



AHHH!!!

LAST CHANCE, HUMAN!



YOU WANT HELP WITH YOUR LITTLE MUTINY? YOU MURDERED OUR FRIEND!

AND WITH EVERY SECOND YOU WASTE WHINING, MORE DIE IN ORBIT. YOUR COWARDICE IS--



(WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU ASK. PLEASE-- WITH RESPECT-- SPARE HIM.)\*

\*TRANSLATED FROM KLINGON.



AT LEAST ONE OF YOU HAS SOME SENSE.

EVERYONE ON BOARD. WE ARE RETURNING TO THE CHONNAQ.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'VE BEEN BEAT UP BY BIGGER WOMEN BEFORE...

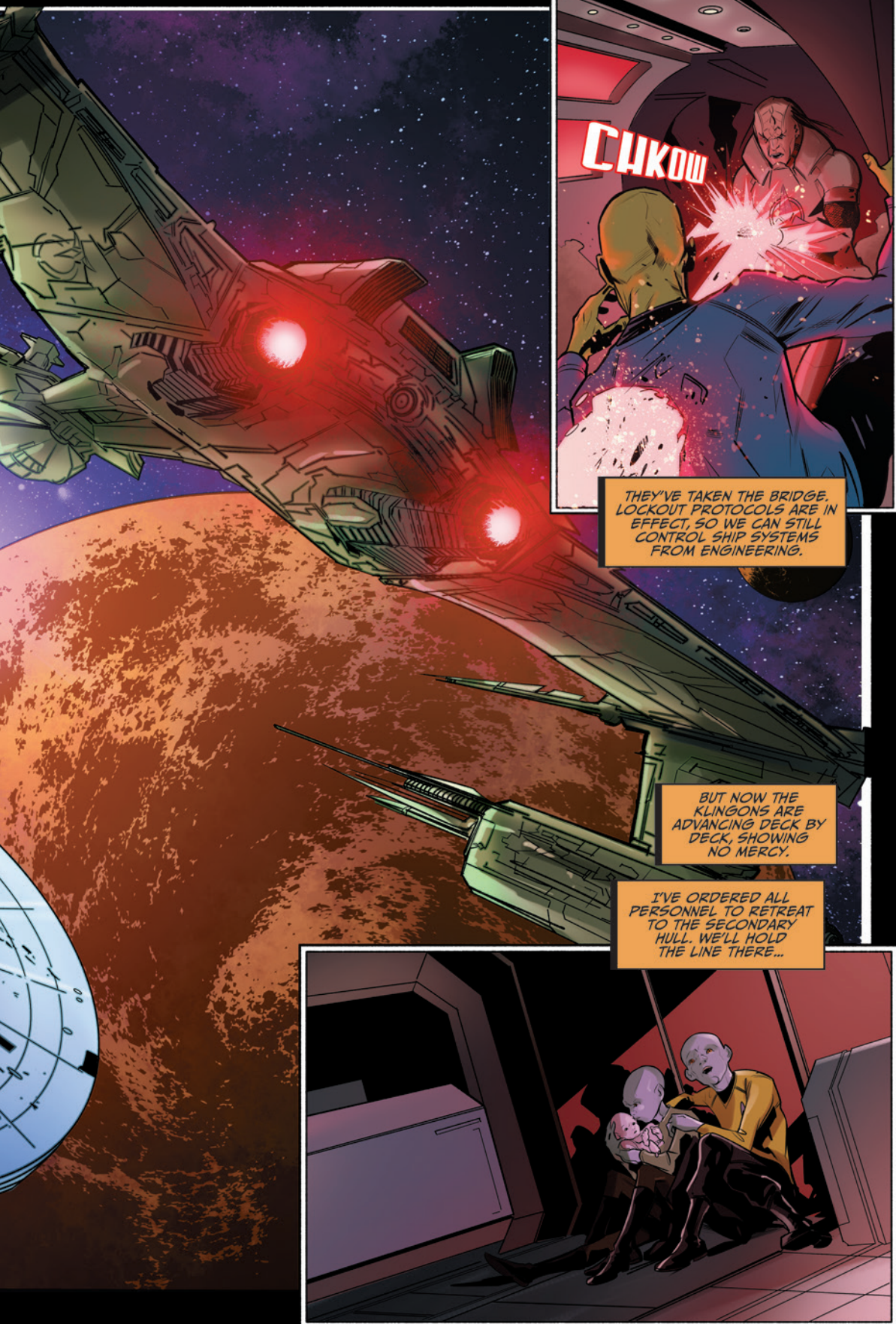
"...I JUST SURE AS HELL HOPE THE ENTERPRISE IS DOING BETTER THAN WE ARE."

CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL.

THESE KLINGONS AREN'T LIKE ANY I'VE SEEN--OR HEARD OF--BEFORE.

THEY'VE MOUNTED A DIRECT ATTACK ON OUR SHIP, LED BY A CAPTAIN MORE THAN WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS OWN TROOPS TO ENSURE THE DEATH OF MINE.





**CAKOW**

THEY'VE TAKEN THE BRIDGE. LOCKOUT PROTOCOLS ARE IN EFFECT, SO WE CAN STILL CONTROL SHIP SYSTEMS FROM ENGINEERING.

BUT NOW THE KLINGONS ARE ADVANCING DECK BY DECK, SHOWING NO MERCY.

I'VE ORDERED ALL PERSONNEL TO RETREAT TO THE SECONDARY HULL. WE'LL HOLD THE LINE THERE...



...OR DIE TRYING.

**CUKOW  
CUKOW**

I DON'T LIKE  
RETREATING,  
SPOCK!

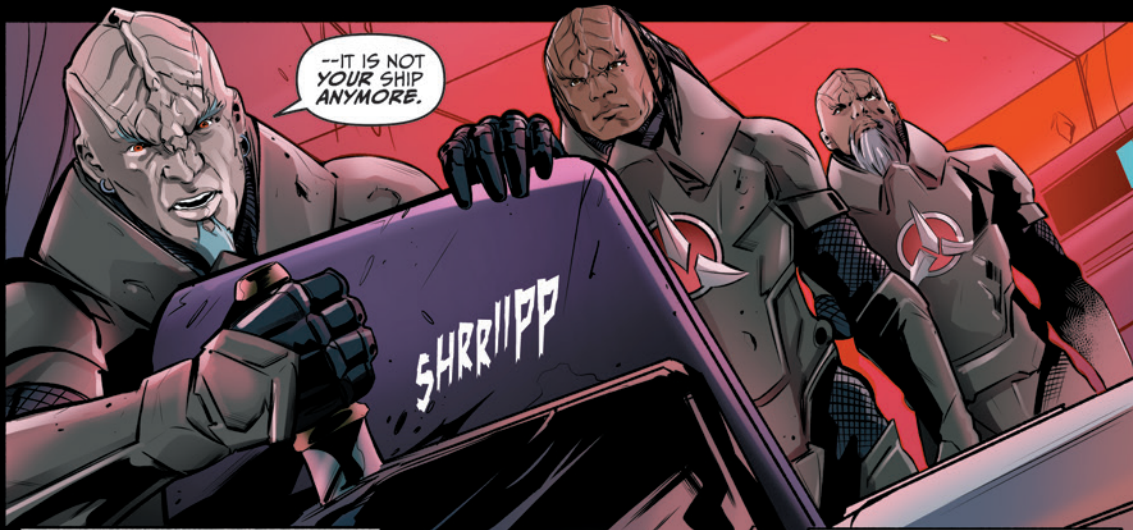
AND YET IT  
IS THE PRUDENT  
CHOICE GIVEN THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES.

I KNOW. THE  
CREW'S SAFETY  
COMES FIRST--

**CUKOW**

--BUT I HATE  
THE THOUGHT OF  
KLINGONS MAKING  
THEMSelves AT  
HOME ON MY  
SHIP!

I ASSURE  
YOU, CAPTAIN  
KIRK--



--IT IS NOT YOUR SHIP ANYMORE.

SHRIIP



AHH...

...MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE.

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE HUMAN COMPULSION TO MAKE EVERYTHING SOFTER.



COME DOWN HERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU "SOFT."

OH, WE WILL MEET SOON ENOUGH.

BUT I DID NOT TAKE TO COMMS TO TALK TO YOU, CAPTAIN.



I AM TALKING TO YOUR CREW.

GREETINGS, PROUD MEMBERS OF STARFLEET.

I AM SHO'TOKH.



DO NOT BE AFRAID.

FOR YOUR LIVES LIE NOT IN MY HANDS, BUT IN YOUR OWN.