



ISSUE 002

AXAN R

TIP OF THE SPEAR

MCELWAIN ■ FU

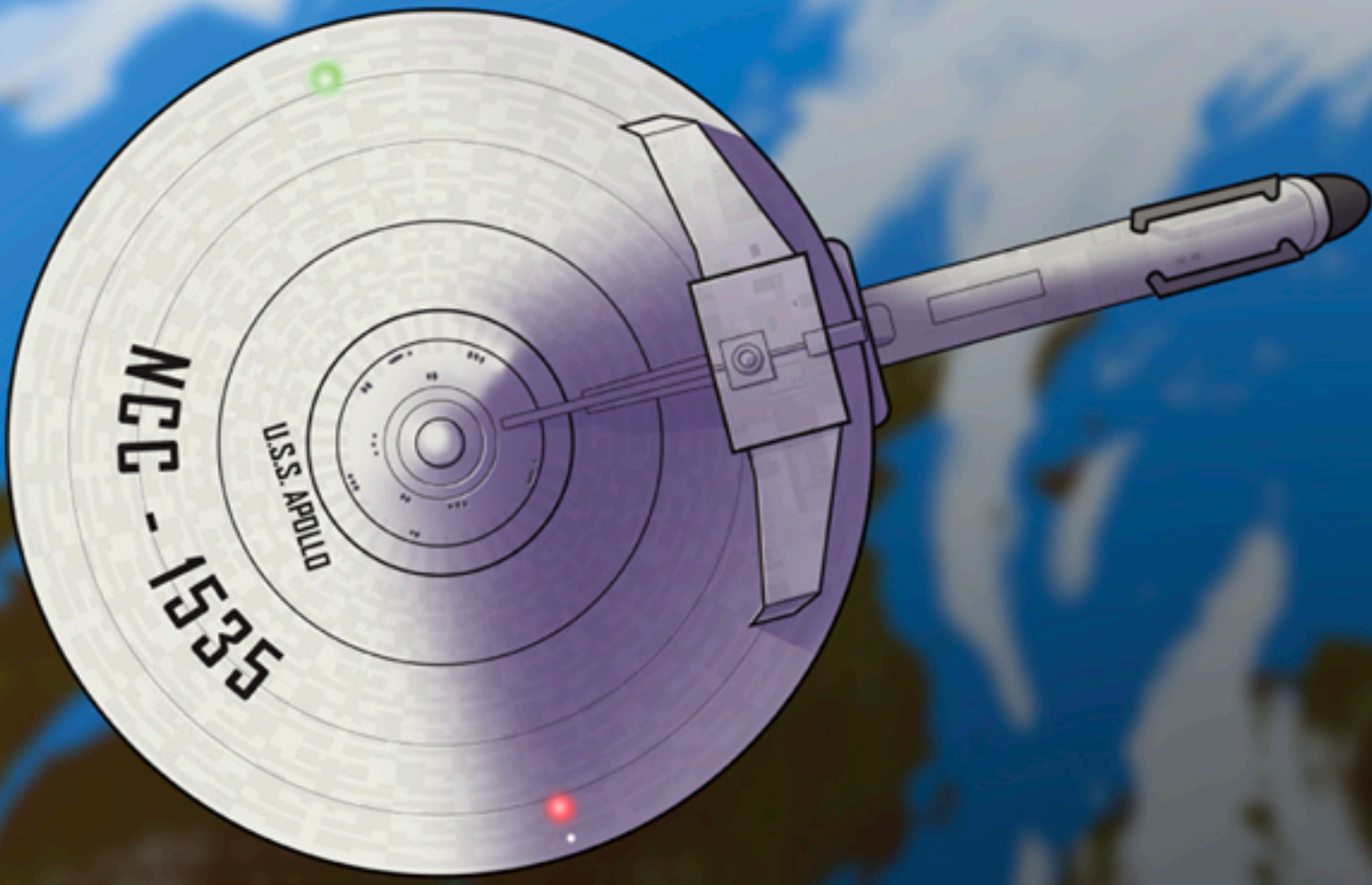


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ARCANIS IV

Arcanis IV: A shining example of Federation progress.

It is also a neutral meeting ground, where Admiral Slater and the Federation Ambassador have been summoned to accept its newest member, the Ceticans, into the Federation.



Captain Anthony Jeffries:
Captain of the U.S.S. Apollo.

"SHINING EXAMPLE OF
FEDERATION
PROGRESS," MY *ASS*!

THE FEDERATION'S
NOTHING MORE THAN
A "*HOMO SAPIENS
ONLY*" CLUB.

YOU DON'T
REALLY *MEAN*
THAT, DO YOU,
CAPTAIN?

YOU BET YOUR *ENSIGN
STRIPE*, I DO. IF THE "HIGH
BRASS" WERE *ACTUALLY* HERE
TO DO WHAT THEY WERE SENT TO
DO, WE'D *ALREADY* HAVE
INTERSPECIES CREWS.

UGH... COULD YOU
IMAGINE BUNKING
WITH A *TELLARITE*?

OH, DEAR...

THAT'S
ENOUGH.

JUST LET ME KNOW
WHEN *ADMIRAL
SLATER* AND THE
AMBASSADOR
HAVE BEAMED DOWN.

"They're already on the surface, Captain, and have made contact with embassy personnel. The admiral's on his way to the Great Hall."

APOLOGIES FOR MY *LATENESS*,
LIEUTENANT. NOT TO MAKE
EXCUSES, BUT WE ONLY MANAGED
TO *WARP* INTO THE SYSTEM AN
HOUR AGO, THEN HAD SOME
TRANSPORTER ISSUE.

NOT AT ALL, *ADMIRAL*.
THE *ATTENDEES* SEEM
TO BE QUITE
UNDERSTANDING AND
SIMPLY EAGER TO HEAR
YOU *SPEAK*.

HONESTLY, WE'VE ALSO
DETECTED SOME SORT OF
INTERFERENCE WITH
OUR *TRANSPORTERS*,
LATELY.

WELL, REGARDLESS,
WE'RE HERE, NOW.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, THE
AMBASSADOR...?

SHE'S ALREADY
TAKEN HER
SEAT, ADMIRAL.

THROUGH HERE,
SIR. THE *STAGE* IS
JUST AHEAD.

THANK YOU,
LIEUTENANT.
APPRECIATE
THE *ESCORT*.

OUR APOLOGIES AGAIN FOR
THE DELAY, BUT OUR *KEYNOTE
SPEAKER*, TODAY, NEEDS LITTLE
INTRODUCTION.

PLEASE WELCOME
STARFLEET ADMIRAL
CONRAD SLATER!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.
AND THANK YOU ALL FOR
YOUR *PATIENCE*.

FRIENDS,
DISTINGUISHED
GUESTS, AND
THOSE THAT WE
WOULD *WELCOME*
INTO THE
FEDERATION
AND CALL
FAMILY.

TOGETHER, AMONGST THIS
INCREDIBLE *DIVERSITY*
OF RACES, WE CAST OUR
EYES *UPWARD* AS ONE,
AND ARE REMINDED OF
THESE WORDS...

"... Space... the final frontier..."

WELL, SIR, *ADMIRAL SLATER'S* SPEECH SHOULD BE WELL UNDERWAY, BY NOW. HOPE IT'S GOING WELL.

THE MAN'S GOT A WAY WITH PEOPLE. THIS'LL BE ANOTHER *NOTCH* IN HIS *BELT*.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, SIR...

HMM. ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE *TRANSPORTER INTERFERENCE* WE NOTICED, EARLIER?

...BUT I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE *ARCANNA* LISTENING POST.

I'M NOT SURE, BUT WE JUST LOST CONTACT WITH THE *DEEP SPACE TELEMETRY PROBE* FOR THE SECTOR, AS WELL...

CURIOUS. I DON'T LIKE IT. REACH OUT TO *STARFLEET COMMAND* AND SEE IF---

NOW I CAN'T SEEM TO GET *ANY* SORT OF SIGNAL OUT AT ALL! ALMOST LIKE---

---WE'RE BEING *JAMMED*! WE NEED TO ALERT THE *CONFERENCE*! I WANT A *LOCK* ON OUR PEOPLE!

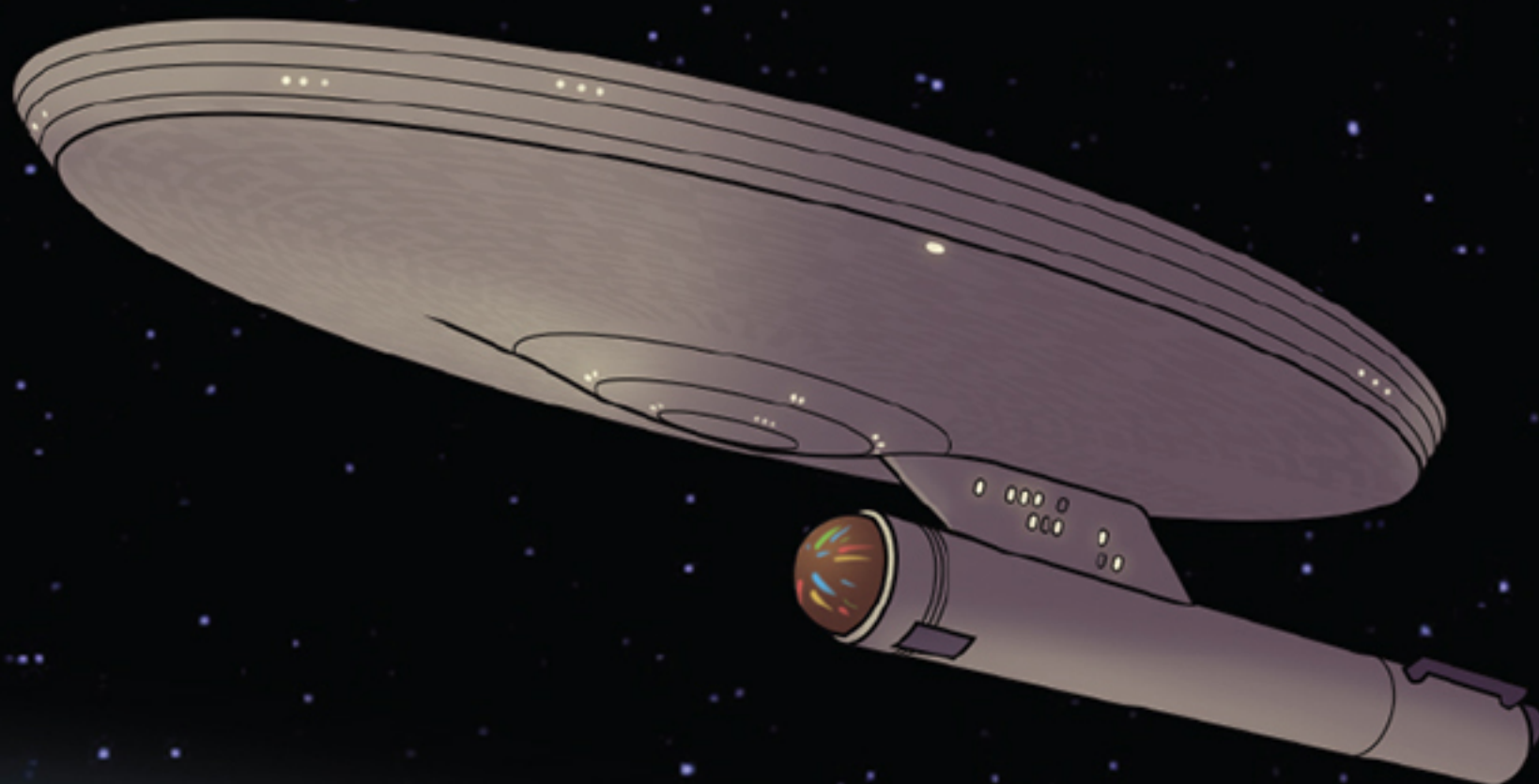
BUT THE *INTERFERENCE* IS EVEN *DENSER*, NOW! WE CAN'T---

I'M LOOKING FOR *SOLUTIONS*, NOT MORE *BAD NEWS*, PEOPLE!

SIR... WHAT IF WE GET CLOSER? DROP INTO THE ATMOSPHERE?

GOOD IDEA, *ENSIGN DOOLAN*. DO IT!

I HAVE A *FEELING* WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE TIME TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING ELSE.

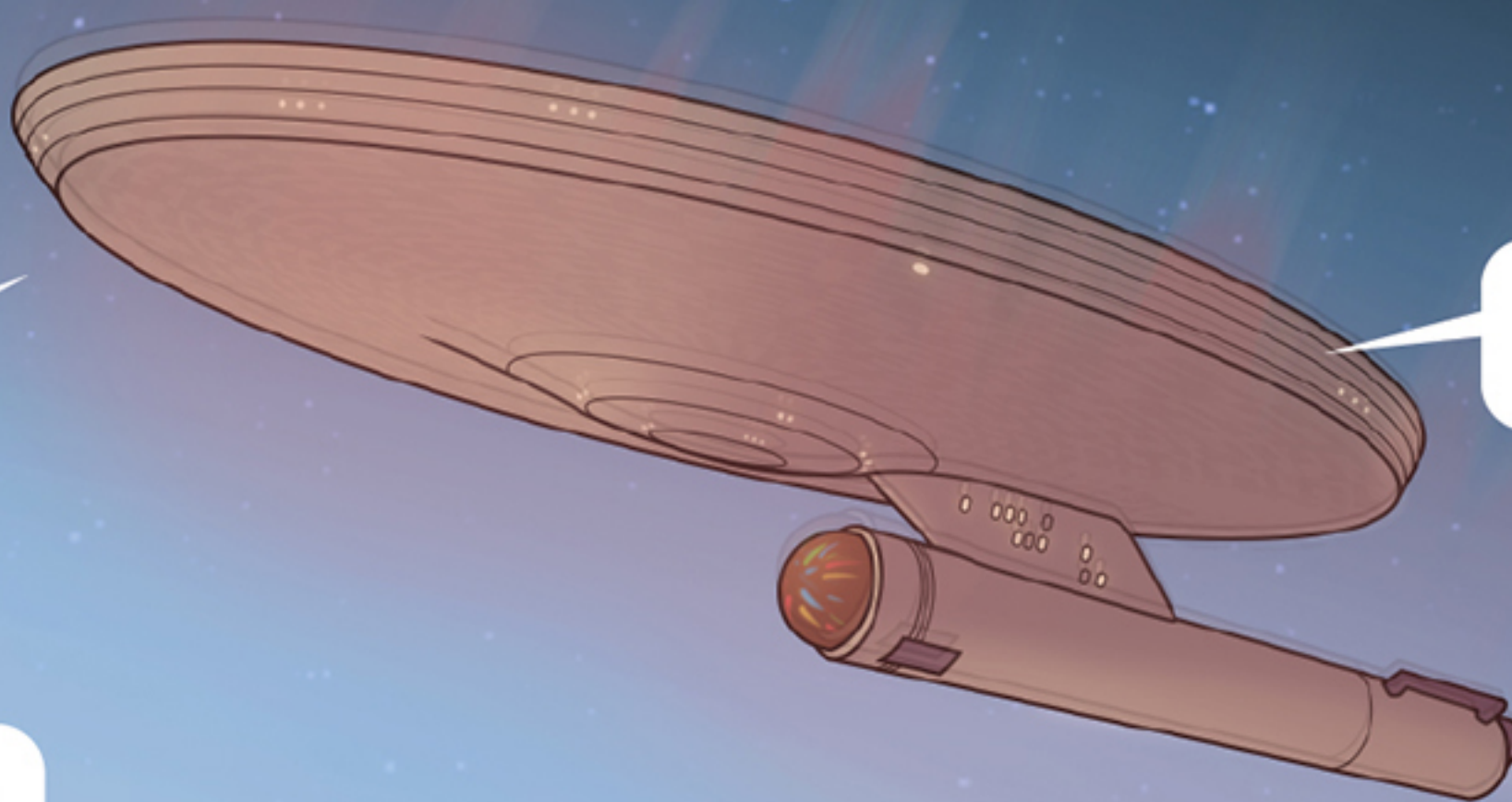


AYE, CAPTAIN. BEGINNING *DESCENT* INTO *UPPER ATMOSPHERE*!

SET *INERTIAL DAMPENERS* TO FULL! WE'RE IN FOR A *ROUGH RIDE*!

SHIELD STATUS?

SHIELDS ARE NOMINAL, CAPTAIN.

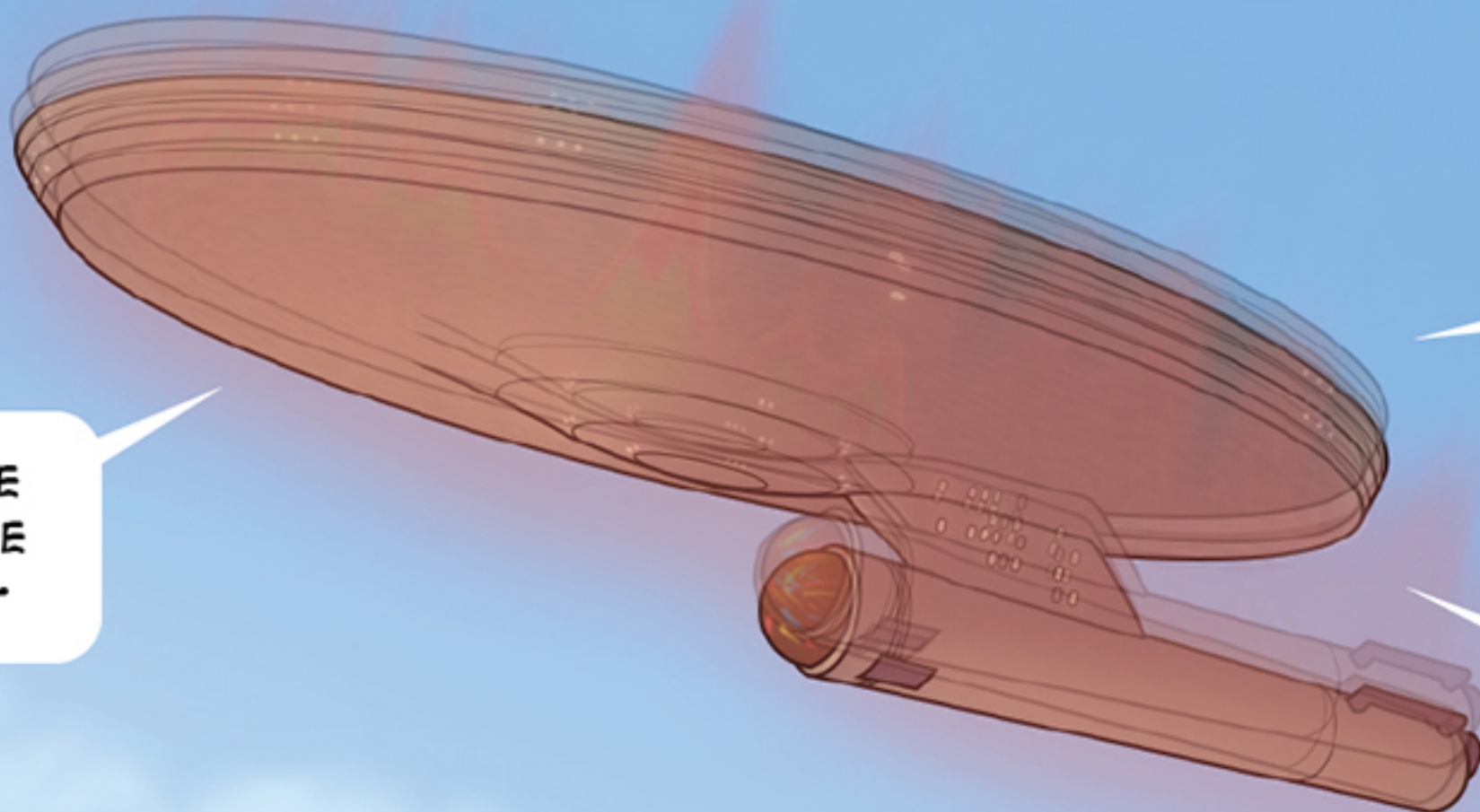


TRANSPORTER LOCK IS STARTING TO *RESOLVE*, SIR.

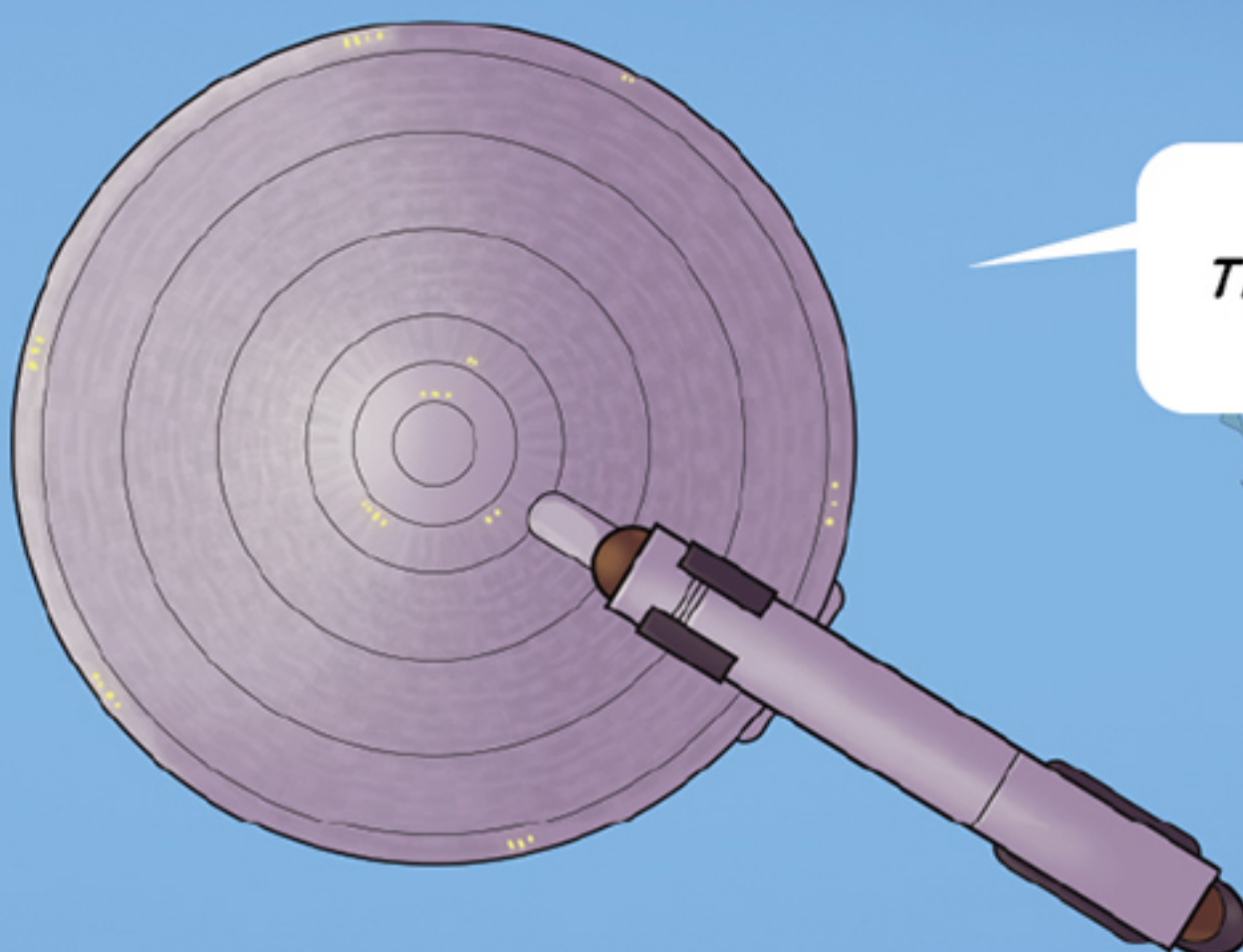
GOOD. REDUCE SPEED, PREPARE TO *TRANSP--*

CAPTAIN! MULTIPLE *WARP SIGNATURES* DETECTED!

LOCATION?



OVERHEAD! THEY'RE DIRECTLY *OVERHEAD!*





INCOMING FIRE,
CAPTAIN!



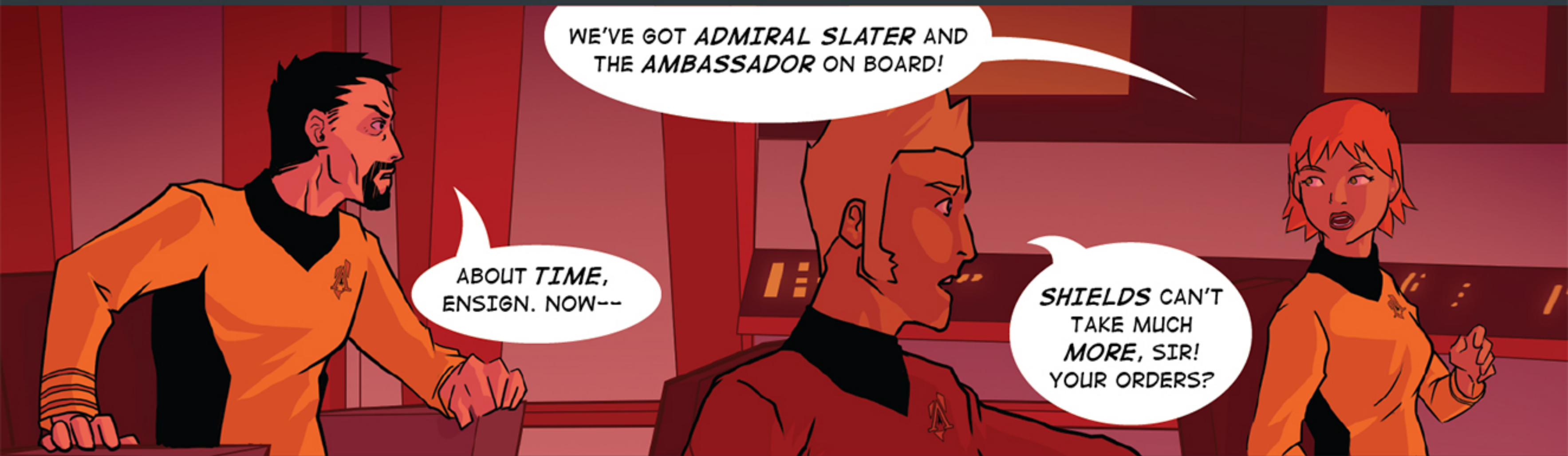
RED ALERT! ALL HANDS,
BRACE FOR IMPACT!

LIEUTENANT, EXTEND
THE *SHIELD* RADIUS!
PROTECT THE CITY!

THE *BARRAGE* IS TOO
WIDESPREAD, SIR!



DAMN IT! GET
ME A *STATUS* ON
OUR PEOPLE!



WE'VE GOT ADMIRAL SLATER AND
THE AMBASSADOR ON BOARD!

ABOUT *TIME*,
ENSIGN. NOW--

SHIELDS CAN'T
TAKE MUCH
MORE, SIR!
YOUR ORDERS?



SIR?



CAPTAIN, SHE'S
NOT GOING TO
HOLD TOGETHER,
MUCH LONGER!

AFT
SHIELDS AT
23%!



GET US OUT OF
HERE, ENSIGN.
FULL IMPULSE.



BUT... THE CITY,
SIR... IT'LL BE
UNDEFENDED...!



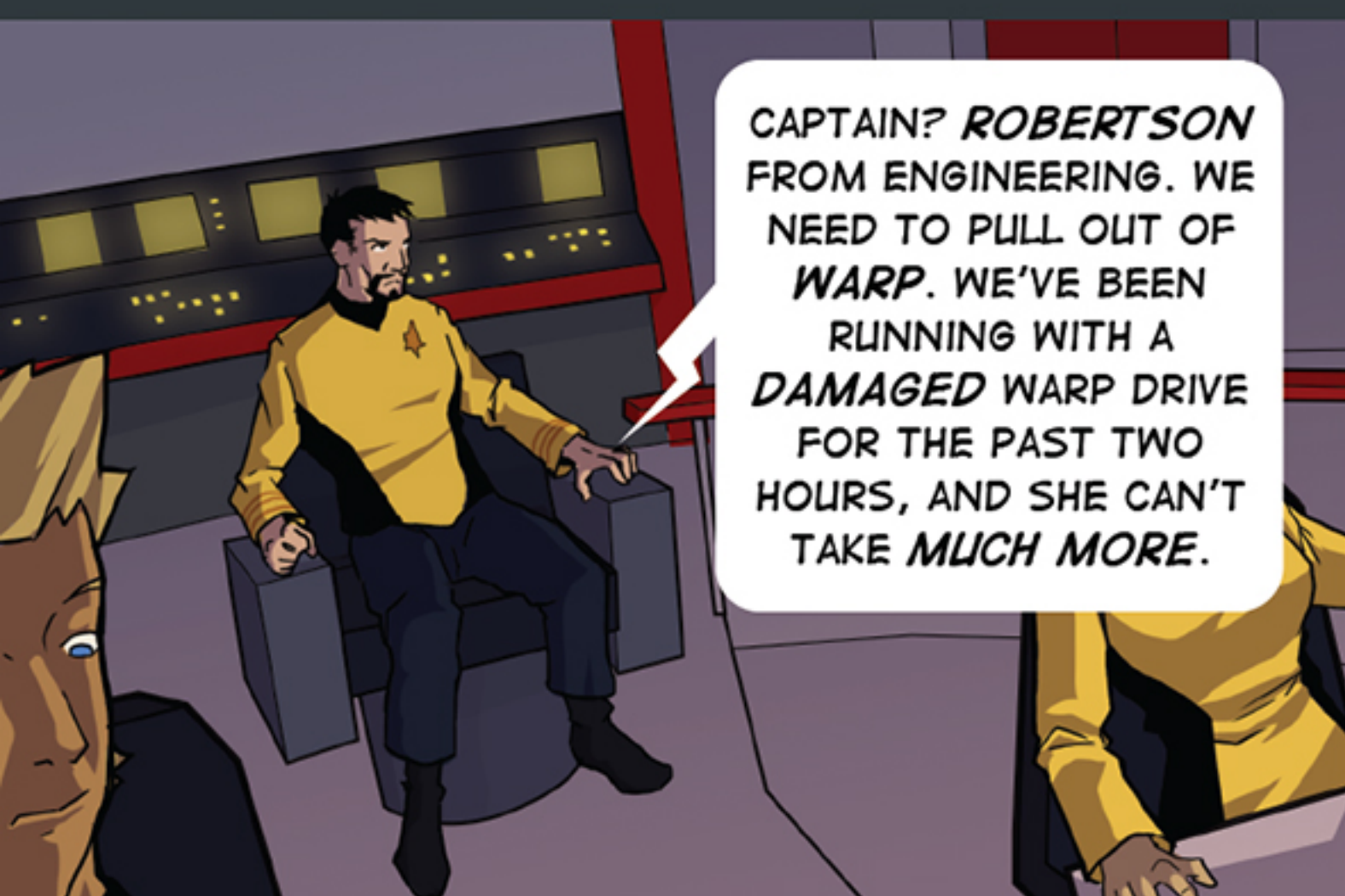
... I SEE,
SIR...

IF WE STAY,
STARFLEET
LOSES AN
ADMIRAL AND
WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
HERE.



SET COURSE FOR
VULCAN.
MAXIMUM WARP.

STARFLEET NEEDS
TO KNOW... THAT
WAR HAS COME.



CAPTAIN? **ROBERTSON** FROM ENGINEERING. WE NEED TO PULL OUT OF **WARP**. WE'VE BEEN RUNNING WITH A **DAMAGED WARP DRIVE** FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS, AND SHE CAN'T TAKE **MUCH MORE**.



HELM, BETTER DO AS HE SAYS AND FIND AN **SMALL MOON** OR **NEBULA** TO HIDE IN.

AYE, CAPTAIN. I'LL RUN SCANS.



HOPE **ROBERTSON** MAKES IT **QUICK**. WE DON'T WANT TO BE OUT HERE IN THE **OPEN** FOR **TOO LONG**.

NO TELLING HOW LONG OL' "**SECOND-THOUGHT-SLATER**" WILL BE.

"**SECOND-THOUGHT-SLATER**," SIR?

"JUST AN OLD **NICKNAME** THE **ADMIRAL** PICKED UP, A WHILE BACK..."

THANK YOU, **AMBASSADOR**, YOUR **QUICK RESPONSE** TO THIS MATTER IS **MUCH APPRECIATED**.



I'M FAIRLY SURE THE **KLINGONS** LET US **ESCAPE** TO SPREAD THE NEWS AND INSTILL **PANIC**, SO I FEAR WE HAVE PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME TO **WASTE**.

I HOPE THAT THE '**PEACE FORCE**' THAT YOU'RE SENDING WILL PROVIDE AN END TO THIS **TRAGEDY** QUICKLY AND PREVENT A HASTY LEAP TO A **VIOLENT RESPONSE**.