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METALS

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CLASSIC BATTLETECH

EDITOR'S CORNER:

The Elephant Trap: Ego, Etiquette, and BattleTech

By Jason Weiser

[Editors Note- Hi Gang, I apologize in advance for the long editor's corner, but well, when one has the bully pulpit, one should use it. I promise not to make it a habit.]

Hello everyone, hope you had a smashing holiday season. I know I did, and I hope you enjoy the holiday-themed issue of the Quarterly. But, I do have a serious real-world missive to address. Sadly, I think too many of us, perhaps myself included at times, forget that gaming isn't just an activity meant to show off individual achievement, but a chance for social interaction. BattleTech, is in my experience, no exception. I wrote this piece to address my observations and opinions on the subject, and they reflect my opinions alone, no one else's. So, if you want to send me hate mail, please send it to me, and not to any of the other Commandos.

Now most of you say "Hey, I am nice guy, I observe the golden rule, and I treat others with respect". For the most part, I assume that is true with 90% of the readers of this piece. But how many of you, well, have gamed with the other 10%? And I mean the real odious 10%. They get under your skin, don't they, make you want to say and do things that turn what was once a fun activity into a test of wills, a High-Noon-like showdown where somebody wins, and the other guy is metaphorically rubbed into the dirt. My opinion on this, simple, it's that these 10% haven't learned to separate their ego from BattleTech, or gaming in general, and to me, that's a very sad development. They're measuring their ego in win-loss at the gaming table and using it to feel big at others expenses, usually accompanying their play with NBA-like "trash talk" and cheap shots that go well beyond good natured ribbing.

But why does this happen? Well, it has many causes. But I have found, that for the most part, this 10% is unhappy in their lives, and uses the hobby, and it's obvious competitive nature to make others "feel their pain" or to assert some control that is missing from their lives on the gaming table. The trouble is, that their egos get so wrapped up in this process that they can't separate on an emotional level "friendly game" from "fight to the death". Frankly, I try to avoid gaming with these folks, but we can't always choose who we game with at a convention, but my best advice, if somebody's ruining an event for you, inform the ref, or the Convention or store authorities. If it's a private home? If it belongs to the offending party, leave, and don't return. If it's yours, then politely show the person the door. This should all be done after a kind word or two with the person in question, first.

My last words are for the 10%. Look, whatever your reasons, please stop ruining what's fun for the rest of us. We all have different reasons for playing, but yours suggest that perhaps you should consult some sort of assistance in dealing with your problems. We want you to play and contribute, but not if the cost is enduring your abuse. I am sure many would agree with me.

But above all, it's important to remember most:

BATTLETECH IS JUST A GAME!

Unlike real war, nobody dies; there are no maimed, homeless or orphans. And, ideally, everybody should be able after the game, to shake hands and share some drinks around the hotel bar. Remember folks; we win as a hobby if we can have civility rule our events. So bite back the next bit of foul language or crude joke at a con. It's not just improving the tone at the gaming table; it's helping you keep your sense of light fun too. And isn't that why we all joined the hobby in the first place?

COMMANDO QUARTERLY

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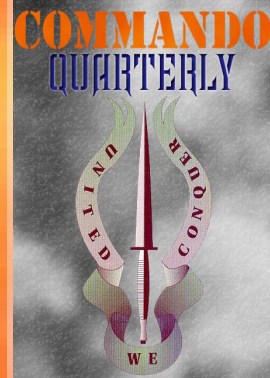
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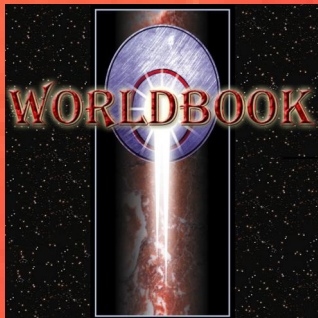Jon "Grimmwitt" Wooldridge (Commando #78)

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Volume 2 - Issue #1

WORLDBOOK:

By Joel Steverson

Worldbook is the standard stellar cartography and planetary information database in the Inner Sphere. Abbreviated selections are presented for the interest of our readers. Additional information, including sales, and volume licensing, is available at ComStar & Word Of Blake installations

Sigma Mare
System Catalog: **RVXX-2-8271-9978**

Stellar Data:

Star:	Sigma Prime
Type:	G9 V
Mass:	0.81 Sol
Luminosity:	0.49 Sol
Radius:	0.87 Sol

System Data:

Planetary System:	
Bodies:	7
Planetoids:	2
Asteroid Belts:	1

Planetary Data:

Planet:	RVXX-2-8271-9978-4
Common Name:	Sigma Mare
Position In System:	4
Mean Orbital Radius:	1.01 AU
Orbital Inclination:	5.87%
Orbital Eccentricity:	0.214
Perihelion:	0.9090 AU
Aphelion:	1.1251 AU
Period:	370.65 Standard Days
Mass (10^{24}kg):	5.794 (0.93 Terra)
Equatorial Diameter (km):	12,501.08 (0.98 Terra)
Mean Planetary Density (kg/m^3):	5404.70 (0.98 Terra)
Mean Surface Gravity (m/s^2):	9.38 (0.96 G)

Escape Velocity (km/s):	10.74 (0.96 Terra)
Rotational Period:	24.12 Hours
Axial Inclination:	9.13°
Atmosphere:	Class 1 (Terran Type)
Composition:	79.43% Nitrogen (N_2), 19.54.% Oxygen (O_2), 1.03% Other
Hydrographics:	53% of the surface covered by liquid H_2O
Mean Temperature (°C):	-6.89
Temperature Range (°C):	-24.32 to 0.43 Polar 6.5 to 10.54 Equatorial

Planetography:

Radius (km):	6250.54
Circumference (km):	39,253.39
Total Surface Area (km^2):	490,709,783.70
Land Surface Area (km^2):	230,633,598.30
Inhabited Surface Area (km^2):	12,410,285.66
Surface Topography:	
Topographic Range (km):	12
Ocean/Sea/Lake:	48%
River/Basin	5%
Steppe/Plains/Lowlands	25%
Valley/Rift:	4%
Rising Ground:	5%
Low Hills: 2%	
High Hills:	4%
Low Mountains (> 2000 m):	4%
High Mountains(< 2000 m):	3%
Arable Land:	38%

Sigma Mare

Satellite Data:
Sigma Odessa (Moon)
Albion (Moon)

ComStar Data:
ComStar Facility Class:	B
ComStar Representative:	Precentor Kim Zhuang
Com Guard Units On Site:	Classified

Economy:
Natural Resources:	Water
Processed/Manufactured Goods:	Consumer products
Labor Force:	Argiculture (43%)
	Service (21%)
	Industrial (15%)
	Education (12%)
	Others (9%)

Education:
Literacy Rate:	74.23%
Primary School Enrollment:	88.21%
Secondary School Enrollment:	67.43%
Tertiary School Enrollment:	2.81%
Science/Technical Graduates:	0.52%

Finance:
Currency:	Sigyuan (0.62 Cb)
Per Capita Income:	9,439 Cb
Gross Domestic Product:	23.25 Trillion Cb
Military Industries:	None
Imports:	Agricultural products
	Pharmaceutical products
Principal Sources (< 10%):	Betelgeuse (27%)
	Dicon (18%)
Mean Tariff:	8.7%
Percent Tariff Exempt:	54%
Exports:	Livestock
	Foodstuffs
Principal Markets (< 10%):	St. Ives (17%)
	Latice (14%)
	Capella (13%)
Growth In Export Amount:	18.74%
Growth In Market Share:	5.86%

Government:
Allegiance:	Capellan Confederation
Government Type:	Military Dictatorship
Principal Official:	Jiang Mischke

Health:
Life Expectancy At Birth:	82.6 Years
Birth Rate:	5.2%
Mortality Rate:	4.1%
Population Growth Rate:	1.1%

Military Data:
Defense Spending:	35% GDP
Military Manpower Potential:	105,927,613 (4.3%)
AeroSpace Forces:	
Orbital:	None
Deep Space:	None
Warships:	0
JumpShips:	1
DropShips:	4
Aerospace Fighters:	6
Ground Forces:	
'Mech Forces:	1 Company (Militia)
Armor Forces:	1 Battalion (Militia)
Infantry Forces:	3 Regiments (Militia)
Training Facilities:	Winterland
Courses Taught:	Arctic Survival
	Arctic Combat

People:
Population:	2,463,432,879
Population Density (km^2):	198.49
Urbanization:	87.22%
Ethnic Groups:	Asian (79.21%)
	Others (20.79%))
Religion:	Korvin (64.23%)
	Lorix Order (33.81%)
	Others (1.96%)

Transportation:
Recharging Station:	None
Distance To Jump Point:	4.16 AU
Travel Time:	144 Hours
Chief Ports:	12 (2 Military)
Off Planet Facilities:	
Orbital:	0
Deep Space:	0
Merchant Fleet:	
JumpShips:	8
DropShips:	34
Shuttles:	104

Climate:
Average temperatures rarely climb above freezing for most of this arctic planet. Seasonal highs in the low double digits are a welcome relief for the two billion people who make Sigma Mare their home. Weather varies little from season to season, with little difference seen between the summer highs and winter lows. Polar ice caps extend past the thirty-degree mark gripping much of the world in glacial ice flows. Snowfall is common year round. In the more temperate regions little accumulates save for during the winter when polar blizzards march towards the equator burying cities under meters of snowfall.

Despite these harsh conditions, indigenous flora is abundant, though few imported species have adapted to the dim days and cold conditions. Although water (in one form or another) accounts for slightly over one-half of the surface area, only about one-third remains fluid at the surface. At the poles, ice flows reach down over three hundred meters towards the depths. Storms on the sea are virtually nonexistent, though tides fluctuate greatly due to the gravitational attraction of Sigma Mare's twin moons.

Ecology:
Eight oceans encompass Sigma Mare, though only the Jade Sea is entirely free from ice. These oceans are home to several species of aquatic life. Whales -introduced in the twenty-fifth century- flourished, and whale meat forms a staple for much of the planet.

On land, the Terran Kodiak, along with several indigenous species, roam freely, and while large numbers of predatory species inhabit Sigma Mare, they pose little threat to the human population. Visitors are however advised to remain close to inhabited areas, as the chance of encounter increases rapidly once the safety of civilization is left behind.

Perhaps the most unusual element of Sigma Mare's ecosystem is found around its labyrinthine expanse of geologic hotspots. Hot springs, geysers, and the like, are found scattered about nearly all of the principal landmasses. The largest of these, The Dragon's Tears, encompasses over fifty square kilometers, and now lies within the city limits of Taipen; the planetary capital. These quasi-oasis provide homes for hundreds of species that would otherwise perish in the harsh environment.

Sociology:

In a nation overwhelmed by the need for military production, Sigma Mare represents an unexpected oddity. While the reforms instituted by Romano Liao have had far reaching impact for many of the remaining worlds in the Confederation, Sigma Mare (lacking any significant industry to retool for warfare) remains remarkably unchanged. Its citizens, tempered by the harsh life and unforgiving conditions, go about their daily chores much as they have for the past two hundred years.

For all its appearances of normalcy, Sigma Mare is, however, a world under extreme stress. While its population continues to fish and ranch in much the same fashion as they have done for generations, now a significant portion of all foodstuffs are exported to other worlds in the Confederation. Stockpiles that would have fed the planet for years have been nearly liquidated. Imports have dropped to a mere trickle, and medical supplies have become more and more scarce.

In 3062 an outbreak of influenza killed several thousand people, as demand for vaccine quickly outstripped supply. Similar incidents, coupled with the loss of nearly all recreational products, have left many of Sigma Mare's citizens disgruntled. Overcrowding is a serious problem in each of the planet's nearly four hundred cities, and convictions for trafficking in contraband are on the rise as more of Sigma Mare's citizens turn to the black market for creature comforts.
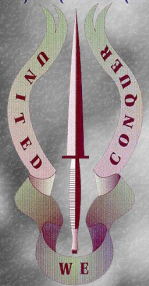
Topography:

Of the twelve principal landmasses only five are inhabited; the others too often buried under the unassailable grip of snow and ice. Though still a geologically active planet, there is little tectonic activity. Few mountain ranges dot the landscape of most continents, and most of the peaks wouldn't merit notice on another world; the tallest rising less than two kilometers above sea level.

It is under the oceans where Sigma Mare boasts its broadest topographic range. Beyond the continental shelf, trenches reach down several kilometers from the surface of the choppy waters, their depths well beyond the range of most submersibles. Underwater mountain ranges give rise to countless islands and atolls, most too small to merit settlement.

Undoubtedly, the polar ice caps are Sigma Mare's most prominent topographical features. Ranging anywhere from a few meters to over a kilometer in depth, the ice caps are rife with crevasses, and other abrupt terrain. It is perhaps for this feature alone that Sigma Mare was chosen as one of the Capellan Confederation's artic survival camps. The start of every month brings with it another collection of soldiers to train in the treacherous wild of the planet's ice fields. While official statistics on casualties are classified, it is estimated that fully eight percent of the trainees suffer some injury while undergoing training.

History:

Few planets have been as important in the early colonization of space and as unimportant in modern day as Sigma Mare. In the early 22nd century Terran Alliance expansionism was experiencing unprecedented growth. No single resource was in more demand than water, thus a water rich world, even one where most of that water was frozen, was an invaluable resource. An enterprising

pioneer, Rudolph Ryan, patented the idea of ice ships – a group of JumpShips working in close concert to move ice-asteroids from system to system and provide water for needy colonists. Inevitably, copycat operations sprang up throughout what would later be known as the Inner Sphere. One of these, chartered by Alexander Richard Farnsworth, entered the Sigma Prime system in October of 2142 and immediately laid claim to the forth planet. Not possessed of the resources to compete directly with Ryan, Farnsworth was nevertheless a shrewd businessman. Recognizing that many smaller colonies could not afford Ryan's prices, he filled a niche market in the newly expanding region of space spinward of Terra. By the end of 2150 his water mining operation on Sigma Prime was supporting a dozen systems.

Withdrawal of the Terran Alliance in 2237 left Sigma Mare on its own. The colony survived unaided until the early 24th century when it officially joined the expanding Sian Commonality, and in 2366 part of the Capellan Confederation. By the 25th century, its importance as a water rich world long since gone, Sigma Mare was little more than a geologic anomaly oft visited by scientists. In 2481 the first attempt to terraform Sigma Mare got underway, though it failed to produce significant results in the allotted time, and was abandoned less than two years into the project. It would be the start of countless failed projects that, while proving to be public relations boons, actually did little to improve the quality of life for the planet's inhabitants.

The Star League came and went for the citizens of Sigma Mare with little more influence than the passing seasons. Lacking any particular strategic importance, the planet coasted through the Succession Wars relatively unscathed. While the majority of the Inner Sphere was intent on self-annihilation for nearly three hundred years, Sigma Mare experienced a boon.

At the forefront of this economic wellspring were a handful of stables breeding prize-winning horses. Imported Terran Arabians crossed with local species - genetically engineered during the Star League era- resulting in a markedly beautiful horse

with high endurance and amazing tolerance for cold temperatures. These prize mounts brought fame and fortune to Sigma Mare, while the stables expanded to become major players in the Capellan Confederation's equine market. Following the Fourth Succession War, and the necessarily increased focus on military production, the market declined. However, many Capellan nobles still appreciate (and are sufficiently affluent to enjoy) the elegant beauty of these fantastic steeds. As necessity demands the pretense of military function, many of the horses sold now find their way into ceremonial guard units.

Present Day:

Sigma Mare has become an important world in the Capellan Confederation, as the loss of so many systems to the Federated Commonwealth, and later to the Chaos March, deprived it of so many resources. Sigma Mare's thriving whaling industry continues to expand, threatening depredation at alarming levels, though providing many Confederation units with foodstuffs. Without any military aside from the planetary militia, there remains little for potential adversaries to gain by assaulting Sigma Mare, and it is quite likely that the rest of the Capellan Confederation could fall before a single foreign soldier would set foot on the frozen soil.

Notable Settlements:
Taipen:
Seat of the planetary government and home to over five million people, Taipen is one of the largest cities on Sigma Mare, and is best known for The Dragon's Tears. This collection of hot springs, geysers, and other geologic hot spots forms an enormous park located on the easternmost side of Taipen. Several of the planet's noble families make their homes on large estates that encompass roughly one third of the entire park, with the remaining grounds open to the public for meditation and relaxation. Thanks to geothermic activity, temperatures within the Dragon's Tears remain on the high side for Sigma Mare, often averaging nearly twenty degrees during the summer.

Winterland:

It's rumored that the Death Commandos undergo their arctic survival training at Winterland. The small city on the northern reaches of the Abardara Continent is home to fewer than ten thousand. Despite having no industry, this virtually abandoned city it sees the second highest amount of DropShip traffic planetwide. Several hundred square kilometers around the city are designated no-fly zones; potentially lending credence to the rumors.

Classic BattleTech Simulator Notes:

See BattleTech Master Rules (Revised) Page 83

- Ice
- Extreme Cold (Polar areas)

[This creature was made using the Creature Creation rules for the upcoming Classic BattleTech RPG Companion. A treasure trove of information for 3rd Edition Gamemasters and Players alike.]

Sigma Arabian
(Equus Caballus Sigma)

The Sigma Arabian is a handsome and well disciplined mount averaging twelve and one half hands in height. Prized for their ivory coloring and gentleness these horses are also capable of incredible feats of endurance. The first Sigma Arabian came through the mating of Princeton, a Terran Arabian stallion, and Kerugma a Sigma Andalusian. The breed, now in its fifteenth generation has only a handful of bloodlines and is rigorously controlled by the Sigma Arabian Estates – a corporation managed by the heirs of the stables that owned Princeton and Kerugma. Stud fees for the registered stallions (an equal number of each still belonging to the two stables) are over a quarter million Cb.

Name:	Sigma Arabian (Equus Caballus Sigma)
Homeworld:	Sigma Mare, Capellan Confederation
Type:	Introduced
Body Shape:	Quadruped
Coloring:	Ivory
Length:	200 cm
Height:	130 cm
Weight:	410 kg

STR	BOD	DEX	RFL	INT	WIL	EDG
18	20	5	4	5	4	2

Traits:	Domesticated
Skills:	AniMelee +4, Perception +2
Size:	Large
Armor:	Furred Hide [1/0/0/0]
Attack:	1•2D6 (Bite, Hooves)
Movement:	Ground 22/45/90, Water 2/3; Sprinting 20 turns, Jumping 8 meters

FEDERATED BOEING
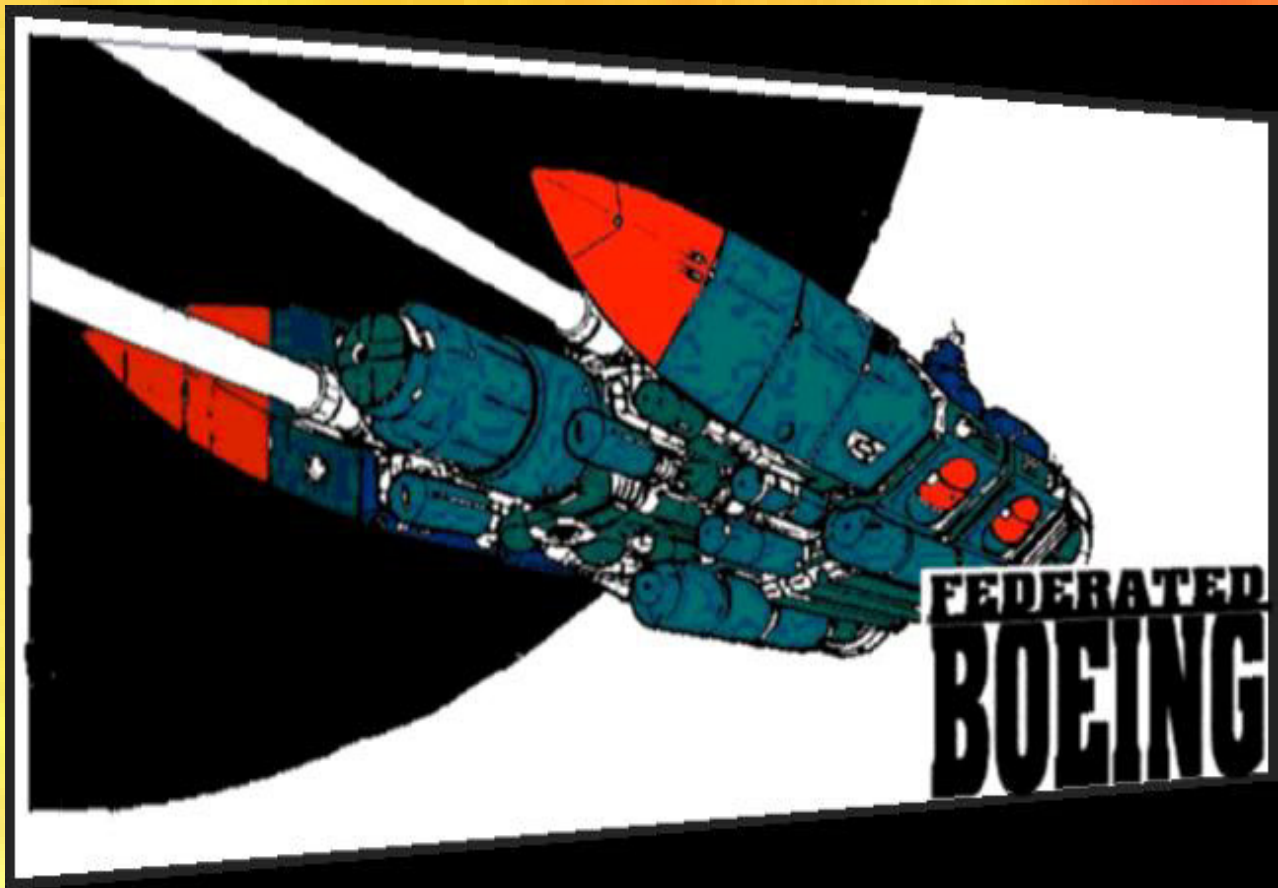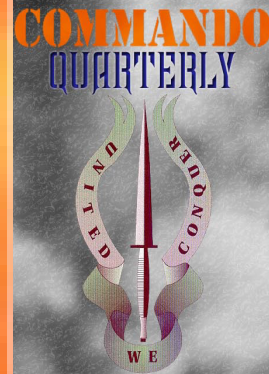
TACTICAL ANALYSIS: HEAVY 'MECHS

By Ron Barter

Continuing on from the previous briefings, we have arrived at the Heavy weight class of BattleMech, the Heavy 'Mech. The "Queen" of the Battlefield as it was, if comparing this chassis to pieces found on a Chess Board. The Heavy 'Mech has a versatile role and profile on the battlefield.

Following the 3 maxims discussed in the last briefing:

1) Speed
2) Firepower
3) Protection

We will now look at how these maxims apply to this 'Mech class.

With regards to speed the maximum running speed a Heavy can attain is 90 KPH for a 60-65 ton chassis and 80 KPH for the 70-75 ton chassis's, not as fast as mediums, but the main features of a heavy class 'Mech does not revolve around speed but the other 2 maxims: Firepower and Protection. Speed while essential is not the deciding factor in a Heavy 'Mech, the typical maximum speed of 60 KPH is sufficient for the roles that this class is utilized for.

Firepower, a 75 ton 'Mech with a maximum speed 80 KPH has an unmodified (i.e. no Endo steel chassis or Ferro fibrous armor) payload capacity of 26.5 tons with maximum armor protection. A medium 'Mech for example with a top speed of 90 KPH has a unmodified payload of 18 tons. An additional 6.5 tons of payload allows for heavier weapons to be carried namely Large Bore Autocannons (in some cases paired Autocannons) and large capacity missile racks, as well as ample amounts of Ammunition.

The third maxim is protection, a medium can mount 12 tons of protective armor, a heavy can mount a maximum of 14.5 tons of armor, while only 2.5 tons more than a medium class the increase in the weapons payload makes up for the difference.

The Heavy 'Mech has for the most part a unique mission profile, some roles are:

1) Patrol/ Reconnaissance Hunter-Killer (60 and 65 ton 'Mechs only)
2) Fire Support
3) Main Battle Line Advance
4) Command and Control
5) 'Mech Slayer
6) Brawler

As stated with the medium, denying an enemy its intelligence information by destroying its reconnaissance units is a time tried tactic, some Heavy 'Mechs like the Kuritan Grand Dragon and Clan Linebacker fulfill this role quite nicely.

Every combat unit needs fire support to lay down a needed barrage to repel an enemy assault or to assist in a attack, this support can be provided by field artillery, aircraft, or armored vehicles. A Heavy 'Mech cannot only fill this role of fire support, but it usually also mounts secondary weapons that allow itself to defend itself and even lend itself to the battle at hand. Newer variants of the Archer BattleMech sport Extended Range Large Lasers with Class 15 Long Range Missile racks that are also equipped with Artemis fire control systems as well. A single Archer can fire 30 to 40 missiles compared to say a lance of Apollo's firing a salvo of 120 missiles, but the Apollo mounts 2 small pulse lasers for defense ONLY, they are incapable of engaging another 'Mech (especially at close range) even a light 'Mech with any reasonable chance of success.

When advancing on an enemy position or preparing to repel an enemy assault, the majority of your 'Mechs that will be facing this onslaught are heavies. The Heavy 'Mech will deliver the weapons fire needed to "punch"

**HRC-LS-9000 Hercules
(Free Worlds League):**
80 KPH top speed, 11 tons of Ferro fibrous armor. ER PPC, LB-10X Autocannon with 2 tons ammunition, Streak-2 SRM launcher, 2 rear firing small pulse lasers, And a Anti-missile system for point defense.

A fast 'Mech suitable for a variety of roles at short or long range,
the LBX autocannon provides a anti-air capability.
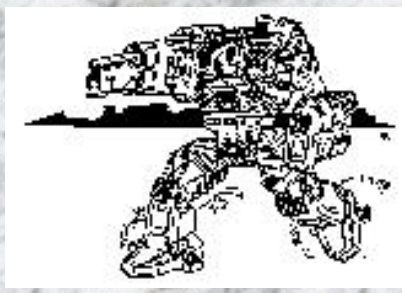
**LHU-2B Lao Hu
(Capellan Confederation):**
80 KPH speed, 13.5 tons standard armor, LB-20X Autocannon with 3 tons of Ammunition, ER Large Laser, LRM-15 with 2 tons Ammunition Few 'Mechs, even assaults can withstand the firepower of a Class 20 Autocannon, with missiles and a Long range Laser to Work on the target as this 'Mech closes at a high speed, a common variant substitutes a Gauss Rifle for the LBX.
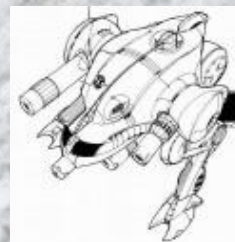
**DGR-3F Dragon Fire
(Draconis Combine & Lyran Alliance):**
65 KPH top speed, 14.5 tons standard armor, Gauss rifle, LBX 10 Autocannon (with cluster munitions provides a anti-aircraft capacity), 2 medium pulse lasers, Large laser, with a Guardian ECM to counter enemy sensors.

Designed to counter Clan Heavy 'Mechs it has a versatile weapon load out, that while ammunition dependent, can inflict a massive amount of damage, with a nominal heat output. This is one of this analyst's favorite rides.

holes in the enemies line to allow your faster elements to get through and exploit the enemies rear. To accomplish this feat, the heavies will require heavy protection and firepower; speed is not a deciding factor in this type of battle.

A good unit commander is out with their troops observing the battle and making decisions in real time as the battle develops, a medium 'Mech may suit this role, but a heavy 'Mech is much more useful, its slight increase in armor protection could very well be the difference from a dead commander to a living one, and its firepower allows it to make any 'Mech going up against the C.O., wish that they made a better choice in target selection. Another important factor in choosing a heavy 'Mech for a Commander is the development of Command, Control, and Communications systems (C3), initially devised by the Draconis Combine and of recent re-defined by Comstar. The payload capabilities of a Heavy 'Mech allow the capacity to carry up to 2 C3 Master computers allowing the Heavy to maintain effective control of 2 lances of 'Mechs while still carrying the firepower of the heaviest medium.

In the 20th Century on Terra, when armored tanks ruled the battlefield, a simple maxim was evident; the most effective anti-tank weapon is another Tank!

In regard to this maxim, the most effective 'Mech killer is a heavy, while lacking the speed of a light or a medium; it has the armor protection and firepower to stay in a fight long after lights and mediums have succumbed. As for engaging assault 'Mechs, a heavy 'Mechs superior speed over a typical Assault class machine will play a deciding factor in this type of engagement.

A brawler, is what the name suggests a 'Mech that can take punishment and deal it out just as effectively, heavy 'Mechs in this category tend to have moderate speeds, heavy armor and the most heaviest weapons possible, namely large caliber autocannons or rail gun type weapons.

While mediums and lights tend to have the most space for advanced armor composites and lighter but bulkier chassis skeletons, Heavy 'Mechs tend to have larger rated Fusion engines, a side benefit of this is that they tend to carry a larger number of heat sinks internal to the engine, thereby freeing valuable space for other vital components.

Famous Heavies? The Champion of Solaris, Kai Allard Liao, while having a custom medium, has also shown a preference to the Penetrator Heavy 'Mech. Morgan Kell of the Kell Hounds, preferred ride of choice is the Archer, one of the most memorable and striking combat scenes, was during the Battle of Luthien, a lone Archer on a hill top, raining accurate missile fire on Clan stars trying to destroy this single 'Mech, Morgan Kell's Archer.

Who can forget, Natasha Kerensky, in
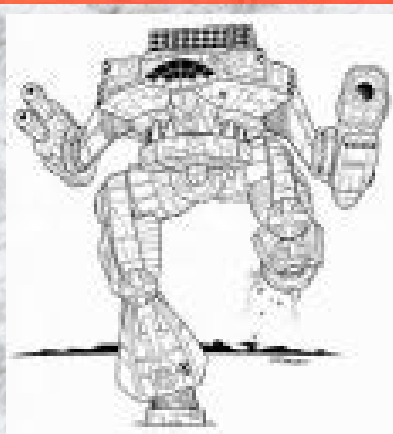
**SJA-7D Shugenja
(Draconis Combine):**
65 KPH maximum speed, ER PPC, 2 Large Lasers, an MRM 30 rack with 2 tons of Ammunition. Most Important this 'Mech carries a C3 Master Computer, allowing it to function as a Lance Command 'Mech.
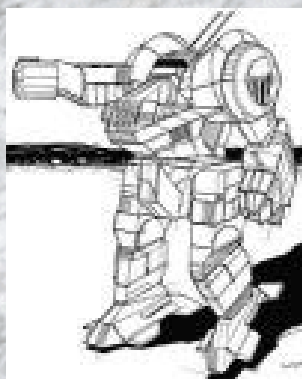
**DRG-5K Grand Dragon
(Draconis Combine):**
90 KPH, Maximum speed, 10 tons standard Armor, ER PPC, LRM 10 rack with 2 tons ammunition, A trio of medium Lasers round out this 'Mech, capable of keeping Up with medium 'Mechs and killing them, as well as being a very Capable fire support 'Mech with missile and PPC fire.
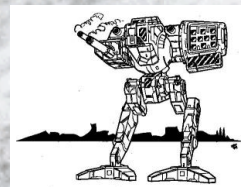
**AGS-XX Argus
(Federated Commonwealth):**
80 KPH maximum speed, 12 tons standard armor, various weapon loadouts: -4D = Class 5 Rotary Assault Cannon, 2 ER Medium lasers, Targeting Computer, LRM-10 launcher -2D = 2 LRM 15 launchers with Artemis IV, ER PPC. -FCA12 = 2 Ultra Class 5 Autocannons, 2 ER Medium Lasers, LRM 10 launcher
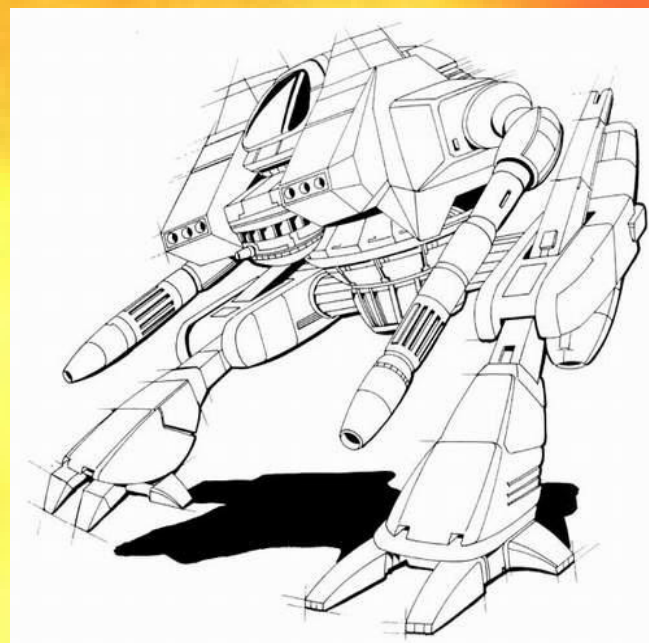
Originally designed as a Omni 'Mech, as evident by the 3 listed variants, the high speed, weapons loadout, and the inclusion of either a beagle probe and/or targeting computer, makes this heavy a formidable asset with the additional capability of acting as a heavy scout for difficult missions.

PTR-4D Penetrator (Out Set)
65 KPH maximum speed, one of Kai Allard Liao's preferred rides; a one-Two punch 'Mech, it has 2 ER Large Lasers for long range fighting and 6 Medium Pulse Lasers for close range work. Add Jump Jets, a standard fusion engine, and a anti-missile system for self defense, and this 'Mech has a high battlefield survival ratio.

her Warhammer. Even today, this image is a nightmare to most of the foes who faced this formidable warrior in battle. The Mercenary unit "Storm's Metal Thunder", as the name suggests is almost exclusive in makeup with heavy 'Mech types, as does the second Battalion of the 4th Tau Ceti Rangers.

Before continuing, this observer has made an interesting discovery. When the Clans first arrived, the Timberwolf (Inner Sphere designation: MadCat), became the most identified 'Mech of the Clans, with its high speed, heavy weapons load out, and superior Heat Sink technology. The Inner Sphere, the Federated Commonwealth's Rakshasa, has only copied it once. But another Clan 'Mech has been copied several times, the Summoner (Thor), Inner Sphere examples of this heavy 'Mech that mounts an Extended Range PPC, a Class 10 LBX autocannon, and a speed of 80 KPH include: the Verfolger, the Hercules, and the Falconer (although the Falconer carries a more potent Gauss Rifle than the LBX autocannon). This Clan OmniMech popular with the Jade Falcons seems to epitomize the role of the Heavy 'Mech

As stated in prior analysis briefings, a Heavy 'Mech does not alone make an effective unit, used wisely in concert with other 'Mech weight classes, it becomes a critical component in any effective battlefield strategy.

KALLON INDUSTRIES

An Unlikely Place

By Jason Weiser

Coland Heights, Tikinov
Capellan March
Federated Suns
24th December, 3028

Lance Corporal Arthur Jellicoe grumbled to himself for what seemed like the thousandth time. He hated these counter-guerilla sweeps, and what, he got picked to lead a fireteam of kids trapsing through the hinterlands of Tikinov to find Capellan die-hards who may, or may not be there. It was enough that it was cold, the natives were surly, and he was missing out on the eggnog back at Company.
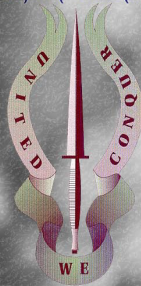
He shifted his LBE so that the canteen dug into another part of his body that hadn't yet been rubbed raw in the now one hour old patrol. *Three more hours, and then it's a space heater and egg nog for me, and these green as grass BNGs are somebody else's problem!* He hated Tikinov from the moment he had landed, and being stuck there as part of a garrison force hadn't made it any better, no matter he'd lost half of his friends in the platoon in Bulun to a Cappie Locust, no matter that he'd practically won the Starburst by knocking said same out with a lucky V-LAW to the cockpit, and that had taken some luck. No, ever since this war had started with ol' Hanse making a gift of the Confederation to his new bride, ol' Jellicoe had felt rather like he'd been getting the short end of the stick. Furthermore, the weather of falling sleet, coupled with the frozen snow on the ground, which made a sickening crunch under Jellicoe's boots all served to make him want off this particular rock ASAP.

Jellicoe chanced a glance back at the rest of his fire-team, they were, thank the Unfinished Book, keeping proper intervals, and for once, watching their sectors properly, even

Davidson, a tall, lanky kid with glasses two sizes too big, who wanted to be a writer, and seemed to spend more time writing in a bloody notebook than soldering. Then there was Horace, he was a line troopie who had been with a militia unit somewhere in the Draconis March, but he wanted to "go where the war was" and so, had gotten duty on Tikinov. He was a large, burly fellow with sandy blond hair who had a nasty streak in him, and tended to go out of his way to alienate the natives, whom he refered to as "zips". When querried what that meant by Jellicoe, Horace replied, "They ain't got Zip I want, don't know Zip that I want to know, and are of Zip interest to me in general." He wielded his Federated Arms SAW like it was the root of all power in the known universe, and he loved pointing it at random civillians, whom no doubt hated the Davion *nemtsi* even more than ever after such an experience.

Finally, came Markson, he was the old salt of the outfit, but hadn't made it past Private, mainly because he didn't want the job of being much more than a line troopie. Some said he'd been a Squad Leader in the 17th Avalon Hussars once, but they also said he'd lost most of them during a nasty firefight on Cassias. His nose has the pug look, like a nose of a prize fighter, it was repeatedly set and broken again, and looked on his nose to be nothing more than a knot of tissue. He was chewing absent-mindedly a bitter suffal root, a plant native to Axton; it was prized as a mild narcotic, but without the addictive effects. All in all, Markson didn't make an attractive picture, but he kept his kit straight, most of
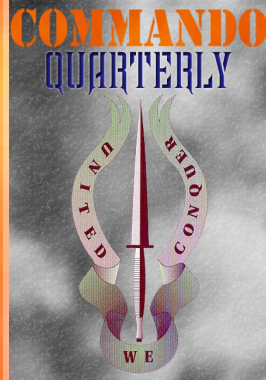
the time, and followed orders, which made him a step up from most of the BNG zeroes.

Jellicoe raised his hand and took a then shoved his hand to the ground, signifying the fire team should take a listening halt. The air was still, the wind whistled in a howl as loud as the silence of the war-shattered land. The stark white of the snow on the ground was shattered only by the husks of a Capellan APC convoy, all of them burnt out and strewn about like toys cast about like the act of a malevolent child. Nothing moved, nothing made a sound,

that he noticed that his right knee wasn't working right. He looked down, and found that his kneecap had been shattered. He was bleeding a bit too.

"Unnahhhhh!" he groaned, he then cursed himself. Now the Cappies knew he was hurt, and hit bad, and they could either wait him out, or finish him off at their leisure. Either option didn't appeal to Jellicoe, and if they weren't Capellan regulars fighting a guerilla action, then he was not going to survive even the act of surrender. Jellicoe

Final Stand! © 2003 Louis G. Myers Jr. Used with permission

other than the occasional sound of breathing by a member of the fire team.

Davidson never even heard the round that hit him. His head just exploded.

At that moment, the world erupted into a cloud of white in front of Jellicoe. He took cover behind Davidson's body and began to return fire, but that was just it, where was it coming from, and where was the rest of his fire team?

Jellicoe ripped off a mag on full auto and then risked a look; they'd all died without a sound, all head and chest shots. It was then

reached for his Emergency Beacon, only to find it was smashed by a spent round. He checked his ammo pouches.

Oh fikk, only 4 more magazines, and there's got to be at least 10-12 Capellans out there. Even if I only use one mag, no telling who comes along after them, and on a day like this, sound of a firefight is going to carry. And with my EB out, I am in deep trouble. Think Artie, think!

At this moment, Arthur didn't like his chances. He was hit, and hit bad. While he had ammo, there was no telling how long this

fight would last, or how many Capellans were out there. Surrender would only buy him a bullet to the head.

It was then that he heard a very Capellan voice, "Hey Fedrat, we know you're hit. Give it up, help isn't coming. We have a jammer for your beacon, and there's a platoon of us, only one of you. Better think it over before I walk a few mortar shells on you."

Jellicoe thought it over again: *I am hit, bleeding somewhat badly, and outnumbered, if this isn't a time to throw it in, then I don't know what is…FIKKK!*

Jellicoe grabbed a dirty white hanky from his field jacket pocket. "Ok Cappie, come get me, you hit me in the knee and I can't move, just hurry it up 'cus freezing to death isn't my idea of a good time."

It was then that five figures rose from the snow to the right front of Jellicoe, they rose as one, as if they sprung from the very ground. They moved in bounds towards Jellicoe's position. Jellicoe's eyes began to weigh more and more. He knew it might not matter if the Capellans reached him after all, with all the blood he had lost…it was going to feel good to go to sleep…

Five days later…

Jellicoe awoke with a start; it was a field hospital, a Davion one, by the looks of the medic who saw him awake. The medic, noticing Jellicoe, ran to get the doctor. Jellicoe looked around, he wondered, if he last remembered being caught by Capellans, what in heck had happened to get him into a Davion MASH?

A Major in a white coat appeared, he looked harried and overworked, a common

condition for doctors in battlefield hospitals. He smiled wearily.

"Well Corporal, you're a lucky man. You will keep the leg, you'll need a cane with therapy, but you're out of the Army, we'll be evacing you to Mallory's World in a few days. Ought to be home to Macintosh by New Years." the Doctor smiled.

Jellicoe risked a look at the leg; it was tied up in the prison of traction and swathed in enough bandages to make a mummy. The whole leg itched from the bandages.

"How did I-?"

"Get here?" The doctor finished for him "The Capellan guerillas handed you over as part of a prisoner exchange. That was two days ago, you spent three days in a coma from the blood loss with them. All in all they did a decent job stabilizing you. By the way, one of their escorts gave me this to give to you." The doctor handed Jellicoe a note.

Jellicoe carefully opened the note. It read simply:

Dear Fedrat;

We needed you to get back some of our own. But, if you want to consider it so, then, MERRY CHRISTMAS. Don't think we won't shoot you the next time.
*See you in Hades, Fedrat. (Though I suspect I will get there first)*
Senior Corporal Thomas Liu,
*Stapleton's Iron Hand, CCAF*

Jellicoe barked a laugh. The Christmas spirit in a place like this, it was a weird notion in the little patch of Hades. But then, wasn't that the beauty of Christmas. That such a spirit could penetrate unlikely places like this, even among enemies?

From the Commando Staff to you and yours:

HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR!!

COMMANDO QUARTERLY

UNITED WE CONQUER
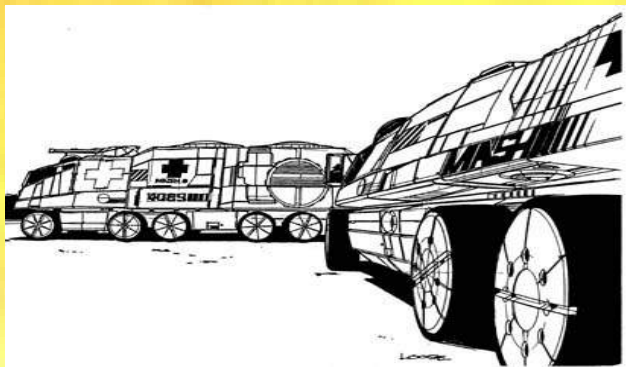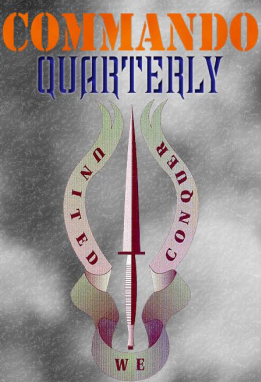
SIMULATOR TECH: ASSESSMENT

NAIS Midterm Exam

By: Robert Pigeon

3415 Individual Combat Tactics
Fall 3067 Midterm Exam

This exam covers all scenarios covered in the first eight weeks of this course. The exam consists of thirteen battle simulator scenarios. The cadet should be able to identify the errors introduced into each scenario. These errors would not or could not take place in simulated scenario. Each correct answer is worth ten points. Good luck.

Note: There may not be an error in every scenario.

1) Wendell Masterson wheeled his new "barrowed" Ha Otoko around in time to see one of those new Steiner Hunchback's actually make a rude gesture at him! With blood singing in his ears he charged his 'Mech down from its hilltop, through a small stand of trees to engage the "merchant" and shove that battle fist onto one of the pilot's free orifices.

2) Moving his Garm stealthily through the thick forests of Lee was not easy for Leftenant Roger Smith, but in the end he was able to sneak up on his prey, a pair of Liao Dung Gung's. He burst through the forest about 500 meters from the startled Capellans and quickly closed to get within the maximum range of his deadly Rotary Autocannon. Smith could see the Dung Gung's slowly turn to face him, bring their torso mounted LRMs to bear on him. As the Garm moved to within extreme range for the Autocannon, Leftenant Smith stabbed down on his 'Alpha Strike' TIC and sent hundreds of depleted uranium shells and the ruby beam of his single ER Medium Laser into the lead Dung Gung, snapping the lighter 'Mech's leg off at the thigh.

3) Subaltern Bob Robertson tracked the nimble 'F' model Raptor Omni-'Mech as it tried to jump behind his Salamander. The Raptor sailed in at least 200 meters before it touched down within 100 meters of the Salamander's right-rear torso. The maneuver would have worked, too, if Robertson hadn't seen it coming, and had the Salamander's torso twisting as he brought the lumbering assault 'Mech around to face the target. Robertson knew it was a long shot, but he triggered all three of his Doombud LRMs knowing that there was little chance of scoring a hit. Miraculously over twenty of the 60 missiles hit the Raptor, most coring the light 'Mech's center torso, and ruining it's gyro.

4) Jan Rico had been piloting her brand new Phoenix Hawk for only a few months before she got to take the Lady Hawk out against a Jade Falcon raiding force. She had been playing cat and mouse with the Falcon Cougar for almost twenty minutes now. Rico had been using her 'Mechs greater maneuverability and improved targeting computer to snipe at the Falcon 'Mech without taking serious damage. Then, with a stroke of good luck she was able to jump in behind the Cougar and use her ER Large Laser to chew threw the relatively thin rear armor and setting off the Autocannon ammunition, and apparently knocking the pilot unconscious.

5) Fighting this Devastator toe to toe was not Earl's idea of smart combat, but this is where the engagement had ended up. Luckily his Pillager was able to deal out like damage to the Devastator. Plus Earl's 'Mech didn't have as much damage to begin with. Both 'Mechs had huge rents in the armor all over their front torsos. And then it happened, both pilots fired their medium, and both pilots scored hits that destroyed their opponent's

right-torso Gauss Rifle. The resulting explosion destroy both 'Mech's engines, effectively ending their duel.

6) Captain Jake Morris was enjoying this little practice skirmish with the local Comstar garrison until very recently. The Comstar Gunslinger piloted by Precentor Wilhimena Kranst had positioned itself in between two small berms that had effectively made it very difficult to hit. Morris' Hauptman had been slinging gauss slug after gauss slug at the Gunslinger with very little success. The same could not be said for Precentor Kranst she had breached the center and left torso of the Hauptman as Morris advanced. Knowing that his 'Mech could not take another full attack from the Gunslinger's front, Morris jumped his 'Mech 60 meter behind the 'Slinger. His target was still obscured by partial cover, but he had a very good chance at opening up the rear armor of Kranst's 'Mech. That was, until Kranst opened up with her rear facing medium pulse lasers and slagged the Hauptman's engine.

7) Ross was in a position no warrior should be put in. He was looking down at the immobile form of his vanquished foe's 'Mech, the pilot obviously unconscious from the fall he had just taken. Ross had no time to disable his opponent's 'Mech, nor could he leave this foe in his rapidly advancing Regiment's rear area. With little time, and fewer choices, Ross targeted the downed 'Mech's head, and let loose with all of his short-range firepower. The two medium lasers ate through the head's armor, but it was the SRMs that destroyed the cockpit and the pilot inside.

8) Cadet Steve Thompson and Jal Redman were watching the latest Solaris 7 combat in the Day Room. In the final match of the night a modified Davion Hunchback was duking it out with a Marik Cronus. The Hunchback with its clawed right hand grasped onto the Cronus and pulled it into a bear hug. The writhing Cronus was finally overcome by two point-blank ranged shot of the Hunchback's Pontiac 100 Autocannon.

9) The Marik Wraith would just not sit still! And worse yet Major Bedford Franks could not hit the little bugger! And then, all of a sudden an idea formed in his mind. Every time the Wraith stuck its head up he let loose with his two LRM 15 racks. The Wraith soon caught on to this and made its way close to the Bedford's Crusader, trying to get within the launchers' minimum range. That was when he stepped beyond his means. Just as the Wraith landed in close, and hosed down Bedford with pulse lasers, the Crusader let loose with both sets of SRMs. Instead of exploding on contact, all four missiles exploded before they impacted the Wraith and spread fiery inferno jelly all over the smaller 'Mech. The heat inside the Wraith must have addled the pilot because he was slow to react, and Bedford was able to hit it with two medium pulse lasers, and with another salvo of SRMs, this time with explosive ammo. That was enough damage to seal the fate of that particular Marik Pilot.

10) Cedrick O'Conners must be the unluckiest SOB in the Inner Sphere. Not only had he had his brand new Stalker shot out from under him, but the only replacement that his CO was able to procure for him was an old E model Banshee. And if that weren't bad enough he was now having this 'Mech shot out from under him. To put icing on the cake it was by a 'Mech half his weight! That blasted Omni Firestarter was hitting him every time he turned around. The little beast would jump in and shoot its two large lasers and then jump away. Sure he wasn't hitting every time, but he was hitting often enough to make O'Conners sweat, and not from the heat in the cockpit. Cedrick finally caught a lucky break when he moved into an old industrial complex and hid in a hanger. Just as he hoped the Firestarter came in after him, smelling the blood in the water. And just as Cedrick had hoped, the Drac walked right in front of the open hanger, not more than 90 meters in front of the Banshee. Cedrick let loose with everything he had, and hit… with everything he had; which was just enough to unbalance the Firestarter, which crashed to the ground. A cruel smile spread across Ced's face as he charge up to his downed foe.
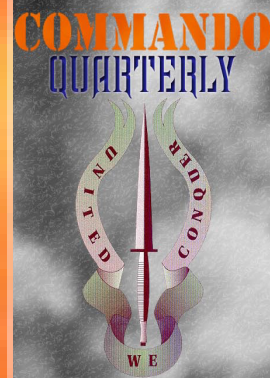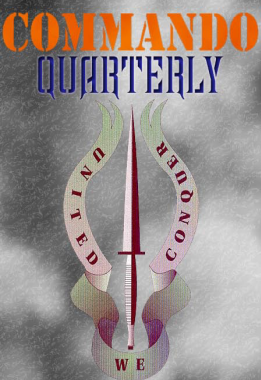
11) During a recent raid by Clan Wolf, Löjtant Alf Eriksson of the FRR Kungsarmé found himself in a good position. He was standing atop a small rise overlooking a dense forest, and about half a kilometer away on another small knoll stood a Wolf Masikari, in the primary configuration. Alf had a savage grin on his face as he set the feet of his Yeoman wide, and let the clanner suck on 50 missiles!

12) Leftenant Alice Jonston moved her Enfield into position to fire upon the enemy Daimyo. She quickly snapped off a slug round from her Defiance Disintegrator Autocannon as she moved to bring her Thunderbolt Large Pulse Laser into range. Just as she was lining up the shot the Daimyo let loose with it's Lord's Light 2 ER PPC. The beam of energy tore open her 'Mech's already damaged center torso, and worse yet, throwing off her aim of the pulse laser. Leftenant Jonston, deciding discretion was the better part of valor, jumped her Enfield away before the Daimyo's medium lasers and SRM system could come into range.

13) Sergeant Mike Curruthers jumped his new QD1 Valkyrie into a thick stand of trees, which occupied the top a fifteen-meter bluff overlooking the battlefield, to take stock of the situation. His LRM15 Launcher was out of missiles, and a golden BB from the Snake's LB Autocannon had destroyed his brand new targeting computer. He'd killed the Snake, but there was still a damned Yu Huang out there stalking the company command lance. Just then his Mag/Res started screaming, as that very same Yu Huang landed at the foot of the bluff, it's attention turned to Captain Jenkins's Jager'Mech III. Feeling not at all guilty, Curruthers crept his Valk forward and then with little warning kicked in the head of the Capellan assault 'Mech.

This concluded your Midterm exam. When the time sounds, pass your test forward.
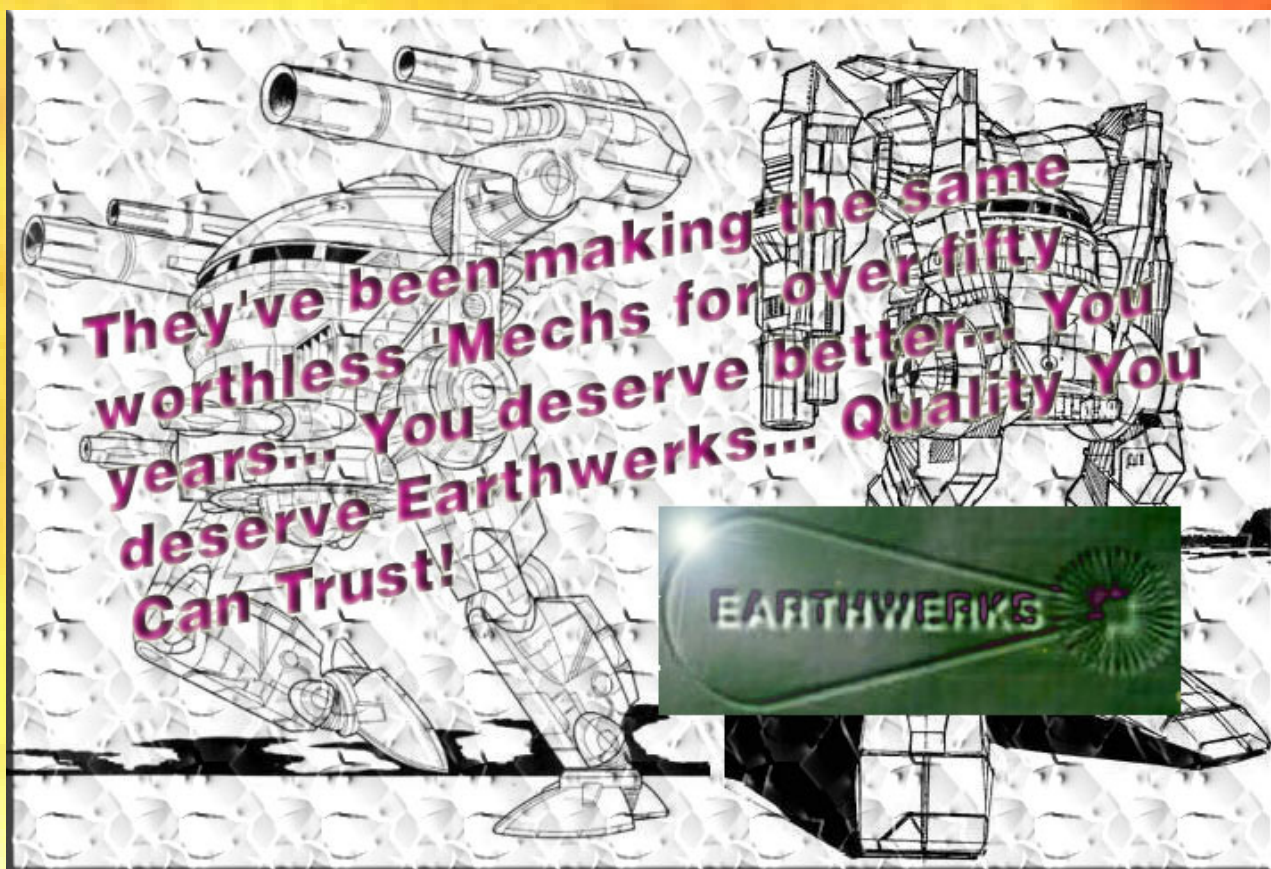
NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Recounting battles from around the Inner Sphere

By Joel Steverson

The Frozen Tundra, 50 Kilometers Northwest of Winterland
Sigma Mare
Capellan Confederation
June 29th, 3065

Si-Ben-Bing Maxavier Tzu gazed out across the bleak landscape, squinting against the morning glare. Only the harsh white snowpack greeted his eyes. Pulling out his GPS locater he re-verified his position for the fifth time. Waiting on station for a little over two hours, the at-first cool air had grown into a bitter cold. It bit deeply through his parka with every gust of wind which as another strong blow thrashed against him, seemed omnipresent. Setting down his GPS he dug into his thigh pocket retrieving the PDA he'd been given at Winterland. He fumbled a few awkward moments for the stylus, before doffing his gloves to get at the elusive instrument. After a few quick taps he was reviewing his orders.

"...proceed on heading 019 for 5 km, then turn to heading 264 and proceed another 3 km where you will rendezvous with Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Chun Yip and receive further instructions..."

Aside from his parka, Maxavier carried a Needler with, three magazines, snowshoes, and a small backpack filled with several rudimentary provisions: energy bars that tasted of dried paste, an insulated canteen – now half empty, a small heating element, emergency survival "cocoon" and an emergency recall beacon. While spending hours waiting in the cold and snow didn't qualify as an emergency, it was riling up Maxavier. Where was Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip, and why wasn't he here? Max reviewed his notes and checked his GPS for the sixth time. He was definitely in the right place.

Maxavier rubbed his hands together, then cupped them over his mouth and blew in hot air. The cold was taking its toll. Already his nose felt the telltale tingling hints of frostbite. Sending the worthless instruments flying across the open tundra was cathartic, at least until he turned to reach for his canteen and found the double-barreled muzzle of a Blazer staring him in the face.

Dressed in an arctic camouflaged snowsuit, the black masked and goggled figure poised easily upon the uneven snowpack. His or her deadly manner left no doubts in Maxavier's mind that upon the slightest misstep, megajoules of coherent light would flash boil a fatal hole straight through his face. Slowly spreading his hands out to the side, Maxavier rose. The rifle didn't waver, nor did the masked figure move, and as the wind stilled, an uncomfortable silence grew. Seconds seemed to stretch into hours as Maxavier stood staring at the matte black barrel, desperately trying to find some avenue of escape.

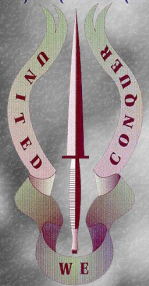"Si-Ben-Bing Tzu." The black-masked figure, now identifiable as a man, spoke in a crisp voice.

Maxavier mustered the courage to nod.
"Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Chun Yip."

"Welcome to your first day of arctic combat training," Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip replied, while in the swift and practiced motions of a drill team expert snapping the Blazer to order arms, and giving a slight bow. "Looks like you just failed your first test."

At those words, four other figures, all within thirty meters of Maxavier's position, and all of which he'd similarly failed to observe,
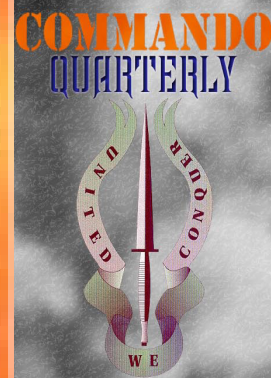
rose from the snowpack. They spread into a lose formation and set off as Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip continued.

"Don't take it too hard, almost everyone fails their first test." Maxavier lowered his arms, but just as he started to relax, Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip added, "Don't fail the second one though, we use live ammo. Go gather your gear and catch up, it's ten clicks to base, and if you get lost, you'll probably freeze to death out here."

Cursing under his breath, Maxavier stuffed his supplies in his pack and hurried after Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip.

*   *   *   *   *

Three hours later, the faint yellow drawf star, Sigma Prime, had slipped below the horizon extinguishing the predawn-like light that illuminated the planet. Sitting down with a much-welcomed hot meal, Maxavier conversed with several other newcomers, most of which, he learned, had met with a similar welcome.

Despite their harsh welcome, their mood, so unlike his initial military training, was jovial and lighthearted. Maxavier soon found himself drawn into the jocularity, as the realization that his long awaited dream to join the elite ranks of the Capellan Confederation Death Commandos was finally at hand.

Following their meal, they assembled in a small briefing room. Twelve in all, their eyes turned to meet the grizzled visage of Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip. In his late thirties Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip, might have been considered handsome if not for the feral fire in his eyes, and the rough marbled texture of burn scarring that engulfed the left side of his face. Whatever he lacked in appearance, he made up in charisma, as his passion for House Laio and the Death Commandos quickly became apparent. By the end of his speech - although Maxavier later realized he could not recall any of its details – Maxavier and the rest were worked into such a fervor they'd have charged bare-handed against 'Mechs if he were but to suggest the idea.

The following morning, decked out in the familiar shorts and cooling vest garb of Mechwarriors, they met in the base hanger. Twelve pristine Sha-Yu 'Mechs, each painted in a piebald arctic camouflage, stood waiting in their respective bays. Beside each hung a banner upon which the name of a recruit was emblazoned along with a *Hànzì* character.

Maxavier had heard of the new design and its astounding stealth capabilities. In hushed whispers amongst those who had seen them in the field, it was said that a skilled Sha-Yu pilot could walk to the gates at the SCMD before the plebes would have the slightest inkling of its presence. A high-speed scout, armed with an impressive array of extended-range large lasers, and a brace of ER medium lasers, the forty-ton killer seemed almost alive.

Maxavier had trained on simulators for a handful of the newer Capellan 'Mechs -the Sha-Yu, Men-Shen, and Yu-Huang among them - while in transit to Sigma Mare. Of those, the Sha-Yu was not only the most comparable to his assigned 'Mech in weight and armament, it was also his favorite. Still gazing in awe at the feral machine, Maxavier joined the other recruits forming up before Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip.

"You each have distinguished careers of service to the Capellan Confederation," he began. "In those careers you have learned to fight, to kill, and accepted that you might die. These are admirable values, that you will recall long after you have fulfilled your duty, yet they have also limited you, for you each still fear death. This is the one thing you must instead embrace. You are now all dead. Dead men carry no burdens. No qualms that might prevent them from acting in that split second where everything is either lost or gained. You have no name, no face, and no identity in society whatsoever. To them you are dead, as they are to you.

You will become the quiet between heartbeats, the glimmering flash of steel that cuts in the night," Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip's voice filled the hangar as he finished. "The specter of death to those who oppose you."

"Behind me," he gestured. "You each will find your name at a 'Mech bay. After today, you will not see these names again. Henceforth, you will be known only by your

code-name as indicated by the corresponding *Hànzì*. Now go to your assigned 'Mech. It is already encoded with your voiceprint."

"Saboteurs have breached our defenses. Be cautious, but expeditious. An accursed Federated Suns warship has entered orbit, and our scanners at Winterland indicate she will have a firing solution on this base within ten minutes. If you are not out before then, we shall mourn your loss. Those of you who escape the base will proceed to the next exercise."

The scenario, while obviously contrived, had the intended effect upon the recruits, who each raced for their respective 'Mechs with abandon. Nearing his bay, Maxavier smiled as he noticed his new name: Mongoose. The Mongoose, an animal native to far-distant Terra, was renown for its lethal predatory nature. It was a perfect moniker for Maxavier.

Min Zwang, the first recruit to reach his 'Mech, also met with the first evidence of sabotage, as he caught on a tripwire setting off a stun grenade and eliminating him from the exercise. Seeing Min's costly mistake, Maxavier approached more cautiously, and avoided two similar devices before reaching the handholds on his Sha-Yu's left foot and beginning the ascent.

Reaching his 'Mech's hip, Maxavier spotted another cleverly concealed trap. Attached on the inside of a ladder rung, he found a contact trigger leading to a satchel charge planted just above the hip. If it were real, the resulting explosion would likely ruin the 'Mech's hip joint, leaving it virtually immobile, and would certainly kill the unfortunate pilot.

The particular rung chosen made it very difficult to avoid while making the ascent to the cockpit, as the sound of an explosion from elsewhere in the hanger testified. While Maxavier had some rudimentary demolitions training, it had been several years since he'd put it to use. Hoping he remembered correctly, he carefully disconnected one side of the device and reached for the rung. He didn't realize he'd been holding his breath until it escaped in a relieved sigh as the explosive failed to detonate.

Maxavier quickly finished his ascent, dropping into his 'Mech's cockpit, where he disarmed yet another device. This one designed to disable the 'Mech's computer when the startup sequence was initiated. Standing up on the pilot's couch, he tossed the device out then sealed the hatch and powered up his 'Mech.

The computerized voice, enhanced to sound effeminate, surprised him, but did not prevent his automatic reply, though he would later come to wonder how the Death Commandos had obtained his unique countersign. While anyone with sufficient code-breaking skills could find their way into a 'Mech's cockpit, and even activate the fusion engine and maneuvering controls, only the 'Mech's pilot, his or her countersign encoded into the 'Mech's computer, could activate its impressive array of weaponry.
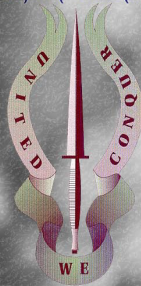
Fully powered and ready to go, Maxavier made for the hanger exit, already accelerating towards full speed as he approached the massive ferro-fibrous doors. Seconds before passing through those doors, he remembered to engage the Sha-Yu's stealth armor. Heat slowly started seeping into the cockpit, as the IR baffles engaged blocking virtually all heat emissions from his 'Mech. Striding out onto the frozen tundra, he knew he'd made the right decision, as a company of captured Davion 'Mechs greeted him.

The magnificent stealth armor caused the first volley from the light and medium Davion 'Mechs to miss his Sha-Yu, though as he scanned the battlefield he could see his compatriots had not been so lucky. Two of the three Sha-Yu's exiting before him already stood immobile, computer simulated damage marking them as lost. The remaining Sha-Yu already engaged with an Enforcer III, and Falcon, appeared to be on the losing side of the battle.

Maxavier, already moving at full throttle cut sharply to the right, nearly losing his footing as the Sha-Yu's the forty-ton 'Mech slid on the slick surface. Setting his sites on an older HCT-3F Hatchetman, Maxavier squeezed his primary trigger sending low power emerald bolts from his Martell lasers. His computer automatically shut off heat sinks in response to

the weapon fire, and the heat level in his cockpit erupted. Gasping for breath in the suddenly searing air, Maxavier cursed his mistake.

The Hatchetman, suffering moderate simulated damage on both its right and center torsos, responded with a rolling burst from its autocannon. To Maxavier's delight, the volley missed wide to the left. He continued his run to the right, hoping to draw some of the enemy 'Mechs into chase and give his team an opportunity to enter the fray.

Punching a button next to his throttle control he pulled up the designated company frequency. An earsplitting squeal assaulted his senses. Wincing, he stabbed down the button, killing the channel. The stealth armor formed an ECM bubble around his 'Mech, interfering with comm channels. Another mistake. He shook his head, hoping to throw off the painful ringing in his ears, and instinctively rolling to the left attempting to avoid the hungry energy bolts he knew to be seeking his 'Mech.

His computer painted the Sha-Yu's weak rear armor in bright red, as a lucky shot found purchase. Displays flickered as the simulated PPC blast interfered with the Sha-Yu's sensors. His torso armor savaged, Maxavier continued to wheel to the left, rotating his nimble Sha-Yu's torso to bring this ER large lasers in line. A Davion GRF-3M Griffin its hand-held PPC pointed threateningly in his direction gave chase. The slower Hatchetman remained on station attempting to gun down another Sha-Yu just exiting the hanger.

Glancing at his heat display, Maxavier saw that another salvo from his ER large lasers

would likely shut down the 'Mech, he sent a warding shot from his ER medium lasers chasing after the Griffin. His computer painted the Griffin's left arm in amber, indicating a hit for one of the lasers.

Continuing his roll, Maxavier tried to draw out the Griffin to where he could use his Sha-Yu's superior mobility to utmost advantage. The Griffin pilot, no novice to combat, pulled back towards his lancemates, and sent a score of long-range missiles thundering towards Maxavier. The LMRs, unable to lock on the stealth-protected Sha-Yu, raced harmlessly past.

Maxavier, content to play a long-range game of tag with the Griffin, continued to withdraw from the hanger. As his heat levels dropped back into the green, he squeezed off a shot with a single ER large laser. His computer indicated half a ton of armor would have been seared off by the jade blast, and the Griffin's center torso now shone in amber. The return blast of charged particles arced harmlessly past the Sha-Yu, it's stealth armor still providing unsurpassed protection from enemy fire, though significantly hampering the Sha-Yu's offensive punch.

Checking his secondary display, Maxavier saw the last of the escaping Sha-Yu's being chased down by a nimble Stealth and Fireball. The Davion company, or sabotage, had eliminated nearly all the Sha-Yu's. Maxavier's second day as a Death Commando trainee was going be as bad as the first.

During their debriefing, one of the recruits complained to Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip, that

the scenario was unfair and overbalanced in favor of the Davion force. Yip's reply, stern and icy, told her that they were lucky to face odds so favorable.

* * * * *

By the third week of training, all of the recruits had regained some tiny degree of confidence, though their skillful instructors routinely shattered it. They handled the Sha-Yu's more efficiently, yet were nearly always defeated. They faced overwhelming odds at every occasion, yet had somehow come through at least one mission successfully. Their fledgling skills in espionage and EOD were constantly put to the test, as time after time they encountered anti-personnel devices – sometimes even in the supposed sanctum of their barracks.

Camaraderie was growing between the recruits, or at least an unspoken agreement to win the war with their instructors. As they continued to work together, they sought every opportunity to outwit their instructors, yet hampered by the constant deception they encountered, it was more often they found themselves on the wrong side of their efforts. Each exercise, while teaching them valuable skills, was also fraught with sudden twists and turns. One day your partner was your partner, the next he knifed you in the back.

As usual for a Monday morning, they assembled in the 'Mech hanger. Asp, formerly San-Ben-Bing Shaw, was the butt of several jokes, the majority of which related to his failure in Sunday's infiltration exercise. It was a simple incursion and retrieval. Equipped with sneak suits, it should have been simple. Intel was bad again, and they'd not known about the pressure sensitive flooring until Asp set off the initial alarm. He'd not only been the first recruit spotted and eliminated by the opposition, but had suffered the indignity of falling headfirst into a dumpster while trying to avoid capture. Though a few barbs pierced his ferro-titanium ego, he endured the jibing well.

Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip briefed them on the day's mission - a force recon of an abandoned outpost. The mission was so pedestrian

Maxavier immediately became suspicious. Three weeks of training had taught him to immediately distrust whatever details Yi-Si-Ben-Bing Yip provided – as he always left out some vital piece that changed the expected scenario dramatically. Ten minutes later, while powering up his Sha-Yu, Maxavier had his answer. As his computer ran the startup and self-diagnostic sequence, a coded message came over his comm system.

"Mongoose, today's exercise is called 'A Lesson In Treachery'. Your lance will be grouped with two members of Beta Lance, forming a unit of six 'Mechs. You'll be entering the abandoned outpost from the east, while Asp and his team will enter from the west. The orders you received during the briefing are a cover story only. You will actually be working for Asp's team, and your objective is to eliminate your lancemates.
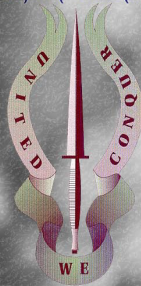
Your partner in this mission is Lobster. You will not receive instructions from Asp, nor will you be able to communicate with him, or Lobster, during this exercise. Choose the opportune moment to turn on your companions. You'll be graded on the number of lancemates you successfully eliminate. Good hunting."

Maxavier settled his neurohelmet on his shoulders. The computer, its startup sequence completed, prompted him to arm the Sha-Yu's weapons system. Maxavier had changed his countersign. After the first week of training he'd felt the need for something that reflected the frustration he felt as every mission became yet another Machiavellian nightmare.

"Yet it cannot be called talent to slay fellow-citizens, to deceive friends, to be without faith, without mercy, without religion; such methods may gain empire, but not glory."

As Maxavier spoke, his 'Mech's weapon systems came online, and he set another weary foot forward on the path to becoming a Death Commando.
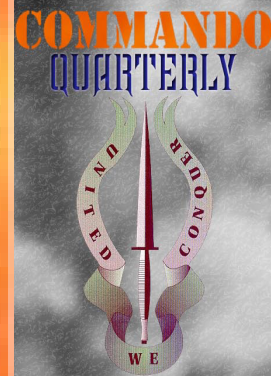
SIMULATOR TECH: BRAINSTORM

Scenario/Event Ideas

By Robert Pigeon & Ross Hines

In other words, grab your umbrellas and slickers because we are going to go over a few scenarios that we both have found to be very successful with players who have played the game before and easy enough to introduce newer players into. Most of these scenarios keep the veteran entertained while hooking new players with the ideas of combat in the 31st century. We'll break down the ideas that we've stormed up over the last few months that keep our players hooked on CBT and have added a few new players to the mix.

If you are like us, you have gotten bored with the same old scenario, "Four Kurita 'Mechs versus four Davion 'Mechs. Kill, kill, kill. Last team standing wins." If you feel this way then it's time to look for some new ideas on scenarios. These aren't scenarios in the sense that they are scheduled weeks or months in advance and then played. Most of these ideas are for quick pick-up games, with little or no prep time. So with no further ado, lets look at some ideas.

Gunslinger Event- This event is based on the Gunslinger event ran at the official conventions like GenCon or Origins. Ross' variation let the contestants keep the 'Mech they chose from the first round. This meant the pilot stayed in the same 'Mech for the duration of the event, which in Ross' case was four games and then the winner was decided. This seemed to be a more realistic event as the Mechwarrior would not truly be able to change 'Mechs every round. The players really liked the ability to choose their 'Mechs and use the Gunslinger Piloting skill chart to determine pilots.

Inner Sphere Free For All– This event lets the players select one 'Mech similar to the gunslinger event, using the gunslinger Piloting chart, but the difference here is all the 'Mechs are on the field at the same time! Two maps were used, one standard BattleTech Map and one open terrain map. Both Ross and Pidge used cards to determine initiative, which went very smoothly. They also offered a prize for the most unique, "non-standard" 'Mech (a non-standard 'Mech is one that isn't often seen at CBT tournaments). This made the selection just as critical as the actual play. Some chose to go after the win during play, casting aside the notion of letting the group vote for the most unique 'Mech, others went for the opportunity to win before playing. In Ross' event, a Verfolger was named as the most unique, "non-standard" 'Mech. In Pidge's event the suicidal pilot that took the Hunchback IIC was voted most unique.

Team FFA– In this adaptation of the classic Free For All, players draw cards to split the contestants into two teams. The contestants pick two 'Mechs for their team, and then augment the piloting and gunner skills, using the Gunslinger Piloting/Gunner chart, up to a maximum of 4000BV. The two teams then join together and fight it out

If you want to be really evil you bring along a 1d4 and roll it after movement phase, but before fire declaration. When a 1 is rolled players draw cards and get new partners. "Oh did I say I was going to cover your back? I meant I was going to cover it with LRMs!"

Clan Grand Melee– Pretty much the same as the Inner Sphere Free for all, except that the stipulation was added that you could only fire on the closest enemy and must use up as

much of your heat dissipation ability as possible.

Another way to spice this up is to use Zellbrigen and force players to call out opponents, but when (not if) someone fires at someone else's target it becomes a FFA. You can also ban physical attacks if you want to add more Clan flavor to it. This, unfortunately leads some people to stick their big bad assault 'Mech in the corner and just blast people, so you may want to allow people to push or use other physical attacks to try to prevent this from happening.

Faction Specific— Another variation to the Team battle mentioned above is to go a route confining the players to a particular faction. Having random roll tables so players can pick their 'Mechs or record sheets helps as well. Also, you can go the random roll route in

'Mech selection, making much more interesting forces and giving the players odd circumstances to deal with.

Themed Battles— These battles are fun because they put stipulations on what 'Mechs you can and cannot use. These are fun because you see some 'Mechs or variants that you don't often see. Some ideas for themed battles are as followed:

Weight Categories – Players may only take 'Mechs from certain weight categories (Light, Medium, Heavy or Assault).

No Piloting Rolls – In this original scenario, players are limited to 'Mechs that are unable to inflict enough damage in one phase to cause a Piloting Skill Roll.

Low Damage Weapons – This one forces the players to choose a 'Mech that has weapons that do 5 points "chunks" of damage or less (LRMs and RACs are fine, but not Medium Pulse Lasers).

Tag-Team Battle– For this battle each player chooses two 'Mechs for the battle, but starts the battle from a pre-determined home edge with only one of the 'Mechs. If their original 'Mech is destroyed, their second 'Mech is then eligible to enter from their Home Edge.

This one can also be modified to be a real tag-team effort, if a 'Mech gets damaged, it may leave from the Home Edge, and the second 'Mech may enter.

These ideas are by no means the only scenarios available. These are just some ideas to get you started, or if you are running low on ideas. So the next time you show up at your regularly scheduled local Classic BattleTech game, and the guy that was supposed to bring the scenario doesn't show up, keep these ideas in the back of your head for a quick pick up game. In short, have fun with these ideas, and mold them into something that you and your players can use to put some life back into those boring, "kill, kill, kill," battles.
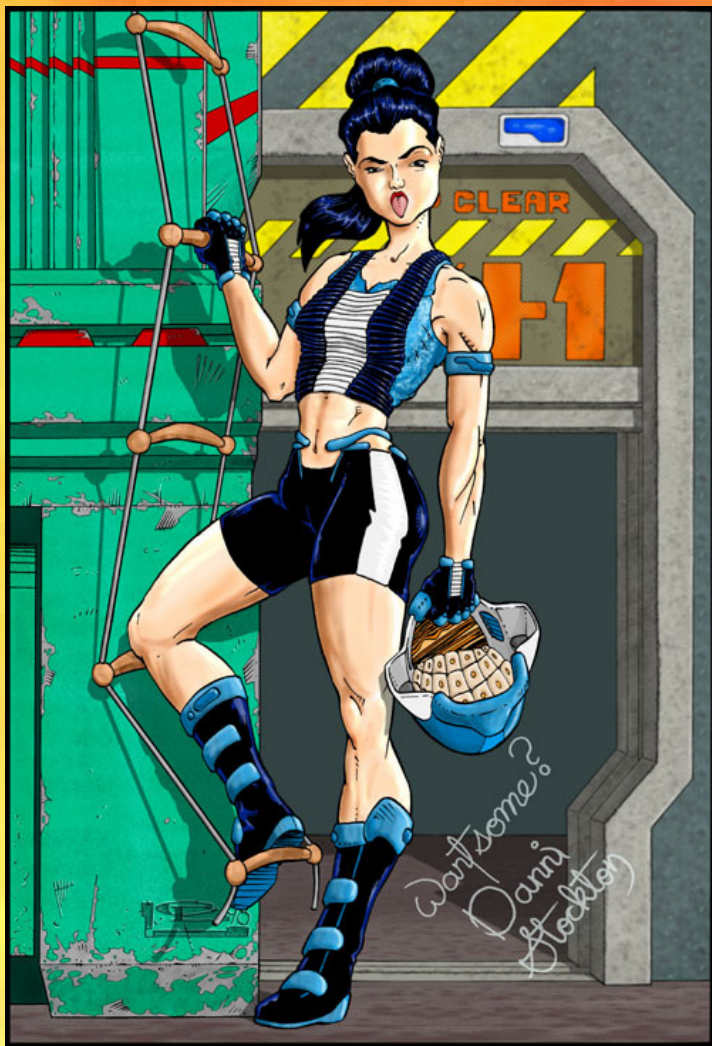
Danni © 2003 Chris Lewis
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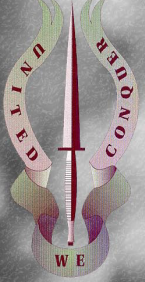
SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #1

Lazarus Rising

By Jon R. Wooldridge

Background:

In 3053 the DCMS established a covert, bioresearch team intent on unlocking the self-healing technology of Clan Elementals. Project Lazarus, as it came to be known, was a joint effort between the Combine and Comstar scientist to reverse-engineer this new technology and reproduce the regenerative properties for use in future battle armor designs.

The facility, code name: Onikashu, was an abandoned Star League listening post refurbished to fit the needs and security of the project. Since the location of the base was undisclosed, a military detachment was deployed to deter any who may become too curious. A company of 'Mechs and infantry were selected from the Alshain Regulars to fulfill this duty.

The Lazarus team had been trying to replicate the Elemental regenerating technology since Tukayyid with some marginal success. Progress was promising over the past three years until one night, in the deep cold of the polar glacier, the serum mutated into a super-virus. The scientist failed to recognize that the serum was designed to work in the deep cold of space and would not become dormant in similar environments as a typical virus would. This new super-virus thrived...and spread. By the time the team realized their error Lazarus has infected 83% of the base. Under the circumstances and isolated environment the virus created acute paranoia, delusional apparitions, and psychotic episodes. Many of the inhabitants degenerated into unprovoked violence resulting in many deaths, while others died from exposure to the subzero temperatures trying to escape the carnage. The virus struck swiftly, allowing little time for proper protocol. Several Mechwarriors attempted to flee in their BattleMechs in hopes to find help further North.

Upon the barren, ice-glazed plain outside Onikashu several burnt-out husks of 'Mechs lay smoldering in the snow. Barely visible in the dense curtain of blizzard snow three 'Mechs crept forward all the while being stalked by a wolf that strikes but is not seen; a ghost that watches just beyond sensor range. Suddenly, a PPC whip lashes out from the beyond the gloom crippling one of the 'Mechs. It falls, and two short bursts from twin AC5 cannons finish it off in a cyan burst of energy.

"Tagagi, he's lost it. We've got to take him out!" cried Gunsho Akiro Namaguchi. "Chu-i, he's a mad man! How many more men must die for you to realize it! You must act decisively!"

"No!" demanded Chu-i Tagagi Shiro, " It's this damn blizzard! He can't identify friend from foe!"

"Don't be a fool Tagagi! We're the only ones out here! The Tai-i has succumbed to the Lazarus virus, he has to be..." a streak from a PPC and the hiss of static ended Akiro's transmission.

"Akiro? Akiro!" Tagagi's faith faltered as panic set in. He was now alone, against an enemy he could not see. It was a moment of clarity. Tagagi realized the Lazarus virus has indeed claimed the once proud samurai, and now he must accept the task at hand. But, how was one to find a ghost in the dark? The blizzard cloaked him like the devil's shroud and has reduced visibility

to 150 meters at best, and the covered ice makes for a formidable obstacle.

From the bleak snow-whipped plain comes a hollowed, emotionless voice across the tacnet, "Tagagi...you're next."

The young Chu-i, who idolized his commander, cries out, "Tai-i! Tai-i, where are you?! What has happened to you?!"

"I must serve the Dragon, Tagagi, as you must. Do not succumb to cowardice. Accept your fate like a warrior, Chu-i," growled the alien voice haunting Tagagi's Neurohelmet.

The 'Mech's sensors alerted young Tagagi of a heavy 'Mech to his six at a 100 meters and closing. A warning claxon erupted in his ears indicating a weapons lock. As he pivoted his 'Mech around the last thing Chu-i Tagagi Shiro saw was the brilliant flash from the energy whip of a PPC and the staccato bursts from twin, ultra-AC5's pierce his torso, and then, in surreal silence, a cyan flash as his engine exploded.

Echoed across the roar of wind and snow is heard the words of a man no more, "None shall pass."

Situation:

Somewhere on the Freya Plain, South Pole, Idlewind
Free Rasalhague Republic
6 January 3056

Weeks later, the jump ship Icarus, arrives in system on its annual supply-run. After several failed attempts to hail the Onikashu Base and a vague if not inaccurate orbital thermal-scan the jump ship commander decides to dispatch its escort DropShip, a Leopard class transport called the Pacifist, to recon the base in hopes that the problem was only atmospheric interference or a malfunctioning antenna. Unfortunately for the crew of the Pacifist, they arrived during the planets worst season of blizzards. The descent was choppy, erratic, and sometimes bone jarring. It was as if the planet itself was trying

to keep the patrol from landing, but the recon lance had its orders and would not let a little bad weather hinder their job.

Setup:

This scenario is designed for three to four players using Level 2 technology and Level 3 terrain and scanning rules. For set up, you can use the blank backsides of any two maps. This is to demonstrate the bleakness of the artic tundra. It would be preferable to use those maps whose hexes are numbered. Place the maps on board as shown below:
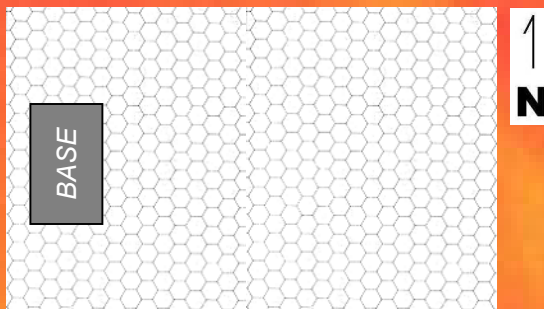
Attacker

The attacker consists of the escort lance from the Alshain Regulars with two tracked APC's carrying two infantry squads. The APC are intended to be non-combatants, therefore their battle value is not calculated in the final battle value of the force.

Chu-i Igo Saisashi (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Diamyo, DMO–1K (BV: 936)
Gunsho Mark Ishako (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4)
Raptor, RTX1-0 (BV: 655)
Gunsho Margaret Helsdötter (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4)
Raptor, RTX1-0 (BV: 655)
Gunsho Anzai Endo (Piloting 5, Gunnery 5)
APC, Tracked (BV: 53)
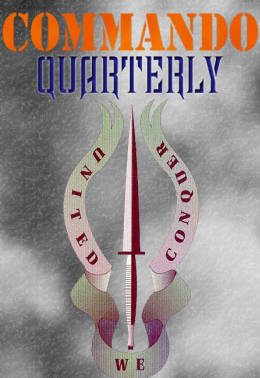Gunsho Dane Hansen (Piloting 5, Gunnery 5)
APC, Tracked (BV: 53)

Total BV: 2246

Deployment

Enter on the Eastern edge of the board. As stated, the APC's are not intended to be combatants; likewise, the rifle infantry detachment is not intended to be deployed outside the installation as the –38° C temperatures would most certainly kill them.
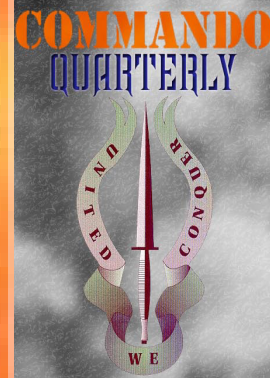
Defender

Defender consists of the last remaining pilot of the garrisoned Alshain Avenger Company.

Tai-i Charles Nicholas (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)
Daikyu, DAI-01 (BV 1324)

Total BV: 1324

Onikashu Base (CF: 55): dimensions are 3 hexes by 5 hexes

Deployment

The defender begins the first round hidden anywhere on the board, but must be a minimum of six hexes from the attacking units. As long as the defender does not fire or move with in five hexes of an attacking unit he remains hidden due to the obscuring effects of the blizzard and dim, ambient light.

Objective

In his deranged state Tai-i Nicholas believes it is his sworn duty to prevent anyone from entering the facility and to keep all those who enter from ever leaving in order to protect the Dragon from the virus that lurks with in. Armed with this strong sense of duty he will go to absurd lengths to prevail; he will even destroy the facility should the APC's make it to their target. It is imperative that no one leaves once they enter the board.

For the Alshain Regulars, their mission is simple: escort / protect the infantry APC's to the facility and establish a cordon around the perimeter. The APC's are to move directly to the installation and enter through a blast-hole in the North Eastern wall, as all other entrances are impassable. *It is important to note that the Attacker is supposed to be reconnoitering a friendly installation, as such they may not fire on any detected units until fired upon.*

Victory Conditions

For the attacker to succeed the two APC's must enter the facility and the rogue Mechwarrior must be subdued or eliminated. Whereas, the defending Mechwarrior must destroy all units on board using the terrain and environment to establish an advantage over the superior number of the attacking force.

In the case of a draw or a tie victory goes to the defender.

Victory Points

Victory Points	
Attacking 'Mech Destroyed	15
APC Destroyed	20
Facility (with infantry inside) Destroyed	30
Defending 'Mech Destroyed	25

Victory Conditions

Victory Conditions	
55 to 40	Decisive Victory – Attacker
39 to 61	Marginal Victory – Attacker
60 to – 45	Draw
-55 to – 46	Marginal Victory - Defender
-65 to – 56	Decisive Victory - Defender

Special Rules

This scenario consists of Level 2 technology with Level 3 terrain and scanning rules (included here for reference). All rules are cannon being drawn from the BMR: R [10984] ©, Maximum Tech: Revised [1700] ©, and Tactical Handbook [8630] ©.

Hidden Units (BMR: R, pg. 83)

Pointblank Shots From Hidden Units (BMR: R, pg. 83)

Terrain / Environment

Darkness: For purposes of this scenario, the light conditions are considered darkness due to the dense blizzard coupled with the overcast skies. This results in a visibility of 5 hexes. Unless using sensors to fire, no 'Mech can fire on another without having visible contact. (Tactical Handbook, pg. 8)

Blizzard: +1 to all piloting skill roles, +2 to ballistic weapon's fire, +1 to all other weapon's fire, -4 to roll on the Missile Hit Table – all missiles miss their target on a

Ice: BattleMechs and ground vehicles that makes a facing change and then move on an ice-coated hex must check to see if they skid (see Skidding, BMR: R, pg.22), even if they are moving at walking or cruising speed.

*In this scenario, the defender has ten clusters of 5 hexes worth of ice to secretly distribute about the board. The attacker is not to know which hexes are iced and which are not, due to the visibility and snow flurries covering the ground. This deception is intended to give the defender a geographical advantage. It is necessary to record which hexes are ice-hexes before beginning of play.

Extreme Temperature: Current temperature is –38°C. Subtract 1 Heat Point from the BattleMech's overall heat build-up each turn. Additionally, due to the extreme temperature, no unarmored infantry can be deployed outside a vehicle or building. (BMR: R, pg. 83)

Sensors: For purposes of this scenario only standard 'Mech sensors are used. The full description on how to use these rules can be found in Tactical Handbook, pg. 9. It is important to note that sensors work in a 360° arc. In order to make a sensor sweep the player must declare his sweep at the end of movement phase and just prior to the Fire Phase. The sensor must have clear line of sight to detect a unit. The player rolls a 2d6 with

modified result of less than 2. (Maximum Tech, pg. 11)

the result indicating the range of detection. Cross-reference the result with the table below (also found on page 9 of Tactical Handbook) to find the number of hexes the sensor sweep covered.

Sensor Range Table			
2d6 Result	7-8	5-6	1-4
'Mech Sensor	1-8 hexes	1-16 hexes	1-24 hexes

In addition to the hexes of ice the Defender is allocated, he is also allotted four sensor-anomalies to place on board in the form of four downed 'Mechs. As with the ice hexes, the Defender is not required to reveal these anomalies until the Attacker effectively senses them or is with five hexes, or visual range. Once they are detected, the anomalies maybe marked on the board.

A note on movement: due to the reduced visibility the Defender may remove his 'Mech from the board during movement and mark his movement accordingly on his record sheet, provided he moves outside the 5 hex visibility range of the attacking 'Mechs. However, the defender's movement modifier die must be visible at all times. This too is designed to give the defender the advantage of knowing his environment.

Aftermath
At the loss of its secret research facility and personnel the Coordinator ordered the base sealed and abandoned. Eventually, the entire planet would be abandoned and the horrors witnessed there would soon be forgotten. Yet, in that cold prison lays a demon waiting...waiting to be reborn.

SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #2
Siege of Fire Base San Antonio

By Robert Pigeon

Background:

When we lost communications with the planetary garrison we didn't think much of it. The freakish weather here on Carthage often causes communications blackouts. When the automated LP/OPs started going down, we really didn't think much of it either. The little buggers go down all the time, they usually reset themselves after about an hour. It's been three days since they went down this time. Captain Sinclair sent out the Zephyr out to check on the LP/OPs. Sergeant Willims was about halfway out to the southern most one, when the Mag/Res scanner went off the scale, "Multiple, Multiple contacts inbound!" I remember Sergeant Willims' voice literally screeching over the comsystem.

That was 2 hours ago, since that time the Zephyr was able to scout around the perimeter of the advancing column. The news wasn't good, at least two Companies of Light to Medium 'Mechs advancing in good order in Lance abreast formation. Where the hell did the Bull's get that many 'Mechs? And why the hell are they attacking us? We've heard of some skirmishes on New Vandenberg, but nothing like this. Well if it's a fight they want, they'll know that they've messed with the SLDF!

-Excerpt from the diary of Lt Bill Mitchell, found in the ruins of what is believed to be firebase San Antonio

Situation

In early 2765 the Taurian Concordat world of New Vandenberg and 17 other Taurian worlds seceded from the Star League. General Alexandr Kerensky was negotiating with the militia units when a firefight broke out at Fort Gorki. Like a wave of fire, the news of New Vandenberg's rebellion sparked similar revolts. A month into the war, dozens of 'Mech divisions arrived from beyond the Periphery boundaries and attacked isolated SLDF forces. The rebels engaged in virtual suicide missions in an attempt to weaken main SLDF units.

Game Setup

The defender places the two Rolling hills maps on the southern end of the table. The defend sets up Military Base #1 and #2 from Map Set 7 north of the rolling hills.

ROLLING HILLS #1   ROLLING HILLS #2
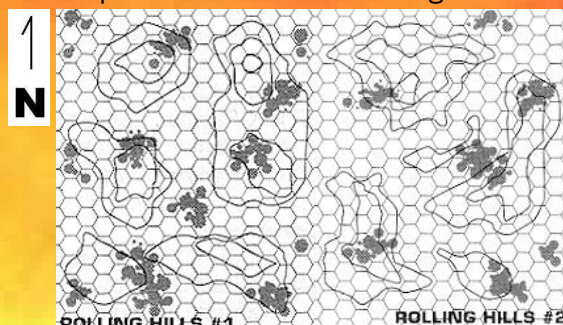
Attacker

The attacker consists of elements of the Taurian Freedom Army.

First Company	Second Company
First Lance	**First Lance**
Dervish 6M (3/3)	*Griffin* 1N (3/3)
Scorpion 1N (4/5)	*Shadow Hawk* 2H (4/5)
Panther 9R (4/5)	*Phoenix Hawk* 1 (4/5)
Commando 2D (5/6)	*Wolverine* 6R (4/5)
Second Lance	**Second Lance**
Hermes II 2S (4/4)	*Stinger* 3R (3/4)
Blackjack 1 (4/5)	*Spider* 5V (4/5)
Centurion 9-A (5/6)	*Wasp* 1A (4/5)
Enforcer 4R (5/6)	*Valkyrie* QA (4/5)
Third Lance	**Third Lance**
Locust 1-V (4/4)	*Vindicator* 1R (3/4)
Javelin 10N (4/5)	*Assassin* 21 (4/5)
Jenner 7-D (5/6)	*Cicada* 2A (4/5)
Clint 2-3T (5/6)	*Firestarter* 9-H (4/5)
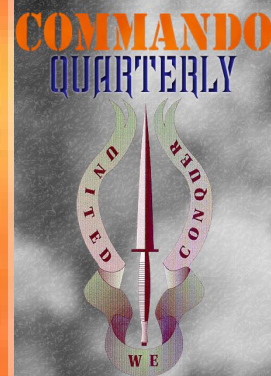
Deployment

Any or all of the attackers first company may enter the southern edge of the mapboard on turn one.

Defender

The defender consists of 1 company of the 8th BattleMech Division (The Teutobochus Division) garrisoned at firebase San Antonio.

Command Lance

Captain William Sinclair (2/2)
Crockett
Lieutenant Jillian Nox (3/3)
EMP-2A Emperor
Master Sergeant Patrick MacBride (3/3)
HGN-732 Highlander
Sergeant Dale Dewitter (3/4)
THG-11E Thug

Assault Lance

Lieutenant Glen Mason (2/3)
BL6-KNT Black Knight
Lieutenant Jon Falk (3/3)
LNC25-02 Lancelot
Sergeant An James (3/3)
ON1-K Orion
Sergeant Erik Messler (3/4)
FLS-8K Flashman

Lieutenant Robert Weiss (3/4)
Schrek
Sergeant Hilary Fong (3/4)
Schrek
Sergeant Gregory Willims(3/4)
Zephyr
Sergeant Victoria Ames (3/4)
LT-MOB-25 Long Tom Artillery

Deployment

The defender deploys the Zephyr hovercraft anywhere on the either of the rolling hills maps before the game starts. The defender may also deploy up to half of his 'Mechs outside the walls of the firebase. All other 'Mechs and Vehicles must start the game within the wall of the firebase, but may exit the firebase as soon as the battle is joined.

Objective

This is a stand-up fight. Each side is trying to defeat their opponent.

Victory Conditions

ACTION	VICTORY POINTS
TFA	
SLDF 'Mech destroyed	50
SLDF Vehicle destroyed	10
SLDF	
	-10
TFA 'Mech destroyed	

VICTORY TABLE	
Total Point	
	Results
51 or higher	Decisive TFA Victory
31 to 50	Substantial TFA Victory
11 to 30	Marginal TFA Victory
–10 to 10	Draw
–11 to –30	Marginal SLDF Victory
–31 to –50	Substantial SLDF Victory
–51 or lower	Decisive SLDF Victory

Special Rules

No Surrender!

The SLDF will not, under any circumstances surrender themselves, or their firebase to the TFA. They will die in place.

Stackpoling

The TFA is a fanatical army determined to throw the SLDF off of their worlds no matter what the price. With that in mind the TFA techs have set up a trigger in each 'Mech that will allow the pilot to overload and explode the 'Mech's fusion reactor.

To set the 'Mech up to self destruct, pilots must secretly write "stackpole" on their record sheets in the physical phase of a turn. This takes the place of a physical attack. At the end of the fire phase in the following turn the 'Mech explodes, damaging any 'Mech or vehicle close to it. This explosion will take place even if the 'Mech is destroyed during the fire phase. Once the 'pin' has been pulled the 'Mech will blow up.

When the 'Mech explodes, the 'Mech and any other units in the hex are destroyed. To determine the amount of damage the explosion does, divide the engine's rating by 10. Any units in adjacent hexes take full

COMMANDO QUARTERLY

UNITED WE CONQUER

damage (rounding up). Units 2 hexes away take half damage (rounding up). Units 3 or 4 hexes away take 1/4 or 1/8 damage respectively (rounding up).

Firebase Doors and Walls

Firebase San Antonio has retractable doors that will let the defenders enter or leave the base, but also will keep enemies out. These doors are located in hexes 0504 and 0604 on the Military Base #1 mapsheet.

Hexes 0815 and 0916 on the Military Base #3 mapsheet are to be considered "walls" similar the those the circle the base, including the "ramp" behind the wall in hexes 0814 and 0915.

For this game consider hexes 0714 and 1014 to be clear, level two ground.

Mines

The Star League Commander may place 15 mines on the Rolling hills maps before the start of the game. Of these 15 mines, 5 of them are standard minefields, 5 of them are command-detonated minefields, and 5 of them are command-detonated EMP minefields. For information on EMP mines check TRO 2750.

Aftermath

It is hard to believe that a titanic battle took place here. The scars that were burned into the hills have been over gown. In fact, the shambling remains of what used to be the Star League firebase itself has almost been over grown, but I suppose a lot can change in 300 years.

We've been at the alleged site of the old Star League firebase San Antonio for three weeks now, and we are only scratching the tip of the iceberg. From what we have been able to recover in the dig sites, it looks like a small Star League force held out against a numerically superior force. We have uncovered remnants of almost four-dozen light to medium BattleMechs inside and around the firebase. We have also discovered at least six, but possibly as many as ten, heavy to assault class 'Mechs.

Whomever these SLDF personnel were that defended this firebase, they made their attackers pay for every inch of ground.

Dr. Thom Wilson
Director of Archaeology
University of Carthage
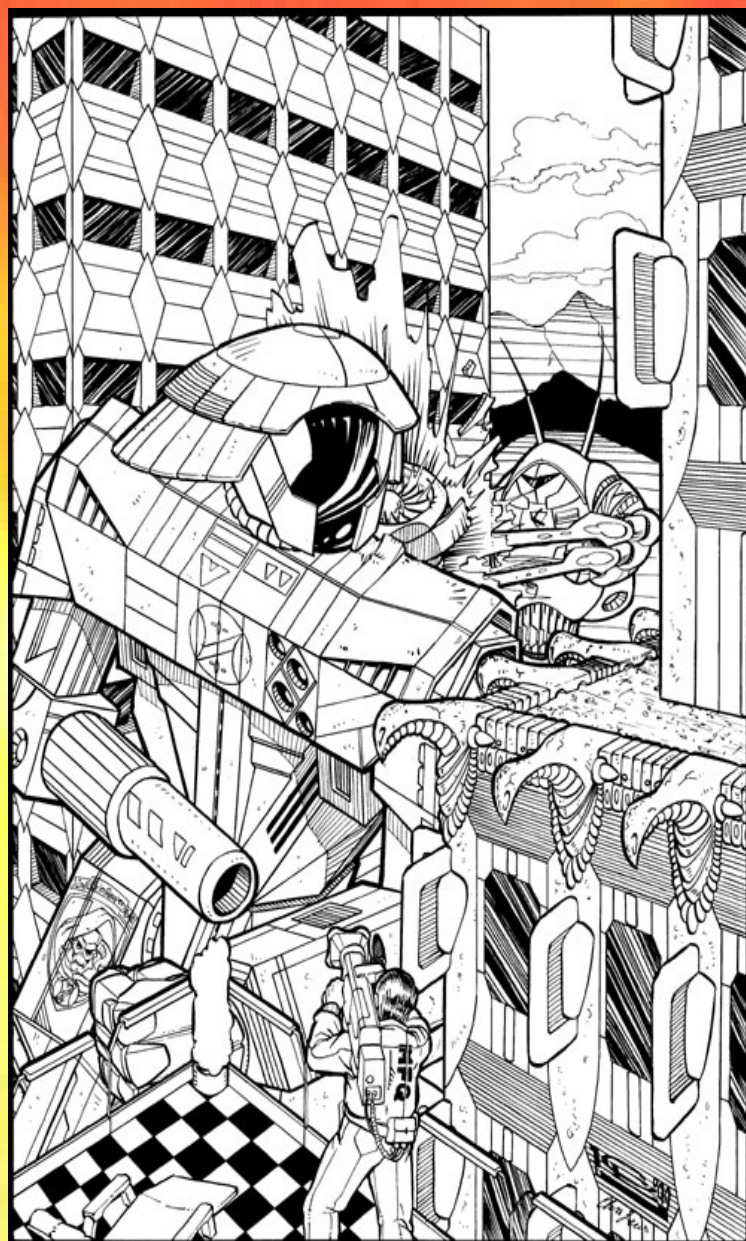
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COMMANDO QUARTERLY

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SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #3

Things That Go Bump In The Night

By Buster G. McCall

Background:

Terrence Hall's private estate, Villa de Nord
Isnol Isle, Solaris VII
Freedom Theater, Lyran Alliance
24 June 3061

Mr. Terrence Hall, Chairman of H-Net Enterprises, savored the crisp northerly breeze from his perch 100 meters above the crashing waves. Standing on the balcony of his private suite, Hall could just make out the faint northern lights, their ghostly image fighting for dominance against Solaris VII's fiery mid-summer sun, slowly fading behind the majestic blue-white glaciers adrift on the North Poseidon Sea. Hall's 54-room villa once belonged to an unlucky developer who believed thousands of tourists would flock to Isnol Isle for a quiet change of pace from the constant hustle and bustle of Solaris City. Surprisingly, only a handful of tourists, mostly from Tharkad, decided to spend their vacation on a frigid rock near the Arctic Circle. Hall, always on the lookout for a good deal, picked up the isolated bargain paradise from the developer for a fraction of the island's worth. A purchase that, ironically, helped the multibillionaire, Terrance Hall, maintain a fleeting hold upon his sanity.

The last few years since Susan Nansouty's return under the new moniker, Siouxsie, strained Hall's nerves to near paranoia. Hall continually watched, prepared for the attack he knew would some day bring closure to the feud between the two families. Isnol Isle was an impregnable fortress surrounded by a poisonous sea and protected by two full companies of 'Mechs. Additional security was provided by over 500 hand picked security personnel armed with the best equipment money could buy. Here, Terrence Hall felt safe. He slowly inhaled one more soothing breath of the chill sea air before retiring for the evening.

Leisurely stepping back into his master suite, Hall paused, one hand resting on the solid gold handle of the lavishly decorated French door. He savored the complex texture of the handle's ornate handcrafted workmanship. *Such beautiful weather tonight. It would be a shame to close the doors.* Hall left the arched doorway open, only drawing the fine silk curtain closed to protect his room from the elements. Hall snuggled into bed and soon fell fast asleep.

* * * * * *

A gentle breeze rustled the sheer white curtains as a storm developed off the coast. The drapes seemed to take on a life of their own as flashes of lightening highlighted near-human features among the folds. As the gathering storm grew nearer the villa, the gusts pressed harder against the delicate material until the drapes broke free of their anchor and drifted across the suite's hardwood floor toward the still sleeping Hall. As the floating specter neared the bed, it took on the shape of a beautiful young woman with outstretched arms, searching for something. Drifting over the edge of the bed, the lovely vision began to age until a shriveled, ghostlike image floated over the peacefully sleeping Hall. The outstretched fingers grew to form bony tendrils slowly encircling his unprotected throat. As the specter choked the life out of the dying Hall, the Banshee image released an ear-piercing howl!

* * * * * *

Hall sat bolt upright in bed. A cold sweat covered his body. Clearing the sleep
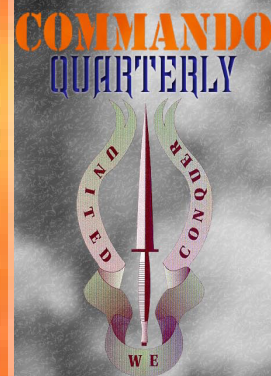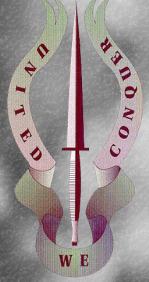
from his eyes, he stared toward the balcony. There was no storm, no ghost. He could see the clear, bright stars shining through the haunting sheer. Hall sat motionless for several minutes contemplating what he had just dreamt. Then he arose; walked purposefully to the balcony, closed, and locked the French doors. As he settled back under the covers, Hall vowed to end his torment. As he began to drift back to sleep, a word came to mind. Reaching for his pen, always ready with an old-fashioned pad of paper beside his bed, he jotted one word, a name...Jerico. Hall vowed to destroy Susan Nansouty and her Banshees once and for all. Jerico would prove key to the Banshees' demise.

Forte Châtiment
Fort Loudon
Tamar March, Lyran Alliance
2 January 3063

"Yes General. We will pin the Banshees in place long enough for your forces to catch the bandit scum," promised Colonel Kihsak, commanding officer of the mercenary unit calling themselves the Exorcists.

The Exorcists were an unknown unit when they arrived on Fort Loudon back in June of 62, yet they fielded two full companies of mint-condition 'Mechs operating with state-of-the-art technology. General Ito hesitated to hire the group. The latest 'Mech designs in excellent condition with no prior job history raised quite a few unanswered questions. As for the unit's CO, the Exorcists' nearly two-meter tall tattooed leader looked more like a character out of an old Terran sea tale than a mercenary commander. Ito could clearly envision the stoic Colonel Kihsak heaving a harpoon at a great white whale. Only a signed recommendation from the well-respected House Lord, Thomas Marik, ruler of the Free Worlds League, changed the General's mind. General Ito paid particular attention to the portion confirming the unit's high sense of honor, just short of guaranteeing the unit's unquestioned loyalty. With the threat of civil war brewing throughout the Lyran Alliance, the Archon required troops she could depend upon among the mostly pro-Davion, or at best

neutral, mercenaries on planet. Kihsak proved a more than capable and, most importantly, dependable ally.

"You'd better hold them." replied General Ito, "I've got a score to settle with these treacherous mercs. Two companies from Dewey's Knights will arrive within the hour. I must deal with another matter. You will take command of the joint operation. Keep a low profile unless the Banshees attempt to evacuate. Ito out."

"Aff...irmative, Kihsak out," Colonel J. Kihsak killed his transmitter and allowed a thin smile to replace the scowl he normally wore on his heavily tattooed face. He savored the hunt that led him halfway across the Inner Sphere, but truly delighted in the kill. Colonel Jerico Kihsak pushed the throttle of his Grand Titan forward signaling his Exorcists to move out. *I will settle all scores today. Paid in full with the Banshee's blood.*

* * * * * *

Captain Siouxsie Nansouty slipped on her last boot as the Banshees' expert scout, Mari Lyn Sung, completed her report covering the latest activities of the suspicious Exorcists. "Their entire unit mustered early for chow and disappeared into their 'Mech hangars nearly 10 minutes ago. The command post has no record of planned exercises today. Combined with the DropShip activity in Monterre reported by our contacts yesterday and the ci-devants broadband jamming, I believe the Exorcists are up to something."

Donning her cooling vest and picking up her hastily packed duffel, Siouxsie looked hard at her trusted scout. "Mari Lyn, suggestions?"

Sung paused a moment to consider the intel her troops had gathered over the past few days. She harbored a deep concern with the splitting of forces needed to execute Operation FADEOUT, the Banshees' evacuation of *Forte Châtiment*, which began 36 hours earlier. "Captain, General Ito pressured the Knights into the Archon's camp much sooner than expected, giving him the needed forces to deal

with the Fourth Guards and any loose ends. We've no word from Sir Rodney since he departed with our support personnel. Frankly, we may already be too late. Ma'am, I recommend we move the timetable of Operation FADEOUT ahead 16 hours."

Siouxsie ran her left hand through her long raven hair while considering the Banshee's tactical options. The Exorcists outnumbered the remaining Banshee's three to one. Add the force marching from Monterre, staying and fighting would sacrifice nearly half the unit. Evacuating now, 16 hours ahead of schedule, could compromise the escaping personnel led by the Banshee's elder statesman, Sir Rodney Stevenson. *Uncle, I pray God's speed to you and His strength and wisdom to me.* "You've already sent the alert to the remaining Banshees on base?"

"Yes Captain," replied Sung "and we were able to gain access to three Exorcists lances last night."

"Then notify the unit. We're moving to phase three in exactly 15 minutes." Captain Nansouty followed Mary Lyn to the doorway, paused, and took one last look at her home for the past two years. *Uncle, I hope you made it safely to our new camp. Our future depends on your escaping unnoticed.* Siouxsie turned and ran down the hall to her awaiting Leopard not even bothering to close the door to her room.

Situation:

Forte Châtiment
Fort Loudon
Tamar March, Lyran Alliance
2 January 3063

Captain Siouxsie Nansouty is attempting to break out of a trap set by the Loyalist forces led by Colonel Jerico Kihsak. Most of the Banshees secretly evacuated the base over the last 36 hours, so only two lances remain. Half the Exorcists' 'Mechs were disabled so only three lances can move to cut off the Banshees' escape or, at the very least, kill Captain Nansouty.

Game Setup:

Set up the BattleTech maps as shown (hex 1517 on the Heavy Forrest #2 map is the southwest corner of the board and hex 1517 of Dropport #1 the northeast corner).
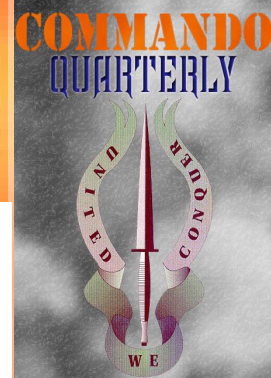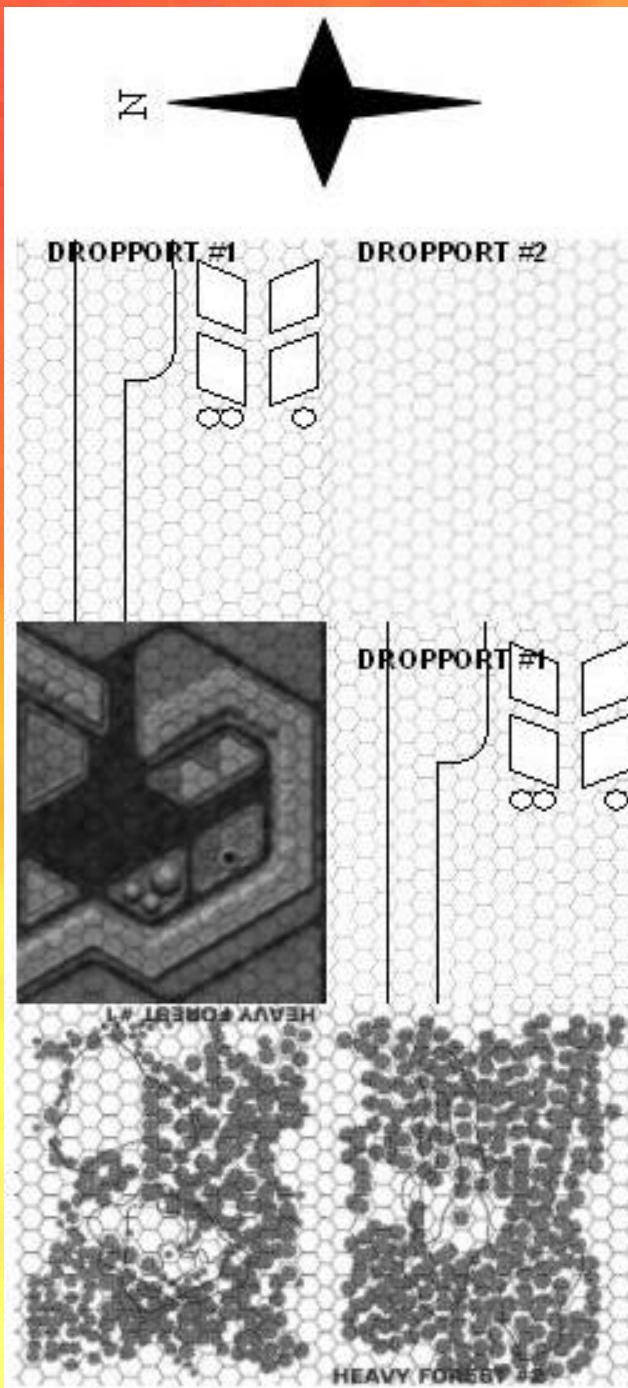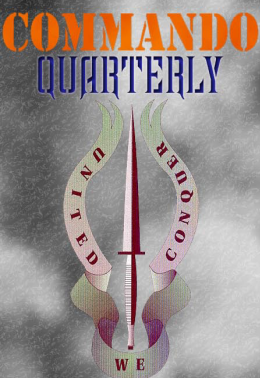
Attacker:
Three lances from the Exorcists:

Command Lance
Colonel Jerico Kihsak (Piloting 2, Gunnery 1)
Grand Titan T-IT-N11M (BV 2,954)
Victor Kelsov (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Albatross ALB-3U (BV 1,685)
Nichole Walker (Piloting 4, Gunnery 2)
Perseus P1C (BV 2,156)
John Black (Piloting 4, Gunnery 2)
Toyama TYM-1A (BV 1,960)

Fire Support Lance
Kat Roberts (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Longbow LGB-12C (BV 1,678)
Branden Walker (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Bombardier BMB-12D (BV 1,596)
Jack Alamain (Piloting 4, Gunnery 4)
Apollo APL-1R (BV 1,022)
Bo Reid (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Ostsol OTL-5M (BV 1,378)

Recon Lance
Sami Brady (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)
Hermes HER-3S1 (BV 858)
Tony DeLeon (Piloting 4, Gunnery 4)
Cicada CDA-3M (BV 697)
Rex Murphy (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Buccaneer BCN-3R (BV 1,418)
Abe Carver (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Hermes II HER-5S (BV 962)

Deployment
Command Lance and Fire Support Lance set up outside any building hex on Dropport #2.
Recon Lance enters from the north edge of Military Base #1 during turn 1.

Defender:
Two lances of Siouxsie's Banshees:

Command Lance
Cpt Siouxsie Nansouty (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)
Leopard LPD-D1, 3054 (BV 2,400) (See note)
Budgie (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Yu Huang Y-H9G (BV 2,226)
Trent "Head-Hunter" Thiébault (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Enforcer III ENF-6T (BV 2,018)
Nigel Campisi (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Tempest TMP-3M (BV 2,016)

Scout Lance
Lieutenant Martin Stevenson (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)
Nightsky NGS-4S (BV 1,544)
Mangku Pastika (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Ti Ts'ang TSG-9H (BV 1,901)
Bobie Smith (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Phoenix Hawk PXH-3K (BV 1,565)
Steven Dempsey (Piloting 4, Gunnery 2)
Spector SPR-5F (BV 1,654)

(Note: You can find the Leopard in HM Pro under the 'MechForce UK 'Mech directory. Looks just like the old Battledroid Cestus. You may substitute a Victor VTR-10D (BV 2,584)

Deployment
Siouxsie's Banshees set up first outside any building hex on the Military Base #1.

Objective:
Captain Nansouty plans to complete a faint toward Monterre before exiting west toward the jungle. She believes this might confuse the Loyalist pursuit. Therefore, the Banshees must first move at least four units east past the XX09 hexes on the Dropport #1 map directly east of the Military Base #1 then turn and exit all units off the west edge of the board. No Banshee unit may move west until the faint is complete.

The Exorcists must prevent the Banshees, especially Captain Siouxsie Nansouty, from escaping off the board.

Victory Conditions:

Eight Banshee units escape	Decisive Defender Victory
Six to Seven Banshee units escape	Marginal Defender Victory
Four to Five Banshee units escape	Draw
Two to Three Banshee units escape	Marginal Attacker Victory
Zero to One Banshee units escape	Decisive Attacker Victory

NOTE: Preventing Captain Nansouty's Leopard from escaping will shift the final victory condition one level in the attacker's favor. Example: four Banshee units escape, but Captain Nansouty's Leopard is destroyed nets a Marginal Victory for the Attacker vice a Draw.

Special Rules:
1. The Banshee player may seize the initiative twice during the scenario. The Banshee player must declare this before rolling the dice for initiative. This represents Siouxsie's knack for anticipating the enemy's next move.

2. For an added twist, players may bid to play the Exorcists. Players may chose from the above 12 'Mechs plus the remaining unit TOE

listed below. The low bid (number of 'Mechs or BV as the players choose) will endeavor the stop the Banshees' escape. NOTE: the only jump capable Exorcists' 'Mechs are in the following list.

Roman Wesley (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Panther PNT-10K (BV 882)
Jenifer McAffe (Piloting 3, Gunnery 3)
Vulcan VT-5M (BV 989)
Lucas Johnson (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4)
Firestarter FS9-OF (BV 1,225)
Austin Bates (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Phoenix Hawk PXH-3M (BV 1,321)
Bill Cavanough (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Blackjack BJ2-OB (BV 1,622)
Larry Horton (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4)
Trebuchet TBT-7K (BV 1,097)
Phil English (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4)
Wolverine WVR-7M (BV 1,309)
Alex Lane (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)
Wraith TR1 (BV 1,634)
Belle Clark (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Anvil ANV-5M (BV 1,815)
Colin O'Grady (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Guillotine GLT-5M (BV 1,619)
Abby Furguson (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Orion ON2-M (BV 2,041)
Kevin Parker (Piloting 5, Gunnery 3)
Sirocco SRC-3C (BV 2,112)

Aftermath:

Siouxsie's Leopard looked more scrap than 'Mech as she crashed down through Brunei's thick jungle canopy landing less than thirty meters from Sir Rodney's Salamander. Following close behind, four more ghastly specters bleeding coolant from vast gashes in their armored hide dropped from the sky amid showers of leafy vegetation, two on either side of Captain Nansouty. Sir Rodney Stevenson's initial relief turned to anxiety as he realized three of the Banshees left in the rear guard didn't escape the ci-devants' pursuit. Still hoping for the best, Stevenson hit his directional communications system and fired a tight beam to his adopted daughter.

"Blake's Blood Susan! You look like you just ran through a Falcon cluster."

Siouxsie's voice came back tired, nearly trembling. "Bobie's dead...Steven's captured."

Stevenson felt his chest tighten as he awaited word of the third missing Banshee. "And Martin?"

Siouxsie, struggling to control her emotions, failed to subdue the quiver in her voice. "He lost two leg actuators...four jump jets...we lost contact with his 'Mech less than two klicks from the base."

Sir Rodney made the sign of the cross as he beseeched God to see his son safely home. *I've buried my wife, best friend, his wife, and four of his children. Dear God spare me the curse of burying my only son.*

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Captain Nansouty attempted to comfort the man who saved her own life on at least three occasions. "He's resourceful Uncle. He'll survive. If you've taught me one thing, it's to never give up without a fight. We've two Banshees down, but they're not out as long as the unit lives." Switching to external speakers, Siouxsie continued. "Banshees, we've escaped the loyalist trap, but still have a long way to go. I expect, I hope, the enemy finds this checkpoint within the next 48 hours. We break camp in 30 and should arrive at checkpoint Zulu in a week. Then, we Banshees will do what Banshees do best...put the fear of God into our enemies."

* * * * * *

Jerico used the massive hands of his Grand Titan to uproot another towering hardwood as he vented his frustration, laying a ten-meter-wide path of destruction across Brunei's ancient jungle. Three times his Exorcists lost Siouxsie's trail. Three times they relocated the escape route, losing ground with each wrong turn. *These twigs will not conceal you from your fate Siouxsie. I am coming for you. Even if I have to scorch the entire continent, I will find you. And when I do, you will die.*
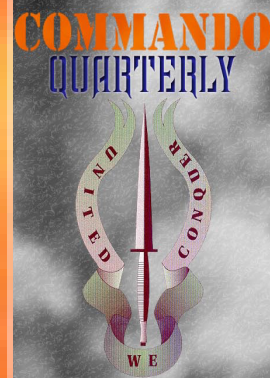
SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #4

A Lesson In Betrayal

By Joel Steverson

Background:

The Capellan Confederation Death Commandos are amongst the most feared units in the Inner Sphere.

The exact details of their training are classified at the highest level.

The details presented in this scenario are vehemently denied at the highest levels of the Capellan government.

Situation:

Death Commando training company AXR-93 deploys on a standard sweep and recovery mission. The company is split into two six 'Mech units.

"As before, we knew that something was amiss, though it was never a question of whether or not something would be amiss. Something was always amiss. What would be the twist that stabs deeply into our backs? That was the question."

Attributed to a Death Commando trainee.

Game Setup:

Lay out the maps as show. You will need the Large Lakes #1 and Large Lakes #2 maps from Map Set 4, and the Lake Area Map from Map Set 2. All water hexes should be treated as being ice-coated (See BattleTech Master Rules (Revised) page 83).
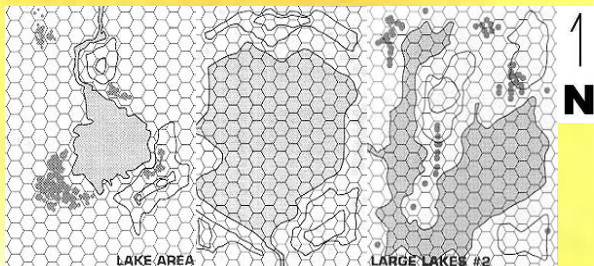
Attacker:

The attacker consists of six 'Mechs from the Death Commando training company.

Pilot #1 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #2 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #3 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #4 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #5 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #6 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)

Deployment:

The attacker enters from the western edge of the Lake Area map.

Defender:

The defender consists of six 'Mechs from the Death Commando training company

Pilot #7 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #8 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #9 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #10 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #11(Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)
Pilot #12 (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
SYU-2B Sha Yu (BV 1,242)

Deployment:

The defender enters from the eastern edge of the Large Lakes #2 map.

Objective

This is a stand-up fight. The attacker is to eliminate the defending forces. The defender is to eliminate the attacking forces.

Victory Conditions:

The scenario ends when all the units from both sides have been destroyed, exited the field, or are rendered nonfunctional.
Victory points are awarded as follows:

- Per enemy unit destroyed (+ twice its BV in victory points)
- Per friendly unit lost (- twice its BV in victory points)
- Per enemy unit rendered nonfunctional (+its BV in victory points)
- Per friendly unit rendered nonfunctional (- its BV in victory points)

Special Rules:

Betrayal:

Prior to the start of play, each player secretly chooses two of their opponent's 'Mechs. The pilots of these 'Mechs are secretly double agents working for the opposing side.

At any time after initiative is rolled, but prior to movement, either the attacker or defender may reveal one or both of their double agents. Once revealed, the double agent comes under control of the revealing player and henceforth acts as one of their units.

Cold:

Due to the arctic nature of this location, all 'Mechs dissipate one additional heat point per round.

Ice:

BattleMechs and ground vehicles that make a facing change and then move on an ice-coated hex must check to see if they skid… even if they are moving at walking or crusing speed.

Any BattleMech or ground vehicle that enters an ice covered Water hex may break through the ice and fall into the water… Roll 1D6. On a result of 6, the ice breaks and the unit falls into the water.

See BattleTech Master Rules (Revised) page 83 for additional information.

Exiting The Field:

Unless an attacking 'Mech is missing a leg, it must attempt to exit the field once it meets any of the following conditions:

- Three Pilot Hits
- Two Engine Hits
- One Gyro Hit
- Unable to do 5 or more points of damage with weapon attacks.

Nonfunctional:

For purposes of this scenario, a 'Mech unit is considered nonfunctional when it loses a leg, suffers two gyro hits, or is unable to inflict 5 or more points of damage with weapon attacks.

Aftermath:

The Capellan Confederation denies the existence of this training facility and scenario. No further information is available.

Vindy & Cicada Breakout © 2003 Louis G. Myers Jr. Used with permission
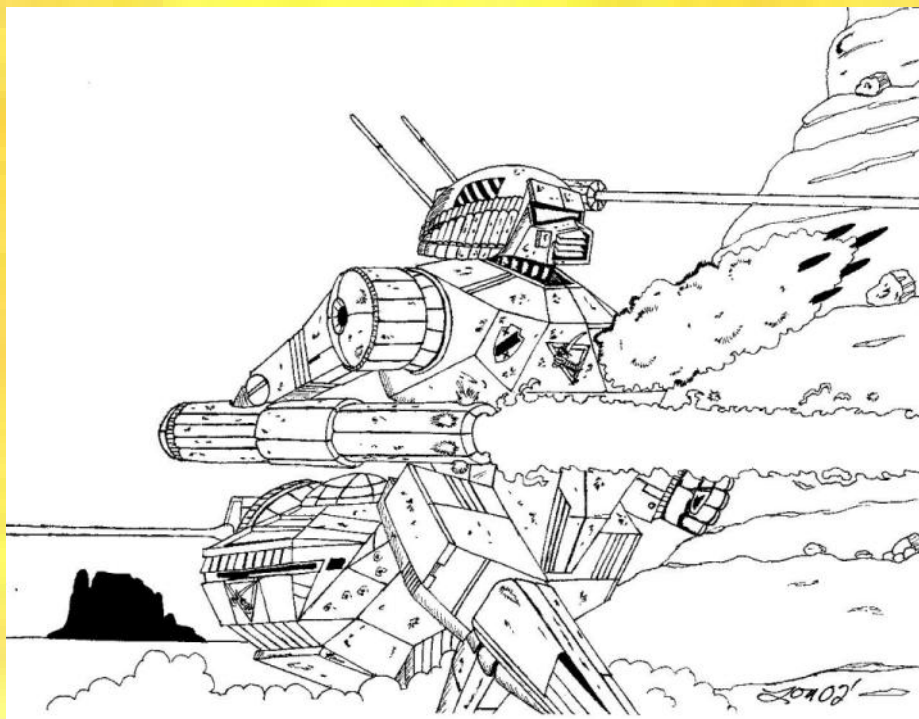
SIMULATOR TECH: NAIS ANSWERS

Answers To The NAIS Midterm Exam

By: Robert Pigeon

1) Masterson probably died for his stupidity! Anyone knows that the Hunchback is an up-close mugger, and that the Ha Otoko is a long ranged missile boat. By giving up the high ground Masterson gave up his only advantage. The new Steiner variant of the Hunchback is also jump capable, so the Ha Otoko would have been easily outmaneuvered and overcome with superior firepower.

2) If Smith opened fire at the maximum range for his RAC, the ER Medium Laser would still be 90 meters out of range.

3) Other than being an incredibly lucky shot, there was nothing wrong with this scenario.

4) There are only two Phoenix Hawk's with Targeting Computers, the 3PL and the 6D, and neither of them mount an ER Large Laser.

5) Unlike the Pillager, the Devastator's Poland Main Model A Gauss Rifles are mounted in the 'Mech's arms, not the torso.

6) If Precentor Kranst's Gunslinger had been partially obscured by the berm, it would not have been possible for the leg mounted Medium Pulse Lasers to hit Captain Morris' Hauptman.

7) Even though it is possible to target the head of a downed, immobile 'Mech, it is not possible to target the head with missiles, or LB class Autocannon.

8) Other than the farce of calling the "games" on Solaris "combat" there is nothing wrong with this scenario.

9) The Crusader fired two sets of SRMs with a total of 4 missiles (i.e. two SRM2s). The only Crusaders that carry twin SRM2s are the 4D and the 5M, and in both cases these are Streak Class SRMs, and inferno rounds are incompatible with Streak launchers.

10) The Banshee 3E carries only 3 weapons, the Magna Hellstar PPC, the Imperator-A Autocannon/5, and the Magna Mk I Small Laser. These three weapons do not cause significant enough damage to cause a 'Mech to fall.

11) Löjtant Eriksson is a fool! At five hundred plus meters, the Masikari Prime can do more damage than his 'Mech, it has five more tons of armor, and it's advanced targeting computer will allow the pilot to fire more accurately.

12) The Enfield 6Q is the only version to carry a Large Pulse Laser. This version does not have Jump Jets.

13) It was stated that Sergeant Curruthers was on a hill that was 15 meters tall. It would therefore have been impossible for him to be able to kick any part of the Capellan 'Mech.

COMMANDO PAINTING GALLERY

Pictures Of 'Mechs painted by various Commandos

COMMANDO QUARTERLY

Commando Tempest Painted by Jon R. Wooldridge

One of my better attempts at painting and experimenting with techniques, this Tempest exemplifies what I thought a "Commando 'Mech" should be: tough, mean looking, yet regal in appearance; oh, and it has to jump. Jumping is a must. I used Citadel paints and black primer with decals provided by Martin Plut and Bedlam Creations. Basically, for the base color / effect I tried to copy the marbled background from the HQ website. Do achieve this I painted the entire piece with dark grey (a custom mix) and used a sponge to dab on the lighter grey. The sponge was actually a piece of packing foam from a blister. I think it worked out pretty well. The hardest part was putting the decals on. You have to understand, I shake like a leaf when painting, so you can imagine how many times it took me to get this piece where it is now ... I ' m quite proud of it.

Commando Bio:

I've played BattleTech off and on for over 15 years (wow, that dates me a bit). I was first introduced to BattleTech in the early '80 ' s when a member of my old gaming group begged us to try it I out, since none of us where about to touch the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles role-playing game, we gave it a try and I have been hooked ever since. I am more than happy to offer my time to the Commando Program in support of the longevity of the Classic BattleTech game. Since my acceptance, I have been working hard to wake up all those sleeping Mechwarriors, who thought that with the fall of FASA was the fall of BattleTech. I can currently count close to thirty active players in the Houston (and surrounding) Area.

I am an eight year U.S. Army Veteran having served in various Airborne Infantry units within the XVIII Airborne Corps through out various parts of the world. Currently, I am working towards a B.S. in 'Mechanical Engineering with intent on entering the Ocean Engineering field upon graduation. To support my collegiate goal I've worked in industry for four years as a Cost Control Engineer. When I ' m not being a full time student or Engineer, I play BattleTech two to three times a month and pursue other interests: reading (mythology and military history), free-form rifle competitions, archery, collecting Norse / Viking paraphernalia and enjoying the outdoors when ever I can.

Hunchback HBK-4p
Painted By Robert Pigeon

This "Swayback" was primed with The Armory gray primer. The base coat is Apple Barrel Country Grey. Apple Barrel Dark Grey was then dry brushed on. Apple Barrel Red Apple, and Citadel Mithril Silver were added for highlights. The cockpit was painted (rather poorly) with Testors Flat Black. The mini was washed in Testors Flat Black, and then dry brushed with Apple Barrel White.

Commando Bio:

Pidge picked up his first BattleTech book (Mechwarrior 1st) back in early 1987. Since that time he has played the game on three different Continents, North America, Europe, and Asia. He did most of his BattleTech playing while he was a Korean Linguist in the Army. He is now out and is currently attending the University of Texas in Austin, where he is the "Old Man" in his current gaming group.

Pidge has been married for three and a half years to a woman that thinks, "'MechTech would be cool if there were elves... and some magic. Oh yeah, and if there weren't all of those big Robots running around shooting stuff!"

Chameleon
Painted By Glenn Hopkins

I felt rather than choosing a favorite 'Mech, I'd paint a 'Mech more in keeping with what my idea of what it means to be a Commando (Teaching the game to new players). My "ride" is a CLN-7V Chameleon trainer. Started with a the mini by removing the base from the feet. I wanted to have the mini look like it was walking across the ferrocreate of a 'Mech base. Primed the mini black and assembled it after all painting was done. I drybrushed a coat of Tamiya RLM Grey. Then drybrushed a light coat of Sky Grey to highlight. I mottled on bands of JN Grey. The red - orange highlights are a base of Ral Partha Red Brown, with Partha Red over that. Decaled with my Commando number and The Commando logo. The cockpit started with a base of black, then covered with Model Master acrylic "Stop Light Red". Stop Light Red is a translucent/metallic red. Added a blob of watery white paint with a very small dot (1 mm) on top of the blob to form a highlight on the "plasteel" of the cockpit. One final light coat of the Stop Light Red over the highlight to finish the cockpit. The base was filled in with resin to make a smooth surface. I painted the resin to look like the 'Mech base ferrocreate with expansion joints and lane lines.

Commando Bio:

I've been to married for 15 years to my wife Katherine. My wife and I joke with people that since we work together our Married years count as double ;) We have two children Eric is 12 and Blair is 10.

I'm a Certified Dental Technician, and a partner in a small Dental Lab. I've been involved in American Civil War and American Revolution "living history" /re-enacting since the late 70's. Think of it as 1:1 scale wargaming. My callsign is American slang from the revolution for a British solider.

I found out about BattleTech through the video games. Sega Genesis first, then the Mechwarrior 1 computer game. Started to read the novels, then finally to the board game. What a shock going from the MW2 game to the board game; "What do you mean you have to roll to see how many missiles hit?" Dho!

I had made up my mind that if I was going to see a game of BattleTech run at local game Cons, I'd have to run it myself. Just about the time I'd decided to GM games I saw FanPro's announcement of the Commando program. Sent my application in and started running games last January.

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