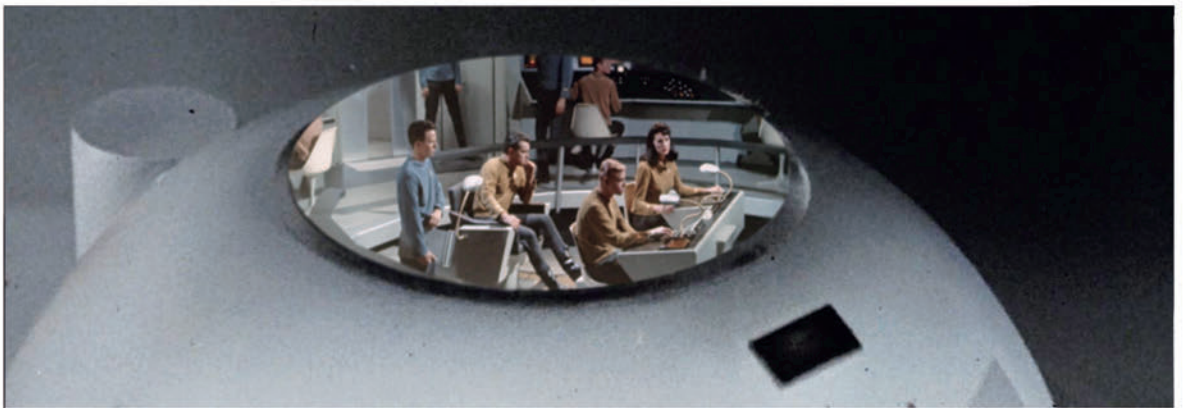
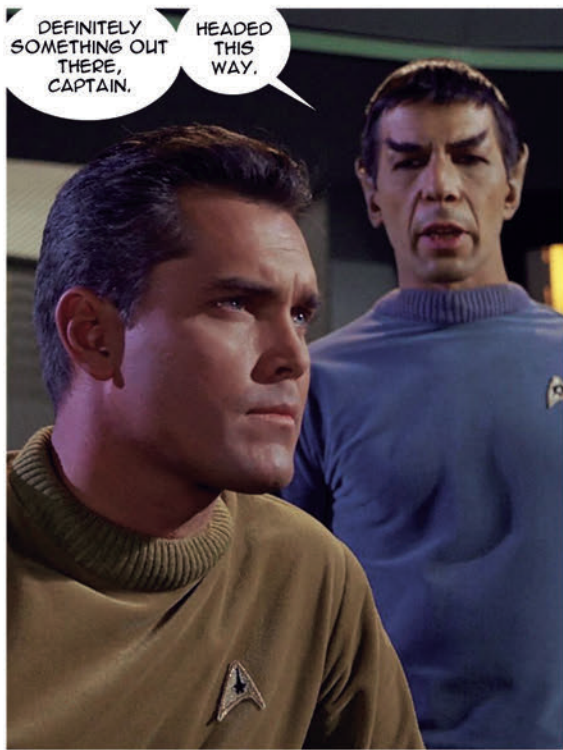


# STAR TREK

CREATED BY  
**GENE RODDENBERRY**

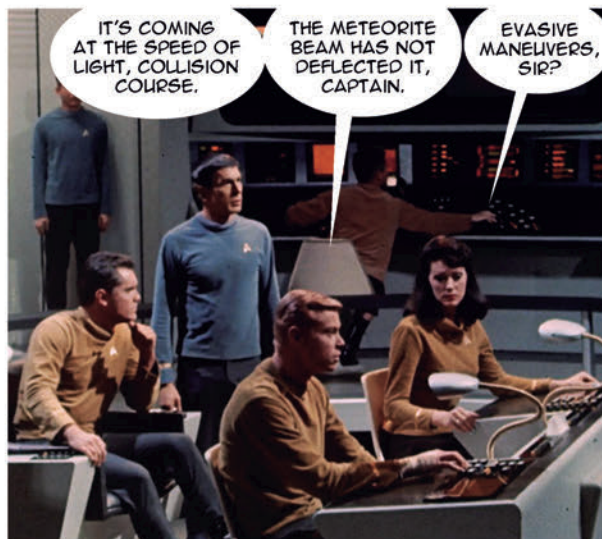


DEDICATED TO THE TALENTED PERFORMERS, CRAFTSMEN AND TECHNICIANS WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED HERE



DEFINITELY SOMETHING OUT THERE, CAPTAIN.

HEADED THIS WAY.



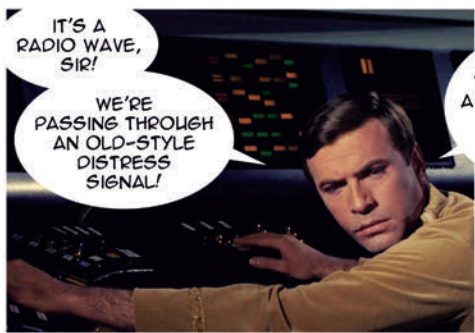
IT'S COMING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, COLLISION COURSE.

THE METEORITE BEAM HAS NOT DEFLECTED IT, CAPTAIN.

EVASIVE MANEUVERS, SIR?

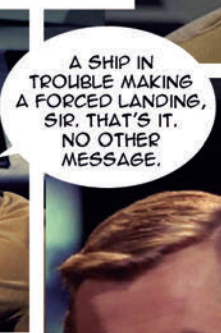


STEADY AS WE GO!

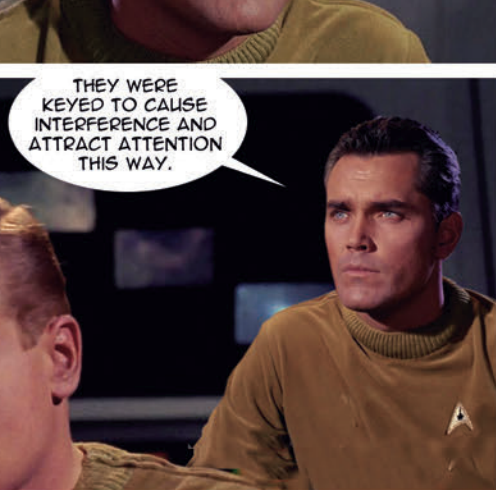


IT'S A RADIO WAVE, SIR!

WE'RE PASSING THROUGH AN OLD-STYLE DISTRESS SIGNAL!



A SHIP IN TROUBLE MAKING A FORCED LANDING, SIR. THAT'S IT. NO OTHER MESSAGE.



THEY WERE KEPT TO CAUSE INTERFERENCE AND ATTRACT ATTENTION THIS WAY.



I HAVE A FIX. IT COMES FROM THE TALOS STAR GROUP.



WE HAVE NO SHIPS OR EARTH COLONIES OUT THIS FAR.



THEIR CALL LETTERS CHECK WITH A SURVEY EXPEDITION, S.S. COLUMBIA.

DISAPPEARED IN THAT REGION APPROXIMATELY EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO.





IT WOULD TAKE THAT LONG FOR A RADIO BEAM TO TRAVEL FROM THERE TO HERE.



RECORDS SHOW THE TALOS GROUP HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLORED.

SOLAR SYSTEM SIMILAR TO EARTH. ELEVEN PLANETS.

NUMBER FOUR SEEMS TO BE... CLASS M, OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE.



THEN THEY COULD STILL BE ALIVE, EVEN AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.



IF THEY SURVIVED THE CRASH.

AREN'T WE GOING TO GO?

TO BE CERTAIN?



NOT WITHOUT ANY INDICATION OF SURVIVORS, NO.

WE'LL CONTINUE TO THE VEGA COLONY AND TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN SICK AND INJURED.



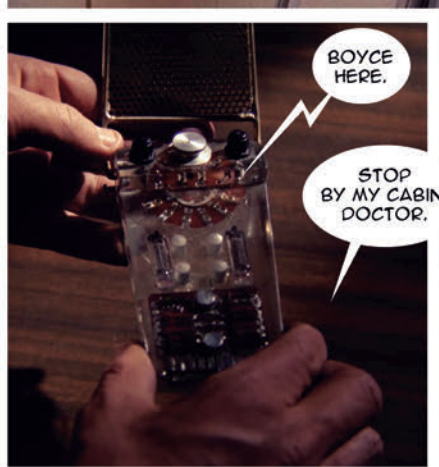
YOU HAVE THE HELM, NUMBER ONE.

MAINTAIN PRESENT COURSE.

YES, SIR.

# THE CAGE

ADAPTED BY  
JOHN BYRNE





WHO WANTS A WARM MARTINI?

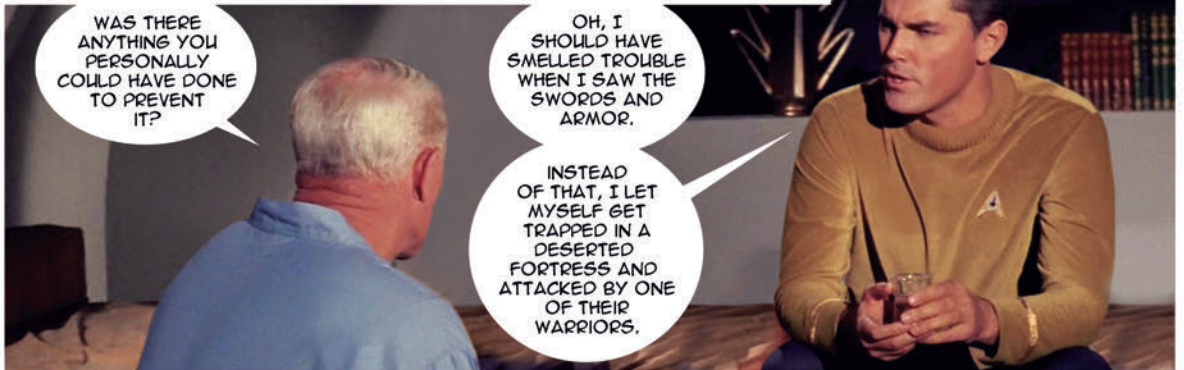
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I NEED ONE?

SOMETIMES A MAN'LL TELL HIS BARTENDER THINGS HE'D NEVER TELL HIS DOCTOR.

WHAT'S BEEN ON YOUR MIND, CHRIS? THE FIGHT ON RIGEL VII?

SHOULDN'T IT BE?

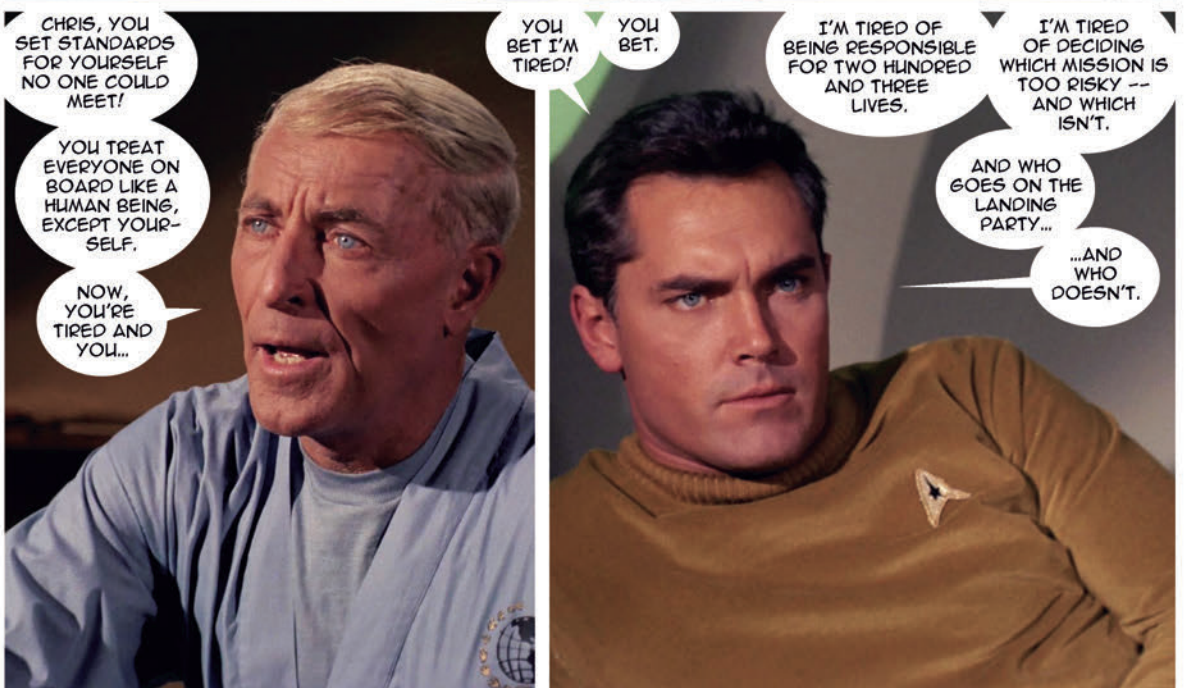
MY OWN YEOMAN AND TWO OTHERS DEAD, SEVEN INJURED.



WAS THERE ANYTHING YOU PERSONALLY COULD HAVE DONE TO PREVENT IT?

OH, I SHOULD HAVE SMELLED TROUBLE WHEN I SAW THE SWORDS AND ARMOR.

INSTEAD OF THAT, I LET MYSELF GET TRAPPED IN A DESERTED FORTRESS AND ATTACKED BY ONE OF THEIR WARRIORS.



CHRIS, YOU SET STANDARDS FOR YOURSELF NO ONE COULD MEET!

YOU TREAT EVERYONE ON BOARD LIKE A HUMAN BEING, EXCEPT YOURSELF.

NOW, YOU'RE TIRED AND YOU...

YOU BET I'M TIRED!

YOU BET.

I'M TIRED OF BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR TWO HUNDRED AND THREE LIVES.

I'M TIRED OF DECIDING WHICH MISSION IS TOO RISKY -- AND WHICH ISN'T.

AND WHO GOES ON THE LANDING PARTY...

...AND WHO DOESN'T.