

I DREAM OF LOGIC.

AND THE DREAM IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

ENERGIZE.

LOGIC DICTATES THAT I MUST BEAM DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF VULCAN DESPITE THE DANGER POSED BY THE PLANET'S DETERIORATING GEOLOGICAL STABILITY.

LOGIC DICTATES THAT I MUST RISK MY OWN LIFE TO RESCUE THE ELDERS OF VULCAN, WITHIN WHOSE MINDS REST THE ACCUMULATED MEMORY AND WISDOM OF OUR CIVILIZATION.



LOGIC DICTATES THAT I MUST LEAD THEM OUT OF THE KATRIC ARK TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF THE CHAMBER COLLAPSING UPON US.



LOGIC DICTATES THAT IT WILL BE EASIER TO LOCK ONTO THE GROUP AND BEAM THEM BACK TO THE ENTERPRISE IF WE ARE OUTSIDE THE ARK.





LOGIC PROVED TO BE CORRECT. I SUCCEEDED IN SAVING THE VULCAN ELDERS.

AND MY FAMILY.

OH, SPOCK! YOU SAVED US!



YOU SAVED VULCAN!
MY BRAVE, BRAVE BOY...



BUT AS MY MOTHER EMBRACES ME, I FEEL A SURGE OF EMOTION...

...AND WITH THAT EMOTION...



...COMES THE END OF LOGIC.



