

STAR TREK

THE NEXT GENERATION®

THE SPACE BETWEEN



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SPACE... THE FINAL FRONTIER.

***THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF
THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.***

***ITS CONTINUING MISSION:
TO EXPLORE STRANGE
NEW WORLDS,***

***TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE AND
NEW CIVILIZATIONS,***

***TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO ONE
HAS GONE BEFORE.***

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Edited by Dan Taylor

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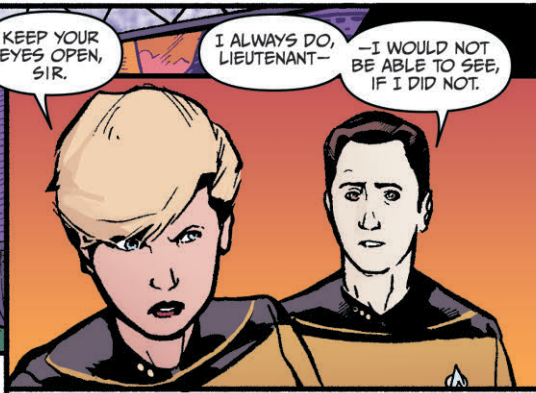
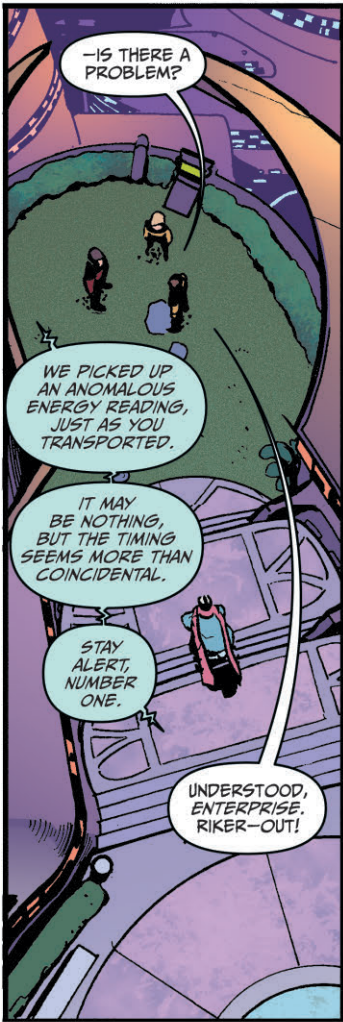
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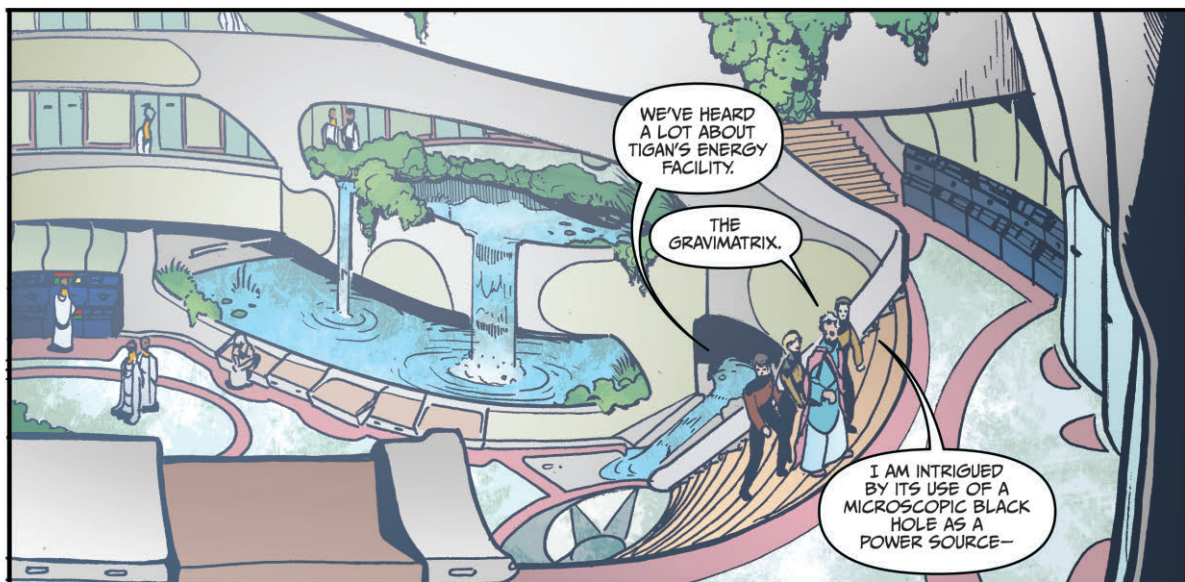
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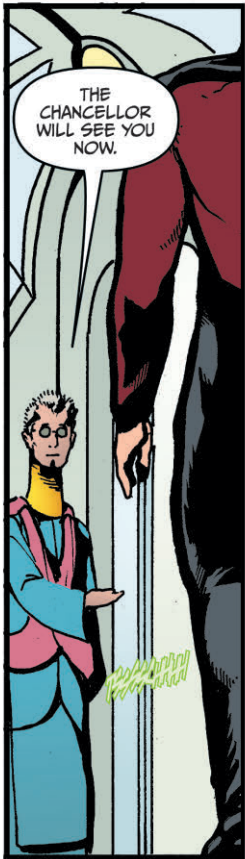
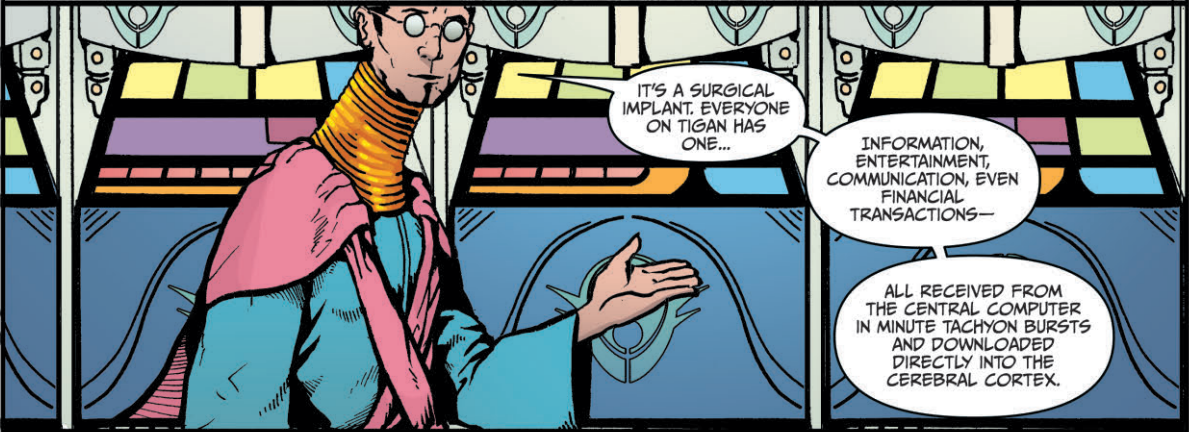
PART ONE: HISTORY LESSON

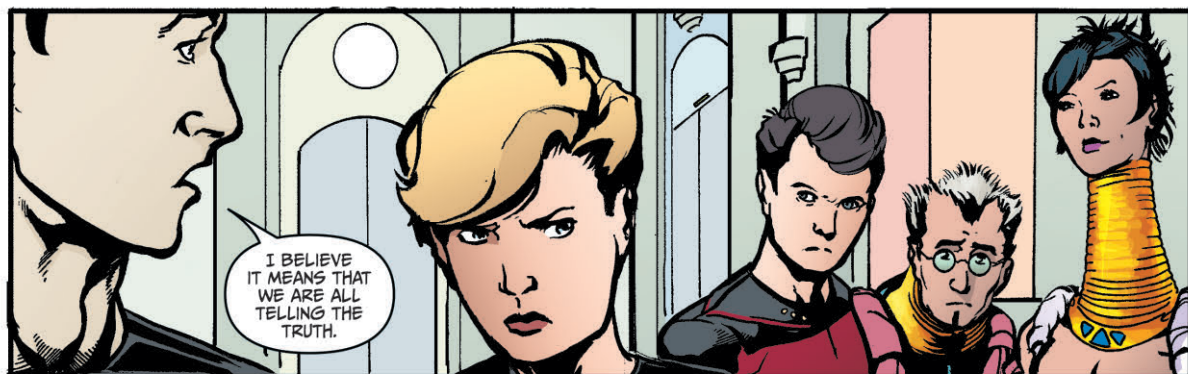


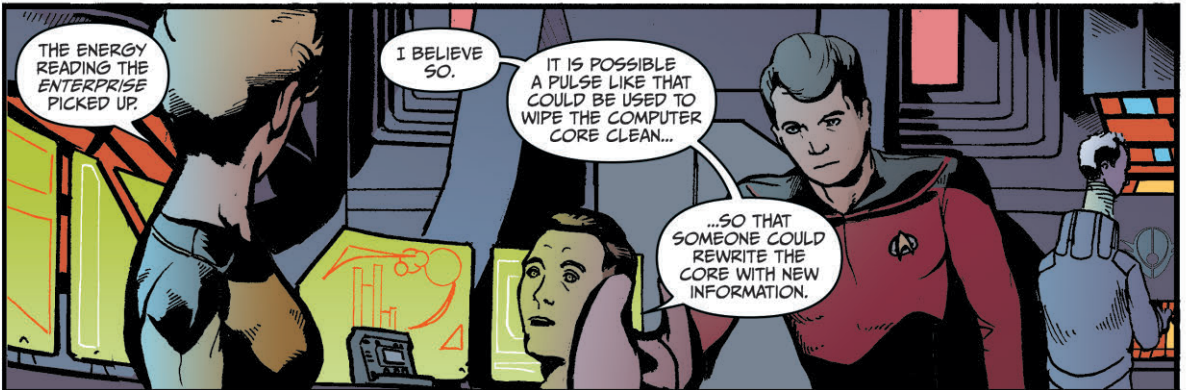
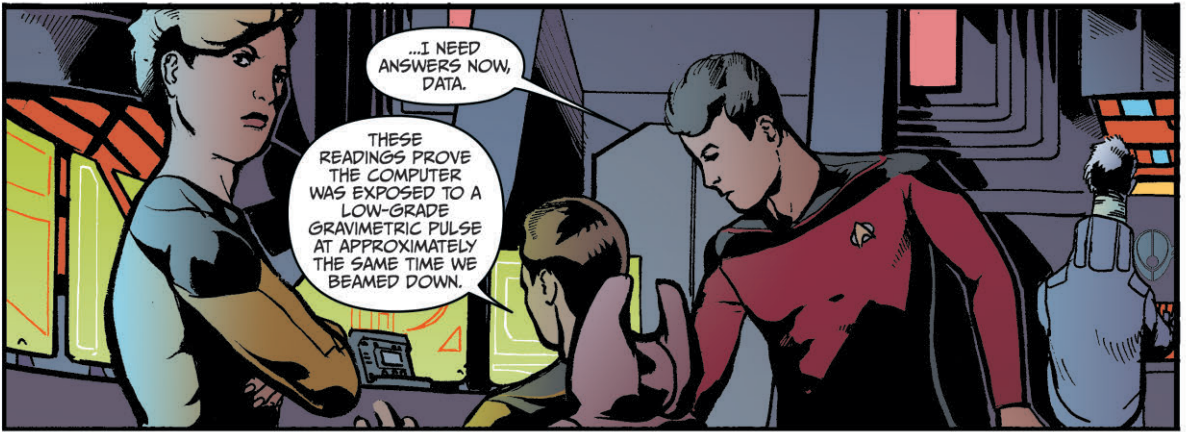
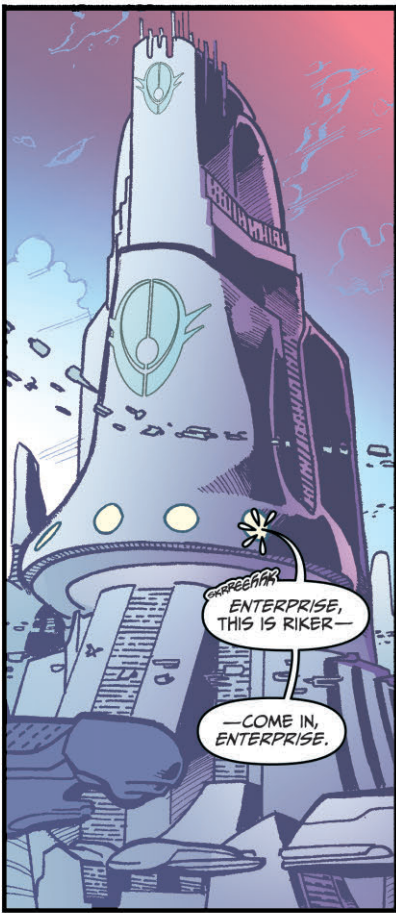


















CAPTAIN'S LOG:
SUPPLEMENTAL—

THE ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN HIT BY A MASSIVE GRAVITMERIC PULSE, WHICH IS PUSHING US ACROSS THE GALAXY AT NEAR-LIGHT SPEEDS.

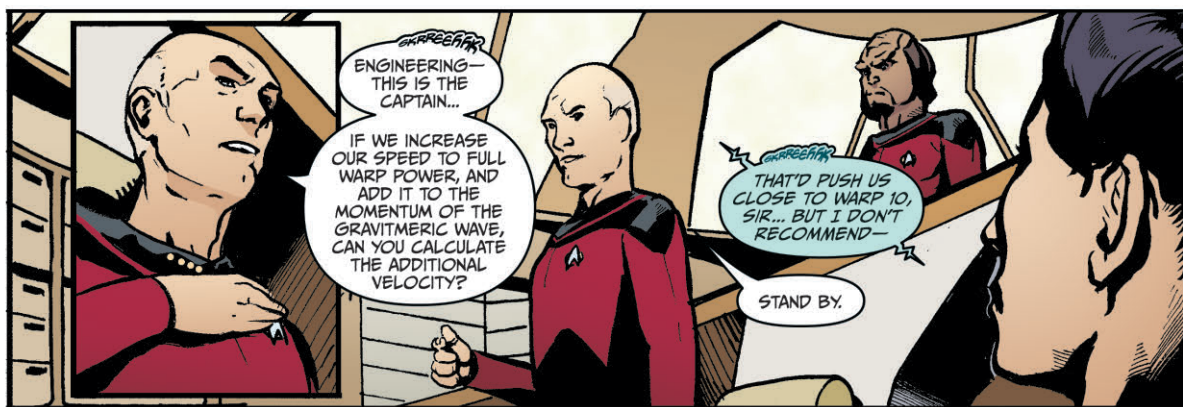


THE CHIEF SAYS IT'S NO USE, CAPTAIN.

EVEN AT FULL WARP POWER, WE CAN'T BEAT THE FORCE OF THE PULSE. ALL WE'RE DOING IS BURNING OUT THE WARP DRIVE.

IF WE DO NOT ACT SOON, WE WILL END UP IN THE GAMMA QUADRANT...

AND I, FOR ONE, DO NOT WISH TO GO THERE.



ENGINEERING—THIS IS THE CAPTAIN...

IF WE INCREASE OUR SPEED TO FULL WARP POWER, AND ADD IT TO THE MOMENTUM OF THE GRAVITMERIC WAVE, CAN YOU CALCULATE THE ADDITIONAL VELOCITY?

THAT'D PUSH US CLOSE TO WARP 10, SIR... BUT I DON'T RECOMMEND—

STAND BY.



CAN THE SHIP TAKE THAT KIND OF STRESS?

MY PEOPLE ARE ON THAT PLANET, COUNSELOR.

I'D RATHER BLOW THE ENTERPRISE TO KINGDOM COME THAN LEAVE THEM BEHIND.

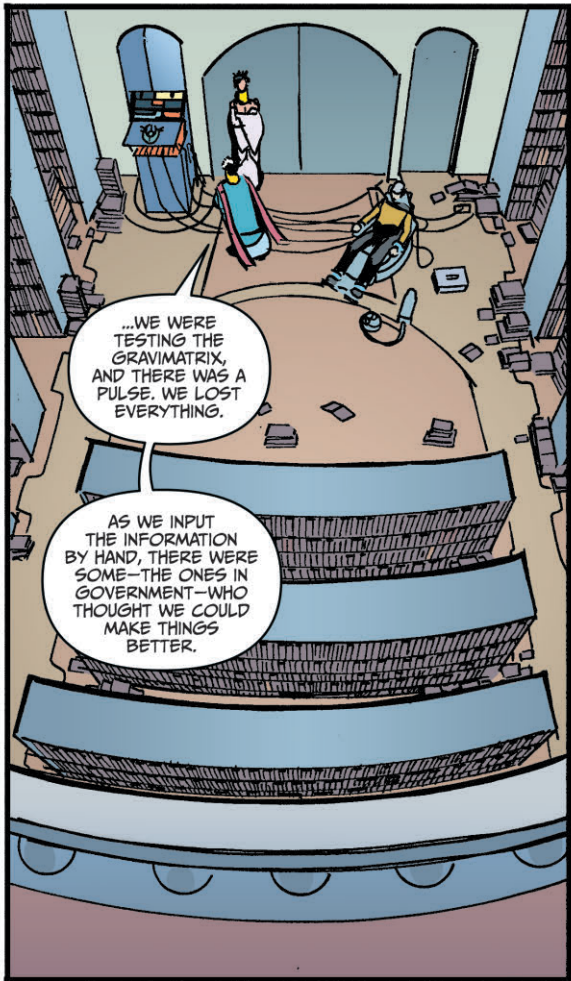




WE WERE TOLD THE TIGANS NO LONGER USED BOOKS.

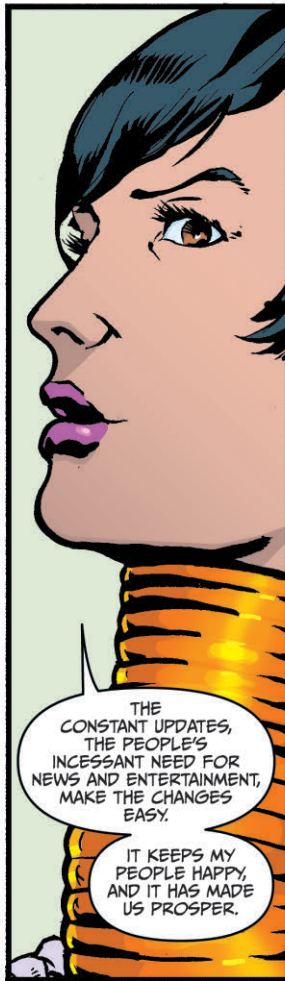
THE PEOPLE ARE TOLD WHAT THEY NEED TO KNOW.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT—THE FIRST TIME...



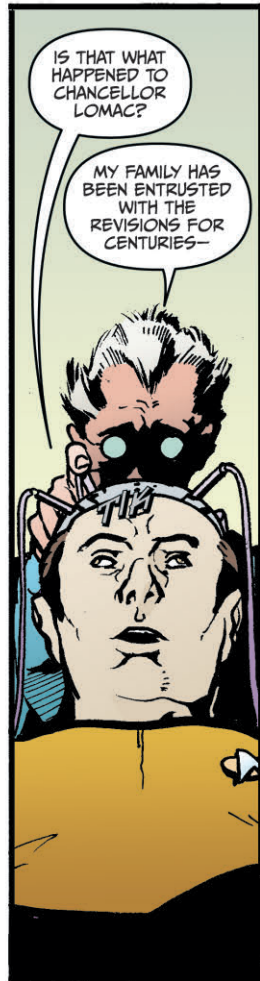
...WE WERE TESTING THE GRAVIMATRIX, AND THERE WAS A PULSE. WE LOST EVERYTHING.

AS WE INPUT THE INFORMATION BY HAND, THERE WERE SOME—THE ONES IN GOVERNMENT—WHO THOUGHT WE COULD MAKE THINGS BETTER.



THE CONSTANT UPDATES, THE PEOPLE'S INCESSANT NEED FOR NEWS AND ENTERTAINMENT, MAKE THE CHANGES EASY.

IT KEEPS MY PEOPLE HAPPY, AND IT HAS MADE US PROSPER.



IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO CHANCELLOR LOMAC?

MY FAMILY HAS BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH THE REVISIONS FOR CENTURIES—

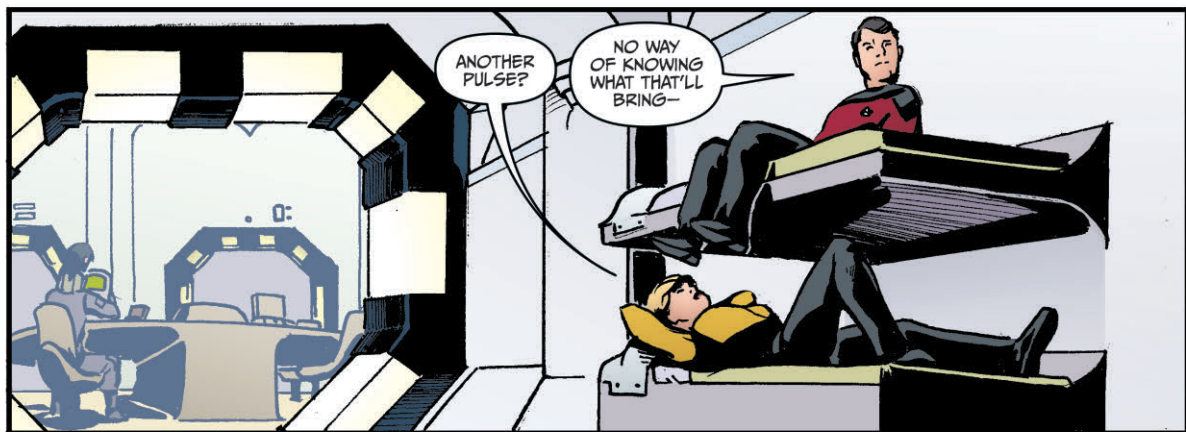


—MANY DO NOT EVER NEED TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE. I HAVE BEEN CALLED TO SERVE MANY TIMES.

ALL OF THOSE BATTLES AND HEROES LOST IN TIME—MAY I ASK YOU, CHANCELLOR KADEC...

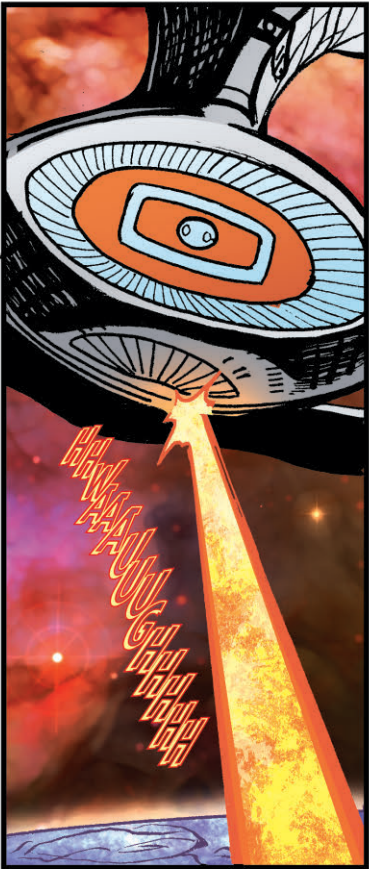
...WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE REWRITES YOU?

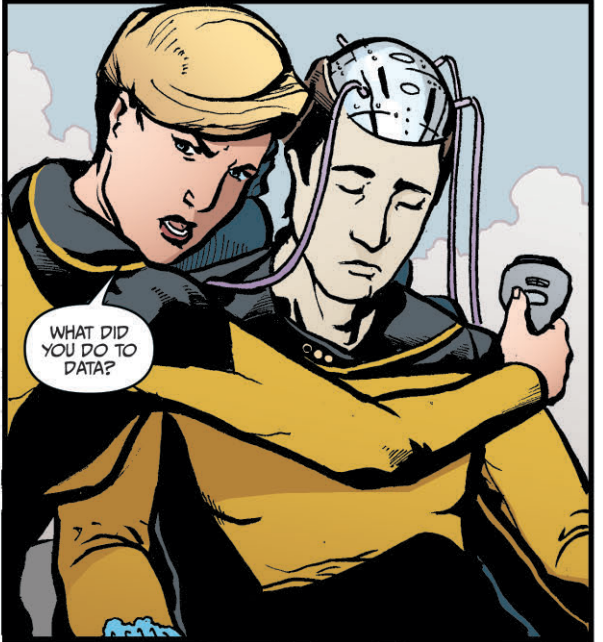








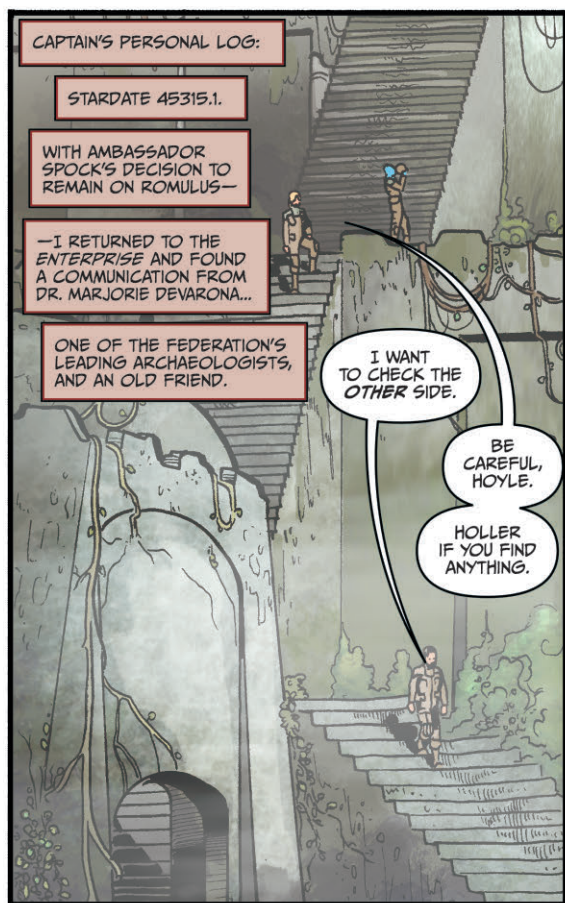


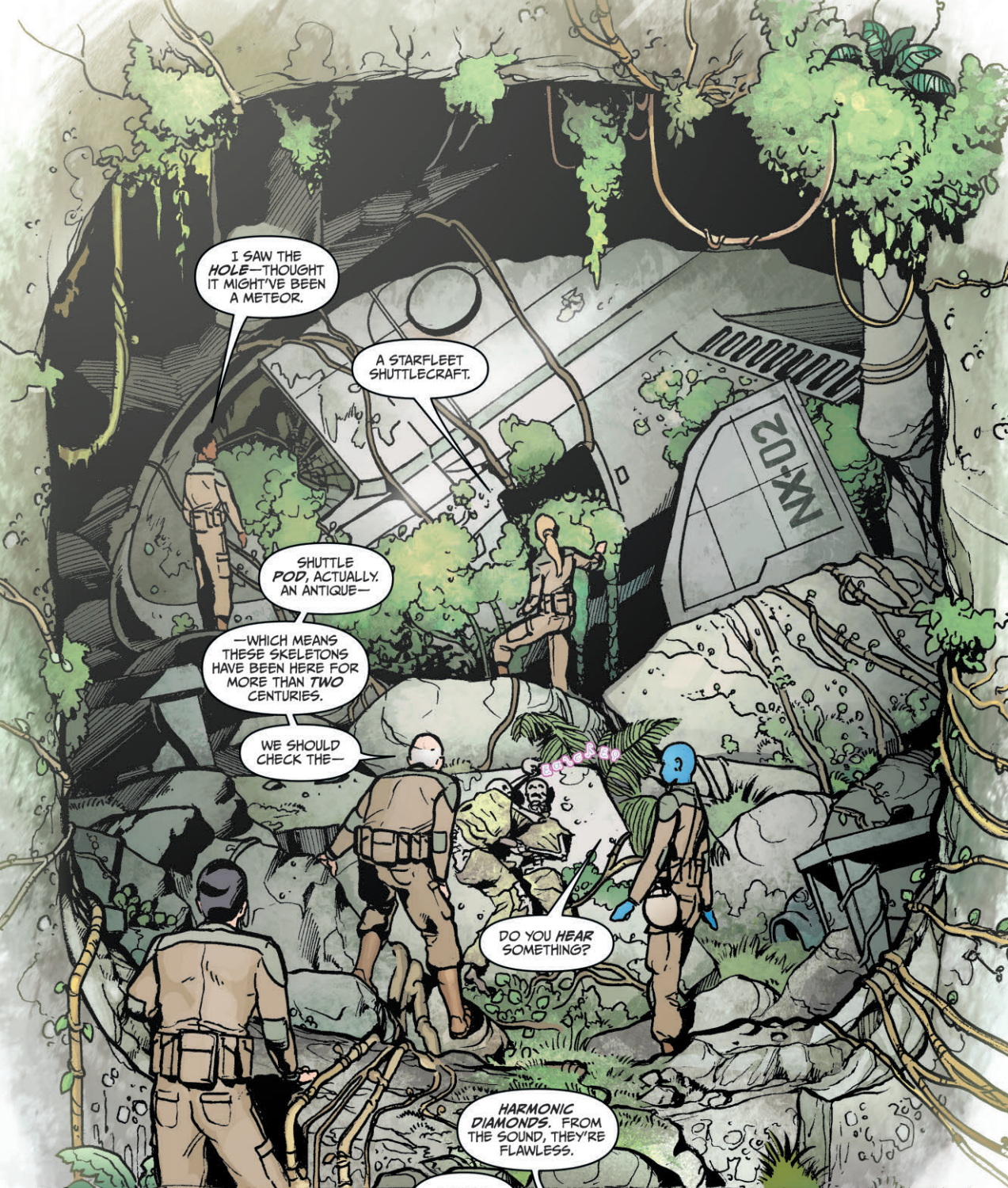




PART TWO: CAPTAIN'S PLEASURE







I SAW THE
HOLE—THOUGHT
IT MIGHT'VE BEEN
A METEOR.

A STARFLEET
SHUTTLECRAFT.

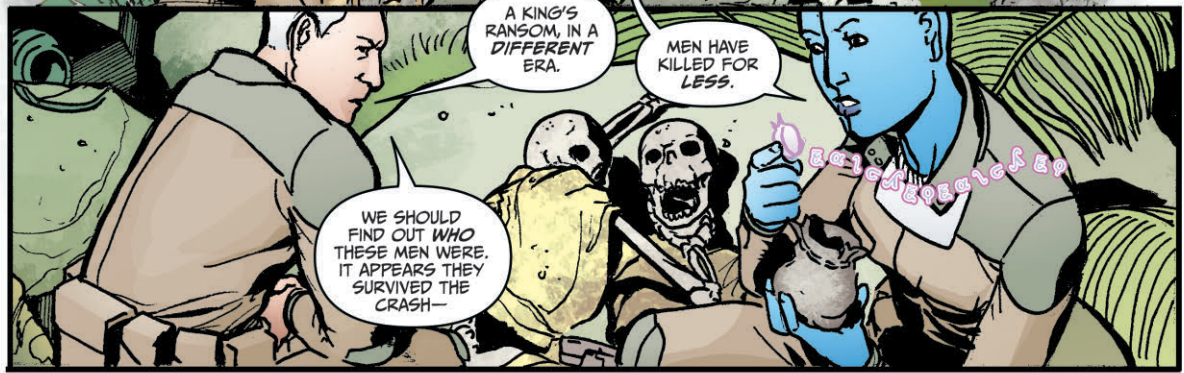
SHUTTLE
POD, ACTUALLY.
AN ANTIQUE—

—WHICH MEANS
THESE SKELETONS
HAVE BEEN HERE FOR
MORE THAN TWO
CENTURIES.

WE SHOULD
CHECK THE—

DO YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

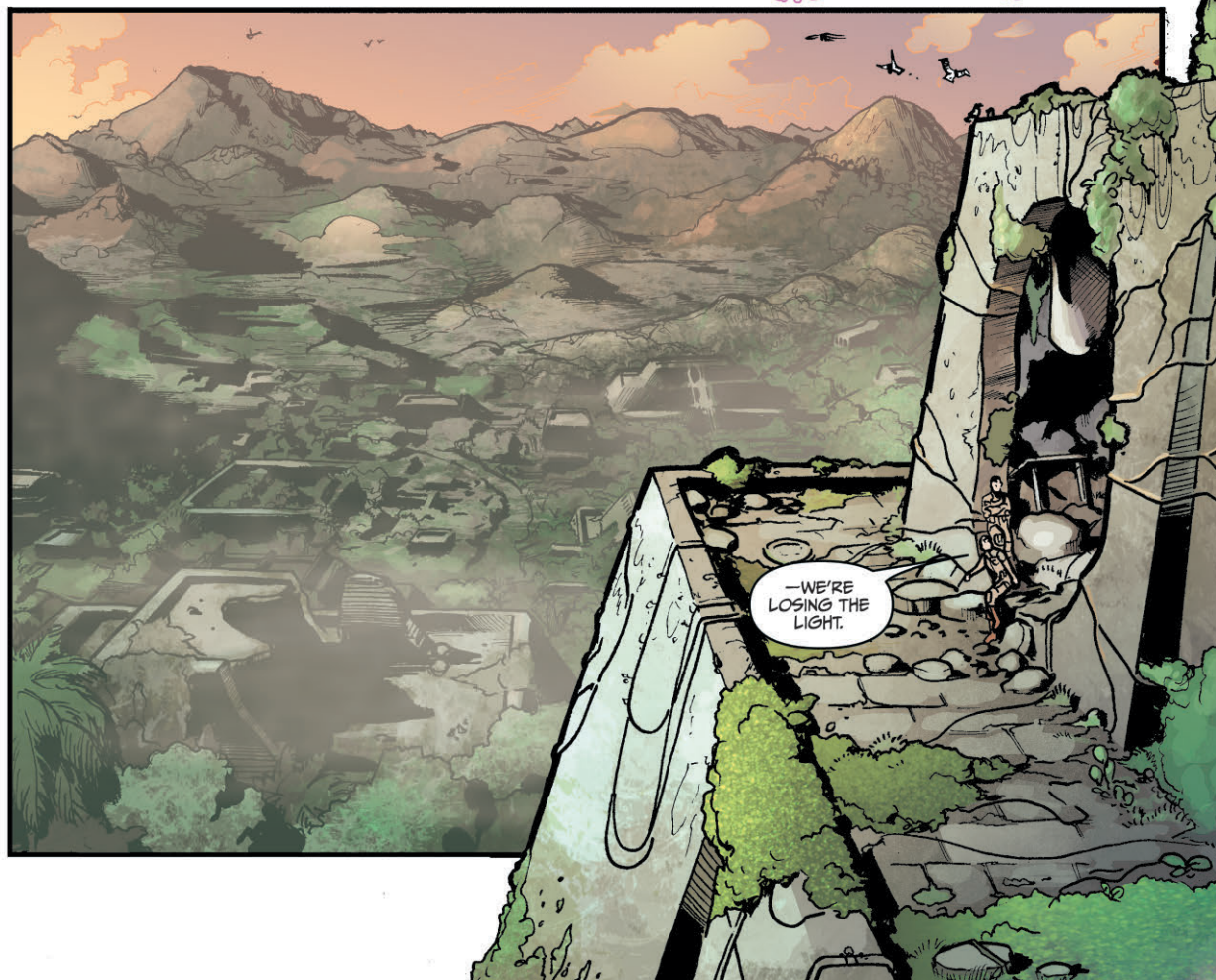
HARMONIC
DIAMONDS. FROM
THE SOUND, THEY'RE
FLAWLESS.

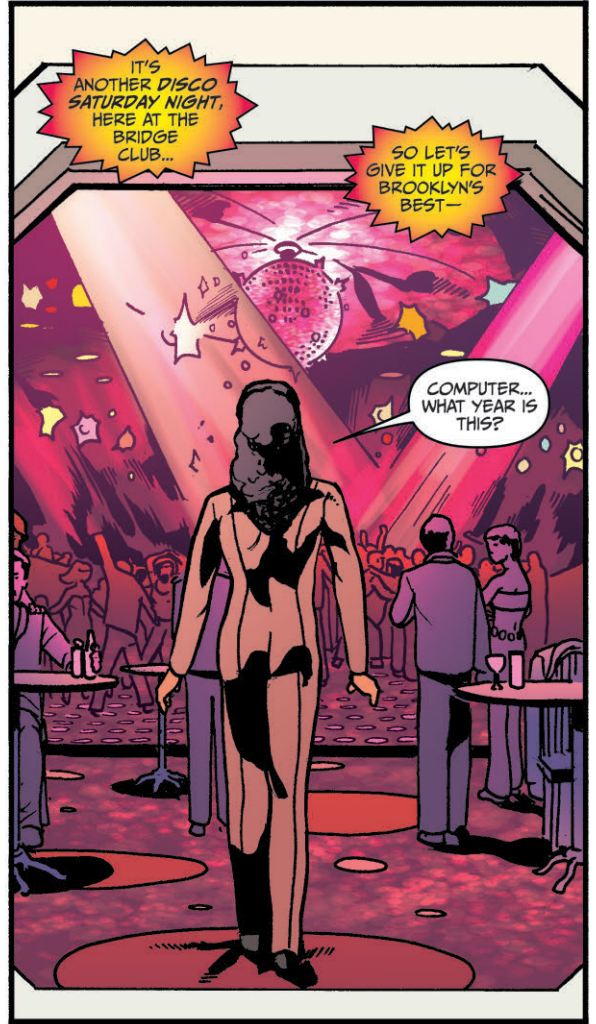


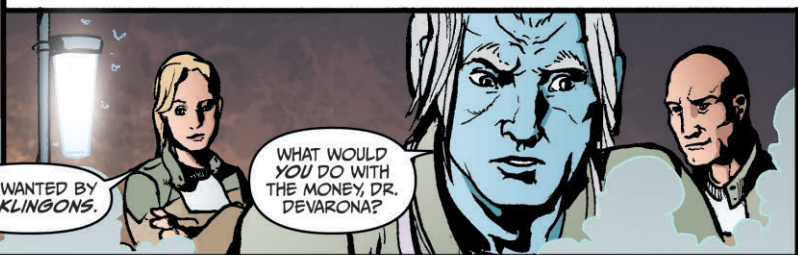
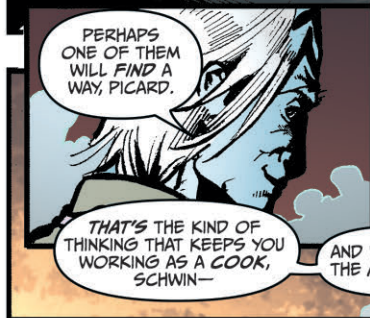
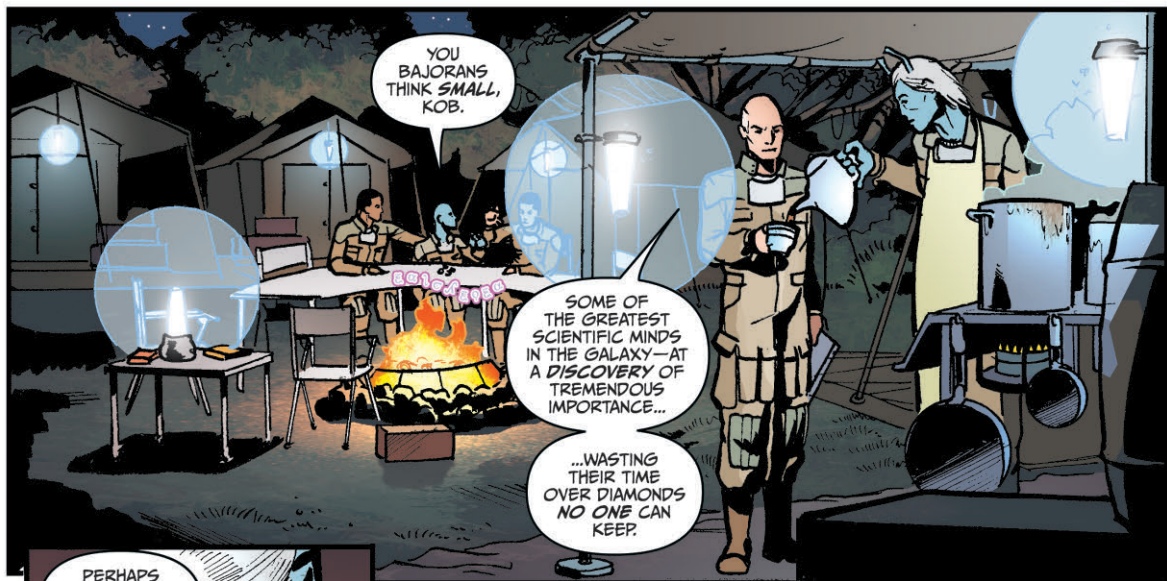
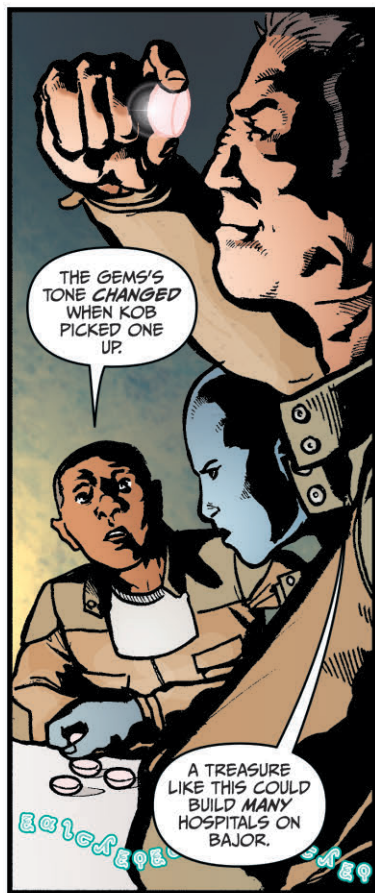
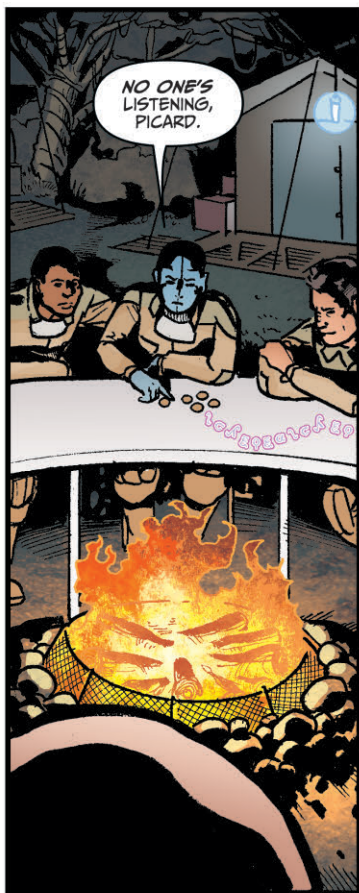
A KING'S
RANSOM, IN A
DIFFERENT
ERA.

MEN HAVE
KILLED FOR
LESS.

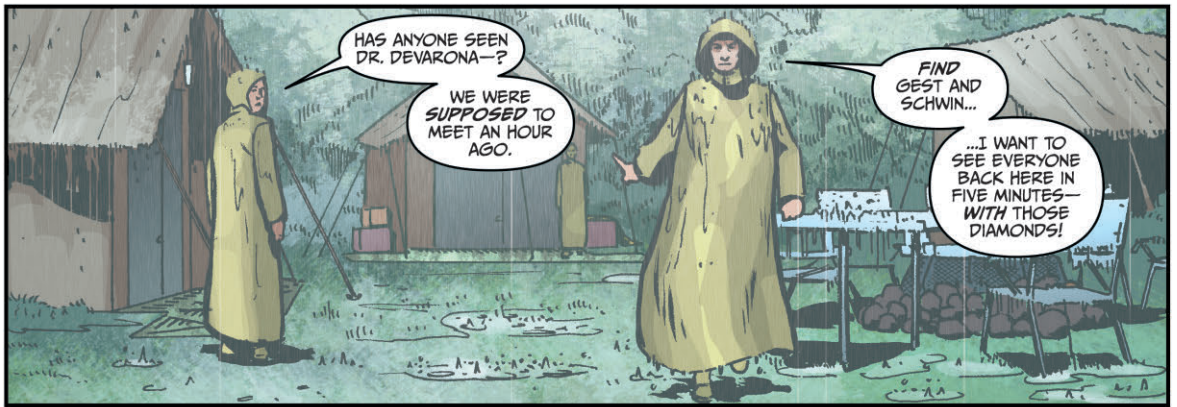
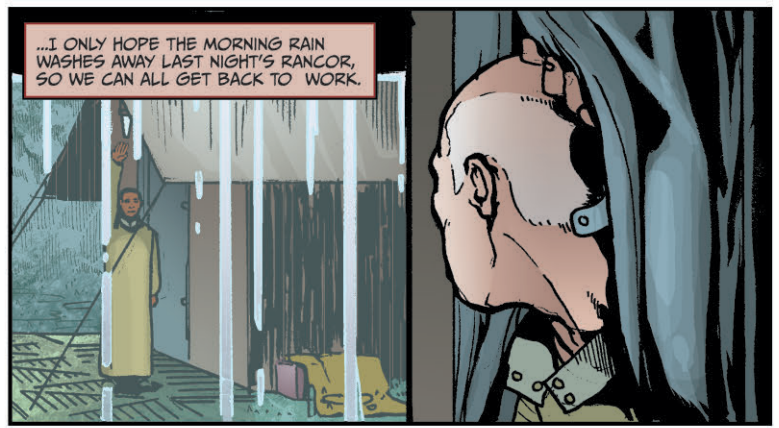
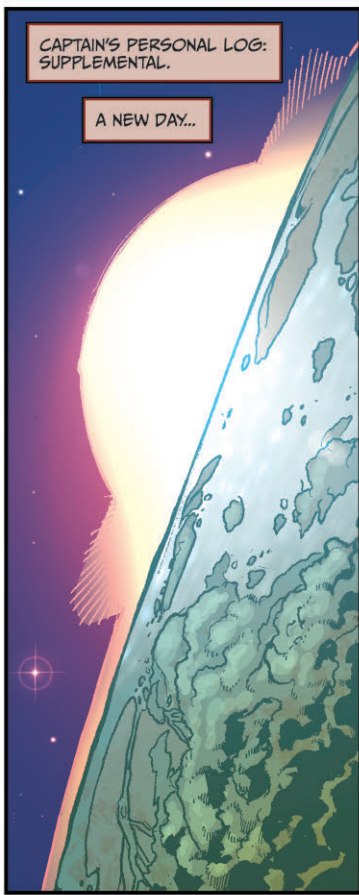
WE SHOULD
FIND OUT WHO
THESE MEN WERE.
IT APPEARS THEY
SURVIVED THE
CRASH—













DR.
DEVARONA!



MARJORIE—!



IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME,
PLEASE
RESPOND!

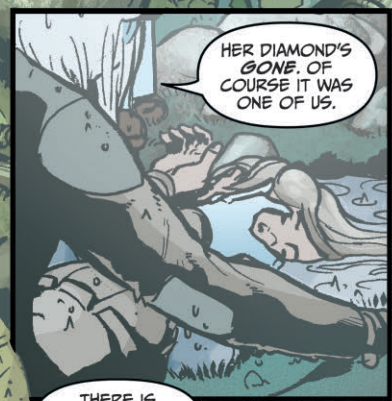


MARJORIE
WAS AN
EXCELLENT
CLIMBER...

THIS DID
NOT HAPPEN BY
ACCIDENT. SHE
WAS *PUSHED*.
OR THROWN.

YOU THINK
ONE OF *US*
DID THIS?

WITHOUT A
PROPER AUTOPSY,
IT'S HARD TO SAY
WHAT HAPPENED.

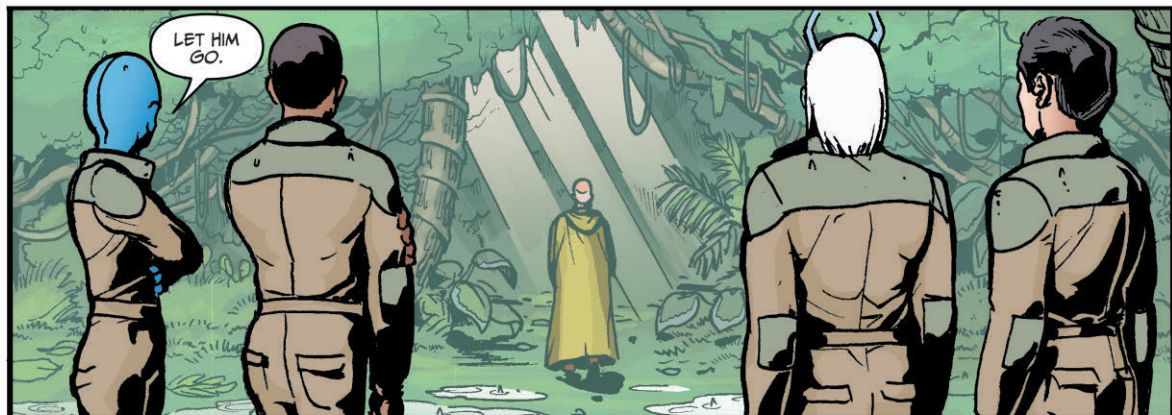


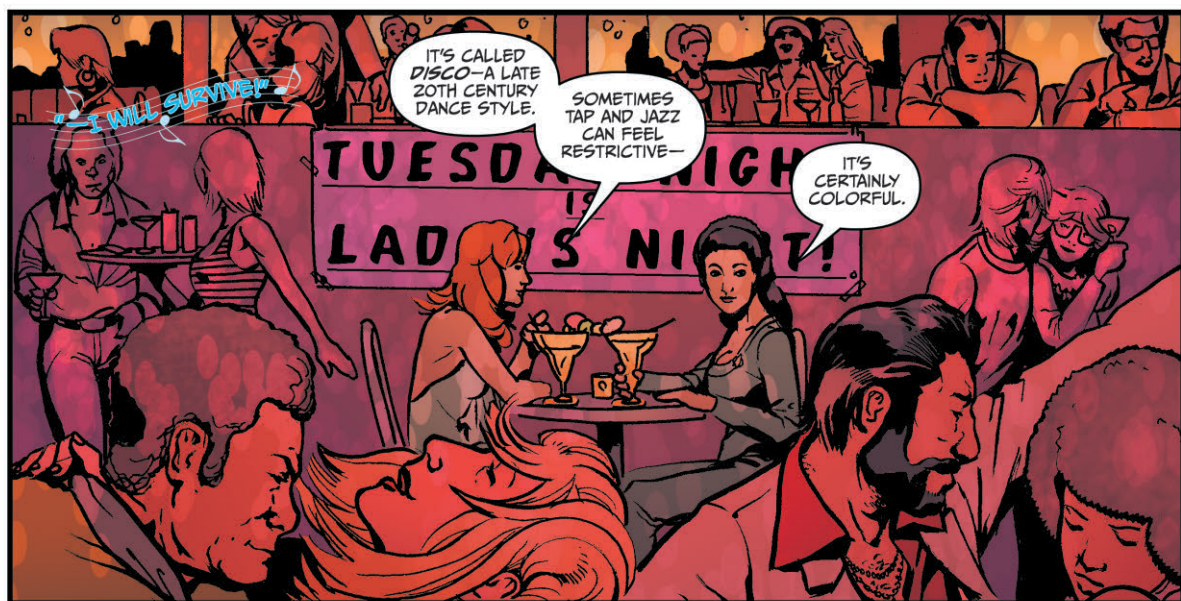
HER DIAMOND'S
GONE. OF
COURSE IT WAS
ONE OF *US*.



THERE IS
ONE *OTHER*
EXPLANATION—

—WE'RE
NOT THE ONLY
PEOPLE ON
THIS PLANET.

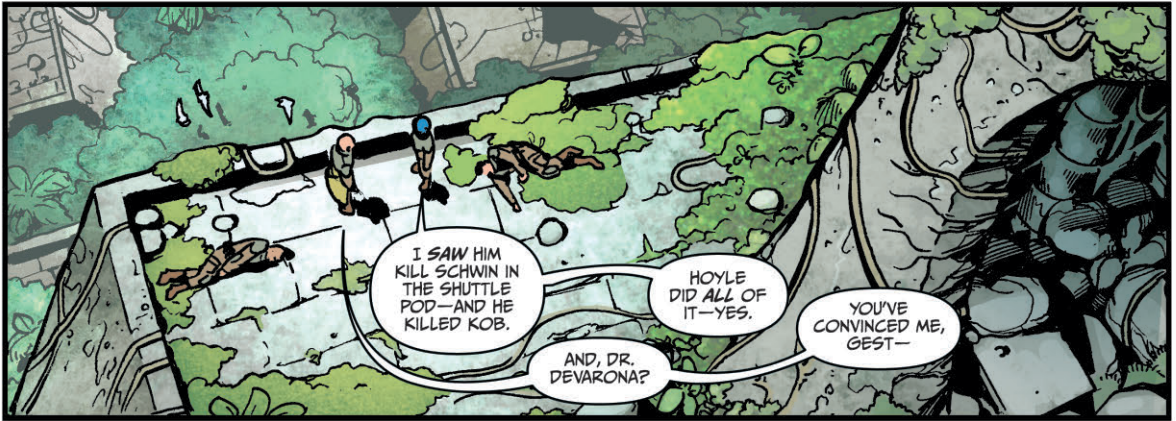




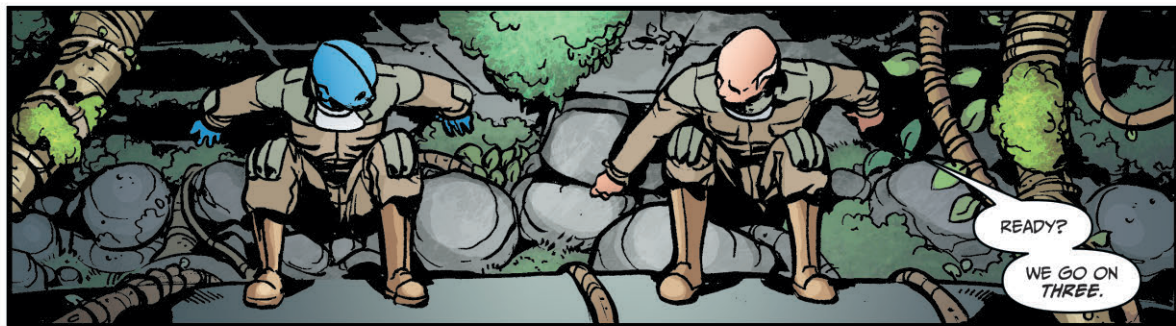






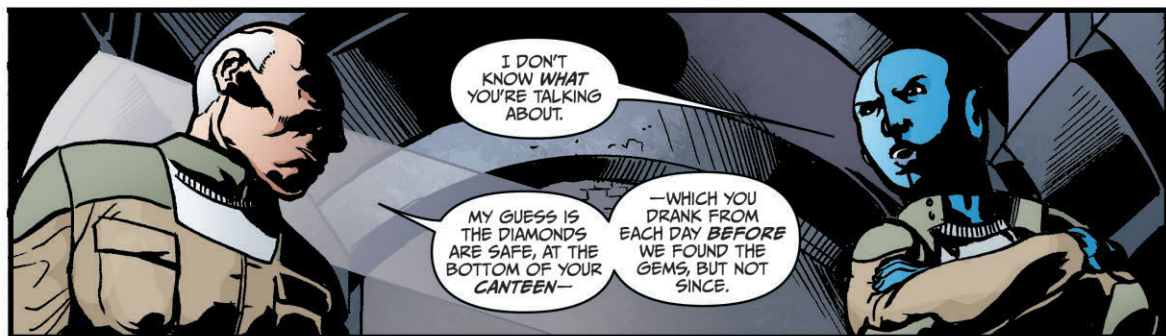
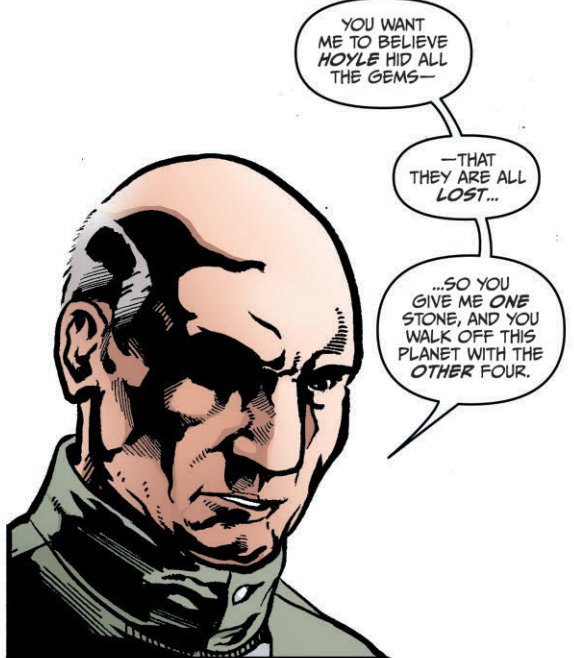
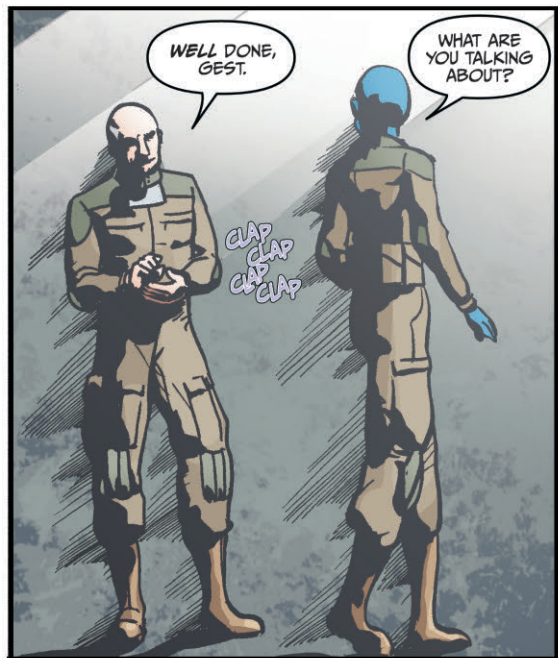
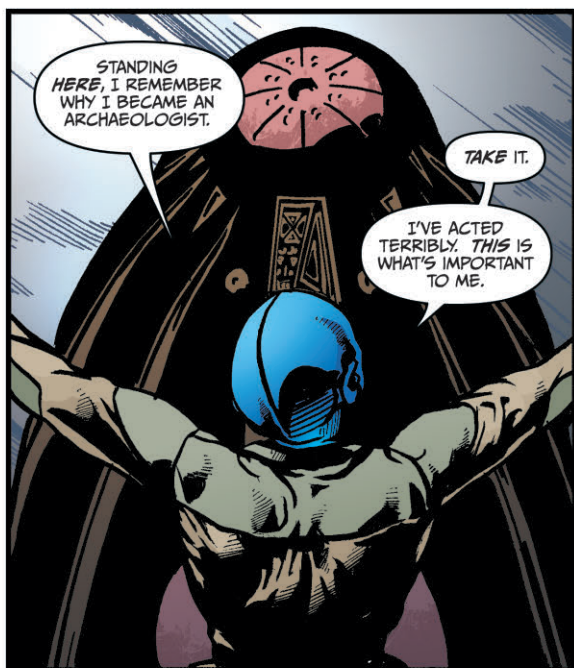


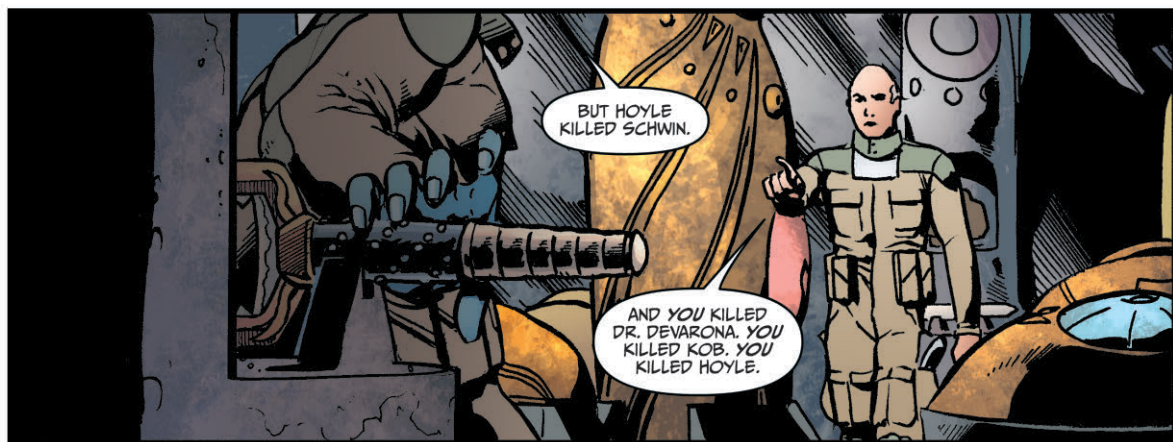






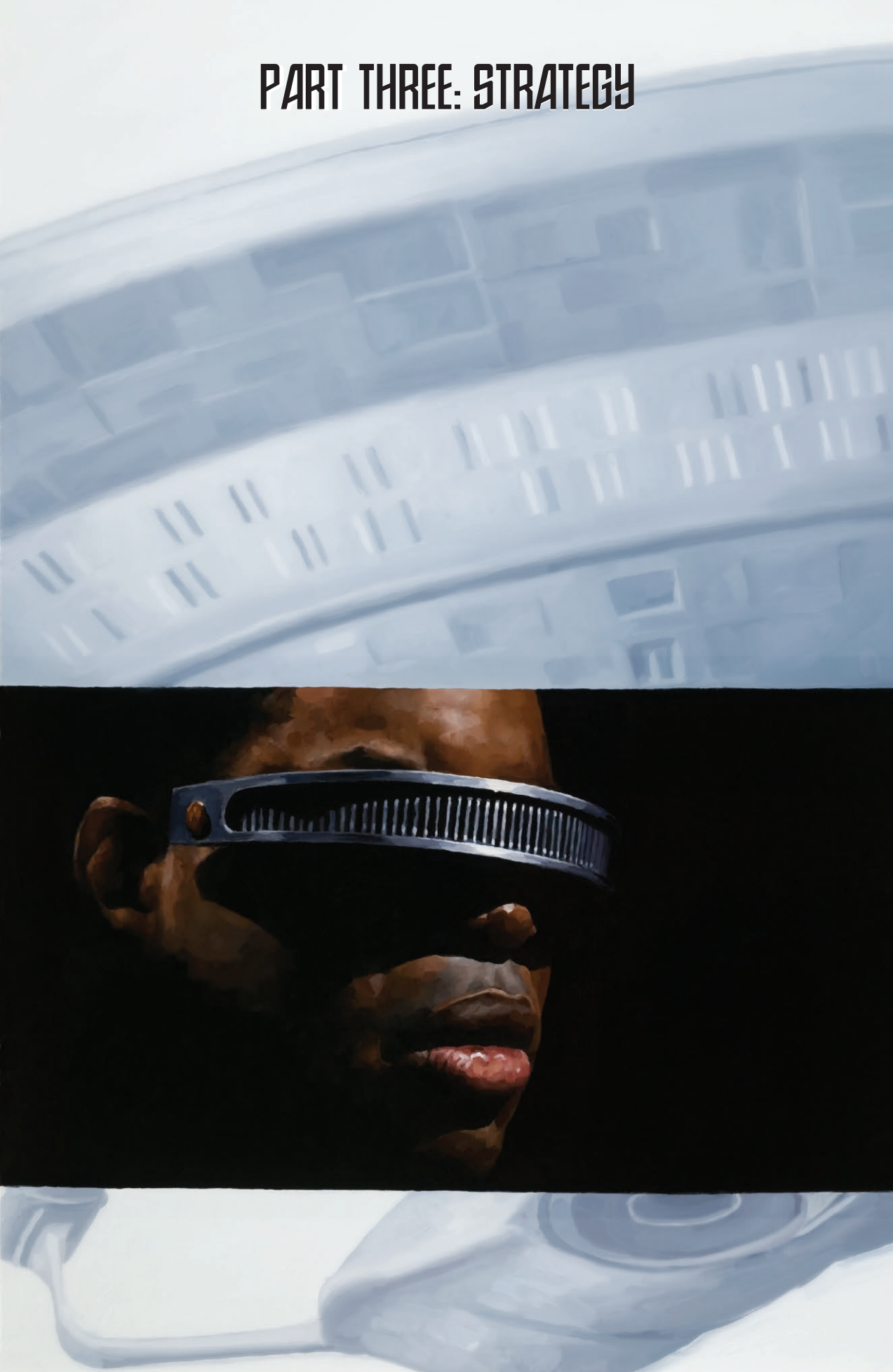


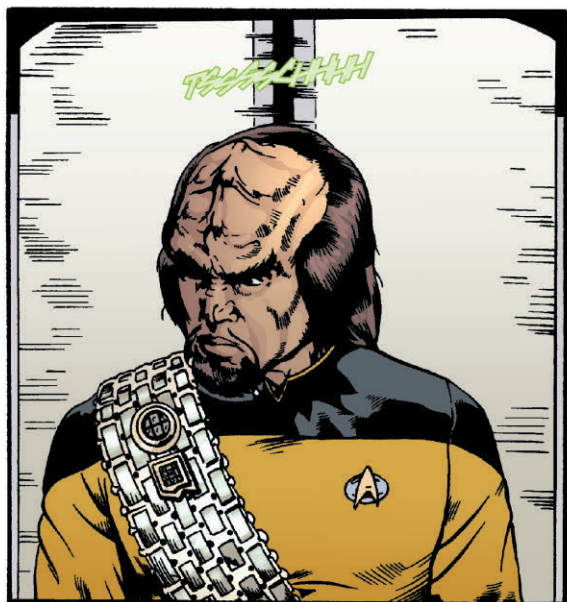






PART THREE: STRATEGY







WUHHRRHHHHRRRRR WUHHRRHHHHRRRRR



WUHHRRHHHHRRRRR WUHHRRHHHHRRRRR



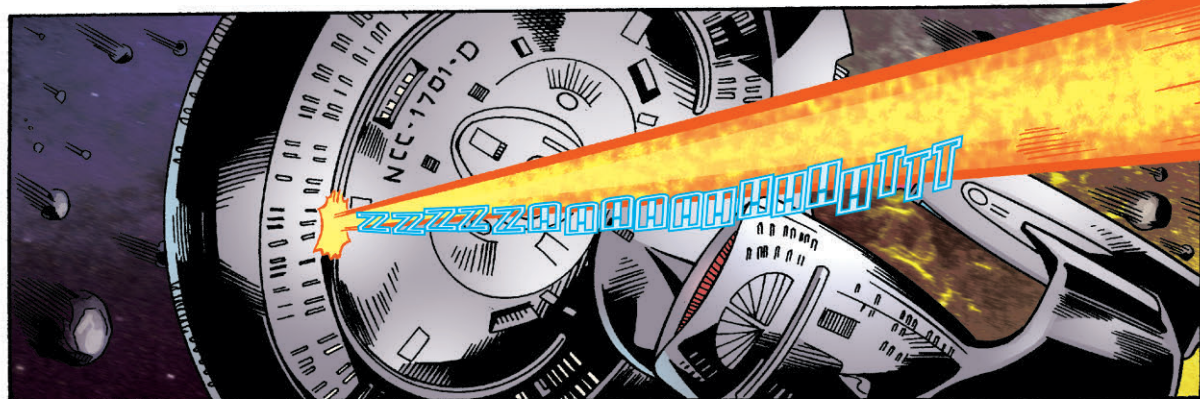
CAPTAIN'S LOG:

STARDATE 47630.1.

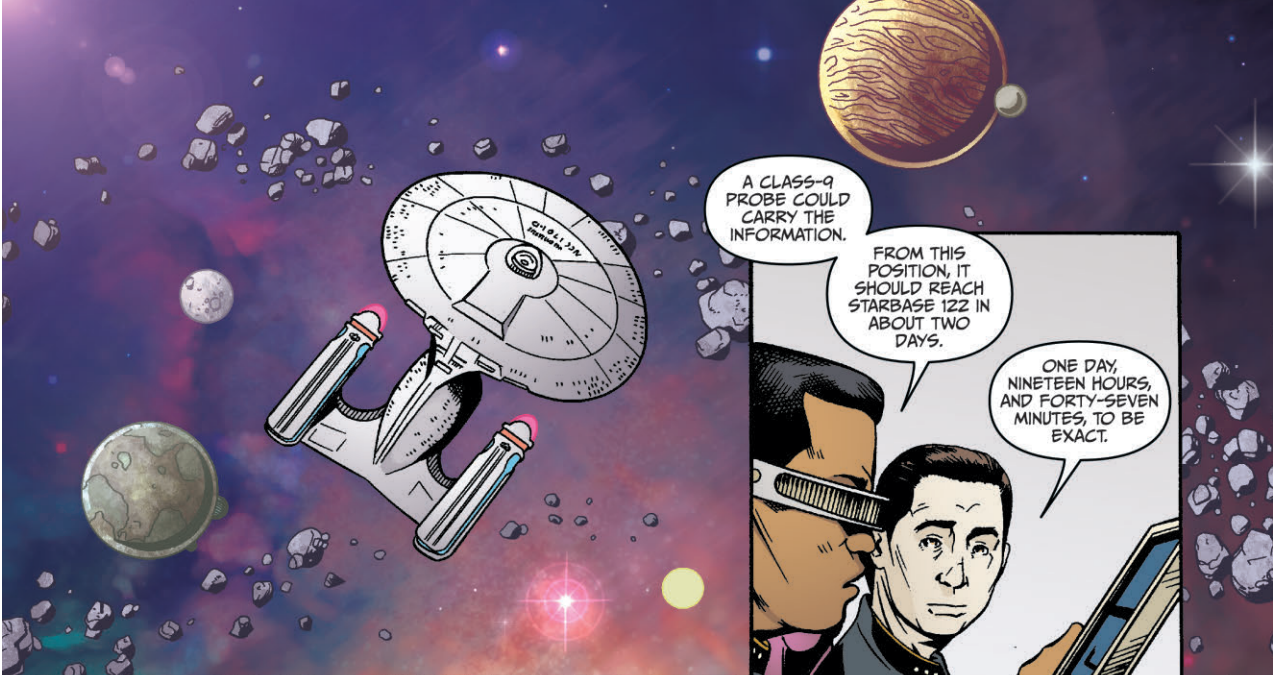
THE *ENTERPRISE* IS ON A MISSION TO MAP THE BANDOR SYSTEM, A REMOTE AREA OF SPACE WHICH RECENTLY CAME UNDER FEDERATION JURISDICTION.

WE HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY
AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT.

THE ENTERPRISE HAS
BEEN DAMAGED AND
CREWMEN ARE INJURED.







A CLASS-9 PROBE COULD CARRY THE INFORMATION.

FROM THIS POSITION, IT SHOULD REACH STARBASE 122 IN ABOUT TWO DAYS.

ONE DAY, NINETEEN HOURS, AND FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES, TO BE EXACT.



MAKE IT SO, MR. LA FORGE.

NUMBER ONE, WORK WITH MR. DATA AND MR. WORF. GO THROUGH THE SENSOR LOGS.

WE'LL FIND SOMETHING WE CAN USE.

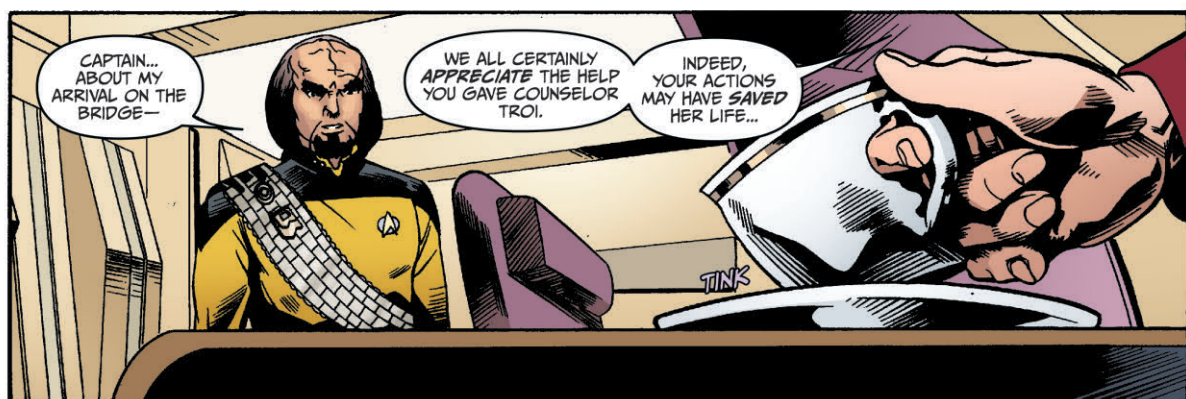
EVERY SHIP HAS A WEAK SPOT. SOMEWHERE.



YOU HAVE YOUR ASSIGNMENTS.



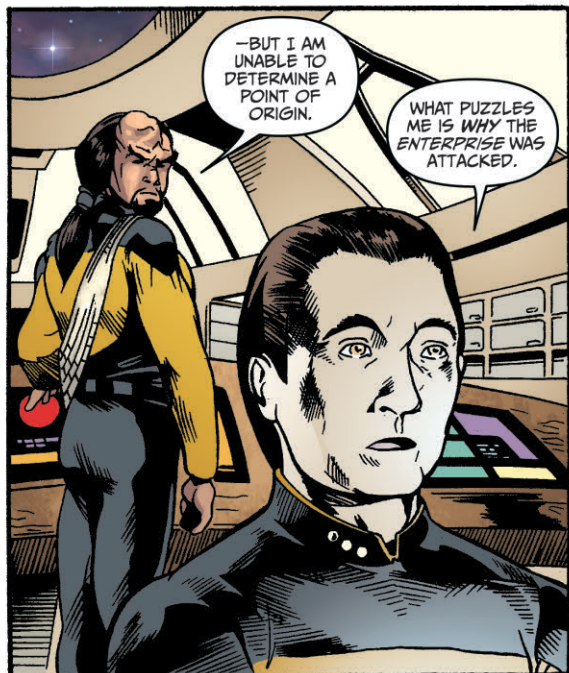
A MOMENT, MR. WOLF...?







SENSORS
DETECT SEVERAL
SUBSPACE
COMMUNICATIONS
RECEIVED BY THE
VESSEL—



—BUT I AM
UNABLE TO
DETERMINE A
POINT OF
ORIGIN.

WHAT PUZZLES
ME IS *WHY* THE
ENTERPRISE WAS
ATTACKED.



THE BANDOR SYSTEM
IS UNINHABITED, AND OF
LITTLE STRATEGIC
VALUE.

PERHAPS IT IS
AN OLD ENEMY
OF CAPTAIN
PICARD'S...

THEN WHY BREAK
OFF THE ATTACK WHEN
THE ENTERPRISE WAS AT
A DISADVANTAGE?

A TEST?



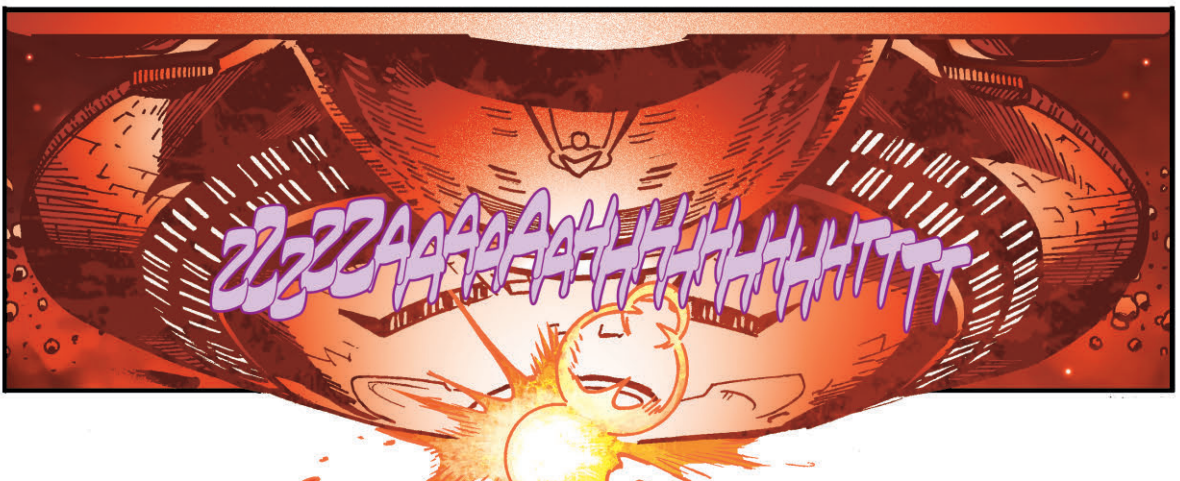
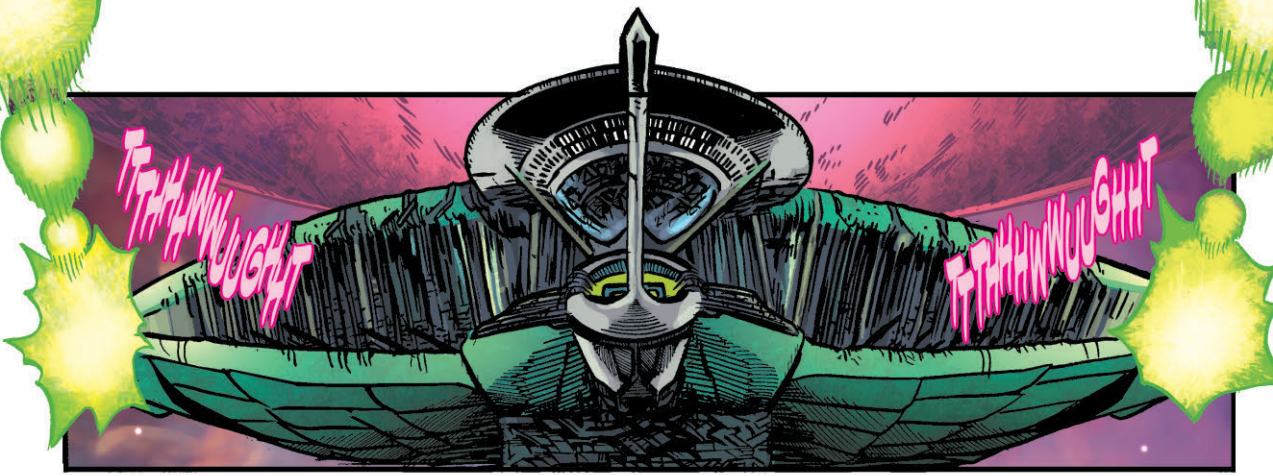
THE FIRST
BLAST WAS DIRECTED
SEVERAL DECKS AWAY
FROM THE CAPTAIN'S
QUARTERS—

—AND YET OUR
ATTACKER KNEW EXACTLY
WHERE TO TARGET WEAPONS
TO DISABLE THE WARP DRIVE
AND COMMUNICATIONS.



ARE YOU
SAYING THEY
PURPOSELY
TARGETED
COUNSELOR
TROI?

OR SOMEONE
THEY KNOW TO
BE CLOSE TO
HER.





PHASER
FIRE HAD NO
AFFECT.

THE ALIEN
VESSEL IS
MOVING TO
RESPOND.

THWAAAAHHH



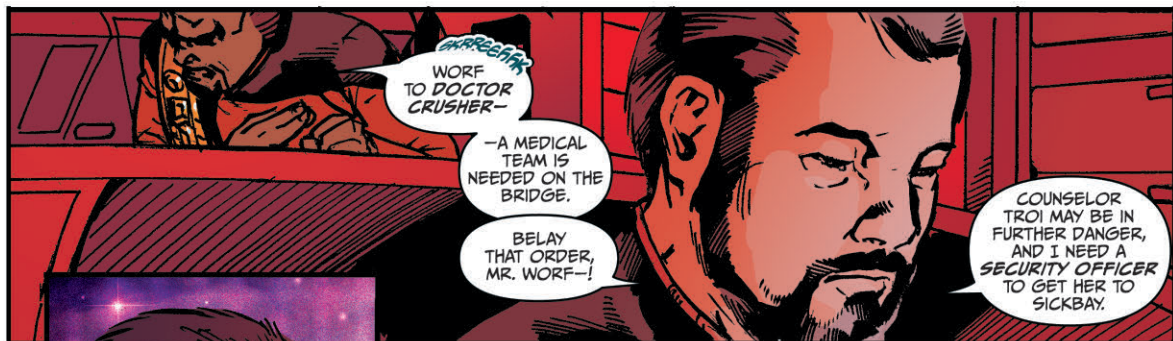
...HAVE
TO TELL
YOU...

THWAAAAHHH



...THAT SHIP--

DEANNA--!



THWAAAAHHH
WORF
TO DOCTOR
CRUSHER--

--A MEDICAL
TEAM IS
NEEDED ON THE
BRIDGE.

BELAY
THAT ORDER,
MR. WORF--!

COUNSELOR
TROI MAY BE IN
FURTHER DANGER,
AND I NEED A
SECURITY OFFICER
TO GET HER TO
SICKBAY.

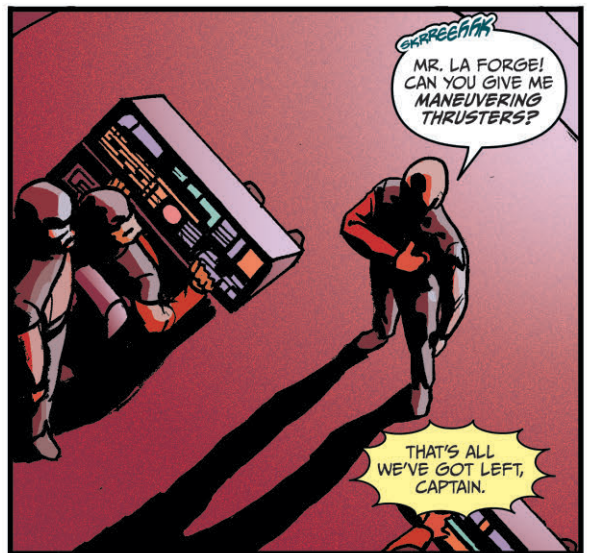
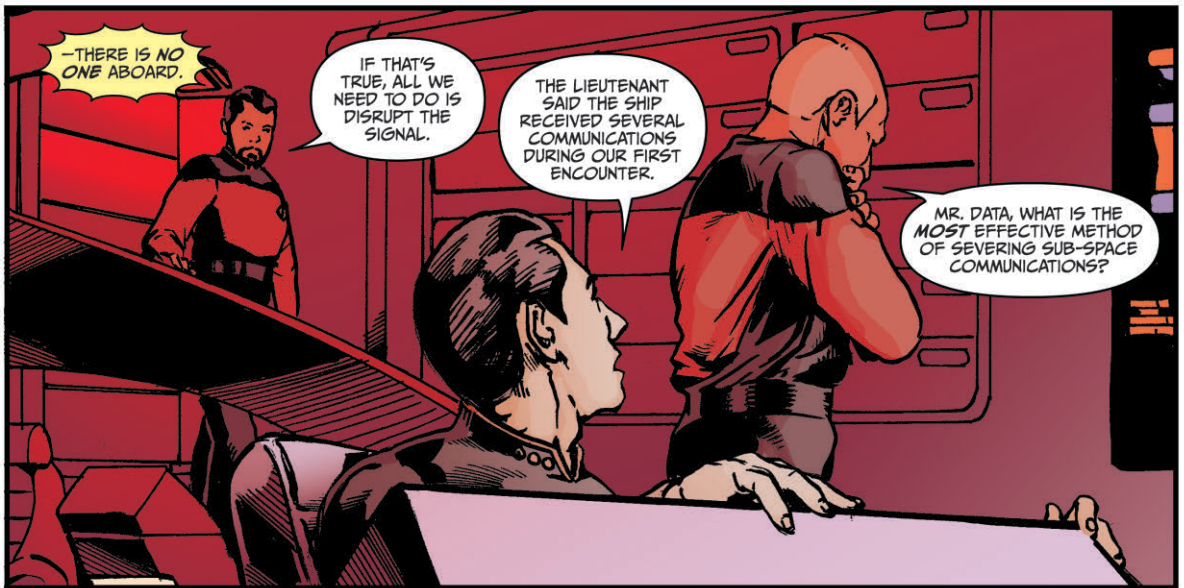


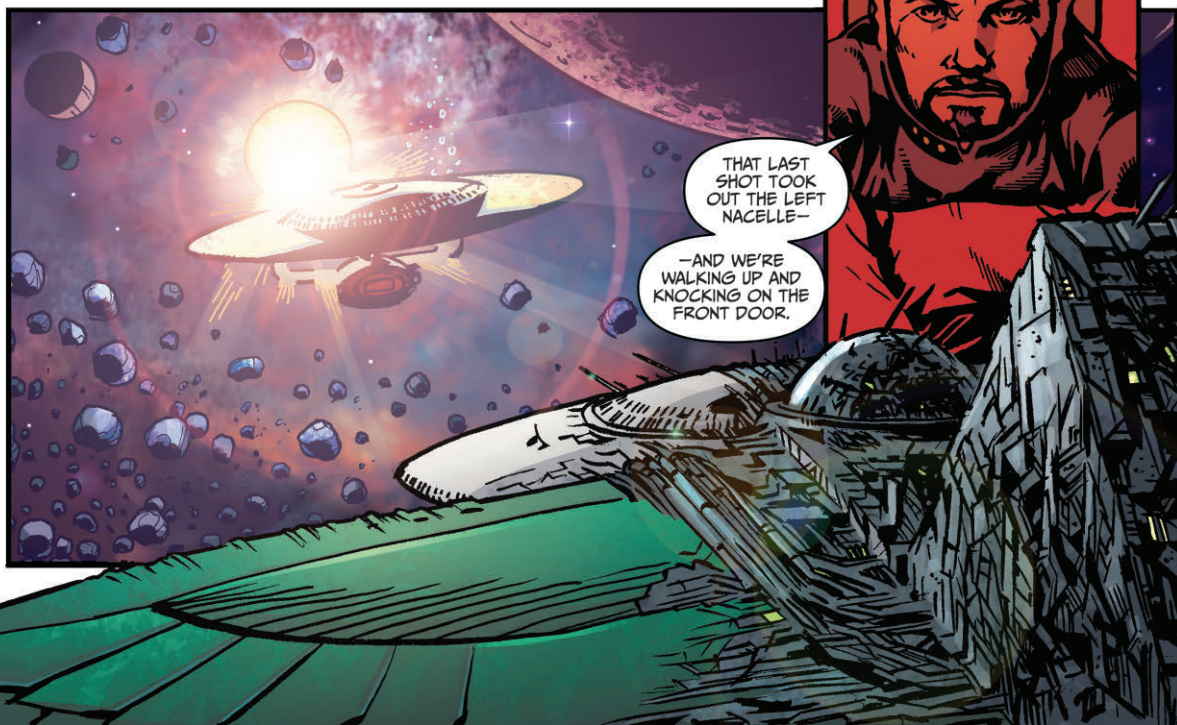
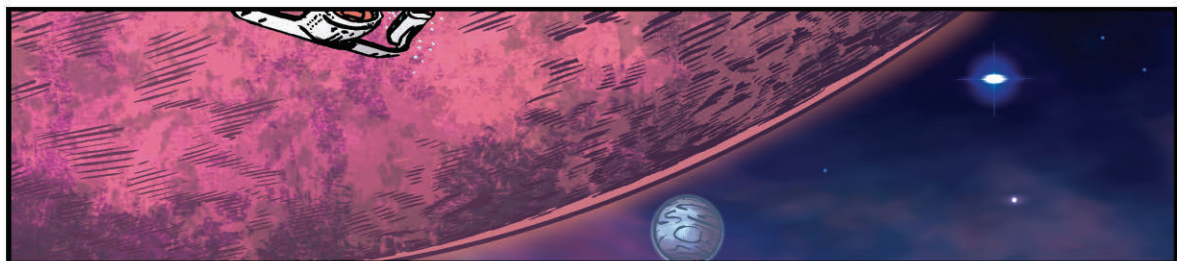
I'LL TAKE
TACTICAL.

CAN
YOU HANDLE
THAT?

QUICKLY,
NUMBER ONE!

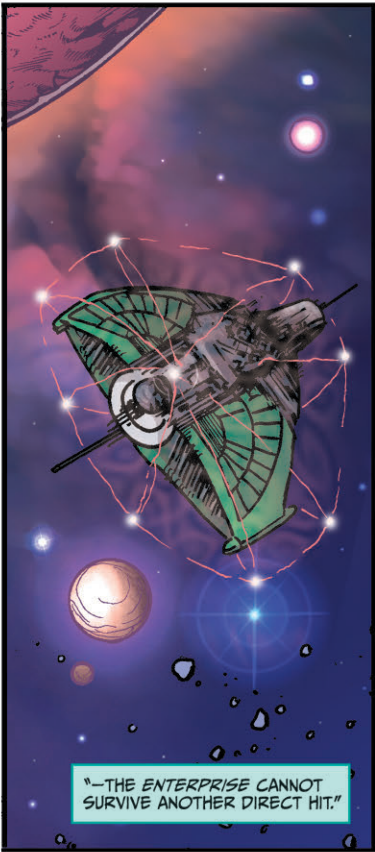
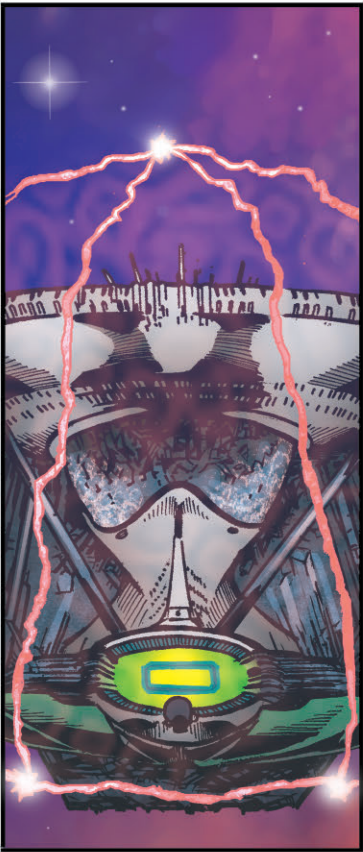
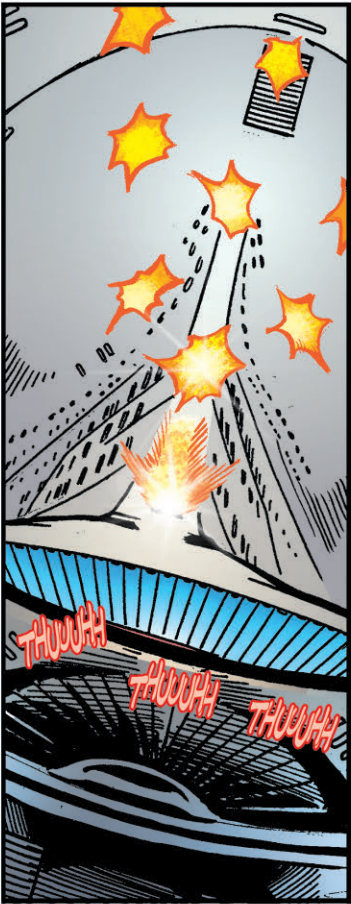
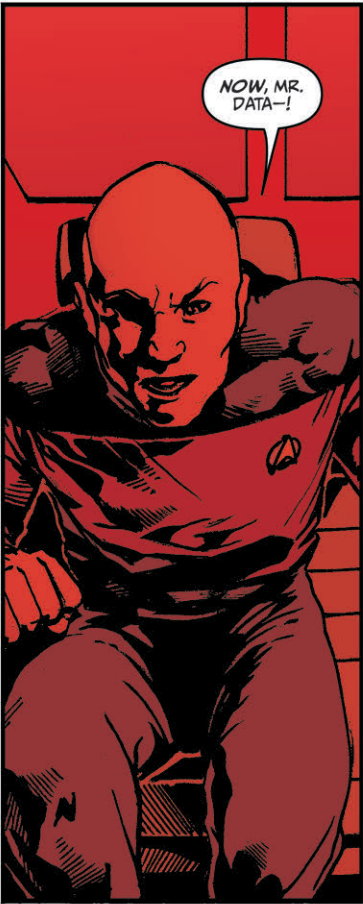




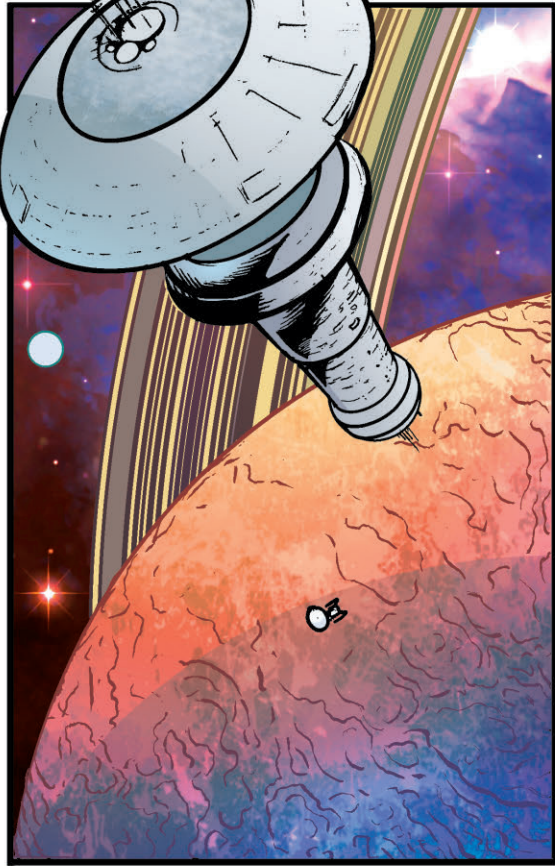


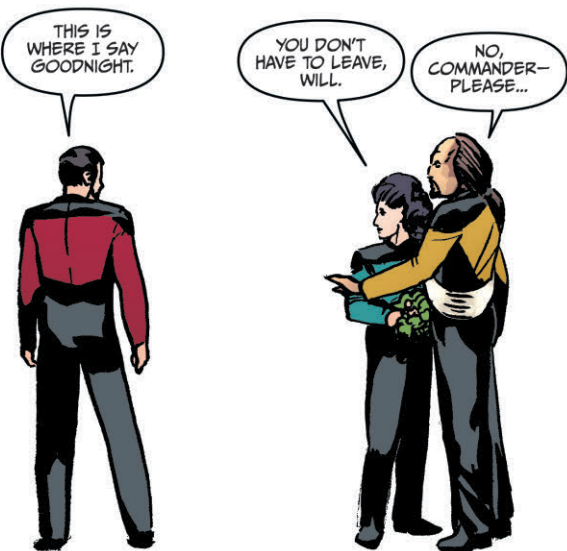
THAT LAST SHOT TOOK OUT THE LEFT NACELLE--

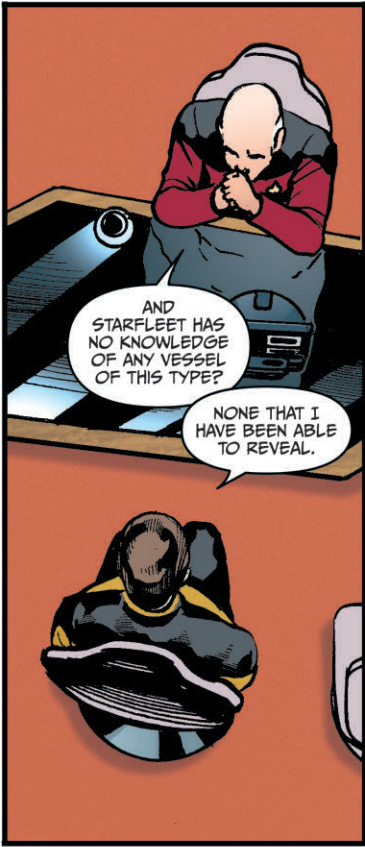
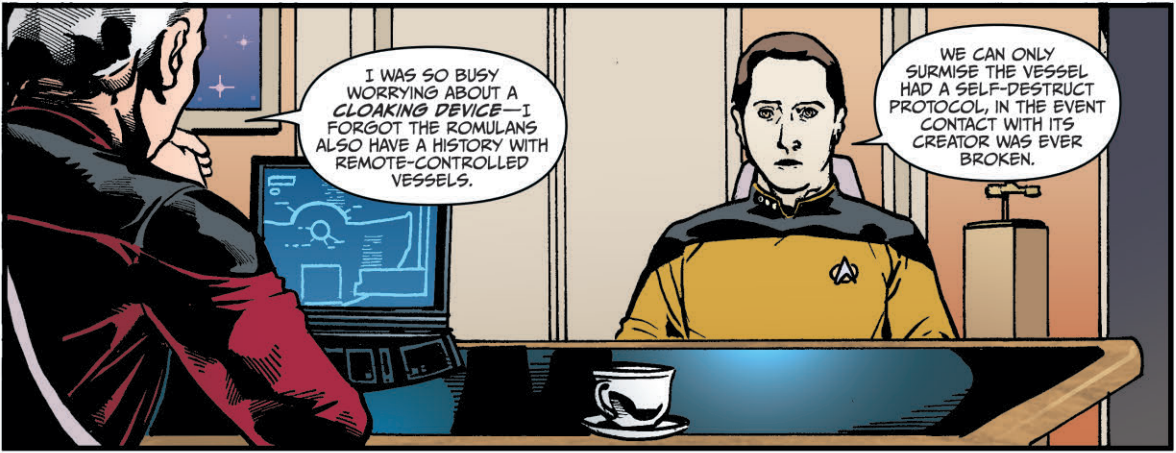
--AND WE'RE WALKING UP AND KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR.



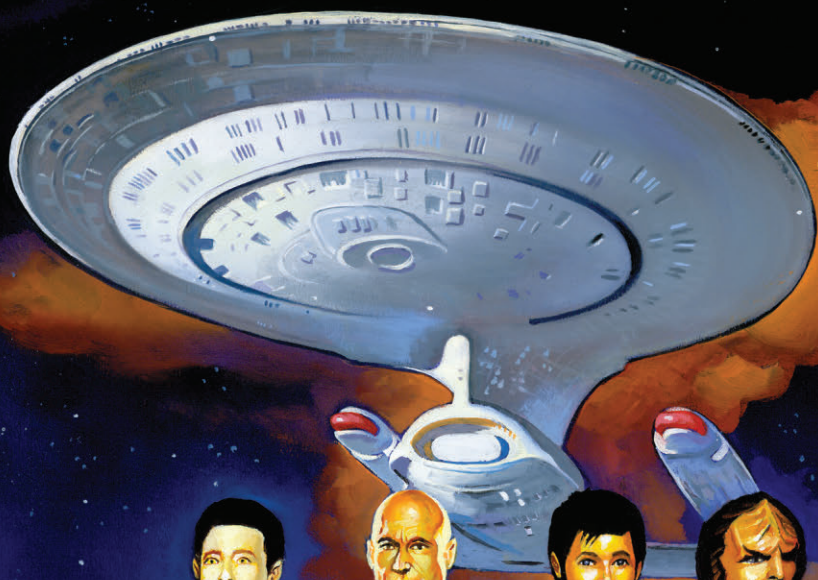


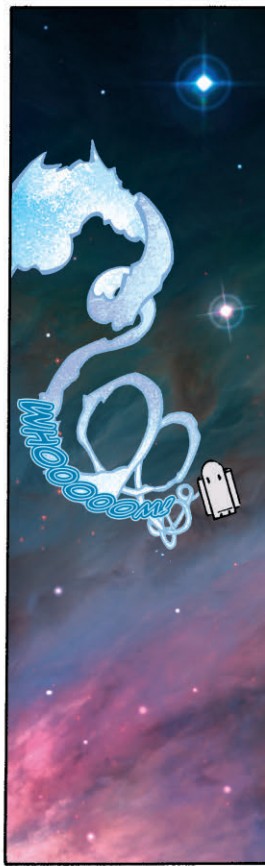
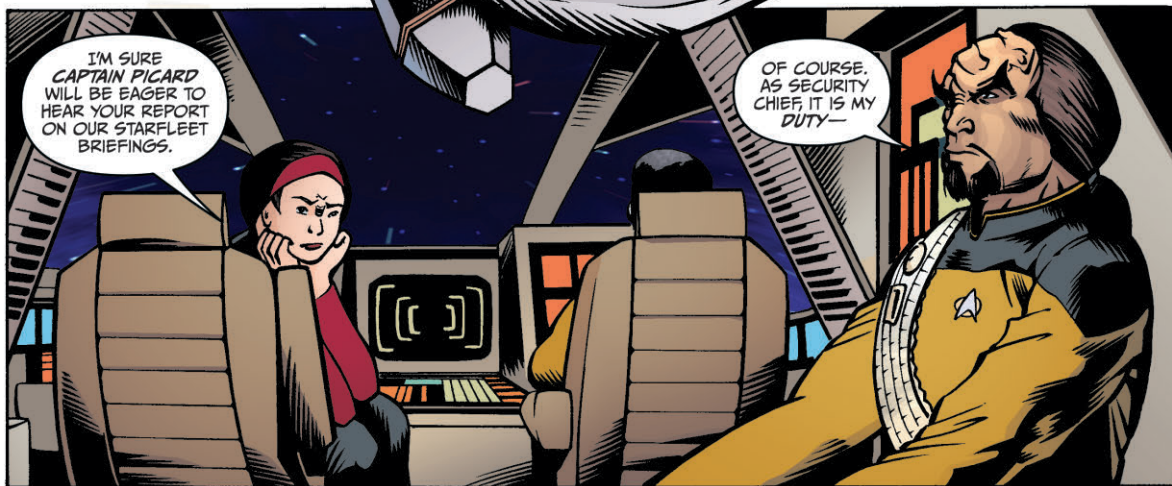






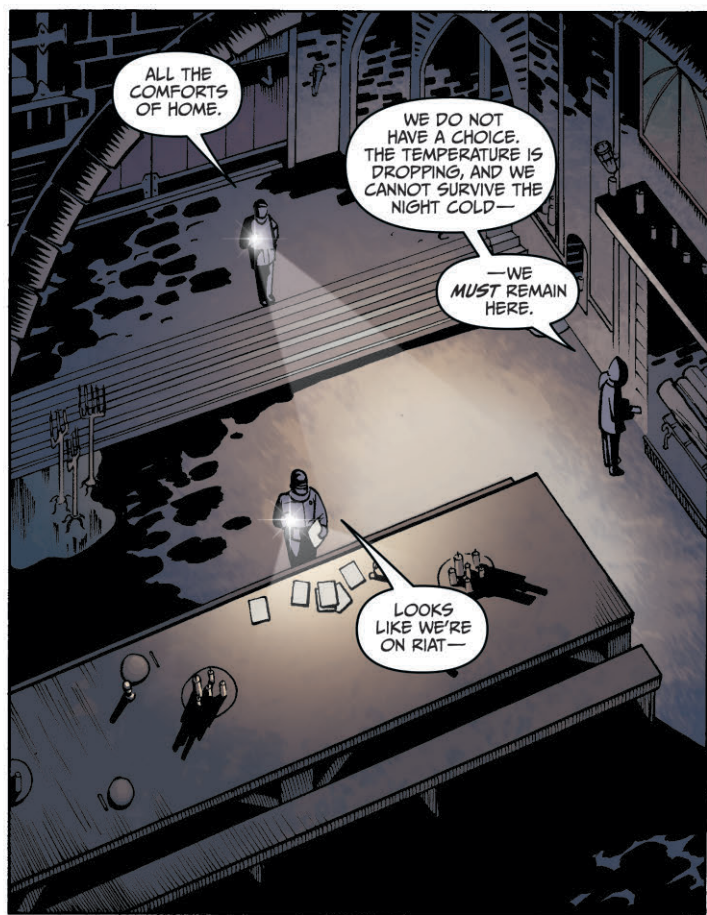
PART FOUR: LIGHT OF THE DAY









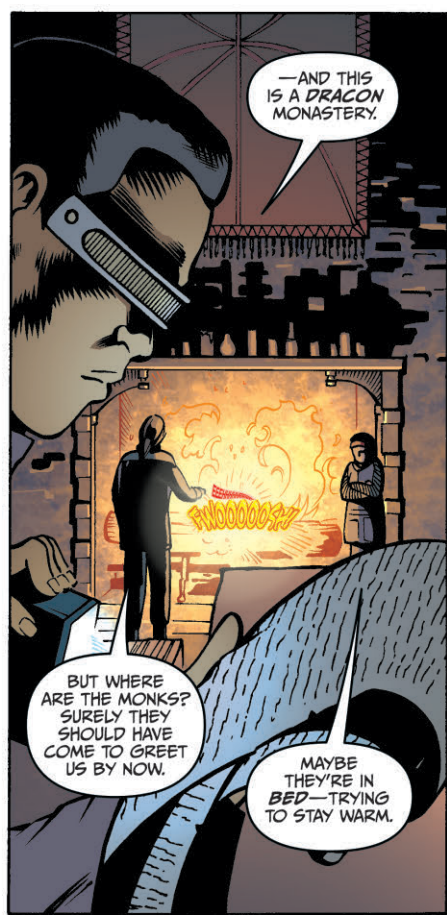


ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

WE DO NOT HAVE A CHOICE. THE TEMPERATURE IS DROPPING, AND WE CANNOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT COLD—

—WE *MUST* REMAIN HERE.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON RIAT—



—AND THIS IS A *DRAGON* MONASTERY.

BUT WHERE ARE THE MONKS? SURELY THEY SHOULD HAVE COME TO GREET US BY NOW.

MAYBE THEY'RE IN *BED*—TRYING TO STAY WARM.



WOLF'S RIGHT. SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM.

WE WILL BEGIN A SEARCH OF THE MONASTERY, IMMEDIATELY.

I'VE GOT A *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS.



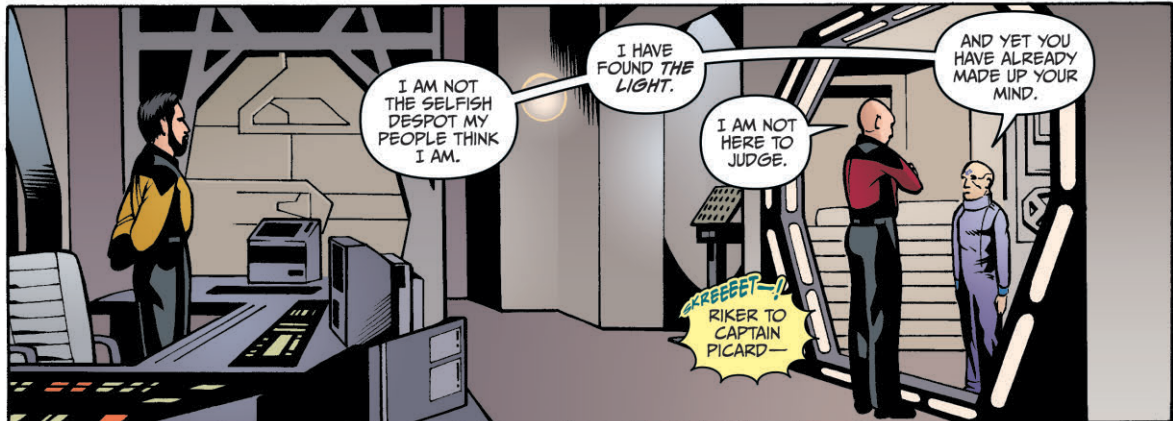
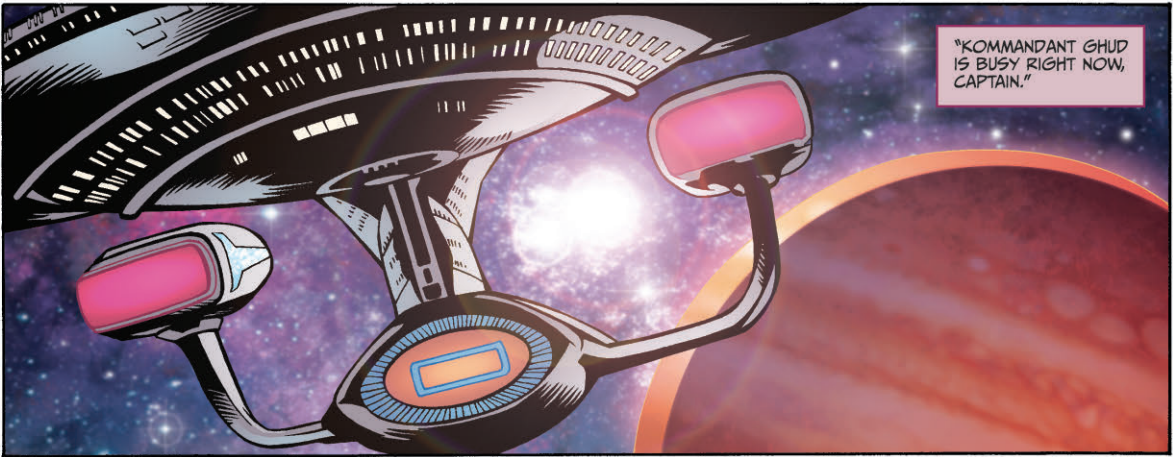
RO, STOP WORRYING.

EVER SINCE WE GOT HERE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT...



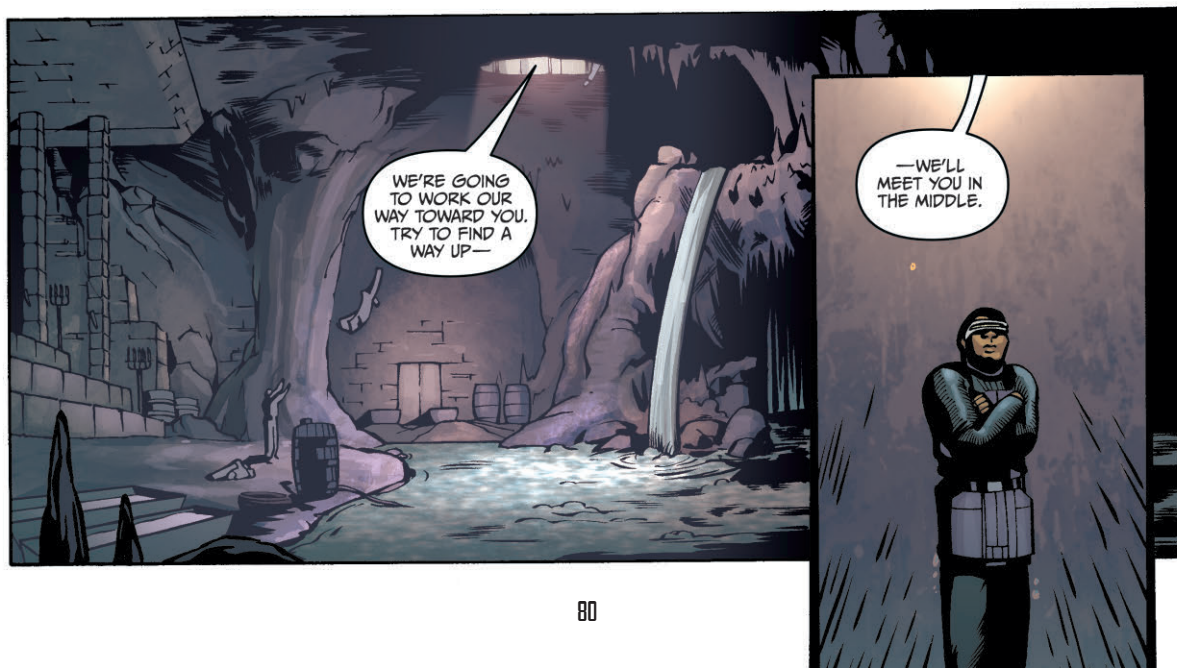
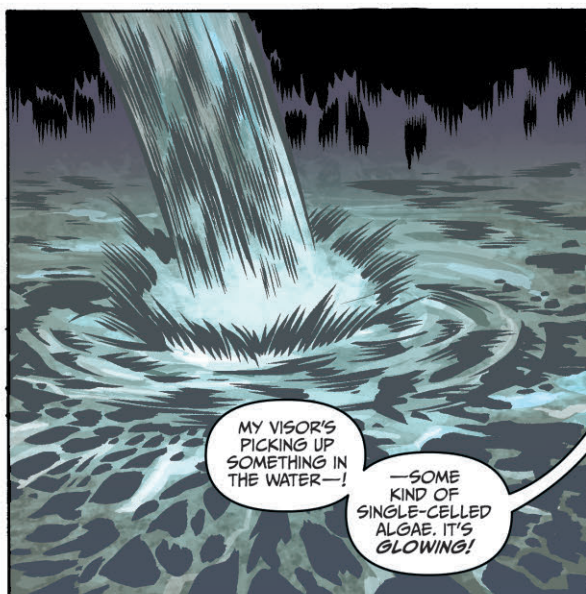
TCHK-TCHK!

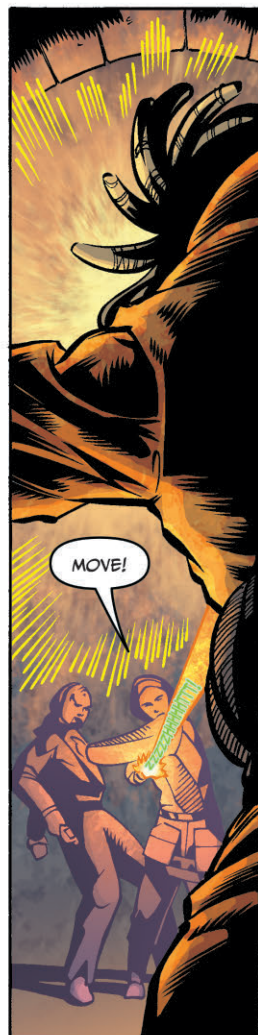
"...IT'S LIKE SOMEONE'S WATCHING US."











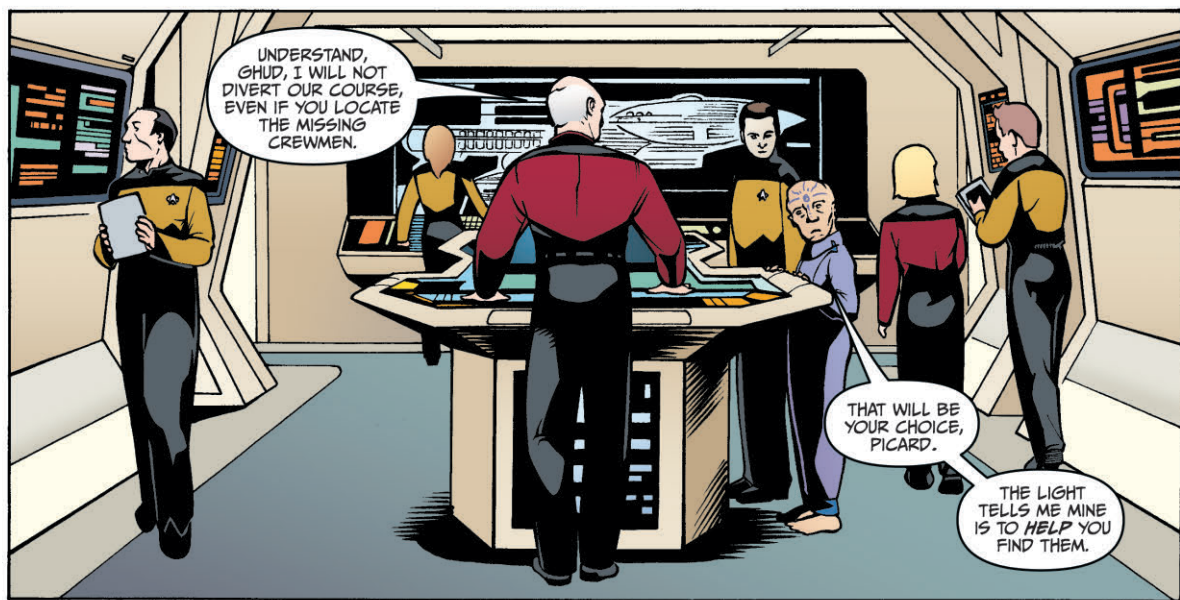


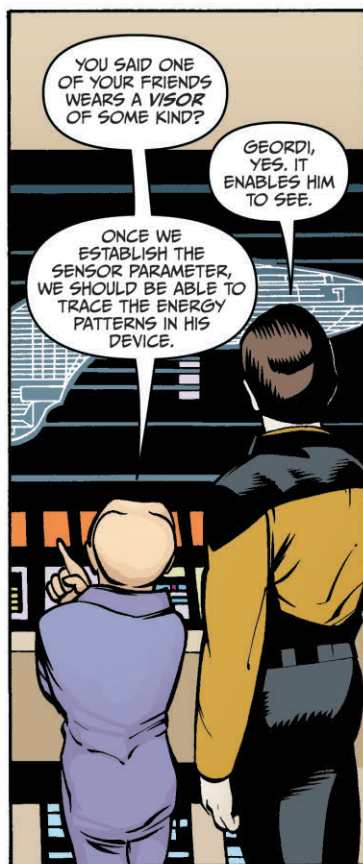
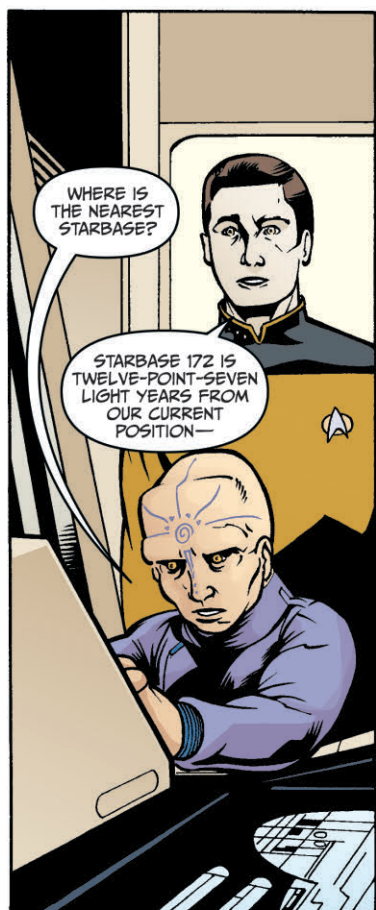
TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM TUM-TUM

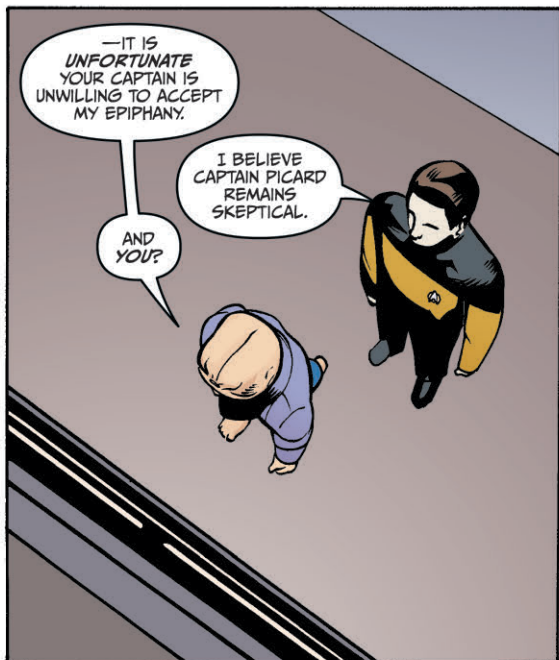


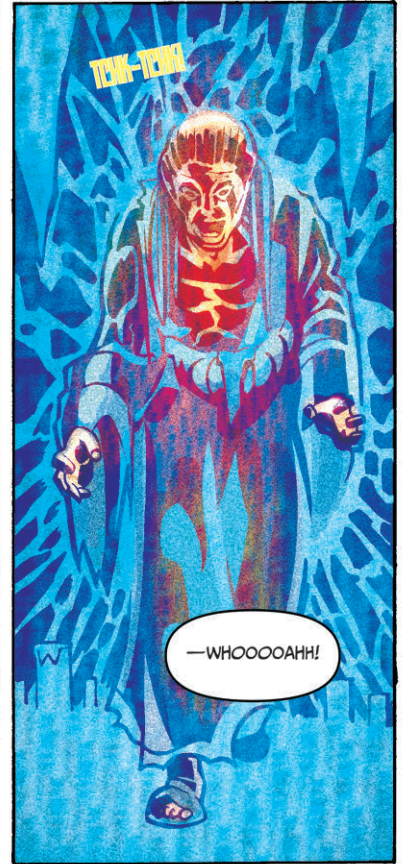




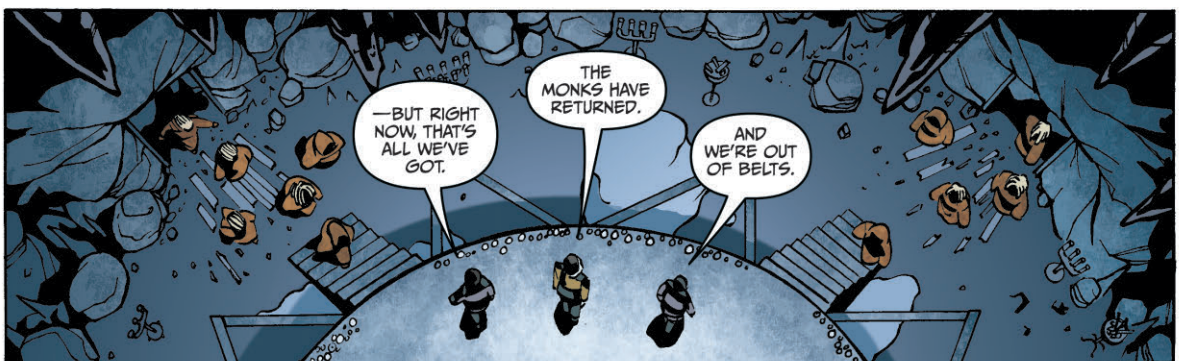


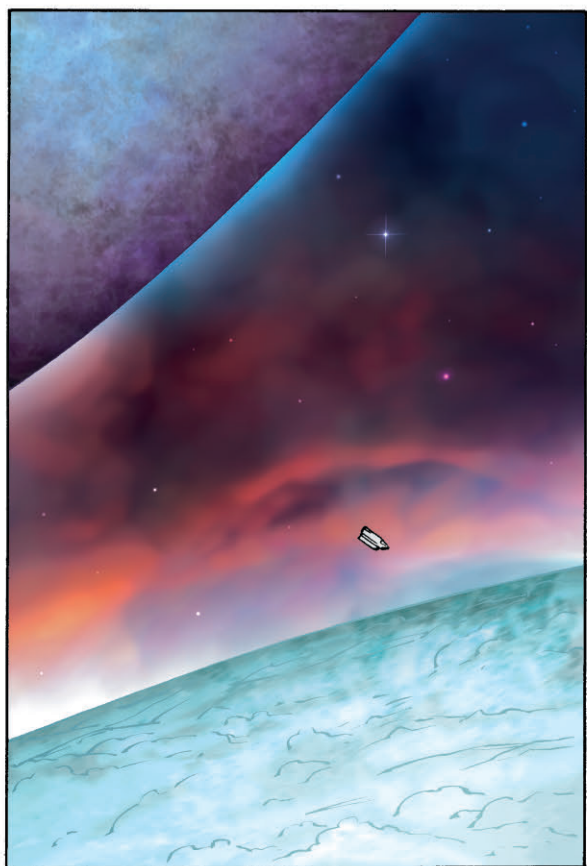














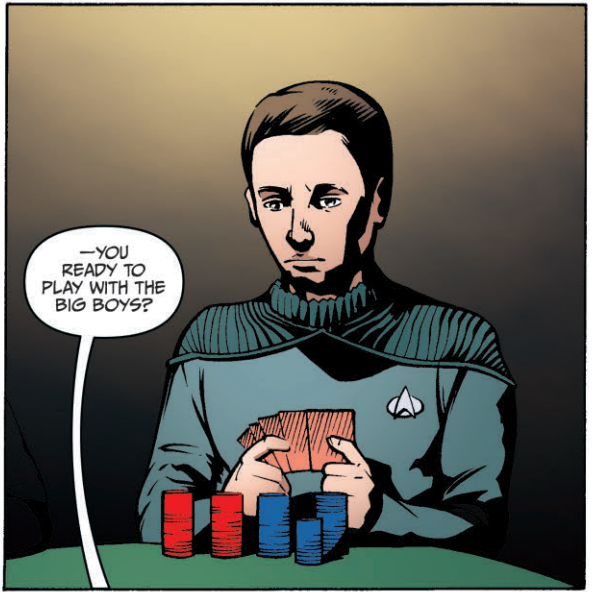
Original Inks for Issue #4 Retailer Incentive Cover
Artwork by Zach Howard



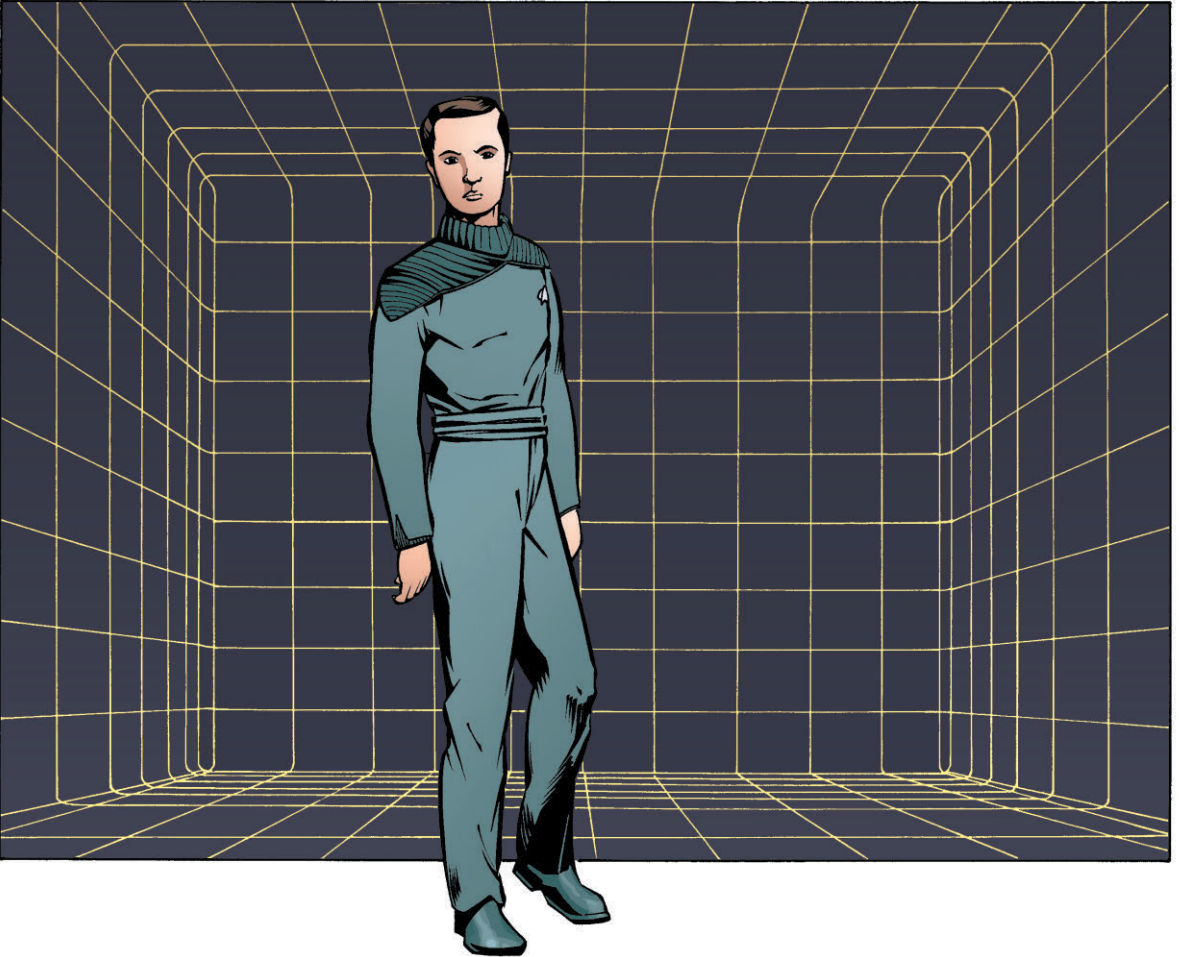
PART FIVE: SPACE SEEDS



CORRONEY MILLER





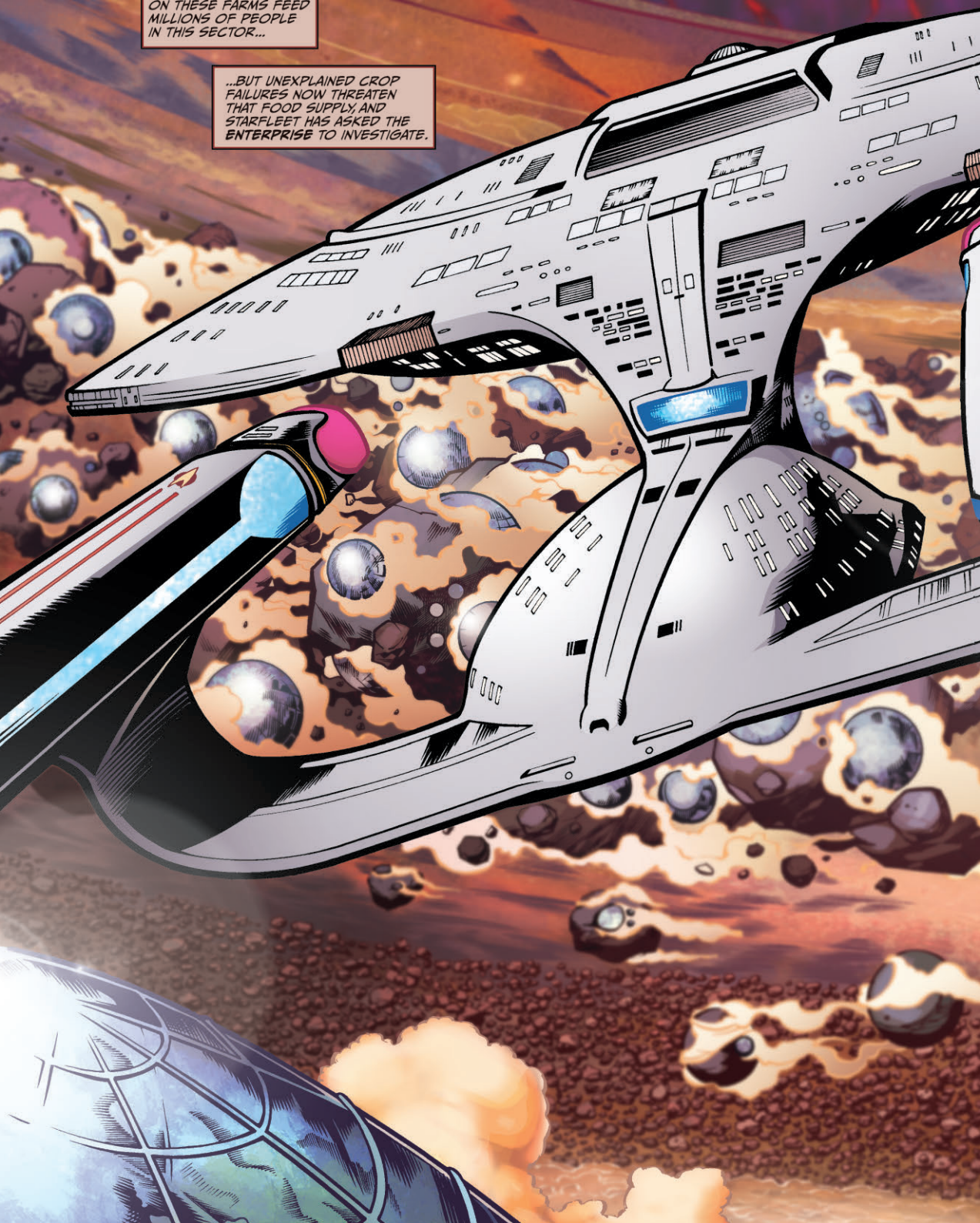


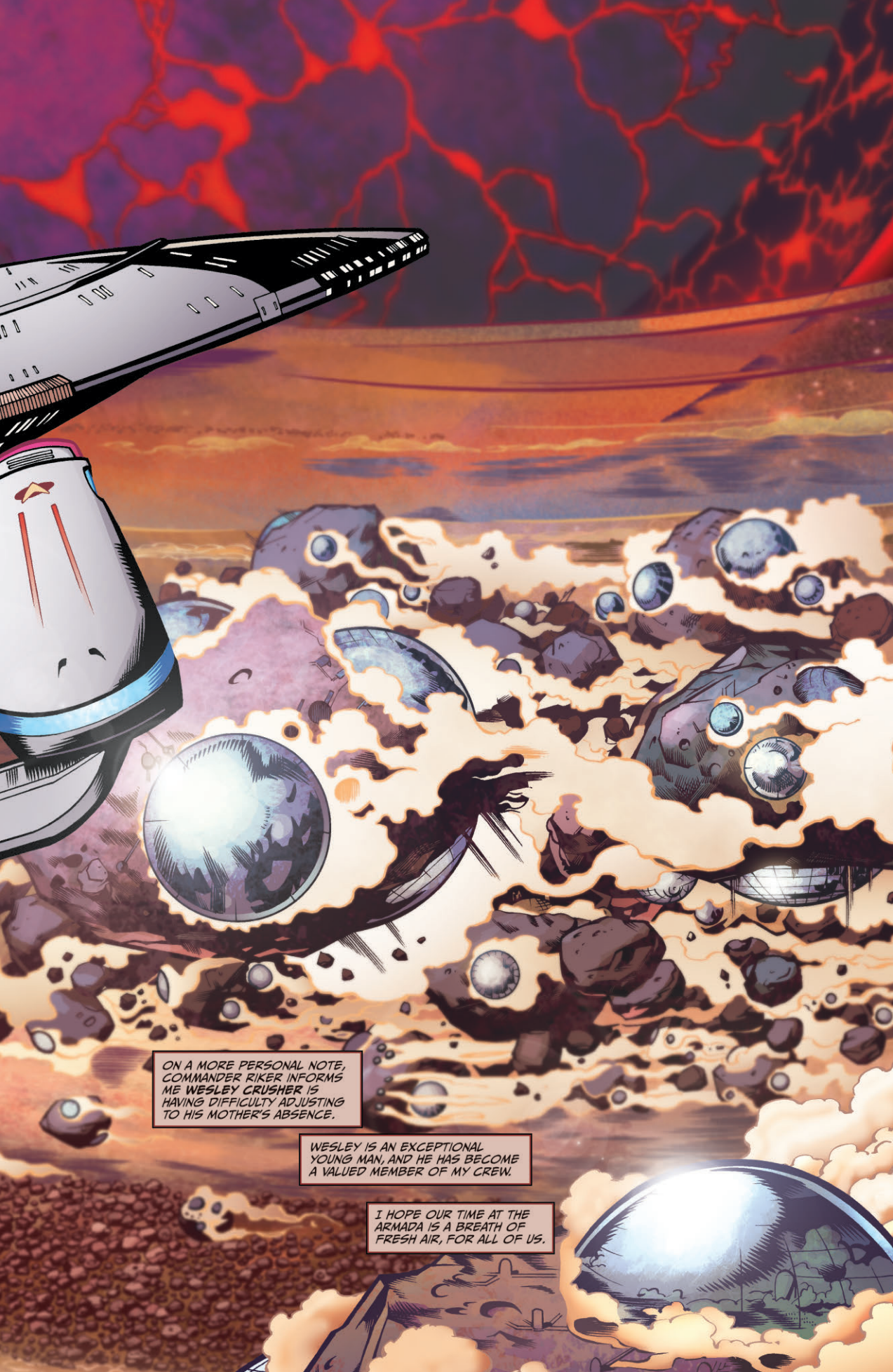
CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 42317.1.

THE ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE ARMADA, A COLONY OF AGRICULTURAL DOMES BUILT ON THE MALTESE ASTEROID BELT.

THE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES GROWN ON THESE FARMS FEED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THIS SECTOR...

...BUT UNEXPLAINED CROP FAILURES NOW THREATEN THAT FOOD SUPPLY, AND STARFLEET HAS ASKED THE ENTERPRISE TO INVESTIGATE.

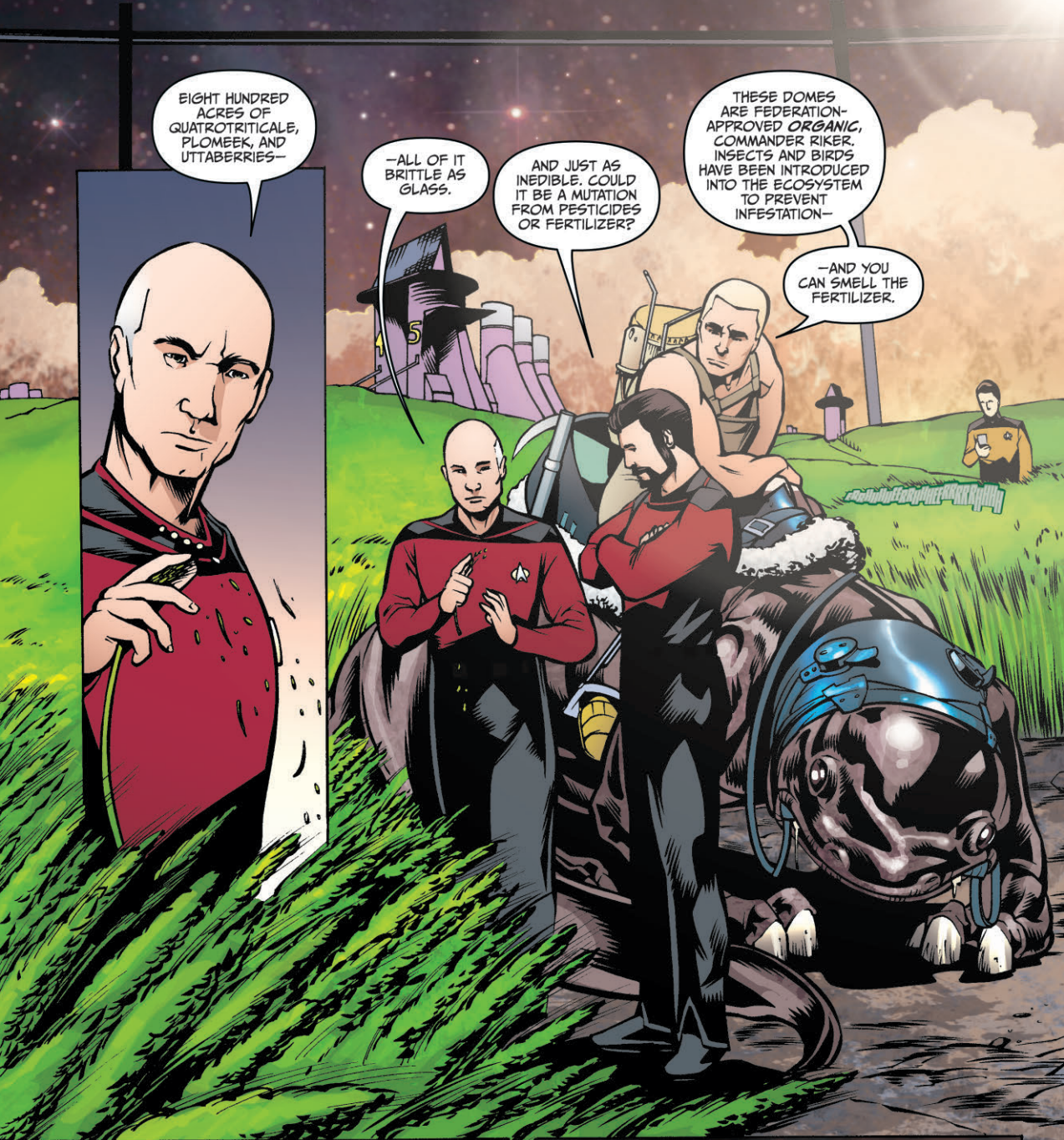




ON A MORE PERSONAL NOTE, COMMANDER RIKER INFORMS ME WESLEY CRUSHER IS HAVING DIFFICULTY ADJUSTING TO HIS MOTHER'S ABSENCE.

WESLEY IS AN EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG MAN, AND HE HAS BECOME A VALUED MEMBER OF MY CREW.

I HOPE OUR TIME AT THE ARMADA IS A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, FOR ALL OF US.



EIGHT HUNDRED
ACRES OF
QUATROTRITICALE,
PLOMEEK, AND
UTTABERRIES—

—ALL OF IT
BRITTLE AS
GLASS.

AND JUST AS
INEDIBLE. COULD
IT BE A MUTATION
FROM PESTICIDES
OR FERTILIZER?

THESE DOMES
ARE FEDERATION-
APPROVED *ORGANIC*,
COMMANDER RIKER.
INSECTS AND BIRDS
HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED
INTO THE ECOSYSTEM
TO PREVENT
INFESTATION—

—AND YOU
CAN SMELL THE
FERTILIZER.



LOUD AND
CLEAR.

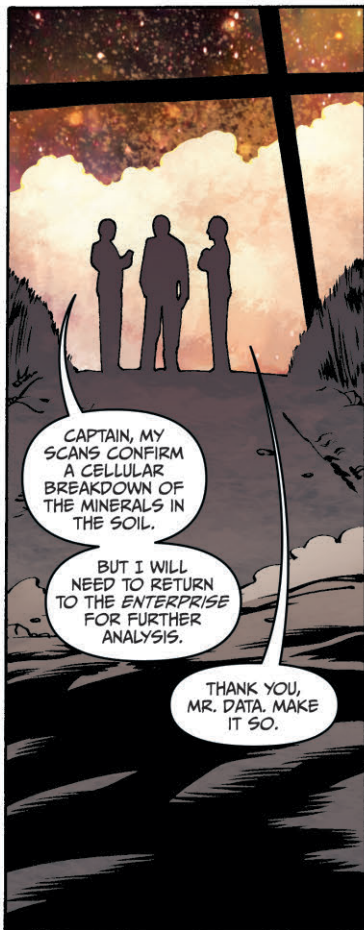
WE'LL DO
WHAT WE CAN,
HOMMUN.

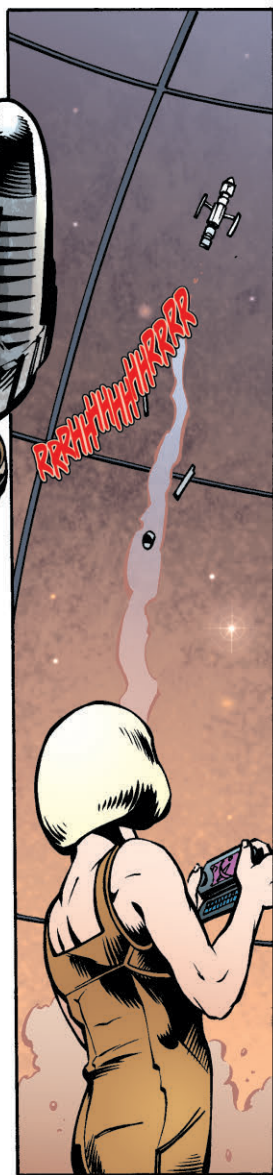
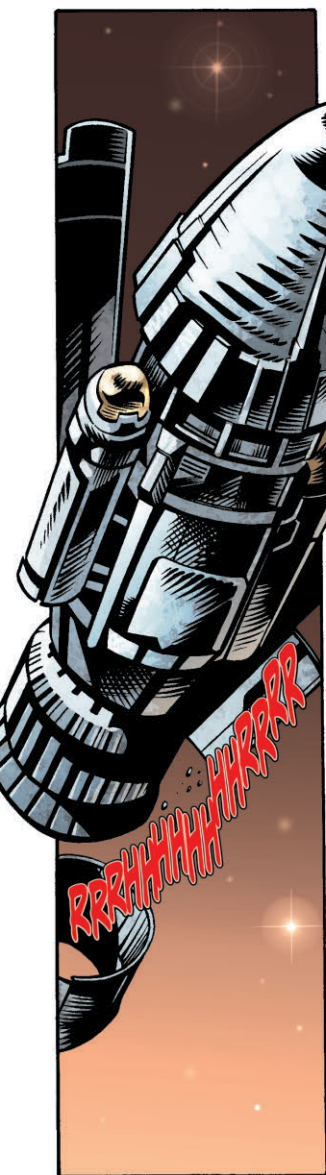


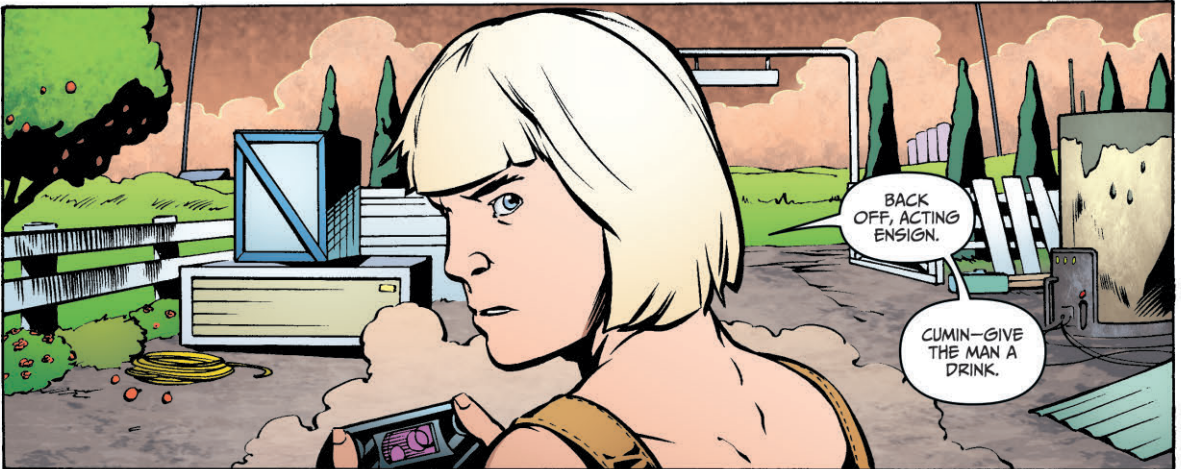
YOU'D BEST,
PICARD.

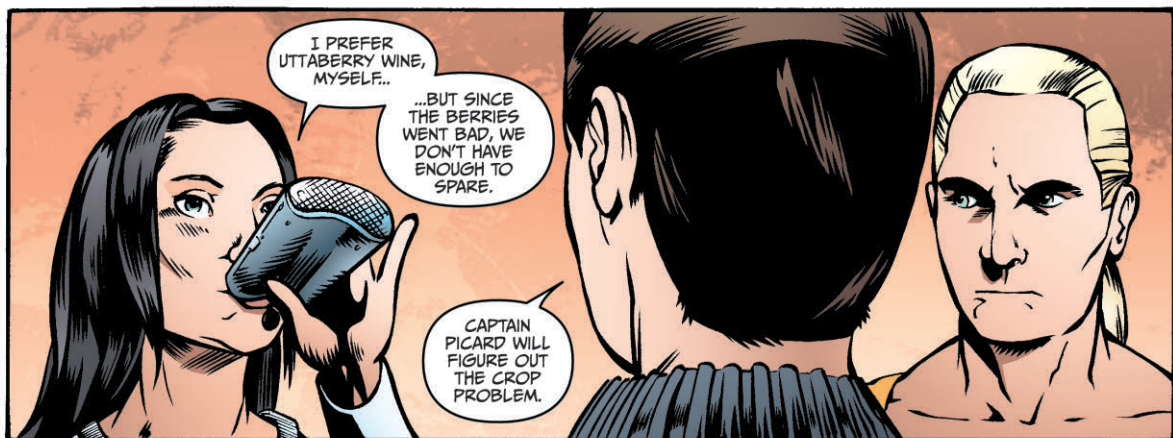
ANOTHER CROP
LIKE *THIS*, AND A LOT
OF PEOPLE START
GOING HUNGRY.

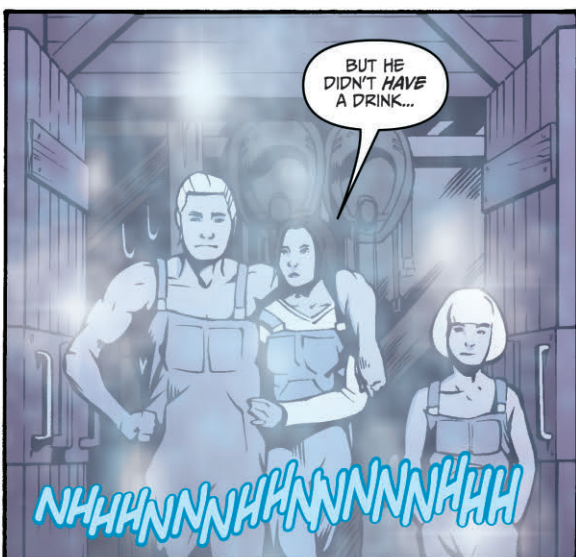
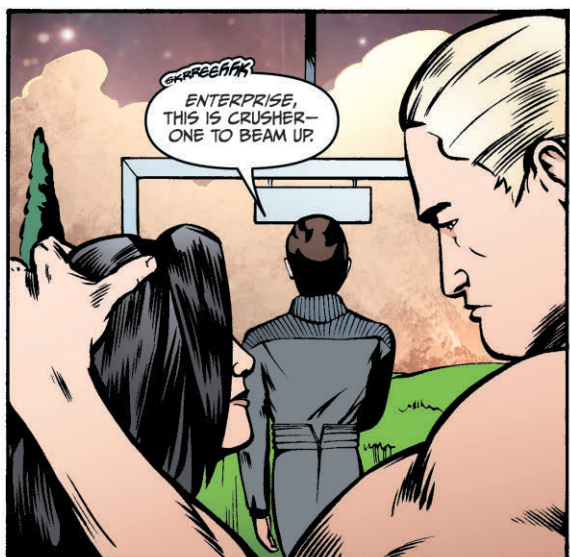
RAARGGH!

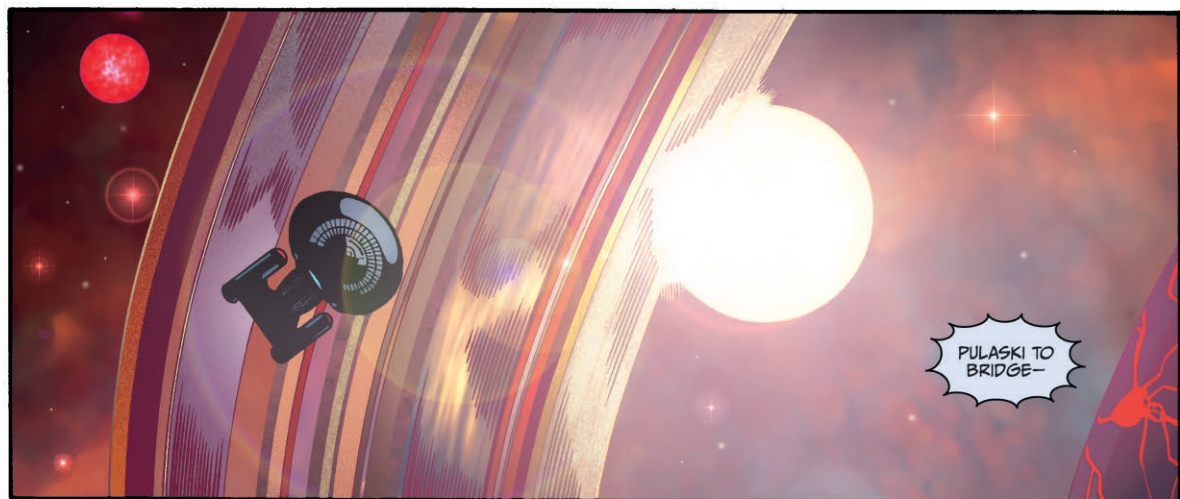












PULASKI TO BRIDGE—



—LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DATA JUST BARGED INTO SICKBAY AND PUT MY RESEARCH ON HOLD SO HE COULD ANALYZE SOIL SAMPLES.

DATA WAS ACTING UNDER MY ORDERS, DOCTOR.



I HAVEN'T REVIEWED THE SPECS FOR A GALAXY CLASS STARSHIP, COMMANDER, BUT THE ENTERPRISE MUST HAVE MORE THAN ONE SCIENCE LAB.



DOCTOR PULASKI, THIS IS DATA—

—IN THE FUTURE, I WILL ENDEAVOR TO USE THE SCIENCE LAB ON DECK SEVEN.

PULASKI OUT.



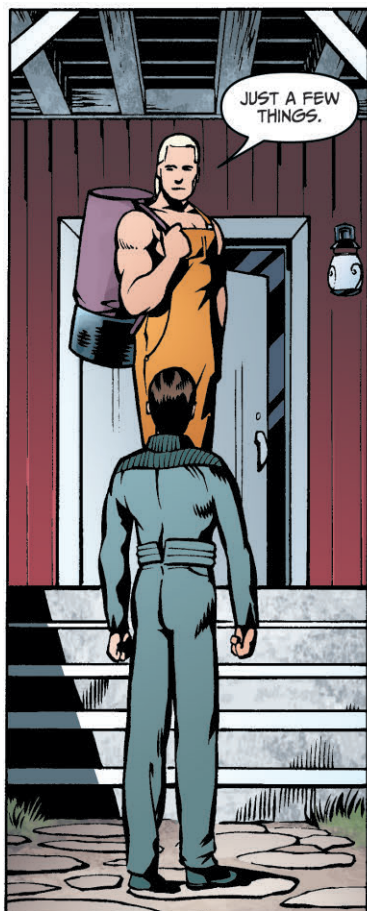
COMMANDER, DR. PULASKI SHOULD NOT SPEAK OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DATA IN THAT WAY.

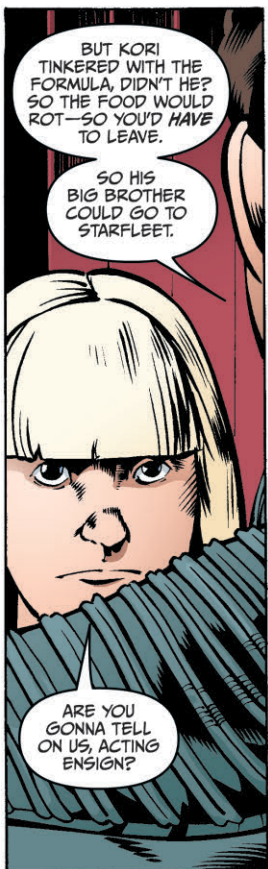
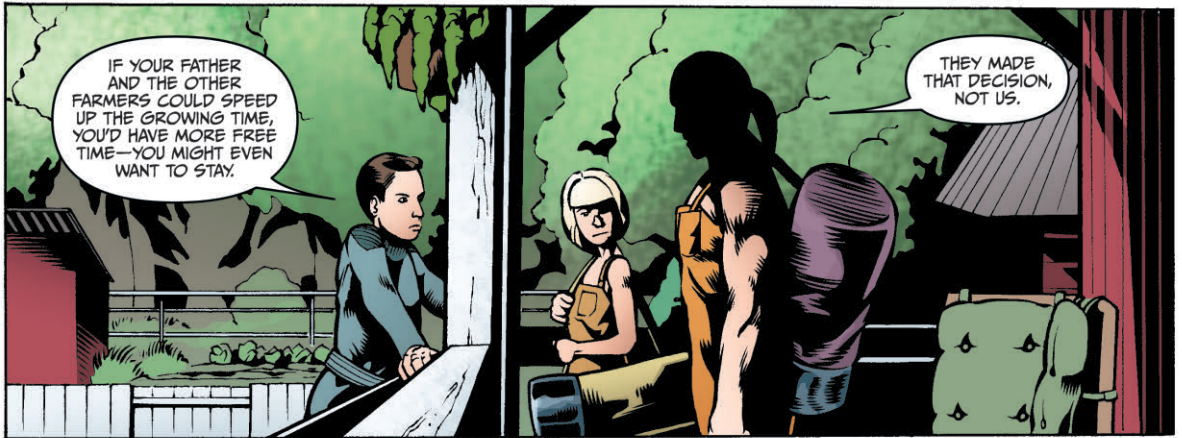
THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT, BUT AS DR. PULASKI IS SO QUICK TO REMIND ME, I AM A MACHINE—

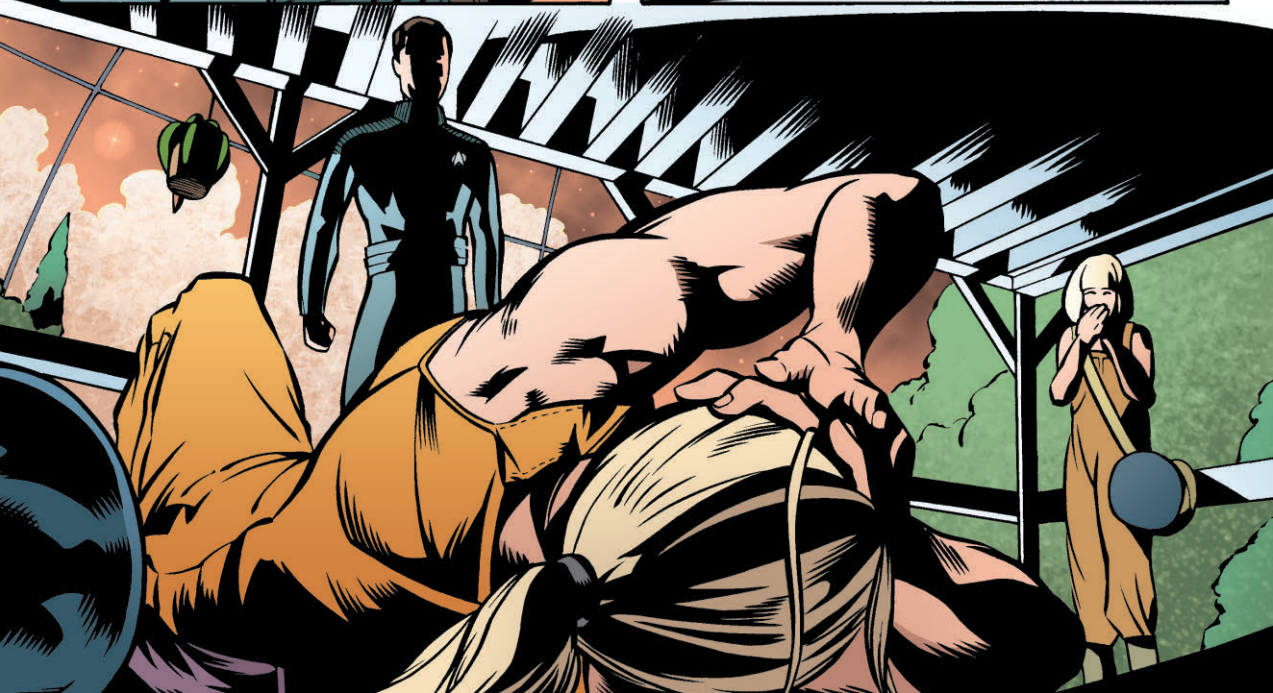
AND AS THE OLD EARTH SAYING GOES, "STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY POLYALLOY INFRASTRUCTURE...

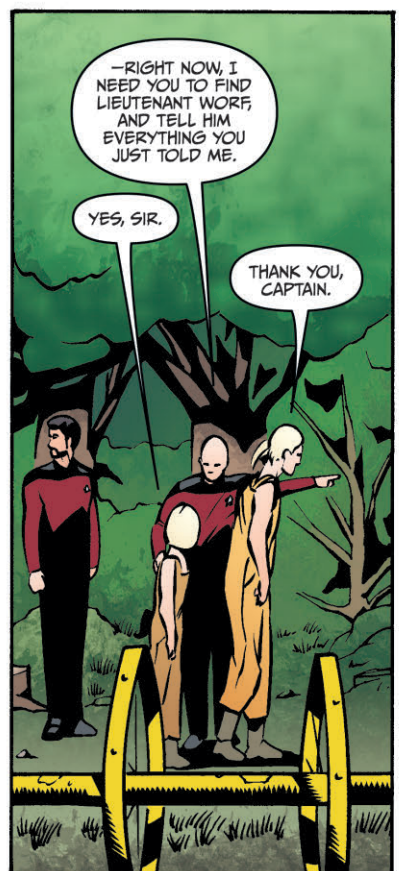
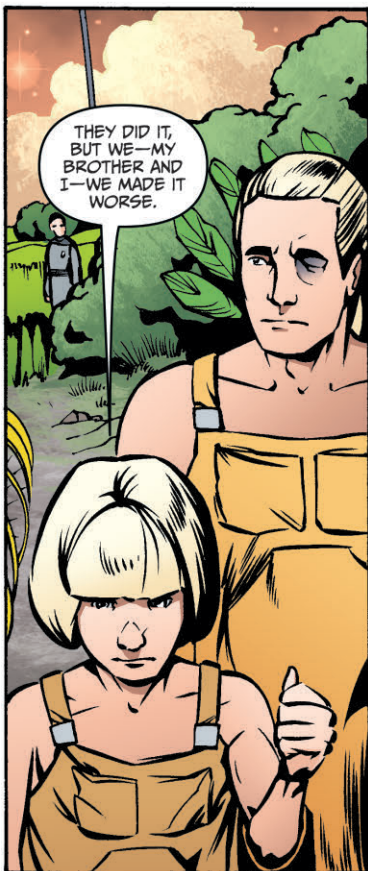
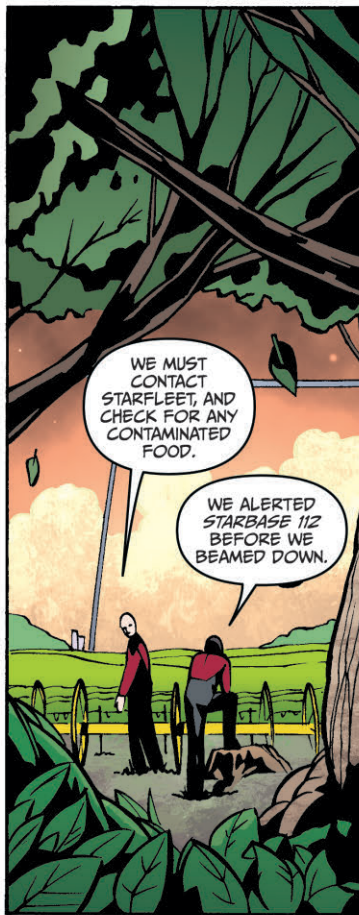
"...BUT WORDS WILL NEVER HURT ME."

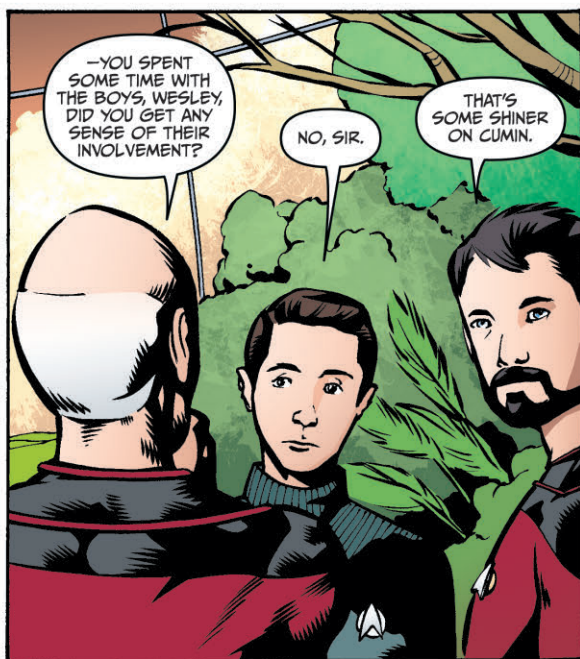














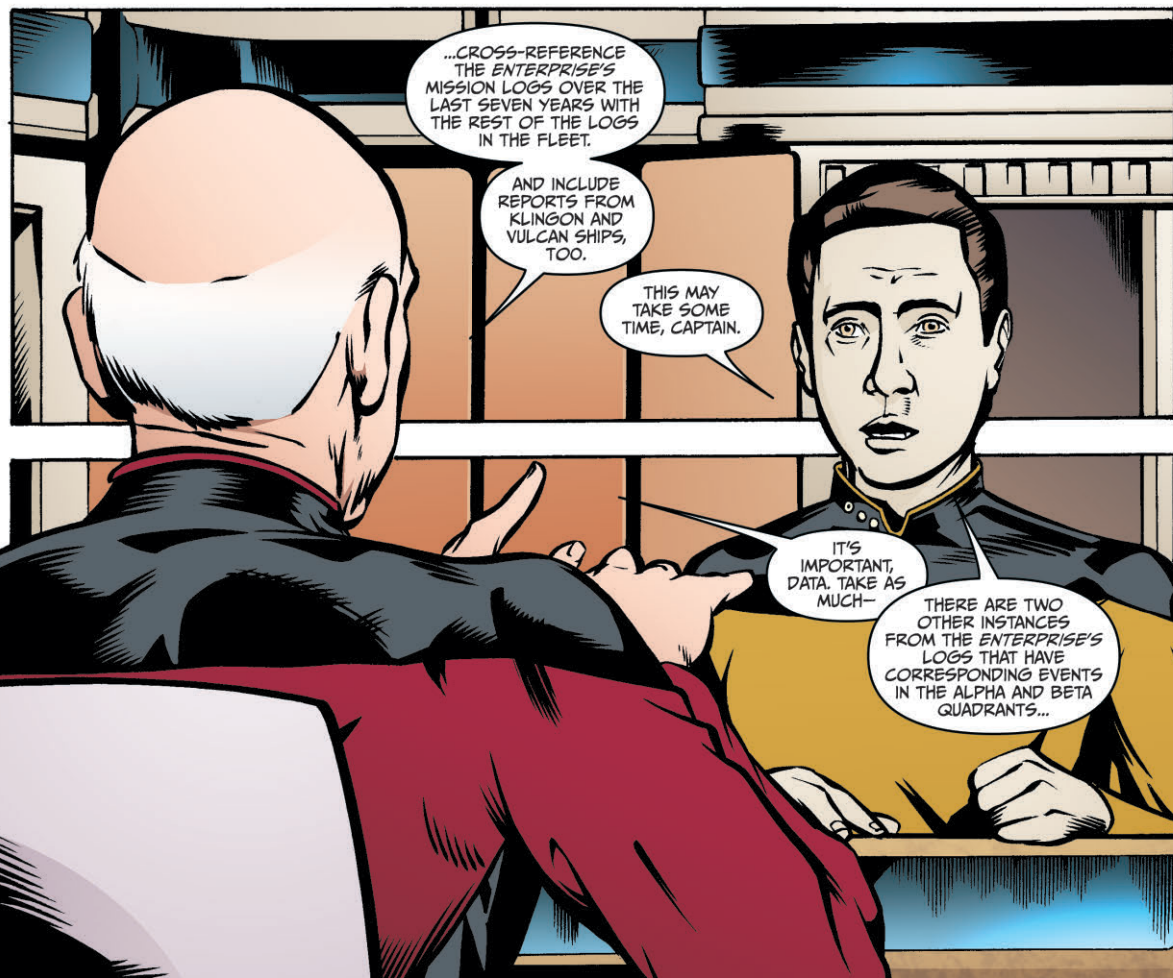
"—HE'S GOT ONE HELL
OF A POKER FACE."

FIVE YEARS LATER.



SKRRRRRAK
PICARD TO
DATA—THIS IS A
PRIORITY ONE
COMMUNICATION...

...MEET ME
IN MY READY
ROOM IN FIFTEEN
MINUTES.





THE TECHNOLOGY
USED ON TIGAN-7 WAS
REPLICATED ON LANGER
14, WHERE ELECTION
RESULTS WERE
REPLACED—

—AND A MAQUIS
SHIP DESTROYED
ITSELF DAYS AFTER
DISCOVERING A CACHE
OF HARMONIC
DIAMONDS.

FROM
RAJATHA
PRIME!



IF THIS IS TRUE,
CAPTAIN, SOMEONE
IS USING THE
INFORMATION FROM
STARFLEET LOGS TO
CREATE OFFENSIVE
WEAPONS.

OUR
MISSION—OUR
PURPOSE—IS
EXPLORATION.

THAT ANYONE
WOULD PERVERT
THAT INFORMATION FOR
POLITICAL OR MILITARY
PURPOSES COULD
DESTROY EVERYTHING
THE FEDERATION'S
BUILT.



ONLY
STARFLEET
PERSONNEL WOULD
HAVE ACCESS TO
THOSE RECORDS,
CAPTAIN.

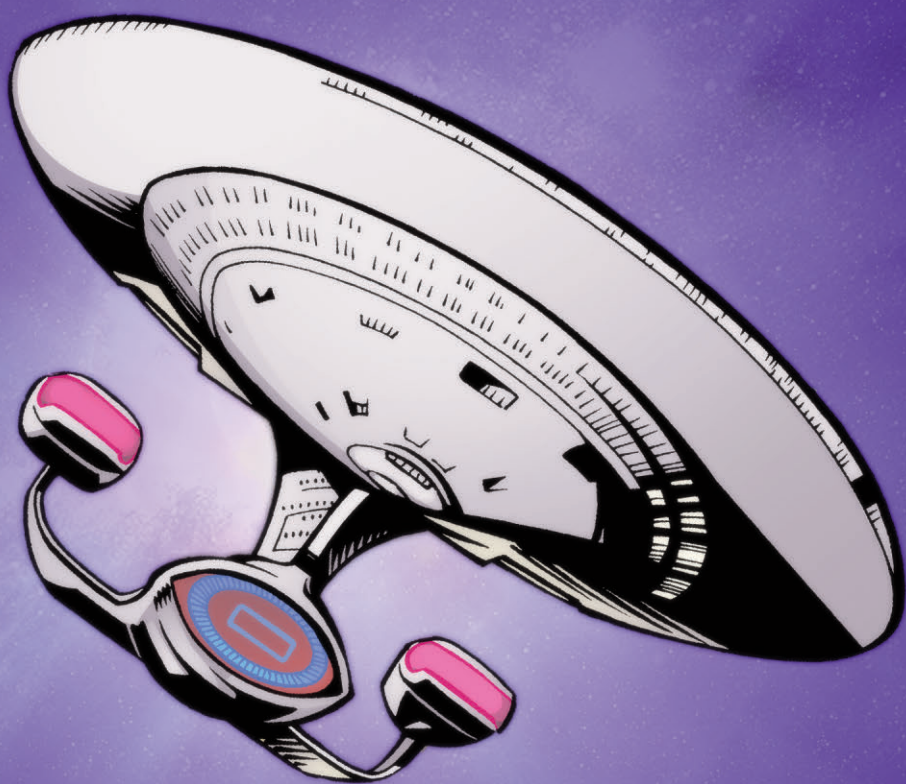


THAT'S WHAT
WORRIES ME
MOST, DATA. UNTIL
WE'RE CERTAIN, WE
MUST ACT WITH
SUPREME
CAUTION.



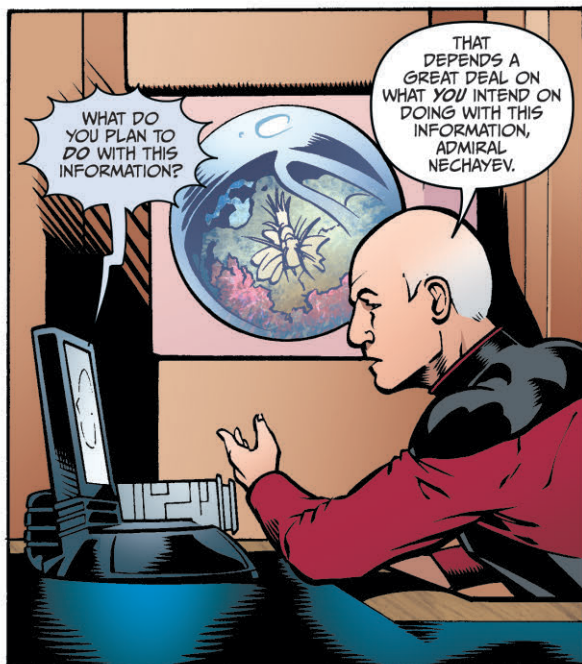
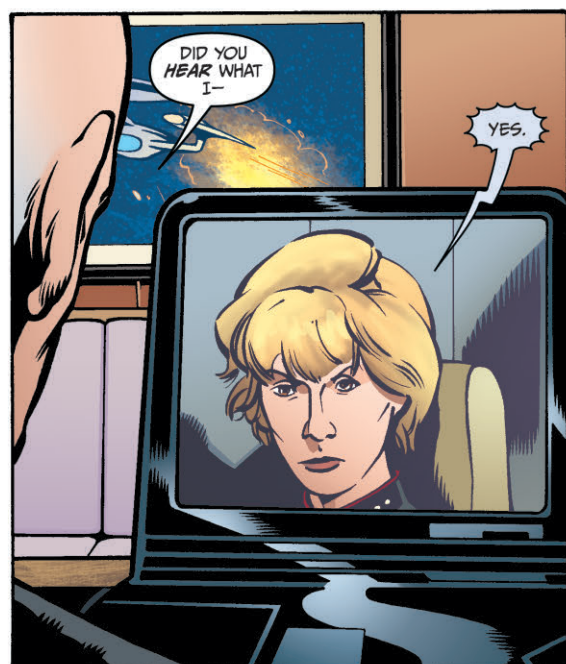
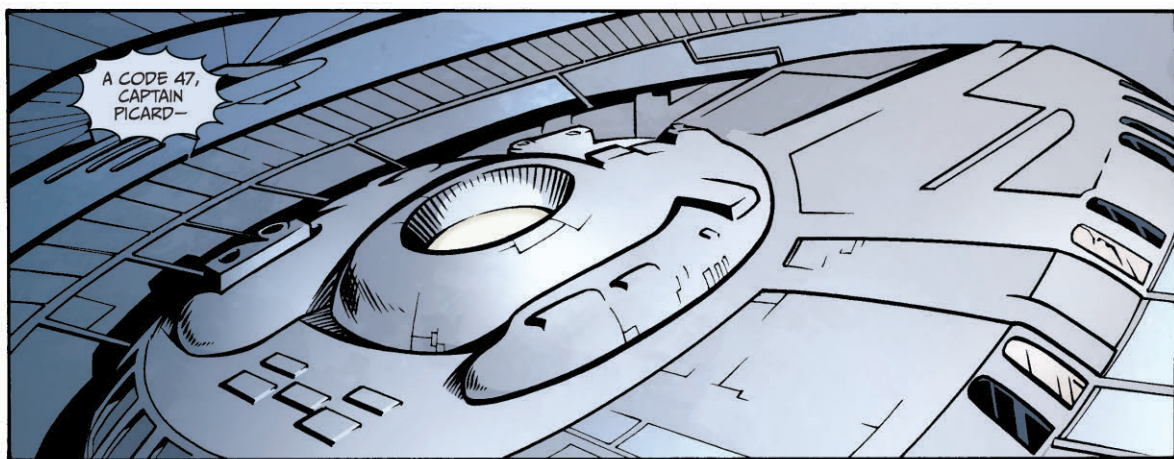
"WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT
WHO'S BEHIND THIS, AND WE'RE
GOING TO SHUT THEM DOWN—

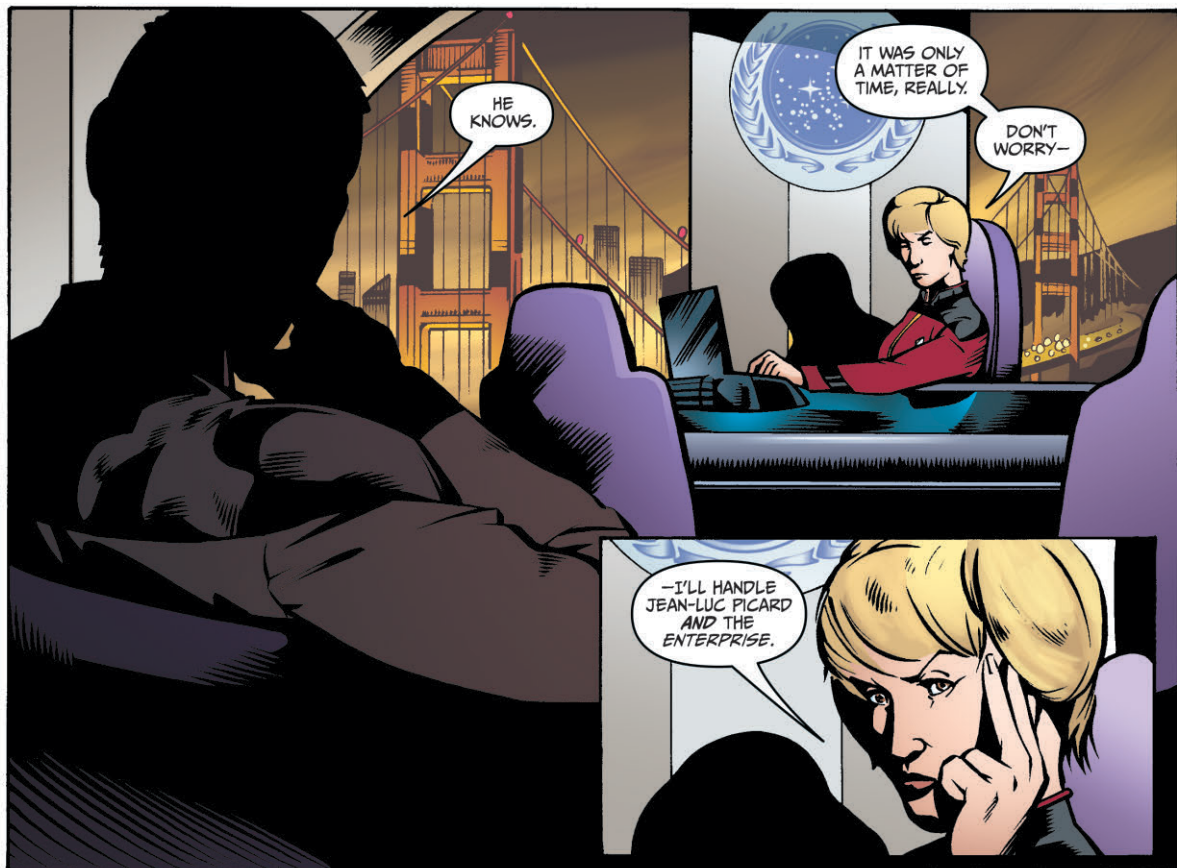
"—AND HEAVEN HELP
ANYONE WHO GETS
IN OUR WAY!"

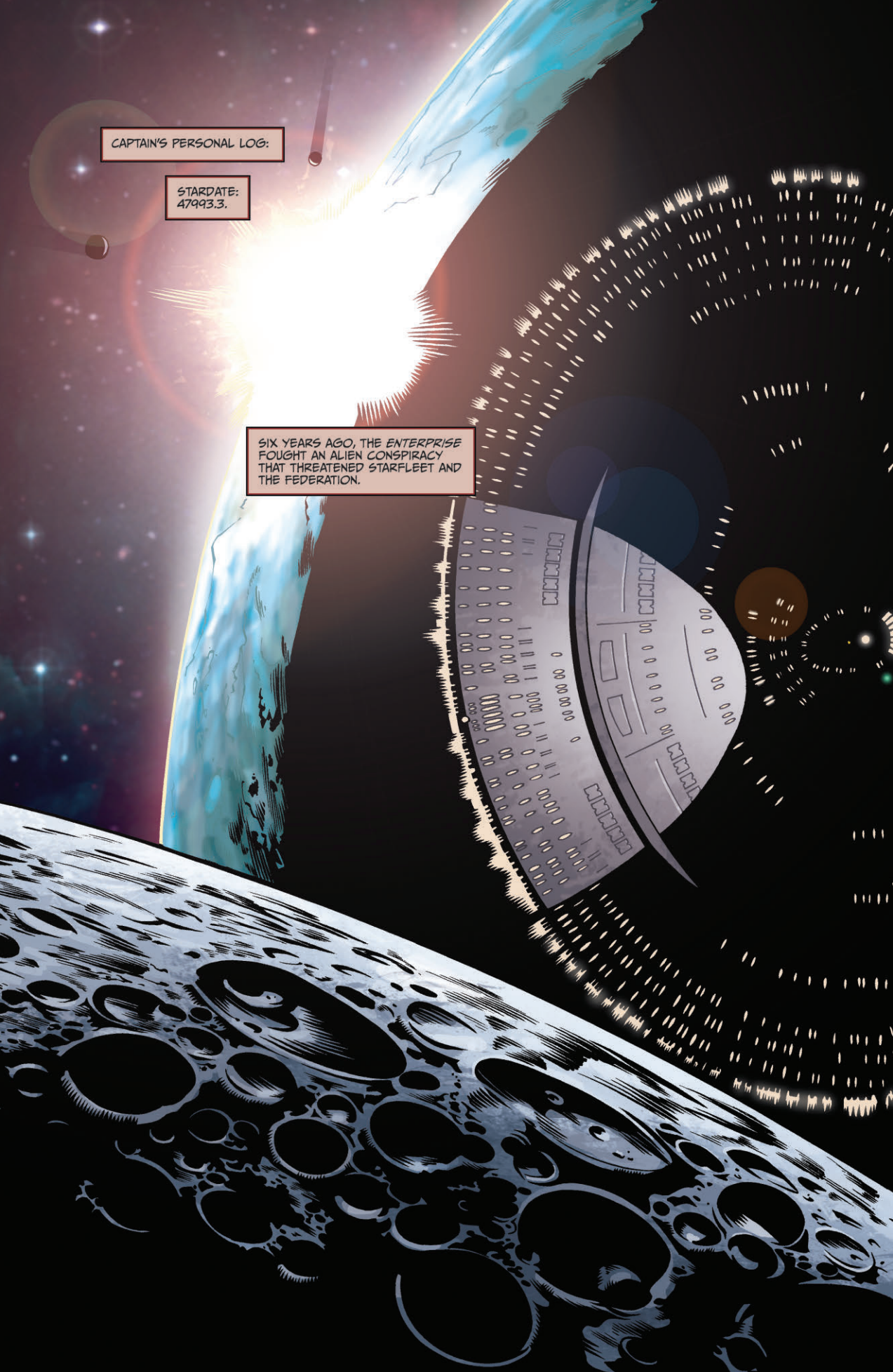


PART SIX: AN INCONVENIENT TRUTH





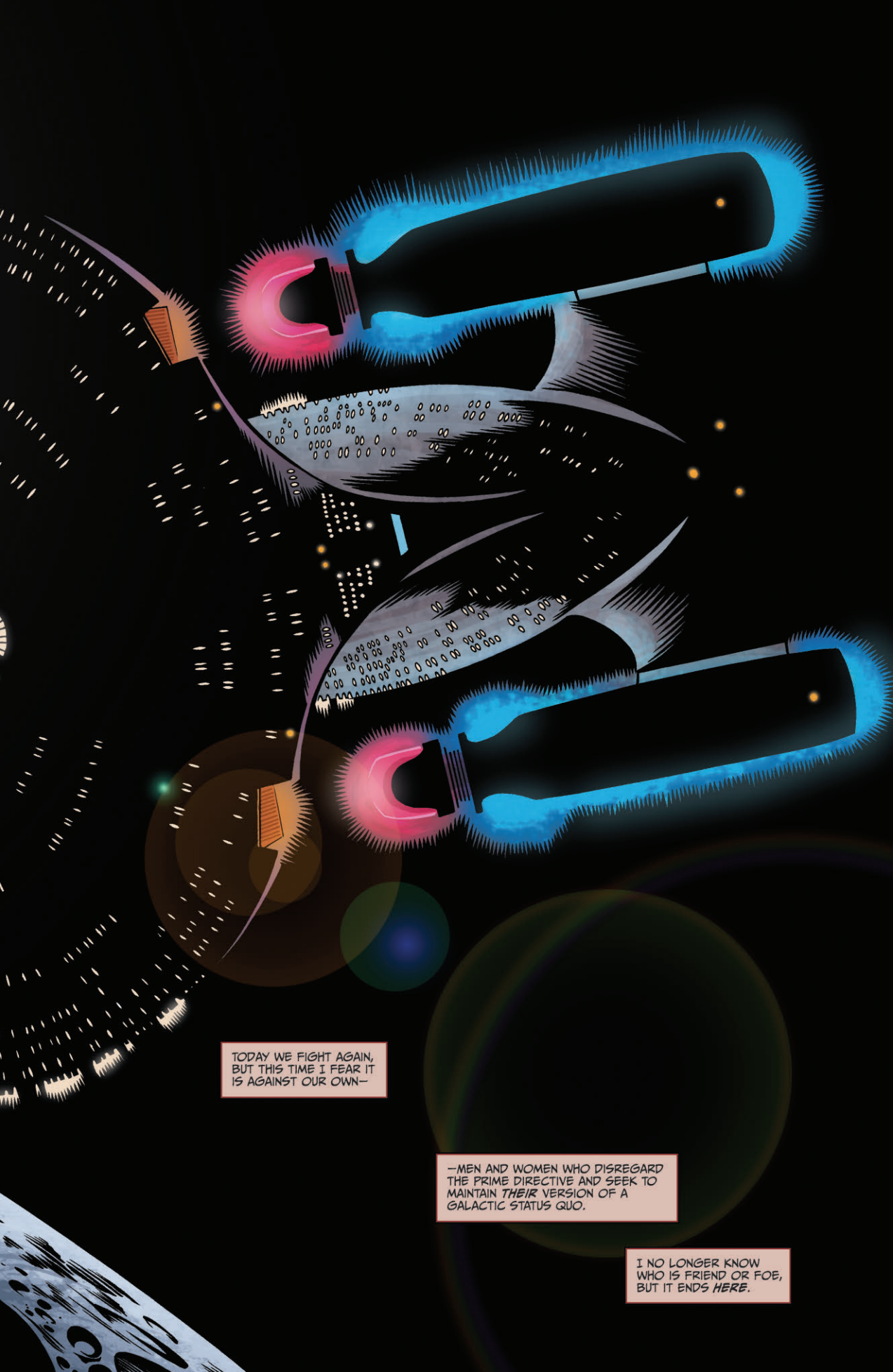




CAPTAIN'S PERSONAL LOG:

STARDATE:
47993.3.

SIX YEARS AGO, THE *ENTERPRISE*
FOUGHT AN ALIEN CONSPIRACY
THAT THREATENED STARFLEET AND
THE FEDERATION.



TODAY WE FIGHT AGAIN,
BUT THIS TIME I FEAR IT
IS AGAINST OUR OWN—

—MEN AND WOMEN WHO DISREGARD
THE PRIME DIRECTIVE AND SEEK TO
MAINTAIN *THEIR* VERSION OF A
GALACTIC STATUS QUO.

I NO LONGER KNOW
WHO IS FRIEND OR FOE,
BUT IT ENDS *HERE*.





YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN NECHAYEV WHEN SHE ENTERED THE ACADEMY—A CHIP ON HER SHOULDER THE SIZE OF JUPITER...

...SO READY TO PROVE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN COULD BE A STARSHIP CAPTAIN.



SHE'D LAUGH HERSELF SILLY IF SHE COULD SEE YOU NOW.

BOOTHBY, PLEASE...

...THIS IS IMPORTANT.



ADMIRAL NECHAYEV. CAN I TRUST HER?

I DON'T KNOW.

WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME?

THERE ARE RUMORS, THINGS WHISPERED ABOUT—



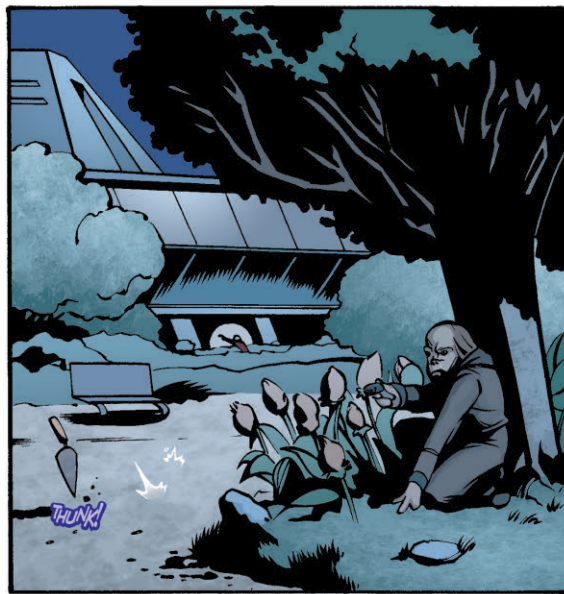
IT MAY JUST BE A WHISPERED FAIRY TALE, KEPT ALIVE TO KEEP US SCARED...

...OR YOU MAY HAVE PEOPLE ON BOARD YOUR SHIP THAT MAKE THE NIGHTMARE REAL.

—PEOPLE INSIDE STARFLEET, A SECRET GROUP THAT FIGHTS DIRTY TO KEEP THE FEDERATION CLEAN.

ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE? NO, BOOTHBY, I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT.





"THE CAPTAIN IS INDISPOSED AT THE MOMENT, ADMIRAL ADAMS—"



—IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?

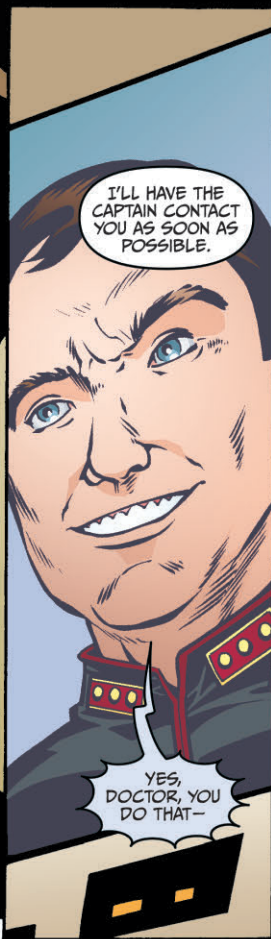
STARFLEET COMMAND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE ENTERPRISE HAS RETURNED TO EARTH AT THIS TIME.



WE WERE HIT WITH AN OUTBREAK OF ANDORIAN MEASLES AS WE ENTERED ORBIT.

HALF THE CREW, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN, ARE IN ISOLATION.

I'LL HAVE THE CAPTAIN CONTACT YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

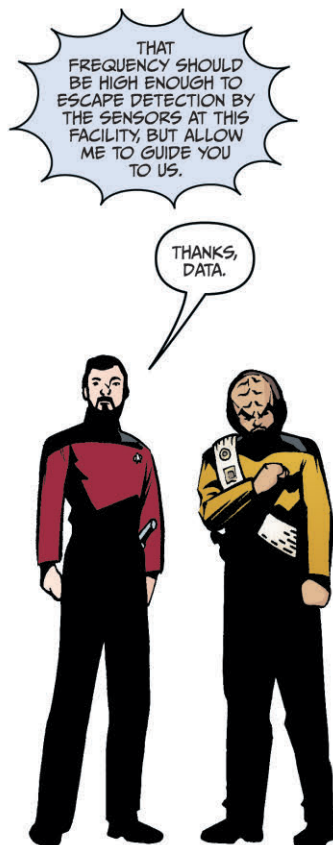
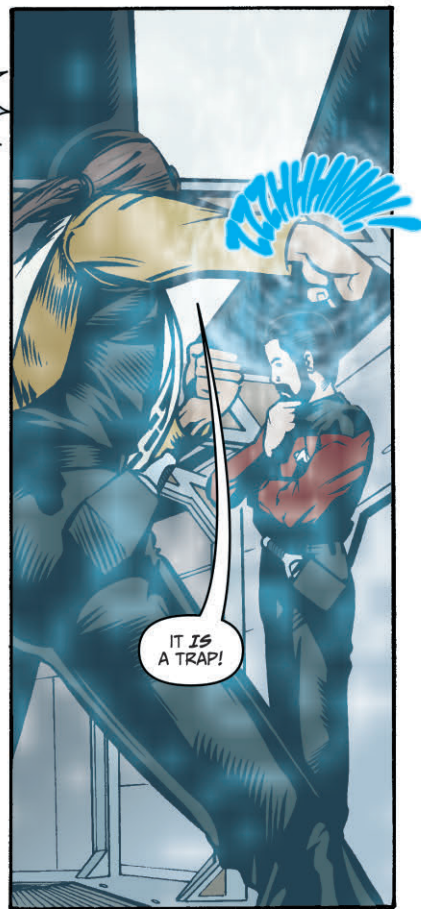


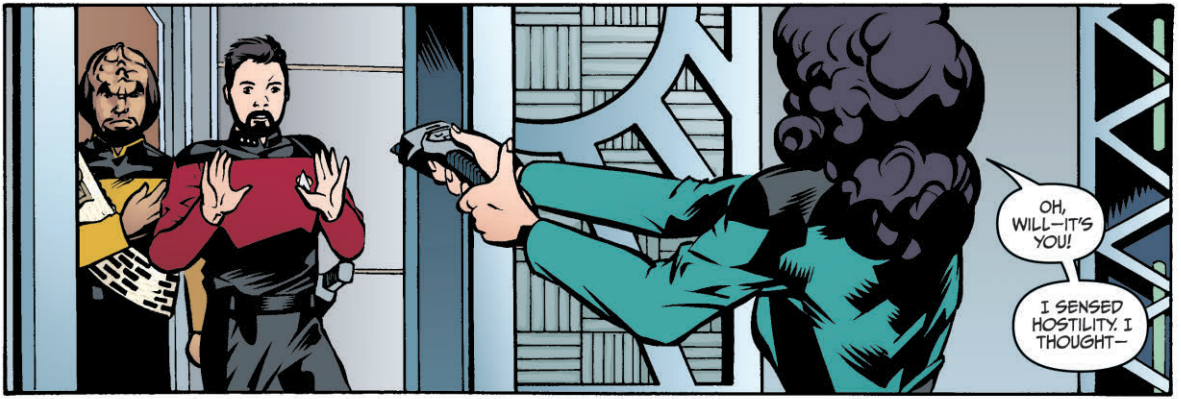
—ADAMS OUT.

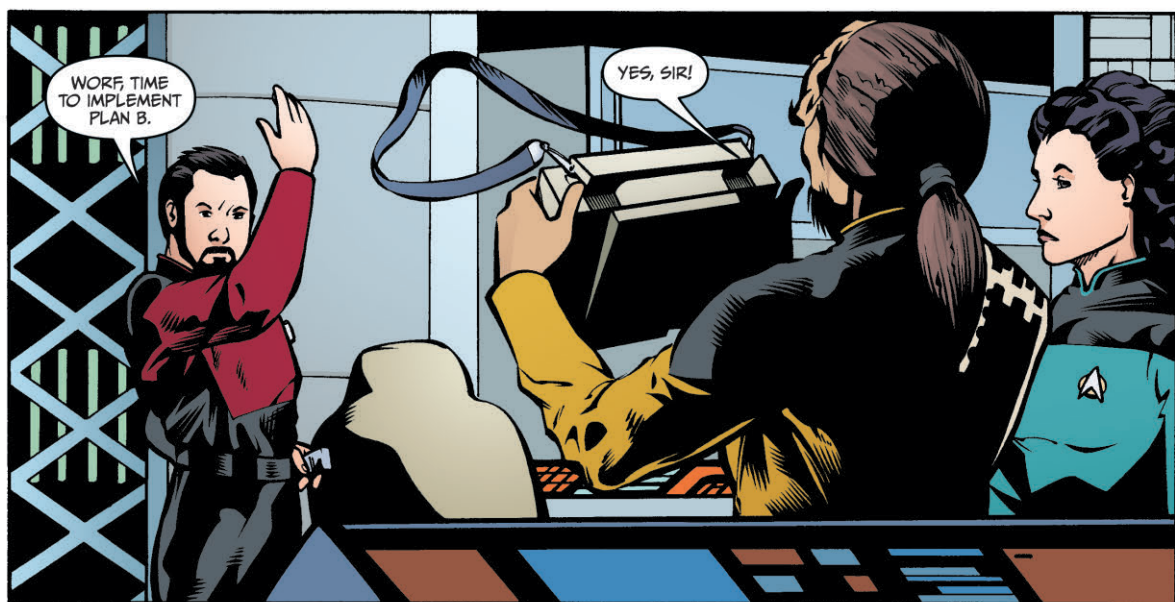
GOOD LUCK, JEAN-LUC.

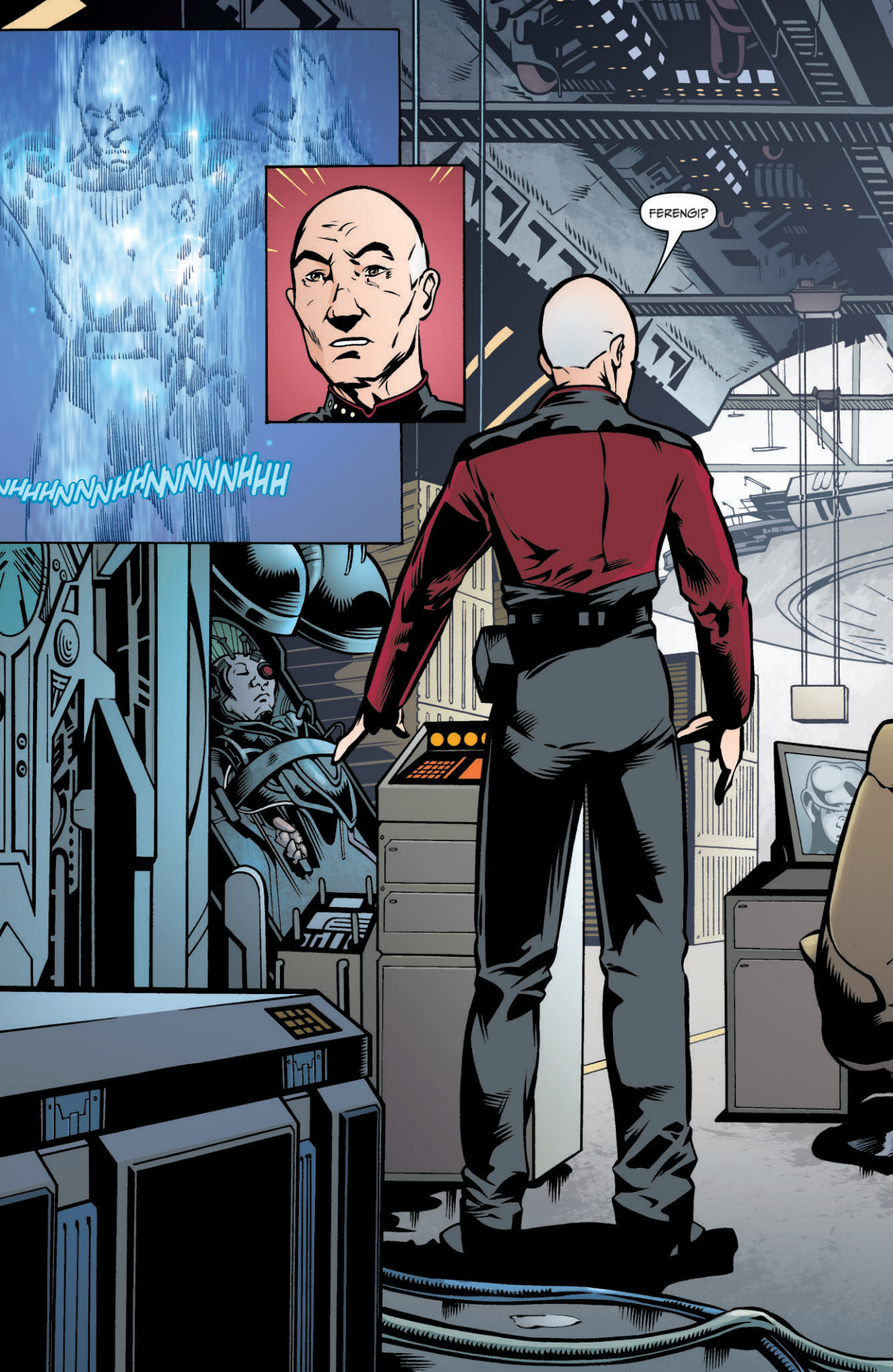












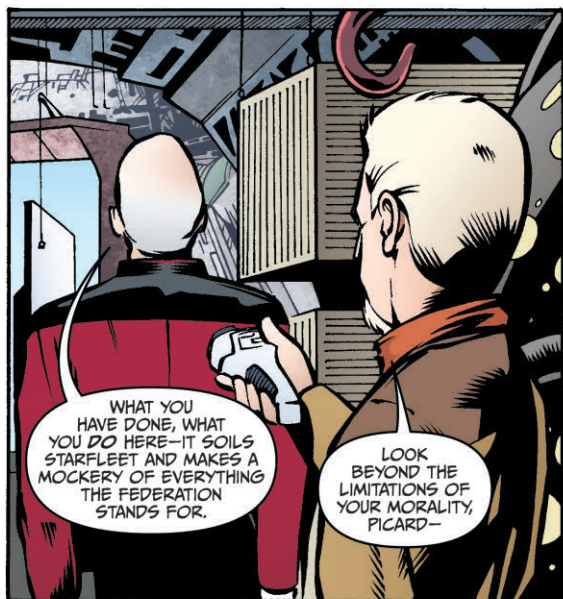
FERENG?

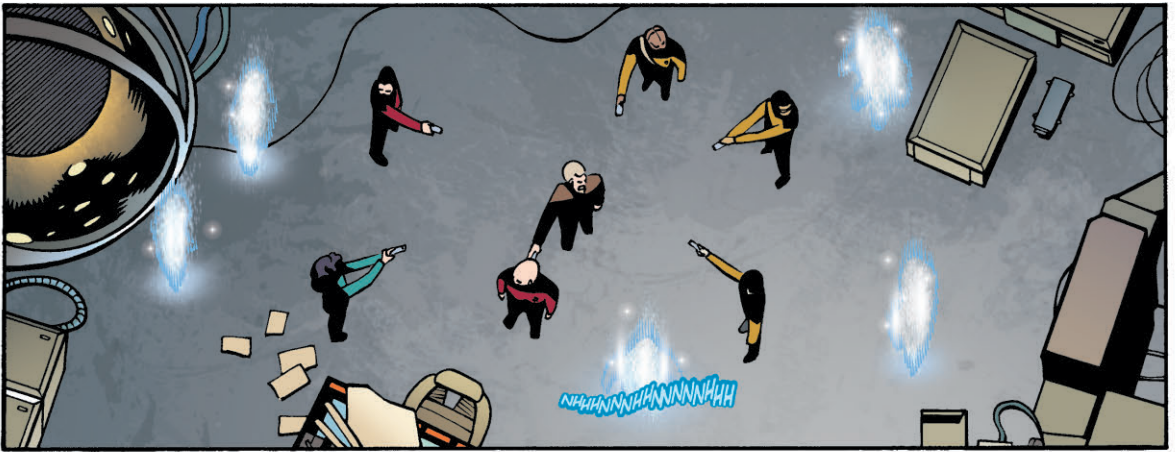
HHNNNNHHNNNNHH

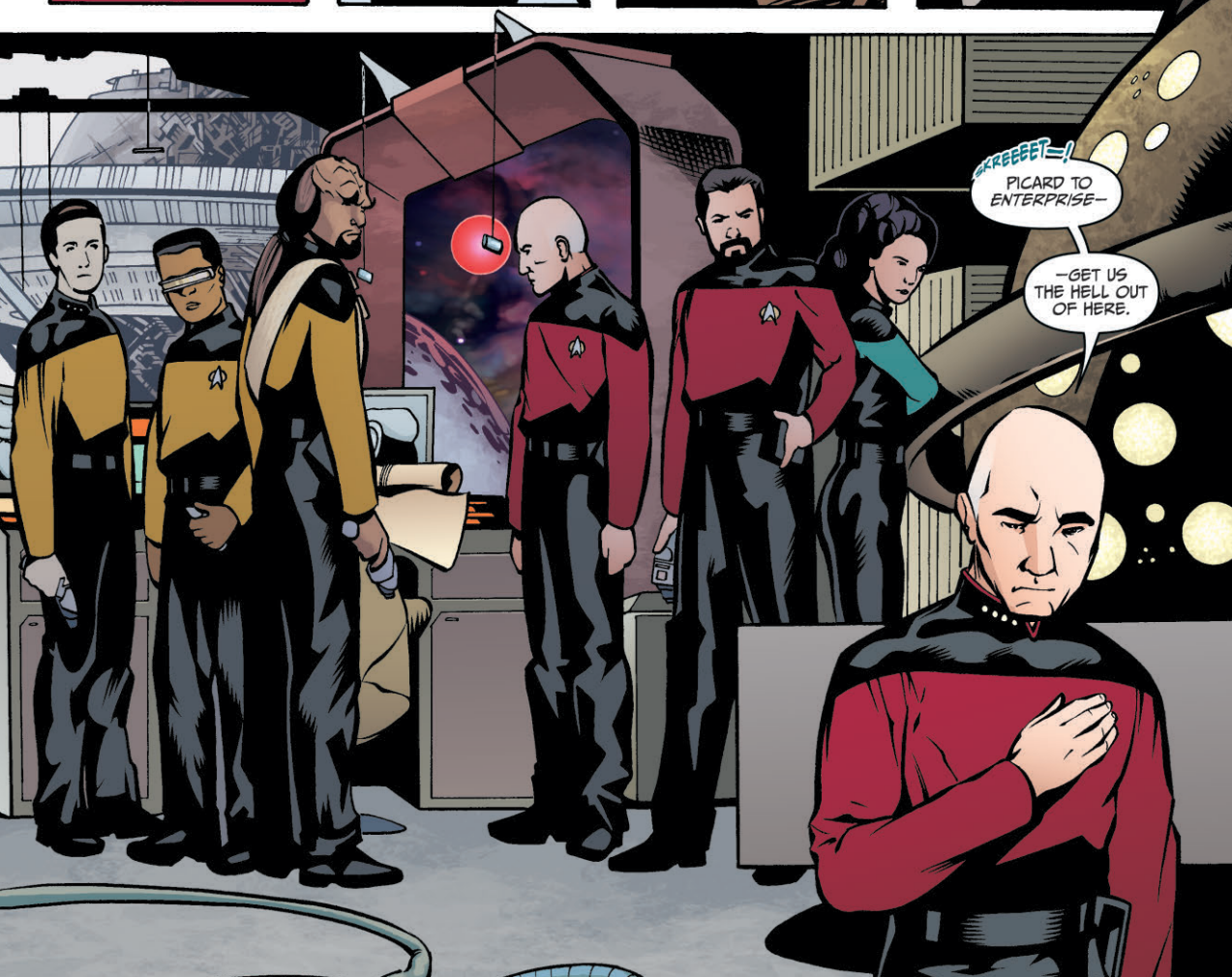


THEY
STARTED ALL
OF THIS, TWO
CENTURIES
AGO—

—THEY
OPENED OUR EYES
TO THE THREAT THEY
POSED, AND THE
NEED TO KEEP OUR
INTERESTS INTACT.







"HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME,
BUT MR. LA FORGE WAS
ABLE TO BEAM ME OUT."



I'M SORRY,
CAPTAIN. I'D LIKE TO
TAKE THE CREDIT, BUT
IT WASN'T ME. THE
TRANSPORTER WAS
STILL OFF-LINE.

THEN HOW
DID YOU GET
INSIDE THE
FACILITY?



I DON'T
REMEMBER
SEEING THESE
ON THE MENU.

ARE
THEY BULARAN
CANAPES?

THERE IS
A NOTE.



IT
SAYS "YOU'RE
WELCOME?"

AN ODD
GESTURE, CAPTAIN.
DO YOU KNOW WHO
MAY HAVE SENT
IT?

A FRIEND, MR.
DATA. A GOOD
FRIEND.





I'D LIKE
TO MAKE A
TOAST.

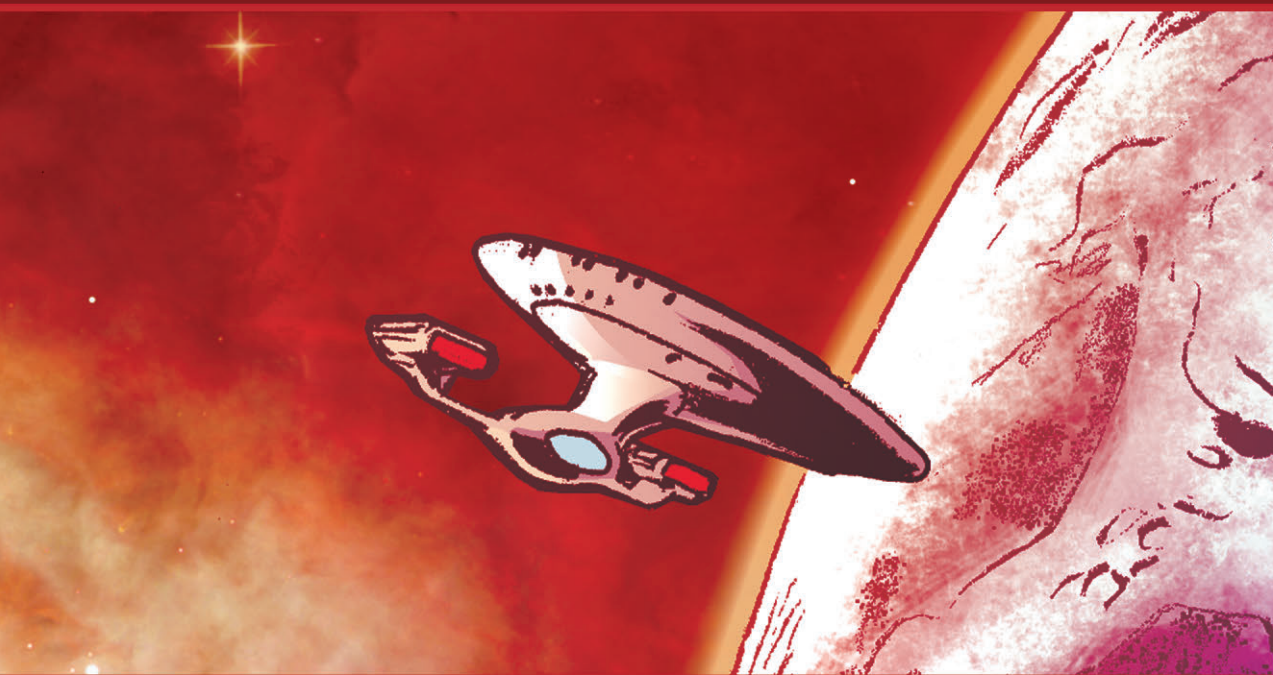
TO THE
CREW OF THE
ENTERPRISE...

...TO MY
FRIENDS—

—MAY OUR
VOYAGES BE AS
MANY AS THE
STARS IN THE
SKY.

THE END.

VARIANT COVER GALLERY





NCC-1701-D

THE SPACE
BETWEEN

THE STRONG & FINLEY



W. H. H. H.











IDW Publishing
San Diego, CA
www.idwpublishing.com



"The 'Reservoir Dogs'-esque opening line from Riker, when he tells Worf, 'Let's get to work,' had me snared for the rest of this issue. The dialogue is immaculately attuned to the characters, and the grandly one-upped *deus ex machina* by the villain at the end had me belting out laughs of appreciation..." — [Wizard Magazine](#)

Celebrate the 20th Anniversary of [Star Trek: The Next Generation](#) with this all-new relaunch of the *Star Trek* franchise in comics. In the first collection of this special miniseries, travel to Tigan-7, Kandom 9, uncharted space and more — each leading the dedicated crew of the *Starship Enterprise* into unexpected adventures. If you enjoyed watching *Star Trek: The Next Generation* on television, get ready for the comics adventure you've been waiting for.