

STAR TREK[®] WAYPOINT



AN ANTHOLOGY SERIES SPANNING 50 YEARS OF STAR TREK

MORE ***STAR TREK*** FROM IDW:

STAR TREK: BOLDLY GO

STAR TREK: MANIFEST DESTINY

STAR TREK: STARFLEET ACADEMY

STAR TREK, VOL. 1–13

STAR TREK/GREEN LANTERN: THE SPECTRUM WAR

STAR TREK
WAYPOINT

STAR TREK[®]

WAYPOINT



Become our fan on Facebook facebook.com/idwpublishing

Follow us on Twitter [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing)

Subscribe to us on YouTube youtube.com/idwpublishing

See what's new on Tumblr tumblr.idwpublishing.com

Check us out on Instagram instagram.com/idwpublishing

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher

Greg Goldstein, President & COO

Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist

Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer

David Hedgecock, Editor-in-Chief

Laurie Windrow, Sr. VP of Sales & Marketing

Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer

Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services

Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

eISBN: 9781684063451

DIGITAL

STAR TREK: WAYPOINT. NOVEMBER 2017. FIRST PRINTING. © & © 2017 CBS Studios Inc. STAR TREK and related marks are trademarks of CBS Studios Inc. © 2017 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Canada. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as STAR TREK: WAYPOINT issues #1–6.

Special thanks to Risa Kessler and John Van Citters of CBS Consumer Products for their invaluable assistance.

For international rights, contact licensing@idwpublishing.com



COVER ART BY
JOSH HOOD

WITH COLORS BY
TRIONA FARRELL

SERIES EDITS BY
SARAH GAYDOS

SERIES ASSISTANT EDITS BY
CHRIS CERASI

COLLECTION EDITS BY
JUSTIN EISINGER AND
ALONZO SIMON

COLLECTION DESIGN BY
CLAUDIA CHONG

PUBLISHER
TED ADAMS

PUZZLES

A *STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION* STORY

WRITER: DONNY CATES

ARTIST: MACK CHATER

COLORISTS: JASON LEWIS AND DEE CUNIFFE

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS

DAYLILY

A *STAR TREK* STORY

WRITER/ARTIST: SANDRA LANZ

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS

THE MENACE OF THE MECHANITRONS

A *STAR TREK: GOLD KEY* STORY

WRITERS: DAYTON WARD AND KEVIN DILMORE

ARTIST: GORDON PURCELL

COLORIST: JASON LEWIS

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS

LEGACY

A *STAR TREK* STORY

WRITER: SAM MAGGS

ARTIST: RACHAEL STOTT

COLORIST: MARK ROBERTS

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS

THE WILDMAN MANEUVER

A *STAR TREK: VOYAGER* STORY

WRITER: MAIRGHREAD SCOTT

ARTIST: CORIN HOWELL

COLORIST: JASON LEWIS

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS

MOTHER'S WALK

A *STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE* STORY

WRITER: CECIL CASTELLUCCI

ARTIST: MEGAN LEVENS

COLORIST: SARAH STERN

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



THE FRAGILE BEAUTY OF LOYALTY


A *STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE* STORY

WRITER: VIVEK J. TIWARY

ARTIST: HUGO PETRUS

COLORIST: FRAN GAMBOA

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



MIRROR, MIRROR, MIRROR, MIRROR

A *STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION* STORY

WRITER: SCOTT BRYAN WILSON

ARTIST: CASPAR WIJNGAARD

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



FRONTIER DOCTOR

A *STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE* STORY

WRITER: CAVAN SCOTT

ARTIST: JOSH HOOD

COLORIST: JASON LEWIS

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS




COME AWAY, CHILD

A *STAR TREK: THE ORIGINAL SERIES* STORY

WRITER/ARTIST: SIMON ROY

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



THE REBOUND EFFECT

A *STAR TREK: THE ORIGINAL SERIES* STORY

WRITER: CORINNA BECHKO

ARTIST: CHRISTOPHER HERNDON

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



THE FEAR

A *STAR TREK: PHASE II* STORY

WRITER/ARTIST: GABRIEL HARDMAN

COLORIST: DEE CUNIFFE

LETTERER: ANDWORLD DESIGNS



COVER ART BY
MARC LAMING

COLORS BY
CHRIS O'HALLORAN

PUZZLES

CAPTAIN'S LOG: HERE'S WHAT WE KNOW: ROUTINE STARFLEET SCANS HAVE PINGED THE LOCATION OF THIS UNKNOWN VESSEL. INITIAL READINGS HAVE SUGGESTED IT IS INCREDIBLY ADVANCED, THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD...

...AND IT HAS JUST ARRIVED.

ONE SECOND TO THE NEXT, THERE WAS NOTHING IN THIS SECTOR, AND NOW...THIS. THE READINGS ALSO SUGGEST A CREW OF ALMOST TWO HUNDRED LIFE FORMS ON BOARD.

THOSE LIVING APPEAR TO BE DYING. OF WHAT WE DO NOT KNOW. SOME SORT OF RADIATION LEAK, PERHAPS. EITHER WAY, TIME IS NOT ON OUR SIDE.

ANY AND ALL ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE UNIDENTIFIED SHIP HAVE BEEN MET WITH THE SAME REPEATING CODED TRANSMISSION.

SO FAR NO ONE AT STARFLEET COMMAND HAS BEEN ABLE TO TRANSLATE THE MESSAGE. THEIR BEST GUESS IS IT'S SOME SORT OF EMERGENCY BEACON.

IN DIRECT OPPOSITION TO THAT THEORY, HOWEVER, THE SHIP, WHILE NOT OVERTLY HOSTILE IN NATURE, APPEARS TO HAVE RAISED ITS SHIELDS, EFFECTIVELY NEGATING ANY SORT OF PHYSICAL RESCUE.

NOTHING IN. NOTHING OUT. A DYING CREW, A TICKING CLOCK AND A MESSAGE NO ONE CAN READ.

IT'S QUITE THE PUZZLE. BUT, I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHY THEY CALLED US IN TO INVESTIGATE...

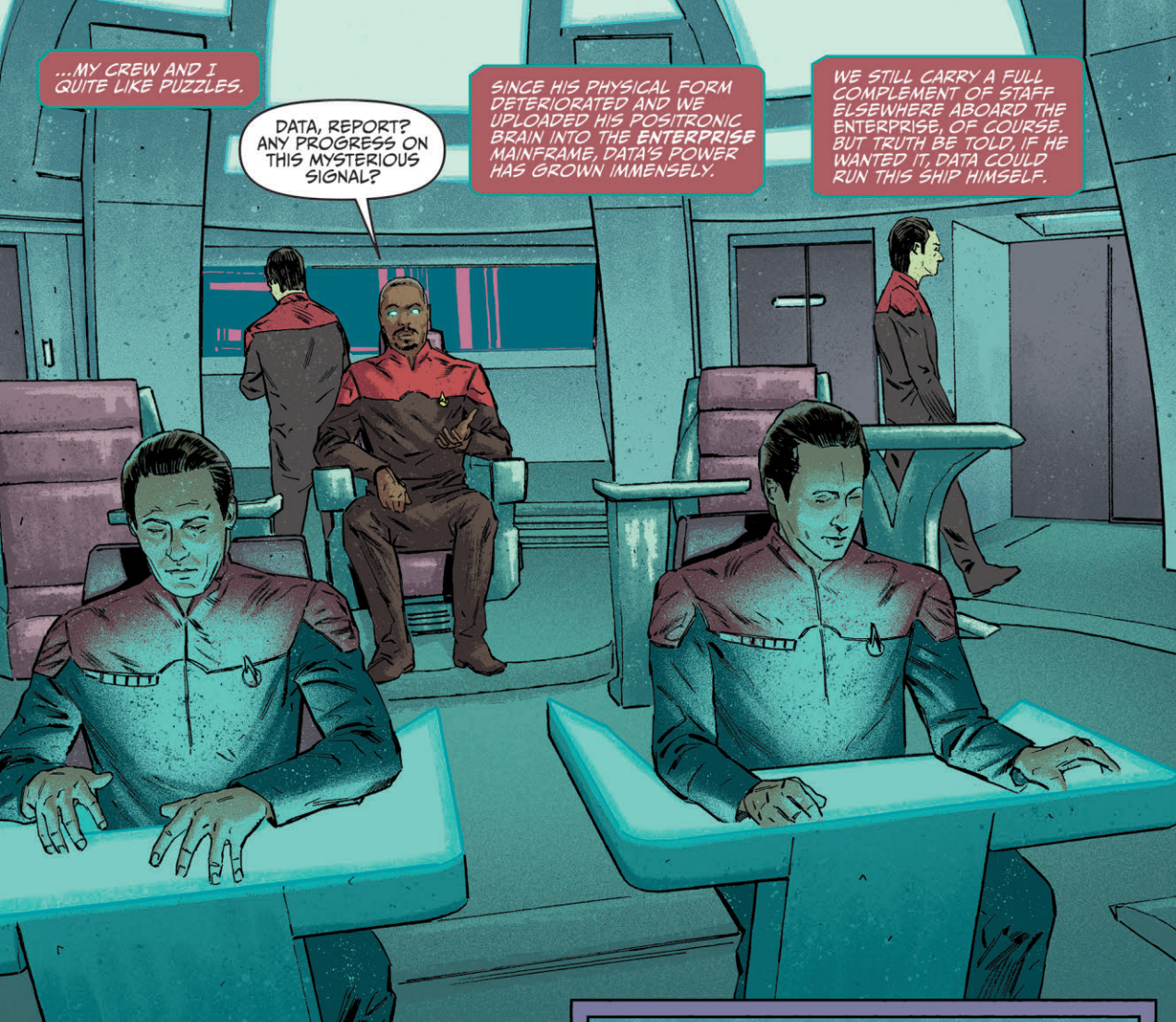


...MY CREW AND I
QUITE LIKE PUZZLES.

DATA, REPORT?
ANY PROGRESS ON
THIS MYSTERIOUS
SIGNAL?

SINCE HIS PHYSICAL FORM
DETERIORATED AND WE
UPLOADED HIS POSITRONIC
BRAIN INTO THE ENTERPRISE
MAINFRAME, DATA'S POWER
HAS GROWN IMMENSELY.

WE STILL CARRY A FULL
COMPLEMENT OF STAFF
ELSEWHERE ABOARD THE
ENTERPRISE, OF COURSE.
BUT TRUTH BE TOLD, IF HE
WANTED IT, DATA COULD
RUN THIS SHIP HIMSELF.



I AM
TRANSLATING
THE MESSAGE
AS I SPEAK,
CAPTAIN.

WITHIN A MONTH OF BEING
UPLOADED, DATA BEGAN TO
PROJECT HOLOGRAMS OF
HIMSELF PERFORMING TASKS ON
THE BRIDGE AND ELSEWHERE.



IT IS A MOST
INTRIGUING LANGUAGE,
CAPTAIN. I UNDERSTAND
NOW WHY STARFLEET
COMMAND HAD A
DIFFICULT TIME
WITH IT.

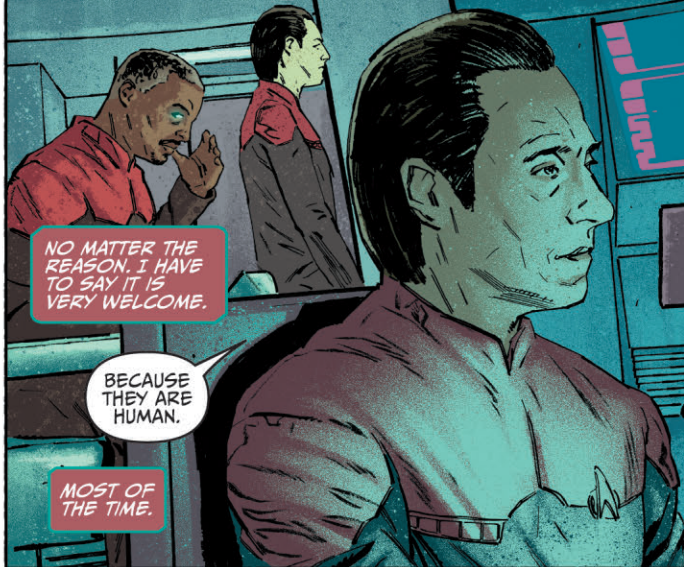
IN HIS ROLE AS SHIP'S
COMPUTER, DATA HAS NO
REAL NEED FOR THESE
PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.





THOUGH HE HAS NEVER STATED SO, I BELIEVE IT IS MORE FOR MY BENEFIT THAN FOR HIS. PERHAPS KNOWING THAT THE SIMPLE ACT OF BEING PRESENT WOULD BE OF COMFORT TO ME. A SMALL GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHY IS THAT, NUMBER ONE?



NO MATTER THE REASON, I HAVE TO SAY IT IS VERY WELCOME.

BECAUSE THEY ARE HUMAN.

MOST OF THE TIME.



HILARIOUS.

YES. HOWEVER, WHILE THE JOKE WAS INTENTIONAL, CAPTAIN, THE SENTIMENT IS CORRECT. THE MESSAGE WAS NEVER INTENDED TO BE RECEIVED BY HUMANS OF ANY KIND.

THE SHIP IS ENTIRELY CONTROLLED VIA AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. DESIGNED TO INTERACT ONLY WITH ITS OWN KIND.



AN ENTIRE STARSHIP CONTROLLED BY AN ARTIFICIAL BRAIN, WELL, THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS--

IF YOU ARE ATTEMPTING TO FORM A HUMOROUS CONNECTION BASED ON THE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE SHIP AND MYSELF, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT, THOUGH SIMILAR IN SOME SUPERFICIAL WAYS, THAT SHIP AND I ARE LIGHT YEARS APART.

SO TO SPEAK.



THERE ARE SIMILAR ASPECTS IN THE CODE, HOWEVER. AND IF I CAN JUST--AH, THERE WE ARE, ALMOST COMPLETE AND--

OH DEAR. THE MESSAGE...IT IS...NOT AN EMERGENCY BEACON AT ALL...





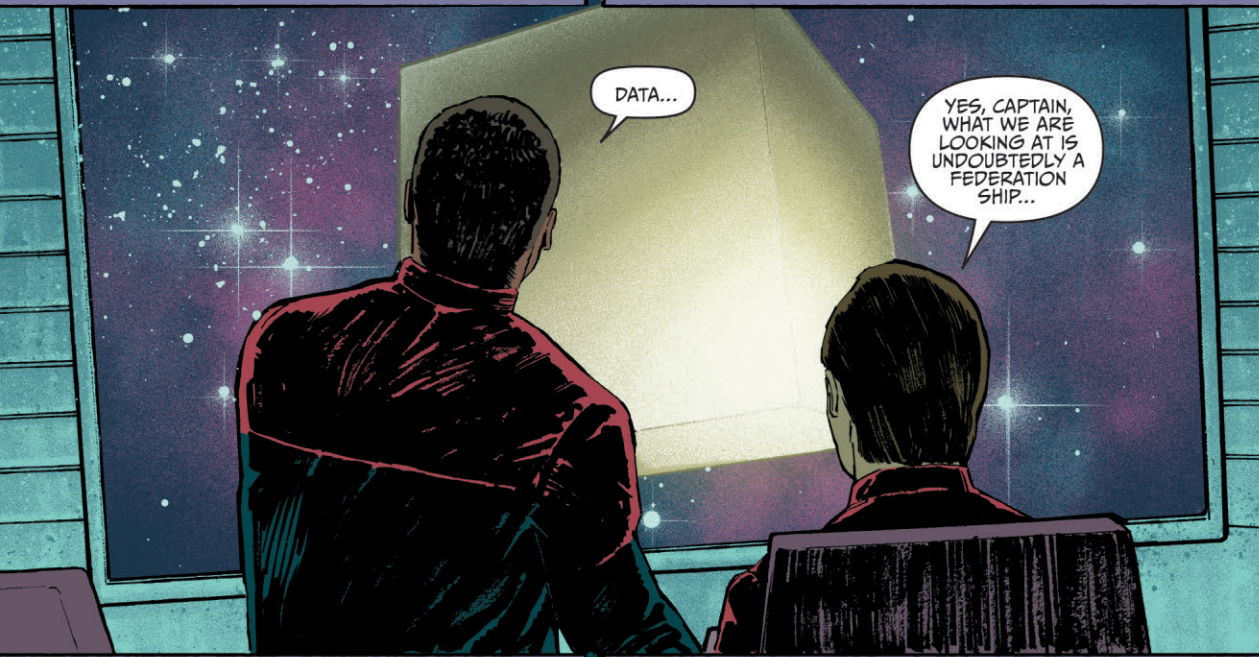
DATA, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DEALING WITH?



A SHIPWRECK, SIR.

IF YOU HAVE A THEORY...

NOT A THEORY, CAPTAIN. USING THE TRANSLATION FROM THE DIRECTIVE I WAS ABLE TO IDENTIFY SEVERAL STANDARDS ON THE SHIP'S EXTERIOR THAT MATCH WITH THE--



DATA...

YES, CAPTAIN, WHAT WE ARE LOOKING AT IS UNDOUBTEDLY A FEDERATION SHIP...



...FROM OUR OWN DISTANT FUTURE.

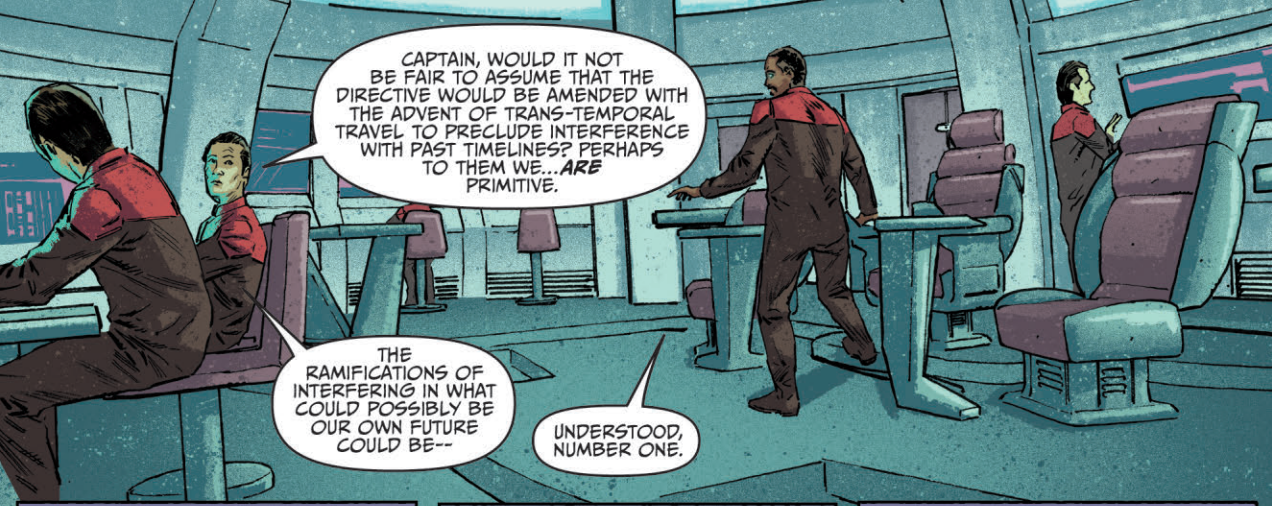
SO, YOU ARE SAYING THAT THIS SHIP...SOMEHOW MALFUNCTIONED AND-- AND, HAS COME...WHAT, UNSTUCK IN TIME? DATA...THAT'S...

FASCINATING.



INDEED. BUT, IF WHAT YOU ARE SAYING IS CORRECT...IT WON'T LET US INTERFERE BECAUSE OF THE PRIME DIRECTIVE?

THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE... THE DIRECTIVE ONLY APPLIES TO PRE-WARP DRIVE CIVILIZATIONS. PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.



CAPTAIN, WOULD IT NOT BE FAIR TO ASSUME THAT THE DIRECTIVE WOULD BE AMENDED WITH THE ADVENT OF TRANS-TEMPORAL TRAVEL TO PRECLUDE INTERFERENCE WITH PAST TIMELINES? PERHAPS TO THEM WE...**ARE** PRIMITIVE.

THE RAMIFICATIONS OF INTERFERING IN WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE OUR OWN FUTURE COULD BE--

UNDERSTOOD, NUMBER ONE.



I CAN'T CONTROL THE FUTURE, DATA. I CAN ONLY CONTROL MY SHIP, MY CREW, AND MY COMMAND.



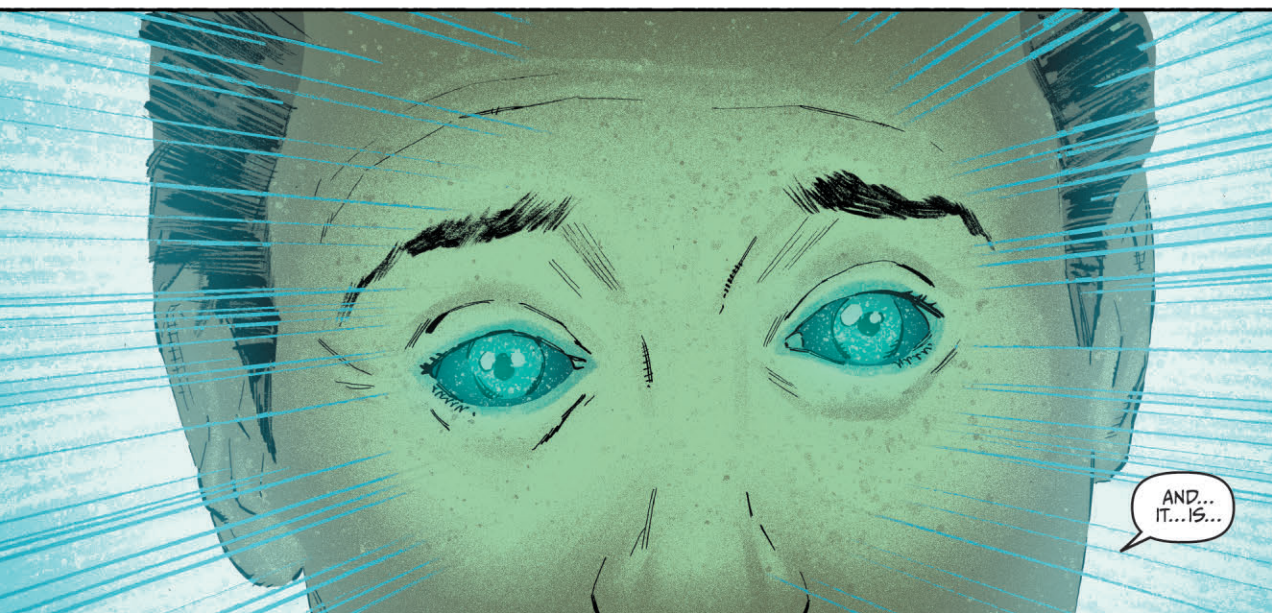
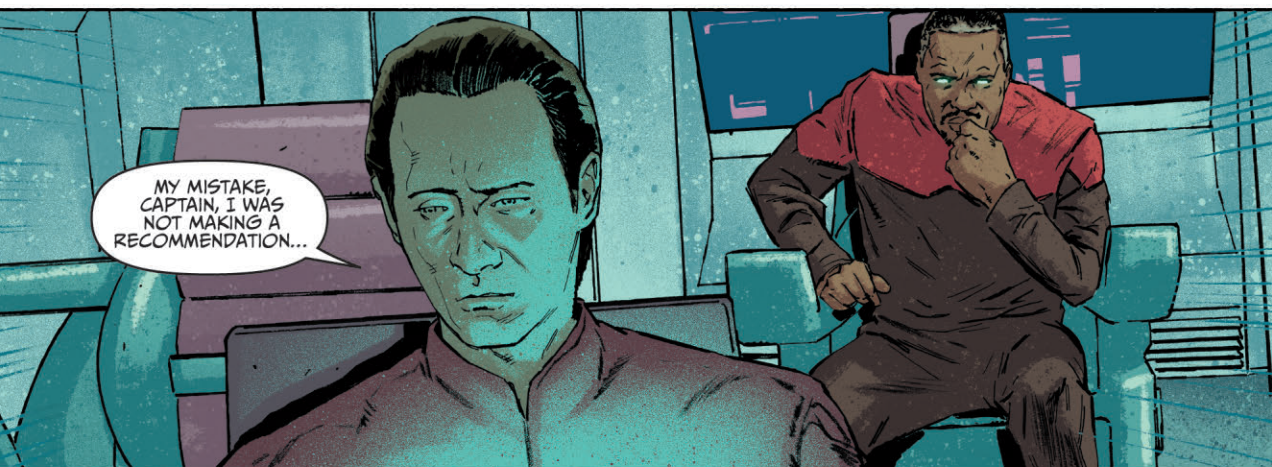
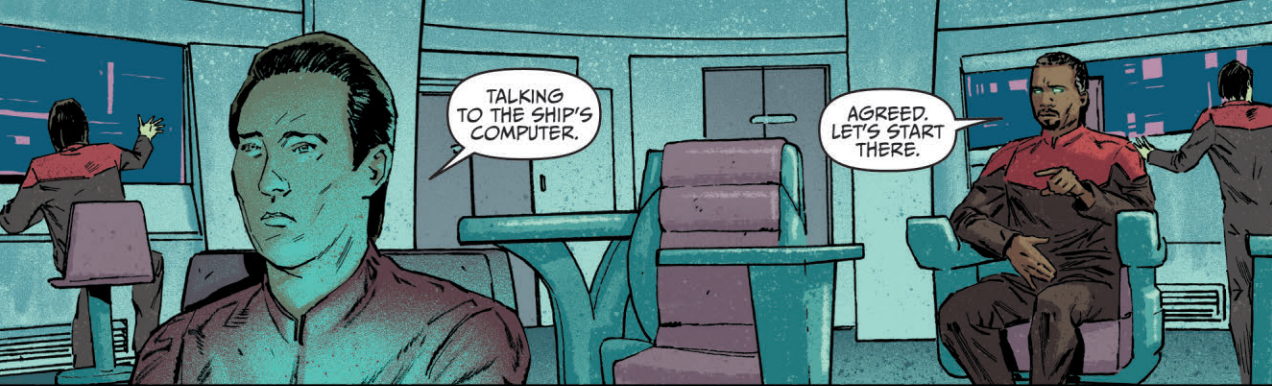
THE PEOPLE ABOARD THAT SHIP ARE OFFICERS OF STARFLEET, AND WE ARE NOT GOING TO LET THEM DIE.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S JUST AS SIMPLE AS IT'S GOING TO BE TODAY.



SO, IF ANY OF YOU HAS ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME.



"...MAGNIFICENT."

GREETINGS,
MY NAME IS DATA.
WHAT MAY I
CALL YOU?

I KNOW WHO, AND WHAT, YOU
ARE. I AM THE CAPTAIN OF
THE TIMESHIP SAKURAZAKA.
YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED TO
ACCESS THIS MAINFRAME.

AND,
YET...

MY POSITION ON
THE MATTER YOU
WISH TO ADDRESS
IS SIMPLE.

AND
FINAL.

IS IT
EITHER OF
THOSE THINGS?
CAPTAIN, IF I
MAY--

INTERESTING. IT IS
WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF
YOUR PROGRAMMING TO
ARGUE WITH SUPERIOR
OFFICERS?

OH, YES. IN
FACT, IT IS MY
MORAL OBLIGATION
TO STAND IN DIRECT
DEFIANCE OF THOSE
WHO WISH TO
HARM OTHERS,
REGARDLESS OF
THEIR TITLE.

IS IT IN *YOUR*
PROGRAMMING
TO KILL,
CAPTAIN?



BECAUSE IF YOU DO NOT ALLOW US TO HELP YOU, I'M AFRAID THAT IS WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO THE TWO HUNDRED OFFICERS ABOARD YOUR--

MY PROGRAMMING HONORS THE PRIME DIRECTIVE ABOVE ALL OTHERS. THIS IS NOT A DEBATABLE MATTER.



IT CERTAINLY IS!



WHAT OF HUMANITY? THE SANCTITY OF LIFE? IF YOUR PROGRAMMING PROMOTES REGULATION AND RIGID CODE ABOVE THE LIVES OF YOUR OWN CREW...THEN FORGIVE ME, CAPTAIN...YOUR PROGRAMMING IS WRONG.



NO CAPTAIN HAS EVER BROKEN THE PRIME DIRECTIVE AND I DO NOT INTEND ON BEING THE FIRST.

...I SEE...



I WONDER, CAPTAIN...



HAVE YOU EVER ACCESSED THE HISTORICAL RECORD OF CAPTAIN JEAN-LUC PICARD?



THE SHIP
HAS BEGUN A
SELF-DESTRUCT
SEQUENCE,
CAPTAIN.

WHAT?!

WHAT
HAPPENED IN
THERE?

I DO NOT KNOW,
SIR. I MERELY POINTED
OUT THE OBVIOUS
PROBLEMS IN THE SHIP'S
LOGIC AND IN RETURN
THE CAPTAIN INITIATED
THIS COUNTDOWN.

IT SEEMS IT WOULD
RATHER SEE ITSELF AND
ITS CREW DESTROYED
THAN ALLOW US TO
INTERFERE.

DATA, CAN
YOU STOP THAT
COUNTDOWN?

NO. BUT I
BELIEVE I
CAN DROP
THE SHIP'S
SHIELDS.



ONCE I AM
BEYOND THE
SHIP'S DEFENSE
MAINFRAME,
WE WILL HAVE
LITTLE TIME
TO ACT.


THE SAKURAZAKA
WILL TRY TO EXCISE
ME ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.
WE SHOULD HAVE JUST
ENOUGH TIME TO GET THE
CREW ONBOARD THE
ENTERPRISE.



YOU DROP THE
SHIELD, WE BEAM
THE CREW ONBOARD,
WARP AWAY, AND
THE SHIP...

WILL BE
DESTROYED,
SIR.

ITS CAPTAIN
ALONG WITH
IT...THERE MUST
BE ANOTHER
WAY...



YES, THERE ARE, IN FACT, A GREAT MANY OTHER WAYS. NONE OF THEM SAVE THE CREW IN TIME, HOWEVER.


DATA... DOES THAT--



BOTHER ME? YES, CAPTAIN... THE DEATH OF SUCH A SOPHISTICATED INTELLIGENCE BOTHERS ME QUITE A GREAT DEAL.

BUT I WILL TAKE MY COMFORT IN KNOWING THAT, AS EVOLVED A BEING AS THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN APPEARS TO BE, I SEEM TO GRASP SOMETHING THAT IT DOES NOT.

WHAT'S THAT?



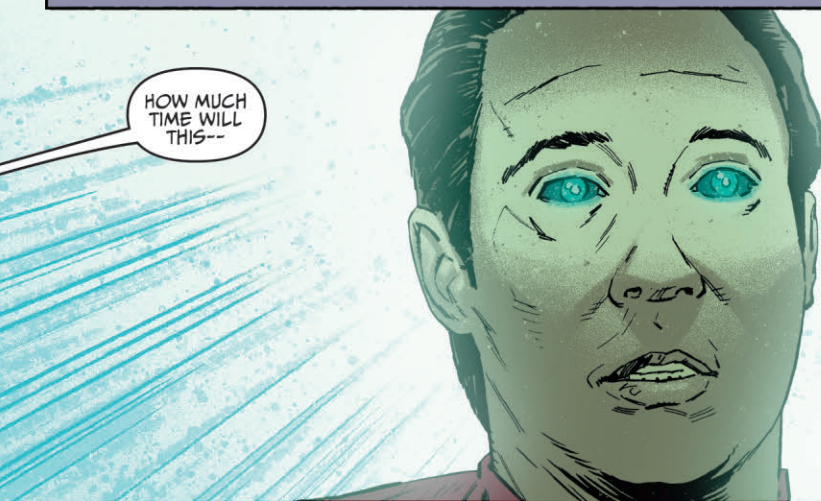
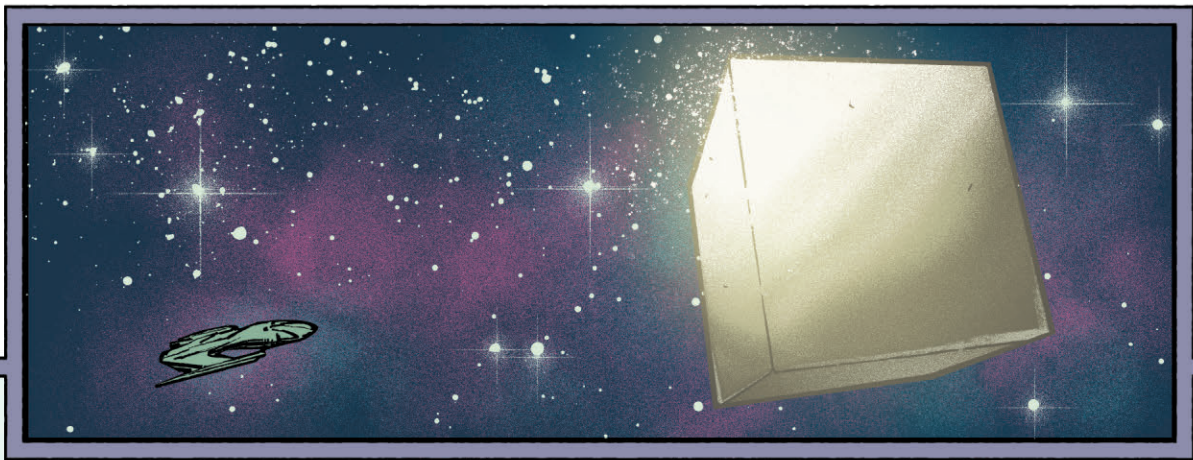
THE NEEDS OF THE MANY, SIR, AND THEIR RELATIVE WEIGHT.



WELL SAID, OLD FRIEND.

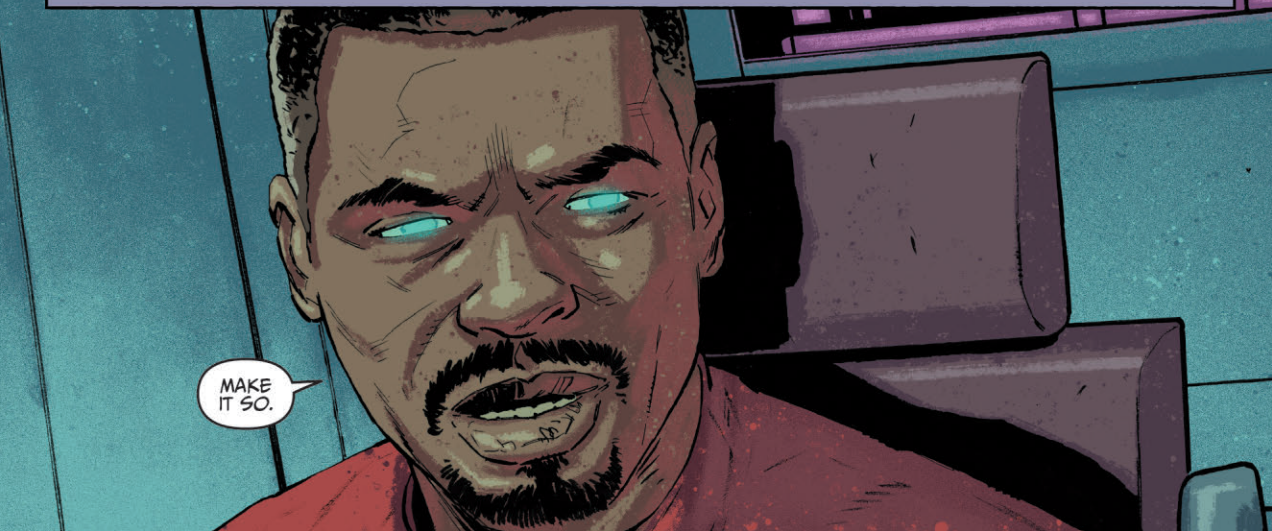
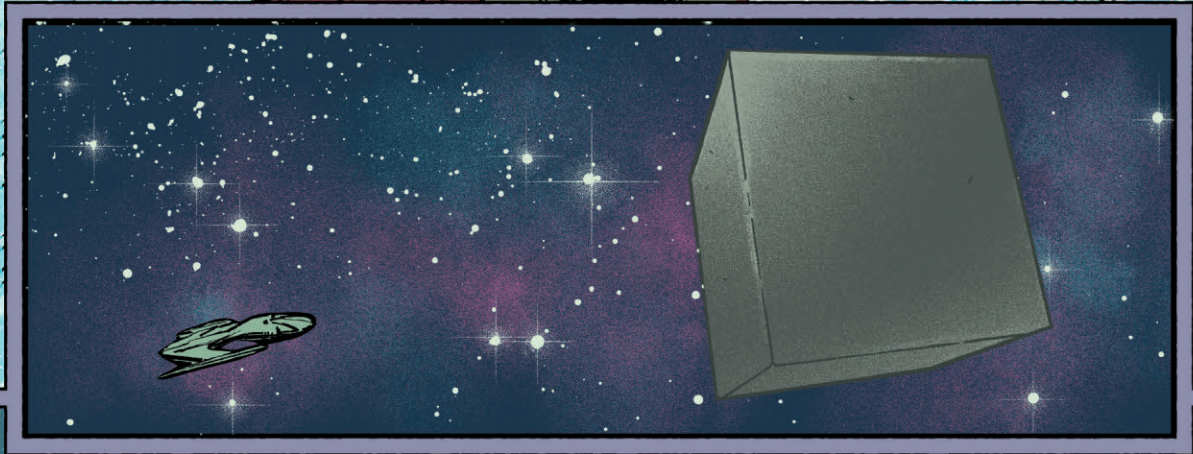
YES, CAPTAIN. I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF NOTIFYING TRANSPORT BAY. THEY ARE READY TO BEAM THE SURVIVING CREW ONBOARD ON YOUR MARK.

VERY GOOD.

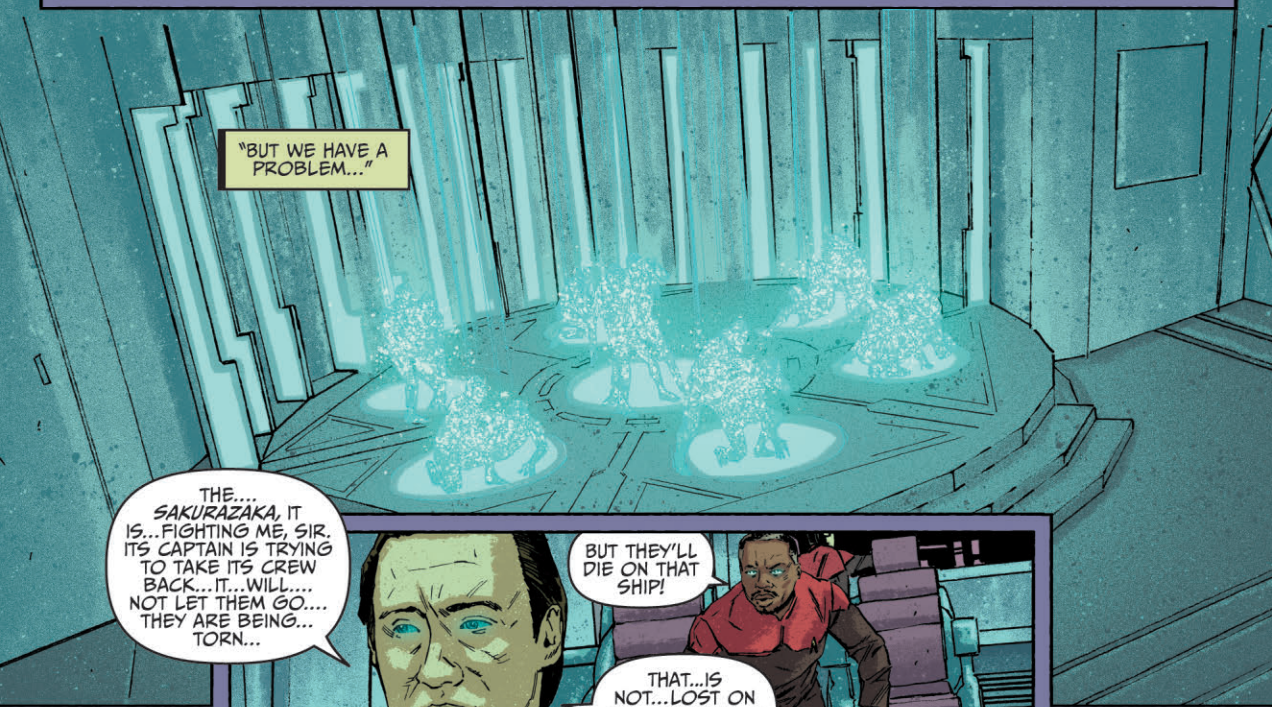


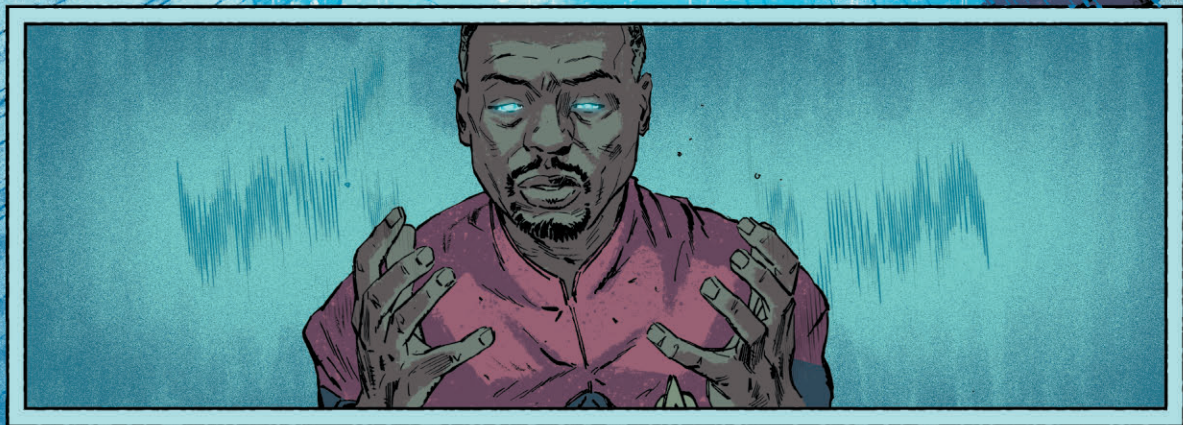
HOW MUCH
TIME WILL
THIS--

**NOW,
CAPTAIN!**



MAKE
IT SO.





I APOLOGIZE
FOR THE
DRAMATICS....

DATA?

...BUT I AM
AFRAID THERE
IS NOT MUCH
TIME, SIR.

IN ORDER TO
STOP THE CAPTAIN
FROM TEARING HIS
PEOPLE OFF OF THE
ENTERPRISE, I HAD
TO FULLY ENGAGE
HIS OPERATING
SYSTEM.

IT WAS THE
ONLY WAY I COULD
MAINTAIN CONTROL
OVER HIS A.I. I'M
AFRAID I WON'T BE
RETURNING, SIR. BUT
I HAVE PREPARED
FOR MY ABSENCE.

WHAT?
WHAT IS
THIS?

BEFORE I
LEFT THE BRIDGE I
PLOTTED YOUR COURSE TO
STARFLEET AND MADE THEM
AWARE OF THE SITUATION.
THE SAKURAZAKA WILL
DESTRUCT IN TWENTY
SECONDS, SIR. YOU AND
THE CREW WILL BE
SAFELY AWAY BY--

NONSENSE! I
AM YOUR CAPTAIN
AND I ORDER
YOU TO RETURN
TO THE BRIDGE
AT ONCE!

SIR, I HAVE ALREADY
COMMITTED ONE ACT
OF MUTINY, I DO NOT
BELIEVE ANOTHER WILL
AFFECT MY RECORD.
IF I RETURN TO THE
ENTERPRISE...THOSE
PEOPLE WILL
DIE.

I DO NOT
ACCEPT--

GEORDI,
MY FRIEND...
PLEASE...

THIS...
IS NOT A
DEBATABLE
MATTER.

DATA,
WAIT! THERE
HAS TO BE
ANO--





EARTH. STARFLEET COMMAND.
LATER...

WE ARE
SORRY FOR YOUR
LOSS, CAPTAIN.

YES.
THANK YOU,
ADMIRAL.



AS FOR YOUR REPORT, WE WILL
NEED SOME TIME TO REVIEW THE
SHIP'S LOGS AND THE RECORDS
OF THE ANOMALOUS EVENT. IF NO
OTHER COURSE OF ACTION WAS
AVAILABLE, THEN THIS
COUNCIL WILL--

SIR, I
APOLOGIZE,
BUT I AM CONFUSED.
IS THIS A FORMAL
INVESTIGATION?

AS I WAS
SAYING, CAPTAIN...WE
WILL HAVE TO REVIEW
THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN
ORDER TO SURMISE IF
OTHER OPTIONS WERE
AVAILABLE. AT SUCH A
TIME YOU MAY BE
CALLED UPON TO
RESPOND TO--



SIR, IF THERE WERE
ANY OTHER REAL
OPTION...DATA WOULD
HAVE KNOWN.

AND I WOULD
REMINDE YOU THAT
COMMANDER DATA WAS
NOT THE CAPTAIN OF
THE ENTERPRISE!

THE SHIP
WAS UNDER YOUR
COMMAND, AND YOUR
ACTIONS DIRECTLY
LED TO THE EVENTS
IN QUESTION. **YOUR
OBJECTION IS NOTED,
CAPTAIN...**



...BUT
WE WILL
INVESTIGATE
THE MATTER.

ALL DUE
RESPECT,
SIR...



"...I THINK I DO."

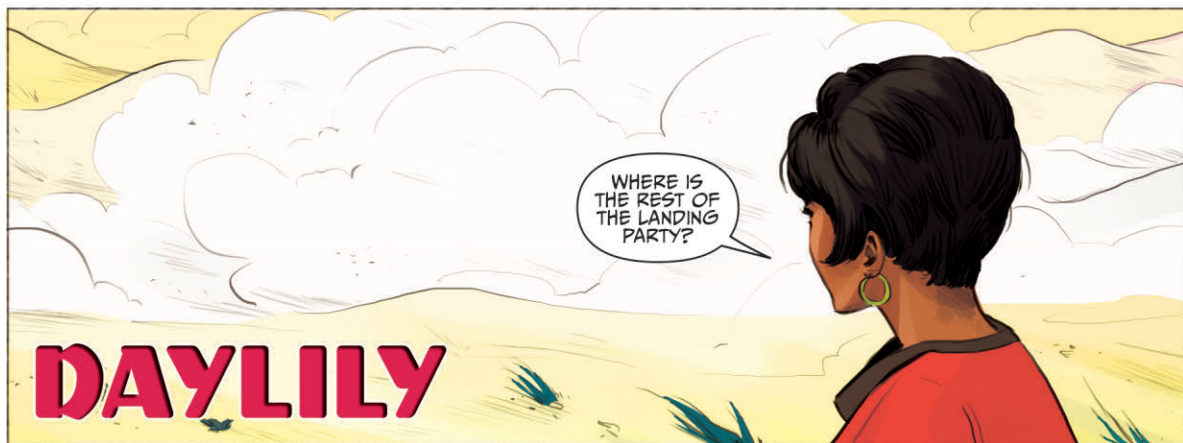






COVER ART BY
MARK BUCKINGHAM

COLORS BY
CHARLIE HIRCHOFF



DAYLILY



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a red long-sleeved uniform with a black belt and black boots, stands in a desert landscape. She is holding a small, rectangular handheld device with both hands, looking at it. The desert floor is sandy and purple-hued, with scattered yellow and red rocks and some sparse, spiky plants. In the background, there are large, rounded yellow bushes and a large red rock formation.

SCOTTY, HERE. THE
DEVIL TRANSPORTER HAS
GONE AND SCATTERED THE
LANDING PARTY ACROSS THE
DESERT! ...KSHHH... WE'LL NEED
TO WAIT FOR THE STORM TO
CLEAR BEFORE WE CAN
PERFORM A RESCUE
OPERATION.

ARE YOU
ABLE TO FIND
SHELTER TO
WEATHER THE
STORM?

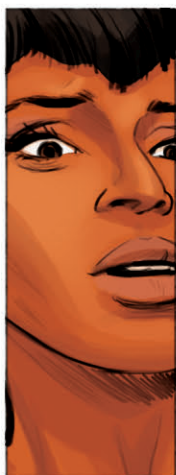
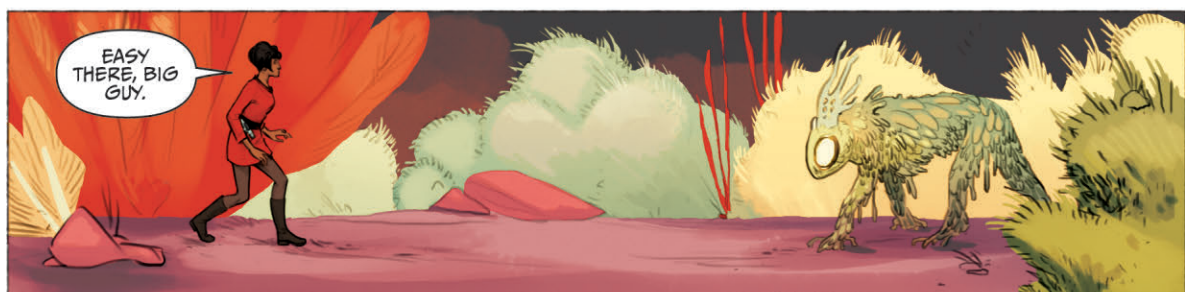
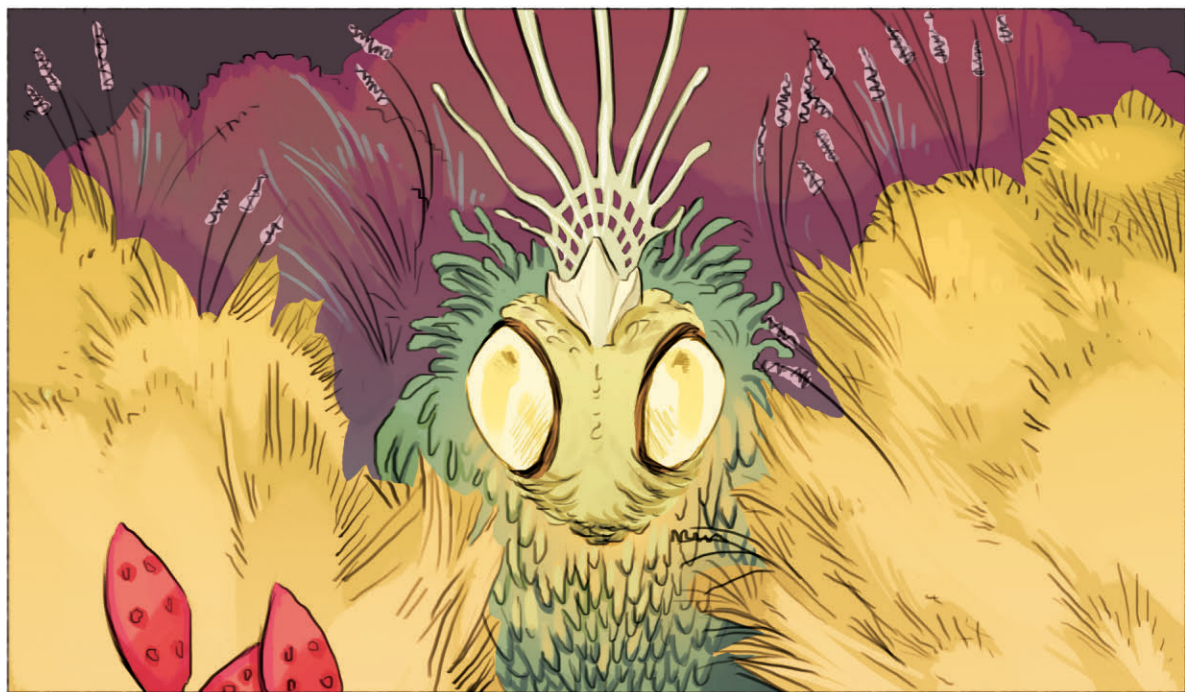
I BELIEVE SO,
COMMANDER.

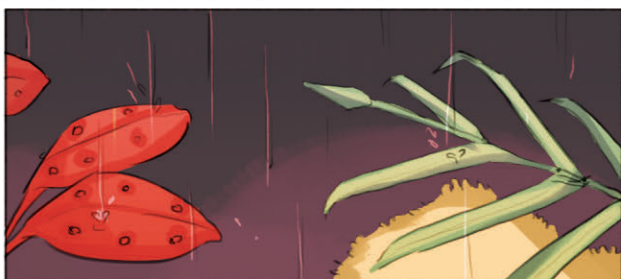
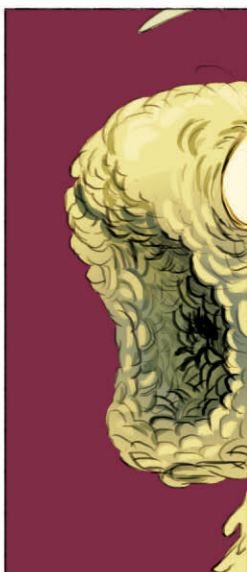
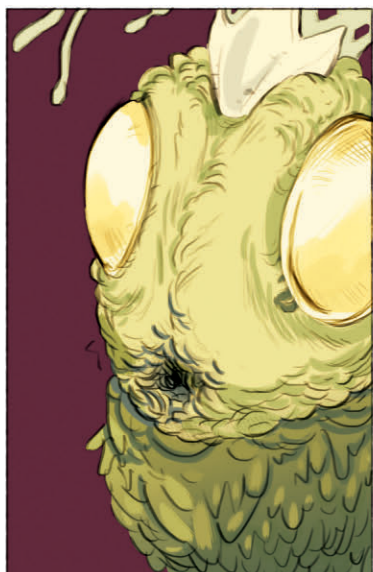
HOLD
YOUR POSITION
AND WE'LL BEAM
YOU UP AS SOON
AS WE ARE
ABLE.

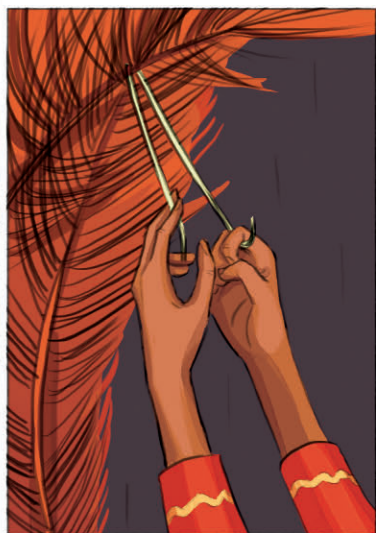


S
N
A
P









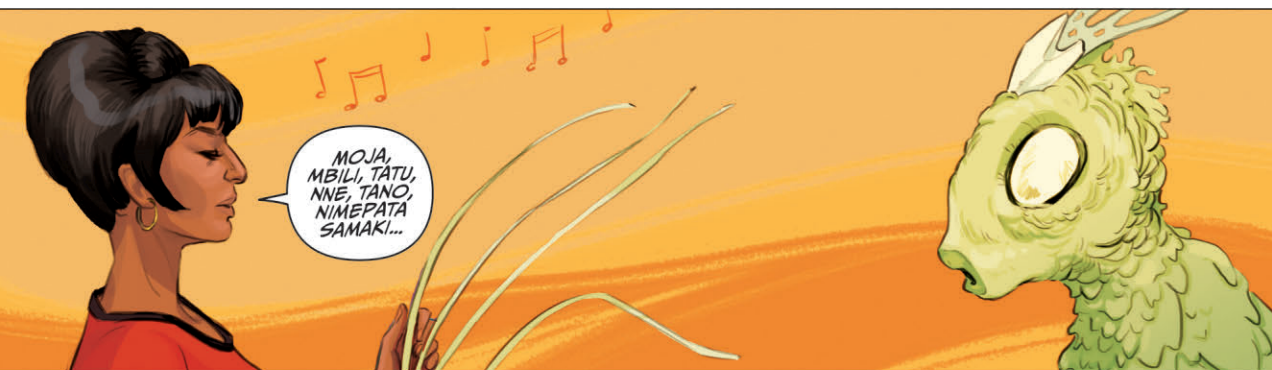


CAN YOU DO THIS?

CAN YOU DO WHAT I DO?



I USED TO SIT LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS VERY LITTLE AND SING THE AFTERNOON AWAY!



MOJA, MBILI, TATU, NINE, TANO, NIMEPATA SAMAKI...

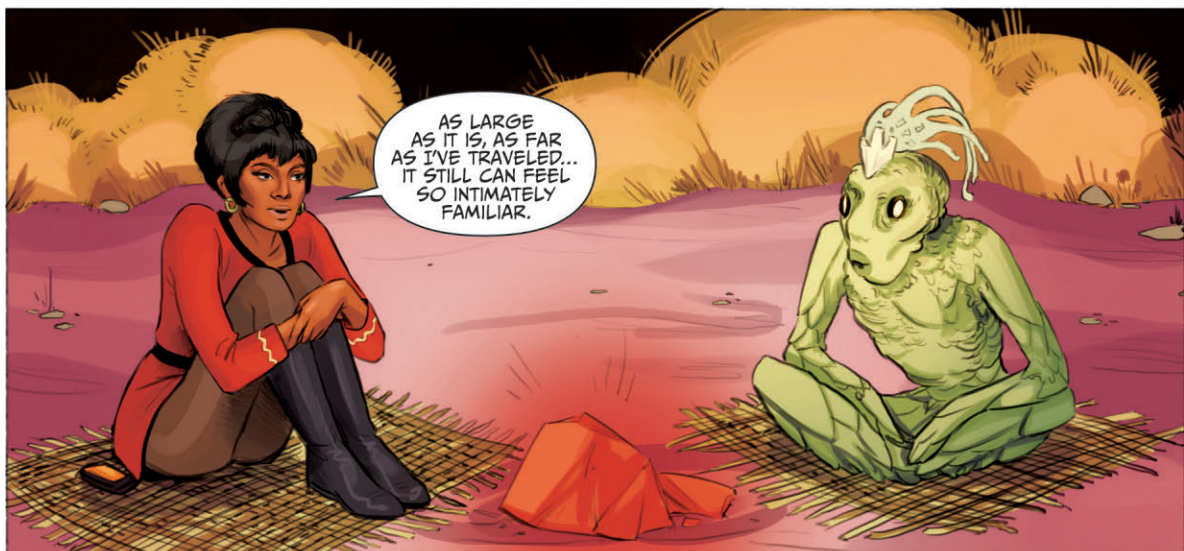


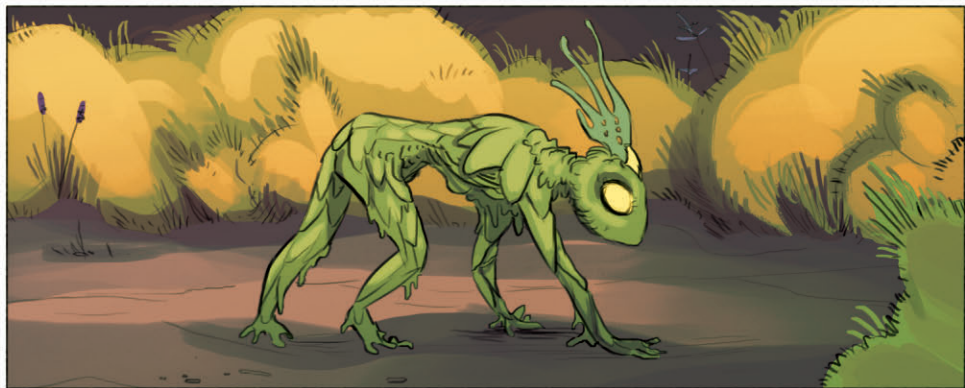
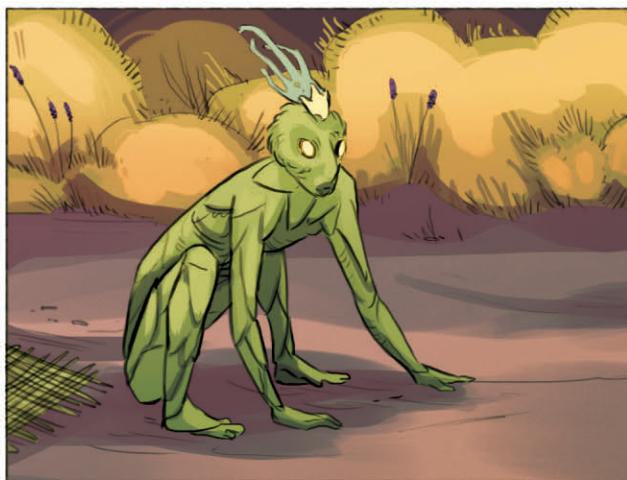
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO...



YOU'RE REALLY AMAZING, DID YOU KNOW THAT?











COVER ART BY
GORDON PURCELL

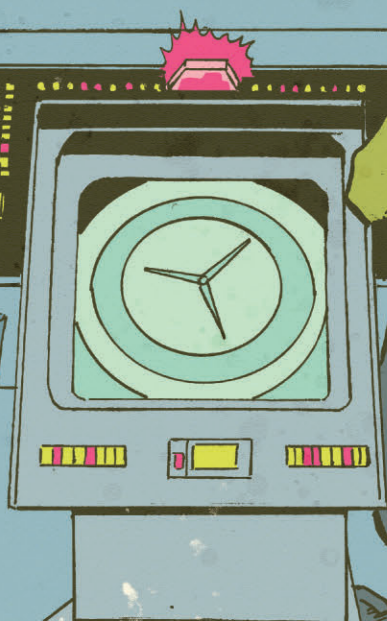
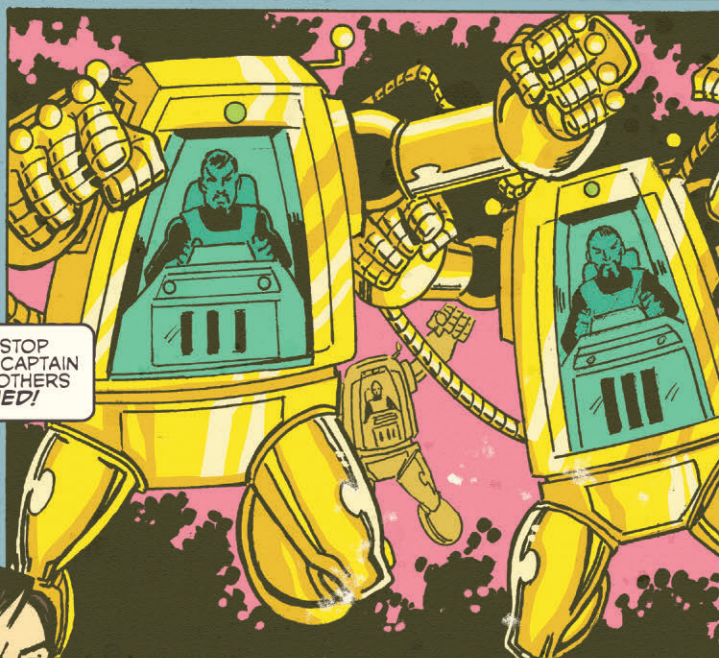
COLORS BY
JASON LEWIS

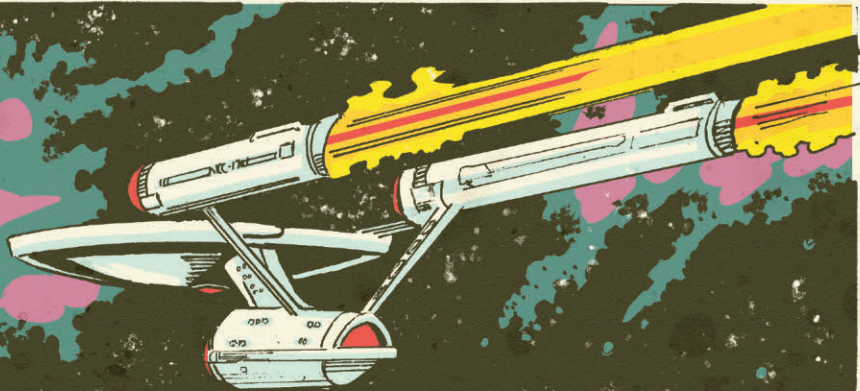
THE MENACE OF THE MECHANITRONS!

ORBITING A WORLD RIPPED ASUNDER BY WAR, THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE* CREW FACES CHALLENGES THEY NEVER DREAMED OF—ROBOTIC TERRORS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING ALL THEY SEE...INCLUDING THE MIGHTY STARSHIP ITSELF!

MR. SULU! THOSE MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL TEAR THROUGH THE HULL LIKE TISSUE PAPER!

WE HAVE TO STOP THEM, OR ELSE CAPTAIN KIRK AND THE OTHERS ARE *DOOMED!*





CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 37:05.7
—TOP BRASS HAS TASKED THE ENTERPRISE
WITH INVESTIGATING A DISTRESS CALL FROM
THE SCOUT SHIP *AD ASPERA*...

ACCORDING TO
ADVANCE SCOUT
READINGS, PHYGMA 4
WAS RAVAGED BY A
GLOBAL WAR!

SURVIVORS HAVE
BEEN REBUILDING
THEIR SOCIETY BY
SCAVENGING ANYTHING
THEY CAN FIND!

WITH THE PHYGMANS'
LIMITED TECHNOLOGY,
THE *AD ASPERA* WOULD
BE QUITE THE PRIZE!

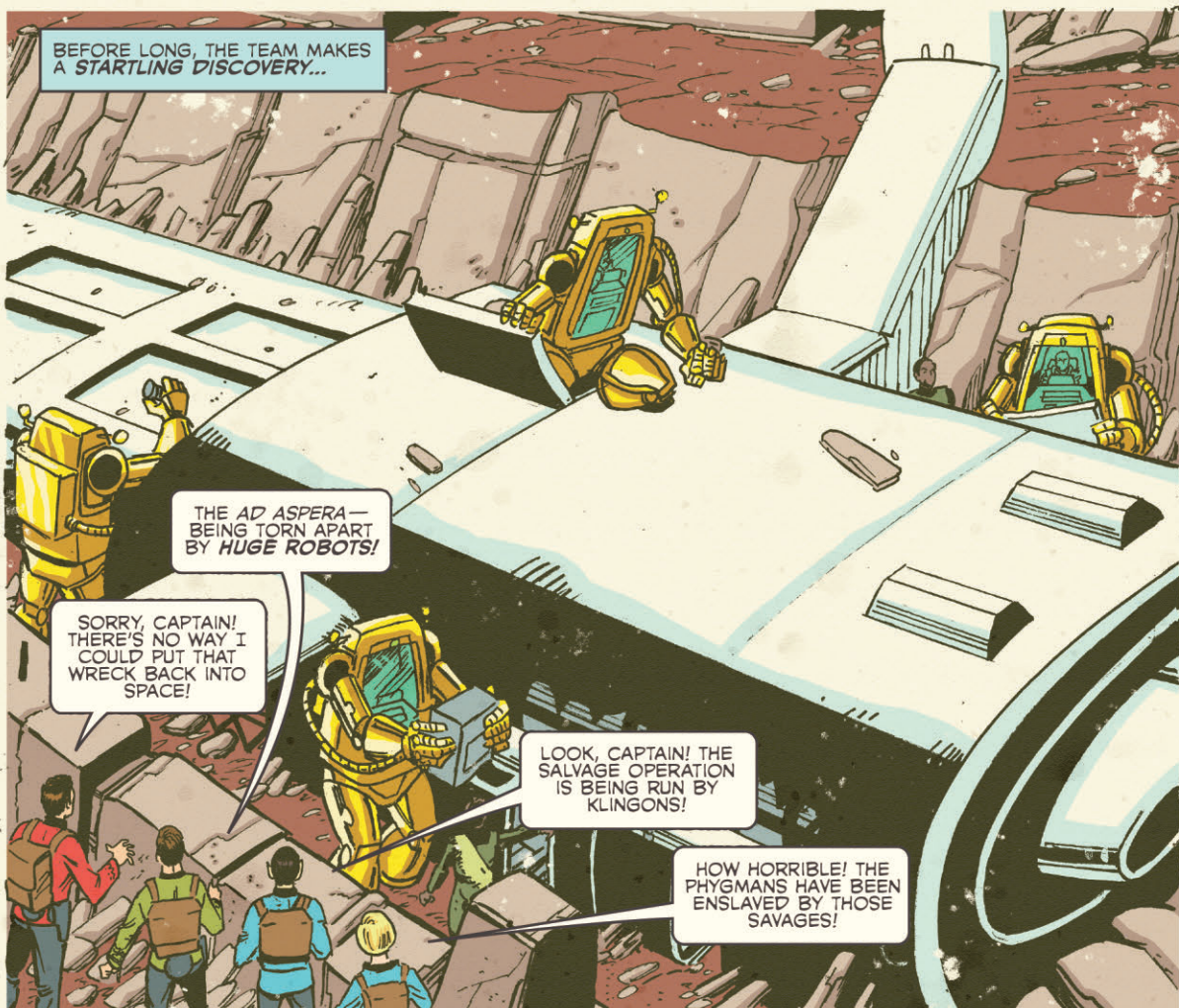
WE SHOULD GET DOWN
THERE RIGHT AWAY!
PREPARE A LANDING
PARTY, MR. SPOCK!

AFTER THE EXPLORATION
TEAM TRANSPORTS TO THE
SURFACE OF PHYGMA 4...

MR. SPOCK, HOW
FAR ARE WE FROM
THE *AD ASPERA*?

THE DOOMED SHIP LIES IN THAT DIRECTION! HOWEVER,
I AM DETECTING NO HUMAN LIFE READINGS!

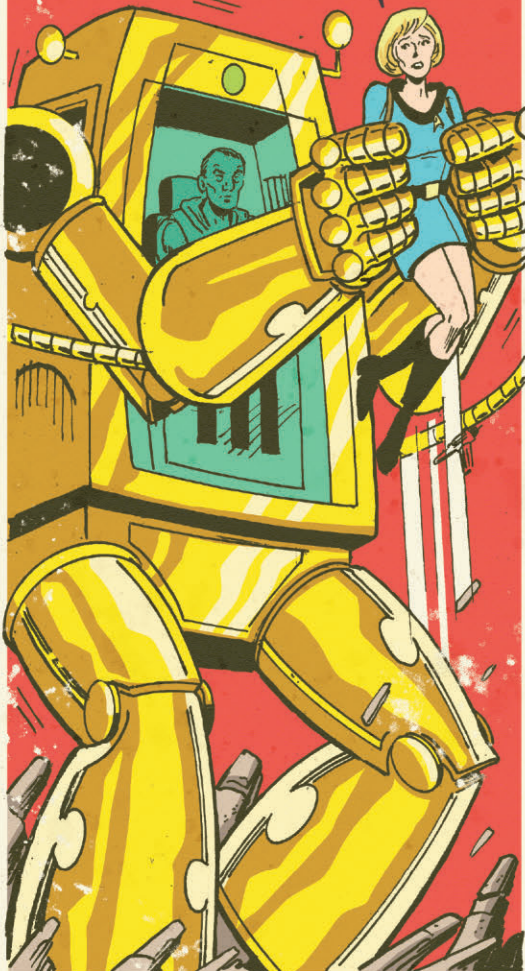
OH, THOSE POOR
PEOPLE! MAYBE
WE CAN FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENED!





SUDDENLY...

CAPTAIN
KIRK! HELP
ME!



WAIT! DON'T
HURT HER! WE
SURRENDER!



I EXPECTED AS MUCH
FROM A COWARDLY
EARTHLING!

CAPTAIN, THE
KLINGONS HAVE
RIGHTFULLY
CONQUERED US!



WE SHOWED THE PHYGMANS OUR
NATURAL SUPERIORITY AND THEY
SUBMITTED ACCORDING TO THEIR
PLANET'S CUSTOMS!

SO, IF WE DEMONSTRATE
OUR STRENGTH OVER THE
KLINGONS, THEY WILL HAVE
TO LEAVE THE PLANET?

THAT IS THE
WAY OF OUR
PEOPLE!

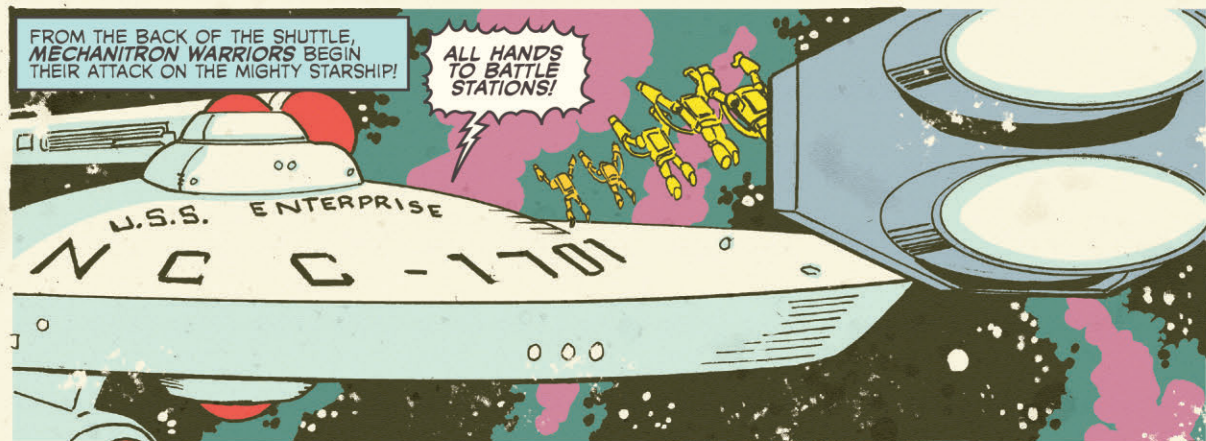


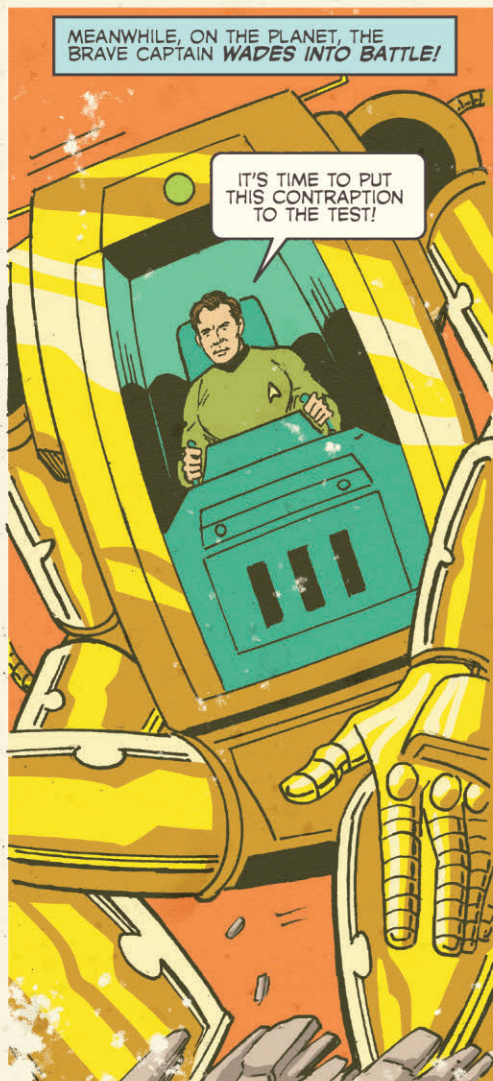
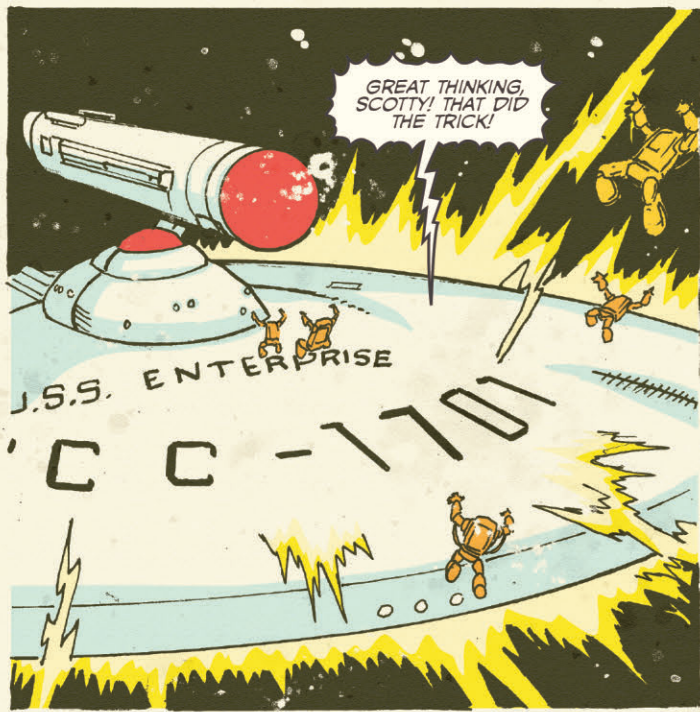
I MAKE THAT
CHALLENGE!

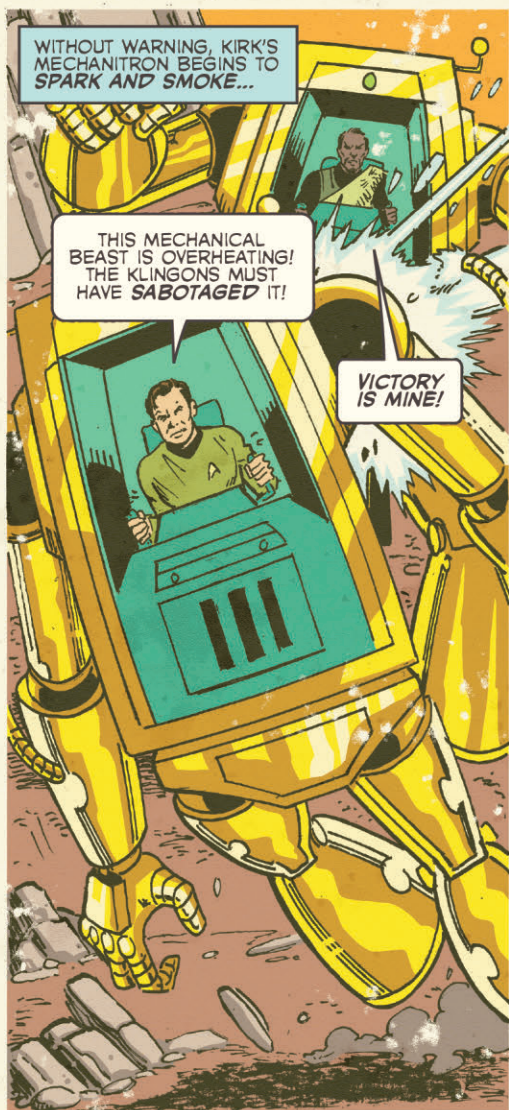
EXCELLENT! THEN WE
SHALL FIGHT—WITH *THE
MECHANITRONS!*











WITHOUT WARNING, KIRK'S MECHANITRON BEGINS TO SPARK AND SMOKE...

THIS MECHANICAL BEAST IS OVERHEATING! THE KLINGONS MUST HAVE SABOTAGED IT!

VICTORY IS MINE!

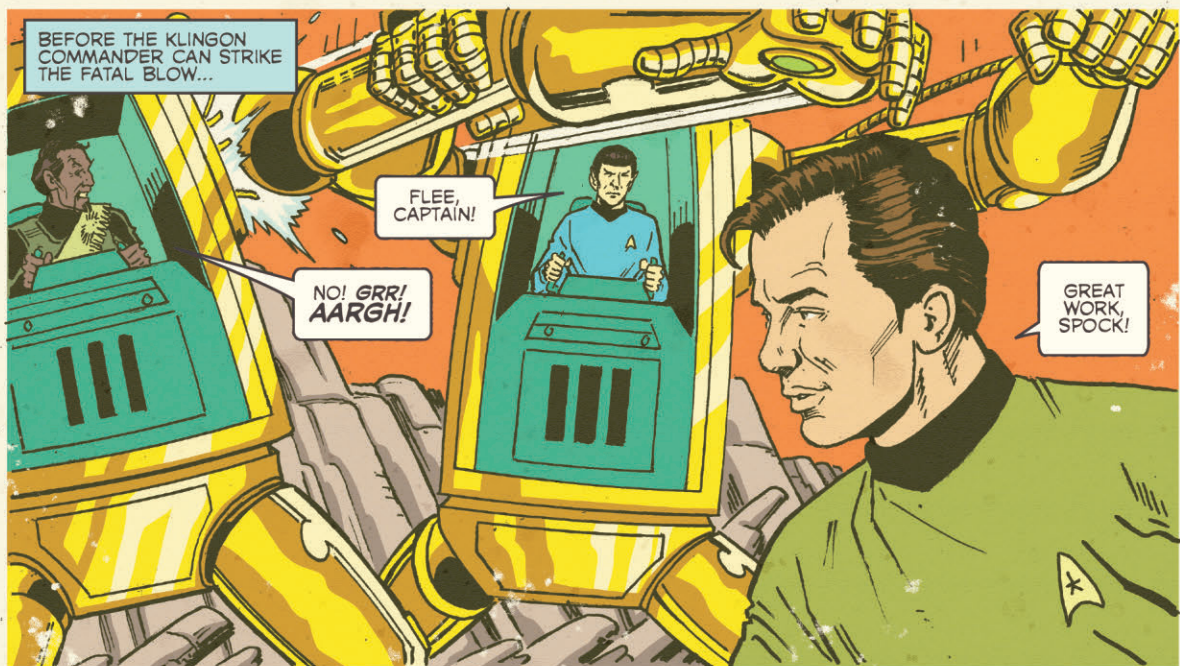


YOU ARE DEFEATED, EARTHLING! THIS PLANET IS OURS!



DESPITE YOUR *TREACHERY*, KLINGON, I'M NOT BEATEN YET!

AT LEAST YOU SHOW BRAVERY IN THE FACE OF YOUR OWN DEATH!

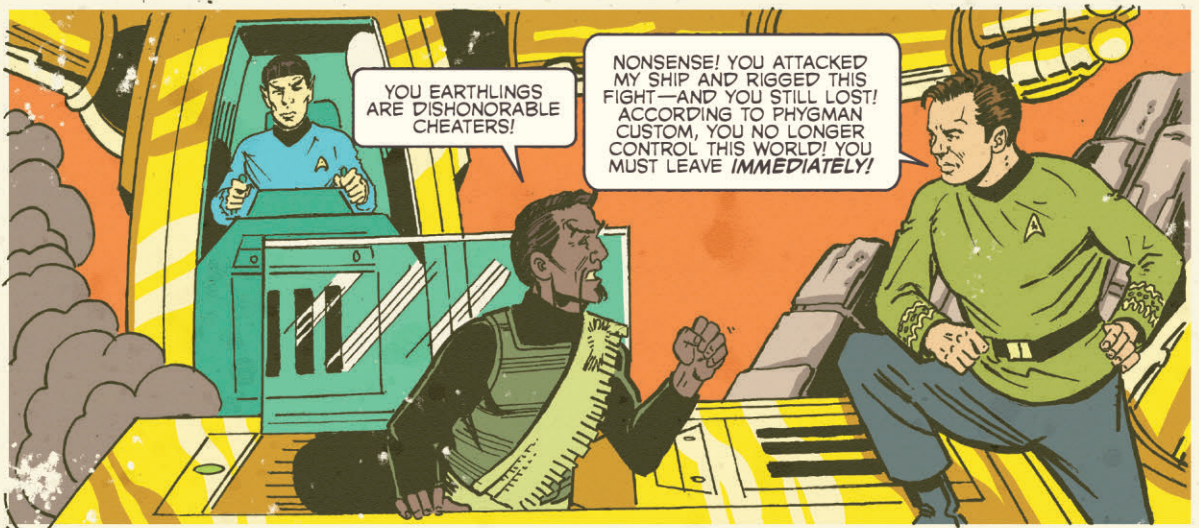


BEFORE THE KLINGON COMMANDER CAN STRIKE THE FATAL BLOW...

FLEE, CAPTAIN!

NO! GRR! AARGH!

GREAT WORK, SPOCK!



YOU EARTHINGS
ARE DISHONORABLE
CHEATERS!

NONSENSE! YOU ATTACKED
MY SHIP AND RIGGED THIS
FIGHT—AND YOU STILL LOST!
ACCORDING TO PHYGMAN
CUSTOM, YOU NO LONGER
CONTROL THIS WORLD! YOU
MUST LEAVE *IMMEDIATELY!*



MY PEOPLE
ARE NOW
YOURS TO
COMMAND!

WE ARE NOT
CONQUERORS.
YOUR PEOPLE
ARE FREE!



AS THE TEAM
TRANSPORTS BACK
TO THE STARSHIP
ABOVE...

WE WILL RETURN
TO HELP YOU SELL
YOUR GRAVITITE AND
*RESTORE YOUR
WORLD!*

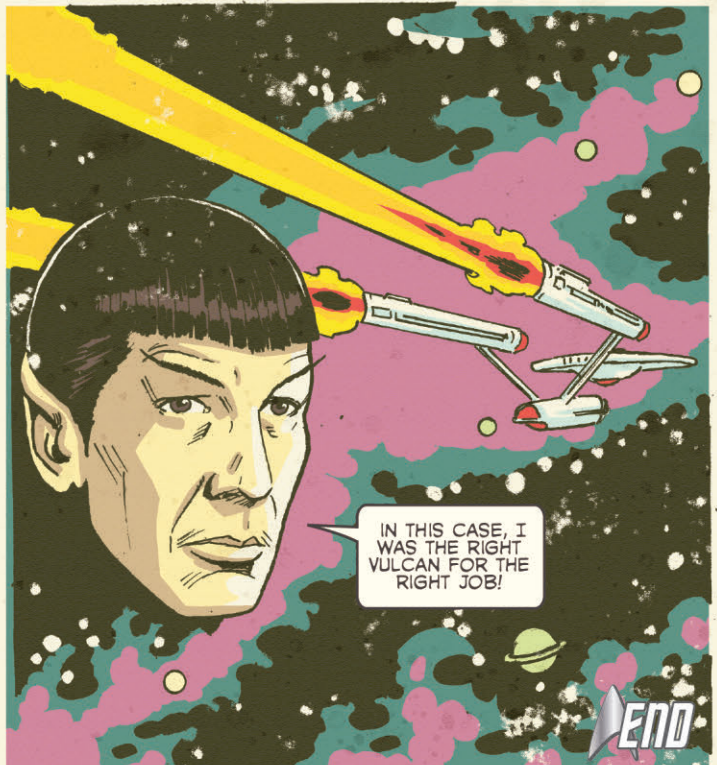
THANK YOU, MY
NEW FRIENDS!



AS CAPTAIN KIRK COMMENDS HIS MEN
FOR THEIR EXCELLENT WORK...

GOOD THING SCOTTY GOT
THAT SECOND MECHANITRON
WORKING JUST IN TIME!

AYE, AND THANKS
TO MR. SPOCK
FOR TAKING THE
CONTROLS!



IN THIS CASE, I
WAS THE RIGHT
VULCAN FOR THE
RIGHT JOB!

END





COVER ART BY
DAVID MALAN

I USED TO SPEND A
LOT OF TIME THINKING
ABOUT MY LEGACY.

OH, RIGHT; I SHOULD
INTRODUCE MYSELF.

THAT'S ME, YEOMAN
LESLIE THOMPSON.
ENGINEERING OFFICER,
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE.



LEGACY

STARDATE: 4657.5. CLASS M PLANET: UNNAMED. KELVAN MILKY WAY EXPEDITION.



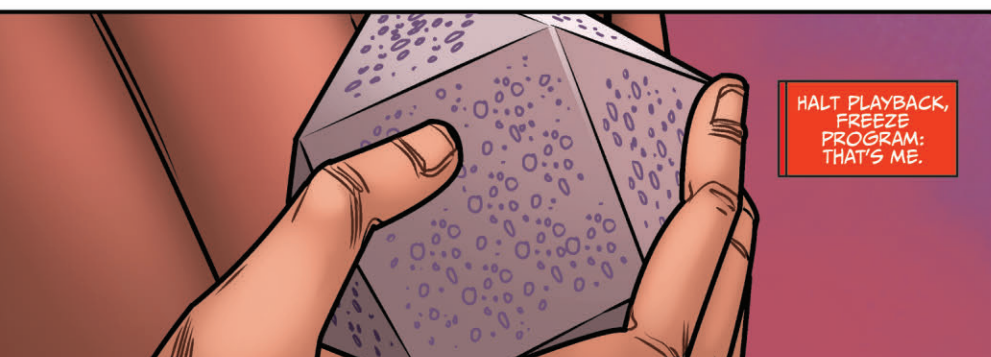
NOPE, NOT THEM.



NO, C'MON.
HIS LEGACY
IS LOCKED
DOWN.



OKAY,
YOU'RE
GETTING
WARMER.

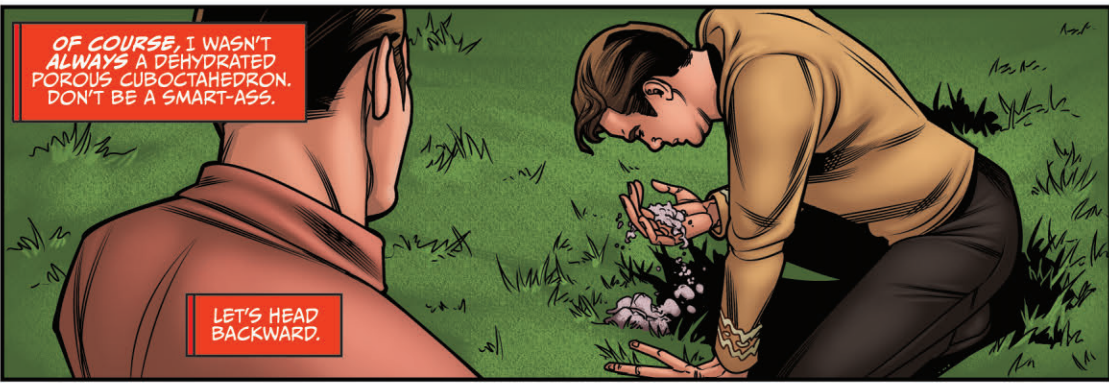


HALT PLAYBACK,
FREEZE
PROGRAM:
THAT'S ME.



CRRRRUNCH

AAAAND THAT'S
HOW I DIED.



OF COURSE, I WASN'T
ALWAYS A DEHYDRATED
POROUS CUBOCTAHEDRON.
DON'T BE A SMART-ASS.

LET'S HEAD
BACKWARD.



THERE, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
ABOUT TO BE *ARBITRARILY* AND
UNEXPECTEDLY KILLED BY A POWER-
HUNGRY MANIAC ON A WHIM.

AT LEAST I WENT OUT
IN MY BEST DRESS.

CAPTAIN...?

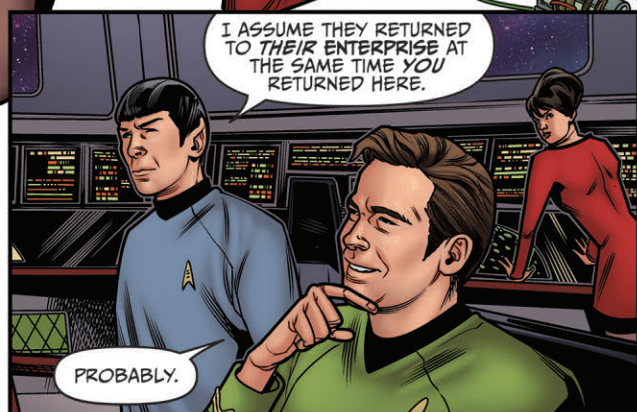
HERE'S A
DUBIOUS
HONOR:

TURNS OUT, I GO DOWN
IN HISTORY AS "YEOMAN
LESLIE THOMPSON, THE
ONLY WOMAN TO DIE ON
AN AWAY MISSION DURING
CAPTAIN KIRK'S INFAMOUS
FIVE-YEAR MISSION."

LUCKY
ME.



"Yeoman Leslie Thompson, Risked Her Job to Eliminate Creepy Mirror Universe Enterprise Crew!"





OR HOW ABOUT:

YEOMAN, NOW!



GOT IT, MR. SCOTT!

Yeoman Leslie Thompson, Risked Her Life to Save Captain Kirk and the Enterprise from the Doomsday Machine!



TRY HER NOW, MR. KYLE!



BRIDGE, WE GOT HIM THROUGH!



PHEW.

THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS:

THOUGH I DIDN'T ALWAYS
AGREE WITH THE CAPTAIN'S
DECISIONS...

...OR UNDERSTAND *HOW* WE
GOT OURSELVES INTO SOME
OF THESE SCRAPES...

"Yeoman Leslie Thompson,
Pulled the Bridge Crew from
Flaming Orbital Burn-Ups More
Times Than She Can Count!"

C'MON,
C'MON...

TRANSPORTERS
LOCKED IN,
SIR.

ACTIVATE
BEAM!

RAAAAAGH!

C'MON...

CAPTAIN,
TRANSPORTER
ROOM JUST
BEAMED UP FIVE
PERSONS—

ALIVE AND
WELL!



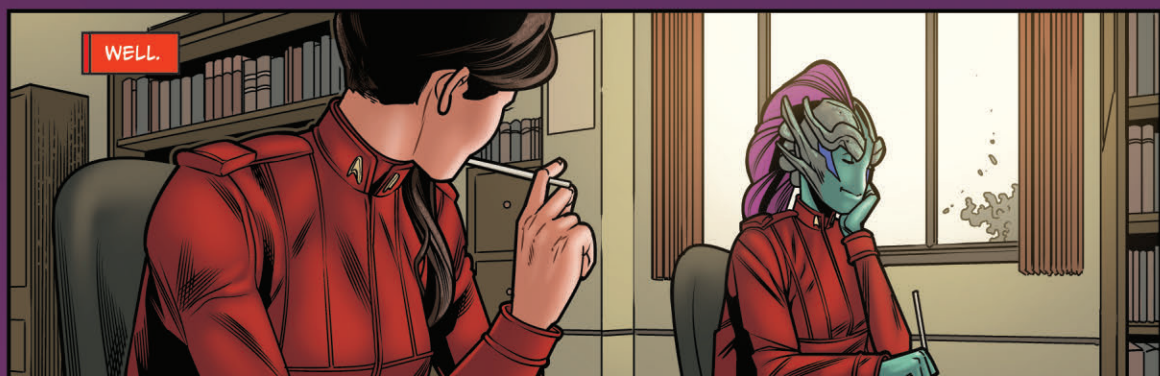
...I ALWAYS BELIEVED
IN STARFLEET. MORE
STRONGLY THAN
ANYTHING ELSE.

I KNEW STARFLEET'S
MISSION MEANT THE
CHANCE FOR A BETTER
FUTURE. FOR EVERYONE.

I BET I
CAN SCORE
HIGHER THAN
YOU ON THIS
TEST.

NOT A
CHANCE.

AND THAT?



2353. STARFLEET ACADEMY, SAN FRANCISCO.

I MIGHT *NEVER*
BE KNOWN FOR MY
ACCOMPLISHMENTS.



BUT IF WHAT I LOST—WHAT I
WAS WILLING TO *SACRIFICE*—
IN THE NAME OF STARFLEET IS
TO BE MY ULTIMATE LEGACY...

YEOMAN LESLIE THOMPSON

...THEN I HOPE IT
DOES SOMEONE,
SOMEWHERE,
SOME *GOOD*.

FRANCES

**"Yeoman Leslie Thompson,
Who Did What Needed to Be
Done - for Starfleet."**





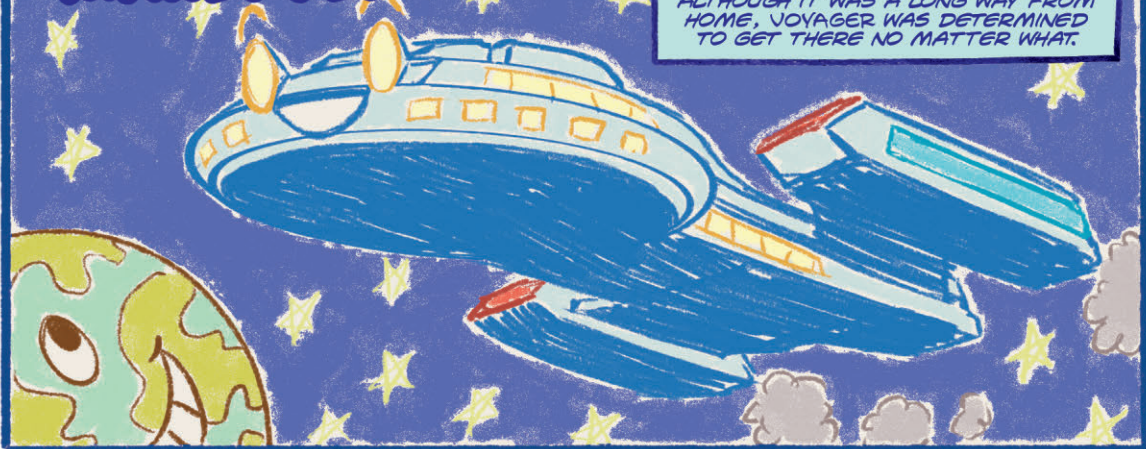


COVER ART BY
DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON

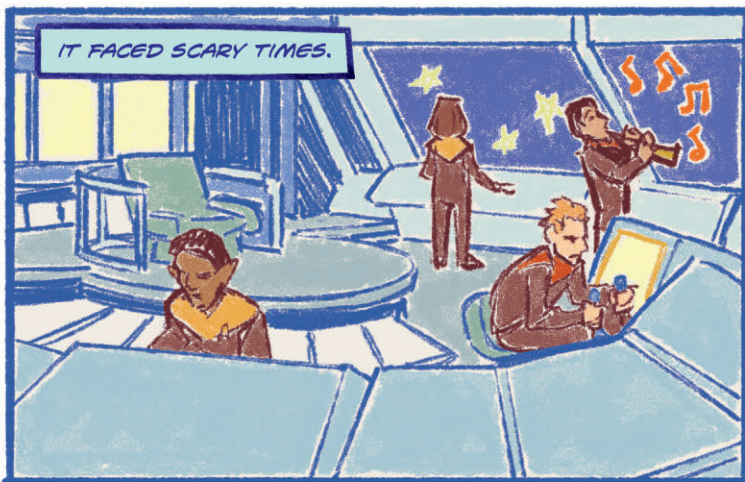
THE WILDMAN MANEUVER

ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WAS A BRAVE LITTLE
STARSHIP NAMED VOYAGER.

ALTHOUGH IT WAS A LONG WAY FROM
HOME, VOYAGER WAS DETERMINED
TO GET THERE NO MATTER WHAT.



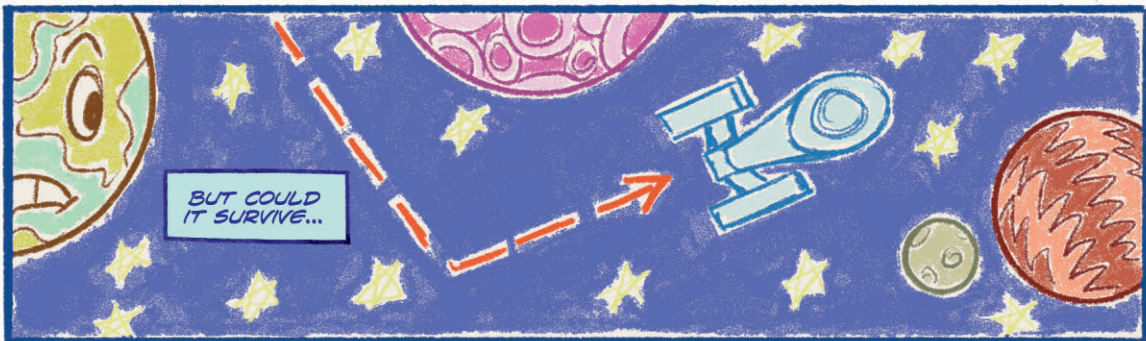
IT FACED SCARY TIMES.



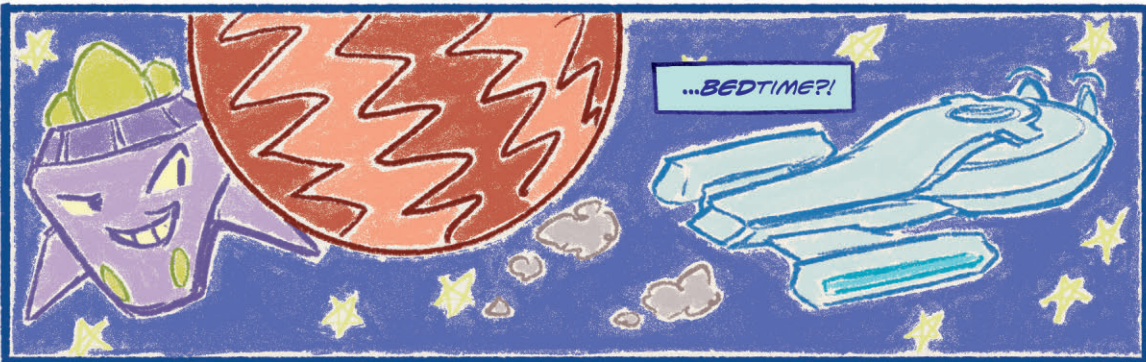
AND SAD
TIMES.

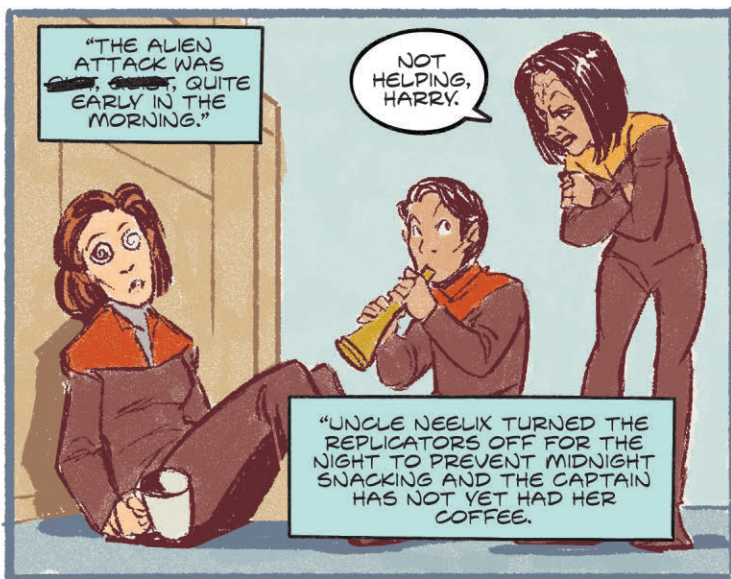
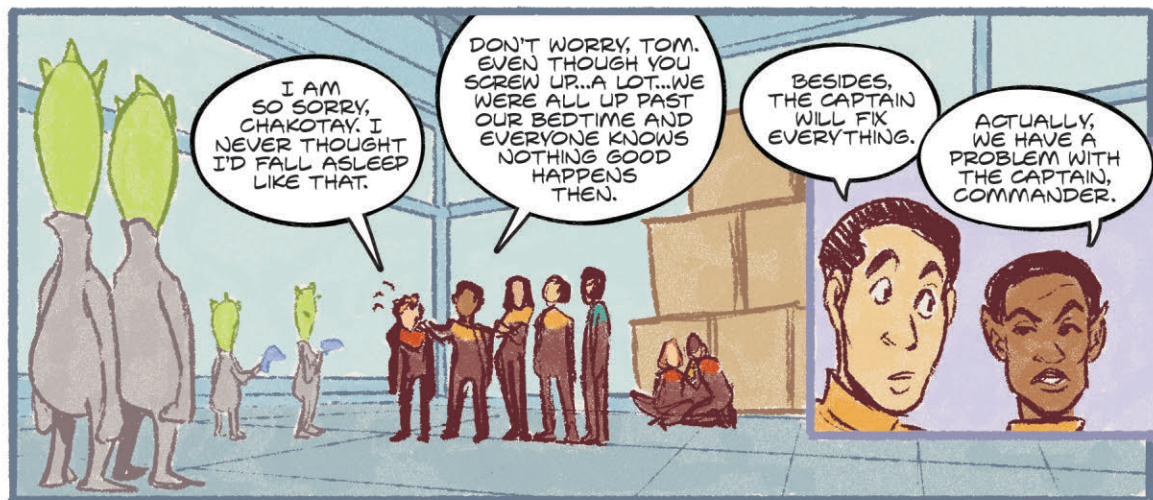


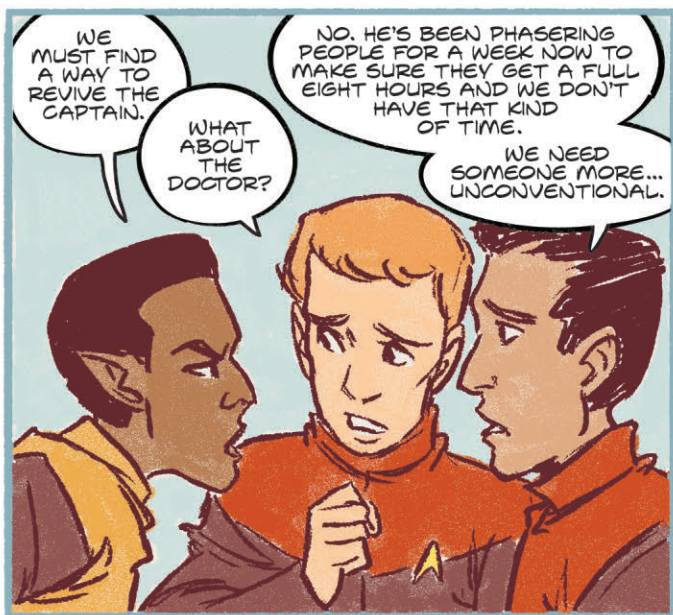
BUT COULD
IT SURVIVE...



...BEDTIME?!

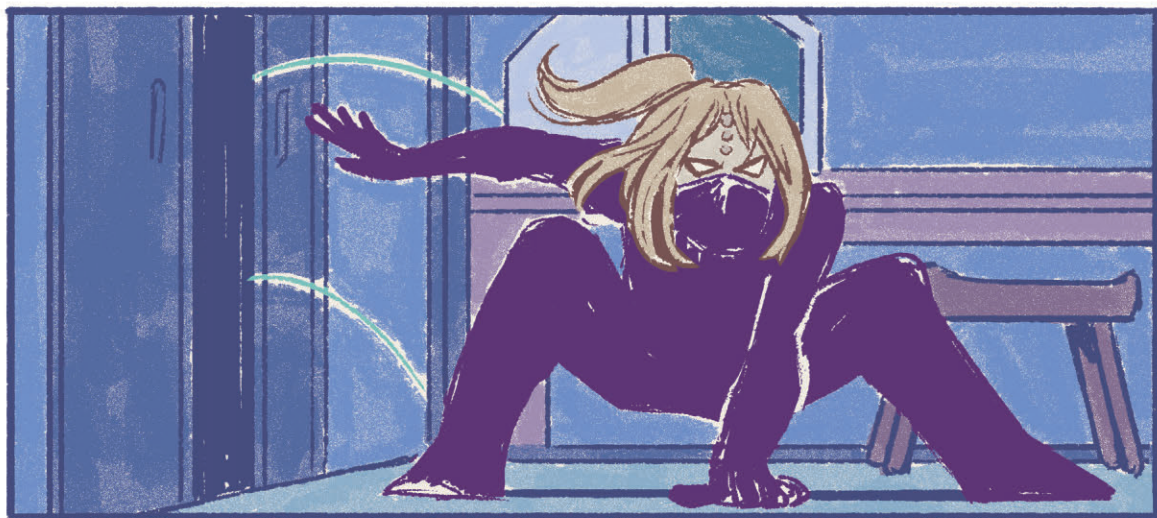






"ENSIGN,
SPECIAL-CLASS
WILDMAN."

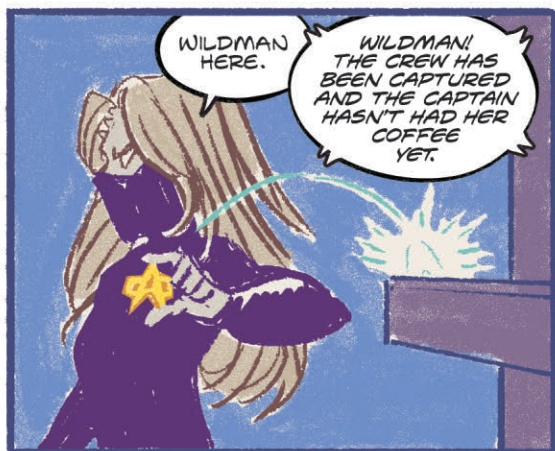
DEE-DEET



WILDMAN
HERE.

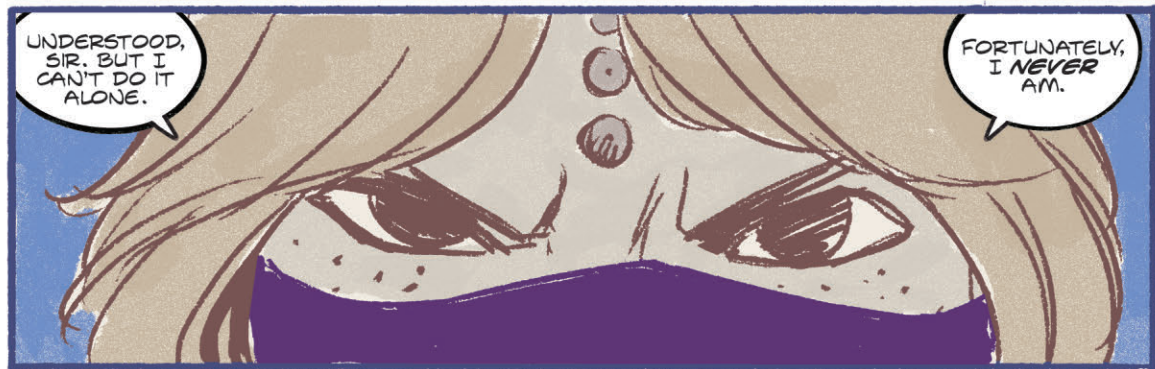
WILDMAN!
THE CREW HAS
BEEN CAPTURED
AND THE CAPTAIN
HASN'T HAD HER
COFFEE
YET.

YOU NEED TO SNEAK INTO THE MESS HALL,
GET HER COFFEE AND GET HERE BEFORE
WE'RE ALL SOLD INTO SERVITUDE.



UNDERSTOOD,
SIR. BUT I
CAN'T DO IT
ALONE.

FORTUNATELY,
I NEVER
AM.



SEVEN. THE
SHIP NEEDS
US. YOU
READY?

zip!

ALWAYS.

THEN
LET'S
GET THAT
COFFEE.
BLACK.

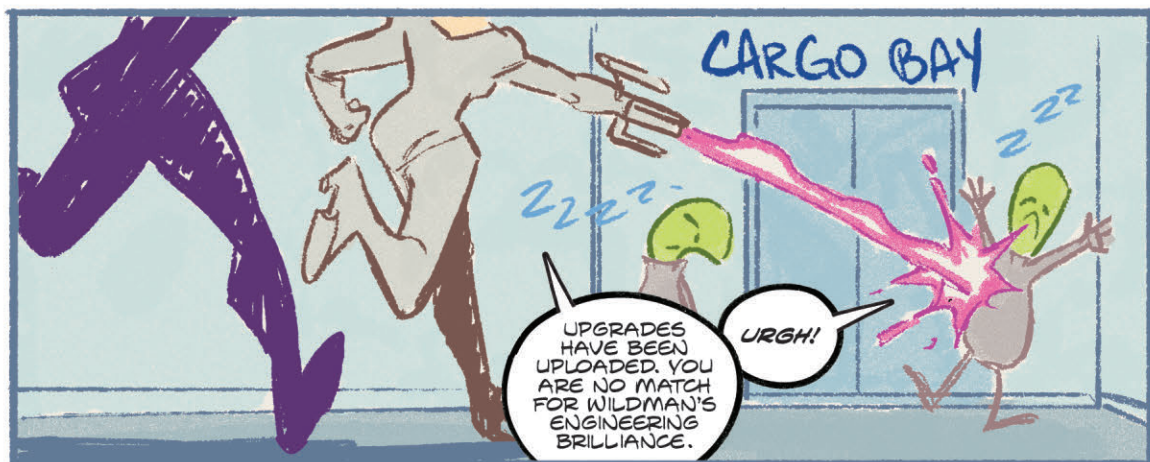
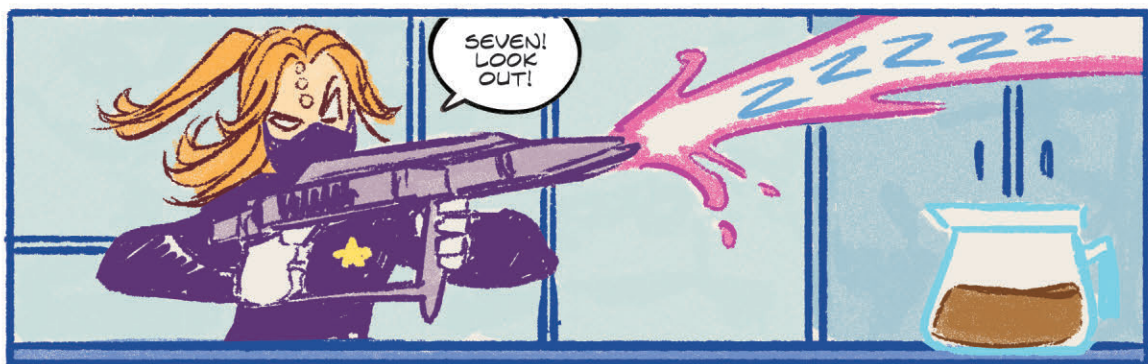
WELCOME TO
THE FEDERATION,
BOYS! OUR PRIME
DIRECTIVE...KICKING
YOUR BUTTS!

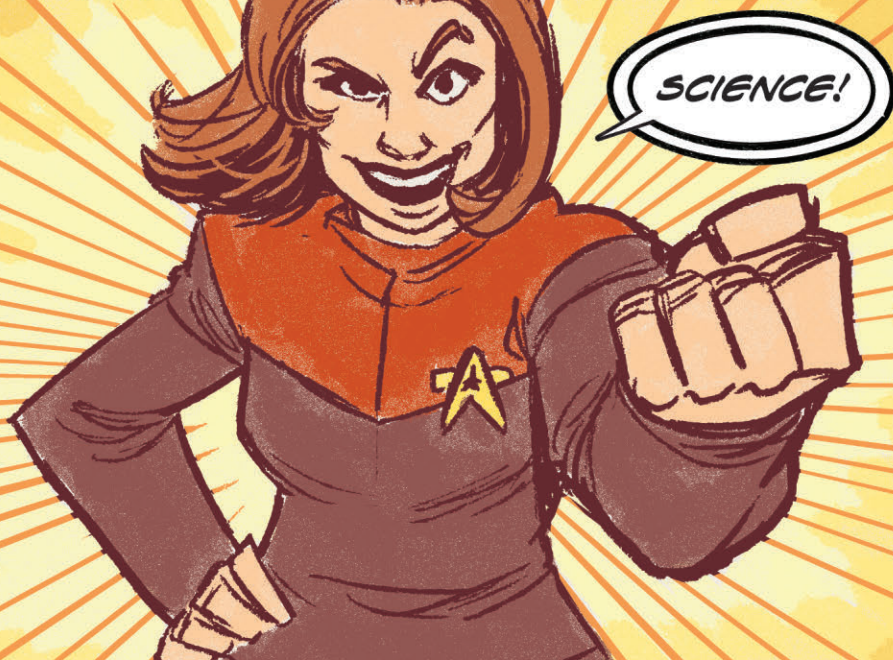
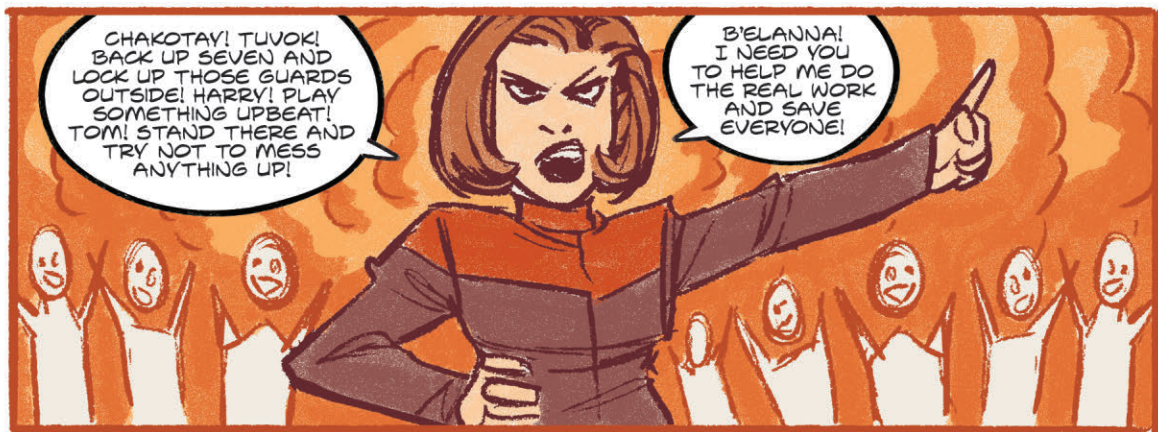
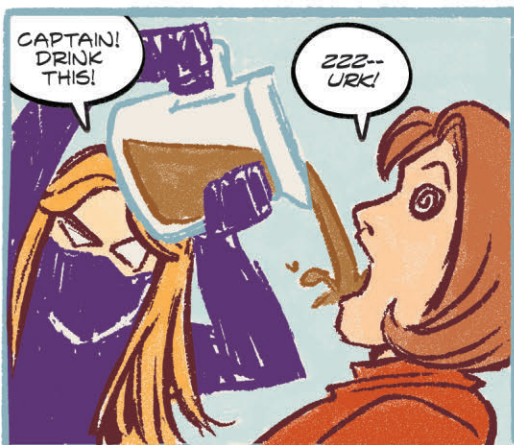
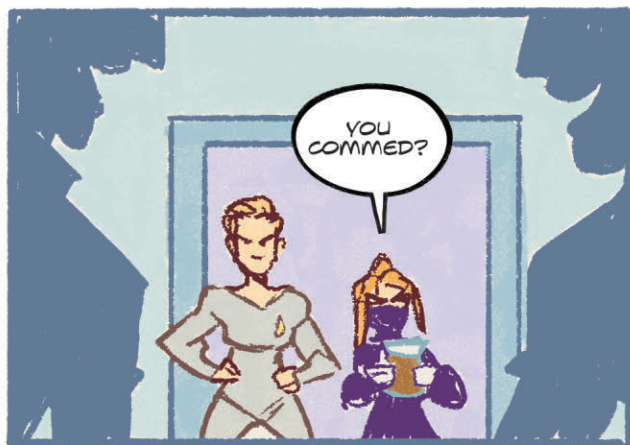
RESISTANCE
IS FUTILE!

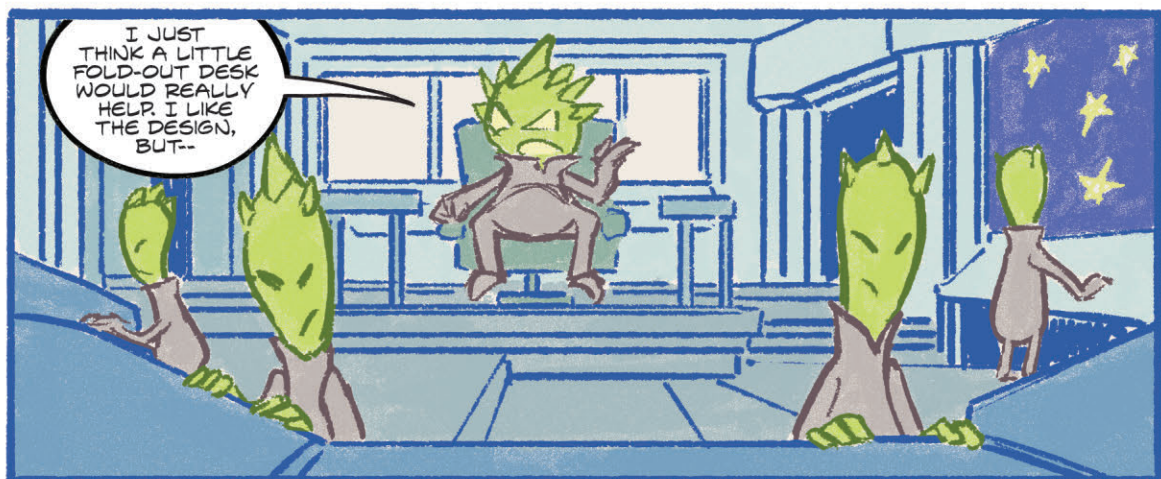
HOLD
'EM OFF,
SEVEN!

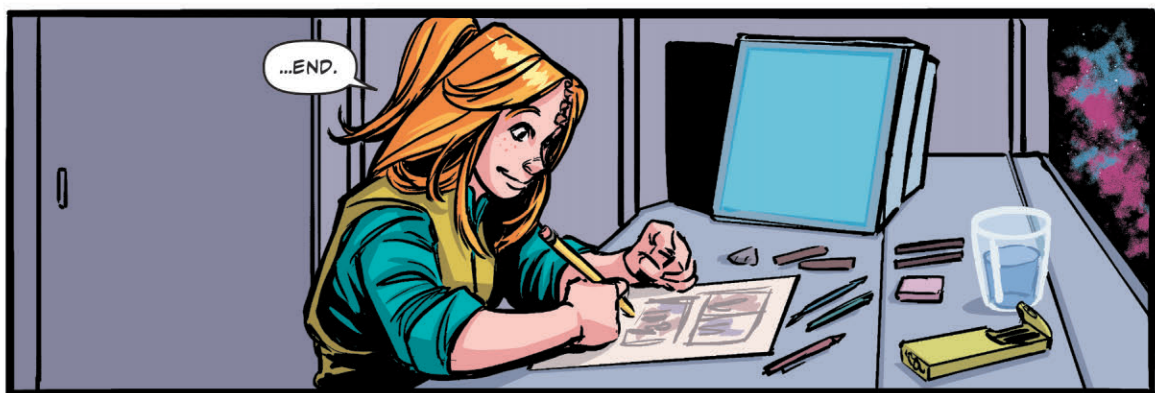
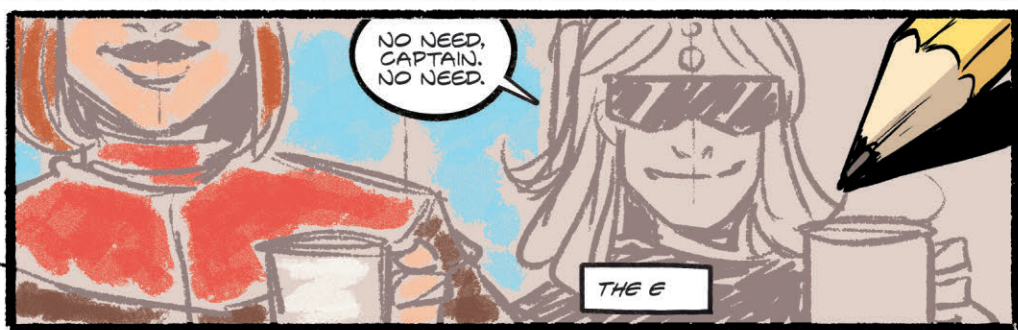
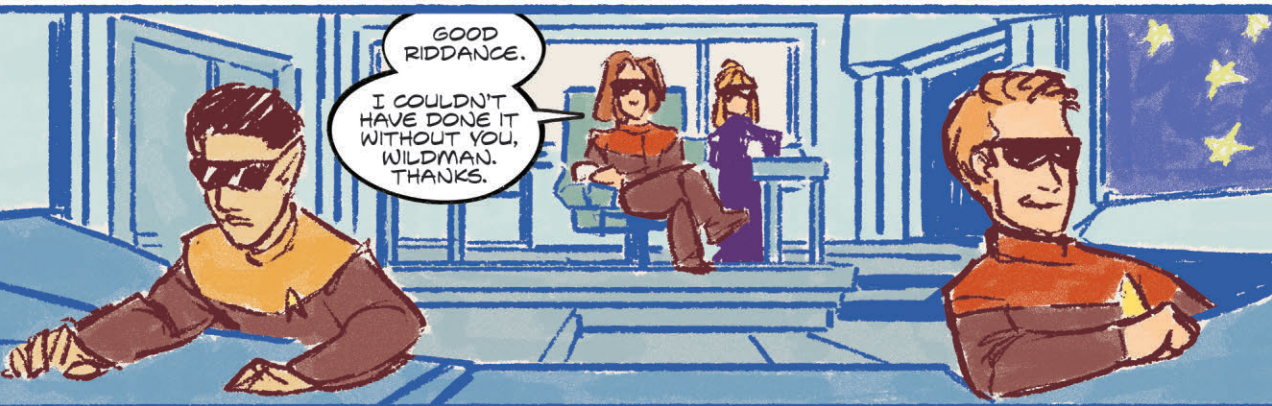
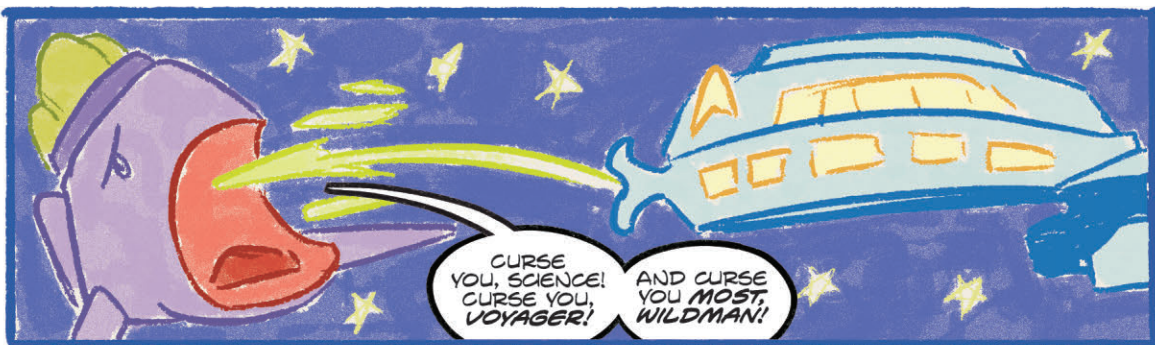
UNCLE
NEELIX?!

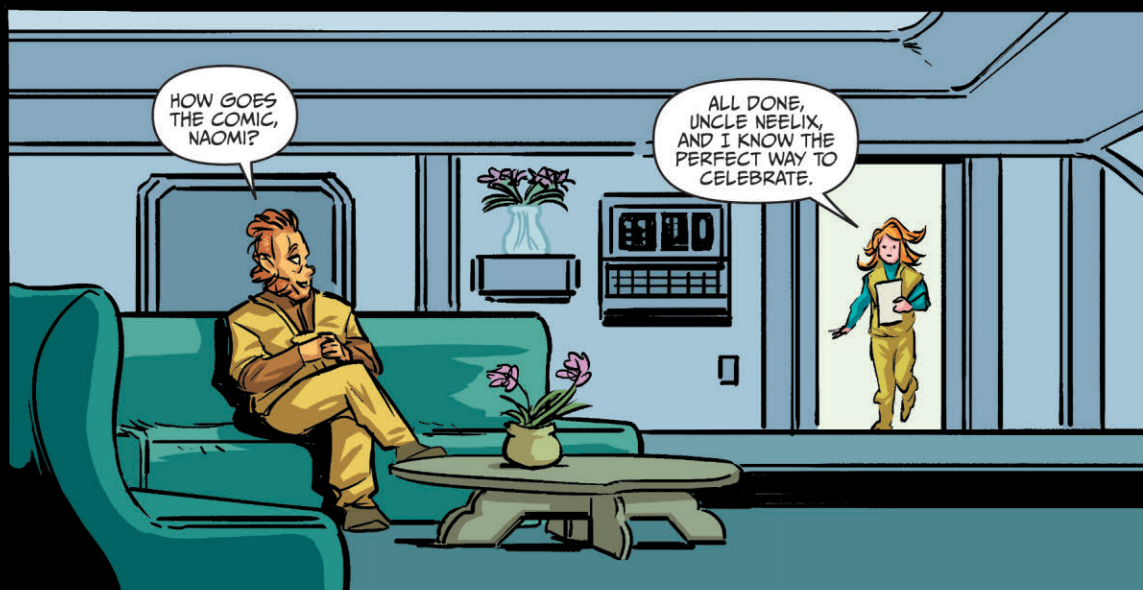
I'LL COME
BACK FOR
YOU, BUT I
NEED TO KNOW...
WHERE IS THE
COFFEE?!











HOW GOES
THE COMIC,
NAOMI?

ALL DONE,
UNCLE NEELIX,
AND I KNOW THE
PERFECT WAY TO
CELEBRATE.



COFFEE.
BLACK.

WHRRR

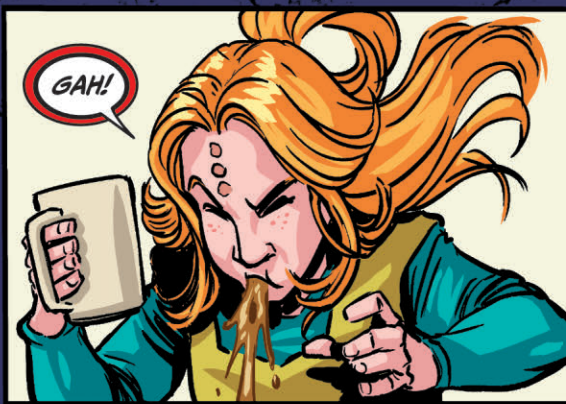


COFFEE?
ISN'T THAT A
LITTLE...GROWN-UP?
EVEN FOR A
GROWN-UP GIRL
LIKE YOU?

IT'S THE
CAPTAIN'S
FAVORITE
DRINK, NEELIX.
IT *HAS* TO BE
GOOD.



SIP



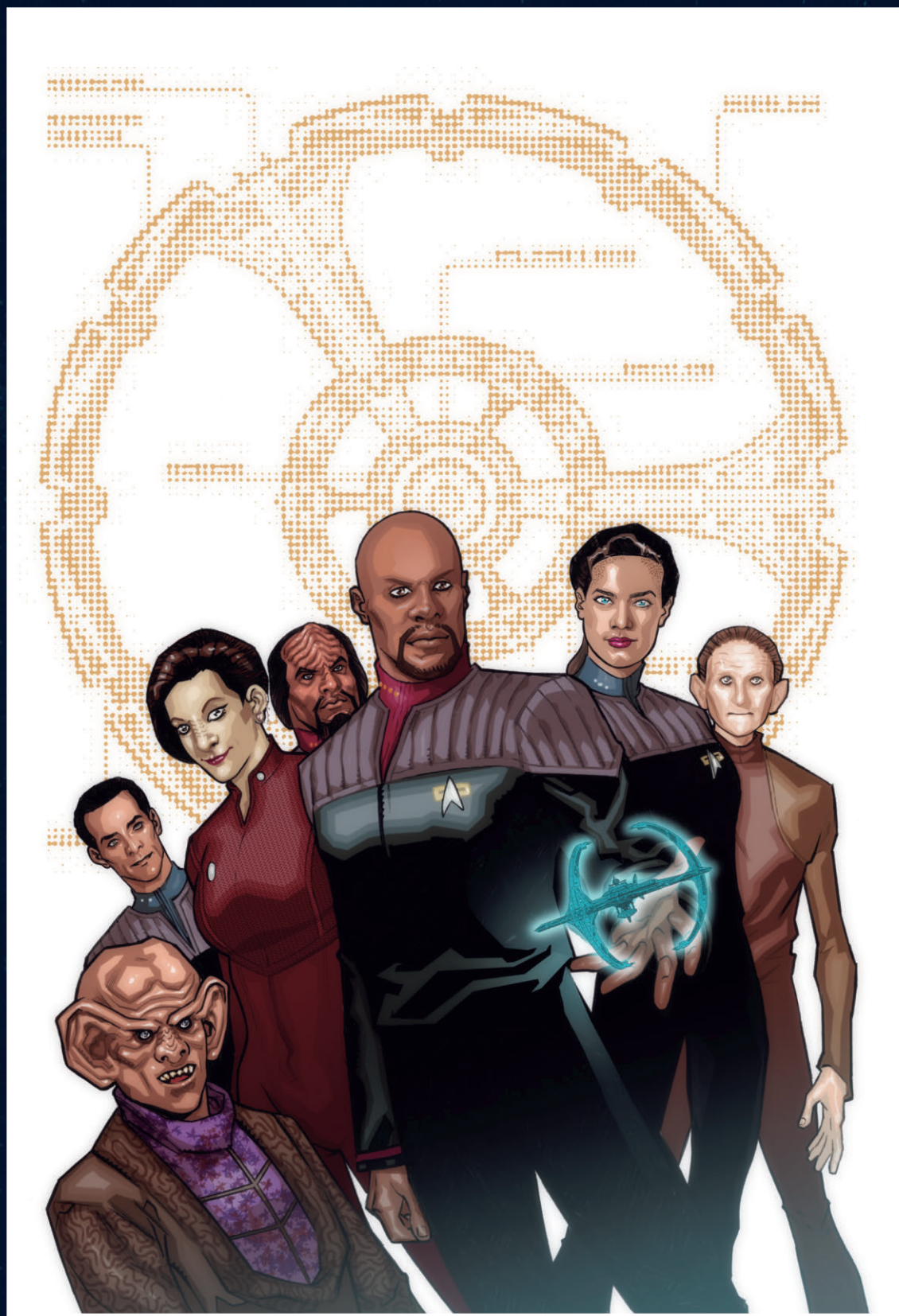
GAH!



AW,
THAT'S JUST
GROSS.

END.





COVER ART BY
DAVID MESSINA

Mother's Walk

SHAR D'AN.

HOW HAVE I NEVER NOTICED IT THERE BEFORE?

KIRA, THIS IS DAX. THE HOLOSUITE IS READY FOR US NOW.

I'M ON MY WAY.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE SOMETHING THAT YOU NEVER REALLY SAW CLEARLY UNTIL NOW?

HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. WE DON'T REALLY SEE SOME THINGS UNTIL WE'RE READY TO.

YOU ALMOST SOUND BAJORAN...

LEVEL ONE COMMENCING.

ANYWAY, SHAR D'AN IS A CONSTELLATION SO LOW ON THE HORIZON THAT MOST OF THE YEAR ONLY HALF OF IT IS VISIBLE.

IT'S IN THE SKY DURING MY BIRTHDAY AND SIGNALS AN OLD TRADITION. THE MOTHER'S WALK.

UP HERE ON THE STATION, SHAR'DAN HANGS YEAR-ROUND. I JUST NEVER REALLY SAW IT UNTIL NOW.

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT TRADITION.

IT'S AN OLD TALE. I'LL TELL IT TO YOU.

BAJORAN MOUNTAINS. THE DEEP PAST.

"SHAR AND HER DAUGHTER, D'AN, WENT TO A NEIGHBORING VILLAGE TO SELL THE BOLTS OF FABRIC THAT THEY WOVE AND GET SUPPLIES TO LAST THROUGH THE WINTER."

THEY WERE ALWAYS ARGUING BITTERLY.

AS MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OFTEN DO.

YOU WALK TOO FAST.

AND YOU TALK TOO MUCH.



"A STORM HIT, AND THEY PUT ASIDE THEIR GRIEVANCES TO SURVIVE, BUT THEY LOST EVERYTHING THEY HAD..."



"...EXCEPT FOR ONE BOLT OF FABRIC, WHICH HELPED SHIELD THEM AGAINST THE ELEMENTS. THEY LOOPED IT TOGETHER SO THEY WOULD NOT GET SEPARATED."

IF WE TAKE IT SLOW, WE CAN MAKE IT.

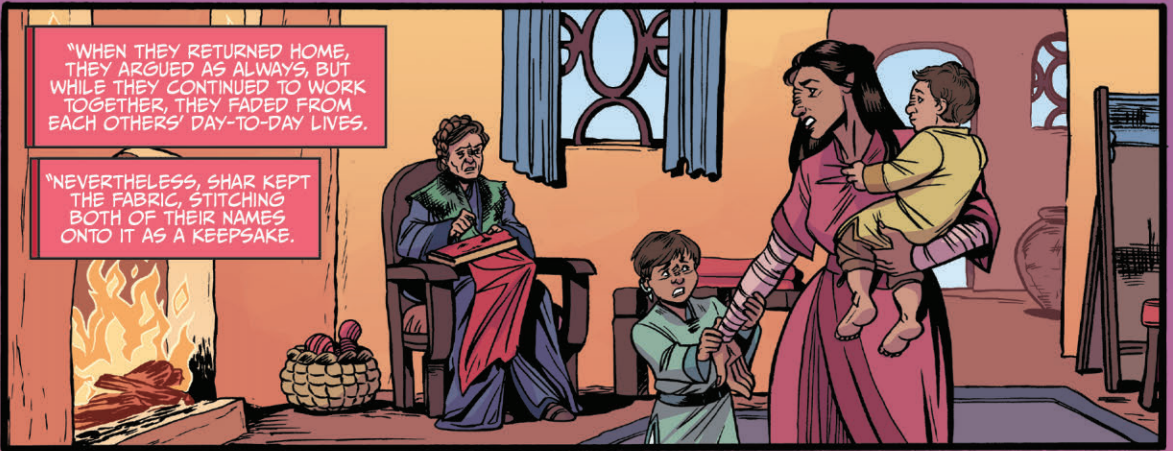
CAREFUL ON THIS ICE.



"WITH NOTHING BUT THE BOLT TO SELL, THEY FACED RUIN. BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH ANYONE OFFERED, THEY BEGGED INSTEAD OF SELLING THE PIECE OF FABRIC THAT HAD KEPT THEM ALIVE."

"WHEN THEY RETURNED HOME, THEY ARGUED AS ALWAYS, BUT WHILE THEY CONTINUED TO WORK TOGETHER, THEY FADED FROM EACH OTHERS' DAY-TO-DAY LIVES.

"NEVERTHELESS, SHAR KEPT THE FABRIC, STITCHING BOTH OF THEIR NAMES ONTO IT AS A KEEPSAKE.



"AND EVERY YEAR, SHAR AND D'AN WOULD COME TOGETHER AND WALK TO THE MARKET AND KEEP THEIR PEACE.

"BECAUSE THEY WORKED TOGETHER, THEIR BUSINESS GREW, AND THEY NEVER SUFFERED RUIN AGAIN.



"ON HER DEATHBED, SHAR GAVE D'AN THE EMBROIDERED BOLT THAT HAD SAVED THEM BOTH. SHE'D STITCHED THE NAMES OF THE OTHER WOMEN IN THEIR FAMILY ON IT AS WELL."

"WHEN THEY BOTH DIED, THE PROPHETS PUT THEM IN THE SKY. AND ONCE A YEAR, THEY COME TOGETHER TO WALK, AS THEY ALWAYS HAD.

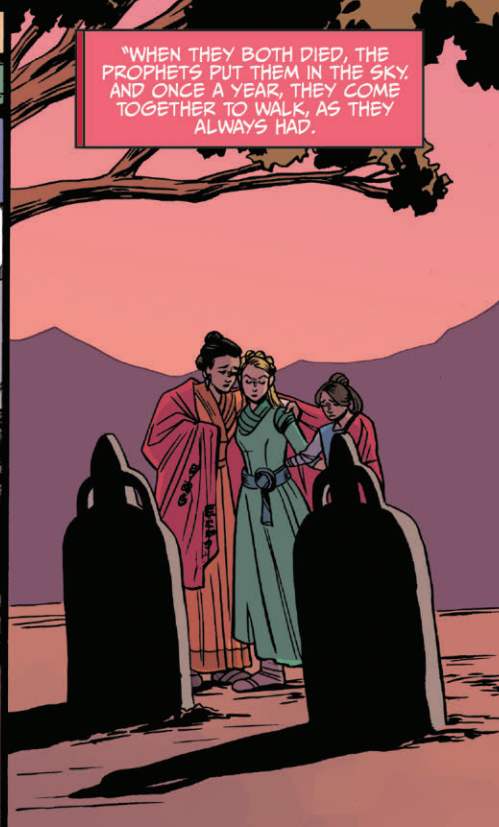
"EVERY FAMILY HAD A PIECE OF FABRIC, STITCHED WITH THE NAMES OF IMPORTANT WOMEN. AND ONCE A YEAR, THE WOMEN WOULD WALK TOGETHER.

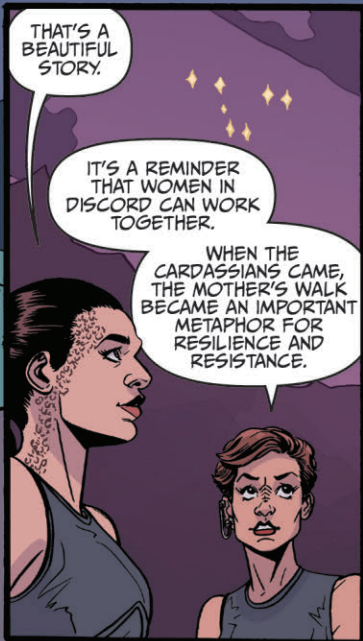
"TO DO A SHAR D'AN ENSURES PEACE BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR MOTHER FIGURE IN THE AFTERLIFE, NO MATTER WHAT CAME BETWEEN YOU IN LIFE."



IT WAS NEVER EASY WITH US.

BUT WE SURVIVED. AND WE ALWAYS HAD THAT WALK.



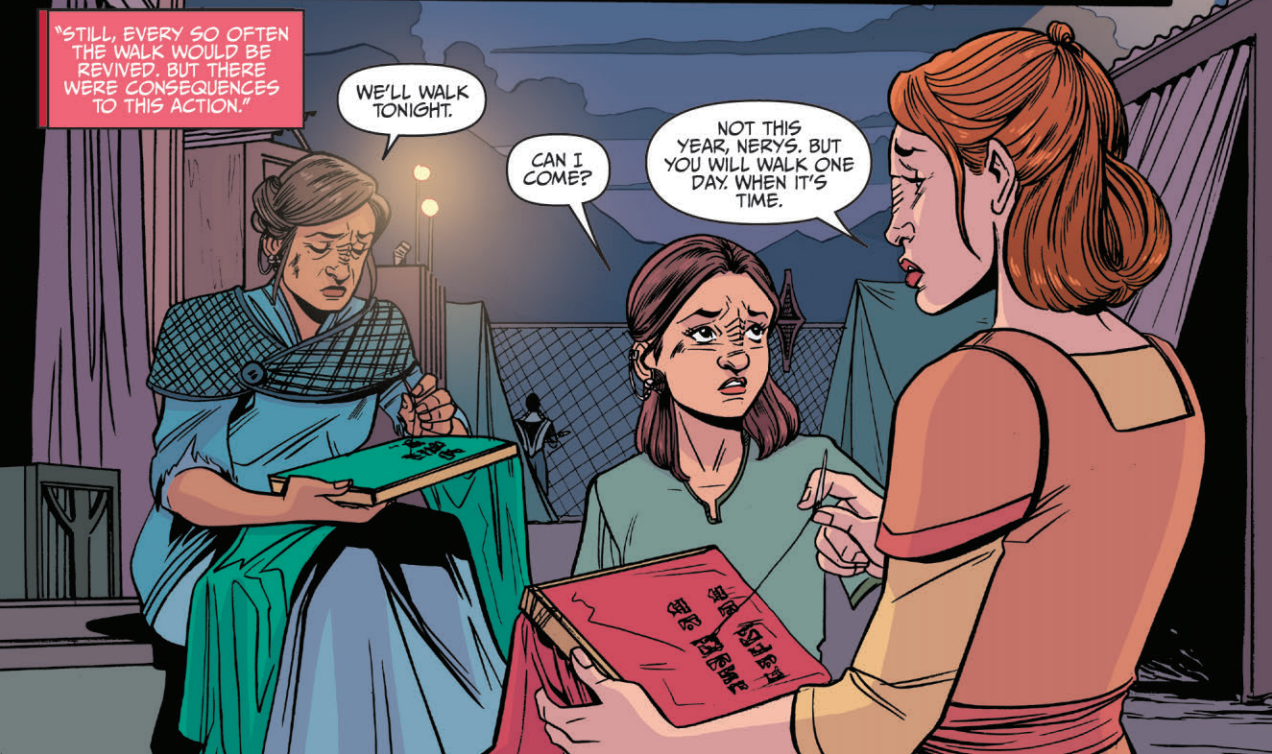


*STILL, EVERY SO OFTEN THE WALK WOULD BE REVIVED. BUT THERE WERE CONSEQUENCES TO THIS ACTION.

WE'LL WALK TONIGHT.

CAN I COME?

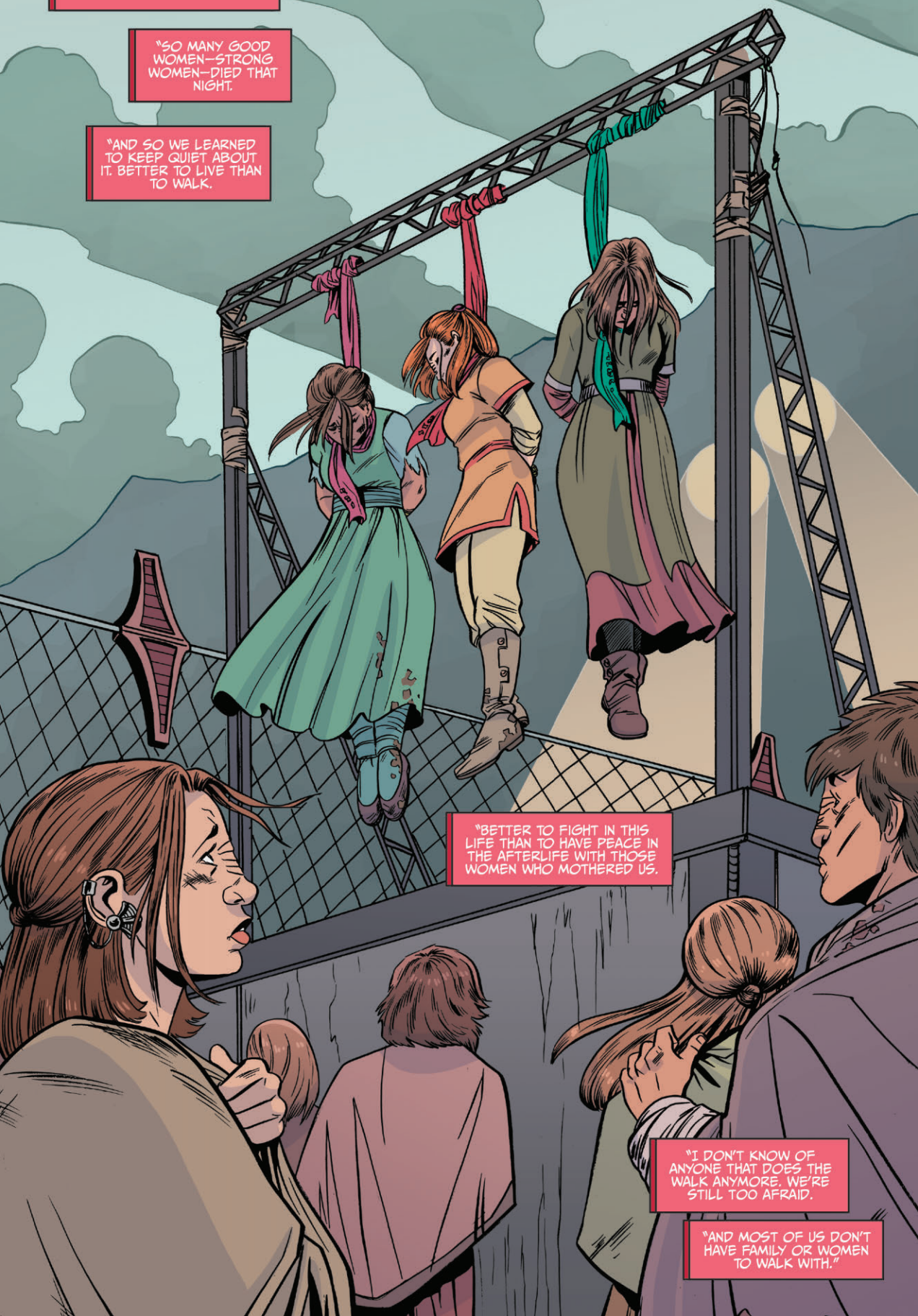
NOT THIS YEAR, NERYS. BUT YOU WILL WALK ONE DAY. WHEN IT'S TIME.



"I SUPPOSE THAT WAS
WHEN I STOPPED SEEING THE
CONSTELLATION IN THE SKY."

"SO MANY GOOD
WOMEN—STRONG
WOMEN—DIED THAT
NIGHT."

"AND SO WE LEARNED
TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT
IT. BETTER TO LIVE THAN
TO WALK."

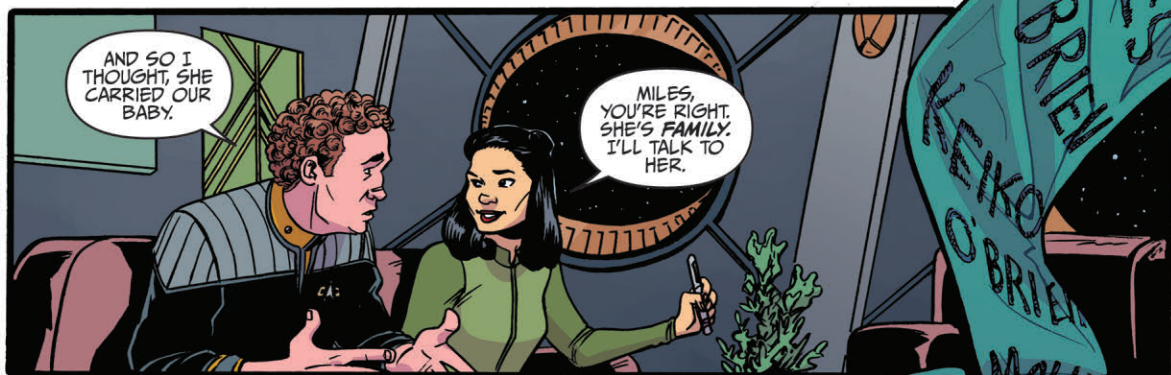


"BETTER TO FIGHT IN THIS
LIFE THAN TO HAVE PEACE IN
THE AFTERLIFE WITH THOSE
WOMEN WHO MOTHERED US."

"I DON'T KNOW OF
ANYONE THAT DOES THE
WALK ANYMORE. WE'RE
STILL TOO AFRAID."

"AND MOST OF US DON'T
HAVE FAMILY OR WOMEN
TO WALK WITH."





THE THING IS, IT'S FOR FAMILY. I HAVE NO FAMILY.

WELL, AS I HAVE NO REAL GENDER, I COULD WALK WITH YOU.

SHE'S DECLINED EVERY OFFER SO FAR. YET IT SEEMS TO BE IMPORTANT TO HER. SYMBOLIC.

I'VE BEEN READING UP ON THE TRADITION...

AS THE EMISSARY, PERHAPS I COULD WALK WITH HER?

I DON'T KNOW. I'D BE AFRAID EVEN NOW TO WALK, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE RID OF THE CARDASSIANS.

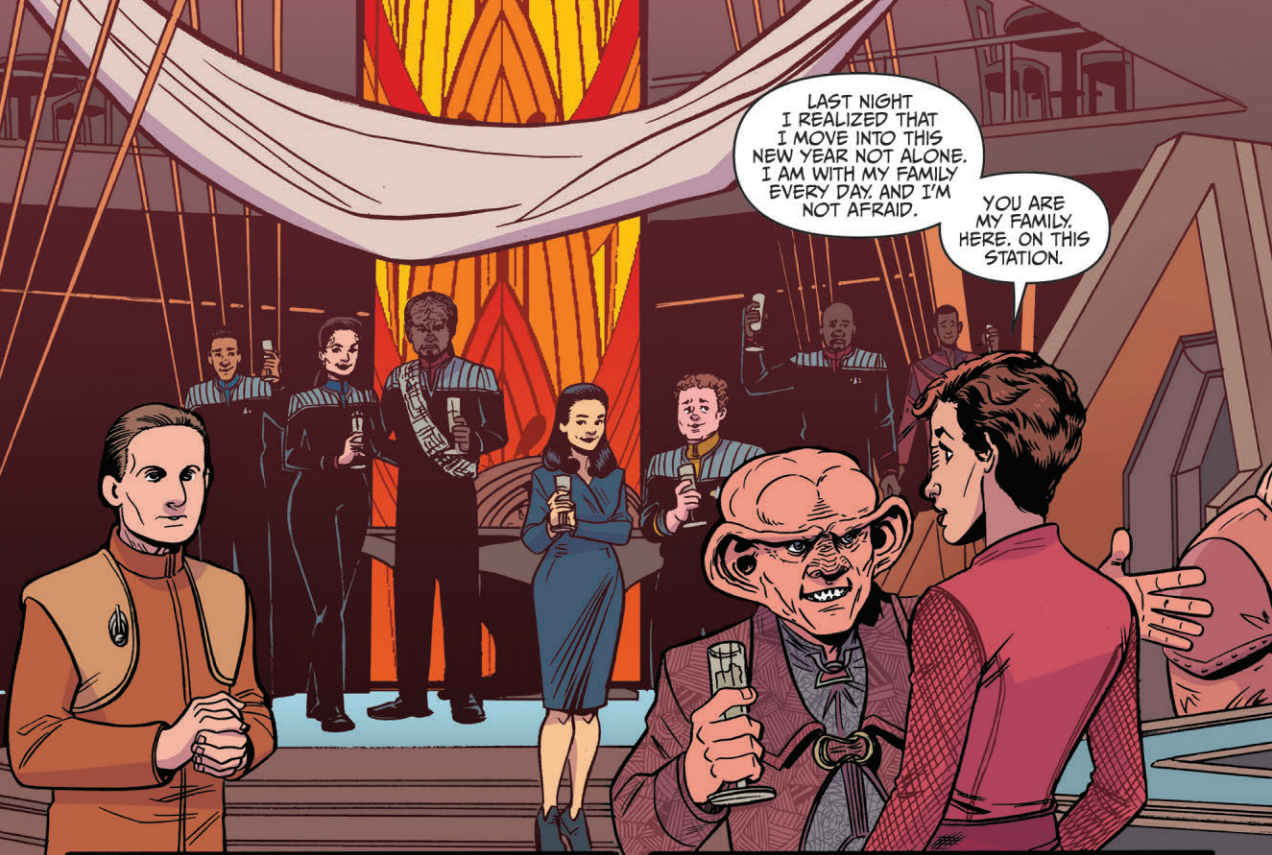
AS I MOVE THROUGH ANOTHER YEAR OF MY LIFE, IT IS SHAR D'AN AND I DO NOT WALK.

WILL I EVER HAVE PEACE WITH MY FAMILY? WITH THE WOMEN WHO MENTORED ME? WHAT IS FAMILY?

WHAT IS A MOTHER FIGURE?

SHOW ME WHAT I CANNOT SEE.

KIRA, IT'S TIME. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE TO YOUR OWN PARTY!



LAST NIGHT I REALIZED THAT I MOVE INTO THIS NEW YEAR NOT ALONE. I AM WITH MY FAMILY EVERY DAY, AND I'M NOT AFRAID.

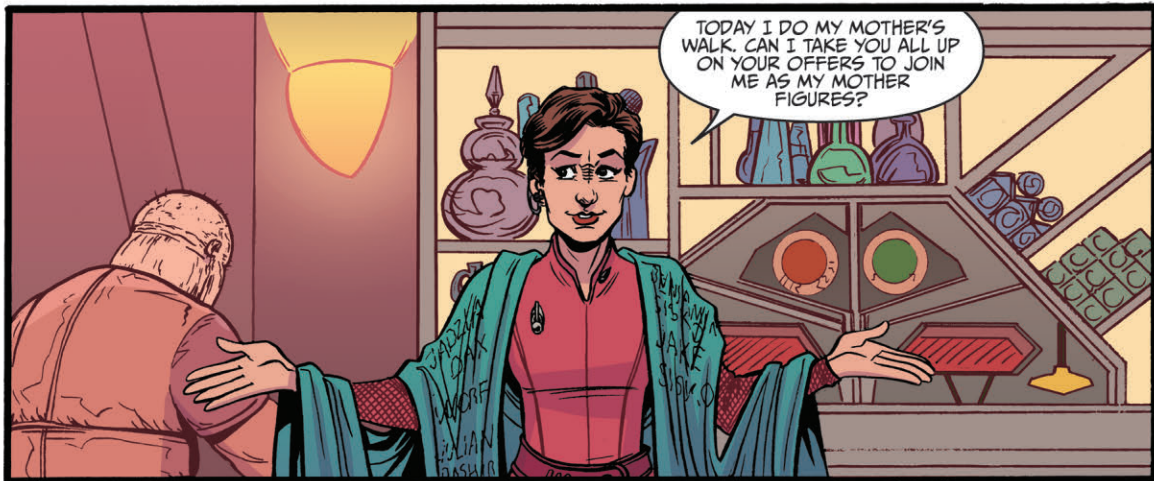
YOU ARE MY FAMILY. HERE, ON THIS STATION.



THAT'S EXACTLY HOW WE ALL FEEL ABOUT YOU...



A SHAR D'AN. I NEVER HAD ONE. IT'S PERFECT.



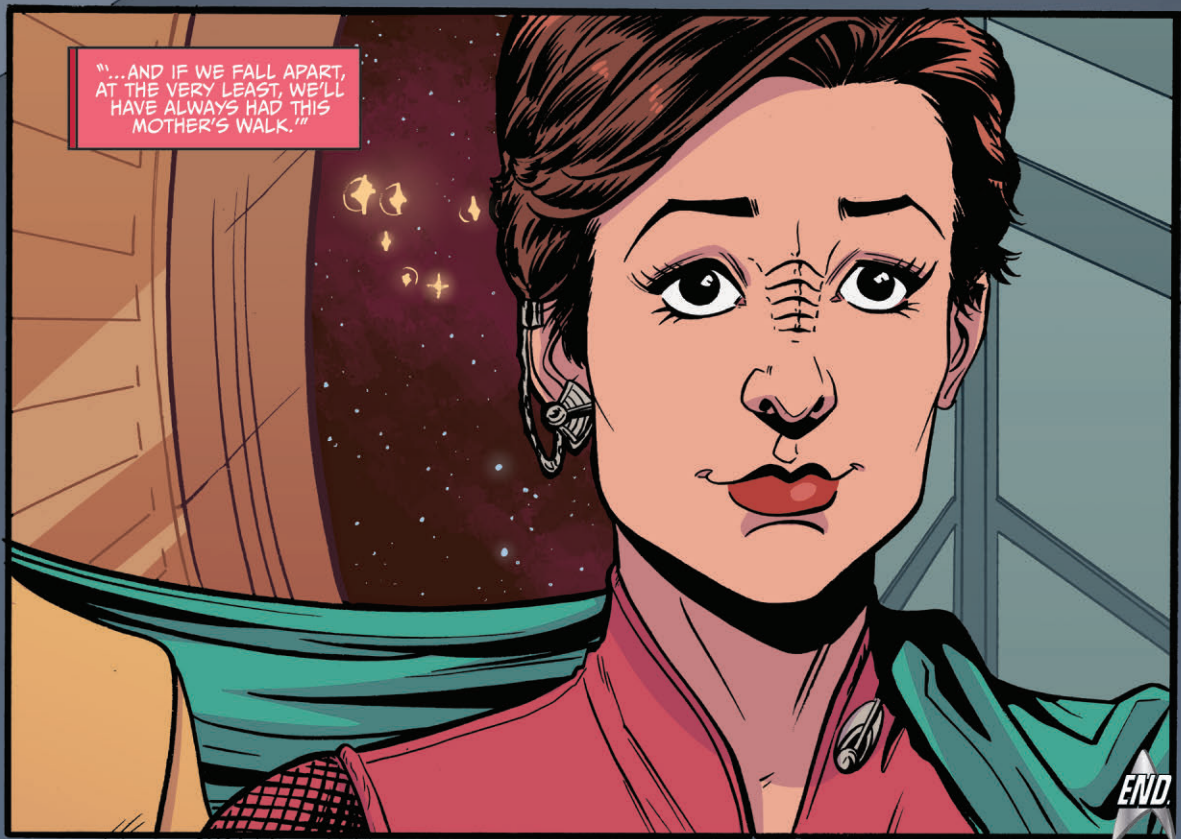
TODAY I DO MY MOTHER'S WALK. CAN I TAKE YOU ALL UP ON YOUR OFFERS TO JOIN ME AS MY MOTHER FIGURES?

"AND SHAR SAID
TO D'AN, 'NO MATTER
WHAT HAPPENS, IN THIS
WORLD OR THE NEXT..."

"WE CAN WORK
TOGETHER FOR
A WHILE..."

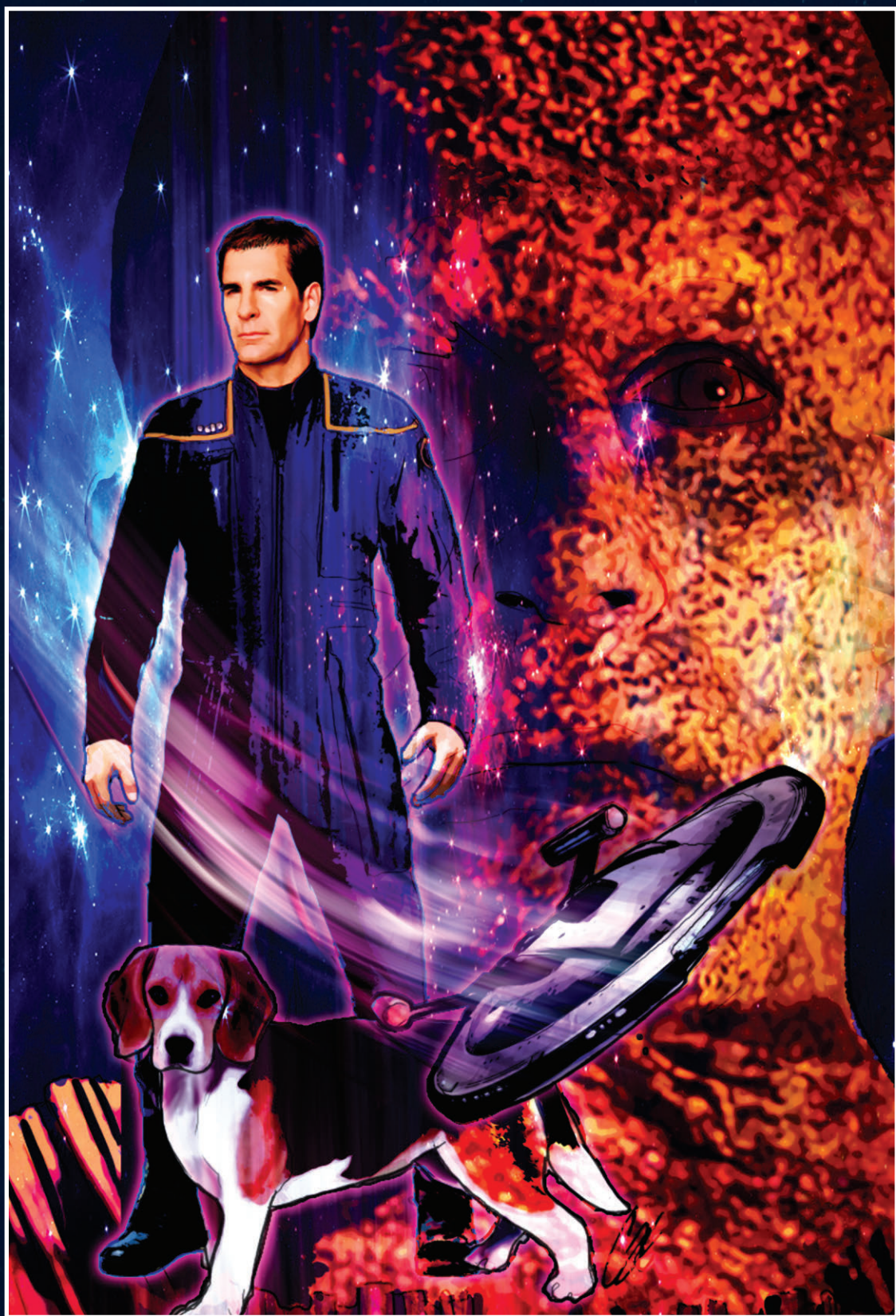


"...AND IF WE FALL APART,
AT THE VERY LEAST, WE'LL
HAVE ALWAYS HAD THIS
MOTHER'S WALK."



END





COVER ART BY
CAT STAGGS

Jonny Archer's Explorer's
Diary! December 2020.
Keep out! My eyes only!

THE FRAGILE BEAUTY OF LOYALTY

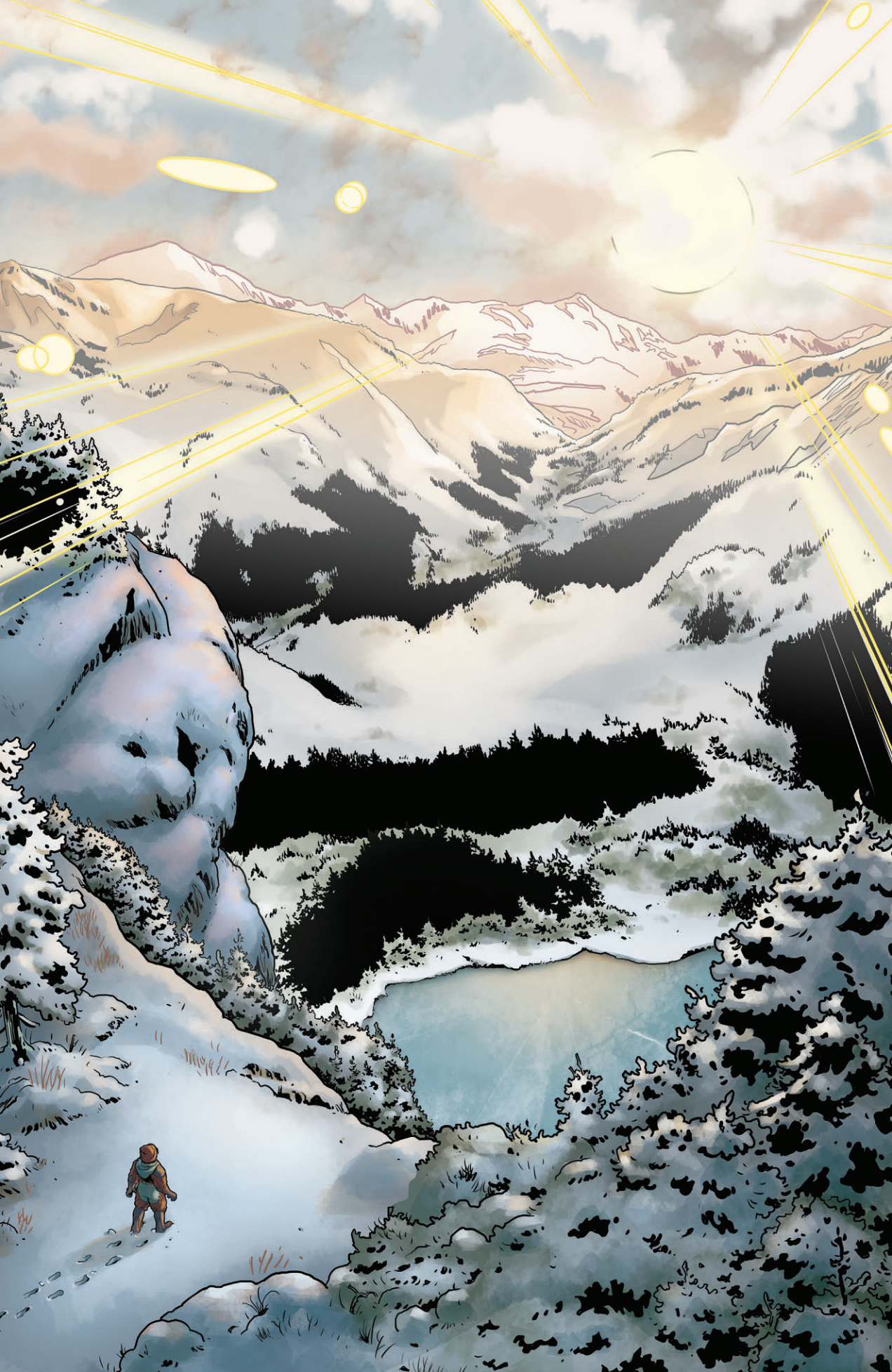
Daddy says I'm gonna love
San Francisco. Says the parks
are even better than New York
State. But I'm gonna miss this
place.

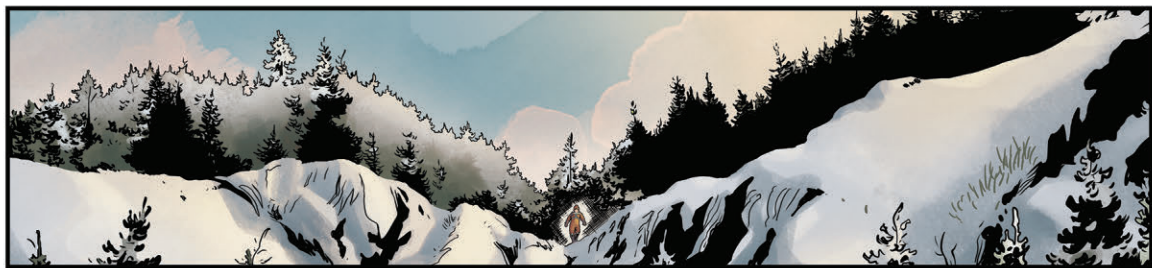
So this is my last shot at
Nacacjin Gorge. I'm goin'
where no kid has gone
before--and nuthin's
gonna stop me!

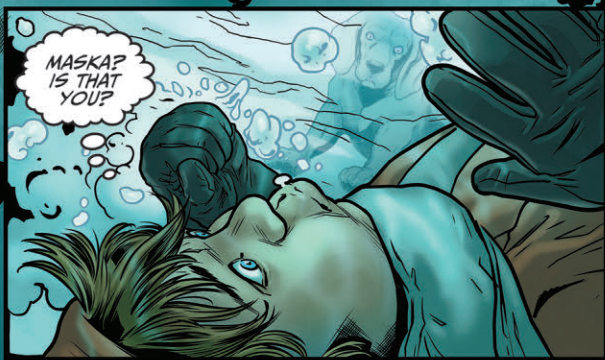
JONATHAN!
IF YOU'RE
GOING OUT,
PLEASE TAKE
MASKA WITH
YOU!

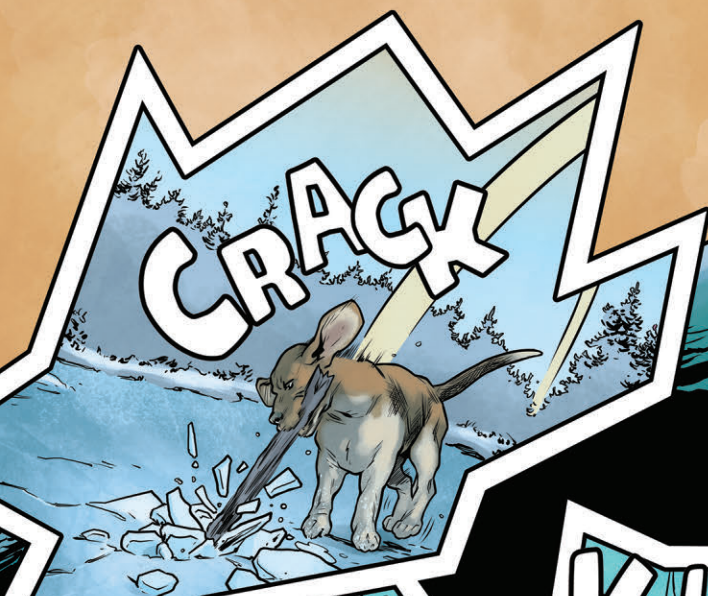
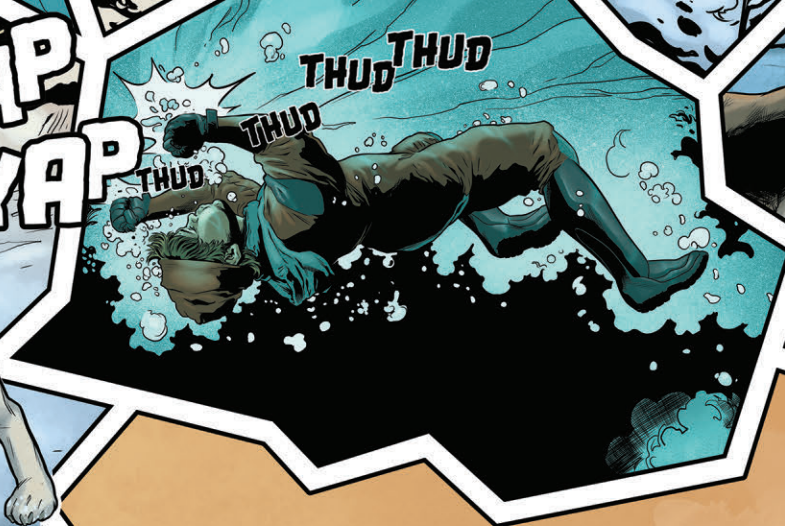
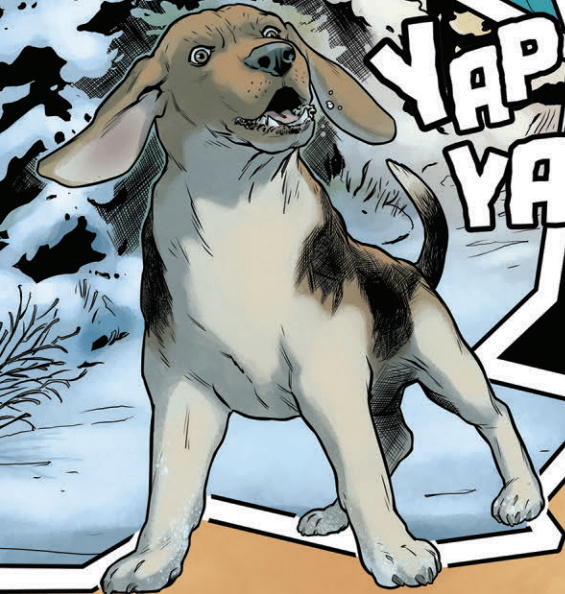




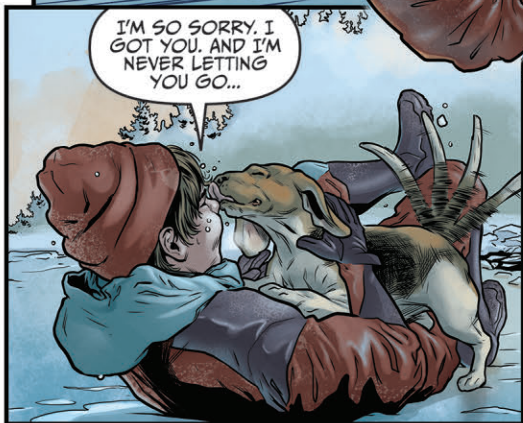
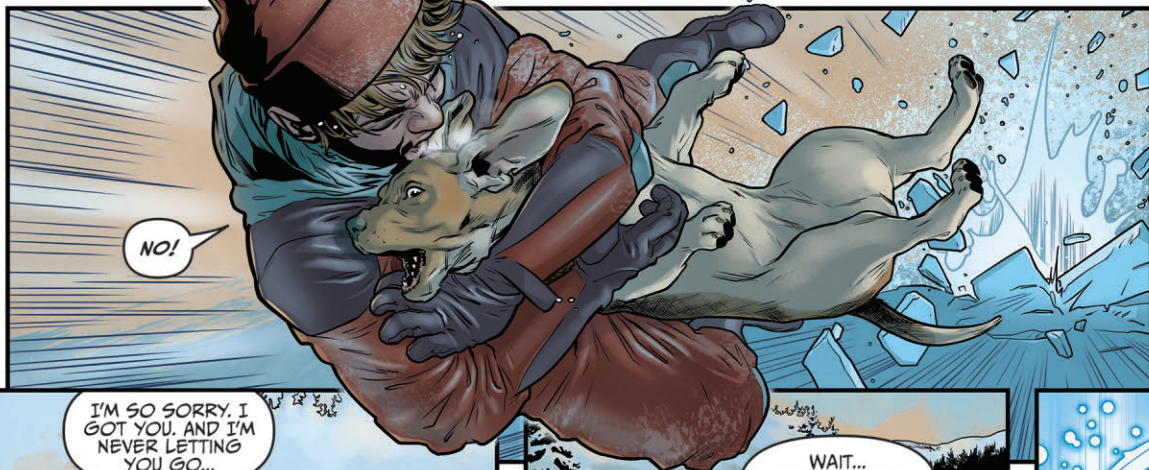
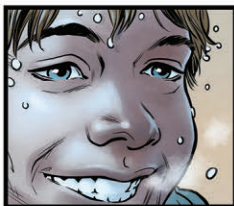


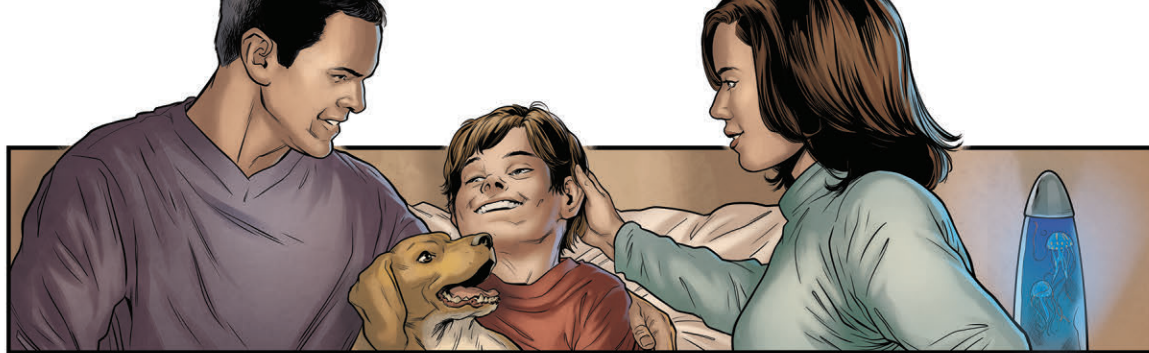
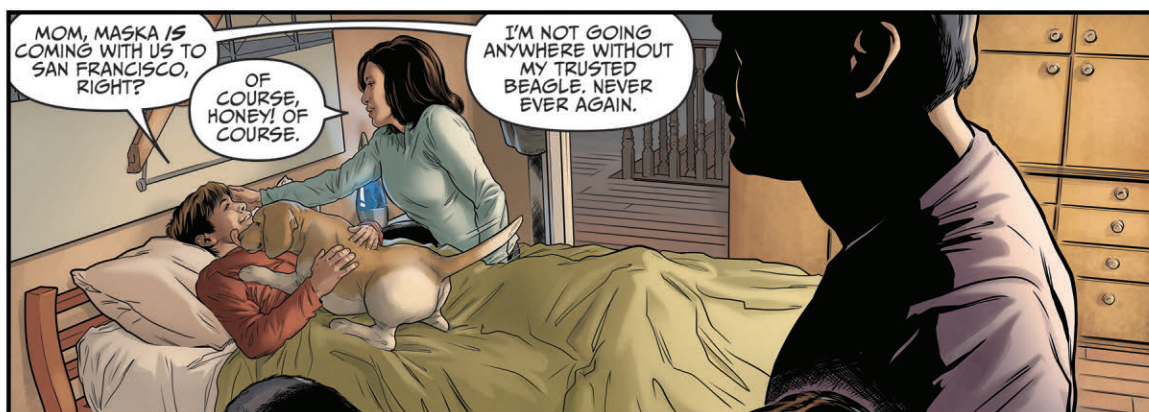
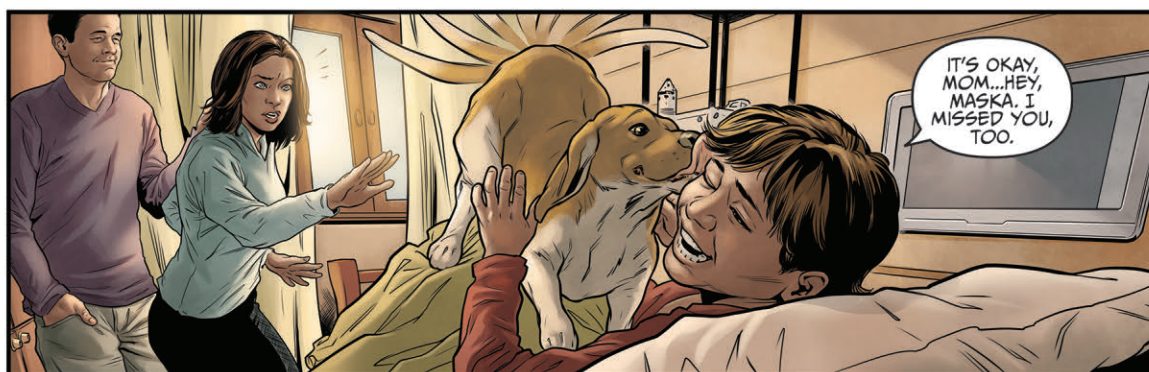
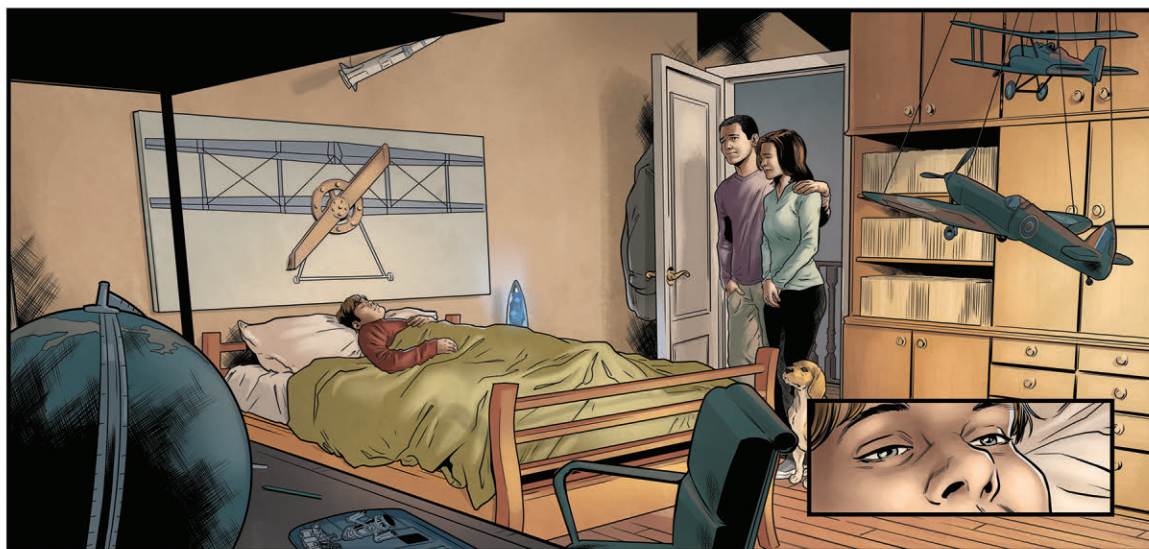












CAPTAIN'S LOG - JONATHAN ARCHER
OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.

CREWMAN DANIELS TELLS ME HE'S A
"TEMPORAL AGENT"--- A KIND OF TIME
TRAVELER--AND THAT FACTIONS IN THE
TEMPORAL COLD WAR HAVE SENT
OPERATIVES BACK INTO MY PAST TO
TRY TO KILL ME BEFORE I HAVE THE
CHANCE TO ENROLL IN STARFLEET.

APPARENTLY, DANIELS ALSO
SENT ANOTHER MEMBER OF
THE ENTERPRISE CREW BACK IN
TIME TO STOP THESE OPERATIVES.
SOMEONE ACTUALLY VOLUNTEERED
FOR THE JOB, EVEN WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT TIME TRAVEL
IS MESSY, AND HE OR SHE MIGHT
NOT MAKE IT BACK FROM THE
DEEP PAST. MY DEEP PAST.

IT'S ALL PRETTY
HARD TO BELIEVE.

IF IT'S TRUE, THOUGH, I
WANT TO KNOW WHO HAS
THAT KIND OF LOYALTY.



"WHO DO YOU
THINK IT WAS,
PORTHOS?"



For Laika Kudryavka and Sukhi Sioux.

END





COVER ART BY
ZACHARY BALDUS

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER'S LOG,
SUPPLEMENTAL. FROM A CURSORY
ANALYSIS OF THESE FLOWERS, THE
CHEMICAL COMPOSITION LOOKS
PROMISING.

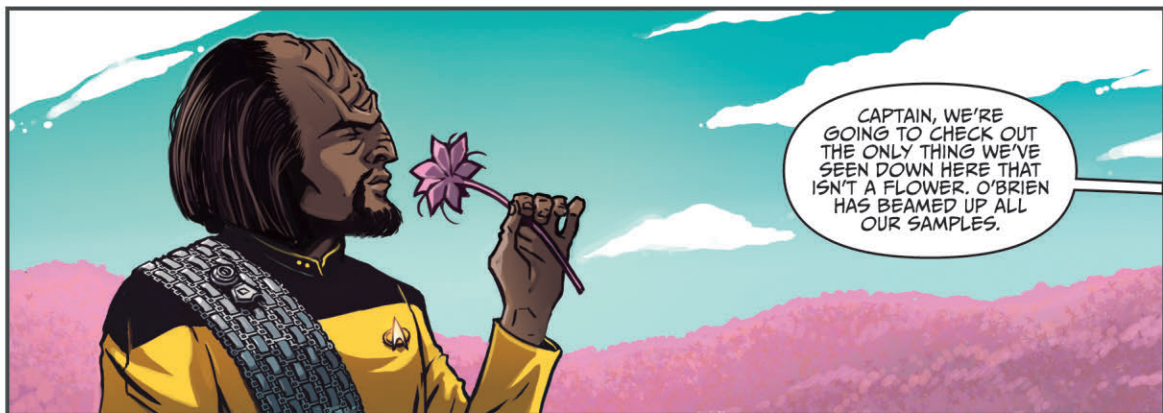
MIRROR, MIRROR, MIRROR, MIRROR



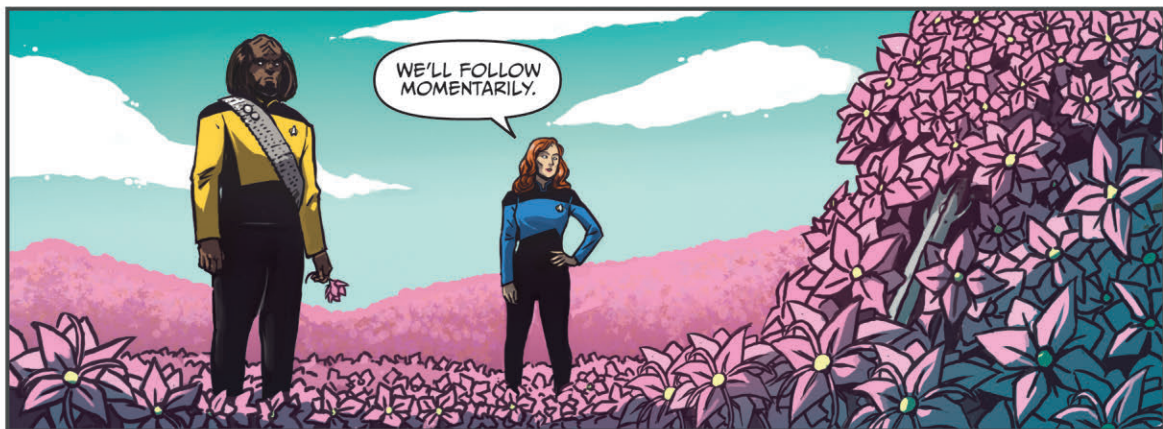
I MAY BE ABLE TO USE
THEM TO SYNTHESIZE A
CURE FOR THE PLAGUE IN
THE MINSHARA COLONY.



CAPTAIN, WE'RE
GOING TO CHECK OUT
THE ONLY THING WE'VE
SEEN DOWN HERE THAT
ISN'T A FLOWER. O'BRIEN
HAS BEAMED UP ALL
OUR SAMPLES.



WE'LL FOLLOW
MOMENTARILY.







PICARD TO CRUSHER! WHAT IS GOING ON DOWN THERE?

I'M NOT SURE, CAPTAIN. IT SEEMS WORF AND I HAVE BEEN... DUPLICATED?

DID YOU SAY DUPLICATED? WHY DO YOU SOUND SO STRANGE?



I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, I DON'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS YET, BUT MY INITIAL SCANS INDICATE THAT I-WE, I GUESS-ARE PHYSICALLY, PHYSIOLOGICALLY, BIOLOGICALLY, AND ANATOMICALLY THE SAME.

WE FOUND THIS... **SOMETHING** BURIED UNDER THE FLOWERS, CAPTAIN. WORF LOOKED IN IT, AND WAS REPLICATED. THERE ARE EIGHT WORFS NOW, SIR. AND FOUR OF ME.

DOCTOR- STAND BY. WE'RE HAVING A HARD TIME UNDERSTANDING YOU.

AND FRANKLY, I FEEL LIKE I NEED TO SEE THIS FOR MYSELF.

I'M COMING DOWN.

AND MISTER O'BRIEN, SET ME A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THAT... **SOMETHING**, IF YOU PLEASE.



WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE **REAL** CRUSHER?

I AM.

WELL, APPARENTLY, WE'RE ALL BEVERLY, JEAN-LUC.

YOU. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ANTIQUE NARRATIVE VASE FROM PAXSOR III THAT JACK GAVE YOU ON YOUR HONEYMOON?

WESLEY BROKE IT WHEN HE WAS FIVE, JUMPING OFF THE BED, PRETENDING HE WAS AN AAAAMAZZARAN FLYING DOG.

WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE **REAL** WOLF?

I AM WOLF—

—SON OF MOGH—



YOU. THE STRAY CAT I USED TO FEED AT THE ACADEMY. WHAT DID I CALL IT?

RIMBAUD, SIR.

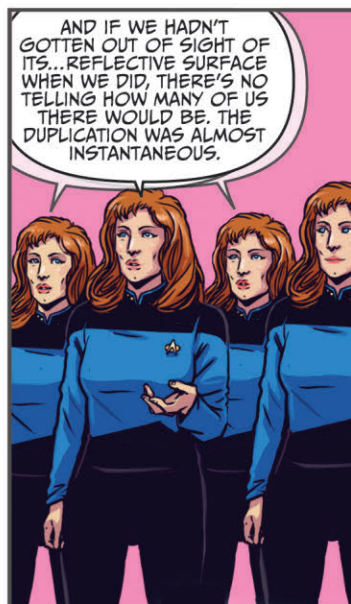
YOU MISPRONOUNCE IT LIKE BEVERLY.

I AM BEVERLY!

SORRY, JEAN-LUC. THIS IS JUST ALL VERY...STRANGE FOR ME.

—FATHER OF ALEXAN—

YES, YES, OF COURSE, THANK YOU, MISTER WOLF.







PICARD
TO O'BRIEN. IS
EVERYTHING
REPLICATED AND
READY FOR
TRANSPORT?

BY POSITIONING MYSELF
BETWEEN TWO OF NANA'S
MIRRORS, I COULD SEE MYSELF
REFLECTED INTO INFINITY IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS, SOMETHING
THAT ENDLESSLY FASCINATED
ME. I'M HOPING WE CAN DO
SOMETHING SIMILAR WITH
THE BEING.

THIS WILL
BE A VERY QUICK
EXPERIMENT—IN CASE
I'M WRONG, WE DON'T
WANT TO BE CRUSHED
UNDER MILLIONS OF
DUPLICATED
MIRRORS—

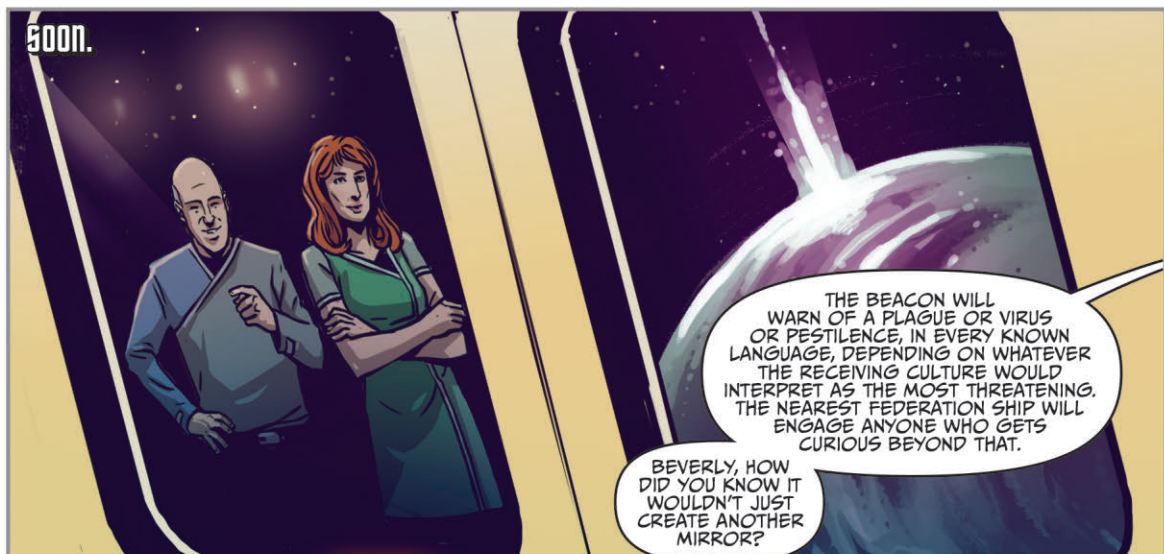
VZZZZHHNNNN

VZZZZHHNNNN



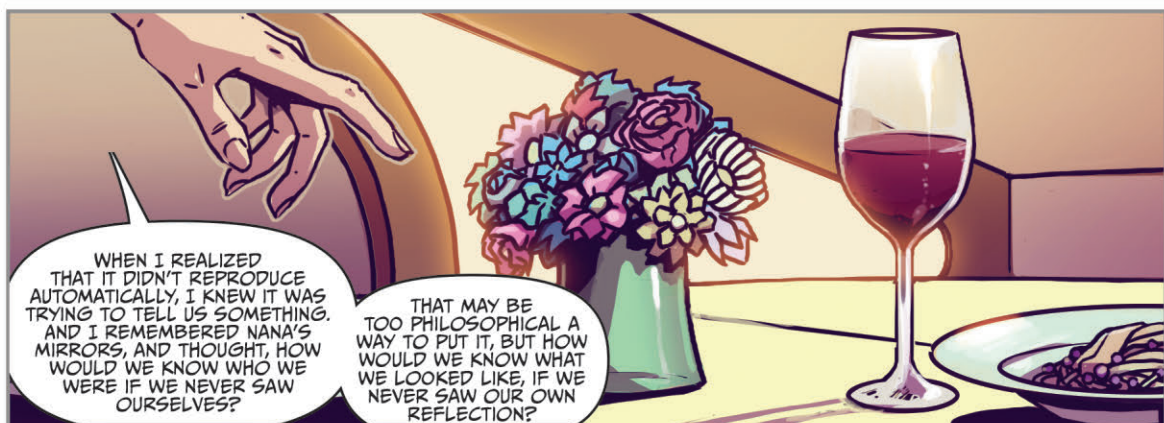
TIME, MISTER O'BRIEN. GET THOSE MIRRORS OUT OF HERE!

SOON.



THE BEACON WILL WARN OF A PLAGUE OR VIRUS OR PESTILENCE, IN EVERY KNOWN LANGUAGE, DEPENDING ON WHATEVER THE RECEIVING CULTURE WOULD INTERPRET AS THE MOST THREATENING. THE NEAREST FEDERATION SHIP WILL ENGAGE ANYONE WHO GETS CURIOUS BEYOND THAT.

BEVERLY, HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WOULDN'T JUST CREATE ANOTHER MIRROR?



WHEN I REALIZED THAT IT DIDN'T REPRODUCE AUTOMATICALLY, I KNEW IT WAS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING. AND I REMEMBERED NANA'S MIRRORS, AND THOUGHT, HOW WOULD WE KNOW WHO WE WERE IF WE NEVER SAW OURSELVES?

THAT MAY BE TOO PHILOSOPHICAL A WAY TO PUT IT, BUT HOW WOULD WE KNOW WHAT WE LOOKED LIKE, IF WE NEVER SAW OUR OWN REFLECTION?



IT WAS LONELY.

BUT IT NEEDED TO SEE ITSELF TO BE ABLE TO CREATE A COMPANION.

FOR A MOMENT ON THE SURFACE I THOUGHT ABOUT THE GREAT PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS. "WHAT IS FREE WILL?" "ARE HUMANS MERELY MACHINES?"

AND THE ANSWERS MAY VERY WELL RESIDE INSIDE THE MIND OF THAT BEING. BUT THE FACT THAT IT WAS JUST... LONELY... MAKES IT THAT MUCH CLOSER TO US THAN WE THOUGHT.

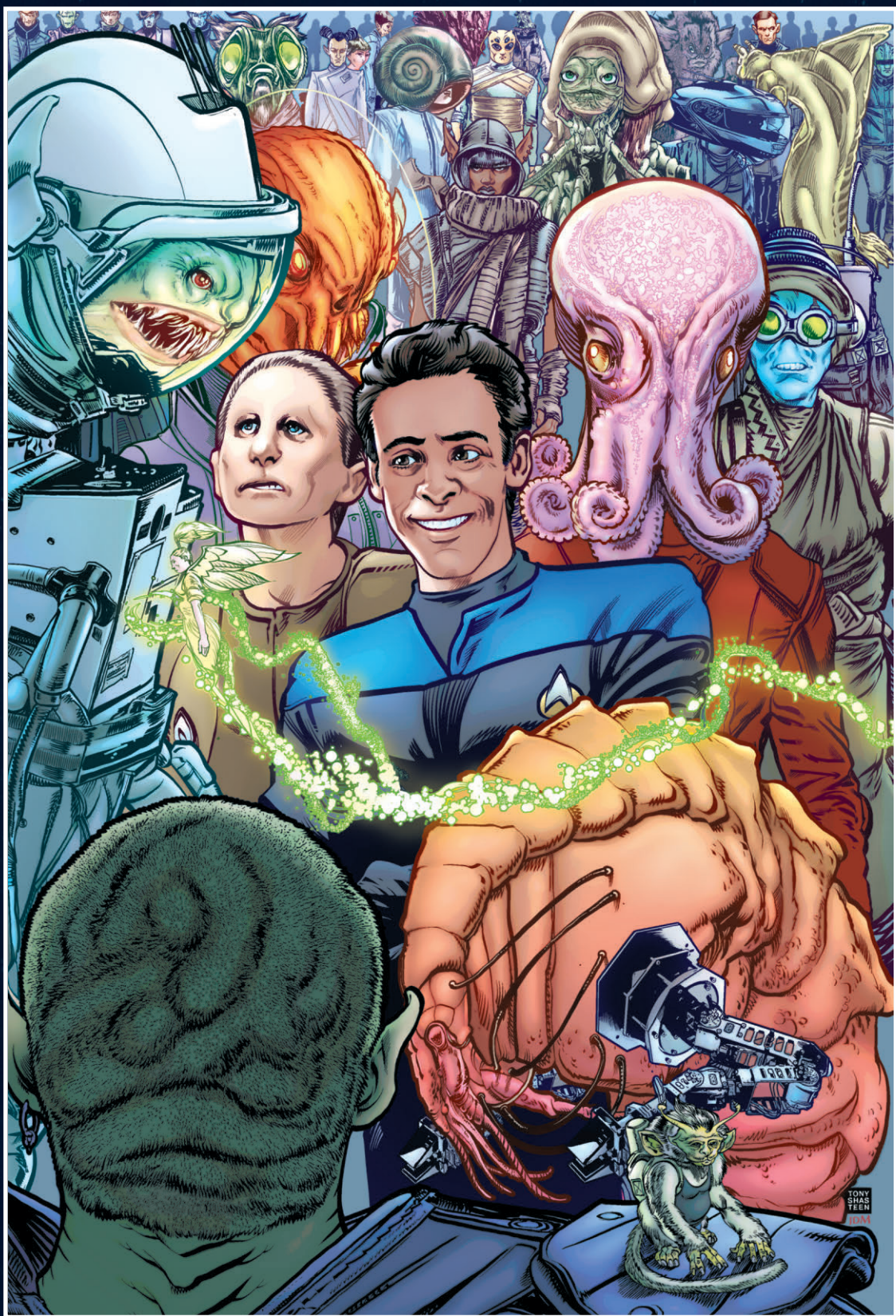


"THE FACT THAT IT PUT ALL OF ME AND ALL THE WORDS BACK INTO OUR RESPECTIVE BODIES WAS UNEXPECTED. I WAS GETTING USED TO HAVING THREE EXTRA BRAINS, SIX EXTRA ARMS. NOW I, STRANGELY, FEEL A LONGING FOR THE THREE OF THEM—OR ME.

"BUT WHAT WOLF AND I LOST IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THE BEING GAINED."

END.





COVER ART BY
TONY SHASTEEN

FRONTIER DOCTOR

MEDICAL LOG:
STARDATE 46418.2.

I KNEW LIFE ON THE
FRONTIER WOULD BE
EXCITING, BUT NEVER
EXPECTED THIS.

SINCE THE *BAJORAN*
WORMHOLE WAS DISCOVERED,
DOZENS OF SHIPS HAVE MADE
THE JOURNEY FROM THE GAMMA
QUADRANT.

TRADERS. EXPLORERS.
EVEN *SETTLERS*, KEEN TO
BUILD A NEW LIFE 70,000
LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME.

AND THEIR FIRST
PORT OF CALL IS
DEEP SPACE NINE.

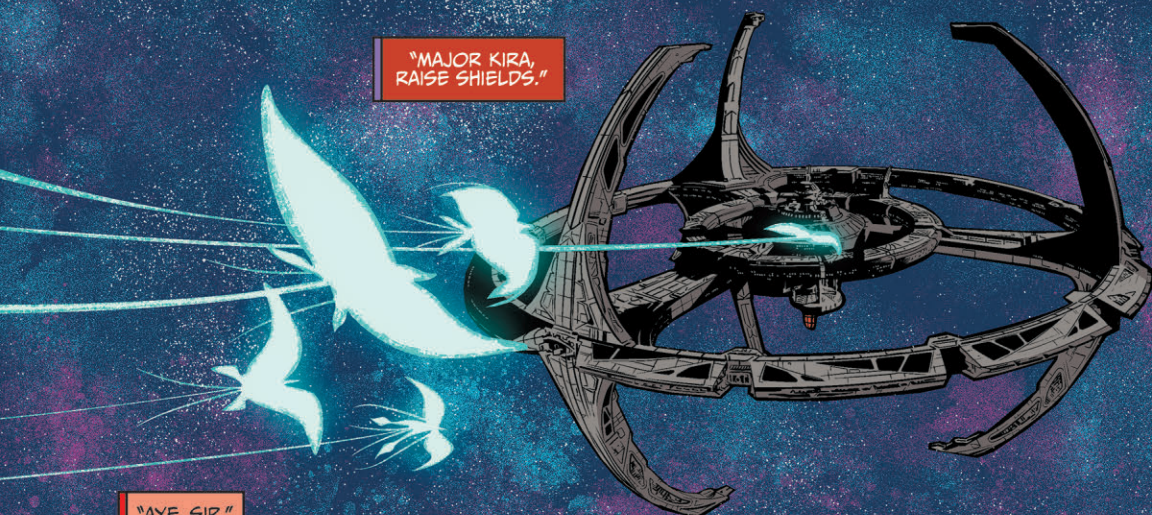
ALTHOUGH, NOT
EVERYONE IS READY TO
WELCOME OUR VISITORS
WITH OPEN ARMS.

LOOK AT
THEM. WE'VE
NO IDEA WHO THEY
ARE, OR WHAT
THEY WANT.

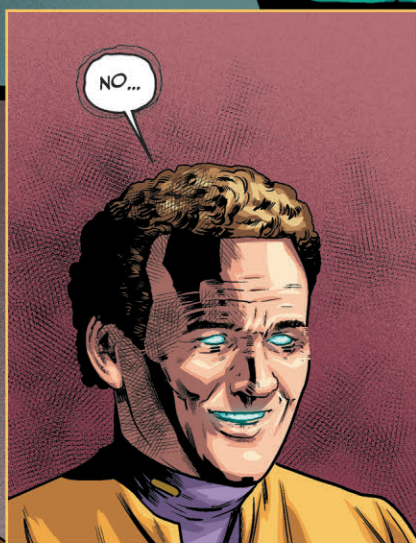








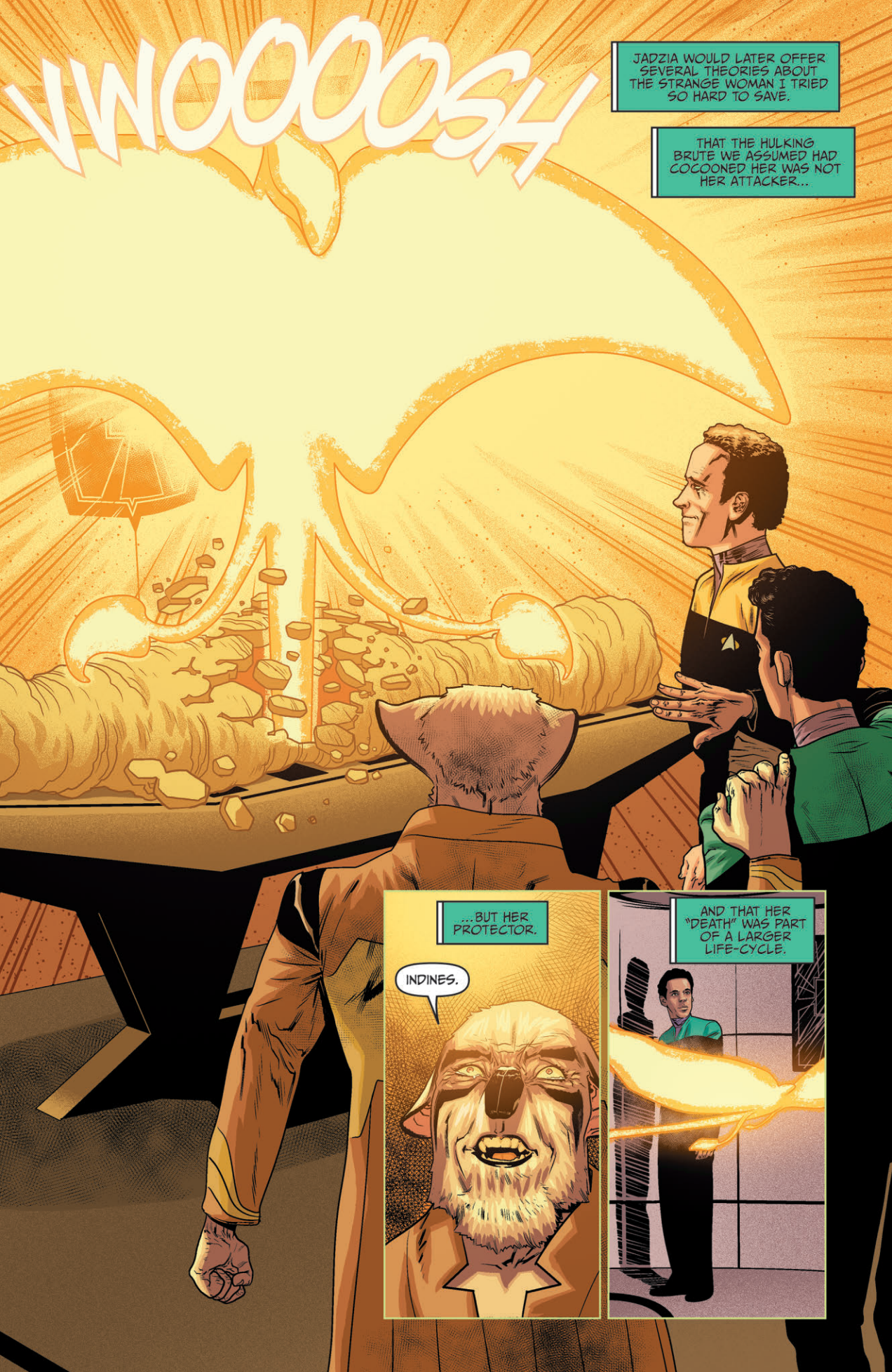




WOOOSH

JADZIA WOULD LATER OFFER SEVERAL THEORIES ABOUT THE STRANGE WOMAN I TRIED SO HARD TO SAVE.

THAT THE HULKING BRUTE WE ASSUMED HAD COCOONED HER WAS NOT HER ATTACKER...



...BUT HER PROTECTOR.

INDINES.



AND THAT HER "DEATH" WAS PART OF A LARGER LIFE-CYCLE.



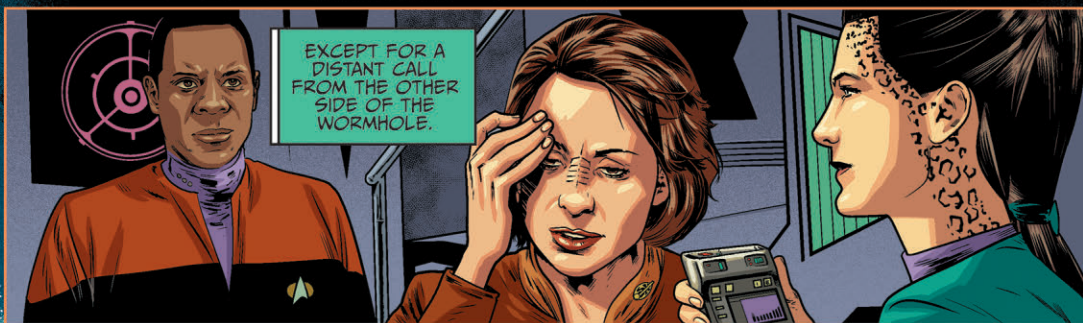
AS FOR THE ENERGY
CREATURES THAT
SWARMED THROUGH
THE STATION—



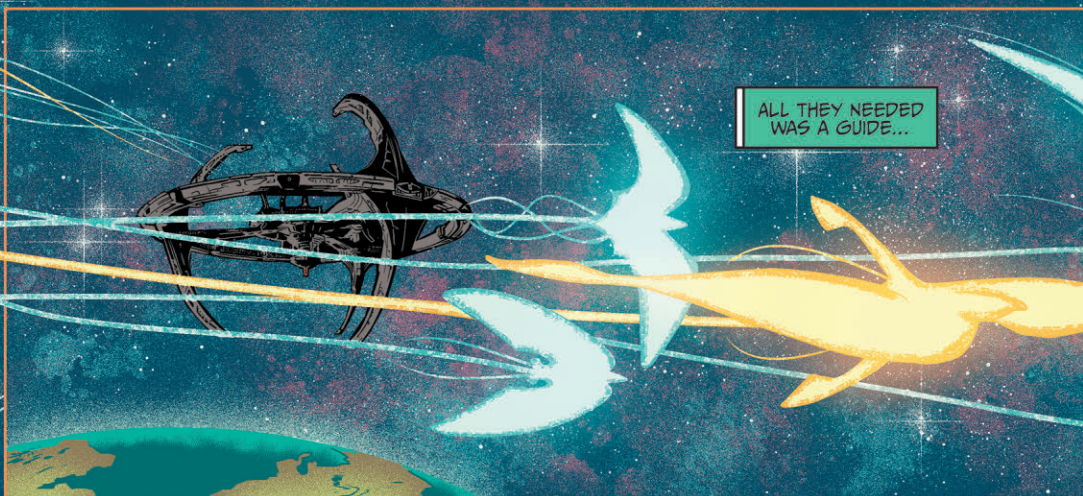
—THOSE TOUCHED BY THEIR
LIGHT REMEMBERED LITTLE
OF THEIR EXPERIENCE.



EXCEPT FOR A
DISTANT CALL
FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
WORMHOLE.

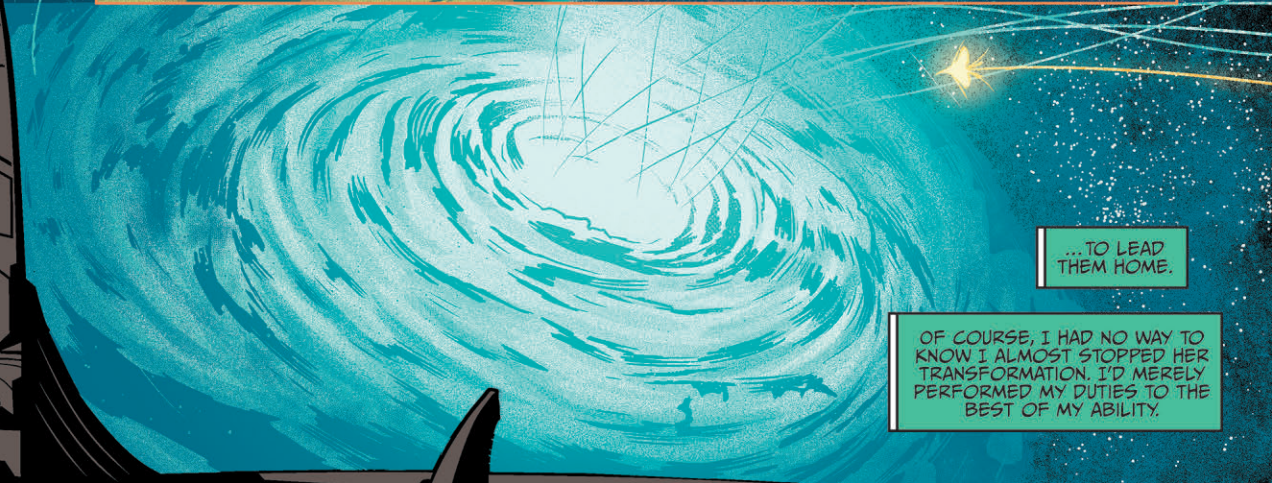


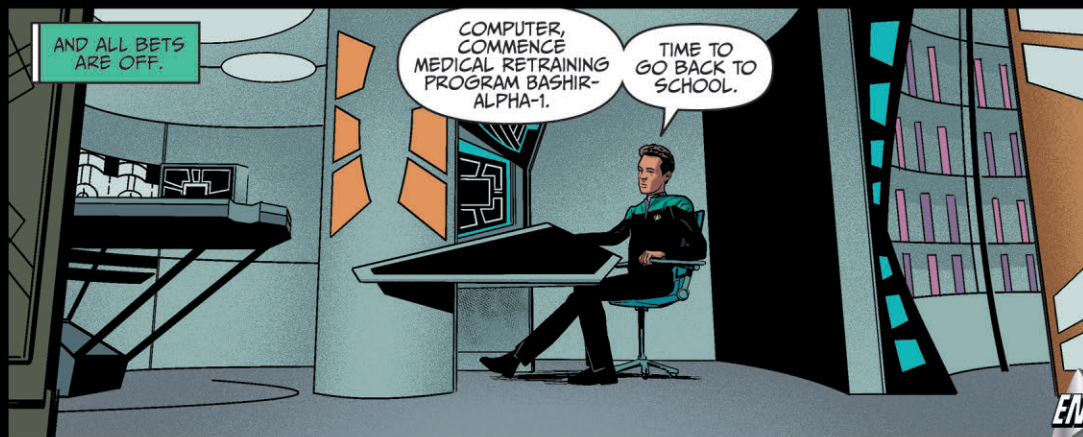
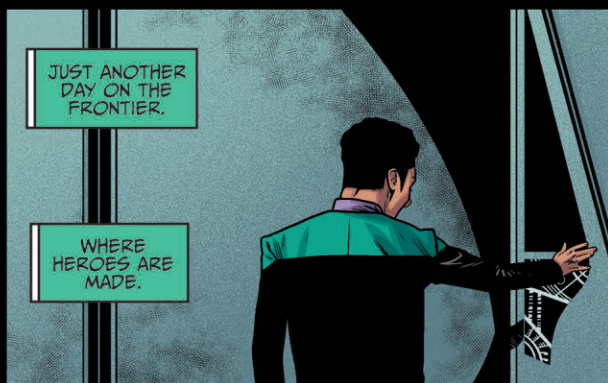
ALL THEY NEEDED
WAS A GUIDE...



...TO LEAD
THEM HOME.

OF COURSE, I HAD NO WAY TO
KNOW I ALMOST STOPPED HER
TRANSFORMATION. I'D MERELY
PERFORMED MY DUTIES TO THE
BEST OF MY ABILITY.









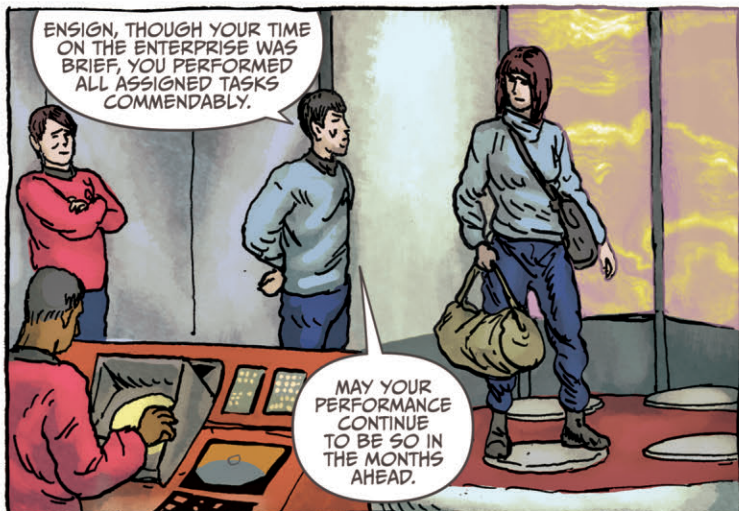
COVER ART BY
SIMON ROY

COME AWAY, CHILD



SCIENCE OFFICER'S LOG, STARDATE 3328.3. WE'VE MADE A SMALL DETOUR FROM OUR COURSE TO DELIVER ENSIGN HERRADA TO A SCIENTIFIC OUTPOST ON OTARI 2. THE OUTPOST IS SPECIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED TO AVOID DETECTION BY THE NATIVES, AND CREWS ONLY TWO.

DR. LEWIS, THE OUTPOST'S DIRECTOR, IS KNOWN FOR A SOMEWHAT OBSESSIVE INTEREST IN HER RESEARCH SUBJECTS. WHETHER OR NOT ENSIGN HERRADA IS AWARE OF THIS IS UNKNOWN.



ENSIGN, THOUGH YOUR TIME ON THE ENTERPRISE WAS BRIEF, YOU PERFORMED ALL ASSIGNED TASKS COMMENDABLY.

MAY YOUR PERFORMANCE CONTINUE TO BE SO IN THE MONTHS AHEAD.

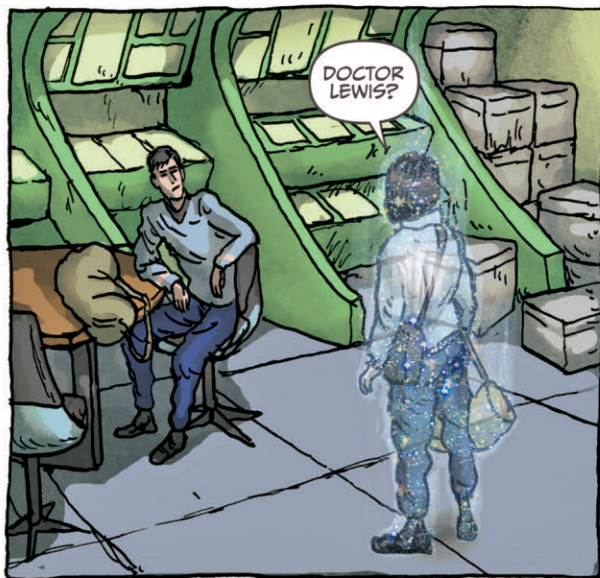


I THINK COMMANDER SPOCK IS TRYING TO SAY "GOOD LUCK," LASS.

UH--THANKS, COMMANDER-- AND THANK YOU, CHIEF.



ENERGIZE!



DOCTOR LEWIS?



HAH! NO, NO. I'M JUST THE ASSISTANT YOU'RE REPLACING.

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?



THE DOCTOR HAS A VERY, UH, SINGULAR FOCUS.

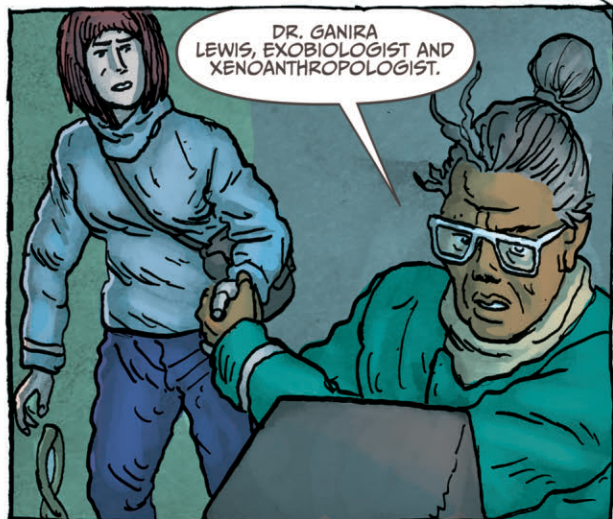


DOCTOR, YOUR NEW ASSISTANT IS HERE!

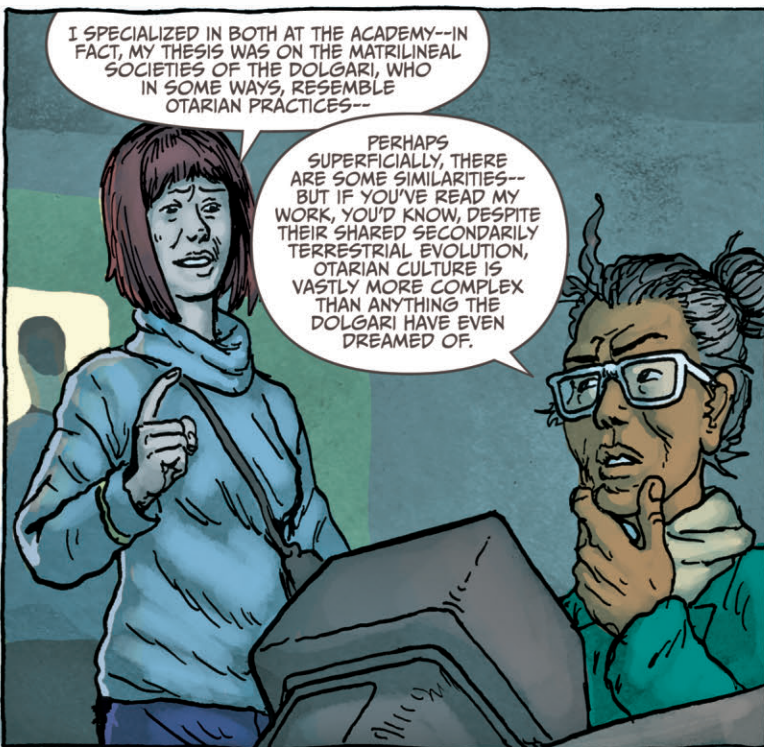


OH! THANK YOU, HARRY.

ENSIGN LAURA HERRADA, REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!



DR. GANIRA LEWIS, EXOBIOLOGIST AND XENOANTHROPOLOGIST.



I SPECIALIZED IN BOTH AT THE ACADEMY--IN FACT, MY THESIS WAS ON THE MATRILINEAL SOCIETIES OF THE DOLGARI, WHO IN SOME WAYS, RESEMBLE OTARIAN PRACTICES--

PERHAPS SUPERFICIALLY, THERE ARE SOME SIMILARITIES-- BUT IF YOU'VE READ MY WORK, YOU'D KNOW, DESPITE THEIR SHARED SECONDARILY TERRESTRIAL EVOLUTION, OTARIAN CULTURE IS VASTLY MORE COMPLEX THAN ANYTHING THE DOLGARI HAVE EVEN DREAMED OF.



I'LL SHOW MYSELF OUT.

NOT TO MENTION...

PERSONAL LOG, ENSIGN
LAURA HERRADA, STARDATE
3342.5. I'VE BEEN HERE TWO
WEEKS, AND I'M STILL HAVING
A LOT OF TROUBLE GETTING
THROUGH TO THE DOCTOR.

THE ONLY THING SHE'LL TALK
ABOUT ARE OTARIANS. THE
REST OF THE TIME, SHE'S
COLDER THAN A VULCAN!

YOU'D THINK THAT SHE'D MAKE SOME
KIND OF EFFORT TO REACH OUT, GIVEN
THAT WE'LL BE STUCK TOGETHER
FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS.

STILL, I CAN'T
HELP BUT ADMIRE HER
DEDICATION.

IT ALMOST MAKES
ME JEALOUS OF OUR
SUBJECTS--RIDICULOUS,
I KNOW!

DOCTOR? I HAD
SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT
OUR AQUAPROBE'S
SENSOR LOGS...

KSH

WHO'S
THIS?

THIS?



HE LOOKS LIKE HE HAS QUITE A STORY THERE, UNDER THOSE SCARS.

HE--HE DOES.

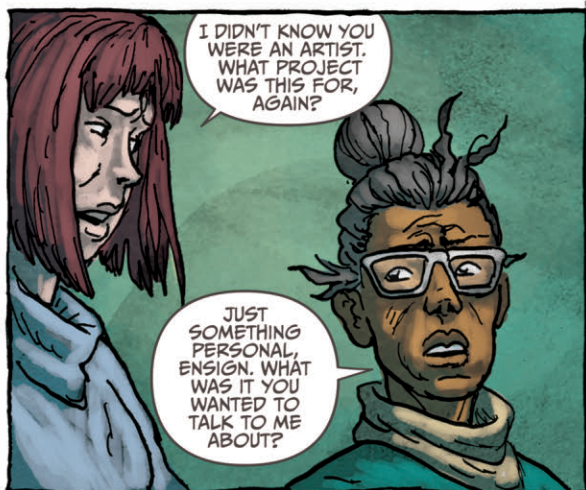


HE'S THE LAST OF HIS CLAN.

ONCE A WARRIOR, NOW JUST A WANDERING TOOTH-TRADER, MAKING HIS LIVING VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, FAR FROM HIS HOMETLAND ON THE SOUTHERN PENINSULA.



WELCOMED AT EVERY VILLAGE, WARMED AT EVERY HEARTH, HE FEELS LIKE HE BELONGS, FOR A FEW DAYS--UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO MOVE ON.

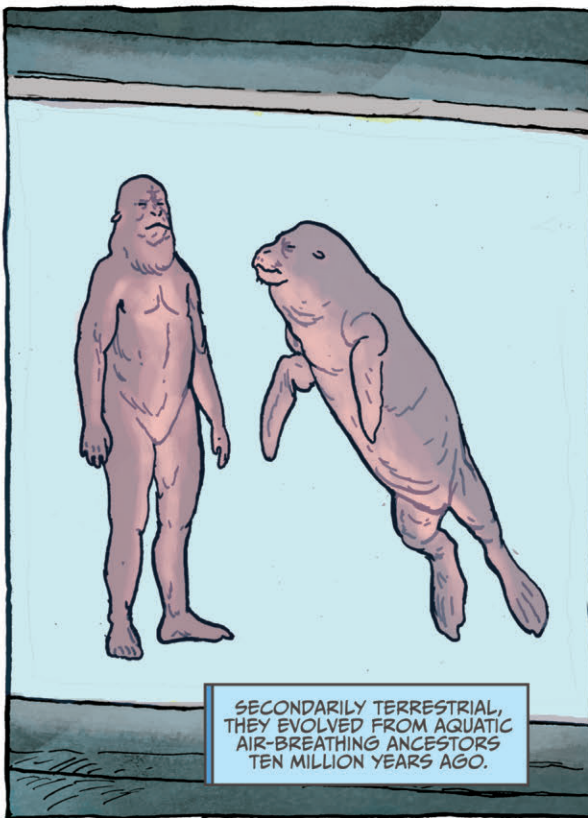


I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AN ARTIST. WHAT PROJECT WAS THIS FOR, AGAIN?

JUST SOMETHING PERSONAL, ENSIGN. WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK TO ME ABOUT?

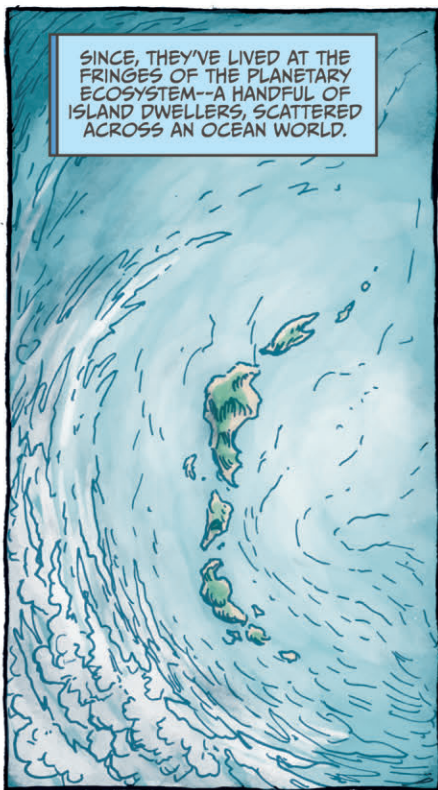


PERSONAL LOG, STARDATE 3356.B. DR. LEWIS' WORK IS AMAZINGLY THOROUGH. SIX YEARS OF RESEARCH--ORBITAL SURVEYS, GENETIC ANALYSIS, UNTOLD HOURS OF OBSERVATION--ALL WOVEN INTO A SINGLE STORY. THE STORY OF THE OTARIAN PEOPLE.

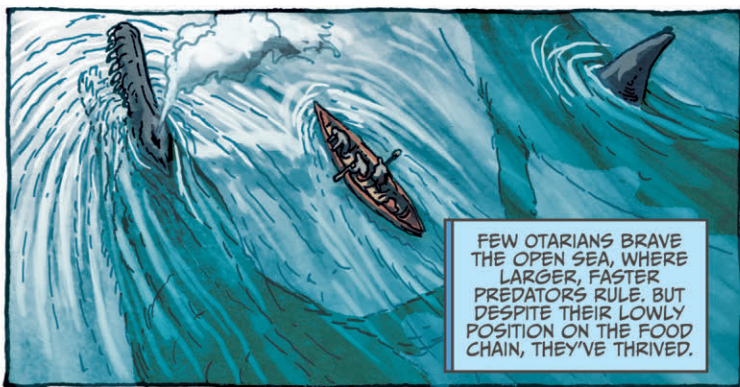


SECONDARILY TERRESTRIAL, THEY EVOLVED FROM AQUATIC AIR-BREATHING ANCESTORS TEN MILLION YEARS AGO.

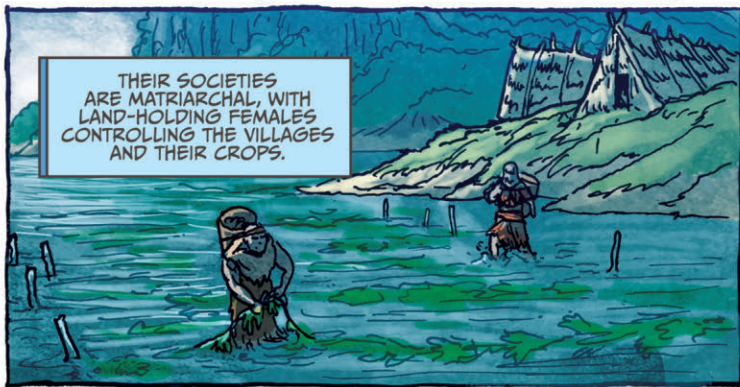
SINCE, THEY'VE LIVED AT THE FRINGES OF THE PLANETARY ECOSYSTEM--A HANDFUL OF ISLAND DWELLERS, SCATTERED ACROSS AN OCEAN WORLD.



FEW OTARIANS BRAVE THE OPEN SEA, WHERE LARGER, FASTER PREDATORS RULE. BUT DESPITE THEIR LOWLY POSITION ON THE FOOD CHAIN, THEY'VE THRIVED.



THEIR SOCIETIES ARE MATRIARCHAL, WITH LAND-HOLDING FEMALES CONTROLLING THE VILLAGES AND THEIR CROPS.



THE MALES ARE ITINERANT, LIVING IN SMALL TRADING AND HUNTING GROUPS THAT ROAM THE ARCHIPELAGOS. THE TWO SEXES RARELY INTERMINGLE, ASIDE FROM MATING FESTIVALS, LIKE THE ONE THE DOCTOR IS AWAKE WATCHING NOW.



I CAN SEE WHY LEWIS IS SO OBSESSED--FOR ALL THEIR DIFFERENCES, THEY'RE REMARKABLY HUMAN. IT'S ALMOST LIKE WATCHING OUR OWN ICE-AGE ANCESTORS...

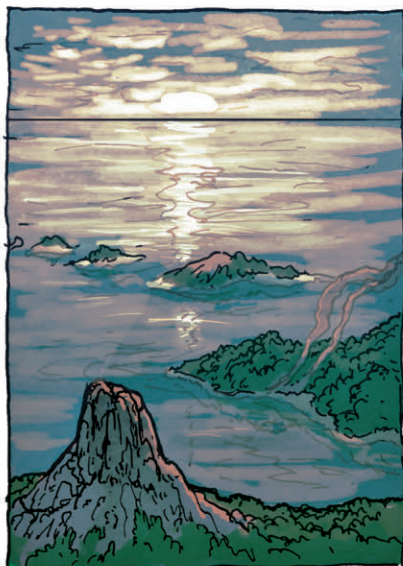


KLUK



DOCTOR?





YOU KNOW
I HAVE TO
REPORT THIS,
DOCTOR.

I KNOW WELL
ENOUGH WHAT
I'M DOING,
ENSIGN.

I DON'T THINK
YOU DO! YOU'RE NOT
JUST RISKING YOUR
OWN LIFE DOWN THERE,
DOCTOR LEWIS! IF THEY
CAUGHT YOU, FOUND
OUT YOU WEREN'T
OTARIAN--

--YOU'D
VIOLATE THE
PRIME DIRECTIVE!
THE SECURITY OF
THE OUTPOST--MY
LIFE--WOULD
BE AT RISK!

YOU
HAVE TO
UNDERSTAND,
ENSIGN.

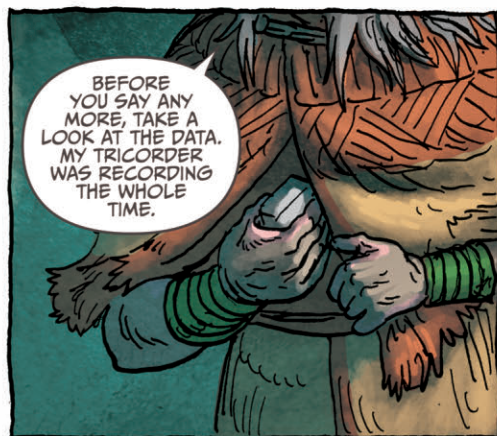
FOR
YEARS I'VE BEEN
WATCHING THE OTARI--
BUT ALWAYS REMOVED,
ISOLATED FROM THEM.
UNABLE TO TRULY
UNDERSTAND
THEM.

THIS. THIS
IS MY CHANCE TO
FINALLY MOVE AMONG
THEM, AND STUDY THEM
UP CLOSE. HEAR THEIR
STORIES, THEIR LIVES,
IN THEIR OWN
WORDS.



ALL THE MALES OF THE WESTERN CLANS ARE HERE FOR THE MATING FESTIVAL. IT'S THE ONLY TIME A STRANGER CAN ENTER THE VILLAGE HERE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.

IT'S TOO RISKY!



BEFORE YOU SAY ANY MORE, TAKE A LOOK AT THE DATA. MY TRICORDER WAS RECORDING THE WHOLE TIME.



I RELAYED EVERYTHING THROUGH THE AQUAPROBE, WHICH WAS WAITING FOR ME IN THE BAY. I'VE LEARNED MORE IN THE PAST FEW HOURS THEN I HAVE OVER THE PAST YEAR!



WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?



THE FESTIVAL ONLY LASTS FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. I HAVE SOME IDEAS ON IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF THE TRICORDER DATA, AND BOOSTING THE SENSORS ON THE AQUAPROBE. IF YOU WERE WATCHING FROM THE OBSERVATION ROOM, YOU COULD KEEP AN EYE ON THE WHOLE SCENE, AND WARN ME IF SOMETHING DANGEROUS HAPPENS.

A LOT COULD GO WRONG.



YOU COULD OPERATE THE AQUAPROBE REMOTELY, FROM HERE. IT'S FITTED WITH A SMALL PHASER THAT COULD BE USED IF THINGS REALLY GO BAD.

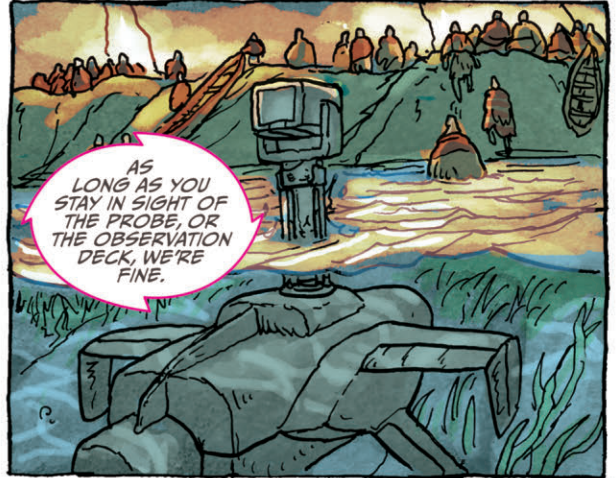
LET'S HOPE IT DOESN'T COME TO THAT.

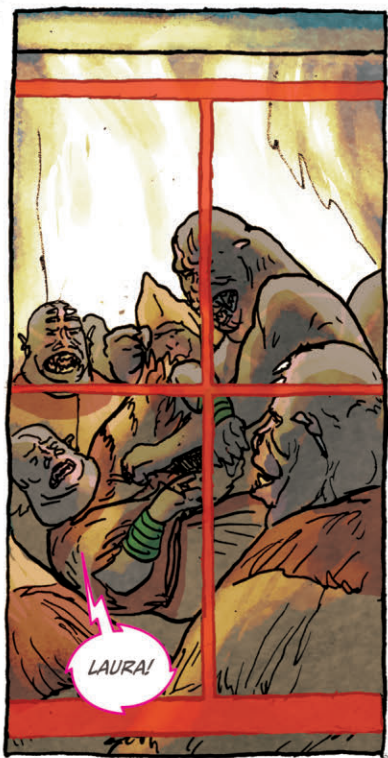


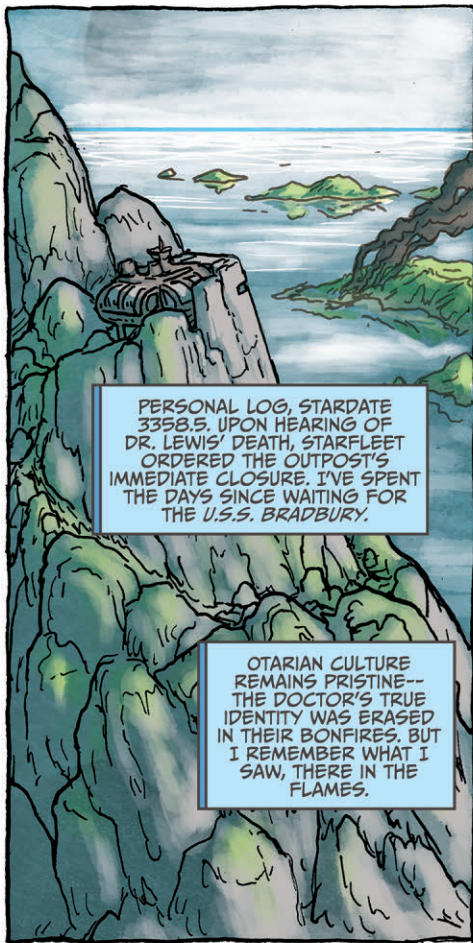
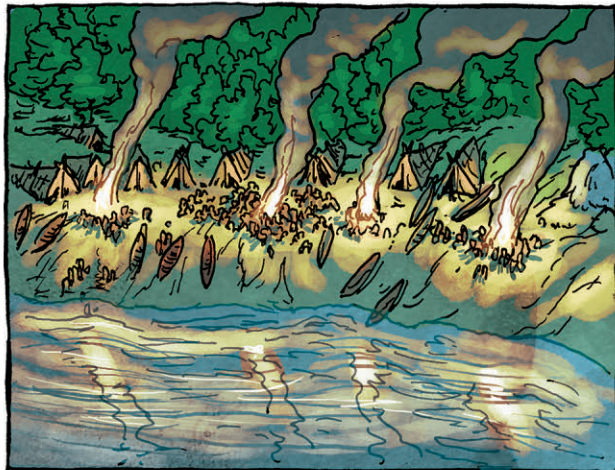
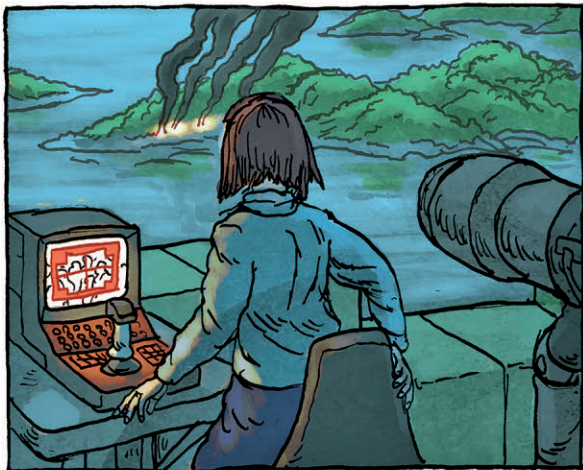
YOU'LL HELP ME?

IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL.

PERFECT! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO, ENSIGN!

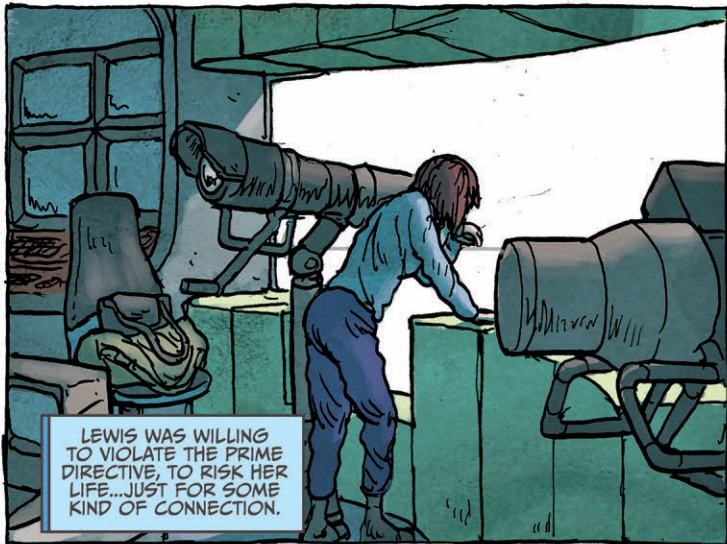






PERSONAL LOG, STARDATE 3358.5. UPON HEARING OF DR. LEWIS' DEATH, STARFLEET ORDERED THE OUTPOST'S IMMEDIATE CLOSURE. I'VE SPENT THE DAYS SINCE WAITING FOR THE U.S.S. BRADBURY.

OTARIAN CULTURE REMAINS PRISTINE-- THE DOCTOR'S TRUE IDENTITY WAS ERASED IN THEIR BONFIRES. BUT I REMEMBER WHAT I SAW, THERE IN THE FLAMES.



LEWIS WAS WILLING TO VIOLATE THE PRIME DIRECTIVE, TO RISK HER LIFE...JUST FOR SOME KIND OF CONNECTION.



END





COVER ART BY
TOM WHALEN

THE REBOUND EFFECT

STARDATE 2942.1. NURSE'S MEDICAL LOG: THE ENTERPRISE HAS REACHED THE RENDEZVOUS SITE IN THE VARANU SYSTEM IN TIME TO HOST ARMISTICE TREATY NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN TWO WARRING FACTIONS.

I WOULD HAVE HATED TO BE THE REASON WE DIDN'T GET HERE IN TIME...




WELL, NOTHING SEEMS TO BE BROKEN...



WHICH MEANS YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWFULLY LUCKY.

I'M FINE, DOCTOR.



THEY SAY DOCTORS MAKE THE WORST PATIENTS, BUT IN MY EXPERIENCE NURSES ARE--

OH, YES, OF COURSE, SKOV. GO RIGHT AHEAD.

PARDON ME, DR. MCCOY, BUT AM I CLEARED? MOST OF MY PEOPLE ARE ALREADY ASSEMBLED FOR THE ARMISTICE--



HIS KIND MUST THRIVE ON ADVERSITY.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED BACK THERE ANYWAY, CHRISTINE?

REMEMBER HOW YOU SAID YOU WISHED YOU COULD JOIN ME AT THE MEDICAL CONFERENCE, DOCTOR?

"...MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T..."

NURSE CHAPEL,
I FIND IT CURIOUS YOU
HAVE NEVER PURSUED A POSITION
MORE IN KEEPING WITH YOUR
EXPERTISE.

YOU COULD
BE DOING REAL RESEARCH
NOW, NOT BANDAGING SCRAPED
KNEES LIGHTYEARS FROM
CIVILIZE—

CREWMAN
SKOV! A
MOMENT...

...IF YOU
COULD.

OH, DR.
TRAFF! YOU
WANT TO SEE
ME?

DR. TRAFF,
YOUR TALK ON
BENEFICIAL VECTORS
WAS QUITE
ILLUMINATING.

I JUST
WANTED TO
WISH YOU THE
BEST. A DIPLOMATIC
SOLUTION WOULD
BE MOST
WELCOME.

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR. THERE IS
STILL A LOT OF WORK
TO BE DONE BEFORE A
FORMAL ARMISTICE CAN TAKE
PLACE. I AM MERELY A
LIAISON FOR THE FIRST
NEGOTIATIONS.

AND A
FAR TOO
MODEST ONE,
AT THAT.

FOR A
MOMENT I
THOUGHT TRAFF WAS
GOING TO RECRUIT YOU
TO HIS LAB, CHRISTINE.
YOU WERE QUITE
ENGAGED DURING
HIS TALK.

SAFE
JOURNEYS,
SKOV. PLEASE
CARRY MY
GREETING TO YOUR
PEOPLE.

THE LAST
FEW DAYS HAVE
BEEN INSPIRING,
PROFESSOR
T'WEK.

"...I MEAN, THE CONFERENCE
WAS WONDERFUL, BUT WE HAD
BARELY LEFT SPACEDOCK
WHEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN..."

CREWMAN,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

JUST
A LITTLE
WOOLY FOR
A MOMENT...

BUT
I'M OKAY
NOW.





"NEEDLESS
TO SAY..."

"...I DIDN'T
EXACTLY DO
THAT."

MAYBE NOT,
BUT IT COULD
HAVE BEEN A WHOLE
LOT WORSE IF SOMEONE
WITHOUT YOUR TRAINING
HAD TRIED IT. OR HADN'T
KNOWN HOW TO
SEND AN SOS...

BUT SKOV
SEEMS WELL
NOW?

EVEN
BETTER THAN THAT.
WHATEVER AILED HIM
MUST HAVE BEEN
TRANSITORY.

MAYBE A
CASE OF NERVES
DUE TO THAT BIG
MEETING WE'RE
HOSTING.

I DON'T
THINK SO,
DOCTOR...



"AT LEAST NOT JUDGING
BY HOW HE LOOKED RIGHT
AFTER THE SHUTTLECRAFT
WENT DOWN..."

I'M SORRY,
BUT I'VE GOT
TO SET THIS LEG.
IT'S GOING
TO HURT.

THE FAULT
IS NOT YOURS, SO
WHY WOULD YOU
APOLOGIZE?

CHRISTINE,
YOU'D BETTER
GET OUT HERE!
HE'S GETTING
WORSE. WHAT
DO I DO?

T'WEK,
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK.

GO, HELP
DR. EP. SHE HAS
LIMITED ABILITIES
WITH MACROSCOPIC
PROBLEMS.

HE WON'T
WAKE UP!

CHRISTINE,
YOU HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING! I
CAN'T WATCH A
MAN DIE!

HAS
THERE BEEN
ANY CH—

CHK-SHK!

CHRISTINE,
WHA—?



SHHKK!

HOLY—

YOU'D
BETTER GET
BEHIND ME,
DR. EP.

WHA—

DON'T
TALK,
SKOV...

BUT...

WHAT
ARE WE
SUPPOSED
TO DO...



...ABOUT ALL THE OTHER ONES?



TAKE THIS, DR. EP!

THAT'S A FLARE, NOT A WEAPON!

SO? SCARE THEM OFF!



RAGH!

WE SHOULDN'T KILL INDIGENOUS SPECIES UNLESS WE HAVE TO.



SAYS WHO?

SAYS STARFLEET. AS WELL AS EVERY BIT OF MY MEDICAL TRAINING. AS WELL AS YOURS.

DON'T LET ME DOWN, DR. EP.



MEDICAL
TRAINING?

THIS IS
LIFE OR
DEATH, NOT
SOME—

VZZZZNN

BACK ABOARD
THE ENTERPRISE.

NOW
THAT I THINK IT
THROUGH...

...DOCTOR,
THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT
ALL THIS.

YOU
CHECKED THE
BIOFILTERS, OF
COURSE?

I MAY
NOT BE A
NURSE, BUT I'M
NOT **COMPLETELY**
USELESS IN A
SICKBAY. I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
SCANS IF YOU
LIKE.



I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING.

MAYBE
THERE'S
NOTHING TO
SEE.

BUT YOU
SAY HE WAS
ALREADY IMPROVING
DOWN ON THE
PLANET? WITHOUT
TREATMENT?



THAT'S RIGHT,
DOCTOR.

I'LL
GRANT IT'S A
BIT PECULIAR,
CHRISTINE.

DID YOU
CHECK **ME** FOR
NOVEL INFECTIOUS
AGENTS, OR JUST
INTERNAL
INJURIES?



THERE'S
SOMETHING
HERE ALL
RIGHT...

THERE
ARE ALIEN
NANOPARTICLES
CIRCULATING IN
YOUR BLOOD-
STREAM!

LOOKS
LIKE THEY WERE
ENGINEERED.

MAYBE
PART OF A VIRAL
DELIVERY SYSTEM,
BUT THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN DESIGNED FOR
A DIFFERENT
SPECIES...

I CAN'T FOR
THE LIFE OF ME
FIGURE OUT WHY
THE BIOFI-

THAT'S
DR. TRAFF'S
WORK! HE GAVE A TALK
ABOUT IT AT THE
CONFERENCE.

A BENEFICENT
VIRAL AGENT,
TWEAKED JUST ENOUGH
TO BYPASS ANY FILTER
SO ITS ACTION ISN'T
INTERRUPTED BY
SPACE TRAVEL-

BUT IF IT WERE USED TO
DELIVER SOMETHING OTHER
THAN A CURE IT COULD BE
QUITE DANGEROUS...

WAIT A
MINUTE, ISN'T DR.
TRAFF THE SAME
SPECIES AS SKOV?

NO, BUT
THEY SHARE A
PLANET. THAT'S
WHAT THIS SUMMIT
IS ABOUT.

UNLESS
THE TWO SIDES
ACHIEVE PEACE
THEIR WORLD
CAN'T-

MEDICAL
EMERGENCY! DR.
MCCOY TO FORWARD
CONFERENCE ROOM
ONE!



STARDATE 2943.6. MEDICAL LOG: FORTUNATELY, I TOOK EXCELLENT NOTES DURING DR. TRAFF'S TALK.

THIS ALLOWED US TO REVERSE-ENGINEER AN ANTIDOTE VIA THE SAME PATHWAY THAT HAD INTRODUCED THE INFECTIOUS AGENT.

THE INITIAL SICKNESS HAD BEEN AN IMMUNE RESPONSE. THE REAL DANGER CAME LATER, AS TRAFF HAD PLANNED, WHEN THE VIRUS REPLICATED ENOUGH TO INTERRUPT A THREE-CHAMBERED HEART. HE WILL PAY DEARLY FOR WHAT HE DID.

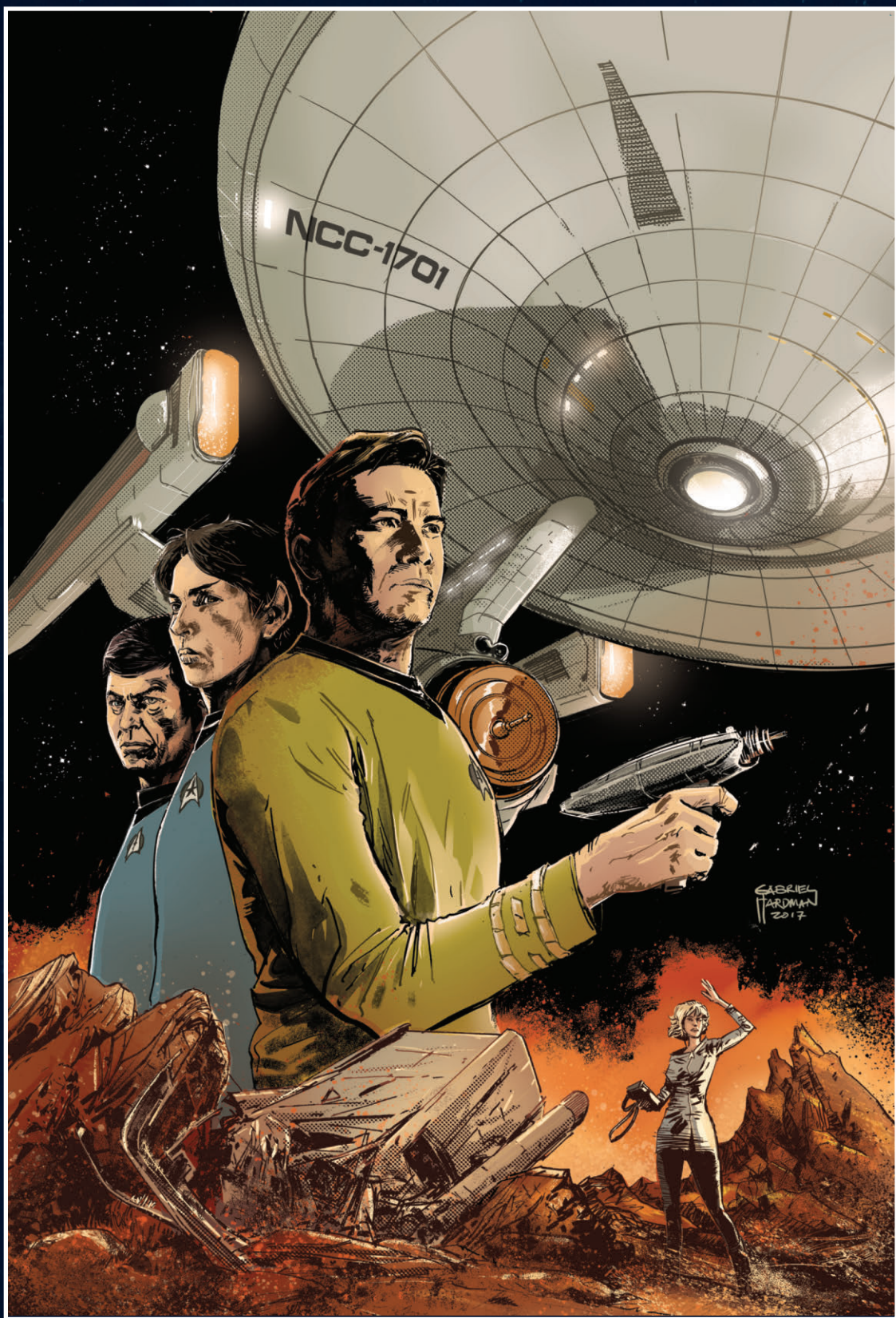


WHERE I CAN TREAT A SCRAPED KNEE, PROTECT A WOUNDED COMRADE, AND THWART AN ATTACK ON A PEACE TREATY...

ALL IN ONE DAY.

END





COVER ART BY
GABRIEL HARDMAN



"DECKER, STATUS REPORT!"

"IT'S ROMULAN. UNKNOWN DESIGN..."

MY GUESS WOULD BE A SCOUT SHIP. BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE A CLOAKING DEVICE.

DAMN, IT MUST HAVE HIT US CLOAKED! CASUALTIES?

INTERNAL SENSORS ARE DOWN.

SCOTTY, UPDATE!

I'M REDIRECTING EVERY BIT O' POWER I CAN SIPHON TO THE SHIELDS.

WE NEED INTERNAL SENSORS, MR. SCOTT.

OUR SHIELDS ARE EXTENDED TO MAXIMUM, HOLDING THAT SHIP. IF WE LOSE THEM, THE PORT SAUCER WILL BUCKLE AND VENT TO SPACE.

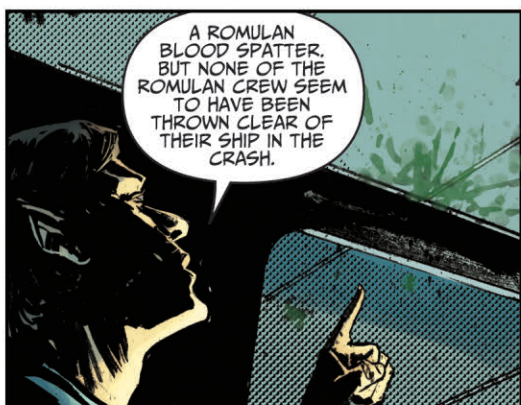
XON, YOU'RE WITH ME! CHEKOV, ASSEMBLE A SECURITY DETAIL.

AYE, KEPTIN!

AYE, SIR.



RECREATION DECK.







LATER.

CAPTAIN?

CELSUS.
COMMANDER
CELSUS OF
THE ROMULAN
STAR EMPIRE.
WHERE...

YOU'RE
ABOARD THE
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE.
YOUR SHIP CROSSED
THE NEUTRAL ZONE
IN VIOLATION—

THERE'S
NO TIME FOR
THIS!



IF THE
CREATURE IS
ABOARD THIS SHIP,
YOUR IDLE DIPLOMATIC
TALK WILL GET US
ALL KILLED.

TECHNICAL
OFFICER PLIN,
BE SILENT.



WHAT
ATTACKED
YOU?

IT...WE'RE
A SCIENCE VESSEL.
WE HAD JUST COMPLETED
A PLANETARY SURVEY ON
THE EDGE OF THE
NEUTRAL ZONE...

...I DON'T
KNOW HOW IT
GOT ONBOARD
BUT...THE WAY IT
KILLED...I'VE
NEVER...



IT MUST BE
TRACKED DOWN
AND DESTROYED—
VAPORIZED! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO BE
CERTAIN.

GIVEN THE
EVIDENCE, I'M
RELUCTANTLY
INCLINED TO
AGREE.

BUT WE'RE
GOING TO NEED
YOUR HELP. YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONES WHO'VE
SEEN IT AND INTERNAL
SENSORS ARE DOWN.
WE HAVE TO FIND THIS
CREATURE THE OLD-
FASHIONED WAY.



CAPTAIN, PERHAPS
WITH THE HELP OF DOCTOR
MCCOY I COULD FIND AN
ALTERNATE, NON-LETHAL
SOLUTION FOR TRAPPING
THE CREATURE.

AFTER ALL, WE
KNOW NOTHING
OF THE SITUATION AT
HAND BEYOND THE
HEARSAY OF THESE
ROMULANS.

HOW DARE
YOU? MUST WE
LISTEN TO THE
NONSENSE OF
THIS VULCAN
CHILD?



MR. XON,
YOU SAW WHAT
THIS THING IS
CAPABLE OF. THE
SAFETY OF MY
CREW WINS THIS
ARGUMENT.

NOW SPLIT
UP. WE HAVE
TO FIND THIS...
BEAST.

LATER.

HAVE YOU EVER EVEN FIRED THAT?

I HAVE A PERFECT RATING ON EVERY STARFLEET-ISSUED HAND PHASER CURRENTLY IN USE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M ASKING, VULCAN. WILL YOU BE TOO TIMID TO KILL WHEN THE MOMENT IS UPON US?

IF YOU'RE SQUEAMISH, YOU SHOULD HAND THE WEAPON TO ME RIGHT NOW.

TECHNICAL OFFICER PLIN...

...I SUGGEST YOU REFOCUS YOUR EFFORTS ON OUR ASSIGNMENT TO LOCATE THE CREATURE.

YOUR ATTEMPTS TO SHAME ME FOR MY VALUES ARE FUTILE.

MR. XON?

GO AHEAD, MR. CHEKOV.

IS CREWMAN BUKHARI WITH YOUR GROUP?

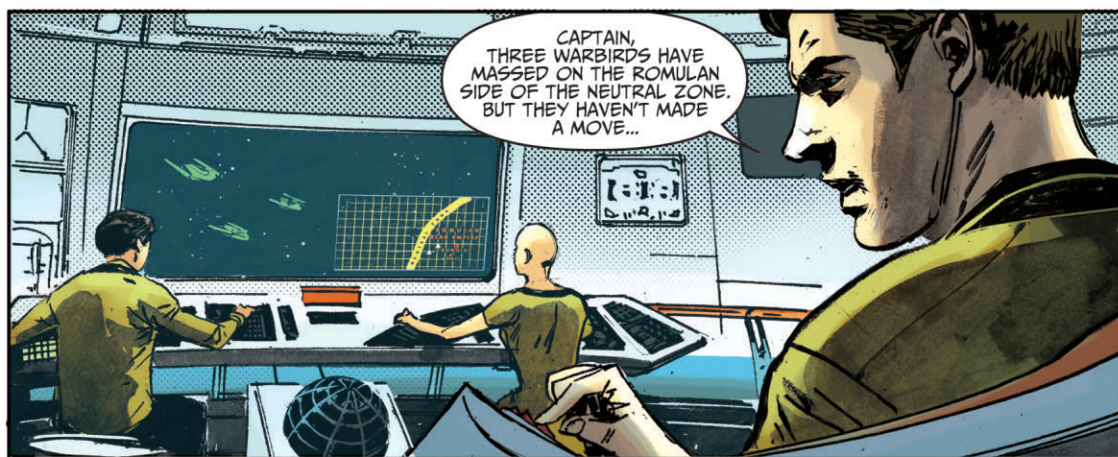
HE IS NOT.

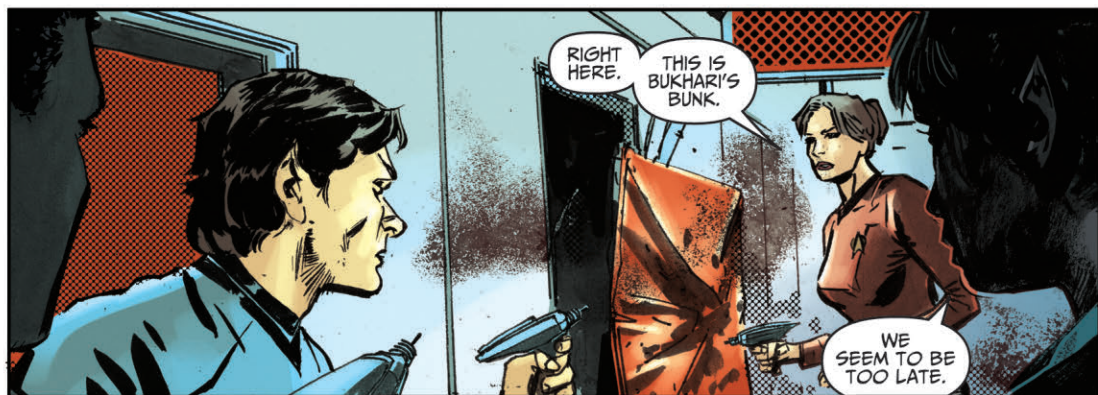
DAMN. HE WASN'T AMONG THE INJURED BUT DIDN'T REPORT FOR DUTY. CHEKOV OUT.

SIR.

BUKHARI WAS OFF DUTY WHEN THE COLLISION HAPPENED. AND HIS QUARTERS ARE OUTSIDE THE CRASH ZONE.

INTERESTING.







CREWMEN?
WHAT—

PLEASE,
NO!

I
CAN'T!

CLACK

CLACK



COWARDS!



I WON'T
LET IT—

PLIN,
NO!



CAPTAIN
KIRK?

XON?

I'VE
LOCATED
THE CREATURE IN
FORWARD CREW
CABIN, SECTION
27. INSTRUCT ALL
CREWMEMBERS
TO AVOID THE
AREA.

XON
OUT.

WAIT, XON!
WHAT—



MY MIND
TO YOUR
MIND...

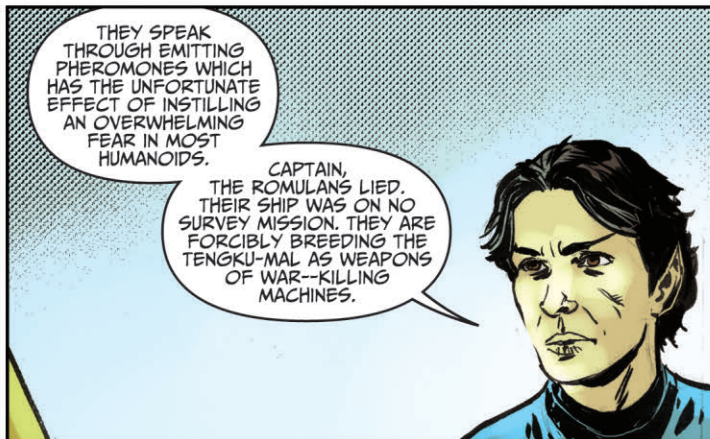
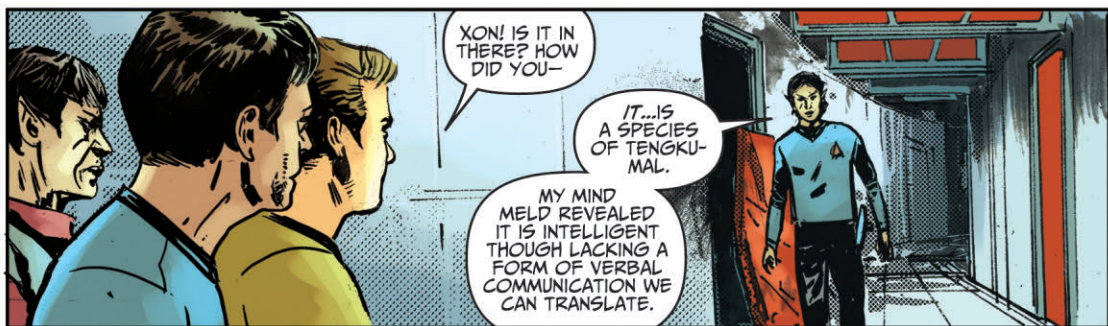


MINUTES
LATER.

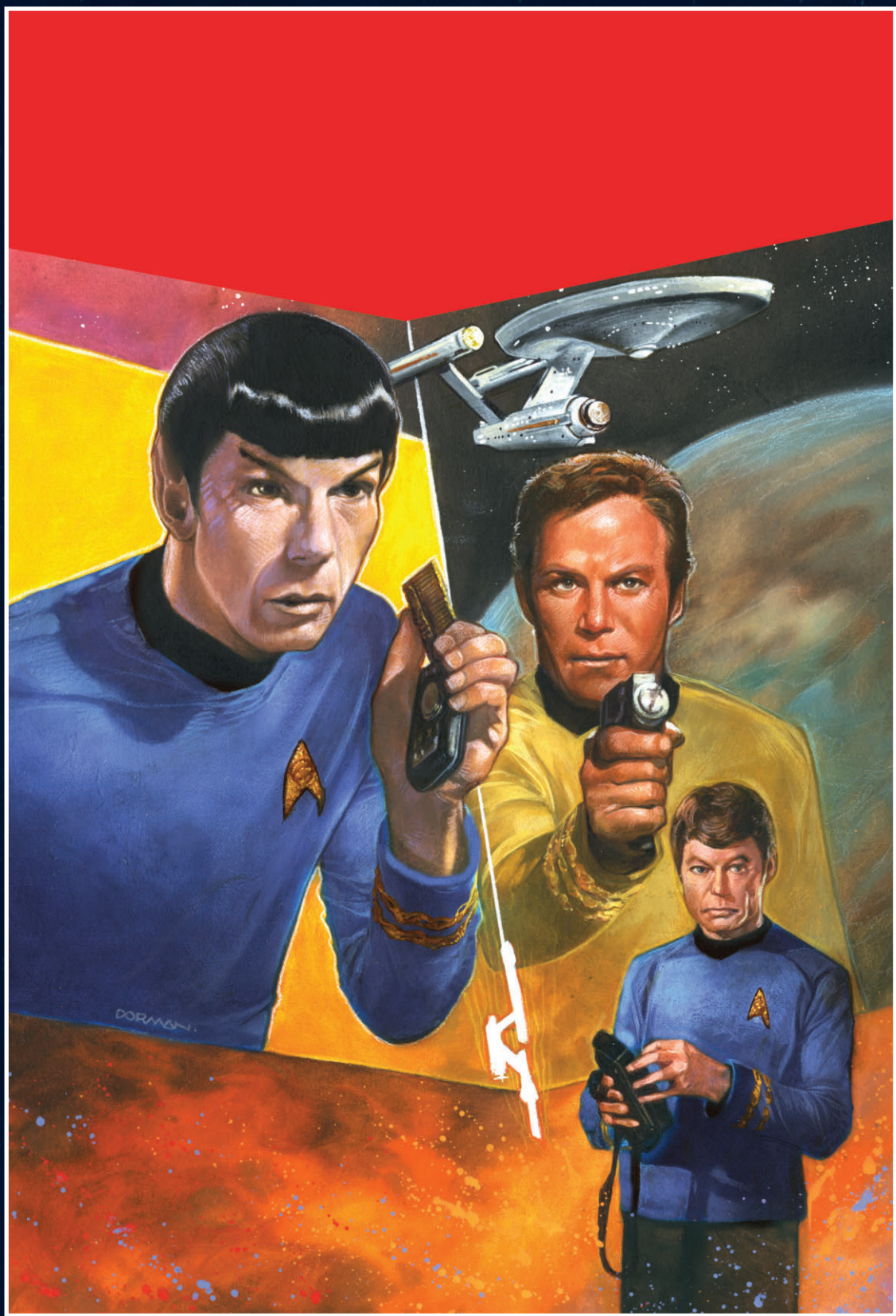
ARE WE
JUST GOING
TO WAIT?

YOU SAID I NEEDED TO
START TRUSTING XON.
HOPEFULLY YOU WERE—

CAPTAIN...







COVER ART BY
DAVE DORMAN

STAR TREK[®] WAYPOINT

AN ANTHOLOGY SERIES SPANNING ALL OF THE WONDERFUL, 50-YEAR **STAR TREK** MISSION. REFLECT ON WHAT'S COME BEFORE AND LOOK AHEAD TO THE FUTURE OF **TREK!**

Short stories that run the gamut of *Star Trek's* history, set during the **Original Series**, **The Next Generation**, **Voyager**, **Deep Space Nine**, **Enterprise**, and more, featuring all your favorite characters. Capturing a galaxy of emotions, these weird and wonderful stories may expand on rarely explored corners of the universe, or provide closure for long forgotten plot threads, but they all remind us why we love **Trek**.



"Conceived as a celebration of *Star Trek's* 50th Anniversary, *Waypoint* continually delivered on its promise to feature top comic talent of 'yesterday and today.'"
—*Trekmovie.com*



"...a diverse and thoughtful approach to the kind of stories that can be told within the franchise with plenty of dazzling science fiction visuals..."

—*Newsarama*



"It captures everything great about *Star Trek*, from the interesting character dynamics, to the wonders of the inexplicable universe..."

—*Adventures in Poor Taste*



IDW

www.idwpublishing.com