

BATTLETECH™

SCORCHED EARTH

A TIME OF WAR RPG

WORLDWIDE EVENT
2017





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SCORCHED EARTH

A TIME OF WAR SCENARIO

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WWE17



FROZEN ASPIRATIONS

**Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe (GKT) Enterprises Factory Complex
New Oslo
Free Rasalhague Republic
25 July 3050**

A single trickle of sweat ran down Lars's face. It was negative twenty-six degrees outside the *Lady Dragon*, but the tension of the moment was running hotter than the thirty-ton engine behind him. Outside, somewhere in the drifting snow, was a Clan 'Mech that had broken through the primary defensive line and was barreling towards the GKT technicians hastily loading the remaining fabrication equipment onto the waiting *Buccaneer*. The DropShip was only minutes from lift-off, but unarmed and on the ground it was good as dead unless one of a handful of militia vehicles could put the Wolf 'Mech down.

"Ten years later and I'm still just protecting the flock from wolves, huh?" Lars nervously half-chuckled to himself.

It seemed like a lifetime ago—back when he and his cousins worked tending sheep for his father out in the boonies on Rasalhague. They'd shot more than one wolf dead protecting the flock back then and had more than a fair number of close shaves as well. Maybe they were too injured to danger, but all three of them had tried to enlist in the KungsArmé. Back then there wasn't the desperate need for soldiers that'd let three farm-boys with no pedigree join the natural army. After years of trying, Amadeo was accepted to some regional reserve training cadre for MechWarriors out on New Caledonia, but he and Loke settled into the local militia and were assigned to an armor company. He had just barely made it off-world as part of a makeshift escort for the surviving military brass when the Wolf invasion hit. Amadeo & Loke were probably as good as dead.

"Sarge, seismic sensor's picking up motion sixty-degrees right, distance five-hundred!"

"Olafsen! Get those generators up to full! Shimoda! Bring the turret around thirty-five! I want him as soon as he clears that warehouse!"

"Ja!"

With the clank of metal & crunch of hundreds of pounds of snow being forcibly pushed aside, the Wolf Clan *Griffin* rounded the corner and came running straight down the road towards the main fabrication facility. With his target in sight, the Mechwarrior made no attempt to move evasively, instead charging head-long towards his destination. Buried in a snow bank nestled between two warehouses, the enemy wouldn't notice them until it was too late.

Lars heard the quiet hum as the medium lasers came online.

"Steady, Olafsen! Wait 'til he's close enough to hit with a snowball..."

Barreling forward, the strange-looking Clan *Griffin* had just crossed in front of the alley when Lars noticed the head began to turn towards their Ontos.

"NOW! Ute lasrar!"

Eight emerald beams leapt from the snow bank as one, tearing into the legs and lower torso of the *Griffin* like luminous lances. Firing its jump jets, the *Griffin* leapt up and away from *Lady Dragon*, but the fusillade of lasers simply followed it into the air, slagged armor bubbling off the 'Mech's lower extremities and falling to earth.

The whole of the tank shook and Lars' viewing screen filled with smoke and powdered concrete as the *Griffin* returned fire, spraying missiles wildly in their direction. In a flash, the whole world seemed to buck to the right. Shimoda's head bounced off his view-finder, spattering a thin trail of blood along his console.

"Keep on 'em! Don't let him break contact!" Lars yelled, kicking Anders in the back, signaling her to gun the engine. Looking up, he watched the *Griffin* drift right and its left foot actuator fall clean away, as black smoke began bellowing from its insides. Fighting valiantly to keep control, the MechWarrior cycled the jump jets repeatedly before

they failed, crashing the 'Mech through the edge of a warehouse roof, partially collapsing the wall as he fell. Olafsen kept up the barrage of lasers until both the *Griffin*'s legs were no more than a twisted pile of slag.

"Shimoda! You alright?" Lars yelled, turning to grab the gunner by the shoulder.

"Dai-okej, Sarge!" Shimoda winced as he sat back upright, cupping his hand to his bloodied face "Just took a hard knock, I'll be fine!" Lars reached for his hatch release as Shimoda fumbled for the medipack. Climbing on top of the turret, he could see there was a gaping, melted hole where the Ontos' right tread used to be. "Svenson! Radio battalion! We're not going to be driving back under our own power!"

Leaping down off *Lady Dragon*'s hull and stumbling slightly as he hit the ground, he fumbled in his vest for smokes while making a quick survey of his surroundings. The sounds of battle had fallen silent. Only Lars' footfalls and the wind filled the void. "Only two left", Lars thought to himself, lighting the cigarette he retrieved and allowing himself a long, pensive drag.

Then all of a sudden, a distinct metal clank & whirl briefly punctured the silence. That noise didn't originate behind him—it was the sound of a 'Mech's cockpit hatch opening.

"Sarge, we got an evac wagon inbound, ETA 6 minutes!"

"Great! Pull a perimeter and sit tight!" Lars slowly drew his Sternsnacht as he trudged towards the fallen Clan 'Mech. The Wolf Mechwarrior had put a hurt on *Lady Dragon*, and he'd be damned if he'd let him do the same to another member of his team. Skirting along the crumbling wall of the warehouse, he crept up alongside the fallen Clan BattleMech. Inside, he could hear someone clumsily rummaging about, seemingly searching for supplies. Keeping his weapon out, Lars reached up with his left hand and pulled himself up between the *Griffin* and the partially collapsed wall to remain out of sight. After a few moments, the MechWarrior leapt from the 'Mechs torso to the ground, stumbling as he did so. Thrown off-balance by the medkit over his shoulder, he dropped to one knee and swung it over to open it.

"Don't move!" Lars slid out from between the wall and pointed his heavy pistol at the Clanner's head. He knew the Clans had some fancy technology, but he figured whatever they made their neurohelmets out of wasn't going to stop his Sternsnacht at this distance.

The MechWarrior wobbled slightly, trying to remain still, and then raised their hands. As he turned his head to look up at his captor, Lars watched the expression on his blood and sweat soaked face shift rapidly from contempt to surprise.

"Lars? Is that you? Lars Pierson?" the Clan MechWarrior said, to Lars' disbelief. "It is I... Amadeo."

Lars blinked in disbelief. "*Lougna*what are you *doing* here?!"

Slowly the Clan MechWarrior stood up and turned to face him, removing his helmet to reveal the aged yet familiar features of his younger cousin.

"We did our best to hold out on New Caledonia. When Clan Wolf issued the *batchall* at the training center, we tried to ambush them with hidden field guns. They knew right where we were and they still let us take the first shot before they swept our positions with laser fire. The old *Chameleon* and *Stingers* didn't stand a chance. One of their scouts was knocked out by the initial barrage, and I cut through the hatch and managed to take a few shots at the Star Commander's 'Mech before they disabled me. I guess they were kind of impressed by that, because the next thing I knew, they had slapped a bondcord on me."

Lars lowered the gun, his eyes widened as he struggled to take in the enormity of his kin's sudden confession. Reflexively, his lungs gasped as he spat out "Amadeo... You're a *traitor*!" His voice was a shrill quiver in a way he thought he'd left behind in primary school.

"You know I would never betray you, Lars...betray my mamma and

pappa, ofarbro, Loke. Remember when we tried to enlist together, the way the commissioners sneered at us? They looked down on us. Why? Just because we were born in a farming community rather than in a palace?

"It couldn't be helped. The brass can't entrust BattleMechs to just any random enlistee. They're some of the country's most valuable assets! They need to know they're placing them in the hands of someone educated, that they can trust."

"Sure, someone of proper blue-blood, like them! Remember when the local minister confiscated your father's land? They claimed they needed it for an environmental research facility. What ended up there?"

"A vacation home for the baron's aunt..." Lars admitted, forlornly.

"That is right! We chased out the Dracs twenty years ago, and all we have to show for it is our own class of betters to replace theirs. The oppression and condescension is the same, only the accents have changed. The Clans will change all of that!" Amadeo snapped, "thanks to the Wolves, I have finally been able to reach my dream of being a MechWarrior! They've-, They *have* created a society based on merit, where ability and drive decide a person's destiny, not birth and influence!"

"Ah- are you crazy? They're *killing* our people!" Lars brought his pistol back up to face Amadeo, as much to stop him from making eye contact as to threaten him. Amadeo's eyes grew sharp and cold.

"There were Rasalhagians in the Regulars too, but they were on the wrong side. It is an unfortunate fact of history that the blood of those on the wrong side must be spilt to grease the wheels of progress."

"Who decided they're wrong, Amadeo!" Lars shot back, "Dracs, Clanners, even Kerensky his damn self has no right to tell Rasalhagians how to live! The Amadeo I knew understood that! This is *our* country!"

Perhaps realizing he was still a captive and was rapidly enraging his captor, the Wolf glanced around, raised his hands and attempted to calm his cousin.

"Of course, Lars! Of course it is! But there is a better way! The Clans can teach us! Help us to be strong enough to never fear the Great Houses again!"

Lars looked down at the ground, the faces of the friends he'd known on Rasalhague flashed one by one before his eyes. Brothers and sisters in arms he'd watched die. Neighbors he didn't know were alive or dead. Friends he'd only said goodbye to in the quiet of his own bunk after he'd seen their name on a distributed casualty list. He'd said goodbye to Amadeo too. This Wolf MechWarrior wasn't the cousin he knew—he was just another predatory animal that just so happened to have found itself cornered. His mind was made up.

"Do you remember what Pappa said the night he put ol' Jack down?" Lars asked.

"Jack's not Jack anymore. The Jack you knew is gone. That rabid dog's no...different...than a wolf...now," Amadeo recalled, trailing off as he suddenly realized the implications.

"Goodbye, Amadeo." Lars whispered, a split-second before the loud crack of his Sternsnacht's report and a hole opened up in the Wolf's forehead. The man who was Amadeo fell face-first into the snow, staining it red with his ichor. Lars pumped three more rounds into the creature's back to make sure it was dead before turning to leave.

Olafsen and Stanley came running towards him as he trudged back towards *Lady Dragon*.

"You okay, Sarge? We heard shots!" Stanley hollered at him, holding his submachine gun at the ready.

"Yeah." Lars said "Wolf thought he was clever, but I took care of him."

"Jeez, Sarge! No need to go it alone! If I did something like that you'd have had me tossing sandbags for a month!"

"Yeah..." Lars said, his voice trailing off as the sound of helicopter blades rose in the distance. A pair of tears ran down his cheeks as he looked away from the rescue Osprey coming in to pick them up. If anyone saw, he was going to blame the snow blowing into his eyes.

Odin Manufacturing Proving Grounds

Orestes

Free Rasalhague Republic

10 June 3052

"All right, Pierson! You're good to go. You can fire her up whenever you're ready!"

Lars disengaged the safety switches and shunted power from the fusion engine to the leg myomers before nudging *Lady Dragon III* into a slow walk out of the hanger. Leaving the maintenance scaffolding behind, sunlight streamed across the brand new *Phoenix Hawk's* canopy. First off the line after its second relocation in two years, *Lady Dragon* wasn't a PXH-3K, but a test-bed assembled with whatever component parts were on hand.

"Two targets will be coming up in one click on your right, engage with particle cannons."

"Uppfattat." Lars radioed back.

Lady Dragon strode out into the testing grounds, where two captured "toads" sat along a grassy ridge. As they drew closer, Lars pivoted *Lady Dragon's* torso around and unleashed a sapphire torrent of lightning from either forearm at the Clan battle armor, melting away the torso armor and knocking the left one to the ground.

"Yoi skott, Pierson! How's the temperature?"

"Holding steady, sir. Gonna open up the throttle while I head for the next target point."

"Go ahead, Pierson. You're clear to proceed."

Lars took in a shallow breath and then slid the throttle forward, pushing the *Phoenix Hawk* into an all-out run. A jolt of excitement ran up his spine in spite of himself, and he grinned. Bounding over the expansive green field reminded Lars of his father's pasture, and the experience of doing so in his own BattleMech made him feel like a kid on Christmas.

"Next target is on the other side of that hill. Hit the jets and we'll test the heat tolerance!"

"Uppfattat, sir!" Lars called back, firing up the back thrusters and hurling his Pixie high into the air. With wings of flame fitting for a *Phoenix Hawk*, he soared over the ground, watching the terrain whip by beneath. Suddenly, he caught sight of his target. The momentary distraction slowed Lars's reaction time, and *Lady Dragon* staggered as she hit the ground like a ton of bricks. There, in the middle of the firing range, was a shot-up *Griffin IIC* in Wolf Clan regalia.

His throat suddenly dry, Lars thought back to that day two years ago, when he'd put an end to the monster his cousin had become. He thought back to the days when they'd played MechWarrior together out in the pasture. All their lives, all they'd wanted to be were heroes in big metal men. For Amadeo, it was a dream he had been willing to pay any price to obtain. The big metal man he coveted had become an end to itself—an end he'd betray and kill his own people for. For a split second, Lars looked out at the Clan 'Mech and saw ten year old Amadeo, sticking his arms out in a parody of a *Warhammer's* PPCs...

"Vad suru du, Fanjukare? The temperature is falling, go ahead and fire!"

Lars pivoted the *Phoenix Hawk* into a grounded firing stance and opened up with the particle cannons and lasers. Sparks and flashes of light played across the *Griffin IIC* as its armor bubbled and warped from the heat, but in Lars's mind, there was only Amadeo, laughing as they fought their last roman candle battle fifteen years ago. Sweat poured down Lars's face, the same as it did on that hot summer night on Rasalhague. The wolves had taken everything from him, his family, his homeworld, but as the slagged *Griffin* fell to earth, for the first time in an eternity, Lars felt like he had a *chance*. A smirk crept across his face.

"I made it the right way, Amadeo," Lars whispered to himself, "don't worry, I'll be hero enough for the both of us."

OLD WOLVES

New Oslo System
Free Rasalhague Republic
15 July 3050

The *Mother Wolf's* command deck was a contrast of light and shadows, partly for effect and partly because several of the lightstrips had burned out and had yet to be replaced.

Galaxy Commander Anton Fetladral stood tall on the center of a dais, surrounded by several screens. Four of the monitors displayed the head and shoulders of other Wolf Clan warriors, while the fifth showed nothing by static. "How much longer until contact is established with the *Dastard*?"

"Five more seconds, Galaxy Commander!" a technician shouted. As if on cue, the fifth screen flickered and the broad face of a man with gray hair worn long and wrinkles around his eyes and mouth appeared. "Apologies Galaxy Commander," he said in a deep voice. "We are here."

Fetladral went from screen to screen, looking at the commanders of the trinaries for this operation in turn: Sanal, Corrine, Gregory, Nraf, and Ghull. "Wolves of the Dorbeng Garrison Cluster," he said, his voice low and commanding.

"Galaxy Commander," Star Captain Sanal said. She was the commander of the Sixteenth Garrison trinary and the nominal cluster commander. In the lights, she looked pale and drawn, but he heard the suspicion in her voice. The others followed heartbeat later with their greeting.

Fetladral unclasped his hands long enough to signal Star Captain Bihur, his aide, to activate the holotable. The flat table to his right flickered to life slowly, taking several seconds to stabilize into the programmed image. "Our prize. The Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe Enterprises BattleMech factory on New Oslo." He smiled as he saw the warriors quickly straighten in interest. "Yes, my Wolves. you have been given a chance for more glory."

"What are the defenses?" asked the gray-haired warrior. "The Khan must think little of them to allow *us* the glory."

Fetladral looked at his image. "The *touman* is stretched thin, Ghull. We are being given a chance to prove ourselves yet again."

Ghull nodded. The Elemental was the only Star Captain in the cluster that wasn't a MechWarrior. "I do not debate the reason why we are here, just our enemies' defenses. What are we facing?"

"Armor, maybe a few BattleMechs." He saw the frowns on several of the Star Captains' faces. "Some of you seem disappointed."

"We expected a fight on Hermagor," Sanal said disgustedly. "Instead the *surats* surrendered with barely a mummer of defiance."

"Not on Bruben," Ghull said.

"Aff," Nraf said. The commander of the Ninetieth Garrison Trinary was thin-faced, with hair cut close to the scalp. "They fought hard, but we broke them again and again. Only when we killed their commander did the remaining *stravag* finally surrender."

"I expect a fight here," Fetladral said. "This is the only BattleMech factory the Rasalhague Republic has. They will do anything to keep us from seizing it intact."

"So, we can expect ambushes and traps," Ghull said with a smile.

"That is not how real warriors fight!" Nraf snarled.

"They are not real warriors," Corrine said with a snarl.

"But they will kill you as easily as any warrior could," Fetladral said sharply. "You all know that what the enemy may lack in skill and

ability they will make up with cunning and deceit. I cannot stress that enough. I expect you to treat the enemy as a real threat."

"We understand Galaxy Commander," Ghull said, his expression serious. "Do we bid?"

"No." The Galaxy Commander looked at his aide and motioned him to change the holotable's image. After a few seconds, the image changed to a three-dimension map. "This is the area around the BattleMech factory. I intend on landing here at Vilminko." He pointed to a small dot on the map, then moved his hand to the mountains. three lines suddenly appeared, slowly flashing Red. "We will move through the Lapinlahti Mountains through these three passes. Ghull, your Trinary Twentieth will go through Svalia Pass to the east."

"Aff, Galaxy Commnder."

"Corrine, you will take your Trinary Seventeenth through Breum Pass, to the west." The Star Captain scowled, but nodded.

Fetladral motioned to the center blinking line. "Trinaries Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and the Galaxy Command Trinary will take Trysil Pass. Our Aerospace fighters will secure the skies over our advance. Once through the mountain, we will reform and push on to Lilihammer. Once we have secured the city, we will move north, into the Ringsaker Valley, where our main objective lies."

"Weather conditions?" Ghull asked.

"Snow and cold." Fetladral took a moment to look at each Star Captain for several seconds before moving onto the next one. "We land in two days. I want your Trinaries ready in twenty-four hours. Excuses will not be tolerated. Is that clear?" There was a chorus of "Affs" from his subordinates. "This meeting is over."



"What is bothering you, Bihur?"

The Star Captain looked up at his superior, sitting at his desk in the Galaxy Commander's small office. The command meeting had broken up two hours before, and the two were dealing with the work required of all commanders—paperwork.

"Sir?"

Fetladral leaned back in his chair and watched his aide. "You can tell me."

"I am uneasy about using this cluster for this assault."

"You think they will not do the task?"

"I fear they will seek other things than victory."

Fetladral stood. "Not as long as they have a task. The Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe Enterprises Mech factory is a prize we must have and must deny to our enemies."

"And if the intelligence on the enemy is wrong and a stronger force waits for us?"

"Then we will show them old wolves are still dangerous."



Trysil Pass
New Oslo
Free Rasalhague Republic
23 July 3050

"Epsilon Six, this is Eagle Six."

Through his *Executioner Prime's* view strip, Fetladral watched his

Cluster advance toward the mountain pass. "Epsilon Six here. Go for Eagle Six."

"No sign of the enemy in the passes."

The Galaxy Commander frowned. "Are you sure?"

"As sure as we can be," Star Commander Zorba replied. "The passes are too narrow to allow us to fly through."

Fetladral glanced at the top of his view as if trying to spot Zorba's *Jagatai* in the skies above him. "Understood. Epsilon Six to all Raptors. I want a point from each Star to scout the approaches to Lilihammer. The enemy is waiting for us, let us not disappoint him."

He sat back and brought his 'Mech to a stop. The trip from Vilminko to the mouth of the pass had been uneventful. *No sign of the enemy* had become the phrase of the day. A few men on foot, probably enemy scouts, had been spotted, but they had fled long before any of his forces could get close. The enemy was supposed to have an entire armor division, but they had yet to sight any of its units. Clearly the defenders were up to something, but what?

He was confident in his force, no matter what the enemy threw at them. The three garrison trinaries with him—the Sixteenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Garrison Trinaries—each consisted of a 'Mech Star, Elemental Star and an Aerospace Star. In addition both trinaries assigned to Galaxy Command were with him. The command trinary had two stars of 'Mechs and a Elemental star, while the support trinary had two 'Mech stars, mostly *Nagas*, and an aerospace star. The other two garrison trinaries—the Seventeenth and Twentieth—were approaching other passes nearby, forcing the enemy to split his forces.

"Something is wrong," Bihur said.

"Agreed. The enemy hides from us."

"Like cowards," Nraf growled.

"Or someone laying a trap," Fetladral replied. "Dismount the Elementals and send them forward. Command Beta Six, support the Elementals. Support Six, deploy your *Nagas* in case the Elementals find something. Red Six, deploy to cover our rear."

"Yes sir," Sanal replied. "Blue Six, right flank, Green Six, take the left flank."

As he watched the 'Mechs move into place, Fetladral switched channels. "Black Six, Gray Six. Beware of possible ambushes."

"Understood Epsilon," Ghull replied, sounding amused. "Gray Command has already deployed and are advancing. Wonderful day for a walk."

Satisfied, the cluster was performing as expected, Fetladral examined the map of the area on one of his screens. The walls of the pass rose a hundred meters in the air, its walls roughened by thousands of years of erosion. At the mouth it was several hundred meters wide, but the map indicated it severely narrowed in several places farther in and made several twisting turns. The walls were lightly covered with snow, though a rocky outcrop high on the left side of the pass did cause some concern if the enemy had thought to mine it with explosives.

He glanced out his viewscreen and saw the wide open plains leading up to the pass. The ground sloped up gently for several kilometers, leaving the pass mouth higher than the surrounding area. There were a few groves of snow-laden trees scattered across the rolling plain, but it was mostly open and covered in a meter of snow. The highway they were using as a guide was snow-covered, but there was enough uncovered to see it was four lanes wide and ran from Vilminko to Lilihammer through Trysil Pass.

As he watched the Elemental deploy from the half-tracks they were traveling in, He noticed the snow on the ground reached the knees of the battle armor. Any unaugmented soldier was going to be

slowed by the depth of the snow, which made it highly unlikely there would be enemy soldiers in the pass.

"Where are they?" Nraf muttered over the general radio frequency.

"They will come," Gregory replied. "If they have any fighting spirit."

"Contacts!" someone shouted. "Multiple contacts, coming in from the northwest and southwest! Moving fast! Both air and land!"

Fetladral spun his 'Mech toward the contacts. Yes, he could see the spray of snow, dozens of them, moving fast along the snow of the open plains that bordered the pass' opening. Enemy hover tanks, from their speed. Just then there was a whoosh and an explosion ninety meters to his right and forward sent a large plume of snow and dirt into the air. A second explosion was followed by a third and a forth, sending more snow and soil into the air, but otherwise not doing any damage to the cluster. Artillery.

"Epsilon Six to all units!" he barked, putting his ninety-five ton 'Mech into a run. "All Raptors, find that artillery and destroy it! Support Six, bring all your *Nagas* to bear on the enemy hovercraft! Red Six, spread your cluster to protect the *Nagas*! Command Beta, cover the pass, Command Alpha, Command Charlie, in reserve."

Epsilon Six, Ghull said, his voice calm, professional. "We are moving to rejoin you—"

"Neg, Gray Six! You and Black Six push through your passes and look for their headquarters!"

While the cluster, like the rest of Epsilon Galaxy, was considered "inferior" to the Wolves' front-line Galaxies, the warriors moved with a purpose and knowledge only gleamed from a lifetime of training and combat. Fetladral watched Sanal direct her cluster into position as the enemy closed the distance. Elementals used their jump jets to make long bouncing hops passed his *Executioner* on their way to the front while the vehicles they had traveled in moved out of the way of the forming battle line.

He looked at his sensors, gaging his enemy's strength. At least two battalions' worth of Republic vehicles, both ground and air, were closing in on his position. As he watched, another wave of vehicles followed the first. "Epsilon Six to Eagle Six. We are under attack. Recall the scouts from Lilihammer and dispatch two points from each Raptor star to supply air cover. The rest of the Raptors are to locate and destroy that artillery and any enemy force they find."

"Aff, Epsilon Six. ETA five minutes."

Several more artillery rounds landed near the Wolves, showering several 'Mechs with snow and dirt, but not doing any significant damage. By now, Fetladral's computers had started identifying the approaching units—J. Edgar and Harasser hover tanks on the ground and Warrior and Peregrine attack helicopters above them. Behind them, larger hover tanks—Saracens, Scimitars, Saladins, and Drillsons—followed.

"There are so many of them!" someone said.

"Then you will not be missing that many targets. Qiaff, Hee?" Nraf growled.

"Aff. But there are so many!"

"Support Six ready!" Star Captain Von called out.

Fetladral's smile was wolf-like. "Support Six, fire."

To his left and right, the nine *Naga Primes* that made up Trinary Support's Alpha and Bravo Artillery Stars fired their Arrow VI systems. The missiles shot into the air and arced toward the oncoming tanks. Packed as they were, there was no room to maneuver as the missiles fell on them.

Explosions ripped through the leading edges of the assault force, ripping through armored skirts and into armor itself. Several disappeared in flashes of light as flame and pressure found volatile materials, their fragments ripping into the tanks around them.

Vehicles smashed into each other, adding to the destruction.

"Support Six, fire," Fetladral said, and another volley of missiles arced into the air and came down on the enemy force. The second round of explosions ripped into the closely packed hovertanks with an even deadlier effect than the first volley. But they still came though the smoke and flames, their movement erratic and swift.

"Attackers in the pass! Attackers in the pass!"

At Star Commander Laj's shout, Fetladral glanced in the direction of the pass. The artillery strikes had loosened much of the snow on the pass walls, and several piles of snow, half the height of a light 'Mech had fallen onto the road. But the more immediate threat was the two companies of heavy armor coming down the snow-covered roadway. "Command Alpha, Command Charlie, with me!"

His *Executioner* had only taken a couple of steps before it was bracketed by a pair of artillery rounds. He staggered as the ninety-five ton 'Mech was battered by shrapnel, frozen dirt, and ice. He gritted his teeth and willed himself to stay standing, his knuckles white from the grip on his controls. After several seconds of unsteadiness, the *Executioner* steadied and he exhaled slowly.

"Galaxy Commander!" Bihur shouted. "Are you all right?"

"Aff!" Fetladral growled. His head was ringing and he felt a little dazed. "That artillery is becoming annoying. Red Six, hold the line at all costs! No one is to get through!"

"We will hold them, sir!"

"Support Six, fire at your discretion."

"Understood sir!"

"Epsilon Five with me."

The two 'Mechs—Fetladral's *Executioner* and Bihur's *Gargoyle*—raced to join Command Alpha and Charlie as they moved toward Command Beta, who were giving ground to the attackers, trading long range missile and lasers for space. They had fallen back to where the pass began to widen into the plain. As he watched, one of Beta's 'Mechs, a *Crab*, took a number of long-range missiles across its legs and torso.

"Beta, what is your status?" Fetladral demanded.

"The pass is too tight to maneuver in," Laj replied, "All Beta units have taken damage, but are still factional. Enemy is in battalion strength, mostly tracked vehicles."

Fetladral frowned as his sensors began identifying the enemy's vehicles. Spearheaded by a quartet of Behemoth assault tanks, the force pouring through the pass lacked the speed of the hovertanks, but had much more firepower and armor.

The frown became a nod of agreement. The enemy's plan had been to engage his entire force with the hovertanks and VTOLs, while the heavy armor hit them from behind once they were engaged with the hovertanks. Here in the pass, they were packed close together, but they had the numbers and firepower to push their way through. Alpha Command!" he barked. "Concentrate on the Behemoths! Beta Command, Charlie Command, flank that spearhead and cut it off from the rest of the attack!"

A chorus of "Affs" answered him and Command Alpha—mostly Star League era second-line Assault 'Mechs—surged forward, concentrating fire on the lead Behemoth. Multiple PPC hits ripped into the tank's front glacis plate, shattering armor and finding something explosive inside. The intense explosion lifted the turret off its ring and sent it several meters into the air before crashing down onto the hull at an angle, the two heavy autocannon barrels bent out of shape.

Command Beta—lighter and faster than Alpha—leapt past the struggling armor spearhead and began sniping at the following units, mostly Manticores, Bulldogs, and Vedettes with a few other

designs scattered among them. Lasers and autocannons filled the pass, missed shots melting or fragmenting the walls of the pass. Over the radio, Fetladral could hear Star Commander Laj barking terse orders to her star.

A Gauss round from Lyanne's *Highlander IIC* ripped apart the tread and several road wheels on a second Behemoth, crippling it. As it tried to swing its turret around to fire, two points of Elementals belonging to Command Charlie swarmed the crippled tank, ripping away armor, smashing all viewports and visible weapons, and firing into any opening they could find. Smoke began pouring from several areas of the tank, and the turret shuddered to a halt.

Orren's *Gargoyle A* was struck by autocannon fire from two of the Behemoths, but the Clan 'Mech fired back, both PPC bolts finding turret armor. With a snarl audible over the radio, Orren sent his eighty-ton 'Mech into a lumbering run right at the Behemoth, the *Gargoyle's* lasers burning away more armor. The Behemoth opened fire with all its secondary weapons as Orren charged in, but the volley either missed or found fresh armor. With a yowl, Orren kicked the Rasalhague tank, caving in the tank's side and destroying the track on that side.

The single remaining Behemoth reversed tracks, firing at Nlare's *Guillotine IIC*, ripping away armor and staggering the seventy ton 'Mech. Fetladral swung to bring the tank into his crosshairs, and fired. His Gauss round and the large lasers found turret armor, but the tank continued moving backwards, its turret swinging toward him. PPC bolts, Gauss rounds, and lasers from several directions ripped into it, scoring away even the tank's heavy armor rapidly. Smoke pouring from several tears in the armor, the Behemoth shuddered to a halt.

"All Epsilon elements!" Fetladral snapped. "Status!" Another artillery round slammed into the snow-covered dirt sixty meters away and smoke was making the surroundings hazy. The weapons fire was still intense around him, but he was in his element.

"Gray Six to Epsilon Six!" Ghull's tone was hard and distant. "The walls of Svalia Pass are mined! We cannot dismantle them, so are pulling back!"

"Black Six confirms!" Corrine added. "Breum Pass is also mined! What are your orders?"

Fetladral scowled. "Gray Six, Black Six, pull back and regroup with the rest of the cluster. Hit the forces attacking Red Six from behind and destroy them!"

"Aff, Galaxy Commander," Ghull replied. "We are on our way."

"Beta Six to Epsilon Six!" Laj's tone was strained with effort. "We cannot hold the pass any longer! There are too many enemy tanks and we are taking heavy damage!"

"Pull pack to Alpha's position and hold," Fetladral directed, turning his *Executioner* toward the battle behind him. "Red Six, what is your status?"

"We are holding," Sanal replied, "The *Nagas* have disrupted their original attack plans, but the enemy is throwing everything against us, and we have several 'Mechs down. Their helicopters are especially annoying. Where is the stragg air support?"

"I do not know, but I will find out. If you need to, pull back and consolidate the line."

Sanal snorted. "Against tanks and VTOLs? These are not the Hell's Horses we are dealing with. It will take more than that to defeat us."

"Epsilon Six!" Orren barked. "The enemy is advancing through the pass in heavy numbers!"

Fetladral turned his *Executioner* back toward the pass. Beta Command, battered, worn, and in need of major repairs, had joined Alpha and Charlie Commands and were now firing into the pass. The



return fire was heavy and too many shots found Clan armor. Despite Alpha's heavier armor, they were taking too many shots to last long.

As he watched the battle, his eyes drifted up to the outcropping in the pass. It was maybe the size of a *Dire Wolf* and probably more than twice the weight. It was probably mined, set to explode and drop into the pass when—

An idea blazed into his mind.

"Support Six!" He said. "I want you to assign one of your *Nagas* to me!"

If Von had any opinion on his commander's sudden order, he didn't express it. "Support Beta Six is at your call."

Fetladral thought for a second before putting a name to the call sign. "Support Beta Six. Gisela, how many Arrow IV do you have left?"

"Five rounds for each launcher," Gisela replied. Fetladral could hear the questioning in her tone. "What are your orders?"

"I need you to move to my location at once. I have a fire mission for you."

"I am on my way."

"Epsilon Six to Eagle Six, What is your *savashri* status?"

"Seven dead artillery pieces and at least two suspected headquarters," Zorba replied, sounding annoyed. "The first flights should be over you in one minute."

As he watched the Command Stars' battle, Zoll's *Crab* took several missiles around the right knee, locking the joint and causing the medium 'Mech to fall. Muttering under his breath, Fetladral broke into a run toward the battle, followed by Bihur. As soon as he saw the first enemy tank—a Manticore—he lined up his sights upon it and fired. The Gauss round slammed into the turret, near the main cannon, denting and bending the PPC's barrel enough to make it useless. Bihur's medium autocannon rounds were right behind, the stream of slugs finding side and turret armor.

But as he looked down the pass, he could see at least a battalion's worth of tanks firing and advancing. Here and there, a tank was burning, but the tide of steel was moving forward and the air was filled with both black and white smoke, mixing into a unhealthy gray.

"I am here," Gisela said. Fetladral saw Gisela's *Naga* was behind and to his left. "What is your target?"

"The rocky outcropping on the pass wall." He lined up his target and fired, sending a Gauss round at the outcropping. The slug smashed into the rock near the outcrop's base, sending a spray of rock into the pass below. "Right there!"

"Understood." The *Naga* set it's feet, rotated slightly and fired both launchers, becoming lost in a cloud of smoke. Fetladral watched the missiles arc into the air and head for the outcropping, both volleys struck the outcropping, one on the side, near the wall, the second lower near the bottom. a shower of rocks and dust rained down on the armor inside the pass.

"Adjusting," Gisela said, sounding distracted. The *Naga* fired again, and again, both powerful missile volleys ripped into the outcropping, causing a larger shower of rocks and dust to fall onto the armor below. A LRM carrier exploded as a bolder the size of a small car crushed the box launchers and their load of missiles. A Bulldog was half-buried under rocks.

"Continue firing," Fetladral said. "Command Stars, maintain position, but be ready to advance on my command."

Gisela's third volley bit deep into the outcropping, and this time, there were several smaller explosions to accompany the larger ones. Fully two-thirds of the outcropping fell away from the cliff face and crashed down into the pass, crushing a dozen tanks and mauling a dozen more. The advancing tanks slowed in confusion and panic. Fetladral smiled viciously. "All Command Stars, advance."

Three hours later, Fetladral leaned against the foot of his *Executioner*, eating a ration bar and watching his command clean up the remains of the battle. the smoke was still thick in the cold air, and the stench of burning metal and other odors were strong in his nostrils. Beyond the movement of 'Mechs, it was strangely quiet.

After dropping the outcropping into the pass, the tide of battle changed, Fetladral lead his command trinary into the pass, smashing into the unorganized enemy like wolves attacking a stag. What Wolves' firepower did not do, blind panic and the need to escape did. In the end, he doubted more than a dozen tanks at the rear had escaped, the rest either destroyed or captured. At the same moment, the cluster's aerospace fighters had arrived and after a few strafing runs, the hovercraft had broken off their attacks and had run away, pursued by the aerospace fighters and the late-arriving trinaries commanded by Ghull and Corrine. Many tanks did not escape.

Bihur walked up. "The repair column is here."

"Good. What is the final count?"

Bihur glanced at the noteputer in his hand. "We have no dead. Several warriors are injured, though not seriously. Nine 'Mechs and thirteen battle armor suits are considered combat ineffective, and ammo levels are at critical levels with the exception of Corrine's and Ghull's trinaries. Senior Technician Kline estimates it will take eighteen hours to repair and reload all units."

Fetladral scowled. "He has twelve hours. Enemy losses?"

"Upwards of eighty percent. We estimate we were attacked by three regiments of armor and VTOLS."

"Prisoners?"

"Five hundred and fifteen as of this moment. The Elementals are checking the crippled tanks for survivors. We have counted two hundred and fifty destroyed or damaged armored vehicles and VTOLS—so far."

"So, a victory." He took a bite out of the ration bar.

Bihur nodded. "Several prisoners have told us they are part of the First New Oslo Armored Division. They are the main defending force and their destruction should made our task easier."

The Galaxy Commander snorted. "Easier? Do not count on it."

"Who is left?"

"The plant's defenders and I'm sure every militiaman between here and the plant. If they have any 'Mechs, they will be at the plant. This maybe a victory, but this victory cost us something we can ill-afford to lose—time."

Bihur tilted his head slightly. "Orders?"

"Inform Ghull and Corrine they are to move through Trysil Pass and secure the approach to Lillihammer. As soon as trinaries are eighty percent effective, they are to move up and join Ghull. Make sure Technician Kline knows I will be unhappy if the repairs and reloading takes more than twelve hours."

"I will make it clear to him, sir."

"Good. We are done here for the moment."

After Bihur left, Fetladral finished the ration bar and closed his eyes. A good fight, but he doubted it was going to be the only one here on New Oslo.

To the players, Agents, and fans of *Battletech*,

The 2017 World Wide Event (WWE) "Scorched Earth" was a real dream come true for me.

For years I have been wanting to bring back WWEs. I became a Demo Team Agent in the spring of 2008. My very first event was *Operation Kabutomushi*, the 2008 World Wide Event, to say nothing of the many that I participated in as a player. And then, after a very successful 2008, the Worldwide Events stopped. 2009, 2010, and 2011 saw various historical events but nothing about them was new or carried any weight whatsoever. By 2013 even those were no longer being done.

Many people, players and agents, have asked over the years to bring them back and especially to bring back the "storyline" influencing style of events. We weren't able to do that this year and I can't, and won't, promise that we can ever bring them back. But that doesn't mean we can't have events that are new, unique, and interesting to the universe. That was my goal for this year's event. People have also asked for a Martial Olympiad (MO) and trust me when I say that I too want to bring it back (I placed 36th worldwide in my first MO). There's a pretty big logistical issue that's holding it up but if we can overcome that then I'll be the first one to put together a new MO. Until then, we're going to keep doing the best events that we can of the more traditional "scenario" format, like New Oslo this year.

New Oslo offered us a chance to test the waters, so to speak. It allowed us to potentially fill in some details on a very under reported event. It gave us a chance to relearn how to organize such an event. It also gave us a chance to try out some unique ideas for scenarios. We've gotten some pretty good feedback from both Agents and players about all those things. We're taking them to heart and are already planning next year's event. I'm optimistic that it'll be just as, if not more, fun than this year's.

My deep gratitude goes to all the volunteers who helped design, write, format, and playtest the entirety of this year's event. My sincerest thanks go to all the Agents who took the time to run this event for their local gaming group. And most of all, I hope that all the players who participated in this had a fun time and look forward to next year.

See you all in 2018!

Alexander "GreyWolfActual" Kaempfen
Catalyst Game Labs Agent #314

2017 WORLDWIDE EVENT RESULTS

Reported Events	44
Total Players	232
A Time of War Events	4
Average Winner	Free Rasalhague Republic
Average Number of Key Buildings Destroyed	2.4
Average Player Survival Rate	72.5%
Lilihammer (Total Warfare) Events	21
Average Winner	Free Rasalhague Republic
Total Victories	15:6
Average FRR Points	38.62
Average Wolf Points	20.67
Ringsaker Valley (Alpha Strike) Events	18
Average Winner	Clan Wolf
Total Victories	8:10
Average FRR Points	9.65
Average Wolf Points	8.35
Objectives Met:	
Kill two of the three highest-ranking Wolves.	10
Prevent the factory's capture until the computer banks wiped.	7
Half the GKT Volunteer Regiment survives the fight.	5
Kill the Elementals.	11
Occupy three of the four largest factory buildings.	7
Destroy the most valuable half of the GKT 'Mechs.	18

SUMMARY

SITUATION

New Oslo
Free Rasalhague Republic
Late July 3050

This scenario details a small engagement on New Oslo between Clan Wolf and the Free Rasalhague Republic (FRR). This *A Time of War* (ATOW) role-playing game (RPG) scenario is part of the 2017 World Wide Event presented by Catalyst Game Labs Demonstration Agents. This ATOW RPG scenario will be linked to games using *BattleTech* and/or *Alpha Strike* rules to recreate the conflict that took place on New Oslo. These scenarios will be linked, with events from one game often affecting the next.

This game is designed for 4-5 players, and will take 4 hours to complete, unless the GM has a special final session with two opposing groups of player characters. The players may be forces of the GKT Volunteer regiment, fighting for the FRR, or may be unit of freeborn infantry of the Clan Wolf Dorbeng Garrison Cluster (DGC, or often, just "Clan").

The scenario is similar for both forces. A brief lull has occurred after a fierce counter attack by FRR forces. Both sides are sending whatever forces are available into the no-man's-land to secure, or destroy objectives before the battle begins in full again. Time is a very limited quantity in this scenario. The FRR forces are trying to destroy an objective before it falls under control of Clan Wolf, while the Clan seeks to secure that objective to help leapfrog their advance forwards.

STRUCTURE

Both sides are given a certain amount of time to complete the objective. Travel time will comprise a significant portion of that time. There will be several encounters along the way which can increase or decrease this time, based on the player's actions. The GM will track travel time, encounter time, and time spent by players planning or resolving encounters. This total time will determine just how difficult securing the final objective is, or if the players outright fail the mission.

The Adventure session should be played out in a four hour real time period. The characters have around four hours of game time to reach their target. Reaching the target early will make the final counter somewhat easier. Reaching the goal after that time will increase the difficulty. Arriving late will cause an automatic failure.

Each encounter section will detail a base travel time to be added to the time elapsed for the scenario. This base time will be listed right after the scenario title. Players must make choices to deal with each encounter once an encounter is done, that specified time is added to the total, besides any other time the GM assesses for player's actions or planning.

The GM should always keep track of in game time, so he can answer the frequent requests for time the players present. A simulated clock may make a useful and entertaining play aid to create.

The adventure starts at 1300 hours. Sunset is at 1700 hours. Environmental modifiers for night take place. Base time for travel increases by 50% for groups after 1730 unless one player has the Night Vision Goggles, then the time is normal.

CLAN VERSUS INNER SPHERE

This adventure is designed for players to be FRR or Clan characters. Characters are found in

Appendix B. Each encounter will start with a brief description, a briefing to read to the players, and then the encounter details. It is possible for the GM to have Clan and Inner Sphere groups play in separate sessions all but the final encounter, and then have the two sides face off against each other in a final session. This option is detailed in the final encounter.

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

ENCOUNTER RESOLUTION

The GM will note the result of each encounter. Specific actions by players may affect the

final scenario, and future games, based on player actions. The player group's overall success or failure in the scenario may provide an advantage for their respective side in future games in the World Wide Event. Also, the players who, by determination of the GM and their fellow players, roleplay their character exceptionally well may receive a special advantage or bonus they may in a future scenario. Suggestions on how to use the results to impact other games are in Appendix A.

TRACKING TIME DURING ENCOUNTERS

When players are out of combat, but are doing in character discussions, planning, or other

roleplay, the GM should use a timer to track just how much time the players are spending. If players spend 10 minutes planning how to deal with a threat they have spotted the GM records ten minutes. Do not count time spent for looking up rules, making requested rolls, or reading a description of a scene or answering a question. Combat time should be tracked by the number of turns. The GM should be fair, and not count time against players for out of character interactions or resolving rule mechanics, or taking a break. However, if players spend an inordinate time in planning, or discussion, track that time and count it against them. The GM should always clarify to players when they are "on the clock", reminding them the time spent in conversation or planning is being tolled against them.

GAME RULES

This scenario uses the basic rules from the ATOW. It is not recommended that any of the

Optional Personal Combat Rules starting on page 189 be used, except for the section "Lethality Reduction" on page 192. The rules for Increased Armor Effectiveness are in effect. Those rules are quoted below.

Increased Armor Effectiveness

A more indirect method of handling lethality is to address the issue of personal armor. Under standard gameplay, any standard damage that the character receives after armor reduction (presuming the armor has sufficient BAR to do so) is applied as normal standard damage. To boost armor effectiveness, gamemasters opting for this lethality-reducing rule would translate any standard damage that penetrates personal armor into Fatigue damage instead. (Fatigue-inducing attacks remain unchanged.) Remember, however, that this effect only occurs when an attack is made that penetrates the character's personal armor. If the AP of the attack is equal to or greater than the armor's BAR, it penetrates without effect and remains lethal."

GAME MASTER NOTES

ON COMPLICATING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure was formatted with the idea that many players, and even GM's, would be very new to ATOW, and the groups could comprise individuals with different experience and who had not played together. It was also designed for play in a very limited time span of 4 hours, suitable for a simple store game, or a typical convention gaming slot. Therefore, many options were limited, and certain choices were restricted for simplicity and speedy play.

For groups with more experienced players and GM's, I am listing possible complications and alternatives to make for a more enjoyable, if complex game. Some could be used without heavily slowing down the speed of play or time to resolve the adventure. For those who run the scenario as not part of an event, but just for a general RPG experience, there is no need to stick to the playtime of four hours. These complications will take more time to resolve, both in game time and real world time. You may need to expand the scenario time guidelines for successful completion of the mission if you add many of these suggestions, or create your own unique complications.

SUGGESTED COMPLICATIONS:

Initial Crash

The type and amount of gear allowed to be found through searching was kept narrow and limited for balance, and to force layers to feel a tradeoff of time versus reward. A GM could allow for a more creative and free form search experience, letting those with skills such as Technician Weapons, Mechanics, or Electronics find and repair damaged gear, beyond that on the chart, which is on site. The GM could add another complication in the presence of burning fuel, or exploding munitions, forcing the players to make skill checks or ability saving throws to salvage equipment in a flaming, exploding wreck.

Travel difficulties

To speed the scenario, the characters were (except in one encounter) able to find the best course, and had ample water and supplies. The GM could require players to make ground navigation rolls from encounter to encounter. You may also rule that the players are short on water, allowing those with survival skills to help the group.

Inter-party conflict

As presented, some characters have differing motivations, and even outlook about the battle. Encourage this by offering opportunities for conflict. Perhaps have the opposing side offer them favorable terms. Some members might even find an opportunity to desert attractive, if they think they can find a way off planet. Some characters may have strong, even violent disagreements about certain choices, such as various ways the players could deal with the civilians.

Minefield Encounter

Though perhaps not advisable, a foresighted PC with skills could conceivably unearth a mine to find a use for it, though its

weight and encumbrance may be an issue. Never stop a bad idea that may literally blow up in the players faces.

Civilian Encounter

The options with the civilian encounter were kept limited for speed of resolving the encounter, and to make it easy to judge one of the possible effects on future games by the results of how the civilians were treated. A GM may wish to make the interactions much more flexible. Use of negotiation may convince the civilians to let the players use a vehicle "for the good of the Republic," and avoid some of the negative impacts detailed in the aftermath on future games. With a use or survival, tactics, or other skills, the players may direct the civilians to a safer place, or even escort them back to their town and help them make a shelter, if the GM wants to rule the town is on the way.

The civilians have minimal skills and weapons; the only purpose of a fight is to make the players choose between a lethal or non-lethal level of response. The GM could make some civilians be deserters, who have hidden away much more capable weapons. For Clan players, the GM could have the refugees be intelligence operatives who intended to slip behind the lines, observe, and then communicate back what they found.

This encounter can really humanize and put a face to the combat, and should be expanded if played outside of the normal 4-hour real time limit. If you really want to complicate things, you can always toss in the ever dreaded very pregnant lady about to deliver, or a kid who gets injured and needs medical attention—at the cost of time.

Friendly Fire

Instead of the two presented options to sneak away or ride it out, a GM may be presented with many other strategies. Players may try to modify a communicator to contact their fighter, make signals, or a distraction, and improvise a smoke cover to help their evasion.

Final Encounter

The facility in the scenario is in a stripped, non-functional mode. A GM who wants to allow more unconventional ways of fighting may allow players to use skills to bring systems back on line. Using electronics or computer skills, scavenging fuel for a generator, perhaps the players can turn on the lights in the buildings, and all around the area, open or close doors, sound alarms, or even use the inactive security camera system.

If you want a more desperate and pitched battle, perhaps make both pillboxes fully operational. Allow some heavier weapons or equipment to be found, perhaps even light exoskeletons, a construction 'Mech. (Give at least one PC the skills needed to operate it). Then increases the opposition force by two or three times, or even have it have a few members in power armor.

ENCOUNTERS

ENCOUNTER 1:

NEW ORDERS

BASE TIME: 0

(CHARACTERS ARE NOT YET ON THE CLOCK)

In this encounter, the players meet and find out the basic details of their mission.

PLAYER BRIEF: FRR

The players get orders to report for a briefing from their Commander. The GKT Volunteer Regiment is still loosely organized, with a hodge-podge of hastily assembled and purchased equipment. The players themselves hail from many backgrounds; some are survivors of devastated units who have been falling back from the ongoing Clan offensive; others are members of the local planetary militia.

Read this to the players:

"You are disturbed from a less than enlightening "News" briefing by the GKT PR rep. A runner from HQ summons your platoon to a hasty briefing. You crowd into an improvised briefing room. In a few minutes Kapten Thorpe enters. A few veterans added to the ranks recently come to attention, followed by the slower, still green recruits of the GKT Volunteers.

"Good morning. We have a high priority mission. We have roughly one hour to prepare before departure, so listen closely. I don't have time to repeat myself. The counter-attack by the 1st Armored has halted the Clan offense for now. We will take advantage of this time—"

"We're going to drive the Clanners back, Sir?" The question came from Boot. No one really knew his name yet. He was just called Boot as he just arrived that morning on a truck from the boot camp that was rapidly (too rapidly, according to many) churning out "trained" soldiers for the GKT volunteers. He, like many other recruits still hoped there was a chance the Clans could be driven off planet.

A glare from Kapten Thorpe silenced Boot. "We will take advantage of this opportunity. There were several important targets that were supposed to be destroyed as we withdrew into the initial defensive lines for Lilihammer Valley. Unfortunately some of those targets were not destroyed. If captured intact, these locations will provide the Clanners with supplies and logistics support that will only increase their ability to sustain an offense.

We have a narrow time frame. A major attack is building, and that area will soon be heavily contested. We must get in, find the target, and get out before all hell breaks loose. The attack will be launched in the next five hours. We estimate the battle will overrun the mission area anywhere from one to two hours after that.

We will utilize VTOL transports to deliver our unit to our target. Clan presence is sporadic, but still dangerous. We will maintain radio silence until we need extraction.

After we get to the location, we will secure it, and then destroy it with demolition charges. We will then return to our defensive positions long before the Clanners even know we were there." Kapten Thorpe quickly discusses the objective: an underground storage area that was also a logistics command post. Its secure underground storage and ample distribution infrastructure would make an

excellent supply and repair point close to the future battle line near Lilihammer Valley.

The briefing is soon over, and you are dismissed to return to your squad areas to pack your essential gear. There isn't much time to spare, but it seems your Platoon Sergeant at least found a few minutes to help train Boot how to properly ask questions during a briefing, though how doing pushups in full body armor is related you aren't too sure.

PLAYER BRIEF: CLAN WOLF

The players get orders to report for a briefing from their Point Commander. The Dorbeng Garrison Cluster primarily has been responsible clearing and securing areas, especially cities and villages. Many in the Cluster still find this assignment better than chasing bandits or sitting on some rock, never going into battle. This order, into an offensive role, is a welcome change, at least to some members.

Read this to the players:

"You are cheerfully notified you are to report to the Point Commander instead of escorting another batch of captured soldiers and civilians for processing and evaluation as bondsmen. You nod at your disgruntled relief, and your unit crams into the dilapidated trucks you were issued as Transportation. The Clan wastes nothing, and there is no need to give newer, modern military transportation to mere freeborn infantry when the enemy had carelessly abandoned so many civilian trucks for the Clan to use.

You arrive at the commandeered building that is your temporary HQ. You aren't sure why it was called a coffee house. Coffee comes in instant packets; an entire building need not be used to make coffee. Obviously the Inner Sphere tyrants who formerly ruled this planet preferred to waste valuable resources better used to house their exploited citizens. The sheer wastefulness of it all makes you feel a sense of purpose in the Clan's liberation of this world, bringing the benevolent rule of the Clans to the long suffering innocents of this world. Your Star Commander wastes little time once he walks into the room. Your Star simply sits patiently, awaiting the next bit of labor or drudgework to be assigned.

"We are fortunate today. I have received orders from Star Captain Conrad." The sarcasm normally found in the Point commander's voice upon receiving orders from the Star Commander was missing. Conrad was the unhappy Trueborn MechWarrior assigned to the Nova of OmniMechs assigned to the area. His unhappiness at his assignment was obvious in the treatment of the freeborn infantry.

"It seems the latest counter attack by these, and I quote 'feeble surats masquerading as warriors' has been repulsed." He pauses for a moment. "However, it seems, by some mysterious coincidence, that his OmniMechs now require a great deal of repair, and will not be available to carry on with operations for some time. I am sure those 'feeble surats' could not have had anything to do with it, of course."

A low rumble of mocking laughter briefly filled the room. The infantry took pleasure at the Star Captain's embarrassment. Though victorious, the damage to his unit was costly in pride and prestige.

"He also has received orders from the Star Colonel. There is a supply and logistics center our enemy failed to destroy in the last attack. Star Captain Conrad should have secured it. He failed to do so. He has been ordered to protect it, and prevent its destruction by the GKT Volunteer Regiment. As his OmniMechs are not yet ready

to return to battle, he has ordered us to immediately move out and capture the objective."

There is a pause of surprise, then a growl of pleasure from many. The opportunity of being on the offensive and contributing to the Clan's victory is rare for such a unit, and the determination of your freeborn comrades to prove their worth is as firm as your own. The added bonus that their success would greatly embarrass the Star Captain who misses no opportunity to insult his freeborn troops, though unspoken, is readily apparent to the entire unit.

"So, what are you waiting for? To the transports! We will make up the rest when we get there, as we always do."

There should be no problem. Allow a few minutes for the players to interact, or ask questions about their equipment or characters. The characters can ask questions of their commander/unit members, but they get precious little more information other than the location of the objective, and that they have 4-5 hours to demolish it before it is captured (or for the Clans, secure it before it is destroyed.)

Players have the equipment on their sheets. As this is a quick mission, they are not taking a heavy load of gear for an extended mission. They are not issued additional equipment, as everything they need will be on the transports. Players who waste time trying to find, buy, or steal additional equipment should be ordered onto the transport by their superior. Players who refuse orders get accused of cowardice and get one last chance to get on the transport. Players who refuse this last chance are arrested, and miss the adventure.

ENCOUNTER 2: A SLIGHT DETOUR BASE TIME: 15 MINUTES

The players are in their transport to the target zone, when an unexpected encounter leads to a crash. They awake, as the only survivors. Now they must decide how to continue the mission.

PLAYER BRIEF: FRR

Read this to the players:

"Karnov transports are normally not a bad ride. However, any VTOL, moving at maximum speed in evasive, Nap of the Earth (NOE) flying, isn't enjoyable. You try to listen to the briefing from your commander over your military communicator, but what you really are focusing on is keeping the contents of dinner in your stomach, and not all over the floor, or your squad mate next to you.

Suddenly there is an unpleasant sound: you hear the machine gun on the Karnov suddenly engage. The sounds of missiles and autocannons can be heard even over the Karnov's struggling engine. The VTOL suddenly twists, and you can feel its dropping even closer to the ground. There is a sudden explosion, and even the dim red lighting goes out. There is screaming, smoke, and sudden alarms, and you feel the Karnov spinning out of control. Fortunately, this only lasts for a second. Unfortunately, that's because the whole world goes dark."

Pause for a moment, and then continue reading.

"The world suddenly comes back. Your head hurts, your body aches all over. You realize a few things are wrong. You are no longer

flying. In fact, you are no longer looking at the inside of the Karnov. You are still strapped into your seat, which apparently somehow stayed intact at the VTOL disintegrated when it crashed. You feel horrible, but you are alive. Now to find out if there is anyone else."

PLAYER BRIEF: CLAN

Read this to the players:

"Normally, your unit does not get the luxury of a Hover APC, but the need for haste overrides all other concerns. The Clans may be frugal, but a real need will be met with the appropriate resources. It is an ancient design that is centuries old, but it is well maintained. Despite that, the driver seems determined to test the full capabilities of the stabilizers. You try to listen to the briefing from your commander over your military communicator, but what you really are focusing on is keeping the contents of dinner in your stomach, and not all over the floor, or the soldier next to you.

Suddenly there is an unpleasant sound: you hear firing weapons. Your APC has engaged something, and that isn't good. The sounds of missiles and autocannons can be heard, and your APC suddenly staggers from multiple impacts. You can feel the driver going beyond any safe speed to evade the airborne foes. You hear a distant explosion and a shout of triumph from the Hover APC driver. Suddenly there is a much louder and closer explosion. There is screaming, smoke, and you feel the APC shudder then suddenly roll over. Fortunately, this only lasts for a second. Unfortunately, that is because the whole world goes dark."

Pause for a moment, and then continue reading.

"The world suddenly comes back. Your head hurts, your body aches all over. You realize a few things are wrong. You are no longer moving. In fact, you are no longer looking at the inside of the hover tank. You are still strapped into your seat, which apparently somehow stayed intact. You feel bruised where the straps of your chair were pushed to the limit keeping you in your seat. You feel horrible, but you are alive. Now it is to find out if there is anyone else alive, find your gear, and then decide what to do. Whatever it is, you don't want to waste time. The crash had to attract someone's attention. And if you are to continue on with the mission, you now have to cover the distance on foot, and get to the objective in the next four hours. Maybe the enemy will be nice and give you some extra time, but you do not want to count on that."

The characters awaken, and have no standard damage but all of the Fatigue Damage circles, except one, are filled in. Their gear is scattered all around. They soon discover only a handful of their unit is left: the player characters. The only gear on them is their body armor and helmets. Everything else was stowed above or below their seats, and has been scattered at the crash site.

Advise the players that their military communicators are still functioning, and display the time. They were unconscious for about an hour. That means they have about four hours to get to their objective and accomplish their mission. Too much time beyond that and the enemy will probably have overwhelming forces on the objective. Inform the players how you will track all time as explained in "TRACKING TIME DURING ENCOUNTERS" above.

The players can rest to remove all of their Fatigue damage. It takes a mere minute of such rest. Players must make a Perception Test to recover their standard issued gear. A Margin of Success (MoS) of +0 means it takes 10 minutes to find all of their gear. A Margin of Failure (MoF) of -1 to -2 means it takes 20 minutes, but they find their gear. A MoF of -3 or worse takes 20 minutes, and they find only half of their weapons, determined randomly. A MoF of -3 or worse finds nothing after 20 minutes. A Fumble means all of their gear (other than the armor) is lost, and no further rolls can be made to find their gear. The player must spend time on the "Searching the Debris" to find weapons and equipment.

Players must search at least once for the most valuable gear: several sets of demolitions gear. For the FRR players, this gear is important as the demolition charges are, according to records, already in place, and merely the final set up and detonation must occur. For Clan players, this is important as they need the proper equipment to remove the demolitions to protect the base. This gear is automatically found with first search attempt. There is enough equipment for each player.

Searching the Debris:

The crash was very violent, bodies and gear were flung far and wide, and much of it destroyed. Still, players may glean useful items from the wreckage if they look.

Each round of searching by players takes 10 minutes. The players make a perception check, with a MOS of 1. For every two points over the MoS, the player may add +1 to the dice chart below after seeing the roll, or may reduce the search time by 1/2. A player may always choose not to roll, and instead salvage a full set of standard gear (Armor, helmet, gloves, boots, auto pistol and auto rifle, grenades, and basic field kit). Certain items can only be found once. They are marked by an asterisk. Once they are found, treat that entry as a result of "Unusable Gear". Although the unit and vehicle may have been carrying an immense amount of equipment the players may ask about, simply tell them most of it was burned or otherwise destroyed. If players insist on searching methodically for heavier weapons or armor, or trying to salvage damaged weapons from the vehicle, let them. Prudent decision making about time usage is a key factor of success, and if the players waste time, the consequences will be evident by the end of the module.

ENCOUNTER 3: WATCH YOUR STEP (ONE HOUR)

The players set out on foot to their objective. A detailed terrain map is not provided. Simply tell players they have ample directions, skills, and maps to make their way in the best manner possible to the objective, and that when there is a significant decision about the choice you will inform them.

In this encounter, players leave behind anything close to safety and enter a true no-man's land, and discover the leftovers of battle may still be deadly. The players come across an errant minefield.

READ TO EITHER SIDE:

"Your journey has been uneventful so far. You've passed a few ruined buildings, and empty battlefields scavenged until nothing of any worth remains. The number of ruined vehicles and mangled bodies was ominously increasing for a while, but as you have entered the area uncontrolled by either side, the terrain ahead is clearing out and empty."

The players have entered a minefield that was planted, but sadly in the rush of battle its coordinates weren't updated. For the Clans, the information simply wasn't passed down to the freeborn troops out of a simple lack of concern by their Star Captain. Seeded with anti-vehicular and anti-personnel mines, it will pose a significant threat to Clan forces when the attack resumes.

The GM makes rolls for characters to see if they detect the minefield, using the skill with the lowest Target Number. Characters with Demolitions: MoS +2/+4; Characters without Demolitions: Perception, MoS 4/6; Tactics Infantry or Land/ MoS +3/5.

Characters that make the skill roll by the first number get a sense that something about the area is wrong. This isn't like a sixth sense, but more that they recognize something amiss. A Demolitions skill success might notice a vehicle damaged by an explosion that came from underneath. A Tactics roll may simply note this road was, according to their last briefing, not being used (though they can't recall why.) A Perception roll may notice it looks like recent traffic was diverting from this area, or that the area is much less travelled that it was just a few minutes ago.

DEBRIS SEARCH TABLE

2d6 Roll	Result
2	Unusable Gear
3	Sniper Rifle Minolta 9000 10 Clips, Night vision Scope* FRR/ StarFire ER Laser Rifle with 4 Cartridges Clan
4	Vibroblade* FRR / Vibrosword,* Clan
5	Laser Pistol with 2 Power Clips FRR/ Pulse Laser Pistol (Clan) with 2 Power Clips
6	Laser Rifle with 2 Cartridges (FRR) / ER Laser Rifle with 2 Cartridges Clan
7	1 Box with 10 Fragmentation Grenades *
8	Advanced Medical Kit*
9	4 Military Grade Power Cartridges 250 grams 20 PP FRR/ 275 gram 30 PP Clan
10	2 Night Vision Goggles
11	Light Machine Gun, 4 Ammo Containers* (FRR)/ Pulse Laser Rifle with 4 Cartridges (Clan)*
12	Choice

This may prompt players to halt and search further. This extra search takes an additional 10 minutes, and allows the characters to roll again. Characters making the roll by the second number detect that they have entered a very dangerous minefield.

Failure of all the roles indicated the players enter the minefield. Make Edge saving throws. The character that fails this roll by the most (or makes it by the least if all characters succeed) is 'fortunate' enough to discover a mine. In case of a failed roll, the mine goes off. In case of a successful roll, they hear a distinct noise, and suddenly notice they have stepped on the mine. If they remain perfectly still, the mine won't go off.

A character with Demolitions must approach them, and disarm the mine. This is a slow and tedious process. They must make a Demolitions skill roll to carefully move up and disarm the mine. This process takes 15 agonizing minutes. Make perception rolls for the character trying to disarm the mine to notice other mines (though none are present, the player need not know that.)

If the mine goes off due to a failed Demolitions roll, or if it was simply set off, apply damage as follows. Fortunately for the players (and because it is unfair to immediately kill a Player Character at the very start) the mine in question is somewhat weak. Perhaps it was improvised, placed poorly, or maybe the rare almost dud. Its normal damage (4X/12A) is reduced to 3X/8A.

Players can roll Demolitions, Tactics, or Navigation Ground skill rolls to find where the minefield ends or an alternate route. Players now have a choice. They can navigate around it and move on, or document the minefield area, to report back to their respective command. This may affect the coming offensive. It takes much longer to document the area.

It will take approximately 45 minutes to properly map and record the area, 15 minutes to work around it.

ENCOUNTER 4: VICTIMS OF WAR BASE TIME: 30 MINUTES

In this encounter, players come in contact with a group of civilians, and face difficult positions placing mission requirements against humanitarian aid to the true victims of war.

READ TO EITHER SIDE:

"You have made good time, making up somewhat for the minefield delay. You carefully cross a major road junction, just outside a ruined town. Just as you are about to move on, you see a group of vehicles coming down the road. Obviously civilian vehicles, they are headed in your direction. If you don't take cover soon, they will see you."

There is ample room for players to hide, though you can make the players roll anyway. If the players do not hide, you can modify the next text, as the civilians don't have a choice about stopping.

"The lead civilian vehicle suddenly lurches, and comes to a slow stop. It obviously is suffering some kind of mechanical breakdown. It is a four door car, but it seems absolutely crowded with people. The vehicle behind it is a truck, the cab is also filled, and the bed of the truck is also filled with people. They have the unmistakable look of refugees from the nearby town, who have waited far too late to flee."

If the players didn't hide, the civilians cower in their vehicles, terrified. If the players are Clan, the civilians won't leave the vehicle

for any reason. If the players are FRR, one male will leave the vehicle, and approach slowly if the players request.

If the players stay in cover, they watch as the group helplessly tries to fix the vehicle, but it seems none of the refugees has a clue what to do. They try to see if anymore can fit in the truck, but it is already at capacity. They civilians argue amongst themselves, changing their minds about what to do—and they are wasting time.

The players can try to sneak away unseen. They can do this, but it will take them additional time, adding 30 more minutes to their travel time.

The players can interact with the civilians. If they help, a character with Technician/Mechanical can fix the vehicle and send the civilians along in 20 minutes. If they make the roll by a MoS of +3, the time is halved. While these repairs are ongoing, if they players ask where the civilians are heading, they will note their proposed route heads toward the minefield they just left. They may wish to tell the civilians to go another direction. The civilians will beg for food, water, and escort to safety from FRR forces. The characters may give them whatever they want, but they cannot escort them to safety without abandoning the mission. Track the time spent talking to the civilians as part of the encounter time.

Another opportunity is apparent. The characters can take the vehicles from the civilians, and shorten their trip. Due to their armor and gear, only four characters can fit in the car, and only two in the cab of the truck. They could take just the truck, and put the rest of the platers in the bed of the truck. By doing so, they will greatly speed up their speed of travel. For the FRR forces, this will put the people they have sworn to protect in danger, and perhaps create bad publicity. For the Clans, the publicity problem doesn't exist, and the command wouldn't care. But these people are helpless, and without vehicles, they have no chance of making it out of the area before the attack resumes. They may walk back to the ruins of their town and hide.

If the players order the civilians to turn over their vehicles, the players may use Negotiation to convince the civilians it is necessary for the common good (FRR) or that they will all suffer if they don't

REFUGEE

ATTRIBUTE	RATING	ATTRIBUTE	RATING
STR	3	INT	3
BOD	3	WIL	3
RFL	3	CHA	3
DEX	3	EDGE	2
SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #	SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #
SMALL ARMS	1/7+	N/A	N/A
MELEE WEAPONS	1/7+	N/A	N/A
STANDARD DAMAGE	6	FATIGUE DAMAGE	6
WALK	6	CLIMB	3
RUN/EVADE	16	CRAWL	2
SPRINT	32	SWIM	6
ARMOR (LOCATION/TYPE)	LOCATION	BAR (M/B/E/X)	
None	N/A	N/A	
WEAPON 1	AP/BD	RANGE	AMMO
Revolver	4B/B	8/18/40/90	6
WEAPON 2	AP/BD	RANGE	AMMO
Club	1M/1	N/A	N/A

(Clan). If this roll is failed, or not even attempted, the eight strongest refugees try and fight while the others hide in their vehicles. The civilians have little chance, but the lethality of the player response may shape events in the campaign later.

The GM is encouraged to play up the roleplaying conflict inherent in this scenario, having the refugees display a fear that makes the Clan warriors possibly hesitate, and laying a massive guilt trip on the FRR soldiers.

If the players take the vehicles, they get to subtract one hour from the Base Time of the next scenario.

ENCOUNTER 5: FRIENDLY FIRE ISN'T FRIENDLY BASE TIME: 1 HOUR, 15 MINUTES

The players suffer air attack from one of their own units, and must choose between trying to ride out the attack, or sneak away.

READ TO EITHER SIDE:

"It has been quiet since leaving the refugees behind. Perhaps some are uncomfortable with the choices made. You may be soldiers, but those refugees did not ask for a battle that destroyed their lives, erase the community their families had inhabited for generations. Perhaps the silence simply speaks to a lack of concern. The plight of the innocent victims of war makes for poor conversation in either case, so you continue on along, in silence.

Sadly, that silence does not last. You are greeted by the sight of a friendly Aerospace fighter overhead. Then you see that apparently it has turned around to greet you in a not so friendly manner."

The players have been mistaken for a hostile unit. They must find cover. (If the players took the vehicles from the refugees, they will be destroyed in the first pass). Otherwise the first pass comes terrifying close, but misses. (The GM should make a few dice rolls, shaking his head and moaning about his bad dice, then announcing, almost reluctantly, that the players weren't hit).

The players have these choices: wait it out, sneak away, or for players determined to do things the hard way, fight it out. Unfortunately, the player's communications gear isn't sufficient to contact the Aerospace fighter. Their orders were to maintain EMCON.

There are ditches, culverts, and other features that can be found that will provide ample cover. Players can find them with a Tactics/Infantry roll, MoS 2+ or Perception roll MoS +4. Two player characters can share a single piece of cover.

Players not in cover are subjected to damage. The first players(s) attacked this way are luck because the Aerospace pilot misses, and the cluster munitions it fires only catches the players within its 'strike zone' (pg. 210, ATOW). A single cluster round hits near any player not

finding cover, doing half normal damage of AP 5/ BD 3. The GM can note to players that a single cluster round that hits does a painful AP10/BD6. This should motivate them to find cover. If they players are not in cover when subsequent passes come around, roll 2d6. On a roll of 2-7, no damage is taken. On a Roll of 8-10, the damage is as with the first hit, AP5/BD/3. On a roll of 11 or 12, the player takes AP 10/BD6 damage.

Players in cover are safe, but the players should not know that, at the GM should roll dice, complaining about the safety of cover.

If they players wait it out, the Aerospace fighter makes several passes but fires only five times during that period. The players finally feel safe to move once ten minutes pass from the past pass, for 30 minutes. If players argue there is no way they would wait that long before moving, simply tell being under attack by something you can't possibly respond to is terrifying, and often that they had thought the fighter had been gone, only for it to make a reappearance.

Players who try to sneak away during passes must roll Stealth rolls with a MoS of 0 Characters with Tactics/Infantry may direct players who fail rolls to safe places to hide; they can help 1 player for every full two points of MoS they roll. Simply making the roll exactly or by one means they find a safe place for themselves. Players who successfully make rolls are safe. Those who do not are exposed, out of cover, and are at greater risk. Roll 2d6. On a roll of 2-6, no damage is taken. On a Roll of 7-9, the damage is as with the first hit, AP 5 / BD3. On a roll of 10- 12, the player takes AP 10/BD6 damage. Players need only make three series of rolls) before escaping the area, taking little time.

Players who engage in a fight with an Aerospace fighter waste ammo, and munitions, and get attacked as those who fail to sneak away each turn they attempt to do so. They either chose to sneak away, wait it out, or get killed. The number of passes the fighter makes if they hide is not reduced by the number of terms they actively tried to attack the fighter. Some fights are not worth fighting. A kind GM might let a player roll Tactics to figure this out, but a dead character might drive the lesson home.

ENCOUNTER 6: I KNOW A SHORTCUT! BASE TIME VARIES

Players come to an area where road signs and landmarks don't match the maps they have.

READ TO EITHER SIDE:

"The attack by the 'friendly' fighter rattled your unit for a bit. You have left that behind, but, you also seem to have gotten lost. Satellite navigation is not available anymore. So you have fallen back on maps and terrain recognition."

The characters have lost their way, and must rely on their land navigation skills.

The GM should make rolls for characters with Land Navigation skill roll. The GM should tell the players (in private or via note) how confident they are of their particular interpretation of the bet's course, and let them discuss whose course they should follow. This is a chance for characters to roleplay, and perhaps let force of personality trump the best answer. Once they choose a character to follow, use the base time listed for their roll.

NAVIGATION TABLE

Margin of Failure	Result
MoF 3+	(You are lost. You have no idea where to go) — 2 hours
MoF 1-2	You aren't sure, but you think you know the general way. — 90 minutes
MoS 0-1	Well, you know a route that will get you there, eventually. — 1 hour
MoS 2-3	You have a good feel for the best way to go. — 45 minutes
MoS 4-5/ Fumble	There is your way, or the wrong way. — 30 minutes. (Fumble Result 2 hours)

A player who insist on analyzing everyone's course by comparing them on one map, matching all of their points up may, with a successful Leadership Roll, find the best true course, but increase that best time by 50% to represent who long it took to 'negotiate' the best answer. A military isn't a democracy, and, a good answer acted on quickly may get the group to their destination that arguing and finding the perfect answer.

Add all in-character roleplaying to the Base Time

ENCOUNTER 7: END OF THE ROAD

The players have reached the objective. Are they too late?

READ TO FRR PLAYERS:

"You have finally made it to the site. You should have been here hours ago. You should have been here with far more people. Now it's up to a handful of soldiers to do the job of a company, and do it before the Clan forces arrive."

Total up the time spent by the FRR players to arrive on site, then read the appropriate entry:

Over 6 hours: *"The Clanners beat you to the site. They have taken over the site, in force too great for you to overcome. You did you best, and realize many would have given up after the crash and went home. At least you have gathered some useful intelligence to report back to command. Now it is time to turn around and go back the way you came, so you can help join in the defense at the oncoming onslaught."* (See result for Complete Failure of Main Objective.)

5+ to 6 hours: *"You see the site. Unfortunately, just at the edge, you see the Clan has secured the area, taken up defensive positions, and even emplaced a machine gun. You are going to have to kill all of the enemy forces before you can place the Demolition charges."* (See below for Hard Fight.)

4+ to 5 hours: *"You made it to the site, but the enemy seems to have just beaten you there. And have had time to undo some of the demolition charges and take up defensive positions."* (See below for Difficult Fight.)

3.5 to 4 hours: *"You made it to the site, but it seems the enemy has arrived at the same time."* (See below for Average Fight)

Less than 3.5 hours: *"You made it to the site long before the enemy. You had time to set up most of the demolition charges, and one pillbox, but it seems the enemy has arrived."* (See below for Easy Fight.)

READ TO THE CLAN PLAYERS:

"You have finally made it to the site. You should have been here hours ago. You should have been here with far more people. Now it's up to a handful of soldiers to do the job of a Star, and do it before the Spheroid forces arrive."

Total up the time spent by the Clan players to arrive on site, then read the appropriate entry:

6+ hours: *"The enemy beat you to the site. They have utterly destroyed it, blowing up all of the entrances to the storage facility and the maintenance buildings. You did you best, and realize many would have given up after the crash and went home. You hope you have gathered some intelligence to report back to the Star Captain, but you can already feel his stinging ridicule of the failures of mere freeborn warriors. Now it is time to turn around and go back the way you came, so you watch other warriors join in the oncoming onslaught, while you are relegated again to honorless tasks."* (See result for Complete Failure)

5+ to 6 hours: *"You see the site. Unfortunately, you see the enemy has a force on base, and you can see extensive signs of demolition teams at work. You are going to have to kill all of the enemy forces before they finish placing their demolition charges."* (See result for Hard Fight)

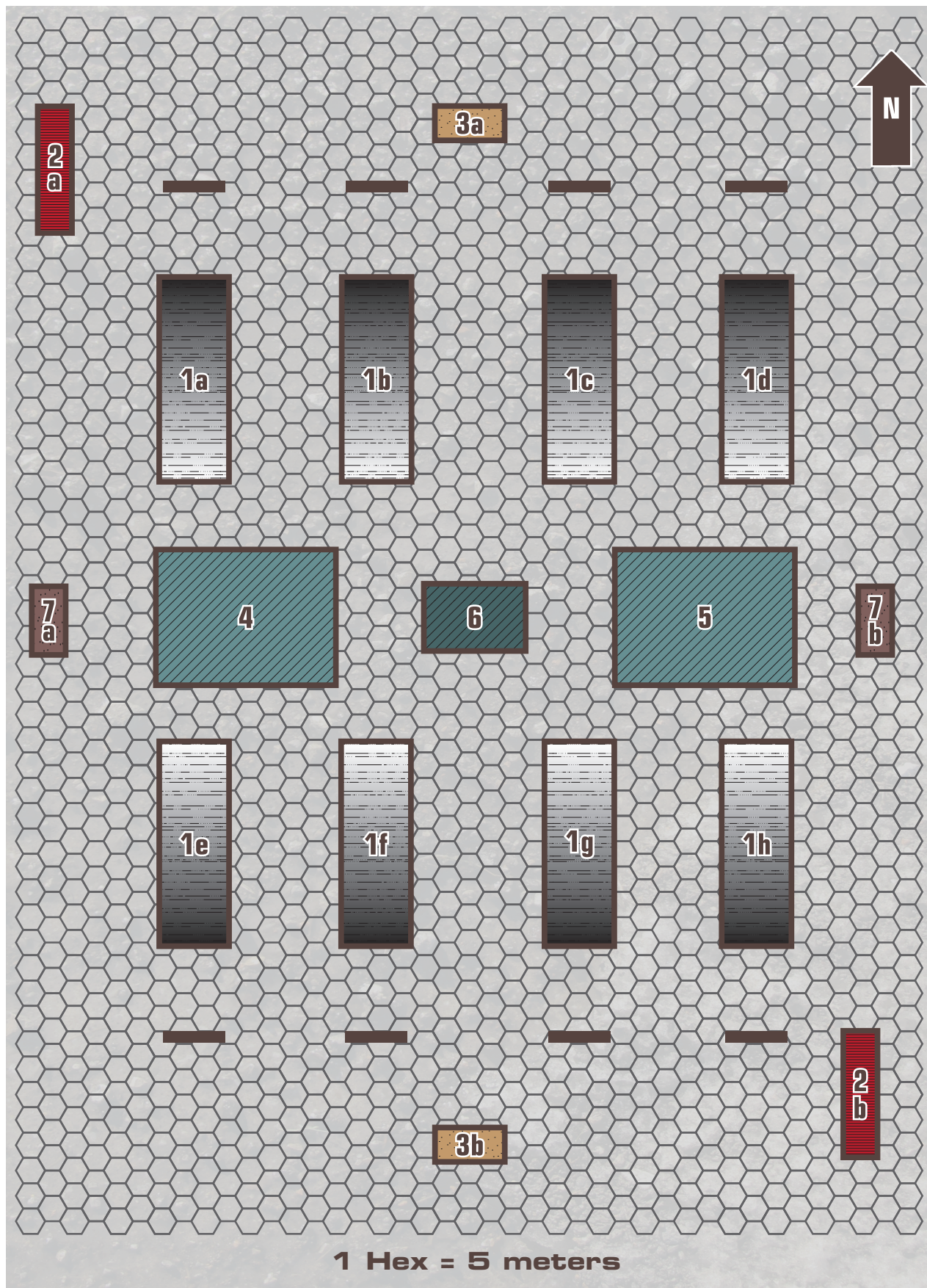
4+ to 5 hours: *"You made it to the site, but the enemy has just beaten you there. It looks like they have setup many buildings for demolition."* (See below for Difficult Fight)

3.5 to 4 hours: *"You made it to the site almost at the same time as the enemy. They have barely started their demolitions work. It is now a fight to the finish, before they can destroy the facility."* (See below for Average Fight)

Less than 3.5 hours: *"You made it to the site before the enemy. You had time to set up some defenses, now you must hold off the attack."* (See below for Easy Fight)



SUPPLY AND LOGISTICS CENTER MAP



MAP KEY

1. Ramps down into the underground storage areas. These sophisticated ramps feature gates at the front that prevent entry until the vehicle and cargo has been scanned in our out. The grey portion of the ramps represents the section of the ramp closer to ground level, and the change to a lighter color indicates the ramp sloping into the underground facilities initial reception area. They are also key to the facility. If these ramps are blown up, it will take time before they can be replaced and the facility used. The Gates are pop up concrete barriers one meter high, Barrier Armor Rating (BAR) 8, 6 Integrity (INT). There is a booth at each end of the gate, both featuring bulletproof glass, and made of Metal (BAR 6 INT 5 for the Windows, BAR 7/INT 7 for the booth walls.)
2. These are fuel pumps for vehicles, 2 at each station. The pump tanks are dry. BAR 4 INT 6.
3. These are completed pillboxes. They may have weapons, depending on the fight result table. However, their firing slits are present, and doors are installed, BAR 9, INT 30. The doors are BAR 8, INT 5).
4. This is a two story maintenance building. The walls are BAR 5, INT 7. It has windows (BAR 2, INT 4), front and side doors, BAR 4, INT 5) and a door big enough for large vehicles. BAR 5/ INT 5). A ladder is on the inside that leads to the roof and a fire escape on the outside from the roof. The top of this building can provide a good vantage point for a sniper.
5. This is a two story small supply warehouse for items meant only to be held for a short time and not processed in underground storage. It is empty. The walls are BAR 5, INT 7. It has windows (BAR 2, INT 4), front and side doors, BAR 4, INT 5) and a door big enough for large vehicles. BAR 5/ INT 5). There is no roof access.
6. This is a one story office building that has been reinforced, though it is not a true bunker. This is the central administration building, and many controls for the ramps and the storage facility are here. Destroying this building helps make using the facility more difficult. It has a door on the north and south. The windows have been shuttered. BAR 7, INT 8 for the walls, BAR 4 INT 5 for the shutters.)
7. There are incomplete pillboxes. They are holes with some foundation, but no completed overhead cover. This can provide a somewhat protected firing position.

Notes about the Facility

All hexes on the map are pavement. Surrounding the facility is about 30 meters of dry ground, heavily travelled, which then gives way to light trees. There is a major road to the north and south. None of the facility lights are working. The generators are powered down, the computers are off, and the communications equipment disabled, but not destroyed. Apply the modifiers for night time combat if the players arrive after 1730. The underground area itself is vast, large, and utterly empty. There is little point in having players access these areas. The demolition charges are on the ramps, and there is no equipment in the facility. Players who retreat into the storage area can be trapped and ignored until reinforcements arrive. Players contemplating this strategy should be permitted a Tactics roll to realize the futility of holing up inside.

Demolition Notes

The Facility was prepared for demolition, but due to the general confusion of the withdrawal, it was not completed. Large amounts of charges have been placed. The players must complete the wiring, and tie in the detonators to the remote detonator in their Demolitions kit. It takes 3 Combat turns to set up or (or disable) the demolition controls for one objective. Reduce this time by 1 round for a MoS of 3, and down to one with a MoS of 6+. Fumbles in setting up the charges cause irreparable damage. They would have to rewire all of the connecting detonation cord, and they simply do not have time to do it. Fumbles on removing the charges sets the charges off, with a five second timed delay, giving the players some time to get away before the structure collapses. Anyone inside or on a structure when the charges are set off is instantly killed. The demolition was rigged skillfully, to have the structures collapse inward, and is not a cataclysmic explosion spreading damage everywhere.

Demolition must be completed in the following structures:

- All Ramps into the storage facility (1a-1h)
- Fuel Pumps (Buildings 2a and 2b)
- Administration, Maintenance, and Temporary Storage (4, 5, 6)

SUCCESS CONDITIONS

There are 13 total structures to be destroyed. Success is measured by how many buildings are destroyed. Results are by FRR/Clan. FRR players may detonate buildings at any time, and may do so one at a time or all at once with a complex action to utilize a readied remote detonator. FRR players need not survive the scenario to win.

SUCCESS CONDITION TABLE

Structures Destroyed	Success Level (FRR/Clan)
12-13	Complete Destruction (Complete Victory/Complete Failure)
10-11	Demolished (Major Victory/Major Failure)
8-9	Severely Damaged (Minor Victory/Minor Failure)
6-7	Major Damage (Tie)
4-5	Moderate Damage (Minor Failure/Minor Victory)
3-2	Light Damage (Major Failure/Major Victory)
0-1	Virtually Untouched (Complete Failure/Complete Victory)

SCENARIO DIFFICULTY

Based on how quickly the players made it to the fight, their fight will be classified as Hard, Difficult, Average, or Easy

FRR Forces Description

Hard Fight: Clan forces have secured the area. They must defeat the Clan forces, and wire all of the buildings again, as the Clans have removed all of the wiring. The Clan forces have readied the pillbox on the south, the direction the FRR group arrives, with a heavy machine gun. The GM should distribute the Clan forces as he sees fit, inside the buildings, on top of the taller areas as snipers and lookouts. The players must probably infiltrate and sneak in closer, as a frontal assault will probably kill them. There are three more Clan soldiers

than PC's. Use the character sheets for the Clan player character group, then for any extra soldiers, use the template below.

Difficult Fight: The Clans are securing the area. The GM chooses 4 buildings on the Northern side of the map; these buildings have had their demolition charges removed. The players cannot destroy these buildings until they have defeated all of the Clan Forces. They may have to settle for destroying what buildings they can. The Clanners have secured the pillbox, but have not yet found and readied the heavy machinegun. There are two more Clan soldiers than PC's. The Clan forces should divide up, with the majority defending against the players, while two characters move from building to building removing explosives.

Average Fight: The Clans arrive at the same time as the players, on the opposite side of the map. All buildings still have their demolition charges. There is one more Clan soldier than PC's. The Clan forces should divide up, with the majority attacking the players, while two characters move from building to building removing explosives.

Easy Fight: The players arrived before the Clans. The players can pick any four buildings, and have already wired them to explode. The players can place themselves anywhere on the map before Clan forces arrived. The GM should try and have Clan forces infiltrate the base while some act as a distraction. Forces are even.

FREE RASALHAGUE REPUBLIC SOLDIER

ATTRIBUTE	RATING	ATTRIBUTE	RATING
STR	4	INT	5
BOD	6	WIL	5
RFL	4	CHA	4
DEX	4	EDGE	4
SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #	SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #
SMALL ARMS	3/4+	STEALTH	2/6+
MARTIAL ARTS	2/5+	SUPPORT WPNS.	2/5+
MELEE	2/5+	RUNNING	4
PERCEPTION	2/5+	THROWING WPNS.	2/5+
STANDARD DAMAGE	12	FATIGUE DAMAGE	15
WALK	12	CLIMB	6
RUN/EVADE	22	CRAWL	3
SPRINT	44	SWIM	12
ARMOR	LOCATION	BAR (M/B/E/X)	
ARMOR SUIT	T/A/L	3/5/4/3	
HELMET	H	5/6/5/3	
WEAPON 1	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
AUTOMATIC RIFLE	4B/4B	30/75/170/415	30
NOTES			
BURST, 15, RECOIL -1, 6 CLIPS			
WEAPON 2	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
AUTO PISTOL	3B/4	5/20/45/120	10
NOTES			
4 CLIPS			
WEAPON 3	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
KNIFE	1M/1	N/A	N/A

Clan Forces Description

Hard Fight: FRR forces have secured the area, and have readied the pillbox on the north, the direction the Clan group arrives, with a heavy machine gun. The GM should distribute the FRR forces as he sees fit, inside the buildings, on top of the taller areas as snipers and lookouts. The players must probably infiltrate and sneak in closer, as a frontal assault will probably kill them. There are three more FRR soldiers than PC's. Use the character sheets for the FRR player character group, then for any extra soldiers, use the template below. The GM chooses four buildings on the Northern side of the map; these buildings have had their demolition charges wired and will be detonated one every other turn starting with the 4h round of combat once combat starts and the FRR forces have been alerted. The FRR forces should divide up, with the majority defending against the players, while two characters move from building to building removing explosives.

Difficult Fight: The FRR forces are securing the area. The GM chooses four buildings on the Northern side of the map; these buildings have had their demolition charges wired and will be detonated one every other turn starting with the 8th round of

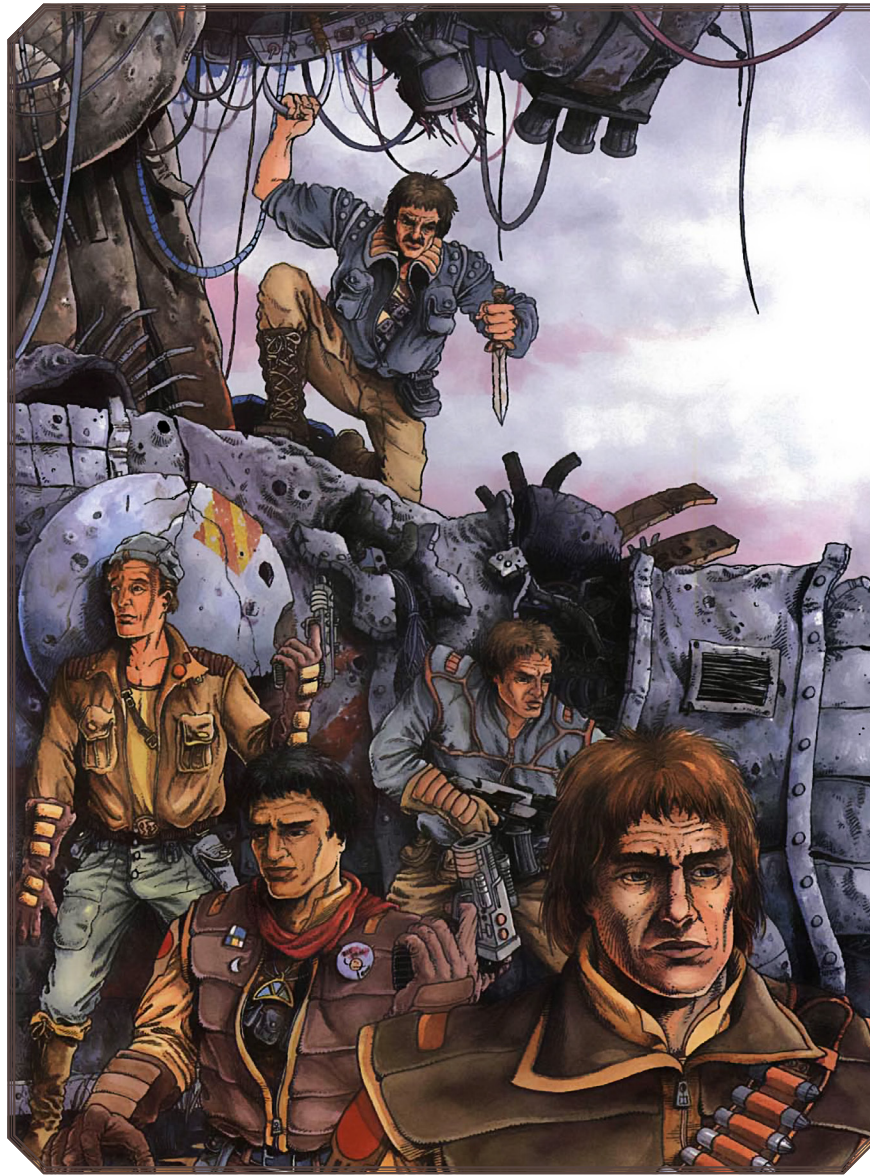
CLAN WOLF SOLDIER

ATTRIBUTE	RATING	ATTRIBUTE	RATING
STR	4	INT	5
BOD	6	WIL	5
RFL	5	CHA	3
DEX	5	EDGE	3
SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #	SKILL	LEVEL/TARGET #
SMALL ARMS	3/4+	STEALTH	2/6+
MARTIAL ARTS	2/5+	SUPPORT WPNS.	2/5+
MELEE	2/5+	RUNNING	4
PERCEPTION	2/5+	THROWING WPNS.	2/5+
STANDARD DAMAGE	12	FATIGUE DAMAGE	15
WALK	13	CLIMB	7
RUN/EVADE	23	CRAWL	3
SPRINT	46	SWIM	13
ARMOR	LOCATION	BAR (M/B/E/X)	
ARMOR SUIT	T/A/L	3/6/5/3	
HELMET	H	5/6/5/3	
WEAPON 1	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
AUTOMATIC RIFLE	4B/4B	30/75/170/415	30
NOTES			
BURST, 15, RECOIL -1, 6 CLIPS			
WEAPON 2	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
AUTO PISTOL	3B/4	5/20/45/120	10
NOTES			
4 CLIPS			
WEAPON 3	AP/PD	RANGE	AMMO
KNIFE	1M/1	N/A	N/A

combat once combat starts and the FRR forces have been alerted. The FRR forces have secured the pillbox, but have not yet found and readied the heavy machinegun. There are two more FRR soldiers than PC's. The FRR forces should divide up, with the majority defending against the players, while two characters move from building to building removing explosives.

Average Fight: the Clans arrive at the same time as the players, on the opposite side of the map. All buildings still have their demolition charges. There is one more FRR soldier than PC's. The FRR forces should divide up, with the majority attacking the players, while two characters move from building to building removing explosives.

Easy Fight: The players arrived before the FRR forces. The players can pick any four buildings, and have already removed the explosives. The players can place themselves anywhere on the map before Clan forces arrived. The GM should try and have FRR forces infiltrate the base while some act as a distraction. Forces are even.



AFTERMATH

The players, if they survive, return to their headquarters, and are told of the relative measure of their success. If all players died, the FRR forces get to hear a stirring memorial message about their sacrifice, and if they scored some form of victory, it should mention the advantage they have denied the Clan attackers. The Clan players should be told of a terse memorandum requesting replacement forces that will hopefully last more than one small battle before being wiped out, but, perhaps add a begrudging admission that their deaths served the Clan. Also read summaries of "Scenario Action Effects" for specific events that occurred during the adventure.

Opposing Player Character Groups.

It is possible for a GM to run this adventure for two completing parties. Simply run all but the final encounter of the scenario as normal. Then run a final session with both groups present. Subtract the travel time difference between the two groups. Use this as an absolute value of the force with the best arrival time to determine if the fight is Hard, Difficult, Average, or Easy.

APPENDIX A

SCENARIO IMPACT

It is up to the Game Master to determine the exact effect of the ATOW game upon his next scenario. However, below are suggestions for impact.

Complete Victory/Failure: If the FRR forces score a complete Victory, Clan Forces in the next scenario should arrive with pre-existing damage on all or most Mechs, and/or reduced ammunition supplies, to reflect they are stretching their logistics chain. Suggestions for Clan forces with a Complete Victory include: allowing Mechs in custom configurations for the next battle; granting free and automatic repair rolls for the next two scenarios if limited repairs are allowed; the automatic salvaging and return to battle of any Mech not destroyed by Artillery or Ammunition explosion; or the additional on one additional Mech of choice to the established force listings.

Major Victory/Failure: If the FRR forces score a complete Victory, Clan Forces in the next scenario should arrive with pre-existing damage Mechs, and/ reduced ammunition on 25% of their units, to reflect they are stretching their logistics chain. Suggestions for Clan forces with a Complete Victory include: allowing 25% of all OmniMechs custom configurations for the next battle; granting free and automatic repair rolls for up to 25% of the force the next two scenarios if limited repairs are allowed; the automatic salvaging and return to battle of up to 25% of all Mech units not destroyed by Artillery or

Ammunition explosion; or the additional of one random OmniMech to the established force listings.

Minor Victory/Failure & Major Victory/Failure: If the FRR forces score a complete Victory, Clan Forces in the next scenario should arrive with pre-existing damage Mechs, and/ reduced ammunition on one of their units, to reflect they are stretching their logistics chain. Suggestions for Clan forces with a Complete Victory include: allowing one OmniMech custom configurations for the next battle; granting free and automatic repair rolls for one unit for the next two scenarios if limited repairs are allowed; the automatic salvaging and return to battle of one Mech units not destroyed by Artillery or Ammunition explosion; or allowing them Clan fore to field one captured FRR light Mech rolled randomly.

Tie: No effect.

ENCOUNTER ACTION EFFECTS

Actions by players in the scenarios may have other game effects.

Encounter 3: Watch your Step

If the players take the time to map and detail the minefield in the GM may give that side the ability to place several mine hexes in one battle as determined by the GM. Read the following to the players if they did. "Thanks to the efforts of our troops, a hidden minefield was documented. This may be used to our advantage in the upcoming attack"

If the players did not, then in an upcoming battle, the GM may choose to randomly place mines on a map, and not tell either side until they encounter them.

Encounter 4: Victims of War

If players did not aid the civilians: "War has been harsh on civilians. A group was found to have wandered into a minefield and died." No other effect, other than some guilt.

If players aided the Civilians, fixed their vehicle, or game them food, water and medical aid: "The mercy shown to non-combatants has not gone noticed, and in return for your aid they have given some valuable information." In an upcoming scenario, intelligence gained from the civilians gives a bonus to initiative for the first 3 turns of battle.

If players took vehicles from the civilians: "Fear spreads among the populace; they now see your forces as little different from pirates." Protests in rear areas divert forces for security. Some units deploy late for the next battle by 3 turns, or some infantry or vehicle units are withheld to run security."

If players killed civilians: "Rumors of war crimes circulate. Your unit is now being referred to as no better than the armies of Amaris." Add several Green Infantry Rifle Companies as volunteers to the opposing force for the next battle.

Encounter 5 "The Unfriendly Skies"

If the players simply hunkered down and endured the air attack, read the following. "Apparently, the near eternity you were pinned down by that attacking aerospace fighter paid off; it was intercepted and destroyed, giving your force a very small advantage in the skies." In the next battle, the GM may allow limited passes from a light or medium Aerospace Fighter, or may rule that air support coverage resulted in random damage being inflicted upon the enemy before the battle.

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS:

The GM should choose one player from the group who did the best job at in character roleplay of their particular character, even if it was not always to a tactical advantage. That player should receive a single Edge usable in the next scenario, first choice of units, or some other individual benefit. Then allow the players to vote for their choice best player, and award an additional edge point or similar benefit. A unanimous choice should receive both rewards.

FRR CHARACTERS

Game master instructions: Read all of the player characters. Some of the Characters have unique gear with special rules (The Medic, for example). All have unique personalities. The GM should become familiar with the personalities, so he can help judge which player does the best roleplaying job with a given character. Some proper roleplaying may conflict with the goal of doing the mission as quickly as possible.

Character Notes: Players will note these characters do not have Names, Gender, Height, Weight or Eye Color noted. Characters range in age from 19 to 25. Players are free to modify these as they wish. The characters do have set personalities, quirks, and special characteristics. Players should read and become familiar with the character, and roleplay the character as described in the description. Players should use Traits as a guide to shape how a character interacts. For example, if a character has a Hatred of a certain affiliation, even if that affiliation isn't present, that hatred should make its way into conversation, expressions, or your general attitude. Skills that may not be immediately usable still show the knowledge and background of your character.

The game master should feel free to improvise situations and conditions that make certain skills more useful.

All characters have a Rank Trait that is expressed in their affiliation bar, along with a general archetype roll they fit in. No character is a noncommissioned officer. Three is the highest rank trait. Players will have to negotiate or determine leadership themselves.

CLAN WOLF CHARACTERS

Game master instructions: Read all of the player characters. Some of the Characters have unique gear with special rules. All have unique personalities. The GM should become familiar with the personalities, so he can help judge which player does the best roleplaying job with a given character. Some proper roleplaying may conflict with the goal of doing the mission as quickly as possible. This is especially true of the Clan characters. Many of them have directly competing agendas, even different ideas about the necessity of the mission being a success.

For the Clan Scenario, the importance should be given towards individual roleplay. The characters in this group have been given more complex backgrounds, and designed to come into conflict if roleplayed properly. This scenario should be viewed as a more challenging level of role playing than the Inner Sphere team.

In fact, if the Clan group succeeds in the mission due to teamwork where there is no conflict, no arguing, and at no times charters working at cross purpose, they have not properly role played their characters. This somewhat is compensated overall in terms of success by the fact that the Clan characters are somewhat better equipped, and have greater fighting skills in general. However, the scenario will require not just skilled combatants, but coordinated teamwork without any time wasted in conflict. So, despite the advantage in skills and equipment, the Clan players face the greater challenge if they play their characters appropriately.

The fact that the Clan team may fail the mission due to proper roleplay should not be viewed as a failure by the group. The objective of a role playing game is good roleplaying. For this reason, proper roleplay of each character should yield significant individual rewards for that Clan player in future scenarios, and may instead be used to determine any benefits given to the Clan side overall for later battles in the WWE,

Character Notes: Players will note these characters do not have Names, Gender, Height, Weight or Eye Color noted. Characters range in age from 19 to 25. Players are free to modify these as they wish. The characters do have set personalities, quirks, and special characteristics. Players should read and become familiar with the character, and roleplay the character as described in the description. Players should use Traits as a guide to shape how a character interacts. For example, if a character has a Hatred of a certain affiliation, even if that affiliation isn't present, that hatred should make its way into conversation, expressions, or your general attitude. Skills that may not be immediately usable still show the knowledge and background of your character.

The game master should feel free to improvise situations and conditions that make certain skills more useful.

None of the Clan characters are in a leadership position. The Former Jade Falcon Warrior, currently a bondsman, was technically attached to the mission as a technician as his cord has not been cut and he has not been adopted in the Wolf Clan as a warrior. It was clear his was assigned as a final test before his last bondcord was cut, and he was given weapons and armor. The actual technician of the group given the situation and nature of the mission was also allowed arms and armor.

BATTLETECH

A TIME OF WAR



RANK 3
COMBAT ENGINEER

CATALYST
game labs

PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

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

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O

Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 9 _____ Climb: _____ 4 _____
Run/Evade: _____ 21 _____ Crawl: _____ 2 _____
Sprint: _____ 42 _____ Swim: _____ 4 _____

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Jacket (Torso, Arms): _____ (3 / 5 / 4 / 3)
Helmet (Head): BAR 3 vs Flash (2 / 4 / 5 / 2)
Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)
Combat Boots (Feet): _____ (2 / 3 / 3 / 1)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1/X2/X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Introvert	1	see back	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Administration	1	1	8 / 7	_____
Artillery	0	1	8 / 7	_____
Career/Engineer	2	1	7 / 4	_____
Career/Soldier	2	1	7 / 4	_____
Communications/Conventional	0	1	7 / 6	_____
Computers	2	1	8 / 5	_____
Demolitions	4	1	9 / 4	_____
Driving/Ground	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Interest/Engineering	3	1	8 / 4	_____
Language/Japanese	2	1	8 / 5	_____
Language/English	2	1	8 / 5	_____
Language/Swedenese	2	1	8 / 5	_____
Martial Arts	2	0	7 / 5	_____
MedTech/General	0	1	7 / 6	_____
Navigation/Ground	2	1	7 / 4	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Perception	2	1	7 / 4	_____
Protocol/FRR	2	0	9 / 7	_____
Running	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Science/Chemistry	2	1	9 / 6	_____
Security Systems/Mechanics	1	1	9 / 7	_____
Sensor Operations	2	1	7 / 4	_____
Small Arms	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Stealth	2	1	8 / 5	_____
Streetwise/FRR	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Support Weapons	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Tactics/Infantry	2	1	9 / 6	_____
Technician/Mechanics	3	1	9 / 5	_____
Technician/Weapons	3	1	9 / 5	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	30	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	60	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	100	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	24.27	

HISTORY

You paid for your education with help from the military; you didn't count on actually being called to service. You've spent most of your time building hasty fortifications, or destroying the types of buildings you always dreamed of building. New Oslo is your home, and you are torn by the pain of destroying so much of it, but you'd rather see the Clans get rubble than something they can use. You are angered by the Clans attack, and you want to find a way to use your talents to hurt the Clanners, even if it means deliberately setting a booby trap in an objective you were just supposed to destroy.

PERSONALITY

You have trouble expressing your feelings to others about this, and tend to babble on endlessly over feats of engineering, which you find easier than small talk. Some get put off at your admiration of well done demolitions shot, or laid out minefield. even if it means deliberately setting a booby trap in an objective you were just supposed to destroy.

TRAITS

INTROVERT [CHARACTER]

Trait Type [TP Score]: Negative, Opposed [-1 TP]

A character with the Introvert Trait has difficulties dealing with people beyond what his normal CHA Attribute might indicate, because of innate shyness or some other social ineptitude. This Trait applies a -1 roll modifier to any Skill Checks where social interaction is a factor (at the gamemaster's discretion). The Gregarious Trait opposes the Introvert Trait. If a character with Introvert receives or purchases Gregarious (or vice versa), the Traits cancel each other out.



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	7	+1	_____
BOD	7	+1	_____
RFL	4	+0	_____
DEX	4	+0	_____
INT	4	+0	_____
WIL	5	+0	_____
CHA	3	-1	_____
EDG	4	+0	_____

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Toughness	3	see back	_____
Compulsion—Traumatic Memories	1	see back	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 11 Climb: _____ 5
 Run/Evade: _____ 22 Crawl: _____ 2
 Sprint: _____ 44 Swim: _____ 11

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Jacket (Torso, Arms): _____ (3 / 5 / 4 / 3)
 Helmet (Head): BAR 3 vs Flash (2 / 4 / 5 / 2)
 Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)
 Combat Boots (Feet): _____ (2 / 3 / 3 / 1)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
 Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Machine Gun, Portable _____ 5B / 4B (30 / 85 / 200 / 600) 75 Encumbering, 3 ammo containers
 Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1 / X2 / X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Career/Soldier	4	0	8 / 4	_____
Communications/Conventional	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Computers	0	0	7 / 7	_____
Demolitions	0	0	8 / 8	_____
Driving/Ground	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Interest/Gambling	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Interest/Military History	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Language/English	1	-1	8 / 8	_____
Language/Swedenese	0	-1	8 / 8	_____
Language/Swedish	3	-1	8 / 6	_____
Martial Arts	2	0	7 / 5	_____
MedTech/General	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Navigation/Ground	0	0	7 / 7	_____
Perception	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Protocol/FRR	2	-1	9 / 8	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Running	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Small Arms	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Stealth	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Streetwise/FRR	0	-1	8 / 9	_____
Support Weapons	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Survival/Urban	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Swimming	0	0	7 / 7	_____
Tactics/Infantry	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Technician/Mechanics	0	0	9 / 9	_____
Technician/Weapons	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Thrown/Blades	1	0	7 / 6	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	55/40	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	110/80	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	150/125	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	37.89	

HISTORY

You've been around the block for a while. You've served multiple tours, and though you haven't climbed the ranks, you've got ample experience. You impress people because you are rock solid, incredibly tough, and somewhat intimidating. Your last unit suffered horrible losses; you were the only survivor of your company.

PERSONALITY

You project the image of a seasoned, steady, unflappable Veteran. You have a soft spot for rookies, and tend to try and mentor younger soldiers, though you don't mind the fact you tend to intimidate people a little. You aren't very tactful. Your bluntness has gotten you reduced in ranks a few time. You tend to respect talent, not rank. You are matter of fact about reality, and see no need in dying in a stupid fashion. You aren't a coward, but have little use for wasting lives on pointless gestures. Part of this outlook comes from you being the last survivor of a unit whose commander refused to give in after despite the fact that any chance of victory was lost. He got all of you old unit killed, and didn't even do any damage in return. You aren't afraid to die, but if it happens, you want it to mean something. You try to hide the fact that you are suffering from a stress disorder, and suffer traumatic flashbacks relating to the death of your former unit. (See the notes about your compulsion below).

TRAITS

TOUGHNESS [CHARACTER]

Trait Type [TP Score]: Positive, Opposed [+3 TP]

A character with the Toughness Trait is even less susceptible to injury than his BOD Attribute may indicate. When sustaining injury of any kind, a character with Toughness multiplies any personal damage sustained by 0.75 (rounding up), and multiplies any Fatigue suffered from combat by 0.5 (rounding normally .5 rounds up).

COMPULSION: TRAUMATIC MEMORIES

A character with a Compulsion Trait has an irrational tendency toward some kind of negative behavior, ranging from a minor quirk like fear of heights or a superstition, to a more serious addiction to drugs or alcohol. Characters can fight to maintain control in the face of a Compulsion Trait's effect, but to do so they must make a successful WIL Attribute Check (applying the roll modifier shown on the Compulsion Trait Table). Success allows the character to "hold out" for a number of 5-second turns equal to the roll's MoS. Failure means the compulsion is triggered as normal.

Traumatic Memories: Your character was the lone survivor of another unit that was ravaged by a Clan Attack. You haven't recovered from the loss of that unit. Whenever a comrade or member of your unit is severely injured or killed (damage that takes them to ½ of their standard condition monitor, knocked unconscious, or killed), your memories trigger. You make a WIL Attribute Check as above, at -1. The effect of your trauma is -1 to all rolls, for one minute, minus a number of 5 second turns equal to the MoS of your WIL Attribute test.



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____

Height: cm Weight: kg

Hair: _____ **Eyes:** _____

Player: _____

Affiliation:

Extra:

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	<u>4</u>	<u>+0</u>	
BOD	<u>4</u>	<u>+0</u>	
RFL	<u>4</u>	<u>+0</u>	
DEX	<u>4</u>	<u>+0</u>	
INT	<u>7</u>	<u>+1</u>	
WIL	<u>5</u>	<u>+0</u>	
CHA	<u>5</u>	<u>+0</u>	
EDG	<u>5</u>	<u>+0</u>	

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

[illegible]

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage:○○○○○○○○○○

Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○

Stun: 0

Unconscious: ○

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: 8

Climb: 4

Run/Evade: 21

Crawl: 2

Sprint: 42

Swim: 9

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Jacket (Torso, Arms): (3 / 5 / 4 / 3)

Helmet (Head): BAR 3 vs Flash (2 / 4 / 5 / 2)

Gloves (Hands): (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)

Combat Boots (Feet): (2/3/3/1)

Weapon

Skill AP/BD

Range

Ammo Notes

Notes

Knife 1M /1M/1 [1 / 1 / 1 / 1]

Auto-Pistol 3B / 4 (5 /20/45/105) 10 2 clips

Automatic Rifle 4B / 4B (30/75/170/415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1,
6 clips

$$/ \quad (\quad / \quad / \quad / \quad)$$

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acting	3	0	8 / 5	
Administration	2	1	8 / 5	
Career/Doctor	3	1	7 / 3	
Career/Soldier	0	1	7 / 6	
Communications/Conventional	2	1	7 / 4	
Computers	4	1	8 / 3	
Driving/Ground	1	0	8 / 7	
Forgery	2	1	8 / 5	
Interest/Star League History	2	1	8 / 5	
Interest/Literature	2	1	8 / 5	
Interrogation	2	0	9 / 7	
Language/English	4	1	8 / 3	
Language/Swedish	4	1	8 / 3	
Language/Latin	2	1	8 / 5	
Language/Swedenese	3	1	8 / 4	

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Martial Arts	2	0	7 / 5	
MedTech/General	4	1	7 / 2	
Navigation/Ground	2	1	7 / 4	
Negotiation	3	0	8 / 5	
Perception	4	1	7 / 2	
Protocol/FRR	3	0	9 / 6	
Running	3	0	7 / 5	
Science/Chemistry	3	1	9 / 5	
Science/Medicine	3	1	9 / 5	
Small Arms	3	0	7 / 4	
Stealth	3	1	8 / 4	
Streetwise/FRR	3	0	8 / 5	
Surgery/General	3	1	9 / 5	
Survival/Temperate	2	1	9 / 6	
Swimming	1	0	7 / 7	



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Medical Kit		10 Stimulant Patches and 6 Wound Patches*
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	20	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	40	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	75	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	19.67	

HISTORY

The assault of the Clans resulted in the FRR calling upon its citizens for help. You were drafted out of your rotation as a surgical intern, and found yourself working with front line troops. Though close to completing your education, technically you weren't a doctor yet. So you became a combat medic. Instead of working at a comfortable MASH unit, you follow combat troops into the field. You have a depth of education far beyond your companions. This is your first combat unit.

PERSONALITY

You aren't terribly happy about your assignment. Just a few more months, and you would have been, at worst, working in a comfortable MASH station, or perhaps at a military hospital. You are glad about one thing: no one really has examined your qualifications closely, since you didn't actually attend medical school. Unable to afford the school, you studied on your own, and worked at the school, sitting in as many classes as you could, and studying on your own. You learned to forge and fake documents with some skill. You have tremendous talent and skill, and pick up knowledge rapidly, wasting years for certifications you don't need didn't appeal to you. You have rapidly acquired soldierly skills, far better than any would expect a draftee to do. So you tend not to respect rank and authority so much, and you've started to wonder if you couldn't perhaps accelerate your promotions by altering some paperwork as well. Though you have firm medical ethics, your attitude towards other laws are pretty lax. You aren't keen about the Clans; everything you hear about their society pretty much repulses you, so you don't mind the fight against them, you aren't keen about getting killed while doing it.

TRAITS

DARK SECRET [CHARACTER (IDENTITY)]

Trait Type [TP Score]: Negative, Multiple [-1 to -5 TP]

A character with the Dark Secret Trait has a major skeleton in his closet—a past deed, relationship or personal truth he'd rather not see brought to light. The TP score for this Trait indicates just how major this secret is, with a -1 TP score reflecting a fairly minor (but still character-damaging) secret like lying about one's political views or academic credentials on an application, while a -5 TP secret reflects a major act of treachery or a morally reprehensible crime.

*Special Rules

Stimulant Patches, and Wound Patches are optional items from the *A Time of War Companion*.

Stimulant Patches: Level 2 apply -4 Fatigue Points (to a minimum of 0 and adds a +3 to Consciousness Checks.

Wound Patches: Character recovers 2 Standard Damage Points, but suffers 4 Fatigue Points and is immediately Stunned.

Only one use per day per character.



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

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

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O

Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 12 _____ Climb: _____ 10 _____
 Run/Evade: _____ 26 _____ Crawl: _____ 4 _____
 Sprint: _____ 52 _____ Swim: _____ 14 _____

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Jacket (Torso, Arms): _____ (3 / 5 / 4 / 3)
 Helmet (Head): BAR 3 vs Flash (2 / 4 / 5 / 2)
 Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)
 Combat Boots (Feet): _____ (2 / 3 / 3 / 1)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
 Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
 Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1 / X2 / X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Impatient	1	see back	_____
Good Vision	1	see back	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acrobatics/Gymnastics	1	1	7 / 5	_____
Acting	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Career/Soldier	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Climbing	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Communications/Conventional	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Computers	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Disguise	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Driving/Ground	1	1	8 / 6	_____
Interrogation	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Language/English	0	0	8 / 8	_____
Language/Swedenese	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Language/Swedish	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Martial Arts	3	1	7 / 3	_____
MedTech/General	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Navigation/Ground	3	0	7 / 4	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Negotiation	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Perception	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Protocol/FRR	2	0	9 / 7	_____
Running	4	1	7 / 2	_____
Security Systems/Electronic	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Security Systems/Mechanics	2	0	9 / 7	_____
Sensor Ops	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Small Arms	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Stealth	4	1	8 / 3	_____
Streetwise/FRR	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Survival/Mountain	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Survival/Temperate	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Swimming	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Tactics/Infantry	0	0	9 / 9	_____
Tracking/Urban	2	0	8 / 6	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	30	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	60	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	100	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	24.27	

HISTORY

Born on a world where civilization was a rumor, one of the poorest planets of the FRR, you learned to survive off the land. Those skills came in handy when pirates attacked. You were quickly recruited for your survival skills. You've been employed frequently as a scout to observe and report on Clan offensives.

PERSONALITY

You are used to being looked down on due to your backwoods origins, though thankfully in the military this isn't nearly as much of a problem. You aren't known for being impatient. You tend to act first, and then worry later. Sitting and waiting isn't your strong point. You've seen what has happened on other worlds. Though assigned to help out, you know New Oslo is lost. You have started to lose faith the FRR can survive, and you are now starting to worry about ensuring your own survival. You hate the Clans with a passion though, as your home world was one of the first to fall.

TRAITS

GOOD VISION [CHARACTER]

Trait Type [TP Score]: Flexible, Opposed [+1 TP]

A character with the Good Vision Trait has better-than-average visual acuity. This Trait applies a +1 roll modifier to any Perception Skill Checks where vision is a factor, but has no impact on combat action rolls.

IMPATIENT [CHARACTER]

Trait Type [TP Score]: Negative, Opposed [-1 TP]

A character with the Impatient Trait suffers from a compulsive inability to wait, even when it might be in the character's best interests. In game play, characters with this Trait apply a -1 modifier to all rolls for Skill and Attribute Checks that require a significant amount of time and focus (such as any Skill or action classified as Complex). In addition, the character may only accumulate a maximum +2 roll modifier for Careful Aim, and may gain no modifiers for taking extra time on complex tasks.



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

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

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O

Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 11 _____ Climb: _____ 5 _____
 Run/Evade: _____ 23 _____ Crawl: _____ 2 _____
 Sprint: _____ 46 _____ Swim: _____ 11 _____

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Jacket [Torso, Arms]: _____ (3 / 5 / 4 / 3)
 Helmet [Head]: BAR 3 vs Flash (2 / 4 / 5 / 2)
 Gloves [Hands]: _____ (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)
 Combat Boots [Feet]: _____ (2 / 3 / 3 / 1)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
 Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
 Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1 / X2 / X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Fit	2	see back	_____
Compulsion/Addiction—Stimulants	1	see back	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Career/Soldier	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Communications/Conventional	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Demolitions	2	0	9 / 7	_____
Escape Artist	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Interest/Star League History	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Language/English	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Language/Swedenese	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Language/Swedish	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Martial Arts	3	0	7 / 4	_____
MedTech/General	1	0	7 / 6	_____
Navigation/Ground	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Negotiation	0	0	8 / 8	_____
Perception	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Protocol/FRR	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Running	2	0	7 / 5	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Security Systems/Electronic	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Security Systems/Mechanics	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Small Arms	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Stealth	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Streetwise/FRR	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Survival/Arctic	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Survival/Temperate	1	0	9 / 8	_____
Swimming	0	0	7 / 7	_____
Tactics/Infantry	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Tracking/Urban	1	0	8 / 7	_____
Tracking/Wilds	1	0	8 / 7	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation
Illegal Stimulants	Backpack	5 doses; normal Stimpatch
C-bills: _____		

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	30	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	60	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	100	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	24.27	

HISTORY

You have been part of the FRR Kungsarme for four years. You come from a family with an extensive military history. You have just completed Special Forces qualifications. This will be your second combat operation. You volunteered for assignment to New Oslo when it was predicted to come under assault.

PERSONALITY

The war hasn't reached your home world yet. You are very overconfident, to the point of arrogance, and view the failure to stop the Clans as the failure of others. You look down on the local militia as somewhat amateur rubes, but you still recognize they are patriots fighting for their home. You are desperately trying to hide the addiction to stimulants you developed to help complete the grueling training. Though a veteran, you try to pass off your experience as more significant than it is. New Oslo isn't your home, but its part of the FRR, and that's all you patriot like you needs to know. It has been almost 24 hours since your last hit of stimulants. You are worried about running out, and are very interested in acquiring more any way you can.

TRAITS

FIT

A character with the Fit Trait—from either a blessed metabolism or a healthy lifestyle of proper diet and exercise—has excellent endurance and physical prowess beyond the norm for a typical character with equivalent attributes. This Trait confers a +1 roll modifier to any Attribute Check against the character's BOD or STR scores (but not to Skill Checks involving those as Linked Attributes). The Fit Trait also halves the character's Fatigue (rounding down) from strenuous activity such as running, sprinting or lifting heavy objects (see Fatigue, p. 189). Finally, characters with this Trait recover an additional 2 points of Fatigue per turn.

COMPULSION

A character with a Compulsion Trait has an irrational tendency toward some kind of negative behavior, ranging from a minor quirk like fear of heights or a superstition, to a more serious addiction to drugs or alcohol. A character's compulsion is always considered active, but not necessarily "triggered" Addition-type compulsions (such as alcoholism) reflect Compulsions Traits triggered if the character cannot get access to the focus of his addiction for more than 24 hours. Characters can fight to maintain control in the face of a Compulsion Trait's effect, but to do so they must make a successful WIL Attribute Check (applying the roll modifier shown on the Compulsion Trait Table). Success allows the character to "hold out" for a number of 5-second turns equal to the roll's MoS. Failure means the compulsion is triggered as normal. Addiction-based compulsions return to their dormant state once the character gets his "fix," while hate- or fear based compulsions subside when the object of their focus is destroyed or no longer present.

BATTLETECH

A TIME OF WAR



CLAN WOLF ELEMENTAL

CATALYST
game labs

PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	8	+1	_____
BOD	7	+1	_____
RFL	5	+0	_____
DEX	5	+0	_____
INT	5	+0	_____
WIL	6	+0	_____
CHA	4	+0	_____
EDG	3	+0	_____

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○

Stun: ○ Unconscious: ○

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 13 Climb: _____ 8
 Run/Evade: _____ 25 Crawl: _____ 3
 Sprint: _____ 50 Swim: _____ 13

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Suit (Torso, Arms, Legs): _____ (3 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Helmet (Head): AV 8 vs Flash; Mil Comm (5 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 3 / 2)
 Boots (Feet): _____ (3 / 5 / 5 / 3)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
 Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
 Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1/X2/X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Ambidexterous	_____	see back	_____
Compulsion/Clan Honor	-1	see back	_____
Compulsion/Distrust of Inner Sphere	-1	see back	_____
Compulsion/Regain Status	-2	see back	_____
Compulsion/Wolf Pride	-1	see back	_____
Compulsion/Addiction	-2	see back	_____
Compulsion/Arrogance	-1	see back	_____
Toughness	_____	see back	_____
Trueborn	_____	see back	_____
Unlucky	-2	see back	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acrobatics/Gymnastics	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Career/Soldier	5	0	7 / 2	_____
Climbing	2	0	6 / 4	_____
Communications/Conventional	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Computers	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Demolitions	0	0	9 / 9	_____
Gunnery/Battle Armor	5	0	7 / 2	_____
Interest/The Remembrance	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Interest/Clan History	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Language/English	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Martial Arts	5	0	9 / 4	_____
Melee Weapons	5	0	7 / 2	_____
Navigation/Ground	4	0	6 / 2	_____
Negotiation	4	0	8 / 4	_____
Perception	5	0	7 / 2	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Piloting/Battle Armor	6	0	7 / 1	_____
Protocol/Clan	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Protocol/Clan Wolf	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Running	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Sensor Operations	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Small Arms	5	0	6 / 1	_____
Stealth	3	1	8 / 5	_____
Survival/Arid	4	1	9 / 4	_____
Survival/Temperate	4	1	9 / 4	_____
Swimming	1	1	7 / 5	_____
Tactics/Infantry	4	0	8 / 4	_____
Technician/Mechanics	3	0	9 / 6	_____
_____	_____	_____	/	_____
_____	_____	_____	/	_____
_____	_____	_____	/	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	70	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	140	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	200	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	24.71	

HISTORY

You were destined for greatness. A Bloodname would be yours. You came close in your first trial, but some misfortune led to your loss. This happened again, and then you were passed over. You entered the Grand Melee, and were about to win, when a freak failure in your power armor robbed you of victory. Bitter about how mere freak chance had stolen your rightful destiny, you sought to even the odds, by using drugs to enhance your prowess. You had almost succeeded, but by another streak of misfortune, your supplier was caught, and revealed his customers. You were punished by an assignment to a freeborn garrison unit, denied even power armor. You seek to restore your status through the only path available to a warrior: victory in battle. Nothing else matters, other than accomplishing the mission. In fact, the fewer who survive to share your glory, the more there is for you.

PERSONALITY

You are the product of potential that was cheated by mere circumstance. You know, beyond doubt, you were meant for more; you know that you deserve a Bloodname, that you should be leading Stars of Elementals into battle. You are better than this, and better than those who surround you. You see yourself as a wise leader. You wish to bring glory to Clan Wolf and yourself (not in that order). Defeating these Inner Sphere scum should do just that, even if they are hopelessly weak and corrupt. You have little patience for Warden philosophy. Still, hard experience has shown you that others may serve a purpose in your return to prominence. The Freeborn Infantry soldier you serve with at least shows some manners and speaks well, for his kind. Despite his inferior genetic stock, he shows a level head in battle, and will be useful to support you. The technician is a disrespectful surar, yet you recall how freak equipment failures robbed you of victory. You need to keep him around to service your equipment until the final part of your mission. The failed MechWarrior is a disgrace, and his attempts to appeal to you as a fellow Trueborn disgust you. The other survivor, the bondsman from the Falcon Clan who was assigned as a laborer or technician is of no matter to you. A freebirth from an inferior Clan, his death in battle is certain, but hopefully will serve you and Clan Wolf. He should feel privileged you allow him to carry a weapon.

TRAITS

AMBIDEXTROUS: Ambidextrous characters ignore the off-hand modifier in game play and in combat. Though this Trait allows the character to carry and use a weapon equally well with either hand in combat, they cannot exceed the normal number of actions allowed in a combat turn.

COMPULSION: A character with a Compulsion Trait has an irrational tendency some kind of negative behavior. A character's compulsion is always considered active, but not necessarily "triggered". As long as a compulsion is not triggered, the character functions normally, but things that trigger the Compulsion Trait vary with its description. Hatred- or fear-based compulsions (such as racism or phobias) are triggered if the focus of the Compulsion Trait is present (and the character knows this). Characters can fight to maintain control in the face of a Compulsion Trait's effect, but to do so they must make a successful WIL Attribute Check (applying the roll modifier shown on the Compulsion Trait Table). Success allows the character to "hold out" for a number of 5-second turns equal to the roll's MoS.

Clan Pride: You strongly believe in adhere Clan principles, and upholding the honor of Clan Wolf. (Trait Value -1); **Regain Status:** But even more, you seek to seek glory in battle and restore your reputation even more, and you may have to resist taking certain actions that might not be seen as honorable to some. (Trait Value -2) **Arrogance:** believing that you are better, smarter, or more important than other. You strongly believe that you are a better warrior. (Trait Value -1); **Addiction:** You are addicted to certain endurance enhancing drugs. You had your last dose 8 hours before the mission. Though the mission will not last long enough to cause severe withdrawals, you should grow more irritable and eager to find a dose as the end of the mission approaches. (Trait Value -2)

TOUGHNESS: When sustaining injury of any kind, a character with Toughness multiplies any personal damage sustained by 0.75 (rounding up), and multiplies any Fatigue suffered from combat by 0.5 (rounding normally, .5 rounds up).

UNLUCKY: A character with the Unlucky Trait seems to have the universe itself as an enemy, cursed with such bad karma that even the most mun-dane tasks might go horribly awry without warning. In game play, the gamemaster uses the character's Unlucky Trait as an EDG Trait against the un-lucky character, either by forcing the character to reroll an Action Check or modifying the result of an Action Check roll by burning the character's Un-lucky Trait "points" in the same way EDG points are burned (see Edge in Basic Game Play, p. 42). The number of these "anti-EDG" points a character has depends on the Trait's TP score as shown in the Unlucky Trait Table.

BATTLETECH

A TIME OF WAR



CLAN WOLF TECHNICIAN



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

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

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Stun: O Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: 8 Climb: 4
 Run/Evade: 19 Crawl: 2
 Sprint: 38 Swim: 8

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Suit (Torso, Arms, Legs): (3 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Helmet (Head): AV 8 vs Flash; Mil Comm (5 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Gloves (Hands): (1 / 1 / 3 / 2)
 Boots (Feet): (3 / 5 / 5 / 3)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1)
 Auto-Pistol 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Automatic Rifle 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
 Grenade 4X / 12A (SX1/X2/X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Phenotype Trueborn			
Gregarious		see back	
Reputation	-1	see back	
In for Life		see back	
Enemy	-2	see back	
Dark Secret	-5	see back	

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP	Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Acting	4	0	8 / 4		Navigation/Ground	2	0	7 / 5	
Administration	3	0	8 / 5		Negotiation	5	0	8 / 3	
Appraisal	4	0	8 / 4		Perception	4	0	7 / 3	
Blades	4	0	8 / 4		Prestidigitation/Pick Pocket	3	0	7 / 4	
Career/Soldier	2	0	7 / 5		Prestidigitation/Quickdraw	3	0	7 / 4	
Career/Criminal	3	0	7 / 4		Prestidigitation/Sleight of Hand	3	0	7 / 4	
Communications/Conventional	2	0	7 / 5		Protocol/Clan	1	0	9 / 8	
Computer	4	0	9 / 5		Protocol/FRR	1	0	9 / 8	
Cryptography	3	0	9 / 6		Protocol/Dark Caste	3	0	9 / 6	
Demolitions	4	0	9 / 5		Protocol/Wolf	1	0	9 / 8	
Disguise	2	0	7 / 5		Running	1	0	7 / 6	
Driving/Ground	2	0	8 / 6		Security Systems/Electronic	5	0	9 / 4	
Escape Artist	4	0	9 / 5		Security Systems/Mechanics	5	0	9 / 4	
Forgery	3	0	8 / 5		Sensor Operations	2	0	7 / 5	
Interest/Alcohol	2	0	8 / 6		Small Arms	4	0	7 / 3	
Interest/Pharmaceuticals	2	0	8 / 6		Stealth	5	0	8 / 3	
Interrogation	3	0	9 / 6		Streetwise/FRR	0	0	8 / 8	
Language/English	3	0	8 / 5		Streetwise/Clan Wolf	2	0	8 / 6	
Language/Japanese	3	0	8 / 5		Survival/Arid	3	0	9 / 6	
Martial Arts	4	0	8 / 4						



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation
Tool Kit	Backpack	
C-bills: _____		

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	30	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	60	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	100	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	29.71	

HISTORY

You were born to an ill-fated Trueborn sibko that simply didn't meet the potential demanded of the Clans. Almost your entire group washed out of training before they even saw a training Mech. You suspect there were orders to eliminate you all from the program to hide the failure. You were reassigned to the Technician caste. Your treatment was even worse, given the rumors of other supposed 'defects' in your group. You frustrated with the entire structure that oppressed you. So, during one mission shortly after the invasion started, you deserted, and joined up with a group you considered Bandit Caste, though the Inner Sphere term seemed to be Pirate. Your time with them was just a few years, before another opportunity came. You allowed yourself to be 'rescued'. A convincing story, and a few bodies, helped convince the Freeborn unit that found you that you had been held against your will. You were taken on their rolls as they were short on technicians. You used your position to engage in the theft and sale of supplies, and providing drugs, liquor, and other luxury items to Clan warriors. The goal was to collect enough resources in rare goods and various forms of currency, then leave the Clans behind, preferably deep into the Inner Sphere. To that end you have studied the Spheroids you have met, and grown familiar with the underground market of resistance groups, thieves, and pirates that still ply their trade. Then to your surprise and horror, your unit was actually removed from Garrison, and set on an offensive mission. It is far more difficult to meet your contacts for now. You have no desire to die serving the Clans. You have no hatred for those in the Inner Sphere; in fact, you feel you would live much better there than in the Clan Homeworlds. You don't care if the mission succeeds, but with your past and reputation, you can't afford a major failure, or you may be assigned to a Solahma unit. Now if that failure were blamed on someone else....

PERSONALITY

You have a natural charm and charisma that has swayed even some Trueborn warriors in the past. You hide your true feelings as much as you can, but you can engage in some expression thanks to freeborn resentment of the treatment they receive from trueborns. You find the disgraced Elemental and MechWarrior to be pitiful; having fallen like you, they still look to lick boots and try to regain their status. The captured Jade Falcon warrior may be the only person close to your status, but you don't know if his Falcon arrogance would lead him to turn you in if he knew of your true allegiance. Still, he may be a useful ally. The freeborn infantry soldier is an enigma. Though seemingly respectful to the trueborn, he makes no effort to cater to them, nor does he affect normal Clan language.

TRAITS

DARK SECRET: A character with the Dark Secret Trait has a major skeleton in his closet—a past deed, relationship or personal truth he'd rather not see brought to light. In your case, your Bandit Caste affiliation, if revealed to the command, would likely get you killed.

ENEMY: A character with an Enemy Trait has somehow attracted the ire of a person or organization that has the influence and the will to make the character's life a living hell. In your case, the Star Captain in charge of this mission is aware of your sibko origins, and views you as an embarrassing defective failure. You were assigned to the mission simply because he hoped you would die.

GREGARIOUS: A character with the Gregarious Trait has a knack for dealing with people beyond what his normal CHA Attribute might indicate. This Trait applies a +1 roll modifier to any Skill Checks where social interaction is a factor (at the gamemaster's discretion).

IN FOR LIFE: A character with the In For Life Trait is (or was) a member of a large and secretive organization, or is bound by oath, personal honor or some other intangible means to the will of another individual or group. In this case, your ties to the Bandit Caste are hard to sever. If you betray them, they could arrange to reveal you deserted, and your death would surely follow.

REPUTATION: A character with a Reputation Trait is famous (or infamous) for some reason or other, and may be easily recognized far and wide by admirers and enemies alike. In your case, you are known as a washed out MechWarrior who didn't even make it to the training 'Mech stage. Your entire sibko failed to graduate a single member, surely a sign of defective genes.

BATTLETECH

A TIME OF WAR



CLAN WOLF INFANTRY



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
 Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
 Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

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

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: OOOOOOOOOO

Fatigue Damage: OOOOOOOO

Stun: O

Unconscious: O

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 10 _____ Climb: _____ 5 _____
 Run/Evade: _____ 22 _____ Crawl: _____ 4 _____
 Sprint: _____ 44 _____ Swim: _____ 10 _____

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Suit (Torso, Arms, Legs): _____ (3 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Helmet (Head): AV 8 vs Flash; Mil Comm (5 / 6 / 5 / 3)
 Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 3 / 2)
 Boots (Feet): _____ (3 / 5 / 5 / 3)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M / 1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
 Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
 Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
 Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1 / X2 / X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Combat Sense	_____	see back	_____
Fit	_____	see back	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Career/Soldier	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Communications/Conventional	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Computers	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Driving/Ground	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Interest/Art	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Interest/Philosophy	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Interest/Clan History	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Language/English	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Leadership	4	0	8 / 4	_____
Martial Arts	4	0	8 / 4	_____
Navigation/Ground	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Negotiation	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Perception	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Protocol/Clan Wolf	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Running	2	0	7 / 5	_____

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Small Arms	5	0	7 / 2	_____
Stealth	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Strategy	4	0	9 / 5	_____
Streetwise/Clan Wolf	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Support Weapons	5	0	7 / 2	_____
Survival/Urban	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Swimming	0	0	7 / 7	_____
Tactics/Infantry	5	0	9 / 4	_____
Technician/Mechanics	1	0	9 / 8	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	30	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	60	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	100	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	22.71	

HISTORY

You weren't born to be a soldier, but you became one as your talents were noticed early by the Clans as you matured. You have distinguished yourself, as much as any freeborn warrior can, in two prior campaigns. Your calm nature and lightning reactions saved you, and members of your unit, multiple times. Now you face a unique challenge, and actual assault mission. You seek success, and survival, but not necessarily glory.

PERSONALITY

You don't feel the sting of the Clan's disregard for its freeborn warriors as deeply, perhaps because you view things differently viewpoint. You have studied the writings (through sources less than legal) of human philosophers, seeking answers to deeper questions beyond a tactical brief, or scheme to advance ones position. You do not have the arrogance, pride, or disdain for outsiders that even some freeborn warriors do. You recognize that those you fight against are fellow humans, and but for an accident of birth, they would be your brothers in arms. You do your duty due to a sense of professionalism, and a loyalty to those who serve with you. You do not see war as a game, or a noble activity, but for what it has been seen as by the brilliant minds of the past: a terrible if at times necessary thing best finished quickly as possible to minimize destruction. At least that part of Clan philosophy you agree with. Sadly you see how many Clan warriors haven't forgotten that aspect of their culture, and seem willing to engage in wanton destruction for their personal benefit, while cloaking their ambition in the name of serving the Clan. You hold no hatred for the residents of the Inner Sphere, though you do hold the corrupt systems that prop up their feudal overlords in disdain. You wished to achieve the Clans goals in accordance with its ways, by limiting damage as much as possible, but outside of the limited environment of Clan dueling, you are worried that this is impossible.

You do not care much (but try not to show it) for the more reckless members of your group, the failed MechWarrior candidate and the former elemental. Disgraced trueborns are predictably overzealous; this makes some freeborns even more eager to emulate the trueborn, though you know their desperate quest for acceptance is futile due to the nature of the clan. Therefore, you speak in a manner not to provoke them, by not using contractions, but disdain the affected, and as you view it, twisted alterations of language by the Clans (such as aff, neg, quiaff, quineg, ristar) that reduce human language to the level of tactical communications. You suspect the technician of the group holds a similar viewpoint. You try to intervene as he seems to be less subtle, and likely to provoke a confrontation those members of your unit. You hold no particular animosity to the former Falcon warrior now made a member of your unit, though you can sense their displeasure at his assignment to a mere infantry unit.

TRAITS

COMBAT SENSE: A character with Combat Sense is in his element during stressful situations, especially combat. In game play, characters with this Trait roll Initiative using the best two dice of 3D6 (as if Initiative itself were a Natural Aptitude), and reduce the combat modifier for Stun or Surprise to +1 (from +2). In Tactical Combat, this Trait has no effect unless the character is in command of a force, or is separated from his force commander under the optional Out of-Contact rule (see p. 204). In stressful situations outside of combat where quick reactions are vital, the gamemaster may also apply a +1 roll modifier to any Action Check the character performs where stress or fear are a factor (such as resisting the intimidation effects of a creature's Terror Trait, or disarming a bomb as its timer races through its last 15 seconds).

FIT: A character with the Fit Trait—from either a blessed metabolism or a healthy lifestyle of proper diet and exercise—has excellent endurance and physical prowess beyond the norm for a typical character with equivalent Attributes. This Trait confers a +1 roll modifier to any Attribute Check against the character's BOD or STR scores (but not to Skill Checks involving those as Linked Attributes). The Fit Trait also halves the character's Fatigue (rounding down) from strenuous activity such as running, sprinting or lifting heavy objects (see Fatigue, p. 189). Finally, characters with this Trait recover an additional 2 points of Fatigue per turn.

BATTLETECH

A TIME OF WAR



CLAN WOLF
(FORMER FALCON) BONDSMAN



PERSONAL DATA

Name: _____ Player: _____
Height: _____ cm Weight: _____ kg Affiliation: _____
Hair: _____ Eyes: _____ Extra: _____

ATTRIBUTES

Attribute	Score	Link	XP
STR	6	+0	_____
BOD	6	+0	_____
RFL	5	+0	_____
DEX	8	+1	_____
INT	4	+0	_____
WIL	5	+0	_____
CHA	4	+0	_____
EDG	5	+0	_____

COMBAT DATA

Condition Monitor

Standard Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○○○

Fatigue Damage: ○○○○○○○○○○

Stun: ○

Unconscious: ○

Movement (Meters per Turn)

Walk: _____ 11 _____ Climb: _____ 6 _____
Run/Evade: _____ 21 _____ Crawl: _____ 3 _____
Sprint: _____ 42 _____ Swim: _____ 3 _____

Personal Armor (Loc)

Armor Notes BAR (M/B/E/X)

Suit (Torso, Arms, Legs): _____ (3 / 6 / 5 / 3)
Helmet (Head): AV 8 vs Flash; Mil Comm (5 / 6 / 5 / 3)
Gloves (Hands): _____ (1 / 1 / 3 / 2)
Boots (Feet): _____ (3 / 5 / 5 / 3)

Weapon Skill AP/BD Range Ammo Notes

Knife _____ 1M / 1M/1 (1 / 1 / 1 / 1) _____
Auto-Pistol _____ 3B / 4 (5 / 20 / 45 / 105) 10 2 clips
Automatic Rifle _____ 4B / 4B (30 / 75 / 170 / 415) 30 Burst 15, Recoil -1, 6 clips
Grenade _____ 4X / 12A (SX1/X2/X3 / 4) 2 Indirect

TRAITS (PERSONAL)

Trait	TP	Page Ref.	XP
Compulsion/Distrust Inner Sphere	_____	see back	_____
Enemy	_____	see back	_____
Compulsion/Arrogance	_____	see back	_____
Falcon Pride	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

SKILLS

Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP	Skill	Lvl	Links	TN/C	XP
Career/Soldier	5	0	7 / 2	_____	Medtech/General	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Climbing	1	1	7 / 5	_____	Melee Weapon	3	1	7 / 3	_____
Communications/Conventional	3	0	7 / 4	_____	Navigation/Air	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Computers	3	0	8 / 5	_____	Navigation/Ground	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Demolitions	3	1	9 / 5	_____	Negotiation	2	0	8 / 6	_____
Driving/Ground	4	1	8 / 3	_____	Perception	4	0	7 / 3	_____
Gunnery/Air	4	1	8 / 3	_____	Piloting/VTOL	4	1	8 / 3	_____
Gunnery/Conventional	4	1	8 / 3	_____	Protocol/Clan	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Interest/Drawing	3	0	8 / 5	_____	Protocol/Clan Jade Falcon	3	0	9 / 6	_____
Interest/Clan History	3	0	8 / 5	_____	Protocol/Clan Wolf	2	0	9 / 7	_____
Language/Japanese	1	0	8 / 7	_____	Sensor Operations	3	0	7 / 4	_____
Language/English	3	0	8 / 5	_____	Small Arms	4	1	7 / 2	_____
Language/German	1	0	8 / 7	_____	Stealth	3	0	8 / 5	_____
Leadership	2	0	8 / 6	_____	Tactics/Air	2	0	7 / 5	_____
Martial Arts	4	1	8 / 3	_____	Tactics/Infantry	2	0	7 / 5	_____



INVENTORY

Item	Location	Data/Statistics
Military Communicator	Torso	10 KM range; 1 PPH
Basic Field Kit	Backpack	Lantern, Sleeping Bag, Knife, Basic Medical Kit; +1 Survival
Compass	Torso	+1 Ground Navigation

C-bills: _____

ENCUMBRANCE

	LIMIT	EFFECT
ENCUMBERED	40	X2 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for Sprinting or Melee Combat
VERY ENCUMBERED	80	X3 MP costs; 1 Extra Fatigue for when not walking or in Melee Combat
OVERLOADED	125	Unable to move, may crawl at 1 MP/turn
CURRENT LOAD	24.88	

HISTORY

You were proud to be part of the Jade Falcon Touman. Even freeborns serve, and you took pride in your skill. Although initially you fought as an infantry soldier, you earned a chance to fly VTOL craft. You freed up valuable aerospace assets, transporting units, supplies, or even engaging in combat against Inner Sphere forces, which tended to use even more VTOL craft than the Clans. Sadly, some months ago, during a minor conflict with Clan Wolf, your craft was shot down. You were captured by the most arrogant Clan Wolf MechWarrior you have ever had the misfortune of encountering. He has kept you as a bondsman, using you for many demeaning tasks, making you a form of living trophy. Your service record has been exemplary, and he has, reluctantly, realized he must release you, or cut the final cord of your bondcord and have you join Clan Wolf. So, he sent you on this mission, technically as a technician, obviously hoping you would be killed.

PERSONALITY

You find yourself in a unique position, a Falcon among Wolves. You have no wish to be adopted among the Wolves. You have served within the best of your ability however; to be an unfaithful bondsman would bring shame to Clan Jade Falcon. You have no great desire to see Clan Wolf succeed in this mission, but you are loath for the failure to be seen as a failure on your part. Still, this is obviously a desperation attack just short of being Solahma. Simple survival, even if the mission objective is not met, should be good enough for your bondholder to be forced to return you to Clan Jade Falcon. You don't care about the residents of this miserable Inner Sphere planet, though they would obviously do better with effective Clan Leadership. You see the tensions among the Clan Wolf warriors that remain in this group. Some hold you in disregard due to your origins. Wolves are too brash and poor Warriors to realize being underestimated is an advantage. You intend to play off each side to your own benefit, and meet your goals of surviving this mission. Of course, being able to cast yourself as the reason the mission succeeded would be of benefit, and help maintain your status upon returning to your Clan. To say that the Wolves would have faltered without the Falcon in their midst would be a sweet victory indeed.

TRAITS

COMPULSION: A character with a Compulsion Trait has an irrational tendency some kind of negative behavior. A character's compulsion is always considered active, but not necessarily "triggered". As long as a compulsion is not triggered, the character functions normally, but things that trigger the Compulsion Trait varies with its description. Hatred- or fear-based compulsions (such as racism or phobias) are triggered if the focus of the Compulsion Trait is present (and the character knows this). Characters can fight to maintain control in the face of a Compulsion Trait's effect, but to do so they must make a successful WIL Attribute Check (applying the roll modifier shown on the Compulsion Trait Table). Success allows the character to "hold out" for a number of 5-second turns equal to the roll's MoS.

Arrogance: believing that you are better, smarter, or more important than other You strongly believe that you are a better warrior. Even a freeborn from Jade Falcon knows better than these Clan Wolf pups. Though you have had to be obedient as a bondsman, you try to slide in insults to your 'adoptive' Clan whenever you can. Though you would prefer to be back with the Falcons, if you must be with the Wolves, you will at least show them what a real warrior is like, since they have so few examples of their own of worth.

Distrust of Inner Sphere: You look down upon the Inner Sphere. Its warriors are mercenary scum, or underlings of House Lords who helped destroy the Star League. The residents are, at best, ignorant serfs who need to be re-educated by the Clans, or willing servants of the thieves who rule their respective Houses.

ENEMY: A character with an Enemy Trait has somehow attracted the ire of a person or organization that has the influence and the will to make the character's life a living hell. In your case, the Star Captain in charge of this mission has used you as a personal servant in demeaning tasks, and kept you in excess of the traditional time for a warrior who serves obediently, but wishes to return to their original Clan. He sent you on the mission simply because he hoped you would die.