

STAR TREK

NEW VISIONS



STAR TREK
Created by **GENE
RODDENBERRY**

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STAR TREK[®]

NEW VISIONS





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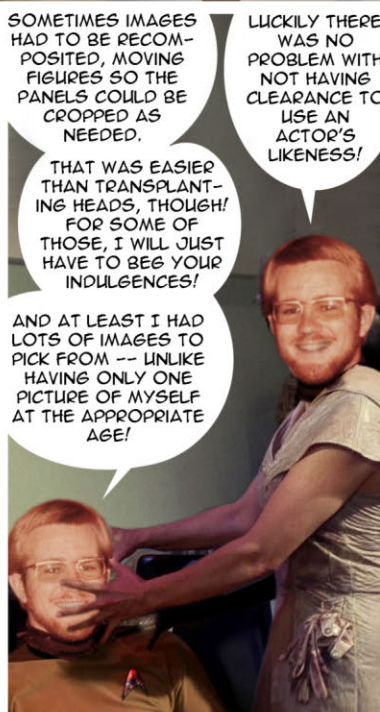
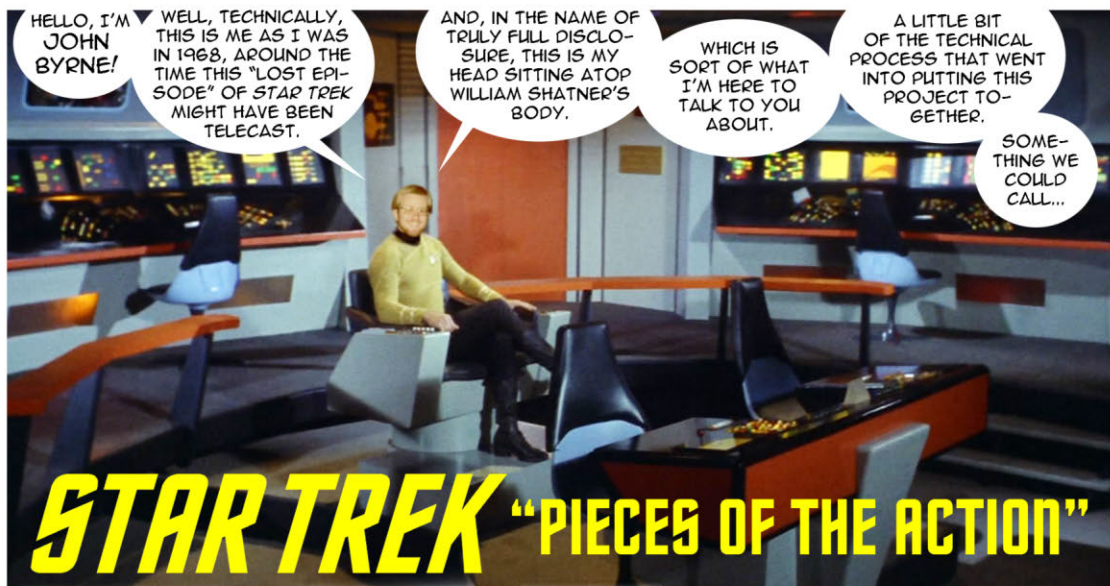
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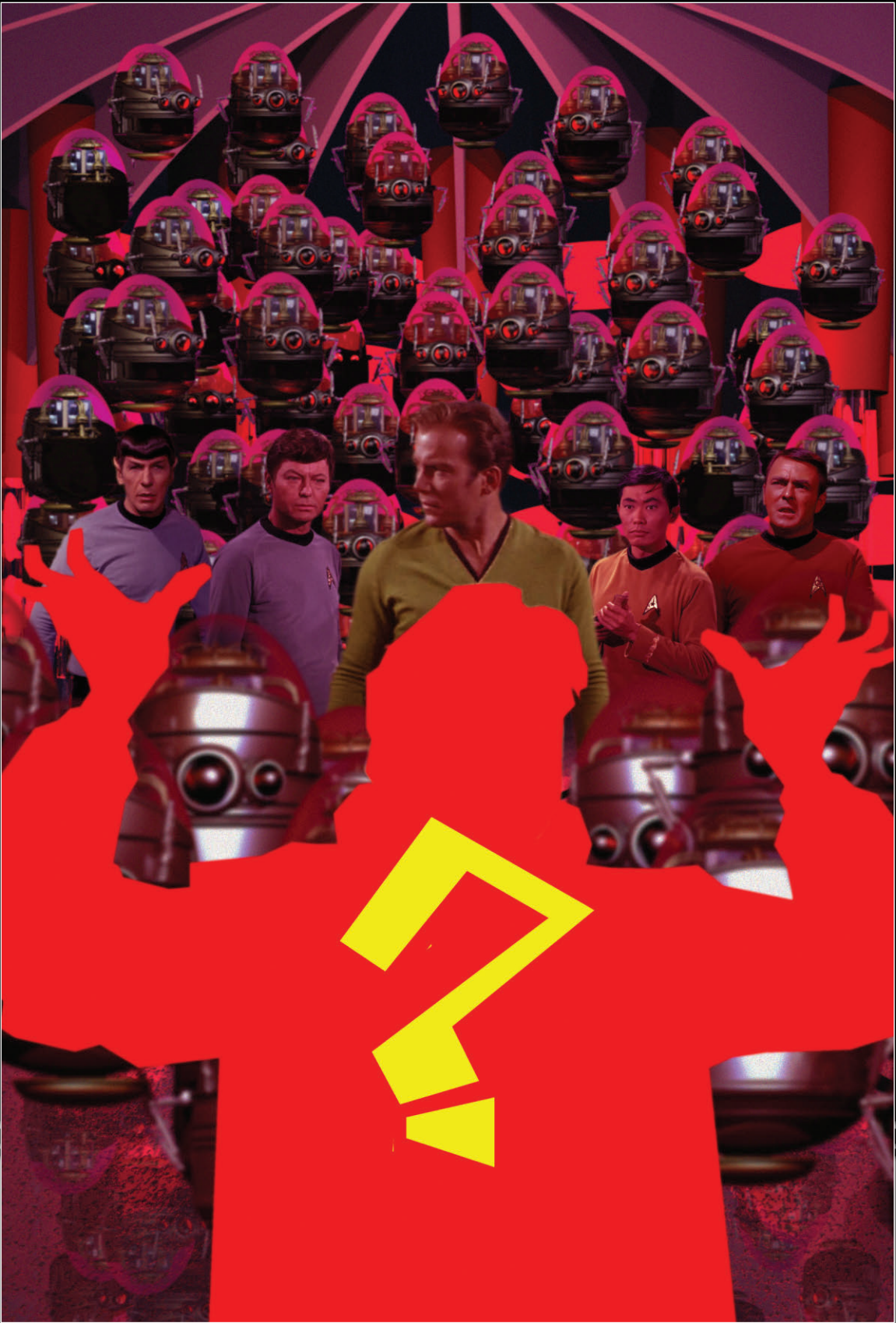
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THE TRAVELER

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 6019.6...

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE ON
ROUTINE PATROL ALONG
THE BORDER OF THE
BETA QUADRANT.



SIR,
DEFLECTOR
SCREENS JUST
SNAPPED
ON.

SOME-
THING... ODD
AHEAD OF
US.

ODD,
MISTER
SULLI?

SPOCK?



I HAVE
IT ON SENSORS
NOW, CAPTAIN.

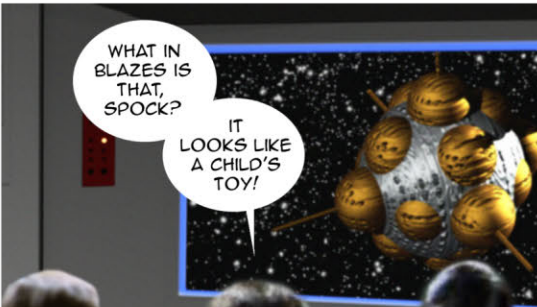
A
DISTORTION
OF THE SPACE-
TIME CONTINUUM,
NOT UNLIKE OUR
WARP
DRIVE.

HOWEVER ON
A MUCH LARGER
SCALE. A HUGE
AMOUNT OF ENERGY
CONCENTRATED
INTO A RELATIVELY
SMALL
VOLUME.

NOT MORE THAN
ONE HUNDRED METERS
IN DIAMETER,
CAPTAIN.

BIG ENOUGH
TO BE A VESSEL
OF SOME
KIND.

ON
SCREEN, MISTER
SULLI. FULL
MAGNIFICATION
FACTOR.



WHAT IN
BLAZES IS
THAT,
SPOCK?

IT
LOOKS LIKE
A CHILD'S
TOY!



A
LOT MORE
THAN THAT I
SHOULD THINK,
BONES.



MISTER
CHEKOV, PLOT
US A WIDE
APPROACH
COURSE.

MR.
SULLI,
AHEAD ONE
QUARTER
IMPULSE.



NO INDICATIONS
OF HOSTILITY,
CAPTAIN.



IN FACT, NO
NOTABLE
READINGS AT ALL
BEYOND THE
INITIAL ENERGY
SIGNATURE.

NO
SIGNS OF
LIFE?

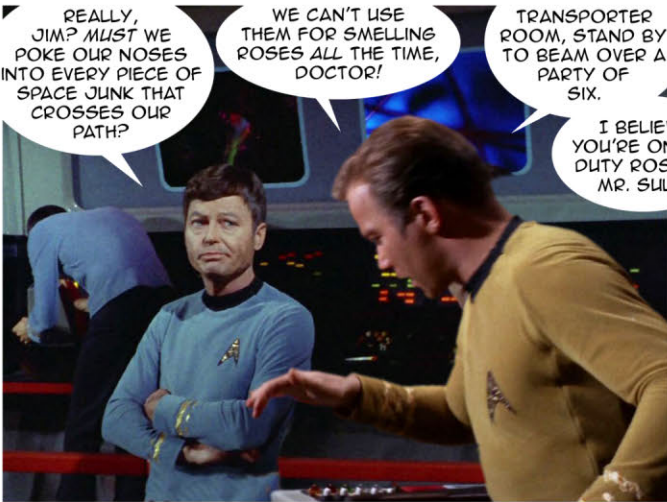
WHAT
ABOUT
ATMOSPHERE,
SPOCK?

WELL
WITHIN HUMAN
TOLERANCES,
CAPTAIN.

OXYGEN,
NITROGEN,
VARIOUS INERT
GASES.



THEN WE
CAN SAFELY
SEND OVER A
BOARDING
PARTY?

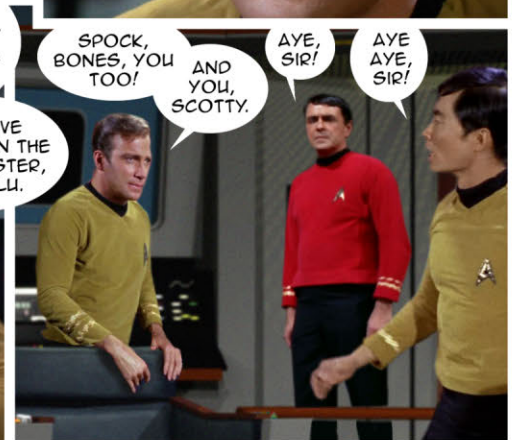


REALLY,
JIM? MUST WE
POKE OUR NOSES
INTO EVERY PIECE OF
SPACE JUNK THAT
CROSSES OUR
PATH?

WE CAN'T USE
THEM FOR SMELLING
ROSES ALL THE TIME,
DOCTOR!

TRANSPORTER
ROOM, STAND BY
TO BEAM OVER A
PARTY OF
SIX.

I BELIEVE
YOU'RE ON THE
DUTY ROSTER,
MR. SULLI.



SPOCK,
BONES, YOU
TOO!

AND
YOU,
SCOTTY.

AYE,
SIR!

AYE
AYE,
SIR!



CAPTAIN'S LOG,
ADDENDUM: WE
ARE PREPARING
TO BOARD THE
UNKNOWN CRAFT,
IF "CRAFT" IS
WHAT IT REALLY
IS...

WELL,
BONES, ARE
YOU
COMING?

IF YOU
REALLY DON'T
WANT
TO...

OH,
I'LL
COME!

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

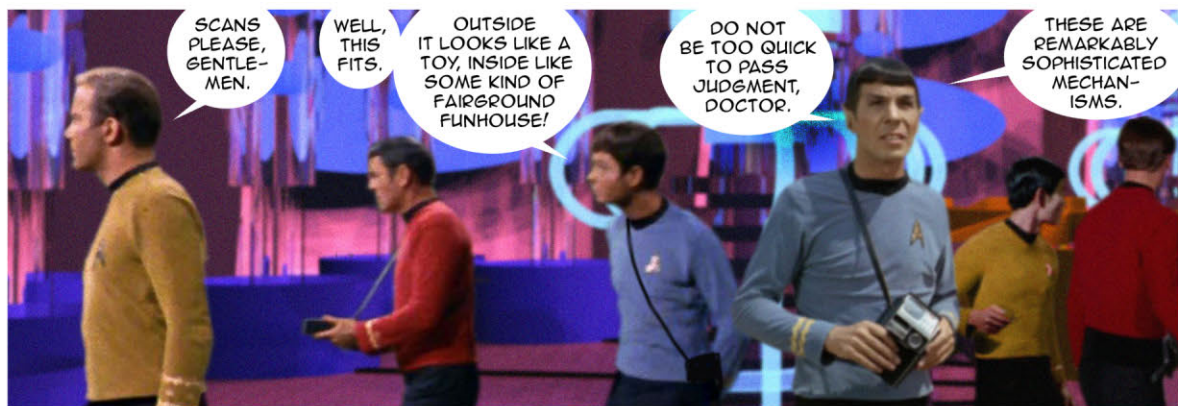
Photomontage and Story by JOHN BYRNE

"LET'S JUST GET
ON WITH IT!"

"ENERGIZE!"

"THE TRAVELER"

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



SCANS
PLEASE,
GENTLE-
MEN.

WELL,
THIS
FITS.

OUTSIDE
IT LOOKS LIKE A
TOY, INSIDE LIKE
SOME KIND OF
FAIRGROUND
FUNHOUSE!

DO NOT
BE TOO QUICK
TO PASS
JUDGMENT,
DOCTOR.

THESE ARE
REMARKABLY
SOPHISTICATED
MECHAN-
ISMS.



WHAT DO
YOU MAKE OF
THESE, MR.
SPOCK?

IF THEY'RE
SOME KIND OF
CONTROLS, THEY
DON'T SEEM
BUILT FOR HUMAN
HANDS.

AGREED,
MISTER
SULLI.

BUT, THEN,
HUMANIDS
ARE A MINORITY
IN THE
GALAXY.



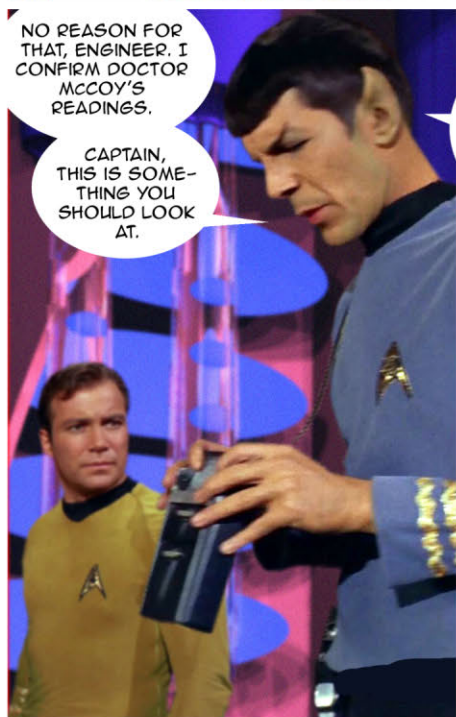
SPEAKING
OF HUMANIDS,
I'VE GOT
ONE!

ONLY...
THE READING IS
UNSTABLE -- AND
ABOUT THREE
KILOMETERS
AWAY!



THAT'S MORE'N
A MILE AN' A
HALF OUTSIDE
THIS
SHIP!!

HERE,
DOCTOR, LET
ME CHECK Y'R
TRICORDER'S
FUNCTION.



NO REASON FOR
THAT, ENGINEER. I
CONFIRM DOCTOR
MCCOY'S
READINGS.

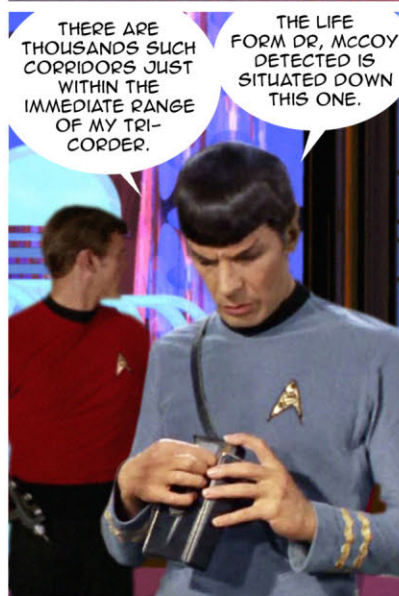
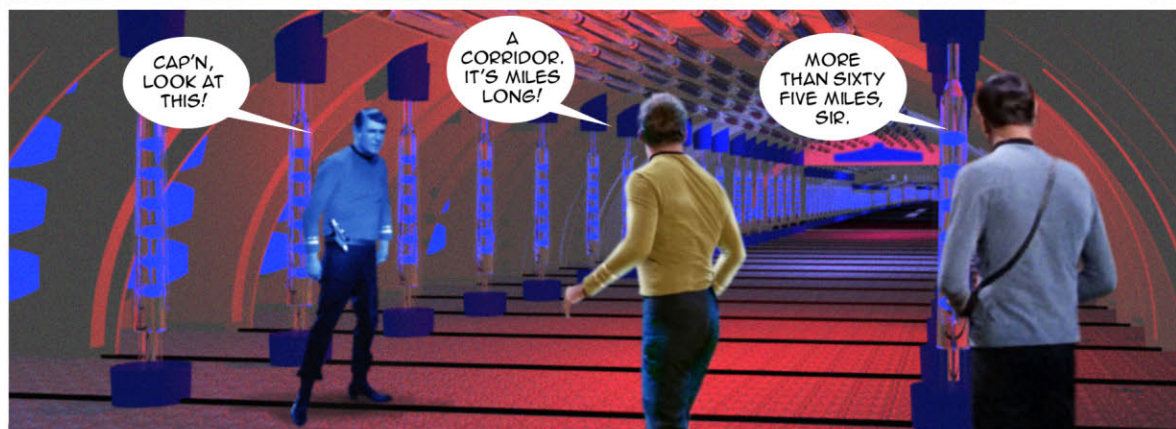
CAPTAIN,
THIS IS SOME-
THING YOU
SHOULD LOOK
AT.



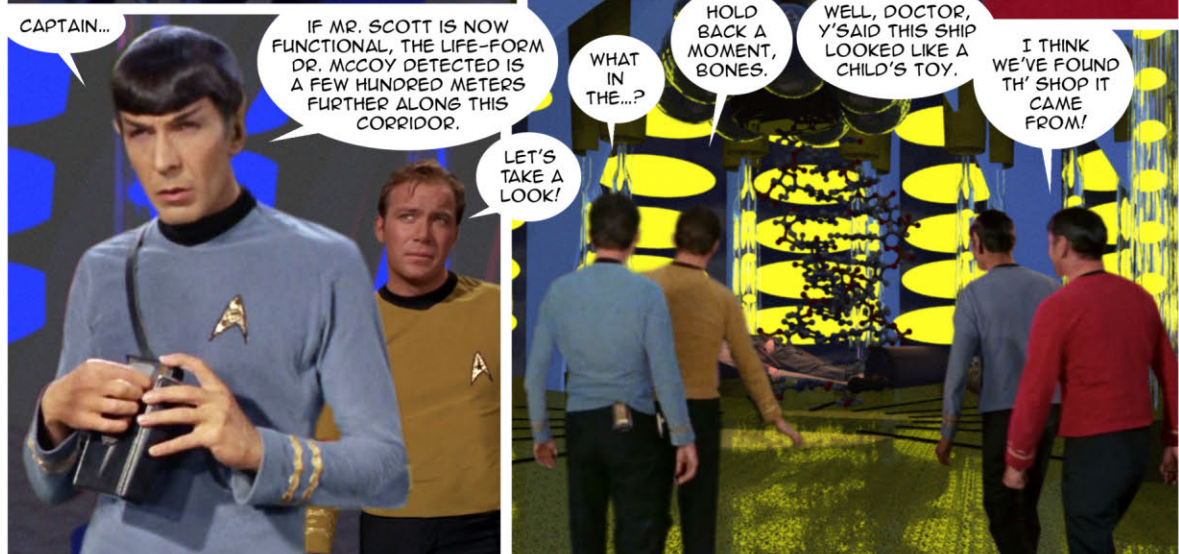
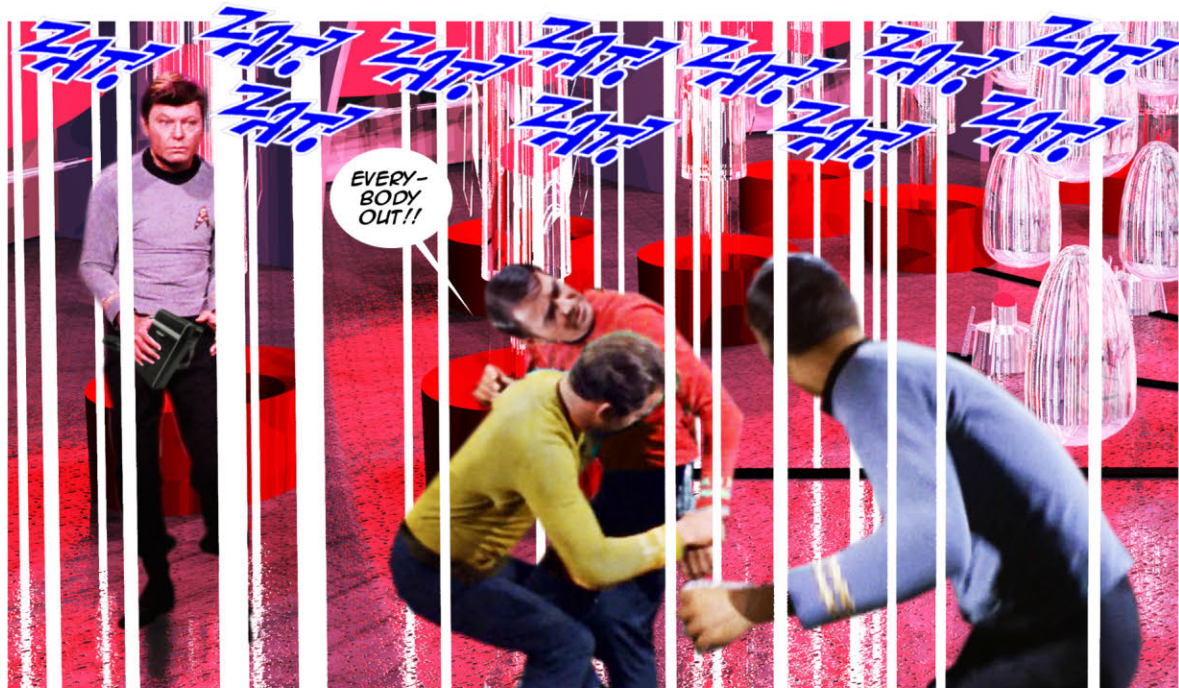
ACCORDING
TO MY READINGS,
THIS VESSEL
ACTUALLY OCCUPIES
SEVERAL HUNDRED
MILLION CUBIC
KILOMETERS.

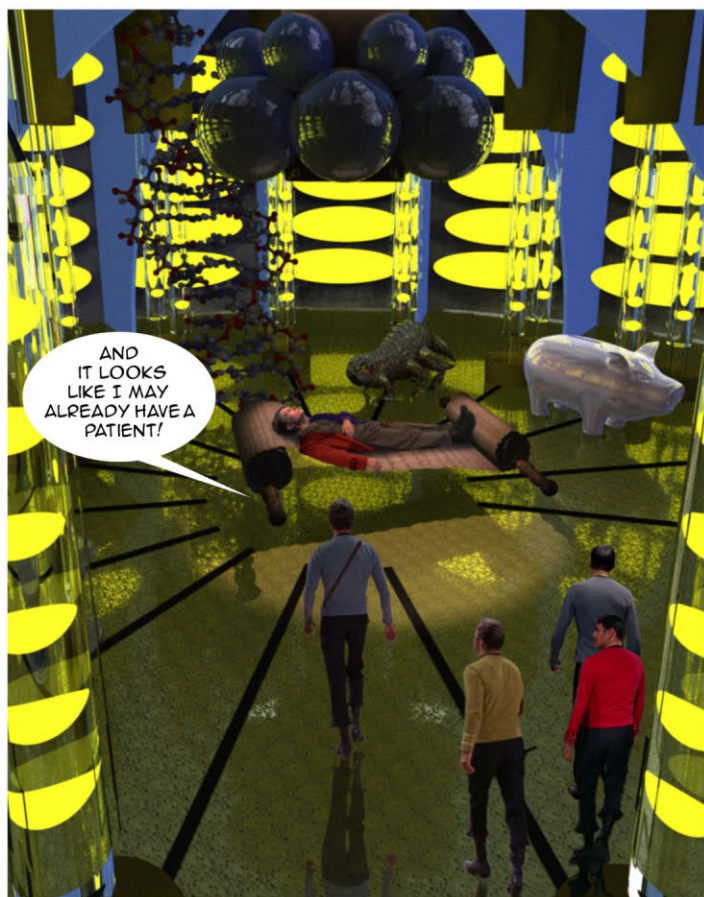


BUT THAT
WOULD MAKE
IT NEARLY
THE SIZE OF
A SMALL
PLANET!









AND IT LOOKS LIKE I MAY ALREADY HAVE A PATIENT!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HIM, BONES?

WELL, HE'S HUMAN, OR CLOSE TO.

BUT I CAN'T GET A REAL FIX ON WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE OF HIM, JIM.

HE'S INSIDE SOME KIND OF PLASTIC SHEATH.

I'LL NEED TO GET HIM TO THE SHIP.



DOES ANY OF THAT SOUND AT ALL FAMILIAR, SPOCK?

DIFFICULT TO SAY WITHOUT MORE COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS, CAPTAIN.

I SUGGEST HE -- IF "HE" IS APPROPRIATE -- IS FROM THE BETA QUADRANT.



THAT MAKES SENSE. THIS TECHNOLOGY IS COMPLETELY ALIEN.

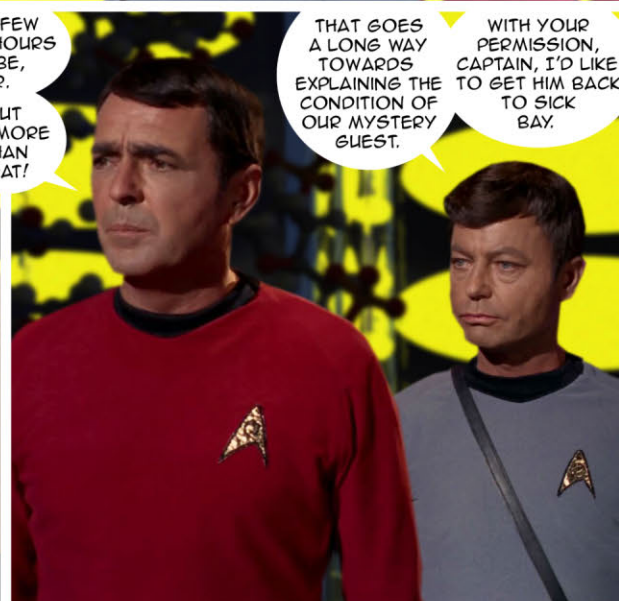


IN FACT, CAP'N, I'M NAE SURE HOW IT COULD EVEN SUPPORT BIOLOGICAL LIFE!

ARE YOU SAYING WE'RE NOT SAFE HERE, SCOTTY?

F'R A FEW MORE HOURS MAYBE, SIR.

BUT NO MORE THAN THAT!



THAT GOES A LONG WAY TOWARDS EXPLAINING THE CONDITION OF OUR MYSTERY GUEST.

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO GET HIM BACK TO SICK BAY.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL.

IT IS EIGHTEEN HOURS
SINCE THE MYSTERIOUS
ALIEN WAS BROUGHT
ABOARD. DR. MCCOY
HAS SUMMONED MISTER
SPOCK AND MYSELF TO
SICKBAY.

WELL,
DOCTOR, HOW
IS HE?

SEE
FOR YOUR-
SELF,
CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN? THEN
YOU ARE THE
COMMANDER OF
THIS DOUGHTY
CREW!

IT WOULD
SEEM I OWE
YOU MY
LIFE!



YOU CAN THANK
DOCTOR
MCCOY FOR
THAT.

I'M
CAPTAIN JAMES
KIRK, AND THIS IS
MY FIRST OFFICER,
COMMANDER
SPOCK.

AND
YOU
ARE?

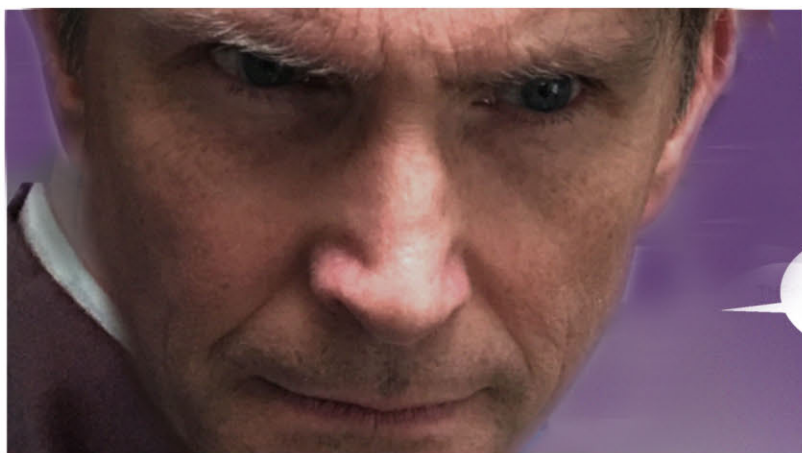
I'M AFRAID
YOU'D FIND MY
TRUE NAME DIFFICULT
TO PRONOUNCE,
CAPTAIN.

BUT
ACROSS THE
TEN THOUSAND
WORLDS I AM
KNOWN AS THE
TRAVELER.



ALL
RIGHT...
TRAVELER
IT IS.

BUT PERHAPS
YOU COULD TELL
US SOMETHING
ABOUT YOUR-
SELF?

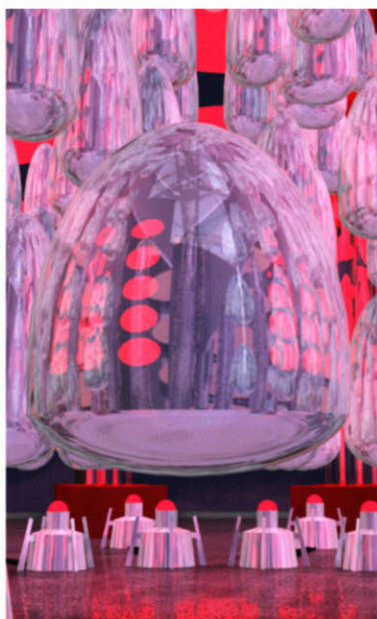
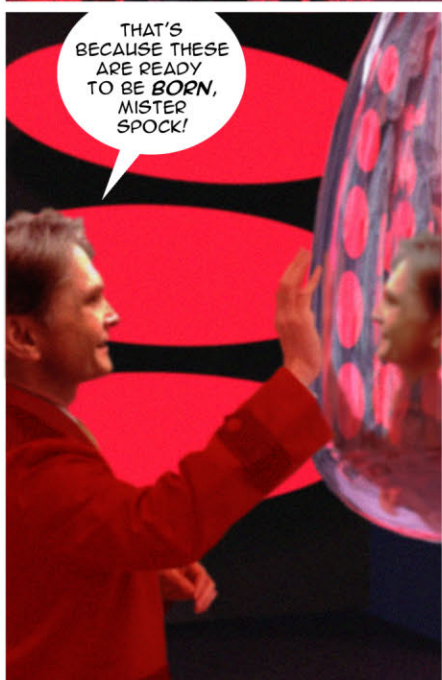
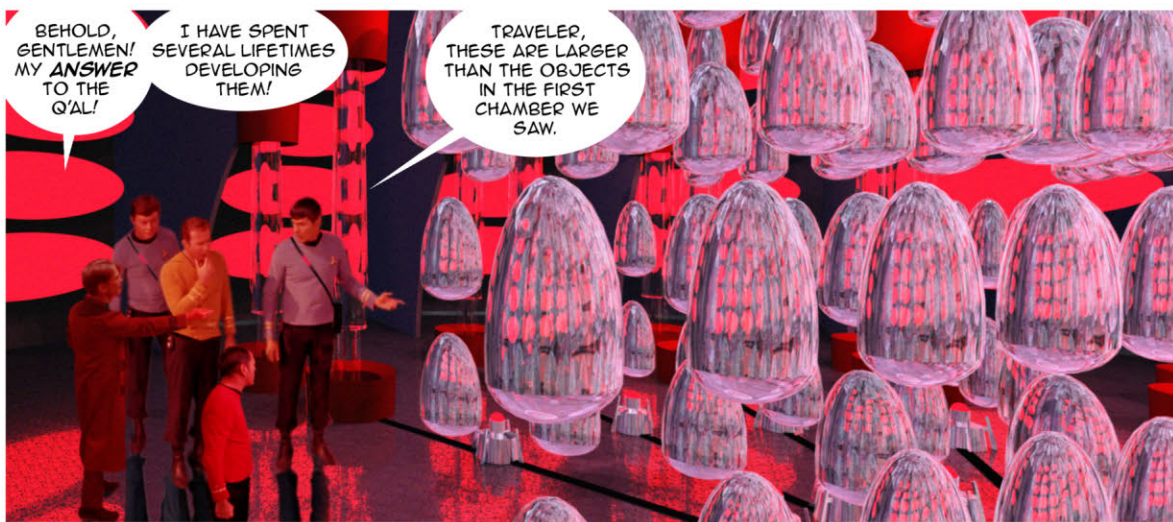


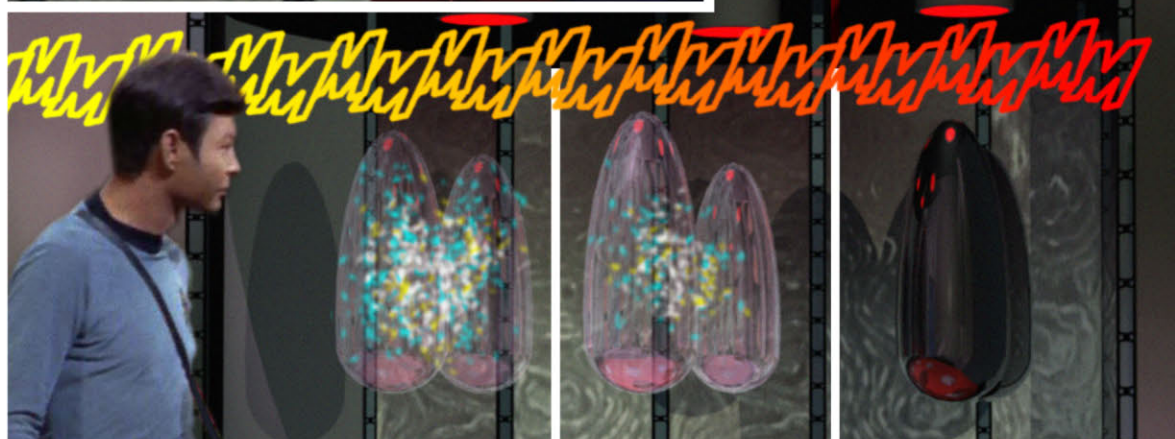
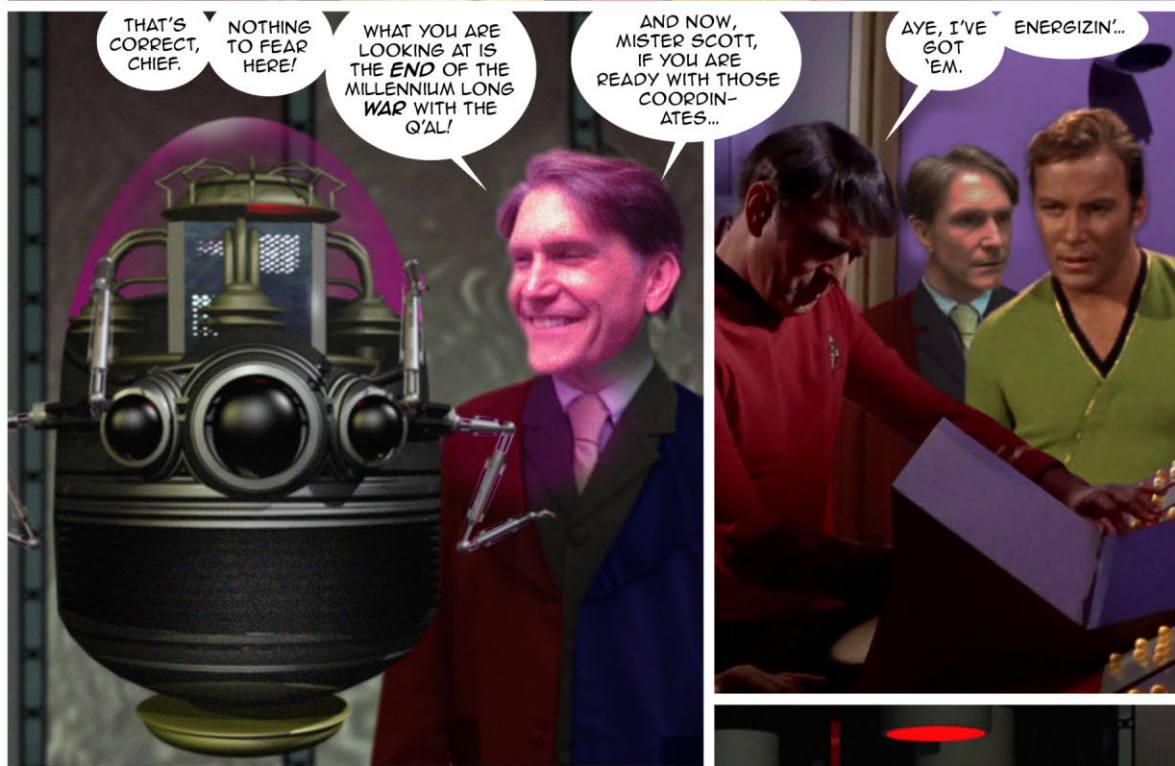
THERE
IS NO TIME
FOR THAT,
CAPTAIN!

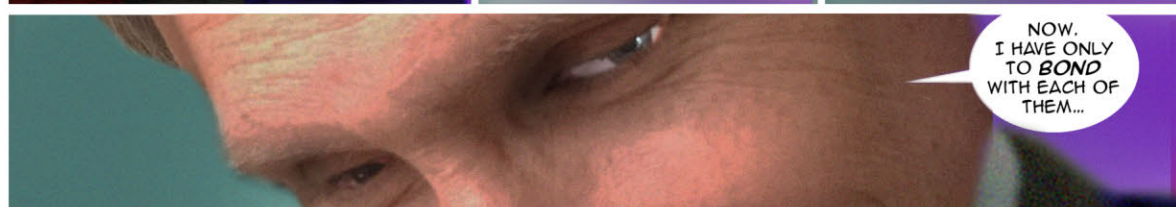
IF YOU
HAVE FOUND MY
SHIP, YOU AND
YOUR CREW ARE IN
DEADLY
DANGER!

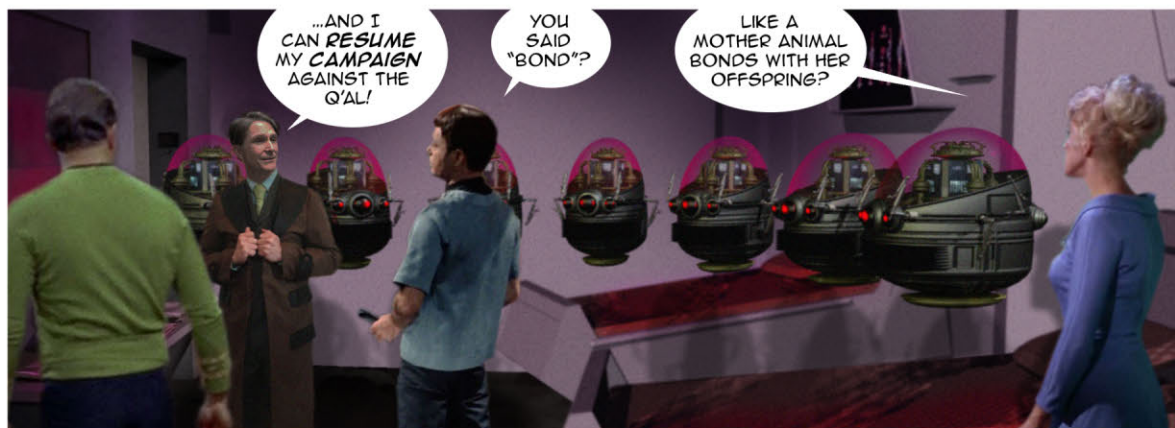
**THE
Q'AL ARE
COMING!**















YOU
WOULD ME,
SIR!

HOWEVER,
CAPTAIN, I HAVE
A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU!



THERE
NOW, YOU
SEE?

THESE FOUR WILL
REMAIN HERE IN YOUR
BRIG, WHERE YOU WILL
HAVE NO TROUBLE
KEEPING AN EYE ON
THEM...



...WHILE THESE
TWO, UNDER STRICT
SUPERVISION OF
COURSE...

...WILL BE ALLOWED
TO ROAM ABOUT THE
SHIP AT WILL, AND SO
DEMONSTRATE HOW
HELPFUL THEY CAN
BE!



CAPTAIN,
A
MOMENT?

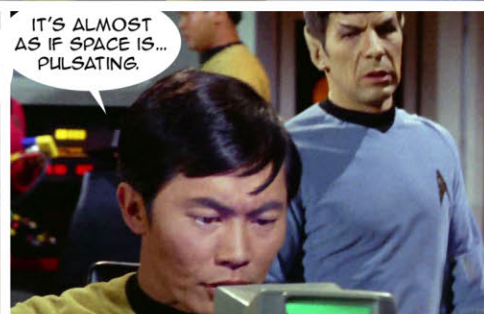
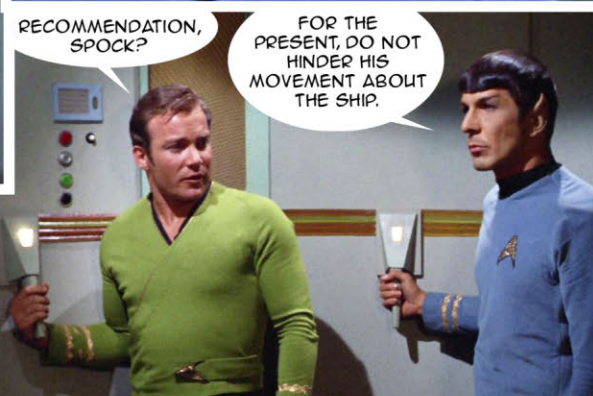
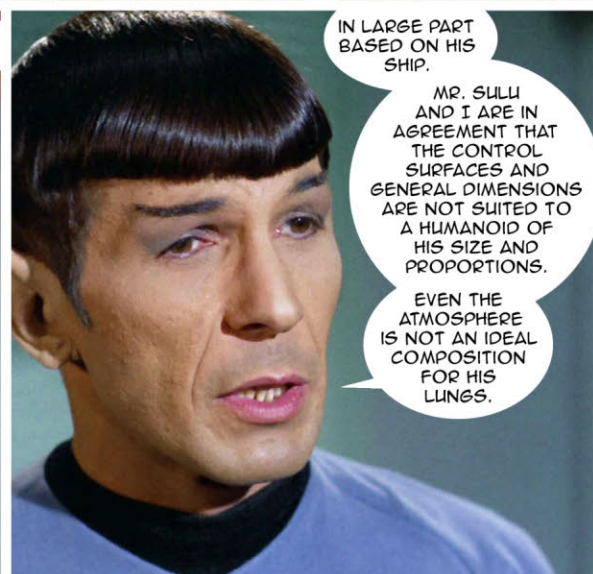
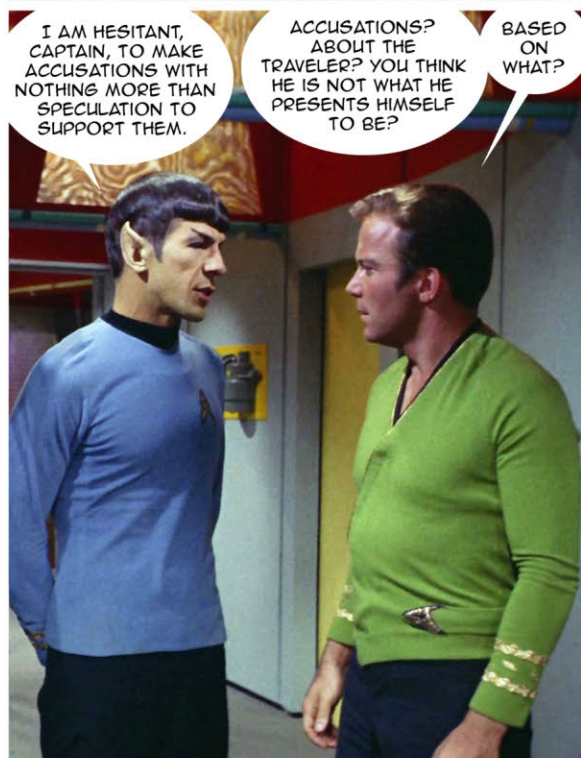
MISTER
SPOCK,
YOU'RE
BACK.

IF YOU
WILL EXCUSE
ME,
TRAVELER...



IS THERE
SOMETHING
TROUBLING YOU,
SPOCK?

NOT
THE TERM I
WOULD USE,
CAPTAIN...





FASCINATING. IT HAS CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS THAT ARE SIMILAR TO OLD EARTH RADAR.

AS IF THE PULSES ARE... SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

SEARCHING? WHAT FOR?



IS IT THE Q'AL LOOKING FOR OUR GUEST?



THAT I CANNOT SAY, CAPTAIN. THOUGH I WOULD SUGGEST WE TIGHTEN SECURITY AROUND HIM.

WHERE IS HE NOW?

SCOTTY REPORTED HE AND HIS TWO... HATCHLINGS ARE IN MAIN ENGINEERING.



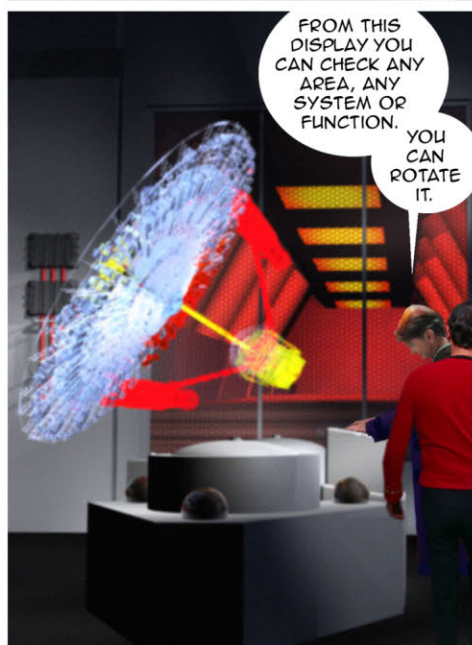
I CANNAE BELIEVE IT!



THEY PUT THAT T'GETHER IN NAE MORE'N TEN MINUTES!!

OF COURSE! ONCE THEY FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES WITH YOUR SYSTEMS, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO WHAT THEY CAN DO!

NOW, COME TAKE A LOOK. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THIS CAN DO!

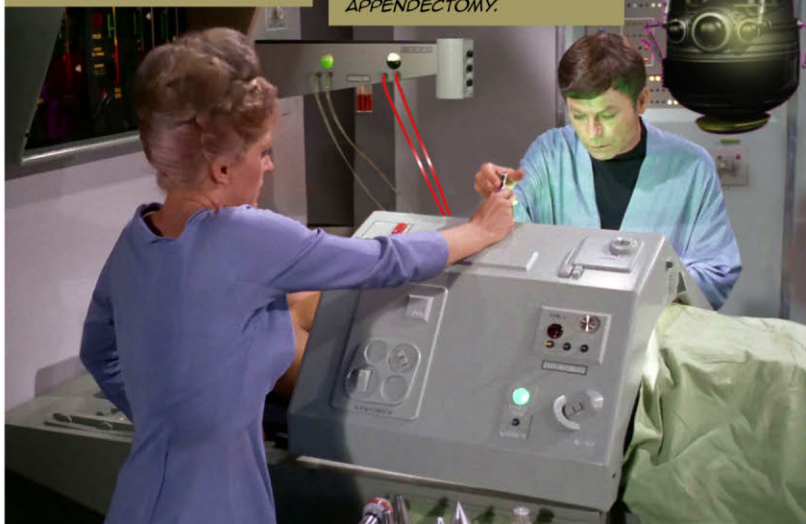


THE TRAVELER CONTINUES TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE ACCESS TO THE SHIP I AM ALLOWING HIM.

AT PRESENT, ONE OF HIS HATCHLINGS IS IN SICKBAY, OBSERVING AS DR. MCCOY PERFORMS AN EMERGENCY APPENDECTOMY.

HUMANS SEEM SO FRAIL.

OH, SO YOU CAN TALK, NOW?



OF COURSE.

IT IS OUR NATURE TO OBSERVE AND ABSORB.

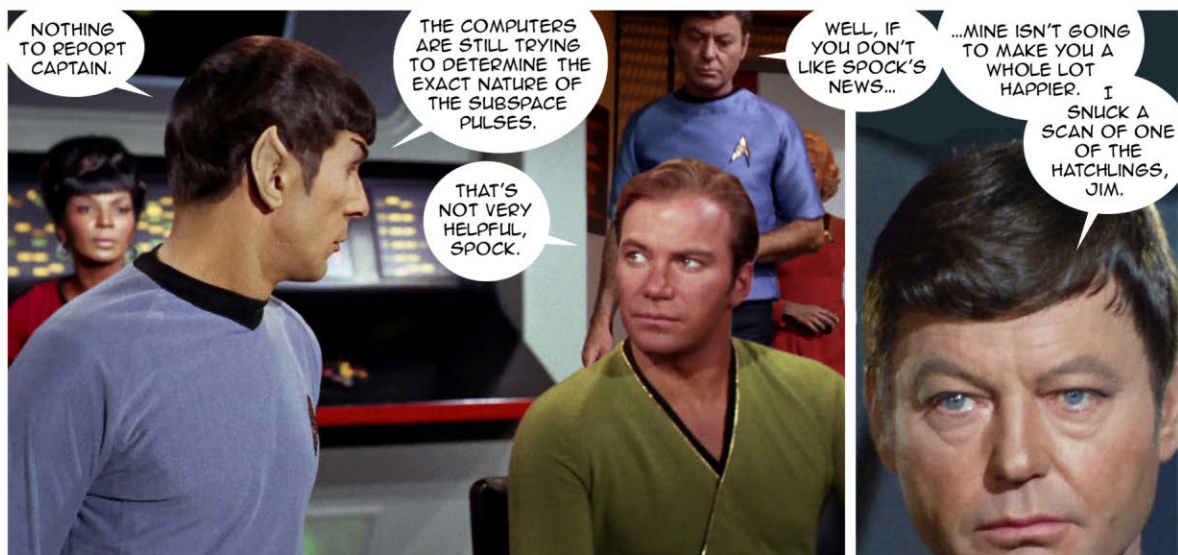
BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN EVEN FIND YOUR WAY AROUND IN SUCH A CHAOTIC ENVIRONMENT.

I HAVE HELP.

WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DEMONSTRATION?

YES.





NOTHING
TO REPORT
CAPTAIN.

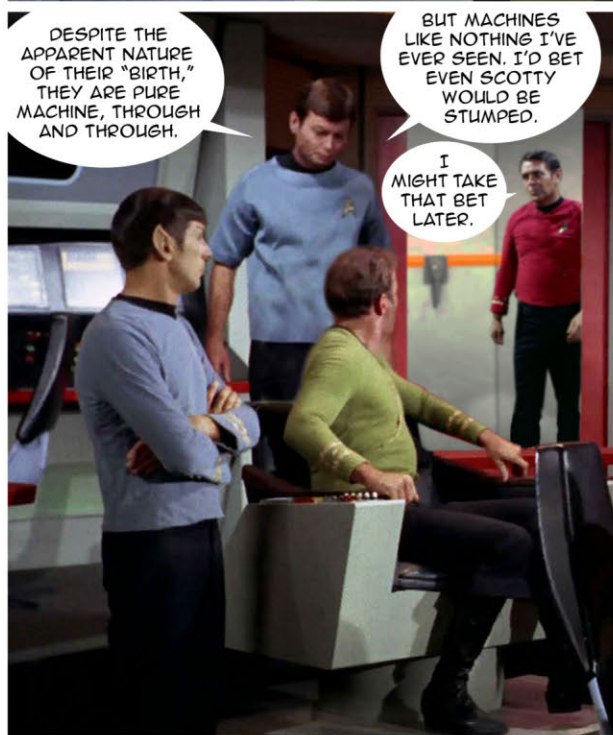
THE COMPUTERS
ARE STILL TRYING
TO DETERMINE THE
EXACT NATURE OF
THE SUBSPACE
PULSES.

THAT'S
NOT VERY
HELPFUL,
SPOCK.

WELL, IF
YOU DON'T
LIKE SPOCK'S
NEWS...

...MINE ISN'T GOING
TO MAKE YOU A
WHOLE LOT
HAPPIER. I

SNUCK A
SCAN OF ONE
OF THE
HATCHLINGS,
JIM.



DESPITE THE
APPARENT NATURE
OF THEIR "BIRTH,"
THEY ARE PURE
MACHINE, THROUGH
AND THROUGH.

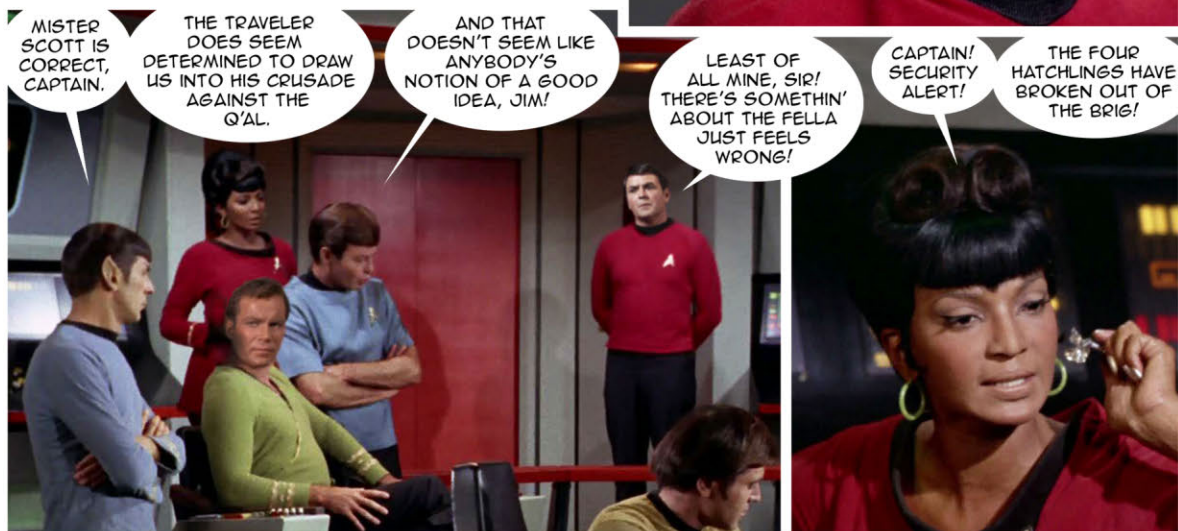
BUT MACHINES
LIKE NOTHING I'VE
EVER SEEN. I'D BET
EVEN SCOTTY
WOULD BE
STUMPED.

I
MIGHT TAKE
THAT BET
LATER.

BUT RIGHT
NOW, I'M MORE
CONCERNED
WITH WHAT THIS
"TRAVELER"
IS REALLY UP
TO.

HE'S
DONE SOME
AMAZIN' WORK
ON THE SHIP'S
SYSTEMS...

...BUT HE'S
YAMMERIN'
ABOUT GETTIN'
HER READY FOR
WAR!



MISTER
SCOTT IS
CORRECT,
CAPTAIN.

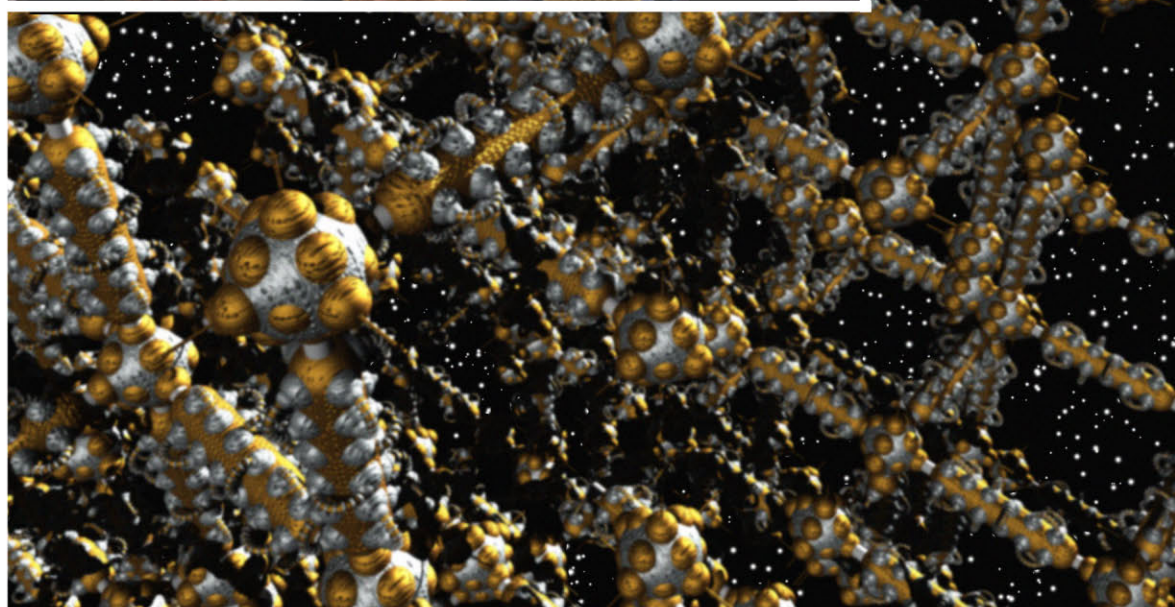
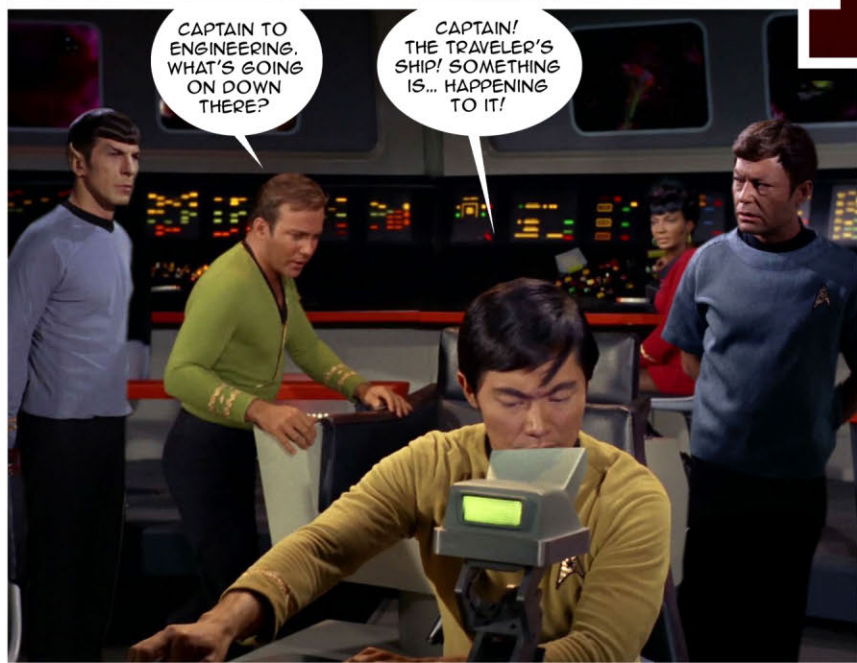
THE TRAVELER
DOES SEEM
DETERMINED TO DRAW
US INTO HIS CRUSADE
AGAINST THE
Q'AL.

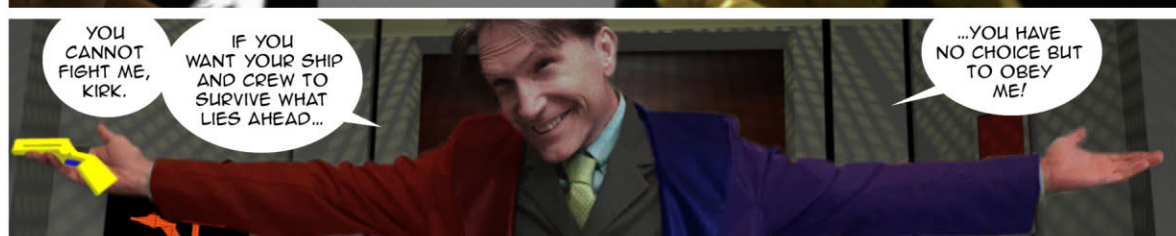
AND THAT
DOESN'T SEEM LIKE
ANYBODY'S
NOTION OF A GOOD
IDEA, JIM!

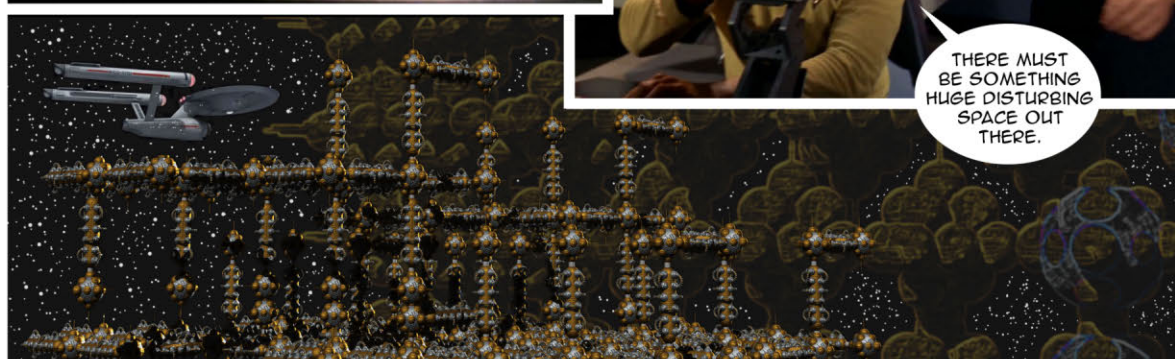
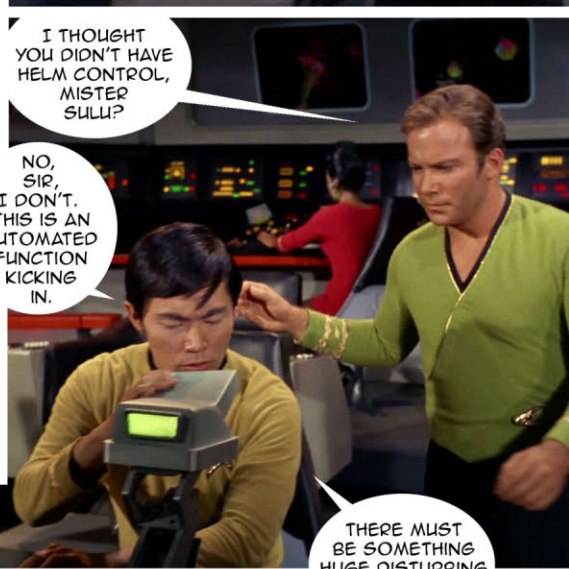
LEAST OF
ALL MINE, SIR!
THERE'S SOMETHIN'
ABOUT THE FELLA
JUST FEELS
WRONG!

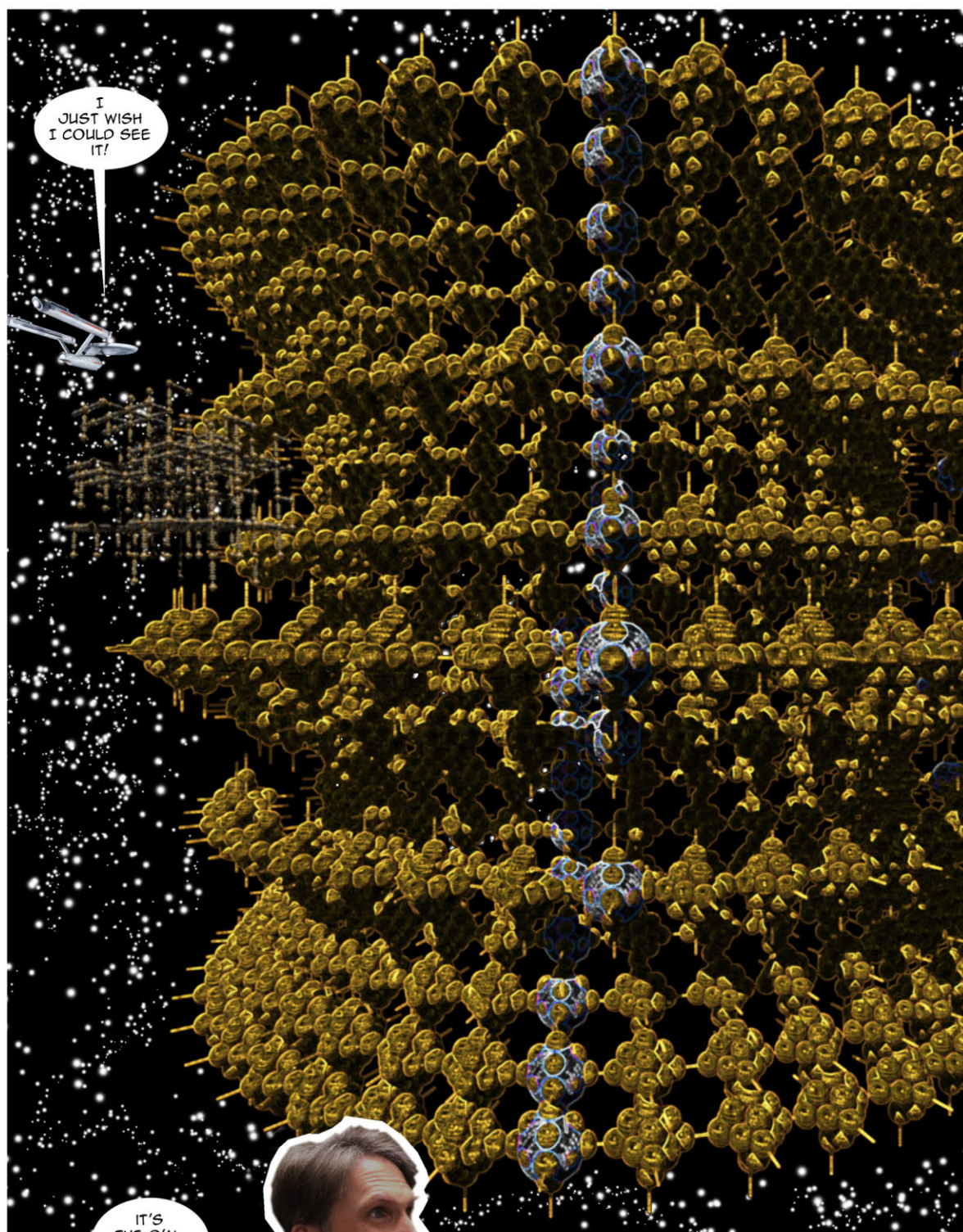
CAPTAIN!
SECURITY
ALERT!

THE FOUR
HATCHLINGS HAVE
BROKEN OUT OF
THE BRIG!







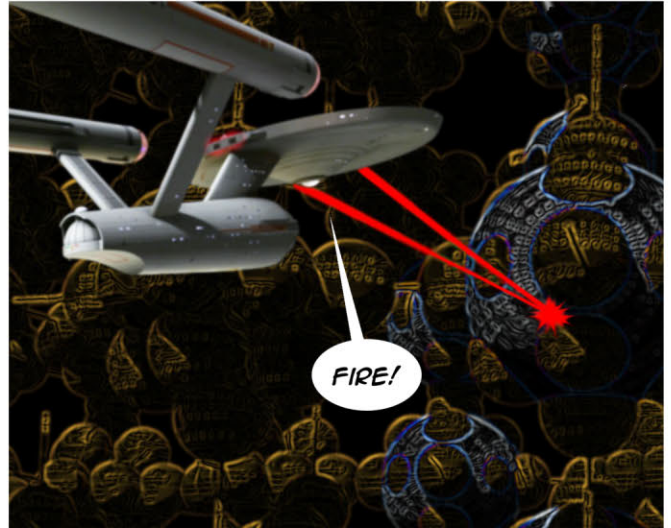


I
JUST WISH
I COULD SEE
IT!



IT'S
THE Q'AL
MOTHER-
SHIP!

SULL!
FIRE YOUR
PHASERS!











ONE FOR EVERY HUMAN ON BOARD, CAPTAIN.

EVEN NOW, THEY ARE PATROLING EVERY DECK.



BUT THANKS TO THE MODIFICATIONS I MADE...

...YOUR WHOLE SHIP IS A WEAPON I CAN USE AGAINST THEM!



UHH! THEY ARE EXPERIENCING EXTREME PHYSICAL AGONY!

I THOUGHT I WAS MISTAKEN WHEN I SEEMED TO SENSE THIS AS YOU MANIPULATED THE HATCHLINGS...

OF COURSE THEY ARE FEELING PAIN, MISTER SPOCK!

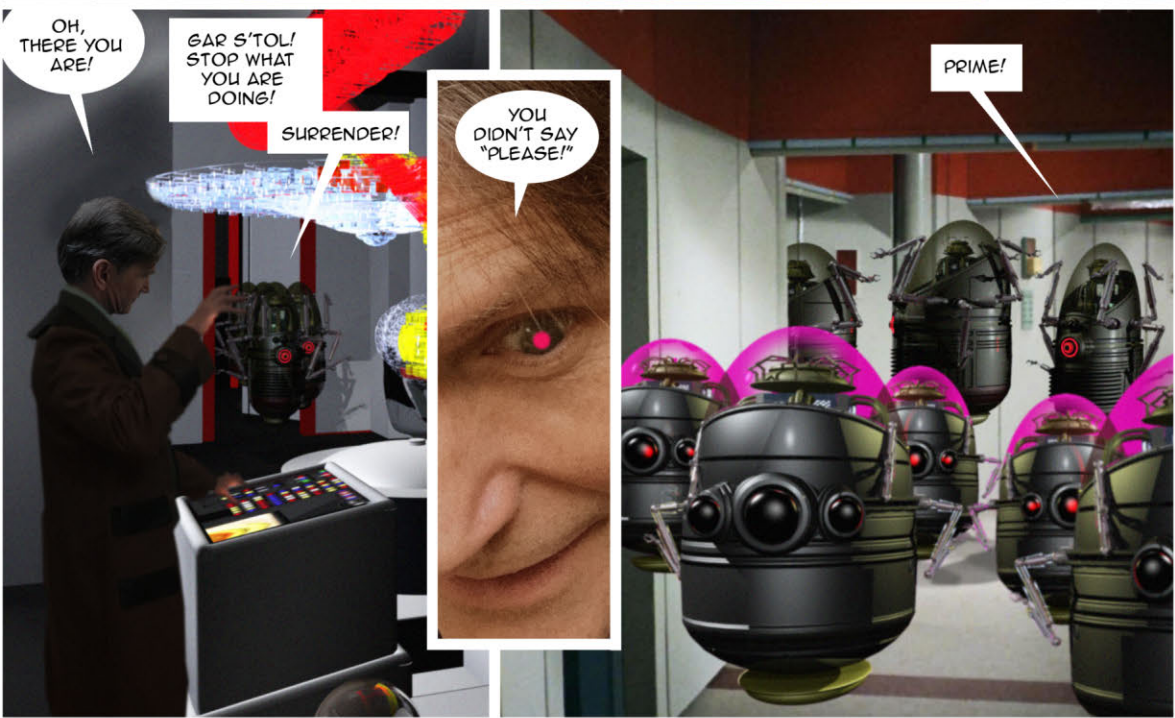
PURE PAIN IS THE GREATEST TOOL.

TRAVELER, STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AT ONCE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR LIES!



OH, CAPTAIN!





HA! MY GREATEST WEAPON! THE ONE YOU DARE NOT FIGHT!

CAPTAIN, DID... UNGH... DID YOU NOTICE?

THE Q'AL SEEMED TO HESITATE.

YES. IT SAVED THE HATCHLINGS THE TIME THEY NEEDED TO ATTACK.

IT'S ALL STARTING TO MAKE AN INSANE KIND OF SENSE!

TRAVELER! STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



NOT LIKELY, KIRK! I STAND ON THE BRINK OF VICTORY.

A VICTORY THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE MAKING!

A VICTORY I DON'T THINK YOU'VE EARNED!



EARNED, CAPTAIN? EARNED?

I'VE PAID FOR THIS VICTORY IN MILLENNIA OF HARDSHIP AND SUFFERING!

NOW...!!

LUCK!

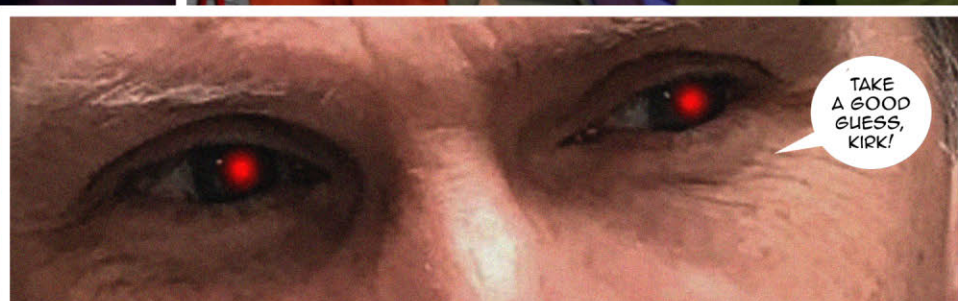
NOW NOTHING!

I DON'T THINK YOU CAN USE YOUR POWERS BEFORE I SNAP YOUR NECK. TIME FOR ANSWERS!

THE Q'AL OUTNUMBER AND OUTMATCH US. THEY COULD HAVE DESTROYED US TEN TIMES OVER!

BUT THEY HAVEN'T!

WHY NOT, TRAVELER? WHY NOT?!



TAKE A GOOD GUESS, KIRK!

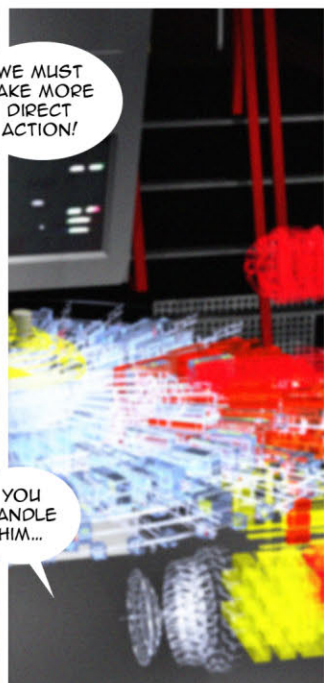


CAPTAIN,
THERE IS
NOTHING TO
BE GAINED BY
ATTEMPTING
TO FORCE CO-
OPERATION
FROM
HIM.

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
SPOCK!

WE MUST
TAKE MORE
DIRECT
ACTION!

YOU
HANDLE
HIM...



...AND
I'LL SEE ABOUT
SENDING AN
UNMISTAKABLE
MESSAGE TO THE
Q'AL!

I
JUST NEED
TO MAKE ONE
ADJUSTMENT
ON THIS...

CAPTAIN!



UNH!



SPOCK?
WHAT?

ASH!!



THE
CREATURE
IS
STRONG.

TERMINATE!

IT IS
STILL
ALIVE.

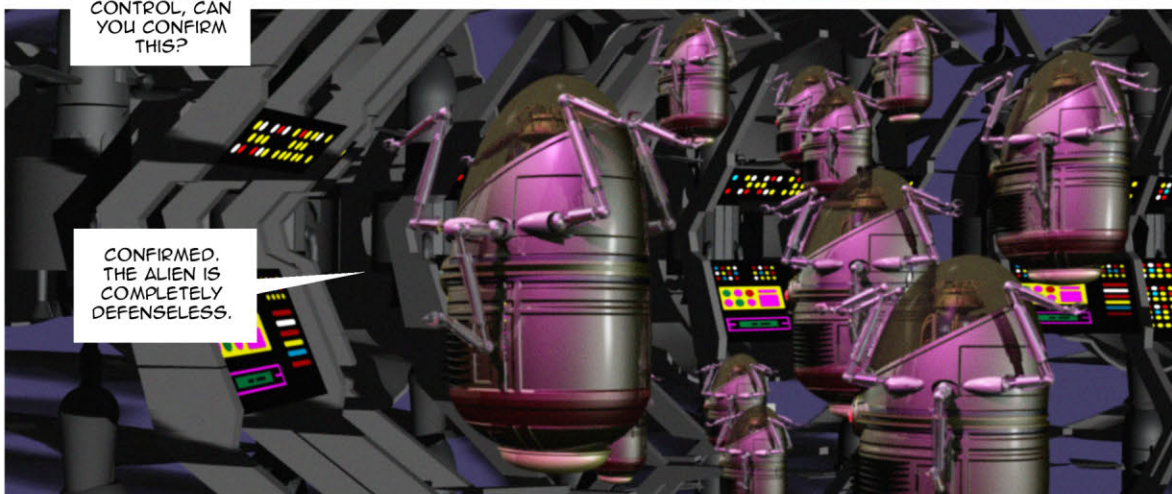
NO!
STOP!

LOOK
AT THE
INSTRUMENT
PANEL HE WAS
WORKING!



HE
WAS SHUTTING
DOWN OUR
DEFENSIVE
SCREENS!

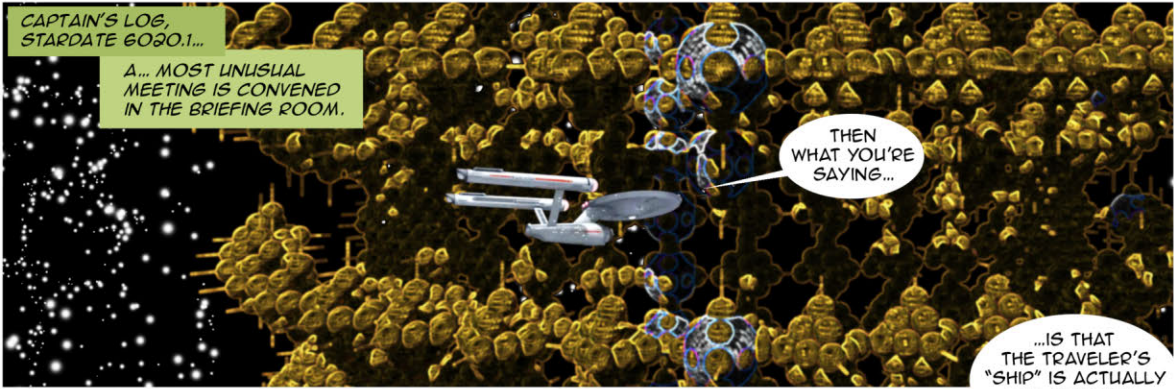
CENTRAL
CONTROL, CAN
YOU CONFIRM
THIS?



CONFIRMED.
THE ALIEN IS
COMPLETELY
DEFENSELESS.



WE MUST...
CONSIDER
THIS...



CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 6020.1...

A... MOST UNUSUAL
MEETING IS CONVENED
IN THE BRIEFING ROOM.

THEN
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING...

...IS THAT
THE TRAVELER'S
"SHIP" IS ACTUALLY
ONE OF YOUR...
NURSERIES?



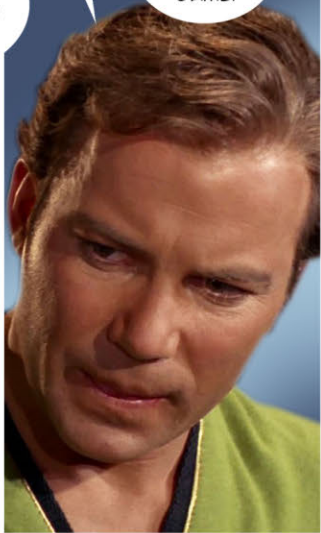
THAT
IS CORRECT,
CAPTAIN.

AS YOU MEASURE
TIME, IT HAS BEEN ONE
THOUSAND YEARS SINCE
HE STOLE THE
EGG-SHIP.

ONE THOUSAND
YEARS THAT WE
HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING
HIS TRAIL--A TRAIL
OF OUR CHILDREN
SOLD INTO
SLAVERY.

IT'S A
LIE, CAPTAIN!
YOU MUST
KNOW IT'S A
LIE!
LOOK
AT ALL THE
GOOD I HAVE
DONE ABOARD
YOUR
SHIP!!

SAVE IT,
TRAVELER.
WE'RE
FINISHED
WITH YOUR
GAME.





ONE THING I DON'T GET IS HOW THIS "TRAVELER" GOT INTO A POSITION WHERE HE COULD STEAL YOUR NURSERY.

HOW COULD YOU TRUST SOMEONE LIKE HIM?

ISN'T THAT JUST WHAT YOUR CREW DID, DOCTOR?

HE'S GOT US THERE, BONES!

WE WERE ALL SUCKERED IN BY THE TRAVELER'S BRAND OF "CHARM."



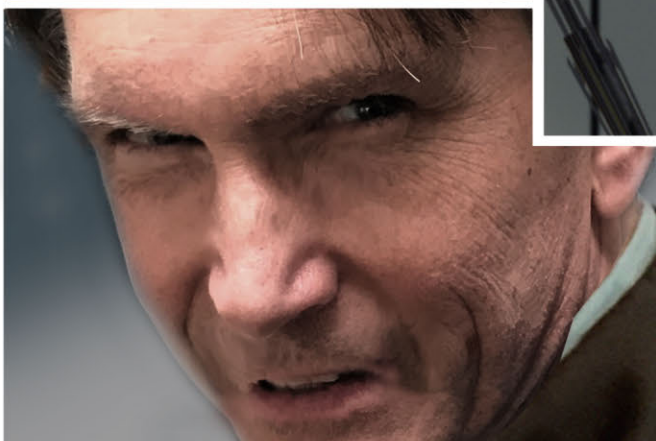
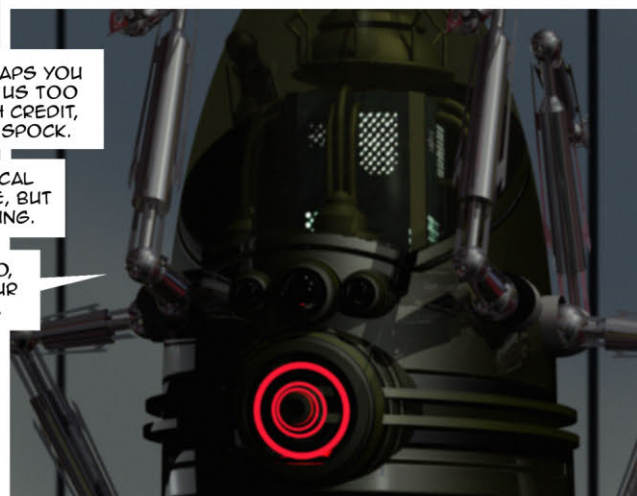
DOCTOR MCCOY'S POINT IS STILL VALID, HOWEVER, CAPTAIN.

I ALSO FIND MYSELF WONDERING HOW ENTITIES POSSESSED OF THE MECHANICAL LOGIC OF THE Q'AL COULD BE... "SUCKERED IN."

PERHAPS YOU GIVE US TOO MUCH CREDIT, MR. SPOCK.

MECHANICAL WE MAY BE, BUT ALSO LIVING.

WE, TOO, HAVE OUR FLAWS.



ENOUGH THAT I WAS ABLE TO BEST YOU FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

BUT, NOW, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

YOUR FINAL FATE WILL BE DECIDED BY THE COUNCIL OF ETERNITY.



CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL: WE ARE TURNING THE "TRAVELER" OVER TO THE Q'AL FOR PROPER DISPOSITION.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, CAPTAIN!

I'M HUMAN! ACCORDING TO THE UMBRA ACCORD, ONLY HUMANS CAN TRY ME!

THAT IS NOT TRUE, CAPTAIN KIRK.

THE ONE YOU CALL "THE TRAVELER" IS NOT OF YOUR SPECIES.



THIS IS HIS TRUE FORM.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?

I WAS WORKIN' ALONGSIDE... THAT??

SPOCK, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ...IT?

FASCINATING.

A TOTALLY ALIEN LIFE FORM.



ALIEN ONLY TO PRIMITIVE POND SCUM LIKE YOU!

IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP FROM SCREAMING WHILE AMONG YOU!

MY RACE RULED THIS QUADRANT FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS!



BUT ACCORDING TO THE Q'AL, YOU ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT.

AND A PRETTY PATHETIC SAMPLE YOU ARE.

ALL RIGHT, MR. SCOTT... TIME TO SEND OUR VISITORS ON THEIR WAY.

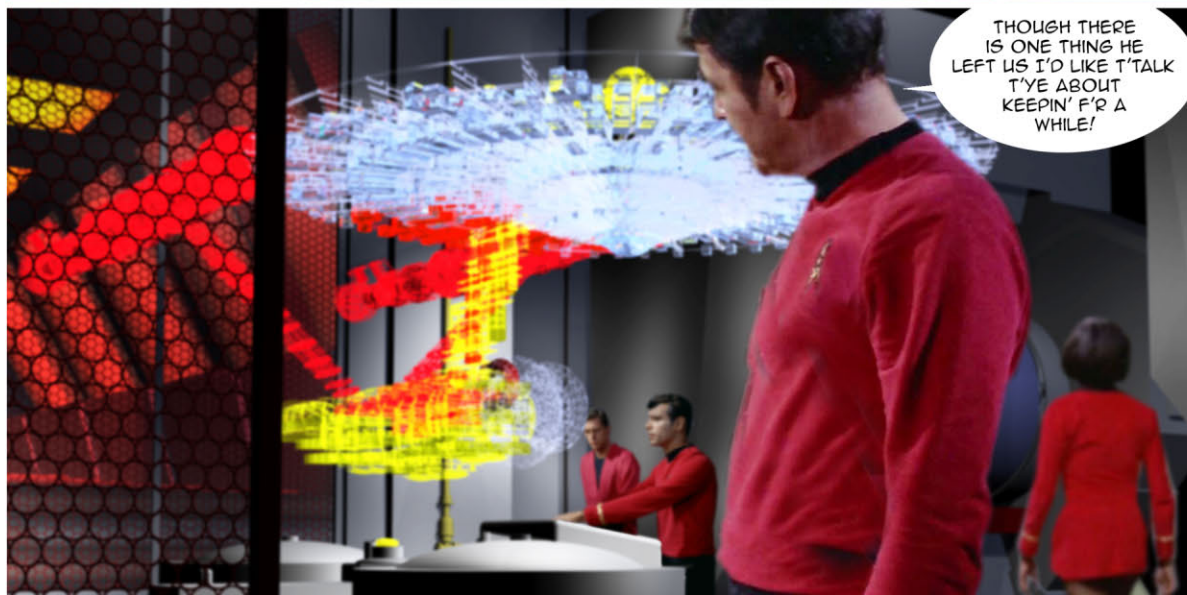
PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCE.

THAT IS OUR WISH ALSO, CAPTAIN.



...AND I
WANT ALL OF THE
TRAVELER'S
"IMPROVEMENTS"
CLEARED OUT IN LESS
THAN TEN HOURS,
SCOTTY.

I'M
ON IT,
SIR!



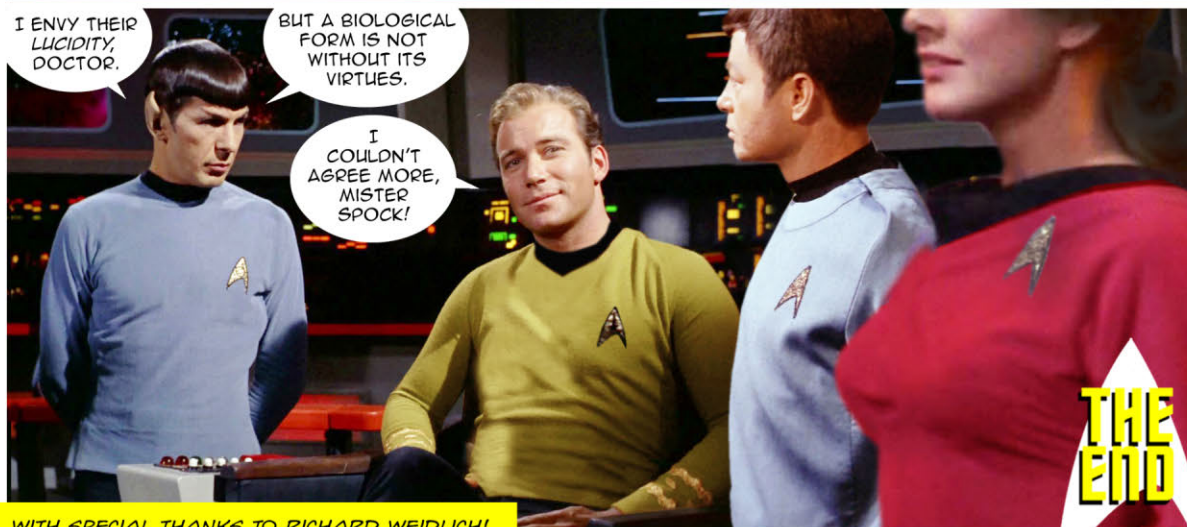
THOUGH THERE
IS ONE THING HE
LEFT US I'D LIKE T'TALK
T'YE ABOUT
KEEPIN' F'R A
WHILE!



WELL!
AN ENTIRE
RACE OF LIVING
MACHINES.

COLD,
LOGICAL,
MECHANICALLY
PERFECT.

YOU
MUST ENVY
THEM,
SPOCK!



I ENVY THEIR
LUCIDITY,
DOCTOR.

BUT A BIOLOGICAL
FORM IS NOT
WITHOUT ITS
VIRTUES.

I
COULDN'T
AGREE MORE,
MISTER
SPOCK!

THE
END

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO RICHARD WEIDLICH!

STAR TREK

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**

NYOTA!

**"SHOULD OLD
ACQUAINTANCE
BE FORGOT..."**

Photomontage
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**

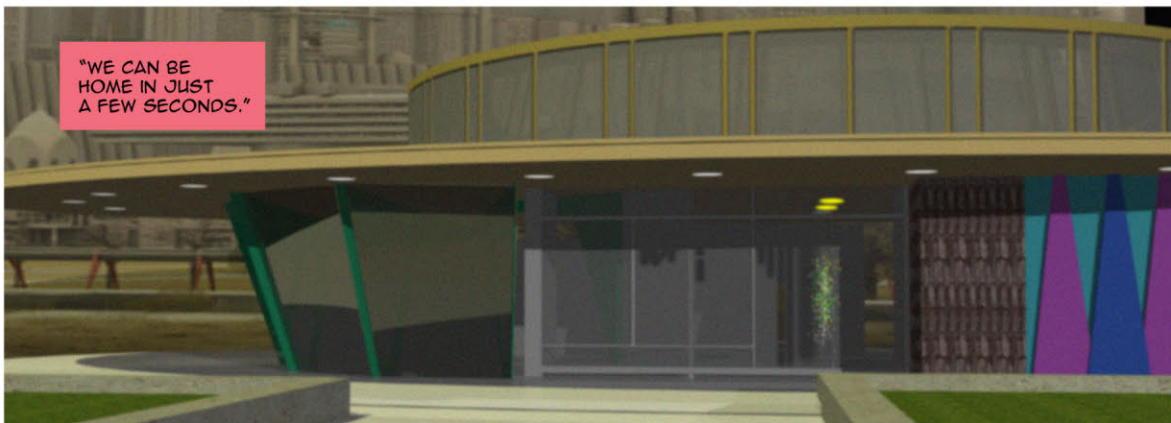
DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE

JANICE!
IT'S SO GOOD
TO SEE
YOU!

TWO
YEARS IS
TOO
LONG!

MUCH!

COME ON!
THE LOCAL
TRANSPORTERS
ARE JUST OVER
HERE.





THE ENTERPRISE IS UNDER ATTACK. MY POSITION, ENGINEERING, TO CONSULT WITH CHIEF ENGINEER SCOTT.

WELL, SCOTTY, CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

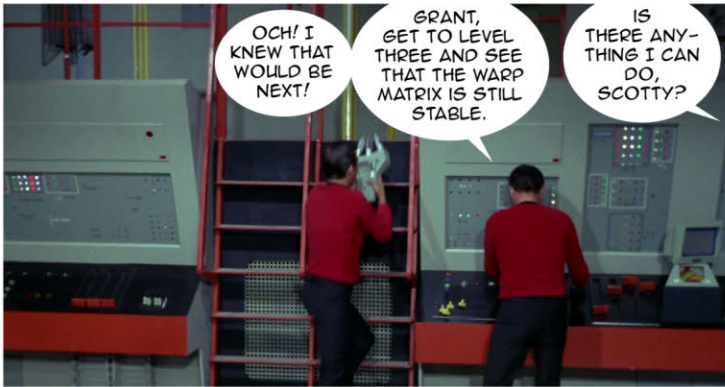
OH, AYE, SIR, WE'RE ON IT.

BUT I WISH WE COULD BREAK ORBIT AWAY FROM THIS PLANET.

ITS ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS ARE PLAYIN' HOB WITH MY SYSTEMS!

FLUCTUATIONS IN THE LATERAL INTERCOOLER DUCTS, MR. SCOTT!

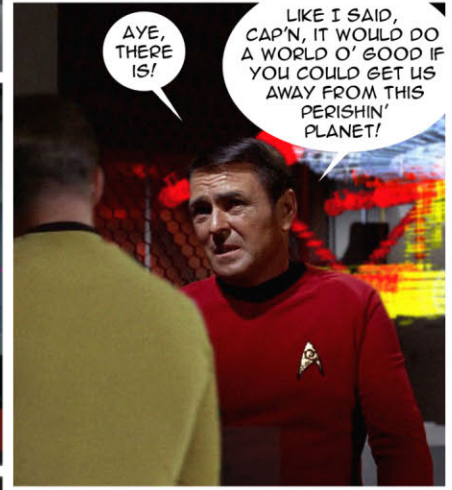
WE'RE LOSING POWER!



OCH! I KNEW THAT WOULD BE NEXT!

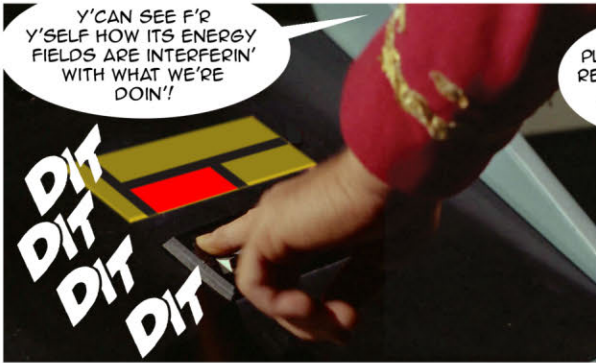
GRANT, GET TO LEVEL THREE AND SEE THAT THE WARP MATRIX IS STILL STABLE.

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO, SCOTTY?



AYE, THERE IS!

LIKE I SAID, CAP'N, IT WOULD DO A WORLD O' GOOD IF YOU COULD GET US AWAY FROM THIS PERISHIN' PLANET!



Y'CAN SEE F'R Y'SELF HOW ITS ENERGY FIELDS ARE INTERFERIN' WITH WHAT WE'RE DOIN'!

THAT PLANET IS THE REASON WE'RE HERE, MR. SCOTT.

WE...

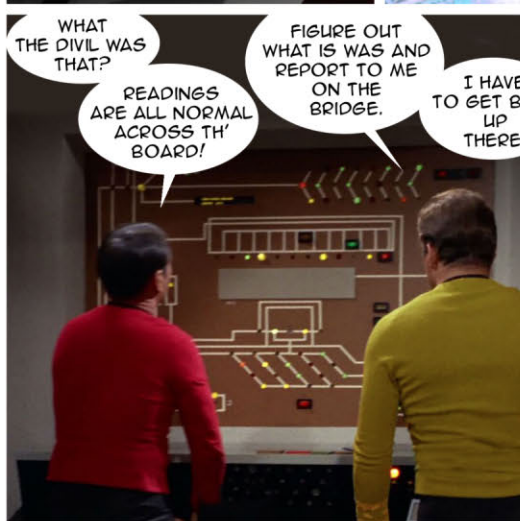




CAP'N!
ARE Y'ALL
RIGHT?

FINE,
SCOTTY,
FINE.

I
JUST NEED
A...



WHAT
THE DEVIL WAS
THAT?

READINGS
ARE ALL NORMAL
ACROSS TH'
BOARD!

FIGURE OUT
WHAT IS WAS AND
REPORT TO ME
ON THE BRIDGE.

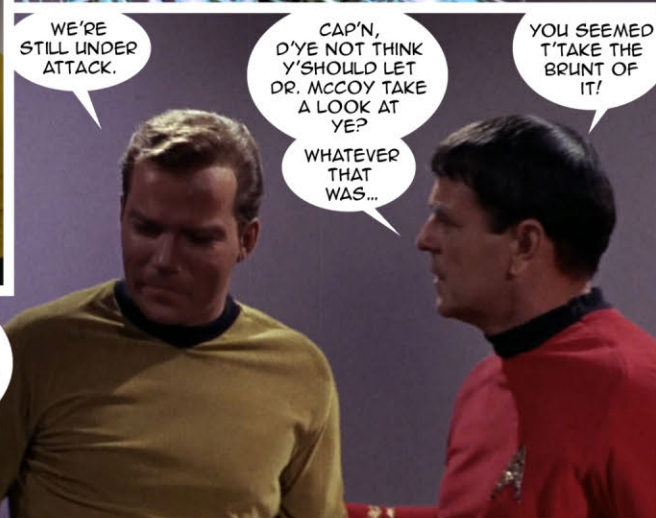
I HAVE
TO GET BACK
UP
THERE!



DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME!

DO WHAT
YOU CAN TO
GET THE ENGINES
BACK TO FULL
POWER...

...AND
I'LL SEE WHAT
CAN BE DONE
ABOUT GETTING
US OUT OF ORBIT.



WE'RE
STILL UNDER
ATTACK.

CAP'N,
D'YE NOT THINK
Y' SHOULD LET
DR. MCCOY TAKE
A LOOK AT
YE?

WHATEVER
THAT
WAS...

YOU SEEMED
T'TAKE THE
BRUNT OF
IT!



BRIDGE!

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

"TIME OUT OF JOINT"

THAT
WILL BE ALL,
ENSIGN. RUN
THOSE FIGURES
THROUGH THE
ASTROPHYSICS
COMPUTER.

CAPTAIN...
YOUR TIMING IS
EXCELLENT.

WE ARE
SEVEN MINUTES
FROM ORBITAL
INSERTION AROUND
PLANET
DT-262.

SEVEN
MINUTES?
BUT WE
WERE...

CAPTAIN'S LOG, DELAYED.
A MOMENT BEFORE THE SHIP
WAS UNDER ATTACK BY AN
UNKNOWN ENEMY.

BUT, ALL IS CALM, AND
WE ARE NOT YET EVEN IN
ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET
WHERE THE ATTACK BEGAN!

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



IS THERE A PROBLEM, SIR?

PROBLEM... NO. NO, EVERYTHING IS FINE.

CONTINUE STANDARD APPROACH.

SOMETHING MAKES ME HESITATE, NOT TELL SPOCK THINGS ARE, INDEED, NOT AS THEY SHOULD BE.

FLUCTUATION IN THE WARP ENGINES.

WE'RE ENTERIN' TH' PLANET'S OUTER FIELDS, SIR!



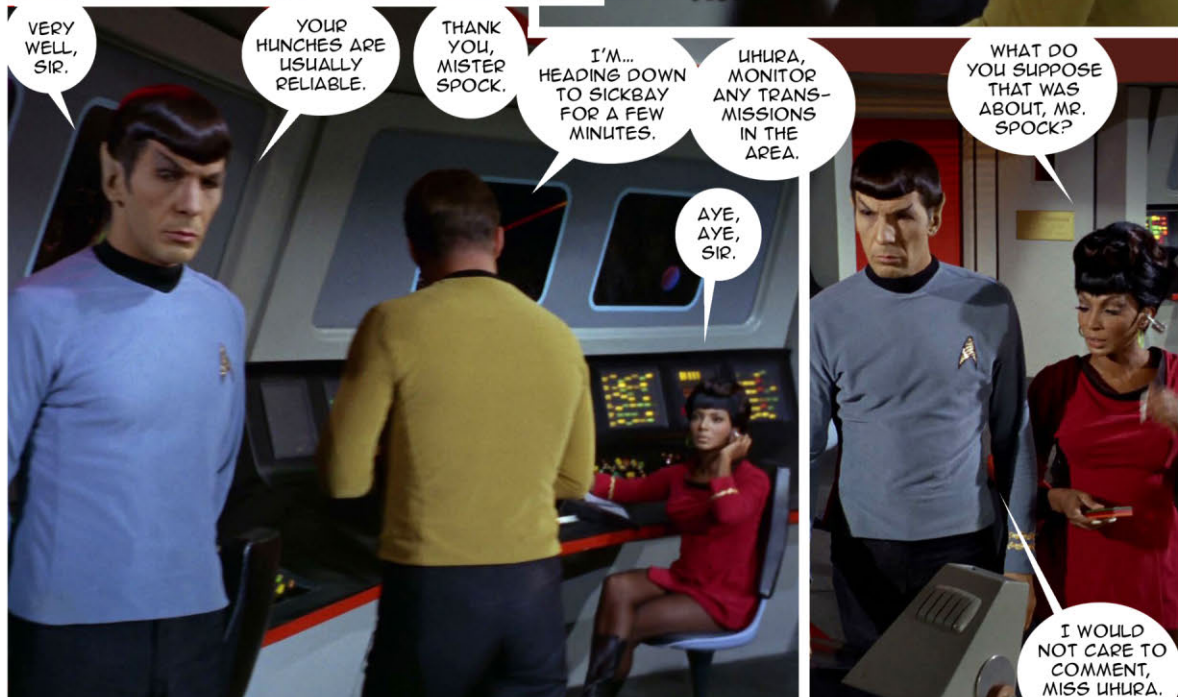
SHIELDS ON MAXIMUM, MISTER SULLI.

MAXIMUM? RESPECTFULLY, SIR. I DON'T THINK WE NEED THAT KIND OF POWER TO...

IS THERE A REASON FOR FULL SHIELDS, SIR?

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED A LONG-RANGE SCAN OF THE AREA, AND I FIND NO IMMEDIATE THREATS.

CALL IT A HUNCH, SPOCK.



VERY WELL, SIR.

YOUR HUNCHES ARE USUALLY RELIABLE.

THANK YOU, MISTER SPOCK.

I'M... HEADING DOWN TO SICKBAY FOR A FEW MINUTES.

UHURA, MONITOR ANY TRANSMISSIONS IN THE AREA.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS ABOUT, MR. SPOCK?

AYE, AYE, SIR.

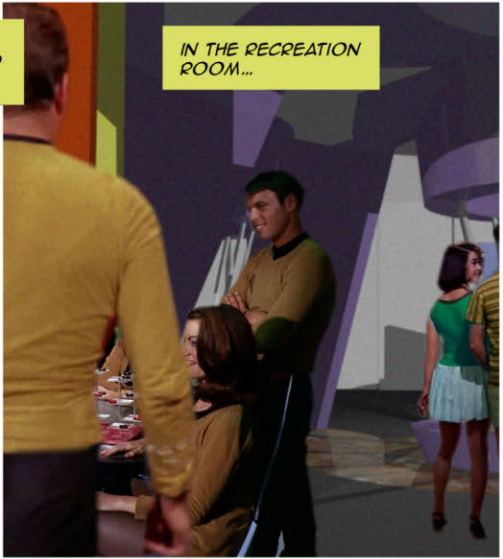
I WOULD NOT CARE TO COMMENT, MISS UHURA.



"EXCEPT TO REITERATE MY FAITH IN THE CAPTAIN."

EVERYTHING IS NORMAL.

AN AVERAGE DAY ABOARD A STARSHIP.



IN THE RECREATION ROOM...



AUXILIARY CONTROL...



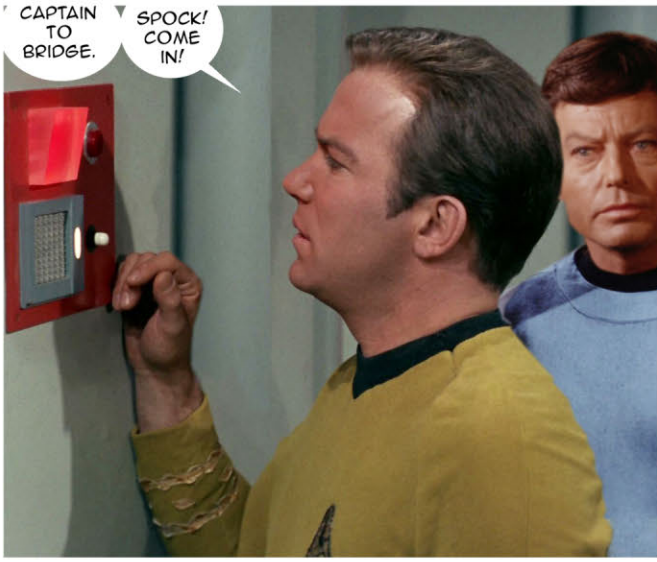
ENGINEERING...

NO HINT OF ANYTHING ABNORMAL AT ALL.

EXCEPT ME!



I WALK AWAY WITHOUT ENTERING. MY PLACE IS ON THE BRIDGE-- CAN I GET THERE?





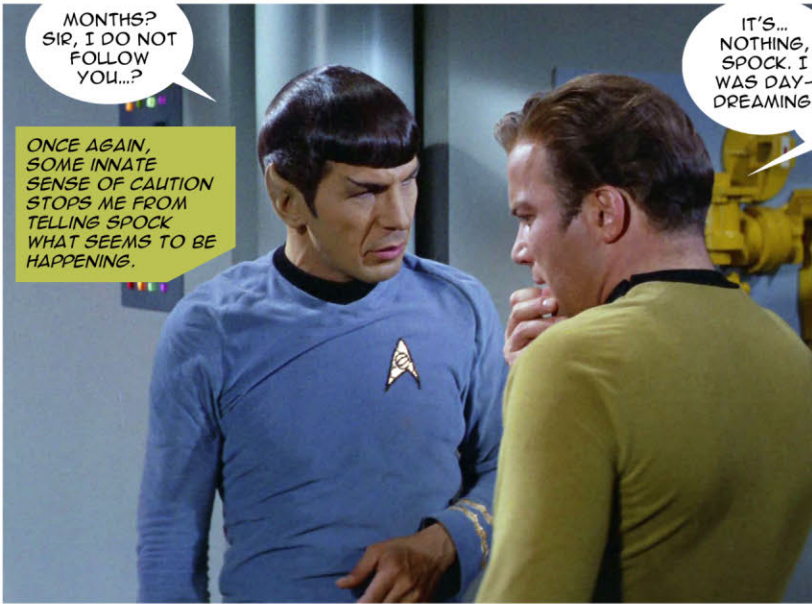
BUT AS I STEP OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR...

...ALL IS CALM!

CAPTAIN... I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

WE ARE ENTERING APPROACH VECTOR FOR PLANET POLLUX IV.

POLLUX...? BUT THAT WAS MONTHS AGO...



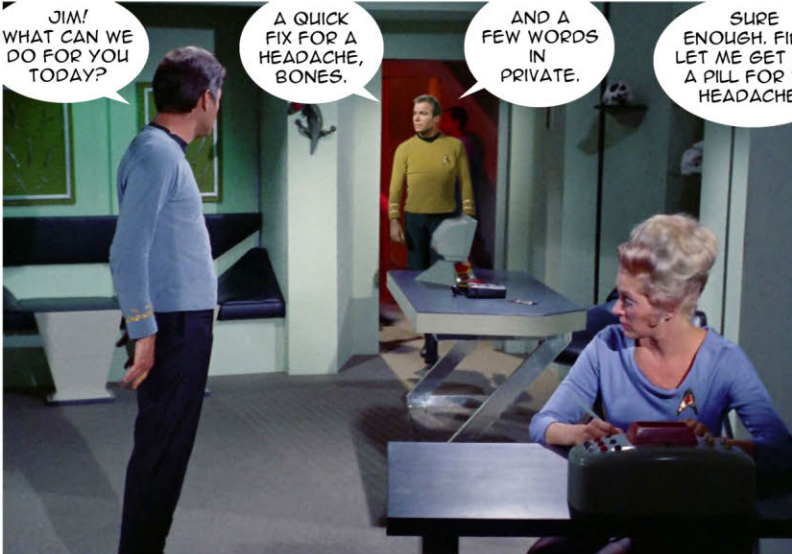
MONTHS? SIR, I DO NOT FOLLOW YOU...?

ONCE AGAIN, SOME INNATE SENSE OF CAUTION STOPS ME FROM TELLING SPOCK WHAT SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING.

IT'S... NOTHING, SPOCK. I WAS DAY-DREAMING.

CONTINUE ON PRESENT COURSE.

I WANT A FEW WORDS WITH DOCTOR MCCOY...



JIM! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU TODAY?

A QUICK FIX FOR A HEADACHE, BONES.

AND A FEW WORDS IN PRIVATE.

SURE ENOUGH. FIRST LET ME GET YOU A PILL FOR THE HEADACHE...





IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, SIR?

NO, THANK YOU, NURSE.

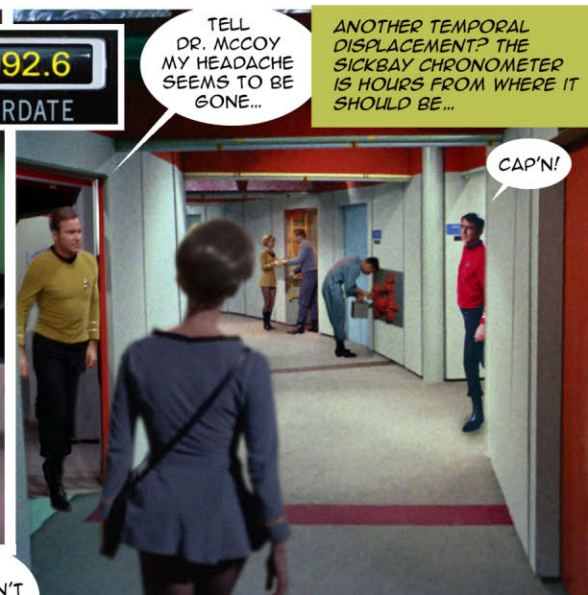
IN FACT...

5992.6

STARDATE

TELL DR. MCCOY MY HEADACHE SEEMS TO BE GONE...

ANOTHER TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT? THE SICKBAY CHRONOMETER IS HOURS FROM WHERE IT SHOULD BE...



CAP'N!



I'VE FINISHED RECALIBRATIN' TH' MAIN SYSTEMS, SO WE'RE MORE'N READY FOR ANYTHING THAT WEE PLANET THROWS AT US!

THEN... WE HAVEN'T REACHED TD-962.

I THINK IT MAY BE TIME TO TELL MISTER SPOCK WHAT'S GOING ON!

YOU GET BACK TO ENGINEERING. CONCENTRATE ON DOING EVERYTHING YOU CAN TO SHIELD THE WARP DRIVE FROM ANY LOSS OF POWER!

ER... AYE, SIR!



CAPTAIN! SIR, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

THE ENEMY IS PRESSING ITS ATTACK WITH FULL FORCE!

I STEP ONTO THE BRIDGE AND ONCE AGAIN SHIFT IN TIME.

FURTHER AHEAD, NOW. DEEPER INTO THE ATTACK.

SIR! THEY'RE SWINGING 'ROUND AGAIN!





I USE THE MANUAL
OVERRIDE TO HALT
THE PLUNGE...

...BUT I HAVE FALLEN
TOO FAR FOR A
DIRECT DROP FROM
THE BRIDGE.

WHEN THE DOORS
OPEN, MY GUESS IS
CONFIRMED.

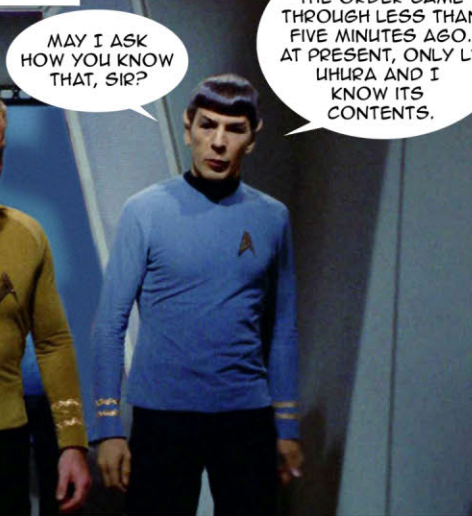


CAPTAIN,
WE HAVE
RECEIVED ORDERS
FROM STARFLEET.

I HAVE BEEN DISPLACED
AGAIN IN TIME AND SPACE.



I KNOW,
SPOCK. WE'VE
BEEN ORDERED TO
INVESTIGATE DT-262,
A ROGUE PLANET
IN SECTOR
875.



MAY I ASK
HOW YOU KNOW
THAT, SIR?

THE ORDER CAME
THROUGH LESS THAN
FIVE MINUTES AGO.
AT PRESENT, ONLY LT.
UHURA AND I
KNOW ITS
CONTENTS.



I KNOW JUST WHEN
THAT ORDER CAME
THROUGH, SPOCK, AND
IT'S PAST TIME I
TOLD YOU ABOUT
IT.

YOU
AND DOCTOR
MCCOY!



UNSTUCK IN TIME?
OF ALL THE COCKAMAMIE
IDEAS I'VE HEARD IN MY
YEARS ABOARD THIS
SHIP...!

JIM.
YOU CAN'T
BE
SERIOUS!



DEADLY SERIOUS,
BONES. AS IN, I HAVE
SEEN THE ENTIRE
BRIDGE CREW, INCLUDING
SPOCK, DIE!

A DISTURBING
IMAGE, CAPTAIN. YET
YOU DID KNOW ABOUT
THE STARFLEET ORDER
OF WHICH YOU SHOULD
HAVE HAD NO
KNOWLEDGE.



SPOCK...
ARE YOU SAYING
YOU HAVE SOME
LOGICAL WAY FOR
THIS TO MAKE
SENSE?



NOT LOGIC, DOCTOR. INSTEAD, YEARS OF SERVING SIDE BY SIDE WITH OUR CAPTAIN.

IF HE SAYS HE HAS COME UNSTUCK IN TIME, I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE.

SUCH A PHENOMENON IS UNHEARD OF... BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

I THANK YOU FOR THAT VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, MISTER SPOCK.

BUT THE QUESTION NOW IS... WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

BONES... DO YOU THINK YOUR MEDICAL SCANNERS COULD DETECT ANY PHYSICAL ANOMALY?

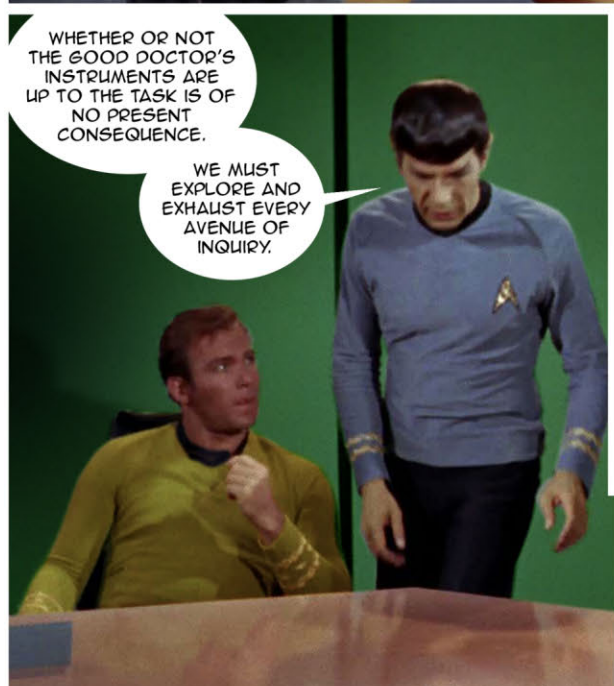
SIR...



THEN THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT WE'LL DO!

SPOCK, YOU GET UP TO THE BRIDGE -- SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY EXTERNAL CAUSE.

BONES, YOU AND I ARE HEADED FOR SICKBAY TO...



WHETHER OR NOT THE GOOD DOCTOR'S INSTRUMENTS ARE UP TO THE TASK IS OF NO PRESENT CONSEQUENCE.

WE MUST EXPLORE AND EXHAUST EVERY AVENUE OF INQUIRY.



...DAMN...



I'VE SHIFTED AGAIN,
BACK INTO BATTLE.

AND I STILL HAVE
NO IDEA WHO THE
ENEMY MIGHT BE.

I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO
TRY TO FOLLOW THROUGH
ON OUR PLAN.

AND THAT MEANS MAKING
MY WAY THROUGH SMOKE
AND FIRE TO SICKBAY ...



BONES!

JIM! GET
AWAY FROM
THE DAMN
DOOR!

THE VENTILATORS
ARE HAVING ENOUGH
TROUBLE WITH THE
SMOKE WITHOUT
YOU LETTING IN
MORE!

SAVE
THE REPRIMAND
FOR LATER,
DOCTOR.

I NEED
YOU TO GIVE ME
A COMPREHENSIVE
EXAMINATION!



NOW??
JIM, I HAVE DOZENS
OF PATIENTS! HALF
OF THEM ARE
CRITICAL!

MANY
WILL DIE
UNLESS
I...



I UNDER-
STAND YOUR
SITUATION,
BONES.



BUT WHAT
I NEED MAY BE
DIRECTLY
RELATED
TO...

KIRK!!







THIS TIME IT DOESN'T
HAPPEN.

AS I BOLT THROUGH THE
DOOR I REALIZE I AM STILL
AT THE ACADEMY...

JIM!

...AND IT IS STILL TWO
DECADES AGO.

SLOW DOWN,
PAL! WHAT'S THE
RUSH?

GARRY MITCHELL, MY
CLOSEST FRIEND AT
THE ACADEMY.

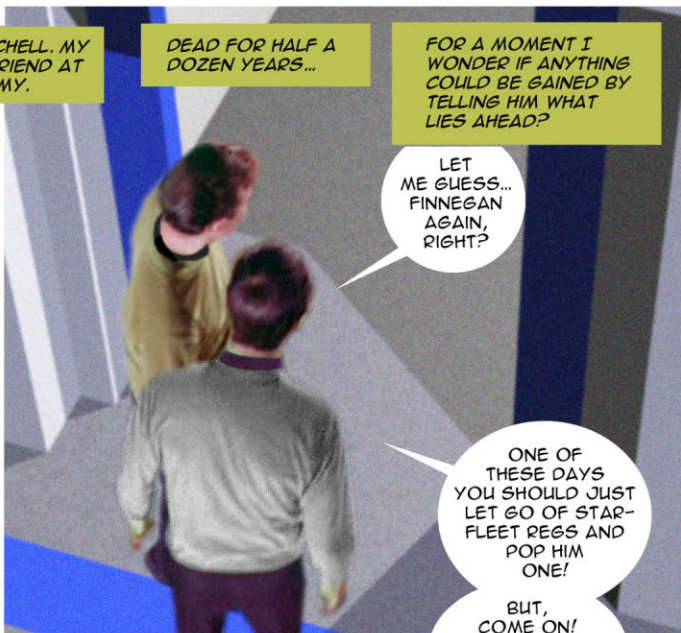
DEAD FOR HALF A
DOZEN YEARS...

FOR A MOMENT I
WONDER IF ANYTHING
COULD BE GAINED BY
TELLING HIM WHAT
LIES AHEAD?

LET
ME GUESS...
FINNEGAN
AGAIN,
RIGHT?

ONE OF
THESE DAYS
YOU SHOULD JUST
LET GO OF STAR-
FLEET REGS AND
POP HIM
ONE!

BUT,
COME ON!
I KNOW A SPOT
WHERE WE CAN
LAY LOW FOR
A WHILE!



TIME AND SPACE
FOLD AGAIN.

BUT THIS TIME I
HAVE NO IDEA
WHERE I AM.

LOOKS
LIKE IT
WORKED,
SIR!



CAPTAIN,
LOOK!
IT'S
SOME KIND
OF VIEW-
PORT!

THE
ENTERPRISE!
I HAD NO IDEA
SHE WAS
DAMAGED SO
BADLY!



WE'VE BEAMED
ABOARD THE
ATTACKING SHIP.

BUT I HAVE NO IDEA
OF MY STRATEGY
BEHIND COMING HERE.



AHGH!!

COVER!



DON'T RETURN
FIRE!

KEEP
MOVING! WE
HAVE TO LOCATE
THE COMMAND
HUB.



MISTER SCOTT SAID THIS WOULD BE A SUICIDE MISSION, SIR!

IT LOOKS LIKE HE MAY BE RIGHT!

THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE HOW MUCH OF THEIR OWN SHIP THEY WRECK!



ROUND THIS CORNER!

CAPTAIN...

THREE MINUTES TO ORBIT.

SHIELDS AT MAXIMUM.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SCANNERS, SPOCK?



I HAVE JUST COMPLETED A COMPREHENSIVE SCAN, SIR.

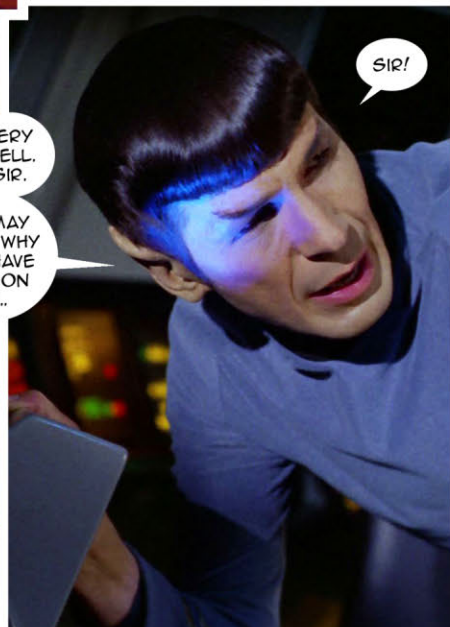
ALL IS CLEAR TO MAXIMUM RANGE.

YOU MAY NOT BE LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT THING, SPOCK.

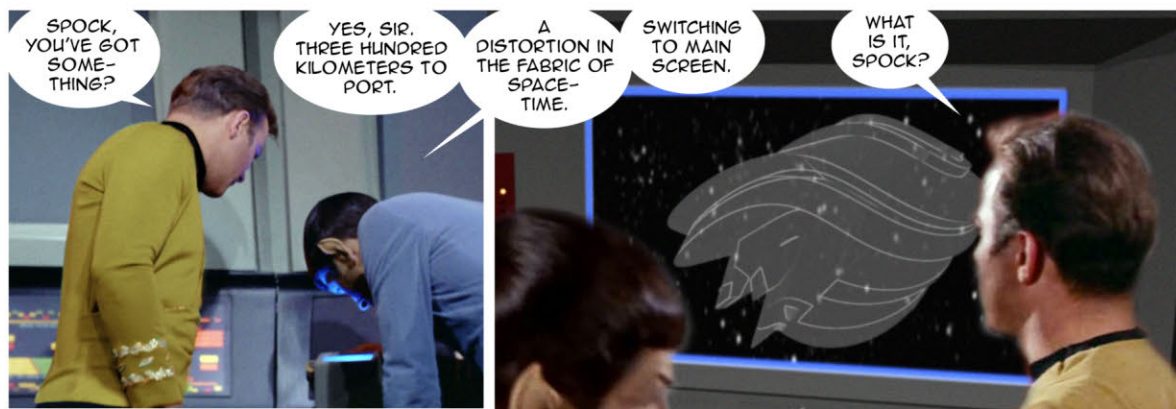
SCAN FOR TEMPORAL ANOMALIES.

VERY WELL, SIR.

BUT MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE REASON TO...



SIR!



SPOCK,
YOU'VE GOT
SOME-
THING?

YES, SIR.
THREE HUNDRED
KILOMETERS TO
PORT.

A
DISTORTION IN
THE FABRIC OF
SPACE-
TIME.

SWITCHING
TO MAIN
SCREEN.

WHAT
IS IT,
SPOCK?



A
VESSEL,
CAPTAIN.

THOUGH
OF A KIND
UNKNOWN TO
ME.

MISTER
SPOCK, I'M
READING SOME
KIND OF ENERGY
BUILD-UP IN THEIR
BOW.

THEY
MAY BE
CHARGING
WEAPONS!



CONFIRMING
THAT,
CAPTAIN.

THE SHIP IS
SURROUNDED BY
A TEMPORAL WARP
FIELD.

THEY APPEAR
TO BE FOCUSING
THIS IN OUR
DIRECTION.

SHIELDS TO
ONE HUNDRED
TWENTY
PERCENT,
MR. SULL!



WHAT WAS THAT?!

IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE AN EXPLOSION!

IT WASN'T!

IT WAS A SHOCKWAVE IN TIME AND SPACE!

AND HERE COMES...



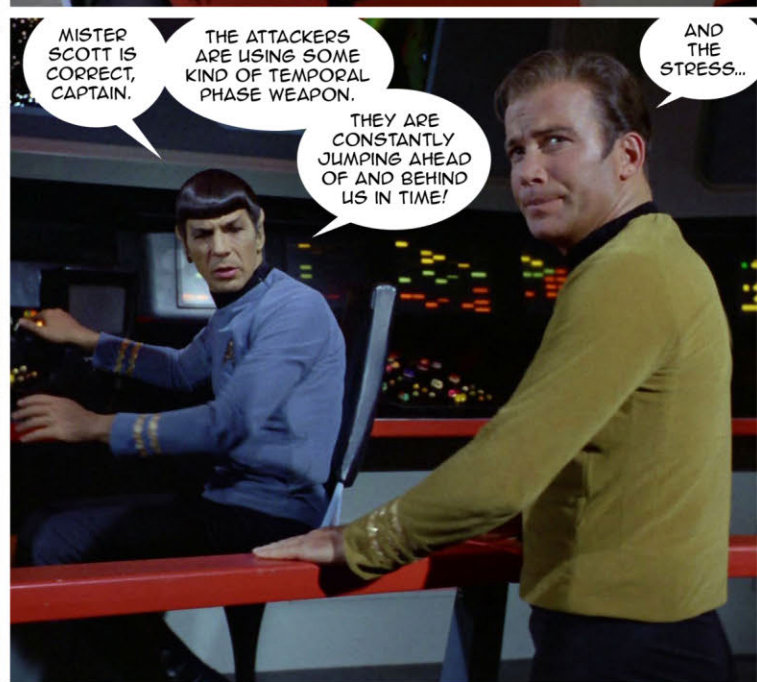
EVASIVE MANEUVERS, MISTER SULL!

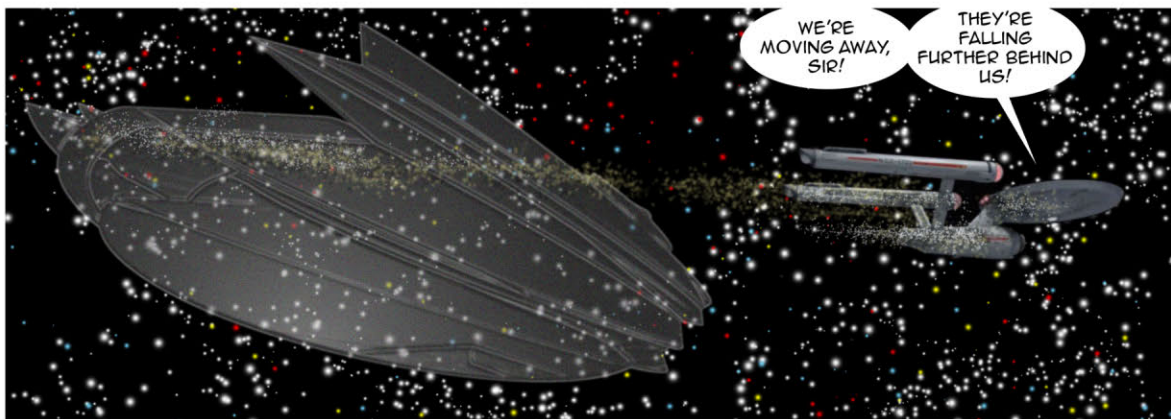
PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THAT OTHER SHIP!

AYE, SIR!

IT'S HAPPENING AS IT DID AN HOUR AGO.

BUT NOT EXACTLY AS IT DID AN HOUR AGO.





WE'RE MOVING AWAY, SIR!

THEY'RE FALLING FURTHER BEHIND US!



VERY GOOD, MR. SULLI.

THEIR WEAPON IS A DRAIN ON POWER.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT WEAPON, SIR?

WHAT SORT OF RANGE DOES IT HAVE?



ONLY A FEW THOUSAND METERS.

WE'RE SAFELY OUT OF RANGE NOW.

MAY I ASK HOW YOU ACQUIRED THIS DATA?

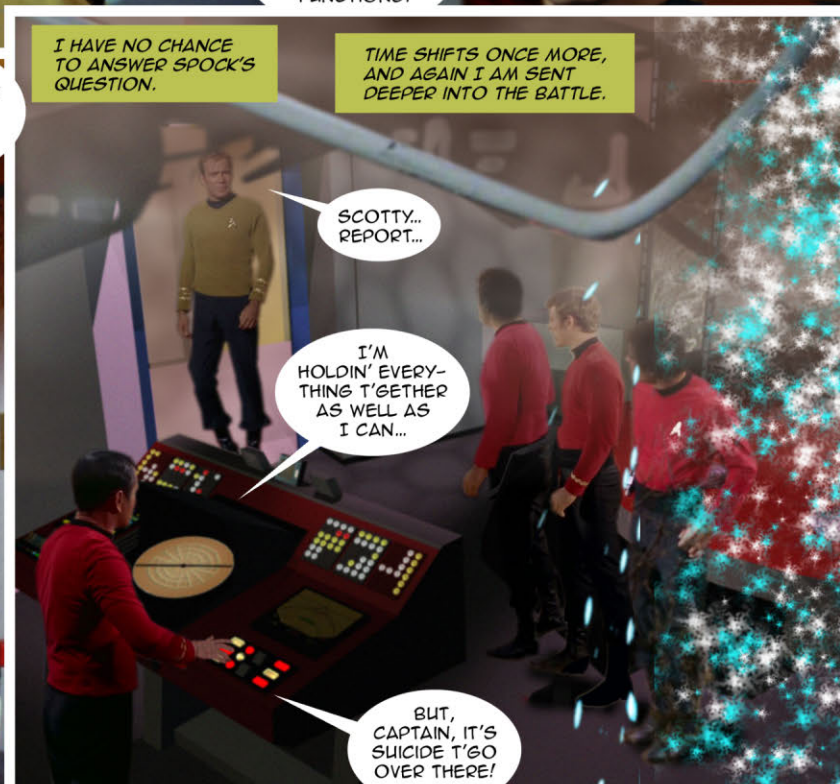
CAPTAIN, YOU SEEM TO POSSESS INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THAT SHIP'S FUNCTIONS.



I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE MOVE.

CAPTAIN, SHOULD NOT AT LEAST ONE OF US REMAIN ON THE BRIDGE?

RIGHT NOW WE NEED TO GET DOWN TO ENGINEERING.



I HAVE NO CHANCE TO ANSWER SPOCK'S QUESTION.

TIME SHIFTS ONCE MORE, AND AGAIN I AM SENT DEEPER INTO THE BATTLE.

SCOTTY... REPORT...

I'M HOLDIN' EVERYTHING T'GETHER AS WELL AS I CAN...

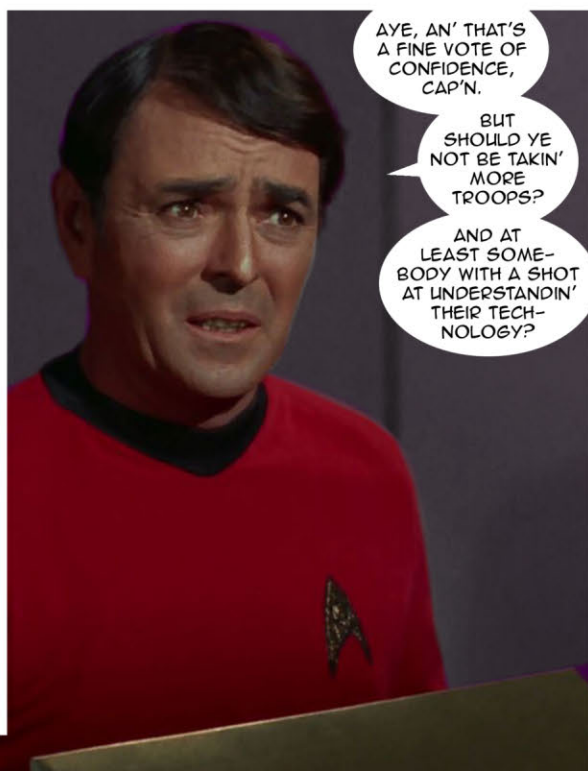
BUT, CAPTAIN, IT'S SUICIDE T'GO OVER THERE!



WE'RE ALL VOLUNTEERS, CAPTAIN.

AND WE ALL KNOW THE RISKS.

LIKE WE KNOW IF THERE'S ONE MAN WHO CAN BRING US BACK ALIVE, IT'S YOU, SIR!



AYE, AN' THAT'S A FINE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, CAP'N.

BUT SHOULD YE NOT BE TAKIN' MORE TROOPS?

AND AT LEAST SOME-BODY WITH A SHOT AT UNDERSTANDIN' THEIR TECHNOLOGY?



MEANING YOU, MISTER SCOTT?

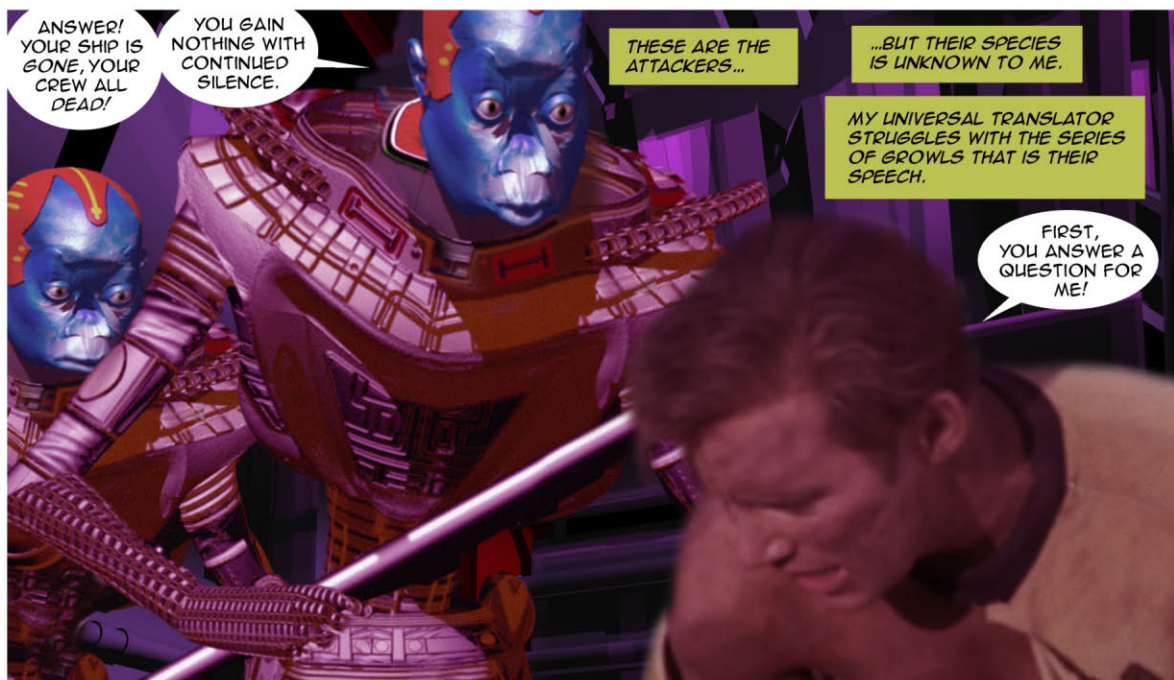
YOU KNOW I CAN'T PERMIT THAT, SCOTTY. WITH THE SHIP IN THIS KIND OF DISTRESS, THIS IS WHERE YOU'RE NEEDED.

STAY WITH THE ENTERPRISE. DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO KEEP HER ALIVE!



ENERGIZE!





ANSWER!
YOUR SHIP IS
GONE, YOUR
CREW ALL
DEAD!

YOU GAIN
NOTHING WITH
CONTINUED
SILENCE.

THESE ARE THE
ATTACKERS...

...BUT THEIR SPECIES
IS UNKNOWN TO ME.

MY UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR
STRUGGLES WITH THE SERIES
OF GROWLS THAT IS THEIR
SPEECH.

FIRST,
YOU ANSWER A
QUESTION FOR
ME!



YOU
ATTACKED US
FIRST.

AND
WITHOUT
PROVO-
CATION!

WHY?



YOU
DARE?

YOU DARE
SAY WE ATTACKED
YOU, WHEN IT WAS
YOU WHO ATTACKED
US!

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

WE
TOOK NO
HOSTILE ACTION
AGAINST
YOU!

NO
HOSTILE
ACTION?

DO YOU
NOT CALL
THAT HOSTILE
ACTION?



A CALCULATED RISK. I CANNOT BE CERTAIN MY SHIFTS IN TIME ARE TIED TO DOORWAYS.

BUT...



CAPTAIN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

IT WORKED! BUT WHEN AM I?

YEOMAN RAND?? BUT... THAT'S A SCIENCE DEPARTMENT UNIFORM...?

SIR? I'VE BEEN ABOARD FOR THREE WEEKS. AND I'M A LIEUTENANT, REMEMBER?



THREE WEEKS?

THEN THIS MUST BE... THE FUTURE! DOES THAT MEAN I'M SUCCESSFUL, OR...

CAPTAIN... YOU'RE STARTING TO FRIGHTEN ME.

SHOULD I CALL FOR DOCTOR MCCOY?

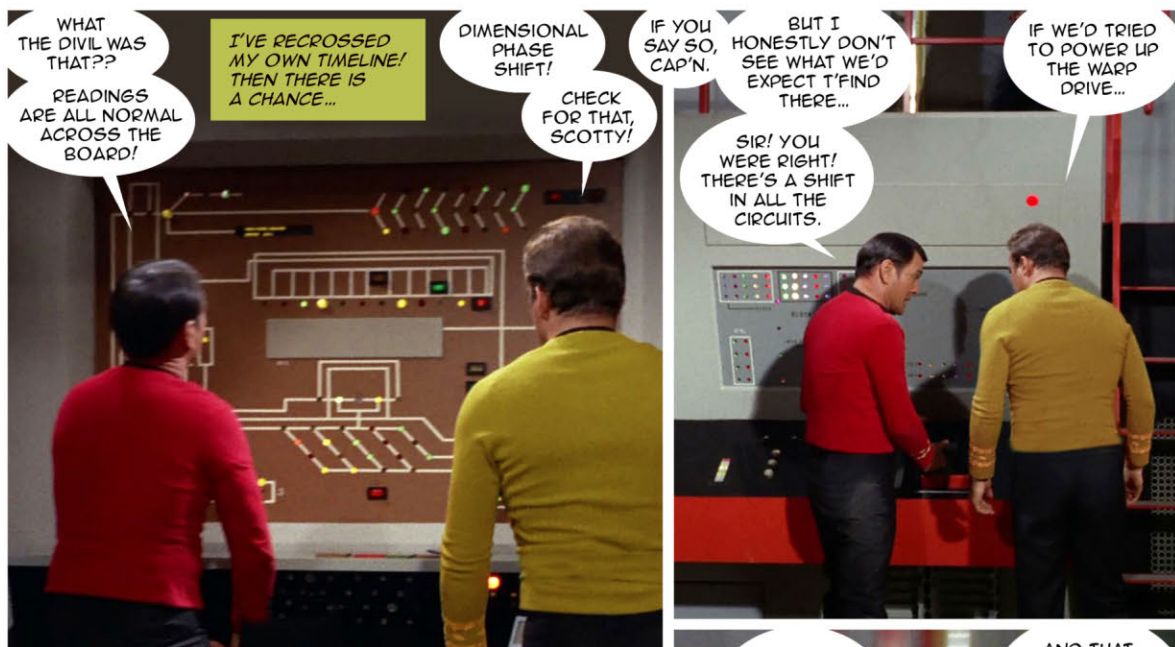
MCCOY? NO, NOT MCCOY.

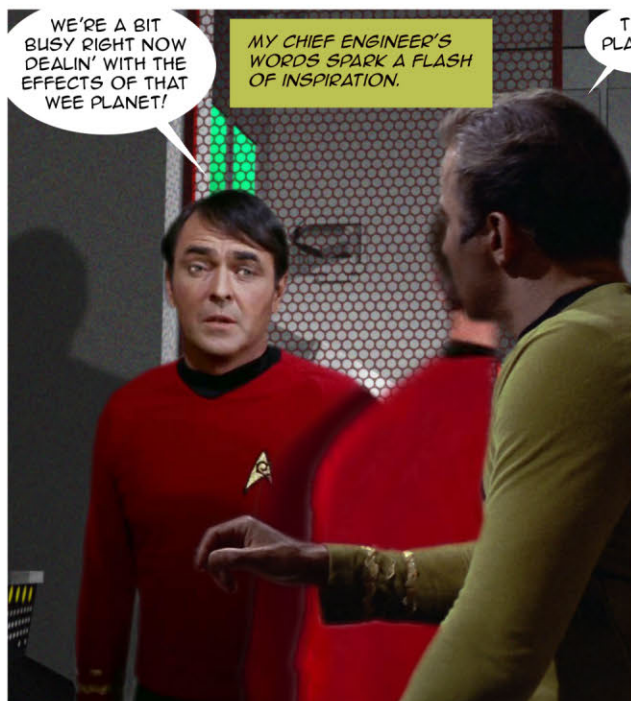


RIGHT NOW IT'S MR. SCOTT I NEED TO SEE!

BUT, SIR...







WE'RE A BIT BUSY RIGHT NOW DEALIN' WITH THE EFFECTS OF THAT WEE PLANET!

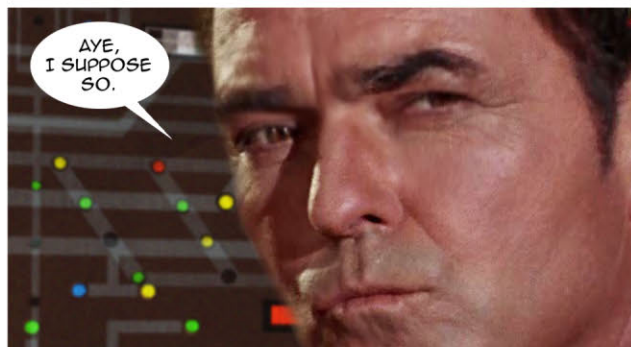
MY CHIEF ENGINEER'S WORDS SPARK A FLASH OF INSPIRATION.

THAT PLANET...

SCOTTY, IS THERE ANY WAY TO DIVERT THAT PLANET?

TO SHOVE IT OFF ITS PRESENT COURSE?

SHOVE IT...?



AYE, I SUPPOSE SO.

TH' PLANET'S SMALL ENOUGH THAT A SHAPED CHARGE, IF IT WAS SUFFICIENTLY POWERFUL...

...COULD ACT LIKE A GIANT ROCKET ENGINE, AN' PUSH THE PLANET INTO A LONG ARC AWAY FROM ITS PRESENT PATH.

BUT... WHY, SIR?



QUITE POSSIBLY TO SAVE THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ABOARD THIS SHIP!

COME WITH ME TO THE BRIDGE. WE HAVE TO TELL SPOCK WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.

AND, SCOTTY, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME IT'S UP TO YOU TO TELL SPOCK WHAT MUST BE DONE.

MAKE SURE HE UNDERSTANDS IT'S MY... FINAL ORDER.

FINAL ORDER? BUT...



TIME SHIFTS...

JIM... THANK YOU FOR COMING.

EARTH!



JANET?

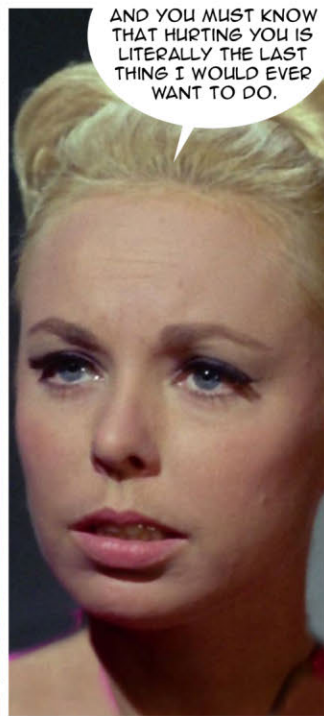
OF COURSE. WHY ARE YOU ACTING SO SURPRISED TO SEE ME?

JIM... PLEASE DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT ALREADY IS!



I THINK YOU KNOW WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE TONIGHT.

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULDN'T KNOW.



AND YOU MUST KNOW THAT HURTING YOU IS LITERALLY THE LAST THING I WOULD EVER WANT TO DO.



I'M SORRY, JANET. I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND CRUEL...

...BUT I LITERALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS RIGHT NOW!

JIM!

I STEP BACK THROUGH THE DOOR THAT BROUGHT ME HERE...

...AND NOTHING HAPPENS!



ALMOST IN DESPERATION I TRY ANOTHER DOOR.



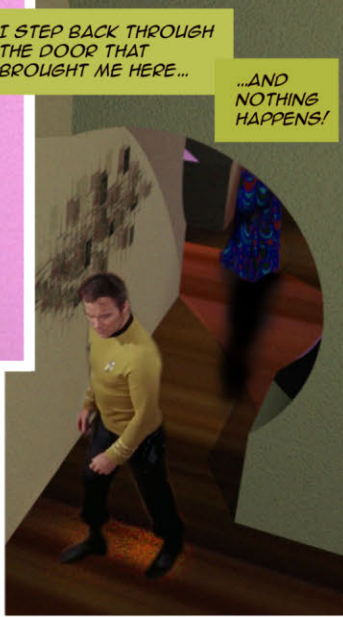
AND ANOTHER.



AND ANOTHER.

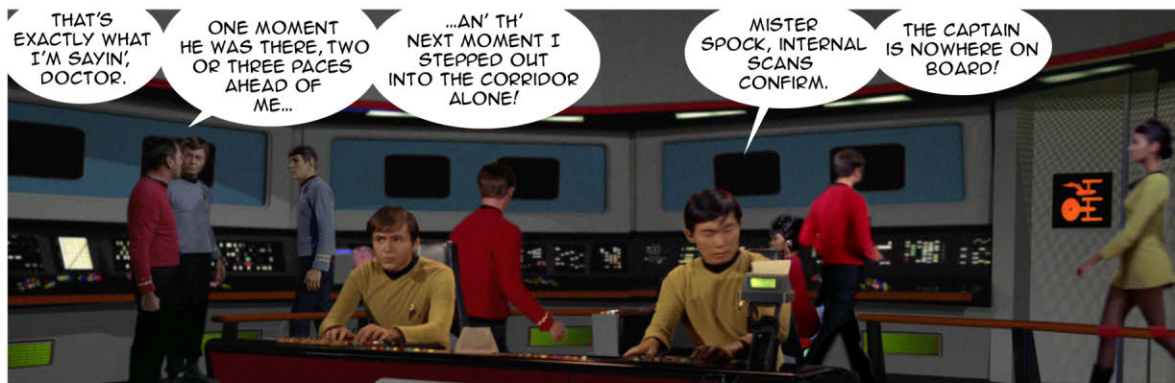


THE RESULT IS THE SAME -- NO RESULT!



MY FATE, AND THE FATE OF MY SHIP, IS IN THE HANDS OF SPOCK AND SCOTT.

"HE JUST... VANISHED??"



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYIN', DOCTOR.

ONE MOMENT HE WAS THERE, TWO OR THREE PACES AHEAD OF ME...

...AN' TH' NEXT MOMENT I STEPPED OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR ALONE!

MISTER SPOCK, INTERNAL SCANS CONFIRM.

THE CAPTAIN IS NOWHERE ON BOARD!



I HAVE THE SAME.

FASCINATING.

"FASCINATING," SPOCK?

JIM IS MISSING, AND THAT'S THE BEST YOU HAVE TO OFFER?

HARDLY, DOCTOR.

I HAVE QUITE A BIT TO "OFFER," INCLUDING ADDRESSING THE CAPTAIN'S LAST ORDER.



MISTER SPOCK! Y'RE TALKIN' LIKE HE'S DEAD!



I MAKE NO SUCH ASSUMPTION, ENGINEER.

HOWEVER, THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER TO DEFLECT TD-262 MAY BE CONSIDERABLY MORE DIFFICULT THAN YOU IMAGINED.

THE NATURE OF THE PLANET MAKES PRECISE READINGS IMPOSSIBLE.



PLUS, OUR ORBIT WILL NEED TO BE PRECARIOUSLY CLOSE.



"MAKE THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS, MR. SULLU."



WE'RE
IN POSITION,
MISTER
SPOCK.

VERY
WELL.

SPOCK,
ARE YOU
SURE ABOUT
THIS?

EVEN DISCOUNTING
THE POTENTIAL DANGER
TO THE SHIP FROM
FLYING SO
LOW...

...THAT'S A WHOLE
PLANETARY ECOLOGY
DOWN THERE. DO
WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO
INTERFERE WITH
IT?



YOUR
CONCERN IS
LAUDABLE BUT
UNNECESSARY,
DOCTOR.

MR. SCOTT,
YOUR REPORT,
PLEASE.

DT-262
IS QUITE
DEAD.

PHASER
CREWS STANDIN'
READY, MISTER
SPOCK.

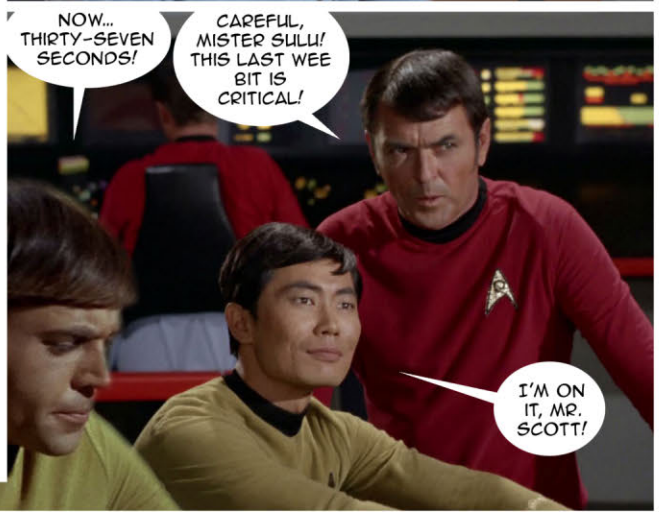
IT SHOULD
TAKE LESS THAN
TWELVE MINUTES TO
CARVE OUT THE
DEPRESSION WE
NEED.

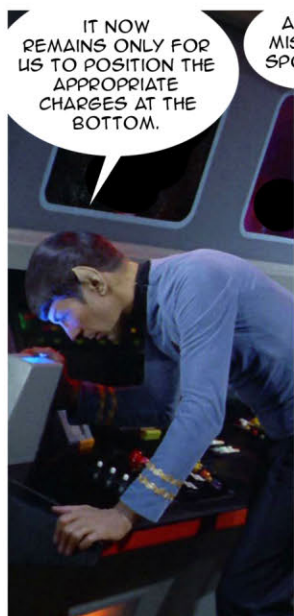


MISTER
SULLI...

FIRE
PORT
PHASER
BANKS!







IT NOW
REMAINS ONLY FOR
US TO POSITION THE
APPROPRIATE
CHARGES AT THE
BOTTOM.

AYE,
MISTER
SPOCK.



I'VE
ORDERED
SUFFICIENT
QUANTITIES OF
G-108 AND
HD-585 BROUGHT
TO THE
TRANSPORTER
ROOM.

WHAT??



SCOTTY...
SPOCK...!
HAVE YOU BOTH
GONE OUT OF
YOUR MINDS?

THESE
CONTAINERS
AREN'T EVEN
SUPPOSED TO BE
STORED WITHIN A
HUNDRED METERS
OF EACH
OTHER!

WE ARE WELL
AWARE OF STAR-
FLEET REGULATIONS,
DOCTOR.

BUT THAT RULE
REFERS TO
PROLONGED
STORAGE.

THESE'LL
NOT BE CLOSE
F'R MORE'N A
MINUTE OR
TWO!



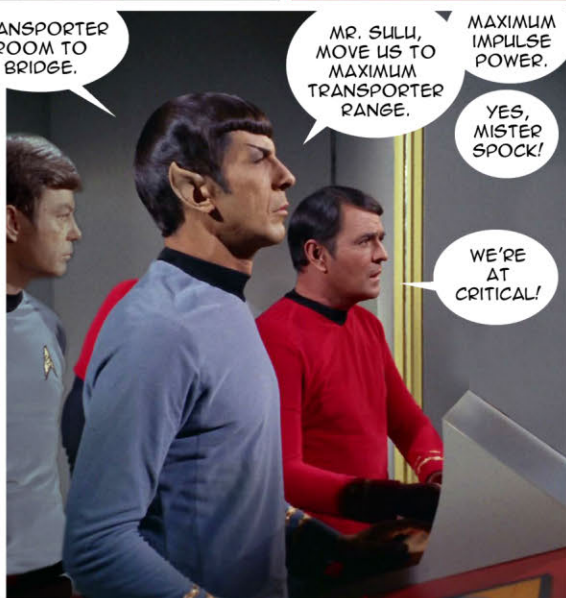
EVER'THIN'S
IN PLACE,
MISTER
SPOCK.

VERY GOOD,
ENGINEER.
CHECK TARGET
COORDIN-
ATES.

STAND
BY TO
ENERGIZE.

FIFTEEN
SECONDS
TO
TRANSPORT.

TRANSPORTER
ROOM TO
BRIDGE.

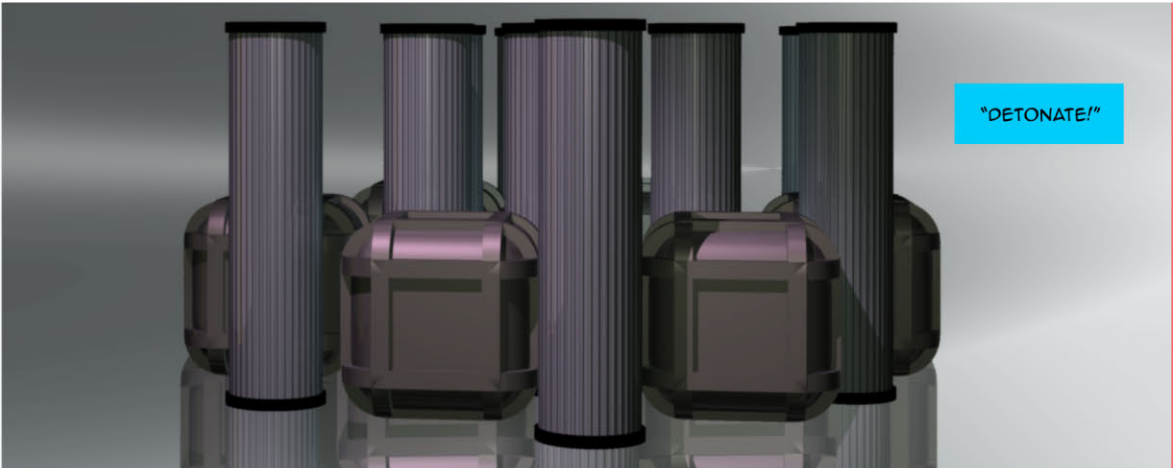
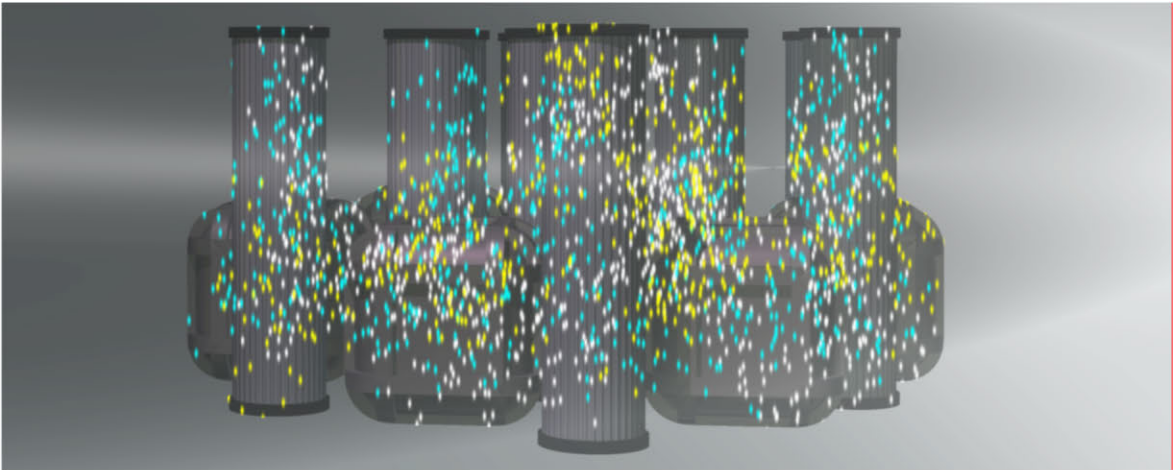
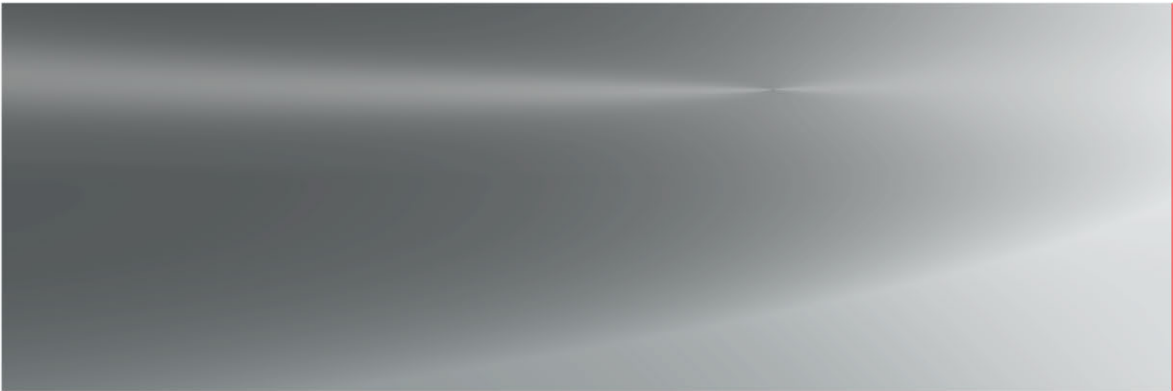
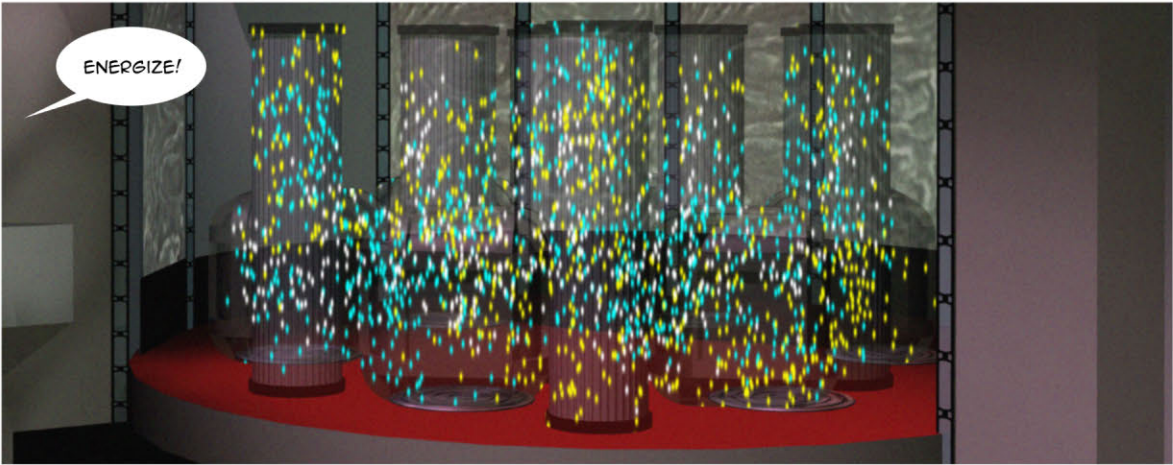


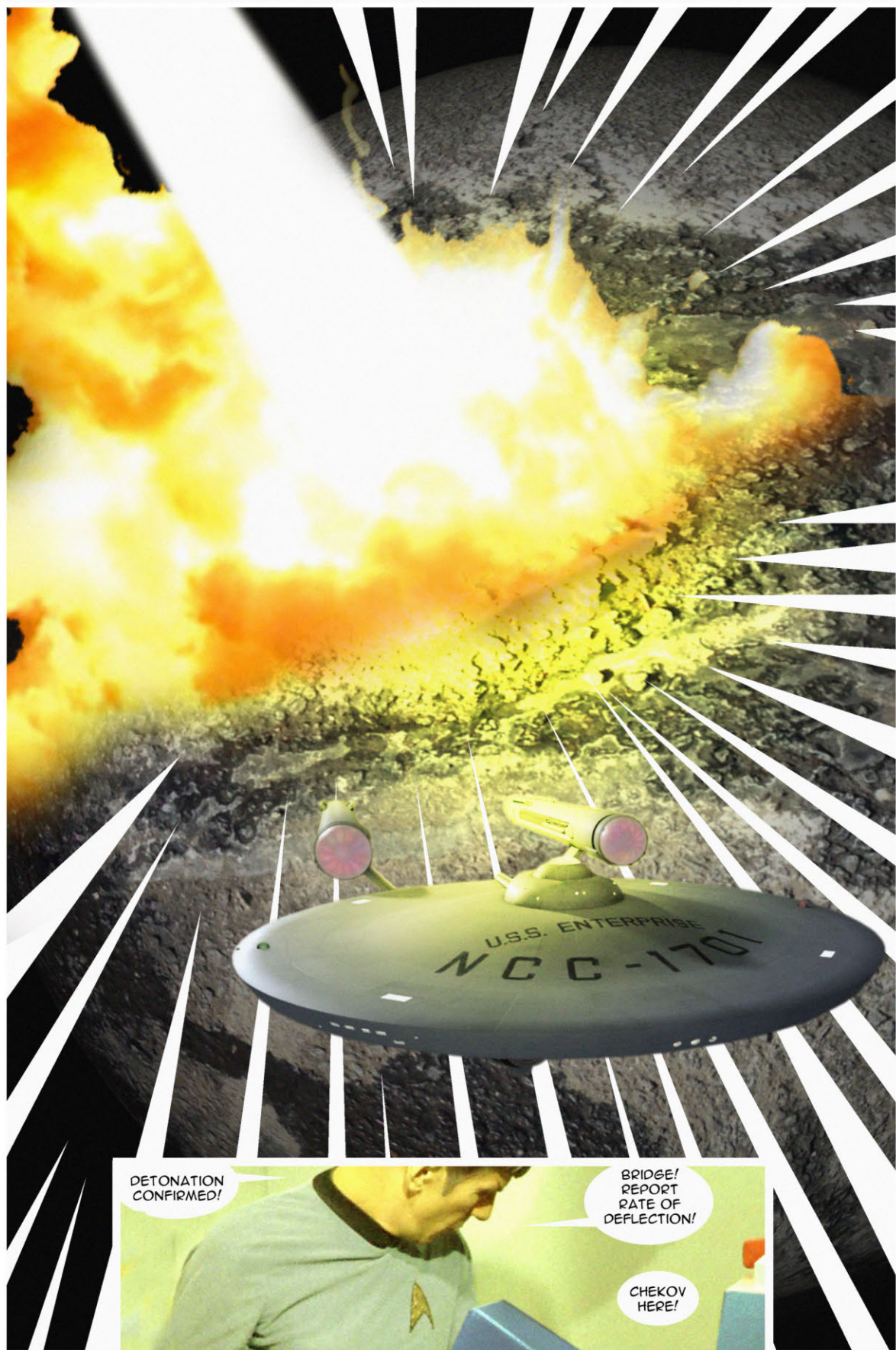
MR. SULLI,
MOVE US TO
MAXIMUM
TRANSPORTER
RANGE.

MAXIMUM
IMPULSE
POWER.

YES,
MISTER
SPOCK!

WE'RE
AT
CRITICAL!





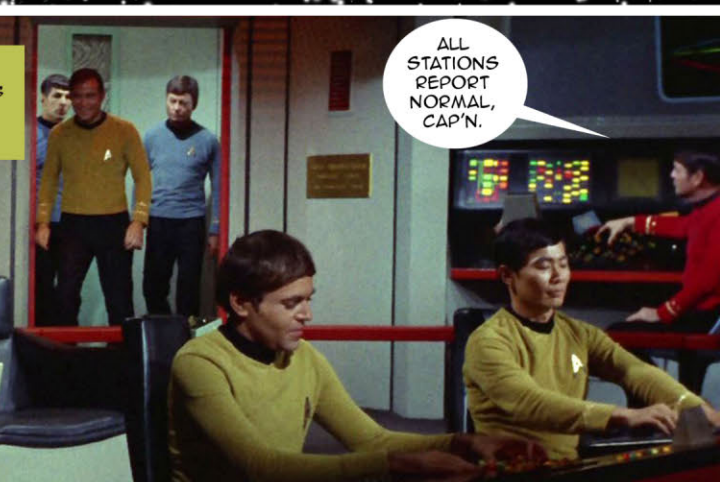
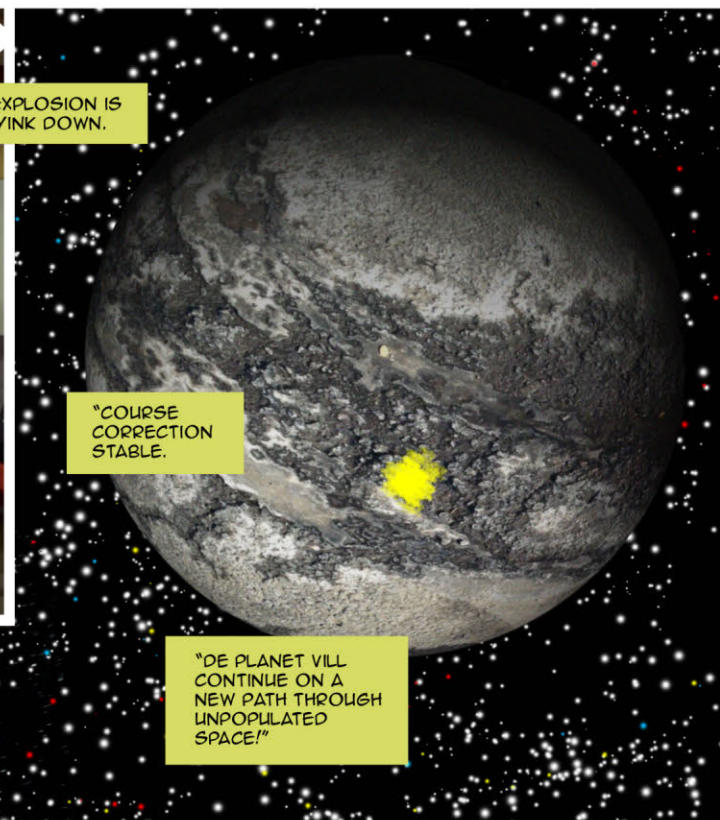
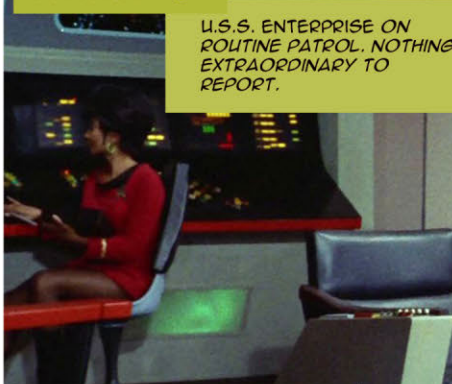
DETONATION
CONFIRMED!

BRIDGE!
REPORT
RATE OF
DEFLECTION!

CHEKOV
HERE!



CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 6171.8.



STAR TREK

Created by GENE RODDENBERRY

Photomontage and Story by JOHN BYRNE

"HOME"

SHIP'S MEDICAL LOG,
STARDATE 6319.5.
CHIEF NURSE CHRISTINE
CHAPEL REPORTING.

TODAY THREE NEW CREW
MEMBERS ARE COMING
ABOARD, AND I KNEW AT
ONCE I HAD TO BE THE
ONE TO RECEIVE THEM.

JANICE!
IT REALLY
IS YOU!

WHEN I
SAW YOUR
NAME ON THE
ROSTER I
COULDN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



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

AYE, SEEN'
YOUR NAME
BROUGHT A
SMILE TO MY
FACE!

THE SHIP'S
BIN A DREARY
PLACE SINCE
Y'LEFT US!

AND YOU'VE
COME BACK A
LIEUTENANT,
TOO!







NOT...
YET...

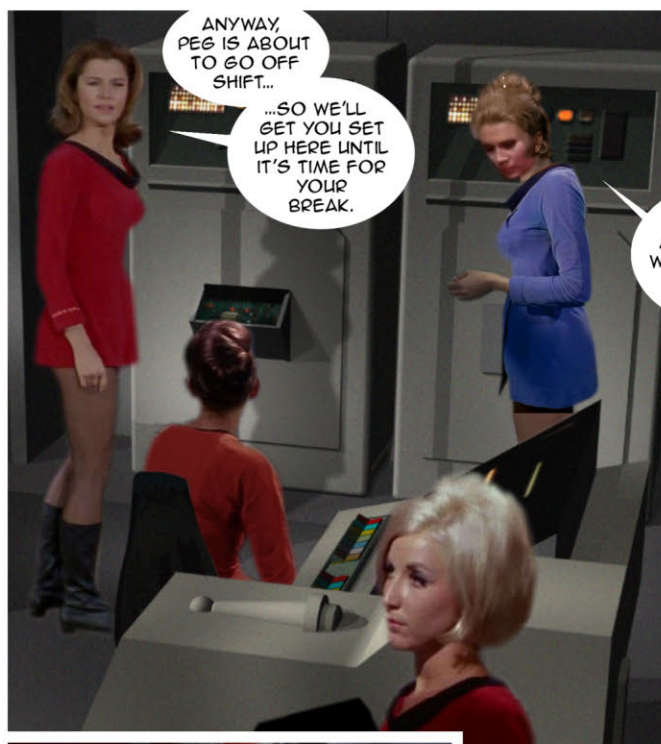
I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO WORK
MY WAY UP TO
THAT.

I CAN UNDERSTAND.
IT TOOK A WHILE FOR ME
TO GO TO SICKBAY AFTER
LEONARD--DR. MCCOY
AND I PARTED
COMPANY.

ANYWAY,
LET'S GET YOU
FAMILIARIZED
WITH YOUR JOB
HERE.

AS I'M SURE
YOU REMEMBER,
THE LIBRARY
COMPUTERS ARE
THE BRAIN OF
THE SHIP.

OUR JOB
DOWN HERE IS
MOSTLY MAKING
SURE TOO MUCH
DOESN'T COME IN
TOO FAST.



ANYWAY,
PEG IS ABOUT
TO GO OFF
SHIFT...

...SO WE'LL
GET YOU SET
UP HERE UNTIL
IT'S TIME FOR
YOUR
BREAK.



THANKS!
AT LEAST THIS
WAS SOMETHING
I TRAINED
ON!

BUT AT THE
SPEED THIS
DATA IS COMING
THROUGH...



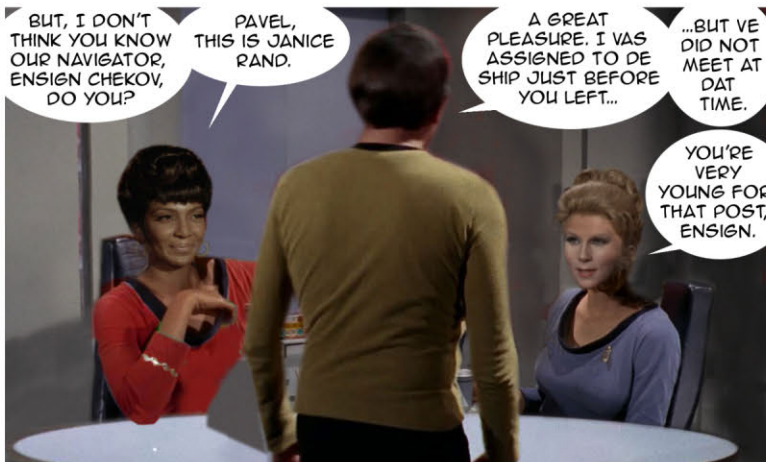
"...I'M GOING TO
NEED THAT BREAK!"



JAN!



IT'S SO GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK!



BUT, I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW OUR NAVIGATOR, ENSIGN CHEKOV, DO YOU?

PAVEL, THIS IS JANICE RAND.

A GREAT PLEASURE. I WAS ASSIGNED TO DE SHIP JUST BEFORE YOU LEFT...

...BUT VE DID NOT MEET AT DAT TIME.

YOU'RE VERY YOUNG FOR THAT POST, ENSIGN.



BUT HE'S GOOD AT HIS JOB!

AND I WAS CERTAINLY GLAD TO HAVE PLAYED EVEN A SMALL PART IN BRINGING YOU BACK.

YOUR ASSIGNMENT COULD HAVE BEEN RANDOM.



AND, BY THE WAY, I EXPECTED TO SEE YOU UP ON THE BRIDGE BY NOW!

I'M SURE MY DUTIES WILL TAKE ME UP THERE SOONER OR LATER.

AND SPEAKING OF DUTIES, MR. SPOCK HAS ORDERED A FULL RECALIBRATION OF THE LIBRARY COMPUTER LINKS TO THE BRIDGE.



"I NEED TO GET BACK TO WORKING ON THAT!"

THIS ALL LOOKS PERFECT.

THANKS! DIDN'T WANT TO MESS UP ON MY FIRST JOB!



SO... WHY DON'T YOU RUN THIS UP TO THE BRIDGE?





MISS UHURA,
DO YOU HAVE THE
FOLLOW-UP ON
OUR LAST SUBSPACE
MESSAGE TO
STAR FLEET?

COMING
IN NOW, MISTER
SPOCK.

THINGS SEEM
BUSY AS EVER ON
THE BRIDGE,
MR. SPOCK.

THANK
YOU,
LIEUTEN-
ANT.

WAS
THERE
SOME-
THING
ELSE?



HERE ARE
THOSE FILES
YOU
WANTED.



I WAS...
HOPING TO
SEE THE
CAPTAIN...



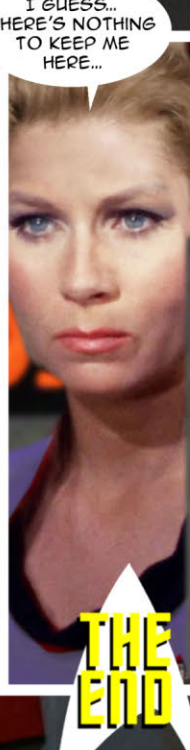
CAPTAIN KIRK IS PRESENTLY
ATTENDING A SECURITY
BRIEFING ON STARBASE 9.
HE IS EXPECTED BACK IN
TEN DAYS.

NOW, SINCE
YOU HAVE NO
DUTIES ON THE
BRIDGE...

...I SUGGEST
YOU RETURN TO
THE LIBRARY
SECTION.

YES, SIR.

I GUESS...
THERE'S NOTHING
TO KEEP ME
HERE...



THE
END

STAR TREK "THOSE WHO WHO PLAY WITH CATS..."

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**
Photomontage and story by **JOHN BYRNE**





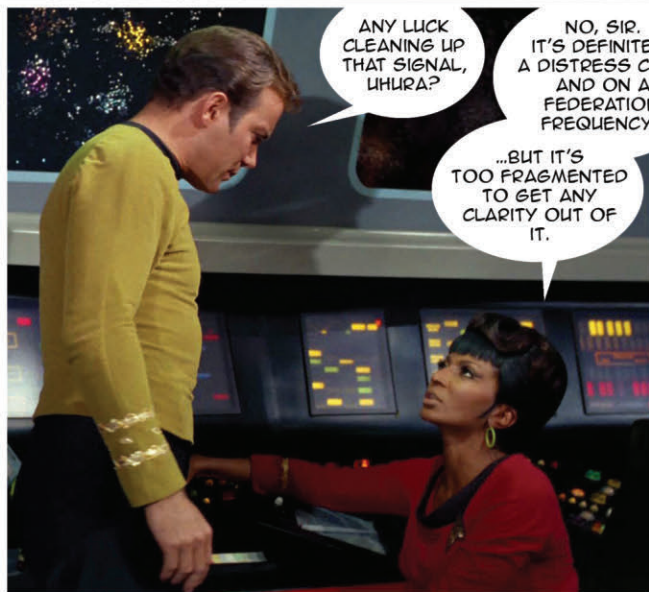


ALL THE AGES FROZEN



CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 6399.4...

APPROACHING PLANET ARTEMYS 314.
LT. UHURA HAS PICKED UP WHAT
APPEARS TO BE A DISTRESS CALL
FROM THE FEDERATION SCIENCE
TEAM ASSIGNED THERE.



ANY LUCK
CLEANING UP
THAT SIGNAL,
UHURA?

NO, SIR.
IT'S DEFINITELY
A DISTRESS CALL,
AND ON A
FEDERATION
FREQUENCY...

...BUT IT'S
TOO FRAGMENTED
TO GET ANY
CLARITY OUT OF
IT.



WHAT
ABOUT THE
PLANET,
SPOCK?

STANDARD
CLASS M, SIR,
THOUGH CURRENTLY
LOCKED INTO A
DEEP ICE
AGE.



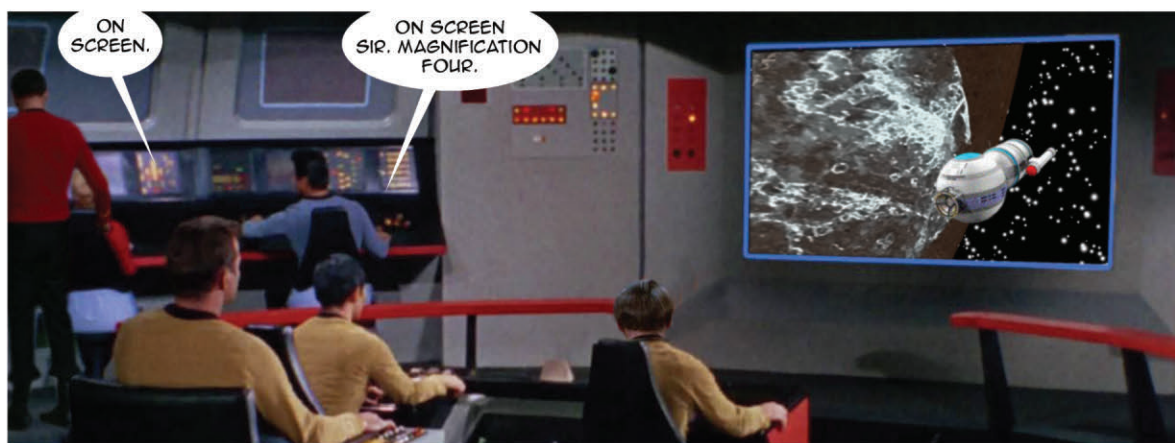
ACCORDING TO
STAR FLEET RECORDS,
THE S.S. GIORDANO
BRUNO WAS SENT HERE
SIX WEEKS AGO
TO STUDY THE
ENVIRONMENTAL
EFFECTS.

LT. UHURA'S
FRAGMENTED
MESSAGE MATCHES
THE BRUNO'S
REGISTRATION
SIGNAL.



MR. SULLI,
CAN YOU LOCATE
THAT SHIP IN
ORBIT?

GOT IT, SIR.
HOLDING IN A GEO-
STATIONARY ORBIT
AT 300 KILOMETERS
ABOVE THE
EQUATOR.



ON
SCREEN.

ON SCREEN
SIR, MAGNIFICATION
FOUR.



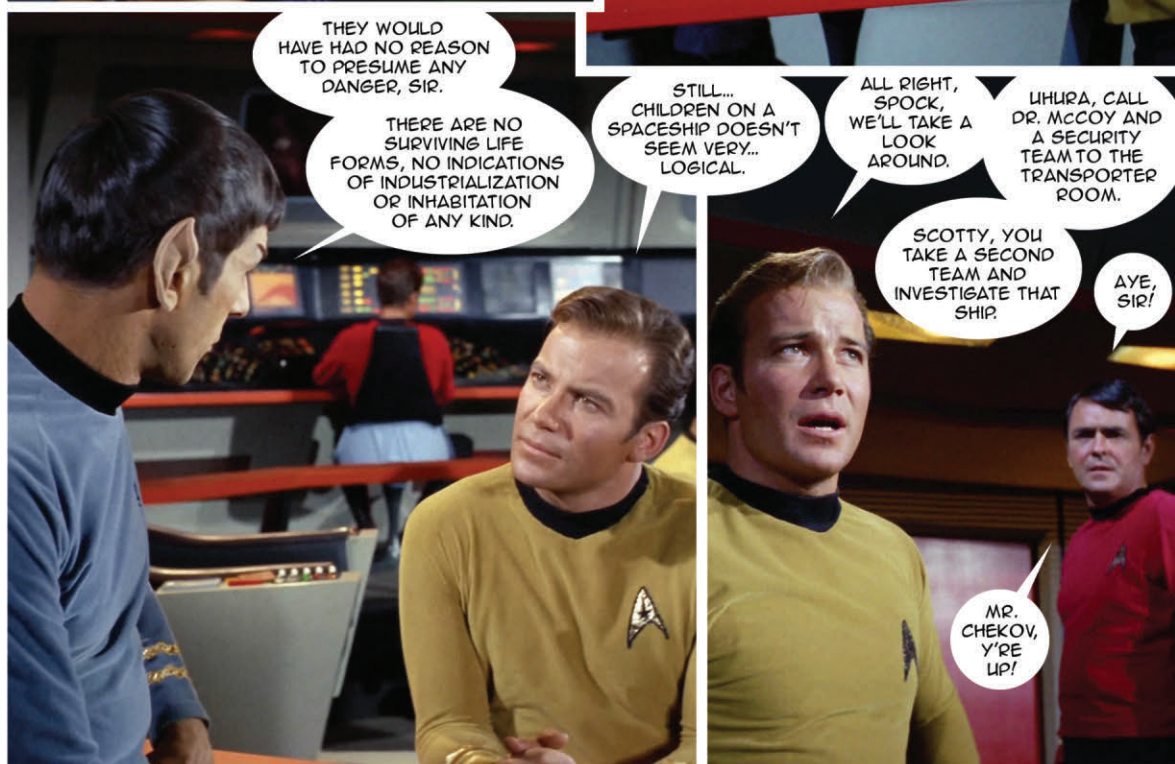
ALBION CLASS
SCIENCE VESSEL.
RUNNING ON
AUTOMATIC
SYSTEMS.

NO
INDICATION
OF LIFE
ABOARD.

THE BRUNO
IS LISTED AS
HAVING A CREW
COMPLIMENT OF
FIFTEEN...

...INCLUDING
TWO FAMILIES
WITH
CHILDREN.

THEY TOOK
CHILDREN TO A
PLANET LIKE
THIS?



THEY WOULD
HAVE HAD NO REASON
TO PRESUME ANY
DANGER, SIR.

THERE ARE NO
SURVIVING LIFE
FORMS, NO INDICATIONS
OF INDUSTRIALIZATION
OR INHABITATION
OF ANY KIND.

STILL...
CHILDREN ON A
SPACESHIP DOESN'T
SEEM VERY...
LOGICAL.

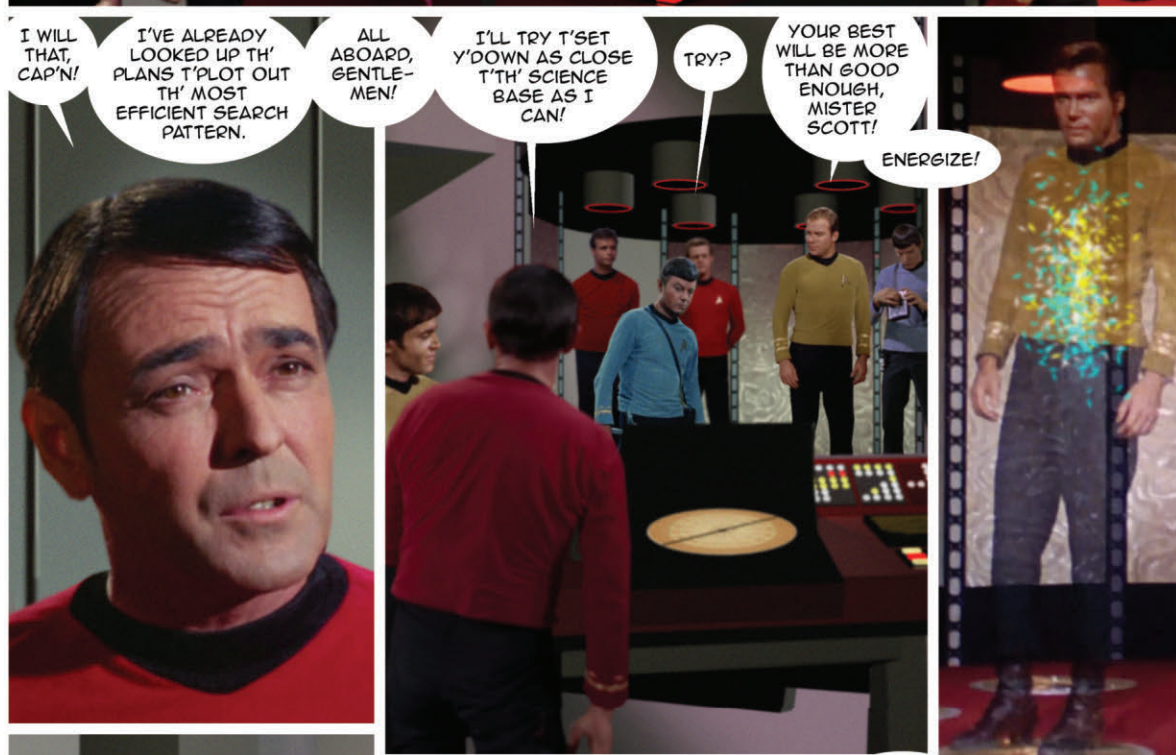
ALL RIGHT,
SPOCK,
WE'LL TAKE A
LOOK
AROUND.

UHURA, CALL
DR. MCCOY AND
A SECURITY
TEAM TO THE
TRANSPORTER
ROOM.

SCOTTY, YOU
TAKE A SECOND
TEAM AND
INVESTIGATE THAT
SHIP.

AYE,
SIR!

MR.
CHEKOV,
Y'RE
UP!



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**

"ALL THE AGES FROZEN"

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL....

THERE IS A STING OF DRY, BITING
COLD EVEN BEFORE WE ARE FULLY
MATERIALIZED. AS SPOCK HAD
WARNED, THIS WORLD IS NO PLACE
FOR HUMAN LIFE.

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

EVEN SO, A FEDERATION
SCIENCE TEAM HAD COME
HERE, BRAVING THE UNKNOWN
IN THEIR QUEST TO STRIP
THE UNIVERSE OF ITS
SECRETS.

WELL, THIS
IS DOWNRIGHT
BALMY!

WHAT DID YOU
SAY WAS THE
SURFACE
TEMPERATURE,
SPOCK?

MINUS ONE
HUNDRED FORTY
DEGREES
CELSIUS,
DOCTOR.

ADJUST SUIT
TEMPERATURE FOR
PERSONAL
COMFORT.

WHAT
ABOUT
THAT BASE,
SPOCK?



READINGS INDICATE IT IS TWO KILOMETERS DUE SOUTH.

THEN LET'S GET MOVING. IT'S STARTING TO GET DARK.

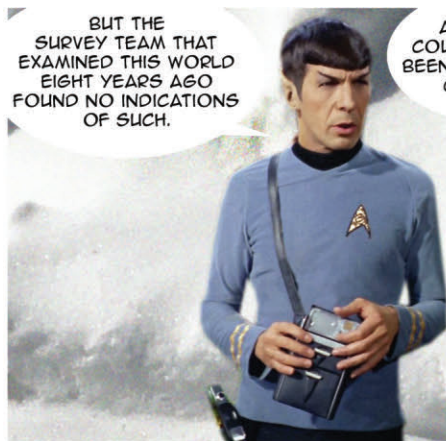
OH, GOOD! TROMPING OVER SNOW AND ROCKS AT NIGHT! THIS DAY JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER!

COULDN'T SCOTTY HAVE PUT US DOWN CLOSER TO THE BASE?

REGRETTABLY, NO, DOCTOR. THE SAME INTERFERENCE WHICH BROKE UP MISS UHURA'S SIGNAL...

...MADE CLEAR READINGS OF THE SURFACE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE.

IT IS ALMOST AS IF THERE ARE LARGE AREAS OF POWER GENERATION DEEP UNDER THE CRUST.



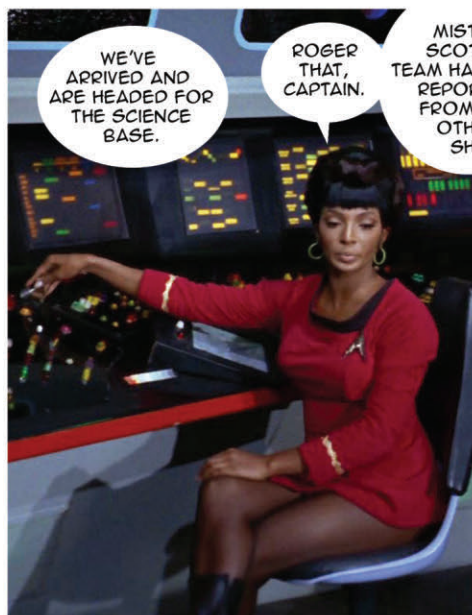
BUT THE SURVEY TEAM THAT EXAMINED THIS WORLD EIGHT YEARS AGO FOUND NO INDICATIONS OF SUCH.

AND THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WRONG, OF COURSE!



SPEAKING OF UHURA...

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE.



WE'VE ARRIVED AND ARE HEADED FOR THE SCIENCE BASE.

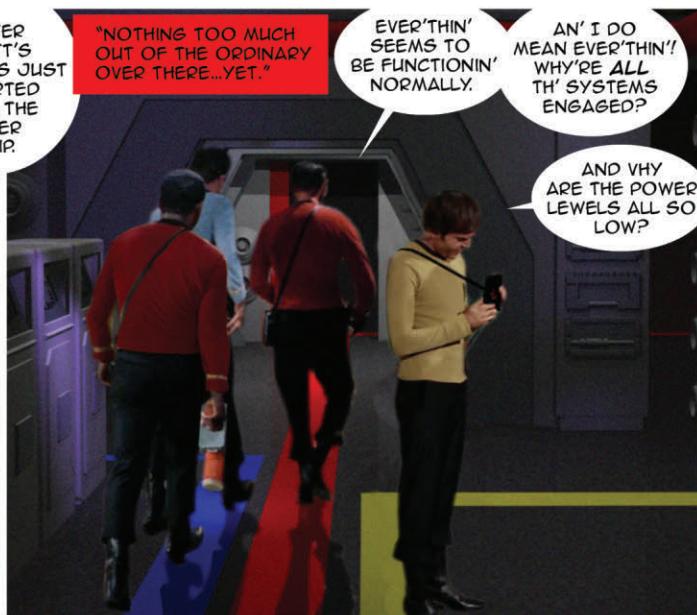
ROGER THAT, CAPTAIN.

MISTER SCOTT'S TEAM HAS JUST REPORTED FROM THE OTHER SHIP.

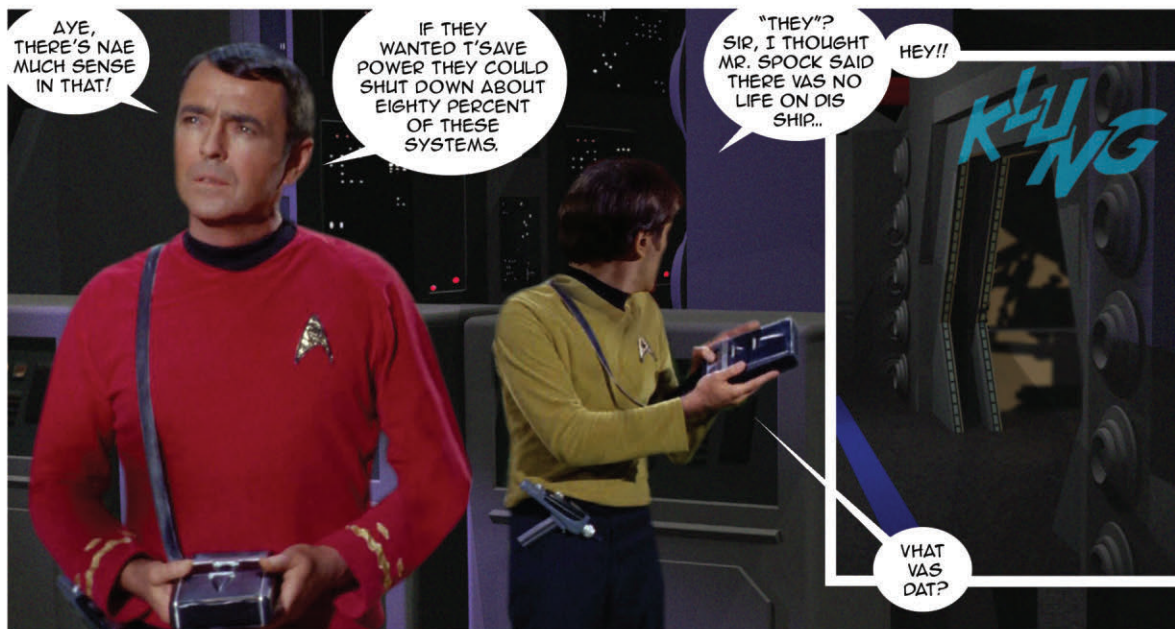
"NOTHING TOO MUCH OUT OF THE ORDINARY OVER THERE...YET."

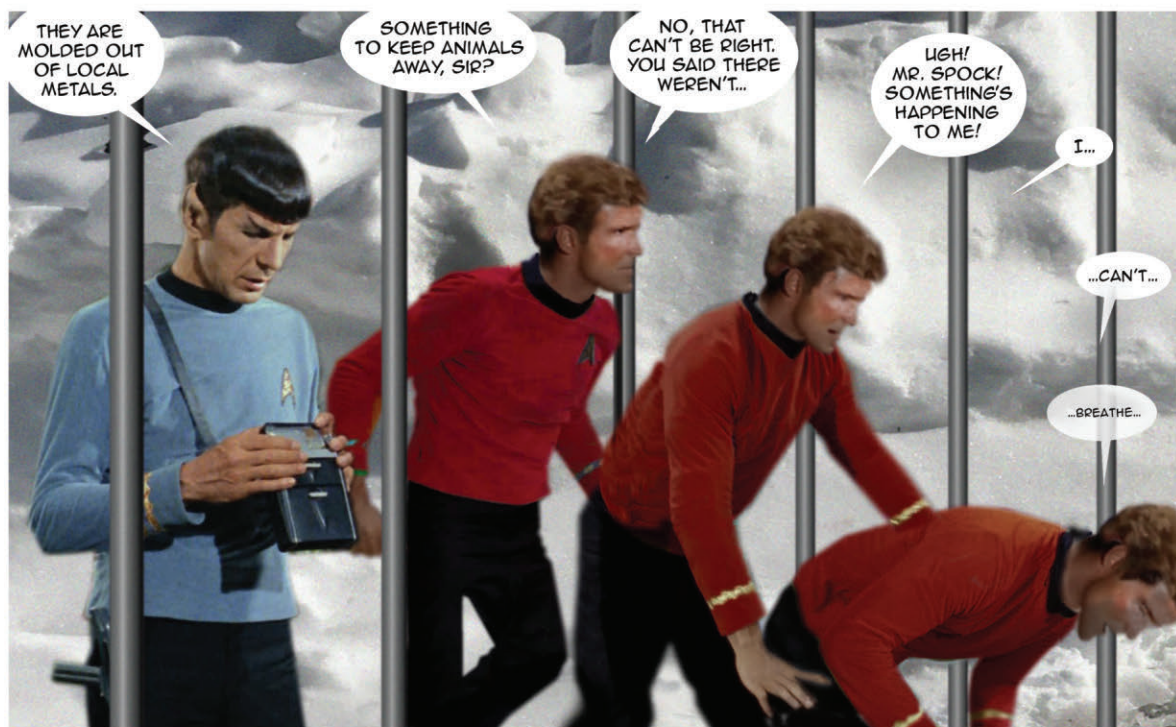
EVER'THIN' SEEMS TO BE FUNCTIONIN' NORMALLY.

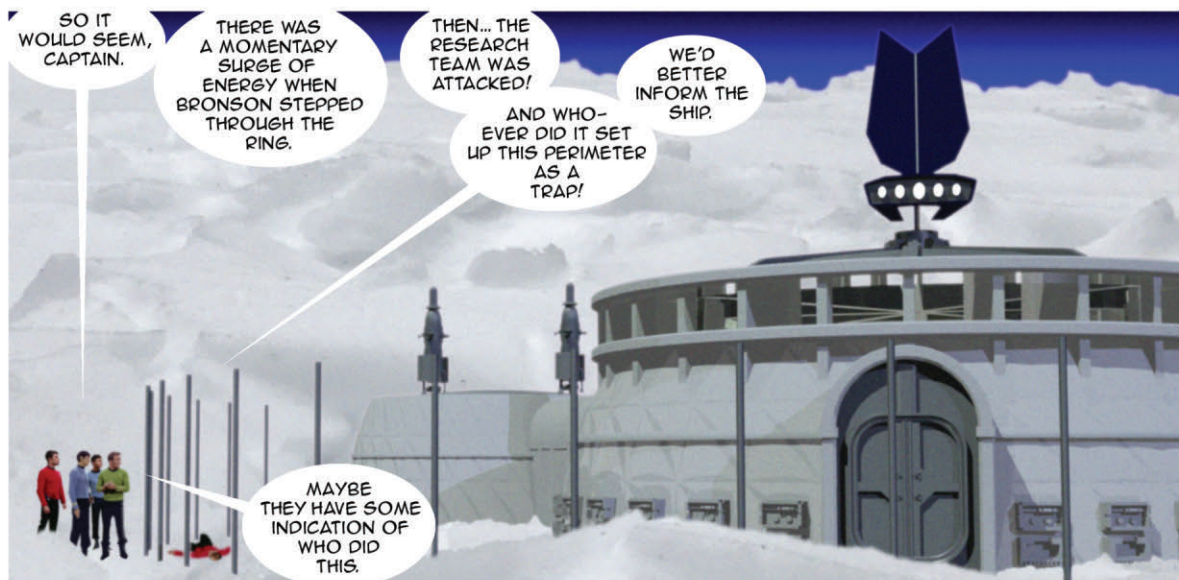
AN' I DO MEAN EVER'THIN'! WHY'RE ALL TH' SYSTEMS ENGAGED?



AND WHY ARE THE POWER LEVELS ALL SO LOW?







SO IT WOULD SEEM, CAPTAIN.

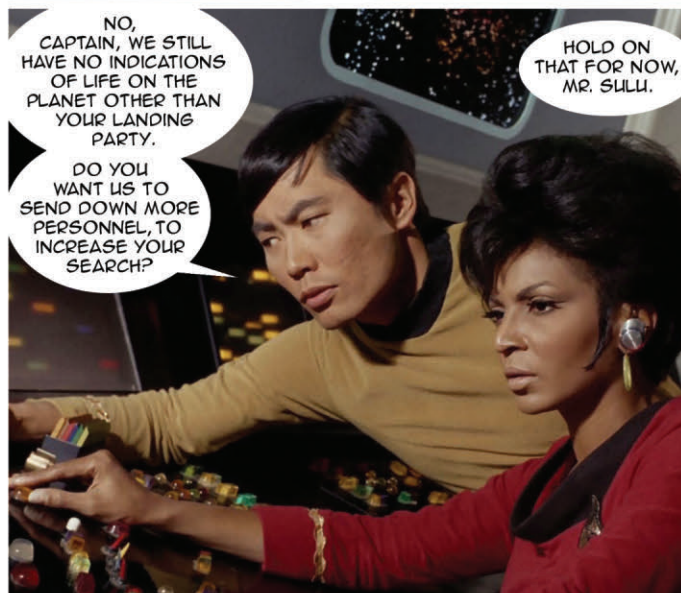
THERE WAS A MOMENTARY SURGE OF ENERGY WHEN BRONSON STEPPED THROUGH THE RING.

THEN... THE RESEARCH TEAM WAS ATTACKED!

AND WHO- EVER DID IT SET UP THIS PERIMETER AS A TRAP!

WE'D BETTER INFORM THE SHIP.

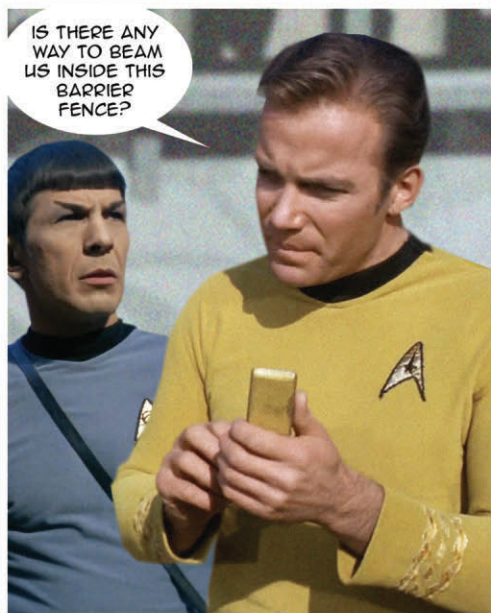
MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME INDICATION OF WHO DID THIS.



NO, CAPTAIN, WE STILL HAVE NO INDICATIONS OF LIFE ON THE PLANET OTHER THAN YOUR LANDING PARTY.

DO YOU WANT US TO SEND DOWN MORE PERSONNEL, TO INCREASE YOUR SEARCH?

HOLD ON THAT FOR NOW, MR. SULLU.



IS THERE ANY WAY TO BEAM US INSIDE THIS BARRIER FENCE?



CAPTAIN, THIS IS RAND AT THE SCIENCE STATION.

THE FIELDS GENERATED BY THOSE RODS MAKE IT TOO UNSTABLE FOR SAFE BEAMING.

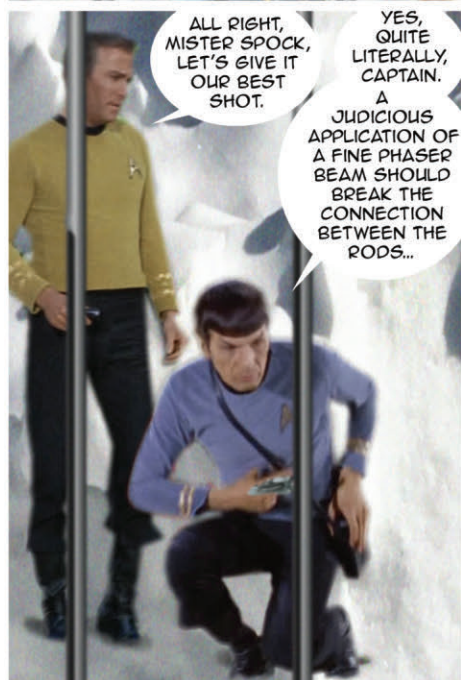


IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO DEACTIVATE THE RODS.

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A WHOLE LOT OF HELPFUL, JIM.

NO, IT DOESN'T, BONES.

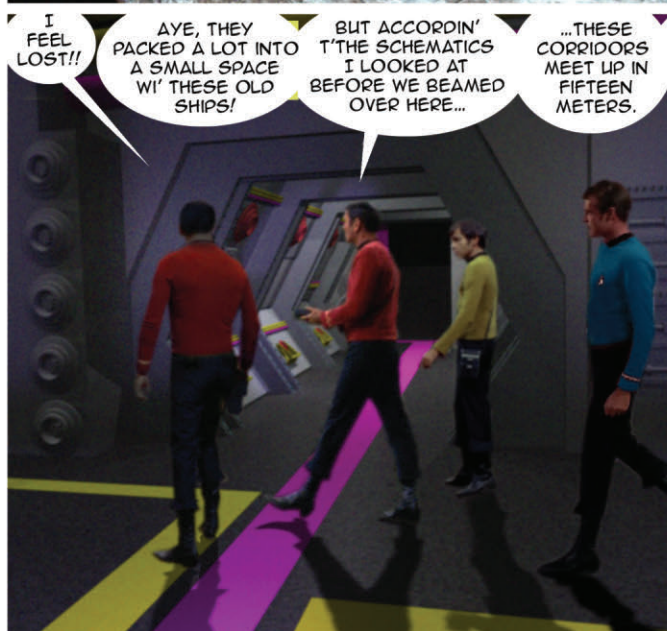
ANY THOUGHTS, SPOCK?





I DON'T
MEAN TO SOUND
INSUBORDINATE,
MR. SCOTT...

...BUT
ARE YOU SURE
YOU KNOW
WHERE WE
ARE?



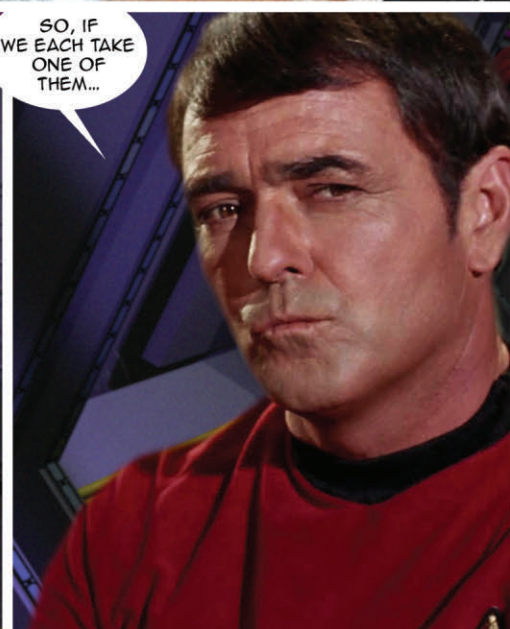
I
FEEL
LOST!!

AYE, THEY
PACKED A LOT INTO
A SMALL SPACE
W/ THESE OLD
SHIPS!

BUT ACCORDIN'
T'THE SCHEMATICS
I LOOKED AT
BEFORE WE BEAMED
OVER HERE...

...THESE
CORRIDORS
MEET UP IN
FIFTEEN METERS.

SO, IF
WE EACH TAKE
ONE OF
THEM...



"...WE SHOULD BE ABLE
TO DRIVE OUR LITTLE
FRIEND INTO A CORNER!"

ALL RIGHT,
WHOEVER
Y'ARE!

Y'SHOULD
BE RIGHT
AROUND
THIS...

STONE
TH'
CROWS!!







FASCINATING.

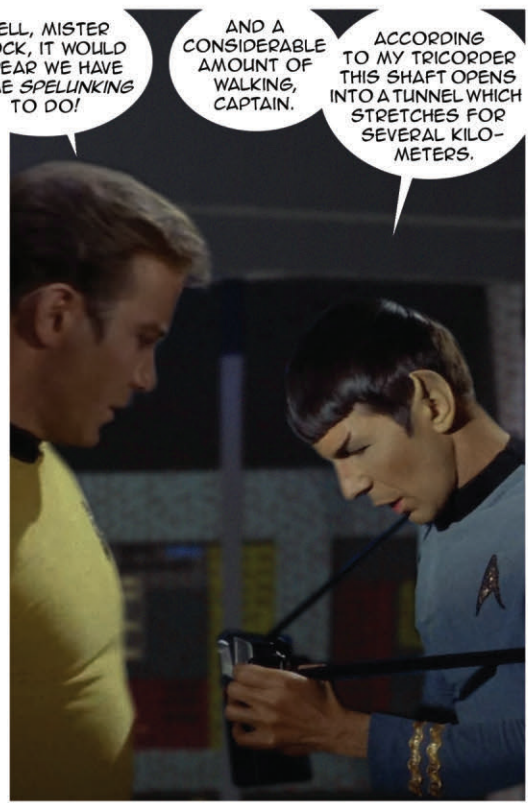
AND
CONFIRMATION,
I THINK, OF THE
BASE HAVING
BEEN
ATTACKED!

BY SOME-
THING THAT PUSHED
UP THROUGH THE
FLOOR FROM
BENEATH!

WELL, MISTER
SPOCK, IT WOULD
APPEAR WE HAVE
SOME SPELLUNKING
TO DO!

AND A
CONSIDERABLE
AMOUNT OF
WALKING,
CAPTAIN.

ACCORDING
TO MY TRICORDER
THIS SHAFT OPENS
INTO A TUNNEL WHICH
STRETCHES FOR
SEVERAL KILO-
METERS.



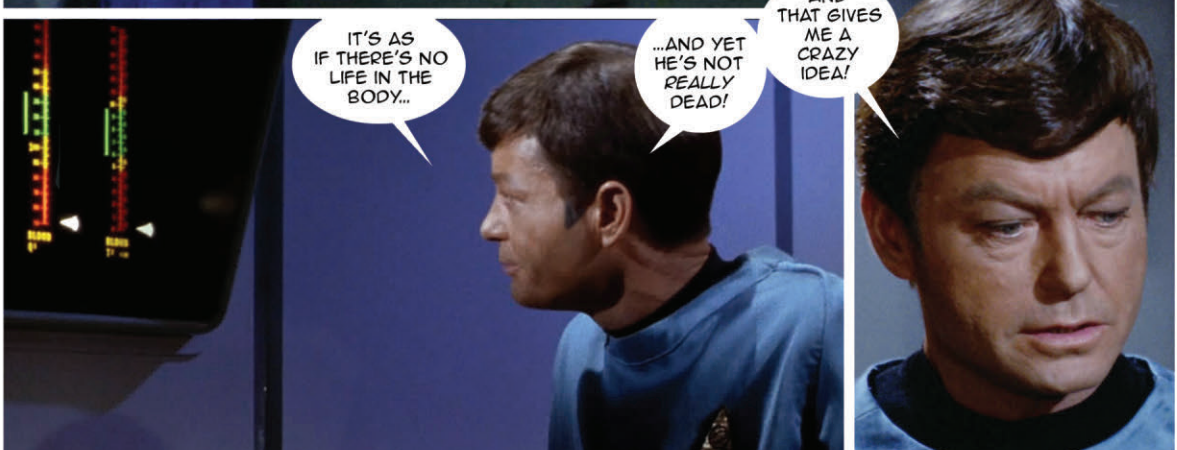
"THEN WE'D
BETTER GET
STARTED!"

JUST AS YOU
DIAGNOSED,
DOCTOR.

COMPLETE
DEHYDRATION.
HE'D HAVE BEEN
DEAD IN
SECONDS!

YES...

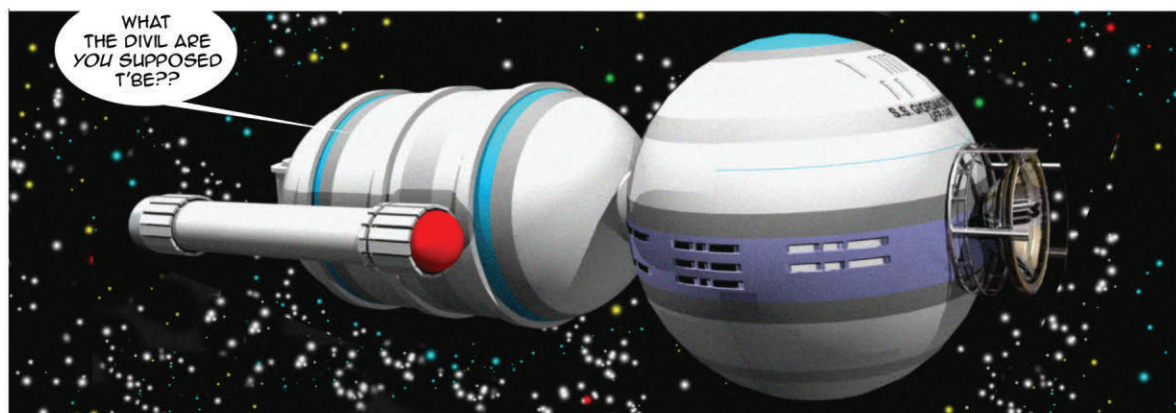
EXCEPT... THERE'S
SOMETHING NOT
RIGHT.



IT'S AS
IF THERE'S NO
LIFE IN THE
BODY...

...AND YET
HE'S NOT
REALLY
DEAD!

AND
THAT GIVES
ME A
CRAZY
IDEA!



WHAT
THE DIVIL ARE
YOU SUPPOSED
T'BE??



I WILL ASK
THE QUESTIONS!
IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!

I AM
LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER
MONTGOMERY
SCOTT.



CHIEF
ENGINEERIN'
OFFICER OF
TH' U.S.S.
ENTERPRISE.

AN' YOU
ARE OBVIOUSLY
SOME KIND OF
HOMEMADE
SERVICE ROBOT.
GIVE ME THAT
PHASER!

NO!
I MUST
GUARD...



MISTER
SCOTT!
DID YOU
FIND...

MISTER
SCOTT!!

CHEKOV!
LOOK
OUT!!





THIS TUNNEL IS DEFINITELY ARTIFICIAL.

ANY IDEA HOW OLD IT IS, SPOCK?

TRICORDER READINGS INDICATE APPROXIMATELY THREE WEEKS, CAPTAIN.

ROUGHLY AS LONG AGO AS THE MESSAGE WAS SENT THAT UHURA RECEIVED



CAREFUL NOT TO STRAY TOO FAR OUT OF THE LIGHT!

THE WALLS ARE SOMEWHAT LUMINOUS, CAPTAIN.

THAT, IN COMBINATION WITH THE HIGHLY REFLECTIVE ICE SHARDS...



...SHOULD ALLOW US TO PROCEED WITHOUT DIFFICULTY...

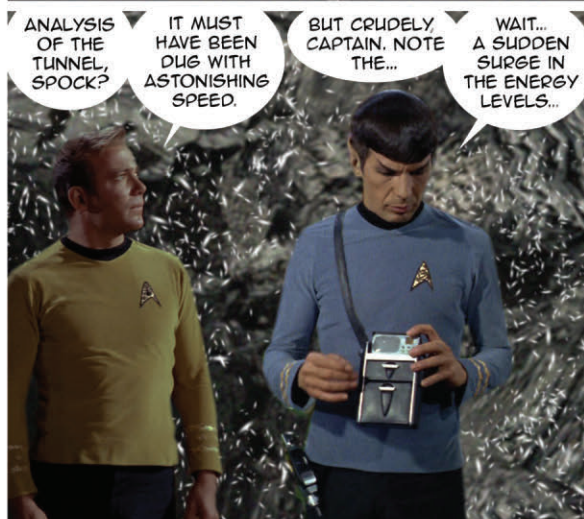
LUTZ, YOU STAY HERE.

MR. SPOCK AND I WILL CHECK IN EVERY HALF HOUR. IF WE MISS ONE OF THOSE CONTACTS...



...SIGNAL THE ENTERPRISE AND HAVE THEM BEAM US UP FROM WHEREVER WE ARE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



ANALYSIS OF THE TUNNEL, SPOCK?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN DUG WITH ASTONISHING SPEED.

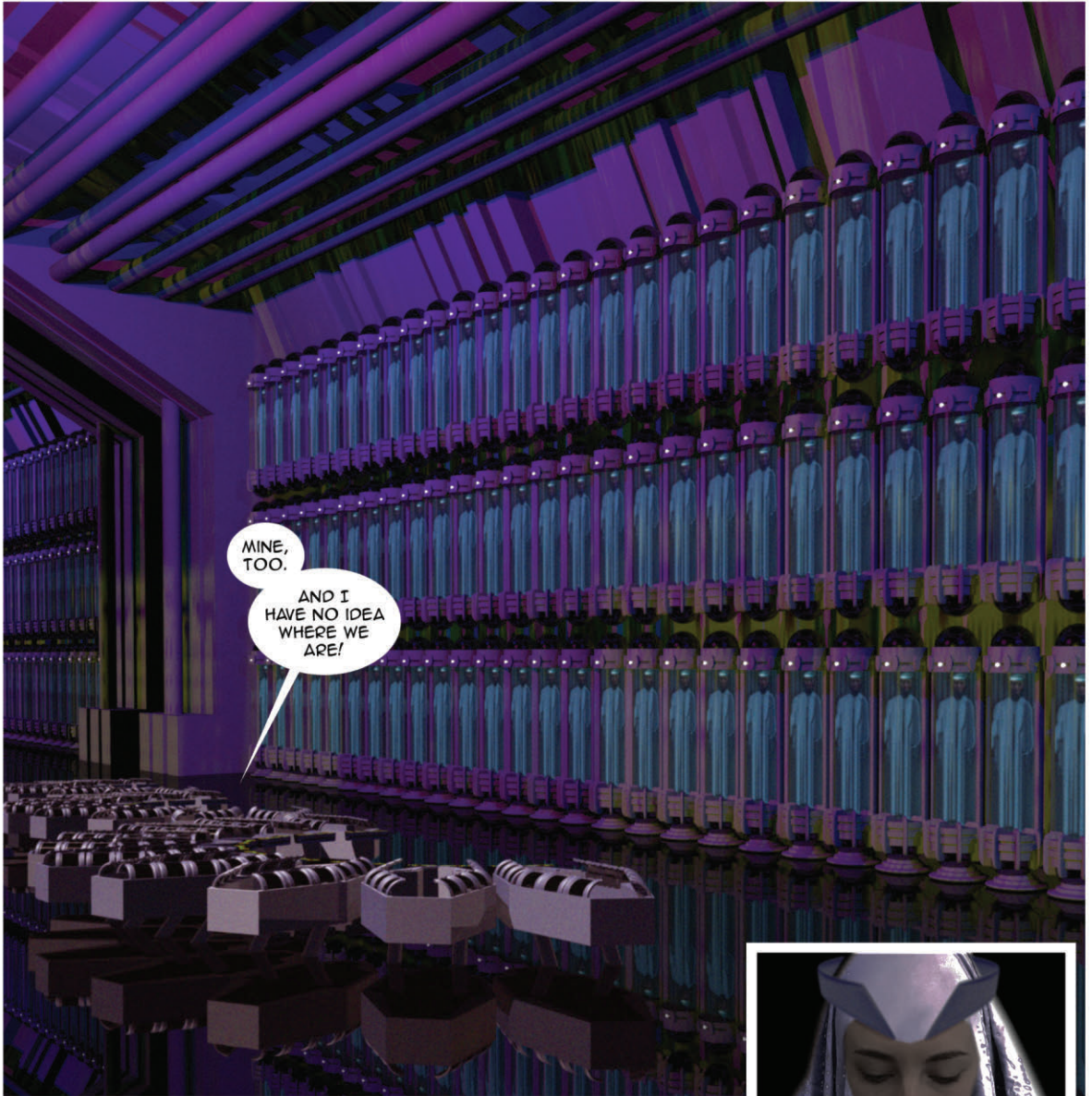
BUT CRUDELY, CAPTAIN. NOTE THE...

WAIT... A SUDDEN SURGE IN THE ENERGY LEVELS...



"HOLD Y'R FIRE!!"



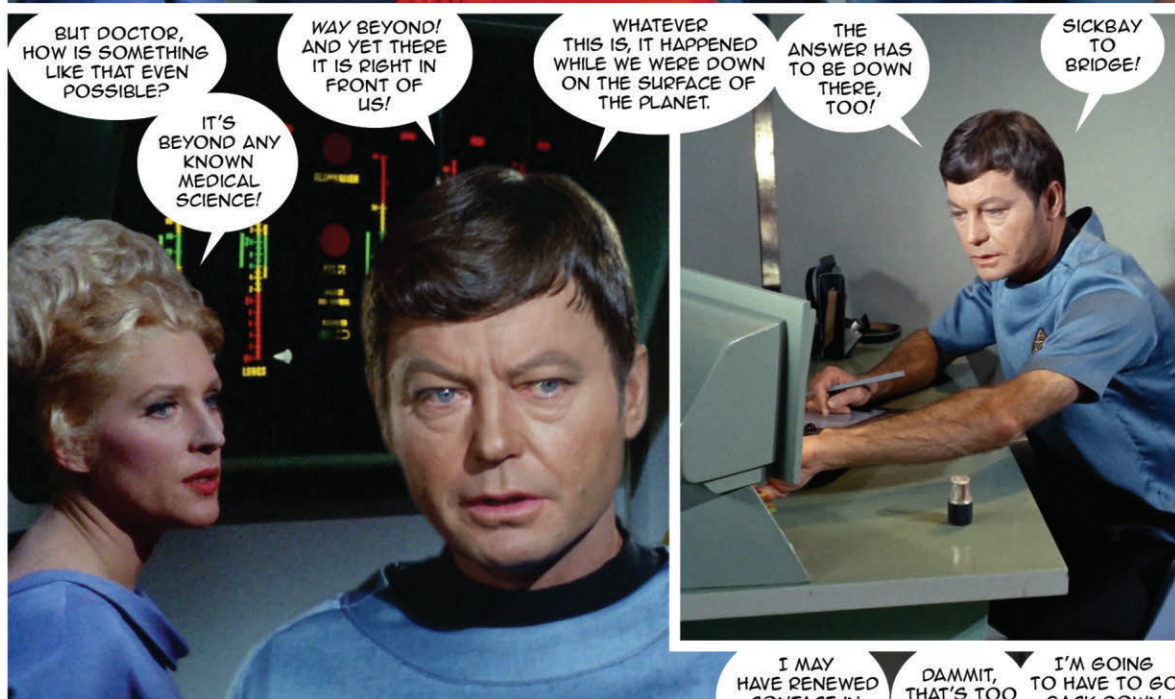




"I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS."

THERE IT IS!

A POSITIVE LIFE SIGN! BUT IT'S BARELY READING POINT ZERO ZERO ZERO ONE PERCENT!



BUT DOCTOR, HOW IS SOMETHING LIKE THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

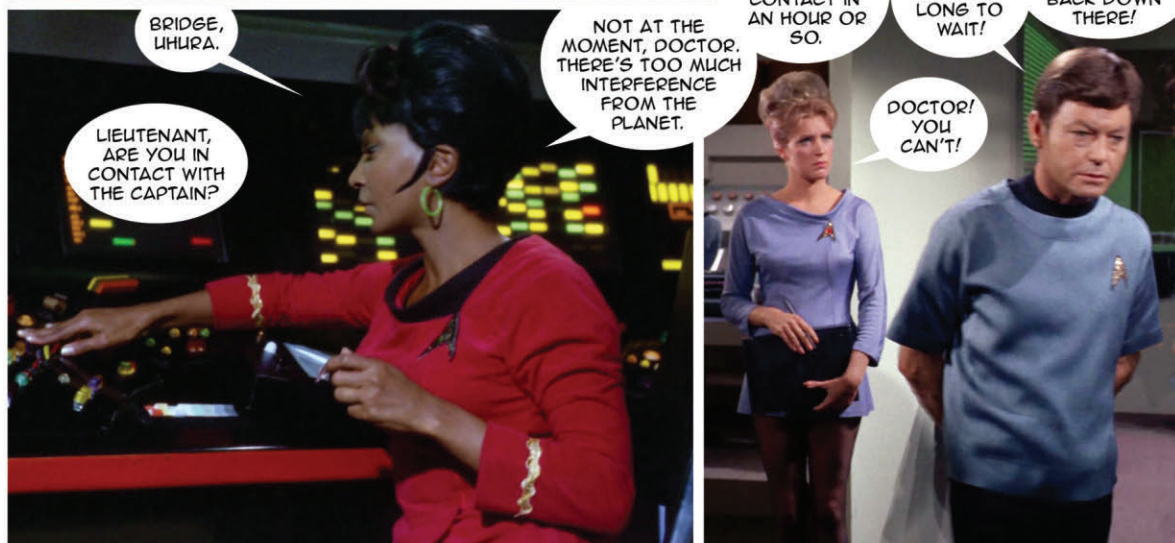
WAY BEYOND! AND YET THERE IT IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

WHATEVER THIS IS, IT HAPPENED WHILE WE WERE DOWN ON THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET.

THE ANSWER HAS TO BE DOWN THERE, TOO!

SICKBAY TO BRIDGE!

IT'S BEYOND ANY KNOWN MEDICAL SCIENCE!



BRIDGE, UHURA.

LIEUTENANT, ARE YOU IN CONTACT WITH THE CAPTAIN?

NOT AT THE MOMENT, DOCTOR. THERE'S TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE FROM THE PLANET.

I MAY HAVE RENEWED CONTACT IN AN HOUR OR SO.

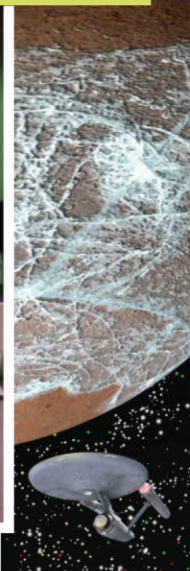
DAMMIT, THAT'S TOO LONG TO WAIT!

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO BACK DOWN THERE!

DOCTOR! YOU CAN'T!



"I THINK EXPLANATIONS ARE IN ORDER!"





"AYE, I'VE GOT A DEFINITE FIX ON TH' WEE RASCAL!"

I DO TOO!



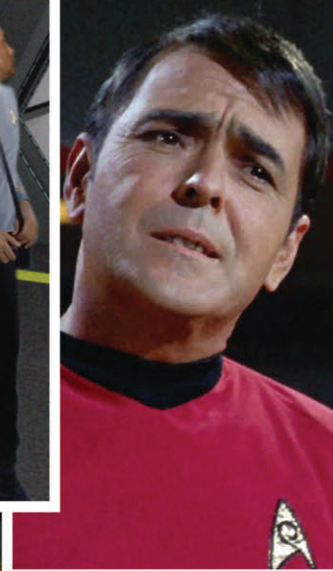
BUT... WHAT IS IT, MISTER SCOTT?

ORDINARY ENOUGH TECHNOLOGY, BUT...

SOMEBODY'S MONKEYED ABOUT W' IT. THEY'VE GIVEN IT EMOTIONS!

THAT'S WHY IT SEEMED T'BE CRYIN' WHEN IT RAN AWAY.

IT REALLY WAS AFRAID OF US!!



WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW IS FOLLOW!

AT LEAST THAT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH, NOW WE HAVE A FIX ON TH' THING.



DOWN THIS CORRIDOR, ABOUT FIFTY METERS.



THIS HALL RUNS DOWN TH' LONG AXIS OF TH' SHIP.

AN' THAT MOST LIKELY MEANS IT'S HEADED F'R...



...TH' SHIP'S TRANSPORT'R ROOM!

AN' THERE YE ARE, YE TALKIN' SARDINE CAN!

STAY AWAY!



DON'T
COME ANY
CLOSER!

DON'T
COME ANY
CLOSER!

OCH!
WOULD
Y'CALM
DOWN!

NO
ONE IS
GONNA
HURT
YE!

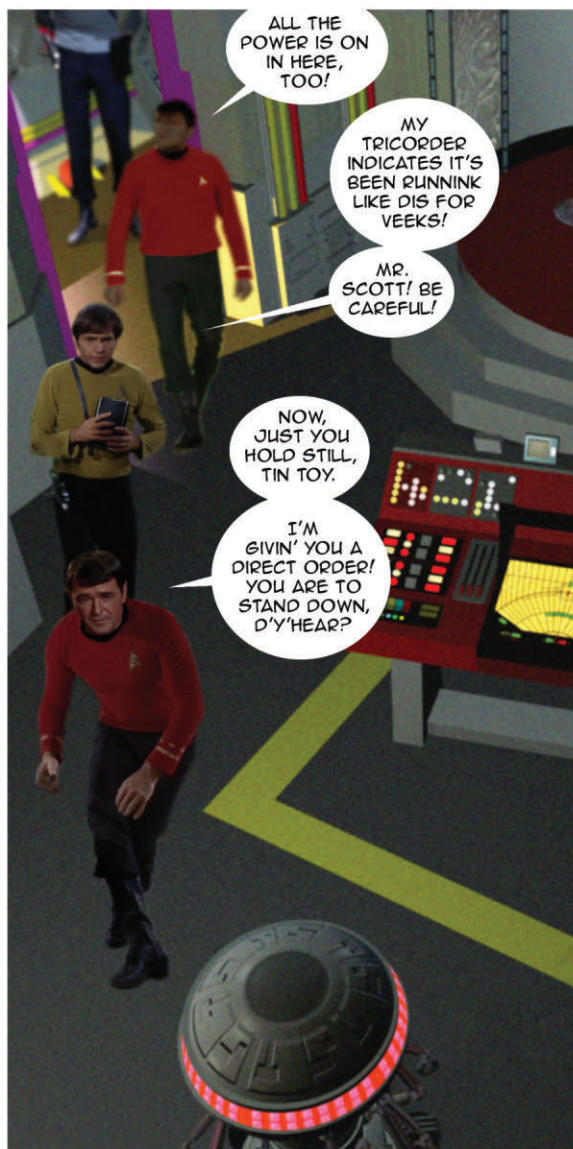


NOW WILL
YE STAND
STILL F'R TWO
MINUTES...

I
WON'T LET
YOU HURT
ME!

NOT
LIKE THE
OTHERS!

OH,
F'R...!!



ALL THE
POWER IS ON
IN HERE,
TOO!

MY
TRICORDER
INDICATES IT'S
BEEN RUNNINK
LIKE DIS FOR
WEEKS!

MR.
SCOTT! BE
CAREFUL!

NOW,
JUST YOU
HOLD STILL,
TIN TOY.

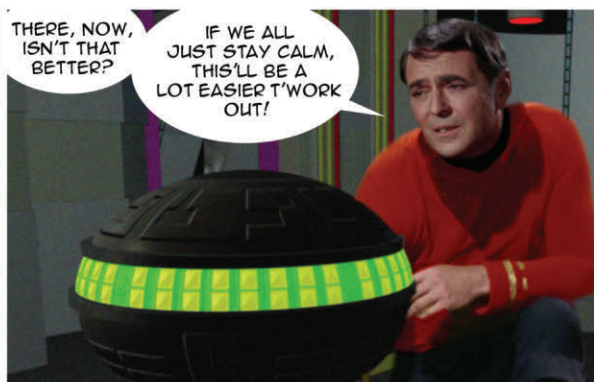
I'M
GIVIN' YOU A
DIRECT ORDER!
YOU ARE TO
STAND DOWN,
D'Y'HEAR?



...YES...



...SIR...



THERE, NOW,
ISN'T THAT
BETTER?

IF WE ALL
JUST STAY CALM,
THIS'LL BE A
LOT EASIER T'WORK
OUT!



WAH!!

WHAT
IN TH' NAME
OF...?!

*DOCTOR
MCCOY.



I WAS EXPECTING YOU SEVERAL MINUTES AGO, SIR.

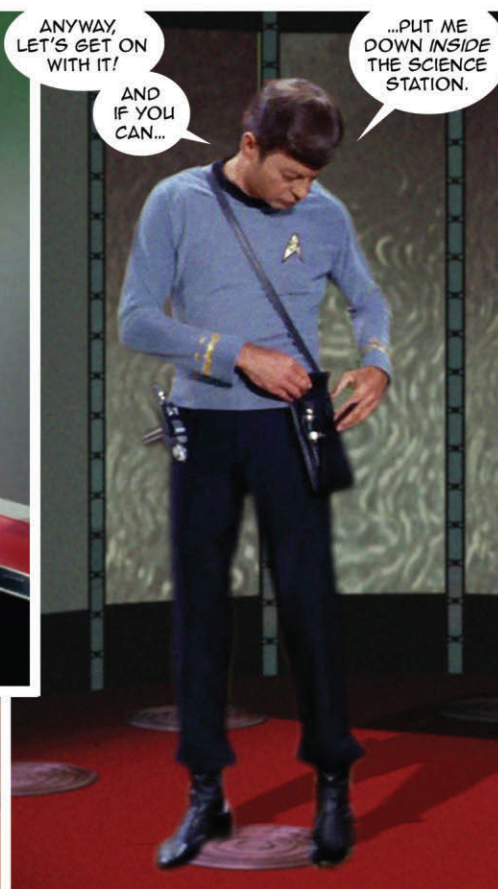
MY FAULT, LIEUTENANT. I DIDN'T TELL CHAPEL WHICH TRANSPORTER ROOM TO NOTIFY.

I WENT TO THE WRONG ONE!

ANYWAY, LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

AND IF YOU CAN...

...PUT ME DOWN INSIDE THE SCIENCE STATION.



NO PROBLEM, DOCTOR.



"NOW WE HAVE THE PROPER COORDINATES."

DOCTOR MCCOY!



I WASN'T INFORMED YOU WERE BEAMING DOWN, SIR.

TEN MINUTES AGO I WASN'T!

WHERE ARE THE CAPTAIN AND MISTER SPOCK?



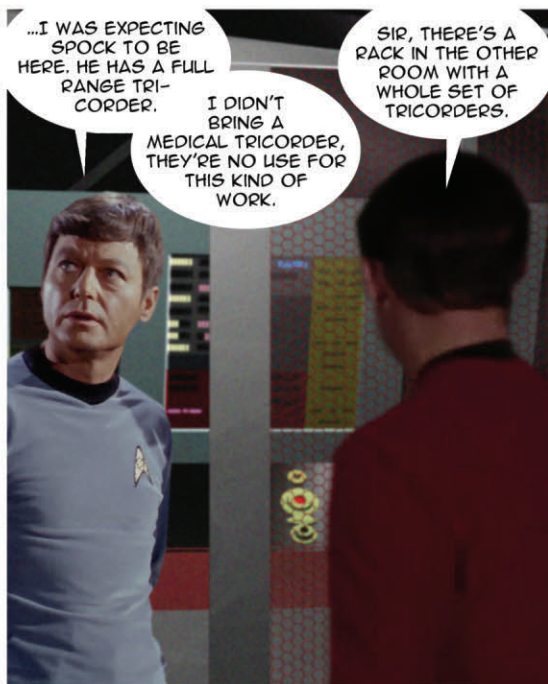


DOWN THERE, SIR. THEY WENT... EXPLORING.

MATTER OF FACT, THEY SHOULD BE REPORTING IN ANY MINUTE NOW.

I CAN'T WAIT FOR THAT.

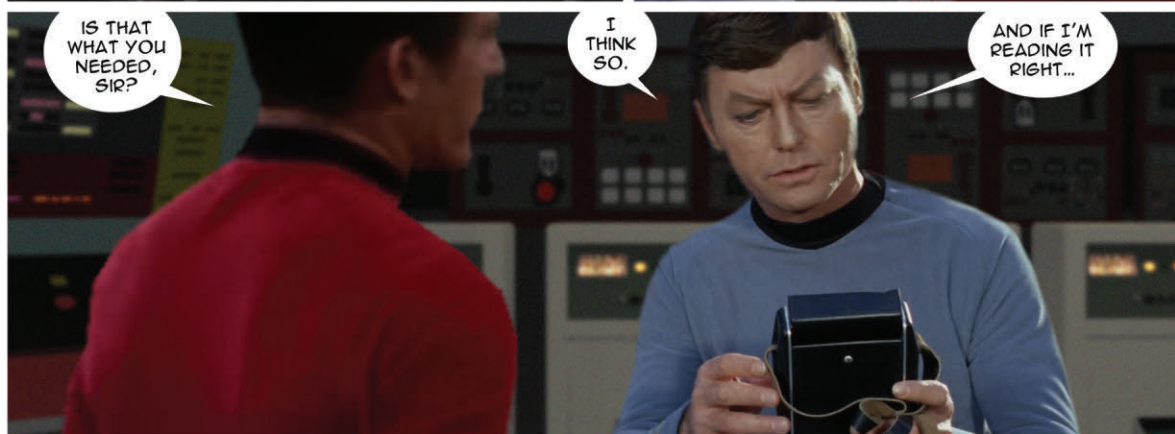
WE'LL HAVE TO GO FIND THEM. BUT...



...I WAS EXPECTING SPOCK TO BE HERE. HE HAS A FULL RANGE TRI-CORDER.

I DIDN'T BRING A MEDICAL TRICORDER, THEY'RE NO USE FOR THIS KIND OF WORK.

SIR, THERE'S A RACK IN THE OTHER ROOM WITH A WHOLE SET OF TRICORDERS.



IS THAT WHAT YOU NEEDED, SIR?

I THINK SO.

AND IF I'M READING IT RIGHT...

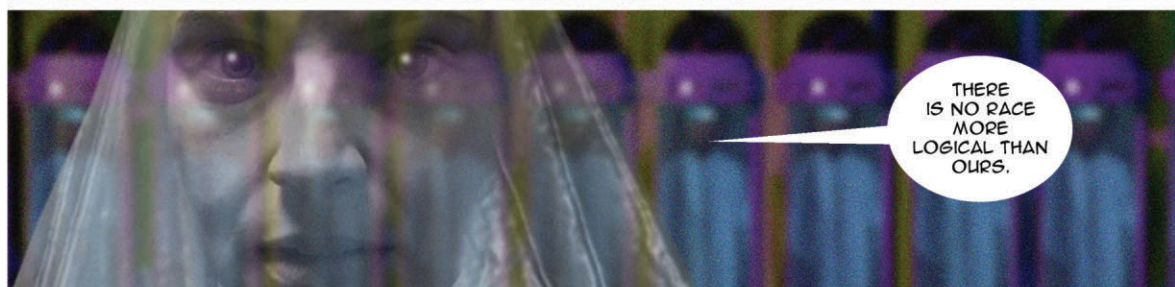


"SPOCK AND THE CAPTAIN ARE ABOUT TEN KILOMETERS AWAY..."

ISN'T IT TIME FOR AN EXPLANATION?

INDEED. THERE IS MUCH HERE THAT STRAINS THE BOUNDARIES OF LOGIC!

LOGIC?



THERE IS NO RACE MORE LOGICAL THAN OURS.



LISTEN TO ME! YOU MUST TRY TO UNDERSTAND.

WE ARE VISITORS TO YOUR WORLD. WE KNOW NOTHING OF ITS CULTURE AND ITS HISTORY.

HISTORY?



"OURS WAS A GREAT WORLD CULTURE, BASED ON SCIENCE AND ART.



"BUT ONE DAY, CAME THE SNOWS.

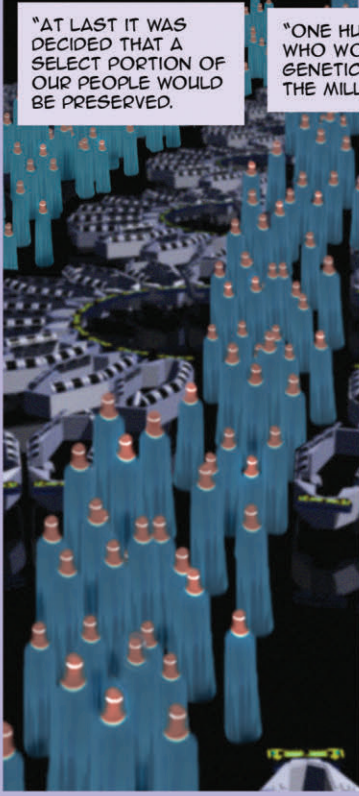


"ALL TOO SOON IT BECAME OBVIOUS THIS WAS NOT MERELY SOME FREAKISH STORM.

"FOR A YEAR THE SNOWS FELL.

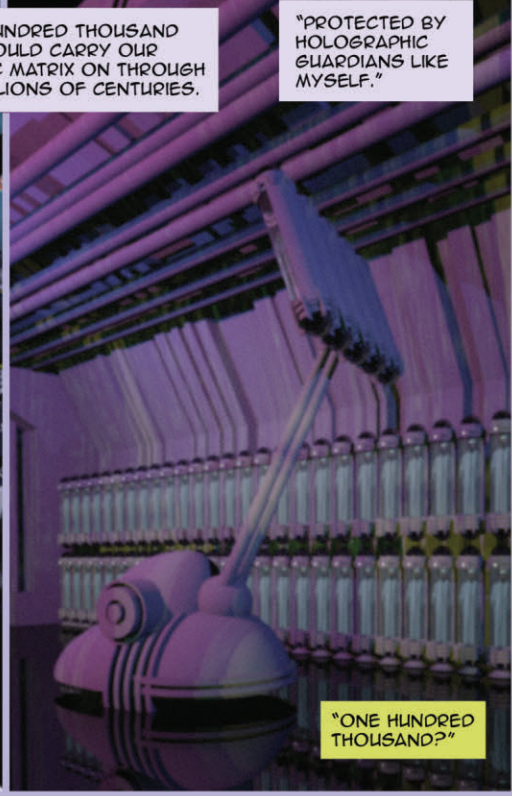
"THEN FOR TWO. FOR TEN. FOR ONE HUNDRED.

"THE GRAND COUNCIL CONSIDERED SOLUTION AFTER SOLUTION.



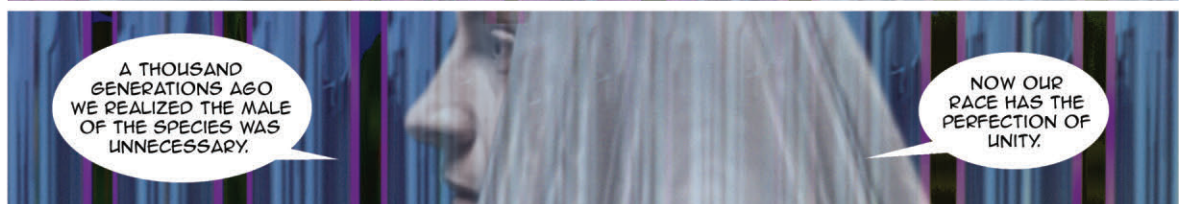
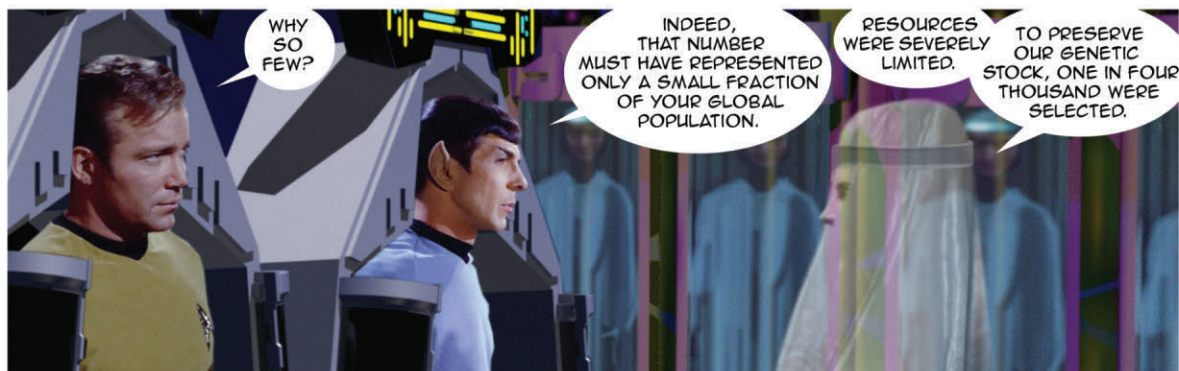
"AT LAST IT WAS DECIDED THAT A SELECT PORTION OF OUR PEOPLE WOULD BE PRESERVED.

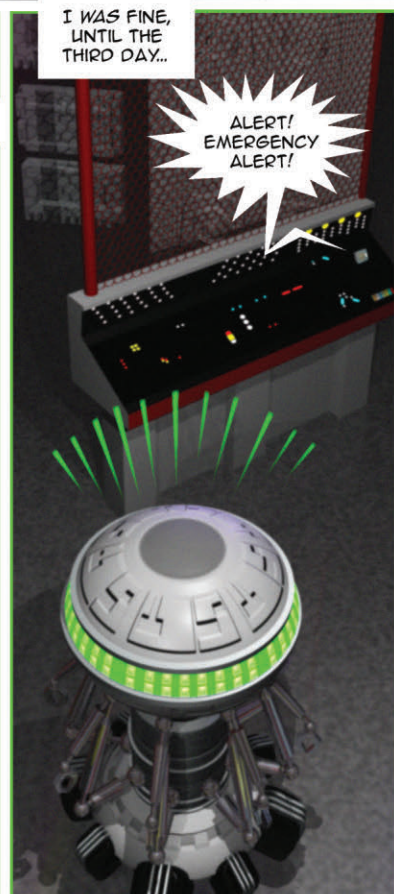
"ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO WOULD CARRY OUR GENETIC MATRIX ON THROUGH THE MILLIONS OF CENTURIES.

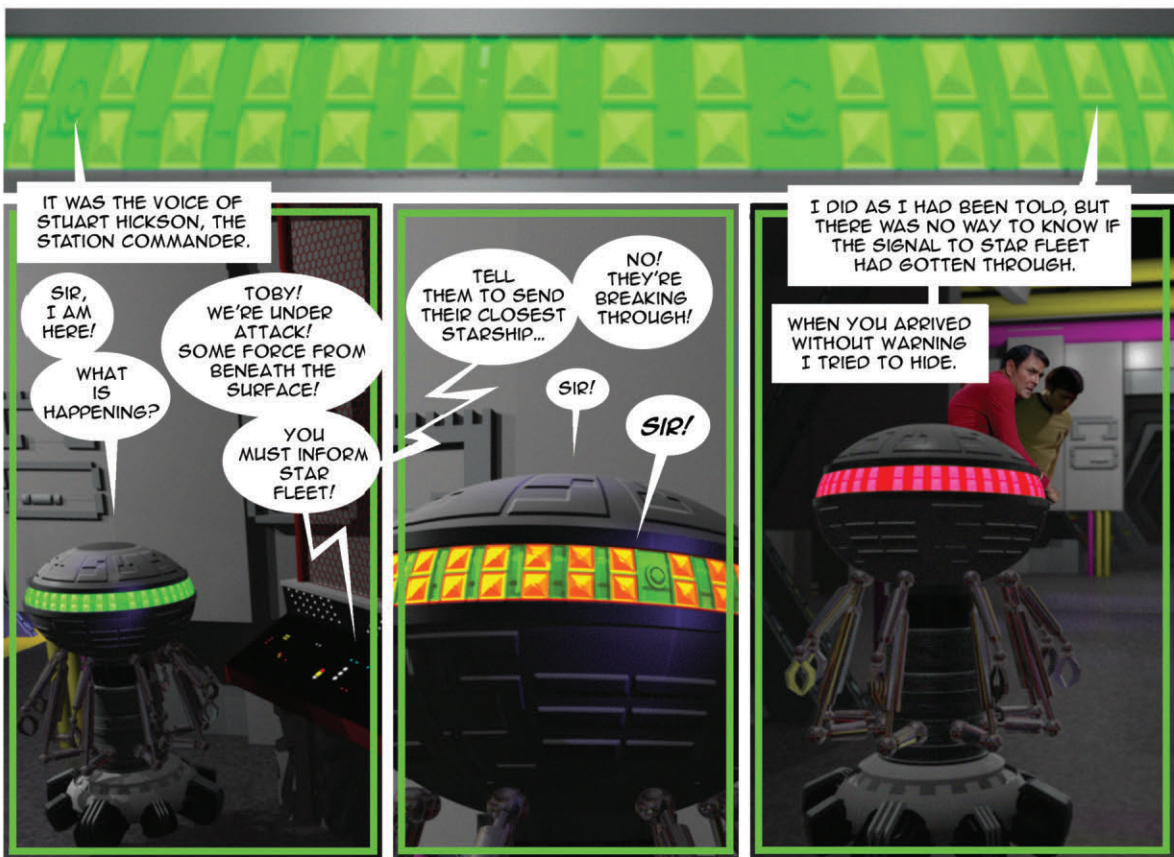


"PROTECTED BY HOLOGRAPHIC GUARDIANS LIKE MYSELF."

"ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND?"









"TH' CAP'N
NEEDS T'BE
BROUGHT UP
T'DATE..."

NOW
WHERE HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
US?

THIS IS A
CHAMBER I CREATED
EXPRESSLY FOR
THIS USE.

HERE ARE
KEPT THOSE WHO
DO NOT BELONG WITH
THE OTHERS, BUT
NEVERTHELESS MUST BE
PRESERVED.



SPOCK,
LOOK!

THESE
MUST BE THE
MISSING
SCIENTISTS!

IS
THAT WHAT
THEY
ARE?



WHAT-
EVER THE CASE,
THEY HAD NO
BUSINESS BEING
ON THE
SURFACE.

NO LIFE
OF ANY KIND
CAN SURVIVE
THERE.

BUT
NOW THEY
ARE
SAFE.



SAFE...
MEANING
STILL
ALIVE?



OF COURSE,
LIKE ALL THE REST
THEY WILL BE
AWAKENED WHEN
THE TIME IS
RIGHT.

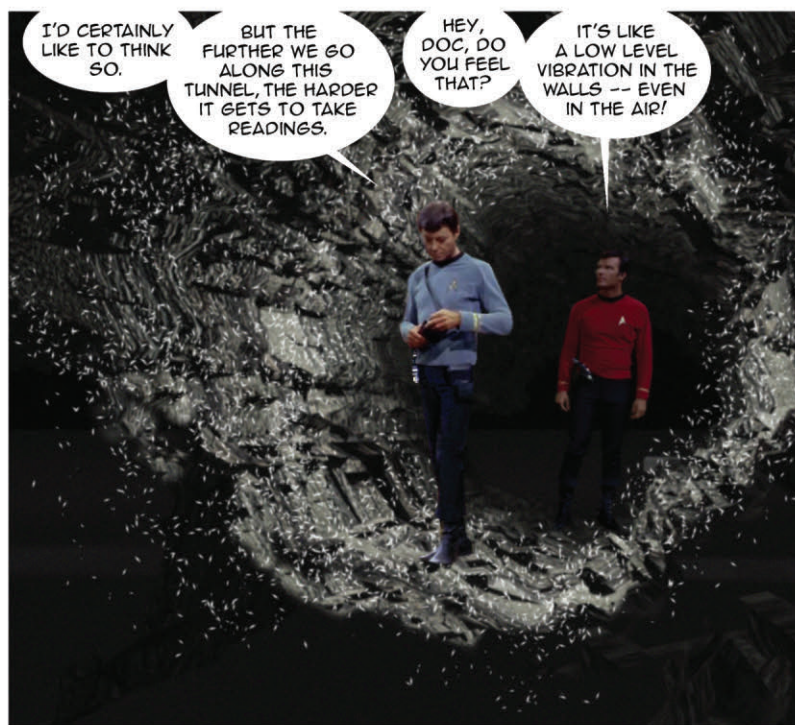
AS
SHALL YOU
BE.

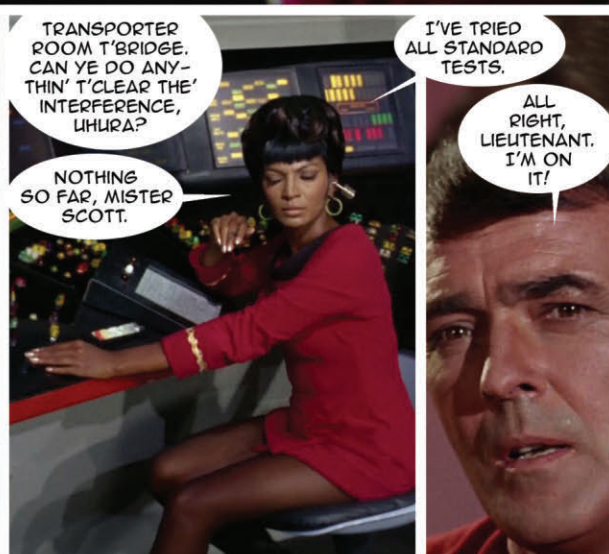


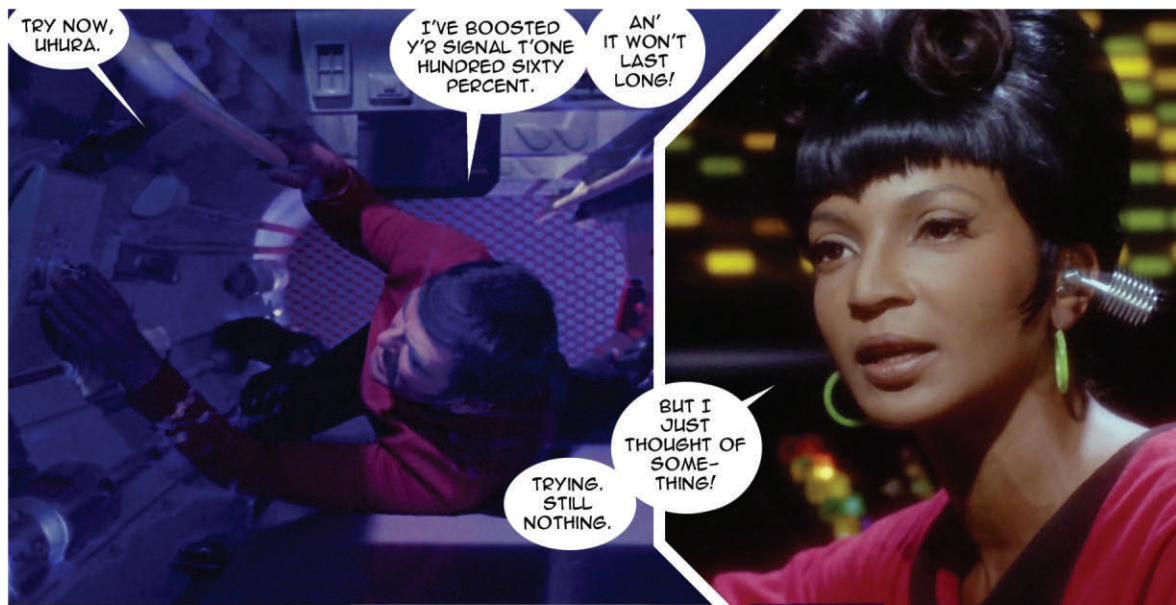
SPOCK!

UNH!

"WE MUST HAVE
WALKED SIX CLICKS
BY NOW, DOCTOR!"







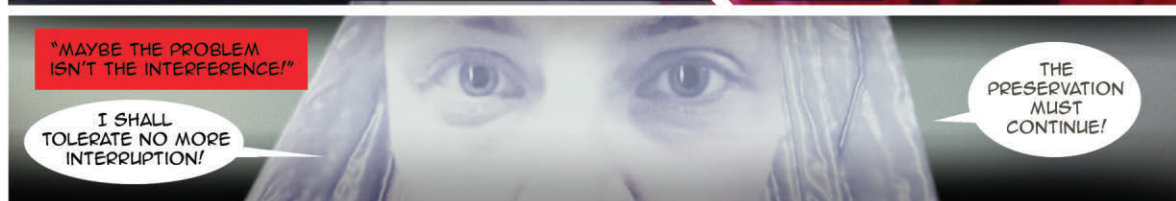
TRY NOW,
UHURA.

I'VE BOOSTED
Y'R SIGNAL T'ONE
HUNDRED SIXTY
PERCENT.

AN'
IT WON'T
LAST
LONG!

BUT I
JUST
THOUGHT OF
SOME-
THING!

TRYING.
STILL
NOTHING.



"MAYBE THE PROBLEM
ISN'T THE INTERFERENCE!"

I SHALL
TOLERATE NO MORE
INTERRUPTION!

THE
PRESERVATION
MUST
CONTINUE!



PRESERVATION?
OF COURSE! THAT
MAKES PERFECT
SENSE!

BUT WHY
CAN'T YOU
UNDER-
STAND?

WE'RE
VISITORS TO THIS
PLANET. WE DON'T
BELONG TO YOUR
SPECIES.

THESE
WORDS ARE
WITHOUT
MEANING.

BUT NOW
WE DETECT A HUGE
CONTAINER BEYOND
THE SKY ABOVE OUR
WORLD.

THERE ARE
HUNDREDS
WITHIN WHO
MUST ALSO BE
PRESERVED.

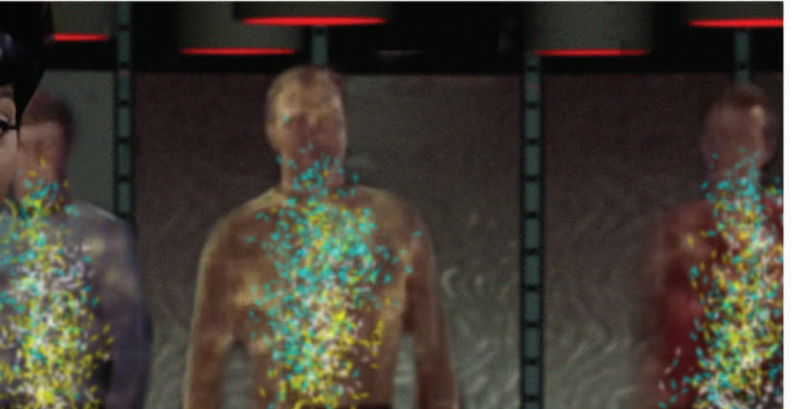
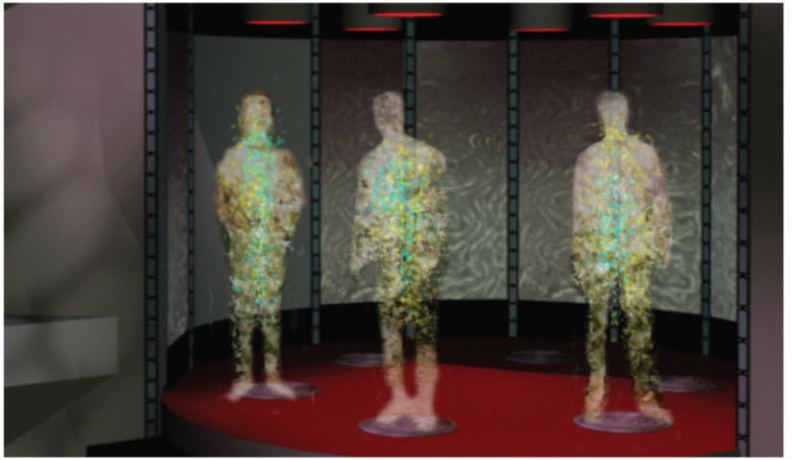
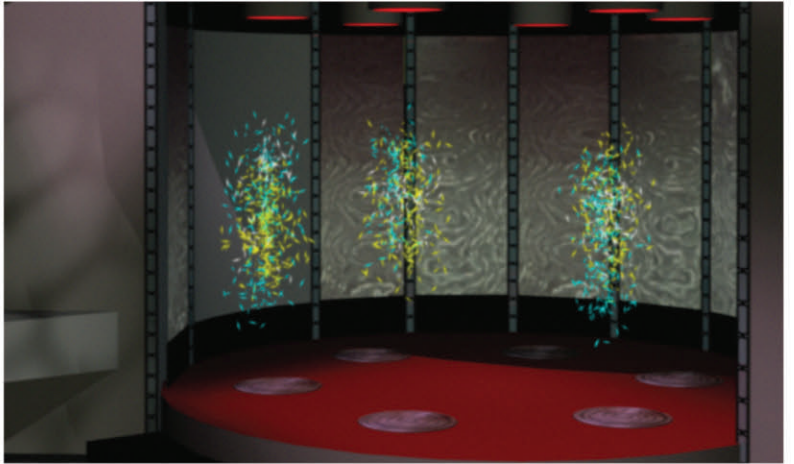
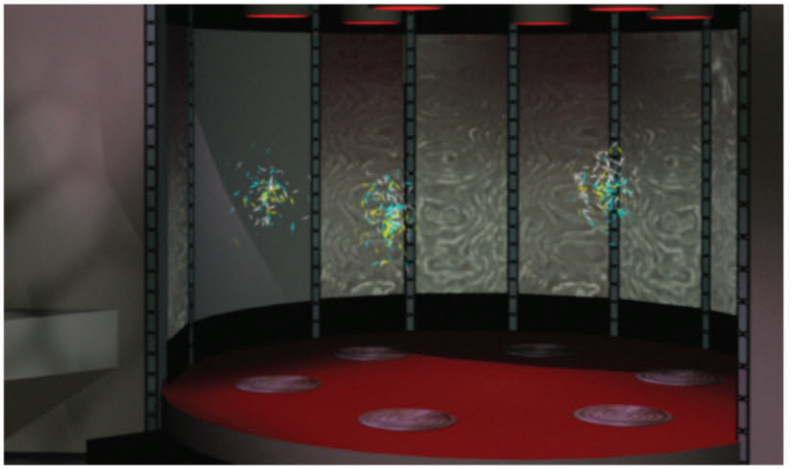


"THE CONTAINER
MUST BE BROUGHT
DOWN TO THE
SURFACE."

NOW, THEN!
THIS HAD
BETTER
WORK!

WITHOUT
THEIR
COMMUNI-
CATORS...

...IT'S
THE ONLY
CHANCE WE
HAVE!





YOU MADE IT!

HUH! QUITE A LURCH BEING RELEASED SO ABRUPTLY FROM THAT BOX!

WELL DONE, SCOTTY! BUT HOW DID YOU FIND US WITHOUT OUR COMMUNICATORS?

I SCANNED F'R THE PATTERNS FROM TH' LAST TIME Y'BEAMED DOWN.

BUT... WHERE'S MISTER SPOCK?

SPOCK HAS BEEN... ALTERED, SCOTTY.

HE MAY BE... LOST TO US!



I DON'T THINK HE IS, JIM!

I SAID I HAD SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

"COME WITH ME TO SICKBAY AND I'LL SHOW YOU!"



HELLO, CAPTAIN.

BRONSON! BONES... HOW??



EASILY ENOUGH, JIM, ONCE I FIGURED OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM.

YOU KNOW HOW BACK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEY MESSED AROUND WITH FREEZING DEAD BODIES IN THE HOPES THEY COULD BE THAWED AND REVIVED SOME DAY?

YES.

IT DIDN'T WORK, BECAUSE FREEZING TISSUE CAUSES THE WATER IN IT TO EXPAND AND BURST THE CELL WALLS.

EXACTLY RIGHT!

ONLY THESE PEOPLE HERE HAVE FOUND A WAY AROUND THAT!



"YOU'RE CERTAIN YOU CAN PUT US BACK RIGHT WHERE YOU PICKED US UP, SCOTTY?"





JIM!
HEADS
UP!

AH, GOOD!
YOU'RE STILL
HERE.

WE WON'T
HAVE TO SEARCH
FOR YOU!

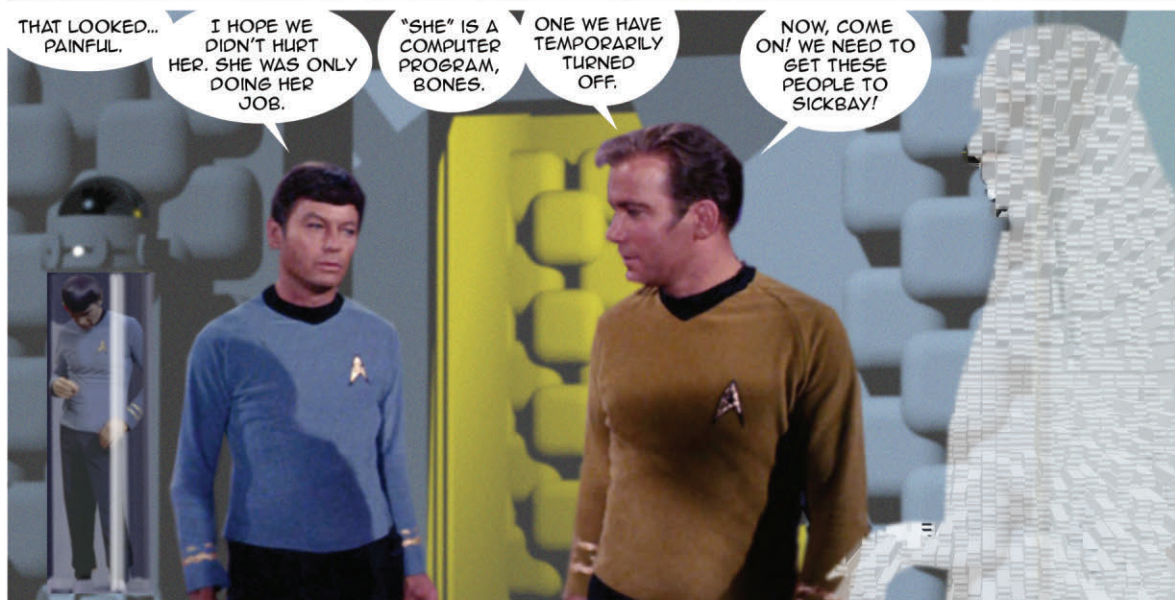
YOU MUST
BE PREPARED
FOR PRESER-
VATION!

NOT
THIS TIME!

THIS TIME
WE'RE READY
FOR YOU!



KLIK!



THAT LOOKED...
PAINFUL.

I HOPE WE
DIDN'T HURT
HER. SHE WAS ONLY
DOING HER JOB.

"SHE" IS A
COMPUTER
PROGRAM,
BONES.

ONE WE HAVE
TEMPORARILY
TURNED
OFF.

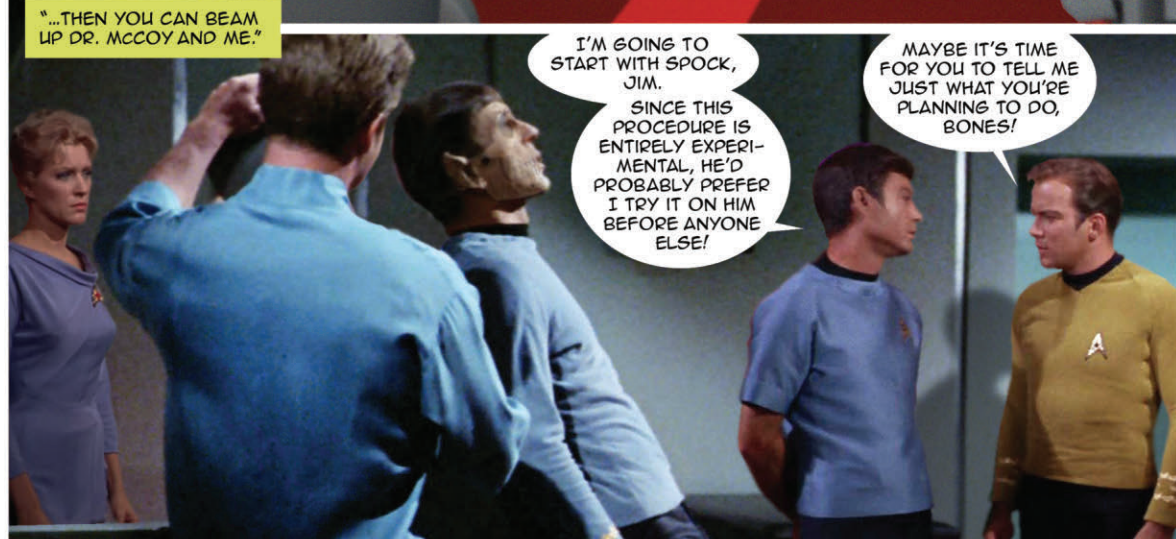
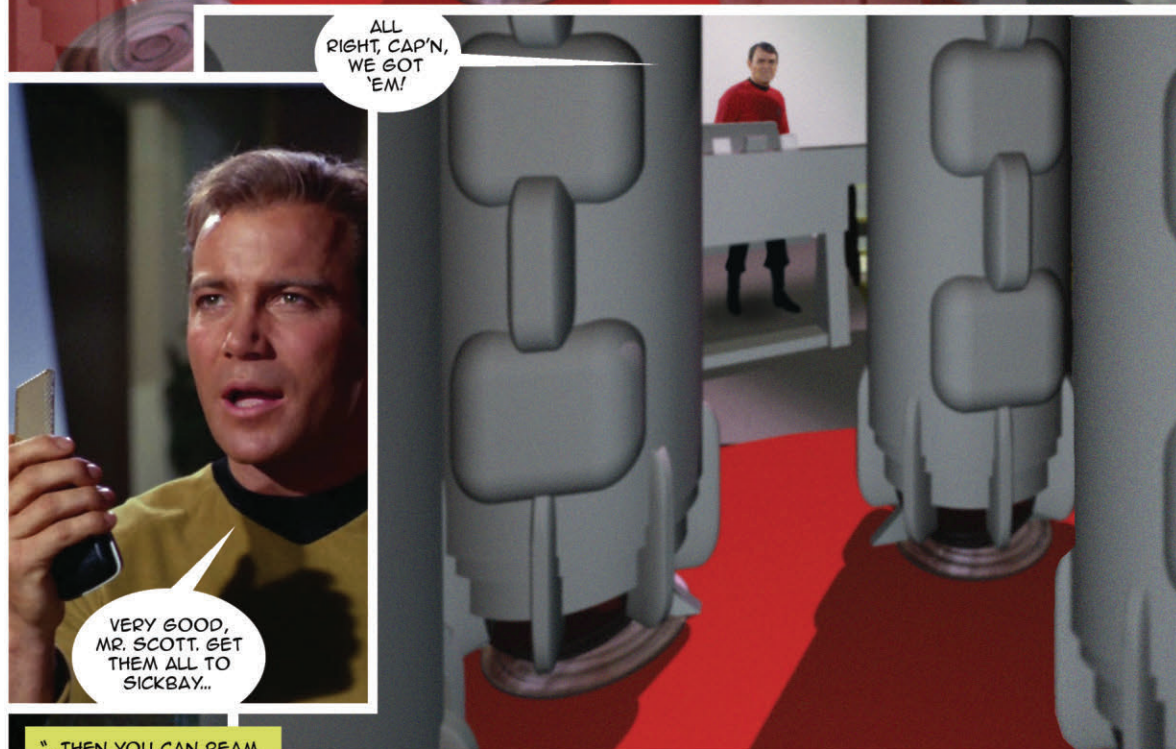
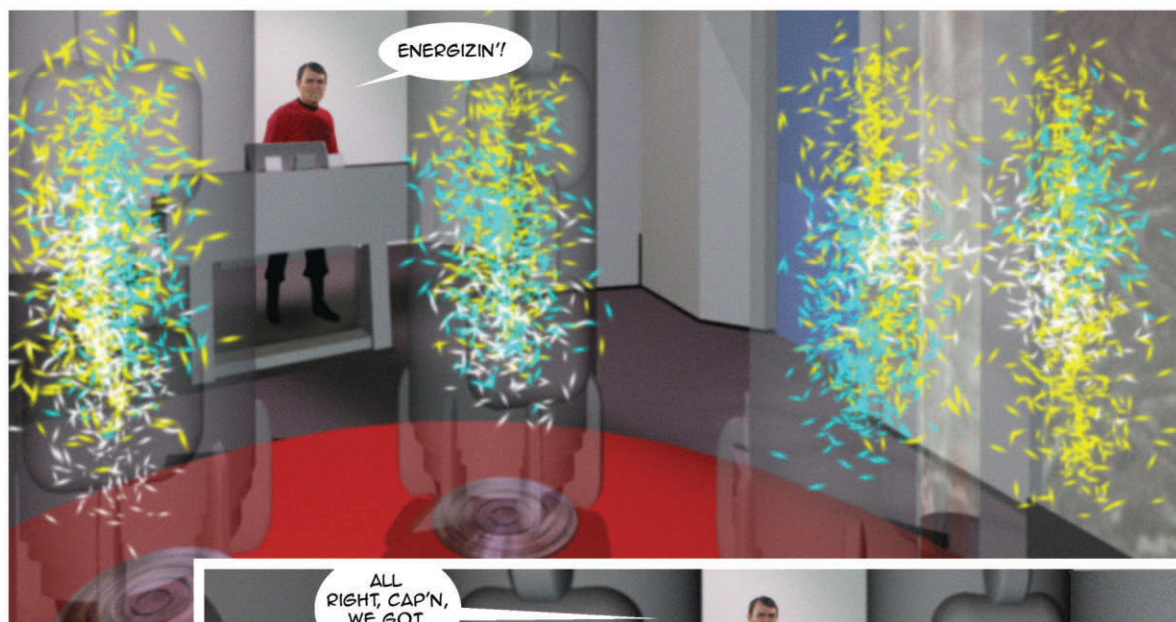
NOW, COME
ON! WE NEED TO
GET THESE
PEOPLE TO
SICKBAY!

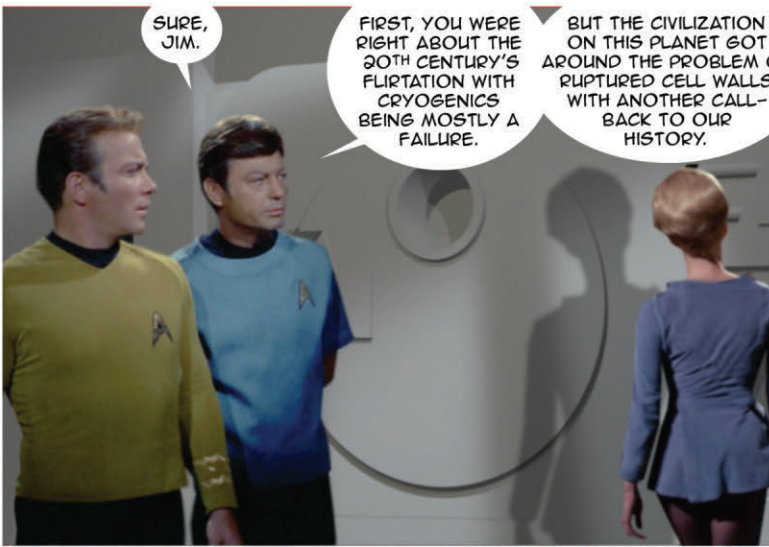


"LET'S GET THEM
TAGGED AND READY
FOR SCOTTY."

READY TO
TRANSPORT
TH' FIRST BATCH,
CAP'N.

ENERGIZE!





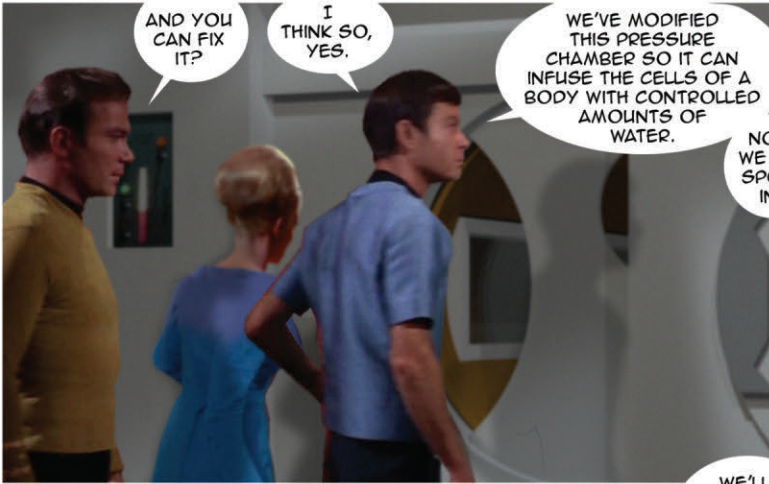
SURE, JIM.

FIRST, YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE 20TH CENTURY'S FLIRTATION WITH CRYOGENICS BEING MOSTLY A FAILURE.

BUT THE CIVILIZATION ON THIS PLANET GOT AROUND THE PROBLEM OF RUPTURED CELL WALLS WITH ANOTHER CALL-BACK TO OUR HISTORY.

THEY USED SOMETHING LIKE FREEZE DRYING TO LOWER THE TEMPERATURE AND EXTRACT THE WATER AT THE SAME TIME.

MOST EFFECTIVE, AS WE'VE SEEN!



AND YOU CAN FIX IT?

I THINK SO, YES.

WE'VE MODIFIED THIS PRESSURE CHAMBER SO IT CAN INFUSE THE CELLS OF A BODY WITH CONTROLLED AMOUNTS OF WATER.

NOW, WE GET SPOCK IN...

...AND IN ROUGHLY TEN MINUTES WE SHOULD HAVE AN ANSWER!

TEN MINUTES? IS THAT ENOUGH TIME, BONES?



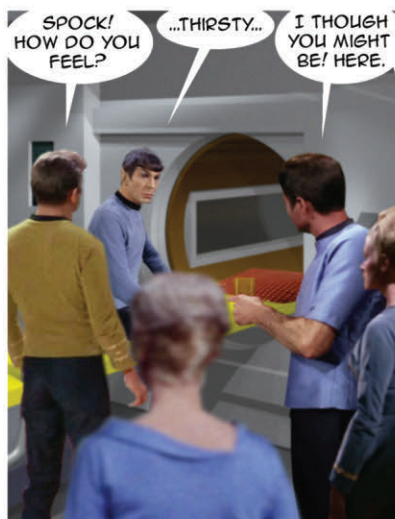
WE'LL KNOW... IN TEN MINUTES!



WE CAN WATCH THROUGH THE OBSERVATION PANEL.



BONES! IT'S... WORKING!



SPOCK!
HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

...THIRSTY...

I THOUGH
YOU MIGHT
BE! HERE.



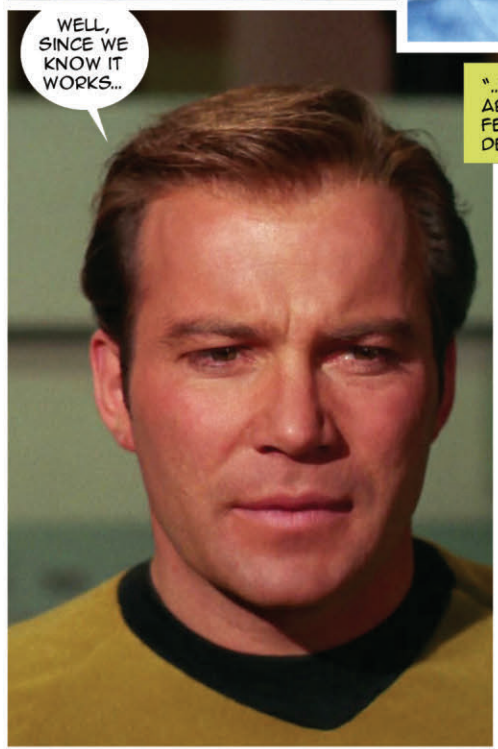
BUT, SPOCK,
I WANT TO KNOW
WHAT YOU EXPERIENCED
THERE!

WHAT
DID IT FEEL
LIKE?



THERE WAS
NO
SENSATION,
DOCTOR.

ONLY...
VOID.



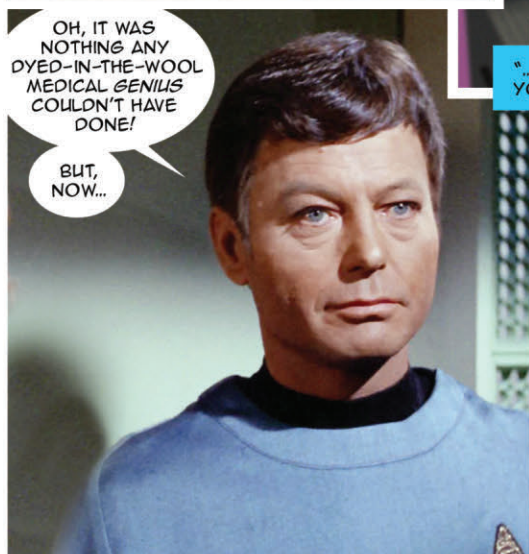
WELL,
SINCE WE
KNOW IT
WORKS...

"...WE'D BETTER SEE
ABOUT GETTING THOSE
FEDERATION SCIENTISTS
DEFROSTED!"



THERE'S NO WAY WE
CAN EVER THANK YOU
ENOUGH, CAPTAIN,
DOCTOR.

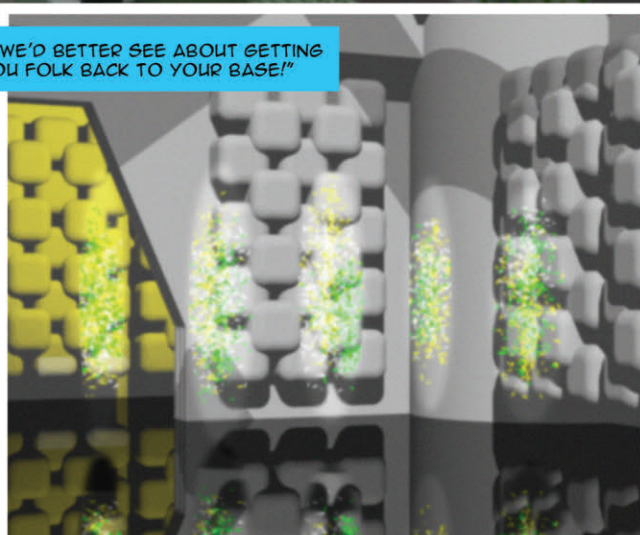
THOUGH... I'LL
CONFESS I STILL
DON'T FULLY UNDER-
STAND WHAT WE'RE
THANKING YOU
FOR!



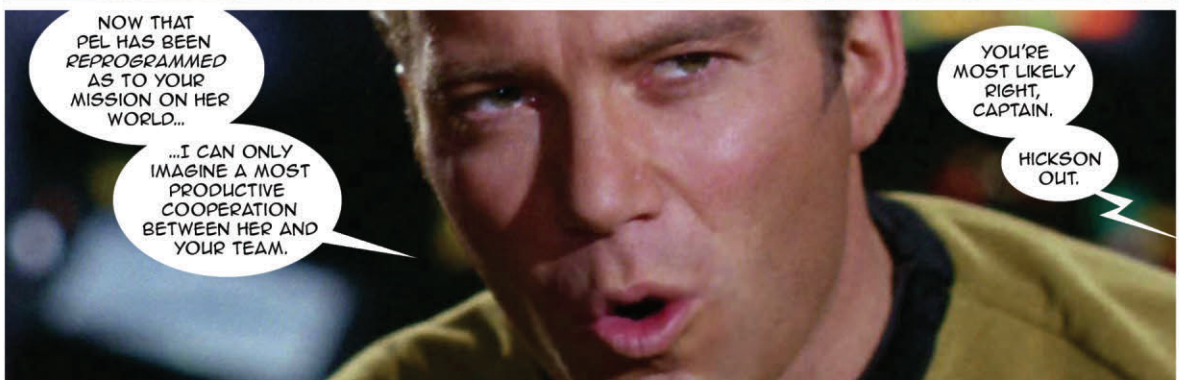
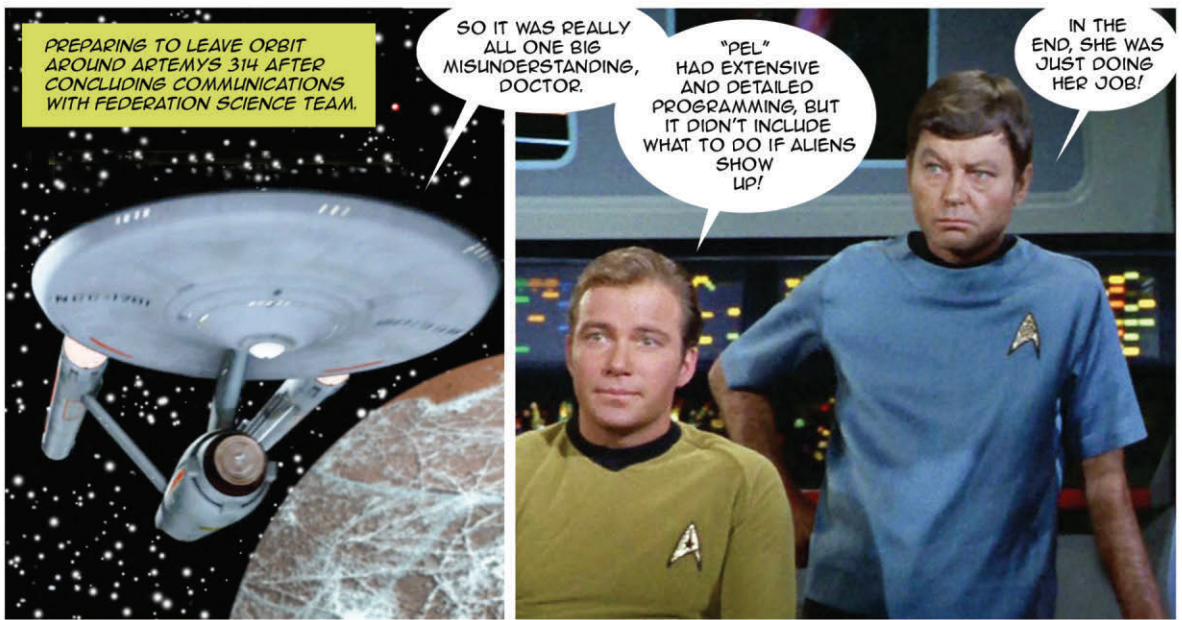
OH, IT WAS
NOTHING ANY
DYED-IN-THE-WOOL
MEDICAL GENIUS
COULDN'T HAVE
DONE!

BUT,
NOW...

"...WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT GETTING
YOU FOLK BACK TO YOUR BASE!"









I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE SEEING YOU AGAIN, PEL.

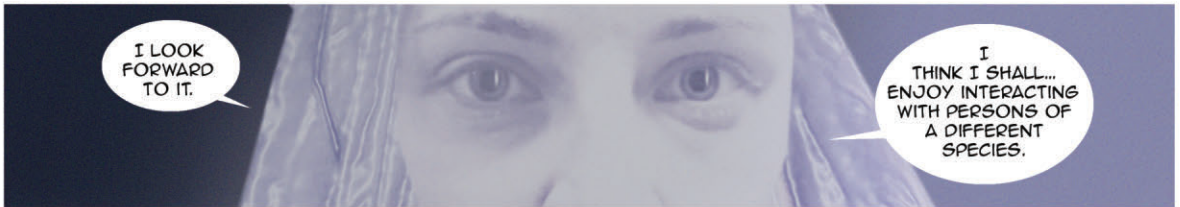
I FELT YOU AND YOUR CREW WERE ENTITLED TO ONE FINAL APOLOGY, CAPTAIN.



NO FURTHER APOLOGIES ARE NECESSARY. NO REAL HARM WAS DONE.

AND NOW YOU UNDERSTAND THE MISSION OF THE FEDERATION'S SCIENCE TEAM...

...YOU MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO ASSIST THEM IN LEARNING THE HISTORY OF YOUR WORLD.



I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

I THINK I SHALL... ENJOY INTERACTING WITH PERSONS OF A DIFFERENT SPECIES.

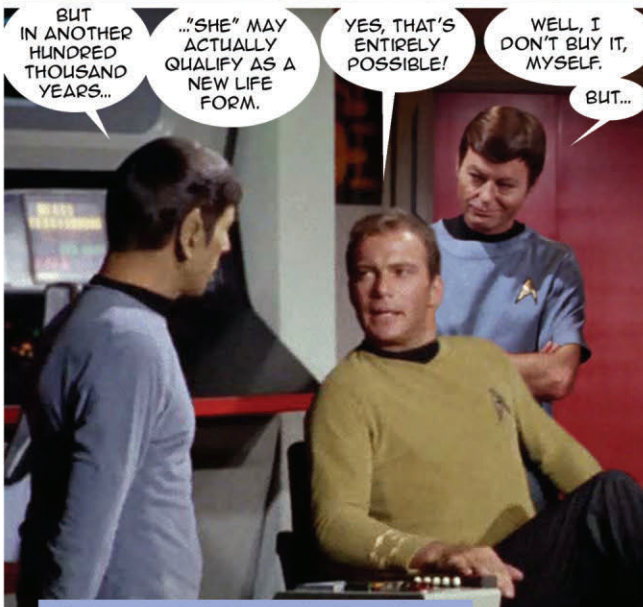


INDEED YOU WILL! KIRK OUT.

FASCINATING.

AS I WAS REPROGRAMMING ITS MEMORY BANKS I LEARNED THE UNIT PEL IS A FULLY AUTONOMOUS ENTITY.

"SHE" IS DESIGNED TO LEARN AND EVOLVE -- THOUGH IN HER PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE SHE HAD LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO.



BUT IN ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS...

..."SHE" MAY ACTUALLY QUALIFY AS A NEW LIFE FORM.

YES, THAT'S ENTIRELY POSSIBLE!

WELL, I DON'T BUY IT, MYSELF.

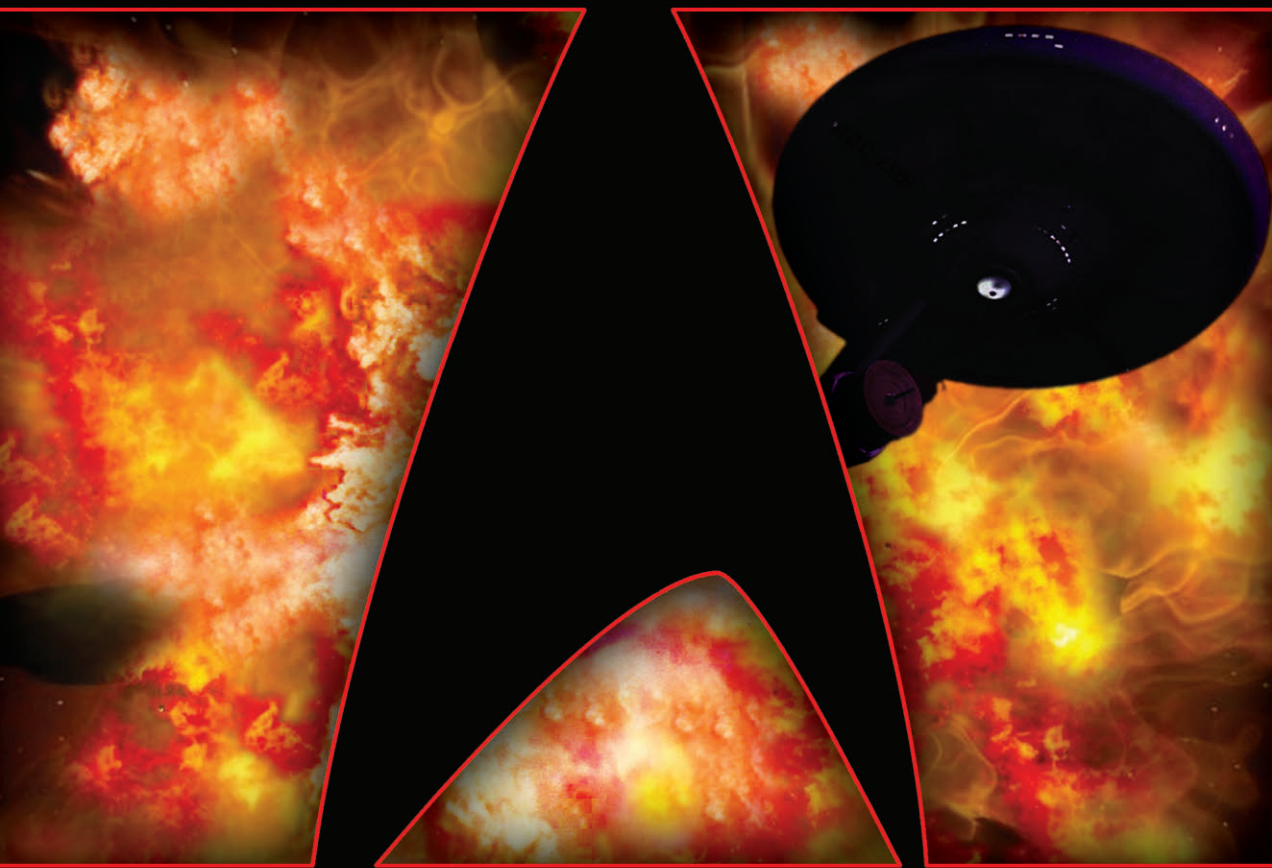
BUT...



TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE THERE TO SEE IT, SPOCK! SHE COULD BE THE PERFECT GIRL FOR YOU!

THE END

SPECIAL THANKS TO KATHERINE LAROCCA



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