

STAR TREK

NEW VISIONS



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STAR TREK[®]

NEW VISIONS





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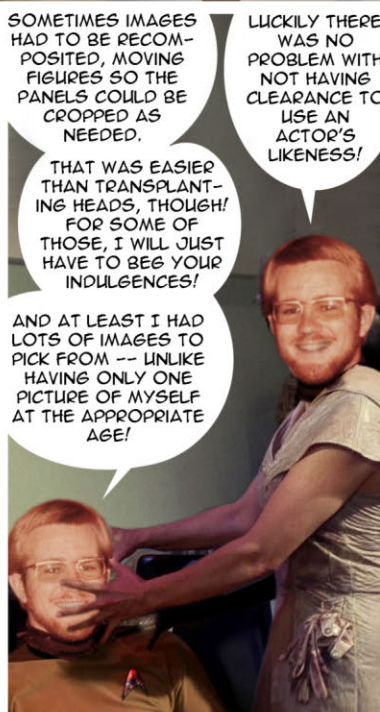
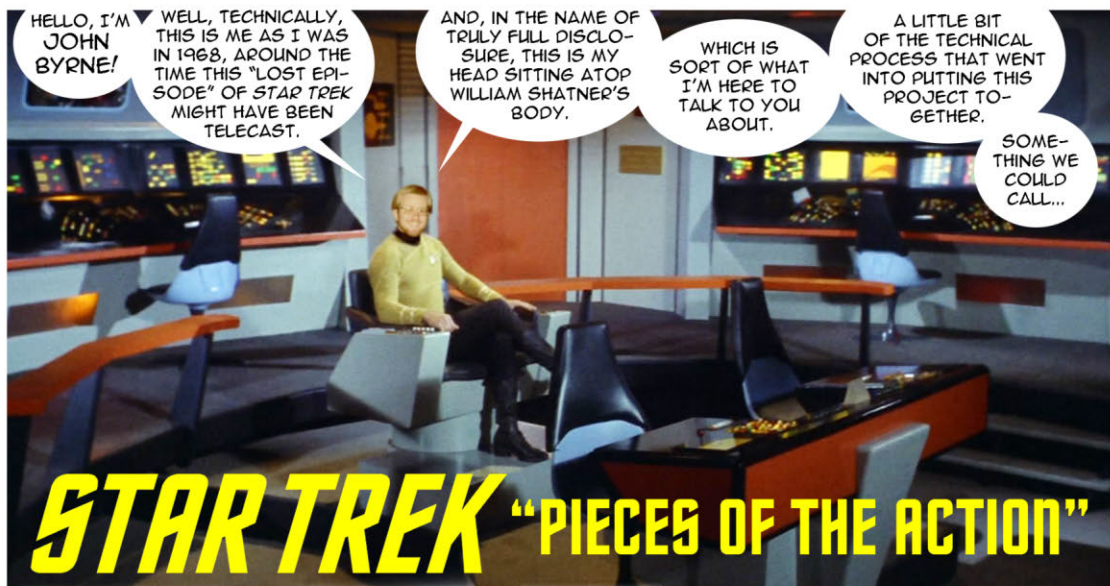
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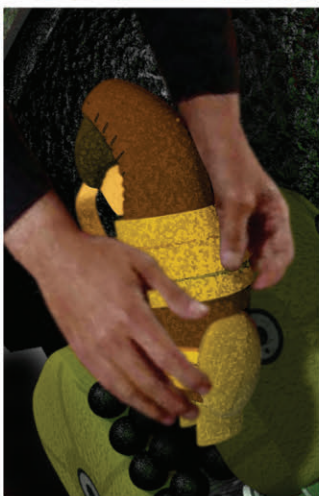




The Enemy of My Enemy







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**

SHIP'S LOG,
STARDATE 6901.8,
FIRST OFFICER
RECORDING.



WE HAVE REACHED
THE LAST KNOWN
LOCATION OF THE SHIP
CARRYING CAPTAIN KIRK
AND HIS PRISONER.

"THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY"

READING
NOTHING BUT
DEBRIS, MR.
SPOCK.

THAT,
AND... SIX
BODIES.

SIX.

IS...
IS ONE OF
THEM TH'
CAP'N?



Photomontage
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**

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



WE CAN PRAY NOT, SCOTTY.

BUT THOSE BODIES ARE SO BADLY BURNED...

...THERE'S NO WAY TO BE CERTAIN WITHOUT A DNA SCAN.



THAT CAN BE DONE AS THE BODIES ARE BEAMED ABOARD.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS ONE SMALL CHANCE OF HOPE.

HOPE? WHAT HOPE? THOSE MEN HAVE BEEN SEARED!



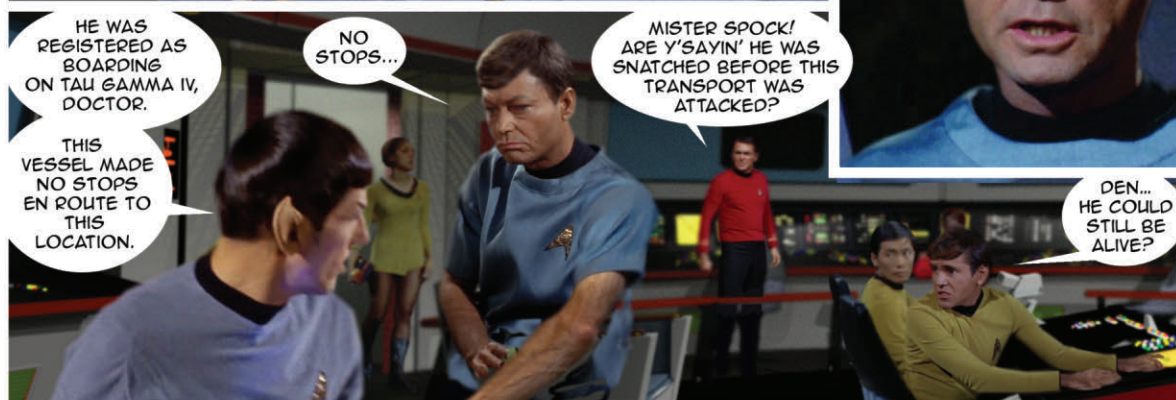
UNNECESSARILY GRAPHIC BUT CORRECT, DOCTOR.

HOWEVER, THE CREW COMPLIMENT OF THIS SHIP WAS SIX.



WHICH MEANS IF THE CAPTAIN WAS ABOARD WE SHOULD BE DETECTING EIGHT BODIES.

WAIT! ARE YOU SAYING JIM MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABOARD?



HE WAS REGISTERED AS BOARDING ON TAU GAMMA IV, DOCTOR.

NO STOPS...

THIS VESSEL MADE NO STOPS EN ROUTE TO THIS LOCATION.

MISTER SPOCK! ARE Y'SAYIN' HE WAS SNATCHED BEFORE THIS TRANSPORT WAS ATTACKED?

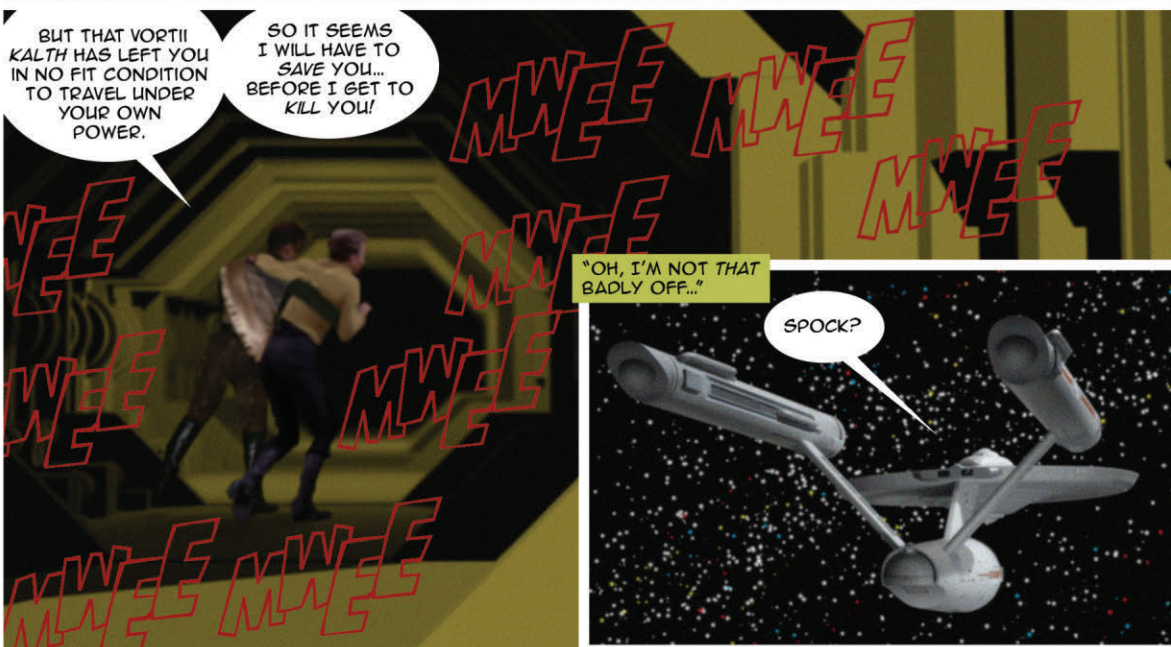
DEN... HE COULD STILL BE ALIVE?



A REMOTE POSSIBILITY, MISTER CHEKOV.

BUT ONE WORTH INVESTIGATING.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THAT?"







IF THE
CALCULATED
COURSE HOLDS
TRUE...

...WE'LL BE
CRUISING INTO
THE HEART OF
UNCONTESTED
VROTHIAN SPACE.



HOW
MANY?



SIR,
ONLY
TWO.

SIR,
THE KLINGON
KOR, AND THE
EARTHLING
KIRK.



SKKRAT!

I WAS SURE
BONDING THOSE
TWO WOULD
PREVENT
THIS!

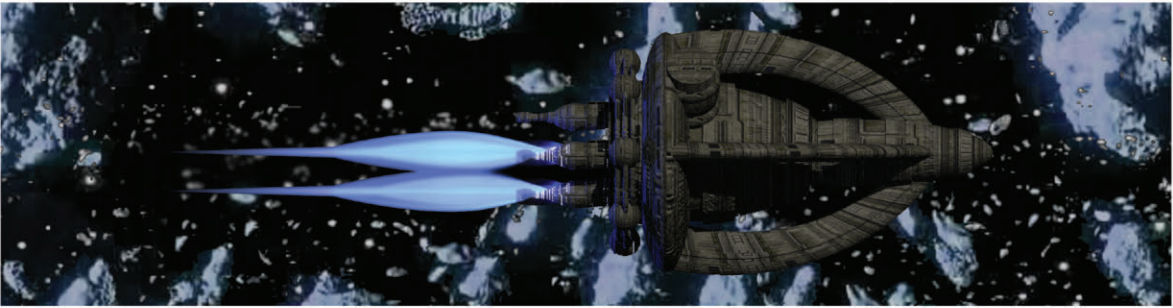
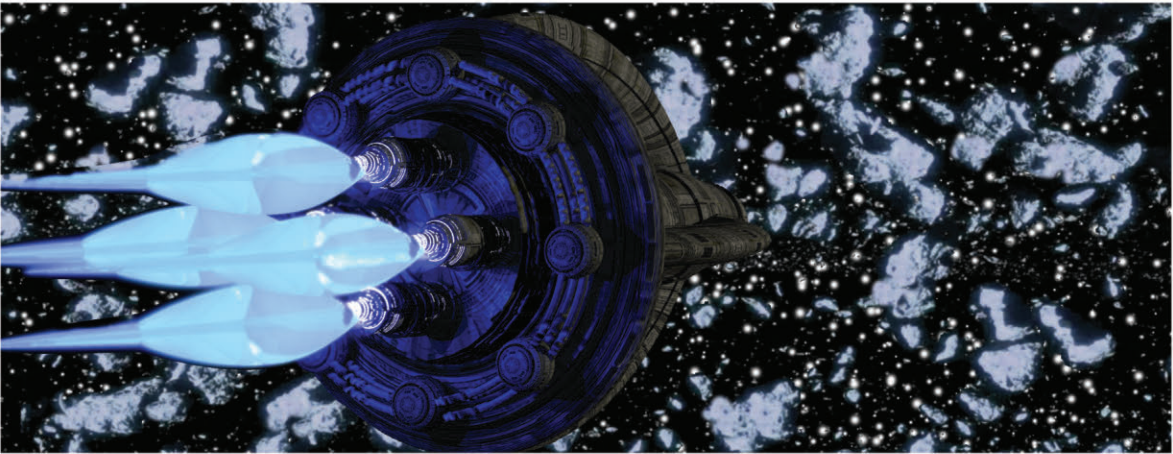
HOW MANY
SHIPS ARE
LEFT?

NO! IT DOES
NOT MATTER!
SEND ALL OF
THEM!

FIND
THEM!



SIR, THERE
IS ONE PART
GOOD NEWS.





YOU STOLE A SHIP THAT WAS ALMOST OUT OF FUEL?

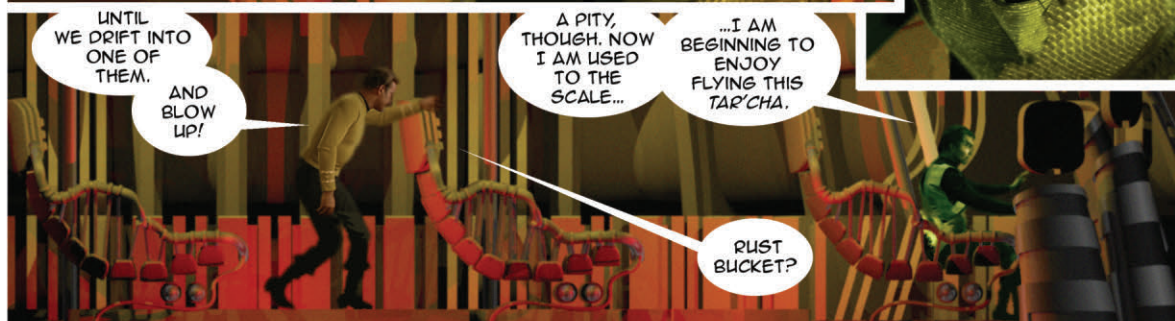
IS THAT SOME KLINGON BATTLE TACTIC I'M NOT AWARE OF?

SPARE ME YOUR SARCASM, KIRK.

YOU WERE AS EAGER TO GET AWAY AS WAS I.



AT LEAST WHAT LITTLE FUEL WE HAD WAS ENOUGH TO CARRY US AS FAR AS THIS ASTEROID FIELD. WE WILL BE HARD TO SPOT.



UNTIL WE DRIFT INTO ONE OF THEM.

AND BLOW UP!

A PITY, THOUGH. NOW I AM USED TO THE SCALE...

...I AM BEGINNING TO ENJOY FLYING THIS TAR'CHA.

RUST BUCKET?



IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD! THIS IS THE BEST THE VROTII HAVE TO OFFER!

YES... AND I AM LEARNING MORE ABOUT THEIR TECHNOLOGY BY THE MINUTE.



MUCH TO REPORT BACK.

BUT, LOOK! IF I AM READING THESE EYE-SCALDING SCREENS...

COAST.

...THERE IS A CLASS M PLANET WE MAY BE ABLE TO COAST TO FROM HERE.



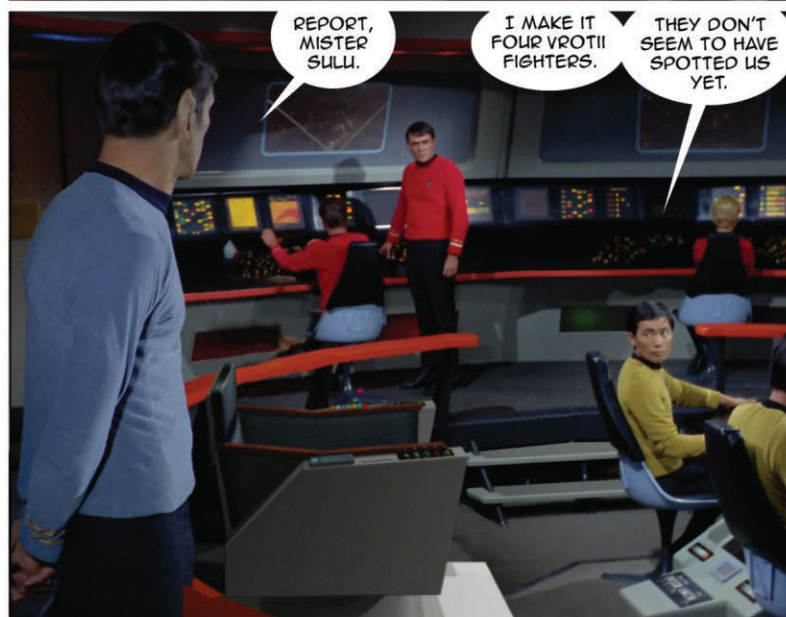
AND WHEN WE GET THERE... HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE LAND?



WELL... YOU'RE A BETTER PILOT THAN I, KIRK.

I THOUGHT I'D LEAVE THAT UP TO YOU!

"CONTACT DEAD AHEAD, MR. SPOCK."



REPORT, MISTER SULLI.

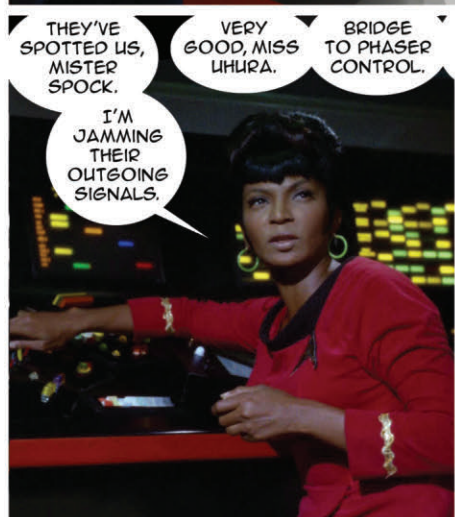
I MAKE IT FOUR VROTII FIGHTERS.

THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE SPOTTED US YET.



SHIELDS UP.

ALL DECKS TO RED ALERT.



THEY'VE SPOTTED US, MISTER SPOCK.

VERY GOOD, MISS UHURA.

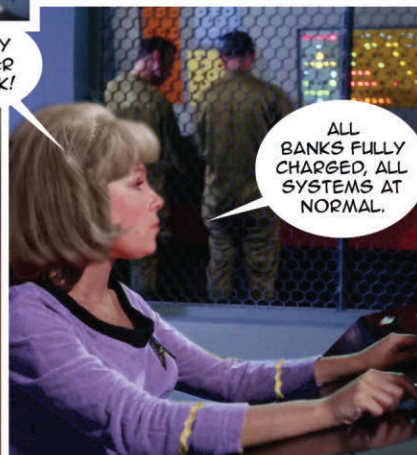
BRIDGE TO PHASER CONTROL.

REPORT READINESS.

I'M JAMMING THEIR OUTGOING SIGNALS.



READY MISTER SPOCK!



ALL BANKS FULLY CHARGED, ALL SYSTEMS AT NORMAL.



"HERE THEY COME!"



THERE'S ONE CHANCE.

BUT THIS TIME WITHOUT EVEN FUMES TO FUEL THE ENGINES.



IF I CAN BRING US IN ON A SHALLOW APPROACH, THE ATMOSPHERE WILL SLOW OUR DESCENT...

ASSUMING WE DON'T BURN UP!

OR SKIP RIGHT OFF THE IONOSPHERE AND GET BOUNCED BACK INTO SPACE.

ANYWAY, WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!

IF YOU HAVE ANY FAVORITE KLINGON GODS...



"...I SUGGEST YOU START PRAYING TO THEM!"

"HARD TO STARBOARD!"

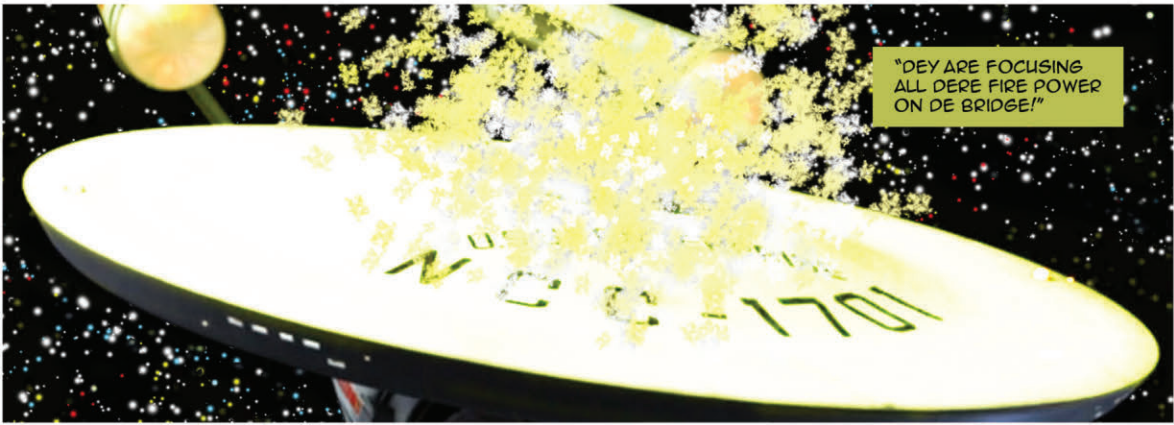


SCOTT! REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF THE SHIELDS!

HOLDIN'! BUT THE WAY THOSE VROTII BLASTERS KEEP SHIFTIN' THEIR PHASE...

IT'S LIKE THEY CAN HIT US IN THE SAME SPOT WI' TEN DIFFERENT WEAPONS AT ONCE!

SIR! DEY ARE SHIFTING DERE ATTACK CONFIGURATION!



"DEY ARE FOCUSING ALL DERE FIRE POWER ON DE BRIDGE!"



SIR! THEY'RE CONTINUING TO TRY TO SIGNAL THEIR HOME BASE.

THEY'RE USING THE SAME RAPID CYCLE TECHNOLOGY AS IN THEIR WEAPONS.

DO YOUR BEST TO KEEP AHEAD OF THEM, LIEUTENANT.

MISTER SCOTT, CAN YOU BOOST SHIELD LEVELS?



AYE, I CAN, BUT I WOULD NAE RECOMMEND IT, MISTER SPOCK.

SICK-BAY TO BRIDGE!



SPOCK HERE.



WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?

SPOCK, CAN'T YOU GET US OUT OF HERE?

I'VE GOT ALL OF MY STAFF OUT DEALING WITH INJURIES ALL OVER THE SHIP.

MOSTLY SEVERE RADIATION BURNS FROM THE OUTER HULL.



WE ARE NEARLY READY TO TAKE ACTION, DOCTOR.

ALL DONE, MR. SPOCK. READY TO EXECUTE ON YOUR ORDER.

MR. SULL. HAVE YOU COMPLETED YOUR CALCULATIONS?



"THEN... PROCEED."

MOVE!



YOU MAY HAVE
GOTTEN US DOWN
IN ONE
PIECE...

...BUT EVERY
SYSTEM ON
THIS SHIP IS
SHORTING
OUT!

REALLY, KOR?
I HADN'T
NOTICED!



THAT WAS...
WHAT IS YOUR
EARTH
PHRASE?

TOO
CLOSE FOR
COMFORT?



WE
HAVE TO
KEEP
GOING.

IF
THERE ARE
ANY NATIVES
ON THIS
PLANET...



...THEY'LL
HAVE SEEN
THE CRASH FOR
MILES!

YES.



I SUPPOSE
THAT COULD BE
A PROBLEM,
UNTIL WE KNOW
WHICH SIDE
THEY'RE
ON!

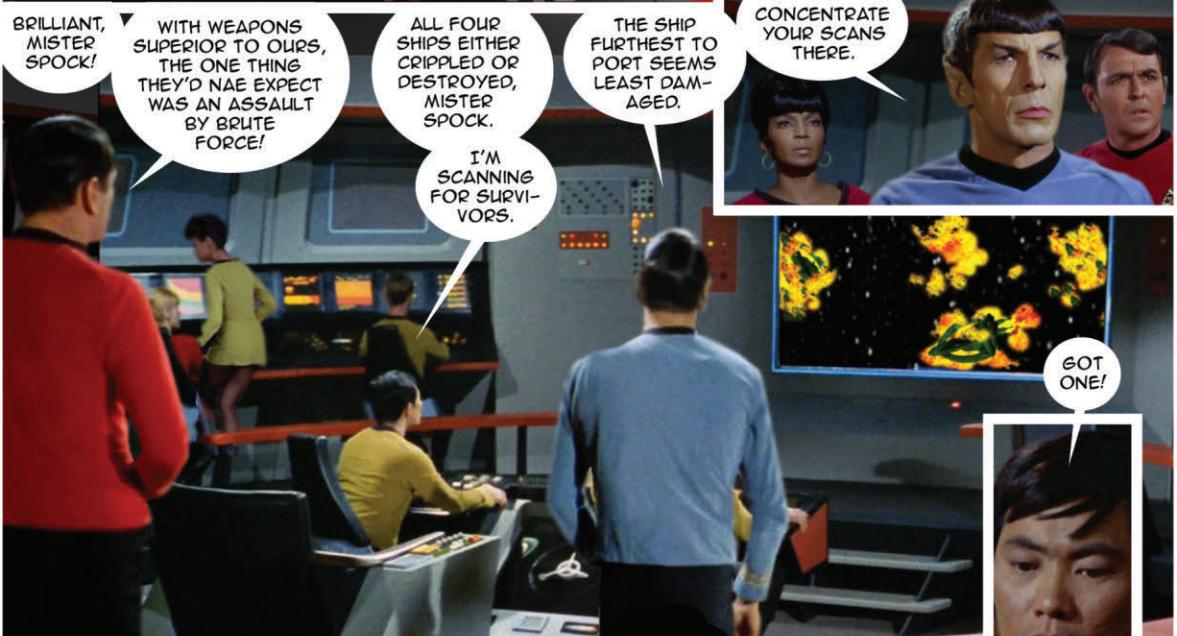
"NOW, MR. SULLU."



"AYE, SIR!
FULL IMPULSE
POWER."



"SHIELDS AT
MAXIMUM!"



BRILLIANT,
MISTER
SPOCK!

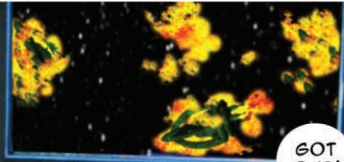
WITH WEAPONS
SUPERIOR TO OURS,
THE ONE THING
THEY'D NAE EXPECT
WAS AN ASSAULT
BY BRUTE
FORCE!

ALL FOUR SHIPS EITHER
CRIPPLED OR
DESTROYED,
MISTER
SPOCK.

I'M
SCANNING
FOR SURVI-
VORS.

THE SHIP
FURTHEST TO
PORT SEEMS
LEAST DAM-
AGED.

CONCENTRATE
YOUR SCANS
THERE.



GOT
ONE!



THAT'S
PRETTY STANDARD
VROTIIAN
TECHNOLOGY.



THAT'S A TRILINIUM
PROCESSING
STATION.

THERE MUST
BE CONSIDERABLE
DEPOSITS HERE
FOR THE VROTII TO
INVEST SO MUCH
EFFORT.

AND WE CAN
ASSUME THEY
DIDN'T BOTHER TO
DRAW UP A
MINING CONTRACT
WITH THE NATIVE
POPULATION.

BUT THAT
STATION IS THE
ONLY PLACE
WE'RE LIKELY TO
FIND A SHIP.



OF COURSE,
YOU REALIZE, KIRK,
THAT A SHIP WILL
MEAN THERE ARE
VROTII SOLDIERS
SOMEWHERE
CLOSE.

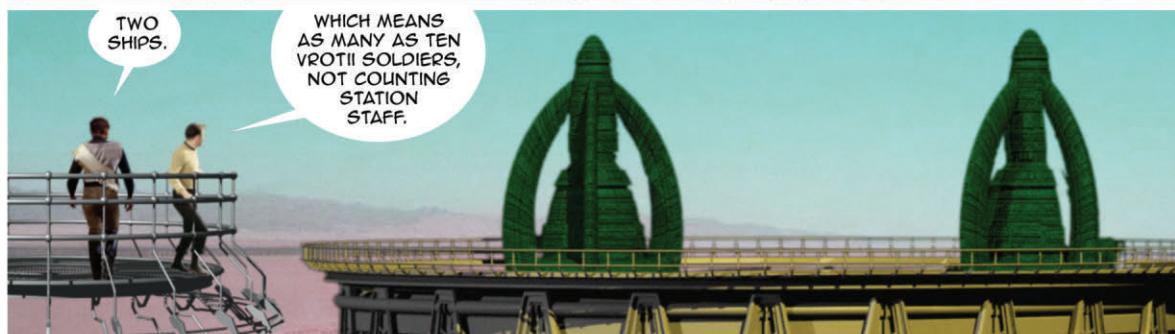


WHICH IS
WHY I'D LIKE
TO MAKE THIS
HAPPEN AS
QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE!



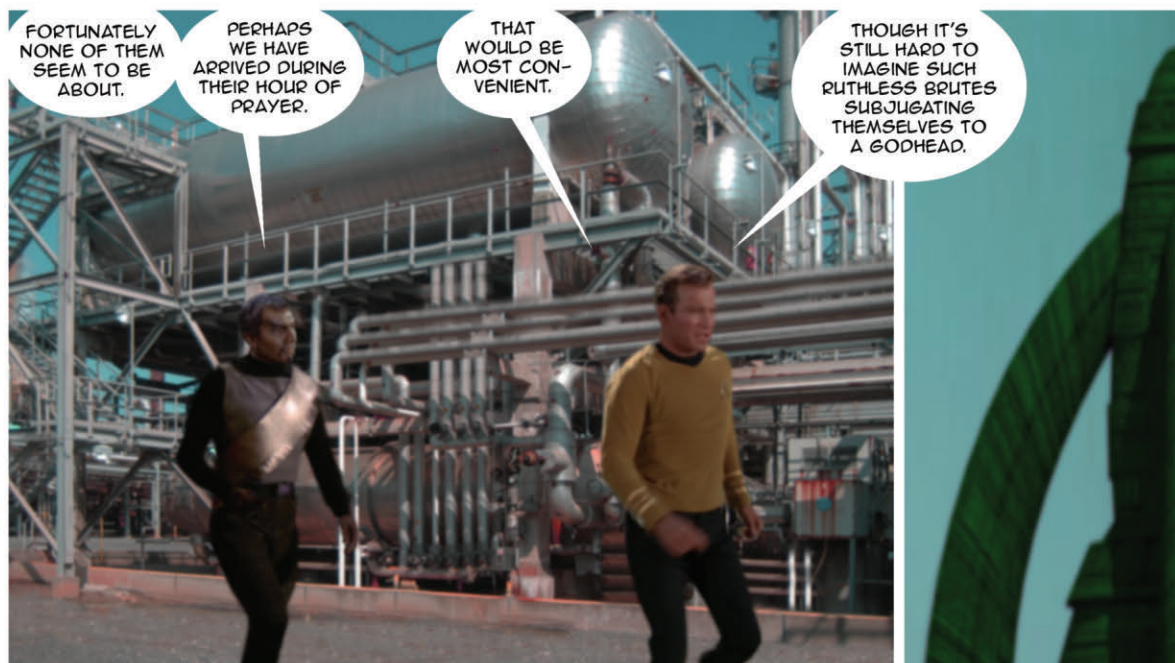
THERE'S
A CATWALK
AHEAD.

WE CAN
SURVEY MORE
TERRITORY
FROM UP
THERE.



TWO
SHIPS.

WHICH MEANS
AS MANY AS TEN
VROTII SOLDIERS,
NOT COUNTING
STATION
STAFF.



FORTUNATELY
NONE OF THEM
SEEM TO BE
ABOUT.

PERHAPS
WE HAVE
ARRIVED DURING
THEIR HOUR OF
PRAYER.

THAT
WOULD BE
MOST CON-
VENIENT.

THOUGH IT'S
STILL HARD TO
IMAGINE SUCH
RUTHLESS BRUTES
SUBJUGATING
THEMSELVES TO
A GODHEAD.



BOTH SHIPS
LOOK LIKE
THE SAME KIND
AS WE STOLE
BEFORE.

THAT'LL MAKE
LIFE A LITTLE
EASIER, AT LEAST,
NOT HAVING TO
LEARN THE CONTROLS
AGAIN.



AND
THIS TIME
WE'LL MAKE
SURE IT'S GOT
A FULL
TANK!

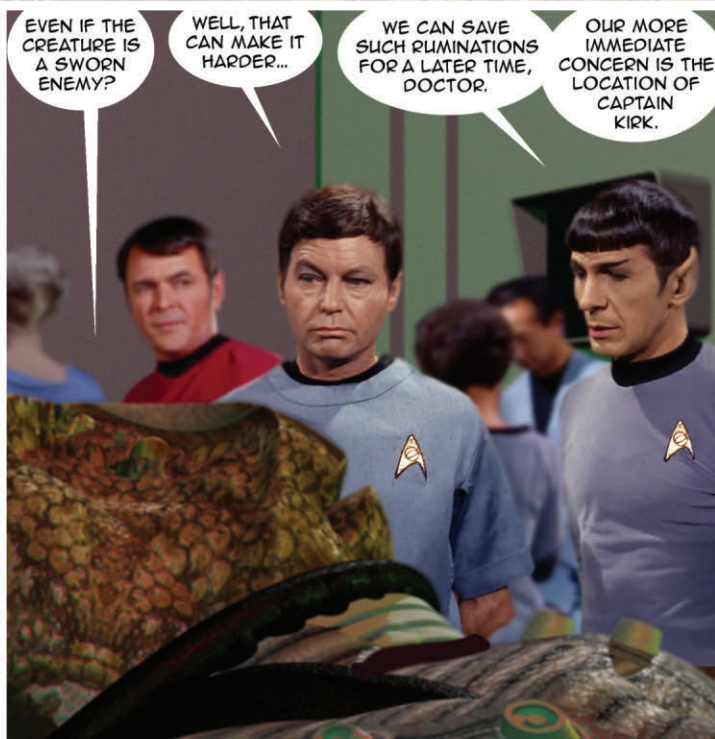
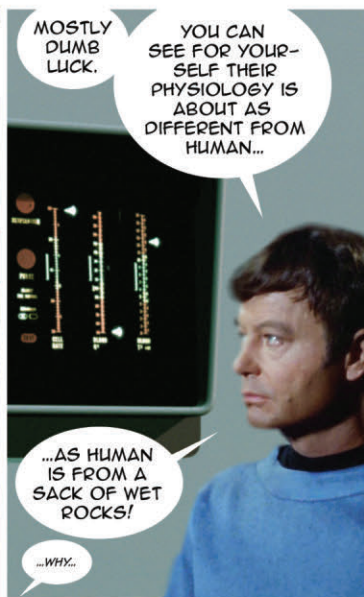
OH,
VERY
DROLL,
KIRK.



NOW WE ONLY
NEED TO HOPE THAT
THE LAUNCH PROTO-
COLS HERE ARE NO
MORE STRICT THAN
ON...

HOLD IT!
THINGS JUST GOT
COMPLICATED!

"HE'LL MAKE
IT..."





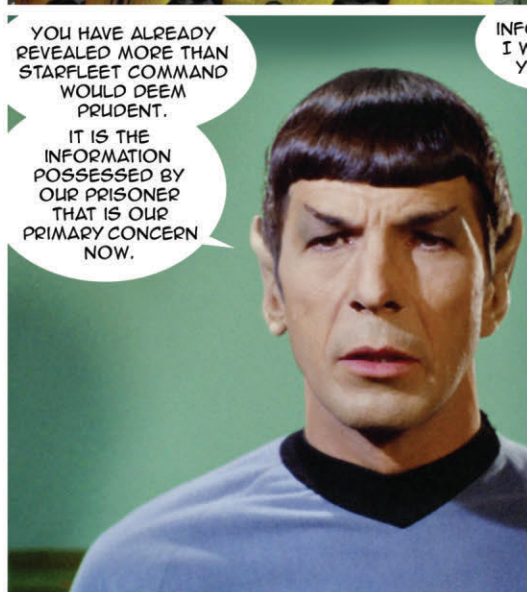
KIRK. THIS NAME IS KNOWN TO ME.

WHAT IS HE TO YOU?

HE HAPPENS TO BE OUR COMMANDING OFFICER...

...AND WE WANT HIM BACK!

CALM YOURSELF, DOCTOR.



YOU HAVE ALREADY REVEALED MORE THAN STARFLEET COMMAND WOULD DEEM PRUDENT.

IT IS THE INFORMATION POSSESSED BY OUR PRISONER THAT IS OUR PRIMARY CONCERN NOW.

INFORMATION? I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY...

UHH? WHY CAN'T I MOVE?

A NICE NEW RESTRAININ' FIELD I JUST GOT DONE INSTALLIN'.



NO MATTER! I WILL REVEAL NOTHING THAT I KNOW!

SO, YOU DO KNOW SOMETHING!

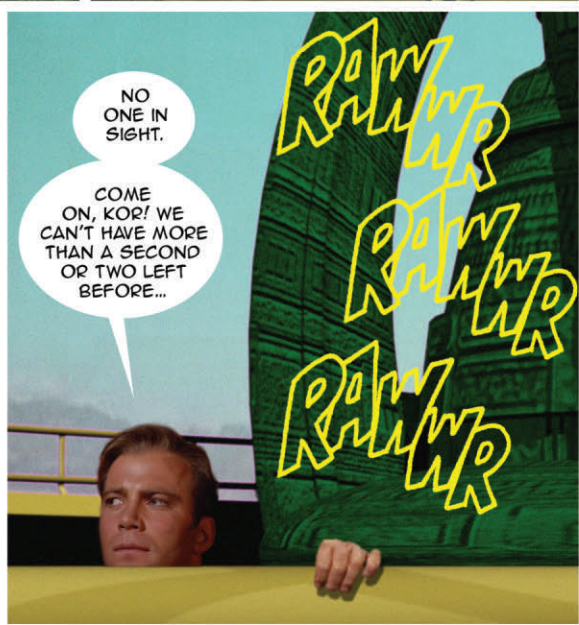
AND WE HAVE THE PERFECT CAN-OPENER FOR STUBBORN CASES LIKE YOU!



DON'T WE, SPOCK?



WE... DO...





THESE ARE THE COORDINATES I WAS ABLE TO EXTRACT.

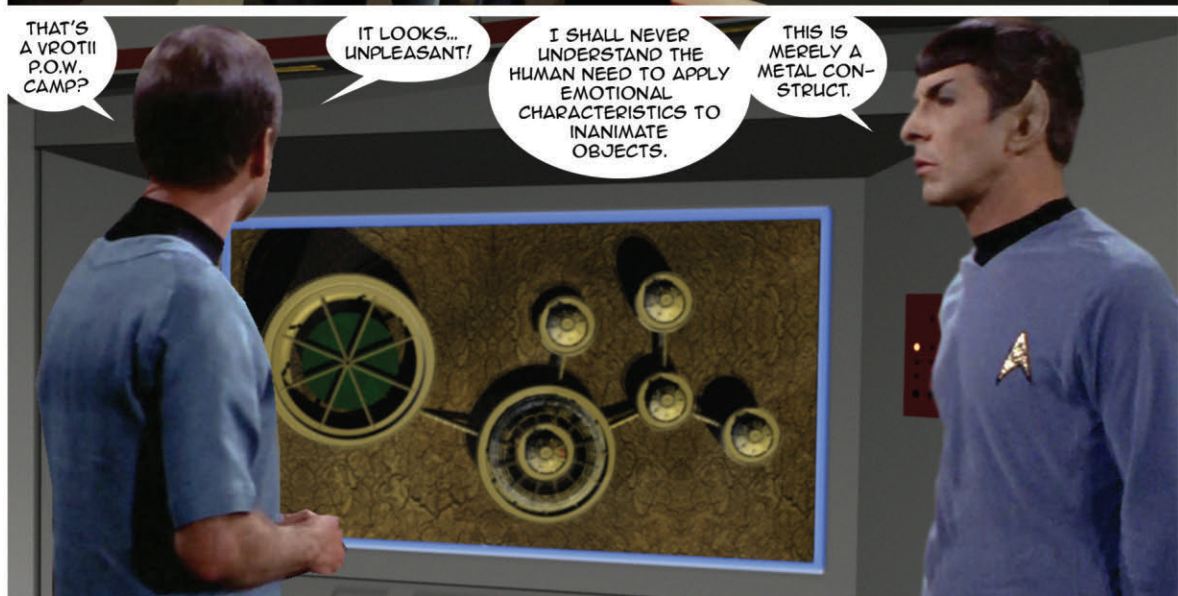
AND AS YOU WELL KNOW, DOCTOR, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LIE WHILE UNDER A MIND-MELD.

DON'T REMIND ME!

MR. SPOCK, I'M READING ONE ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE ON THE SURFACE.

RIGHT WHERE YOU SAID IT WOULD BE.

COMINK INTO VISUAL RANGE NOW, SIR!



THAT'S A VROTII P.O.W. CAMP?

IT LOOKS... UNPLEASANT!

I SHALL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE HUMAN NEED TO APPLY EMOTIONAL CHARACTERISTICS TO INANIMATE OBJECTS.

THIS IS MERELY A METAL CONSTRUCT.



YOU CAN LECTURE ME ON HUMAN FOIBLES LATER.

HAVE YOU FOUND THE CAPTAIN?

NO.

SCANNERS INDICATE SEVENTEEN VROTII, NINE KLINGONS, AND EIGHT HUMANS.

NONE OF WHICH ARE OUR CAPTAIN.

THEN THAT PRISONER DID LIE!



I THINK NOT, DOCTOR. I AM DETECTING ALARMS IN THE CAMP.

PLUS, THERE ARE NO SHIPS IN THE DOCKING BAY.

SO? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT SOUNDS TO ME AS IF THE CAP'N HAS ESCAPED!



A LOGICAL DEDUCTION, MISTER SCOTT.

NOW, WE MUST TAKE STEPS TO NEUTRALIZE THE VROTII FORCES ON THE GROUND.

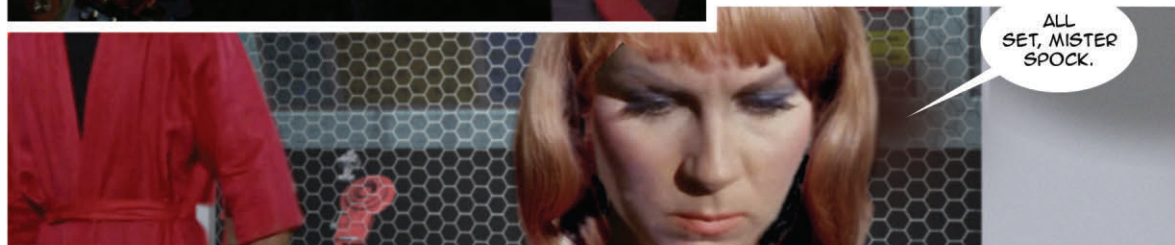
SPOCK! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIRE PHASERS WITHOUT WARNING!



YES, DOCTOR, I AM.

BUT NOT WITHOUT A SLIGHT ADJUSTMENT.

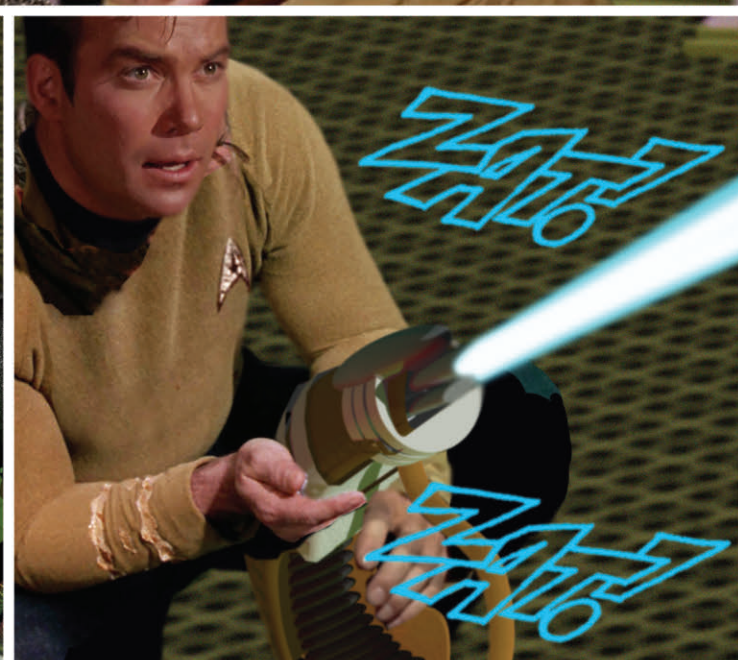
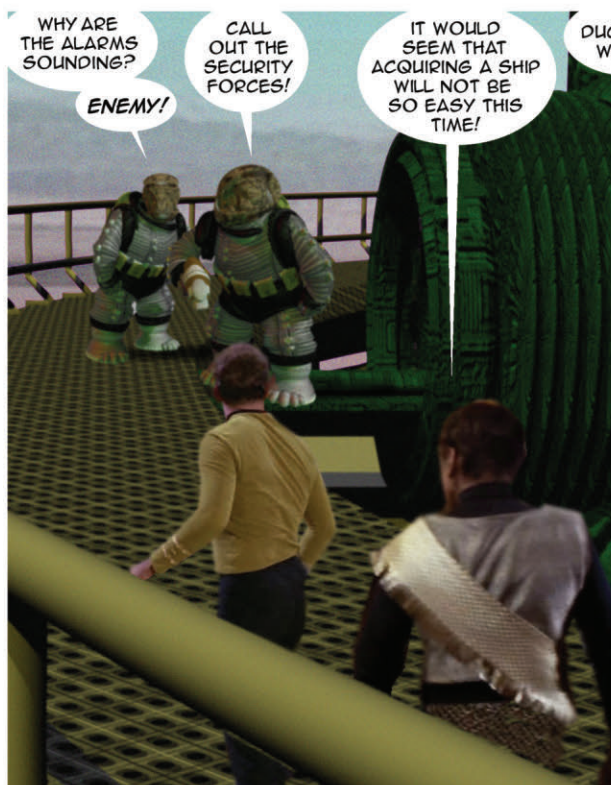
PHASER CONTROL REPORT.

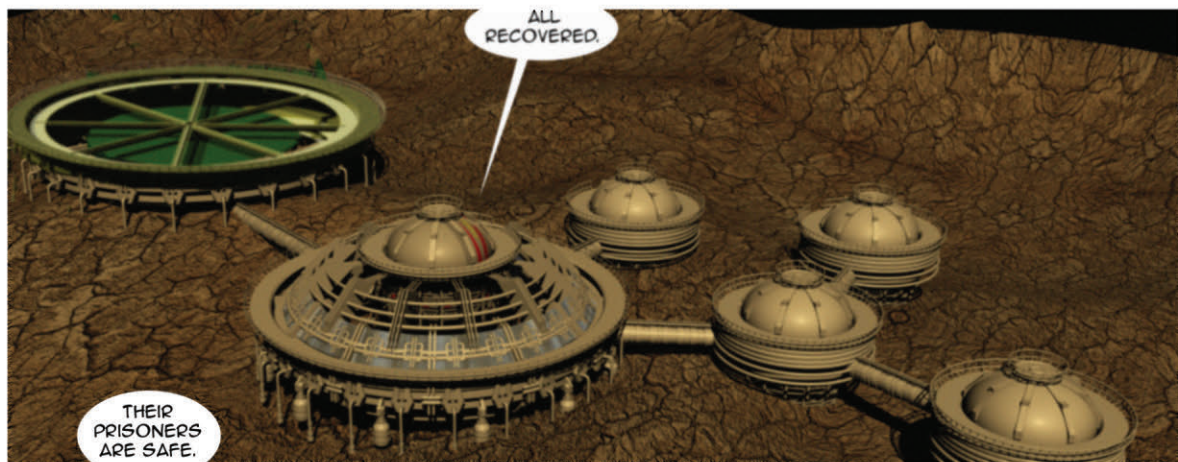


ALL SET, MISTER SPOCK.



"FIRE."





THEIR PRISONERS ARE SAFE.



THEY'VE BEEN BEAMED UP T'THE SHIP -- KLINGONS T'THE BRIG AFTER A VISIT TO SICKBAY.

ALL GOOD, MISTER SCOTT.

MY HEAD IS SWIMMING AFTER THAT TASTE OF YOUR STUN WEAPONS.

BUT NOT SO MUCH THAT I WOULD HELP YOU.

AND NOW, COMMANDER JOR, PERHAPS YOU WILL TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND OUR CAPTAIN!



WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY THEY CHOSE TO ESCAPE TOGETHER.

I MEAN, SURE, THEY RESPECT EACH OTHER AS WARRIORS...

...BUT BASICALLY THEY HATE EACH OTHER'S BUTS!



THAT IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, EARTH-MAN.

WE PLAYED A LITTLE JOKE ON THEM!



I NEVER WOULD'A THOUGHT OF TH' VROTII HAVIN' A SENSE O' HUMOR!



A GENEROUS
INTERPRETATION,
MR. SCOTT...

...OF A
SOMEWHAT
SADISTIC
ACTION.

SOMEWHAT
SADISTIC?

TELLING JIM
AND KOR THAT THERE
WERE CHIPS IMPLANTED
IN THEIR HEARTS THAT
WOULD BLOW UP IF
THEY GOT MORE THAN
TEN METERS
APART!

DIABOLICAL
EVEN BY VROTII
STANDARDS!

ONCE
AGAIN, WE
SHOULD COUNT
OURSELVES LUCKY THAT
THE VROTII ARE NOT
IN LEAGUE WITH THE
KLINGONS.

THE ENEMY
OF MY ENEMY
IS NOT MY
FRIEND, EH,
SPOCK?



MISTER
SPOCK, I'M
STARTING TO
LOSE THE FIX
ON THE VROTII
SHIP'S
TRAIL!

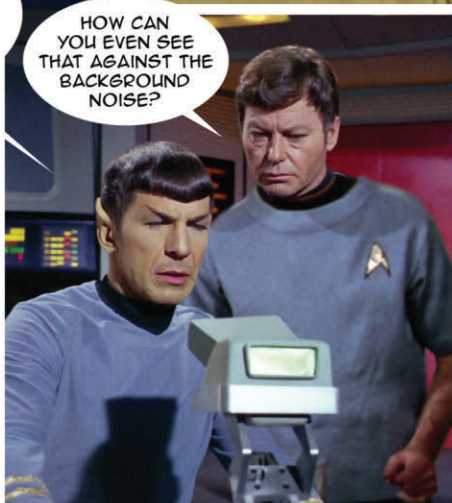


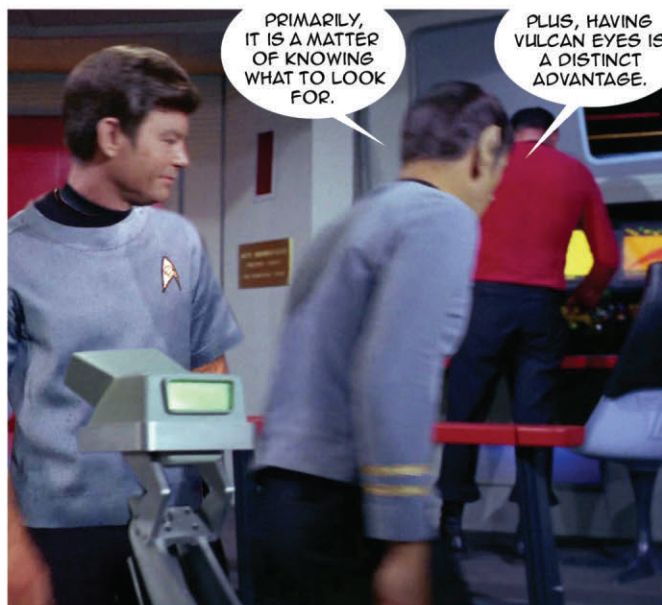
I WILL
ASSUME THE
SCANNING POST,
MISTER
SULLI.

I
HOPED YOU
WOULD!

YES... THIS
IS THE POINT AT
WHICH THE STOLEN
SHIP HAD NEARLY
EXHAUSTED ITS
FUEL.

HOW CAN
YOU EVEN SEE
THAT AGAINST THE
BACKGROUND
NOISE?





PRIMARYLY,
IT IS A MATTER
OF KNOWING
WHAT TO LOOK
FOR.

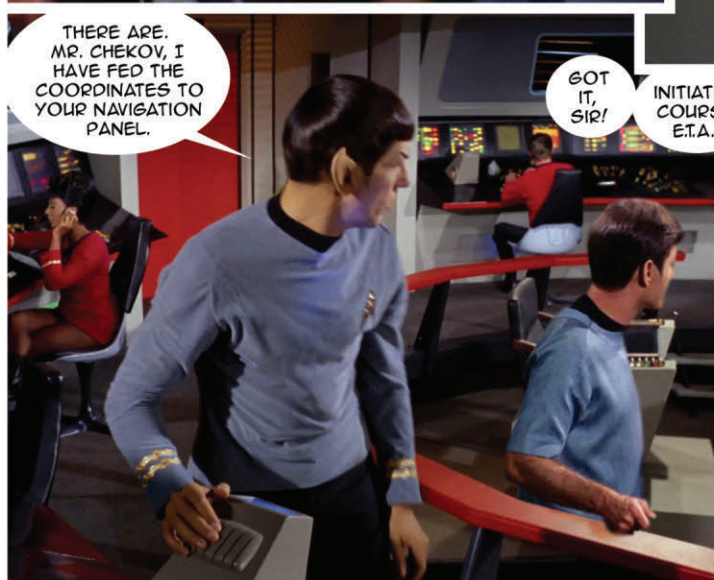
PLUS, HAVING
VULCAN EYES IS
A DISTINCT
ADVANTAGE.



NOW, I NEED
TO EXPAND THE
RANGE OF THE
SCAN...

...TO DETERMINE
IF THERE ARE ANY
WORLDS IN
RANGE OF THE
VROTII SHIP...

...AND ALSO
CAPABLE OF
SUPPORTING
HUMANS AND
KLINGONS.



THERE ARE.
MR. CHEKOV, I
HAVE FED THE
COORDINATES TO
YOUR NAVIGATION
PANEL.

GOT
IT, SIR!

INITIATING
COURSE.
E.T.A...

...FOUR
MINUTES
AT VORP
VON!



"MOVE IT,
KOR!"



I CAN
HEAR MORE
OF THEM
COMING!

YOU'RE
JUST LUCKY
YOUR HEART'S
IN THE WRONG
PLACE!

A...
PLAY...ON
ONE OF...YOUR
EARTH...
APHORISMS?
KOF!



VERY...
KOF...WITTY,
KIRK.

BUT... EVEN
THOUGH IT...
MISSED MY
HEART, THIS IS...
STILL A FATAL
WOUND.

LEAVE
ME THE
WEAPON... AND
KOF...TAKE THE
SHIP.



LET ME DIE...
AS A KLINGON
SHOULD
DIE!



OH, VERY NOBLE, KOR!

BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO ASSUME THAT SHOT HAS CONVENIENTLY EXCISED THE EXECUTION CHIP!



CLEVER, KIRK.

I ADMIT I WAS HOPING IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN

I COULD HAVE CLAIMED A WORTHY DEATH FOR A KLINGON, AND BLOWN YOU UP AT THE SAME TIME!

I PREFER TO CONCENTRATE ON A WORTHY LIFE!

BUT I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US ARE GOING TO SEE OUR WISHES COME TRUE.



THE VROTII HAVE LOCKED THE SHIP ON THE LAUNCH PAD!

THEY'RE COMING ABOARD!

A PITY, KIRK, I WOULD HAVE MUCH PREFERRED TO MAKE A LAST STAND AGAINST YOU...

...RATHER THAN WITH YOU!

THAT'S ONE POINT ON WHICH WE CAN AGREE, KOR!

GET READY!

"ENERGIZE!"





IT SEEMS, KIRK, THAT WHEN- EVER WE GET A GOOD WAR GOING...

...SOMETHING INTERFERES WITH IT!



THE FEDERATION PREFERS A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION TO ANY CONFLICT, COMMANDER.

WE PUT MORE VALUE ON LIVES SAVED THAN TERRITORY GAINED.

THE VROTII HAVE SURRENDERED ALL THEIR BASES, AND WITHDRAWN FROM THE DISPUTED AREAS ON ALL SIDES.

AND THE KLINGON FLEET?

BACK TO THEIR USUAL PATROL AREAS.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO MEET WITH ONE OF THEM TO PICK YOU UP.



AND SO ENDS THE GREAT HUMAN/KLINGON ALLIANCE!

MAYBE THE ORGANIANS WERE RIGHT. MAYBE WE WILL ALL END UP AS FRIENDS SOME DAY!

I WOULD NOT LOOK FOR THAT TO HAPPEN ANY TIME SOON, DOCTOR.



SPOCK IS RIGHT, BONES. EVEN THOUGH KOR AND I WORKED WELL TOGETHER IN A CRISIS, I NEVER FOR ONE MOMENT DOUBTED THAT HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY...

...BUT FOR A VROTII JOKE!

**THE
END**

STAR TREK

CREATED BY
GENE RODDENBERRY
PHOTOPLAY BY
JOHN BYRNE

ALL
STATIONS
REPORT.

THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

NO FURTHER
ACTIVITY, CAPTAIN.
JUST THAT ONE
PULSE.

BUT THAT
SEEMED TO
RIPPLE THROUGH
THE FABRIC OF
TIME AND
SPACE!

SORRY,
DOCTOR. LOOKS
LIKE YOUR TOUR
WILL HAVE TO
WAIT.

THAT'S
QUITE ALL RIGHT,
CAPTAIN.

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT TIME WE
FOUND SOMETHIN'
T'DO! IT'S BIN
WEEKS!

I'M SURPRISED
TO FIND YOU SO
ENTHUSIASTIC,
MISTER
SCOTT.

OUR LAST LITTLE
ADVENTURE PUT YOU
IN SICKBAY FOR
TEN DAYS!

OCH,
T'WAS BUT A
SCRATCH,
CAP'N!

HARDLY
WORTH TH'
TIME
OFF!

APPROACHING
PULSE SOURCE,
CAPTAIN.

SOME-
THING
THERE, BUT
SMALL.



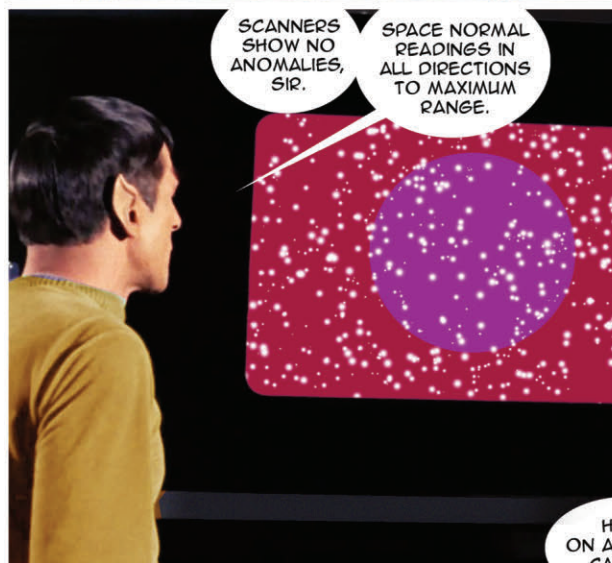
ALL
ENGINES
STOP.

SCANNERS
TO MAXIMUM
RANGE.

ALL
ENGINES
STOP.

THRUSTERS
TO STATION
HOLDING,
SIR.

FORWARD
MOTION AT
ZERO.



SCANNERS
SHOW NO
ANOMALIES,
SIR.

SPACE NORMAL
READINGS IN
ALL DIRECTIONS
TO MAXIMUM
RANGE.



THIS IS
STARTING TO LOOK
LIKE A WILD GOOSE
CHASE!



I'M
PICKING UP
A SIGNAL, VERY
WEAK.

SIR!
IT'S AN OLD
TIME RADIO
SIGNAL!

LOOK!
TO STAR-
BOARD!

WHAT
THE HECK IS
THAT?

IT'S LIKE
SOMETHING
JULES VERNE
WOULD'VE
DREAMED
UP!



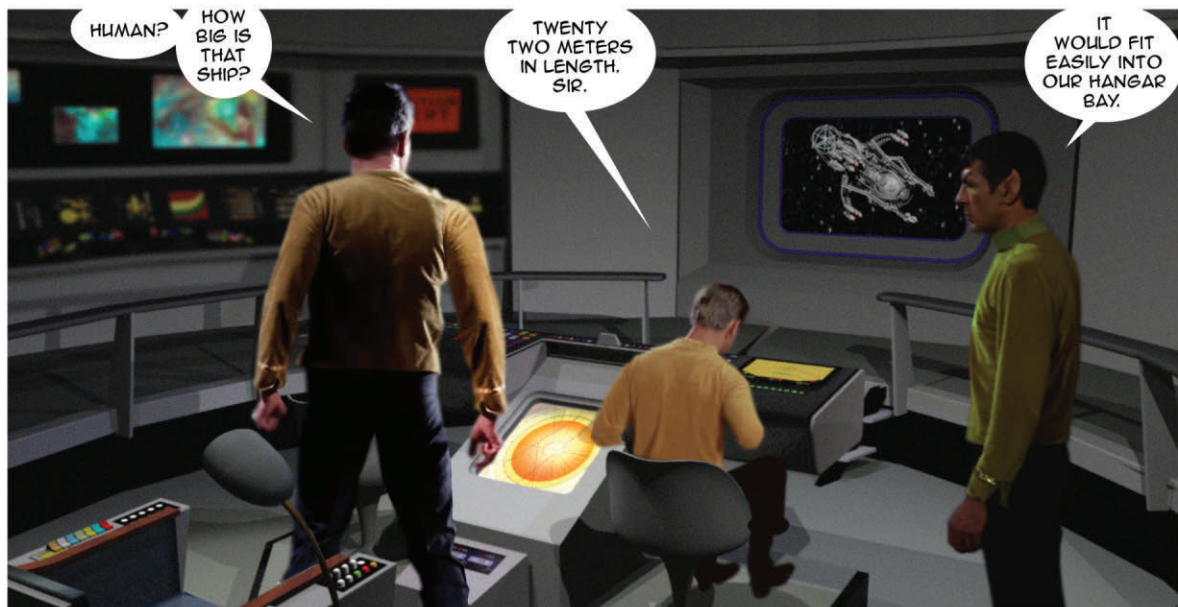
MR.
KELSO MAY
NOT BE
FAR OFF,
CAPTAIN.



ALTHOUGH
THE METAL
APPEARS TO BE
ONLY RECENTLY
FORGED...

...INTERNAL
SCAN SHOWS
AN ATMOSPHERE
EQUIVALENT TO
INDUSTRIALIZED
EARTH, CIRCA
1900.

PLUS...
ONE HUMAN
LIFEFORM!



HUMAN?

HOW
BIG IS
THAT
SHIP?

TWENTY
TWO METERS
IN LENGTH.
SIR.

IT
WOULD FIT
EASILY INTO
OUR HANGAR
BAY.



ONE OF
THESE DAYS
THAT INSATIABLE
CURIOSITY OF
YOURS IS GOING TO
GET YOU INTO
TROUBLE,
MR. SPOCK.

ALL RIGHT,
BRING IT
ABOARD.

BUT
ALERT
SECURITY TO
KEEP A CLOSE
WATCH ON
IT!

I'M
IN NO MOOD
TO GET CAUGHT
UP IN ANOTHER
ALIEN
ILLUSION!



WHY
IS IT SO
DARK?

IT
LOOKED
WHITE!

AN
OPTICAL
ILLUSION,
DOCTOR.
DUE TO THE
EXTREME
BLACKNESS OF
SPACE.

SECURITY,
ANYTHING TO
REPORT?



WE'VE MADE A THOROUGH CHECK OF THE EXTERIOR, SIR...

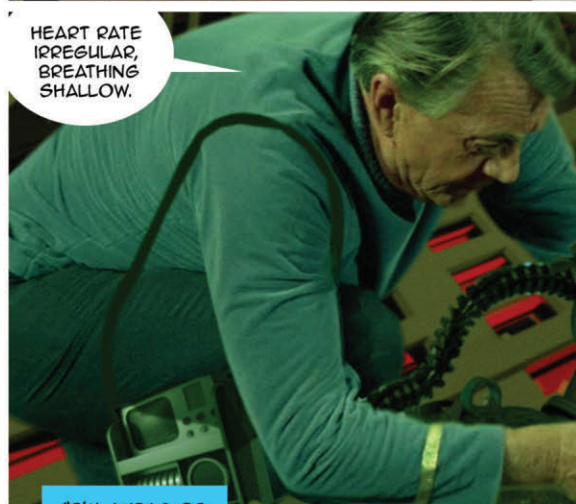
...BUT AS PER YOUR ORDER, WE HAVE NOT MADE ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THE INTERIOR.

WE HAVE FOUND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HATCH, THOUGH.

OPENS EASILY ENOUGH TO...

HOLD IT! HERE'S OUR SINGLE HUMAN!

DOCTOR PIPER, LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE YOUR FIRST CASE AS SHIP'S C.M.O.!



HEART RATE IRREGULAR, BREATHING SHALLOW.

I NEED TO GET THIS HELMET OFF HIM...

I ADVISE TAKING HIM FIRST TO SICK BAY.



"I'M AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT, MR. SPOCK."

PROGNOSIS, DOCTOR?

A MYSTERY, CAPTAIN.

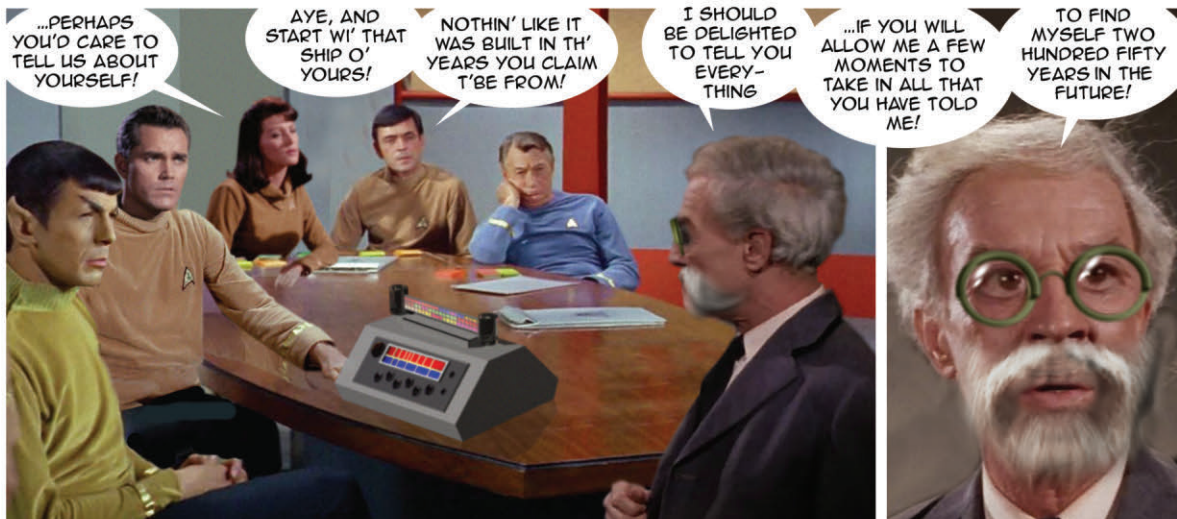
I'VE STABILIZED HIS LIFE-SIGNS, BUT DOING THAT I DISCOVERED THE PARTICULATES IN HIS LUNGS ARE JUST AS SPOCK SAID OF THE SHIP'S AIR.

LIKE A SAMPLING FROM THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY!

AND WHY SHOULD THAT NOT BE THE CASE?



"AND NOW WE'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT US..."



...PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF!

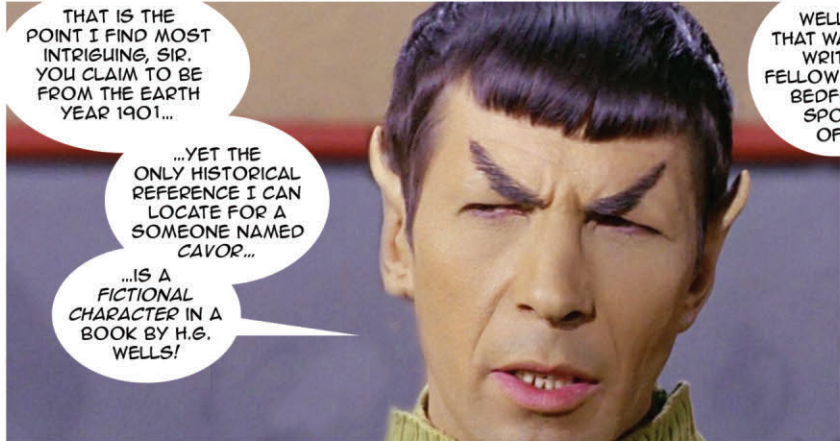
AYE, AND START WI' THAT SHIP O' YOURS!

NOTHIN' LIKE IT WAS BUILT IN TH' YEARS YOU CLAIM T'BE FROM!

I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED TO TELL YOU EVERY-THING

...IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME A FEW MOMENTS TO TAKE IN ALL THAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME!

TO FIND MYSELF TWO HUNDRED FIFTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE!



THAT IS THE POINT I FIND MOST INTRIGUING, SIR. YOU CLAIM TO BE FROM THE EARTH YEAR 1901...

...YET THE ONLY HISTORICAL REFERENCE I CAN LOCATE FOR A SOMEONE NAMED CAVOR...

...IS A FICTIONAL CHARACTER IN A BOOK BY H.G. WELLS!

WELLS? THAT WAS THE WRITER FELLOW WHOM BEDFORD SPOKE OF...



BEDFORD?



ANOTHER FICTIONAL CHARACTER, SIR. FROM THE SAME BOOK BY WELLS.

CAPTAIN, THIS IS BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY MUCH LIKE AN ELABORATE HOAX.

THERE IS NO HOAX, CAPTAIN PIKE, I ASSURE YOU!

I AM EVERY BIT AS DUMBFOUNDED AS ARE YOU!

THAT MAY BE SO, MR. CAVOR, BUT UNTIL WE CAN BE SURE...

A HOAX? BUT TO WHAT END?



"...I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE IN OUR BRIG."

WELL, MISTER SPOCK?

NOTHING OF FURTHER USE, SIR.



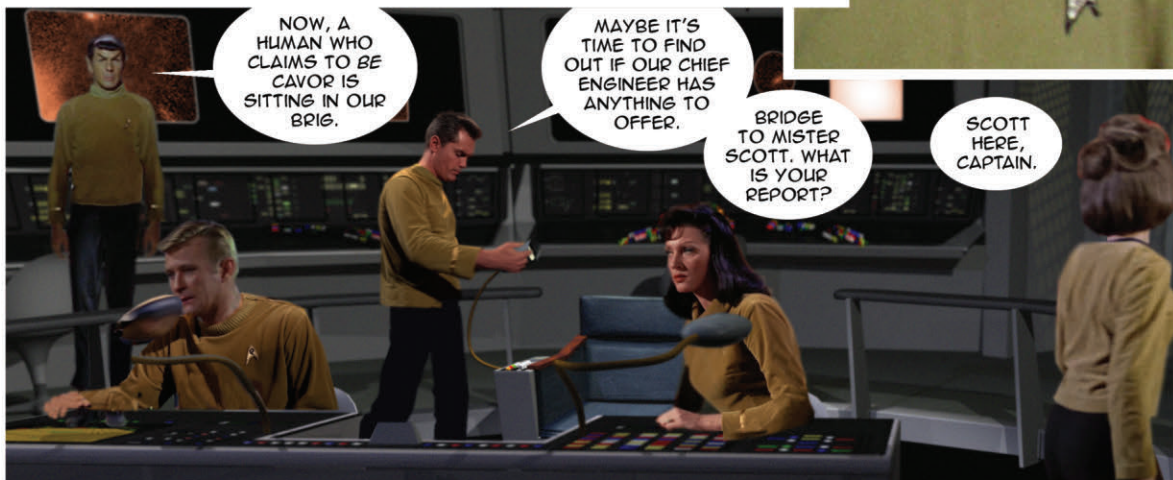
IN 1902, H.G. WELLS PUBLISHED HIS NOVEL, "THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON".

IT TOLD THE STORY OF TWO HUMANS, BEDFORD, THE NARRATOR, AND CAVOR, AN ECCENTRIC INVENTOR.

EMPLOYING A FICTITIOUS ANTI-GRAVITY ALLOY, CAVORITE, THE TWO EMBARKED UPON A JOURNEY TO EARTH'S MOON.

I REMEMBER. THEY ENCOUNTERED HOSTILE INSECTOIDS, SELENITES, AND CAVOR DIED.

OR, AT LEAST, WAS LOST UNDER THE LUNAR CRUST.

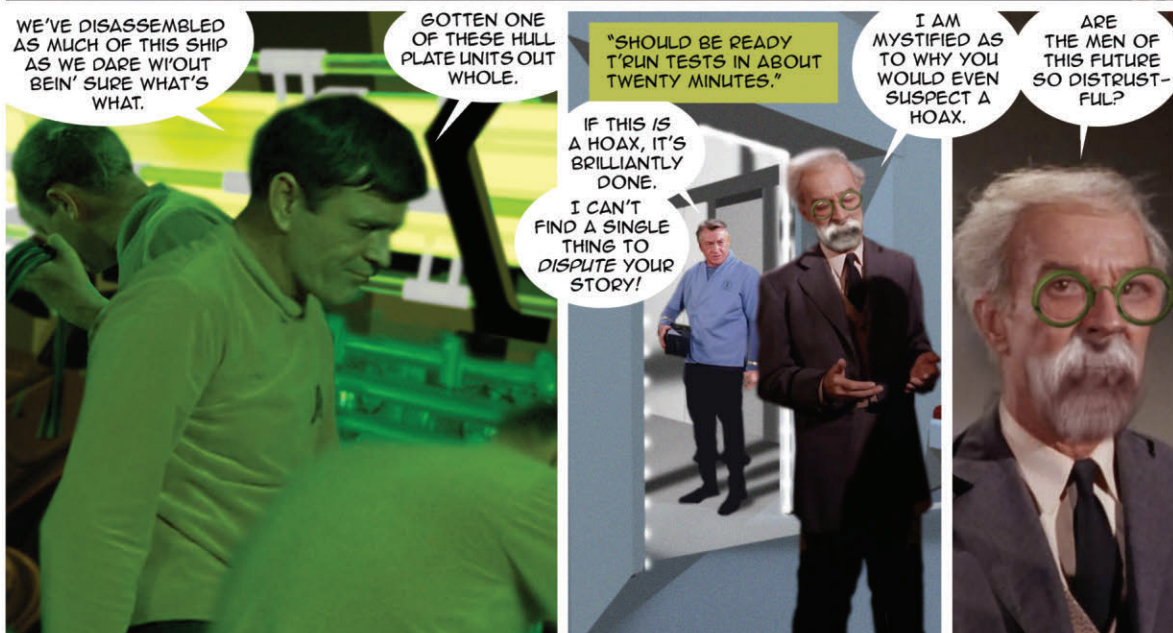


NOW, A HUMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE CAVOR IS SITTING IN OUR BRIG.

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO FIND OUT IF OUR CHIEF ENGINEER HAS ANYTHING TO OFFER.

BRIDGE TO MISTER SCOTT. WHAT IS YOUR REPORT?

SCOTT HERE, CAPTAIN.



WE'VE DISASSEMBLED AS MUCH OF THIS SHIP AS WE DARE W/OUT BEIN' SURE WHAT'S WHAT.

GOTTEN ONE OF THESE HULL PLATE UNITS OUT WHOLE.

"SHOULD BE READY T'RUN TESTS IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES."

I AM MYSTIFIED AS TO WHY YOU WOULD EVEN SUSPECT A HOAX.

ARE THE MEN OF THIS FUTURE SO DISTRUSTFUL?

IF THIS IS A HOAX, IT'S BRILLIANTLY DONE.

I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE THING TO DISPUTE YOUR STORY!



I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHOICE.

THE GALAXY HAS SHOWN ITSELF TO BE A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE.

"WELL, MISTER SCOTT?"



WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

WELL, CAP'N, TH' PROOF O' THIS PUDDIN' TURNS ON THIS HULL PLATE REALLY BEIN' "ANTI-GRAVITY" METAL.

I FIG'RED THE QUICKEST WAY TO FIND OUT TH' TRUTH...

...WOULD BE TO ATTEMPT TO ACTIVATE THE "CAVORITE".

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, MISTER SCOTT!

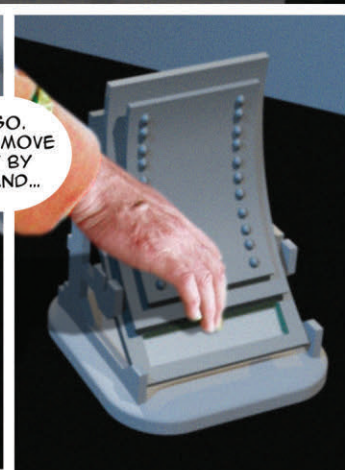
HOW DO YOU INTEND TO PROCEED?



EACH PLATE HAS A SLIDIN' COVER.

IN TH' NOVEL, THEY CONTROL HOW MUCH OF THE CAVORITE IS EXPOSED.

SO, IF I MOVE IT BY HAND...



LOOK! IT'S EMBEDDED ITSELF IN THE BULKHEAD!

BUT... I DIDN'T EVEN SEE IT MOVE!

NEITHER DID I! BUT... THIS SUGGESTS A SOLUTION TO AT LEAST PART OF OUR MYSTERY.



THEN...



...YOU HAVE FINALLY DECIDED TO BELIEVE ME?





MAKE A NOTATION
IN THE CURRENT
JOURNAL,
BEDFORD.

TWELFTH OF
APRIL, NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND
ONE.

FIRST
TEST OF
MANEUVERING
BANK 4.

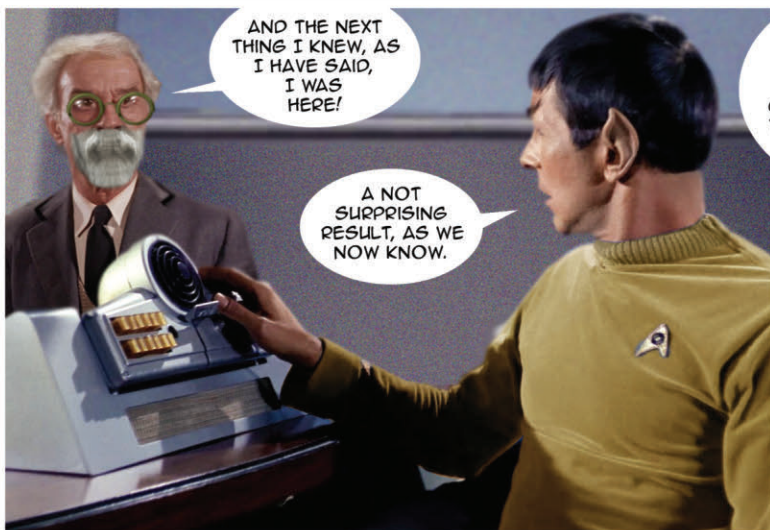


ACTIVATION
IN THREE...
TWO...



ONE!

KLUKK



AND THE NEXT
THING I KNEW, AS
I HAVE SAID,
I WAS
HERE!

A NOT
SURPRISING
RESULT, AS WE
NOW KNOW.

YOU SEE, MR.
CAVOR, WHAT YOU
DID NOT KNOW IN
YOUR TIME IS THAT
GRAVITY IS NOT SOME-
THING AGAINST WHICH
A SHIP CAN BE
SHIELDED.

IT IS NOT
MERELY AN
ATTRACTING
FORCE, LIKE MAG-
NETISM. IT IS AN
ACTUAL BENDING
OF SPACE-
TIME.

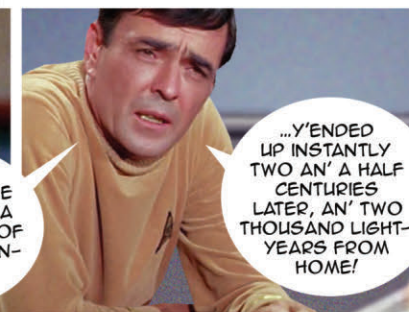


IN FACT, WHAT
YOUR "CAVORITE"
DID WAS NOT TO
SHIELD YOU FROM
GRAVITY...

...BUT TO
RENDER YOUR
VESSEL AT REST
RELATIVE TO THE
EXPANSION OF
THE UNI-
VERSE.

SOME-
THING THAT
WAS ALSO
UNKNOWN IN
YOUR
TIME.

AN'
SINCE TIME
ITSELF IS A
FUNCTION OF
THAT EXPAN-
SION...



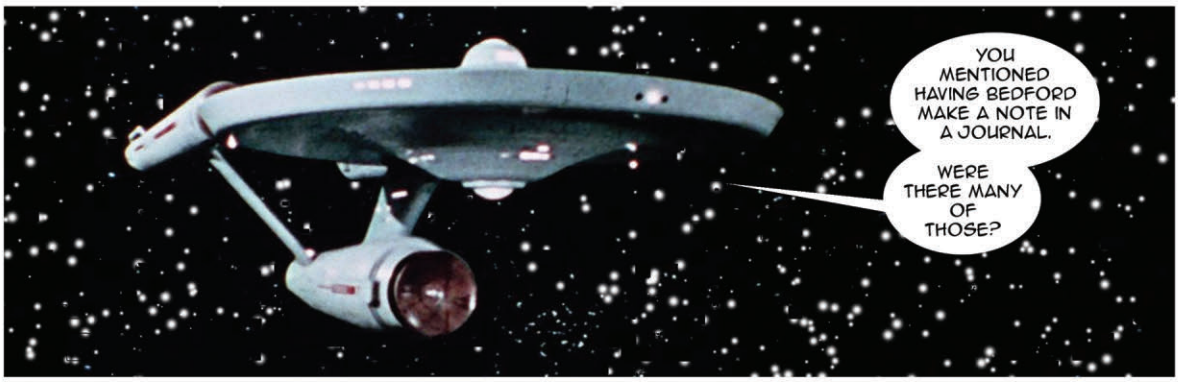
...Y'ENDED
UP INSTANTLY
TWO AN' A HALF
CENTURIES
LATER, AN' TWO
THOUSAND LIGHT-
YEARS FROM
HOME!



FANTASTIC!

THIS LEAVES
ONLY THE QUESTION
OF WHY YOU THOUGHT
I WAS A FICTIONAL
CHARACTER!

BECAUSE YOU
BOTH ARE AND
ARE NOT, MR.
CAVOR.



YOU MENTIONED HAVING BEDFORD MAKE A NOTE IN A JOURNAL.
WERE THERE MANY OF THOSE?



OF COURSE, MOST COPIOUS IN DETAIL.

THEN WHAT WE SUGGEST, SINCE YOU MENTIONED THAT BEDFORD KNEW WELLS...

...IS THAT BEDFORD GAVE THE JOURNALS TO WELLS, AND WELLS USED THEM AS THE BASIS FOR HIS STORY.



BUT I READ THE STORY WHILST CONFINED TO YOUR BRIG.

WELLS' CONCOCTION HAS ALMOST NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FACTS!

CLEARLY HE SIMPLIFIED THE DETAILS TO MAKE THEM MORE PALATABLE TO AN AUDIENCE OF THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY.

AN' THEN FABRICATED HIS OWN TALE TO WRAP THEM IN!



AND, NOW THAT WE'RE CONVINCED OF YOUR REALITY, MR. CAVOR...

...WE'VE ARRANGED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE U.S.S YORKTOWN, WHICH WILL TRANSPORT YOU BACK TO EARTH.



YOUR SHIP WILL, OF COURSE, BE COMING WITH YOU!

THAT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I WISH, CAPTAIN PIKE.

"ALL RIGHT, CAP'N, SHE'S READY AN' WAITIN'!"



AND YOU'RE SURE THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT?

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN. BACK ON EARTH THEY'D THINK I WAS ONE OF DARWIN'S MONKEYS!

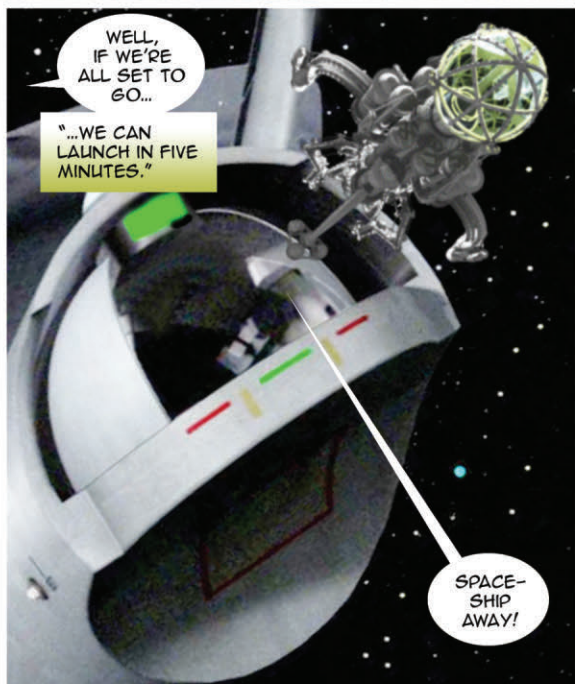
THIS WAY, WITH MR. SCOTT'S "REFIT", I CAN DO WHAT I ALWAYS INTENDED TO DO.

EXPLORE!



AN' IT WAS A WONDER T'SEE HOW QUICK HE TOOK T'OUR TECH!

YES, VERY IMPRESSIVE, SIR.



WELL, IF WE'RE ALL SET TO GO...

"...WE CAN LAUNCH IN FIVE MINUTES."

SPACE-SHIP AWAY!



HANGAR DOORS CLOSED.

AND GOOD LUCK TO HIM!

HANGAR DECK SECURE.

QUITE THE ADVENTURE-- ESPECIALLY FOR AN OLD MAN ALONE!

NOT ENTIRELY SURE I ENVY HIM!

OCH, I DO, CAP'N!

A ONE-MAN SHIP AN' A WHOLE GALAXY T'CALL ME OWN!

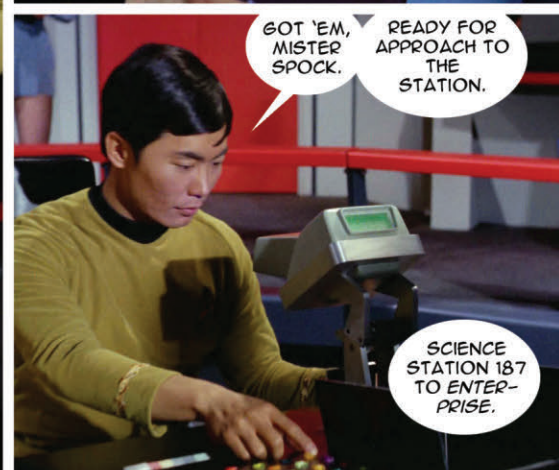
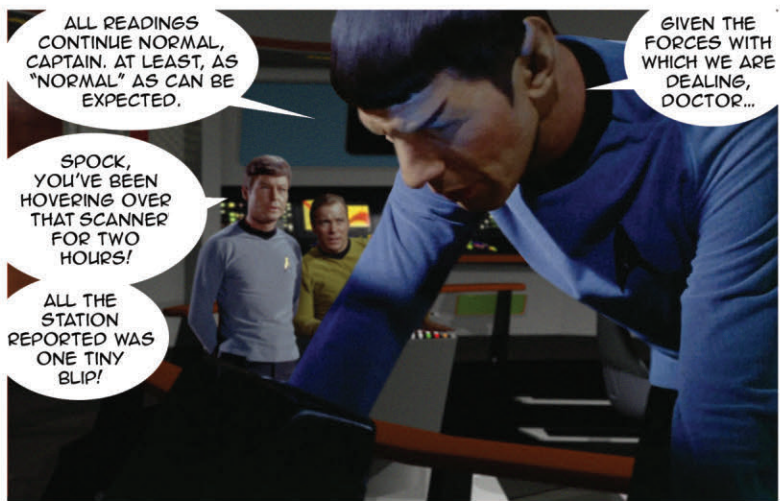
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BONNIE WAY T'END OUT ME DAYS!

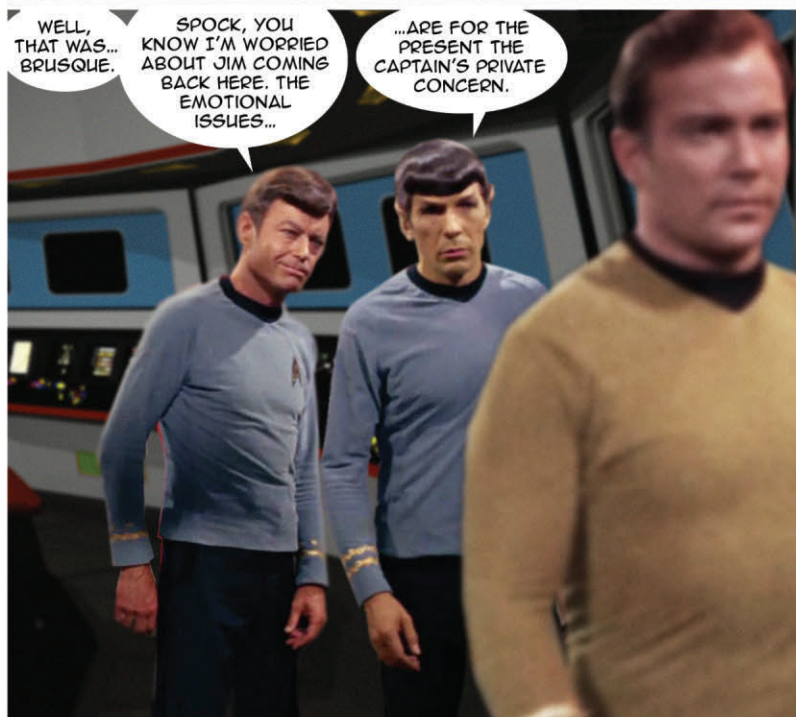
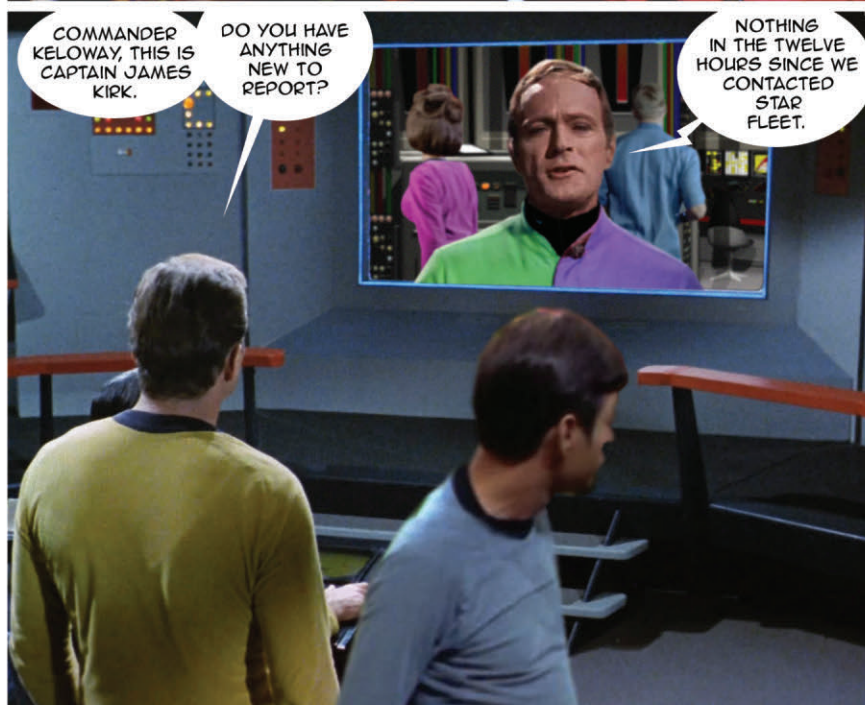
THE END





An Unexpected Yesterday





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

"AN UNEXPECTED YESTERDAY"

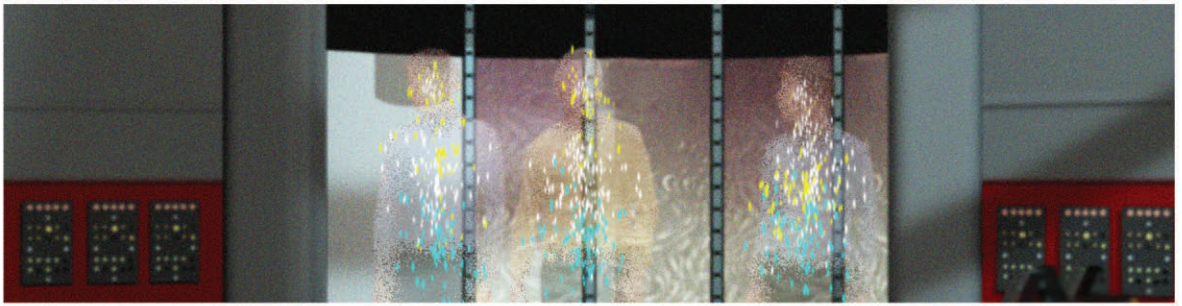
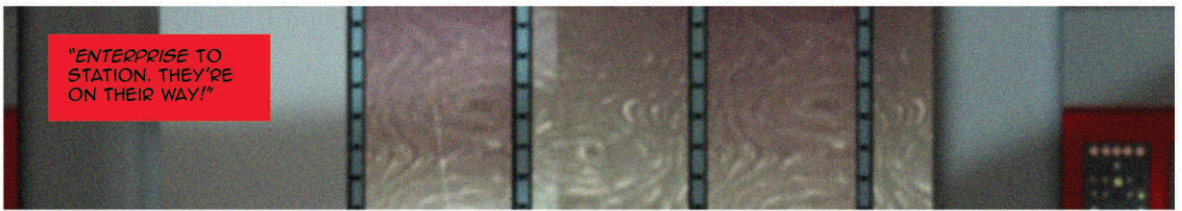
"ENERGIZE!"

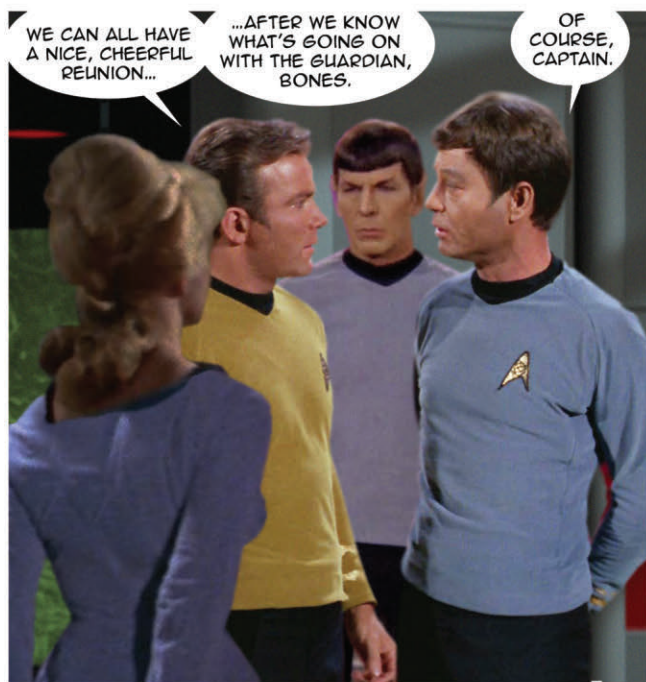


Photoplay by
JOHN BYRNE

Employing Concepts
Created by **HARLAN ELLISON**

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

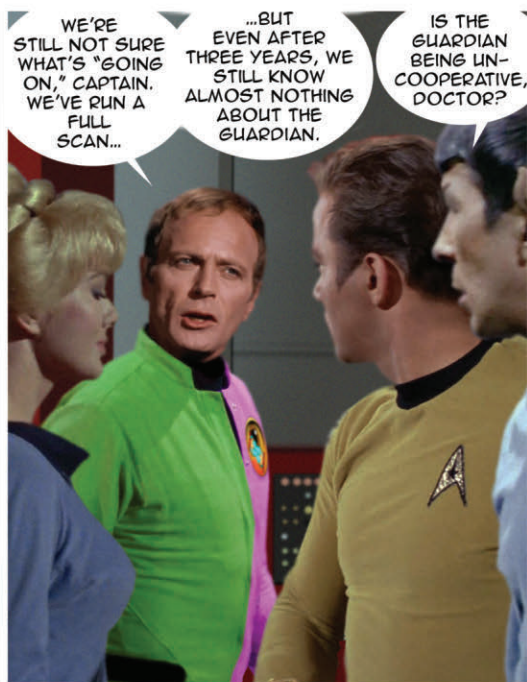




WE CAN ALL HAVE A NICE, CHEERFUL REUNION...

...AFTER WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE GUARDIAN, BONES.

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN.



WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHAT'S "GOING ON," CAPTAIN. WE'VE RUN A FULL SCAN...

...BUT EVEN AFTER THREE YEARS, WE STILL KNOW ALMOST NOTHING ABOUT THE GUARDIAN.

IS THE GUARDIAN BEING UN-COOPERATIVE, DOCTOR?



FAR FROM IT. BUT THE TECHNOLOGY IS BEYOND ANY KNOWN IN THE GALAXY.

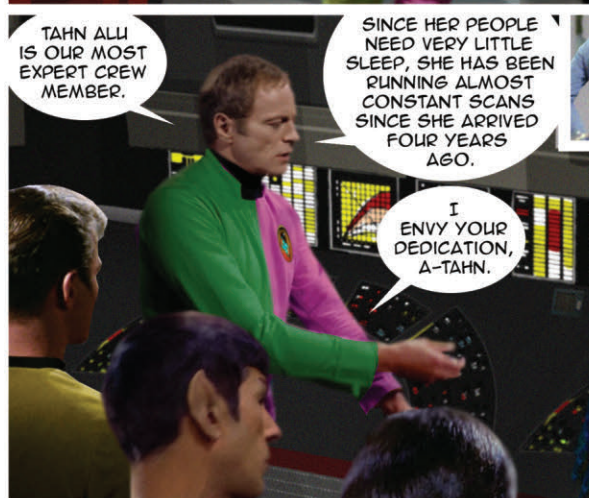
AS YOU KNOW.



IN FACT, THAT IS THE PRINCIPAL REASON WE ARE MAKING OUR INVESTIGATION FROM ORBIT.

WE COULD LEARN FAR MORE FROM A GROUND BASE...

...BUT WE WANT TO AVOID DIRECT INTER-ACTION WITH THE GUARDIAN.



TAHN ALLI IS OUR MOST EXPERT CREW MEMBER.

SINCE HER PEOPLE NEED VERY LITTLE SLEEP, SHE HAS BEEN RUNNING ALMOST CONSTANT SCANS SINCE SHE ARRIVED FOUR YEARS AGO.

I ENVY YOUR DEDICATION, A-TAHN.



THANK YOU, MR. SPOCK. WHEN I HEARD THE ENTERPRISE WAS JOINING US...

...MY HOPE WAS THAT YOU WOULD REVIEW THE DATA WE HAVE.



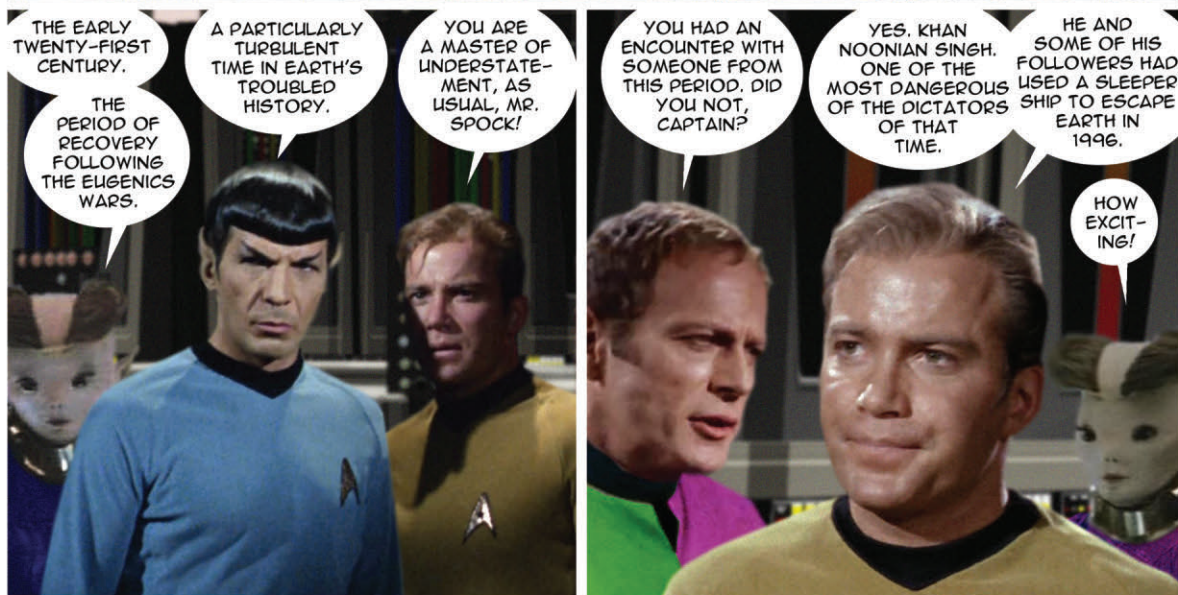
FASCINATING.

THESE READINGS
CONFIRM WHAT WAS
RELAYED TO US BY
STARFLEET.

THE GUARDIAN
SEEMS TO HAVE...
RESET ITSELF FOR
SOME REASON.

YES, THAT
WAS ALSO MY
INTERPRET-
ATION.

WHAT WAS
THE ERA OF YOUR
CURRENT
RESEARCH,
A-TAHN?



THE EARLY
TWENTY-FIRST
CENTURY.

A PARTICULARLY
TURBULENT
TIME IN EARTH'S
TROUBLED
HISTORY.

YOU ARE
A MASTER OF
UNDERSTATE-
MENT, AS
USUAL, MR.
SPOCK!

YOU HAD AN
ENCOUNTER WITH
SOMEONE FROM
THIS PERIOD. DID
YOU NOT,
CAPTAIN?

YES. KHAN
NOONIAN SINGH.
ONE OF THE
MOST DANGEROUS
OF THE DICTATORS
OF THAT
TIME.

HE AND
SOME OF HIS
FOLLOWERS HAD
USED A SLEEPER
SHIP TO ESCAPE
EARTH IN
1996.

HOW
EXCIT-
ING!



NOT EXACTLY
THE WORD I WOULD
HAVE USED!

SPOCK,
WHAT DO YOU
RECOMMEND
HERE?

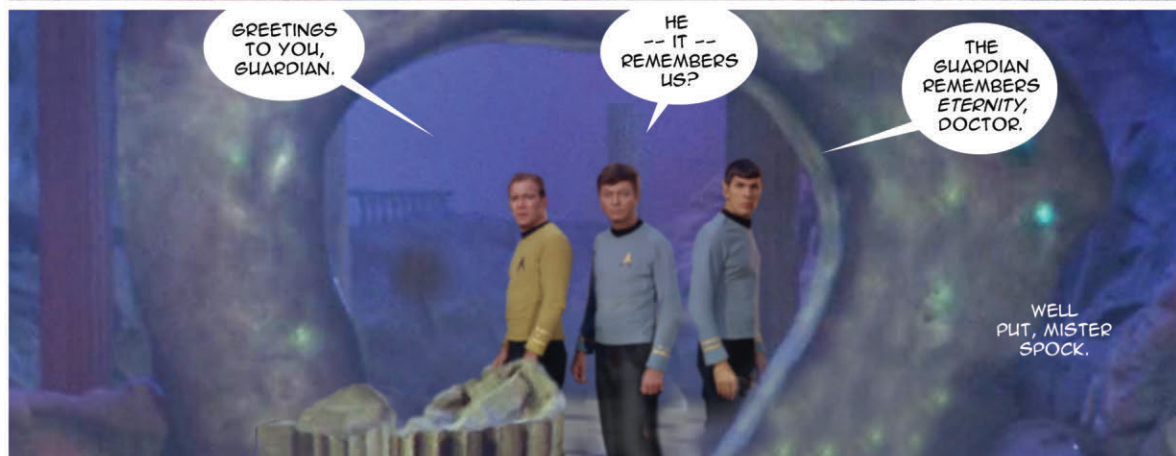
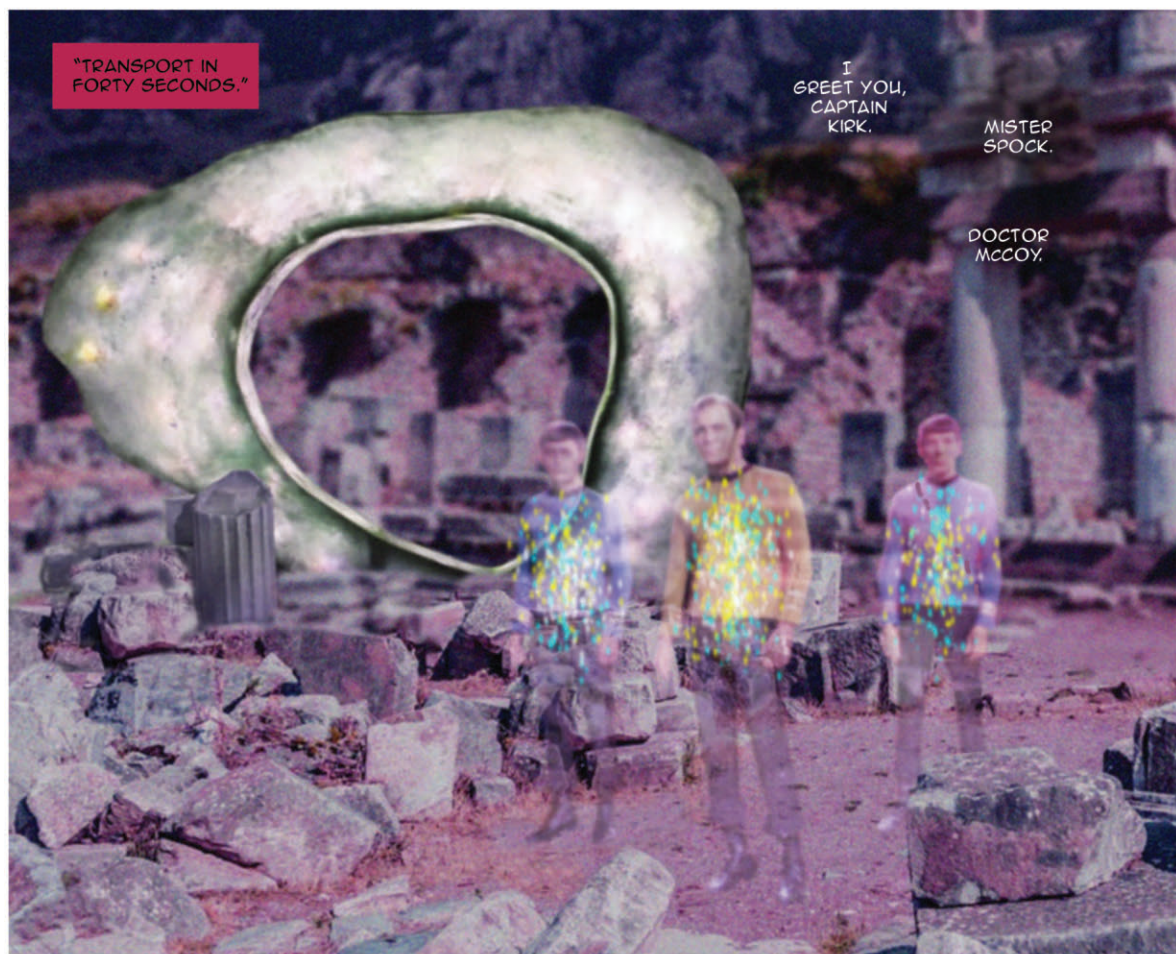
ANY CHANGE IN
FUNCTION IN THE
GUARDIAN OF
FOREVER CAN HAVE
SERIOUS
CONSEQUENCES,
CAPTAIN.

BUT A
PROPER STUDY
OF THIS
CANNOT BE MADE
FROM THIS
STATION.

SPOCK,
YOU'RE NOT
SAYING...

OF COURSE
I AM, DOCTOR.
WE HAVE NO
CHOICE.

AS USUAL,
SPOCK, YOUR
DEFINITION OF
"NO CHOICE" IS
VERY DIFFERENT
FROM
MINE!





AND YOU
KNOW WHY WE
ARE HERE.

I
DO.

WHAT CAN
YOU TELL US,
GUARDIAN?

YES.

HAS SOME-
THING HAPPENED
TO ALTER THE
TIME STREAM
AGAIN?

BUT
THE MANNER
IS DIFFERENT
FROM WHEN
FIRST WE
MET.

THE
NATURE OF
THE CHANGE
IS UNKNOWN
TO ME.



HMPH!

SO MAYBE
YOU DON'T HAVE
ALL THE
ANSWERS AFTER
ALL!

CUT
IT OUT,
BONES.

SPOCK.
WHAT DO
YOU HAVE?

VERY CONFUSED
READINGS,
CAPTAIN.

EVEN
FOR THE
GUARD-
IAN.

I
SUGGEST
CLOSE
COORDINATION
WITH THE
STATION.



I
AGREE,
MISTER
SPOCK.

WE CAN
COMMENCE
TRANSFER OF
DATA WHEN-
EVER YOU ARE
READY.

SIR,
PERHAPS
I SHOULD
JOIN
THEM?



AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA, SINCE
MISS PALAMAS
IS ALREADY WELL
VERSED ON
CONDITIONS
HERE.



READY FOR DUTY, CAPTAIN.

ARE YOU PLANNING AN... EXCURSION?

YES, BUT ONLY FOR MR. SPOCK AND MYSELF.

YOU AND DR. MCCOY WILL STAY HERE AND MAINTAIN A BASE CAMP.

AND I'VE ALREADY COMPLAINED IN THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE TERMS ABOUT THAT!



YOU'RE HEADING INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS PERIODS IN ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY!

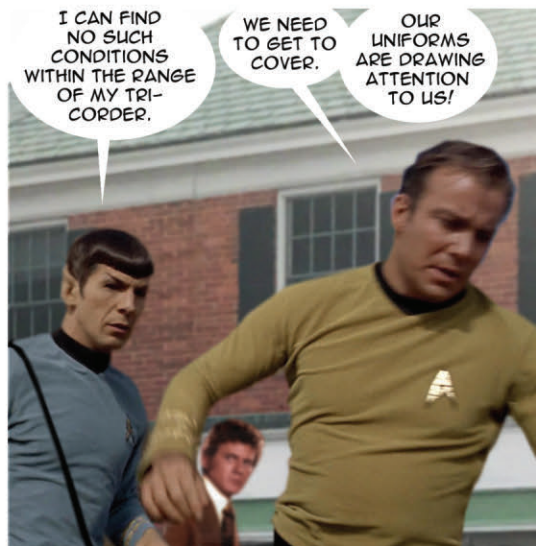
YOU JUST MIGHT NEED A DOCTOR!

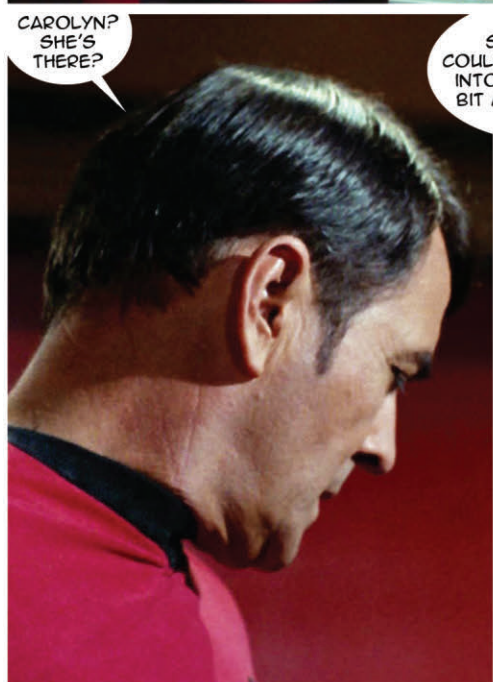
WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY I WANT YOU HERE AS A LIFE-LINE!

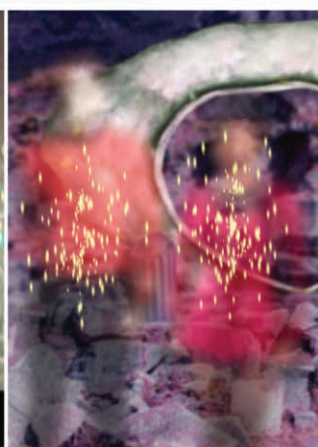
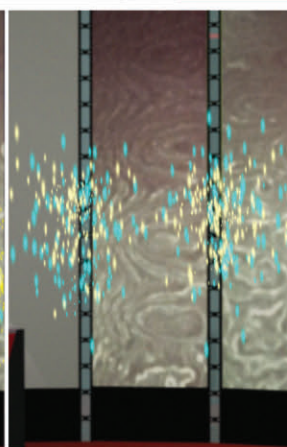
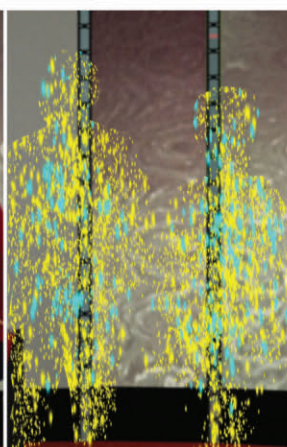
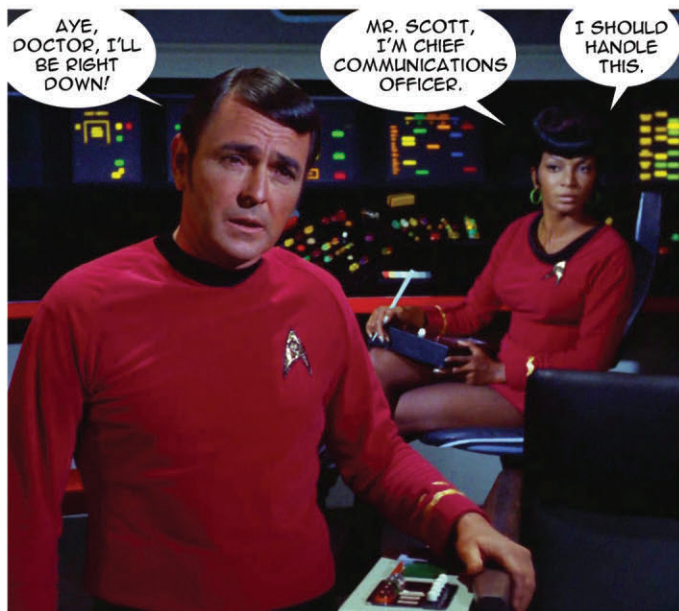
THE PERIOD WE WANT IS COMING UP IN FIVE SECONDS, CAPTAIN.

NOW!











THUD!



WHAT WAS THAT??

HELM! DID WE... HIT SOMETHING?

NEGATIVE, MR. SULLU! ALL CLEAR AHEAD!



MR. SULLU! I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE LANDING PARTY!

IT IS DE GUARDIAN! DE PATTERNS OF TIME DISTORTION IT CREATES ARE... SHIFTING.

DEY NO LONGER MATCH WID WHAT VE HAVE MAPPED!

PLOT THEIR CURRENT LOCATIONS AND TRANSFER THE DATA TO THE HELM!



I... CAN'T! DERE ARE TOO MANY OF DEM!

AND DEY ARE SQUIRMING AROUND LIKE VORMS IN A CAN!



WE'LL HAVE TO STEER AROUND THEM MANUALLY!

KOVAKS, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE FORWARD SCANS!

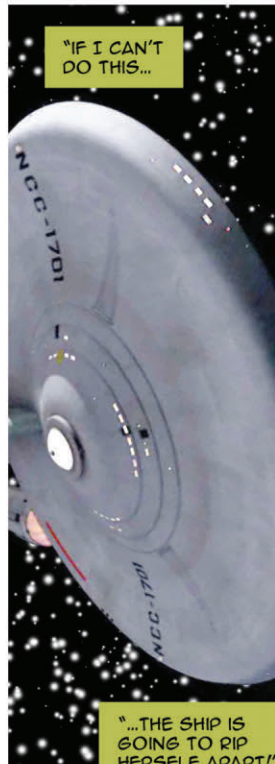
I'M TRYING TO, MR. SULLU, BUT IT'S LIKE MR. CHEKOV SAID!

THERE'S JUST TOO MANY OF THEM!

THUD!

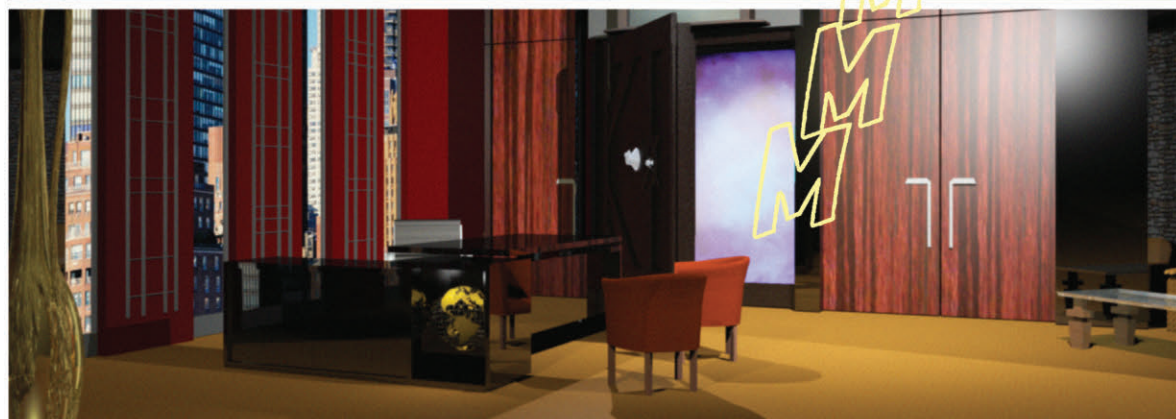
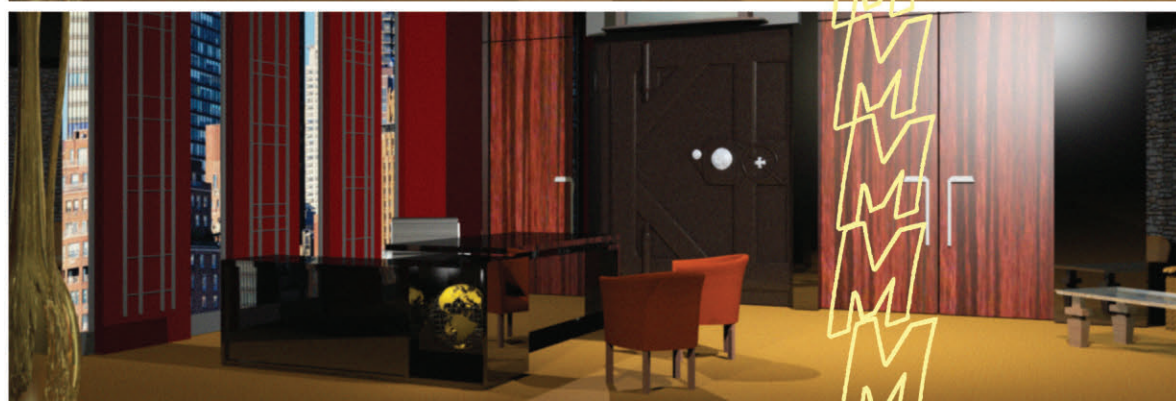


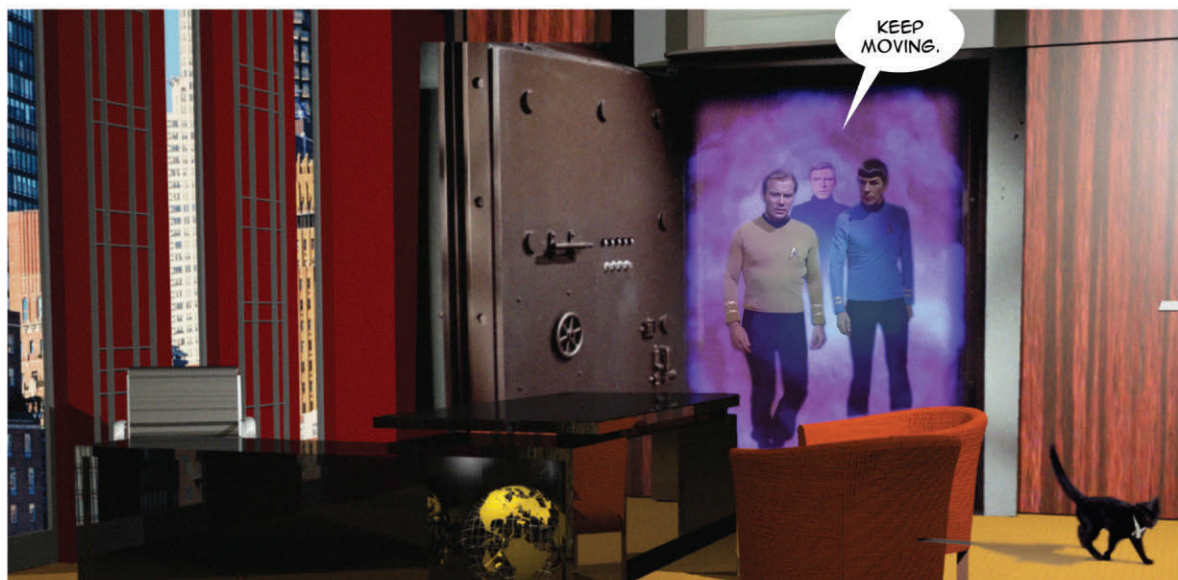
I'LL TAKE IT! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, EVERYONE!



"IF I CAN'T DO THIS..."

"...THE SHIP IS GOING TO RIP HERSELF APART!"







RECOVERING
ALREADY? THAT'S
MOST RESILIENT.
BUT DON'T TRY
ANYTHING.

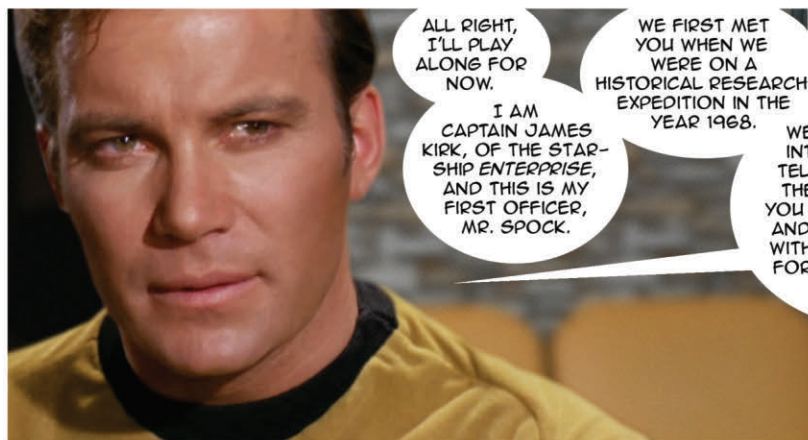
I CAN
EASILY ZAP
YOU
AGAIN!

WHAT'S THIS
GAME YOU'RE
PLAYING,
SEVEN?

YOU
KNOW WHO
WE ARE!

EVIDENTLY YOU
KNOW WHO I
AM!

WOULD
YOU CARE TO
EXPLAIN
HOW?



ALL RIGHT,
I'LL PLAY
ALONG FOR
NOW.

I AM
CAPTAIN JAMES
KIRK, OF THE STAR-
SHIP ENTERPRISE,
AND THIS IS MY
FIRST OFFICER,
MR. SPOCK.

WE FIRST MET
YOU WHEN WE
WERE ON A
HISTORICAL RESEARCH
EXPEDITION IN THE
YEAR 1968.

WE ACCIDENTALLY
INTERCEPTED YOU
TELEPORTING FROM
THE PLANET WHERE
YOU HAD BEEN RAISED
AND TRAINED, ALONG
WITH OTHER HUMANS,
FOR THOUSANDS OF
YEARS.

YOU
IDENTIFIED
YOURSELF AS
SUPERVISOR 194,
CODE NAME
GARY SEVEN. YOUR
MISSION WAS TO
SAVE THE HUMAN
RACE FROM
ITSELF!



YOU SEEM TO
KNOW QUITE A
BIT... CAPTAIN, AND
I DON'T KNOW HOW
YOU COULD UNLESS
I TOLD YOU!

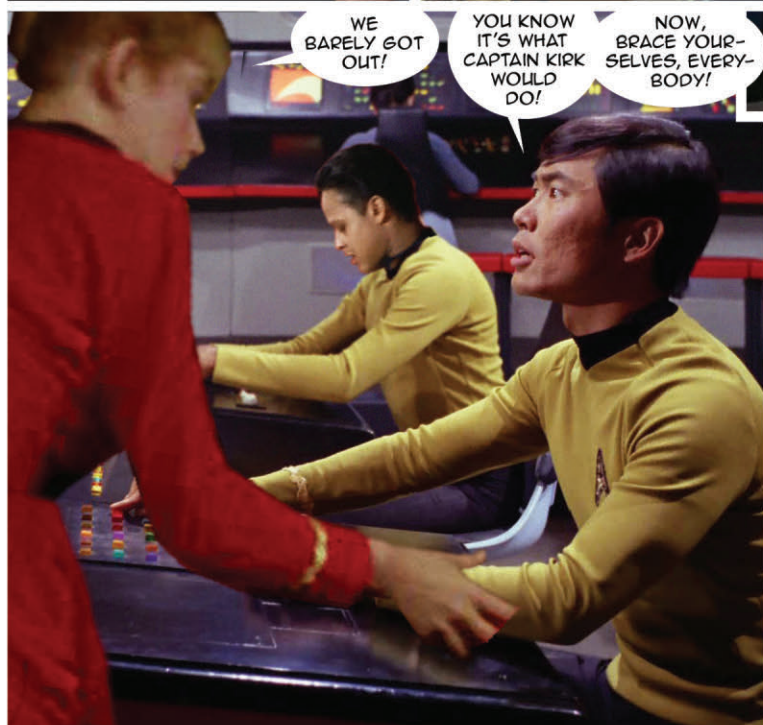
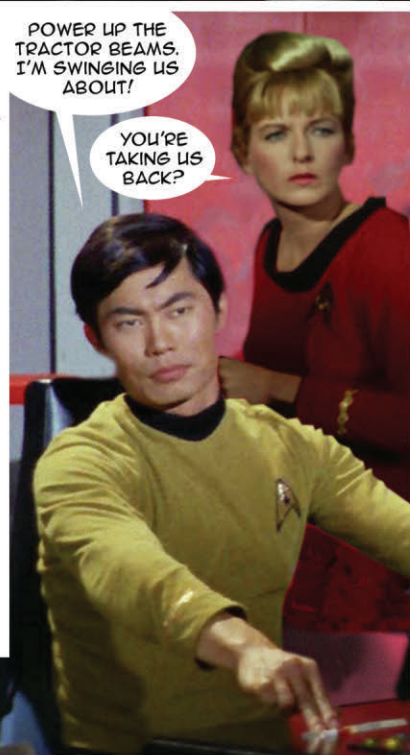
ONLY SNAG
IS, MY BETA
TWELVE COMPUTER
WOULD HAVE
DETECTED YOUR
STARSHIP IN
ORBIT.

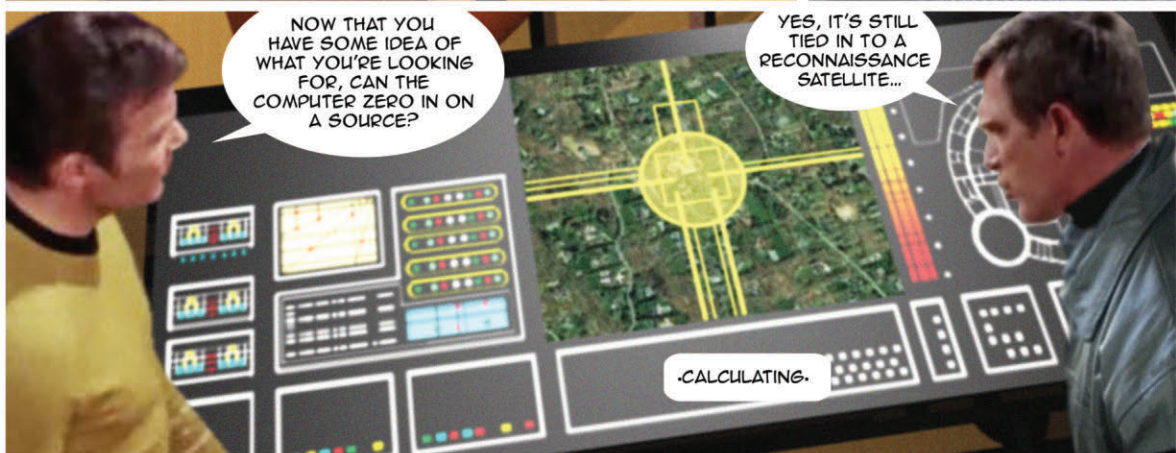
IT'S NOT
THERE, SEVEN. THIS
TIME WE JOURNEYED
INTO OUR PAST
VIA THE GUARDIAN OF
FOREVER.



EXCEPT
THIS IS NOT
THE TIME PERIOD
IN WHICH WE
EXPECTED TO FIND
OURSELVES.

*MR. SULLI!







YES... ENERGY READINGS ARE STRONGER DOWN THIS WAY.



SOME KIND OF PRIMITIVE BASEMENT LAB. THE ENERGY IS REALLY ORIGINATING HERE?

IT'S ONLY PRIMITIVE BY YOUR STANDARDS, CAPTAIN.

THERE ARE SOME REMARKABLY SOPHISTICATED INSTRUMENTS HERE.

MOST NOTABLY THIS DEVICE. THE ENERGY IT CONTAINS IS MORE THAN MY TRICORDER CAN MEASURE.



SPOCK, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

LIKE NOTHING I HAVE SEEN BEFORE.

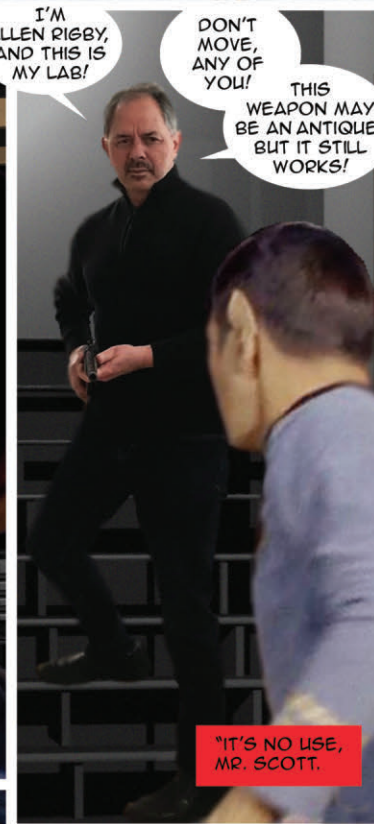
FOR THIS TO BE DOING WHAT IT DOES, IT MUST BE HARNESSING ENERGIES THAT ARE COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO ME!



I KNOW OF NO ONE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY WHO COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED SUCH A THING.

I DID!

I'M ALLEN RIGBY, AND THIS IS MY LAB!



DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU!

THIS WEAPON MAY BE AN ANTIQUE, BUT IT STILL WORKS!

"IT'S NO USE, MR. SCOTT."

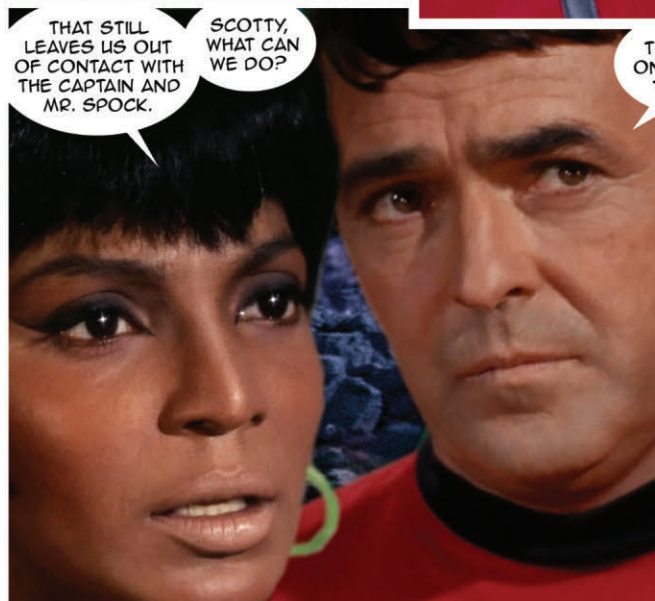


THERE'S TOO MUCH GOING ON.

SO MANY CHANNELS CROSSING AND RE-CROSSING.

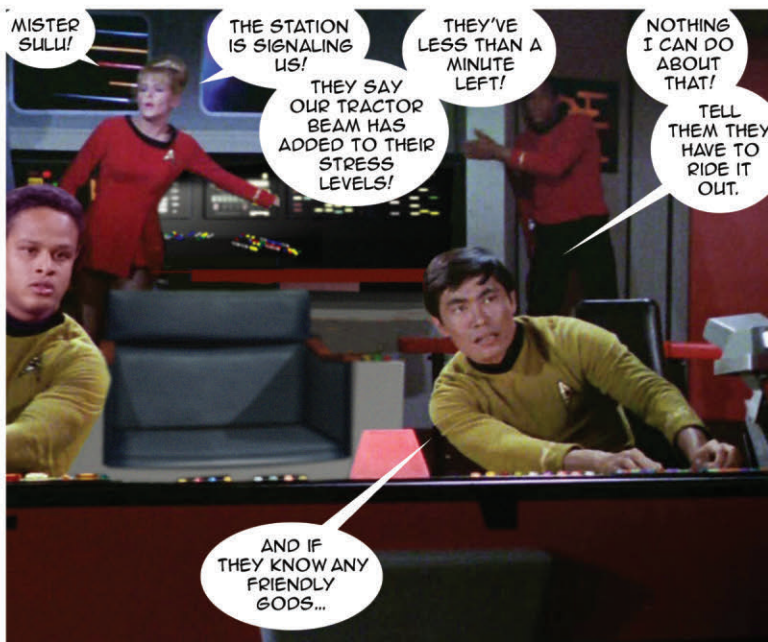
GUARDIAN! CAN Y'NAE GIVE US ONE CLEAR PATH T'TH' CAPTAIN?

NO.





GOT 'EM!



MISTER SULLU!

THE STATION IS SIGNALING US!

THEY SAY OUR TRACTOR BEAM HAS ADDED TO THEIR STRESS LEVELS!

THEY'VE LESS THAN A MINUTE LEFT!

NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT THAT!

TELL THEM THEY HAVE TO RIDE IT OUT.

AND IF THEY KNOW ANY FRIENDLY GODS...



"...THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO START PRAYING TO THEM!"



NOW... WE'LL ALL KEEP CALM AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT.

START BY TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING IN MY HOUSE!

NOT SO FAST!

WE HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS OF OUR OWN, FIRST.

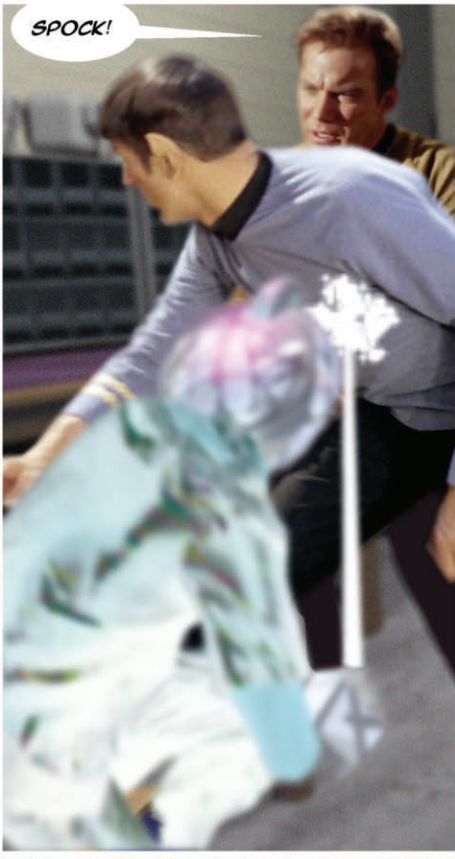
SUCH AS HOW YOU MADE A DEVICE AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF THIS CENTURY'S SKILLS.

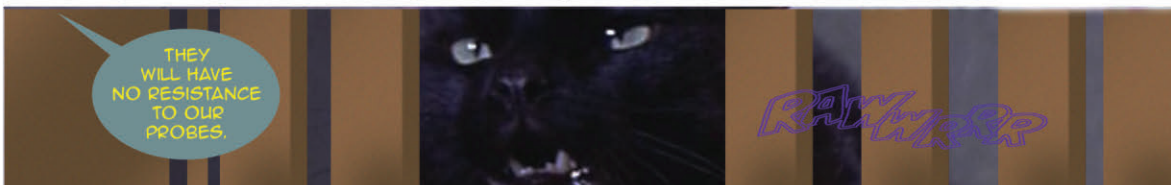


WITH OUR HELP.











DE STATION
IS STARTING
TO BREAK
UP!

COUNTING
RUPTURES ALONG
SEVENTEEN MAJOR
JOINS AND
SEAMS!

WE'LL HAVE
TO CUT IT
LOOSE!

STAND BY
TO EVACUATE
STATION
PERSONNEL!



EWACUATE?
SO MANY? ALL
AT VONCE?

DE STRAIN
ON DE
TRANSPORTER
CIRCUITS...

WE HAVE
TO RISK IT,
PAV.

I JUST
WISH
SCOTTY WAS
HERE!



I CAN'T
SHAKE THE FEELING
WE'RE BEING
WATCHED.

IF THIS IS
THE TIME PERIOD
I THINK IT IS,
HUMANS HAD
DEGENERATED INTO
SAVAGE TRIBAL
GROUPS.

AYE,
PREDATORY.
CONSTANTLY
AT WAR WI' EACH
OTHER.



HOW LONG
WAS IT BEFORE
THINGS STARTED
T'GET ANYWHERE
CLOSE T'
NORMAL?

SEVERAL
GENERATIONS.
MY OWN GREAT
GRANDFATHER WAS
ONE OF THE
ARCHITECTS OF
RECON-
STRUCTION.

THAT'S
HOW I GOT
INTERESTED
IN...

OH!

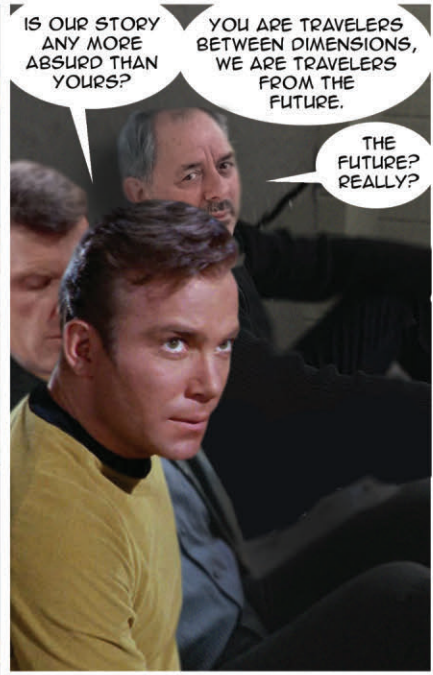
THE
GROUND
GAVE
OUT!



"YOU CAN'T EXPECT
US TO BELIEVE THAT!"



WHY NOT?



IS OUR STORY ANY MORE ABSURD THAN YOURS?

YOU ARE TRAVELERS BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, WE ARE TRAVELERS FROM THE FUTURE.

THE FUTURE? REALLY?



ENOUGH OF THIS!

I SHALL NOW SHOOT EACH OF YOU IN TURN...

...UNTIL THE LAST ONE TELLS US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!



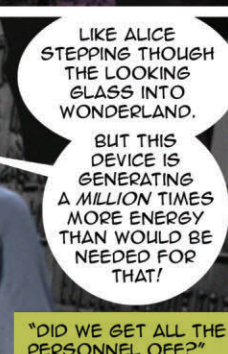
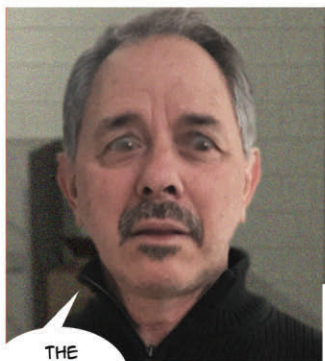
ISIS! NOW!

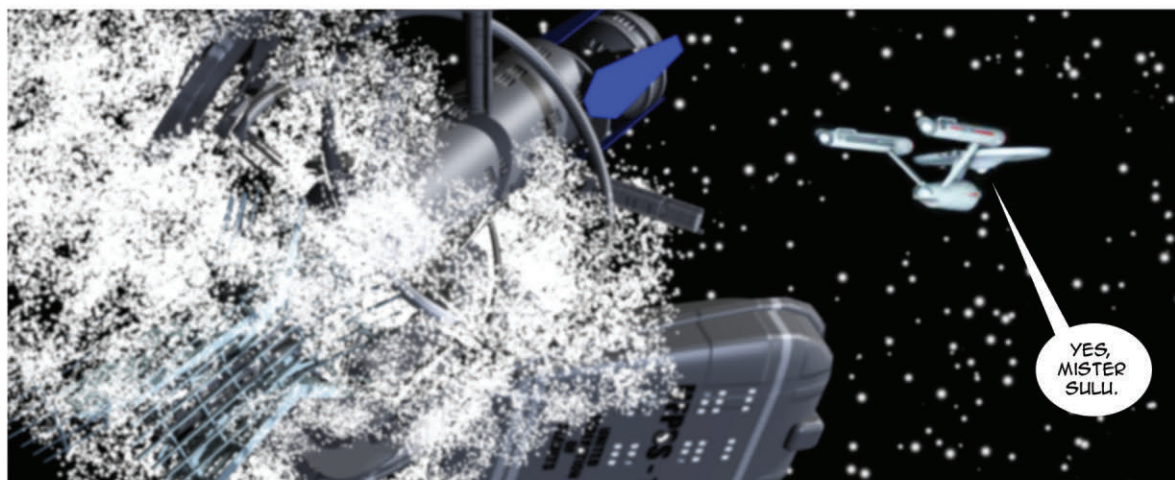


YII!



MOVE!





YES,
MISTER
SULLU.



BUT HOW CAN
YOU BE
CERTAIN?

YOU ONLY GOT
EIGHT OF US HERE,
AND THAT TOOK
TWO GOES!

SIR, WE'VE BEEN
TRANSPORTING OFF
ALL HUMANS AND
ALIEN SPECIES KNOWN
TO BE
ABOARD.

JUST BE THANKFUL
WE GOT PAST THE TIME
DISTORTIONS, OR WE
MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO RETRIEVE ANY
OF YOU!



I CAN
SHOW YOU
THE TALLY,
SIR.

BUT RIGHT NOW
WE'D BETTER GET
ALL OF YOU DOWN
TO SICK
BAY.

SINCE YOU
WERE THE LAST
ONES OFF, THERE
MAY BE SOME
DECOMPRESSION
ISSUES.

BRIDGE
TO
SULLU!

SULLU HERE.
WHAT IS IT,
PAV?

DE TEMPORAL
DISTORTIONS ARE
GETTING VORSE BY
DE SECOND.

VE HAF
TO GET
CLEAR!



"BUT DE LANDING
PARTY CANNOT
BE RETRIEVED!"

WHAT
IN
BLAZES??

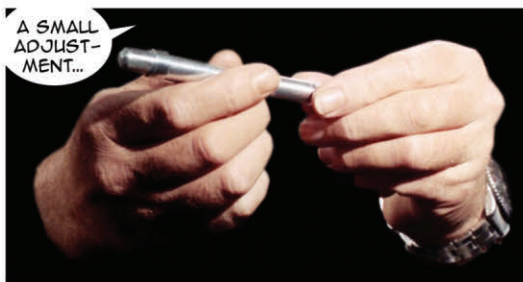
EVERY-
THING IS
FALLING
APART!

LIKE
THE WHOLE
PLANET IS
BREAKING
UP!

IT
IS.



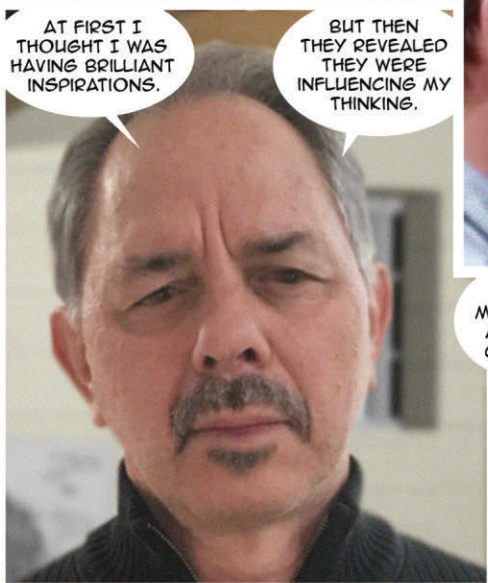




A SMALL
ADJUST-
MENT...



WHICH WOULD
APPEAR TO BE
NOT VERY
MUCH.
THE
MATERIALS
ARE COMMON
TO EARTH OF
THIS TIME
PERIOD.



AT FIRST I
THOUGHT I WAS
HAVING BRILLIANT
INSPIRATIONS.

BUT THEN
THEY REVEALED
THEY WERE
INFLUENCING MY
THINKING.



...AND WE'LL
SEE WHAT THIS
GADGET WANTS
TO TELL US
ABOUT IT-
SELF!



BUT THE WAY
THEY'RE PUT
TOGETHER IS LIKE
NOTHING ON
EARTH.

JUST HOW
MUCH OF WHAT
THESE SUB-
DIMENSIONALS
TOLD YOU DO
YOU UNDER-
STAND?

NOT
MUCH.



THERE
MAY BE AN
ANSWER,
CAPTAIN...

IF AN
HYPOTHESIS I
HAVE BEEN
FORMING IS
CORRECT.

WHAT
IS IT,
SPOCK?



THAT THIS
"HEAD..."

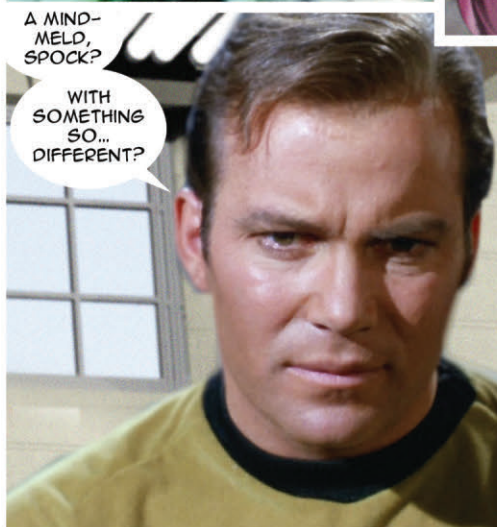


...IS
ACTUALLY
A HELMET.

FASCINATING.
AS I EXPECTED,
A COMPLETELY
ALIEN LIFE
FORM.



HOWEVER,
I BELIEVE A MIND-
MELD WILL BE
POSSIBLE.



A MIND-
MELD,
SPOCK?

WITH
SOMETHING
SO...
DIFFERENT?



I WAS
SUCCESSFUL
WITH THE
HORTA,
JIM.



I CAN
ONLY HOPE I
WILL BE AS
SUCCESSFUL
HERE.



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
WHAT IS HE
DOING?

AS YOU
HEARD, IT'S
CALLED A
MIND-
MELD.

MR. SPOCK
IS A VULCAN.
THEY POSSESS
LIMITED
TELEPATHIC
ABILITIES.

BUT IF
THIS BEING
IS TOO
ALIEN...

AH!!



"MCCOY! PLEASE!"

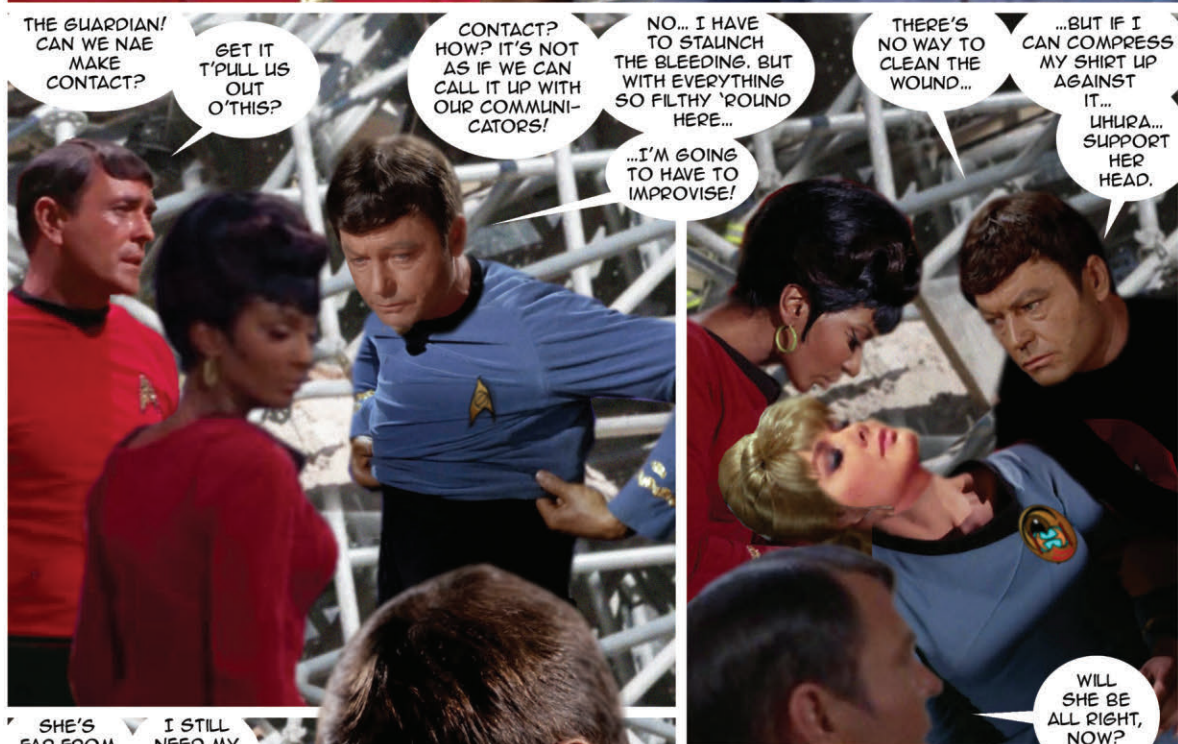


Y'CANNAE
JUST STAND BY
AN' LET HER
DIE!

IN THIS
ENVIRONMENT...
THE GROUND
CRAWLING WITH
BACTERIA...

EVEN A MINOR
WOUND COULD
TURN SEPTIC IN
A FEW HOURS.

IF I
COULD
JUST THINK...
THINK!



THE GUARDIAN!
CAN WE NAE
MAKE
CONTACT?

GET IT
T'PULL US
OUT
O'THIS?

CONTACT?
HOW? IT'S NOT
AS IF WE CAN
CALL IT UP WITH
OUR COMMUNI-
CATORS!

NO... I HAVE
TO STAUNCH
THE BLEEDING. BUT
WITH EVERYTHING
SO FILTHY 'ROUND
HERE...

THERE'S
NO WAY TO
CLEAN THE
WOUND...

...BUT IF I
CAN COMPRESS
MY SHIRT UP
AGAINST
IT...

UHURA...
SUPPORT
HER
HEAD.

...I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
IMPROVISE!

WILL
SHE BE
ALL RIGHT,
NOW?



SHE'S
FAR FROM
ALL RIGHT,
SCOTTY.

I STILL
NEED MY
EQUIPMENT
IN SICK
BAY.

BUT ONLY
THE GUARDIAN
CAN GET US
THERE.

AND
FOR ALL WE
KNOW IT'S
DRIFTING IN THE
WRECK OF ITS
PLANET!



SPOCK!

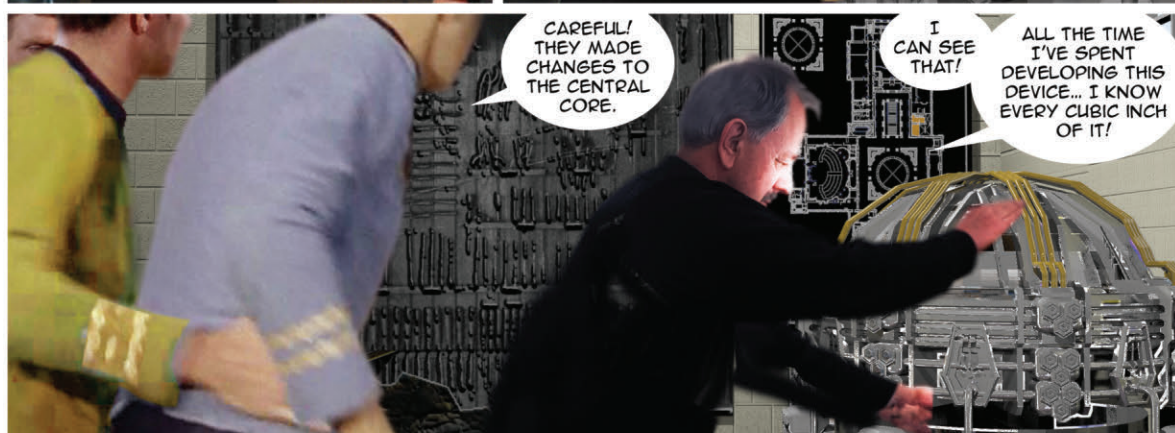
SPOCK!

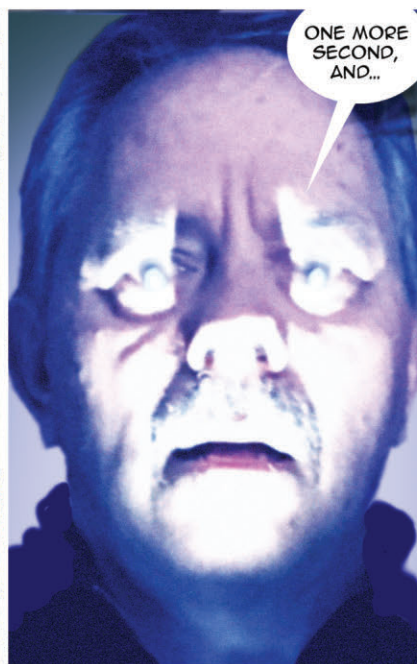
TOO...
...MUCH...
...DATA...

SPOCK!
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT DID YOU
SEE?

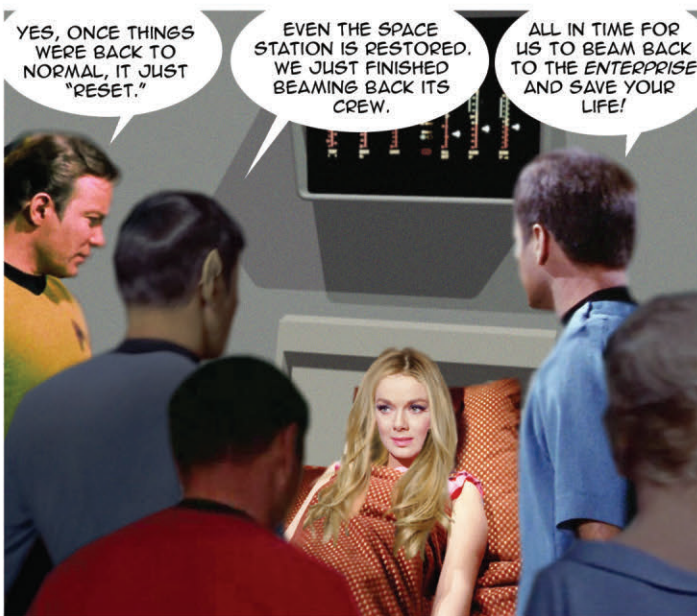
...UNIVERSES...
...FOLDING...
...COLLAPSING...
...CONSUMING
EACH
OTHER!
THE
END OF
EVERY-
THING!











YES, ONCE THINGS WERE BACK TO NORMAL, IT JUST "RESET."

EVEN THE SPACE STATION IS RESTORED. WE JUST FINISHED BEAMING BACK ITS CREW.

ALL IN TIME FOR US TO BEAM BACK TO THE ENTERPRISE AND SAVE YOUR LIFE!

YOU SHOULD BE BACK AT YOUR POST IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

AN' I'VE PUT IN FOR A FEW WEEKS LEAVE, SO I CAN STAY WI' THE STATION AN' MAKE SURE THE GUARDIAN GOT EVER'THIN' RIGHT!



I CONFESS, I DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY MR. SCOTT WOULD WISH TO STAY WITH THE STATION.

THEIR OWN ENGINEERING STAFF IS QUITE COMPETENT ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH THE INSPECTION.

OH, I'M SURE SCOTTY WILL FIND PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS TO KEEP HIM BUSY!

AND I STILL WONDER, CAPTAIN, WHY YOU DID NOT TELL RIGBY WE ARE NOT FROM HIS FUTURE.

EVEN YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE THAT OUT.

HE WAS DYING. SOMETIMES COMPASSION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN TRUTH.



STILL, AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE, THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

WITH ALL THOSE MULTIPLE TIMELINES AND PARALLEL DIMENSIONS...

...HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAME BACK TO THE RIGHT ONE??

THE
END

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO BUD PRENEVOST AND SEAN HANNON

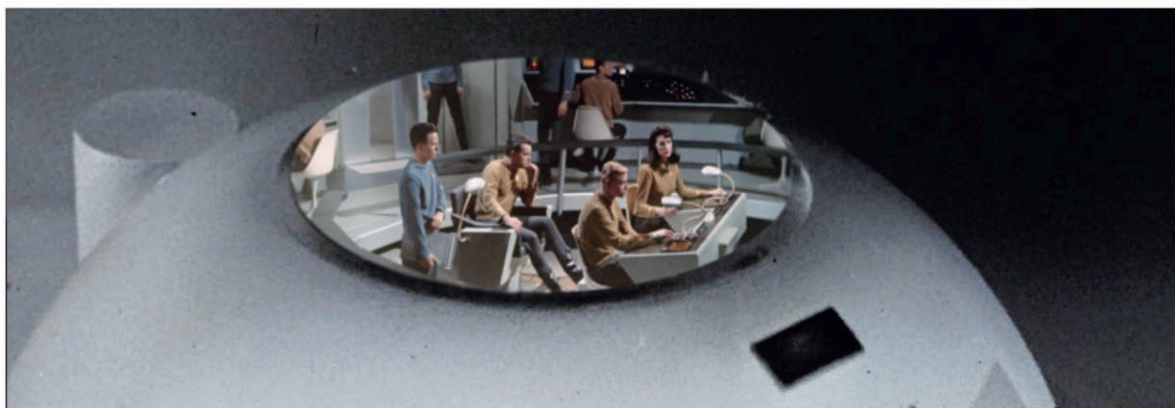




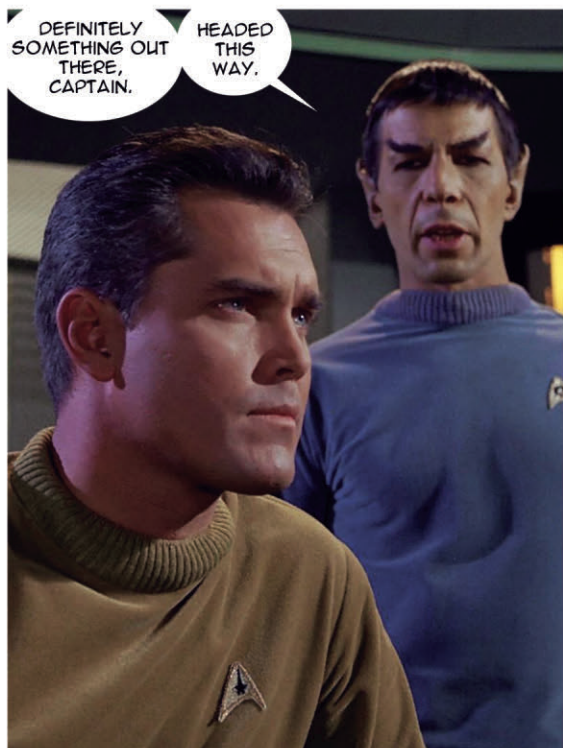
The Cage

STAR TREK

CREATED BY
GENE RODDENBERRY

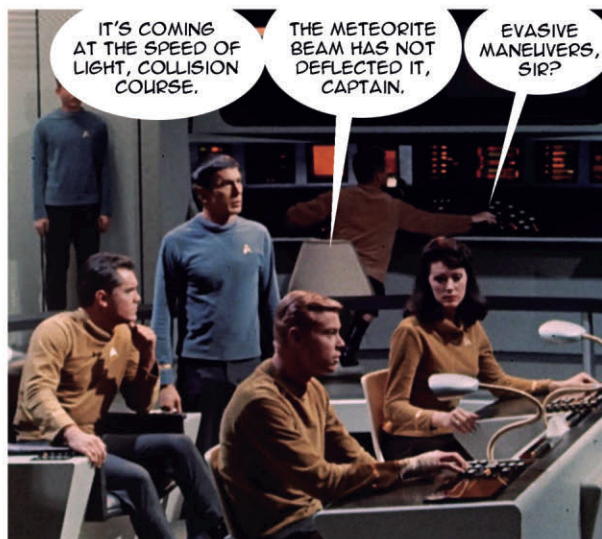


DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE



DEFINITELY
SOMETHING OUT
THERE,
CAPTAIN.

HEADED
THIS
WAY.



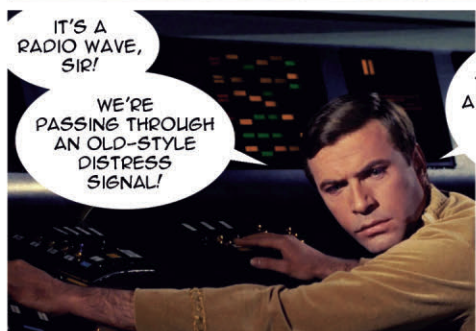
IT'S COMING
AT THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, COLLISION
COURSE.

THE METEORITE
BEAM HAS NOT
DEFLECTED IT,
CAPTAIN.

EVASIVE
MANEUVERS,
SIR?



STEADY
AS WE
GO!



IT'S A
RADIO WAVE,
SIR!

WE'RE
PASSING THROUGH
AN OLD-STYLE
DISTRESS
SIGNAL!

A SHIP IN
TROUBLE MAKING
A FORCED LANDING,
SIR. THAT'S IT.
NO OTHER
MESSAGE.

THEY WERE
KEYED TO CAUSE
INTERFERENCE AND
ATTRACT ATTENTION
THIS WAY.



I HAVE A
FIX. IT COMES
FROM THE TALOS
STAR
GROUP.



WE HAVE
NO SHIPS OR
EARTH
COLONIES OUT
THIS FAR.

THEIR CALL
LETTERS CHECK
WITH A SURVEY
EXPEDITION,
S.S. COLUMBIA.

DISAPPEARED
IN THAT REGION
APPROXIMATELY
EIGHTEEN YEARS
AGO.





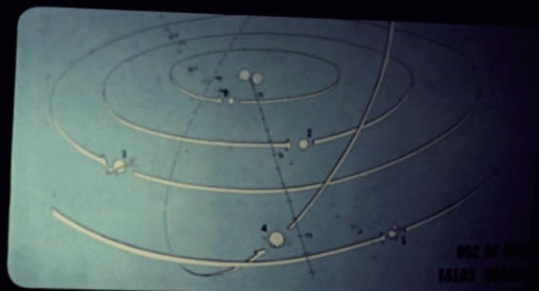
IT WOULD TAKE THAT LONG FOR A RADIO BEAM TO TRAVEL FROM THERE TO HERE.



RECORDS SHOW THE TALOS GROUP HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLORED.

SOLAR SYSTEM SIMILAR TO EARTH. ELEVEN PLANETS.

NUMBER FOUR SEEMS TO BE... CLASS M, OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE.



THEN THEY COULD STILL BE ALIVE, EVEN AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.

IF THEY SURVIVED THE CRASH.



AREN'T WE GOING TO GO?

TO BE CERTAIN?



NOT WITHOUT ANY INDICATION OF SURVIVORS, NO.

WE'LL CONTINUE TO THE VEGA COLONY AND TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN SICK AND INJURED.

YOU HAVE THE HELM, NUMBER ONE.

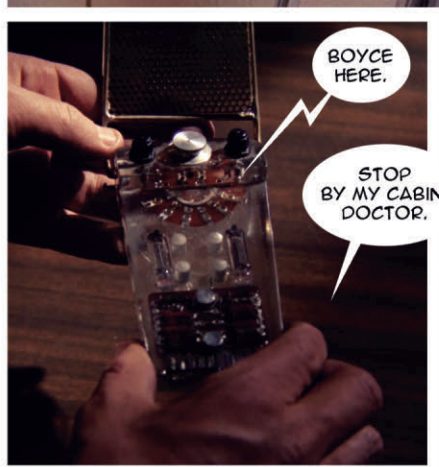
MAINTAIN PRESENT COURSE.



YES, SIR.

THE CAGE

ADAPTED BY
JOHN BYRNE





WHO WANTS A WARM MARTINI?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I NEED ONE?

SOMETIMES A MAN'LL TELL HIS BARTENDER THINGS HE'D NEVER TELL HIS DOCTOR.

WHAT'S BEEN ON YOUR MIND, CHRIS? THE FIGHT ON RIGEL VII?

SHOULDN'T IT BE?

MY OWN YEOMAN AND TWO OTHERS DEAD, SEVEN INJURED.

WAS THERE ANYTHING YOU PERSONALLY COULD HAVE DONE TO PREVENT IT?

OH, I SHOULD HAVE SMELLED TROUBLE WHEN I SAW THE SWORDS AND ARMOR.

INSTEAD OF THAT, I LET MYSELF GET TRAPPED IN A DESERTED FORTRESS AND ATTACKED BY ONE OF THEIR WARRIORS.

CHRIS, YOU SET STANDARDS FOR YOURSELF NO ONE COULD MEET!

YOU TREAT EVERYONE ON BOARD LIKE A HUMAN BEING, EXCEPT YOURSELF.

NOW, YOU'RE TIRED AND YOU...

YOU BET I'M TIRED!

YOU BET.

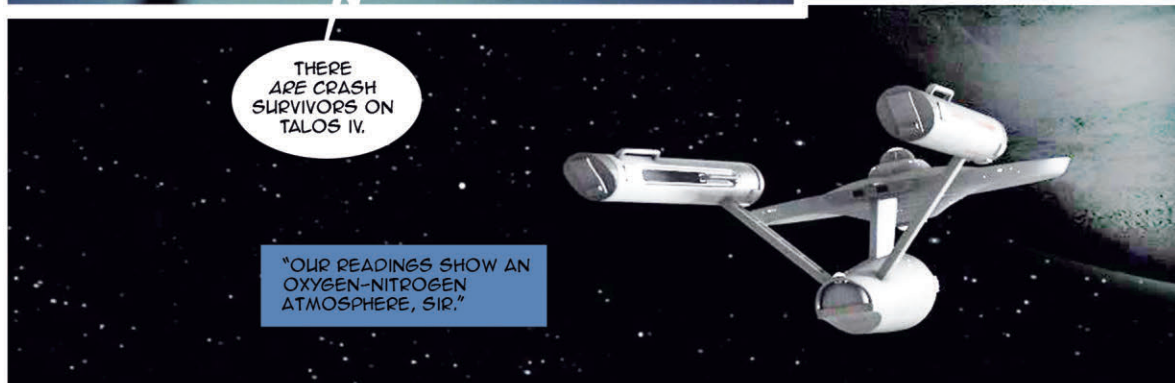
I'M TIRED OF BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR TWO HUNDRED AND THREE LIVES.

I'M TIRED OF DECIDING WHICH MISSION IS TOO RISKY -- AND WHICH ISN'T.

AND WHO GOES ON THE LANDING PARTY...

...AND WHO DOESN'T.









THEY'RE
MEN!

THEY'RE
HUMANS!!





YOU
APPEAR TO BE
HEALTHY AND
INTELLIGENT,
CAPTAIN.

A
PRIME
SPECI-
MEN.



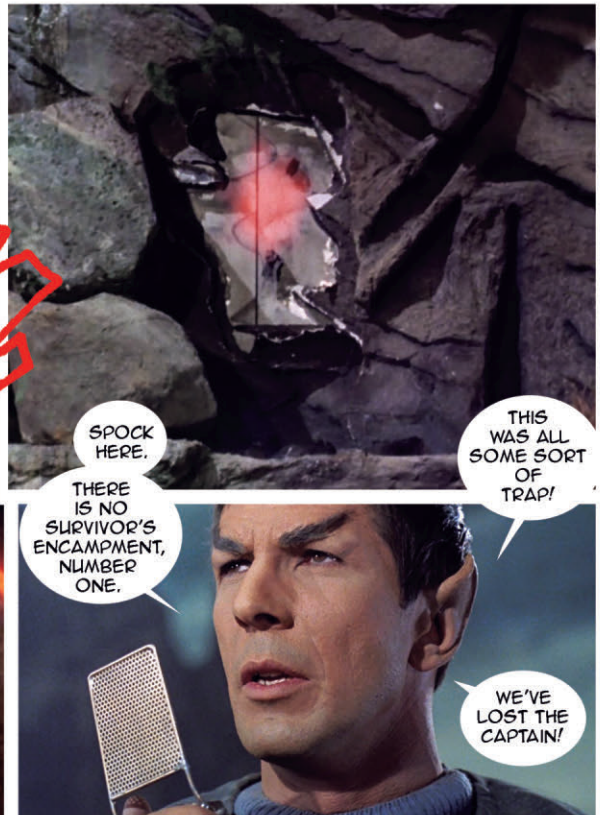
YOU MUST
FORGIVE HER
CHOICE OF WORDS,
CAPTAIN.

SHE'S
LIVED HER
WHOLE LIFE
AMONG A GROUP
OF AGING SCIEN-
TISTS.













CAN YOU HEAR ME?

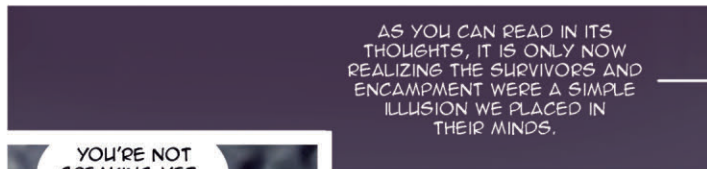
MY NAME IS CHRISTOPHER PIKE, COMMANDER OF THE SPACE VEHICLE ENTERPRISE FROM A STELLAR GROUP AT THE OTHER END OF THIS GALAXY.

OUR INTENTIONS ARE PEACEFUL, CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

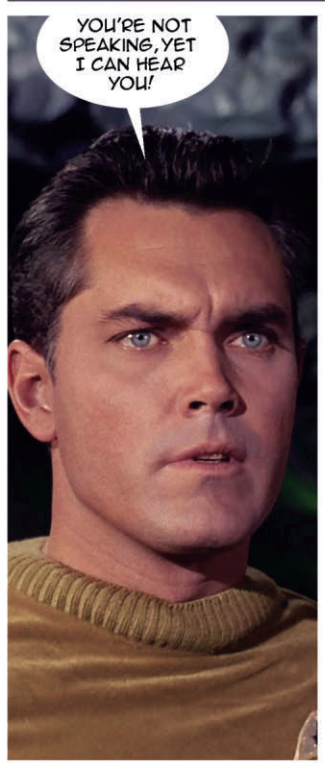


IT APPEARS, MAGISTRATE, THAT THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE SPECIMEN IS SHOCKINGLY LIMITED.

THIS IS NO SURPRISE SINCE ITS VESSEL WAS BAITED HERE SO EASILY WITH A SIMULATED MESSAGE.



AS YOU CAN READ IN ITS THOUGHTS, IT IS ONLY NOW REALIZING THE SURVIVORS AND ENCAMPMENT WERE A SIMPLE ILLUSION WE PLACED IN THEIR MINDS.



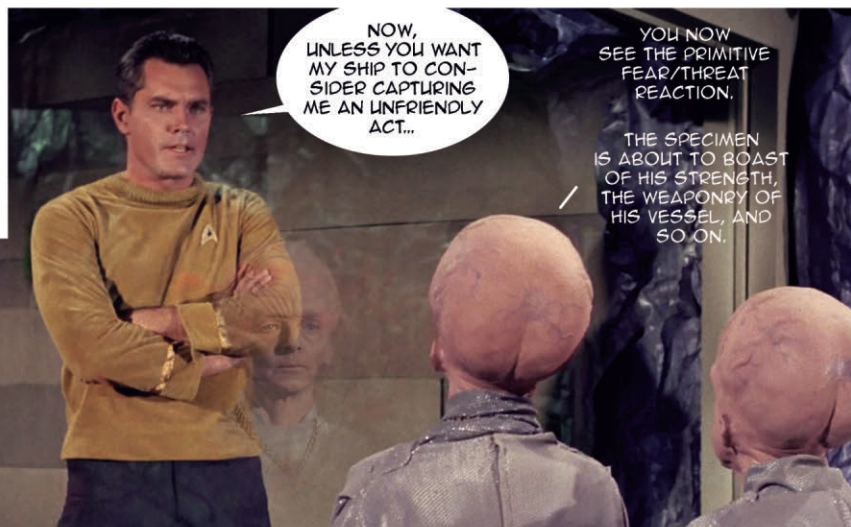
YOU'RE NOT SPEAKING, YET I CAN HEAR YOU!



YOU WILL NOTE THE CONFUSION AS IT READS OUR THOUGHT TRANSMISSIONS.

ALL RIGHT, THEN, TELEPATHY.

YOU CAN READ MY MIND, I CAN READ YOURS.



NOW, UNLESS YOU WANT MY SHIP TO CONSIDER CAPTURING ME AN UNFRIENDLY ACT...

YOU NOW SEE THE PRIMITIVE FEAR/THREAT REACTION.

THE SPECIMEN IS ABOUT TO BOAST OF HIS STRENGTH, THE WEAPONRY OF HIS VESSEL, AND SO ON.



NEXT, FRUSTRATED INTO A NEED TO DISPLAY PHYSICAL PROWESS, THE CREATURE WILL HURL ITSELF AGAINST THE TRANSPARENCY.



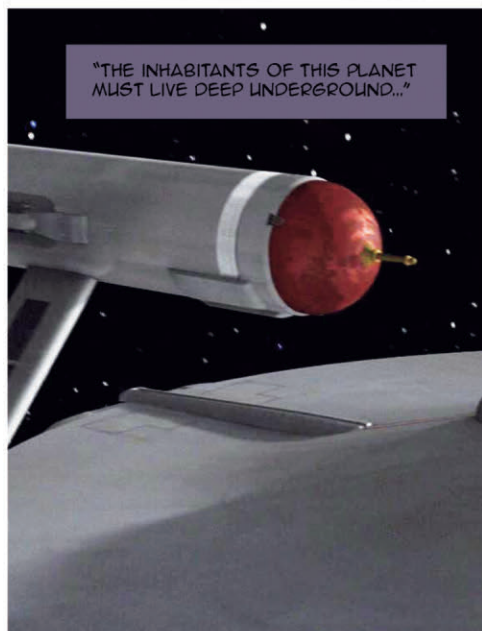
IF YOU WERE IN HERE, WOULDN'T YOU TEST THE STRENGTH OF THESE WALLS, TOO?

THERE'S A WAY OUT OF ANY CAGE, AND I'LL FIND IT!



DESPITE ITS FRUSTRATION, THE CREATURE APPEARS MORE ADAPTABLE THAN OUR SPECIMENS FROM OTHER PLANETS.

WE CAN SOON BEGIN THE EXPERIMENT.



"THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET MUST LIVE DEEP UNDERGROUND..."





...AND PROBABLY
MANUFACTURE FOOD
AND OTHER
NEEDS DOWN
THERE.

OUR TESTS INDICATE
THE PLANET'S SURFACE,
WITHOUT CONSIDERABLY
MORE VEGETATION OR
SOME ANIMALS...

...IS SIMPLY
TOO BARREN TO
SUPPORT
LIFE.

SO WE JUST
THOUGHT WE SAW
SURVIVORS THERE,
MR. SPOCK.

EXACTLY.
AN ILLUSION
PLACED IN OUR
MINDS BY THIS
PLANET'S INHAB-
ITANTS.



IT
WAS A PERFECT
ILLUSION.

THEY HAD
US SEEING JUST
WHAT WE WANTED TO
SEE -- HUMAN BEINGS
WHO HAD SURVIVED
WITH DIGNITY AND
BRAVERY.

EVERYTHING
ENTIRELY LOGICAL,
RIGHT DOWN TO THE
BUILDING OF THE CAMP,
THE TATTERED
CLOTHING.

EVERY-
THING!



NOW,
LET'S BE SURE
WE UNDERSTAND
THE DANGER
OF THIS!

THE INHABITANTS
OF THIS PLANET CAN
READ OUR MINDS, THEY
CAN CREATE ILLUSIONS
OUT OF A PERSON'S
OWN THOUGHTS,
MEMORIES AND
EXPERIENCES.

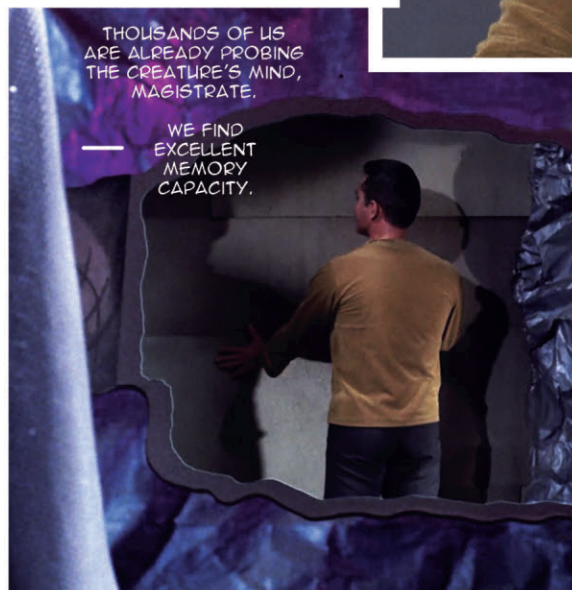
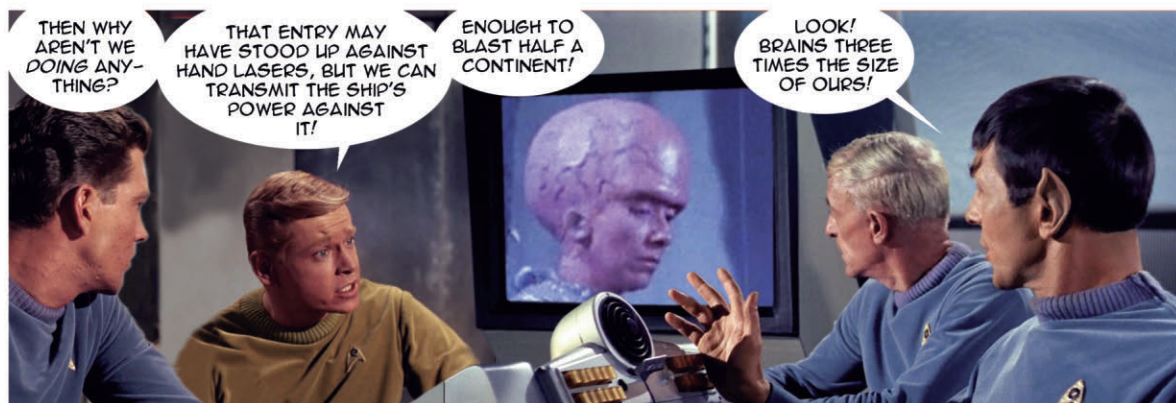
EVEN OUT OF
A PERSON'S OWN
DESIRES.

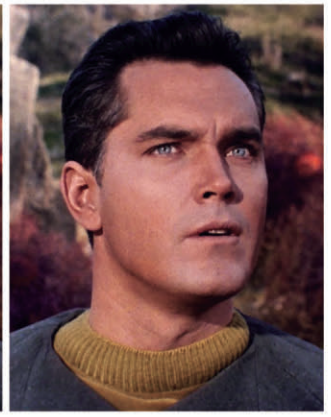
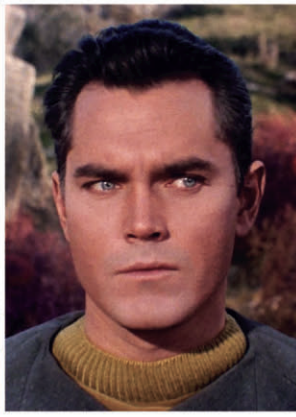
ILLUSIONS JUST
AS REAL AND SOLID
AS THIS TABLETOP,
AND JUST AS
IMPOSSIBLE TO
IGNORE!

ANY ESTIMATE
WHAT THEY MIGHT
WANT ONE OF US
FOR?

THEY COULD
SIMPLY BE STUDYING
THE CAPTAIN, TO FIND
OUT HOW EARTH
PEOPLE ARE PUT
TOGETHER.

OR, IT
COULD BE
SOMETHING
MORE.





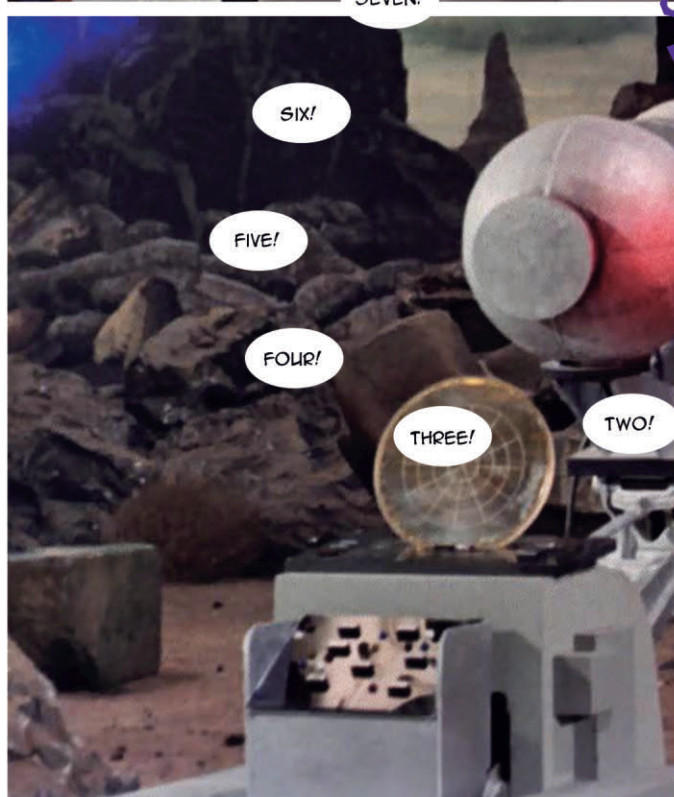










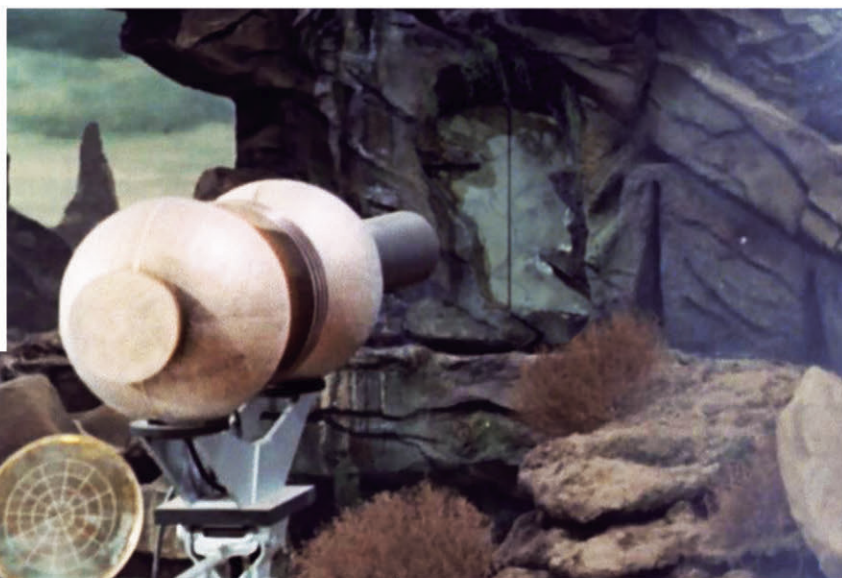




OUR
CIRCUITS ARE
BEGINNING TO
HEAT!

WE HAVE
TO CEASE
POWER!

DISENGAGE!



THE TOP
OF THAT KNOLL
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN SHEARED
OFF THE FIRST
SECOND!

MAY-
BE IT
WAS!

IT'S
WHAT I TRIED
TO EXPLAIN
IN THE BRIEFING
ROOM.

THEIR POWER
OF ILLUSION IS SO
GREAT, WE CAN'T BE
SURE OF ANYTHING
WE DO, ANYTHING
WE SEE!





PERHAPS...
IF YOU ASKED
ME SOME
QUESTIONS I
COULD
ANSWER...

WILL YOU
THEN PICK SOME
DREAM YOU'VE
HAD, AND LET ME
LIVE IT WITH
YOU?

PERHAPS.

HOW FAR
CAN THEY
CONTROL MY
MIND?



THEY CAN'T
ACTUALLY MAKE
YOU DO ANYTHING
YOU DON'T WANT
TO DO.

BUT THEY CAN
TRICK YOU WITH
THEIR
ILLUSIONS.

AND THEY CAN
PUNISH YOU WHEN
YOU'RE NOT
COOPERATIVE.

YOU'LL
FIND OUT
ABOUT
THAT!

WHY
DID THEY
MOVE
UNDER-
GROUND?



WAR.
THOUSANDS
OF CENTURIES
AGO.

THE
PLANET'S ONLY
NOW BECOMING
ABLE TO SUPPORT
LIFE AGAIN.

THE
TALOSIANS WHO
CAME UNDERGROUND
FOUND LIFE LIMITED
HERE, SO THEY
CONCENTRATED ON
DEVELOPING THEIR
MENTAL
POWERS.

BUT THEY
FOUND IT'S A TRAP,
LIKE A NARCOTIC.
WHEN DREAMS BECOME
MORE IMPORTANT THAN
REALITY, YOU GIVE UP
TRAVEL, BUILDING,
CREATING.



YOU EVEN FORGET
HOW TO REPAIR THE
MACHINES LEFT BEHIND
BY YOUR
ANCESTORS.

YOU JUST
SIT, LIVING AND
RELIVING OTHER
LIVES IN THE
THOUGHT
RECORD.

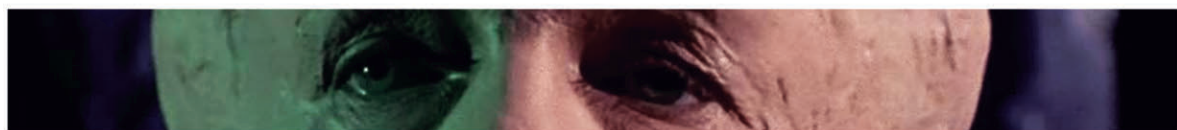
OR
PROBING THE
MINDS OF ZOO
SPECIMENS LIKE
ME!



YOU'RE BETTER
THAN A THEATER
TO THEM.

THEY CREATE
THE ILLUSION FOR
YOU, THEY WATCH
YOU REACT, FEEL
YOUR
EMOTIONS.

THEY HAVE A
WHOLE COLLECTION
OF SPECIMENS,
DESCENDANTS OF LIFE
BROUGHT BACK LONG
AGO FROM ALL OVER
THIS PART OF THE
GALAXY.





THE VIAL
CONTAINS A
NOURISHING
PROTEIN
COMPLEX.

IF THE
FORM IS NOT
APPEALING, IT
CAN APPEAR AS
ANY FOOD YOU
WISH.



IS THE KEEPER
ACTUALLY COMMUNI-
CATING WITH ONE
OF HIS
ANIMALS?

WHY NOT
JUST PUT
IRRESISTIBLE
HUNGER IN MY
MIND?

BUT YOU
CAN'T, CAN YOU?
YOU DO HAVE
LIMITATIONS.

AND
IF I
PREFER...



...TO
STARVE?



AH-HGH

YOU
OVERLOOK THE
UNPLEASANT
ALTERNATIVE OF
PUNISHMENT.

FROM A
FABLE YOU ONCE
HEARD IN
CHILDHOOD,

YOU WILL
NOW CONSUME
THE NOURISH-
MENT.



IF YOU
CONTINUE
TO DISOBEY, FROM
DEEPER IN YOUR MIND
THERE ARE THINGS
EVEN MORE
UNPLEASANT.



THAT'S
VERY INTER-
ESTING!

YOU
WERE STARTLED!
WEREN'T YOU
READING MY MIND
THEN?

ALL I
WANTED FOR
THAT MOMENT
WAS TO GET MY
HANDS AROUND
YOUR
NECK!



NOW,
TO THE
FEMALE.

AS YOU'VE
CONJECTURED,
AN EARTH VESSEL DID
CRASH ON OUR
PLANET, BUT WITH
ONLY A SINGLE
SURVIVOR.

WE
REPAIRED HER
INJURIES, AND
FOUND THE
SPECIES
INTEREST-
ING.



LET'S STAY
ON THE FIRST
SUBJECT.

DO PRIMITIVE
THOUGHTS PUT UP
A BLOCK YOU
CAN'T READ
THROUGH?

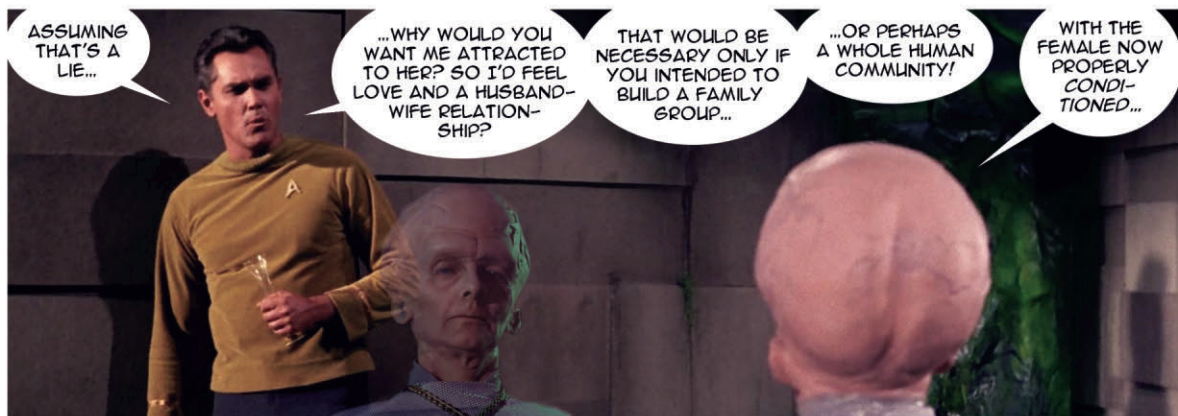
IT
BECAME
NECESSARY
TO ATTRACT
A MATE.

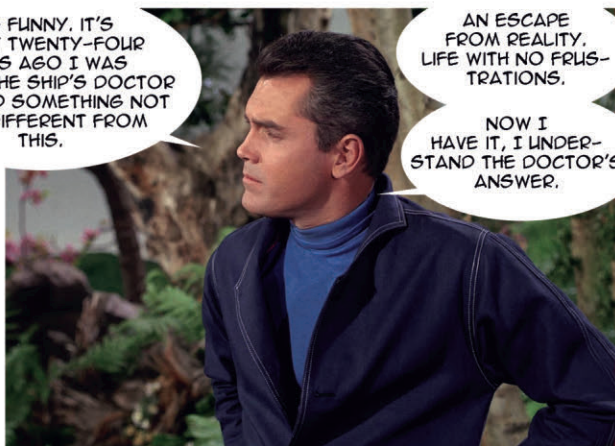


ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT, LET'S
TALK ABOUT THE
GIRL.

YOU SEEM
TO BE GOING OUT
OF YOUR WAY TO
MAKE HER
ATTRACTIVE -- TO
MAKE ME FEEL
PROTECTIVE.

WE
WISH OUR
SPECIMENS TO
BE HAPPY IN
THEIR NEW
LIFE.







I DON'T HATE YOU. I CAN GUESS WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

IF THEY CAN READ MY MIND, THEN THEY KNOW THAT I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU.

I WAS FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I SAW YOU IN THE SURVIVORS' CAMP.



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY NONE OF THIS HAS WORKED FOR YOU.

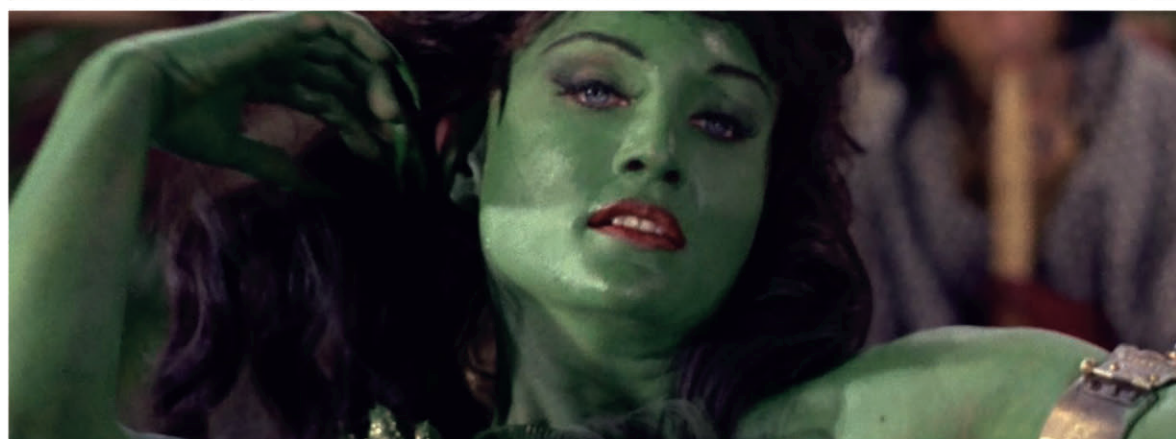
YOU'VE BEEN HOME, AND FIGHTING, AS ON RIGEL. NONE OF THAT IS NEW TO YOU.

A PERSON'S STRONGEST DREAMS ARE ABOUT WHAT HE CAN'T DO.

YES, A SHIP'S CAPTAIN. ALWAYS HAVING TO BE SO FORMAL, SO DECENT AND HONEST AND PROPER.

YOU MUST WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO FORGET ALL THAT!

NICE PLACE YOU'VE GOT HERE, MR. PIKE!



VINA?







NOW, YOU
ALL KNOW THE
SITUATION.

WE'RE HOPING TO
TRANSPORT DOWN
INSIDE THE TALOSIAN
COMMUNITY.

IF OUR MEASUREMENTS
AND READINGS ARE
AN ILLUSION ALSO, ONE
COULD FIND ONESELF
MATERIALIZED INSIDE
SOLID ROCK.







IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU DON'T NEED THEM!

WE WERE THE ONLY ONES TRANSPORT-ED...??



THEY DON'T WORK!

THEY WERE FULLY CHARGED WHEN WE LEFT!



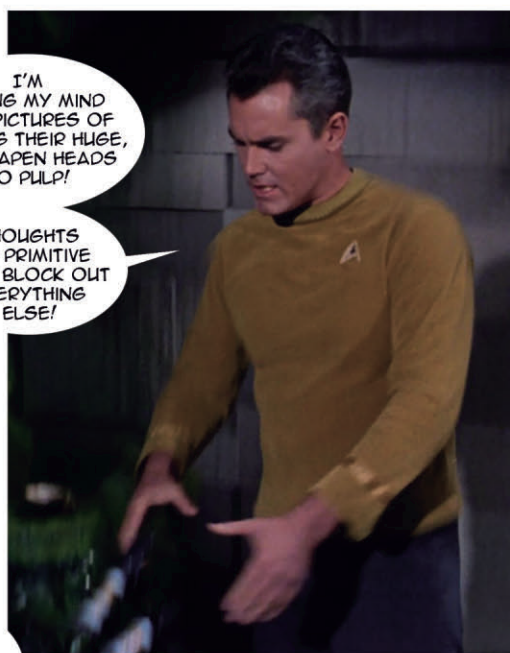
IT'S DEAD!

I CAN'T MAKE A SIGNAL!

DON'T SAY ANY-THING!

I'M FILLING MY MIND WITH PICTURES OF BEATING THEIR HUGE, MISSHAPEN HEADS TO PULP!

THOUGHTS SO PRIMITIVE THEY BLOCK OUT EVERYTHING ELSE!



HOW LONG CAN YOU BLOCK YOUR THOUGHTS? A FEW MINUTES? AN HOUR?

HE DOESN'T NEED YOU! HE'S ALREADY PICKED ME!

PICKED HER? FOR WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



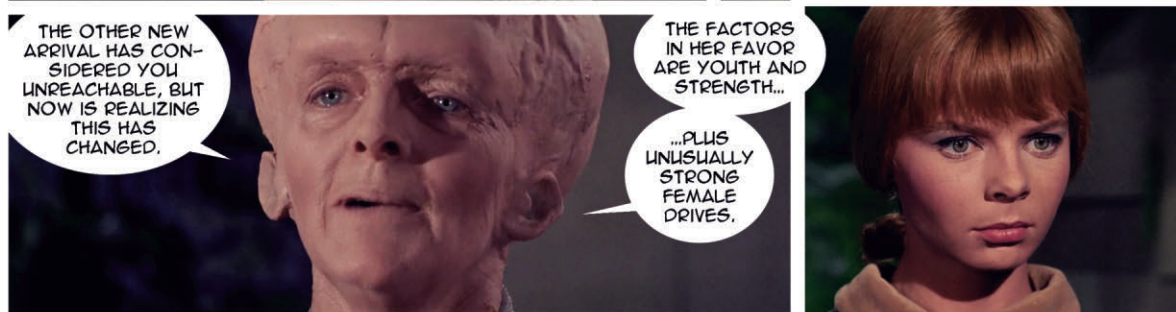
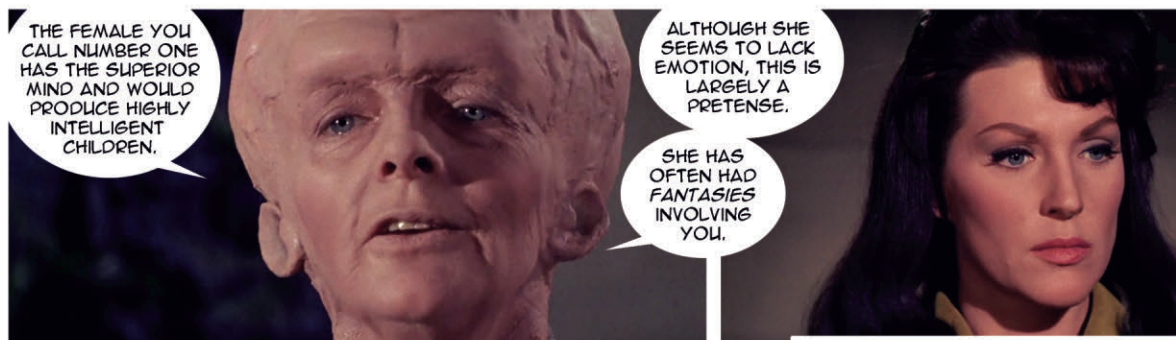
NOW THERE'S A FINE CHOICE FOR INTELLIGENT OFFSPRING!

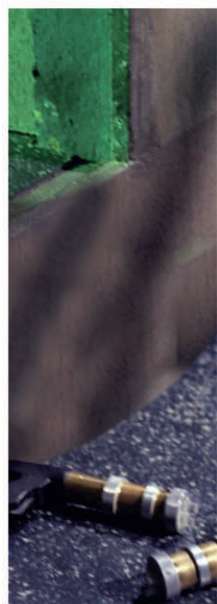


OFFSPRING? AS IN CHILDREN??

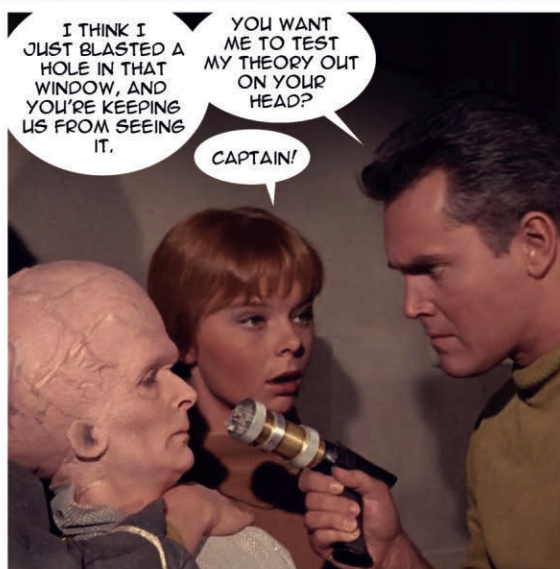
OFFSPRING AS IN HE'S ADAM, IS THAT IT?





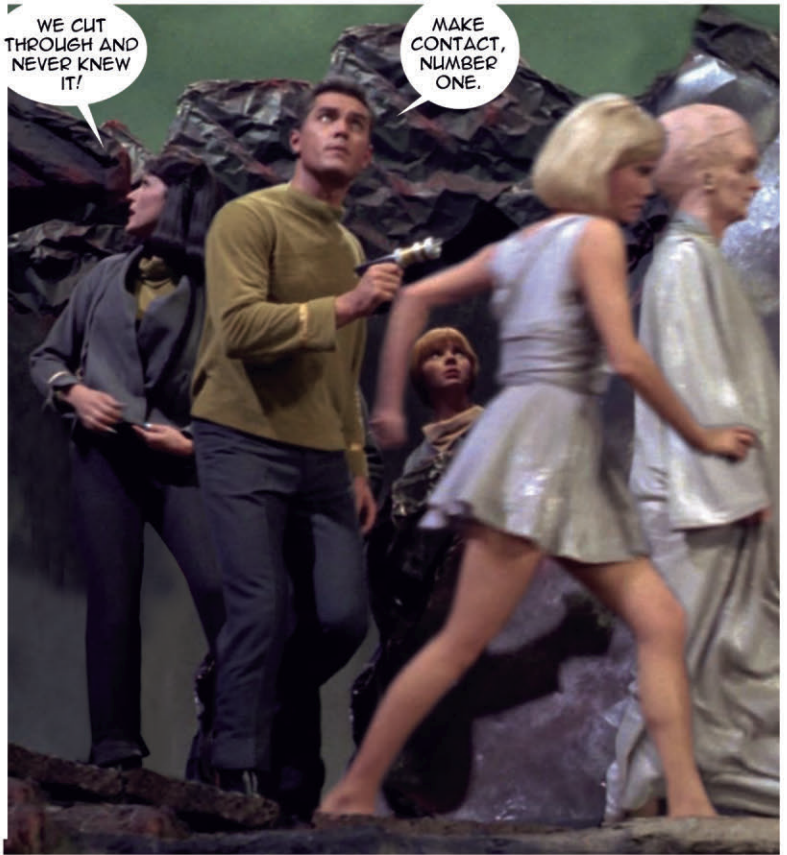








THEY KEPT US FROM SEEING THIS, TOO.



WE CUT THROUGH AND NEVER KNEW IT!

MAKE CONTACT, NUMBER ONE.



CAPTAIN, THE COMMUNICATOR ISN'T WORKING!



AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING.

YOU ARE NOW ON THE SURFACE, WHERE WE WISHED YOU TO BE.

WITH THE FEMALE OF YOUR CHOICE, YOU WILL NOW BEGIN CAREFULLY GUIDED LIVES.

AND START BY BURYING YOU?



THAT IS YOUR CHOICE.

TO HELP YOU RECLAIM THE SURFACE, OUR BOTANICAL GARDENS WILL FURNISH A VARIETY OF PLANT LIFE.

SINCE OUR LIFE-SPAN IS MANY TIMES YOURS, WE HAVE TIME TO EVOLVE YOU INTO A SOCIETY TRAINED TO SERVE AS ARTISANS, TECHNICIANS...



LOOK, I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU.

YOU AND YOUR LIFE FOR THE LIVES OF THESE TWO EARTH WOMEN.

GIVE ME PROOF THAT OUR SHIP IS ALL RIGHT, SEND THESE TWO BACK...

...AND I'LL STAY WITH VINA.

IT'S WRONG TO CREATE A WHOLE RACE OF HUMANS TO LIVE AS SLAVES.



KAL-TINK



IS THIS A DECEPTION? DO YOU INTEND TO DESTROY YOURSELVES??

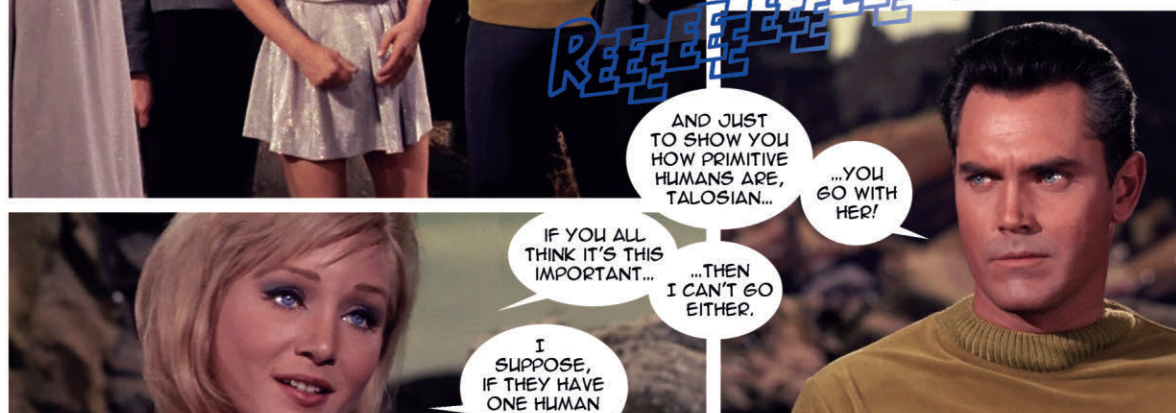
WHAT IS THAT?

THE WEAPON IS BUILDING UP AN OVER-LOAD.

A FORCED CHAMBER EXPLOSION.

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO GET UNDERGROUND.

REEEEEEEE



IF YOU ALL THINK IT'S THIS IMPORTANT...

...THEN I CAN'T GO EITHER.

I SUPPOSE, IF THEY HAVE ONE HUMAN BEING...

...THEN THEY MIGHT TRY AGAIN.

AND JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW PRIMITIVE HUMANS ARE, TALOSIAN...

...YOU GO WITH HER!





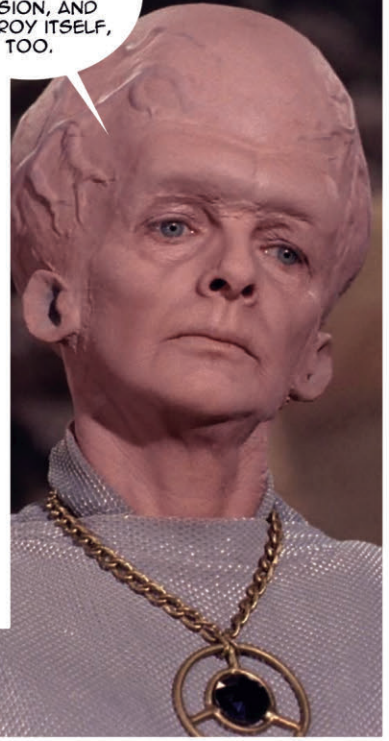


NO OTHER SPECIMEN HAS SHOWN YOUR ADAPTIBILITY.

YOU WERE OUR LAST HOPE.

BUT WOULDN'T SOME FORM OF TRADE --MUTUAL COOPERATION--

YOUR RACE WOULD LEARN OUR POWERS OF ILLUSION, AND DESTROY ITSELF, TOO.



CAPTAIN, WE HAVE TRANSPORTER CONTROL, NOW.

I CAN'T

I CAN'T GO WITH YOU.

LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP.



SIR, IT JUST CAME ON!



THE CAPTAIN ?!



THIS IS THE
FEMALE'S
TRUE
APPEARANCE.

THEY FOUND
ME IN THE
WRECKAGE,
DYING.

LUMP
OF
FLESH.

THEY REBUILT
ME. EVERYTHING
WORKS.



BUT THEY
HAD NEVER
SEEN A
HUMAN.

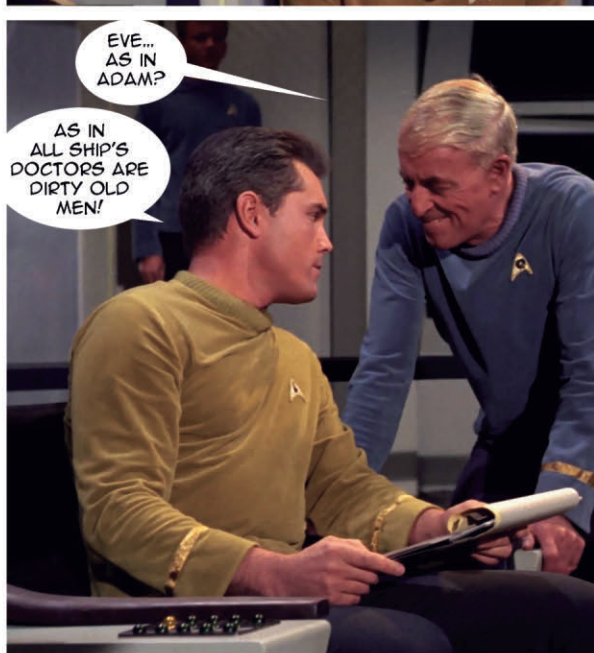
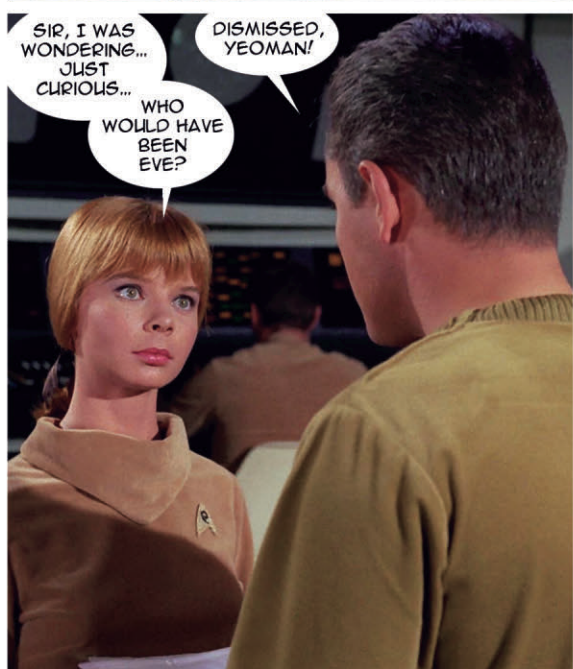
THEY
HAD NO
GUIDE FOR
PUTTING ME
BACK TO-
GETHER!

IT WAS
NECESSARY TO
CONVINCE YOU
YOUR DESIRE TO
STAY WAS AN
HONEST
ONE.

YOU'LL
GIVE HER
BACK HER
ILLUSION OF
BEAUTY?









STAR TREK "DREAM A LITTLE DREAM"

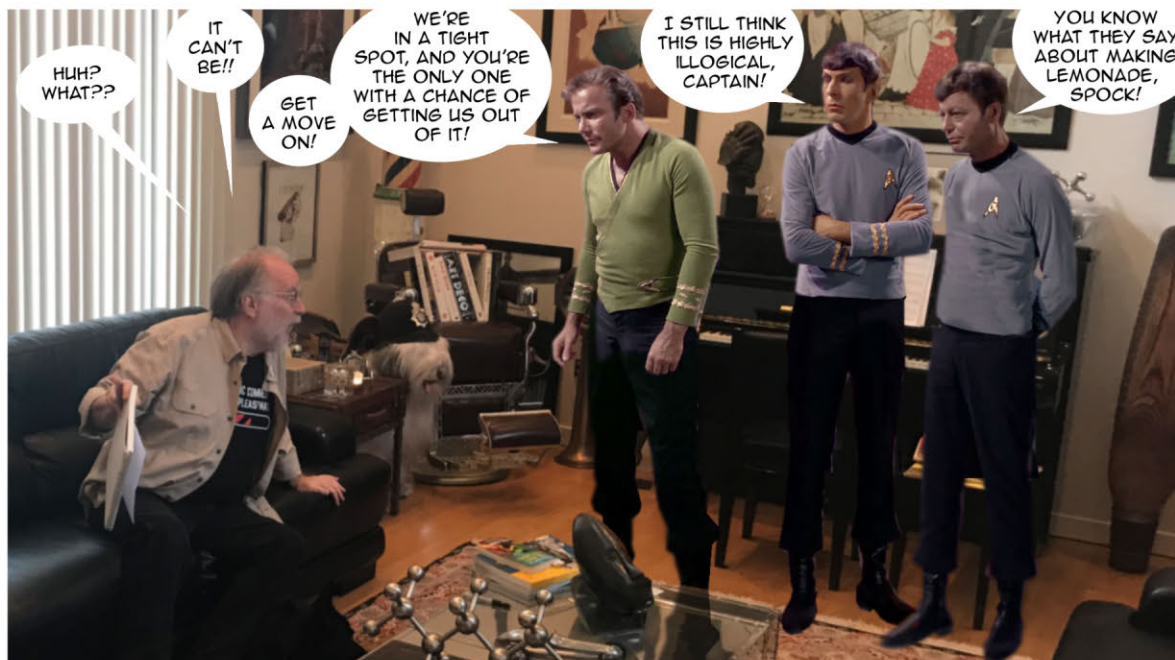
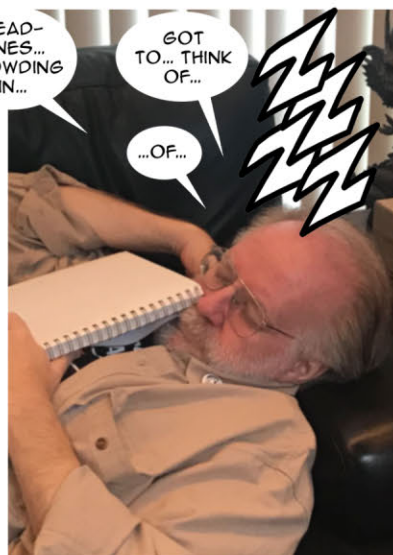
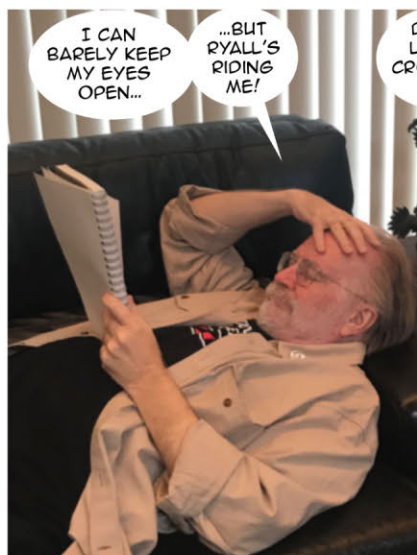
Created by GENE RODDENBERRY
Photomontage and Story by JOHN BYRNE

DAGNABBIT!

I'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT...

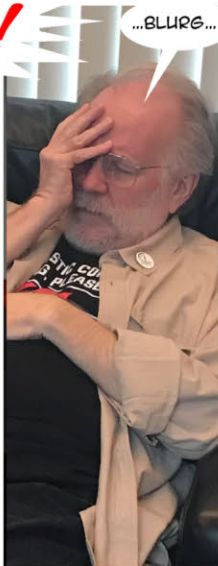
...AND I CAN'T THINK OF A STORY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!

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





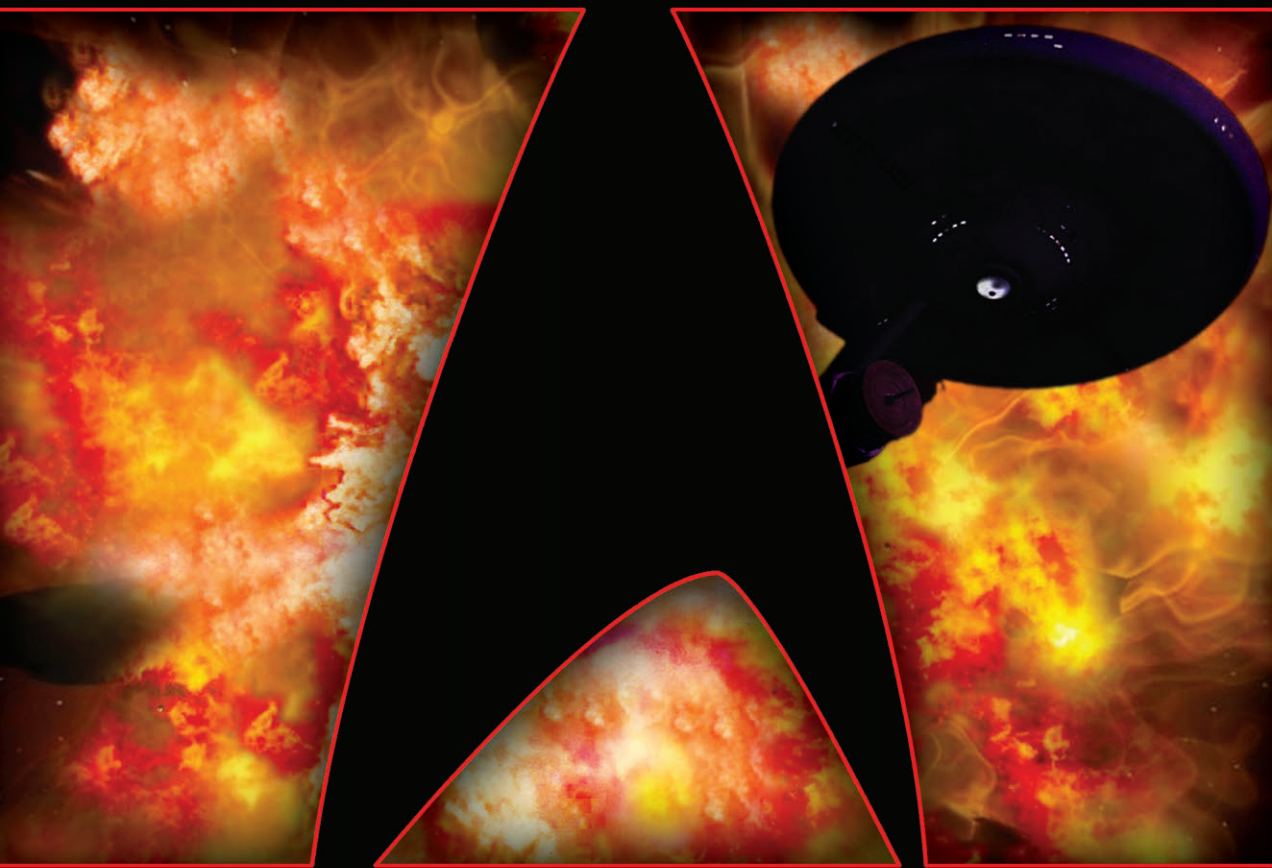




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