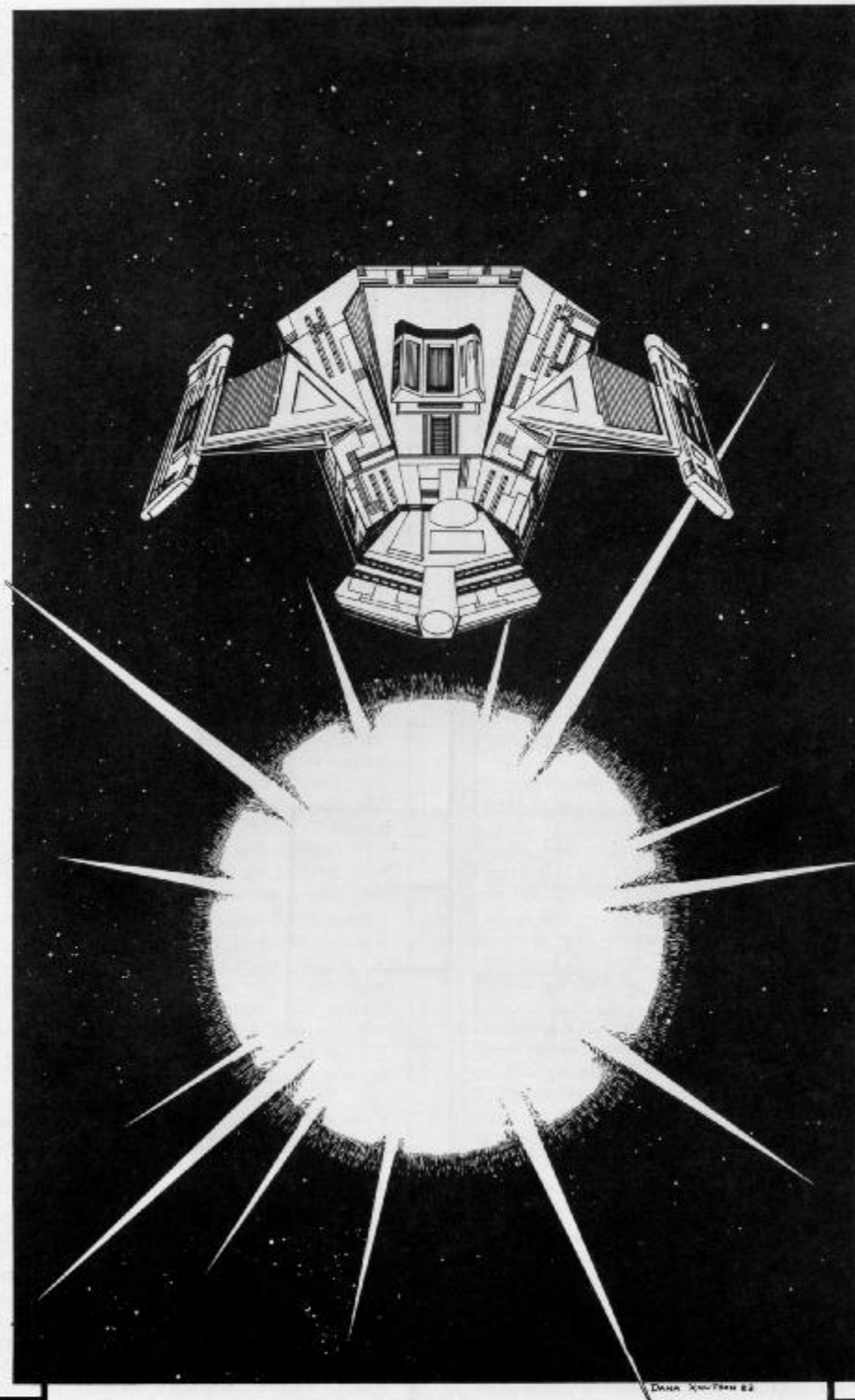# BOOK FIVE:
INTRODUCTION TO
STARSHIP COMBAT

INTRODUCTION TO COMMAND & CONTROL

"Pendleton of the *Constellation* reporting. Sensors indicate enemy vessels closing at warp 6, course 75 - 63 - mark, 14.2." The speaker crackled on the arm of the command chair.

Hopper glanced up at the Tactical Display on the main viewscreen, and then back down at his own instruments before answering. The delay was all of a second and a half before he replied.

"Vessels identified, Pendleton?" Hopper asked. "Any other contacts?"

A coldly calm, female voice came over the command channel. "T'pril, *Intrepid*. The vessels are tentatively identified on our sensors as six D-7 Klingon battlecruisers. Specific model as yet undetermined."

Hopper frowned in puzzlement. "It can't be that easy," he said quietly. Six D-7s, of any known model, were no match for 3 *Constitution* Class ships. True, his own command vessel, *Excalibur*, was running with some handicap, having been damaged in her last encounter. *Intrepid* and *Constellation* were at full capability, however, and the Klingons weren't stupid.

"*Intrepid*, confirm identification. Confidence percentage?" Perhaps he was being overcautious.

The replying voice was no more or less icy than a Vulcan ever sounds, but Hopper imagined he could detect T'pril's displeasure with his question. "Confidence level 65 percent, COMMODORE Hopper." No mistaking the not-terribly-subtle emphasis on the word 'Commodore' — T'pril did not appreciate being second-guessed. Still, that chance of correct identification was none too high.

It's your command, Mister... make your decision. Hopper silently recalled the words of his tactics instructor. After all, Kirk always appreciated the value of a solid hunch.

Hopper cut in on all command frequencies. "*Intrepid* and *Excalibur* will flank the enemy. Full shields on *Constellation* for a duck, lead, and cover maneuver." This cautious approach would make him the butt of many jokes if they WERE only facing D-7 cruisers. But if the preliminary sensor ID were wrong, it would be the Klingons who would be laughing if he had ordered a frontal assault.

Pendleton, being human and not Vulcan, didn't even try to hide his feelings. "Duck, lead, and cover, aye-aye! I miss all the fun again!"

"Keep the chatter down on command frequency," barked Hopper. Pendleton was still unhappy about Hopper's fleet command assignment, and he wasn't about to let anyone forget it.

Never mind — that wasn't important. The Klingons would catch up in two minutes. THAT was the important thing right now. The enemy ships moved steadily toward them on the Tactical Display.

Suddenly, two of the blips shot forward at a sustained speed of warp 7. "What in the name of space?" came Pendleton's confused voice over the speaker. The tactical display in front of Hopper quickly reidentified the two ships as D10 heavy cruisers, capable of sustained warp 7 and far more dangerous than the D-7s they were sometimes mistaken to be.

Hopper was not looking at the display. "*Intrepid*, shields up," he ordered over T'pril's command channel. "When they match speeds to fight, lock photon torpedoes and fire at will!" Hopper and T'pril both knew full shields were necessary against a D-10's frontal attack. Besides, photon torpedoes were powerful, and they conserved energy needed for shields.

"They're matching speeds with us, dropping back to warp 6."

There they were, appearing on *Excalibur's* visual scanners. He'd guessed right by keeping *Intrepid* close. They would need the combined firepower. The two heavy cruisers turned to face *Intrepid* and *Excalibur*, disruptors blazing. *Excalibur's* experienced crew already had her own forward shields ready, dissipating the Klingon fire.

Hopper punched up *Intrepid's* command frequency again. "Take the one to port with concentrated fire. Steady... NOW!" The two ships launched photon torpedoes together at one D-10 at its closest approach. Even the massive battlewagon's heavily reinforced shields couldn't handle the combined impact of four torpedoes, and the forward pod of the vessel exploded silently as her shields collapsed. It was a lucky hit, perhaps, but Hopper felt they were due a bit of luck right now. Mortally crippled with massive superstructure damage, the Klingon ship went dead in space.

"Bring her about, *Intrepid*," Hopper ordered, repeating the order for his own crew. "Lock and fire at the other cruiser before it can turn."

The *Constellation's* shields, at maximum thanks to Hopper's earlier order, protected her as the other D-10 took a passing shot. The big Klingon ship hesitated, her captain apparently unsure whether to turn to take another shot at *Intrepid* and *Excalibur* or to pursue the retreating, weaving *Constellation*. That moment of indecision cost him dearly.

In a moment, a second salvo from *Intrepid* caught the Klingon's stern, through lower-powered shields. The stricken vessel began to turn as *Excalibur* also fired.

"Crossfire, *Constellation*," Hopper called on Pendleton's command frequency. The other commander was already turning and coming back, however, arriving just in time to catch the D-10 from astern again while the Klingon commander concerned himself with the other two Star Fleet vessels. Concentrated phaser fire melted away shields and took a heavy toll from the D-10's port engine. Low on power due to the damaged engine, the second D-10 was soon carved up by the Federation crossfire.

Hopper was elated at defeating two feared D-10 cruisers, but he hadn't forgotten the four other vessels still approaching at warp 6. "Sensors report the other four ships confirmed as D-7 Light Cruisers, Class A," reported Hopper. "Ninetyeight percent confidence level," he added quickly, though he was a bit ashamed of himself for rubbing it in.

"They're turning, Commodore," T'pril reported, and this time there was no trace of mockery in the title. "Shall we pursue?"

"Don't bother — I think that's enough!" The voice came from behind, as familiar as the rush of cool air when the simulator doors were opened. Hopper turned to watch the entrance of Admiral James Kirk, holding a portable simulator-monitor readout.

Hopper stood and approached his instructor, while Pendleton and T'pril hurried in from their adjoining simulator rooms. Kirk smiled, making a note with a stylus on the monitor pad. "A very interesting run, 'Commodore' Hopper." Hopper glanced down at his Lieutenant's insignia and tried to repress a grin.

"All kidding aside, Lieutenant, that was as nearly perfect a run as I've seen, though you were unbelievably lucky with that first salvo," Kirk continued. "If I hadn't programmed the simulation myself, I'd swear the computer program LIKED you." That was Kirk — build you up and remind you to stay humble all in one sentence.

"I was lucky, sir," Hopper admitted, "but I also had two good tacticians under me. They anticipated my orders well and responded quickly." Pendleton, at least, had the grace to blush a bit at Hopper's compliment. The Vulcan T'pril, of course, did no such thing.

"They'll get good marks," Kirk confirmed with a polite nod to each. "As for you," the legendary Admiral smiled again, "I think there'll be no trouble recommending your transfer from security to command lane. You've done your work well in tactical studies, and you've got what it takes!"

2

Play this scenario after you have read *Basic Starship Tactics*

BACKGROUND

A *Constitution* Class Heavy Cruiser, heading back to Starbase 12 after an engagement on the Klingon border, encounters a fresh Klingon *D-10* Class Heavy Cruiser hot for a kill. The Federation cruiser is willing to take the risk of an engagement to stop the Klingon from coming up on the rear of its fleet.

SHIP DATA

The data used to play *BASIC STARSHIP TACTICS* can be found in **Book Three: Starship Data And Combat Charts**. The tables for the ships in this scenario are reproduced below. The data needed for each ship is indicated by shading. The other numbers refer to *EXPERT STARSHIP TACTICS* and *COMMAND & CONTROL*.

Some of the data given in the Ship Data Tables have values that vary from game to game. Variable data that is used for *BASIC* and *ADVANCED STARSHIP TACTICS* is printed in italics and is designated by *TAC:*. Variable data used in *EXPERT STARSHIP TACTICS* or *COMMAND & CONTROL* has no notation, nor does data that does not vary. The data needed to play the basic game is shown shaded in the Ship Data Tables below.

Movement Points Ratio is shown as power points/movement points. Shield Points Ratio is shown as power points/shield points.

CONSTITUTION CLASS HEAVY CRUISER

(This is the *Enterprise* of the TV series.)
Engines And Power Data:
- Total Power Units Available — 44 *TAC: 15*
- Movement Points Ratio — 4/1 *TAC: 4/3*
- Warp Engine Type — FWF
  - Number — 2
  - Power Units Available — 20 each
  - Stress Charts — G/L
  - Maximum Safe Cruising Speed — warp 6
  - Emergency Speed — warp 8
- Impulse Engine Type — FID
  - Power Units Available — 4

Weapons And Firing Data:
- Beam Weapon Type — FH-3 Phaser
  - Number — 6, mounted in 3 banks of 2
  - Firing Arcs — 2 fwd/port, 2 fwd, 2 fwd/stbd
  - Firing Chart — W
  - Power Range — 0–5 *TAC: 0–2*
  - Damage Modifiers —
    +3(1–10) +2(11–17) +1(18–20)
    TAC: +2(1–10) +1(11–17)
- Missile Weapon Type — FP-1 Photon Torpedo
  - Number — 2
  - Firing Arcs — fwd
  - Firing Chart — L
  - Power To Arm — 1
  - Damage — 10 *TAC: 3*

Shields And Damage Data:
- Superstructure Points — 20 *TAC: 7*
- Damage Chart — C
- Shield Type — FSN
  - Shield Point Ratio — 1/2
  - Maximum Shield Power — 16 *TAC: 5*
- Crew — 420

KLINGON D-10 HEAVY CRUISER

Engines And Power Data:
- Total Power Units Available — 40 *TAC: 13*
- Movement Points Ratio — 4/1 *TAC: 4/3*
- Warp Engine Type — KWE
  - Number — 2
  - Power Units Available — 18 each
  - Stress Charts — J/M
  - Maximum Safe Cruising Speed — warp 7
  - Emergency Speed — warp 8
- Impulse Engine Type — KID
  - Power Units Available — 4

Weapons And Firing Data:
- Beam Weapon Type — KD-9 Disruptor
  - Number — 6
  - Firing Arcs — 2 fwd/port, 2 fwd, 2 fwd/stbd
  - Firing Chart — W
  - Power Range — 0–5 *TAC: 0–2*
  - Damage Modifiers —
    +3(1–8) +2(9–15) +1(16–20)
    TAC: +2(1–8) +1(9–15)
- Beam Weapon Type — KD-3 Disruptor
  - Number — 2
  - Firing Arcs — aft
  - Firing Chart — I
  - Power Range — 0–5 *TAC: 0–2*
  - Damage Modifiers —
    +1(all ranges) *TAC: none*
- Missile Weapon Type — KP-4 Photon Torpedo
  - Number — 2
  - Firing Arcs — 1 fwd, 1 aft
  - Firing Chart — Q
  - Power To Arm — 2
  - Damage — 18 *TAC: 6*

Shields And Damage Data:
- Superstructure Points — 24 *TAC: 8*
- Shield Type — KSO
  - Shield Point Ratio — 1/2
  - Maximum Shield Power — 15 *TAC: 5*
- Crew — 520

GAME SETUP

Place the *Enterprise* in the center of one of the long sides of the *Starfield Mapsheet* and the *D-10* on the other, so that the two vessels are heading straight for one another. Both are going at sub-light speed.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Federation captain will win if the Klingon captain surrenders his ship or flees off the board by changing his warp speed. If the Federation captain offers surrender and this is declined by the Klingon, the Federation captain will win if he destroys the Klingon vessel. The Klingon captain will win if he destroys the *Enterprise*.

NOTES

The old *Enterprise* is more than a match for the *D-10* if her captain can keep the bow with its armament bearing on the Klingon vessel. If the Klingon captain can bring the *D-10* in close, however, and can make a fly-by, he can bring his stern guns to bear on the unarmed stern of the *Enterprise*, and so this makes a relatively even match.

The *Enterprise* has an advantage in its greater mobility and the greater range of its beam weapons. The *D-10* has photon torpedoes that can bring down a shield in one shot; furthermore, it has offensive capability in a 360° arc around it. Both captains would be aware of this, and so this information should be given to both players.

3

JNTRODUCTION TO STARSHIP TACTICS.

"This is the *Kobyashi Maru*. We have struck a gravitic mine. *Constitution*, our position is Gamma Hydra, Section 10. Hull penetrated. Life-support systems failing. Many casualties. Can you assist us, *Constitution?*"

Helm officer Rachel Stanski winced as the words came over the speaker. She grabbed a quick glance over her shoulder at her 'Captain,' ... actually an Ensign. The young officer's face was impassive, but beads of sweat were appearing on his forehead. Rachel could tell he understood the situation all too well. They were along the Klingon Neutral Zone, with the crippled neutronic fuel carrier deep in forbidden space. There was only one choice — the same one Rachel herself had faced years back when *she* took this test as a young officer.

Rachel swore softly in her native Polish, under her breath. The infamous *Kobyashi Maru* simulation was one of the Academy's best-kept secrets. Every young officer who faced it was sworn afterward never to reveal anything about the test. All the officers on the bridge mock-up were veterans of the test themselves... but the man in the hot seat was a rookie. In a very few moments, that rookie would face total defeat for the first time. How he handled it would mean much if he ever hoped to command a starship someday.

"Plot intercept course, Mr. Stanski." The young command officer's order shook Rachel loose from her reverie, and she touched controls and plotted a course with smooth, almost automatic motions.

"Plotted and on the screen, sir," Rachel replied. No need to warn him about the Neutral Zone. He knew what he was doing. Too bad he couldn't know what he was facing. Rachel silently hoped he would carry it off with dignity. After all, the kid was the younger brother of her sister's husband, and they were counting on Rachel to "help him over the rough spots." There was no help for him now.

"Take her through, Lieutenant," ordered the young 'Captain.'

"Maximum speed, and don't dawdle." Rachel smiled despite herself. As if one could 'dawdle' at maximum speed! "Entering Neutral Zone," she reported. "Two minutes to intercept."

Not two seconds later, Mrrlarris, the Caitian Communications Officer, spoke up. "Captainnnn," he growled. "I've lost their signal. The *Kobyashi Maru* has stopped sending."

"Veer off, it's a trap!" The slim Ensign seemed to grasp the situation in an instant as he turned back to Rachel. "Pull us out of the Zone!"

Rachel's fingers flew across controls. His instant order had bought them a second or two. Just maybe...

"Sensors pick up three *D-7* Cruisers, bearing 316 mark 4, closing." Science Officer Delmar rattled off coordinates as the blips appeared on the Tactical Display. "We have visual!"

The tactical map vanished from the screen, replaced by a view of three stalking *D-7* Light Cruisers in battle formation.

"Red alert," the rookie officer called out. "Shields up, mostly to aft. Engineering, divert all excess power to shields." He again looked to Rachel's helm console. "Lieutenant, prepare to execute a full 180° heading change on my order."

Rachel's eyes went open in surprise. "Heading change...? Uh... new heading prepared, sir." She set up the maneuver, her mind racing. What could he have in mind? Perhaps he meant to turn to fight, but he couldn't know that there were at least two more waves of *D-7s* right behind. This was the nowin scenario — no one could beat it.

"Lock photon torpedoes and fire as we swing around. Aim for the lead ship only." The young commander was actually smiling grimly now! Rachel glanced over her board,

wondering what he could possibly know that would give him such confidence.

"Photons ready..." Rachel halted as a red light blinked on her console. "Sir! We're draining too much power. We can't pull this maneuver fast enough without dropping shields some to compensate."

Rachel looked to Navigator Larry Kane, sitting next to her, and he nodded in confirmation. "Can't pull it off, sir. Haven't got the power."

"Engineering! Can't you do something with that?" The Ensign looked worried again. He and the Vulcan Chief Engineer exchanged looks.

"Working," the Vulcan said, his hands a blur at the controls. "Cross-connecting with non-essential systems." As he spoke, the bridge lighting dimmed and emergency lights came on. "Try the settings now, Lt. Stanski."

Rachel did so. Green light! "Got it, sir! Full shields and ready to maneuver and fire." As she spoke she suddenly realized something was very wrong. Where was the second wave of *D-7s*? Had she lost track of time, or...

"Here they come!" The three *D-7s* swooped close for the kill. Disruptors flared, and the bridge shook as they impacted the rear shields.

"Aft shields shattered, sir! Mild structural damage and..."

The young Ensign didn't give the Science Officer a chance to finish the damage report. "*Punch it*, Lieutenant! Turn and fire as they pass!'

Rachel tapped three buttons in rapid succession. The big ship groaned with stress as it wheeled about suddenly. Rachel glanced over and saw half the engineering console light up red as the ship shuddered.

"Torpedoes away," Rachel announced as the *D-7s* came up on the forward view. At such close range, there was no way to miss, and the lead cruiser took a crippling hit in one engine pod. The other two ships zipped past, unprepared for the Federation vessel's maneuver.

"New course, Lieutenant" the now-grinning Ensign ordered. "Swing us past the last reported coordinates for the *Kobyashi Maru*. Go to Warp 5 and have the transporter room prepared to beam aboard survivors!" He turned his command chair toward Rachel and winked. "By the time they come about, we can be on our way out of the Zone."

They were going to make it, but how? Where were the other *D-7s* she remembered from when she took the test? This was the *no-win situation*, but a rookie Ensign had just beaten it! She stared in utter amazement at the slim young man in the command chair.

"What's the matter, Mister Stanski?" the young Ensign asked with mock concern. "Were you expecting someone else to pop up and say 'boo'?"

Rachel suddenly realized that Sam Kirk hadn't needed to worry. His 'little brother' was more clever than anyone had guessed. "You've gimmicked the simulator!" She laughed aloud, soon joined by the other *Kobyashi Maru* veterans as they realized what had happened.

"Well," Ensign James Kirk admitted with a sheepish smile. "My instructors *did* tell me to be more creative in my thinking!"

As the simulation run ended, Rachel hoped that young Kirk's superiors would have a sense of humor. No one else had ever thought of reprogramming the simulator! Still, there was a nagging bit of doubt in her mind. Kirk had ducked the *no- win situation* this time. Someday it would be real, and not so easily avoided. What then, James Kirk? What then?

4