

STARDATE 2258.

STARFLEET ARCHIVES.

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO BE IN HERE!

I... UH...

... I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR SOMEONE TO HELP ME! WHERE IS YOUR SUPERVISOR?

I... UH...

I WAS GRANTED ACCESS TO A SECURE TERMINAL BUT ALL OF THESE DOORS ARE LOCKED!

I CAN'T TAKE HER ANYWHERE, PHIL.

NYOTA AND I ARE HERE FOR A CLASS ASSIGNMENT, BUT THEY SCREWED UP OUR CLEARANCE.

JIMMY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A BIG DEAL ABOUT IT. CAN YOU HOOK US UP WITH AN OPEN TERMINAL? I'LL OWE YOU ONE!

ANYTHING FOR YOU, JIMMY. FOLLOW ME.

IS THERE ANYONE—BESIDES ME—WHO DOESN'T LOVE YOU?

IT'S A GIFT.

STARDATE 2159.68.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE
FOUNDING OF STARFLEET ACADEMY.

BEGIN MISSION LOG.



DAY 47. EVERY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE
THIS ANOMALY HAS FAILED. WE AREN'T
POWERLESS. WE AREN'T ADRIFT. WE'RE
JUST "HERE," WHATEVER THAT MEANS.



WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE
COME TO WAGNER-219.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY, HYUN?
WE TRYING THIS
AGAIN OR
WHAT?

YEAH...
JUST ONE
SEC... AND...
READY TO
TRANSMIT.



MAYDAY.
MAYDAY. THIS IS
CAPTAIN HENDRICKS
OF THE U.S.S. SLAYTON.
TO ANYONE WHO CAN
HEAR THIS TRANSMISSION,
WE ARE IN NEED OF
IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE.
RESPOND, OVER.

...WE'RE
GONNA DIE
OUT HERE.

THAT'S
INSPIRING,
CAP.



JULIET, I QUIT CARING ABOUT CREW MORALE FORTY-SIX DAYS AGO. PLEASE DON'T BOTHER ME UNLESS—

WE'VE GOT "REAL" PROBLEMS, BRAN.



OUR FOOD STORES ARE AT NEXT TO NOTHING. POWER'S DOWN TO TWELVE PERCENT. LIFE SUPPORT'S FLICKERING ACROSS HALF THE SHIP. THE CREW NEEDS ANSWERS.

AND A SHOWER.

THAT ISN'T FUNNY.



I'M HEARING THE WORD "MUTINY," PEOPLE THINKING THAT IF YOU CAN'T GET US OUT OF THIS, MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE CAN.

TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO. WARP BUBBLES? A LONG-RANGE S-O-S ACROSS THE FREQUENCY SPECTRUM? PROBES? BEACONS? YOU NAME IT, I'VE TRIED IT.

I'M READY TO GO WITH A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE AT THIS POINT.



THIS WAS JUST SUPPOSED TO BE A TWO-MONTH SURVEY MISSION.



WHAT ABOUT A PROXIMITY PHOTON BURST? IT MIGHT DISLodge—

FOR THE LAST TIME, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT ENERGY IS AND I'M NOT GOING TO BLOW UP THE—



SKOW

BASHIR!



RELAX, IT'S
SET TO STUN.
UNLIKE YOU, I'M NOT
A COMPLETE
MORON.



...NO ONE'S LISTENING.

INCREDIBLE...
...THESE RECORDINGS...



A MUTINY ON A STARFLEET SHIP?

A SHIP THAT DISAPPEARED A CENTURY AGO...

...AND IT'S BEEN KEPT SECRET ALL THIS TIME. WE HAVE TO TELL PEOPLE.



WHOA, WAIT. YOU WANT TO MAKE THIS PUBLIC?

I DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT'S BEEN, IF THIS WAS MY FAMILY—I'D WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

I'M SURPRISED YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WANT TO ASK PERMISSION.



A LITTLE BREAKING AND ENTERING, I'M ALL FOR IT. BUT EXPOSING STARFLEET SECRETS TO THE PUBLIC—WE'LL BE ON THE FIRST SHUTTLE BACK TO IOWA.

IMMEDIATE EXPULSION, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THIS...



...YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

"YOUR PATIENT IS DYING."