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

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MINDCRIME COMICS presents

**INTRUDERS**

**MARK NACCARATO** Writer

**FRANK HAND** Art

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I am starting to remember now.

I am a scientist, an exobiologist.

I was conscripted. I am part of this crew now.

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I was told that I would not see combat.

That this mission was of a scientific nature...

...not a military operation.

They lied to me to ensure my compliance.

I was a fool for not listening to her.

But what’s done is done.

---

I must focus now entirely on survival.

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.

...EXCEPT KEEP ME FROM MY STUDIES.

AND HER.

THESE ALIENS HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO ME...

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.

*Click!

**Power restored to life support and propulsion diagnostics.**

I won't let them.

**Reactor safeguards disengaged.**

This war may claim me, but I won't let it claim her too!

The human **Animals** are trying to find **Romulus**, so they can do to the capital what they did to Unroth.

**Burn it.**

Computer, execute **Ralaaram Ocala. Authorization: Science Officer Ketilus.**

I have chosen to commit my life to **Science**.

But only now do I understand the value of **Honor**.

**Warning: Reactor overload imminent.**

**Bleep bleep.**

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**