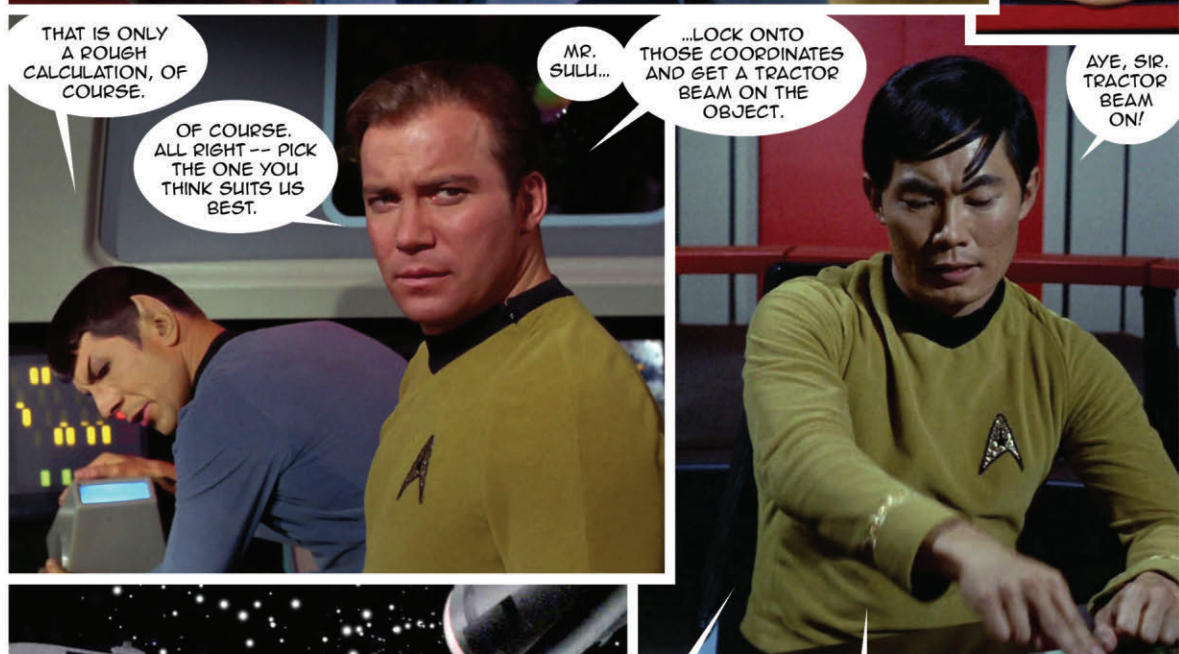
CONFIRMING MR. CHEKOV'S READINGS.

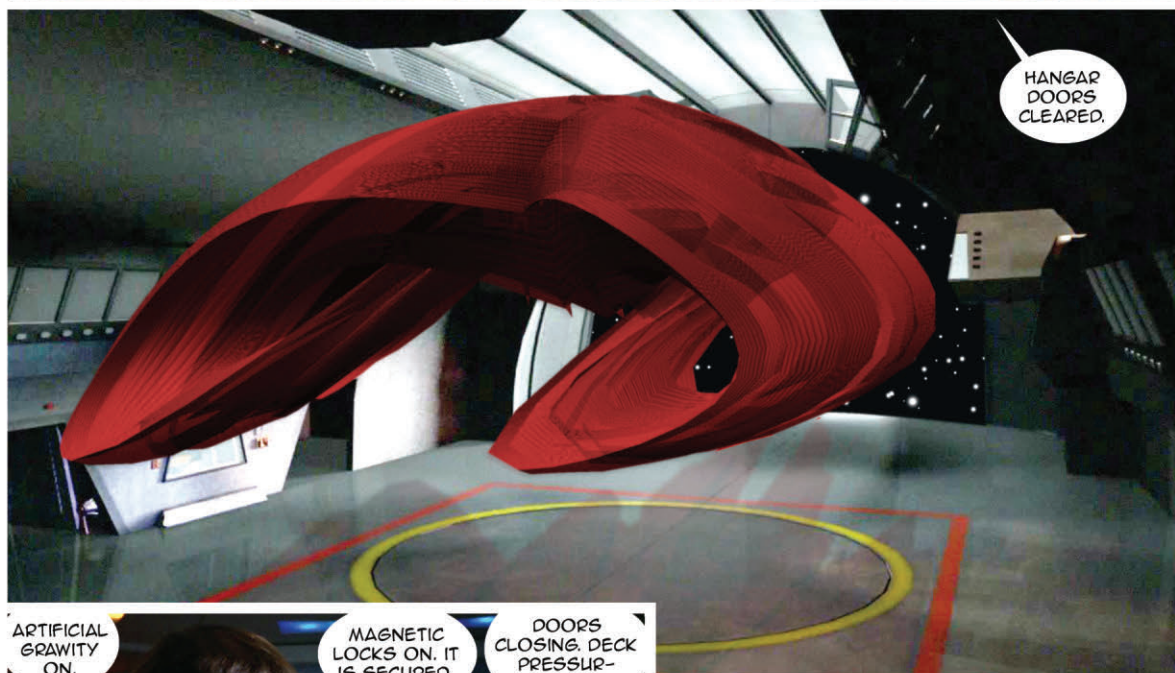


SIX OF THE UNITS ARE DAMAGED OR DESTROYED.

THE REST ARE RETURNING TO THE MAIN BODY OF THE SWARM.







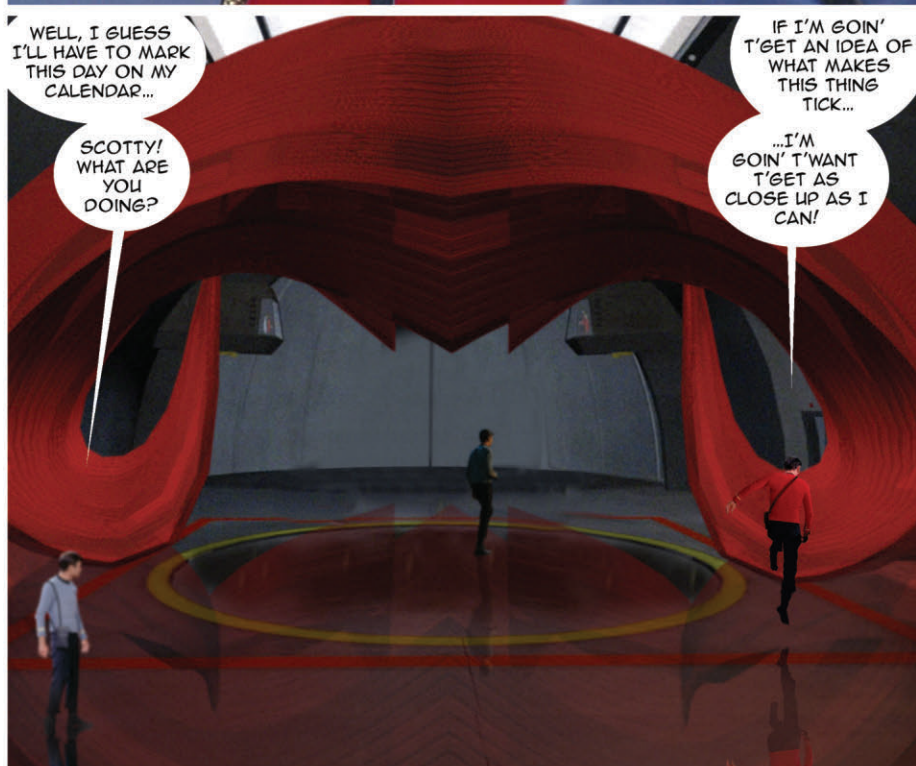


NO OFFENSE, SCOTTY, BUT THAT DOESN'T EXACTLY FILL ME WITH CONFIDENCE!

AS Y'WISH, DOCTOR! BUT, MR. SPOCK, I'M NAE SURE WHAT IT IS WE'RE LOOKIN' F'R!

ANYTHING THAT MIGHT POINT TO THE MANNER IN WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL PARTS OF THE SWARM ARE ABLE TO MAINTAIN SUCH PRECISE CONTACT.

THOUGH I WILL ADMIT, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MIGHT BE!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MARK THIS DAY ON MY CALENDAR...

SCOTTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IF I'M GOIN' T'GET AN IDEA OF WHAT MAKES THIS THING TICK...

...I'M GOIN' T'WANT T'GET AS CLOSE UP AS I CAN!

LOOK FOR ANYTHING THAT SUGGESTS A CONTROL INTERFACE, MR. SCOTT.

DOCTOR, YOUR REPORT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, PLEASE.



REPORT ON WHAT, SPOCK? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU WANTED ME HERE.

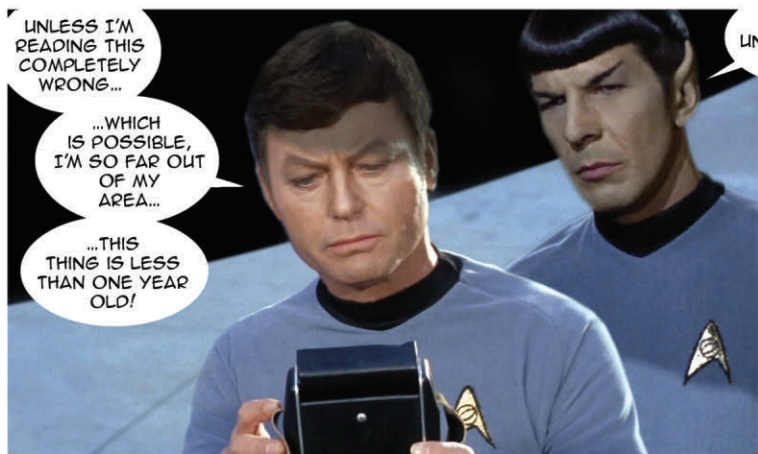
THIS IS A MECHANICAL DEVICE.

ASKING ME TO REPORT ON IT IS LIKE ASKING SCOTTY TO PERFORM AN APPENDECT...

WAIT A SECOND...

DOCTOR?





UNLESS I'M
READING THIS
COMPLETELY
WRONG...

...WHICH
IS POSSIBLE,
I'M SO FAR OUT
OF MY
AREA...

...THIS
THING IS LESS
THAN ONE YEAR
OLD!

NOT
UNEXPECT-
ED.

THAT'S TH'
SAME AS WHAT
I'M READIN', MR.
SPOCK.

BUT IT
CANNAAE BE THAT
THESE THINGS HAVE
ONLY BEEN AROUND
FOR SO SHORT
A TIME!



NOT ALL
OF THEM,
MISTER
SCOTT.

BUT THEY
CREATED NEW UNITS
OUT OF THE MATERIAL
THEY DREW FROM THE
EXPLODING
STAR.

A
FUNCTION NOT
UNLIKE OUR OWN
TRANSPORTER
SYSTEM.

BUT,
SPOCK...

...SO FAR
WE HAVEN'T
LEARNED ANY MORE
ABOUT THESE
THINGS THAN WHAT
YOU ALREADY
PICKED UP FROM THE
SCANNERS.

AYE, I'M
NAE AT ALL SURE
WHY WE HAD T'BRING
SOMETHIN' THIS
DANGEROUS ON
BOARD!



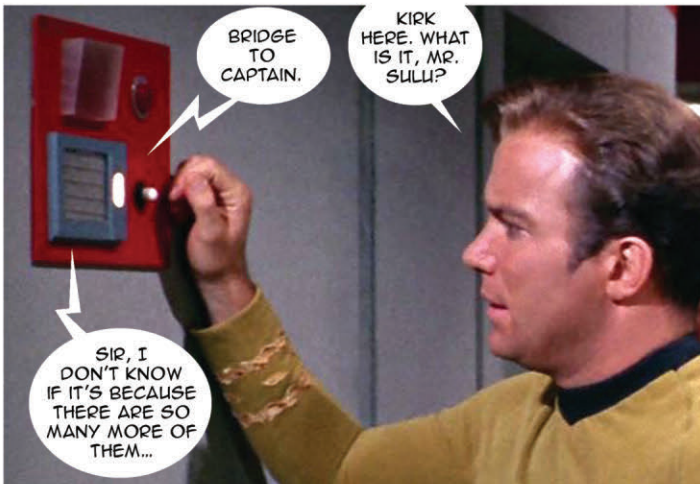
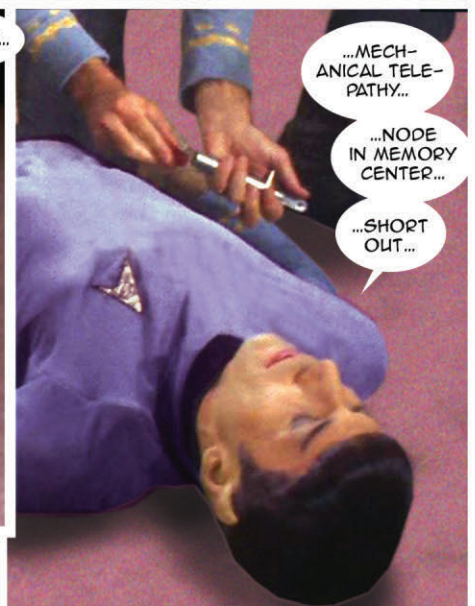
YOU ARE
CORRECT,
GENTLE-
MEN.

WHAT WE HAVE
SEEN SO FAR ONLY
CONFIRMS WHAT I
LEARNED ON THE
BRIDGE.

BUT ON
THE BRIDGE, I
COULD NOT
DO ...

...THIS!







MAXIMUM WARP!

SIR, I'M NOT SURE WE CAN DO THAT WITH THE ENGINES IN THEIR PRESENT CONDITION!



MISTER SULLI IS RIGHT, CAP'N.

WITH THE ENGINES IN THE KIND OF SHAPE THEY'RE IN...

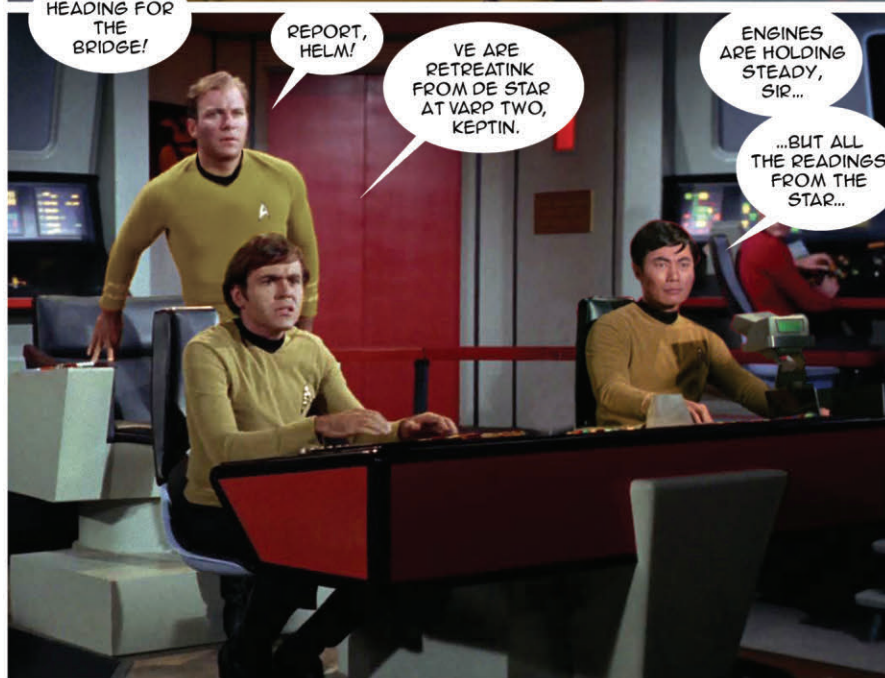
...ANYTHIN' MORE THAN WARP TWO AN' THEY'LL TEAR THEMSELVES APART!

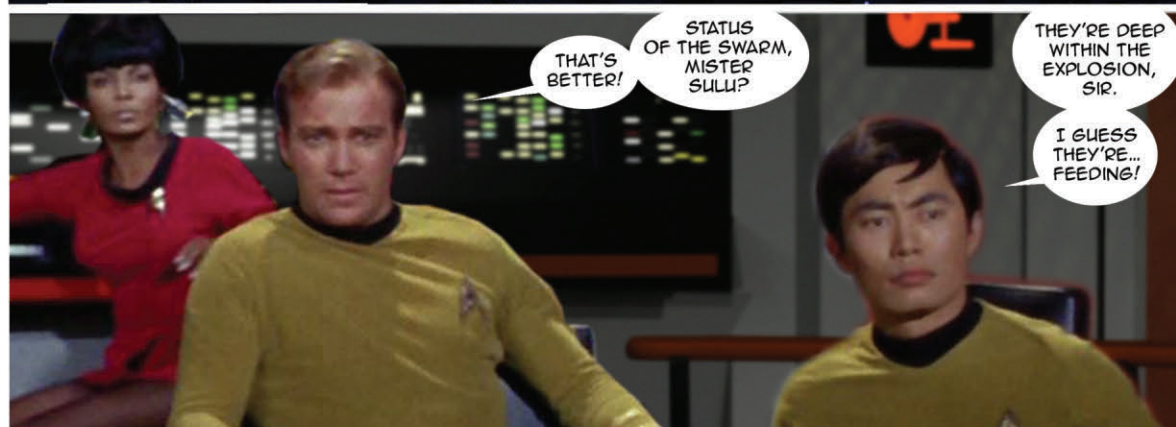


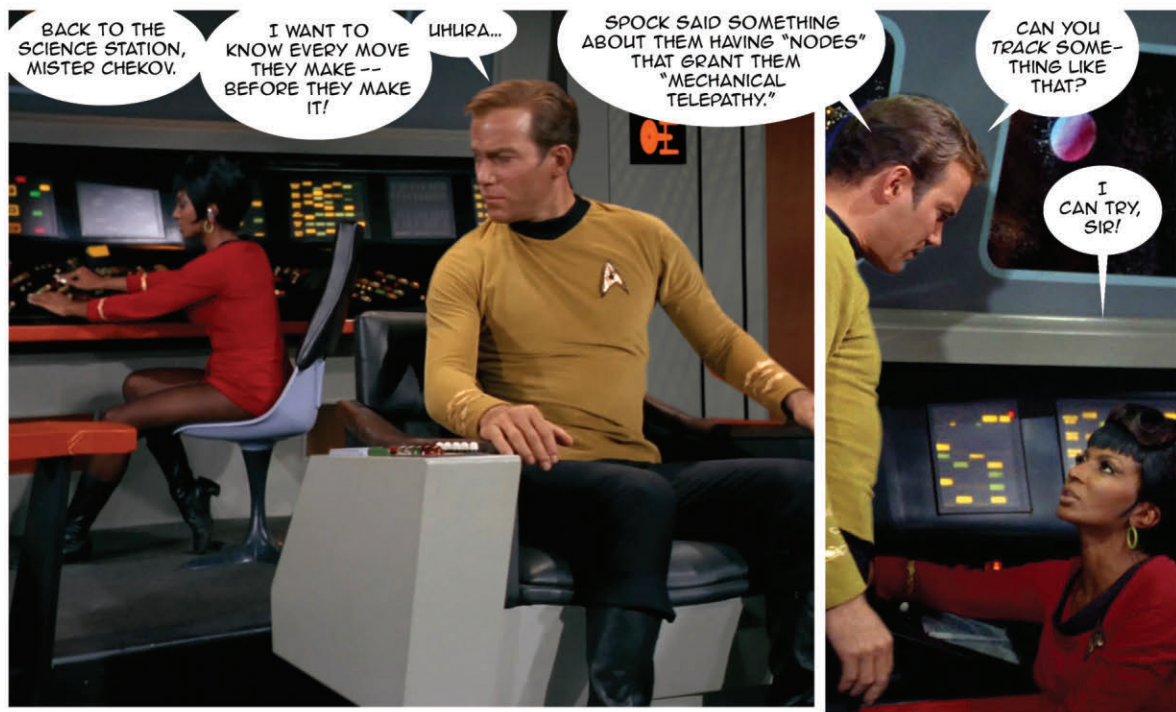
HELP MCCOY GET SPOCK UP TO SICK BAY...

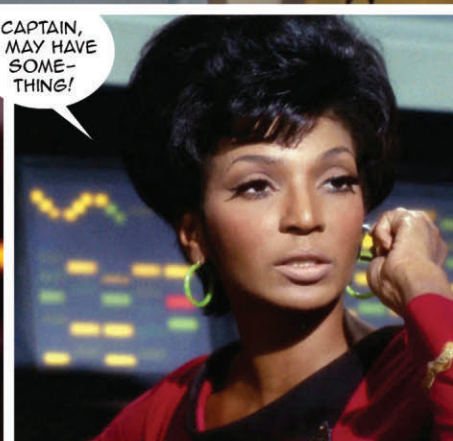
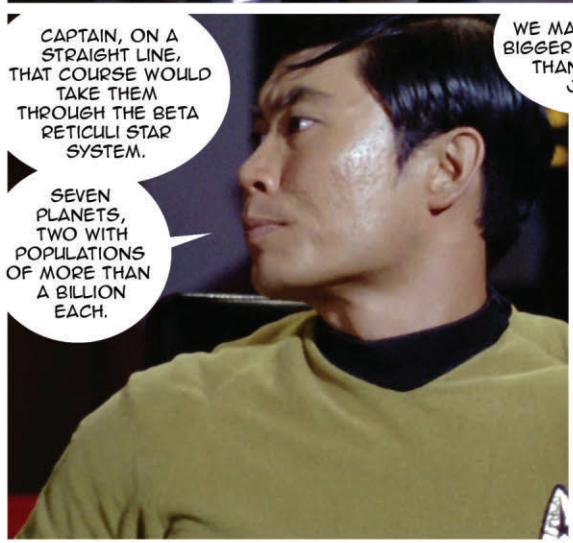
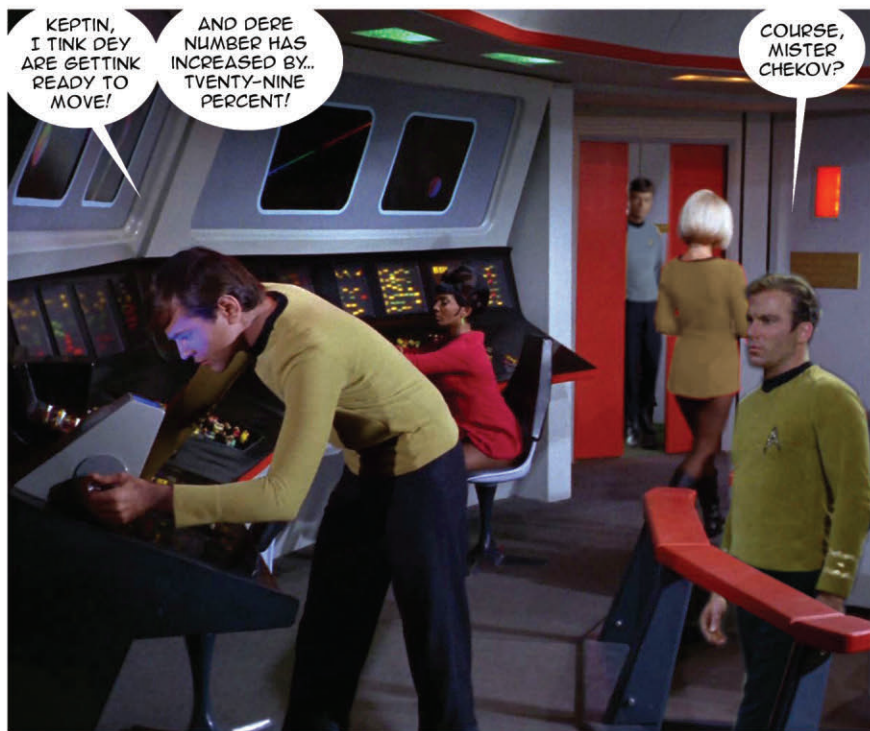
...THEN GET TO ENGINEERING AND RIDE HERD ON THE WARP DRIVE.

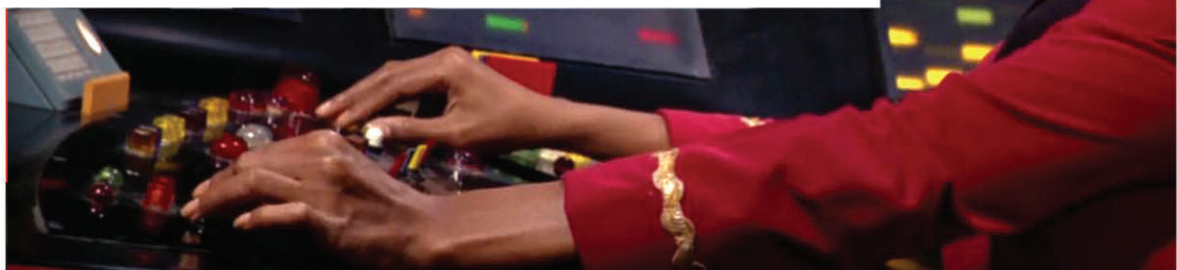
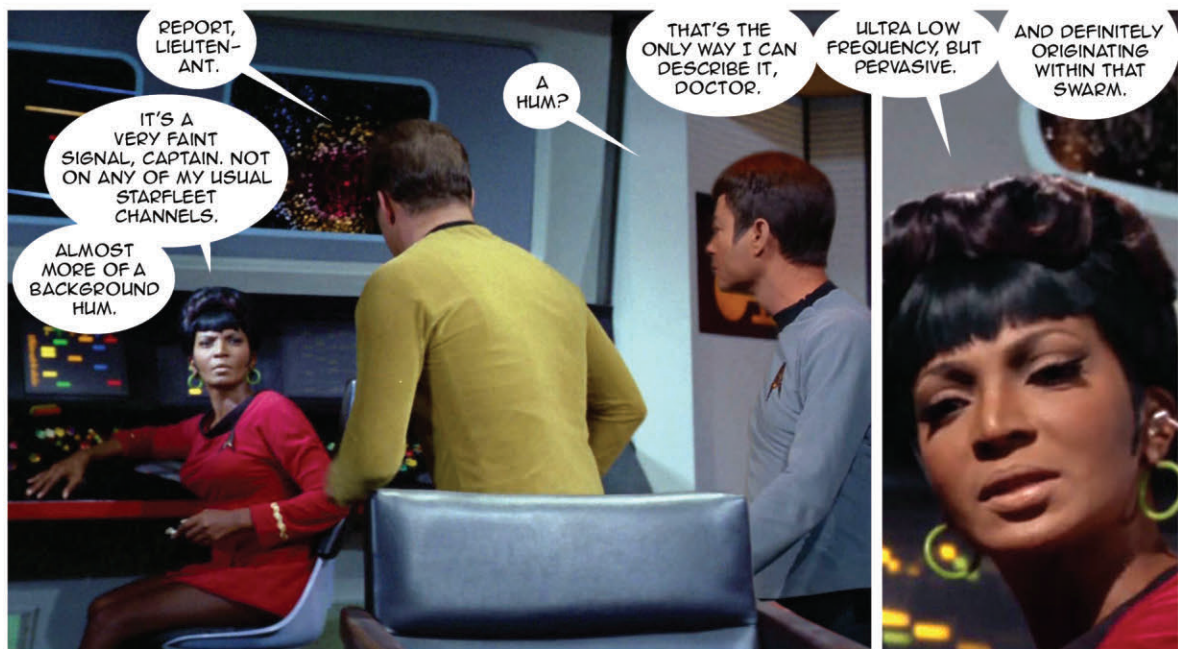
AYE, SIR!

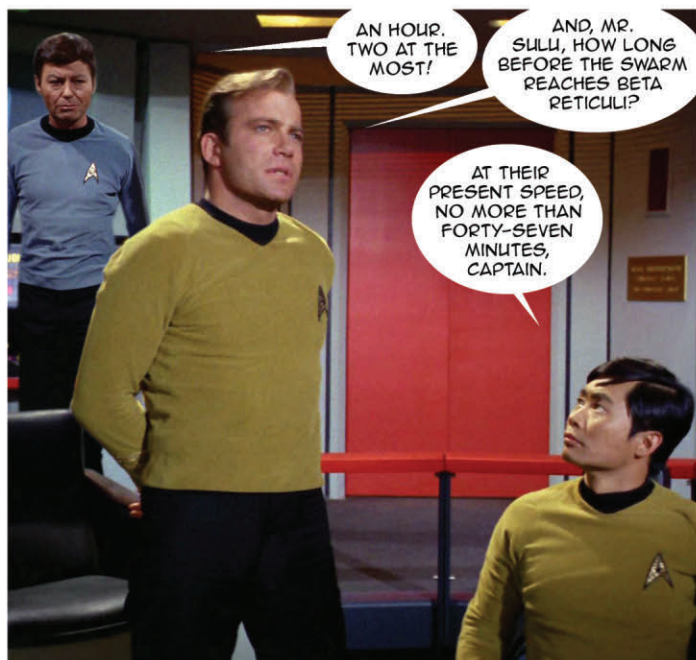












AN HOUR,
TWO AT THE
MOST!

AND, MR.
SULLY, HOW LONG
BEFORE THE SWARM
REACHES BETA
RETICULI?

AT THEIR
PRESENT SPEED,
NO MORE THAN
FORTY-SEVEN
MINUTES,
CAPTAIN.



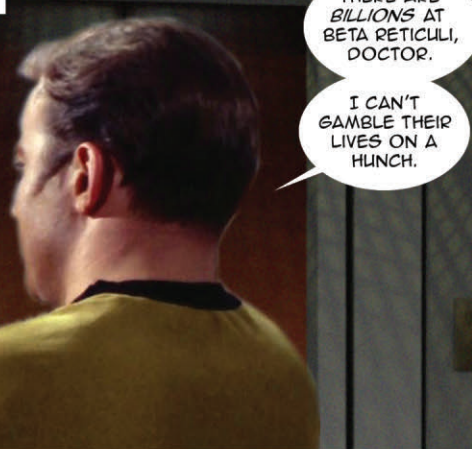
ALL
RIGHT,
BONES.

I CAN LET
YOU HAVE...
FORTY MINUTES.
BUT NOT ONE
SECOND
MORE.



JIM,
THAT'S NOT
ENOUGH!

THERE ARE A MILLION
OR MORE OF THOSE
THINGS, AND IF THERE'S
ANY CHANCE THEY
MIGHT BE INTELLI-
GENT...



THERE ARE
BILLIONS AT
BETA RETICULI,
DOCTOR.

I CAN'T
GAMBLE THEIR
LIVES ON A
HUNCH.



"NOT EVEN ONE OF YOURS!"

BLAST IT,
NOTHING ON THE
TRANS-GAMMA
SCANS.

HOW
MUCH TIME IS
LEFT?

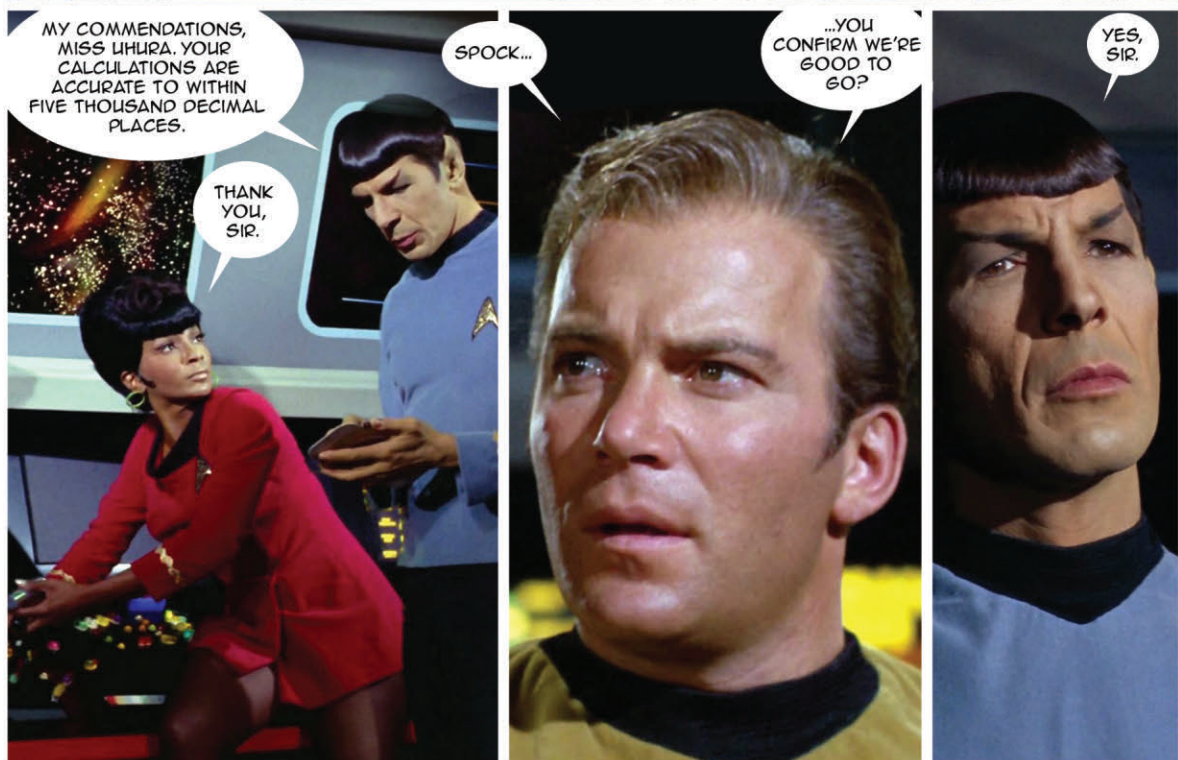
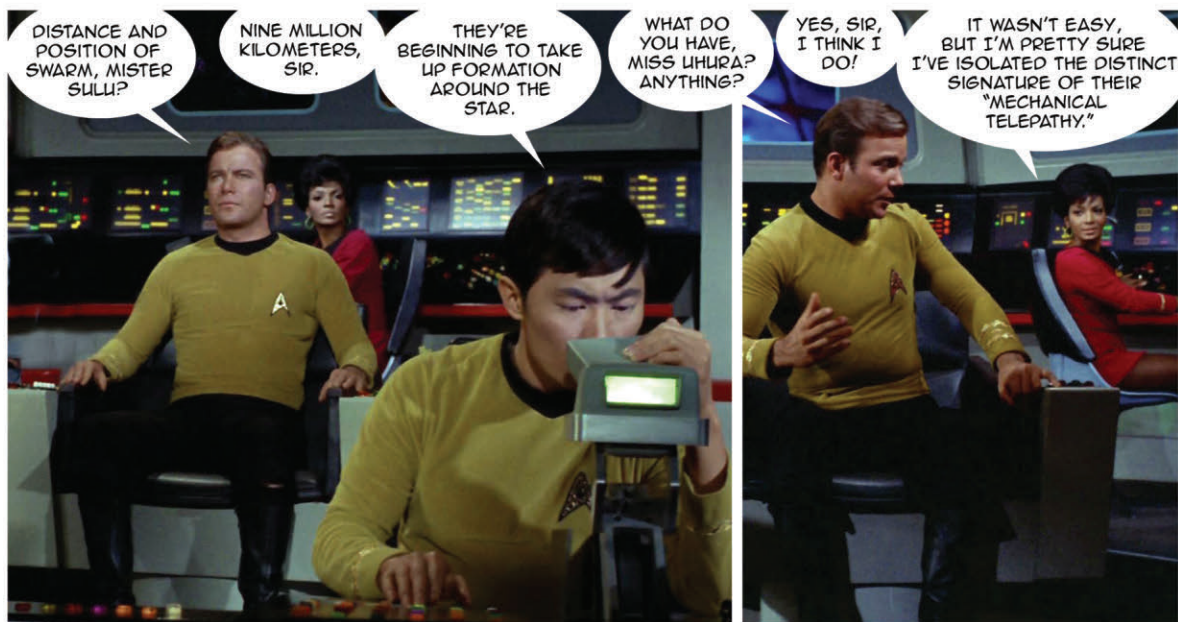
SEVENTEEN
MINUTES,
DOCTOR.

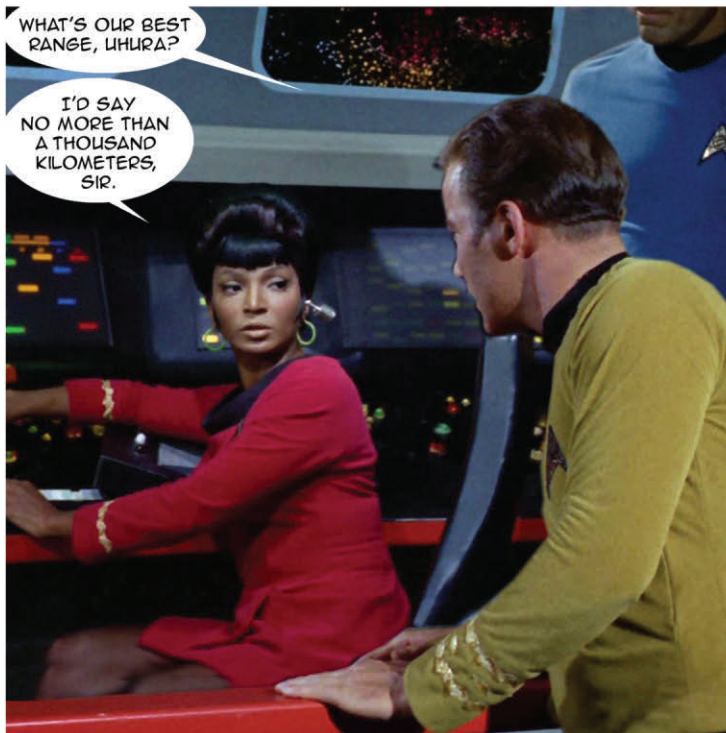


NOT
ENOUGH
TIME!

NOT
ENOUGH!

YOU WOULD FIND
A LIFETIME TO BE
INSUFFICIENT,
DOCTOR.



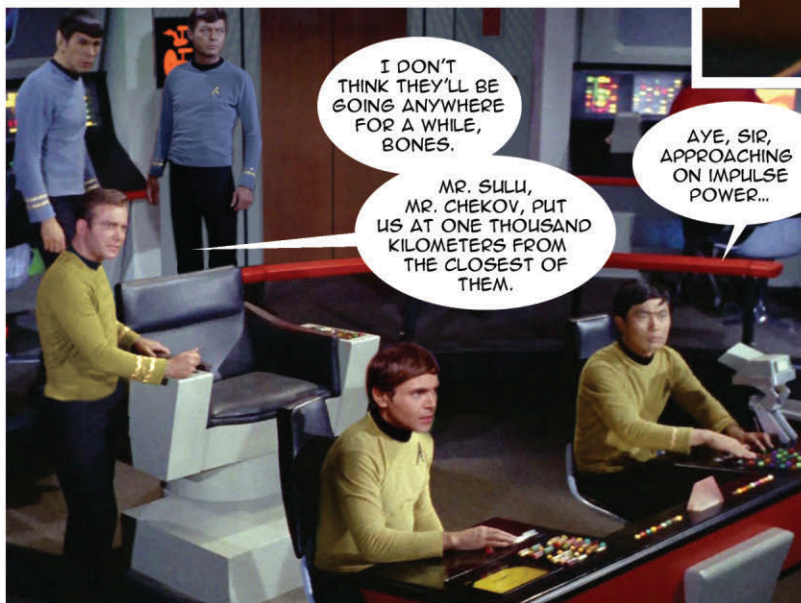


WHAT'S OUR BEST RANGE, UHURA?

I'D SAY NO MORE THAN A THOUSAND KILOMETERS, SIR.

BUT THAT WOULD PUT US *INSIDE* THE SWARM!

AND THEIR PROPULSION SYSTEM PRACTICALLY TORE US APART WHEN WE WERE TEN THOUSAND TIMES FURTHER AWAY THAN THAT!



I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE GOING ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE, BONES.

MR. SULL, MR. CHEKOV, PUT US AT ONE THOUSAND KILOMETERS FROM THE CLOSEST OF THEM.

A YE, SIR, APPROACHING ON IMPULSE POWER...



AND, SPOCK, ...KNOWING YOU'RE GOING TO LET THIS HAPPEN...

...WHAT YOU KNOW?

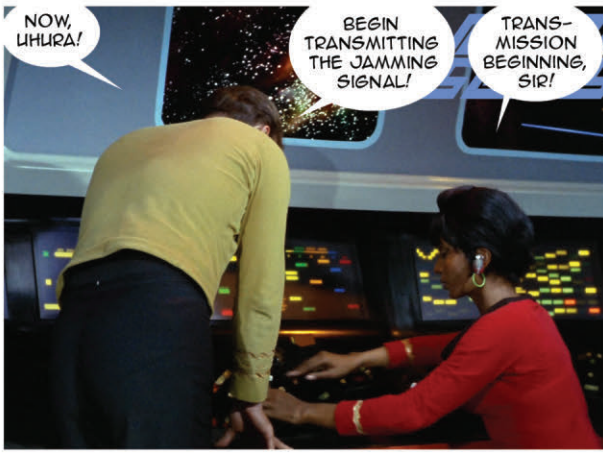


IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER SOLUTION, DOCTOR...

...I WOULD BE FASCINATED TO HEAR IT.

CAPTAIN, WE ARE IN RANGE.





NOW,
UHURA!

BEGIN
TRANSMITTING
THE JAMMING
SIGNAL!

TRANS-
MISSION
BEGINNING,
SIR!



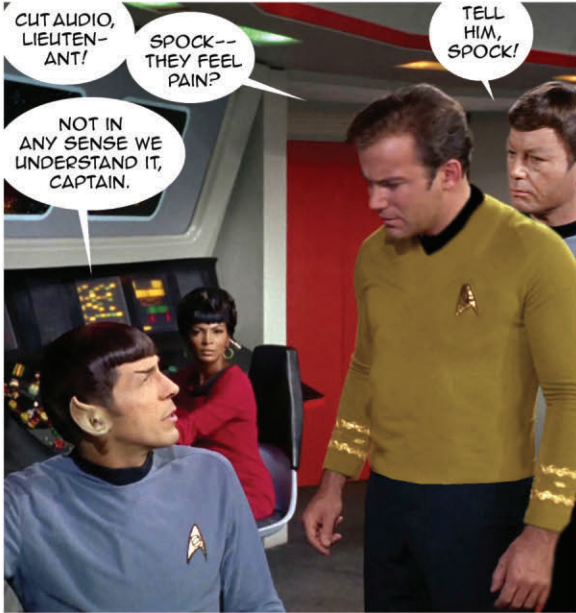
AH-KK!
SPOCK!

WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND??



LT. UHURA'S
SIGNAL IS
WORKING,
CAPTAIN.

THAT SOUND
IS THE UNITS
SCREAMING!



CUT AUDIO,
LIEUTEN-
ANT!

SPOCK--
THEY FEEL
PAIN?

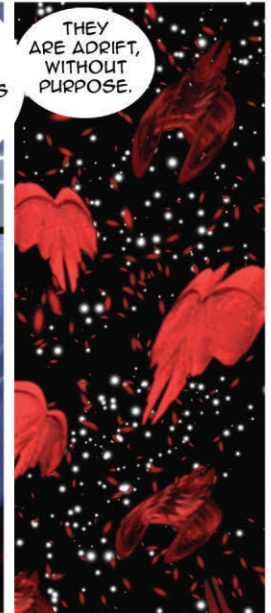
TELL
HIM,
SPOCK!

NOT IN
ANY SENSE WE
UNDERSTAND IT,
CAPTAIN.



THERE
WILL BE TIME
FOR THAT
LATER,
DOCTOR.

RIGHT
NOW... THE PLAN
IS WORKING.
CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE PARTS
OF THE SWARM
HAS BEEN
BROKEN.



THEY
ARE ADRIFT,
WITHOUT
PURPOSE.

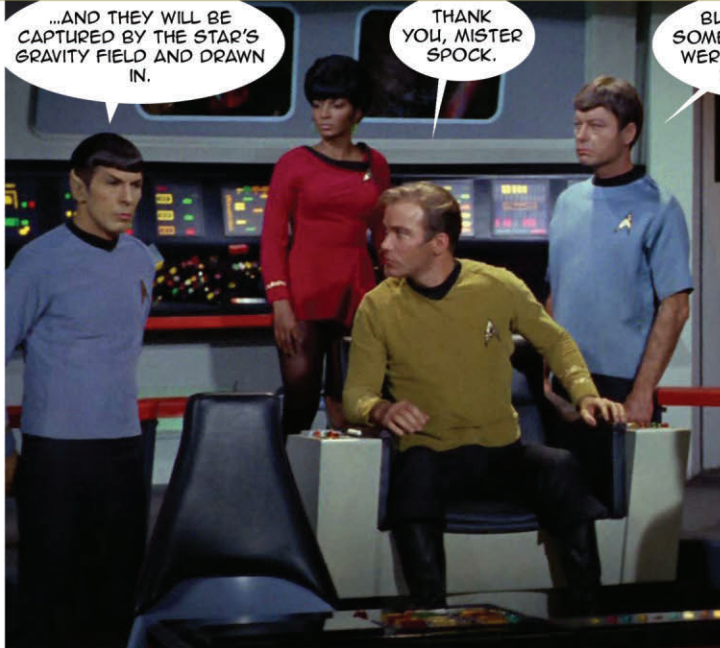


...AND THEY WILL BE CAPTURED BY THE STAR'S GRAVITY FIELD AND DRAWN IN.

THANK YOU, MISTER SPOCK.

BUT... THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE YOU WERE GOING TO TELL THE CAPTAIN.

DR. MCCOY IS ONCE AGAIN TAKING PLEASURE IN MY HAVING BEEN WRONG, HOWEVER BRIEFLY.



THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE YOU HAD TO TELL ME ABOUT THE SWARM?

SUCH AS WHY MACHINES WOULD SCREAM?



SO DESTROYING THEM WAS A PITY BUT HARDLY A CRIME AGAINST NATURE.

OBSVIOUSLY, PURE MACHINES WOULD NOT, SIR.

BUT I LEARNED FROM MY MIND-MELD WITH THEM THAT THEY WERE NEITHER MACHINE NOR ANIMAL.

THEY WERE ANCIENT, PERHAPS AS OLD AS THIS GALAXY ITSELF, BUT...

...THEY WERE NOT INTELLIGENT. THEY OPERATED SOLELY ON INSTINCT.



BUT THAT DOESN'T SATISFY YOU, DOCTOR?

NO, CAPTAIN, IT DOESN'T.

I JUST KEEP THINKING THAT WHAT SPOCK HAD TO SAY ABOUT THOSE... CREATURES...

...IS JUST WHAT SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE SAID ABOUT US A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO!



THE END





THE HIDDEN FACE

CAPTAIN'S LOG
STARDATE 4401.9...

ON AN EXPLORATORY
PROBE BEYOND FEDERATION
SPACE, OUR SCANNERS HAVE
DETECTED AN OBJECT AHEAD...



THERE
IT IS
AGAIN!

IT'S
SO SMALL
I KEEP
LOSING
IT!

STAY
ON TOP OF
IT, MR.
SULL.

SPOCK,
WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF
IT?

APPROXIMATELY
THREE TONNES,
CAPTAIN.

DRIFT-
ING WITHOUT
POWER.

IF IT IS A
VESSEL, IT IS
BARELY LARGE
ENOUGH FOR A
SINGLE HUMAN-
SIZED PILOT.

WE'VE
SEEN LARGER
AND SMALLER
THAN US,
SPOCK.

COULD IT
BE AN
UNMANNED
PROBE?

WE SHOULD
KNOW AT ANY
MOMENT NOW,
SIR.

ALL RIGHT,
MR. CHEKOV,
PLOT US A NICE,
SLOW APPROACH
COURSE.

WE DON'T
WANT TO
APPEAR TO BE
A THREAT.

YES,
KEPTIN.

BUT IT'S
HARD TO GAUGE
SPEED AND
DISTANCE WITH
SOMETHING SO
SMALL!

TRY NOT
TO RUN OVER
IT!

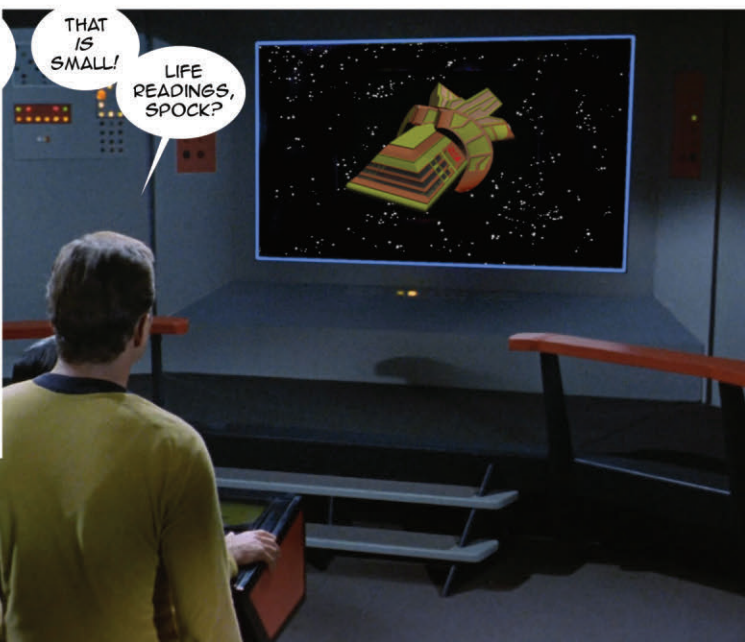
STILL NO
CONTACT,
UHURA?

NOTHING,
SIR. NOT EVEN
STATIC. THEY
MUST NOT BE
TRANSMITTING ON
ANY CHANNELS.

NOT
EVEN A
CARRIER
WAVE.



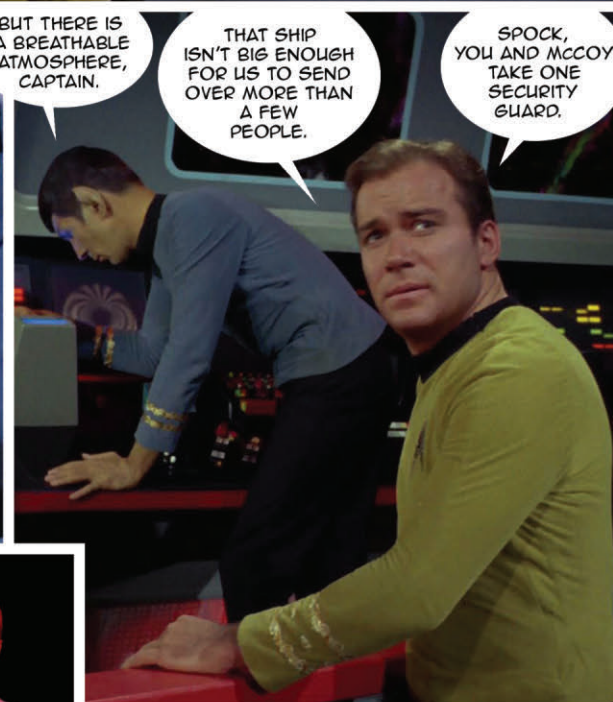
...IT'S COMING INTO VISUAL RANGE.



SINGLE OCCUPANT.

MALE HUMANOID, JUST UNDER TWO METERS, AND EIGHTY KILOS.

HE IS VERY NEAR DEATH, SIR.



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**

Photomontage
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**

...MY
SHIP...

...GET
OFF...

"THE HIDDEN FACE"

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



WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO REPORT, BONES?

NOT A LOT, JIM.

SPOCK WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM BEING AT DEATH'S DOOR.

SEVERE DEHYDRATION. HE MUST HAVE BEEN ON THAT SHIP A LONG TIME!



THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO DAYS, DOCTOR. BY CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

THAT WAS THE ONLY USEFUL DATA TO BE GLEANED FROM HIS SHIP'S LOG.

NO CLUE WHERE HE CAME FROM, SPOCK?



ONLY A ROUGH APPROXIMATION OF THE RANGE OF HIS SHIP, CAPTAIN.

AND, OF COURSE, THAT CANNOT INCLUDE HOW LONG HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ADrift.

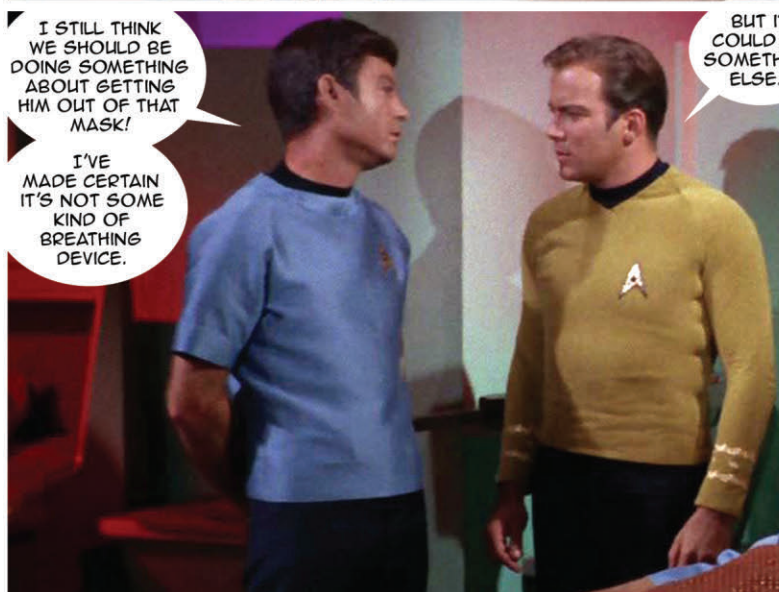


WHAT ABOUT THAT SHIP, SPOCK?

IT'S TOO SMALL TO HAVE TRAVELED FAR.

IT WOULD APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN PART OF A MULTI-STAGE ROCKET, CAPTAIN.

BUT ITS RANGE WOULD LIKELY HAVE BEEN ONLY A FEW HUNDRED TRILLION KILOMETERS.



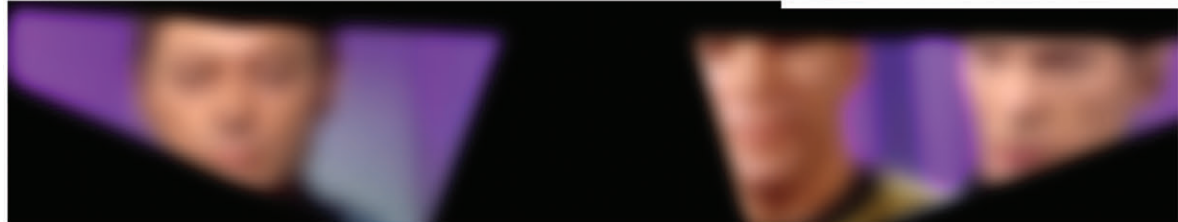
I STILL THINK WE SHOULD BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING HIM OUT OF THAT MASK!

I'VE MADE CERTAIN IT'S NOT SOME KIND OF BREATHING DEVICE.

BUT IT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE...

DID YOU EVER READ "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," BONES?

WAIT... IS HE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS?







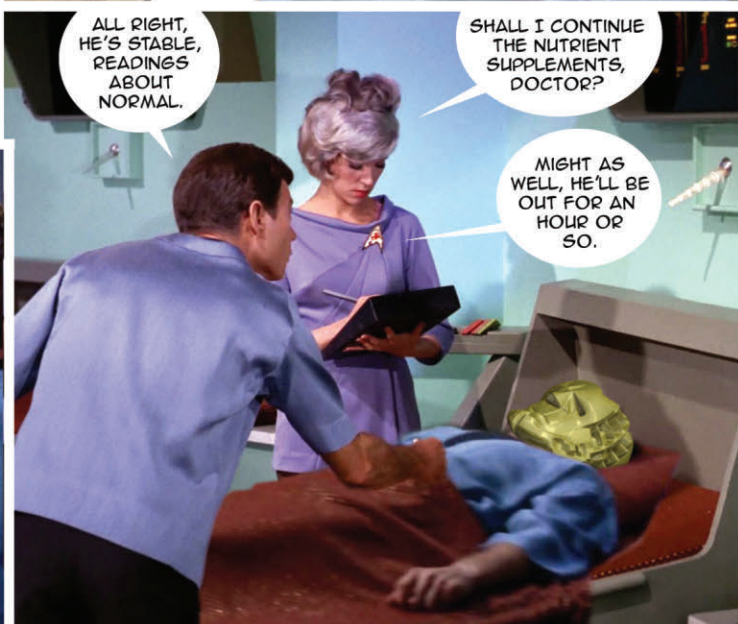
URK!



NEATLY DONE AS ALWAYS, MR. SPOCK.

YOU SHOULD GIVE CLASSES AT THE ACADEMY!

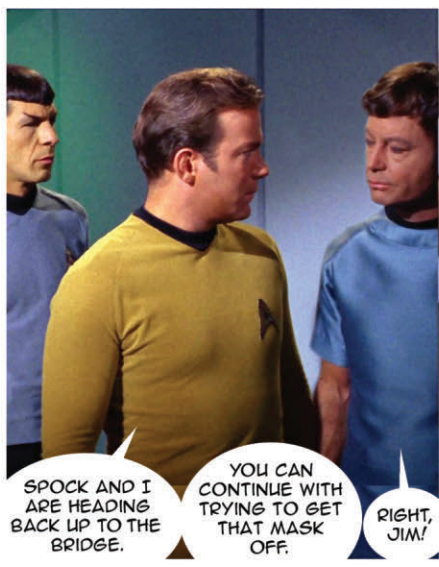
LET'S GET HIM BACK ON THE BED!



ALL RIGHT, HE'S STABLE, READINGS ABOUT NORMAL.

SHALL I CONTINUE THE NUTRIENT SUPPLEMENTS, DOCTOR?

MIGHT AS WELL, HE'LL BE OUT FOR AN HOUR OR SO.



SPOCK AND I ARE HEADING BACK UP TO THE BRIDGE.

YOU CAN CONTINUE WITH TRYING TO GET THAT MASK OFF.

RIGHT, JIM!



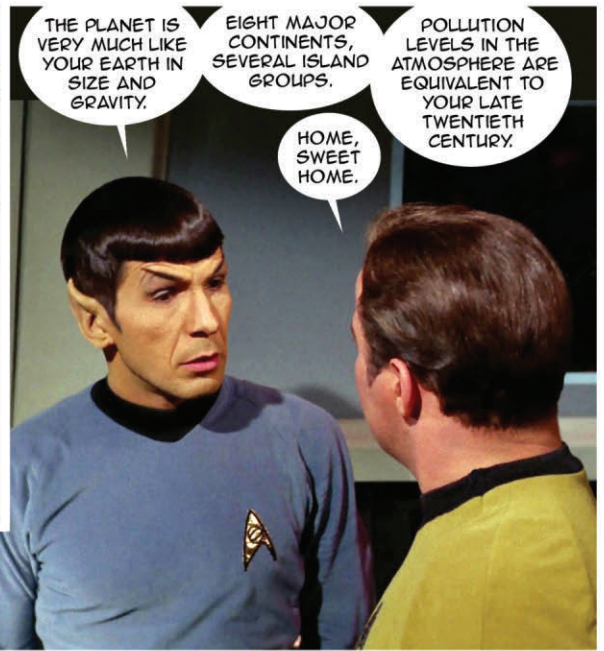
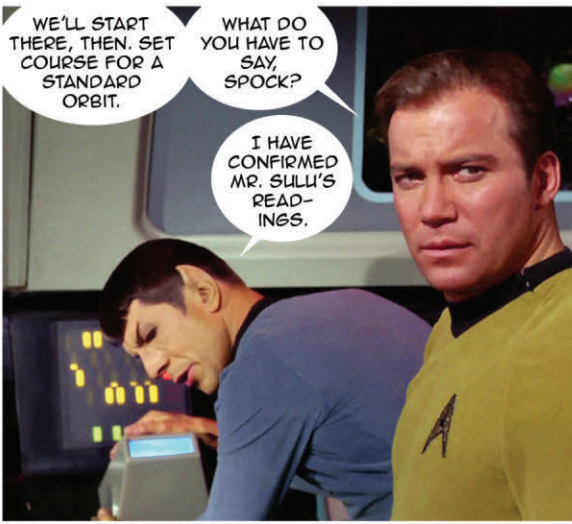
"YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE KNOW AS SOON AS WE KNOW IT!"

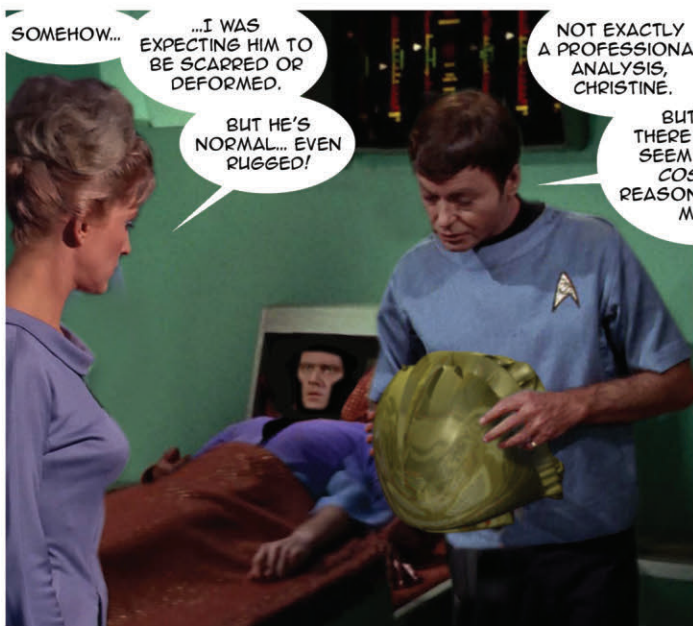
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US, MISTER SULLI?

I'VE BEEN SCANNING IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES, SIR.

BASED ON MISTER SPOCK'S CALCULATION OF THE LIKELY RANGE OF THAT SHIP...

...I'VE FOUND ONE STAR WITH TEN PLANETS. FIFTH ONE APPEARS TO BE M CLASS.





SOMEHOW...

...I WAS EXPECTING HIM TO BE SCARRED OR DEFORMED.

BUT HE'S NORMAL... EVEN RUGGED!

NOT EXACTLY A PROFESSIONAL ANALYSIS, CHRISTINE.

BUT, YES, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A COSMETIC REASON FOR THE MASK.

HOLD ON, LOOKS LIKE OUR MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IS COMING 'ROUND AGAIN.

...WHERE...?



NO! IT WAS NOT A NIGHTMARE! WHAT??

MY FACE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY FACE??



EASY, NOW! I TOLD YOU BEFORE WE'RE ONLY HERE TO HELP!

HELP? BY **STEALING** MY FACE??



GIVE IT TO ME!!

HEY! STOP!!

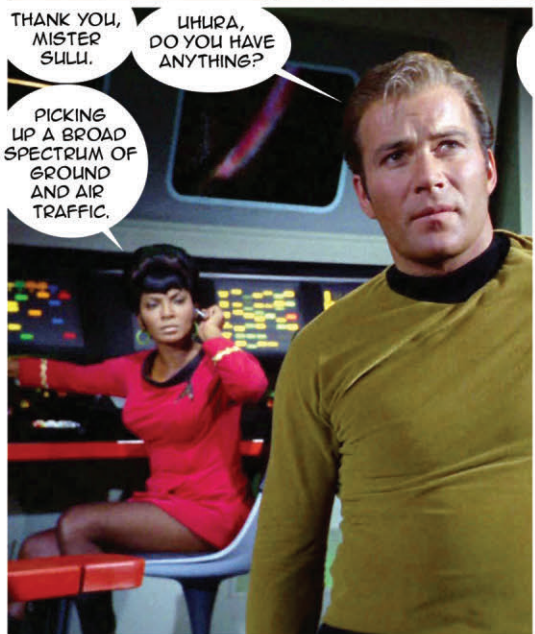


WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME??

WHY AM I IN HELL??



STANDARD
ORBIT,
CAPTAIN.



THANK YOU,
MISTER
SULLI.

UHURA,
DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING?

PICKING
UP A BROAD
SPECTRUM OF
GROUND
AND AIR
TRAFFIC.



IT'S MOSTLY
THE USUAL MILITARY
AND CIVILIAN
SIGNALS, SIR,
BUT ...

WELL,
SEE FOR
YOURSELF,
CAPTAIN!

NEAR
AS I CAN
TELL, THIS IS
A CIVILIAN
ENTERTAINMENT
PROGRAM.



WHAT
IN
THE...?



FASCINATING!

THEY
ALL WEAR
MASKS?



IT'S THE SAME FOR EVERY BROADCAST I CHECK.

SPORTS EVENTS, NEWS, GOVERNMENT, ARTS...

THOSE MASKS ARE EVERYWHERE, CAPTAIN.



WE ARE GETTING A GOOD VISUAL ANGLE ON VON OF DERE PRINCIPLE CITIES, SIR.

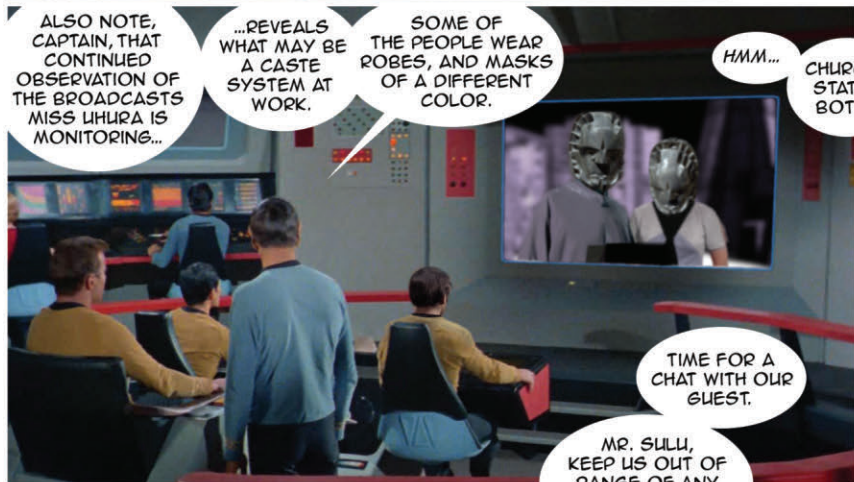
MISTER SPOCK IS RIGHT!

IT DOES LOOK A LOT LIKE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

LOOK HOW DIRTY THAT SKY IS!

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE, TEMPERATE ZONE.

BY LATITUDE AND CLIMATE THIS CITY WOULD EQUATE APPROXIMATELY TO NEW YORK.



ALSO NOTE, CAPTAIN, THAT CONTINUED OBSERVATION OF THE BROADCASTS MISS UHURA IS MONITORING...

...REVEALS WHAT MAY BE A CASTE SYSTEM AT WORK.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WEAR ROBES, AND MASKS OF A DIFFERENT COLOR.

HMM...

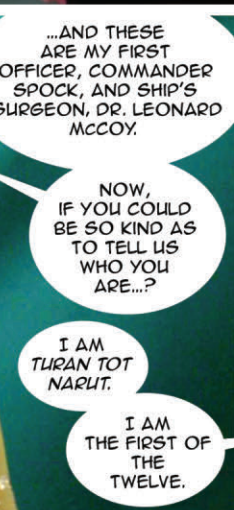
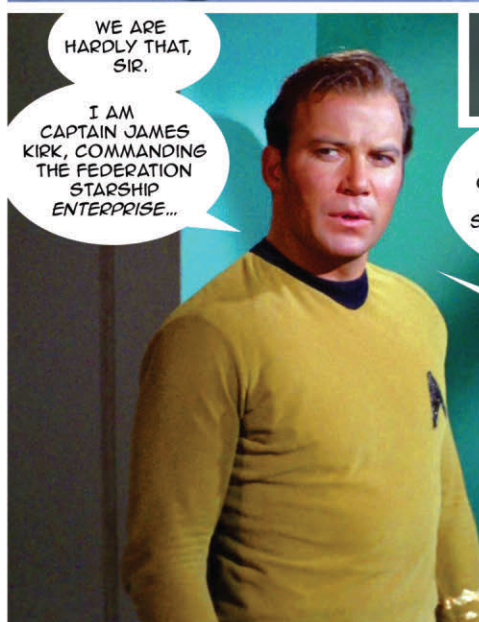
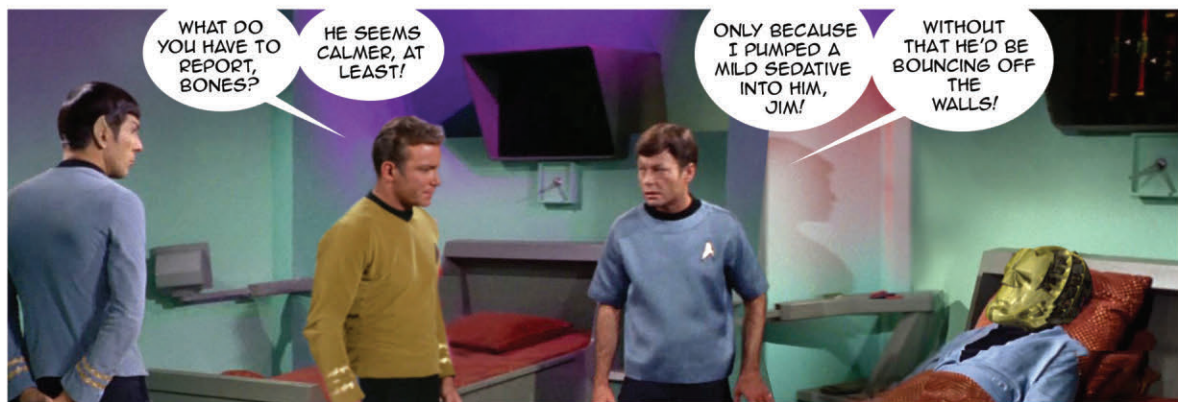
CHURCH? STATE? BOTH?

TIME FOR A CHAT WITH OUR GUEST.

MR. SULLI, KEEP US OUT OF RANGE OF ANY SCANNERS THEY MAY HAVE.



AYE, SIR.





"MISSIONARIES, OF COURSE. TWELVE TINY CRAFT EMBARKING UPON THE GREATEST VOYAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

"TO CARRY THE LESSONS OF THE *GREAT TEACHER* TO THE OTHER INHABITED WORLDS WE KNEW MUST LIE BEYOND OUR OWN."



I DO NOT MEAN TO DISPUTE YOUR STORY, SIR...

THE OTHERS WERE DELAYED BY INCLEMENT WEATHER.

...BUT YOURS WAS THE ONLY SHIP WE DETECTED WITHIN A DOZEN LIGHT YEARS OF YOUR PLANET.

THEY MAY NOT HAVE LEFT AT ALL, IF THEY RECEIVED MY WARNING THAT THE UNIVERSE IS LARGER THAN WE KNEW.



BAD WEATHER WAS A PROBLEM IN THE DAYS OF OUR OWN EARLY SPACE FLIGHT.



EITHER WAY, YOU'LL BE HOME SOON. WE'RE IN ORBIT AROUND YOUR PLANET NOW.

WHAT!?



NO! I WILL NOT LET YOU VISIT YOUR PESTILENCE UPON MY WORLD!!

BONES!



ON IT!

SSST



THERE, THAT OUGHT TO HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE.

OBSOLETELY HE HAS A GREAT RESISTANCE TO THE SEDATIVES. BUT...

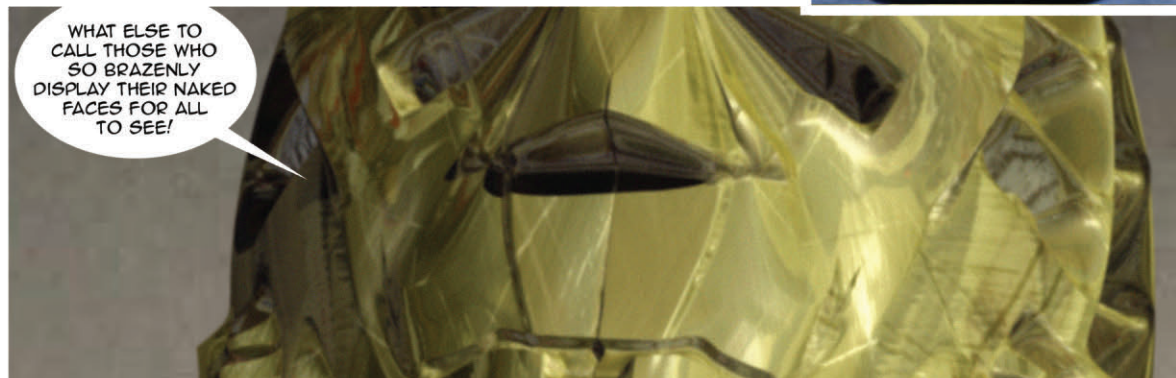
WHY?

YES, TO DEGENERATES SUCH AS YOU, I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE A QUESTION.

WHY SO UPSET ABOUT OUR MAKING CONTACT WITH HIS PLANET?



DEGENERATES! WHY DO YOU CALL US THAT?



WHAT ELSE TO CALL THOSE WHO SO BRAZENLY DISPLAY THEIR NAKED FACES FOR ALL TO SEE!



CLEARLY, WE HAVE A VERY THORNY PROBLEM IN FIRST CONTACT HERE!

INDEED, CAPTAIN. THERE ARE DEEP RAMIFICATIONS IN CONSIDERATION OF THE PRIME DIRECTIVE.

DOCTOR, WHAT IS YOUR MEDICAL ASSESSMENT OF THESE MASKS?

SURELY THOSE THINGS CANNAAE BE HEALTHY!



UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I WOULD HAVE SAID NOT.

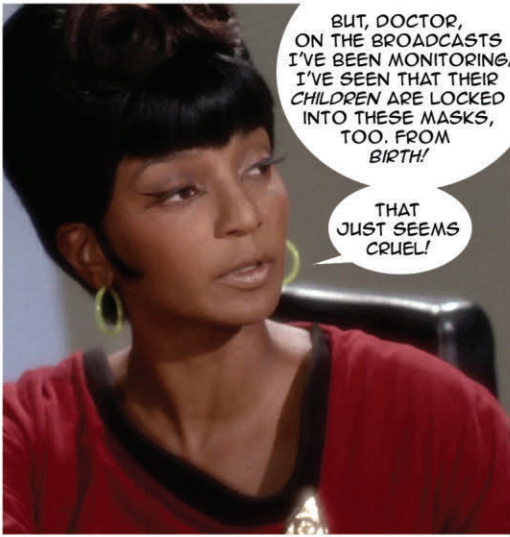
BUT OBVIOUSLY THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DOING THIS FOR A LONG TIME.

THE MASKS ARE CLEAN, WELL VENTILATED, LIGHT.

I CAN ONLY GUESS HOW THEY HANDLE THINGS LIKE EATING OR WASHING...

...BUT IF YOU *MUST* WEAR A MASK ALL THE TIME...

...THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT!



BUT, DOCTOR, ON THE BROADCASTS I'VE BEEN MONITORING, I'VE SEEN THAT THEIR CHILDREN ARE LOCKED INTO THESE MASKS, TOO. FROM BIRTH!

THAT JUST SEEMS CRUEL!



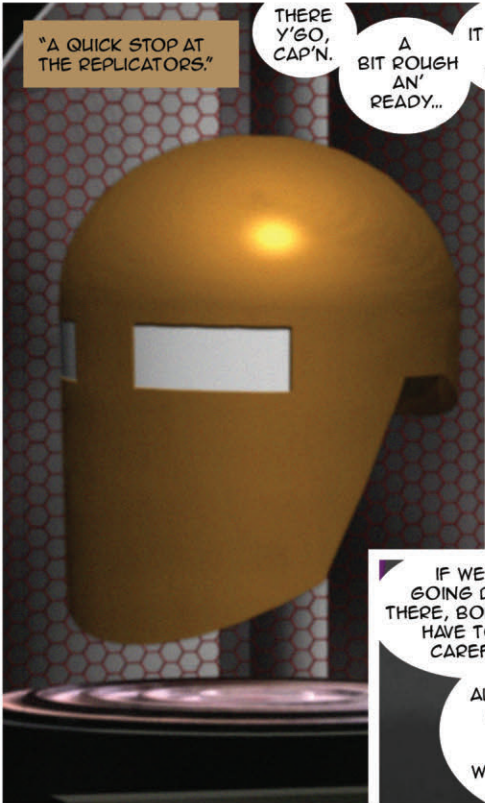
BY OUR STANDARDS IT WOULD BE, MISS UHURA. BUT IT IS ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE KNOWN FOR WHAT SEEMS TO BE CENTURIES.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO SOLVE THIS FROM UP HERE.



WE NEED PEOPLE ON THE GROUND.

BUT, FIRST...



"A QUICK STOP AT THE REPLICATORS."

THERE Y'GO, CAP'N.

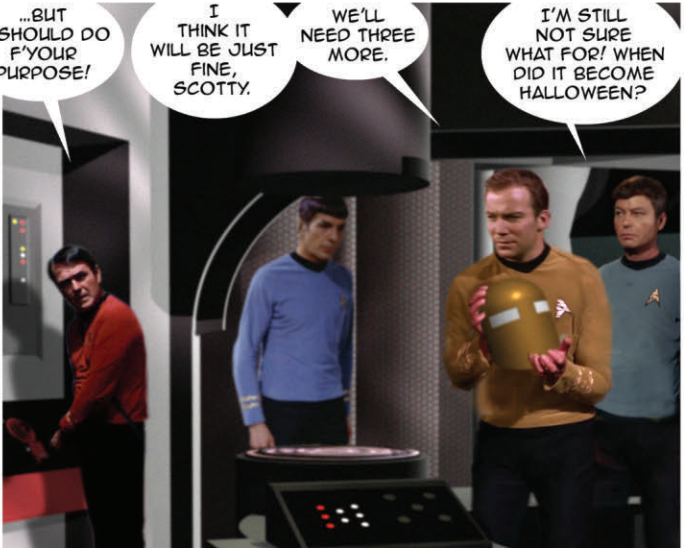
A BIT ROUGH AN' READY...

...BUT IT SHOULD DO F'YOUR PURPOSE!

I THINK IT WILL BE JUST FINE, SCOTTY.

WE'LL NEED THREE MORE.

I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT FOR! WHEN DID IT BECOME HALLOWEEN?

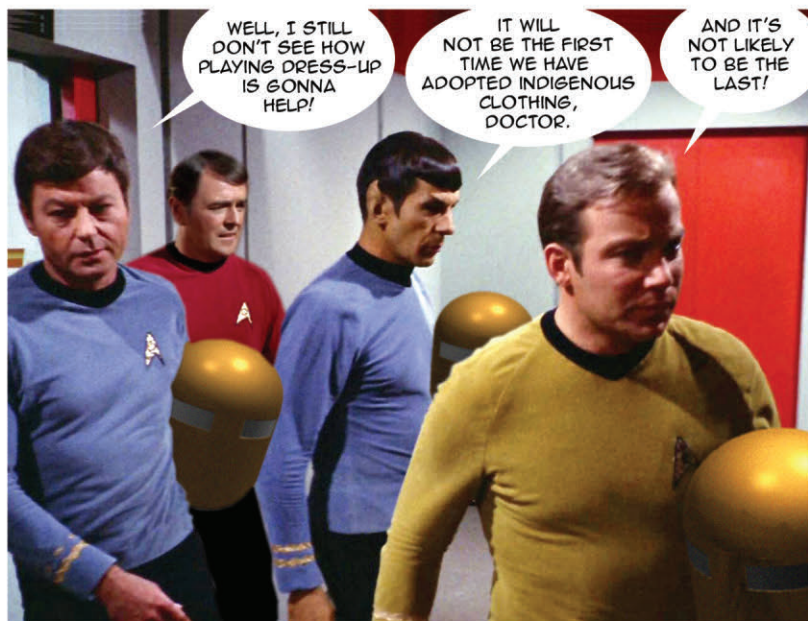


IF WE'RE GOING DOWN THERE, BONES, WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL!

WE'VE ALREADY STEPPED ON TURAN TOT NARUT'S SENSIBILITIES WITHOUT MEANING TO.

WE DON'T WANT TO DO THAT ON A GLOBAL SCALE!





WELL, I STILL DON'T SEE HOW PLAYING DRESS-UP IS GONNA HELP!

IT WILL NOT BE THE FIRST TIME WE HAVE ADOPTED INDIGENOUS CLOTHING, DOCTOR.

AND IT'S NOT LIKELY TO BE THE LAST!



SURE, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT, ISN'T IT?

SO FAR WE'RE ONLY GUESSING ABOUT THOSE MASKS AND WHAT THEY MEAN.



NOT VERY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM OUR EXPERIENCES WITH LANDRU ON BETA III, BONES.

MAYBE... BUT I STILL WONDER IF THIS IS ONE TIME WE SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY!

AND I AGREE!

CAPTAIN KIRK, I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON!



THIS OAF OF YOURS SAID I WAS TO BE RETURNED TO MY PLANET...

...BUT HE BROUGHT ME HERE, NOT TO MY SHIP!



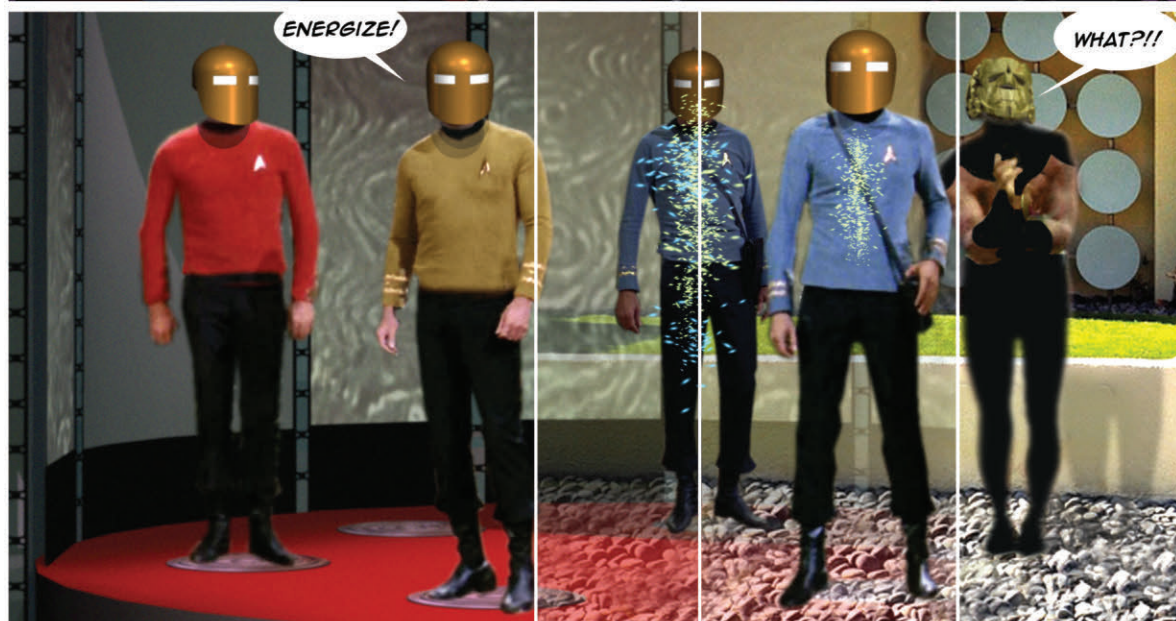
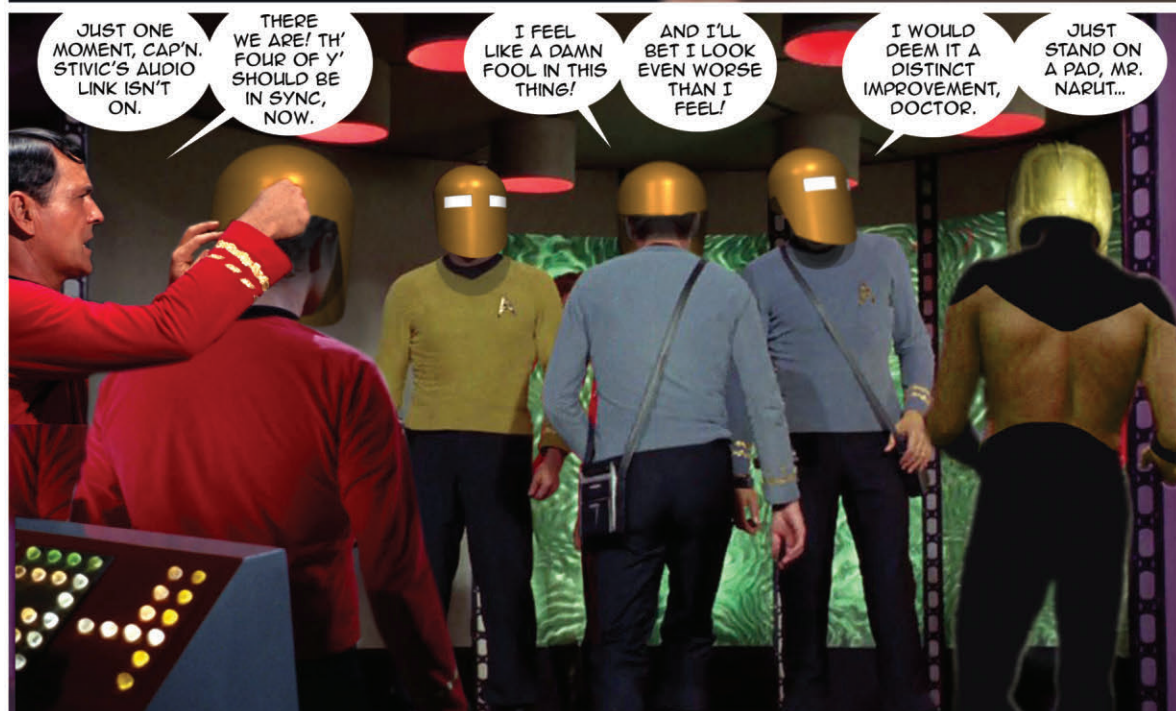
WE HAVE OUR OWN WAY OF GETTING TO A PLANET'S SURFACE.

A LOT FASTER THAN AN ORBITAL RE-ENTRY.

AND THIS TIME...

...WE HOPE TO CAUSE NO OFFENSE!





WHAT...
JUST
HAPPENED?

MATTER
TRANSFERAL. I
TOLD YOU IT WAS
FASTER!

NOW, WHERE
ARE WE? UHURA
WAS
TRACKING A LOT
OF RADIO TRAFFIC
IN AND OUT OF THIS
AREA.

YES... THIS
IS THE GOVERNMENT
CENTER OF OUR
CAPITOL
CITY.

PERFECT.
WE CAN PRESENT
OURSELVES TO
THE PROPER
AUTHORITIES
AND...

LOOK!
ISN'T THAT
TURAN TOT
NARUT?

WE
THOUGHT
HIM
LOST!



FASCINATING!
THEIR SKILL AT
INDIVIDUAL RECOGNITION
EXTENDS FAR BEYOND
FACIAL CHARACTER-
ISTICS.

GREETINGS!
WE COME IN
PEACE!

LIES!!



I AM
TURAN TOT
NARUT!

AND THEY
ARE INVADING
ALIENS WHO
KIDNAPPED
ME FROM MY
SHIP!

HIDEOUS
DEGENERATES
WHO BARE THEIR
FACES!!

NO! NO!
IT IS TOO
VILE!

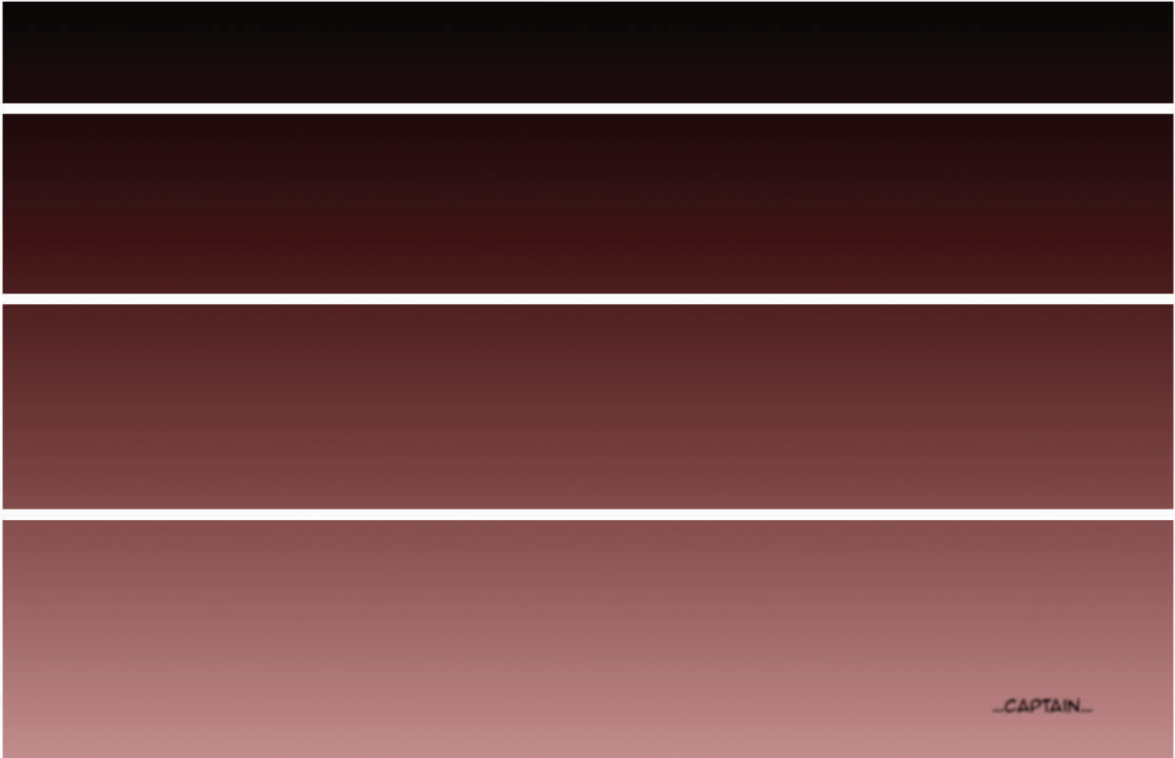
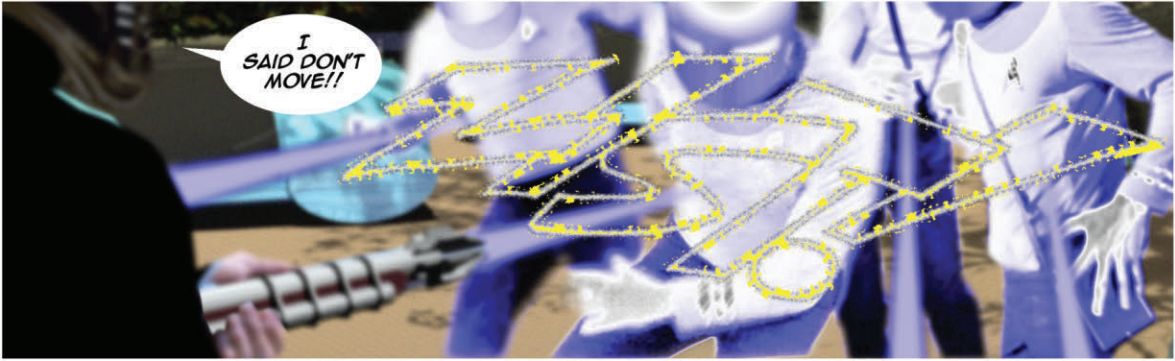
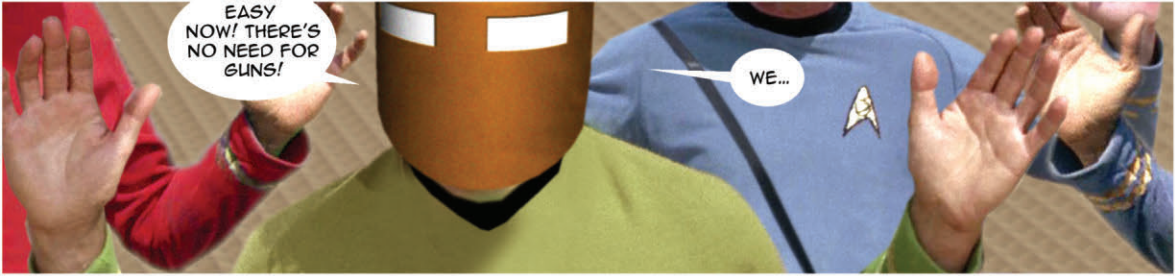
TOT NARUT...
TO EVEN
CONCEIVE OF
SUCH A
THING...!!

WAIT,
LISTEN TO
ME!

TOT NARUT
IS MISTAKEN!
WE COME AS
FRIENDS!

HOLD!







CAPTAIN,
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?



YES...
I...
CAN!

CAPTAIN!
DO NOT FORCE
ME TO
IMMOBILIZE
YOU!



SPOCK!
WHERE ARE
WE?

WHAT
ARE WE
DOING IN THESE
MASKS?

DON'T
BOTHR TRYING
TO REMOVE IT,
CAPTAIN. THEY
ARE LOCKED IN
PLACE.

AS TO
OUR PRESENT
LOCATION, IT
APPEARS TO BE
A HOLDING
CELL.

IN
ANTICIPATION
OF YOUR NEXT
QUESTION, I
DO NOT KNOW
HOW LONG WE
HAVE BEEN
HERE.



LONG
ENOUGH FOR
NIGHT TO
HAVE
FALLEN.

YES,
BUT SINCE I
DID NOT EXPECT
TO BE HERE
MORE THAN A
FEW HOURS...

...I DID
NOT TAKE NOTE
OF THE LENGTH
OF THE DAY ON
THIS
WORLD.



WELL...



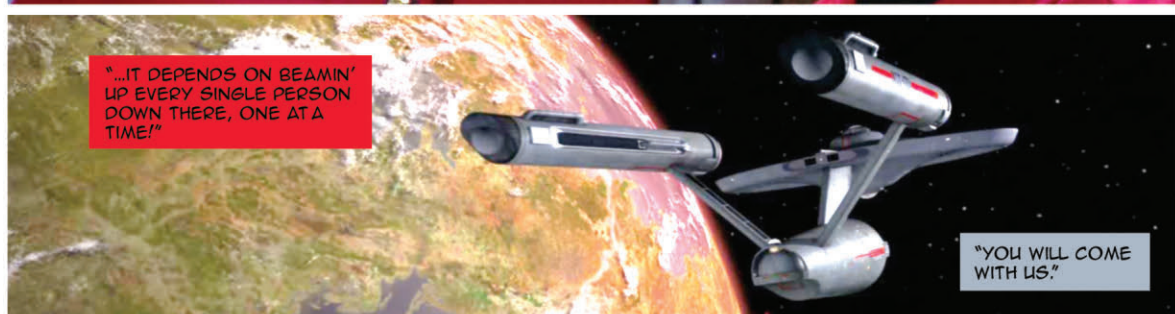
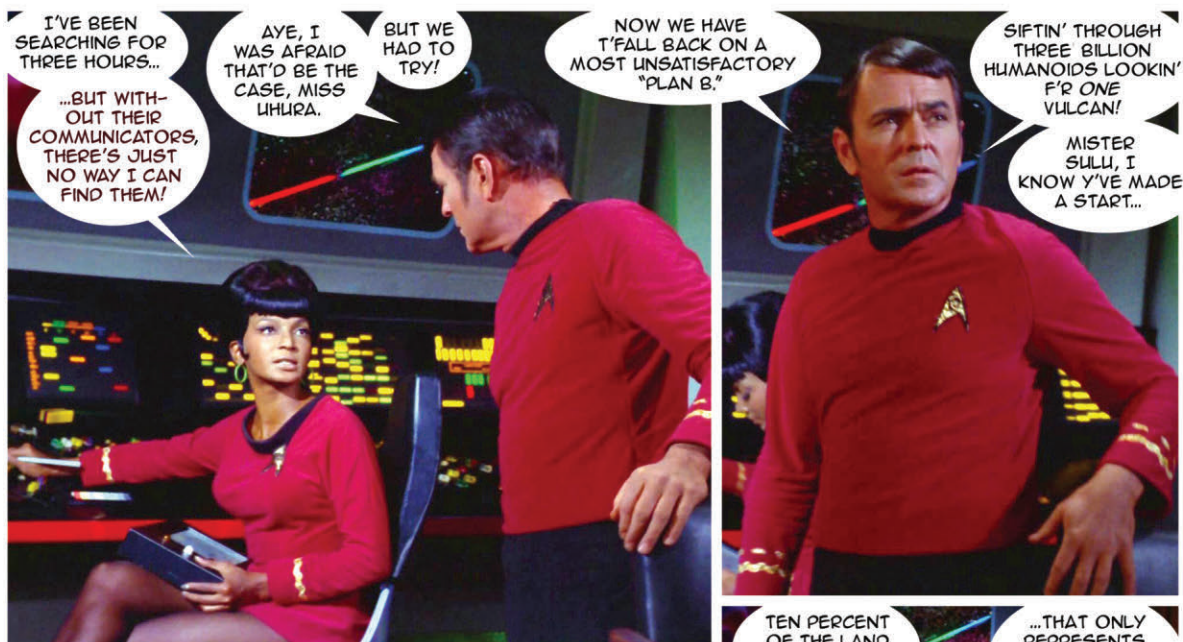
...I LIVED
LONG ENOUGH TO
SEE YOU GET
CAUGHT UNPREPARED
FOR ONCE,
SPOCK!

I GUESS
THAT MAKES THIS
TRIP WORTH THE
TROUBLE!



NOW...
WHEN DO WE
GO HOME,
JIM?

"I'M SORRY, MR. SCOTT..."





NOW, JUST
A BLASTED
MINUTE!

WE WANT
SOME ANSWERS
BEFORE
WE...

BONES...



OUFF!!



BUT HE DOESN'T
NEED BOTH HANDS,
DOES HE? OR
BOTH FEET?

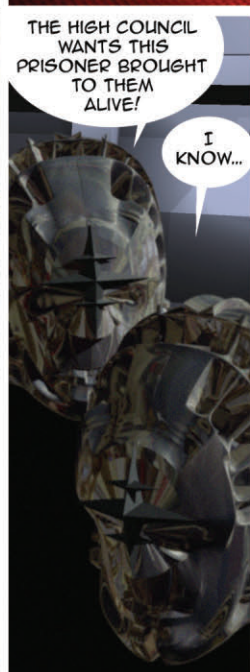
ENOUGH
FOOLISH-
NESS!



MAKE A
MOVE,
PERVERT!

GIVE
ME AN
EXCUSE TO
EXPUNGE
YOU!

AGA
LARAK!



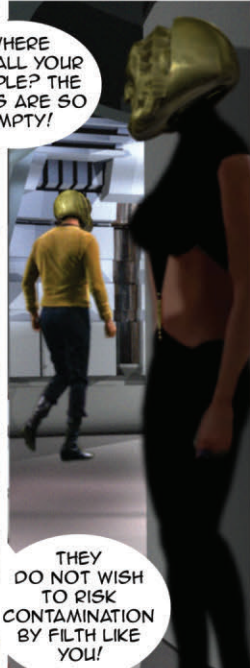
THE HIGH COUNCIL
WANTS THIS
PRISONER BROUGHT
TO THEM
ALIVE!

I
KNOW...



BEHAVE,
AND FOR THE
PRESENT YOU WILL
NOT BE
HARMED.

WHERE
ARE ALL YOUR
PEOPLE? THE
HALLS ARE SO
EMPTY!



THEY
DO NOT WISH
TO RISK
CONTAMINATION
BY FILTH LIKE
YOU!



GO IN!

THE PRISONER MAY APPROACH THE COUNCIL.

LET HIM EXPLAIN HIMSELF! WHY HAS HE BROUGHT HIS DEPRAVITY TO OUR WORLD?



I BRING NO DEPRAVITY, SIR.

ONLY A DIFFERENT CULTURE WITH DIFFERENT WAYS.



SILENCE!

UHG!



HE WILL SPEAK ONLY TO ANSWER DIRECT QUESTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL!



MADAM, IF YOU WOULD JUST ALLOW ME...

UHNH!!





NOW, WHAT OF THIS DEVICE WE FOUND AMONG HIS GOODS.

WHEN ACTIVATED, WE HEARD VOICES...

...BUT IT IS TOO SMALL TO BE A SELF-CONTAINED RADIO!

AS I'VE TRIED TO EXPLAIN...

...MY CULTURE IS MORE TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED THAN YOURS.

THE VOICES YOU HEARD WERE MY CREW, RESPONDING TO WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS A CALL FROM ME!



CREW-- TOT NARUT SAW PERHAPS A DOZEN.

HOW MANY MORE ARE THERE?



FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIX...

GUARD!



NOT THIS TIME!



WENOK

WENOK



STOP!!

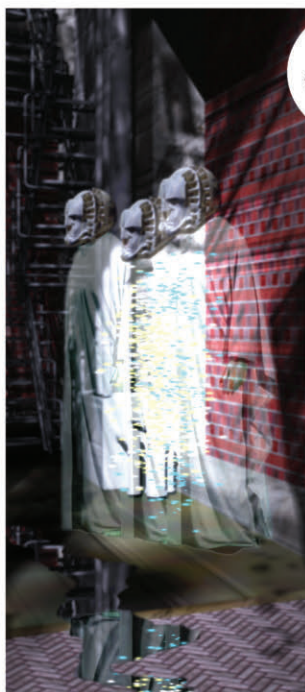


GLADLY... AS SOON AS YOU ACCEPT THAT WHAT I AM TELLING YOU IS TRUE!

WE WOULD ALL DIE BEFORE WE ACCEPTED SUCH BLASPHEMY!

NEVER!

"ENERGIZE!"



GOOD!
WE'RE ABOUT
SIXTY METERS FROM
WHERE THE FIRST
LANDIN' PARTY
TOUCHED
DOWN.

HAVE
Y'HAD ANY
SUCCESS
RECONNECTIN'
WITH THAT
COMMUNICATOR
SIGNAL?

NEGATIVE,
SIR.

IN FACT,
I'VE LOST THE
SIGNAL
ENTIRELY,
NOW.

THE CAPTAIN'S
COMMUNICATOR
ISN'T JUST OFF..
I THINK IT'S
BROKEN!

THERE
MIGHT BE A
FAINT SIGNAL
FROM THE
OTHERS...

AYE, THIS WORLD
HAS BARELY DISCOVERED
SILICON CHIPS! THEY
PROBABLY BROKE THE
THING GETTIN' OUT THAT
ONE SIGNAL!

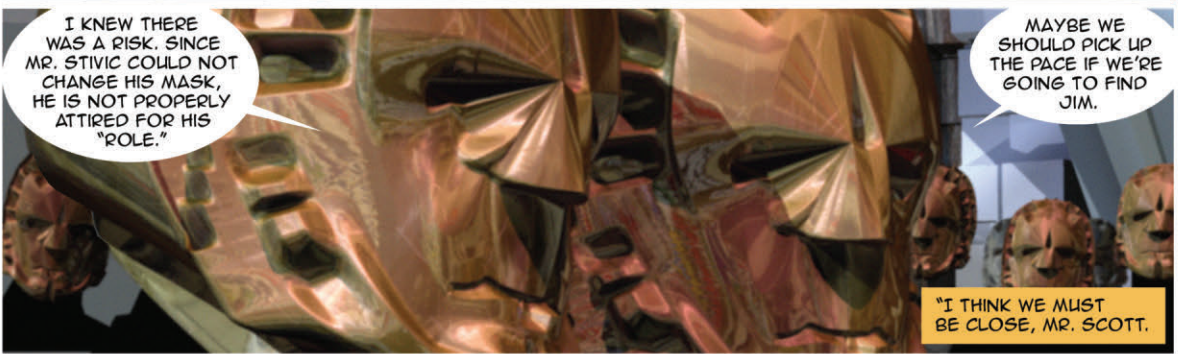
MOVE OUT SLOW
AN' EASY, LADS! IF
WE'RE RIGHT ABOUT
THESE ROBES BEIN'
GOVERNMENT
TYPES OR
PRIESTS...

...PEOPLE MOST
LIKELY WON'T
SCRUTINIZE US TOO
CLOSELY!

HOLD IT!
MR. SCOTT, I
THINK I HAVE A
FAINT READ-
ING!









WEAK AS IT IS...

...THIS IS STILL THE STRONGEST CONTACT YET.

AYE, AND THIS PLACE HAS THE LOOK AN' FEEL OF SOME KIND OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES.



MR, SCOTT! LOOK!



WELL SPOTTED, MISTER SULL!

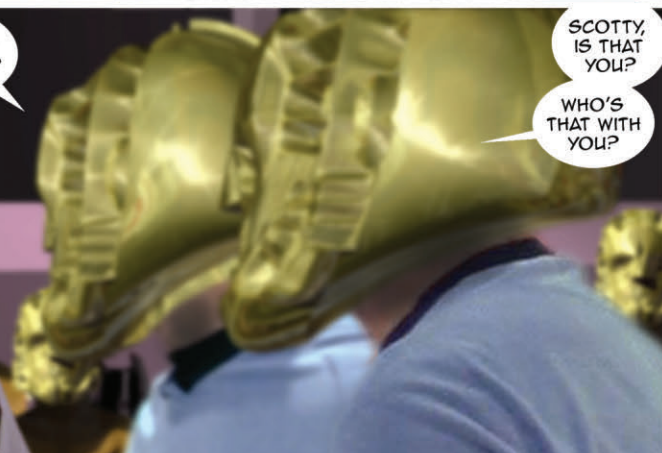
C'MON, LADS, THERE'S WHAT LOOKS LIKE A STAIRWAY OVER HERE.

YES, SIR!!



MISTER SPOCK! DOCTOR MCCOY! ARE YE ALL RIGHT?

MISTER SCOTT?



SCOTT, IS THAT YOU?

WHO'S THAT WITH YOU?



MISTER SULL AND ENSIGN WAINWRIGHT.

BUT WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

THIS YOUNG WOMAN IS LEADING US TO HIM, ENGINEER.



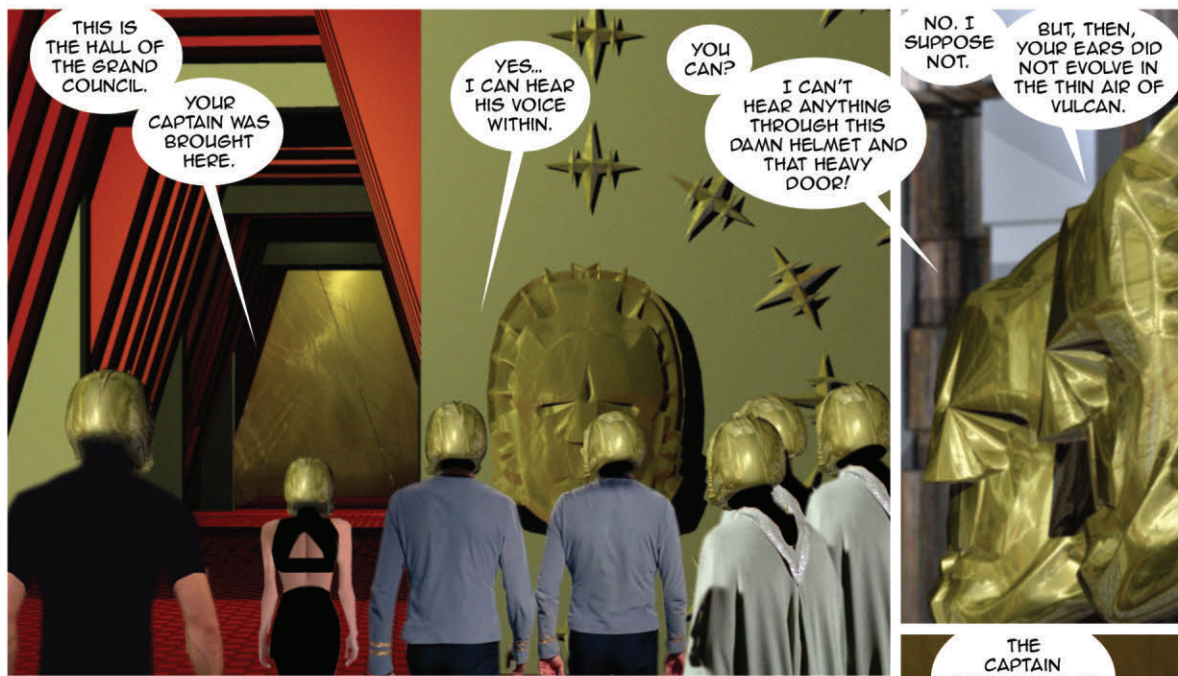
BUT WITH THE WAY THESE FOLK ARE MILLING ABOUT...

...I DON'T THINK WE HAVE MUCH TIME TO GET THERE, SPOCK!

MY PEOPLE WILL TAKE NO ACTION AGAINST YOU WITHOUT SPECIFIC ORDERS.

OURS ARE THE WAYS OF PEACE.

NOW, COME!



THIS IS THE HALL OF THE GRAND COUNCIL.

YOUR CAPTAIN WAS BROUGHT HERE.

YES... I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE WITHIN.

YOU CAN?

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING THROUGH THIS DAMN HELMET AND THAT HEAVY DOOR!

NO. I SUPPOSE NOT.

BUT, THEN, YOUR EARS DID NOT EVOLVE IN THE THIN AIR OF VULCAN.

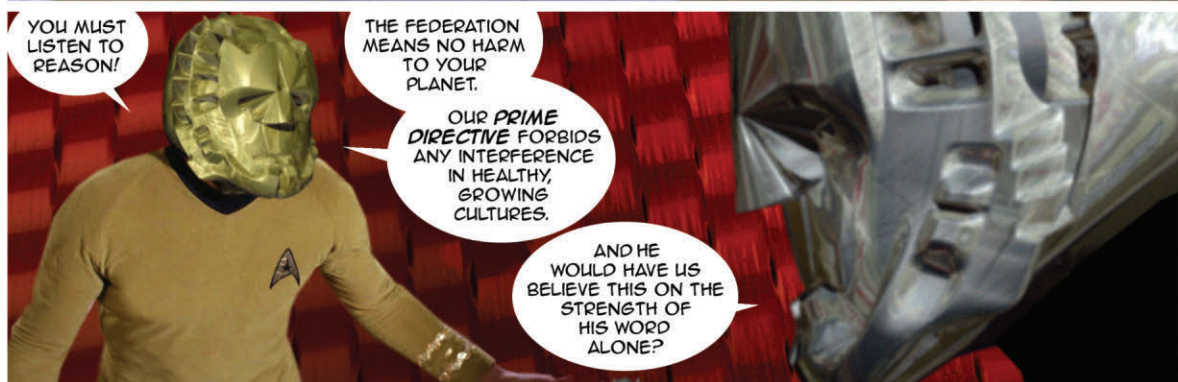


JUST LUCKY I GUESS!

WHAT CAN YOU HEAR?

THE CAPTAIN APPEARS TO BE ARGUING.

HE SOUNDS FRUSTRATED.



YOU MUST LISTEN TO REASON!

THE FEDERATION MEANS NO HARM TO YOUR PLANET.

OUR **PRIME DIRECTIVE** FORBIDS ANY INTERFERENCE IN HEALTHY, GROWING CULTURES.

AND HE WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THIS ON THE STRENGTH OF HIS WORD ALONE?



ENOUGH OF THESE LIES!

OUR MISSILE DEFENSE SYSTEMS ARE ALREADY TARGETING HIS SHIP. IT WILL BE SWEEPED FROM OUR SKIES ALONG WITH THE DISEASE IT CARRIES!

AND THIS INTERROGATION IS OVER!

GUARD, KILL HIM!!



SPOCK!
EVEN I CAN
HEAR
THAT!

WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?

THEY ARE
EXECUTING
THE
CAPTAIN!

WE
MUST OPEN
THESE
DOORS!

I
CAN'T. THEY
ARE LOCKED
FROM THE
INSIDE.



UNACCEPTABLE!

IT IS
IMPERATIVE
THAT WE FIND
A WAY
TO...



CAPTAIN!



THERE IS
NO TIME FOR
REUNIONS
NOW!

WE USED
ONLY A LIGHT
STUN ON
THEM.

THEY WILL
REGAIN CONSCIOUS-
NESS IN A SHORT
TIME. WE MUST BE
LONG GONE WHEN
THEY DO!

THIS PASSAGEWAY
WILL LEAD US OUT
OF THE
BUILDING.

JIM!
WHAT...?
WHO...?



MY
RESCUERS,
BONES!

BALAR IRI
RALAB, AND
ROTAT RYR
TATOR--THEY
ARE...
REBELS!

NOW,
LET'S...



WAIT!
ALTHOUGH
YOUR "GUARD" IS
OBVIOUSLY ONE
OF YOUR
OWN...

...WE CANNOT
TAKE THIS
WOMAN
WITH US!

SHE MAY
FIND A WAY
TO GIVE US
AWAY!



AGREED.
I HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO EXERT A CERTAIN
INFLUENCE...

...BUT SHE
IS RESISTING
MORE AND
MORE.

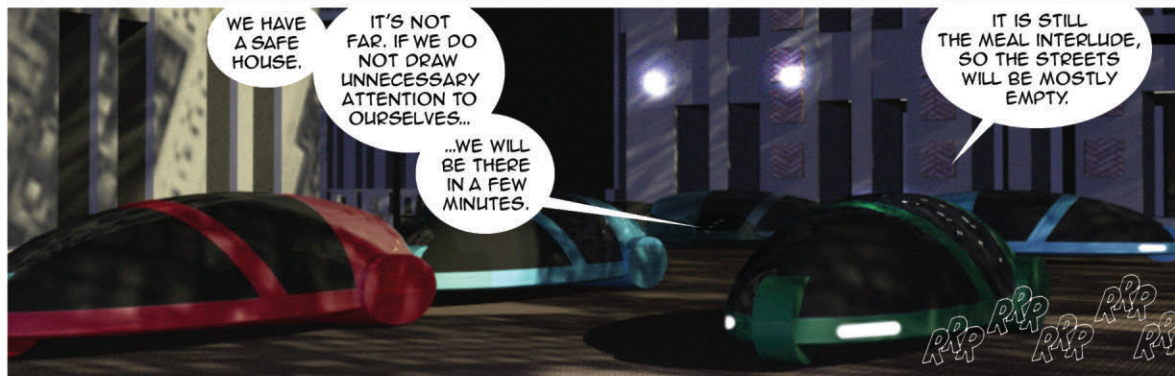
OH!



SHE
SHOULD BE
UNCONSCIOUS
FOR THIRTY
MINUTES.

LEAVE HER
HERE. SHE WILL
BE SAFE FOR
THAT TIME.

NOW, HURRY. WE
HAVE A VEHICLE IN
THE ALLEYWAY
BEHIND THIS
BUILDING.



WE HAVE
A SAFE
HOUSE.

IT'S NOT
FAR. IF WE DO
NOT DRAW
UNNECESSARY
ATTENTION TO
OURSELVES...

...WE WILL
BE THERE
IN A FEW
MINUTES.

IT IS STILL
THE MEAL INTERLUDE,
SO THE STREETS
WILL BE MOSTLY
EMPTY.

RPP RPP RPP RPP RPP RPP



THIS IS MY
DWELLING. YOU
WILL BE SAFE
HERE UNTIL YOU
CAN RETURN TO
YOUR SHIP.

VERY
NICE. VERY...
NORMAL!

WE WON'T
BE HEADING BACK
TO THE ENTERPRISE
FOR A WHILE.

THERE ARE ISSUES
TO BE ADDRESSED
HERE.

AGREED,
CAPTAIN.

D'YOU
THINK WE'D BE
SAFE TO GET
OUT OF THESE
DISGUISES,
SIR?

AYE, I'M WITH
MR. SULL, THERE!
I'M ABOUT DONE
WITH THIS
GET-UP!!



MIGHT AS WELL, SCOTTY.

AAAAH... THAT FEELS BETTER!

BUT... WILL Y'NOT BE DOIN' TH' SAME, CAP'N?



NOT AN OPTION, MISTER SCOTT.

THESE THINGS ARE LOCKED ONTO OUR HEADS!

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT, CAPTAIN.



THAT'S A MERCIFUL RELIEF!

IT IS A MATTER ONLY OF KNOWING THE CORRECT COMBINATION...

WHICH YOU DO!



AND AFTER JUST A SHORT TIME. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOUR PEOPLE CAN STAND IT FOR A LIFETIME!

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO THE "GREAT TEACHER" CAME OUT OF THE WILDERNESS AT A TIME OF GREAT STRIFE. OUR WORLD WAS TORN BY TERRIBLE WARS, PESTILENCE, FAMINE.



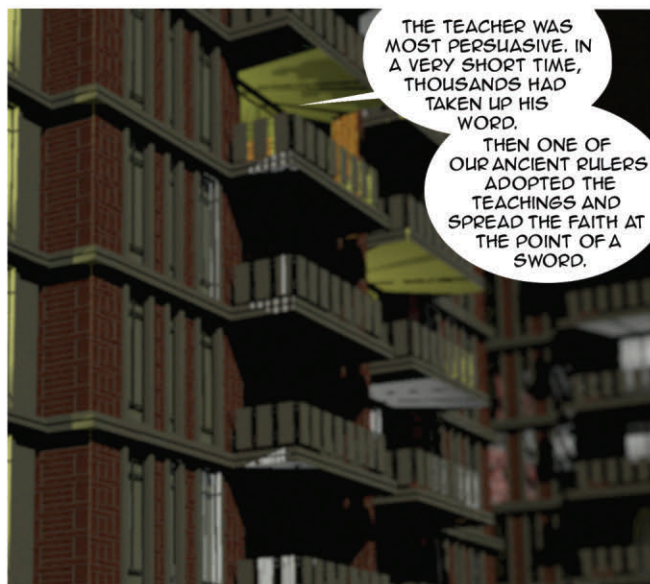
NOW YOU SPEAK TO THE VERY HEART OF OUR REBELLION, CAPTAIN.



WHICH IS WHAT, EXACTLY?

OUR PEOPLE DIED IN THE MILLIONS.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT THAT IT IS OUR OWN VANITY THAT CAUSES SUCH CHAOS.



THE TEACHER WAS MOST PERSUASIVE. IN A VERY SHORT TIME, THOUSANDS HAD TAKEN UP HIS WORD.

THEN ONE OF OUR ANCIENT RULERS ADOPTED THE TEACHINGS AND SPREAD THE FAITH AT THE POINT OF A SWORD.



BY THE END OF OUR FIRST CENTURY, THERE WAS OPEN WARFARE AGAINST ALL WHO DID NOT CONVERT.

FASCINATING. AND NOT WITHOUT PARALLELS IN YOUR EARTH HISTORY, CAPTAIN.

YES...

DON'T REMIND US, SPOCK!



IT MAY HAVE TAKEN US THOUSANDS OF YEARS...

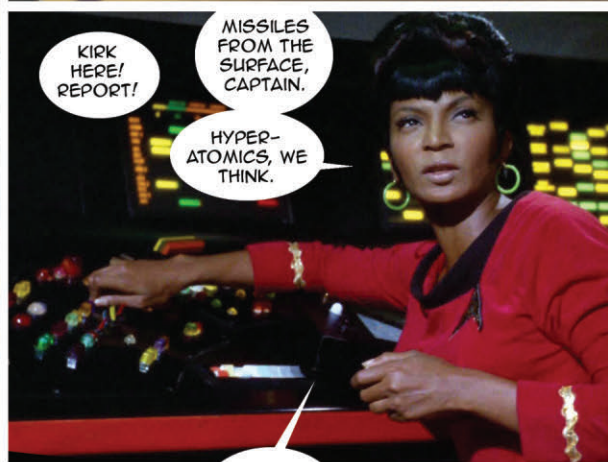
...BUT WE EVENTUALLY REACHED A POINT WHERE ALL THE DIFFERENT FAITHS ON EARTH CAN LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE.

DIT DIT DIT



CAP'N! IT'S THE BRIDGE!

THEY'RE UNDER ATTACK!



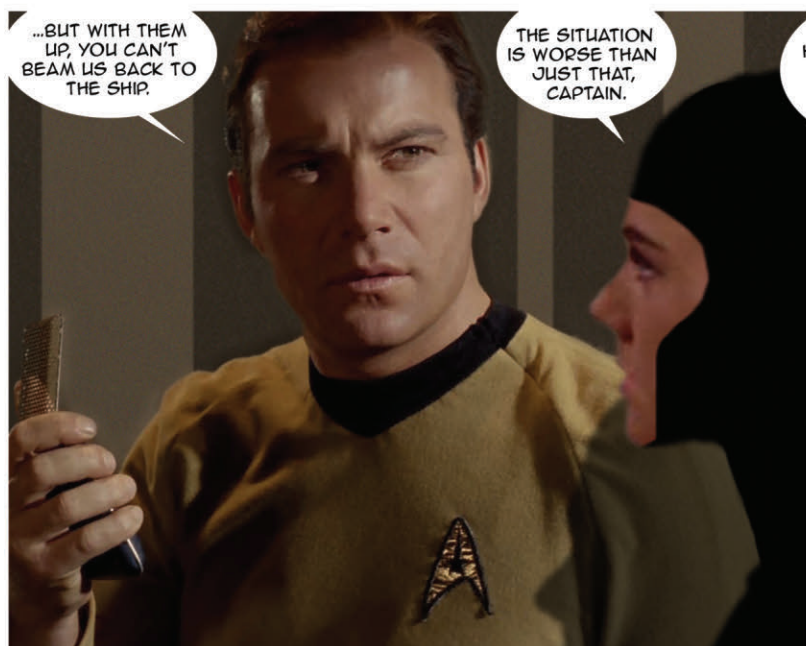
KIRK HERE! REPORT!

MISSILES FROM THE SURFACE, CAPTAIN.

HYPER-ATOMICS, WE THINK.



SHIELDS ARE HOLDING...



...BUT WITH THEM UP, YOU CAN'T BEAM US BACK TO THE SHIP.

THE SITUATION IS WORSE THAN JUST THAT, CAPTAIN.

IF THE ATTACK HAS BEGUN, YOUR ESCAPE MUST HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED.

THE CITY WATCHMEN WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO FIND YOU!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW, JIM?



FIRST, BONES...

...WE HAVE TO STOP THE ATTACK ON THE SHIP.

THAT WILL NOT BE EASY, CAPTAIN. THE MISSILE CONTROL CENTER WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY BE HEAVILY GUARDED.

PLUS, IT MAY NOT BE ANYWHERE IN PROXIMITY TO OUR CURRENT LOCATION.



I EXPECT NOT.

BUT YOU... YOU MUST KNOW WHERE IT IS.

YES... THE BASE IS JUST A FEW HOURS DRIVE NORTH OF THE CITY.

BUT... CAPTAIN! YOU CANNOT MEAN TO GO THERE?

IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!



"YOU JUST GET US THERE, AND WE'LL WORRY ABOUT STAYING ALIVE!"

I DON'T THINK MISTER STIVIC LIKED BEING LEFT BEHIND, JIM!

NO CHOICE, BONES.



YES, I KNOW.

HE DREW TOO MUCH ATTENTION IN HIS "DISGUISE" BEFORE. BUT -- BALAR, ROTAT, I HAVE A QUESTION.

WE'VE SEEN THAT YOUR CHILDREN ARE MASKED AT BIRTH...



YES, FITTED THEN WITH THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PROGRESSIVELY LARGER MASKS.



AND THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

WHY A REBELLION NOW?



BECAUSE OF THE CHILDREN, DOCTOR.

IN RECENT DECADES THERE HAS BEEN A GROWING DISCONTENT WITH THE CULTURE OF THE GREAT TEACHER.

MORE AND MORE THERE ARE SPLINTER CELLS WHO GATHER IN SECRET TO UNMASK TOGETHER AND "SHARE FACES."

WE ESTIMATE A POPULATION IN THE TENS, EVEN HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS.



SOME THINK WE MAY EVEN BE IN THE MAJORITY!

BUT THERE HAS BEEN ALSO A COUNTER REVOLUTION. COMMUNES SPRINGING UP WHERE THE PEOPLE REFUSE TO UNMASK EVEN FOR PURPOSES OF HYGIENE.

BUT... IF THE CHILDREN ARE NEVER ALLOWED TO REMOVE THEIR MASKS...

...WHEN THEIR HEADS GROW BEYOND A CERTAIN SIZE...



THEY
DIE.

DIE IN HORRIBLE
AGONY, AS THE
PRESSURE BUILDS
UPON THEIR
SKULLS...

...AND TERRIBLE
SORES BREAK OUT
UPON THEIR
SKIN.



BUT THE
COMMUNES ARE
OFTEN HEAVILY
ARMED.

AND WHEN
OUR ARMIES ARE
SENT IN...

...THE BLOOD-
SHED AND DEATH
NEGATES THE
INTENT OF THE
RAIDS!



AND NOTHING
HAS BEEN DONE
TO HELP THEM
BALAR?

NO LAWS
ENACTED ON
THEIR
BEHALF?

NO ATTEMPTS
AT
RESCUE?

OF
COURSE!



THAT DOES
IT, JIM! WE
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING...
SOON!

I AGREE WITH
DOCTOR MCCOY,
CAPTAIN. CONDITIONS
HERE DEMAND OUR
INTERVENTION...

...EVEN IN
VIOLATION OF
THE PRIME
DIRECTIVE!

AGREED!



STOP
THE
VEHICLE!

CAPTAIN
KIRK! WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING??

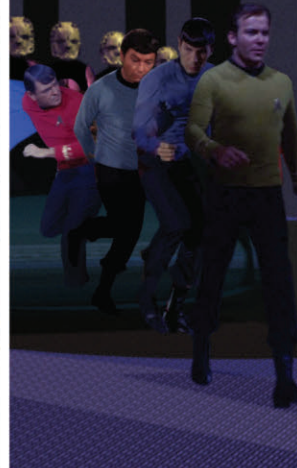
SOMETHING
THAT YOU SHOULD
HAVE DONE A
LONG TIME
AGO!

OH!
LOOK!

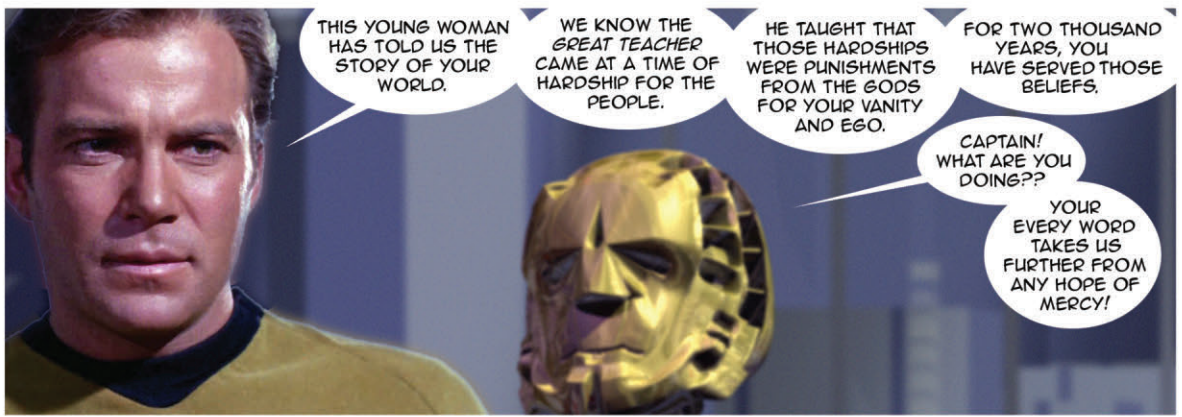
I
CAN'T! IT'S
FOUL!

DIS-
GUSTING!

WHO
ARE
THEY??

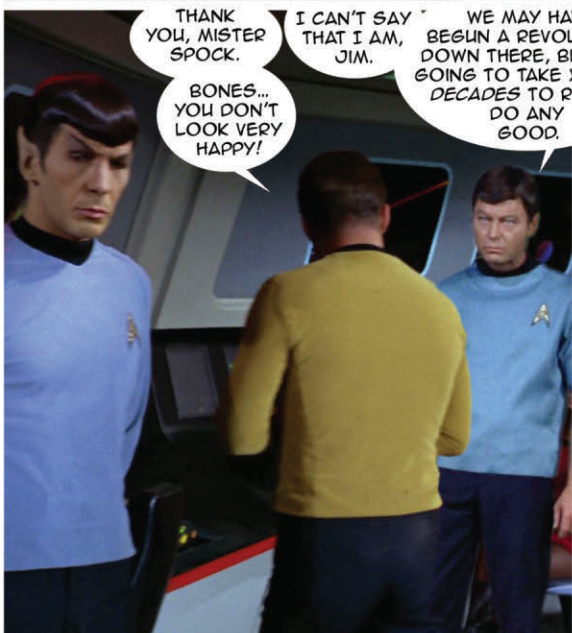








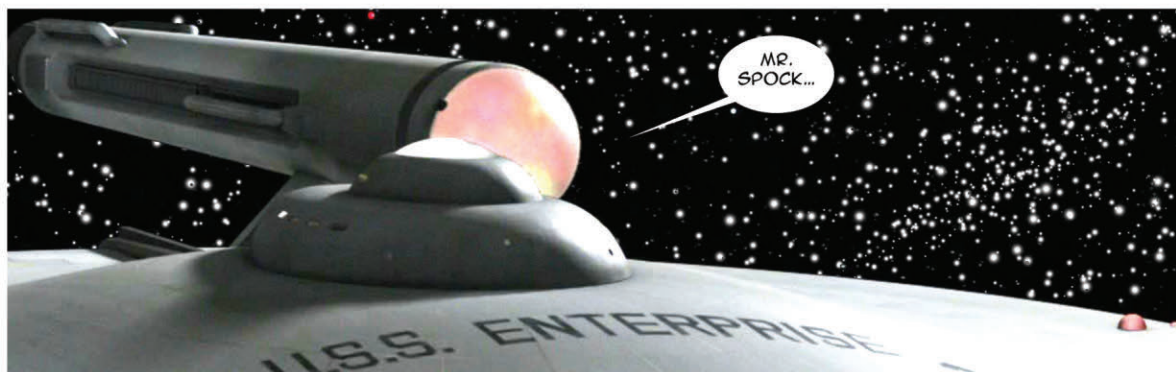
CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 44082.
PREPARING TO
LEAVE ORBIT.



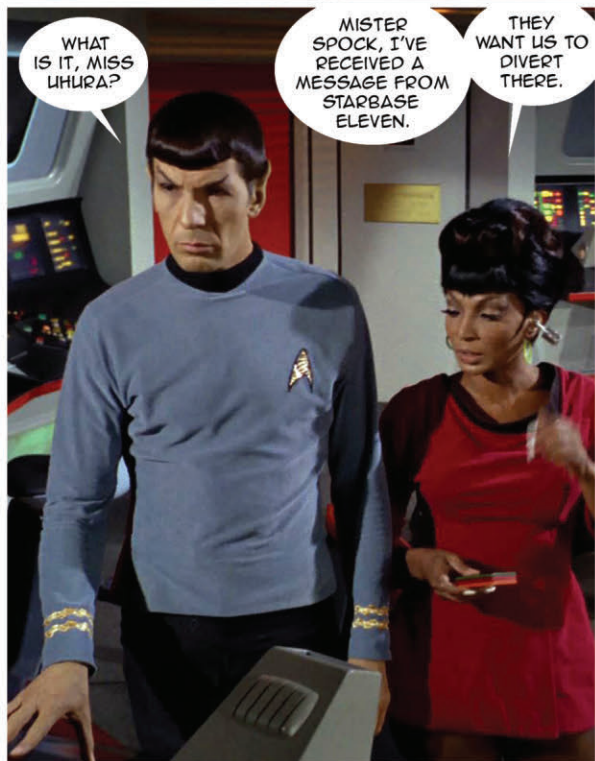




SAM



MR.
SPOCK...



WHAT
IS IT, MISS
UHURA?

MISTER
SPOCK, I'VE
RECEIVED A
MESSAGE FROM
STARBASE
ELEVEN.

THEY
WANT US TO
DIVERT
THERE.



STARBASE
ELEVEN IS TWO
DAYS OFF OUR
PRESENT
COURSE.

WHAT
REASON
DID THEY
GIVE?



PRISONER
TRANSFER,
SIR.

THERE'S
BEEN... A
MURDER.



THAT IS NOT
WITHIN OUR
NORMAL SPHERE
OF
DUTIES.

DID
YOU CON-
FIRM THE
ORDER?

BUT...
COULD YOU
INFORM THE
CAPTAIN?



THAT IS PROPERLY
YOUR JOB,
LIEUTENANT.



YES, SIR...
BUT THE PRISONER
FOR TRANSFER IS
GEORGE SAMUEL
KIRK.

THE
CAPTAIN'S
BROTHER!

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

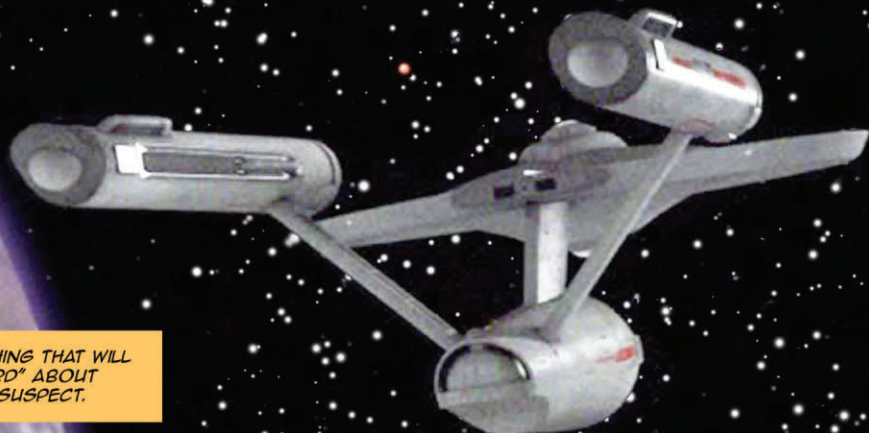
"SAM"

Photomontage and Story by JOHN BYRNE

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 3201.9...

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE ENTERING
STANDARD ORBIT ABOUT
STARBASE ELEVEN.

THE ONLY THING THAT WILL
BE "STANDARD" ABOUT
THIS VISIT, I SUSPECT.



I AM BEAMING DOWN
TO MEET WITH STARBASE
COMMANDER MENDEZ.



YOU'RE
ALONE,
JIM?

YOU KNOW
PRISONER TRANSFER
OF THIS KIND
REQUIRES AT LEAST
TWO OFFICERS OF
COMMAND
RANK...

...PLUS
TWO SECURITY
GUARDS.

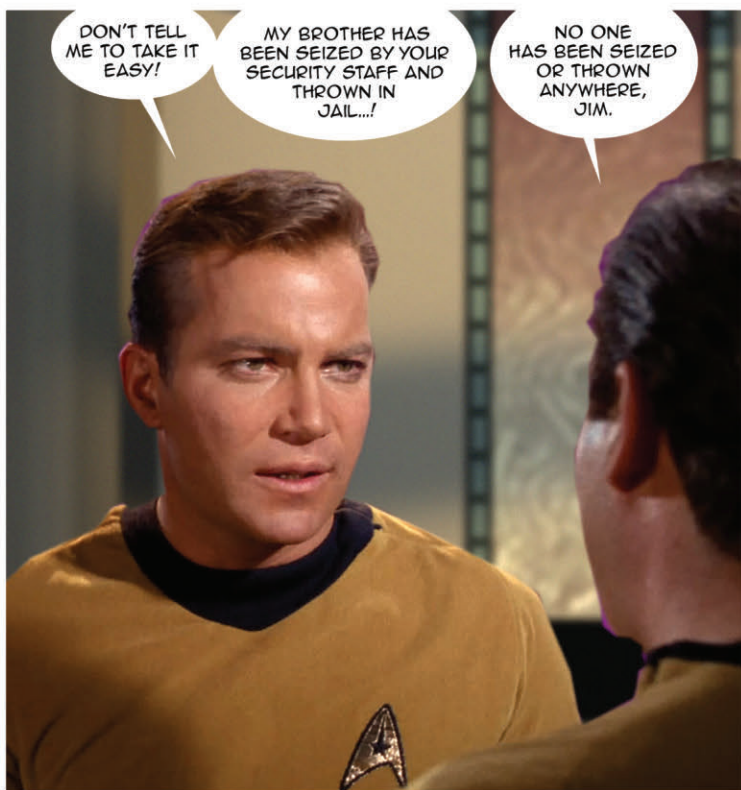
DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE



I DON'T NEED A REFRESHER COURSE IN STARFLEET REGULATIONS FROM YOU, JOSE.

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON HERE!

TAKE IT EASY, JIM.



DON'T TELL ME TO TAKE IT EASY!

MY BROTHER HAS BEEN SEIZED BY YOUR SECURITY STAFF AND THROWN IN JAIL...!

NO ONE HAS BEEN SEIZED OR THROWN ANYWHERE, JIM.



IT WAS GEORGE KIRK HIMSELF WHO REPORTED THE DEATH...

...AND CONFESSED IMMEDIATELY WHEN OUR SECURITY TEAM ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.



WHICH MAKES NO SENSE!

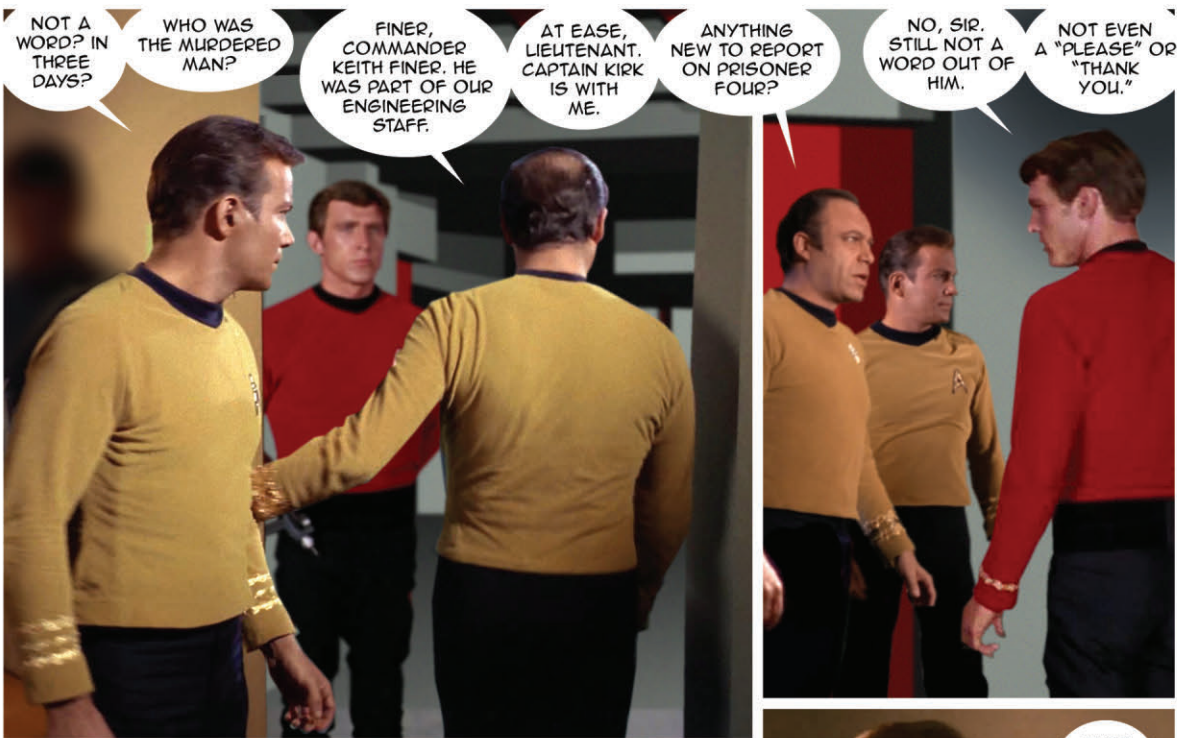
SAM... MY BROTHER... HE'S NO KILLER!

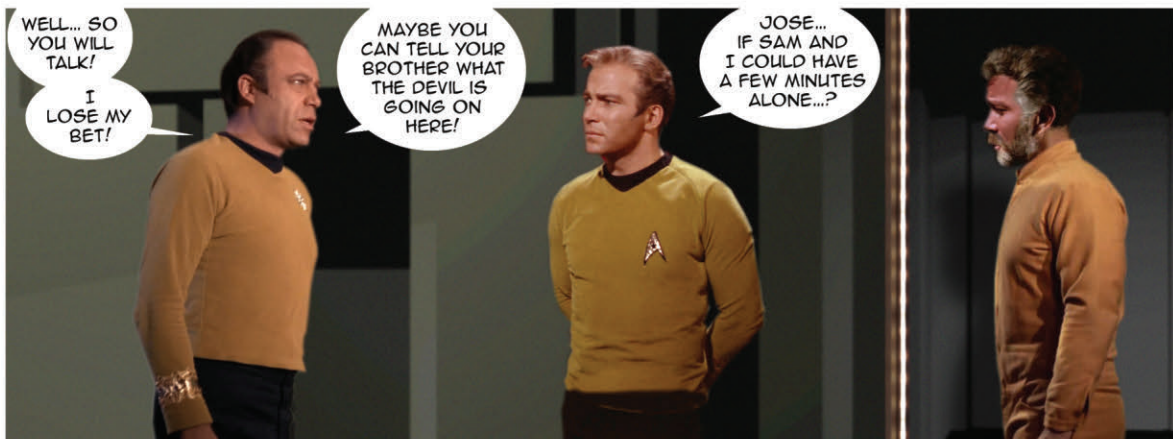
AND YET THE SCENE AS WE FOUND IT EXACTLY MATCHED WHAT HE DESCRIBED.

THE HOLDING CELLS ARE NINE LEVELS BELOW THIS ONE.

AND I'LL CAUTION YOU -- HIS CONFESSION WAS ABSOLUTELY THE LAST THING HE HAD TO SAY.

HE'S BEEN SILENT AS A T'ASTIAN MONK SINCE!





WELL... SO YOU WILL TALK!
I LOSE MY BET!

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL YOUR BROTHER WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE!

JOSE... IF SAM AND I COULD HAVE A FEW MINUTES ALONE...?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO BACK TO MY OFFICE AND MAKE SURE ALL THE TEES ARE CROSSED ON THE TRANSFER FORMS.

BUT TEN MINUTES IS ALL I CAN ALLOW YOU, JIM.



I'M SURE IT WON'T TAKE ANY MORE THAN THAT, JOSE.

THANK YOU.



NOW, SAM... TALK! WHAT'S GOING ON?

AND WHY DID I GET CALLED HERE?



THE SECOND PART IS THE EASY ONE.

AS A NATURAL BORN CITIZEN OF EARTH, I INVOKED MY RIGHT UNDER FEDERATION LAW TO BE TRIED THERE.

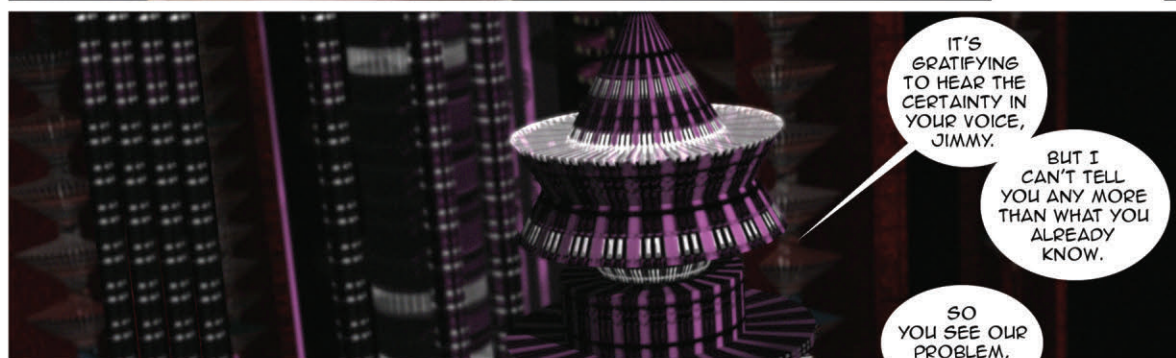
WASN'T EXACTLY HOW I PLANNED TO GET HOME. I WONDER WHAT AURELAN WILL THINK OF MY BEARD.

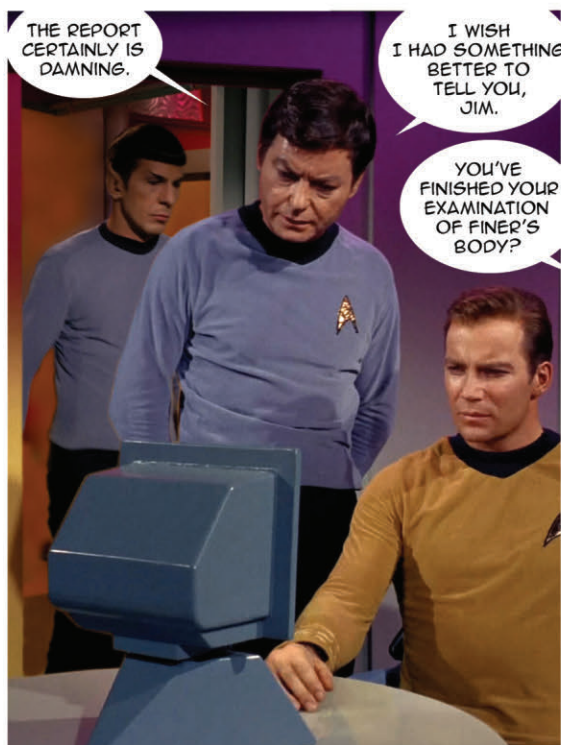
MOST LIKELY MAKE ME SHAVE IT OFF. MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE HER TO LET ME KEEP THE MUSTACHE...

SAM! YOU'RE STALLING FOR TIME!

AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANY GOOD AT THAT!







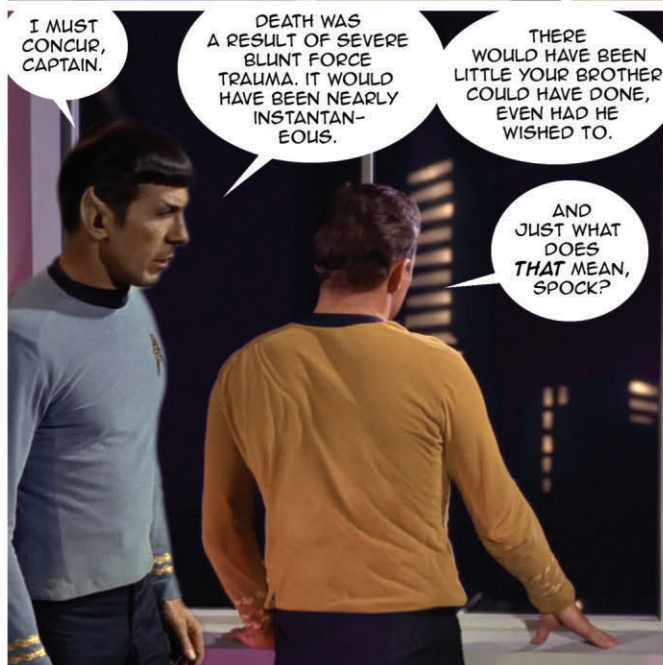
THE REPORT CERTAINLY IS DAMNING.

I WISH I HAD SOMETHING BETTER TO TELL YOU, JIM.

YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR EXAMINATION OF FINER'S BODY?



YES, AND NOTHING I FOUND REFUTES ANY OF THE FINDINGS MADE BY THE STARBASE DOCTORS.



I MUST CONCUR, CAPTAIN.

DEATH WAS A RESULT OF SEVERE BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NEARLY INSTANTANEOUS.

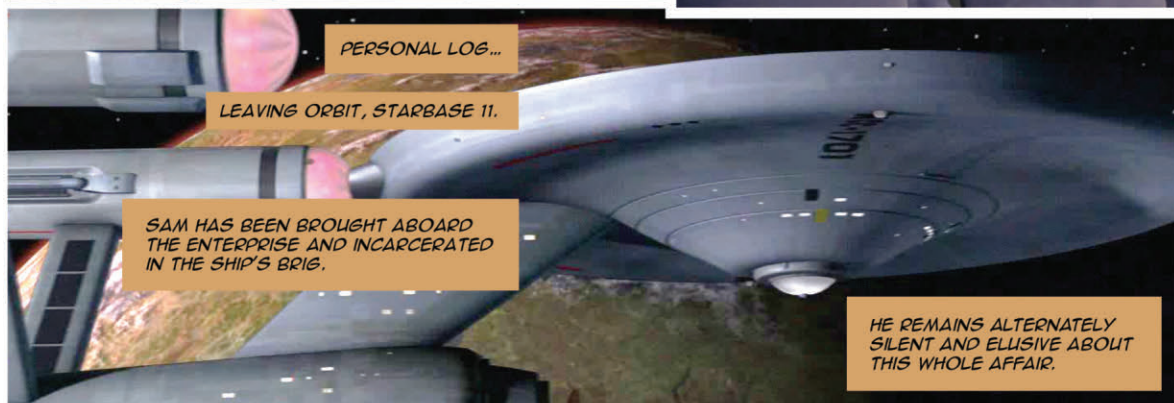
THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN LITTLE YOUR BROTHER COULD HAVE DONE, EVEN HAD HE WISHED TO.

AND JUST WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, SPOCK?



JIM, I KNOW THIS IS HARD FOR YOU, BUT YOU HAVE TO FACE THE FACTS!

LOGICALLY, CAPTAIN, YOUR BROTHER IS GUILTY OF MURDER.



PERSONAL LOG...

LEAVING ORBIT, STARBASE 11.

SAM HAS BEEN BROUGHT ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE AND INCARCERATED IN THE SHIP'S BRIG.

HE REMAINS ALTERNATELY SILENT AND ELLUSIVE ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR.



I CAN'T MAKE ANY SENSE OF IT, BONES.

I'VE BEEN OVER AND OVER JOSE'S REPORT... THE REPORTS FROM STARBASE SECURITY...

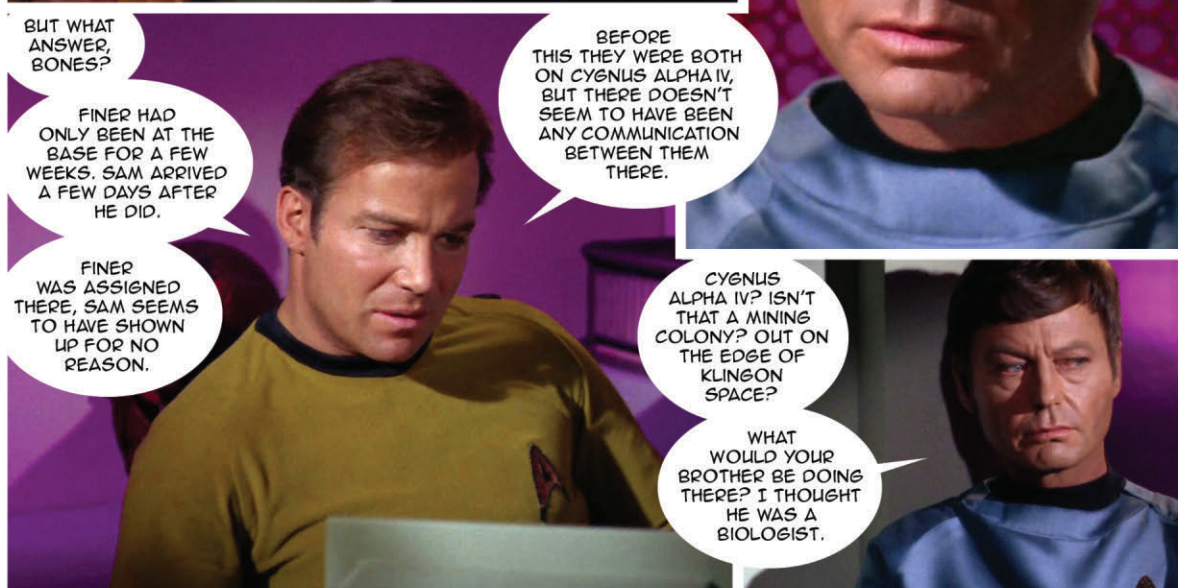
THEN LET IT GO FOR A WHILE.

EVEN THE TAPES OF WHAT LITTLE SAM HIMSELF HAS HAD TO SAY.

WE'LL REACH EARTH IN THREE DAYS.

GEORGE KIRK'S TRIAL IS SCHEDULED TO BEGIN AT ONCE.

A FEW DAYS AFTER THAT, YOU'LL HAVE AN ANSWER, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.



BUT WHAT ANSWER, BONES?

FINER HAD ONLY BEEN AT THE BASE FOR A FEW WEEKS. SAM ARRIVED A FEW DAYS AFTER HE DID.

FINER WAS ASSIGNED THERE, SAM SEEMS TO HAVE SHOWN UP FOR NO REASON.

BEFORE THIS THEY WERE BOTH ON CYGNUS ALPHA IV, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEEN ANY COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THEM THERE.

CYGNUS ALPHA IV? ISN'T THAT A MINING COLONY? OUT ON THE EDGE OF KLINGON SPACE?

WHAT WOULD YOUR BROTHER BE DOING THERE? I THOUGHT HE WAS A BIOLOGIST.



AND SAM ARRIVED THERE JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE FINER WAS TRANSFERRED TO STARBASE ELEVEN.

IT'S ALMOST AS IF SAM WAS... FOLLOWING FINER.

BUT... WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?

JUST WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT, DOCTOR.

EVEN IF I HAVE TO SHAKE IT OUT OF HIM!

JIM!

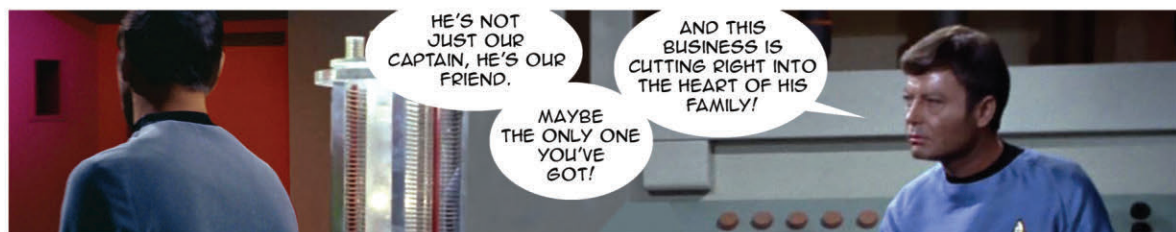
"I CONCUR, DOCTOR."



I AM CONCERNED THAT THIS MAY BEGIN TO HAVE A NEGATIVE IMPACT UPON THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTIES.

I AM NOT ALTOGETHER CERTAIN HOW I WOULD BE COMPELLED TO ACT IF SUCH A CIRCUMSTANCE WERE TO ARISE.

HOW ABOUT STARTING WITH A LITTLE COMPASSION, SPOCK?



HE'S NOT JUST OUR CAPTAIN, HE'S OUR FRIEND.

AND THIS BUSINESS IS CUTTING RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF HIS FAMILY!

MAYBE THE ONLY ONE YOU'VE GOT!

I AM AS AWARE OF THAT AS YOU ARE, DOCTOR. AND THAT IS THE ROOT OF MUCH OF MY CONCERN.

THE CAPTAIN HAS RARELY BEEN INCLINED TO TALK ABOUT HIS FAMILY. SHOULD WE INVADE THAT PRIVACY?

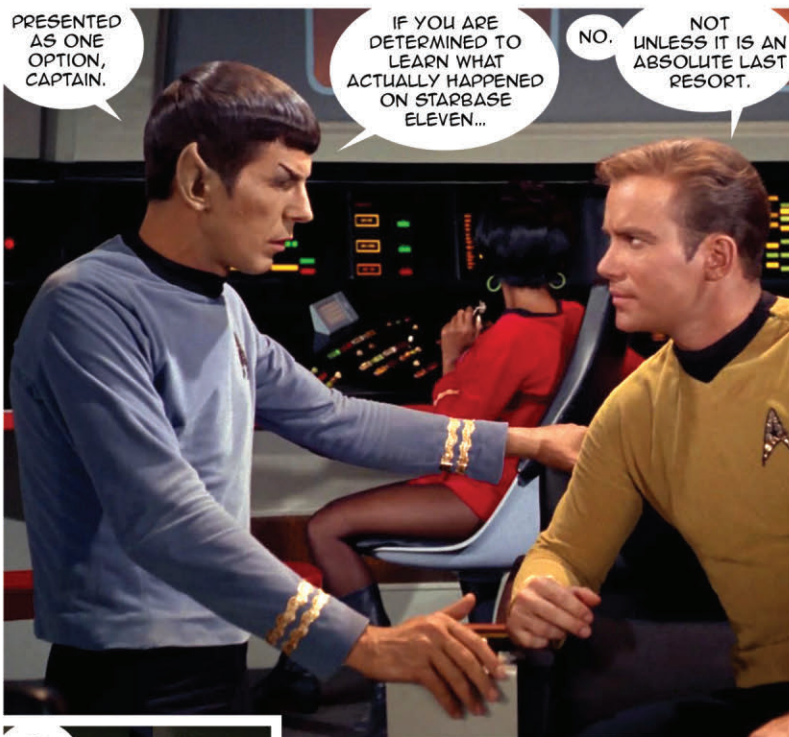
ALL RIGHT, I AGREE WITH THAT MUCH.

BUT AS A VULCAN, YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO REACH INSIDE GEORGE KIRK'S MIND AND FIND OUT JUST WHAT'S GOING ON.

"SHOULDN'T YOU AT LEAST OFFER THAT TO THE CAPTAIN?"



A MIND-MELD?



PRESENTED
AS ONE
OPTION,
CAPTAIN.

IF YOU ARE
DETERMINED TO
LEARN WHAT
ACTUALLY HAPPENED
ON STARBASE
ELEVEN...

NO.

NOT
UNLESS IT IS AN
ABSOLUTE LAST
RESORT.



HAVEN'T
WE REACHED
THAT POINT,
JIM?

"YOU MUST BE
JANICE RAND!"



YOU
KNOW
ME?



BY
NAME.

JIM
DOESN'T
TALK MUCH ABOUT
LIFE ABOARD SHIP IN
THE OCCASIONAL
STARGRAMS HE
SENDS...



...BUT AURELAN,
MY WIFE-- SHE'S
NOTICED YOUR
NAME CROPPING
UP MORE THAN
ONCE!



BUT... TO WHAT
DO I OWE THE
PLEASURE OF THIS
VISIT?



I WAS
UNDER THE
IMPRESSION THAT,
APART FROM JIM,
I WAS MORE OR
LESS IN SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT!

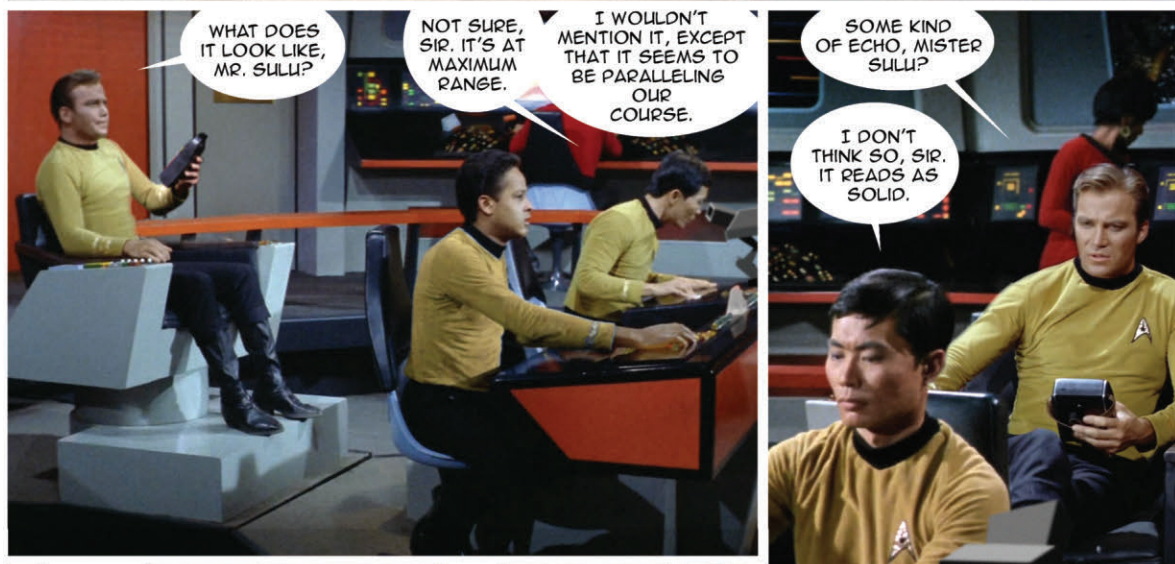


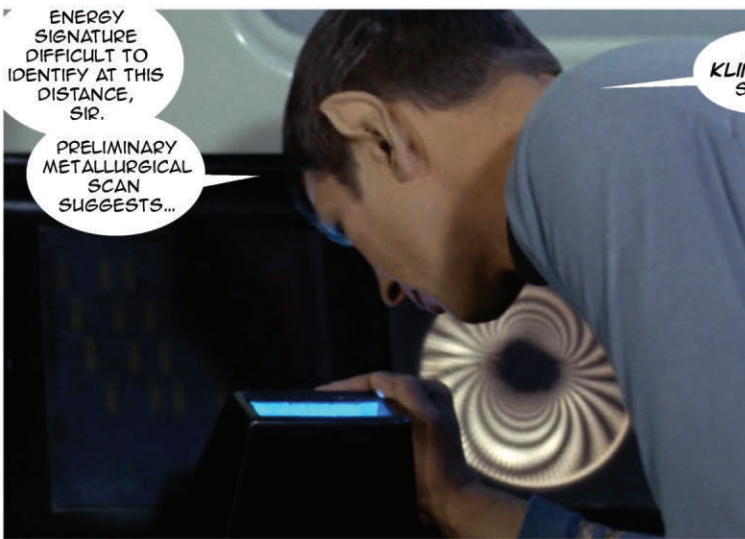
OH, NO!
I MEAN, AT
LEAST I DON'T
THINK
SO!

IT'S
JUST...

WE'VE NEVER
HAD A MEMBER OF
THE CAPTAIN'S FAMILY
ABOARD BEFORE. I...
JUST WANTED TO
MAKE SURE YOU
WERE...

...COMFORT-
ABLE?





ENERGY
SIGNATURE
DIFFICULT TO
IDENTIFY AT THIS
DISTANCE,
SIR.

PRELIMINARY
METALLURGICAL
SCAN
SUGGESTS...

...A
KLINGON
SHIP.



THE
EARTHER
SHIP IS MOVING
OUT OF RANGE,
CAPTAIN.

MOVE
IN.

REMEMBER,
KORAX, THAT'S
THE ENTERPRISE
OUT
THERE...

...AND THE
MAN WHO BRINGS
ITS CAPTAIN'S HEAD
TO THE EMPEROR
WILL EARN A PLACE OF
SPECIAL GLORY IN
THE HALL OF
HEROES!

BUT DON'T
GET TOO
CLOSE -- NOT
JUST
YET.

THEIR
SCANNERS ARE
MORE POWER-
FUL THAN OURS.
WE DON'T
WANT TO BE
SEEN!

YES,
CAPTAIN!





"BRING OUR WEAPONS UP TO POWER..."

"SIR, I'VE LOST THE CONTACT."



NOTHING AT ALL, MISTER SULLI?

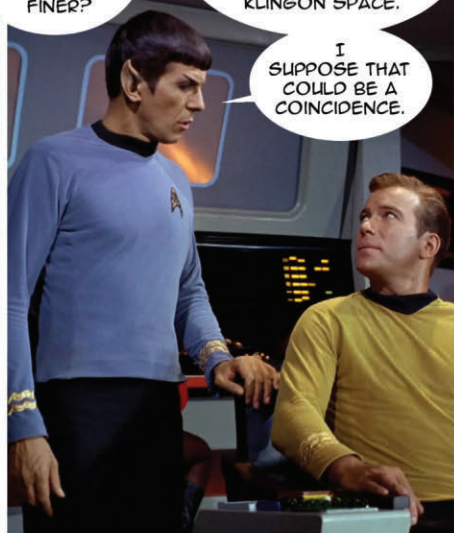
NOT A THING, SIR. DO YOU WANT ME TO ALTER COURSE TO CHECK?

YES, BUT ONLY FOR A FEW MINUTES. WE HAVE A SCHEDULE TO MAINTAIN.



SPOCK, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING FURTHER ON FINER?

NOTHING OF REAL USE, CAPTAIN, ALTHOUGH HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT WAS ON THE EDGE OF KLINGON SPACE.



I SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE A COINCIDENCE.



I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCE, SPOCK!

NOR DO I BELIEVE IN DISCOUNTING POTENTIALLY USEFUL DATA, DOCTOR.

THERE MAY BE A KLINGON SHIP FOLLOWING US.



FINER IS KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO KLINGON SPACE.

THESE FACTS MAY BE CONNECTED.

THE WHY OF IT ISN'T IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW, GENTLEMEN.

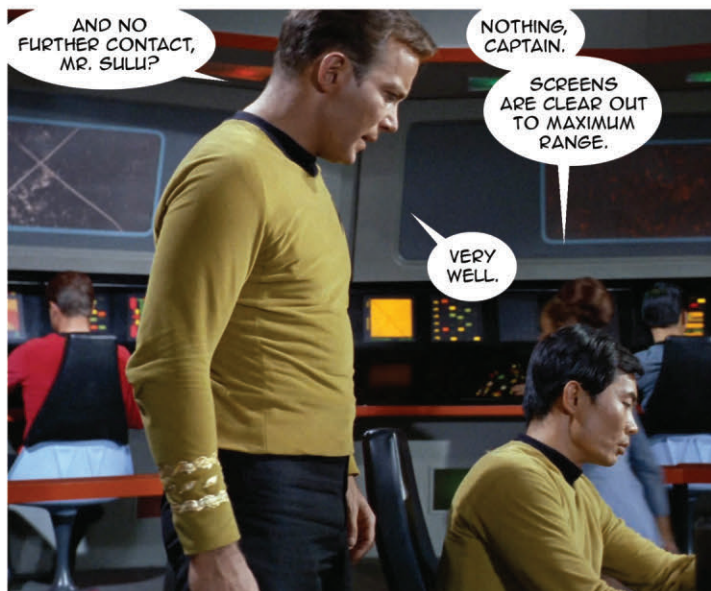


IF THAT IS A KLINGON SHIP, IT IS DEEP INTO FEDERATION SPACE, AND IN VIOLATION OF THE ORGANIAN PEACE TREATY.

AND WE NEED TO SEND IT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!

"THAT'S AN HOUR, CAPTAIN."





AND NO FURTHER CONTACT, MR. SULLY?

NOTHING, CAPTAIN.

SCREENS ARE CLEAR OUT TO MAXIMUM RANGE.

VERY WELL.



BACK ON COURSE FOR EARTH.

WARP FACTOR FIVE.



THE EARTHERS ARE MOVING AWAY, CAPTAIN.

GOOD! THEY HAVE GIVEN UP LOOKING FOR US!

BACK TO OUR PREVIOUS COURSE AND SPEED.

WE DO NOT WANT THEIR PASSENGER TO GET TOO FAR AWAY FROM US.



BUT AGAIN I ASK, KOLOTH... YOU ARE SURE OF THIS PLAN?

WE ARE SO DEEP INTO FEDERATION SPACE, OUR MERE PRESENCE COULD BE ENOUGH TO START A WAR!

AH, YES!



BUT ONCE WE COLLECT THE LAST OF THE DATA GATHERED BY OUR AGENTS...

...WE WILL BE GUARANTEED A CERTAIN VICTORY IN THAT WAR.

GUARANTEED BY NO LESS THAN THE BROTHER OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE ENTERPRISE!



NOW, TO
THE TRANSPORT
CHAMBER.

WE MUST MAKE
SURE THE MOST...
DELICATE PART OF
THIS OPERATION
IS READY.



"WITHOUT IT,
WE HAVE
NOTHING!"

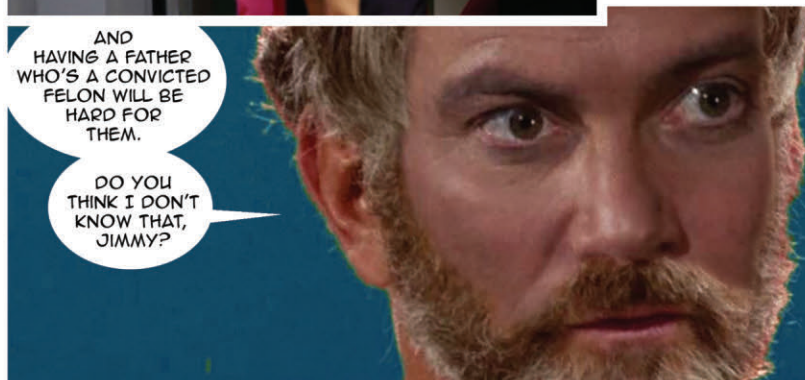
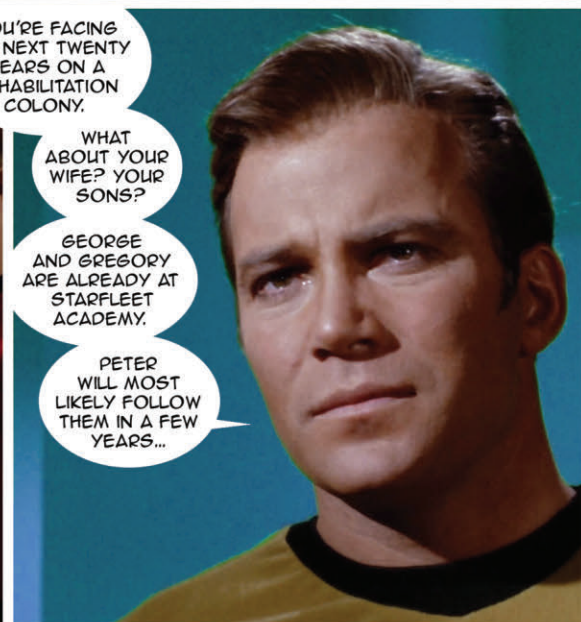
SAM...
IT'S JUST
NOT ACCEPT-
ABLE.

YOU'RE FACING
THE NEXT TWENTY
YEARS ON A
REHABILITATION
COLONY.

WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
WIFE? YOUR
SONS?

GEORGE
AND GREGORY
ARE ALREADY AT
STARFLEET
ACADEMY.

PETER
WILL MOST
LIKELY FOLLOW
THEM IN A FEW
YEARS...



AND
HAVING A FATHER
WHO'S A CONVICTED
FELON WILL BE
HARD FOR
THEM.

DO YOU
THINK I DON'T
KNOW THAT,
JIMMY?

BUT IT
WON'T CAST A
SHADOW FROM
WHICH THEY CAN
NEVER
ESCAPE.

IT
WON'T
DISGRACE
THEM!

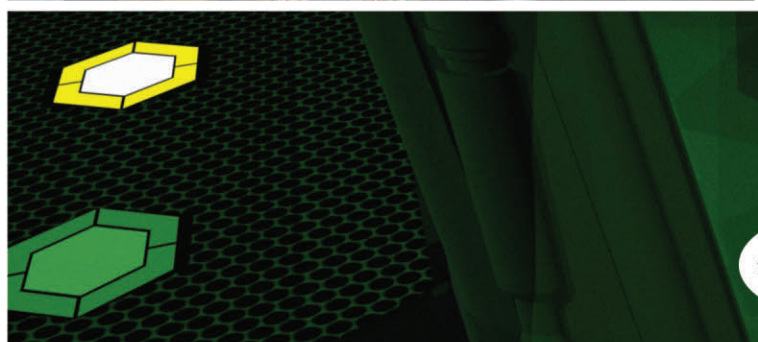
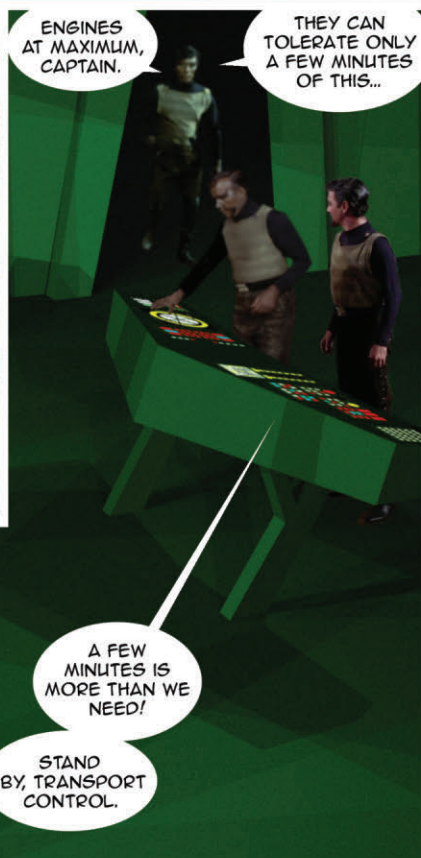
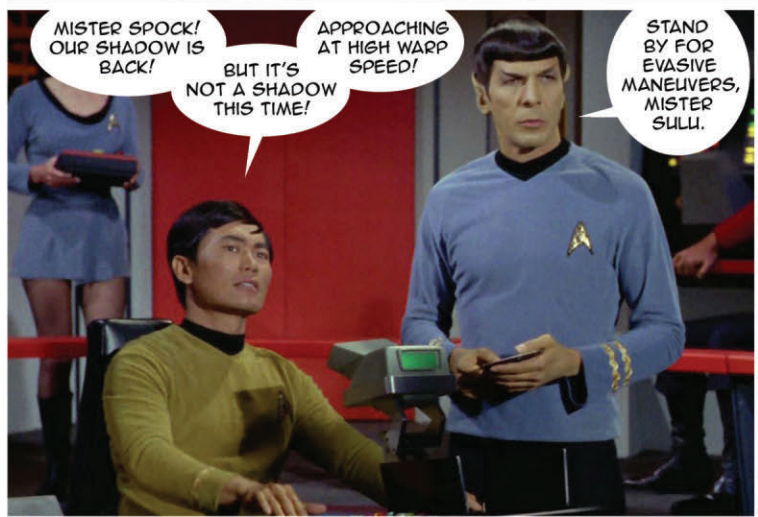
DISGRACE
THE WHOLE
FAMILY...



SAM!
YOU'RE NOT
MAKING ANY
SENSE!

NO?
IF I COULD
BE SURE...

IF I
COULD BE
SURE YOU
MEANT
THAT...







WHAT??

THEY MUST
BE PUSHIN' THEIR
ENGINES T'THE
BREAKIN' POINT!

THOSE
KLINGON RUST
BUCKETS CANNAAE
MAINTAIN SPEEDS
LIKE THAT!



IT DOESN'T
MATTER HOW
THEY'RE DOING
IT!

THEY'VE
GOT JIM AND
HIS
BROTHER!

WE
HAVE TO GET
AFTER
THEM!!



FOR
ONCE YOU ARE
CORRECT,
DOCTOR.

PURSUIT
COURSE,
HELM.

MR. SCOTT,
CAN YOU GIVE US
A SUSTAINED
WARP FACTOR
NINE?

IF
THAT'S WHAT
Y'NEED...



"...THAT'S WHAT
YE'LL GET!"

WELL,
WELL,
WELL!!

WHAT A
DELIGHTFUL
SURPRISE!

WELCOME
ABOARD MY
SHIP, CAPTAIN
KIRK!



I DON'T
BELIEVE I'VE HAD
THE PLEASURE,
CAPTAIN...

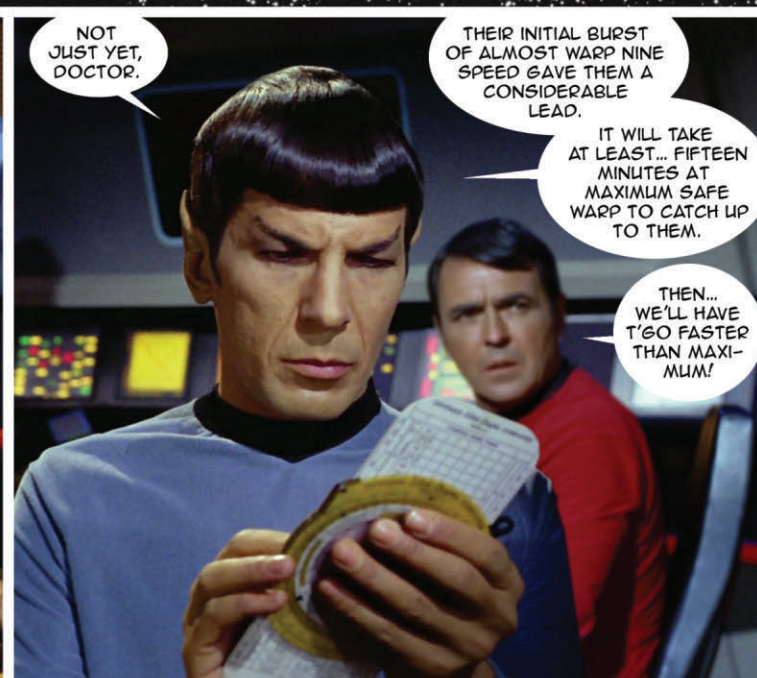
CAPTAIN...?

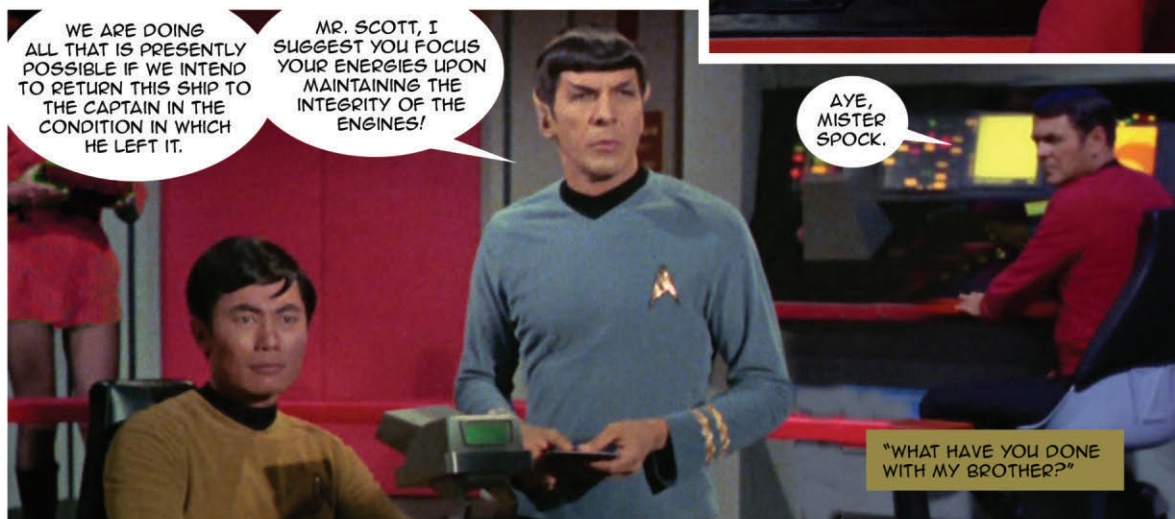


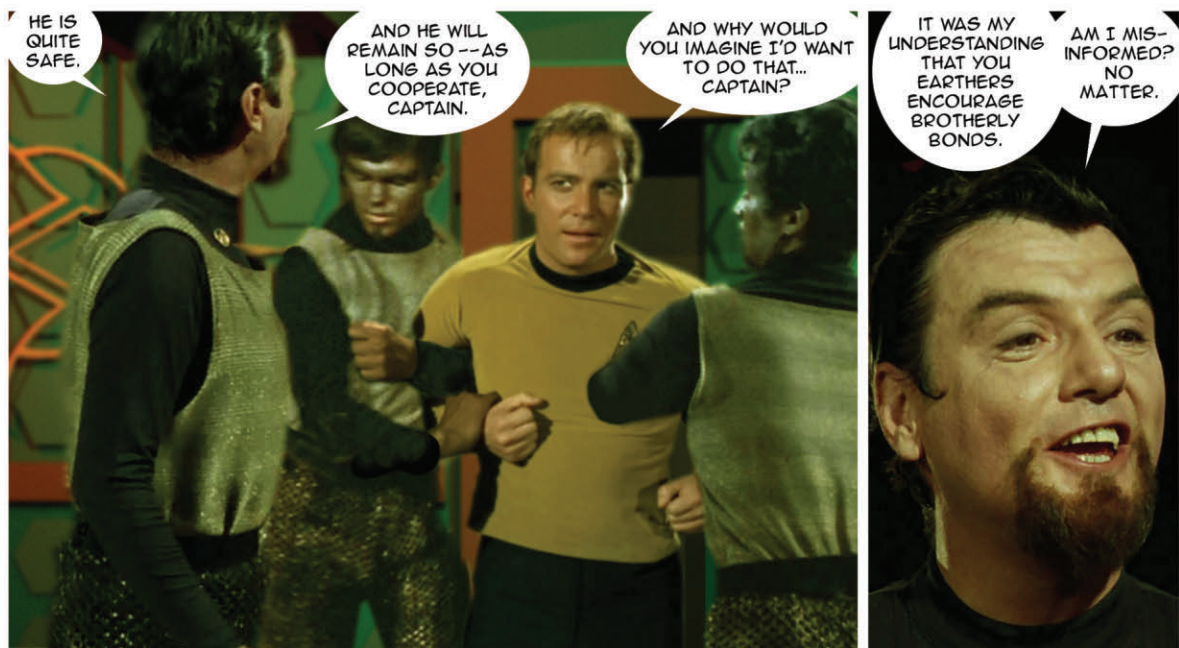
YOU
WOUND ME,
CAPTAIN!

DO NOT STARFLEET
OFFICERS MAKE A HABIT
OF STUDYING THEIR
ENEMIES AS WE
KLINGONS
DO?

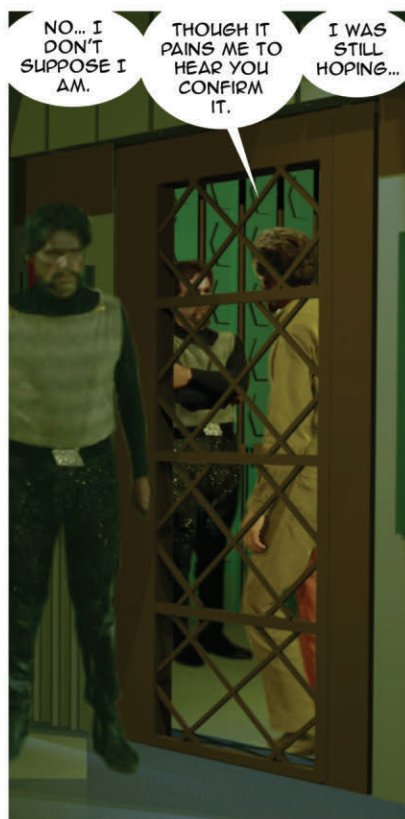
NO MATTER.
I AM KOLOTH,
AND THIS IS MY
FIRST OFFICER,
KORAX.







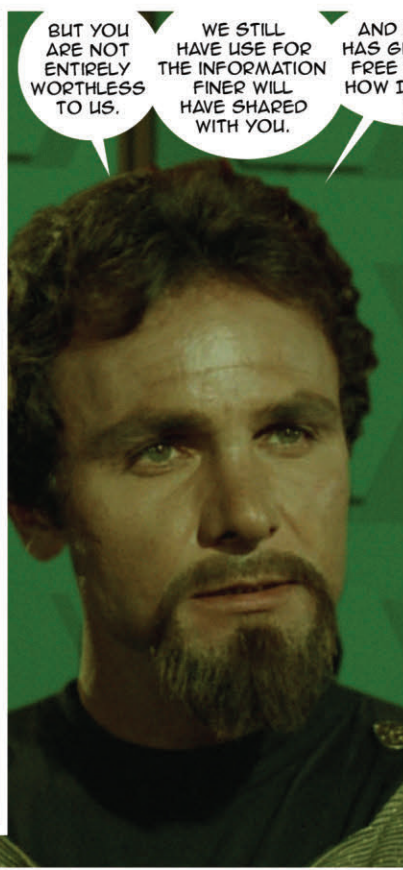




NO... I DON'T SUPPOSE I AM.

THOUGH IT PAINS ME TO HEAR YOU CONFIRM IT.

I WAS STILL HOPING...



BUT YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY WORTHLESS TO US.

WE STILL HAVE USE FOR THE INFORMATION FINER WILL HAVE SHARED WITH YOU.

AND KOLOTH HAS GIVEN ME A FREE HAND IN HOW I EXTRACT IT...



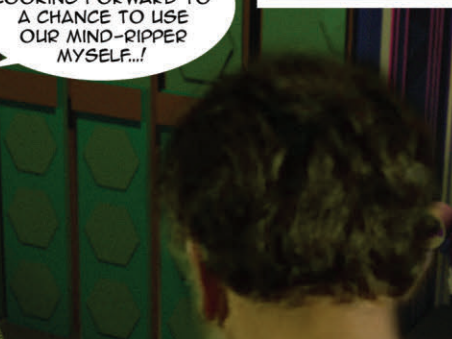
INFORMATION? I DON'T HAVE ANY.

AND I WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO YOU IF I DID!

I'M SO VERY PLEASED TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!



I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A CHANCE TO USE OUR MIND-RIPPER MYSELF...



WE'VE GOT TO GO FASTER, SPOCK!



WE'VE ALMOST CAUGHT UP TO THEM!

A BURST OF SPEED NOW, AND...

YOUR TACTICS ARE CORRECT, DOCTOR.

IT IS YOUR TIMING THAT LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.



HOWEVER, IT IS TIME FOR CERTAIN PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

THE ORGANIAN PEACE TREATY WILL NOT ALLOW US TO USE THEM...

...BUT BRING THE FORWARD PHASERS ON LINE, MISTER SULLI.



THAT'LL DRAIN POWER FROM THE ENGINES WE MAY NEED LATER, MR. SPOCK.

AN' Y'KNOW THOSE BLASTED ORGANIANS'LL TURN EVERYTHIN' SCALDIN' HOT IF WE TRY T'USE 'EM!



I DINNAE WISH T'SEEM INSUBORDINATE, MR. SPOCK, BUT...

I AM WELL AWARE OF THE CONDITIONS AS THEY EXIST, ENGINEER.

I AM ALSO AWARE THAT ANY ATTEMPT TO RETRIEVE THE CAPTAIN AND HIS BROTHER WILL INVOLVE A DEGREE OF... CALCULATED RISK.



NOW, IF YOU WILL ATTEND TO YOUR ENGINES, MAKE CERTAIN THEY WILL BE READY FOR THAT BURST OF SPEED WHEN WE NEED IT...

MISTER SULLI, I CALCULATE WE WILL BE WITHIN RANGE IN LESS THAN FOUR MINUTES.



ARE YOU READY?

ALL SET, MR. SPOCK.



THEN STAND BY!

"AND I'M SUPPOSED TO THINK THAT'S FUNNY?"





PLEASE DO
BE CAREFUL,
CAPTAIN.

I'M SURE
NEITHER OF US
WANT THAT
WEAPON TO
DISCHARGE
ACCIDENTALLY.

YOU SEEM TO
BE MISSING AN
IMPORTANT
DETAIL,
CAPTAIN.

BASED ON
HOW THE
ORGANIANS
LEFT OUR
WARRING PARTIES...



...I SHOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO ATTACK YOUR
GUARDS...

...OR EVEN
BE HOLDING
THIS GUN
WITHOUT
SEVERE
PAIN.

I TOOK
A CHANCE
BECAUSE I HAD
TO, BUT...



YOU HAVE JUST
DISCOVERED SOME-
THING WE KLINGONS
HAVE KNOWN FOR
QUITE SOME
TIME.

IT WOULD SEEM
THE ORGANIANS
OVER-REACHED THEM-
SELVES WHEN THEY
TRIED TO MEDDLE
IN OUR
BUSINESS.

THAT, OR THEY
THINK WE WILL
ASSUME THEIR
INFLUENCE REMAINS
IN EFFECT ALL
THESE MONTHS
LATER.

BUT
THE KLINGON
HIGH COMMAND HAS
BEEN TESTING THE
LIMITS OF THE
ORGANIAN PEACE
TREATY...

...AND HAVE
LEARNED WHAT
YOU HAVE NOW
LEARNED.

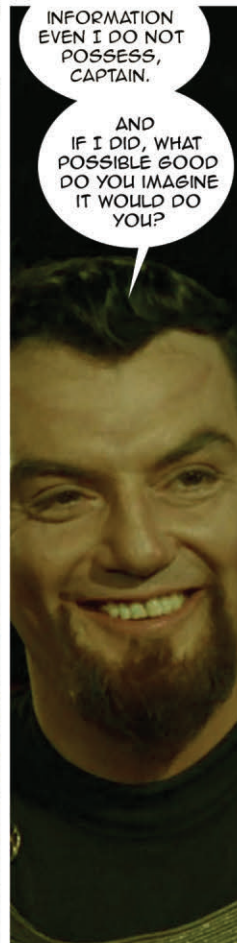


ALL OF WHICH
EXPLAINS THE SUDDEN
RENEWAL OF
ESPIONAGE
ACTIVITIES...

...SUCH
AS FINER'S
SPYING.

THE KLINGON
EMPIRE IS PLANNING
AN ATTACK ON
FEDERATION
SPACE.

WHEN?



INFORMATION
EVEN I DO NOT
POSSESS,
CAPTAIN.

AND
IF I DID, WHAT
POSSIBLE GOOD
DO YOU IMAGINE
IT WOULD DO
YOU?



"YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR
PRECIOUS FEDERATION
AGAIN!"

THIS
IS YOUR
LAST
CHANCE.



I TWIST A FEW OF THESE DIALS...

...AND YOUR MIND SPLITS OPEN LIKE AN OVER-RIPE KTAKA FRUIT.

THEN I HOPE YOU'RE USED TO BEING DISAPPOINTED, KLINGON.

YOU CAN PUREE MY BRAIN IF YOU WANT TO...

...YOU'RE STILL NOT GOING TO FIND ANYTHING YOU WANT!



IT WOULD SEEM YOU POSSESS AT LEAST SOME OF YOUR BROTHER'S INFAMOUS INSOLENCE.

GOOD. THAT WILL MAKE THIS AN EVEN GREATER PLEASURE!



WELL, CAPTAIN, I'VE LED YOU TO THE CELL HOLDING YOUR BROTHER.

WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO NOW?



I REMIND YOU THE WEAPON YOU ARE HOLDING HAS NO "STUN" SETTING...

...AND YOU EARTHERS DO HAVE YOUR RATHER ODD RULES AGAINST KILLING...



TONG TONG TONG TONG TONG TONG

THERE GO THE ALARMS!

SAM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE!

JIMMY...? HEAD... ALL... FUZZY...

CAN'T... THINK...

LEAVE THE THINKING TO ME!

I CAN HEAR MORE KLINGONS COMING!

LET'S GO!



GO? WHERE? WE'RE ON A KLINGON SHIP!

LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT!

THE ENTERPRISE IS BOUND TO BE GIVING CHASE.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GIVE THEM TIME TO CATCH UP!

COMING UP ON MAXIMUM SAFE TRANSPORTER RANGE, MISTER SPOCK.

VERY GOOD, MR. SULLI.



SPOCK!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRY TO BEAM US OVER AT THIS SPEED!

NO, DOCTOR, I AM NOT.

DESPITE YOUR HAVING APPARENTLY CHANGED YOUR UNIFORM IN ANTICIPATION...

...YOU WILL NOT BE PART OF THIS EXPEDITION.









HOW--
HOW DID YOU
KNOW THEY
WOULDN'T
FIRE?

THEY
DON'T
DARE.

IF
THEY MISS,
THEY COULD
DAMAGE THE
SHIP.



ALTHOUGH
IT SEEMS LIKE
SOME OF THEM
DON'T REALIZE
THAT!!



STOP!!



WHICH
OF YOU FOOLS
OPENED
FIRE??

NEVER MIND!
I SHALL DEAL
WITH ALL OF YOU
LATER!

FOR NOW,
GET AFTER THE
EARTHERS!

THEY
SHOULD JUST NOW
BE REALIZING THEY
HAVE TURNED DOWN
A DEAD
END!

BLAST!

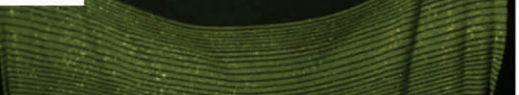
THIS IS
THE ACCESS TO
THEIR ENGINEERING
SECTION.

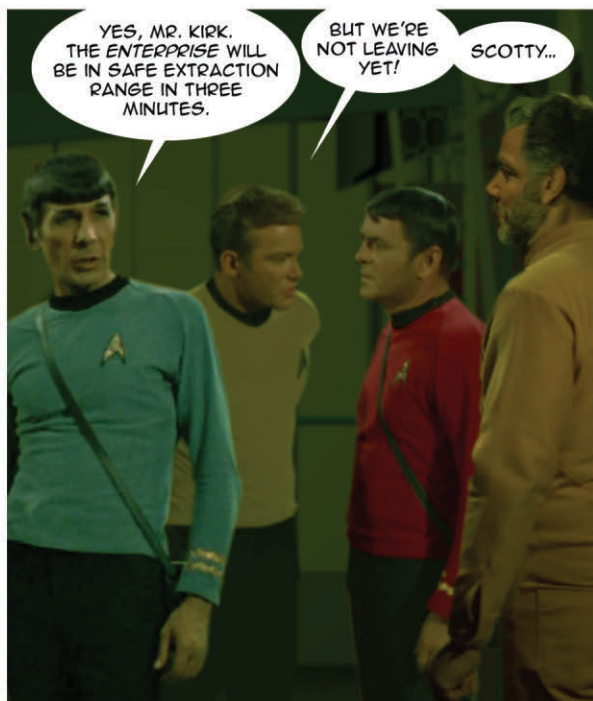
I THOUGHT
WE WERE ON THE
DECK ABOVE
THAT!



THEN...
WE'RE
TRAPPED?

YES,
YOU
ARE!







OH, I'LL NOT
BE DOIN' THAT,
MISTER
SPOCK!

BUT I NEED A
MOMENT TO WORK
OUT WHAT WILL DO
THE MOST
DAMAGE...

...WITH-
OUT
BLOWIN' US ALL
UP!

JUST CRIPPLE
THEM THIS SIDE
OF THEIR BORDER,
SCOTTY!

MORE
KLINGON
TROOPS WILL BE
HEADING OUR WAY
AT ANY
MOMENT!



JIMMY! I THINK
THEY'RE COMING!
I CAN HEAR
BOOTS.

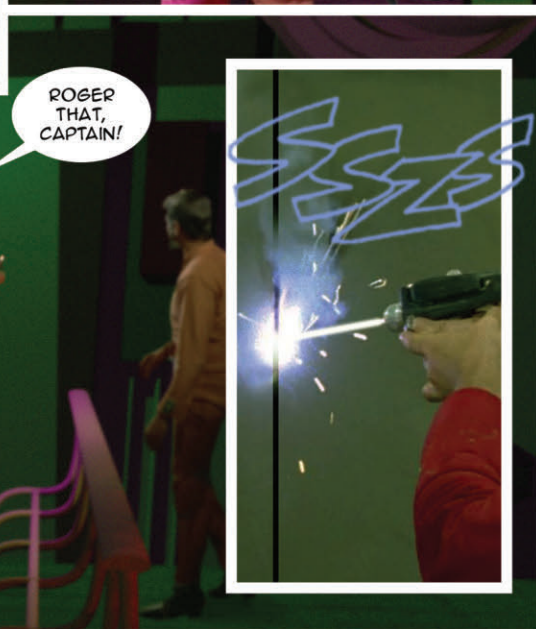
AND
LOTS OF
THEM!



SAM,
STAND
CLEAR!

MARTINS!
SEAL THAT
DOOR!

ROGER
THAT,
CAPTAIN!



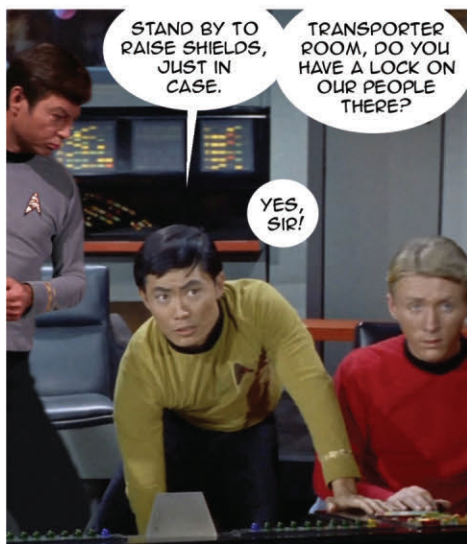
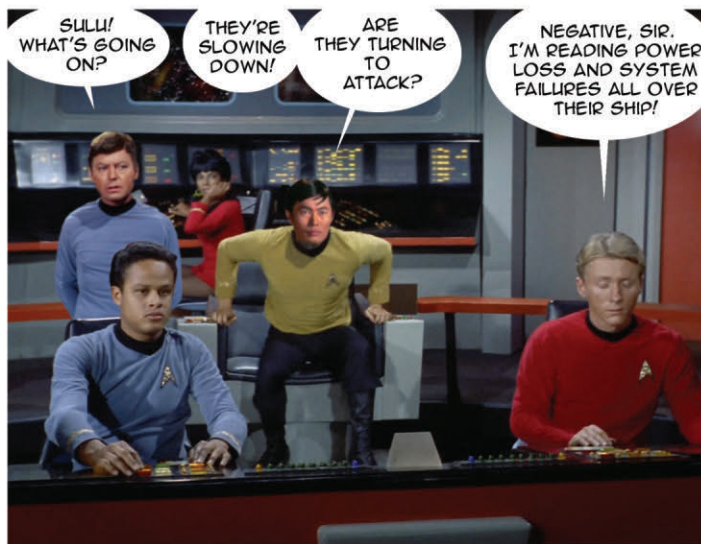
THERE
WE GO,
CAP'N!

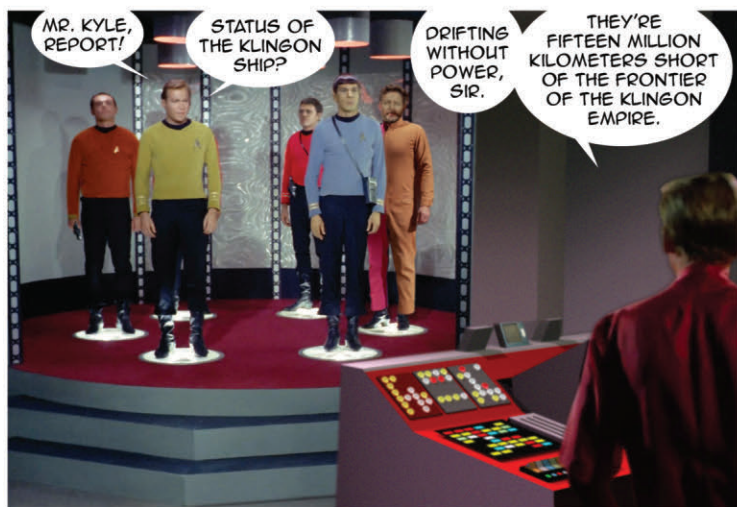
EXCELLENT,
MISTER
SCOTT!

SPOCK?

ENTERPRISE
NOW WITHIN
RANGE,
CAPTAIN.

FLIP ONE
SWITCH AN' IT
WILL START A
CASCADE OF
FAILURES
THROUGH THE
SHIP!





MR. KYLE,
REPORT!

STATUS OF
THE KLINGON
SHIP?

DRIFTING
WITHOUT
POWER,
SIR.

THEY'RE
FIFTEEN MILLION
KILOMETERS SHORT
OF THE FRONTIER
OF THE KLINGON
EMPIRE.



EXCELLENT.
LET'S MAKE
SURE THEY STAY
THERE!

LT. UHURA,
NOTIFY STARFLEET
COMMAND OF THIS
KLINGON
INCURSION.

HAVE THEM
SEND A
SECURITY FORCE
TO... INSPECT THE
KLINGON
SHIP.



THAT SHOULD KEEP
THE KLINGONS FROM
CLAIMING THEY DID NOT
ENTER FEDERATION
SPACE.

BUT NOW,
SAM, THERE IS
STILL SOME
BUSINESS TO TAKE
CARE OF WITH
YOU!



I
CONCUR,
CAPTAIN.

THE
ADDITIONAL
EVIDENCE YOU
HAVE
FOUND...



...DEFINITELY
WARRANTS A
RECLASSIFICATION
OF GEORGE
KIRK'S ACTIONS
HERE.

SINCE HE
EXPOSED A
KLINGON AGENT,
HE MAY EVEN
QUALIFY FOR A
COMMENDATION
FROM STAR
FLEET!



PER MY ORDER
THIS DAY, THE
ENTERPRISE IS AUTHOR-
IZED TO DIVERT TO
EARTH COLONY
TWO...

...AND
TAKE MR.
KIRK HOME TO HIS
FAMILY.

MENDEZ
OUT.

WELL,
MISTER
KIRK...

...I'D
SAY CONGRAT-
ULATIONS
ARE IN ORDER!



GOOD
LUCK MUST
BE BAKED IN
THE KIRK
GENES!



BUT NOW,
IF MR. KIRK
WILL EXCUSE
US...
CAPTAIN,
THERE ARE
MATTERS OF
FEDERATION
SECURITY WE
MUST
DISCUSS.



YES, OF
COURSE, MR.
SPOCK.

JIMMY...
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER?

YES.

JIM....



I GET THE
SENSE THERE'S
STILL SOME
TENSION
BETWEEN YOU
AND YOUR
BROTHER.
IS
THERE SOME-
THING I
CAN...

NOT NOW,
BONES.

SPOCK,
YOU'RE ALSO
CONCERNED
ABOUT THE
ORGANIAN
TREATY?

YES,
CAPTAIN.

IF, AS WOULD
SEEM TO BE THE
CASE, THE ORGANIANS
HAVE... RELAXED
THEIR INFLUENCE OVER
US...



WE CAN ALMOST
CERTAINLY EXPECT
MORE HOSTILE
ACTION FROM THE
KLINGONS.

THINGS
CAPTAIN KOLOTH
SAID SUGGESTED
SUCH ACTION MAY
ALREADY BE IN
THE OFFING.



WE'D BETTER PREPARE
A FULL REPORT AND HAVE
UHURA TRANSMIT IT
TO STARFLEET COMMAND
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE.

CAPTAIN,
SINCE WE DO
NOT KNOW WHICH OF
OUR CODES THE KLINGONS
MAY HAVE CURRENTLY
BROKEN...

...I
SUGGEST WE WAIT
UNTIL WE REACH
EARTH COLONY TWO,
AND HAND OFF THE
DATA TO AN
OFFICIAL STARFLEET
REPRESENT-
ATIVE.

GOOD
IDEA!

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 3205.1...

ENTERING STANDARD
ORBIT AROUND EARTH
COLONY TWO.

IN ONE HOUR, I SHALL
BE BEAMING DOWN TO
MEET WITH STAR FLEET
COMMODORE NIVEN.

BUT FIRST, I HAVE
A PERSONAL MATTER
TO ATTEND TO.

YOU'RE
DISMISSED
NOW,
YEOMAN.

OH,
CAPTAIN,
THERE YOU
ARE...

ER,
YES,
SIR!

HELLO, JIMMY.
I'VE JUST BEEN
SHARING SOME OF
YOUR DARKEST
SECRETS WITH
YOUR PRETTY
YEOMAN.

THAT WAS
INAPPROPRIATE,
SAM. SHE'S
PART OF MY
CREW.

OH, I
WASN'T
REALLY SAYING
ANYTHING,
JIMMY!

BUT, COME ON
NOW, JIM! I
HAVEN'T TAKEN CARE
OF YOU ALL OUR
LIVES WITHOUT
LEARNING ALL YOUR
MOODS.

THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE
ON YOUR MIND,
ISN'T THERE?

I STILL
DON'T UNDER-
STAND WHY YOU
CHOSE TO ACT
ON YOUR OWN
IN THIS.

WHAT
IS IT?

WHAT
I SAID ON
KOLOTH'S SHIP.

WHY
YOU DIDN'T
CONTACT
ME.

IT ALL
HAPPENED SO
FAST. WHEN I
LEARNED FROM
FINER THAT YOU
WERE IN ON
IT...

I
HAD TO
ACT QUICKLY. IN
CASE IT WAS
TRUE.

WHAT
ELSE COULD
I HAVE
DONE?







MORE OF THE SERPENT THAN THE DOVE

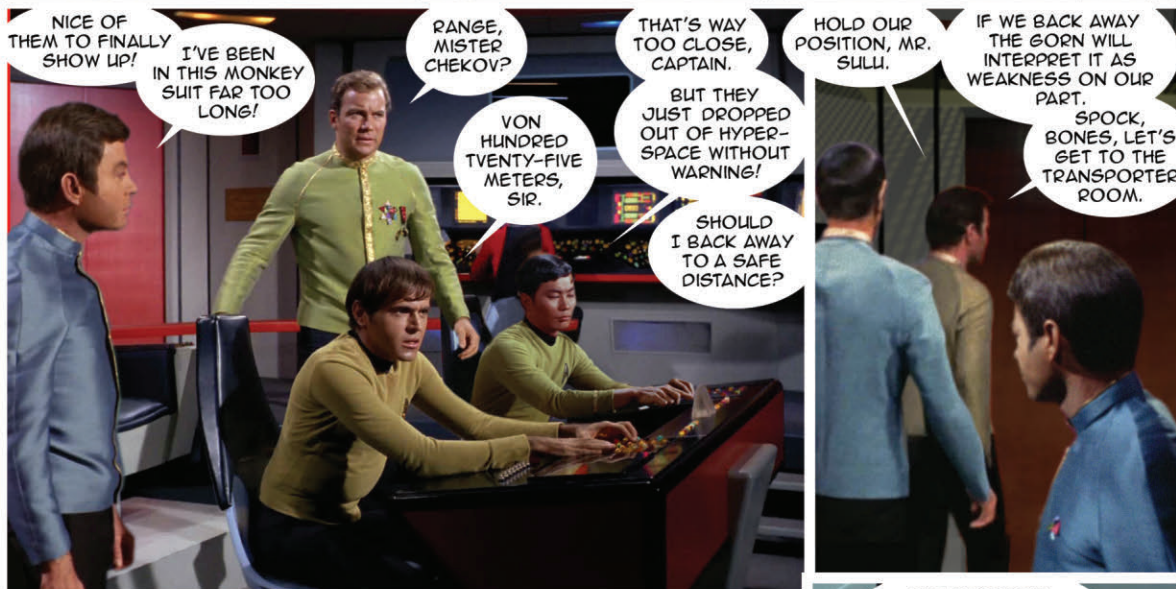


CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 3391.6.

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE HOLDING
AT THE BOUNDARY OF
GORN SPACE.

WE HAVE BEEN HERE
FOR SEVENTEEN
HOURS...

HERE
DEY COME,
KEPTIN!



NICE OF
THEM TO FINALLY
SHOW UP!

I'VE BEEN
IN THIS MONKEY
SUIT FAR TOO
LONG!

RANGE,
MISTER
CHEKOV?

THAT'S WAY
TOO CLOSE,
CAPTAIN.

HOLD OUR
POSITION, MR.
SULLI.

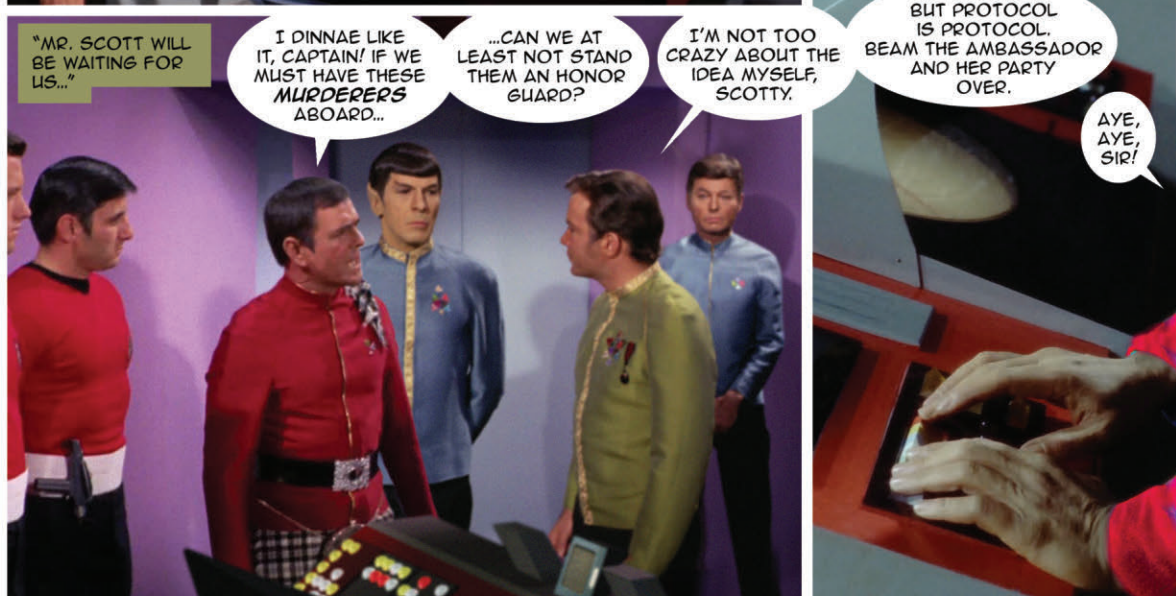
IF WE BACK AWAY
THE GORN WILL
INTERPRET IT AS
WEAKNESS ON OUR
PART.

SPOCK,
BONES, LET'S
GET TO THE
TRANSPORTER
ROOM.

VON
HUNDRED
TWENTY-FIVE
METERS,
SIR.

BUT THEY
JUST DROPPED
OUT OF HYPER-
SPACE WITHOUT
WARNING!

SHOULD
I BACK AWAY
TO A SAFE
DISTANCE?



"MR. SCOTT WILL
BE WAITING FOR
US..."

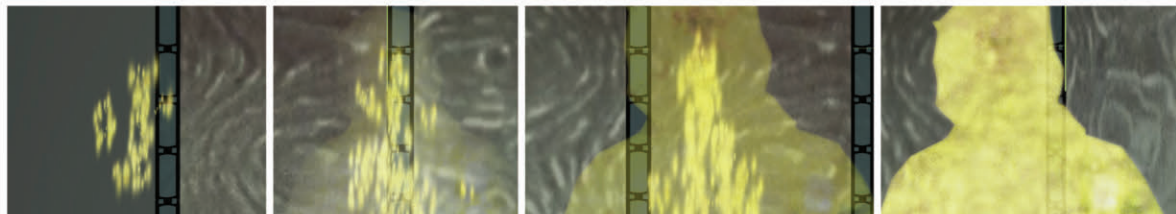
I DINNAE LIKE
IT, CAPTAIN! IF WE
MUST HAVE THESE
MURDERERS
ABOARD...

...CAN WE AT
LEAST NOT STAND
THEM AN HONOR
GUARD?

I'M NOT TOO
CRAZY ABOUT THE
IDEA MYSELF,
SCOTTY.

BUT PROTOCOL
IS PROTOCOL.
BEAM THE AMBASSADOR
AND HER PARTY
OVER.

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!



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**

Photomontage
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**

WELCOME
ABOARD THE
U.S.S.
ENTERPRISE.

MY
CREW LOOKS
FORWARD TO
ASSISTING YOU IN
ANY WAY WE
CAN.

DOCTOR,
WHICH ONE
O'Y'EECKON IS
THE AMBAS-
SADOR?



"MORE OF THE SERPENT THAN THE DOVE"

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



WE THANK YOU, CAPTAIN KIRK.

IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO MEET YOU.

I AM CHIEF DELEGATE KRASSASS...

...AND THIS IS AMBASSADOR SSHRAKISS.

I MUST ALSO EXPRESS THE HONOR IN MEETING YOU, CAPTAIN.

IN THE SHORT TIME SINCE THE FIRST ENCOUNTER OF OUR RACES, YOUR NAME HAS BECOME A LEGEND AMONG MY PEOPLE.

YOUR DISPLAY OF MERCY TOWARD A FALLEN ENEMY WAS EXTRA-ORDINARY.

IT IS NOT A CONCEPT WITH WHICH MY RACE HAS MUCH FAMILIARITY, CREWMAN.



MERCY! OCH, SHE USES THE WORD LIKE SHE'S NAE EVER HEARD IT BEFORE!

WE APPLY MERCY ONLY WHEN IT IS EXPEDIENT TO DO SO.

THIS IS MY CHIEF ENGINEER, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER SCOTT.

I... APOLOGIZE IF HIS WORDS IN SOME WAY OFFENDED.

I'M SURE YOU WERE NOT MEANT TO HEAR THEM.



REALLY? YOU DISAPPOINT ME, CAPTAIN KIRK.

YOU WILL FIND WE GORN PREFER ALWAYS TO SPEAK BLUNTLY.

WE DO NOT CLOAK OUR THOUGHTS IN WHISPERS.

AMBASSADOR...



"IT IS LATE BY OUR TIME. WE SHOULD RETIRE TO OUR CABINS."

DO YOU ALWAYS KEEP YOUR SHIP SO COLD, CAPTAIN KIRK?



THE TEMPERATURE IS MAINTAINED AT AN AVERAGE COMFORT LEVEL FOR HUMANS.

HOWEVER, THESE QUARTERS WE HAVE READY FOR YOU ARE SEVENTY DEGREES WARMER.

THEN I WILL BE SPENDING THE ENTIRE VOYAGE HERE, IT WOULD SEEM!

AMBASSADOR, YOU MUST BE ON THE BRIDGE LATER FOR OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION WITH...



DO NOT FUSS, KRASSASS. I KNOW MY DUTY.

YES, MA'AM!!



VERY WELL, THEN, AMBASSADOR, I WILL SEND SOMEONE TO ESCORT YOU TO THE BRIDGE AT EIGHTEEN HUNDRED HOURS.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN KIRK.

BOY! THEY JUST DON'T GET ALONG WITH ANYBODY, DO THEY? NOT EVEN THEIR OWN!

I STILL DINNAE UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVE TO FERRY THEM TO THIS CONFERENCE. THEY HAVE WARP DRIVE.

THEIR REQUEST IS LOGICAL, MR. SCOTT.

FACTIONS ON THE GORN PLANET ARE OPPOSED TO THIS TREATY.



THE GORN GOVERNMENT AND THE FEDERATION AGREE...

...THAT FEWER GORN MEAN LESS CHANCES FOR SABOTAGE.

SO WE WERE PICKED TO CARRY THIS SMALL PARTY.



"THIS WAY WE SHOULD MINIMIZE PROBLEMS."

CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL.

THE GORN AMBASSADOR'S PARTY WAS SAFELY ABOARD...



BUT WHAT WE
COULD NOT KNOW
THEN...



...WAS THAT ONE
AMONG THAT PARTY
WAS A SABOTEUR...



...BENT ON THE
DESTRUCTION OF
THE MISSION, AND
THIS SHIP!



WELCOME
TO THE BRIDGE,
AMBASSADOR.
I APOLOGIZE
FOR THE
COLD.



WHAT
IS IT, MR.
CHEKOV?

SIR, I AM
LOOSINK POWER
ON MY
NAWIGATION
BEAM.

RANGE
DECREASINK
FAST!

SIR!

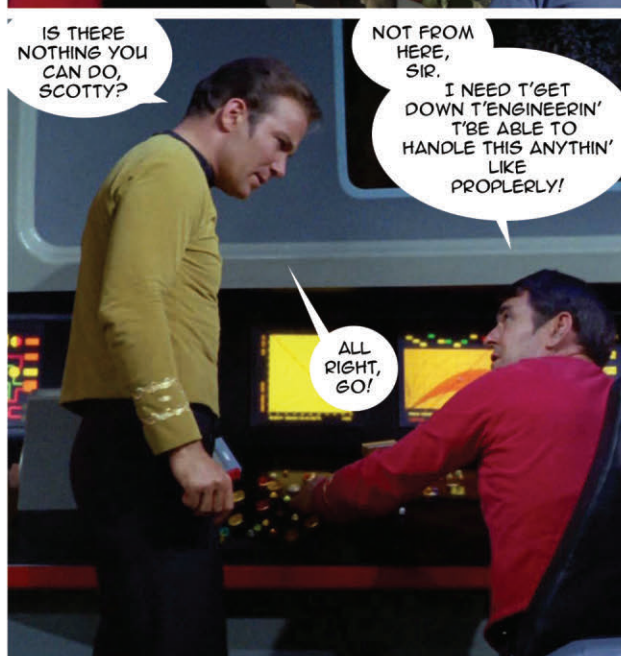


THE SAME
THING IS HAPPENING
TO MY HELM
CONTROLS.!

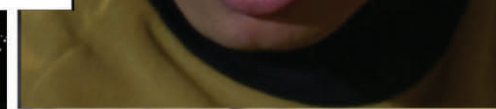
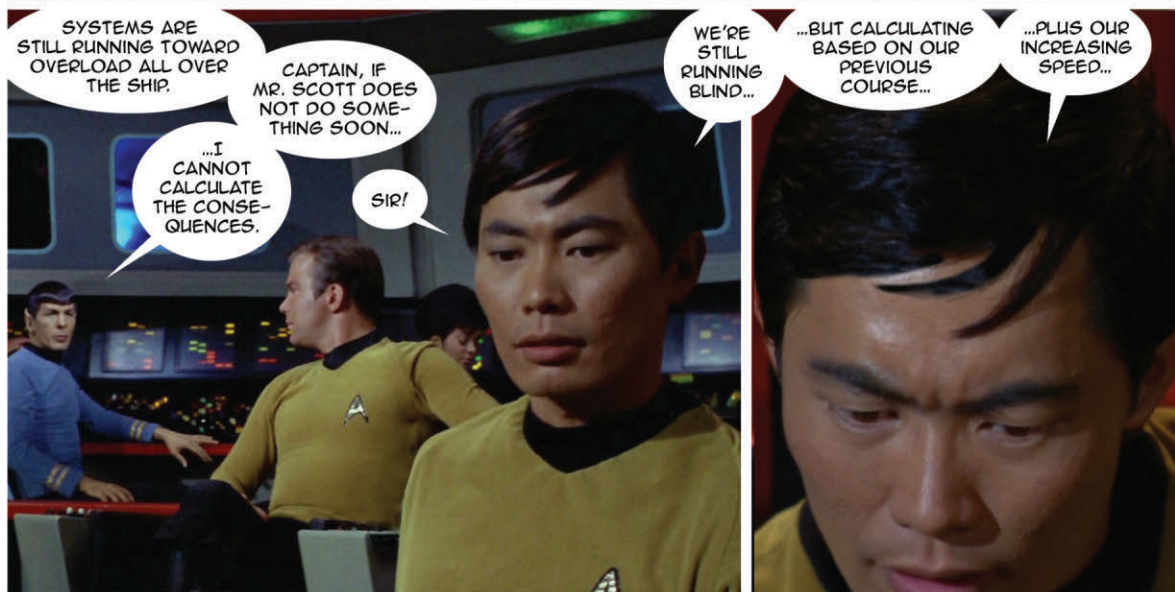
I'M
BLIND ON ALL
SIDES!



CAPTAIN,
WE'RE LOSING
COMMUNICATIONS,
TOO!

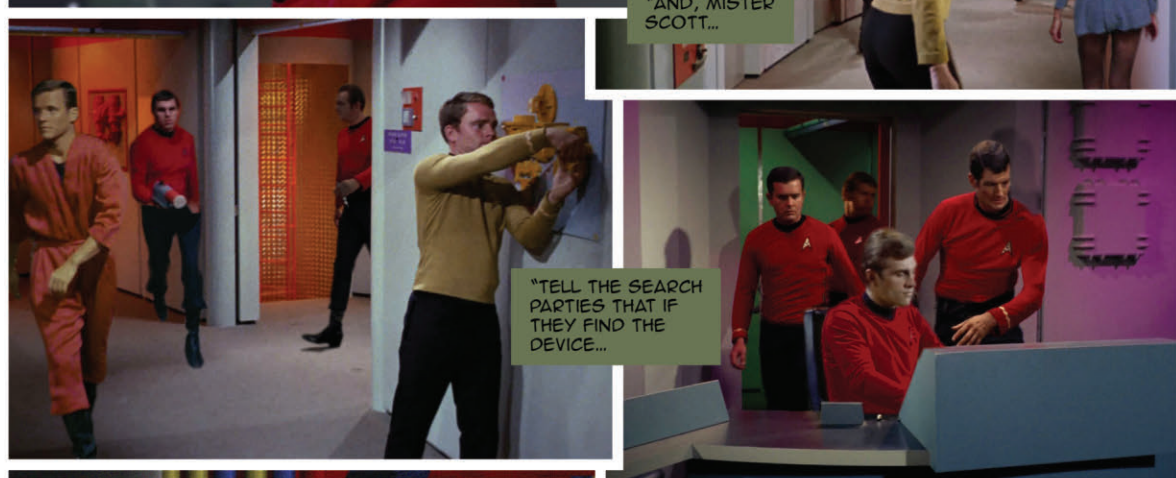


















I'M FINE...
I'M
FINE.

IT'S THIS BLASTED
HEAT! IF WE COULD
JUST HAVE A BREAK
FROM IT FOR A FEW
MINUTES.

I CONFESS
I DO NOT
FEEL IT.

CAN
YOU STILL GET
TO OUR DESTI-
NATION?



OF COURSE!
IT'S RIGHT
HERE!

BUT NOW
THAT I LOOK AT
Y'NEXT TO IT...
D'YE THINK YE'LL
EVEN FIT?

I
MUST!



THEN
I'LL GO
FIRST!

"LIEUTENANT
LIHURA!"



ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

GET HER
TO HER SEAT,
SPOCK!

NONE
OF US SHOULD
BE MOVING AROUND
ANY MORE THAN WE
HAVE TO!

IT'S
THE HEAT.
I DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH MORE
I CAN
TAKE!



SIR...



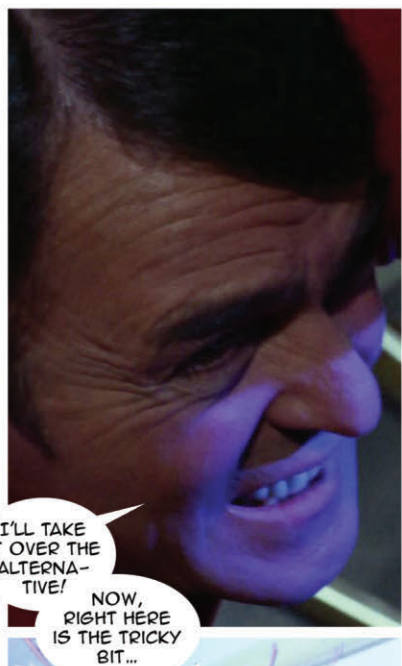
"...CALCULATING
TEN MINUTES TO
IMPACT!"



IF Y'RE
RIGHT, LIZARD,
WE CAN REGAIN
CONTROL BY
DIVERTIN' TH'
CONTROL
CIRCUITS.

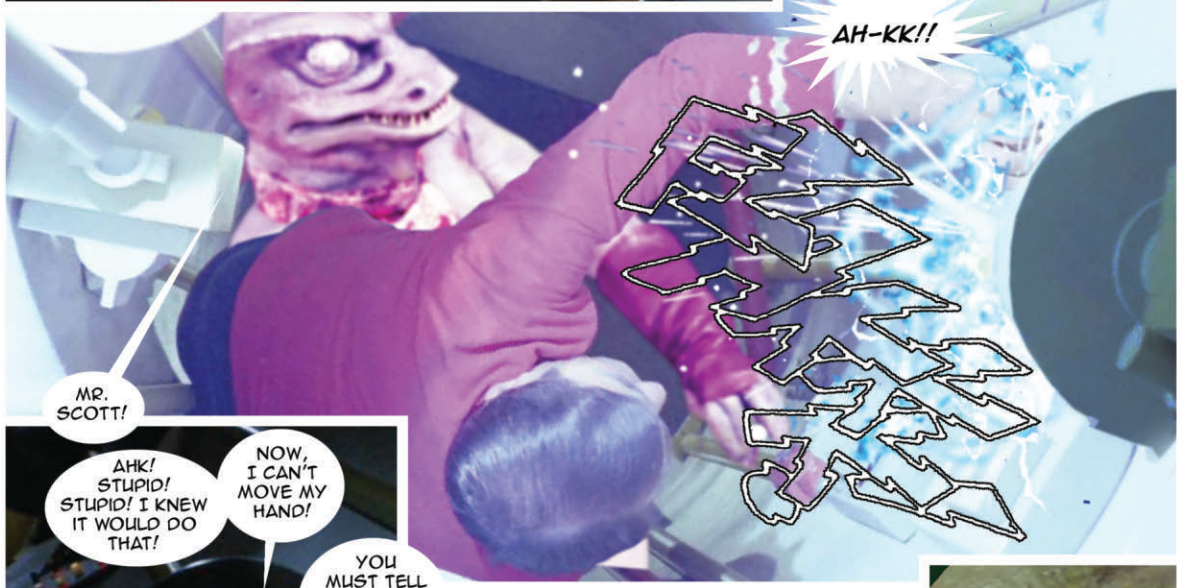
RUNNIN' ALL
THE COMMANDS
THROUGH SYSTEMS
INTENDED FOR
OTHER PURPOSES
ENTIRELY!

YES,
BUT IT IS
ONLY A
THEORY...



I'LL TAKE
IT OVER THE
ALTERNA-
TIVE!

NOW,
RIGHT HERE
IS THE TRICKY
BIT...



AH-KK!!



MR.
SCOTT!

AHK!
STUPID!
STUPID! I KNEW
IT WOULD DO
THAT!

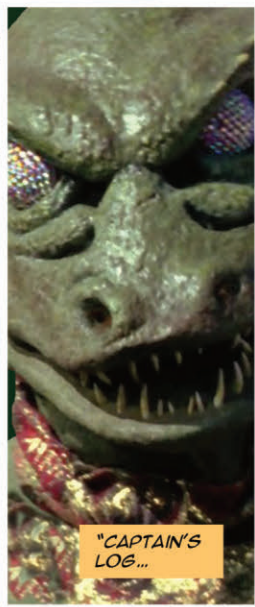
NOW,
I CAN'T
MOVE MY
HAND!

YOU
MUST TELL
ME WHAT TO
DO
NEXT!



NO! HOW DO
I KNOW Y'R
NOT THE SABOTEUR,
AN' YOU'LL USE
THIS CHANCE T'
DESTROY THE
SHIP??

YOU
DON'T.



"CAPTAIN'S
LOS..."

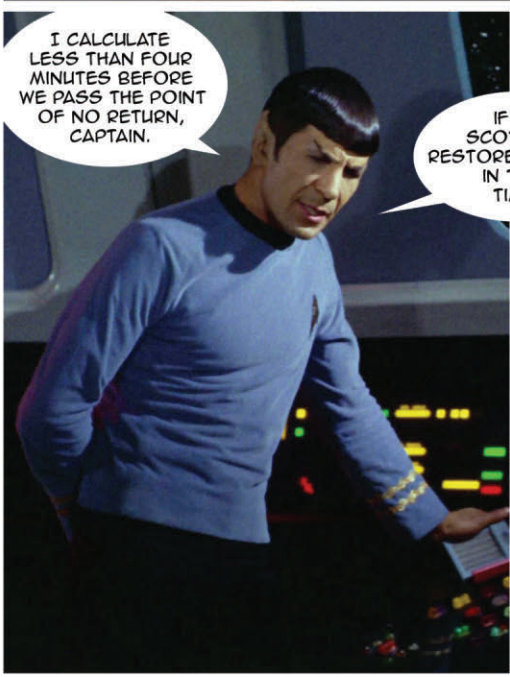


STARDATE
3391.9.

FIRST OFFICER...
SPOCK... AND MYSELF...
ARE THE ONLY...
MEMBERS OF THE
BRIDGE CREW WHO...
HAVE NOT...
SUCCUMBED TO...
THE HEAT.

THE GORN...
AMBASSADOR...
AND HER PARTY...
ARE UNAFFECTED...
BY THE...
HEAT.

I HOPE...
THAT IS ALSO...
THE CASE WITH...
THE GORN
ACCOMPANYING...
ENGINEER...
SCOTT.



I CALCULATE
LESS THAN FOUR
MINUTES BEFORE
WE PASS THE POINT
OF NO RETURN,
CAPTAIN.

IF MR.
SCOTT CAN
RESTORE CONTROL
IN THAT
TIME...

...WE'LL
STILL HAVE A
CHANCE TO
SAVE OUR-
SELVES.

IRONIC...
ISN'T IT? WITH...
SYSTEMS FAILING,
WE'D HAVE ALL...
FROZEN TO DEATH
BY NOW.



"DIVING INTO THE
STAR HAS KEPT US
ALIVE!"

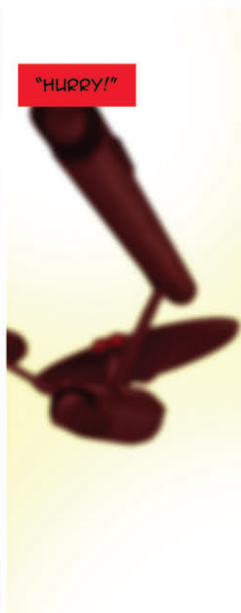
WHAT
NEXT, MR.
SCOTT?

YE'LL
HAVE T'CROSS...
THE CONNECTIONS
ON THE MARKED
6-3 AN' M-14
CIRCUITS...

THEN
REROUTE
THE POWER
INTO TH' NEW
CIRCUIT!



"HURRY!"





CAPTAIN!
SYSTEMS RETURNING
TO FULL FUNCTION
IN SECTIONS FIVE,
NINE AND TWELVE!

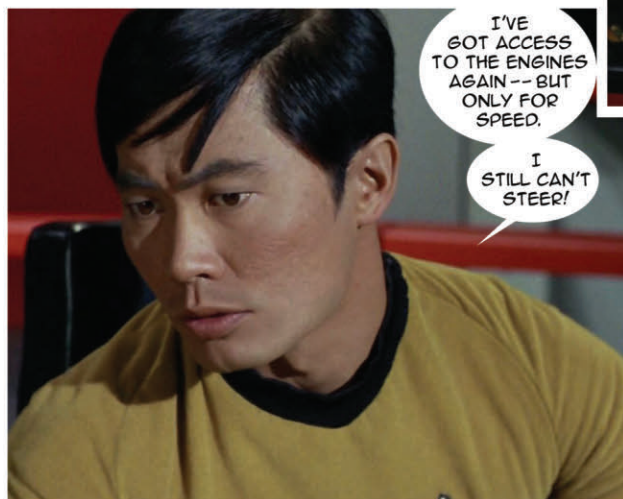
NOW IN
SECTIONS ONE,
SEVEN AND
EIGHT!

IT'S
GETTING
COOLER!

SULLI!
CHEKOV! WAKE
UP! WE NEED
YOU!

I...
AM AWAKE,
KEPTIN!

SO
AM I!
BUT...



I'VE
GOT ACCESS
TO THE ENGINES
AGAIN -- BUT
ONLY FOR
SPEED.

I
STILL CAN'T
STEER!



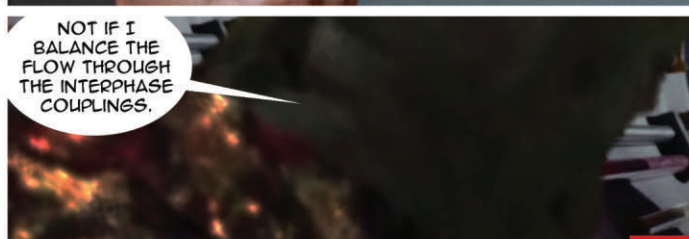
THE
MODIFIED
CIRCUITS ARE
NOT ACCEPTING
THE FULL POWER
LOAD!

PERHAPS...
IF I SHIFT TO
THESE PARALLEL
CIRCUITS...

NO!



IF Y'DO
THAT, YE'LL
RISK BLOWING
UP HALF THE
SHIP!



NOT IF I
BALANCE THE
FLOW THROUGH
THE INTERPHASE
COUPLINGS.



WHAT??
THAT'S NEVER
BEEN
DONE!

BUT...
IT'S CRAZY
ENOUGH T'
WORK!



"DO IT!"

SIR!
I HAVE HELM
CONTROL
BACK!

HARD
TO STAR-
BOARD!!



TURNING,
CAPTAIN!



BUT,
KEPTIN! VE ARE
TOO DEEP IN
DE STAR'S
GRAVITY
VELL!

VE ARE
STILL BEINK
PULLED
IN!

CAPTAIN,
WE MAY BE ABLE
TO ESCAPE THE
STAR'S GRAVITY BY
INCREASING ENGINE
POWER TO ONE
HUNDRED TWENTY
PERCENT.



WON'T THAT
THROW US
INTO ANOTHER
DAMN TIME
WARP???

NOT WITHOUT
A PARABOLIC
ARC, BONES!

INCREASE
ENGINE POWER.
MISTER SULL!

AYE,
SIR!



OCH!
WHAT'RE
THEY DOIN'
UP
THERE???

BRIDGE, THIS
IS SCOTT!
BELAY Y'R
CURRENT
ACTION!

I DINNAE
THINK THE
ENGINES CAN
TAKE IT!



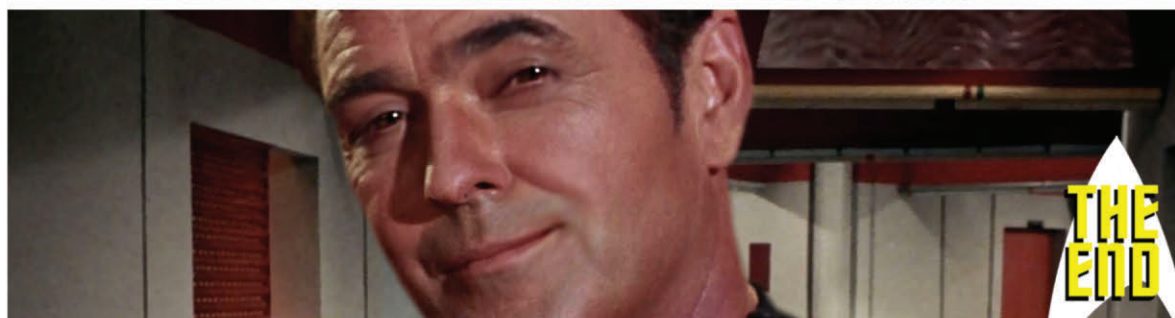
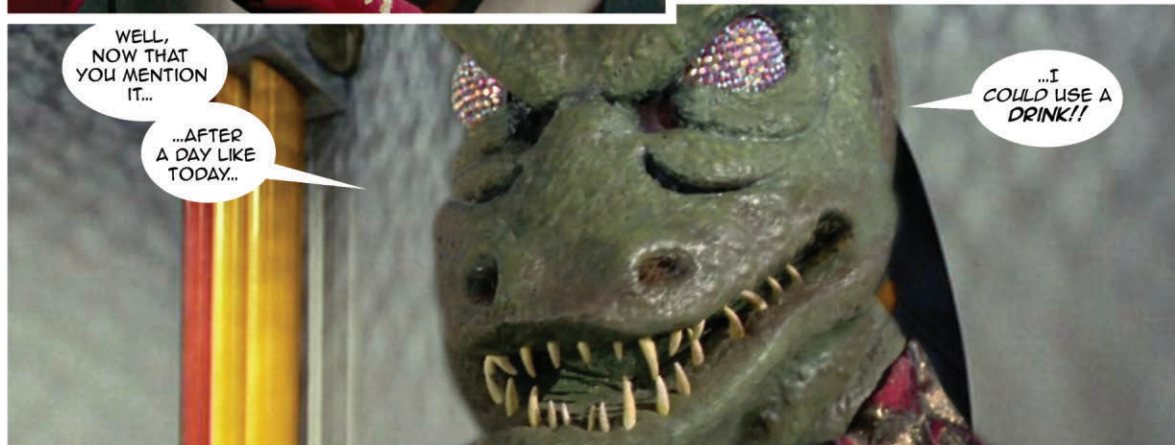
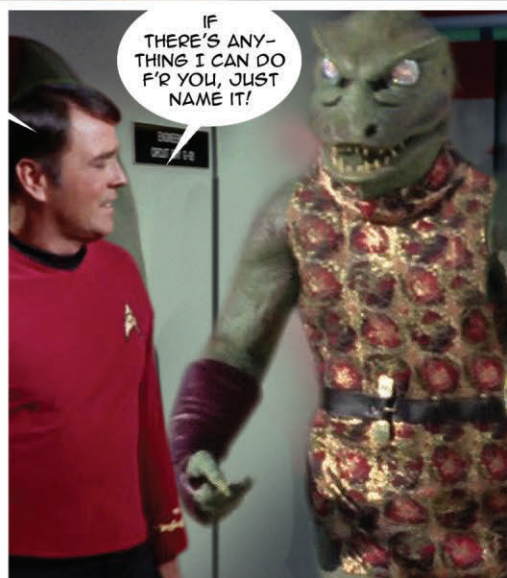
NO
CHOICE,
MISTER
SCOTT.

TIME
FOR A FEW
PRAYERS TO
THOSE GODS
YOU DON'T
BELIEVE
IN!



IT'S
VORKINK,
KEPTIN!!



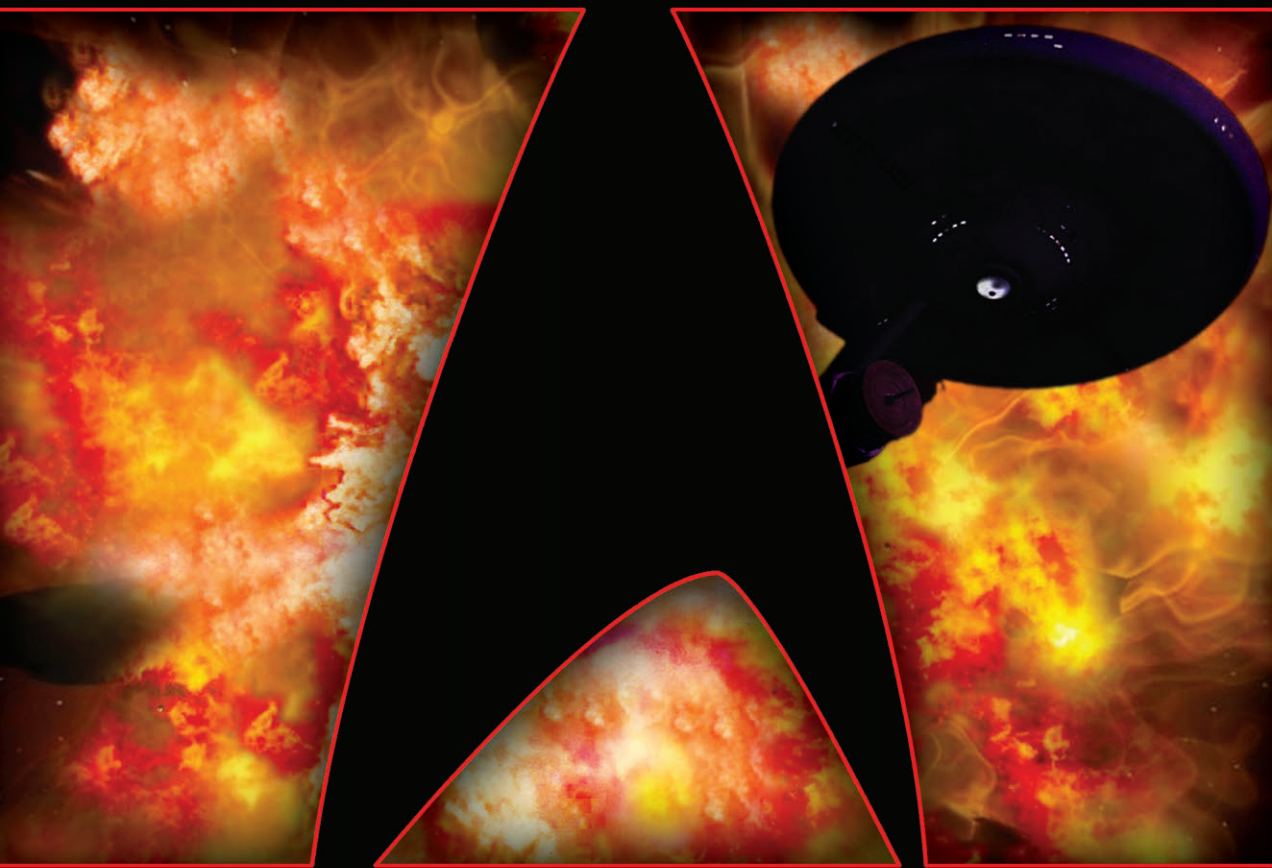




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