



MR. SCOTT...

...IF YOU HAF NO FURTHER NEED OF ME...

...MR. SULLI VAS GOING TO ASSIST ME ON THE SIMULATOR TO STUDY DE NAVIGATION PANEL...

NO FURTHER NEED OF YE?

OCH, LAODIE, DID NO ONE TELL Y'HOW IT WORKS?

Y'RE THE NEW MULE IN THE TEAM.

EVERY-BODY ELSE'LL BE SNUG IN THEIR BUNKS BEFORE YOUR DAY IS DONE!



BUT, MISTER SCOTT...

NO BUTS NOW, LADDIE!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR LEARNIN' ALL THE OTHER INS AN' OUTS OF THE SHIP...

...AFTER Y'VE DONE YOUR TURN IN ENGINEERING.

WHY, ALL THE VERY BEST PEOPLE COME LIP FROM DOWN HERE, Y'KNOW!



NOW, BUCK LIP...

...AN' I'LL SHOW YE WHY NIGHT SHIFT IS THE VERY BEST TIME TO RECALIBRATE THE INTER-COOLERS!

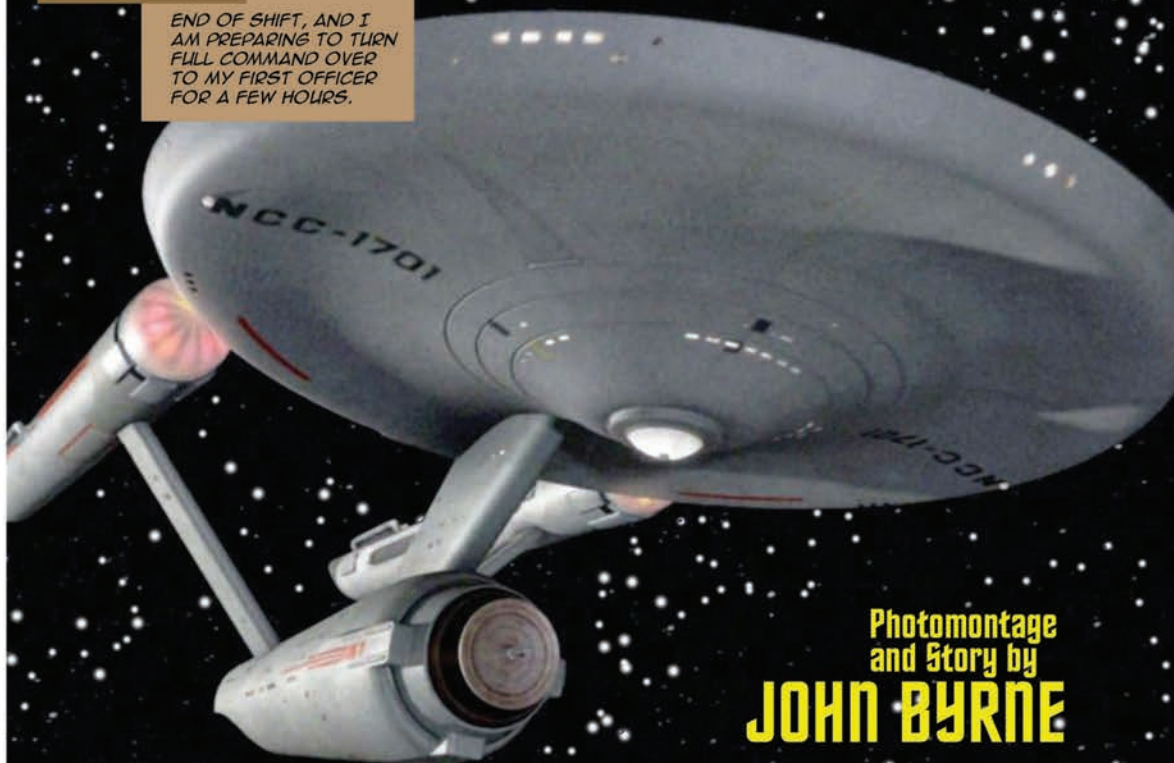
Space, the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*.
Its Five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations.
To boldly go where no man has gone before.

STAR TREK

Created by **GENE RODDENBERRY**

CAPTAIN'S LOG,
STARDATE 9135.9

END OF SHIFT, AND I
AM PREPARING TO TURN
FULL COMMAND OVER
TO MY FIRST OFFICER
FOR A FEW HOURS.



Photomontage
and Story by
JOHN BYRNE

"MISTER CHEKOV"

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

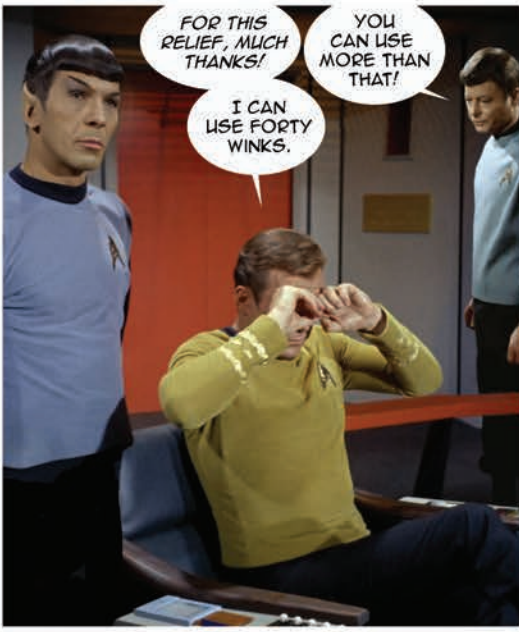


ALL SEEMS
PEACEFUL.

ALL
STATIONS
REPORTING
GREEN,
SIR.

ALL
CLEAR
AHEAD.

YOU CAN
TAKE YOUR
SHIFT BREAK
WITHOUT
CONCERN.



FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!

I CAN USE FORTY WINKS.

YOU CAN USE MORE THAN THAT!



I'M PRESCRIBING A NIGHTCAP TO SOOTHE YOUR NERVES...

...AND THEN AT LEAST EIGHT HOURS SLEEP!



AFTER ALL, YOU'RE A MERE MORTAL! YOU CAN'T GO DAYS AT A TIME, LIKE SPOCK!

AND DON'T I ENVY HIM THAT!

MR. SPOCK, THE BRIDGE IS YOURS!



NINETEEN HUNDRED HOURS, MR. DEPAUL, WE ARE DUE FOR A COURSE CORRECTION.

ENGAGE, MISTER SULLI.

YES, MISTER SPOCK.

TURNING ON ONE EIGHT FIVE, MARK NINE!

YESSIR, ON THE BOARD.



AHH, D'YE FEEL THAT, LAD?

THE SHIP'S TURNIN'. THE SIGNAL COMES DOWN FROM THE BRIDGE...

...AN' IN SCARCELY A NANOSECOND MY ENGINES RESPOND!

I'M SORRY, MISTER SCOTT.

I... DON'T FEEL ANYTHING!



YE'LL LEARN TO, LAD!

A SHIP IS LIKE A WOMAN.

SHE HAS HER MYSTERIES AN' HER MOODS.

PEACEFUL AN' CALM ONE MOMENT, HOT AS HADES THE NEXT.

AN' WHERE-EVER Y'ARE ON THE SHIP, YE'LL LEARN TO KNOW THEM.

TO ANTICIPATE THEM.



SPEAKIN' OF WHICH...

...SOME-THIN' FEELS A WEE BIT OFF RIGHT NOW.

SHEA, RAMIREZ, CHECK THE ENERGY FLOW.

RIGHT, MISTER SCOTT.



I KEEP TELLING YOU, JIM...

I KNOW, BONES, I KNOW.

I WORK TOO HARD.

IT GOES WITH THE JOB!

BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO!

YOU'VE SAID YOURSELF YOU HAVE THE BEST CREW IN STARFLEET.

LET THEM... OH, GOOD EVENING, LIEUTENANT.



GOOD EVENING DOCTOR, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK OVER MY REPORT ON THE CULTURAL IMPLICATIONS OF INDUSTRIALIZATION ON NESTOR III?

NOT YET... LIEUTENANT, IT'S ON MY DESK...





I HOPE YOU CAN GET TO IT SOON, SIR.

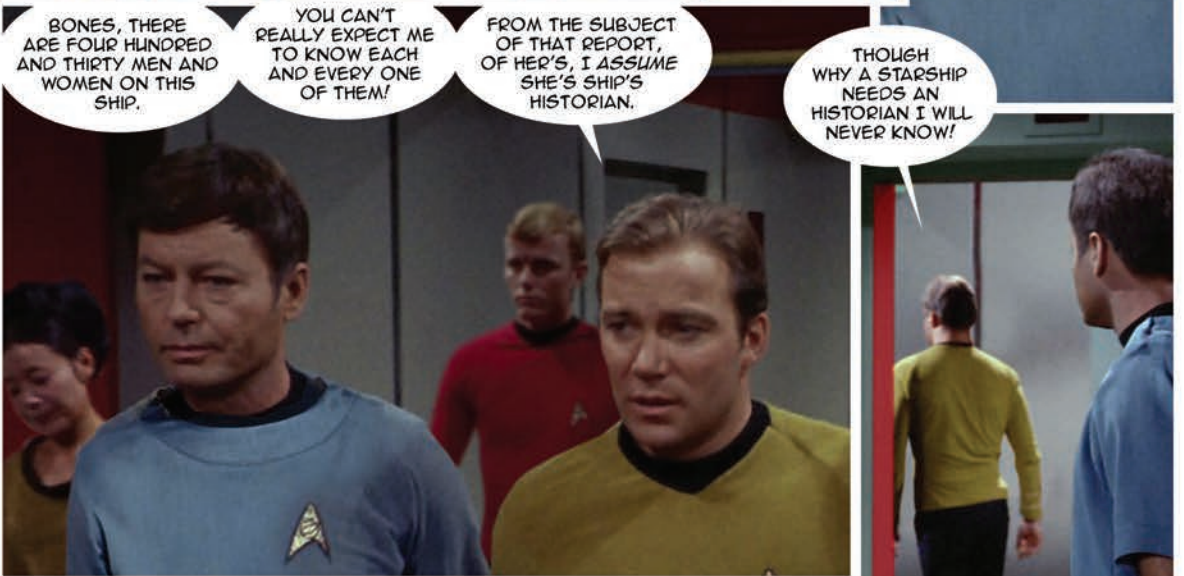
I'M VERY INTERESTED TO HEAR WHAT YOU THINK.

YES, I'LL... GIVE IT HIGH PRIORITY.

GOOD EVENING LIEUTENANT.

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, JIM!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO THAT DELIGHTFUL YOUNG LADY IS, DO YOU?



BONES, THERE ARE FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY MEN AND WOMEN ON THIS SHIP.

YOU CAN'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO KNOW EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM!

FROM THE SUBJECT OF THAT REPORT, OF HER'S, I ASSUME SHE'S SHIP'S HISTORIAN.

THOUGH WHY A STARSHIP NEEDS AN HISTORIAN I WILL NEVER KNOW!



YOU WERE RIGHT, MISTER SCOTT!

THERE'S A SIX PERCENT RISE IN THE POWER LEVELS.

RISE? AYE, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

WE'D BETTER TELL THE BRIDGE!