

# STAR TREK

## THE NEXT GENERATION

### THROUGH THE MIRROR



TIPTON • TIPTON • TO • JOHNSON • HOOD • NIETO • CARITA • WOODWARD





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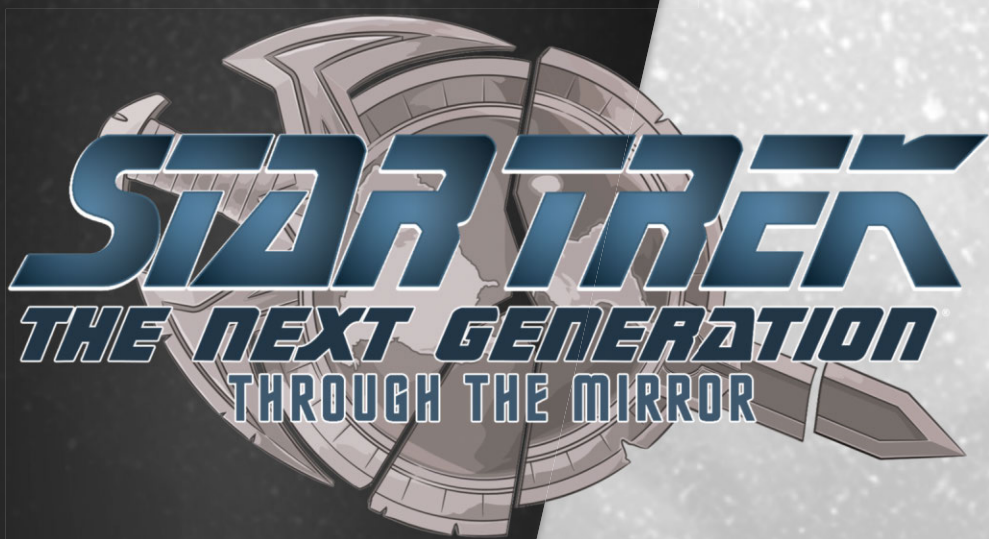
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***STAR TREK:*** DISCOVERY - THE LIGHT OF KAHLESS

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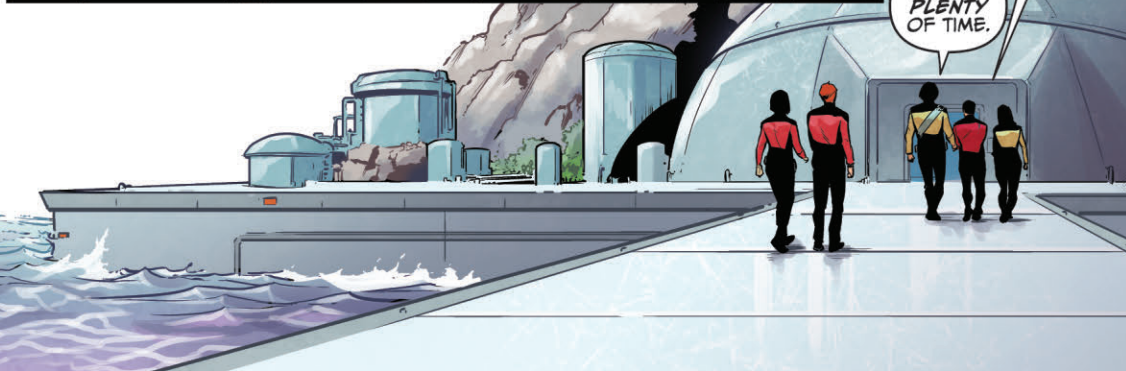
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# NAIA VII, STARFLEET MINING FACILITY











COMMANDER,  
JUST TO CONFIRM,  
YOUR TEAM MEMBERS  
HAVE SECURITY  
CLEARANCE FOR  
BACKGROUND TO OUR  
MISSION HERE  
ON NAIA IV?

YES,  
YOU CAN  
TELL THEM  
ANYTHING WE  
NEED TO  
KNOW.

VERY  
WELL.

AS  
YOU KNOW, OUR  
FACILITY HERE IS ONE  
OF STARFLEET'S MOST  
VALUABLE RESOURCES FOR  
A VARIETY OF MINERALS  
AND ELEMENTS, DILITHIUM,  
BILITRIUM, KELBONITE,  
AND MORE, IT'S ALL  
HERE IN GREAT  
SUPPLY.

AFTER THE BORG DESTROYED  
MUCH OF THE FLEET AT WOLF 359,  
THIS FACILITY HAS BEEN AN ESSENTIAL  
SUPPLY STATION FOR THE REBUILDING  
EFFORT. WE'VE BEEN PRESSED HARD  
HERE...SO HARD, AT TIMES, THAT  
WE'VE HAD TROUBLE  
KEEPING UP.

BUT MORE  
RECENTLY, I'VE BEEN  
NOTICING SOMETHING  
NEW THAT CONCERNS  
ME. SOME OF OUR  
EQUIPMENT HAS  
DISAPPEARED.

AND SOME  
OF THE MATERIAL WE  
MINE AND PROCESS HAS  
BEEN VANISHING TOO.  
THREE FULL CRATES OF  
DILITHIUM, FOR EXAMPLE,  
HAVE GONE MISSING  
SINCE JUST YESTERDAY.

WHY DIDN'T YOUR  
EARLIER REPORT  
INCLUDE THESE  
DETAILS?

AT FIRST,  
IT SEEMED  
LIKE A SIMPLE  
BOOKKEEPING  
PROBLEM.

BUT IT  
GREW MORE  
SERIOUS, SO I  
WAS LOOKING  
FORWARD TO  
YOUR INSPECTION.

AND ALSO--  
I WAS WORRIED OUR  
COMMUNICATIONS MIGHT  
BE COMPROMISED.

DOES ANYONE ELSE  
KNOW ABOUT YOUR  
SUSPICIONS?

ONLY MY  
MOST TRUSTED  
OFFICER, LT. AMATO.  
AND I INTENTIONALLY  
BROUGHT US TO THIS  
SECURED ROOM  
TO HAVE THIS  
CONVERSATION.

GOOD  
WORK,  
CAPTAIN.

WE NEED TO CONDUCT A  
DISCREET RECONNAISSANCE  
OF THIS ENTIRE FACILITY.  
THE CAPTAIN'S DISCRETION  
WILL MAKE OUR TASK  
EASIER.

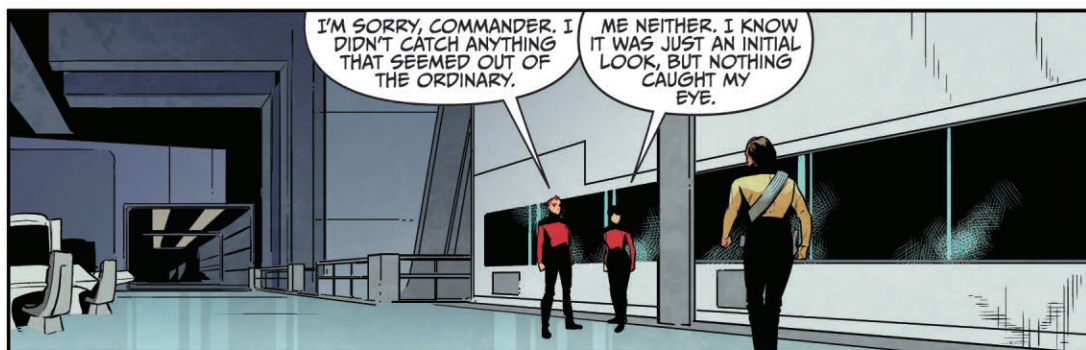
AYE  
SIR.

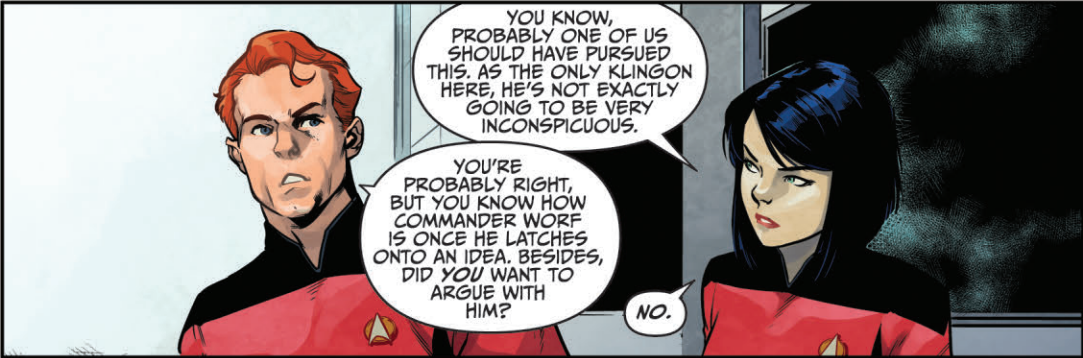
FAN OUT AND LOOK  
AROUND EVERYWHERE  
FOR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS.  
UNLESS SOMETHING ELSE  
DEVELOPS, WE'LL GATHER  
BACK HERE IN AN HOUR  
AND REPORT OUR  
FINDINGS.







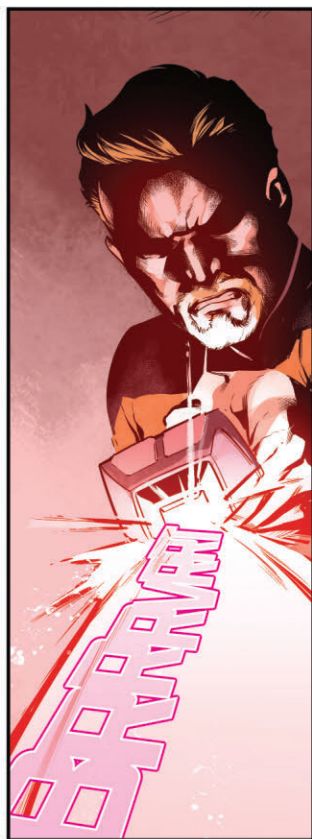
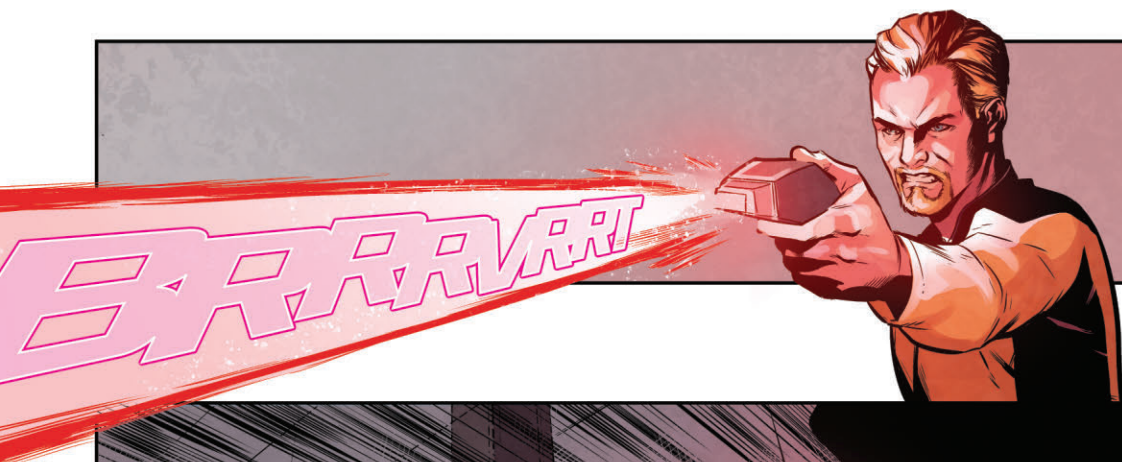
















JONES!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?!  
HOW DID YOU  
EVEN GET  
HERE?!



JONES!  
WHERE  
ARE YOU?!  
REPORT!

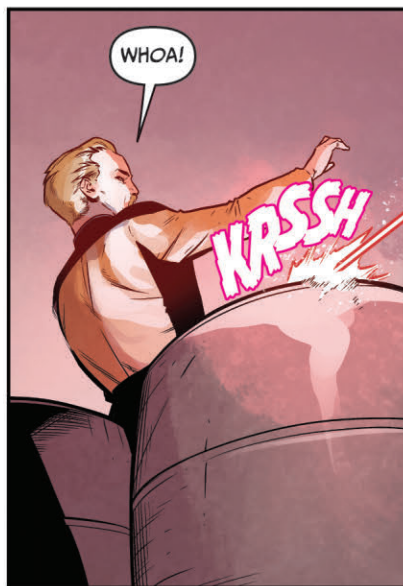
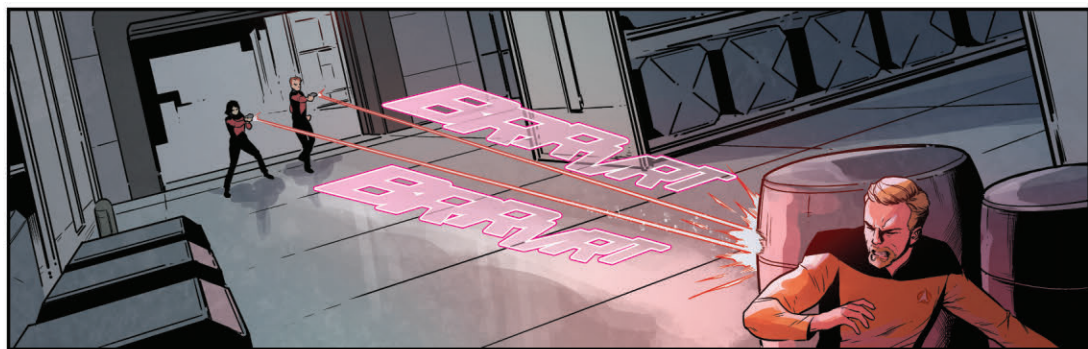
I  
GOT RECOGNIZED  
SOMEHOW, COMMANDER.  
IT'S A KLINGON! HE'S  
GOT ME PINNED DOWN.

WELL, UNPIN  
YOURSELF,  
LIEUTENANT! WE  
NEED THOSE  
COMPONENTS!



AYE AYE,  
SIR...





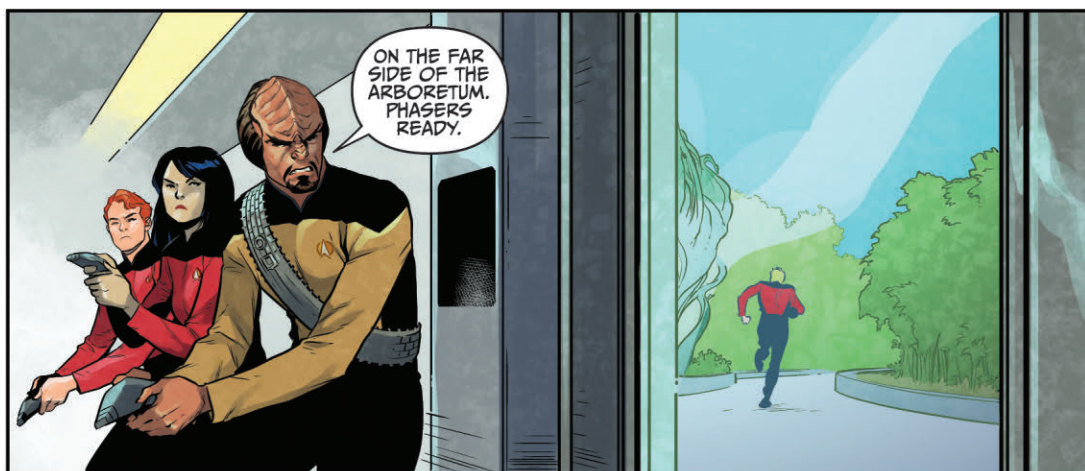




























ART BY  
PETER MCKINSTRY





ART BY  
**CHRIS JOHNSON**

COLORS BY  
**JASON LEWIS**



OBSERVATION LOUNGE,  
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-D

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT, COMMANDER  
WORF! I'VE NEVER  
BEEN TO NAIA  
IV!

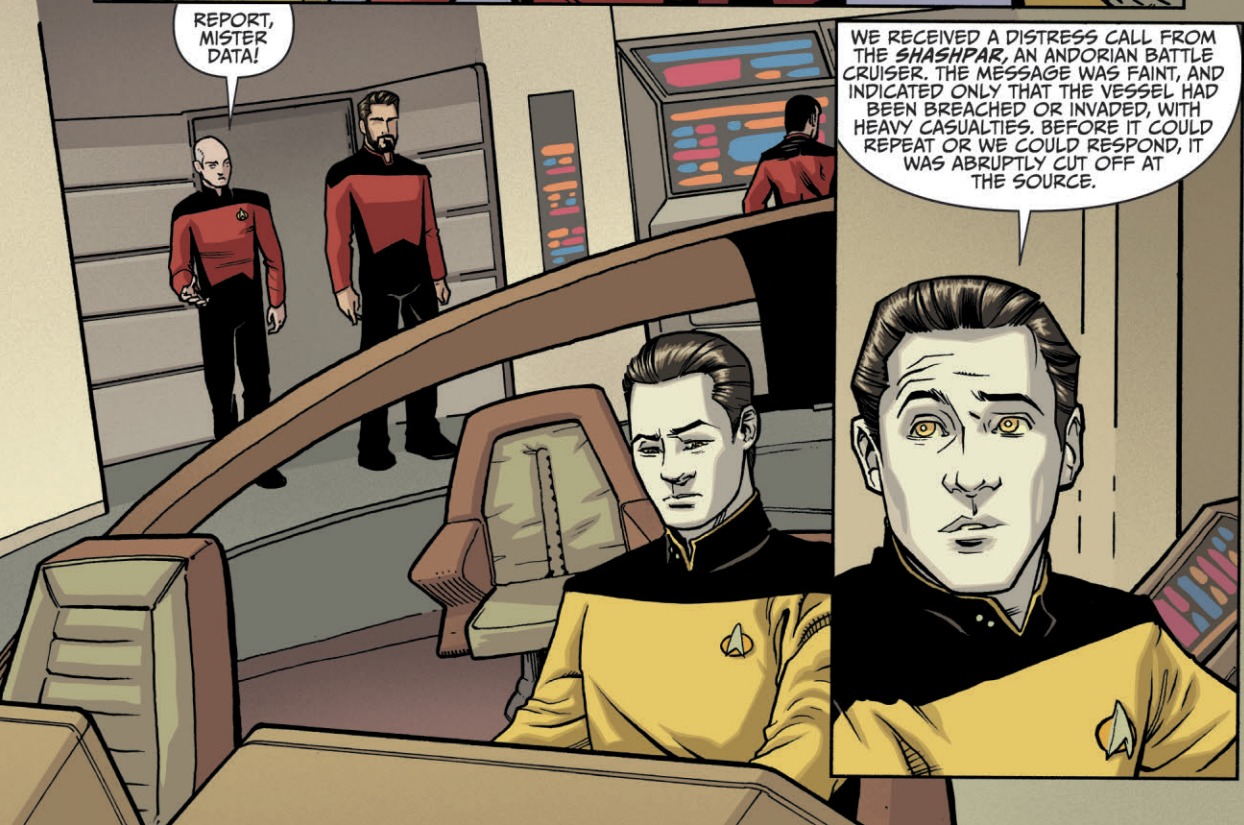
I SAW YOU THERE,  
LIEUTENANT JONES! I HAVE  
THREE EYEWITNESSES  
WHO CAN SAY THE SAME,  
AND WHO SAW YOUR  
ACCOMPLICES MURDER  
LIEUTENANT REESE!

AND I  
TOLD YOU I  
HAVEN'T LEFT  
THE ENTERPRISE  
IN SEVEN  
MONTHS!

HE'S NOT LYING, WORF.  
SHIP'S RECORDS AND  
LOGS SHOW HIM AT HIS  
STATION FOR HIS FULL  
DUTY SCHEDULE THE  
LAST THREE  
DAYS.

IS IT  
POSSIBLE  
HE HAS A  
BROTHER?









THE ANDORIANS ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS. IT WOULD TAKE A LOT TO GET THEM TO CALL FOR HELP.

INDEED, NUMBER ONE, MISTER DATA, DO WE HAVE LAST KNOWN COORDINATES FOR THE SHASHPAR?

AYE, SIR.



TAKE US THERE, BEST AVAILABLE SPEED.

RENDEZVOUS WITH SHASHPAR IN... TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES, CAPTAIN.



NUMBER ONE, TAKE AN AWAY TEAM OVER ONCE WE'VE DETERMINED THAT IT'S SAFE AND THEY'RE NOT STILL UNDER ATTACK. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT WENT ON OVER THERE.

BE PREPARED TO OFFER MEDICAL AND ENGINEERING ASSISTANCE AS WELL.

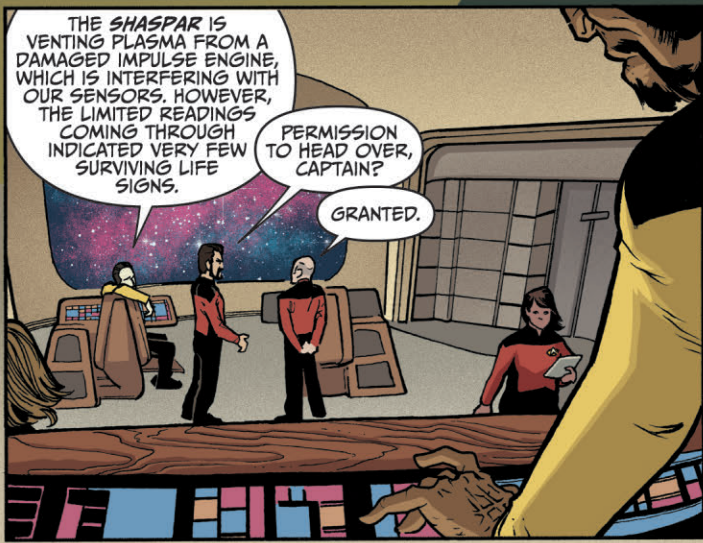
AYE, CAPTAIN. IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF THE SHASHPAR BY THE TIME WE GET THERE.



TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES LATER...

WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE SHASHPAR, CAPTAIN. NO OTHER VESSELS DETECTED WITHIN SCANNING RANGE.

WHAT'S THE CONDITION ABOARD THE ANDORIAN VESSEL?



THE SHASHPAR IS VENTING PLASMA FROM A DAMAGED IMPULSE ENGINE, WHICH IS INTERFERING WITH OUR SENSORS. HOWEVER, THE LIMITED READINGS COMING THROUGH INDICATED VERY FEW SURVIVING LIFE SIGNS.

PERMISSION TO HEAD OVER, CAPTAIN?

GRANTED.

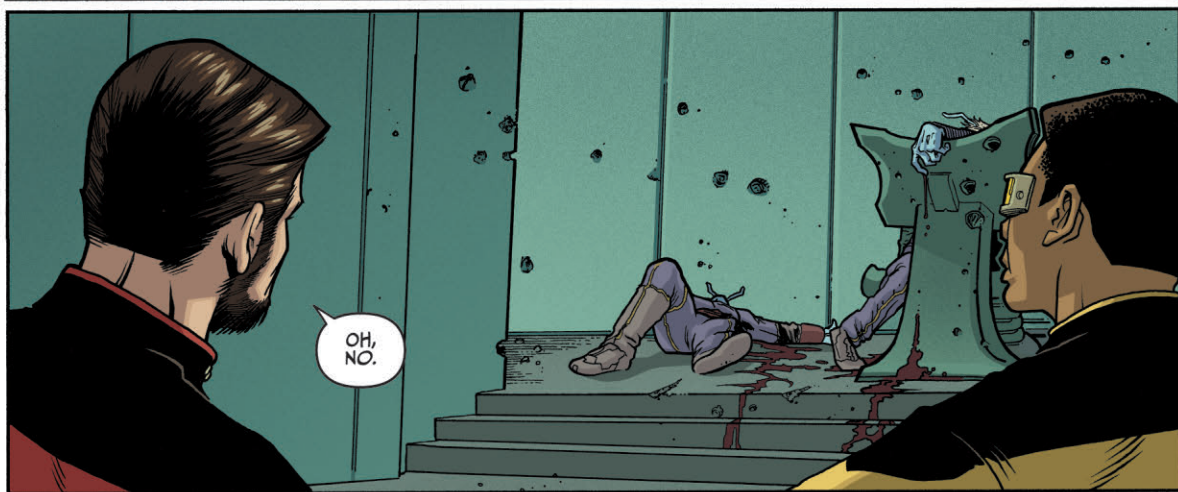
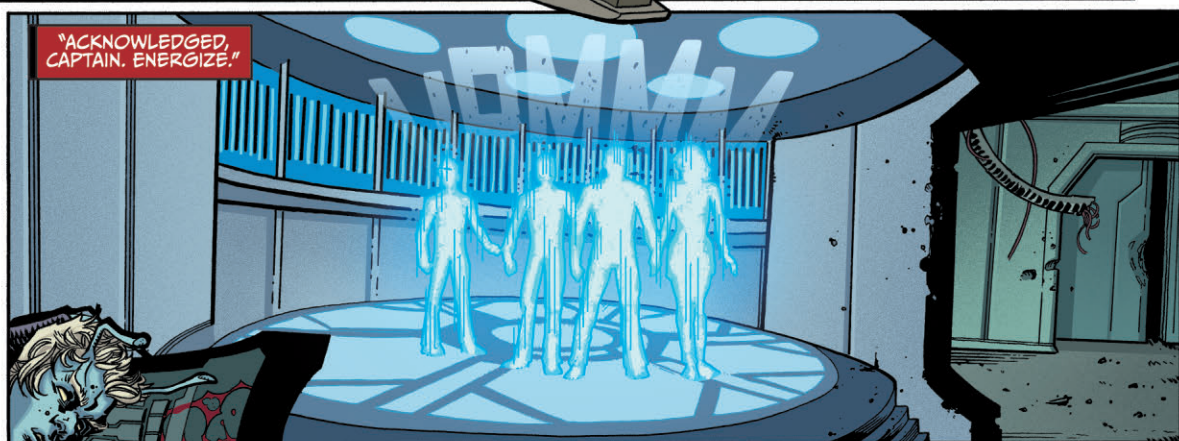
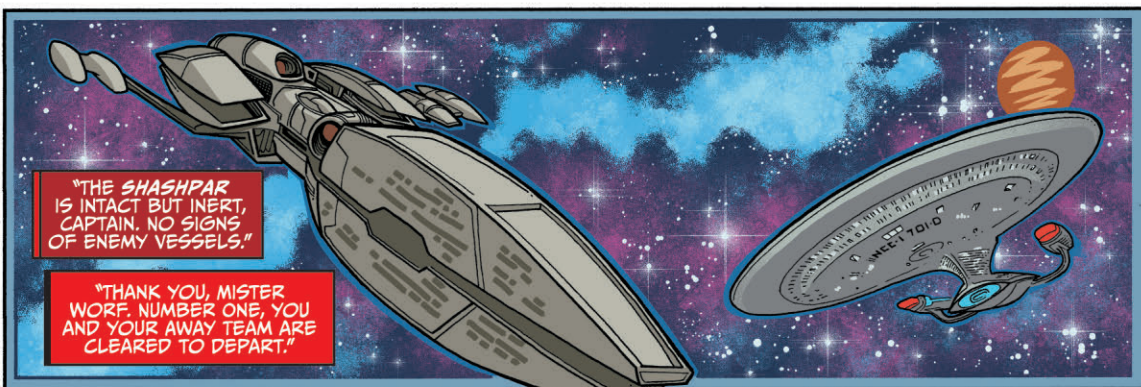


MISTER DATA, YOU'RE WITH ME.

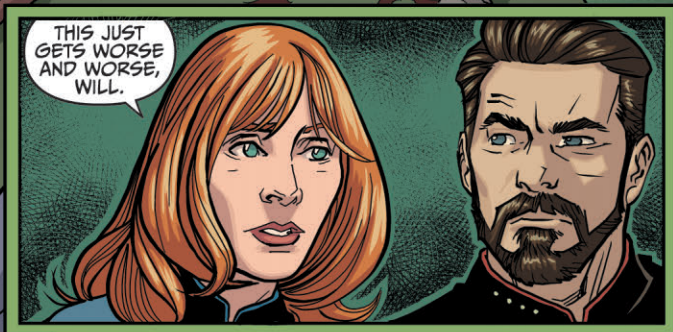
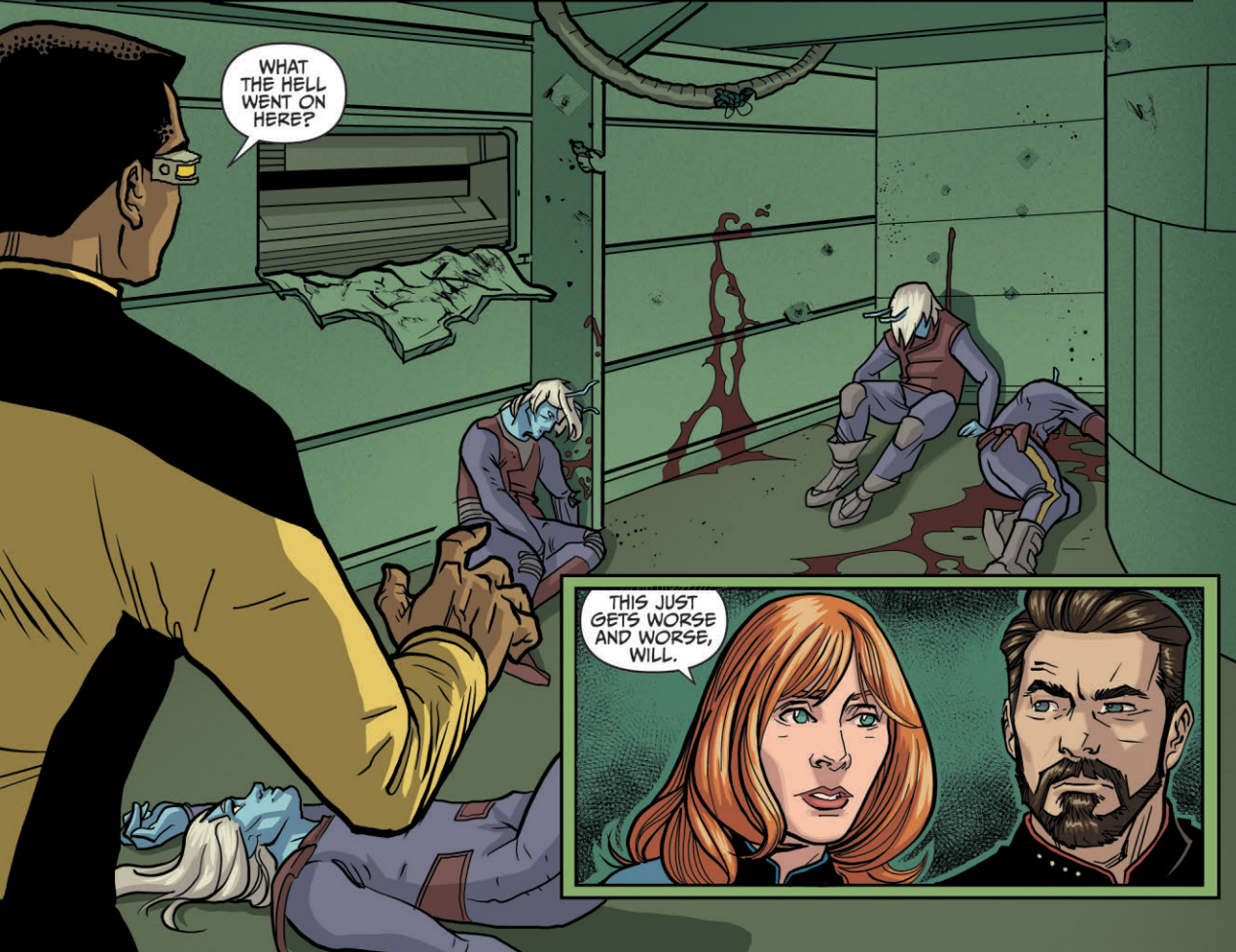
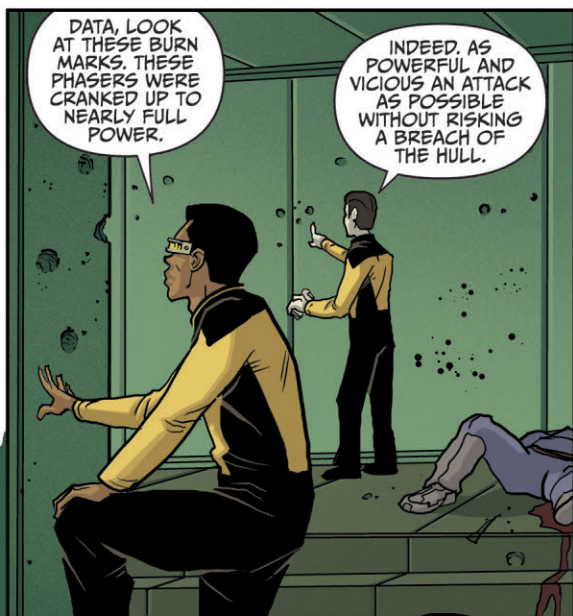
AYE, SIR.

EXERCISE CAUTION, NUMBER ONE. THE ANDORIAN IMPERIAL GUARD ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY. ANYONE WHO COULD GET THE BEST OF THEM MAY BE LYING IN WAIT.

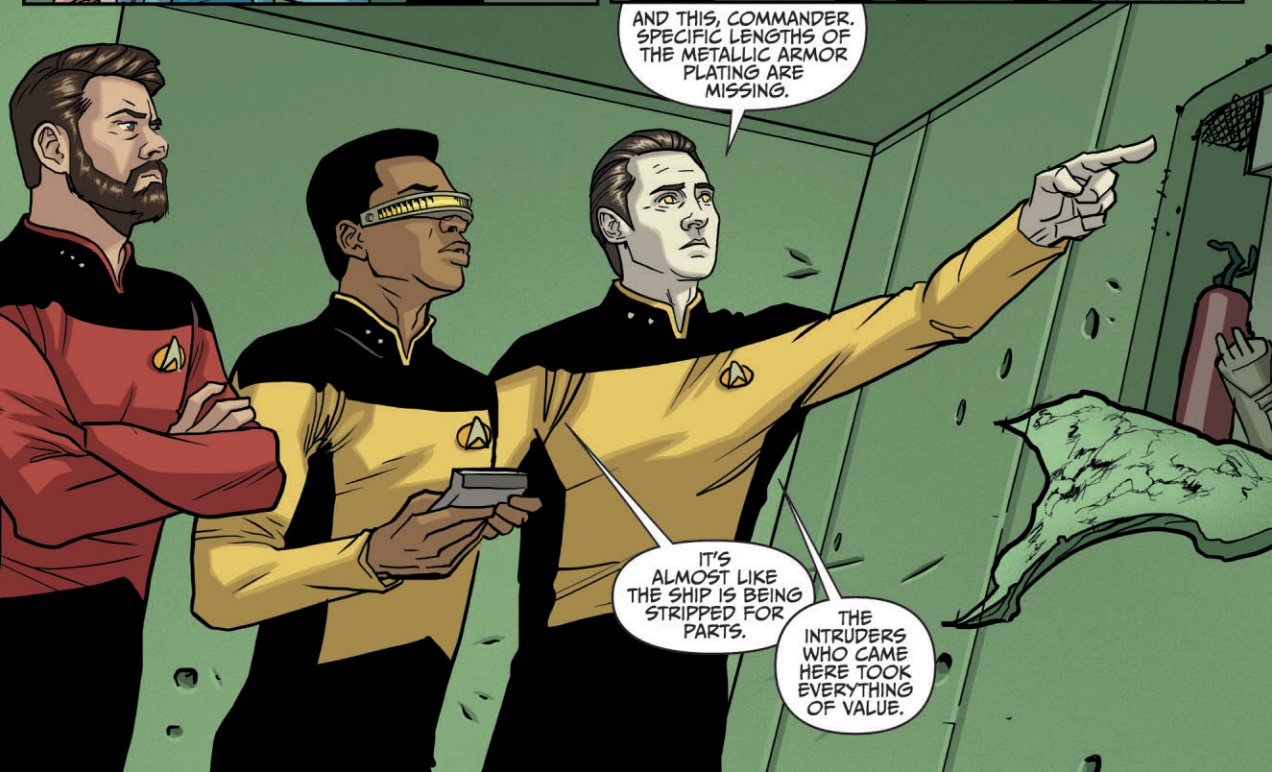
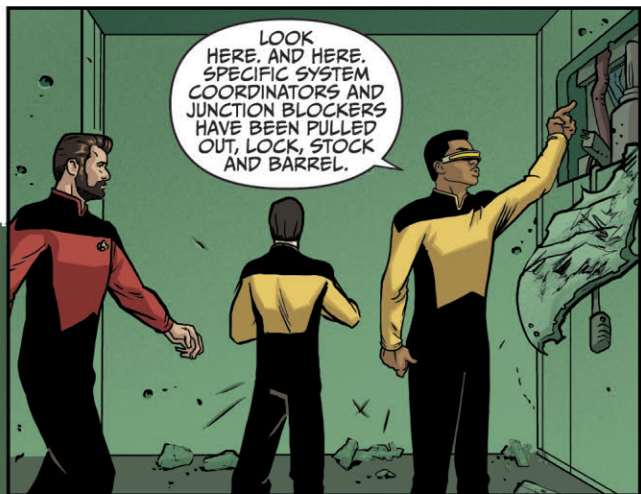
















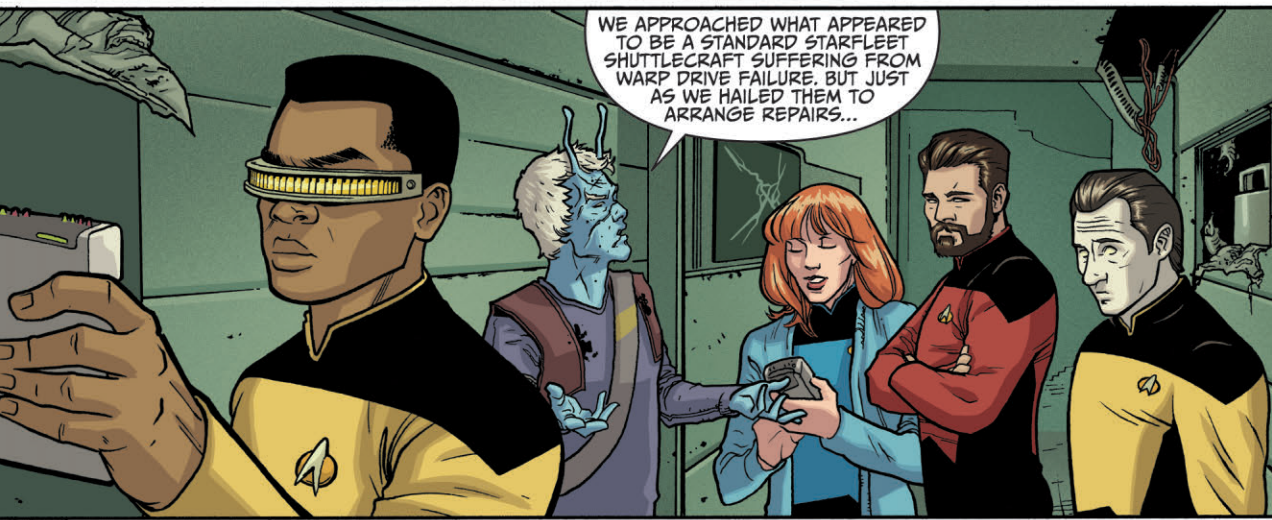
















WHOEVER THEY WERE, THEY WERE GUTTING THIS SHIP OF EVERYTHING VALUABLE. I'M SEEING SYSTEMS FAILING ALL OVER THE SHASHPAR.







LET'S SEE IF WE CAN RUN A DIAGNOSTIC.



COMMANDER, I'M SURE OF IT. THESE WOUNDS AND ALL THIS DAMAGE WERE CAUSED BY REGULATION PHASER FIRE.

I'M AFRAID SO. OUR PARANOID ANDORIAN FRIEND MIGHT NOT BE ALL THAT PARANOID.

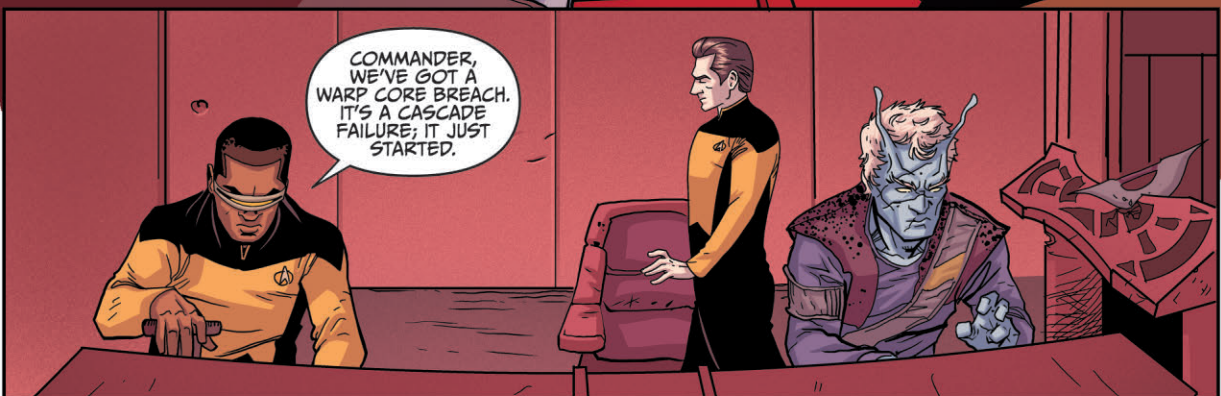
STARFLEET? SO HE MIGHT BE RIGHT?



ALL RIGHT! NOW WE'RE IN BUSINESS--



UH OH.



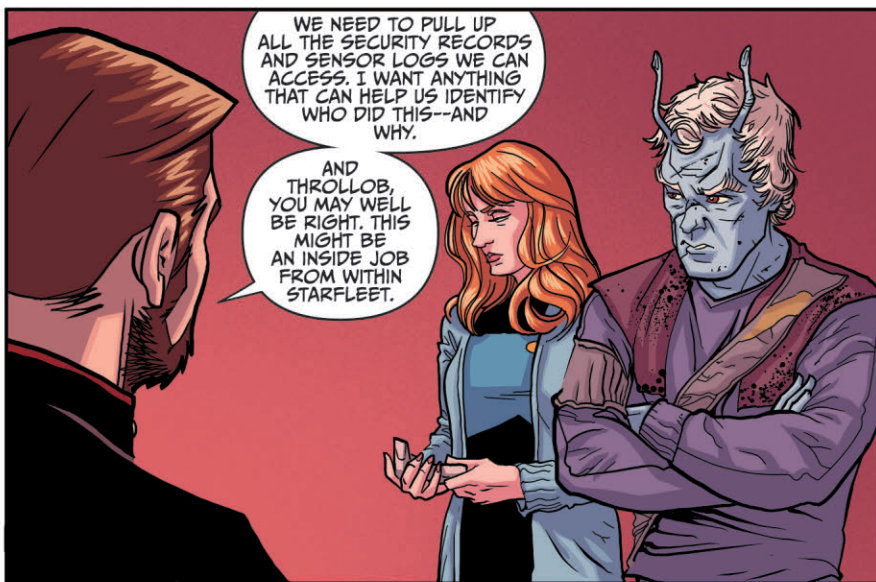
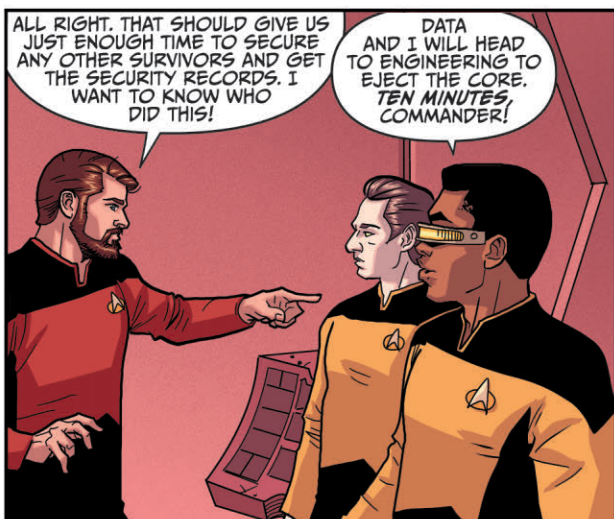
COMMANDER, WE'VE GOT A WARP CORE BREACH. IT'S A CASCADE FAILURE; IT JUST STARTED.



CAN YOU STOP IT?

NEGATIVE. I ESTIMATE FIVE MINUTES TO DETONATION.







"MAKE IT FAST, NUMBER ONE--THE *ENTERPRISE* IS GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE HERE SHORTLY WITH OR WITHOUT YOU."

THIS WAY, DATA.

NO RADIATION, BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY A COOLANT LEAK.

WE CAN ACCESS THE CORE CONTROLS FROM HERE, GEORDI.

DATA, CAN YOU CHANGE THE LANGUAGE SETTINGS? MY ANDORIAN ISN'T VERY GOOD.

DONE. I HAVE ALREADY INITIATED THE EJECTION SEQUENCE. YOU JUST NEED TO CONFIRM.

GEORDI, TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

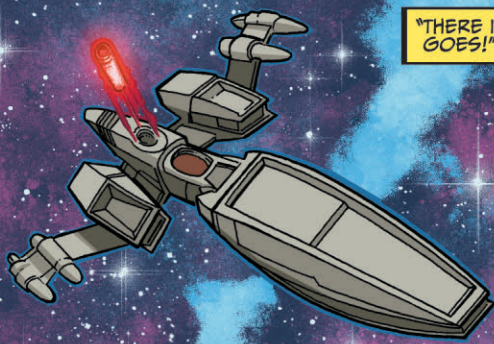
I KNOW, I KNOW!

YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER, DATA, AS A CHIEF ENGINEER, I SPEND ALL OF MY TIME TRYING TO MAKE SURE WE *DON'T* EJECT A WARP CORE.

I UNDERSTAND. BUT RIGHT NOW YOU NEED TO PUSH THAT BUTTON.

WHOOOOOSH





"THERE IT GOES!"



COMMANDER,  
THE WARP CORE  
IS EJECTED, BUT WE'VE  
ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES  
BEFORE IT BLOWS. WE  
NEED TO GET BACK TO  
THE *ENTERPRISE* AND  
GET OUT OF HERE  
AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE!



ALL  
RIGHT, LA  
FORGE. GOOD  
JOB. WE'RE  
ALMOST DONE  
HERE...



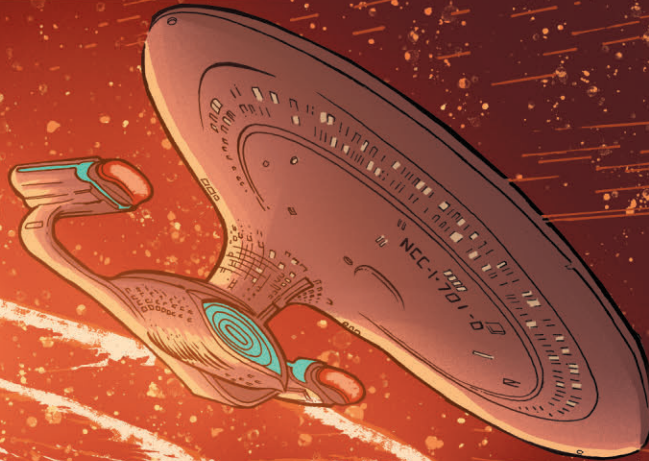
*ENTERPRISE*,  
PREPARE TO  
BEAM OVER AWAY  
TEAM AND THREE  
SURVIVORS...



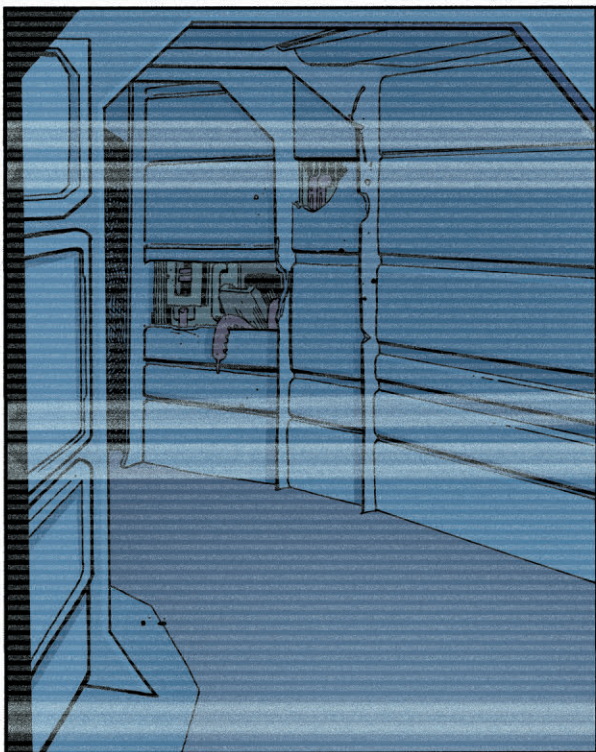
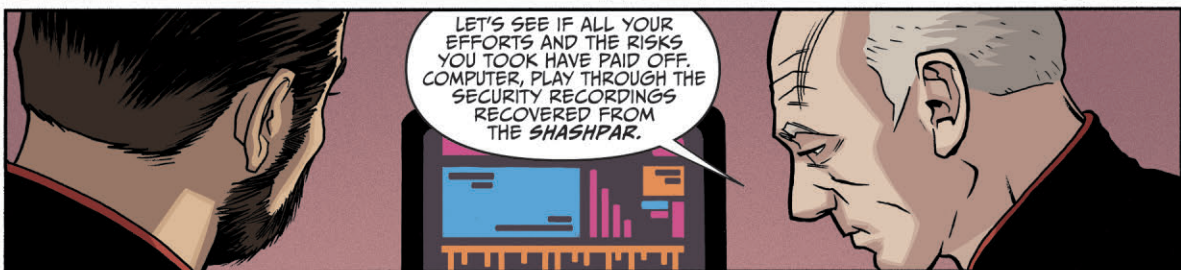
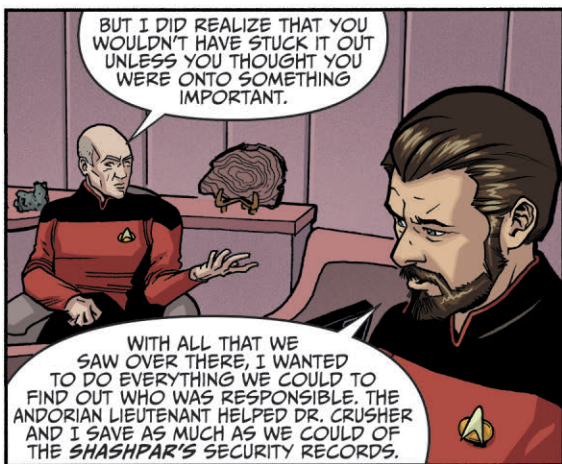
TRANSPORT NOW, LIEUTENANT.  
ENSIGN CRUSHER, AS SOON  
AS THEY'RE ON BOARD,  
ENGAGE WARP.

AYE,  
SIR.

"WARP  
ENGAGED!"











ART BY  
PETER MCKINSTRY





ART BY  
**JOSH HOOD**

COLORS BY  
**JASON LEWIS**













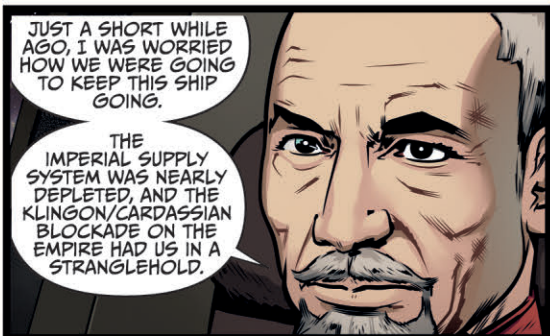




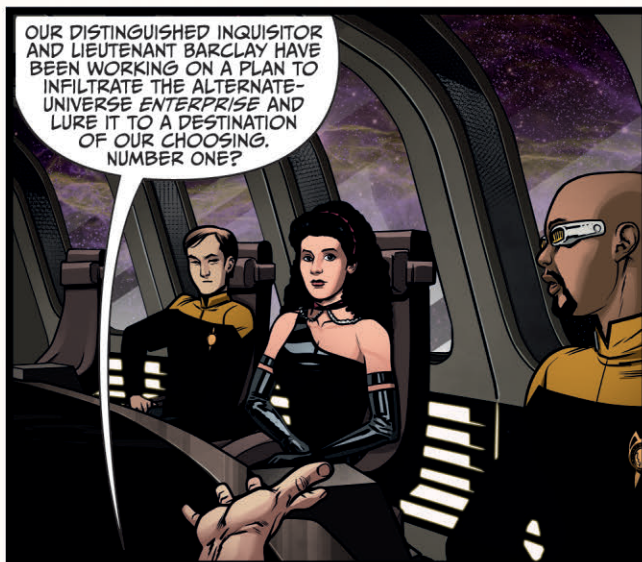




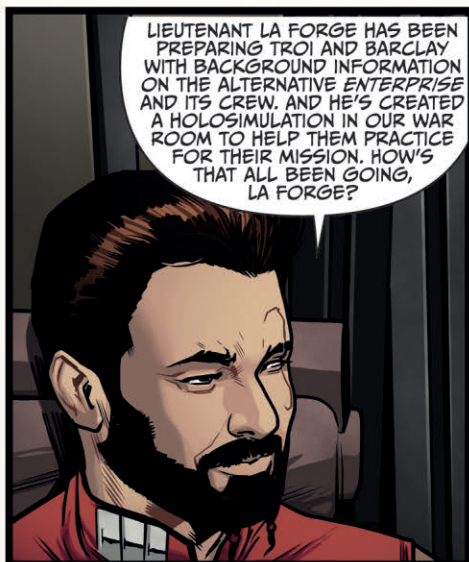








OUR DISTINGUISHED INQUISITOR AND LIEUTENANT BARCLAY HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A PLAN TO INFILTRATE THE ALTERNATE-UNIVERSE *ENTERPRISE* AND LURE IT TO A DESTINATION OF OUR CHOOSING. NUMBER ONE?



LIEUTENANT LA FORGE HAS BEEN PREPARING TROI AND BARCLAY WITH BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON THE ALTERNATIVE *ENTERPRISE* AND ITS CREW. AND HE'S CREATED A HOLOSIMULATION IN OUR WAR ROOM TO HELP THEM PRACTICE FOR THEIR MISSION. HOW'S THAT ALL BEEN GOING, LA FORGE?



SOME OF OUR INFORMATION MIGHT BE A *TINY* BIT DATED, COMMANDER, BUT I'M CONFIDENT IT WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH.



AGREED. I'M READY TO PUT THE FALSIFIED MESSAGE INTO THEIR COMMS SYSTEM. I'M CONFIDENT THAT THEY'LL ACCEPT IT AS A REAL COMMUNIQUE AND HEAD TO THE INDICATED COORDINATES.

CAPTAIN, WE JUST FINISHED ANOTHER ROUND OF SIMULATIONS. WE THINK WE'RE READY TO GO.



READY SO SOON? EXCELLENT!



WELL THEN. THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, I LIKE TO SAY. LIEUTENANT LA FORGE, WOULD YOU PREPARE THE INQUISITOR AND LIEUTENANT BARCLAY FOR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE TO THE ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE?

COMMANDER RIKER, PLEASE STICK AROUND FOR A BIT TO HELP ME PLAN OUR NEXT STEPS. EVERYONE ELSE, DISMISSED FOR NOW-- WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER UPDATE FOR YOU VERY SOON.









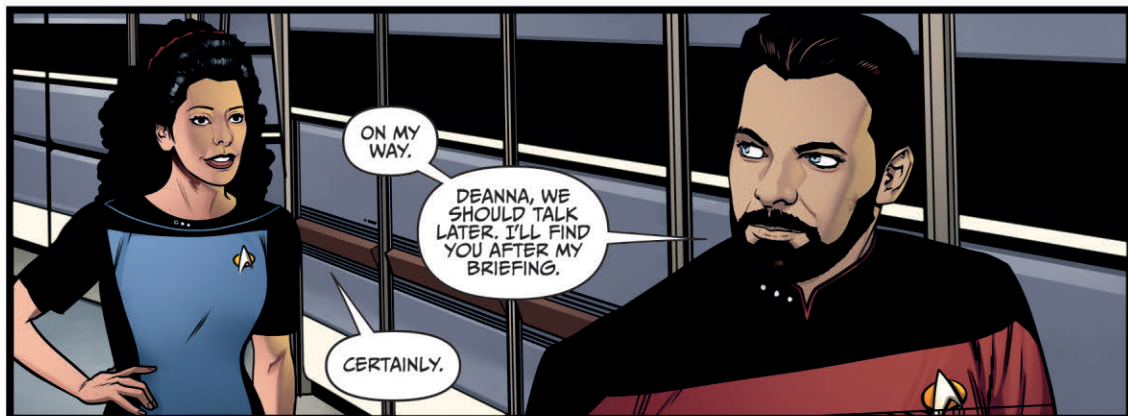




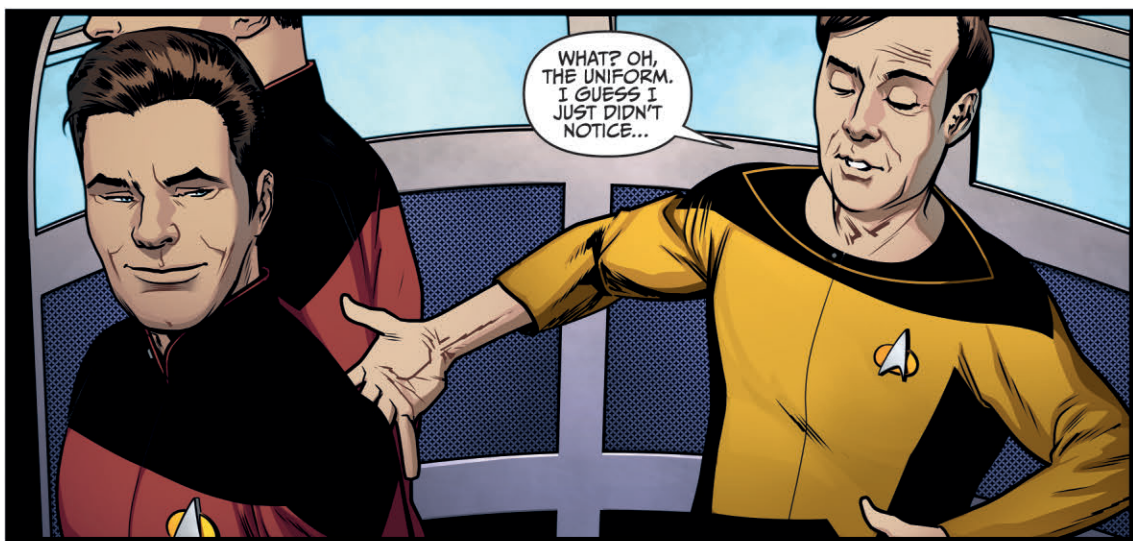
























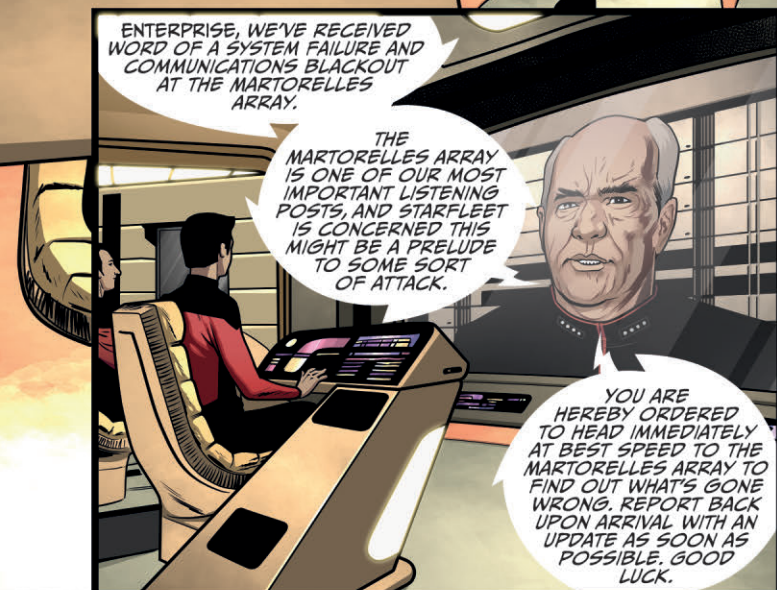
CAPTAIN?

HRRRM?



WE'VE RECEIVED A PRIORITY ONE MESSAGE FROM ADMIRAL PARIS, SIR.

THAT'S ODD. GO AHEAD AND PLAY IT, ENSIGN.



ENTERPRISE, WE'VE RECEIVED WORD OF A SYSTEM FAILURE AND COMMUNICATIONS BLACKOUT AT THE MARTORELLES ARRAY.

THE MARTORELLES ARRAY IS ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT LISTENING POSTS, AND STARFLEET IS CONCERNED THIS MIGHT BE A PRELUDE TO SOME SORT OF ATTACK.

YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO HEAD IMMEDIATELY AT BEST SPEED TO THE MARTORELLES ARRAY TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GONE WRONG. REPORT BACK UPON ARRIVAL WITH AN UPDATE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. GOOD LUCK.

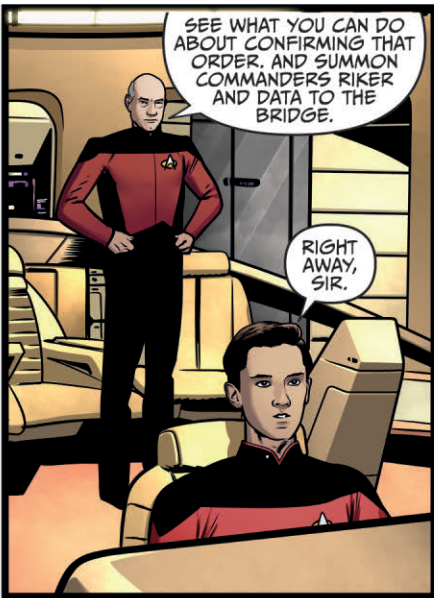


SET COURSE FOR MARTORELLES, RIGHT AWAY, ENSIGN. GO TO WARP 8 WHEN READY.

AYE, SIR.



AND ENSIGN?



SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT CONFIRMING THAT ORDER. AND SUMMON COMMANDERS RIKER AND DATA TO THE BRIDGE.

RIGHT AWAY, SIR.





ART BY  
**PETER MCKINSTRY**



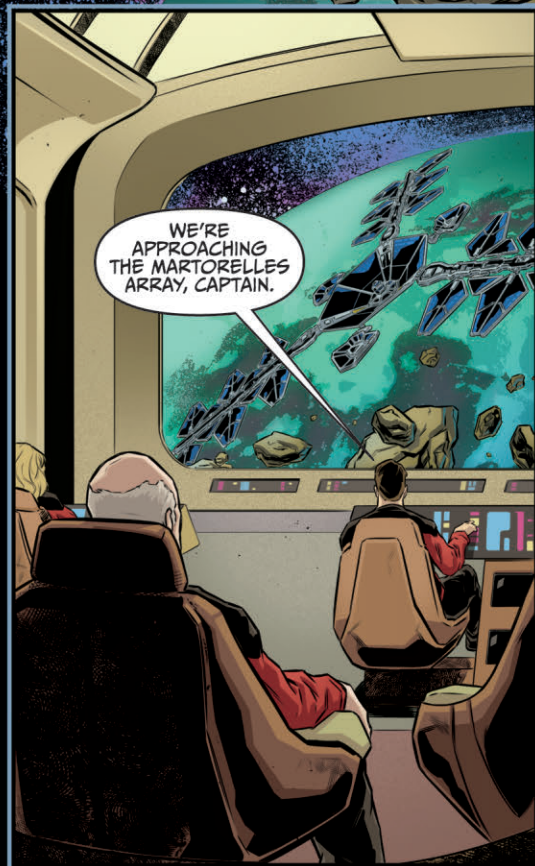
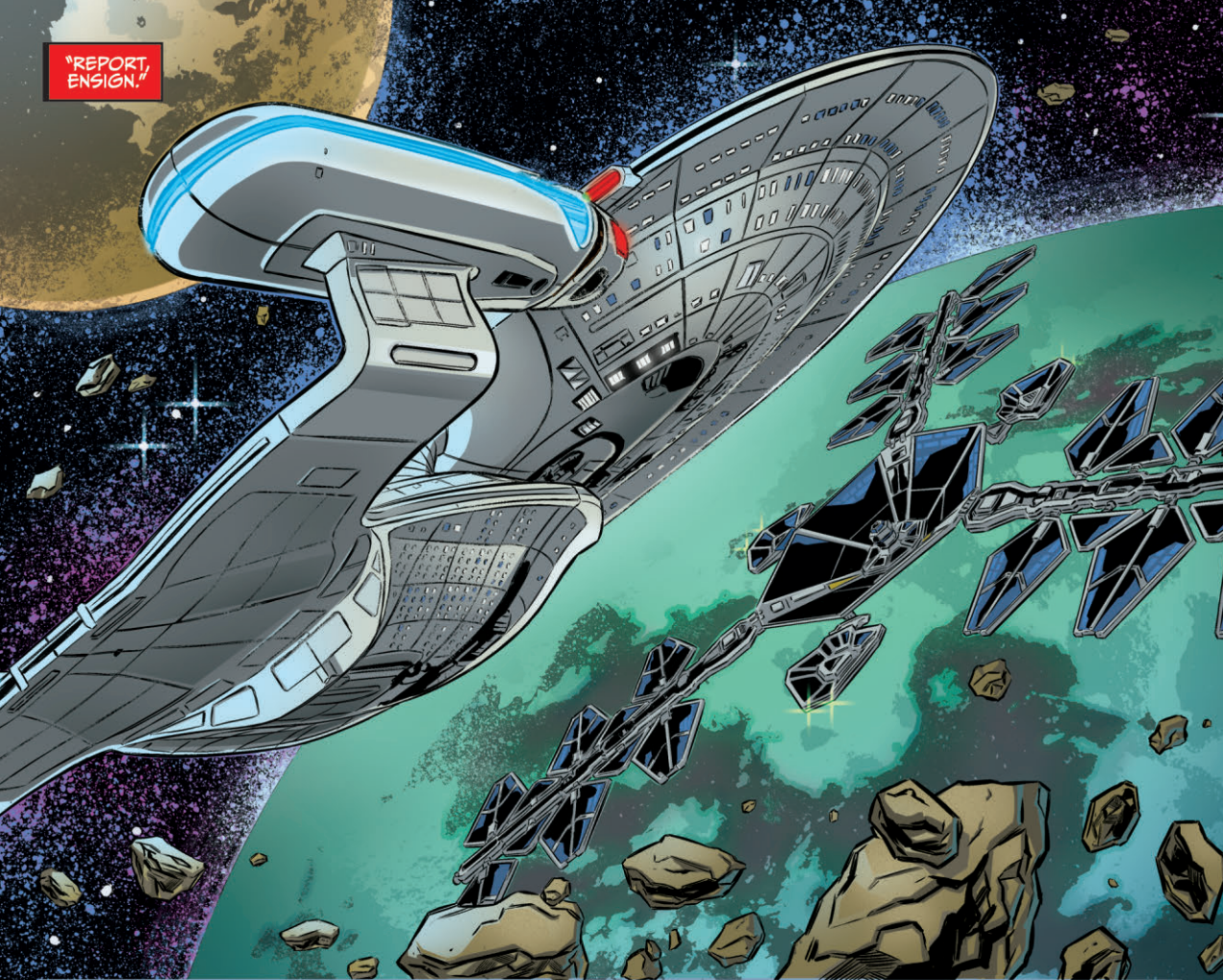


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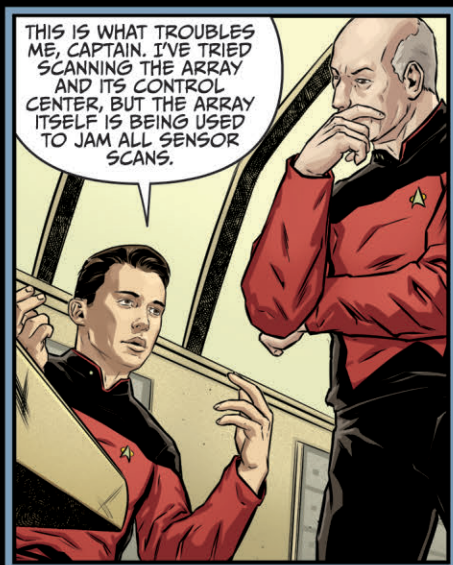
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"REPORT,  
ENSIGN."



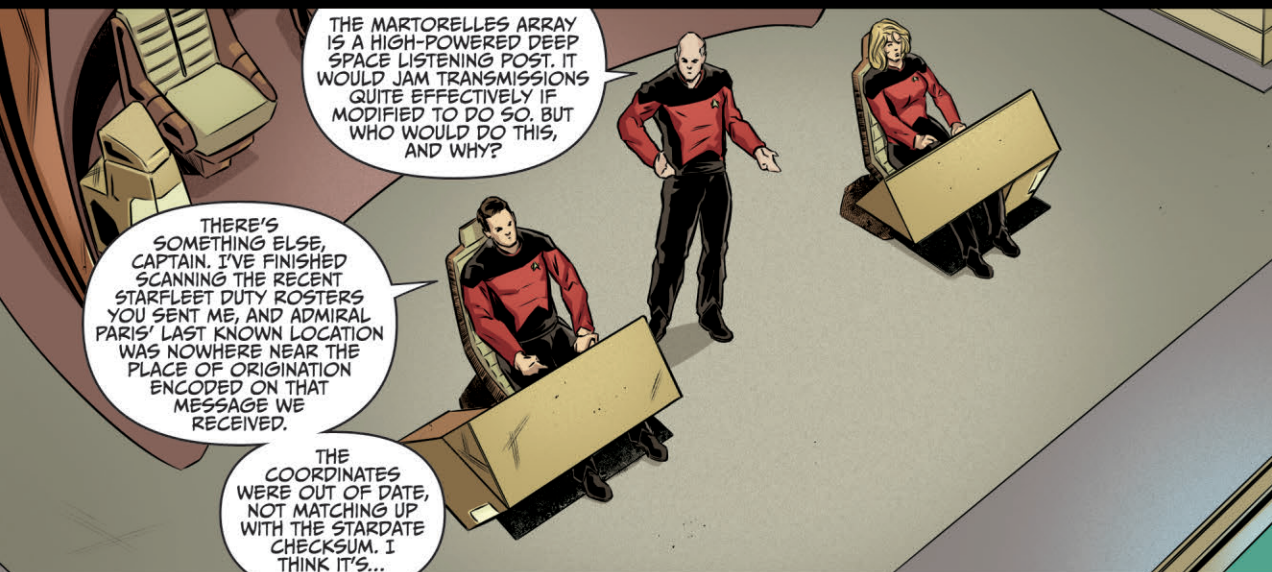




THIS IS WHAT TROUBLES ME, CAPTAIN. I'VE TRIED SCANNING THE ARRAY AND ITS CONTROL CENTER, BUT THE ARRAY ITSELF IS BEING USED TO JAM ALL SENSOR SCANS.



I'VE ALSO BEEN TRYING TO CONFIRM ADMIRAL PARIS' MESSAGE, BUT THE ARRAY IS CURRENTLY JAMMING ALL SUBSPACE COMMUNICATIONS IN THIS SECTOR. I CAN'T RAISE STARFLEET OR ANY OTHER SHIPS. COULD IT BE PART OF THE SAME MALFUNCTION?



THE MARTORELLES ARRAY IS A HIGH-POWERED DEEP SPACE LISTENING POST. IT WOULD JAM TRANSMISSIONS QUITE EFFECTIVELY IF MODIFIED TO DO SO. BUT WHO WOULD DO THIS, AND WHY?

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, CAPTAIN. I'VE FINISHED SCANNING THE RECENT STARFLEET DUTY ROSTERS YOU SENT ME, AND ADMIRAL PARIS' LAST KNOWN LOCATION WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE PLACE OF ORIGINATION ENCODED ON THAT MESSAGE WE RECEIVED.

THE COORDINATES WERE OUT OF DATE, NOT MATCHING UP WITH THE STARDATE CHECKSUM. I THINK IT'S...



A FAKE, ENSIGN?



INDEED, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS THAT WAY.











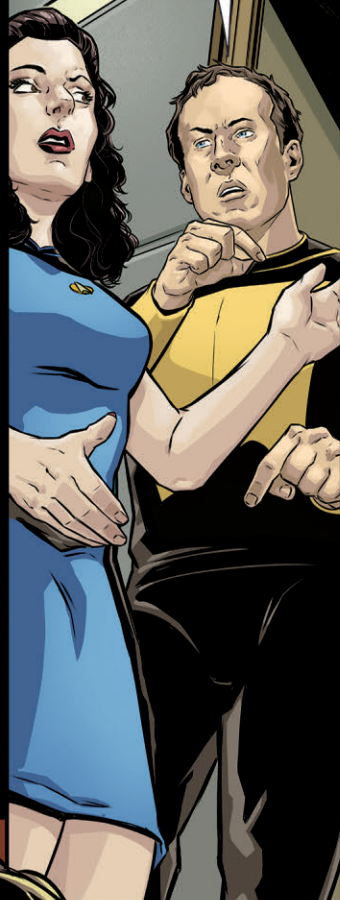






WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE A WHILE AGO!

I WAS TRYING TO GET HERE WITHOUT PEOPLE ASKING ME TOO MANY QUESTIONS. LA FORGE DIDN'T EXACTLY GET THESE *UNIFORMS* RIGHT, YOU KNOW.



SHHH! ALL OF ENGINEERING WILL HEAR YOU!



I COMPLETED MY ASSIGNMENT, INQUISITOR. THE FAKE SUBSPACE MESSAGE WAS INTRODUCED INTO THE *ENTERPRISE* COMMUNICATION SYSTEM, AND THE SHIP HAS ARRIVED AT THE ARRAY. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I JUST FINISHED. IN LESS THAN AN HOUR FROM NOW, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO THINK THE SHIP IS ABOUT TO BE FLOODED WITH A PERVERSIVE, UNSTOPPABLE ANTIMATTER RADIATION LEAK. THEY'LL ALL BE HEADED FOR THE ESCAPE PODS LIKE RATS OFF A SINKING SHIP.











WELCOME ABOARD.



DID IT ALL GO WELL, INQUISITOR?

VERY WELL, COMMANDER. LIEUTENANT BARCLAY DID HIS PART, I DID MINE, AND WE SHOULD BE ALL SET.

THE CAPTAIN SHOULD BE PLEASED.



ALL RIGHT, I'LL LET YOU TWO GO GET CHANGED SO YOU CAN JOIN US FOR CAPTAIN PICARD'S MEETING. BUT HURRY, IF ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN, WE'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT 45 MINUTES.

WE WON'T BE LATE. WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING!



COMMANDER... WAS THE INQUISITOR LAUGHING WHEN WE BEAMED HER OVER?

I THINK SO, GEORDI. SHE USUALLY ONLY LAUGHS AT THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS, SO YOU HAVE TO WONDER WHAT WENT ON OVER THERE.

LATER...



INQUISITOR! LIEUTENANT BARCLAY! COMMANDER RIKER WAS JUST TELLING US THAT YOUR MISSION WAS A SUCCESS-- SETTING US UP FOR WHAT WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE OUR GREATEST VICTORY!





TODAY, IT  
ALL COMES  
TOGETHER MY  
FRIENDS.

THE FIRST OF MANY  
LIBERATIONS THAT  
WILL CONSOLIDATE  
OUR POWERBASE  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL.

"WHY SHOULD WE SETTLE FOR MERELY BEING  
POWER BROKERS WHEN WE CAN RULE? EACH OF  
US WITH A WARSHIP LIKE THE *ENTERPRISE*, AN  
ARMADA THAT NEITHER THE KLINGON-CARDASSIAN  
ALLIANCE NOR THE EMPIRE ITSELF CAN WITHSTAND!

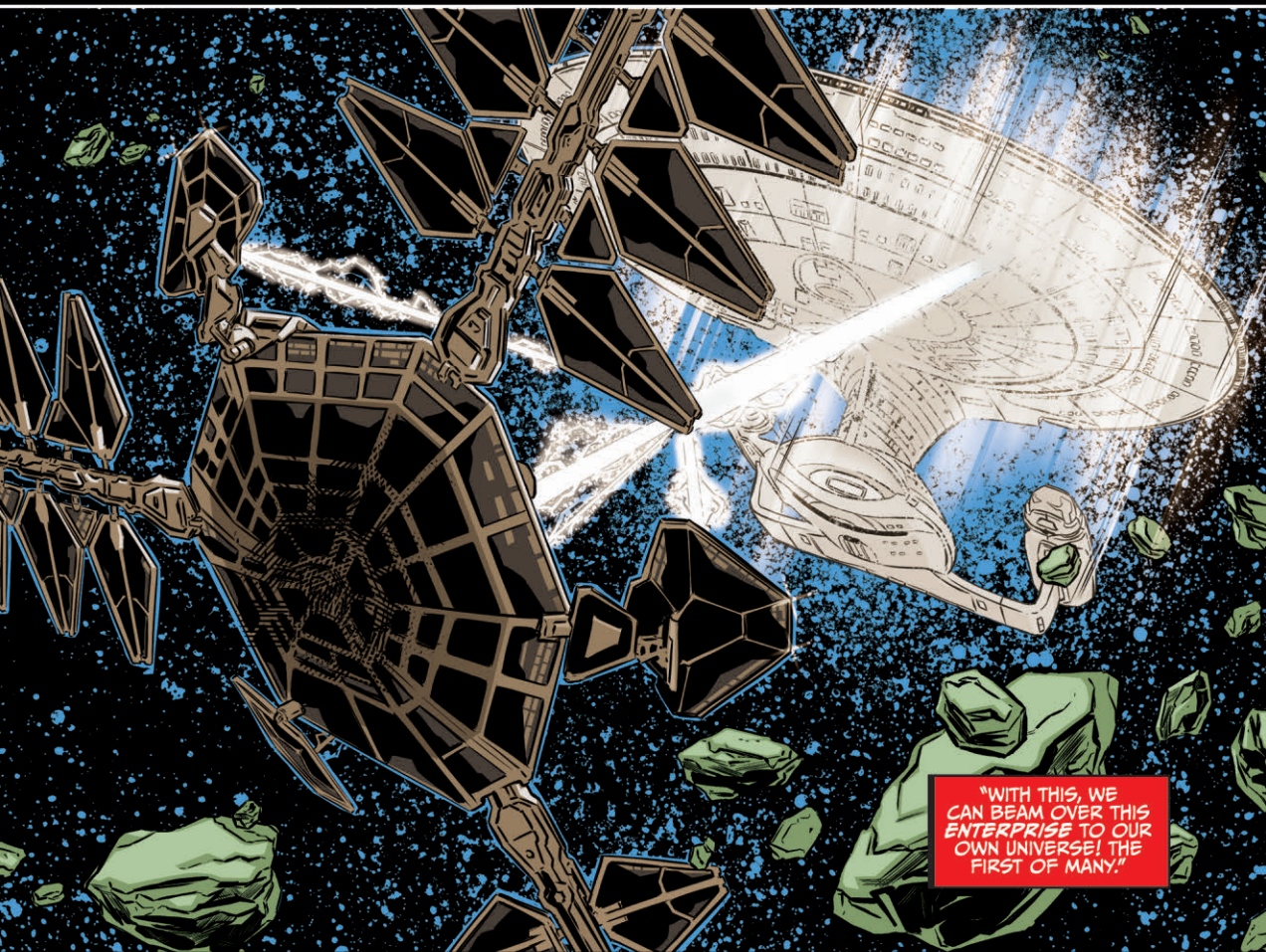
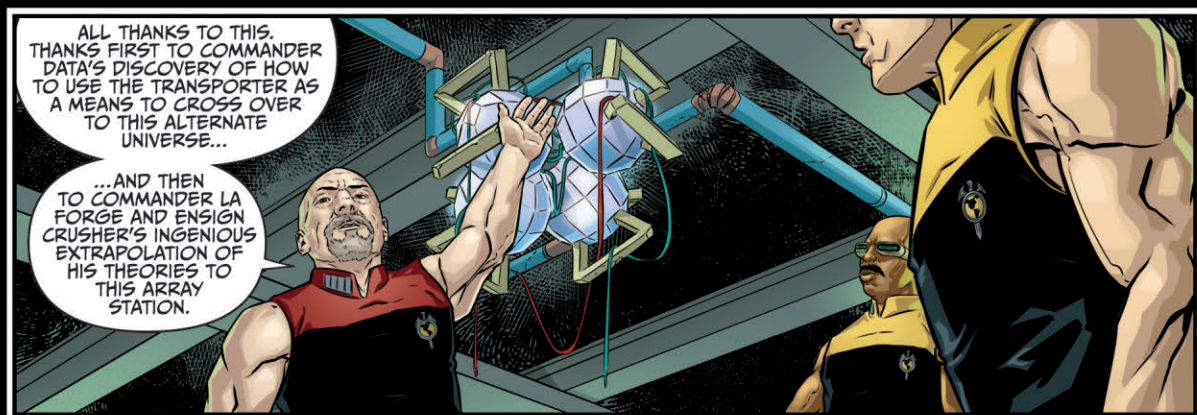


"AGAINST ALL ODDS,  
AGAINST OUR VERY NATURE,  
YOU ALL HAVE BEEN LOYAL  
TO ME, AND TODAY THAT  
LOYALTY BEGINS TO BEAR  
PRECIOUS FRUIT."

VICTORY  
AND CONQUEST  
ARE WITHIN MY  
GRASP. OUR  
GRASP!





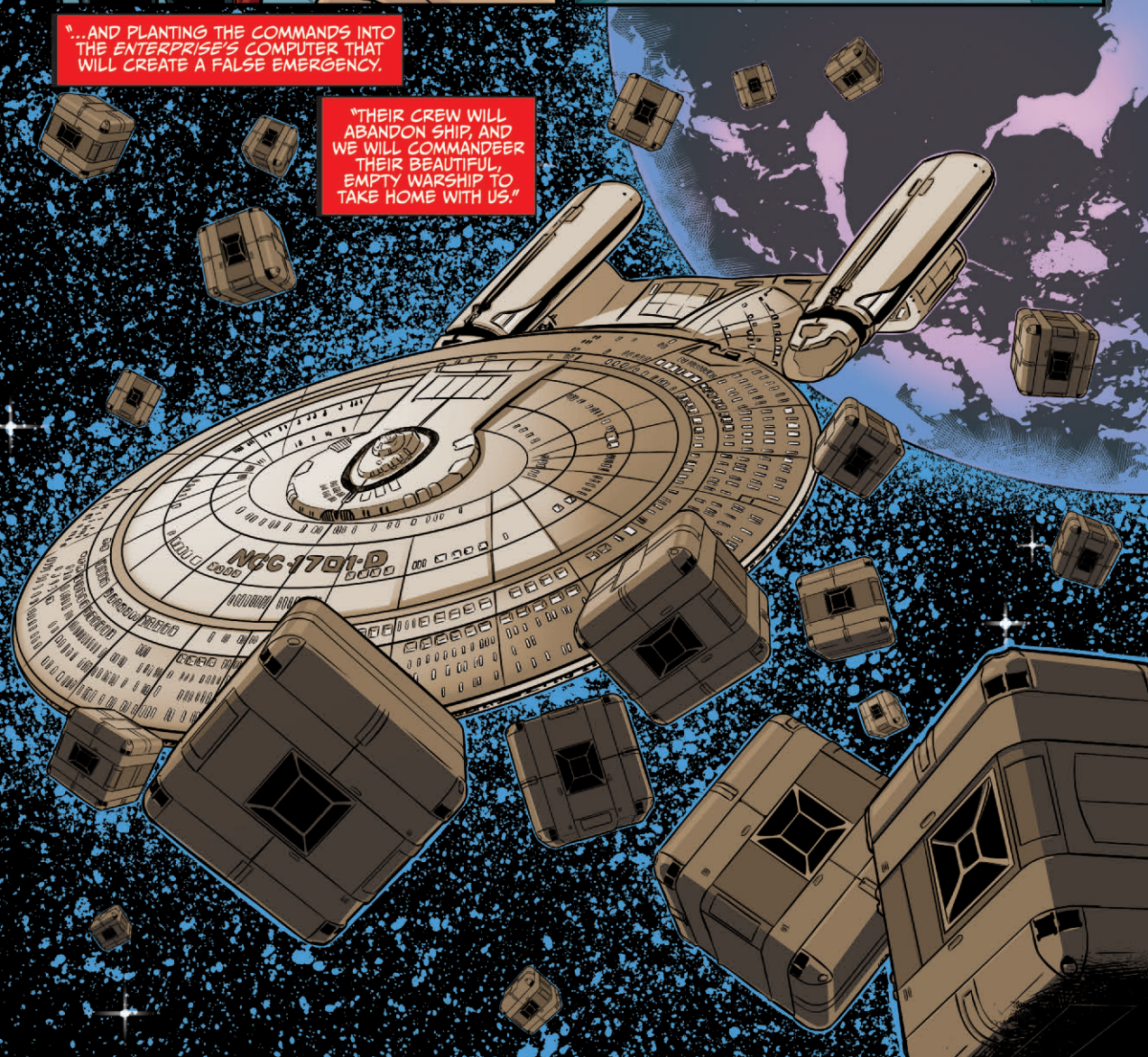






"...AND PLANTING THE COMMANDS INTO THE ENTERPRISE'S COMPUTER THAT WILL CREATE A FALSE EMERGENCY.

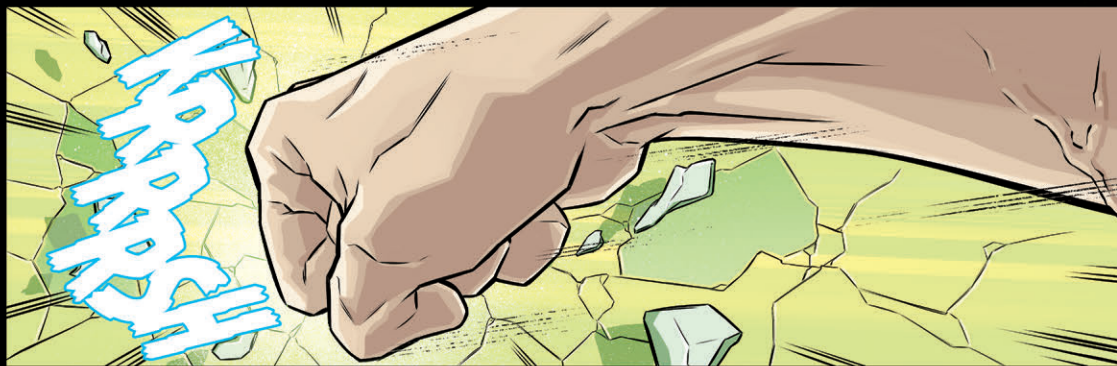
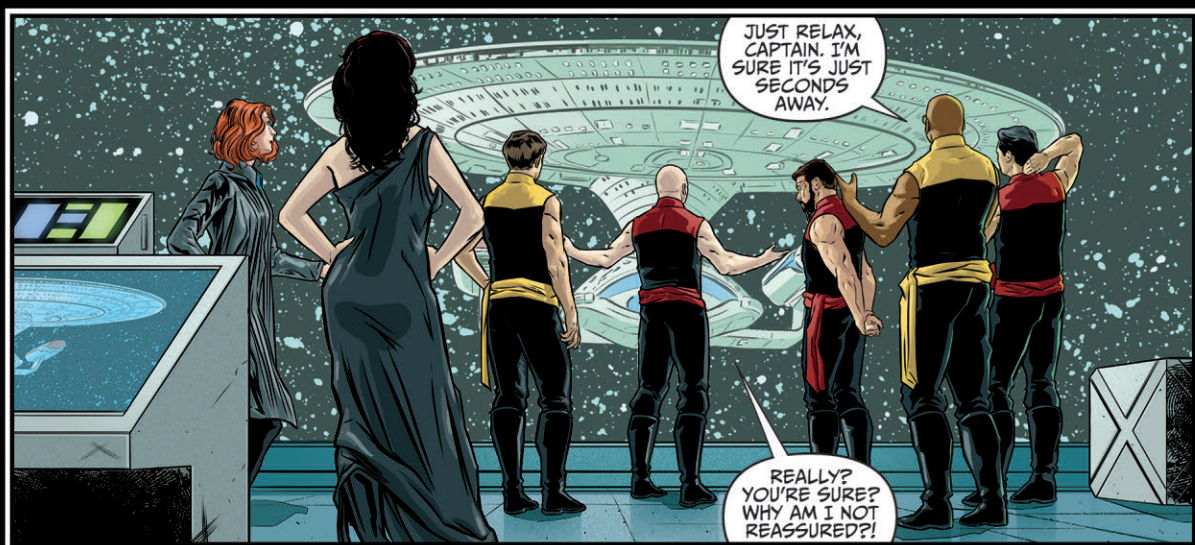
"THEIR CREW WILL ABANDON SHIP, AND WE WILL COMMANDEER THEIR BEAUTIFUL, EMPTY WARSHIP TO TAKE HOME WITH US."















YOU!  
THIS IS ALL  
YOUR FAULT,  
IT MUST  
BE!



ME? I DID  
MY JOB! HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
BARCLAY DIDN'T  
MAKE A MISTAKE  
SOMEWHERE?!



HEY, THE  
SHIP IS HERE,  
ISN'T IT? MY PART  
OF THE PLAN WENT  
OFF WITHOUT  
A HITCH!



YOUR OVERCONFIDENCE HAS ALWAYS  
BEEN YOUR UNDOING, INQUISITOR! HOW  
MANY TIMES HAVE I HAD TO BAIL  
YOU OUT OF SITUATIONS  
GONE AWRY?!

EVERY  
COMPONENT AND  
COMMAND WAS  
LAID IN PRECISELY  
AS I WAS  
INSTRUCTED!

WHATEVER  
HAPPENED  
OVER THERE,  
IT IS  
CERTAINLY  
NOT MY  
FAULT!

YOU INSISTED  
ON GOING ALONE! I  
COULD HAVE HANDLED  
BOTH ASSIGNMENTS  
MYSELF AND WE  
WOULDN'T BE IN THIS  
PREDICAMENT  
NOW!

DO  
YOU HEAR  
SOMETHING?













ART BY  
PETER MCKINSTRY

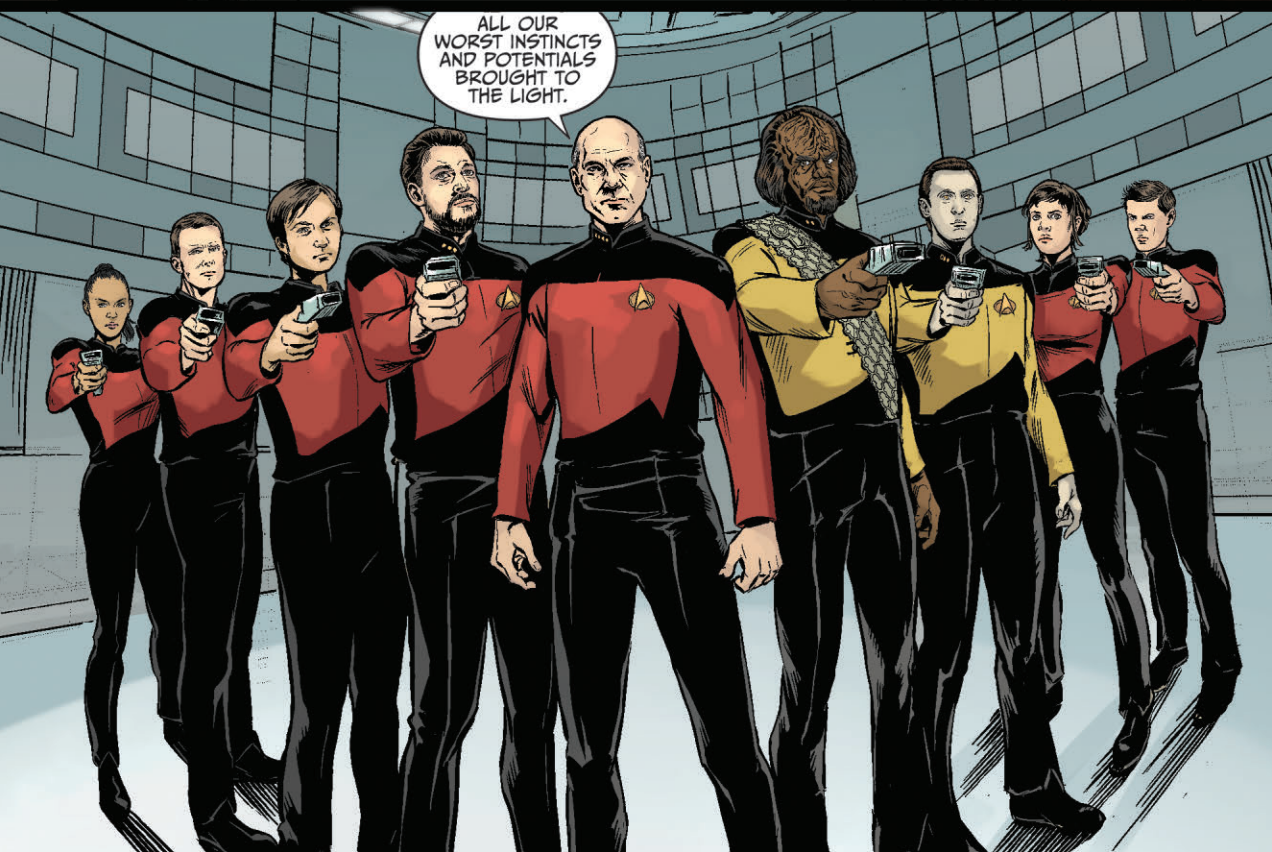
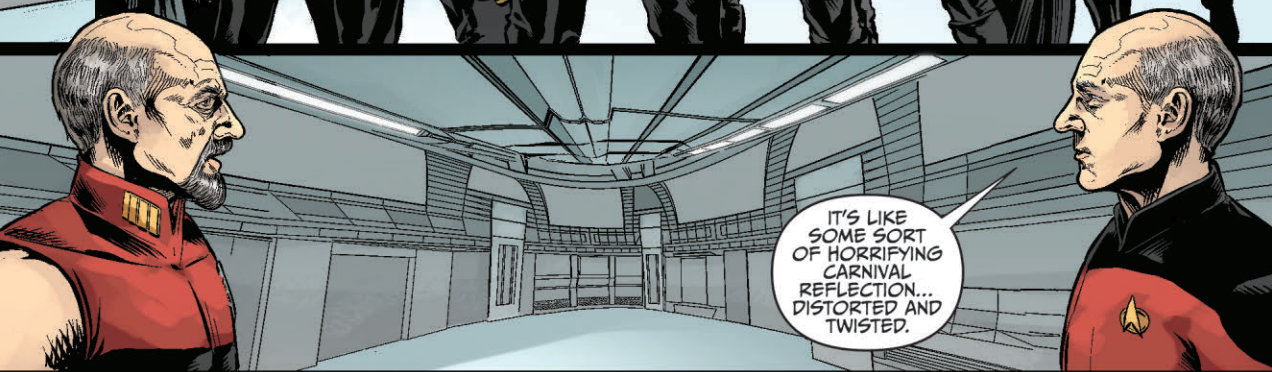




ART BY  
**DÉBORA CARÍTA**

COLORS BY  
**JASON LEWIS**













THAT'S THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERNS, CAPTAIN. NOW I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE YOUR CREW.



IT WASN'T MY INTENTION, BUT THAT SHIP IS MINE! I SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO SQUEEZE SOME VALUE OUT OF THE CREW BY SELLING THEM INTO SLAVERY.



JUST THE COST OF DOING BUSINESS, CAPTAIN. NOTHING PERSONAL. COMMANDER DATA?



I CAN REMOTELY BEGIN ARRAY ACTIVATION AT YOUR COMMAND, CAPTAIN.

WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT IN MIND, BE WARNED THAT WE'RE MORE THAN PREPARED TO STOP YOU--

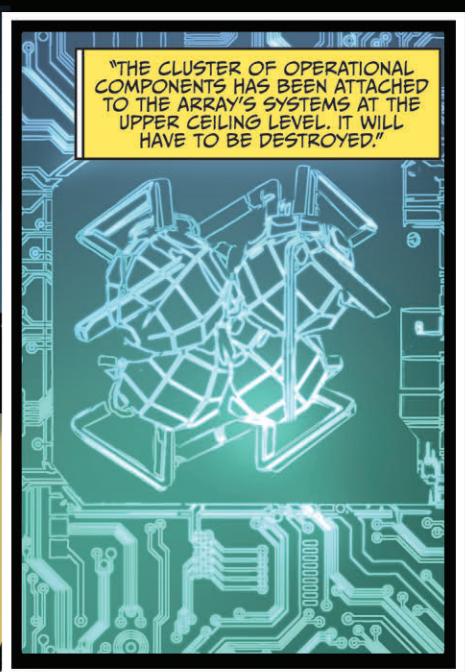


ENGAGE!









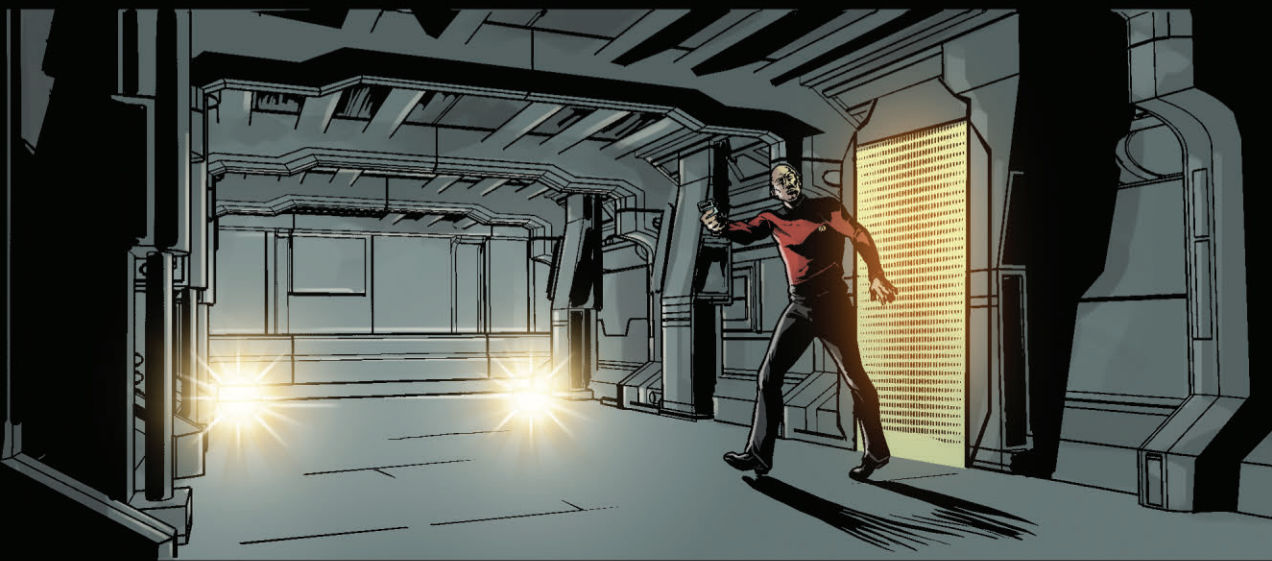












NOT  
ANOTHER  
STEP,  
PICARD.



DO YOU  
REALLY THINK  
YOU CAN HIT ME  
BEFORE I TAKE  
DOWN YOUR  
RAMSHACKLE  
DEVICE?

MAYBE.





















THE STATION PERSONNEL OF THE MARTORELLES ARRAY REPORT THAT THE FACILITY IS UNDER REPAIR AND WILL BE BACK ONLINE SHORTLY. I WAS SHOCKED THEY WERE ONLY LOCKED UP BY THOSE PIRATES AND NOT MURDERED.

AGREED, NUMBER ONE. I HAVE MADE A REQUEST THAT STARFLEET STRENGTHEN THE DEFENSES OF THIS INSTALLATION TO HELP PREVENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.



AND SPEAKING OF PREVENTION, DATA...

...HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO MAKE ANY PROGRESS ON FINDING SOME WAY OF BLOCKING OUR ALTERNATIVE COUNTERPARTS FROM ONCE AGAIN MAKING THEIR WAY TO OUR UNIVERSE?



UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NOT, CAPTAIN. THERE ARE SO MANY VARIABLES INVOLVED IN CROSSING OVER, AND SO MANY POSSIBLE POINTS OF ENTRY, THAT I HAVE, AT LEAST SO FAR, NOT BEEN ABLE TO COME UP WITH ANY RELIABLE WAY TO PREVENT THEM FROM ATTEMPTING FURTHER VISITS.

HOWEVER, WESLEY AND I HAVE CALCULATED...



...THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY AND RESOURCES THEY PUT INTO BRINGING OVER SO MANY OF THEIR CREW AND PLANNING TO STEAL THE ENTERPRISE-D...

...AND WE ARE BOTH CONVINCED THAT THIS FAILURE WILL BE AN ENORMOUS SETBACK FOR THEM.

IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE THEY CAN ONCE AGAIN MOUNT SUCH AN EFFORT.



MAYBE BY THEN, COMMANDER DATA AND I WILL HAVE FIGURED OUT AT LEAST A WAY TO DETECT WHEN THEY ENTER OUR UNIVERSE, AND WE'LL BE READY TO STOP THEM.

PERSONALLY, I HOPE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THEM.

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TO SEE THEM ON THE SECURITY RECORDINGS. TO CONFRONT THEM WAS EVEN WORSE. IT'S A HELL OF A THING TO MEET YOUR OWN WORST SELF.



WHEN WE FIRST SAW THE VIDEO OF OUR DÖPPELGÄNGERS I COULD NOT HELP BUT THINK OF AN OLD QUOTATION: "FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY; BUT THEN FACE-TO-FACE."

















ART BY  
PETER MCKINSTRY





ART BY  
**MARC LAMING**

COLORS BY  
**JASON LEWIS**



MONTHS EARLIER,  
AND AN ALTERNATE  
UNIVERSE AWAY...

I WON'T  
TELL YOU  
ANYTHING!

# RIPE FOR PLUNDER

Chapter One



YOU'RE  
WASTING  
YOUR TIME!



IS THIS  
EVEN WORTH  
THE EFFORT, JEAN-LUC?  
WE HAVE A VERY  
BUSY AGENDA THIS  
AFTERNOON.



THE USUAL,  
SIR? FULL  
DURATION?

MAKE  
IT SO.

AAAAAGH!



HUMOR ME,  
INQUISITOR. I THINK THIS  
SMUGGLER KNOWS MUCH  
MORE THAN HE LETS ON. I'D  
LIKE TO FIND OUT WHERE  
HE'S BEEN GETTING SOME  
OF HIS VALUABLE  
GOODS.





I'LL  
TELL YOU...  
NOTHING.



INTERESTING.  
THE AGONY BOOTH  
IS USUALLY A MOST  
EFFECTIVE MEANS  
OF COERCION.



INQUISITOR?  
ANYTHING?



NOTHING, BUT  
IT CAN BE HARD TO  
READ BOLIAN THOUGHTS,  
AND THIS ONE'S BEEN  
WELL COACHED IN  
PROTECTING HIS  
SECRETS.



VERY WELL.  
RETURN TO FULL  
POWER, FULL DURATION.  
LET ME KNOW IF YOU HAVE  
ANY RESULTS, LIEUTENANT.  
I'LL CHECK BACK IN  
AT THE END OF  
THE DAY.



Noo!



IT'S SPOCK.  
I'M WORKING  
FOR EMPEROR  
SPOCK.



SPOCK!?  
ALIVE?  
WHERE  
IS HE?

HE DOESN'T  
KNOW, CAPTAIN.  
I CAN TELL...HE  
DOESN'T KNOW  
WHERE.





MORE HISTORY, DATA? I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH AN ANTIQUARIAN. JUST MAKE SURE RIKER OR THE CAPTAIN DON'T CATCH YOU SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR NEW HOBBY.

I ASSURE YOU, LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MORE THAN A MERE HOBBY.



FASCINATING.

ACCESS DENIED





COME IN,  
DATA. HAVE  
A SEAT.

TELL ME  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
LEARNED.

I'VE SCANNED OUR  
LIBRARY COMPUTER AND  
THE IMPERIAL NETWORK  
FOR EVERYTHING I COULD  
FIND ABOUT EMPEROR  
SPOCK. I'VE COME TO  
TWO CONCLUSIONS.

AND  
YOUR SECOND  
CONCLUSION?

I CAN  
CONFIRM  
WITH 90%  
CERTAINTY:  
SPOCK IS  
INDEED  
ALIVE.

THE FIRST IS  
THAT THE HISTORICAL  
RECORDS ABOUT  
SPOCK HAVE BEEN  
TAMPERED WITH.

DATA POINTS  
INVOLVING HIS TIME AS  
EMPEROR HAVE BEEN  
DELETED OR SUBTLY  
ALTERED. FOR WHAT  
PURPOSE, I CANNOT  
YET SAY.

BUT *WHERE*,  
DATA? *WHERE*  
IS HE?

TOO MANY  
OF THE RECORDS  
HAVE BEEN DELETED  
OR FALSIFIED FOR ME  
TO ANSWER THAT FROM  
THE *ENTERPRISE*. I WILL  
HAVE TO LOOK FOR  
MORE INFORMATION  
ELSEWHERE.

IT MIGHT HELP  
MY ANALYSIS, CAPTAIN,  
IF YOU WOULD TELL ME  
MORE ABOUT *WHY* THIS  
IS SO IMPORTANT  
TO YOU.

THE IMPERIAL SUPPLY  
CHAIN IS ON THE VERGE  
OF COLLAPSE, DATA.

THE CARDASSIANS HAVE  
DESTROYED OR TAKEN  
FROM US SEVERAL KEY  
RESOURCE INSTALLATIONS  
AND MINING COLONIES.

AND THE KLINGONS  
HAVE SCARED AWAY EVEN  
THE MOST DISREPUTABLE  
SMUGGLERS FROM  
WORKING WITH US.

AND THEN  
THIS BOLIAN  
SHOWS UP WITH A  
FREIGHTER FULL OF  
SUPPLIES.

DILITHIUM  
CRYSTALS, ISOLINEAR  
CHIPS, PLASMA RELAYS,  
ORGANICS... WHERE'S IT  
ALL COMING FROM?

IF SPOCK IS ALIVE,  
AND HE HAS SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH THE BOLIAN'S  
CARGO, THEN WE NEED  
TO FIND OUT MORE...

...AND IT'S NOT  
MERELY THAT, DATA. IF  
EMPEROR SPOCK IS ALIVE,  
I CAN'T HAVE HIM SHOWING  
UP UNEXPECTEDLY AND  
INTERFERING WITH MY  
OWN PLANS. HE'S TOO  
DANGEROUS.

IF I WERE TO  
LEAVE THE *ENTERPRISE*  
AND SEEK OUT OTHER  
SOURCES OF INFORMATION,  
I THINK I COULD FIND THE  
LOCATION OF SPOCK,  
CAPTAIN. WOULD YOU LIKE  
ME TO DO THAT?

YES. TAKE  
THE CAPTAIN'S YACHT.  
*FIND* SPOCK. AND IF WE'RE  
FORTUNATE, PERHAPS YOUR  
SEARCH WILL TURN UP  
A SOLUTION TO OUR  
SUPPLY PROBLEM  
AS WELL.





MONTHS EARLIER  
AND AN ALTERNATE  
UNIVERSE AWAY...

IMPERIAL ALPHA  
TERRAN RECORDSKEEPING  
REPOSITORY

# TRIP FOR Chapter Two

I AM  
LIEUTENANT  
COMMANDER DATA  
OF THE *ENTERPRISE*.  
I'M LOOKING FOR ALL  
THE INFORMATION YOU  
CAN SUPPLY ME ON  
THE LIFE AND TIMES  
OF EMPEROR  
SPOCK.

OH, THAT'S  
AN UNUSUAL  
REQUEST. NOT  
MANY PEOPLE ASK  
ABOUT THAT DARK  
PERIOD IN OUR  
HISTORY.

YOU'LL FIND  
EVERYTHING  
WE HAVE ABOUT  
WHAT SOME  
PEOPLE REFER  
TO AS "THE  
REPUBLIC"  
HERE.

THESE  
FILES ARE  
CONSTANTLY  
BEING  
UPDATED.

JUST LET  
ME KNOW IF  
YOU HAVE ANY  
QUESTIONS.

EMPEROR SPOCK:  
ASCENSION: 151,583 RECORDS  
EMPEROR SPOCK:  
DIPLOMACY: 254,055 RECORDS  
EMPEROR SPOCK:  
REFORMS: 5 RECORDS  
EMPEROR SPOCK:  
DEATH: 0 RECORDS

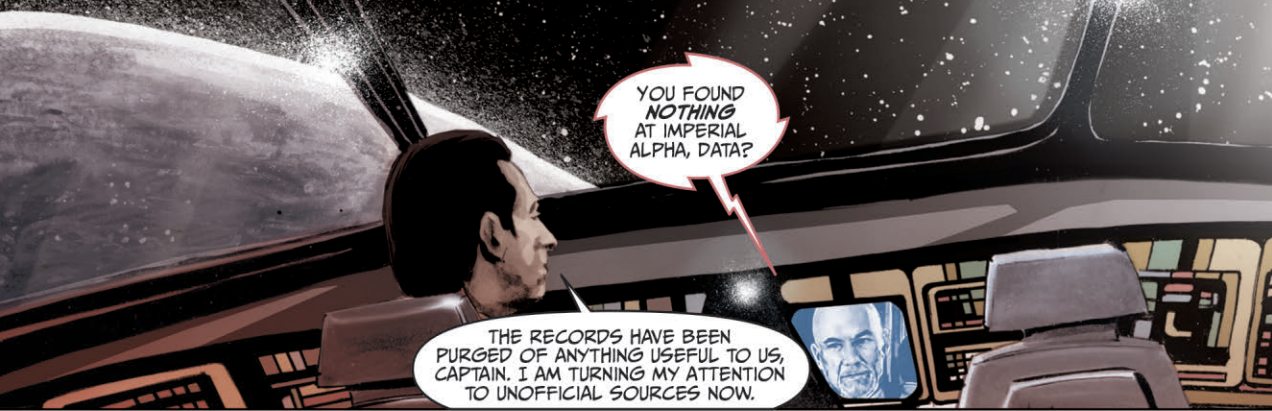
THESE RECORDS ON  
EMPEROR SPOCK HAVE  
BEEN ALTERED, AND  
MANY ARE MISSING.

YOU DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND. I  
NEED TO SEE  
THE ORIGINAL  
RECORDS.

WELL, OF COURSE.  
ALL RECORDS HAVE BEEN  
ALIGNING WITH IMPERIAL  
HISTORICAL DIRECTIVES.  
THERE HAS BEEN A VERY  
SIGNIFICANT REWORKING  
OF HISTORY FOR  
THAT PERIOD.

THE ORIGINAL  
RECORDS HAVE BEEN  
PERMANENTLY ERASED  
AS PART OF OUR USUAL  
PROCESS OF HISTORICAL  
CLEANSING. THERE IS  
NOTHING MORE I CAN  
DO TO HELP YOU.





YOU FOUND  
**NOTHING**  
AT IMPERIAL  
ALPHA, DATA?

THE RECORDS HAVE BEEN  
PURGED OF ANYTHING USEFUL TO US,  
CAPTAIN. I AM TURNING MY ATTENTION  
TO UNOFFICIAL SOURCES NOW.



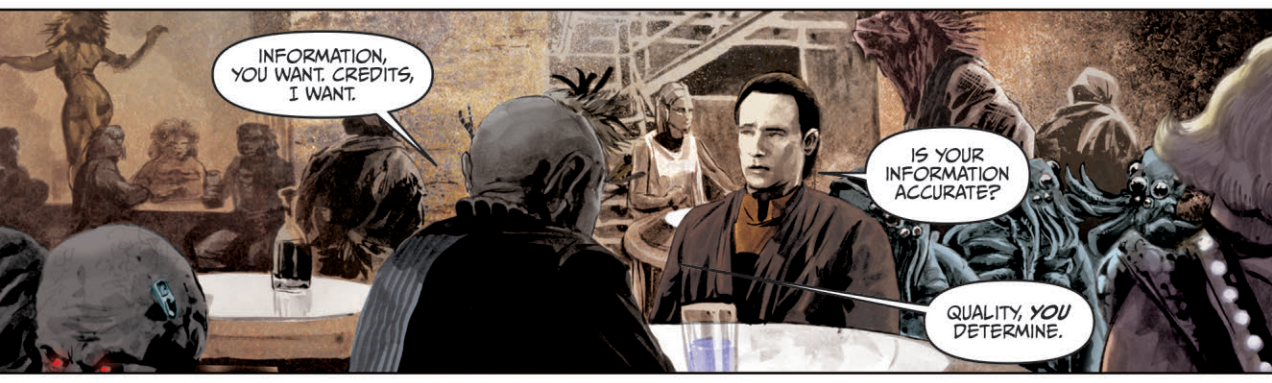
"I UNDERSTAND. EXERCISE  
CAUTION, COMMANDER, BUT DO  
WHAT YOU NEED TO DO."



HOW  
MUCH?

11011000101110  
1110000001101  
011001000100

THAT  
MUCH?



INFORMATION,  
YOU WANT. CREDITS,  
I WANT.

IS YOUR  
INFORMATION  
ACCURATE?

QUALITY, YOU  
DETERMINE.



THIS  
EXCHANGE IS  
NOT PROGRESSING  
QUICKLY ENOUGH  
FOR ME.

THE  
PEOPLE... YOU  
SEEK, YOU CAN  
FIND THEM...  
**HERE.**







CAPTAIN, I AM  
APPROACHING SPOCK'S  
LAST REPORTED  
LOCATION NOW.

UNDERSTOOD.

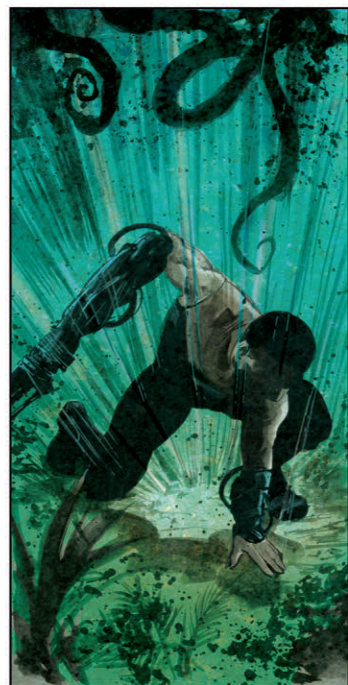
VERY WELL.  
THIS HAS BEEN A  
TIME-CONSUMING AND  
EXPENSIVE ENDEAVOR,  
DATA, SO BE CERTAIN  
THAT IT PAYS OFF  
IN THE END.



LET  
GO!



EHIIYAAA!





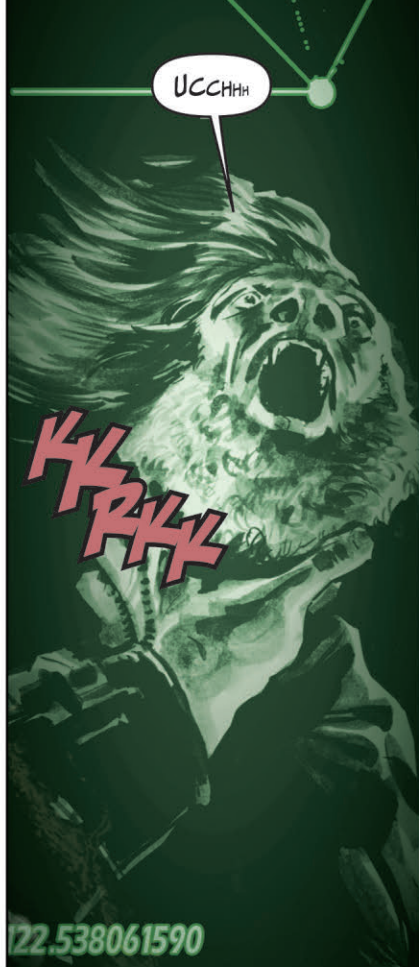
MONTHS EARLIER,  
AND AN ALTERNATE  
UNIVERSE AWAY...

















MONTHS EARLIER,  
AND AN ALTERNATE  
UNIVERSE AWAY...

# RIPE FOR PLUNDER

## Chapter Four

YOU  
HAVE ME AT A  
DISADVANTAGE.  
DO I KNOW  
YOU?

I AM  
CALLED DATA.  
WE HAVE NOT  
MET, BUT I HAVE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR YOU.

HAVE YOU  
COME TO  
KILL ME?

NO.  
I HAVE  
NOT.

THEN  
SIT, LET US  
TALK.





I DO NOT RECEIVE MANY VISITORS. I HAVE WORKED RIGOROUSLY TO HIDE MYSELF, AND IN ADDITION, IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT THE EMPIRE IS DOING WHAT IT CAN TO ERASE MUCH OF ME FROM HISTORY.

YOU ARE CORRECT ON BOTH ACCOUNTS. MANY ELEMENTS OF YOUR HISTORY, ESPECIALLY YOUR TIME AS EMPEROR, HAVE BEEN WIPED FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS.



MANY WHO REMEMBER THOSE FATEFUL DAYS HAVE EITHER DIED FROM THE PASSAGE OF TIME OR AT THE HANDS OF ASSASSINS.

IT TOOK CONSIDERABLE EFFORT FOR ME TO FIND YOU HERE.



AH, BUT THAT GETS US TO THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION, I THINK. WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?



I SERVE ABOARD THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE*. WE ENCOUNTERED A BOLIAN SMUGGLER WHO PUT US ON THE TRAIL TO FIND YOU. WHAT HE TOLD US RAISED MANY QUESTIONS. WHERE DID HE GET ALL THOSE VALUABLE SUPPLIES? AND, OF COURSE, IF EMPEROR SPOCK IS ALIVE, WHERE IS HE?

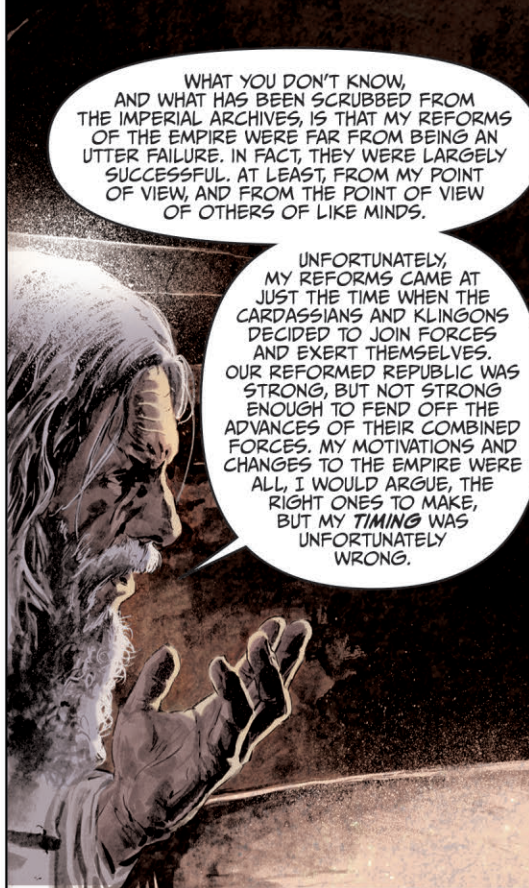
MY CAPTAIN TASKED ME WITH FINDING YOU. HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE A VALUABLE RESOURCE FOR SUPPLIES AND TREASURE.





FASCINATING. WELL, MR. DATA, I AM AFRAID THAT I WILL BE A GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOUR GREEDY CAPTAIN.

YOU SEE, I LIVE HERE IN A SORT OF AUSTERE RETIREMENT, JUST ME AND MY GUARDS.



WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW, AND WHAT HAS BEEN SCRUBBED FROM THE IMPERIAL ARCHIVES, IS THAT MY REFORMS OF THE EMPIRE WERE FAR FROM BEING AN UTTER FAILURE. IN FACT, THEY WERE LARGELY SUCCESSFUL. AT LEAST, FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, AND FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF OTHERS OF LIKE MINDS.

UNFORTUNATELY, MY REFORMS CAME AT JUST THE TIME WHEN THE CARDASSIANS AND KLINGONS DECIDED TO JOIN FORCES AND EXERT THEMSELVES. OUR REFORMED REPUBLIC WAS STRONG, BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO FEND OFF THE ADVANCES OF THEIR COMBINED FORCES. MY MOTIVATIONS AND CHANGES TO THE EMPIRE WERE ALL, I WOULD ARGUE, THE RIGHT ONES TO MAKE, BUT MY *TIMING* WAS UNFORTUNATELY WRONG.



INTRIGUING. WHAT YOU SAY IS VERY MUCH AT ODDS WITH HISTORY AS THE EMPIRE CHOOSES TO PORTRAY IT TODAY.

OF COURSE. THE EMPIRE NEEDED A SCAPEGOAT. AND CONVENIENTLY, THEY CHOSE ME.



THIS HELPS ME UNDERSTAND THE GAPS IN THE HISTORICAL RECORD THAT I HAVE FOUND. BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE, AGAINST ALL ODDS, TO MOVE FROM FIRST OFFICER OF THE *ENTERPRISE* TO RULE THE EMPIRE?

THIS IS A STORY YOU WILL NOT READILY FIND IN ANY HISTORICAL RECORDS, MR. DATA. IT IS LARGELY KNOWN ONLY TO ME.

YOU SEE, WHILE I WAS FIRST OFFICER OF THE *ENTERPRISE*, WE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED AN ALTERNATE, PARALLEL UNIVERSE: ONE THAT SEEMED LIKE A MIRROR OF OUR OWN. I MET THEIR CAPTAIN AND SOME OF THEIR CREW.



"BEFORE HE RETURNED TO HIS OWN UNIVERSE, THEIR CAPTAIN PERSUADED ME THAT I SHOULD TAKE THE INITIATIVE AND "MAKE A DIFFERENCE," AS HE PUT IT. HE ENCOURAGED ME TO FORM THE EMPIRE ALONG THE LINES THAT I HAD ALWAYS WANTED. AND HE GAVE ME A TOOL TO HELP ACHIEVE THOSE GOALS."



FOR A WHILE, I SUCCEEDED. BEYOND EVEN MY BEST EXPECTATIONS. CONQUEST OF THE GALAXY UNDER MY RULE AS EMPEROR SEEMED POSSIBLE. BUT WHEN THE CARDASSIANS AND THE KLINGONS WENT TO WAR AGAINST US, AND THEN MY INTERNAL ENEMIES JOINED FORCES AGAINST ME, I KNEW MY DAYS AS EMPEROR WERE NUMBERED. I SLIPPED AWAY QUIETLY, TO AVOID EVEN MORE BLOODSHED. AND I THEN CAME HERE, TO MY REMOTE SANCTUARY.



AND  
HERE I HAVE  
REMAINED EVER  
SINCE. I HAVE NO  
MORE AMBITION FOR  
CONQUEST. I WAS  
A FOOL TO EVER  
CONSIDER  
IT.



AND YET... THIS  
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE  
YOU DESCRIBE. IT  
MUST STILL EXIST. THE  
POTENTIAL FOR ITS  
RICHES, ITS MATERIEL...  
IT IS ENDLESS. SURELY  
YOU RETAINED ALL THE  
INFORMATION FROM  
WHEN YOU SENT THE  
ALTERNATE DOUBLES  
BACK TO THEIR OWN  
UNIVERSE.



YOU PROCEED  
FROM A FALSE  
ASSUMPTION. LET ME  
TELL YOU WHY THAT  
UNIVERSE AND ITS  
DENIZENS WOULD BE  
OF LITTLE USE—



YOU WILL  
TELL ME WHERE  
THE FILES ARE. YOUR  
LEGENDARY LOGIC  
WOULD NOT HAVE  
ALLOWED YOU TO  
DESTROY THEM.



TELL  
ME...





MONTHS EARLIER,  
AND/AN ALTERNATE  
UNIVERSE AWAY...

# RIPE FOR PLUNDER

## Chapter Five



EMPEROR  
SPOCK, YOU  
WILL GIVE  
ME WHAT I  
WANT.

WILL  
I?













"CORONADO TO ENTERPRISE.  
CORONADO TO ENTERPRISE.  
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER  
DATA REPORTING."



THIS IS  
CAPTAIN PICARD,  
MR. DATA.  
REPORT.

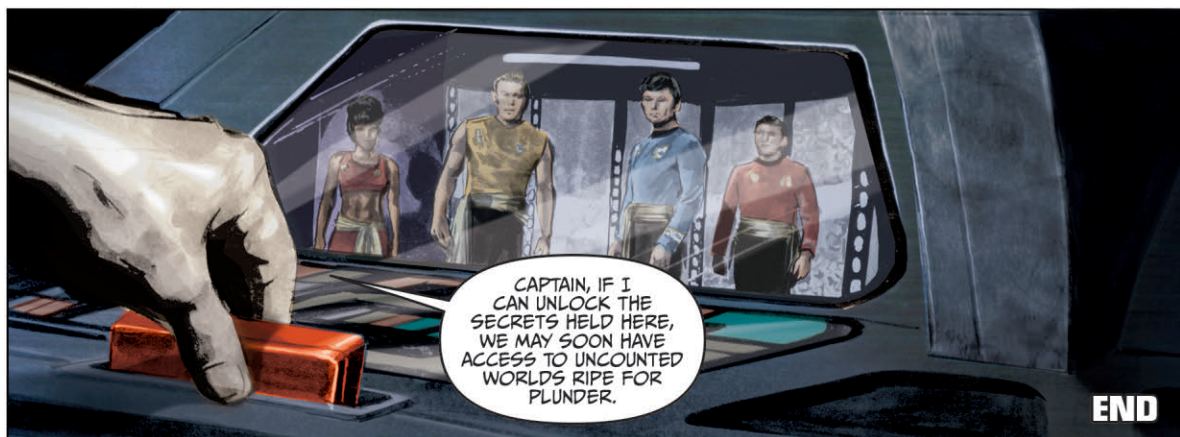
I SUCCEEDED  
IN LOCATING THE  
TARGET, CAPTAIN, AND  
SECURED INFORMATION  
THAT COULD PROVE  
TO BE OF VALUE.



EXCELLENT.  
I'LL EXPECT A FULL  
DEBRIEF UPON  
YOUR RETURN.

I CERTAINLY  
HOPE ALL THIS  
PROVES WORTH THE  
TIME AND EXPENSE,  
MR. DATA.

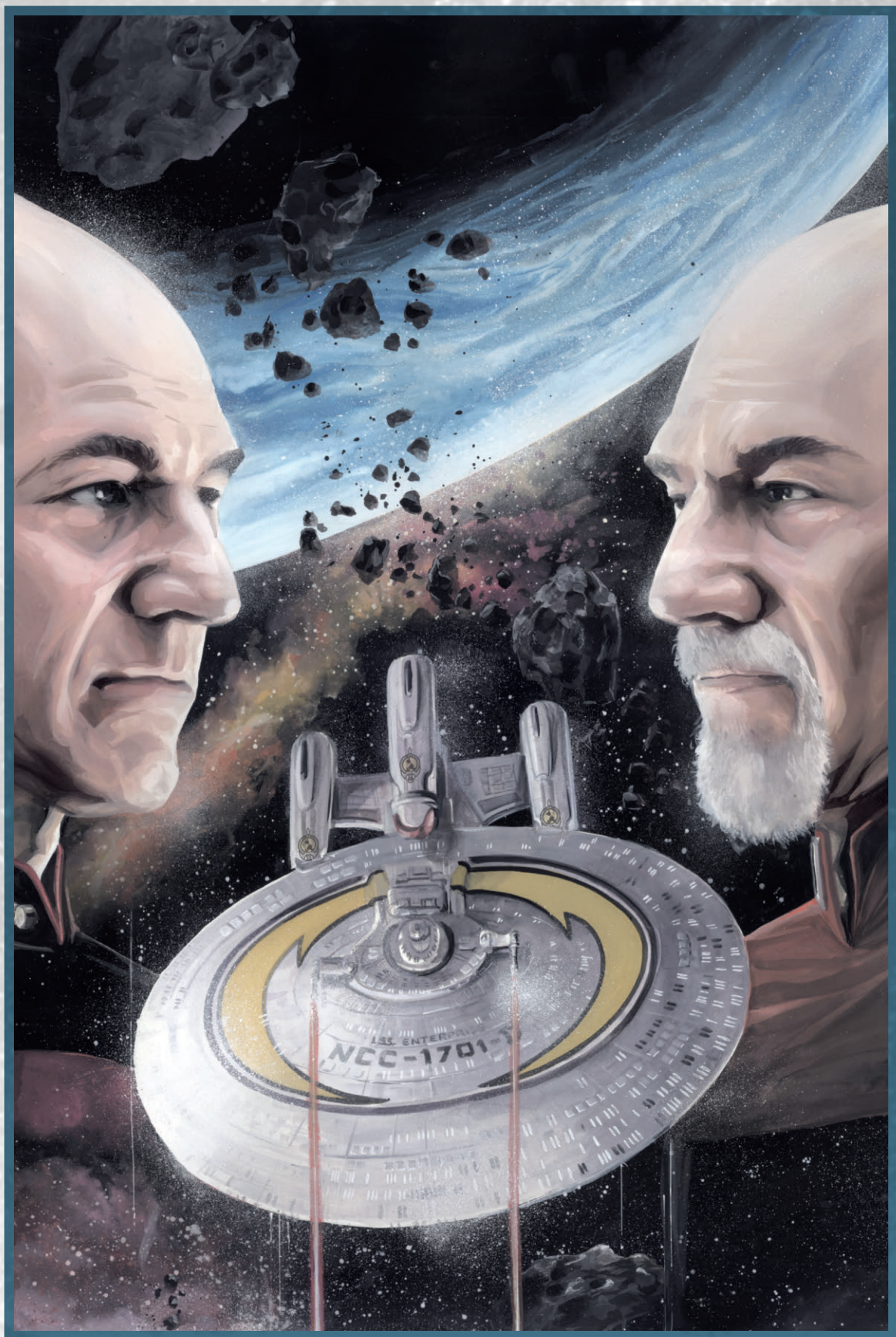
I HAVE  
CONFIDENCE IT WAS A  
WISE EXPENDITURE OF  
OUR RESOURCES.



CAPTAIN, IF I  
CAN UNLOCK THE  
SECRETS HELD HERE,  
WE MAY SOON HAVE  
ACCESS TO UNCOUNTED  
WORLDS RIPE FOR  
PLUNDER.

END





ART BY  
**J.K. WOODWARD**





ART BY  
J.K. WOODWARD





ART BY  
**J.K. WOODWARD**





ART BY  
J.K. WOODWARD





ART BY  
J.K. WOODWARD



**STAR TREK**  
**THE NEXT GENERATION**  
THROUGH THE MIRROR









**THE MIRROR UNIVERSE *NEXT GENERATION* CREW IS LOOKING FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER,  
AND THEY'RE CROSSING OVER TO THE PRIME *STAR TREK* UNIVERSE TO FIND THEM!**

When the *Enterprise-D* discovers a burned-out, pillaged Andorian vessel, the search for the culprits behind it leads to some startlingly familiar faces. But, how did the Mirror Universe crew find their way to ours, and what does Emperor Spock have to do with it? Plus, it's interstellar espionage aboard the *Enterprise-D* when the Mirror Universe crew infiltrates Captain Picard's ship in the short story "Ripe For Plunder."

Written by **SCOTT TIPTON** and **DAVID TIPTON** with art by **MARCUS TO**, **CHRIS JOHNSON**, **JOSH HOOD**, **CARLOS NIETO**, **DÉBORA CARÍTA**, and **J.K. WOODWARD**.

"It's glorious stuff."  
—*Trek Core*

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