

NOVA TREK

A Universe away from the one you knew

"An Empire to Build"
by
MDBruffy

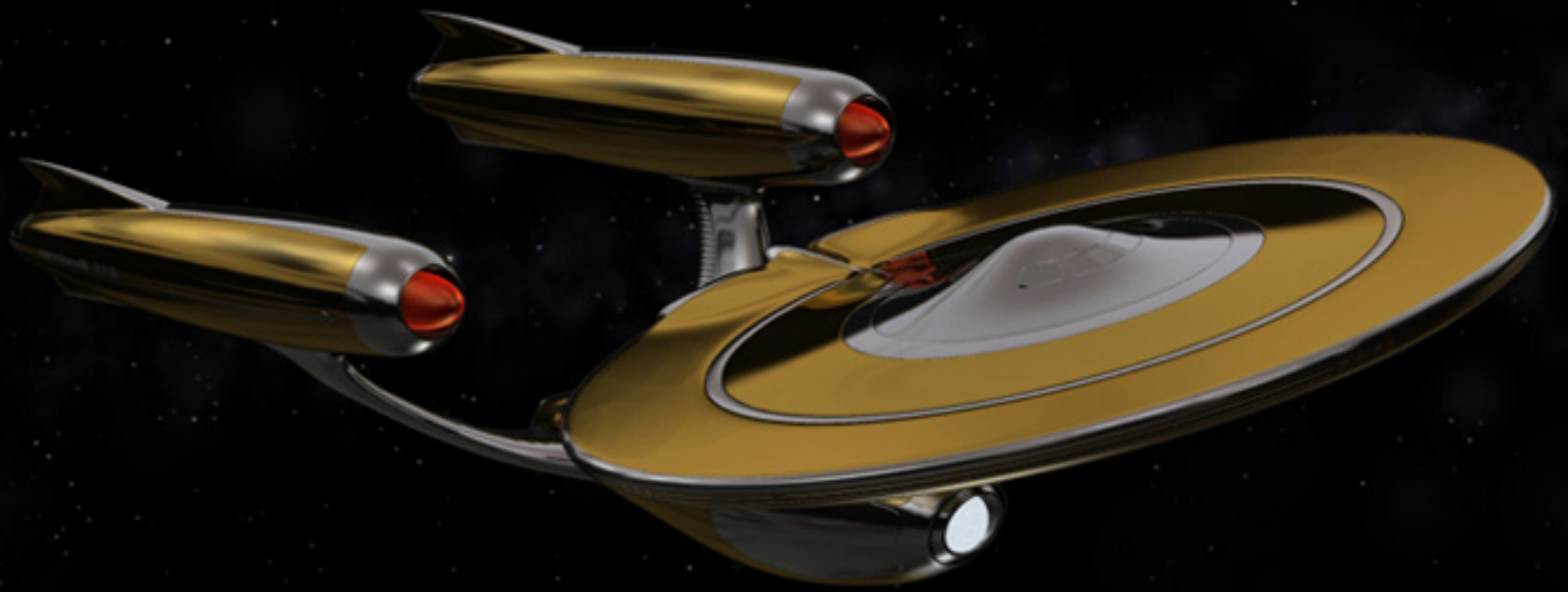


MDB
COMICS

**Book
Ten**

*Based on concepts created by
Gene Roddenberry*

Fly me to the Moon; Let me play among the stars,




Let me see what Spring is like on Jupiter and Mars.

In other words, hold my hand.




In other words, Baby, kiss me.

A woman with red hair, wearing a red vest over a white long-sleeved shirt and a black skirt, stands on a futuristic, metallic staircase. The environment is dark with some light coming from windows or openings in the ceiling.

*Fill my heart with song and let me sing
forever more.*

The same woman is walking down the same futuristic staircase. She is looking towards the camera. The lighting and environment are consistent with the previous scene.

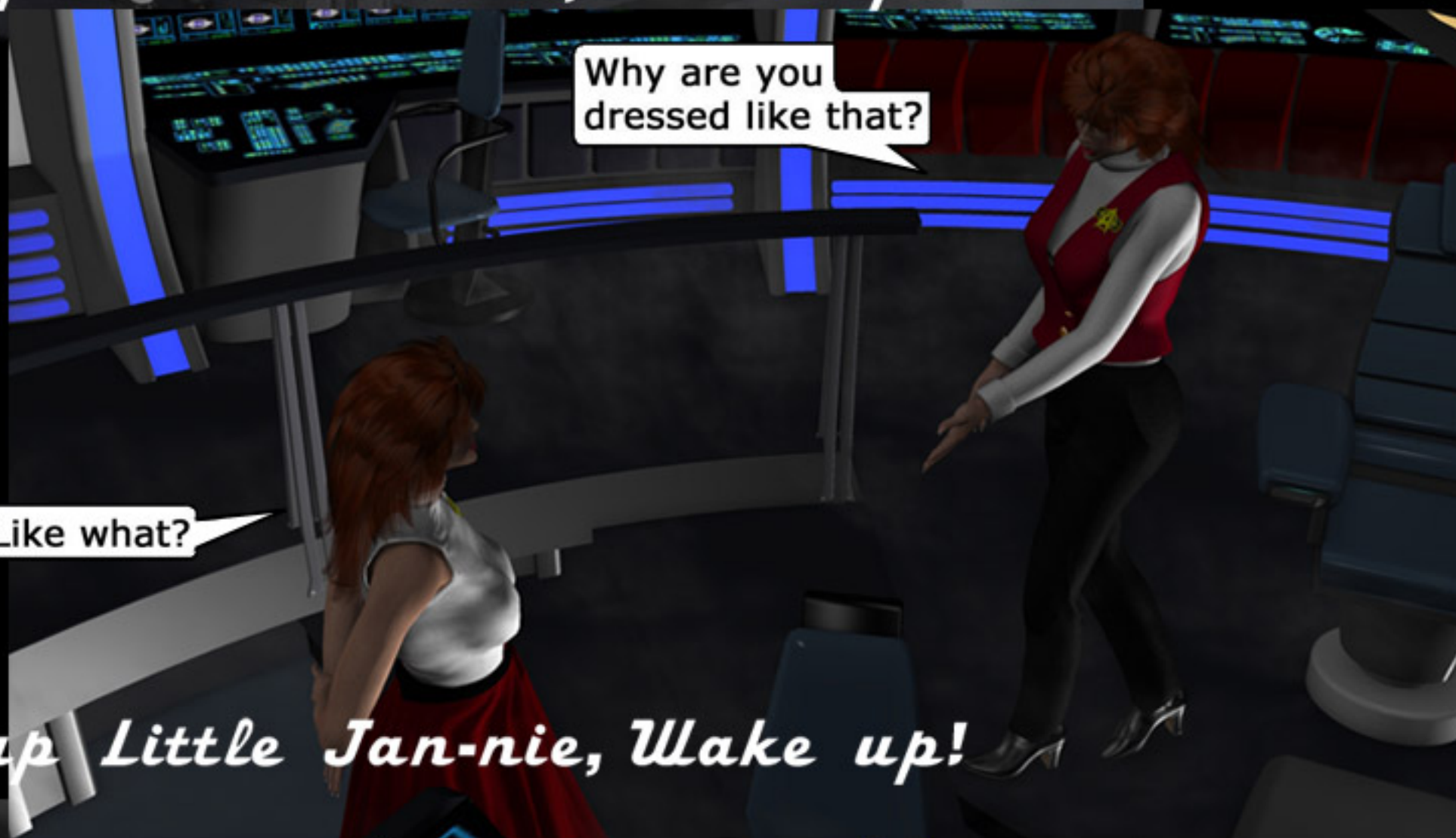
*You are all I long for, all I worship
and adore.*

The image is split into two parts. On the left is a close-up of a woman's back and shoulder, showing her red vest. On the right is a view through a doorway into a futuristic control room where two people are seated at a console with multiple screens.

*In other words, please be true, in other
words, I love you.*



Wake up Little Jan-nie, Wake up!



Why are you dressed like that?

Like what?

Wake up Little Jan-nie, Wake up!

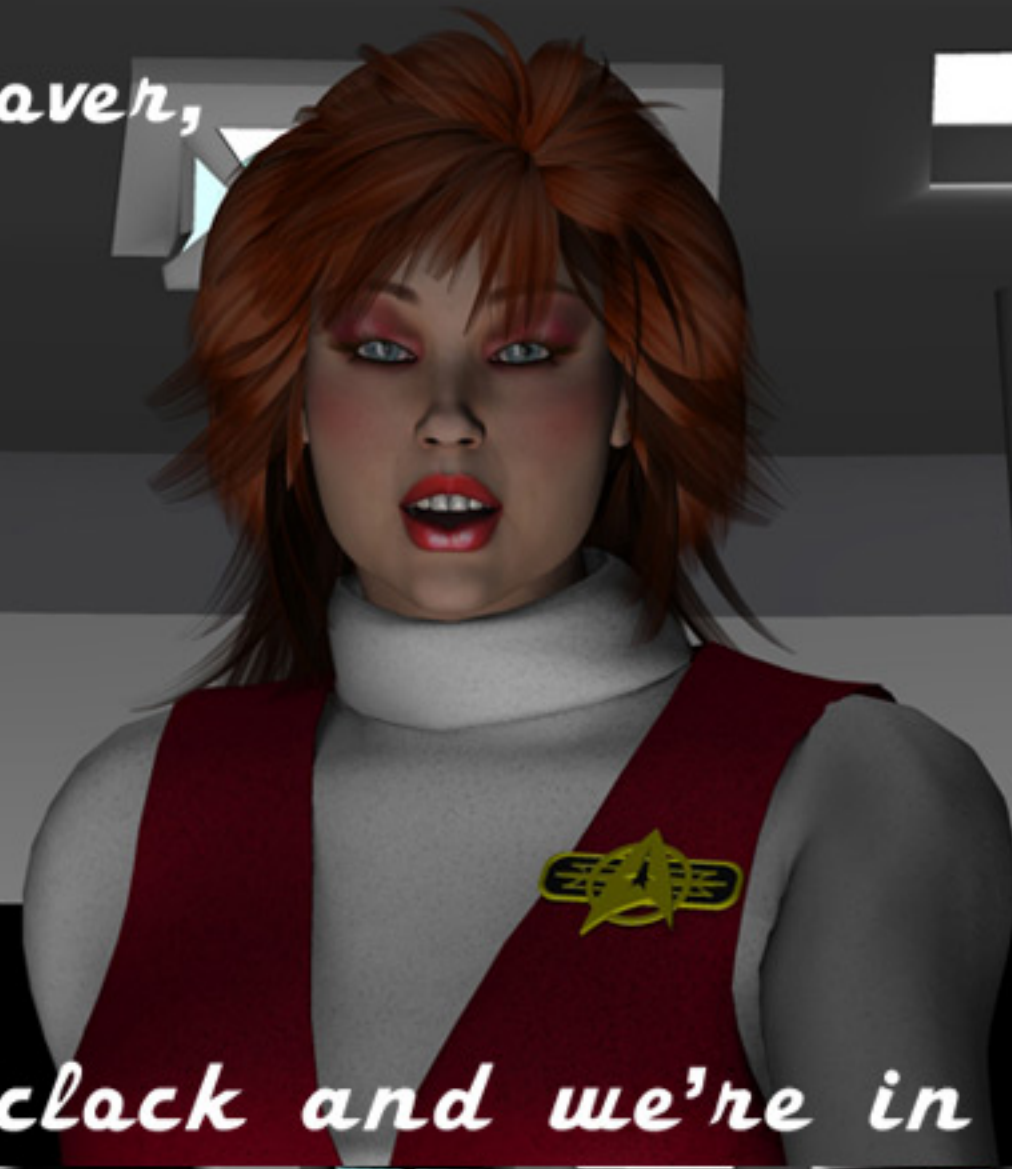


Now approaching Starbase 98.

You've been sound asleep!

Wake up Little Jan-nie and weep!

The pizza's over,



it's four o'clock and we're in trouble deep!

Wake up Little Jan-nie,



Wake up!



Jan?

Are you all right?

That's the last time
I let Tam talk me into
going back to 1958
for pizza!

You are not returning
to sleep?

No- not now.



Computer, have the morning dispatches arrived yet?

They're coming through now, Admiral.

What's in them?

Various mail for the crew and one starfleet message for you.

Put it on screen.

Hell. My day just keeps getting better.

Yes, Ma'am. Message is flagged as ordered.

Computer, flag this message for my eyes only.

Beep!

We are receiving a message from Subspace Relay Nine.

What kind of message?

Yes, Ma'am.

It's your father, Admiral.

Is it live?

On screen.



Well, Admiral, still getting the day off to an early start, I see.



Looks like you're carrying on the family tradition.

Sorry to disappoint.



It was a night for crazy dreams. What's up?

You told me in your last letter, how tied down you felt with Task Force 98.



How would you like to do some exploring for a change?



Not tied down so much as bored. Since the treaty signing eight months ago, all we've seen of the Romulans is an occasional diplomatic courier.



Well, we've got a free-space asteroid field. *Reliant* spotted it last year, but she was tracking a Romulan squadron at the time and all she could do was report its location.

Sending last known coordinates now.

Coordinates received. But Dad, why is this coming through your office?

Exploration and long-range mission planning have always gone together.

I didn't pull this mission out of a hat five minutes ago. It's been discussed and considered for the last four months.

Okay. We'll take a look.

I'll be watching for your report. Take care- and tell Tam I said 'Hello'.

I will. 'Bye.

Personal Log, Stardate 6603.14.

Janet Kirk recording.

Dad said I felt tied down- cornered would be more like it. With the tour coming to an end, that feeling's only grown.

Listening to the rest of the crew, it's clear that most everyone has their futures in hand or are still gathering in their choices.

I wish my choices were made- maybe I'd sleep better...



Free space asteroid field.
What keeps them grouped
together? Gravity?

To be precise, the gravity
well of the largest asteroid
in the center of the field.

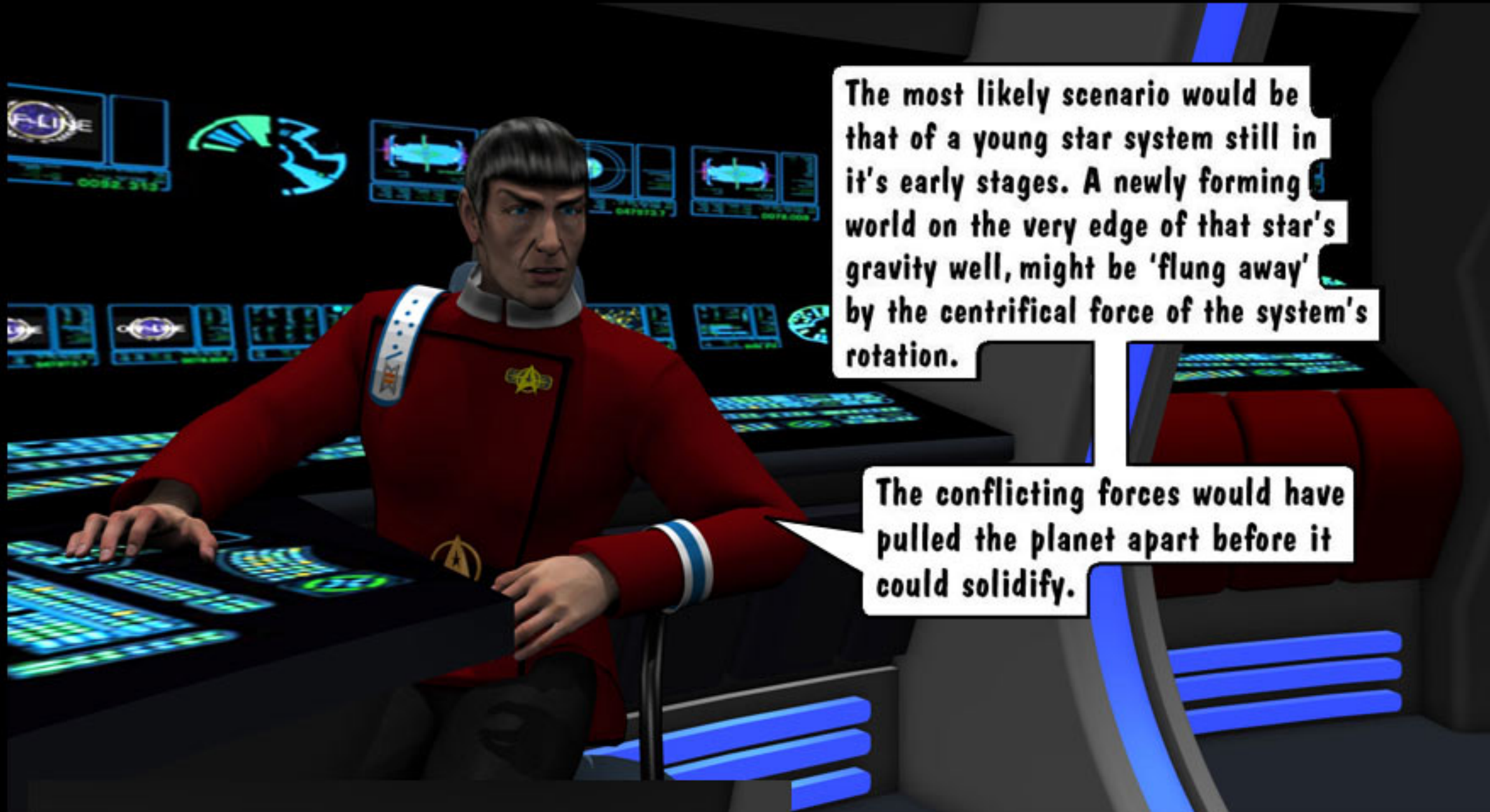


And not all of the planetary
mass is present. It appears
that a small percentage
was lost in the original
cataclysm.



You're saying the planet
exploded?

Not necessarily.



The most likely scenario would be that of a young star system still in it's early stages. A newly forming world on the very edge of that star's gravity well, might be 'flung away' by the centrifical force of the system's rotation.

The conflicting forces would have pulled the planet apart before it could solidify.

Interesting.

It would seem, the asteroid we are approaching has had a visitor.



Fascinating.

That looks like an old Earth ship.

Possibly a DY-500.

Older. DY-100.

Jan, the last such vessel was launched in the late Twenty-first century.

The wrecked ship. Can you locate a name?

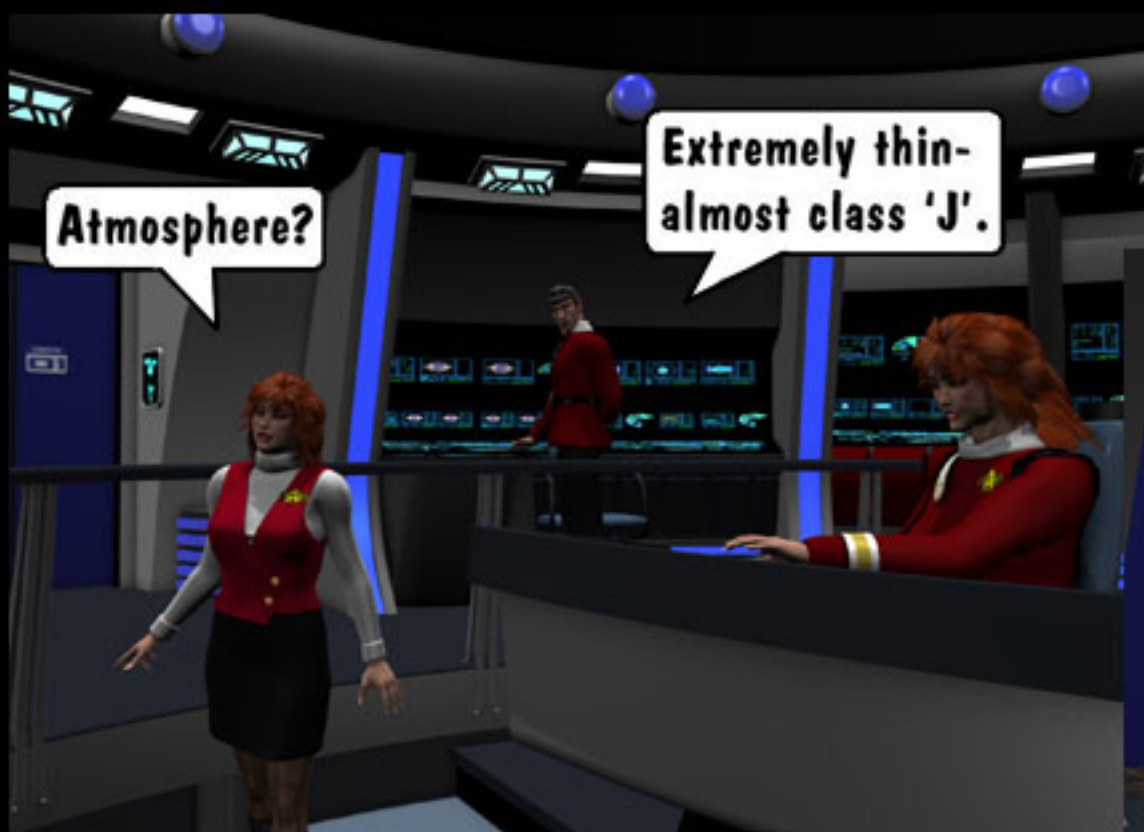
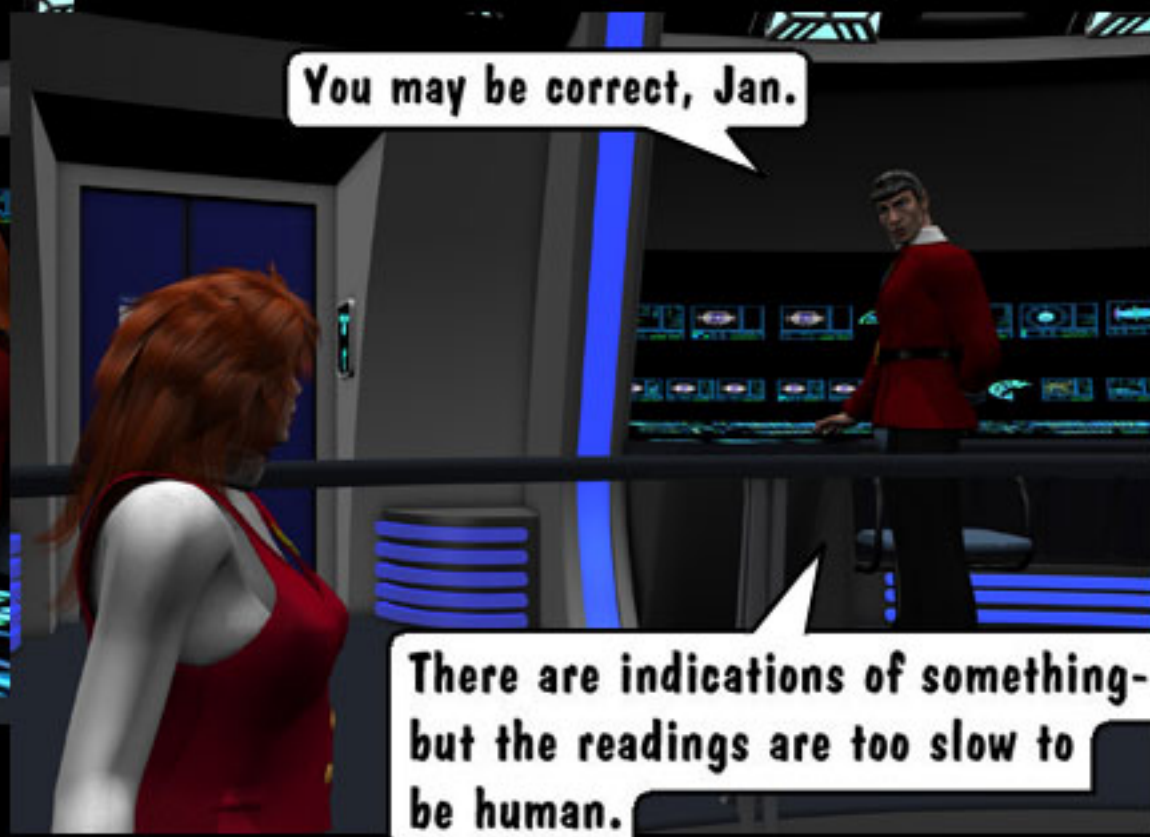
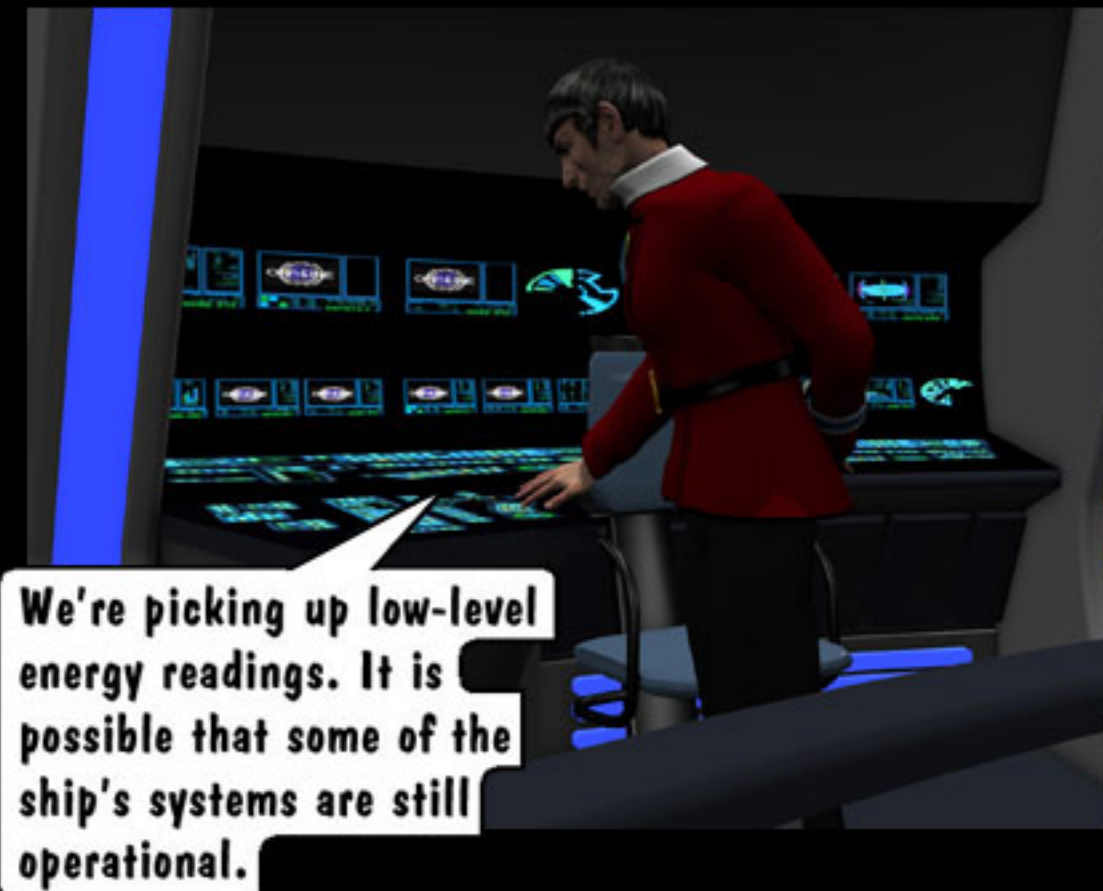
Computer?

Yes, Admiral?

Scanning now.

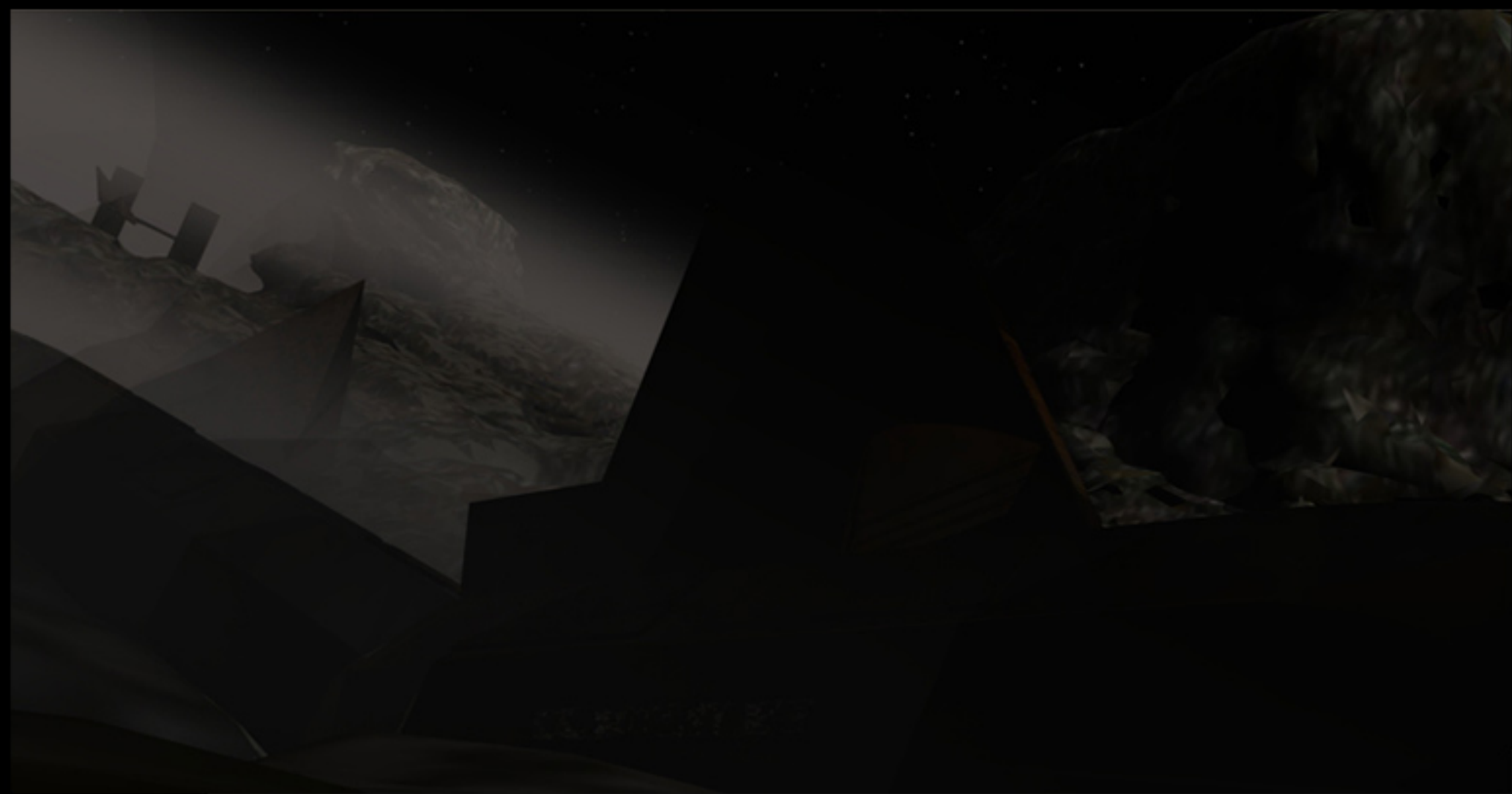
Found it.


S.S. BOTANY BAY











Why drag me along
on this jaunt?

I'm a doctor- not
an archeologist.

Low-level life readings, Bones.

Thought you might want
in on a possible first contact.

How low are we talkin'?

The heart rates we have
been monitoring, are no
more than four beats per
minute, Doctor.

Sure doesn't sound
like anything Human.

Admiral, there's a crack in
the hull here. Looks like it goes
all the way through to the
interior.

He's right. But it
might be a tight fit.

Too tight with these
chest units. Mr. Narlock,
do you think you can widen this?

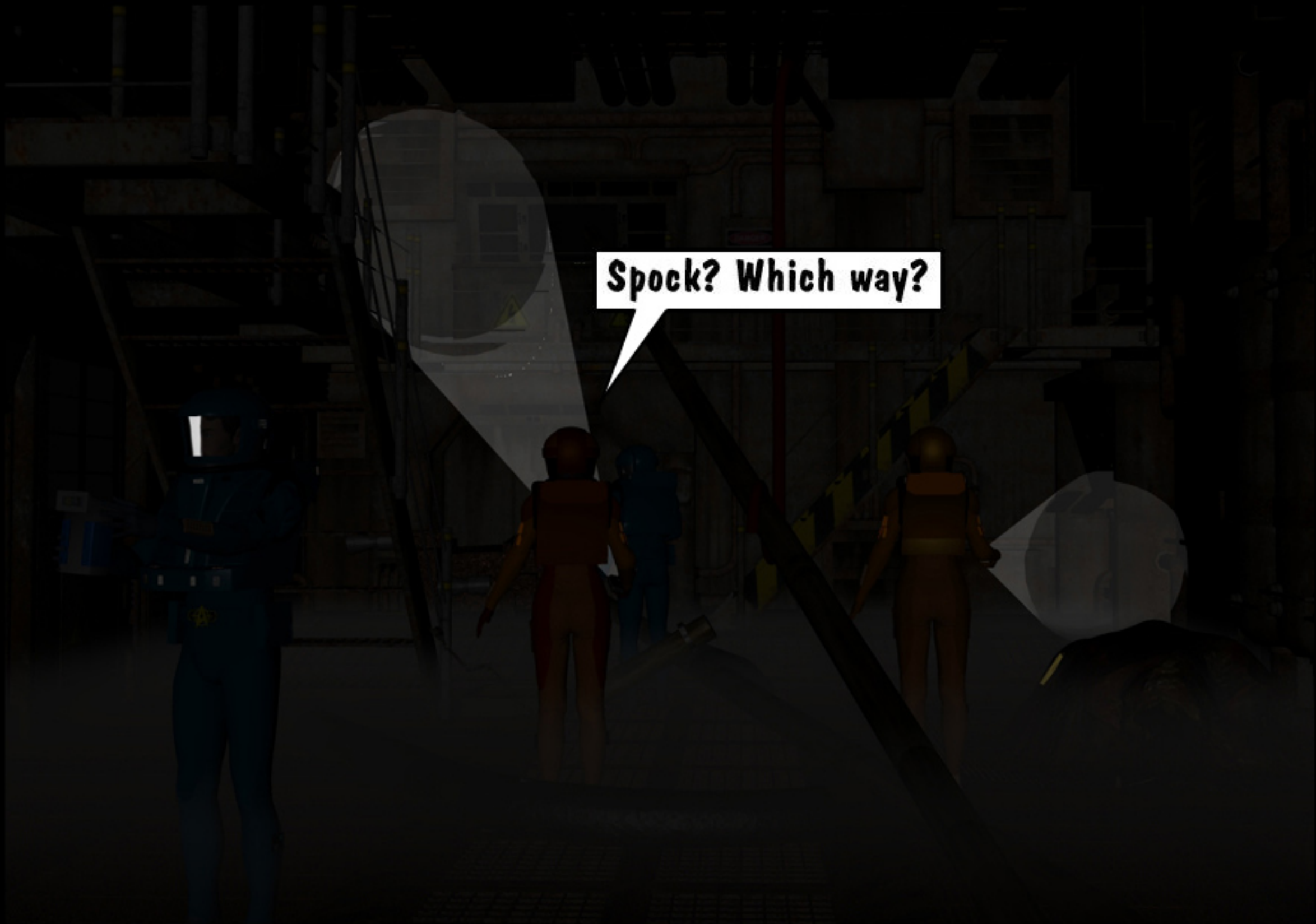
Yes, Ma'am.

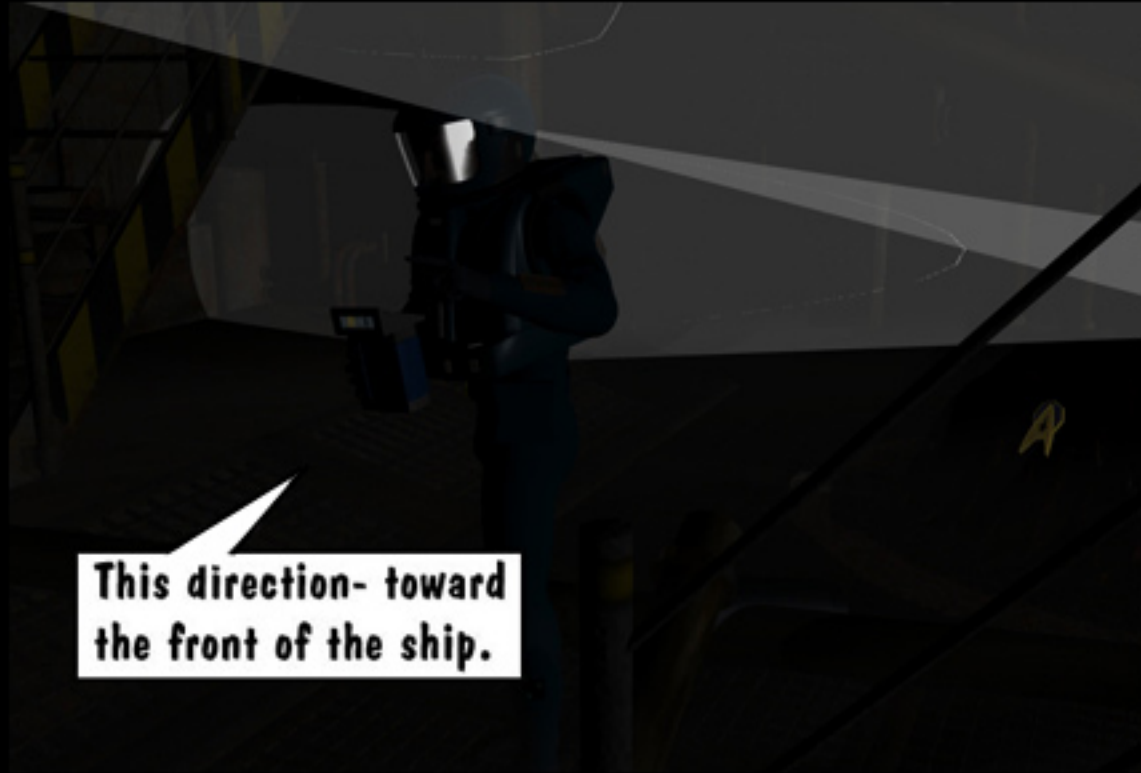
Hisssssss

All clear, Admiral.



Spock? Which way?





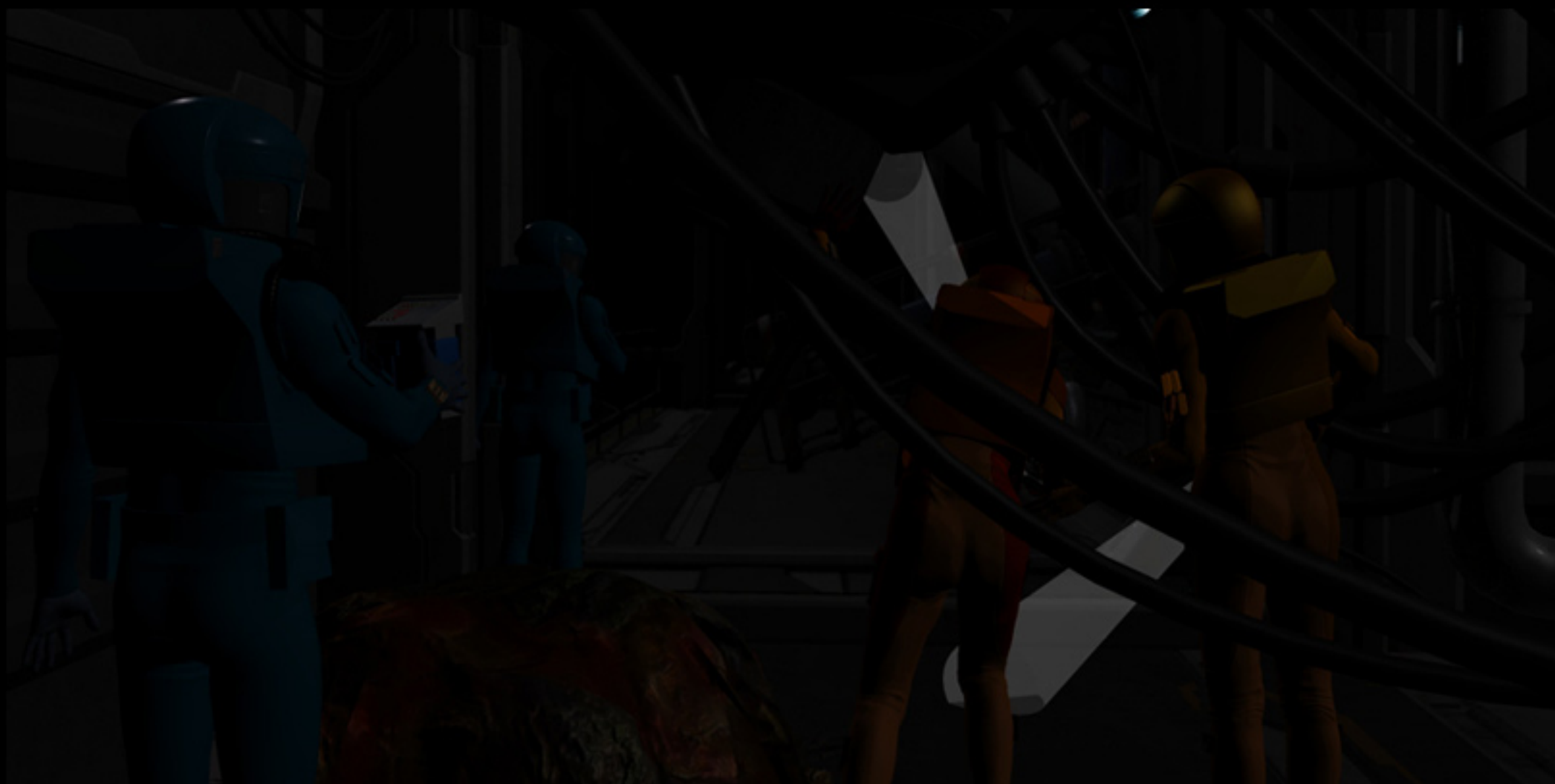
This direction- toward the front of the ship.

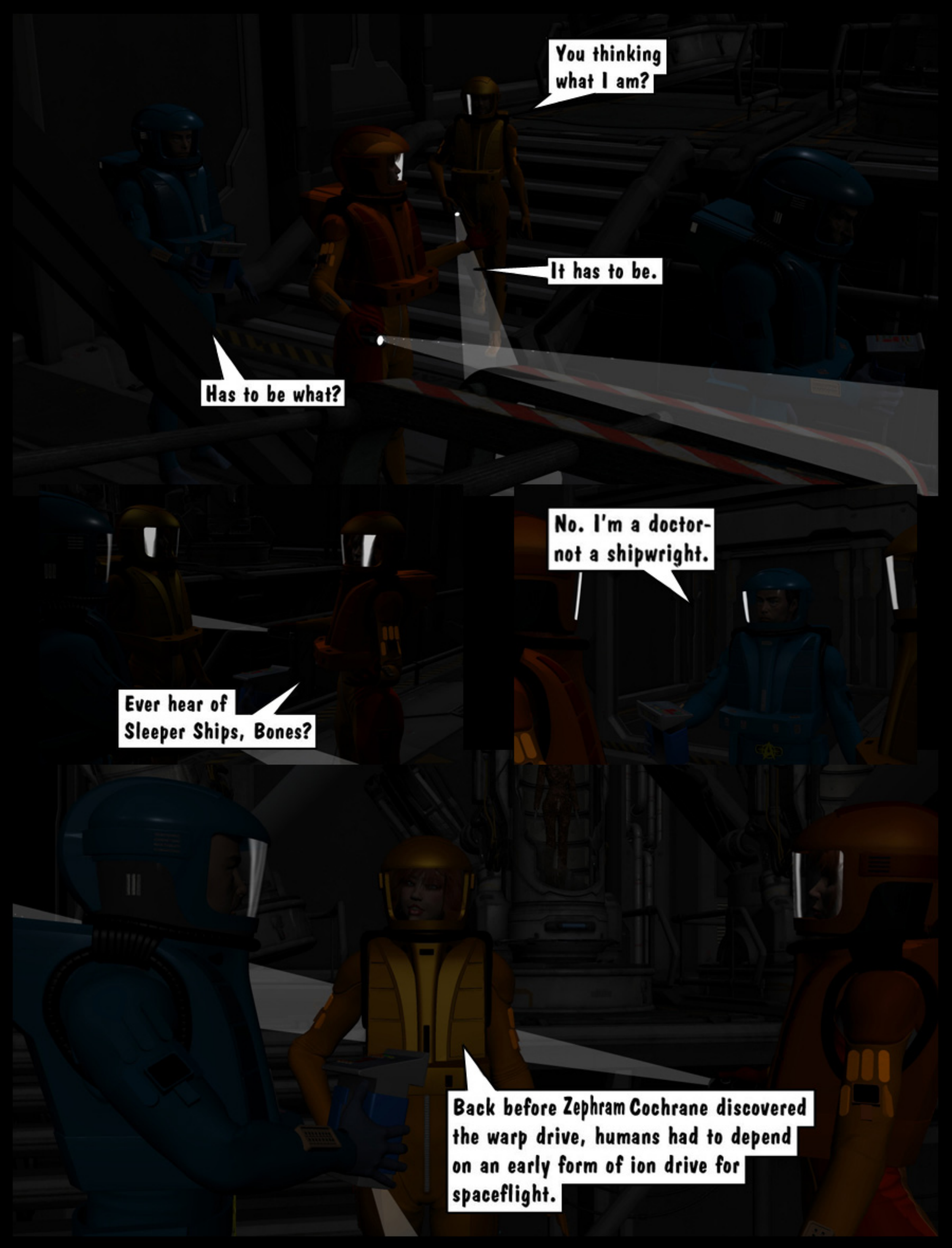


Always knew he was good for something.

SHOOT







You thinking
what I am?

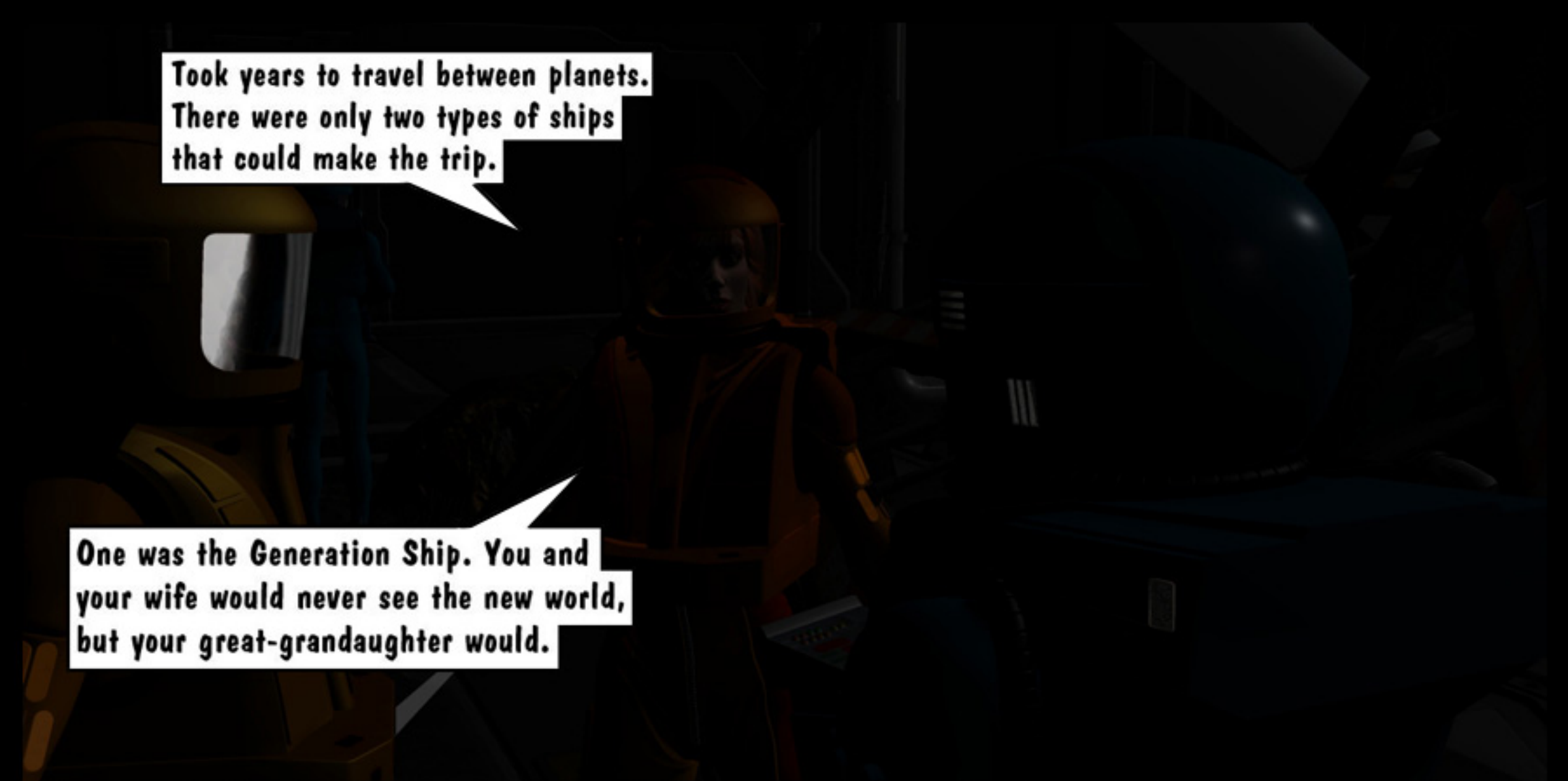
It has to be.

Has to be what?

No. I'm a doctor-
not a shipwright.

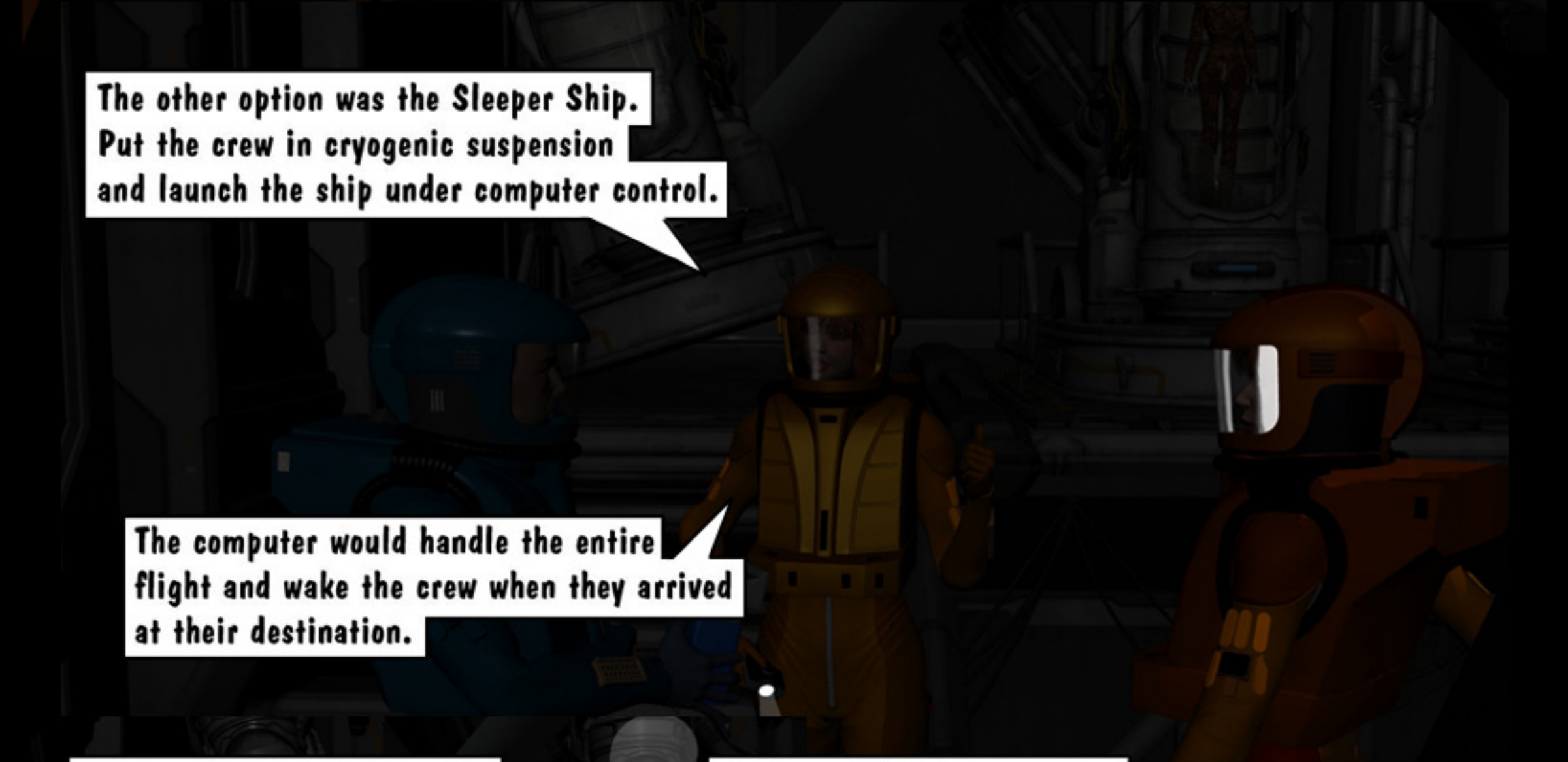
Ever hear of
Sleeper Ships, Bones?

Back before Zephram Cochrane discovered
the warp drive, humans had to depend
on an early form of ion drive for
spaceflight.



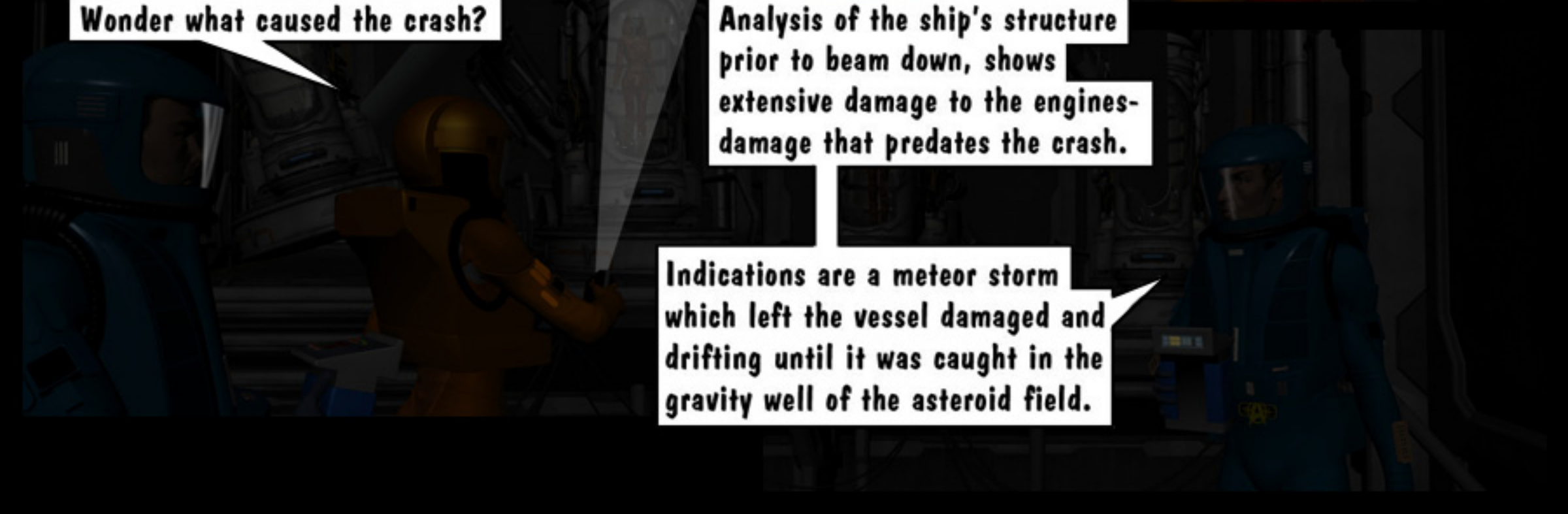
Took years to travel between planets.
There were only two types of ships
that could make the trip.

One was the Generation Ship. You and
your wife would never see the new world,
but your great-granddaughter would.



The other option was the Sleeper Ship.
Put the crew in cryogenic suspension
and launch the ship under computer control.

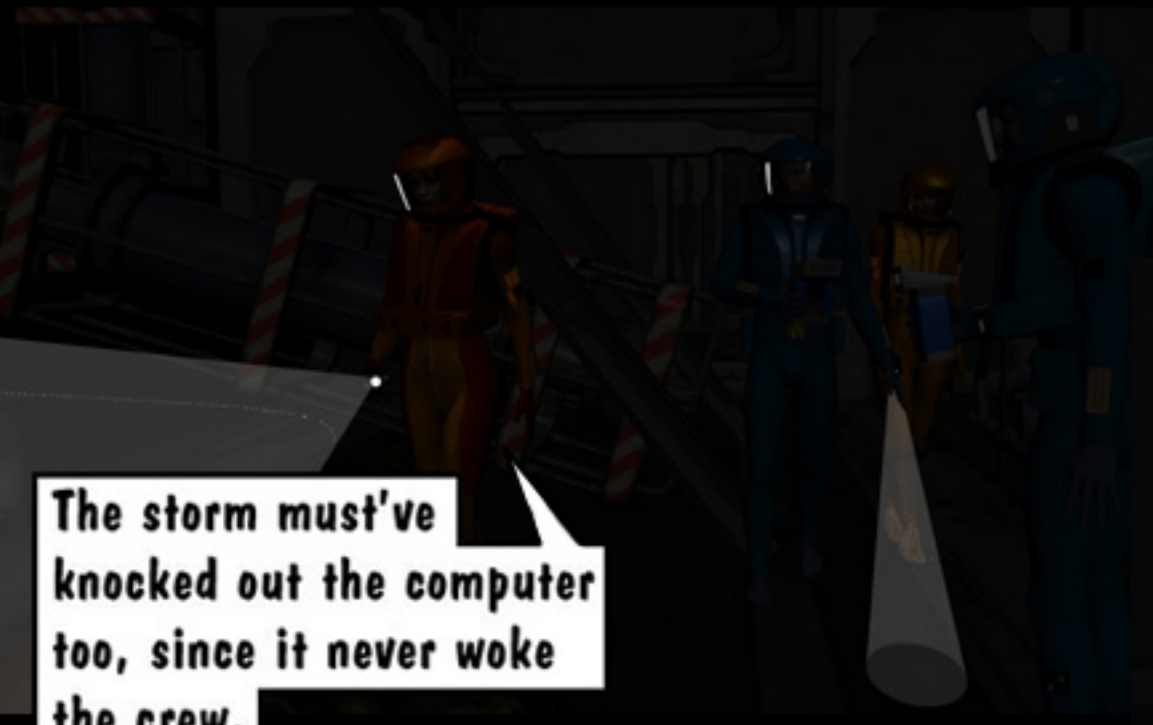
The computer would handle the entire
flight and wake the crew when they arrived
at their destination.




Wonder what caused the crash?

Analysis of the ship's structure
prior to beam down, shows
extensive damage to the engines-
damage that predates the crash.

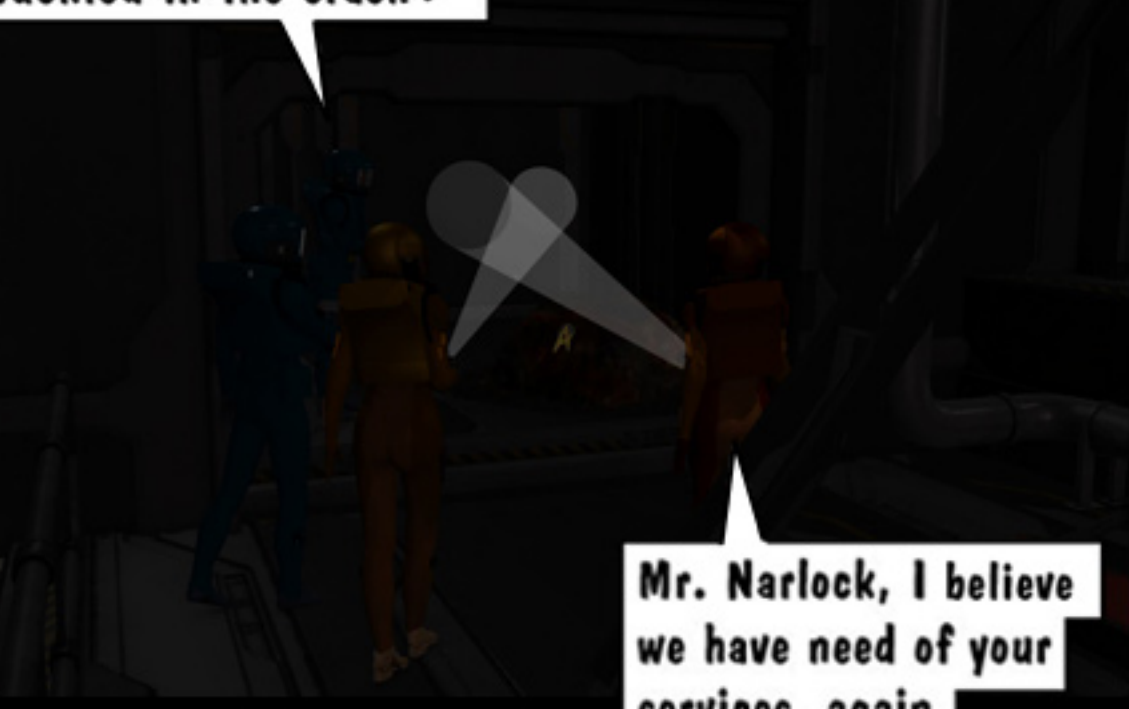
Indications are a meteor storm
which left the vessel damaged and
drifting until it was caught in the
gravity well of the asteroid field.



The low energy readings and low-level life form readings are on the other side of this door. But the mechanism is jammed- possibly buckled in the crash.



The storm must've knocked out the computer too, since it never woke the crew.

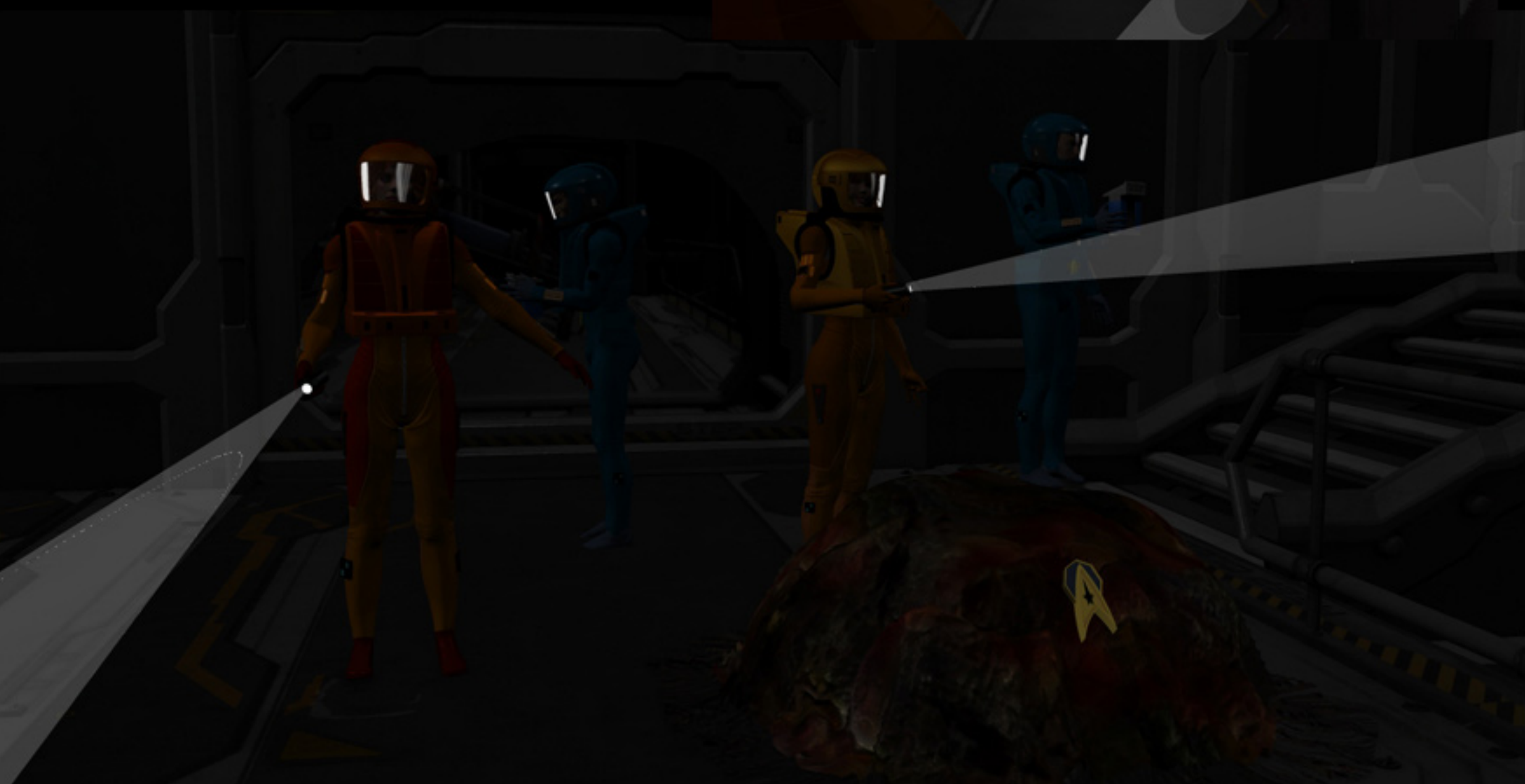


Mr. Narlock, I believe we have need of your services, again.



Yes, Ma'am.

Hisssssss



These people are the source
of the heart beats.

If you want them saved for later
revival, I'm goin' to need sepearte
power units for each one and
transportation back to the *Enterprise*-

-and I mean a shuttle.

I'm not riskin' their lives
and these old life support
systems to the transporter.

You'll get them, Bones. I'll also send down
a second team to check the rest of the
ship for any other survivors.

People from the Twenty-first century...





Bones ? What's the status of our sleepers?

The search teams found forty-three canisters still operating out of four hundred and one.

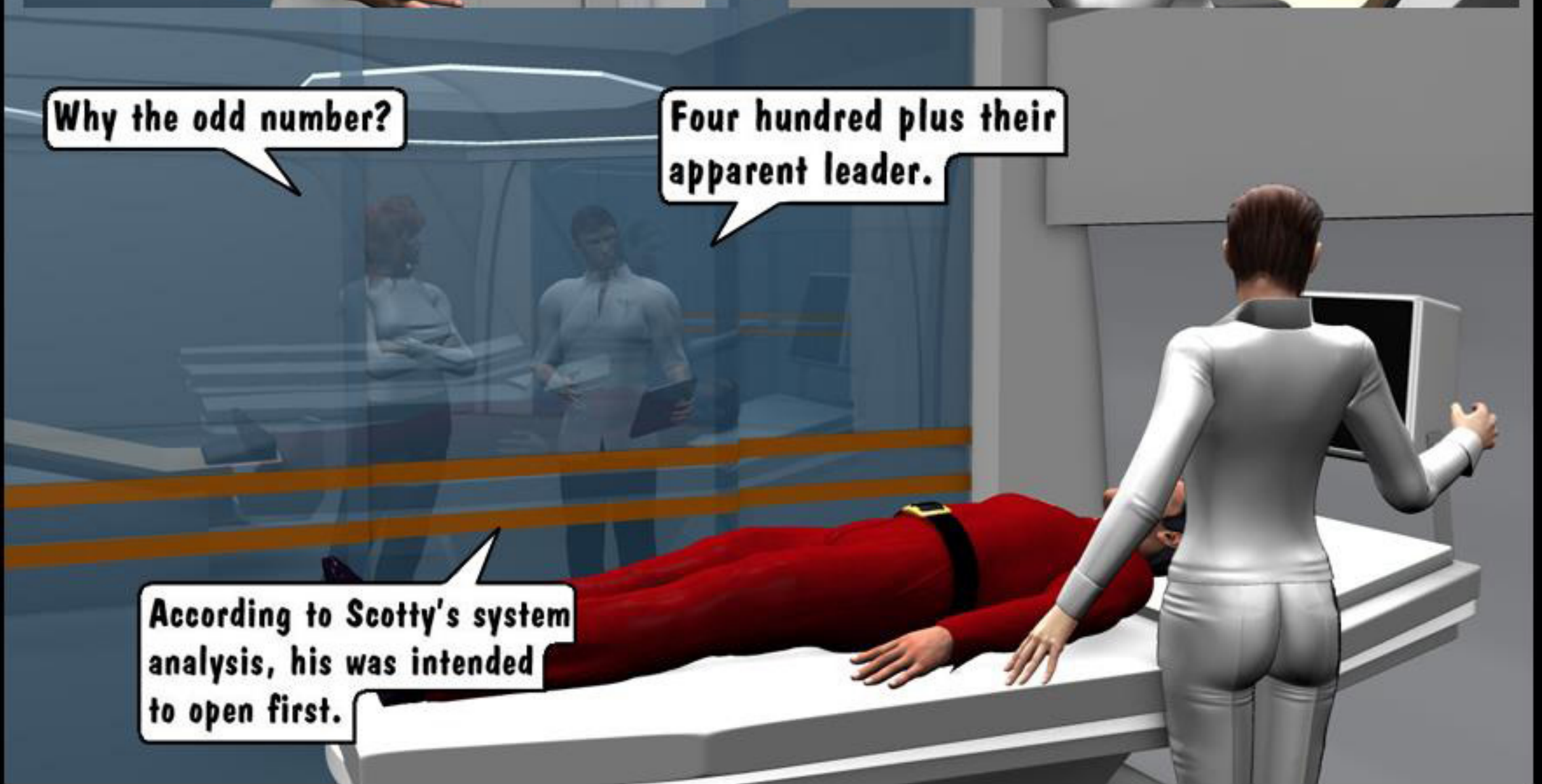
We've transferred them to our main cargo hold.

Each one has its own power source and both my people and Scotty's are checkin' them over.


Four hundred and one.

Why the odd number?

Four hundred plus their apparent leader.



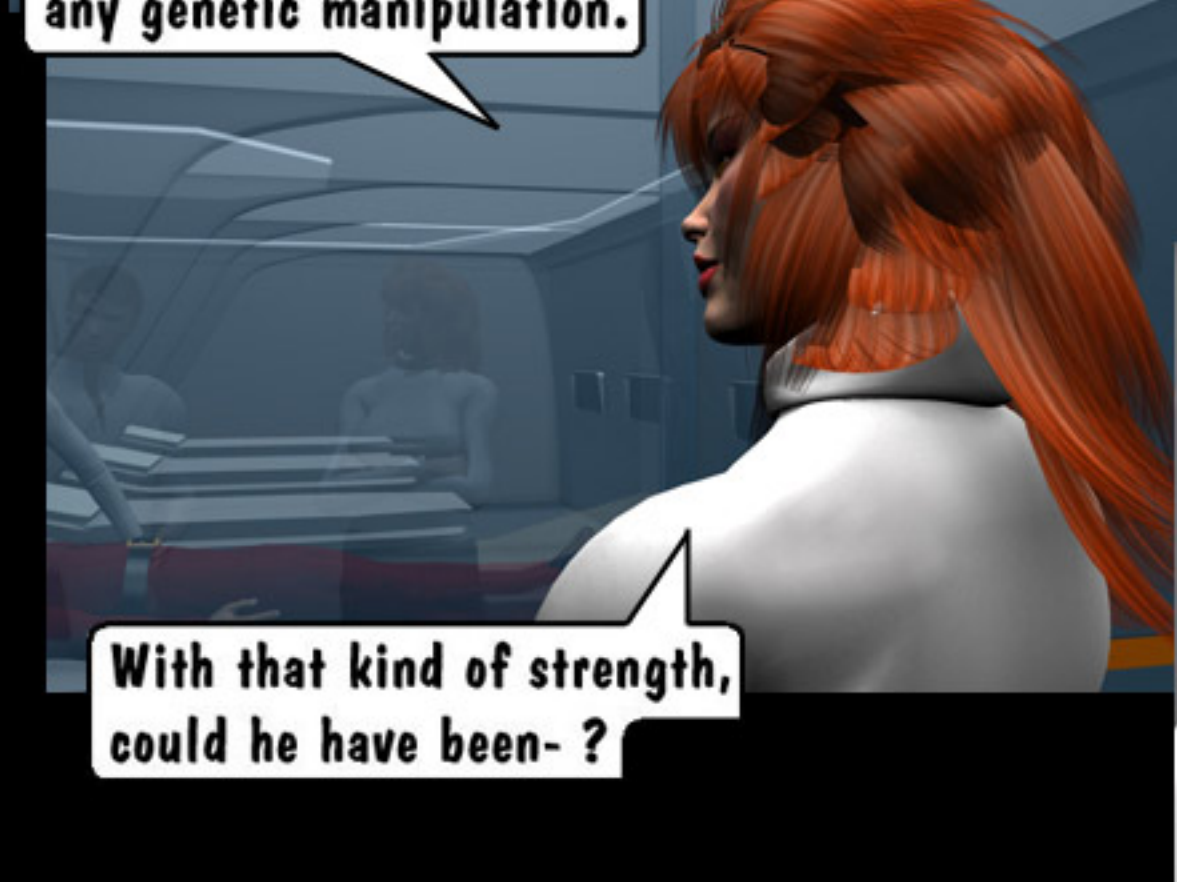
According to Scotty's system analysis, his was intended to open first.



We went ahead and revived him so he could help us with his people once we get back to Starbase 98.


He's making a rapid recovery. Our best estimates say he could lift both of us with one hand.

When Jim was here three years ago, you said your equipment could detect any genetic manipulation.

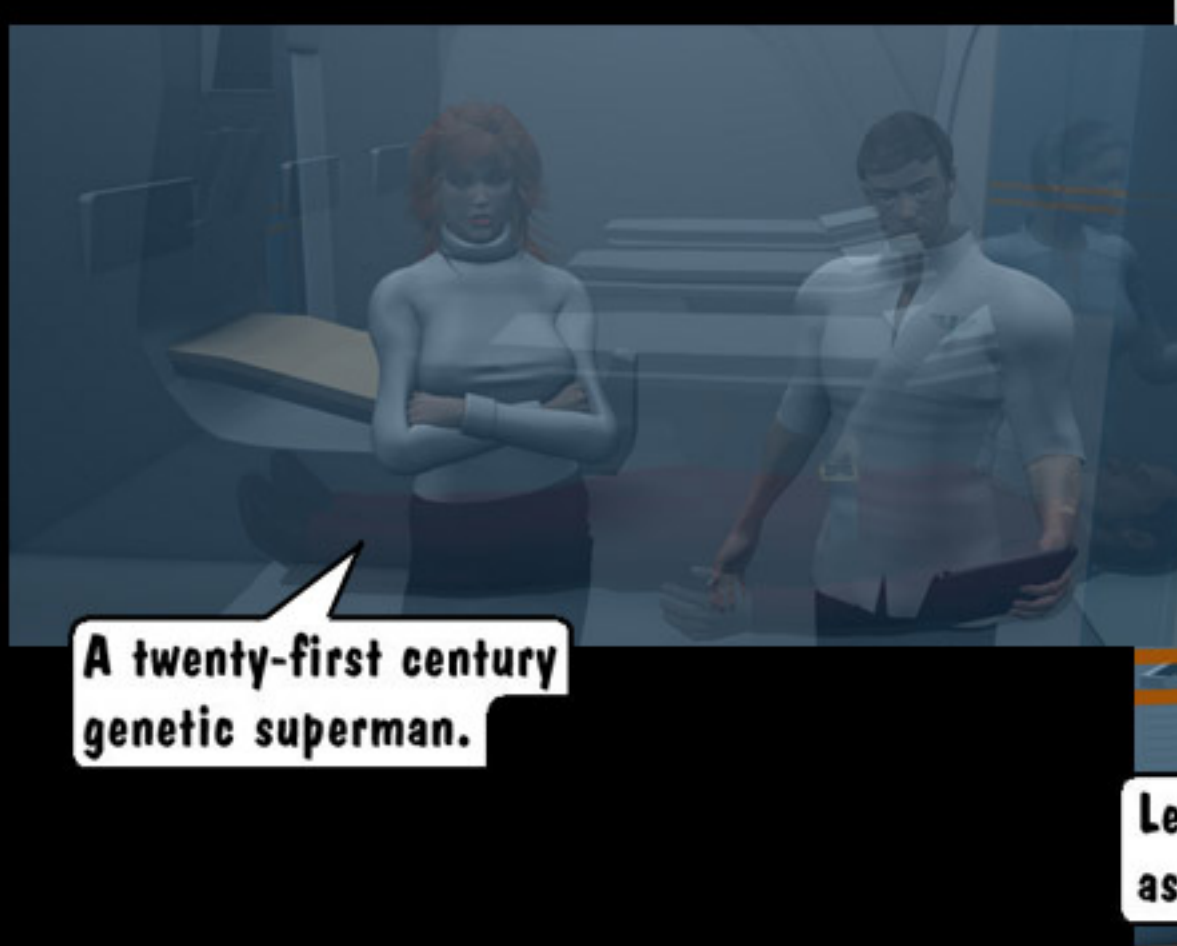


With that kind of strength, could he have been- ?


No doubt about it.



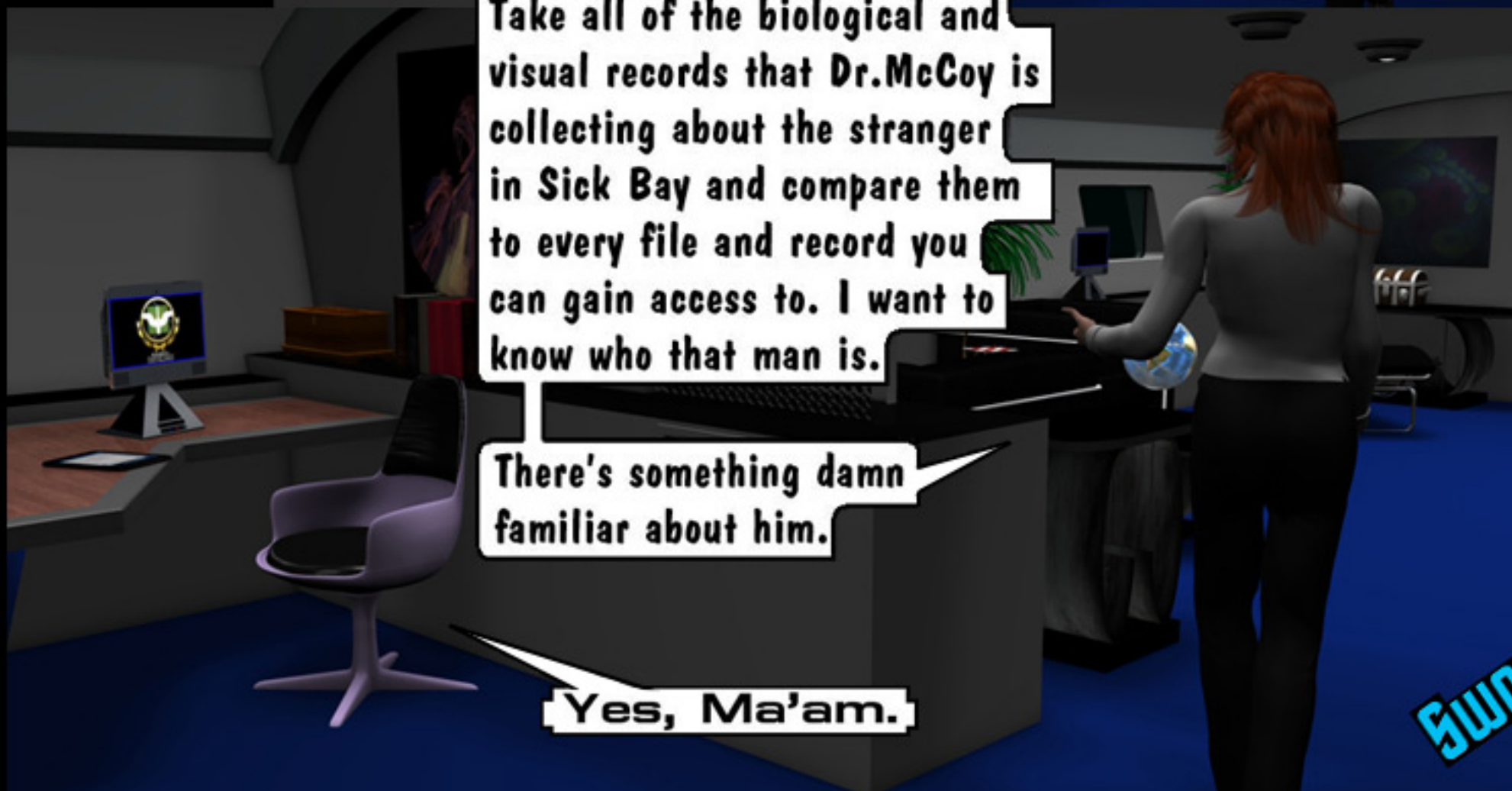
I've never seen a *normal* human with readings like his.



A twenty-first century genetic superman.



Let me know as soon as he wakes up.



Jan?

Swoosh

You find out anything about our friend or his ship?

Negative. On Earth, the last half of the Twenty-first century was dominated by the Eugenics Wars.

As a result, records of that time are fragmentary at best. There is no mention of a "*Botany Bay*" in any file I have been able to access.

Swoosh

That can only mean that the records were either lost during the wars- or they never existed. Which means a secret launch.

The deeper we get into this, the less I like it. There are too many damn questions and not enough answers.

Were you able to access the *Botany Bay's* computer?

With surprising difficulty considering when it was built and programed.

Computer is still downloading and decifering the information.









You may call me 'Khan'.

Just 'Khan'?

Just 'Khan'.



Well then, Mr.Khan, I hope you can answer a few questions-

-Like the exact date and reason for your launch.

We know it was in the late Twenty-first century, but that still leaves a large block of time.



Are you always so straight forward with people you've just met?



I don't like mysteries. They give me a headache.

Why was there no record of your launch? Why the secrecy ?



Doctor, I find myself growing fatigued.

May we continue this... questioning another time?



Answering a few questions
won't take much time-

Jan, later might
be better.



Admiral, might I have
something to read?



I was once something of an
engineer. I would be most
intrested in any...technical
journals you might make
available.



I'm sorry, Mr. Khan.



But if you're too tired
to answer a few
questions, then I have
to believe you're too
tired to understand
a technical journal
written two hundred
years after you were
born.

Doctor?





He gets no information till we get some answers.

He's holding back on who he is, what he is, why he left Earth.



As of now, he's a potential threat to this ship and I refuse to give him anything he can use against us.

Is that clear?

Yes.



Swoosh

Jan?

This lounge is in the wrong place.

It should be in a forward area so we can see where we're going- not where we've been.

Have you and the computer come up with anything yet?

From what the computer has been able to decipher of the Botany Bay's records, it seems Mr. Khan and his crew were asleep from the moment of launch.

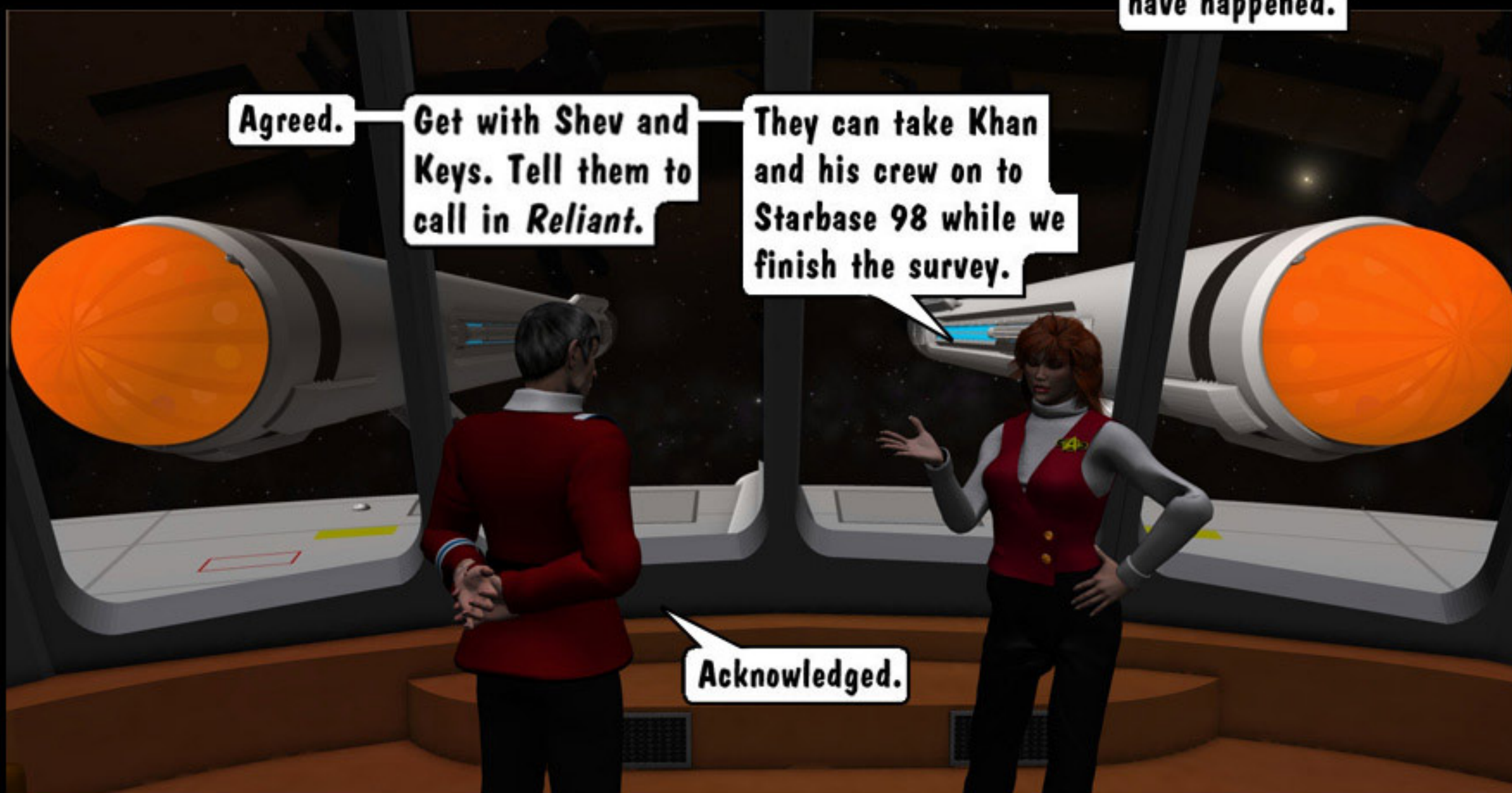
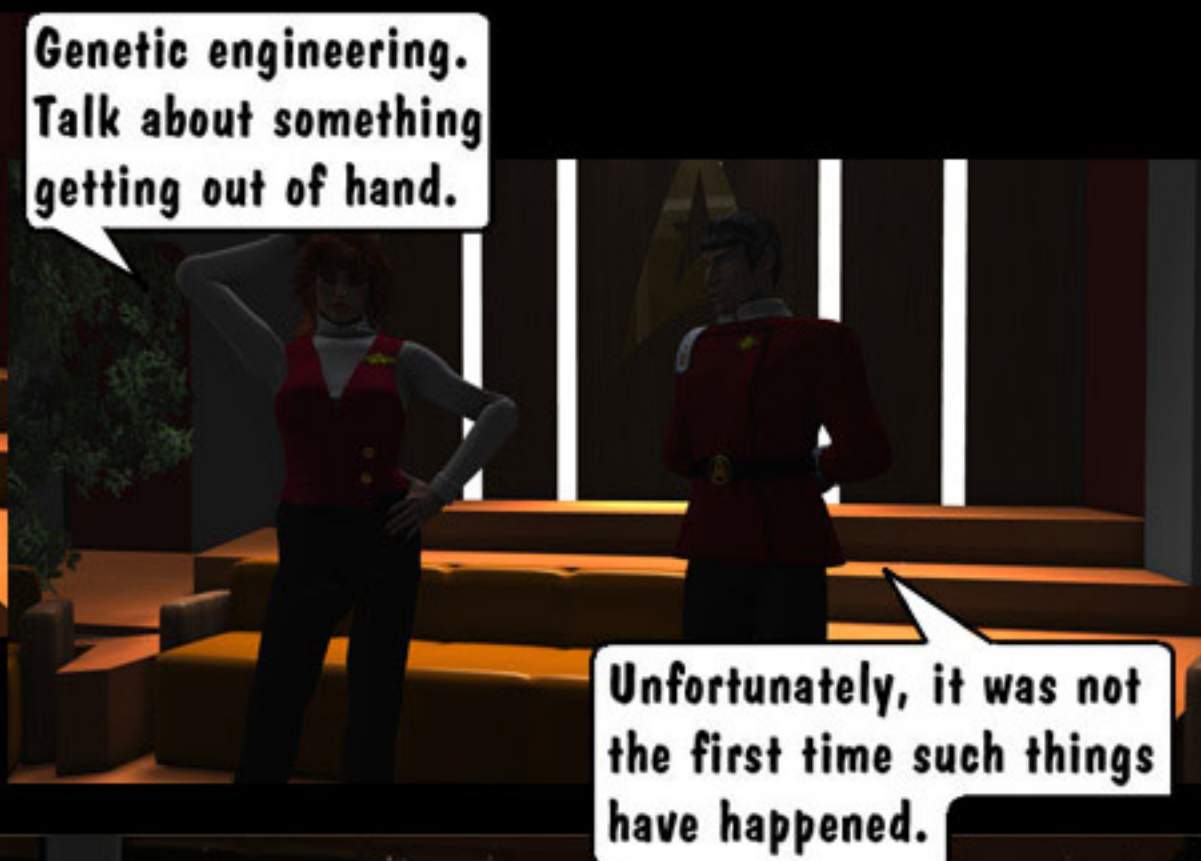
Any idea where they were going?

They appear to have been headed for Alpha Centauri - an uninhabited world at that time.

But as we theorized, six years into their flight, the Botany Bay was caught in a meteor storm which left the engines and nav-computer damaged, causing the ship to go off course.



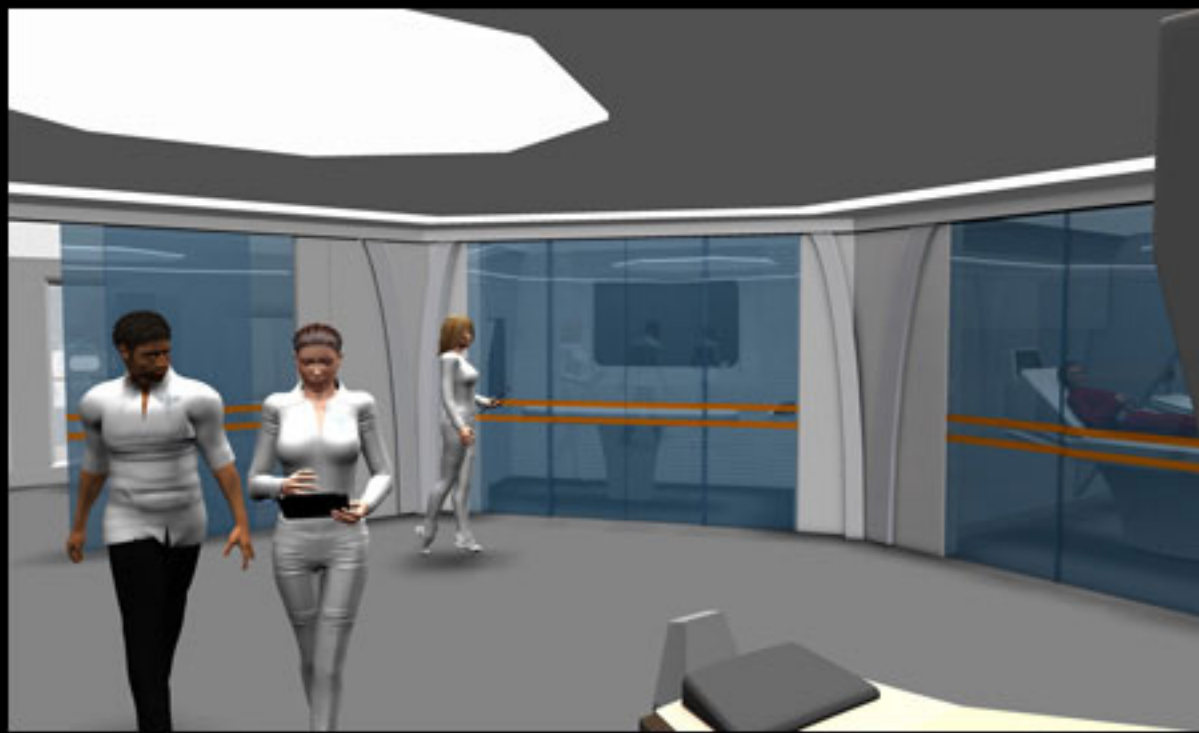
None as yet.



I think I'm going to turn in-

- try to get some sleep.





Excuse me, I was hoping you would be kind enough to assist me in finding something to read?



Oh, I don't know...

Oh, do not be concerned. Your admiral and I had a very productive talk.



I guess it should be all right then.

The library's actually pretty easy to use...



A remarkable woman.

One deserving of much more than she has...

EARTH HISTORY

Wha- ?

Shev- ?

The Commodore said
you're a wiz at it.

You may call
me 'Khan'.



Earth History

Khan

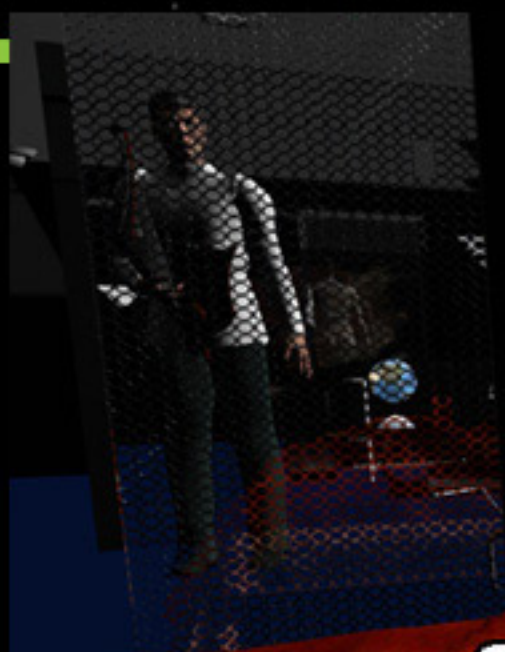
You're a wiz at it

Khan

History!



You're a Wiz at it!



Damn Him!

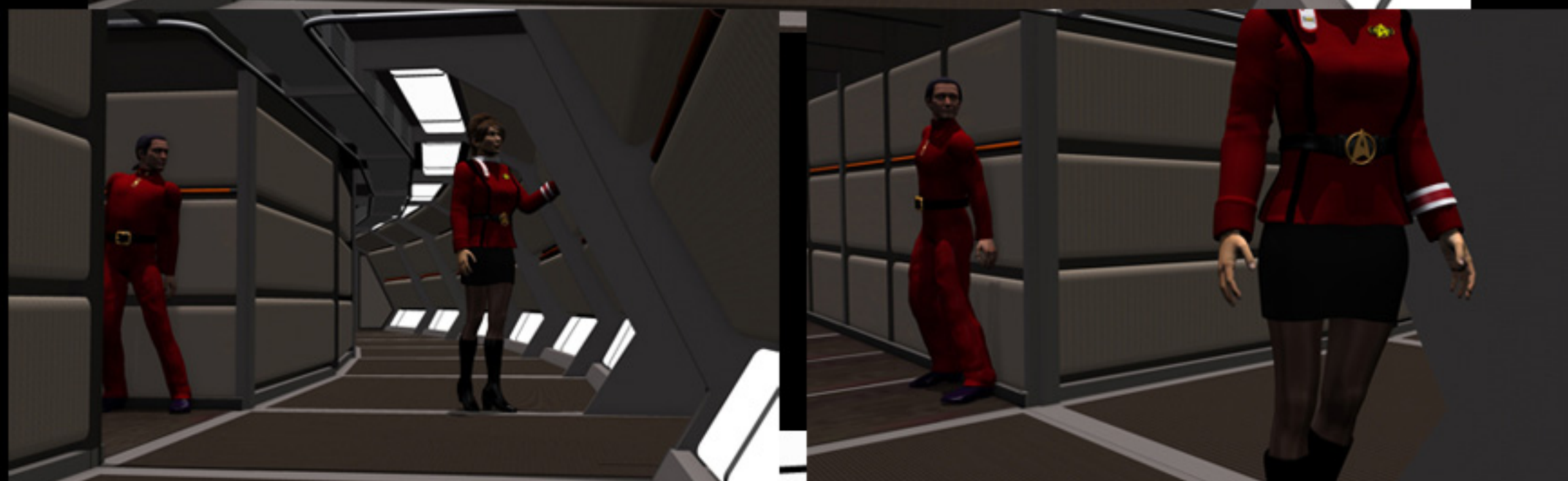


Jan ?

Who are- ?



Khan Noonian Singh!



Khan Noonian Singh. He ruled a quarter of Earth for four years- till the population overthrew him in 2096.

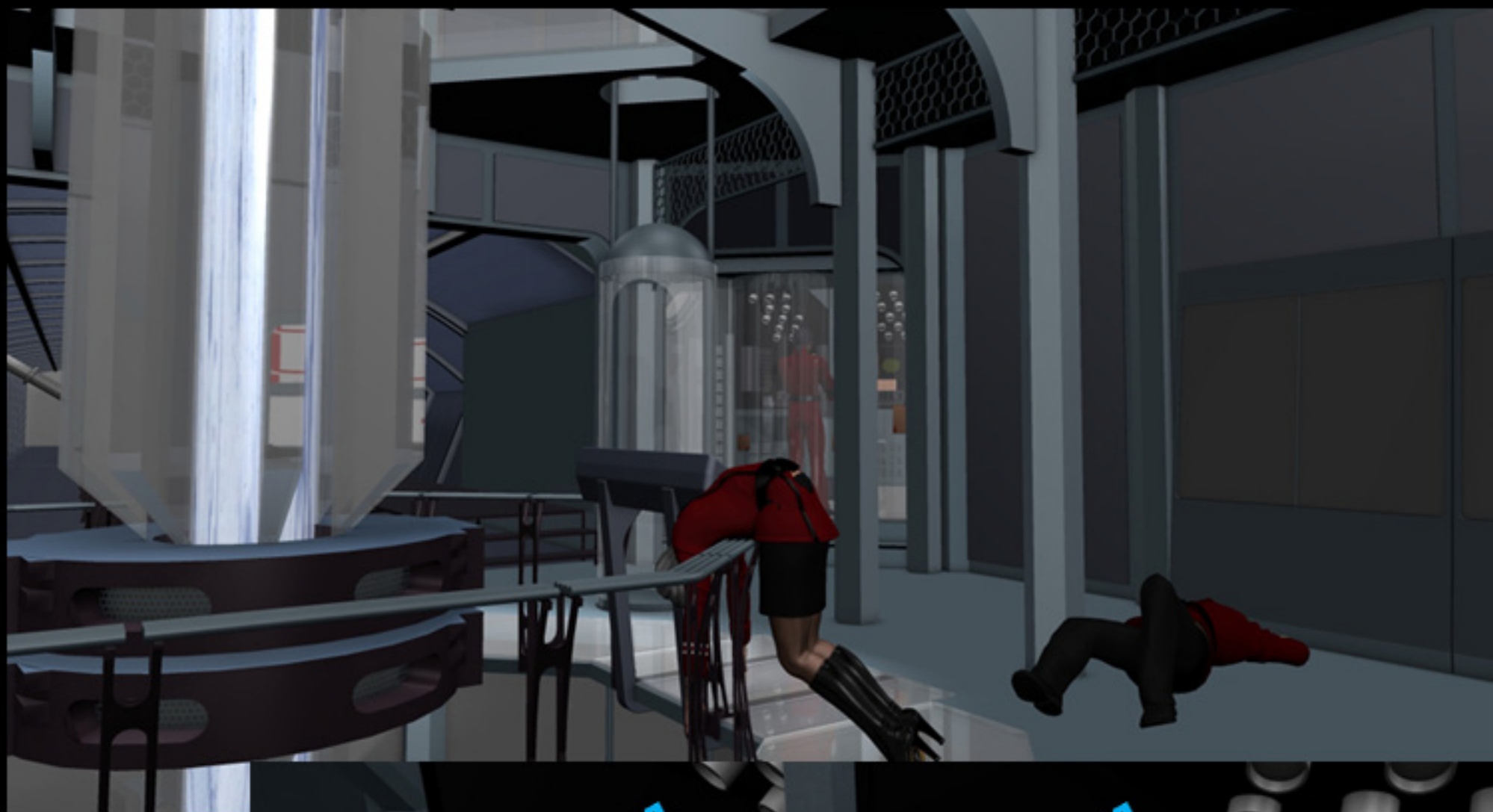
He and approximately four hundred of his followers were unaccounted for when the Eugenics Wars ended.

I knew there was something about him.

If there's such a thing as a "good tyrant" Khan almost qualifies.

But his rule was built on the blood of innocents and I have no intention of letting him start over.

Admiral, Mr. Khan is approaching Main Engineering.



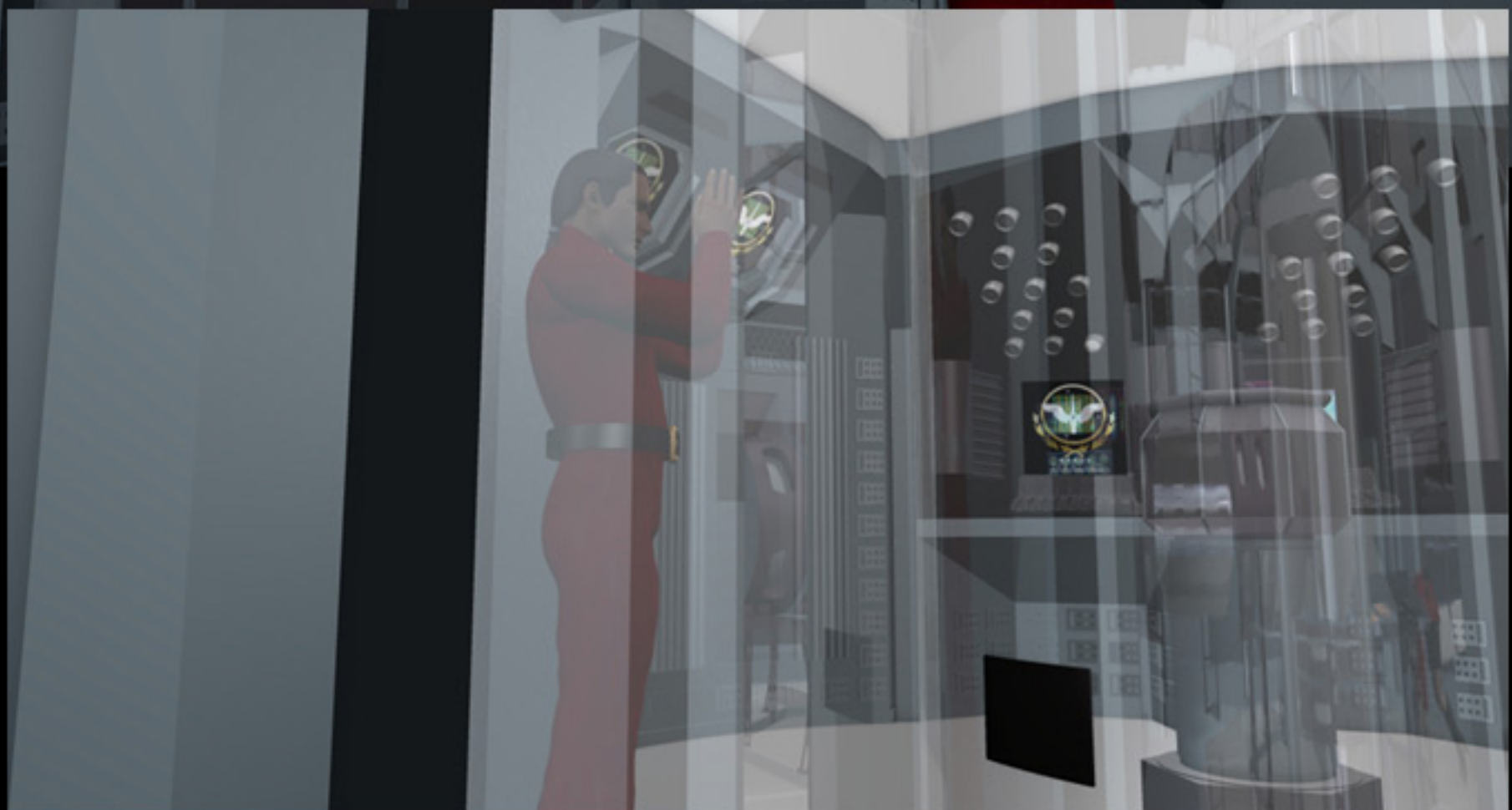
That is the correct code, Mr.Khan-

-But you are not authorized to use it.

Who are you?

As far as you are concerned, I am the *Enterprise*.

Control of the Plasma Matrix has been transfered to Auxiliary Control. All the consoles in this chamber are now non-operational. You will await the arrival of the Admiral and a security detail.



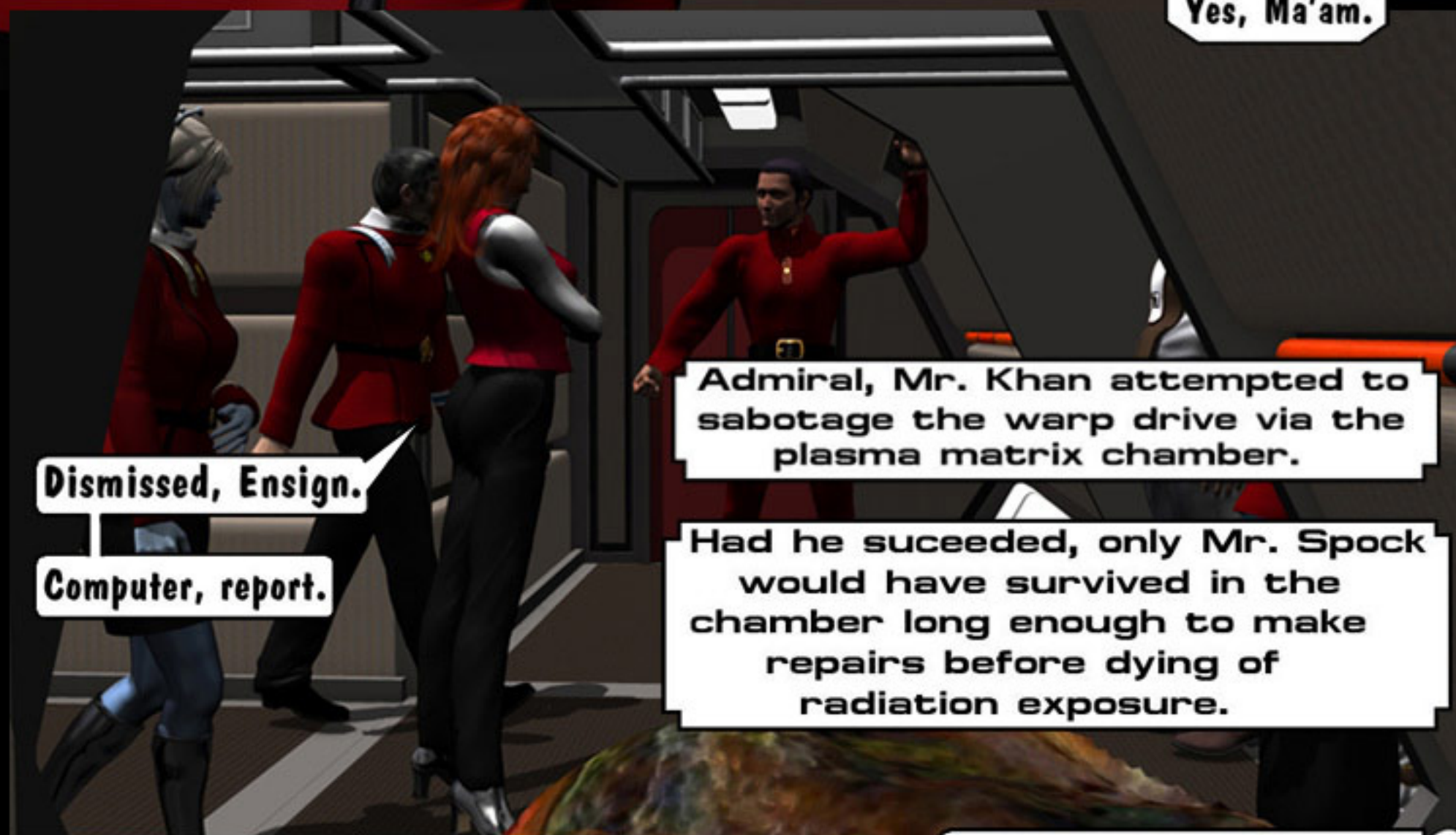
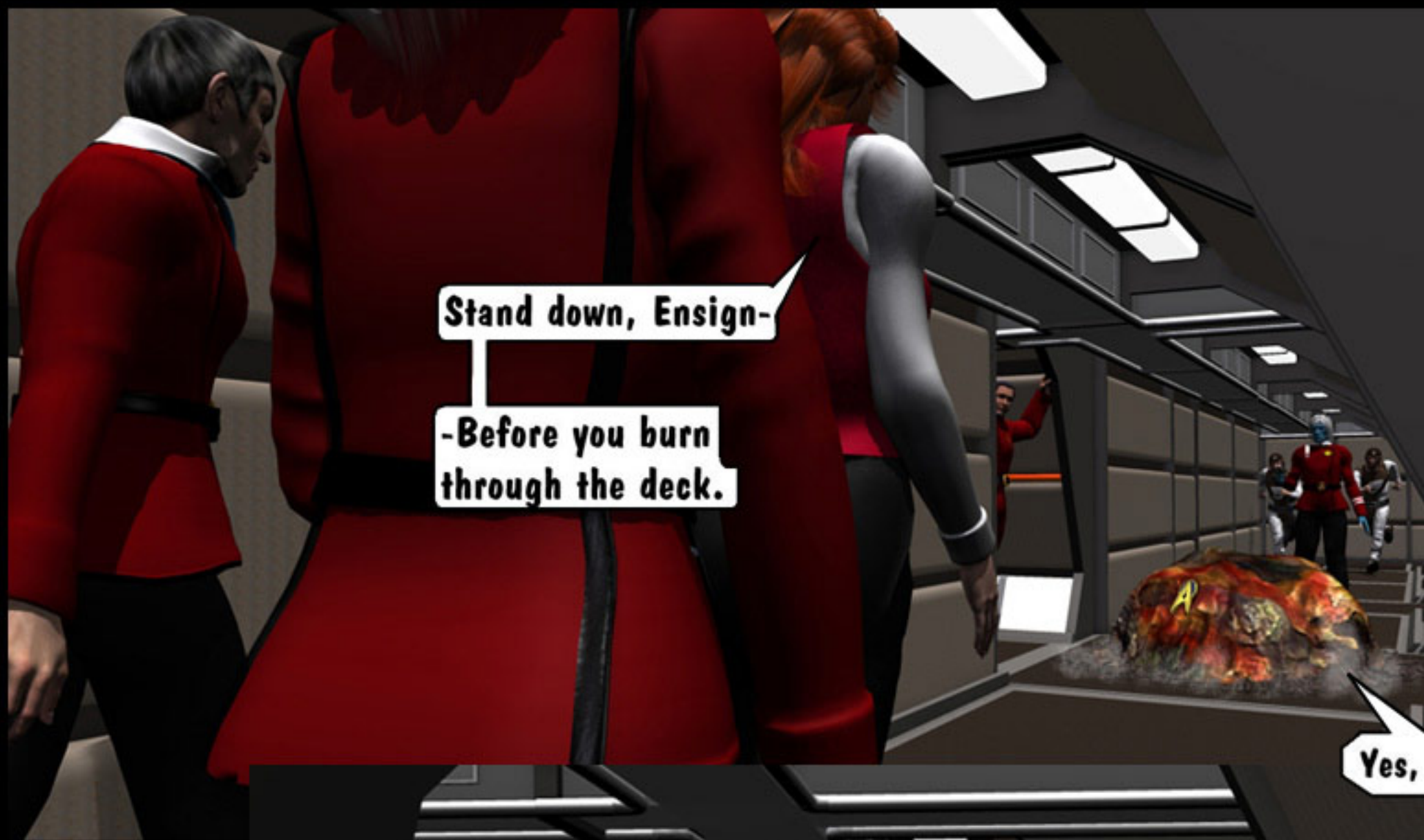


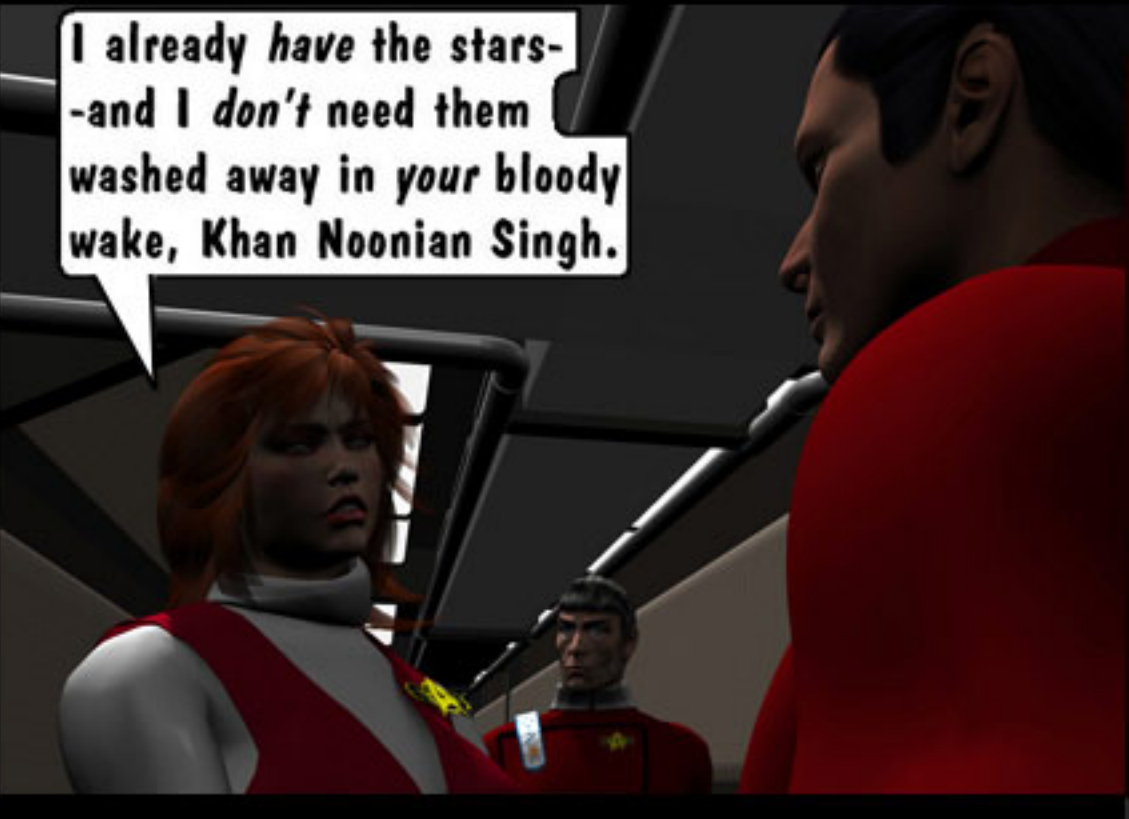
Swoosh

Stop him, Ensign!
He tried to sabotage
the warp drive!




If he tries to get past
me, he'll get third
degree burns for
his efforts!





I already *have* the stars-
-and I *don't* need them
washed away in *your* bloody
wake, Khan Noonian Singh.



Put him in
restraints-

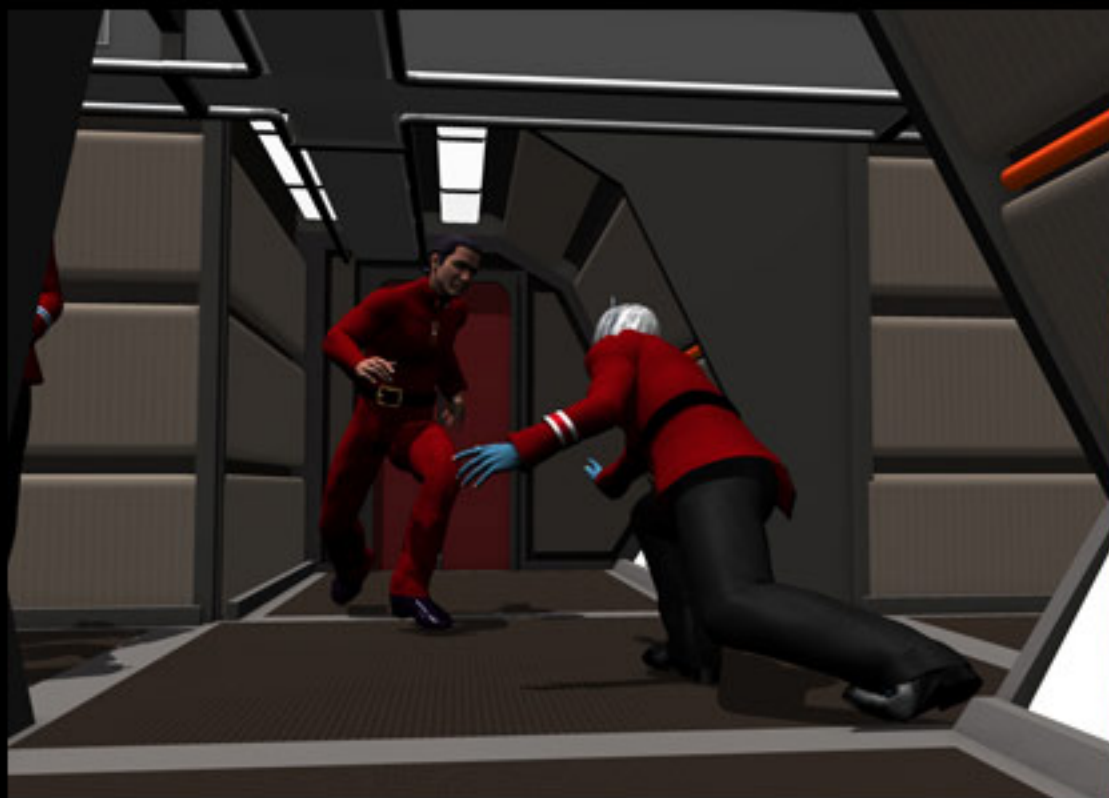
Then put him
in the *Brig*.



Are you just going to- ?

I may take an occational gamble-
But I'm no fool.

Under the circumstances, Therran
is better trained- and *stronger*-
than either of us.



It's a fight you can't win!



Jan-



AAAAAH!

Tell him that- !



Spock!



CLICK!

This is *not* a phaser, Mr. Singh.

This is a twentieth century .45 caliber hand gun-

-and it's fully capable of blowing a nice big hole in your head.

So, I suggest that you stand very still and allow Security to do their job.





CLICK!

Snap!

Put him in the Top Security cell in the Brig.



Computer called you?

Just as I was getting ready to call you.

You opened a portal?

Yep.

And what did you think you were doing? Did you hear her coming and plan to stall Khan till she got here?



Negative.



I heard the security detail accompanying her.

Didn't know you'd packed that thing.



Well, don't worry...



CLICK!
CLICK!

I only load it
when I plan to fire it.



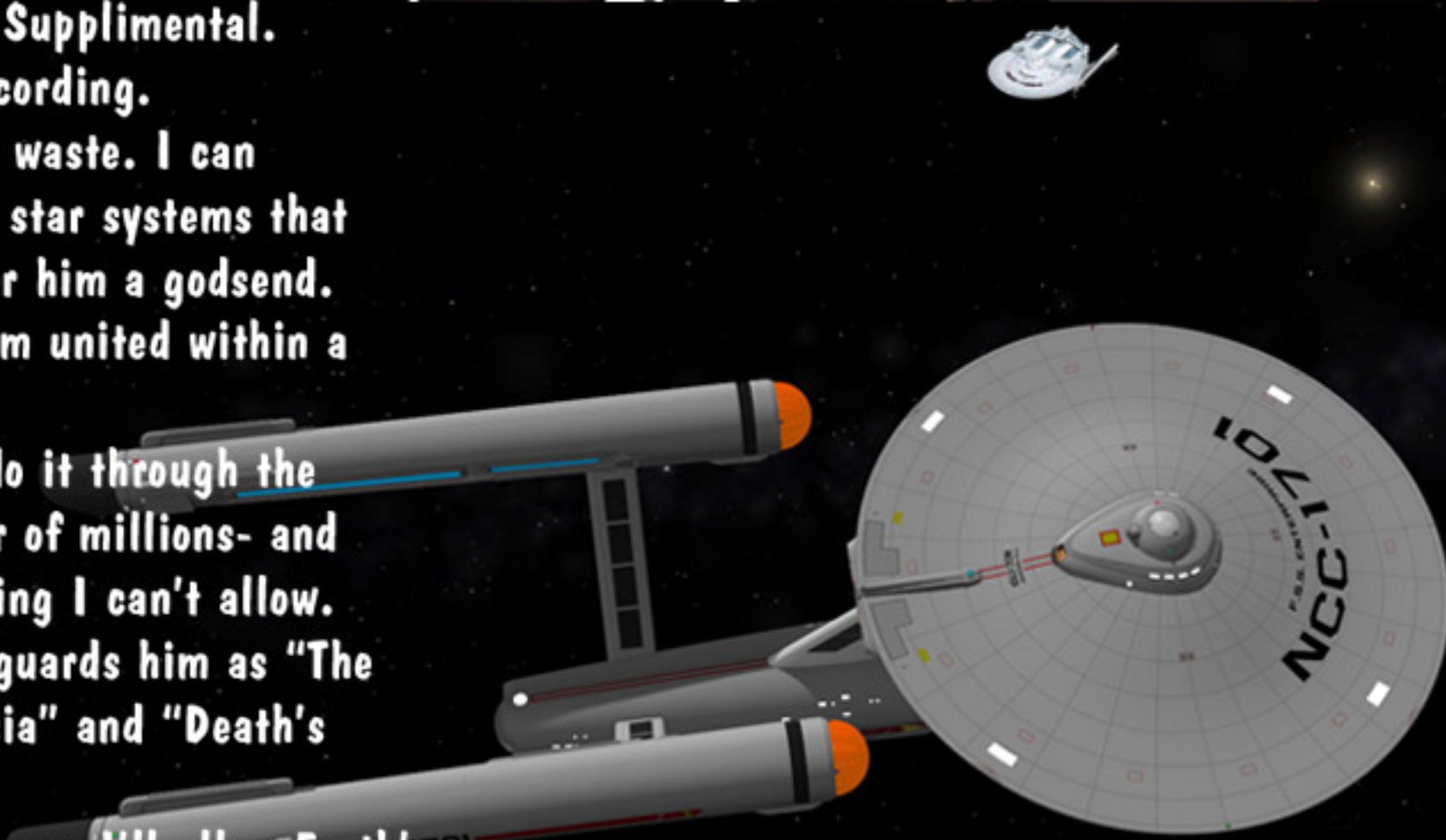
I want Khan and his followers
off the ship as soon as *Reliant's*
in range.


Personal log; Supplemental.
Janet Kirk recording.
Khan. What a waste. I can
name a dozen star systems that
would consider him a godsend.
He'd have them united within a
year.

But he'd do it through the
bloody murder of millions- and
that's something I can't allow.

History regards him as "The
Butcher of Asia" and "Death's
Right Hand".

There's no way I'll allow Earth's
past sins to revisit the present...






Transporter Room
to Bridge.


Kirk here,
Mr. Kyle.

Khan's been transported
to the *Reliant*, Admiral.

There were no problems.



Thank you, Mr Kyle.
Bridge out.



You understand your orders, Captain?

I do, Admiral. Khan's
restraints remain on at
all times. He's to remain
in his cell till we deliver
him to Admiral Fitzpatrick.

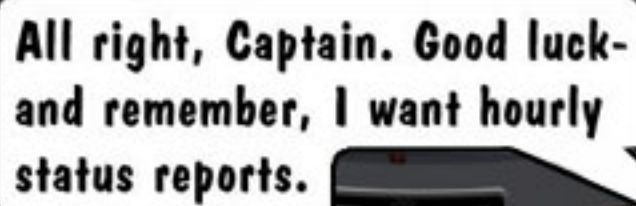
And you make a *full* report
to the Admiral before you
even *think* of turning Khan
over. Clear?

Clear.

Beep!



The last of the
Botany Bay sleepers
have been transferred
to *Reliant's* main
cargo hold.

A screenshot from a Star Trek game showing Captain Kirk in a red uniform standing in the background of a starship bridge. In the foreground, a woman with long red hair (Ilia) is seen from behind, looking at a console. Another woman with blonde hair is seated at a console to the left.

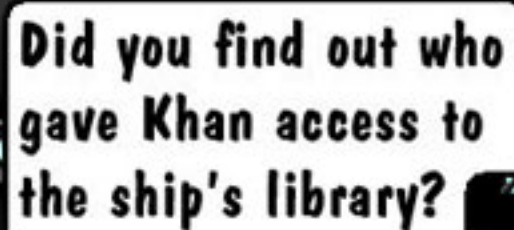
All right, Captain. Good luck-
and remember, I want hourly
status reports.

Yes, Ma'am.
Reliant out.

A screenshot showing Ilia standing at a console, looking at a large screen that displays a white starship (the Reliant) in space.

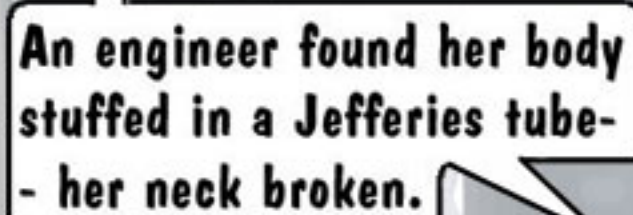
Kirk to Sickbay.

McCoy here.


A screenshot of Ilia standing in a mess hall or common area of the ship. She has her arms crossed and is looking towards the camera. The room has red seating and various control panels on the walls.

Did you find out who
gave Khan access to
the ship's library?

Yes. It was one of my
Beta Shift nurses.

A screenshot of a man in a white medical uniform (Dr. McCoy) sitting at a white desk in a medical facility. He is looking down at a device on the desk.

An engineer found her body
stuffed in a Jefferies tube-
her neck broken.

A screenshot of Captain Kirk standing in the background of the bridge. In the foreground, Ilia is seated at a console, and another woman with blonde hair is also seated at a console to the right.

All right, Doctor. Kirk out.

Shev, resume our survey
of the asteroid field.

Yes, Ma'am.

Reliant



Enterprise



Khan's been transported
to the *Reliant*, Admiral.

There were no problems.



There were no problems.



Personal Log; Additional.
Something's off-kilter. This mess
doesn't feel finished.

Khan's strength of character
and force of will are undeniable.
He's a man that's never given up
or surrendered. His escape from
Earth was not a defeat to him- but
a strategic withdrawal- a chance to
re-group and re-think his attack.

Play along, wait for a better
chance. When it comes, strike
hard and fast...



Kirk to Bridge.

Ta'laren here.

Have Tam set a pursuit course
after *Reliant*- But keep us
back out of their sensor range.

Acknowledged. Course is
plotted and laid in.

Kirk out.







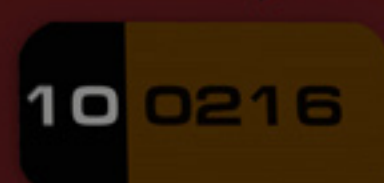
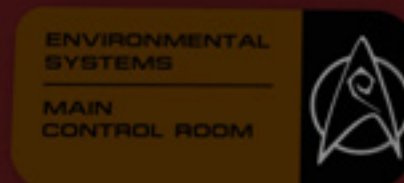
Admiral, Lt. Keys has asked me to inform you that Captain Terrell has just sent in his first status report. He says everything is normal.

All right.





Swoosh



Swoosh

Enterprise



...don't really feel like going to the Mess tonight.



Ba-leep!

Keys to Admiral.

Kirk here.



I'm sorry to intrude, Ma'am. But *Reliant's* missed it's call-in time.

How long has it been?



As of now, one minute, thirty seconds.

Put Shev on.



I'm here, Jan.



I'm on my way.

Kirk out.

Go to Red Alert.

Punch it to Warp Six and start scanning for *Reliant*.

RED ALERT!

Whoop!

RED ALERT!

Whoop!

RED ALERT!

Jan, I must point out that your apparent notion that Khan is responsible for *Reliant's* missed check-in is based on very thin conjecture.

You can call it "gut instinct" or "woman's intuition"- I know he's responsible.

Whoop!

Ship's log; Stardate 6605.10. Admiral Janet Kirk recording. We've been looking for *Reliant* for six hours now, in an ever widening search pattern. Enough time has passed that Khan and his followers could be clear out of the sector by now...



We're picking up an object ahead- but it's too small to be *Reliant*.



Admiral...Khan broke out of detention...killed four crewmen before we even knew he was loose.

He...shut off the life support systems...first to the bridge, then the rest of the ship... suffocated everyone...

How did you survive?

I don't know.
I remember passing out on the Bridge.
Then waking up in here.

Bread crumbs.


He's using you to draw me in.

He has to be stopped, Bones-


-Before he adds anyone else to the Butcher's Bill.

And you're goin' to walk into whatever trap he has laid?






Our people have finished going over the technical data, sir.



Standing by for orders.



Hold our position.



Sir?



We have unfinished business to see to, my friend.



Jan, Long-range scans show *Reliant* holding position.

Tam, reduce speed to .5 sub-light.

.5 sub-light, aye.

Shev, battle status?

Shields are up.
Phasers are primed
and torpedoes are loaded.

All systems are nominal.


Spock, *Reliant*?

Shields are down and
power levels are at
forty percent.

That doesn't make sense.

Tam, all stop.

All stop, aye.



Why leave himself open like that?
He's making himself a target.

He knew I'd come
after him.


The two of you have been
"Players on the Opposite sides"
from the very begining- Move
and counter-move, check and
check again.

He expects a fight-
maybe even wants one-

-and he has the
technical knowledge now.



But not the experince needed
to use it.



Shev, take us in-
.5 sub-light.

.5, aye.

Reliant

They are approaching-
but only at half sub-light.

I would have given you
the galaxy. Next time
I make that offer, you
will be on your knees
before me.

You task me-
-and I will have you.



Weapon status?

Phasers are primed and
standing by. Torpedoes are
loaded and ready.

Shields are available at
your command.

Stand by.





He's waiting for us to reach point-blank range.



Kirk to Engineering.

Scott here.



Scotty, shut down all non-essential systems and channel that extra power to the shields.

Aye, Admiral.

Kirk out.

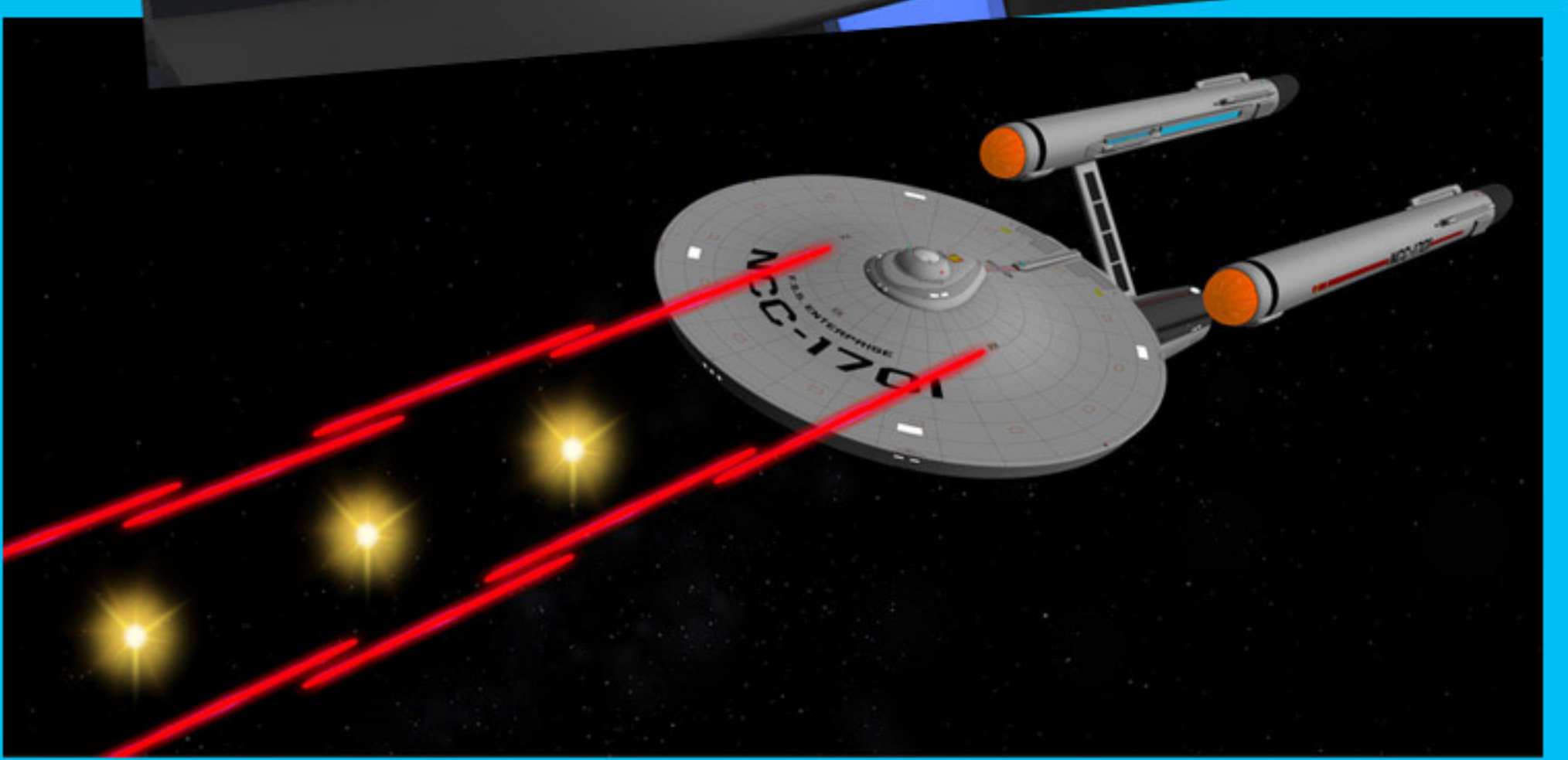


Now.



Return fire!

BLAM!







Show me the
Enterprise!

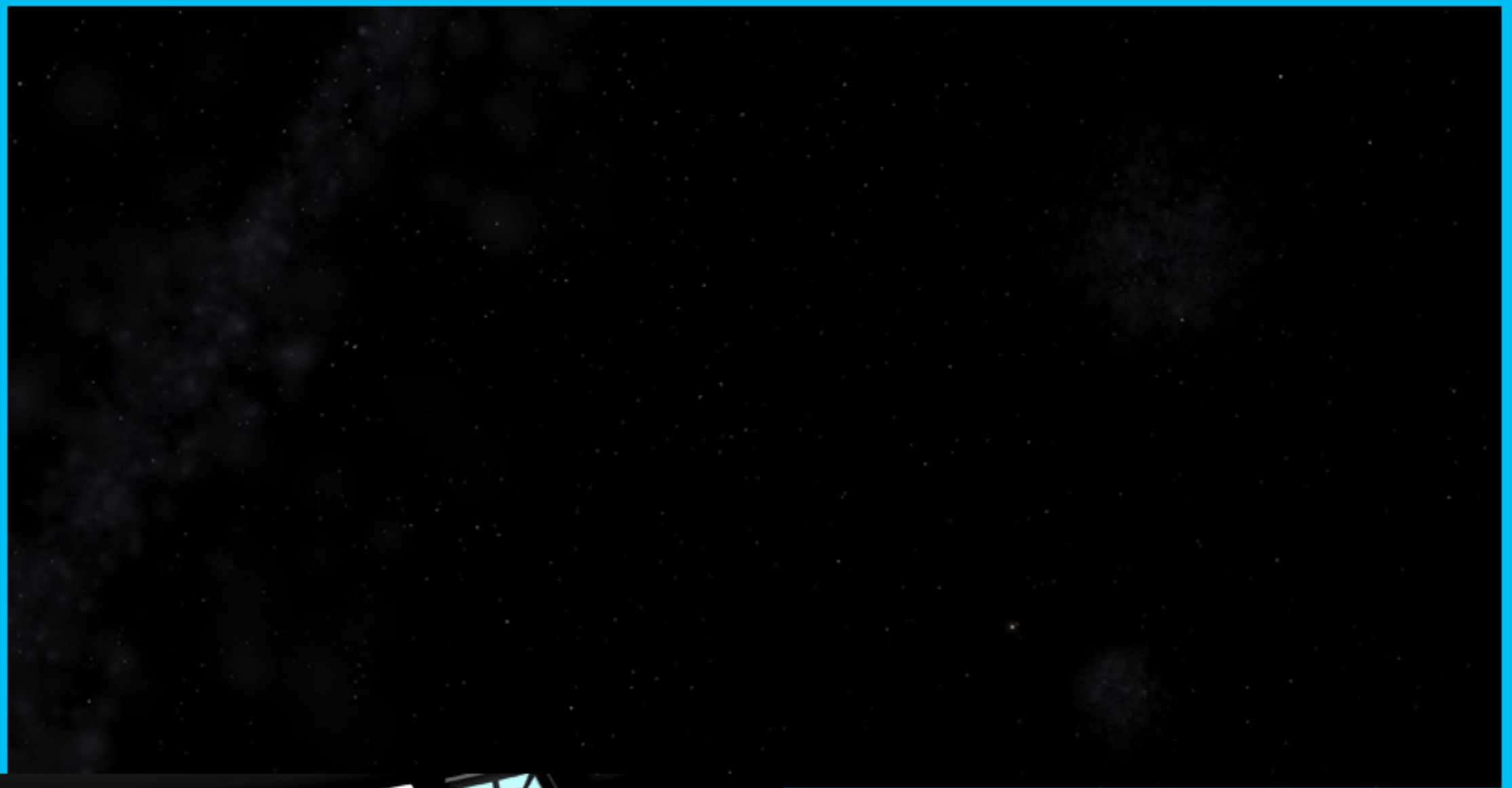


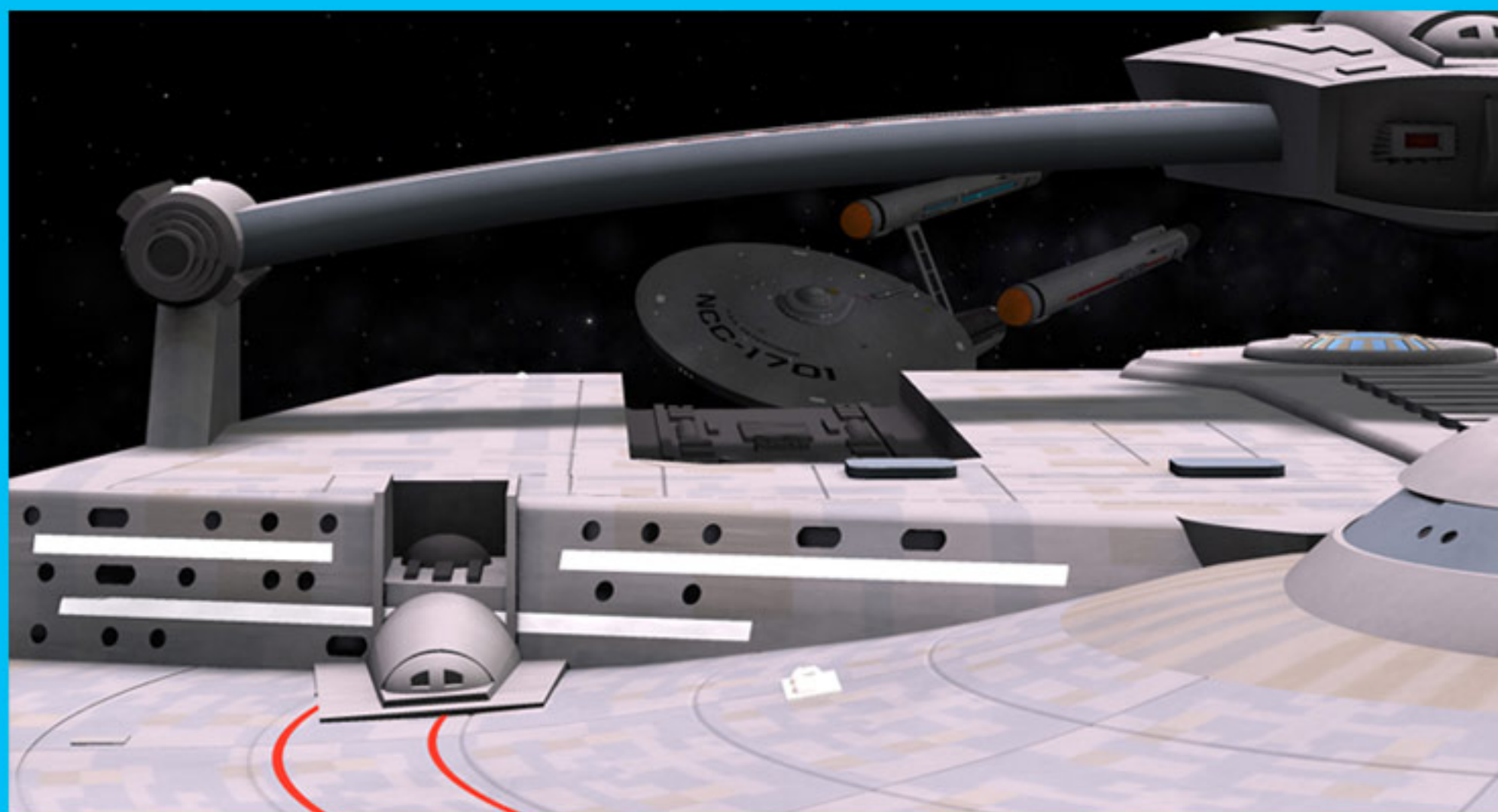
Where is she?

Show her to me!

According to the
scans, she's not out there.









Reliant

She's behind us!

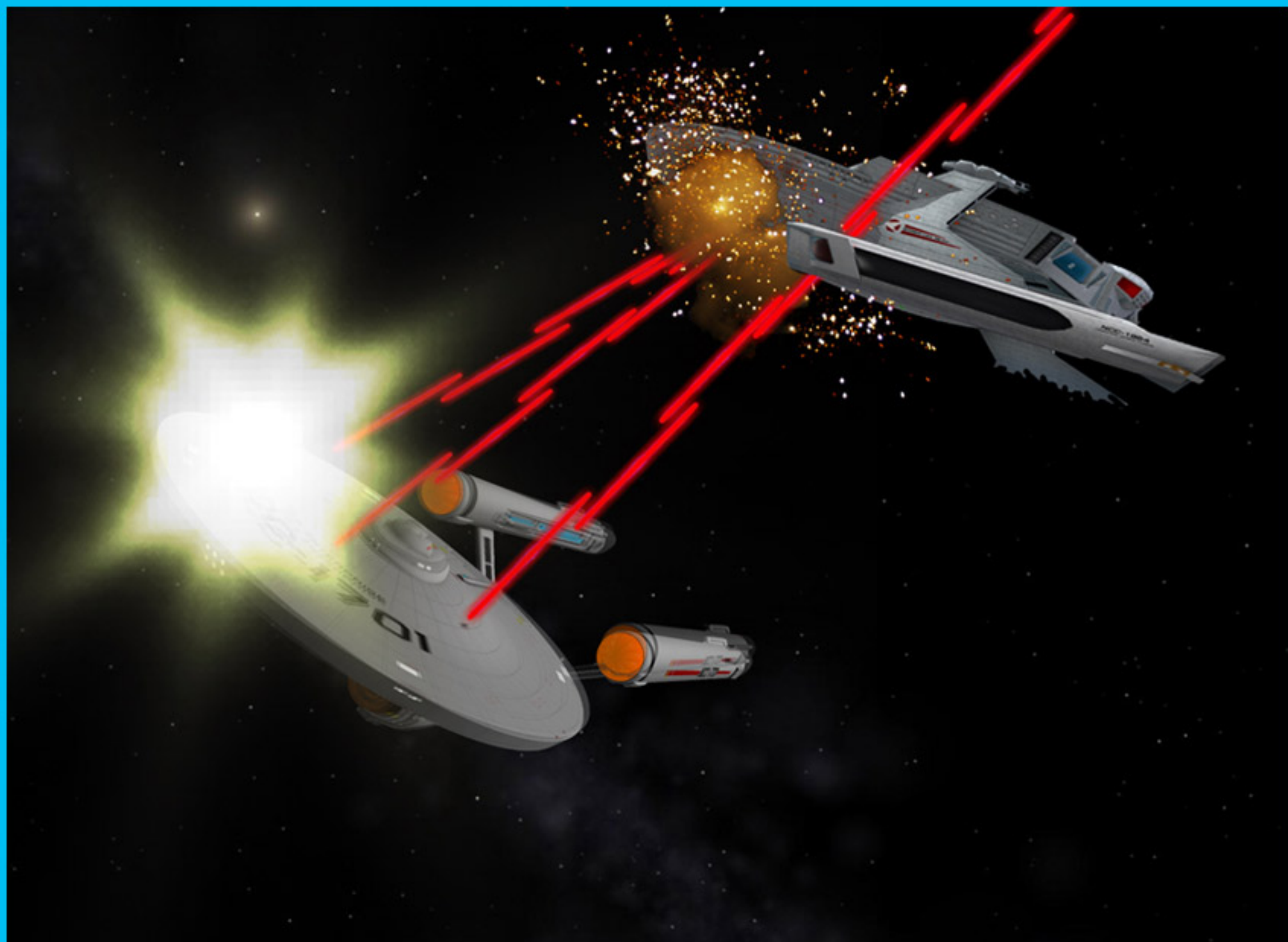


Enterprise

Fire!







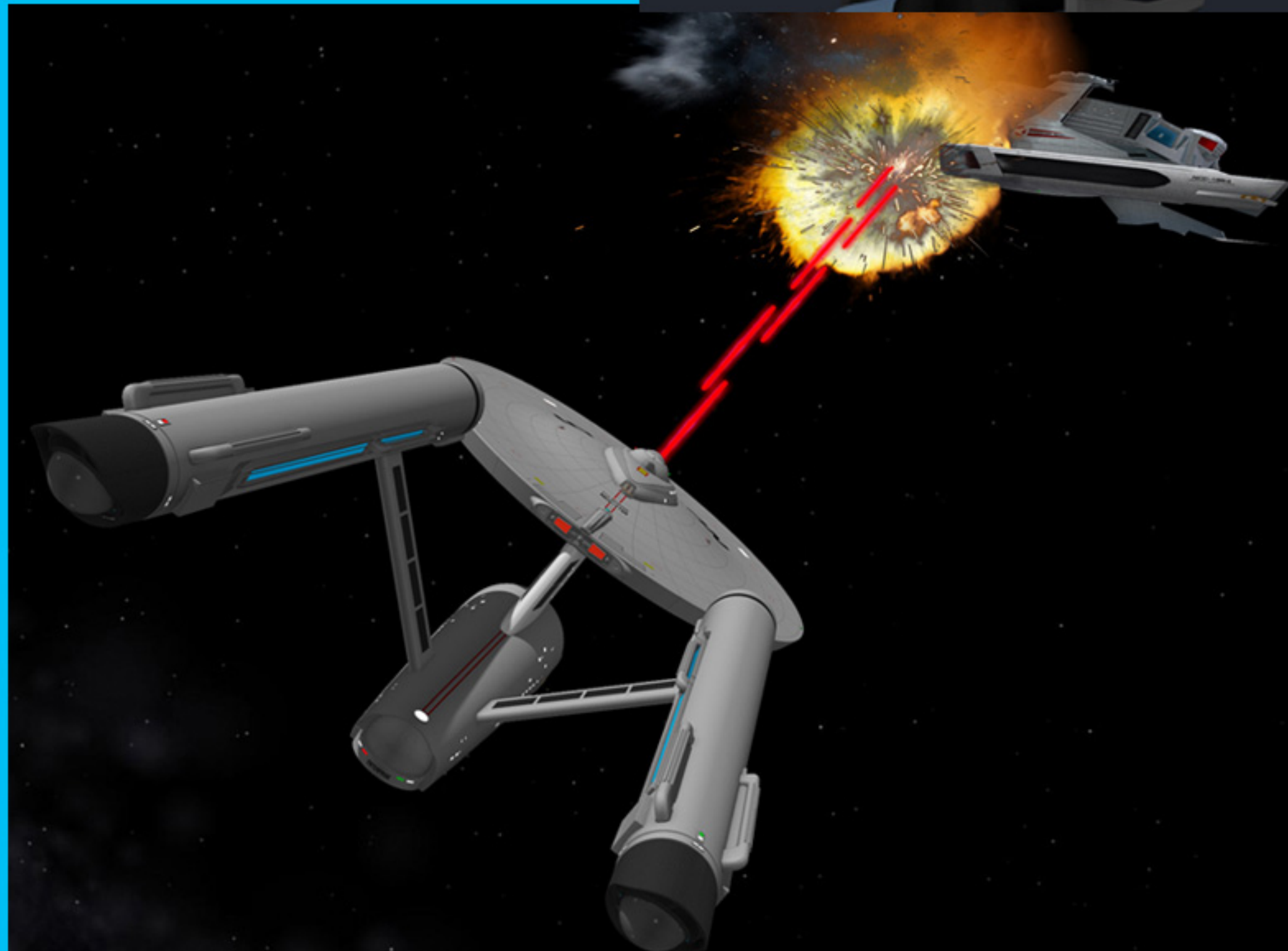
Our starboard shields
are down.

Hard to Starboard-

Bring her around to
course 213, mark 4.

Elevation plus 20-

- **Fire!**



Her shields and weapons are down.

Cease fire.

Open a channel.

Channel open,
Admiral.

Khan, it's over.

Let us beam your
survivors on board.

You've got wounded.
I promise they'll
be seen to.

I have never surrendered.

You insist on continuing a fight you *know* you can't win?



There has never been a fight I could not win.



Khan, listen to me. You're not in the twenty-first century anymore-



I will survive, Admiral-survive and remove this century to my liking.



It won't work.

You're not dealing with just one continent now.



Once the galaxy finds out who you are, it'll rise up against you like a tidal wave.

Then I shall lead the survivors in building a New Galactic Order.



**Your idea of "Order" is to
kill anyone that opposes you!**

**The moment you start
building your empire,
entire worlds will rise
up against you.**

**All you'll accomplish
is drowning the galaxy
in blood!**

Then that is how it shall be.

He's heading directly towards us.



He's going to ram us.



Fire.



At that same moment,
on a nearby plane of
existence...



No, Kirk...
You can't escape...




I spit my last...
breath at thee...



TWO RELIANTS-

TWO KHANS-

**TWO EXPLOSIONS AT
EXACTLY THE SAME
MOMENT-**

A large, glowing blue figure stands in the center, its arms outstretched. Inside its torso, two smaller, identical glowing blue figures are visible, also with arms outstretched. The background is a dark blue night sky filled with stars. The figure's head is bald, and it has a small, glowing blue emblem on its chest. A dark blue belt with a large, rectangular buckle is visible around its waist.

**IF THE MULTIVERSE WERE
A SENTIENT BEING,
IT WOULD SCREAM IN
AGONY AS IT'S EXISTENCE
WAS VIOLATED!**

Another time and place ...

Wha-? Where am I?



Melvin?

He's awake.



Good to see you up and about. We're getting ready to move out.

To where?



We've got Prince Sorkar and his genetic cousins cornered outside Peking. With any luck, by morning, we'll be free men again.

When we found you in the street, you were delirious. Nothing you said made sense.

You well enough to join us?

Do you have a name?

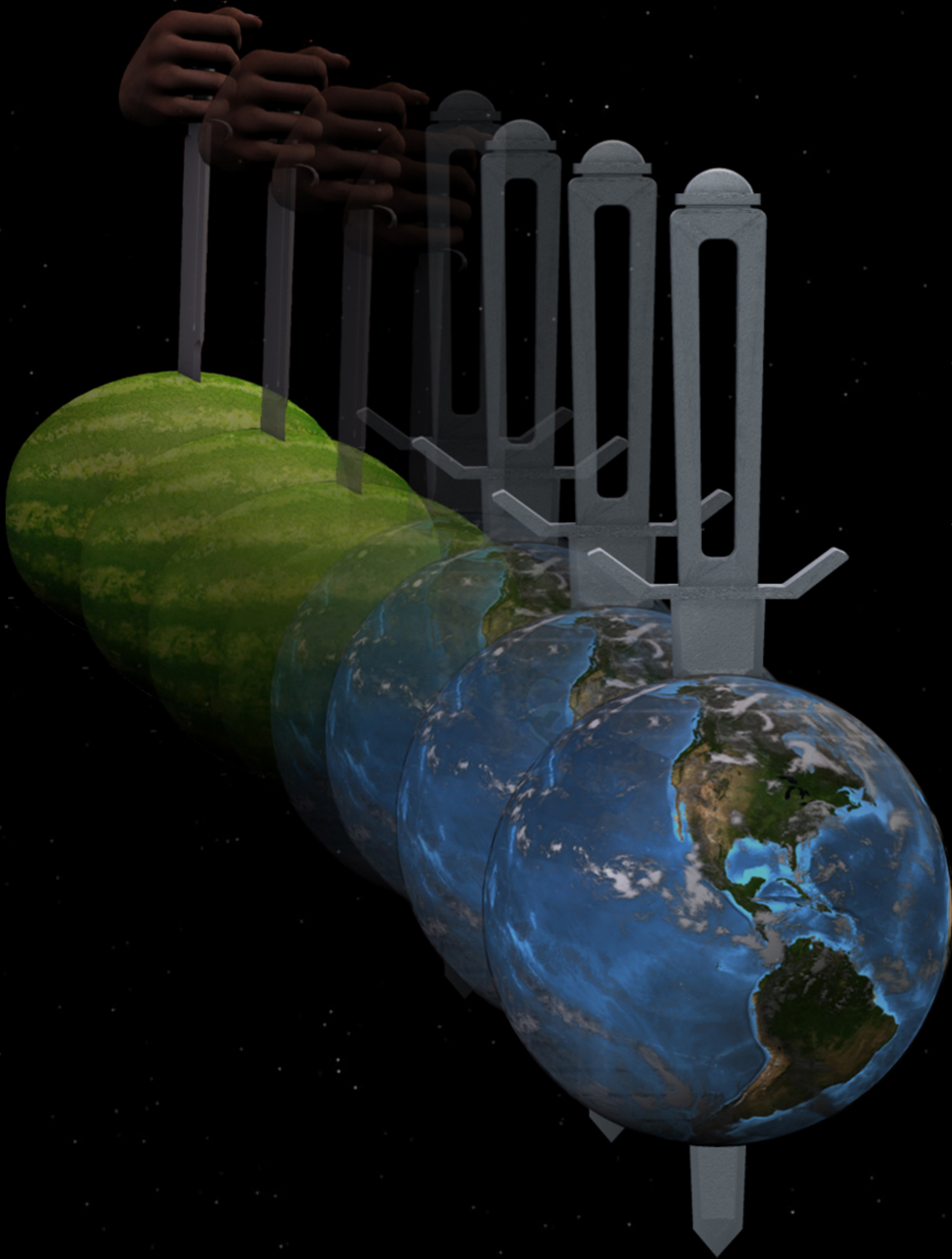
Then you passed out and have been unconscious for two days now.

You may call me 'Khan'.

I am feeling much better, now my friend.

And if you will follow me, I will not only lead you to victory on this planet-

-But among the stars as well.





Jan?

Is something wrong?

All through this business with Khan, you have seemed tense-on edge.

I was going to ask you that.

I do not beleive it can be completely put down to pizza and bad dreams.

Yesterday morning, before Dad called, new orders arrived.

Command's ending the tour a week early. They want *Enterprise* for the Fleet Museum.


I've been ordered to turn command of the task force over to Kang and bring her home.

You knew this day was coming.




Of course I did.

It's just one of those things you don't want to think about till it hits you in the face.




As long as I can remember, I've wanted to be in Starfleet. I wanted to see what was beyond Earth- to be part of it. Maybe leave things a little better than I found them.

I've spend the last nineteen years trying to do just that.



Spock, we had talked once about starting a family some day.*

Could that day be now?

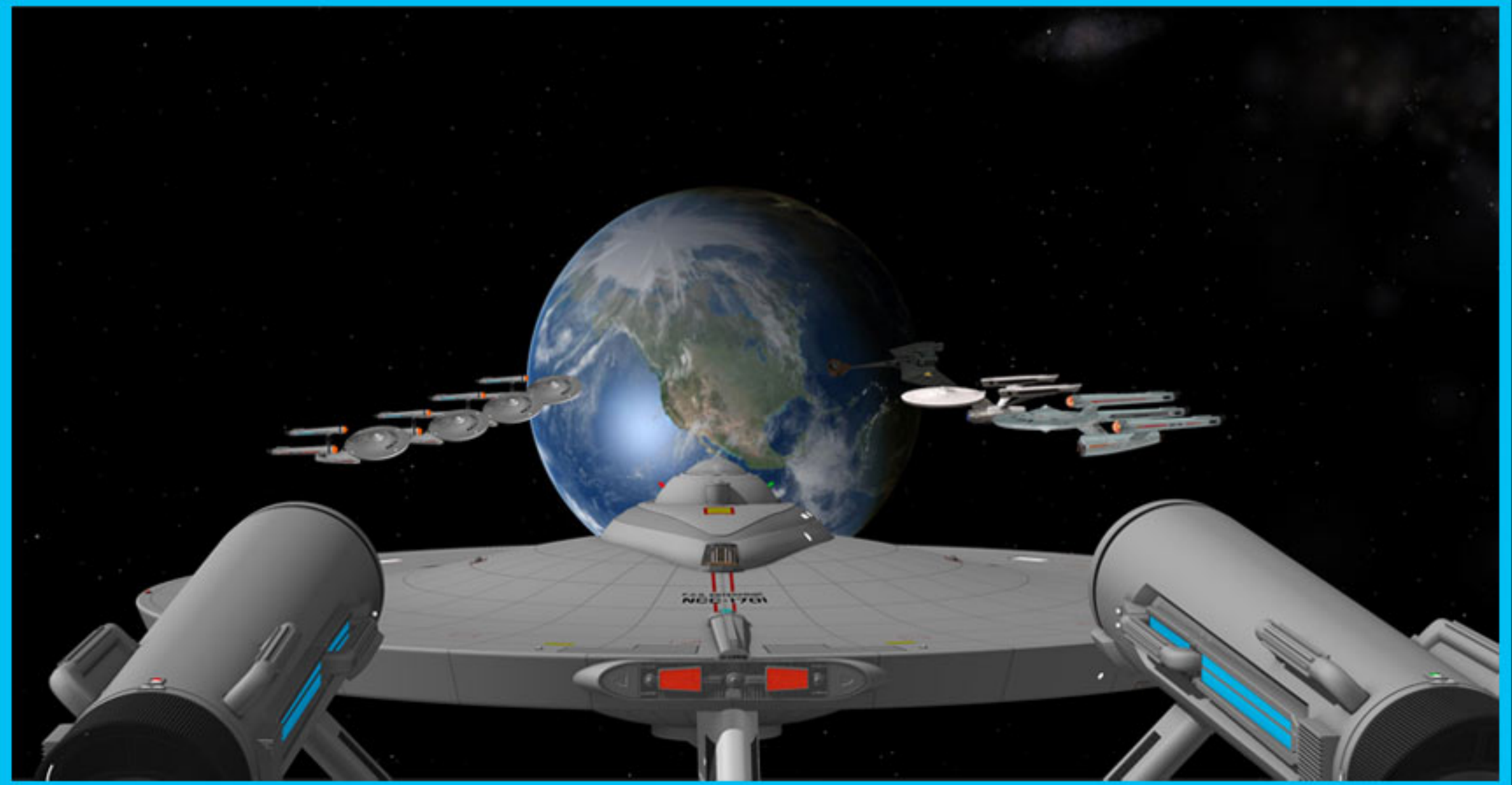


Sarek has informed me that the Vulcan Science Academy has expressed an interest in my joining their faculty.



Maybe...it's time *both*
of us made some changes.





"Space, the Final Frontier. This has been the voyage of the Federal Starship *Enterprise*.

With her final tour now complete, other ships will take up her name and add to her legacy as they continue to carry out the Starfleet Mandate:

'To seek out new life and new civilizations. To defend and bring justice to the farthest reaches of the Federal Union of Planets--and to boldly go where none have gone before.' "



Epilogue:
Four months later...

Pregnant?!



Then what the hell are we
doing out here??

Why aren't you back on Vulcan
over-seeing operations like you're
supposed to?

Relax. I still have six months.

Besides, it's not good
for prospective godmothers
to get their blood pressure
worked up.

Prospec- ?

You're kidding.





But you didn't have me
bring us all the way to
Utopia Planitia just to
ask me this?



No.



Then what- ?

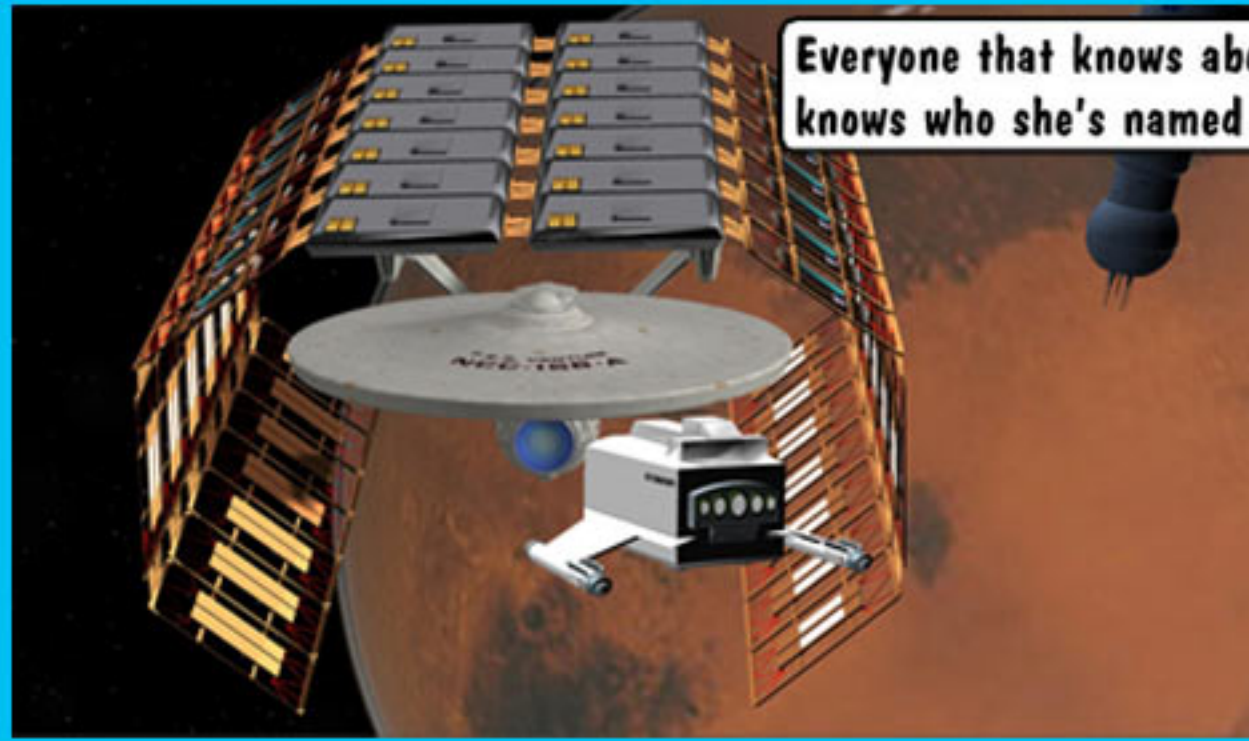


That.




Oh gods...







Everyone that knows about her knows who she's named after.



When I found out about her, I told Admiral Stryker that only one person had earned the right to be her captain.



I think he was expecting me to show up sooner or later.



He already had the orders ready and waiting.



Congratulations... *Captain Ta'laren.*



Almost forgot...

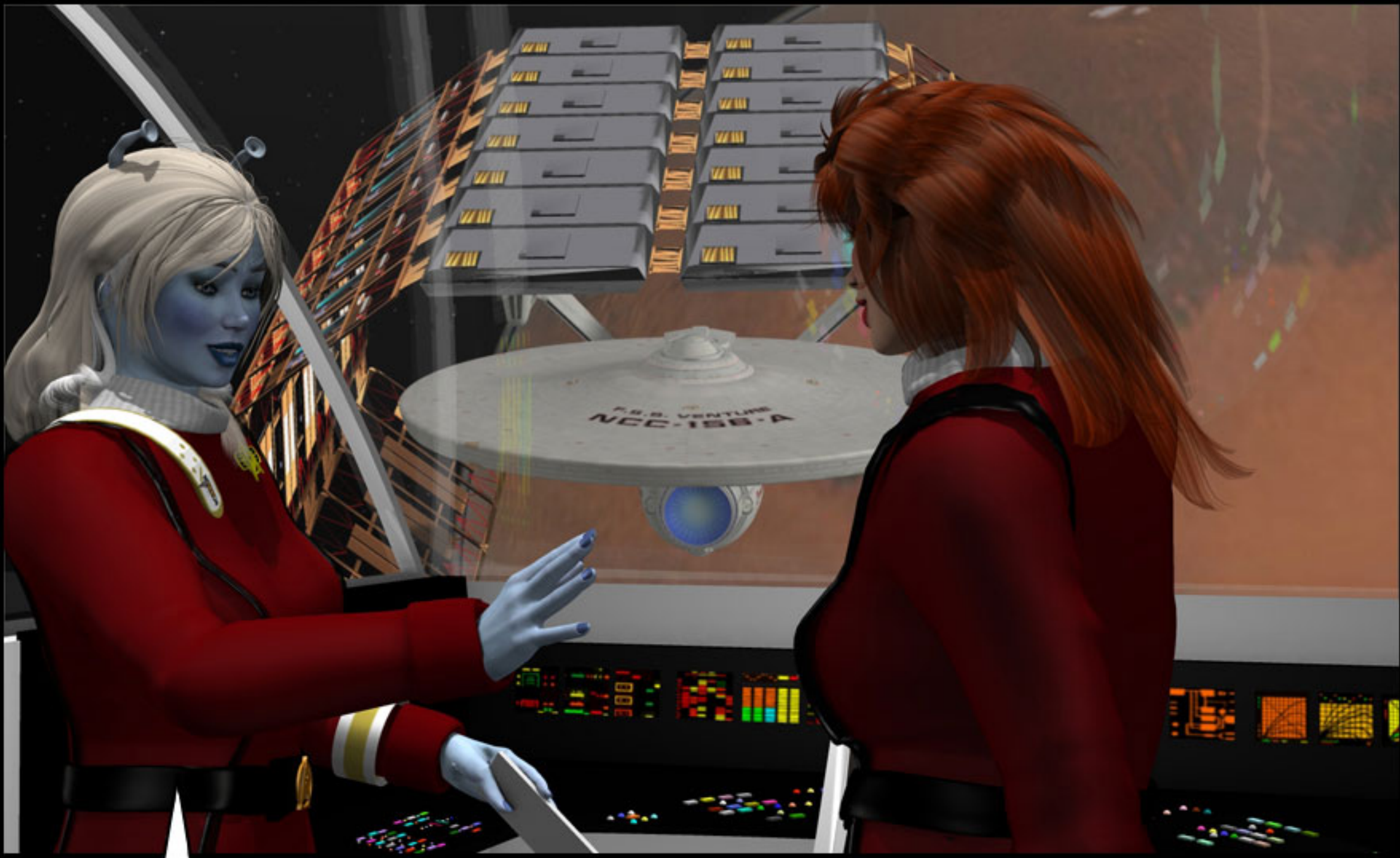


There.

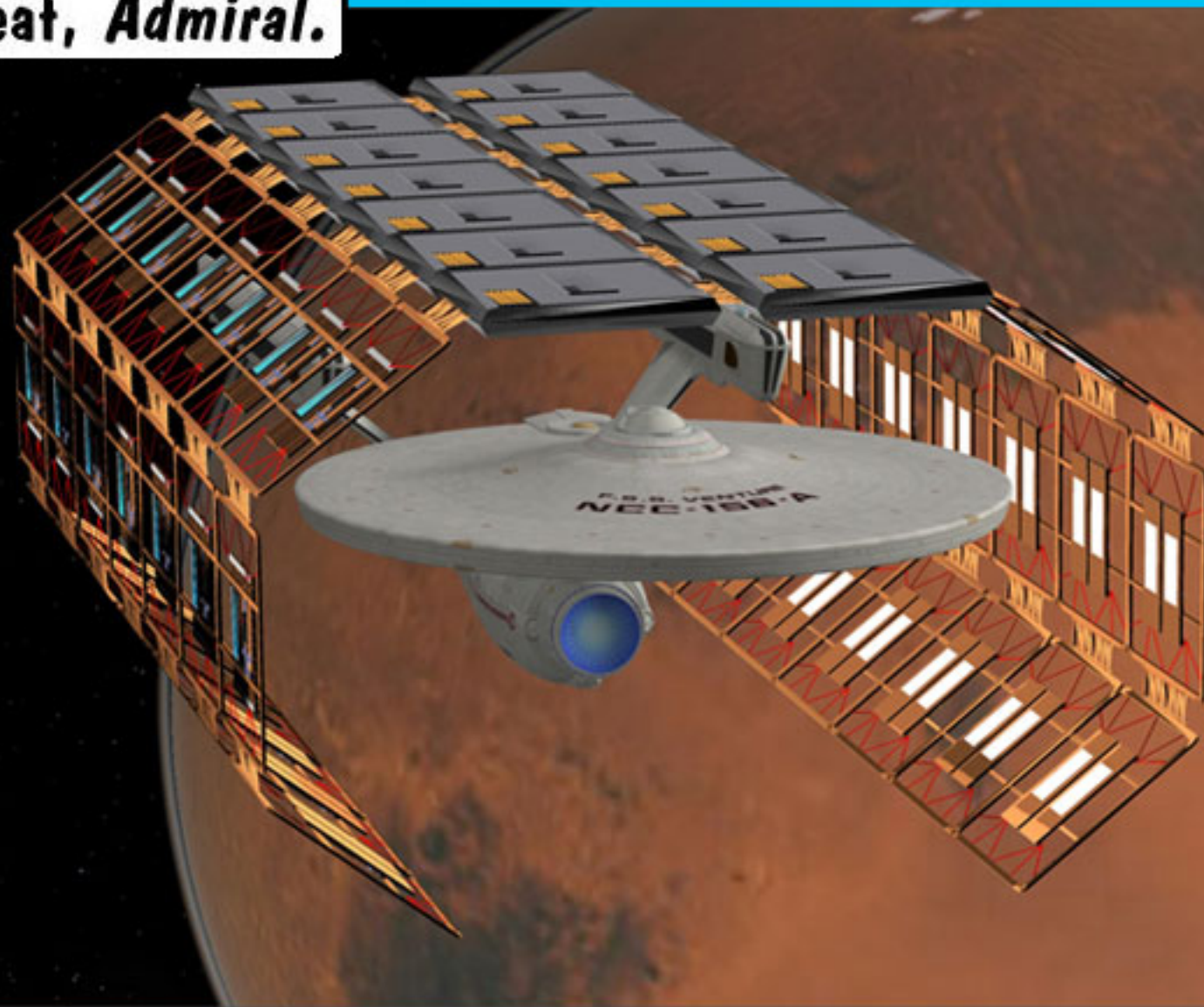
Can't have you going
aboard your first command
out of uniform.



Now, do you think you can
put this beast in the
hanger, or will you need
help?



Grab a seat, Admiral.



End

Watch for Shev's first mission as captain of the *Venture* in "Ventures: The life and times of Shev Ta'laren"- Nova Trek novel #3. Coming soon.

Next time on Nova Trek:

... Jan turned on the viewscreen to see it light up with her uncle's image. The last twenty years as Grand Admiral hadn't been easy on him. He hesitated before speaking. "...Jan."

"Uncle Frank. You look like something's wrong."

He sighed before speaking. "The *Enterprise-B* responded to a distress call from Niranda Three. On arrival, they were attacked by four Romulan Militant ships."

Jan had to swallow before she could speak. "Sarek James?"

Her uncle could only shrug. "Kang also responded with a full targ pack and engaged the remaining three militants, but by then, the *Enterprise* had been destroyed..."

Next time on Nova Trek:

"On The Homefront"

Coming in 2015

Models by mdbruffy:

Spirit of Chicago

Ships' corridor

George Kirk's office

Ensign Narlock (Horta)

Narlock's comm unit

23rd century flashlight

Main Briefing Room

Reliant's security section

Reliant's door signage

TMP Life pod

TMP era shuttle

Cloaking device

TMP EVA Suits-

Original model by Taranis3DG

Crashed *Botany Bay*

Original model by Prologic

3DSMax model by David Metlesics

Poser conversion by Mattymanx

Other Sets:

Sickbay-

Main structure by Patience55

assesories by mdbruffy

Officers' Lounge-

Main model by mdbruffy

with an assist by Patience55

TMP Engine Room

by jwn3D

additional items by mdbruffy

Models by Rduda:

ST II:WOK Bridge

ST VI Bridge

Hanger deck

Mirror,mirror dagger

movie pins

Security uniforms by Bluto

Water Melon by Patience55

NCC 1701-A Conversion by

Mattymanx

Original model by Raul Mamoru

FSS Enterprise- Greywolf Starkiller

Reliant- pneumatic81(SFC)

Retroprise- Cuya

From Daz Studio:

Moonshine drive-in diner

Unique Rock Formations

Ultimate Fire

Fog Tool Deluxe III

Explosions- Rons explosions

Command Suite-

uses Crew Cabin by Ptrope

Flat Comm monitor

by Ptrope

Asteroids by

Mototsumed6brekn

TMP Tricorder by

grinch2901

WOK handphaser by

georgehaze

Strawberries by Exnem

Smart tablet by Cool Tuna

WOK Screenscaps- Trekcore

V4 base;

Nurses

Khan's female followers

V3 base:

Cadet Shev

Lt. Keys

M3 Base:

Capt. Terrell

Khan's male followers

Software used:

Poser 9

Photoshop Elements 10

Windows XP Paint

Celestia

UV Mapper

Botany Bay Interiors:

Art_Loading Dock

Cryo Enviroment and Cryo Unit

Cargo crates and tanks

- Daz Studio

Additional props by mdbruffy

Dr.M'Benga face morph by mdbruffy

Khan:

M4 Base

Headmorph by Jeremy Vilmur

Jumpsuit-

Bell Hop Uniform from Poserworld

Poser 8 female skeleton

Dawn by Hlvewire 3D

Commando bunker:

Sci-fi rooms from Vanishing Point

Ships' phasers- Japes Movie Props4

Photon torpedoes- over-seer_d66gnf6

Tam's .45 handgun-

Colt 45 Auto by IW Weapons

Spacedock-

Original model by Nick (Zippy) Martens

Poser conversion by Mattymanx

Earth Spacedock-

Original model by David Metlesits

Poser conversion by Mattymanx

FSS Venture-A-

Constitution pack by Wiley Coyote

Venture-A textures by mdbruffy

