

BATTLETECH™

SCORCHED EARTH



TOTAL WARFARE AND ALPHA STRIKE
WORLDWIDE EVENT
2017



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SCORCHED EARTH

BATTLETECH AND ALPHA STRIKE SCENARIOS

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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

LILIHAMMER

SITUATION

Outskirts of Lilihammer
New Oslo
Free Rasalhague Republic
22 July 3050

The arrival of Clan Wolf on New Oslo was hardly unexpected. After three previous waves, and the fall of their capital, an invasion was a foregone conclusion. Without any regular defensive forces, New Oslo was expected to fall quickly. However, the planet carried a great prize: the Republic's only 'Mech factory: the Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe (GKT) Enterprises facility. In an attempt to save the factory, Republic and GKT technicians set to work disassembling and moving the factory before the Clans could arrive. They failed.

The New Oslo Militia was called out to join volunteers from GKT in an attempt to buy enough time for the technicians to either remove or destroy anything left in the factory. An initial ambush at Trysil Pass failed to stop the clan invasion. The Wolves then approached the city of Lilihammer, gateway to Ringsaker Valley and the GKT factory. A victory for the Republic there would give the technicians much needed time to prepare for the final battle.

GAME SETUP

Lay out the maps as shown to the side. It should be noted that this is not a standard Battletech map arrangement. As a result, any LoS which goes offboard is considered to be blocked and therefore invalid.

- N:** Woodlands (MS 6)
- W:** Heavy Forest 2 (MS4)
- C:** City (Residential) (MS 6)
- E:** City (Suburban) (MS 6)
- S:** Rolling Hills 2 (MS 3)

Deployment

The Clan Wolf forces will deploy first onto the map edge of the Southern map (Rolling Hills 2) prior to the start of Turn 1.

After the Clan forces have deployed the FRR forces may deploy up to 1/4 of their forces as hidden units anywhere on the central map. Note, any unit placed inside of the Lilihammer Regional Government Building (LRGB) will not be eligible to count towards the victory conditions. The remainder of the FRR forces will deploy on the map edge of the northern map (Woodlands) also prior to the start of Turn 1.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of either six hours of play or twenty turns, whichever occurs first, the game ends. The team which has earned the most control points is declared the winner.

Control points are earned at the end of each turn. At the conclusion of each turn the GM will consult the map and award points to each side based on the number of non-crippled units directly adjacent to the LRGB. That building occupies hexes 0907-0909, 1008-1009, & 1108 of the central map.

SPECIAL RULES

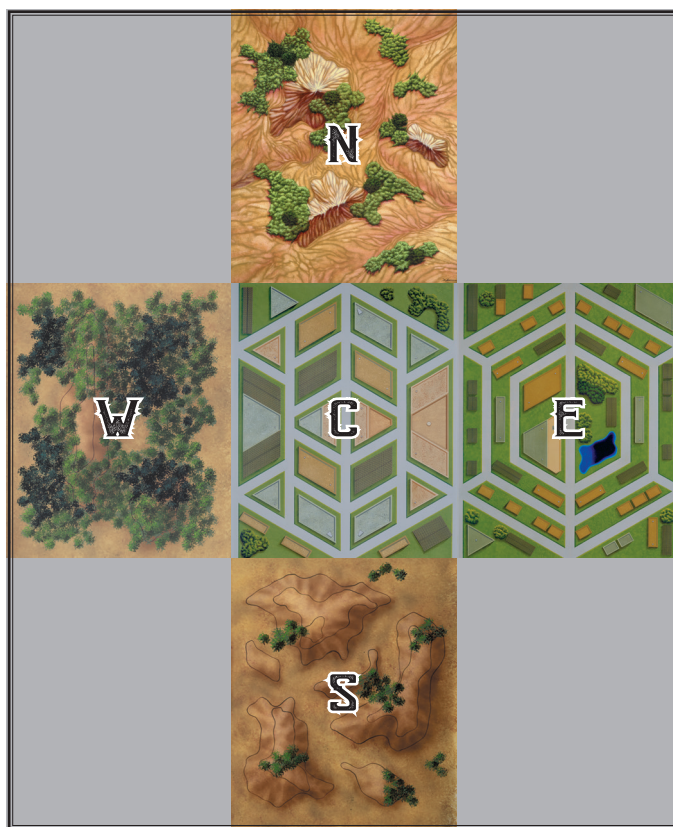
Lilihammer is a region renowned for its cold climate and cold-weather activities. The residents of the area are not phased by snow, ice, cold, or any combination thereof and are fiercely protective of their home region. Therefore, the following special rules are in effect but, excepting for the heat dissipation bonuses, will have no effect on the New Oslo Militia.

Moderate Snowfall

All Units: Apply a +1 to-hit modifier to all weapon attacks.

VICTORY POINTS TABLE

Ratio	Attacker	Defender
Attacker $\geq$ 2:1 ratio	3/unit	1/unit
Attacker $<$ 2:1 ratio	2/unit	2/unit
Defender $<$ 2:1 ratio	2/unit	2/unit
Defender $\geq$ 2:1 ratio	1/unit	3/unit



Extreme Temperature

Moderate snowfall automatically includes all modifiers and effects of -50° Celsius (For all units that track heat, subtract 2 Heat Point from the unit's overall heat buildup each turn.)

Deep Snow

At the start of Turn 10, moderate snowfall includes the following modifiers and effects of deep snow. Deep snow occurs in every hex across the playing area (this includes the tops of buildings). Apply a +1 MP cost per hex and a +1 modifier to all Piloting/Driving Skill Rolls; additionally, units entering deep snow may get stuck (see Bog Down rules). Apply -1 Heat Point per turn; for 'Mechs, this modifier only applies if a heat sink is mounted in the legs (if the 'Mech is prone, a maximum of -3 extra Heat Points per turn are dissipated).

Forced Withdrawal

Forced Withdrawal is in effect for the Clans. The New Oslo Militia will fight to the death.

Crippled units must retreat from the battlefield when damage has rendered them useless or they are in imminent danger of being destroyed (see Crippling Damage, below). A unit making a forced withdrawal must move toward its home map edge as designated by a scenario. However, a unit need not spend Running MP; it can also move backward if the controlling player wishes.

Also, a unit equipped with MASC need not engage that system when forced to withdraw.

Withdrawing units may still attack an enemy unit that closes within range of a weapon or physical attack.

Crippling damage is defined as follows:

- A 'Mech is considered crippled when a side torso location is destroyed; the 'Mech takes two engine critical hits; one gyro and one engine critical hit; or loses the use of its sensors. Internal structure damage in either three or more limbs or two or more torso locations (the torso internal structure damage does not count towards crippling damage if that location still has front armor), or four or more pilot hits, also render a 'Mech crippled, as does the loss of all the 'Mech's weapons to damage or ammunition depletion. If all of a 'Mech's weapons are destroyed and it can no longer move, the 'Mech is considered destroyed.

- With the exception of infantry, all of a unit's weapons are considered destroyed if it loses all weapons with a range greater than five hexes and if it can no longer cause more than 5 points of combined weapons damage.

- A battle armor unit (Point) is considered crippled if it loses half or more (round up) of its members.

- 'Mechs that are immobilized—usually through motive, leg or gyro damage—are shut down and typically abandoned (though abandonment places the crew at the mercy of the battle eld).

**ATTACKER**

The Attacker consists of the Dorbeng Garrison Cluster. The Clan force can be any size from three stars to three nova (six stars) but must contain at least one star of elementals. The clan force should be drawn from the attached TO&E of the Dorbeng Garrison Cluster. Individual units should not be mixed, instead whole stars should be chosen to form the force.

It should be noted that as the scenario is time based, faster units will provide an advantage in getting to the objective within the time frame.

Galaxy Commander Fetladral and his Aide-de-Camp Star Captain Bihur are available to be attached for this operation. They are not included in counting the total size of the Wolf forces. If they are in play, additional rules are in effect (see below).

DEFENDER

The New Oslo militia has been called out to defend Lilihammer. The force is the usual mix of retired veterans and green recruits.



However, Lilihammer, as the closest city to the GKT Factory, also contains a large population of retired factory workers who have advanced knowledge of 'Mech-scale weaponry. As a result, skills for the militia should be higher than your standard militia.

No more than 1/3 of the force may be combat 'Mechs and is limited to Introductory technology. There is one exception. GKT Enterprises made the *Stalker* STK-3Fk. Though the line was destroyed during the First Succession War, GKT has maintained one in pristine condition. If the GM chooses, that unit may be deployed in this fight. However, if it is, it will be unavailable for usage in the *Alpha Strike* (Ringsaker Valley) event. Other Mechs can include no more than a lance of TLN-5VNO *Talons*, a PDF of which is attached to this document. It's an Intro tech level *Talon*. The SLDF's 22nd Royal Infantry Division, Pollux RCT, and 20th Army Headquarters were all on New Oslo. The 22nd RID had four companies of *Talons*, specifically noted in *FM:SLDF*. The 22nd RID was destroyed in the Periphery Uprising. In all the confusion of that it seems reasonable that several might have gotten left behind and then downgraded into the New Oslo militia.

However, there may be an equal number of industrial 'Mechs if so desired. The forces should end up being a bit larger than the Wolf force owing to the higher value of the Wolves. The New Oslo Militia should be approximately 80% of the Wolf force's BV.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

Notes: If a notable personality is used for one side, it is recommended that the other side receive one as well. Only the Clan Wolf notable personalities have assigned units.

Galaxy Commander Anton Fetladral: Epsilon lost its previous commander, Galaxy Commandner Djuna Kerensky, eight years ago in an accident. All high officers of the Clan lived in fear that they would be called upon to replace her and command this most unpopular of Galaxies. Anton Fetladral, then the little-known commander of the 278th Battle Cluster, took the unprecedented action of volunteering for the post, disgusted by his fellow officers' prejudice against soldiers whose only sin was being unlucky in birth or death. He was immediately approved and acclaimed by the other very relieved officers. Before the invasion of the Inner Spheres, Galaxy Commander Anton Fetladral was without question the most popular commander Epsilon Galaxy had ever had. He often treated his free birth warriors with more respect than he did trueborns, and the veterans felt that he at least sympathized with them. This tendency to treat freebirths in this manner has created problems between him and his trueborn warriors.

In-game bonus: Any enemy Anton takes fire from receives a -1 bonus to be hit by any other Wolf unit coming to Anton's defense. If Anton dies, the Wolves receive a +1 to-hit penalty for the rest of the game.

Star Captain Nraf: Nraf was a Vickers *ristar* in Alpha Galaxy until two years ago. Then, during a Trial of Possession on Tranquil, he attempted to earn him a bloodname nomination. He bid his single star against a binary of Smoke Jaguars. This bold bid backfired during the fight when his *Nova* failed to successfully jump behind a Jaguar *Dire Wolf*. The jump turned into an impromptu Death From Above that killed the Jaguar pilot. Enraged by this dishonorable attack, the Jaguars claimed *zellbrigen* to be broken and promptly slaughtered the Wolf force, except for Nraf. The loss of the valuable Ferro-Aluminum smelter hurt Wolf aerospace fighter production right on the cusp of the invasion. Promoted to Star Captain, Nraf found that his promotion entitled him to a command in Epsilon Galaxy.

In-game bonus: Nraf is desperate to either regain his glory or die trying. At the GMs discretion, before the dice are rolled, Nraf may get +2 to the roll of any action he attempts. If he fails, however, his team suffers a -2 initiative penalty the subsequent turn.

Major Anita Danebørg: When the 13th Rasalhague Regulars left New Oslo after the Declaration of Freedom they left behind a large portion of locals and acclimated soldiers who preferred to stay rather than head back to the Combine. Major Danebørg was the latter. Her family's Terran roots were Norwegian but Pondicherry was where she and her family called home. Bureaucratic snafus led to the DCMS believing that she was Rasalhagian and thus to her posting with a Rasalhague Regulars. Major Danebørg took to her posting like a glove and laid down fairly deep roots. Though retired, her experience

as a battalion commander left her the natural choice to command the New Oslo Militia.

In-game bonus: Anita spent years talking to members of the Rasalhague Resistance. As a result, Anita has a few tricks up her sleeve. If Anita is in play, she may deploy one hidden 20-point minefield per 150 tons of enemy units. Additionally, at the start of any turn and within six hexes of any map edge, except the Clan home edge, Anita can deploy a lance of heavy 'Mechs. The 'Mechs are dummies and cannot move or shoot. They are armored like an Elemental (ten armor, one structure) If a Wolf 'Mech gets within six hexes (twelve if equipped with an active probe) then it will detect that these 'Mechs are fake.

Kapten Frederick Adolphus: Kapten Aldophus was too young to remember much of the Ronin Wars. But the stories of their nation's independence left their mark on this firebrand. He dreamt of enlisting all through his teens and as soon as he was old enough, did just that. He could have been destined for great things had disaster not struck just as he was promoted to Kapten. En route to his new company his Cavalry crashed in a snowstorm. The only survivor, Kapten Adolphus endured three days in sub-zero temperatures before rescuers found him. Exposure to the cold cost him three fingers and most motion in his left hand. Declared unfit for duty, Kapten Adolphus was transferred to the reserves of his hometown of Lilihammer to serve out the rest of his enlistment.

In-game bonus: Frederick is a native to Lilihammer. Anytime Frederick is within the city limits (either city mapsheet) his lance may use running/flanking MP on pavement without having to make a PSR and may do so at the attacker movement penalty of walking.



BATTLETECH™

'MECH RECORD SHEET

'MECH DATA

Type: Talon TLN-5VNO

Movement Points: Tonnage: 35
 Walking: 6 Tech Base: Inner Sphere
 Running: 9 3049
 Jumping: 0 D/XE-D-A

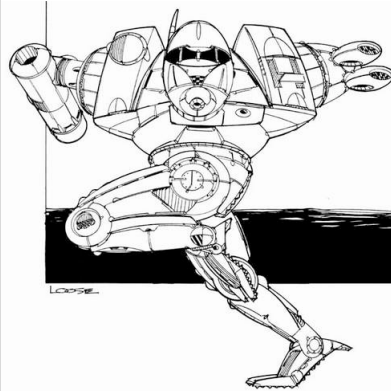
Weapons & Equipment Inventory (hexes)

Qty	Type	Loc	Ht	Dmg	Min	Sht	Med	Lng
1	PPC	RA	10	10 [DE]	3	6	12	18
2	Medium Laser	LA	3	5 [DE]	-	3	6	9

WARRIOR DATA

Name:
 Gunnery Skill: 4 Piloting Skill: 5

Hits Taken	1	2	3	4	5	6
Consciousness#	3	5	7	10	11	Dead



Cost: 2,943,675 C-Bills

BV: 977
 Weapon Heat [16]
 Dissipation [10]

CRITICAL HIT TABLE

Left Arm

- Shoulder
- Upper Arm Actuator
- Medium Laser
- Medium Laser
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

Left Torso

- Heat Sink
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

Left Leg

- Hip
- Upper Leg Actuator
- Lower Leg Actuator
- Foot Actuator
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

Head

- Life Support
- Sensors
- Cockpit
- Roll Again
- Sensors
- Life Support

Center Torso

- Fusion Engine
- Fusion Engine
- Fusion Engine
- Gyro
- Gyro
- Gyro

- Gyro
- Fusion Engine
- Fusion Engine
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

Engine Hits ○○○
 Gyro Hits ○○
 Sensor Hits ○○
 Life Support ○

Right Arm

- Shoulder
- Upper Arm Actuator
- PPC
- PPC
- PPC
- Roll Again

- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

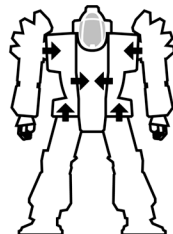
Right Torso

- Heat Sink
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

Right Leg

- Hip
- Upper Leg Actuator
- Lower Leg Actuator
- Foot Actuator
- Roll Again
- Roll Again

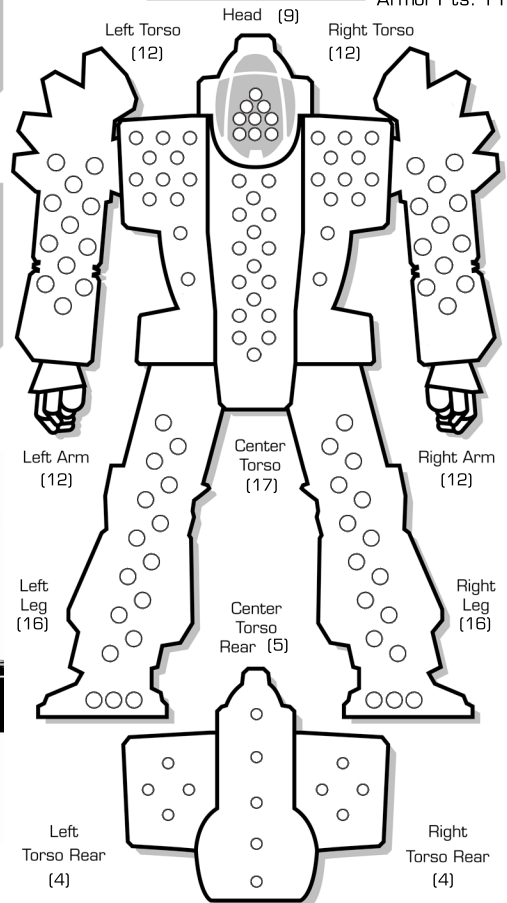


Damage Transfer Diagram

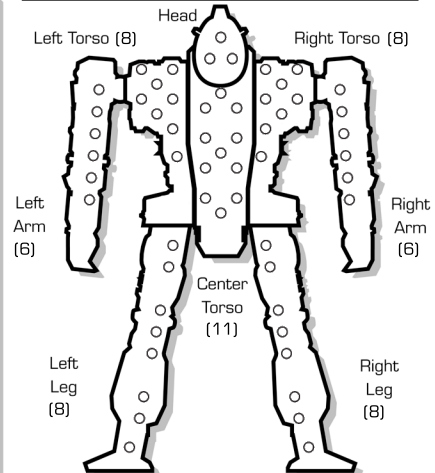


ARMOR DIAGRAM

Armor Pts: 119



INTERNAL STRUCTURE DIAGRAM



Heat Scale

Overflow
30*
29
28*
27
26*
25*
24*
23*
22*
21
20*
19*
18*
17*
16
15*
14*
13*
12
11
10*
9
8*
7
6
5*
4
3
2
1
0

HEAT DATA

Heat Level*	Effects	Heat Sinks: 10 Single
30	Shutdown	
28	Ammo Exp. avoid on 8+	
26	Shutdown, avoid on 10+	
25	-5 Movement Points	
24	+4 Modifier to Fire	
23	Ammo Exp. avoid on 6+	
22	Shutdown, avoid on 8+	
20	-4 Movement Points	
19	Ammo Exp. avoid on 4+	
18	Shutdown, avoid on 6+	
17	+3 Modifier to Fire	
15	-3 Movement Points	
14	Shutdown, avoid on 4+	
13	+2 Modifier to Fire	
10	-2 Movement Points	
8	+1 Modifier to Fire	
5	-1 Movement Points	

RINGSAKER VALLEY

SITUATION

Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe (GKT) Enterprises Factory Complex

New Oslo

Free Rasalhague Republic

25 July 3050

The arrival of Clan Wolf on New Oslo was hardly unexpected. After three previous waves, and the fall of their capital, an invasion was a foregone conclusion. Without any regular defensive forces, New Oslo was expected to fall quickly. However, the planet carried a great prize: the Republic's only 'Mech factory: the Gorton, Kingsley & Thorpe (GKT) Enterprises facility. In an attempt to save the factory, Republic and GKT technicians set to work disassembling and moving the factory before the Clans could arrive. They failed.

The New Oslo Militia was called out to join volunteers from GKT in an attempt to buy enough time for the technicians to either remove or destroy anything left in the factory. An initial ambush at Trysil Pass failed to stop the clan invasion. The Wolves then approached the city of Lilihammer, gateway to Ringsaker Valley and the GKT factory. After defeating the New Oslo forces there, the Wolves approached their final target, the GKT factory in Ringsaker Valley. The fight for New Oslo would finally come to an end, but would the GKT factory still be the prize worth fighting for?

GAME SETUP

As per standard Alpha Strike rules, the game should be played on a hexless terrain board. A minimum size would be 48" x 72" which, in Alpha Strike rules is equivalent to a 24" x 36" hex map. A more suitable size, if practical, would be 72" x 84" or a 36" x 42" hex map.

The GKT Factory covers the entire width of the board to a depth of 18" from the FRR home edge. It should be densely packed with large buildings, with a minimum of four. These buildings should have CFs of at least 16. Line-of-Sight in pathways between buildings should be limited, as much as possible, to ranges under 12". The factory complex is considered to be paved.

Other terrain should be limited to low hills (none exceeding Level 2) and a scattering of trees, heavier towards the clan home edge. The middle of the board should be fairly open.

Deployment

The Clan Wolf forces will deploy first within 2" the left map edge prior to the start of Turn 1.

The FRR forces will deploy within the GKT Factory.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Clan Wolf sought to capture the factory as quickly as possible while the GKT Volunteer Regiment was attempting to delay the capture as long as possible. Both sides were aware that Clan Wolf would ultimately be victorious on the field. Consequently, while it is expected that the Clan Wolf forces will, ultimately, destroy the GKT Volunteer Regiment, the victory conditions are not based on that.

SPECIAL RULES

Lilihammer is a region renowned for its cold climate and cold-weather activities. The residents of the area are not phased by snow, ice, cold, or any combination thereof and are fiercely protective of their home region. Therefore, the following special rules are in effect but, excepting for the heat dissipation bonuses, will have no effect on the GKT Volunteer Regiment.

Moderate Snowfall

All Units: Apply a +1 to-hit modifier to all weapon attacks.

Deep Snow

Any ground unit moving into or through deep snow may become stuck in such terrain per the rules for Bogging Down (see below). Any heat-tracking unit in deep snow may subtract 1 extra heat level during the End Phase of a turn when overheating.

Bogging Down

Any time a unit starts its movement in a terrain area or enters a terrain area that may cause it to get stuck and for each full 2" the unit continues through the terrain area, the controlling player must make a 2D6 roll with a target number equal to the unit's Skill rating. If this roll fails, the unit ends its movement Phase immediately, and is stuck at the point in the terrain it had just traversed when the roll failed.

Escaping once bogged down requires a new bog down check at the start of the unit's next movement phase. If this roll fails, the unit remains bogged down for the turn, and attacks against it will ignore its usual target movement modifier. Otherwise, the unit escapes and may move normally.

Units using jumping movement may be bogged down upon landing, but automatically escape if they use jumping movement to leave the terrain in the next turn. Units in Deep Snow apply a +1 modifier to the target number to avoid bog down.

Forced Withdrawal

Forced Withdrawal is in effect for both the Clans and GKT Volunteer Regiment.

Crippled units must retreat from the battlefield when damage has rendered them useless or they are in imminent danger of

VICTORY POINTS TABLE

Clan Wolf	Clan Wolf Points	Rasalhague	Rasalhague Points
Occupy three of the four largest factory buildings.	3 building: 6 4 buildings: 10	Kill two of the three highest ranking Wolf units.	3/Wolf unit
Destroy the most valuable half of the GKT 'Mechs.	1/'Mech	Prevent the factory's capture until the computer banks wiped. (Twelve turns).	2/turn past Turn 12
		Half the GKT Volunteer Regiment survives the fight.	1/% over 50
		Kill the Elementals	3 points: 2 4 points: 4 5 points: 8

being destroyed (see crippling damage, below). A unit making a forced withdrawal must move toward its home map edge at its best possible speed. Once it reaches the home map edge, the unit retreats from battle and is removed from the game. If the withdrawing unit is immobilized before it can reach the map edge, its crew will abandon the unit, and it is considered destroyed for game purposes.

Withdrawing units may still attack an enemy unit that closes within range of a weapon or physical attack.

Crippling damage is defined as follows:

- The unit has no Armor remaining and been reduced to half its original Structure (round up). If the unit only possessed 1 Structure to start with, it is crippled as soon as it loses all its armor.
- The unit has been reduced to 0 for all medium and Long range damage values. this condition does not apply to unit whose initial damage values at medium and Long started at 0.
- The unit has been immobilized through Critical Hit effects.



ATTACKER

The Attacker consists of the Dorbeng Garrison Cluster. The Clan force can be any size from three stars to three nova (six stars) but must contain at least one star of elementals. The clan force should be drawn from the attached TO&E of the Dorbeng Garrison Cluster. Individual units should not be mixed, instead whole stars should be chosen to form the force. Additionally, any forces destroyed in the Lilihammer scenario should not be reused for this scenario.

Assuming they survived the Lilihammer scenario, Galaxy Commander Fetladral and his Aide-de-Camp Star Captain Bihur are available to be attached for this operation. They are not included in counting the total size of the Wolf forces. If they are in play, additional rules are in effect (see below).



DEFENDER

All that is left to defend the factory is the GKT Volunteer Regiment. Elements of the unit may have seen combat in the Lilihammer Scenario. There may be a small attachment of New Oslo militia survivors, but any New Oslo Militia units must be either tanks or conventional infantry.

As the factory produced *Archers* (ARC-2K), *Panthers* (PNT-9R), and *Phoenix Hawks* (PXH-1 or PXH-1K) those should be the only combat 'Mechs used by the GKT Volunteer Regiment.

However, there may be an equal number of industrial 'Mechs if so desired. The force is limited to Introductory technology. There is one exception. GKT Enterprises made the *Stalker* STK-3Fk. Though the line was destroyed during the First Succession War, GKT has maintained one in pristine condition. If the GM chooses, that unit may be deployed in this fight. If the *Stalker* STK-3Fk was used in the Lilihammer scenario, then it is unavailable for usage in this event.

Additionally, the factory complex may be equipped with up to 100 LRMs in turrets. The LRMs may be divided into any standard size launchers (5, 10, 15, 20). Each turret has armor equal to twice the number of LRMs it carries and has a gunner of 5. The turrets must be placed on the board with the terrain prior to the start of the game.

The GKT forces by Point Value (PV) should be no more than 75% of the Wolf forces. The PVs should not include any turrets nor Notable Personalities into the calculations.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

Notes: If a notable personality is used for one side, it is recommended that the other side receive one as well. Only the Clan Wolf notable personalities have assigned units.

Galaxy Commander Anton Fetladral: Epsilon lost its previous commander, Galaxy Commandner Djuna Kerensky, eight years ago in an accident. All high officers of the Clan lived in fear that they would be called upon to replace her and command this most unpopular of Galaxies. Anton Fetladral, then the little-known commander of the 278th Battle Cluster, took the unprecedented action of volunteering for the post, disgusted by his fellow officers' prejudice against soldiers whose only sin was being unlucky in birth or death. He was immediately approved and acclaimed by the other very relieved officers. Before the invasion of the Inner Spheres, Galaxy Commander Anton Fetladral was without question the most popular commander Epsilon Galaxy had ever had. He often treated his freebirth warriors with more respect than he did trueborns, and the veterans felt that he at least sympathized with them. This tendency to treat freebirths in this manner has created problems between him and his trueborn warriors.

In-game bonus: Any enemy Anton takes fire from receives a -1 bonus to be hit by any other Wolf unit coming to Anton's defense. If Anton dies, the Wolves receive a +1 to-hit penalty for the rest of the game.

Star Captain Nraf: Nraf was a Vickers *ristar* in Alpha Galaxy until two years ago. Then, during a Trial of Possession on Tranquil, he attempted to earn him a bloodname nomination. He bid his single star against a binary of Smoke Jaguars. This bold bid backfired during the fight when his *Nova* failed to successfully jump behind a Jaguar *Dire Wolf*. The jump turned into an impromptu Death From Above that killed the Jaguar pilot. Enraged by this dishonorable attack, the Jaguars claimed *zellbrigen* to be broken and promptly slaughtered the Wolf force, except for Nraf. The loss of the valuable Ferro-Aluminum smelter hurt Wolf aerospace fighter production right on the cusp of the invasion. Promoted to Star Captain, Nraf found that his promotion entitled him to a command in Epsilon Galaxy.

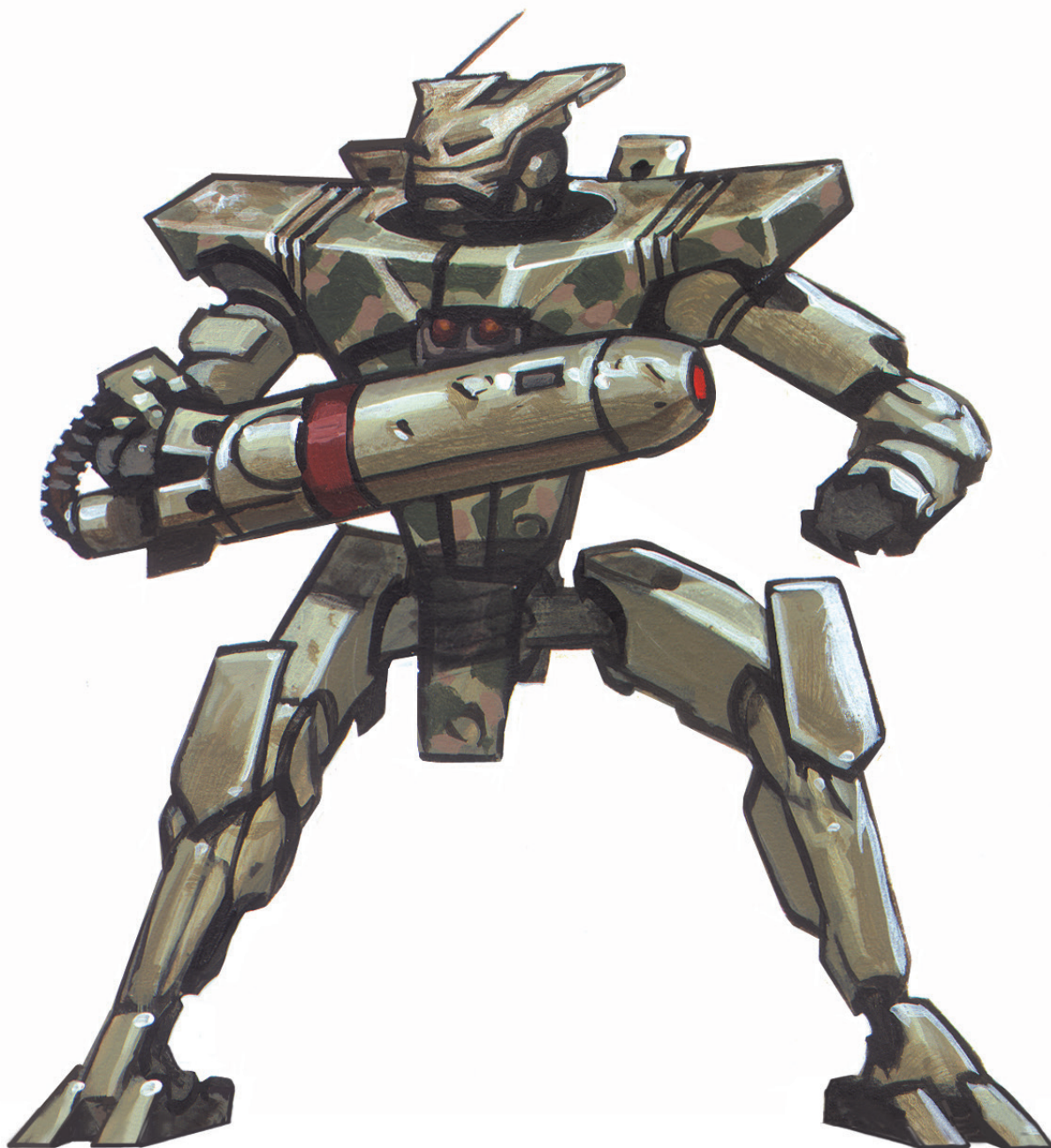
In-game bonus: Nraf is desperate to either regain his glory or die trying. At the GMs discretion, before the dice are rolled, Nraf may get +2 to the roll of any action he attempts. If he fails, however, his team suffers a -2 initiative penalty the subsequent turn.

Hanse Creed: If Hanse had been born a clan warrior he would have been called a *ristar*. Instead, Hanse, at the "old" age of 29 has become the youngest union leader in the history of the GKT factory. Popular, smart, and ambitious, when word reached the factory that the planet was being invaded, it was Hanse who led up the efforts to create the GKT Volunteer Regiment. But Hanse was smart enough to know that he lacked the experience necessary to lead the unit. So instead Hanse took up the role of senior non-commissioned officer. His energy and mere presence has done much to solidify the unit in their brief time together.

In-game bonus: Units starting a turn within 6" of Hanse may move an additional 4" during the movement phase and may move out of initiative with Hanse.

Supervisor Joseph Mellas: Joseph Mellas has been the supervisor of the GKT Factory on New Oslo for almost a half century. Now 91 years old, Joseph decided not to attempt to relocate to Satalice with the factory but decided to share in New Oslo's fate. Having been around forever, Joseph's knowledge of the factory, its products, and workers is unmatched by anybody in the company. As an avid biathlete, Joseph is in excellent shape for a 91 year old. Thus he was the only choice to command when the GKT Volunteer Regiment formed.

In-game bonus: Joseph can act as a spotter for the LRM turrets. If he does, the LRM turrets receive a -3 bonus to their Target Number (TN). However, Joseph may not shoot and move less than 4" during movement. Additionally, if Joseph dies, the entirety of the GKT Volunteer Regiment will suffer a permanent -1 initiative penalty.



CLAN WOLF FORCES TABLE

Unit	Rank	Pilot	Base BV	Gunnery	Piloting	BV Mod.	Final BV	Armor	Structure	Tons	Trinary
Gladiator Prime	Galaxy Commander	Anton Fetladral	2749	1	2	2.24	6158	259	145	95	Green Keshik
Man O'War Prime	Star Captain	Bihur	1537	2	3	1.82	2797	211	122	80	Green Keshik
			4,286				0	470	267	175	
Man O'War A	Star Commander	Orren	2689	2	3	1.82	4894	211	122	80	Green Keshik
Thug THG-11Eb	Mechwarrior	Zoll	1759	2	3	1.82	3201	247	122	80	Green Keshik
Marauder IIC	Mechwarrior	Saridan	2680	2	3	1.82	4878	220	130	85	Green Keshik
Highlander IIC	Mechwarrior	Lyanne	2978	3	4	1.38	4110	278	138	90	Green Keshik
Guillotine IIC	Mechwarrior	Nlare	2377	3	4	1.38	3280	192	107	70	Green Keshik
			12,483				20,363	1,148	619	405	
Fenris Prime	Star Commander	Laj	1678	2	3	1.82	3054	144	75	45	Green Keshik
Griffin IIC	Mechwarrior	Amadeo	1608	2	3	1.82	2927	134	67	40	Green Keshik
Crab CRB-27b	Mechwarrior	Jerr	1308	3	4	1.38	1805	161	83	50	Green Keshik
Shadow Hawk IIC	Mechwarrior	Kieland	1732	2	3	1.82	3152	144	75	45	Green Keshik
Shadow Hawk IIC 2	Mechwarrior	Orill	1763	3	4	1.38	2433	144	75	45	Green Keshik
			8,089				13,371	727	375	225	
Elemental Point (Laser)	Star Commander	Jared	447	2	N/A	1.40	626	50	10	5	Green Keshik
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Goria	447	3	N/A	1.20	536	50	10	5	Green Keshik
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Treen	447	3	N/A	1.20	536	50	10	5	Green Keshik
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Irnic	404	3	N/A	1.20	485	50	10	5	Green Keshik
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Point Commander	Vissur	404	2	N/A	1.40	566	50	10	5	Green Keshik
			2,149				2,749	250	50	25	
			22,721				36,483	2,125	1,044	655	
Man O'War Prime	Star Captain	Von	1537	2	3	1.82	2797	211	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Rettig	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Trona	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Mog	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Jewel	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
			8,897				12,954	787	610	400	
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Gisela	1840	2	3	1.82	3349	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Rotheran	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Thos	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Ferenc	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
Naga Prime	Mechwarrior	Edyth	1840	3	4	1.38	2539	144	122	80	Green Keshik
			9,200				13,506	720	610	400	
Jagatai Prime	Star Commander	Zorba	2827	3	4	1.38	3901	211	7	70	Green Keshik
Jagatai Prime	Pilot	Henerson	2827	2	3	1.82	5145	211	7	70	Green Keshik
Tomahawk THK-63b	Pilot	Chunh	1481	3	4	1.38	2044	188	8	45	Green Keshik
Tomahawk THK-63b	Pilot	Jalk	1481	4	5	1.00	1481	188	8	45	Green Keshik
Spad SPD-502	Pilot	Bridon	807	4	5	1.00	807	128	7	30	Green Keshik
Spad SPD-502	Pilot	Juris	807	5	6	0.86	694	128	7	30	Green Keshik
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Magne	1653	4	5	1.00	1653	184	6	65	Green Keshik
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Fortune	1653	2	3	1.82	3008	184	6	65	Green Keshik
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Kempf	1653	4	5	1.00	1653	184	6	65	Green Keshik
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Glenross	1653	3	4	1.38	2281	184	6	65	Green Keshik
			16,842				22,668	1790	68	550	
			34,939				49,128	3,297	1,288	1,350	
			61,946				85,610	5,892	2,599	2,180	

CLAN WOLF FORCES TABLE (CONTINUED)

Unit	Rank	Pilot	Base BV	Gunnery	Piloting	BV Mod.	Final BV	Armor	Structure	Tons	Trinary
Man O'War B	Star Captain	Sanal	1843	2	3	1.82	3354	211	122	80	Sixteenth Garrison
Lancelot LNC25-01	Mechwarrior	Zoll	1422	2	3	1.82	2588	152	99	60	Sixteenth Garrison
Warhammer IIC	Mechwarrior	Eligio	2570	2	3	1.82	4677	230	122	80	Sixteenth Garrison
Black Knight BL-6b-KNT	Mechwarrior	Dena	1627	3	4	1.38	2245	208	114	75	Sixteenth Garrison
Crockett CRK-5003-1b	Mechwarrior	Pic	2307	2	3	1.82	4199	263	130	85	Sixteenth Garrison
			9,769				17,064	1064	587	380	
Elemental Point (Laser)	Star Commander	Cascato	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Sixteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Bradus	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Sixteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Chloe	447	3		1.20	536	50	10	5	Sixteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Das	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Sixteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Point Commander	Rena	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Sixteenth Garrison
			2,149				2,919	250	50	25	
Ahab AHB-443b	Star Commander	Rena	1889	3	4	1.38	2607	248	9	90	Sixteenth Garrison
Ahab AHB-443b	Pilot	Blas	1889	3	4	1.38	2607	248	9	90	Sixteenth Garrison
Zero ZRO-116b	Pilot	Srot	1044	3	4	1.38	1441	188	7	35	Sixteenth Garrison
Zero ZRO-116b	Pilot	Krynos	1044	3	4	1.38	1441	188	7	35	Sixteenth Garrison
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Aughany	1653	4	5	1.00	1653	184	6	65	Sixteenth Garrison
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Grendel	1653	3	4	1.38	2281	184	6	65	Sixteenth Garrison
Tomahawk THK-63b	Pilot	Caren	1481	3	4	1.38	2044	188	8	45	Sixteenth Garrison
Tomahawk THK-63b	Pilot	Gok	1481	4	5	1.00	1481	188	8	45	Sixteenth Garrison
Swift SW-606	Pilot	Deener	301	3	4	1.38	415	35	13	25	Sixteenth Garrison
Swift SW-606	Pilot	Gramyer	301	4	5	1.00	301	35	13	25	Sixteenth Garrison
			12,736				16,270	1686	86	520	
			24,654				36,253	3,000	723	925	
Highlander IIC	Star Captain	Corrine	2978	1	2	2.24	6671	278	138	90	Seventeenth Garrison
Flashman FLS-8K	Mechwarrior	Jols	1779	2	3	1.82	3238	216	114	75	Seventeenth Garrison
Thug THG-11E	Mechwarrior	Quos	1640	2	3	1.82	2985	247	122	80	Seventeenth Garrison
Orion IIC	Mechwarrior	Pankaj	2392	3	4	1.38	3301	230	114	75	Seventeenth Garrison
Atlas II AS7-D-H	Mechwarrior	Amard	2169	3	4	1.38	2993	304	152	100	Seventeenth Garrison
			10,958				19,187	1275	640	420	
Elemental Point (Laser)	Star Commander	Vila	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Seventeenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Tyett	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Seventeenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Phera	447	3		1.20	536	50	10	5	Seventeenth Garrison
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Zack	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Seventeenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Point Commander	Iza	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Seventeenth Garrison
			2,149				2,919	250	50	25	
Spad SPD-502	Star Commander	Estanislao	807	3	4	1.38	1114	128	7	30	Seventeenth Garrison
Spad SPD-502	Pilot	Drison	807	3	4	1.38	1114	128	7	30	Seventeenth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Seralio	1054	3	4	1.38	1455	98	7	40	Seventeenth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Primo	1054	4	5	1.00	1054	98	7	40	Seventeenth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213C	Pilot	Karllor	1302	3	4	1.38	1797	215	7	50	Seventeenth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213C	Pilot	Lana	1302	3	4	1.38	1797	215	7	50	Seventeenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100b	Pilot	Sauy	1751	4	5	1.00	1751	192	8	85	Seventeenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100b	Pilot	Zasser	1751	4	5	1.00	1751	192	8	85	Seventeenth Garrison
Gotha GTHA-500b	Pilot	Lauri	1527	4	5	1.00	1527	232	6	60	Seventeenth Garrison
Gotha GTHA-500b	Pilot	To'tiona	1527	3	4	1.38	2107	232	6	60	Seventeenth Garrison
			12,882				15,466	1730	70	530	
			25,989				37,572	3,255	760	975	

CLAN WOLF FORCES TABLE (CONTINUED)

Unit	Rank	Pilot	Base BV	Gunnery	Piloting	BV Mod.	Final BV	Armor	Structure	Tons	Trinary
Black Knight BL-6b-KNT	Star Captain	Gregory	1627	3	4	1.38	2245	208	114	75	Eighteenth Garrison
Champion CHP-1N	Mechwarrior	Rokay	1233	2	3	1.82	2244	143	99	60	Eighteenth Garrison
Kintaro KTO-19b	Mechwarrior	Rotheran	1265	3	4	1.38	1746	185	91	55	Eighteenth Garrison
Crab CRB-27b	Mechwarrior	Jieuny	1308	3	4	1.38	1805	161	83	50	Eighteenth Garrison
Exterminator EXT-4db	Mechwarrior	Bishop	1694	3	4	1.38	2338	208	104	65	Eighteenth Garrison
			7,127				10,378	905	491	305	
Elemental Point (Laser)	Star Commander	Joshis	447	3		1.20	536	50	10	5	Eighteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Xan	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Eighteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Georgy	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Eighteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Freedkin	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Eighteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Point Commander	Crowe	404	3		1.20	485	50	10	5	Eighteenth Garrison
			2,149				2,838	250	50	25	
Gotha GTHA-500b	Star Commander	Lefar	1527	4	5	1.00	1527	232	6	60	Eighteenth Garrison
Gotha GTHA-500b	Pilot	Renn	1527	3	4	1.38	2107	232	6	60	Eighteenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100b	Pilot	Mossin	1751	4	5	1.00	1751	192	8	85	Eighteenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100b	Pilot	Troshdon	1751	3	4	1.38	2416	192	8	85	Eighteenth Garrison
Zero ZRO-116b	Pilot	Synthia	1044	4	5	1.00	1044	188	7	35	Eighteenth Garrison
Zero ZRO-116b	Pilot	Darin	1044	3	4	1.38	1441	188	7	35	Eighteenth Garrison
Spad SPD-502	Pilot	Talber	807	4	5	1.00	807	128	7	30	Eighteenth Garrison
Spad SPD-502	Pilot	Pisstor	807	4	5	1.00	807	128	7	30	Eighteenth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213C	Pilot	Killinap	1302	3	4	1.38	1797	215	7	50	Eighteenth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213C	Pilot	Virgil	1302	3	4	1.38	1797	215	7	50	Eighteenth Garrison
			12,862				15,494	1910	70	520	
			22,138				28,710	3,065	611	850	
Lancelot LNC25-01	Star Captain	Nraf	1422	3	4	1.38	1962	152	99	60	Nineteenth Garrison
Rifleman IIC 2	Mechwarrior	Wession	1345	2	3	1.82	2448	208	104	65	Nineteenth Garrison
Wyvern IIC	Mechwarrior	Dougiss	1624	2	3	1.82	2956	152	75	45	Nineteenth Garrison
Crab CRB-27	Mechwarrior	Hee	1198	3	4	1.38	1653	161	83	50	Nineteenth Garrison
Jenner IIC	Mechwarrior	Synd	1047	3	4	1.38	1445	67	58	35	Nineteenth Garrison
			6,636				10,464	740	419	255	
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Star Commander	Mikillat	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Nineteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Dunna	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Nineteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Vernk	447	3		1.20	536	50	10	5	Nineteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Semmer	447	3		1.20	536	50	10	5	Nineteenth Garrison
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Lanice	404	3		1.20	485	50	10	5	Nineteenth Garrison
			2,149				2,749	250	50	25	
Ahab AHB-443	Star Commander	Edmond	1738	4	5	1.00	1738	248	9	90	Nineteenth Garrison
Ahab AHB-443	Pilot	Grison	1738	4	5	1.00	1738	248	9	90	Nineteenth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Boshion	1054	4	5	1.00	1054	98	7	40	Nineteenth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Stenl	1054	4	5	1.00	1054	98	7	40	Nineteenth Garrison
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Gramyer	1653	4	5	1.00	1653	184	6	65	Nineteenth Garrison
Ironsides IRN-SD1b	Pilot	Wesil	1653	3	4	1.38	2281	184	6	65	Nineteenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100	Pilot	Ullioli	1572	4	5	1.00	1572	192	8	85	Nineteenth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100	Pilot	Koosh	1572	4	5	1.00	1572	192	8	85	Nineteenth Garrison
Swift SW-606	Pilot	Sraav	301	4	5	1.00	301	35	13	25	Nineteenth Garrison
Swift SW-606	Pilot	Starmel	301	4	5	1.00	301	35	13	25	Nineteenth Garrison
			12,636				13,264	1514	86	610	
			21,421				26,477	2,504	555	890	

CLAN WOLF FORCES TABLE (CONTINUED)

Unit	Rank	Pilot	Base BV	Gunnery	Piloting	BV Mod.	Final BV	Armor	Structure	Tons	Trinary
Elemental Point (Laser)	Star Captain	Ghull	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Twentieth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Xerxes	447	2		1.40	626	50	10	5	Twentieth Garrison
Elemental Point (Laser)	Point Commander	Pela	447	3		1.40	626	50	10	5	Twentieth Garrison
Elemental Point (MG)	Point Commander	Harr	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Twentieth Garrison
Elemental Point (Flamer)	Point Commander	Bella	404	2		1.40	566	50	10	5	Twentieth Garrison
			2,149				3,009	250	50	25	
Bombardier BMB-12D	Star Commander	Soseki	1480	3	4	1.38	2042	200	104	65	Twentieth Garrison
Guillotine IIC	Mechwarrior	Zeffin	2377	2	3	1.82	4326	192	107	70	Twentieth Garrison
Kintaro KTO-19	Mechwarrior	Cyrus	1160	2	3	1.82	2111	179	91	55	Twentieth Garrison
Crab CRB-27b	Mechwarrior	Ianos	1308	3	4	1.38	1805	161	83	50	Twentieth Garrison
Wyvern IIC	Mechwarrior	Pithia	1624	3	4	1.38	2241	152	75	45	Twentieth Garrison
			7,949				12,526	884	460	285	
Gotha GTHA-500	Star Commander	May	1436	4	5	1.00	1436	232	6	60	Twentieth Garrison
Gotha GTHA-500	Pilot	Ennid	1436	4	5	1.00	1436	232	6	60	Twentieth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Aughnay	1054	4	5	1.00	1054	98	7	40	Twentieth Garrison
Rogue RGU-133Eb	Pilot	Nahl	1054	4	5	1.00	1054	98	7	40	Twentieth Garrison
Zero ZRO-114	Pilot	Ancil	881	4	5	1.00	881	160	6	35	Twentieth Garrison
Zero ZRO-114	Pilot	Hochs	881	4	5	1.00	881	160	6	35	Twentieth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100	Pilot	Flahar	1572	4	5	1.00	1572	192	8	85	Twentieth Garrison
Rapier RPR-100	Pilot	Suzan	1572	4	5	1.00	1572	192	8	85	Twentieth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213B	Pilot	Dolan	1147	4	5	1.00	1147	215	7	50	Twentieth Garrison
Hellcat II HCT-213B	Pilot	Stevic	1147	4	5	1.00	1147	215	7	50	Twentieth Garrison
			12,180				12,180	1794	68	540	
			22,278				27,715	2,928	578	850	
			116,480			1.35	156,727	14,752	3,227	4,490	

