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THE EVE OF THE WAR

We know now that in the early years of the thirty-second century, our worlds were being watched closely by intelligences greater than mankind's, and yet as mortal as his own. We know now that as human beings busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinized and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water.

With infinite complacence people went to and fro across the Sphere, about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small sliver of the galaxy which—by chance or design—humanity had inherited out of the dark mysteries of time and space.

Yet across an immense, ethereal gulf, minds—that to human minds as humans' are to the beasts' of the jungles; intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic—regarded the Inner Sphere with envious eyes. And, slowly and surely, they drew their plans against us.

In the thirty-eighth year of the thirty-second century came the great disillusionment.

WILMUTH FARMSTEAD
GROVERS MILL, NORTH JERSEY
BRYANT, FORTRESS REPUBLIC
30 OCTOBER 3138

Ogilvy Wilmuth sat on his porch when the flash first caught his eye. The early weeks of the Calm Season were his favorite, when he could sit outside without fear of whipping winds, biting rains, and the occasional hail storm. These were the days a man could plant his crops with any hope of success, and he was a farmer who liked to do things by hand, then sit under the relatively clear, starlit skies, to stare out over the tiny kingdom of tilled earth he had brought to life.

"Lord of all he surveyed," as his wife so often called him, every time this part of the year came around, and she ceded the title of family breadwinner.

Theirs was a humble home—a one-story, white-painted, tile-roof job of a house, with a detached garage large enough for two vehicles. The small barn that served as the tractor shed and workshop stood across the gravel-paved driveway, its large aluminum-steel doors facing the main house. The wooden fences, built more for decorative appeal than functionality, were arranged in broken segments, roughly delineating the rectangular arena of the residential property lines. It was all so bucolic, but that was how the Wilmuths liked it. For him, it reinforced the classical feel of farm living. For the missus, it was a welcome release from the olive-drab living of the North Jersey BCM campus where she spent the bulk of her year serving—or, as she called it, the "Bryant Citizens' People Farm".

When the flash came, Ogilvy was enjoying the cool—but blissfully calm—night air. He was chewing on the remains of some Crowley lizard jerky, while patiently reassembling the power tiller that seized up earlier today. Impatient sorts might have replaced the contraption years ago, but the old tech in him—the man who once served the planetary militia by keeping its vehicles running—could not abide such waste.

The flash came from the north, drawing his eyes heavenward. At first it looked like the twinkle of a passing low-orbit craft, but as he watched, his experienced eyes noticed the extending trail—like a meteor streak, as seen almost end on.

Memories of the chaos that began just four years ago suddenly flooded into his mind, unbidden. The streak of incoming DropShips from afar, glowing bright as they fell from the sky on powerful jets of white-hot plasma. But this was no DropShip exhaust plume; it was too small.

Drop cocoon?

"Hon!" he barked, standing up and half-turning toward the door behind him. He kept his gaze locked on the light. "Hon! Come out here, would ya?"

By the time the missus emerged from the back door, Ogilvy's mouth had gone dry. The light was brighter now, and clearly larger, as if—

"What's going on, Oggi—" she started, but then froze as her own eyes found the incoming object.

"Is that…?"

"I haven't seen any chaff flares," Ogilvy said. "But it sure looks like one. Definitely ain't a meteorite; it's falling too slowly."

"Looks like it's coming this way," the wife remarked, her voice tense, but controlled. She had seen such things during the Blackout chaos too.

"Best call up your friends at the base," Ogilvy suggested. "Could be an escape pod from an orbiter. Either way, company's coming."

As if on cue, the light seemed to arc to one side, but only slightly. It was enough, though, for him to be sure that what was coming in was not a natural phenomenon.

It was also much closer than he imagined!

The thing ripped across the sky, and he watched it in amazement as it shot past him, vanishing from sight behind the bulk of the house.

Then came a deafening boom, followed quickly by another as the earth shook.

Damn close! Ogilvy thought. Too close!

He spun around to find the back door ajar. The wife had already retreated into the house, hopefully to make her phone call. The old farmer moved through the door himself, to fetch his rifle.

▲▽▲

The crater it left was barely fifty meters long, and half as wide, but the thing appeared fully intact as far as Ogilvy could tell. Flames still licked about from the shrubs and grass that had been ignited by the searing heat. A dark smoke rose up around it, rising into the night sky thick enough to blot out the stars.

The object stood at a slight angle at the head of the blast zone. Charcoal black, it was nearly invisible against the darkness here, so far from the street lamps. A faint glow along the underside outlined where the object had struck, but Ogilvy could not see any thrusters from where he stood. The intense heat it radiated kept him too far back to make out much more.

Well, that as the missus' hand on his shoulder. Concerned for the heat as well as the off-chance that whatever the thing was, it could be explosive, she had restrained his curiosity. Her fingers still clutched him even as she recited their position one more time to the operator on the other end of her comm-link call. Something was mucking up the signal.

What Ogilvy could easily see was that the thing was big—at least twice the size of his house. As he inhaled the harsh fumes of scorched metal and burning brush, the sense of dread was rising. This growing inner turmoil took the form of an involuntary, acidic burp, reminding him briefly—and uncomfortably—of the salty flavor of Crowley lizard jerky.

In his hands, the Mauser & Gray G-150 hunting rifle suddenly felt inadequate, at best.

His mind was still saying "drop cocoon", but he'd never seen one that failed to deploy before impact. The only other alternative was that he was looking at some spacecraft's life boat, but he could make out no egress hatches, either.

"No, it's not a meteorite, damn it!" his wife was saying, exasperation in her voice. Whoever was on the other end of that line was either going deaf or they were transferring her all over the base.

None of this felt good to Ogilvy.

Then came the clanking noises, from inside the object.

"Oh, hell," his wife muttered. She heard them too, and her hand on Ogilvy's shoulder tightened.

"The base have any idea what's going on?" he asked her without daring to look away from the thing.

"The line just went dead," she told him, real worry finally resonating in her voice.

Another clang—this one much louder, came from the object.

"Is that a hatch?" she asked.

"I can't see one," he told her. "Maybe on the other side?"

Another loud clang. Only this time, a crack appeared in the middle of the object, a line of softly glowing light that defined its lengthwise edges. The thing was splitting open, as if along a seam. It was only then that they noticed a new grinding sound, and saw that the high part of the thing appeared to be rotating—unscrewing itself.

"This is no drop pod I've ever seen," Ogilvy said aloud, taking a step backward.

"Me either," his wife said, matching his retreat. Her voice was lowering.

"Clans?" she suggested after a moment. "Capellans?"

"No," Ogilvey whispered, though he wasn't sure why. "No, not through the Wall."

"Then, who—?"

With a final turn, the pod's lid came off with a grinding shriek, and slid off to the side. It made a dull, but distinctly metallic thud as it landed in the soil, somewhere out of their sight. As soon as it came off, the thin crack along the object's middle widened…

…And a horrifying, other-worldly giant of metal pushed itself out.

BATTLETECH ADVENTURES

WAR OF THE TRIPODS

BattleTech Adventures: War of the Tripods is a special game aid for use with *A Time of War: The BattleTech Role-Playing Game* and the *A Time of War Companion*. Designed for experienced players familiar with the setting, the rules and descriptions in this book presume the players are familiar with the terms and core role-playing systems presented in *A Time of War*, as well as the war game rules found in *Total Warfare*, *Tactical Operations*, and *Strategic Operations*. This adventure may run several sessions, based on the players' available time and resources.

Game masters should note that only some of the information in this book should be made available to the players, while the rest is designed for the gamemaster to reveal to the players only as they discover it. Information readily available to the players will be clearly identified, but should be made available only as the players' characters actively pursue it. For example, all of the material covered in the *World Guide* section will be open to the player characters with little to no research effort.

The general information contained here provides the tools needed for an adventure group to play out the events taking place on Bryant in late 3138. At the peak of the Dark Age, amid rumors of widespread war and societal collapse even in the heart of Devlin Stone's legacy, it is a time of great fear, especially for those living in the Republic of the Sphere. That Bryant has become a world seemingly forgotten and abandoned even by the Fortress Republic, leaving its locals to their own imagination as the universe spins on beyond their control, has only ramped up the sense of paranoia that should color this adventure. As this particular adventure is a special, Halloween holiday-themed edition, it ventures well outside the ordinary, and so game masters should feel free to "weird it up" as they go along.

The **World Guide** section presents a global view about the setting and the players' mission at the start of the adventure. Included in this section is a general description of the Inner Sphere in 3138, and key elements of the Dark Age—specifically the "walled off" portion of the Republic of the Sphere, known to many as Fortress Republic. Additional news and documents pertaining to events current with the initial Track of the adventure also appear in this chapter. After the first Track, gamemasters will find all further information in the *Gamemaster's Sourcebook*.

The **Persons of Interest** section gives details on some of the key NPCs the players will (or may) interact with during this adventure, and can be used by GMs who do not wish to create their own NPCs from scratch. This section also includes information on how to work the players' group into this adventure—although it is worth noting that to minimize the chance for spoilers, characters the players may encounter or learn about after the first Track will appear in the *GM's Sourcebook* section, but players should still not read this section.

The **Tracks** section presents a means to interact with several pivotal events that occur in this adventure, though they are not the only ones. Please do not allow the players read the GM ONLY section, cover it with a sheet of paper (or the foot of an *Atlas*) while the players read their mission brief section.

The **Gamemaster's Sourcebook** contains official character sheets for key personalities from the *Persons of Interest* section, as well as record sheets and rules useful for running the more unique aspects of this adventure. Remember that it is not the function of this product to micromanage your adventure; if a situation arises where the rules are in question, it's up to the gamemaster and players to work out a resolution suitable for their game table. The goal is to have fun, so don't let the rules bog you down.

STAR LEAGUE ERA   CLAN INVASION ERA   JIHAD ERA

SUCCESSION WARS ERA   CIVIL WAR ERA   DARK AGE ERA

WORLD GUIDE

BRYANT

Noble Ruler: Provisional Governor Becca Jareque
Star Type (Recharge Time): F5IV (176 hours)
Position in System: 4 (of 5)
Time to Jump Point: 14.94 days
Number of Satellites: 3 (Jarra, Sennu, Summersdale)
Surface Gravity: 0.98
Atm. Pressure: Standard (Breathable)
Equatorial Temperature: 37° C (Hot Tropical)
Surface Water: 64 percent
Recharging Station: Zenith, Nadir
HPG Class Type: A
Highest Native Life: Mammals
Population: 52,000 (3130)
Socio-Industrial Levels: C-D-C-D-C
Landmasses and Capital City: Altario, Tomainisia, Voltanasia, Zephyrim (Brein)

The Bryant system was settled in the twenty-second century, during humanity's First Exodus from Terra, and remained a part of the Terran Alliance even after the Outer Reaches Rebellion and the Alliance's Demarcation Declaration of 2242. As such, it became one of the worlds that comprised the Terran Hegemony's core region when Admiral McKenna founded the new realm upon the remains of the collapsed Alliance.

For the first two centuries after its settlement, Bryant was a hostile world. A combination of regional thermal imbalances, the pull of three larger-than-average moons, and a relative lack of large mountain ranges had combined to produce a landscape plagued by storm systems so violent that its first colonists confined themselves to the planet's calmer polar zones. All of this changed in 2478, however, when Hegemony engineers established the first of several storm inhibitors in planetary orbit. Within a few decades, the massive storms that once raged across Bryant's central and median latitudes dissipated, finally enabling its people to safely access the warmer climates.

By the mid-2500s, Bryant had become a major agricultural center, producing an abundance of grains, vegetables, and naturally tempered lumber. Meanwhile, a thriving safari tourist industry grew around the hundreds of hardy, exotic species discovered among its now-tamed lands. Many of these creatures proved easy to domesticate, and some—such as the jewel bass and the Crowley lizard cow—became delicacies worthy of export.

Bryant almost made history as home to one of the Prime (or First Circuit) hyperpulse generator stations built for the SLCOMNET during the Star League's height. Even after the League's collapse, this humble world maintained its Class A HPG status when ComStar assumed control over interstellar communications.

Like many of the Hegemony worlds, Bryant suffered in the wake of Stefan Amaris' coup and the fall of the Star League. Amaris loyalists destroyed much of the planet's orbiting storm inhibitors in their efforts to bring the population to heel. Those climate control systems that weren't destroyed during the reign of the Usurper soon fell victim to the fighting that followed. By the end of the First Succession War, superstorms once more raged between the polar regions, wiping out farmlands and plunging the planet into a global economic depression.

Over the centuries, only the hardiest and most devoted residents chose to remain on Bryant, most concentrated in the scattered towns on the planet's northern continent of Zephyrim. Although periodic "Lostech Rushes" punctuated these years, creating brief spikes of visitors and local business booms, the population continued to decline as more and more locals left their stormy home behind for better opportunities elsewhere in the Sphere.

Today, only a few towns remain on Bryant, all of which stand on the northern continent of Zephyrim. There, a three-to-four-month long "Calm Season" has allowed for enough agriculture to sustain what remains of the local population, including several transient settlements

that have come and gone since the closing years of the Succession Wars. Though the last official census puts Bryant at a mere fifty-two thousand permanent inhabitants, many suspect that the vast, unclaimed expanses of the world hold several undocumented cities and towns, who simply remain isolated from the "official" townships arrayed in vast, coastal counties (possibly for tax purposes).

Zephyrim

Although it is named for the ancient Greek god of the western wind, Zephyrim is actually Bryant's northern-most continent, with half of its landmass located well inside the planet's northern polar zone. As one of the few landmasses to boast any significant mountain ranges and other storm-weakening topography, and blessed with typically low temperature variances almost year-round, Zephyrim suffers the least of Bryant's turbulent weather patterns. Though rainstorms, hail, and the occasional tornado or hurricane are not unheard of, much of the continent's southern inlands remain quite hospitable to human life—if a bit dreary.

The high point of life on Zephyrim, of course, occurs in the local summer season, which Bryant's natives call the "Calm Season." This stretch of time is the ideal period for growing crops, and most of Bryant's remaining settlements experience something of a radical economic shift from light industry to heavy agriculture during these periods. With so brief a season, but so much land available for its population, fully one-third to one-half of all residences on Bryant stand on sprawling plots of land that boast enough arable soil and grasslands for self-sustaining farms and cattle ranching. This lends the world an "early colonial small-town" feel that tends to give visitors the impression that its residents are back-woods regressives—an impression the proud, tech-savvy people of Bryant are often quick to either refute or exploit.

Brein

Brein is Bryant's largest surviving city from the days of its initial colonization and became its planetary capital early in the Succession Wars, when the planetary environment reverted to its stormy, unstable state. (The Hegemony-era capital city, Cassina, was abandoned to the elements, and now stands only as a flooded ruin in the marshlands of the northern Altario continent.) Once a bustling metropolis of a quarter million, Brein—like the rest of Bryant—has undergone a sharp decline over the centuries, and now claims only nine-thousand permanent residents.

This reduction is most evident when one looks at Brein from the air, where three concentric circles—the city's wind-breaker walls—provide an easy visual measure of its size from founding to peak, and back again. Fewer buildings stand in the outer rings, with most serving today as way stations and municipal facilities. The outer-most circle, in fact, has been entirely given over to agricultural use, creating a vast, city-owned farmland and pasture, with only cracked roadways and a few older structures left as a testament to the planet's booming Star League years.

In addition to serving as the planet's administrative capital, Brein is also home to the Bryant Vocational Academy, a remarkably advanced school that has taught entire generations of the planet's residents in everything from philosophy and law to manufacturing and agriculture.

BRYANT IN THE NEWS

Last BPM 'Mechs Bound for Terra

15 March 3136

Bryant [REPUBLIC TODAY] – Speaking on behalf of the Office of the Legate at a special press conference earlier today, Captain Richard Hill told reporters that the last of the BattleMech and support 'Mech forces attached to the Bryant Planetary Militia have been loaded onto DropShips bound for Terra. The announcement comes less than one week after RAF officials formally initiated plans to nationalize the planet's local heavy defense assets. The move, which effectively decommissions the BPM as a combat force suitable for interstellar operations, has been widely lauded by government officials both here and abroad.

The Republic government has assured the people of Bryant that the reassignment of the BPM's 'Mechs, military DropShips, and aerospace fighters will in no way compromise the security of the planet itself. With numerous RAF regiments already stationed on worlds within range of a single hyperspace jump to this world, the Republic would be able to easily and quickly react to any possible attacks. However, citing Bryant's low population, light industry, and minimal resource value, Republic defense experts maintain that any potential threat forces would likely bypass Bryant entirely, in favor of more strategically significant targets.

"The odds of any serious invasion force coming to Bryant are a million to one," quipped Lt. Colonel Richard Pierson of the RAF, who noted that the very relocation of such expensive military equipment would further remove any incentives to attack the planet. "If anything, pulling combat 'Mechs and other big-ticket assets [off Bryant] will enable us to streamline our response to any crises in the region, while lightening the local burden on providing infrastructure for such equipment."

Elizabeth Welles, First Citizen of the Bryant Planetary Council, admitted that the downsizing of the BPM would save strain on the planetary economy, but scoffed at the notion that Bryant would be ignored by any potential aggressors.

"Just because we don't have anything of value to an invading army doesn't mean we're safe from attack," said Welles. "After all, such considerations never seemed to deter any of the House Lords and Clans who made our past so bloody."

BEHIND THE WALL, LIFE GOES ON

1 September 3137

Terra [RNN] — Nearly two years have passed now since Exarch Jonah Levin, in response to turmoil sparked by the Sphere-wide HPG network collapse, pulled back the Republic's military forces in an effort to secure our realm against all enemies—both foreign and domestic. The "Fortress Republic," as it came to be known, placed the heartlands of our nation behind a barrier that prevents JumpShips from entering, or leaving, Republic space without authorization.

While the miraculous technology that has made all of this possible remains classified in the interests of state security, the fact that it works is undeniable. Since the creation of the Fortress, the invasions by our various enemies have been stopped cold. No longer do the Clans, the Draconis Combine, or even the Capellan Confederation threaten what remains of the realm that Devlin Stone built for us.

We survive…but will this be enough?

Fully nine of the Republic's ten Prefectures now lie "beyond the Wall," left to the tender mercies of neighbors who have turned on us and one another since the start of the Blackout. Rumors of new superweapons, reports of a new BattleMech arms race, and the unanswered questions of who—or what—took out our interstellar communications, leave many nervous as to what may yet come. What horrors have befallen the loyal Republic citizens trapped outside of the Fortress? Is our protection from invaders truly fool-proof? Do we, the remnants of an empire born of cooperation and victory over the greatest evil to befall mankind since Amaris, have the resources, the might, the resolve, to stand in the face of any who might slip through?

The answer is in every citizen, soldier, knight, world, and regiment inside the Walls. Spared the chaos swirling around outside, as our enemies consume one another, we have united for our common good. We know the price our forebears and countrymen paid for our security. We know that, sooner or later, we will recover, and we are diligently—fervently—working as one toward that goal. The tyranny of House Lords and Khans who would destroy us cannot reach us, if only for now, and in that time, our lives go on.

Together, we know the stakes. And we will not—we must not—give in to the paranoia and greed that has once more torn the Inner Sphere asunder. We are, it's been said, "humanity's best hope for a brighter tomorrow." If we are to live up to so lofty a title, we must rise above our fears, and work to ensure the Republic reclaims the strength and solidarity needed to defeat the barbarians at our gates.

North Jersey County Welcomes "Exquisite" Calm Season

(12 October 3138)

Bryant [NORTHERN COURANT] – With only eight hours of hazy cloud cover marring the twelve-hour day cycle, wind speeds below the annual average of 42 kph, and nary a hint of rain (even at the coastal village of New Crowley), the people of North Jersey County today welcomed the start of the annual Calm Season with profound optimism for the growing season to come.

"It's positively exquisite!" exclaimed Tomas Cruz, First Selectman of the Grovers Mill town council, in central North Jersey. "I saw some young folk gathering for picnics in the town park just this afternoon, pretty as a picture!"

The arrival of the Calm Season, of course, always heralds a boom time for outdoor agro-service industries, as many townsfolk take advantage of the improved weather conditions and increasingly clear skies to cultivate the staple crops that will collectively support their communities throughout the rest of the year. But with the surprisingly mild weather patterns leading up to this year's Clam Season, many have taken advantage of this rare opportunity to start preparing their soils earlier than usual. Already, several agro-supply retailers are reporting record sales for this time of the year, as the seasonal crowds have come out in droves to stock up on equipment and supplies.

Meteorologists throughout the twelve counties of Bryant are in agreement that the current weather cycle is expected to hold up for at least the rest of this month, during which time the northern jet stream is expected to keep the planet's most intensive perennial storm systems to the higher temperate, tropical, and equatorial zones. While occasional rain systems—some quite severe—remain a periodic and persistent threat throughout the season, all indications are that this year's Calm Season may be the mildest on record since 3125.

"It wouldn't surprise me if we were seeing all-day clear skies as early as the end of next week," said Dr. Helga McDermott, Chief of the Bryant Meteorological Association in Brein. "My advice to the people is to stock up on sunscreen this year!"

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE TRANSFER

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From: The Office of the Legate, World of Bryant
Date: 15 April 3136

  Honored veteran,

  On behalf of the people of Bryant, the citizens of the Republic, and Exarch Jonah Levin, we thank you
for your service to the defense of our freedom during the recent upheavals sweeping across the Inner
Sphere. Your loyalty and sacrifice has been an inspiration to us all.
  In recognition of your stalwart service, and your expressed desire to remain among the defense forces
of your home front, this missive formally acknowledges your transfer of service from the Bryant Planetary
Militia (BPM) to the newly reconstituted Bryant Citizens Militia (BCM). As your comrades-in-arms from
the BPM relocate to better serve the needs of the Republic's overall protection, rest assured that your
place on Bryant holds no less honor among our brotherhood.
  Your official Chapter posting and travel itinerary will be forwarded to you from this office within
the coming week. Your new comrades in the defense of our world against all enemies—foreign and
domestic—await you!
  Once more, Citizen-Soldier, the people of Bryant and the Republic of the Sphere thank you for your
honorable service to us in a time of great uncertainty.
  Cum honore, serviamus!


--Captain Richmond Hill
    Office of the Legate, Bryant
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PERSONS OF INTEREST

This section is primarily for gamemasters. Its function is to provide key details on the expected capabilities of the players' group as well as the descriptions and nature of the key non-player characters (NPCs) who they may interact with in the course of this adventure. Players may, with adequate research or other in-game efforts, learn facts about these key NPCs if they are resourceful enough to do so. Otherwise, all of the information in this section should be considered gamemaster-only data.

THE PLAYERS' GROUP

The players for this adventure should be a small group (4 to 7 characters) of Republic of the Sphere affiliation. Although they do not need to be natives of Bryant, it was on Bryant that they served as part of the planetary militia during the early years of the Blackout. Most— if not, *all*—of these characters should be MechWarriors with at least basic infantry skills (i.e. First Aid, Martial Arts, Melee Weapons, Navigation/Ground, and Small Arms).

The team begins this adventure as a squad-sized infantry unit in the North Jersey Chapter of the Bryant Citizens Militia, a local defense force exclusively made up of conventional infantry and light vehicles. The North Jersey Chapter boasts only six infantry squads in total (including the players' team), with a couple lances of APCs, a mobile HQ unit, and an assortment of support equipment such as towed autocannons, jeeps, and ambulances.

For various reasons (best left up to the players and GM), all of these characters will have been transferred to their current infantry assignment over the course of the last two years, since being honorably discharged and transferred from the now-defunct Bryant Planetary Militia.

If creating a new group for this adventure, the following guidelines are helpful:

- The BCM features no BattleMechs, aerospace fighters, or spacecraft of its own; all 'Mechs, fighters, and spacecraft on Bryant suitable for combat have been nationalized by the RAF, so players may not have access to these at the start of this adventure.
- While a wide range of skills is useful, the players are all hailing from regular military service that was more 'Mech-centric until only recently. This means the players may possess the MechWarrior Skill Field as their primary skill set, but must also possess at least some infantry combat skills, as they have basically "retired" to an infantry life.
- Try to ensure none of the player characters are significantly lower or higher in the amount of XP that was used to create their fellow PCs. They should be peers, even if they each have their own specialties. Furthermore, given the small size of each BCM Chapter, military ranks above Lieutenant should be avoided. The total manpower of a given Chapter is in the neighborhood of a mixed company, and the CO of the players' Chapter is an NPC with the rank of Major.

Adjusting NPC Experience

The non-player characters (NPCs) created for this adventure have been given capabilities optimized to challenge even a veteran-level team of characters on otherwise equal footing. If making new player-characters for this adventure, a starting XP allotment of 8,000 XP is best recommended to attain the same relative challenge level.

If the player-characters have a higher or lower average amount of XP among them, add or subtract this difference between the players' XPs to NPCs to adjust their Skills, Traits, and Attributes accordingly, using a 6:3:1 ratio. For example, if the players' characters average 9,000 XP each, their extra 1,000 XP difference would add 600 XPs to the NPCs' Skills, 300 XPs to the NPCs' Traits, and 100 XPs to the NPCs' Attributes. The GM can elect to divert the XPs allotted for Traits to Attributes if no suitable Traits seem available.

Getting Them Involved

This one is straightforward. The players are not mercenaries here, but basically "House regulars" who serve as part of a small local militia command on a sparsely populated world. The players have basically retired from a 'Mech-dominated militia in the aftermath of the early Blackout years, and chose to join this planetary guard force as a means of gainful employment close to their original career path—albeit much, much safer.

RICHARD PIERSON
Rank/Title: Lieutenant Colonel, Republic Armed Forces
Born: 3093 (45 in 3138)

Lieutenant Colonel Pierson is exactly the kind of urbane, smooth-talking, number-crunching sort that is equally at home handling press conferences from behind a lectern or selling used hovercraft to people who really don't need them. Having risen through the ranks of the RAF high enough to put himself behind a desk, rather than in a cockpit seat, he has become part of the logistical command network that has been scrambling to keep up with events since the collapse of the interstellar communications grid. As an affable man, his gift for public relations has been used to defuse more than a few panics both among the ranks of the RAF's own troops and in its dealings with local governments.

Yet while it is easy for the cynical to assume that Pierson is a politician in soldier's attire, the fact of the matter is that he is fiercely loyal to the Republic of the Sphere, and firmly believes in the moral authority of his superiors and their decisions on the Republic's behalf. This "patriotism" has made Pierson a trusted member of the RAF, and its voice of military reason almost any time an unpopular decision has to be made. Whatever the crisis, Pierson's faith that the Republic will weather it, and his eagerness to explain how (even if he's not sure himself) has inspired many who might otherwise have given in to despair.

CARL PHILLIPS
Rank/Title: Commander/Acting Legate, Bryant Citizens Militia
Born: 3098 (40 in 3138)

Prior to his current post, Colonel Carl Philips was an armor battalion commander in the Bryant Planetary Militia, a second-line force that had been hastily augmented with 'Mechs in the months immediately following the Blackout. When a few companies of the local defense forces lost their discipline in those chaotic times, it was Philips' loyalty to Bryant—above even the Republic itself—that prompted him to take action, arresting several dissident warriors under his command, and cashiering others.

Though publicly lauded for his initiative, behind closed doors, the RAF was unnerved by how quickly he circumvented protocols and the authority of his own superiors (who were admittedly slow to act on their own). This, combined with several public statements that emphasized his "Bryant First" attitudes, led the Republic military to leave him behind when the Planetary Militia was nationalized. This left Philips in charge of a planetary defense more akin to what might be found on a backwater world than a part of the Fortress Republic—but without the title of Legate that the Republic normally bestows upon those with such authority.

But if all this was meant to be a punishment to the Colonel, he displays no signs of repentance, and has focused his energies on ensuring that the infantry and vehicle forces left on Bryant are professional, effective, and dedicated to the protection of their homeworld from all enemies. Acknowledging the proper chain of command, Philips does not claim the title of Legate for himself, but styles himself "Commander" of the BCM pending the appointment of an official Legate for Bryant. In the meantime, missives from him are often posted as coming from "the Office of the Legate".

MONTGOMERY SMITH
Rank/Title: Major, BCM North Jersey Chapter
Born: 3089 (49 in 3138)

Major "Monty" Smith is a laid-back soldier who served a couple tours of duty as a MechWarrior in the RAF before becoming a member of the Bryant Planetary Militia prior to the Blackout. By the time of the HPG network collapse, he was already settling down to life on the farm, driving a HarvesterMech on a plot of personal farmland he had secured as part of his Republic citizenship. When the blackout prompted a surge in the planet's 'Mech defense forces, Smith "re-upped" on behalf of his homeworld, and returned to the cockpit once more.

As fate would have it, Smith's time back in MechWarrior togs was remarkably uneventful. Though some agents of various splinter groups did attempt to recruit him, he demonstrated little to no willingness to leave Bryant for a life of reckless adventure. Interestingly enough, when the remnants of the Planetary Militia were absorbed into the RAF, Smith was not among the MechWarriors taken into the fold. Instead, he was granted the rank of Major and assigned the command of one of the new infantry-based "Chapters" of the reorganized Bryant Citizens Militia.

ELIZABETH H. G. WELLES
Rank/Title: First Citizen of the Bryant Planetary Council
Born: 3096 (42 in 3138)

Citizen Elizabeth Welles considers herself a daughter of the Republic, but some of her off-world critics likely think otherwise, after she bitterly protested the dissolution of the Bryant Planetary Militia and the denuding of her homeworld's defenses in the wake of the Blackout. While the local media on Bryant appears to understand her position as the natural consequence of being the elected head of the twelve counties that make up the planet's official settlements, off-worlders see instead a woman who demands more of the state than her "small-time planet" deserves.

Clashes between Welles and Becca Jareque, the provisional governor of Bryant since the abrupt retirement of her predecessor, have emphasized a relationship between the two that is almost as stormy as the planet's climate. Jareque, as Bryant's former Legate, has a gruff, military demeanor that often chafes against Welles' more maternal personality. Although both women clearly have the planet's best interest at heart, Welles has gone on record denouncing several of Jareque's policy proposals, including agro production quotas for off-world exports, and the commissioning of expensive exploratory missions into Bryant's weather-ravaged interior regions.

ADVENTURE TRACKS

THE FALLING STAR

Mission Briefing

The day started like any other for you: with the synthesized sounds of an ancient bugle, blaring from the barracks speakers at sunrise. Reveille, you heard, was a tradition over a thousand years old, originating in one of those Terran nation states—Canadistan, maybe? (Ancient Terran history was never your strong suit, no matter how many academy instructors cited the works of its eighteenth through twenty-first century leaders.)

You and your roommate—they house you two to a room (*luxury!*)—rose for another day of maneuvers with the Bryant Citizens' Militia (North Jersey Chapter). You performed the ridiculously easy morning calisthenics, and had breakfast—eggs, sausage *and* bacon, all fresh from Grovers Mill. By 0900 hours, you and your squad mates were in the base's staging area, performing your daily equipment checks. Today the itinerary was field maneuvers—finally, a chance to really stretch the old legs after weeks of monotonous patrols and parade duty.

You learned not to complain about boredom during the mid-'30s, of course. But these days, you find yourself looking for *any* way to alleviate the soul-crushing boredom that has become your life in the BCM; even the storm relief duties that are almost commonplace here have become a well-practiced routine. Ever since the Wall went up and most of the planetary militia was nationalized and shipped off to parts unknown, you had found your semi-retirement to the ranks of the BCM's infantry reserve a pale shadow of real military service. Sure, it keeps you fed, fit, and sheltered, but the only real time you feel any thrill at all is when a brawl breaks out at the local cantina. Or when the Chapter runs one of these "combat preparedness exercises".

Why they just can't call it "war games" is beyond you.

So, anyway, this exercise is scheduled to take up the next three days at least—most of it on foot—in the hilly woodlands about twenty kilometers north of Grovers Mill. The place is called Grovers Grove (no kidding!) and is basically the site of a defunct lumber-harvesting business that was damaged and shut down in the chaos of the Blackout. Or because some tree huggers thought the Grovers Mill Lumber Company was over-farming the place; the story seems to change depending on who you ask.

Either way, the "mission" is simple enough; your squad—creatively named "Blue Team"—is to find and establish a defensible campsite in the eastern reaches of the Grove, and prepare for simulated combat. Your opponents—"Red Team", of course!—hail from the Crowley County Chapter of the BCM. They'll be doing the same in the western reaches of the same AO. Near the center of the sprawling region stands the rusting, decaying remains of the Grovers Mill Lumber complex. The goal is for the teams to battle each other for control of the complex, while the officers monitor your progress from climate-controlled mobile HQs.

See? Simple!

Assets

The player's team (a.k.a. "Blue Team") is an infantry squad of four to seven troopers, who will be equipped with the following gear from the armory of the North Jersey Chapter of the Bryant Citizens' Militia:

- 1 standard-issue Auto-Pistol (per trooper; see p. 265, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Automatic Rifle (per trooper; see p. 266, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Sniper Rifle (per squad; see p. 266, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Pump Shotgun (per squad; see p. 268, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Generic Infantry Armor Kit (per trooper; see p. 294, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Field Communicator (per trooper; see p. 301, *AToW*)
- 1 standard-issue Basic Field Kit (per trooper; see p. 312, *AToW*)
- 2 standard-issue Emergency Flares (per trooper, see p. 312, *AToW*)
- 4 Class-B (Mini) stun grenades (per trooper; see pp. 278 and 284, *AToW*)
- 6 magazines of training ammo per weapon (AP/BD: 0B/1DS; adds –1 to attack rolls)
- 3 days' worth of field rations (per trooper)

All equipment in the player characters' own inventories is also available to them, though care should be taken to avoid exceeding the character's overloaded limits (see *Encumbrance*, p. 170, *AToW*). After all, the characters will be expected to hoof it once they're dropped off in the woods.

In addition to all of this, the players' team will be monitored at all times by a Mobile HQ unit, a three-man vehicle commanded by the Chapter's XO, Captain Washington. Cameras and silent beacons installed in the character's helmets (and which must be left on at all times, per training and combat protocols), feed both visual and positioning data back to this HQ vehicle, which will sit just beyond the eastern outskirts of the AO, and will in turn be linked with its "Red Team" counterpart. The HQ crews will not interfere with the teams' actions, however; their purpose is monitoring only, and they will only attempt to intercede if a real crisis occurs (such as a medical emergency).

Opposition

According to the briefing, the opposing force will possess identical manpower and issued field equipment. As with the players' "Blue Team," "Red Team" will be monitored by its own mobile HQ unit, located just beyond the western edge of the AO.

Tactical Analysis

For the purposes of this exercise, you've been given quite a large playground, but the mission specifically calls for establishing a basecamp first before attacking. They've even given you a flag for said base because why not?

Each team will then have until 1900 hours—local dusk—on the first day to plan their approach before they are cleared to execute their mission. Points are being awarded for capturing the objective first, holding it the longest, creativity, adherence to the basic orders given, and the capture of the opposing team's flag (because, again, why not?). Points will be deducted for any type of cheating…including any tampering with the monitoring equipment used to make sure you're not cheating.

Tactically, the winner is whichever team holds the objective by 1900 hours on the third day of the exercise. The final point score will further define who won the overall objective.

Oh, cool bit! Each trooper will only be scored as "killed" when they have sustained three or more individual hits to the torso or head. Hits to any other body part will not be counted for exercise purposes. Special chemical and sound sensors in your armor will allow the observers to determine conclusively when you have been "killed" by the training rounds and stun grenades you're all carrying. If you "die", you're expected to hoof it all the way back to your basecamp flag to "respawn", so you can do it all over again.

You have no idea who came up with these rules, but you think whoever it was has way too much time on his hands.

Objectives

1. Make a Basecamp. Establishing a basecamp for your flag and gear is first priority. The officers want to be sure their troops know how to perform basic field survival skills. The team flag is to be located at the center of said basecamp and cannot be moved again by its "native" team for the remainder of the exercise (except to return it to base, should it be captured and recovered).

2. Take the Mill. You are expected to secure and hold all three buildings of the lumber mill by the end of the third day. One is the size of a small 'Mech hangar, and the other two are basically Quonset huts.

3. Try Not to "Die". Seriously; marching four kilometers or so back to your basecamp to "respawn" before you can rejoin the fight will be a bitch!

Mission Success Conditions

The winning team is the one who holds the lumber mill by 1900 hours on Day 3. The observers are keeping score for all the other stuff.

<<<GM ONLY>>>

Enemies

The "Red Team" that the players will spar with, is led by Sergeant Sergei Tucker, and—like the players' own group—consists of veterans of the post-Blackout fighting who decided not to join the nationalized forces claimed by the RAF in the aftermath. All members of the team are of equal skills to the player group, and geared exactly as they are for this simulation, but with one critical exception: In addition to their training rounds, Red Team's members all carry four extra magazines of live ammo for their weapons.

Unknown to the players' team (of course) is the fact that all members of Red Team are part of an underground insurgency against the Republic of the Sphere, one that has been building its strength in secret on Bryant for a while. After the nationalization of the main militia, however, they have found their access to 'Mechs severely limited, and so have scavenged whatever they could—which will lead to the surprise discovery the players find inside the lumber mill when they capture it (see *Objectives*, below).

Delayed for whatever reason, Red Team will not reach the mill before the players do. If encountered before the mill is taken by the players for any reason, Red Team will use the non-lethal ammo and fight the players as a simulation team should, and will likely even banter with them playfully. But once the Reds arrive at the mill, find the players have taken it first, and realize that they likely already found the hidden prizes within, they will become deadly serious. The only warning that something's changed will come to the players in the form of a sudden break in their mobile HQ's radio silence protocol, as Captain Washington calls them, confused as to why he's lost all of the feed from Red Team and its HQ van.

One turn after that, Red Team will switch to lethal ammunition. Convinced they must now eliminate the witnesses, they will begin their attempt to take the mill with deadly force.

Local Conditions

Grovers Grove is a partially deforested woodland area centered on the decaying remains of the Grovers Mill Lumber Company. The mill itself consists of three main structures, with the largest—a shipping warehouse—standing just over 15 meters tall and measuring 30 meters by 60 meters near the center of the complex. Both of the smaller structures (a worker's barracks and the main offices) stand to either side of the main building. There were three other wooden barn-like structures on the premises back in the mill's heyday, but all three have completely collapsed either from neglect or human action. Dirt roads crisscross the area, but largely remain clear only in the middle areas of the mill complex, as the rest have become overgrown by local vegetation in the past five years.

The Area of Operations (AO) for the exercise is roughly 8 kilometers across in all directions from the mill complex. It is a woodlands area of modest density, with a mix of full-grown trees, saplings, and an abundance of tree stumps and fallen timber.

While much of Bryant has been rendered inhospitable due to the planet's chronically stormy weather, the conditions in the North Jersey area where the players are have been mild for a number of weeks. The locals call this the "Calm Season". The local climate is thus typical of early autumn, with leaves changing and falling, but still plenty of foliage, shrubbery, and other clutter remaining to easily break lines of sight at the ground level. The forest canopy has been thinned out enough, however, for sunlight to penetrate easily, and at night, the characters will easily be able to make out stars in the sky (if they bother to look up).

Objectives

At the start of this track and up until the mill is captured by the players, the objectives are just as advertised: using training ammo and stun grenades, and officiated by the two mobile HQs, the opposing teams will be out to defeat one another and claim the abandoned mill.

But the moment the "Reds" realize the players have secured the mill,

they will go into damage control mode, switching to lethal munitions and preparing to kill them all to secure the site. By then, of course, the feeds from the players' helmet cameras will have already tipped off the team leaders in the HQ units that they found the insurgents' hidden prize in the main building: two weaponized LoaderMechs, plus a hidden cache of small arms, and even a BattleMech.

Difficulty

The soldiers in Red Team should be evenly matched against those of the players' Blue Team. Indeed, if any combat takes place before the players' team secures the largest of the three mill buildings, there will be no reason for Red Team to resort to lethal action; they will simply try to win the exercise using the training munitions provided.

Only upon the players' discovery of the hidden, armed WorkMechs inside the main mill building will prompt the Reds to turn deadly. Even then, their skills will remain evenly matched with those of the players; they were not pulling punches in the exercise. Still, the players will have the advantage of a defensible position in the form of the mill buildings themselves. They will also have the advantage of two armed WorkMechs that can be powered on by any warrior trained to pilot a 'Mech. (These 'Mechs have no specialized security systems; any warrior that manages to climb into one of their cockpits can spend 6 turns to activate the unit after making a successful Piloting/'Mech Skill check.)

If the players opt to be more thorough in their search of the large mill structure, they will also be able to notice a few other surprises inside. On a successful Perception Skill check with an MoS of 3+, they will find that one of the structure's storage racks has been moved in front of a hidden chamber barely larger than a lavatory. After moving the racks—an action that will require at least two characters with a combined STR Score of 8—they will find the concealed room is actually a utility closet that houses a cache of 2D6 auto-rifles and pistols just like theirs, all neatly arranged along with 1D6+1 magazines of live munitions for each weapon.

A second Perception Check success inside the large building, this one with an MoS of 4+, will also reveal that the two WorkMechs have been parked in such a way that both are standing on opposite edges of what appears to be a heavy metal plate covering much of the dusty, debris-strewn floor—and that relatively fresh scraping marks in the pavement suggests this plate is a newer addition. The plate is too large and heavy to be moved by hand, but it can be easily "slid aside" by one of the WorkMechs if they are powered up. Sliding away the plate will reveal a sloping ramp leading almost fifteen meters underground…with two pristine PRF-1R *Prefect*s, in RAF colors, standing at its end.

(Unlike the WorkMechs, the *Prefect*s do have security protocols in place, which will require a MoS of 5+ to override, using the Security Systems/Electronics or Technician/Electronics Skills. If this occurs, the *Prefect*s can be brought to full readiness in 6 combat turns.)

Aftermath

As the players and their opponents square off at the mill, and things are getting serious—but preferably before the first player-character gets killed by members of Red Team, or they have the chance to annihilate the Reds—Captain Washington will come over the radio with an abrupt warning of "*Incoming!*" before suddenly going dead in a squeal of static.

Mere moments later, a brilliant flash of light will fill the sky overhead, easily visible to all of the combatants as night briefly becomes day. Looking up, it will appear as if a fireball were streaking past just overhead, screaming southward, followed closely by a deafening sonic boom that shakes the entire battle zone.

It may take the players a few moments before they suddenly realize that Red Team has stopped shooting and has apparently retreated to cover. After a few turns of no activity, the players' radios will crackle to life again, this time with the voice of Red Team's Sergeant Tucker.

"Um," he begins uncertainly. "Truce?"

THE FIGHTING BEGINS

Mission Briefing

Well, *this* was certainly not what you expected when you got up this morning!

From what you have pieced together, Tucker and his Red Team happens to be involved in some kind of black market ring dealing in contraband weapons, up to and including armed 'Mechs. He claims that he and his men were assigned to this exercise mainly to cover the secret without arousing suspicion, but when the Blues got their first, his superiors apparently panicked.

But black market or no, employers or no, all of that became secondary when he saw that drop craft whizz by overhead. Tucker is a Bryant native through and through, and he believes someone is attacking his homeworld. So, he's offering a deal; he and his guys will stop fighting and tell his employers that they were too late to stop you guys from "capturing" all that juicy gear inside the lumber mill, so you can save the town from the invaders, while his men provide whatever tactical support you need.

In exchange, he proposes you let his guys go, let bygones be bygones, and don't talk about how they all just tried to kill you.

Assets

The assets open to the players depends heavily on how willing they are to trust the Red Team after the recent events. At the very least, they now have whatever gear they kept from the previous Track, as well as any gear they have found at the mill site (including the two modified LoaderMechs).

Opposition

Depending on how one looks at it, the players have one "known" enemy, and one "unknown" enemy to watch out for.

The "known" enemy, of course, is Red Team, but they are willing to cede command to the players and even allow them to commandeer the WorkMechs as a sign of good faith. Of course, the fact that they'd be unable to *stop* the players from doing so at this point anyway is beside the point.

The "unknown" is something else. Whatever whizzed by overhead did not seem large enough to be a DropShip, but it didn't look like any fighter or drop pod the players ever saw before either. The word from Grovers Mill is far too vague to give anything useful about the invaders, but as it happens, the players' team may suddenly be the best men for the job by virtue of being in the right place, at the right time, with perhaps the heaviest firepower on Bryant.

Tactical Analysis

Grovers Mill is ten kilometers south of the ruined lumber company that bears its name. The light woodlands between the two end less than two kilometers before the town limits, at which point much of the land is made up of carefully cultivated farmlands that ring the small cluster of medium-sized buildings that make up the town's commercial and administrative center.

The combined cover of woods and night should conceal you most of the way in, and you have access to at least two HQ vehicles in addition to your purloined WorkMechs.

Objectives

1. Identify the Invader! *Something* is tearing up the agro-community of Grovers Mill, and nobody's sure who, what, or how many of them there are. The militia will need info fast!

2. Defeat the Invader! If possible, destroying the invaders will save Grovers Mill, at least for the time being. You're soldiers; that's what you do.

3. Survive! This goes without saying; any intel you get is only good if you can get word back to the North Jersey militia base.

Mission Success Conditions

Completing Objectives 1 and 3, without losing more than 50 percent of the player-characters, will be counted as a mission success. Completing all Objectives without losing more than 50 percent of the player-characters will be counted as a huge success. Completing all Objectives without losing anyone (from either team), will be counted as an overwhelming success.

<<<GM ONLY>>>

Enemies

Of the "known enemy", Red Team is as on-the-level as they dare to be; Tucker is willing—if not, eager—to let the player-characters take the WorkMechs into battle to defend Grovers Mill, believing that their world is under attack. Suspecting the attackers might be a greater threat than any legal action the authorities will mete out to them, he and his team are perfectly willing to let the players shoulder the entire burden here, while they slink off into the shadows.

The "unknown enemy" is far more dangerous: a *Scout* Tripod that has already begun to ravage the township of Grovers Mill for unknown reason. Using its ECM and precision strikes on the town's communications lines, it has already silenced its victims, and now seems content to terrify the locals while it rampages through the streets, as though searching for something.

Local Conditions

The environmental conditions described earlier remain in effect. The village of Grovers Mill is almost literally a one-road town, with most of its municipal buildings, shops, and other commercial structures clustered together on opposite sides of a broad concrete highway that runs through the little burg. Beyond it, residents dot the area along asphalt side roads, eventually giving way to farmlands in all directions. The woodlands around Grovers Mill are much more sparse than they were in the lumber mill area, mainly because only the hardiest trees tend to grow to full size on the planet's flatlands.

The weather is clear and calm, but it remains night time at the time of this Track, so visibility modifiers for darkness remain in effect. Fortunately, there is no such thing as a moonless night on Bryant.

Objectives

To successfully identify this invader, the players will need to get into line of sight of the *Scout* Tripod, preferably while it is illuminated by the ambient lighting of Grover Mill's street. (Otherwise, night modifiers will be in effect, applying a –2 modifier to all Perception Checks.) Electronic sensors will not work, and the configuration of the invader's 'Mech is unlike anything ever seen before by the players. Indeed, the GM should go all out on expressing the alien look of this armless Tripod with a stalk-like beam weapon. See also p.23 for a sketch.

The *Scout* will not react to players on foot, but will fire upon any moving vehicles or 'Mechs. If confronted by more than it can handle, the machine will only stay long enough to try and disable one of the WorkMechs before rushing off to the west, moving faster than any of the players or their allies can follow.

Difficulty

Much hinges on what the players discovered in the previous track and how far they trust the Red Team to assist them. The Reds have trained MechWarriors in their number, and can reveal the presence of the two BattleMechs hidden below the lumber mill if the players did not already discover them. They will even provide the passcodes needed to unlock them without hacking. (The password is "Password", by the way. No, really. Let the players try and work that out for themselves if they don't ask the Reds.)

Sergeant Tucker, of the Red Team, will be reluctant to join the fight personally. Left to his own devices, he and his team will try and slip away while the players fight the invaders, but he can be convinced to help if the party is shorthanded. Alternatively, Captain Washington—from the players' HQ vehicle—may volunteer himself to pilot any 'Mech the players leave available. (Washington, who calls himself a "veteran", actually is a bit rusty by now, and thus only rates as Regular.)

Aftermath

The *Scout* Tripod has moved off (or been destroyed), and Grovers Mill is safe. But as the ECM interference fades and communication with Militia HQ resumes, the players learn that the situation has only gotten worse, as reports of multiple landings, scattered throughout Crowley, Bayonne, and North Jersey counties, continue to come in. Widespread panic has begun as witnesses report seeing strange, tripedal machines that look like no BattleMech ever seen before. The machines have no discernible markings, and they are not communicating with anyone. Tales of powerful laser or particle weapons blasting buildings while black smoke chemical weapons fill the streets with bodies, are running rampant.

And the only people on all of Bryant with 'Mechs that can possibly oppose them are the players.
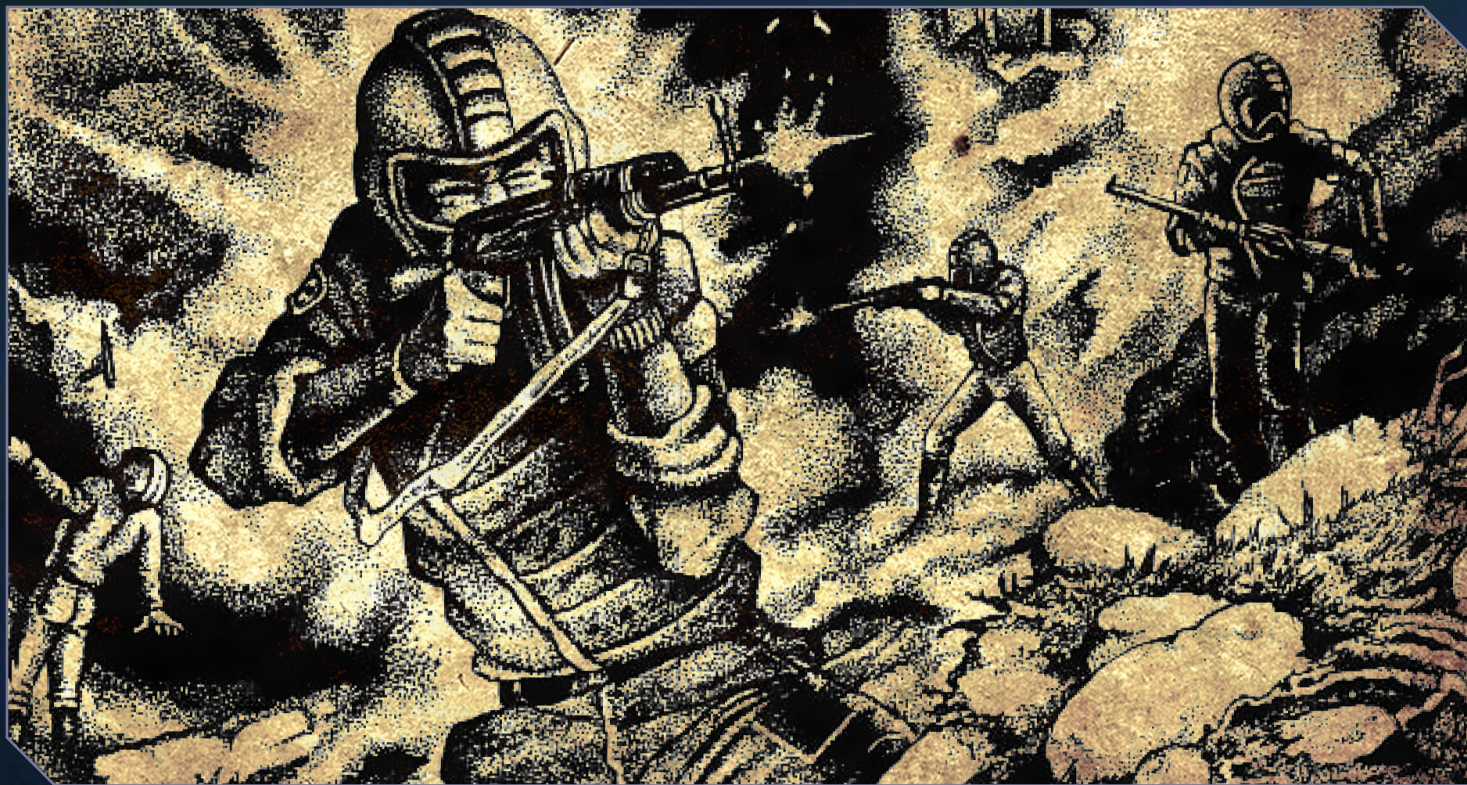
RISE AGAINST THE MACHINES!

Mission Briefing

The nearest place menaced by the Tripod invaders is the village of Cornwallis, where sketchy reports suggest that two, or maybe three, Tripods have landed. More interesting is that some other BCM troops appear to be engaging them. Of course, they are ill-equipped to fight them solo. Your aid is desperately needed!

Time to be heroes again! For Bryant!

Assets

Everything the players had left at the end of the prior Track is what they have left now. In addition, it sounds like the BCM has managed to dispatch a platoon of troopers to the site, with some field guns. Unfortunately, these field guns are little more than towed autocannons. They *might* make a small dent in these Tripods, but without serious 'Mech support, they're just going to become target practice for whoever these invaders are.

Opposition

All you know is from what the last reports mentioned, as relayed from the base by Captain Washington. Two—maybe three—Tripod units are attacking Cornwallis and its surroundings. Some of these reports are describing a kind of "black gas" weapon being used, suggesting chemical warfare. Others claim that incendiary weapons of some kind have been fired.

Tactical Analysis

Cornwallis is an example of a modern walled city on Bryant. Based on an old, pre-Star League enclosed-dome complex, it developed a distinctive circular arrangement that persisted after the upper layers of the bio-dome were removed during the planet's good years. When bad weather patterns returned to the planet, Cornwallis' remnant walls were rebuilt to serve as tall "wind-breakers" instead, while smaller buildings and storm-resistant structures—including a quaint wind-power farm—were built around the flatlands surrounding it.

Objectives

1. Stop the Invaders! Pretty straightforward here: those Tripods are a threat to everything and everyone in the area.

2. Save Cornwallis! Cornwallis has an estimated population of 1,500 civilians, and is also known as the hometown of First Citizen Elizabeth Welles, the head of the planet's legislative council. Even if the attackers are too strong to put down, assisting or covering any evacuations will be important.

3. Identify the Invaders! Finding out who they are, and getting that info out beyond the enemy's ECM fields, remains a priority.

Mission Success Conditions

The only definite solution to Cornwallis' crisis is the destruction of the invading Tripods, whether or not they can be identified later, so achieving the first Objective will count as a solid victory for the players' team. If the players can stop the invaders before the entire town of Cornwallis is destroyed (the first two objectives), it counts as a resounding victory—especially if the players are able to confirm that First Citizen Welles is among the survivors.

Identifying the invaders—and radioing that info back to base in the clear—is really a secondary concern here. But if the players pull it off, they've earned themselves some medals and a few more square kilometers of personal land, courtesy of the grateful citizens of Bryant!

At this stage, accomplishing these goals will be considered a victory no matter how many casualties the players' force incurs… but, of course, survival ensures that the players live to fight another day.

<<<GM ONLY>>>

Enemies

The village of Cornwallis is being menaced by two or three Tripods. The actual number of these machines is up to the GM, but all such units should be from those models found at the back of this book. Once again, the primary aim of these Tripod invaders appears to be sowing panic while simultaneously—and rather thoroughly—destroying any structure that looks like it serves an industrial, commercial, or governmental function.

Although they have the firepower to easily level the entire village indiscriminately, the Tripods seem content to loiter menacingly, as if searching (or waiting) for something. But if opposed by actual military forces, they will not hesitate to concentrate on their challengers and bring them down.

At no point will these Tripod-piloting invaders appear to communicate with the locals. No demands for surrender or proclamations of conquest will be heard, and direct calls to them will go unanswered. As with the *Scout* Tripod encountered at Grovers Mill, they sport no recognizable insignia, and the warbook software in the 'Mechs the player-characters have commandeered by this point will draw a blank.

Local Conditions

The village of Cornwallis consists of a scattering of ferrocrete block structures, few of which are larger than two stories in height, situated on an expanse of largely flat terrain roughly half a kilometer across in all directions. Surrounding this are "windbreaker" walls made of reinforced ferrocrete segments that are each 30 meters wide, 12 meters thick, and 18 meters high. Thirty-meter wide gateways are located at the eastern, western, northwestern, and southeastern wall sections, where asphalt roadways lead into the village from the surrounding countryside. At this time of year, these gates are left open, and the Tripod attack has come too quickly for the locals to close them.

Each 30-meter wall section is thick enough to support a BattleMech standing atop it, and strong enough to support loads as heavy as 120 tons. Beyond these walls are several smaller residential buildings and farm structures, with the largely open, plowed fields broken only by a random scattering of trees. A row of six wind-power turbines, each 25 meters in height, stand outside the village's southwest walls. It is up to the GM to determine the resiliency (Construction Factor) for all of these structures, though it is recommended that most of the buildings outside the village walls are given CF values between 20 and 40, with the wind turbines given a CF of 50 to 70. Each town wall section has a CF of 120, while the internal buildings may be of any CF from 20 to 80.

At the time the players arrive, it will be early morning at Cornwallis, with mostly clear skies, thus providing no natural environmental modifiers for combat.

Objectives

Prior to gameplay, the GM should also determine where First Citizen Welles is holed up (along with 1D6 local security and staff), as well as the locations for a number of evacuees still inside the village. All of these start the battle as "hidden" units.

In tactical play, evacuee groups will be treated as unarmed "infantry" squads of 2D6 members each, who will flee toward the nearest exit gates the moment a player unit has LOS to their hiding spot—or a Tripod unit comes within 60 meters (2 tactical hexes) of their position. All 'Mech units passing through a space occupied by these fleeing civilians should make a Piloting Skill roll to avoid trampling them. On a failure, the civilian "unit" loses 1 person per 10 tons of unit weight.

Welles' "unit" will only emerge from hiding when a player unit comes within 60 meters of its position, at which point the player unit will be called by one of Welles' aides on a tight-beamed radio signal, and asked to cover the First Citizen's retreat. Once acknowledged, Welles' unit will move as a wheeled mechanized infantry unit (wheeled vehicles with a top speed of 4 tactical MPs; about 45 kph) toward the nearest exit gate. If the players last long enough for Welles' unit to escape, it counts as a win.

Difficulty

Beating the Tripods already in Cornwallis, at this point, should be rather difficult—if not impossible—but the GM should give the players a chance to make an epic fight about it, given their capabilities. The Tripod pilots all have veteran-level Skills, but their machines have limited weaponry and serious difficulties if they lose their footing.

If the players do manage to down the Tripods present on the field, the GM should feel free to bring in "reinforcements"; the invaders were hoping to flush out the real resistance on Bryant, and the players, with their 'Mechs, are it. Thus, the Tripods will keep coming until all non-Tripod 'Mechs have been destroyed.

When the players arrive, there are still two squads of allied, motorized conventional infantry present, each of which has a functional towed Autocannon/5 ready to bring to bear. These fellow BCM troops will inform any players who ask that they're all that's left for military force here; there were two other squads across town but they were already wiped out by the invaders' "black smoke" weapons. They will then offer their support, yielding field command to the guys with the 'Mechs.

Aftermath

If any players survive the encounter, it should only be after their own 'Mechs have been destroyed. At the urging of either a local infantry survivor, an NPC in their chain of command, or (only if *absolutely* necessary), a direct hint by the GM, they should identify a structure to regroup at once they've been dismounted, leading into the next Track.

Of course, if all of the players managed to die by this point, the adventure is over. Congratulations on the Tripod victory!

UNDERFOOT

Mission Briefing

Your 'Mechs are gone, and the invaders have overrun the village of Cornwallis. Using the smoke and rubble for cover, you have managed to make your way through the ruined streets to regroup. The sounds of secondary explosions, and the thumping of the peculiar tripedal machines, continue throughout the morning.

Your shelter is a safe zone, but only for the moment, for you are certain that the Tripods will be searching for survivors. Getting out of Cornwallis, and possibly all the way off of Bryant, may be your only option now.

Assets

The clothes on your back, and whatever gear you had stowed in your cockpits when your machines fell are all the players likely have left. Things are pretty grim here.

Opposition

To date, you have seen no other ground support for the Tripods—not infantry, vehicles, or fighters. You thus seem to be contending only with an enemy whose "eyes" are ten meters above-ground, and lumbering through the ruins of a demolished town. Escaping Cornwallis, and the planet, will consist largely of not being seen by the Tripod 'Mechs, you hope.

Tactical Analysis

It's straight stealth all the way. If you find yourself spotted by a Tripod, your best hope is probably to run.

Objectives

1. Get Out Alive! Escape Cornwallis.

2. Escape From Bryant! Take the first DropShip off this stormy rock; hopefully, you can get word to the RAF that the world has been conquered by these unknown invaders.

Mission Success Conditions

Getting out of the village is a victory in and of itself, especially if you have to do it on foot. Escaping the planet is a total victory at this point…even if it's only one of you who survives that far.

<<<GM ONLY>>>

Enemies

As the players ponder their moves, the surviving Tripods from the previous Track are consolidating their victory, and will be moving toward the town gates to watch for fleeing survivors. By this point, the Tripod warriors know that at least some of their opposition has managed to elude them after their 'Mechs were downed.

But before the players can get much done, a loud thumping will abruptly reveal the presence of another Tripod very close to their hiding place. This Tripod is the biggest they've seen, a *Harvester*, and—should any dare to look—it's long, tentacle-like lift hoists retract toward the strange opening pods along its rear flank. When the hoists come back down, each one is carrying an armored battle trooper that looks almost as alien as the machines themselves. These suits are actually cosmetically altered Oni battlesuits (see p. 15, *TR3145*) equipped with anti-'Mech support PPCs.

Local Conditions

The players begin this track inside the ruins of Cornwallis, at the building or other shelter where they ended the previous Track. Based on that location, the GM can determine where the nearest gate is at the time the *Harvester* Tripod arrives. Having been well-ravaged by this point, the village is now a smoking, burning field of ruins, crumbling buildings, and fallen war machines—all of which can combine to give the players some decent cover in their efforts to escape.

Beyond the gates of Cornwallis, some of the farm buildings and such may still be standing, but it is almost fifty kilometers to the nearest significant settlements on the way to Brein.

Objectives

Whatever the players opt to do at this point, they will be hounded by the Tripods and the Oni suits their *Harvester* has dropped. Using its Lift Hoists, the *Harvester* can lower two suits of armor from its internal cargo bays (where they have been uncomfortably stored) every twenty seconds. After depositing six troopers in this fashion, the *Harvester* will close up again and join the other Tripods in minding the gates.

Difficulty

This being the last Track of the adventure, the GM can be as cruel as he likes here, but try not to make it utterly hopeless. The Oni suits have no special sensory gear beyond the normal battle armor kit, but their ECMs will add to the interference caused by the Tripods themselves. These suits will hound the players most, while the Tripods mainly just stand watch at the various village gates.

If the players get past the gates, they can easily find cover amid the shrubs and tall grasses clumped around the village's exterior, eventually making their way to either some of the still standing farm houses, or the main roads toward Brein. Once on the open roads, the Tripods—and any other signs of human life—will be all but non-existent, but each village and community on the way to Brein—two counties away from Conwallis—will be empty and damaged.

Brein itself will be blockaded, however, by an active Tripod presence. After all of their efforts to get there, the players may find escape from Bryant to be impossible.

Aftermath

About a week or so after the fall of Cornwallis, the invading Tripods will converge on the spaceport outside the city of Brein, where a pair of non-descript, unmarked *Union*-class DropShips arrive to take them away. Having never communicated their intent, the identity of the raiders will remain a mystery that even republic officials find impossible to explain.
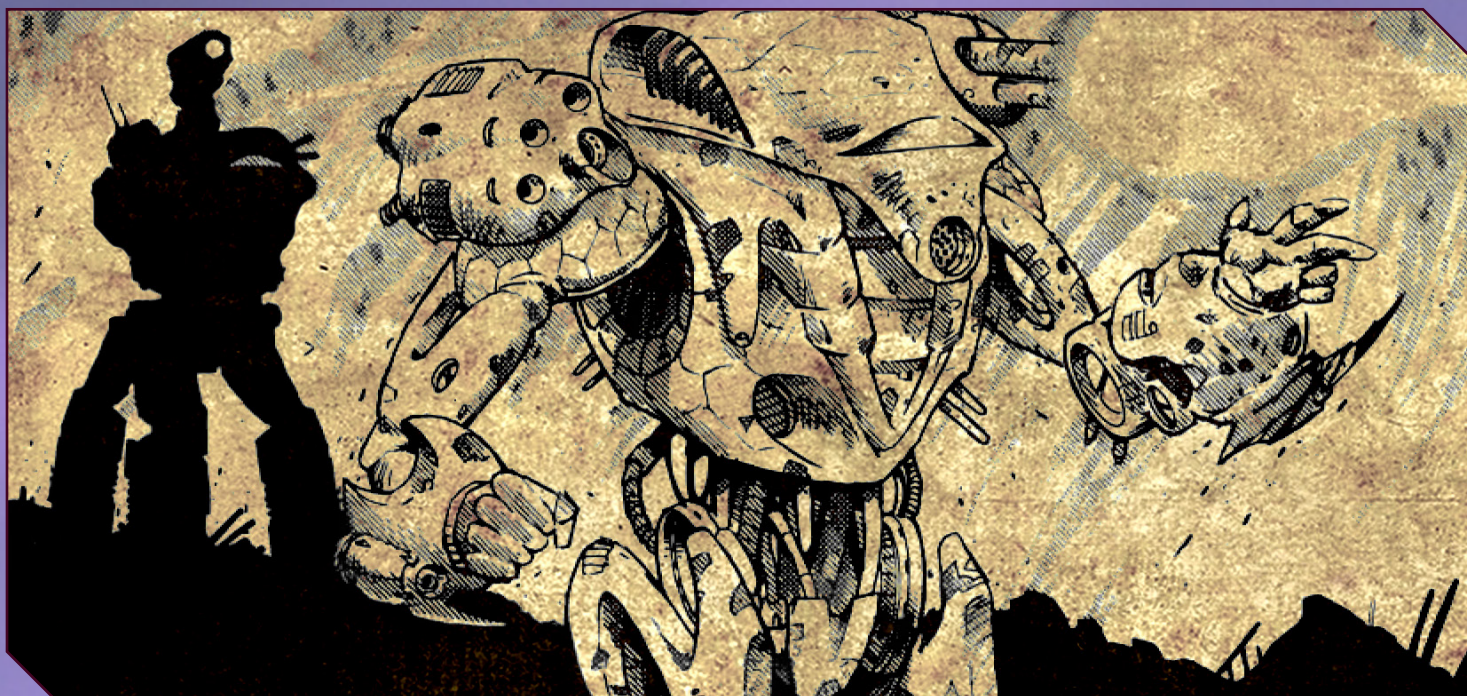
DEBRIEFING

From the perspective of the player-characters, it may never be clear just what happened on Bryant in October of 3138, or why. The Republic at large, unaware of it until and unless someone makes it off Bryant, will keep the adventure entirely off the radar, and the low population and minimal strategic value of the planet itself will likely prompt any RAF response to be little more than a quick inquiry after platitudes that they "will get to the bottom of this." As the events of the Dark Age continue to grow worse beyond the Walls, of course, and the Republic faces challenges from within, the events on Bryant will soon be written off as irrelevant, and quickly forgotten.

Ultimately, there are three main ways this adventure can end for our players: utter defeat (failure with only one or two survivors), fall back to the underground (escaped Cornwallis, but stranded on Bryant and still strong enough to do something), or victory over the invaders (the GM has been *very* forgiving). The aftermath of these outcomes are sketched out below.

The Fall of Man

If the group fails to escape Cornwallis with more than one or two surviving PCs, they will soon learn that the invaders have overrun the planet, ravaging several villages between Cornwallis and Brein, and ultimately sacking Brein itself. This is particularly bad if the players also failed to find and cover the retreat of First Citizen Welles from Cornwallis, as her loss in the assault will all but collapse the planetary government, and any sort of organized response to the invasion. With no effective leadership left—militarily or politically—Bryant will "fall" to the Tripods.

With no resistance left to oppose them, the Tripod invaders—wildly estimated at everywhere from one to fifteen regiments in total strength (there might be *some* exaggeration, of course)—will visit all twelve of the planet's counties before working their way to the undocumented "gypsy" settlements that live in the unclaimed reaches elsewhere. Each time, their operations largely sow chaos and panic, during which time they appear to destroy anything that can meaningfully oppose them.

The eventual departure of the Tripods at this stage is ultimately up to the GM, but the "invasion" could last as long as a year, during which time the players will be little more than spectators to what appears to be the fall of all mankind on Bryant against invaders who never identify themselves, and whose exotic tripedal war machines behave weirdly. To add more misery to this, the raiders could leave after the Calm Season ends, all but ensuring that Bryant has been terrorized by them long enough to prevent the cultivation of the staple crops usually used to support the population when the weather patterns become too hazardous for farming. This would leave the survivors of the attack exposed to the threat of starvation as food reserves plunge, while the shattering of the planet's other infrastructure and militia support mean less weather crisis management when the eventual hurricanes and flooding begin anew.

All in all, it will be a bad time for Bryant.

Run to the Hills!

If enough of the group manages to flee Cornwallis, only to eventually find that Brein is a Tripod stronghold with no way off world, they could (somehow) opt to form an underground resistance. Accomplishing this would require them to gather as many armed residents as possible, and uniting with the broken remains of the BCM Chapters across the planet. This could be facilitated further by leveraging their experience as the ones who already fought the Tripods at Grovers Mill and Cornwallis, giving them a "hero status" among the resistance.

Against an enemy force that seems to never exit its 'Mechs and battle armor, the players might find a resistance group a bit hard to gain any real traction, but they may yet find a means to thwart the invaders by saving as many of the planet's political and business leaders as possible. During this time, they may even learn that the "black market" they learned about back at the lumber mill firefight actually was more extensive than they thought. Indeed, an entire battalion of smuggled 'Mechs and heavy combat vehicles have been scattered in caches throughout the twelve counties—albeit none with more than a lance's worth of heavy equipment in each. Unfortunately, these machines will all be of 3085 vintage and older, or little more than armed industrial machines like the weaponized LoaderMechs they found before.

If they dig deeply enough, they may even learn that these caches of weapons were all gathered by the black market at the behest of certain local leaders who feel that the recent departure of Bryant's 'Mech forces after the raising of the Wall left their world too vulnerable to foreign invaders. This attempt to arm up the planet, on the face of it, effectively defies Republic policies by placing heavy military hardware in the hands of a non-Republic military—the very thing that added so much to the chaos immediately following the Blackout.

No wonder they were hiding that stuff!

Victory!!!

It should be all but impossible to escape from Bryant, but one possibility the players might stumble across would be to board the outbound raider DropShips when they arrive, likely as stowaways. The players may discover these ships by carefully watching how the remaining Tripods behave over the weeks after their fall, and following their migrations as few Tripods will remain outside of Brein after a while. This could eventually lead to the realization that the invaders are gathering their forces at the capital city, where the planetary spaceport is located, suggesting their imminent withdrawal.

Once on an outbound raider DropShip, the players may either lay low, or try and do something foolish. If they are stealthy enough, they will learn that the invaders are not only quite human, but that they seem to be Republic special forces of some kind. As jarring as that is, players caught stowing away on the raiders' DropShip will be subjected to an intense interrogation, labeled rebels, and could be ejected into space if they're not careful. Seems the whole "Tripod invasion" of Bryant was a black ops mission aimed at rooting out potential armed dissidents on Bryant. Something about caches of 'Mechs and tanks hidden all over the planet by traitorous agents.

If the players manage to lay low long enough for the raider DropShips to reach their eventual destination, they will find themselves taken to an undisclosed planet, where they will find no help waiting for their word of strange invaders coming to their world. Turns out that the RAF really can't have news of its special operations or a potential rebellion inside the Fortress Walls getting out, so our heroes may become permanent guests of the very invaders they spent this entire adventure fighting.

No good deed goes unpunished, we suppose…

Other Outcomes

Of course, if the GM doesn't like any of those options, others include a smuggler ship coming to Bryant while nobody's looking and getting our heroes off to a free Republic world, where they can tell the general public and/or non-spec ops RAF about the invasion. This kind of amazing victory—all the more remarkable because the smuggler ship apparently didn't get itself destroyed during or after its time on Bryant during the Tripod invasion—would make the players something of a minor celebrity to the local news and military agencies, but soon forgotten as their wild tales cannot be corroborated due to some kind of red tape concerning travel to and from Bryant.

On the plus side, this lets the players live; on the downside, Bryant's still not looking so good.

An alternate course, of course, is for the GM to reveal that the Tripod invaders are, in fact, aliens!

No, really!

Also known as the "so non-canon it hurts" outcome, our heroes can learn—somehow—that the beings working the Tripods and their battlesuits are either human-like simulacrum or some kind of slimy, scaly, furry, *things* that only have an approximation of human form. Driven by some weird kind of extraterrestrial logic, they came to Bryant—a low-population world with a climate they're used to (they must like rain, hail, and wind an awful lot!)—to take root, and attacked only because they found an armed intelligent species was already there.

Hey, it's *your* game table, man!

GAMEMASTER'S SOURCEBOOK

The following pages are for the gamemaster's use only, and contain all vital background information on Bryant, and the Tripods who menace it. In addition to providing descriptions and details the players will need to discover on their own, there are also rules here covering how to handle the conditions and challenges unique to this *A Time of War* adventure.

ABOUT BRYANT

The planetary details provided in this adventure were presented as a block of basic data used in many of our recent *BattleTech* products, including the *Handbook* sourcebooks and the *Objectives* PDF-exclusive series. This data provides key details that the gamemaster can use to further tailor their gameplay, reflecting the unique features of this world and any objective(s) located there. The following rules identify the core rules that apply, based on the indicated world data.

Star Type, Position in System, Time to Jump Point

Bryant is located at the fourth orbital position from a white, F-class, sub-giant star. Though its orbit is roughly 1.45 astronomical units (AUs) from its sun, the fact that this star is both hotter and larger than Sol has resulted in a world that is generally much warmer than mankind's homeworld.

The three planets inward of Bryant are little more than airless rocks, each roughly half the size of Terra, with two of them tide-locked (like Mercury). The single planet outward from Bryant is a small gas giant, which has an eccentric orbit that varies from 6 to 10 AU's distance from its parent star, while Bryant itself and its inner companions follow more or less regular orbital paths.

Compared to the sun as seen from Terra, Bryant's star, when it appears, looms large and casts a harsh glare on the clearest days, making sunscreen and protective eyewear almost a necessity during most daylight hours in the Calm Season. Fortunately, Bryant's turbulent weather and massive cloud systems tend to mute these effects, dimming and diffusing the glow to the point where the planet is awash in light similar to that found from common household fluorescent bulbs.

JumpShips stationed at Bryant's main jump points require 176 hours to fully recharge their sails, while the star's higher gravitational impact means that such vessels must park themselves just over two weeks of comfortable acceleration away from the planet.

Number of Satellites

Bryant's three moons—Jarra, Sennu, and Summersdale—are individually smaller than Terra's but collectively outmass Luna by almost thirty percent. In the night sky, at least two of these moons (Sennu and Summersdale) tend to be easily visible, even on partly cloudy days, with the distant and obviously smaller Jarra peeking out from behind Sennu during exotic intervals the locals consider to be analogous to the lunar phases of Terra. Like Terra's moon, Sennu and Summersdale are excellent reflectors of their sun's light, but Jarra's darker, charcoal hue has a much more muted effect on the night sky.

On clear days, Bryant's lunar bodies ensure that the planet never suffers from total darkness, except perhaps at the extreme poles. Only the heavier cloud cover that typifies the majority of the planet's climate can cut off the lunar glow entirely.

Surface Gravity

Bryant's surface gravity is 2 percent lower than Terra's. As a general rule, this should not affect the mobility of most characters and vehicles on the planet (especially as all will be affected equally), but if movement distances in meters become important at any point, the effect will increase most movement speeds by about 1 meter for every 50 meters the character or vehicle would normally be able to traverse under normal conditions.

Atmospheric Pressure and Breathability

Bryant's atmosphere is largely identical to Terran standard, and is breathable without special apparatus. Thus, regular exertions and Fatigue-causing actions in gameplay will not be modified from those found in *A Time of War* (see p. 189, AToW).

Climate, Terrain, and Population

Bryant's equatorial temperature and general environmental classification is described as 37° C (Tropical), making the planet warmer and far more humid than Terra. Though its surface water is only 64 percent (7 percent less than Terra's surface water, in proportion), the fact is that much of the planet's water is constantly being churned and precipitated by storm systems that ravage most of the remaining land areas.

Several storm systems on Bryant are constant and continuous, fed by a combination of tidal forces and the planet's warmer sun. A series of local jet streams tends to keep these storms to the intermediate and central latitudes of the planet, but for roughly seven to eight months out of the year, even the polar areas the planet's residents now call home become chronically inundated with far more rain, sleet, and wind than most would find comfortable.

Prior to the Blackout—at the time of the last known planetary census—Bryant's population numbered only 52 thousand permanent residents, but it has been common knowledge for some time that there are perhaps another 50 to 100 thousand undeclared locals, who live scattered, isolated, even nomadic lives across the planet. These "gypsy residents" generally have no say or interest in local politics, nor are they considered citizens in any real sense of the word, but the average local on Bryant seems unfazed by their presence. After all, with so few people living on Bryant, there's no real shortage in resources for a few thousand "squatters" who keep to themselves anyway.

Rules: For any *Total Warfare*-scale battles taking place on this world, use dominantly open or hilly terrain for any scenarios that take place outside of the village areas. The villages on Bryant mostly qualify as light urban environments, with only Brein itself classed as a heavy urban area. Settlements closer to the shorelines also tend to feature walls that stand at least fifteen meters or more in height and surround most of their municipal, commercial, and industrial centers. Residences and farms may appear outside these walls, however. Plowed fields and grasslands tend to cover much of the land surrounding Bryant's inhabited villages and towns.

When placing any structures on maps for Bryant, it is recommended to use light buildings (CF of 15 or less) only if the structure is supposed to be hollow (such as a barn or hangar) or stands inside a walled area. Buildings expected to stand up to the weather patterns on Bryant tend to be medium CF or higher.

For weather conditions, the game master must first identify where the players are, and whether or not they are in the "Calm Season". The "Calm Season" does not neatly fit on a Terrestrial calendar, but typically runs for 4 to 5 months in the polar regions of the planet. Though this adventure largely takes place during the peak clear days of the early Calm Season, players who venture elsewhere or linger for days may find themselves increasingly at the mercy of the local elements. To reflect this, the GM is encouraged to roll on the Random Bryant Weather Table presented here once per in-game day (twice in regions that do not have a "Calm Season"), to determine the severity of the weather based on the players' current whereabouts and season. Consult either *Tactical Operations* or *A Time of War* for the in-game effects of these conditions.

RANDOM BRYANT WEATHER TABLE

2D6 Roll	Polar Regions (Calm Season)	Polar Regions (Not Calm Season)	Interior Region (Any Season)	Equatorial Region (Any Season)
2	Heavy Hail	Heavy Hail	Tornado F1-F3	Tornado F4
3	Lightning Downpour	Heavy Hail	Heavy Hail	Tornado F1-F3
4	Wind Storm	Wind Storm	Torrential Downpour	Tornado F1-F3
5	Moderate Gale	Lightning Storm	Lightning Storm	Heavy Hail
6	Light Rain*	Heavy Rain	Heavy Rain	Lightning Storm
7	Clear (Overcast)	Moderate Rain	Light Hail	Heavy Rain, Gusting
8	Light Gale	Light Rain	Moderate Rain	Light Hail
9	Cloudy*	Sleet	Lightning Storm	Moderate Rain
10	Partly Cloudy*	Moderate Gale	Light Rain	Tornado F4
11	Clear (Sunny)*	Cloudy*	Wind Storm	Light Rain
12	Clear (Sunny)	Clear (Overcast)*	Tornado F4	Cloudy*

*During early morning hours, there will be light fog on a separate 1D6 roll of 3 or less. The fog burns off by local noon.

Recharging Station, HPG Class, Native Life

The recharging stations in the Bryant system are located—one each—at the local zenith and nadir jump points. These facilities, manned by small civilian crews backed by locally trained marines, serve mainly as recharging points and customs stations for traffic to and from the planet. In the wake of the Blackout, these stations also act as the designated "mail drop" for courier ships passing through, and thus maintain a regular transmission schedule to and from the planet to ensure that Bryant remains up to date on all manner of interstellar news and other communications.

Despite its decline in standing since the days of the Star League, Bryant kept its status as home to a Class A hyperpulse generator, which was located in Brein, the planetary capital, at the time of the Blackout. Since the Blackout, the station was repurposed into the planet's primary news and mail dissemination facility, with its now-inactive components turned into something of a museum area, where guided tours by the remnant ComStar personnel and local historians extoll the long, glorious, and currently uncertain, history of the Inner Sphere's FTL communications network.

Despite its harsh environment, Bryant has a surprisingly diverse ecosystem, which includes a wide range of native life forms from microbes and plants to birds and mammals. Some of these local creatures, like the jewel bass and the Crowley lizard cow, have also found their way to the planet's cuisine, and are raised and harvested for such purposes in controlled ranches and fisheries (since many are native to the storm-swept interior regions).

Socio-Industrial Levels and Defending Forces

Bryant's socio-industrial index as of 3130 reflects a world that has decent technology, is lightly industrialized, and possesses subsistence-level output, suitable for the needs of its tiny population. The extreme weather conditions and short growing season have rendered the planet somewhat dependent on outside sources for additional agricultural and raw material needs, but not to any hyper-critical degree.

At the time of this adventure, Bryant's heavy military equipment—BattleMechs, aerospace fighters, and heavy combat vehicles—has been "nationalized" by the Republic of the Sphere, leaving behind only conventional infantry and light vehicles to provide security (and, if need be, disaster relief) for its sparse population. Many locals, however, are well versed in the use of small arms, and some are even familiar with heavy vehicles and basic 'Mech operation due to periodic use of industrial machinery in both forms.

ALIENS?

To date, there has been no confirmed contact between humans and any other sapient non-human intelligences in the *BattleTech* universe, but this has not prevented many to speculate that such beings do exist "out there." During particularly paranoid times—such as the Fortress Republic years of the Dark Age—some people might panic at the sight of war machines so different from those that have been left to gather dust in Republic museums. This is especially true on Bryant, where the first sighting of actual tripod 'Mechs will take place during this adventure. While the superheavy "Colossal" tripods *are* already being used by the RAF in 3138, their deployment has been largely restricted to Terra itself, and in various black ops exercises beyond the Wall—all of which are still largely classified, especially to the denizens of a minor world like Bryant.

The fact that nobody understands how exactly the Fortress "Wall" works, or how foolproof it is (or rather, *isn't*), has left many wary of a resurgence of enemy invasions from all directions. Indeed, all the assurances of Exarch Levin's government tend to come off as hollow in the face of the chaos that nobody saw coming with the Blackout itself. Thus, when the exotic, armless, three-legged machines suddenly show up on Bryant, imaginations will run wild, and alien attackers are just as likely a possibility as Capellan, Clan, or Davion forces.

This, of course, is something the true invaders are counting on. As this adventure is written, the attackers are another Republic-sponsored black op, aimed at rooting out and neutralizing a possible armed insurgency on Bryant. To do this, they have thrown together some experimental tripod 'Mechs whose designs actually served as prototypes for the larger Colossals, with no markings and cosmetic features specially crafted to defy identification. Under strict orders to maintain radio silence, and fanatical enough to die in their machines, these special operatives have been instructed to behave in as alien a manner as possible, sowing confusion and chaos while flushing out the insurgents they've come to destroy.

Sure, it's dirty and underhanded, but given the Republic's current state, far more subtle options will simply take too long to ensure that any real threat on Bryant is eliminated, so a fake "alien invasion" will just have to do.

Of course, all of this is our (semi-)official line as the writers of this product, if we want to at least *pretend* that continuity matters here. At the GM's option, these could actually *be* alien attackers running amok on Bryant. Just beware that taking such an option in your own campaigns guarantees that you've changed your version of the *BattleTech* universe forever.

THE TRIPODS

The three models of tripod 'Mechs that invade Bryant in this adventure are, in fact, modified concept prototypes that would eventually lead to the development of the superheavy Tripods the RAF unveiled in 3135. In an effort to keep witnesses guessing, these machines were radically overhauled to look as exotic as possible, and feature an abundance of Clan-level tech to give them both overwhelming combat capability and to further confuse any speculation on their origins.

None of these machines will bear any identifiable markings linking them to a House or Clan military; indeed, even the cockpit controls are stripped of labels, while the pilots are wearing cooling suits specifically made to look as foreign as possible. What little decoration can be discerned on these tripods will appear as abstract symbols reminiscent of a foreign alphabet: These, in fact, are a custom numbering system the commando team is using for self-identification purposes, and is based more on ancient Mesopotamian cuneiform than anything else.

Even the drop pods delivering these tripods are customized to defy easy identification; in addition to blasting away an outer ceramic shell of chaff during entry, an inner shell has been designed to protect the

dropping 'Mechs all the way to the planet surface. These specialized pods perform all the braking necessary via integral jets on the lower side, softening the landing with the aid of black, radar-absorbing, breakaway landing chutes. The tripod pilots break open these eggs only after landing—preferably in the most dramatic ways possible.

Making Tripods even more alien is the fact that each one seats two pilots within its cockpit. One of these pilots is a dedicated gunner, while the other is a dedicated pilot. Though they seem capable of functioning with a single warrior at the helm, this two-man crew configuration, when observed, will add to the "alien" mystique these machines project.

Tripod Gameplay

As long as a Tripod 'Mech possesses three undestroyed legs, it receives all of the benefits described below for movement and combat under *Total Warfare* rules. [Remember, as always, that the modifiers expressed under *TW* rules correspond directly with those under *AToW*; modifiers to a *TW* target number are merely the inverse of the same modifiers to an *AToW* Skill Check. For example, a –1 Piloting Skill modifier in *TW* rules corresponds to a +1 modifier to an *AToW* Piloting Skill roll; both represent a bonus.]

Leg Destruction: Should one or more of a tripod 'Mech's legs be destroyed, it will immediately fall in accordance with standard rules for leg destruction, and will lose all of the movement benefits outlined below. The remaining movement and piloting modifiers for a Tripod so damaged will be the same as those of a biped 'Mech that has suffered a destroyed leg (see p. 122, *TW*).

Tripod Facing Change: Tripod 'Mechs spend only 1 MP to change their facing any number of hexsides, in any direction. This is because the Tripod's legs are designed to switch direction with a minimum of actual turning (instead, the torso rotates to the new facing, and the legs reorient as they go).

Tripod Piloting Skill Rolls: Apply a –1 target modifier to all Piloting Skill rolls made to avoid falls, or to stand up after falling or dropping prone. (Note, however, that the modifier for standing up will be offset in the case of the tripods featured in *this* adventure by the fact that all of these machines lack arms. Attempts to stand from prone by these machines will actually incur a +1 target number modifier [–1 +2 = +1].)

Lateral Shift and Hull Down: A Tripod 'Mech may execute a lateral shift exactly as a four-legged 'Mech, with the same MP cost (see p. 50, *TW*). Tripod 'Mechs may also perform the Hull Down maneuver available to four-legged 'Mechs (see p. 21, *TO*).

Tripod Firing Arcs: A tripod 'Mech can torso twist through 360 degrees. Any weapons not mounted in the legs are thus considered to be mounted in a vehicle-style turret for the purposes of rotating the firing arc (see *Rotating The Firing Arcs*, *Vehicles*, p. 106, *TW*). Because of the Tripod's unique design, its legs tend to realign while on the move, establishing and reestablishing leg-based firing arcs relative to the tripod 'Mech's torso facing. To reflect this, the tripod 'Mech always considers its central leg's facing to begin at the front hexside of the unit, with the left leg facing considered to begin two hexsides left of the front, and the right leg facing considered to begin two hexsides to the right of the front. These firing arcs radiate outward in the same manner as a forward vehicle-based firings arcs (meaning that adjacent leg firing arcs may overlap).

Tripod 'Mech Descriptions

The following basic descriptions and Design Quirks apply to the three experimental Tripod 'Mechs that appear in this adventure.

Note that all of the tripods attacking Bryant feature no visible or truly functional arms. This is due to their prototype nature, as the engineers for these "concept-proof" machines had yet to work out all the bugs in fully actuated arms when they built them. (This problem, of course, was resolved by the time the superheavy Tripods went into production, but it's not like anyone on Bryant knows *that*.)

Design Quirks: The design quirks listed for the Tripods featured in this adventure may be found in *Strategic Operations*.

Scout Tripod

This light, speedy 'Mech weighs only thirty tons and looks spindly. It cannot jump, but features ECM and Clan-spec weapons and armor specially made to look "alien." The capacitor-enhanced PPC it uses as a "heat ray" appears to sit directly above the center torso on a flexible serpentine mount, but in actually, the primary power connections run through the right side of the machine (akin to the dorsal gun on a classic-model *Marauder*).

Design Quirks: Features the following Design Quirks: Distracting, Hard to Maintain, Improved Sensors, No/Minimal Arms, Prototype

Battle Tripod

Though it actually weighs in at sixty tons, the "Battle Tripod" is a medium-sized version of the *Scout*. Clearly beefier than its smaller kin, and a bit slower, it also features a primary energy weapon that appears to be held in a center-mounted "eye-stalk", but in fact runs its main mechanisms through the right torso section. In addition, the six-tube SRM launchers in its left and right extremities (where arms would otherwise be) have been molded to appear as bulbs that seamlessly blend into the machine's body.

RISC Hyper-Laser: The hyper laser functions as a standard laser weapon in game play, except as follows: If the weapon suffers a critical hit, it will explode for 10 points of damage to the unit's structure and immediately destroys all of the weapon's critical slots. Additionally, if an attack by a hyper-laser rolls an unmodified result of 2 or 3, the weapon will explode as if it has suffered a critical hit. Unlike other explosive components, however, a hyper-laser explosion will not cause injury to the MechWarrior.

SRM Munitions: For the purposes of this adventure, the ammunition carried by the *Battle Tripod* is a special mix of Smoke and Tear Gas. For the effects of these munitions, see the *Bio-Warfare (Black Smoke)* rules on p. 21.

Design Quirks: Features the following Design Quirks: Distracting, Hard to Maintain, No/Minimal Arms, Prototype

Harvester Tripod

At ninety tons, the *Harvester* tripod is the biggest and most alien of the bunch. Unlike the *Scout* and *Battle* units, this machine features no overhead beam weapon, but instead carries a Clan-model plasma cannon in each of its bulb-like extremities. Weirder still, is that this model features long, cable-style lift hoists that dangle from just inside these extremities, looking vaguely like writhing tentacles that end in gripper claws.

Unlike fully articulated arms, the *Harvester*'s pilot can only use its Lift Hoists to grab and lift objects that are not moving and which are relatively small—say, the size of an Elemental in armor (i.e. 1 ton or less)—before retracting enough to guide them into the underside of the twelve-ton cargo bays that jut out behind the machine like large, bulbous cages. This makes the *Harvester* the most visually alien and sinister-looking of the three tripods encountered in this adventure, and defies any explanation as to why anyone would build such a monster.

Indeed, in another display of crazy "alien" tactics, at least one of the *Harvester* Tripods we see in this adventure will actually use its internal cargo bays to transport battle armored troopers in the most uncomfortable way possible, using its lift hoists to lower them to the ground. This tactic is so unheard of in conventional gameplay that rules for it simply do not exist…and we're not about to buck that trend here.

RISC Viral Decoy Jammer: While the *Harvester* Tripod carries an experimental RISC viral decoy jammer, the device will not be used in this adventure.

Design Quirks: Features the following Design Quirks: Prototype, Hard to Maintain, Distracting, No/Minimal Arms

Bio-Warfare (Black Smoke)

The *Battle Tripod* fires special hybrid SRM volleys designed both to produce mobile concealment while scattering hostile conventional infantry and civilians alike. Combining two alternative SRM munition

types in each volley, these munitions are specifically tailored for that Tripod's SRM 6 launcher, and were produced in an effort to provide the benefits of both munition types despite the unit's limited magazine capacity.

When fired, a round of these SRM munitions delivers a volley of 3 Smoke warheads and 3 Tear Gas warheads to its target hex with every shot (see pp. 371-372, *TO*). In tactical play, a volley of Black Smoke SRMs produces a 2-level high plume of heavy smoke in the hex of impact, immediately "destroys" 6 troopers' worth of unprotected conventional infantry and unsealed battle armor in that same area. Conventional Vehicles that lack environmental sealing must also make a 2D6 roll against a TN of 8 every time they enter or remain in a hex filled with Black Smoke; a failed result will render the crew stunned (or "killed" if it was already stunned at the time of the failed roll).

The Black Smoke persists only 6 turns before dissipating and settling, during which time it drifts with the prevailing wind as normal smoke (see p. 47, *TO*). As the smoke drifts or lingers, not only will its line of sight effects follow, but so will any effects to unprotected conventional infantry, unsealed battle armor, and unsealed conventional vehicles (and IndustrialMechs) in the same area.

Black Smoke is not lethal; these munitions are meant more to sow confusion and terror than to inflict actual harm. Troopers and crews "killed" by Black Smoke will recover after the battle.

Effects in *A Time of War* play

Player-characters affected by Black Smoke using only the rules from AToW will find themselves caught in the visual-impairing effects of Heavy Smoke that rises up to 12 meters above the ground and will drift as a wall roughly 15 to 30 meters across. Any unprotected player-characters in the same area will suffer the choking, debilitating effects that come from standing within 2 meters of a single Class E Gas Ordnance detonation (see p. 283, *AToW*).

Tripod Behavior and Tactics

For the purposes of these rules, and going by the premise that these invaders are a Republic of the Sphere black ops mission to destroy suspected rebels in the Republic's midst, the following may be a useful guide for gamemastering the behavior and tactics of the attacking forces. If the GM prefers instead to go with something even less conventional, by all means, have at it.

Scouting: The *Scout* Tripods work alone when performing reconnaissance. Thanks to their improved sensors, they can perform the tasks normally left to units with Beagle Active Probe, and thus can spot hidden units as long as there is no ECM interference. As with a unit equipped with Beagle Probes, a *Scout* that's being jammed by ECM will recognize that it's being jammed. If a *Scout* Tripod detects heavy combat units (i.e. 'Mechs or tanks), or finds itself being jammed by hostile ECM, it will call for support from the nearest other Tripods.

If forced to fight before aid can arrive, its goal will be to down at least one opposing unit before moving out of weapons range and keeping the enemy on its scopes until help arrives. If help is too far away, a *Scout* Tripod may move as far away as 2 kilometers from the hostile units, so it can watch from afar pending support.

Attacking: Of the three Tripod classes presented in this book, the *Battle* Tripod is the one that handles the majority of the fighting and will almost invariably be the unit type that responds to a *Scout*'s call for help. Because sowing terror and confusion is part of its mission role, this unit will typically fire several volleys of Black Smoke into a populated area or at infantry-type units, saving its heavy weapon for armored units and buildings.
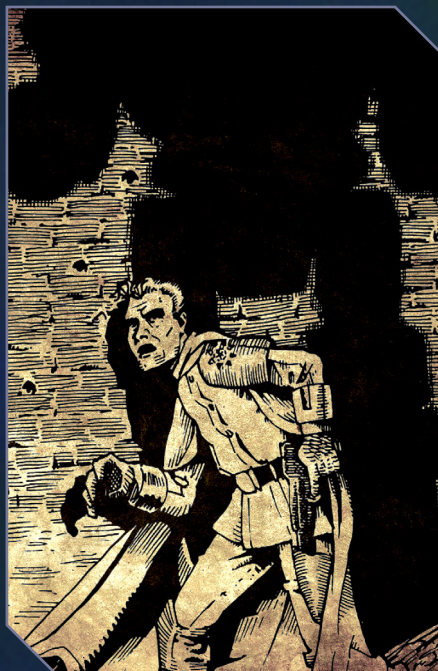
If no armored vehicles or enemy 'Mechs are present, the *Battle* Tripod will generally walk about in an irregular search mode, following the easiest movement paths in the hopes of flushing out any hidden units. In built-up areas with buildings and/or abundant woods, the *Battle* Tripod may also periodically use its main weapon on a structure or woods with the intent to spark a fire. This, again, contributes to its tactic of sowing terror and confusion.

Sweep and Clear: The role of mopping up an identified hot spot, after the *Scout* and *Battle* Tripods have done their job, falls to the *Harvester* Tripods, the rarest of the invading unit types. Although much heaviest than the other two units, much of the *Harvester* is devoted to on-board cargo bays, within which typically ride up to six rather uncomfortably-placed battle armored troopers wearing cosmetically modified *Oni*-class suits.

Using its lift hoists (which look decidedly tentacle like on the machine's alien frame), the *Harvester* will raise and lower its suited troopers—two at a time—to and from its cargo bays, which open below and to the rear of its odd carapace. The process of depositing and retrieving suited troopers takes about 15-20 seconds in all, if the *Harvester* is not under fire when doing so. Because this is simply not usually a valid tactic in conventional 'Mech warfare, the *Harvester* never performs this action when under heavy weapons fire, though it may do so under small arms fire.

The *Harvester* will tend to deposit its troopers close to an identified strong point (a building, or other area where hostile troops are suspected to be hiding). It will then generally loiter in the area while the battle armored troopers move in, identify, and neutralize any threats they find within. While loitering, the *Harvester* keeps watch for escapees, and will use its plasma weapons on any runners it spots. If necessary, the *Harvester* may also use its weaponry to sow confusion and chaos in the same manner as the *Battle* Tripods, though most of this incendiary firepower will be directed against terrain features, rather than civilians or civilian structures.

Retreat and Defeat: When outmatched in any way, the Tripods will try to fall back and call in reinforcements. If unable to do so, the Tripod will fight to the bitter end, hoping to cause as much damage as possible. If downed or disabled by enemy fire, the Tripod's warrior will try to slip away if he can, or suicide if he cannot. If possible, this suicide may be in the form of setting off his machine's reactor, thus incinerating both man and machine before they can be recovered. Capture by the locals is *not* an option for these operatives.

If a Tripod unit or its battle armored support is felled, but somehow unable to take the appropriate measures to ensure it is not captured, any nearby Tripod units will immediately turn its weapons on the fallen unit, in an effort to obliterate its remains.

Communication: The Tripods will never communicate with non-friendlies on Bryant. Between one another, they do communicate over pre-selected frequencies, but use a very special encryption process built into their helmets as voice filters and receivers. The voice filters effectively distort their speech so badly that only an operative using the appropriate receivers will hear it as anything more than unintelligible gibberish.

If communications are intercepted by someone who lacks this filter, the sounds they will hear between the Tripod operators will be an ominously deep, grumbling pattern of speech that doesn't even seem to make a coherent language. Only long, careful study of these communications will reveal that they are, in fact, legitimate communications, at which point they may be deciphered (eventually) by a character with at least a Skill of +4 or more in Cryptography.

"Scout" Tripod
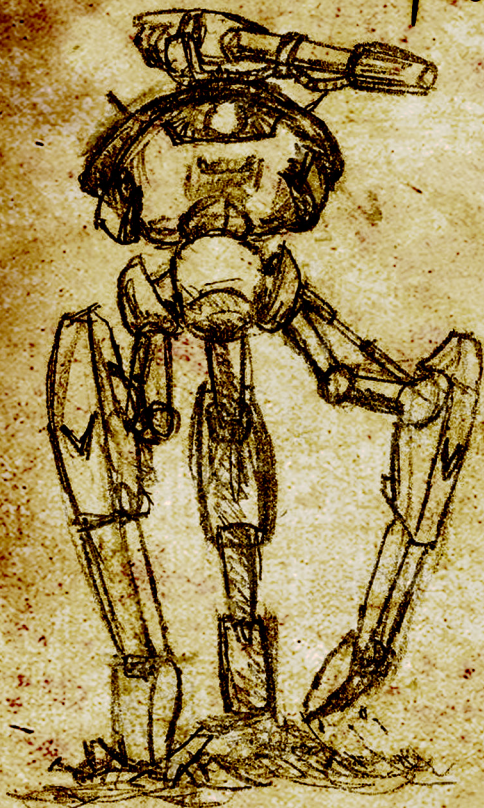
"Battle" Tripod
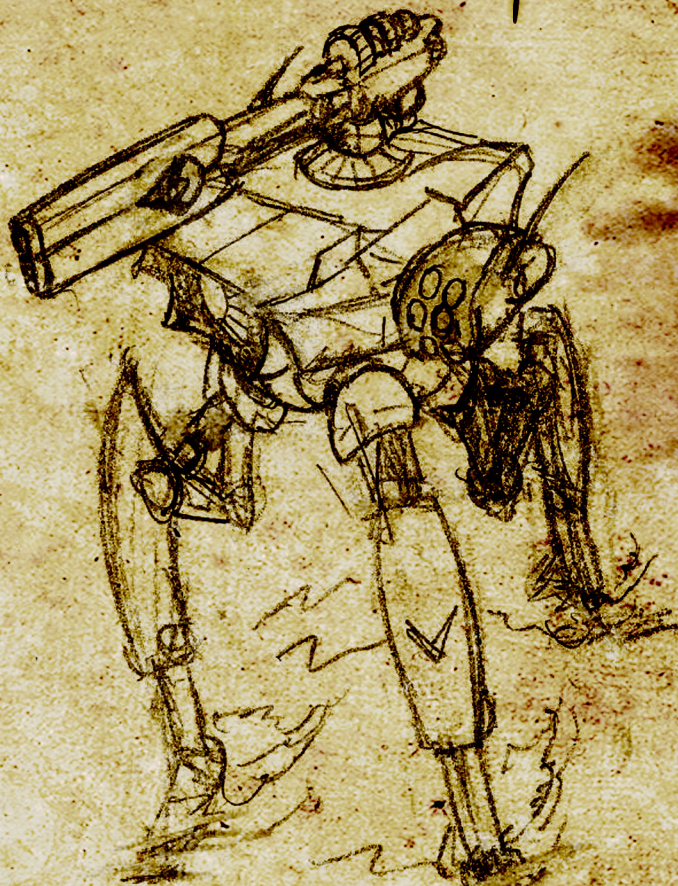
No markings
no comms
No pilots?

"Harvester"
tripod

BATTLETECH™
A TIME OF WAR

MICHAEL J. WASHINGTON

CATALYST game labs

PERSONAL DATA

Name: Captain Michael Washington

Height: 185 cm

Weight: 77 kg

Hair: Gray

Eyes: Black

Player: NPC

Affiliation: Republic of the Sphere

Extra: Smart and somewhat fatherly, but not as good a 'Mech pilot as he believes himself to be.

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	5	0	
BOD	5	0	
RFL	5	0	
DEX	4	0	
INT	7	+1	
WIL	7	+1	
CHA	6	0	
EDG	4	0	

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Citizenship	2	p.109	
Compulsion/Making Excuses	–2	p.110	
Gregarious	1	p.118	
Rank (03)/Captain	6	p.123	
Toughness	3	p.127	

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O   Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk:	10	Climb:	6
Run/Evade:	20	Crawl:	3
Sprint:	40	Swim:	11

Personal Armor (Loc)	Armor Type	BAR (M/B/E/X)
Infantry Jacket (Torso/Arms):	Generic Kit	(1/5/1/3)
Infantry Helmet (Head):	Generic Kit	(4/5/4/2)
Infantry Boots (Feet):	Generic Kit	(2/3/3/1)
( ):		(/ / /)

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Martial Arts	+4	0M/1	(Melee)	N/A	
Dagger	+3	1M/2	(Melee)	N/A	
Auto-Rifle	+4	4B/4B	(30/75/140/415)	30	Burst 15; Recoil –1
Auto-Pistol	+4	3B/4	(5/20/45/105)	10	Jam on fumble

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acting	3	CHA	8/CB	
Administration	3	INT+WIL	8/SA	
Career/Soldier	4	INT	7/SB	
Climbing	1	DEX	7/SB	
Communications	3	INT	7/SB	
Computers	4	DEX+INT	9/CA	
Driving/Ground Vehicles	3	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Gunnery/'Mech	4	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Interest/Military History	3	WIL+CHA	9/CA	
Language/English	4	CHA	8/SA	
Language/Mandarin	2	CHA	8/SA	
Leadership	4	WIL+CHA	8/SA	
Martial Arts	4	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
MedTech	3	INT	7/SB	
Melee Weapons	3	DEX	7/SB	

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Navigation/Ground	3	INT	7/SB	
Perception	5	INT	7/SB	
Piloting/'Mech	6	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Protocol/Republic	4	WIL+CHA	9/CA	
Security Systems/Electronic	3	DEX+INT	9/CA	
Sensor Operations	4	INT+WIL	8/SA	
Small Arms	4	DEX	7/SB	
Strategy	2	RFL+INT	8/SA	
Swimming	1	STR	7/SB	
Tactics/Ground	4	INT+WIL	9/CA	
Training	3	INT+WIL	9/CA	
Thrown Weapons	3	DEX	7/SB	

BATTLETECH
A TIME OF WAR

SERGEI TUCKER

CATALYST game labs

PERSONAL DATA

Name: Sergeant Sergei Tucker

Height: 178 cm

Hair: Brown

Weight: 73 kg

Eyes: Blue

Player: NPC

Affiliation: Republic of the Sphere

Extra: Youthful, gung-ho, and maybe just a little bit flippant.

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	6	0	
BOD	6	0	
RFL	7	+1	
DEX	6	0	
INT	6	0	
WIL	7	+1	
CHA	5	0	
EDG	4	0	

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Citizenship	2	p.109	
Connections	2	p.111	
Dark Secret/Insurgent	–3	p.112	
Fast Learner	3	p.117	
Impatient	–1	p.119	
Rank (E8)/Sergeant	8	p.123	

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O   Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk:	12	Climb:	9
Run/Evade:	25	Crawl:	3
Sprint:	50	Swim:	6

Personal Armor (Loc)

	Armor Type	BAR (M/B/E/X)
Infantry Jacket (Torso/Arms):	Generic Kit	(1/5/1/3)
Infantry Helmet (Head):	Generic Kit	(4/5/4/2)
Infantry Boots (Feet):	Generic Kit	(2/3/3/1)
( ):		(/ / /)

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Martial Arts	+4	0M/3	(Melee)	N/A	
Vibroblade	+3	6M/4	(Melee)	1 PPS	
Pump Shotgun	+4	1B/6S	(4/10/20/45)	6	Recoil –1
Auto-Pistol	+4	3B/4	(5/20/45/105)	10	Jam on fumble

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acrobatics/Free-Fall	2	RFL	7/SB	
Career/Soldier	5	INT	7/SB	
Comms/Conventional	3	INT	7/SB	
Computers	2	INT	8/CB	
Climbing	3	DEX	7/SB	
Demolitions	2	DEX+INT	9/CA	
Driving/Ground Vehicles	3	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Gunnery/'Mech	5	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Language/English	3	CHA	8/SA	
Leadership	4	WIL+CHA	8/SA	
Martial Arts	4	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
MedTech	3	INT	7/SB	
Melee Weapons	3	DEX	7/SB	
Navigation/Ground	3	INT	7/SB	
Negotiation	3	CHA	8/CB	

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Perception	4	INT	7/SB	
Piloting/'Mech	5	RFL+DEX	8/SA	
Protocol/Republic	3	WIL+CHA	9/CA	
Running	3	RFL	7/SB	
Security Systems/Electronic	3	DEX+INT	9/CA	
Sensor Operations	4	INT+WIL	8/SA	
Small Arms	4	DEX	7/SB	
Stealth	2	RFL+INT	8/SA	
Streewise/Republic	3	CHA	8/CB	
Support Weapons	2	DEX	7/SB	
Tactics/Ground	3	INT+WIL	9/CA	
Thrown Weapons	1	DEX	7/SB	

BATTLETECH
A TIME OF WAR

RED TEAM

CATALYST game labs

TROOPER 1

Character Name: Sergeant Sergei Tucker

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 12 m Run/Evade: 25 m Sprint: 50 m
Climb: 9 m   Crawl: 3 m Swim: 6 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+4	0M / 2	(Melee)	N/A	—
Pump Shotgun	+4	1B / 6S	(4 /10/20/45)	6	Recoil −1
Vibro-Blade	+3	6M / 4	(Melee)	1 pps	—

TROOPER 2

Character Name: Corporal Dexter Gryph

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 10 m Run/Evade: 20 m Sprint: 40 m
Climb: 2 m   Crawl: 2 m Swim: 5 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+3	0M / 2	(Melee)	N/A	—
Auto-Pistol	+4	3B / 4	(5 /20/45/105)	10	Jam on Fumble
Auto-Rifle	+4	4B / 4B	(30/75/170/415)	30	Burst 15; Recoil −1

TROOPER 3

Character Name: Corporal Rick Simmons

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 11 m Run/Evade: 22 m Sprint: 44 m
Climb: 7 m   Crawl: 3 m Swim: 11 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+4	0M / 2	(Melee)	N/A	—
Auto-Pistol	+3	3B / 4	(5 /20/45/105)	10	Jam on Fumble
Auto-Rifle	+3	4B / 4B	(30/75/170/415)	30	Burst 15; Recoil −1

TROOPER 4

Character Name: Corporal Churchill Lenard

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 12 m Run/Evade: 25 m Sprint: 50 m
Climb: 8 m   Crawl: 3 m Swim: 6 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+4	0M / 3	(Melee)	N/A	—
Auto-Pistol	+3	3B / 4	(5 /20/45/105)	10	Jam on Fumble
Sniper Rifle	+3	5B / 4	(45/150/340/700)	5	Simple Action to Chamber

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TROOPER 5

Character Name: Private Frank Donát

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 14 m Run/Evade: 24 m Sprint: 48 m
Climb: 10 m   Crawl: 4 m Swim: 16 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+3	0M / 3	(Melee)	N/A	—
Auto-Pistol	+4	3B / 4	(5 /20/45/105)	10	Jam on Fumble
Stun Grenades	+5	1S / 8AD	(8 /16/24/32)	4	Indirect

TROOPER 6

Character Name: Private Carolina York

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 15 m Run/Evade: 30 m Sprint: 60 m
Climb: 10 m   Crawl: 4 m Swim: 17 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+6	0M / 3	(Melee)	N/A	—
Vibro-Blade	+5	6M / 4	(Melee)	1 pps	—
Magnum Auto-Pistol	+6	3B / 5	(5 /20/50/120)	8	Jam on Fumble; −1 to Attack

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TROOPER 7

Character Name: Corporal Tejas Lopez

Condition Monitor
Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○
Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○
Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Armor
Squad: Red Team
Armor Type: Generic Infantry Kit   BAR (M/B/E/X): (1 / 5 / 1 / 3)
Notes: Helmet: −1 Perception; AV 5 vs Flash

Movement Data
Walk: 10 m Run/Evade: 20 m Sprint: 40 m
Climb: 10 m   Crawl: 3 m Swim: 5 m

Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
Hand-to-Hand	+4	0M / 2	(Melee)	N/A	—
Auto-Pistol	+4	3B / 4	(5 /20/45/105)	10	Jam on Fumble
Auto-Rifle	+4	4B / 4B	(30/75/170/415)	30	Burst 15; Recoil −1

BATTLETECH
A TIME OF WAR

TRIPOD INVADERS COMBAT RECORD SHEET

CATALYST game labs

TROOPER 1

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		
			/	(/ / /)		

TROOPER 2

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		
			/	(/ / /)		

TROOPER 3

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		
			/	(/ / /)		

TROOPER 4

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		
			/	(/ / /)		

TROOPER 5

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		
			/	(/ / /)		

TROOPER 6

Condition Monitor   Character Name: _____

Standard Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Fatigue Damage: ⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕⭕
Stun: ⭕   Unconscious: ⭕

Armor   **Battlesuit:** Oni (PPC)

Armor Type: Fire Resistant (Clan)   BAR (M/B/E/X): [9 / 8 / 8* / 8]
Points: 10   Notes: *BAR 10 vs Incendiary; Stealth E/I/C: 6/0/0

Movement Data

Walk: 30 m   Jump: 0 m
Run: 45 m   _____ : _____ m
Notes:

Qty	Weapon	Skill	AP/BD	Range	Ammo	Notes
1	Manipulators	+6	9M / 10	(Melee)	N/A	Heavy vibro; Left Hand only
1	Support PPC	+6	5E / 13S	(60/120/210/240)	14	Right Arm
			/	(/ / /)		

BATTLETECH™

BATTLE ARMOR: SQUAD 1

Type: Oni [PPC]   **Era:** Dark Age
Gunnery Skill: _____   **Anti-'Mech Skill:** _____
Ground MP: 3

Weapons & Equip.	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
ECM Suite	[E]	—	—	—	—
Extended Life Support	[E]	—	—	—	—
Heavy Battle Vibro Claw	[E]	—	—	—	—
Support PPC	2 [DE]	—	2	5	7

Armor: Fire Resistant

Mechanized: ☑   **Swarm:** ☑   **Leg:** ☑   **AP:** ☐

1 ◉○○○○○○○○○
2 ◉○○○○○○○○○
3 ◉○○○○○○○○○
4 ◉○○○○○○○○○

BV: 331/64

BATTLE ARMOR: SQUAD 2

Type: Oni [PPC]   **Era:** Dark Age
Gunnery Skill: _____   **Anti-'Mech Skill:** _____
Ground MP: 3

Weapons & Equip.	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
ECM Suite	[E]	—	—	—	—
Extended Life Support	[E]	—	—	—	—
Heavy Battle Vibro Claw	[E]	—	—	—	—
Support PPC	2 [DE]	—	2	5	7

Armor: Fire Resistant

Mechanized: ☑   **Swarm:** ☑   **Leg:** ☑   **AP:** ☐

1 ◉○○○○○○○○○
2 ◉○○○○○○○○○
3 ◉○○○○○○○○○
4 ◉○○○○○○○○○

BV: 331/64

BATTLE ARMOR: SQUAD 3

Type: Oni [PPC]   **Era:** Dark Age
Gunnery Skill: _____   **Anti-'Mech Skill:** _____
Ground MP: 3

Weapons & Equip.	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
ECM Suite	[E]	—	—	—	—
Extended Life Support	[E]	—	—	—	—
Heavy Battle Vibro Claw	[E]	—	—	—	—
Support PPC	2 [DE]	—	2	5	7

Armor: Fire Resistant

Mechanized: ☑   **Swarm:** ☑   **Leg:** ☑   **AP:** ☐

1 ◉○○○○○○○○○
2 ◉○○○○○○○○○
3 ◉○○○○○○○○○
4 ◉○○○○○○○○○

BV: 331/64

BATTLE ARMOR: SQUAD 4

Type: Oni [PPC]   **Era:** Dark Age
Gunnery Skill: _____   **Anti-'Mech Skill:** _____
Ground MP: 3

Weapons & Equip.	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
ECM Suite	[E]	—	—	—	—
Extended Life Support	[E]	—	—	—	—
Heavy Battle Vibro Claw	[E]	—	—	—	—
Support PPC	2 [DE]	—	2	5	7

Armor: Fire Resistant

Mechanized: ☑   **Swarm:** ☑   **Leg:** ☑   **AP:** ☐

1 ◉○○○○○○○○○
2 ◉○○○○○○○○○
3 ◉○○○○○○○○○
4 ◉○○○○○○○○○

BV: 331/64

BATTLE ARMOR: SQUAD 5

Type: Oni [PPC]   **Era:** Dark Age
Gunnery Skill: _____   **Anti-'Mech Skill:** _____
Ground MP: 3

Weapons & Equip.	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
ECM Suite	[E]	—	—	—	—
Extended Life Support	[E]	—	—	—	—
Heavy Battle Vibro Claw	[E]	—	—	—	—
Support PPC	2 [DE]	—	2	5	7

Armor: Fire Resistant

Mechanized: ☑   **Swarm:** ☑   **Leg:** ☑   **AP:** ☐

1 ◉○○○○○○○○○
2 ◉○○○○○○○○○
3 ◉○○○○○○○○○
4 ◉○○○○○○○○○

BV: 331/64

LEG ATTACKS TABLE

BATTLE ARMOR TROOPERS ACTIVE	BASE TO-HIT MODIFIER
4–6	0
3	+2
2	+5
1	+7

SWARM ATTACKS TABLE

BATTLE ARMOR TROOPERS ACTIVE	BASE TO-HIT MODIFIER
4–6	+2
1–3	+5

SWARM ATTACK MODIFIERS TABLE

ATTACKING ENEMY BATTLE ARMOR TROOPERS ACTIVE	FRIENDLY MECHANIZED BATTLE ARMOR TROOPERS ACTIVE					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
6	+0	+0	+0	+0	+1	+2
5	+0	+0	+0	+1	+2	+3
4	+0	+0	+1	+2	+3	+4
3	+0	+1	+2	+3	+4	+5
2	+1	+2	+3	+4	+5	+6
1	+2	+3	+4	+5	+6	+7

BATTLE ARMOR EQUIPMENT
Claws with magnets   –1

SITUATION *
'Mech prone   –2
'Mech or vehicle immobile   –4
Vehicle   –2

*Modifiers are cumulative

SWARM ATTACKS HIT LOCATION TABLE

2D6 ROLL	BIPEDAL LOCATION	FOUR-LEGGED LOCATION
2	Head	Head
3	Rear Center Torso	Front Right Torso
4	Rear Right Torso	Rear Center Torso
5	Front Right Torso	Rear Right Torso
6	Right Arm	Front Right Torso
7	Front Center Torso	Front Center Torso
8	Left Arm	Front Left Torso
9	Front Left Torso	Rear Left Torso
10	Rear Left Torso	Rear Center Torso
11	Rear Center Torso	Front Left Torso
12	Head	Head

TRANSPORT POSITIONS TABLE

TROOPER NUMBER	'MECH LOCATION	VEHICLE LOCATION
1	Right Torso	Right Side
2	Left Torso	Right Side
3	Right Torso (rear)	Left Side
4	Left Torso (rear)	Left Side
5	Center Torso (rear)	Rear
6	Center Torso	Rear

TROOPER NUMBER	LARGE SUPPORT VEHICLE LOCATION *
1	Right Side (Unit 1/Unit 2)
2	Right Side (Unit 1/Unit 2)
3	Left Side (Unit 1/Unit 2)
4	Left Side (Unit 1/Unit 2)
5	Rear (Unit 1/Unit 2)
6	Rear (Unit 1/Unit 2)

*Unit 1 and Unit 2 represent two battle armor units

CATALYST game labs

BATTLETECH™

'MECH RECORD SHEET
(Industrial)

'MECH DATA

Type: Buster BC XV-M HaulerMech MOD

Movement Points:		Tonnage:	50
Walking:	3	Tech Base:	Inner Sphere
Running:	5	Era:	Succession Wars

Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	AC/5	RT	1	5 [DB,S]	3	6	12	18
1	LRM 10	LT	4	1/Msl [M,C,S]	6	7	14	21

BV: 443
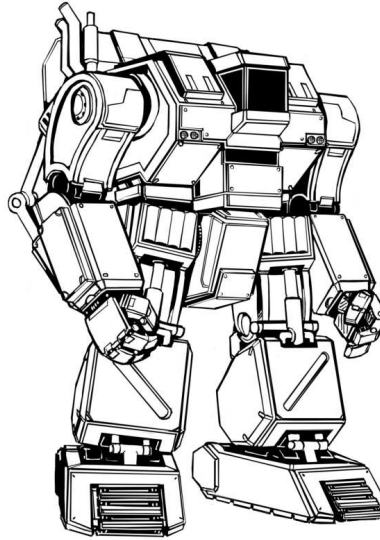
WARRIOR DATA

Name: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____ Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

ARMOR DIAGRAM

Head (9)
Left Torso (10)   Right Torso (10)
Left Arm [10]
Center Torso [11]
Right Arm [10]
BAR 5
Left Leg [10]
Center Torso Rear [8]
Right Leg [10]
Left Torso Rear [4]
Right Torso Rear [4]

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm

1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Lower Arm Actuator
4. Hand Actuator
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

4-6
1. Roll Again
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Left Torso

1-3
1. LRM 10
2. LRM 10
3. Ammo (LRM 10) 12
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

4-6
1. Roll Again
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Left Leg

1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Head

1. Life Support
2. Sensors
3. Industrial Cockpit (adv. FCS)
4. Roll Again
5. Sensors
6. Life Support

Center Torso

1-3
1. I.C.E.
2. I.C.E.
3. I.C.E.
4. Gyro
5. Gyro
6. Gyro

4-6
1. Gyro
2. I.C.E.
3. I.C.E.
4. I.C.E.
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Engine Hits ○ ○ ○
Gyro Hits ○ ○
Sensor Hits ○ ○
Life Support ○

Damage Transfer Diagram

Right Arm

1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Lower Arm Actuator
4. Hand Actuator
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

4-6
1. Roll Again
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Right Torso

1-3
1. AC/5
2. AC/5
3. AC/5
4. AC/5
5. Ammo (AC/5) 20
6. Roll Again

4-6
1. Roll Again
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Right Leg

1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM

Head
Left Torso [12]   Right Torso [12]
Left Arm [8]
Right Arm [8]
Center Torso [16]
Left Leg [12]
Right Leg [12]
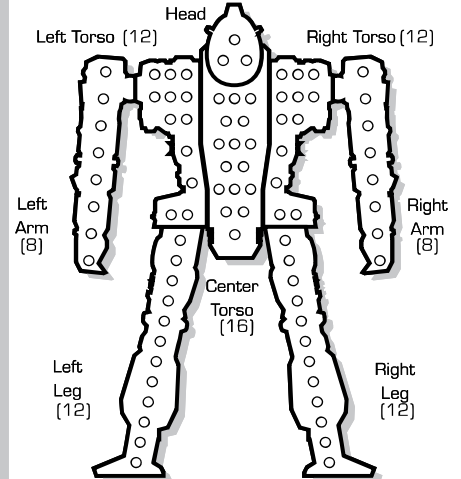
HEAT DATA

Heat Level*	Effects	5 (5) Single
30	Shutdown	
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+	
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+	
25	–5 Movement Points	
24	+4 Modifier to Fire	
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+	
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+	
20	–4 Movement Points	
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+	
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+	
17	+3 Modifier to Fire	
15	–3 Movement Points	
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+	
13	+2 Modifier to Fire	
10	–2 Movement Points	
8	+1 Modifier to Fire	
5	–1 Movement Points	

Heat Scale

Overflow
30* 29 28* 27 26* 25* 24* 23* 22* 21 20* 19* 18* 17* 16 15* 14* 13* 12 11 10* 9 8* 7 6 5* 4 3 2 1 0

BATTLETECH™

'MECH RECORD SHEET

'MECH DATA

Type: Prefect PRF-1R

Movement Points:		
Walking:	5	**Tonnage:** 75
Running:	8	**Tech Base:** Inner Sphere
Jumping:	0	**Era:** Dark Age

Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

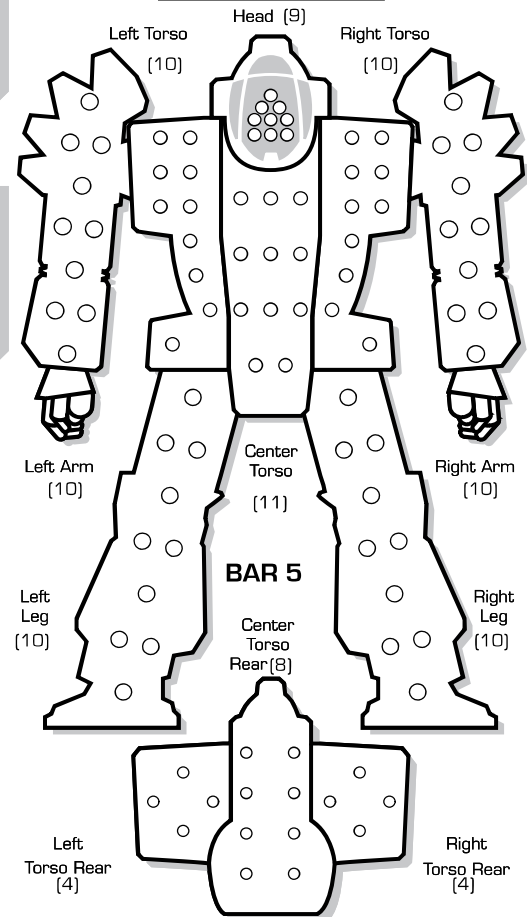| Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	ER Medium Laser	RT	5	5 [DE]	—	4	8	12
1	ER Medium Laser	LT	5	5 [DE]	—	4	8	12
1	Snub-Nose PPC	RA	10	10/8/5 [DE,V]	—	9	13	15
1	Heavy PPC	LA	15	15 [DE,X]	3	6	12	18

Cost:　　　　**BV:** 1,847

WARRIOR DATA

Name: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____　　**Piloting Skill:** ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

ARMOR DIAGRAM

- Head (9)
- Left Torso (24)
- Right Torso (24)
- Left Arm (22)
- Center Torso (35)
- Right Arm (22)
- Left Leg (28)
- Center Torso Rear (9)
- Right Leg (28)
- Left Torso Rear (7)
- Right Torso Rear (7)
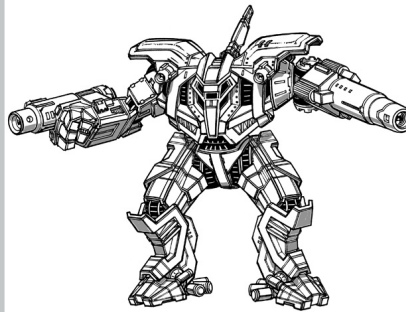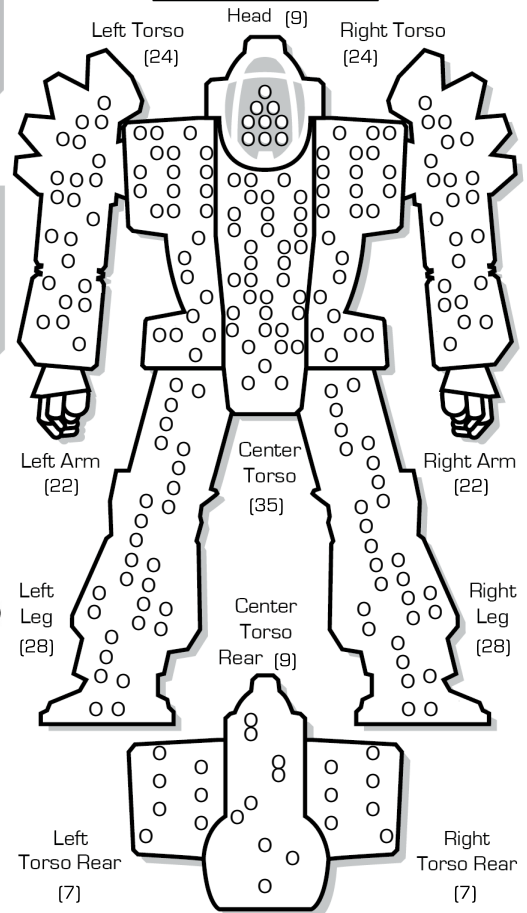
CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Heavy PPC
4. Heavy PPC
5. Heavy PPC
6. Heavy PPC

4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Fibrous
5. Ferro-Fibrous
6. Ferro-Fibrous

Left Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. ER Medium Laser

4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Fibrous
5. Ferro-Fibrous
6. Ferro-Fibrous

Left Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Endo Steel
6. Ferro-Fibrous

Head
1. Life Support
2. Sensors
3. Cockpit
4. Roll Again
5. Sensors
6. Life Support

Center Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Light Fusion Engine
4. XL Gyro
5. XL Gyro
6. XL Gyro

4-6
1. XL Gyro
2. XL Gyro
3. XL Gyro
4. Light Fusion Engine
5. Light Fusion Engine
6. Light Fusion Engine

Engine Hits ○○○
Gyro Hits ○○
Sensor Hits ○○
Life Support ○
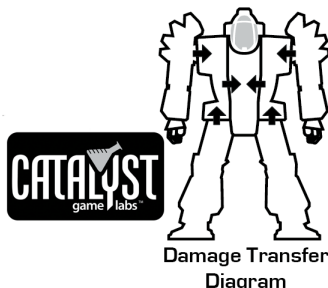
Damage Transfer Diagram

Right Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Lower Arm Actuator
4. Hand Actuator
5. Snub-Nose PPC
6. Snub-Nose PPC

4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Fibrous
5. Ferro-Fibrous
6. Ferro-Fibrous

Right Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. ER Medium Laser

4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Fibrous
5. Ferro-Fibrous
6. Ferro-Fibrous

Right Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Endo Steel
6. Ferro-Fibrous

INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM

- Head
- Left Torso [16]
- Right Torso [16]
- Left Arm [12]
- Center Torso [23]
- Right Arm [12]
- Left Leg [16]
- Right Leg [16]

HEAT DATA

Heat Sinks: 17 (34) Double

Heat Level*	Effects
30	Shutdown
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+
25	–5 Movement Points
24	+4 Modifier to Fire
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+
20	–4 Movement Points
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+
17	+3 Modifier to Fire
15	–3 Movement Points
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+
13	+2 Modifier to Fire
10	–2 Movement Points
8	+1 Modifier to Fire
5	–1 Movement Points

Heat Scale

Overflow

30* 29 28* 27 26* 25* 24* 23* 22* 21 20* 19* 18* 17* 16 15* 14* 13* 12 11 10* 9 8* 7 6 5* 4 3 2 1 0

BATTLETECH™

THREE-LEGGED 'MECH RECORD SHEET

'MECH DATA

Type: Scout Tripod

Movement Points:		Tonnage:	30
Walking:	7	Tech Base:	Mixed Tech (I.S.)
Running:	11		[Advanced]
		Era:	Dark Age

Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	ER PPC (Clan)	RT	15	15 [DE]	—	7	14	23
1	PPC Capacitor (Clan)	RT	5	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Guardian ECM Suite	LT	—	[E]	—	—	—	6

WARRIOR DATA

Pilot: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____   Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

Gunner: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____   Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

ARMOR DIAGRAM

Left Torso [5]   Head (9)   Right Torso [5]

Left Arm [1]   Center Torso (8)   Right Arm [1]

Left Leg [10]   Center Leg [10]   Right Leg [10]

Left Torso Rear [5]   Right Torso Rear [5]

Center Torso Rear (8)

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Endo Steel
4. Endo Steel
5. Endo Steel
6. Endo Steel

4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Head
1. Life Support
2. Sensors
3. Cockpit
4. Roll Again
5. Sensors
6. Life Support

Right Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Endo Steel
4. Endo Steel
5. Endo Steel
6. Endo Steel
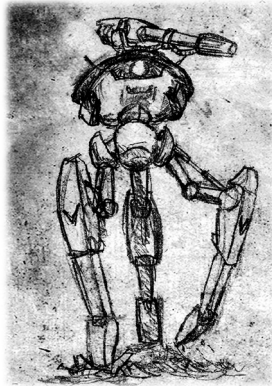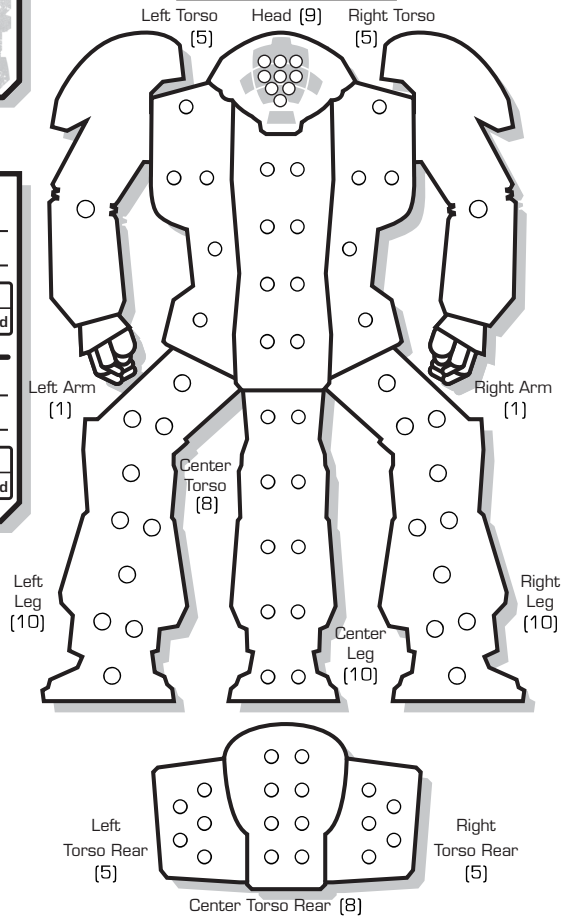
4-6
1. Endo Steel
2. Endo Steel
3. Endo Steel
4. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Left Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. Guardian ECM Suite

4-6
1. Guardian ECM Suite
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Center Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Light Fusion Engine
4. Gyro
5. Gyro
6. Gyro

4-6
1. Gyro
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Light Fusion Engine
4. Light Fusion Engine
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Right Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. ER PPC (Clan)

4-6
1. ER PPC (Clan)
2. PPC Capacitor (Clan)
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Engine Hits ○ ○ ○
Gyro Hits ○ ○
Sensor Hits ○ ○
Life Support ○

Damage Transfer Diagram

Left Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Center Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Right Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM

Head [3]

Left Torso [7]   Right Torso [7]

Left Arm [5]   Right Arm [5]

Left Leg [7]   Center Leg [7]   Center Torso [10]   Right Leg [7]

Heat Scale

Overflow

30*
29
28*
27
26*
25*
24*
23*
22*
21
20*
19*
18*
17*
16
15*
14*
13*
12
11
10*
9
8*
7
6
5*
4
3
2
1
0

HEAT DATA

Heat Level*	Effects
30	Shutdown
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+
25	–5 Movement Points
24	+4 Modifier to Fire
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+
20	–4 Movement Points
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+
17	+3 Modifier to Fire
15	–3 Movement Points
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+
13	+2 Modifier to Fire
10	–2 Movement Points
8	+1 Modifier to Fire
5	–1 Movement Points

Heat Sinks: 10 (20) Double

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

BATTLETECH™

THREE-LEGGED 'MECH RECORD SHEET

'MECH DATA

Type: Battle Tripod

Movement Points:		
Walking:	5	Tonnage: 60
Running:	8	Tech Base: Mixed Tech (I.S.) (Experimental)
		Era: Dark Age

Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	Guardian ECM Suite	CT	—	[E]	—	—	—	6
1	RISC Hyper Laser	RT	24	20 [DE,X]	—	8	15	25
1	SRM 6 (Clan)	RA	4	2/Msl [M,C,S]	—	3	6	9
1	SRM 6 (Clan)	LA	4	2/Msl [M,C,S]	—	3	6	9

WARRIOR DATA

Pilot: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____   Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

Gunner: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____   Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

ARMOR DIAGRAM

Left Torso [17] Head (9) Right Torso [17]

Left Arm [4] Right Arm [4]

Center Torso [25]

Left Leg [19] Right Leg [19]

Center Leg [19]

Left Torso Rear [10] Right Torso Rear [10]

Center Torso Rear [15]

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. SRM 6 (Clan)
4. Ammo (SRM 6) 15
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

4-6
1. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Left Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. Double Heat Sink

4-6
1. Double Heat Sink
2. Double Heat Sink
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Left Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Head
1. Life Support
2. Sensors
3. Cockpit
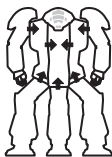4. Roll Again
5. Sensors
6. Life Support

Center Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Light Fusion Engine
4. Gyro
5. Gyro
6. Gyro

4-6
1. Gyro
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Light Fusion Engine
4. Light Fusion Engine
5. Guardian ECM Suite
6. Guardian ECM Suite

Engine Hits ○ ○ ○
Gyro Hits ○ ○
Sensor Hits ○ ○
Life Support ○

CATALYST game labs   Damage Transfer Diagram

Center Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Right Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. SRM 6 (Clan)
4. Ammo (SRM 6) 15
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

4-6
1. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
2. Roll Again
3. Roll Again
4. Roll Again
5. Roll Again
6. Roll Again

Right Torso
1-3
1. Light Fusion Engine
2. Light Fusion Engine
3. Double Heat Sink
4. Double Heat Sink
5. Double Heat Sink
6. RISC Hyper Laser

4-6
1. RISC Hyper Laser
2. RISC Hyper Laser
3. RISC Hyper Laser
4. RISC Hyper Laser
5. RISC Hyper Laser
6. Roll Again

Right Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM

Head [3]
Left Torso [14] Right Torso [14]
Left Arm [10] Right Arm [10]
Left Leg [14] Center Leg [14] Center Torso [20] Right Leg [14]

Heat Scale

Overflow	
30*	
29	
28*	
27	
26*	
25*	
24*	
23*	
22*	
21	
20*	
19*	
18*	
17*	
16	
15*	
14*	
13*	
12	
11	
10*	
9	
8*	
7	
6	
5*	
4	
3	
2	
1	
0	

HEAT DATA

Heat Sinks: 15 (30) Double

Heat Level*	Effects
30	Shutdown
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+
25	−5 Movement Points
24	+4 Modifier to Fire
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+
20	−4 Movement Points
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+
17	+3 Modifier to Fire
15	−3 Movement Points
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+
13	+2 Modifier to Fire
10	−2 Movement Points
8	+1 Modifier to Fire
5	−1 Movement Points

BATTLETECH™

THREE-LEGGED 'MECH RECORD SHEET

'MECH DATA

Type: Harvester Tripod

Movement Points:		Tonnage:	90
Walking:	3	Tech Base:	Mixed Tech (I.S.)
Running:	5		(Experimental)
		Era:	Dark Age

Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

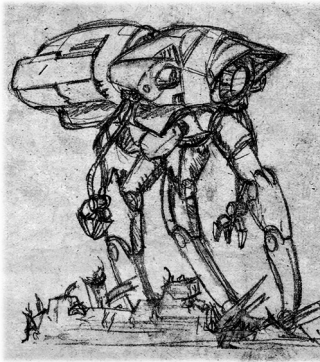| Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	RISC Viral Jammer (Decoy)	HD	—	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Guardian ECM Suite	CT	—	[E]	—	—	—	6
1	Cargo (12 tons)	RT	—	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Cargo (12 tons)	LT	—	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Lift Hoist	RA	—	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Plasma Cannon (Clan)	RA	7		—	6	12	18
				[DE,H,AI]				
1	Lift Hoist	LA	—	[E]	—	—	—	—
1	Plasma Cannon (Clan)	LA	7		—	6	12	18
				[DE,H,AI]				

WARRIOR DATA

Pilot: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____ Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

Gunner: _____

Gunnery Skill: ____ Piloting Skill: ____

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead

ARMOR DIAGRAM

Left Torso [23] Head [9] Right Torso [23]

Left Arm [10] Right Arm [10]

Center Torso [25]

Left Leg [21] Center Leg [21] Right Leg [21]

Left Torso Rear [10] Right Torso Rear [10]

Center Torso Rear [20]

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Plasma Cannon (Clan)
4. Ammo (Plasma Cannon) 10
5. Ammo (Plasma Cannon) 10
6. Lift Hoist

4-6
1. Lift Hoist
2. Lift Hoist
3. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
4. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Roll Again

Left Torso
1-3
1. Cargo (12 tons)
2. Cargo (12 tons)
3. Cargo (12 tons)
4. Cargo (12 tons)
5. Cargo (12 tons)
6. Cargo (12 tons)

4-6
1. Cargo (12 tons)
2. Cargo (12 tons)
3. Cargo (12 tons)
4. Cargo (12 tons)
5. Cargo (12 tons)
6. Cargo (12 tons)

Left Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Head
1. Life Support
2. Sensors
3. Cockpit
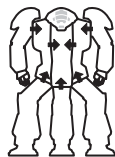4. RISC Viral Jammer (Decoy)
5. Sensors
6. Life Support

Center Torso
1-3
1. Fusion Engine
2. Fusion Engine
3. Fusion Engine
4. Gyro
5. Gyro
6. Gyro

4-6
1. Gyro
2. Fusion Engine
3. Fusion Engine
4. Fusion Engine
5. Guardian ECM Suite
6. Guardian ECM Suite

Engine Hits ○ ○ ○
Gyro Hits ○ ○
Sensor Hits ○ ○
Life Support ○

CATALYST game labs

Damage Transfer Diagram

Center Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

Right Arm
1-3
1. Shoulder
2. Upper Arm Actuator
3. Plasma Cannon (Clan)
4. Ammo (Plasma Cannon) 10
5. Ammo (Plasma Cannon) 10
6. Lift Hoist

4-6
1. Lift Hoist
2. Lift Hoist
3. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
4. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
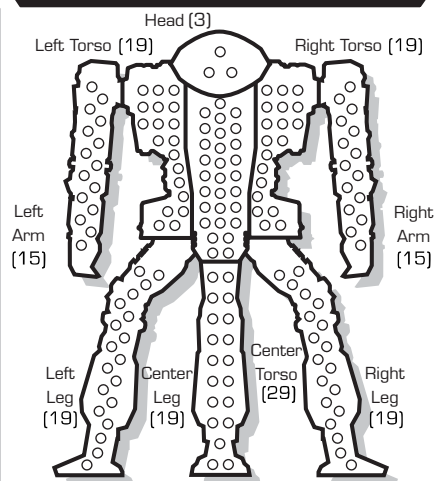6. Roll Again

Right Torso
1-3
1. Cargo (12 tons)
2. Cargo (12 tons)
3. Cargo (12 tons)
4. Cargo (12 tons)
5. Cargo (12 tons)
6. Cargo (12 tons)

4-6
1. Cargo (12 tons)
2. Cargo (12 tons)
3. Cargo (12 tons)
4. Cargo (12 tons)
5. Cargo (12 tons)
6. Cargo (12 tons)

Right Leg
1. Hip
2. Upper Leg Actuator
3. Lower Leg Actuator
4. Foot Actuator
5. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)
6. Ferro-Lamellor (Clan)

INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM

Head [3]

Left Torso [19] Right Torso [19]

Left Arm [15] Right Arm [15]

Left Leg [19] Center Leg [19] Center Torso [29] Right Leg [19]

Heat Scale

Overflow

30*
29
28*
27
26*
25*
24*
23*
22*
21
20*
19*
18*
17*
16
15*
14*
13*
12
11
10*
9
8*
7
6
5*
4
3
2
1
0

HEAT DATA

Heat Level*	Effects
30	Shutdown
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+
25	–5 Movement Points
24	+4 Modifier to Fire
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+
20	–4 Movement Points
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+
17	+3 Modifier to Fire
15	–3 Movement Points
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+
13	+2 Modifier to Fire
10	–2 Movement Points
8	+1 Modifier to Fire
5	–1 Movement Points

Heat Sinks: 10 (20) Double

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○