

Impossible Scenarios Group

Ultra Hostile Extraction

An assignment for Millennium's End

(As supplied for Gen Con UK 1998)

A young Moslem boy has been kidnapped. The parents can't involve the Police...

The snag is, the boy's a haemophiliac. And he's about due for his regular blood transfusion. He's liable to die without it, if injured, even slightly.

Oh, boy....

THIS is gonna be...

...interesting...

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Preamble...

This adventure is a 'stand-alone' adventure in its' own right. Use your regular player-characters, since player characters are NOT supplied with this adventure.

Setup...

You MUST have the following to hand, prior to running this adventure:

- Millennium's End v2.0 rules book - "Rules" - (required).
NOTE THE CONTENTS OF PAGES 147-8, Which are highly pertinent to this adventure.
- Ten-sided dice, at least two.
- Paper and pens/pencils. A straight rule might be a good idea too.

The following is recommended, but NOT essential:

- Millennium's End GM's Companion – "GMC"
The use of this book will save you rolling up minor NPCs.
- Millennium's End Terror / Counter-Terror Sourcebook - "T/CT".
Full dossier on the WIJ is included.
- Millennium's End Ultra-Modern Firearms - "UMF".
Contains all weapons used in M.E., with all required stats lists.

Background...

SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS ITEMS

1st April 1999

A bank raid went wrong for the robbers, yesterday. Following the activation of new security measures, a siege ensued, which was successfully concluded after twelve hours, not by the Police, but by a small number of the hostages, held after the raid went dramatically wrong, and the would-be robbers and a group of customers and staff became trapped when the alarm was raised.

The hostages, including an off-duty BlackEagle/BlackEagle tactical team, overpowered the robbers, killing one with his own weapon, and detaining the others. No interviews have been given by the B/E cell, but in a statement, the Senior Cell Leader stated that all the cell members wanted to do, was get back to their normal day-to-day life.

Other former hostages had nothing but praise for the cell members, who they said acted with speed and professionalism once their opportunity to turn the tables on the robbers arose.

The police officer in charge of the siege, Chief Inspector George Smith, said that the off-duty B/E tactical team had been there 'purely by chance', and that they acquitted themselves with very commendable restraint, and although the death of one of the robbers was regrettable, examination of the video tape from security cameras inside the bank had revealed that the B/E operative had acted to save the life of another hostage, so no charges would be brought against him.

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1st April 1999

A shooting incident in Tottenham, North London, is being blamed on the continuing drugs gang wars. Police said that by the time they'd arrived, all possible suspects had fled the scene.

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1st April 1999.

Following San Francisco's subway train techno-terrorist attack, Manchester's Metrolink train system was hit today by (apparently) the same bunch of techno-terrorists, who set every signal to green.

Eight trains collide head-on at points crossings, at speeds up to eighty miles per hour, and fifty people have been killed.

Birmingham hospitals, hit by the financial cuts of the previous government, found it difficult to cope, but managed... just. One doctor commented "If this had happened a year ago, we would've lost 'em all".

A government spokesman said that the Doctor's claim was "Exaggerated".

Bullet point summary of plot...

- The World-wide Islamic Jihad are moving into Europe and the UK. One of their long-standing objectives is the total destruction of BlackEagle/BlackEagle, following a previous mission of the company targeted one of the WIJ's leadership (See page #147 in the main rules book (second edition)). This isn't an 'official' objective, indeed, their leadership now frowns upon such actions, unless they have bearing on another mission, but one of their most experienced terrorist leaders, Rahmed Islam Ali, is again 'taking the initiative'. One of these days, it's gonna get him denounced by the WIJ leadership... in the mean time, he's planning on ambushing a B/E cell.
- To get their recruits in Europe, they've hit upon the idea of using a religious sect to get new members, and indoctrinating them into their beliefs. Allah provides, after all. They target poor income Islamic families, and, in the case of those families that aren't sufficiently motivated to contribute their sons or daughters to the cause, they kidnap their targets. This time, they're altering the pattern.
- Rahmed knows that a prominent family won't go to the police – it would cause him loss of face – but WILL call in outside help, most likely BlackEagle, since they've recently had good media coverage. They'll nominally hold the victim for ransom, and ambush the B/E cell when they try to rescue the boy, who will be in Paradise, just to rub the message home to B/E that they're doomed...
- To effect that plan, he's been meticulous in his reconnaissance. He's hit upon the idea of using the B/E operatives families against themselves.
- Last night, his men stole the brand new, and much loved, birthday present that one of the operatives had bought his mother. It's a Toyota Land Cruiser, with very dark tinted windows. The family member thinks it's parked in her garage, and hasn't noticed it's gone, yet. The thief deliberately left a wallet, full of all manner of clues, just inside the garage door...
- Two hours later, they snatched Mohammed using that car; he's from a prominent Islamic family, and traditionally, these families don't go the police (or so the WIJ believe).
- The morning following the kidnapping of Mohammed, who they've no intention of returning, the WIJ sent a ransom note, demanding a massive amount of money (£5,000,000), to his parents, the owners of a large chain of convenience stores. It warned against contacting the police, obviously, and does NOT mention that the WIJ are the kidnappers. It's a faxed message, and no contact number is on the header of the fax.
- What the WIJ DON'T know, is that there's also a time factor in addition to the fake ransom demand. Mohammed is a haemophiliac, and is now in urgent need for his regular blood transfusion, now a day late. He was due to have the transfusion after school, on the day he was snatched.
- One of B/E's (friendlier) competitors, Risk Management finalise an intelligence report, confirming that the WIJ are coming to the UK. They circulate this to the UK Government's Home Office, and, since B/E have ongoing trouble with this bunch of nutters, to B/E as well.

- The parents, fearing the worst, and having read about B/E in the press, think that the only people who can effect Mohammed's release are B/E. They know a paid ransom generally recovers a body, so they've no intention of paying the ransom, even if they could afford it, which they can't.
- The B/E team find and raid the WIJ site.
- All hell breaks loose.

Today...

Today, at 08:00 hours, a phone call to the office alerted the on-call cell to a new job. The clients are due to arrive in twenty minutes (they called by cellular telephone).

They'll actually be early, as the player characters are setting up in the briefing room, so they'll be kept waiting in reception until the player characters are ready for them.

When they arrive, Jenny Chapman, the office manager, will escort them to the briefing room, where the player characters should be waiting.

Client #1 is a white male in a casual suit, a very fit-looking thirty-something, and looks like an ex-soldier. His eyes appear to miss nothing. He scans the room, as if for potential threats, as he walks in. He's grim-faced. Characters may recognise him as a bodyguard from Risk Management Ltd, one of the companies that run firearms courses for security companies in the UK, of which BlackEagle is another of the four approved companies (see the data annex at the end of this adventure).

Client #2 is a thirty-something old woman, of middle eastern extraction, and very pretty. She looks like she's been crying. She's wearing traditional Moslem dress.

Client #3 is in his mid thirties, of middle eastern extraction, and looks like a businessman. He's carrying a briefcase and a walking stick. He's also grim-faced.

Jenny passes a note to the cell leader before leaving.

"Glock 17 and two magazines from the fit-looking bloke held in reception. He surrendered them PRIOR to entering the offices. Says he's their bodyguard, and has the papers to prove it – works for RML.

Jenny."

Jenny is extraordinarily bright. The note gives the player characters two pieces of information.

1. That the client(s) are possibly under threat, as they're retained a bodyguard, and
2. That the bodyguard, although from a rival company (even one on good terms with B/E) trusts B/E – not that he really had much choice in disarming...

Once pleasantries are concluded, client #3 will begin.

"Good morning. I'm Emil Al Freyan. This is my wife, and this is our security adviser from Risk Management Limited, Jack Barker.

"My son, Mohammed, has been kidnapped. We got a note by fax," he passes across the faxed note, "from the scum this morning. We can't afford the ransom, and in any case, feel that it would be buying his body, not his life. So we want you to get him back, and don't care how you do it."

At this point 'Jack' pipes up. "Dealing with these Wonderfully Idiotic Jerk types is not our scene. More your line, than ours, this kind of op." (REFEREE NOTE: He says "Wonderfully Idiotic Jerks" rather sarcastically.... Bright characters might wonder about that...)

Emil continues, "Quiet so. There's one more problem: Time. Mohammed is a haemophiliac, and he'll need his regular transfusion of blood within the next twenty-four hours, or he'll suffer irreversible damage to his body, and most likely die. Which is not acceptable to us, obviously.

"You'll need to find him, and get him back to us, before he goes into medical crisis. We can pay your normal fees with no trouble at all. All we need now, is for you to accept this job.

"Can you help us?"

The real deal...

Naturally, not everything is as advertised. The real clue that not all is kosher (sic), is the comment by the bodyguard, who obviously knows more than he's letting on, at least in earshot of the clients...

Since he won't speak in the presence of his clients, the PCs might want to talk to him later, and the best way is to surreptitiously drop him a note with his handgun when it's returned to him, for when he's off duty, or to invite him for a beer, to compare notes on companies.

However they get to talk to him, he'll give them the following information, provided the characters ask in the right way (i.e., politely, and with the respect given an equal. He's got fifteen years in the Royal Marine Commandos Special Boat Squadron, not that he'll mention this fact):

- RM intelligence believes that the World Islamic Jihad have taken over the Children of the Prophet organisation, with the intention of producing new WIJ terrorists, who are unknown to the western security forces, to perpetuate their campaign of terror.
- Apparently, Barker has a contact in the Metropolitan Police Special Branch, who's noticed a larger than usual amount of activity in middle-eastern terrorists paying brief visits to the UK. No-one yet knows what they were up to, as the persons in question managed to lose their police tails. Since no-one can prove they were up to no good, they couldn't be arrested, so they went untouched.
- The RM Middle-Eastern desk has noticed, in the last week, indications that the WIJ is planning a move into the UK, certainly into mainland Europe. They are due to pass this information onto both BlackEagle and the Home Office in the next few days.
- It's Barker's own opinion that the WIJ, if coming to the UK, will need funds to set up their operation successfully, and the only way to do that without attracting the attention of the banks by transferring huge sums of money into the country from their stronghold countries, is by criminal acts. This would, his gut tells him, be the sort of thing they'd do.

Should the players fail to pick up on Barker's knowledge, they can find out this information during the adventure – when they go to rescue Mohammed... which may be a little late... WIJ are preparing for an attack, and since there's an active B/E office in the UK, they expect the parents to hire B/E to do the job... should make for a nasty – and fatal – surprise for the B/E infidel pig dogs...

Immediately available information...

The client will further notify the characters that his chauffeur normally collects Mohammed from School at 16:00 hours... In this instance, the chauffeur saw a silver-grey Toyota Land Cruiser pull up alongside the waiting boy, and two men, walking by him at the moment the car pulled up, grab him, and throw him bodily through the open side door, whereupon the car sped away.

At this point, the Jenny will enter the room, apologising to one and all. One of the PC's parents – his mother – is on the phone, and VERY insistent that he take the call NOW. It's described as a family emergency. The only phone available is the speakerphone in the room... It is, of course, his mother, and she's VERY upset – she's just discovered the theft of her new car, a gift from her son for her birthday. The vandalous scum even destroyed her limited collectors' edition favourite Yanni CD which is lying on the garage floor, smashed to pieces, along with its' jewel box cover, too, both items irreplaceable.

She's NONE too pleased, as you'd imagine.

Obviously, she wants her son to go and (a) find her car, and (b) suffer unending agony to the person or persons responsible – he's a member of an organisation that dishes out such punishment regularly, isn't he?

It's about time the RIGHT people got the punishment, not a bunch of mindless idiots and freedom fighters! (milk this for all the tea in china – it's good for a LOT of laughs... make the mother your typical Jewish mother "(to PC's aged father) ALFRED! I TOLD you no good would come of this career – he STILL refuses to do the decent thing! (To PC) Look at Young Samuel... such a bright, GOOD boy, listens to his mother, does what he's told, never telling her he's in a MEETING (Shrieked so EVERYONE in the room can hear), etc, etc,)"

After this amusement, the client will continue. He reports that chauffeur is 'highly upset' that he lost the car in traffic. He did, however, get the registration plate number of it. M 1 NE ("MINE"), a personalised plate. The PC who gave his mother the car will recognise this plate number – it's his mothers! Question is, where in the hell is it?

The PC will be aware of the equipment in the car, including a brand new 'Tracker' security system, which has now been activated, as at five minutes ago... thus, the Police will know where it is soon... unless the PCs get there first...

An hour after the Tracker is activated however, the PC's mother will contact the PC, in an irate state – she's not just angry, she's about ready to go ballistic - telling him that the Police have recovered her car – burnt out, near Dagenham, Essex (just within the border of the M25 motorway), in a place called Purfleet, a fifteen minutes drive from Dagenham. The Police are trying to find the thieves responsible, but don't hold out much hope. WHY DIDN'T HE GET THERE FIRST?!?!?! Etc, etc...

She also tells him that although the Police have visited her home, and taken statements from her, they did very little else, not even looking around the garage where the car was kept (to look for clues?). She's even found a wallet, before the Police arrived, which she's been keeping for the PC, so he can use it to trace the "bastards" who stole her car... never mind that it's withholding evidence from the police, she wants **REVENGE!**

The wallet...

The wallet, on examination, contains:

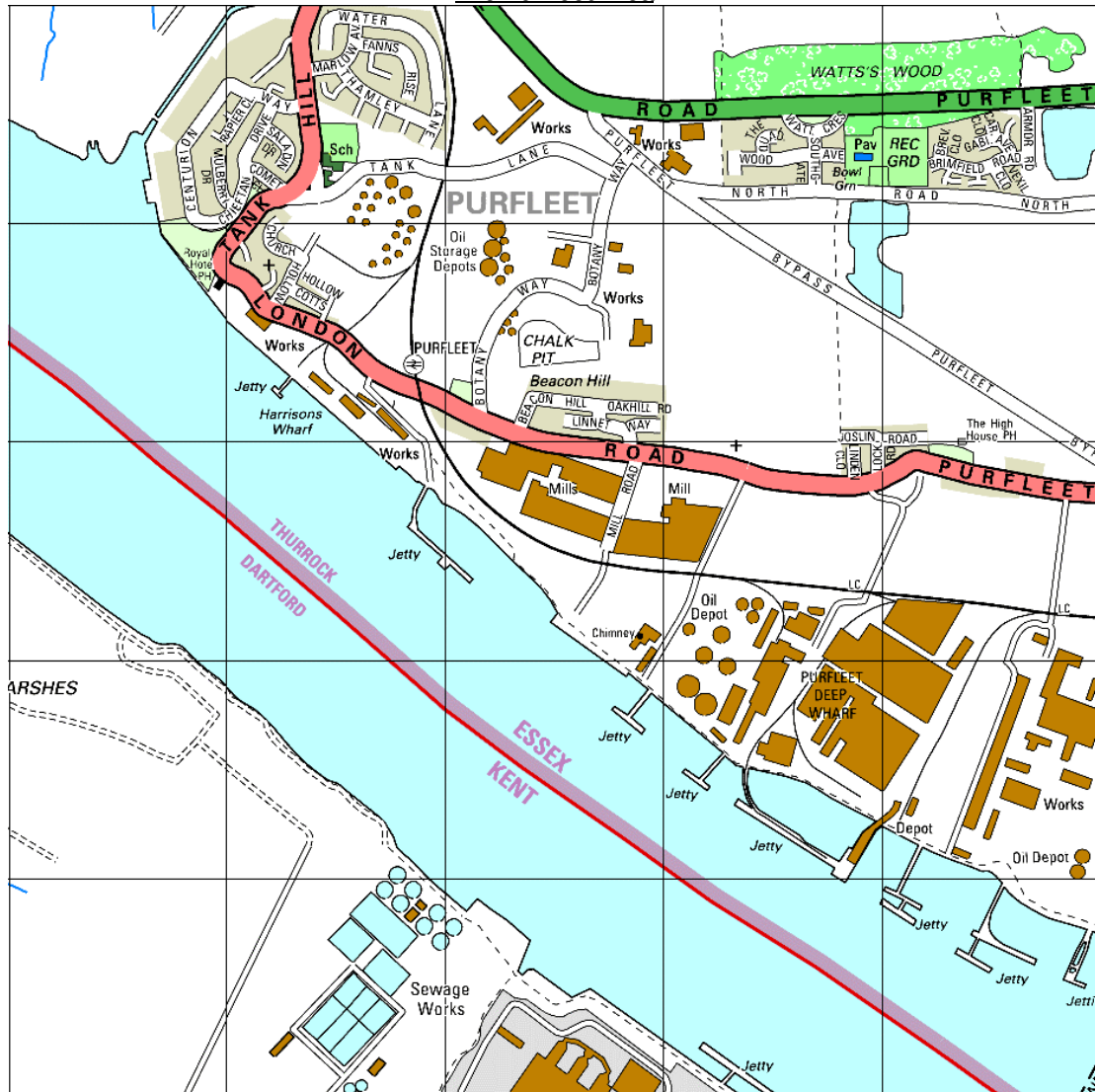
- About two hundred Ecu (about 400 dollars, US, or about seventy-five pounds in UK Stirling, before the change to the Ecu),
- An international drivers licence in the name of Achmed Ali Machin,
- A credit card (an Angolan bank-sponsored MasterCard) in the same name,
- A LOAD of credit card receipts for all manner of places, none of them really significant (restaurant (Arabic speciality in Central London), a book shop, train ticket (for the Eurostar from Brussels), and so on).
- A parking ticket receipt for somewhere in Dartford,
- And a business card for D&D Dismantelers (automotive wrecking and recycling centre) in Purfleet. The reverse of the business card, if anyone looks, has a very badly drawn map to find the place, like a lot of cheapo business cards in this trade possess).

In any event, should the PCs think of it, the Tracker system fitted to the stolen car transmits its' location to a central watch centre, which logs, even when off 'police track' mode, the whereabouts of tracker-equipped vehicles. The PCs should find it easy enough to either ask for, and receive, or hack into, and get, the full log of the last day's movements of the car... including a one hour stop at a car junk yard...

WHY, pray tell, take it to a wrecking yard, unless you intend to wreck it. AND, if you DON'T wreck it, why go there in the first place...?

The Purfleet area...

The Purfleet Area



(Each square on the map is 500 metres across)

The waterfront area of Purfleet is a mix of the old and new, most of it in a rundown state. Built originally in the mid 1930s, properties here range from old factories, to new relatively housing estates.

The D&D Dismantelers are at the end of the track, which leads off from Mill Road. It's behind two disused paper mills, and to the west of Purfleet's Deep Wharf Oil depot, a large staging depot for Shell Petroleum's commercial automobile fuel operation. The Chimney is from an old power station that supplied the Wharf, before being condemned in May 1998. It's powered by a modern smokeless generator, nearer the Wharf jetties.

D&D back onto the Thames, and have a small dock, for the loading of barges, that remove the commercially unwanted car wrecks to land-fill sites. The wrecks are bought by Dartford borough council at a pittance for this use.

A railway line ("Railroad" in American English) crosses the approach road to D&D, via an unguarded level crossing. The only warning you get is by means of the automatic barriers lowering a moment after the warning bells and lights activate. If you're stuck between the barriers, it's your own lookout.

The council estate to the north-west, along Tank Hill, is a den of drunks, wife-beaters, druggies, and other lowlife. It's a 'problem estate', where the council houses all it's troublesome tenants (the criminals, undesired, etc), comprising high-rise apartment blocks.

The Beacon Hill industrial estate to the North of London Road is occupied by light industrial concerns.

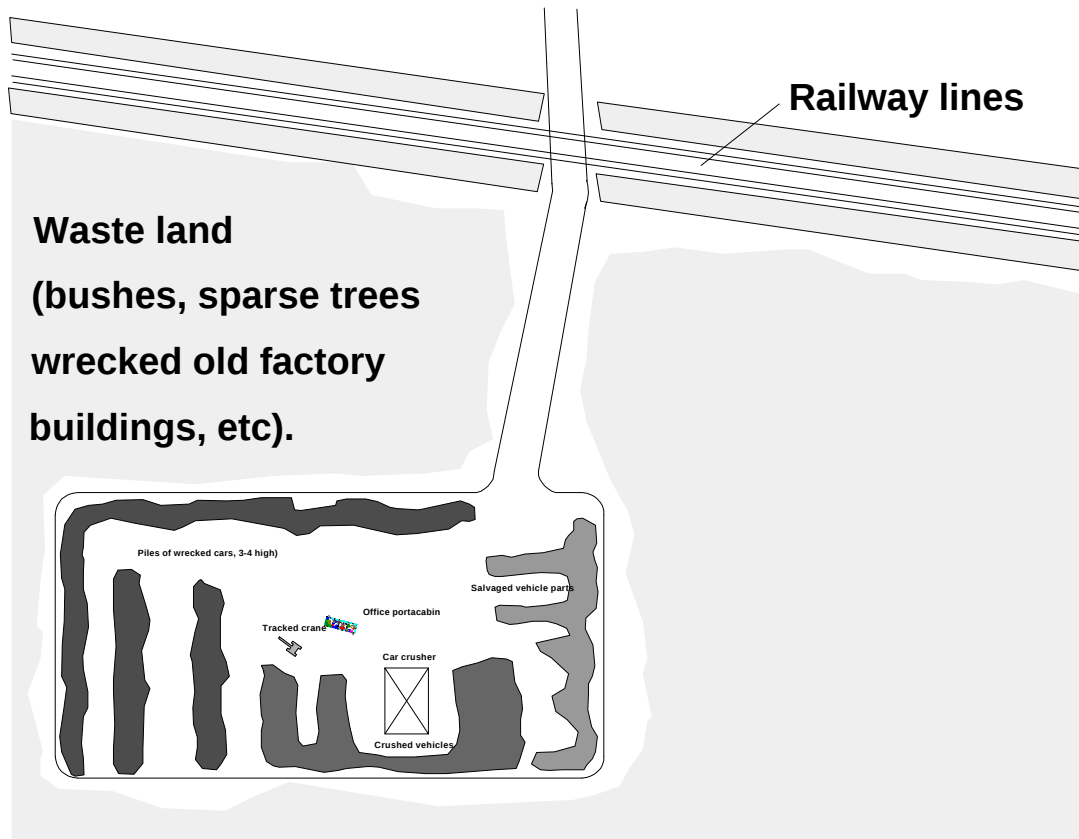
The North Road estate is a council estate, but a hell of a lot better in quality than the Tank Hill estate. It has it's own security staff - ten in all - providing 24-hour security to the residents. It's lucky that the newly-completed Purfleet bypass is between it and the Tank Hill estate, or crime would be unbearable, mostly caused, before the bypass was completed, by the local kids of the Tank Hill Estate.

All the Oil Storage depots in the area are owned and operated by Shell Petroleum Ltd, for their automotive fuels division, and are secured by double cyclone fencing, topped with razor wire, and covered by recorded cctv systems, with loose guard dogs in the runs between the fences, and armed security staff (as these depots are described by the IRA as 'legitimate targets') on roving patrols of the inner areas, which are well-lit by floodlights at night. Only the foolish try to break in. The last who tried were severely mauled (read 'mangled') by the dogs, rather vicious Rottweillers.

Of course, anything that happens outside their property, they don't really care about, hence an unofficial, but strictly observed "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" policy...

D&D Dismantlers...

D&D Dismantlers - site plan



(On the main area map, third square from the left, third square up) From the outside, the yard is imposing. A waist high scrub of mixed grass and small trees surrounds the facility. A ten-foot tall chain-link fence topped with haphazardly strewn barbed wire encircles the 5-acre yard. Through the fence, piles of junked automobiles lie strewn across the landscape like discarded toys. A rusted padlock and chain hold the gate shut. A weather beaten hand painted sign warns "WARNING: TRAINED GUARD DOGS LOOSE IN GROUNDS"

A large tracked crane with sits still, it's stack covered in rust. Through a gap in the piled cars, a decrepit old portakabin building can be seen. The air is still and heavy; even the birds don't come here.

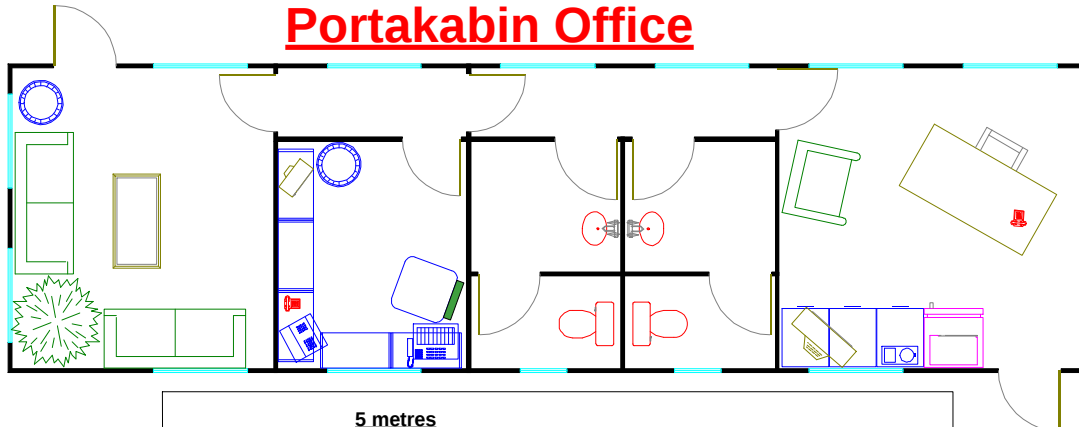
A glint of sunlight flashes off the ground near the building.

Entering the yard isn't going to be much of a problem, as the fence is meant to keep away casual thieves, not military vets. In a few places, the fence doesn't conform to the terrain, creating large gaps that a person could slide through. As the fence isn't electrified, a pair of bolt cutters will make short work of the fence or lock.

So where are the dogs? The yard has two large and very unfriendly Dobermans and one of the friendliest German Shepherds around. The two Dobermans attacked the WIJ terrorists when they entered the yard, injuring one of them rather painfully: He's now sporting a natty forearm bandage; both dogs are lying in a bloody heap, resembling Swiss cheese, somewhere in the back of the site. The German Shepherd walks around in a dumb fog, ignorant of their activity.

There are eight WIJ terrorists in and around the complex. For the most part, they have set up in and around the portakabin. The back door has been nailed shut from the inside. One of the terrorists is inside the Portakabin with a pair of binoculars, a radio, four fragmentation grenades and a Tokarev pistol, and a Vz-61 Skorpion sub-machine-pistol, serving as the command and control for the operation. Mohammed is tied to a chair, positioned in the middle of the front room, visible from the outside. There's a black cotton bag over his head, and his condition cannot be judged without entering the Portakabin.

D&D Dismantlers Portakabin Office



5 metres			
	Small colour television		Waste basket
	Large colour television		Indoor bush
	Coffee filter machine		Coffee table
	3-drawer filing cabinet		Countertop unit
	Microwave oven		Cash register
	Fridge-freezer (two compartment)		Facsimile machine

Assuming the PCs actually make it that far, they'll find he's dead, a bullet wound to the front of his forehead, and a note taped to the bridge of his nose, reading:

**Allah Akhbar.
You lose.**

The two boldest, most fanatical of the terrorists, armed with Chinese type 64 suppressed SMGs, are in the rear room, with the terrorist with the radio.

Another terrorist with a pre-made 2-kg satchel charge and a type 64 is outside the yard, positioned roughly 100 m from the yard entrance, in the bushes that run along the edge of the railway line to the north of the wreckers yard. Once the PC's enter the yard, he will sneak over and place the charge under their car. When given the signal, he will detonate the charge and move to support his comrades.

The remaining four are spread out in the junkyard and have plenty of cover. One terrorist has a Dragonov sniper rifle, another a drum-fed PKM and the remaining two have AK-74 assault rifles. One of these was used to excessively perforate the two Doberman dogs.

Command and Control will indicate when to initiate combat; It'll be when the team is all inside the yard, and the cut-off group of two terrorists with the silenced SMGs can deny the team exit via the main entrance. The sniper will fire the first shot (a head shot). When the demolitions person hears the first shot, he will move from concealment and throw the charge under the PC's vehicle.

From there, all hell will break loose, as you'd imagine.

A REALLY Ultra Hostile Extraction, for sure.

Major Non-Player Characters...

Rahmed Islam Ali...

A twenty-five year veteran of various Islamic terror organisations, Ali is a fanatic of the superiority of Islam over other religions. He habitually carries a compact copy of the Koran, as do all members of his terrorist cell, and quotes often from it, in sound-bite fashion, to show his superiority over others, and to also show that God is with them. Like most veterans of terrorist factions, he's a little mad; It's mostly a mild form of sociopathy, but it doesn't affect his ability to do his 'job'. On this job, he's assumed the position of the radio operator (Command and Control) in the rear of the Portakabin at D&D Dismantelers.

Rahmed Islam Ali - 34 Year old Male 176 cm 66 kg

Stat Val

Int	52	Perception	20	Impairments	Ment	LdArm	FolArm	Legs
Sen	15	Base Speed	10	Armour	_____	_____	_____	_____
Agl	22	Adjusted	10	1,2(1/2)	_____	_____	_____	_____
Cor	64	Recovery	4	3,6(1/2),4,5,7,8	_____	_____	_____	_____
Con	26	Endurance	6	9-11,16-21,24,25	_____	_____	_____	_____
Str	59			12,13,22	_____	_____	_____	_____
Per	10	Dam Rate	6	14,15,23	_____	_____	_____	_____
App	70	Mass Fact	1.0	TOTAL	_____	_____	_____	_____
Bra	70							
Wil	40	Cash	£543					

Weapons Speed Skill I/A Roll ROF Mag EffRng DF/DD

Vz 61 Skorpion .32" ACP

14 58 14 72 4 10/20 box 80 15 ball

Walther PP 380 .380" ACP

10 58 14 72 4 8 box 50 16ball

Skills Aca:5 Cre:4 Dom/Tech:4 Med:4 Nat:2 Phy:4 Ref:2 Sci:5 Soc:4

Aim-42(44) Autofire-16(60) Longarm-21(65)
 Smallarm-14(58) Armed HtH-34(38) Block / Parry-12(50)
 Swing-17(55) Thrust-17(55) Athletics-37(41)
 Bodybuilding-18(59) Unarmed HtH-17(21) Grapple-8(29)
 Kick-8(29) Punch-8(29)

Equipment

Heavy Leather Jacket, Car Keys, Cell Phone, Pen Knife, Cash, Credit Cards, Drivers License.

Note on the Vz-61 Skorpion SMP:

If firing automatic fire, TWO HANDS are required to be able to remain on target. Like ALL sub-machine pistols, the Skorpion family of SMP's suffer from horrendous recoil effects, which cause them to charge upwards off target when fired one-handed. Using the folding stock, and a larger, 20-round magazine, can off-set this problem, but the referee must be aware of this problem.

The usual -30 auto-fire penalty is to be assessed as -40 for the Skorpion family of SMP's, including the use of both hands, due to (a) the shortness of the weapon, and (b) the savage recoil effects it possesses.

The other WIJ terrorists...

Being fanatically Islamic, there are no women in the terrorist cell – they believe that women have no place outside the family home, and will not, under any circumstances, allow them in their cell. It's probably their biggest long-term mistake, but that's the WIJ terrorists mentality for you.

WIJ terrorist - generic

Stat	Val							
Int	25	Perception	20	Impairments	Ment	LdArm	FolArm	Legs
Sen	13	Base Speed	17	Armour	_____	_____	_____	_____
Agl	70	Adjusted	7	1,2(1/2)	_____	_____	_____	_____
Cor	65	Recovery	4	3,6(1/2),4,5,7,8	_____	_____	_____	_____
Con	28	Endurance	6	9-11,16-21,24,25	_____	_____	_____	_____
Str	58			12,13,22	_____	_____	_____	_____
Per	12	Dam Rate	6	14,15,23	_____	_____	_____	_____
App	11	Mass Fact	1.0	TOTAL	_____	_____	_____	_____
Bra	72							
Wil	41	Cash	£195					

Skills Aca:3 Cre:4 Dom/Tech:4 Med:3 Nat:1 Phy:5 Ref:4 Sci:3 Soc:4

Aim-56(60)	Autofire-26(86)	Longarm-13(73)
Smallarm-23(83)	Armed HtH-22(27)	Block / Parry-11(38)
Swing-11(38)	Thrust-8(35)	Athletics-46(51)
Bodybuilding-12(63)	Unarmed HtH-11(16)	Grapple-5(21)
Kick-5(21)	Punch-5(21)	

Equipment

Cl. II Undercover Ballistic Vest, Pen Knife, Cash, Drivers License.

Terrorist Weapons...

The weapons in use by the terrorists are all listed in the Ultra-Modern Firearms supplement. NOTE: There is ONE terrorist with the PKM machine gun, and one with the Druganov SVD sniper rifle, two others have AK-74s, and the other four have type 64 suppressed SMGs.

Weapons	Speed	Skill	I/A	Roll	ROF	Mag	EffRng	DF/DD
CNI Type 64 (suppressed) sub machine gun 7.62x26mm R	16	83	22	105	4	30 box	90	17ball
CNI Type 64 (suppressed) sub machine gun 7.62x26mm R (Autofire)	7	86	22	108	17			
RSA AK-74 Assault Rifle 5.45mm R	16	73	24	97	4	30 box	300	19ball
RSA AK-74 Assault Rifle 5.45mm R (Autofire)	7	86	24	110	11			
RSA Druganov SVD Sniping Rifle 7.62x54mm R	17	73	32	105	4	10 box	800	22ball
RSA PKM machine gun 7.62mm R	17	86	27	113	12	belt	400	19ball