



**MDB
COMICS**

**Book
Three**

NOVA TREK

A Universe away from the one you knew.



**“Assignment:
Yesterday”**

by MDBruffy



**Based on Concepts
created by G. Roddenberry**

**Space, the Final Frontier. This is the
Voyage of the Federal Starship Enterprise.**

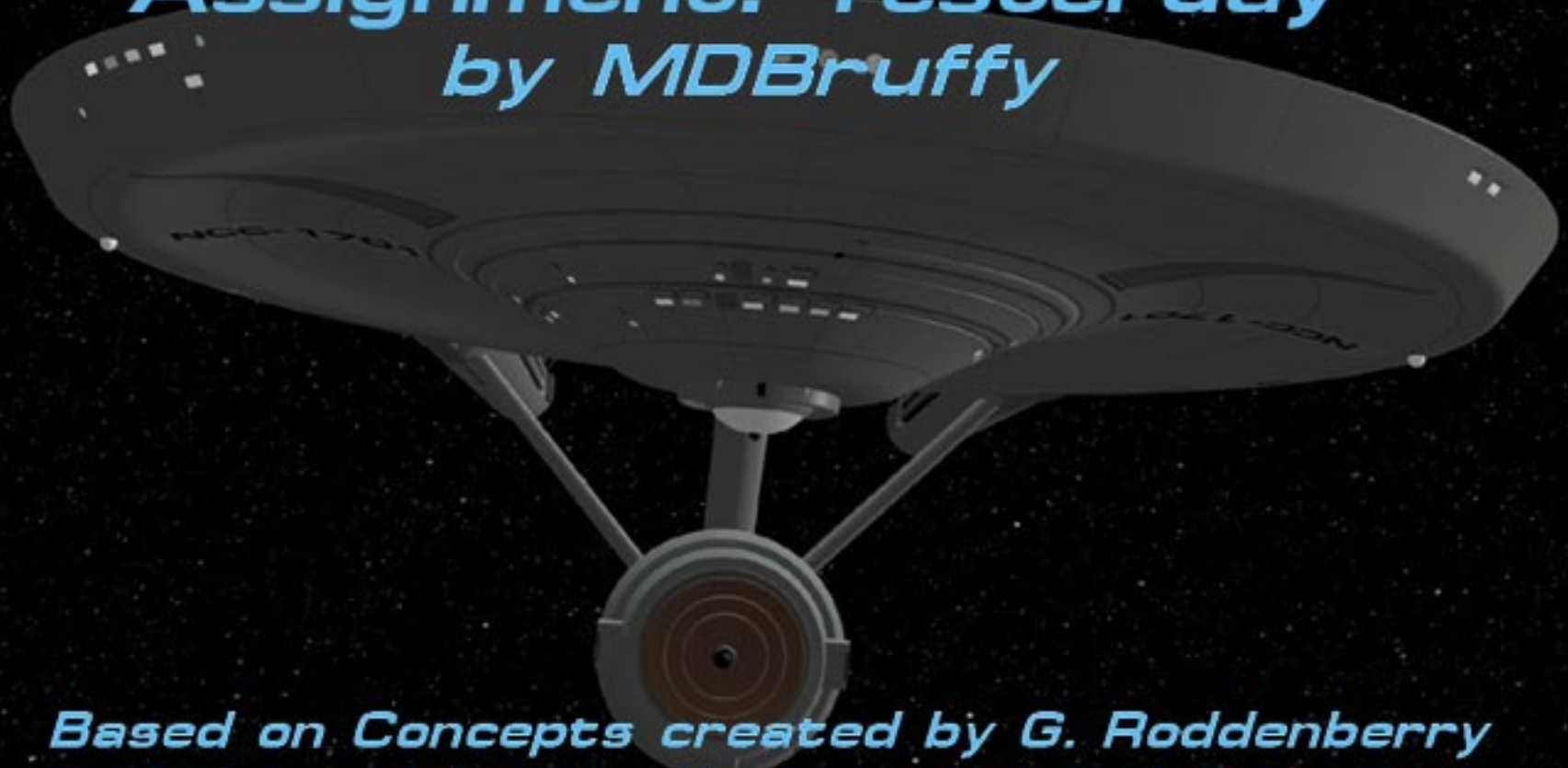


**Her Mission: To seek out
New Life and New
Civilizations. To Defend
and bring Justice to
the Farthest reaches of
the Federal Union of Planets.
And above all else:**

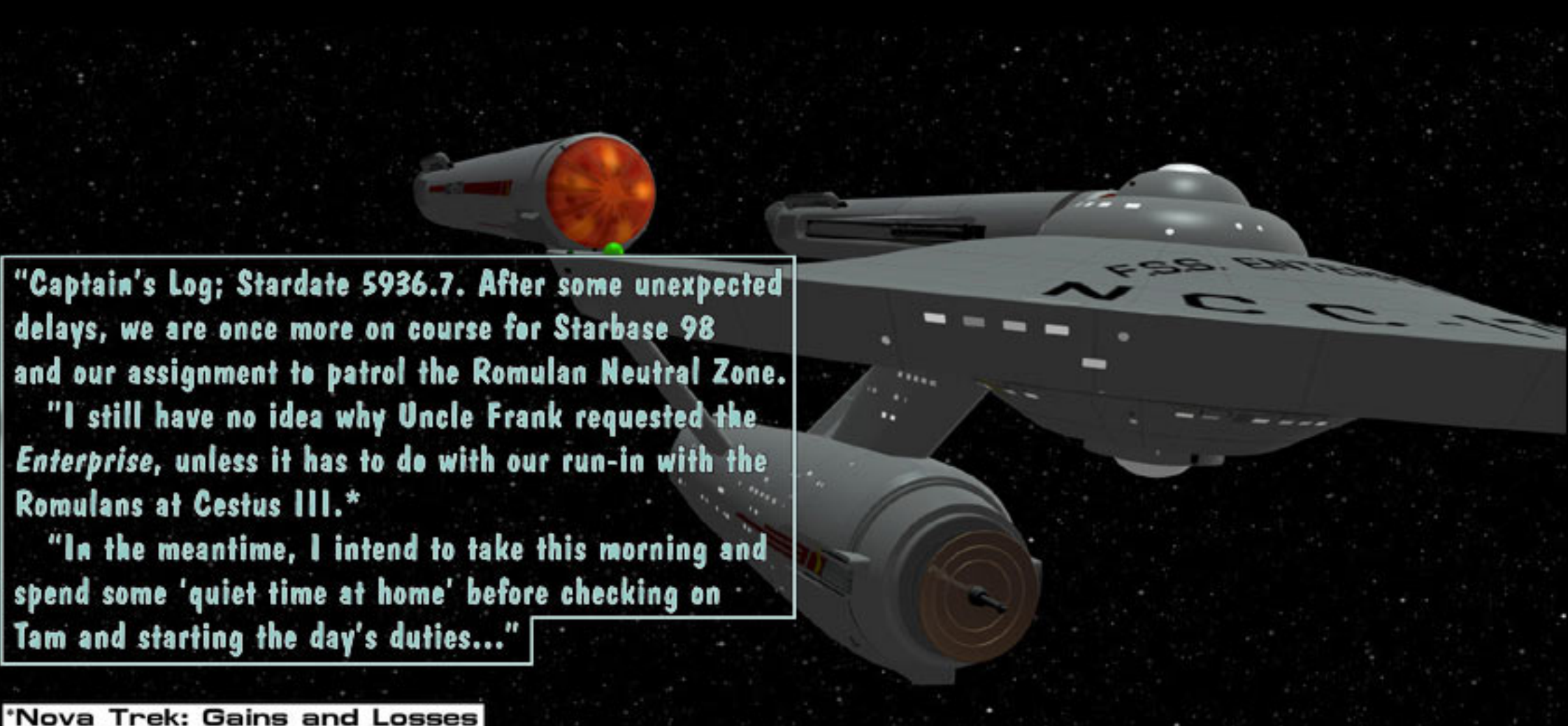


To boldly go where none have gone before.

***“Assignment: Yesterday”
by MDBruffy***



***Based on Concepts created by G. Roddenberry
and the writing staff of the original Star Trek
TV series.***

A 3D rendering of the USS Enterprise (NCC-1701-A) in space. A smaller shuttle is visible in the upper left, and a bright orange light source is in the upper center. The Enterprise is shown from a three-quarter rear view, with its name "USS ENTERPRISE" and "NCC-1701-A" visible on the hull.

"Captain's Log; Stardate 5936.7. After some unexpected delays, we are once more on course for Starbase 98 and our assignment to patrol the Romulan Neutral Zone.

"I still have no idea why Uncle Frank requested the *Enterprise*, unless it has to do with our run-in with the Romulans at Cestus III.*


"In the meantime, I intend to take this morning and spend some 'quiet time at home' before checking on Tam and starting the day's duties..."

*Nova Trek: Gains and Losses

A scene from a 3D animated comic. Ilia, a Klingon warrior, is on the left, looking at a globe of Earth on a desk. Spock is on the right, sitting in a chair and looking at her. The room has a desk with a globe, a lamp, and some books. A Starfleet emblem is on the wall.

Hmmm.

Something of interest?

A scene from a 3D animated comic. Spock is on the left, sitting and playing a harp. Ilia is on the right, sitting in a chair and looking at him. A globe of Earth is in the foreground. The room has a desk with a globe, a lamp, and some books. A Starfleet emblem is on the wall.

Just reading the latest dispatches.

Starfleet's commissioned a new *Tamerlane*- another destroyer.

The original was lost at Organia, was it not?

Yes, along with the *Saladin* and a handful of others.

Of course, Kor lost his flagship and five others before the Organians stepped in.

Well, I'm not the only woman captain anymore. They gave her to Julie Cochrane.

Do the dispatches say who the new captain is?

I know her. We shared the Astro-navigation class at the Academy.

NCC-510-A

They honored her predecessor by keeping the same registry.

And the letter designates the newest ship to bear the name.

I'm sorry to interrupt, Captain. But I'm detecting a temporal disturbance in Tamera's quarters.

Now detecting a second one.



"Personal Log; Stardate 5936.7. After a short visit with the Guardian of Forever, I feel like I have all the answers I'm going to get. Thing is, I'll have to keep quiet about all of this untill I can figure out how to deal with it ..."



Computer picked up two temporal disturbances in your cabin- and since we just left the *granddaddy* of temporal disturbances three days ago...

Buzzi

Tam? It's Jan.

Are you all right?

Uh,oh...

Swoosh

Sure I am. Why?

What's going on?

Swoosh

Tam?

Have a seat.

It's kind of involved.



Why?



Specify.

Why give me the same powers over Time and Space that you have?

There are two reasons: You and your sister wish to protect and explore the Material Universe.



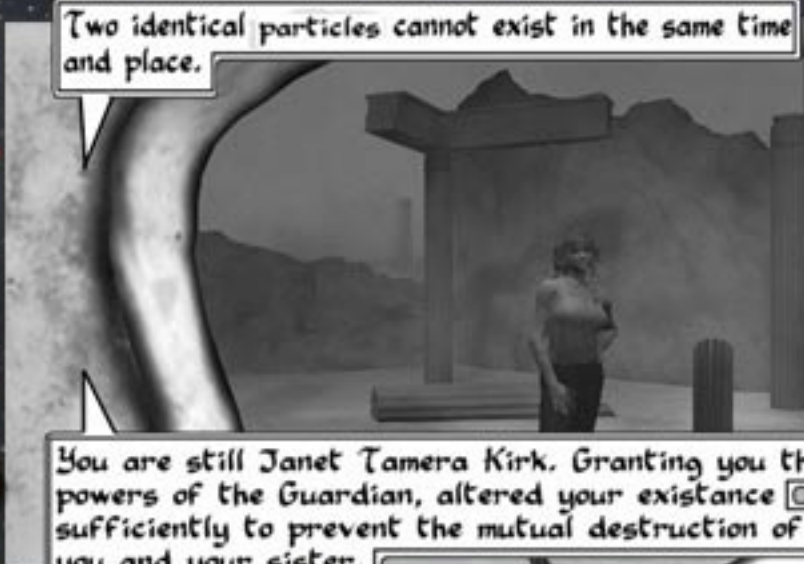
There is also a need to protect- and perhaps explore- the Temporal Universe as well.

Your sister's insistence on your survival created the opportunity to grant you the ability to do both.



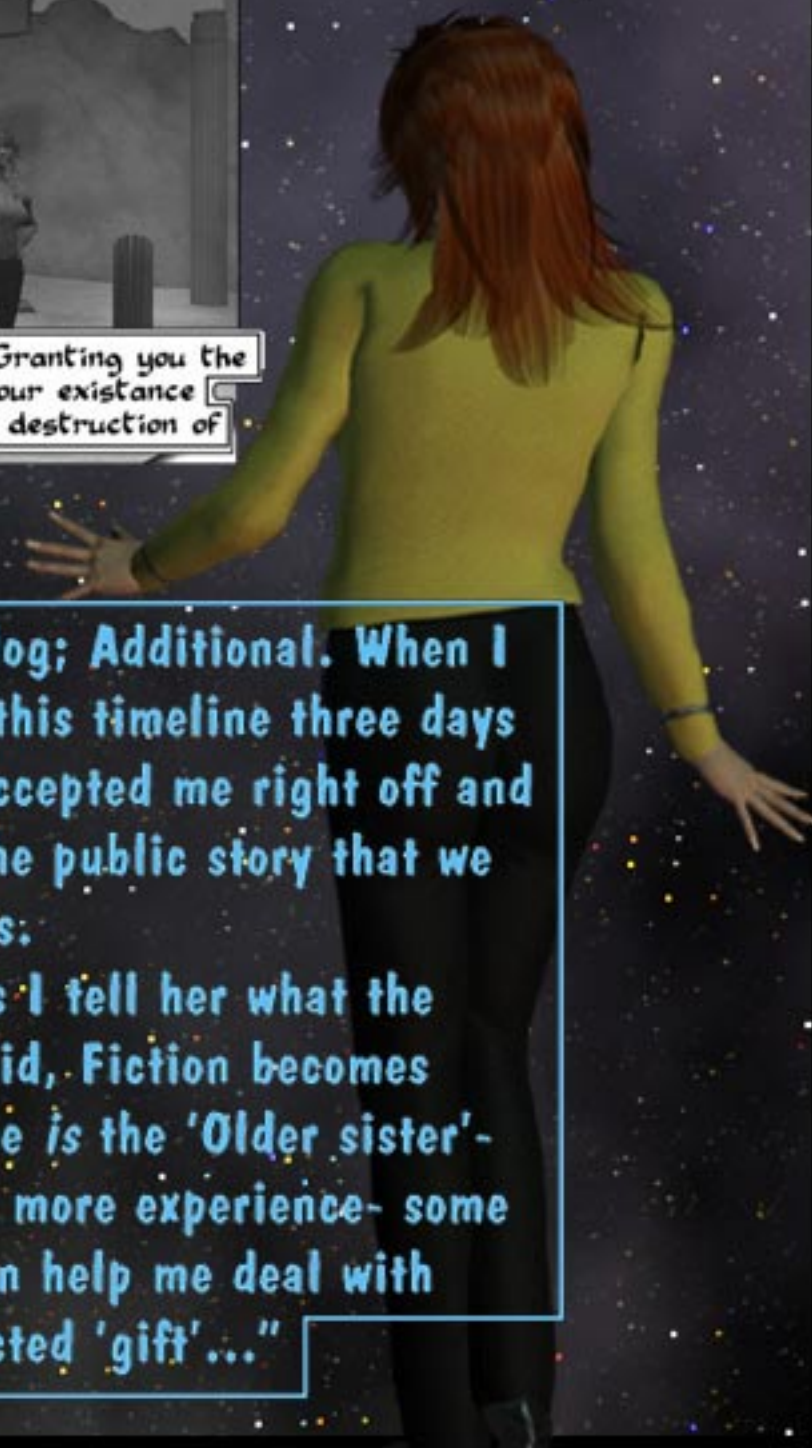
Okay. I can accept that.

What's the second reason?



Two identical particles cannot exist in the same time and place.

You are still Janet Tamera Kirk. Granting you the powers of the Guardian, altered your existence sufficiently to prevent the mutual destruction of you and your sister.



"Personal log; Additional. When I arrived in this timeline three days ago, Jan accepted me right off and proposed the public story that we were sisters:

"Now, as I tell her what the Guardian did, Fiction becomes Reality. She is the 'Older sister'-wiser, with more experience- some one who can help me deal with this unexpected 'gift'..."

A Guardian? Well, that explains how we can co-exist- and I can see it's point of view.




You've been given alot of responsibility.




Responsibility I never asked for.

What am I going to do?




Well, first off, you're going to have to be more careful when you come and go through your portals.

If we can detect your 'temporal signature' then so can someone else- and that someone might not be a friend.




I'll get with Spock and see if there's not some way to mask or hide the signature.



I know I can trust Spock- and Dr. McCoy.

But do I tell Starfleet?

Absolutely not!



As it is, you'll be poked and scanned to death just because you're me. If you tell them you can open doorways through time with a snap of your fingers, they'll slap you into Temporal R&D so fast, it'll make your head spin.

The only way you'll ever set foot on a starship will be as a passenger.

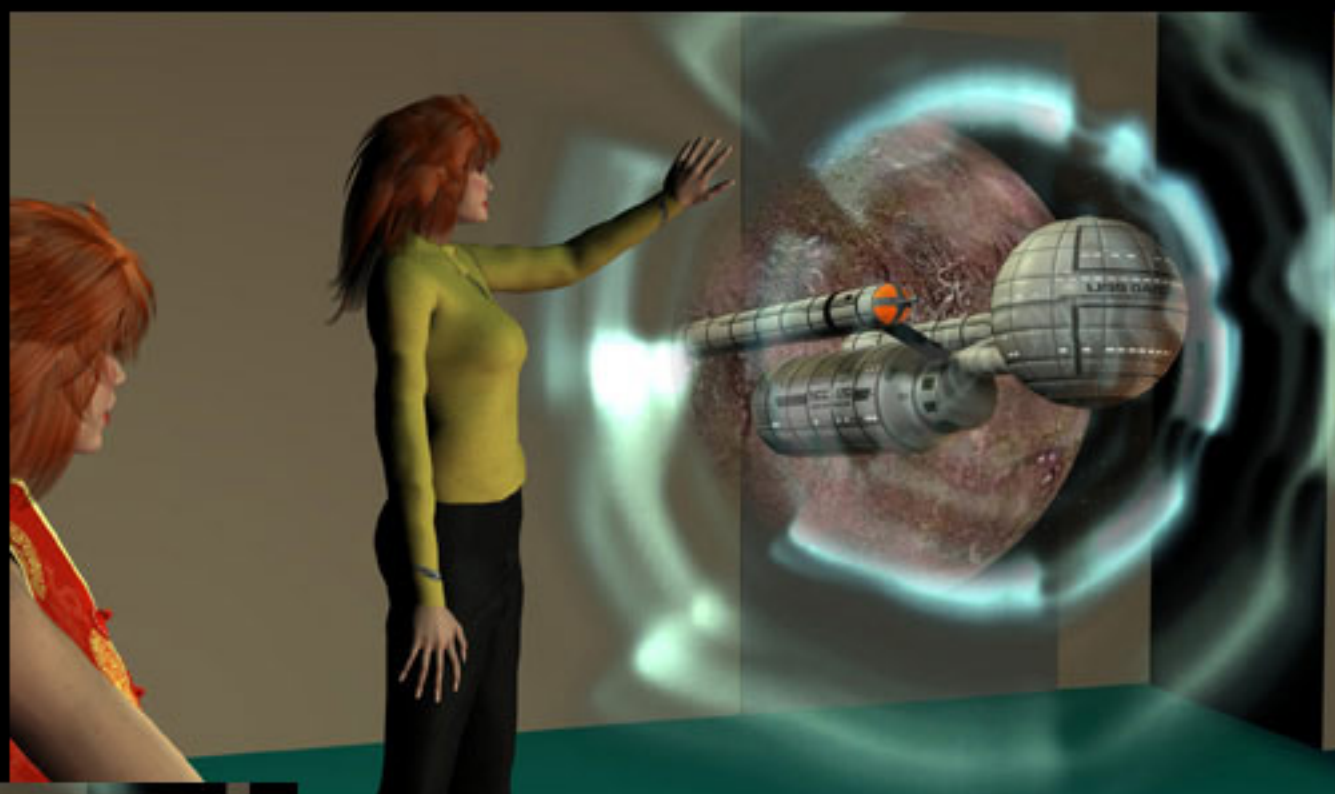


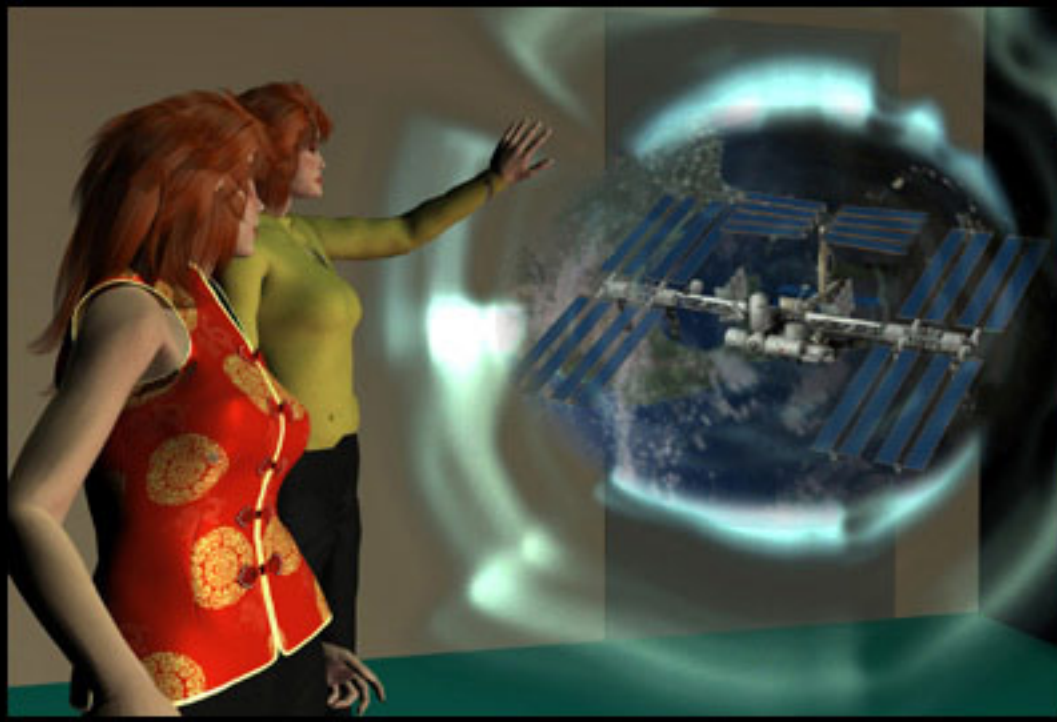
Now don't get me wrong.

There are a lot of good people in Starfleet. But like any organization, it also has its share of idiots. Until you know who you can trust to keep quiet, you're better off keeping this to yourself.



Okay.





Year: 1978



We're too late- She's dead.

Just hold it right there-
YOU!?



Not you?!

Who's she?

My sister.

It's been ten years
and you haven't aged
a day.

Training her in the family
business of breaking and
entering?



Colonel, we had nothing
to do with this.

Prove it.

How?!



By telling me the truth this time.

Or do I just cut to the chase and charge you both with murder right now?



You don't have any choice.

He can shoot us both before I can open a portal.



All right- but not here.



There's too much chance of someone else walking in.



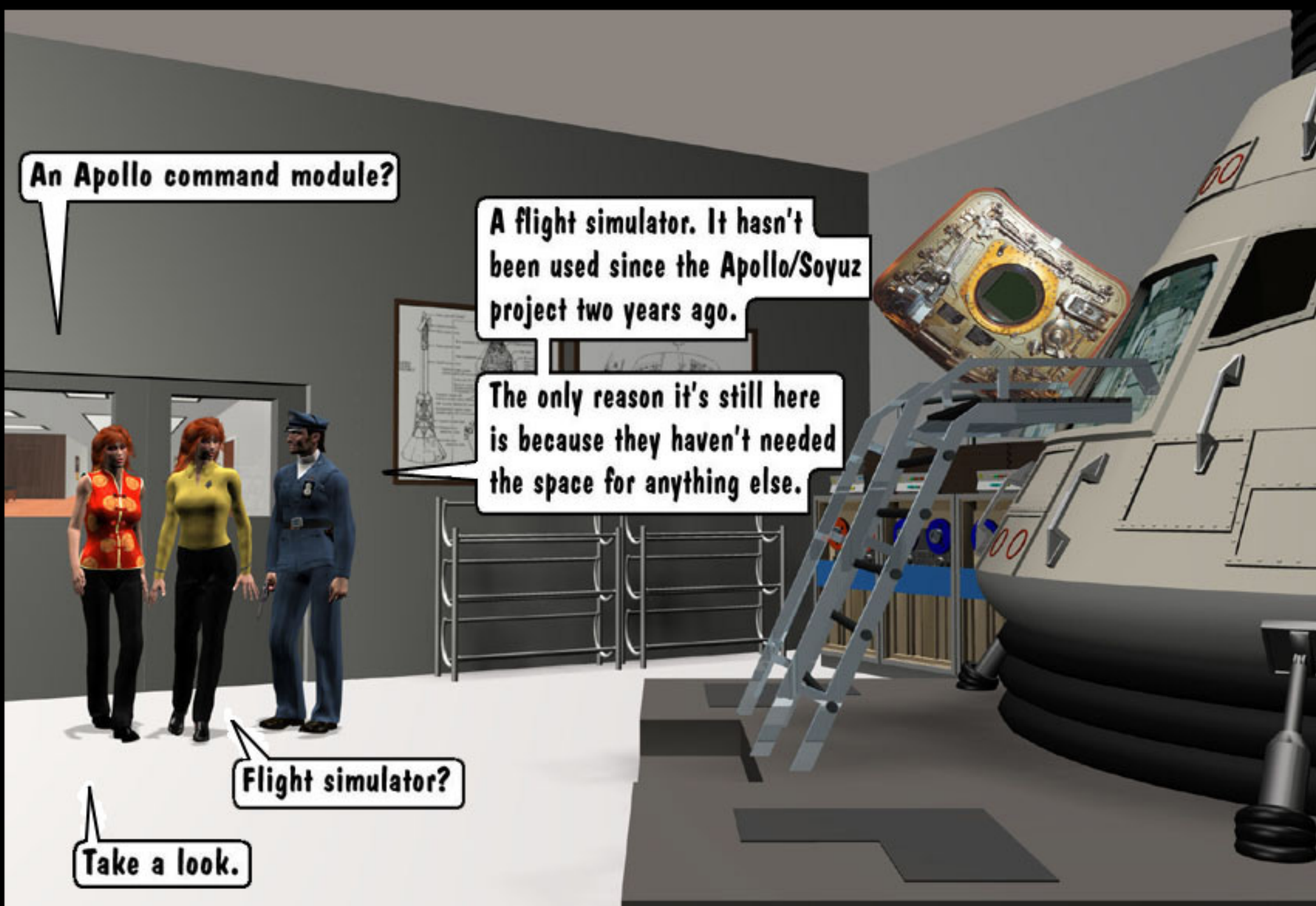
What I have to say is for you alone.

Is there someplace where we won't be overheard?



Yes.







You're kidding, right?



That thing's barely big enough to qualify as a life pod!



That "life pod" has been to the moon and back nine times, young lady.

Where are you from, anyway?



You said ten years. That means it's 1978.

Those civilians we passed...that name and those pictures on the wall...that model and this simulator...



This isn't the Omaha Air Force Base. This is...Cape Kennedy- is that what it's called?



And you two were in a secure lab kneeling over a body.

Now how about some answers?

"Personal Log; Tamera Kirk recording.
Stardate- whatever, I'll figure it out later."

"It was clear the Colonel had been waiting a long time for an explanation.
"It was also clear that giving him that explanation was the last thing Jan wanted to do."

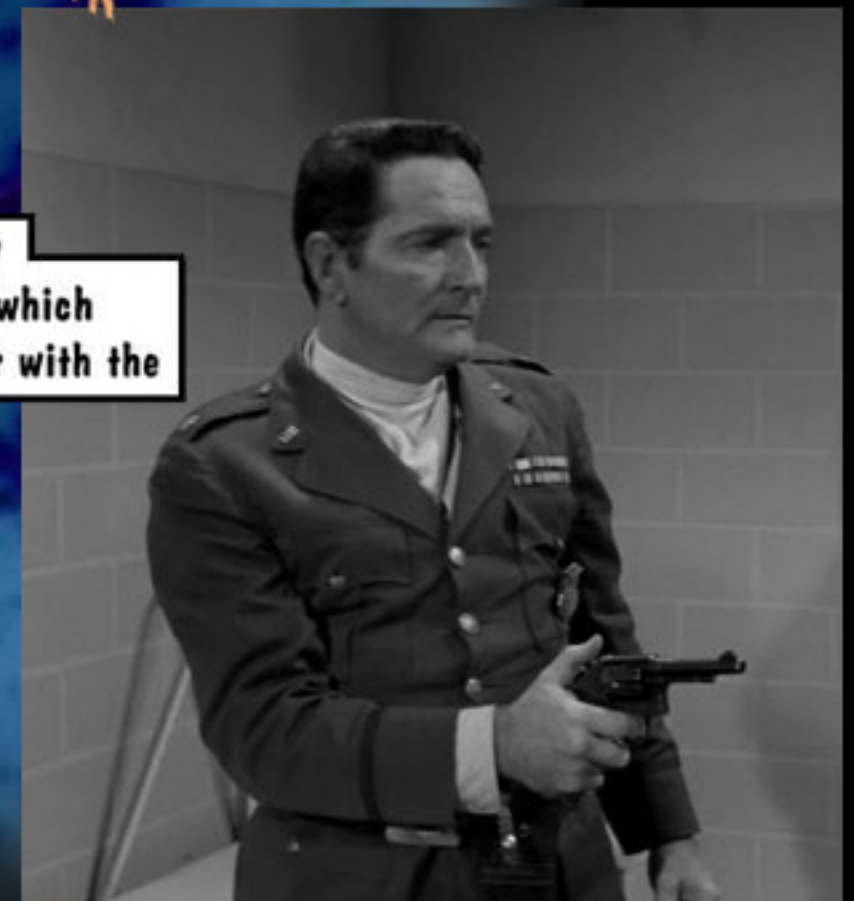
"After a moment, she began to speak of that day- which, from her point of view was only eighteen months ago. She told us about the black star and it's gravity well and how the breakaway had thrown the *Enterprise* back in time to 1968 Earth."




"She spoke of how the ship's tractor beam accidentally crushed Captain Christopher's jet after he had filmed the starship-



"- and how it had been necessary to try to remove all evidence of the accident- which of course resulted in her first encounter with the Colonel..."









All right young lady,
maybe this will make
you laugh:


Sabotage, espionage,
unauthorized entry,
burglary- how are those
for starters?



And I can think up lots more
if you don't start talking!




All right, Colonel, the truth is,
I'm from the planet Venus and
I was sent here to find a
few good men.



You know any?



I'm going to lock you
up for two hundred years!



At least I'll be going in the
right direction.

1978

...I'm sorry about the "Few good men" crack, Colonel.

Just put it down to my own frustration showing through.

Why didn't you tell me all of this ten years ago?

You're from the future. You know it actually makes sense?

The outfit you wore, the way you talked—that pointed-eared 'gentleman' that rescued you..

I would have helped you get the information without all the hassle.

I was already dealing with Captain Christopher and that guard.

Besides, how was I supposed to know I could trust you?

Then or Now?



So what's the story this time?

My sister has the ability to open doorways through time. She was demonstrating it when she opened a doorway on this era and we saw the woman get shot.



We came through, hoping to catch the one that did it, but they were gone by the time we arrived.

So if you didn't kill her, who did?



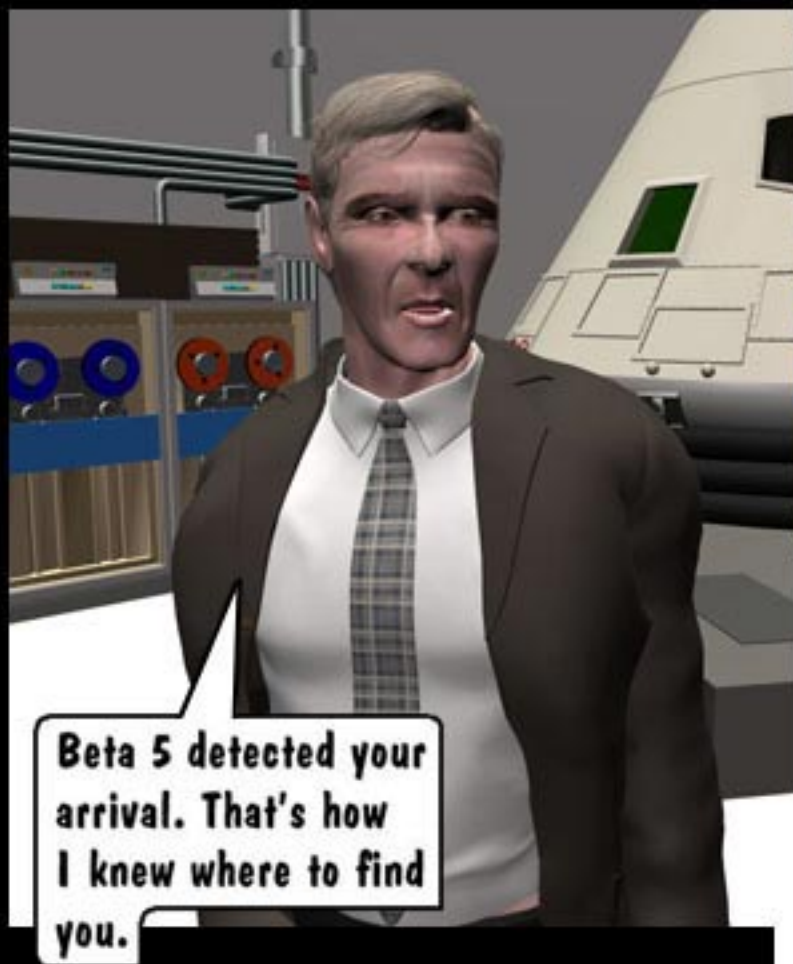
Someone with a weapon that doesn't belong in this century.

Sounds like you could use some help.



This is starting to feel like "Old Home Week"- isn't it, Mr. Seven?

You enjoy my story? Your transporter's quieter than ours, but I could still hear it.



Beta 5 detected your arrival. That's how I knew where to find you.



Who is this?

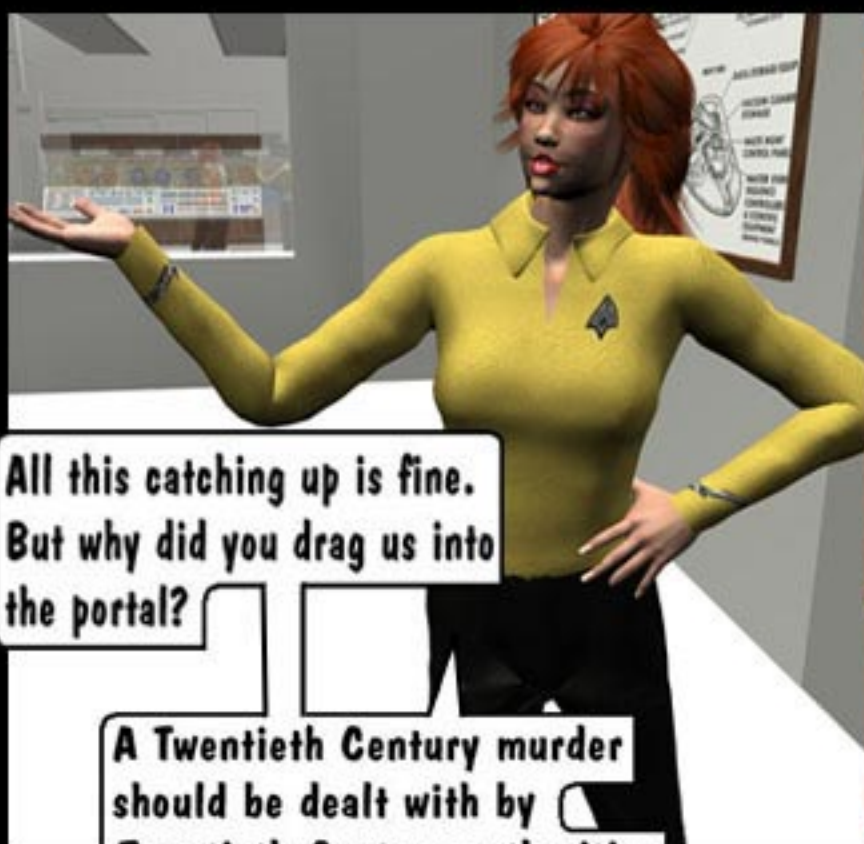
His name's Gary Seven.

And while he is human, he wasn't born on Earth, or in any century you or I will ever see.



We'd been sent back in time to monitor Earth's communications for historical research when we got involved in Mr. Seven's first case.

His benefactors sent him here to help Earth survive the Twentieth Century. Guess you could say he's an expert at preventing intervention.



All this catching up is fine. But why did you drag us into the portal?


A Twentieth Century murder should be dealt with by Twentieth Century authorities - even I know that.




Did I not say that the woman was killed with a weapon that didn't belong in this century?



She was killed with a disruptor.




Second cousin to the laser, Colonel- only far more powerful and about the same size as your gun.



Something no one in this century should have.

She's right. Beta-5 is programed to pick up on unusal energy readings.

It scanned the disruptor blast almost as soon as it was fired- then picked up on their arrival a few moments later.



With the right sensors, that disruptor's power source would stand out like a signal flare.

We'll have to go back to my office so I can put Beta-5 to work on it.

Colonel, normally, I don't like leaving people with knowledge of my comings and goings.

But the captain thinks you can be trusted- and it wouldn't hurt to have another set of eyes and ears out in the world.

If you ever come across anything unusal -or important enough that you think I should know about it, activate this and you can reach me anywhere on the planet.

This is a communications device.



New York





Merowwl?



Isis, you remember Captain Kirk.

This is her sister, Tamera.

Computer on.

Yowl?

Computer on.



Hi, Hey you're pretty.

Careful, it'll go to her head.



What do you mean?

Let's just say there's more to that ball of fur than you realize.



Captain, Beta-5's isolated the disruptor's energy readings and found our murderer.

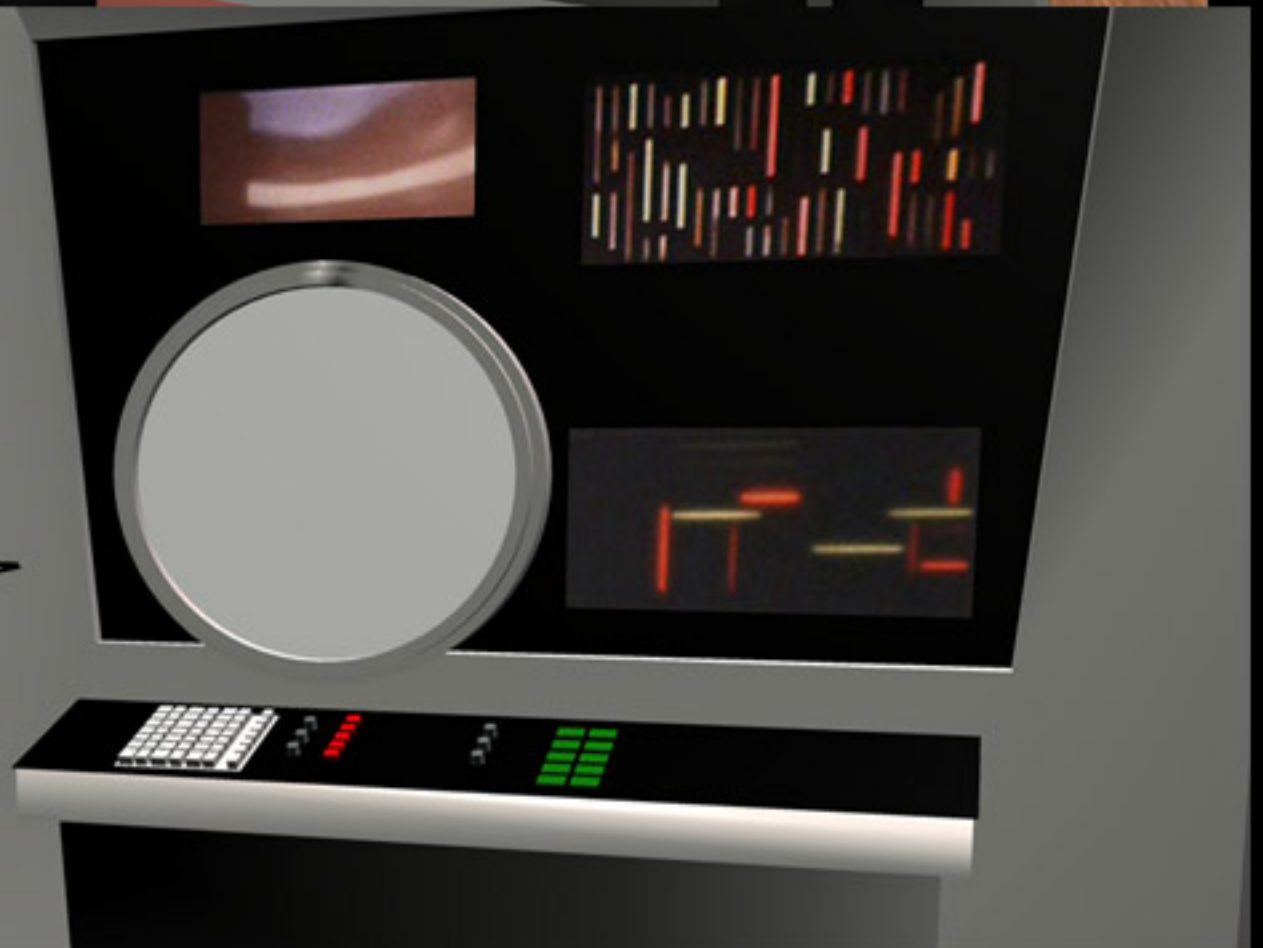
Can she tell who we're dealing with?

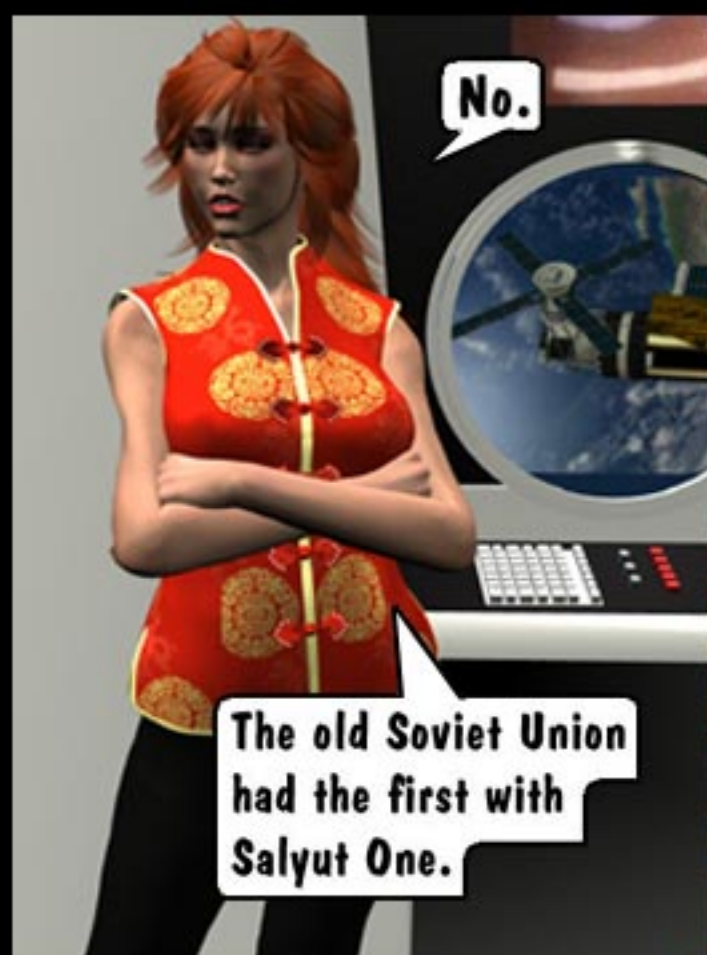
Beta-5?

Working, Supervisor 194.

Racial identity confirmed:
Romulan.

Additional Information:
Detecting two sets of
readings- both biological
and weapon energy.







Would that include gamma ray radiation?

Radiation sensors...



Beta-5?

Assumption correct.

Additional Information:
Solar observatory
equipment is still
functioning.



Jan?



In our century, we can track a cloaked Romulan ship by their propulsion residue-residue that includes gamma ray radiation.

If they take out Skylab, Earth'll be blind right up to the moment they uncloak and open fire.



You're saying they intend to wipe out Humanity?

Earth founded Starfleet- it's an out growth of the old United Earth Space Probe Agency.



Take out Earth, you take out Starfleet. Take out Starfleet, you take out the Union. Take out the Union and this entire sector is open to invasion.



So how does our murder victim tie into this?

Beta-5? Identify the romulan murder victim.

Maxwell, Stella. Female. Age 46. Subject was an analyst working on the team responsible for correlating solar observatory data.



They had to kill her before she got to the gamma ray readings and realized there was a previously unknown source in the system.



But all they've accomplished is a delay.

Eventually, someone else will analyze those readings.



If they succeed in bringing Skylab down, there'll be so much confusion, no one'll care till it's too late.

We have to stop them.

Which means we'll have to split up.



Do you want me-



You're not going to Skylab.



Why not?

Then you and Mr. Seven-



You're *not* going.

Twentieth century ships and stations don't have artificial gravity-

and you have no experience in zero-g's.

How do you-?



Oh.

It's a fourth year class.



This is a miniature comm unit Captain. It fits over your ear.

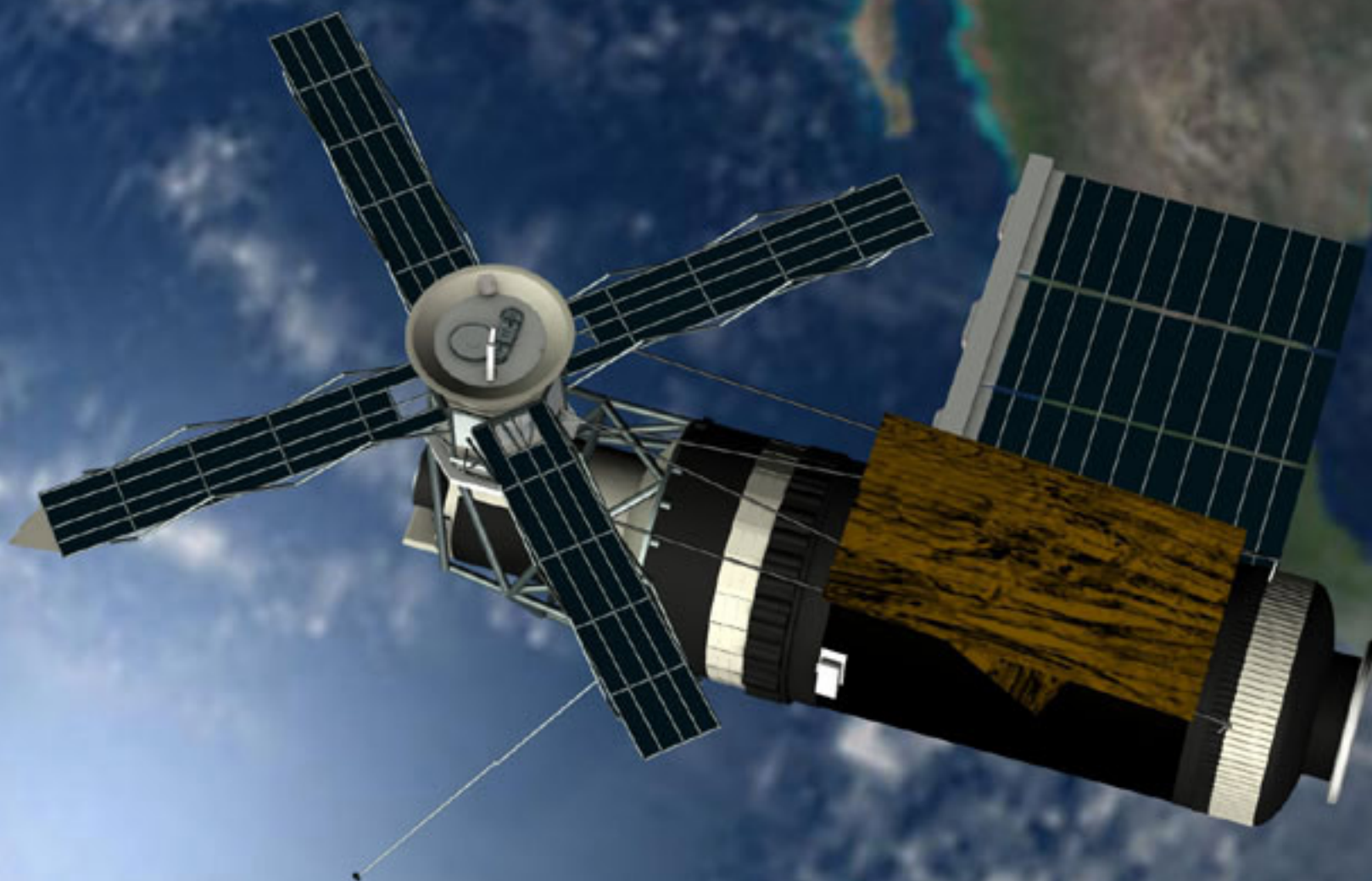
Beta-5 can get you to Skylab. If you need her, just call her name.

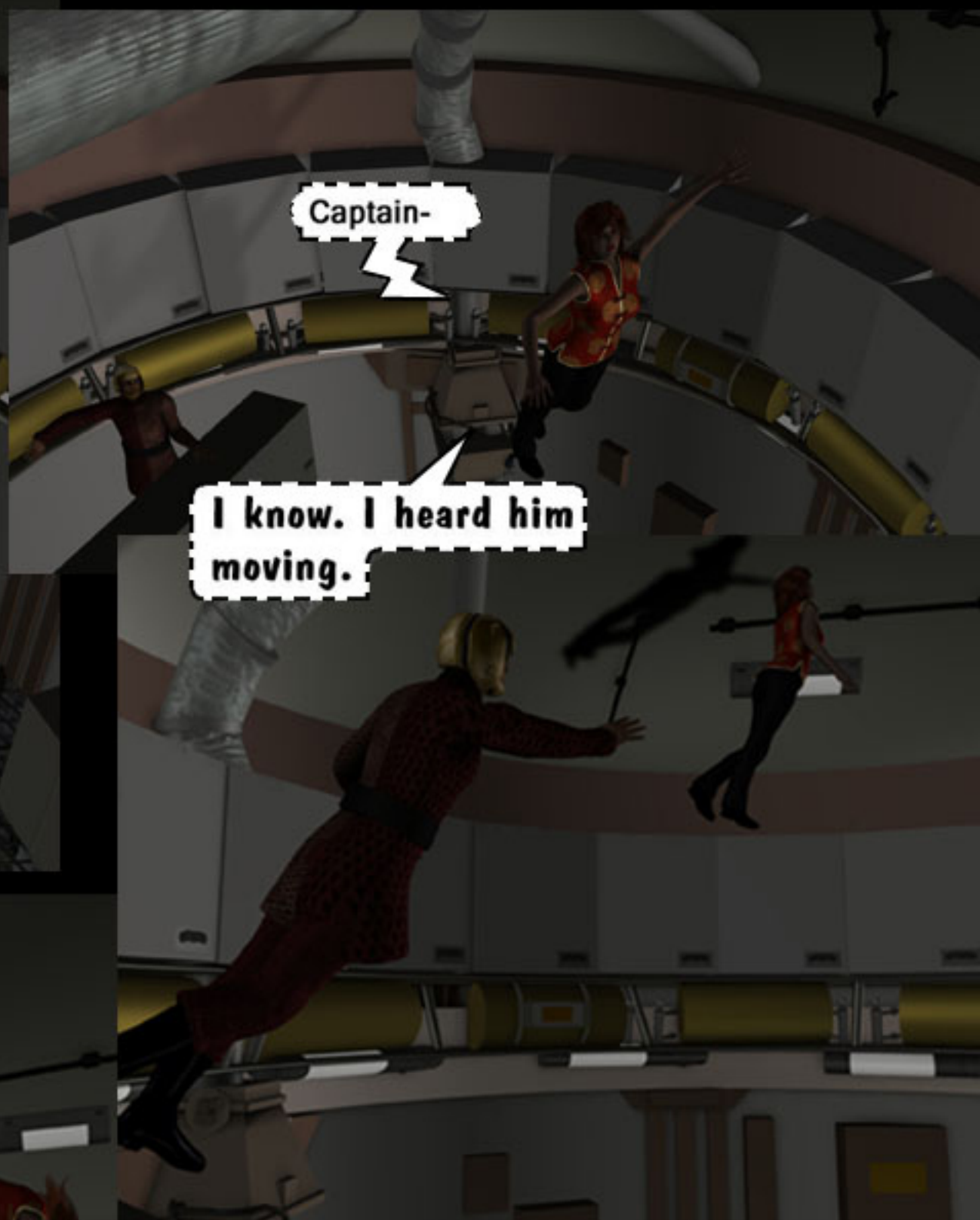


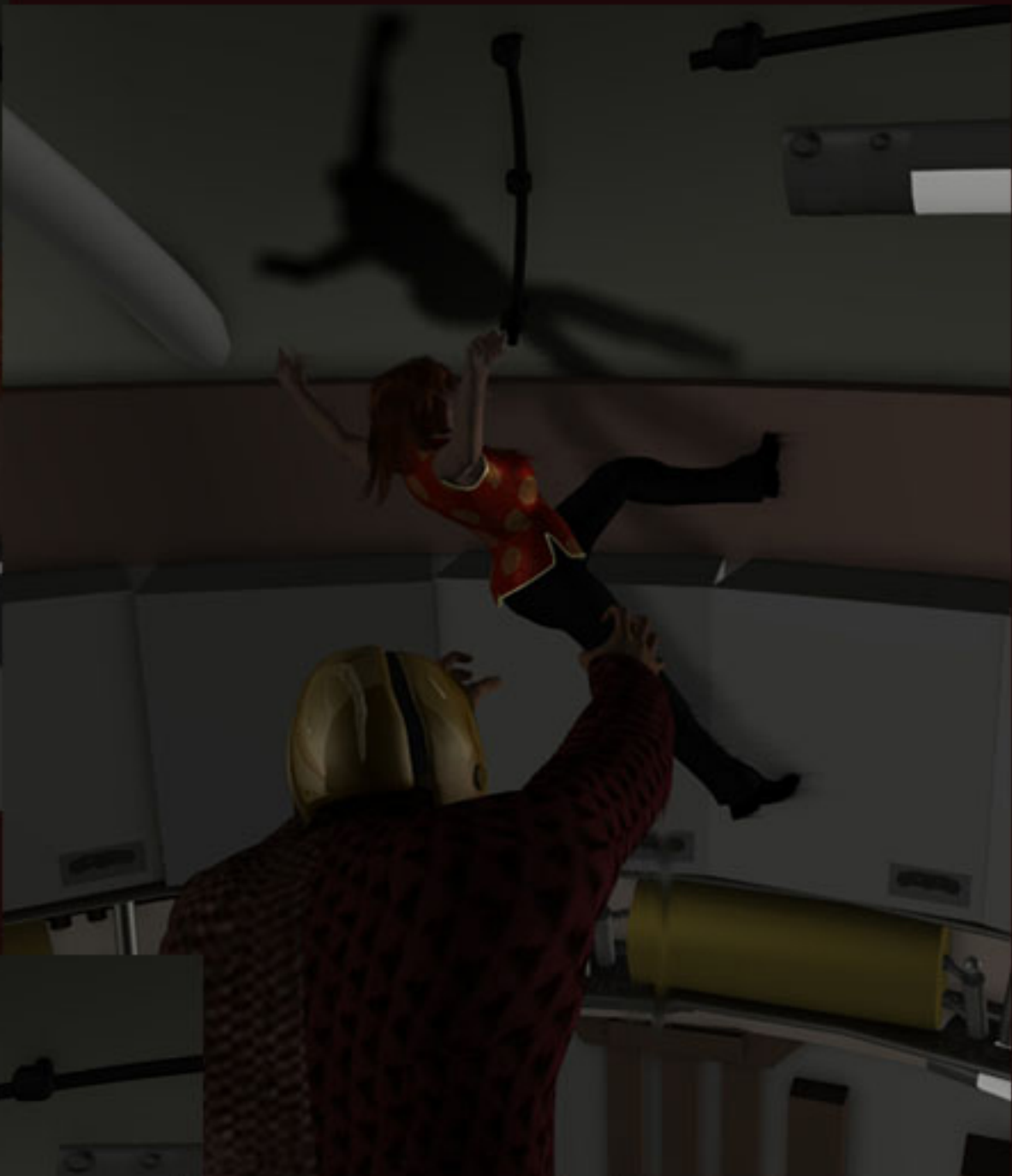
Personal log; Additional.
Tamera Kirk recording.
All I could do was stand
beside Mr. Seven and watch
as Jan stepped into his
transporter.

Once she was gone, he changed
the settings and nodded for me
to join him.

A few moments later, we were
back at Cape Kennedy- and Jan
was alone on Skylab.









**Crunch
Ba-leep!**



?!

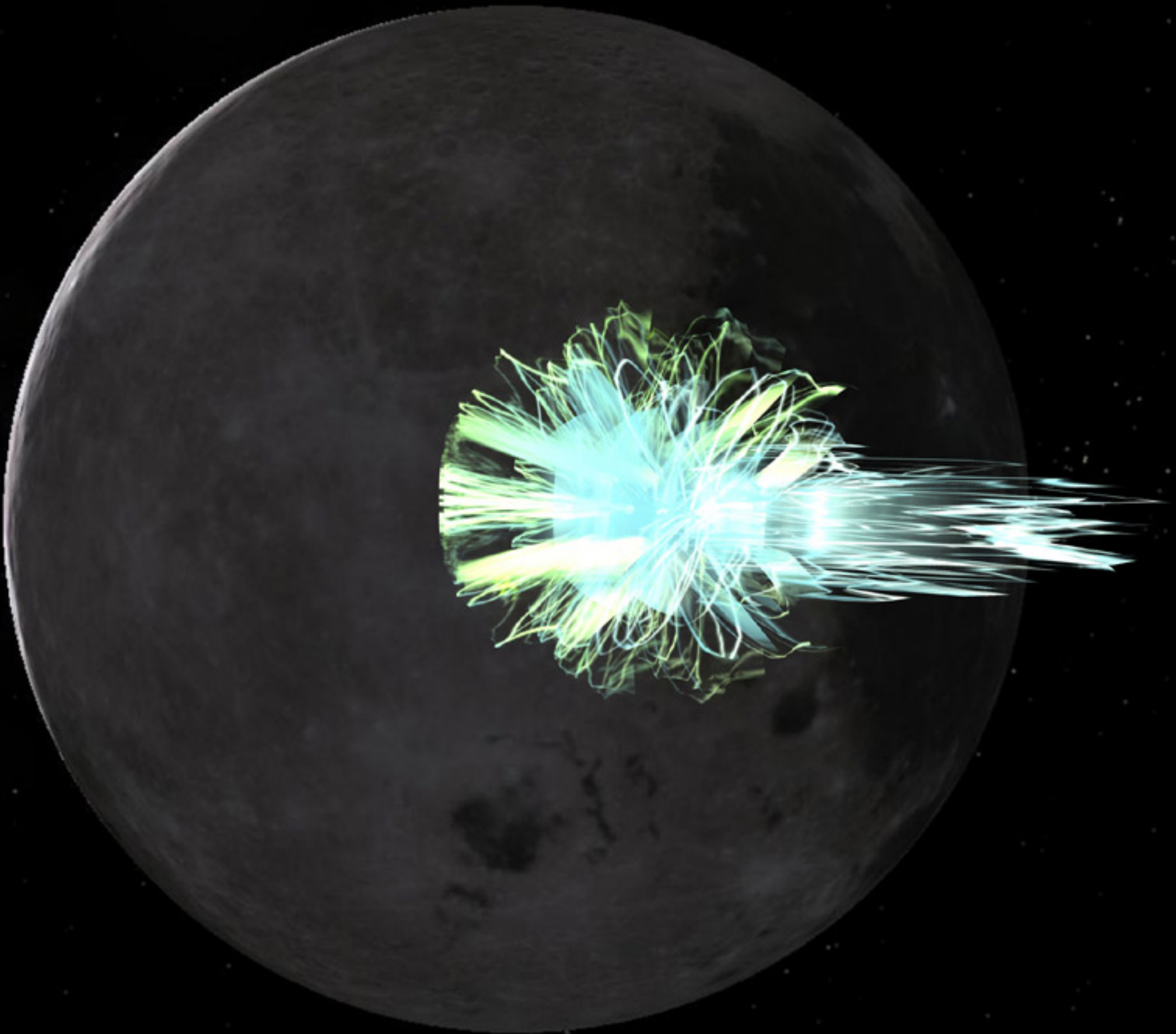
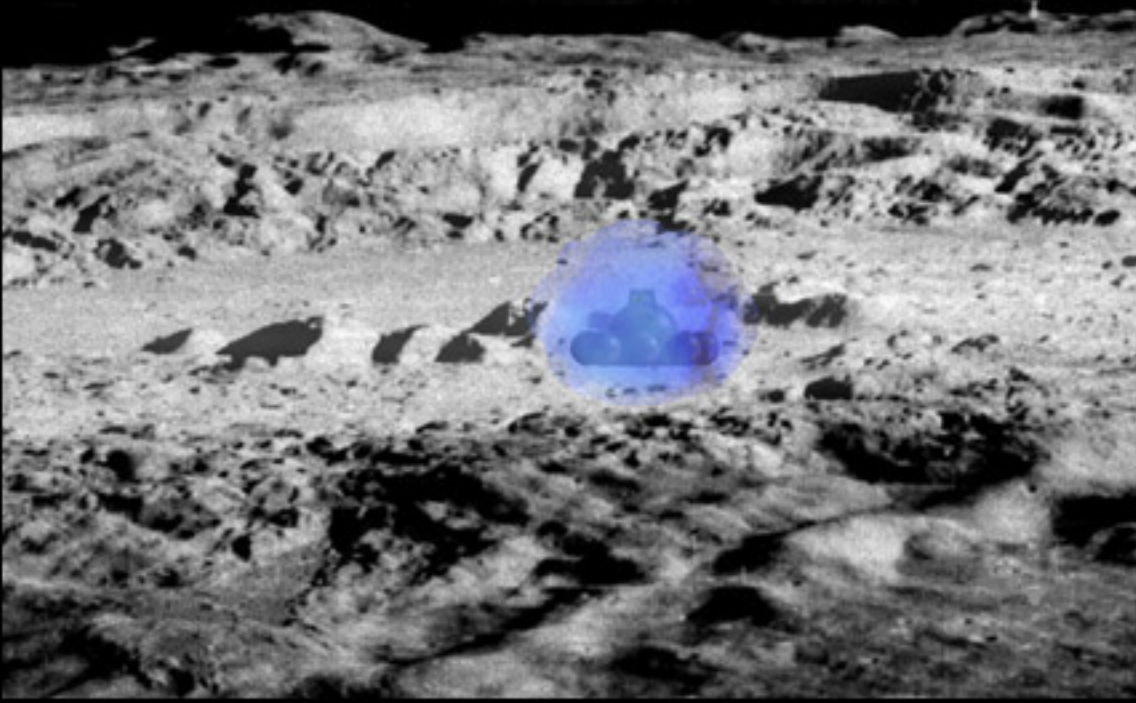


**All right, Beta-5,
I've got it.**

Pull us out of here.



A few moments later-
the farside of the moon.



**Cape Kennedy Mission Control Center-
Analysis Section.**



What the- ?



They're planning to
kill the entire
analysis team.



So what are we going to do?



You're going to wait
out here while I try
to free them.





Move very carefully, Mr. Seven-
Or I will kill you instead of
delivering you to my superiors.



Go get the Colonel.

There isn't time!



Then go back in time till
there *is* time-

Only don't go back too
far or the Colonel won't
know who you are.



Now go on!



Is this a private mass murder or can anyone join in?

Well, the famous Captain Kirk.

If you went to Skylab you should be dead.

Or did you leave it to it's fate?

Now why don't you just go home?

I hate to disappoint you, but your partner bit off more than he chew.

Skylab's alive and well.

Why should I surrender to an unarmed human?

Well...

For one thing...

There's a .45 caliber hand gun aimed at the back of your head.

CLICK!

Lower your weapon- slowly.



Drooonnn

Damn.

Is that it?

Did we win?

I wish I knew.





"Personal log; Additional. After making sure the researchers were all right, Mr. Seven used that servo of his to entrance them. The Colonel almost jumped him before Jan could intercede..."

Colonel, it's the best thing for them.

It's brainwashing!



Not everyone in this century is ready to accept alien contact-especially with *hostile* aliens.

If they're allowed to talk about what they've seen, there's no telling what kind of witch hunt it would trigger.



I'm not asking you to like it. I'm asking you to tolerate it as a necessary evil.



Beleive me, Colonel, it'll be better for them *and* the planet if they think all of this was caused by a lunatic fringe out to disrupt the space program.

"...The Colonel wasn't happy about things, but he didn't have any alternatives to offer, either.

Once it was done, we left him and found a quiet spot to activate Mr. Seven's transporter.

After we were back in New York, there was a meeting..."

Are Beta-5's sensors strong enough to tell if that Bird-of-Prey is still in the system?

No. Her sensors can only reach to the moon with the help of certain satellites in orbit.

Should I bring the *Enterprise* in on this? This century's Earth has no defenses against a Romulan ship.

One ship with that plasma energy canon could level the planet.

We stopped their agents. They know we'll be watching for them now. From their point of view, the mission failed.

That female in the computer lab knew us on sight.

Why not?

Wouldn't all of this be part of their history, too?

Yes- but they're not basing this mission on any historical record.



Beta-5, access and correlate all astronomical studies, photographic and sensor records for the past day.

Question: is our unknown source of gamma ray radiation still in the star system?

Negative, Supervisor 194. Gamma ray radiation source disappeared fifteen minutes ago. Information implies a temporal disturbance at that time.

Additional information: scans are detecting two biological forms in lunar orbit. Readings match previously scanned romulan agents.

But they-

Transported out. That was no suicide pill they bit down on. They activated a recall device for emergency transport.

Once back onboard, their commander debriefed them and then killed them for failing their mission.

Then we *did* win.

I can open a portal when we get home and find out.

It's the future now, but it'll be history then.

Maybe. I just wish we knew for certain one way or the other.

You're learning.



So, since everything seems settled, do we have to head home right now?



What'd you have in mind?

Just a little sight-seeing.

I mean how often will we get to see 1978 New York?

We can stay a day, a week, a month- and be back aboard the *Enterprise* a few seconds after we left.







This place is amazing.

We've got to come back when we're prepared to stay longer.



Well, you'll have to be careful. Get too involved and you'll run the risk of changing History instead of preserving it.

How's Mr. Seven do it then?

Surely he doesn't stay in his office all the time?



If you ever see him again, you can ask him.

Now, if you would, please?





SHRASHH!!!

6 months later-
April 14, 1979





Thank you.

That's the first clean water I've had in days.

What happened, Tamera?

Six months ago, you and your sister went off to explore New York.

Six months- ?

We found you unconscious on the floor when we came in this morning.

We did.

We walked all over town till we ended up near 52nd street. The sun had gone down, so we ducked into an alley and I opened a portal.

But something was wrong- there were bursts of light and energy- nothing like the trip here.

When I could see again, I was standing on a barren plain. Jan was nowhere to be seen- no one was.

But I could hear the surf, so I headed toward it.

Once I topped a rise, all I could do was stare in shock.

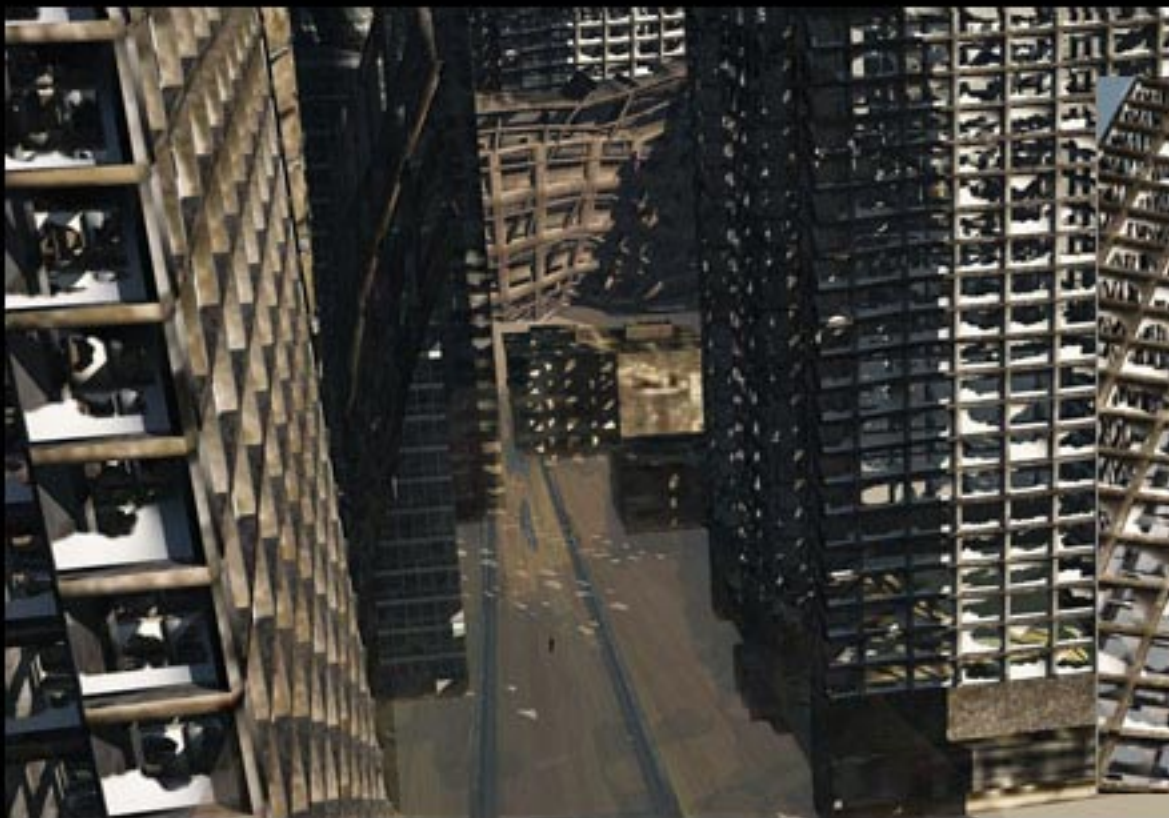
It was the Golden Gate Bridge-



...But no Golden Gate anyone had ever seen before.




San Francisco wasn't in any better shape.




There wasn't a single building left intact.



**I never did find any
Human survivors.**





Once I'd found shelter, I spent the next several days trying to figure things out.




I opened portals- five, ten minutes into the past: Washington, London, Paris- all the major cities were in ruin.

Even the smallest villages had been leveled.




I started looking further back- but each year was the same- more ruin and destruction.



Then I remembered you and the colonel and I started checking the Twentieth century.

At first it was the same- nothing but ruins, Then, I got to the first half of 1979 and everything was still there, The buildings, the people.


1979 was still alive- barely...




...Whatever the Romulans do, will happen sometime in the next few months.

So why didn't the change in time affect you?

Personal log: Additional. As clearly and quickly as I could, I explained the 'how and why' of my existence to Mr. Seven...



...so, either the powers the Guardian gave me made me immune to changes in time, or the fact that I'm not native to this timeline spared me.




Did you- ? How did- ?

Intresting- and probably a combination of both.

The thing is, I thought we'd beaten the Romulans.


No.

No, we only delayed them.



Plan 'B'. If they can't knock Skylab down, jump to a point in time after it fell on it's own.

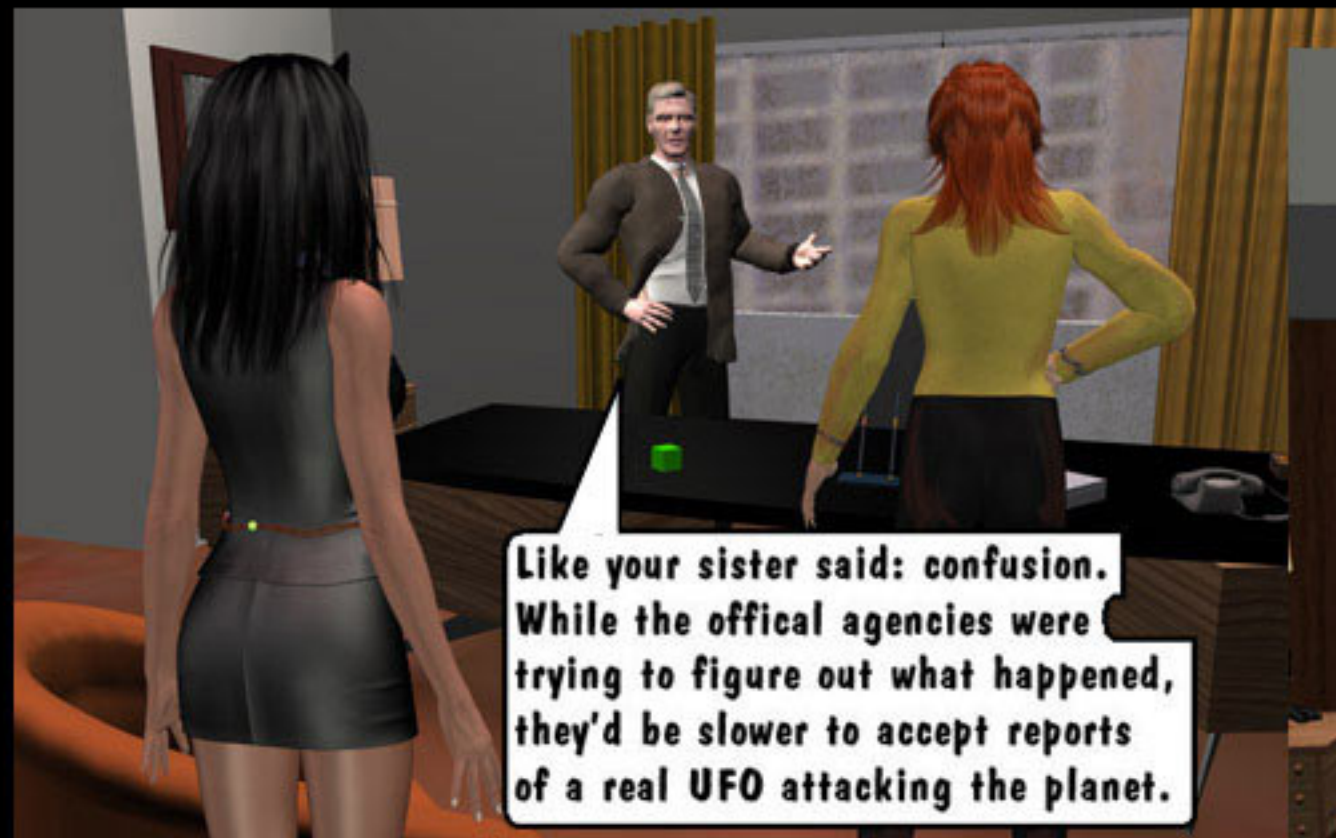
What?



For the past few months, solar activity has been making Earth's atmosphere expand. The resulting drag is slowing Skylab down.

On July 11, it'll fall out of orbit, passing over Southern Australia before crashing into the Indian Ocean.

Then why bother trying to blow it up?



Like your sister said: confusion. While the official agencies were trying to figure out what happened, they'd be slower to accept reports of a real UFO attacking the planet.



And now?



You've made your point, ok?

Now, they still have their cloaking device and Humanity's innate gift of disbelief.

So what do we do?



We get you cleaned up and some food into you.

While you eat, I'll contact the Colonel and fill him in.



I doubt we'll see the Romulans before July 11.

But just to be on the safe side, we'll start keeping a closer eye to the sky.



Personal Log; Stardate, Armeggeddon. While Mr. Seven and the Colonel began checking their sources and contacts, Isis introduced me to a hobby she picked up from Mr. Seven's previous associate: Shopping.



While we vowed to visit every store in New York, Mr. Seven saw to the cultural side of my 20th century education, while Beta-5 maintained a constant vigil.

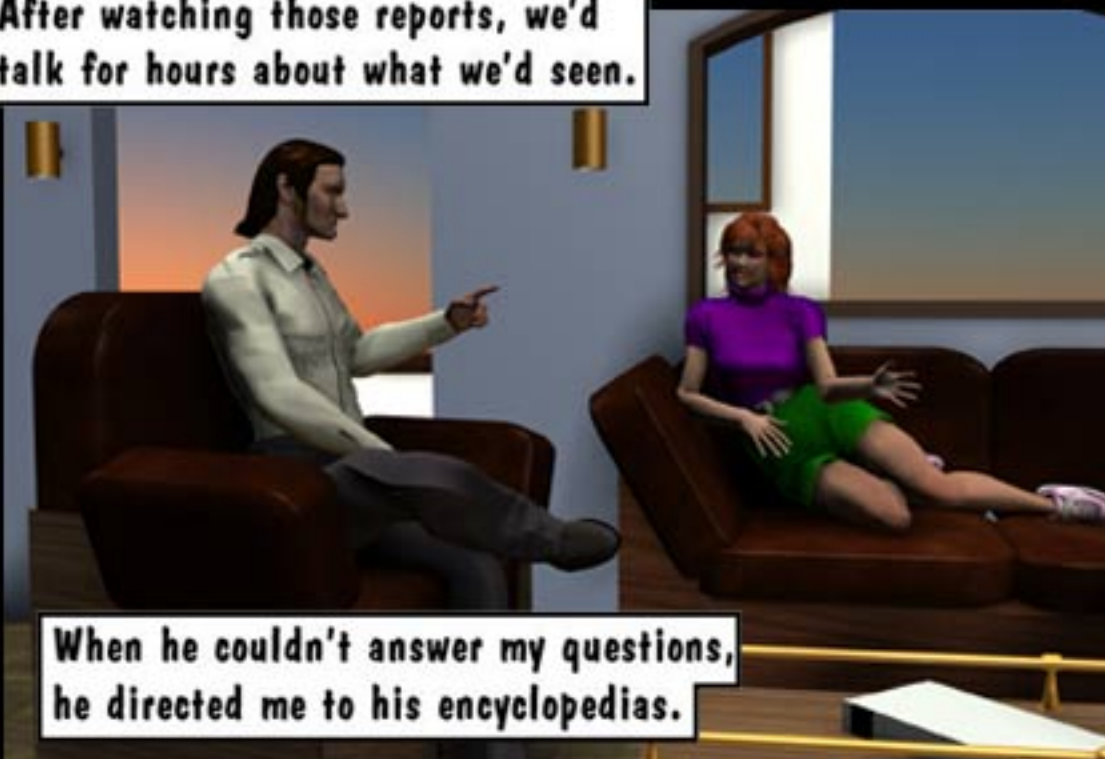


But it was while I was staying with the Colonel- I accepted his offer of the spare cabin aboard his boat- that I probably learned the most.



He introduced me to the evening news broadcast- the ancestor of the Federal News Feed.

After watching those reports, we'd talk for hours about what we'd seen.



When he couldn't answer my questions, he directed me to his encyclopedias.

While those books weren't as advanced as Beta-5 or a 23rd century computer, they were full of information and I'd find myself lost in them till the early morning.



Still, we knew the day was coming when we'd be fighting for our lives and the Colonel took it upon himself to make sure this cadet had some additional training.



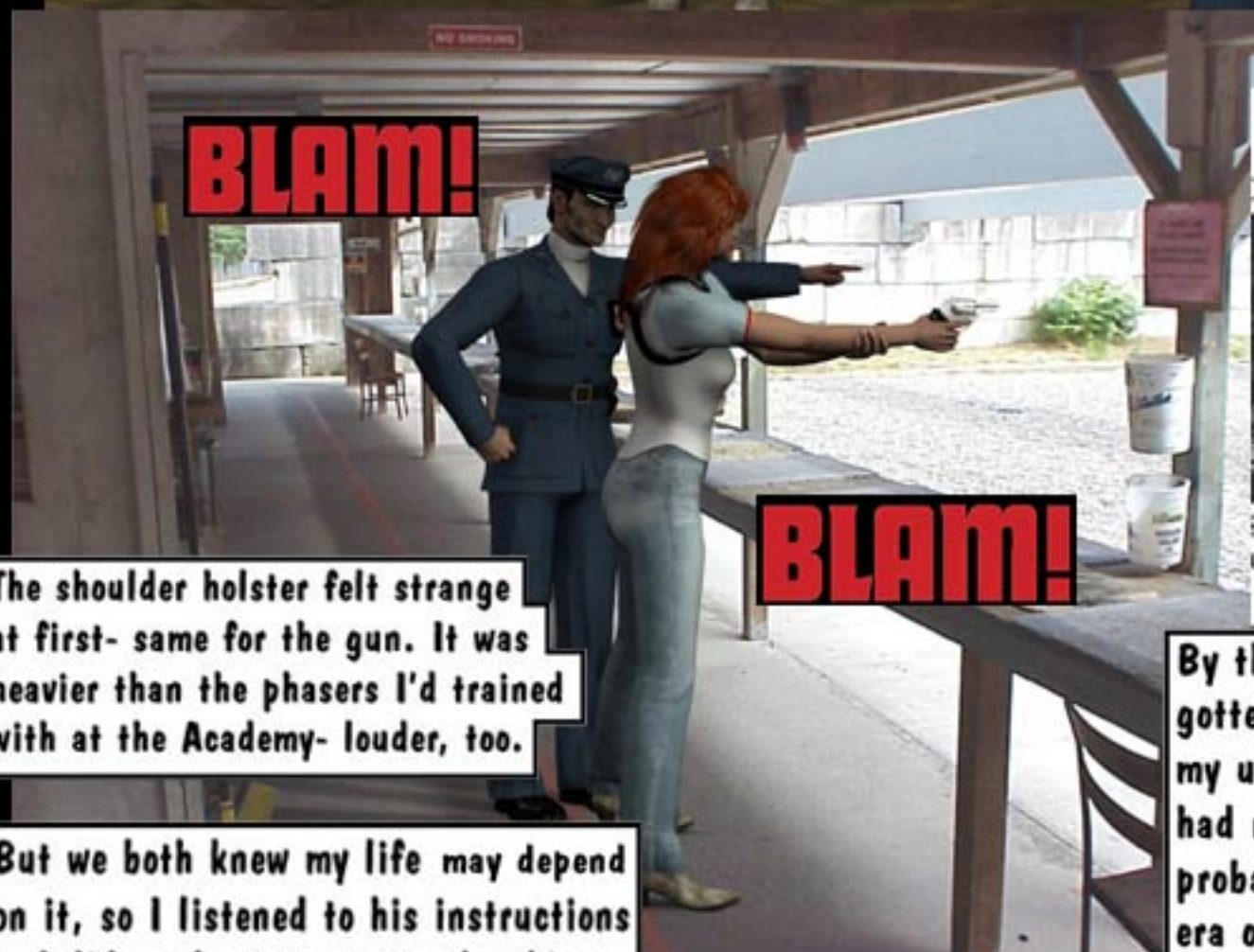
He provided the clothes, saying that his daughter left them behind on her last visit. I made the mistake of asking where she lived and found out she'd been an army nurse assigned to a medical unit in Vietnam. She died there in 1974. I didn't press for details.

BLAM!

BLAM!

The shoulder holster felt strange at first- same for the gun. It was heavier than the phasers I'd trained with at the Academy- louder, too.

But we both knew my life may depend on it, so I listened to his instructions and did my best to master the thing.



The New York Times

LATE CITY EDITION

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1975



Joint Chiefs Support Arms Treaty But Urge Higher Nuclear Spending

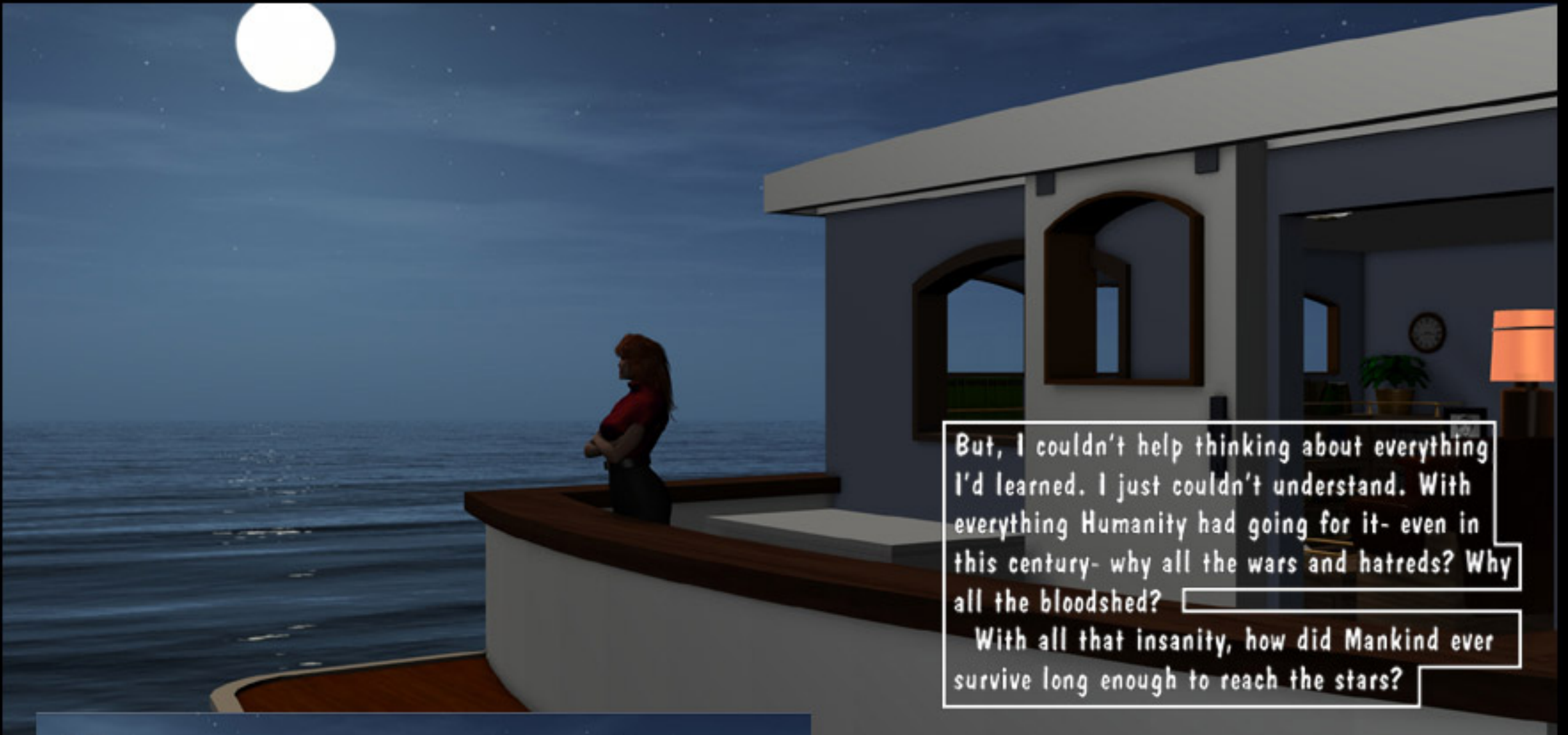
TAXI FARES TO RISE
BY 15% TEMPORARILY
TO OFFSET GAS COSTS

SKYLAB DEBRIS HITS AUSTRALIAN DESERT; NO HARM REPORTED



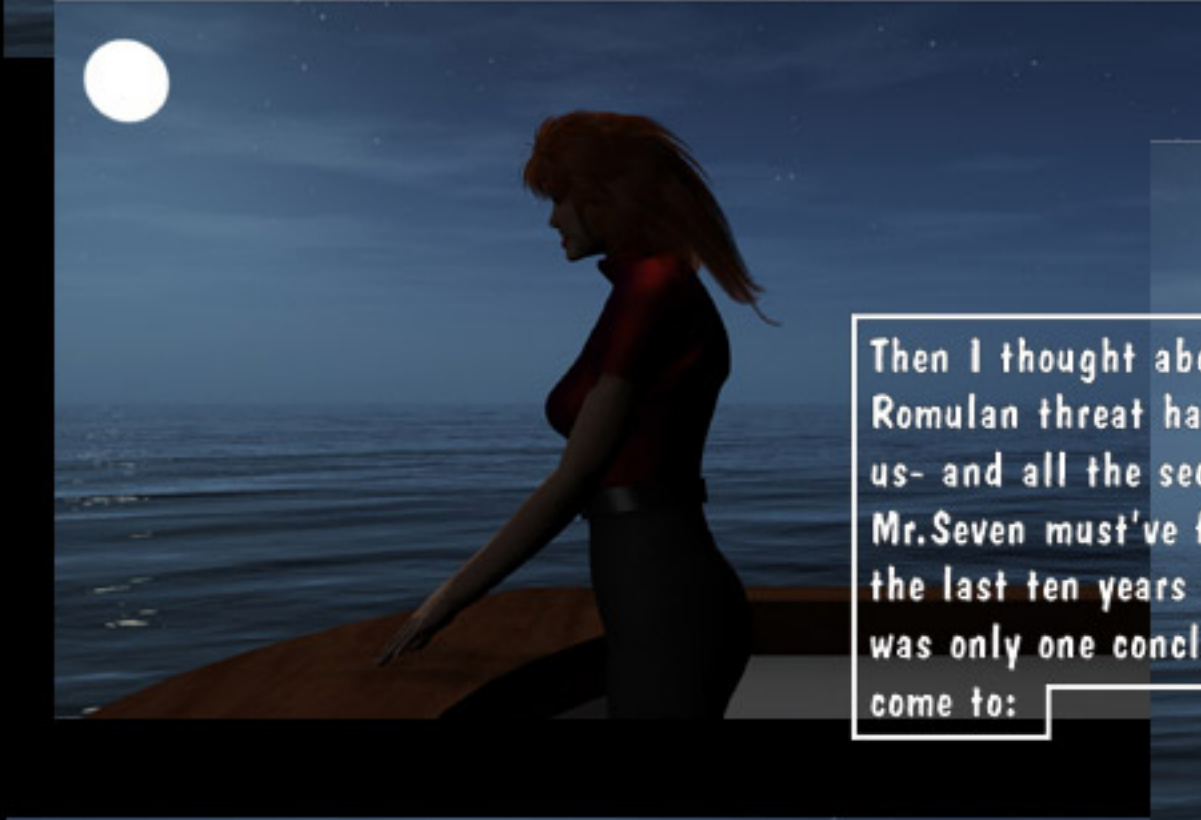
President Sends a Note of Apology
Craft Was Shifted for Re-entry

By the time Skylab finally fell, I'd gotten to be a pretty good shot and my understanding of the 20th century had reached the point where I could probably pass for a native of the era of I had to.

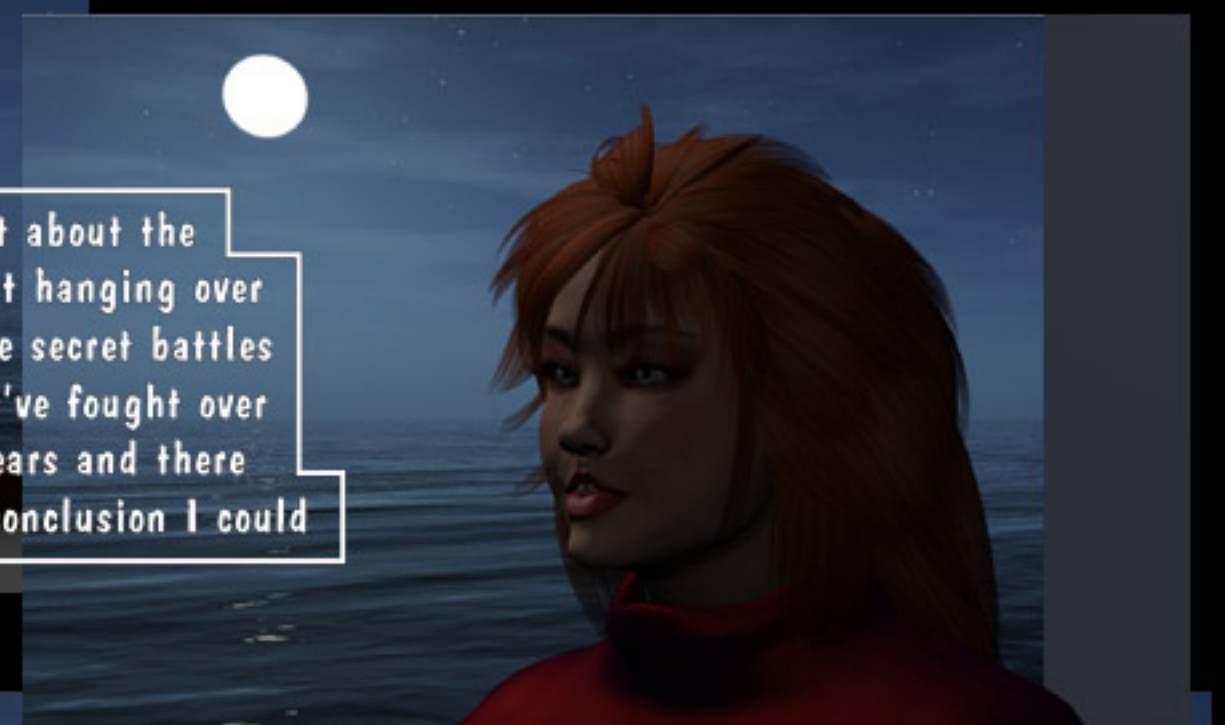


But, I couldn't help thinking about everything I'd learned. I just couldn't understand. With everything Humanity had going for it- even in this century- why all the wars and hatreds? Why all the bloodshed?

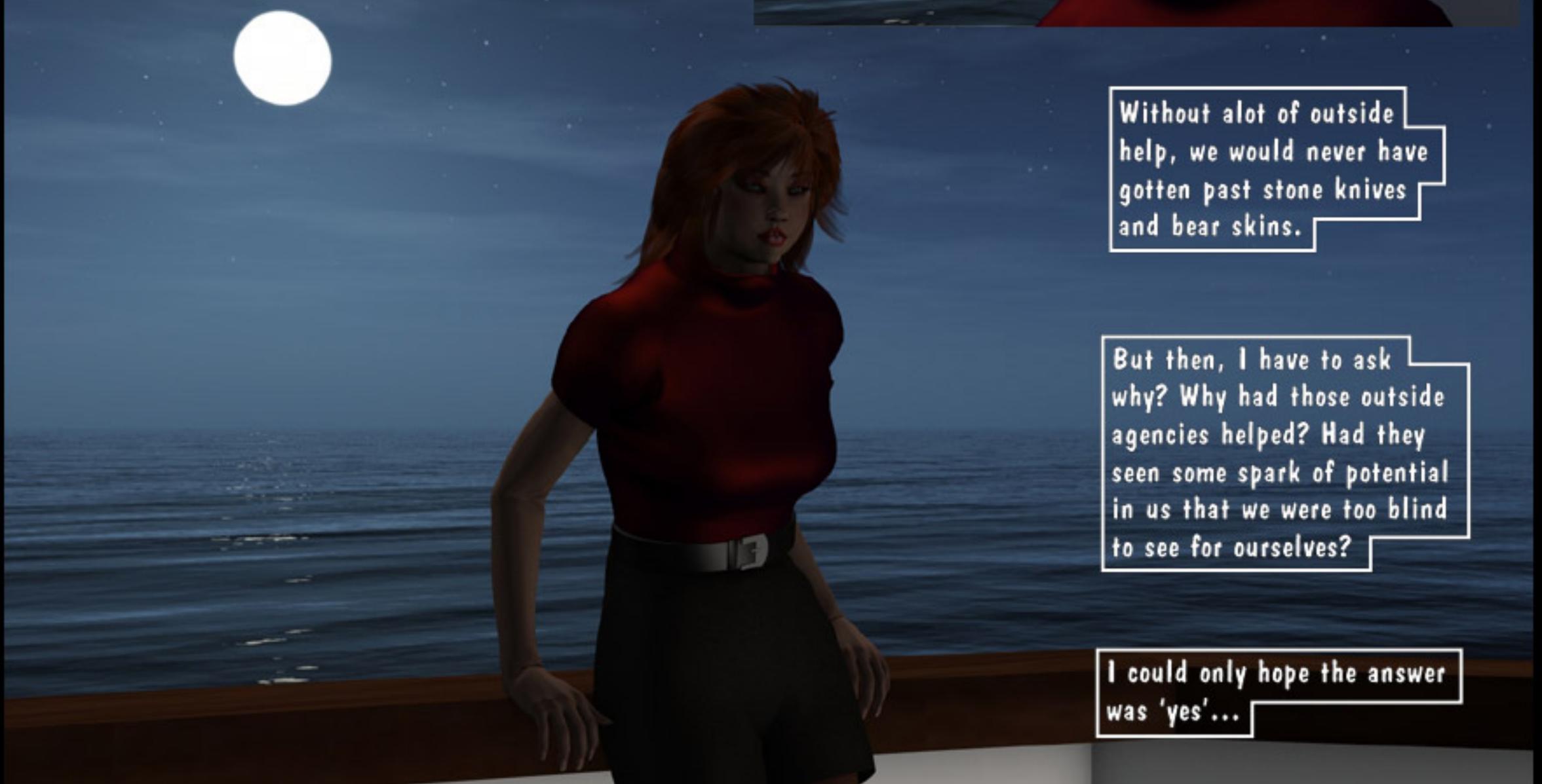
With all that insanity, how did Mankind ever survive long enough to reach the stars?



Then I thought about the Romulan threat hanging over us- and all the secret battles Mr. Seven must've fought over the last ten years and there was only one conclusion I could come to:



Without alot of outside help, we would never have gotten past stone knives and bear skins.

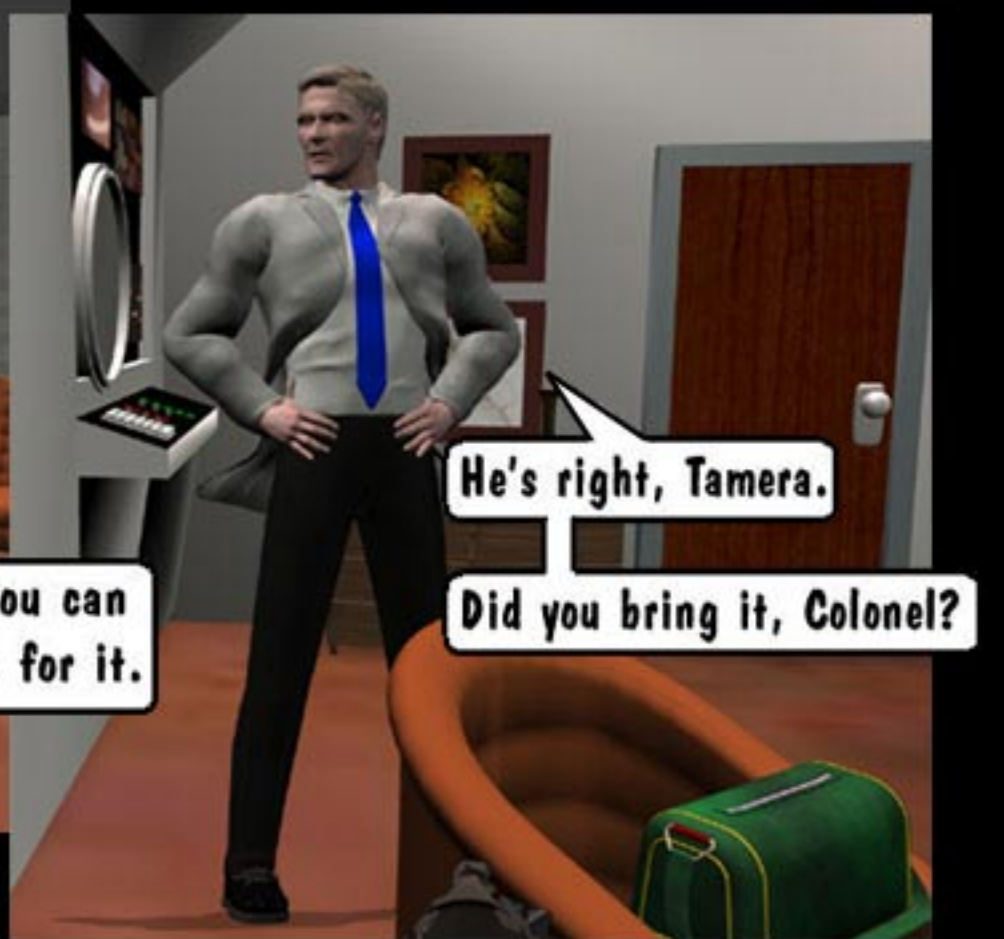
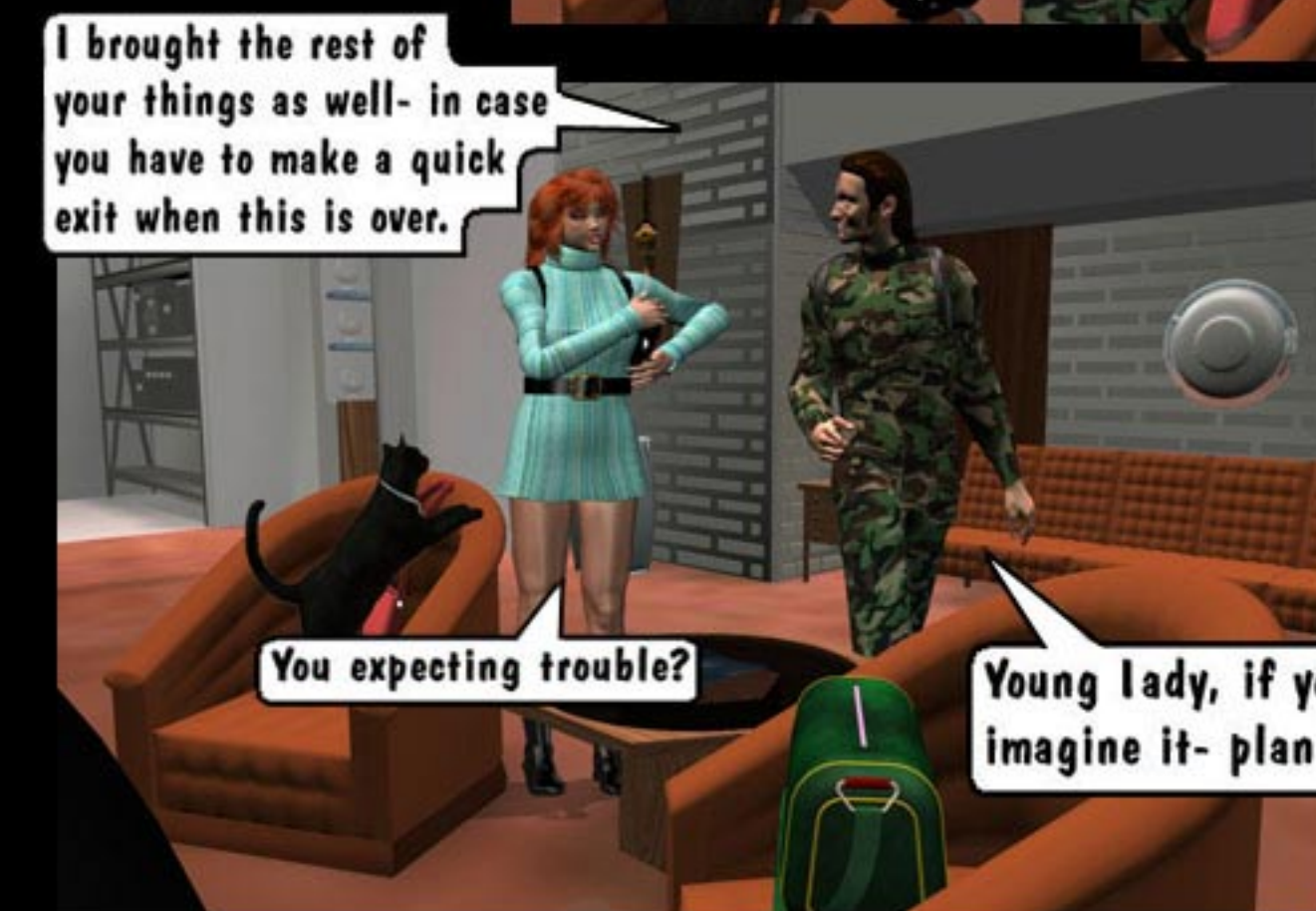


But then, I have to ask why? Why had those outside agencies helped? Had they seen some spark of potential in us that we were too blind to see for ourselves?

I could only hope the answer was 'yes'...

July 13, 1979





How are we going to do this?



We'll transport onto their ship, plant the explosives then leave before they detonate.

But I can't go into a fight wearing a dress!



You won't be wearing one when we arrive.



Beta-5 begin monitoring our status.

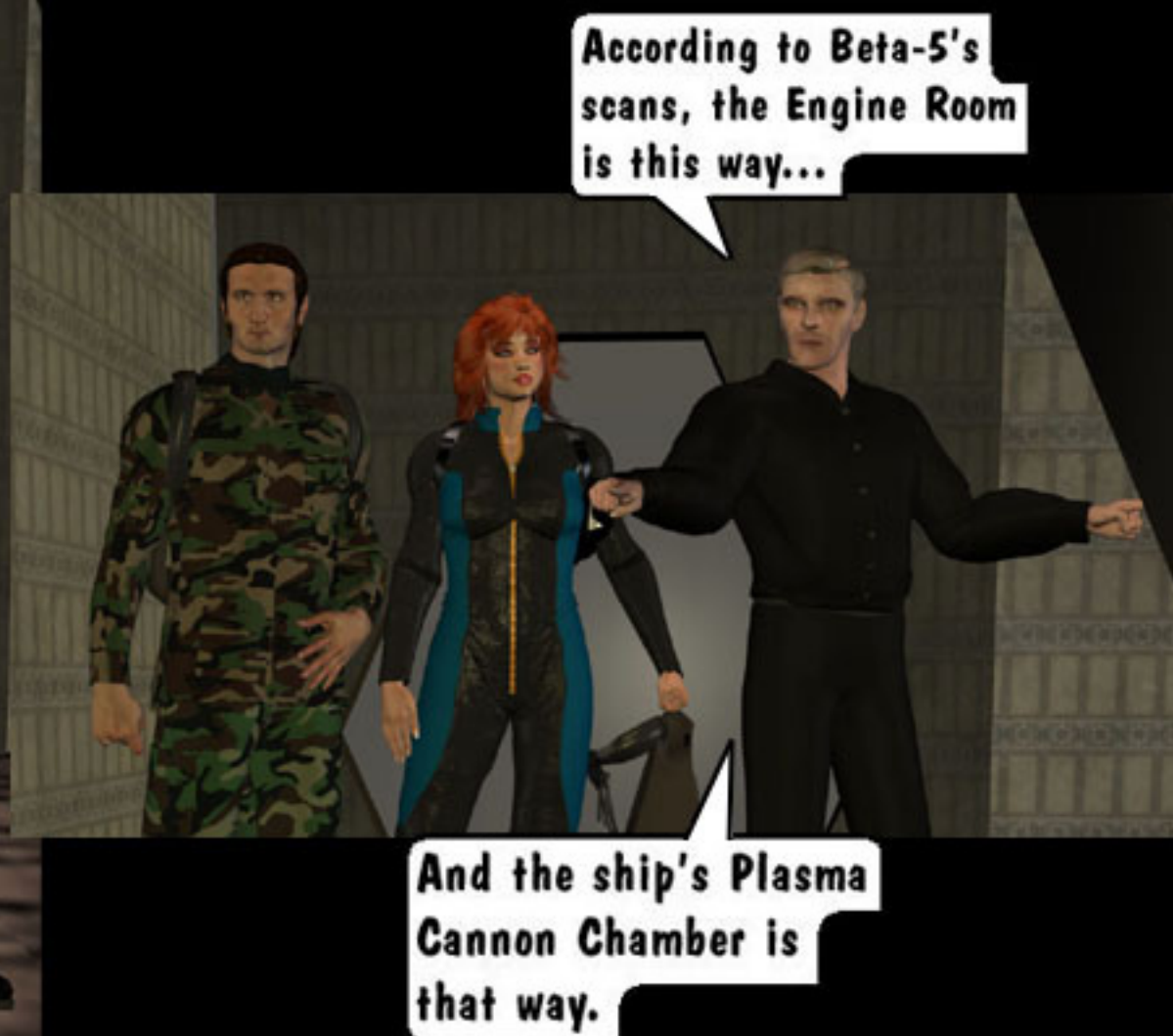
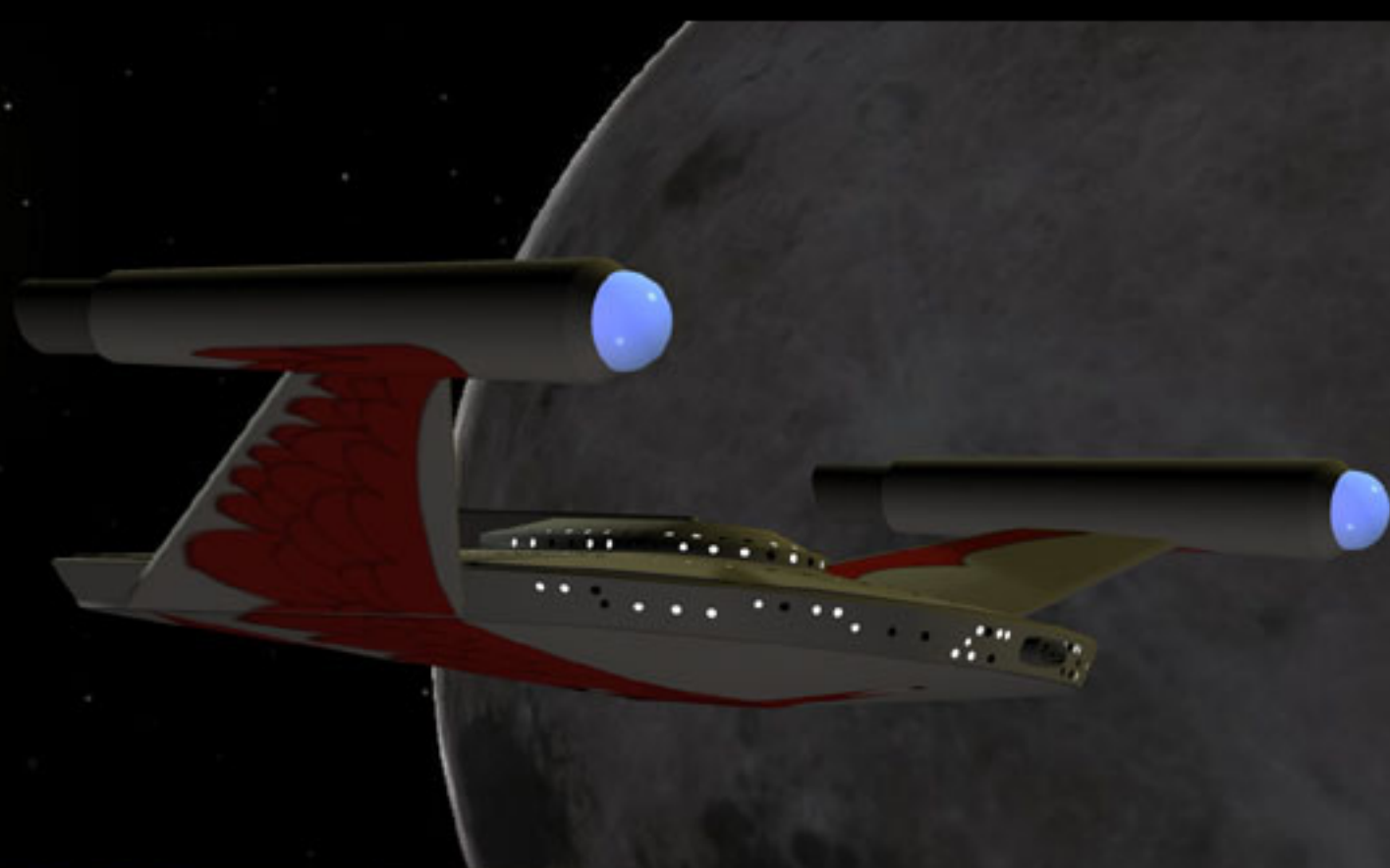
Acknowledged, Supervisor 194.



HUMMMMMMM



Merowl...



I'll take the canon while you two go after the engines.

Go through the next two intersections. At the third one, turn right. Go through one intersection and you'll find a door to the canon chamber.

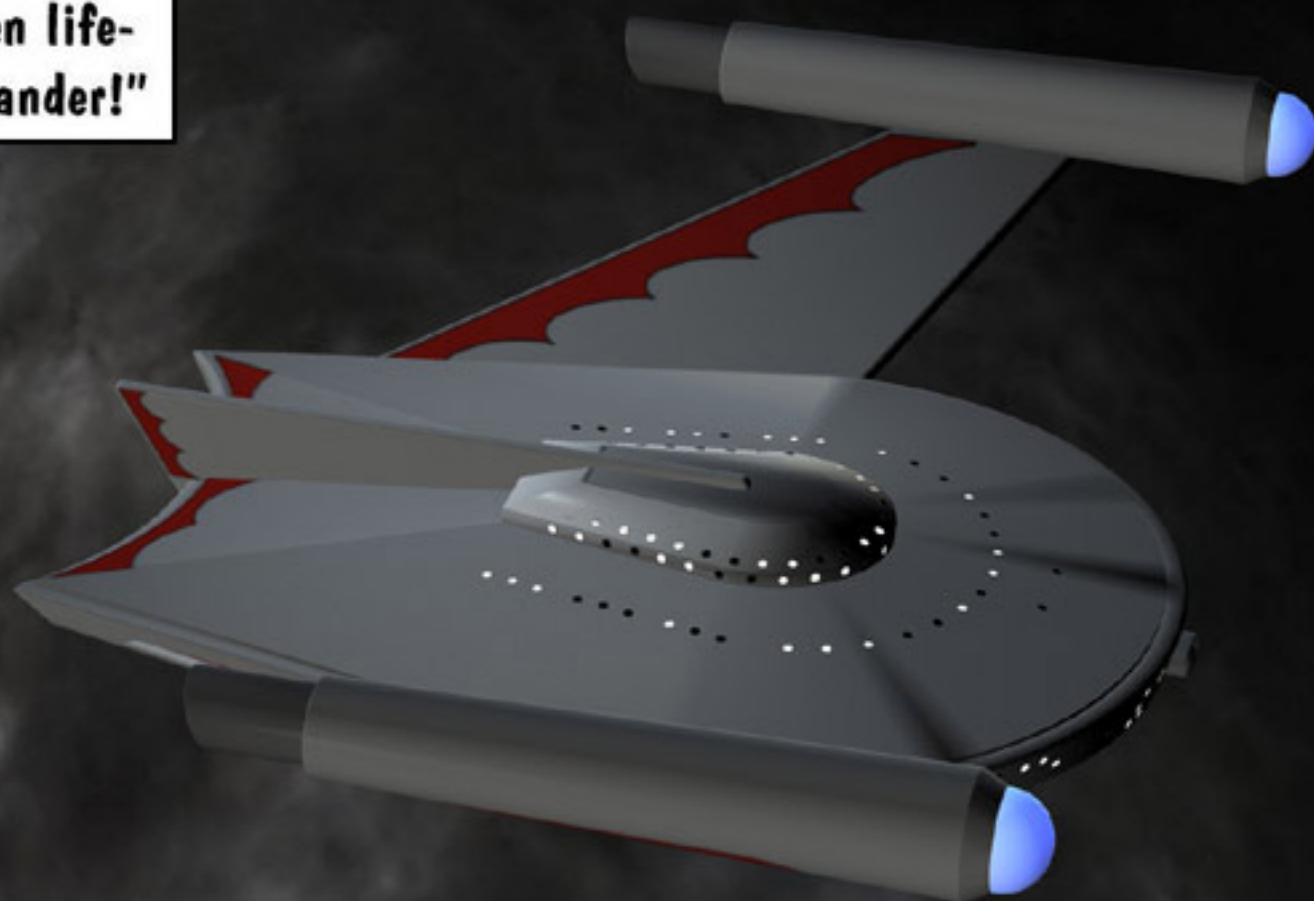
Understood.

Be careful, Colonel.

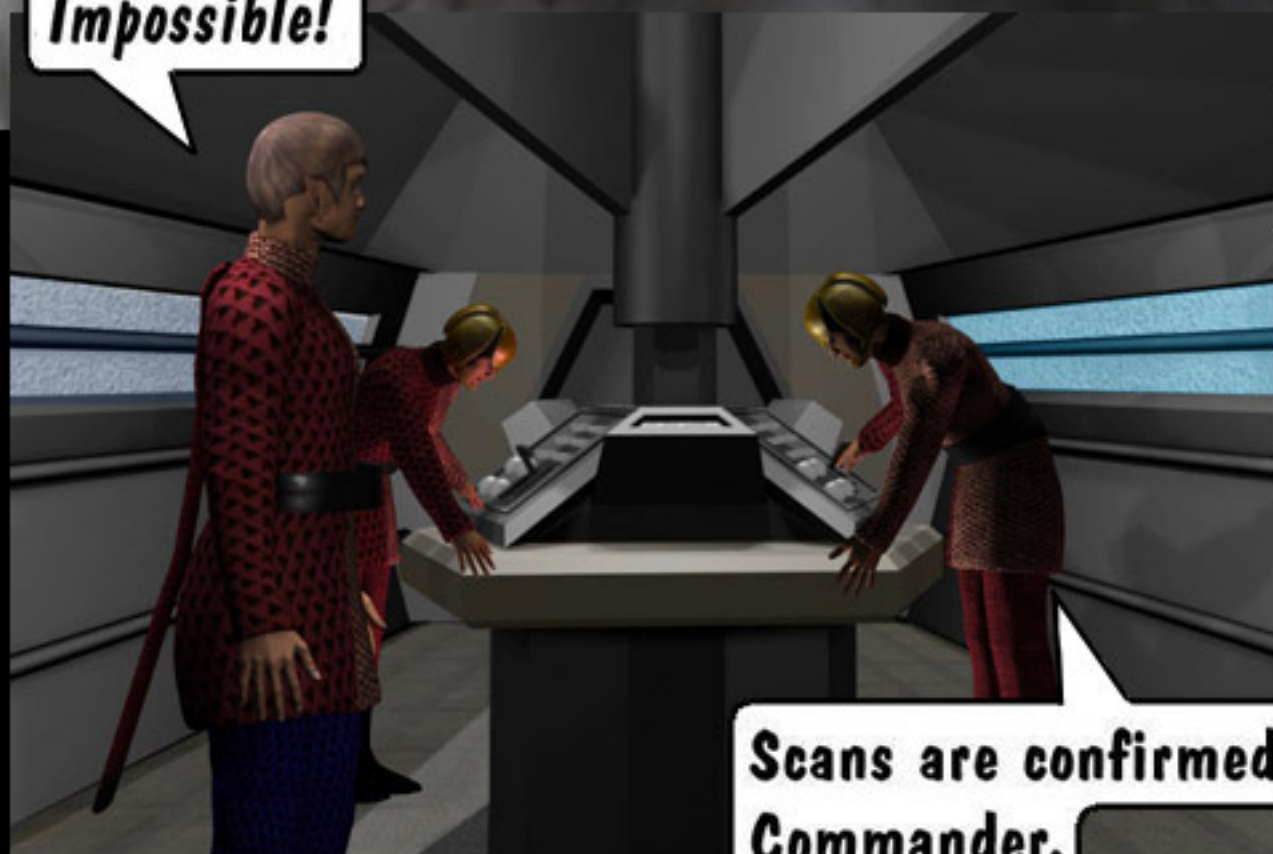
You, too.



"Commander, internal sensors are detecting three alien life-forms- *Humans*, Commander!"



Impossible!



How did they get onboard?



Scans are confirmed, Commander.

Unknown, Commander. There are no ships in the star system and no transporter activity has been detected.



Shall I sound Intruder Alert, Commander?

No.

Call Security- tell them
I want the Humans taken
alive for questioning.

Sound the alarm and
the Humans will know
that we are aware of them.

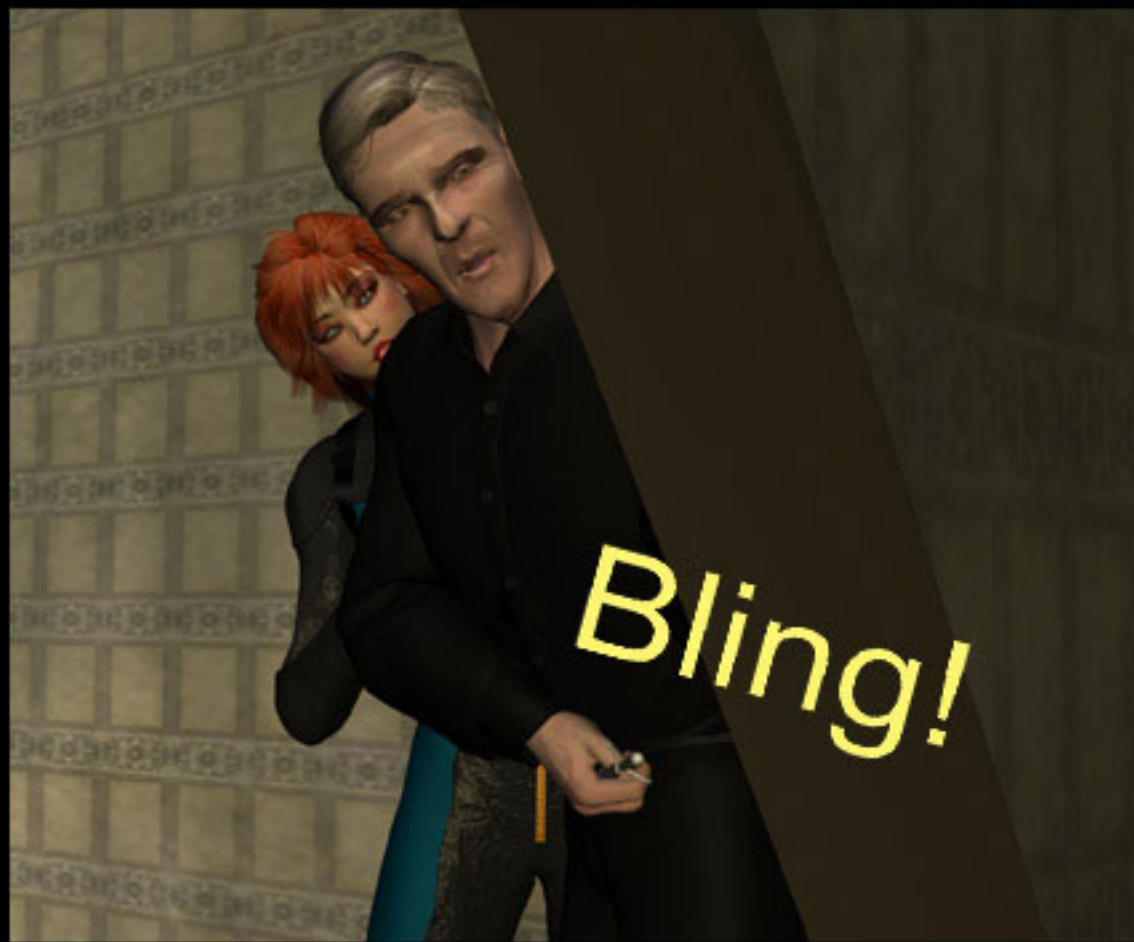
We must know how twentieth
century humans managed to
get on board undetected.

As you order,
Commander.



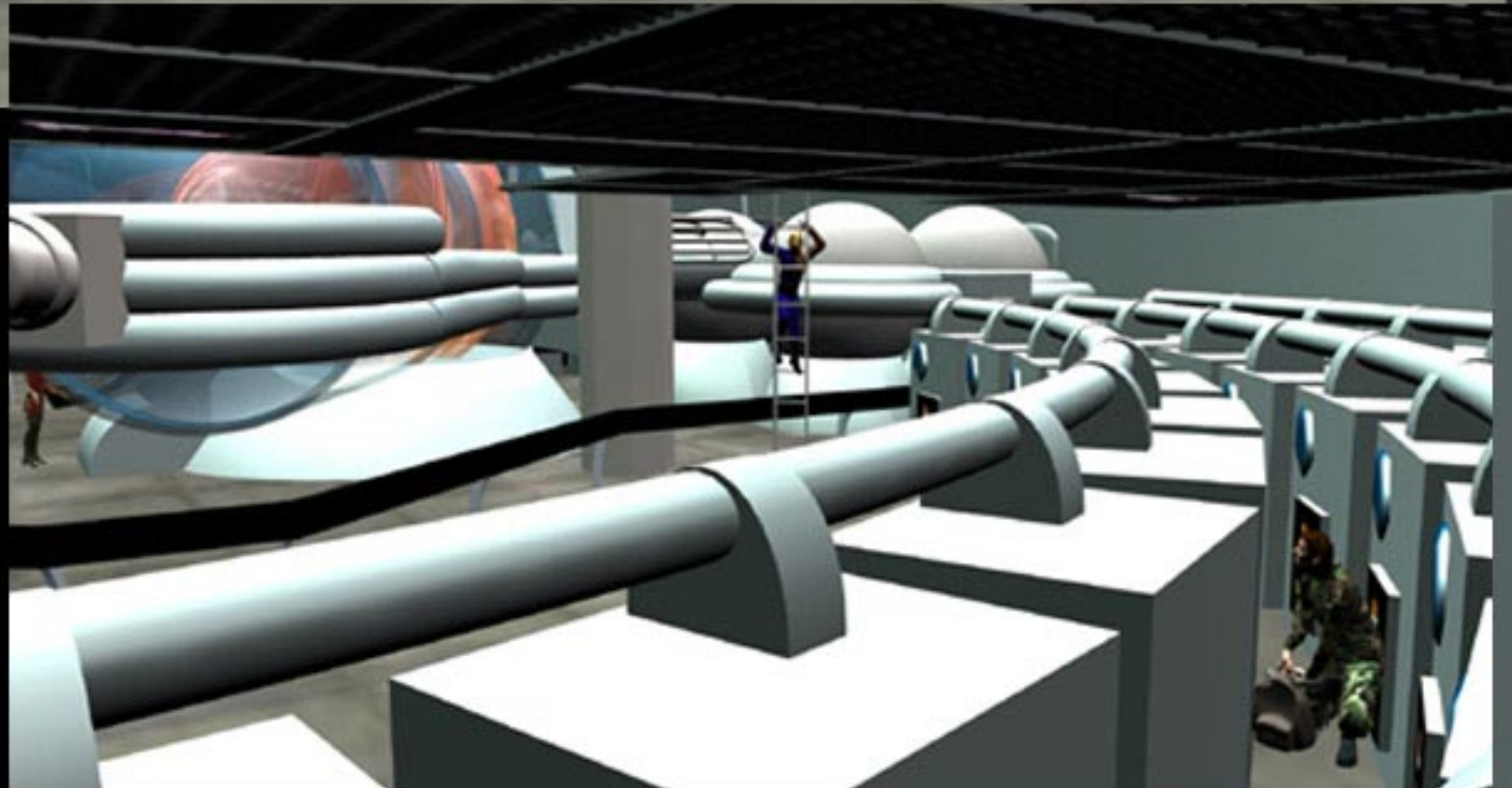
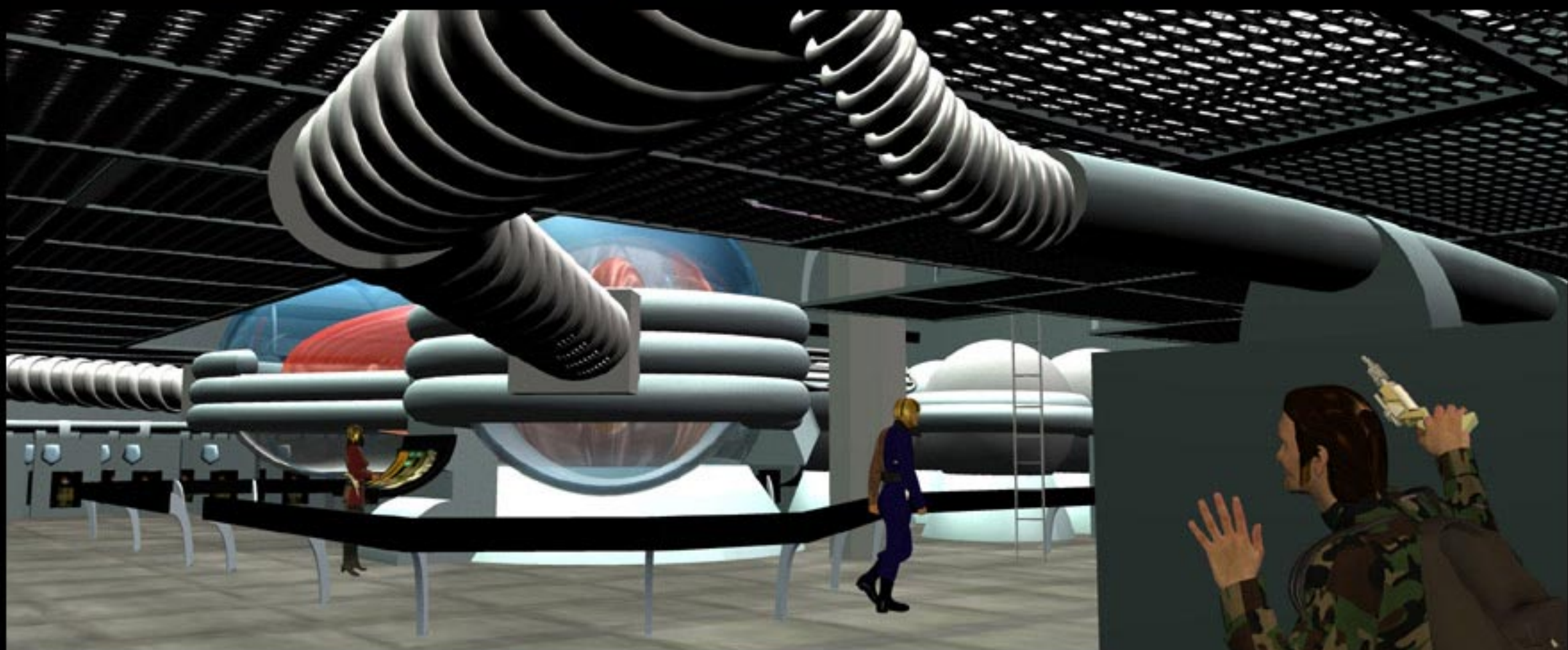


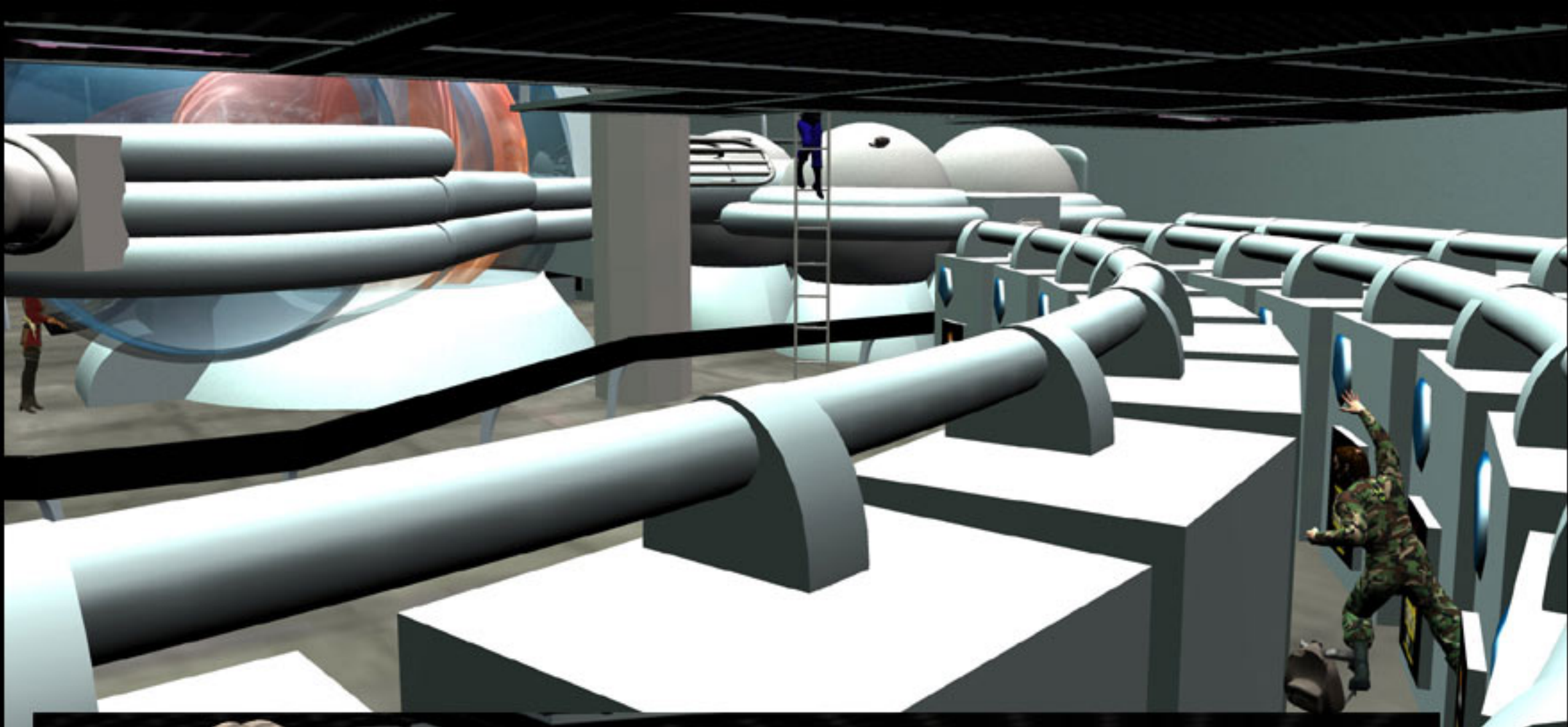






My God...







Cha-Bloom!!



**That had to be
the Colonel!**



BLAM!



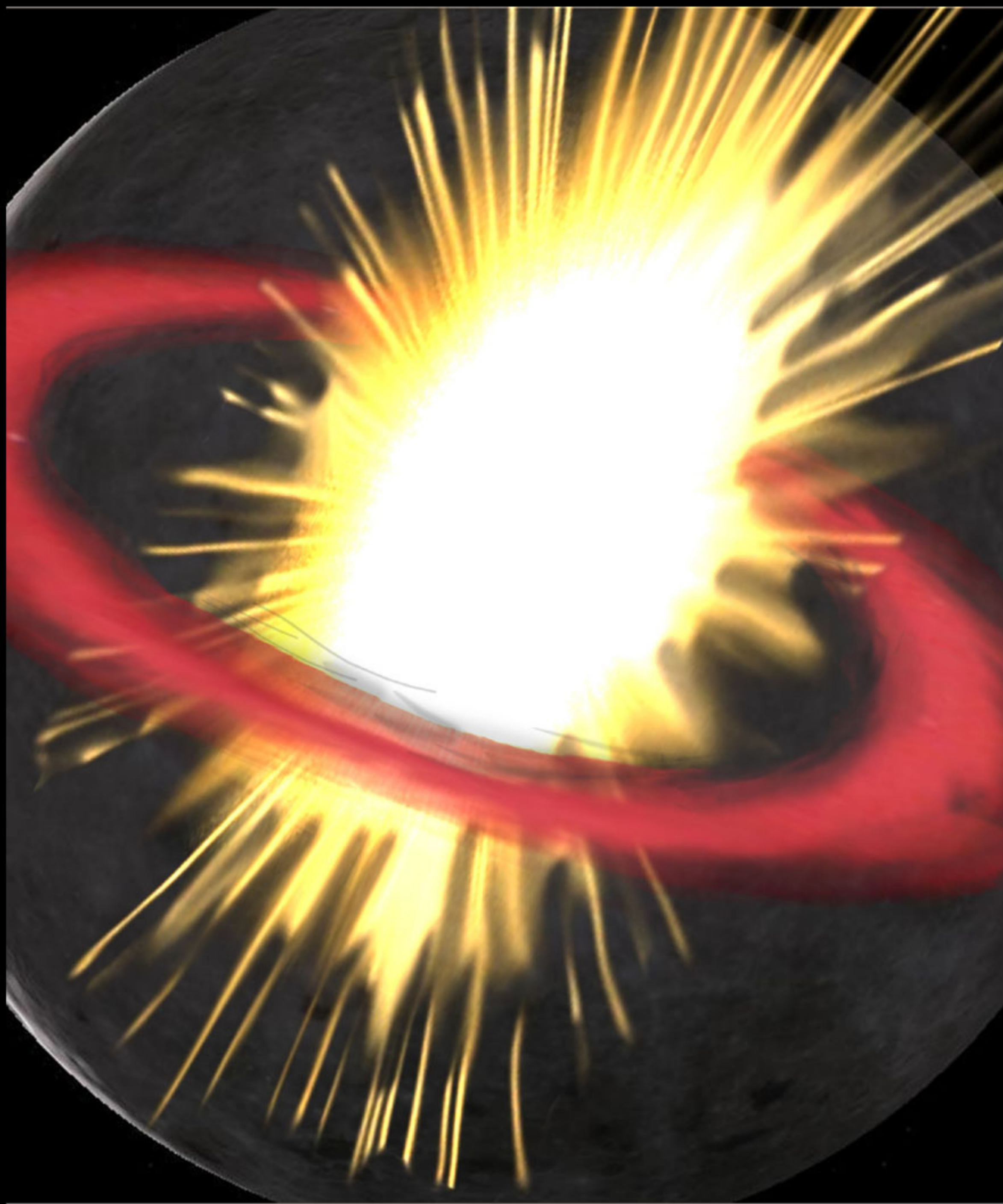
**We're running
out of time.**

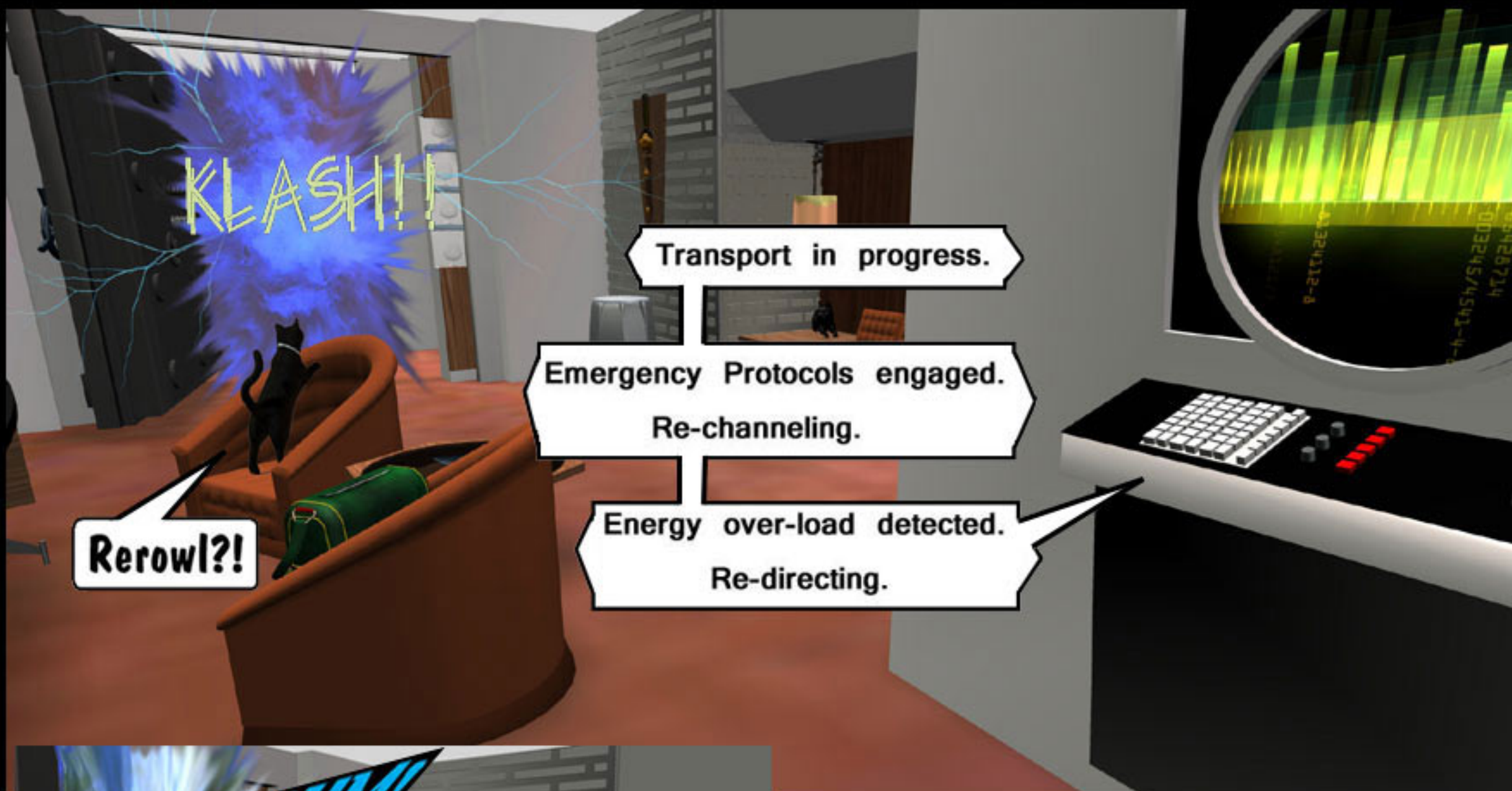


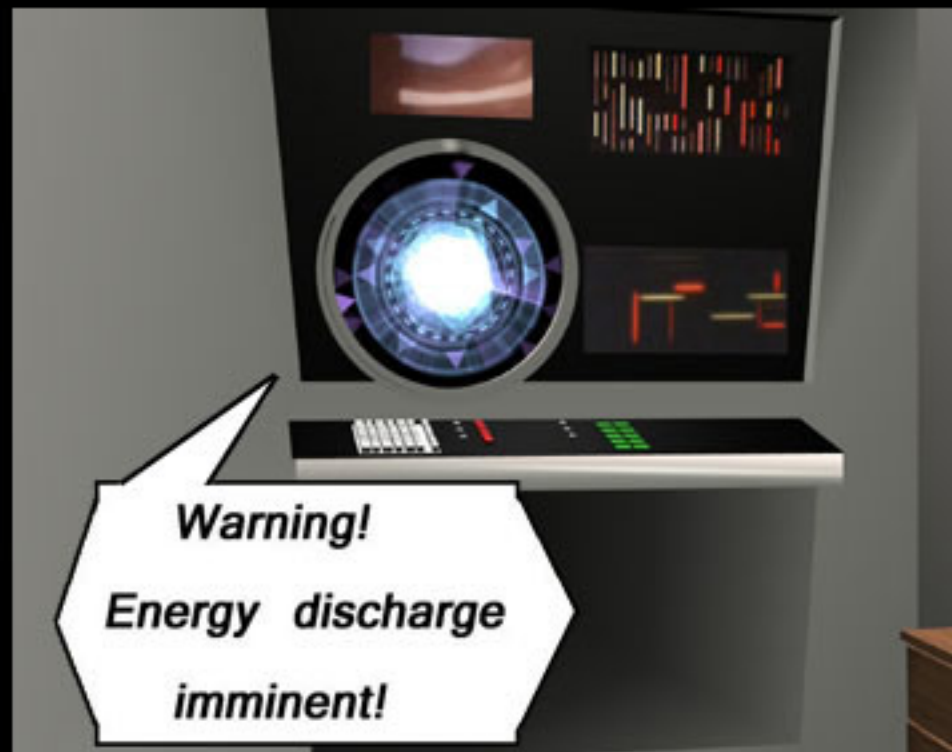
BOOM!!













Romulan ship is destroyed.
Supervisor 194...is gone.



NO!
Run your scans
again!



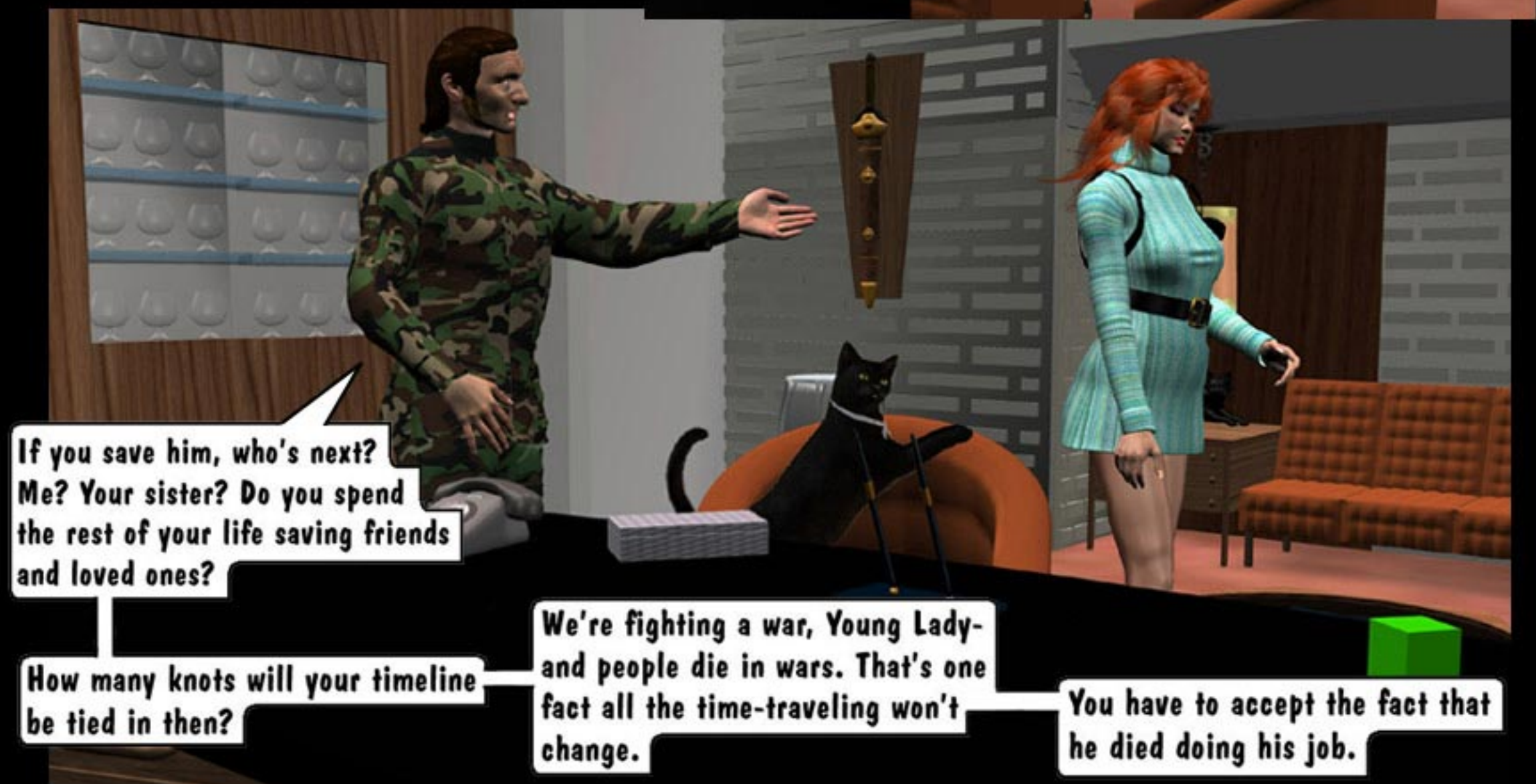
Scanning.
Romulan ship is destroyed.
Supervisor 194...is gone.



No...No, I'll go back in time...warn him.

Tamera- No.

Colonel ?!



If you save him, who's next?
Me? Your sister? Do you spend
the rest of your life saving friends
and loved ones?

How many knots will your timeline
be tied in then?

We're fighting a war, Young Lady-
and people die in wars. That's one
fact all the time-traveling won't
change.

You have to accept the fact that
he died doing his job.



This the first time
you've lost someone?



The first one's never
easy- none of them are.



Do you ever get used
to it?



I've lived through three
wars- lost friends and
daughter both to them-



-and the answer's "No".



I don't understand. Getting
used to it would make the loss easier
to handle, wouldn't it?

And you have to make sure
you *never* get used to it.

Yes- which is why you
can't allow it to happen.

No loss of life should be easy to handle- makes it too easy to *take* the next one.

I'd like to live the rest of my life and never have to kill again-

I'm a soldier, Tamera. I've had to kill before- both from a distance and up close.

-but I don't expect that to happen.

A sane man only goes to war- only kills- for one reason: to stop the war- stop the killing- as quickly as possible.

Even if that means putting his own life on the line to accomplish it.

What'll happen to this place?


To Beta-5?

I have a message for Colonel Fellini from Supervisor 194. I was instructed to deliver it in the event of Supervisor 194's death.

What's the message?

It was Supervisor 194's request that you assume his duties in the event of his death.


Makes sense. Being in the military, you'd hear about things no one else would.



What about his superiors?
Captain Kirk called them
his "benefactors"?

Some training will be necessary.
A Supervisor can be in transit
within the hour.


I'd stay if I could, Colonel, but
I think it's time for that exit you
mentioned.



I should try to get home-
find out if I have one.

I understand.


Use that thing sparingly. You'll
run out of ammo soon enough.



Then I'll have a good reason
to come back and visit.




I'll be sure to keep some
on hand.



What about you? You
want to come with me
or stay with the Colonel?

Merowl?

purrrr



That's all right. I never
was much of a cat person.



Hey, Colonel- ?



Want a peak at the Future?

...Well I'll be damned.



The Enterprise.



.. 'Bye, Colonel.

Tamera.



The 23rd Century:
Stardate: 5936.7.

Well, home at last.

What the hell- ?

Why are you dress like-?

What is *she* doing here?

And *don't* tell me she followed you home.


It's kind of involved.

Again?



Personal log: Stardate 5936.7.
Janet Kirk recording. I could
only shake my head in shock
as Tam told me what had
happened after we stepped into
the portal.

As I watch her sit on her bed
with Isis curled up beside her,
it's clear this newest member
of my family is going to make
life interesting at the very
least...



...Mr. Seven died in the explosion.
Beta-5 couldn't pull us all out.


I'm sorry to hear that.
He took his job very
seriously.

Yes, he-

Wait -a- minute!

Remember when we first
arrived in his office?
He introduced us to Isis...?

He never asked me my name-
And I never told him.



Isis, you remember
Captain Kirk.

This is her sister,
Tamera.

Computer on.

Yowl?

He already knew.

But that's not possible unless-

At some point in *your* future and *his* past, you two will meet up again-



-for the first time.



Whoah.

Welcome to the life of a time-traveler, Kiddo.



Tamera, there is something you should see.




The Colonel put this in your bag just before you and Gary got back from the park.




What is it?

Jan...These are forms for adopting "Tamera Kirk Fellini".






Why would he do this?



I guess he assumes you'll be visiting the twentieth century often enough that you'll need some kind of documentation to support your existence.



And I'll tell you this: From what I saw of him, the Colonel wouldn't have done this if he didn't approve of you.



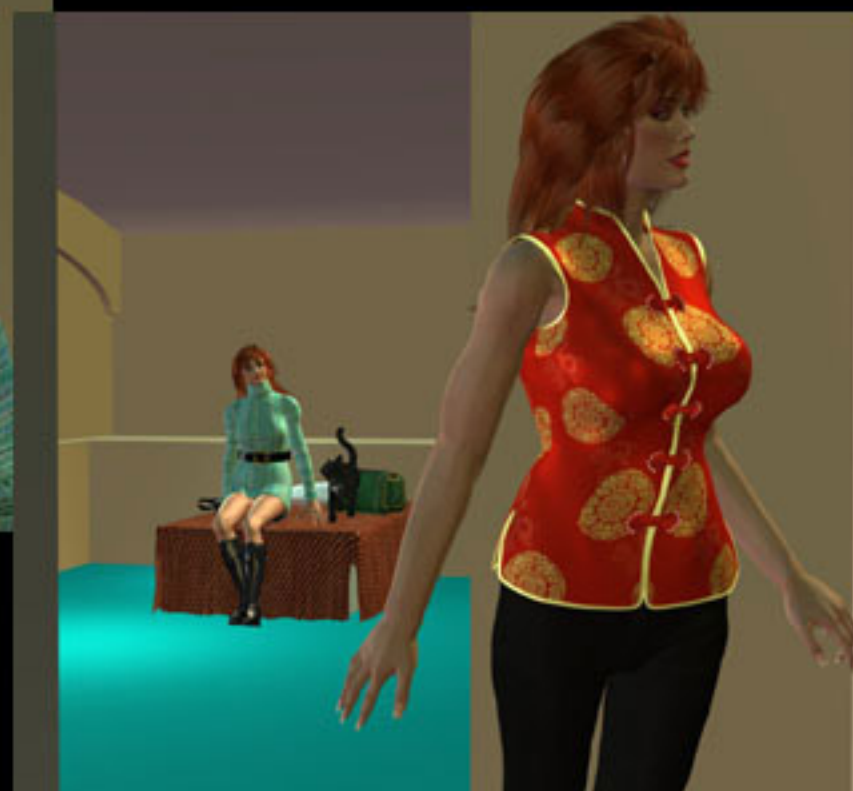
Yawn...



Why don't you get some rest?

You've had a busy three days.

Funny, it feels more like three months.



“Assignment: Yesterday”
by MDBruffy



***Based on Concepts created by G. Roddenberry
and the writing staff of the original Star Trek
TV series.***

Captain Janet Kirk-

V3 Base from Daz Studio
Daria textures and morphs
from Illusion Designs
Full and feathered hair
by DAZ Studio
Jan's off-duty outfit-
Top- Hongyu's Cheongsam upper
pants- leather jeans with material
room texture

Spock-

M3 Base from DAZ Studio
Head morph by Fatuccini
textures are Universal Textures for M3
Hair model for Spock, by Mylochka

Tamera Kirk-

V3 base from DAZ Studio
Daria for V3 from Illusion Designs
High School years 3 for V3 morph by renapd
Hair- Full and Feathered by DAZ Studio
Cadet Uniform- Dallas shirt- Poserworld
Textures by MDBruffy
Pants- leather jeans for V3 with
material room texture
Hot Dog outfit- "Happy-go-Lucky" by English Bob
Jumpsuit- J-suit for V4- converted
Top and shorts combo- Big sky for V4- converted
Shopping top- Sandy blouse
handgun by Questor

Isis- Cat-

Millenium Cat from DAZ Studios
Human form-
Aiko3, OL Skirt, aio sweater,
shoes by CF, New Kyra Hair
Collars by Rduda

Colonel Fellini-

M3 base from DAZ Studio
Head morph by MDBruffy
RAF Uniform by Poserworld
adapted to USAF standard
by MDBruffy
Badges and belt buckles by MDBruffy
Fatigues by Poserworld
Handgun by Questor

Gary Seven-

P5 male base
Head morph by MDBruffy
Jacket- M3 coat-converted
P5 Don's sports coat by
Poserworld

Romulan males-

M3 base- from DAZ Studio
Uniform M3 Tunic
Texures by MDBruffy
Helmet by jaguarry3

Romulan females-

V3 base from DAZ Studio
Uniform- V3 Tunic
Textures bt MDBruffy
Helmets by jaguarry3

NASA Lobby group and Researchers-
M3, V3, Maya,Aiko,P5 male,G2 Symon

Ruined future skeletons-

Male amd female skeletons from
DAZ Studio

Built by Jonathan Rich-

Guardian of Forever Portal
surrounding ruins by MDBruffy
Gary Seevn's visitors chairs
Romulan Bird of Prey
S.A.S.O.V. screen image

Romulan Bridge by Kenneth Thomson Jr.

Tamera's dufflebag by Rduda

Gary Seven's servo- Unknown

Klingon/Romulan disruptor by Xcal
Trek chair by Xcal

Time portal effect-

Ring Tunnel from Japes Movie props 4

Daedlus- Star Trek Australia

NX-01- By Kenny Z

Phoenix- image by Foundation 3D

Botany Bay- Battle Clinic

ISS space station- NASA

Constitution class ship by

EvilInnocence180
Federal Starship textures by
MDBruffy

Nova Trek Star Fleet Uniforms-

Female-
Long-sleeve zip dress from Renderosity
Textures by MDBruffy
Boots by BVH Studios

Male-

M3 Sci-fi suit from DAZ Studio

Built by MDBruffy-

Command Suite
viewport wall by Jonathan Rich
Computer labs
NASA lobby
NASA logo by Ptrope
Lobby furniture- unknown
NASA Hallway
Flight Simulator room
Apollo Command Module by
Content Paradise

Romulan Corridor
with assist from Jonathan Rich
Romulan Engine Room
Romulan Plasma Canon Chamber
Engine room and canon chamber
based on blueprints designed by
Micheal McMaster
Future ruins of 'Frisco
photo manipulation by MDBruffy
Shattered Worlds sets by MRX3010

Skylab Space Station
Colonel Fellini's boat
Gershwin Theater exterior
Gary Seven's Office
visitors' chairs by
Jonathan Rich
Paintings textures originally
owned and presented on
"Night Gallery"
Shield on back wall- unknown

Central park hotdog stand
pop dispenser- unknown
The Colonel's Plastique explosive
File cabinets
20th century desk chairs
selected desk assesories
Gary Seven's communicators
20th century computer systems
New York street photo manipulations

Software Programs used:

Poser 7
Photoshop 2.0
Celestia
Vue 7 Espirit
3D Extreme Text
Windows Paint
Adobe Acrobat 8 Pro
Wardrobe Wizard

Acknowledgment

First, I would like to thank the folks at www.uss Tamerlane.com, where I maintain a Work-in -progress gallery. Their suggestions and comments help me avoid alot of mistakes this time round and I am grateful to them for that.

Second, as with the first books, I am painfully aware that I have left people out either by accident, or through lack of information. In the event that you are one of these people, please know that I do thank you for the time and effort that you put into your models and textures and know that Nova Trek would not have been possible without your efforts.

Next time on NOVA TREK

...Fitzpatrick studied his new found neice . "Well, if you want to stay in Starfleet, you've got some catching up to do. Sixteen years is alot of time to be jumped over."

T'Pel glanced at her husband, then toward their younger neice."The only problem I see, is creating the necessary records to justify your existance." She gave a shrug of her own as she continued. "Of course you will have to be listed as Janet's sister- the family connection is undeniable."

The Red Alert Klaxon sliced through the ship and Jan's hand came down on the cabin monitor. "Kirk here- Report!"

Spock's image came up on the screen even as his voice filled the cabin. " Starbase 98 has been attacked. One docking berth has nearly been destroyed by three plasma energy bursts."

Jan nearly swore. "Romulans." She looked to her uncle."Who else is in orbit?"

He could only shrug. "The *Lydia's* been on patrol. She should've been back by now."

Spock had heard the exchange."The *Ptolemy* assumed orbit soon after we did."

"Contact her," Jan ordered. "Tell her to drop her container and stand by. I'm on my way. Kirk out."

She then headed for the door with the other three following close behind...

Next time on Nova Trek:

"Another Step Toward War"

Coming in 2011

Dedicated to the memories of:



**Ed Peck
March 26, 1917-
Sept. 12, 1992**



**Robert Lansing
June 5, 1928-
Oct. 23, 1994**



**Through their performances,
they gave us characters
that will never be forgotten.**