

Issue #2 is upon us! Welcome, folks, to yet another installment of *Battletec*, The Electronic Publication About Armored Combat. Issue #1 was met with good reviews, so that makes it well worth the effort we've taken for issue #2. This round, I have some help in my admittedly lacking grammar department, and a few of the Sarna.Net folks are giving their all for some articles. Thanks all!

This issue:

- Mech of the Month (a detailed look at a specific mech)
- Writer's Corner (Submitted fiction)
- Small Unit Actions (short scenarios perfect for a night's game)
- CAMPAIGN CORNER (An ongoing series of scenarios from famous, or not-so-famous, battles)
- The 4th War (an old-tech battle set in the 4th Succession war era...varies in size)

## **OPENING SHOTS!**

Well, we were all gathered around the hood of an '85 Astrovan (about 14 of us in all). Zach, a fat older scout and our usual GM for games like these was introducing the game to us. All of us younger scouts were ignoring the oratory and crowding in for a closer look at the neat little mecha figurines set up in the box. They looked really cool, especially to eleven and twelve year-olds. They even fit the neat hex-shaped map board of the boxed set. When he finished his speech, we noticed that he was divvying out the 'mechs to all of his older scout buddies.

I heard some names (Battlemaster, Wolverine, Marauder...) but they didn't mean anything yet. Finally, being the last in the line, I asked if there were any 'mechs left. Zach looked down to the last record sheet in the box. "Sure," he said, "this one's really good. It has a large laser...it's the most powerful weapon in the game..." Only after I learned the rules of the game did I discover that a Shadow Hawk couldn't just have a large laser grafted into its arm by writing it on the critical sheet. Meanwhile, happy with my new acquisition, I got into one of the departing vehicles and we set out on our trip. Our destination: Tennessee's Buffalo River in what would be a 50+ mile canoe trip.

Well, on the van, we younger scouts, naturally grouped together, began comparing (and deciphering) our record sheets. "I've got

'machine gun 200!" one boy said as he looked at his Crusader sheet. "Yeah, well mine can jump six," said another, "an' Zach says jump means fly!" I, of course, knew that I had them all beat. "Well, I have a large laser." Silence...total silence prevailed in the van.

I think the driver even turned around to see if they were all still breathing properly. "Wh-what's that?" some kid inevitably asked. "It's the MOST POWERFUL weapon," I said with swelling pride. I just knew I was going to win. I knew just like a lazy kid just knows in the summer that he'll be an astronaut someday or play major league baseball. We spent the remainder of our two-hour drive in bargaining sessions to determine

who's team I'd be on with my admired Shadow Hawk. So the campsite was set and we'd all concluded that there was nothing else left to be done, so our scoutmasters let us run along to what they call "free time." Translated into our terminology, this meant Battletech.

So we took out our much-handled record sheets and found a nice red picnic table in the shade where Zach set up his game. He divided us into teams, the younger scouts had a Griffin, a Wasp, Stinger, Crusader, and, of course, a Shadow Hawk. Our opposition, the older scouts of course, had a Battlemaster, Thunderbolt, Warhammer, Archer, Marauder, and Wolverine. We knew we were going to win. As it turned out, we didn't know much.

On the first turn I jumped my Shadow Hawk behind a level 3 hill for cover. When the firing phase came up, Zach told me that I could "burn through the hill" with my large laser to strike the Marauder on the other side. So, I fired, rolled, and hit. I just knew that I'd killed it. Again, I didn't know much because the Marauder pilot only scratched off a measly eight points from his left torso.

So my dreaded large laser isn't enough, huh? How about this... From there I proceeded to fire 10 LRM-5s over the hill from my LRM launcher using Zach's "arcing rules". He said that an LRM-5 was a missile launcher that could fire up to 24 5-point missiles. LRM-20s were much more dangerous, he told me. So I scored with some of those too, and the damaged Marauder still had more armor than my whole unscathed Shadow Hawk!

From there, we proceeded to take a sound thrashing. I don't think there was a single functional mech left on the board. Well,

not from my team at least. Machine guns ruled the day because Zach's rules allowed the machine gunner to fire up to 200 rounds of two-point ammo per turn. The Marauder had an AC/20 "installed" in its torso in the same manner as my large laser had been "installed." And since they won initiative every turn, "for having bigger 'mechs," they dealt damage before we did, or so we were told.

Well, after we'd put in a hard day of canoeing, we were back to our expenditure of "free time." This time, Zach and the others decided to take the lighter mechs. We didn't object at all, since having bigger 'mechs meant that we won initiative, right? Well, I chose a nice gray-plastic Warhammer. Our joys turned sour when Zach told us that we were using different rules for initiative this time; we were rolling dice.

The team that won went first. So, when we rolled a high roll, we assumed that we'd won. "No," Zach told us, "Low roll wins and gets to counter move. This means we go last and fire first." So, not knowing the rules clearly, we went along with this. Next turn, we rolled the low roll. We still "lost." Every once-in-a-while he'd let us win just to appear like he was playing by the rules. We were just confused. But this game, we were introduced to a new tactic: Death From Above.

Under Zach's rules for DFAs, all damage was dealt directly to the target mech's head. So under the relentless assault of machine-gun-firing Locusts and Phoenix Hawks, the AC/20 equipped Marauder, and the jump-attacks of Wasps and Stingers, our mighty heavies fell without firing but a few shots (and none of those hit, oddly enough). We thought for sure that we'd win the next game since we now understood initiative, so we paddled hard all day long just so we'd get back in time to really stomp the older guys.

This time, we discovered that they had a new creation; Peter, the Scoutmaster's son, had fashioned his own mech after the "rules" found in the back of the forbidden green book. This mech weighed 30 tons, carried 316 points of armor, ran 30 and jumped 20. Armed with ten machine guns and 1,000 rounds of ammo, he christened this beast "The Dragonfly." Needless to say, our morale, and our defensive line, broke yet again.

From there, determined to fight the right way, I saved up money for a \$25 Third Edition boxed set, just like Zach's. I wasn't ever going to let them cheat again! Armed with my Level I rulebook, I became the referee of our games. When they'd discovered that they couldn't play without playing fair (or tying me to a tree) they gave the game up and moved to other systems of games I didn't own. So, the moral of

all this is to play fair, be a good sport, and don't tick off anyone too much bigger than you.

[Thanks for contributing, John.]

(Got a memorable first game you'd like to share? Drop me a line at [jeffkwr@iserv.net](mailto:jeffkwr@iserv.net) and I'll see it gets put here in *Opening Shots!* sometime in the future.)

## **BATTLE-TALK** (A Battletech Forum)

Last issue's questions:

*Q: What's the best era of Battletech to play in, and why?*

*Q: Should the Advanced Targeting Computer have been left out of the game?*

*Q: What are your feelings on the current Battle Value system, and what improvements would you make, if any? Please limit your responses to three average paragraphs, maximum. That way, we can all get a say. Once the ball starts rolling, feel free to cover any topics you are interested in, here in Battle-Talk.*

## **MECH OF THE MONTH**

*(Mech of the Month will look at existing FASA printed mechs (including the different official variants from all eras, with the exception of MechForce Quarterly and other fanzines.) over and talk about their weaknesses strengths and any Optional House Rules the fluff text or mech image would suggest. We'll also apply a rating of 1-10 'Bullets' to gage the machine's effectiveness, as opposed to the BV or CV of FASA's system of value.)*

As most long-time battletech players know, several battlemechs (often called the 'unseen' or 'missing' mechs) that originally appeared in the first Technical Readout were the subject of a lawsuit between FASA and Harmony Gold(t). In order to avoid further legal complications, FASA elected to drop the images, though the mechs still remain in the game. In fact, these 'Classic' mechs are probably the most well-loved battlemechs, at least by veteran players. This month we'll take a look at what is perhaps the most popular of the missing mechs, the fearsome-looking *Marauder*.

The hunched over silhouette of this mechanized nightmare stalks the gaming table at nearly every game convention, drawing immediate attention to the casual onlooker for its unique

shape (often called a ‘chicken-walker’). Indeed, the *Marauder* is labeled in the TRO: 3025 fluff text as one of the most deadly battlemechs ever designed. But is this reputation deserved? At first glance, its weapons load out seems powerful when compared to most heavy mechs (the *Warhammer* being an exception).

The MAD-3R *Marauder*’s paired PPC’s can dish out respectable damage at a goodly range (at least in 3025 respects), and the medium lasers seem a good coupling when the battle inevitably gets in close. The MAD-3R has fair armor at 184 pt. (as do all official 3025 MAD-3 variants, which all carry the same armor in the same locations) and a better than average compliment of sixteen heat sinks.

However, the high heat of the main guns keeps this machine from reaching a higher damage threshold than many lighter mechs of the same era. A typical *Marauder* player will go with a one/two ‘punch’ combination of dual PPC’s, then PPC/AC. This is about the only way to inflict fair damage with the *Marauder* without getting hellishly warm on the heat scale. Even with this combination of fire, any movement at all will give you enough heat to penalize your speed on a round after both PPCs fire.

Fortunately, the *Marauder* vents heat very well when submerged, since four of its heat sinks occupy both leg’s fifth and sixth critical slots.

The *Marauder* is one of several of the classic mechs that have a large number of variations. The standard MAD-3R is, from this writer’s experience, by far the most common of the lot, which is surprising since several variants come equipped with 4 more heat sinks. The MAD-3R suffers from a poor weapons profile at close range, as the three main guns (PPC/PPC/AC-5) all have significant range penalties when firing at point-blank targets. Like the *Rifleman*, the medium lasers go into medium range just as the PPC/AC combo becomes most effective. This makes the *Marauder* an excellent target for fast light and medium mechs like the Jenner and Phoenix Hawk, who can capitalize on the *Marauder*’s range penalties and average speed.

Fortunately, the medium lasers on the *Marauder* are armed in the hands and will allow you a shot at rear hex aggressors. The *Marauder* also suffers from ‘picture’ handicap. That is, the battlemech was unnecessarily designed missing its hand actuators, primarily because of the mech’s handless picture. Latter PPC mechs, like the Thug, did away with this needless penalty.

The *Marauder* has fairly good armor coverage, though several lighter mechs such as the *Thunderbolt* and *Archer* exceed it significantly. The rear side torso

armor could use improvement, but should defeat most attacks for at least one round. The biggest design flaw of the MAD-3R is the placement of the AC ammo. The AC/5 ammo is the only possible critical in the left torso of the *Marauder*. One successful critical hit (or one that transfers from the arm) and the MAD-3R *Marauder* instantly becomes the galaxy’s biggest Roman candle. Of lesser note, but still potentially lethal, is the empty critical slot that remains in this battlemech’s head. Enough said on that.

### **TACTICS:**

The MAD-3R is noted for often being used as a command vehicle, which is most likely an excellent idea if you like to lead from the rear. Many *Marauder* pilots make the mistake of closing with enemy troops that would best be engaged from a distance by this machine. That MAD-3R looks fierce, and you might be tempted to get in and pound the snot out of those *Centurions* and *Shadowhawks*, but such is not the forte of a mech with three long-range primary weapons.

Keep your distance, keep some cover (water if it’s available and no ones too close to easily head-shoot you). Let your lance-mates better suited for close-in fighting tackle the enemy while you play the role of heavy sniper. As a side note, several Houses have no preferred variant of the 3025 *Marauder* listed. (House Kurita, House Steiner)

### **VARIANTS:**

**3025 Variants:** Where to begin? I’ll save the best for last.

**MAD-3L:** Two more heat sinks and a downgrade of one PPC to Large Laser status offers a mixed blessing with the Liao *Marauder*. It keeps the ratty AC, however, so one has to be careful with the ammo. While lacking the maximum range, the 3L can dish out a significantly higher amount of damage over the 3R in a 10 round combat, provided they remain stationary. (220 pt. vs. 175, in the 3L’s favor. However, range is set to 15 for both of the 3L’s main arm weapons to hit) This is assuming both remain still and decline to go 5+ on the heat scale at maximum range.

The Large Laser also provides more accurate firepower when an opponent closes. However, due to this very reason, MAD-3L pilots should beware attacks to their flank with the arm that mounts the PPC, as clever opponents will strike there where the PPC suffers major penalties.

**MAD-3M:** House Marik (probably due to the surplus of large lasers they carry) equips its House

troops with a *Marauder* that sports paired large lasers. The MAD-3M thus becomes a deadly infighter that can give enemies expecting the 3R a rude surprise. House Marik also retains the lack-luster autocannon, allowing the mech to at least answer fire from opponents at 16+ hexs.

Perhaps the best benefit the MAD-3M enjoys is the heat efficiency provided by its 20 heat sinks. The main guns can fire all day while the 3M runs about, cool as a summer breeze. Water allows the full cycle of weapons fire, with the addition of the four heat sinks mounted in the legs.

**MAD-3D:** The jewel in the *Marauder* heavy class crown is the excellent MAD-3D. Like most Davion mech variants, the MAD-3D sports additional heat sinks (20 in all). Further, the dubious autocannon is thrown to the winds, and replaced with a Large Laser. This allows the mech to fight effectively at any range, blasting away with twin PPCs if keeping still, or staying frosty while firing a PPC and large laser on the run.

No ammo means you'll most likely last longer. Four heat sinks in the legs makes you a thirty foot iceberg while in the water. The 3D would also make an excellent CO mech for a scout unit, having no ammunition requirements. This is the editor's top pick for 3025 era *Marauders* in the Heavy class.

**MAD-4A Marauder II:** What can be said about this nearly perfect assault mech? Few mechs will be able to match the Wolf's Dragons MAD-4A *Marauder II*. The mech comes with a whopping 29 heat sinks, allowing the pilot to blaze away with both PPC and it's large laser. In addition, the MAD-4A carries as much armor as an Atlas, and jumps to boot!

The single flaw of this monster is the slow speed its 300 rated engine produces. Some players might also feel the mech is under-gunned for its size. I feel the mech was designed from the sustained volume of fire school of strategy, as opposed to the massive short-range/massive long-range school where a mech carries enough heat sinks for one or the other. Further more, with all those heat sinks packed into the mech's critical slots, and no ammo, the MAD-4A *Marauder II* will be around for the duration, fighting, to the bitter end. Ouch!

#### 3050+ Variants:

Ugh. Every 3050-era *Marauder* uses the suicidal XL engine. Sigh. That being what it is, this time I'll start with the best first:

**MAD-5S:** The performance characteristics of this mech almost make the XL engine forgivable. The MAD-5S *Marauder* is a truly powerful heavy mech, taking the roll of heavy sniper one step farther with the introduction of a head-chopping Gauss Rifle. Paired with the two ER-PPC's, this new battlemech becomes a ranging terror. Not only can it whip metal ass at 22-23 hexs, but closing with the machine is also a deadly prospect, since the two medium pulse lasers make short work of faster, smaller mechs.

A truly wonderful mech...until you hit round 9 or 10 of the fight. If you're XL engine hasn't caved in yet, you get the sour taste in your mouth as the last of your eight measly Gauss Rifle rounds is expended. Still, the average game lasts around 8-12 rounds or thereabouts, so careful discretion when firing the gauss should keep you in the head-shot arena (and a threat not to be ignored) for most of the bout. When that runs dry, the far-reaching PPC's will still slap them silly (most of their armor should be gone by now anyway...). Speaking of armor, the one annoying flaw in this new mech is the retention of the old armor rating that plagued the 3025 *Marauders*. 184 pts just doesn't cut the mustard for a truly tough heavy mech.

**MAD-5A Marauder II:** How can you take a wonderful machine like the MAD-4A and make it virtually worthless by adding new technology? Somehow, someone found a way. The MAD-5A holds the title of 'most worthless' improved (?) assault mech, in this writer's opinion. Some fool took the 'moderate improvement' approach into reverse when they upgraded the MAD-4A. The accursed XL engine is back, though the addition of the XL is even more diabolical in this instance, because there was absolutely no need for it.

Merely adding double strength heat sinks would have salvaged what was once the ideal mech from the scrap pile of bad mech design. The heat efficient MAD-4A becomes an unwieldy smoldering beast incapable of firing its two main guns without heat build up. The LB10-X AC is nice, but they gave the thing three tons of ammo when two would be more than enough. All ammo is housed in the left torso, WITHOUT case.

**MAD-5D:** The MAD-5D is a contender for top *Marauder* of the 3050 breed. This well designed mech comes equipped with jump jets and several pulse lasers to take advantage of them. The two ER-PPCs allow for excellent ranged punch, and the MAD-5D can run while firing them without climbing the heat chart. The MAD-5D also goes a long way to rectifying the mediocre armor rating previous models

carried. 224 pt. of armor will keep your fragile XL running longer.

The large and medium pulse lasers allow for accurate fire with highly limited range, perfect for burning down those pesky elementals that think you're an easy mark. The streak SRM seems like an afterthought, but it not only increases your anti-elemental power, you get the option to mount infernos and ignite things like slow-moving heavy tanks. The designers even had the decency to add CASE to the LT where the SRM ammo is stored.

On the relatively small downside, whoever made the mech left both CT and head critical slots empty. Perhaps they should have moved one of the paired jump jets from each leg into the MAD-5D's CT. That would fill the vital slots and allow the mech to jump farther from Level 1 water.

**MAD-5M:** The MAD-5M seems to suffer a reputation akin to the MAD-3L. It just does not seem to do anything well. Initially it seems a tough close-in battler, armed with a quartet of pulse weapons and an LB10-X autocannon. However, the 5M lacks the jump jets to make the most of its pulse laser weaponry. The mech's armor is a holdover from the 3025 era, making it weaker than other in-fighters of similar weight. The 5M's firepower drops to an average of 6 pt of damage from birdshot at 10+ hex range, making this machine's intimidation factor laughable to faster mechs with greater effective fighting ranges.

The LB10-X is a versatile weapon, but the MAD-5M carries only a single ton of ammo for this AC. 10 shots with your heaviest weapon is dicey when the game can go significantly longer. In most cases, a ton could suffice, but having another ton to load normal rounds would go a long way to alleviating the problem. The 5M does the 5D one worse. Not only are all its CT/Head slots empty, so are both leg's. Stay away from this turd of a mech.

**Marauder IIC:** Any mech that packs 3 head chopping weapons earns my respect, and the clan *Marauder* refit is a very fearsome machine. A trio of ERPPC's means this mech can take down anything on the battlefield in a single turn, or cause massive damage if the victim survives. A pair of medium pulse lasers provided mid range accuracy, and 4 ER-Small lasers give respectable damage in close. A few things about the *Marauder* IIC could be improved, however.

No XL engine is always a great thing. The lack of truly great armor for an assault mech is not. Some of the new IS Marauders pack more armor than this clan machine. The rear torso side armor is very light for an assault mech, being a mere 8 points. While the machine packs 21 double heat sinks (and this would

be more than sufficient in most cases), having all-energy high heat weapons makes the Marauder cycle its heat management almost the same as the old MAD-3R. ( a 2-3 punch instead of the 1-2). You could do a lot worse, though, than piloting a no XL, 3 head chopper, no ammo to explode, 85 ton beast. I just wish they'd dropped two of the ER-Small's for some extra armor maybe. A tough, respectable mech.

### HOUSE RULES:

The *Marauder* was hailed as the first of a new generation of battlemechs, featuring unique armor plate that was supposed to make the machine more durable, and an unusual profile harder to target than humanoid mechs. To reflect this, the *Marauder* receives one point less damage from direct-fire ballistic weapons, including the Gauss Rifle (normal and Light), Ultra ACs, LB-X Acs using slug rounds, normal ACs, normal (non-streak/inferno) SRMs and machine guns.

The collar attachment for the MAD-3R's AC is fragile, and any hit to the right torso has a 1 in 6 chance of damage the linkage. Roll 1d6 and consult the table below:

- 1-3) AC is knocked out of alignment. -1 penalty to the AC's 'To Hit' roll.
- 4-5) Ammo feed jams. One shot remains in the chamber.
- 6) AC is blown out of it's housing and dangles uselessly.

### OVERALL RATINGS\* (from 1-10):

<b>MAD-3R</b>	=	<b>5</b>
<b>MAD-3D</b>	=	<b>7</b>
<b>MAD-3M</b>	=	<b>6</b>
<b>MAD-3L</b>	=	<b>6</b>
<b>MAD-4A (100 TON)</b>	=	<b>9</b>
<b>MAD-5D</b>	=	<b>7</b>
<b>MAD-5M</b>	=	<b>4</b>
<b>MAD-5S</b>	=	<b>7</b>
<b>MAD-5A (100 TON)</b>	=	<b>4</b>
<b>Marauder IIC (85 TON Clan)</b>	=	<b>7</b>

*[\*Note that this rating is based on an over-all comparison of mechs from a similar tech era. Also bear in mind that the rating applies to mechs of roughly the same weight class. A '6' rated mech of heavy design might or might not be a match for a '6' rated medium mech. The number rating from this gazette is not meant to replace BV, but to provide the reader with some feel of how the mech stacks up*

when comparing its inherent strengths and weaknesses.]

Thanks to Antti "Rafale" Pohjoisaho for this month's primary mech suggestion.

## **CAMPAIGN CORNER:**

[This section of Battle-Tec will sport some 2-3 issue long campaigns.]

This issue, Black Halo makes their bid for the Steel Viper hyper-pulse generator in an attempt to reach their vehicle drop-ship

### **SITUATION:**

*Hyper Pulse Generator Station  
Outer-Town, Jabuka  
Steel Viper Space  
August 4, 3059*

Wind moaned across the cockpit faceplate of Dash's *Falconer*, the only sound that could be heard among the assembled mechs of the Black Halo Mercenaries. They stood amidst one of many rubbish piles that formed a vast chain of scrap metal and scorched earth. The scout lance had stumbled upon the smoky field while searching for a place the 'Halo's could use for some well needed rest. 'Babs' Perria found the ominous piece that completed the puzzle. A large section of dropship hold with the words "Winter's De-" stenciled in giant letters.

After a moment, Dash addressed his men. "Well people, it looks like at least one of our dropships was destroyed at high altitude. There's no sign of the *Leopard*...could have made it fairly far before it got vaped... if it *did* get destroyed. Let's hope not. " Dash punctuated his words with a few seconds of silence.

"The way I see it, we have two choices. We can go to ground and wait out the radiation belt, or we can make a beeline for the Hyper-Pulse Generator at Outer-Town. A couple of things for consideration, though. One: The damn warehouses were empty. Two: Though the white noise of the belt makes long-ranged open communications nearly impossible, there's always the chance some of the ground-pounders got a land-line out. They might also get missed if they fail to report in at a standard time."

"Three: It would take a considerable amount of firepower to knock out a Union and a Leopard. More than any normal Combat Air Patrol. Any way you look at it, the Vipers are bound to know someone's on their rock." Dash glanced at the

parade of silent mechs. "I know a lot of you think we were pretty lucky, catching those garrison mechs with their pants down. Some of you got hit a little harder than others. There's no guarantee you will get your mech replaced if you lose it here, so I'm leaving the choice to a vote. Do we sit tight and wait for the radiation to clear and try and get the word out to the vehicle dropship? Or do we take the station and get a message to them now, when there's a chance the background noise will kill the message before it leaves the belt? Take into account the fact the station's bound to be guarded. There's no free lunch from here on in, boys and girls."

Lietanant Chin was the first to speak.

"I don't know about you guys, but spending another two weeks on this rock, dodging patrols and sleeping in our mechs sounds pretty damn lousy to me. If we do manage to contact the vehicle carrier, it's another week before the ship can even get here. And if the clanners don't pinpoint our location by cross-triangulation, they sure as hell will be waiting for the dropship when it burns in. If we hit the Generator now, we can get word to them and be loading up what mechs we can a day before the planet moves out of the radiation belt "

"I'm with that." Someone spoke.

"Me too. Let's shove off this clan mud hole ASAP."

After waiting for everyone's opinion, Dash cut in.

"Ok. Everyone agrees. Hiding out is out of the question. Let's move then people. It's two days to Outer-Town, and our way off this rock is sitting in the old Com-Star compound. Sgt. Sinclair, you're point. Find us a path to Outer-Town with the most available cover, Jeff..."

### **GAME SETUP:**

Lay out two hill terrain battletech maps long end to long end. These are considered the Western maps. Place two space port maps (or turn two maps over with white sides showing) long end to long end next to the hill maps. These are considered the Eastern maps. Place 10 Level one buildings around a level 3 building in the center of the two space port maps where their long edges meet. This represents the Hyper-Pulse Generator and its support & services buildings. There should be at least 1 hex between any two buildings.

Each surrounding building is a Medium structure with 40 CF pt. The center building is a Hardened structure with 115 CF. Both the Vipers and Black Halo consider the Hyper-Pulse Generator a highly valuable asset. Neither force may fire on the Generator, nor will the Vipers endanger the Generator by placing units within the structure (Elementals may pursue non-mech units inside, however).

### **ATTACKER:**

The attackers are the *Black Halo* mercenaries, a reinforced and battle-damaged company of 16 3050-3055 era battlemechs. All '*Halo* mechs enter the far western edge any hill map opposite the space-port maps in the movement phase of Turn #1. If played as a stand alone scenario, the attacker may choose from any level 2 ammo types for his mech's weapons. If played as the second battle in the series, ammo counts remain the same as they were in the last game's final turn. Likewise, all damage from last game remains. If using this battle as a stand-alone scenario, use the following mechs and damage:

#### **Command Lance:**

Major Dash Bowie (G:1/P:2), *FLC-8R Falconer* (12 points of damage to Left Leg, 5 pts of damage to LT, 11 Gauss ammo left.)

Lt. Rent Redsworth (G:2/P:3), *KGC-001 King Crab* (16 pts of damage to CT, 8 points of damage to left arm, 2 pts of damage to Head, one Pilot hit. 12 Gauss Rifle ammo left. 5 LRM 15 ammo left.)

MW Omar Panayotus (G:2/P:3), *ARC-4M Archer* (18 rounds of LRM 20 ammo left)

MW Carrie Brown (G:2/P:4), *PPR-5S Salamander* (7 pts of damage to RL, 7pts damage to CT/Rear. 16 LRM 20 Rounds left)

#### **Shock Lance:**

Lt. Wendel Popinjay (G:1/P:2), *TDR-7M Thunderbolt* (14 damage to RT, 7 damage LA, 6 LRM 15 ammo left. 48 SRM ammo left.)

Sgt. Kathy Creel (G:3/P:4), *BRZ-A3 Berserker* (10 damage to CT, 7 damage to RT, 5 damage to RL)

MW Brad Becker (G:2/P:3), *WHM-7S Warhammer* (4 pts damage RA, 1 pt of damage to LT, AMS empty, 40 Streak rounds left.)

MW Are Shambula (G:3/P:3), *MAD-5S Marauder* (20 damage to RA, 5 gauss ammo left)

#### **Skirmish Lance:**

Lt. Abner Chin (G:1/P:3), *WVR-7D Wolverine* (7 damage CT, 10 damage LA, 14 Ultra AC ammo left)

Sgt. 'Greenie' Gasglow (G:2/P:3), *SHD-5M Shadowhawk* (6 LRM 20 rounds, 16 Ultra AC ammo left)

MW Tu'Phang (G:2/P:3), *CN9-D Centurion* (5 damage RT, 5 damage LT, 6 Cluster rounds left, 8 LRM ammo)

MW Erin Nightengale (G:2/P:3), *HBK-4G Hunchback* \* (6 AC rounds remaining)

(Erin has declined to upgrade her HBK to the new stats found in TRO:3050)

#### **Recon Lance:**

Sgt. Jeff Sinclair (G:2/P:3), *WLF-2 Wolfhound*  
MW 'Babs' Perria (G:3/P:4), *BH-K305 Battle Hawk* (44 SRM ammo left)

MW John Zanmanov (G:2/P:3), *PXH-3M Phoenix Hawk* (8 damage CT, 4 rounds left in AMS, 2 damage head, 1 pilot hit. Full MG ammo)

MW Ivan Krakow (G:1/P:3), *VLK-QD Valkyrie* (8 LRM ammo left, RA missing, RT 7 damage, LT stripped, 4 LT internal structure damage)

### **DEFENDER:**

The defenders are two mixed stars of the 43rd PGC of Clan Steel Viper. These second-line mechs have just come on alert status after receiving word of Inner-Sphere raiders prowling somewhere on Jabuka. Several of the 43rd's mechs have taken up hidden emplacements to surprise any attacker coming their way.

#### **Command Star:**

Star Captain Peelo (G:2/P:3) *Marauder IIC*

MW Bonnock (G:3/P:4) *Viper*

MW Tymock (G:3/P:4) *Phoenix Hawk IIC*

Point Commander Tong, + 4 Elementals\*

Point Commander Blain, + 4 Elementals\*

#### **Sohlama Star:**

Star Commander Bhob (G:3/P:5) *Hunchback IIC\**

MW Caragin (G:4/P:5) *Hunchback IIC\**

MW Lea (G:4/P:5) *Shadowhawk IIC*

MW Kano (G:4/P:5) *Griffin IIC*

Point Commander Bruin, + 4 Elementals\*

#### **Special Rules:**

Neither force has the option to retreat (Black Halo due to desperation, Steel Vipers due to clan honor).

Regular minefields have also been laid by the Vipers in five of the six hexs surrounding the Generator. The defender should secretly choose which hex is unmined and write it down prior to the game's first turn. Mechs and elementals with a star next to them may be placed in hidden positions as per the rules in the BMR. All clan battlemechs use standard ammo.

## WRITER'S CORNER:

### 'Lucky Shot'

By Bob Richter

7 December 3057

The Great Gash, Twycross  
Steel Viper Occupation Zone

A jet-black *Dire Wolf* and a Jade-Green *Summoner* faced off across a kilometer's distance of the Great Gash. This was Twycross: This was where Joanna's shame had begun, and it would soon end, as between these ruddy walls the Star Commander faced off with the most fearsome opponent she had every known.

Khan Natasha Kerensky of Clan Wolf gripped the controls of her *Dire Wolf* and checked her weapons for the third time since Joanna's *Summoner* appeared in the Gash. Two Extended-Range Particle Projection Cannons dominated the arms of her Battlemech, underslung by two Large Pulse Lasers.

A heavy-caliber rapid-fire autocannon, one of the most powerful weapons available to the clans dominated the Daishi's right torso section, and three smaller lasers occupied her head and center torso. This, the "Widowmaker" configuration, was one of her favorites.

*Not even Bloodnamed!* Natasha complained to herself. Now, why had the Falcons first sent this worthless champion against her? To be sure, Joanna was a competent warrior, nothing less could have found her way into even a Jade Falcon frontline Cluster. Still, Joanna was getting on in years and had never achieved anything significant.

*Of course, I am old enough to have been her freebirth mother!* Natasha chuckled and began to calm down. *Almost in range.* This last was because the *Summoner* was closing with her own machine. Natasha kicked her *Dire Wolf* into a run as the target approached.

As the adversaries closed to within six hundred meters of each other, they opened fire. Joanna's LB-X Cluster round and PPC

fire missed widely, and she cursed. The *Dire Wolf* unleashed both Pulse Lasers and both PPCs, generating a tremendous heat wave, but striking armor off the lighter machine. Each PPC hit one of the *Summoner*'s side torsos, tearing deeply into the armor. The two pulse lasers hammered the *Summoner*'s left arm, flaying off the armor and tearing into the internal components. One indigo pulse struck home in the LB-X autocannon magazine, setting off a horrendous explosion that amputated the arm.

Joanna gritted her teeth against the pain as neural feedback turned her world white. Just for a moment, she lost control of her 'Mech and it flopped gracelessly to the floor of Gash. *Still awake, just barely* thought Joanna as she righted her 'Mech. *But I won't live through this one if I can't think of something real quick.*

The *Dire Wolf* charged relentlessly at its downed opponent as Joanna wrenched her machine to its feet. The Autocannon fired, its double bursts knocking the *Summoner* backward as they wreaked destruction across the 'Mech's torso. The Pulse lasers fired again, one catching the *Summoner* in the head. The *Summoner* flopped to the ground as if its strings had been cut, its pilot was unconscious, or dead.

Natasha broadcast again as she piloted her 'Mech out of the Great Gash and onto the Plain of Curtains. "So much for your champion, Jade Falcons, have you no warrior worthy to face me?" Just then, Natasha caught a glimpse of a *Kit Fox* which, presumably, had been acting as a communications relay between this Jade Falcon and her commander.

The lighter machine, less than one-third the weight of Natasha's *Wolf* turned to run. Natasha fired a blistering salvo of weaponry into the *Kit Fox*'s backside, and the light 'Mech disintegrated under the barrage. *Not much to salvage there.* She thought, with a smile.

"This is Star Colonel Ravill Pryde. Face her, you fools. She's only a Wolf, and an aged one at that!" A snarling voice came over the open comm. *I've made him angry, have I? In any case, he's just trapped himself. Prepare to die, Ravill Pryde.*

"This is Khan Natasha Kerensky of Clan Wolf, Ravill Pryde, I challenge you to a duel of warriors. Dare you accept, or are you frightened of an aged Wolf?"



Pryde could not turn her down. He knew he had lost face, his champion had lost, and he had lost a second 'Mech. If he refused her now, someone would certainly challenge him to a Trial of Position. Certainly, it would be taint his Codex. "Bargained well and done, Natasha" was his tortured response. Still, he could get back at her some. The use of her name without rank or blood-name could be counted a rather severe insult.

Pryde hoped Joanna had softened up the *Dire Wolf* a little. His own *Timber Wolf* was far faster, but carried only about half the weaponry and armor of its hundred-ton cousin, if he was forced into a tight engagement, that could be his undoing.

He neared the point of Natasha's last transmission, but the Diabolis, Twycross's eternal dust storm, was so thick here that even his instruments could not pick out her 'Mech. *So how are we supposed to find each other out here?*

Ravill was so busy looking over his instruments that he did not see the *Dire Wolf* approaching from the rear until it was far too late. At nearly point-blank range, Natasha's 'Mech stepped out of the swirling dust of the Diabolis, and opened fire with her heavy autocannon.

The *Timber Wolf* was at a dead stop and immobilized by surprise. An easy shot. Natasha's autocannon ripped through the *Timber Wolf's* back and into its innards, destroying gyroscope and engine alike as it mangled the internal structures. Ravill barely had time to hit the ejector switch as the seventy-five ton machine collapsed upon the hole that had been its torso. *Freebirth!* Ravill cursed his fortune as the Diabolis swept him away into its swirling depths.

*That's three down, not bad for an aged relic of a Wolf.* Natasha smiled as she pressed on through the hellish, swirling, red sands. *These Falcons should learn to trust their instincts, not their sensors.*

Natasha's instincts told her that danger waited just ahead. As always, they were right. For a moment, the Diabolis calmed, locally at least, enough to see through. Ahead of her, seven Falcon 'Mechs waited to pounce upon her.

"Falcon warriors, I am Khan Natash-"

"We know who you are, Wolf." Remarked a condescending voice from the lead *Mad Dog*

Natasha was infuriated at having been cut off. "I will meet you in single combat-"

He cut her off again "You are not worthy of single combat! You will meet us all at once."

Natasha got a sinking feeling in her gut as the Diabolis picked up again, and the battle began.

Joanna awoke. That alone was surprising enough. *Hadn't?* She opened her eyes. She was staring straight into the reddish air of Twycross. The Pulse Laser had opened a hundred tiny holes in her cockpit, and it was slowly filling with sand. She was sore, and had a whopper of a headache, but she was still quite alive.

She felt out her controls, to see how they would react. She moved each arm, then both legs. *It works.* Her fortune in the Gash had been far better this time. The 'Mech staggered to its feet at her command. She examined her damage control board. *One weapon left, and ER PPC. Better than a kick in the pants. Still, with the armor as bad off as it is. Never mind that, I am Jade Falcon. I must finish this.* Joanna looked around for her adversary. The Black *Dire Wolf* was nowhere to be found. *How long was I out?*

Before she had time to answer that question, there was a terrible noise as an Ultra-type autocannon opened fire, and an answering explosion. *A battle?* Another explosion *It's headed this way.*

Natasha Kerensky's *Dire Wolf*, looking much the worse for wear stepped backward into the Great Gash, a *Mad Dog* immediately following it. The cannon clicked loudly as it tried to fire empty chambers, then remaining PPC fired, coring through the *Dog* with energy to spare as the *Dog* removed the remainder of Natasha's useless left arm with its lasers.

"NATASHA!" Joanna yelled over the comm. "WE FINISH THIS NOW!"

"What the hell?" Was Natasha's response as she spun around.

Joanna fired the PPC, and, without checking to see what were the results, she triggered her jump jets, landing behind the *Dire Wolf*.

Natasha Kerensky's Omnimech fell to the ground, its cockpit a smoking ruin. The greatest warrior the Clans had ever seen had fallen to a lucky shot.

Epilogue  
8 December 3057  
Twycross  
Steel Viper Occupation Zone

Joanna dragged herself through the door. Diana was sitting there, hands folded in her lap. Joanna gave what was trying to be a pleasant smile, but came out looking very tired.

Diana was on her feet at once. "Joanna, you've hurt yourself!"

"Yeah, for a while there I thought I was dead too. You know why we're here?"

Diana shrugged. "It's that guy again...the one who writes about us."

"Thurston?"

"Yeah, that's the guy, Robert Thurston. Your memory is truly amazing, for someone of your age."

Joanna laughed off the playful insult "Probably was on-planet and heard how I'd felled the mighty Natasha Kerensky. Now he wants to hear the story."

The women laughed again. Neither of them would respect this semi-historian. They'd lie to him, of course. Thurston entered the room slowly. He was a bent old man that looked to be about a thousand. It was amazing he was still moving, and his features were totally unrecognizable.

"So," he began "you killed Natasha, eh?"

"That's right," said Joanna, doing her best to look stiff and warrior-like, quite opposed to her disposition.

"Want to tell me about it?"

"No, but I will anyway, you miserable freebirth." Joanna almost laughed, and had a great deal of difficulty keeping it out of her voice.

"Well?"

"It went like this. Natasha gave an open challenge, and Ravill Pryde ordered me into the Gash to fight her..."

"...And my weapons were crippled, I could only move the one leg."

"Which one?"

"The left. So Natasha got real close, you see, and she was about to blast me into oblivion. Then I had a flash of inspiration, I raised my leg and fired the jump jet. Straight into her cockpit." Joanna tried hard to keep a straight face, but it didn't quite work. Thurston didn't seem to notice."

"And it killed her?"  
"Completely destroyed the cockpit. Nothing left."

"Are you kidding me?" Thurston was beginning to catch on.

"Never. I cannot lie."

"Why not?"

"I am Jade Falcon."

## **SMALL UNIT ACTIONS:**

### **The Return of the Bounty Hunter**

*Unity City,  
Timbiki,  
Lyrn Commonwealth  
3034*

No one does this for the money. At least, not JUST the money.... You gotta have a knack for killing to be a bounty hunter, and of all the scum out there that take up this profession, only a few of us really shine. Only a few can be called true hunters. That's what I am. The best. Or at least I was a few years back. Things are never easy when your marked a hunter, and if you're truly gifted, things are all that much harder. The truly great ones sometimes make it as far as fifty before they buy the farm, either from some vengeful relative, a lucky break for their intended target, or they just get tired of running and end up sucking on the business end of their own sidearm.

Not me. I got too much respect for myself. I intend to live long enough to spend my stash. To put it simply, in this game, if you're stupid, you're dead before you make your first c-bill. And even the smart guys get off'd. That's the breaks. Hell, it almost nearly happened to ME.

There I was, minding my own business. The boys and me were holed up in a safe-house after our last job. Which went smooth as silk, by the way. Next thing you know a bunch of Kurita goons in sneak suits hit the crew and me while we're making plans for our next gig. Before I know it, my right hander gets a shuriken in his throat...not so bad but the thing'd been coated with some nasty stuff that killed him before he could peep a word. My crew gives almost as good as it gets...hell, I took a cut from one of them, though my second-chance vest took most of it. The drac wasn't so fortunate.

Anyway, they lob something explosive and hot near one of the boxes loaded with AC

ammo, which of course cooks off. I was far enough away that the concussion only deafened me for a bit, but the smoke probably saved me as well. A little exchange with another one of the sneaks and I end up with his stuff, and throw his carcass on a burning pile of rubble, covered with my own jacket. I made sure his head went missing and the fire pretty much cleaned out his prints...hey, it was enough of a rush job to get me out of there safe.

I kept an eye on the place for a couple of days from the nearby swamp. Almost got found twice by their point sentries. Next thing I know, out of the mech pit comes 'Cash-Cow', my Marauder, followed by the rest of my dead crew's mechs. And they all wore fresh paint. Funny thing was, the mechs had their old paint schemes.

Something was up. They were good. Too good. Not only did I have the standard voice pattern lock-outs, but a few home-made surprises to guard my baby. They still got the damned thing. Then they go and frag what's left of the pit and head off into the swamp. There was nothing out there, which fit the sneaky suspicion welling up in my mind. It was a perfect place to load a dropship without too many prying eyes. I never saw them or 'Cash-Cow' again. I thought about going after them. No one crosses The Bounty-Hunter and lives to brag about it. I had a rep to uphold, after all.

But then I started thinking...those boys were pros, and not mercs either. They addressed each other by DCMS ranks through the sneak-suit's speakers. They were desperate enough to hunt me down, no easy feat, and they obviously wanted to use me and the boy's ID's. I had to laugh, despite losing the 'Cow and my 'associates'. Let some poor slob use my name and my mech. He probably wouldn't live long to enjoy it. Not with the kind of enemies I've made over what you could call a 'colorful' career.

And another thing occurred to me...the heat was off, at least for a while. I had more than enough c-bills to let me live like a Marik puppet prince. I finally got to taste retirement. I even heard it was some important rammer in the DCMS who heisted my rig. A big stink dealing with the Wolf's Dragoon's war with the Dragon. Heheh. Ironic, really. Nasty's old mech actually being used to help her old unit, at least indirectly. Me? I'm gonna finish of this *Timbiki Dark* and head on down to local casino. I mean, what's the point of killing people if You don't live long enough to enjoy it? Ahhh, retirement is good...

*The Patanose Ridge*  
*Skye*  
*Lyran Commonwealth*  
3040

Retirement sucks. Six years since I left 'the game', and for the last four, I've been so bored, I can almost hear the rustle of cobwebs between my ears. I may have been smooth on the outside back then, but no one does this without being a little paranoid ALL the time. That kind of feeling keeps you sharp. The years have dulled my edge, but it takes only a little time and you're as alert as ever. I'm not there yet, but I will be after the shooting starts.

I may be rusty by my old standard, but I'm not froze in place just yet. Well, scratch that. My new Marauder *is* froze in place, though it'll move soon enough. The sticks feel good in the hands, almost like my old ride. It smells new. A lot of people like that, but not me. I like the smell of my old machine. There's nothing like a well-used mech's smell. Because, though it might be musty or downright riddled with locker-room stench, it still means one thing: Success.

I'd take a battle-tested machine over this one just to make sure the think worked like it's supposed to. And besides...my old 'Cow' had history. How many people did Natasha pop in that monster, before she passed it on to me?...hehe... willingly or not. Ah well...maybe the new 'Cow' is not battle-tested, but she's going to be more than a match for Oswald and his brat.

That's the reason I'm hunkered down in this waddi. I'm getting paid to off the Count and his heir, and the paycheck's a duzzi. I'll make enough scratch to hire out some real cutthroats, the type I know are smart enough to listen to orders, but not squeamish, either. There's no room for a weak stomach in this buisiness. That's where the real hunters widen their lead from the wannabe's. A mark is a mark is mark. Man or woman makes no difference. Well, almost no difference. I don't off children, no matter what the rumors say. But at eighteen, you're not a kid anymore, and Jerrid Oswald, the count's son, is in his early twenties. Fair Game.

It took some digging, but I managed to get the goods on a pigeon who works with the Count...one of his staff buddies who has a few habits that are less than socially acceptable. If word got out, he'd be done. So I used him to find out all the info I needed on Oswald and his kid. It's often the case with these rich types. They inherit a mech from a dead relative, or actually manage to buy one. Then they take it and

parade around their holdings, living what they figure is a mechwarrior's life. I can't count how many guys like that I've rubbed out. Too many, maybe. Most of them have watched too many *Immortal Warrior* vids. Well I got news for you, Oswald. War is hell and I'm the Devil.

Ah. Looks like junior is right on time. I got a seismic reading on his *Centurion* headed this way...looks like he's moving pretty fast. I guess rumors about his games of tag with his old man were true. Too bad. The kid might actually have made a good warrior some day. The rocks in this area are full of iron, which makes their game a challenge.

It also makes it easy for me to ambush them one at a time. Before his old man can make out what the kid's screaming, It's gonna be over. Then the Count gets his ticket punched a bit later when he comes to save his boy. You see, I'm the best there is because the only chances I take are at the crap-table. The rocks not only hide 'Cash-Cow', but they also hide the metal content in the vibra-bombs I have set up for his old man's *Thunderbolt*. And here Jerrid comes. I doubt the credit symbols all over my green 'Cow' will spark any memories, so Jerrid's gonna die wondering why. Boo...

#### **SITUATION:**

Lay out a single battletech with hills and rough terrain. Short edges of the map are North and South.

#### **ATTACKER:**

The Attacker is The Bounty Hunter, coming out of a short retirement. The Bounty Hunter sets up with Hidden Units rules anywhere on the map, even open terrain, before turn 1. The attacker also receives 8 vibra-bomb minefields set at 65 ton weight. These may be distributed anywhere on the map. The Bounty Hunter pilots a MAD-3D *Marauder*, painted green and covered with credit symbols, in mint condition.

The Bounty Hunter (G:1/P:1) MAD-3D *Marauder*

#### **DEFENDER:**

The defender is Count Oswald and his son, Jerrid. Jerrid pilots a *Centurion* and enters the West edge of the map on round 1.

Jerrid Oswald (G:4/P:6) CN9-A *Centurion*

Jerrid's weapons are set for low power for his wargame with his father. To simulate this, the first round that Jerrid may return fire, he may only fire lasers, at half strength. The second round of combat, Jerrid has managed to bring all weapons online so that the AC and LRMS may fire real ammo, and lasers will be at full strength. 5 rounds after the

shooting starts, Jerrid's father arrives on the scene, weapons fully charged.

Count Oswald (G:3/P:4) TDR-5S *Thunderbolt*

#### **VICTORY CONDITIONS:**

The side with the last surviving mech is the winner.

#### **SPECIAL RULES:**

None of the combatants may retreat.

If Jerrid is killed by a lucky shot with the Bounty Hunter's opening surprise attacks, Count Oswald receives no distress call, and arrives 5 rounds later under the same weapons conditions of Jerrid's *Centurion*.

## **THE FOURTH WAR**

*Burdock Meadows,*  
*Styk*  
*Capellan Confederation*  
*July 10, 3029*

### **THE DOGS OF WAR**

If you ask me, the generals are the one who malf things up, not your regular enlisted Joe. We dropped in on time, thanks to the drop-ship crew. They were real professional, even for military types. We hit the LZ, expecting to find the green Capellan militia quaking in their boots. No such luck. They were no where to be found, and that's when our CO started getting nervous.

Liao is know for having more heart than ability when they take to the field...at least the defense forces are. We knew they were somewhere close. We just didn't have a fix on them yet. Well, later that night, they showed up all right. Right in our armor's staging area.

Whoever that Liao general was, he knew his trade like nobody I know. They came screaming out of the dark, a swarm of angry *J.Edger* and *Harasser* hovercraft. Dark is a relative word, because they were packing infernos, and after our first heavy tank lit up, it got real light. The Capellans ignored our two security lances, engaging in near-suicidal runs on the tankers. My *Valkyrie* got a little too close to one of the new *Sturmfuers* when its ammo cooked, and I got knocked to my knees.

When I glanced up, here comes this smoking *J.Edger*, head on for me in a kamikaze attack. Thank goodness Abner's *Enforcer* put an

end to the Liao tank's attack. A short burst of autocannon fire finished what someone else started.

It became real apparent after dawn what they were up to. Eighty-five percent of our heavy tanks, vital support for our mechs, ended up smoking blackened hulks. Most of them were the LRM tanks. The few that survived were the ones that were fast enough to dodge the Liao infernos. We put down ten of the enemy hovercraft, but the damage was done. They lost some quick machines but without our LRM support, the attack will bog down, maybe for months. It was a masterstroke.

All the Capellans have to do is go to ground and fight a guerrilla war. We'll have to get right in there to fight them now, and that means we'll have to spread our forces thin looking for them, making their odds much better of effectively resisting us. Damn it! I tried to tell the higher-ups this could happen. Why don't they ever listen to us?

Lay out four battletech maps in two rows next to each other, long edges of each row touching. These maps should be fairly open terrain. Designate one short-edge side of the maps as North. The middle of the two southern maps touching edges represent the staging area for the Davion armor units. The Defender sets up first. All of the defender's tanks must start the game on the southern maps. Defending mechs may be placed anywhere. The Attacker enters from the north edge on turn #1.

#### SPECIAL RULES:

This is a night battle. All attacks suffer a -2 penalty, unless illuminated by searchlights. See the night combat rules in the BMR. Mechs and vehicles with a \* have a searchlight.

All of the attacker's SRM-2 ammo is inferno ammo. The defenders may not employ infernos in this scenario.

The Attacker may not leave the board until all Sturmfuer tanks and LRM Carriers are destroyed.

The defender may not leave the board at all.

#### VICTORY CONDITIONS:

- +3 victory points or each LRM Carrier the Liao forces destroy
- +2 victory points or each Sturmfuer Heavy Tank the Liao forces destroy
- +1 for each battlemech or other vehicles destroyed.
- 3 for each Liao hovercraft destroyed.

A zero or negative number is a loss for House Liao. Due to the overall affect this fight will have on the whole campaign, there are no variable victory/defeat levels.

#### ATTACKER:

##### Elements of 3rd Battalion, 4th Confederation Reserve Cavalry.

#### Dragon Lance

- J.Edger (G: 3/P: 4)\*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5)\*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5)\*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5)\*

#### Foo Lance

- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 4) \*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5) \*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5) \*
- J.Edger (G: 4/P: 5) \*

#### Tong Lance

- Harasser (2/3) \*
- Harasser (4/5) \*
- Harasser (4/5) \*
- Harasser (4/5) \*

#### DEFENDER:

##### Elements of the 20th Avalon Hussars RCT

- Sturmfuer (G: 4/P: 5)
- Sturmfuer (G: 4/P: 5)
- Sturmfuer (G: 4/P: 5)
- Sturmfuer (G: 4/P: 5)

- LRM Carrier (G: 4/P: 5)
- LRM Carrier (G: 4/P: 5)
- LRM Carrier (G: 4/P: 5)
- LRM Carrier (G: 4/P: 5)

- Saladine (G: 3/P: 4)\*
- Saladine (G: 3/P: 4)\*
- Saladine (G: 4/P: 5)\*
- Saladine (G: 4/P: 5)\*

### Security Lance #1

Whitworth (G: 2/P: 3)  
Valkyrie (G: 3/P: 4)  
Commando (G: 4/P: 5)  
Commando (G: 4/P: 5)

### Security Lance #2

Enforcer (G: 2/P: 3)  
Centurion (G: 3/P: 4)  
Centurion (G: 4/P: 5)  
Hunchback (G: 4/P: 5)

**WARNING-** After careful evaluation (though no test-play), this scenario looks to be extremely challenging for the Davion player. The Liao forces are using hovercrafts that are very difficult to hit, even without the benefit of darkness. Furthermore, their primary targets will have greatly difficult (if not impossible) chances to score a hit when the Liao players close to close range.

If you feel the scenario is too unbalanced, either give the Liao player a time limit of eight rounds to complete his objective, or allow the missile tanks (*Sturmfuhrer* and *LRM Carriers*) to leave the board in five turns or so. Units that flee the board cannot be attacked, and are NOT counted as destroyed. Alternately, you might wish to the attack takes place in mid morning, without the darkness penalty.