

CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG. STARDATE TWO-TWO-FIVE-EIGHT-POINT-TWO... FIVE...?

POINT-FIVE... SIX...?

DOES ANYONE ACTUALLY LISTEN TO THESE THINGS?

IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE WE LEFT EARTH. AGES SINCE THE VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE AND THE "THANKS FOR SAVING THE GALAXY FROM THE ROMULAN WITH THE POINTY SHIP."

AGES SINCE I TOLD STARFLEET THAT YE CANNAE EXPECT A SHIP THAT JUST ESCAPED THE GRIP OF A SPONTANEOUS BLACK HOLE...

FORGET IT.

... YE CANNAE EXPECT IT TO EMBARK ON A NEW MISSION WITHOUT A THOROUGH INSPECTION AND RETROFIT!

ADD THAT TO THE PILE.

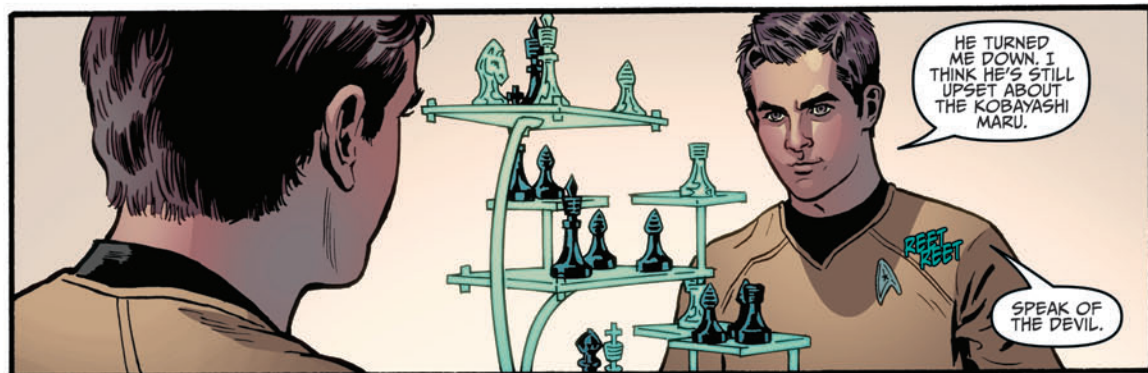
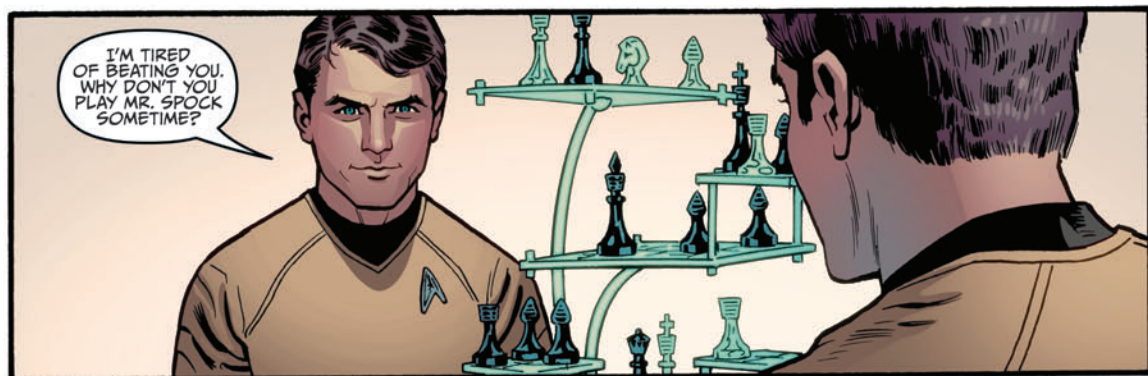
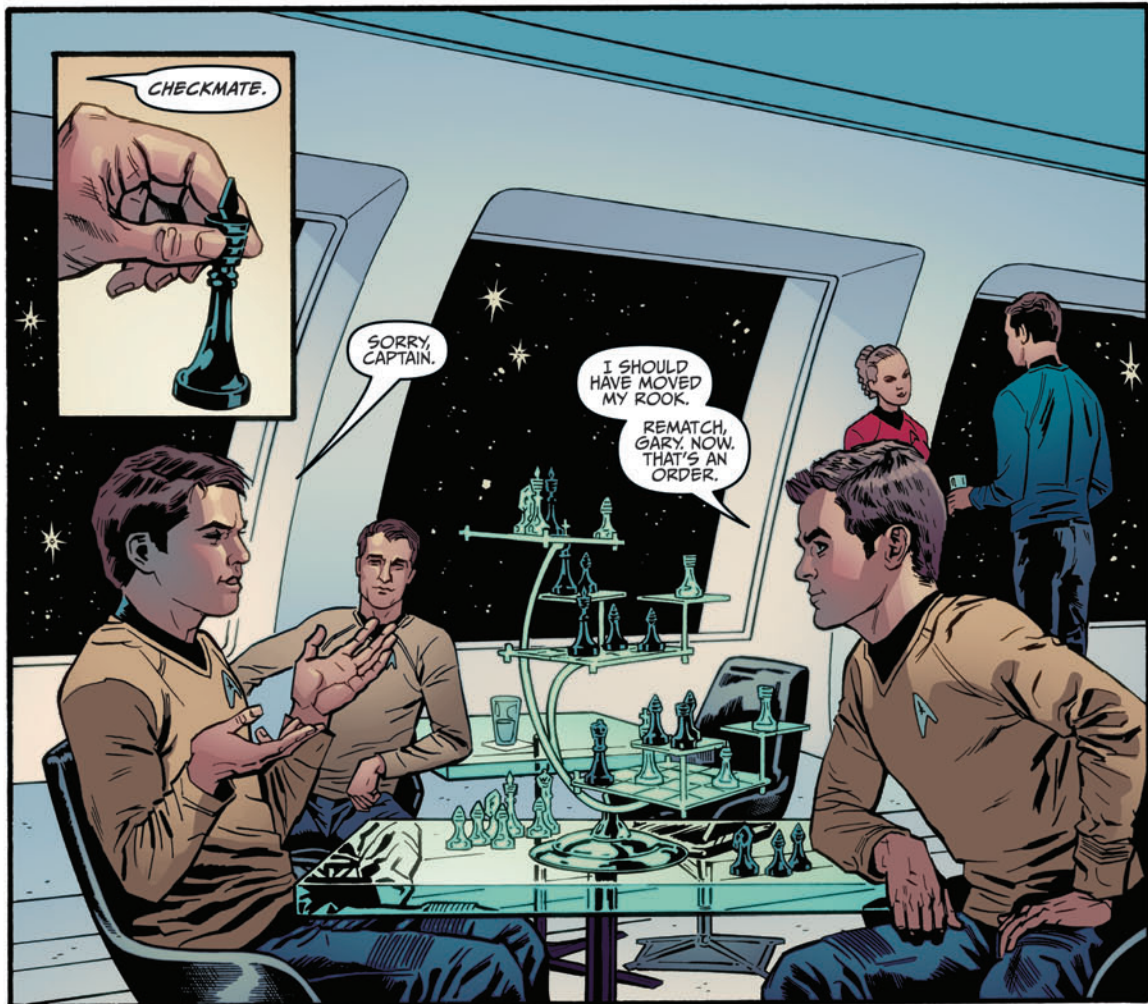
THIS SHIP IS A MESS OF BROKEN PARTS AND FRIED CIRCUITS.

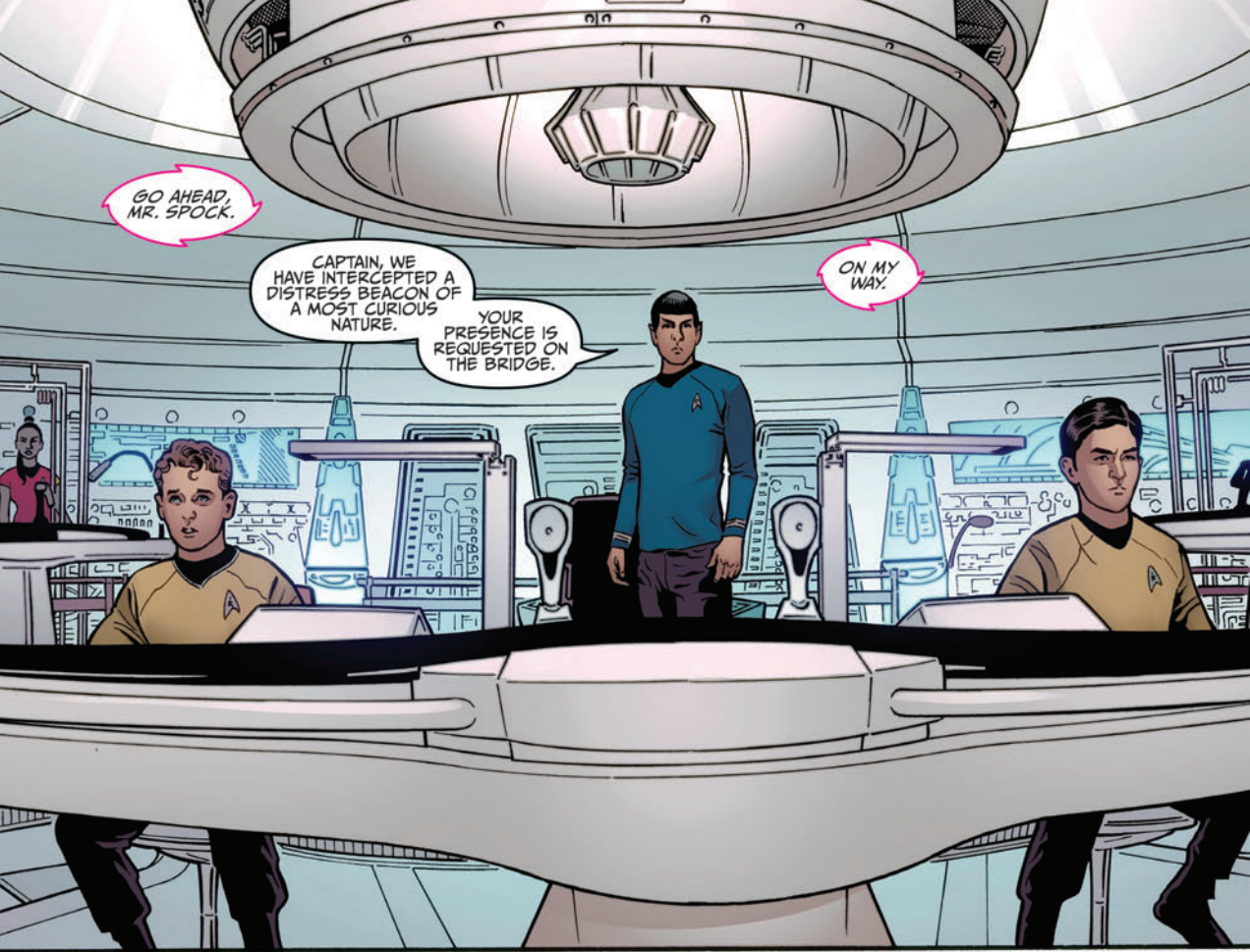
I'M OFF TO SEE THE CAPTAIN. MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.

AND YET, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT...

...SHE STILL LOOKS PRETTY  
ON THE *OUTSIDE*.







GO AHEAD, MR. SPOCK.

CAPTAIN, WE HAVE INTERCEPTED A DISTRESS BEACON OF A MOST CURIOUS NATURE.

YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED ON THE BRIDGE.

ON MY WAY.



MITCHELL, KELSO. JOIN ME ON THE BRIDGE.

AYE, SIR!



STILL CAN'T GET OVER CALLING YOU "SIR." FEELS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS HELPING YOU WITH YOUR ACADEMY HOMEWORK.

NOT TO MENTION THAT WE WERE A YEAR AHEAD OF YOU...



I REMEMBER, WHICH IS WHY MY FIRST REQUEST AS CAPTAIN WAS TO BRING YOU TWO ABOARD.

FILLING THE CREW WITH YOUR FRIENDS?

CAPTAIN'S PREROGATIVE.

