

GOLD
KEY

STAR TREK

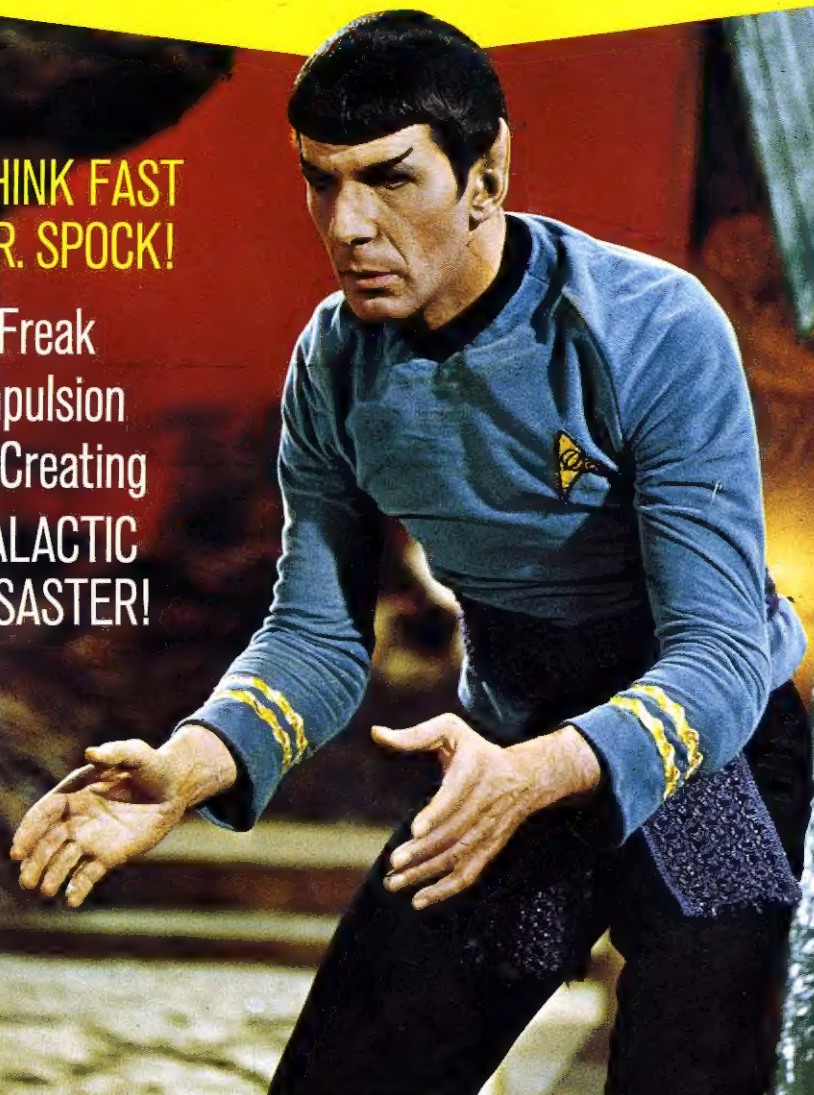
15c

STAR TREK

10210-912
DECEMBER

THINK FAST
MR. SPOCK!

A Freak
Impulsion
Is Creating
GALACTIC
DISASTER!



Kenner's Zip Strip POCKET PACK
Recess Race!

RECESS...
RING!

I'VE GOT THE CHARGER!
I'VE GOT THE STING RAY, LET'S RACE!
I'VE GOT THE MUSTANG!

GETTING READY FOR THE BIG EVENT
THEY'RE OFF!

PACK OUT OF POCKET ZIP! IT'S OPEN!
SNAP! IT'S SET!
EXCLUSIVE FLANGED WHEELS

STING RAY
MUSTANG
CHARGER

BOY, THOSE DELRIN BEARINGS REALLY MAKE 'EM ZIP!

WOW! ARE THEY FAST!

FINELY DETAILED, INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRING SUSPENSION, MAG WHEELS.

I WON!

I WON THE DISTANCE RACE!

25 FT.

I WON THE SPRING PROPELLED DRAG!

RING! RECESS OVER. EVERYTHING GOES BACK IN THE POCKET.

I WON THE ACCURACY EVENT!

Zip Strip RACING CITY
SET INCLUDES
ONE OF THE 3 SPORTS CARS, 3 1/2 FT. COILED STEEL TRACK, LAUNCHER AND POCKET PACK.
AVAILABLE AT TOY STORES EVERYWHERE!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

GET A ZIP STRIP STING RAY CAR
Car only — not track, launcher or pocket pack.
I enclose 40¢ plus 10¢ for mailing & handling.
Use 1 coin only.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____
Dept. ZS, Kenner Prod. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

OFFER SPACES FEB. 15, 1970

STAR TREK WHEN PLANETS COLLIDE

THERE WAS SUDDEN DEATH IN SPACE -- TWO PLANETS ON A COLLISION COURSE! AND ONLY THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE COULD PREVENT SUCH A CATAclysmic MEETING... IF THEY THEMSELVES COULD SURVIVE!

BUT CAPTAIN -- TOP SPEED CAN SHAKE US APART WHEN WE'RE TOWING TEN THOUSAND TONS!

THE METEOR STORM HAS HIT US DEAD ON! FULL ROCKET SPEED! WE'VE GOT TO PULL OUT OF THE AREA BEFORE WE'RE SHOT DOWN!

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CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 23:009-- TOP BRASS STUDIED A CURIOUS PICK-UP ON THE SCREEN OF THE ENTERPRISE'S TV SPACE SCANNER...

THE OPERATORS HAVE BEEN TRACKING THOSE U.B.* BLIPS SINCE THEY APPEARED IN THE ALPHO GALAXY! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM, MR. SPOCK?

HMM... ALTHOUGH THEY ARE ON A DIRECT COURSE WITH ONE ANOTHER THERE'S STILL A BILLION-MILE RANGE BETWEEN THEM...

*U.B.--UNIDENTIFIED BODY



... AND THE ODDS AGAINST COLLISION ARE JUST ABOUT THAT GREAT! STILL, CAPTAIN, WE'D BETTER KEEP OUR SPACE EYES ON THEM!

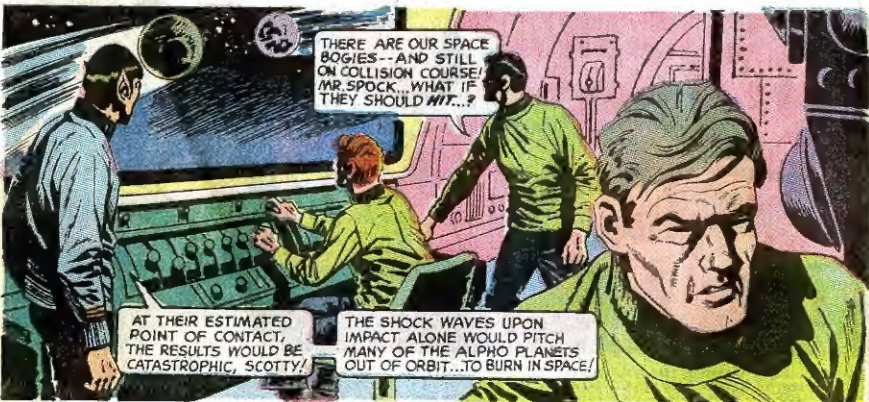
I AGREE! AND SINCE WE'RE THE CLOSEST SHIP TO THEM IN THE STAR FLEET, I'M GOING TO SET CRUISE COURSE IN THAT DIRECTION!



FIVE DAYS LATER A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER...

COMMUNICATIONS HERE, SIR! THOSE BLIPS ON OUR TV SCANNER-- WE'VE IDENTIFIED THEM! THEY'RE PLANETS!

PLANETS... IN THE GALAXY AND ORBITING ALPHO! QUITE INCONCEIVABLE-- THIS MUST BE CHECKED OUT IMMEDIATELY, CAPTAIN!



THERE ARE OUR SPACE BOGIES-- AND STILL ON COLLISION COURSE! MR. SPOCK... WHAT IF THEY SHOULD *WTF*..?

AT THEIR ESTIMATED POINT OF CONTACT, THE RESULTS WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC, SCOTTY!

THE SHOCK WAVES UPON IMPACT ALONE WOULD PITCH MANY OF THE ALPHO PLANETS OUT OF ORBIT... TO BURN IN SPACE!



WE STILL DON'T KNOW IF THOSE FOREIGN PLANETS ARE INHABITED-- TRY TO RAISE THEM ON OUR SOS SPACE FREQUENCY, OPERATOR.

AYE, SIR!



NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN!

GOOD! NOW OUR ACTION IS CLEAR-- *DESTROY* ONE OF THE PLANETS AND ELIMINATE THE COLLISION THREAT!

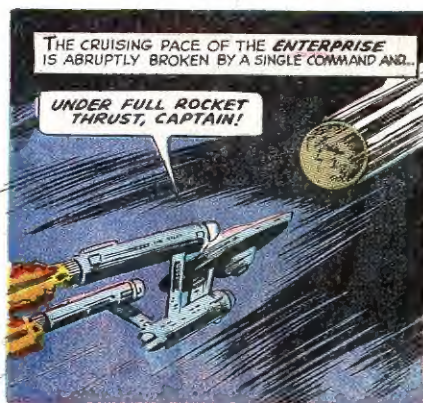


THERE IS STILL AMPLE TIME TO INTERCEPT EITHER PLANET WELL BEFORE ESTIMATED COLLISION TIME, CAPTAIN...

WE'RE CLOSEST BY SEVERAL THOUSAND GALAXY MILES TO F.P.-1*

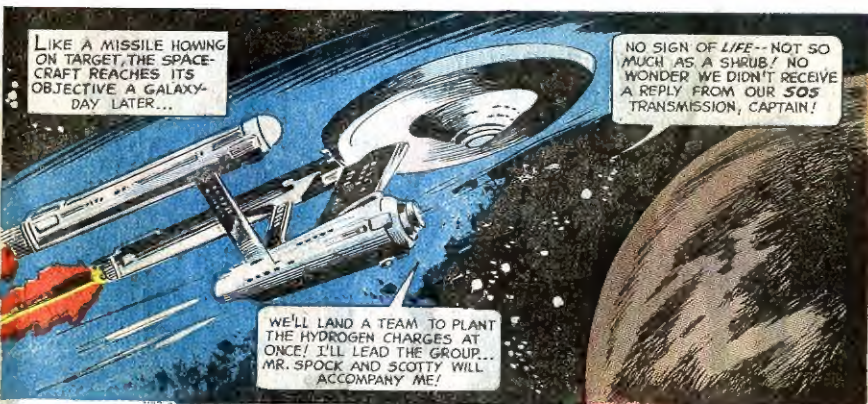
GIVE THE NAVIGATOR THAT COURSE, MR. SPOCK!

*FOREIGN PLANET-1



THE CRUISING PACE OF THE ENTERPRISE IS ABRUPTLY BROKEN BY A SINGLE COMMAND AND...

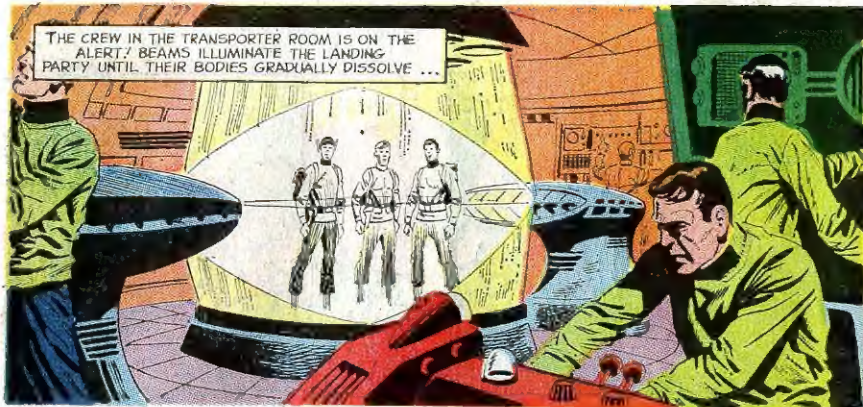
UNDER FULL ROCKET THRUST, CAPTAIN!



LIKE A MISSILE HOWLING ON TARGET, THE SPACECRAFT REACHES ITS OBJECTIVE A GALAXY-DAY LATER...

NO SIGN OF LIFE-- NOT SO MUCH AS A SHRUB! NO WONDER WE DIDN'T RECEIVE A REPLY FROM OUR SOS TRANSMISSION, CAPTAIN!

WE'LL LAND A TEAM TO PLANT THE HYDROGEN CHARGES AT ONCE! I'LL LEAD THE GROUP... MR. SPOCK AND SCOTTY WILL ACCOMPANY ME!



THE CREW IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM IS ON THE ALERT! BEAMS ILLUMINATE THE LANDING PARTY UNTIL THEIR BODIES GRADUALLY DISSOLVE ...



AND BLEND INTO THE ETHER OF TIME AND SPACE UNTIL MATERIALIZATION OCCURS ON THE PLANET BELOW...

ATMOSPHERE FAVORABLE... NO NEED FOR FILTER MASKS...

CAPTAIN! THOSE GROWTHS ATOP THE DOMES... THEY'RE MOVING!



SPLASH!

WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED! THE PLANET IS INHABITED!



WE'VE BEEN KNOCKED OFF OUR FEET-- BUT WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

A MOST INGENUOUS ANTI-GRAVITY BUBBLE OF SOME KIND, MR. SCOTT?

BUT WHAT KIND OF PRISON IS THIS?

LOOK! PANELS... SLIDING OPEN IN THE DOMES! I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!



I'LL SAY--ALIENS! SHALL WE TRY BLASTING THEM WITH OUR PHASERS, SIR?

NO! LET'S PLAY THE WAITING GAME AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, SCOTTY!

A WISE SUGGESTION... SINCE I SUSPECT OUR WEAPONS WOULD HARDLY PENETRATE THESE BUBBLE SHELLS!



HEY! THEY'RE TOWING US INTO THE DOMES LIKE... LIKE WE WERE HUMAN BALLOONS! WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST FINISH US OFF AND BE DONE WITH IT!

AT LEAST WE'RE DEALING WITH CIVILIZED BEINGS! THEY OBVIOUSLY INTEND TO INTERROGATE US!



INSIDE THE ALIEN DOME THE IMPRISONING GLOBES ARE BURST IN A FRIGHTENING MANNER...

STOP! DON'T KILL! WE ARE FRIENDS... COME TO TELL YOU A TERRIBLE FACT! WE ARE NOT HOSTILE!

UNLESS THEY ALREADY KNOW THAT FACT, CAPTAIN!



AND AS THE TRUTH SHOCKS POUR THROUGH THE TRIO...

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? IDENTIFY!

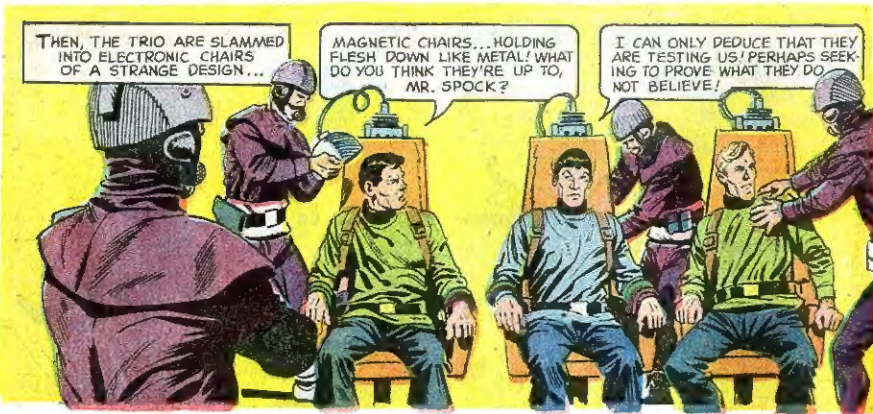
W-WE ARE SPACE PIONEERS... FROM STAR SHIP ENTERPRISE...

ONLY ONE WAY TO PROVE OURSELVES...



GAIN CONTROL... THEN CONVINCE THEM WE MEAN NO HARM... GOT TO REACH MY PHASER...

WHAT SEEK YOU HERE?



THEN, THE TRIO ARE SLAMMED INTO ELECTRONIC CHAIRS OF A STRANGE DESIGN...

MAGNETIC CHAIRS... HOLDING FLESH DOWN LIKE METAL! WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE UP TO, MR. SPOCK?

I CAN ONLY DEDUCE THAT THEY ARE TESTING US! PERHAPS SEEKING TO PROVE WHAT THEY DO, NOT BELIEVE!



WE... COME TO WARN YOU!!



SUDDENLY AS CAPTAIN KIRK'S HAND REACHES HIS WEAPON...

...YOU ARE ON A... COLLISION COURSE WITH ANOTHER PLANET!

GOT IT!



AND INDEED MR. SPOCK IS CORRECT! FOR SCANT MOMENTS LATER ELECTRICAL IMPULSES PENETRATE THE BRAINS OF THE TRAPPED MEN...

SPEAK TRUTH, ALIENS! HAVE YOU COME TO DESTROY WHAT CENTURIES OF TIME HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO DO? ANSWER!

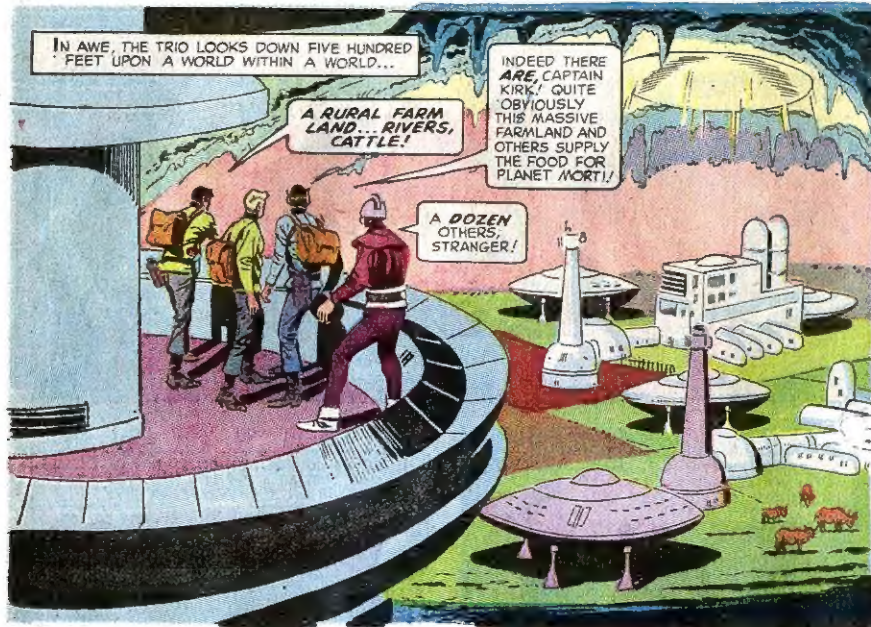
W-WE HAVE COME TO... AID YOU!



SCOTTY! SPOCK...

...MOVE IT!



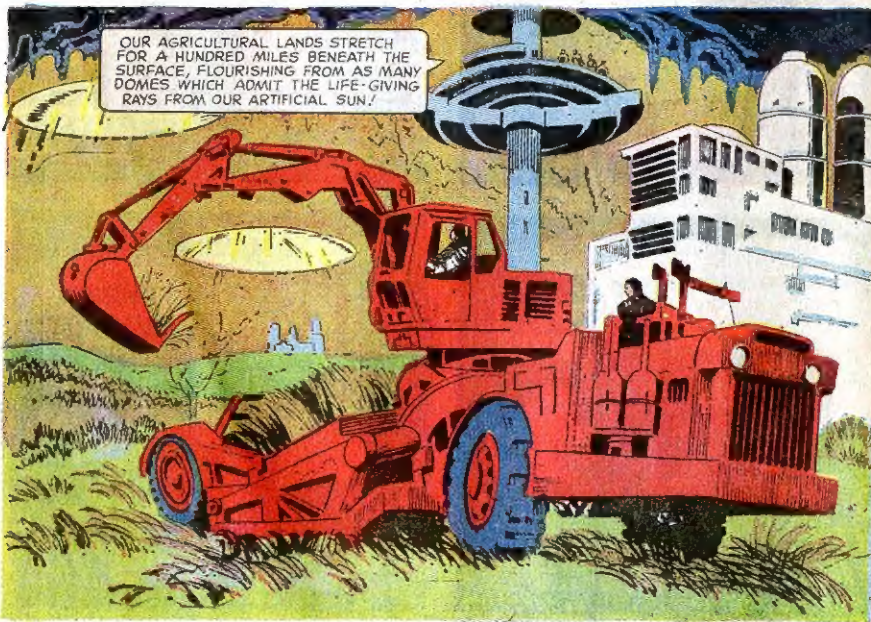


IN AWE, THE TRIO LOOKS DOWN FIVE HUNDRED FEET UPON A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD...

A RURAL FARM LAND... RIVERS, CATTLE!

INDEED THERE ARE, CAPTAIN KIRK! QUITE OBVIOUSLY THIS MASSIVE FARMLAND AND OTHERS SUPPLY THE FOOD FOR PLANET MORT!

A DOZEN OTHERS, STRANGER!



OUR AGRICULTURAL LANDS STRETCH FOR A HUNDRED MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE, FLOURISHING FROM AS MANY DOMES WHICH ADMIT THE LIFE-GIVING RAYS FROM OUR ARTIFICIAL SUN!



THEN, EVER SINCE YOUR PLANET BEGAN TO DIE YOUR PEOPLE HAVE LIVED ON THE SURFACE AND FARMED FOR YOUR FOOD BELOW!

THAT IS CORRECT! WE HAVE NO BUSINESS, NO GREAT INDUSTRIES, WE MERELY SURVIVE!



TO CONSERVE ITS VITAL THERMO-HYDROGEN FUEL WE TRIGGER THE SUN FORCE BUT FIVE HOURS A DAY! THAT IS QUITE SUFFICIENT!

CERTAINLY! AND THE ROTATION OF YOUR PLANET KEPT THE SUN SIDE AWAY FROM US DURING OUR JOURNEY HERE! QUITE ASTONISHING!



ONE THING, SIR! I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND WHY WE COULD NOT OBSERVE YOUR ARTIFICIAL SUN VIA OUR OBSERVATIONS OF YOUR PLANET!

AH, THAT IS QUITE SIMPLE...



TIME'S RUNNING OUT, MR. SPOCK!

YES! WITH EACH HOUR THE PLANETS' SPEED TOWARD EACH OTHER ACCELERATES 8,108 GALAXY MILES! WE MUST LEAVE FOR F.P.-2 IMMEDIATELY!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TRANSPORTING MACHINE FROM THE ENTERPRISE BEGINS TO BLEND THE THREE INTO THE ETHER OF TIME...

WE WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED! HAVE COURAGE, MY FRIEND!

THANK YOU, SPACE PIONEERS! IT IS GOOD TO KNOW WE HAVE NEW FRIENDS IN THIS GALAXY!



AND ONCE ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE...

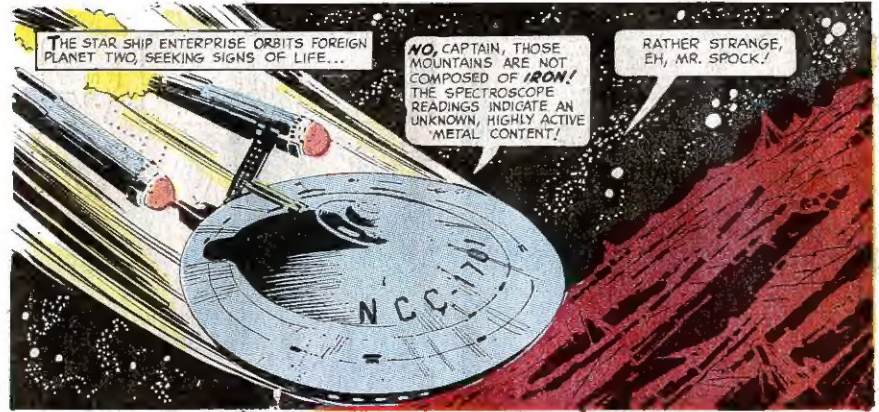
ROCKET CONTROL!
FULL ROCKETS
THRUST TOWARD
FOREIGN PLANET
TWO!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!



ALL YOUR SPECTROSCOPE
READINGS INDICATE **NO
LIFE**, MR. SPOCK!

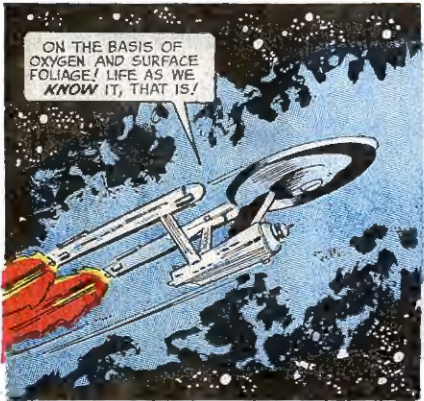
AFFIRMATIVE!



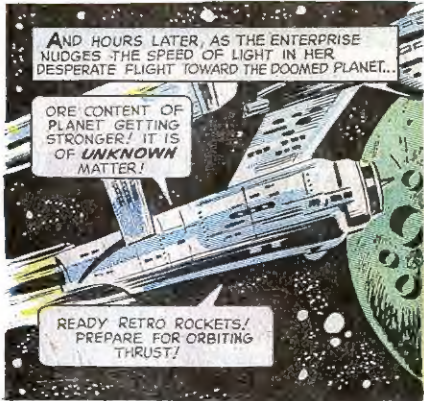
THE STAR SHIP ENTERPRISE ORBITS FOREIGN
PLANET TWO, SEEKING SIGNS OF LIFE...

NO, CAPTAIN, THOSE
MOUNTAINS ARE NOT
COMPOSED OF **IRON!**
THE SPECTROSCOPE
READINGS INDICATE AN
UNKNOWN, HIGHLY ACTIVE
METAL CONTENT!

RATHER STRANGE,
EH, MR. SPOCK!



ON THE BASIS OF
OXYGEN AND SURFACE
FOLIAGE! LIFE AS WE
KNOW IT, THAT IS!



AND HOURS LATER, AS THE ENTERPRISE
NUDGES THE SPEED OF LIGHT IN HER
DESPERATE FLIGHT TOWARD THE DOOMED PLANET...

ORE CONTENT OF
PLANET GETTING
STRONGER! IT IS
OF **UNKNOWN**
MATTER!

READY RETRO ROCKETS!
PREPARE FOR ORBITING
THRUST!



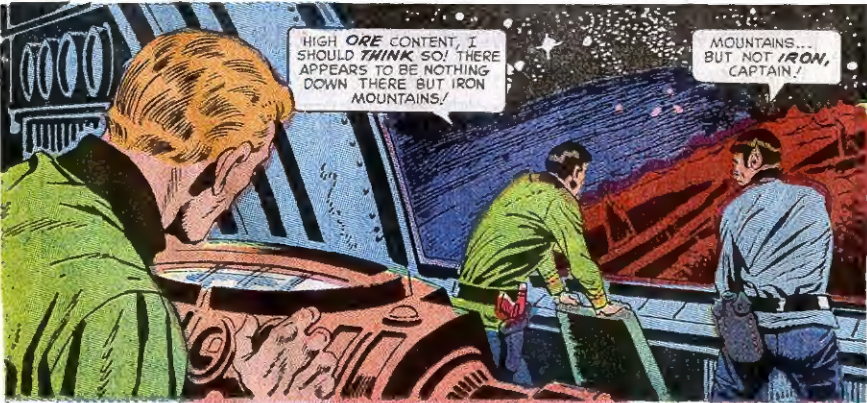
THEN, AS THE CRAFT DIVES FOR CLOSER
SURVEYING...

YI-YIKES!



SCOTTY! SU-SUFFERING
HANNAH--HE'S BEEN
SLAMMED INTO THE
CHAMBER WALL!

SOME POWER...
PULLING HIM!



HIGH **ORE** CONTENT, I
SHOULD **THINK** SO! THERE
APPEARS TO BE NOTHING
DOWN THERE BUT IRON
MOUNTAINS!

MOUNTAINS...
BUT **NOT IRON**,
CAPTAIN!



WHAT IS IT YOU HAVE IN YOUR POCKET? SOME
IMMENSELY POWERFUL FORCE IS REACTING UPON IT!

I...I...



... PICKED UP A PIECE OF ROCK FROM F.P.-1
WHEN WE LANDED... AS A-A SOUVENIR...

IT IS BEING
MAGNETIZED
FROM BELOW...



THEN, AS THE ORE IS RIPPED FROM MR. SPOCK'S HANDS...

I CAN NOT HOLD IT! RIGHT THE SHIP! HURRY!!

CRASH!

LEVEL OFF!



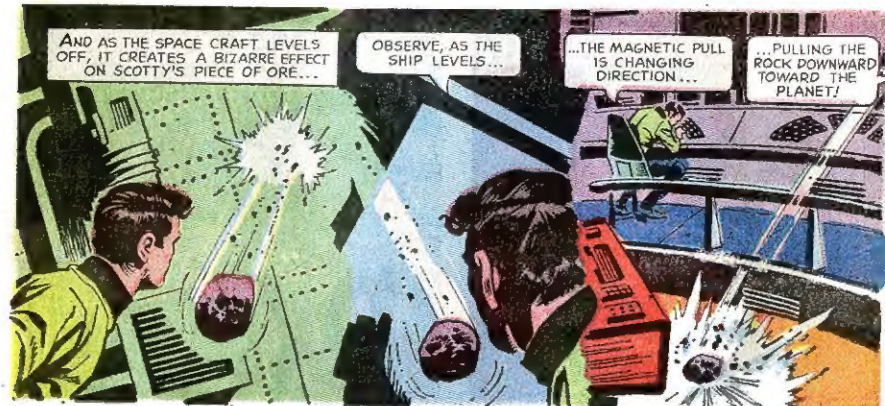
A FANTASTIC FORCE... EMANATING FROM THE TERRAIN OF F.P.-2 AND DRAWING UPON THAT PIECE OF ROCK... STRONGER THAN THE MOST POWERFUL ELECTRO MAGNET!

BUT HOW? WHY?



THEN THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE, MR. SPOCK... ATOMIZE THE MOUNTAINS OUT OF EXISTENCE AND ELIMINATE THE PROBLEM!

ASSUMING THERE IS NO LIFE THERE!



AND AS THE SPACE CRAFT LEVELS OFF, IT CREATES A BIZARRE EFFECT ON SCOTTY'S PIECE OF ORE...

OBSERVE, AS THE SHIP LEVELS...

...THE MAGNETIC PULL IS CHANGING DIRECTION...

...PULLING THE ROCK DOWNWARD TOWARD THE PLANET!



THERE CAN'T BE! WE'VE ORBITED THE PLANET THREE TIMES... NOT A SPARK OF LIFE SEEN! NO SURFACE DOMES... NOTHING!

WAIT!



BEFORE WE TRANSPORT DOWN LET US USE THAT ORE AS A TEST PIECE! WE MAY BE ABLE TO FIND A MINERAL THAT WILL BREAK THE MAGNETIC PULL!

GOOD!



THERE IS THE ANSWER TO OUR PLANET COLLISION PROBLEM, CAPTAIN!! THE ORE IN THOSE MOUNTAIN RANGES IS REACTING UPON THE CRUST OF F.P.-1...



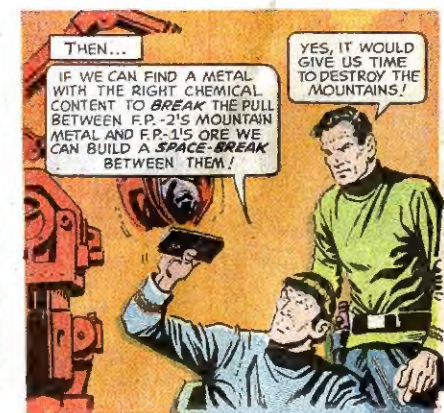
...THE MAGNETIC INFLUENCE IS SO POWERFUL IT SURGES THROUGH SPACE AND IS DRAWING THE PLANET TOWARD IT! A FREAK GALAXY CHEMISTRY IS CREATING THIS DISASTER!



MOMENTS LATER, FOUR STRONG MEN ARE NEEDED TO WITHSTAND THE FANTASTIC PULL OF THE MOUNTAIN METAL AGAINST F.P.-1'S ORE...

REALIGN THE LAB VISE FOR OVERHEAD EXPERIMENT!

RIGHT, MR. SPOCK!



THEN...

IF WE CAN FIND A METAL WITH THE RIGHT CHEMICAL CONTENT TO BREAK THE PULL BETWEEN F.P.-2'S MOUNTAIN METAL AND F.P.-1'S ORE WE CAN BUILD A SPACE-BREAK BETWEEN THEM!

YES, IT WOULD GIVE US TIME TO DESTROY THE MOUNTAINS!



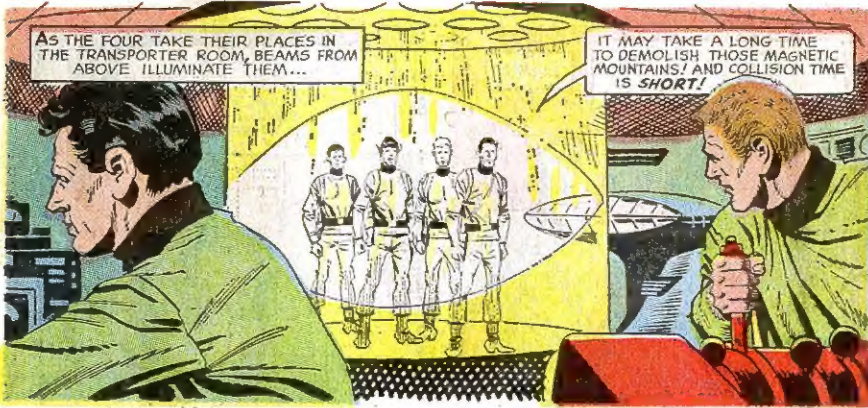
FOR TWO HOURS MR. SPOCK LABORS TO CRACK THE SECRET, BUT ...

NO LUCK... I HAVE GONE THROUGH 101 METALS IN OUR CHEMICAL TABLE BUT THE MAGNETIC FORCE IS THE SAME!

THAT DOES IT!



THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, DR. MCCOY, MR. SPOCK ... SCOTTY! WE CAN'T WASTE ANOTHER MINUTE!



AS THE FOUR TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, BEAMS FROM ABOVE ILLUMINATE THEM...

IT MAY TAKE A LONG TIME TO DEMOLISH THOSE MAGNETIC MOUNTAINS! AND COLLISION TIME IS SHORT!



SOME SIGHT! AN UGLY BALL OF TROUBLE CATAPULTING THROUGH THE UNIVERSE! SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW SUCH THINGS CAN BE!

WE HAVE MUCH TO LEARN IN THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE YET, CAPTAIN!



FROM THE APPEARANCE OF THE TERRAIN I CALCULATE ABOUT TWO TONS OF MINI-ATOMIC CHARGES WILL BE REQUIRED TO MELT THE MOUNTAIN RANGE!

OUR EXPLOSIVES!



IF THERE WAS TIME I'D BLOW THE WHOLE CURSED PLANET UP... IT'S CERTAINLY NO USE TO THE GALAXY!

NO, I GATHER NOT, CAPTAIN! UNLESS, OF COURSE...



INSTANTS LATER, THE MEN ARE TRANSPORTED THROUGH SPACE TO APPEAR ON THE BIZARRE CELESTIAL BODY KNOWN AS FOREIGN PLANET TWO...

MATERIALIZATION COMPLETE! TRANSPORT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE CHARGES DOWN AT ONCE!

AVE, AVE CAPTAIN!



IT HAS SOME UNKNOWN PURPOSE AMONG THE STARS ... SUCH AS EARTH MUST HAVE HAD AT ONE TIME!

OH, COME ON... SPARE ME THAT VULCAN PHILOSOPHY OF YOURS RIGHT NOW, MR. SPOCK!



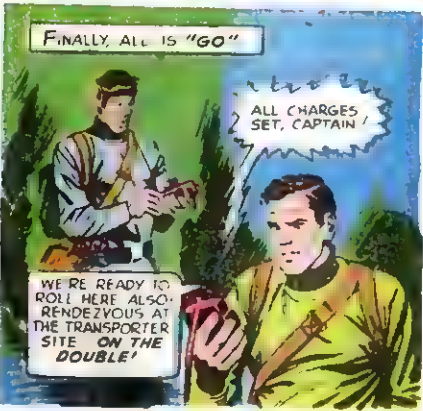
DR. MCCOY, YOU AND SCOTTY TAKE THAT END OF THE RANGE! MR SPOCK AND I WILL COVER THIS! USE YOUR PHASERS CAREFULLY MAKING THE DETONATION HOLES!



FOR FOUR TENGE HOURS THE SPA...
 PREPARE FOR OPERATION MOUNTAIN BLAST!
 THEIR PHASERS TUNNEL HOLES DEEP INSIDE THE
 METALLIC RANGE FOR CHARGES TO BE PLACED

BZZZZZ

BZZZZZ



FINALLY, ALL IS "GO"

ALL CHARGES
 SET, CAPTAIN!

WE'RE READY TO
 ROLL HERE ALSO.
 RENDEZVOUS AT
 THE TRANSPORTER
 SITE ON THE
 DOUBLE!



AND AS THE TEAM PREPARES TO VANISH INTO
 THE ETHER OF TIME FOR RETURN TO THE SHIP

WE... THAT'S THAT, ADAM
 WE MUST BE WELL OUT OF
 RANGE BEFORE DETONATION
 POWER CHARGES INDEED!

YES, READY
 TO THROW THE
 TRANSPORTER
 SWITCH!

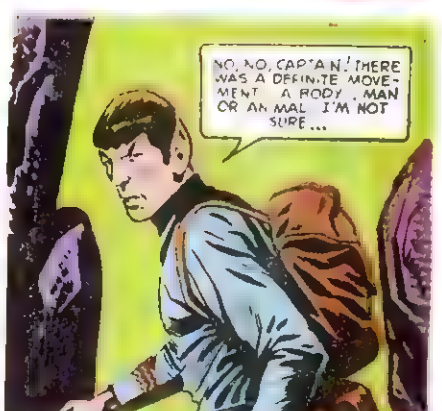


I WAS OVER
 HERE ON THE
 SIDE OF THE
 MOUNTAIN!



I WAS
 CERTAIN...JUST
 ABOUT HERE!

I CAN'T BE YOUR NERVES,
 MR. SPOCK. YOURS ARE
 LIKE WIRE FILAMENTS...
 PERHAPS AN OPTICAL
 ILLUSION...



NO, NO, CAPTAIN! THERE
 WAS A DEFINITE MOVE-
 MENT. A BODY, MAN
 OR AN MAM. I'M NOT
 SURE...



SUDDENLY

WAIT!



WHAT IS
 SPOCK? WHAT'S
 WRONG?

...SOME THING MOVE
 A LIVING FORM!



ABRUPTLY, A PATCH OF MOUNTAINSIDE
 CREES UP AND

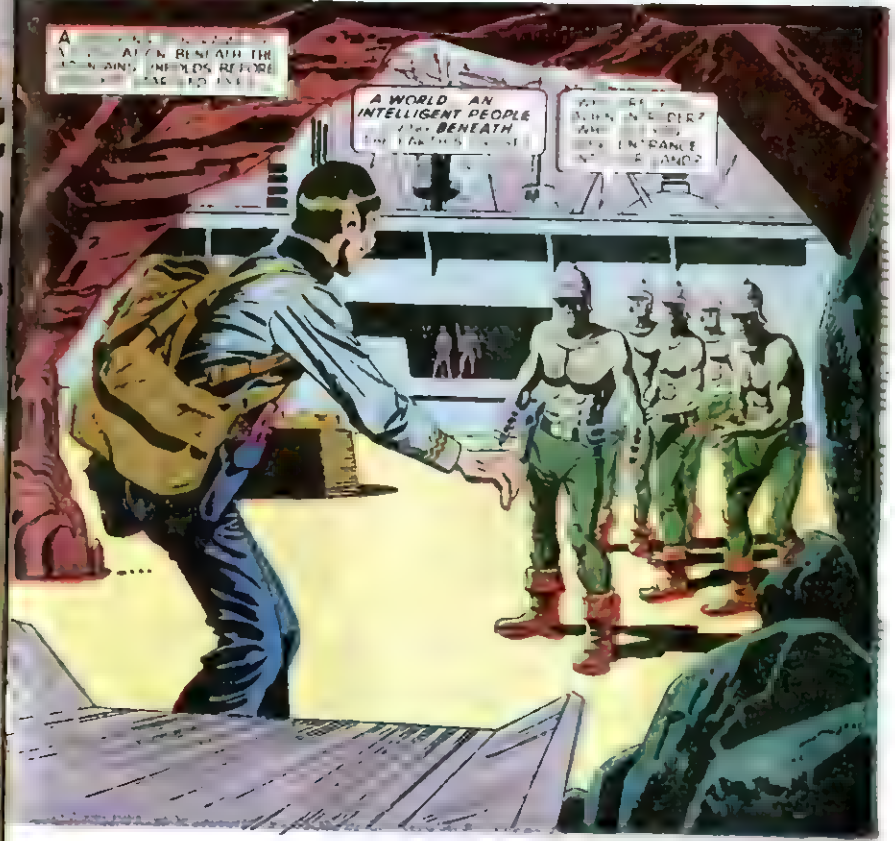
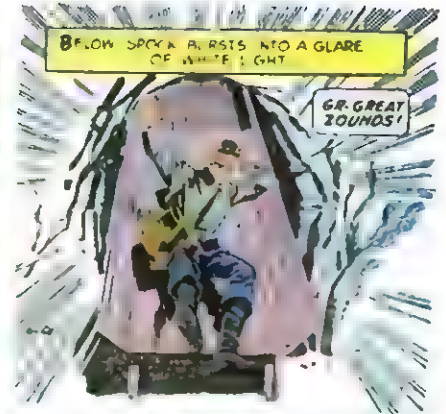
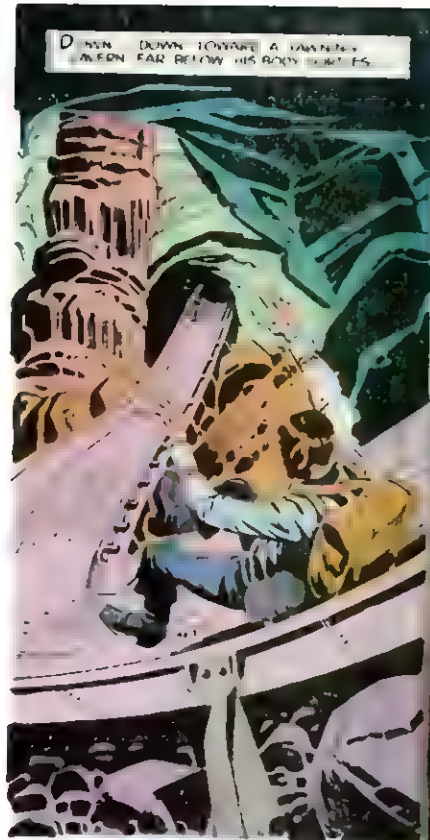
STRANGE

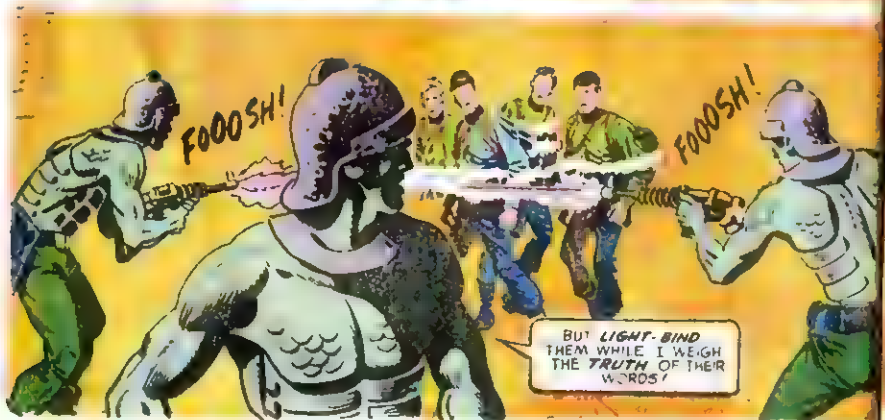
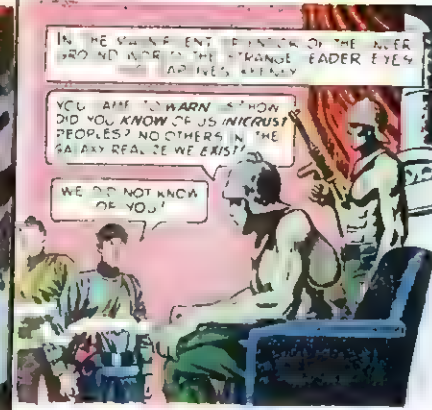


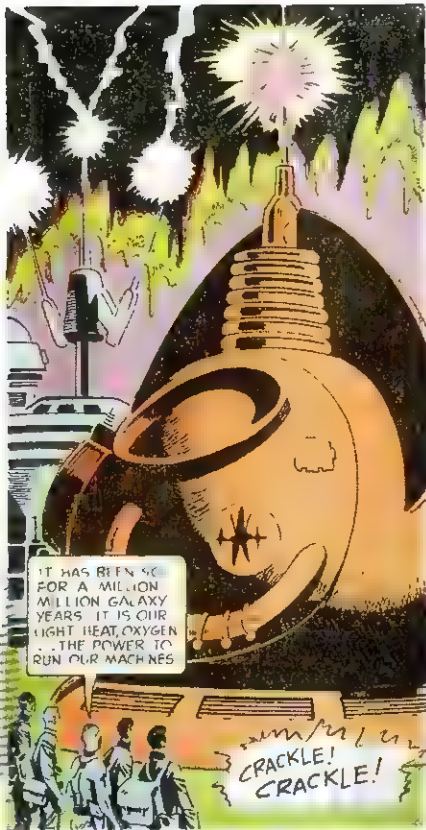
THEN

SWISHES
 YUUUG!

SPOCK!

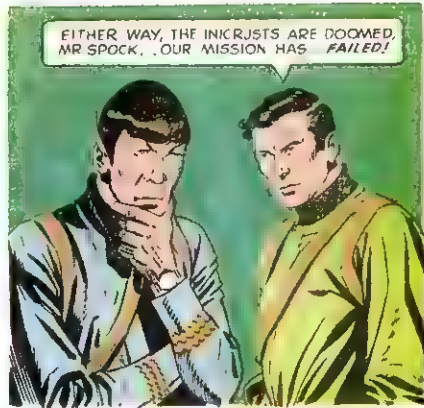






IT HAS BEEN 90 MILLION GALAXY YEARS. IT IS OUR LIGHT, HEAT, OXYGEN... THE POWER TO RUN OUR MACHINES.

CRACKLE!
CRACKLE!



EITHER WAY, THE INCRUSTS ARE DOOMED. MR SPOCK... OUR MISSION HAS FAILED!



08.4 STAR TIME! LESS THAN 26 HOURS BEFORE COLLISION! NOT A CHANCE TO PREVENT IT!

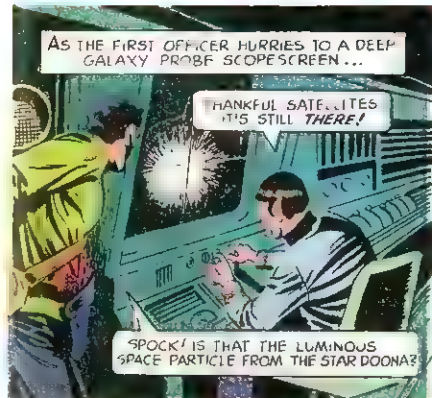
WAIT! PREPARE TO THROW THE TRANSPORTER SWITCH, CAPTAIN.



AND MOMENTS LATER, AS THEIR BODIES TAKE FORM IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM OF THE ENTERPRISE...

ONE MOMENT MORE, CAPTAIN!

IN THE NAME OF BLUE THUNDER SPOCK! - WHAT IS THIS SLIM CHANCE?



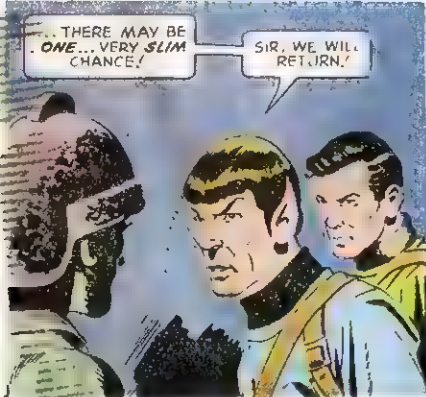
AS THE FIRST OFFICER HURRIES TO A DEEP GALAXY PROBE SCOPESCREEN...

THANKFUL SATELLITES IT'S STILL THERE!

SPOCK! IS THAT THE LUMINOUS SPACE PARTICLE FROM THE STAR DOONA?

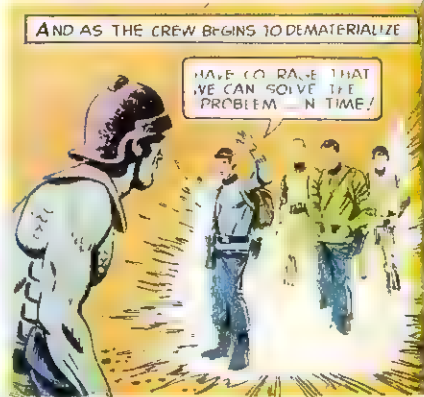


IT IS, CAPTAIN! A TRUE WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE.



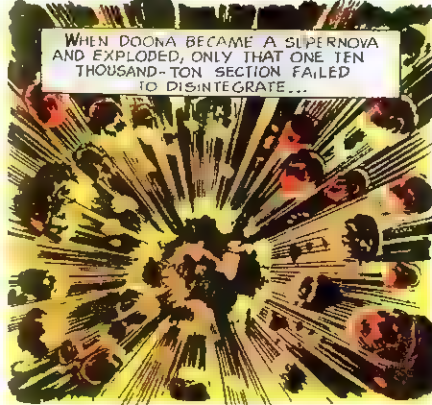
THERE MAY BE ONE... VERY SLIM CHANCE!

SIR, WE WILL RETURN!



AND AS THE CREW BEGINS TO DEMATERIALIZER...

HAVE TO RACE THAT WE CAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM - IN TIME!



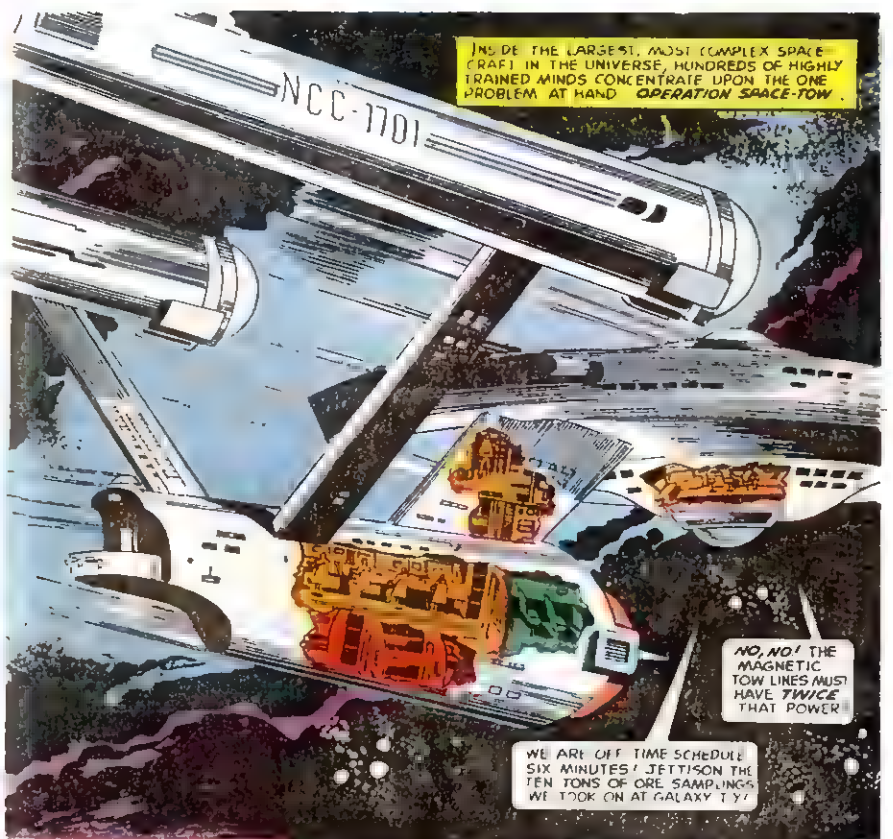
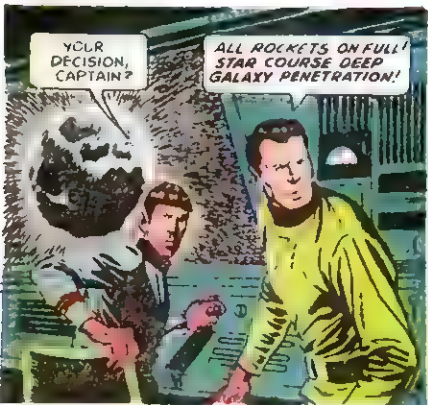
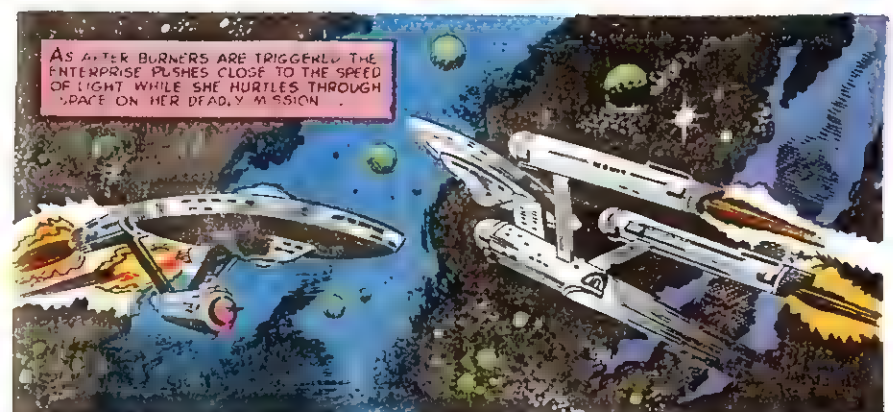
WHEN DOONA BECAME A SUPERNOVA AND EXPLODED, ONLY THAT ONE TEN THOUSAND-TON SECTION FAILED TO DISINTEGRATE...

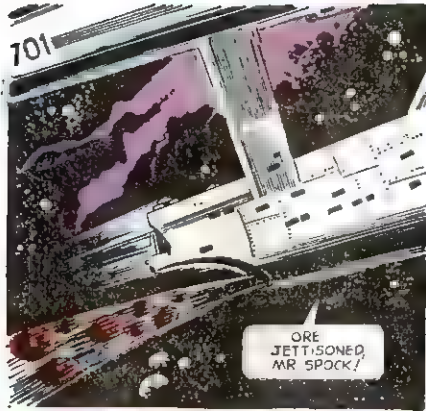


"FOR CENTURIES, VULCAN SCIENTISTS OF MY PLANET STUDIED THE PHENOMENON...

TEN TIMES THE HARDNESS OF SPACE DIAMONDS

YES, AND RADIATING A REPELLING FORCE OF THE TENTH MAGNITUDE!

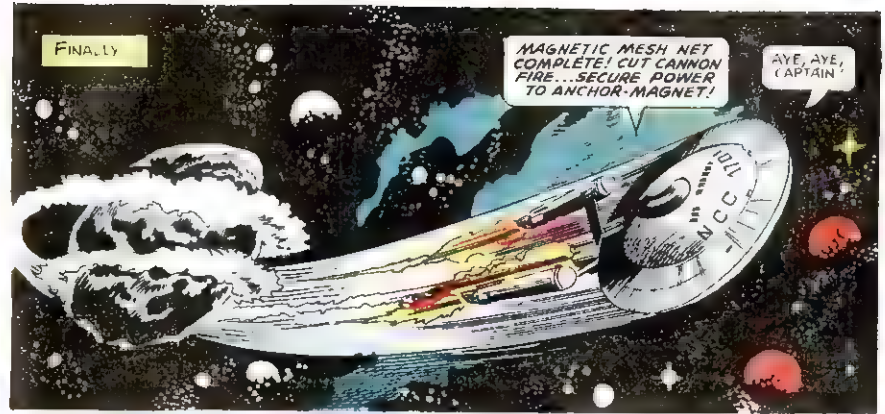




ORE JETTISONED MR SPOCK!

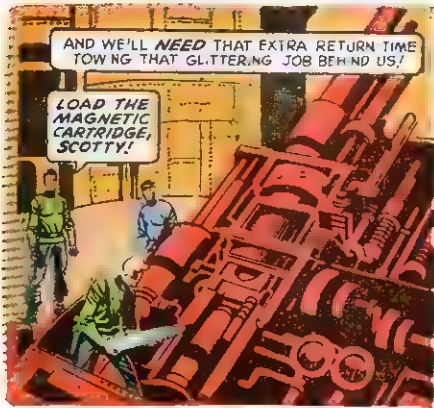


CONTACT! WE'VE GOT EXACTLY FORTY MINUTES TO LASSO THAT BABY AND START ROCKETING BACK... THOSE PLANETS COLLIDE IN THIRTEEN HOURS!



MAGNETIC MESH NET COMPLETE! CUT CANNON FIRE... SECURE POWER TO ANCHOR-MAGNET!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!



AND WE'LL NEED THAT EXTRA RETURN TIME TOWING THAT GLITTERING JOB BEHIND US!

LOAD THE MAGNETIC CARTRIDGE, SCOTTY!



ON TARGET! TURN SHIP INTO A SLOW ORBIT ABOUT OBJECTIVE!



SO FAR, A OKAY NOW, WE'VE GOT TO EASE THE ENTERPRISE INTO SPACE-SPEED SLOWLY. A SUDDEN JAR COULD SNAP THE MAGNETIC BONDS!

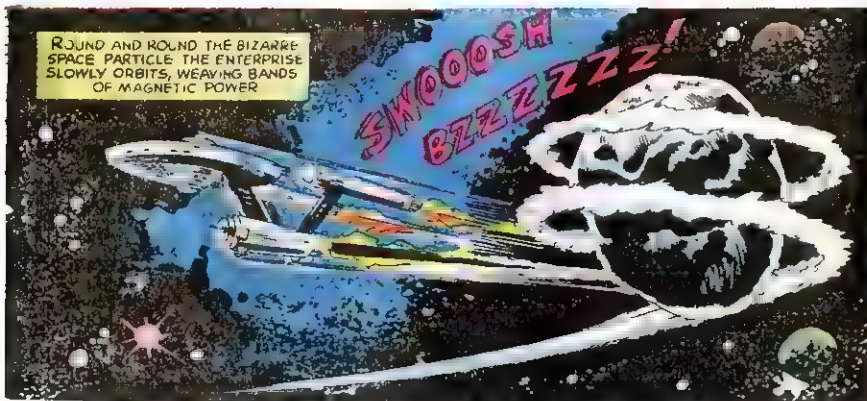
ROGER, CAPTAIN! WILL DO!



FASTER... FASTER... THE ENTERPRISE MOVES WITH THE LIFE SAVING PARTICLE IN TOW

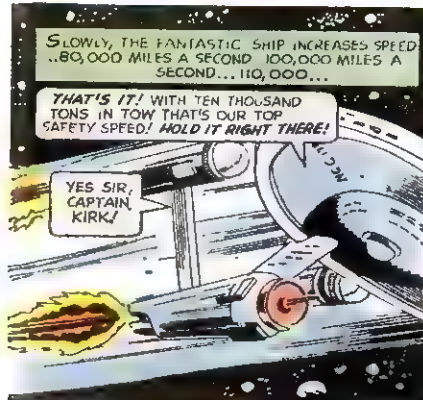
ALL READINGS FINE

WE'RE DOING GREAT! INCREASE SPEED!



ROUND AND ROUND THE BIZARRE SPACE PARTICLE THE ENTERPRISE SLOWLY ORBITS, WEAVING BANDS OF MAGNETIC POWER

SWOOOSH BZZZZZ!



SLOWLY, THE FANTASTIC SHIP INCREASES SPEED... 80,000 MILES A SECOND... 100,000 MILES A SECOND... 110,000...

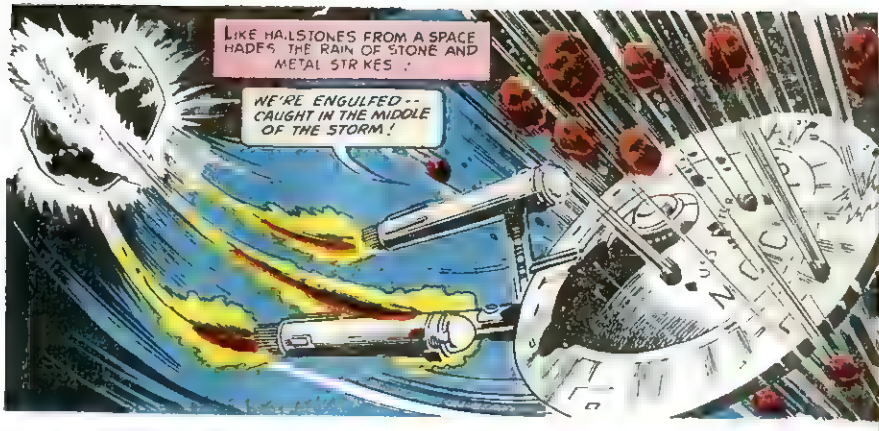
THAT'S IT! WITH TEN THOUSAND TONS IN TOW THAT'S OUR TOP SAFETY SPEED! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

YES SIR, CAPTAIN KIRK!



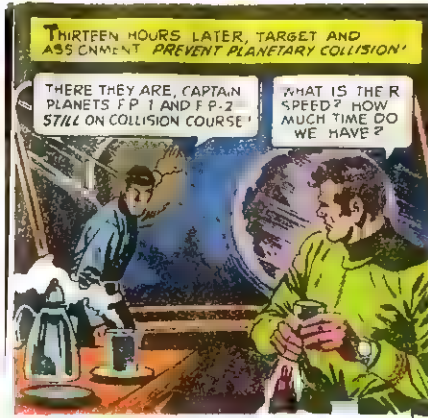
BUT THEN, THE FEARED MENACE OF THE SPACE PARTICLE ZONE APPEARS...

METEOR STORM OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!



LIKE HALSTONES FROM A SPACE HADES THE RAIN OF STONE AND METAL STRIKES!

WE'RE ENGULFED -- CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STORM!



THIRTEEN HOURS LATER, TARGET AND ASSIGNMENT PREVENT PLANETARY COLLISION!

THERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN PLANETS FP-1 AND FP-2 STILL ON COLLISION COURSE!

WHAT IS THE REPEL SPEED? HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE?



PRESENT SPEED OF PLANETS 25,000 M.P.H. EARTH MILES... INCREASING... I CALCULATE WE HAVE FOUR GALAXY MINUTES!



HURRY WITH THAT COUNTER-PRESSURE WHEEL! KICK OFF THIS PASSAGE...

... CONTROL! GIVE US TOP SPEED! WE'VE GOT TO GAMBLE OUR WAY THROUGH THIS!



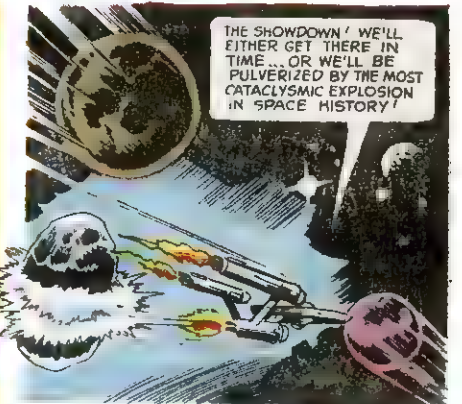
FOR THREE TERROR STRICKEN MINUTES THE ENTERPRISE, BATTERED AND PUNCTURED, CAREENS THROUGH THE METEOR STORM UNTIL...

WE ARE THROUGH -- CAPTAIN AND THE MAGNETIC BONDS REPELLED THE METEOR FROM THE PARTICLE... IT IS SAFE!

WHEN A NEW REDUCED SPEED BEFORE WE RE- THE SHIP ADAPT AND SOMEBODY BREAK OUT A BARREL OF BLACK COFFEE!



NO GOOD! WITH OUR TONNAGE WE'RE TOO SLOW... CONTROL! FIRE AFTER-BURNERS AGAIN! THIS IS ALL OUT!



THE SHOWDOWN! WE'LL EITHER GET THERE IN TIME... OR WE'LL BE PULVERIZED BY THE MOST CATAclysmic EXPLOSION IN SPACE HISTORY!



WITH EXTRA SPEED FROM THE AFTER-BURNERS, THE SHIP CAREENS INTO SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS... BUT THERE IS STILL ONE VITAL QUESTION...

WE MADE IT! BUT HOW, MR SPOCK, WILL THE REPELLING FORCE WORK?



New Toot Sweet turns
yummy  s into
 s. There are new 
 and  scotch
Tootsie Rolls too. Mmmm!
 s and  s can  tweet
'em and  'em. It's a
sweet treat that  you
can tweet and eat. New
Toot Sweet is by 

DCJ would like to thank all scanners; past, present and future

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50,000 scans and counting

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DISCOVERY-DCP



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