



I REPEAT,  
THIS IS THE  
STARFLEET CADET  
SHIP A-317.

ARE YOU  
IN NEED OF  
ASSISTANCE?



THIS  
IS CAPTAIN  
HENDRICKS  
OF THE U.S.S.  
SLAYTON.

WHO ARE YOU,  
WHERE THE HECK  
DID YOU COME FROM,  
AND PLEASE TELL ME  
THERE'S A MUCH  
BIGGER STARSHIP  
HIDING BEHIND  
YOU?



CAPTAIN, MAYBE  
I MISHEARD...  
BUT DID YOU SAY  
"SLAYTON?"



SURE DID. BUT WE'VE ONLY BEEN ADrift FOR 61 DAYS. WE CAN'T BE FAMOUS ALREADY?



SIR, I THINK WE NEED TO HAVE A CONVERSATION. REQUEST PERMISSION TO BEAM OVER.

WE'RE RUNNING ON FUMES, BUT WE'LL GET YOU OVER HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



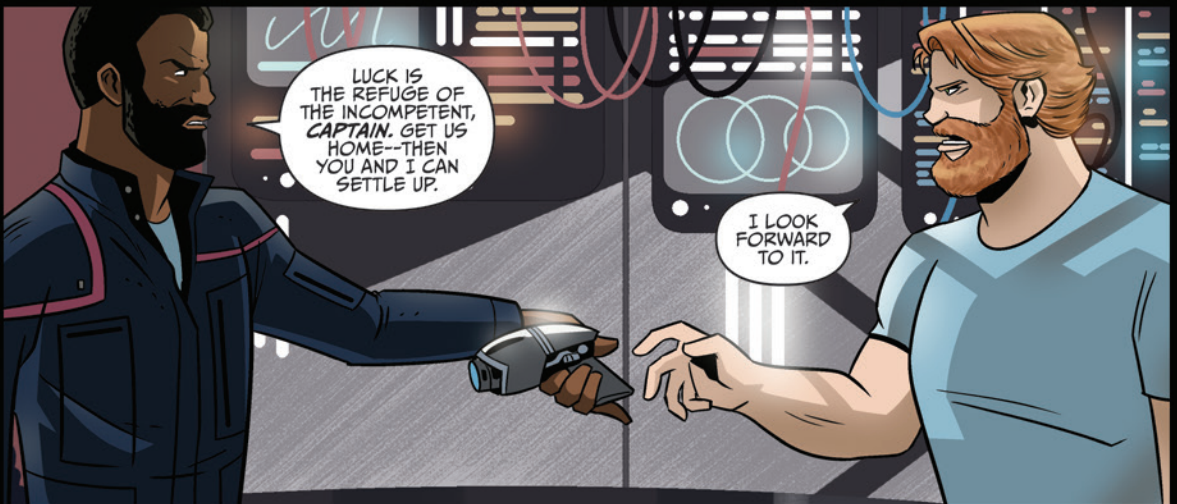
SLAYTON OUT.

JACK, I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE. YOU AND YOUR GANG STAND DOWN RIGHT NOW...



OR, GOD HELP ME, I'LL TELL OUR RESCUERS WHAT A MUTINOUS WORM YOU ARE AND WE CAN ALL START KILLING EACH OTHER AGAIN.

YOUR CALL.



LUCK IS THE REFUGE OF THE INCOMPETENT, CAPTAIN. GET US HOME--THEN YOU AND I CAN SETTLE UP.

I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

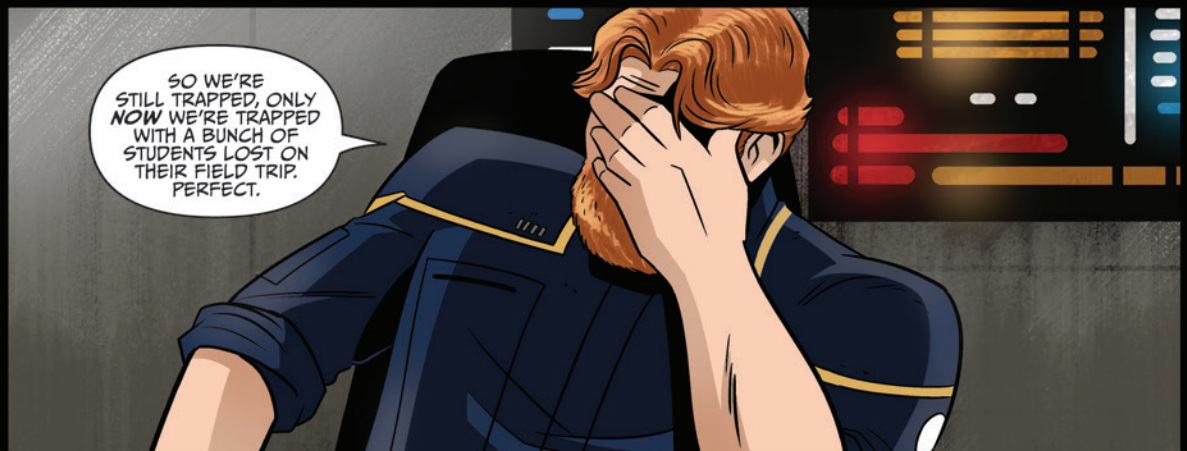
A SHORT TIME AND FIVE TRANSPORTER TRIPS LATER.


SO WE'RE A CENTURY IN THE FUTURE OR--YOU'RE A CENTURY IN THE PAST?

JUDGING BY MY CALCULATIONS, I AM AFRAID IT IS THE FORMER.

THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?

VULCANS DO NOT JOKE ABOUT TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT.






THIS ENTIRE REGION OF SPACE WAS QUARANTINED DUE TO AN UNDULATING TEMPORAL MAELSTROM WITH CONTINUALLY SHIFTING LINEAR VISCIDITY CAUSED BY DARK MATTER RIPPLES AND RELATIVE GRAVITATIONAL DEGRADATION.



SOMEONE WANNA THROW ME A METAPHOR?

TIME QUICKSAND.

SO THE MORE WE STRUGGLE INSIDE, THE FASTER TIME PASSES OUTSIDE?



WAIT, IF TIME'S PASSING FASTER ON THE OUTSIDE, THAT MEANS--

YES, SHEV, WE LOST THE RACE. NOW WE'RE WORKING ON WINNING THE CONSOLATION PRIZE. "NOT DYING."



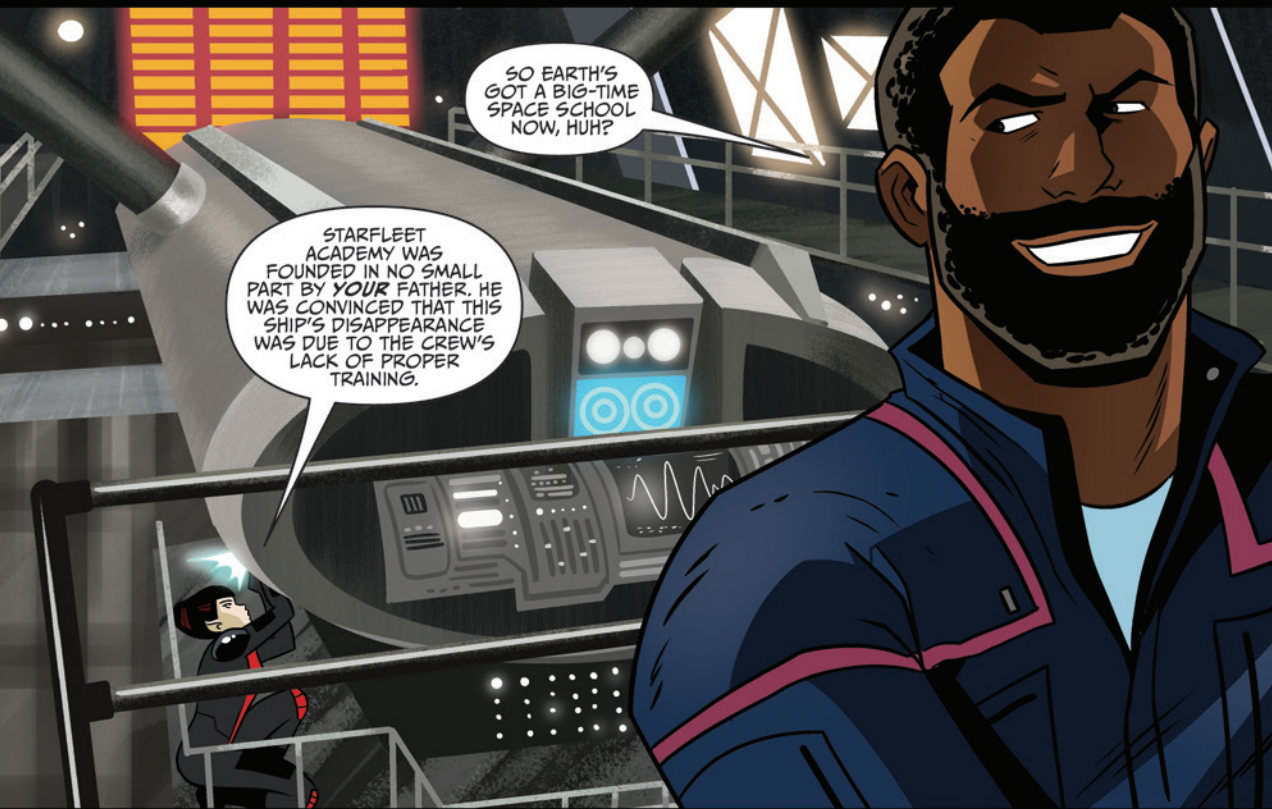
CADET CHEN'S COMPARISON, ALTHOUGH SIMPLISTIC, SUGGESTS A POTENTIAL SOLUTION.

PERHAPS. BUT I WILL REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE WITH SEVERAL UNORTHODOX MODIFICATIONS TO YOUR SHIP.

"UNORTHODOX MODIFICATIONS" ARE MY SPECIALTY.

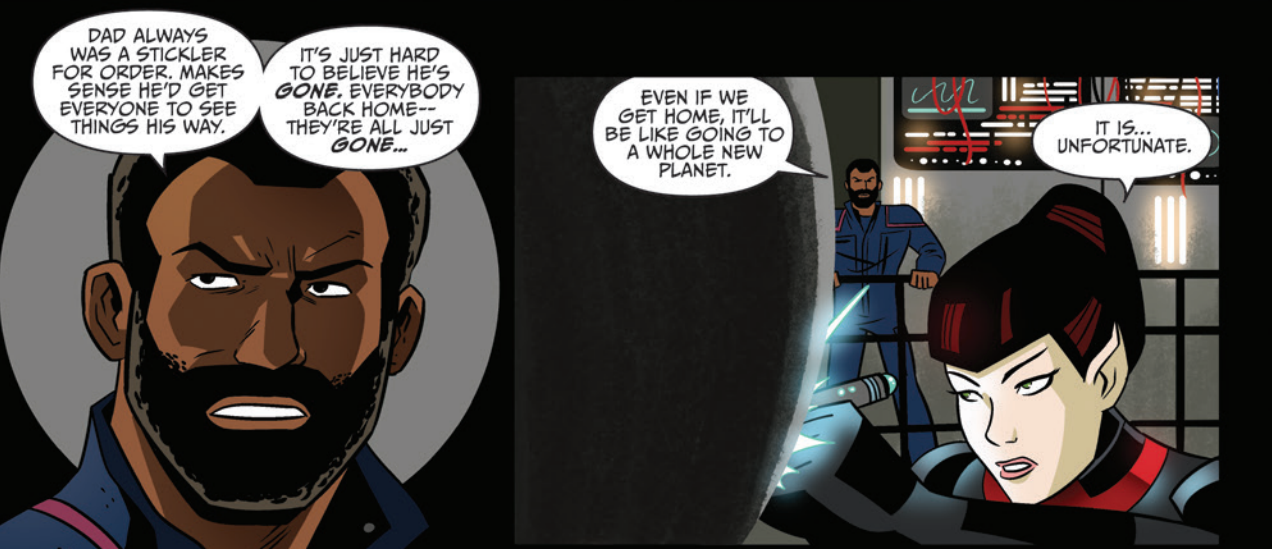
CHIEF SOMERS, I NOTICED YOU HAVE CIRCUMVENTED FAIL-SAFES TO KEEP KEY SYSTEMS RUNNING BELOW OPERATIONAL MINIMUMS.

IT WAS EITHER THAT OR FREEZE TO DEATH. WHY? YOU GOT A PLAN?



SO EARTH'S GOT A BIG-TIME SPACE SCHOOL NOW, HUH?

STARFLEET ACADEMY WAS FOUNDED IN NO SMALL PART BY YOUR FATHER. HE WAS CONVINCED THAT THIS SHIP'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS DUE TO THE CREW'S LACK OF PROPER TRAINING.



DAD ALWAYS WAS A STICKLER FOR ORDER. MAKES SENSE HE'D GET EVERYONE TO SEE THINGS HIS WAY.

IT'S JUST HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S GONE. EVERYBODY BACK HOME-- THEY'RE ALL JUST GONE...

EVEN IF WE GET HOME, IT'LL BE LIKE GOING TO A WHOLE NEW PLANET.

IT IS... UNFORTUNATE.



MY DAD WAS HALF-RIGHT, THOUGH.

WE'RE ONLY IN THIS SITUATION BECAUSE HENDRICKS IS AS STUPID AS HE IS STUBBORN.

IS THAT THE RATIONALE BEHIND YOUR ATTEMPTED MUTINY?