

STAR TREK[®]

NEW VISIONS

"THE TRAVELER"

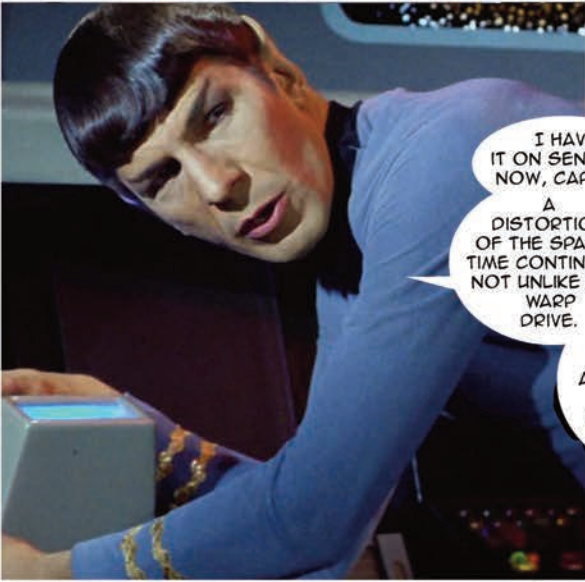
STAR TREK Created by
GENE RODDENBERRY

Photoplay by
JOHN BYRNE



CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 6019.6...

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE ON
ROUTINE PATROL ALONG
THE BORDER OF THE
BETA QUADRANT.



I HAVE
IT ON SENSORS
NOW, CAPTAIN.

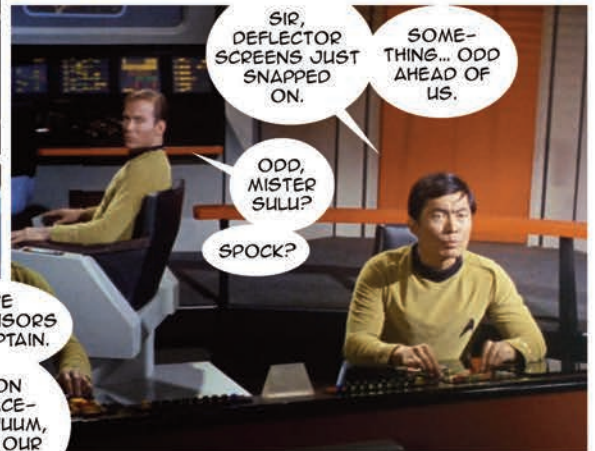
A
DISTORTION
OF THE SPACE-
TIME CONTINUUM,
NOT UNLIKE OUR
WARP
DRIVE.

HOWEVER ON
A MUCH LARGER
SCALE. A HUGE
AMOUNT OF ENERGY
CONCENTRATED
INTO A RELATIVELY
SMALL
VOLUME.

NOT MORE THAN
ONE HUNDRED METERS
IN DIAMETER,
CAPTAIN.

BIG ENOUGH
TO BE A VESSEL
OF SOME
KIND.

ON
SCREEN, MISTER
SULLI. FULL
MAGNIFICATION
FACTOR.

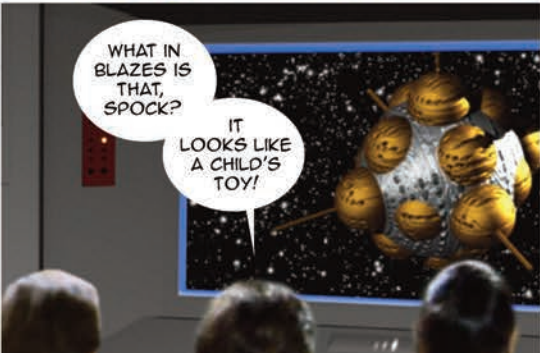


SIR,
DEFLECTOR
SCREENS JUST
SNAPPED
ON.

SOME-
THING... ODD
AHEAD OF
US.

ODD,
MISTER
SULLI?

SPOCK?



WHAT IN
BLAZES IS
THAT,
SPOCK?

IT
LOOKS LIKE
A CHILD'S
TOY!



A
LOT MORE
THAN THAT I
SHOULD THINK,
BONES.

MISTER
CHEKOV, PLOT
US A WIDE
APPROACH
COURSE.

MR.
SULLI,
AHEAD ONE
QUARTER
IMPULSE.





NO INDICATIONS OF HOSTILITY, CAPTAIN.



IN FACT, NO NOTABLE READINGS AT ALL BEYOND THE INITIAL ENERGY SIGNATURE.

NO SIGNS OF LIFE?

WHAT ABOUT ATMOSPHERE, SPOCK?

WELL WITHIN HUMAN TOLERANCES, CAPTAIN.

OXYGEN, NITROGEN, VARIOUS INERT GASES.



THEN WE CAN SAFELY SEND OVER A BOARDING PARTY?

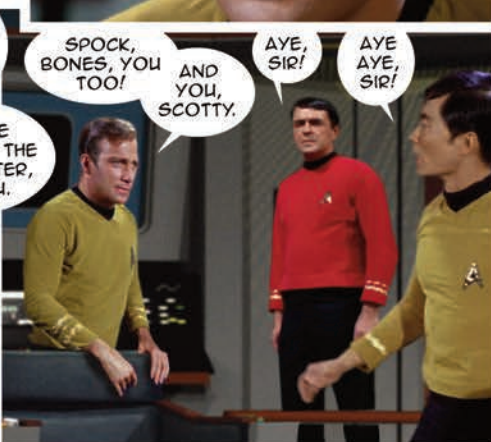


REALLY, JIM? MUST WE POKE OUR NOSES INTO EVERY PIECE OF SPACE JUNK THAT CROSSES OUR PATH?

WE CAN'T USE THEM FOR SMELLING ROSES ALL THE TIME, DOCTOR!

TRANSPORTER ROOM, STAND BY TO BEAM OVER A PARTY OF SIX.

I BELIEVE YOU'RE ON THE DUTY ROSTER, MR. SULLI.



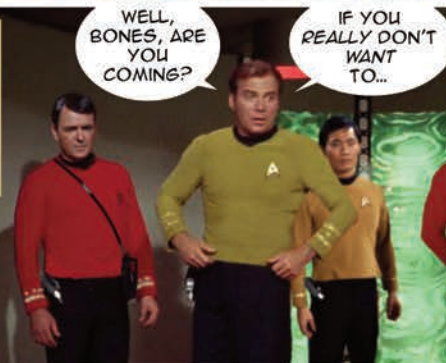
SPOCK, BONES, YOU TOO!

AND YOU, SCOTTY.

AYE, SIR!

AYE AYE, SIR!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, ADDENDUM: WE ARE PREPARING TO BOARD THE UNKNOWN CRAFT, IF "CRAFT" IS WHAT IT REALLY IS...



WELL, BONES, ARE YOU COMING?

IF YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO...

OH, I'LL COME!

Space, the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*.
Its Five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations.
To boldly go where no man has gone before.

STAR TREK

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**

Photomontage
and Story by **JOHN BYRNE**

"LET'S JUST GET
ON WITH IT!"

"ENERGIZE!"

"THE TRAVELER"

DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE



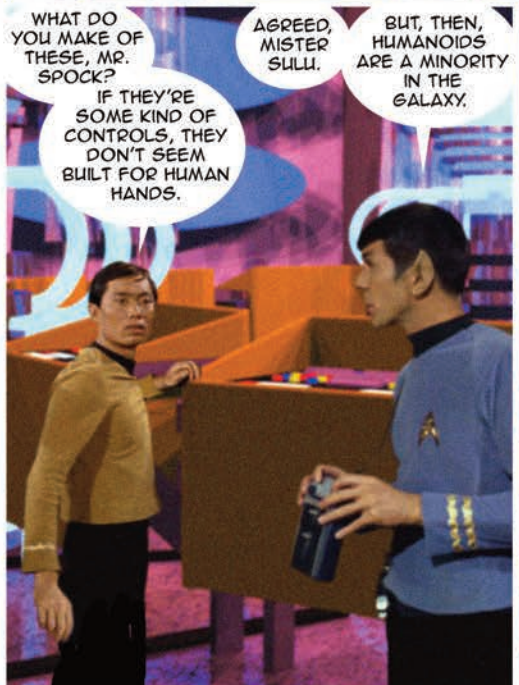
SCANS PLEASE, GENTLEMEN.

WELL, THIS FITS.

OUTSIDE IT LOOKS LIKE A TOY, INSIDE LIKE SOME KIND OF FAIRGROUND FUNHOUSE!

DO NOT BE TOO QUICK TO PASS JUDGMENT, DOCTOR.

THESE ARE REMARKABLY SOPHISTICATED MECHANISMS.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE, MR. SPOCK?

AGREED, MISTER SULLU.

BUT, THEN, HUMANIDS ARE A MINORITY IN THE GALAXY.

IF THEY'RE SOME KIND OF CONTROLS, THEY DON'T SEEM BUILT FOR HUMAN HANDS.



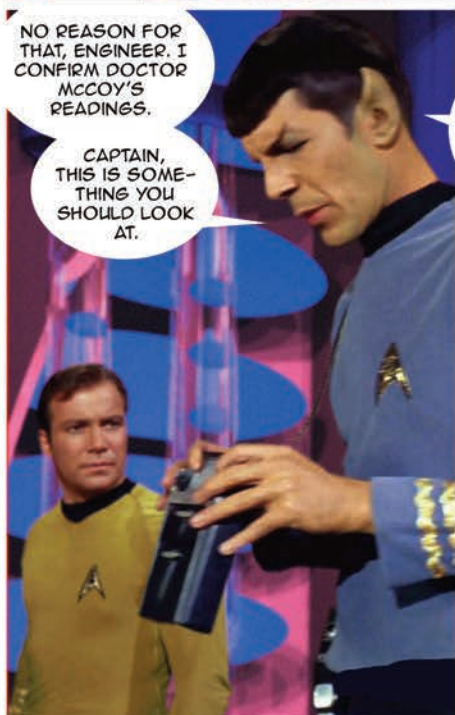
SPEAKING OF HUMANIDS, I'VE GOT ONE!

ONLY... THE READING IS UNSTABLE -- AND ABOUT THREE KILOMETERS AWAY!



THAT'S MORE'N A MILE AN' A HALF OUTSIDE THIS SHIP!!

HERE, DOCTOR, LET ME CHECK Y'R TRICORDER'S FUNCTION.



NO REASON FOR THAT, ENGINEER. I CONFIRM DOCTOR MCCOY'S READINGS.

CAPTAIN, THIS IS SOMETHING YOU SHOULD LOOK AT.



ACCORDING TO MY READINGS, THIS VESSEL ACTUALLY OCCUPIES SEVERAL HUNDRED MILLION CUBIC KILOMETERS.



BUT THAT WOULD MAKE IT NEARLY THE SIZE OF A SMALL PLANET!

