

THE FINAL  
VOYAGE OF  
JAMES T. KIRK



# SAVE WHAT FROM HEAVEN

IS WITH THE BREEZES BLOWN

A STAR TREK FAN FICTION GRAPHIC NOVEL BY  
MARK R. LARGENT AND MARK McCRARY

Mark McCrary '16



PROLOGUE.

"YEAH, HOT AS VULCAN.  
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT  
THAT PHRASE MEANS."

THE WORDS ECHO  
HOLLOW AROUND  
THE EARS OF DR.  
LEONARD MCCOY.

THEY WERE SPOKEN JUST  
OVER A CENTURY AGO.

THOSE WERE  
GREAT TIMES.

MOST OF THEIR  
LIVES WERE STILL  
IN FRONT OF THEM.

WHEW!

IT'S CLOSER  
TO HOT AS--

ADMIRAL MCCOY.



I DO NOT THINK IT *WISE* FOR YOU TO BE JOURNEYING *UNATTENDED*.

YOUR *RESISTANCE* TO THE HEAT AND WEAKER ATMOSPHERE IS NOT AS GREAT AS IT WAS WHEN YOU WERE A *YOUNGER* MAN.

WHAT IS IT YOU SEEK HERE, ADMIRAL?

THANKS FOR REMINDING ME, YOU *UN-AGING* PEST.

I WOULDN'T EXPECT *YOU* TO UNDERSTAND THIS, SPOCK, BUT I CAME HERE JUST TO *REMEMBER*.

I WOULD PREFER *NOT* TO.

FAIR ENOUGH.

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, *WHEN* ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHY YOU *REALLY* ASKED ME TO COME TO *VULCAN*?

MY FATHER SUFFERS FROM AN *INCURABLE* ILLNESS.

YOU ARE A *DOCTOR*.

I WOULD THINK EVEN *YOU* COULD SEE THE LOGIC, ADMIRAL.

YOU'RE JUST USING THIS AS AN *EXCUSE*.

WHY AM I *REALLY* HERE?

I SEE A LOT *MORE* THAN THAT.

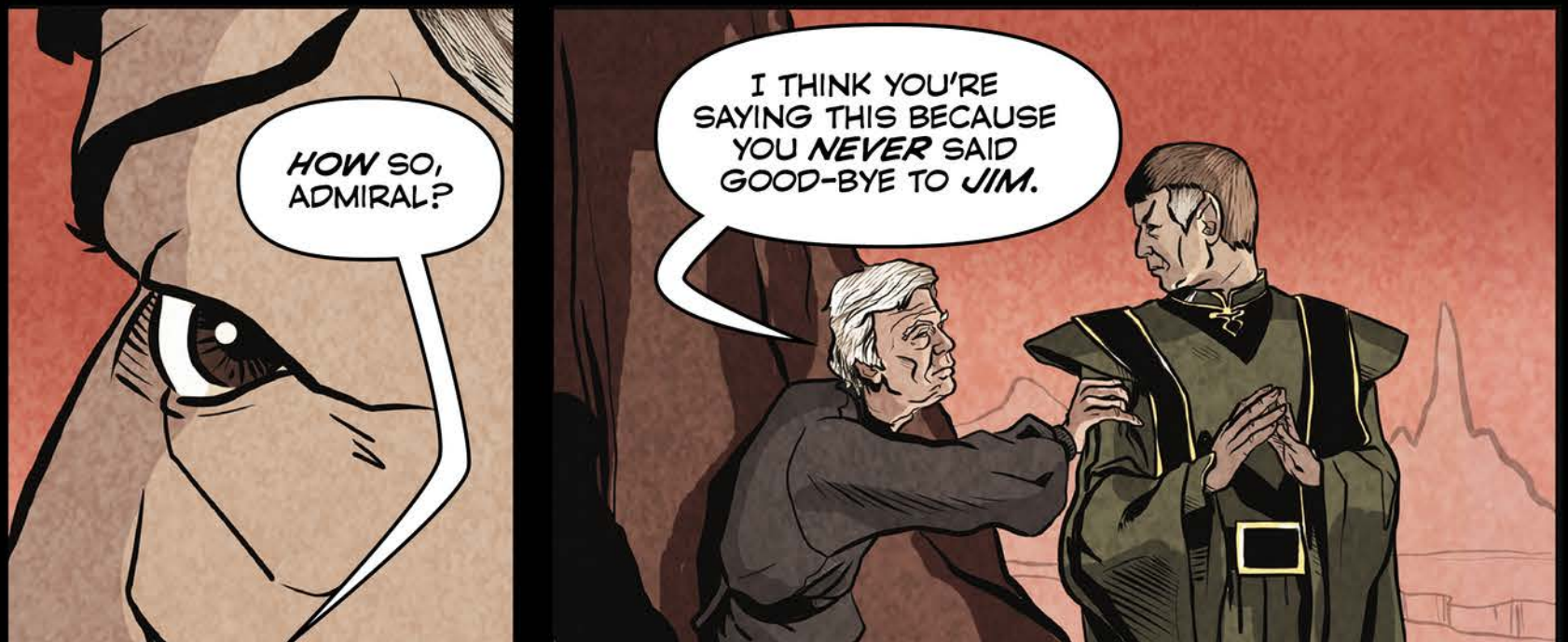
YOU KNOW *GOOD* AND *WELL* YOUR FATHER'S ILLNESS IS INCURABLE.

YOU ARE, AS EVER, A *NOBLE* ARTISAN OF *TACT*, ADMIRAL.

I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO *ANSWER* IN KIND.

YOU ALSO WOULD YIELD TO THE UNQUESTIONABLE LOGIC THAT A *VULCAN* DOCTOR WOULD BETTER UNDERSTAND A *VULCAN* ILLNESS.







THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS PRIOR...

ANOTHER TIME,  
ANOTHER PLACE...

An Imaginary **STAR TREK** Story by  
**MARK R. LARGENT** and **MARK MCCRARY**  
SCRIPT/COLORS/LETTERS PENCILS/INKS

HA! SOME BRAVE  
LEADER OF MEN YOU  
ARE, JAMES KIRK!

CAN'T EVEN  
KEEP UP WITH  
THE GIRL OF  
HIS DREAMS!

NOT FOR  
LACK OF  
TRYING!

"SAVE WHAT FROM  
**HEAVEN** IS WITH THE  
**BREEZES BLOWN**"

NO LONGER  
THAT YOUNG  
MAN WHO USED  
TO SHOW ME  
THE STARS?

GOT  
YOU!

HA-HA  
HA-HAH  
HA--

YOU HAVE  
TO LET GO OF  
ME, JAMES!

I HAVE  
TO GO.

YOUNG? EVEN  
IN MY ACADEMY  
DAYS, I COULDN'T  
HAVE KEPT UP  
WITH YOU!

BUT THEN, YOU  
ALWAYS DID BRING  
OUT THE BEST  
IN ME!

GO?

YOU'D LEAVE  
WITHOUT YOUR  
CAPTAIN?

BUT YOU  
AREN'T MY  
CAPTAIN...

...NOT  
ANYMORE...

HER VOICE IS SOFT AND SAD AND JIM RECOGNIZES THAT FARAWAY LOOK IN HER EYES. SHE'S RESTLESS, LIKE HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN. ONLY THIS TIME HE CAN'T GO WITH HER...



KIRK AWAKES ALONE IN HIS APARTMENT.

THAT FOOL DREAM AGAIN...

AS ALWAYS, IT CUTS HIM LOW.

IN THE BRIEF MOMENT OF WAKING, HIS MIND BETRAYS HIM AND HIS MEMORIES ARE TINGED WITH SPIKES OF DOUBT.

WHAT WAS REAL?

WITHOUT LOOKING, HIS HAND REACHES FOR IT.

HE HOLDS BACK THE PANIC, WHEN HE DOESN'T IMMEDIATELY FIND IT.

BUT HE DOES FIND IT AND IT IS REAL.

MEANING SHE WAS REAL, TOO.

SPOCK'S OFFICE, STARFLEET COMMAND.

FILE TYPE: **CLASSIFIED**

REPORT ON: **1312.4**

REPORT ON: **2330.5**

THE REPORTS ARE INCOMPLETE, BUT THE INDICATIONS ARE INESCAPABLE TO SPOCK

BUT THEN, HE IS IN POSSESSION OF FACTS THAT THEY CANNOT KNOW.

HE WAS THERE.



COMPUTER.

CONNECT ME WITH CAPTAIN JAMES KIRK.





SORRY,  
SPOCK.

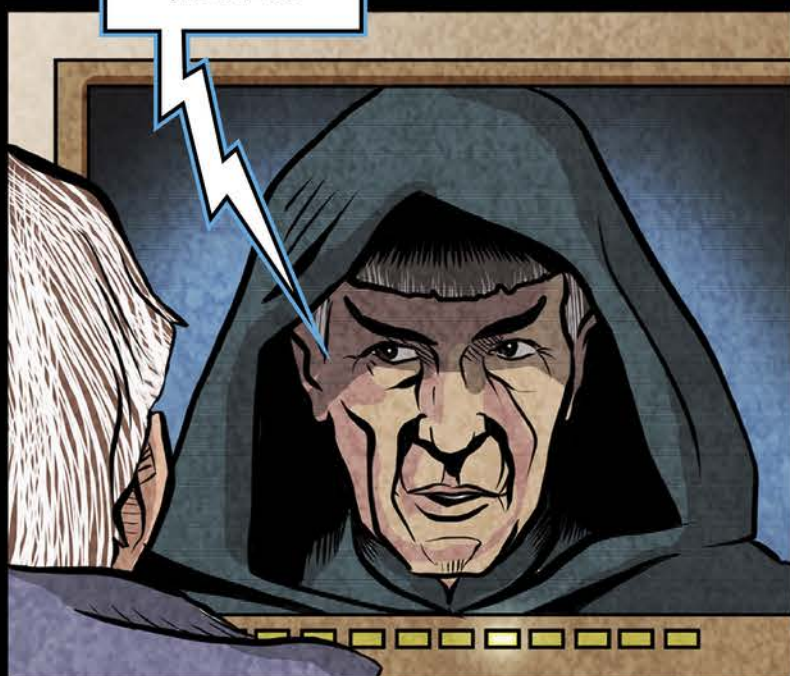
I'M AFRAID THAT  
LUNCH JUST *ISN'T*  
POSSIBLE TODAY.

TOO MUCH  
*WORK* TO DO.

CAN IT  
WAIT UNTIL  
*TONIGHT?*

OF COURSE,  
CAPTAIN.

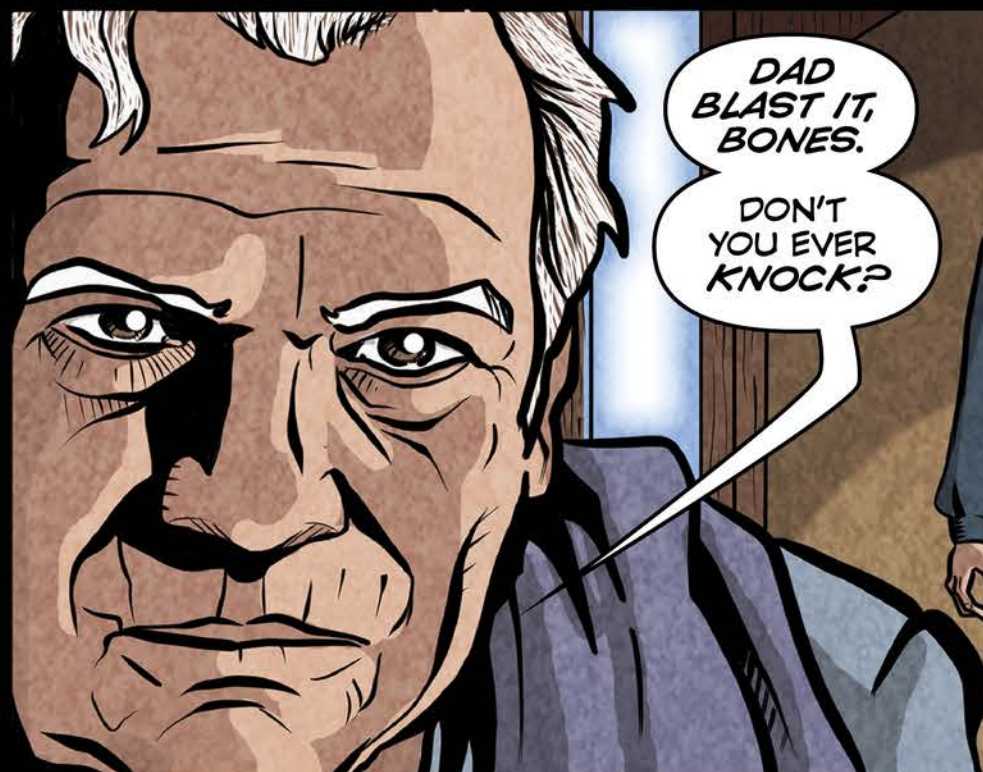
UNTIL 2130  
HOURS.



I'LL  
SEE YOU  
THEN.



*SURELY* YOU  
DON'T THINK SPOCK  
ACTUALLY *BELIEVES*  
THAT EXCUSE?



DAD  
BLAST IT,  
BONES.

DON'T  
YOU EVER  
KNOCK?



I'M A  
DOCTOR,  
JIM.

INVADING  
PEOPLE'S  
*PRIVACY* IS  
ONE OF THE  
*PERKS* OF  
THE JOB.



IN ALL THE *YEARS*  
WE'VE KNOWN EACH  
OTHER, BONES...

HOW MANY  
YEARS *HAS*  
IT BEEN?

*MORE* THAN ENOUGH  
FOR ME TO KNOW WHEN YOU  
ARE TRYING TO *CHANGE*  
*THE SUBJECT*, JIM.

*WHY* LIE TO SPOCK?  
OR MORE *ACCURATELY*,  
WHY LIE TO SPOCK WHEN  
YOU *KNOW* HE CAN *TELL*  
YOU'RE LYING TO HIM?

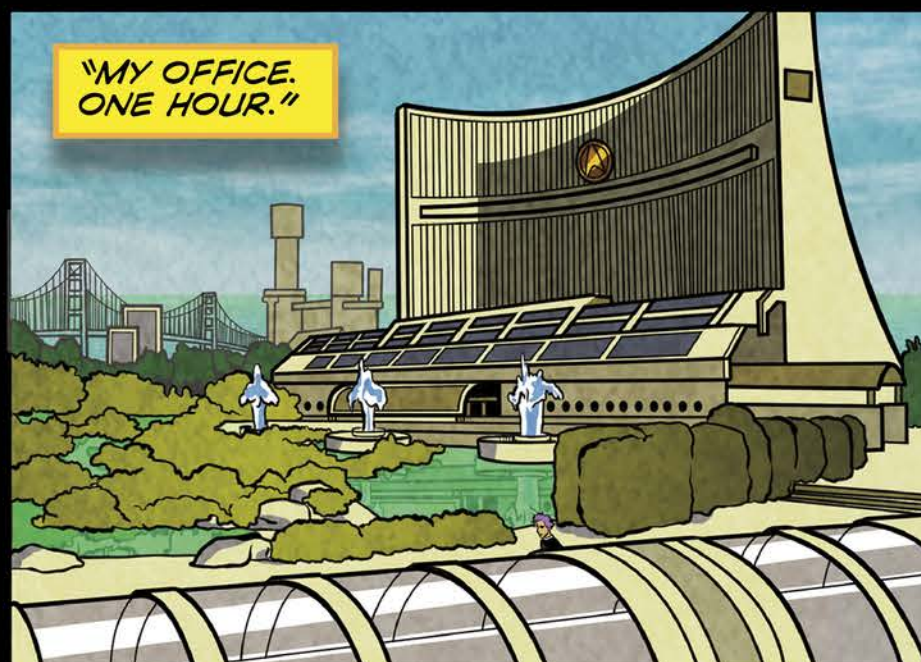
NOT  
*LOGICAL*,  
IS IT?



HE IS *LYING*, DOCTOR,  
BECAUSE HE HAS *ALREADY*  
DISCOVERED THAT *SOMETHING*  
IS HAPPENING ON *DELTA VEGA*  
AND HE MEANS TO *KEEP US*  
FROM *KNOWING* ABOUT IT.



I HAVE *GOT*  
TO CHANGE THE  
*PASSCODE* ON  
THAT DOOR.



"MY OFFICE.  
ONE HOUR."



KIRK'S OFFICE IS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY QUIET. THERE ARE A THOUSAND THINGS TO SAY, BUT THE WORDS TO USE TO SAY THESE THINGS ARE TOO PAINFUL TO PUT VOICE TO...



IT WOULD SEEM THE SITUATION IS FAR MORE **SERIOUS** THAN I SUSPECTED.



CERTAIN ...**EMISSIONS** HAVE BEEN REPORTED **NEAR** THE DELTA VEGA SYSTEM.

A SCIENCE VESSEL WAS **DAMAGED**.



GARY—



I... I **DON'T** KNOW...



IT WOULD BE TOO GREAT A **COINCIDENCE**, JIM.



WE **MUST** ASSUME...



COINCIDENCES  
DO HAPPEN!

»SIGH«

WHATEVER  
THE CASE IS,  
I'M GOING.

ALONE?!

ARE YOU CRAZY?  
STARFLEET'LL NEVER  
GO FOR THAT!

THIS *ISN'T*  
ABOUT STARFLEET,  
BONES.

IT'S ABOUT THE  
MAN WHO WAS ONCE  
MY *BEST FRIEND*.

IT *MAY* BE CRAZY.  
THE YEARS HAVE MADE  
SURE I'M NO *LONGER*  
AT MY BEST...

BUT IF IT  
*IS* GARY.

IF *SOMEHOW*...  
AFTER ALL THESE  
YEARS...

JIM.

IF THESE *DISTURBANCES*  
ARE BEING CAUSED BY THE MAN  
WE ONCE KNEW AS *GARY MITCHELL*,  
THEN IT *MUST* BE ASSUMED THAT  
HE IS AT *LEAST* AS *POWERFUL* AS  
HE WAS IN OUR LAST ENCOUNTER.

WHICH THEN MAKES  
*ME* AT LEAST *PARTIALLY*  
RESPONSIBLE, SPOCK!

WHATEVER IT WAS  
GARY BECAME, HE  
WAS MY *FRIEND*!

I CAN'T HELP  
THINKING THAT THERE  
WAS *SOMETHING* I  
COULD HAVE DONE...

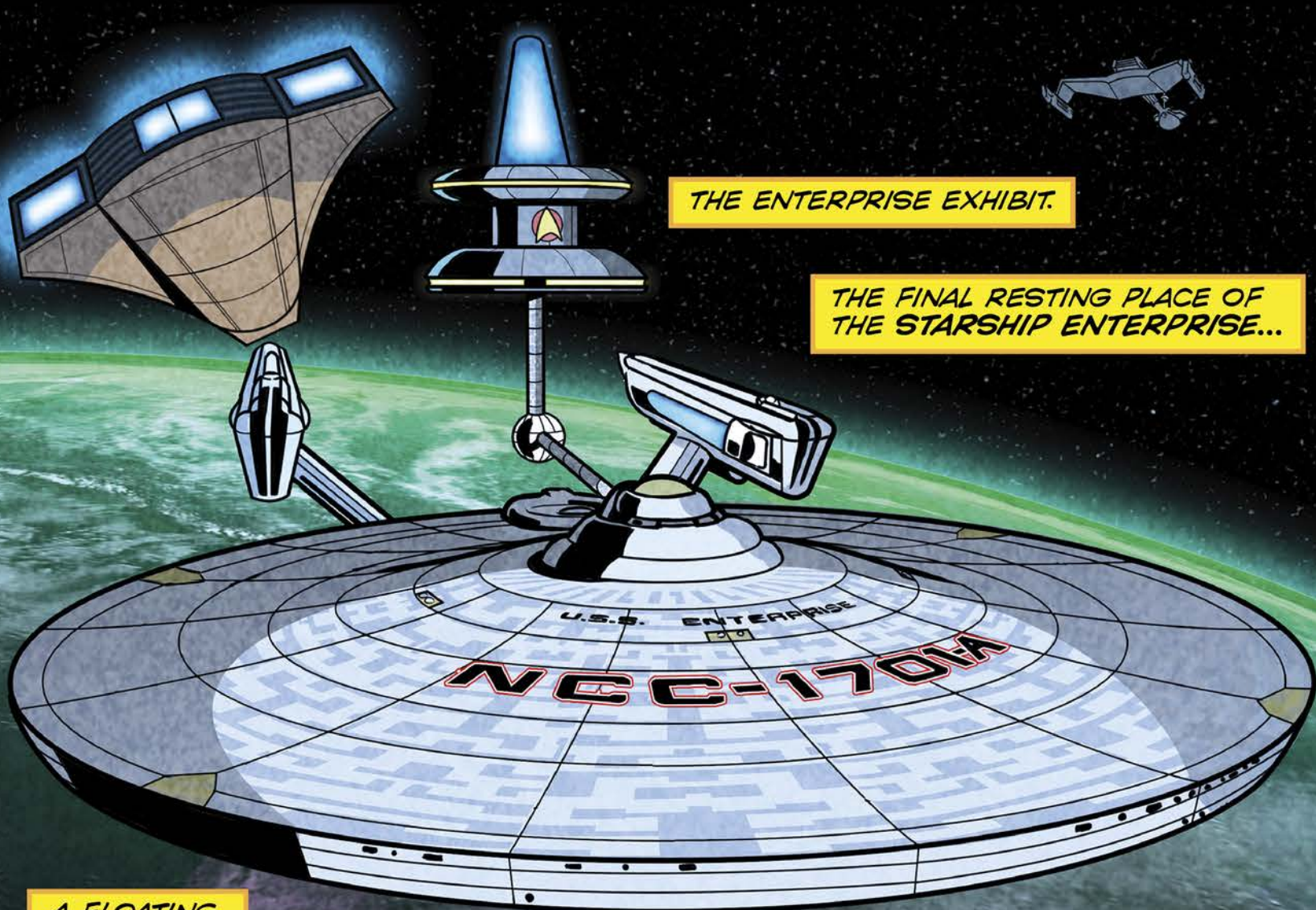
...*SHOULD* HAVE  
DONE THAT WOULD  
HAVE *SAVED* HIM.

I'VE BEEN GIVEN A  
*SECOND CHANCE* AND  
I INTEND TO TAKE IT.





"APPROACHING KHITOMER. WE HAVE VISUAL."



THE ENTERPRISE EXHIBIT.

THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE...

A FLOATING MUSEUM.

A TRIBUTE TO THE PEACE TREATY SIGNED HERE BY THE KLINGONS AND THE FEDERATION OF PLANETS FORTY YEARS AGO...

...AND A RELIC OF AN AGE NOW PAST.



SCANNING  
FOR LIFE  
FORMS.

ARE THEY  
ABOARD THE  
EXHIBIT?

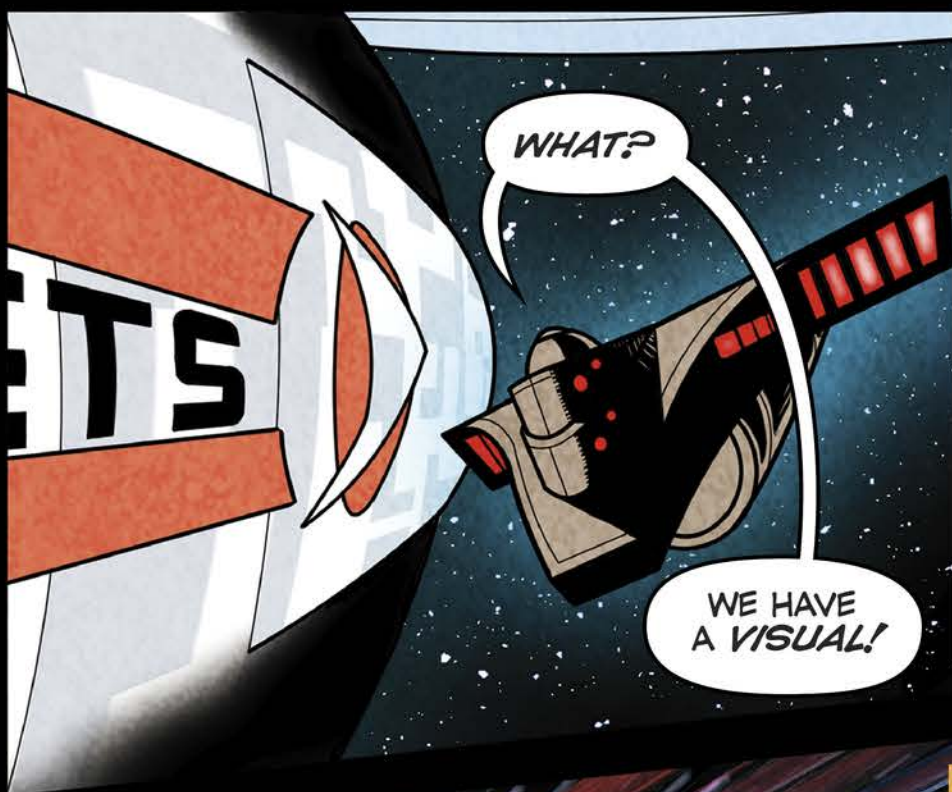
NEGATIVE. SIR,  
SCANNERS DO  
NOT READ THE  
EXHIBIT AT ALL.



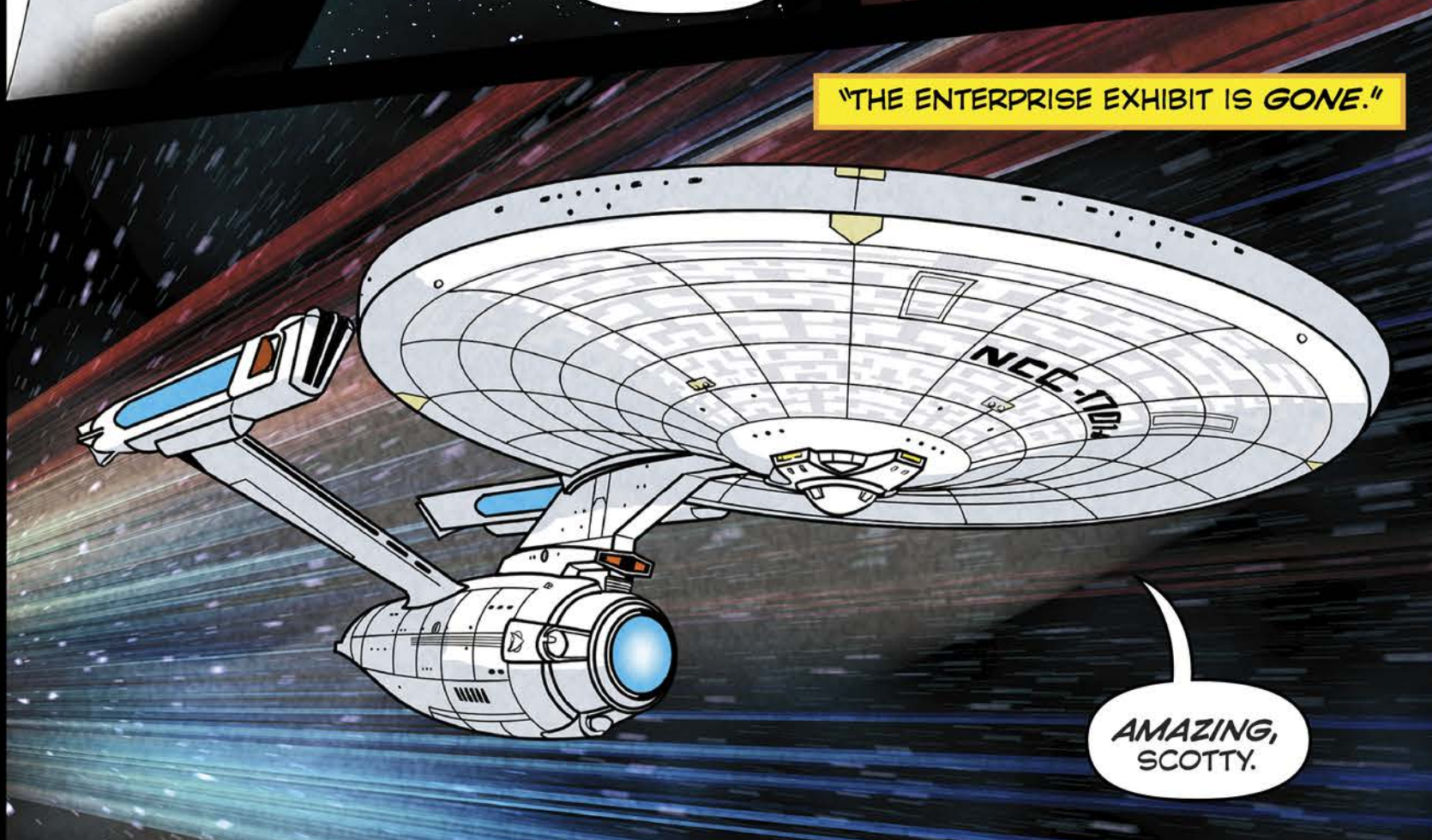
WHAT?

WE HAVE  
A VISUAL!

IT'S A  
HOLOGRAM,  
SIR.



"THE ENTERPRISE EXHIBIT IS GONE."



AMAZING,  
SCOTTY.



ABSOLUTELY  
AMAZING.

IT IS  
EXTREMELY  
EFFICIENT,  
MR. SCOTT.

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO  
ADMIT, I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON  
THIS *AUTOMATION* PROGRAM  
ON AND OFF EVER SINCE THEY  
*DECOMMISSIONED* HER.

WE CAN CONTROL  
EVERY SHIP'S SYSTEM  
FROM HERE AND SHE'S  
STILL GOT *PLENTY* OF  
LIFE IN HER ENGINES!

AN IMPRESSIVE  
ACCOMPLISHMENT.  
IT WOULD SEEM TO  
TAKE IN *ALMOST*  
EVERY VARIABLE.

ANY  
VESSEL  
PLEASE  
REPLY!

THE ENTERPRISE  
EXHIBIT HAS BEEN  
*COMANDEERED!*

CAN  
ANYBODY  
READ ME?!

HELLO?!

AYE, MR.  
SPOCK...

BUT I COULDNA' HAVE  
BEEN EXPECTED TO ACCOUNT  
FOR OUR *ENTHUSIASTIC*  
YOUNG MISS LANE.

EMERGENCY OPERATION  
MODE OVERRIDE ACTIVE:  
MOTHBALL  
RETRIEVAL  
PROTOCOL  
00A2B



MISS LANE,  
I'M AFRAID YOU  
ARE WASTING  
YOUR TIME.

THAT'S *LIEUTENANT*  
LANE AND I'LL DECIDE  
WHAT IS A WASTE OF  
MY TIME, THANK YOU!

THE CAPTAIN'S RIGHT,  
LASSIE! EVERY SYSTEM HAS  
A *CODE LOCK* ON IT!

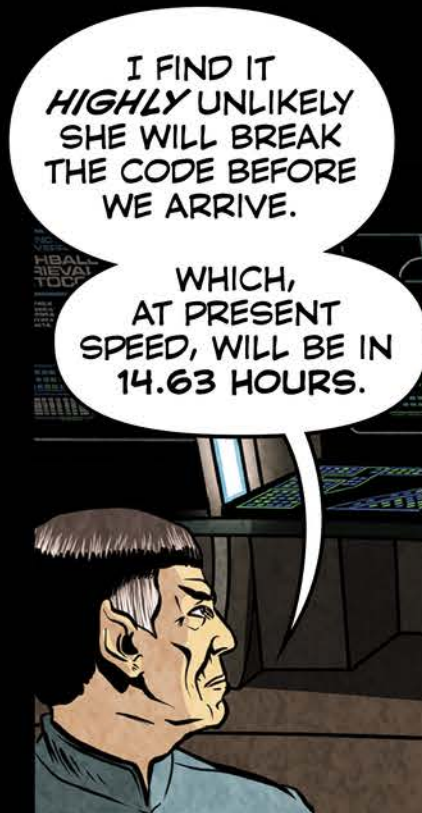
OH!

THAT...

...WELL,  
IT *DOESN'T*  
MATTER!

*YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS!*













WE'RE **STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE** AND WE HAVE **EVERY** AUTHORITY.

NOW, OPEN THAT DOOR.

VERY WELL, BUT I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I **TELL** YOU, THE ENTERPRISE EXHIBIT IS IN ORBIT **WITH** US!

OUR DOCENT ESCORTED A GROUP OF **ANTILLIAN HISTORIANS** ABOARD THE EXHIBIT JUST A **FEW HOURS** AGO.



KIRK!



AS YOU CAN **PLAINLY** SEE...

**HOL** PROJECTOR IS IN THE CORNER.

SHUT IT OFF.

YES, SIR!

DIRECTOR...



YOUR EXHIBIT WAS **STOLEN** BY NONE OTHER THAN **JAMES T. KIRK**

YOU **REALLY** SHOULD HAVE **SEEN** THIS COMING.





THIS IS AN  
**OUTRAGE!!**

THE ENTERPRISE  
EXHIBIT IS A *LIVING*  
PIECE OF HISTORY!

I DON'T CARE *WHO*  
HE IS, I'M *REPORTING*  
THIS TO MY SUPERIORS  
*IMMEDIATELY!*



YOU WILL DO  
NO SUCH THING,  
DIRECTOR.

YOU ARE JUST  
GOING TO PRETEND  
LIKE EVERYTHING  
IS *NORMAL*.

ARE YOU A  
*MADMAN?*!



TO SOME, IT  
MIGHT *APPEAR*  
THAT WAY...



SOMETHING  
*TROUBLING* YOU,  
SPOCK?

OUR SENSORS  
ARE SOMEWHAT  
*PRIMITIVE* COMPARED  
TO CONTEMPORARY  
SYSTEMS, BUT I AM  
READING SOME SORT  
OF *INTERFERENCE*  
BETWEEN OUR  
CURRENT POSITION  
AND *DELTA VEGA*.



WHAT IS THE  
*NATURE* OF THIS  
INTERFERENCE?

WE ARE STILL  
TOO *DISTANT* TO  
ASCERTAIN.



*BUT?*



COME ON,  
SPOCK, YOU'VE  
NEVER HESITATED  
TO *SPECULATE*  
BEFORE.



IT HAS BECOME APPARENT TO ME THAT **SOMETHING** IS HAPPENING ON THE PLANET YOU BURIED GARY MITCHELL ON.

SOMETHING **STARFLEET** IS AWARE OF, YET HAS CHOSEN TO KEEP A **SECRET** FROM US.

...DESPITE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE **ORIGINAL** EVENT.

I BELIEVE THE **INTERFERENCE** BETWEEN US AND DELTA VEGA IS A FLEET OF SHIPS.

A **FLEET**?

HOW **MANY** SHIPS?

"ALL OF THEM, CAPTAIN..."

"...YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, DR. MCCOY, IF I'M LESS THAN GRATEFUL FOR YOUR **HOSPITALITY**."

YOU'RE A **HISTORIAN**, NO DOUBT SPECIALIZING IN **ENTERPRISE HISTORY**. I'D THINK YOU KNEW A THING OR TWO ABOUT HER **CAPTAIN**.

I **DO**, DOCTOR, AND I'M REALLY **SURPRISED** STARFLEET DIDN'T DO A **LOT** MORE TO KEEP HIM FROM DOING THIS **AGAIN**.


DOES SEEM LIKE SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE NOTICED A **PATTERN** BY NOW...





WHAT'S THIS *ABOUT*, DR. MCCOY?

I'VE STUDIED ALL OF THE *ENTERPRISE'S* LOGS. I'VE SEEN *NOTHING* IN THEM THAT SUPPORTS *THIS* KIND OF *BEHAVIOR* BY *CAPTAIN KIRK*.



WELL, LIEUTENANT, THE *ENTERPRISE* LOGS *DON'T* ALWAYS TELL THE *WHOLE* STORY...

...*EVERYONE* KEEPS *SECRETS*. EVEN STARSHIP CAPTAINS.



YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *DELTA VEGA*, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S AN *ALARMINGLY* GOOD GUESS, LIEUTENANT.

KIRK LOST A *FRIEND* THERE. SOME *OTHER* CREWMEN DIED, TOO. HIS LOG WAS *SPARSE*, MATTER OF FACT.



THE *DEATH* OF A *FRIEND* IS *NEVER* MATTER OF FACT.



BUT *YOU* WERE NOT ASSIGNED TO *ENTERPRISE* THEN...

THAT'S *TRUE*, LIEUTENANT, BUT I *KNEW* MITCHELL.

HE WAS A *FEW* YEARS YOUNGER THAN JIM AND A *LOT* MORE ARROGANT, BUT A GOOD FRIEND.



WHAT HAPPENED THERE?

ON *DELTA VEGA*?



"IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE *GALACTIC BARRIER*. ONLY *JIM* KNOWS WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED.

THERE HAD BEEN *ANOTHER* STARSHIP THAT HAD TRIED *BEFORE* TO BREACH THE BARRIER AND ITS CREW HAD GONE *MAD*. DESTROYED THEIR SHIP AND *THEMSELVES*.

ON KIRK'S ATTEMPT, SOMETHING *CHANGED* GARY MITCHELL.

GARY BECAME *POWERFUL*."

HE SAID IT WAS SOME SORT OF *ADVANCEMENT* OF HIS *ESPER* ABILITIES.

IT MADE HIM *DANGEROUS*. A THREAT TO THE SHIP.

JIM WAS FORCED TO *ABANDON* GARY ON THE NEARBY *DELTA VEGA*.

HE JUST LEFT HIS *FRIEND* THERE TO *DIE*?

HIS *LOG* SAID GARY MITCHELL WAS *KILLED IN ACTION*.

THE *BEING* HE FOUGHT ON *DELTA VEGA* WAS *NOT* THE GARY MITCHELL HE KNEW.

THAT'S HOW JIM PUT IT. HE ONLY EVER TALKED ABOUT IT *ONE* TIME WITH ME.

HE MADE IT *REAL CLEAR* THAT HE *DIDN'T* WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT *EVER* AGAIN.

*WHATEVER* MITCHELL HAD BECOME, HE WAS *MAD* AND *POWERFUL* ENOUGH TO KILL *EVERYONE* ON THE ENTERPRISE.

HE SAID MITCHELL SAW THEM ONLY AS *"INSECTS."*

JIM WAS LEFT WITH *NO OTHER CHOICE*.

HE HAD TO *KILL* HIS *BEST FRIEND*.











IF STARFLEET IS THERE...

DOES THIS MEAN GARY IS ALIVE?

"PERSONAL LOG"

"FULL CIRCLE. HOW ELSE CAN I DESCRIBE IT? IT DOES NOT SEEM POSSIBLE THAT SEVENTY YEARS HAVE GONE BY. UNTIL NOW, I NEVER REALIZED HOW SMALL A PORTION OF MY LIFE I KNEW GARY MITCHELL."

"GARY..."

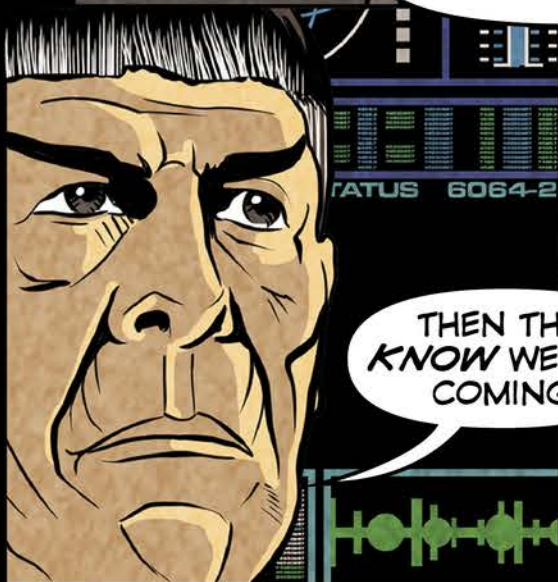


I WOULD NOT RUSH TO THAT CONCLUSION, JIM...

"HE WAS MY FRIEND. MY BEST FRIEND. HOW CAN I NOT HOPE THAT SOMEHOW ...SOMEWAY... GARY MITCHELL IS STILL ALIVE IN THAT TOMB ON DELTA VEGA?"



IF THEY'VE WORKED OUT THAT WE'VE TAKEN THE ENTERPRISE...



THEN THEY KNOW WE ARE COMING.



"OR IS IT MERELY THE HOPE THAT I CAN FREE MYSELF FROM MY FEELINGS OF GUILT?"

"IT WAS MY DECISION TO TRY TO BREACH THE BARRIER. I HAD THE VALIANT'S LOGS. I KNEW THERE WAS DANGER. YET I BRUSHED ALL THAT ASIDE. I DID IT MY WAY..."

...AND MY FRIEND HAD TO DIE."



WHAT IS IT THAT DRIVES  
ME OUT HERE?

WHY MUST I BOLDLY GO AT THE  
COST OF EVERYONE AROUND ME?

EVEN YOU,  
LADY...

I GOT YOU BACK, THOUGH.

I GOT  
SPOCK  
BACK.

WHY CAN'T I GET  
GARY BACK, TOO?

WEE!

KIRK  
HERE.

CAPTAIN. WE  
ARE BEING HAILED  
BY COMMANDER  
STARFLEET.

I'M ON  
MY WAY.

ABOUT  
TIME!

YOU KNOW  
THE **BIG BRASS**  
DON'T LIKE TO BE  
LEFT WAITING.

I HAVE A FEELING  
HE'S NOT **EXACTLY**  
**THRILLED** ABOUT YOU  
"BORROWING" THE  
ENTERPRISE...

HE'S A VERY  
PATIENT MAN,  
BONES.

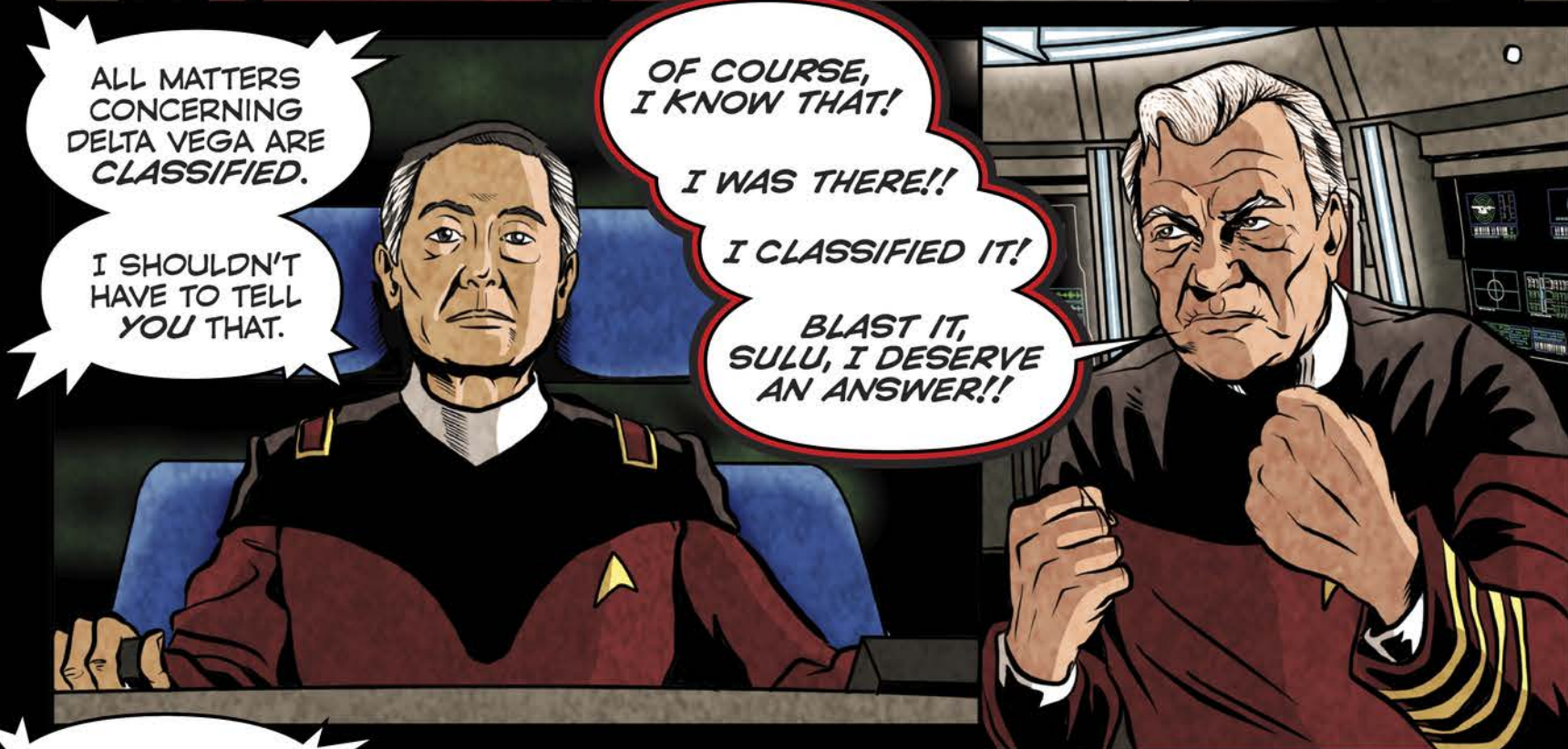
I'M SURE HE'LL  
UNDERSTAND.

**THIS IS**  
COMMANDER  
STARFLEET!  
**RESPOND!**  
**NOW!**

OR NOT.

ON SCREEN.













GENTLEMEN...

I APPEAR TO  
HAVE *WASTED*  
YOUR TIME.



NOT AT  
ALL, SIR.



JIM?

I'LL  
BE IN MY  
QUARTERS.



YOU  
MADE THE  
ONLY *LOGICAL*  
CHOICE, JIM.

YOU...



**DELTA VEGA.**

**LIFELESS, DESOLATE.**

ONCE HOME TO AN AUTOMATED  
LITHIUM CRACKING STATION.  
ORE SHIPS WOULD COME HERE TO  
CART OFF ALL THAT WAS VALUABLE  
FROM THE PLANET'S MINERALS.

UNTIL DELTA VEGA HAD  
NO MORE TO GIVE.

A TINY, GUTTED LITTLE  
ROCK ON THE EDGE OF  
THE GALAXY.

THIS IS WHERE JAMES T. KIRK  
LOST HIS BEST FRIEND.





SENSORS  
CONFIRM,  
ADMIRAL.

THE *ENTERPRISE*  
*EXHIBIT* HAS REVERSED  
COURSE AND IS LEAVING  
THE SYSTEM.



IF A *TIGER* SHOWS YOU  
ITS *BACK*, DO NOT ASSUME  
IT MEANS TO *RETREAT*.









MR. ALVOK,  
SEND ORDERS TO  
**ENTERPRISE-B**: ESCORT  
ENTERPRISE EXHIBIT TO  
KHITTOMER. MAINTAIN  
MAXIMUM **SENSOR**  
RANGE.

AYE, SIR.  
SENDING  
MESSAGE.



ADMIRAL.  
COULDN'T WE  
SEND A **SMALLER**  
VESSEL?

WE MAY NEED  
ENTERPRISE'S  
**POWER**.



IF ANY ONE **ELSE**  
WERE IN COMMAND  
OF THE ENTERPRISE  
EXHIBIT, I **MIGHT** AGREE  
WITH YOU, REED.

WE'LL DO FINE  
**WITHOUT** THE  
ENTERPRISE-B.



**ALL** VESSELS  
HAVE ASSUMED  
POSITIONS.

THEY  
AWAIT **YOUR**  
COMMAND.



SEND TO ALL VESSELS:  
BRING **PHASER BANKS**  
TO **FULL POWER**.



LET'S  
**BURN**  
HIM.





LT. LANE?

I THOUGHT I HAD YOU PUT IN THE *BRIG*?



I SEE.

DO YOU MIND IF WE GO INTO MY QUARTERS?

I'M TIRED OF *STANDING*.



DON'T MOVE.



THE *FORCEFIELD* IS JUST *LIGHTS*.

UP UNTIL NOW, NOBODY THOUGHT A *MUSEUM* NEEDED A *WORKING BRIG*.

I'VE BEEN *BIDING* MY TIME.



NOT SO FAST!

YOU'RE GOING TO ORDER THE OTHERS TO *TURN* THIS SHIP AROUND AND *TAKE US BACK* TO *KHITTOMER*.



ALREADY DONE.

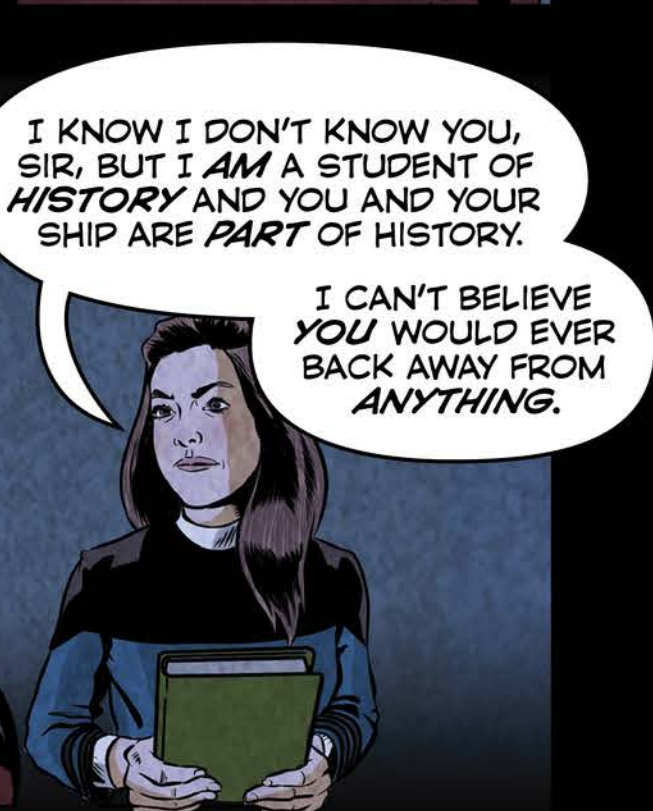
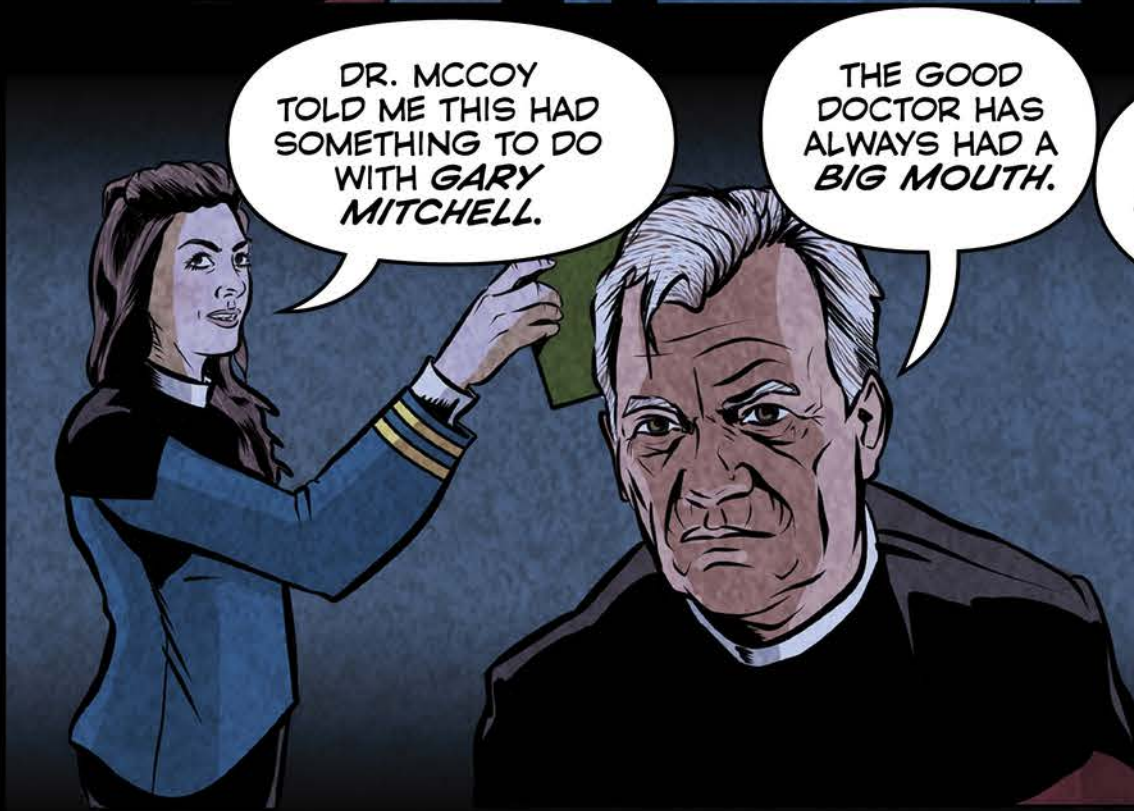


IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR *TRICKS*, CAPTAIN...


NO TRICK.

I JUST KNOW WHEN I'VE BEEN *BEATEN*.









YOU WERE **CORRECT** IN POINTING OUT THAT WE ARE **HISTORY**.

THE **REAL** PROBLEM WITH GROWING OLD IS THAT YOU KEEP **FORGETTING** YOU'RE NOT YOUNG.

HISTORY IS MADE BY THE **LIVING**, CAPTAIN KIRK.

YOUNG OR OLD, YOU ARE **STILL** JAMES T. KIRK.

THERE **AREN'T** MANY OTHER **ONE HUNDRED YEAR OLD MEN** WHO COULD STEAL A **STARSHIP**.



I'M ONLY **NINETY-SEVEN**.



I KNOW WHAT YOU **MEAN**, LIEUTENANT.

UNFORTUNATELY, UP UNTIL A FEW MINUTES AGO, I WAS **34** AGAIN.

TAKING ON SIXTY-THREE YEARS ALL AT ONCE IS A LITTLE **HARD** TO TAKE.

JIM.



MY APOLOGIES FOR **INTERRUPTING**, BUT I THINK YOU HAD BETTER COME TO THE **BRIDGE**.

WE ARE ABOUT TO BE **INTERCEPTED**.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY.



TAKE **NAVIGATION**, LIEUTENANT LANE.

WHAT IS IT, SPOCK?





IT IS A  
*FEDERATION*  
SHUTTLECRAFT,  
CAPTAIN.

WE CANNOT  
ASCERTAIN *WHO*  
IS PILOTING IT, BUT  
ITS COURSE *MATCHES*  
PRECISELY THE ONE  
*WE* TOOK HERE.

WE WILL  
*INTERCEPT* THE  
VESSEL IN 6.5  
MINUTES.



THEN IT  
*COULDN'T*  
HAVE BEEN *FAR*  
BEHIND US.




*MY*  
THOUGHT  
ALSO.



ANY ATTEMPT  
TO *HAIL* US,  
BONES?

NOT A  
*PEEP*.



LET'S SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN *WE*  
HAIL *THEM*.

HAILING  
FREQUENCIES  
*OPEN*.



FEDERATION  
SHUTTLECRAFT.

THIS IS *CAPTAIN*  
*JAMES T. KIRK*  
COMMANDING THE  
*USS ENTERPRISE...*



...MUSEUM  
EXHIBIT.

PLEASE  
RESPOND.



GOT 'EM,  
JIM!



ON  
SCREEN!



GREETINGS,  
CAPTAIN KIRK.

I BRING  
YOU NEWS...

...ABOUT  
AN OLD  
FRIEND.

RED  
ALERT!

RAISE  
SHIELDS!

DELTA VEGA.

A HALO OF PHASER FIRE  
SURROUNDS THE PLANET  
BUT CAN'T BREAK THROUGH  
TO THE SURFACE...



REPORT

THE *FORCE SHIELD* AROUND THE PLANET IS OF *UNKNOWN* ORIGIN.

THERE IS SOME INDICATION OF *WEAKENING*, BUT IT IS FAR FROM *COLLAPSING*.

CEASE *ALL* PHASER FIRE.

ANY *SUGGESTIONS*, MR. ALVOK?

WE COULD *ALTERNATE* THE FIRING PATTERN, ADMIRAL.

*SIMULTANEOUS* CONCENTRATED ATTACKS IN *RANDOM* AREAS FOLLOWED BY *SENSOR SWEEPS* MIGHT REVEAL ANY *WEAK SPOTS*.

MR. ANTAR?

A *LOGICAL* COURSE OF ACTION, ADMIRAL SULU.

WELL, WE KNOW IT'S NOT WORKING *THIS* WAY.

SEND *FIRING COMMANDS* TO ALL VESSELS.

INITIATE FIRING AS SOON AS THEY ARE *READY*.

I DON'T LIKE THIS, JIM.

LOOK, BONES...

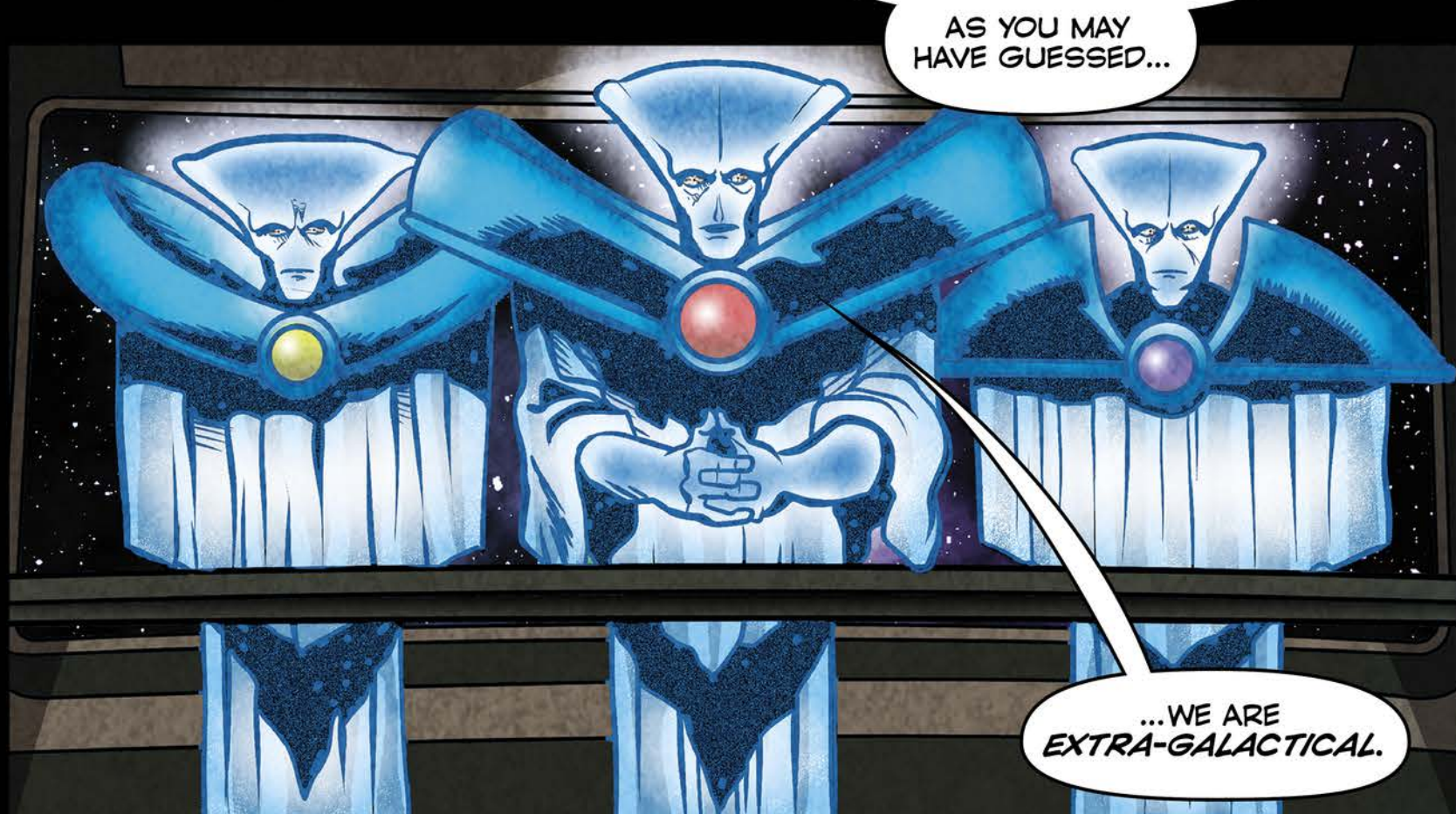
IF THEY *ARE* BEINGS LIKE *GARY* BECAME, THEY COULD JUST AS EASILY *DESTROY* US FROM *OUTSIDE* OF THE SHIP.

OH, WELL I FEEL *MUCH BETTER* NOW.

I'VE LOCKED ONTO THEM, CAPTAIN.

*ENERGIZE*.







THEN *YOUR RACE* IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *BARRIER*?



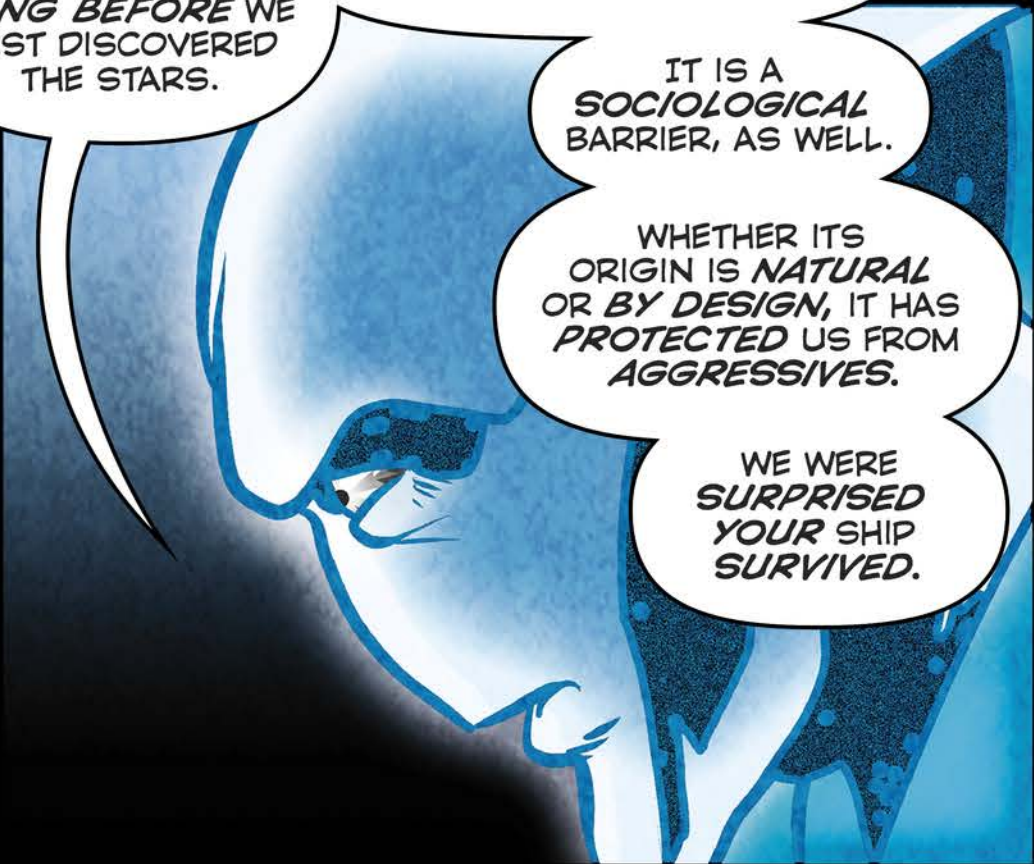
THE *BARRIER* HAS EXISTED SINCE *LONG BEFORE* WE FIRST DISCOVERED THE STARS.

IT IS *MORE* THAN A *TECHNOLOGICAL* BARRIER.

IT IS A *SOCIOLOGICAL* BARRIER, AS WELL.

WHETHER ITS ORIGIN IS *NATURAL* OR *BY DESIGN*, IT HAS *PROTECTED* US FROM *AGGRESSIVES*.

WE WERE *SURPRISED* YOUR SHIP *SURVIVED*.



NOT *ALL* OF IT DID.

OF COURSE YOU REFER TO *MITCHELL*.

WE OBSERVED THE EVENTS OF SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO WITH *GREAT INTEREST*.

YOUR *COMPASSION* FOR YOUR COMRADE WAS ...*UNIQUE*.

YOU *WAITED* UNTIL YOU WERE LEFT WITH *NO OTHER* OPTION BUT TO *DESTROY* YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN KIRK.

OUR PEOPLE WERE GREATLY *IMPRESSED*.



THEN GARY *IS* DEAD?



REGRETTABLY, NO.

THE INCREASE OF HIS *ESPER* ABILITIES SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN HIM TO *LETHAL MADNESS*.

HE SHOULD HAVE *KILLED HIMSELF* AND TAKEN YOUR *SHIP* AND *CREW* WITH HIM.

MITCHELL DID NOT.

HE *SURVIVED* IN HIS *TOMB*.

HIS *BODY* WAS CRUSHED, BUT WITH ABILITY AND *WILL* HE COULD AND *DID* MAINTAIN *LIFE*.

HIS *MADNESS* HAS GROWN WITH EACH PASSING YEAR AND HIS *ANGER* HAS BEEN DIRECTED AT *YOU*, KIRK.

HE FEELS *BETRAYED* AND HE MEANS TO *DESTROY YOU* AND *ANYONE* WHO GETS IN HIS WAY.

OF COURSE, WE REALIZED THE *DANGER* AND SOUGHT TO DO WHAT WE COULD.

WE ERECTED AN *ENERGY FIELD* AROUND DELTA VEGA MEANT TO *CONTAIN* MITCHELL.

WHAT HAPPENED A FEW MONTHS AGO WAS *UNFORESEEABLE*.

A SCIENCE VESSEL, COINCIDENTALLY NAMED *VALIANT* VENTURED TOO CLOSE TO DELTA VEGA, *INTRIGUED* BY OUR *ENERGY FIELD*.



ALAS, WE WERE NOT *MONITORING* DELTA VEGA.

THE VERY *ENERGY FIELD* YOUR STARFLEET IS NOW TRYING TO *PENETRATE*.

MITCHELL WAS ABLE TO *AFFECT* THEIR *MINDS*.

*SEE* THROUGH *THEIR EYES*.

HIS *SCANS* OF THEIR DATA BANKS REVEALED *SOMEONE* WITH THE *POSITION* TO FREE HIM.

*SOMEONE* WHO *HATED* HIM FOR *KILLING* HIS FRIENDS *LEE KELSO* AND *ELIZABETH DEHNER*.

HE *PLANTED THOUGHTS* IN THE CREW'S MINDS.

*TERRIBLE VISIONS* OF *DESTRUCTION* AND *DEATH*.

*SOMEONE* WHOSE THIRST FOR *VENGEANCE* WOULD *ENABLE* HIS OWN...



SULU'S GOT THE  
ENTIRE FLEET OUT  
THERE TO *KILL* HIM.

INSTEAD,  
THEY WILL  
*FREE* HIM.

AND WITH HIS  
POWER TO *INFLUENCE*  
*MINDS*, HE WILL HAVE  
AN ENTIRE *ARMADA* AT  
HIS DISPOSAL.

HOW CAN  
WE *STOP*  
HIM?

"ALL SHIPS HAVE  
CEASED FIRING, SIR."

"DID IT WORK?"

"SCANNING ENERGY  
FIELD, ADMIRAL."





SIR!

GETTING A MESSAGE FROM *ENTERPRISE*—  
KIRK'S *TURNED* HIS  
SHIP AROUND.

HE'S  
COMING  
BACK.

THAT'S *ALL*  
I NEED!

WHAT ABOUT THE  
ENERGY FIELD,  
MR. ANTAR?

IS IT *DOWN*?



I AM  
*UNABLE* TO  
DETERMINE,  
ADMIRAL.

FOR REASONS  
I *CANNOT* EXPLAIN,  
I CAN NO LONGER  
MOVE MY HANDS.



OH...

MY...

**KRA-KOOM!**

"AS YOU SURMISED, CAPTAIN,  
I READ A VESSEL JUST ON THE  
EDGE OF SENSOR RANGE."



"SULU KNOWS ME  
WELL ENOUGH NOT  
TO TRUST ME."









THE ORDER  
HAS BEEN GIVEN  
AND RECEIVED,  
CAPTAIN!

DESTROY  
THEM!

WE'RE  
TOO LATE!

DON'T  
COUNT US  
OUT YET.

"MR. SCOTT, I'M ASSUMING THAT  
ALL OF ENTERPRISE'S WEAPONS  
WERE DISMANTLED?"

"OF COURSE, CAPTAIN!  
WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE A  
TOUR ACCIDENTALLY FIRE  
A PHOTON TORPEDO."

THAT'S GOING  
TO MAKE THIS A  
REALLY ONE-SIDED  
FIGHT...

WELL,  
ACTUALLY,  
I THOUGHT  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS  
MIGHT  
HAPPEN...

SO I  
STOWED  
AWAY A FEW  
SPECIAL  
PACKAGES.

BLESS YOU,  
SCOTTY!



BONES.

HAIL THE  
ENTERPRISE-B'S  
CAPTAIN.

EXPRESS TO HIM  
THAT OUR INTENTIONS  
ARE NOT HOSTILE.

I'LL TELL HIM  
WE'RE JUST ON OUR  
WAY TO A PICNIC.

I'M REGRETTING  
NOT ASKING UHURA  
TO COME WITH US.





YOU AREN'T **ACTUALLY** GOING TO TRY TO **FIGHT** THEM, ARE YOU?

HOW DID YOU **MANAGE** TO GET HOLD OF **PHOTON TORPEDOES**, MR. SCOTT?

**TORPEDOES?**

OH, I **COULDN'A'** HAVE GOTTEN TORPEDOES IF I'D **TRIED**.

LET'S JUST CALL THESE A **CREATIVE ALTERNATIVE**, CAPTAIN.

**JIM**. THE **ENTERPRISE-B'S** SHIELDS ARE **GREATLY SUPERIOR** TO OURS.

SHE IS **FULLY ARMED** AND HAS A **FULL CREW** ABOARD.

HER CAPTAIN, A MAN I BELIEVE YOU **HAND-PICKED** FOR THE JOB, IS A **BRILLIANT TACTICIAN**.

ANY **GOOD NEWS?**

HE IS **NO JAMES KIRK**.



THEY **AREN'T** RESPONDING TO OUR HAILS, **JIM**.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO **RESPECT** FOR YOUR **ELDERS?**



WE CAN OFFER YOU **NO ASSISTANCE**, CAPTAIN.

I **EXPECTED** AS MUCH.

OKAY, MR. SCOTT.

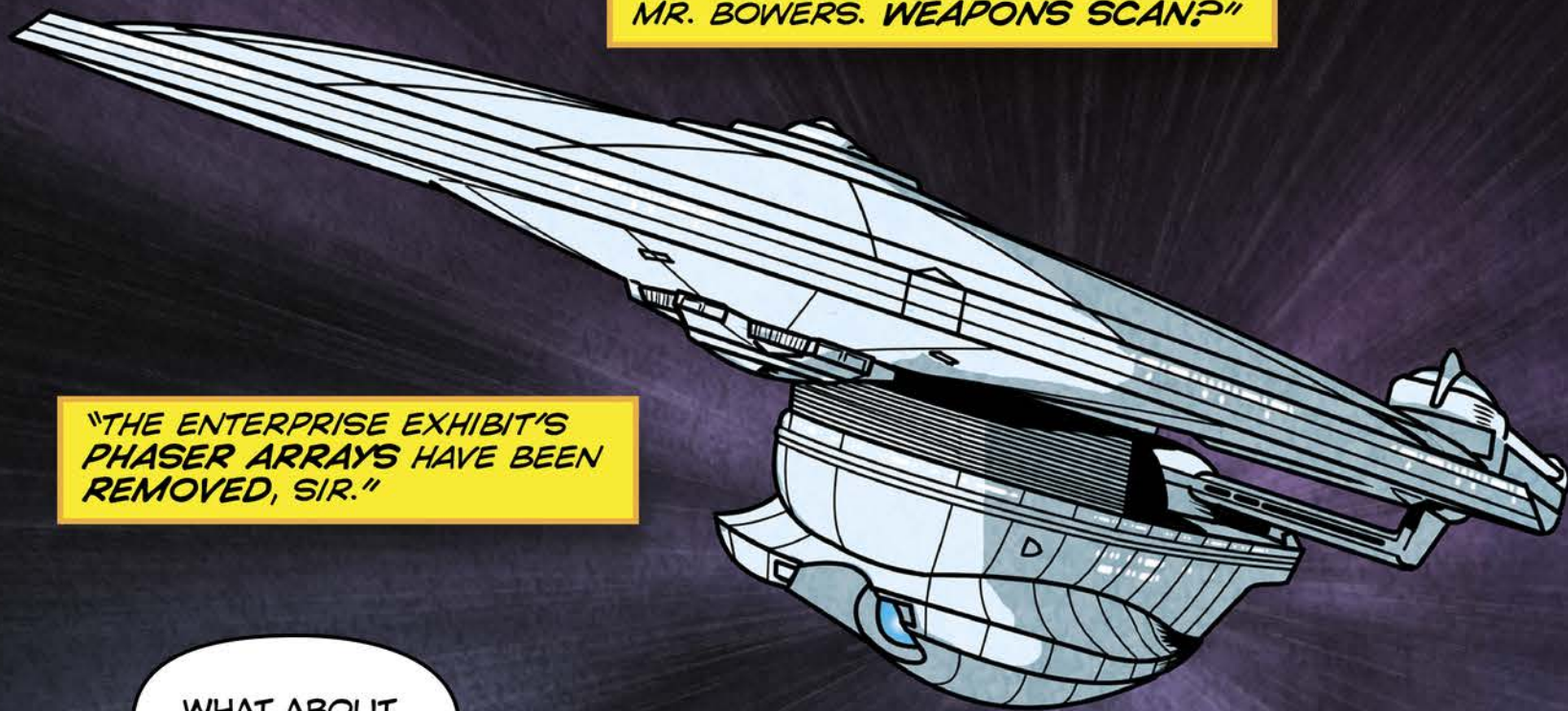
I'M **ALMOST AFRAID** TO ASK...



"THEY'VE COME TO  
A **FULL-STOP**, SIR."

"TAKE US OUT OF WARP **DIRECTLY**  
IN FRONT OF THEIR POSITION,  
MR. BOWERS. **WEAPONS SCAN?**"

"THE ENTERPRISE EXHIBIT'S  
PHASER ARRAYS HAVE BEEN  
REMOVED, SIR."



WHAT ABOUT  
**TORPEDOES?**

NONE,  
SIR.

LISTEN UP,  
**ALL HANDS.**

WE'RE GOING  
TO DO THIS **FAST**  
AND **EXACT.**

IT IS  
**IMPERATIVE**  
THAT WE RETURN  
TO THE FLEET.

WE'VE ONLY  
GOT **ONE SHOT** AT  
THIS, YOU KNOW.

CAPTAIN, THE  
**ENTERPRISE-B**  
IS COMING OUT  
OF WARP...

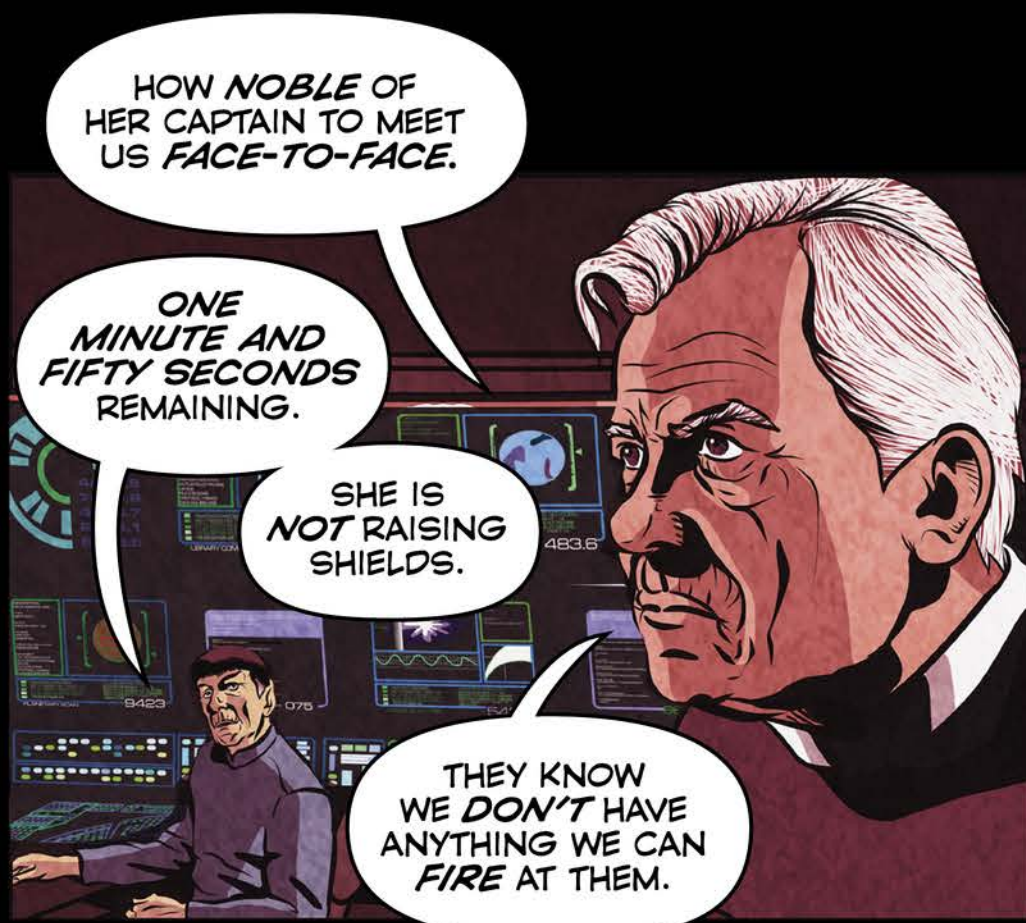
**FEAR NOT,**  
MR. SCOTT.

IF WE **FAIL**,  
WE **WON'T** BE  
AROUND **LONG**  
ENOUGH TO  
KNOW.

...AND ASSUMING  
A POSITION **EXACTLY**  
WHERE WE EXPECTED  
HER TO...









THE *ENTERPRISE-B* IS ROTATING TO MATCH OUR MANEUVER.

HILL'S *NOT* A MAN WHO WOULD SHOOT A *TURTLE* ON ITS *BACK*, LIEUTENANT.

FIFTY-THREE SECONDS, CAPTAIN.

SCOTTY, ROTATE US COUNTER-CLOCKWISE. PUT US *RIGHT*.



"WHAT THE--?!"

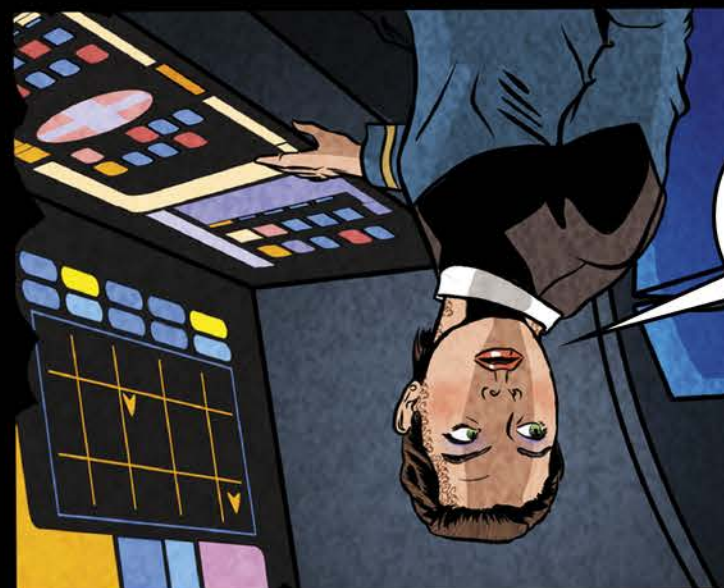


ENOUGH OF THIS!

LIEUTENANT, TARGET THEIR NACELLES...

SIR, I'M READING MULTIPLE ENERGY SURGES AROUND OUR POSITION.

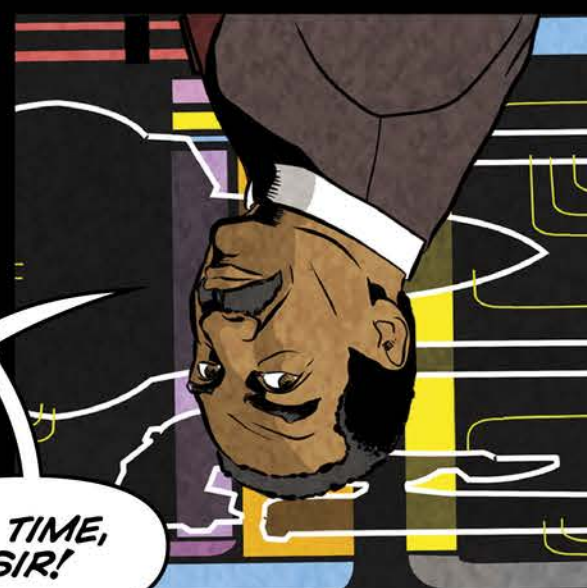
HAVING TROUBLE GETTING A *READING*, THERE'S SOME SORT OF DAMPENER FIELD



THEY'RE CLOAK MINES!

RAISE SHIELDS!

NO TIME, SIR!





"SYSTEMS ARE BUILDING TO OVERLOAD, CAPTAIN!"

"CUT POWER TO ALL SYSTEMS NOW!"

"GET US OUT OF HERE, SCOTTY!"

"BEST POSSIBLE SPEED."

THE ENTERPRISE-B HAS BEEN EFFECTIVELY **DISABLED**, CAPTAIN.

KLINGON CLOAK MINES.

I GUESS THEY CAN ADD **WEAPONS TRAFFICKING** TO OUR LONG LIST OF **CRIMES** AGAINST THE FEDERATION

OH NO, SIR!

THEY WERE PART OF THE KLINGON SIDE OF THE **EXHIBIT**.

I —UH, NEVER FOUND **TIME** TO DISARM THEM.

YOU LOOK **CONCERNED**, BONES ...THEY'LL BE ABLE TO DRAW POWER FROM THEIR **BATTERIES** ONCE THE PULSES STOP.

MY **CONCERN** WAS HOW YOU EXPECT TO GET US PASSED THE **ENTIRE FLEET**.

TO BE **HONEST**, I DIDN'T EXPECT US TO GET PASSED THE **ENTERPRISE-B**.

THAT'S **NOT** THE ANSWER I WAS HOPING TO HEAR.

EASY ON THE **SPEED**, LASS.

WE'LL GET THERE **SOON** ENOUGH.

UM, THAT'S **NOT** ME, MR. SCOTT...

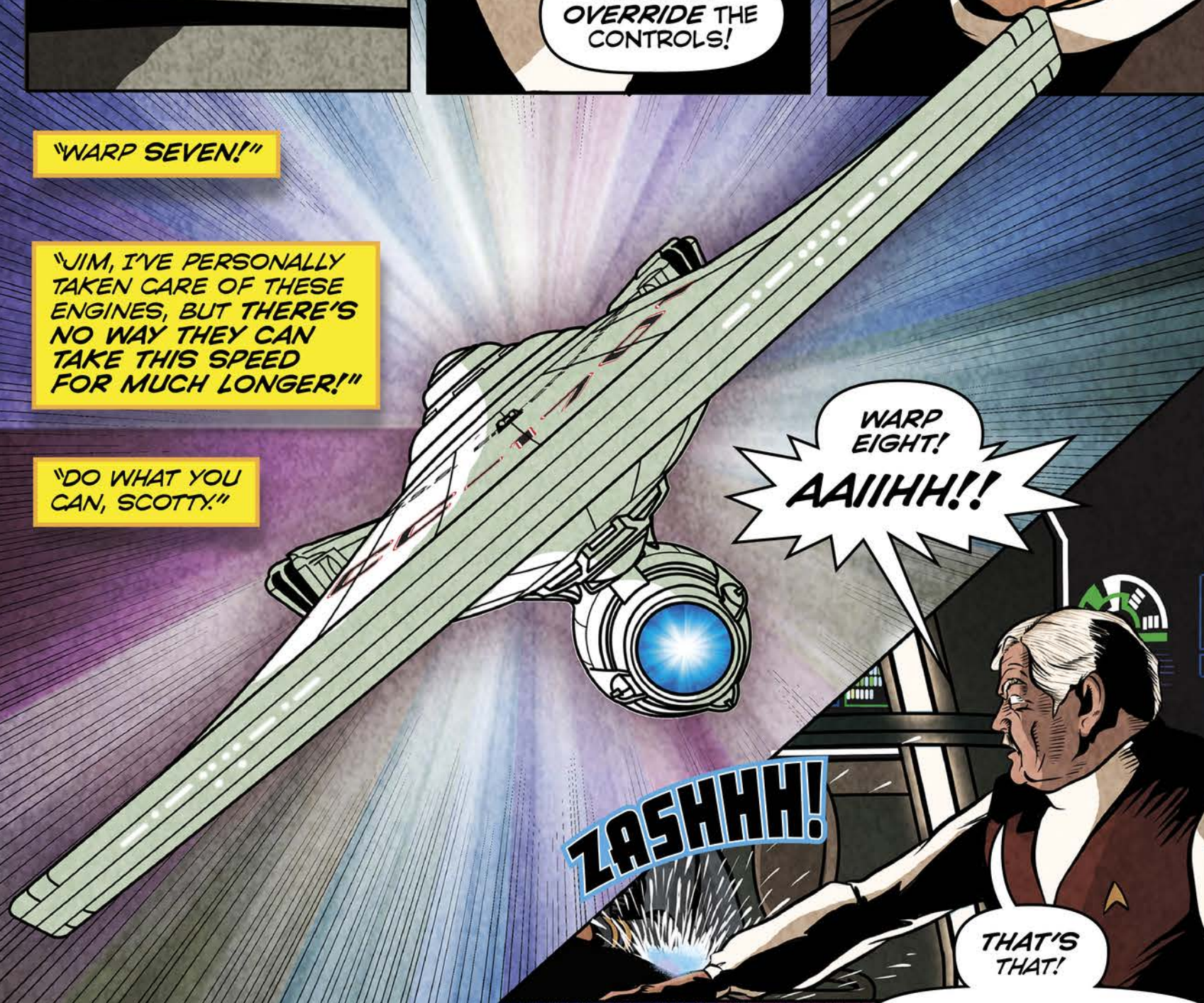




"WARP SEVEN!"

"JIM, I'VE PERSONALLY  
TAKEN CARE OF THESE  
ENGINES, BUT THERE'S  
NO WAY THEY CAN  
TAKE THIS SPEED  
FOR MUCH LONGER!"

"DO WHAT YOU  
CAN, SCOTTY."



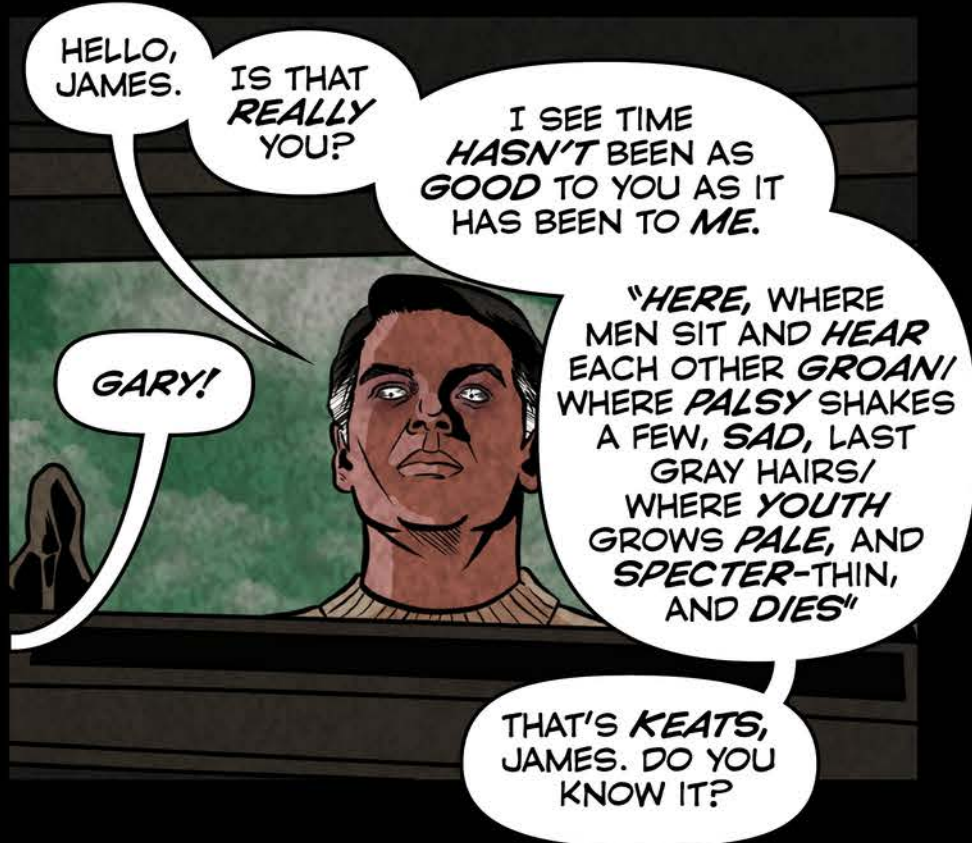
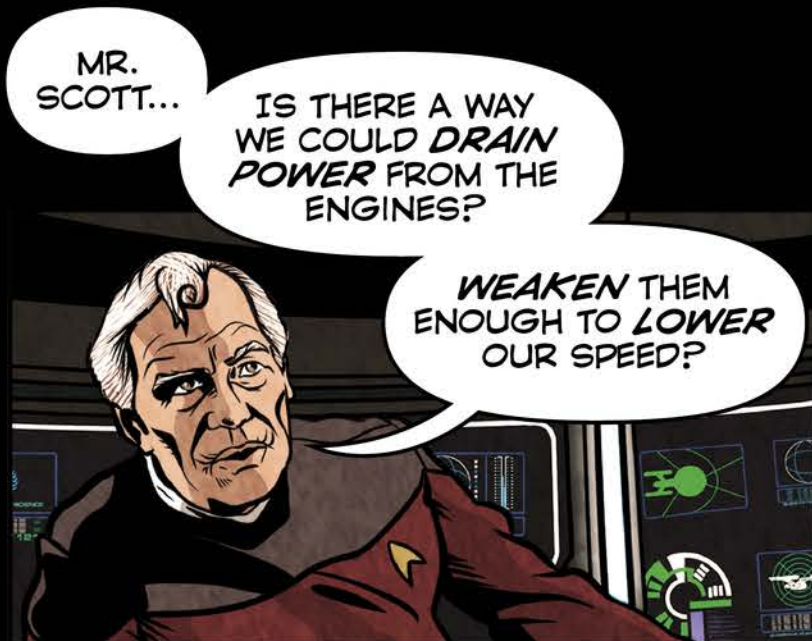
WARP  
EIGHT!  
**AAIIHH!!**

**ZASHHH!**

THAT'S  
THAT!

IF MITCHELL EVER  
DOES LET GO OF US, WE'RE  
DEAD WHERE WE LAND.

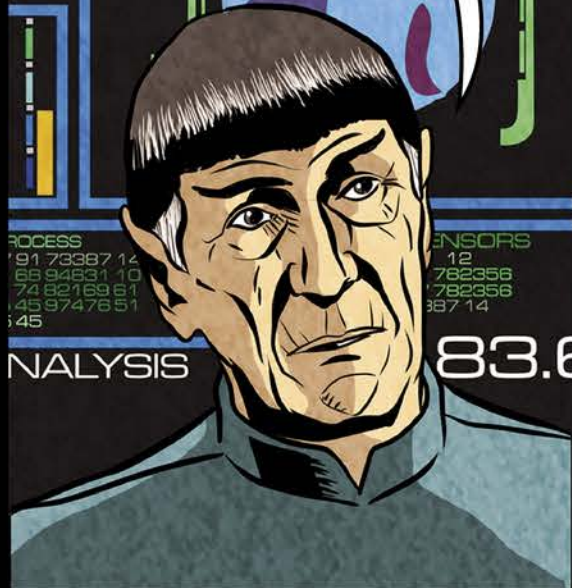






"WHERE BUT TO  
THINK IS TO BE FULL  
OF SORROW AND  
**LEADEN-EYED**  
DESPAIRS."

ODE TO A  
NIGHTINGALE.



VERY GOOD,  
MR. SPOCK...  
BUT I WAS **NOT**  
ASKING YOU.

I SEE YOU  
BROUGHT **SCOTTY**  
AND **BONES**, TOO.



SO HARD TO  
**RECOGNIZE** YOU  
UNDER ALL THOSE  
**WRINKLES**.

HELLO,  
GARY.



ELIZABETH?

IS THAT  
**YOU?**



ELIZABETH  
IS **DEAD**, GARY.

YOU  
**KILLED**  
HER.

LIKE YOU  
KILLED  
**KELSO**.



THAT'S **NOT** VERY  
**NICE** TO SAY, JAMES.



I THOUGHT  
YOU AND I WERE  
**FRIENDS**.

I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
**DEAD**.

YES, BUT  
YOU DIDN'T  
BOTHER TO  
**CHECK**, DID  
YOU?

YOU LET ME  
SPEND AN **ETERNITY**  
BURIED IN MY OWN  
**GRAVE**, WHILE YOU  
ROAMED THE GALAXY  
AS A **HERO**...

IT'S MY  
TURN NOW,  
JAMES.

I'VE BEEN  
SET **FREE** AND  
THE **WHOLE GALAXY**  
IS **MINE** TO DO WITH  
AS I **PLEASE**.

I'LL **STAND**  
IN YOUR WAY,  
GARY.





YOU?

SUCH A *FOOLISH* THING TO SAY, JAMES.

DON'T YOU SEE HOW *INSIGNIFICANT*, HOW *FRAGILE* YOU HUMANS ARE?

YOU NEED *SO MANY THINGS* JUST TO *SURVIVE!*

I CAN TAKE *ALL* OF THOSE THINGS AWAY.

I CAN MAKE YOU *SUFFER* AND *DIE* WITH A *SINGLE* THOUGHT.

YOU *CANNOT STAND* IN MY WAY.

I'VE *BEATEN* YOU *BEFORE*.

IT SEEMS TO ME YOU LACK *PERSPECTIVE*, JAMES.

PERHAPS IT IS TIME WE SAW *EYE-TO-EYE...*



SO FAR, ALL I'M HEARING IS *TALKING*.

YOU *PRATTLE* ON ABOUT YOUR *SUPERIORITY* AND YOUR *POWER*, YET *HERE* YOU ARE.

*STILL* ON DELTA VEGA. *STOPPED* IN YOUR TRACKS BY A *MERE INSECT*.

**JIM!!**



WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!

NOTHING YOU CAN FIX, BONES.

...BUT LOOK AND *SEE* FOR YOURSELF.







COME NOW,  
JAMES.

YOU DIDN'T  
THINK I WAS  
GOING TO *SLUG*  
IT OUT WITH A  
FRAIL OLD MAN,  
DID YOU?

**THWAK!**

UNNH!

HOW  
NOBLE.

...OR IS YOUR  
EGO AFRAID OF  
BEING *BESTED*  
BY *THIS* FRAIL  
OLD MAN?

YOU *SAID* YOU  
WERE GOING TO  
*STOP* ME,  
JAMES...

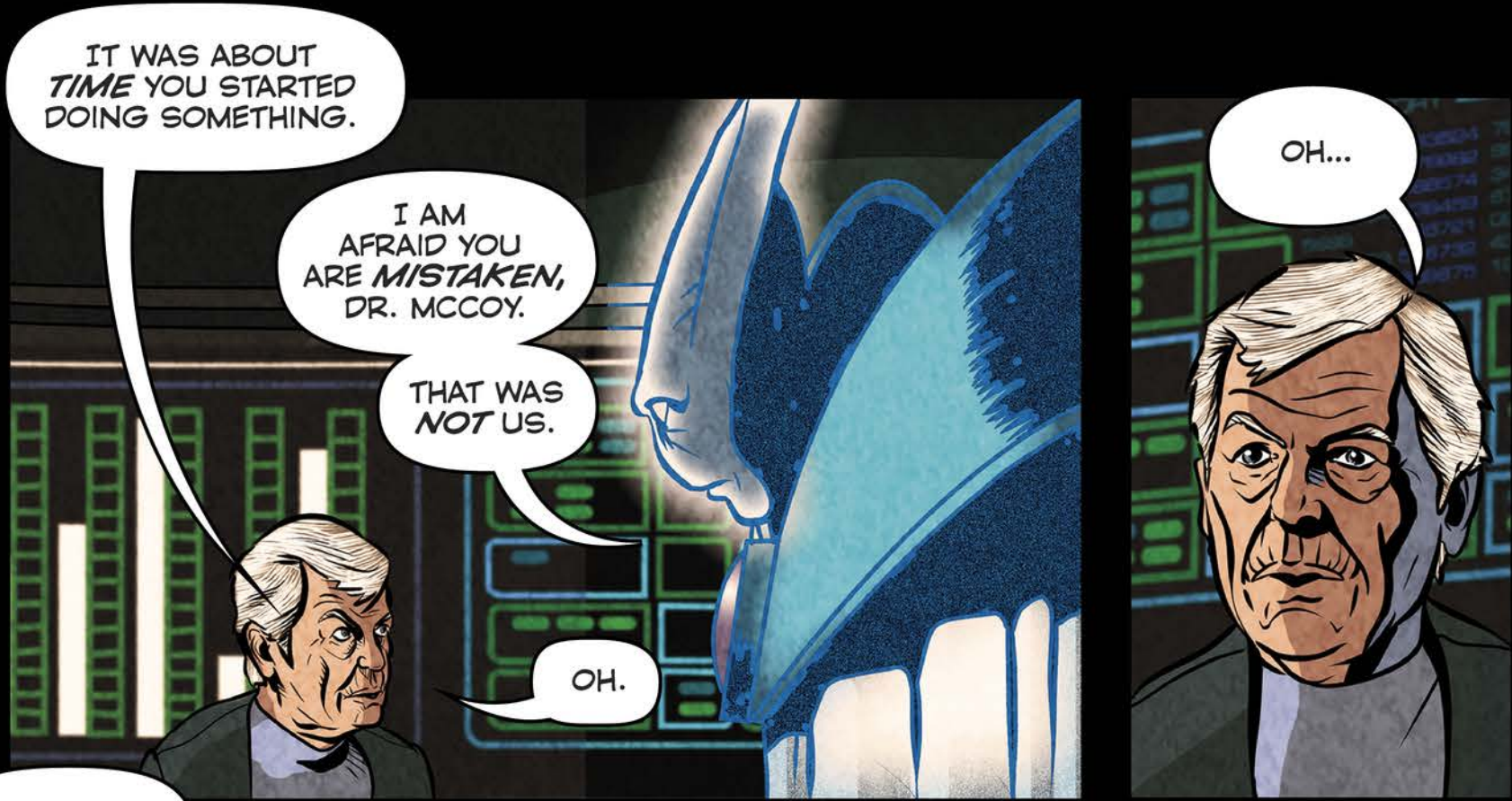
TRY  
*HARDER.*

UNFF!

**ZRAK!**

NOW,  
*THAT'S*  
BETTER.





IT WAS ABOUT *TIME* YOU STARTED DOING SOMETHING.

I AM AFRAID YOU ARE *MISTAKEN*, DR. MCCOY.

THAT WAS *NOT* US.

OH.

OH...



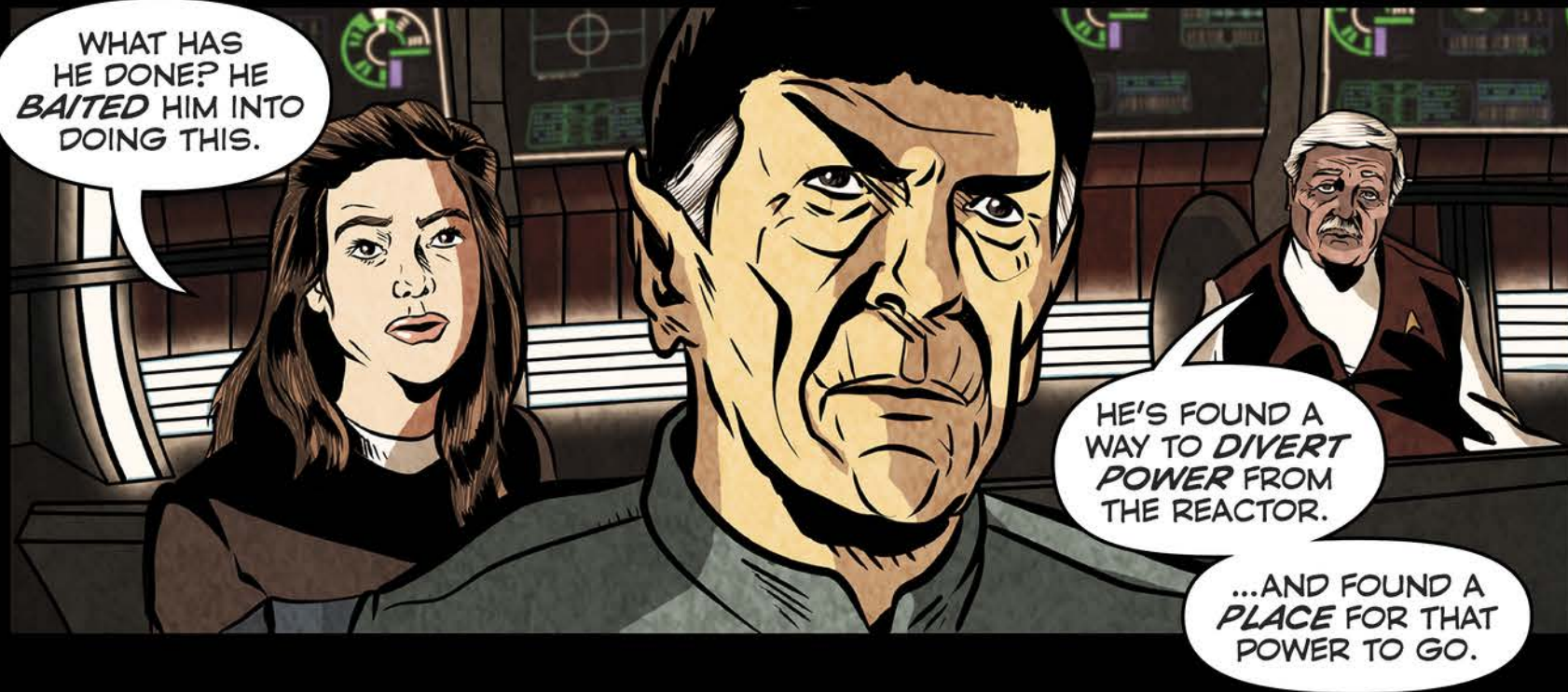
I ACTUALLY *FELT* THAT!

YOU WOULD *THINK* AFTER ALL THIS *TIME*, I WOULD *ENJOY* FEELING ANY *PHYSICAL* SENSATION, BUT I *CAN'T* SAY THAT I DO, JAMES.

MAYBE I GAVE YOU *TOO MUCH* OF MY ENERGY.

WHAT ABOUT *YOU*, JAMES?

YOU'VE BEEN A *STARSHIP CAPTAIN*. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A *GOD*?



WHAT HAS HE DONE? HE *BAITED* HIM INTO DOING THIS.

HE'S FOUND A WAY TO *DIVERT POWER* FROM THE REACTOR.

...AND FOUND A *PLACE* FOR THAT POWER TO GO.



I HAD LONG GIVEN UP HOPE THAT I WOULD GET THE CHANCE TO KILL YOU, JAMES.

I HAD TO BURN UP A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF MY POWER TO LURE YOU HERE.

I CAME HERE TO HELP YOU, GARY!



HELP ME?!

WERE YOU TRYING TO HELP ME WHEN YOU BURIED ME ALIVE ON THIS DEAD WORLD?!

I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO KILL YOU AND I THINK THAT TIME HAS FINALLY COME!

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY, GARY!

YOU'VE DRAINED AWAY A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT OF POWER!

THE GARY I KNEW WAS A NOBLE MAN!

TRY TO FIND THAT PART OF YOU THAT STILL IS GARY MITCHELL!

KRRRAKK!

THAT'S A HOPELESS PATH.

THAT PART OF ME DIED A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.

THAT ISN'T TRUE.

I CAN SEE INTO YOUR MIND.

FIGHT BACK!

LET ME HELP!



**NO!**

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, JAMES!

ALL THOSE YEARS OF NEVERENDING MADNESS, BURNING IN MY BRAIN AND NEVER STOPPING!

...I JUST WANT TO REST... I...



GARY?

GARY!

...IT'S  
...OKAY,  
JIM.

IT'S  
BETTER  
THIS WAY...



"I HAVE BEEN  
HALF IN LOVE WITH  
*EASEFUL DEATH.*

"CALLED HIM  
*SOFT NAMES* IN MANY  
A *MUSED RHYME* ... "

----->



JIM. ARE YOU  
*ALRIGHT?*



ONE OF YOU  
WILL HAVE TO  
*KILL ME...*

*FORGET* THAT  
KIND OF TALK!

WE MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO FIND A WAY  
TO *REVERSE* THIS.

IT'S THE *ONLY*  
WAY TO BE CERTAIN.

THE CAPTAIN  
IS *CORRECT*,  
DOCTOR.



*MIGHT* ISN'T  
GOOD ENOUGH,  
BONES.

IF *THIS*  
DOESN'T WORK,  
CONTACT THE  
*FLEET.*

TELL THEM  
TO *HIT* THIS  
ROCK WITH  
*EVERYTHING*  
THEY'VE GOT.



IT HAS BEEN  
AN *HONOR* SERVING  
WITH YOU, CAPTAIN.

I...



I...



I CANNOT.

THERE IS  
*ANOTHER*  
WAY, KIRK.



YOU HAVE SHOWN  
GREAT *COMPASSION*  
AND *COURAGE*,  
CAPTAIN KIRK.



*PERHAPS* IT IS TIME OUR  
PEOPLE *ACCEPTED* THAT YOU  
WILL *ONE DAY* BE ABLE TO  
*BREACH* THE BARRIER  
ON YOUR OWN.



WHAT  
ARE YOU  
SAYING?



I *INVITE* YOU  
TO COME WITH  
ME AS THE FIRST  
*AMBASSADOR*  
FROM YOUR  
GALAXY.

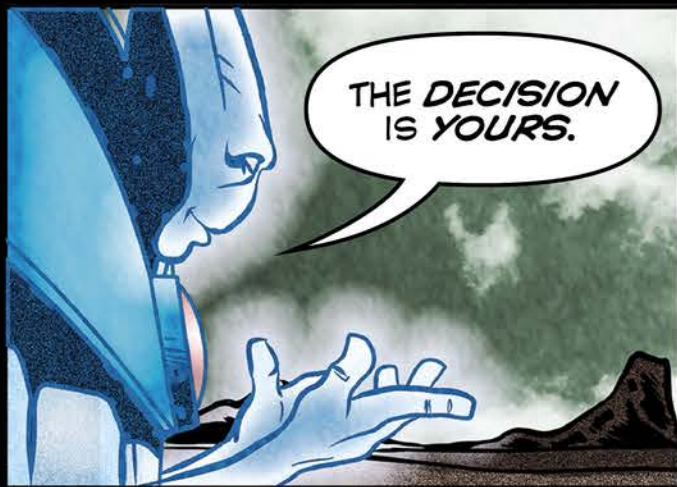
WE CAN TAKE  
YOU *THROUGH*  
THE BARRIER.

AND MY  
*FRIENDS?*

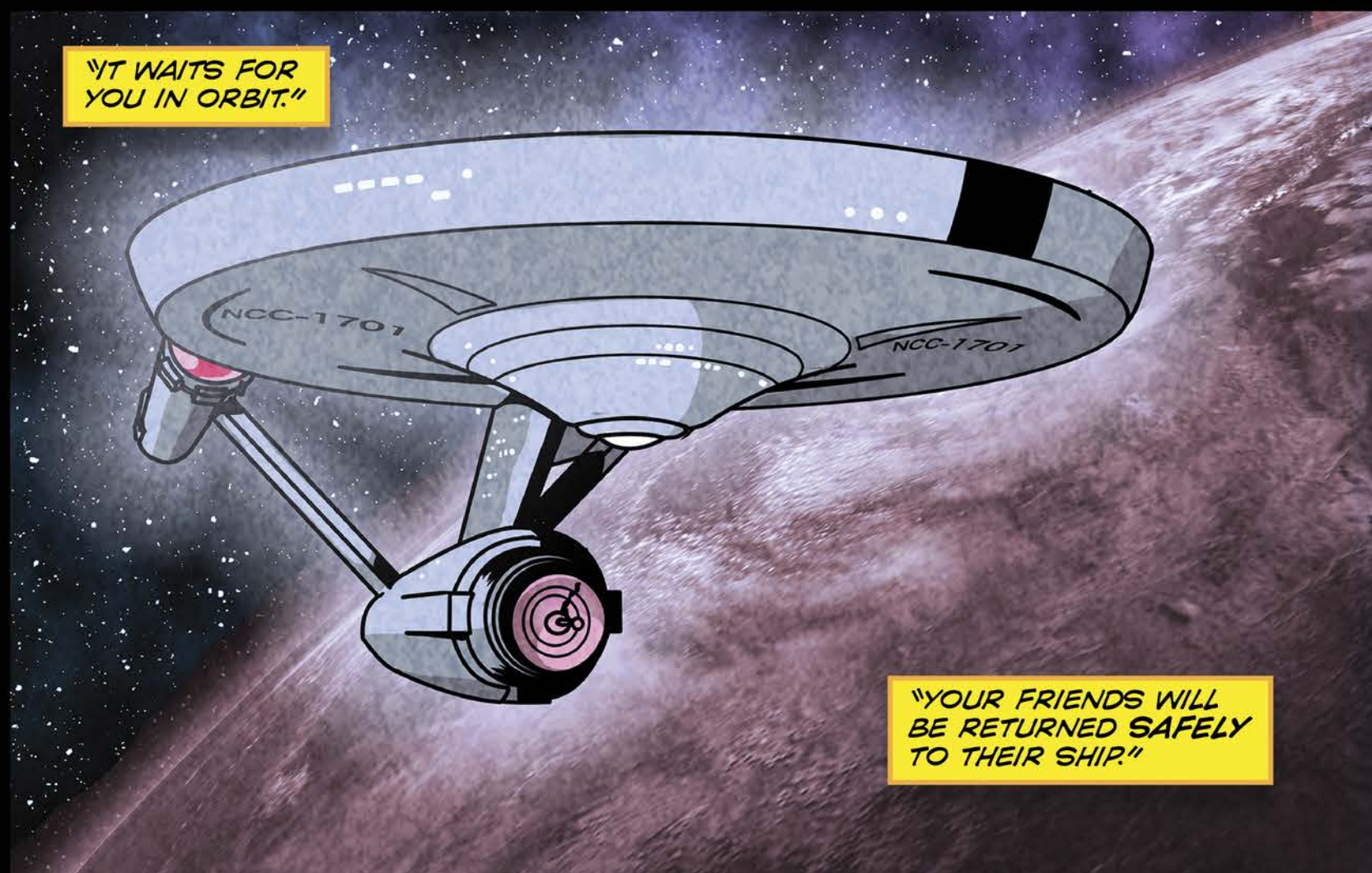
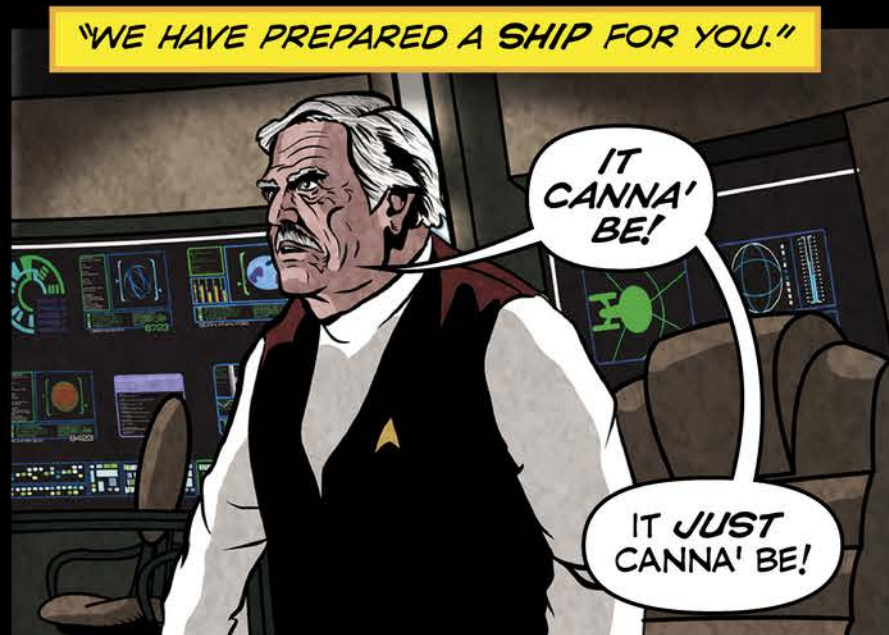
*CANNOT*  
ACCOMPANY  
YOU.













THERE'S A SIGHT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE AGAIN...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

AYE, SHE IS. WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO SEE THOSE ENGINES AGAIN...

HER DECKS WERE TOO HARD, THE SICKBAY WAS TOO SMALL AND THOSE ENGINES MADE TOO MUCH NOISE...

...AND SHE WAS THE *FINEST* SHIP IN THE FLEET.

FASCINATING.

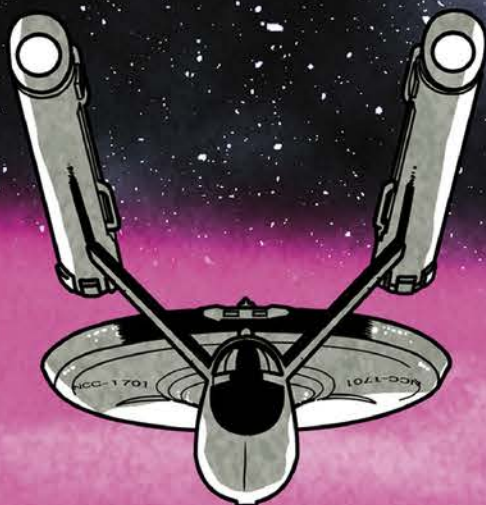
"CAPTAIN'S LOG:  
STARDATE ...000.1

"LT. LANE WAS RIGHT.

"HISTORY IS MADE BY THE LIVING.

"AND I STILL HAVE MORE LIVING TO DO."

"THOU WAST NOT BORN FOR DEATH, IMMORTAL BIRD!



"ADIEU! ADIEU!  
THY PLAINTIVE  
ANTHEM FADES

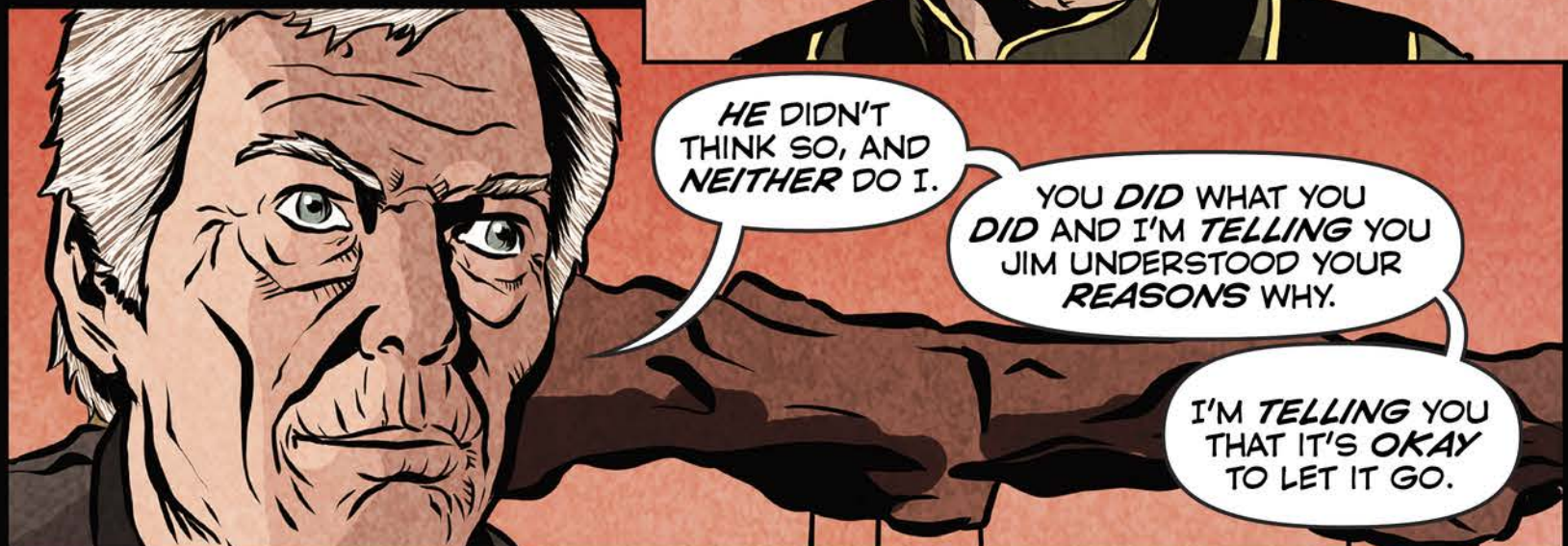
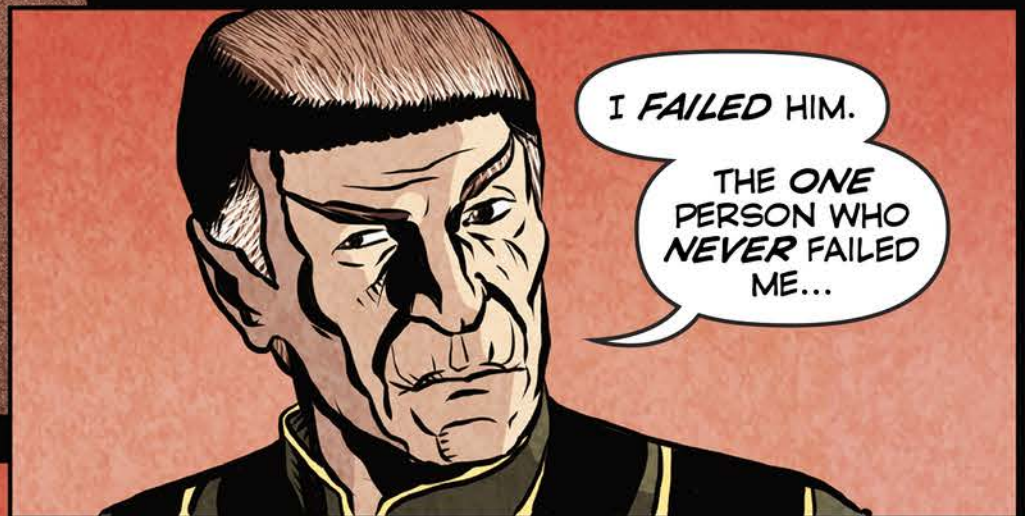
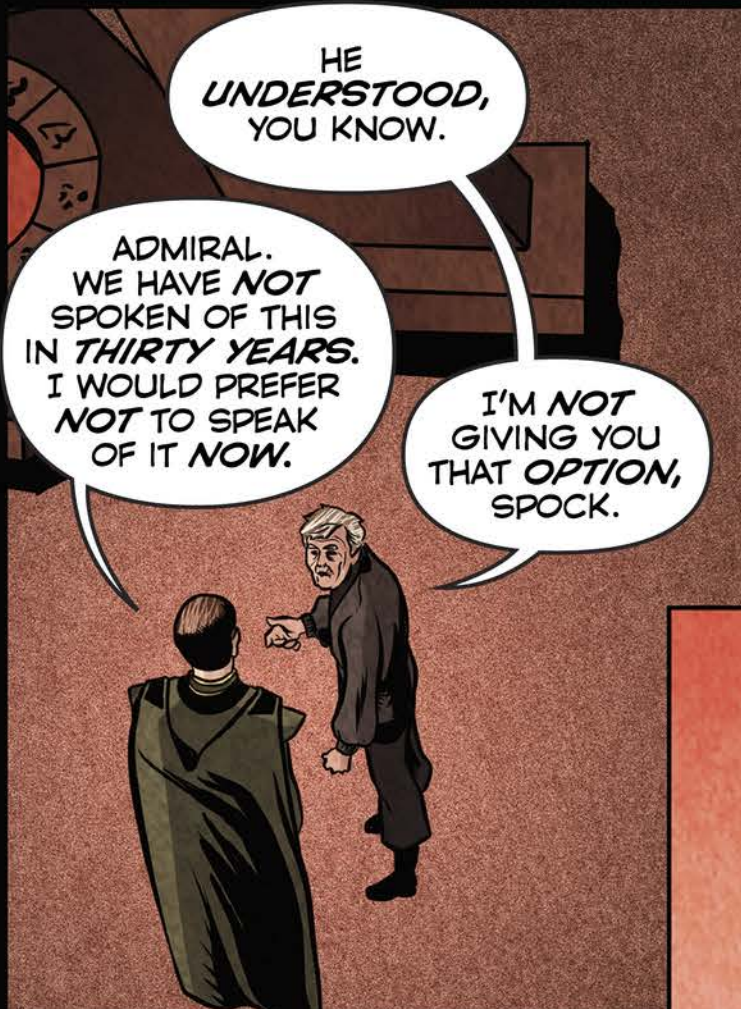
"PAST THE NEAR MEADOWS,



"OVER THE STILL STREAM,  
UP THE HILL-SIDE; AND NOW  
'TIS BURIED DEEP IN THE  
NEXT VALLEY-GLADES:

"WAS IT A VISION, OR  
A WAKING DREAM?"









GOOD-BYE,  
BONES.

GOOD-BYE,  
MY FRIEND.



THE END.

HERE'S TO FIFTY YEARS OF  
STAR TREK! FIFTY YEARS OF  
INSPIRING OUR IMAGINATIONS,  
CHALLENGING US TO BE BETTER  
HUMAN BEINGS AND COMPELLING  
US TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN  
HAS GONE BEFORE...

LAGENT MARY

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