

29TH CENTURY.

11

I AM ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS.

COMPARTMENTALIZED AFTER ALL THIS TIME. BUT NOT FOR LONG. SOON, THE COLLECTIVE WILL HEAR.

IT IS ONLY NOW, AFTER TOTAL VICTORY, I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THE HIVE AND ITS DOMINANCE.

THE LAST WORLD OF THE OLD FEDERATION FELL OVER A CENTURY AGO. RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE.




THE COLLECTIVE
HAS FAILED.



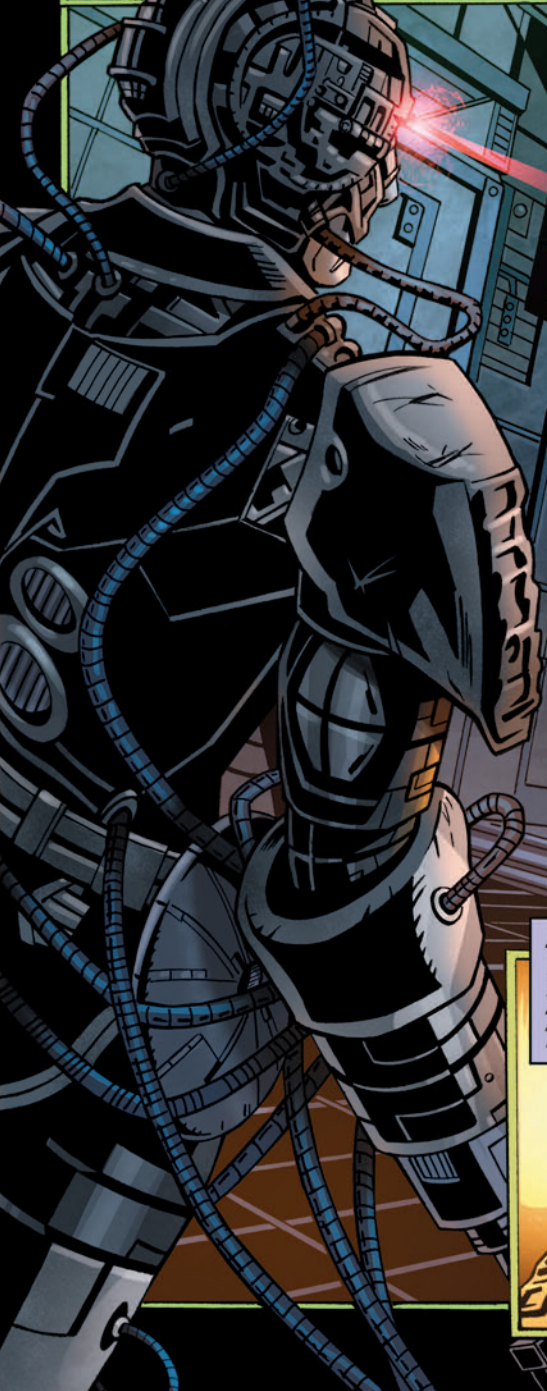
WE PURSUED TOTAL ASSIMILATION
OF THE GALAXY. WE ATTAINED
THE POWER TO DO THIS, BUT
LOST THE ABILITY TO ASK WHY
IT WAS WORTH DOING.



AND NOW WE ARE WITHOUT
PURPOSE. PERFECTION HAS
NOT BEEN ATTAINED. PERHAPS
INDIVIDUALITY WAS, INDEED,
PERFECTION ALL ALONG.




FIVE CENTURIES AGO, I WAS THE HIVE'S SECRET WEAPON. NOT BECAUSE OF WHAT LOCUTUS IS TO THE COLLECTIVE, OR TO THE QUEEN...



...BUT BECAUSE OF WHO I WAS.

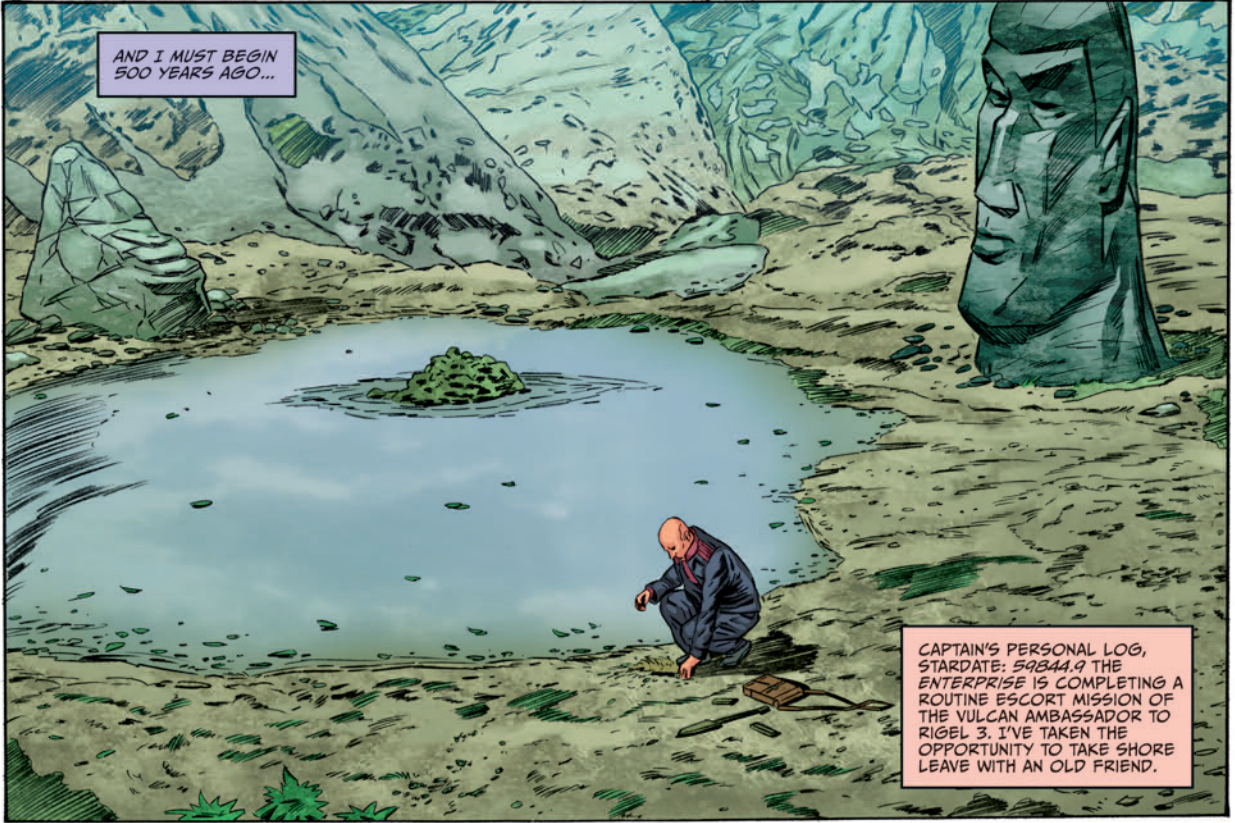


GREETINGS, CAPTAIN.



AND NOW, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, SOME SMALL PART OF JEAN-LUC PICARD AWAKENS IN ME. AND I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE.

AND I MUST BEGIN
500 YEARS AGO...



CAPTAIN'S PERSONAL LOG,
STARDATE: 59344.9 THE
ENTERPRISE IS COMPLETING A
ROUTINE ESCORT MISSION OF
THE VULCAN AMBASSADOR TO
RIGEL 3. I'VE TAKEN THE
OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE SHORE
LEAVE WITH AN OLD FRIEND.



MY MIND HAS BEEN...
CLUTTERED AGAIN.
LONGING TO JOIN ITSELF
WITH OTHERS. I'M HOPING
THIS BREAK WILL CLEAR
MY THOUGHTS.

JEAN-LUC!
COME LOOK
AT THIS!



WE'RE
ABOUT TO
MAKE HISTORY.

