

*SHIPS OF THE LINE*

CELEBRATING 40 YEARS OF  
**STAR TREK**<sup>®</sup>



*EDITED BY DOUG DREHLER AND MARGARET CLARK*







**STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>**

SHIPS OF THE LINE



# STAR TREK<sup>®</sup>

## SHIPS OF THE LINE

text by Michael Okuda

edited by Doug Drexler and Margaret Clark

Based on *Star Trek* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*<sup>®</sup> created by Gene Roddenberry

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*<sup>®</sup> created by Rick Berman & Michael Piller

*Star Trek: Voyager*<sup>®</sup> created by Rick Berman & Michael Piller & Jeri Taylor

*Star Trek: Enterprise*<sup>®</sup> created by Rick Berman & Brannon Braga



POCKET BOOKS

New York London Toronto Sydney



POCKET BOOKS, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.  
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2006 by CBS Studios Inc. All Rights Reserved.  
STAR TREK and related marks are trademarks of CBS Studios Inc.



CBS and the CBS EYE logo are  
trademarks of CBS Broadcasting Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

This book is published by Pocket Books, a division of  
Simon & Schuster, Inc., under exclusive license from  
CBS Studios Inc.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce  
this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever.  
For information address Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue  
of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication data is available.

ISBN-13: 978-1-4165-3243-9  
ISBN-10: 1-4165-3243-9

This Pocket Books hardcover edition November 2006

10 9 8 7 6 5

POCKET and colophon are registered trademarks of  
Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Printed in Mexico

For information regarding special discounts for bulk  
purchases, please contact Simon & Schuster Special Sales  
at 1-800-456-6798 or [business@simonandschuster.com](mailto:business@simonandschuster.com).



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1	Human Warp Flight	2
CHAPTER 2	The Creation of a Legend	32
CHAPTER 3	The Finest in the Fleet	92
CHAPTER 4	Of Gods and Men	118
CHAPTER 5	There Will Always Be an <i>Enterprise</i>	142
CHAPTER 6	<i>Delta Voyager</i>	152
CHAPTER 7	<i>Semper Exploro</i>	172
	ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	176



To those who dare to dream  
and make it real:  
The artists of *Star Trek*



# SHIPS OF THE LINE

# HUMAN WARP FLIGHT

"Once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth  
with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been,  
and there you will always long to return."

—Leonardo da Vinci



For too long, she seemed little more than an abstract collection of plans, specifications, and components. Through most of the long assembly at the San Francisco Orbital Yards, the NX-01 seemed more of a construction project than a space vehicle. That all changed on the day that the mighty warp 5 engines were delivered to drydock. Suddenly, *Enterprise* seemed to come to life, eager to take wing, to go boldly where no one had gone before.





Free at last of the constraints of spacedock, the NX-01 soared gracefully around her homeworld, ready for her maiden flight. In a few moments, primal forces would collide in her engines, disrupting the serenity of orbital glide. Captain Jonathan Archer would order the warp drive to be engaged, and the beautiful blue sphere of Earth would be left far behind, lost in the stars.



The great ships of exploration and their crews have always symbolized the best of humankind, doing the things that humans do best. They have helped satisfy our need to understand our universe. They have made it possible for us to meet our distant cousins among the stars. And they have enabled us to bear witness to the magnificence of the cosmos.



Vulcans—their idea of “helping” was to say nothing at all about Romulans. Hardly a logical way to deal with a hostile people who had been stewing for millennia in their own xenophobia. The Vulcans seemed quite willing to sacrifice *Enterprise* to protect their own interests. But they underestimated the determination of Jonathan Archer and his crew.

*Enterprise* survived the encounter virtually unscathed, and the captain collected information that would prove vital to Earth’s survival in the coming Romulan war.



Even with state-of-the-art weaponry and the best tactical officer in Starfleet, *Enterprise* was clearly overmatched. A single Suliban cell ship was simple enough to handle. A swarm of cell ships were easy pickings for Malcolm Reed's twitchy trigger finger. But the swarms of Suliban kept coming. And coming . . .





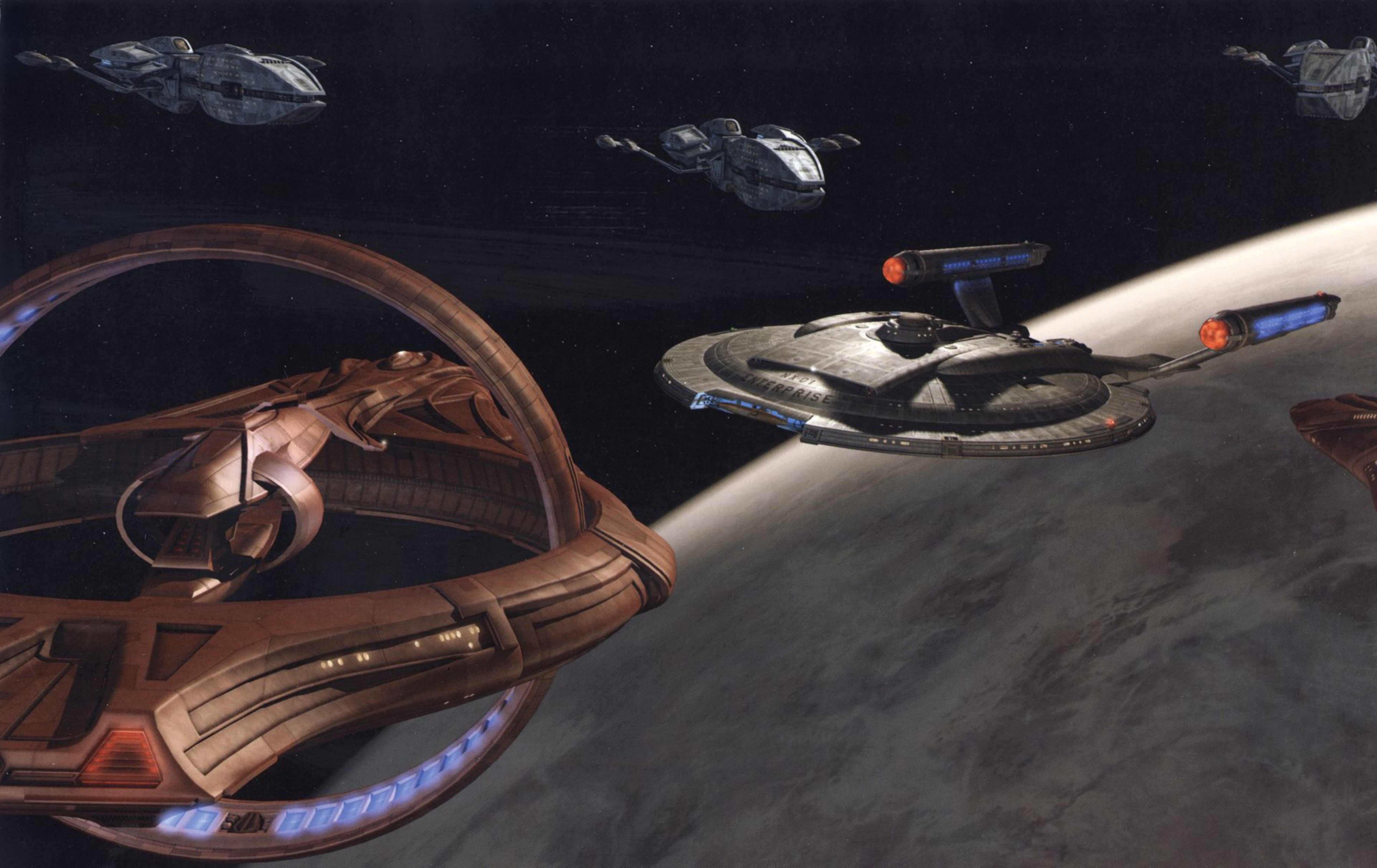
The air was thick, laden with the damp smell of the jungle. Exotic birds shrieked and scattered, annoyed at the disturbance caused by the shuttlepod's landing jets. Oddly enough, no one waited at the landing pad, not even a security guard or a curious onlooker.

The descending spacecraft elicited no apparent reaction at all from anyone at the monastery. Soon the valley would be silent again, leaving the *Enterprise* party to confront the ancient mysteries of P'Jem and the dark secrets within.



Trapped between the opposing Vulcan and Andorian fleets, *Enterprise* was all that stood between an uneasy peace and interstellar war.

This incident is cited by many historians as the day Starfleet assumed the mantle of guardians of interstellar peace.



*Enterprise* slipped silently into orbit between the two worlds. Just an hour ago, both spheres were nothing more than glowing dots on long-range sensor screens. Now, each dwarfed Archer's starship into insignificance. Humans might dare to challenge the unimaginable distances between the stars, but they were inconsequential in the cosmic scale of things.



There were many good reasons why computer control was preferable during the terminal approach phase. But Travis Mayweather was a pilot, and a good one. And he'd be damned if he was going to let a machine do his job. Mayweather tapped the override button and grasped the control stick to bring his ship in for a perfect docking.





NX-01

NX-01  
ENTERPRISE



Long ago, the ShirKahr highlands were green with meadows and soaring coniferous trees. All that changed with the Time of the Awakening. War and nuclear hellfire not only devastated Vulcan civilization but changed the very planet. Forests and grasslands gave way to endless deserts, and those Vulcans who remained on their homeworld struggled to cling to life.



Losing his grip on the hyperspanner was bad. Letting the tool drift away was guaranteed to earn him an embarrassing lecture at that afternoon's briefing. He'd probably have to buy everyone a round of drinks that evening, too. But in his frantic attempt to recover the errant device, Ensign Teska managed to spill the contents of his equipment case into space. And to make matters worse, the captain had chosen that exact moment to make a surprise inspection of the work site.



It was just a brief paragraph in an obscure scientific paper on quantum string harmonics. But the implications were startling. A linear forcefield *could* remain stable! Some Starfleet planners pushed for immediate research into weapons applications. Others argued that the technical challenges could be insurmountable and that the tactical advantages of a tractor field would be limited.

In the end, the "nays" carried the day.



ENTERPRISE  
NX-01

Clearly, the mystery ship was of Earth origin, but she bore no markings of the Empire. Admiral Gardner began to wonder: Was it possible that Archer was right? Could this actually be an Earth ship from the future? From another universe?

Gardner's eyes hardened. This amazing find could be his ticket to becoming fleet admiral, and maybe even to securing a seat on the Imperial Council.





U.S.S. DEFIANT  
NCC-1764

The venerable NX-class starships and their offspring had served Starfleet well. But the new *Bonaventure*-class vessels were as radical a departure from their predecessors as the NX ships were from Cochrane's original *Phoenix*. Science and technology would continue to improve the tools of exploration, ever extending the reach into the unknown.



# THE CREATION OF A LEGEND

"We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained and new rights to be won. And they must be won and used for the progress of all people."

—John F. Kennedy



There really was no good reason for him to arrive by shuttlecraft. The transporter was faster, safer, and much easier. But Christopher Pike, like every new captain before him, wanted to inspect his new command with his own eyes. He smiled inwardly at the thought of the voyages to come. And he wanted to savor a last few moments of peace before the responsibilities of command overtook him.



U.S.S. ENTERPRISE  
NCC-1701/2

*Columbus*

**NCC-1701/2**  
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

NCC-1701

Even from low orbit, twentieth-century Earth looked nearly the same as Kirk's homeworld did in the twenty-third. The serenity of clouds and oceans dominated the planetscape, concealing the turmoil below. The nations of Earth were on the brink of mutual annihilation, and Kirk's assignment was to discover how, against all odds, humanity had survived.

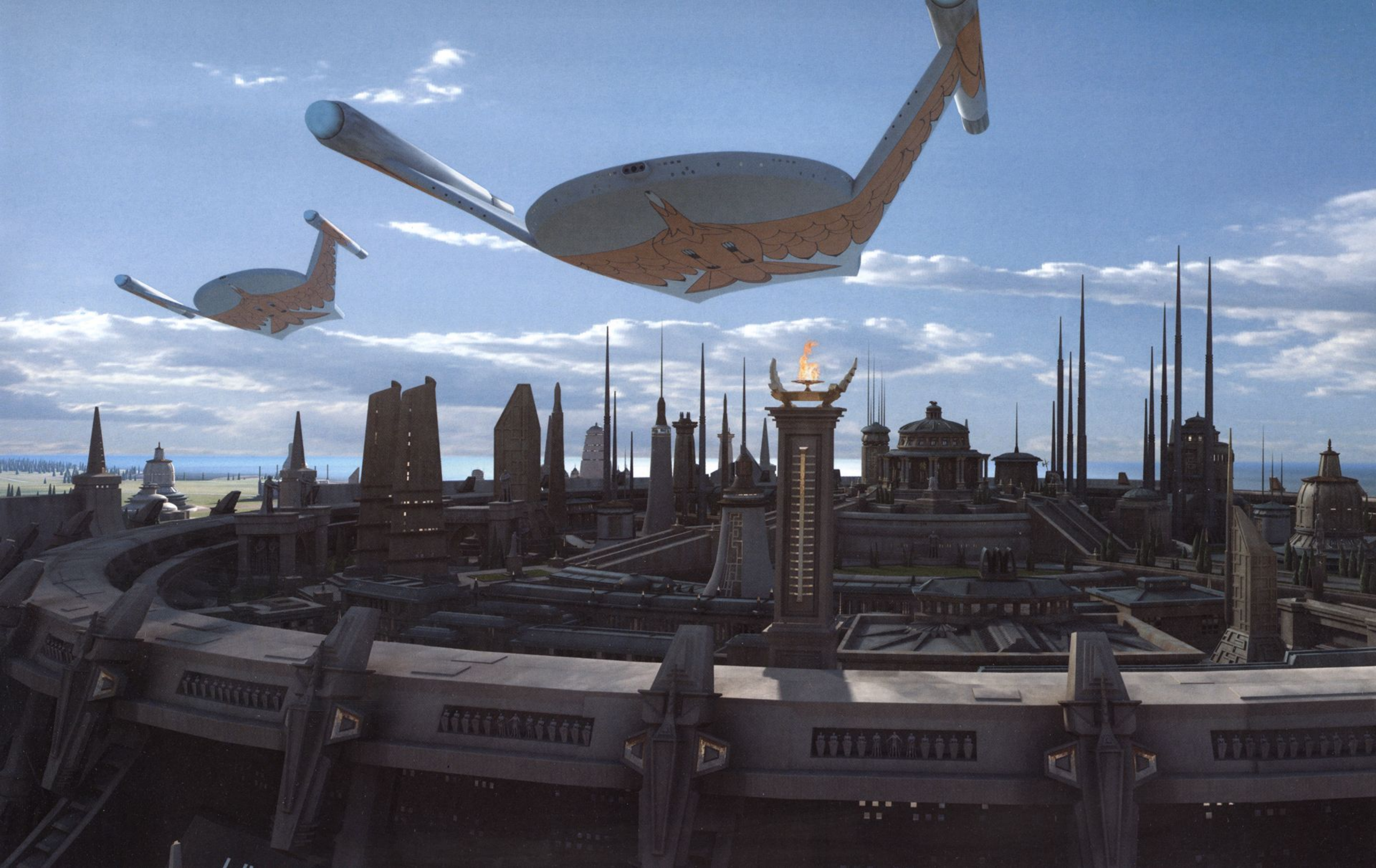




U.S.S. ENTERPRISE  
NCC-1701

The crisp morning sky above Romulus was shattered by double sonic booms. The returning birds-of-prey swooped low over the capital city, saluting their leader. From his balcony above the Senate, the Praetor favored them with a wave of his hand.

The initial trials of the new ships against the Federation's defenses had been successful. Soon it would be time to send a lone champion across the Neutral Zone for a real test of Starfleet's strength and character.



For most of human history, the Moon had been the very symbol of unattainability. The first voyage from the Earth to the Moon was a defining moment in the history of the world. Even in the twenty-third century, a routine orbital departure past the Moon was a subtle reminder that nothing is impossible for those willing to work long and hard enough.



Starfleet's analysts had simulated a seemingly endless number of scenarios. Nearly all suggested staggering losses in the early hours of conflict with the Klingons. By the end of the first day, Starfleet's casualty rate could exceed 35 percent in combat zones. The Klingons could expect similar losses.

And if the Klingons elected for direct orbital bombardment of Federation planetary targets, civilian casualties could reach into the billions.



The purpose of an emergency saucer separation was to protect the ship's company in a catastrophic engine failure or to provide a safe haven from an enemy. In either case, at least part of the crew would stand a chance of survival. But every captain knew that both sections could operate as independent combat units. This just might provide a tactical advantage at a critical moment.





It was one of the greatest challenges in Montgomery Scott's career as an engineer. The spacedock facilities at Bolarus Prime were primitive, to say the least. Add to that, the Bolians had neither Starfleet-spec support gear nor compatible parts. It wasn't until much later that Scott would admit that the Bolians' ingenuity had been critical in bringing his ship back from the dead.



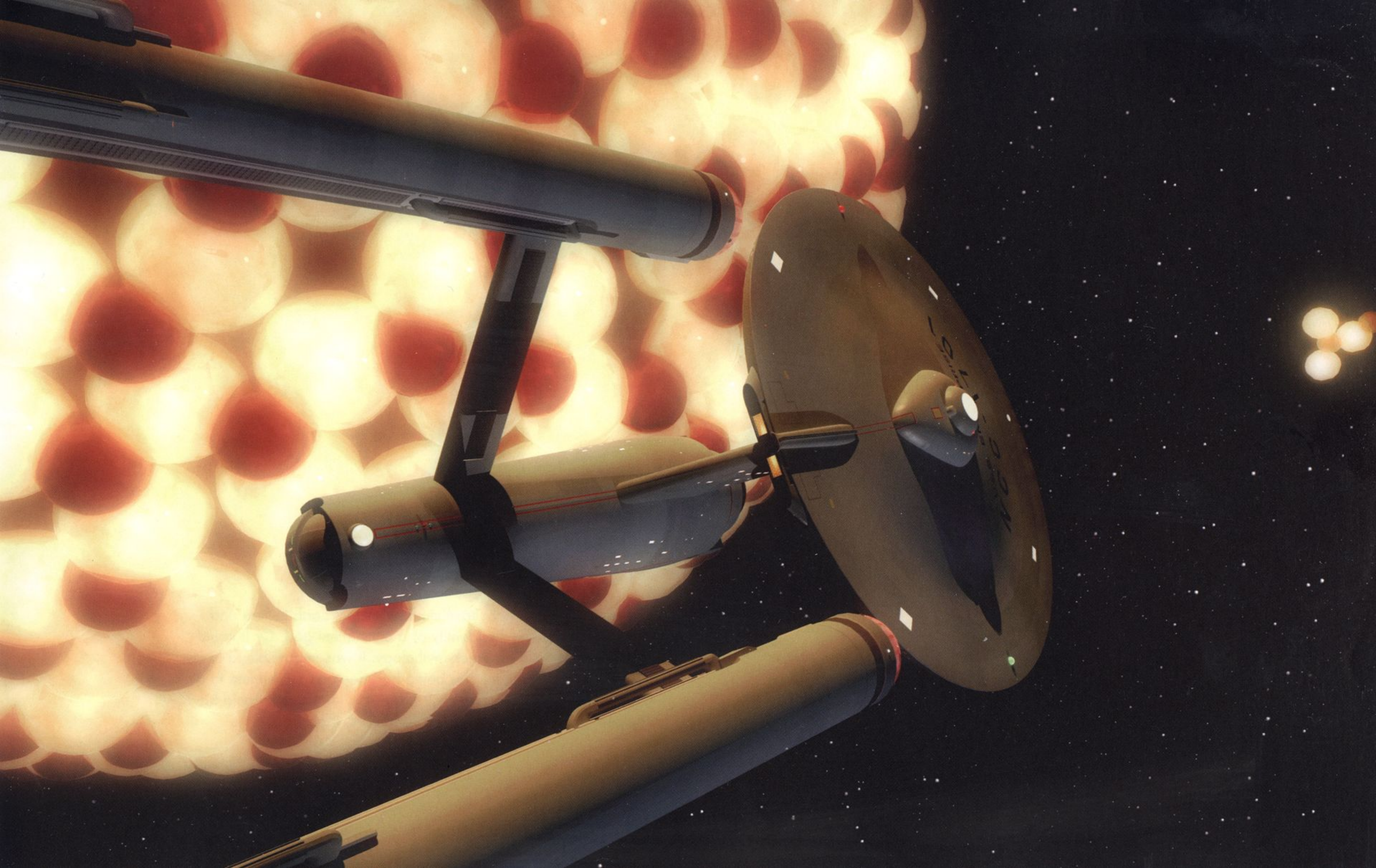
Galileo  
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

NCC-1701/2

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

Lieutenant David Bailey was terrified. The huge alien ship dominated the viewscreen, pulsing with astonishing power. And that creature, Balok, seemed quite serious in his threat to destroy the *Enterprise*. It took all of the lieutenant's concentration to block out his fears and to focus on his navigation panel.

This was nothing like the grand adventure Bailey had always imagined star flight would be. The future ambassador to the First Federation wanted at that moment nothing more than to run and hide.



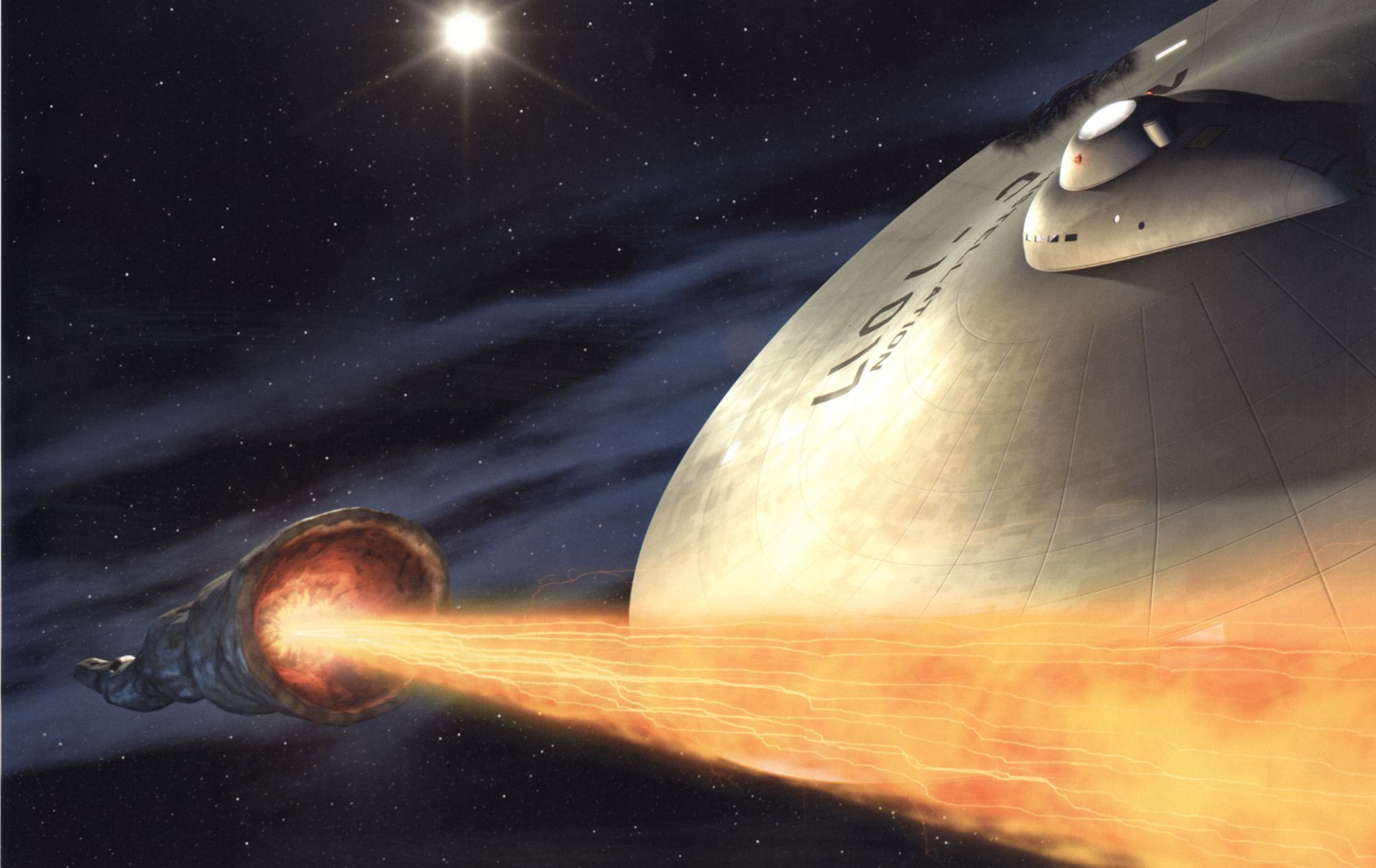
The entity might simply have studied ancient Earth culture and decided to assume the identity of a convenient god. Or it *could* have been Apollo of Greek mythology. It was impossible to know. One thing was certain. *This* being had been an eyewitness to a remarkable time in human civilization. His knowledge could have helped us better understand our forebears. If only . . .



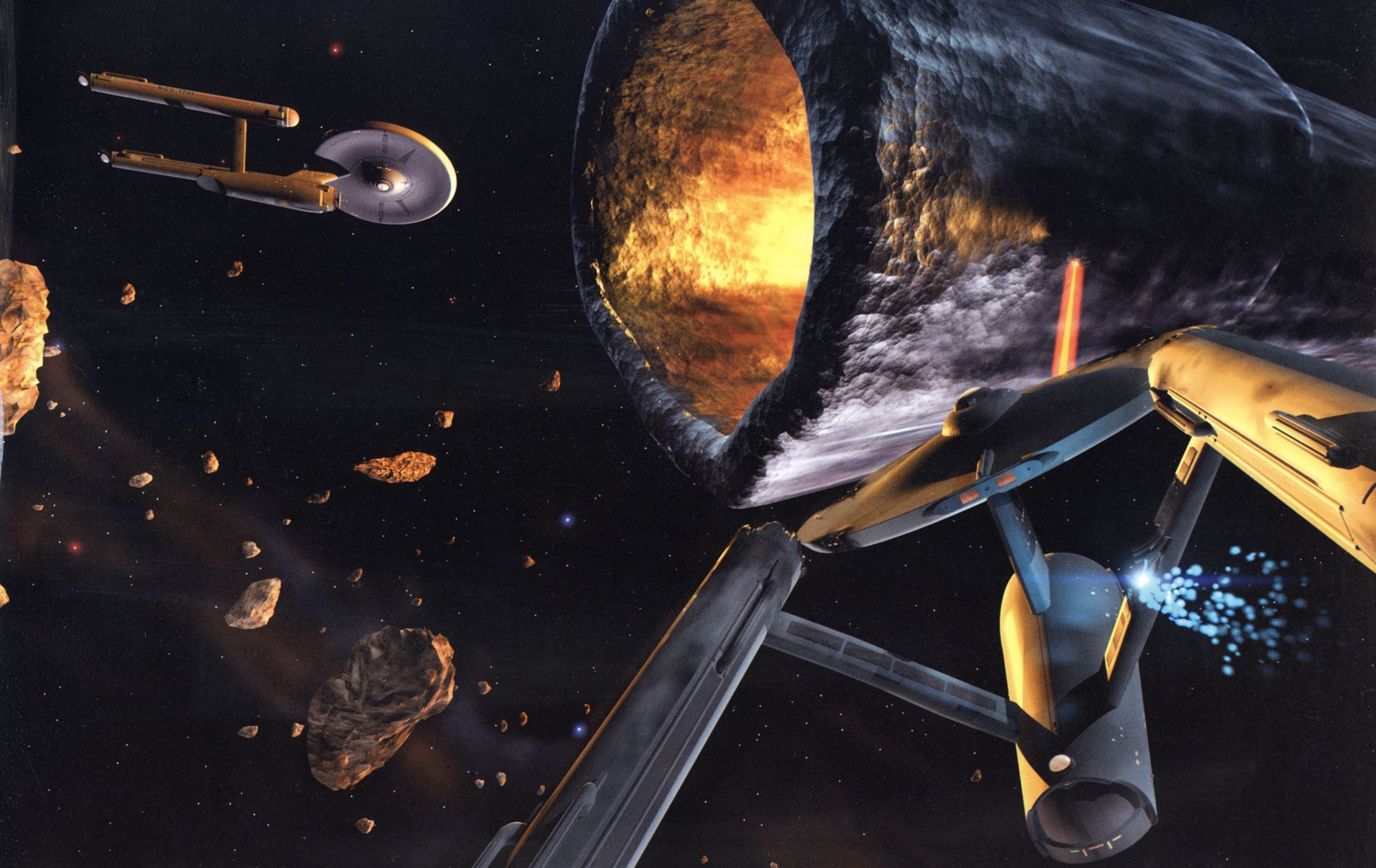
Aeons ago, the planet killer had looked much different. It had once bristled with weapons and armor, ready to take on entire armies. It annihilated countless planets and the peoples they had nurtured. Many victims had discharged entire arsenals at the killer, only to see their attacks returned in even deadlier measure.

Despite the repeated poundings, the doomsday machine remained unstoppable. The only change was that its gleaming armor and defensive weapons were eroded away, leaving only a battered shell of impenetrable neutronium and an antiproton beam weapon.

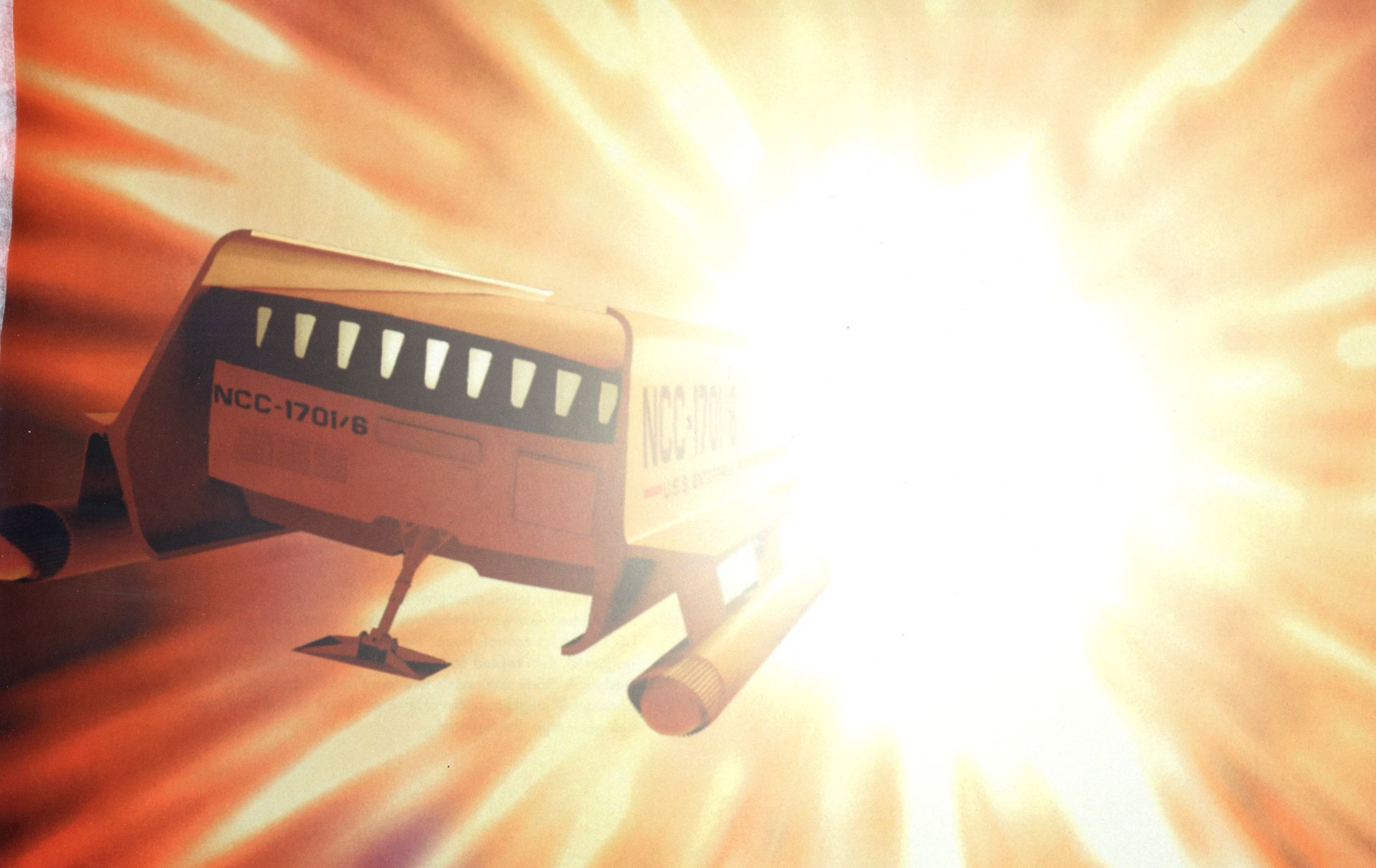




The only reason the planet killer did not immediately fire on the *Enterprise* was that it was still processing the planetary debris ingested from systems L-370 and L-374. Aboard the crippled *Constellation*, Captain Kirk knew that he had to distract the deadly machine before it focused its attention on *Enterprise*, for no starship could withstand the full wrath of that soulless nightmare.



Commodore Matt Decker was already one of Starfleet's most distinguished officers. His long career had earned him the respect of his superiors and anyone who had served with him. In the final moments of his life, he became a legend. The commodore's heroic sacrifice saved untold billions of lives on Federation worlds and other planets across the galaxy.



Air Force pilot John Christopher had absolutely no idea what hit him. All he knew was that he was trying to keep pace with the UFO when his controls froze. The F-104's aluminum airframe staggered, then twisted and groaned as if an invisible hand were crushing it. Body skin panels tore loose in the supersonic airflow. Christopher fought to retain control, but knew he had only moments before his ship disintegrated.



Science Officer Perez spent endless hours piloting her shuttle through the deep network of ancient canyons, searching for evidence that liquid water still existed near the surface of Delta Vega. Even a few trickles would vindicate her theory, but not a drop revealed itself. Finally, Perez was prepared to admit defeat.

Suddenly *McAuliffe* rounded a corner. There it was: a veritable lake at the bottom of the canyon, over two kilometers below the surface.





NCC-1647/11  
U.S.S. FARRAGUT

McAuliffe  
U.S.S. FARRAGUT

NCC-1647/11

NCC-1647/11

Afterward, the investigating board found that inadequate safeguards had been in place and that the software design had not been properly tested or certified. Much worse, the board found that engineers and scientists alike had been blinded by Doctor Richard Daystrom's celebrity, and had failed to ask even the simplest questions about his new invention.

It was a breach of scientific protocol that the great Daystrom, earlier in his career, would never have allowed. Hundreds of Starfleet personnel had paid with their lives.



U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

NCC-1701

NCC-1703

Recovery operations were the worst. The *Excalibur* had lost artificial gravity early on, so the primary debris cloud reached three thousand kilometers. The search for bodies extended even farther. Starfleet was a tightly knit family, and nearly everyone on the *Enterprise* had lost a friend or a classmate on the *Excalibur*. Bringing them all back home was not only their solemn duty but their privilege.



USS EXCALIBUR  
STARSHIP CLASS  
ANQUILITY BASE, JENA

NCC-1701/2  
USS ENTERPRISE

The sleeper ship would be dismantled. Most of her equipment would be sent down to the planet to help establish the colony, except for *Botany Bay's* nuclear power generator. The reactor would have been a benefit to a struggling colony, but Kirk knew that in Khan's hands, it might someday free the prisoners from exile. The ruthless dictator had escaped before. The captain knew he had to take every measure to prevent Khan from ever leaving Ceti Alpha V.



NCC-1701

NCC-1701

S.S. Botany Bay

Hikaru Sulu's fingers flew across his helm console, translating the captain's orders into a new flight plan. He touched a button, and *Enterprise* pulled out of orbit, leaving behind the spectacular beauty of Cygnus IV. The viewscreen afforded a final glimpse of the ringed planet. After a few moments, Sulu touched another button and the screen switched to the stars ahead and all the wonders beyond.





Everyone on the bridge was transfixed by the image on the screen. The alien object had no obvious propulsion system, no apparent life support, and no active power generation. Might it be a ship? A city? A life-form? One thing was certain: Something had happened to it. Something terrible.



James Kirk's five-year mission forged the *Enterprise* into the most famous vessel in the history of space exploration. Her voyages into deep space advanced the cause of peace and challenged the frontiers of science. It is not an exaggeration to say that an entire generation of scientists, engineers, and explorers were inspired by the adventures of the legendary Captain Kirk and his crew aboard that storied starship.



She was bound for a rendezvous with so many other legends of flight at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. An effortless puff of her aft thrusters, and *Galileo II* glided out of the *Enterprise* hangar deck, where she was suddenly bathed in spotlights. An entire squadron of Mark II-B pods stood in formation, saluting the final flight of Starfleet's last remaining Class-F shuttlecraft.



707

1 2

NCC-1701/7  
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

*Galileo II*

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

Many concepts were proposed for the upgrade. Most agreed on the value of a newer, more efficient power plant. Others, however, argued instead for a streamlined hull configuration that offered superior warp-field geometry. Still others demanded enhanced science capabilities or more powerful weapons systems. In the end, elements of almost every proposal found their way into the design of the uprated *Constitution*-class starships.

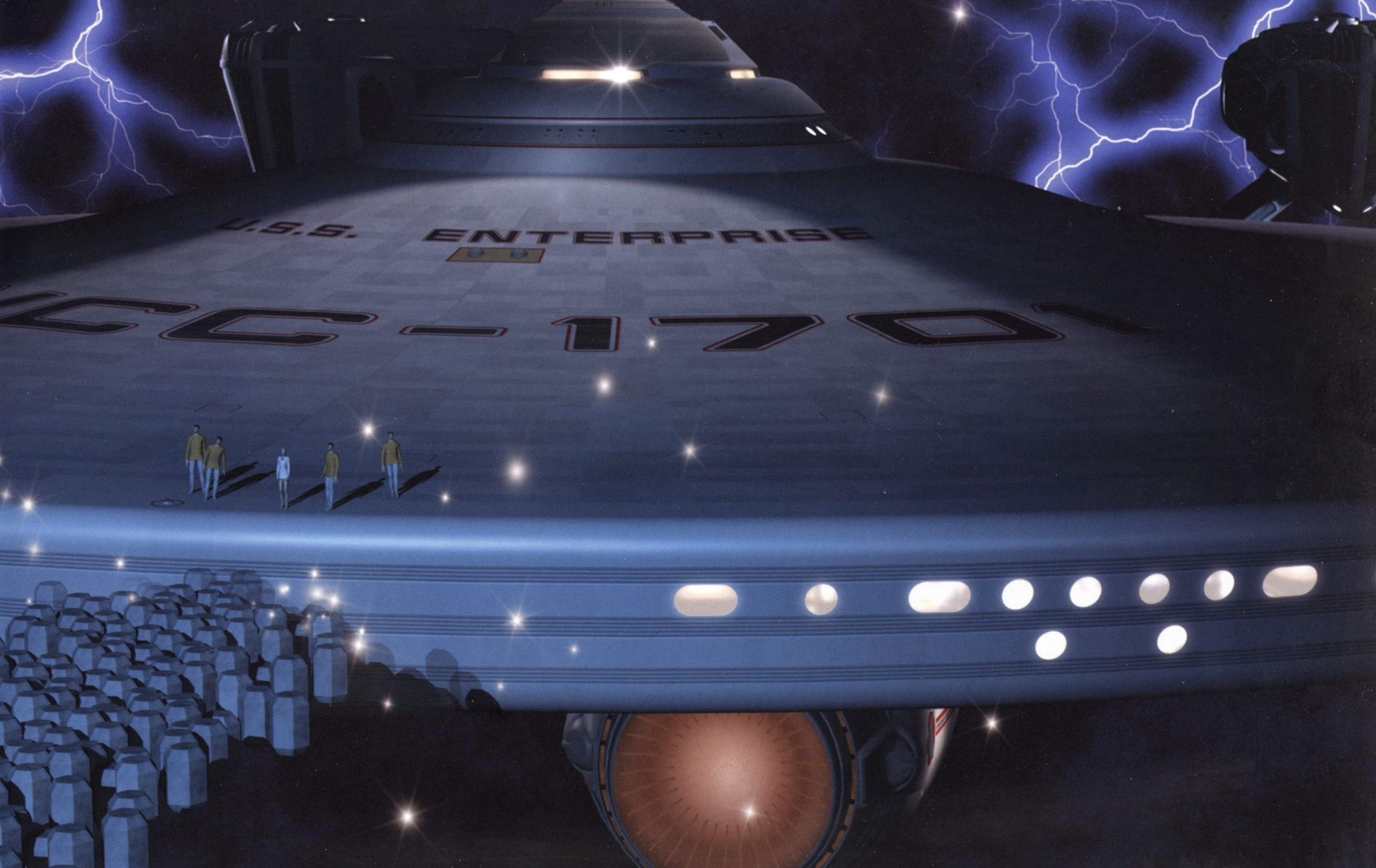




Admiral James Kirk found something unsettling about seeing *his* ship sitting in drydock. Whenever duty brought him to the orbital facility, Kirk felt a sense of dread at the prospect of seeing *Enterprise* vulnerable, engineless, incapable of even moving under her own power. It did little good to remind himself that the ship would soon be better than ever, and she would be another man's.



As if by magic, thousands of hexagonal cells coalesced in front of the saucer, forming a walkway to whatever lay beyond. Admiral Kirk and his crew paused in awe at the power of the alien entity that might still destroy them in the next moment. Only Iliia—or whatever it was that had replaced her—was unfazed.

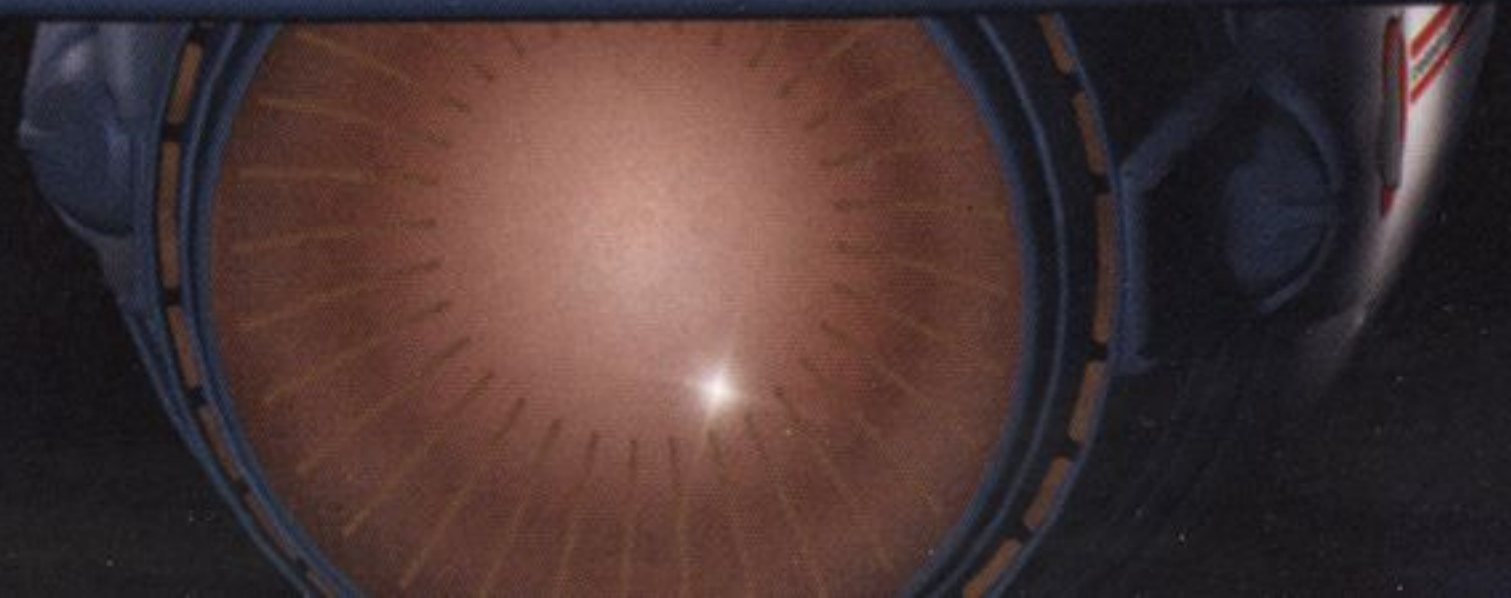


U.S.S.

ENTERPRISE



NCC-1701



It was an arrogant yet brilliant ploy. By keeping themselves exactly between the star and the Federation ships, the Klingons remained invisible to sensors and to the naked eye. At the last moment, they broke formation and dropped out of warp. What they hadn't counted on was the teamwork and the reflexes of their Starfleet adversaries. In less than 3.2 seconds, both starships had all of the Klingon vessels in phaser lock. The battle of Sigma Draconis was over without a single shot being fired.



The birds-of-prey swooped down on the ancient city of Antaria, assessing the effectiveness of their work. The strike had been minor; just a few concussion torpedoes exploded above the government district. But the effect on the Antarian people was exactly as predicted. The council elders were suddenly embracing the Klingons' terms.



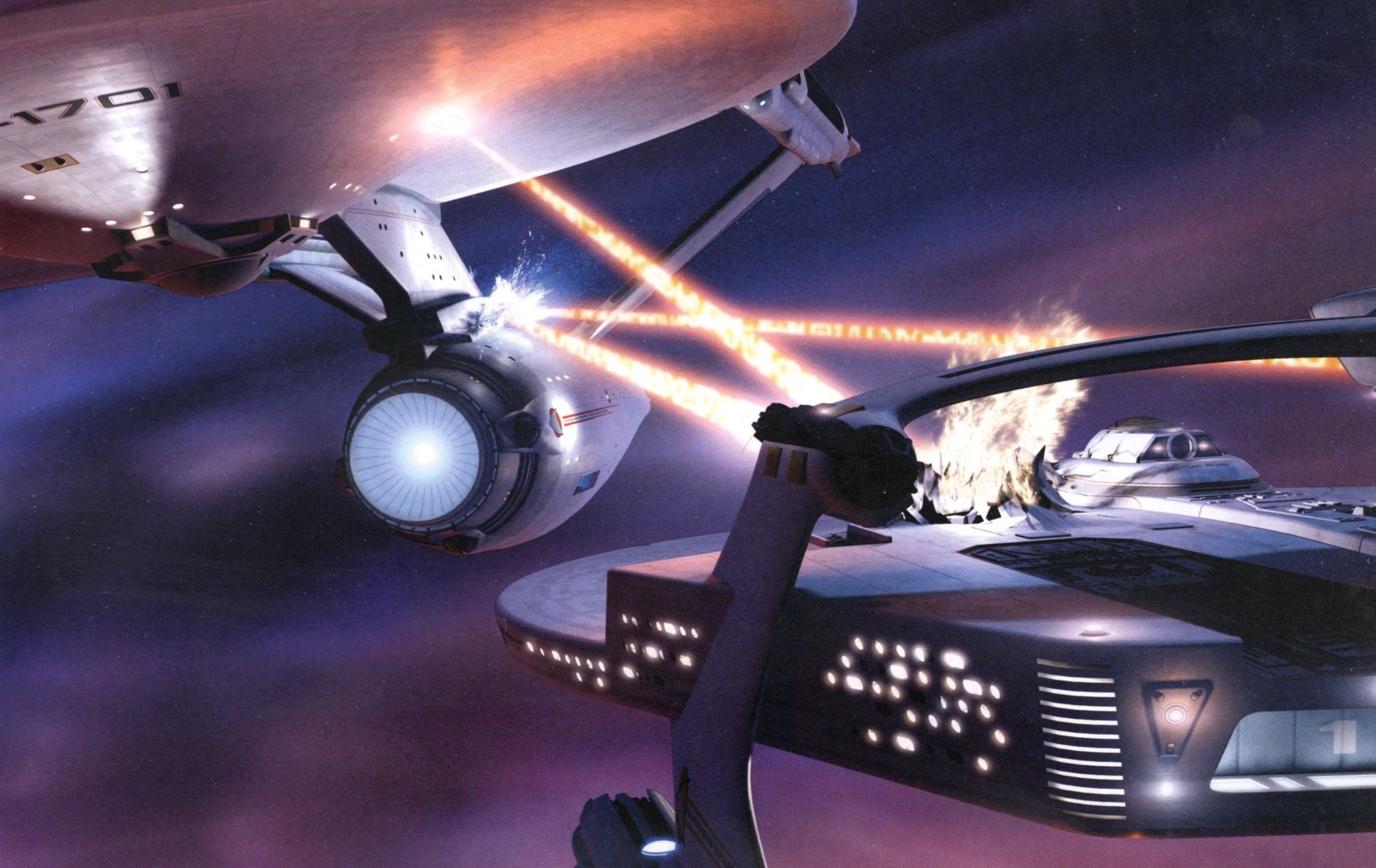


Neither ship's captain knew the identity of the mysterious passenger, nor the true purpose of his mission. All they knew was that the nickel-iron asteroids made the transfer nearly undetectable, even to the close-by Klingon outpost. Starfleet Intelligence might be responsible for the mission, but it was up to two starship commanders and their crews to deliver the one man who just might save the Federation.



ENTERPRISE  
NCC-1701

At such close range, it seemed almost impossible for either combatant *not* to score a mortal blow, despite sensor interference from the Mutara Nebula. *Enterprise* survived only because of the inexperience of those who had commandeered the *Reliant*. Her crew was lucky enough to be hit by expert gunners who were specifically trying to minimize casualties.



A sudden downdraft forced the Klingon craft violently toward the frigid water of San Francisco Bay. The bird-of-prey was superbly designed for maneuverability and combat at warp speeds. Inside an atmosphere, however, the craft flew with the grace of a Tiberian bat. Sulu cursed the Klingon ship's designer as he pulled sharply back on the controls, narrowly missing the bridge.

*Robert Holmes/Corbis*



# THE FINEST IN THE FLEET

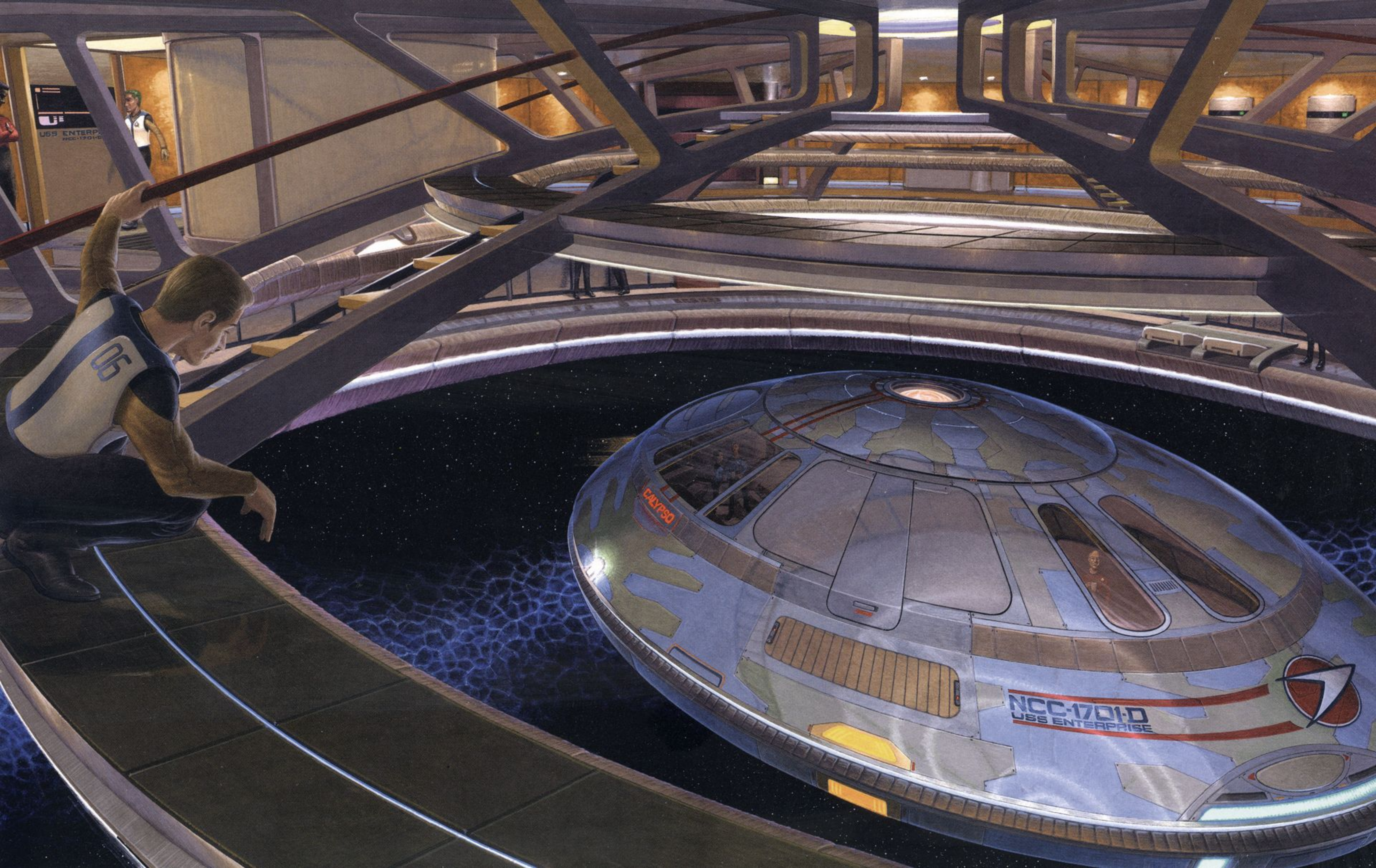
"Whether outwardly or inwardly, whether in space or time,  
the farther we penetrate the unknown, the vaster  
and more marvelous it becomes."

—Charles A. Lindbergh





*Calypso* was returning home and Systems Tech Graham couldn't have been happier. Jean-Luc Picard might be her master when she was in flight, but when *Calypso* was in port, there was no doubt that Graham regarded the captain's yacht as his own. Graham and the rest of the crew would refuel, service, polish, and otherwise pamper the ship until the next time the captain needed her. And when that happened, Technician Graham would once again worry until she was safely home.



It was like nothing she'd seen before. Where a gleaming starbase had stood on the planet's surface, a huge life-form now rose into the heavens. There was no question in Counselor Deanna Troi's mind that it was intelligent. Its feelings were too reasoned, too ordered, too logical for it to be otherwise. Yet it showed no anger toward its former captors or toward the *Enterprise*. Only joy. And enormous gratitude.



For Jean-Luc Picard, it felt like a chance encounter with an old lover. After so many years, he had forgotten how beautiful she was. Sleek and powerful, *Stargazer* simply *looked* fast, even standing still. Painful memories of the battle of Maxia and the trauma of the subsequent courts-martial didn't keep Picard from seeing the ship through a romantic haze. As with your first love, you never forgot your first command.



Up here in space, the *Starship Enterprise* was the unquestioned master. Her powerful warp drive was second to none in Starfleet. But inside a planet's atmosphere, things were much different. The winged shuttle's graceful ability to ride the air was something that the lumbering starship could never hope to match.





Her mission complete and the science equipment off-loaded, the *U.S.S. Ranger* finally began the long voyage home. Lieutenant Alec somehow persuaded the captain to allow him to convert the ship's now-empty mission module into a zero-gee soccer field. To no one's surprise, the scientists from Glasgow University dominated the weeklong series, although Doctor Wilkie managed to fracture his ankle in a 3-0 win over Engineering.

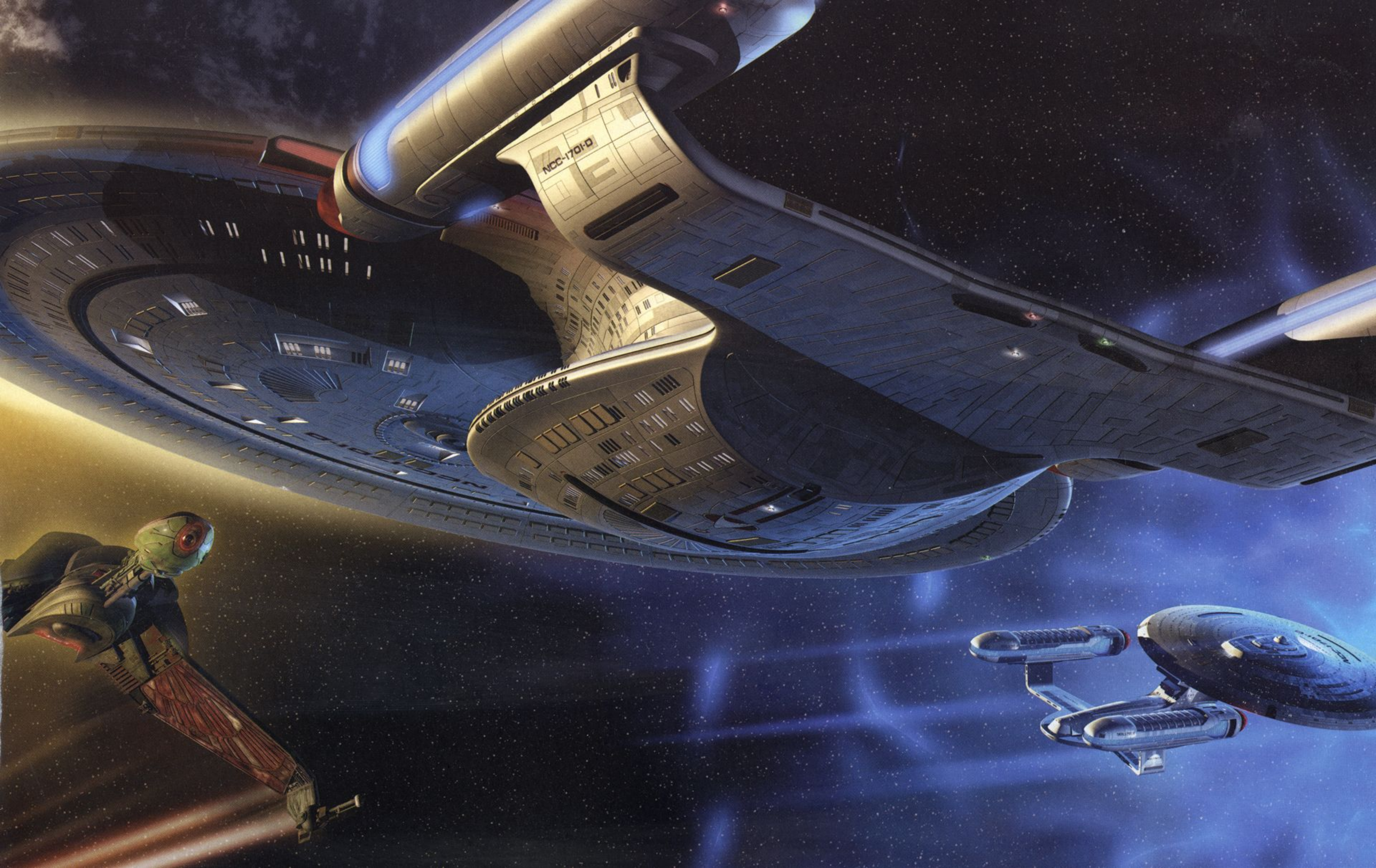


NCC-70815

NCC-70915  
UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS



The *Enterprise-C*'s disappearance from the time line at the battle of Narendra III led to a long, painful war, culminating in the fall of the Federation. When she learned what had happened, Captain Rachel Garrett earned her place among the legendary commanders of ships named *Enterprise*. The captain ordered her vessel to return to the scene of the battle, knowing full well that it would mean her death and the death of her entire crew.



The warbird blocked *Enterprise's* flight path, as if daring Jean-Luc Picard to cross the forbidden nebula. The *D'deridex*-class Romulan vessel was larger and more powerful than Picard's starship, but the captain had supreme confidence in his crew and his ship, both the finest in the fleet.

Then another huge warbird decloaked. And another. And another.



Once Starfleet understood the scope of the Borg threat, it became clear that new ship construction would have to be increased dramatically. They doubled the number of orbital drydocks at Utopia Planitia. Easy access to the asteroid mines' raw materials made the Mars facility an ideal location for the huge effort. During the Dominion War, Utopia Planitia's capacity had been doubled yet again.

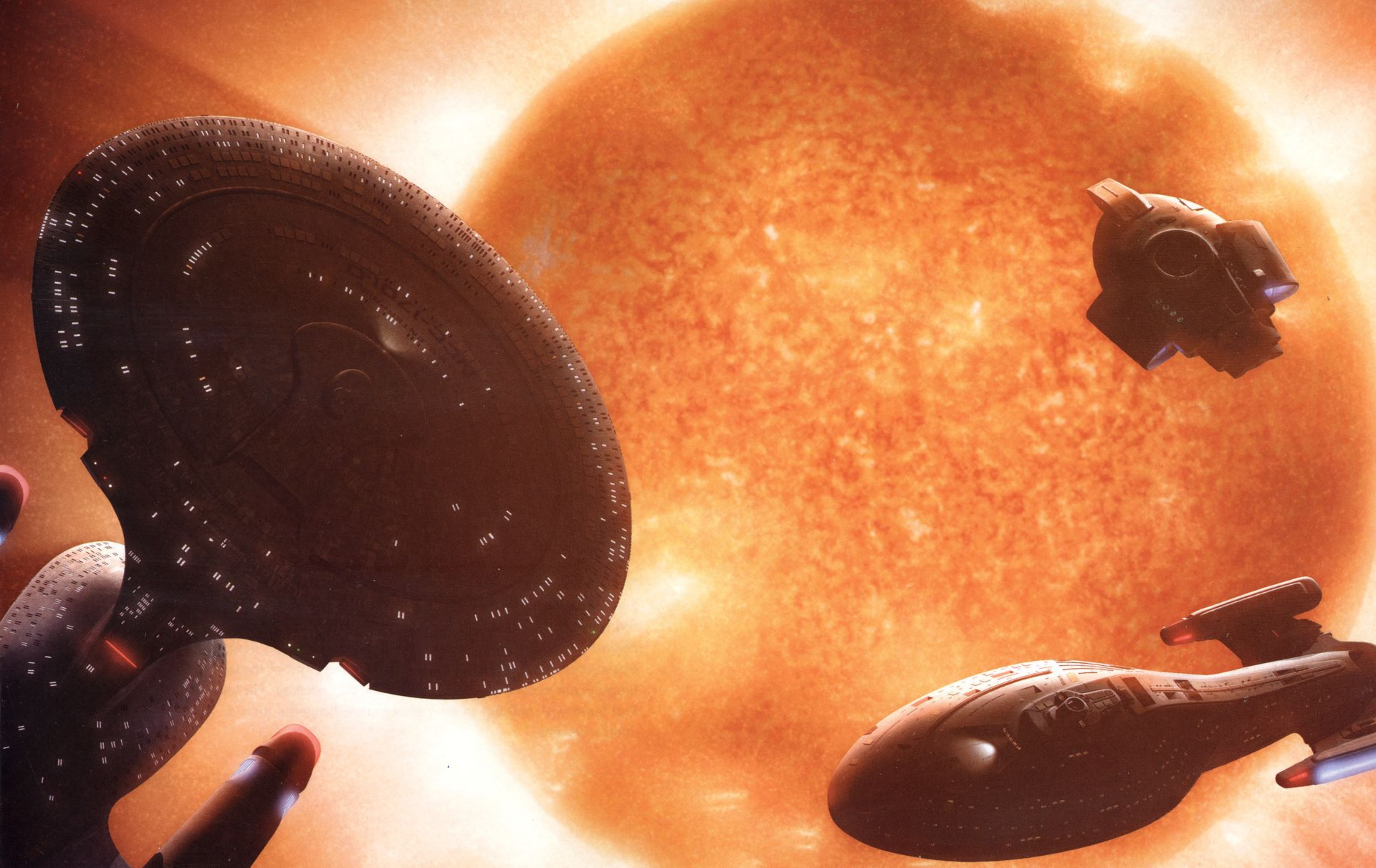




The quantum implosion triggered a level-12 shockwave that would destroy the entire star system, including the Amargosa Observatory. *Enterprise's* warp drive made it easy to outrun the explosion. But what was behind Doctor Soran's suddenly violent behavior? Was he responsible for the destruction of the Amargosa star? And why did he kidnap Geordi La Forge?



The rendezvous so close to the star's photosphere was highly unusual. It was necessary so that all three ships would maintain the same temporal trajectory when using the light-speed breakaway maneuver. Commander Data, from the *Enterprise*, gave the "go" code, and all three vessels pivoted to the same heading. Twenty seconds later, they accelerated past warp nine, seeking out the sun's magnetic field. Then, in a flash, all three disappeared into another time.



Mister Casados's entire fifth-grade class crowded around the windows. Of everything they'd seen on their field trip to Starbase 29, they'd always remember those two starships, departing for places unknown. Casados had brought them to the observation deck because he hoped that the sight of those magnificent vessels would capture their imagination. He knew that there was nothing in the galaxy more powerful than a child's dreams.



Her name, *Altair*, meaning “flying eagle,” was strikingly apt. Where most starships used a round or elliptical saucer to ride the forward lobe of the warp field, *Altair* featured a dramatic wing-shaped primary hull. It promised far greater maneuverability at high speeds. The problem, of course, remained one of unacceptably low power efficiency. Until this issue could be resolved, the *Starship Altair* would remain an experimental prototype.





# OF GODS AND MEN

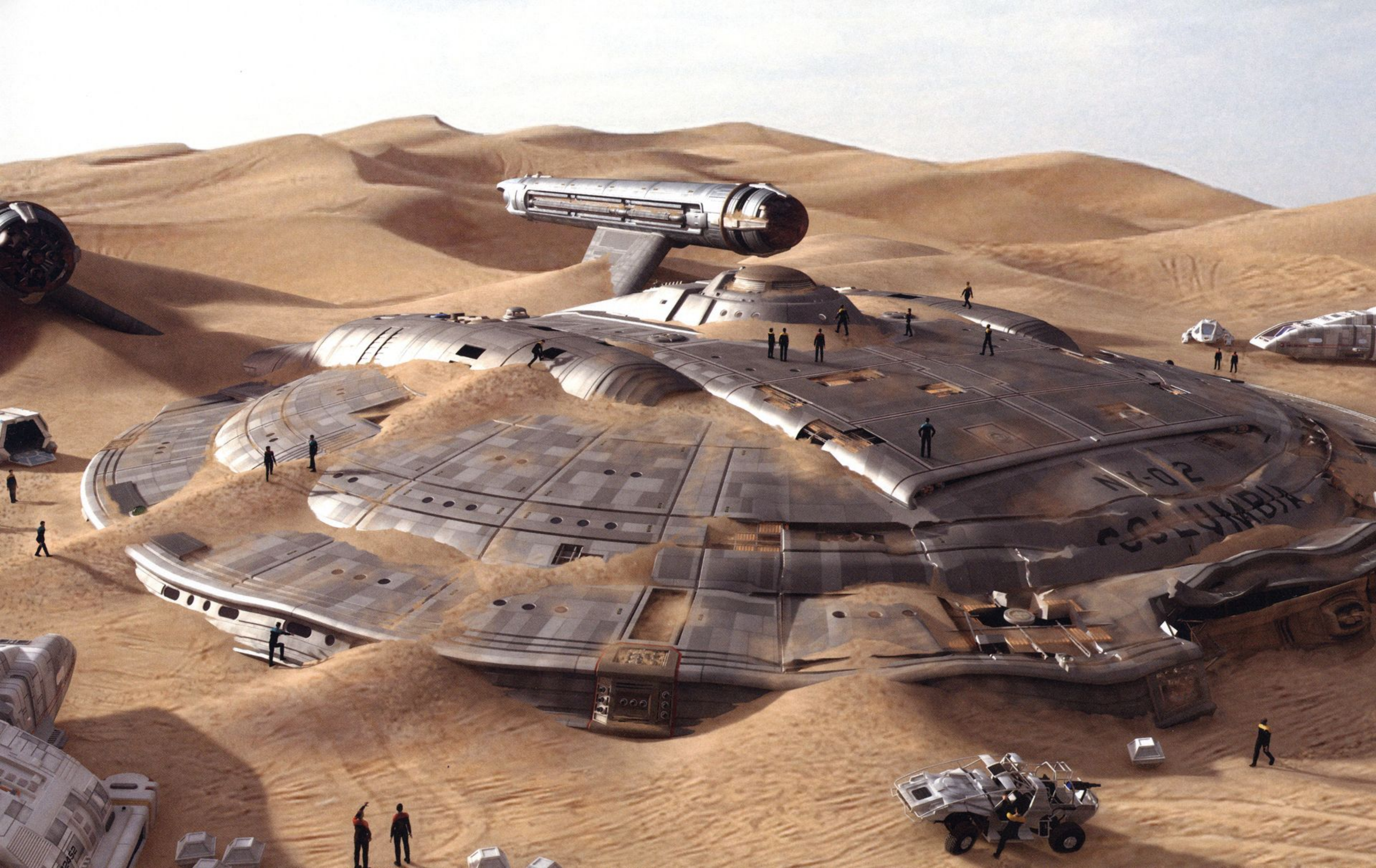
*"Ad astra per aspera."*  
"To the stars, despite adversity."  
—early Starfleet motto



Freed from the Cardassian occupation, the Bajorans asked Starfleet to manage the old Cardassian mining station, Terok Nor. Under the command of Benjamin Sisko, the station was moved to the newly discovered Bajoran wormhole. This helped to secure the future of the Bajoran people, and it made the Bajoran station—rechristened Deep Space 9—one of the most strategically important locations in the galaxy.



It was one of the most enduring mysteries in Starfleet history. What happened to the first *Starship Columbia NX-02*? Commanded by Captain Erika Hernandez, the ship disappeared near Tau Ceti and had been missing for over two centuries. It was not until the early days of the Dominion War that a Starfleet recon party stumbled upon her wreckage, abandoned on a Class-M planet in the Gamma Quadrant. The implication was terrifying: Dominion forces may have made an undetected incursion into Federation territory far earlier than anyone had ever suspected.



The shuttlecraft had been named for a martyred hero of Earth's early space age. Few in the twenty-fourth century remembered *Apollo* astronaut Roger Chaffee, but those on the *Starship Defiant* regarded him as a father figure. Chaffee's name on the durable little shuttle was a constant reminder that space exploration has always been—and always will be—a dangerous business.





U.S.S. DEFIANT

NX-74205

DEFIANT  
SHUTTLECRAFT 1

CHAFFEE

NX-74205

"Fear not the treacherous, for they are without honor.  
Pity them, and let their deaths be swift."

—Kahless the Unforgettable, "Letter to a Young Warrior"

The Romulans had taken refuge in a crevasse, somewhere deep below the surface of Galorndon Core. They were well hidden, but Commander Kargh's birds-of-prey *would* find the saboteurs. And when they did, Kargh pitied the cowardly *pahtks*.

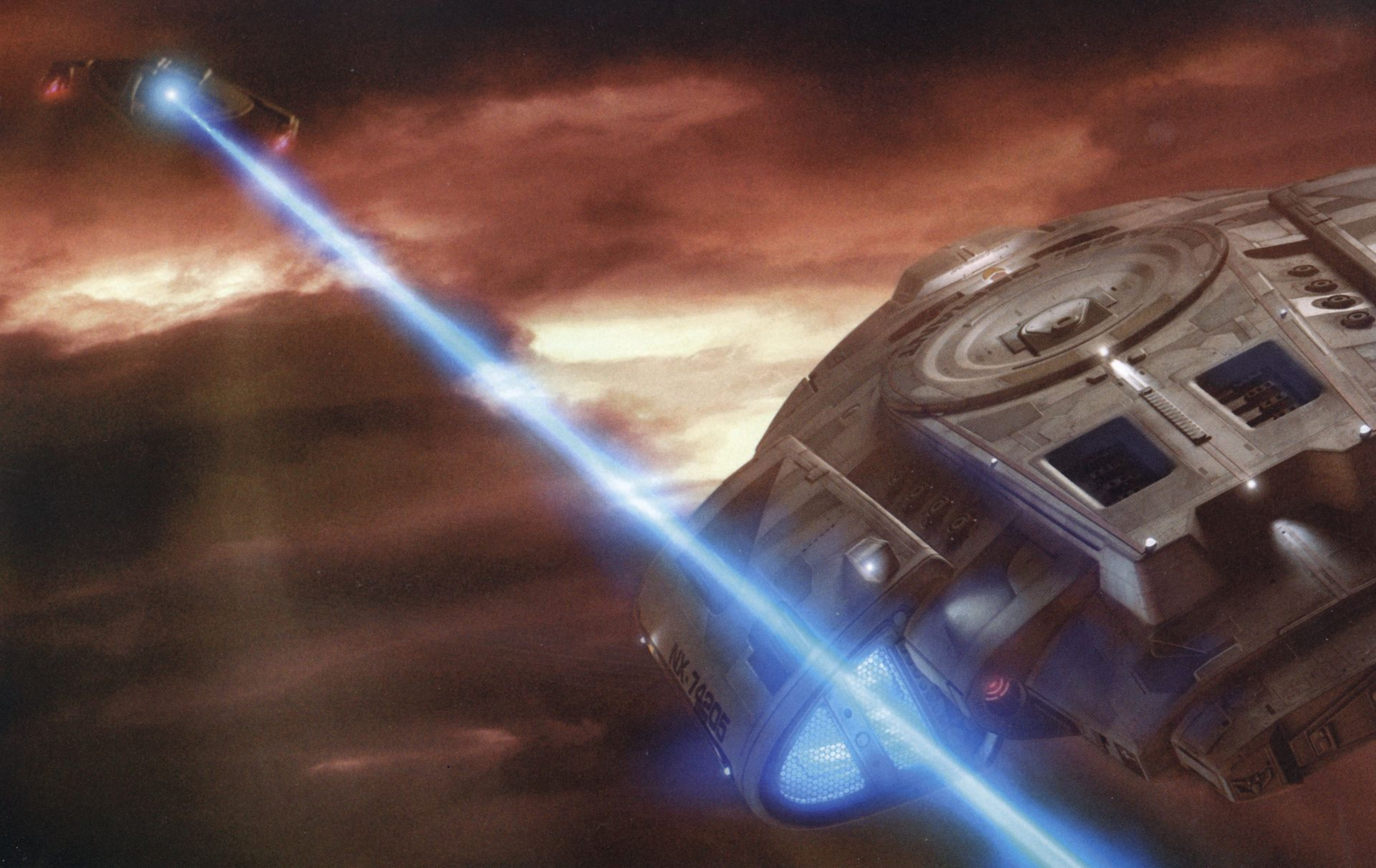


Dax's many lives taught Jadzia great patience. The Trill certainly needed it during the endless hours of cataloging the Badlands' gaseous anomalies. Jadzia Dax knew that Nature sometimes rewarded patience with the subtle revelation of an unexpected phenomenon. It didn't happen often, but a scientist lived for those moments of discovery.



The violent wind shear hammered Sisko's ship, and the ionized methane clouds rendered sensors useless. Out of nowhere, the Jem'Hadar ship appeared and opened disruptor fire, narrowly missing *Defiant's* portside engine. The concussion from the superheated gas around the beam pounded the ship.

Worf was able to fire a single torpedo before the clouds once again enveloped both combatants. Fortunately, one shot was all that he needed.



From the moment that Captain Burg gave the "abandon ship" order to the ejection of the last escape pod, barely four minutes had elapsed. In just a few more minutes, all of the pods should be safely on the surface of Epsilon Draconis III. Burg knew that survival on the Dominion-controlled world would be difficult. Still, he was grateful that more than half of his crew had escaped the mortally wounded *Starship Leonov*. Now, if only they could escape detection by the Jem'Hadar.





The *Starship Defiant* had been developed as a response to the Borg threat. It was compact, fast, powerful, and boasted a staggering array of state-of-the-art weaponry. Some felt the ship's firepower to be excessive, even for a warship. Those critics were silenced when *Defiant* played a pivotal role in defending Earth against the second Borg incursion. But even *Defiant's* designers did not know how important she would be to the Federation's survival in the coming Dominion War.



Gul Turell cursed the Central Command. For too long the bureaucrats had diverted funds, personnel, and raw materials to their favorites in the Obsidian Order. Now, thanks to them, his substandard starship had neither the power to destroy the Starfleet attacker nor the strength to withstand its weapons. The loyal Cardassian's last action was to detonate his ship's reactor, in hopes of also destroying the *Defiant*.



The Romulans did not hesitate. The moment the defense grid was down, the lead warbird opened fire. Fifty-five terawatts of disruptor power screamed across the void and slammed into the Cardassian outpost. The other warbirds soon followed suit, laying waste to the site before moving on to the Cardassian home system.



*Pax.* The Founder had ordered all Dominion forces to step down and withdraw. The time had come for Starfleet to rededicate itself to its mission to explore, to seek out.





NX-74205

00005

NX-74205

# THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN *ENTERPRISE*

"Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth . . .  
put out my hand and touched the face of God."

—John G. Magee,  
"High Flight"



After the disastrous defeat at Wolf 359 in early 2367, Starfleet was determined to be better equipped to handle the next Borg incursion. Six years later, the second Borg ship to reach Sector 001 was met by a far more effective force. Even so, the Borg cube may well have reached Earth if not for the unexpected appearance of the *U.S.S. Enterprise* NCC-1701-E.



It was not uncommon for spacewalkers to experience symptoms of vertigo when working outside a spacecraft. In severe cases, some individuals had actually been incapacitated during extravehicular activity. This was dangerous not only to themselves but to their coworkers. EVA instructors have always taught their students to focus on the local vertical, even if it is different from the vertical used inside the vessel.



Jean-Luc Picard's ship was the most advanced starship in the fleet, yet Starfleet Command ordered the *Enterprise-E* to stay away from Sector 001 during the Borg attack. The captain chose to ignore his orders. Picard's actions were instrumental in stopping the Borg ship, and they also prevented a secondary Borg offensive from causing irreparable damage to Earth's time line.





U.S.S. ENTERPRISE  
NCC-1701-A

The *Starship Enterprise* was not the first Federation ship to visit Romulus, but she was the first to be officially invited. Still, Captain Picard was not entirely surprised that no greeting party awaited them at the appointed coordinates. No response to *Enterprise's* hails was forthcoming. Just silence.

Clearly, it was a move calculated to throw the Starfleet commander off balance. But Picard was too experienced in the game known as diplomacy to allow himself to react impulsively.



# DELTA VOYAGER

"We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time."

—T. S. Eliot,  
"Little Gidding"



Tom Paris eased back on the controls of the *Delta Flyer*. The planetoid reminded him so much of Earth's moon that it made him a little homesick. Not to worry. Soon he'd be back aboard *Voyager*, where a hot shower awaited, followed by a date with B'Elanna. Life was good, or at least as good as it could get in the Delta Quadrant.



VOYAGER

NCC-74656

NCC-74656

VOYAGER

74656

Oceans always made Commander Tuvok a little uneasy. Not that he'd ever admit to such an irrationally human emotion. It's just that he came from a desert world, so skimming the vast, stormy, uncontrolled expanse of water was an unfamiliar experience. The Vulcan had confidence in Captain Janeway's command judgment and Mister Paris's piloting skill. Still, that lightning did seem just a little too close for comfort . . .





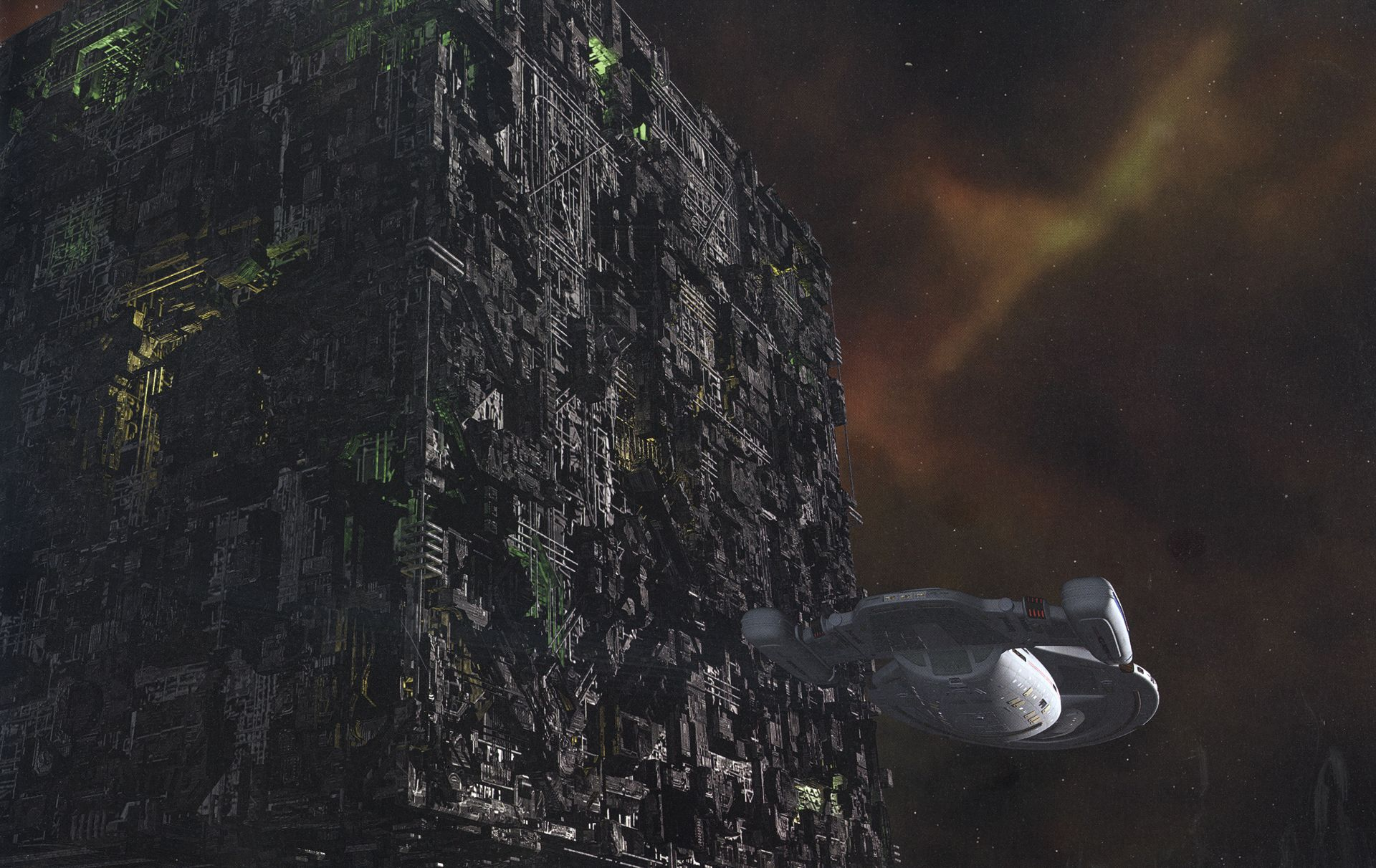
Henry Starling was one of the wealthiest, most powerful men of Earth's twentieth century. The secret? A spaceship from the future had crashed on Earth in 1967. Starling had plundered the ship and used its secrets to build his fortune. He lived with the fear that someone would return to retrieve what he had stolen. Nearly three decades later, another ship did appear: the *U.S.S. Voyager*.



Where once there had been abundant life, there was now only silence and the stench of burnt forest and scorched animal flesh. The Borg had come. Pain and suffering were irrelevant. Assimilation would guarantee that the planet's biology would live on through the Collective, thereby advancing to the next level in evolution.



Captain Kathryn Janeway knew the Borg, and she understood that *Voyager's* odds of survival were slim. But Janeway also knew that her crew looked to her for leadership. The captain banished any doubts from her mind and did what she always did: focus her entire being on the survival of her crew and their safe return to Earth.



It was a bizarre extradimensional realm described as "fluidic space." The Borg had once tried to assimilate an advanced civilization there, a people they knew only as Species 8472. The would-be victims managed to repel the Borg, but just barely. They struck back, emerging from fluidic space with hundreds of deadly, biogenically engineered starships. Their purpose was clear: They intended to eradicate *all* life in the Borg's galaxy.





Harry Kim had made a serious miscalculation. It resulted in *Voyager's* crash on that frozen world and the deaths of everyone on the ship. He spent the next fifteen years blaming himself for that accident, often wishing that he had died with the rest of the crew.

Then Starfleet acquired a Borg interplexing beacon, capable of sending a message back through time. With the device, Kim just might be able to fix that horrible mistake and save his shipmates in the past. He would stop at *nothing* to do just that.



The Federation had learned its lessons well. After the trauma of the Borg invasions and the agony of the Dominion War, Starfleet knew it had to upgrade its tactical capabilities. One of its most important initiatives was Project *Prometheus*. The prototype *Prometheus* ship was designed to separate into three independent spacecraft, providing multivector attack capability.



U.S.S. PROMETHEUS  
NX-59660

*Voyager* would have one final confrontation with the Borg. This time, Janeway's crew had two significant advantages. The first was armor and weapons technology from the future. The second was Janeway herself. The pragmatism born of future Admiral Janeway's experience neatly complemented the passion and idealism of her younger self. Together, they brought the crew home.



# *SEMPER EXPLORO*

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson,  
"Locksley Hall"





Space, the final frontier.

These are the voyages of the *Starship Enterprise*.  
Her continuing mission: To explore strange, new worlds;  
to seek out new life and new civilizations;  
to boldly go where no one has gone before.



# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

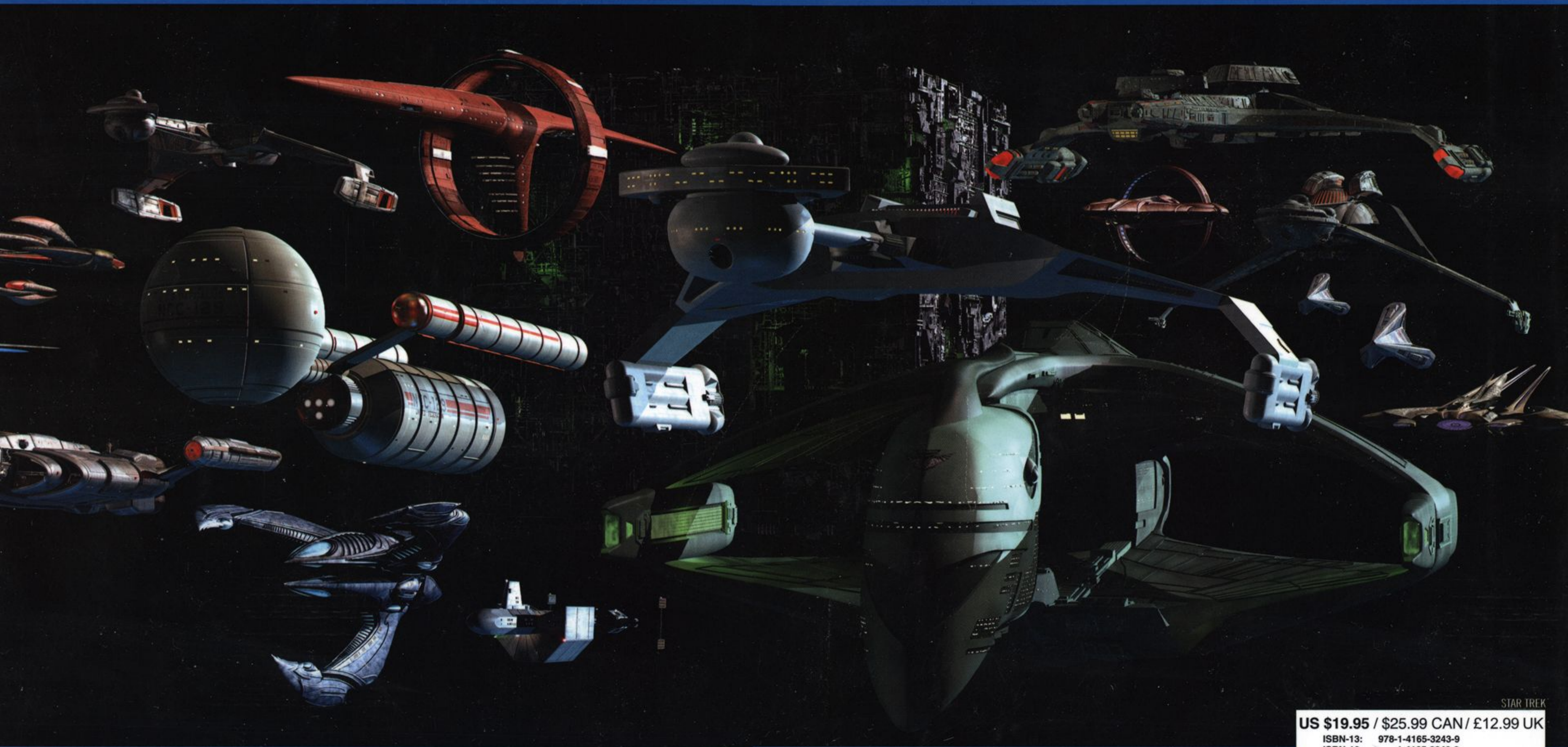
There have been countless artists who created starships for the many incarnations of *Star Trek*—Andrew Probert, Rick Sternbach, John Eaves, Jim Martin, Doug Drexler, to name a just a few. However, first and foremost is the man who “laid the first deck plates”: Matt Jefferies. Pocket Books would like to believe that the *Star Trek: Ships of the Line* calendar images pay homage to each of their visions.

And I’d like to thank again the artists who have contributed to this book: Jay Barton, Petri Blomquist, Robert Bonchune, Andrew Bradbury, Steve Burg, Eric Chauvin, Aurore deBlois, Daren Dochterman, Doug Drexler, Pierre Drolet, John Eaves, Robert Holmes, Gary Hutzel, Industrial Light & Magic, Gabriel Koerner, Koji Kuramura, Meni, Mojo, Dave Morton, Michael Okuda, José Perez, Fred Pienkos, Andrew Probert, Alain Rivard, Sean Scott, Michael Stetson, Lee Stringer, John M. Teska, Kyle Toucher, and Bob Witkowski. And a special thanks to Adam “Mojo” Lebowitz and Robert Bonchune for making the first *Ships* calendars happen and to Doug for carrying the baton forward.

—Margaret Clark







STAR TREK

US \$19.95 / \$25.99 CAN / £12.99 UK

ISBN-13: 978-1-4165-3243-9

ISBN-10: 1-4165-3243-9

51995

EAN



9 781416 532439



51995