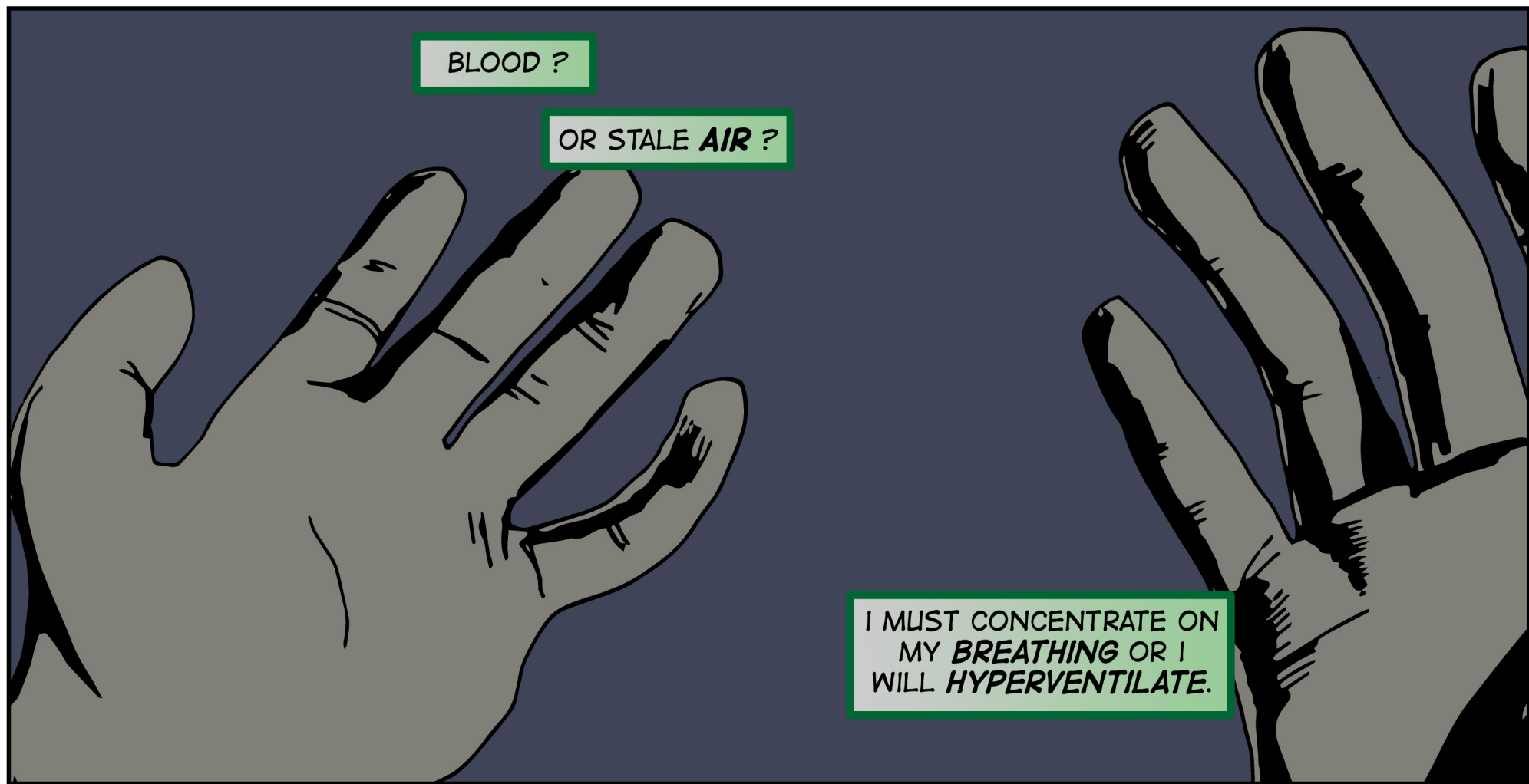




WHERE AM I ?

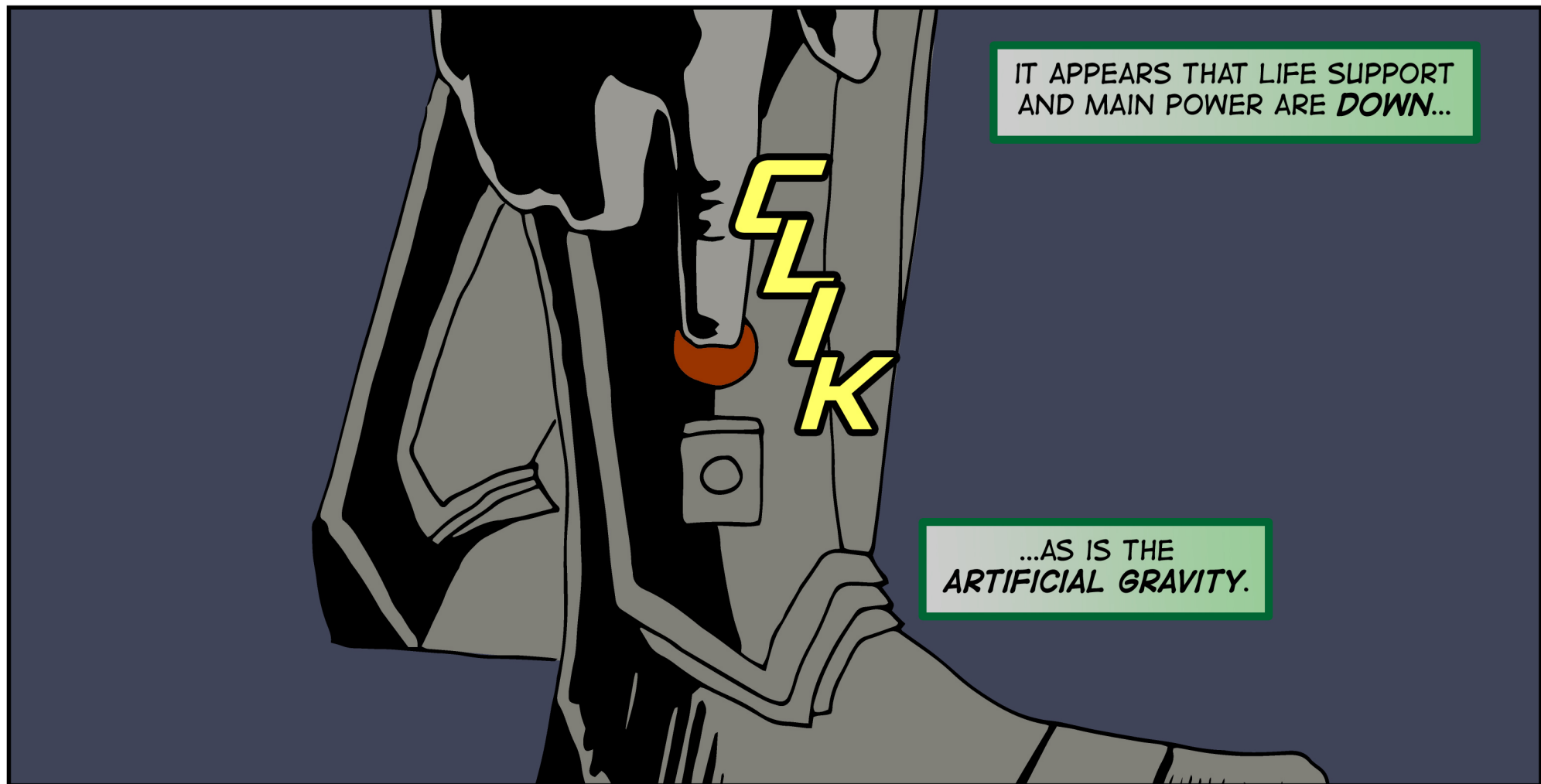
WHAT IS THAT *TASTE* IN MY MOUTH ?



BLOOD ?

OR STALE *AIR* ?

I MUST CONCENTRATE ON MY *BREATHING* OR I WILL *HYPERVENTILATE*.



IT APPEARS THAT LIFE SUPPORT AND MAIN POWER ARE *DOWN*...

...AS IS THE *ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY*.

IN THE 22ND CENTURY, THE ROMULAN STAR EMPIRE IS WRACKED BY POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CHAOS AS THE COALITION OF PLANETS EMBARKS ON A BLOODY CRUSADE FOR GALACTIC DOMINATION. THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ROMULAN STAR NAVY OFFER RESISTANCE IN --

THE ROMULAN WAR

BASED ON STAR TREK, CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY

MINDCRIME COMICS presents

INTRUDERS

MARK NACCARATO
Writer

FRANK HAND
Art

I AM STARTING TO
REMEMBER NOW.

I AM A *SCIENTIST*.
AN *EXOBIOLOGIST*.

I WAS *CONSCRIPTED*.
I AM PART OF THIS *CREW* NOW.

I WAS TOLD
THAT I WOULD
NOT SEE
COMBAT.

THAT THIS MISSION WAS OF A
SCIENTIFIC NATURE...

THEY *LIED* TO ME
TO ENSURE MY
COMPLIANCE.

...*NOT* A
MILITARY
OPERATION.

I WAS A *FOOL*
FOR NOT
LISTENING TO
HER.

BUT WHAT'S
DONE IS *DONE*.

I MUST FOCUS
NOW ENTIRELY
ON *SURVIVAL*.

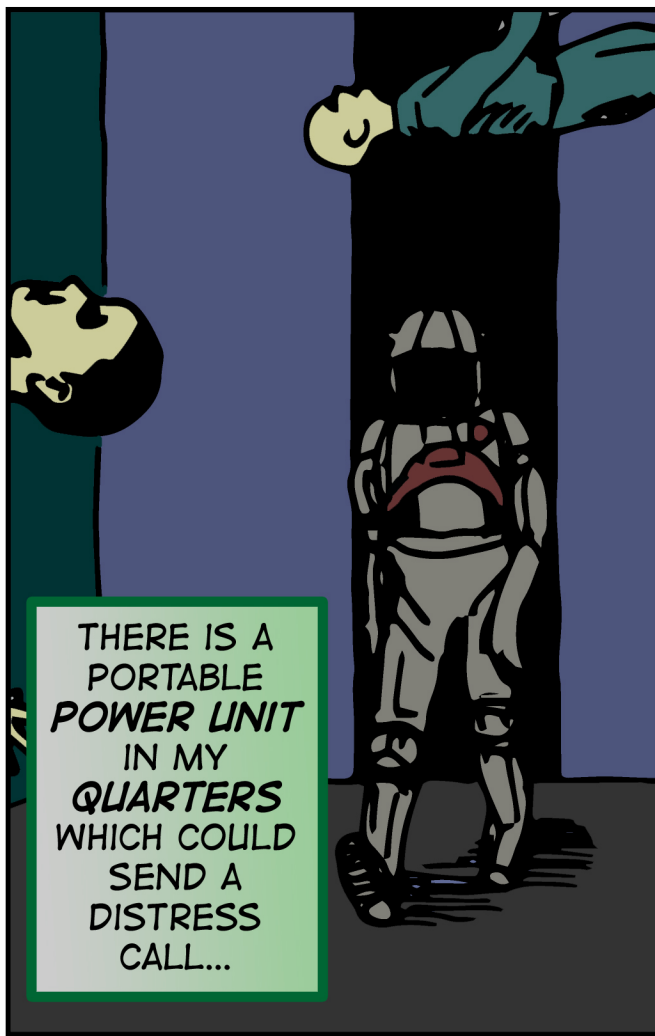
RRUMBLE

AND IT APPEARS THAT
THE *DAMAGE* TO THIS
SHIP IS NOT MY ONLY
OBSTACLE.



AUXILIARY
POWER IS
OFFLINE.

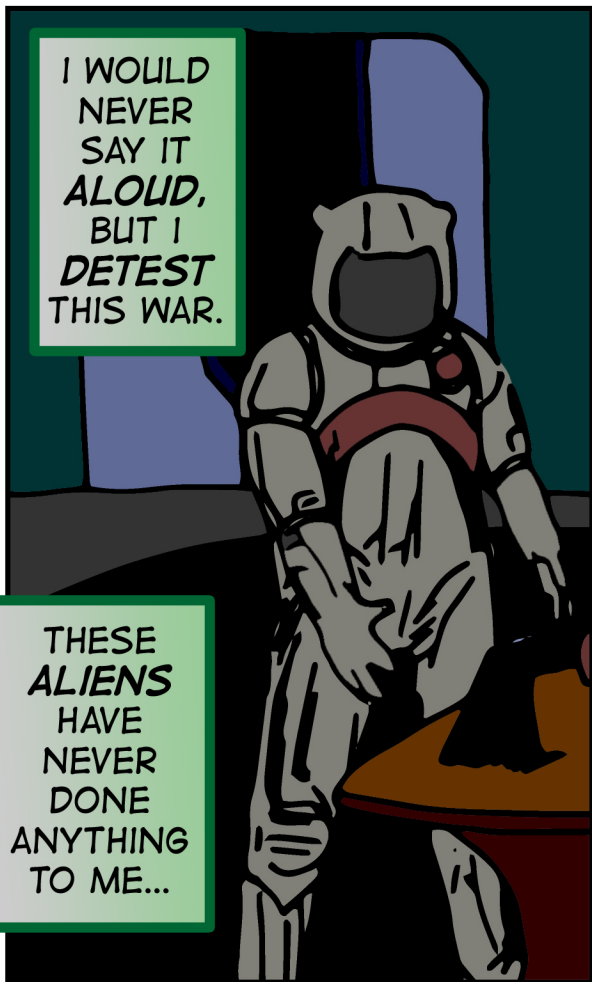
THIS
IS
NOT
GOOD



THERE IS A
PORTABLE
POWER UNIT
IN MY
QUARTERS
WHICH COULD
SEND A
DISTRESS
CALL...



...ASSUMING
THAT I CAN
REACH IT.



I WOULD
NEVER
SAY IT
ALoud,
BUT I
DETEST
THIS WAR.

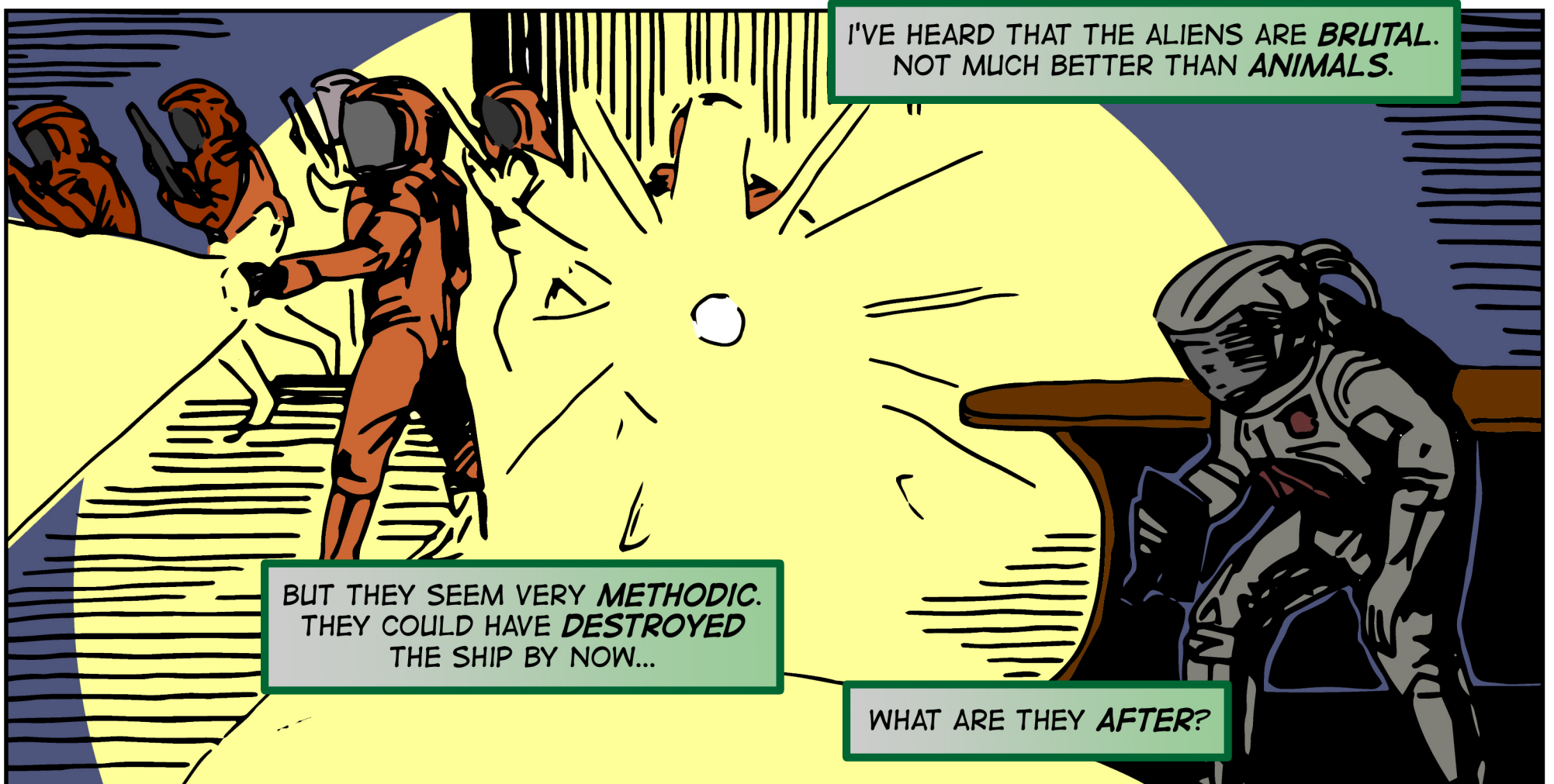
THESE
ALIENS
HAVE
NEVER
DONE
ANYTHING
TO ME...



...EXCEPT KEEP ME FROM MY STUDIES.



AND **HER.**

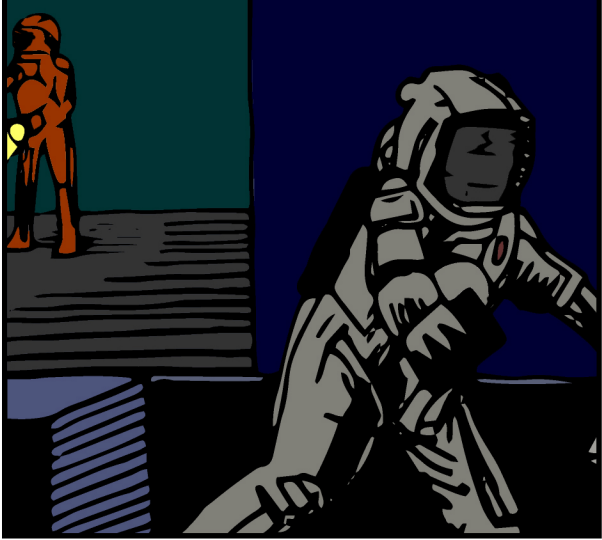


I'VE HEARD THAT THE ALIENS ARE **BRUTAL.**
NOT MUCH BETTER THAN **ANIMALS.**

BUT THEY SEEM VERY **METHODIC.**
THEY COULD HAVE **DESTROYED**
THE SHIP BY NOW...

WHAT ARE THEY **AFTER?**

I HAVE THE *PORTABLE* NOW,
BUT CALLING FOR HELP WILL
BE IMPOSSIBLE WITH THIS
MANY *ALIENS* ON BOARD.

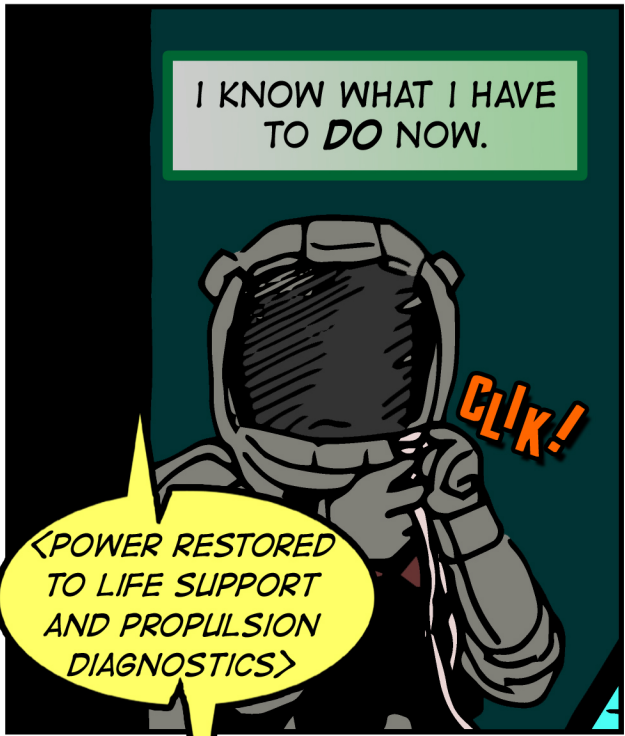


THEY'RE TRYING
TO ACCESS THE
ASTROGATION
COMPUTER.



OF *COURSE*.

I KNOW WHAT I HAVE
TO *DO* NOW.



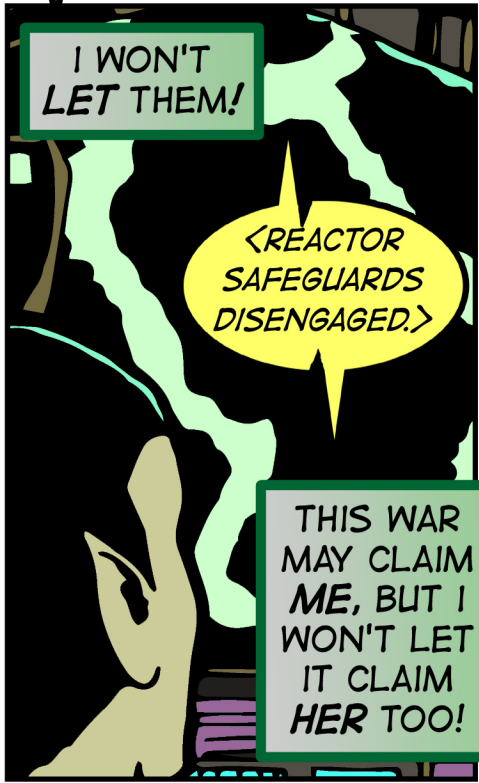
<POWER RESTORED
TO LIFE SUPPORT
AND PROPLSION
DIAGNOSTICS>



THE HUMAN *ANIMALS* ARE
TRYING TO FIND *ROMULUS*.
SO THEY CAN DO TO THE CAPITAL
WHAT THEY DID TO *UNROTH*.

COMPUTER, EXECUTE
RALAARAM OCALA.
AUTHORIZATION: SCIENCE
OFFICER *KETIUS*.

BURN IT.



I WON'T
LET THEM!

<REACTOR
SAFEGUARDS
DISENGAGED.>

THIS WAR
MAY CLAIM
ME, BUT I
WON'T LET
IT CLAIM
HER TOO!



DON'T MOVE!
WHAT THE ---
DO YOU *SEE* THAT?

IS THAT
A...
VULCAN?



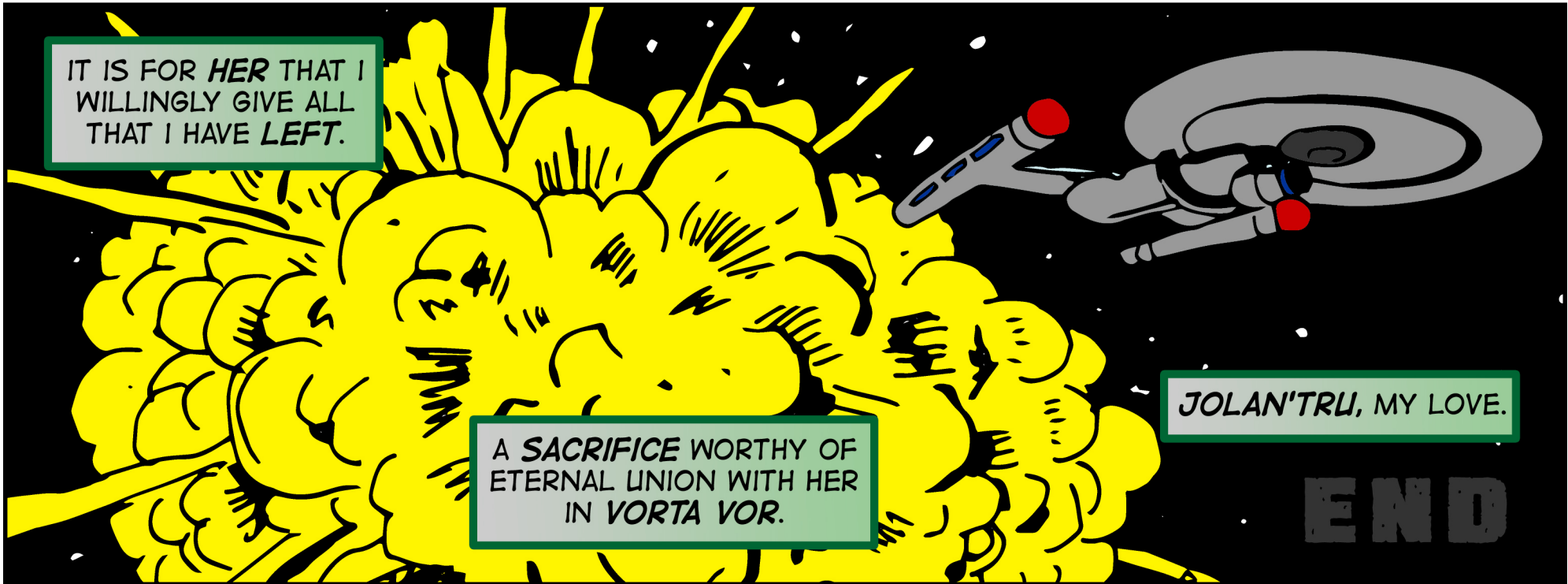
I HAVE CHOSEN TO COMMIT
MY LIFE TO *SCIENCE*.



BUT ONLY *NOW* DO
I UNDERSTAND THE
VALUE OF *HONOR*.

<WARNING: REACTOR
OVERLOAD IMMINENT>

BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP



IT IS FOR *HER* THAT I
WILLINGLY GIVE ALL
THAT I HAVE *LEFT*.

A *SACRIFICE* WORTHY OF
ETERNAL UNION WITH *HER*
IN *VORTA VOR*.

JOLAN'TRU, MY LOVE.

END