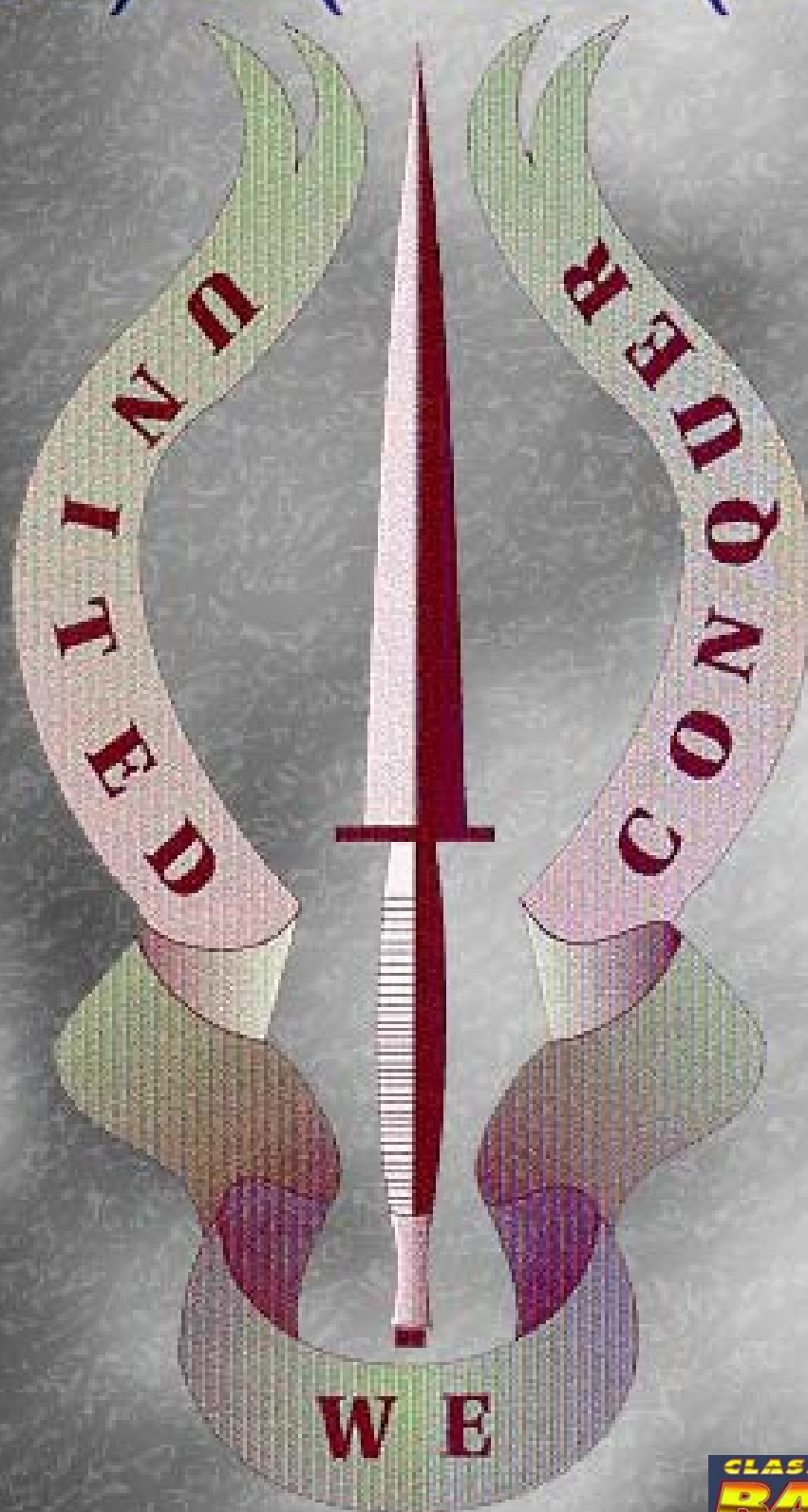


COMMANDO

QUARTERLY

Volume 2
Issue 2
Summer 3068



IRON WIND
METALS

FANPRO

CLASSIC
BATTLETECH

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EDITOR'S CORNER:

Mea Culpa

By Jason Weiser

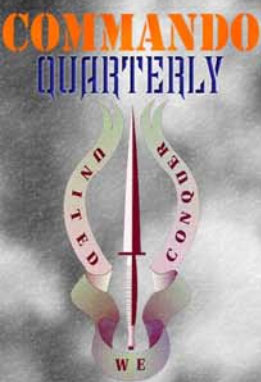
Hi all,

First off I know that this issue of the CQ is buku late. For that I apologize and beg your forgiveness. It's been a nutty several months for me, and things have been a roller coaster. So much so, that well, Mother Nature reminded me quite rudely that man isn't an indestructible machine.

I hope you find this issue to your liking, and worth the wait. It was an honor to put it together and I'll be stepping away from the Quarterly for a bit. This doesn't mean the end of the Quarterly, or my lack of presence from these pages. You'll be seeing me, and I will reassume the reigns when I feel up to it.

COMMANDO
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Every month we get thousands of e-mails from subscribers and readers alike. We've decided it's time to start printing them. Please send your comments to cqletters@cq.solarisvii.la.comnet

Dear CQ:

I'm writing to thank you for your excellent article on small arms combat (issue 65-04). I'd have written sooner, though stuck behind clan lines for two years, I was doing well to survive. Your article on tactics and creative use of limited resources saved my life! I owe you guys big time!

[name withheld by request]

Glad we could be of service – Ed.

CQ Guys:

You rock! My subscription fee is included with my e-mail. I've finally found a combat mag that tells it like it is. Your Monte Diablo coverage blew me away.

*Lance Corporal Johnson
1st Davion Guards*

Welcome aboard. Look for more spectacular coverage of major events, only here in the CQ. – Ed.

Your Worldbook article on Pandora (issue 67-01) incorrectly states that the Pandoran Nobles closed down 'Mech production lines. The Clans actually took over those lines and are using them to churn out 'Mechs. What gives?

*Captain Vincent Walters
SLDF IX Division*

Worldbook is compiled from a number of sources and is constantly undergoing revisions and updates. Each issue's Worldbook entry is based upon the latest available update.

We spoke with ComStar regarding this discrepancy and received the following:

CQ Staff:

Worldbook Volume MMLXIV
Edition 141723865-A119

Has been superseded by Edition 141723865-A120. Numerous errors have been corrected in A120. We encourage you to renew your subscription so that you receive the most up to date information.

With respect to your question, at the time information was submitted for A119 the nobility of Pandora had just issued a proclamation indicating their sorrow at the closure of the lines.

That proclamation drew attention from some off-world venture capitalists who provided sufficient financing to keep the lines open until they were overrun by Jade Falcon incursions.

Adept Benjamin Horocco
Worldbook Publishing Staff

Well there you have it. Straight from the source. - Ed.

When are we going to see more coverage on new MechWarrior gear? (Like issue 62-02) You gentlemen did a superb job covering the latest gear. I was particularly impressed by your in-depth article on the DJ3 Targeting System.

*Tai-Sho Hiroki Sun
1st Sword Of Light*

You're reading it now. – Ed.



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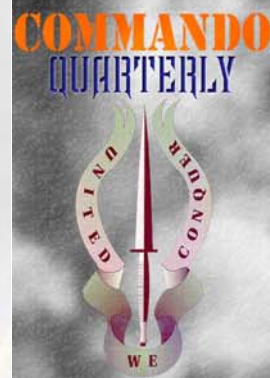
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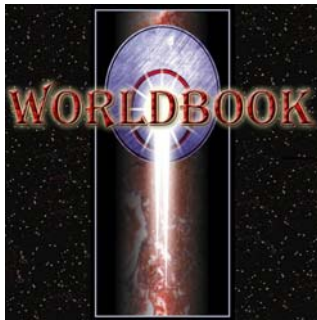
Louis G. Myers Jr. (page16)
Andrew Hall (pages 18, 19, 31)

Editor's Corner.....	1
Letters To The Editor	2
Departments:	3
WorldBook:.....	4
Tactical Analysis: B.A.	8
There Were Two	11
Crafty commando: DropShip	14
News From The Front	16
Simulator Tech: Small Tech	20
Simulator Tech: Small Tech	24
Simulator Tech: Small Tech	28
The Banshee's Lair	30

Volume 2 - Issue #2

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WORLDBOOK:

By Joel Stevenson

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

Ronel

System Catalog: KJIP-7-9923-1645

Stellar Data:

Star:	Azul
Type:	F2 IV
Mass:	1.52 Sol
Luminosity:	4.14 Sol
Radius:	1.46 Sol

System Data:

Planetary System:	
Bodies:	5
Planetoids:	0
Asteroid Belts:	2

Planetary Data:

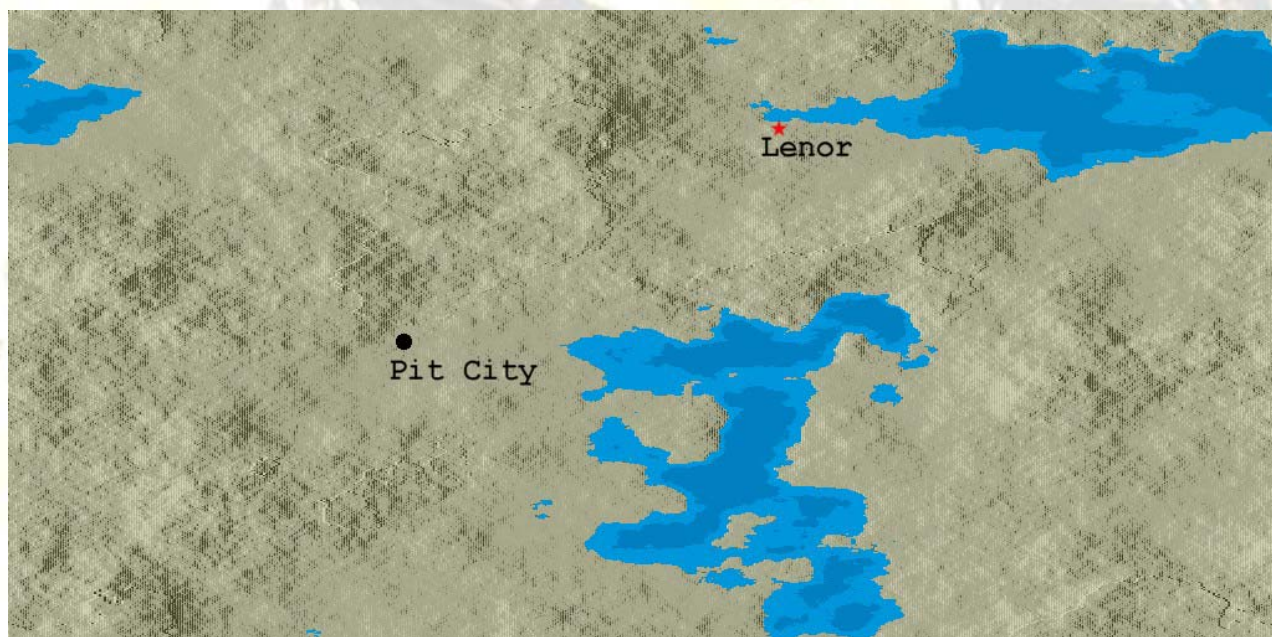
Planet: KJIP-7-9923-1645-3

Common Name:	Ronel
Position In System:	3
Mean Orbital Radius:	2.04 AU
Orbital Inclination:	8.29%
Orbital Eccentricity:	0.398
Perihelion:	1.8410 AU
Aphelion:	2.2390 AU
Period:	1064.23 Standard Days
Mass (10^{24} kg):	5.7909 (0.97 Terra)
Equatorial Diameter (km):	11,990.64 (0.94 Terra)
Mean Planetary Density (kg/m^3):	5,073.80 (0.92 Terra)
Mean Surface Gravity (m/s^2):	9.60 (0.98 G)

Escape Velocity (km/s):	10.64 (0.95 Terra)
Rotational Period:	26.87 Hours
Axial Inclination:	14.27°
Atmosphere:	Class 6 (Negligible Terran Type)
Composition:	74.98% Nitrogen (N_2), 14.12.% Oxygen (O_2), 10.90% Other
Hydrographics:	14% of the surface covered by liquid H_2O
Mean Temperature (°C):	32.88
Temperature Range (°C):	10.44 to 15.96 Polar 28.47 to 55.32 Equatorial

Planetography:

Radius (km):	5995.32
Circumference (km):	75,301.22
Total Surface Area (km^2):	393,223,530.13
Land Surface Area (km^2):	338,172,236.92
Inhabited Surface Area (km^2):	6,746,432.87
Surface Topography:	
Topographic Range (km):	27
Ocean/Sea/Lake:	5%
River/Basin	9%
Steppe/Plains/Lowlands	31%
Valley/Rift:	12%
Rising Ground:	13%
Low Hills:	5%
High Hills:	8%
Low Mountains (> 2000 m):	6%
High Mountains(< 2000 m):	11%
Arable Land:	7%



Satellite Data:

ComStar Data:

ComStar Facility Class:
ComStar Representative:
Com Guard Units On Site:

Economy:

Natural Resources:

Processed/Manufactured Goods:

Labor Force:

Education:

Literacy Rate:
Primary School Enrollment:
Secondary School Enrollment:
Tertiary School Enrollment:
Science/Technical Graduates:

Finance:

Currency:
Per Capita Income:
Gross Domestic Product:
Military Industries:
Imports:

Principal Sources (< 10%):

Mean Tariff:
Percent Tariff Exempt:
Exports:

Principal Markets (< 10%):

Growth In Export Amount:
Growth In Market Share:

Government:

Allegiance:
Government Type:
Principal Official:

Health:

Life Expectancy At Birth:
Birth Rate:
Mortality Rate:
Population Growth Rate:

Military Data:

Defense Spending:
Military Manpower Potential:
AeroSpace Forces:

Orbital:
Deep Space:
Warships:
JumpShips:
DropShips:
Aerospace Fighters:

Ground Forces:

Apollo (Moon) Scythe (Rings)

B
Precentor Phillip Forbes
Classified

Minerals
Petroleum
Petroleum products
Consumer products
Metal alloys
Mining equipment
Agriculture (7%)
Service (38%)
Industrial (45%)
Education (2%)
Others (8%)

68.86%
54.67%
8.29%
2.04%
0.38%

Corscrit (0.83 Cb)
23,633.75 Cb
18.87 Trillion Cb
None
Agricultural products
Heavy equipment
Mallory's World (42%)
Rio (13%)
19.54%
17%
Mineral products
Various Raw Materials
Petroleum products
Addicks (24%)
Ozawa (18%)
Schedar (17%)
Galatia III (13%)
0.26%
-5.67%

Federated Suns
Elected Monarchy
Baron Samson Dunn

59.4 Years
7.8%
12.5%
-4.7%

0.1 % GDP
105,927,613 (4.3%)
0
1 Olympus Station
0
2
8
12 (Militia)

'Mech Forces:
Armor Forces:
Infantry Forces:
Training Facilities:
Courses Taught:

People:

Population:
Population Density (km²):
Urbanization:
Ethnic Groups:

Religion:

Transportation:

Recharging Station:
Distance To Jump Point:
Travel Time:
Chief Ports:

Off Planet Facilities:

Orbital:
Deep Space:

Merchant Fleet:

JumpShips:
DropShips:
Shuttles:

2 Companies (Militia)
2 Battalions (Militia)
6 Regiments (Militia)
None
N/A

798,434,287
118.34
93.41%
European (42.76%)
African (26.43%)
Others (30.81%)
Judeo-Christian
(50.24%)
One Star Faith
(15.76%)
Unfinished Book
(14.88%)
Buddhism (8.05%)
Others (11.07%)

Nadir
13.17 AU
19 Standard Days
5 (1 Military)
1 (space station)
1 (Recharging Station)

3
14
58

Climate:

The desert world of Ronel was identified for terraforming early in the age of expansion. Its mineral-rich soil made it an ideal candidate for colonization, though other more desirable systems would eventually get that attention.

Weather on Ronel remains constant: dry and hot, with average daily temperatures in the low thirties. The minimal amounts of water prove insufficient to form precipitation, though cirrus clouds abound.

Strong winds, often gusting upwards of 100 kph, batter the planet with sandstorms, making travel by conventional aircraft virtually impossible, and travel in hovercraft extremely dangerous.

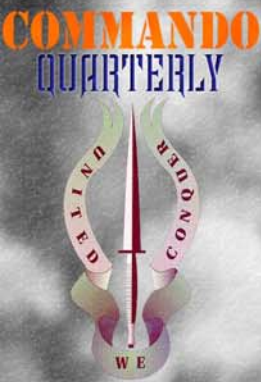
Ecology:

Ronel's tenuous ecosystem was shattered during the First Succession War when Chancellor Liao authorized the use of chemical weapons. Nearly three hundred years later, the remnants of chemical waste remain.

Of the many species of plant that thrived in the harsh desert, only a handful

COMMANDO
QUARTERLY





survived the chemical disaster, those that did remain highly acidic and inedible. The Liao attack devastated species of genetically engineered camels and other animals introduced by miners, destroying any chance of further development.

Aside from a few species of cactus-like flora, Ronel is a dead world. Its mineral-rich seas are too concentrated to support life. Fossilized remains suggest that several million years ago various species of aquatic vegetation thrived on Ronel.

Sociology:

Ronel is the proverbial black sheep in the Federated Commonwealth family. Perhaps no other planet suffers from such excess of avarice and corruption.

Primarily Ronel is a mining facility; jointly “owned” by eight corporations. It is a major provider of raw materials used in the manufacture of military-grade armor in the Federated Commonwealth.

Many other planets provide similar resources, and as on those planets, people in positions of power are wont to abuse their station. It is, however, in its secondary source of income that the vast majority of corruption exists.

Run by the corporate-owned planetary government, Ronel's prison system provides a population of over two million inmates solely to operate the mines.

A system of zero-tolerance policies has made most crimes on Ronel punishable by 90-day minimum sentences to the mines. Even minor traffic infractions carry the possibility of mining sentences, though with the appropriate bribes, these sentences are usually avoided.

Topography:

Ronel's core has been cooling steadily for several hundred million years. Once boasting a highly active volcanic system, the planet is, vis-à-vis galactic time, is fast on its way to becoming a cold rock.

A withering testament to ancient geologic activity, a small number of mountain ranges dot the two principal landmasses. Polished by years of relentless sandstorms, most mountain ranges are completely

impassable, making intercity transit extremely difficult.

The northern continent of Oxo and southern continent of Xox are virtual mirror images of each other, separated only by several small seas clustered about the equator. These mineral saturated waters are unfit for consumption, requiring desalination, and other significant treatments to remove the Liao chemicals.

History:

Ronel was never formally colonized during the days of the Terran Hegemony. Numerous mining companies effectively stranded thousands of employees on planet by employing company store strategies.

Employees were enticed on-world by promises of pay at nearly twice the going rate for mining work. Essential consumer goods were only available through the mining companies, who naturally charged several times the going rates. Employees were “loaned” money to buy necessities, which they had to repay by putting in more hours in the mines. By the mid 25th century, Ronel had a reputation as one of the worst company store planets in the Hegemony.

The local government was of little assistance to the embattled workers. Rare even in the days of the Hegemony, Ronel's government consists of elected officials, rather than appointed personages, although that is where the illusion of democracy ends. Elections occur every five years on Ronel, though they are always fixed. Through skillful manipulation of the local ordinances only preferred shareholders in the mining companies are allowed to vote on elections, thus ensuring their candidate an easy victory.

With the coming of the Star League little changed on Ronel. The mines continued to churn out raw materials, as more and more workers found themselves in a catch 22. The reunification war was especially profitable for Ronel, as the Star League Defense Force had considerable demands for raw materials.

Ronel was fast on its way to becoming a mining-czar's paradise, until the onset of The First Succession War. The Capellan Confederation, frustrated at being unable to

wrest control of the valuable world away from the Hegemony remnants, and weary from engagements with the Draconis Combine, resorted to chemical warfare. In a single stroke, ninety-five percent of the population died. Those that survived made their way off world using any method available.

Nearly three hundred years would pass before Ronel saw human civilization. In the closing days of the Third Succession War, scientists from the resource-strapped House Liao determined that the remaining traces of chemical agents, while certain to have detrimental long term effects, posed no immediate threat to human life.

In a move designed to quickly double production of armor and other refined metals, the Confederation established its largest penitentiary facility on Ronel. Then Chancellor Maximillian Liao emptied the Confederation prisons of the dregs and put them to work reopening the mines. The promise for inmates was parole after ten years in the mines. For many lifers the deal was too good to pass up.

When virulent strains of Crohn's Disease started appearing in miners, the Confederation officially wrote it off as coincidence, though the truth of the matter was well known in the inner circle.

At the onset of the Fourth Succession War, when mercenary forces from the Federated Suns liberated Ronel, Hanse Davion commissioned research that by 3030 directly linked trace remains of chemical agents to the outbreak of the disease.

Sweeping reforms quickly passed, as the mining conglomeration approved funds for medical supplies. As a result, all of the planet's population receives daily medical supplements to stave off its effects.

Even with the use of filter masks long term exposure to Ronel's atmosphere is still thought to cause severe health problems.

Present Day:

Ronel is still a prison planet, though all Capellan prisoners had their sentences commuted when the Federated Suns liberated Ronel. With no place to go, many remain working in the mines.

Corruption runs rampant as the mining conglomeration exerts near-total control over the population. A sizable quasi-police force drawn from the planetary militia keeps constant watch on the population. Although the PSF (Planetary Security Force) is equipped with out-dated surplus weaponry and 'Mechs, they are still adequately outfitted to deal with any civil unrest.

Notable Settlements:

Lenor:

The planetary capital is currently undergoing massive construction work, on a new atmosphere dome. Estimates place completion sometime in the early 3070's. The new dome will allow the wealthy elite of Ronel to live without dependency upon filter masks.

The project, funded inadvertently by the Federated Commonwealth, is a black mark on what was intended as an urban renewal project. Taking funds intended for gentrification the conglomerate-controlled government instead condemned the outlying suburbs and, with healthy contributions from the mining companies themselves, began construction of the dome.

The near constant state of war in the Inner Sphere, and the ensuing demand for raw materials, has persuaded off-world officials to feign ignorance and indifference.

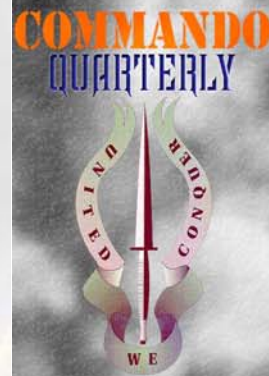
Pit City:

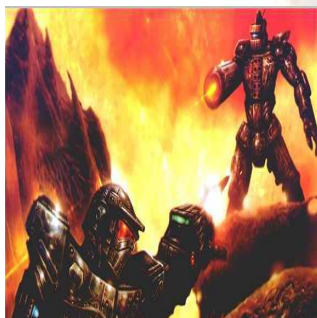
Pit City is the largest mining complex on Ronel. Mineshafts covering hundreds of kilometers radiate like misshapen wheel spokes. Just over two million people make their homes in Pit City; the majority of them paroled, or work release convicts.

Although half of the PSF forces are permanently stationed in Pit City, an organized criminal element runs rampant. It is rumored that the PSF forces are on the payroll for multiple different criminal groups.

Classic BattleTech Simulator Notes

- None





TACTICAL ANALYSIS: B.A.

Battle Armored Infantry

By Ron Barter

Infantry have been around since man first started fighting wars, often referred on the modern battlefield as P.B.I.'s (Poor Bloody Infantry), a Infantry trooper cannot carry any significant weapons that can harm a BattleMech alone, in groups they can inflict some damage, comparable to a mosquito biting your arm, but the fact remains they are slow, and cannot carry enough protection to withstand a 'Mechs retaliatory response. But they are cheap, and easy to train. The concept of P.B.I.'s dramatically changed in 3049 with the Introduction of the Clan Elemental Trooper. Here was a 1-ton armored suit worn by a single soldier, armed with 2 'Mech Class Weapon systems, and enough armor to withstand a direct hit from a Standard PPC!!!

When first encountered by Inner Sphere units, most MechWarriors and other soldiers thought they were some form of alien lifeform, operating in groups of 5, they showed no fear in attacking 'Mechs, and even proved capable of taking down a 'Mech. These were no mosquito's, but a new viable threat to a BattleMech, and once again returning the role of a Infantryman to a respectable role on the modern Battlefield.

On Terra, in the 20th Century, an author by the name of Heinlein wrote of advanced Infantry troopers wearing exoskeleton armored suits, that fought the future wars of his novels, he called them "Starship Troopers", the Battle Armored Trooper is the embodiment of this concept. Using 'Mech grade armor and weapons, with a

myomer musculature system and a self-contained environmental suit, each trooper in a battle armor suit has speed equal to some assault 'Mechs, weapons equal to the lightest of BattleMech classes, and if fitted with Jump jets additional maneuverability. Furthermore, the clans designed their Omni 'Mech designs to allow the carriage of a entire point (5 Troopers) into battle decreasing there deployment time. A single Trooper may irritate a MechWarrior not as a mosquito but more like a Wasp or Bee, a group of 4 or 5 of these soldiers and a MechWarrior has no choice but to regard this as a highly credible threat. Like normal infantry, they are scattered on the ground and slightly harder to hit than a 'Mech or vehicle, but unlike infantry it takes more than a machine gun to kill a single trooper, in



Clan Elemental

The first battle suit seen in action, 1 'Mech class Primary Weapon (Usually a Small Laser, but Machine Guns and Flamers have also been seen), 1 Detachable Short Range Missile (SRM) Launcher with 4 missiles, a Secondary Anti-personnel weapon, and a powerful tri-claw hand for ripping holes in armor.



Slyph

A clan Cloud Cobra design, it features extended flight capabilities a micro-pulse laser and a Bomb rack. An excellent portable Close Air Support unit, that has excellent scouting capabilities.



Achilles:

Free Worlds League contribution, a scout/infiltration design with advanced sensor baffling technology that can deceive Beagle and Clan Active Probes, it mounts 60% of the armor protection of a Elemental, has full jump capability of 90 metres, and mounts a single 'Mech grade weapon and a anti-personnel weapon, but no SRM launcher. Instead of a claw hand on the left, there are 2 fully functional manipulation hands allowing this suit to manipulate and carry items.



Fa Shith

This Capellan design is unique in that it features a new role for a Battle Armored trooper, the role of a Sapper. Equipped with Jump Jets, has 70% of a Elementals armor protection, and can mount a single 'Mech class weapon or a light Designation TAG unit, a Anti-personnel weapon is also carried. The Fa Shith can also deploy a scatterable minefield capable of damaging a 'Mech or vehicle, and can also function as a minesweeper. The Fa Shith also mounts magnetic grapplers so that it can not only ride on omni 'Mechs but any type of 'Mech or vehicle.



Infiltrator MK II

More commonly referred to as the Puma, it is a definite improvement over its predecessor the Mk I (aka. The Waddle), unlike the Mk I , the Puma is fully jump capable, better armor (60% of a Elementals Protection), and yet retains the sensor Baffling technology of the Mk I . No SRM Launcher is carried, 1 Anti-personnel weapon and a Gauss rifle with the same range profile as a Medium Laser is carried.



Kage

A DCMS infiltration design, and rumored to be a favorite among DEST personnel. A Partial Wing system increases the jump profile to 120 metres, and sensor baffling technology that works at medium and long ranges. Mounting a single 'Mech class weapon with 50% of a Elementals Armor protection. The team leader may carry a TAG Spotting laser in place of a weapon. This suit features 2 fully functional Hands, and it is reported that many Kage troopers often carry a Vibro-Katanna as a more silent weapon that is more suited for infiltration and intimidation.

fact a Locust would be hard pressed to destroy 3 armored suits in a single engagement.

After the initial introductory shock of these new warriors, the Inner Sphere Militaries responded in an almost hysterical way. New classes of BattleMech were developed to counter this threat, from the Federated Commonwealth's Battlehawk and Fireball designs, to the Capellan Confederations' Snake class BattleMech. But more importantly, they began to develop their own versions of this incredible piece of technology. The initial designs were not very satisfactory, the

Infiltrator and the Sloth, both lacking the armor protection of a Elemental suit, could not jump, and lacked the SRM Launcher. But they were excellent conceptual designs for future suit designs. The Infiltrator introduced sensor-baffling technology that made the suit harder to detect, the sloth was a quadruped design that featured 2 small lasers and a magnetic mine launcher as weapons. The first successful applications of Inner Sphere Battle Armor, was not by a Great House, but by a Mercenary unit: The Gray Death Legion.

Using knowledge from the famous Gray Death Memory Core and some recovered Lostech Star League Nighthawk Battle Suits, the Legion created 2 classes of Suit, the faster Scout and the Standard suit.

As time and experience against the Clans increased, and Elemental suits fell intact into Inner Sphere Hands, more capable suits began to appear in service. For the most part they are still not as capable as Clan Battle Armor in either armor protective capabilities or weapons load out. But the Clans only really developed the Battle Armor Suit for Infantry support for their 'Mech forces; the Inner Sphere has devised a new role for which the Battle Armor trooper is uniquely suited for: Infiltration.

Fitted with advanced sensor baffling technologies, and/or winglets for extended flight capacity, some of the Inner Sphere suits are very hard to detect making them suitable



Kanazuchi

Also a DCMS design, this suit is more like a small Clan Proto'Mech than an actual Battle Armor suit. Mounting a tremendous amount of protection, it is capable of withstanding a direct hit from a Clan ER PPC and it can also inflict a tremendous amount of damage in the form of a Medium Laser, 2 Single Shot SRM-2 Launchers, and 2 Anti-personnel Weapons. While very fearsome, this suit's mobility is the same as standard foot infantry reducing its usefulness to defensive positions or urban combat only.





for scouting, infiltration, and target designation. Roles that probably go against Clan Honor stigmas, fortunately the militaries of the Inner Sphere do not suffer that fatal character flaw.

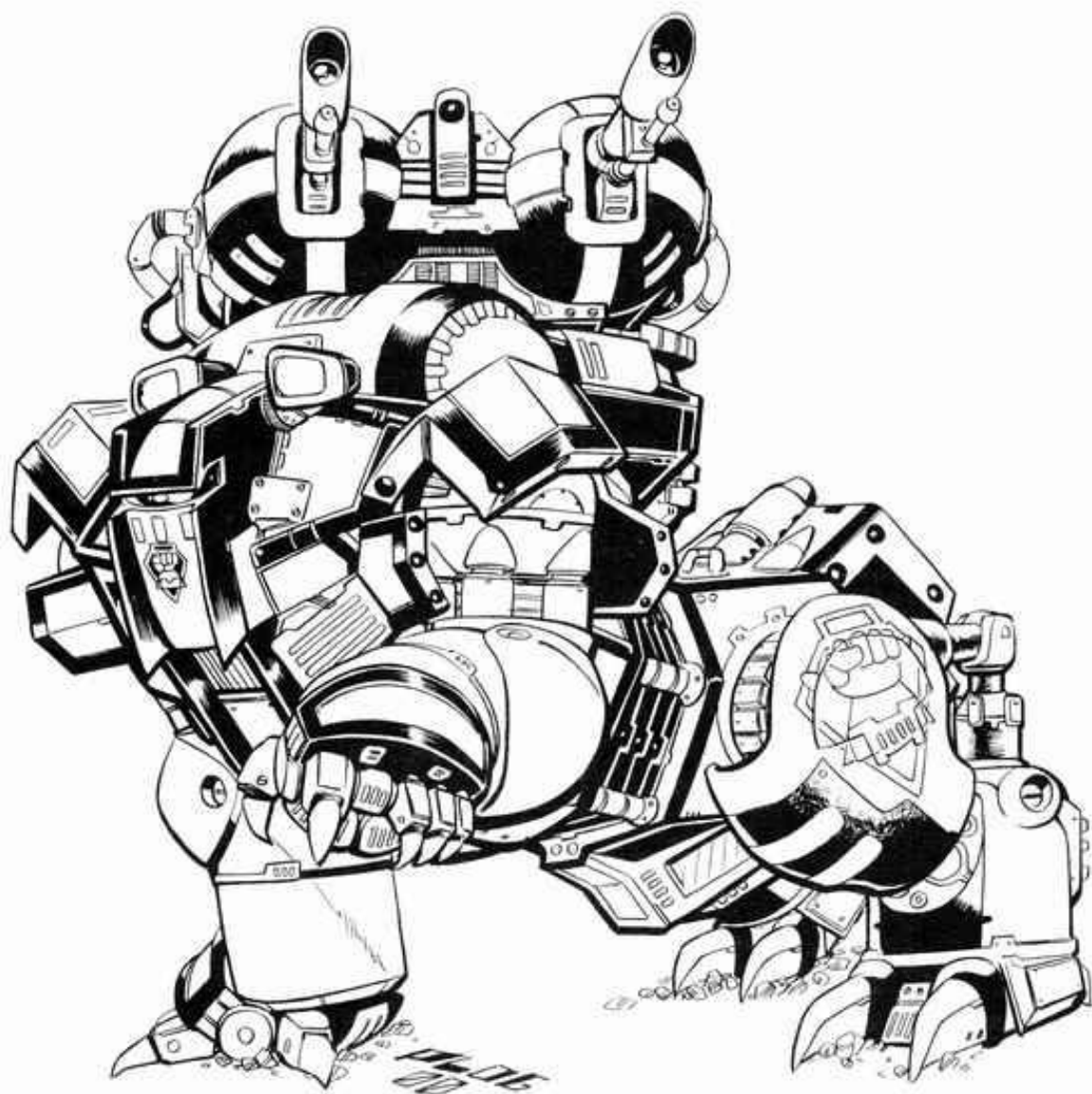
And although battle armor has 'Mech grade armor, they are not invulnerable to unarmored infantry either; the joints of the suits have very thin armor, making them susceptible to magnetic shaped charges or crew served weapons. A Sniper with a heavy Zeus rifle, and pardon the pun but "Nerves of Steel" can also aim for the faceplate of the suit.

The clans have also begun to create new suits of Battle Armor, more specialized

than the Elemental, indicating that the race for the ultimate Armored Infantrymen is far from over, in fact its just beginning. The "StarShip Trooper" is here today, whether they will eventually replace all other forms of infantry is doubtful, but they have carved a nice little niche in the annals of history and in the tactics of warfare to come.

Fenrir (Below)

Similar to the Kanazuchi in design philosophy, the Fenrir is not a true battle armor suit but a very small weapons platform. The trooper does not wear the suit but operates the unit from a small cockpit. Unable to jump, the Fenrir is capable of speeds up to 40 Kph. Having only 50% of an Elementals armor protection, the design is unique in that it features a weapons turret that is a omni configurable design; Current configurations include a Single 'Mech Class Medium Pulse Laser, or 3 Small lasers, or 2 Small Pulse Lasers, or 3 Machine Guns, a more fearsome configuration mounts a SRM-4 Launcher with a grand total of 16 missiles





THERE WERE TWO

By Jason Weiser

11 October, 3029
Nopah
Capellan March
Federated Suns
An LZ 4 km north of Arlingham Township

Force Commander Liu Quien-Hoa checked his wrist-mounted altimeter for what seemed like the thousandth time.

< Ah good, the drop goes flawlessly. >
Liu suppressed a smile, the life of a drop recon trooper was a fleeting one, and a bad day could occur quite quickly. One small factor was all it took in this business. In that, Liu liked his job, there was something seductive about the dance on the razor's edge.

He thumbed his mike twice and the drop recon team, 10 men strong, began to make some distance from each other. They had clustered up, but in order to avoid a jump accident due to the shrouds tangling, they put some distance between each other before pulling their ripcords.

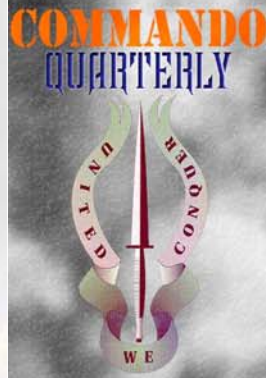
Liu yanked his ripcord and the shock sent him racing upwards tens of feet into the air. He counted chutes < Oh drek, two chutes are missing..don't let it be Farmingham or Reynolds. >

Reynolds was a tall, lanky man from Grand Base, he was a fanatical Capellan

loyalist, and new to the Recon. He was eager as hell, a little too eager, which didn't mix well with his post of being the unit demo specialist, but he was replacing a man lost on Liao, and the Mask "advisor" back at Company raved about his political reliability.

Farmingham was the exact opposite; he was an experienced RTO and had managed to get them out of more than one problem over the years. He was also carrying the unit radio and the SOI, security back at base being so fanatical about Operation "Riposite" that the SOI's for this drop were committed to memory ONLY to the RTO. Liu had known what a disaster that portended, but he

couldn't argue with the Mask "advisor" As for looks, his bookish, almost emaciated nature, coupled with shockingly blond hair and large blue eyes demonstrated the Russian heritage he had brought from Menke. He had had a hard time in the Drop Recon, mainly because he would remain a Lance Corporal, due to an anti-Maximillian group his parents had belonged to. He too had almost been





consigned to Brazen Heart, but Liu, in a rare fit of bucking the system, managed to preserve this fine operator. It had gotten Liu in trouble for protecting the "Roundeye".

Then there was the ever-present possibility of a Mask operative on the team. They loved to assume command at the worst possible moments, having more political reliability than good sense going for them. All in all, it was already shaping up to be a drekky day.

Liu saw the ground begin to rush up to greet him. Liu was always a bit of a type to anticipate the landing, and as such, looked at the ground. It was for this reason; Liu always hit the ground hard.

THUMPF! Liu hit the ground like a sack of potatoes, his textbook PLF being undone by the shock of his landing. What made matters worse was that unbeknownst to anyone on the team, they had overshot the original DZ by about 2 km, and had landed in a rock garden. Liu was one of the luckier ones, he only sprained his ankle.

Liu cursed, and after fashioning a splint out of his e-tool handle, thumbed his tac radio.

"Yellow Group, check in"

"Chou here" Chou was the heavy weapons man, and was the gunner for the Team's type 13 LMG, which was about the only thing they had, minus a few V-LAWs that could come near to threatening a 'Mech.

"Milford here" Milford was the team sniper, and hopefully, her Minolta 9000 had survived the drop. She was a short, red-headed woman who was a mass of muscle and rather resembled a fireplug. She was from Second Try, a world in the path of the Davion advance, and she took a relish in shooting Davion officers.

"Jurgens here" Jurgens was one of the team scouts, and a registered hunter from Styk. A large, hulking man with a shock of black hair and cold, grey eyes, he moved with a measure of stealth that belied his size.

"Toombkins here, boss, I broke my frakin' arm". Toombkins was one of the other scouts, and he was the team joker, although, from the gritted teeth evident in his response, one didn't have to realize he wasn't in a humorous mood at the moment.

"Ralwins here, I am with Mai, she's dead boss, bounced off the damn rocks and hit a tree head first. Her neck is broken. As for the radio gear, it's totaled." Rawlins was the spotter for Milford, and where Milford was Ice, Rawlins was fire. He was an eager fellow, all of 19 and looking forward to each drop. As for Mai, Mai Xiang-Lou was the image of a Chinese porcelain doll, and the darling of the team. She was the backup RTO, and if she was down too, and her radio smashed, then the team was out of communication.

< *Drekking Mask and their secrets, we're the ones hanging in the breeze, not their precious Death Commando fanatics!* > Liu fumed.

"Ramirez here, I found Farmingham and Renoylds, what's left. Their chutes tangled. I am ok boss." Ramirez was the other team sniper, and as such carried the other Minolta, he was a quiet sort who went about his job with no real baggage, seeing his targets as something more to be serviced.

Liu heard nothing from Jenkins, the other spotter, or his assistant team leader, Fong. It was worrisome, as the team had already lost 5 of its ten members, and near as he could tell, had not come down near the proposed LZ. What was worse, as the small thumps in the distance demonstrated, there were plenty of 'Mechs about, none of them Liao.

"Lead to Group, rendezvous at Point Kilo, activate the GOTH plan, we'll be needing it., Lead Out."

Liu cursed, so far, his DR team had led a charmed life, they didn't lose people, not to jump accidents! And the DropShip captain who had been driving the Gazelle had worked with them before. What in the nine hells was going on?

Several Hours Later:

Liu made his way to the edge of the clearing that signified Point Kilo. It had been a painful two and a half hour march, made worse by the need to stay tactical and stay off the trails and roads, which was hell on his ankle. He paused and settled into a half-crouch; kneeling was just too much to ask of his ankle. He reached into his LBE and slid



down his Passive IR goggles. Liu then gave a two second flash of an IR strobe.

After what seemed like an eternity, several strobes answered him back. Several shapes emerged cautiously from the woodline. They moved in pairs and threes, covering each other's movement as they went. Liu shuffled out to meet them.

They were all here, the ones who had checked in, and as battered, and exhausted as they were, they still were a sight for sore eyes. Toombkins was still holding his arm and gritting his teeth...the fracture really had to hurt., but, it could wait with a splint until the rest of-

It all happened fast, too fast. Toombkins hand lept from cradling his broken arm to his weapon, the team, expecting the reaction to be to an outside threat, acted as per the battle drill. It was their last mistake, as Toombkins riddled them all, saving Liu for last with a round to his knee and knocking him off of his feet.

Liu was in agony < *What the hell was Toombkins playing at?* >

Toombkins smiled, but this was not the kind, caring smile Liu had known, it was the smile of an empty predator who was toying with his prey.

"Good evening, Force Commander Liu, I might as well introduce myself, I really am Lieutenant Reginald Toombkins, but I am not of

the CCAF, instead, I am with MI-6 on detached duty. I think we all know what that duty entails?"

"Killing my men, Fedrat?" Liu spat

"Sadly, yes" Toombkins sighed, but his SMG never wavered from Liu's chest.. "But that's war, isn't it? I was working just as hard for my side Liu, and I am sorry, but your little counter attack can't succeed, not that it will."

Liu felt a wave of rage < *Damn Mask kills us, but doesn't even recognize a Davion spy among us!* >

"How?" Liu gasped.

"Hmm," Toombkins smiled his empty smile again "Well, the virus in the Gazelle's nav computer, and the sabotage of several parafoils was easy too, but being lucky enough to take out you Mask man, Reyonlds, that was a coup, not to mention the but of happenstance with Mai and that tree..but that's all you need to know. It's time I contacted my people, and had them come get us. Perhaps you will be nice enough to tell us what we want to know about Capellan plans for Nopah without narco techniques? Those are so messy."

Liu exhaled roughly with a painful sigh < *The Capellan Confederation, especially in the Tikinov Commonality, has an old saying, there are always two. I should have remembered that.* >



CRAFTY COMMANDO: DROPSHIP

How to make a carrying case for under \$10.

By: Martin Plut

As a FanPro Commando, though it was time to have a proper carrying case, having to run demo Classic BattleTech events at three different conventions this spring. Previously, I had a decent mini carrying case for up to 30 minis but I also had to carry a backpack or a box for all the other stationary, record sheets, books etc. I wanted a big carrying box that could transport all my Classic BattleTech materials that I have to travel with.

The materials required are simple and as follows:

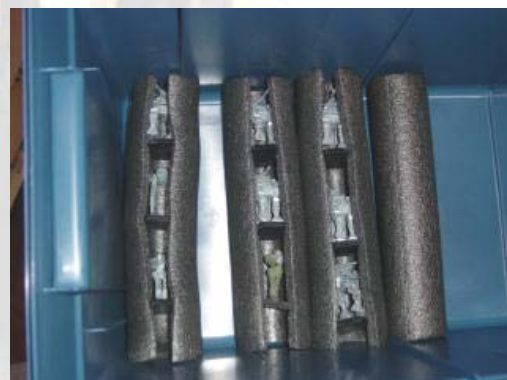
- 1) Cheap generic plastic toolbox. The one sourced was a 21" wide plastic toolbox purchased for \$7.88 (on special) at a local hardware store (or Walmart special).
- 2) Foam pipe Insulation (1.5" OD x 0.75 ID) slit along one side. Very inexpensive foam protectors for your minis. Costs \$0.59 for a 6 ft. (6ft good for 24 minis)
- 3) Avery sticker paper – 3 sheets, 8.5" x 11". \$0.12 each = \$0.36. The sticker paper is to make your own stickers but any gaming stickers can be used although not necessary.

Total cost = $7.88 + 0.59 + 0.36 = 8.83^{***}$

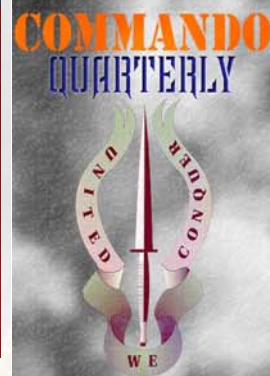
***Taxes not included. Note that these values are in Canadian dollars and would actually be \$5.88 USD.

Preparation instructions:

- 1) Cut the tubular foam into lengths that are slightly longer than the spaces they are to fit into. This is so that they fit snug into position and never shift around.
- 2) Install your minis as shown by wrapping the foam around the mini. Keep fragile limbs in the open section. This works best when minis have proper hex bases. Not suitable for fragile or oversized minis. To protect vehicles without bases, foam with a smaller inner diameter is suggested.
- 3) Several lengths placed snug side by side will provide a safe storage area. DO NOT LEAVE MINIS LOOSE IN CASE WITH OR WITHOUT FOAM PROTECTION WHILE TRAVELLING.



- 4) Fill the inner upper tray with some of the important protected minis as well as required stationary & dice that are needed in the games planned. These should all be items that you would require on a regular basis for a game. The tray could be easily removed from the case for easy access during the game while the box is locked and hidden from view. Hate to see people "stumble" upon your case, giving all units inside a good shock test.



- 5) Fill the lower area with any of the following: Additional minis, rule books, maps, record sheets, terrain, measuring tapes & sticks and any other desired objects required to run a good game of BattleTech. If miniatures are stored in the lower area, ensure that they are on the bottom. Also with storing miniatures, ensure that the entire level is packed with foam to avoid protectors from sliding inside the box.
- 6) Personalize your case by decorating the outer case with paint, artwork, decals, stickers etc. Don't forget to put your name somewhere.
- 7) Now fill the case with all the materials required to play a good game of BattleTech and go show off your case.



The case depicted in this document was designed to carry 35 minis, and all game supplies to be used at the following 2003 spring gaming conventions: Foundation, Orion and The Great Canadian Baycon

Other options and for your Carrying case:



Lock it up. Having a pad lock of some sort would be a good idea if you are running a game in an unfamiliar area and your case is out of site. If security is a major concern, then perhaps go with a metal case (of which will be considerably more expensive).

Troop Transport. Convert your carrying case into a troop transport case. The entire lower area could be filled with foam-protected miniatures. Ensure that each layer is perpendicular to the previous (criss-crosses) to avoid undesirable settling of the contents. Also ensure that proper

foam lengths are used so that foam protectors are snug in both directions. This specific case would have 3 layers of minis for a total estimated capacity of $(27 \times 3 + 12 \text{ in tray}) = 93$ minis. Note that additional foam lengths will be required.

CAUTION: The case will be very heavy and great care must be addressed when lifting and handling this version of a carrying case.



NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Recounting battles from around the Inner Sphere

By Joel Stevenson

**Lenor
Ronel
Federated Commonwealth
May 4th, 3066**

"There's an old Terran saying, 'MechWarriors never die, they just go to hades to regroup.' Whoever said that never met my customers. They're too stubborn to die, and too washed up to do anything else. They're desperate or crazy, every last one of them."

"I just want him." The unkempt stranger slid a hundred ComStar note onto the bar along side the photograph.

The bartender, looking much like how he'd just described his clientele, eyed the bill. It was a good offer, far better than the bartender had expected. That gave him pause. Anyone with a hundred reasons to find one of his regulars had a score to settle, and Amos Shaw hadn't survived twenty years on Ronel by getting mixed up in reciprocities.

Ronel once had a decent chance at becoming a worthwhile planet in the Terran

Hegemony. That was before other more valuable and hospitable worlds were discovered. Then came the chemical devastation during the First Succession war. Only in the last hundred years has the dead world become habitable. Amos was one of the unlucky few ill-fortuned enough to intentionally find his way on planet. He'd survived thirty years in the poisonous atmosphere and lived through gang wars by not getting involved. Then again, he did need the money.

"Turns out it's none of my business," Amos inadvertently vocalized his thoughts, "but you're obviously much in need of finding him," he added while palming the bill. "I hear the Golden Shamrock is the sort of place you might rent a room, an' I'm sure folks there can point you to Sidney."

The stranger nodded and left Amos to enjoy his newfound wealth. Outside the ramshackle bar, Sergeant Frances DeFleur donned his filter mask and started up the empty street towards the Golden Shamrock. High levels of noxious chemicals, coupled with the low level of oxygen forced most off-world visitors, and a growing number of locals, to rely on filter masks.

The few people Frances encountered on the kilometer walk were



either vagrants, or armed. Law enforcement, tenuous twenty years ago, was virtually nonexistent in the sprawl. Around the affluent downtown sector, a new dome was under construction, and would soon encompass New Lenor City, while the outlying low-income sprawl of Lenor City was soon to be abandoned by everyone save for its residents.

The Golden Shamrock, a withered piece of postmodern construction, should have been condemned years ago, but like most of the sprawl it persevered. Entering the office, Frances removed his filter mask, immediately wishing he hadn't as the fetid stench assailed his senses. The manager, engrossed in a replay of last year's Solaris Championships, seemed not to notice Frances. z

"Whasha want?" He slurred at last.

"Sidney." Frances replied.

"Five-oh-three."

Frances glanced at the wall, looking for a map of the motel, not finding one, nor expecting help from the manager, he headed back outside. A short walk round the grounds led him to unit five. Similar to the other units the squat, weathered, green building held a handful of studio apartments.

Rounding the corner towards unit three, Frances abruptly came face to face with Sidney, and a needler pistol.

"You won't need that." Frances nodded towards the pistol.

"It keeps me safe."

"Even from your friends?"

"Especially from my friends. Let's go."

Sidney motioned for Frances to lead the way.

"Where are we going?"

"Bite your tongue."

Half a hundred paces later, Frances preceded Sidney into his ramshackle studio apartment. As the door closed, he turned cautiously. Sidney's reply of "bite your tongue", indicated that they were under surveillance and would have to be cautious. Following Sidney's lead, Frances took a seat on the sofa bed.

"I don't like being found." Sidney barked, keeping to character.

"What if I have a proposition for you?"

"Why would I be interested?"

"Because it involves money, naturally."

"It'd have to be a lot of money."

"It'll suffice."

"Will it buy my way off this rock?"

"Yours and your company of friends."

The company of friends was a prearranged code meaning Frances's and Sidney's fellow MechWarriors, presently held in The Pit, a high security penal mine. Arrested on trumped up charges while applying for a garrison mission, Crystal's Cavaliers had lost their 'Mechs and most of their personnel. Only Frances and Sidney had escaped. Frances taking word of their situation off world in hopes of bringing back help, while Sidney remained behind in an attempt to infiltrate one of Ronel's mafia organizations to seek help there. Jailbreaks on Ronel were unheard of, however, with the proper bribes freedom was for sale. Problem was with the entire unit's assets seized, neither Frances, nor Sidney, had sufficient funds for those bribes. That left them dependent upon an untried plan.

Sidney had infiltrated the Zhuang family syndicate, though had yet to establish a solid reputation as a dependable lackey, and was under constant surveillance. It had taken them several days to arrange for a face-to-face meeting without attracting the attention of Sidney's handlers. It would, however, give them the opportunity to discuss their plans for freeing the rest of their unit.

"Good to know." Sidney replied.

"So what are you planning to do with me?"

"It depends. How much money are we talking about?"

"Enough to bribe the right people."

"And they would be?"

"Oh, you know, a guard here, another there."

"How do you know they'll accept payment?"

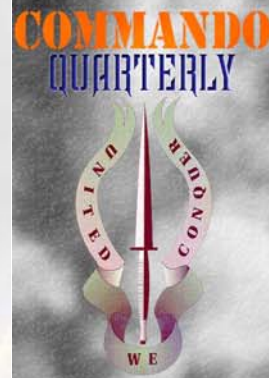
"Trust me," Frances grinned, "they'll have no other choice."

"How do we proceed?"

"Well for starters you can stop pointing that Needler at me."

"Not going to happen." Which meant they might still be observed.

"Fine then. I'll tell you the plan."





Frances outlined a plan in which they would bribe – meaning eliminate – several security guards around a banking complex. The banking complex, being a euphemism for The Pit, let Sidney know that everything was ready on Frances's end of the operation. Once the guards were neutralized, they would move in, claim their "stolen goods" and get out on the next shuttle. Problem was, it would take several well-placed bribes to ensure they made it to the shuttle and off world. Sidney had been making connections within the Zhuang family finding out when the right people would be on duty and had everything lined up for the jailbreak. They ended their meeting with a mock scuffle in which Frances disarmed Sidney and escaped into the street.

* * * * *

Later that night, Frances, geared up with his Blazer and Sternschnat heavy pistol stood watch while Sidney made for the food service delivery warehouse for The Pit. A few hundred c-bills worth of bribes later, the guards left their posts for a coffee break, giving Frances and Sidney plenty of time to appropriate food service uniforms and enter the prison. Further manipulation of the schedules ensured their comrades would be on downtime in the exercise yard adjacent to the cafeteria. The plan was to deliver foodstuffs to the cafeteria, make contact and get out quickly. It was as sound of a plan as they could put together given their limited resources.

Pushing a cart filled with canned beans, instant potatoes, and other sundry food, they entered the back room of the cafeteria and met with an unexpected surprise - a waiting security team. The five men, all wearing ablative flak vests and holding powerful Royerex SMG's immediately reacted to their entrance. The staccato bark of small arms fire echoed through the cafeteria, as the security team opened fire.

Sending the cart careening towards the team, Sidney and Frances dove for the marginal cover provided by the outside of doorjamb. Drawing his Sternschnat Frances looked over at his companion.

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"I thought you had this worked out!"

"Someone must have sold us out to a higher bidder."

"You were supposed to have taken care of that." Frances yelled as he put two shots into one of the security guards. The man would probably have broken ribs but would otherwise survive.

"That's one," Frances yelled.

"Not the time to keep score!" Sidney tucked down tighter as drywall shrapnel showered down covering him in white flakes.

"It's always the time to keep score," Frances insisted popping off several more shots at the advancing security guards, winging one.

The security guards, apparently not so well trained as they were armed, kept to relatively open positions, relying on bursts from their SMG's to keep Frances and Sidney pinned down as they advanced on their position. Bullets ricocheted off walls tearing through glass and bathed the hallway in a lethal spray of shrapnel. Fortunately for Frances and Sidney, the load-bearing wall next

to which they took cover appeared to be made of structural steel, as it did a good job of providing impromptu cover.

"We have to get out of here."

"Not so fast."

"What are you crazy?"

"We have a job to do!"

"Yeah? How is getting killed going to help us with that?" Sidney demanded between return shots.

"We're not leaving them!"

"You think I want to?"

"No more than you want to get shot."

"Remember the fight on New Sytris?"

"Yeah."

"I'm out."

"Here," Frances said tossing a magazine across the hallway.

The Sternschnat was one of the most powerful pistols on the market, but was notorious for its small magazine. Many had been to accept a larger eight-round magazine; Sidney's hadn't. As he homed the magazine, Sidney stuck out just little too far from his meager cover. A hungry burst from the guards' Royerex stitched across the wall.

Sidney cried out, clutching his leg, and rolling into the middle of the hallway where he writhed about like a fish out of water.

Frances swore.

Taking aim at the exposed guard, he emptied his Sternschnat. The guard withered under the fire, going down from multiple hits to the chest.

"That's two! How's the leg?"

Sidney continued wailing, playing his part perfectly. Frances only hoped the guards were buying Sidney's act. Tossing down his Sternschnat he called out to the guards.

"We surrender!"

One of the three remaining guards replied, "Hands up, and out where we can see you."

"Okay, okay! Just don't shoot!"

Frances pleaded, "I'm coming out."

Stepping across the hall, Frances interposed himself between Sidney and the guards.

"Down on the ground, face first, now!"

One of the guards demanded.

"Okay, but you've got to help my friend, he's shot bad."

"Get down on the ground now!"

"I'm getting, I'm getting." Frances stalled.

He stepped forward, further obscuring the guard's view, then suddenly dropped. As Frances hit the ground, Sidney brought up the Blazer he'd been surreptitiously handed, and poured megajoules of energy into the distracted guard. The other guard's hesitated for a fraction too long, torn between returning fire on Sidney or shooting Frances.

Frances used the distraction to his advantage, careening sidelong into one of the guards, while another shot from the Blazer silenced the other.

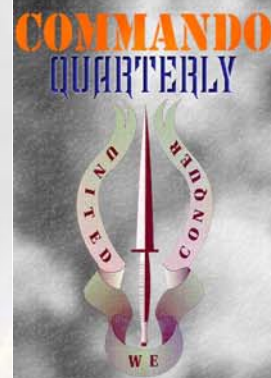
Frances and the guard tumbled across the floor, hitting a wall. They struggled to their knees, Frances striking first, with a well-placed fist that sent the guard reeling. Following up, Frances dove atop his opponent driving the guard's face into the ferrocrete floor, earning a rewarding crunch for his efforts.

Leaving the wounded and unconscious guard, he returned to Sidney.

"Nice acting! You ready?"

"No," Sidney replied holding up bloodied hands. "He actually got me. I don't think I'm going anywhere." Sidney managed between cringes of pain as he fumbled with a medikit. "I'll hold out here. Go get our lancemates."

Frances scooped up two of the Royerex submachine guns and, with a determined look at Sidney, set off into the prison.



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*A division of FWDI



SIMULATOR TECH: SMALL TECH

MechWarrior Gear

By Nathaniel Olsen

Welcome to the Gear section. Every world in the Inner Sphere has its own toys and gadgets and it's our job to play with them. Each month the Gear offices will profile different companies and their line of gadgets. This month we have information on two companies with their eyes on the little picture. **[Editors Note: These companies are primarily mail-order. The prices quoted below do not include shipping costs.]**

NanoChamber Technologies.

Nano machines were first theorized in the 20th century, but it took several centuries for them to be successfully manufactured. Even at the height of the Star League, the technology was insufficient for full fledged nano machines to be mass produced. However while the rest of the inner sphere was engulfed in the Succession Wars a cadre of scientists formed a research organization dedicated to new technological advances. Some impressive innovations led them to some new technologies previously unachieved. The idea behind their innovation dated back to the origins of nano-tubes. They were able to create microscopic airtight bubbles that were incredibly flexible without losing any strength. The bubbles, dubbed NanoChambers, had no air within them and so were in fact lighter than air. A new corporation was created to try and market this technology. These 'NanoChamber's could only however be created in space. Until the 3050's it was simply not-practical to begin large scale manufacturing of the NanoChambers. Then in 3052 NCT negotiated a lease for some space on Defiance Industries orbital facilities at Furillo. Within two years the factory was putting out its first design, a collapsible light-as-air glider. The next year emergency life rafts were also coming out of the factory. The market for each of these items was small, but more than sufficient to continue production. Until 3059 there was no growth in the production level despite the increasing popularity of the NCT product line. (Rumor has it that NCT spent these six years producing a giant version of their glider intended as the basis for a

prototype airbase. No evidence has been found to substantiate these rumours) At the end of 3059 NanoChamber Technologies announced plans to build their own orbital facility more specialized for their manufacturing needs. The new space station was completed in 3061 just prior to outbreak of the FedCom Civil War. With the continuing riots NCT submitted a proposal to Lyrn Alliance high command. Their idea was to incorporate NanoChambers into several different non-lethal weapons. The proposal was summarily rejected, but NCT still went ahead and produced limited numbers of their non-lethals. We present three of their products herein.

Light-as-Air Glider aka NanoGlide



This device folds up to the back in a small backpack. Pulling two cords releases the actual glider which then expands to a total wingspan of over 12 meter. The wings are 6 meters across and an entire meter thick. These dimensions would be completely

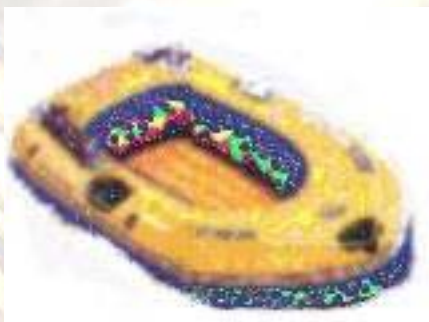
disastrous were it a normal glider. The NanoGlide has something to make up for this that no other glider has. The NanoGlide is more than just light as air it is lighter than air to the point that it floats upward spontaneously. Every NanoGlide is made customized to the size of the person that will use it. The glider provides sufficient lift for a gentle acceleration upward. Using this acceleration as well as the updrafts, the glider pilot can quickly reach amazing heights. Four control wires allow the glider to be directed. All control wires have handles for full control, as well as simple locking 'Mechanisms to allow steady flight without continuous exertion. The two in front control the pitch of the NanoGlide while one on each side controls wing distortion and compression. The NanoChambers of the glider are oriented in such a way as to allow very easy compression in one direction for each 'wing'. A pilot compresses one wing so that the other wing rises faster and banks the glider. While much different from standard gliders the principles of control are otherwise the same. The NanoGlide is also much safer to fly as long as the pilot is careful to not rise to high. The NanoGlide we were furnished has provided so popular that three people in our office have already committed to purchasing one. We highly recommend this item for those that can afford it.

Price: 100 C-Bill per kg of person it will be carrying.
Ratings: E/D/B (Legality refers to some planets which require a pilot have a license for gliders. Otherwise A legality.)
Weight: 50 g per kg of person it will be carrying + 250 g for the case and packing gear.
Notes: NanoGlide may be purchased for a mass that includes gear.

Using the Free Fall skill, this glider can be used like a parachute but altitude is completely under the control of the pilot.

The NanoGlide takes half an hour to fully compress back into its backpack carrying case. This compression requires the packing gear included in the case.

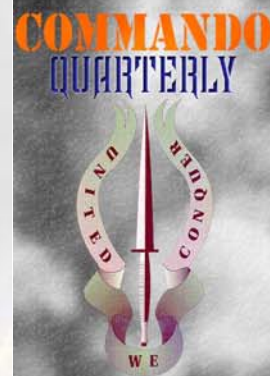
Emergency Life Rafts

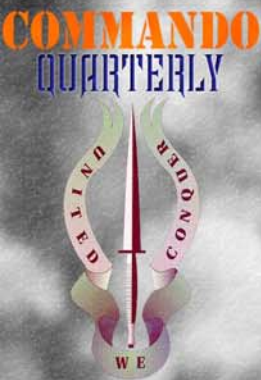


The NanoChamber Technologies life raft is an amazing step in crash safety devices. Using the same compressible NanoChambers, the life raft is able to be compressed into a package approximately 15 centimeters on a side and 5 centimeters thick. Upon opening this raft expands into a boat 2 meters across and 4 meters long capable of carrying 4-8 passengers and includes sidewalls as well as a mount for a small motor. Due to the peculiarity of the NanoChambers this boat cannot be sunk by mere puncturing. Each life raft is made up of approximately one hundred billion chambers. NCT notes that their life raft is capable of losing over 50% of its structure and still float with ease. While we didn't test this ourselves we do firmly believe them. Massing in at only 1.25 kg this raft is almost as light as air. (NCT includes a 1 kg ballast weight to help the raft settle faster. For a nominal increase in price this ballast can be replaced with a small trolling motor) While this raft is sold as a life raft we expect it will not be long before it breaks into the whitewater rafting scene.

Price: 500 C-Bills + 200 C-Bills for motor kit.
Ratings: E/C/A
Weight: 1.25 kg + 1 kg ballast or motor + 100 g for the package and packing gear.
Notes: The motor kit contains a 900 g motor with 5 high-capacity Micro Power Packs. It can bring a raft up to 20 kph and uses 10 power per hour.

The Emergency Life Raft takes 5 minutes to compress back into its package. This compression requires the packing gear included in the package.





Instant Barricade

One of the most effective riot control tools NCT supplies is their instant barricade. Because weight was not such a concern, NCT was able to cut corners on this device in order to keep the price affordable. A 1 meter long box only 10 centimeters thick and deep, is placed on the ground. The operator then pushes the release button. In seconds a 1.8 meters high and 3 meters long wall appears. The top of the wall is only 10 centimeters thick, but the base is 1 meter thick. This wall is sturdy and soft; Capable of stopping a mob instantly. NCT sells these barricades in crates of 25. Each crate also includes special packing equipment. Using this equipment the barricades can be collapsed and packed in under 2 minutes. The wall will absorb all melee attack and most slugs. A continuous laser fire can burn through the barrier but only creates a tiny gap. To combat this every barricade has a reflective sheet inside their box which is used to back the barricade and stop 75% more of the laser fire.

Price: 5000 C-Bills per crate.
Ratings: E/D/A
AV: 7/8/6/6
Weight: 10 kg per barricade including box. Packing equipment is 25 kg.
Notes: This item provides full coverage as armour if braced by the person behind it. It also completely blocks line of sight. Instant barricades cannot be repaired or patched.

EspioCorp

Up until recently the only ads for EspioCorp could be found in a few discreet mailing lists. This nearly secret mail order company sells and distributes a WIDE variety of gadgets. In prior years EspioCorp has had only debatable legality. In 3067 at the end of the FedCom civil war EspioCorp was finally able to gain legitimate business licenses in both the Federated Suns and the Lyran Alliance. The product line seems to have coincidentally been cleared of the most explicitly dangerous items. While most companies have an easily researched background, EspioCorp has successfully kept its history in a cloak of mystery. The earliest

mention we found of EspioCorp is from 3019, as an ad for listening devices. For the next half century we found regular advertisements for various devices. All of these advertisements pointed to different ComStar accounts for payments to be sent. Now that the company is legitimate we had a chance to flip through a special sneak peak of their catalog. Here are a few items we found very interesting.

Non-Electronic Listening Device aka NeldBug

In the past when someone wanted to be sure no one was listening all they had to do was sweep for electronics. Now that is simply not good enough. The NeldBug was inspired by the first audio recordings of the 19th century. The device is patterned after the 'phonograph' designs, but much smaller. The bug is a cylinder 8 millimeters long and 5 millimeters in diameter. It's only detriment is that it cannot transmit. In order to analyze the recording (of up to 240 hours) the NeldBug must be picked up and returned to the lab. EspioCorp suggests that the bug can be hidden within floral arrangements, (some large stems can even accommodate the bug within) tubes of pens or pencils, and a variety of other locations.

Price: 525 C-Bills
Ratings: C/D/A
Weight: 5 g
Notes: For an additional 75 C-Bills the reader can be purchased. It weighs 750 g.

IFF Emergency Beacon

This device is sure to become a commonplace item on the battlefields of tomorrow. When a soldier is lost or trapped, the emergency beacon is the device that sounds out the SOS signal. Unfortunately in combat situations you don't always want to enemy to know where you are and that you are trapped. The IFF Emergency Beacon has the solution to that problem. Before battle the beacon is set to listen on a specific set of radio frequencies. A soldier can then either choose to activate it or in some cases have it plugged into medical instruments as well as vehicle diagnostics. If plugged in the beacon will

automatically activate whenever the soldier is incapacitated or the vehicle is disabled. In case of error there is a password encoded kill switch which resets the beacon. While active the beacon listens for signals on its assigned frequencies. If a signal matches the friendly IFF list then the beacon transmits a focused signal in the exact direction of the received signal. By this means, only your friends will know where you are. The IFF Emergency Beacon also has optional broadband activation in case of medical emergency where the input indicates that the soldier will not survive very long. As an additional option the beacon can be manually operated as a military communicator. Included with the IFF Emergency beacon is an attachment to hook up a satellite transmitter. This attachment (sold separately) allows the beacon to send its signal to a given series of coordinates in geosynchronous orbit, or a calculated set of coordinates based on preprogrammed flight paths. We believe that for all soldiers this will soon become a must have item.

Price: 250 C-Bills + 400 C-Bills for the attachable satellite transmitter.
Ratings: D/D/A
Weight: 400 g + 2 kg for the attachable satellite transmitter.
Range: 10 km + 2,500 km to satellite with attachment.
Notes: The IFF Emergency Beacon comes with a Micro Power Pack. Power use 1/day while listening. 1/hr if transmitting. Attachable satellite transmitter uses and additional 2/day while listening and 2/hr if transmitting.

Timed Internal Capsules

One of the most interesting devices EspioCorp offers is their line of internal capsules. These capsules can be swallowed or surgically inserted. (swallowing will of course mean that the capsule will come out of the body as the body performs its natural functions) While within the body the capsules will activate after a set time period, from 1 hour to 1 year. Unlike regular pills these do not dissolve. Instead a tiny clock is set which is accurate to within 5 seconds in its 1 year lifespan. This clock is programmed by any

computer or noteputer. Two distinct types of these capsules are available: communicators and medicators.

After the set activation time the communicator transmits a short message of up to 30 seconds, on repeat every given number of minutes with a maximum total broadcast time of 2 hours. The message and send pattern are all programmed before usage by the same computer that sets the timer. The message is stored digitally and may instead be up to 4 pages of text taking the same amount of time to broadcast.

The medicator capsule can be filled with 0.25 milliliters of any fluid. When the time elapses, the medication will automatically be ejected from the pill. Optionally the medication can be partially ejected and the timer reset for a second ejection. We pass along EspioCorp's strong caution here, "Medication should only be used under the direction of a doctor. Treat these capsules with the same respect and consideration that you would for the medication you place within." With this capsule someone can take medication for injuries they have not yet received. Painkillers seem to be the favorite item for these capsules, but EspioCorp also suggests they be used in situations where infections are likely as they can assure a precise continuing dosage level of antibiotics etc.

EspioCorp also offers a plain shell which simply serves as a container. This container can hold a cylinder no larger than half a centimeter in diameter and 1 centimeter long. This capsule can only be opened after removal.

Any of the capsules can be sterilized and reused for the year in which they are operated.

Price: 75 C-Bills for the communicators, 50 C-Bills for the medicators, and 5 C-Bills for the containers.
Ratings: C/D/D
Weight: 2 g for communicators and 0.5 g + contents for medicators and containers.
Range: 1 km for communicators.





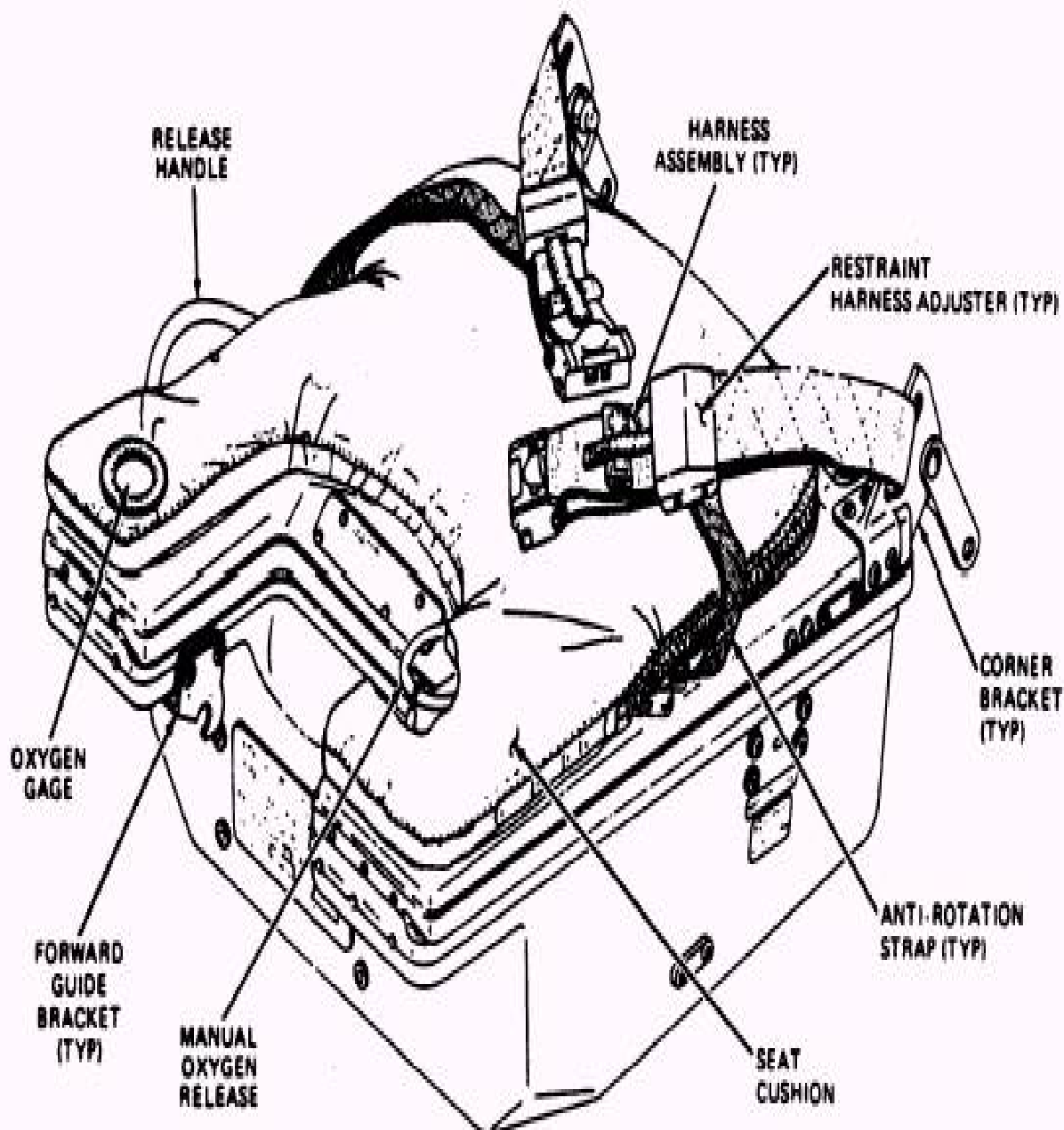
SIMULATOR TECH: SMALL TECH

MechWarrior Gear #2 – MechWarrior Survival Pack

By Ron Barter

Martin Baker Industries offers the finest in retrofits to ejection seats, this survival kit has been designed to keep a MechWarrior alive after catastrophic 'Mech malfunction. Based on our patented ESCAPAC kit for aerospace fighters. This unit has been configured to suit the needs and requirements of a MechWarrior who may be trapped behind enemy lines and increase the chances of survival and eventual rescue.

Martin Baker ESCAPAC-1M/-1MA
Universal Ejection Seat Survival Pack
Cost = 75 000 c-bills



As most MechWarriors wear a bare minimum of clothing in a 'Mech, this pack provides the means for a warrior to sustain there own life on environments as extreme as Twycross or Tharkad.

The survival pack is offered in 2 versions, the 1M and 1MA. The 1MA offers a built in Chemically generated Oxygen (CHEMOX) supply to those MechWarriors that have a life support system .

The seat pack design is unique in that , unless the seat lock 'Mechanism is unlatched, the pack will not detach from the seat, even if the MechWarrior forgets to un do the leg straps of the seat. The Leg straps of our retrofitted seat feature break away sections that easily re-attach. The seat lock 'Mechanism can only be unlocked by the activation of the seat ejection system, the triggering of the emergency 'Mech Egress control, or by 1 of our trained technicians for servicing. By utilizing this design, it allows the MechWarrior to retain the seat pack when needed, even if the MechWarrior forgets to remove the pack from its module.

The survival pack is contained inside the seat pack in a armored and buoyant module, attached to the module is a self-inflating life raft in case of a water landing.

Once away from the 'Mech, the MechWarrior can pop open the module remove the survival kit in its ready to use field pack , don the survival clothes and footwear attached to the pack, and begin escape and evasion procedures.

Martin Baker offers complete training and Escape/Evasion courses as needed with every bulk purchase. For more information contact us via comstar account

MB-001-ESCPAC.

Kit Specifications:

Weight: **Overall (Complete Seat Unit) – 25 Kg**
 Survival Pack – 15.00 Kg
 Life raft Unit – 1.00 Kg
 Clothing Package – 3.0 Kg
 CHEMOX Unit - 750 grams

Components and Description:

Buoyant, armored storage module



Made of a tough thermal-plastic polymer, it has a AV of 2 and is protected primarily against shrapnel and rough landings.

Self-inflating Life Raft with lanyard attachment to the module

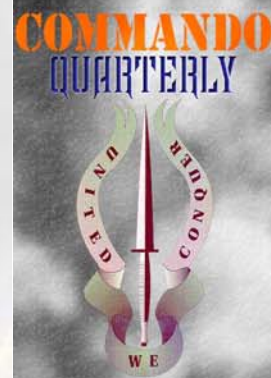
If the raft is immersed in water for more than 25 seconds, carbon dioxide cartridges are chemically fired, inflating the raft in 10 seconds. The raft is the size of 1 average sized person, it features an attached protective shelter top that is olive green on 1 side and blaze orange on the other side, for concealment or distress marking. The raft comes equipped with a sea anchor (for slowing raft speed) a patch kit consisting of 16 adhesive patches, and a disassembled mylar-nylon composite paddle. The MechWarrior can save the raft if it does not deploy for later use as a shelter or water body crossing. The raft also features 2 manual inflation nipples and a collapsible rubberized bailing cup.

CHEMOX unit (optional)

For MechWarriors fitted with a life support system such as the MechWarrior combat suit, this chemically generated unit provides the user with up to 20 minutes of medical (non-flammable) oxygen. The oxygen has been scented with a musk like scent, this is designed to remind a user that they are on a self-contained oxygen source. The unit has a on/off control switch allowing it to be saved for future use, and a built in half face mask.

Clothing Package Contents:

1 Pair universal sized insulated socks





1 Pair Universal sized work type boots
(featuring our patented telescopic sole
allowing foot sizes of 4 to 12 to be
accommodated in this boot)

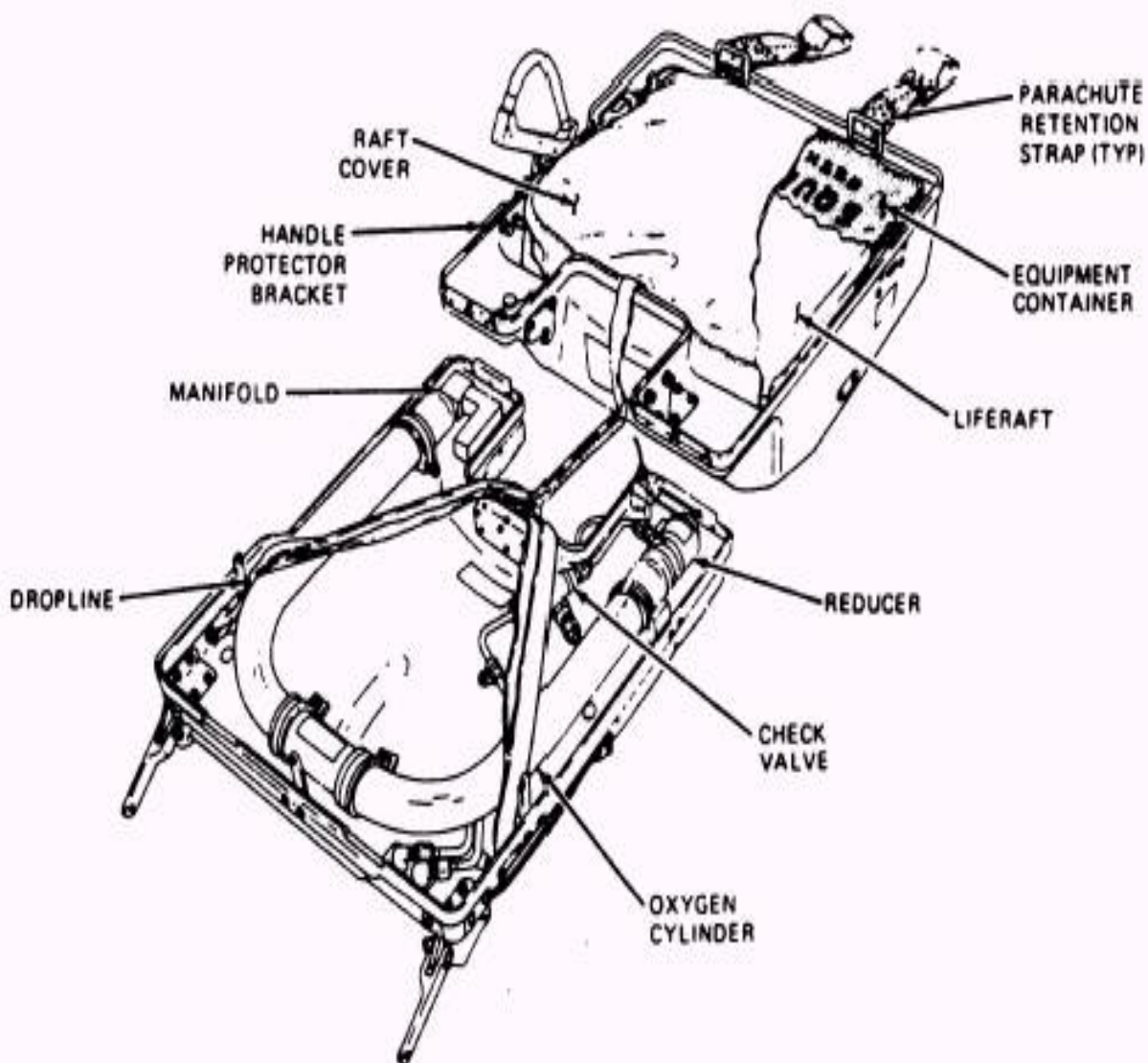
1 Universal sized utility jump suit

1 pair insulated work gloves

Universal sized woven undergarment
pants and top (designed to regulate body heat)

Survival Field Pack Contents:

- Auto-Pistol with 3 reloads
For hunting local fauna and self
defense (2*2D6)
- 1-L container of Rehydration Fluid
For replenishing lost fluids common
after a 'Mech battle
- 1 Multi-tool pocket knife
- Knife, flat screwdriver blade , file,
scissors, wire cutter/pliers, philips
screwdriver, awl, saw blade, and
- 3 standard power cells
- 10 power points per cell
- 1-L collapsible water bladder
- 2 DSA-76 Solar Stills
- Inflatable, Floats, pouring water into
the other chamber, the still collects
solar energy, causing the contaminated
water to evaporate and condense in the
inner chamber, can also desalinate salt
water.
- Med Kit (-2 to TN to several injuries or
-2 to 1 Major Trauma)
 - 1 Stim- patch
 - 2 Medi-patches



- Palm sized Water filtration pump filters down to .2 micron level telescopic hand pump can filter 50 ml/minute



- Vial of 20 Water Sterilizer/purification tablets
 - 1 tablet will sterilize and purify 1-litre of water in 2 minutes (cold water in 4)
- Fishing Kit
 - basic hooks, lures, sinkers and 30 metres of 5 Kg test line
- Purse/Gill net
 - can be used to net fish or trap small game animals
- Palm sized kinetic recharger unit (holds 1 power cell) hand squeezed generator restores 1 power point every 5 minutes
- Vial of 20 Multi-vitamin pills
- Mixed Package of Hard Candy and Chewing Gum (20 of each)
- 9 Emergency Ration Bars
 - 3 bars a day provides 2100 calories of nourishment
- 5 Chocolate Bars
- Insulated Rain Tarp (2 metres square)
- Electronic Compass with Inertial tracker
 - Adapts to any magnetic field, tracker remembers locations, plots vectors and has a altimeter built in to it.
- AN/SDA Communicator with Locator Beacon
- Standard military communicator with a coded distress transponder/locator beacon
- Signaling Kit with
 - SDU-21 Signal Strobe beacon
 - 5 Mark 8 Ground Marker Flares
 - 3 Mk 26 3-Star Aerial Pen Flares
 - 2 Mk 6 Micro Smoke Grenades (Red)
 - 1 SDU-1V Signaling Mirror
- Thermal Survival Suit
 - This suit features integral boot socks and gloves, with a hood and lower face mask. Sandwiched between the layers of insulation, body temperature regulating materials are a series of micro tubules, through which water flows thru, a belt micro pump circulates the water drawing off excess body heat, cooling the user. Turning the pump off, allows the water to retain body heat and keep the user warm. The pump uses 1 standard power cell (3 points/hour of use)
- Monocular
 - 8 X 25mm
- 3 X 300ml potable drinking water pouches
- 4 Comstar issued 50 C-Bill denomination gold coins for Bartering/Bribing
- Several Packages of tissue paper
- Fire Starting Kit with:
 - 20 Water proof Strike anywhere matches + a Butane powered Lighter
 - 20 Magnesium Heat Capsules
 - a Magnesium/Chemical mixture in a active phosphorus coating, striking a capsule with a hard object will ignite the capsule for 1D6 + 1 Minutes , the flame is quite hot, and will combust the most damp organic material devised.





SIMULATOR TECH: SMALL TECH

MechWarrior Gear #2 – Guns, Guns, Guns

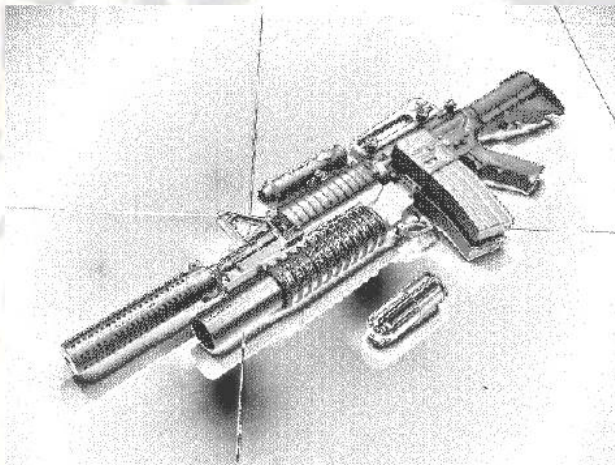
By Jason Weiser

Hello discerning gun owner, we know you're looking for the latest in personal defense technology from around the Inner Sphere. Well, look no further, here at GGG, we review all the new guns to be had, and tell you which ones are "bang for your buck". Featured in this selection are:

1. The Combine's Kyogo Arms of Philidelphia's Type 1 Assault Rifle
2. Another Combine Design, Sakada Arms of New Samarkland's Type-13 Special Duty Pistol
3. The Lyrn, Schlager Arms of Cameron's "Battle Buddy" PDW

So read on, and see which ones are worth trusting your life to, or pray you don't run up against.

7.5mm Kyogo Arms Type-1 Assault Rifle



The Type-1 became the standard rifle of the DCMS in 3055, the 1 in type 1 referring to the first year of Theodore Kurita's reign. The weapon was designed to replace the older Type-38 rifle, which had its design roots date back to the 4th Succession War, and had not done so well in combat with the clans. What was needed in the new rifle was not just something that incorporated all the new technology available to military technology since the Type-38 had been designed, but something that had more "oomph" vs. Elementals. The Type-38, with its underpowered 8mm Cartridge that could not even penetrate the weak joints and view slits on the Elementals (Something that the Federated Long Rifle and Zeus COULD do,

much to the chagrin of Kurita Infantry). Coupled with the fact that Battle Armour was some ways off from general issue. In 3053, the DCMS approached Kyogo with the RFP.

Kyogo immediately approached the problem from two angles; one was the fact that to gain the required capability to really hurt an elemental in the aforementioned places, they were going to have to use a full-sized, rather than the traditional intermediate round. Also, they hit on the idea of permanent attachment of a grenade launcher, to fire anti-armour rounds to give the individual soldier a bit of anti-elemental capability.

Kyogo designed the weapon in a record 18 months, and in field trials, the weapon was met with rave reviews from the Ryuken-Ni on Wolcott. All in all, it was found to be a rugged, reliable weapon, though, a bit heavy. But, the one worry the designers had, the recoil, did not materialize due to the weight of the weapon. After 6 months of field trials, the weapon was formally adopted into the DCMS, and has served dependably ever since.

Kyogo Arms Type-1

Skill:	RIF
Equipment Ratings:	C/A/D
AP – Damage:	5-4D6
Type:	B
S/M/L/E:	58/115/230/460
Shots:	35

Cost/Reload: 210/4
 Wgt (with GL): 5Kg
 Affil: DC
 Notes: Burst (10/3), Jam on a fumble

-Integral Pump Action Grenade Launcher
 Skill: SUP
 Ratings: C/A/E
 AP-Damage: ** (See notes)
 Shots: 3
 Type: * (See notes)
 S/M/L/E: 20/60/110/175
 Wgt: Included
 Notes: S. Action to reload between shots, after 3 shots, another S. Action must be performed to reload the magazine.

Skill: PIS
 Rating: D/C/E
 AP-Damage: 4-4D6
 Shots: 18
 Type: B
 S/M/L/E: 25/50/75/100
 Cost/Reload: 170/2
 Weight: 1.35kg
 Affil: DC
 Notes: Integral Laser Sight, Reflex Sight and 1 underbarrel mounted accessory rail

10mm Schlager Arms "Battle Buddy" Personal Defense Weapon

Schlager Arms is a new concern in the small arms industry, their "Battle Buddy" is their first design, and it has met with rave reviews with MechWarriors, Tank Crews and Aerojocks for it's handy size, and firepower. Firing the 10mm Lyran Government Round, it has a real authority, though it's bursts are hard to control, prompting many customers to specify a burst limiter with their weapon.

The Battle Buddy is a small, handy and ergonomic design that can be fired by either hand with little modification (Takes a Simple Action to modify). In short, it heralds a return to the Personal Defense Weapon or (SuSMG) trend of the early 21st century.

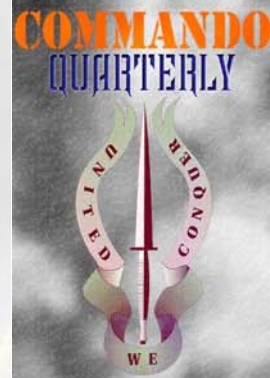
10mm Sakada Arms Type-13 Special Tasks Pistol



Specifically designed as a duty sidearm for the ISF and DEST. The Type-13 is a handy little weapon with Sakada's "universal receiver" technology, by where the weapon can fire any sort of 10mm ammunition found in the Inner Sphere. This is very handy for the ISF and DEST and it has added to the weapon's popularity.

Little is known about the weapon beyond captured examples in the hands of LIC and MIO, and most of their observations of the weapon have still been shrouded in much secrecy, especially when it comes to figuring out how the "universal receiver" technology works.

Skill: SMG
 Rating: C/D/D
 AP-Damage: 3-3D6
 Shots: 35
 Type: B
 S/M/L/E: 5/15/30/60
 Cost/Reload: 75/2
 Weight: 2.5kg
 Affil: Any
 Notes: Burst: (10/2), jam on a fumble





THE BANSHEE'S LAIR

By Buster G. McCall

Background:

Brunei, Fort Loudon
Tamar March, Lyran Alliance
12 May 3063

Colonel Jerico Kihesak felt the sweat pool among his eyebrows even as he lowered the towel from his forehead. *Insidious heat! This jungle is hotter and more humid than the Dhuan Swamp after the summer solstice.* Stepping off the meter-high foot of his Grand Titan onto the soft debris coated ground, Jerico knelt on one knee to examine a fresh track. The already fading imprint resembled the clawed paw of some giant wolf. Jerico could sense the power radiating from the Fenrir's track as he traced the rim with his fingers. Yet, this track also showed signs of weakness. *The Fenrir passed through here no more than 15 minutes ago, moving fast...with a limp. Run to your bandit hive. Reveal your secrets. Others have failed to find your lair, but they were not hunters. I hunted more dangerous and elusive beasts before I was even granted the title MechWarrior.*

Situation:

15 August 2050
Huntress Planetary System, Kerensky Cluster,
Clan Space
Dhuan Swamp

The 14 remaining members of Jerico's sibko were 36 hours into the Hunt through the sweltry Dhuan Swamp. Each aspiring warrior, armed with only a combat knife, dreamed of finding and killing their clan's namesake, a smoke jaguar. Surviving the Hunt was one of the several rights of passage a Smoke Jaguar sibkid must pass to become a warrior. Few ever saw, much less killed one of the mighty cats. While most sibkin chose to chase after the elusive smoke jaguar in hopes of

overtaking their prey, Jerico decided to join two other members of his sibko and hunt in a pack with their ancient, yet wise training instructor, Shoku. Following Shoku's lead, they prowled the swamp until they found signs they were inside the territory of Huntress' greatest predator. Then, they each selected a position to hide, and wait, for the jaguar. They waited, with no sign of the venerable Jaguar, for over 11 hours.

Jerico carefully bit the mouthpiece and tried to coax any remaining moisture from his long-dry waterpack. The stench of the putrid water nearly covering his hidden position reminded Jerico of one of the books he had read...against Shoku's orders. Shoku believed non-military readings were a waste of time. *Water water everywhere, but not a drop to drink. If I did not know Shoku was laying in wait with us in this stinking filth, I would easily believe he wanted us to rot in this waste. Maybe Kofu was wise to place his blind on the path above the water.* Jerico, his patience nearly gone, seriously considered leaving his sibkin *hiding in the mud like sleeping pigs* when he noticed the fine hairs on the back of his neck were standing on end. A giant paw, easily 22 centimeters wide, appeared from the shadows on Jerico's right. A full-grown smoke jaguar, its obsidian fur faintly illuminated by the light of a full moon, was silently easing forward, less than a meter from Jerico's face. Resisting the urge to tighten the grip on his combat knife, Jerico focused on the techniques Shoku had taught him to control his heart rate and breathing. Jerico looked directly into the smoke jaguar's dark penetrating eyes, yet he did not feel afraid. The jaguar's attention was focused elsewhere. To the cat, Jerico was invisible.

Striking with the speed of a serpent, the smoke jaguar enveloped Kofu like a

vengeful wraith, easily snapping his neck with viselike jaws. The massive cat tossed its kill in the air with ease. The scene resembled a cat playing with a dead mouse. Then, rising from the murky waters like an avenging angel, Tula, the sibko's last remaining elemental, screamed a ferocious battle cry as she lunged at the victorious cat. Easily dodging Tula's strike, the Jaguar retaliated with a lightening fast swipe leaving four deep cuts across Tula's chest and neck. The devastating attack would have easily killed a normal human. But standing nearly 2.5 meters tall, Tula was not normal. Knocked to the ground by the cat's mighty blow, Tula rolled into a crouch ready for the Jaguar's next strike. Losing sight of the fast-moving cat in the swamps shadows, Tula only sensed the Jaguar's attack from behind. Trying to roll left while bringing her combat knife up to fend off the jaguar's razor sharp claws, Tula could not react in time. The giant cat's vicious blow snapped Tula's head back, nearly breaking her neck. Tula fell unconscious into the dark swamp, her face bleeding from fresh wounds. Circling back to complete the kill, the Smoke Jaguar froze, sensing yet another presence.

Jerico calmly stood less than five meters away from his clan's namesake, well within the deadly cat's striking distance. Brandishing his combat knife to allow the moonlight to flicker off the blade, Jerico proclaimed an unspoken challenge to the mighty feline. Sensing no threat, the jaguar attacked. The cat's speed and size ensured Jerico could not evade, but evasion was not part of Jerico's plan. Revealing a pulse laser pistol in his left hand, Jerico leveled and fired the weapon. Ruby beams stitched a scarlet trail from the smoke jaguar's chest up to its jaw. The lifeless cat's momentum carried its corpse crashing into Jerico. Both hunter and prey fell together into the murky swamp.

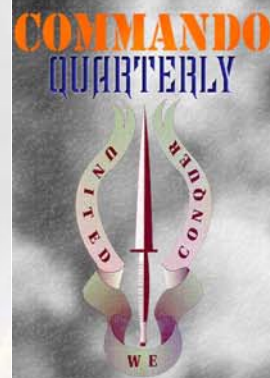
Brunei, Fort Loudon
Tamar March, Lyran Alliance
12 May 3063

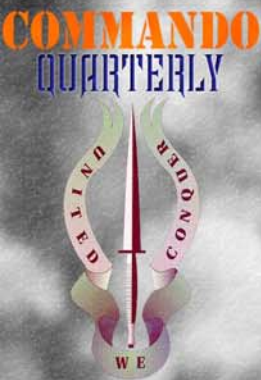
A bead of sweat ran down Jerico's nose and dropped into the center of a decaying blood-red leaf, partly crushed underneath one of the Fenrir's claws. As the perspiration disappeared into the dying leaf, Jerico sensed the presence of something, someone watching from the jungle. Immediately he gathered his legs beneath his body and catapulted himself backward through the air. Two pulses of emerald light stabbed into the ground where Jerico knelt just a split second earlier. The laser superheated the moisture previously locked within the jungle debris unleashing an explosive shower of dirt and decaying leaves as the deadly pulses tracked just behind their prey. Rotating his body with the grace of an Olympic gymnast, Jerico landed on his feet and went to ground between the feet of his Grand Titan.

Jerico, the hunter, was now the hunted.

For a moment, Jerico felt powless outside his 'Mech against battle armor, but he quickly regained his composure. Drawing his pulse laser pistol, a trusty weapon he had carried since his time in the sibko, Jerico gained control of his breathing and listened intently. Battle armor is as noisy as it is formidable against unarmored infantry. But then again, why would a trooper safely protected by roughly half a ton of armor need to be quiet?

The still silence of the Jungle lasted less than 20 seconds before the whir-click of a damaged actuator announced that the Fenrir was on the move. Jerico crept slowly, keeping his Grand Titan's left leg between himself and the Fenrir. The Fenrir stopped near the front of the Grand Titan where Jerico had been inspecting the battle armor's tracks and scanned the jungle floor for a body. Before the pilot concluded the quarry was still alive, Jerico announced his presence with an unaimed shot fired between his 'Mech's legs.





As soon as he squeezed of the round, the prey again became the hunter, circling around the left leg hoping to catch the Fenrir in the flank or rear. As expected, the battle armor pilot lunged forward firing both support pulse lasers at the inside of the Grand Titan's left heel before picking up movement to its right. As the Fenrir pilot began rotating the twin lasers towards the brash warrior, Jerico took careful aim into the cockpit capsule through a gap in the battle armor's already battered hide. Jerico unleashed a full burst from his pulse laser pistol, slicing through the remaining armor and piercing the cockpit. The Fenrir froze in place, signifying its pilot's incapacitation.

Jerico rushed to the lifeless battle armor in hopes that the pilot still lived and could reveal his secrets. But inspection of the body quickly confirmed yet another bandit had died without revealing the location of Siouxsie's rebel hideout. Climbing back into the Grand Titan's command chair, Colonel Kihesak radioed his command to break off pursuit. As he turned back toward base camp, Jerico took care to crush and pivot on the Fenrir's carcass. He then reached under his cooling vest and pulled out a long white claw attached to his identification tags. The Exorcists' usually stoic commander allowed himself a slow, lingering grin. *I am never powless!*

Smoke Jaguar (Panthera onca pullus)

Smoke jaguars are genetically enhanced Terran jaguars brought to the Pentagon Worlds by Aleksandr Kerensky's followers. Clan Smoke Jaguar scientists employed the same methods used to create the human giants capable of piloting elemental battle armor to produce a giant feline predator. Geneticists were also able to create jaguars with solid black coats instead of the dark brown, black spotted coats found in some Terran jaguars. Genetically tailored breeds

thrive in each of Huntress' varied ecosystems, but the largest and most cunning breed lives within the Dhuan Swamp. Smoke jaguars found in the Dhuan Swamp are larger, smarter, and quicker than their Terran cousin, the Siberian tiger. Solitary hunters, smoke jaguars prowl their territory at night in search of prey. The smoke jaguars of the Dhuan Swamp prefer to hunt the native reptiles, closely resembling large Terran crocodiles, but will not hesitate to attack any unwary human traveling the swamps at night. The following statistics are for smoke jaguars found in Huntress' swamp regions. Arctic smoke jaguars are about the same size, and gray. All other smoke jaguar breeds are slightly smaller.

Homeworld:	Huntress, Kerensky Cluster, Clan Space
Environment:	Swampy
Type:	Non-native, genetically altered
Body Shape:	Four-legged
Coloring:	Jet black
Length:	310 cm
Height:	120 cm
Weight:	330 kg
STR BOD DEX RFL INT WIL EDG	
20 18 2 8 6 7 2	
Traits:	Night Vision (2)
Skills:	Hearing +2, Smell +3, AniMelee +6, Perception +5, Stealth +6, Tracking +2
Size:	Large (+1)
Armor:	Fur [1/0/0/0]
Attack:	2•5D6 (claw/bite)
Movement:	Ground 9/25/80 Water 4/8 Sprint 5 Jump 15



Trading Shots

The Commando Quarterly Marketplace

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Northwind Highlanders Annual Gathering Of The Clans

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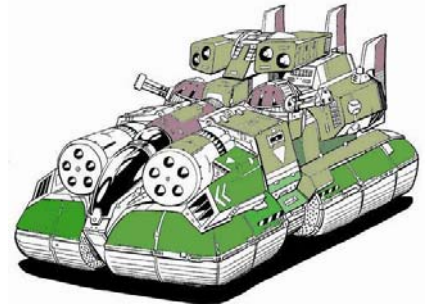
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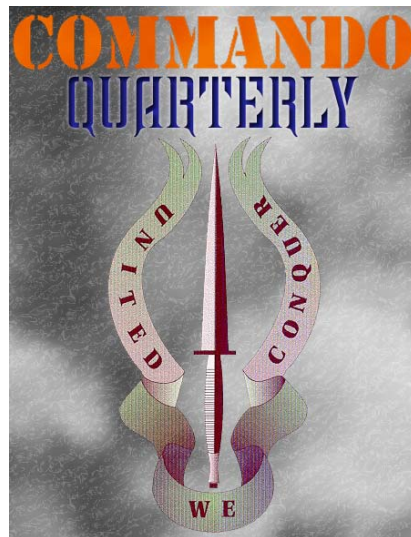
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