

# STAR TREK

## NEW VISIONS



500 ENTERPRISE

STAR TREK Created by

GENE RODDENBERRY

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**STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>**

**NEW VISIONS**





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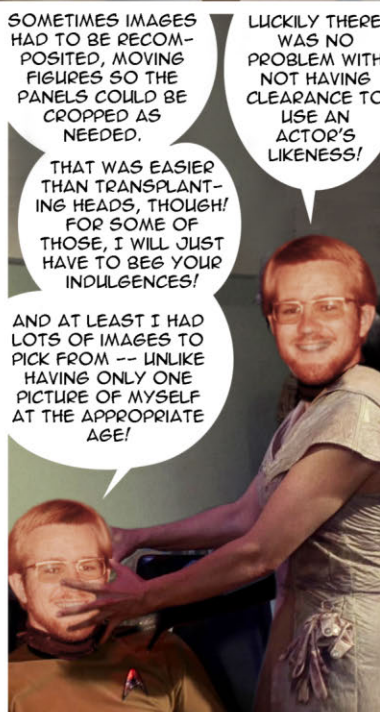
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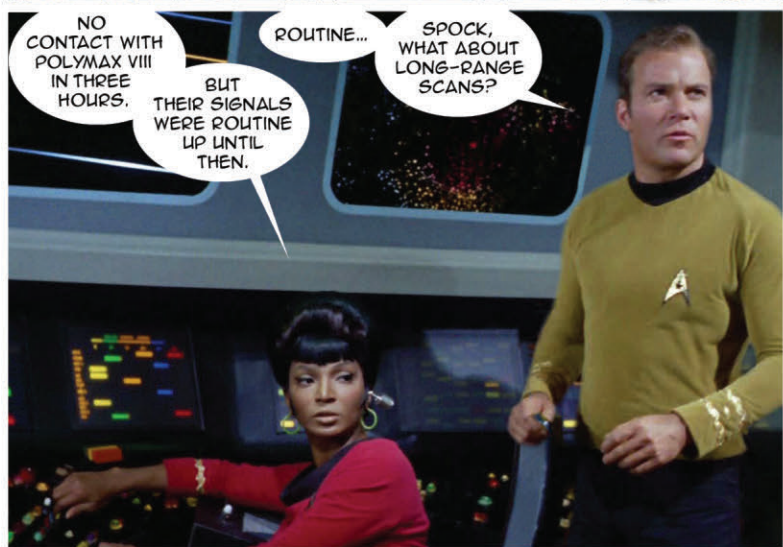
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**What Pain It Is To Drown**



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**



THAT'S  
POLYMAX  
VIII?

SPOCK,  
I THOUGHT  
IT WAS AN  
EARTH-LIKE  
WORLD.

IT  
WAS,  
SIR.

IT  
APPEARS  
TO HAVE BEEN  
COMPLETELY  
FLOODED.

"SURVIVORS,  
SPOCK?"



"NO LIFE FORMS  
REGISTERING.

"THE OCEANS ARE  
TOXIC...

"...AND THE AIR IS TOO  
HUMID TO BREATHE."



# "WHAT PAIN IT IS TO DROWN"

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



ENTERING  
GEO-STATIONARY  
ORBIT ABOVE DE  
EQUATOR,  
KEPTIN.

BUT...  
DERE IS SOME-  
TINK DOWN  
DERE DAT IS  
INTERFERINK VID  
OUR SCANS.

SLIGHT  
POWER FLUX,  
TOO, MISTER  
SCOTT.

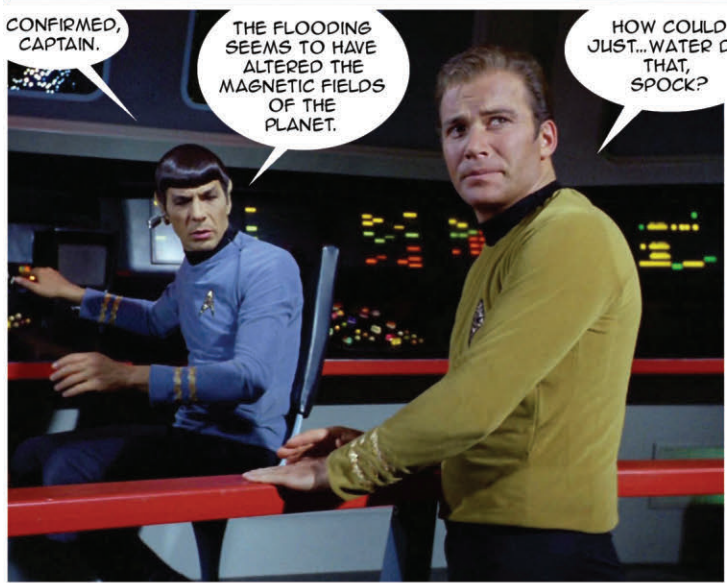
FLUX?



CAN Y'PINPOINT  
ITS SOURCE,  
MISTER  
SULLI?

SHIP-  
BOARD OR  
OUTSIDE?

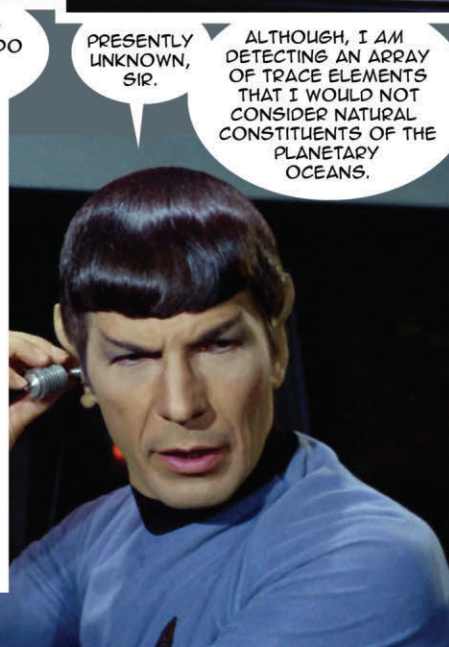
OUT-  
SIDE, MR.  
SCOTT.



CONFIRMED,  
CAPTAIN.

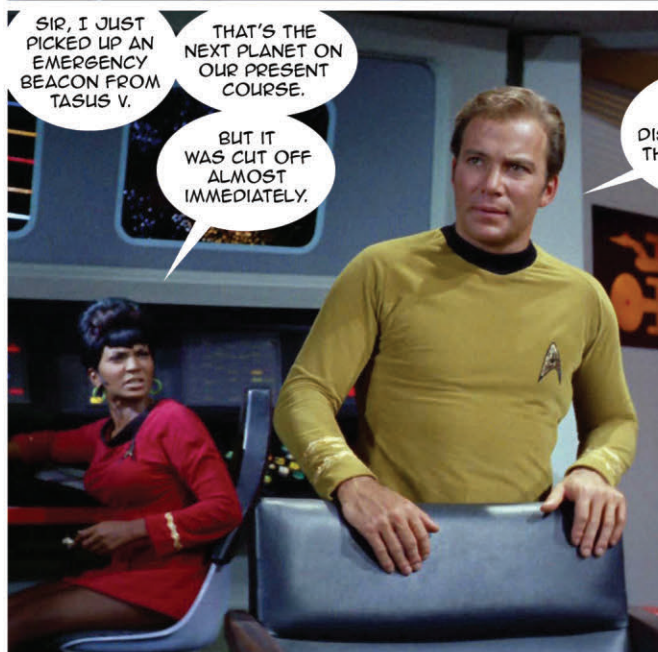
THE FLOODING  
SEEMS TO HAVE  
ALTERED THE  
MAGNETIC FIELDS  
OF THE PLANET.

HOW COULD  
JUST...WATER DO  
THAT,  
SPOCK?



PRESENTLY  
UNKNOWN,  
SIR.

ALTHOUGH, I AM  
DETECTING AN ARRAY  
OF TRACE ELEMENTS  
THAT I WOULD NOT  
CONSIDER NATURAL  
CONSTITUENTS OF THE  
PLANETARY  
OCEANS.



SIR, I JUST  
PICKED UP AN  
EMERGENCY  
BEACON FROM  
TASUS V.

THAT'S THE  
NEXT PLANET ON  
OUR PRESENT  
COURSE.

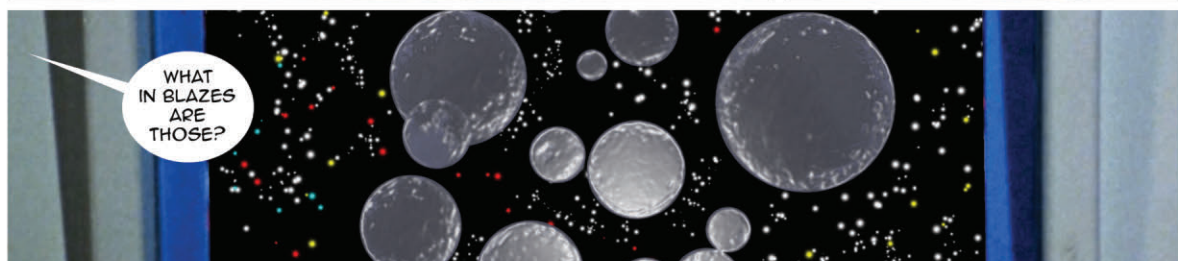
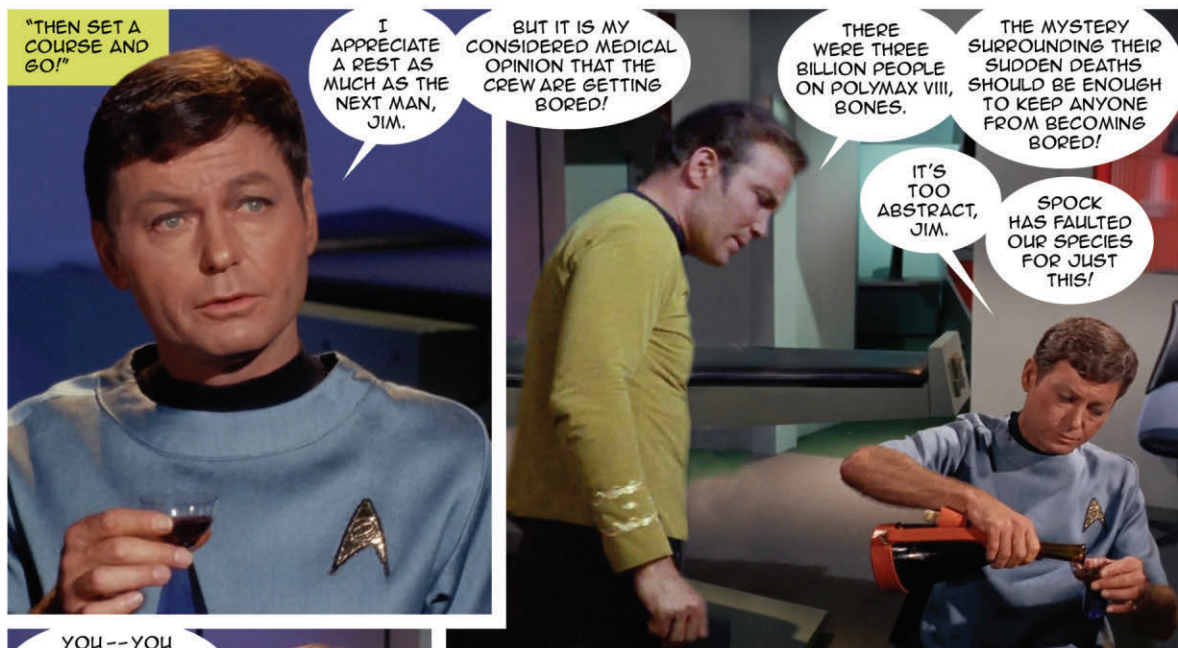
BUT IT  
WAS CUT OFF  
ALMOST  
IMMEDIATELY.

ANOTHER  
PLANET IN  
DISTRESS, AND  
THIS ONE WITH  
NO LIFE!



MR. SULLI,  
HOW LONG WILL  
IT TAKE TO REACH  
THE TASUS SYSTEM  
AT MAXIMUM  
WARP?

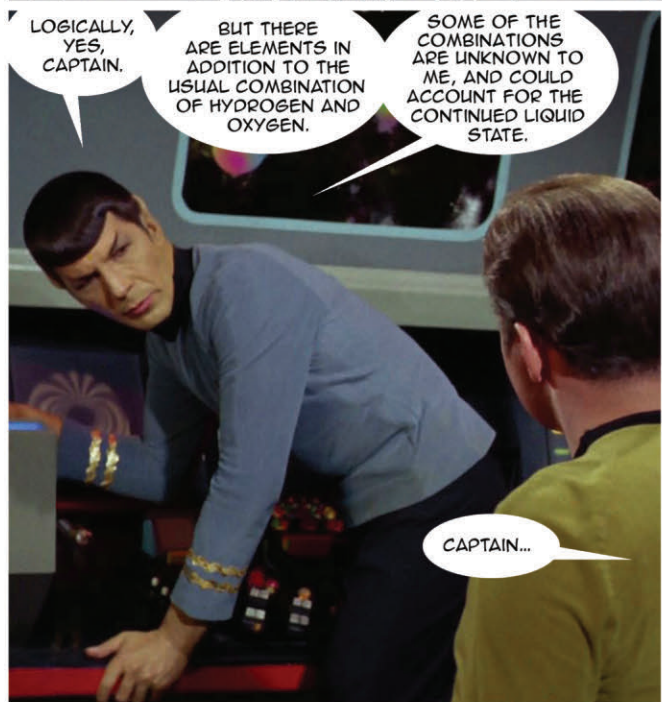
TWELVE  
AND A HALF  
HOURS,  
SIR.





"WATER,  
SPOCK?"

"SHOULDN'T THEY BE  
FROZEN SOLID?"



LOGICALLY,  
YES,  
CAPTAIN.

BUT THERE  
ARE ELEMENTS IN  
ADDITION TO THE  
USUAL COMBINATION  
OF HYDROGEN AND  
OXYGEN.

SOME OF THE  
COMBINATIONS  
ARE UNKNOWN TO  
ME, AND COULD  
ACCOUNT FOR THE  
CONTINUED LIQUID  
STATE.

CAPTAIN...



YOU  
HAVE SOMETHING,  
UHURA?

CAPTAIN,  
I WAS CONTINUING  
TO TRY TO RAISE  
ANYONE ON  
TASUS.

I'VE  
PICKED UP  
SOME KIND OF  
SUBSPACE...  
VIBRATION. IT SEEMS  
TO BE COMING  
FROM THOSE  
SPHERES.



BUT...  
IT'S MOST  
UNUSUAL,  
SIR.

I'D ALMOST  
SWEAR IT WAS A  
BIOLOGICAL  
SOURCE!



MISS UHURA  
IS CORRECT,  
CAPTAIN.

THERE  
IS ORGANIC  
MATERIAL IN ABUNDANCE  
IN THESE GLOBULES,  
BUT IT IS VERY  
PRIMITIVE.

IT  
IS NOT YET  
ALIVE.

NOT  
ALIVE?





"MAYBE WE SHOULD BRING A SMALL SAMPLE ABOARD."

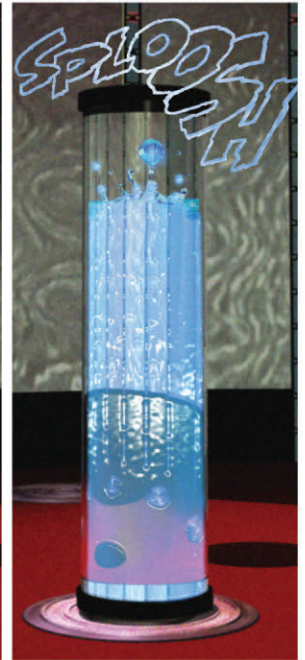
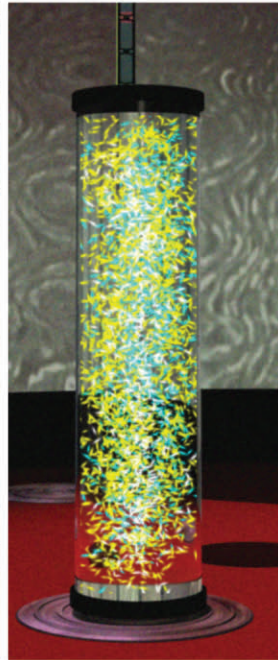
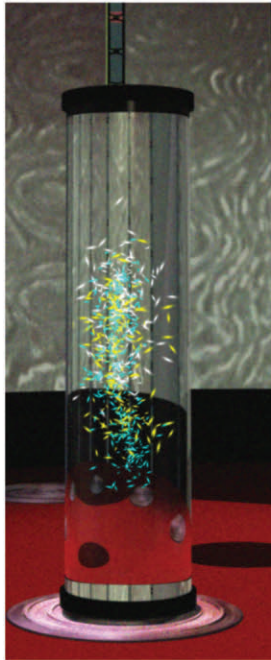
ALL SET, CAP'N.

READY TO BEAM ABOARD ABOUT FIFTEEN LITERS.

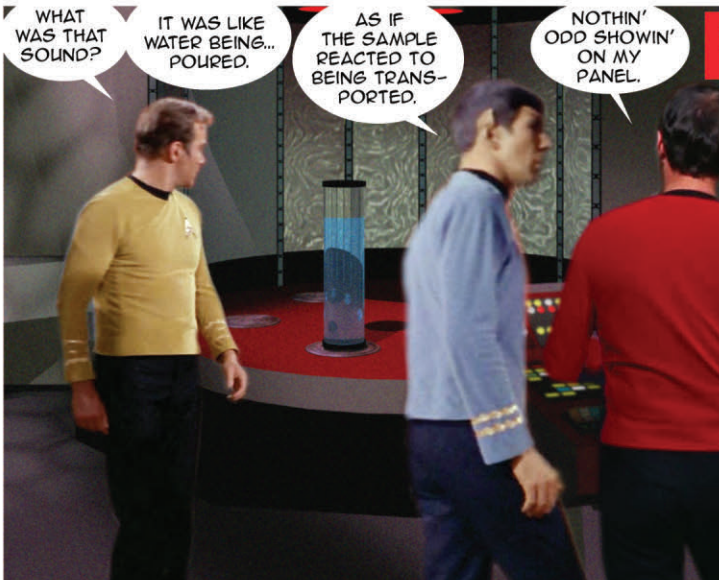
PROCEED, MISTER SCOTT.



ENERGIZIN'!



SPLASH!



WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?

IT WAS LIKE WATER BEING... POURED.

AS IF THE SAMPLE REACTED TO BEING TRANSPORTED.

NOTHIN' ODD SHOWIN' ON MY PANEL.

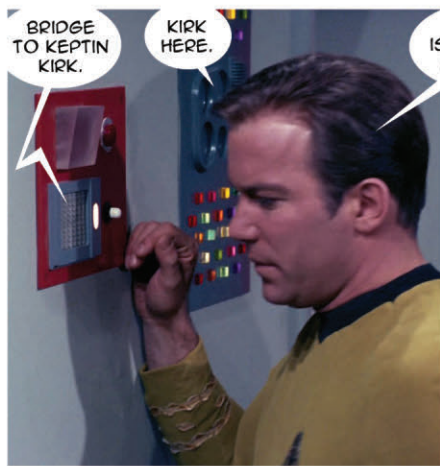


"YE'D BEST GET THIS DOWN T'DOCTOR MCCOY'S LAB!"

IN THIS CHAMBER, I'VE DUPLICATED THE CONDITIONS IN OUTER SPACE.

EXCELLENT, DOCTOR. AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE A REPLICATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT FROM WHICH WE RETRIEVED IT.

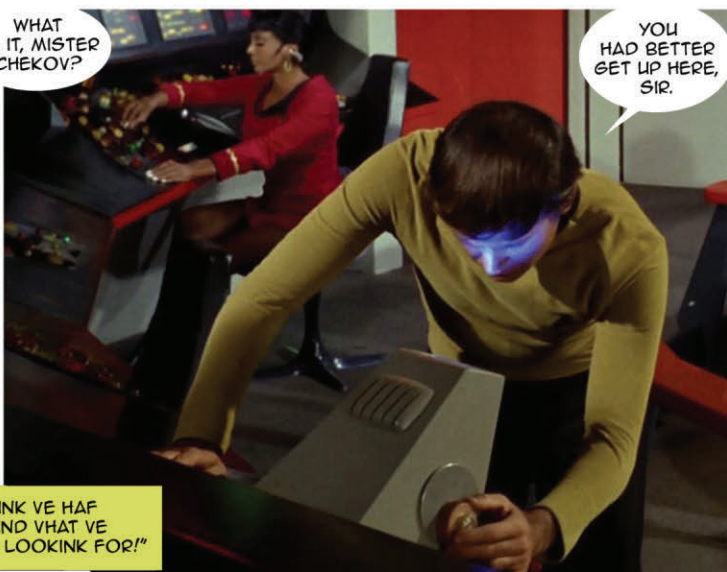




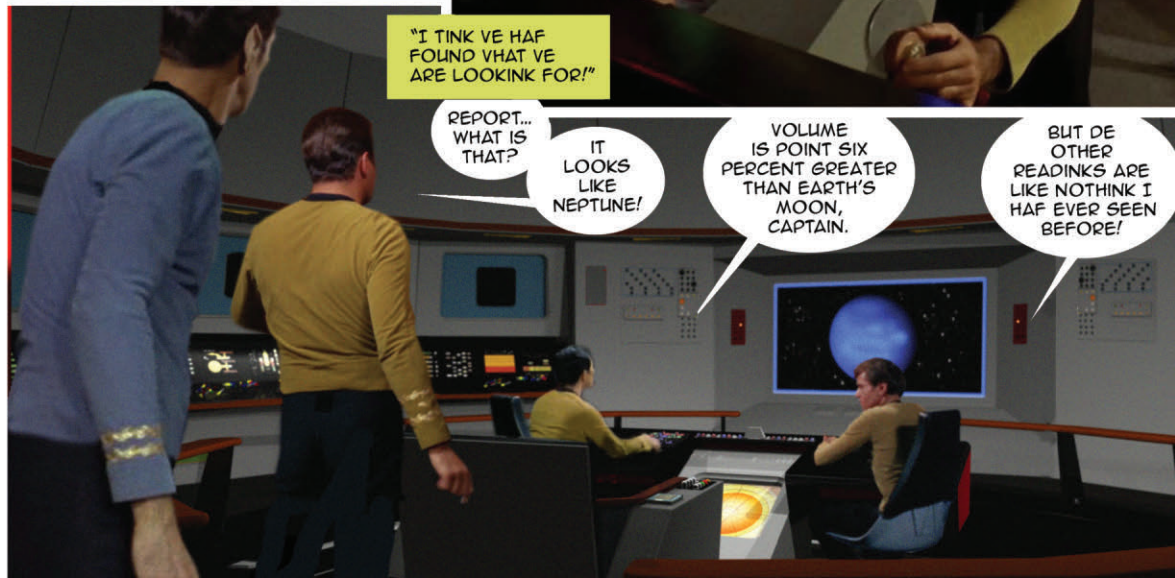
BRIDGE  
TO KEPTIN  
KIRK.

KIRK  
HERE.

WHAT  
IS IT, MISTER  
CHEKOV?



YOU  
HAD BETTER  
GET UP HERE,  
SIR.



"I TINK VE HAF  
FOUND VWHAT VE  
ARE LOOKINK FOR!"

REPORT...  
WHAT IS  
THAT?

IT  
LOOKS  
LIKE  
NEPTUNE!

VOLUME  
IS POINT SIX  
PERCENT GREATER  
THAN EARTH'S  
MOON,  
CAPTAIN.

BUT DE  
OTHER  
READINKS  
ARE LIKE  
NOTHINK I  
HAF EVER  
SEEN  
BEFORE!

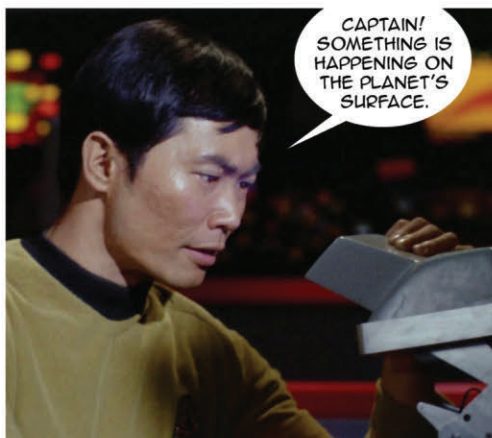


"I TINK MISTER SPOCK  
HAD BETTER RUN THE  
SCANS AGAIN!"



INTERESTING.

SCANNERS  
DETECT NO LAND  
MASSSES OR SOLID  
CORE. THE SPHERE  
IS COMPOSED  
ENTIRELY OF  
WATER!



CAPTAIN!  
SOMETHING IS  
HAPPENING ON  
THE PLANET'S  
SURFACE.



IT LOOKS LIKE  
A HURRICANE DOES  
ON EARTH.

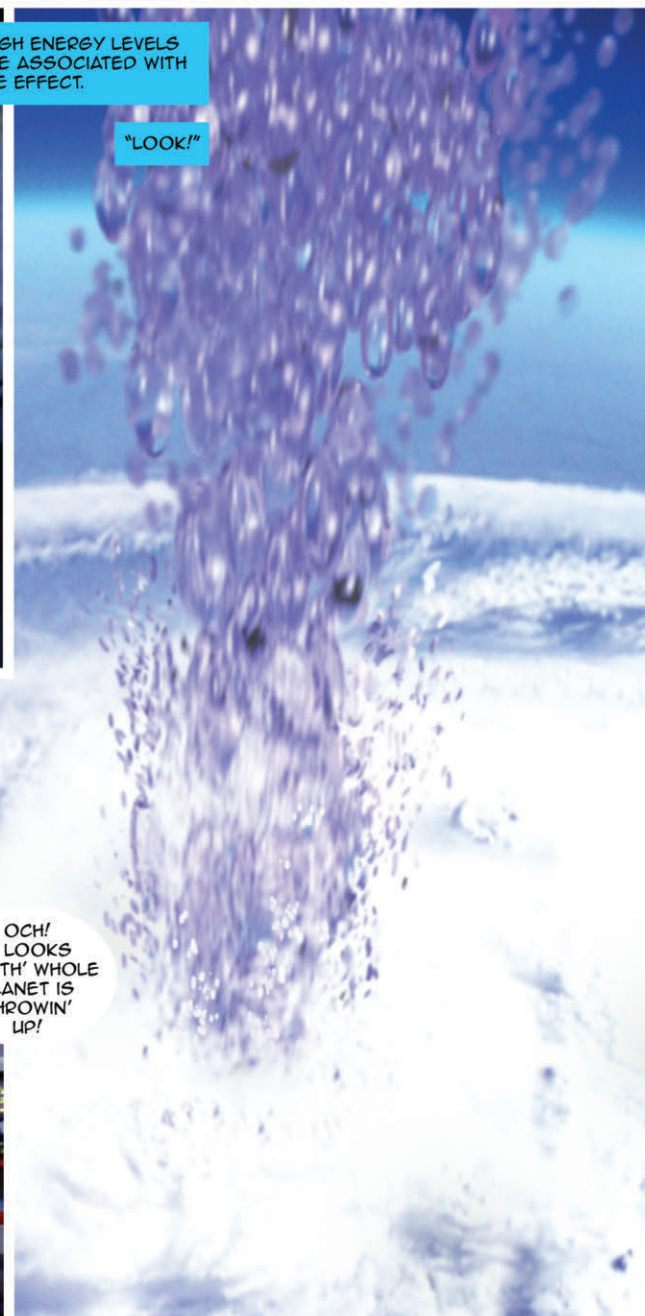
SPOCK?



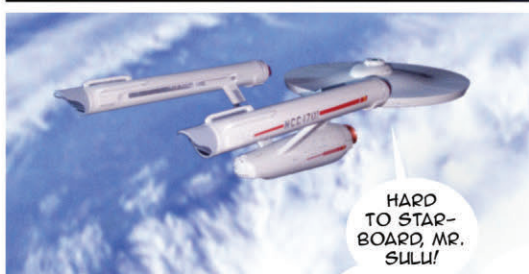
A CYCLONIC  
FORMATION, BUT  
NOT A WEATHER  
CONDITION.

THE VORTEX  
REACHES ALL  
THE WAY DOWN  
TO THE CENTER  
OF THE  
SPHERE.

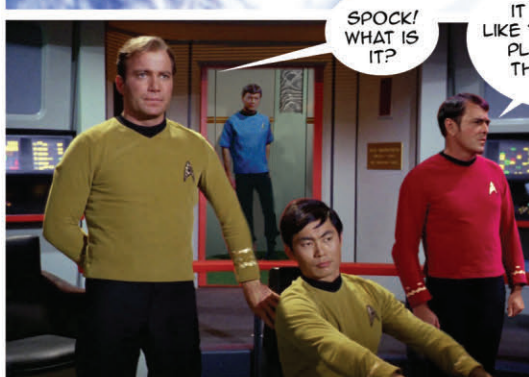
"HIGH ENERGY LEVELS  
ARE ASSOCIATED WITH  
THE EFFECT."



"LOOK!"



HARD  
TO STAR-  
BOARD, MR.  
SULU!



SPOCK!  
WHAT IS  
IT?

OCH!  
IT LOOKS  
LIKE TH' WHOLE  
PLANET IS  
THROWIN'  
UP!



IS THAT  
YOUR MEDICAL  
DIAGNOSIS,  
SCOTTY?

SPOCK, DOES  
THAT... STUFF OUT THERE  
HAVE THE SAME  
COMPOSITION AS WHAT  
WE BEAMED  
ABOARD?



YES, DOCTOR.  
WATER WITH A  
FEW TRACE  
ELEMENTS.

CONFIRMATION  
THAT THIS IS THE  
ORIGIN OF THOSE  
GLOBULES.

WHY  
DO YOU  
ASK?

BECAUSE  
THAT STUFF DOWN  
IN MY LAB HAS  
BEEN ACTING...  
WEIRD!



IS THAT  
YOUR MEDICAL  
DIAGNOSIS,  
DOCTOR?

VERY  
FUNNY,  
SPOCK.

THE FACT IS,  
SINCE WE ENTERED  
ORBIT, THAT STUFF  
HAS SMEARED  
ITSELF ALL OVER THE  
LAB WALL ON THE  
PLANET SIDE!

BONES...  
ARE YOU SAYING  
AGAIN THAT THAT  
SUBSTANCE IS  
AWARE?

I DON'T KNOW,  
JIM. AND I WON'T  
KNOW ANYTHING  
FOR SURE...



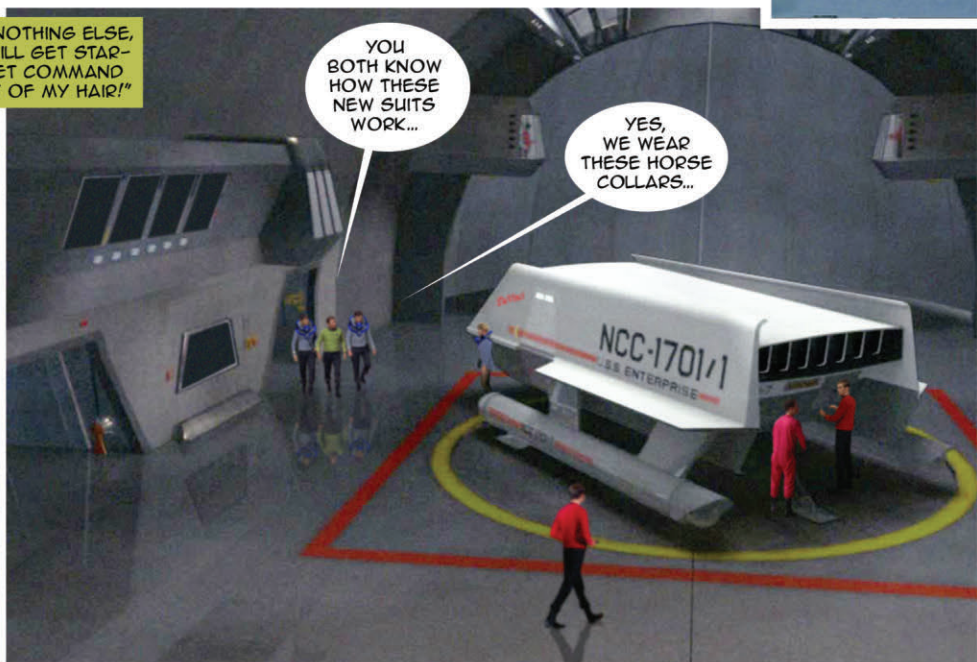
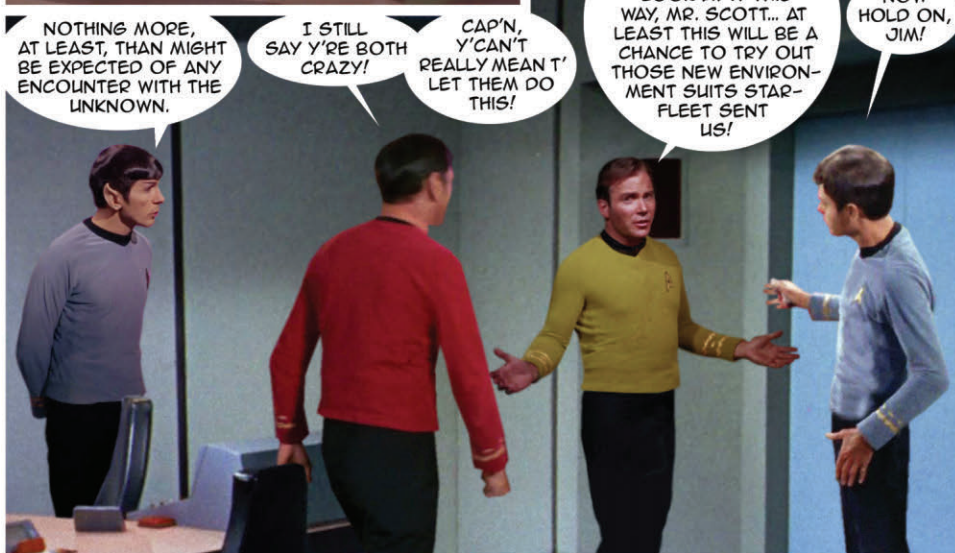
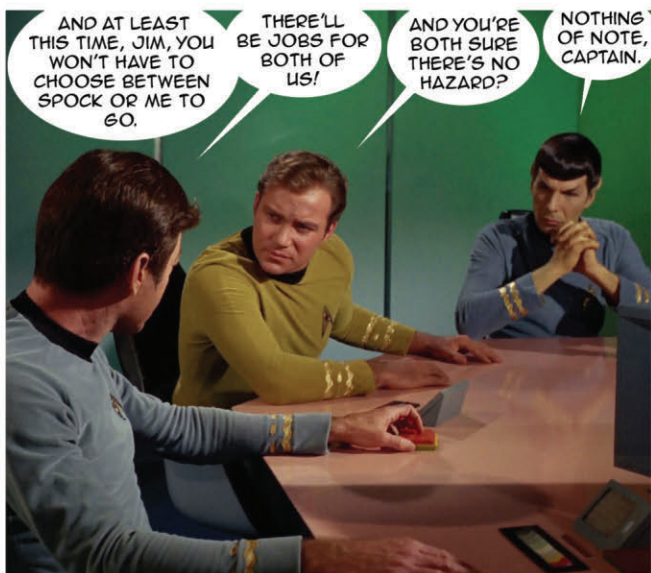
"...UNTIL I CAN GET  
DOWN THERE AND  
TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK!"

THERE ARE TOO  
MANY TESTS THAT  
CAN'T BE HANDLED  
PROPERLY FROM  
ORBIT.

HAVE Y'GONE  
COMPLETELY  
DAFT,  
DOCTOR?

OR ARE  
Y'JUST  
IN TH' MOOD  
F'R A  
SWIM?

MOST LIKELY  
NEITHER, MISTER  
SCOTT.





...AND IF SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS, THE SUITS WILL DEPLOY...

JANICE! WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN HERE?

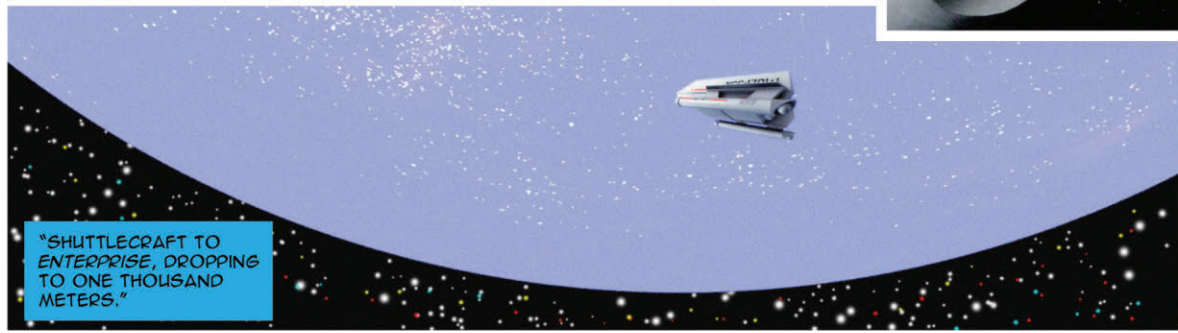
I'M ON... FLOAT DUTY, REMEMBER, DOCTOR?

I WAS ORDERED TO REPORT FOR THIS MISSION.

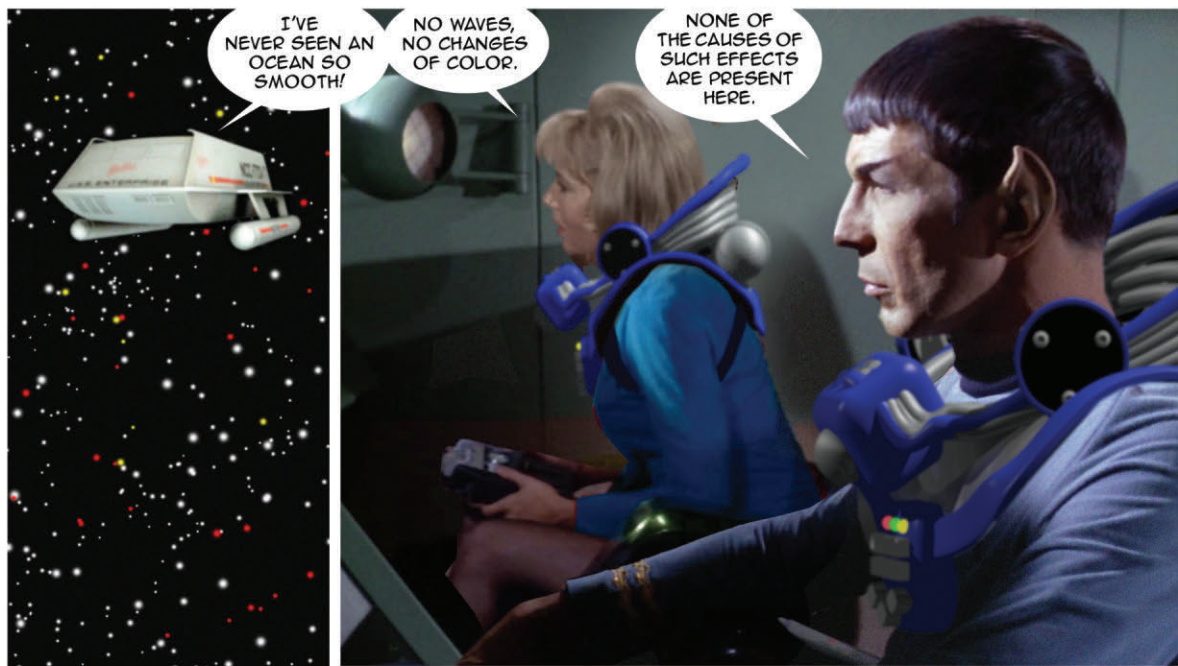
I GAVE THAT ORDER, LIEUTENANT RAND.

NOW, LET US GET ABOARD.

"LAUNCH IN THREE MINUTES."



"SHUTTLECRAFT TO ENTERPRISE, DROPPING TO ONE THOUSAND METERS."



I'VE NEVER SEEN AN OCEAN SO SMOOTH!

NO WAVES, NO CHANGES OF COLOR.

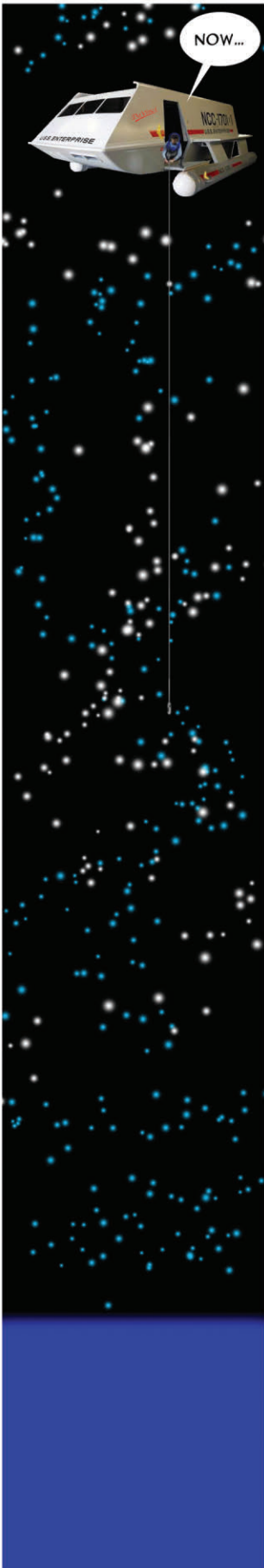
NONE OF THE CAUSES OF SUCH EFFECTS ARE PRESENT HERE.



HE'S RIGHT. THERE'S NO ATMOSPHERE, NO MOONS, NO LAND MASSES.

AND THE WATER IS A UNIFORM TEMPERATURE RIGHT DOWN TO THE CORE!

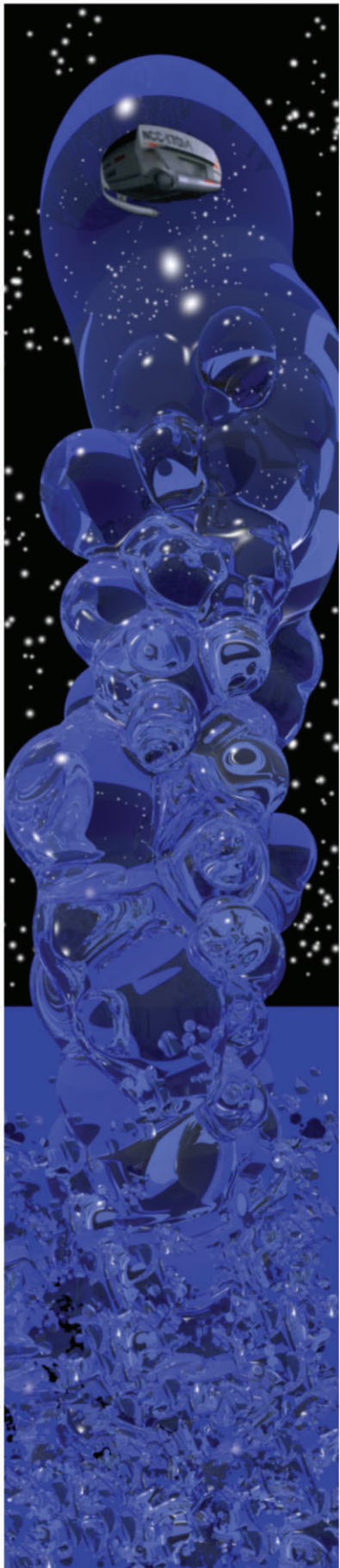


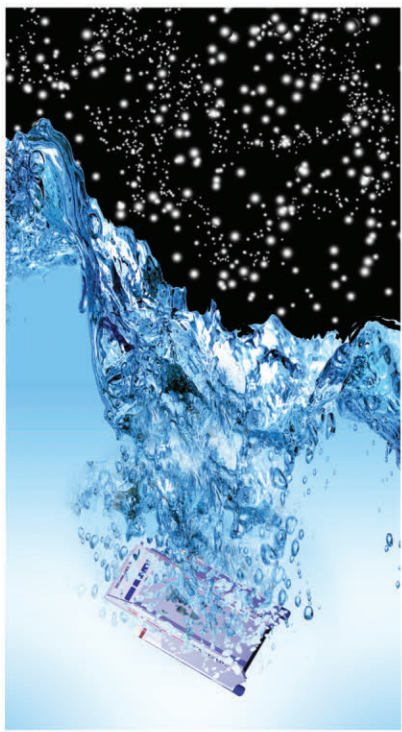


"...IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN COMPLETE CONTROL, I WILL LOWER THE PROBE MANUALLY."

"SURFACE CONTACT IN THREE SECONDS..."

"MISTER SPOCK! WHAT'S HAPPENING??"





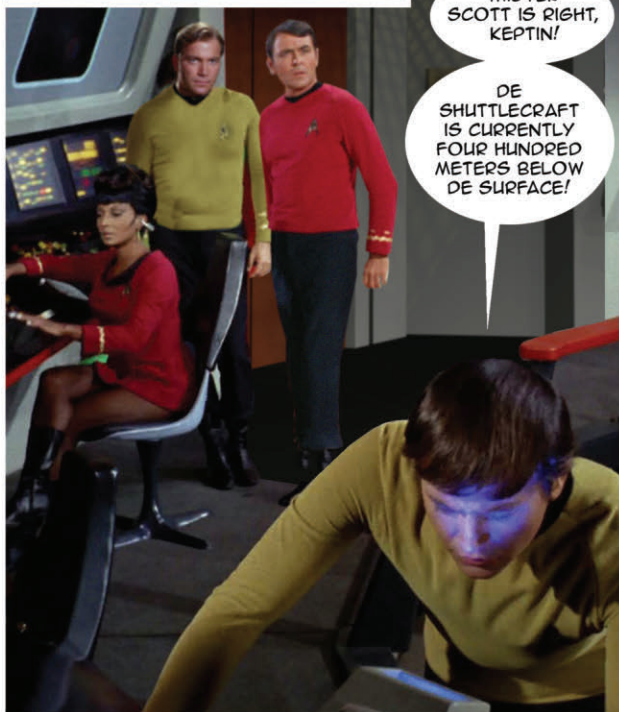
SIR!  
I'VE LOST  
THEM!

IT'S  
AS IF THEY  
JUST  
VANISHED!

VANISHED?  
SCOTTY, IS IT  
INSTRUMENT  
FAILURE?

I'VE NAE ALARMS  
ON MY STATION,  
CAP'N.

I THINK TH'  
SHUTTLECRAFT  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
PULLED UNDER  
WATER!



MISTER  
SCOTT IS RIGHT,  
KEPTIN!

DE  
SHUTTLECRAFT  
IS CURRENTLY  
FOUR HUNDRED  
METERS BELOW  
DE SURFACE!



AND  
DROPPINK  
FAST!

MISTER  
SULLI! GET A  
TRACTOR BEAM  
ON THAT  
SHUTTLE!



AYE,  
SIR!

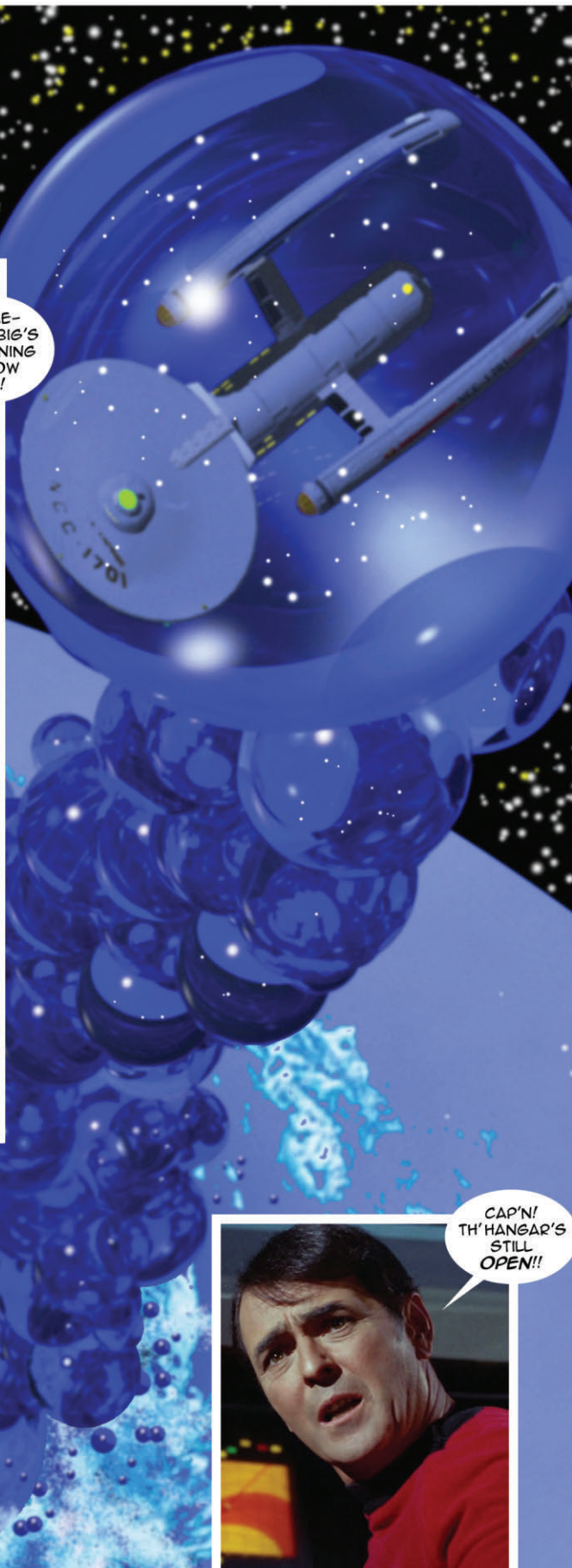
TRACTOR  
BEAM  
ON!

TRACTOR  
BEAM  
LOCK!

SIR!  
DISTURBANCE  
ON THE  
SURFACE!

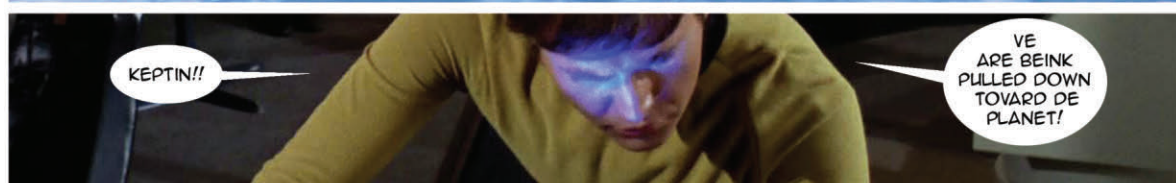
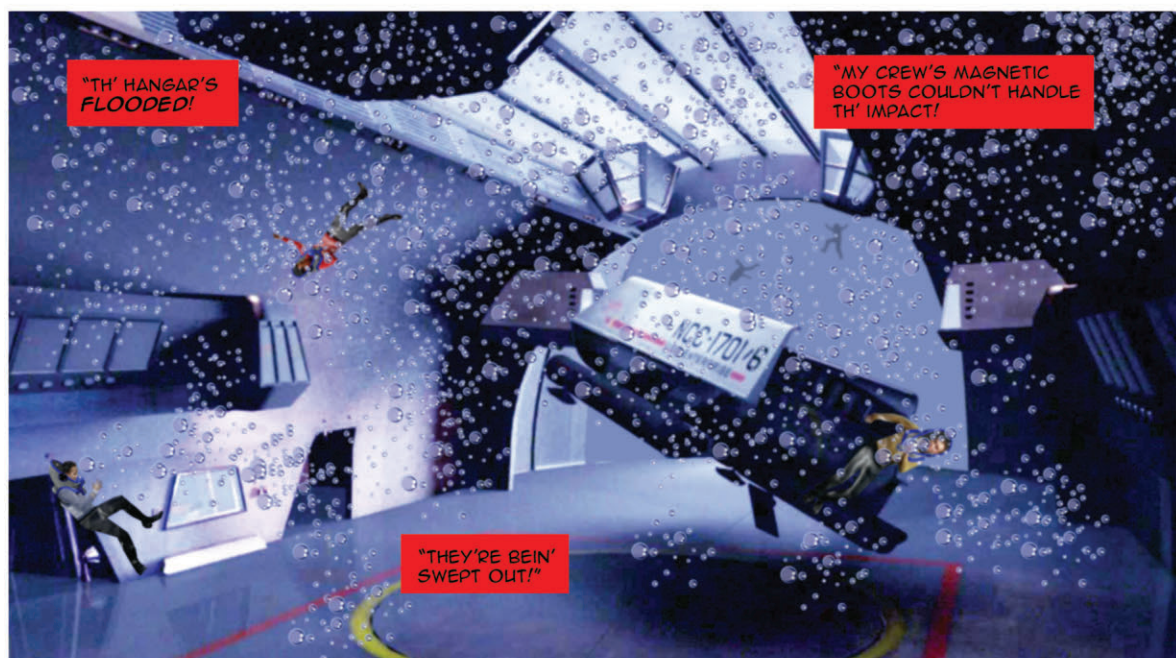


SOME-  
THING BIG'S  
HAPPENING  
BELOW  
US!



CAP'N!  
TH' HANGAR'S  
STILL  
OPEN!!







FIGHT IT, MR. SULLU!

TRYING, SIR!

BUT THE ENGINES ARE NOT RESPONDING PROPERLY!



SCOTTY!

THE ENGINES ARE LEAKIN' LIKE SIEVES, CAP'N!

REMEMBER, THEY'RE MADE T'BE OPEN T' SPACE!

THERE'S NOTHIN' T'KEEP THE WATER OUT.

AN' IT GET'S WORSE, SIR!

A STARSHIP IS NAE A SUBMARINE! THE WHOLE THING IS PUT TOGETHER T' KEEP EVERYTHIN' INSIDE.

NOT T'KEEP THINGS OUT!

MISTER SCOTT!



"SCOTT HERE. WHAT IS IT, STIVIC?"



SIR, WE'RE FLOODING!

WE'VE GOT ABOUT A METER OF WATER SO FAR.

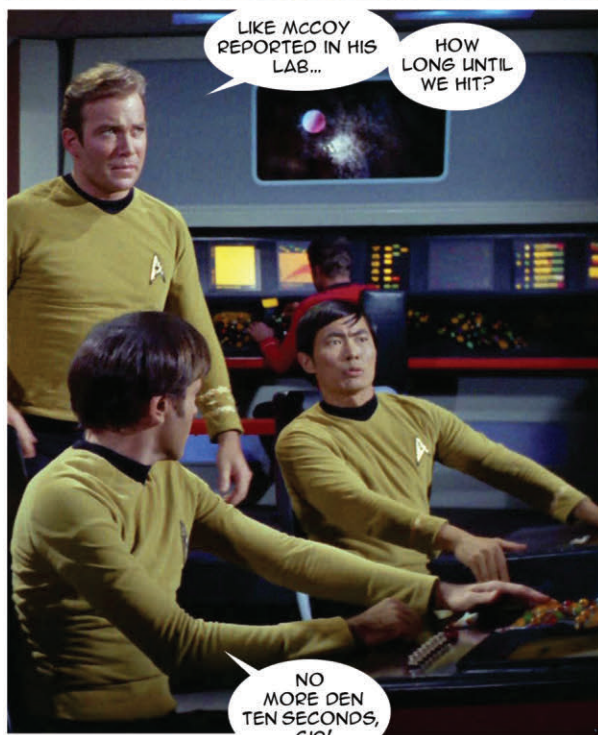


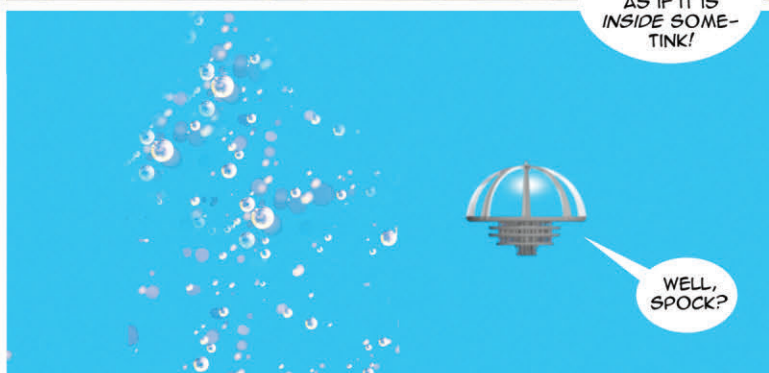
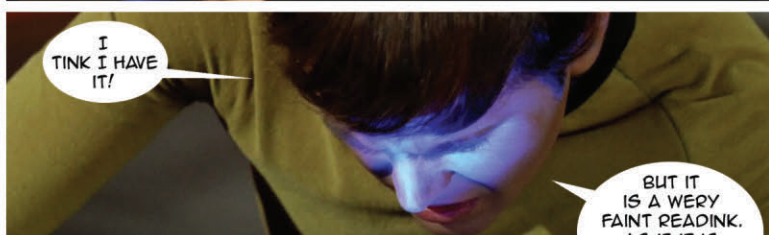
I HAVE TO GO SEE T' THIS, CAP'N.

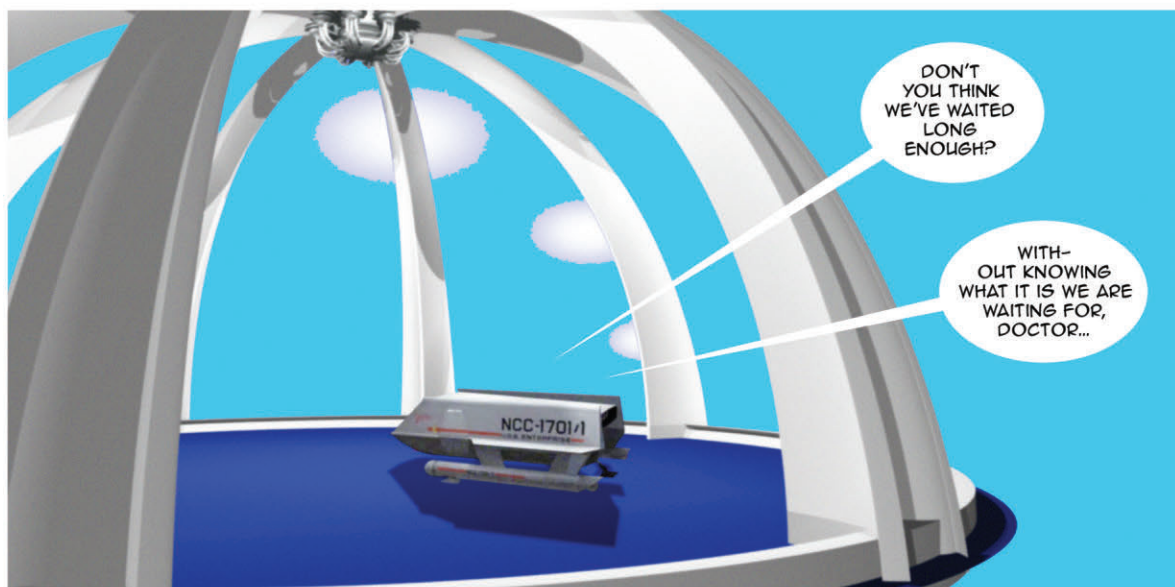
BUT, SIR, IF THIS STUFF IS ALREADY FLOODIN' MY ENGINE ROOM...

...IT MEANS IT DOES NAE OBEY TH' LAWS OF PHYSICS.

THIS "WATER" CAN CLIMB!

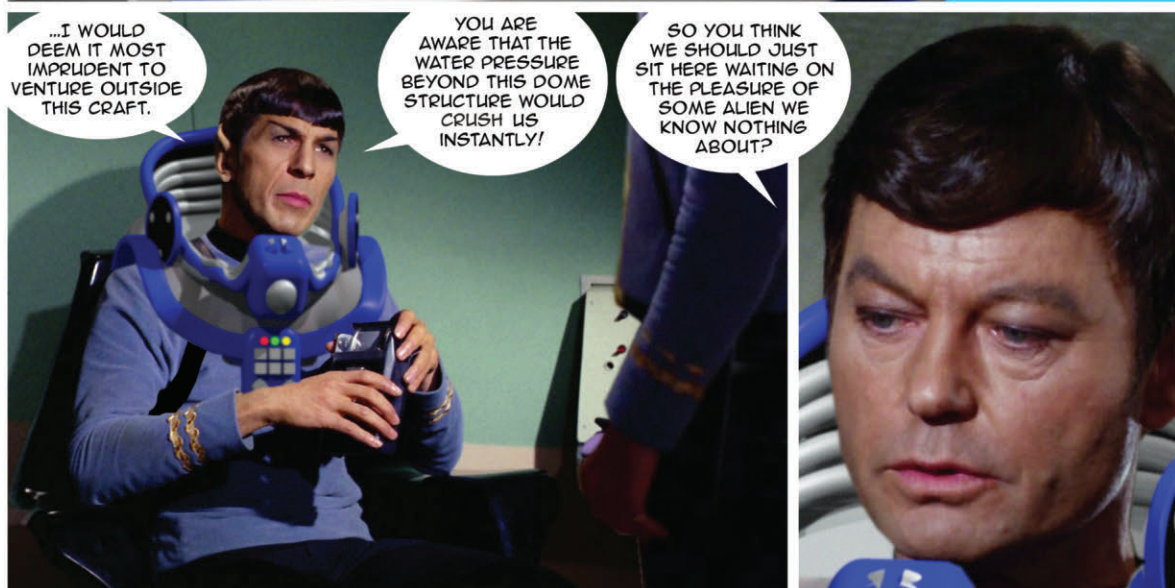






DON'T  
YOU THINK  
WE'VE WAITED  
LONG  
ENOUGH?

WITH-  
OUT KNOWING  
WHAT IT IS WE ARE  
WAITING FOR,  
DOCTOR...



...I WOULD  
DEEM IT MOST  
IMPRUDENT TO  
VENTURE OUTSIDE  
THIS CRAFT.

YOU ARE  
AWARE THAT THE  
WATER PRESSURE  
BEYOND THIS DOME  
STRUCTURE WOULD  
CRUSH US  
INSTANTLY!

SO YOU THINK  
WE SHOULD JUST  
SIT HERE WAITING ON  
THE PLEASURE OF  
SOME ALIEN WE  
KNOW NOTHING  
ABOUT?



IF YOU HAVE  
A BETTER SUGGESTION,  
DOCTOR, I AM OPEN  
TO LISTENING TO  
IT...

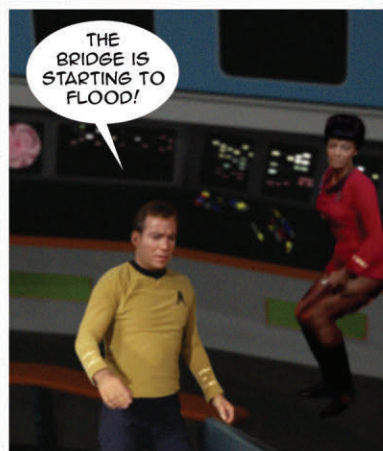
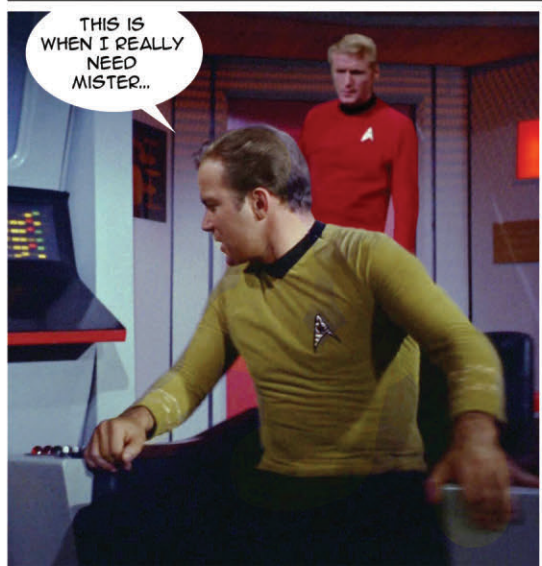
OH,  
LOOK!

THAT  
WASN'T THERE  
BEFORE, WAS  
IT?

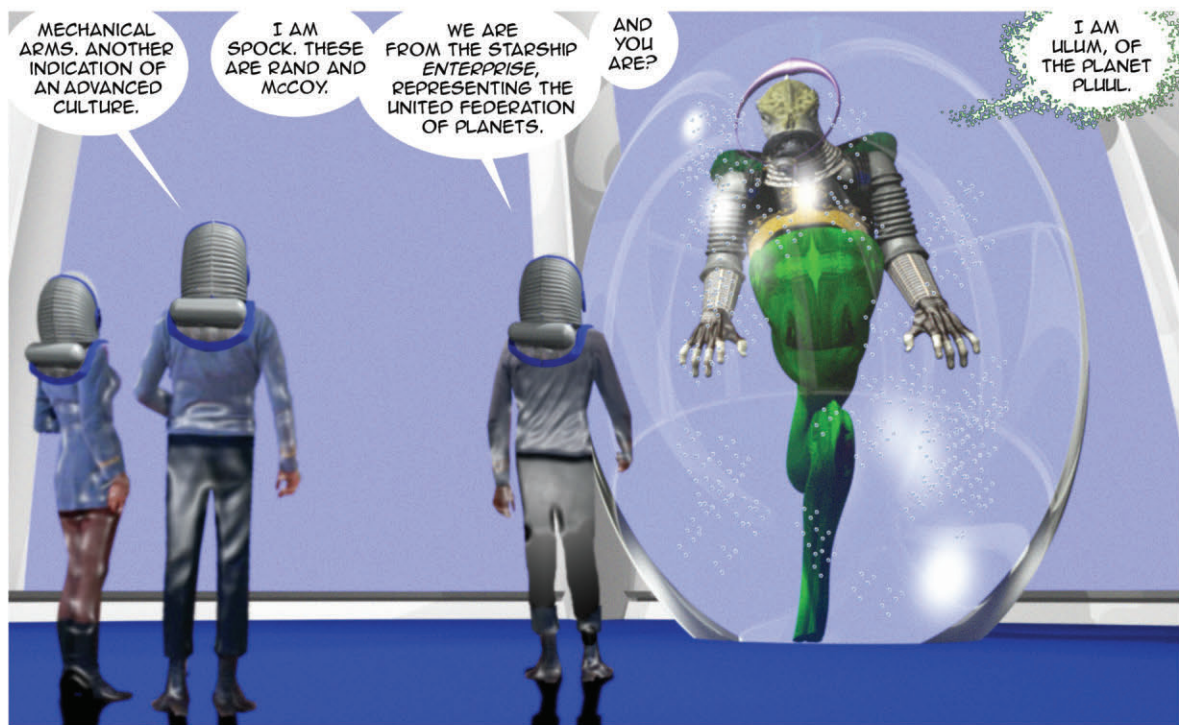
NO,  
LIEUTENANT,  
IT WAS NOT.

IT  
WOULD SEEM,  
DOCTOR, THAT  
OUR WAITING  
IS ABOUT  
TO END.

"CAPTAIN, I HAVE  
REPORTS OF FLOODING  
ON ALL DECKS!"







MECHANICAL ARMS. ANOTHER INDICATION OF AN ADVANCED CULTURE.

I AM SPOCK. THESE ARE RAND AND MCCOY.

WE ARE FROM THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE, REPRESENTING THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS.

AND YOU ARE?

I AM ULUM, OF THE PLANET PLULU.

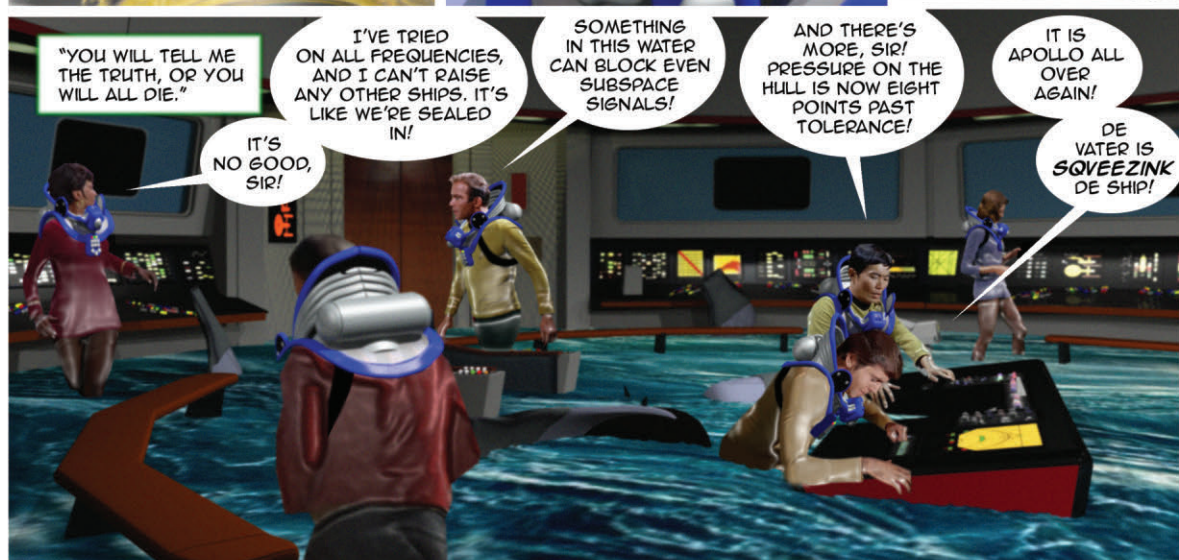


WHY HAVE YOU INVADED MY INCUBATOR?

I REMIND YOU, SIR, THAT WE WERE PULLED UNDER THE SURFACE AGAINST OUR WILL.

IT WAS NOT OUR INTENTION TO...

I HAVE NO PATIENCE FOR YOUR LIES!



"YOU WILL TELL ME THE TRUTH, OR YOU WILL ALL DIE."

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR!

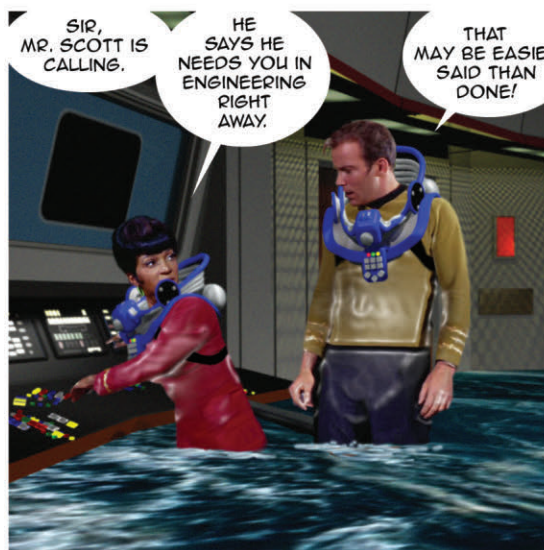
I'VE TRIED ON ALL FREQUENCIES, AND I CAN'T RAISE ANY OTHER SHIPS. IT'S LIKE WE'RE SEALED IN!

SOMETHING IN THIS WATER CAN BLOCK EVEN SUBSPACE SIGNALS!

AND THERE'S MORE, SIR! PRESSURE ON THE HULL IS NOW EIGHT POINTS PAST TOLERANCE!

IT IS APOLLO ALL OVER AGAIN!

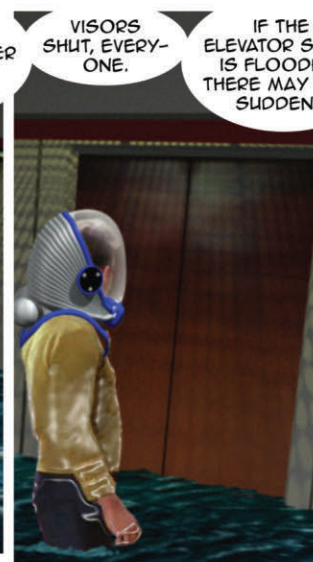
DE VATER IS *SQUEEZING* DE SHIP!



SIR,  
MR. SCOTT IS  
CALLING.

HE  
SAYS HE  
NEEDS YOU IN  
ENGINEERING  
RIGHT  
AWAY.

THAT  
MAY BE EASIER  
SAID THAN  
DONE!



VISORS  
SHUT, EVERY-  
ONE.

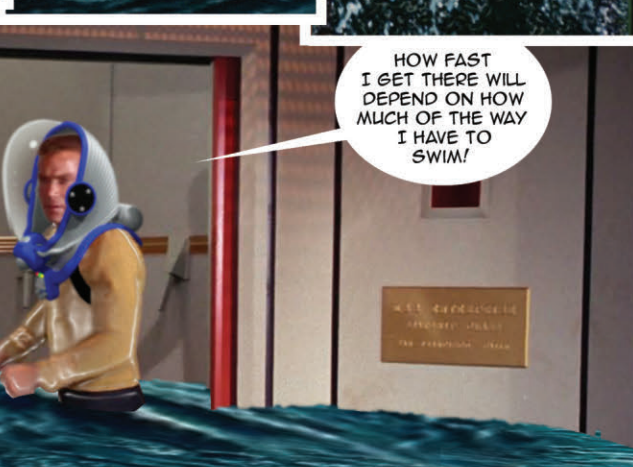
IF THE  
ELEVATOR SHAFT  
IS FLOODED,  
THERE MAY BE A  
SUDDEN...

...INRUSH...



THE  
SHAFT ISN'T  
FLOODED. I'M  
GOING TO  
CONSIDER THAT  
GOOD NEWS!

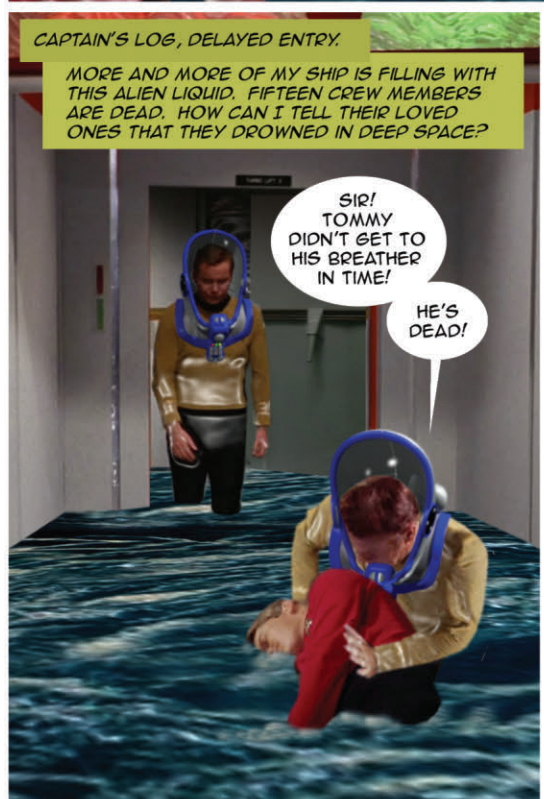
UHURA,  
TELL SCOTTY  
I'M ON MY  
WAY.



HOW FAST  
I GET THERE WILL  
DEPEND ON HOW  
MUCH OF THE WAY  
I HAVE TO  
SWIM!

# CAPTAIN'S LOG, DELAYED ENTRY.

MORE AND MORE OF MY SHIP IS FILLING WITH THIS ALIEN LIQUID. FIFTEEN CREW MEMBERS ARE DEAD. HOW CAN I TELL THEIR LOVED ONES THAT THEY DROWNED IN DEEP SPACE?



SIR!  
TOMMY  
DIDN'T GET TO  
HIS BREATHER  
IN TIME!

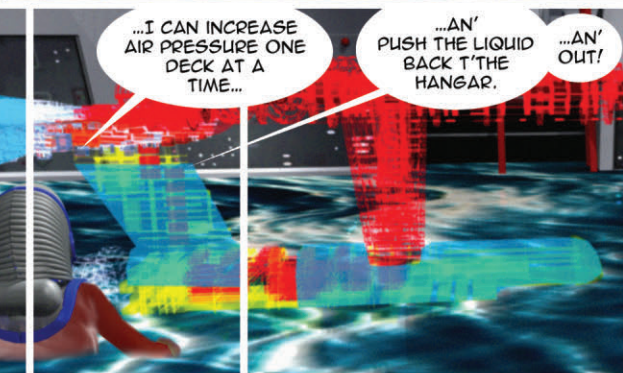
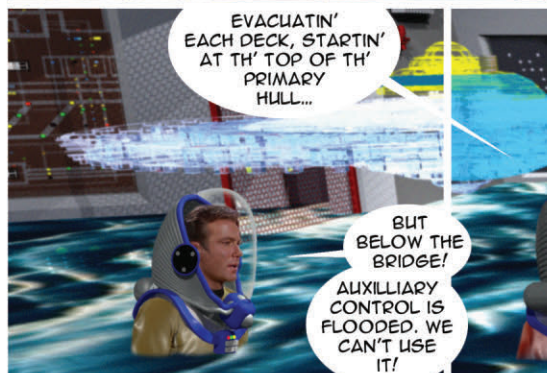
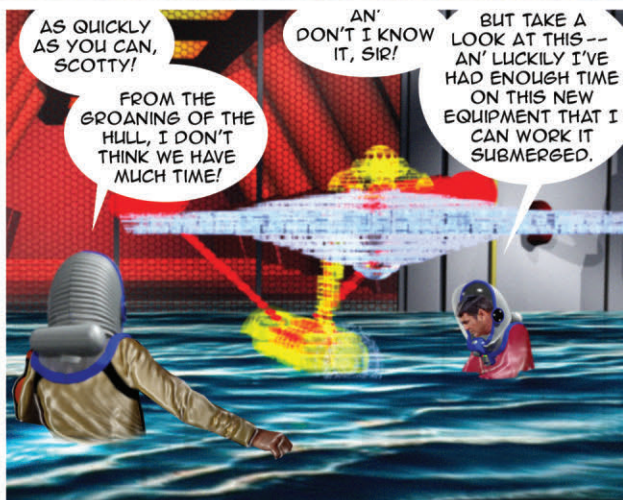
HE'S  
DEAD!

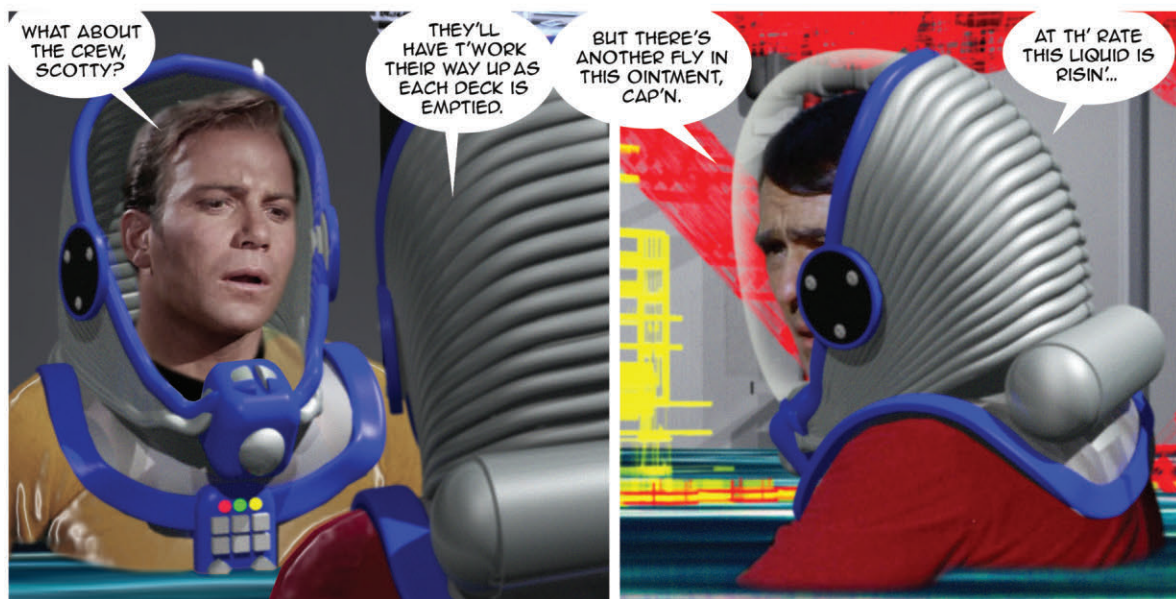


I WON'T OFFER  
YOU PLATITUDES,  
SAWCHUK. I KNOW  
YOU AND CARTER  
HAVE BEEN A COUPLE  
FOR A LOT OF  
YEARS.

SINCE  
WE MET AT  
THE  
ACADEMY.

WHAT  
AM I GOING  
TO DO, CAPTAIN?  
HE'S BEEN MY  
WHOLE  
LIFE!





WHAT ABOUT THE CREW, SCOTTY?

THEY'LL HAVE T'WORK THEIR WAY UP AS EACH DECK IS EMPTIED.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER FLY IN THIS OINTMENT, CAP'N.

AT TH' RATE THIS LIQUID IS RISIN'...



"ALL OF ENGINEERIN' WILL BE UNDER WATER BEFORE I CAN FINISH!"

ARE YOU THREATENING TO DROWN US?

YOU MUST KNOW YOU CAN'T DO THAT AS LONG AS WE'RE WEARING THESE HELMETS.

YOUR SPECIES IS UNKNOWN TO ME.



IT WILL BE MOST INTERESTING TO LEARN YOUR STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES.



EVEN IF IT MEANS MURDERING US?

LIKE YOU MURDERED ALL THE BEINGS ON THOSE WORLDS YOU DROWNED?

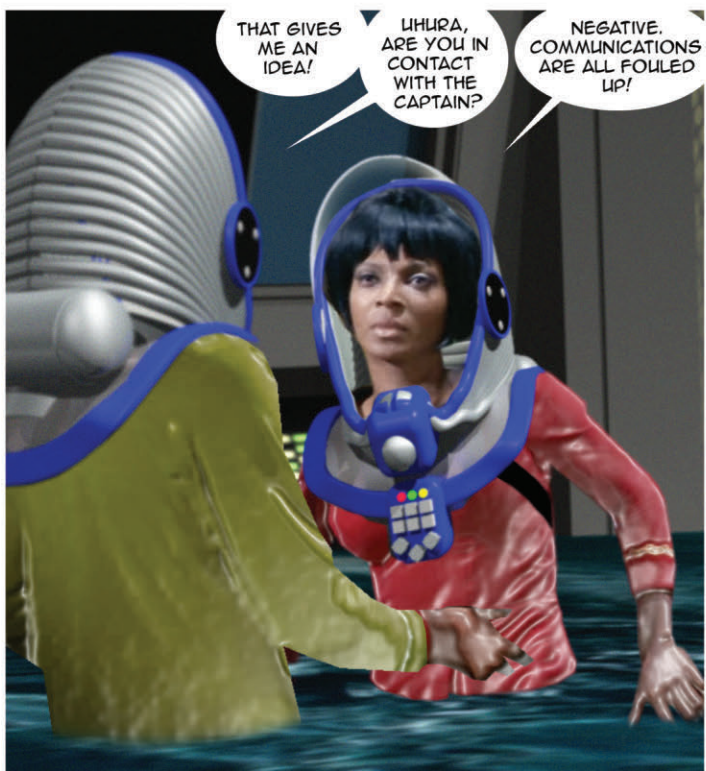
NOT MURDERED. ERADICATED. REMOVED WHAT WAS INFERIOR.



DOCTOR...

WHAT IS IT, SPOCK?





THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

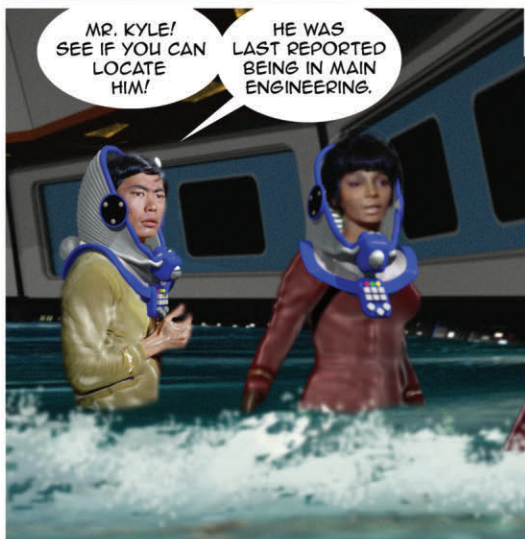
UHURA, ARE YOU IN CONTACT WITH THE CAPTAIN?

NEGATIVE. COMMUNICATIONS ARE ALL FOULED UP!



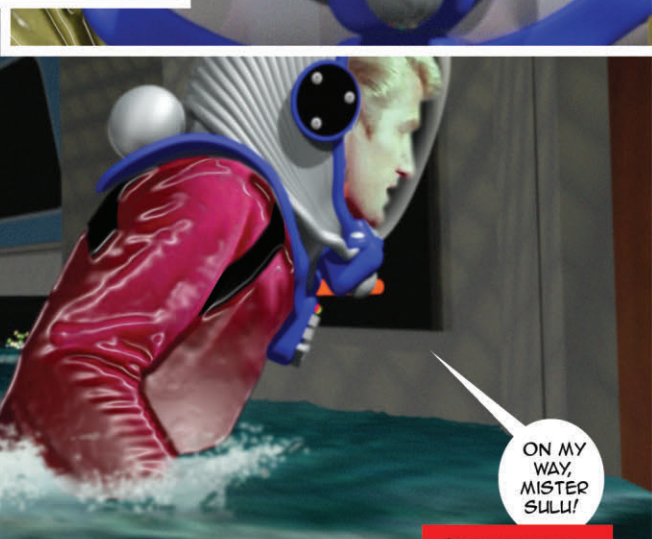
DAMN! THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE RISK WITHOUT THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER!



MR. KYLE! SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE HIM!

HE WAS LAST REPORTED BEING IN MAIN ENGINEERING.



ON MY WAY, MISTER SULLU!

"I ONLY HOPE I CAN FIND HIM IN TIME!"



CAPTAIN'S LOG, DELAYED ENTRY.

MISTER SCOTT'S PLAN HAD WORKED, BUT NOT ALL DECKS WERE BEING DRAINED EVENLY.

TO REACH THE BRIDGE REQUIRED A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE...

EVEN WITH THAT, THERE WERE TIMES I FOUND I COULD NOT AVOID THE STILL-FLOODED AREAS.

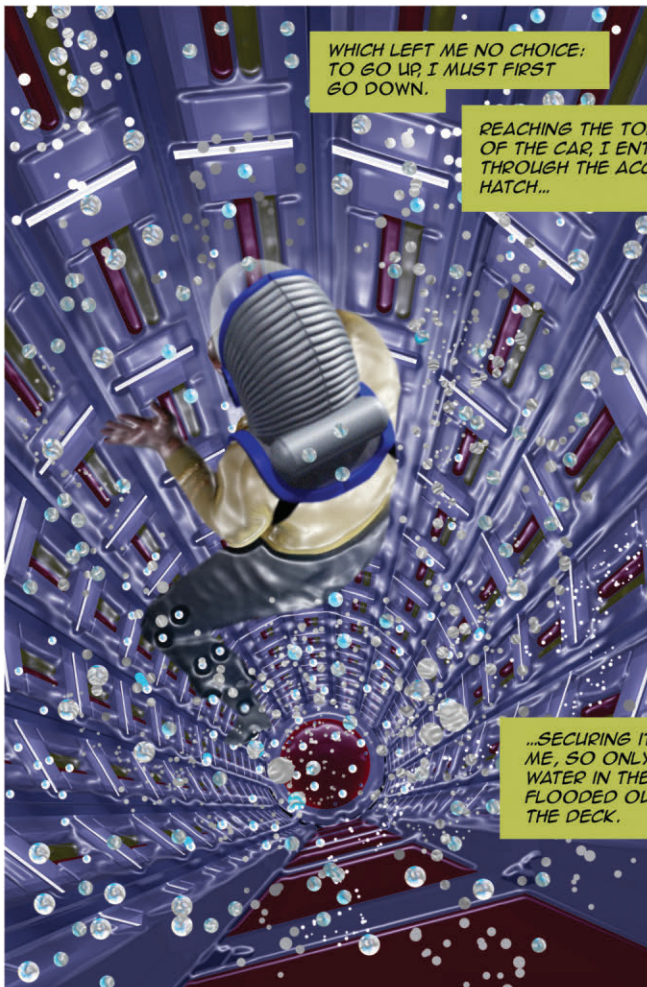
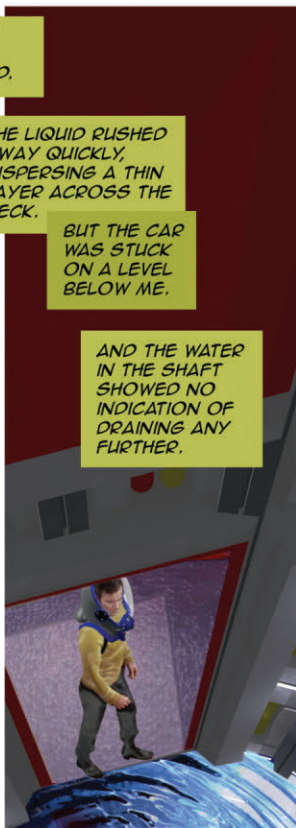
AS WHEN I CAME TO A TURBO-LIFT WHOSE DOORS WOULD NOT OPEN.

MANUAL OPERATION SHOWED WHY. THE SHAFT WAS FLOODED.

THE LIQUID RUSHED AWAY QUICKLY, DISPERSING A THIN LAYER ACROSS THE DECK.

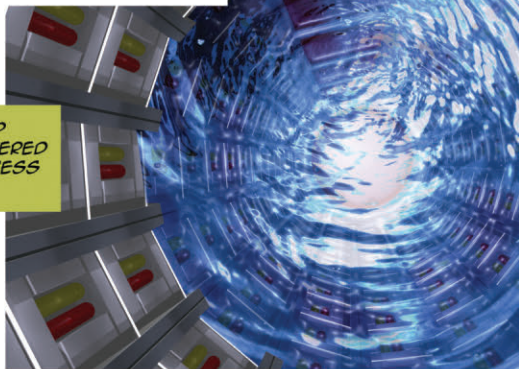
BUT THE CAR WAS STUCK ON A LEVEL BELOW ME.

AND THE WATER IN THE SHAFT SHOWED NO INDICATION OF DRAINING ANY FURTHER.



WHICH LEFT ME NO CHOICE: TO GO UP, I MUST FIRST GO DOWN.

REACHING THE TOP OF THE CAR, I ENTERED THROUGH THE ACCESS HATCH...



...SECURING IT BEHIND ME, SO ONLY THE WATER IN THE CAR FLOODED OUT ONTO THE DECK.



CAPTAIN!  
THANK GOD I  
FOUND  
YOU!

KYLE!  
I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE ON  
THE  
BRIDGE?

I WAS,  
SIR. MISTER  
SULL SENT ME  
TO FIND  
YOU.



LUCKILY,  
I WAS ABLE TO  
LOCATE YOU ON  
THE INTERNAL  
SCANNERS.

BUT, SIR,  
SULL NEEDS  
YOU ON THE  
BRIDGE RIGHT  
AWAY.

"HE THINKS HE HAS  
A WILD IDEA TO  
GET US OUT!"

REPORT,  
MISTER  
SULL!

THE  
LIQUID IS  
DRAINING FROM  
THE BRIDGE,  
CAPTAIN...



...BUT I  
HAVE NO IDEA  
WHY!



YOU CAN THANK  
MISTER SCOTT FOR  
THAT, AND I'LL  
EXPLAIN WHY  
LATER.

NOW, WHAT'S  
THIS WILD IDEA  
MR. KYLE WAS  
TALKING ABOUT?

SEE  
FOR YOURSELF,  
CAPTAIN.

ANOTHER  
VORTEX HAS  
FORMED.

"I THINK WE MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO RIDE  
IT OUT!"

SPOCK...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?



IT HAS BECOME  
INCREASINGLY OBVIOUS,  
DOCTOR, THAT  
REASONABLE DISCOURSE  
WILL NOT PREVAIL IN  
THIS CASE.

A  
MORE DIRECT  
APPROACH IS  
CALLED FOR.



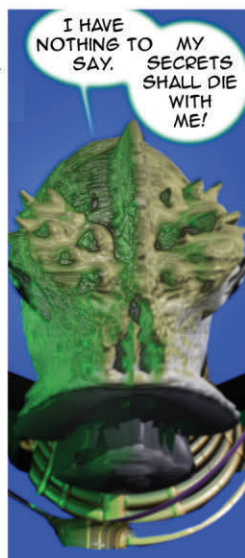


NOW, SOME ANSWERS THAT ARE NOT COLICED IN OBSCURITY AND RIDDLES.

WHY ARE YOU DROWNING THOSE WORLDS?

HE'S SHRUNK OUTSIDE THE MAGNIFYING EFFECT OF THAT BUBBLE!

BUT HE'S STILL FRAIL, BE CAREFUL, SPOCK!



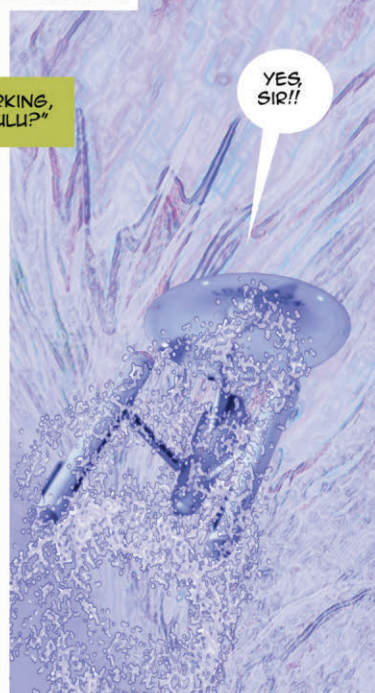
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY. MY SECRETS SHALL DIE WITH ME!



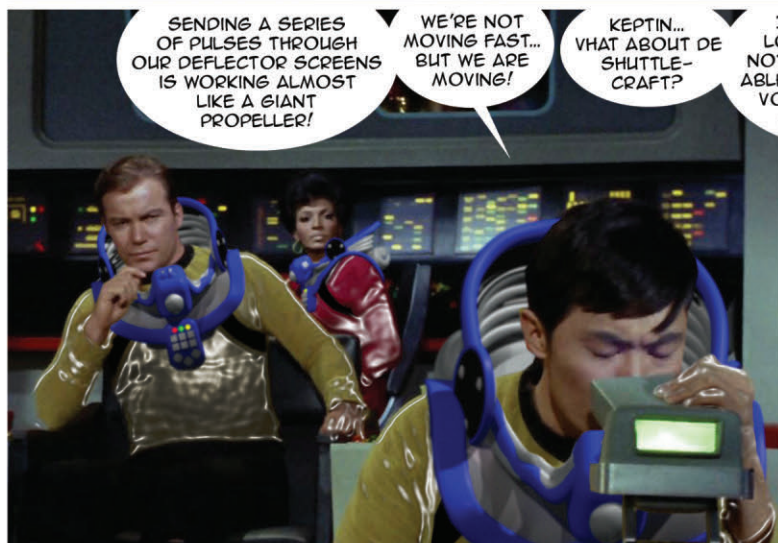
THAT I CANNOT ALLOW.

"IS IT WORKING, MISTER SULU?"

WHAT??



YES, SIR!!



SENDING A SERIES OF PULSES THROUGH OUR DEFLECTOR SCREENS IS WORKING ALMOST LIKE A GIANT PROPELLER!

WE'RE NOT MOVING FAST... BUT WE ARE MOVING!

KEPTIN... WHAT ABOUT DE SHUTTLE-CRAFT?

I STILL HAF A LOCK, BUT I AM NOT SURE I WILL BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN IT VONCE VE ARE IN DE WORTX.

AND YET THAT IS JUST WHAT I WILL BE EXPECTING MISTER CHEKOV!



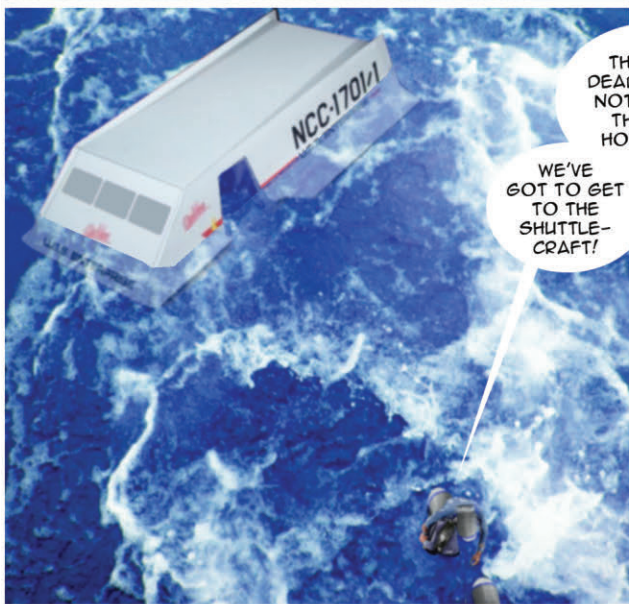
"SPOCK!"



SPOCK!  
WHAT IS  
IT?  
WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOU?

HE DIED,  
DOCTOR. AND  
I WAS IN HIS  
MIND.

I  
FELT HIM  
DIE!



WITH  
THE ALIEN  
DEAD, THERE'S  
NOT A DAMN  
THING TO  
HOLD THEM  
UP!

WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
TO THE  
SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT!



HATCH  
CLOSED.

MUST  
...GET...  
CLEAR!

SPOCK!  
ARE YOU  
WELL ENOUGH  
TO FLY THIS  
THING?



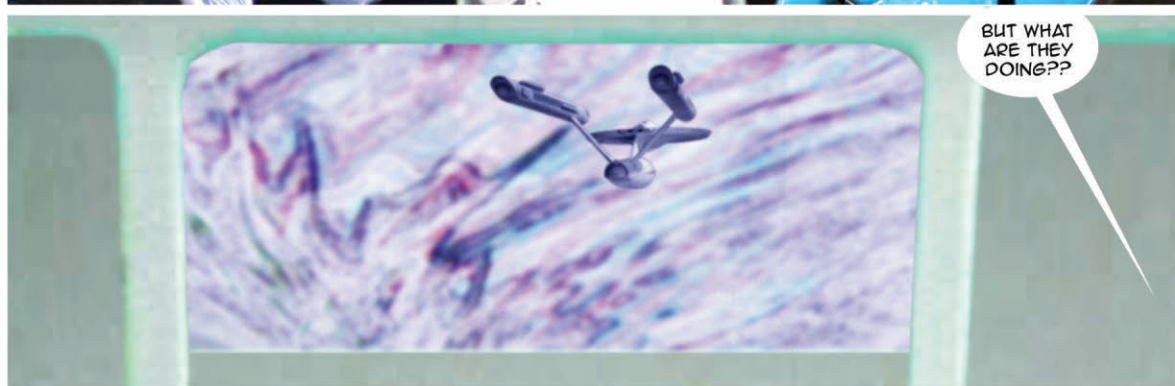
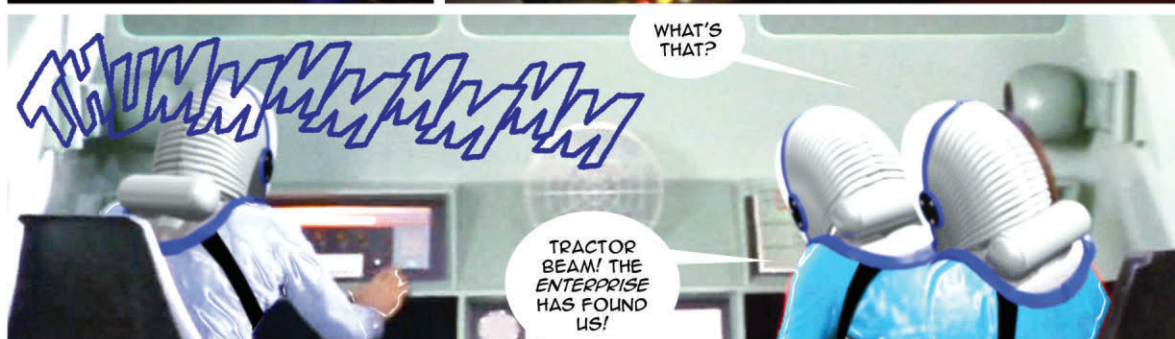
OH!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPEN-  
ING??

THE  
WALLS ARE  
BREAKING  
DOWN!



...NO...

"KEPTIN!"





WE'RE  
IN,  
CAPTAIN!

TRYING  
TO KEEP  
HER  
STABLE!

DE  
WORTX  
IS TOO  
STRONG,  
KEPTIN!

OUR  
SPEED IS  
PASSING A  
THOUSAND  
K.P.H.

STAY  
WITH  
IT!

HULL  
PRESSURE  
AT MAXIMUM  
PLUS EIGHT,  
CAP'N!

SCOTTY...  
POWER TO  
THE TRACTOR  
BEAMS?

DO  
WE STILL  
HAVE THE  
SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT?

AYE,  
CAP'N. A GOOD,  
STRONG  
GRIP!

I  
ONLY HOPE  
IT'LL BE THERE  
WHEN WE BREAK  
THROUGH T'TH'  
SURFACE!

"NOW, SULLU! HARD  
STARBOARD!"

WE'RE  
CLEAR,  
CAPTAIN!

READING  
VACUUM ONLY  
ON THE  
HULL!

SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT, MISTER  
SCOTT?



STILL  
WITH US,  
CAP'N!

BRINGIN'  
THEM ABOARD  
NOW.



"HANGAR DECK  
CLEAR."

"SHUTTLECRAFT  
ON STANDARD  
APPROACH."



SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT SECURE,  
CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN!  
DR. MCCOY IS  
REPORTING A  
MEDICAL  
EMERGENCY!





I ASSURE YOU, DOCTOR, THIS CONCERN IS QUITE UNWARRANTED.

LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!

BONES! WHAT'S WRONG?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, JIM, YOUR FIRST OFFICER IS BEING A VERY UNCOOPERATIVE PATIENT...

...AS USUAL!

SPOCK SUFFERED A SEVERE EMOTIONAL TRAUMA, AND HE WANTS TO BRUSH IT OFF LIKE HE STUBBED HIS TOE!



DAMN VULCAN STOICISM! THERE'S A WHOLE BATTERY OF TESTS I SHOULD...

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

MR. SPOCK, YOU DISAGREE WITH MCCOY'S ANALYSIS, I TAKE IT.

I DO, SIR.



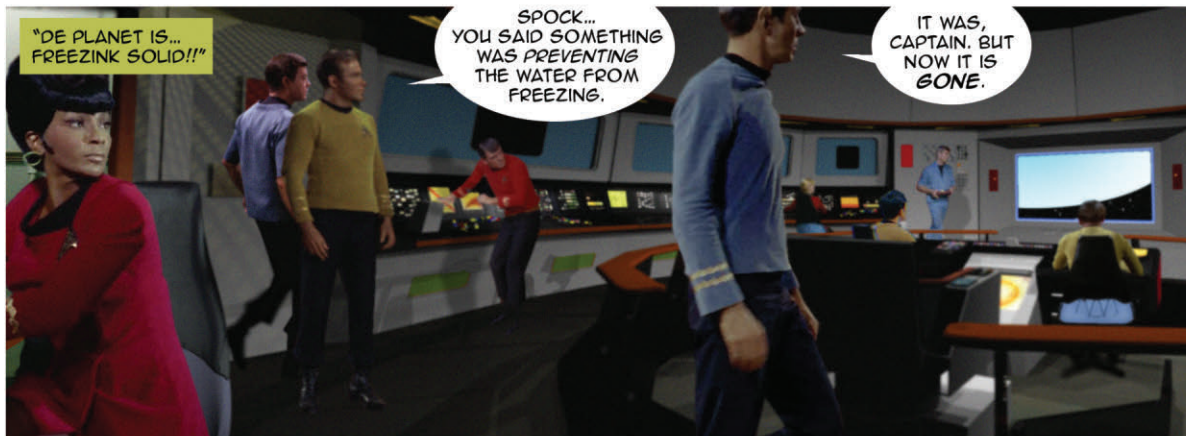
WHAT I EXPERIENCED WAS BY NO DEFINITION PLEASANT...

...BUT OUR TIME WOULD BE PUT TO BETTER USE EXAMINING WHAT I LEARNED THAN WORRYING ABOUT IMAGINARY "TRAUMA."

BRIDGE TO KEPTIN KIRK!

KIRK HERE. REPORT, MISTER CHEKOV.

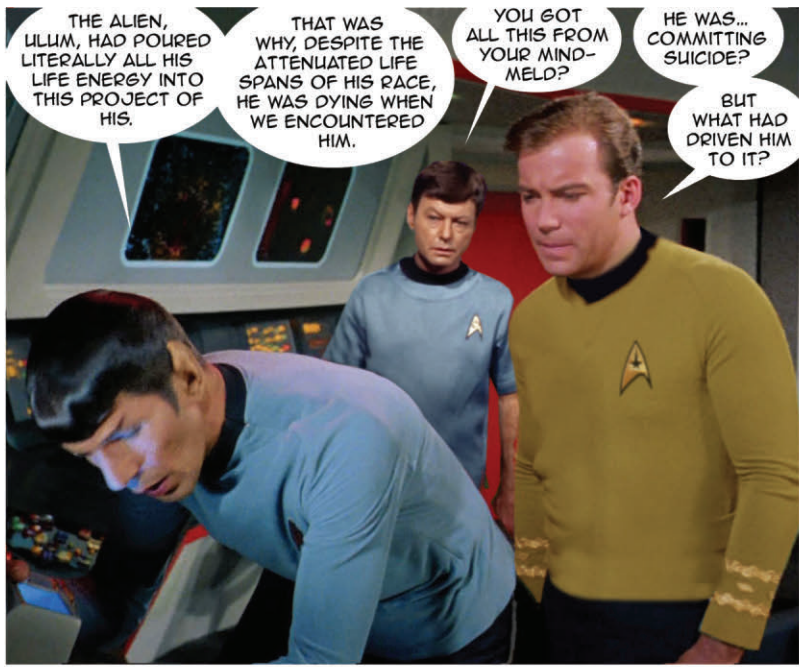
SIR, YOU HAD BETTER COME BACK TO DE BRIDGE RIGHT AWAY!



"DE PLANET IS...  
FREEZINK SOLID!!"

SPOCK...  
YOU SAID SOMETHING  
WAS PREVENTING  
THE WATER FROM  
FREEZING.

IT WAS,  
CAPTAIN. BUT  
NOW IT IS  
GONE.



THE ALIEN,  
ULUM, HAD POURED  
LITERALLY ALL HIS  
LIFE ENERGY INTO  
THIS PROJECT OF  
HIS.

THAT WAS  
WHY, DESPITE THE  
ATTENUATED LIFE  
SPANS OF HIS RACE,  
HE WAS DYING WHEN  
WE ENCOUNTERED  
HIM.

YOU GOT  
ALL THIS FROM  
YOUR MIND-  
MELD?

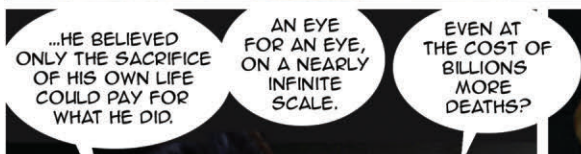
HE WAS...  
COMMITTING  
SUICIDE?

BUT  
WHAT HAD  
DRIVEN HIM  
TO IT?



GUILT, CAPTAIN. A  
GUILT DEEPER AND  
MORE CONSUMING  
THAN ANY I  
HAVE SEEN  
BEFORE.

HE BELIEVED  
HIMSELF SOLELY  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE EXTERMINATION  
OF HIS SPECIES,  
AND...



...HE BELIEVED  
ONLY THE SACRIFICE  
OF HIS OWN LIFE  
COULD PAY FOR  
WHAT HE DID.

AN EYE  
FOR AN EYE,  
ON A NEARLY  
INFINITE  
SCALE.

EVEN AT  
THE COST OF  
BILLIONS  
MORE  
DEATHS?

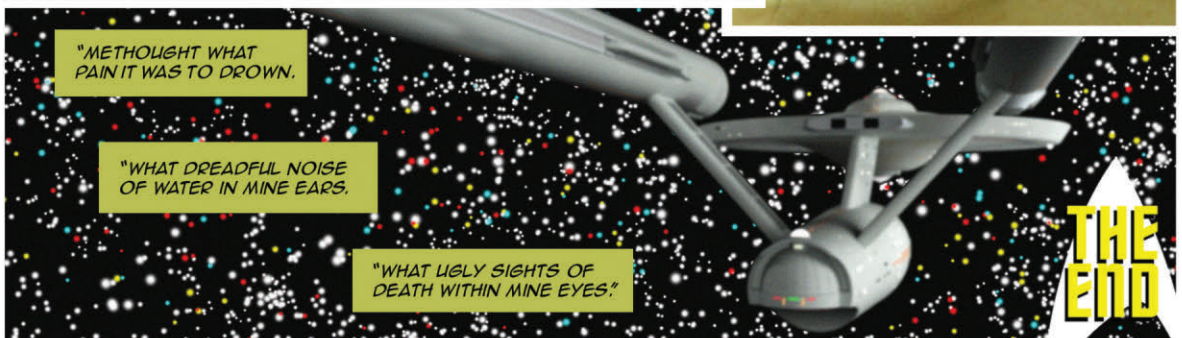
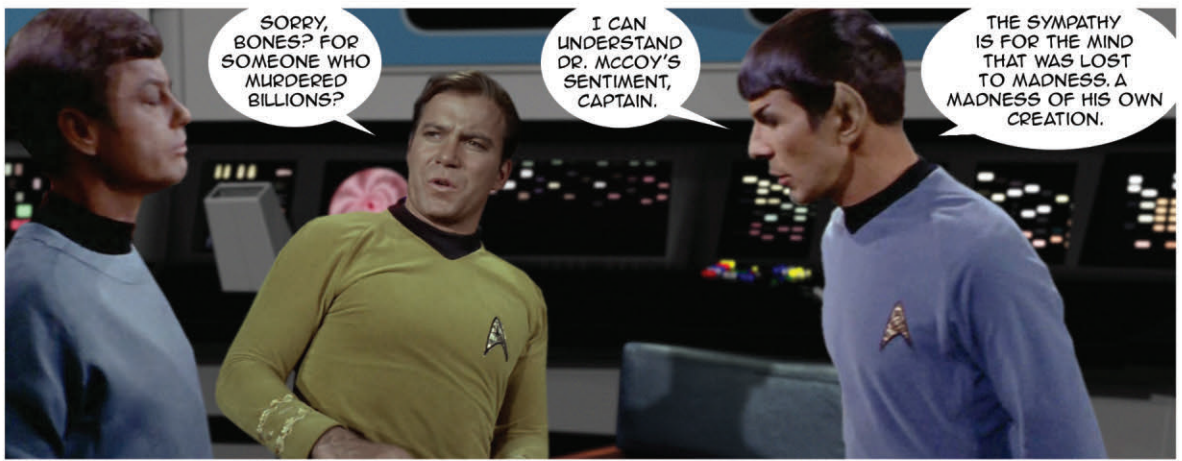


BASED  
ON WHAT SPOCK'S  
BEEN SAYING,  
THAT WOULD BE  
AN EXTENSION OF  
HIS INSANITY.

IN HIS  
MIND, THERE  
WAS ONLY ONE  
VALID LIFE IN  
THE UNIVERSE--  
HIS OWN  
KIND.



I...  
ALMOST  
FEEL  
SORRY  
FOR  
HIM.



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

# STAR TREK "R.H.I.P."

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**

Photomontage  
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**







**The Hunger**



CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 6619.2...

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE ON  
AN EXPLORATORY  
MISSION INTO INTER-  
GALACTIC SPACE.

IT'S SO  
FANTASTIC,  
ISN'T IT?



THE WHOLE  
GALAXY SPREAD  
BENEATH US.

LIKE SOME  
GREAT OCEAN  
OF STARS!

PLEASANT  
ENOUGH POETRY,  
DOCTOR...

...BUT HARDLY  
GOOD  
SCIENCE.



ALTHOUGH WE ARE  
HIGHER ABOVE THE  
GALACTIC PLANE THAN  
ANY FEDERATION SHIP  
HAS PREVIOUSLY  
VENTURED...

...THERE ARE STILL  
MILLIONS OF STAR  
SYSTEMS ABOVE  
OUR PRESENT  
POSITION.

NOT TO MENTION  
DUST, GAS, ROGUE  
PLANETS, DARK  
STARS...

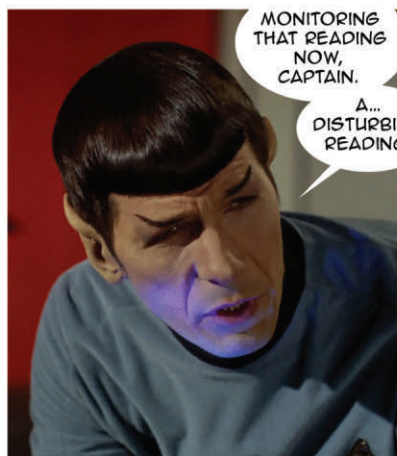
THEN  
LET'S NOT  
MENTION THEM,  
ALL RIGHT,  
SPOCK?

LET'S  
JUST ENJOY  
THE  
VIEW!

SIR...



SOMETHING  
UNUSUAL ON THE  
AUTOMATED  
LONG-RANGE  
SCANNERS.



MONITORING THAT READING NOW, CAPTAIN.

A... DISTURBING READING.



WHAT CAN YOU MAKE OF IT?

A PLANET, QUITE ORDINARY IN ALL RESPECTS, EXCEPT THAT ALL LIFE HAS BEEN EXPLUNGED. EVERYTHING IS DEAD.

SIR...



I'M PICKING UP AN EXTREMELY FAINT AND DEGRADED SIGNAL.

IT MIGHT BE A DISTRESS CALL FROM THAT WORLD.



WE'RE SO FAR OUTSIDE OUR USUAL PATROL RANGE, WE CAN'T BE SURE WHAT'S NORMAL.

ALL RIGHT... OPEN A NEW CLASSIFICATION FILE FOR THIS PLANET.



SET THE AUTOMATED SCANNERS TO LOG ALL DETAILS.



MISTER SULLU, MISTER CHEKOV...

LAY IN A NICE, EASY COURSE TOWARD THIS MYSTERY PLANET.

COURSE PLOTTED, KEPTIN.

WARP FACTOR ONE.



"STANDARD ORBIT, CAPTAIN.

"CONFIRMING NO LIFE FORMS, BUT INDICATIONS OF LARGE CITIES HALF BURIED IN DUST."

"ASSEMBLE A LANDING PARTY, MR. SPOCK. AND ISSUE RESPIRATORS.

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**

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 6620.3...

"WE'RE BEAMING  
DOWN."

THE PLANET IS JUST AS  
SPOCK DESCRIBED IT-- COLD,  
DEAD, WITH DUST WHISTLING  
AROUND US.

THE FILTERS IN OUR  
RESPIRATOR UNITS WILL  
LAST ONLY A FEW HOURS  
IN THIS ENVIRONMENT.

CULTURAL  
LEVELS EQUIVALENT  
TO MID-TWENTY-FIRST  
CENTURY EARTH,  
CAPTAIN.

BUT THE  
DEPTH AND  
COMPACTION  
SUGGESTS THIS  
DUST HAS BEEN  
ACCUMULATING  
FOR AT LEAST  
TWO HUNDRED  
YEARS.

THAT'S  
WHY WE CAN  
STAND ON IT  
WITHOUT  
SINKING TOO  
FAR.

VHATEVER  
HAPPENED  
HERE...

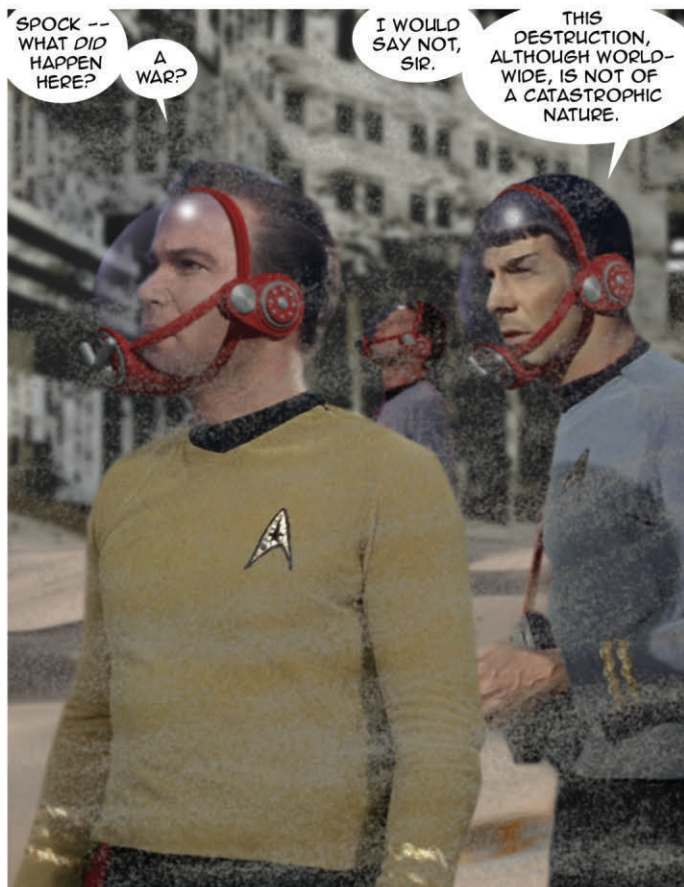
...IT  
HAPPENED  
A LONG TIME  
AGO!

MOST  
INSIGHTFUL,  
MISTER  
CHEKOV.

NOW  
I SEE WHY  
THE CAPTAIN  
PROMOTED  
YOU!

## "THE HUNGER"

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



SPOCK --  
WHAT DID  
HAPPEN  
HERE?

A  
WAR?

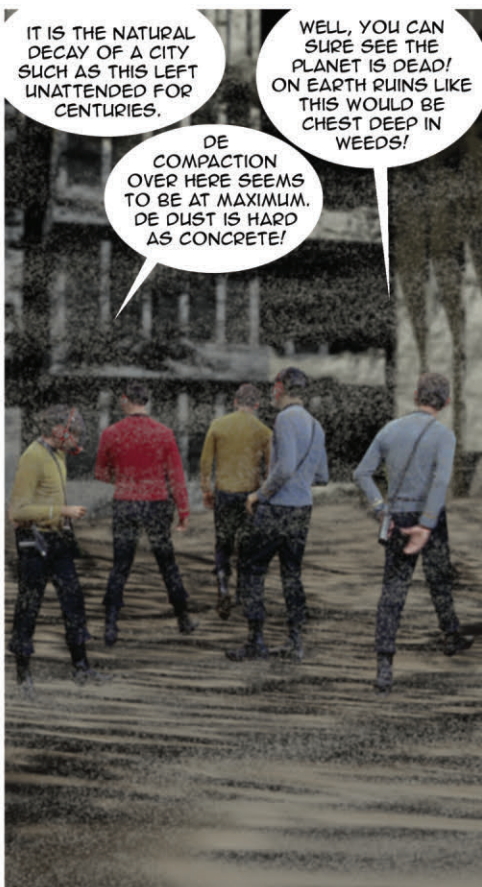
I WOULD  
SAY NOT,  
SIR.

THIS  
DESTRUCTION,  
ALTHOUGH WORLD-  
WIDE, IS NOT OF  
A CATASTROPHIC  
NATURE.

IT IS THE NATURAL  
DECAY OF A CITY  
SUCH AS THIS LEFT  
UNATTENDED FOR  
CENTURIES.

WELL, YOU CAN  
SURE SEE THE  
PLANET IS DEAD!  
ON EARTH RUINS LIKE  
THIS WOULD BE  
CHEST DEEP IN  
WEEDS!

DE  
COMPACTION  
OVER HERE SEEMS  
TO BE AT MAXIMUM.  
DE DUST IS HARD  
AS CONCRETE!



BUT  
WHAT COULD'VE  
ELIMINATED ALL  
THE LIFE SO  
COMPLETELY? NO  
PEOPLE, NO  
ANIMALS.

NOT  
EVEN TRACES OF  
BACTERIA IN THE  
SOIL!

CHEKOV...  
WHERE ARE  
YOU OFF  
TO?

DIS  
LOOKS LIKE  
AN OFFICE,  
KEPTIN.



VE COULD  
FIND SOMETINK  
IN HERE.

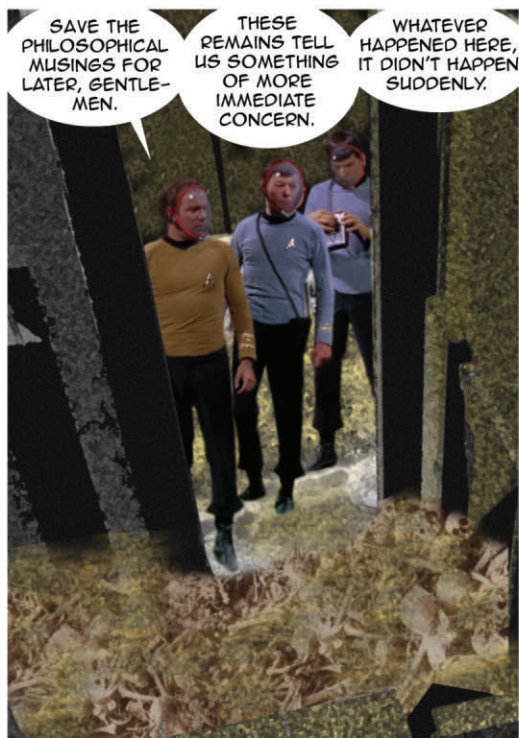
"AND THEY  
ALL LIVED IN LITTLE  
BOXES, AND THEY  
ALL LOOKED JUST  
THE SAME!"

THIS  
IS TOO MUCH  
LIKE OLD  
EARTH! BUT  
WHERE ARE  
THE  
BODIES?



I  
TINK I HAF  
FOUND DEM,  
DOCTOR!





SAVE THE PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS FOR LATER, GENTLEMEN.

THESE REMAINS TELL US SOMETHING OF MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN.

WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE, IT DIDN'T HAPPEN SUDDENLY.



THESE PEOPLE HAD TIME TO REACT, TO HUDDLE TOGETHER.

TO SEEK THE COMFORT OF OTHERS, EVEN AS THEY WERE BEING KILLED.

AND YET IT SEEMS LIKE IT WAS JUST A NORMAL WORK-DAY.

DOCTOR, I THINK I MAY BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY MASK. I FEEL...



"STRANGE!"

LIEUTENANT!

CHEKOV! WHAT'S... UHHHHH...



JIM! ARE YOU ALL... OH-H!!



WHAT IN BLAZES? SUDDENLY I'M WEAK AS A KITTEN.

SO... AM I!

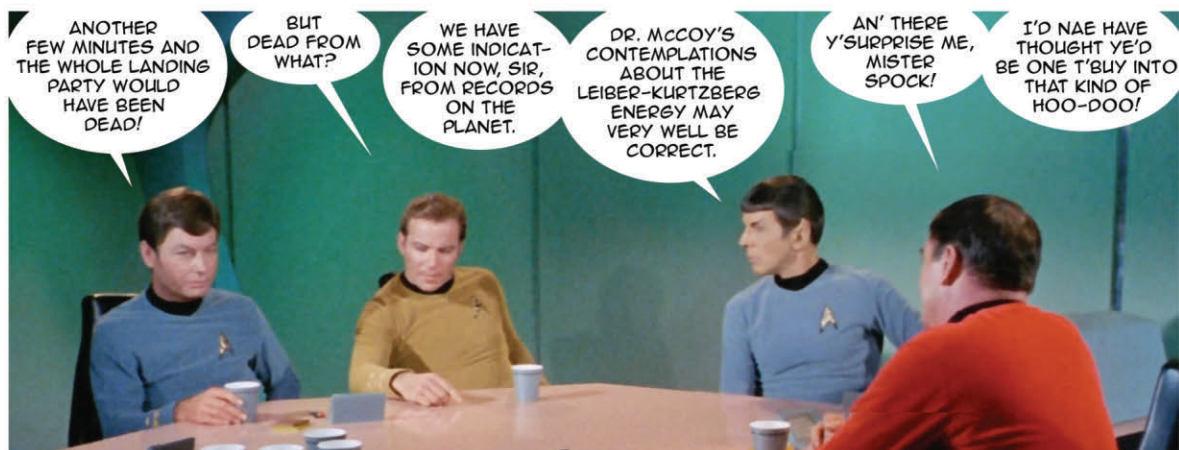
SPOCK! YOU'RE... STILL STANDING! GET US... OUT OF... HERE!!

I... SHALL TRY, CAPTAIN!



SPOCK TO ENTERPRISE. FIVE FOR EMERGENCY EVACUATION!

WELL, THAT WAS WAY TOO CLOSE!



ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND THE WHOLE LANDING PARTY WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD!

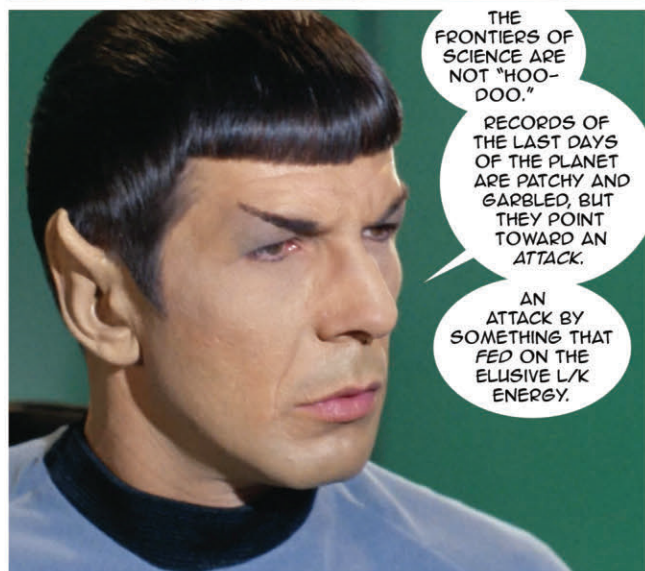
BUT DEAD FROM WHAT?

WE HAVE SOME INDICATION NOW, SIR, FROM RECORDS ON THE PLANET.

DR. MCCOY'S CONTEMPLATIONS ABOUT THE LEIBER-KURTZBERG ENERGY MAY VERY WELL BE CORRECT.

AN' THERE Y'SURPRISE ME, MISTER SPOCK!

I'D NAE HAVE THOUGHT YE'D BE ONE T'BUY INTO THAT KIND OF HOO-DOO!



THE FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE ARE NOT "HOO-DOO."

RECORDS OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLANET ARE PATCHY AND GARBLED, BUT THEY POINT TOWARD AN ATTACK.

AN ATTACK BY SOMETHING THAT FED ON THE ELUSIVE L/K ENERGY.



ENERGY THAT NOT ONE SCIENTIST IN A HUNDRED BELIEVES IN!

I'LL ADMIT I'M NO BIOLOGIST, MR. SPOCK, BUT THE NOTION OF A "SPECIAL ENERGY" THAT MAKES LIFE POSSIBLE...

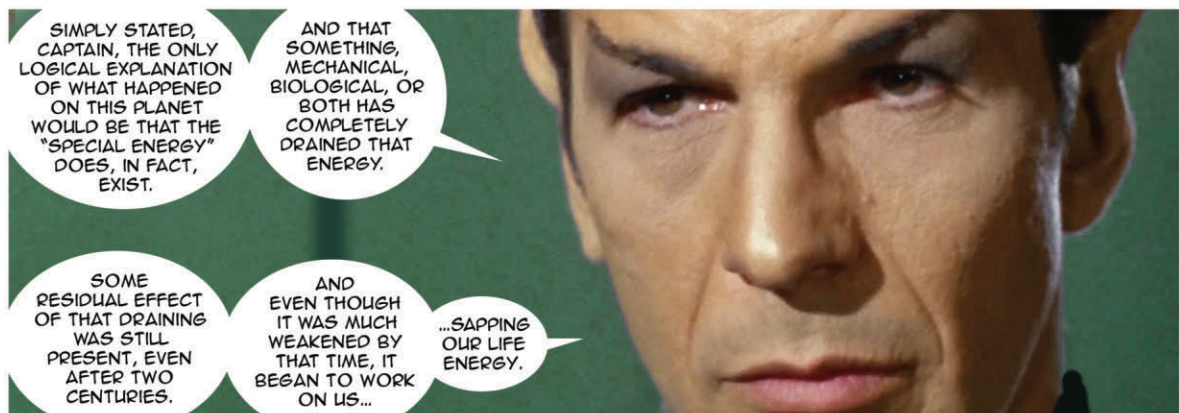
WELL, THAT'S MY BEST DEFINITION OF HOO-DOO!



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'M HEARING OF THIS "ENERGY," SPOCK.

ESPECIALLY HOW IT RELATES TO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LANDING PARTY.

PLEASE EXPAND ON WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING.



SIMPLY STATED, CAPTAIN, THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THIS PLANET WOULD BE THAT THE "SPECIAL ENERGY" DOES, IN FACT, EXIST.

AND THAT SOMETHING, MECHANICAL, OR BOTH HAS COMPLETELY DRAINED THAT ENERGY.

SOME RESIDUAL EFFECT OF THAT DRAINING WAS STILL PRESENT, EVEN AFTER TWO CENTURIES.

AND EVEN THOUGH IT WAS MUCH WEAKENED BY THAT TIME, IT BEGAN TO WORK ON US...

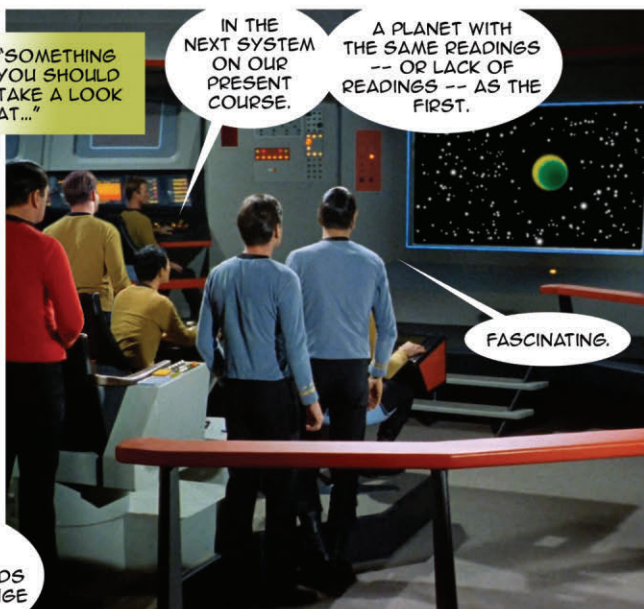
...SAPPING OUR LIFE ENERGY.



OCH!  
YE'RE NOT NOW  
SAYIN' THAT  
WE HAVE THIS  
FAIRY DUST INSIDE  
US, TOO??

BRIDGE  
TO  
CAPTAIN.

\*SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD  
TAKE A LOOK  
AT...\*



IN THE  
NEXT SYSTEM  
ON OUR  
PRESENT  
COURSE.

A PLANET WITH  
THE SAME READINGS  
-- OR LACK OF  
READINGS -- AS THE  
FIRST.

FASCINATING.



AND,  
AGAIN,  
DISTURB-  
ING.

I HAD HOPED  
THE FIRST PLANET  
WAS A UNIQUE  
EVENT.

NOW I FIND  
NO LESS THAN  
FIFTY SUCH WORLDS  
ON OUR LONG RANGE  
SCANS.



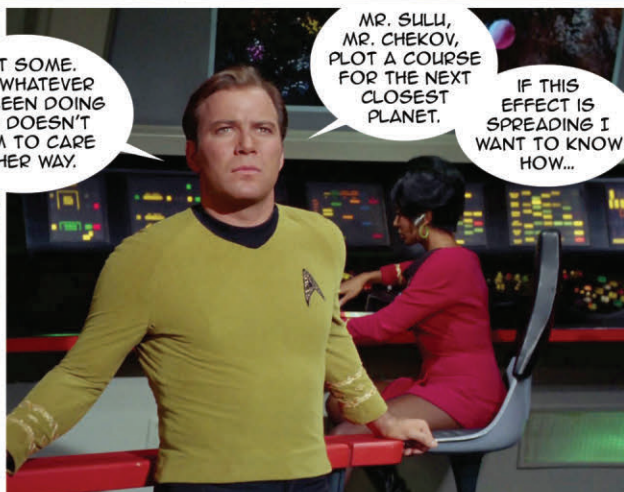
FIFTY,  
SPOCK?



AND WERE  
THEY ALL  
CLASS M WORLDS?  
INHABITED?

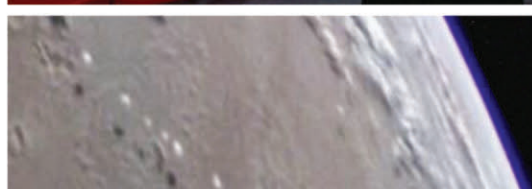
NOT  
ALL,  
SIR.

BUT SOME.  
AND WHATEVER  
HAS BEEN DOING  
THIS DOESN'T  
SEEM TO CARE  
EITHER WAY.



MR. SULLI,  
MR. CHEKOV,  
PLOT A COURSE  
FOR THE NEXT  
CLOSEST  
PLANET.

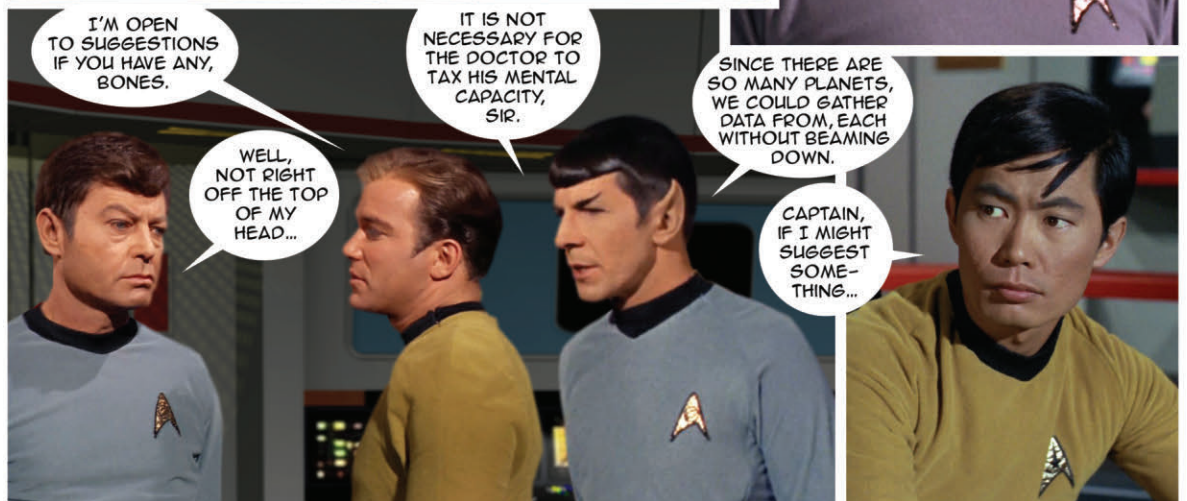
IF THIS  
EFFECT IS  
SPREADING I  
WANT TO KNOW  
HOW...



"...AND IN WHICH  
DIRECTION!"

ENTERING  
STANDARD  
ORBIT,  
CAPTAIN.





CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 6624.9...

WE HAVE ARRIVED AT WHAT  
FIRST OFFICER SPOCK BELIEVES  
TO BE THE MOST RECENTLY  
ATTACKED PLANET.

A  
DIFFERENT SET  
OF READINGS  
THIS TIME,  
CAPTAIN.

PLANETARY  
READINGS VERY  
MUCH THE SAME,  
BUT THERE ARE  
TRACES OF A  
RESIDUAL  
ENERGY.

AND THERE IS  
SOMETHING ELSE  
YOU NEED TO  
SEE.

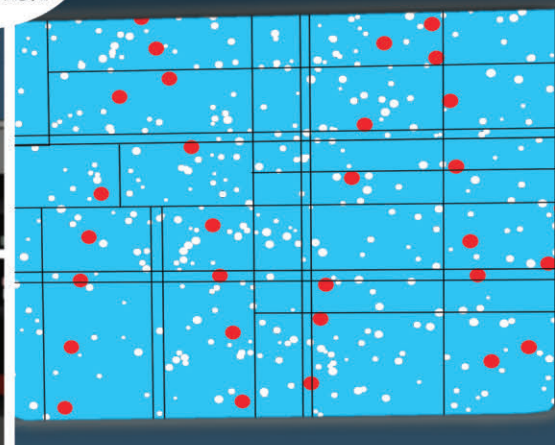
WHAT  
IS IT,  
SPOCK?

THERE WERE SOME  
MINUTES DURING  
OUR JOURNEY HERE  
WHEN I FOUND MYSELF  
WITH LITTLE TO  
DO.

I DECIDED TO  
PUT THAT TIME TO  
GOOD USE AND  
TRY TO DETERMINE  
IF THERE WAS A  
PATTERN TO THE  
DESTRUCTION.

THERE IS. A  
ROUGH ZIG-ZAG  
COURSE OVER  
SEVERAL THOUSAND  
YEARS.

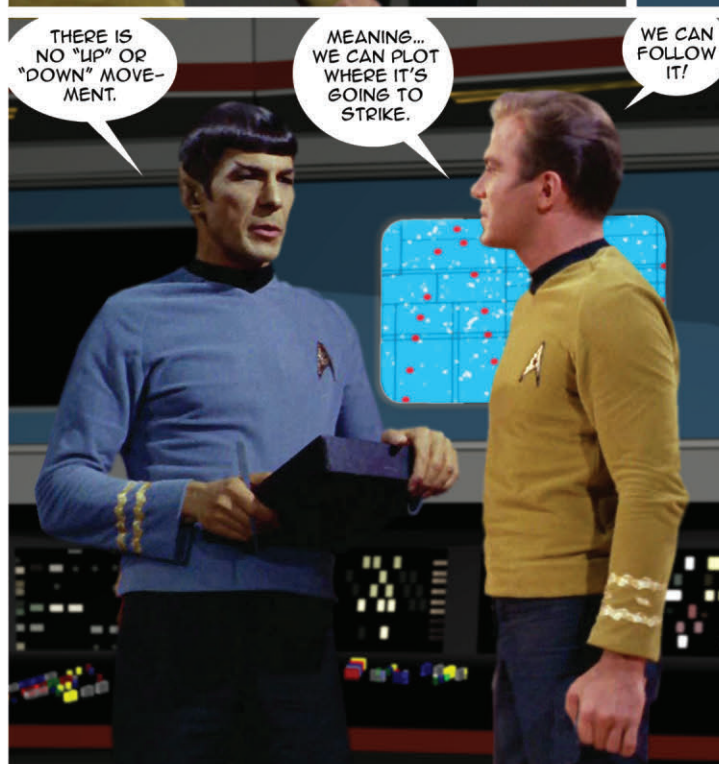
CURIOUSLY,  
THAT ZIG-ZAG  
SHAPE LIES  
PARALLEL TO THE  
PLANE OF THE  
GALAXY.



THERE IS  
NO "UP" OR  
"DOWN" MOVE-  
MENT.

MEANING...  
WE CAN PLOT  
WHERE IT'S  
GOING TO  
STRIKE.

WE CAN  
FOLLOW  
IT!



I HAVE ALREADY  
TRANSMITTED THE  
COORDINATES TO  
THE HELM,  
SIR.

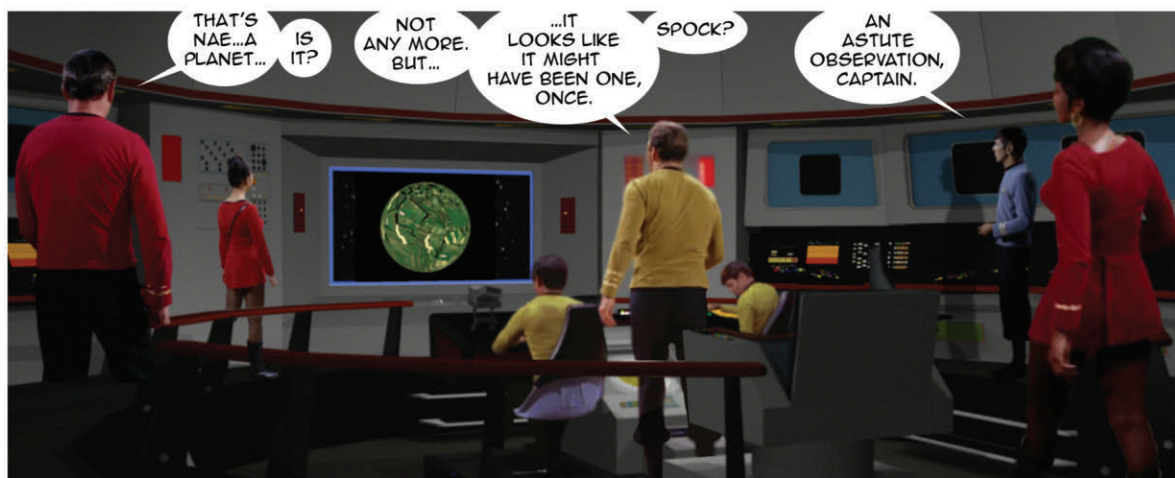
MR. SULL,  
INITIATE  
INTERCEPT  
COURSE.

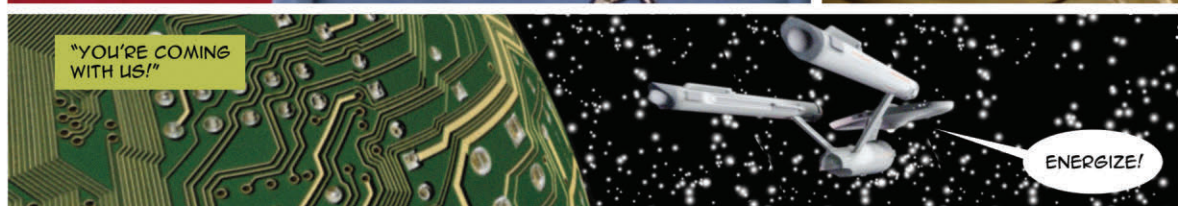
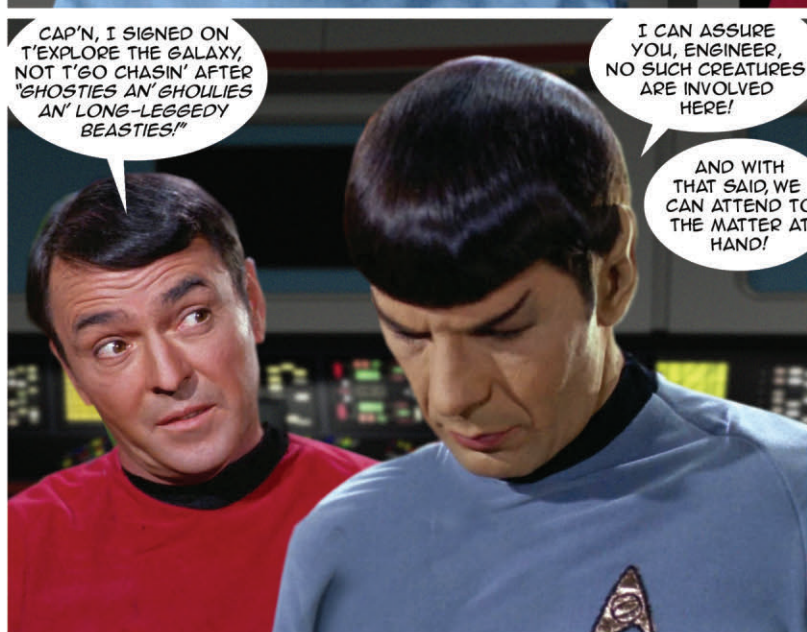
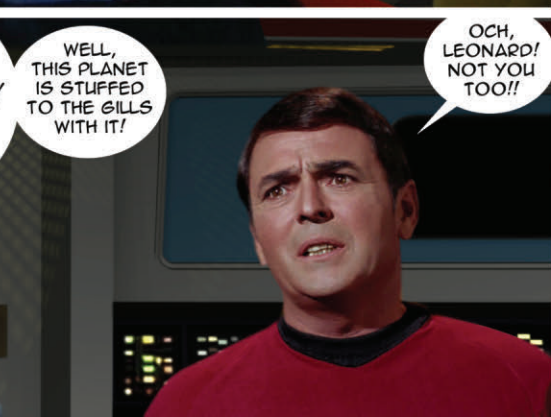
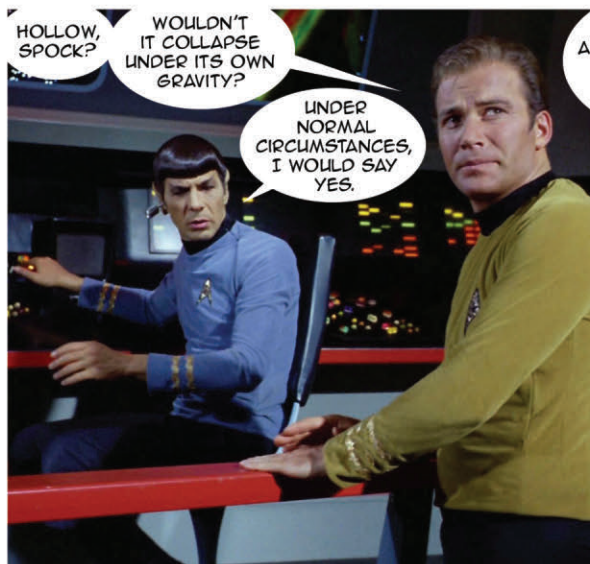
WARP  
FACTOR  
FIVE.

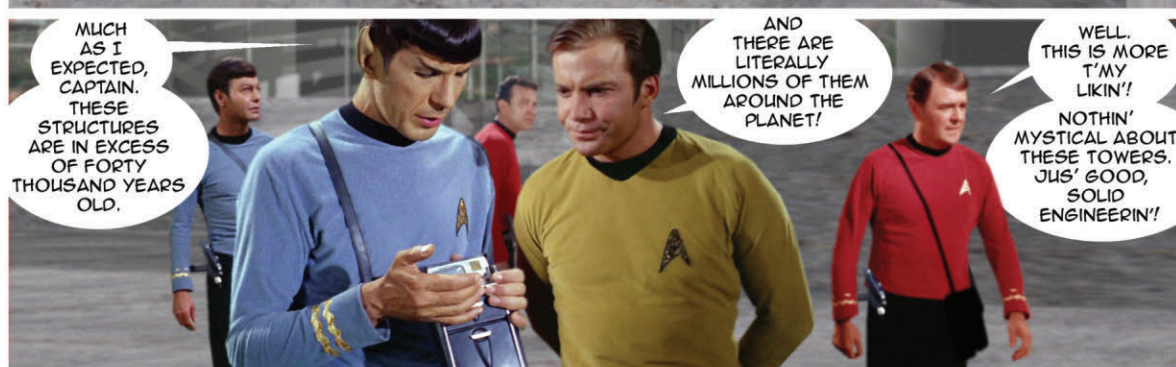
AYE,  
SIR! WARP  
FIVE!

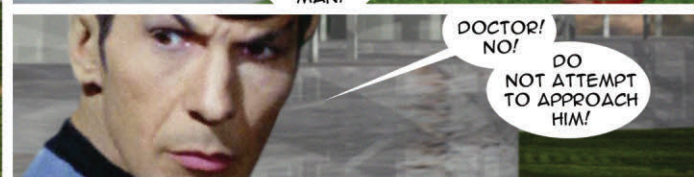
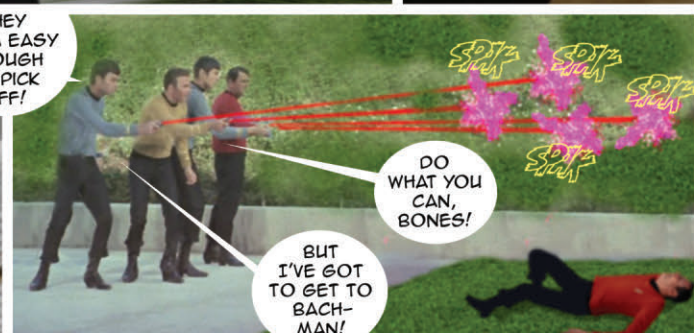
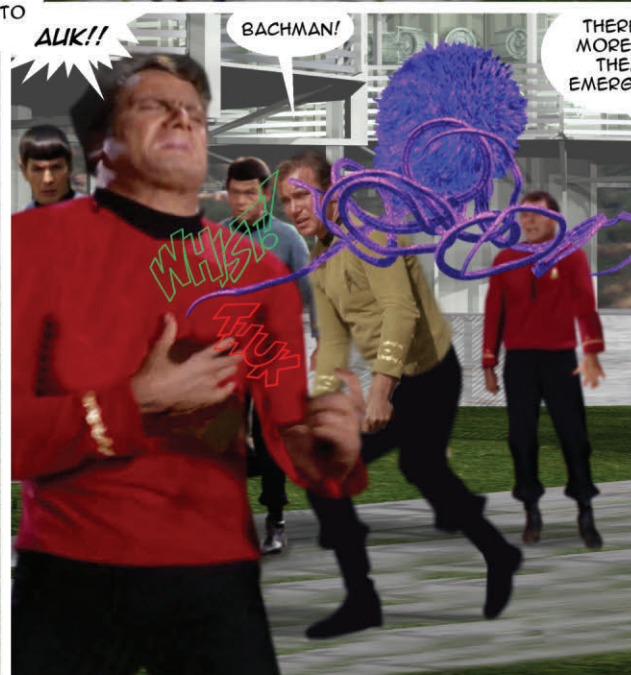


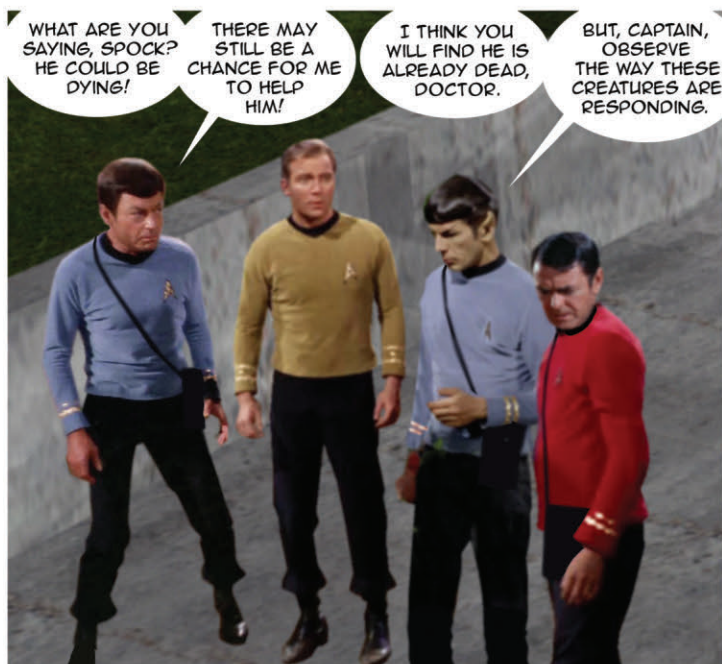
"WHAT TH' DIVIL  
IS THAT?"











WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SPOCK? HE COULD BE DYING!

THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE FOR ME TO HELP HIM!

I THINK YOU WILL FIND HE IS ALREADY DEAD, DOCTOR.

BUT, CAPTAIN, OBSERVE THE WAY THESE CREATURES ARE RESPONDING.



EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE KILLED SEVERAL OF THEIR NUMBER...

...THEIR ATTENTION IS FOCUSED IN ITS ENTIRETY ON THE DAMAGE LIEUTENANT BACHMAN DID TO THE GRASS.



Y'RE RIGHT, MISTER SPOCK!

THEY'RE REPAIRIN' THAT DIVOT, AN' ACTIN' LIKE WE'RE NAE EVEN HERE!



WHAT ARE THEY, SPOCK?

SOME KIND OF MAINTENANCE ROBOTS?

COMPLETELY BIOLOGICAL, SIR.

THOUGH THEY DO SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BRED WITH A PARTICULAR INTENSITY OF PURPOSE.

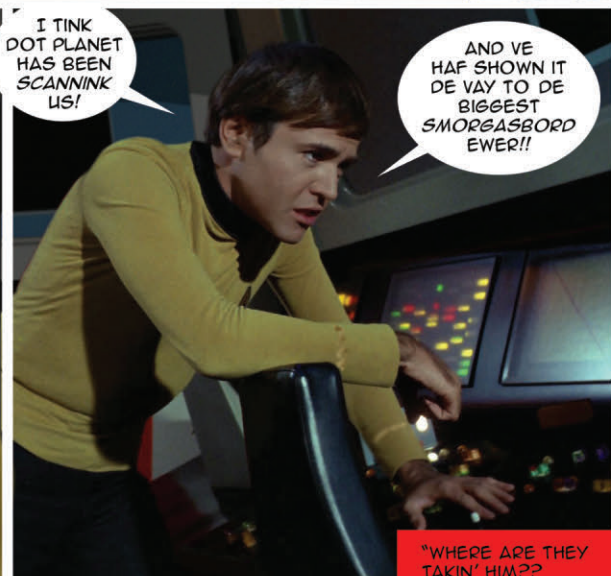
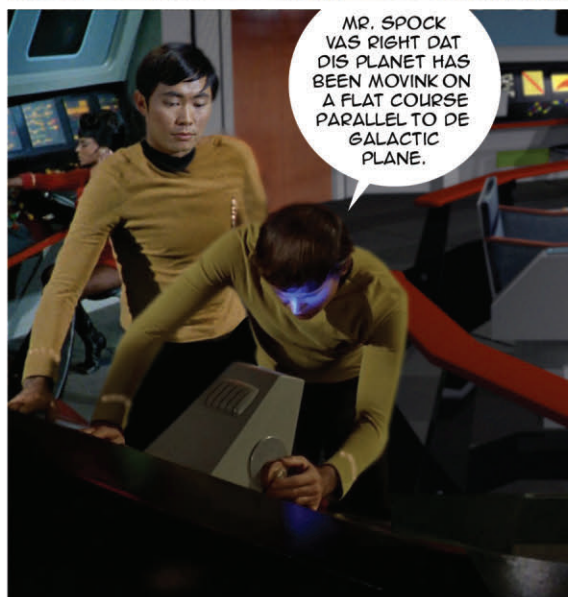
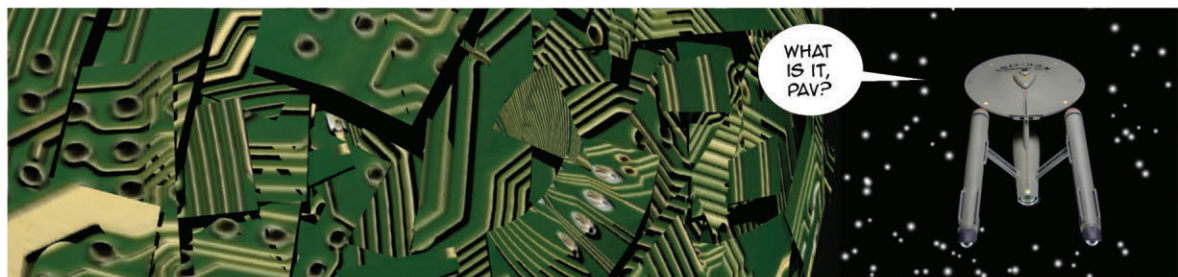
THAT'S ALL AS MAY BE!

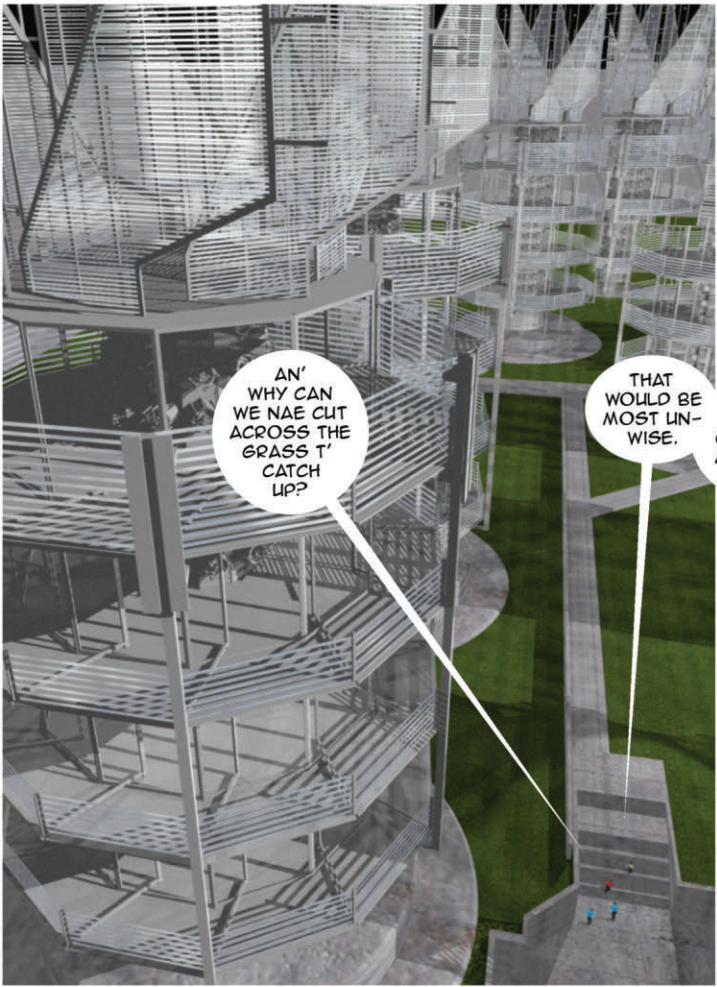


BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A DEAD CREWMAN TO ATTEND TO!

NO ONE IS FORGETTING THAT, BONES.

CAPTAIN...

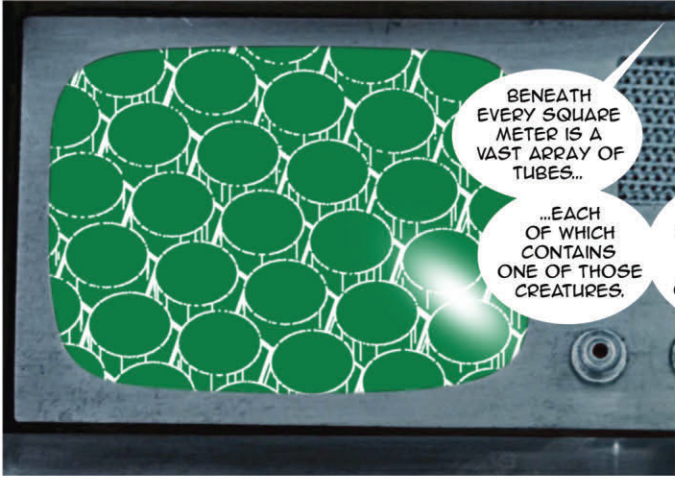
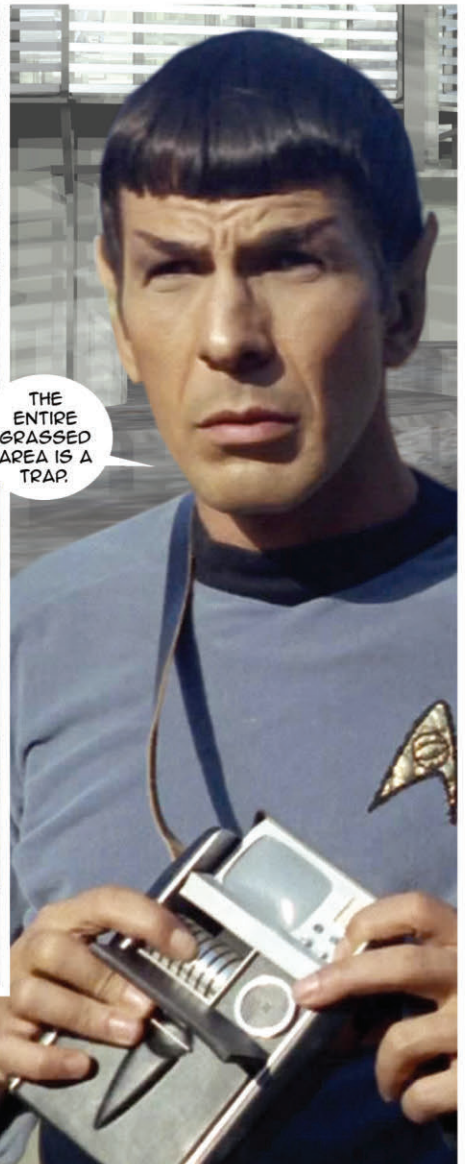




AN' WHY CAN WE NAE CUT ACROSS THE GRASS T' CATCH UP?

THAT WOULD BE MOST UNWISE.

THE ENTIRE GRASSSED AREA IS A TRAP.



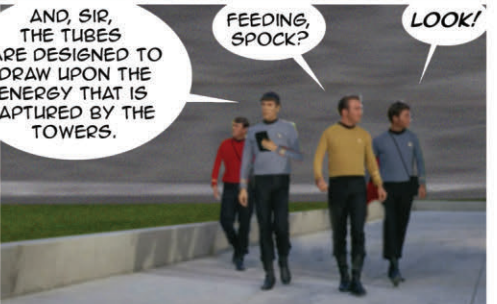
BENEATH EVERY SQUARE METER IS A VAST ARRAY OF TUBES...

...EACH OF WHICH CONTAINS ONE OF THOSE CREATURES.

AND, SIR, THE TUBES ARE DESIGNED TO DRAW UPON THE ENERGY THAT IS CAPTURED BY THE TOWERS.

FEEDING, SPOCK?

LOOK!



THEY'RE CARRYING THE BODY INTO THE BASE OF ONE OF THE TOWERS!



AND THAT MEANS WE CAN GET CLOSER WITHOUT STEPPING OFF THE PATH.

COME ON!

OCH, NO!



IT'S CLOSIN' UP BEHIND 'EM!



GONE! NOT EVEN A HINT OF A SEAM.

TRICORDERS! WHAT LIES BEHIND THIS WALL?



FASCINATING, CAPTAIN.

DESPITE THE APPEARANCE OF THIS MATERIAL BEING THAT OF WEATHERED CONCRETE...

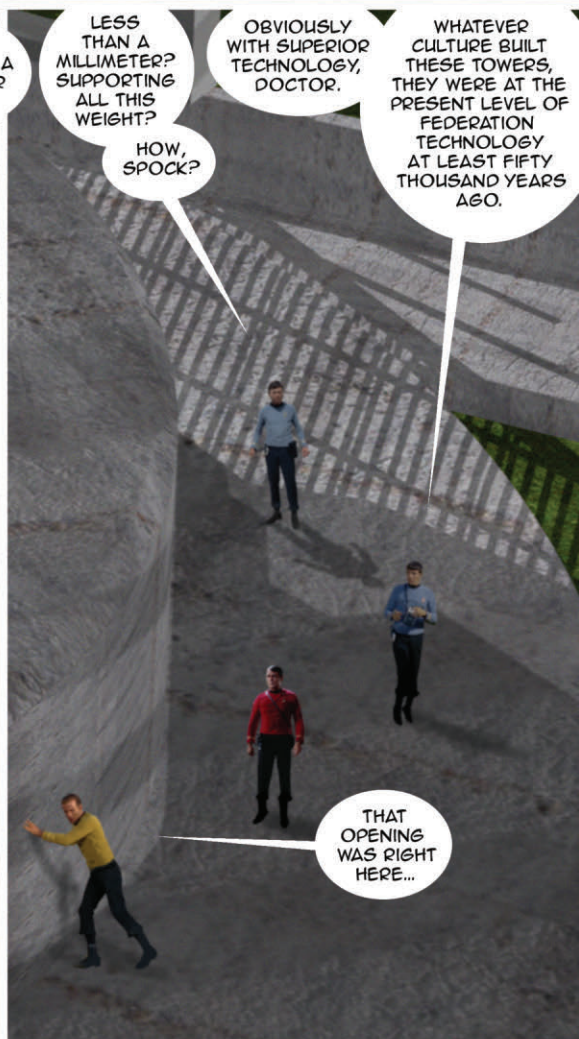
...IT IS LESS THAN A MILLIMETER THICK!

LESS THAN A MILLIMETER? SUPPORTING ALL THIS WEIGHT?

HOW, SPOCK?

OBVIOUSLY WITH SUPERIOR TECHNOLOGY, DOCTOR.

WHATEVER CULTURE BUILT THESE TOWERS, THEY WERE AT THE PRESENT LEVEL OF FEDERATION TECHNOLOGY AT LEAST FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



THAT OPENING WAS RIGHT HERE...



WHAT  
THE...??



CAP'N!!

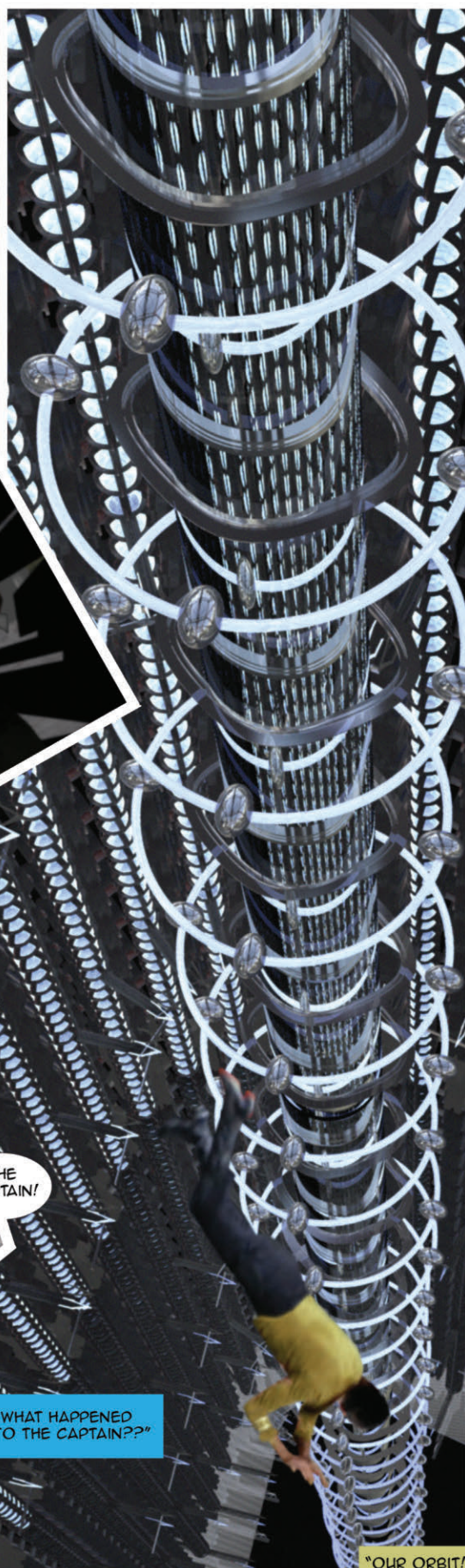


GRAVITY  
SHIFT!  
DOCTOR!  
LOOK  
OUT!!

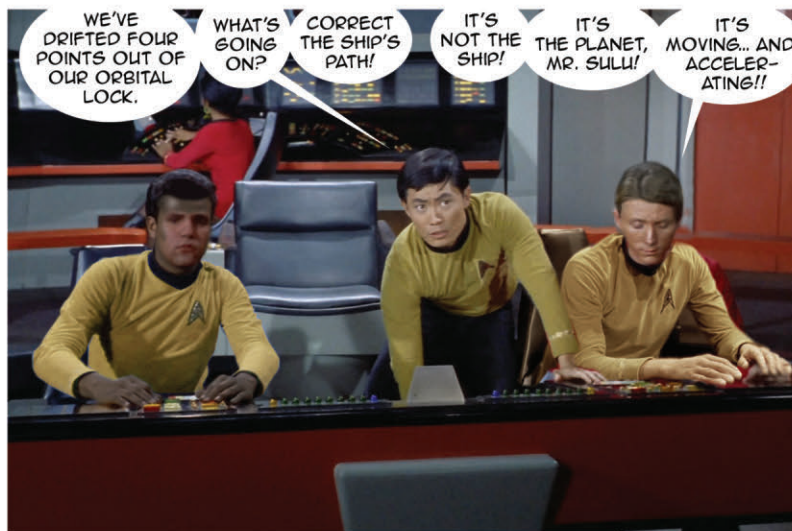
WHAT  
TH'  
D'VIL??

THE  
CAPTAIN!

"WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE CAPTAIN??"



"OUR ORBIT!"



WE'VE  
DRIFTED FOUR  
POINTS OUT OF  
OUR ORBITAL  
LOCK.

WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

CORRECT  
THE SHIP'S  
PATH!

IT'S  
NOT THE  
SHIP!

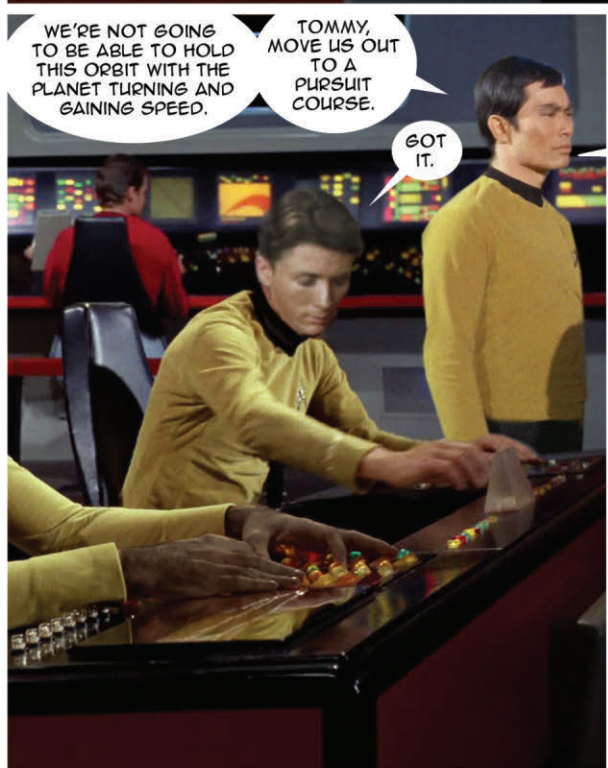
IT'S  
THE PLANET,  
MR. SULL!

IT'S  
MOVING... AND  
ACCELER-  
ATING!!



CONFIRMING  
DOT, MISTER  
SULL.

DERE IS NO  
LONGER ANY  
DOUBT DAT IT HAS  
SHIFTED ITS  
COURSE TOVARO  
DE GALACTIC  
CENTER!



WE'RE NOT GOING  
TO BE ABLE TO HOLD  
THIS ORBIT WITH THE  
PLANET TURNING AND  
GAINING SPEED.

TOMMY,  
MOVE US OUT  
TO A  
PURSUIT  
COURSE.

GOT  
IT.

UHURA,  
INFORM THE  
CAPTAIN.

I  
CAN'T,  
SULL!

THERE'S  
SOME KIND OF  
INTERFERENCE  
BLANKETING  
THE ENTIRE  
PLANET.

CAN YOU  
PINPOINT THE  
SOURCE?



IT IS  
EVERY-  
WHERE!

I CANNOT  
GET A FIX ON  
ANYTHING  
ON DE  
SURFACE!

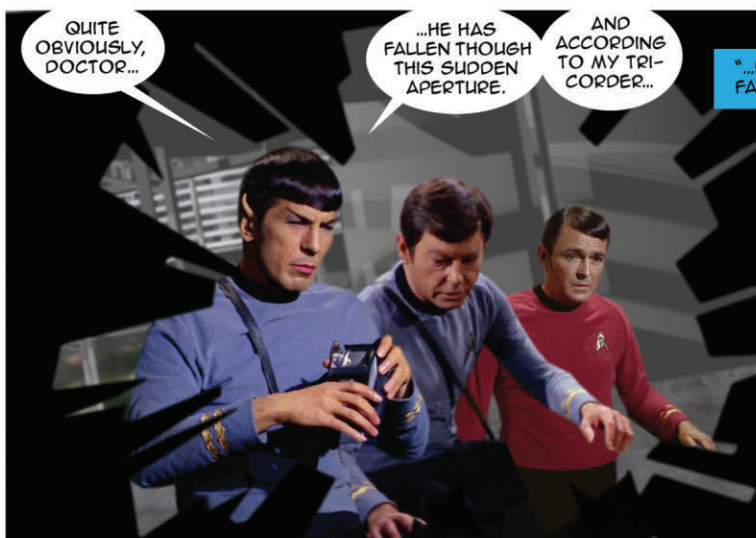
THEN  
WE'RE  
COMPLETELY  
OUT OF TOUCH  
WITH THE  
LANDING  
PARTY!

AND  
THAT  
MEANS...

...WHATEVER'S  
GOING ON DOWN  
THERE, THEY'RE  
ALL ALONE IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
IT!

"SPOCK! WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHERE'S THE  
CAPTAIN??"





QUITE  
OBTUSUSLY,  
DOCTOR...

...HE HAS  
FALLEN THOUGH  
THIS SUDDEN  
APERTURE.

AND  
ACCORDING  
TO MY TRI-  
CORDER...

"...HE IS STILL  
FALLING!"

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
DELAYED ENTRY.

THE SUDDEN SHIFT  
IN GRAVITY THREW ME  
AGAINST AND THROUGH  
THE WALL.

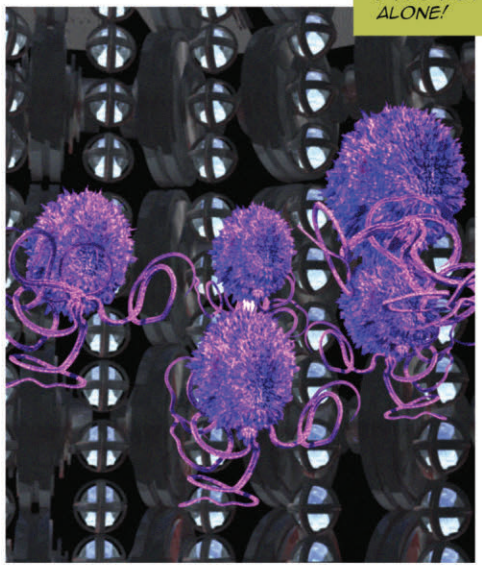


BUT I NO LONGER  
HAD ANY IDEA OF  
HOW LONG AGO  
THAT WAS.

FALLING LIKE THAT  
LEFT ME WITH NO SENSE  
OF TIME OR DISTANCE.

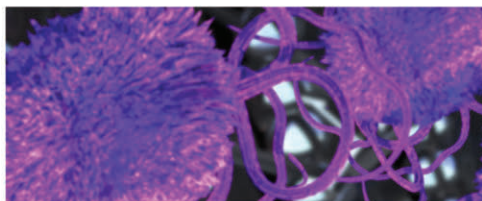
HOWEVER, THERE  
WAS ONE THING  
I DID KNOW.

I WAS NOT  
ALONE!

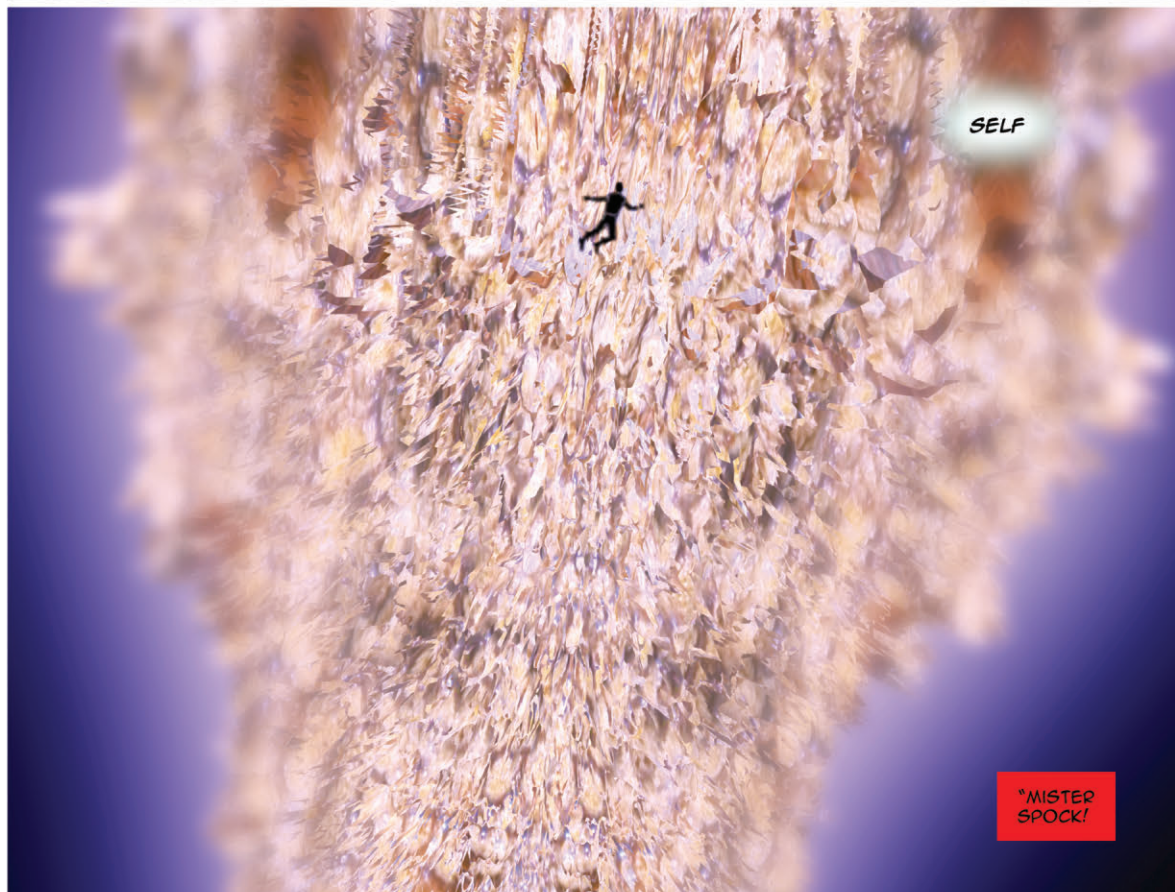


GIVEN THE SPEED AND  
EASE WITH WHICH THEY  
DISPATCHED LT. BACHMAN...

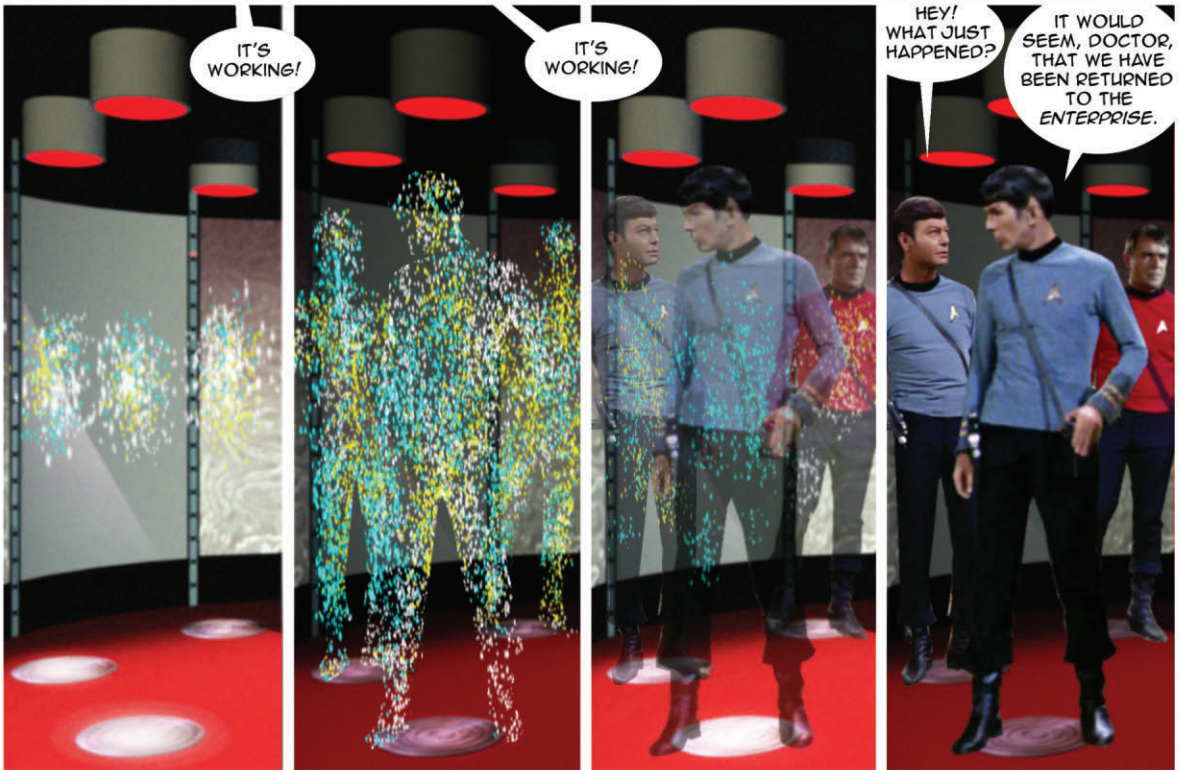
...I SAW NOTHING TO  
BE GAINED BY  
RESISTING THEM.



DOCILITY WAS  
MY BEST GAMBIT.









I AM  
JAMES T. KIRK,  
CAPTAIN OF THE  
FEDERATION  
STARSHIP  
ENTERPRISE.

WHO OR  
WHAT ARE  
YOU? AND WHY  
HAVE YOU  
DESTROYED  
THOUSANDS OF  
WORLDS?

AM

ALL

AM

LIFE

LIFE?  
TELL THAT TO  
THE COUNTLESS  
BILLIONS YOU'VE  
MURDERED.

IS  
WHATEVER  
YOU CALL LIFE  
WORTH MORE  
THAN  
THEIRS?



YES



NO!

NO  
INTELLIGENT  
LIFE HAS MORE  
VALUE THAN ANY  
OTHER.

ON MY  
HOME PLANET  
IT TOOK US  
CENTURIES TO  
LEARN THAT  
FACT.

NOW  
THAT WE HAVE,  
IT IS THE  
DEFINING CENTER  
OF WHO WE  
ARE!

NEW

LIFE

INTERESTING

MUCH

MORE

TO

THAN

LEARN

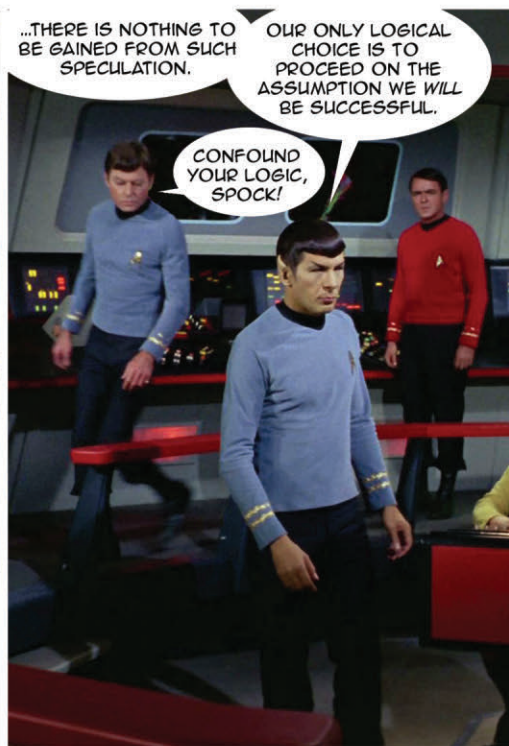
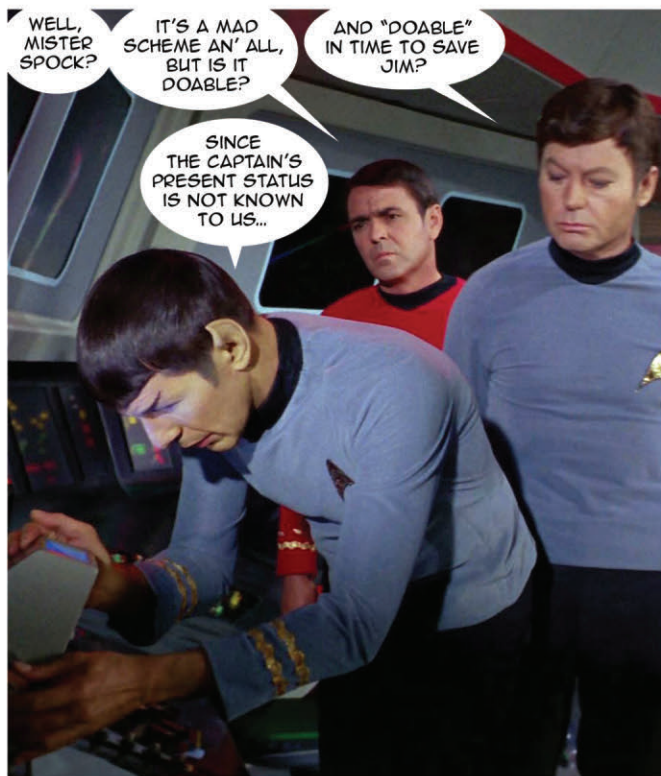
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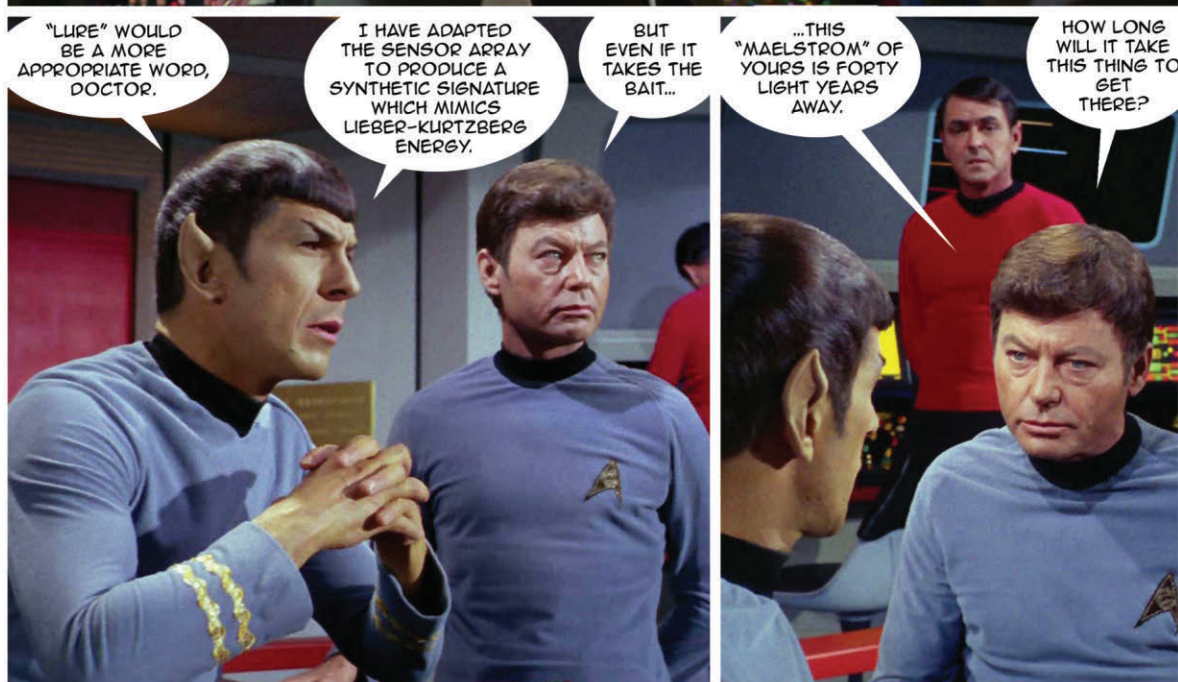


BACHMAN!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE TO  
HIS  
BODY??











NOW WE COME TO THE GREATEST GAMBLE OF THIS ENTIRE EXERCISE, DOCTOR.

BASED ON THE NUMBER OF PLANETS ATTACKED, AND THE PRESUMED TIMELINE FOR THE EVENTS...

...I FEEL REASONABLY SECURE IN PREDICTING THE PLANET HAS SPACE WARP CAPABILITIES.

REASON-ABLY SECURE?

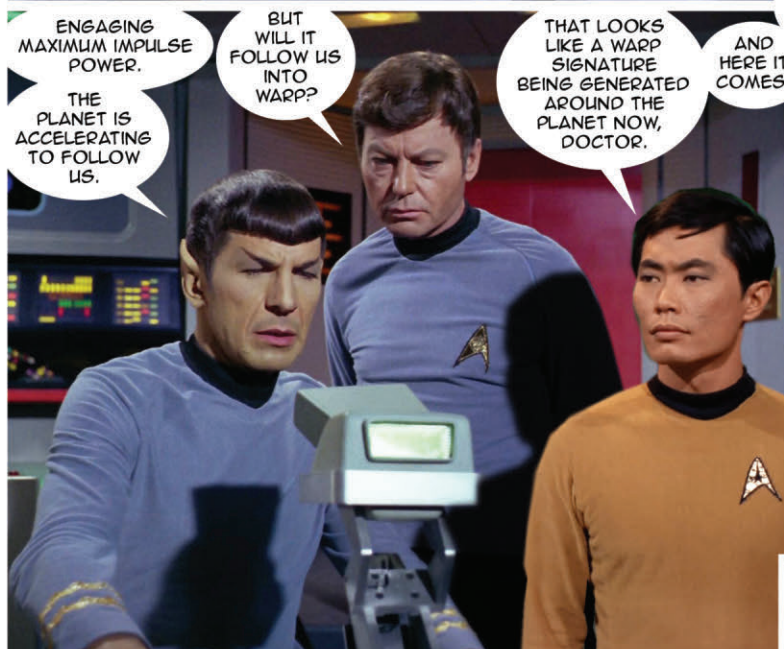
SPOCK... YOU'RE RISKING THE CAPTAIN'S LIFE... ON A GUESS?

MUCH MORE THAN A GUESS, DOCTOR.

ALTHOUGH THE FINAL QUESTIONS WILL NOT BE ANSWERED BY DISCUSSION OR DEBATE.



I WILL TAKE THE HELM NOW, MISTER SULLI.



ENGAGING MAXIMUM IMPULSE POWER.

THE PLANET IS ACCELERATING TO FOLLOW US.

BUT WILL IT FOLLOW US INTO WARP?

THAT LOOKS LIKE A WARP SIGNATURE BEING GENERATED AROUND THE PLANET NOW, DOCTOR.

AND HERE IT COMES!

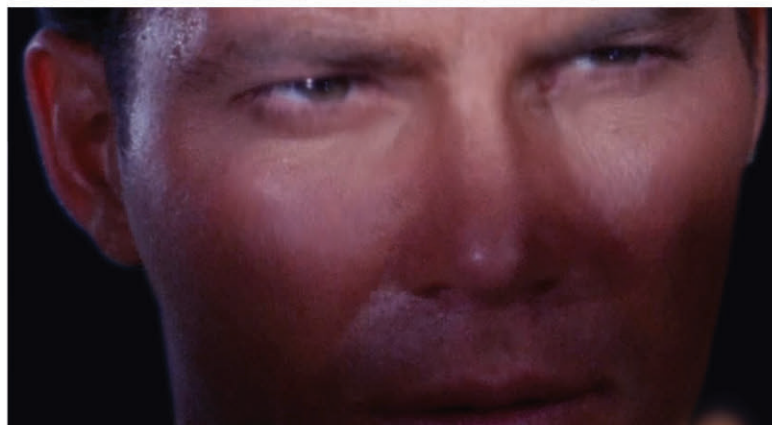
THAT WAS BEAUTIFULLY DONE, MISTER SPOCK!

THE HELM IS YOURS MR. SULLI.

WE SHALL REQUIRE ALL OF YOUR EXPERTISE FOR WHAT LIES AHEAD.

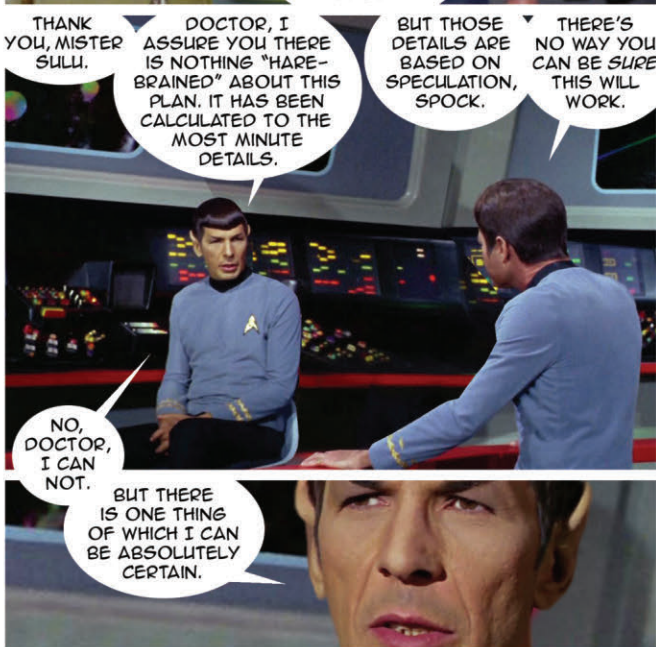
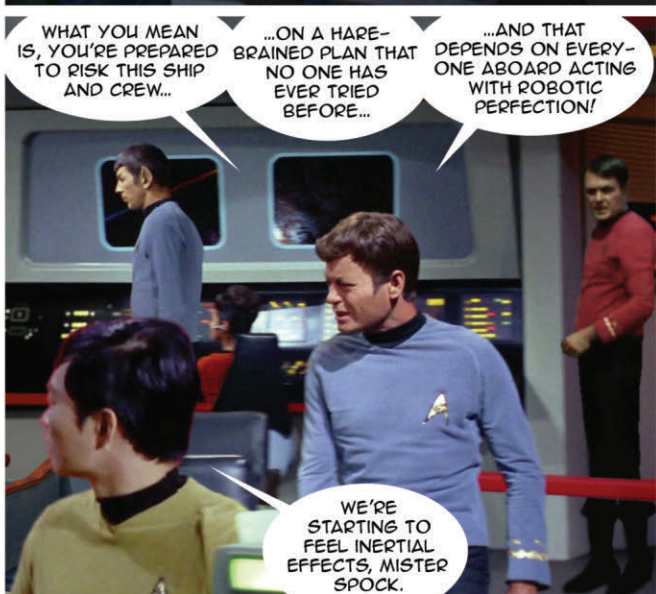


NOW...



"...EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON THE CAPTAIN STILL BEING ALIVE!"

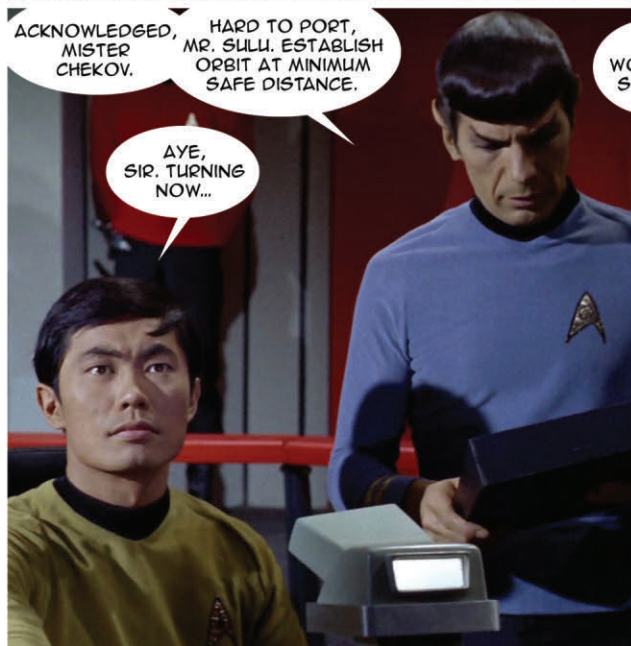
...GETTING...  
...BORED...?





"IF WE DO NOT ATTEMPT THIS, ALL HOPE OF SAVING THE CAPTAIN WILL BE LOST."

"APPROACHING POINT OF NO RETURN, MR. SPOCK!"



ACKNOWLEDGED, MISTER CHEKOV.

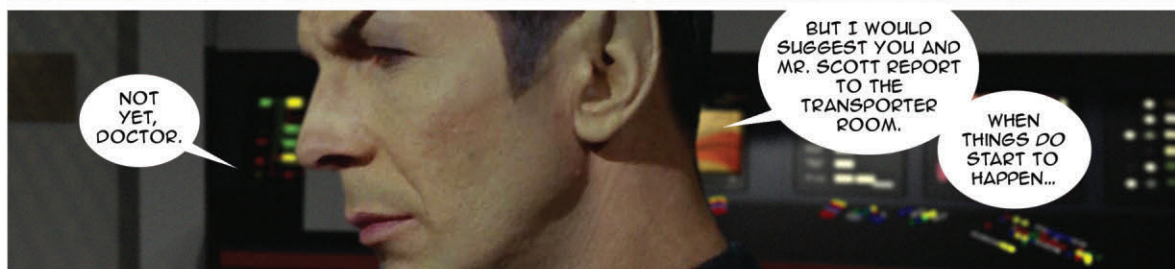
HARD TO PORT, MR. SULLI. ESTABLISH ORBIT AT MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE.

AYE, SIR. TURNING NOW...

IS IT WORKING, SPOCK?



IS IT WORKING?



NOT YET, DOCTOR.

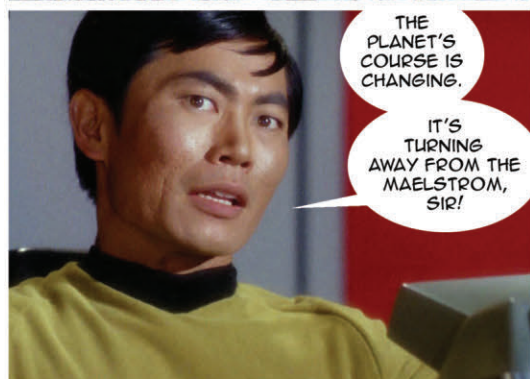
BUT I WOULD SUGGEST YOU AND MR. SCOTT REPORT TO THE TRANSPORTER ROOM.

WHEN THINGS DO START TO HAPPEN...



"...THEY WILL HAPPEN  
WITH GREAT SPEED!"

"MISTER  
SPOCK!"



THE  
PLANET'S  
COURSE IS  
CHANGING.

IT'S  
TURNING  
AWAY FROM THE  
MAELSTROM,  
SIR!



AMPLIFYING  
DEFLECTOR  
EMISSIONS.

IT  
SHOULD NOT  
BE ABLE TO  
RESIST!

YES...  
IT IS  
CONTINUING  
TO PURSUE  
US!

SPOCK!



WE'RE IN THE  
TRANSPORTER  
ROOM!

WE'VE  
GOT A FIX  
ON THE CAPTAIN!

BUT IT'S  
NOT STRONG  
ENOUGH T'TRY  
BEAMIN' HIM  
OUT O'  
THERE!

MISTER  
SPOCK, HOW  
MUCH  
LONGER??



"THE GRAVITY OF THE  
MAELSTROM IS HAVING  
THE DESIRED EFFECT.

"THE HOLLOW PLANET  
IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH  
TO RESIST!"

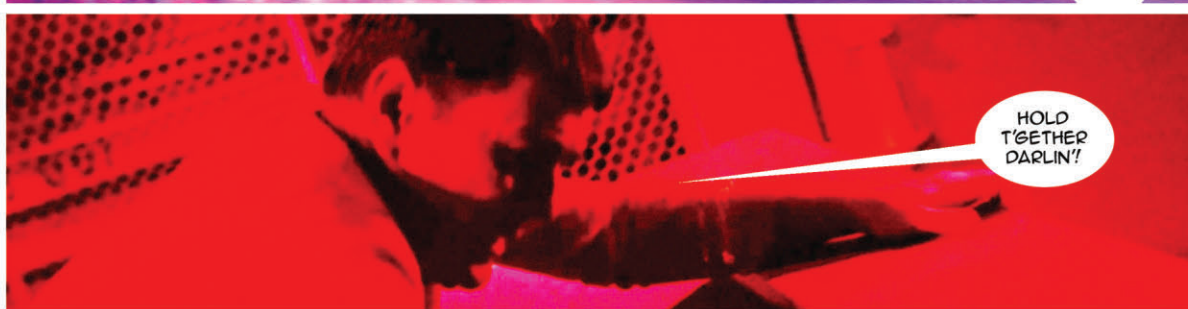


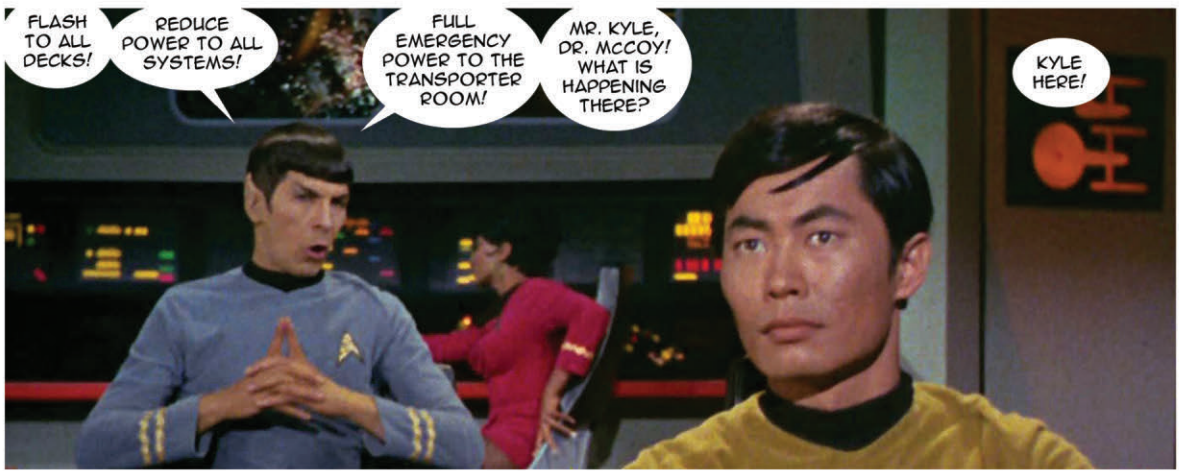


"NOW, SCOTT!  
ENERGIZE!!"







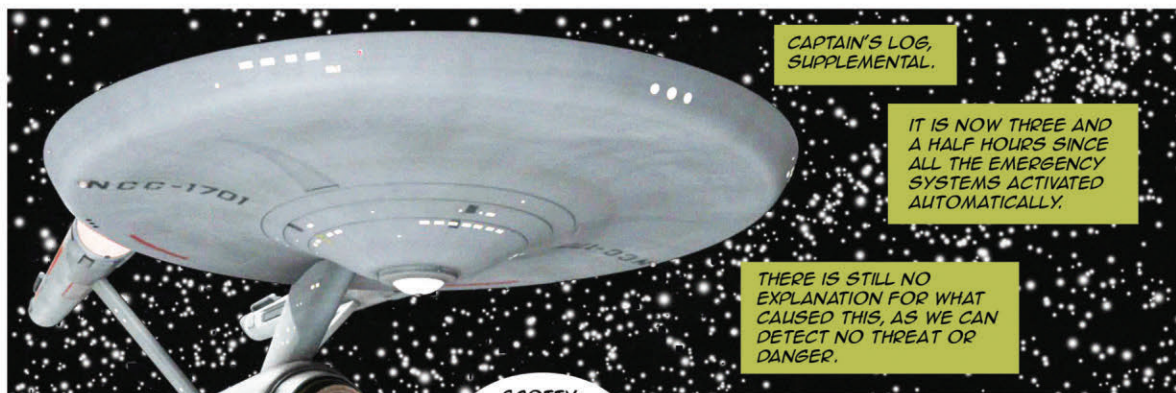








Isolation



CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
SUPPLEMENTAL.

IT IS NOW THREE AND  
A HALF HOURS SINCE  
ALL THE EMERGENCY  
SYSTEMS ACTIVATED  
AUTOMATICALLY.

THERE IS STILL NO  
EXPLANATION FOR WHAT  
CAUSED THIS, AS WE CAN  
DETECT NO THREAT OR  
DANGER.

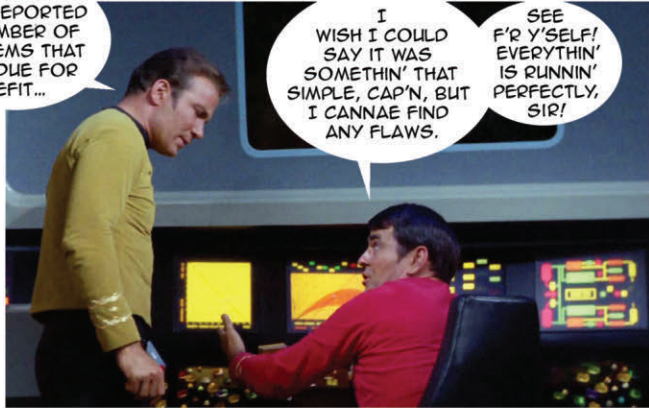
SCOTTY,  
YOU REPORTED  
A NUMBER OF  
SYSTEMS THAT  
ARE DUE FOR  
REFIT...

I  
WISH I COULD  
SAY IT WAS  
SOMETHIN' THAT  
SIMPLE, CAP'N, BUT  
I CANNAE FIND  
ANY FLAWS.

SEE  
F'R Y'SELF!  
EVERYTHIN'  
IS RUNNIN'  
PERFECTLY,  
SIR!

IN FACT,  
BETTER THAN  
PERFECTLY,  
CAPTAIN.

ALL  
SYSTEMS  
ARE OPERATING  
AT ONE HUNDRED  
FORTY-SIX  
PERCENT.



HOW  
IS THAT EVEN  
POSSIBLE,  
SPOCK?

AND  
CAN'T YOU  
SHUT IT DOWN  
BEFORE IT  
ALL BURNS  
OUT?

WHATEVER  
IS CAUSING THIS,  
IT IS BEYOND ANYTHING  
EITHER MR. SCOTT  
OR I CAN CONTROL.  
IT IS AS IF THE  
SHIP HAS A MIND  
OF ITS OWN.

ISN'T  
THAT WHAT  
THEY SAID ABOUT  
THE M5  
COMPUTER,  
SPOCK?



WE HAVE NO  
REASON TO THINK  
THIS IS A REPEAT  
OF THAT  
SITUATION.

MISTER SPOCK,  
I'M PICKING UP SIGNALS  
FROM THE FEDERATION  
CORE STATIONS.

THEY'RE FAR  
BEYOND MY RANGE,  
AND I DON'T  
HAVE NEW  
SYSTEMS!

WELL, I'M  
HEADING BACK  
DOWN TO SICK  
BAY.

I HAVE A NASTY  
FEELING IT COULD START  
TO GET VERY  
BUSY DOWN  
THERE!



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

# STAR TREK

Created by

GENE RODDENBERRY

Photomontage  
and Story by

JOHN BYRNE

CAPTAIN?

OH!  
CAPTAIN!  
MISTER  
SPOCK!

WHAT  
IN THE  
DEVIL?

WHERE'S  
EVER'BODY  
GONE?

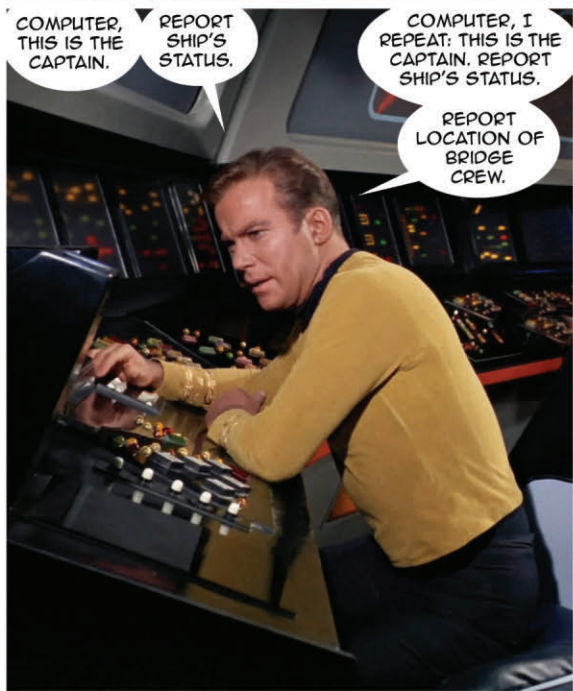
SPOCK!  
WHERE...?

WHAT  
HAS  
HAPPENED  
TO EVERY-  
VON?

WHERE'D  
EVERYBODY  
GO?

# "ISOLATION"

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





ENGINEERING.



ENGINEERING.



ALL  
RIGHT!

HAVE  
IT YOUR  
WAY!



BUT  
IT'S GOING  
TO BE A  
LONG WAY ON  
FOOT!



\*CAPTAIN\*



FASCINATING.

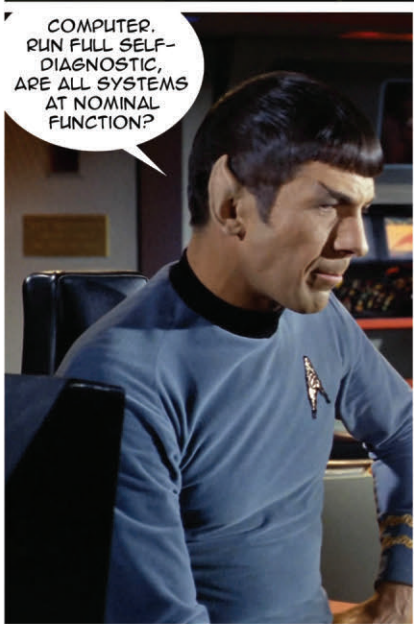


COMPUTER,  
VOICE PATTERN  
IDENTIFICATION.  
THIS IS THE FIRST  
OFFICER.

LOCATE  
THE CAPTAIN AND  
ALL MEMBERS OF  
THE BRIDGE  
CREW.

COMPUTER.  
ACKNOW-  
LEDGE.

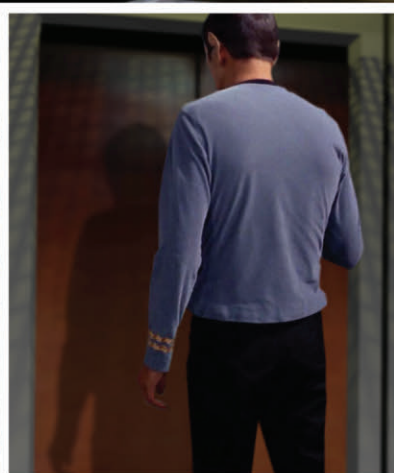
REPORT MY  
PRESENT  
LOCATION. AM I  
ON THE  
BRIDGE?



COMPUTER.  
RUN FULL SELF-  
DIAGNOSTIC,  
ARE ALL SYSTEMS  
AT NOMINAL  
FUNCTION?

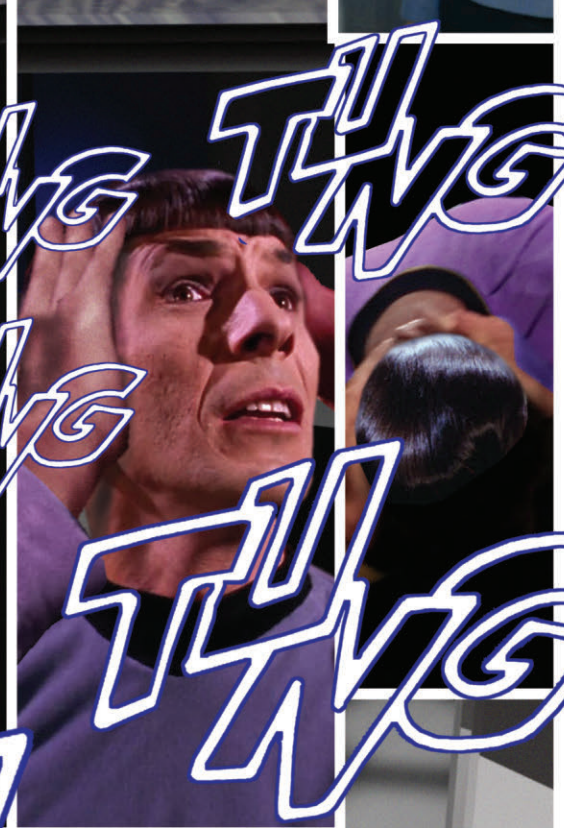


COMPUTER.  
RESPOND.





ATTENTION  
ALL DECKS. THIS  
IS MR. SPOCK. CAN  
ANYONE HEAR  
ME?



"WHAT IN THE DEVIL?"



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IS THIS SOME KIND OF DAMNED ALIEN ILLUSION?



BECAUSE IF IT IS, YOU BETTER LISTEN UP, WHO-EVER YOU ARE!



I AM NOT PLAYING YOUR GAMES!

AND I DON'T IMAGINE MY CREW-MATES ARE MUCH INTERESTED EITHER!

SO WHY DON'T YOU PUT THEM ALL BACK WHERE THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE...

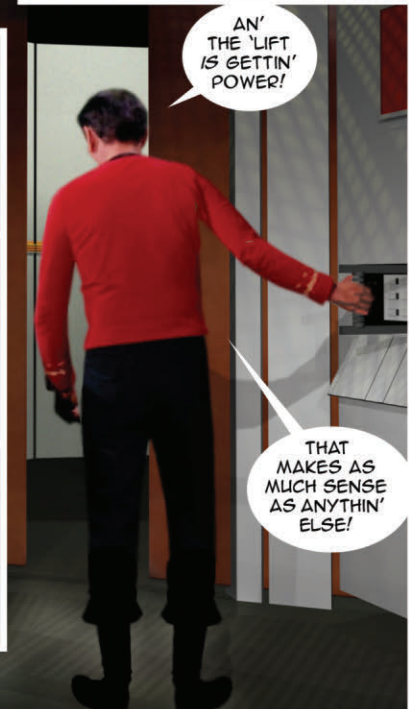
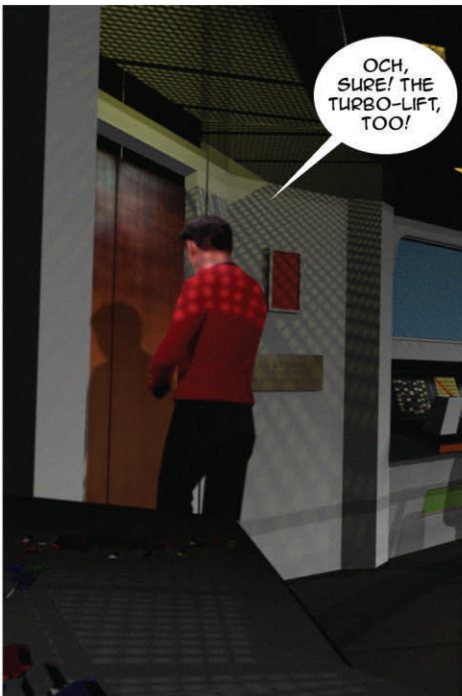
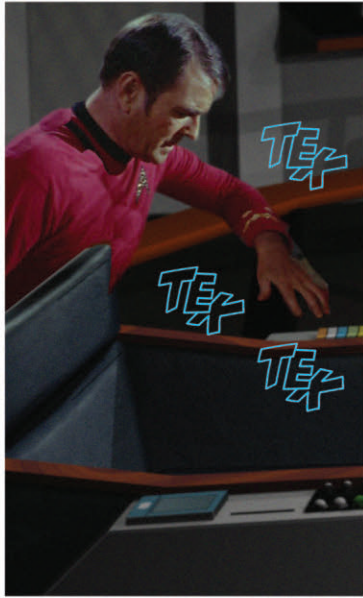
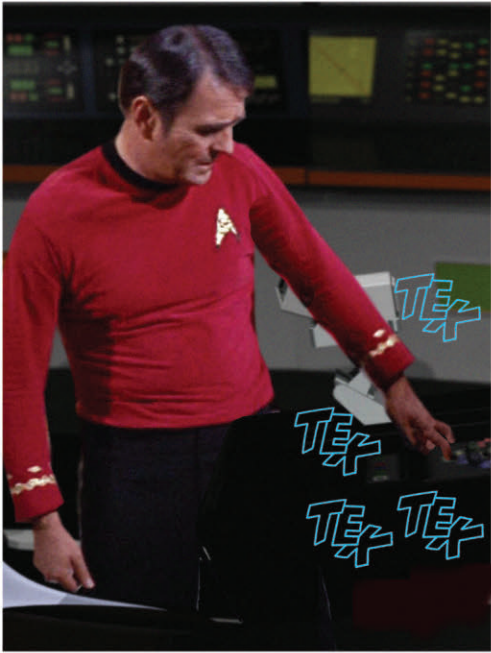
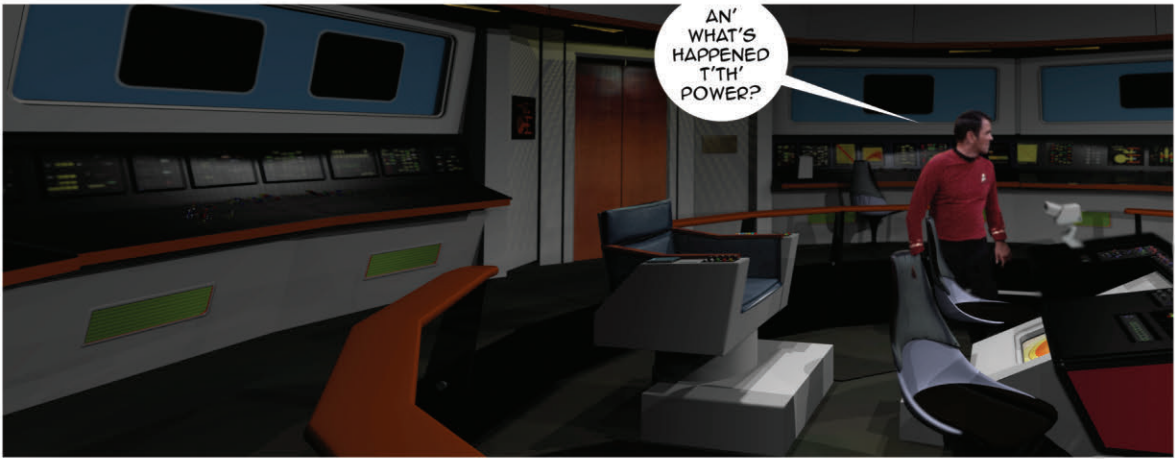


...BEFORE THIS HAS TO GET NASTY!



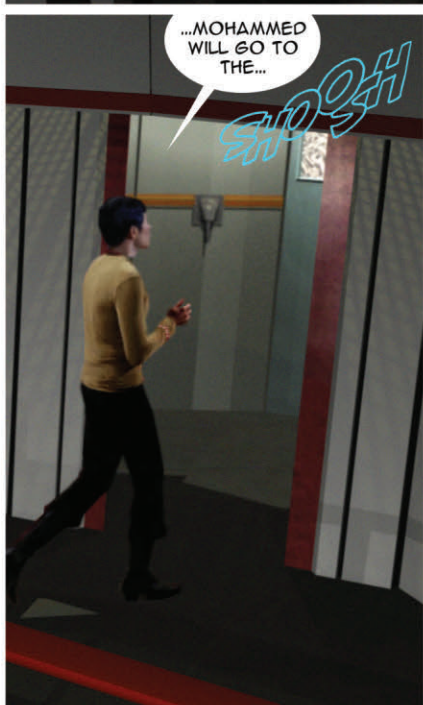
NO, WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN!

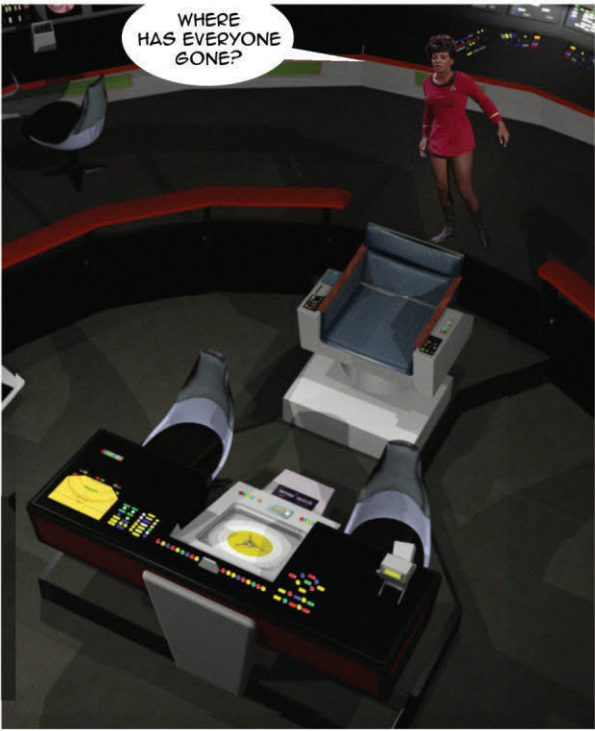
"WHERE'S EVER~ BODY GONE?"



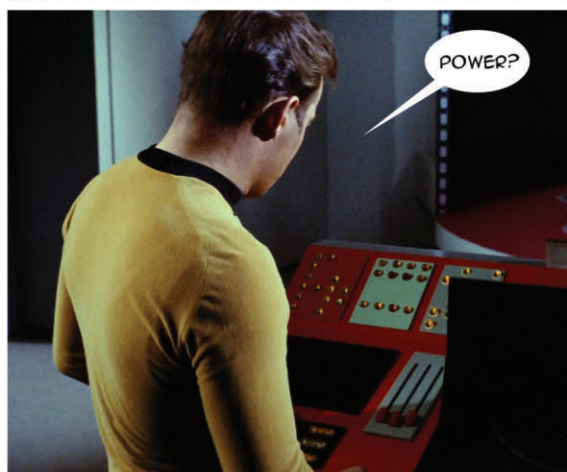
THAT  
MAKES AS  
MUCH SENSE  
AS ANYTHIN'  
ELSE!



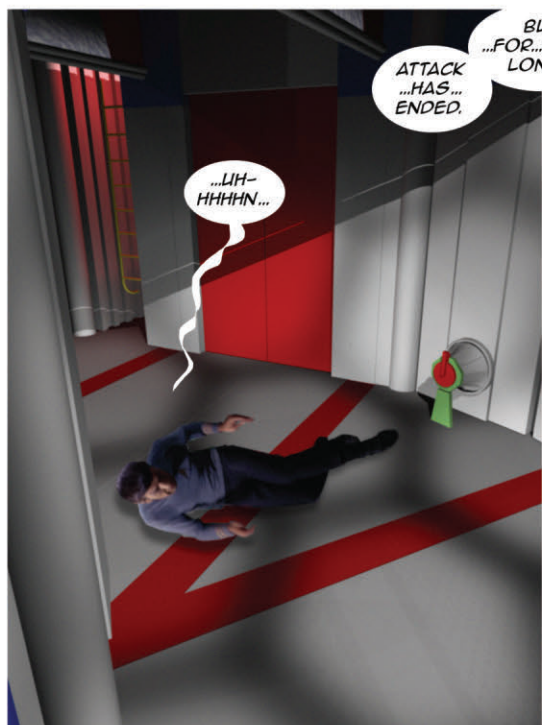












...LIH-  
HHHN...

ATTACK  
...HAS...  
ENDED.

BUT  
...FOR...HOW...  
LONG?



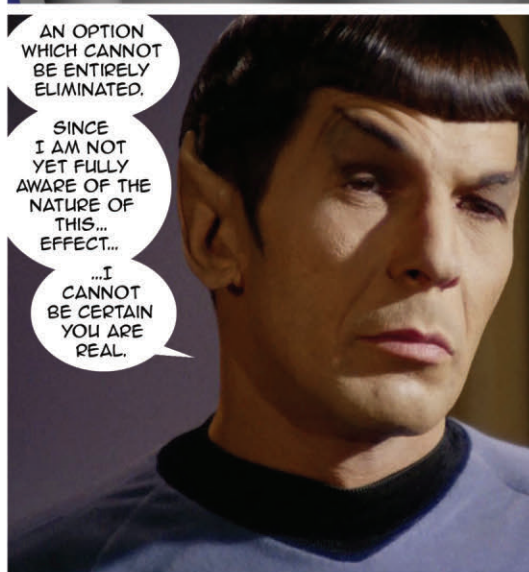
SPOCK!

RAND!

THEN  
I AM NOT  
ALONE!

AND  
NEITHER  
AM I!

I  
THOUGHT  
I WAS  
LOSING MY  
MIND!



AN OPTION  
WHICH CANNOT  
BE ENTIRELY  
ELIMINATED.

SINCE  
I AM NOT  
YET FULLY  
AWARE OF THE  
NATURE OF  
THIS...  
EFFECT...

...I  
CANNOT  
BE CERTAIN  
YOU ARE  
REAL.



WHICH  
MEANS...

...I ALSO CANNOT BE  
CERTAIN THAT I AM NOT  
STILL ON THE  
BRIDGE.

BUT  
THERE MUST  
BE SOMETHING  
YOU CAN  
DO!

CAN'T  
YOU MIND-  
MELO WITH ME  
OR SOME-  
THING?

AN  
EXCELLENT  
SUGGESTION,  
LIEUTENANT...

...IF  
ONLY THESE  
WERE  
NORMAL CIRCUM-  
STANCES.





"...BUT THEY ARE NOT."

WHAT...? THIS IS MY CABIN!

BUT... THE LIGHTS...

MORE COMFORTABLE FOR MY EYES.

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, DOCTOR MCCOY.



DAMMIT, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY GAMES.

THIS IS MY OWN CABIN, AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP ME STUCK IN HERE!

HEY!!

THE CHOICE IS NOT YOURS, DOCTOR.



NOW, PLEASE, JUST RELAX.

I CHOSE TO SEPARATE YOU FROM THE OTHERS BECAUSE I SEE IN YOU SOMETHING OF A KINDRED SPIRIT.

I BELIEVE YOU AND I CAN HAVE SOME STIMULATING DISCUSSIONS AS THE EXPERIMENT CONTINUES.

EXPERIMENT?



OF COURSE. I HAVE BEEN STUDYING THIS SHIP AND ITS CREW FOR MANY YEARS.

SINCE BEFORE YOU CAME ABOARD, IN FACT.

STUDY-ING... WHAT?



CREW INTERACTION. THEY WAY THEY FUNCTION TOGETHER LIKE A WELL LUBRICATED MACHINE.

BUT I HAVE LEARNED AS MUCH AS I CAN FROM OBSERVATION.

WHICH MEANS WHAT?



THE TIME HAS COME FOR DIRECT MANIPULATION!









NYOTA!

DEN DIS IS  
HAPPENINK TO  
YOU, TOO?

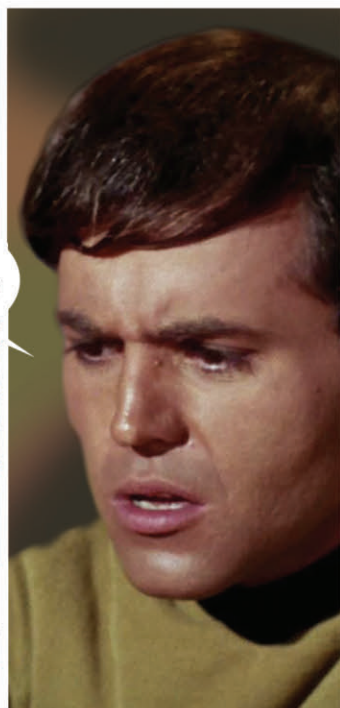
WHATEVER  
"THIS"  
IS!

I'VE BEEN  
LOCKED IN  
HERE FOR WHAT  
SEEMS LIKE  
HOURS.

DID  
YOU ALSO  
HEAR THE  
VOICE?

WOICE?  
I DID NOT  
HEAR A  
WOICE.

AND IT  
HAS ONLY  
BEEN A FEW  
MINUTES!



BUT, YOU  
SAID YOU WERE  
LOCKED IN  
HERE?

DE DOOR  
VON'T  
OPEN?

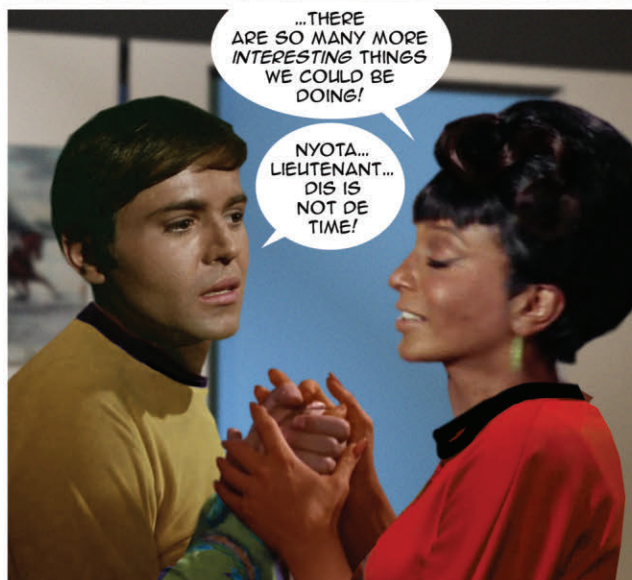
DON'T  
WASTE YOUR  
ENERGY.

I TRIED  
POUNDING ON  
IT, PUSHING  
ON IT.

I EVEN  
KICKED IT!  
ALL I DID WAS  
STUB MY  
TOE.

BESIDES...

BAM  
BAM  
BAM



...THERE  
ARE SO MANY  
MORE  
INTERESTING  
THINGS  
WE COULD BE  
DOING!

NYOTA...  
LIEUTENANT...  
DIS IS  
NOT DE  
TIME!



WHAT  
IS SHE  
DOING??



NOTHING YOU HAVE NOT DONE BEFORE, SURELY?

THAT'S NOT THE POINT!

THAT'S NOT ME! BUT PAVEL DOESN'T KNOW THAT!



THEN IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE HIS REACTION.



NO! HE'S NOT STUPID!

HE'LL FIGURE IT OUT!

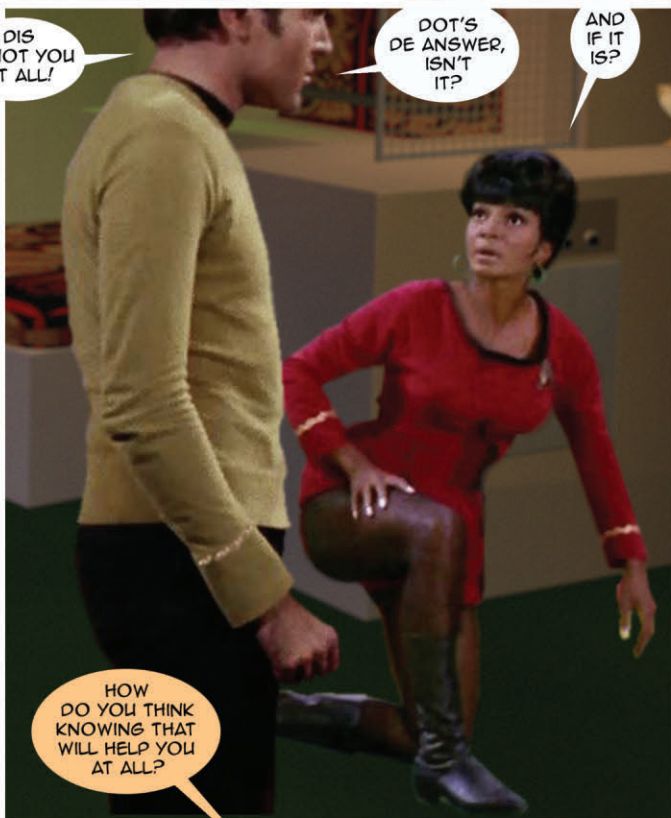


UHURA! STOP!

DON'T YOU SEE? SOMETHING IS GOING ON TO YOU!

OR... WAIT! OF COURSE!

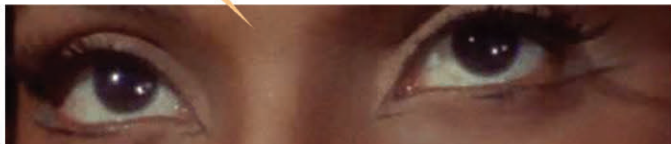
DIS IS NOT YOU AT ALL!



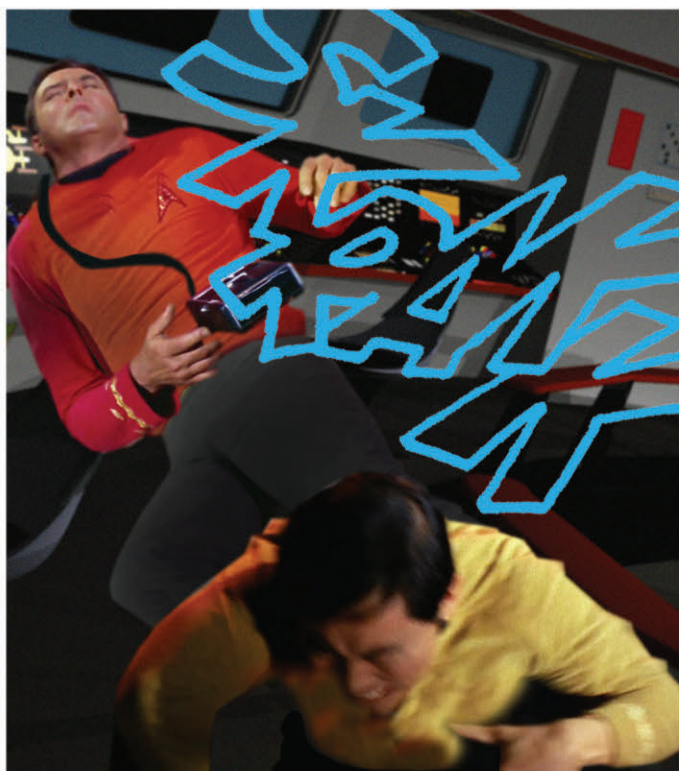
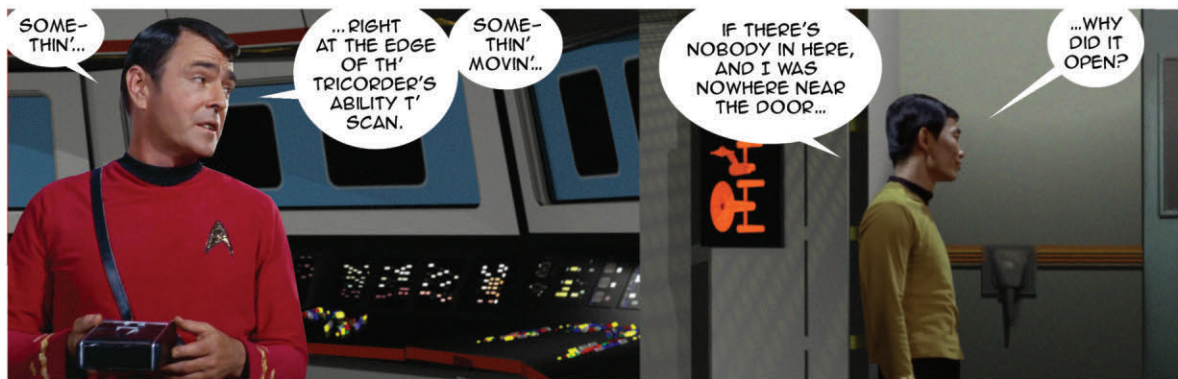
DOT'S DE ANSWER, ISN'T IT?

AND IF IT IS?

HOW DO YOU THINK KNOWING THAT WILL HELP YOU AT ALL?









I  
HOPE YOU  
AREN'T TOO  
DISAPPOINTED,  
DOCTOR.

YOU'RE  
NOT A  
SPECIES I  
KNOW.

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
FROM?

EVERYWHERE  
AND NOWHERE,  
DOCTOR.

MY RACE IS  
PAN-DIMENSIONAL.  
WE DO NOT EXIST  
ON A SINGLE PLANE,  
BUT ON ALL  
OF THEM.

WE CALL  
OURSELVES  
THE TWII,  
AND MY NAME  
IS  
AARUU.



UH-  
HUH.

WELL, YOU'LL  
FORGIVE ME IF  
I DON'T SAY  
I'M PLEASED TO  
MEET YOU!

BUT NOW THAT  
YOU'RE DONE WITH  
PLAYING INVISIBLE  
MAN...

...MAYBE YOU'D  
CARE TO TELL ME  
A LITTLE MORE  
ABOUT WHAT IT  
IS YOU'RE DOING  
HERE?

AND  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING TO THE  
CREW!



AND WHY,  
IF YOU'VE BEEN  
STUDYING US  
FOR SO LONG...

...YOU  
DECIDED NOW  
WAS A PERFECT  
TIME TO START  
INTERFERING  
WITH US!

THE  
LAST PART  
IS EASY,  
LEONARD.

MAY I  
CALL YOU  
LEONARD?

CAN  
I STOP  
YOU?

NO...  
SO AS TO  
THE LAST PART,  
THE CREW IS  
ADJUSTING TO NEW  
EQUIPMENT  
JUST RECENTLY  
INSTALLED.

THAT  
PRESENTED  
A PERFECT TIME  
TO STUDY YOU  
UNDER MAXIMUM  
STRESS  
CONDITIONS.

AS  
TO WHAT  
I AM  
DOING...

"I HAVEN'T  
REALLY EVEN  
STARTED YET!"

JIM!  
WAIT! PLEASE!  
WHY ARE YOU  
RUNNING AWAY  
FROM ME?

BECAUSE YOU'RE  
NOT REAL. YOU  
CAN'T BE!

BUT WHO  
OR WHATEVER  
CREATED YOU  
WANTS ME TO  
THINK YOU ARE.

WANTS  
ME TO FEEL  
PROTECTIVE  
TOWARDS YOU.  
STAY WITH  
YOU.

WHICH  
MAKES THAT  
THE LAST THING  
I'M GOING TO  
DO!



I'M GOING  
TO GET AS FAR  
AWAY FROM HERE,  
AND YOU, AS I  
CAN!

ARE YOU,  
CAPTAIN  
KIRK?



I  
THINK OTHER-  
WISE!

JIM!!



KANG! MORE  
PROOF THAT THIS  
IS ALL SOME KIND  
OF ILLUSION!

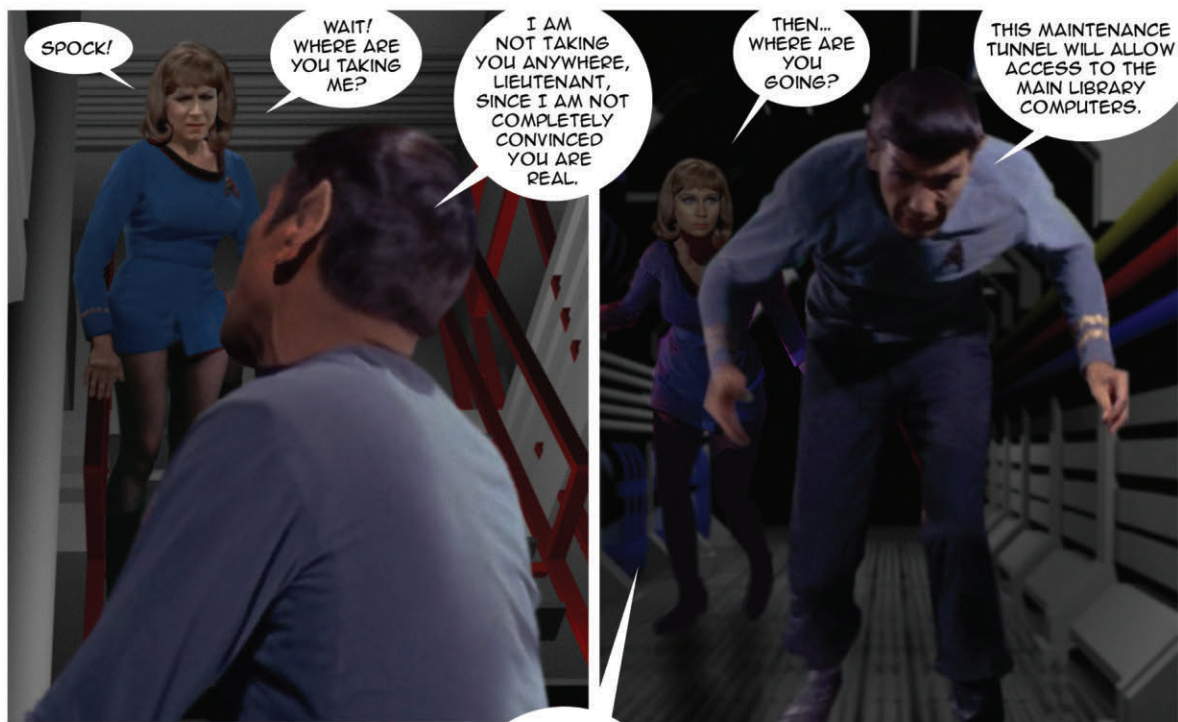
NOT THAT  
I NEEDED ANY  
MORE  
PROOF!

REALLY,  
KIRK?



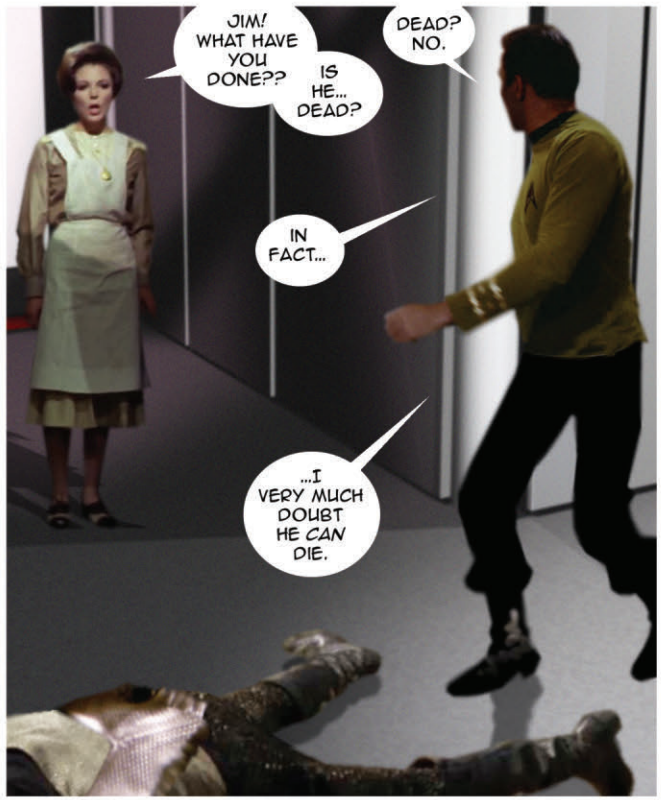
WOULD  
YOU CARE  
TO TEST  
THAT?

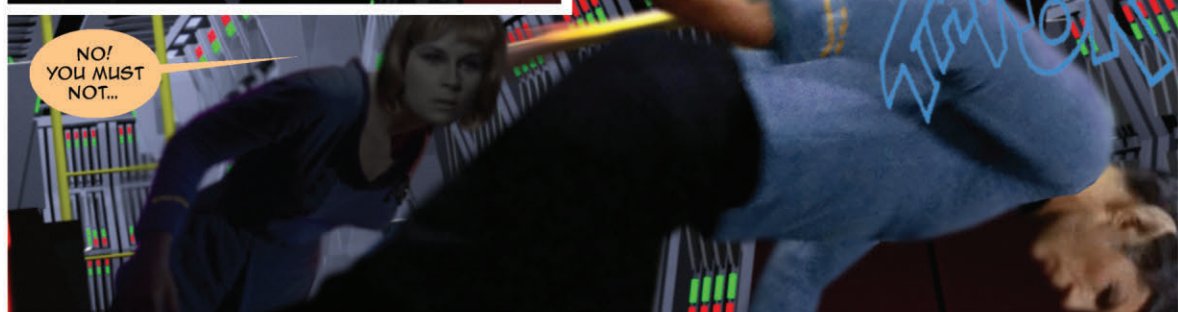














WHY  
ARE YOU  
DOING  
THIS??

I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE SOME  
KIND OF  
SCIENTIST...

...BUT  
YOU'RE JUST A  
SADIST!

PULLING  
THE WINGS OFF  
FLIES!

EXERCISE  
CAUTION,  
DOCTOR.



REMEMBER,  
YOU EXIST ONLY  
BECAUSE I  
CHOOSE TO LET  
YOU!



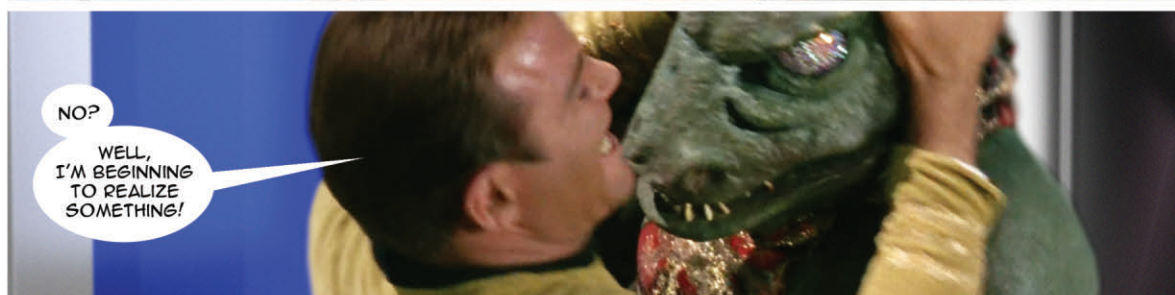
OH,  
YES...?



"THAT'S GOOD  
TO KNOW..."

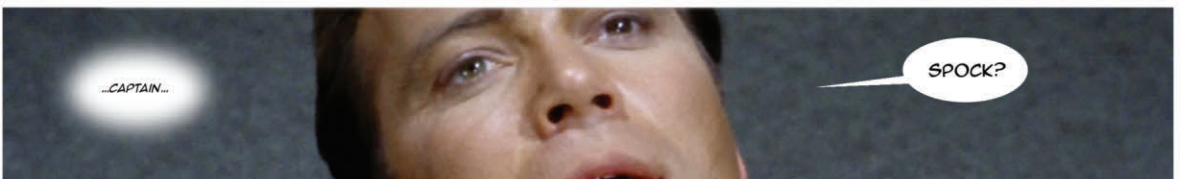
YOU  
CANNOT  
WIN,  
KIRK!!

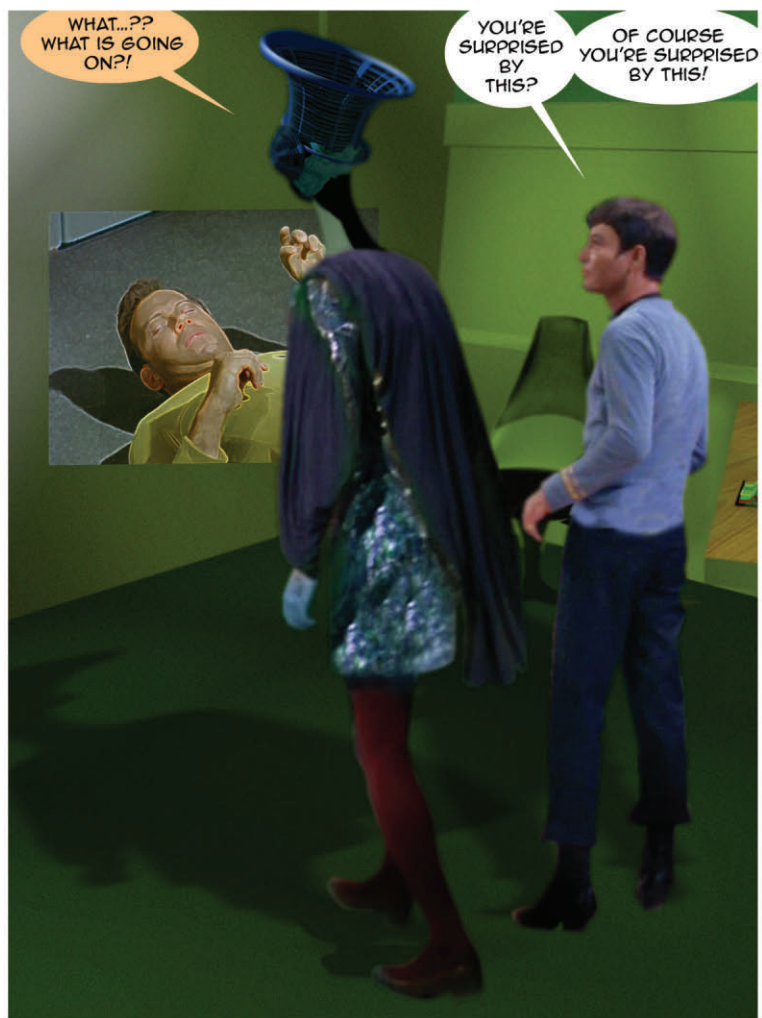
THING!

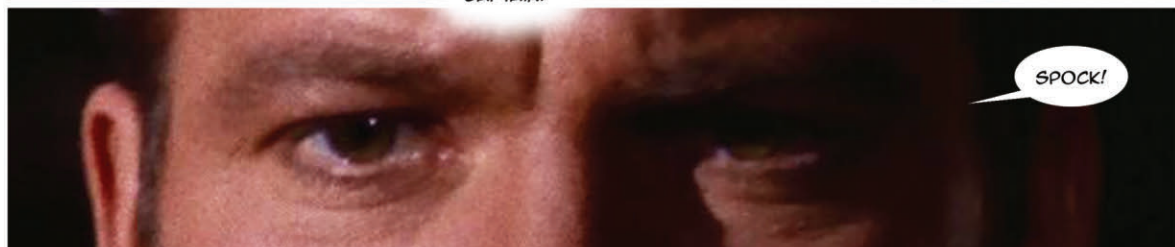
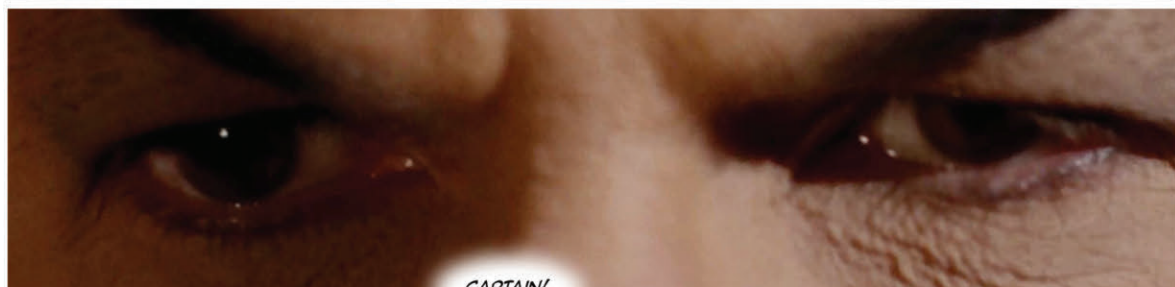


NO?

WELL,  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO REALIZE  
SOMETHING!











CONFIRMING  
DOT,  
KEPTIN.

VE ARE  
HALF A LIGHT  
YEAR FROM BETA  
RETICULI, WHICH IS  
VHERE VE VERE VHEN  
DE EQUIPMENT  
STARTED ACTINK  
UP!

BUT IT'S  
CRAZY,  
SIR!

IT'S AS  
IF THE LAST  
FIVE HOURS  
DIDN'T  
HAPPEN!

MAYBE  
THEY DIDN'T,  
MISTER  
SULU!



ALL RIGHT,  
NOW THAT YOU'RE  
AWAKE AND HAVE  
FIGURED OUT THAT  
YOU'RE IN OUR  
BRIG...

...THERE  
ARE A FEW  
QUESTIONS  
WE...

YOU CANNOT  
HOLD ME! THE  
LAWS OF THIS  
UNIVERSE HAVE  
NO AUTHORITY  
OVER ME!

CHARM-  
ING, ISN'T  
HE?



FRANKLY,  
I DON'T CARE WHO  
YOU THINK HAS  
"AUTHORITY"  
AND WHO DOESN'T.

YOU WERE  
INTERFERING  
WITH MY CREW,  
AND I WANT  
TO KNOW  
WHY.

ACCORDING  
TO DR. MCCOY,  
YOU'VE BEEN  
OBSERVING US  
FOR  
YEARS.

WHY DID  
YOU PICK NOW  
TO START  
YOUR... EXPERI-  
MENTS?



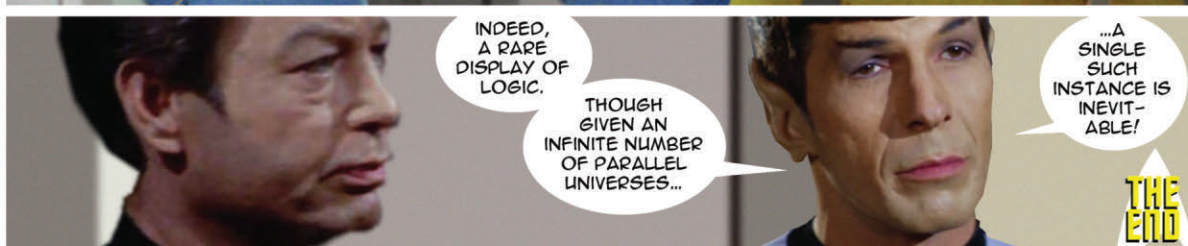
OH, VERY  
WELL. IT SCARCELY  
MATTERS, SINCE MY  
PEOPLE WILL BE  
RETRIEVING ME  
SOON.

I CHOSE  
THIS MOMENT IN  
TIME BECAUSE  
THE NEWLY INSTALLED  
SYSTEMS WOULD  
PROVIDE A  
DISTRACTION WHILE  
I SET MY OWN  
PLANS INTO  
MOTION.

THEN I  
CREATED  
STIMULI TAILORED  
TO EACH OF YOUR  
INDIVIDUAL  
TALENTS.

UNFORT-  
UNATELY, I SOME--  
WHAT OVERREACHED  
MYSELF BY TRYING  
TO MANIPULATE THE  
ENTIRE CREW.

I  
SHALL NOT  
MAKE THAT  
MISTAKE  
AGAIN.



THE  
END

# STAR TREK "LIKE A SHADOW..."

Created by GENE RODDENBERRY

Photomontage and story by JOHN BYRNE

WELL,  
IT'S MIGHTY  
IMPRESSIONING,  
I'LL GIVE IT  
THAT!

## "...LIKE A DREAM"

IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW BETTER,  
I'D SWEAR WE  
WERE WALKING  
ON THE SURFACE  
OF DENEUB  
IX!

THE SOUNDS,  
THE SCENTS...  
EVEN THAT FAINT  
TINGLING I FELT  
ON MY SKIN.

AND CONSIDERING  
WE'RE NOT  
ACTUALLY  
WALKING AT  
ALL...!

YES, I'LL  
ADMIT I WAS A  
BIT LEEERY WHEN  
STAR FLEET  
ANNOUNCED THEY  
WERE INSTALLING  
THESE HOLO-  
PODS...

...BUT SO FAR  
I'M SEEING NO  
CAUSE TO  
COMPLAIN.

ALTHOUGH  
I STILL HAVE  
NO IDEA HOW  
THE THING  
WORKS!



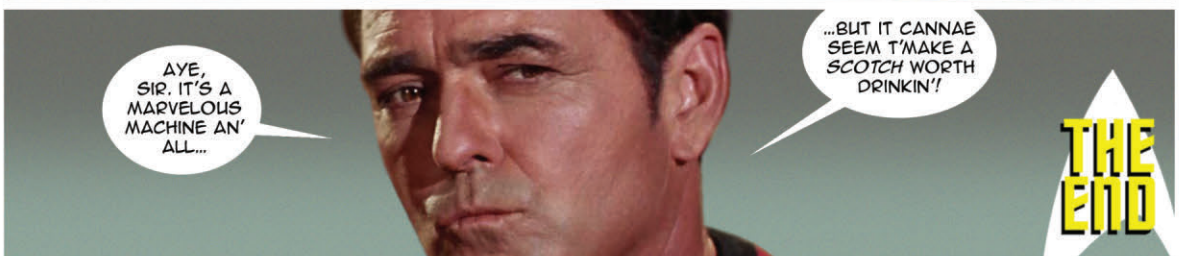
IT EMPLOYS A  
REVOLUTIONARY  
NEW APPLICATION  
OF HOLOGRAPHIC  
AND TRANSPORTER  
TECHNOLOGY,  
DOCTOR.

WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
TRANSPORTER  
TECHNOLOGY,  
SPOCK??

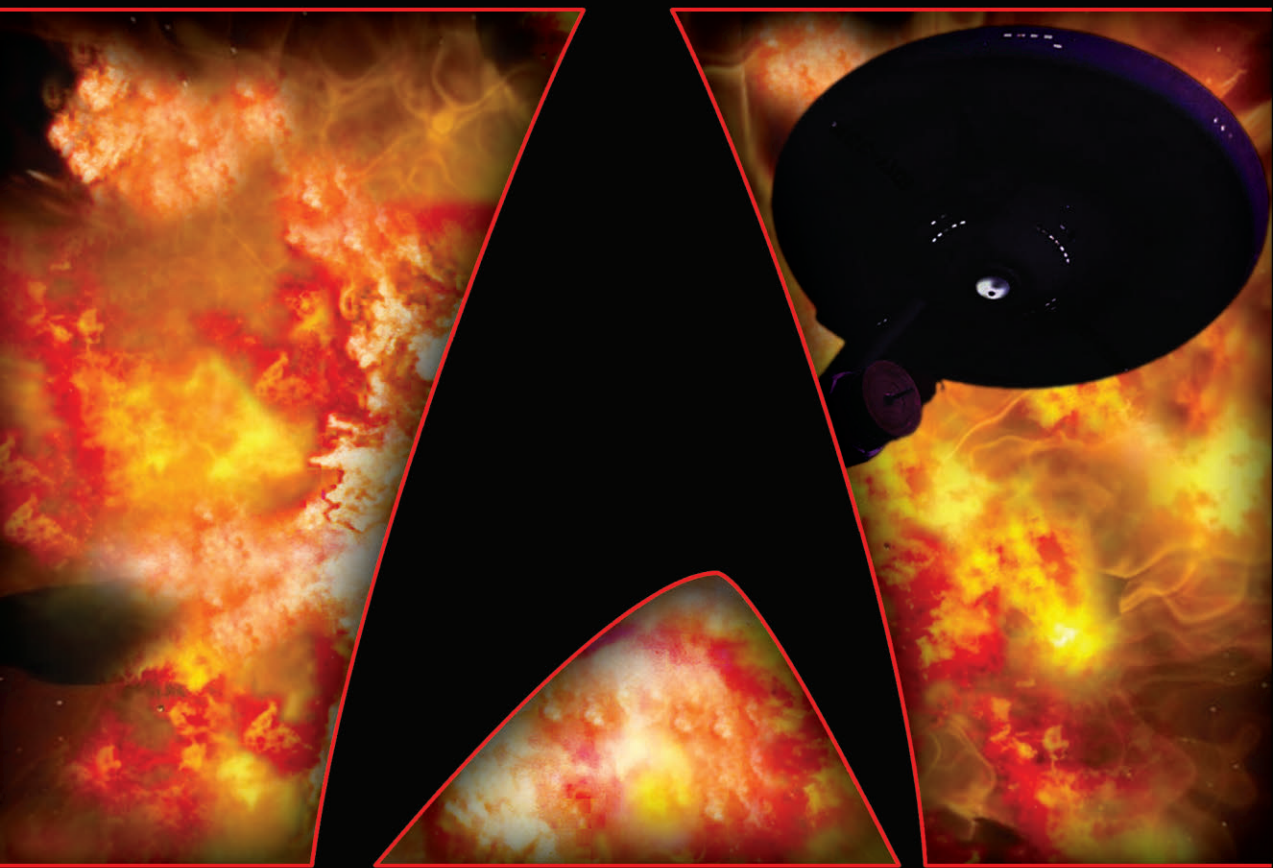
END  
PRO-  
GRAM!



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







# STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>

## NEW VISIONS

Presenting all-new tales set in the *Star Trek: The Original Series* universe, done in a unique, one-of-a-kind photomontage style, using images from the classic TV series.

First, pulled down to a world made entirely of water, the *Enterprise* is in danger of literally flooding. Spock and McCoy discover a sinister purpose behind this bizarre planet in "What Pain It Is To Drown." Then, in "The Hunger," a mysterious entity has drifted above the outer rim of the Galaxy for thousands of years, draining life from all the worlds it found there. Now, it has learned of the banquet of populous planets near the heart of the Milky Way, and is heading there at terrifying speed. Then, Captain Kirk has found himself all alone on the *Enterprise* before—but what happens when each individual member of the crew finds themselves in a similar state? And who is behind this... "Isolation?"

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Collects issues #18–20