

NOVA TREK

A Universe away from the one you knew



"Last Voyage of the Sundown"

***by
MDBruffy***



**MDB
COMICS**

***Book
Nine***

*Based on concepts created by
Gene Roddenberry*

Prologue One: Twenty-three years ago....

"Space, a realm of infinite vistas. This is the voyage of the Federal Starship *Sundown*. Her four year mission: To push back the borders of Union space, to expand Federal knowledge-

And to Boldly go forth as none have gone before..."



...Be careful, Dad. Even at warp- speed, four years is a long time.



Don't worry, Jannie. I always come back.

What would you like me to bring you?







Your timing's lousy, Rob.



So's our departure schedule.



Okay, okay...



DAD!!!



One year later...





The *Sundown* missed it's scheduled check-in time last month.

A ship was sent to it's last known location and couldn't find anything.

Of course not.

They searched a good three lightyears in every direction-

-there were no traces.

That location would have been at least two months old by the time they got there.



Then they weren't looking in the right places.

Jan-

That is one possibility.

But there's another we have to prepare for.

NO.



Jan-

Starfleet's not looking in the right place, that's all.

Dad's not dead.



Something's gone wrong with their com-system-

-That's the only way this makes sense.



Jan, we can't-



Dad always comes back!



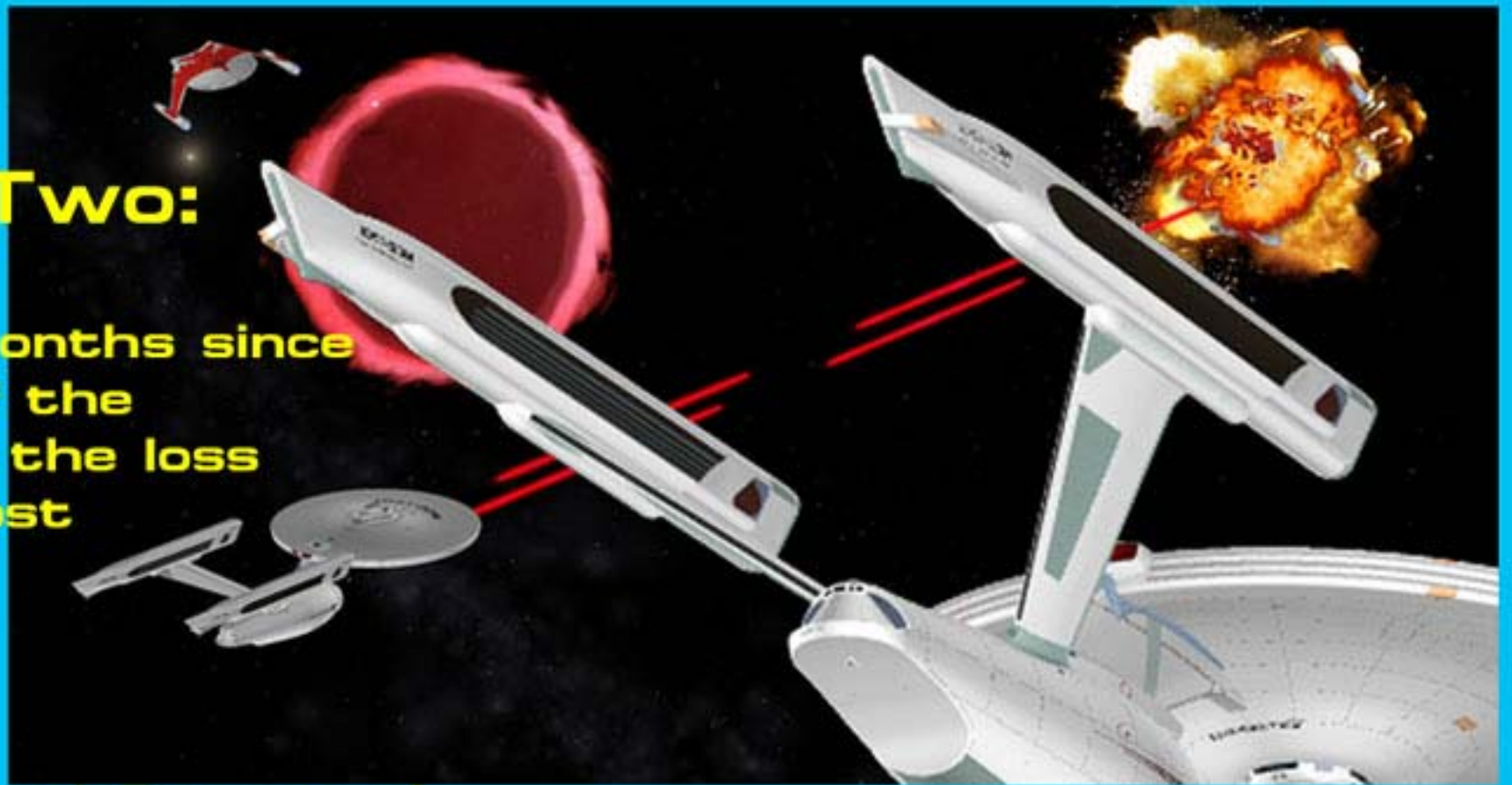
And he will this time!



SLAM!

Prologue Two:

It's been ten months since the relaunch of the *Enterprise* and the loss of civilian outpost Zeta Hope 9.



With the Federal Congress' declaration of war, the Romulan Neutral Zone has become a zone of bloodshed and destruction.



Encounters, skirmishes and clashes between single ships and full squadrons- Union and Romulan, Klingon and Romulan- have left the dead hulks of both ships and lives in their wake.



After the destruction of *Zeta Hope 9*, Romulan Outpost 648 was targeted for retaliation. A Federal strike force was sent in.



But even then, the Union showed restraint. The outpost's personnel were allowed to evacuate before the strike force destroyed it.



Since that time, an uneasy quiet has settled over the 'Zone' as each side watches and waits to see who will blink first-

-and who will be next to die...

The Present



Buzz!

Come.

Swoosh

You wanted to see me, Sir?

Yes, Ensign.

We've received a
Priority Request
from your sister.

Commodore Kirk wants
you to go home
immediately. She said
she'll meet you there.

That's strange.

Did she say why?

No-

-and when a commodore
makes a Priority Request,
it's a good idea to just do it.

I'm having the
George Washington prepped
for you.

Just make sure
you bring it back
in one piece.

Sir, that landing on
Mica III wasn't my
fault.

The landing
thrusters-



Did I say it was your fault?



...No, sir.

If that's all, sir, I guess I'd better go pack.



There is one more thing.

Your sister said specifically, "Tell Tam not to peek".

That means she doesn't want me to open a portal to find out what's going on.

This is weird.



Well, 'weird' or not, you'd best not keep her waiting.

Yes, sir.



...You ever been to Earth?

Once. Six years ago.
I took part in a medical
exchange program between
Earth and Trill.

Met an intresting guy
there. Just knew he'd
be a doctor.

How'd you know?

Let's just say he had the
hands of a surgeon leave it
at that.

Girl, you're
insatible.

Sometimes.



Earth- The Kirk Ranch: One week later.









Three minutes.



Five minutes.



Ten minutes.



What is she doing?
Getting ready for a date?



If you want dressed,
you can have dressed-



-But presentable takes
time in any century.





Then too, if I *did* find
out what happened, I'd have
to tell Starfleet- which means
letting more people in on my
secret.



Sit down and I'll start at the beginning.

Being in command of Task Force 98, I'm responsible for our patrol routes.

I set up a weekly rotation.



That way, the Romulans don't get used to seeing the same ship all the time-

-And they have no idea where *Enterprise*'ll turn up next.

Three weeks ago, the rotation put us on the far end of the 'Zone- practically on the very edge of Federal space.



"That's where we picked up the first bread crumb..."

Three weeks earlier:
Stardate: 6502.06





Hey, Stranger.

How are your
aunt and uncle
doing?

Oh *they're* fine.

I'm starting to
wonder about *me*
though.

Why?

Well, as I was leaving the Hangerdeck,
I could have sworn I saw a large *rock*
moving along the corridor!





You're fine.

You just saw Ensign Nalock.

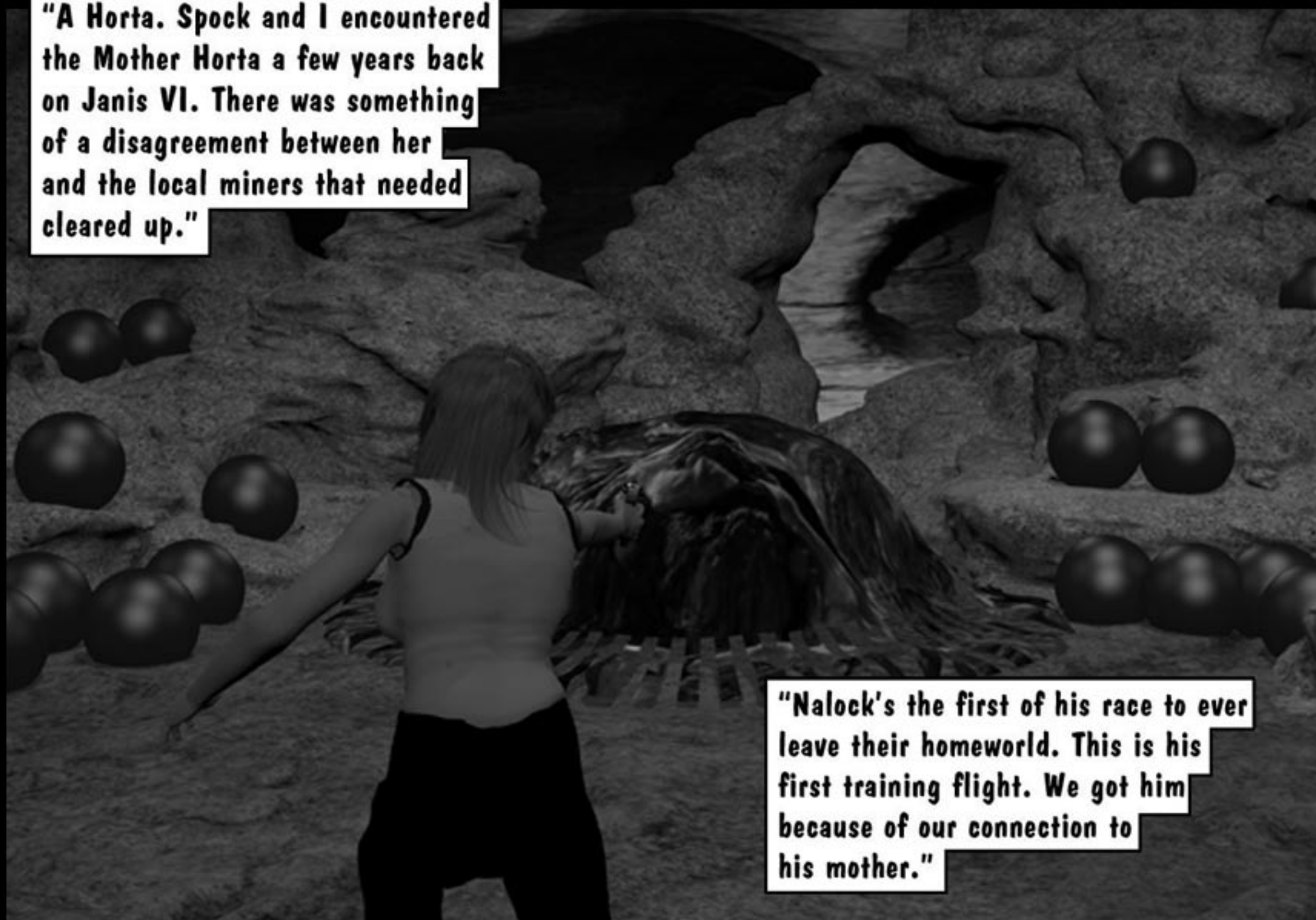
And what's Ensign Nalock when it's home?

A Horta.



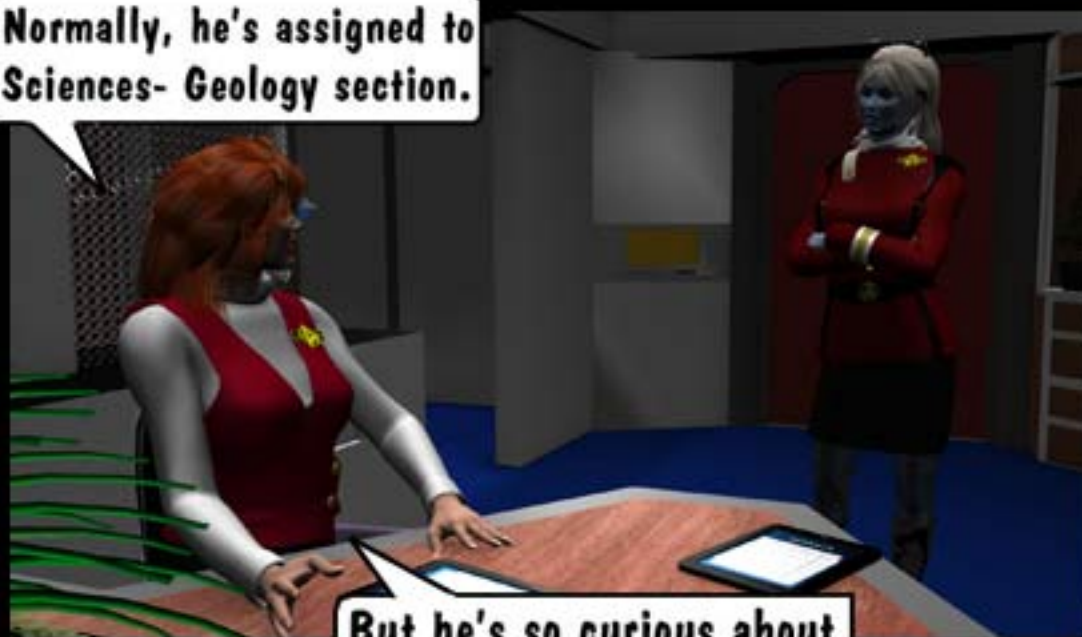
A what?

"A Horta. Spock and I encountered the Mother Horta a few years back on Janis VI. There was something of a disagreement between her and the local miners that needed cleared up."



"Nalock's the first of his race to ever leave their homeworld. This is his first training flight. We got him because of our connection to his mother."

Normally, he's assigned to Sciences- Geology section.



But he's so curious about everything, you never know where he's going to turn up next!

he makes an interesting sight if you're not expecting him.



You've got a real mixed bag of a crew on this ship.

And I'm damn proud of it.



Enterprise has always had a reputation for having the most multi-racial crew in the Fleet.

She's a living example of what the Union's all about.

Once I got to my cabin, I checked my messages and saw yours that you wanted to see me.



Yes, I do.

So what's up?



Spock's put in a formal request to step down as First Officer.

He wants to concentrate on his science duties and his own researches.

In fact, based on this, I'm not expecting him to re-up once this tour's done.



Well, you can't
blame him.

I know.

But that still means
I need a new First Officer
for the rest of the tour.

I mean, he almost died
last time out.

Wait-a-

You want me ?

Counting the *Venture*,
you have the experience-

-and more seniority than
the rest of the bridge crew.

Why not give it
to Mr. Scott ?

You don't know Scotty
well enough, or you
wouldn't even suggest it.



Before the re-build, getting him out of Engineering long enough to eat and sleep was a major victory.

But now, he has a whole new set of toys to play with.

Trust me, when Trouble rears it's ugly head, you want Scotty in Engineering.



Don't tell me you're afraid of the job?



You're damn right I am.



Good. If you weren't at least a little nervous, I'd be worried.

You sure you want to do this?

Positive.

Ba-leep!

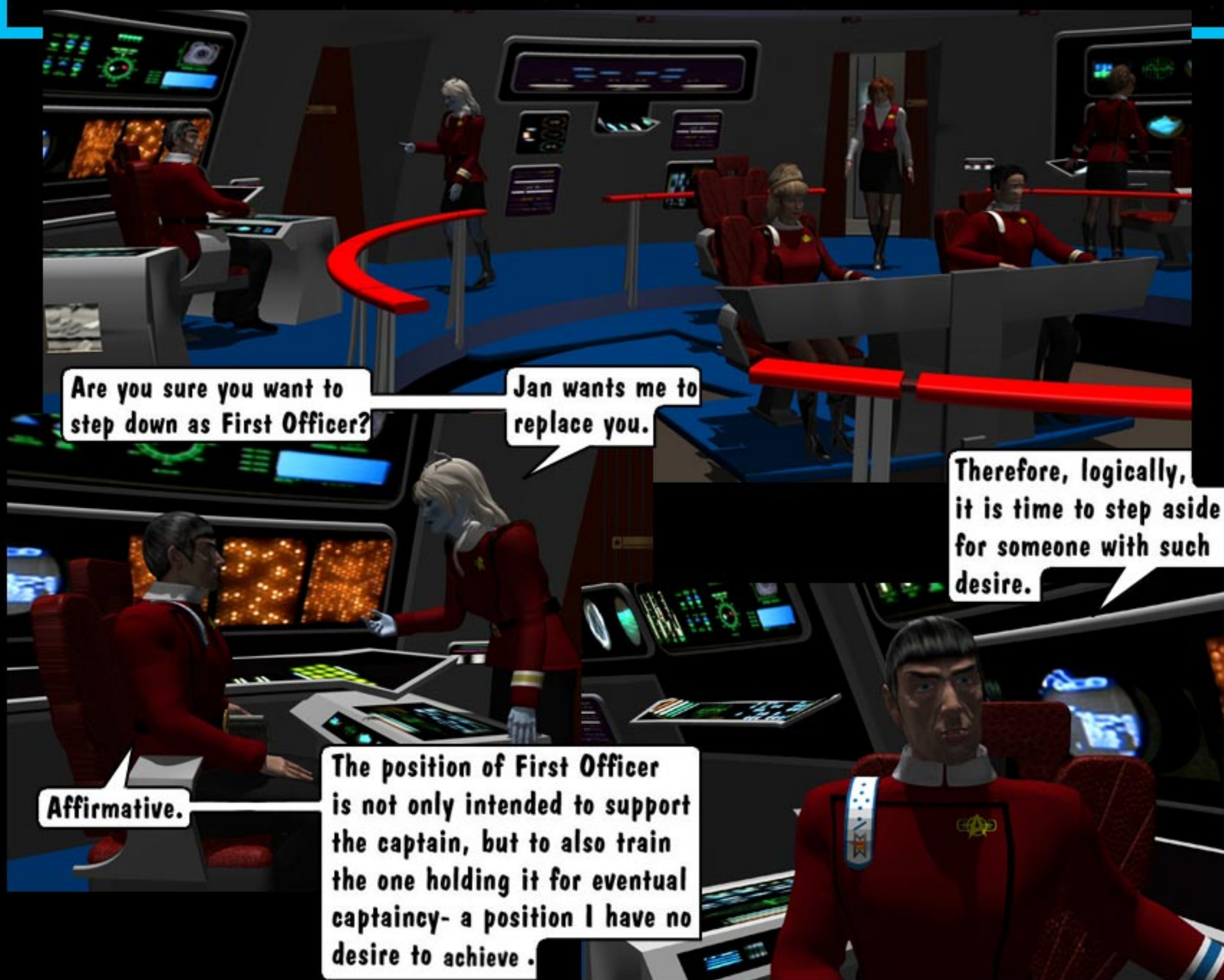


Kirk here.

Spock, Jan. We're picking up an object ahead of us. It's just on the edge of our scans.

On my way. Kirk out.

CLICK!




Are you sure you want to step down as First Officer?

Jan wants me to replace you.


Therefore, logically, it is time to step aside for someone with such desire.

Affirmative.

The position of First Officer is not only intended to support the captain, but to also train the one holding it for eventual captaincy- a position I have no desire to achieve.




Being a captain is something I never gave much thought to.



Considering the fact that the *Enterprise's* current tour only has eighteen months left-


-I believe it is an option you would do well to consider.



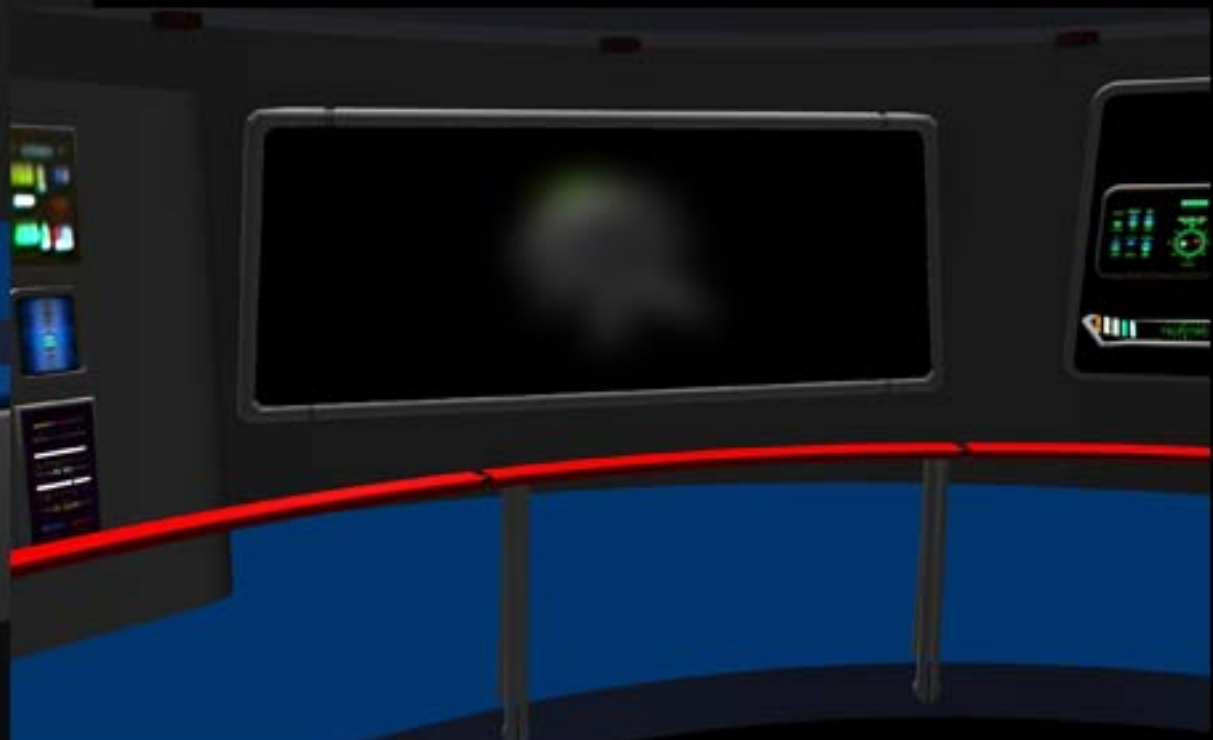
Try to put the object on the screen.

Yes, Ma'am.

It's right on the edge of our scanning range, Commodore.



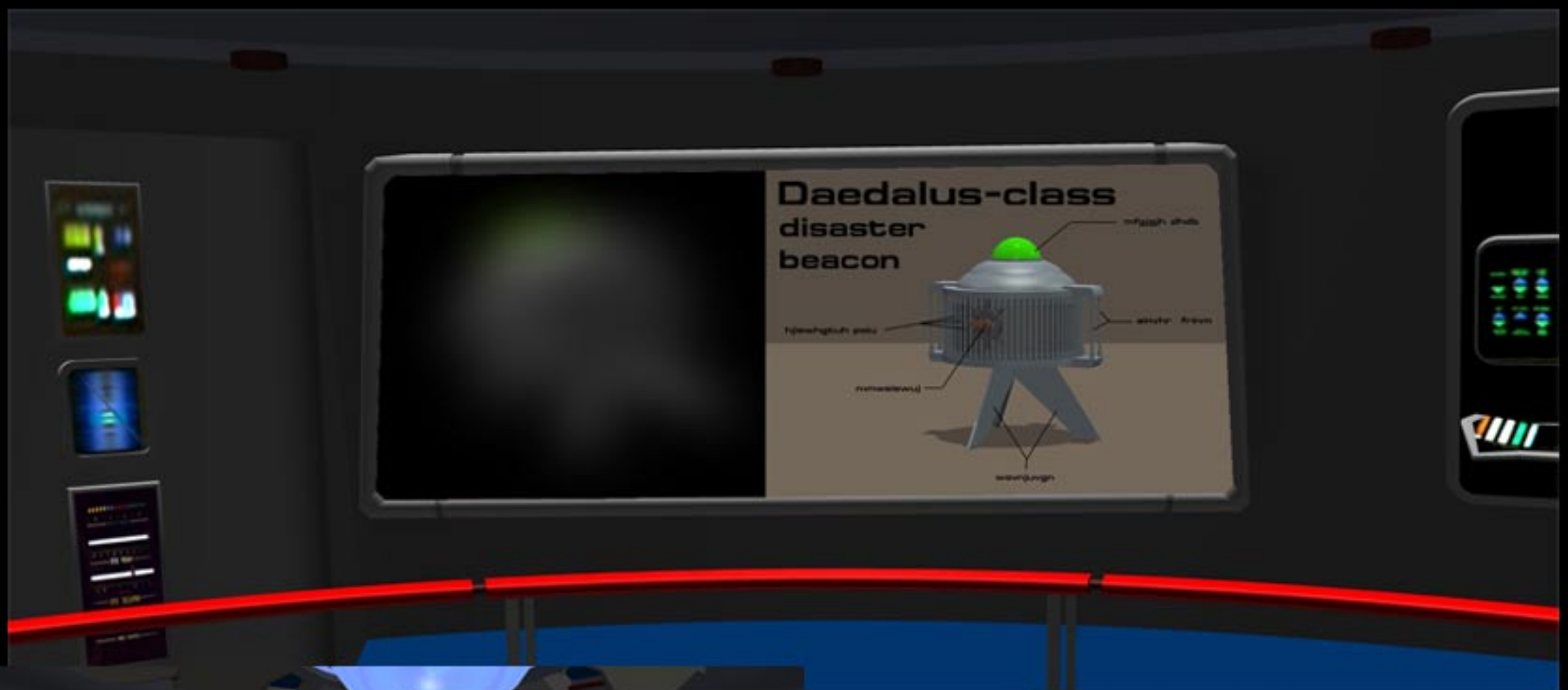
Computer, can you clean up this image?



Attempting to do so, Ma'am. Searching records for any object that might- got it.

On screen.





Details?

Unable to provide any at this time due to distance.



Change course to intercept.

Yes, Ma'am.



Keys, alert the Transporter Room. I want that thing beamed aboard as soon as we're in range.

Yes, Ma'am.



The only way to find out if Computer is right or wrong is to get close enough to see it.



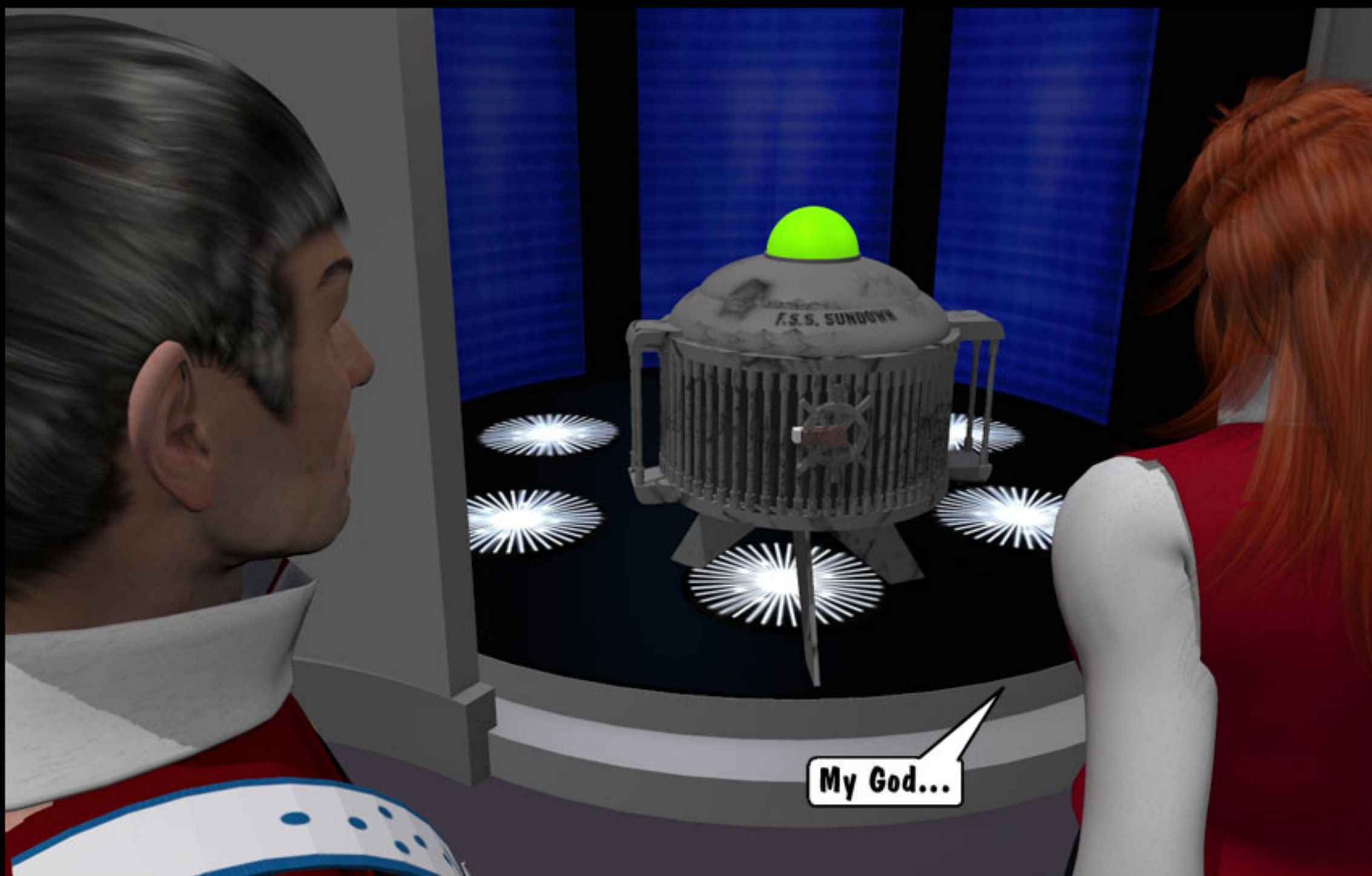
Is that wise?

We know nothing about it. Computer simply chose the one picture that seemed to match a very blurred image.





Lock on to the object and beam it aboard, Mr. Kyle.



My God...

Tear it apart, Spock.

**I want to know
everything it knows...**

**...It didn't take Spock long
to download the beacon's
information.**

**So what'd you
find out ?**

**As you know, the *Sundown*
was on a star-charting
mission.**

**It had just entered an area
that was- back *then*- an
unexplored sector...**

...Captain Robert Armstrong recording. Engineer Baxter reports a loss of power in the warp nacelles.

Despite diagnostic programs and hands-on examinations, he's been unable to pin down a cause.

Seems to have started the moment we entered this sector, but we have no evidence to connect the two...



... Captain Armstrong recording. The warp engines are totally drained. Whatever's going on in this sector soaks up propulsion energy like a sponge soaks up water.


Security also reports an increase in violence on board. Ten people have been put on report and I've had to confine three of them to the brig...




...Armstrong recording. We're dead in the water. Even our impulse power is gone. We're using battery power to maintain our life support.

Outbreaks of violence have spread throughout the ship. Dr. Williams believes the power drain and the madness are connected to this sector, but he can't pin down how...






...First Officer George Kirk recording.
Captain Armstrong has fallen to the
madness. He's in Sickbay under
restraints and sedated.



Engineer Baxter is dead- attacked
by his assistant. Dr. Williams is
convinced it's this sector of space
affecting everything, but he's told
me it's getting to the point that he
can't trust himself to analyze his
own findings...

...First Officer Kirk recording.
I've ordered the surviving members of
the crew to their quarters and activated
the emergency bulkheads.



Dr. Williams is dead- suicide. I'm going
to jettison the beacon before I'm too
far gone myself. Hopefully, someone will
find it someday...



Anything else?

Any idea what the beacon's
course was?

CLICK!

As far as we have been able to re-construct events, the beacon appears to have come in from this direction-



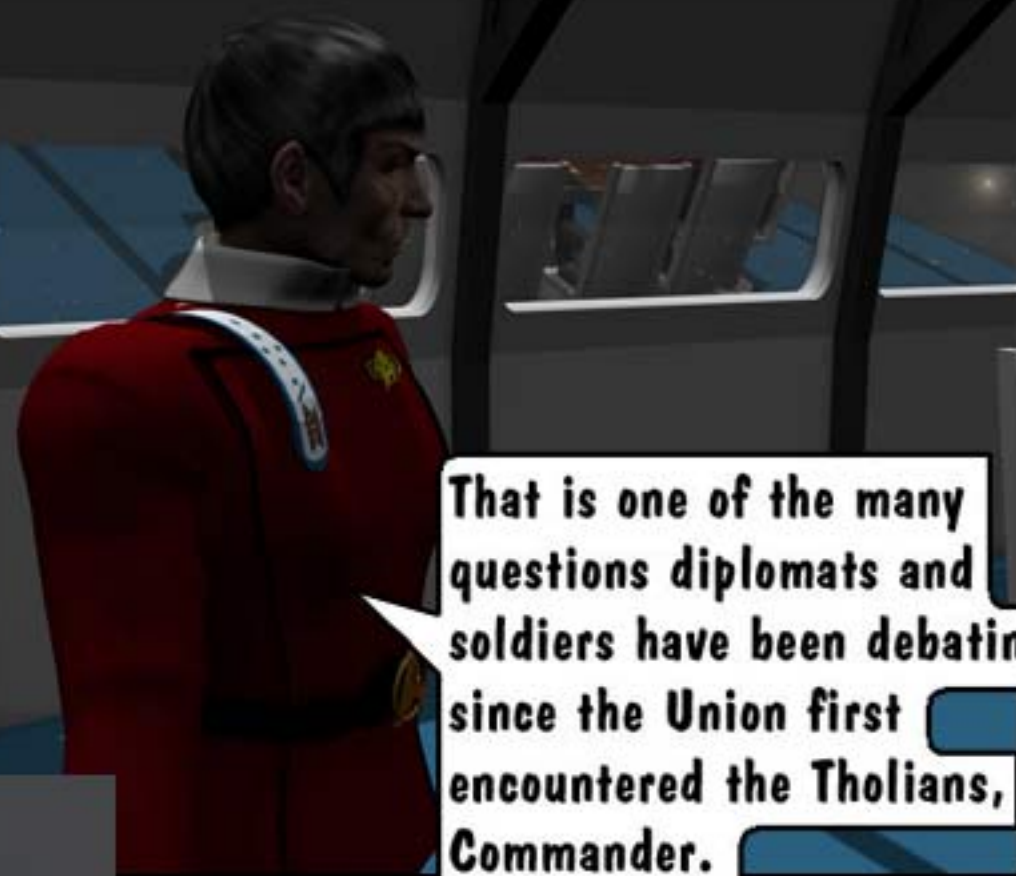
-Just inside an area of space claimed by the Tholian Assembly.

What do you mean by "Claimed by"?

Is it theirs or not?



That is one of the many questions diplomats and soldiers have been debating since the Union first encountered the Tholians, Commander.

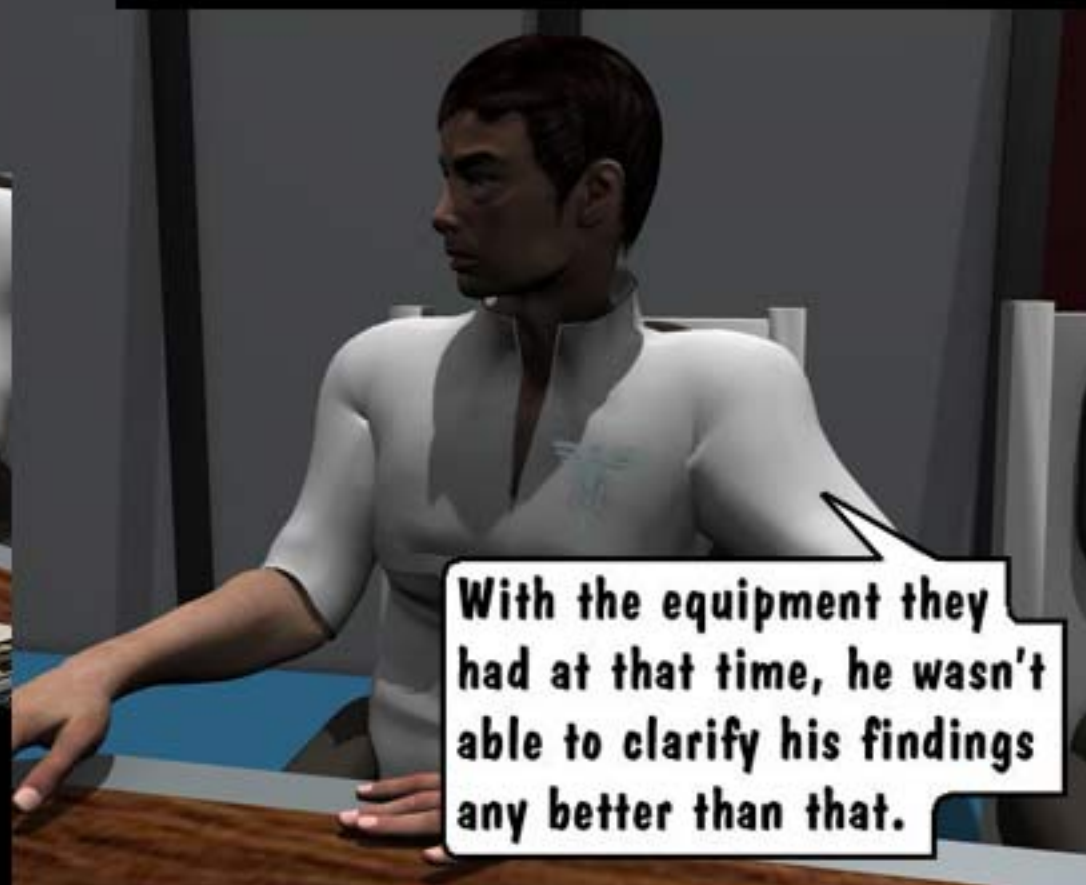


So what's wrong with that sector?
What makes it different from the rest of the galaxy?

According to Dr. Williams' research- which your father attached to the log, space itself seemed to be... shattered.




With the equipment they had at that time, he wasn't able to clarify his findings any better than that.





What would be our chances if we went in with our newer tech?

Would our shields protect us from that sector's effects long enough to pull the *Sundown* out?




You want to salvage the *Sundown*?



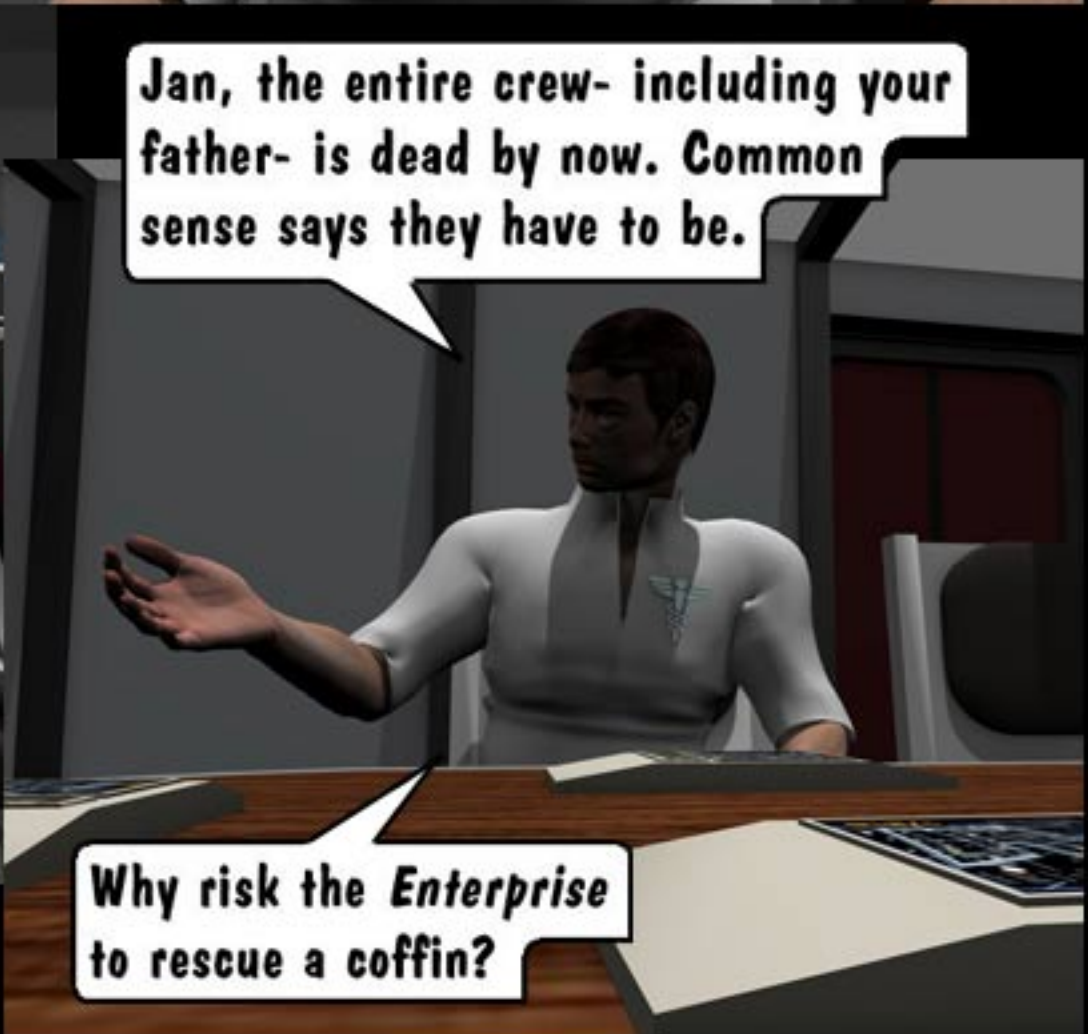
If possible.



Why?



What do you mean "Why"?



Jan, the entire crew- including your father- is dead by now. Common sense says they have to be.

Why risk the *Enterprise* to rescue a coffin?

I admit, the chances of finding anyone still alive aboard the *Sundown* is next to zero. But I'm not the only one with family aboard that ship.

There are at least two hundred and twenty-three other people in the Union that have a right to know what happened—that have a right to some kind of closure.

I can't deny that this one's personal. I've waited twenty-two years for answers to my father's disappearance—



-And I'll have those answers- for me, Tam and those other two hundred people.



Order an evacuation for all non-essential personnel. Put Kyle in charge and make sure he has a full report to give Uncle Frank when they get to Starbase 98.



Have Ensign Keys contact Kang and fill him in. Tell him he's in charge of the task force till we get back.



I can understand your need to know, Jan.

I just hope you've made the right choice.

So do I, Leonard. So do I.




CLICK!




Considering the unknowns involved, maybe Dr. McCoy had a point.







But I would have gone in, too.



The answers were out there- and I wasn't going to turn my back on them.






Still, once Kyle and the others had left, I ordered the shields to maximum and we started back-tracking the beacon.



Spock and Shev both insisted on reduced speed- .8 of Sublight- so the sensors wouldn't miss anything.

As a result, it was almost four days later before we finally found her...



...Commodore, something's just come into scanning range.





And this sector of space?

It is as Dr. Williams suspected. However, with our more advanced sensors, it is clear that space has not been shattered-

-more like the fabric of space has been ripped or torn in some way.

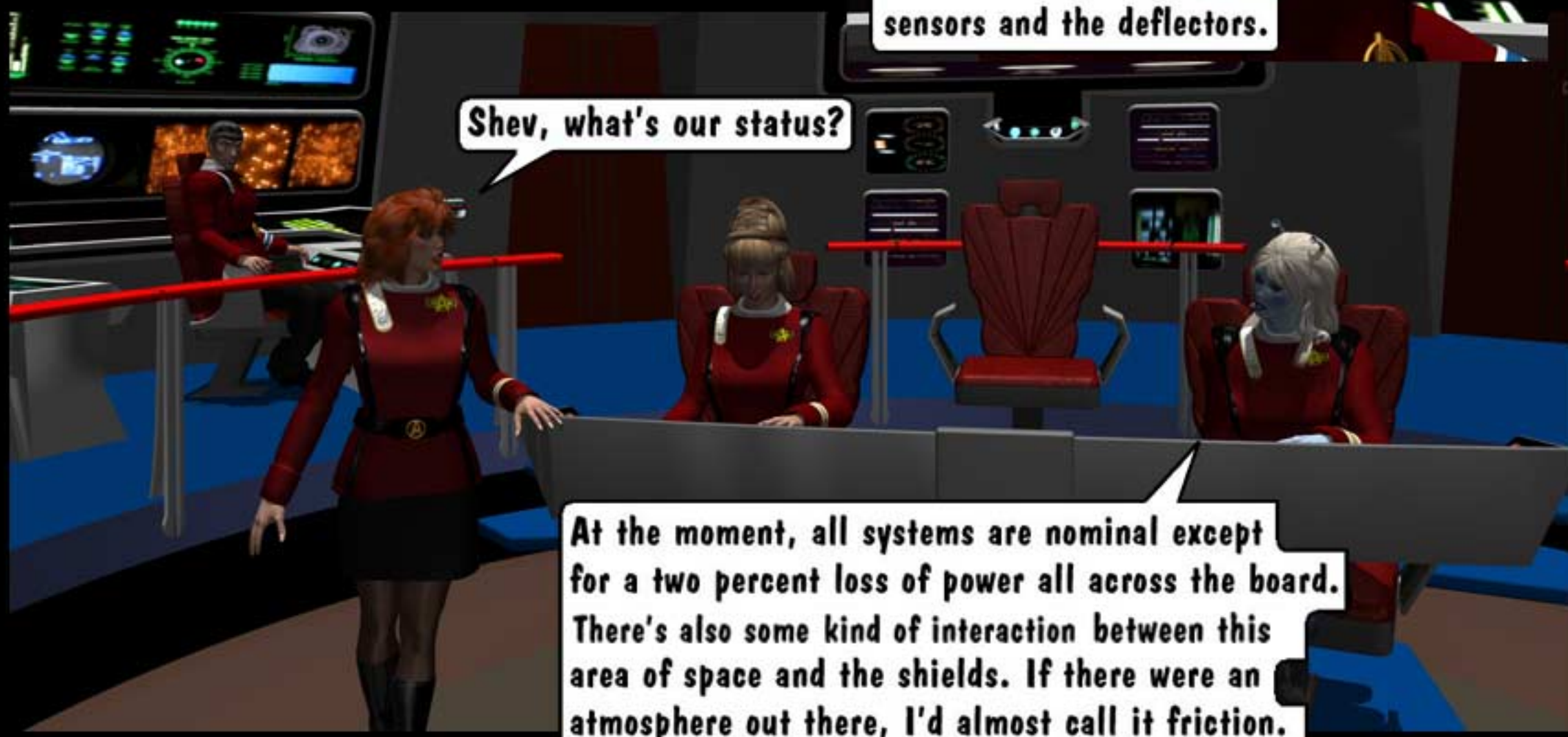


A rip in the fabric of space...

And if the *Sundown* were caught half in and half out?



That might explain the variance between the sensors and the deflectors.



Shev, what's our status?

At the moment, all systems are nominal except for a two percent loss of power all across the board. There's also some kind of interaction between this area of space and the shields. If there were an atmosphere out there, I'd almost call it friction.



What about inside the shields?

With the exception of the loss of power, all other readings are normal.

Distorted outside, normal inside.

Possibly - as long as our power levels do not drop below seventy-five percent.

So, if we could get close enough to extend our shields around the *Sundown*, could we pull her out with our tractor beam?

After that, we would not have enough power to shield both vessels.

Shev, how much further to the *Sundown*?

Ten thousand kilometers.



...Background radiation in this area is higher than normal. It is highest around the..."tear" itself.

This would seem to support the theory that a massive explosion or eruption of some sort took place prior to the *Sundown's* arrival.

So why didn't this ..."tear" close up after the eruption?

According to our scans it was in the process of doing so.

In point of fact, it would have been closed by now if not for the *Sundown*-

-which is acting in much the same manner as a splinter would keep a cut from healing properly.

Ship's status?

The shields are stable.

But we've got a fifteen percent power loss all across the board.

If we lose another ten percent, we won't be able to shield the *Sundown*.



Ba-leep!

**BRIDGE TO COMMODORE!!!
BRIDGE TO COMMODORE!!!**



CLICK!

Kirk here.

Ma'am we're receiving a signal-



-from the Sundown!

Computer- on screen!



...to Federal vessel- at least I hope you're a Federal vessel.

Sensors say you're not there, but the deflectors say you are.



If you're real, please respond.

Commander George Kirk to Federal vessel, please be real- Please respond.



If Dad's alive, there may be others.

Assemble a boarding party with EVA suits. I want them in the Transporter Room in ten minutes.

You have the conn.

You keep working on a way to get the *Sundown* out of there.

Be careful.

You have no clear indication of what his state of mind is.

I know, I know...

...Dad's alive?!

It was either that or an automated message he'd rigged.

I was determined to find out which...



HUMMMMMM



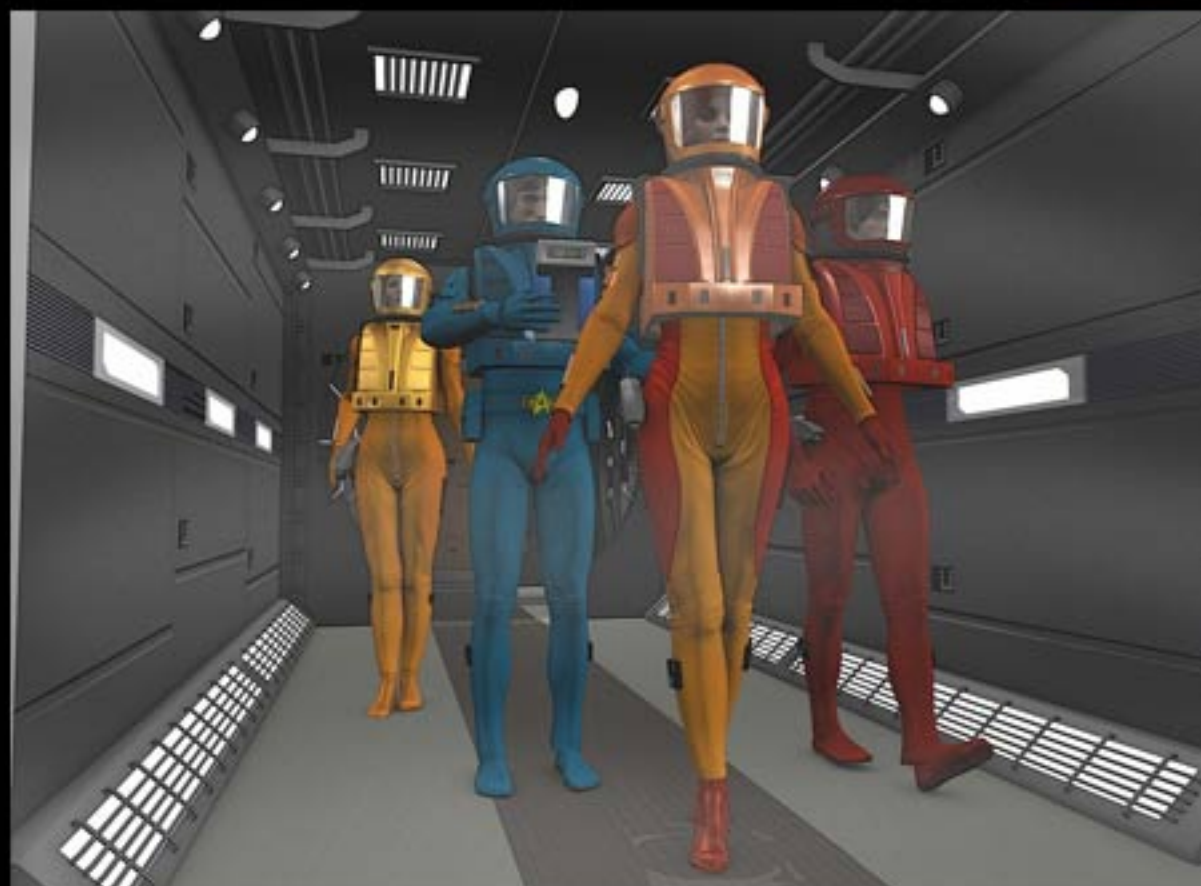
Start scanning.

We know at least one person's alive- there may be more.

Commodore, picking up twenty-three life forms.



The closest is twenty meters in that direction.





Shev's extended the *Enterprise's* shields.

The environment reads ship-normal now, Commodore.



Keep your helmets on for now- until we're sure it's going to last.



Commodore, the life form we picked up is behind this door.



Swoosh

What the Hell- ?

NO!

**No, no more
hallucinations!!**

No, Dad-

It's me.

Janie- ?
How- ?

No!
No, it's not
possible.

SLAM!

What the- ?

Ba-leep!

Kirk to
Enterprise-
Report!

Shev, Jan.

We're under attack.
Two Tholian ships. They
opened fire as soon as
they dropped out of warp.

So tell them we're in the middle
of a rescue operation!

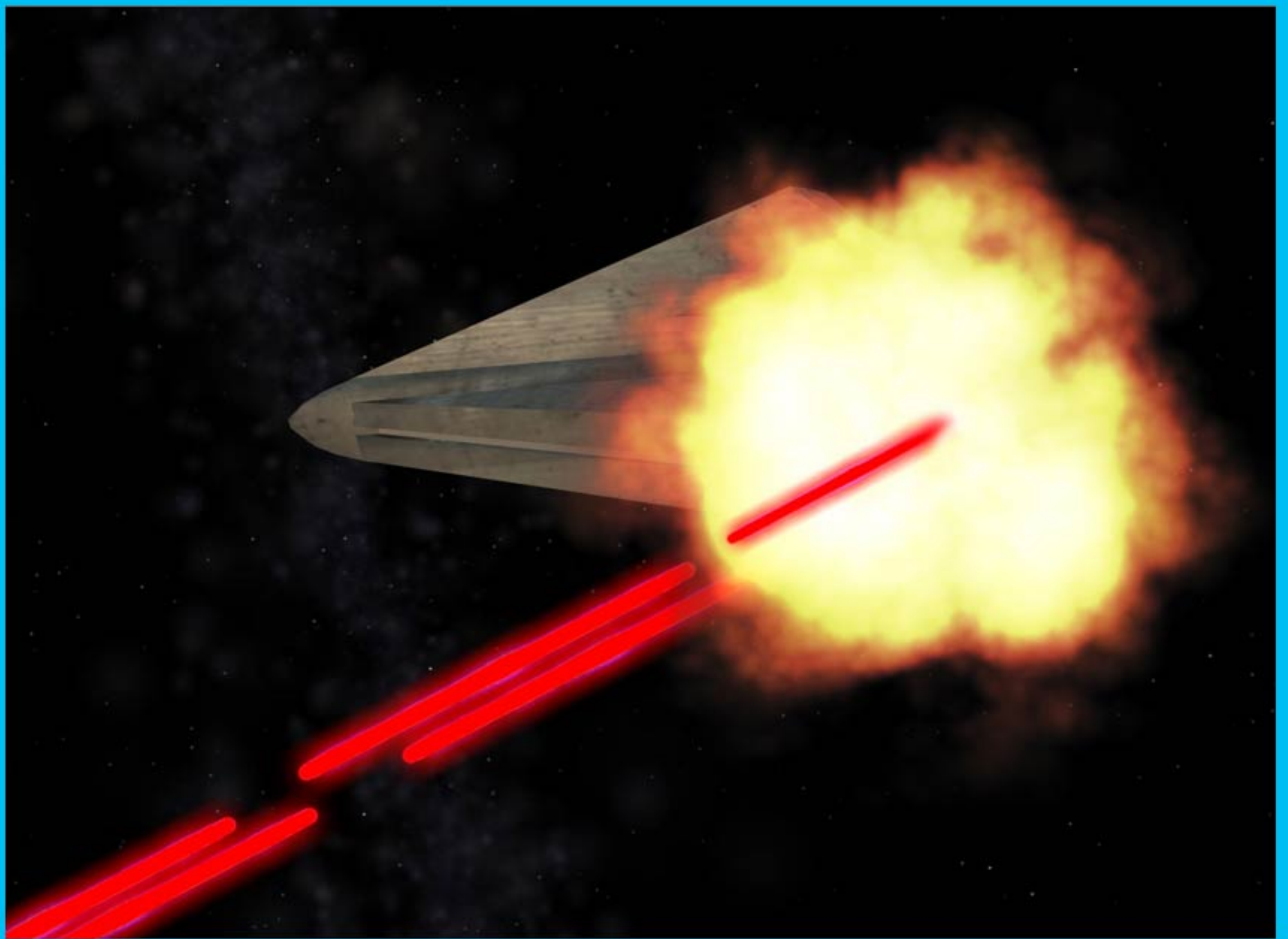
I did.

They wouldn't listen!

BLAM!!

Five to beam back!







Target One's engines
are out.

Target Two has withdrawn
out of range.

He's calling for
reinforcements,
Commander.



Commander, power
levels have dropped
twenty-one percent.



You know I'm still
new at this.

Any ideas?



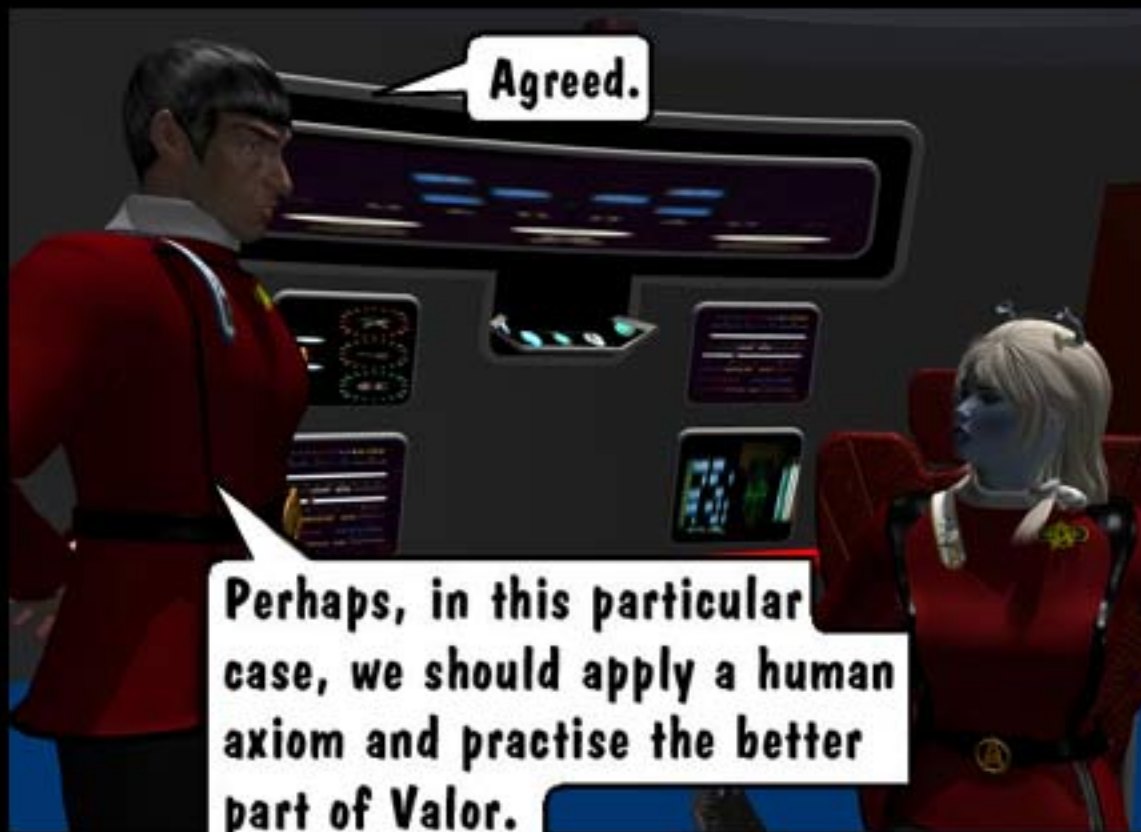
There are always
possibilities, Commander.

The question is, which one
would be most successful.



If we try to fight, we may
end up losing both Jan and
the *Sundown*.

I don't see that we have
a lot of possibilities left.





...Of course, I didn't know about any of that till Shev called and told me. With the transporters out, the whole situation was mostly up to her.



All I could do, was take the chance to bring Dad up to date.

While my people check on your survivors, there are a few things I need to tell you.



Bet I can guess some of it.

The medic checked him over and failed to find any readings that matched Dr. Williams' records- of course, Dad was out of the sector's effect now.

By the time the medic was done, he'd recovered enough to accept us as real. He said getting shot at was a hell-of-a wake-up call...

Bet there's a husband.

Yes.

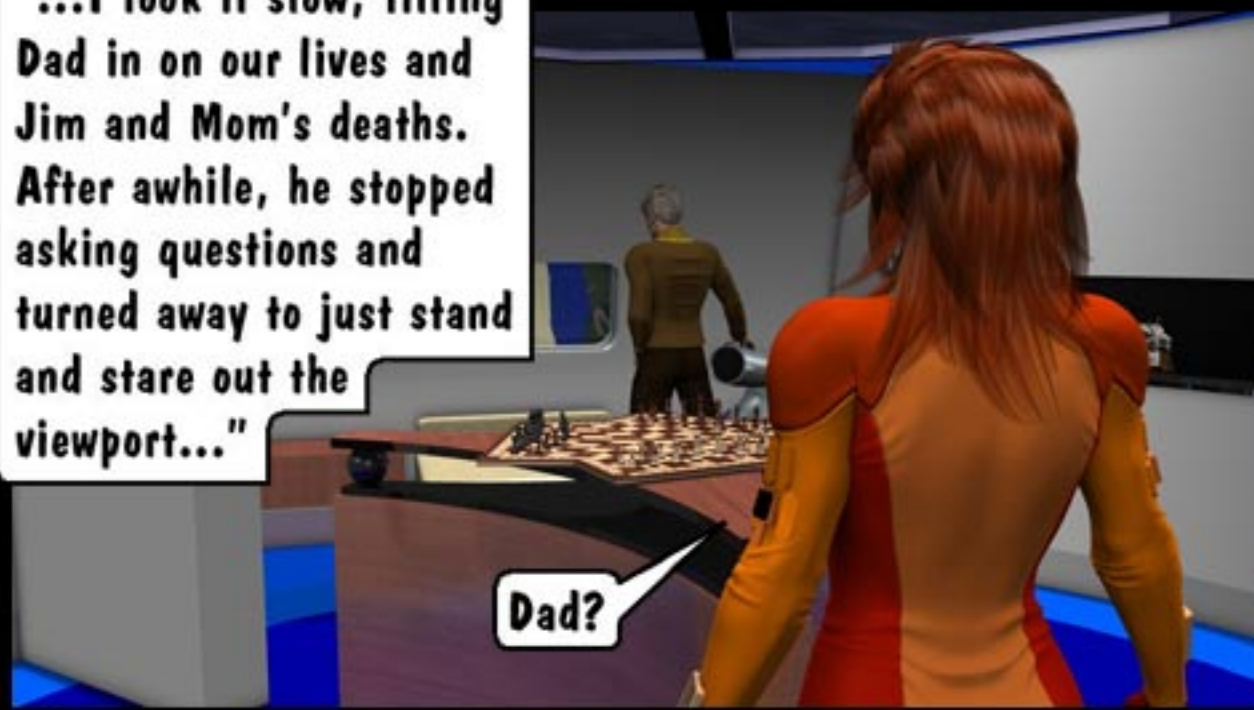
A son or a daughter?

Actually...she's more like a sister.



?!

"...I took it slow, filling Dad in on our lives and Jim and Mom's deaths. After awhile, he stopped asking questions and turned away to just stand and stare out the viewport..."







So... A Commodore- with your own ship.

I've been lucky.



Lucky, hell.

There's only one way you rise through the ranks that fast, Young Lady.

That's by being damn good at what you do.



Glad I lived long enough to see it.

TheewEEWweeet!

Commander... Kirk here.



Commander Ta'laren, sir. May I speak to the Commodore?

I'm here, Shev. Go ahead.

"...We listened as Shev told us how things stood..."



...In fifteen minutes, our power levels will be too low to protect the *Sundown*-

-and we can expect Tholian reinforcements before then.



Put Spock on.



Spock here, Jan.



You said earlier that space inside the *Enterprise's* shields was normal?

Affirmative.



Then if we could just get the *Sundown* powered up...



Spock, would the Psy-2000 Cold Start work with the *Sundown's* older engines?

Unknown.

The formula should be basically the same. But with the shuttles gone and the transporter still under repair, we have no way of getting Mr. Scott over to you.



Then you'll have to talk us through it.



"...With only the batteries still on-line, we had to make our way on foot from the habitat sphere to the lower hull..."



... By the time we got to Engineering, we barely had ten minutes left...

...With Spock guiding us over the comm channel, Dad and I did our best to man every console in the room..."



...All right. We're ready here.

Another Tholian's arrived-

-and they've started building one of their damned webs.

Damn.
That's all we need.

We're not near a
viewscreen here.
What is it?

Mr. Spock?

There's something
strange here.

In what way, Lieutenant?

Energy readings of both
the rip and the web are
almost identical.

The readings are confirmed.
It would appear to be a
strong possibility.

Could an early weapons test-
an early web projector- have
malfunctioned, creating the rip?

Which means the Tholians have been trying to keep a lid on the fact that they screwed up the sector by attacking any ship that stumbles across it.

It's time to get out of here.

On my mark- 3,2,1- Now.



Power levels are rising.

Give priority to the shields. I've already changed the modulation to match *Enterprise*.

Shev can tow us out.

All right, Shev. Get us out of here.



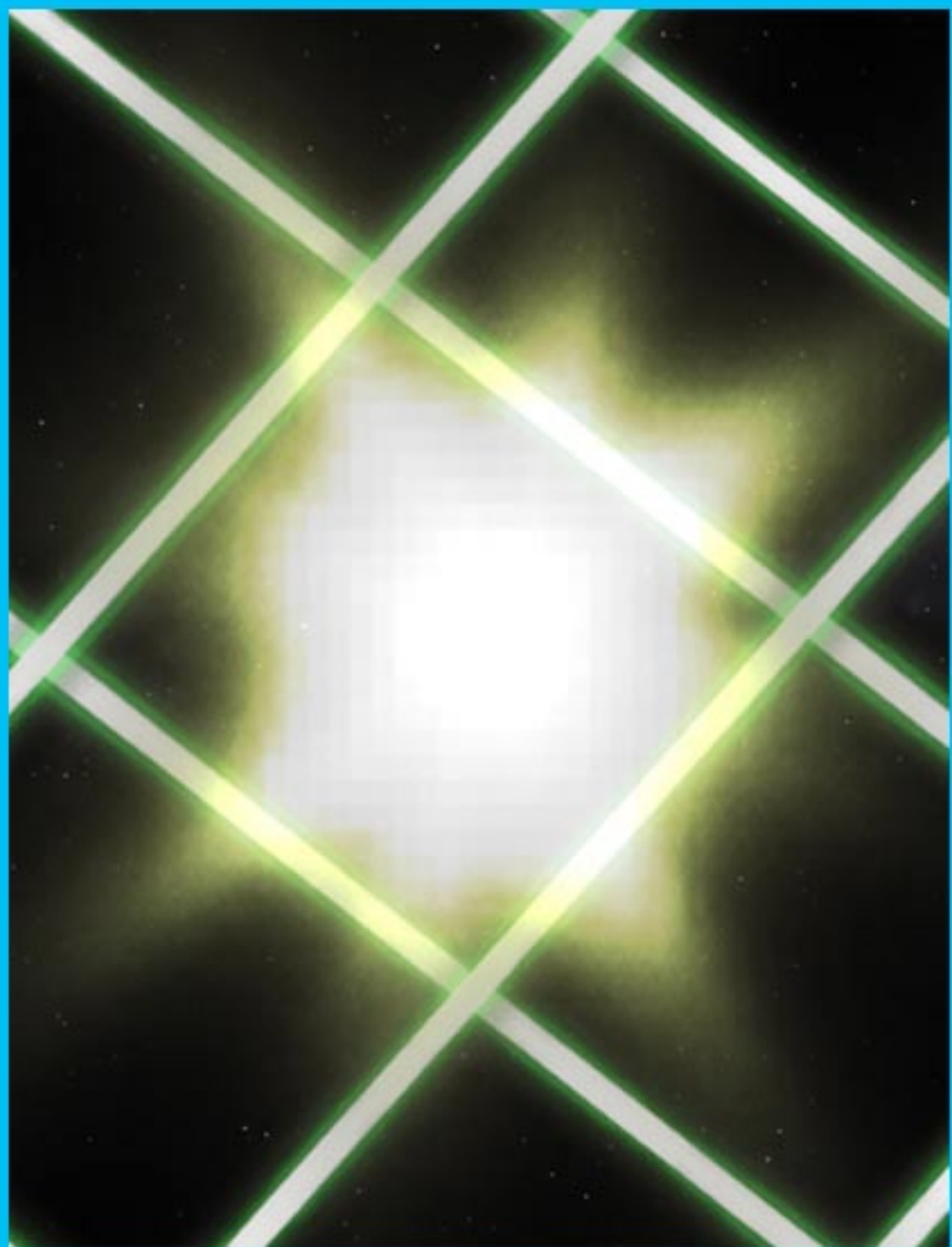
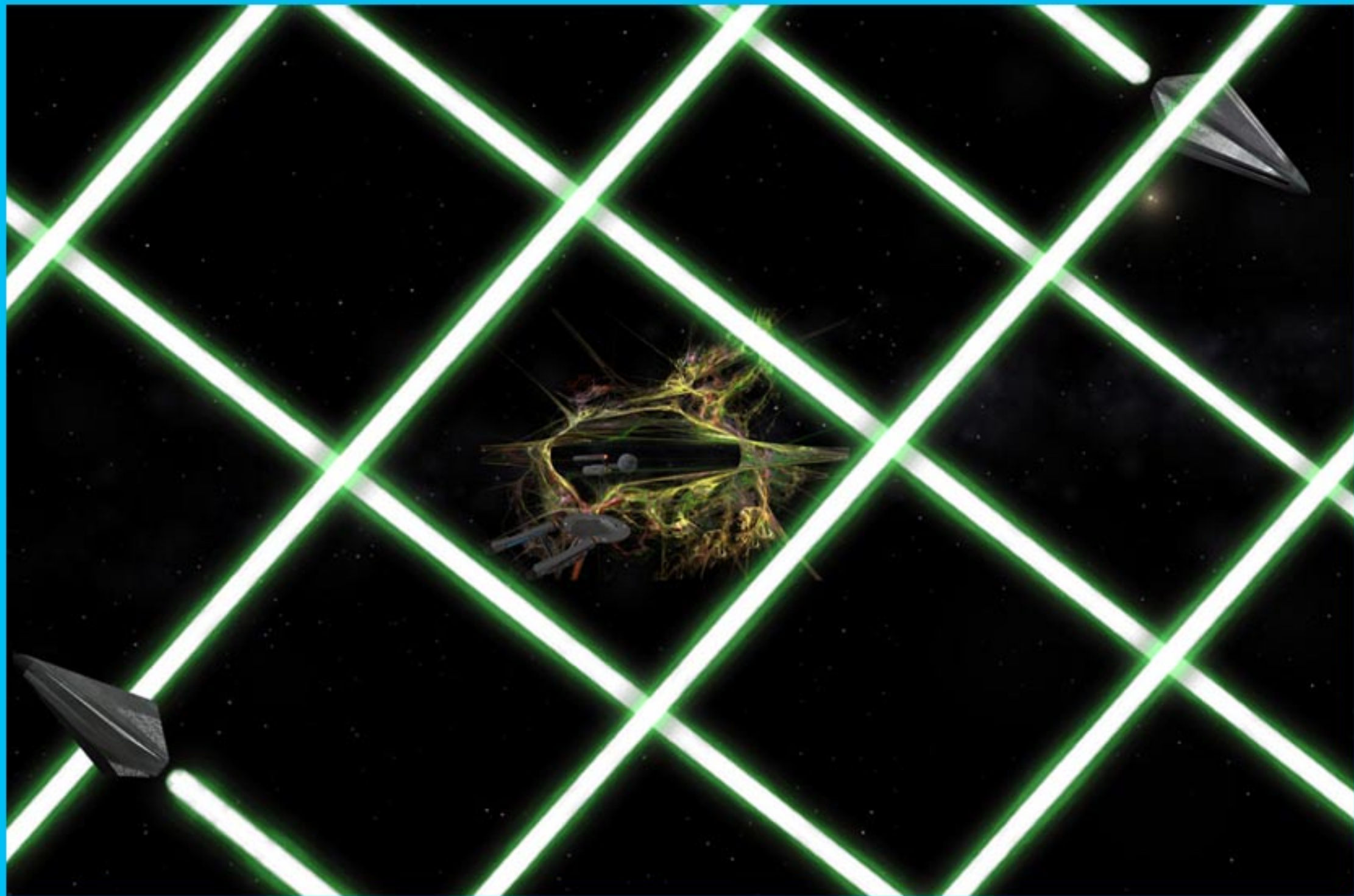
Acknowledged. Hang on. It may be a little rough.

Lock tractor beam on the *Sundown* as we pass her.

Rand, come to course 198, mark 5. Full impulse.



Course 198, mark 5. Full impulse. Aye.





Scott to Bridge!

Ta'laren here.

Commander, we've
lost the tractor beam!

Power levels are-

-Power levels are at
forty-eight percent!

THUNK!

What was that?

The Sundown.

Jan and her father have activated their tractor beam.

The *Daedalus*-class was the first to be equipped with them.

Spock, tell me we're getting good scans of...this place.



Affirmative.

Between the *Enterprise* and the *Sundown*, we will be bringing back enough data to keep analysts and astro-physicists busy for decades to come.



Well, no one will ever get their hands on any of it if we can't get back to normal space.



Since it seems a weapons test created one opening, let's see if we can open another.



Weapons, I want a full spread of torpedoes—set them to reproduce the Tholian web's energy wavelength and detonate one thousand kilometers ahead of us.

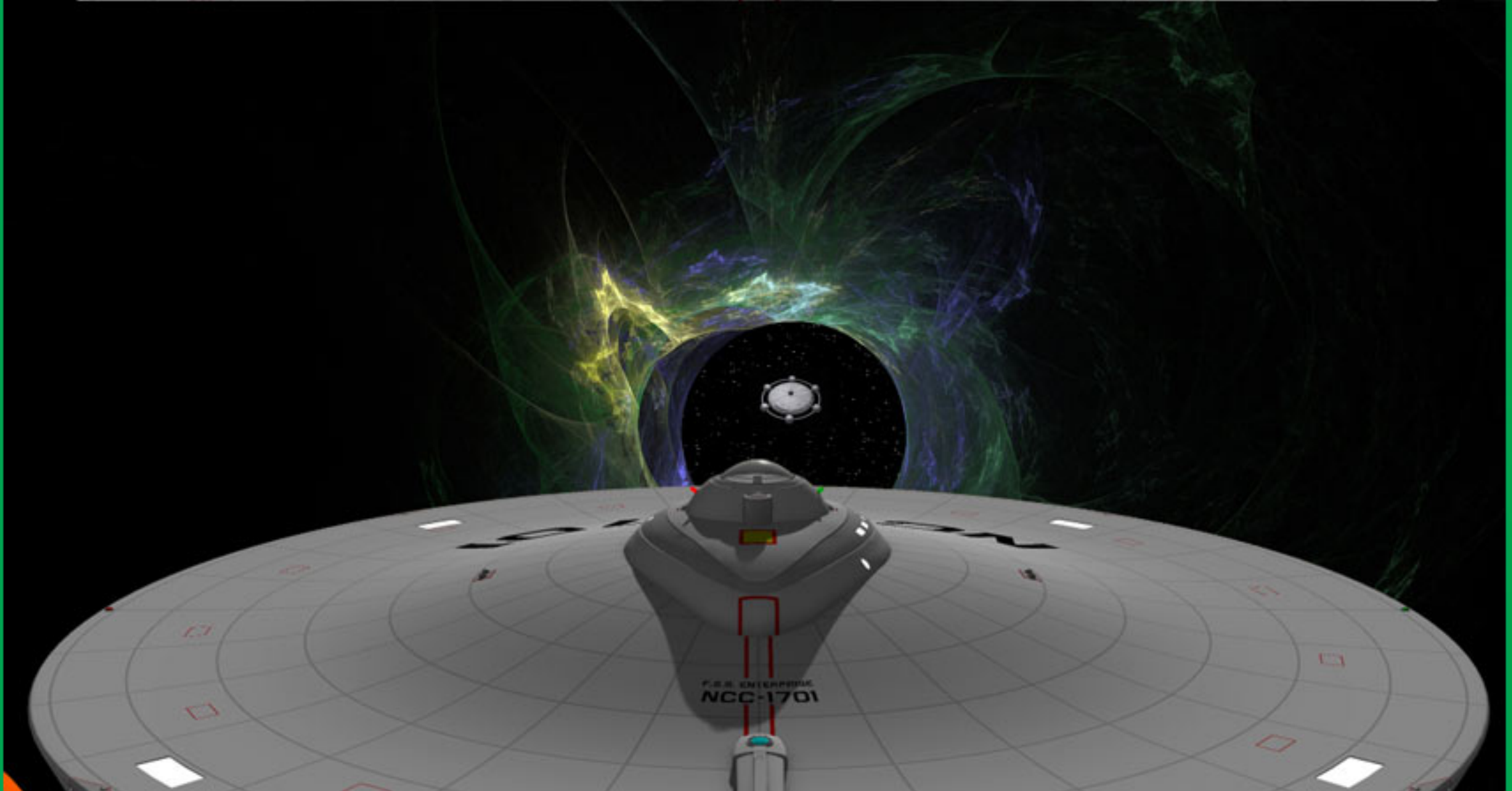
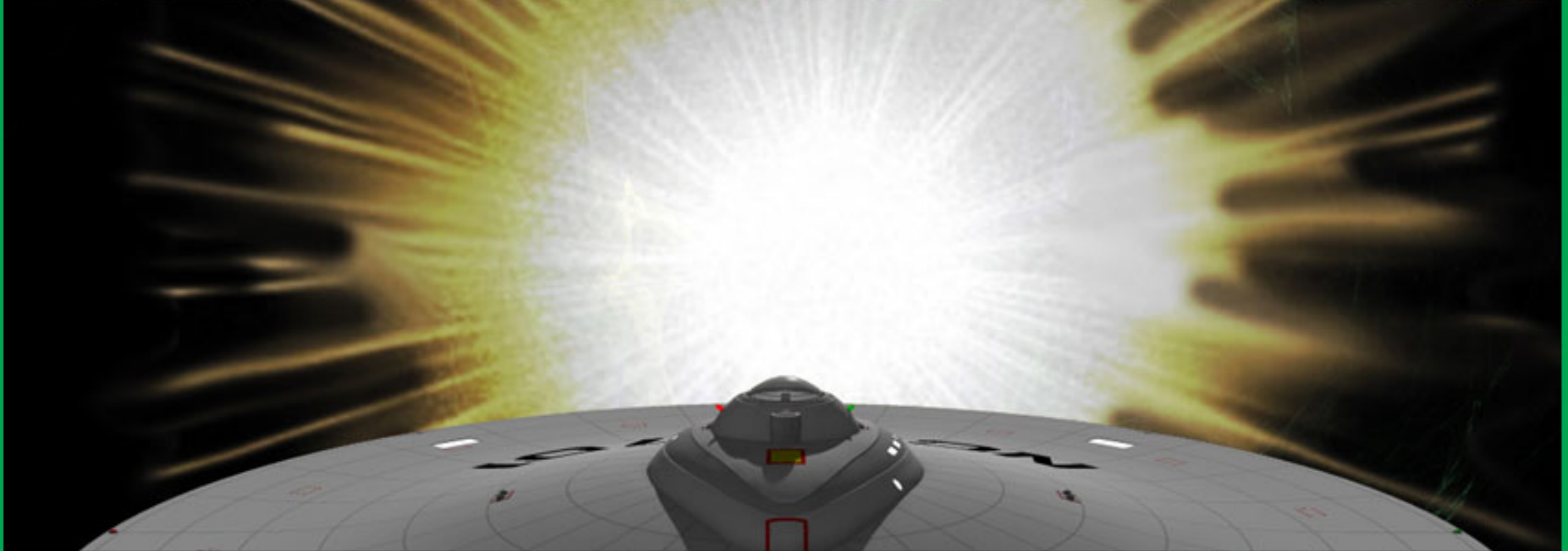
Yes, Ma'am.



Torpedoes ready, Commander.

Fire.

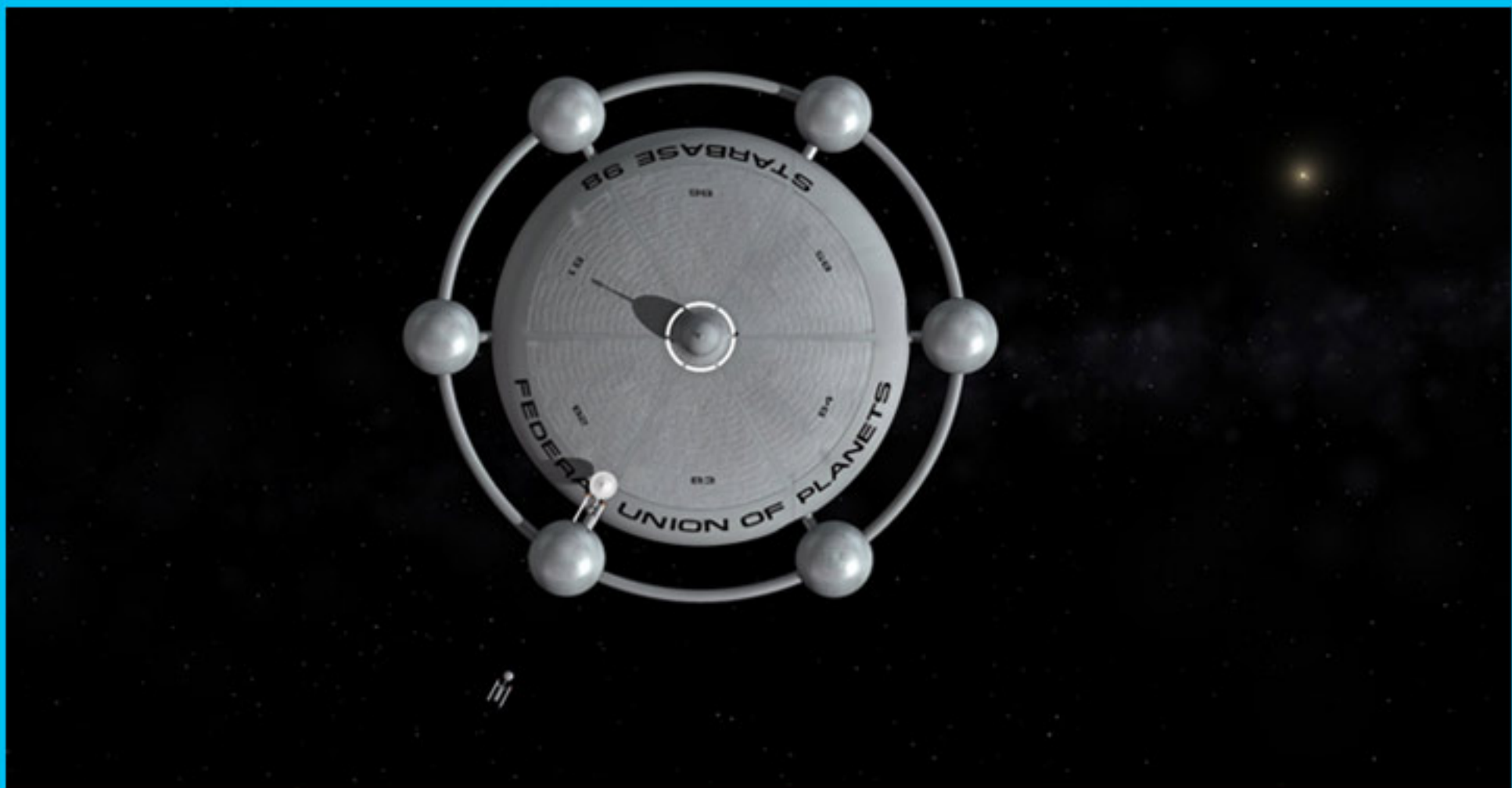


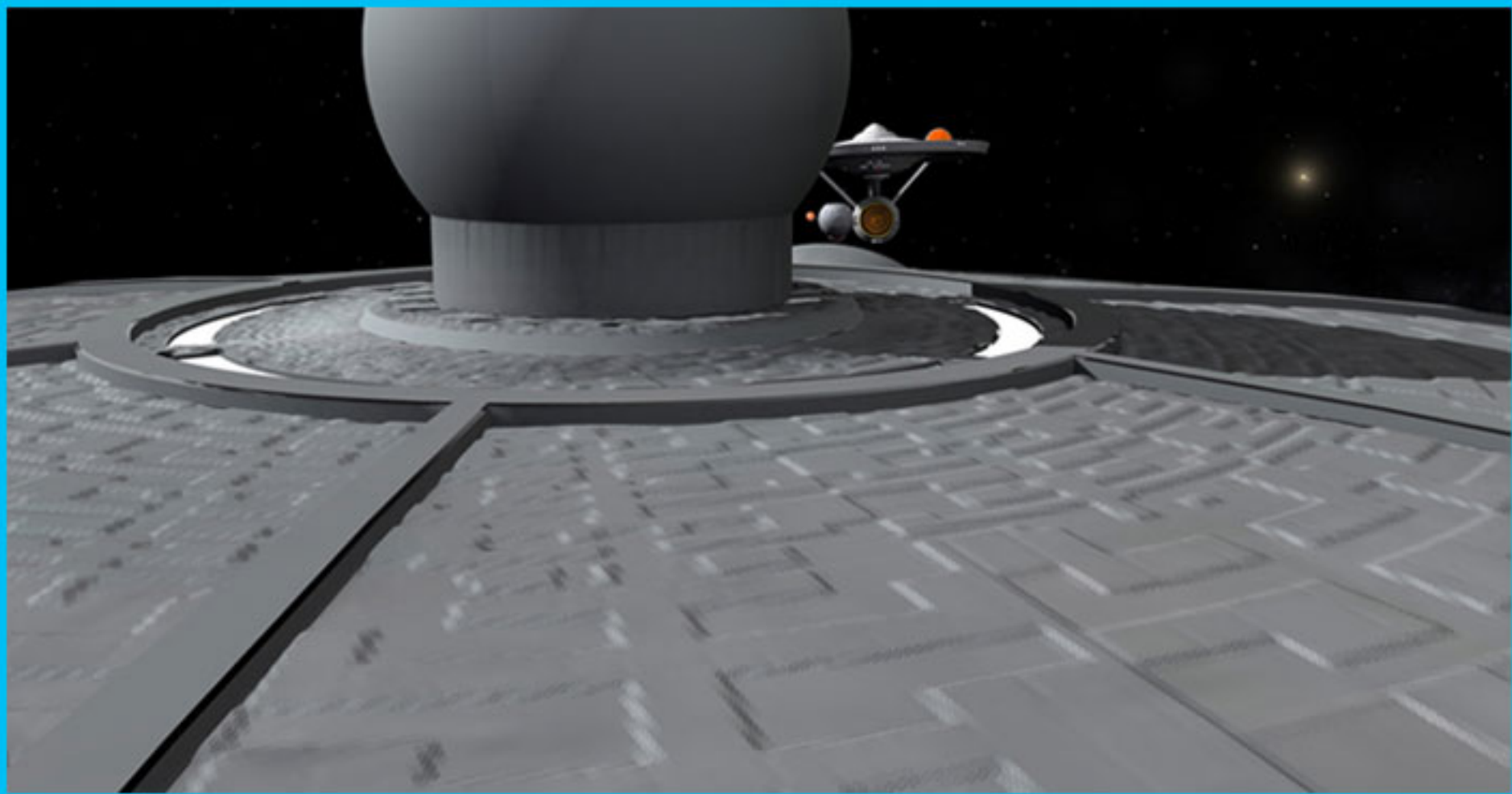
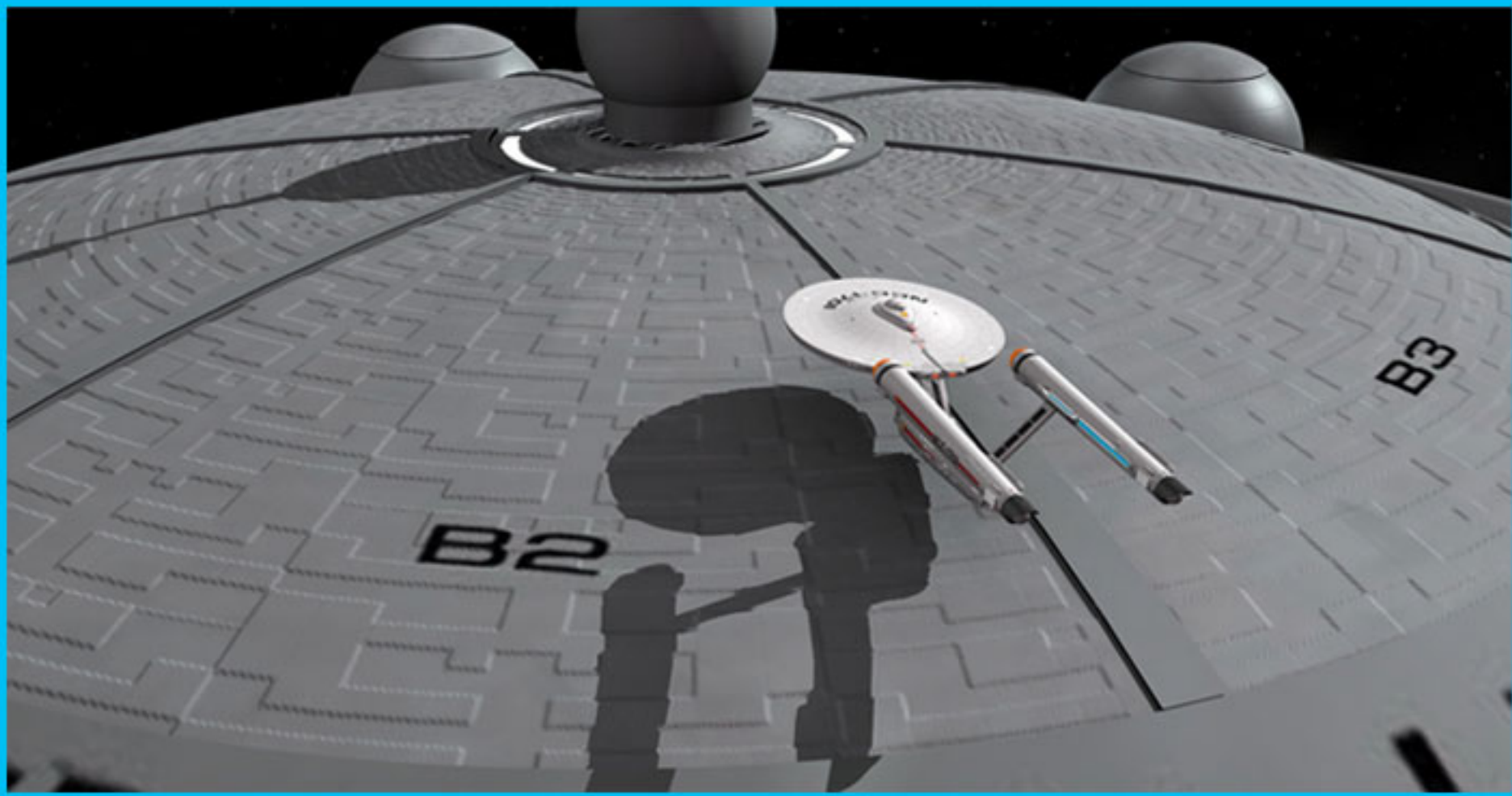


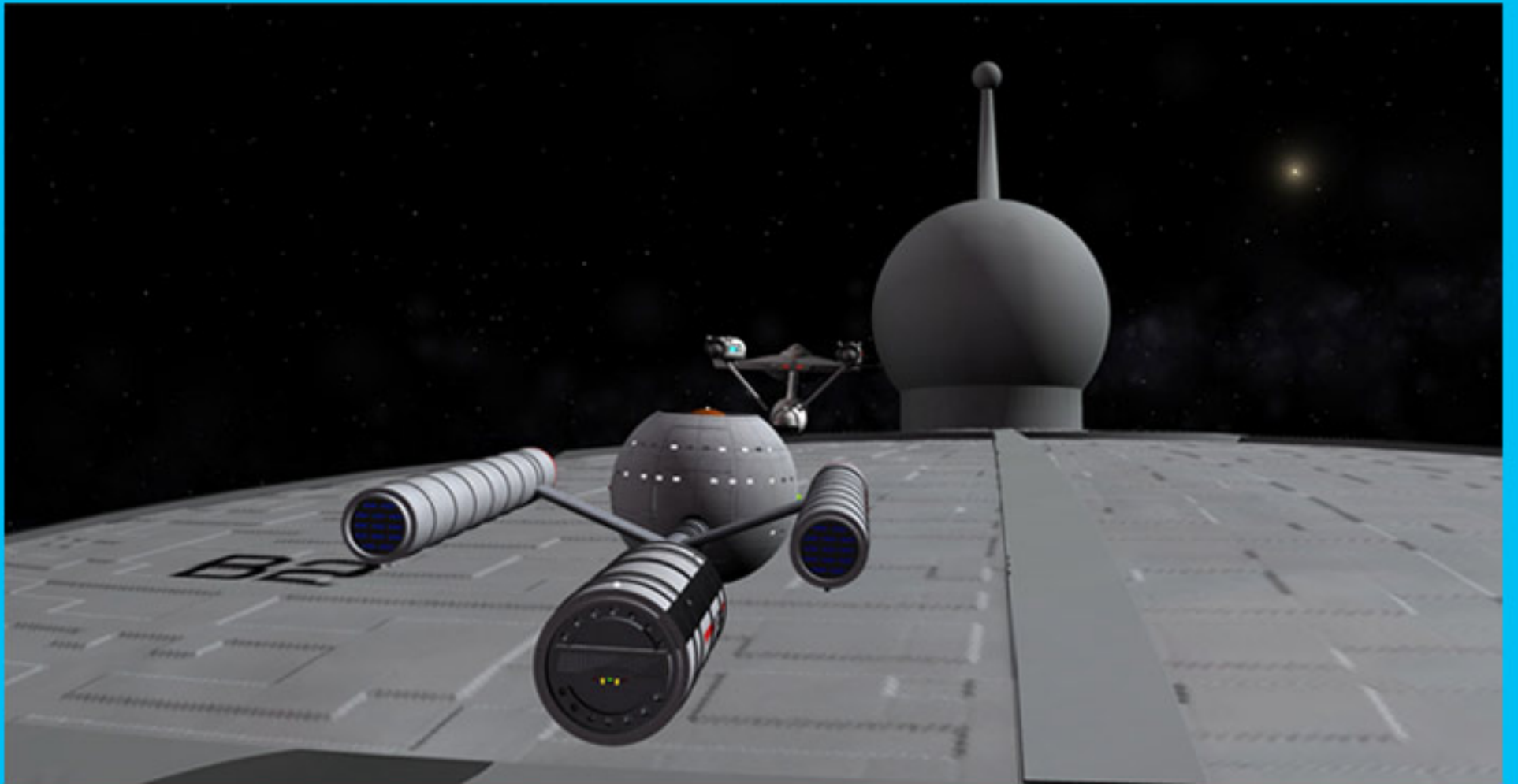


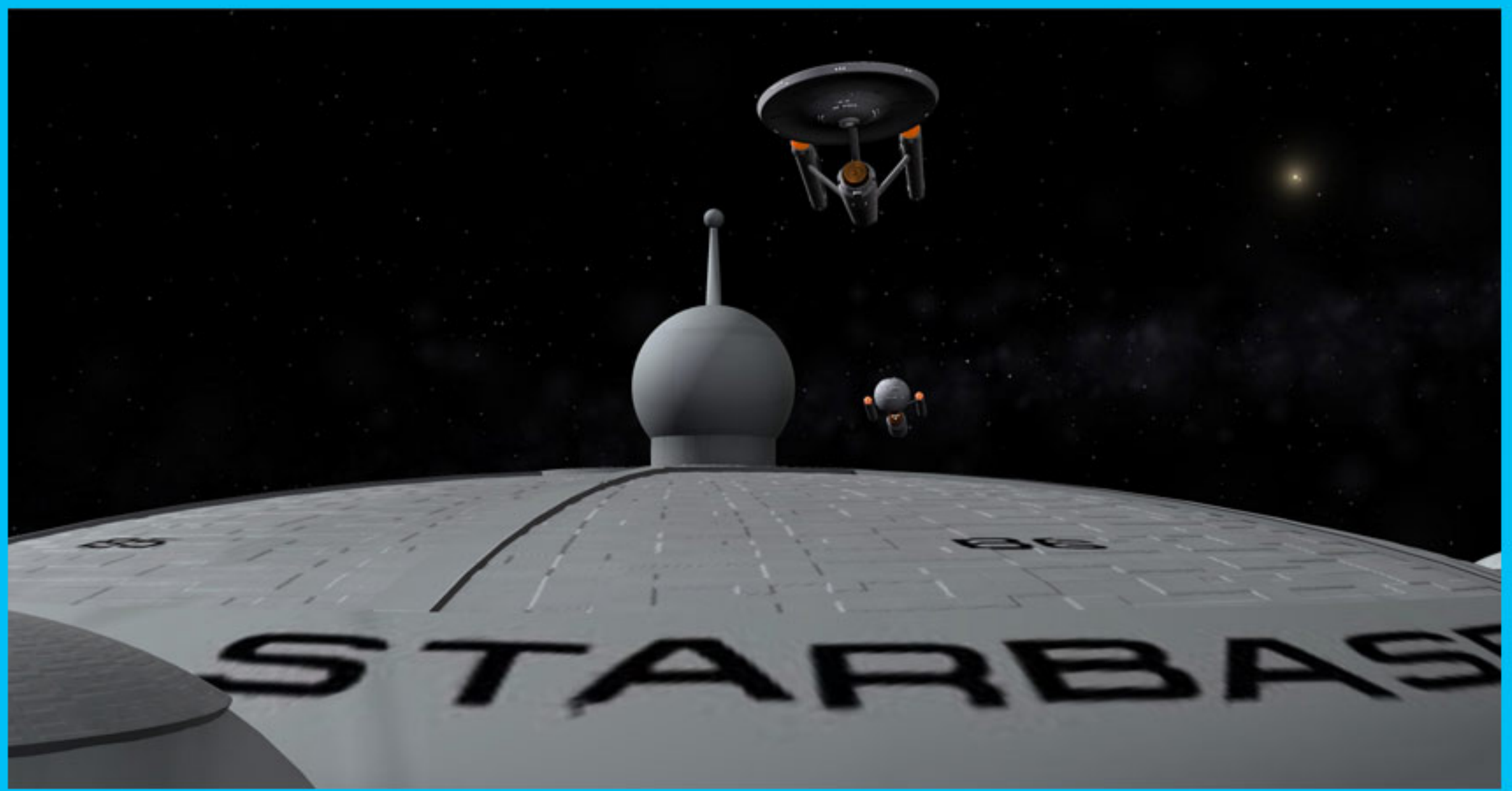
















...We missed the starbase by half a meter.

Whoah.

What'd Uncle Frank say?



What would you say if someone almost dropped two starships through your roof?

My ears burned for an hour.



But once he saw Dad, and I had a chance to explain, he agreed not to court-martial me.

We stayed over a few days while the ships were repaired and both ships and crews were checked for any lingering side-effects.

By then, Admiral Stryker had received my report and ordered us to bring the *Sundown* home.



Counting Dad, there were twenty-three survivors- out of two hundred and twenty-three.

Damn.



So, where's Dad? Starfleet Medical?

DING DONG







Beep!

Beep!

Beep!



Somewhere between Earth and Vulcan...

The shuttle is traveling at its maximum speed.

Pacing the deck will not help it move any faster-

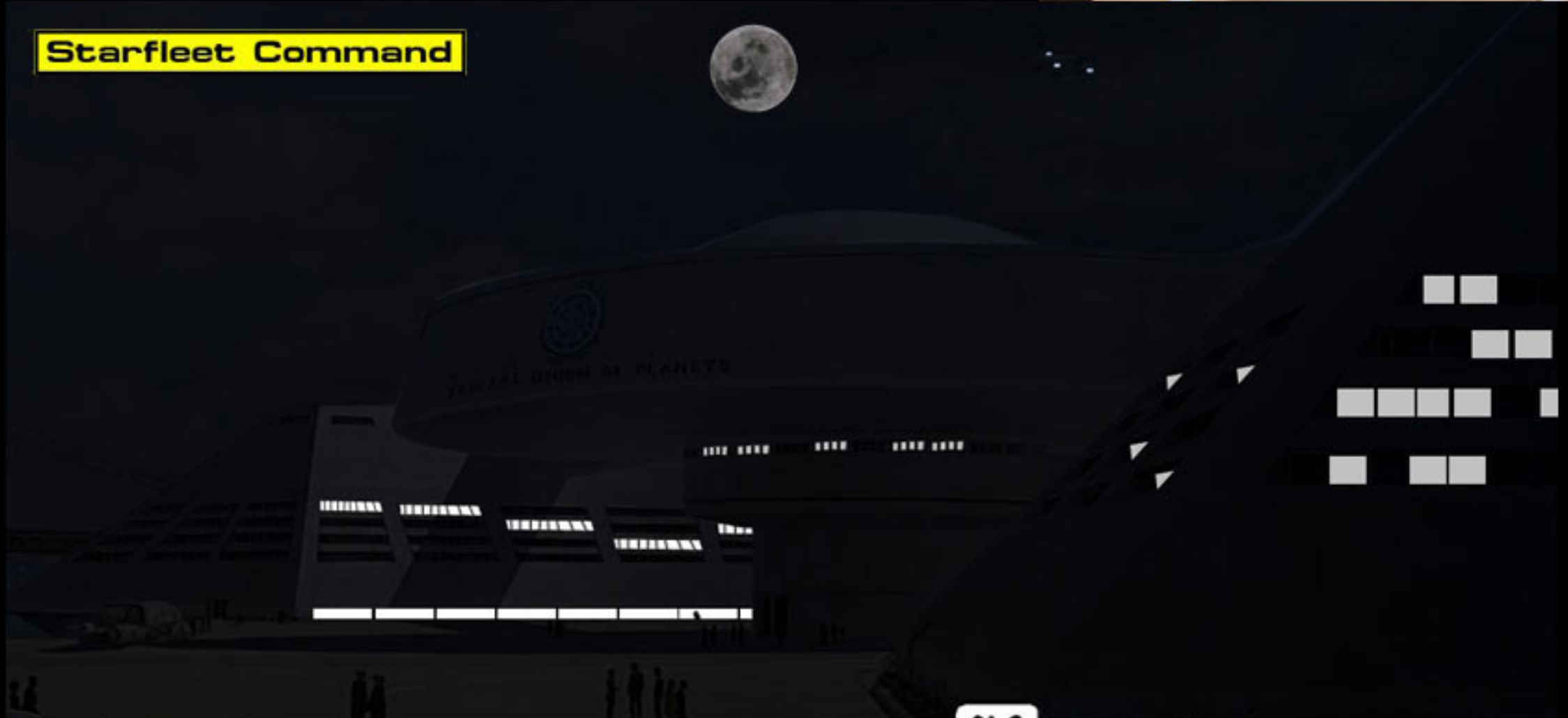
"-Rayannah."

I am sorry, Sarek.

Over the last two years, I have tried to learn the Vulcan Way.

But right now, if I don't pace, I will explode.

If what you suspect is true, your anxiety is understandable.



Ten hours ago, the colony on Betiter Nine, was attacked by a strike force of twenty Romulan ships.



There were no survivors.

That was an entirely civilian colony-



-even their spaceport was a civilian operation.

And coming on top of Zeta-Hope Nine, the President and the Federal Congress have handed me a mandate-




-something they haven't done in all the years I've held this office.

What kind of mandate, sir?




They want this insanity stopped before it goes any further.




I've issued orders for the *Enterprise* and the *Sundown* to be re-supplied with all the spare equipment they can carry.

There are four *Daedalus*-class ships mothballed at the Mars shipyard. I've ordered every useable part stripped and sent here. They should arrive in about five hours.



George, you're now Captain of the *Sundown*. I've put out a call for any remaining personnel with any knowledge of the *Daedalus*-class. It won't give you a full crew, but you'll have enough to get the job done.



Tamera, you originally trained for the *Daedalus*. As of now, you're chief helmsman of the *Sundown* - you can also bring your father up to date on this mess with the Romulans.

Yes, sir.

The *Sundown* will join up with the *Enterprise*. The *Lydia* and the *Mara* will join up with you at Starbase 98.



Join up for what, sir?



You're going to Romulus, Commodore.



Short of surrendering the Union, you're authorized to use any means necessary to end this damn war once and for all.



I don't like the idea of sending an entire family on a mission of this nature, but you've proven yourselves to be fighters and survivors- and that's what I need right now.



I want you out of orbit and on your way in twelve hours.



Dismissed- and good luck.




Ship's log; Stardate 6502.27.
Commodore Janet Kirk recording.
By the time we broke orbit,
the *Sundown* only had enough
crew for two shifts. Volunteers
from the *Enterprise* have made
three bare-bones shifts possible.

Note, Assistant Chief Engineer
Commander Barker is now
serving as the *Sundown's* chief
engineer.



We expect to reach Vulcan by
the end of the day...



...by the time the task force arrived, the *Enterprise* had taken a lot of damage.

But Jan still had one trick left.

What did- ?




My God- !




That was everyone's reaction at first.

We thought both the *Enterprise* and the Romulan Command Ship had been destroyed till the fires and debris cleared away.




It took Jan two weeks to get *Enterprise* home-

-and we've been at war with Romulus ever since.



Jan, I-



Tam, I'm sorry...

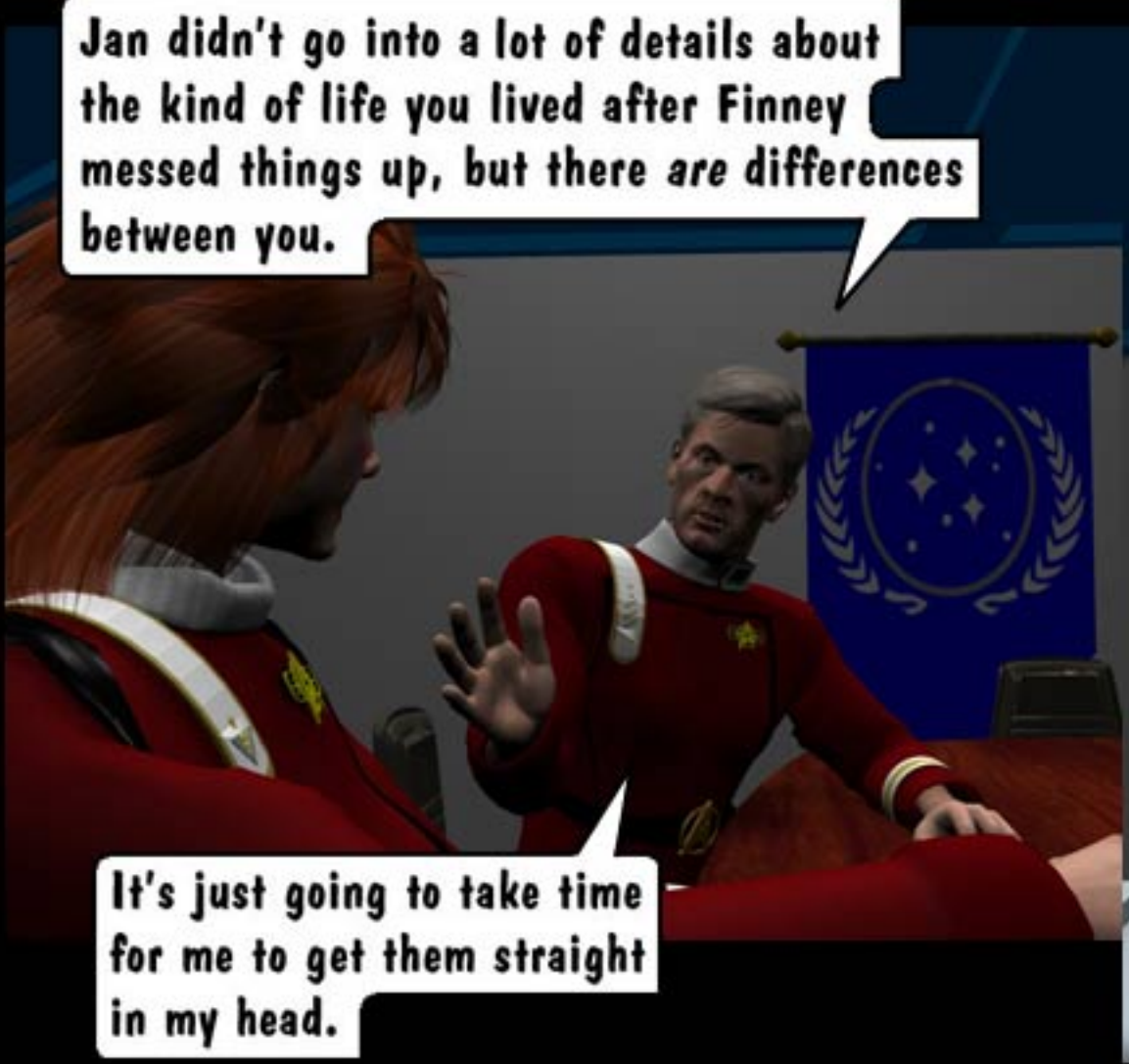
It's okay.

I should have expected it.



No.

No it's *not* okay.

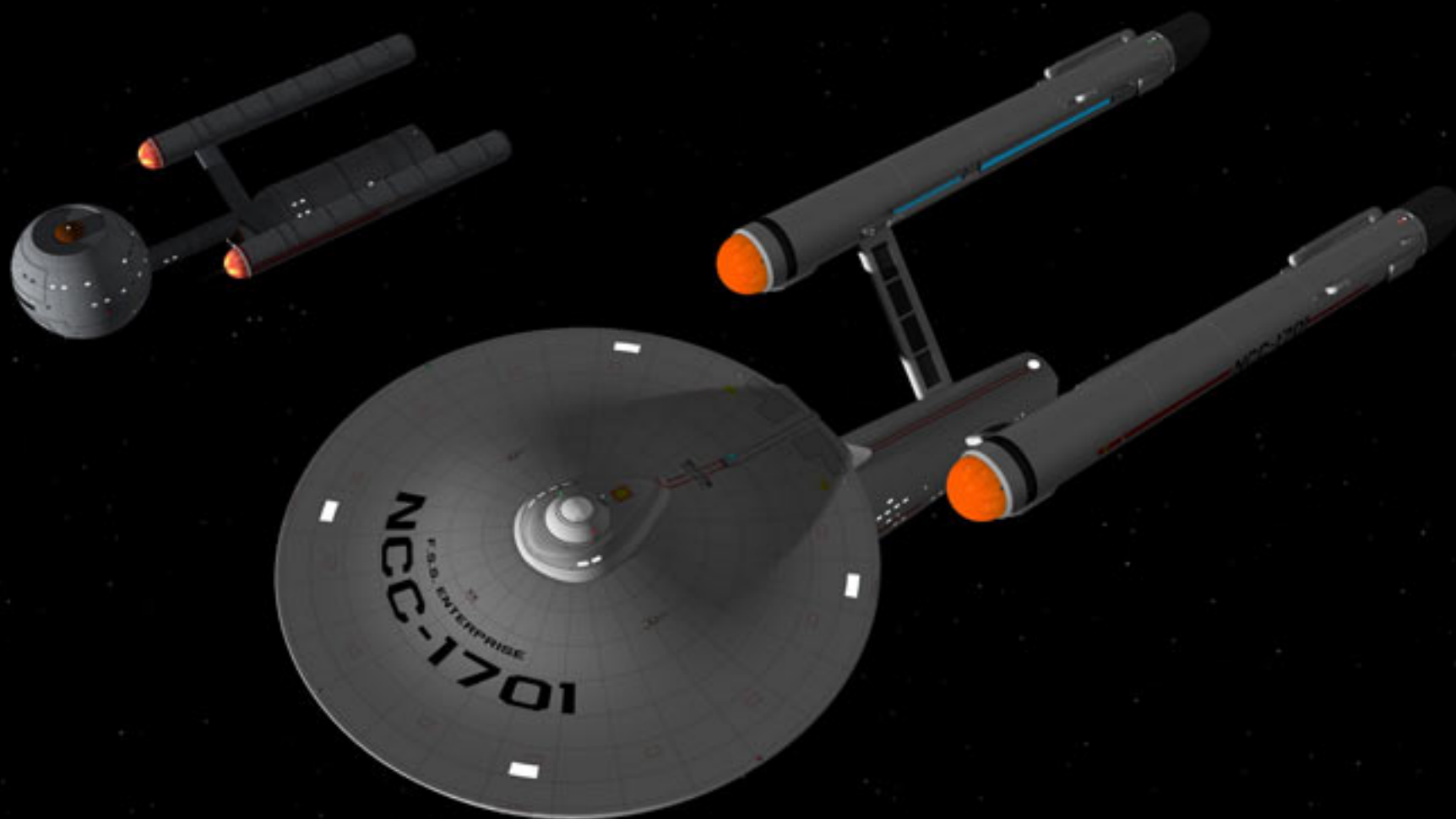


Jan didn't go into a lot of details about the kind of life you lived after Finney messed things up, but there *are* differences between you.

I've got a lot of catching up to do- on a lot of things-

-and two very special people to get to know- all over again.

It's just going to take time for me to get them straight in my head.







Could you accept it if I did?



We must each follow the path that is right for us.



My path led me to you. I would wish for no other.



At least I got my kiss before it went off this time.



Kirk here.

CLICK!

Shev, Jan.

We've got a warp sled with shuttle approaching.

From where?

Vulcan.

The pilot says he has Ambassador Sarek and his assistant on board and they're requesting permission to come aboard.

Sarek and his assistant?

All right, Shev. Beam them aboard and have them brought to the main briefing room.

Also see to it that guest quarters are prepared.


Understood.

Kirk out.

Why do I get the feeling your father just saved us a trip to Vulcan?


CLICK!






Have you seen the reports about the attacks on civilian targets?

Of course.



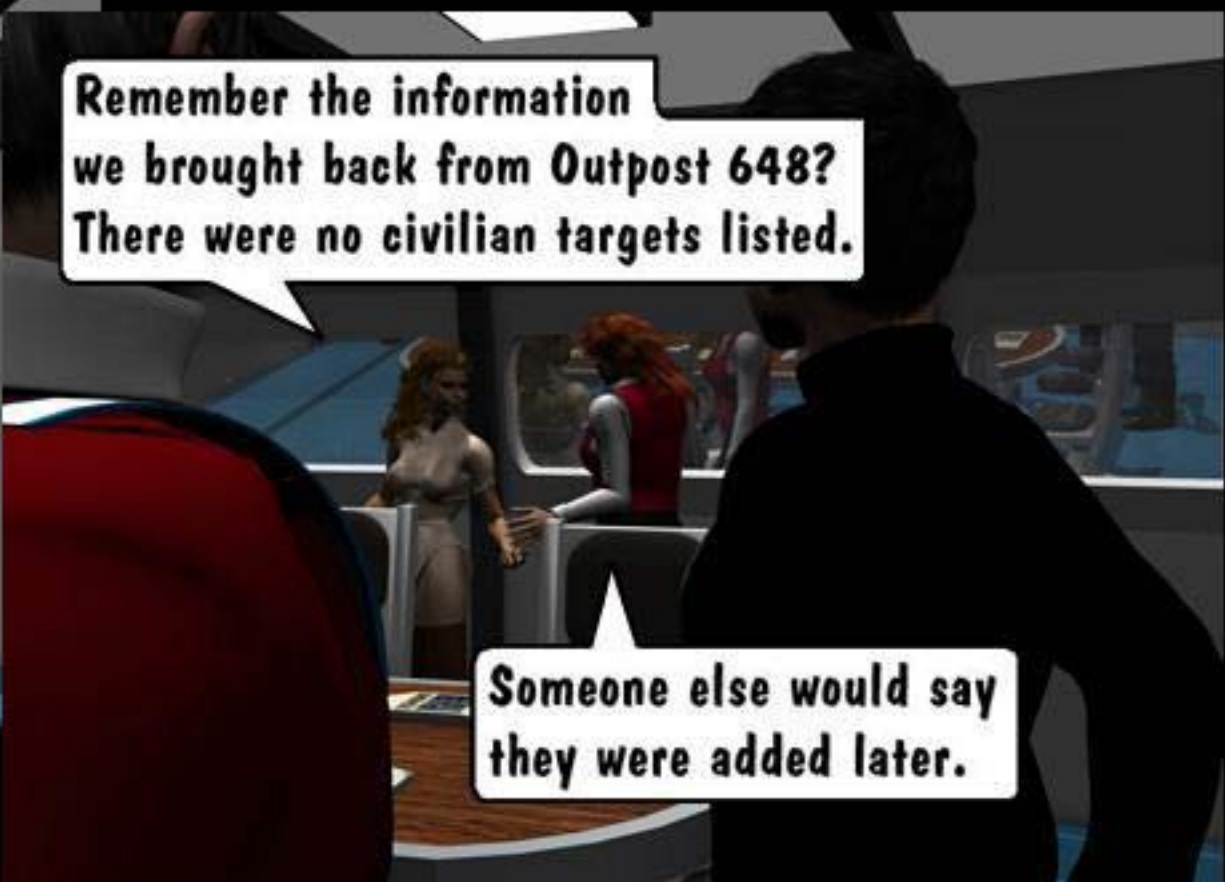
Grand Admiral Stryker briefed us on Betiter Nine.

Then he ordered us to Romulus with orders to stop the war any way we can.




You saw, but you did not see!

Then explain it.



Remember the information we brought back from Outpost 648? There were no civilian targets listed.

Someone else would say they were added later.

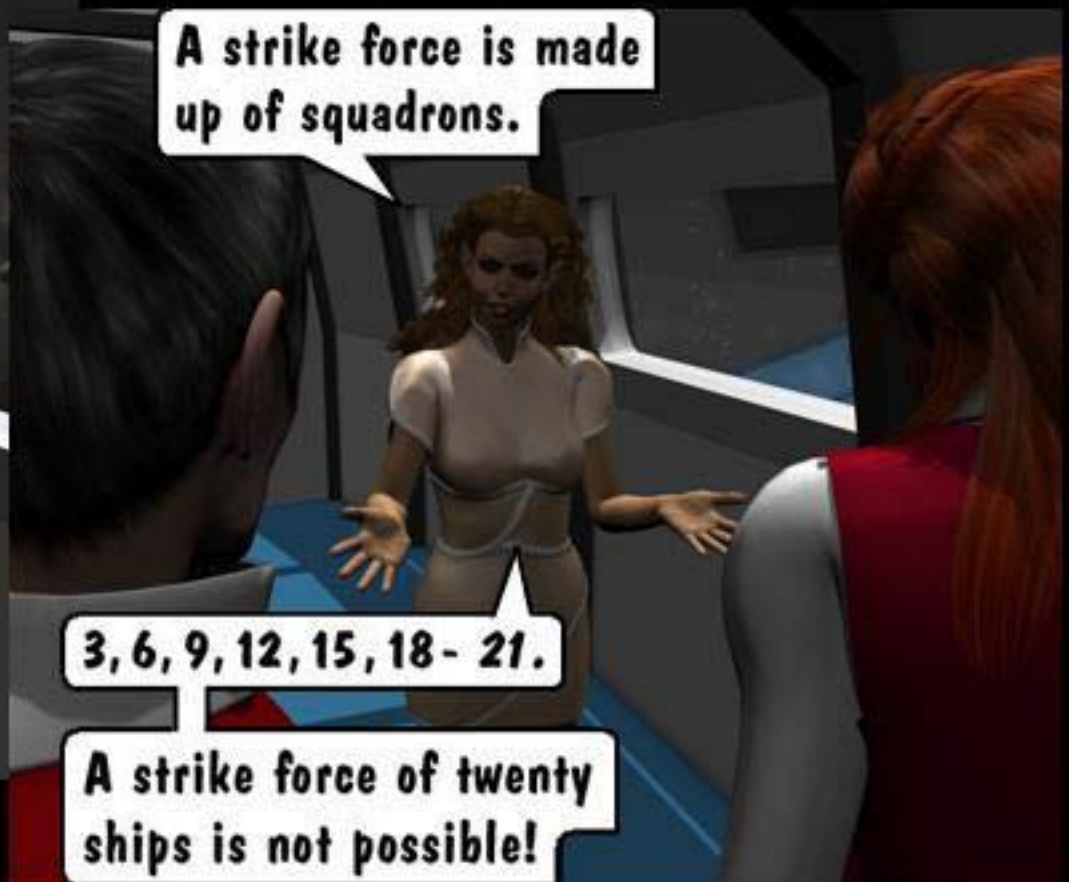


But the number of ships in the attacks is wrong-

The ships themselves are wrong.

In what way?

A Romulan squadron is made up of three ships.



A strike force is made up of squadrons.

3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18 - 21.

A strike force of twenty ships is not possible!



Has there ever been an exception?

No.
That is not our way.

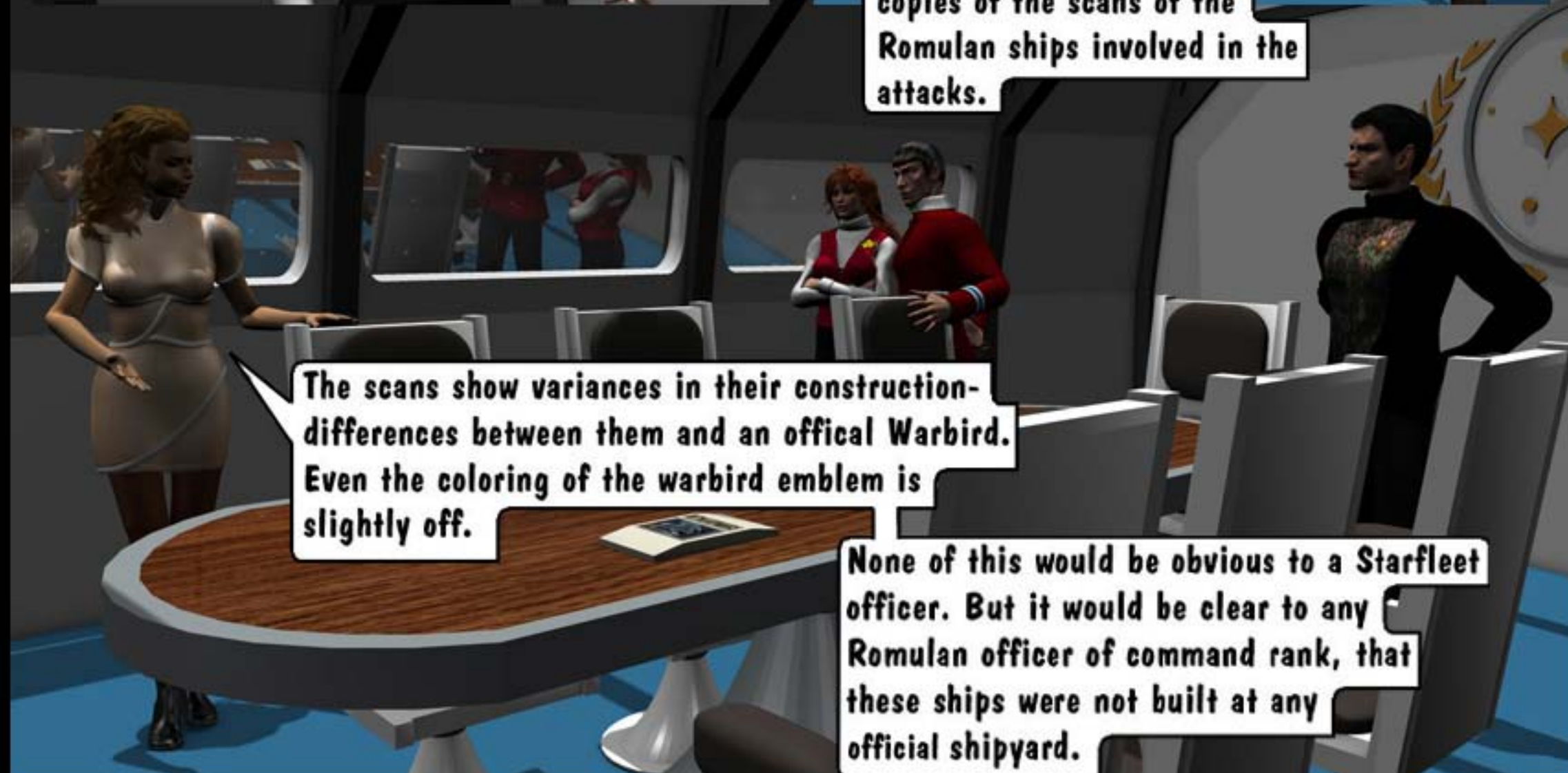


Is that all
you have?



No.


When I began to suspect this,
I went to Sarek and he used his
diplomatic clearances to obtain
copies of the scans of the
Romulan ships involved in the
attacks.




The scans show variances in their construction-
differences between them and an official Warbird.
Even the coloring of the warbird emblem is
slightly off.

None of this would be obvious to a Starfleet
officer. But it would be clear to any
Romulan officer of command rank, that
these ships were not built at any
official shipyard.





So someone wants the Union to attac-



Oh my god...

Jan?



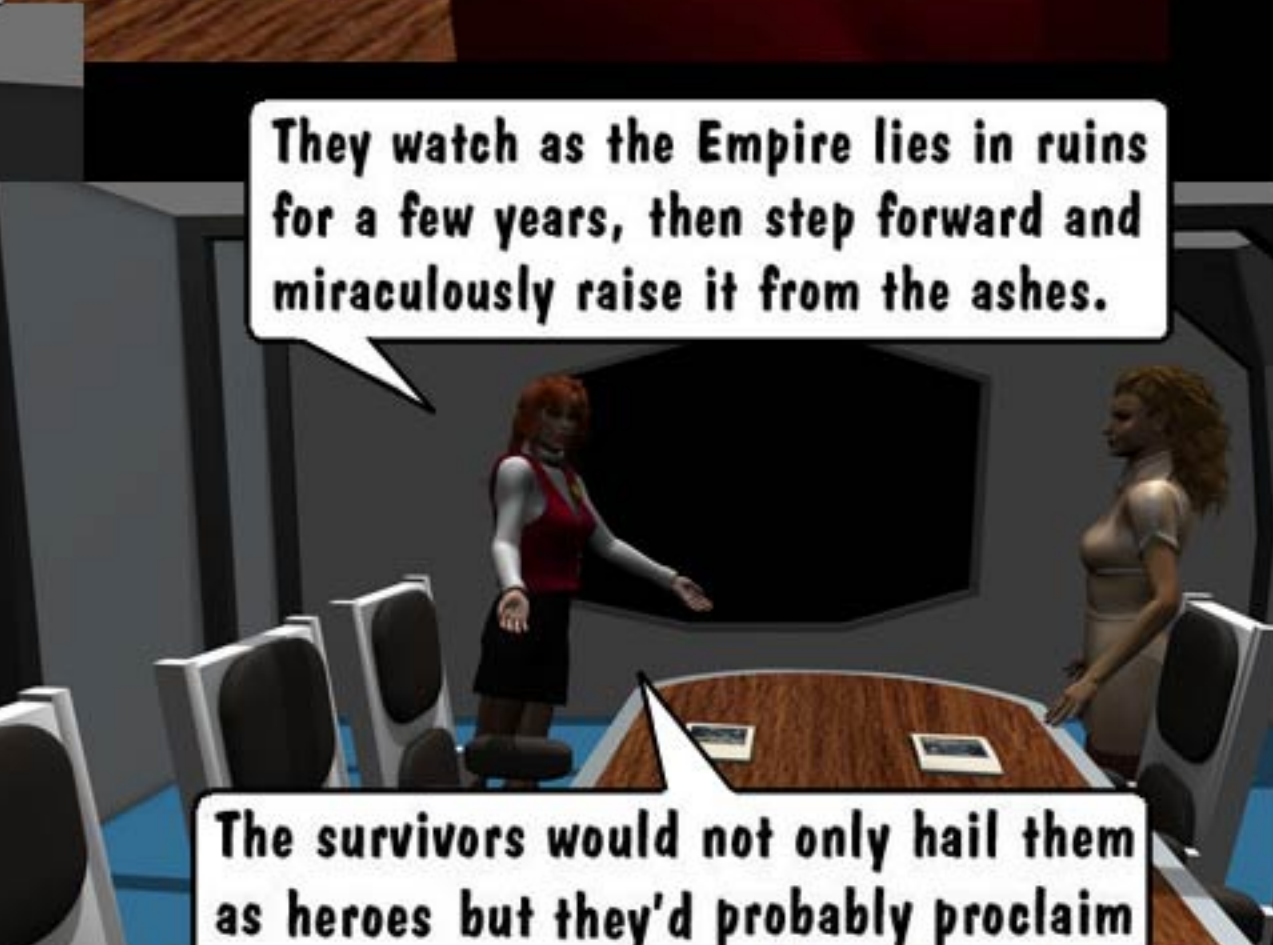
Whoever's behind this is insane.

Instead of just killing the Praetor and taking his place, they're trying to use the Union to assassinate the Empire.




Fascinating.

But to what end?




They watch as the Empire lies in ruins for a few years, then step forward and miraculously raise it from the ashes.

The survivors would not only hail them as heroes but they'd probably proclaim them Emperor as well.


A man with dark hair and a black turtleneck with a colorful, abstract pattern on the chest. He is standing in front of a circular emblem with yellow stars and laurel wreaths.

And in the end, they create a more militant empire-


-one more willing to conquer in the name of survival.

A woman with red hair wearing a red vest over a white long-sleeved shirt, and another woman with blonde hair wearing a white two-piece outfit. They are standing around a large wooden conference table with some papers on it.

Rayannah, who was the most outspoken in favor of renewing the war?

A close-up profile of a woman with long red hair, wearing a white and red outfit.

Senator Pa'luc. But he is what you would call a "loud mouth." He's rarely taken seriously.


A woman with long blonde hair wearing a white two-piece outfit, looking down with a serious expression.

If the older senators had not supported the motion, no one would have paid any attention to him.

A woman with red hair wearing a red vest over a white long-sleeved shirt, standing in a room with a large window.

And who was the quietest supporter?

That would be Senator Bar'len. He sits like an insect in a web- pulls the strings of others.

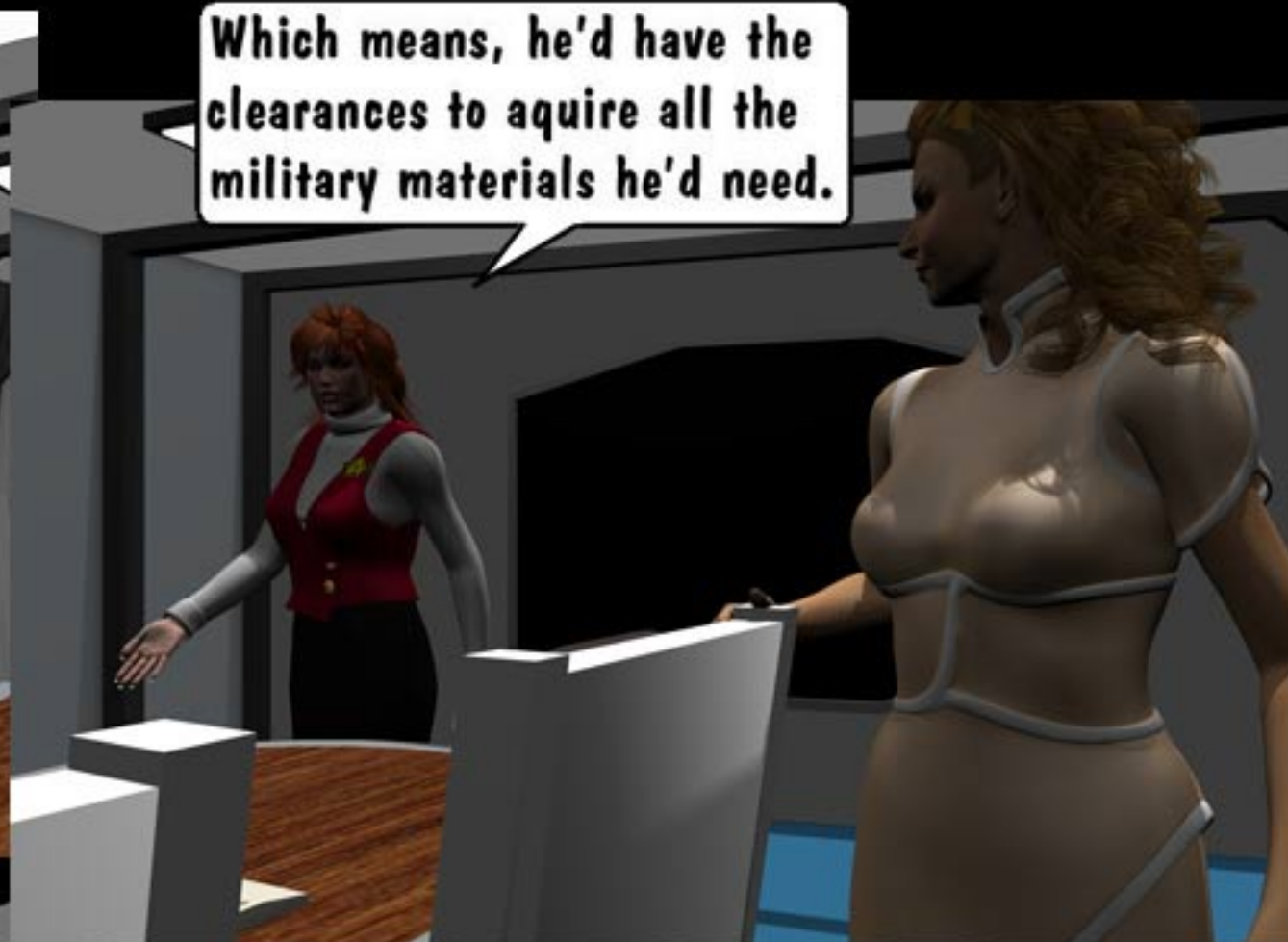
A man in a red uniform and a man in a black turtleneck with a colorful pattern on the chest, standing in a room with a large window. A woman with red hair in a red vest is in the foreground.

Likes to plot and plan behind the scenes.



Yes.

He even serves as the
Praetor's First Advisor.



Which means, he'd have the
clearances to aquire all the
military materials he'd need.



He's the second most
powerful member of the
Imperial Senate after the
Praetor himself.

Sounds like he's tired
of sharing power.



Kirk to Bridge.

Ta'laren here.

CLICK!



Forget Vulcan,
Shev.

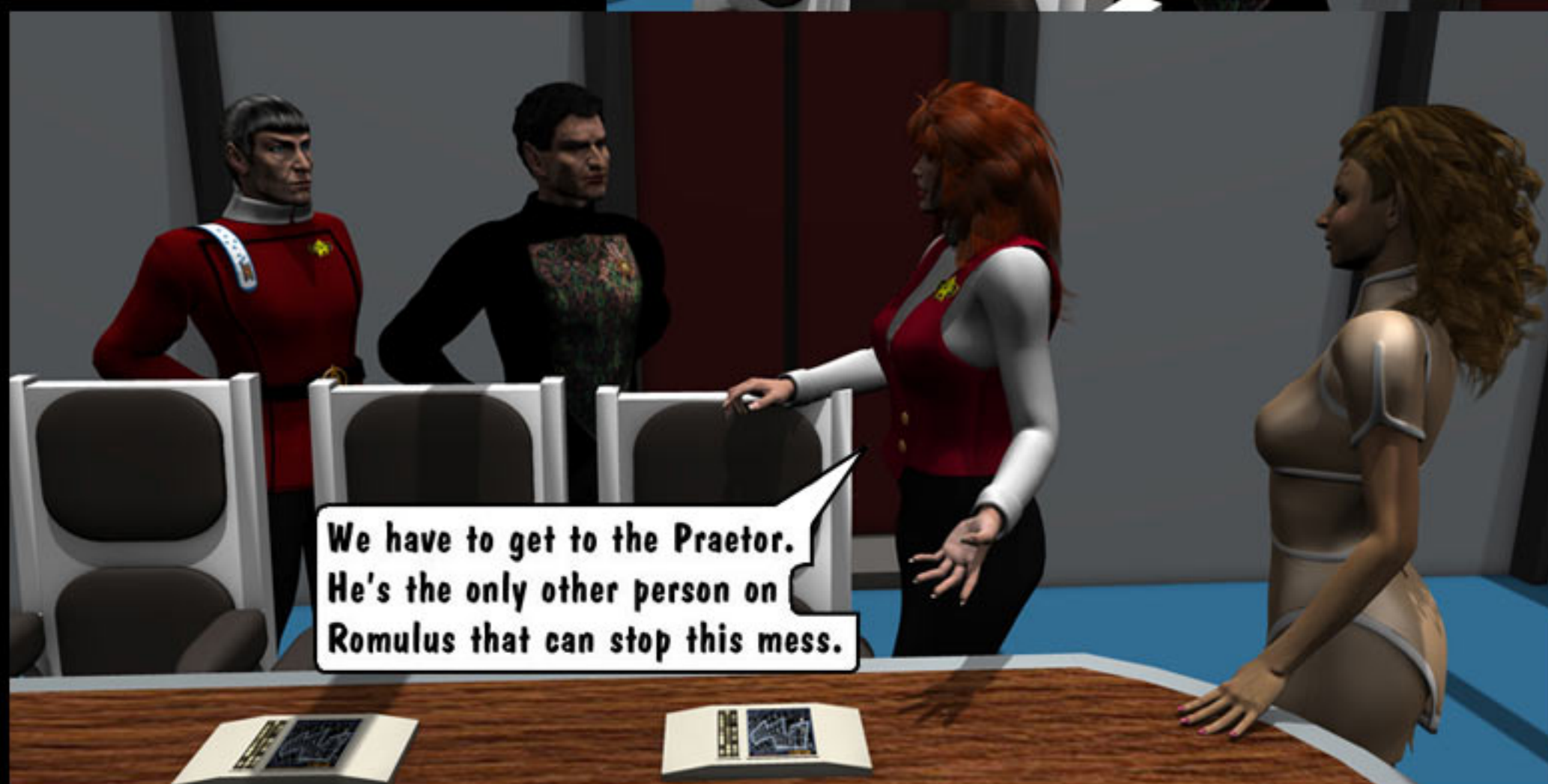


Contact the *Sundown* and set course for Starbase 98- Maximum warp.

Kirk out.



And what will be your next step?



We have to get to the Praetor. He's the only other person on Romulus that can stop this mess.



Otherwise, I won't have any choice but to level the planet.

Personal log; Supplemental.
Janet Kirk recording.
Once we'd set course for Starbase 98,
I had Sarek and Rayannah shown to
guest quarters. Then I called Dad and
told him and Tam to get over here.



They were both shaking their heads
in disbelief by the time I'd finished
filling them in...

...This whole thing's
turning into a twisted mess.

You just now realizing that?

Things were certainly a lot
simpler twenty-two years ago.
The Romulans weren't even in
the picture then.

From what I can figure, this
Senator Bar'len was planning
all of this even back then-

Everyone assumed they were still
hiding behind the 'Zone licking
their wounds.

-with so many ships and crews under
his control, he must've been.

So what happens when we get to Romulus?

Unless Aunt T'Pel has something we can use, I don't know. But he's the key to all of this.

How do we find the Praetor when we have no records on him?

You think once the Praetor's been told what Bar'len's been doing behind his back, he'll stop the war?

Considering where Bar'len's going with this, wouldn't you? Bar'len's after the throne and he's willing to kill half the Empire to get it.

And you think this Romulan female you've been dealing with can be trusted?

I've known her for over two years now, Dad.

Yes.

Come on.

You've seen the *Enterprise* from the outside-

-Let me show you the inside.





I know that you were not...totally supportive of my decision to join Starfleet.

Correct.



Yet, I have seen you build a successful career- and marriage- based on that decision.

It is possible that my opposition was...incorrect.



And yet, in recent months, I have found myself... reconsidering that choice.

Spock, you have served in Starfleet for over twelve years. I have also seen the report about you being wounded prior to the Battle of Starbase 98.

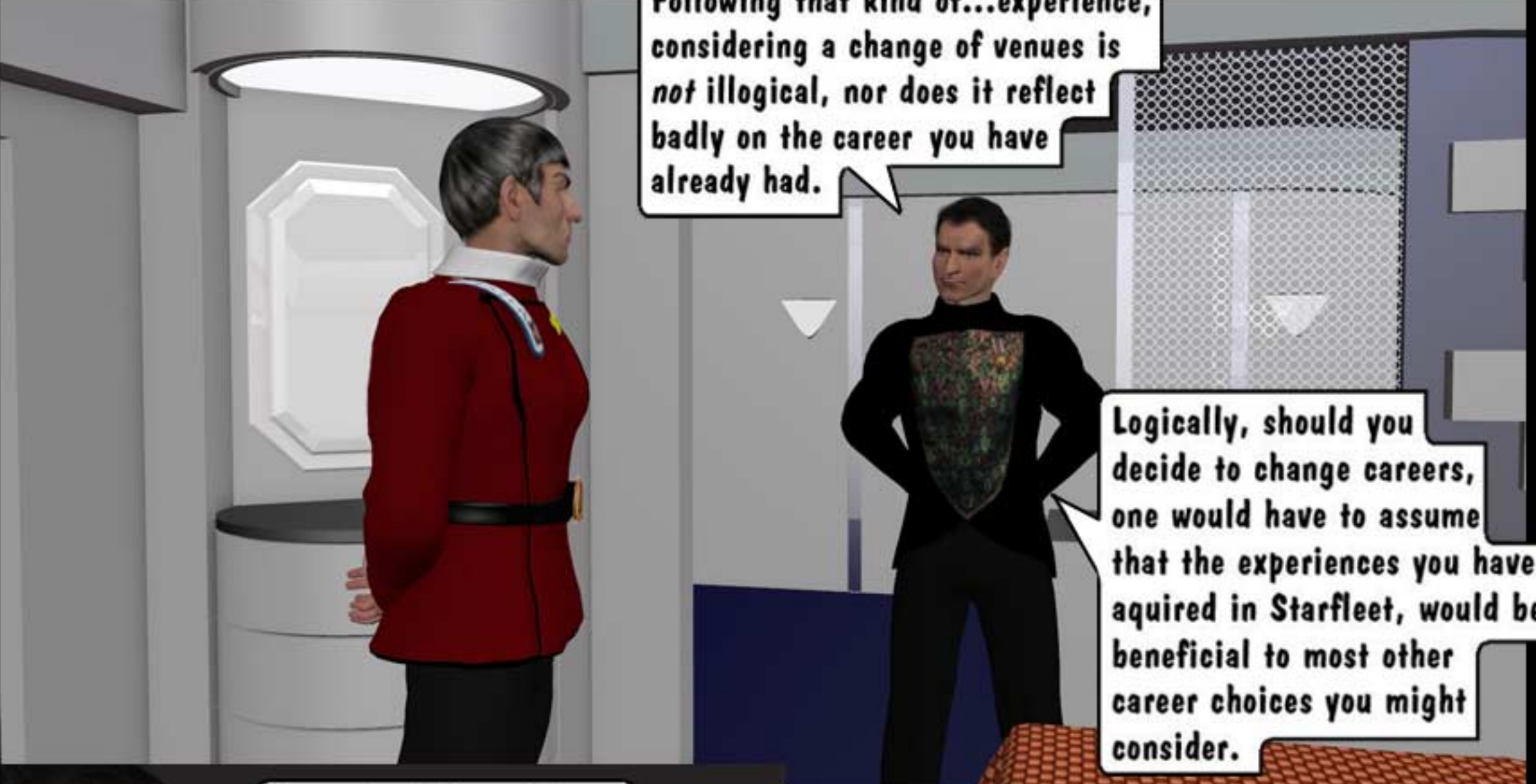


Mother hasn't seen it, has she?



No. Nor will I show it to her.





Following that kind of...experience, considering a change of venues is *not* illogical, nor does it reflect badly on the career you have already had.

Logically, should you decide to change careers, one would have to assume that the experiences you have acquired in Starfleet, would be beneficial to most other career choices you might consider.

Even the Vulcan Science Academy?

Their...elitist view was totally illogical. It created a division among the faculty for many years after you left.

And now?

Now, there are several new members on the faculty and they have inquired several times about your joining them.

Perhaps it is time to speak with them.

I have not mentioned it before now, because I could see that you were not interested.

Spock, I must ask, what is your logical reason for considering such a move?



I do not know if I have a... logical reason.

When I was wounded, I had difficulty coming out of the Healing Trance- even though a trained physician was on hand.



I...nearly failed to come out of it, Father. I almost died and I do not know if it was a lack of training on my part or my half-human biology.

But I have no desire to face such a situation again.



It was neither.

How can you be certain?



You forget that I over-saw and selected your training. I know how well you handled it.



Many times over the centuries, there have been those who were so severely injured that they failed to come out of the Trance. Nothing available at the time could have saved them.

I, myself was in a similar situation once, before you were born.

Suleg of Sh'gree City felt that we were being too open to the rest of the Union and wanted the post of Vulcan's Ambassador in order to enforce his own ideas of Isolationism.

He challenged me for the office. I defeated him of course- killed him in fact- but not before he had done substantial damage to me...

...It was a week before I came out of the Trance. The doctors had begun to think I never would.

Indeed?

As strange as it sounds, it is... reassuring to know that.

Still, I ...feel that it is time for a change.

And what of Janet?

She will follow her career wherever it takes her- as she should.

She is my wife, Father. I will respect her decisions as she respects mine.

Four nights later:
Stardate 6502.31



Ba-leep!

Ba-leep!



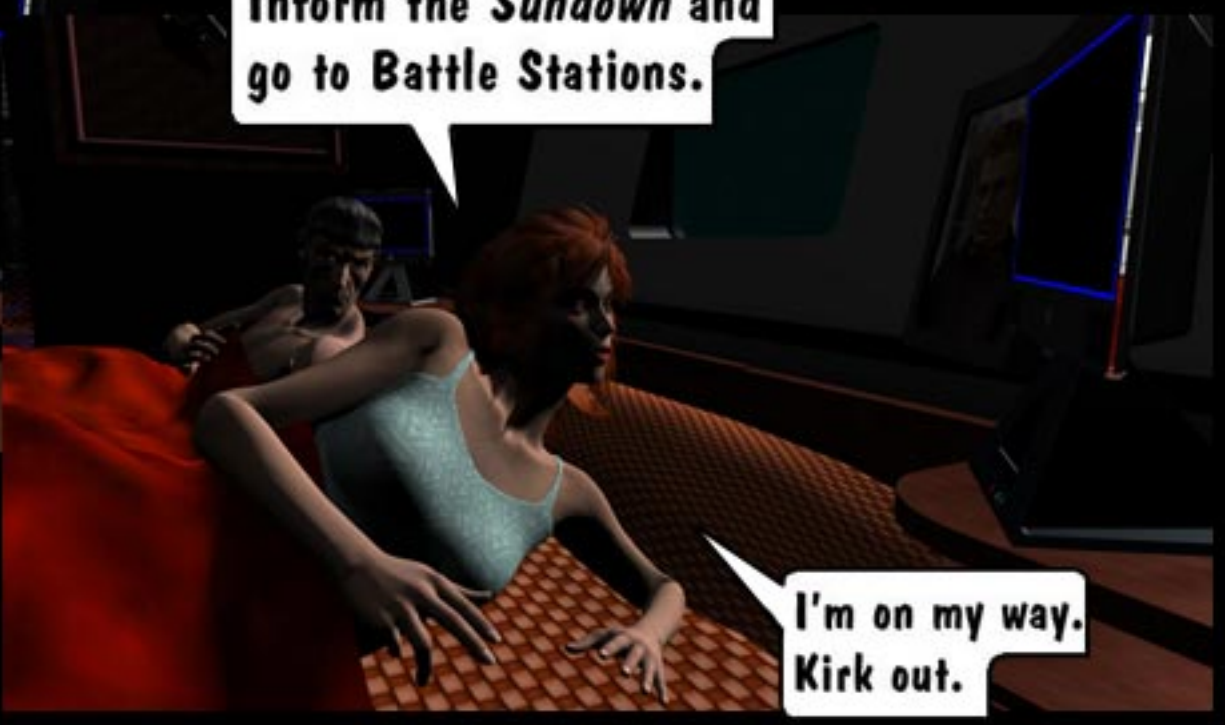
Bridge to
Commodore!

Kirk here.

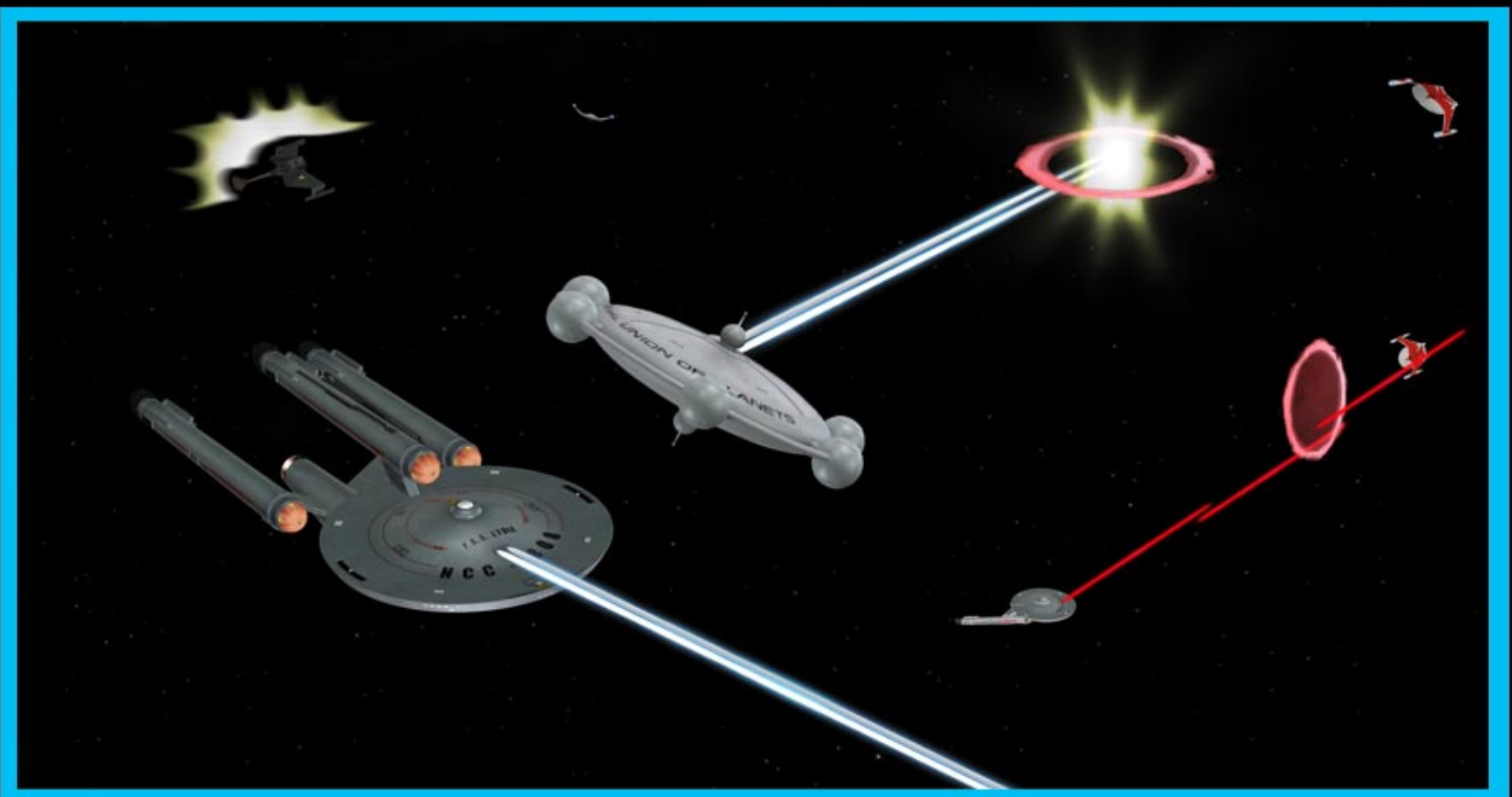


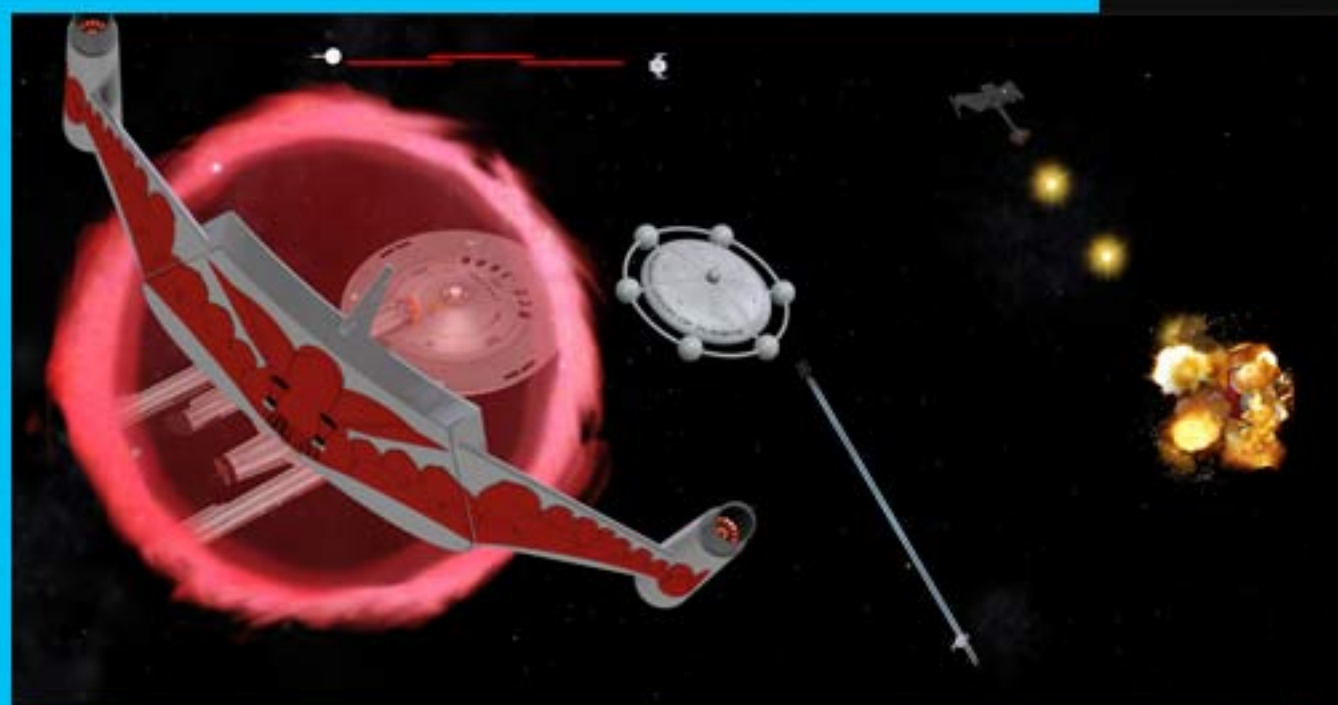
Commodore, We're now getting
long-range scans of Starbase 98-
and they're under attack!

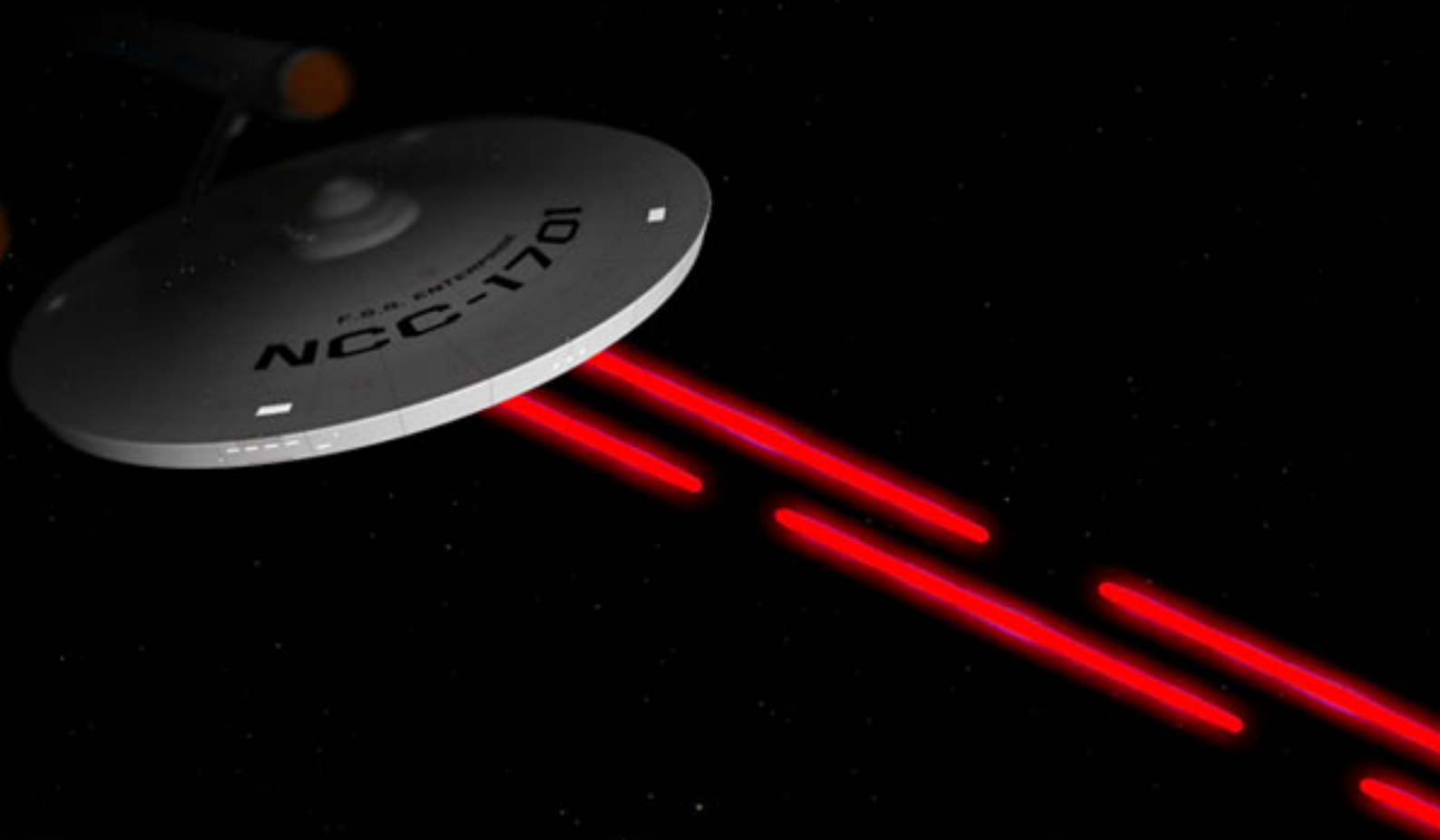
Inform the *Sundown* and
go to Battle Stations.



I'm on my way.
Kirk out.







They just came
face-to-face with
a ghost.

All the remaining
Romulans *ran*.

Why?

Evidently, this faction
doesn't watch the FNF.



Computer, I want
a full analysis of those
Romulan ships.

Yes, Ma'am. On screen.



More imposters.

Everything is
off- just like
I said.

More proof of
Bar'len's involvement-



Contact the Starbase and
see if they need assistance.

-as if we needed
it.



Yes, ma'am.

Ship's log; Stardate 6502.31.
Commodore Janet Kirk
recording.

Starbase 98 took some damage
-but nothing that can't be
fixed with supplies on hand.

When informed of my orders,
Uncle Frank had a fit. He told
me in no uncertain terms that
the mission was insane and
if he'd had the authority to
stop me, he would have.

Even after I told him what
we'd figured out, he still
said it was too much of a
long shot.


Maybe it is, but what other
choice do we have?

Aunt T'Pel wasn't able to add
much. SFI has been hearing
rumors about a more militant
faction within the Empire, but
they couldn't get their hands
on enough information to do
anything with.

With the *Lydia* and the *Mara*
joining up with us and the
Sundown, we have left
Starbase 98 and resumed
course for the Romulan Neutral
Zone.


Once we were underway, I
called Dad, Kang and Captain
Taylor to the *Enterprise*. It
was time everyone knew how
things stood...



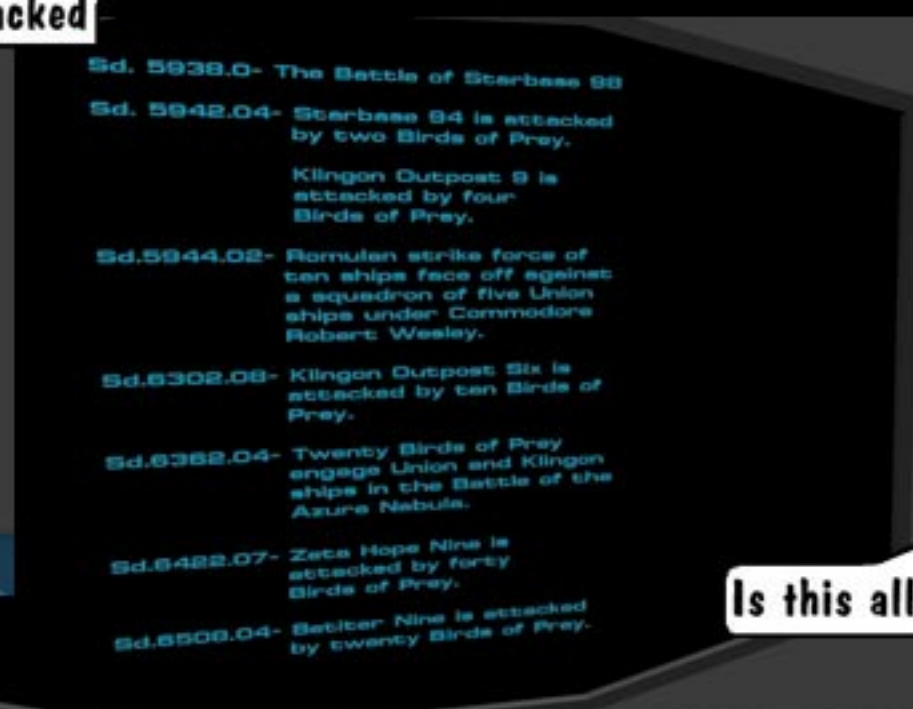


...So if we are dealing with a more militant faction, how deeply are they involved?

Computer? Check the records for any other Romulan ships like the ones that attacked Starbase 98.



Yes, Ma'am. On screen.



Sd. 5938.0- The Battle of Starbase 98
Sd. 5942.04- Starbase 94 is attacked by two Birds of Prey.
Klingon Outpost 9 is attacked by four Birds of Prey.
Sd.5944.02- Romulan strike force of ten ships face off against a squadron of five Union ships under Commodore Robert Wesley.
Sd.6302.08- Klingon Outpost Six is attacked by ten Birds of Prey.
Sd.6362.04- Twenty Birds of Prey engage Union and Klingon ships in the Battle of the Azure Nebula.
Sd.6422.07- Zeta Hope Nine is attacked by forty Birds of Prey.
Sd.6508.04- Betelgeuse Nine is attacked by twenty Birds of Prey.





Is this all?

No Ma'am. There's one more- but you and the Colonel won't like it.

When was it?

Two and a half years ago.




No...

**Sd.5930.1 - Two Birds of Prey attack
the colonies on Clondar VI
and Cestus III.**

Damn them.


***What happened
back then?***

***They were giving support to renegade Andorians.
They wiped out both colonies- killing the
Colonel's wife, my brother and his wife.****




The problem is, even though we know what is being done, we have no indisputable proof to show the Praetor.


Nothing that will convince him the Empire is being led to slaughter.



What about the scans and records?



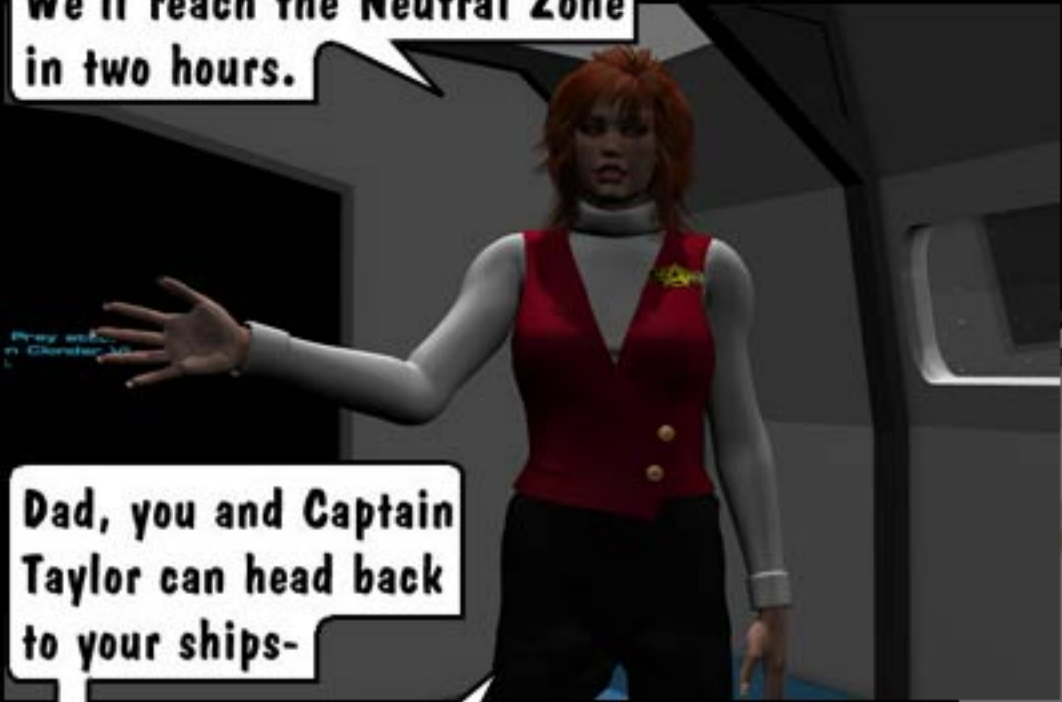
They can claim that everything we have was faked for propaganda reasons.



We need proof he cannot ignore.

Yes.

We'll reach the Neutral Zone in two hours.



Dad, you and Captain Taylor can head back to your ships-

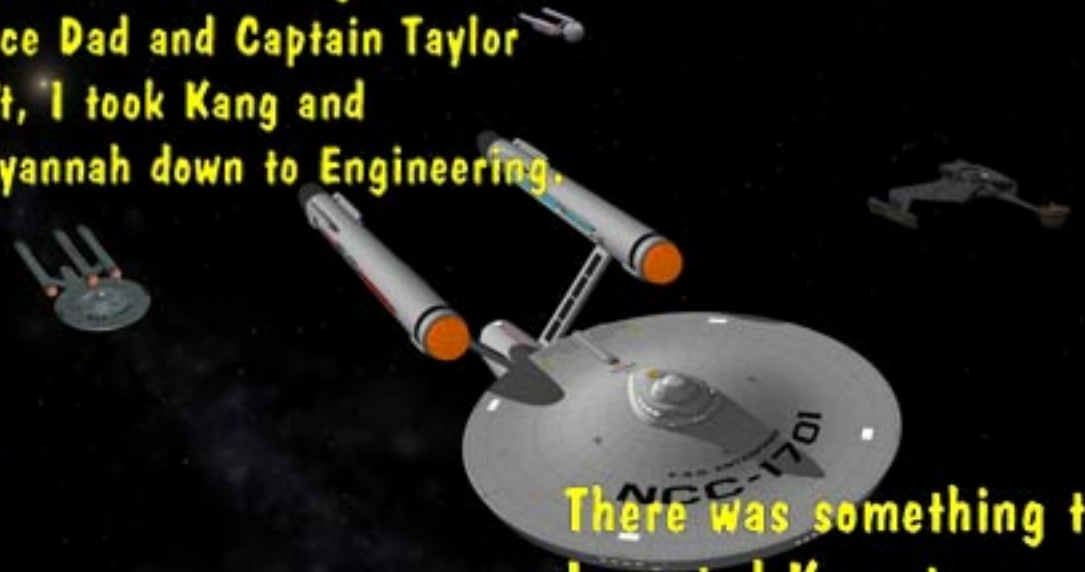
-try to get some rest while you can.



You need rest, too.

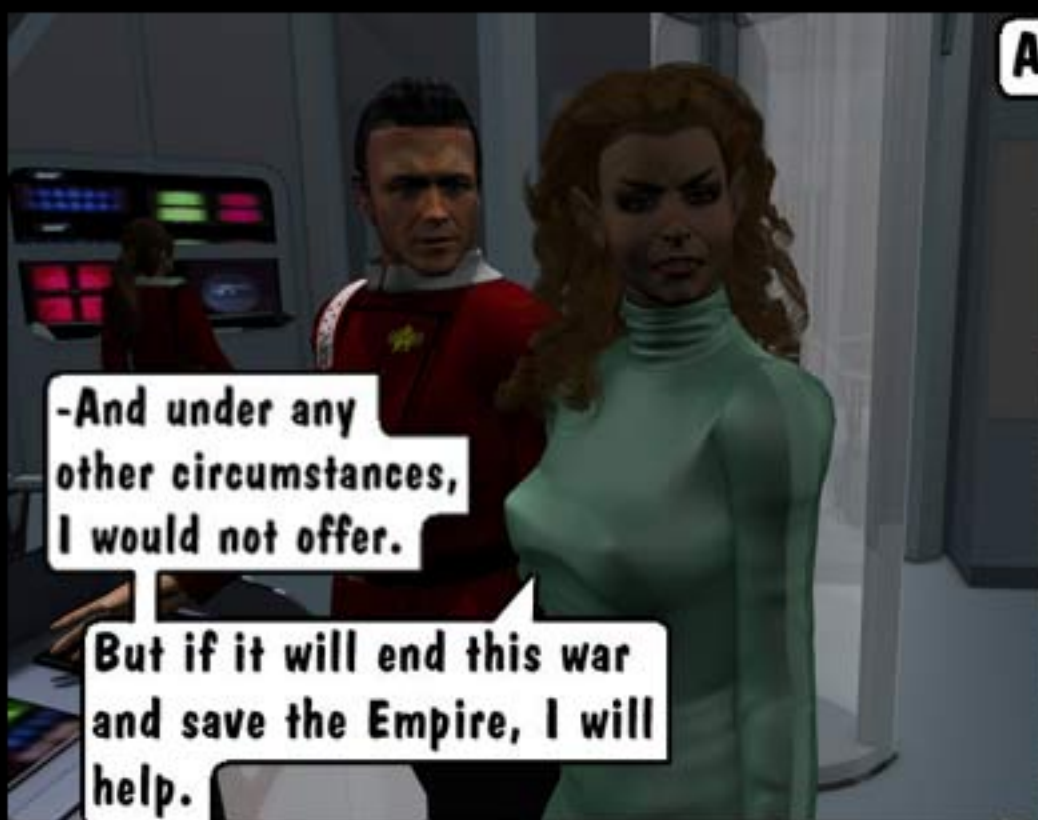


Personal Log: Supplemental.
Janet Kirk recording.
Once Dad and Captain Taylor
left, I took Kang and
Rayannah down to Engineering.



There was something there
I wanted Kang to see...





-And under any other circumstances, I would not offer.

But if it will end this war and save the Empire, I will help.

All right then.



I need it built, installed and functioning aboard the *Mara* before we reach the Neutral Zone.

That means you've got two hours.

What will Stryker say about you sharing captured technology?



He authorized me to use any means necessary to end this war.

If that means sharing technology with our allies, then that's what I'll do.

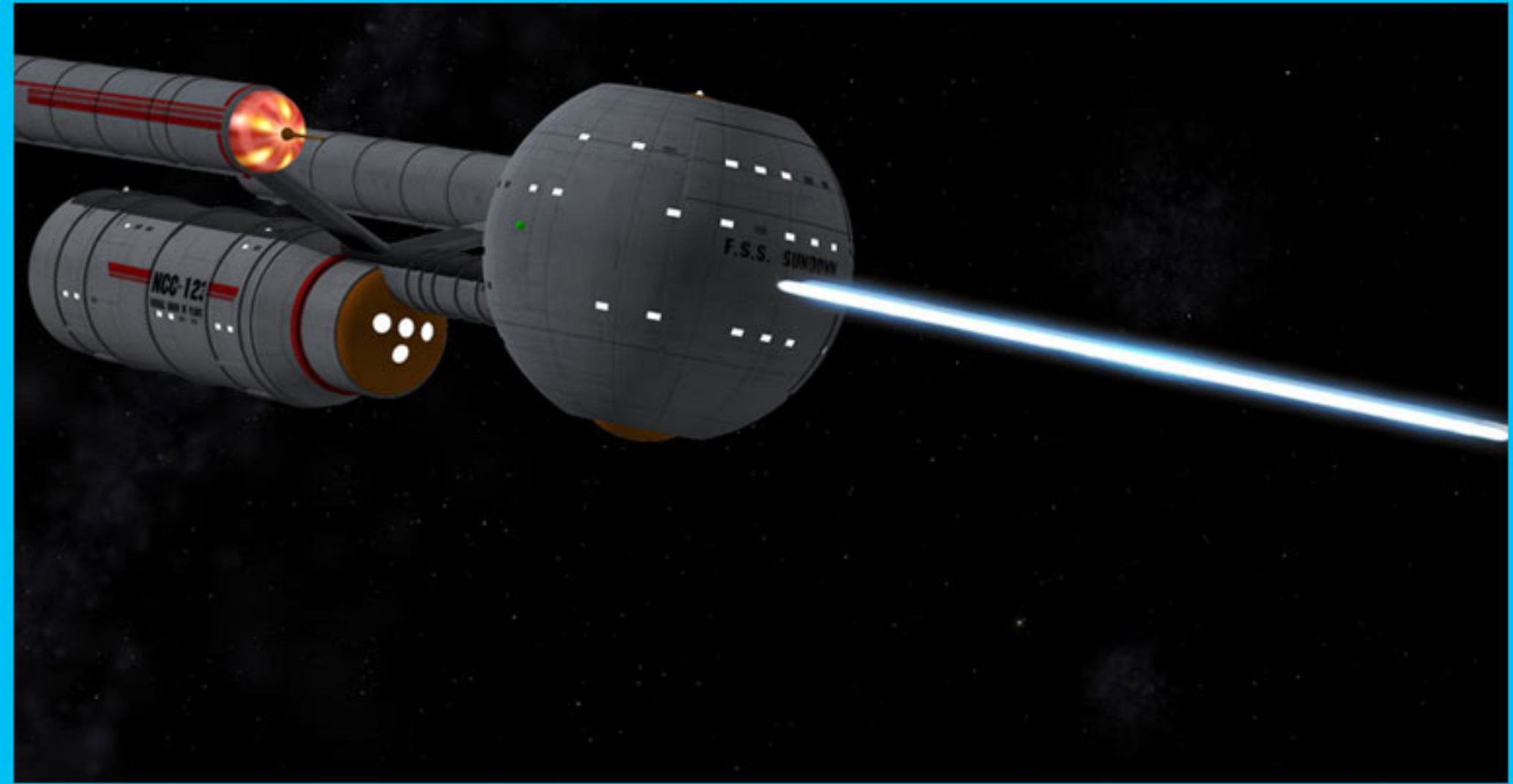
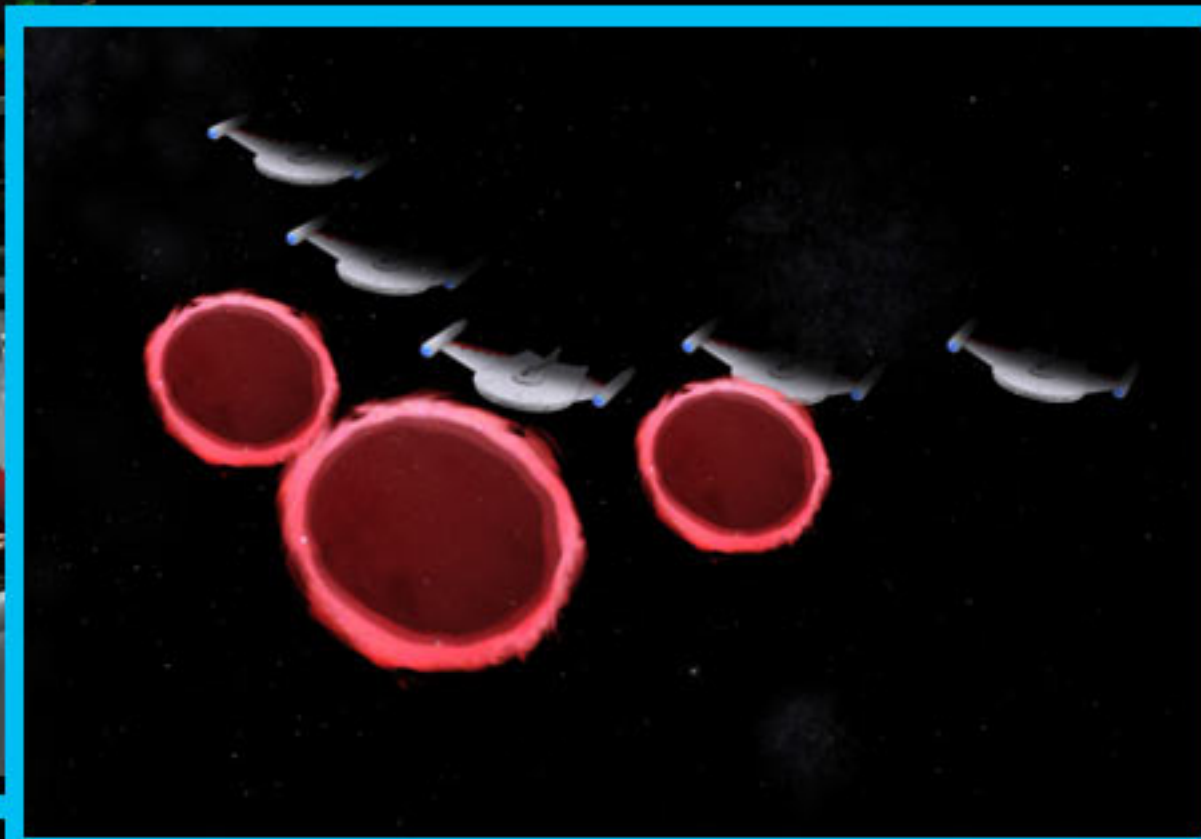
Ship's log; Stardate 6503.01. Commodore Kirk recording. The *Mara* now has it's own cloak.

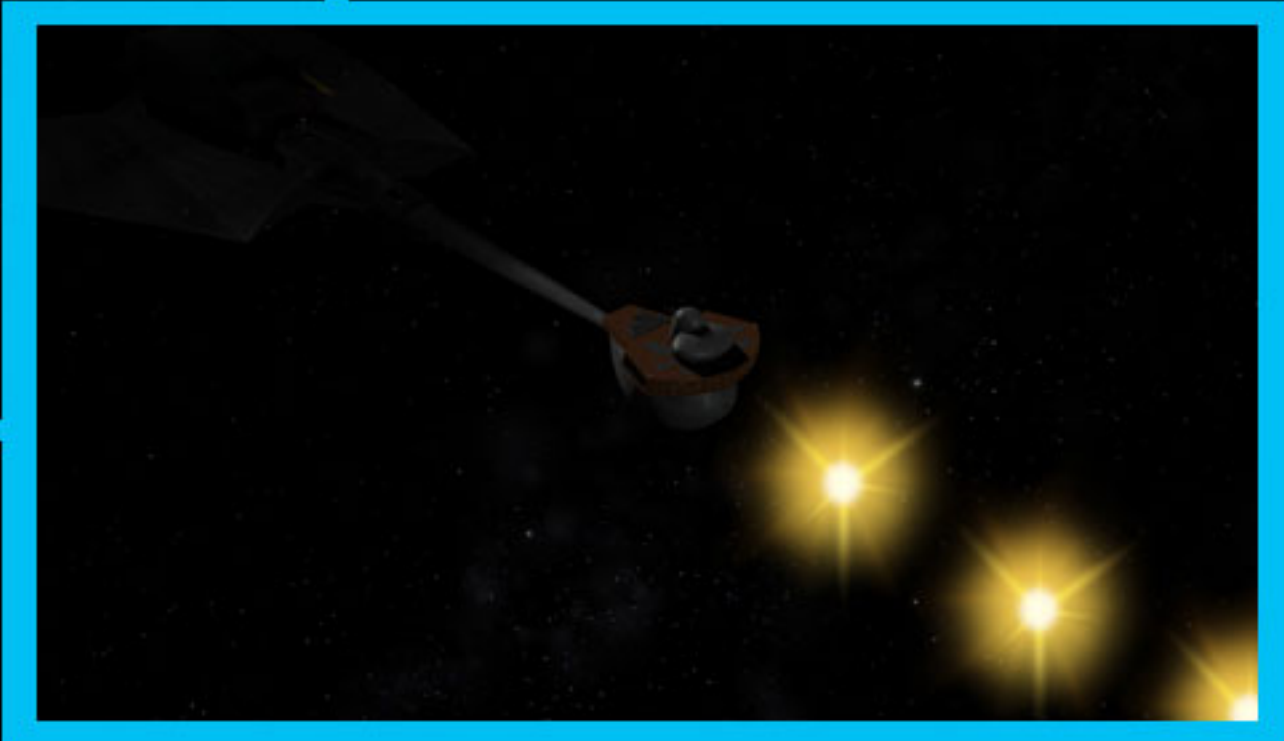
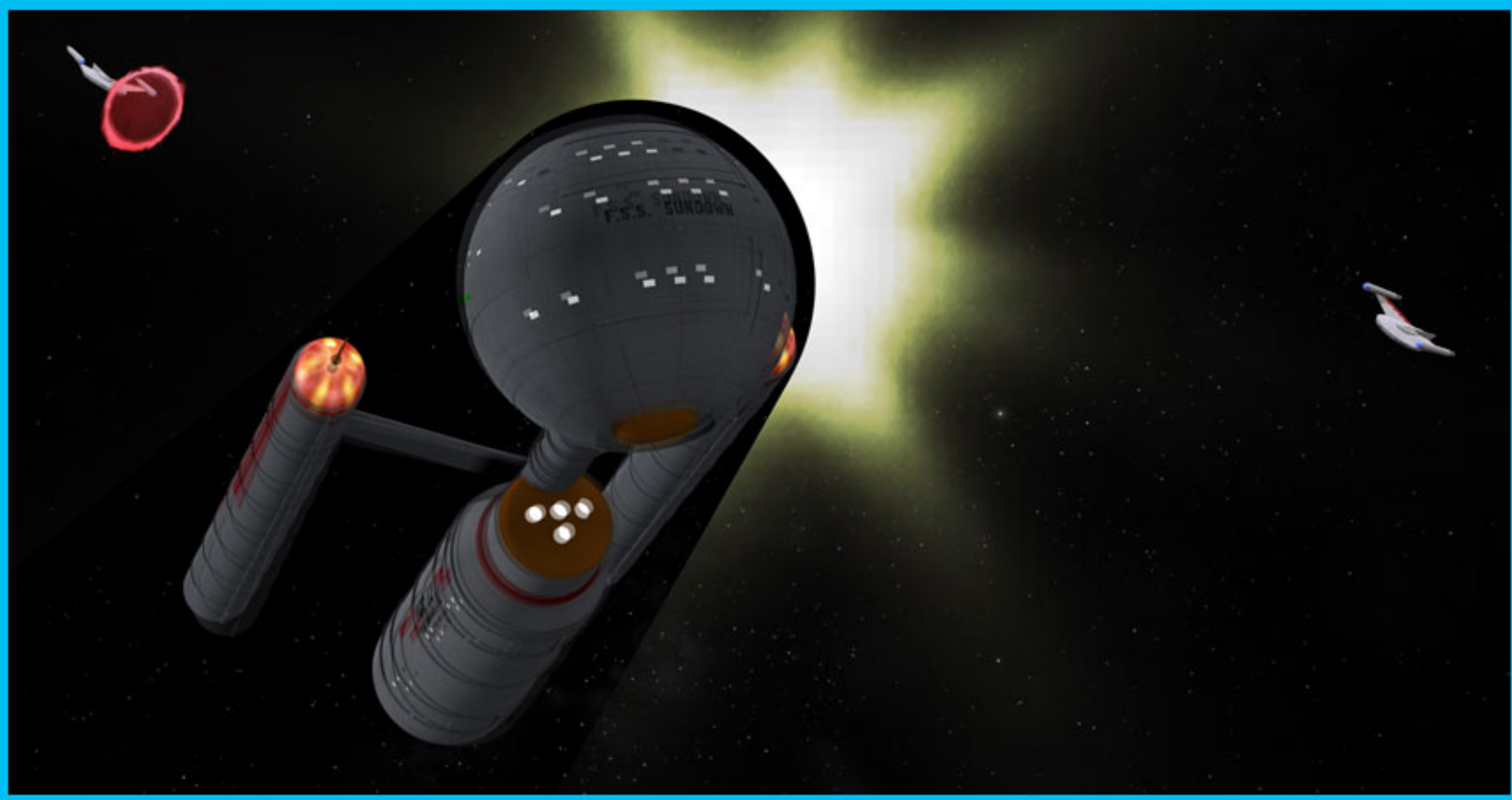
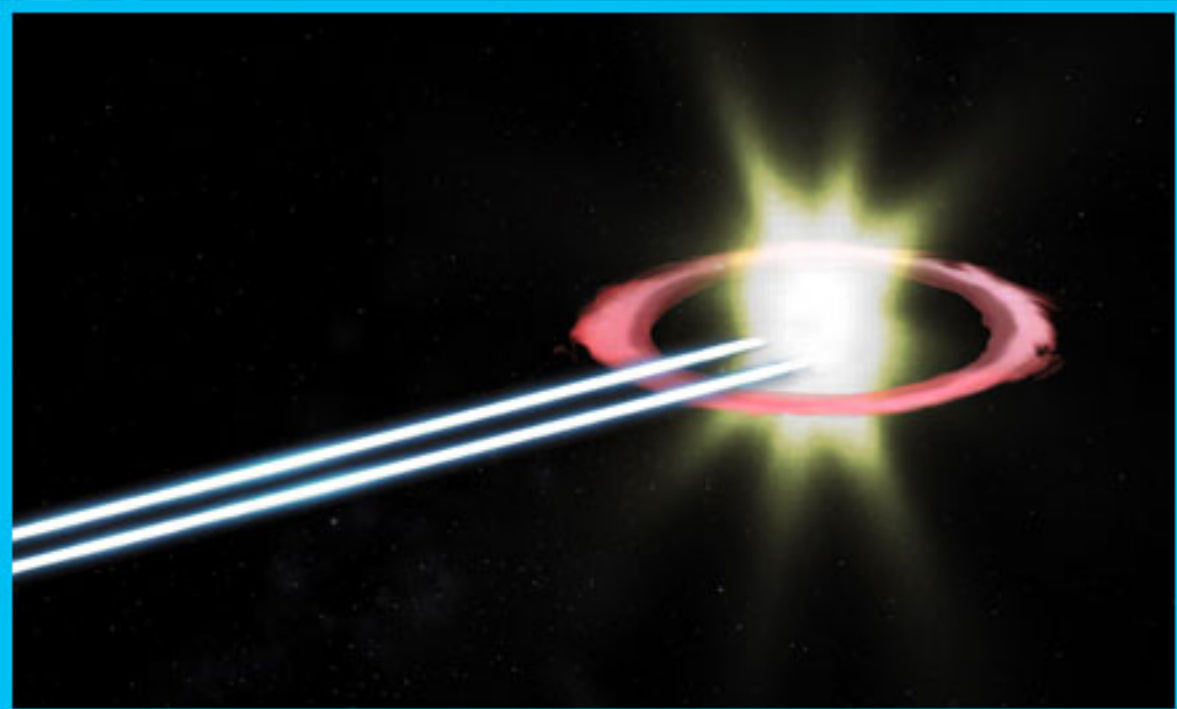
As we approach the 'Zone, the time has come to put my plan into operation.

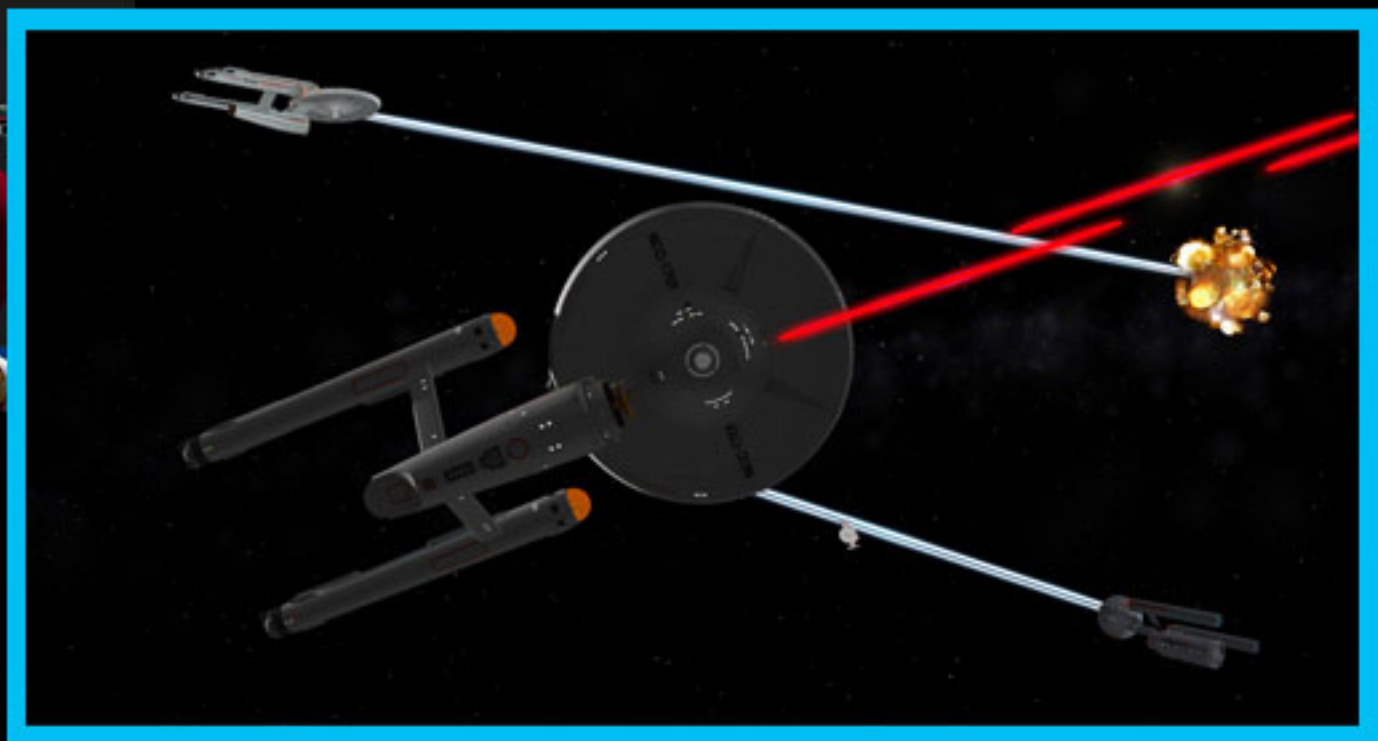
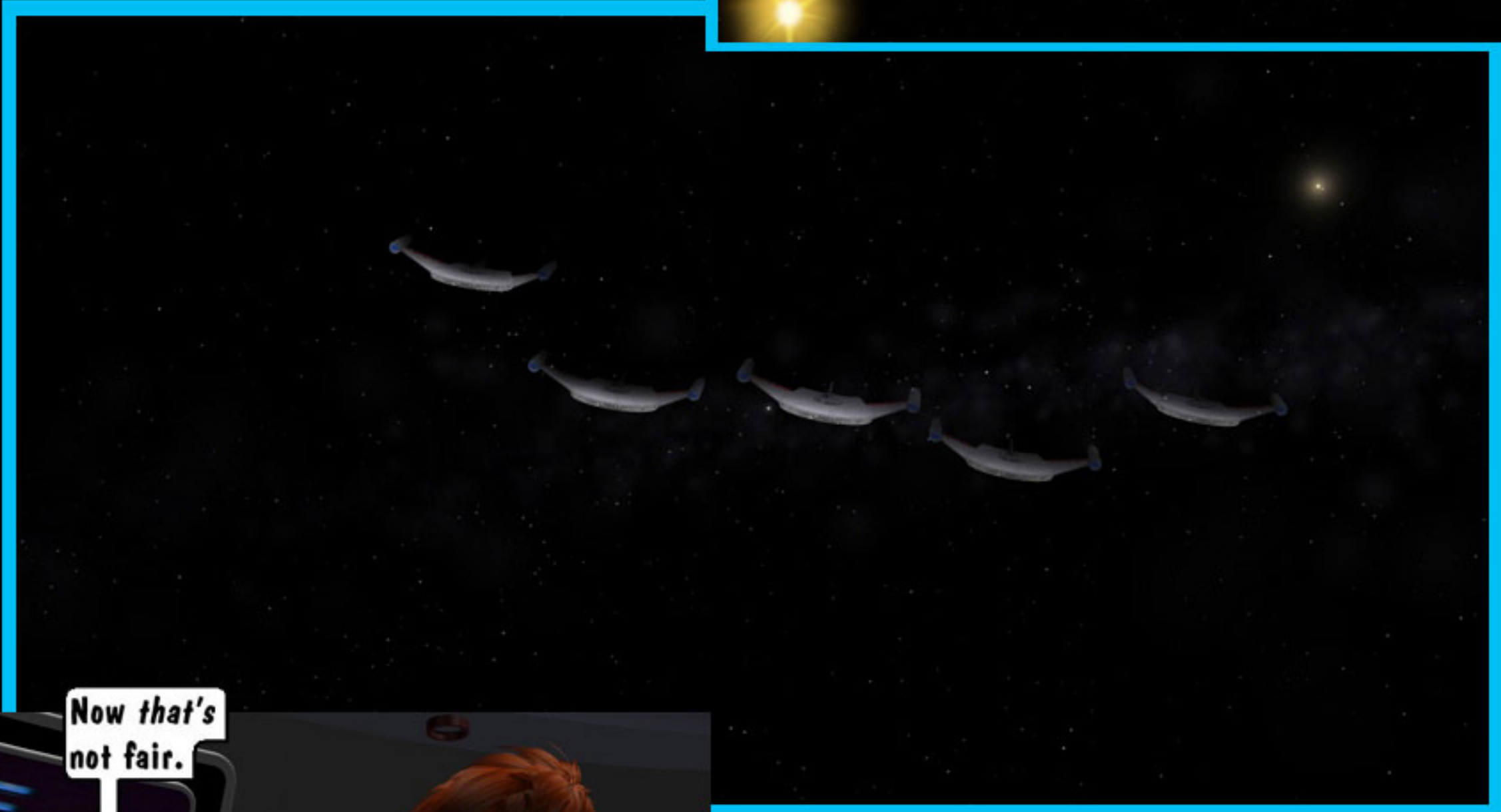
I just hope it works...

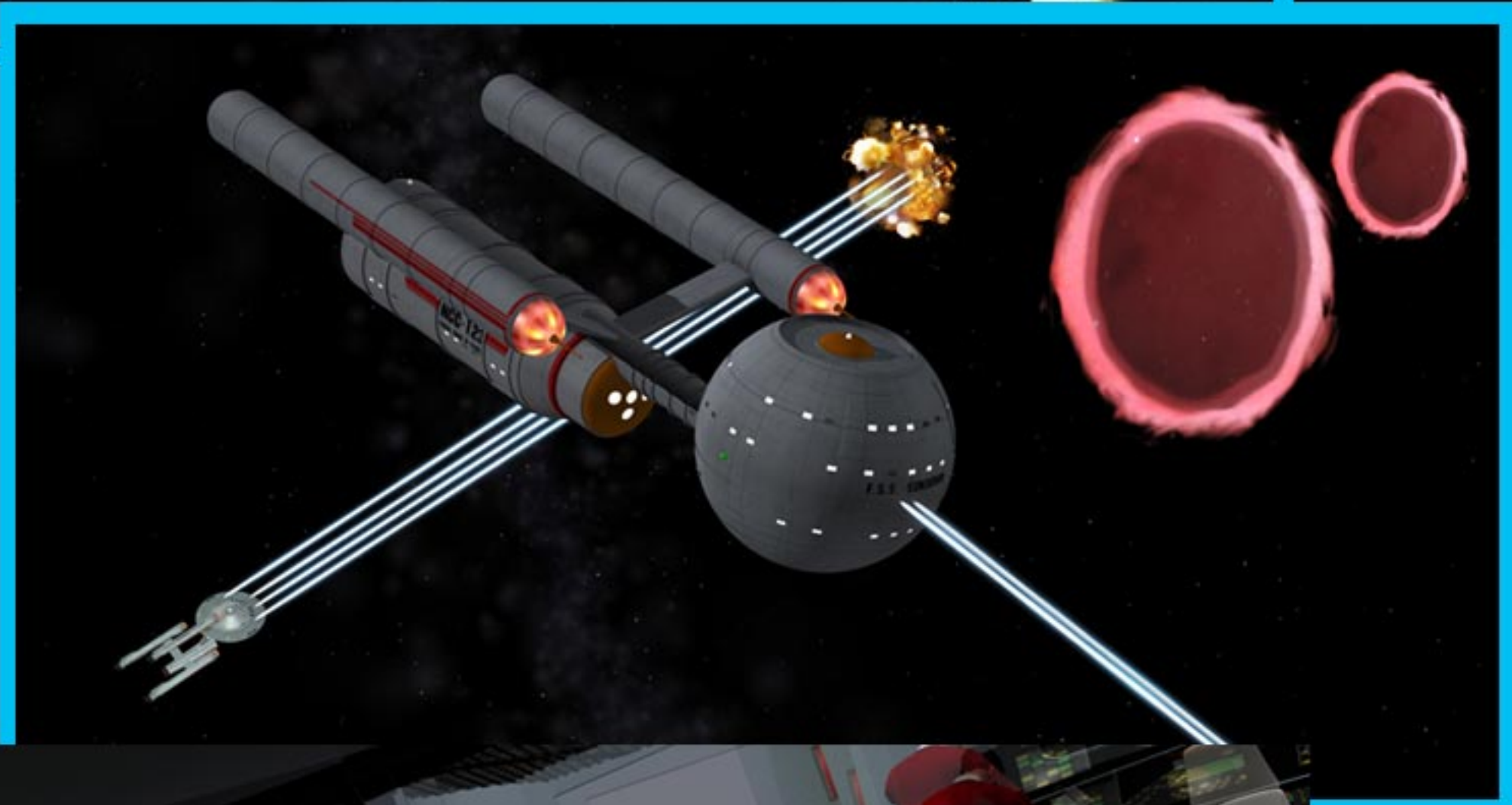
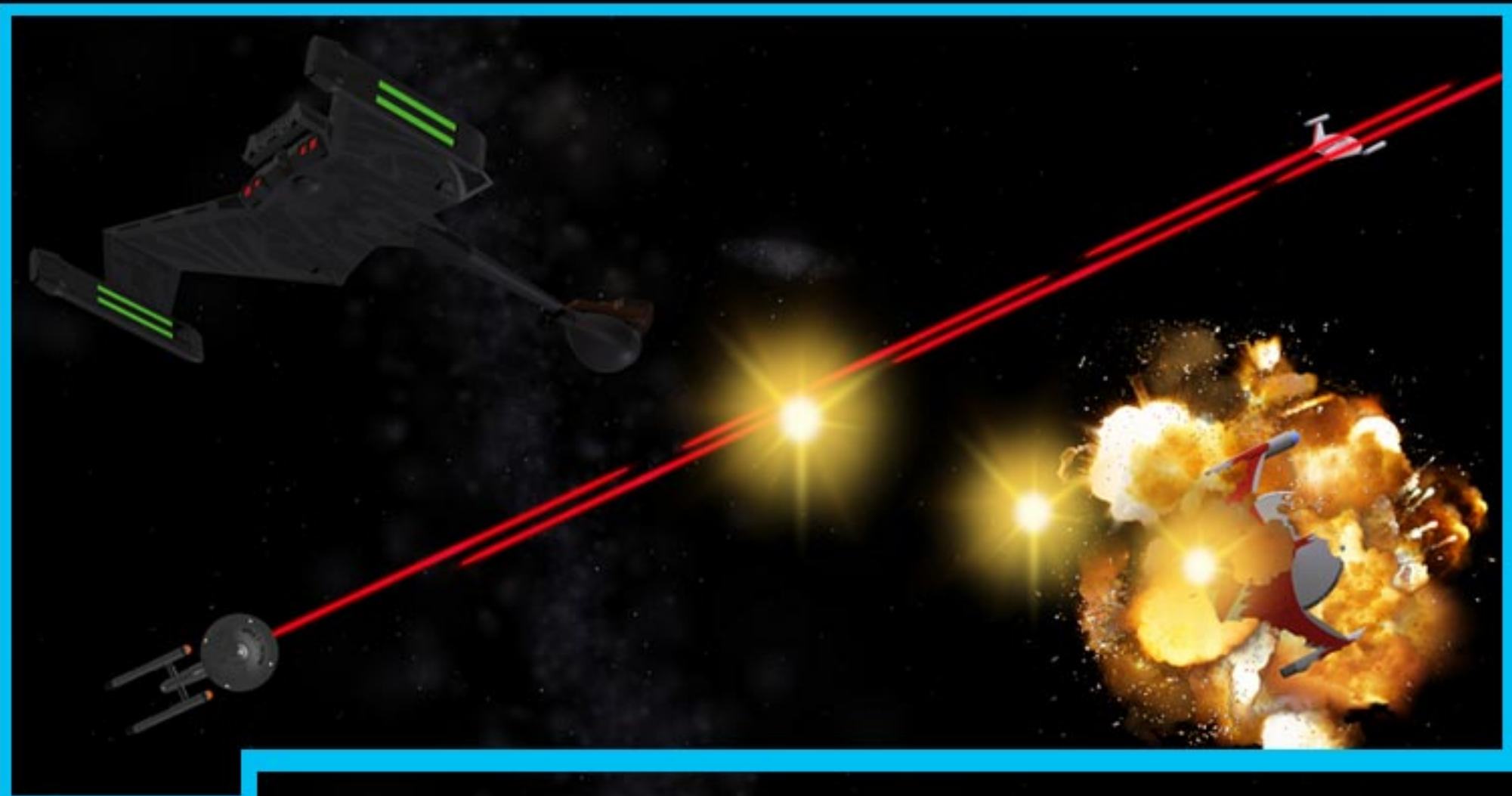




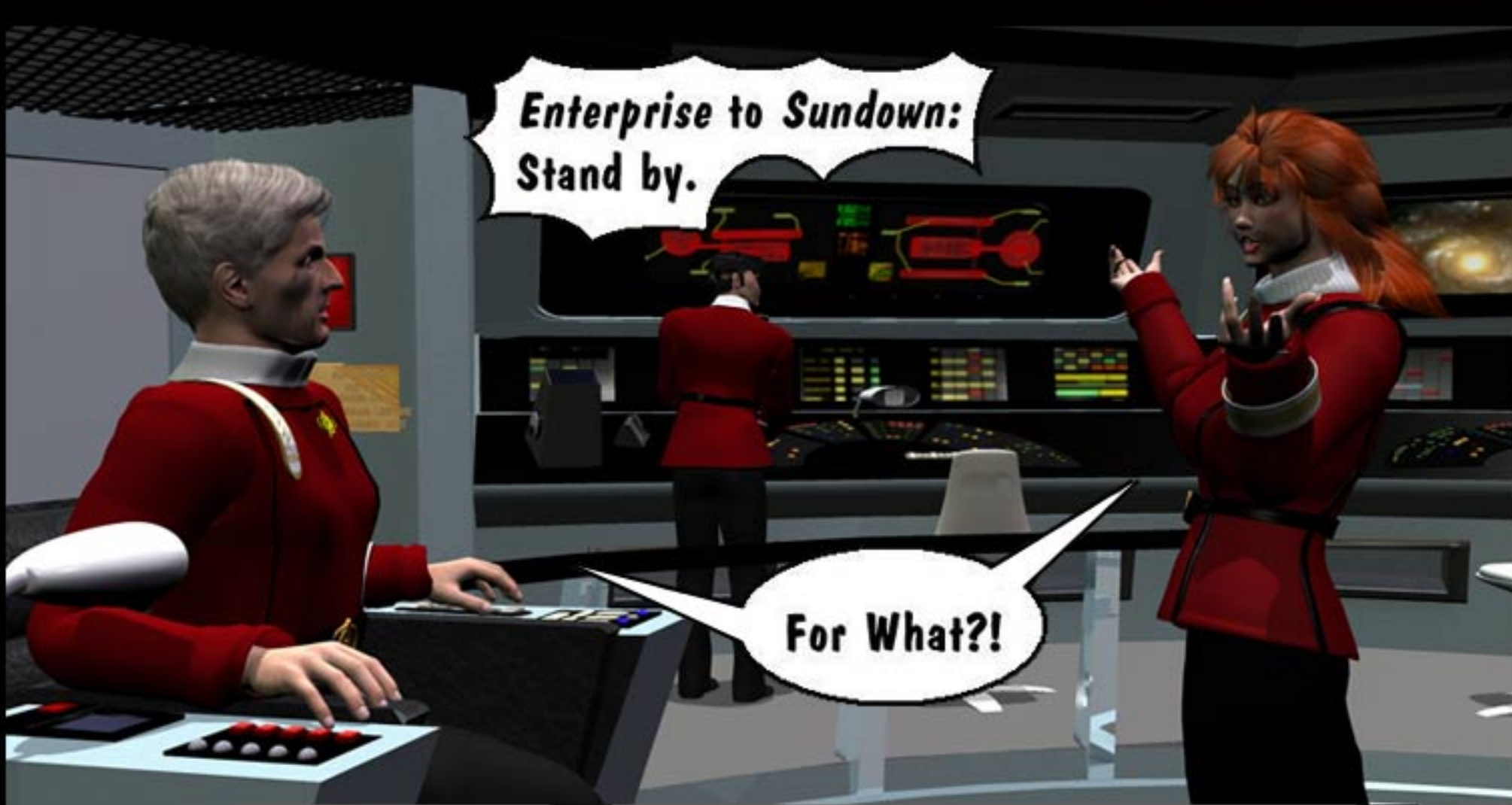












*Enterprise to Sundown:
Stand by.*

For What?!

Thrum

Thrum

Thrum

Thrum



HUMMMMMMM





CLICK!

Enterprise to Lydia:
Take Sundown in tow.

Lydia here.
Acknowledged.

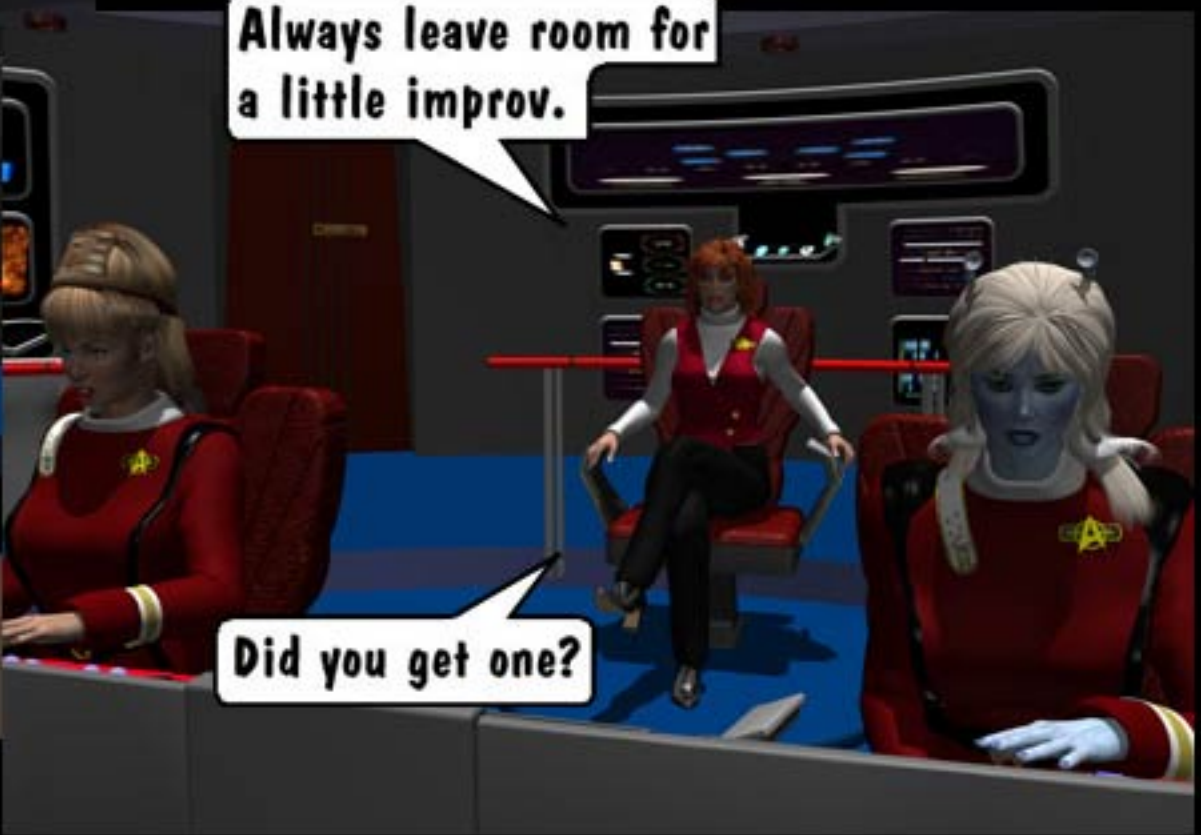
Message coming in
from Colonel Kang,
Commodore.

On screen.






That wasn't *exactly* according to plan.



Always leave room for a little improv.

Did you get one?




We boarded and disarmed their self-destruct system.

Good.

Once we have the *Sundown* stable, we'll continue on to Romulus.


Both the captain and first officer are still alive.

Kirk out.



Scotty, I need your biggest miracle to date.

Think you can build a new warp core for the *Sundown*?



Are we on any kind of schedule, Commodore?



Not that I know of- but the sooner the better.

I might be able to do something with all the spare equipment that Admiral Stryker provided- but I don't know how long it'll last.



Best get to it.

Aye.

Next Morning.
Stardate: 6503.02





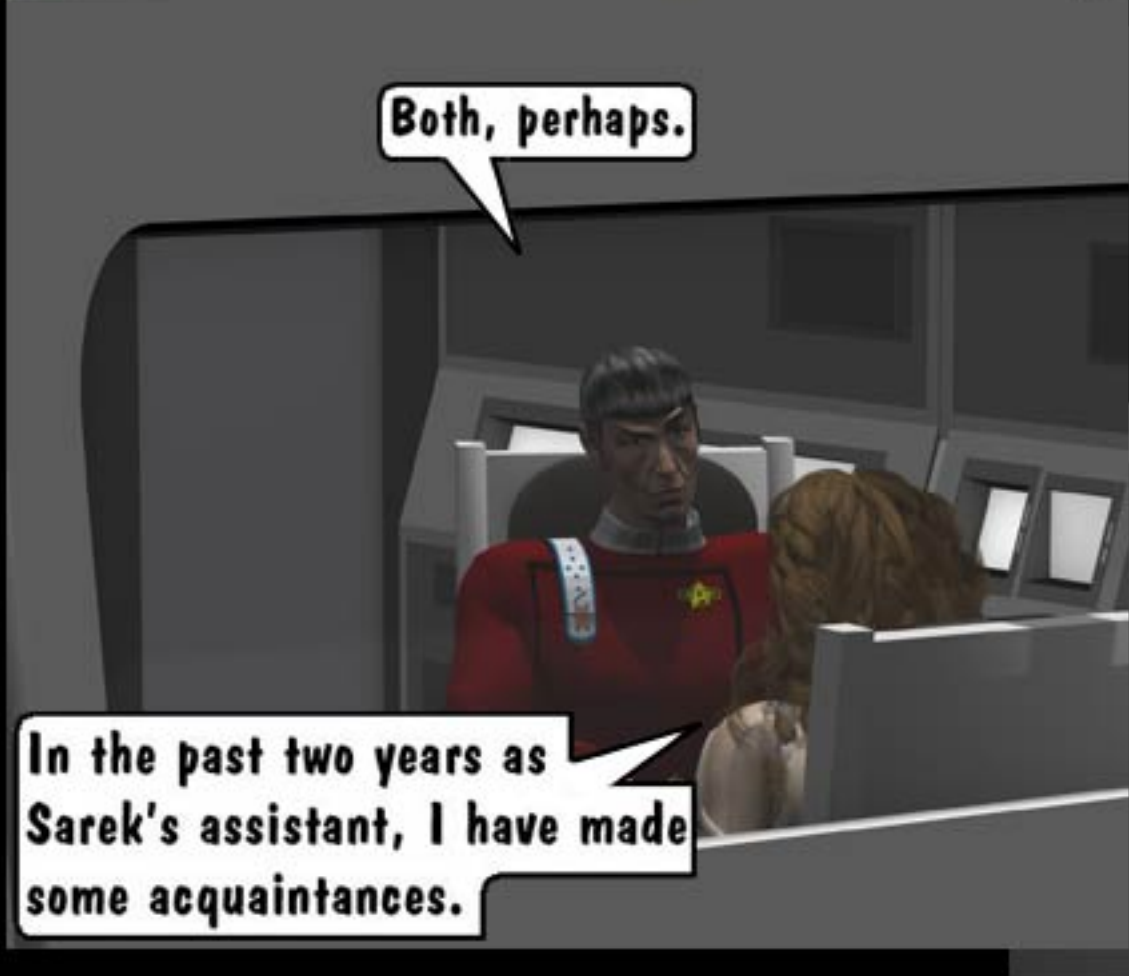
Jan was still asleep when I arose. May I join you?

Of course.



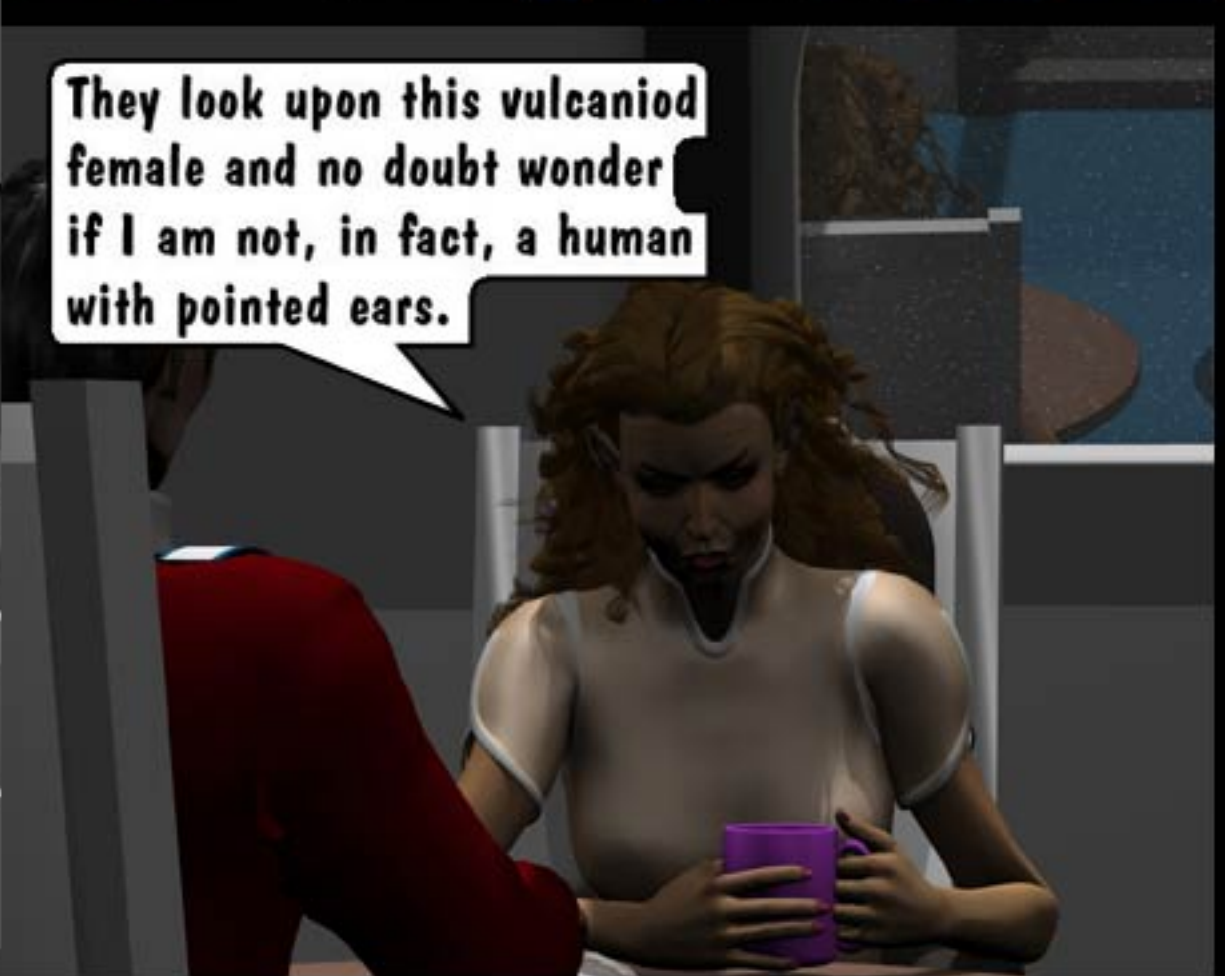
I have been curious as to how you've been handling life on Vulcan?

On Vulcan or among Vulcans?



Both, perhaps.

In the past two years as Sarek's assistant, I have made some acquaintances.



They look upon this vulcaniod female and no doubt wonder if I am not, in fact, a human with pointed ears.



Still, I find it easier to deal and reason with Vulcans than I did with my own people.



I am actually looking forward to going home-

-Back to Vulcan.

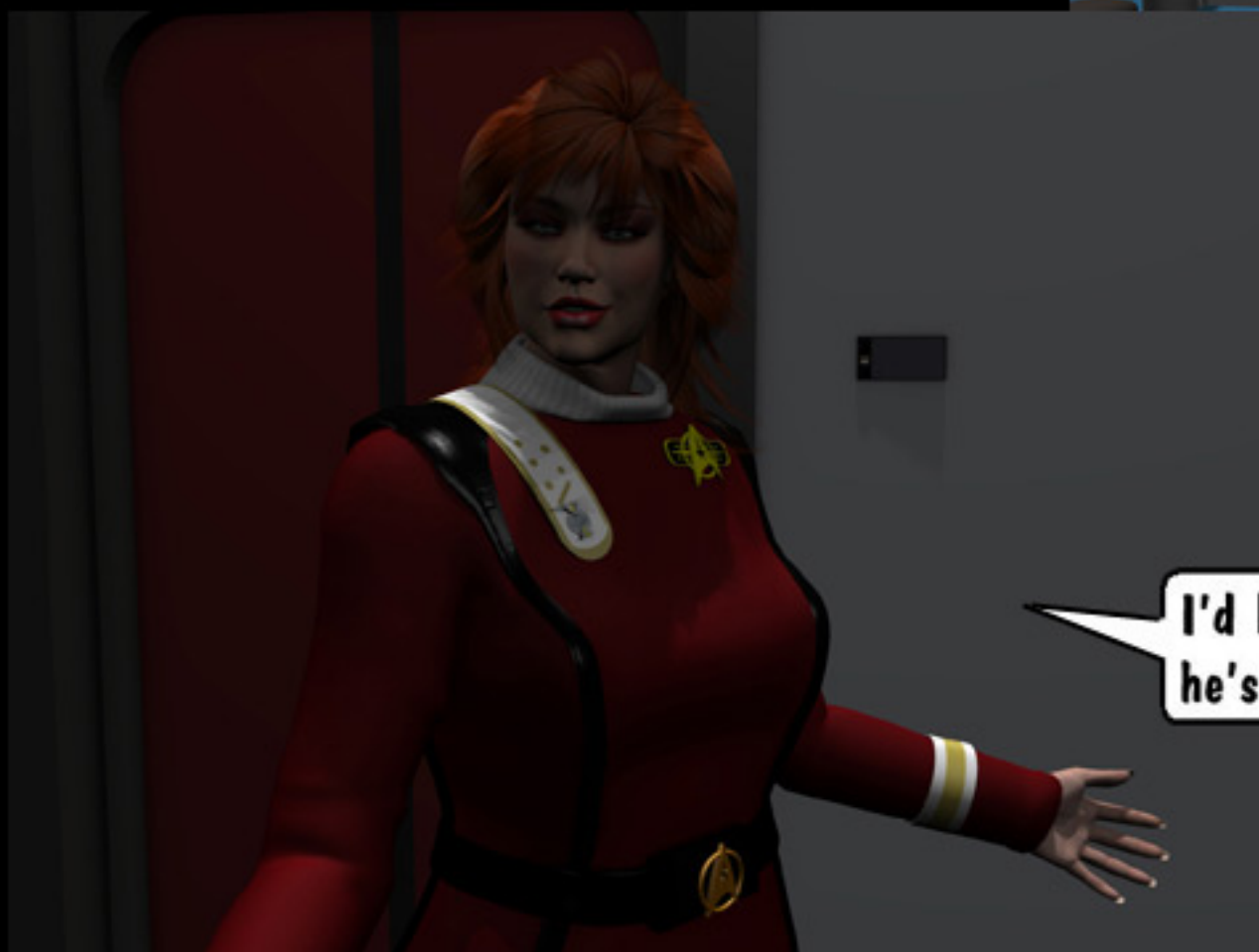
Swoosh



According to what I have heard, Mr. Scott has had the engineering crews for the *Sundown*, *Lydia* and the *Enterprise* working round the clock- as well as the fabrication facilities for all three ships.


Don't know why he'd need the computer.

He probably has everything he needs in his technical journals.




I'd best go see what he's built.





...Scotty, what the Hell-?

Aye, it's not exactly according to Starfleet standards, but it'll do th' job.



Makes you wonder what he could do with a couple of matches and a piece of flint!



Whenever you're ready, Scotty.

All right, Lads, the Dragon's
comin' ta life in...3,2,1-

Thrumm

Thrumm Thrumm Thrumm Thrumm

Status, lads?



Power levels rising.



Warp nacelles energizing.



Anti-matter containment holding steady.



Power levels at Fifty percent and rising.



Matter injection nominal.

Anti-matter containment remains steady.



Warp nacelles are powered up and on-line.

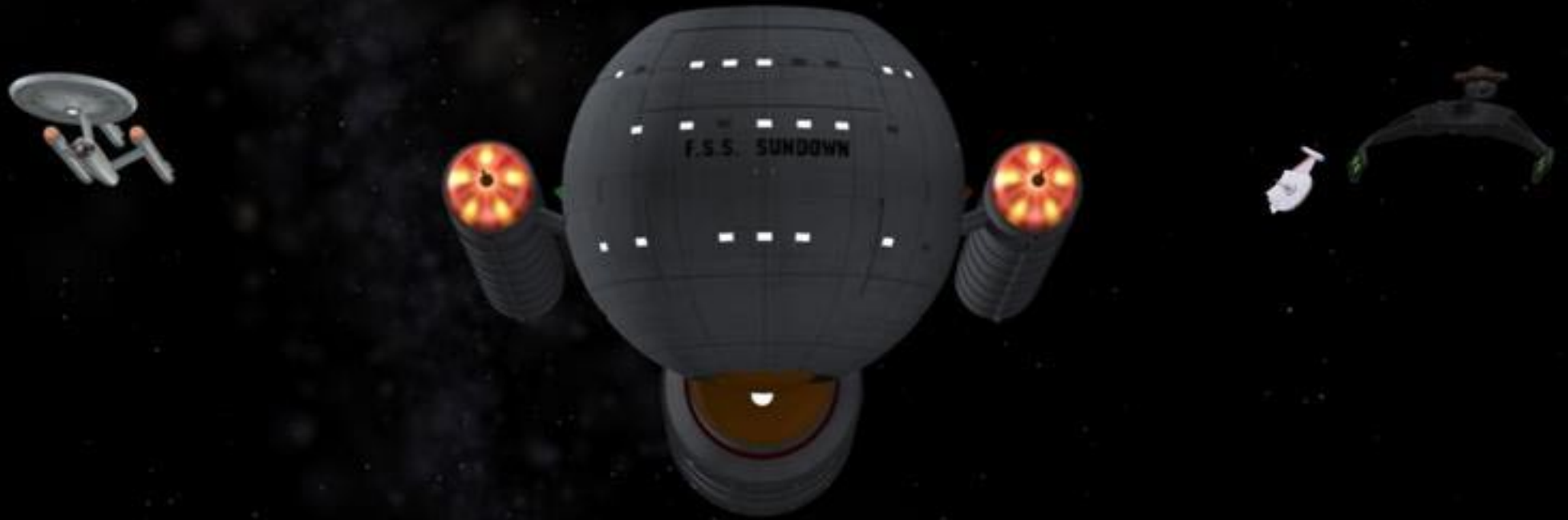
All readings nominal.



Power levels are at One hundred percent and holding steady.



We can start her at Warp Five. I'll run some simulations to see what her top speed might be now.




Ship's log: Stardate 6503.02

Commodore Janet Kirk recording.

Note commendation for Commander Montgomery Scott.


The *Sundown* is cruising along at a reliable warp 7- easily keeping up with the rest of this *Ad hoc* task force.

With luck, we should be approaching Romulus in about five hours. Considering the Militant ship being towed by the *Mara*, I'm hoping we now have enough persuasion on our side to bring this Second Romulan War to an end...




Kang wanted to go in cloaked-
lob a few torpedoes at them and
then talk.

But this isn't an attack. It's a
confrontation, yes. But I don't want
to fire on their capitol if I don't
have to.




You sound as if you are
trying to convince yourself
of your own intentions.

Maybe I am.




I've pushed the envelope before-
but I've never had it torn open
and handed to me like this.

I like working unsupervised-
but unrestricted is something again.




It is always easier to work
within a structured operation.
It is those that manage to work
"outside the box" that rise above
the rest.



You have stated on numerous occasions
that you wish to leave the universe
better than you found it.

You now have the opportunity
to do so.



This isn't improvement-

It's restoration.





Romulus





Praetor?

A word, please?



What is it, Pro'tel?



It's about this war with the Union.

I don't beleive it is going as we are being told.





What are you saying?

According to Pa'luc, the Union's retreating all along the Neutral Zone.




Praetor, I have been looking into those reports, and I cannot find anyone who actually made them.




According to them, the invasion across the Neutral Zone was a success- our forces even destroyed the Union's flagship- *Enterprise*.


Yet, the reports I've just received from my own agents, state that the *Enterprise* was seen defending Union Starbase 98.




According to *them*, the invasion was a failure- In the last two years, No ground has been taken.




You're saying Pa'luc wanted a war for no reason?



I do not believe Pa'luc's capable of this kind of deception.



He doesn't have the brains to do more than follow someone else's orders.



Then who do you accuse?

There is only one among us who is capable of manipulating events of this magnitude.

Bar'len?

You're accusing Bar'len?

This won't be the first time he's manipulated events for his own ends.

It's never been clear exactly what happened to force Senator Tor'mex out-

-why he had to suddenly step down and name Bar'len as his successor.

And his death in that shuttle accident was all too convenient coming barely a week later.

If what you say, is true, then Bar'len is guilty of nothing less than Treason against the Empire.

Against me.



Alooga!

Alooga!

The Senate Chamber!



The Klingons and the Union are attacking- !

NO.



You are under attack, Praetor- but not by us.

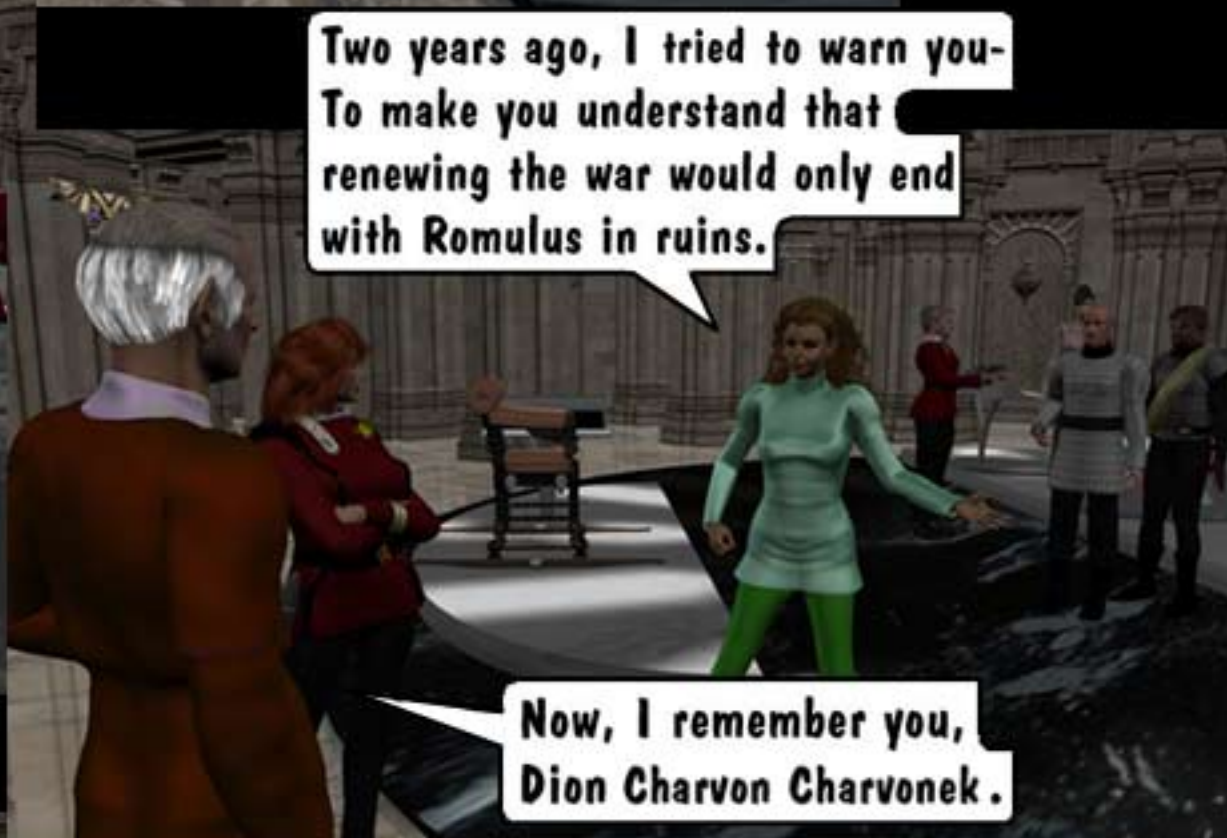
Someone in this very chamber has been plotting behind your back.

Tell them- or would you rather spend the rest of your life as a guest of the Klingons?



I can promise it will be a *short* life.

Two years ago, I tried to warn you- To make you understand that renewing the war would only end with Romulus in ruins.



Now, I remember you, Dion Charvon Charvonek.

As well you should. For it was in this chamber that I told you that attacking the Union would only lead to the Empire's suicide.



Now there are four ships in our star system, just waiting for a chance to level this city and everyone in it.







Of course I do!

Then end the war.



The only reason for it, was to satisfy Bar'len's thirst for conquest!



Damn you!

You just couldn't attack like any normal savage-could you?!?

SkeEeT

SkeEeT

You're the one that's been killing civilians!



BLAM!!

SkeEeT



The *petaQ* transported out-
-Ran like a coward!



Call off
the war.

Be at Cestus III in two weeks
to put a permanent end to this
insanity-

A formal peace treaty- and be ready to
make reparations for what Bar'len's done.
As a member of your government,
you're responsible for him.

I will.







HUMMMMMM



My father and the others?

They just arrived in Transporter Room Two, Ma'am.



So now what?

We go home. And if the Praetor doesn't show up, we come back and do it *your* way.

Agreed.



I would return to my ship.





Swoosh

Keys, call the other ships. Tell them we're breaking orbit in five minutes. As soon as we join up, we'll set course for Starbase 98.

Yes, Ma'am.

Shev, Janice-

Course plotted and laid in.

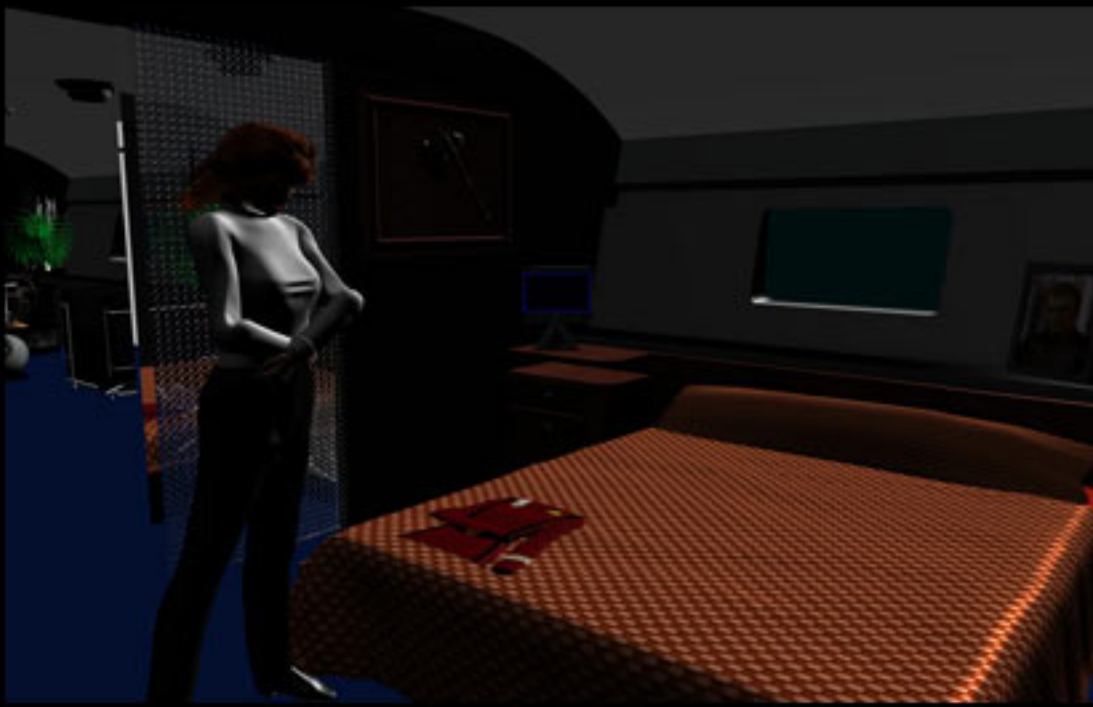
Speed, Commodore?

Warp Six. I don't know about anyone else, but I'm ready to go home.

All boards show green.

We can leave anytime.





FSS Enterprise



Swoosh

Report!

Shields are up and holding. Phasers and torpedoes are standing by.

Status of the others?

The *Mara* is moving to attack.

The *Lydia* and the *Sundown* are holding defensive positions.

The hell with defense. Open a channel.

Yes, Ma'am.

Channel open.

This is Commodore Kirk. It's time to take off the kid gloves. You know the difference between the militant rebels and the Imperial Fleet.

The Praetor's agreed to end the war- to negotiate a formal peace. Let's return the favor and take these thorns out of his side.

Engage at will.
Lydia, launch the Black Sheep.

Battle Bridge to
Flight Deck-

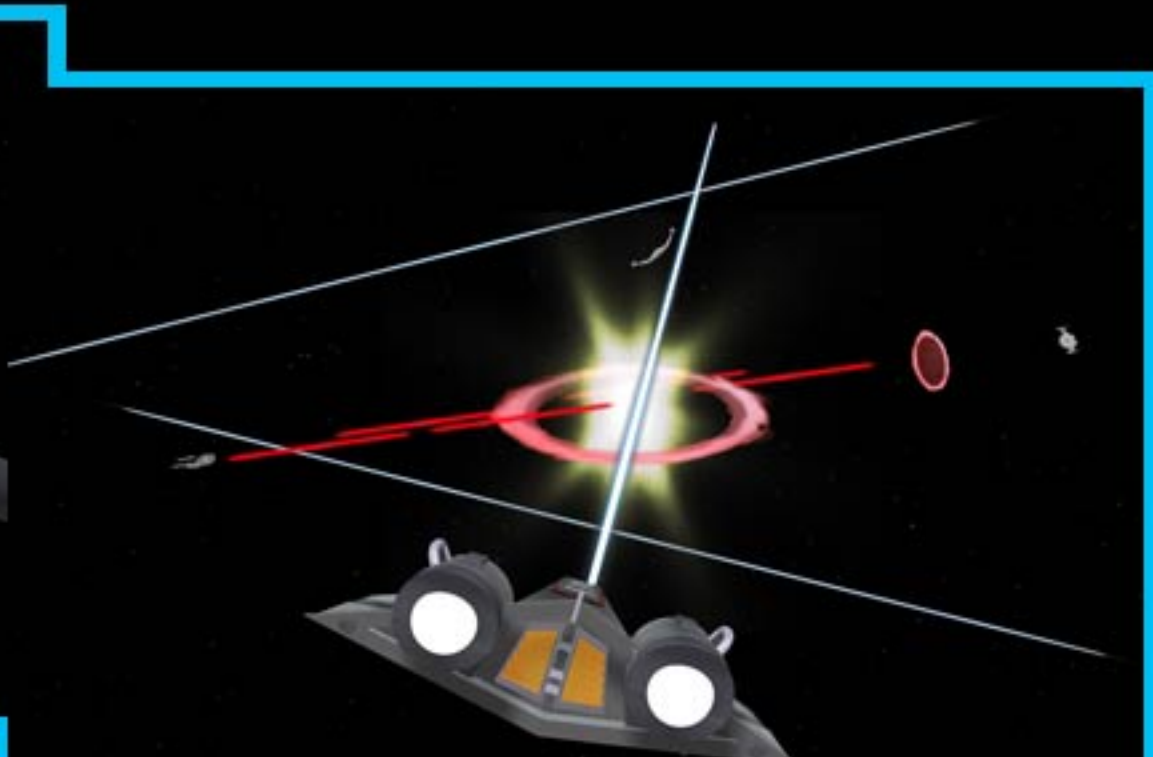
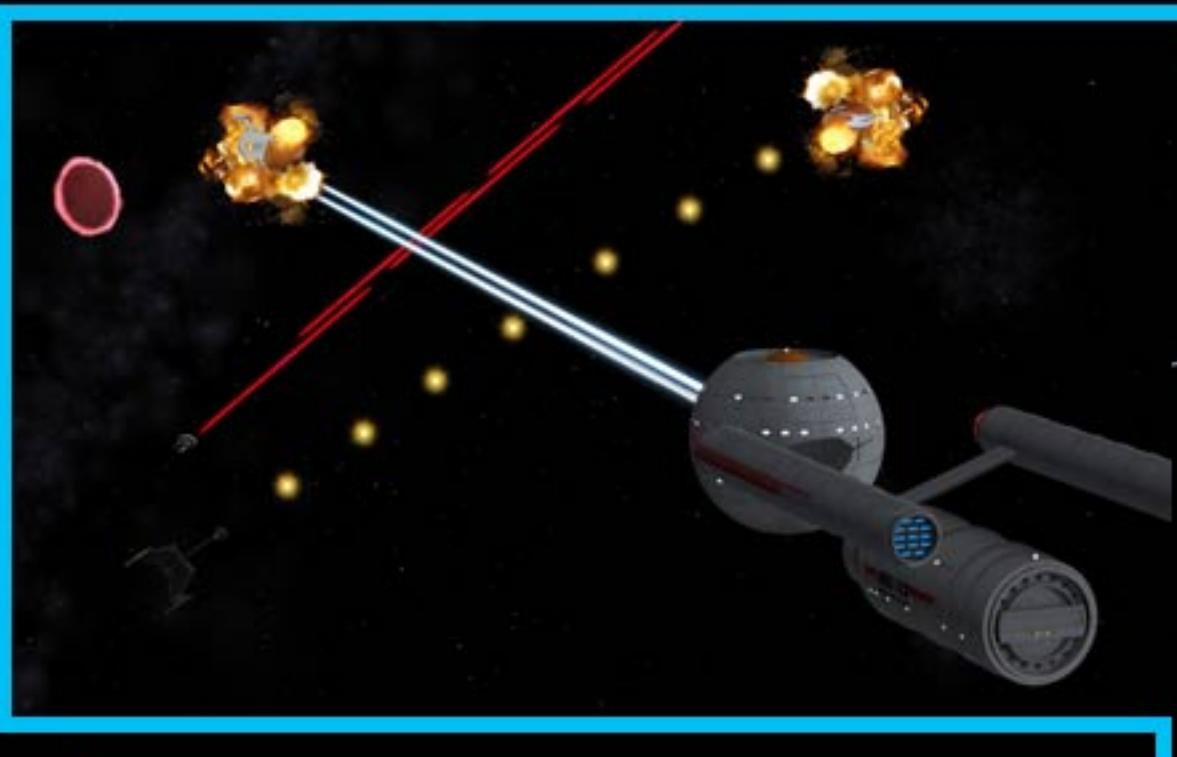
Fighters away!

FSS Sundown

All right, Tam, bring us about.
Course 212, mark 3.

Course 212, mark 3. Aye.

Hard about.
Stay with him.





Aboard the *Lydia*:

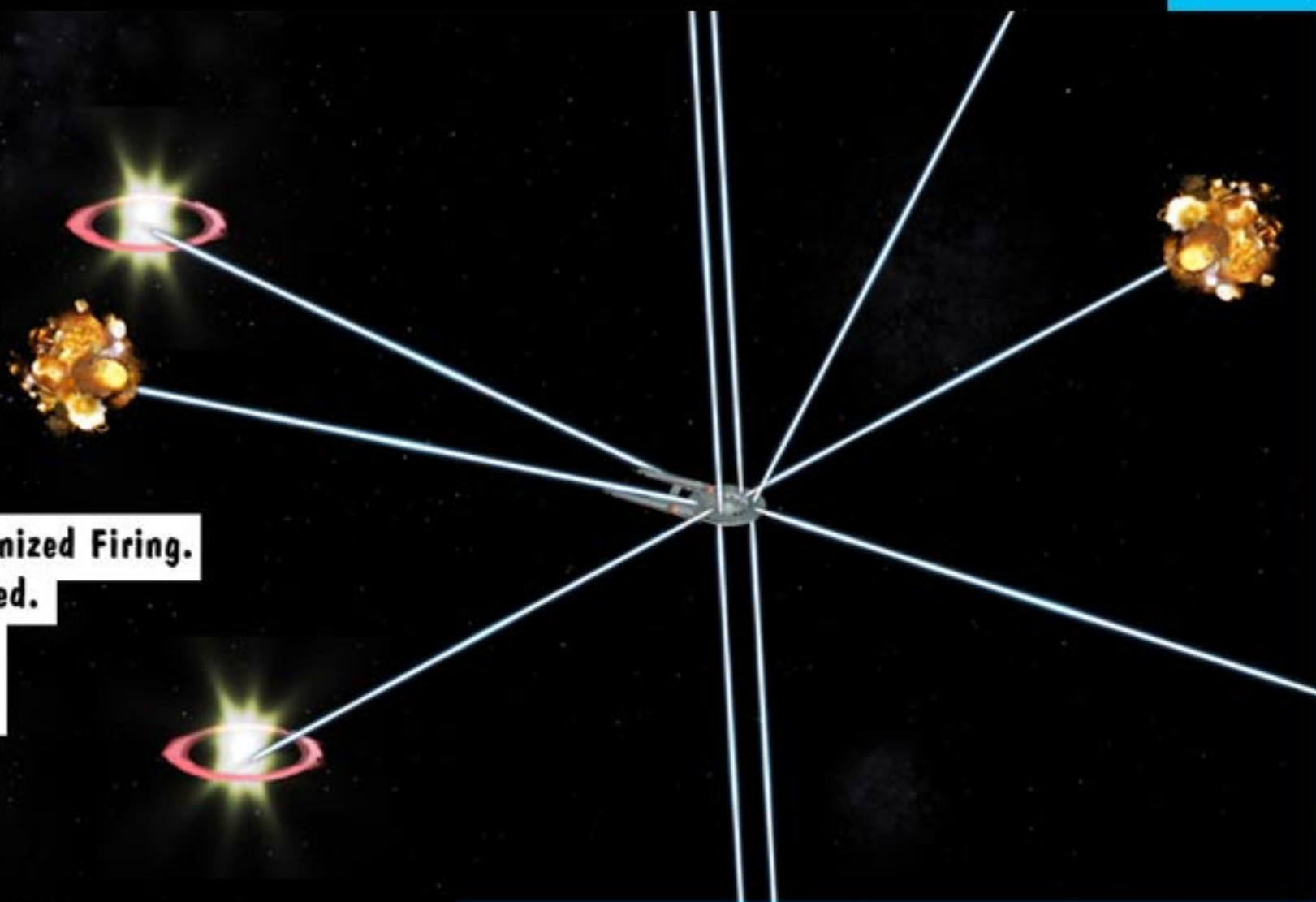
Capt. Taylor: Disengage Synchronized Firing.

Amanda: Sync-Fire is disengaged.

Capt. Taylor: Targets?

Crew: Multiple targets sighted
and locked.

Capt. Taylor: Fire!



FSS Enterprise

Firing.

Commodore, the *Sundown's*
reporting that their warp
core's become unstable.





Open a channel to the
Lydia and the *Mara*.

Yes, Ma'am- channel open.



This is Kirk.

The *Sundown's* going to
blow. Get her crew off.

We'll take the Bridge.



Kirk to Transporter Room.

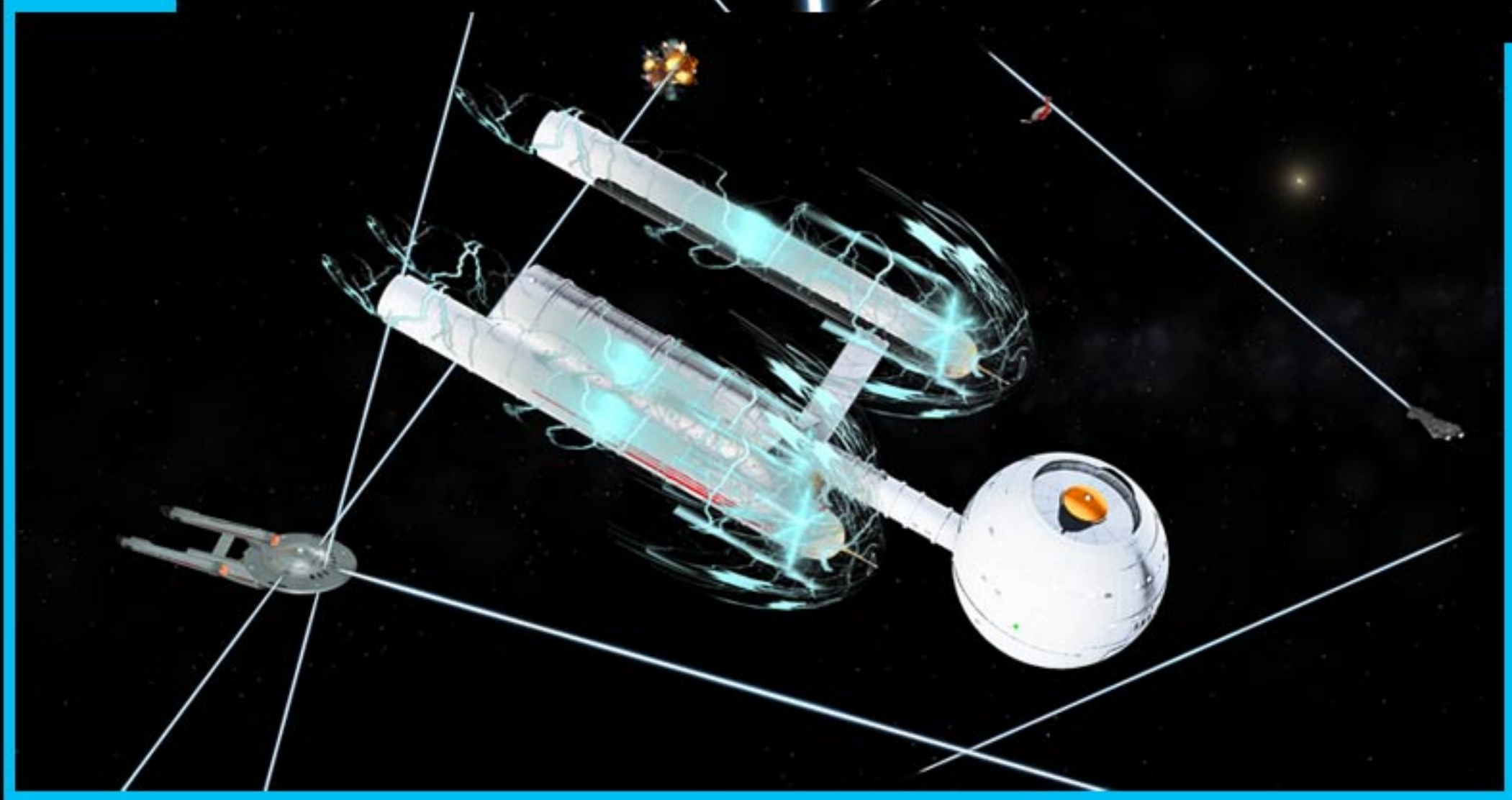
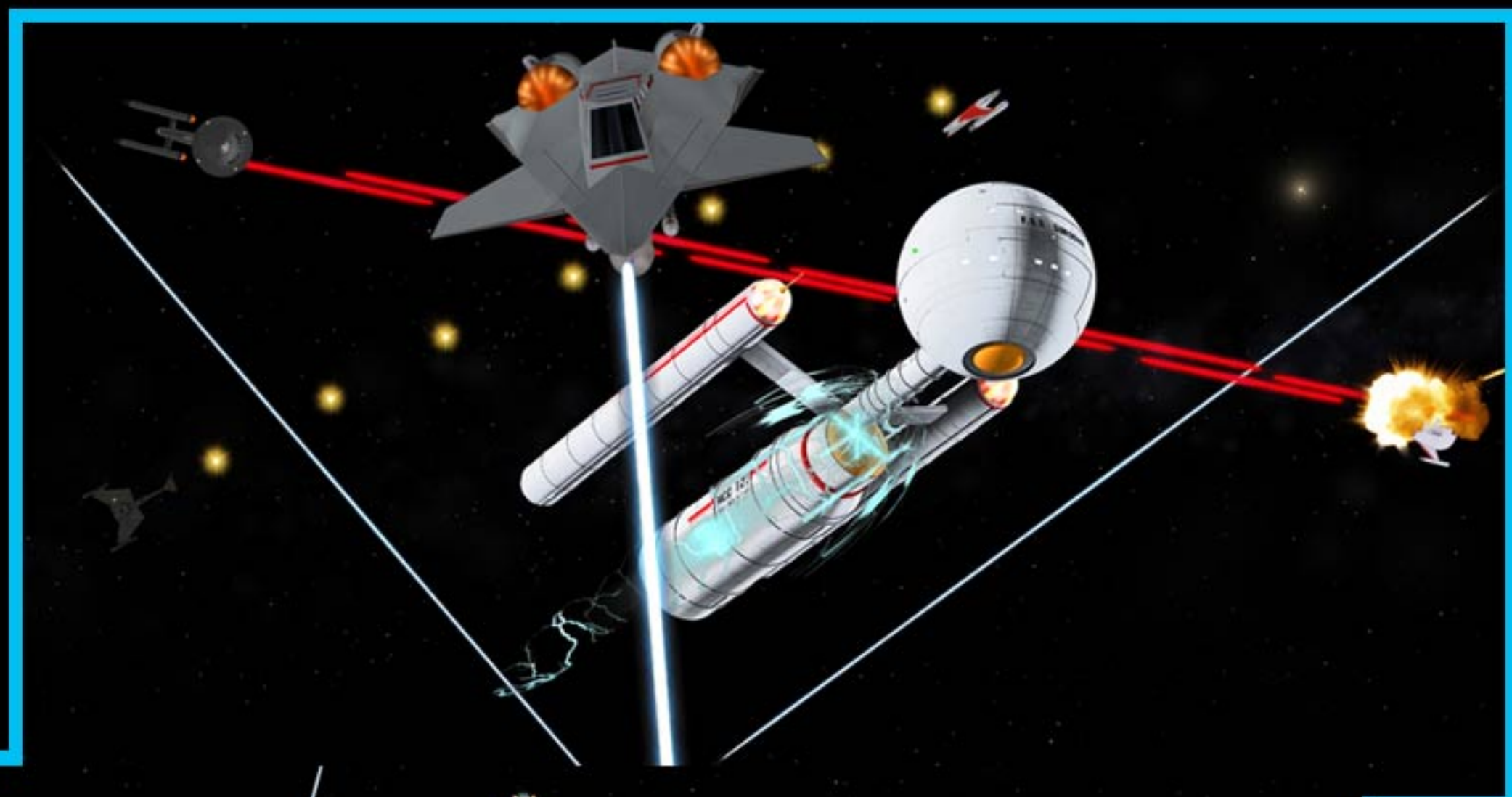
Kyle here, Ma'am.

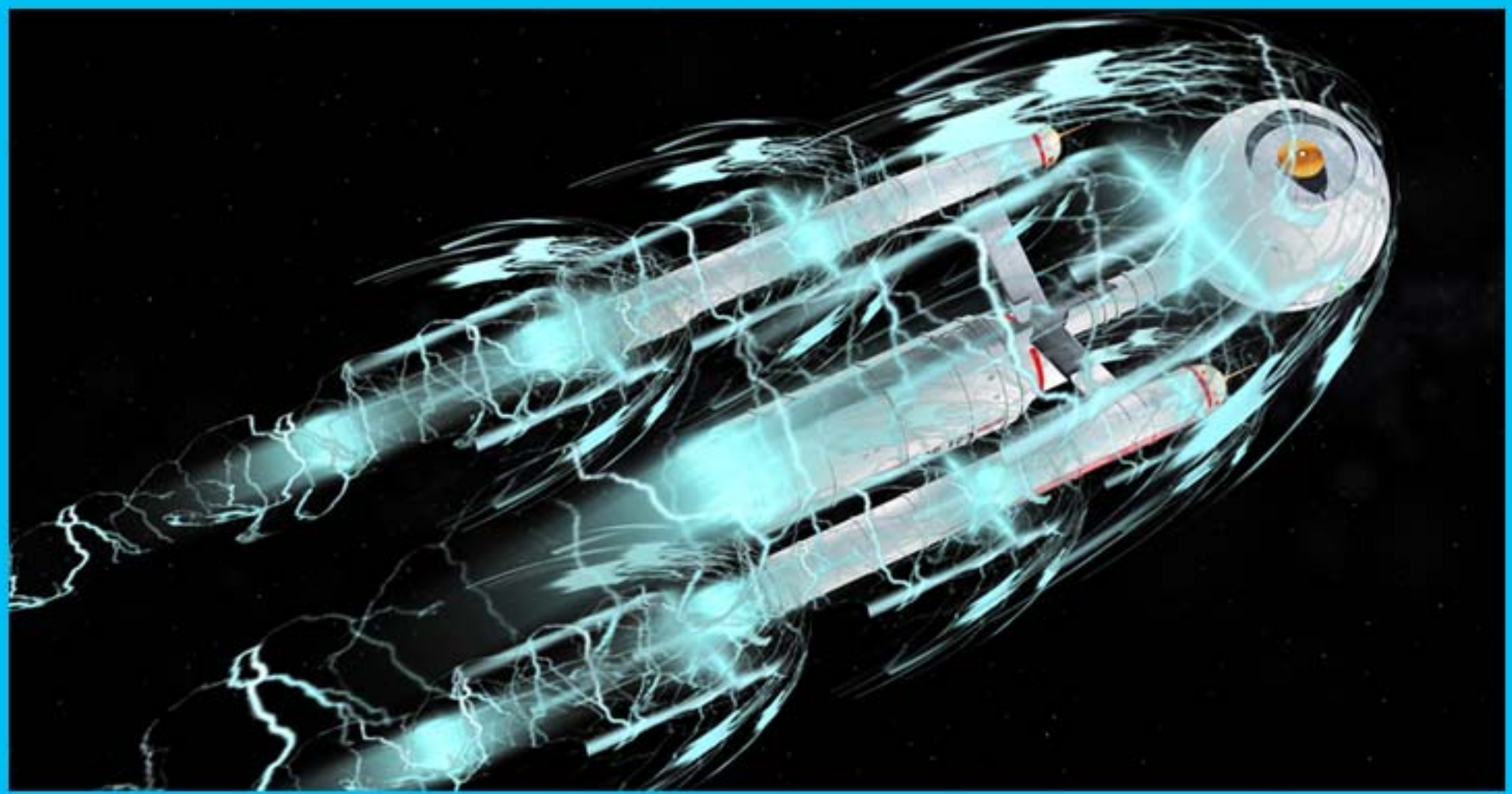
Kyle, lock on to the
Sundown's bridge. I want
that entire bridge crew
beamed aboard- *Now!*



BLAM!!







Kyle, did you
get them?



Bridge to Transporter Room.
Mr. Kyle-!

SLAM!

HUMMMMMMM

Kyle here, Ma'am. All the
Sundown's Bridge crew's
accounted for.

Thank you,
Mr. Kyle.

Captain and Ensign
Kirk are on their way
to the Bridge.

CLICK!

Swoosh



SLAM!

YAAAAAAA!

WACK!!

Tam, the auxiliary station!

On it!

Keys-!

**Bridge to Sick Bay!
Medical Emergency!
Bridge to Sick Bay...**

"Maintain Fire!"

Swoosh

**Bones-
It's Janice.**

Respirator!

Sensors are picking up
a second Romulan
strike force- *twenty-one*
ships.

All right, Cap'n. Let's
get her on the stretcher.

They're firing on
the militants.

Swoosh

A civil war?

Oh, that's *all*
they need.

Swoosh


The Imperial fleet
is taking up position
dead ahead.

The militants are
breaking off.

Cease fire- But
keep the shields up.








Well, I'll be damned.


How in the hell did she survive a warp core breach?!



When I installed the new core, I knew there'd be chance it wouldn't hold up.


So I set things up so the discharge would be released through the nacelles.

Both the core and the nacelles are burnt out now, but the lass is still in one piece.



We'll take her in tow.

With all the decommissioned *Daedalus*-class ships in the Union, there has to be a restoration outfit somewhere that can put her to rights.



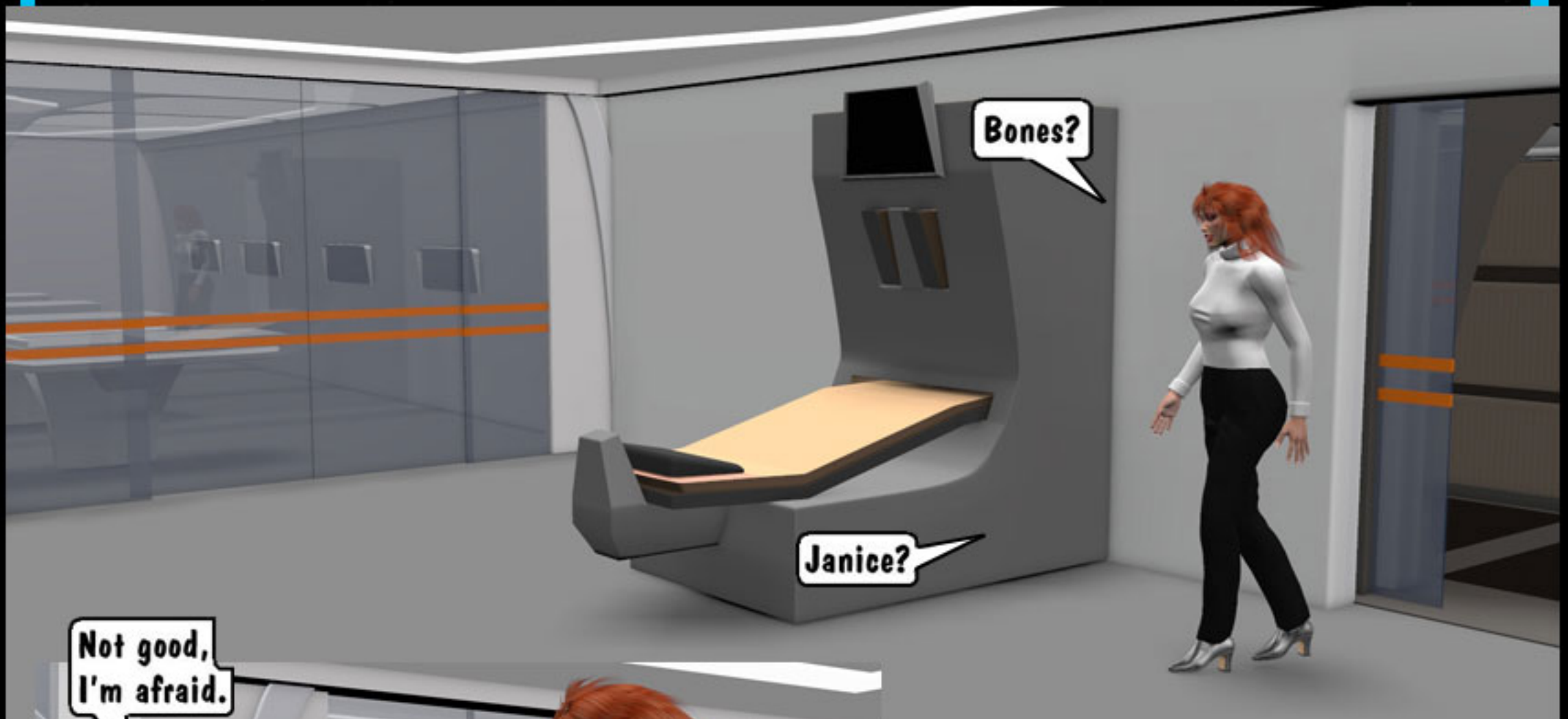
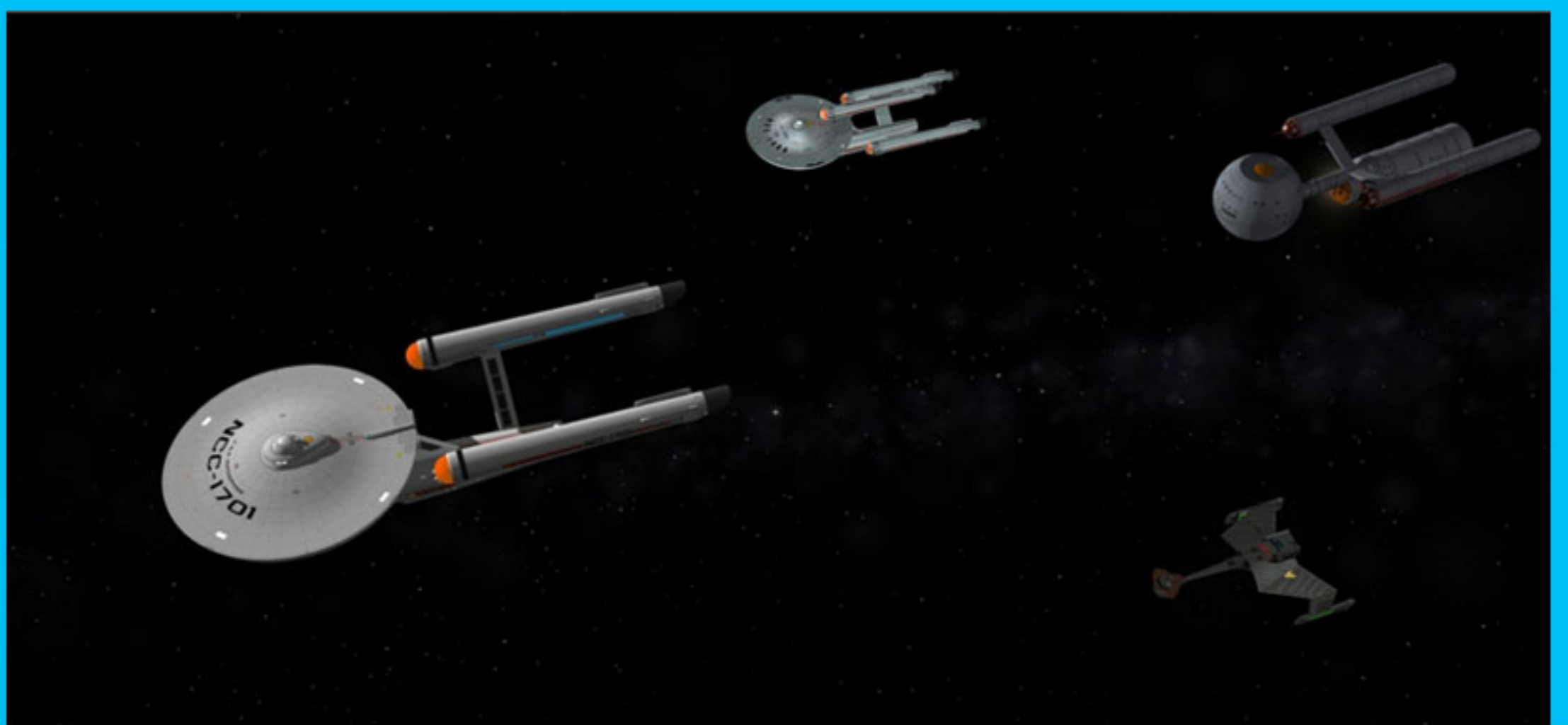
Tam, once we have a tractor beam on the *Sundown*, set course for Starbase 98.

We'll lay-over there for repairs before heading home.

I'll also talk with Admiral Stryker. After all of this, she must've earned at least one battle star for the Fleet registry.

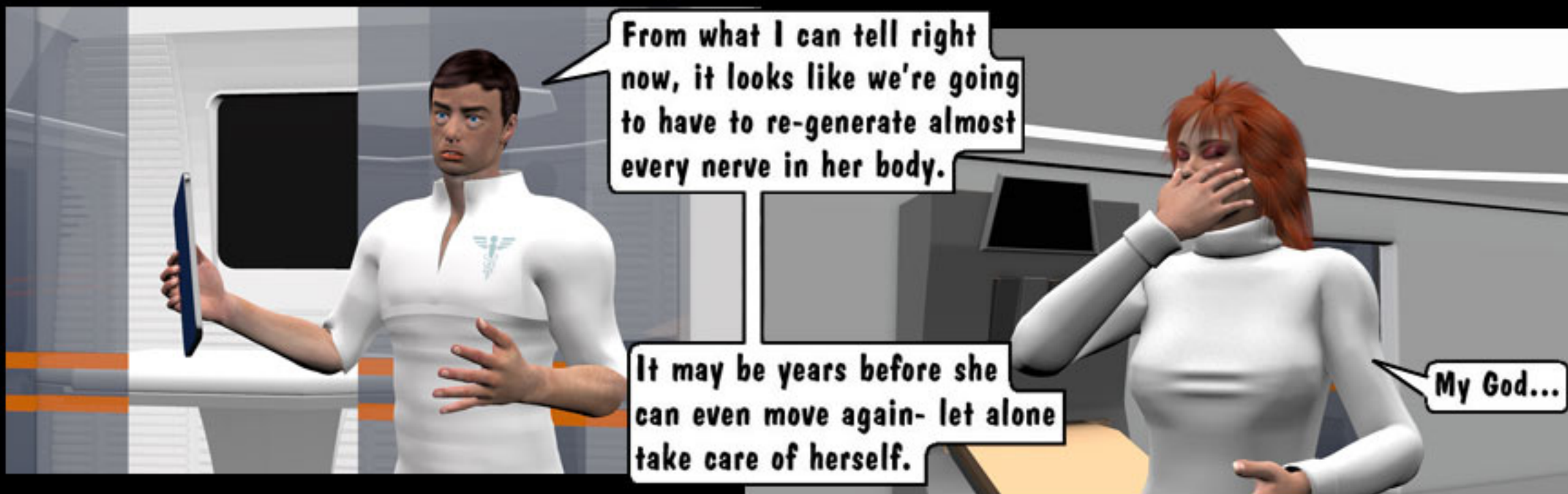


Yes, Ma'am.



All that raw energy pretty much fried her nervous system.











Don't tell me you don't deserve it.

Anyone that can pull off what you did, deserves it.

Don't worry, though. You can finish out *Enterprise's* final year- there's no way I'd deprive you of that.

In that case sir, thank you.

Sir, would this be a good time to ask a favor?

Can't think of a better one. What is it?

Since you've read my report, you know that my navigator, Lt. Rand, was badly injured.

Yes- in fact, I spoke with Dr. McCoy earlier this morning about that.

You can be certain that *Lieutenant Commander Rand* will receive the best care Starfleet Medical can provide.



On her behalf, sir, thank you.

But that leaves me without a navigator for this final year.

I'd like to have Tam if I could.



I've been keeping track of young Tamera.

Captain St.Clair's had only good things to say about her.

His final report on that Mica III mess clears her of any liability, by the way.



She'll be glad to hear that sir. She's been a little touchy about it.

Understandable. But she's still got another six months doesn't she?



Yes sir, officially. But if you'd seen her on this mission, you'd know she doesn't need it.



She deserves something for being on this mission- you all do.

All right. I'll see to it she's posted an academy grad- full lieutenant.



You've got her till the tour's done.

Thank you, sir.

How's George settling in?

Commodore George Samuel Kirk assumed his new post as the Head of Long-range Mission Planning at 0800 this morning.

I think he'll be all right.

What about the *Sundown*, sir?

We have a restoration team already picked out. They expect to have her back up to specs by the end of the year- and Starfleet's already making plans for inducting her into the Fleet Museum.

I also met with the President and he agreed that she's earned three battle stars for the Fleet Registry.

With all due respect sir, not *everyone* wrote them off.

That's a hell of a turn-around for a ship everyone wrote off twenty-two years ago.

I know- and you've earned the right to tell everyone in Starfleet "I told you so".

Thank you, sir.

Is there anything, else?

The Starfleet Corps of Engineers has come up with a new bridge module.

Yes, there is one other thing.

Since you've set yourself up as the Advocate for Bridge Safety, they want you to use the *Enterprise's* final year to field test it.

Put my foot in it, didn't I?

I'm afraid so.

You'd best get going so you'll have time to get it installed before you leave to pick up Ambassador Sarek for the peace talks.





Afterward:

The Romulan Praetor and his advisors arrived on Cestus III one day before talks were scheduled to begin.

With Ambassador Sarek, Rayanna and Admiral Kirk serving as the prime negotiators for the Union, talks lasted for a week, before a final peace and cease-fire were signed, effectively ending the Second Romulan War.

This agreement- the first of many in the years to come- would become known to history as the Cestus III Accords, and end all major conflict in the Alpha Quadrant till stardate 36510.03- the Union's first encounter with the Cardassian Union.

As for the *Sundown*, she was inducted into the Fleet Museum seven months after her return.

On that day, the Federal Congress met in special session and passed a resolution, awarding the *Sundown* an honor granted to only one other ship in all of Starfleet history:

Permanent Active Duty Status

Like the *Bonaventure* before her, the last voyage of the *Sundown* would never end.



END

A Funny Thing Happen on the Way to the Peace Talks...

Sensors are detecting an unidentified object materializing on the Hanger Deck.

Let's see what it is.

Have Therran gather his people in the corridor just in case.

Shev, you have the Bridge.

Acknowledged.

WORP!

WORP!

WORP!

...localized in this area.

WORP!

WORP!

WORP!









Albuquerque?

**How the devil did
she know?**

Happy 50th Doctor!

Next time on Nova Trek:

...Jan entered the recovery ward in Sick Bay to see their "Find" sitting up in bed.

"You are the captain?" he asked in a deep, rich voice.

"Admiral Janet Kirk," she said.

"And you?"

He studied her for a moment. "Khan."

"Just 'Khan'?"

He nodded. "Just 'Khan'".

Jan looked at McCoy, then back at Khan. "Mr. Khan, we do have a few questions..."

He looked to McCoy. "I'm afraid I grow fatigued, Doctor."

"This won't take very long," Jan began.

McCoy spoke up then. "Jan, later might be better."

Khan glanced at the redhead as he spoke. "Admiral, might I have something to read? I was once something of an engineer. Any technical journals, you might have?"

She met his gaze with narrowed eyes. It was clear to both of them that she wasn't going to play this game.

"I'm sorry, Mr.Khan. But I have to beleive if you're too tired to answer a few simple questions, then you're too tired to understand a technical journal written two hundred years after you were born..."

Next time on Nova Trek:

"An Empire to Build"

Coming in 2014

STWOK Jackets-

Space Command for V2 and M2
from RDNA
Converted when need using Wardrobe
Wizard
Uniform skirt for V3 is Jenette skirt
by Morphography
Movie pins by Rduda
Shoulder straps and sleeve stripes
by MDBruffy

EVA Suits-

Chest unit and helmet originally
by Taranis3DG
Additional suit pieces by MDBruffy
Utility belt buckle by Rduda
Female suit is V4 J-suit converted
for V3
Male suit uses M3 jumpsuit

Character base figures used-

V3,M3, V4,M4, P6 James, Dawn

Face morphs for Admiral Stryker,
Capt. Taylor and Romulan Praetor
by werts
Kang and Sarek face morphs by
MDBruffy

Prop packs created by MDBruffy-

Lydia add-ons for Ptrope's bridge
Amok Time arena
TMP Cabin package
TMP corridor kit
Main Briefing room/officers'mess
Sundown's briefing room
Sundown's Engine Room-
detail pieces from Heromorph
Kirk House-
furniture from various sources
Romulan work station
Admiral Stryker's desk and chairs
Horta, anti-grav stretcher
Vulcan sculpture, Pre TOS Viewer
Disaster beacon
Romulan Cloaking Device
Plasma energy burst
Scotty's Warp Core
TMP Era Shuttlecraft

Other Props-

Tam's duffle bag- Rduda
Kang's sash- Little Dragon
Flatcomm- Ptrope
Smart Tablet- Cool Tuna
Praetor's Chair-
Jonathan Rich
Tri-Chess set-
J-m@m-Google sketch-up
TMP Tricorder- Grinch

Outfits, Hair and textures-

Tam's Little Black Dress-
Evening dress for V3
textures by MDBruffy
Jan's Vest-
OL Suit for V3
Texture for Sarek's shirt-
MDBruffy
Pike uniform textures for
M4 Courageous-
Mylochka
Rayannah's outfit #1-
VSciFi Top
Rayannah's outfit #2-
Uzilite 2009 aTNA dress
Converted for V3
Pro'tel's hair- Mylochka
Other female senator's
hair- Mylochka
The Doctor's scarf & Hat-
Poserworld
The Doctor's Coat-
CIS Coat from Daz Studio
The Doctor's Hair-
Neftis afro hair M

Sets-

STII Bridge -Rduda
modified by MDBruffy
STVI Bridge- Rduda
Command Suite-
Uses structural elements from
Ptrope's crew cabin.
Fractal art by MDBruffy
TMP Engine room and
Transporter Room-
Originally by jnw3D. Coverted
by Fretslayer
Commander Kirk's quarters-
Pike's quarters by Ptrope
Cabin artwork by Robert McCall
Enterprise Sickbay- Patience 55
some details by MDBruffy
Sundown's bridge- Lucky Dog
modified by MDBruffy
Sundown's ship corridors-
Starship Hallways by Bandolin
at Vanishing Point
Klingon Bridge- Vanishing Point
Romulan Senate Chamber-
Alan Court from Daz Studio
modified by MDBruffy
Enterprise refit hanger deck-
Rduda
Vulcan Shuttle interior-
Space Plane Cabin by luckybears
modified by MDBruffy

Space backgrounds created using Celestia
'Other Space' backgrounds created using
Apophysis

Explosion effects by Ronexplosions
Tholian web effect created using Jepes

Movie props 4
Photon torpedoes by Overseer-d66qnf6
Sundown's energy discharge-BE Creative

Screencaps of Starfleet Command and the
planetary capital of Romulus- Trekcore.com

Ships-

Enterprise-

Greywolf Starkiller
Concept Shuttle-
Foundation 3D
Romulan BOP-
Jonathan Rich
Spirit of Chicago-
MDBruffy
Vulcan Shuttle -
Kenny Mitchell
Damaged Connie refit-
Google sketch-up
Sundown- DMetlesits
Work Bees- Foundation 3D
Lydia, Locknar, Georgetown-
Battleclinic
Conversion and new
textures by MDBruffy
Tholian ships-
originally by Kenny Mitchell
converted by MDBruffy
K'tinga-class Klingon ship-
Originally by Ben Cantwell
converted by MDBruffy
Sundown's spacedock-
Foundation 3D
USS Constitution-
Renderosity
Tardis- Imrie

Software used-

Poser Pro 2014
Celestia
PoseRay
3D Extreme Text
Apophysis

Photoshop Elements 10
Paint XP
UV Mapper
Gear Maker
Sketch-up 8