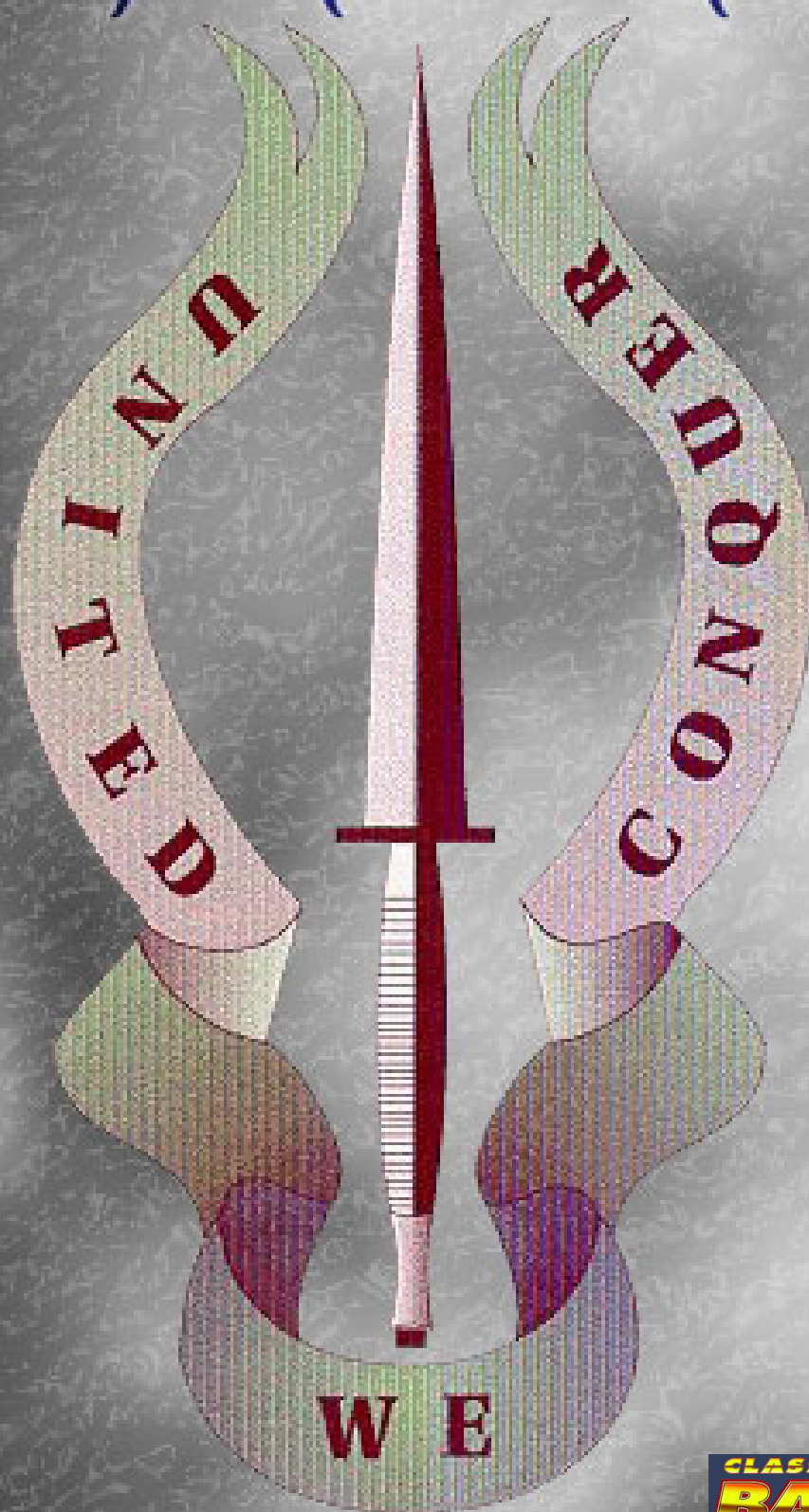


COMMANDO QUARTERLY



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EDITOR'S CORNER:

By Jason Weiser

Hi all,

Well, here is another issue of the Commando Quarterly. I am happy this enterprise has done as well as it has so far. Joel and I have been knocking ourselves out to get this to you fans and we appreciate the feedback. I am not as prominent in this issue as I am planning my impending nuptials for early November. Well wishes are welcome. But, I digress.

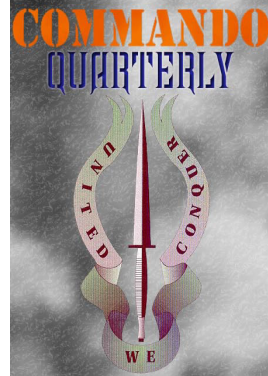
Mainly, I want to talk about change as it applies to BattleTech. Change is a dynamic force, and sometimes, it's good, sometimes, it's sad, but it's a constant dynamic in the real world, and it's so in BattleTech, seeing as how BattleTech is above all, a human story.

But, there are those in the community who, as a rule, fear change, either for its own sake, or because it upsets their view of the universe. Well, I am not going to attack their views, as if somebody wants to keep playing without the Clans or Star League tech, then who am I to tell them different, but I would like to ask them why?

Dynamic change is a force in BattleTech ever since Mike Stackpole wrote the Warrior Trilogy and set the universe on its ear. We all hungrily look for the next bit of source material and argue over portents as much as they do concerning real life events at Fox News or Langley. So, why decry change now when we are on the cusp of another major event, the Jihad and the coming of the Dark Age?

I am not going to tell you how to run your game because, once you spend your money for your BattleTech product, you can legally use it as a doorstop. But, give the coming change a chance. A lot of thought has gone into it and frankly, I am not as nervous about it as I was. In the end, it will improve BattleTech and make it a stronger, more dynamic universe that we'll all enjoy even more.

So, embrace the change!





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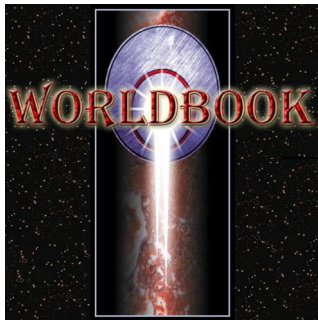
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DropShip, JumpShip & WarShip
Comparison Charts by John Haward

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WORLDBOOK:

By Joel Stevenson

Worldbook is the standard stellar cartography and planetary information database in the Inner Sphere. Abbreviated selections are presented for the interest of our readers. Additional information, including sales, and volume licensing, is available at ComStar & Word Of Blake installations

Tortuga Prime

System Catalog:

Stellar Data:

Star:	HVX2-7-7891-7547
Type:	(Unnamed)
Mass:	G2IV
Luminosity:	0.998 Sol
Radius:	1.10 Sol
	1.02 Sol

System Data:

Planetary System:	5
Bodies:	1
Planetoids:	1
Asteroid Belts:	1

Planetary Data:

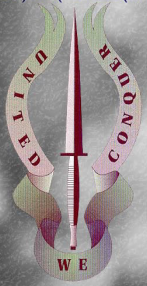
Planet: HVX2-7-7891-7547-3

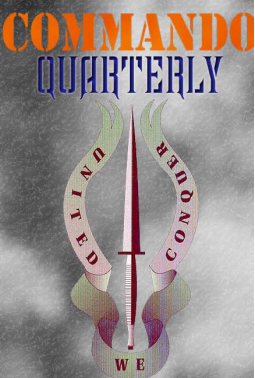
Common Name:	Tortuga Prime (AKA Tortuga)
Position In System:	3
Mean Orbital Radius:	0.89 AU
Orbital Inclination:	8.62 %
Orbital Eccentricity:	0.0248
Perihelion:	0.8897 AU
Aphelion:	0.8902 AU
Period:	257.49 Standard Days
Mass (1024kg):	5.069 (0.84 Terra)
Equatorial Diameter:	11261.35 (0.88 Terra)
Mean Planetary Density (kg/m3):	7932.24 (1.43 Terra)

Mean Surface Gravity (m/s2):	11.76 (1.2 G)
Escape Velocity (km/h):	40,341
Rotational Period:	32.98 Hours
Axial Inclination:	1.49°
Atmosphere:	Class 5 (Marginal Terran Type)
Composition:	79.14% Nitrogen (N ₂) 17.37% Oxygen (O ₂) 1.27% Sulfurous (SO ₂) 2.22% Other
Hydrographics:	74% of the surface covered by liquid H ₂ O
Mean Temperature (°C):	41.2
Temperature Range (°C):	23.6 to 32.9 Polar 43.1 to 58.8 Equatorial

Planetography:

Radius (km):	5339.04
Circumference (km):	33,529.17
Total Surface Area (km2):	358,027,172.40
Land Surface Area (km2):	93,087,064.83
Inhabited Surface Area (km2):	8,310.21
Surface Topography:	
Topographic Range (km):	14
Ocean/Sea/Lake:	57%
River/Basin	17%
Steppe/Plains/Lowlands	13%
Valley/Rift:	3%
Rising Ground:	2%
Low Hills:	3%
High Hills:	3%
Low Mountains (> 2000 m):	1%
High Mountains (< 2000 m):	1%
Arable Land:	15%





Satellite Data:

N/A

ComStar Data:

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

None
None
None

Economy:

Natural Resources:
Processed/Manufactured Goods:
Labor Force:

Foodstuffs, Water
None
Slave Labor (various types) 93%
Other Labor 7%

Education:

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

12.4%
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A

Finance:

Currency:

Per Capita Income:
Gross Domestic Product:
Imports:

Principal Sources (< 10%):

Mean Tariff:
Percent Tariff Exempt:
Exports:

Principal Markets (< 10%):

Growth In Export Amount:
Growth In Market Share:

Queensnote
(approx. 0.32 Cb)
5,236 Cb
420 Million Cb
Military Equipment
Munitions
New Port Royal (37%)
Fletcher's Feast (24%)
N/A
N/A
Foodstuffs
Water
New Port Royal (43%)
Fletcher's Feast (37%)
New Hati (15%)
4.7%
3.6%

Government:

Allegiance:
Government Type:
Principal Official:
Planetary Capital:

Tortuga Dominions
Military Dictatorship
Twyla Sumeral
Raider's Roost

Health:

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

44.7 Years
6.7 %
12.4%
- 5.7 %

Military Data:

Defense Spending:
Military Manpower Potential:
AeroSpace Forces:
Orbital:
Deep Space:
Warships:
JumpShips:
DropShips:
Aerospace Fighters:
Ground Forces:
'Mech Forces:
Armor Forces:
Infantry Forces:
Training Facilities:
Subjects:

37% GDP
44,208 (55%)
0
0
0
5
16
36
Tortuga Fusiliers
1 Battalion (07% Upg)
None
1 Regiment
None
N/A

People:

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

80,378
9.67
82.65 %
European (41.78%)
African (18.32%)
Asian (17.42%)
Others (22.48%)
Gregorian (25.7%)
Inheritor (21.5%)
Sunnis (16.4%)
Omniis (14.3%)
Unfinished Bk (8.6%)
Buddhism (5.1%)
Others (8.4%)

Religion:

Transportation:

Recharging Station:
Distance To Jump Point:
Travel Time:
Chief Ports:
Off Planet Facilities:
Orbital:
Deep Space:
Merchant Fleet:
JumpShips:
DropShips:
Shuttles:

None
10.18 AU
218.64 Hours
1
0
0
0
0
0
17

Climate:

Situated on the inner fringes of the habitable zone around an unremarkable yellow star, this tropical planet bakes its inhabitants with a scorching average temperature of 41 °C. Plentiful large bodies of water keep the air moist and humid, while violent weather, hurricanes and lesser tropical storms, ravage the costal regions and deliver upwards of 203 days of rain a year to inland regions.

Summer and autumn bring the worst of the seasonal weather, where violent storms can spend two weeks or more exhausting themselves upon the coast. Winter heralds the arrival of calmer weather and milder 30 °C days. Temperatures soar early into the spring, and while plentiful rainfall accompanies the warmer weather, the more violent storms generally remain at bay until the waning months of the season.

Ecology:

While there has never been a formal study of Tortuga Prime, scant information is available from the observations of the late Dr. Bonacieux, chief medical officer of the AFFC 9th RCT. His notes describe a tropical jungle, vis-à-vis the fractious wild described by Terran novelist Edgar Rice Burroughs, filled with lethal predators, ranging in size from the

meter-long Tortugan Wolverine to the twelve meter-long Ararcara a close relative to the Terran Python. Considering the predilection of the vagabonds who make Tortuga Prime their home, it is highly probable all of the predatory species were intentionally introduced.

The deadliest of land-based predators is the Crossfield Krait. A distant descendant of the Terran Coral Snake, it inhabits Gateway Island, where its bite accounts for roughly thirty percent of the annual deaths. Victims experience a slow and agonizing failure of their central nervous system characterized by violent spasms leading to paralysis within ten minutes. Blindness and arrhythmia follow, leading to death within six hours.

The rough oceans, home to a myriad of transplanted and native life, are temperate clear to the poles. Far from a tropical paradise, this would-be haven for recreational activities lies practically infested with schools of Robsart Sharks who account for nearly half of the planet's aquatic life. These natives of the low-tech world of Robsart in the Federated Commonwealth quickly adapted to the oceans of Tortuga Prime where they found abundant food in schools of previously introduced species. The dominant species in the aquatic food chain, the Robsart Sharks would likely overrun the oceans if not for their fiercely territorial nature and intra-species predation.

Tropical flora cling fiercely to every centimeter of land, kept at bay only through slave labor and liberal use of herbicides. Many species of plant are edible, though their value is clearly lost on this non-agrarian society.

On a world with only the barest of medical essentials, Malaria, Xanthian Fever, and other diseases run rampant. Passed by myriad insects, disease ranks as the number one killer on Tortuga Prime accounting for nearly one third of the annual deaths.

Sociology:

Tortuga Prime, and by inference the Tortuga Dominions, was a case study in the most deplorable forms of human government and society. Since the apprehension of Paula Trevaline in 3042, living conditions actually improved. Twelve years later, Fuchida's

Fusiliers further enhanced the quality of life on Tortuga Prime, surprisingly by doing nothing.

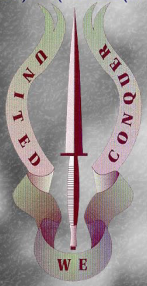
Twyla Sumeral, the current leader of the Tortuga Dominions, seems content leaving her citizens to their own devices, which has thus far proven remarkably more efficient than Trevaline's so-called "Reign of Death". Freed from the fear of wanton violence at the hands of their government, the citizens of Tortuga prime have invested in their community. The corresponding economic surge led to the reestablishment of trade between many worlds in the Dominions; a first since before the Succession Wars.

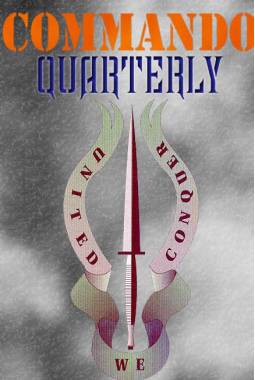
Justice in Raider's Roost, the only official settlement on Tortuga Prime, is harsh, swift, and most often at the hands of Constables; the current moniker assumed by gang leaders. Trials, when they do occur, are always for capital crimes, and generally staged for the entertainment of the ruling body.

In this uncouth society many unusual events are cause for jollity, with the arrival of the latest booty, whether goods or slaves – often considered one in the same – always a cause for festivities. Scant revelries (on or off-world) are more macabre than the annual Retribution Day celebration. Armed citizens, either enduring the week long wait in line or powerful enough to command preferential treatment, enter the city council building, where three hundred randomly selected prisoners are gathered together in the courtyard. There, they endure a day of jeers, taunts, and worse at the hands of the crowd, until, as the last rays of daylight sink behind the mountains, they are shot dead by the assemblage.

Local folklore tells of countless settlements lost to the jungle. The most famous tale dates back to the latter half of the 27th century when the Pirates Of Tortuga first defended their home from marauding bandits. The Pirate aerospace forces shot down an opposing DropShip, the type often varies, but the ship purportedly made an emergency landing on an unknown island, where its survivors lived in secret for years before finally succumbing to the jungle. Not surprisingly, the DropShip is said to have been loaded with countless riches.

**COMMANDO
QUARTERLY**





Topography:

Tortuga Prime features three principal continents along with nine smaller land masses and several island chains accounting for about one fourth of the total planetary surface. Topographical variation is minimal with the deepest ocean trench and highest mountain separated by only a handful of kilometers.

Mountainous terrain predominates on the smaller land masses, leaving only small coastal plains suitable for settlement. This tectonically active planet is home to more than one hundred active volcanoes, with countless others lying dormant. Twenty-nine volcanoes experience regular eruptions, some occurring on a nearly monthly basis. On the continent of New South Hampton, the original home to Raider's Roost, the volcano Cursed Prince has been erupting every forty-three days since the planet was first settled.

The northernmost continent, Strongpoint, is home to vast savannahs, fertile plains, and, presently, the planetary capital of Raider's Roost. Across the shallow seas to the east lies the continent of Harlan, and former home of Raider's Roost. The planetary capital has moved nearly a dozen times in the history of Tortuga Prime, with the last move occurring in 3042 after the previous capital was razed by the AFFC.

History:

"It might be a sweltering den of putrescence, but just let the First Prince try and come get us, and he'll see how much we love our new home." – *Attributed to Colonel J. B. Strong, Commanding officer, Federated Suns 237th Light Calvary Regiment - October 21st, 2587.*

Tortuga Prime would likely have gone unsettled if not for the Reunification War. During the later days of the War Of Star League Oppression (as it is still called by many Periphery nations) the Federated Suns 237th Light Calvary Regiment was nearly annihilated by Taurian defenders. The survivors deserted, eventually settling the planet Tortuga in 2587.

Under the leadership of Colonel Strong they established a small colony. After living out of their DropShips for the first year, the need for material and machinery forced them

into action, and would doom their decedents to a life of savagery. Leaving the bulk of his forces on planet, Colonel Strong took the survivors of Alpha Battalion on a raid into Federated Suns territory. After successfully looting a factory complex on Skepptuna, one of Colonel Strong's lieutenants, determined to exact his vengeance upon Alexander Davion by proxy, turned his SMG on the captured workers. In what the Pirates Of Tortuga would later call the First Shot Of Retribution, over three hundred people were murdered.

With the unofficial stopgap on violence now open they committed countless atrocities by the close of the 26th century, acquiring machinery and supplies at the expense of the Federated Suns. They chose their targets well and wisely left behind no survivors keeping them safe from reciprocities by First Prince Alexander Davion. For nearly two hundred years they kept their base of operations secret, all the while marshalling their resources. The Pirates Of Tortuga colonized their fifth world, Morgan's Holdfast, in 2731, and proclaimed the formation of the Tortuga Dominions in 2742, renaming their capital planet Tortuga Prime.

In 2765 the AFFS, having finally captured and "interrogated" the crew of a Tortuga Dominions JumpShip, was prepared to attack. The sudden and violent assassination of the Cameron line threw the entire Inner Sphere into turmoil. Many lesser military operations abandoned, and the Tortuga Dominions grew even stronger.

For the next three centuries little changed for the average citizen of Tortuga Prime. Piracy was the way of life, with little to be garnered from an honest living. While capitalism and greed conspired to strip the planet of its natural resources, its citizens turned to a life of crime. Those who didn't join the pirates often found themselves enrolled in one of the many street gangs, or earning their keep guarding the local slave population. Enmity begat enmity and civility gradually declined until Paula "Lady Death" Trevaline began her rule in 3015.

Trevaline's rule was absolute and tyrannical, the worst in a long line of despots. It was under her auspices that the infamous

penal island of Hard Labor was created. During the 3030's when her actions against the Federated Suns had made Tortuga Prime a priority target, Tortugan piracy suffered. Keeping her seat of power in the Tortuga Dominions required constant income. If rumors are true it was while entertaining a representative of the Mica Majority with the slow and torturous death of a prisoner that Lady Death received the inspiration for Hard Labor. Supposedly Lady Death's company was so enthralled with the execution it gave Lady Death the idea for creating a locale where she could guarantee death, and sell it to the highest bidder. After making necessary arrangements, Lady Death began selling verdicts and sending, oftentimes innocent, prisoners to their deaths. A lucrative practice picked up by Twyla Sumeral shortly after her arrival in 3054.

During the War of 3039, her increased raiding activities against the Federated Suns would later lead to the destruction of her empire. In 3042 the AFFC 9th RCT, after nearly three months on planet, finally captured her and razed Raider's Roost in an effort to put a final end to Tortugan piracy. Those who survived the collapse of Lady Death's empire eked-out a meager existence until 3054 when Fuchida's Fusiliers broke their contract with the AFFC and fled into the Periphery, where they took up the reigns of the shattered Tortuga Dominions.

Present Day:

Although Tortuga Prime (and the Tortuga Dominions) suffered significant losses during the AFFC raid of 3042, the arrival of Fuchida's Fusiliers and skillful leadership of Twyla Sumeral, have fostered an economic boon to the careworn settlement. For the first time in over a century commercial trade, exists between planets in the Tortuga Dominions, and while Tortuga Prime has little to offer in the way of valuable exports, it's abundant water supply and aquatic life help provide foodstuffs for many neighboring planets. Prisoner imports continue to rise, lending credence to Tortuga Prime's reputation as the Periphery's prison planet.

At the direction of Sumeral, rebuilding the shattered Tortugan aerospace assets has become the number one priority. Largely funded by Hard Labor, it is a project seeing excellent success. Barring any external interference, it is estimated that the new Pirates Of Tortuga will soon pose considerable threat to travel in the Rimward reaches of the Periphery.

Notable Settlements:

Raider's Roost:

Not so much a city, but a collection of disassociated neighborhoods, Raider's Roost passes for the planetary capital. Of the nearly eighty thousand people who make Tortuga Prime their home, nearly three quarters reside in Raider's Roost. It is the only official settlement, and home to the planet's only maintained space port, though several other communities and ports exist.

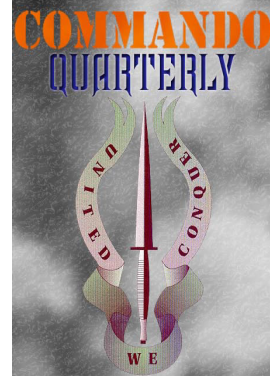
Over the last three hundred years, Raider's Roost has been relocated multiple times, due to natural (or unnatural) disasters. Not a single structure from the original city is known to remain, however the city council building, home to the infamous Council Of Death, is built in part from pieces of the previous Raider's Roosts.

Raider's Roost also boasts the planet's only officially maintained space port, however other unofficial ports do exist; the majority of which are in poor repair.

Gateway Island:

Gateway Island is home to Hard Labor, the worst place on an unforgiving planet. It is a prison where the question of death is answered in days or months, and a name connoting death to many inhabitants of the Periphery.

GPS tracking devices are implanted in prisoners when they arrive at the walled coastal encampment called Gateway. This allows the extensive surveillance system to track (and broadcast) their every move, facilitating wagering upon the fate of individual inmates - a popular pastime. The current record holder, J.C. Strangeheld, has surpassed the average prisoner life expectancy of six months by nearly eight years. Rumors tell that





this ex-pirate from Federated Suns space is immune to the bite of the deadly Crossfield Krait. More fantastical is the claim that he secretly manufactures anti-venom and distributes it to members of his gang.

Transported, in the company of heavily armed guards, via armored J-27 to Hard Labor, nearly half of the malnourished prisoners fail to survive the sweltering heat. Those who do quickly labor to bury the dead from their convoy, lest the stench of rotting flesh attract the copious deadly predators intentionally seeded upon the island. That task completed, they suffer a miserable existence while fighting to keep the rampant jungle growth at bay, sans the help of even rudimentary tools.

Those seeking escape first must contend with the jungle itself, then a plethora of nefarious booby traps, before finally facing the motion tracking machine guns guarding Gateway, where they might steal a ship. Should they find that option unsavory they can make for the shores where it's a two hundred kilometer swim through Robsart Shark infested waters to the nearest island.

Classic BattleTech Simulator Notes

- High Gravity World: 1.2 G
- High Temperature World: Assume 55°C for encounters near the equator

[These creatures were made using the Creature Creation rules for the upcoming Classic BattleTech RPG Companion. A treasure trove of information for 3rd Edition Gamemasters and Players alike. Look for it in December!]

Banded Crossfield Krait (Bungaris Fasciatis Tortugas)

The Crossfield Krait is a snake native to Tortuga Prime. First identified by early settler Jamison Crossfield this snake has many traits that make it singularly deadly. Extremely aggressive, this snake makes its home in the lower jungle canopy of the equatorial islands of Tortuga Prime. A unique ability of the Crossfield Krait allows it to flatten its body and glide short distances from trees. This silent ambush attack is the snake's primary hunting method. The Crossfield Krait will attack any creature that passes beneath its perch, regardless of size. A bite from a Crossfield Krait results in an extremely potent neurotoxin being injected into the victim. The venom acts quickly on the victim's neurological system, first paralyzing muscles in the vicinity of the bite, and then suppressing respiration. Untreated bites are invariably fatal within 6 hours, although some colonists have survived bites on their extremities by immediately amputating the bitten body part. A crude anti-venom exists, but

must be administered immediately and only successfully neutralizes the venom in 35% of the cases. If a bite victim can be given advanced supportive care within one hour of the attack, (respirator, I.V. fluids) the venom will work its way out of the body in 48-72 hours and the victim usually makes a full recovery.

Name: Banded Crossfield Krait (Bungaris Fasciatis Tortugas)

Homeworld: Tortuga Prime, Tortuga Dominions, Periphery
Type: Native
Body Shape: Snake-like
Coloring: Dark grey with yellow bands from head to tail
Length: Up to 2 meters
Diameter: 25 cm
Weight: 10 kg

STR	BOD	DEX	RFL	INT	WIL	EDG
1	2	1	13	4	6	3

Traits: Aggressive, Bad Hearing (4)
Cold Blooded, Good Smell (2)
Skills: AniMelee +10 (Poison), Perception +4, Stealth +3
Size: Very Small (-2)
Armor: -
Attack: 1•1D6 (Bite)
Bite: [9D6; Lethal; Injected; 5 minutes; 2 Doses; Cont. Effect]
Movement: Ground 6/10/---; Air 15 (Glide from above only)

Tortugan Wolverine (Gulo Canis Tortuga)

Originally mistaken for a species of wolf, and thought to have been produced by the genetic engineering of wolf and wolverine, the Tortugan Wolverine bears little resemblance to its Terran namesake, aside from its temperament. Averaging one meter in length, the Tortugan Wolverine prefers to make its home in deadfall or small caves.

Tortugan Wolverines hunt and live in packs, and are quite capable of killing prey four or five times their size. They learn to hunt from the alpha pair of their particular pack, and their preferred prey are large herbivores (such as cattle). Fearless and aggressive, they pose a definite threat to unwary travelers, and in times of food shortage are known to venture into settlements and prey upon children, the elderly, or anyone unlucky enough to be caught alone and outside.

Homeworld: Tortuga Prime
Environment: Tropical Climates
Type: Introduced, Possibly Genetically Altered
Body shape: Fur-legged
Coloring: Reddish fur with white stripe-like banding running lengthwise along the torso
Length: 100 cm
Height: 58 cm
Weight: 52 kg

STR	BOD	DEX	RFL	INT	WIL	EDG
5	5	2	7	5	8	2

Traits: Aggressive (2), Bad Vision (2), Blood Rage, Good Hearing (1), Good Smell (3), Night Vision, Pack Hunter, Showy Coloring
Skills: AniMelee +7, Bite Grip +3, Climbing +2, Perception +2, Swimming +2
Size: Small (-1)
Armor: Furred hide [1/0/0/0]
Attack: 1•2D6 (bite)
Movement: Ground 6/12/24; Water 3/6; Sprinting 6 turns; Jumping 4 meters



TACTICAL ANALYSIS:

By Ron Barter

Continuing on from the last analysis briefing, we have arrived at the medium weight class of 'Mech, more commonly referred to as the medium 'Mech. An old Terran adage can be applied to the usefulness of this design, "Jack of all Trades". The medium 'Mech by far is the most common 'Mech that can be seen on the battlefield and serves a very useful purpose as being able to cover a variety of niches in military units requirements, both effectively and more importantly, cheaply.

Following the 3 maxims discussed in the last analysis:

- 1) Speed
- 2) Firepower
- 3) Protection

Let's have a look at how these maxims apply to the medium 'Mech.

With regards to speed the maximum running speed an Inner Sphere medium can attain is 129.6 KPH, while not as fast as some lights, the mediums that can attain this speed (the Wraith for example) rival such light 'Mechs as the Raven or Razorback, and there are no Heavy or assault 'Mechs that can reach this speed, and most cannot average medium running speeds of 80 or 90 KPH (Clan Heavies being the exception to this of course).

As for firepower, a 35 ton light 'Mech with a maximum speed of 129.6 KPH has an unmodified (i.e. no endo steel chassis or ferro fibrous armor) payload capacity of 12 tons with maximum armor protection. A medium 'Mech with a top speed of 90 KPH has an unmodified payload of 18 tons. An additional 6 tons of payload allows for heavier weapons to be carried, more specialized equipment like jump jets, ECM, advanced targeting systems can be allocated, and perhaps more importantly extra ammunition can be carried.

The third maxim is protection, light 'Mechs can carry a maximum of 7.5 tons of armor protection whereas a medium can mount a staggering 12 tons of protection, coupled with increased weapons payload and a very good speed capability, allows the medium to fill more roles than light 'Mechs can.

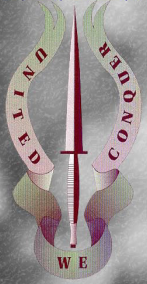
Since the medium role is a general purpose one, the variety of missions and roles suited to this class weight are numerous, but there are several key roles worth mentioning:

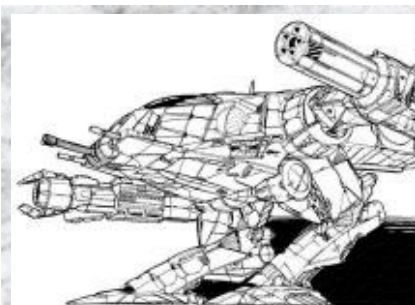
- 1) Patrol/ Reconnaissance Hunter-Killer
- 2) Fire Support
- 3) Flank Guard and Escort
- 4) Picket
- 5) Urban Defense
- 6) Skirmisher

A Patrol 'Mech is essential to any military unit; it maintains lines of security, limits opportunity of infiltration and warns of approaching enemy attacks. At the same time they can also be tasked with detecting and neutralizing enemy recon 'Mechs, denying the enemy the needed intel for a successful attack. Although lacking the speed of most recon 'Mechs, they usually carry sufficient long range weapons that combined with their own speed to make up the difference and if not kill the enemy 'Mech at least drive it off, thus denying the intelligence anyway. Examples of this include the StarSlayer, and Lynx both with speeds of 80 KPH and large lasers or ER PPC's to reach out to that enemy 'Mech.

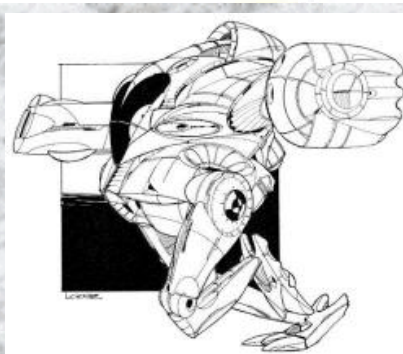
Every combat unit needs fire support to lay down a needed barrage to repel a enemy assault or to assist in a attack, this support can be provided by field artillery, aircraft, or armored vehicles. A medium 'Mech usually follows the age old axiom of the Artilleryman "Shoot and Scoot", heavy and assault class 'Mechs can fill this role to, but they usually lack the mobility of a medium, the Trebuchet for example has a top speed of 80 KPH and most variants are fitted with jump jets as well.

**COMMANDO
QUARTERLY**

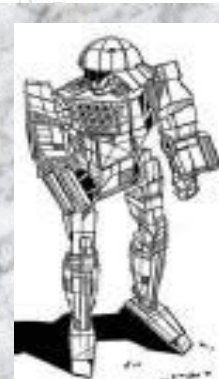




BSW-X1 Bushwacker – 80 Km/hr top speed, mounting a Extended Large Laser, Class 10 Autocannon, machine guns and 2 Class 5 Long Range Missile launchers; this 'Mech can perform all of the above stated roles quite adequately, with a emphasis on Long range combat and fire support roles.



LNX-9Q Lynx – 80 Km/hr top speed, can make jumps of up to 150 metres, all energy armament makes this 'Mech an excellent skirmisher, and recon hunter killer.



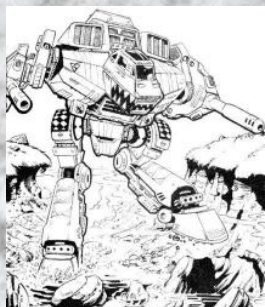
TBT-7M Trebuchet – 80 Km/Hr top speed, 150 metre Jump capacity, makes this fire support 'Mech a very mobile and deadly opponent with 2 LRM-15 racks and a NARC Beacon for added accuracy.

More importantly for any unit commander is the cost- effectiveness of medium fire support 'Mechs, a Single Salamander 'Mech costs 18 million c-bills, for that price you can purchase a lance of 55 ton Apollo 'Mechs (4.9 million c-bills each) and have enough cash left over to purchase a hover scout vehicle equipped with Target acquisition gear (TAG), to allow for designation of semi-guided LRMs or indirect spotting. A single Salamander can fire 60 missiles at a target, 4 Apollo's can rain down 120 missiles on a target, plus there are 4 targets in a lance to engage compared to a single Assault 'Mech.

Flank guard, escort and picket are general duties best suited for the medium 'Mech, lights have the speed but not enough armor or firepower to go head to head with enemy forces that may encroach on these areas. 'Mech laager points (i.e. re-supply or repair points), need to be protected as 'Mechs are usually powered down. Pickets are forward sentry's that warn of approaching enemy units and can delay them until the powered down units can reach combat status again or escape. Flank guards, protect your flank from enemy encirclement, mediums have the advantage of mobility to check out the flanks at great speed. As for escorts, they are the best units to protect convoys bringing up needed supplies from enemy 'Mech raiders.

As stated, in the previous article small 'Mechs are best suited to urban defense, while light 'Mechs are ideal, medium 'Mechs complement light 'Mechs and provide heavier weapons to deal deadly damage at medium to close range, with the lights luring the enemy forces into traps. During the Second World War on 20th Century Terra, the German State when fighting the English state in the Middle Eastern campaign would send out 2 or 3 light units to harass the English forces. The English forces would respond and chase the probe unit with a mixture of heavy and medium tanks, only to be lured into a kill zone of heavy Tanks with direct fire artillery. Imagine the surprise on a Enemy 'Mech pilot in say a Zeus chasing a defending Raven, only to turn around a corner to not only face the Raven, but a pair of Hunchback medium 'Mechs with fully loaded Class 20 Autocannon!!

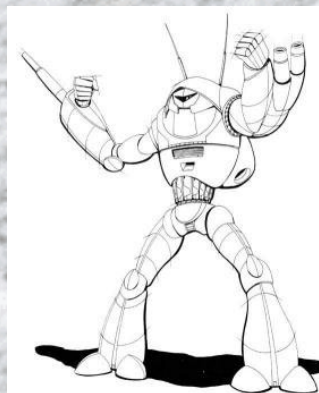
Perhaps the best role of the medium 'Mech is that of a skirmisher, in this role, medium 'Mechs are deployed forward of an assault or after a successful attack. Skirmishers, probe enemy defenses and snipe at command 'Mechs. This type of action is designed to harass enemy units, keep them off balance, probe defensive perimeters for weaknesses and more importantly cause confusion and disorder by going after command 'Mechs.



SYU-2B Sha Yu – 119 Km/Hr top speed, light armor, equipped with stealth armor, Target acquisition gear, and extended range lasers allows this 'Mech to hunt enemy recon 'Mechs, act as a skirmisher, and deliver precision artillery onto enemy targets



APL-1M Apollo – Fire support 'Mech, with only a top speed of 60 KM/hr, features a standard engine for increased survivability, Artemis IV for better fire control and 2 LRM-15 launchers. The design is very inexpensive, and ideal for planetary militias and cash strapped units to fill out their fire support lances.



TR1 Wraith – 119 Km/Hr top speed and a astounding 210 metre jump capacity, this medium is suited to deep penetration recon, hunting enemy recon 'Mechs, and makes an excellent flank guard.



Famous Medium's? Well the current Champion of Solaris has used a medium to good effect including the protection of Victor Steiner-Davion on Alynia. During the recent fighting in St. Ives a House warrior unit known as the "Arcade Rangers", used medium 'Mechs and unorthodox tactics to help defeat veteran units on several different occasions. Little Richard's Panzer Brigade makes extensive use of Medium 'Mechs along with Heavy 'Mechs for a good balance of force.

The 2nd Khorsakov's Cossacks are perhaps one of the best units that make use of fast, well armed 'Mechs over heavy and assault class, relying almost exclusively on medium class designs with light and a few heavy designs to round out their unit.

So are Medium BattleMechs the solution for every tactical problem that a unit can face on the battlefield? The answer is a resounding No! However, they are a useful component of any unit and a wise unit commander must make sound decisions on unit selection based on the overall role of the unit, and what the budget allows for.



ENF-6T Enforcer III – 80 Km/Hr and jump jets with a 150 metre capacity, this version mounts a Gauss rifle and a single extended range medium laser tied into a fearsome targeting computer. In the skirmisher role, this 'Mech has the capacity to hunt enemy command 'Mechs, strike at them, then jump to safety, only to attack again later.



TSN-1C Tessen – a new foray by Comstar, 97 Km/Hr top speed energy weapons coupled with TAG, INARC, and the New C3i command and control system. This 'Mech is the ultimate skirmisher that can also act as a designator for fire support 'Mechs, wading into enemy lines at high speed, it can seek out the most dangerous enemy 'Mechs and/or the command units use iNarc to foul up their sensors, and then tag them for fire support missiles, while using C3i target handoff to allow its lance mates to add to the devastation.



BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

By Jason Weiser

Pealeay Flats, Lowell Township
New Rhodes III
Kentares PDZ, Draconis March
Federated Commonwealth (Suns)
January 16th, 3063

"Dammit, little brother, why in hell are you supporting her? She's no more a Davion than a Liao," snapped Captain James Greevy. *Why can't he see this? Why is he forcing my hand?*

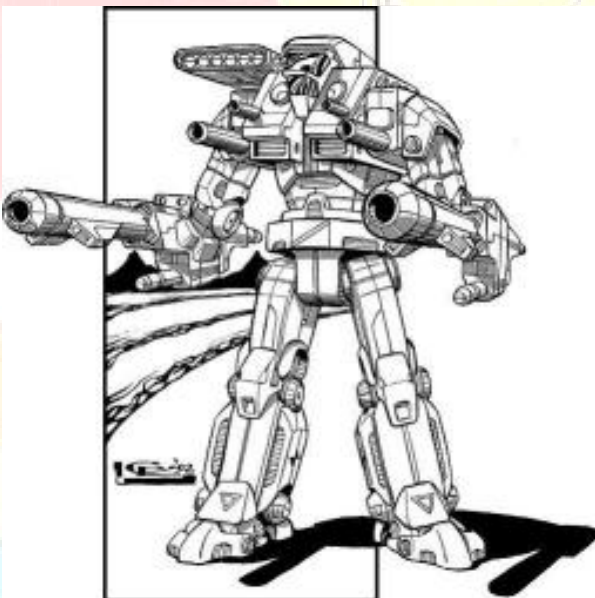
"Like it or not, she is our right-" said Lieutenant Martin Greevy, with a bit of a smirk framed by his green eyes and dirty blond hair. The smirk soon faded to a frown as he was cut off by his brother's retort.

"Rightful what? Sovereign? My ass. She's nothing to us; she made that clear in

3057. She's power mad Martin, and she a spoiled Lyran princess who hasn't done a thing rough in her life." His long black hair blew in the wind, his dark blue eyes shone with a mad fury. They seemed alone in that open field, but they weren't. James had met his brother Martin in an attempt to head off what was coming, but Martin was an obtuse man, even as kids- *Dammit to hell, he has to see, we have him outgunned and numbered. All the militia has is 1 lance of 'Mechs and a couple regiments of armour and infantry whose equipment was old in the 4th war. We're a combined arms merc unit, with a battalion of 'Mechs alone. Raddick's Ravagers aren't the Kell Hounds, but dammit, we don't need to be*

for this. God help me, Colonel Raddick doesn't want this any more than I do. A third of the Regiment is from New Rhodes and surrounding worlds.

"What is going to get you and the rest of your scarecrows to see reason, little brother?" James pleaded. He was getting desperate. He'd been alone with him in this stuffy old tent for an hour now, with orders from Colonel Raddick to "Make your stubborn brother see reason before we are forced to wax him and the rest of that



collection of Sunday soldiers they call militia." It was proving to be a Herculean task.

"You and your money soldiers come here, to your supposed home world?" Martin retorted, a nasty sneer crossing his face, "And you have the nerve? The very nerve, No! Unmitigated gall! To tell us about honor and duty to our homeland and our ruler, to the oath we both took? Now, James, I know I am not a graduate of the Goshen War College, nor a "well-traveled" sell sword like you." as he wagged his fingers for emphasis on the "sell sword" comment. "But I think I learned a few things during my time in my OTC class in College and with the Bryceland Training Battalion. One of them happened to be

loyalty." Martin's face was turning red, he was angry, he flung to his feet, and his camp chair flew back, right into the knees of the militia sentry standing behind him, who, if he hadn't been wearing his issue knee protectors, might have gotten a nasty sprain out of it at least.

Martin came around the table to the left, and brought his face to within inches of James. "I think, you forgot that lesson, big brother." spitting out "big brother" as if it were a curse. "And if I have to kill you to reinforce that lesson, as well as to clean the stain on the family honor, the same honor you-"

James saw red, his hand moved before he thought a thing about what he was doing. Before he realized it, his hand had wrapped around his brother's throat, safeties on small arms from guards snick-snacked as they were being turned off, in preparation of what was seeming to come.

**Sedrick Heights, Lowell Township
New Rhodes III
Kentares PDZ, Draconis March
Federated Commonwealth (Suns)
January 20th, 3063**

The small arms fire was tapering off now, as the militia resistance began to collapse. It was obvious to many of the militia that the resistance had been doomed from the start, but they had decided to try..not that it changed just how dumb a move it had been. One of the damn fools said it was for the honor of the flag? What flag, what honor? They only managed to get themselves slaughtered.

It was mostly clean up now, mostly of infantry and downed MechWarriors, as most of the militia 'Mechs and tanks had been accounted for early and crushed outside of Sedrick, the survivors fleeing pell-mell into town with the Ravagers hard on their heels. Then, the Ravagers began to take casualties, not many mind you, but some of the militia got mad, and decided to make what stands they could. It didn't work out very well for them in the end.

All this was jumbled in James's mind as he walked his Warhammer down a street of quiet homes, many had been fought over and were in various states of disrepair and damage,

A voice whispered into James's ear, it was a calm, gravelly voice that he'd heard many times before, in worse circumstances. "Come on now sir, throttle down before a whole bunch of people die when they don't have to." Sergeant-Major Foxton intoned.

James looked closely at his brother, it seemed that the boy he'd once grew up with and loved fiercely, for all of his faults, had morphed imperceptibly into a man of bitterness and not a bit ugly in character.

James turned to leave, but then, turned back, his brother rubbing his throat trying to sooth the nagging ache.

"I am going to say this once little brother, I am going to give you one chance when we next meet. Here's hoping you take it." James spat. With that, he stormed from the tent, Sergeant Major Foxton and two Ravager Sentries in tow.

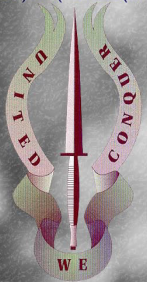
but few were outright destroyed, though one or two were afire.

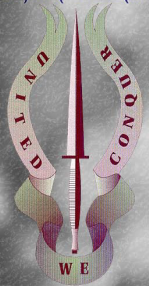
It was then that both the proximity alarm and the incoming missile alarm went off, as two flights of LRMs smashed into the back of his 'Mech. The 'Hammer staggered, with James barely able to keep it upright, he swerved it around in a jerky motion, the 'Mech again almost skidding and falling on the pavement. It was an enemy Dervish, mostly blackened from various hits, and it's left arm hung limply at a strange angle, obviously out of action. Enough however, remained of the paint job to recognize just who the Dervish's warrior was.

James opened a tight-beam to the 'Mech. "Martin, it's over, don't make me do this. You've obviously fought well, but there isn't any hope you can win this."

The response was the right arm coming up, and a flight of SRMs and a maroon beam of a Medium Laser stabbing forth at James's 'Hammer. Both missed wide to the left.

**COMMANDO
QUARTERLY**





Martin must be hurt; he wouldn't have missed a shot like that. Better end this quick before he gets lucky and kills me.

James backed off a bit then aimed both PPCs at the Dervish, who was shuffling in a strange, damaged gait that suggested some kind of actuator damage. He placed the reticule over the right leg, which looked the worse for wear, and triggered both PPCs. The man-made lightning made a loud CRACK as it left the cannon and proceeded downrange, the left hand cannon missed and turned a one-story rambler into matchwood, and the right hand beam connected and severed the leg below the knee. The Dervish, stopped, then slid straight down on its face.

James looked on hopefully; he idled his reactor and undid his harness, then popped his hatch and threw down his chain ladder. His leaving his 'Mech became a blur, as he suddenly found himself outside the Dervish's access hatch with his Mydron drawn. He tried the manual hatch release, it didn't work, he then grabbed into his haversack and produced a jury-rigged frame charge he carried around to help extricate fellow MechWarriors from the regiment. As he began to apply the charge to the hatch, it was then that he smelled it. It was burning cockpit insulation. Something in the cockpit, probably the survival flares or some electrical system had caught fire and it was spreading. Then, the pounding

started...and the screaming, one could hear it even through the armor of the BattleMech "Oh God, NO!"

James frantically completed the prep work on the charge then lit the friction fuse and took cover behind the 'Mech's rear head cowl.

The charge went off seconds later with a loud THUWMP.

But, it hadn't blown the hatch away

completely; James grabbed his 12cm escape tool and began to use it to pry away the hatch a bit more so he could somehow get in to save Martin.

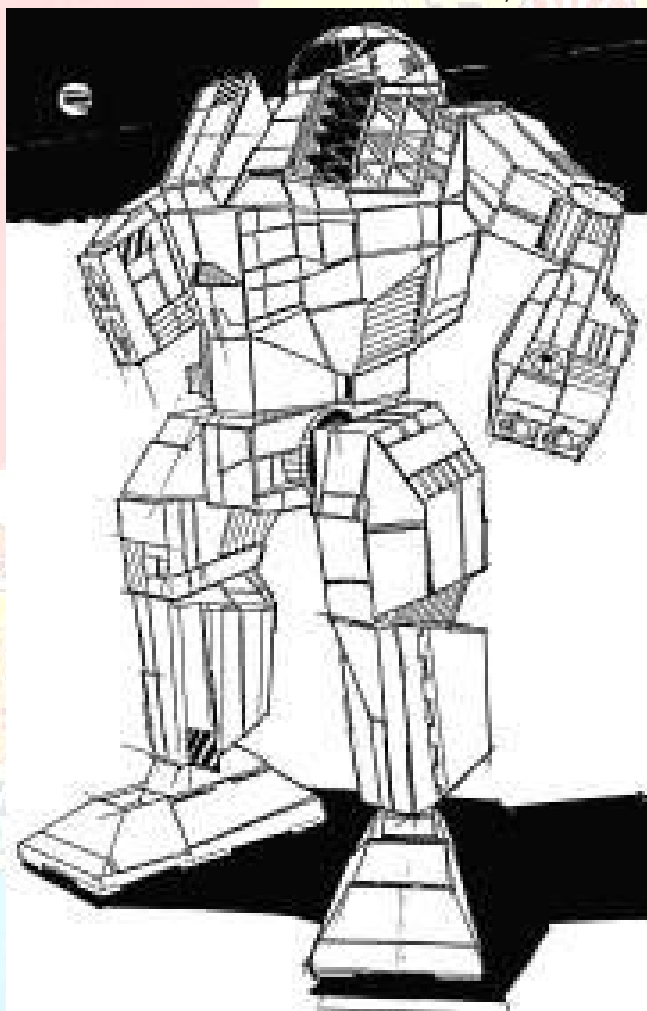
Martin's screams became louder and more incoherent. He was screaming, "I forgive you" very loudly now, and soon, they changed to "Momma!"

James managed to pry open the hatch just enough, when a 2 meter long jet of flame came out of the hatch, forcing James back and immolating the cockpit. Martin's last seconds were ones James never forgot, as the screams became something that he

would have sworn would never have come from a human throat.

James collapsed in the mud, silent tears streaking his face. He raised his face to the sky and roared an incoherent and pathetic scream of rage, fury and loss.

Infantry from the Ravagers happened upon James, kneeling and catatonic, his eyes glistening with unshed tears in the shadow of his fallen brother's Dervish.





SIMULATOR TECH: WEAPONRY

How To Make A Rotary Autocannon

By: Brian Stull

With the release of the Field Manual: Federated Suns, many people have enjoyed the raw firepower that a Rotary Autocannon can provide. Designs that employ Rotary Autocannon such as the Templar and Argus have become favorites of many players. The problem with the Rotary Autocannon is that there are no miniatures out yet that correctly depicts what one of these weapons would look like. Many people have made modifications to their miniatures using pieces from other games. Often these pieces are not the same scale as the BattleTech miniatures, and cause the 'Mech to look odd. I have found a way to make Rotary Autocannon out of simple brass tubes and rods, and I will share the process of constructing them with you.

Tools and Materials



glue or other metal bonding substance like JB Weld.

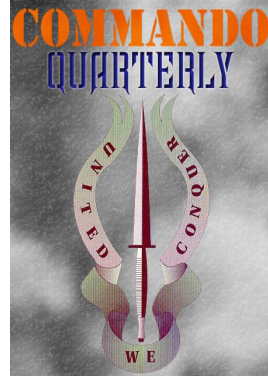
The Process

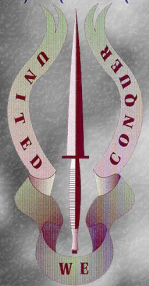
The first thing you need to do when making a RAC is cut the barrels. The choice to use tubes or rods will determine the tool you use for cutting. Use the pipe cutter if you are using tubes, and use the dikes if you are using rods. The rods and dikes do speed up the process, but they do not have the nice open end on the barrel that the tubes have. Using rods adds an additional step to make them look like they have an open end. I will talk about this later.

The first things that you will need to construct a Rotary Autocannon from scratch are tools and materials. Tools are pretty easy. I use two types of hobby files, a round file and a flat file. I also use a pair of small dikes or wire cutters, a pin vise with hobby drill bits, some needle nosed pliers, and a K&S pipe cutter. This pipe cutter is a special tool that can be found at most hobby shops for around \$5. K&S is also the company that provides the brass tubes and rods to most hobby shops. The tubes and rods come in many different sizes. I attempted to stay in scale as much as possible when I chose tubes sizes. I chose a 1/16" tube as the barrels for RAC 5 designs, and a 3/32" rod for RAC 2 barrels. I also put bands around the barrels once I have them in the proper shape. For these I use 7/32" and 3/16" tubes. You will also need either some

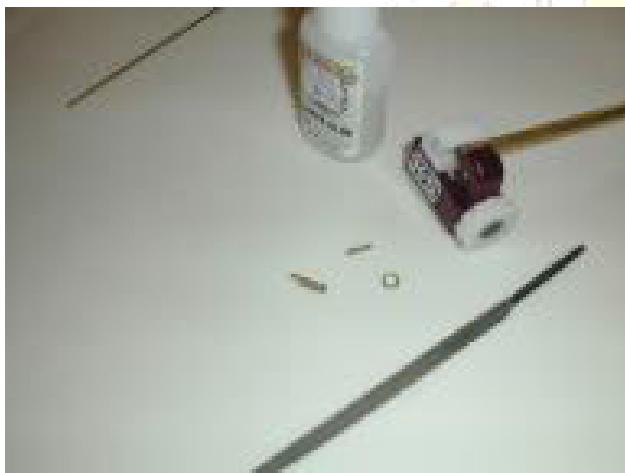


Start by cutting 6 equal length pieces for the barrels, and one piece that is just a bit longer. This longer piece will be the center of the RAC and what you attach the other barrels to. Once this is complete, some filing may be needed depending on your methods. If you





used the pipe cutter, filing the ridge off that it creates as it cuts is essential. This allows the barrels to fit flush with each other. Do the same thing for the center piece.



Now you may begin attaching the barrels together. I like to start with two barrels. While holding them with my needle nose pliers, I place them side-by-side in the pliers with the ends I am holding flush, and then I add a drop of glue. Then I take the center piece and place it in the glue and slide it up until there is just a little bit extending beyond the other end of the barrels. This extension is what I use as an attachment point for the RAC on a miniature. Next I remove what I have from the pliers and carefully begin attaching the rest of the barrels around this center piece, until I have something that looks not unlike a Gatling Gun.



The next step is to add the bands around the barrels. You will need to use the pipe cutter for this. The size of the band depends on what size barrels you used. Take the pipe and cut thin bands (less than 1/8" wide) off with the pipe cutter. Next, to get it to fit over the barrels may require some filing. Take the round file and insert it into the pipe that you just cut, and file the inside down until it will just fit over the end of the barrels. I also like to file the sides down and any ridges that may be present from the cutting process. Next, fit this over the barrels and secure it into place with a bonding substance. I like to place a thin band toward the front of the gun, and a thicker band toward the back.

The next step is optional. Use some Kneadatite or some other putty and fill in the gaps that are visible between the bands and the barrels. This makes the gun look more realistic. Also, if the barrel ends don't line up like they should, just take a flat file to them until they look pretty even. Then take a pin vise to drill open the end of the tubes again.

If you use rods for your barrels instead of tubes, take a pin vise with a drill bit that is slightly smaller than the rod, and indent the end of the rod. This will make the rod look like it is hollow like a gun barrel.

Now you should have a beautiful hand made RAC ready to attach to the 'Mech of your choice. If you don't get it to look the way you want the first time, don't give up. You will learn from your mistakes and the next attempt you make will turn out much better than the first.

Enjoy!





Federated Commonwealth
(Federated Suns)



MONTE DIABLO: BOTH SIDES SPEAK

Monte Diablo, very few names evoke the tragedy of the Federated-Commonwealth Civil war more than this lonely peak. The pivotal battle of a two-year struggle for control of the planet Giauser, Monte Diablo is seen by many as a turning point in the struggle for control of the spinward Lyran Alliance. As famous as this battle has become, much of the details of the battle have remained shrouded in mystery, until now.

The Martial Olympiad brought together under a flag of truce combatants from both sides of the Civil War. The storm scoured plains of Tukkayyid played host to teams from the Lyran Alliance and the Federated Suns. It was here that I found Staff Sergeant Samuel Grant, LAAF and Sergeant Major Richard Jablonski, AFFS. Both veterans of the Clan Wars, these two erstwhile AFFC comrades had both been at Monte Diablo, but neither was aware that the other had been present. I interviewed them separately at first, then brought them together for a freeform discussion of that fateful day.

This interview is first in a three part series.

CQ: Staff Sergeant Grant, prior to the Battle of Monte Diablo, what was the campaign on Giauser like?

Grant: It was slow. I mean one of those “23 hours 45 minutes of boredom, 15 minutes of terror a day.” kind of situations. We’d go out on 48 to 72 hour patrols by company, then have a week or so back at base camp. It was pretty routine at first.

CQ: But you knew that the 4th Crucis was out there?

Grant: Oh yeah, the Lancers let us know they were there. When we first grounded, the 2nd had been engaged on Giauser for close to a year, and their morale was really in the toilet. The 4th Crucis had been ambushing every patrol they sent into the bush and casualties were pretty high. For whatever reason, the 2nd C.O. (Leutnant-General Delmar Voss) wouldn’t alter the patrol patterns, even though they were getting hit every single time.

CQ: Did this pattern continue after the arrival of the 7th Donegal.

Grant: It did for the 2nd. Our old man (Leutnant-General Daniel Voss-Steiner) put us onto a rotating patrol schedule. We’d go out

and set up a listening post, or an ambush, and just wait. A lot of the times we’d shadow the 2nd’s patrols. Kind of ambush the ambusher. We hit the 4th Crucis pretty hard in the first three months or so.

CQ: What happened then?

Grant: Well, we were on a Battalion strength patrol. It was Kilo, Bravo, and Echo companies. Some kind of big push that the puzzle palace (2nd and 7th Donegal Guards Combined Headquarters) had dreamed up. Anyway, it was planned to be a Recon in force, but things changed beau-coup rikki-tik when we ran smack dab into the Comguard LZ.

CQ: You mean the 167th Comguard?

Grant: Yeah, their DropShips grounded within a klick of our point lance, near a place called Shorthorn’s Ridge. Hauptmann Carmen radioed for support and we spread out and pinned them in the landing zone. They deployed under fire and we cut them to pieces, I mean we hammered them for a solid 6 hours. The minute the last ‘Mech was clear, the DropShips dusted off, so they didn’t have diddly for support. After dark a few of their ‘Mechs, about a battalion, were able to disengage and break clear. We overran their

perimeter about an hour later. The MP's came in and took everybody left alive prisoner. I heard we got a lot of good intel out of those guys. After that, things got really quiet in our sector for a few months.

CQ: Monte Diablo happened on August 17th; can you tell us what led up to the battle and how you happened to be there?

Grant: Well, throughout the summer we fell into a routine of patrol, ambush, and counter ambush. It worked pretty well, but what we really wanted to happen was for the 4th Crucis to come out and fight with their main body. I mean everybody knew that if we could pin them, we'd do them pretty easily. After we did the Comguard at Shorthorn's Ridge, the morale really boosted. A lot of the guys began to see light at the end of the tunnel, so they became a lot more aggressive, especially the 7th Donegal. We thought we'd have this thing wrapped up by Christmas.

CQ: What about the 2nd Donegal?

Grant: Well, all I know is what I heard, but it seems that their C.O. really lost it. He was one of those "Boy Generals" that sometimes come out of the Nagelring. As far as anybody could tell, he was being groomed for one of the top slots in the corporation and he just needed one tour as C.O. of a Combat command to punch his ticket to Theatre Command. The thing was, the kid didn't seem to be able to do anything that he hadn't learned at the Nagelring. He was good, especially at tactics; Shorthorns Ridge showed that. But it was all in a textbook sense, and that made him predictable.

CQ: How did that effect the Lyran operations?

Grant: As far as the 2nd went, they were pretty much out of the fight. Voss's J.O.'s (Junior Officers) wouldn't piss if their pants caught on fire unless they got an ok from Headquarters. Voss had taken to biting the head off of anyone who brought him bad news. Being assigned to Voss's CMS (Command Martial Staff) took on a whole new meaning for them. They started referring to the CMS as the "Career Modification System." Nobody wanted to work there, and it really showed in the stuff that came out of 2nd's C.P. All they had the 2nd

patrolling were areas that we'd cleared a year before, I mean there was zero chance of contact in there. The 7th did all of the patrols that had any chance of contact, so we ended up pulling all the long-range stuff, which really had the guys pissed off.

CQ: Then how did the 2nd end up having two lances at Monte Diablo to the 7th's one?

Grant: Well, the main reason was that we'd cleared the Ephraim Valley back in May of '65. It wasn't even a free fire zone. Weapons were tight in there, that's how safe we thought it was.

CQ: Why was your lance from the 7th Donegal operating in a cleared area?

Grant: We were transiting back to base camp when the word came down to move to contact at Monte Diablo. We'd already been out for three days and we were pretty tired. That wore off as soon as we learned that the 4th Crucis Headquarters Company was up there. We all saw a chance to end this thing that day.

CQ: Tell us about the early battle.

Grant: Well, we were about 8 klicks away from Monte Diablo when we got the call. It was pitch black, I don't know, about 0330. There was no moon, so we ran on thermal. It made for slow going, because the ground was pretty broken and rocky as we approached the hill. We reached the base of the mountain about 0515, by that time the elements from the 2nd were already engaged on the far side of the mountain. That gave us time to deploy and get ready to hit the 4th Crucis from over the ridgeline.

CQ: Was there enough light by this time?

Grant: There was on the eastern slope of the mountain. The side we were on was still in shadow, so it was a little trickier going. There was a lot of chatter on the Tac-Com frequencies, so we could hear what was going on with the 2nd and we were in a real hurry to get into the fight.

CQ: You were piloting a Barghest BattleMechs, right?

Grant: No, at Monte Diablo I was piloting a Razorback. I drive a Barghest now.

**COMMANDO
QUARTERLY**





CQ: Ah, my notes say there was a Barghest there.

Grant: Yeah, there was one with the 2nd. I think that the 'Mech-jock driving that one got a few kills before they brought that Barghest down.

CQ: What happened as you neared the ridgeline?

Grant: We picked up some really accurate PPC fire from further up the hill, so we were pinned for about 15 minutes. The fire was relentless and really on the dot. We finally ID'd a Comguards Hussar that was spotting for a lance. We found out after the fight that they had that new iC3 rig, and that was why the fire was so on the spot accurate. Anyway Nick Orazco was able to work his Lynx around and defiladed the Hussar. Once they lost targeting the fire let up and we were able to close with the Comstar lance.

CQ: How far from the peak were you at that time.

Grant: We were only about 150 meters below the ridgeline when we closed with the Comguard. I remember seeing the Thug silhouetted. Let me tell you man, that is a scary sight. The upside was that he made one hell of a target. We all unloaded on that Thug, but the damn thing wouldn't go down. It finally ended up going hull down over the ridge. I lost track of it after that because I tangled with the Tessen that came up on my right. Both of us grabbed cover and began sniping at each other from behind boulders, it was pretty much a stand-off, but I knew from the Tac-Com that things were starting to slip on the other side, and if we were going to make a difference we'd need to make a move really soon.

CQ: What time was it by then?

Grant: I'm not sure, but I'd say around 1000. Between the Comguard lance and how steep the hill was it took us quite a while to get near the top.

CQ: What happened when you reached the top?

Grant: We never did. After the Comguard fire let up a lance of 4th Crucis machines came over the ridge and really bore down on us hard. By this time it was pretty obvious from

the Tac-Com that the 2nd was going to pieces on the other side, so as much as we wanted to, we didn't push the issue.

CQ: Had your lance suffered any casualties at this point?

Grant: Yeah, Ray Capazzutto had his Commando gutted.

CQ: Were you able to pick him up?

Grant: No, he was killed. The 2nd 's losses were much worse though. A Hauptmann, two Leutnants and two Sergeants.

CQ: Many people considered the Lyran mission at Monte Diablo a "Headhunter" mission. Were you ever ordered to specifically target anyone?

Grant: By "anyone" I assume you mean General Giggins. I wasn't given any specific instructions to target any particular 'Mech or person. I can't speak to what may have been passed on discrete, because I wasn't monitoring discrete. I can tell you that no one ever told me to come up on discrete, so if they ever passed any instructions like that, they weren't meant for me.

CQ: But you did know Giggins was there, right?

Grant: Yeah, we knew he was there. But then again, we were all there. Buy the ticket, take the ride.

CQ: Had you been ordered to eliminate General Giggins, would you have done so?

Grant: Yes.

CQ: Would you consider that a lawful order?

Grant: Yes

CQ: AFFS High Command might disagree.

Grant: AFFS High Command doesn't sign my paycheck. Listen, in combat you just don't have time to second-guess orders, if you have a job to do you do it. It really is that simple.

CQ: What prompted the Lyran forces to withdraw from Monte Diablo.

Grant: After the Hauptman in charge of the 2nd's lances was killed they really fell apart. It was pretty evident that we weren't going to dislodge them from the mountain, and as far as anyone knew the command structure of the 4th Crucis had been eliminated. We just didn't see any reason to keep fighting up-hill with

what we had on hand, when we could just come back later with more.

CQ: Did you later return to Monte Diablo?

Grant: Yes, but it was almost 72 hours later. By that time the 4th Crucis was long gone.

CQ: Why the delay?

Grant: I wish I knew. What I heard was that Voss was furious that Voss-Steiner had ordered the 2nd in without consulting him. According to folks that were in the C.P. Voss and Voss-Steiner had a screaming match that ended in each trying to relieve the other of command. Man, sometimes the shit piled up so deep you needed wings to stay above it. Anyway, by the time they got it together enough to probe the mountain, there wasn't anything there. They never had any sort of combined HQ after Monte Diablo.

CQ: After the battle at Monte Diablo, what was the campaign like?

Grant: It stopped. We just stayed in base-camp and held on to what we had. No more offensive patrols, no more nothing. As far as the 7th Donegal was concerned, the fight was over.

CQ: What about the 2nd Donegal?

Grant: Pretty much the same, except the 4th Crucis raided their firebases more because they were further back and had a lot looser security. That's how they ended up losing their C.P.

CQ: What can you tell us about the raid that ended in the loss of Leutnant-General Delmar Voss?

Grant: Just that Voss was in the C.P. when the 4th Crucis overran their base camp. The 4th Crucis targeted the Mobile H.Q. and Voss lost an eye, his left arm, and both his legs. I heard that the doctors said that they could have saved his legs if they could have operated earlier, but they had to medevac him all the way to New Munich because a fighter crashed into the MASH unit that was attached to the base camp and took it out.

CQ: How did the loss of Voss affect the 2nd Donegal?

Grant: If they were ineffective when Voss was in command, they were non-existent after he was wounded. It pretty much brought the entire campaign to a halt. We all just stood down and waited for the next shoe to drop.

CQ: Which was?

Grant: Caesar Steiner's arrival on Giauser. He for all intents and purposes showed up and took command of the 2nd Donegal. The thing is, he did it without any prior authorization. He just showed up and did it.

CQ: And the Cavanaugh Theatre Commander signed off on this?

Grant: That was the thing, Caesar Steiner didn't even ask! He was well known in the 2nd Donegal because he'd been C.O. when he was younger. After all the crap that they'd been shoveled under Voss they felt safe with him, so it wasn't any big stretch when he took over command and they left. We weren't shedding any tears when they left either because we were tired of pulling their patrols for them.

CQ: Do you have any thoughts on Giauser, Monte Diablo, or the whole campaign?

Grant: Just that it was a waste of time and good people.

CQ: How has it affected you?

Grant: I'm not sure, I miss Ray Capazzutto, I know that. He was funny as hell and never let any of the crap get him down. It's a damn shame he had to go out for such a stupid reason; because a couple of spoiled silver spoons couldn't share a sandbox

CQ: Voss and Voss-Steiner?

Grant: Victor and Katrina Steiner-Davion.

Promoted to Staff Sergeant after the Giauser Campaign, Staff Sergeant Grant is currently a Basic Military Training instructor at the Royal New Capetown Military Academy.

**COMMANDO
QUARTERLY**





MONTE DIABLO IN MEMORIAM

By Joel Stevenson

For the two year anniversary of the battle of Monte Diablo on the planet of Giauser, Archon Peter Steiner-Davion and First Princess Yvonne Steiner-Davion each sent representatives to dedicate the first memorial to the fallen warriors of the Federated Commonwealth Civil War. Little could they have suspected the extent to which Monte Diablo touched both sides of the conflict. Scarcely could they believe the impact that small ceremony would have on their realms, or the overwhelming feeling of closure it provided to the survivors, successors, and victims of the war. Commando Quarterly was fortunate enough to have attended the ceremony, and is proud to reproduce, for the first time anywhere, the text of the commemorative plaque lain atop hill 1253; its words inspired by ancient Terran head of state.

In Memoriam:

For those who gave that last full measure of devotion to the cause in which they so deeply believed, let our grateful nations never allow their sacrifice to have been in vain.

These seven hundred names, the honorable soldiers who fought upon this planet, shall never be forgotten.

Archon Peter Steiner-Davion

First Princess Yvonne Steiner-Davion



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David Martin
Jeff Lemay
Bentley DeMars
Steve Blazo
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Rahim F. Dewji
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Sean K. Archer
Roger (ICER) Wilson
Wanda Wilson
Gabriel Ratliff
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Clay Crowe
Ray Kadleck
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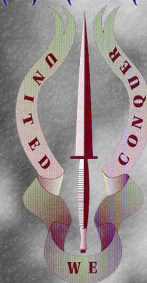
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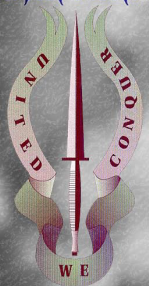
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YE OLDE PAINT SHOPPE

The Basics of Weathering

By: Ron Barter

So, you just finished painting a 'Mech. As it is drying you realize that even though it has an incredible paint job, it looks like it just walked out of a 'Mech Showroom.

Now some Battletech players like their miniatures like this, and that's fine, I prefer to make my 'Mechs look like they have seen some action and show signs of wear and tear.

That is where weathering comes in, a technique used by modelers to age an item, and make it appear more realistic by showing signs of use and exposure to the elements. Weathering can accomplish this using many techniques, but the two I will mention here are dry brushing and washes.

Dry brushing involves using small amounts of paint that are lightly brushed over the surface of the area being painted. Small amounts of the paint are picked up by irregularities on the surface area enhancing the detail of the miniature. For example, an easy way to show wear and tear on a BattleMechs miniature is to dry brush silver or steel color paint on the joints of the miniature.

To accomplish this you will need an older paintbrush, as the bristles tend to be softer and have a higher degree of flexibility when wiping over the surface of the area being dry brushed.

Next you will need a small amount of paint, dipping the brush into a paint jar is too much paint!!!! The easiest way is to vigorously shake the paint jar (Cap on of course!), then remove the cap, the paint on the inside surface of the cap is more than enough to do the job. Dip the tip of the bristles into the paint residue on the cap.

The next step involves removing most of the paint that you just dipped the brush into, gently rub the brush into a piece of paper (newsprint works best) each time moving away

from the last brush stroke, continue to do this until the paint looks dry.

The brush is now ready to start dry brushing, quickly run the brush back and forth over the area you wish the effect to be displayed. Besides joint wear, you can dry brush black or gunmetal around gun port muzzles to mimic carbon build up from firing, brown paint on raised footpads to mimic acquired mud, you can paint an entire mini's body then after drying, do a dry brush in a lighter shade of the same color; the ideas are only limited to your imagination.

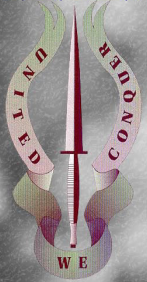
The next weathering feature is a wash, washes enhance and actually raise the sunken or recessed detail of a miniature, cracks and grooves in the miniature become visible and add considerable detail to the miniature. A wash is not so much as paint that is thinned down, but as thinner that has paint mixed in. To do a wash you first must select a paint color, as you are trying to bring out detail, use dark colors if the overall color of the mini is a lighter color such as gray, and similarly light colors if the mini is painted dark overall.

First and foremost, with this weathering technique make sure THE PAINT IS DRY! 2 hours is a safe bet before you try to do a wash, otherwise your brand new paint job may be lost.

Again, like with dry brushing the paint cap is your best friend with this technique as well. I would first however get a small container (the medicine type pill holders or medicine dispensers that come with the Vicks 44 cough medicine, which are readily available at pharmacy's), and fill it with paint thinner (acrylic paints can be thinned with rubbing alcohol, enamels can use commercial brush cleaner) about 1/3 of the way up.

After shaking the bottle, remove the cap, and using another old brush dip the

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bristles in the paint, a little heavier than you would for dry brushing. Then dip the brush into the thinner, allowing the paint to come off the brush and mix with the thinner.

Remove the brush and clean it, ensuring that it is dry, dip the brush back into the thinner/paint mix and transfer the brush to the miniature. Lightly touch the brush against the area you want to apply the wash to, capillary action will actually draw the thinner off the brush onto the mini, if you applied to much a paper towel or cotton ball can draw the excess off, if it appears to light add a little more paint to the thinner and try it again.

I would suggest that you may want to practice on something other than the miniature that you just finished painting some hours ago, but what ever you decide to practice on make sure it also has some raised surfaces so you can see the effect.

Finally, for the more experienced painter you can also try a straight thinner wash about 15 minutes after the last coat of paint, this should cause streaks in the painted finished that will give the appearance of repair work in the field (ie. Old armor bolted over holes).



An Example Of This Technique

Another Example Of This Technique





NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Recounting battles from around the Inner Sphere

By Joel Stevenson

Black Mountains, Outside Raider's Roost
Tortuga Prime
Tortuga Dominions
March 20th, 3042

Janell watched as the fleeing pirate 'Mechs stole towards a small mountain, her eyes sending voluminous rounds of autocannon fire chasing after them. A day of reckoning had finally come for the Pirates Of Tortuga Prime. Only four remained, one lance out of nearly a company, and in one of those 'Mechs, the infamous Lady Death.

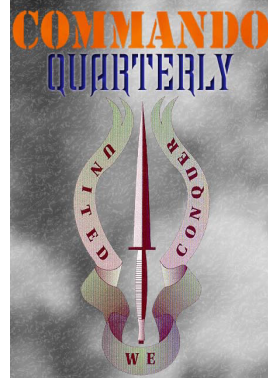
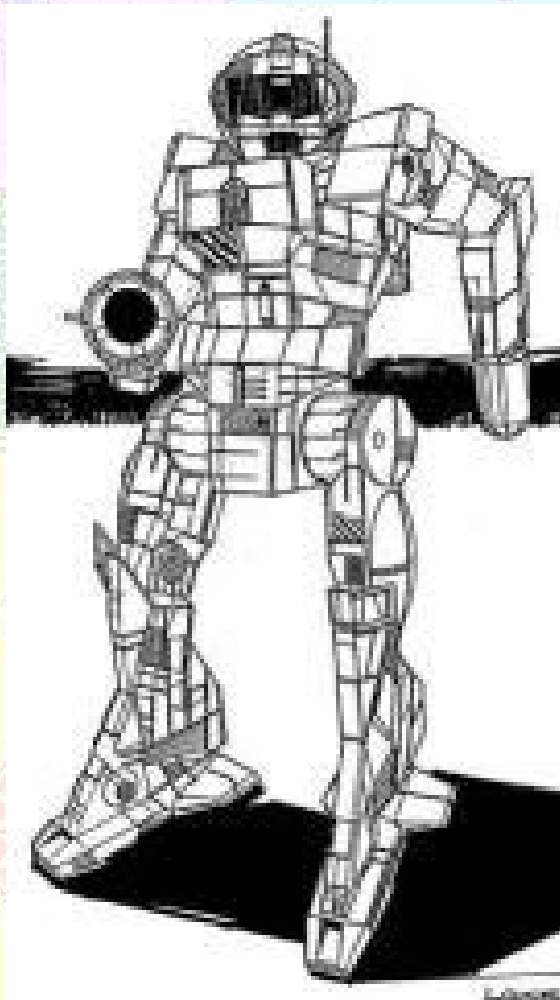
Bringing her Enforcer to a stop atop a small hillock she leveled her BlazeFire Sweetshot extended range large laser and sited her target. The new weapon was in field trials, a gift from the prestigious New Avalon Institute of Science. Improving the weapon's range by nearly fifty percent came at the cost of significantly increased heat output. She wasn't sure if the trade off was worthwhile, particularly on a planet as searing as Tortuga Prime. As her targeting reticle flashed gold she squeezed her primary trigger sending mega joules of coherent light racing towards her target, nearly 570 meters away. Armor melted like liquid skin from the bandit Trebuchet's left

arm, coagulating around the elbow and ruining the joint. Janell's brow briefly perked with excitement, then furrowed in disgust as waste heat poured into her cockpit, but the heat couldn't suppress her rapidly growing cherubic grin. I hit it!

The enemy Trebuchet sidestepped left moving obliquely across her field of view and answered with a volley of missiles. Fire blossomed across its chest as the exhaust from fifteen LRM's kissed the Trebuchet goodbye. Seconds later the warheads detonated on Janell's left leg showering the ground with ruined armor plates. The color of her Enforcer's left leg shifted from green to yellow on her damage display, indicating minor damage. If that's all you've got, this is going to be easy. The Trebuchet turned to duck teasingly

behind a small hill before Janell's laser could recharge. Glowering, she urged her fifty-ton prototype forward into a loping gait.

As she rounded a small copse she toggled her lance's frequency. "Shel, sweep around to the left. Take Argyle with you and keep them from getting past that mountain





ahead of us. I'll go right with Jason and make sure they don't double back."

"Got it boss." Sheldon's voice crackled back at her.

"Who do you think she is?" Jason asked. Even the poor quality of the communication system could not keep the excitement out of his voice.

"I've got my money on the Wyvern," she replied, glancing at her HUD for its position. "Could be the Champion too. We've got pretty sketchy intel though. I say we slag them all just to be sure."

"Fine with me," Jason replied, his voice partly drowned by the staccato bark of his light autocannon.

The enemy Champion shrugged off the damage inflicted by Sheldon's Blackjack, and continued towards the mountain. An eyesore against the lightly forested hills the black peak rose nearly seventy meters above the surrounding terrain. Bathed in jagged boulders it resembled a hastily piled collection of slightly melted coral

more than a mountain. It formed the outermost point of an extensive stretch of mountains running southwest from Raider's Roost. If the bandit 'Mechs made it safely to the mountain range the task force, of which Janell was a part, would spend months tracking them down.

"Looks to me like they want to get round there pretty badly," Jason added, squeezing off more shots from his autocannon.

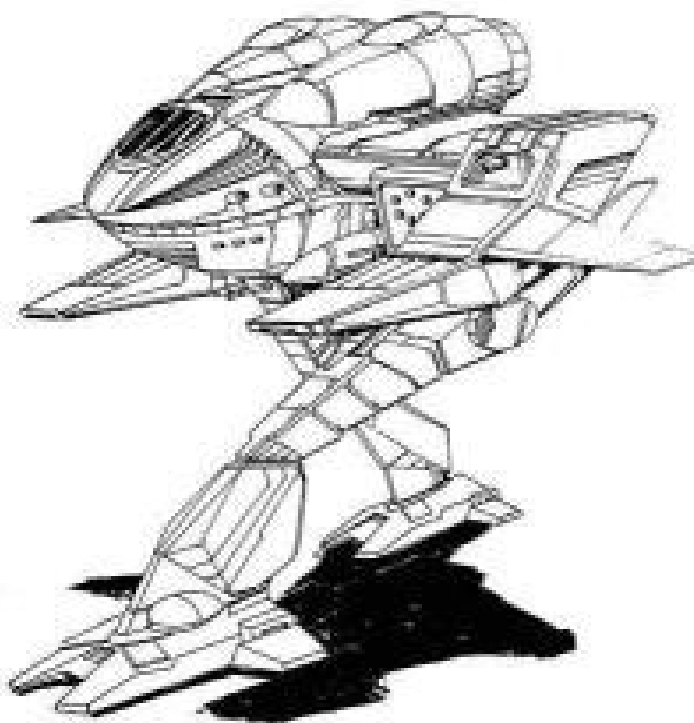
"Yeah..." Janell's voice trailed off as she contemplated the situation.

Her lance was closing in on the bandits, pushing them south towards the mountains, but her opponent had to realize

that they could ill-afford to scale the face with Janell so close in pursuit. It was more likely that they would circle the mountain, using it for cover while scaling its back. If she could reach the face first, she could cut them off and herd them back towards Argyle and Sheldon where she'd have them caught in crossfire. She and Jason were slightly closer to the mountain, and while slower than the pirate 'Mechs, they could just beat them there, if she acted fast.

"Push it to the limit Jason," she called into her comlink. "We're going to get to the mountain first, then drive them home."

"Right with you!"



Janell, focused upon reaching the mountain ahead of her prey, first mistook it for feedback in her neuralhelmet; a deep baritone sound, floating nondescriptly just outside perception, possibly nothing more than background noise. Planting her Enforcer's right leg, she twisted back to the left, carving a deep rut

in the unusually spongy ground. Myomer pulled taut, like corded muscle, swinging the massive laser into line with her target. The noise grew. Her hand wrapped tight around her joystick, Janell wrestled with inertia bringing her 'Mech's massive right arm inline with her target. Rising in volume and pitch the crescendo nibbled at her subconscious. Somewhere, tucked safely away in a part of herself she kept locked away during combat, the part that thrived upon methodical reasoning, something stirred; a prickly sensation dancing at the edge of her senses. As lock-on tone rang in her ears instinct screamed at her to squeeze the trigger, and

just as she was tightening down upon that lethal device, the sensation, like a ravenous animal, finally clawed through into her consciousness. Her chest tightened, and with a sharp breath, the spasm raced down her arm, spoiling her aim, and as the laser missed high and left, an overwhelming sense of dread stole her senses from the fight, and pulled them back towards the mountain. The world seemed caught in the briefness of an instant, as the now shrill sound pulled her in, and Janell knew, with all the horrible dread of someone who sees before them the last few seconds of their life speeding past, that which was about to come.

The first tremor knocked mesmerized Janell from her feet, yet as her 'Mech crashed to the ground in a tangle of steel and stone, she remained transfixed upon the mountain. Like the fire that bursts from the core of an overloading

reactor, the red gout stole from the top of the mountain. Arcing towards the heavens, it

begged, with all its furious pent up energy, to defy the rule of gravity. Janell dared to believe, if just for an instant, that somehow, somehow, it might indeed succeed, though as the spray reached its perihelion and streamed downward, she knew, and she screamed.

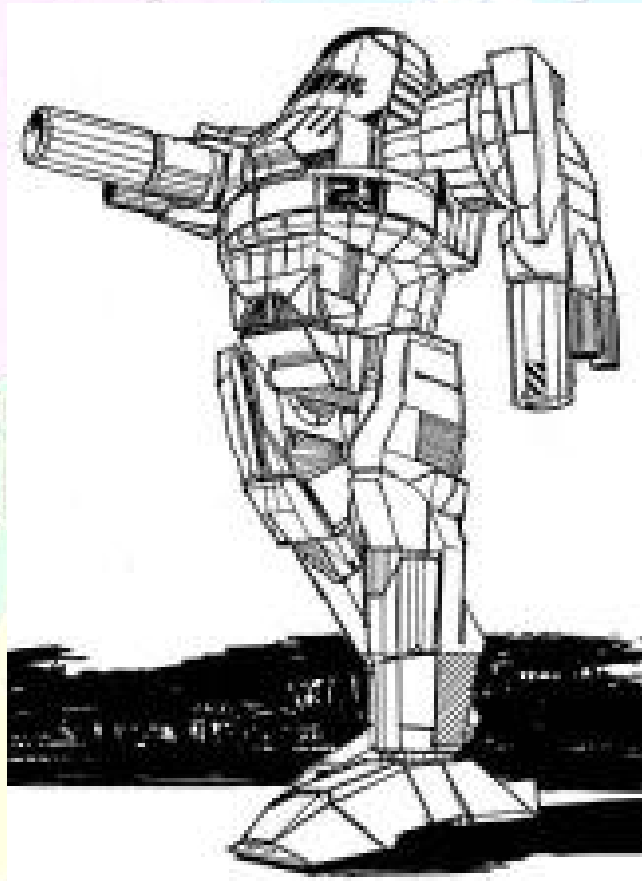
The lava, thousands of degrees of searing hot liquid rock, cascaded down, scalding the ground, flash boiling the remaining globules of water from the morning rain. Within seconds the flow washed over

Janell's splayed out 'Mech blistering armor and threatening to consume it entirely.

Never more panicked in her life than at that instant, Janell made her last mistake. Consumed with desperation, she thought not of her predicament, but solely of her quickest, safest, and surest method of escape. It was something drilled into her during her days in the academy, a last ditch effort to be used when everything had gone wrong.

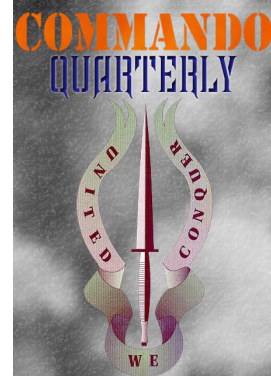
Reaching behind her head, Janell yanked her ejection cord.

Her lancemates never recovered from the violent and unexpected nature of her death.



* * * * *

Lady Death, using the chaos to her utmost advantage, escaped into the Black Hills where the AFFC task force spent three weeks chasing her before finally trapping her in a box canyon. Major Janell Sheridan of the 9th Armed Forces Federated Commonwealth Regimental Combat Team, was never recovered.





SIMULATOR OLYMPIAD

TECH:

MARTIAL

Pictures By Jason Weiser



The popularity of the New Star League's Martial Olympiad has created a groundswell in the number of simulator games, many attempting to recreate the epic engagements of the Olympiad.

For many people living on lower tech worlds, the standard holotable or tri-vid gaming console are well beyond reach. On those planets, many people still enjoy the Classic BattleTech simulator game in the old-fashioned stylus and paper method. The following pictures were taken during a historical recreation simulation of this year's Martial Olympiad in which Comstar faced off against the Draconis Combine. Featured above left, Comstar Adept Jason Robinette, and above right, Draconis Combine Tai-I Ed Lasso. The winner, Adept Robinette's units finished 24th overall in the simulated Olympiad.





SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #1

Recon, In Force

By Robert Pigeon

With input from: Ross Hines

Background:

Personal Journal: Adolph Guenther

I was afraid we were going to have to use riot gas upon our own forces when Precentor Cabral asked for volunteers for this mission.

The Precentor Martial needed tactical information about the new units that the Word of Blake has been fielding in the last few years. Precentor Cabral was given the task of putting together a “pirate” force that was to land on New Earth and test, not only the Blakist’s machines, but also their will to fight. ROM had discovered that a newly formed Level II has recently been deployed to New Earth, and that these “Expatriates” have been outfitted with many new ‘Mechs.

The Precentor Martial doesn’t want us to openly start anything with the Word of Blake, so our forces will be going in as “Pirates,” but Precentor Cabral told us that he wasn’t going to be sending his “lambs” to the slaughter. He called this mission a, “Recon... In force!”

Situation:

Austin Wildlife Preserve
New Earth, Chaos March
1 Apr 3067

For the past decade the Word of Blake has been stepping up its propaganda campaign in the Chaos March. Through any means available to them, they have bribed, coerced, or browbeat their way into administering to the Hyper-Pulse Generators and garrisoning many of the planets in the March.

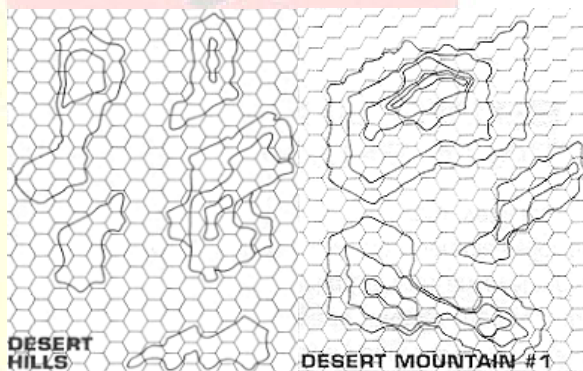
At the same time, Precentor Martial St. Jamis began a large build up of military forces to strengthen and expand the Militia. Along with continuing production of already existing

lines on Terra, St. Jamis has also ordered the development and production of many brand new designs. It is these designs that ComStar has come to test.

On the dry, desolate hills of the Austin Wildlife Preserve, selected elements of ComStar’s 31st Division will meet the newly formed Devine Retribution Level II, a unit composed completely of Expatriates; former Com Guard officers that were trying to redeem ComStar from the inside many left when Victor Steiner-Davion became Precentor Martial, and they realized that their mission was impossible. Devine Retribution is a unit cobbled-together from the officers that left at that time. This will be their first trial by fire.

Game Setup:

Lay out the BattleTech maps as show. Use Both Open Terrain maps from BattleTech Map Set 5, both Rolling Hills maps from BattleTech Map Set 3, the Scattered Woods and the Lake Area maps from BattleTech Map Set 2.



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Attacker:

The attacker consists of a Level II from The Molehill Climbers III-kappa 31st Division (The Lost Boys IV-theta), ComStar's 6th Army

The Volunteers II-alpha

Demi-Precentor VIII Adolph Guenther (P 2, G 2)
BL6-KNT Black Knight (BV: 1,846)
Demi-Precentor II Walter DuPonce (P 3, G 2)
THG-12E Thug (BV: 2,214)
Adept XIII Tos Newson (P 2, G 2)
MON-76 Mongoose (BV: 1,122)
Adept XX Morgan Blakcheque (P 3, G 3)
SPT-NF Spartan (BV: 1,664)
Adept VII Victory Hassan (P 4, G 3)
ST-8A Shootist (BV: 1,596)
Acolyte IIX Jeremy Thredgil (P 4, G 3)
EXT-5E Exterminator (BV: 1,566)

Deployment:

The Black Knight, Mongoose, Spartan, and Shootist will enter from the eastern edge of Desert Mountain Map on turn one. The Thug and Exterminator will enter from any side of either map on a later turn (see special rules)

Defender:

The defender consists of a Level II from Dreams of Revenge III-alpha 10th Division (Shooting Stars), Word of Blake Militia

Devine Retribution II-alpha

Demi-Precentor (Adept IV) Ord Mandell (P 4, G 3)
WHF *White Flame* (BV: 1,676)
Adept V Janice Brothers (P 4, G 3)
VQR-2B *Vanquisher* (BV: 2,290)
Adept II Bruce Burns (P 4, G 3)
LGC-02 *Legacy* (BV: 1,551)
Acolyte XII Vito Kawasaki (P 5, G 4)
GUR-2G *Gurkha* (BV: 895)
Acolyte IV Willis Markham (P 5, G 4)
BLF-21 *Blue Flame* (BV: 1,676)
Acolyte II Jennifer Motiff (P 5, G 4)
LNC25-04 *Lancelot* (BV: 1,256)

Deployment:

The defender may set up anywhere on the Desert Hills map.

ACTION	VICTORY POINTS
ComStar	
Per WoB 'Mech Destroyed before turn 10	10
Per WoB 'Mech Crippled before turn 10	5
Per WoB 'Mech Destroyed after turn 10	5
Per WoB 'Mech Crippled after turn 10	2
Word of Blake	
	-10
Per ComStar 'Mech Destroyed	-5
Per ComStar 'Mech Crippled	

Victory Conditions:

VICTORY TABLE		
Total Point		Results
31 or higher	Decisive ComStar Victory	
16 to 30	Substantial ComStar Victory	
6 to 15	Marginal ComStar Victory	
-5 to 5		Draw
-6 to -15	Marginal WoB Victory	
-16 to -3026	Substantial WoB Victory	
-30 or lower	Decisive WoB Victory	

Special Rules

Hit and Run Rules

ComStar is not here to destroy the Word of Blake Level II (no matter how much the individual warriors want to) They are here to asses the fighting capabilities of the Word of Blake's new 'Mechs; to this effect the ComStar machines are all broadcasting their battle ROMs to a nearby Skulker scout vehicle. Precentor Martial Gavin Dow has determined that 90 full seconds of fighting should be long enough to get the intelligence that he needs. After turn 15, all ComStar 'Mechs will exit, at best speed, the western edge of the battlefield.

First Round

Due to the unexpected assault by the ComStar forces, and the relative inexperience Devine Retribution has with working together, the Word of Blake Forces will be too shocked to return fire on the first turn.

Word of Blake Initiative

Due to the fact that this Level II has been together for less than a month, they are unable to work together well until something spurns them on. To represent this, the Word of Blake will always loose Initiative until the first 'Mech (ComStar or Word of Blake) has been downed

Attacker Deployment

The attackers are trying (without any real conviction) to appear as pirates. To help accomplish this, the ComStar forces will only deploy the four 'Mechs mentioned in Attacker Deployment, until the first ComStar 'Mech is crippled or destroyed. At that point, the last two 'Mech may enter from any edge of either map, on the next turn.

Aftermath:

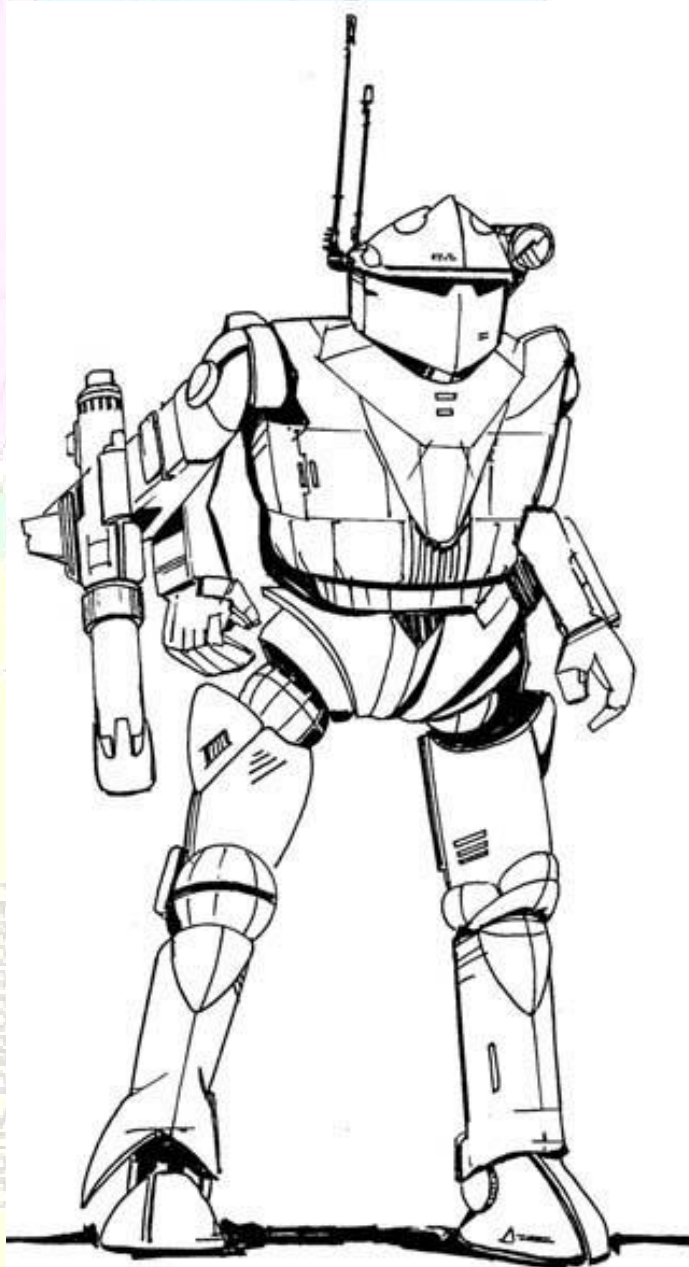
"I have never professed to be a 'True Believer,' but the way the ComStar was heading was fundamentally wrong and against the tenants of the organization that I joined all those years ago.

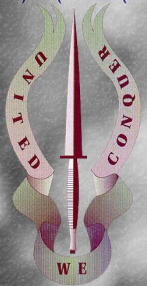
That being said the 'Pirate' raiding forces certainly proved why ComStar and not the Clans were victorious at Tukayyid. They mauled us, but they have also learned that we too fought and bled on Tukayyid.

Though they came out of the exchange 'ahead' it was they who were forced to flee the field, not us.

This battle may not have been the Word of Blake, but his Will be Done!"

- From the personal log of
 Demi-Precentor (Adept IV) Ord Mandell





SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #2

The Hunt For November-231

By Dave Baughman

Situation:

Upland Plains
Kathil, Federated Commonwealth
June 25th, 3065

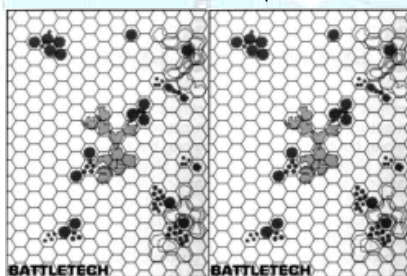
As the fighting in the Formed Federated Commonwealth heated up, the Word of Blake devised a plan to steal key technologies from the Steiner and Davion militaries. One such operation was the move to steal the Davion targeting computer; though this operation spanned several works and numerous different methods, one particular phase of the operation took place during the fighting on Kathil. Several months earlier, the Word of Blake special forces team Merciful Cleansing II-Alpha had assassinated and assumed the identities of Emphatic Communication II-Alpha, a Com Guard unit that had volunteered to help the Allied forces fighting on Kathil.

After their arrival on Kathil, the false Emphatic Communication was integrated into the 2nd NAIS Cadre, where they fought with great skill. Ultimately, however, Merciful Cleansing dropped its pretense when November-231, who piloted a tarcomp-equipped *Templar* was separated from her lance by a "chance" rockslide. Pouncing quickly, the WOB unit descended on the lone 'Mech. Just over a minute into the fight, the WOB operatives detonated a satchel charge that had been concealed in the leg, shattering its hip – after this, it was only a matter of time before the mighty assault 'Mech fell before the light WOB machines.

"Emphatic Communication" II-Alpha disappeared less than an hour later, but thanks to the jamming of November-231's communications, the Cadre's 'Mech Commanders never realized what had happened. Any investigation into the vanished 'Mech unit ended when the 2nd Cadre was wiped out in the course of the fighting.

Set-Up:

Set up two standard BattleTech map sheets side by side. The Defender sets up in the hex row on the far left of the play area; see special rules below for attacker setup conditions.



Attacker:

The attacker consists of Merciful Cleansing II-Epsilon, a Word of Blake special forces team masquerading as the Com Guard unit Emphatic Communication II-Epsilon.

Precentor IV-Epsilon Ronald Anderson
(Gunnery 0, Piloting 2) EXT-4D Exterminator
Adept XII-Epsilon Denise Kramer (Gunnery 1,
Piloting 2) JR7-D Jenner
Adept IV-Epsilon Juan Rodriguez (Gunnery 2,
Piloting 3) HSR-200-D Hussar
Adept X-Epsilon Aaron Stein (Gunnery 1,
Piloting 3) JVN-10N Javelin
Adept I-Epsilon Richard Pierce (Gunnery 3,
Piloting 2) THE-N Thorn
Adept V-Epsilon Herman Beecher (Gunnery 1,
Piloting 2) NXS1-A Nexus

Defender:

The defender is November-231, a MechWarrior from the 2nd NAIS Cadre who has become separated from her unit, and is now being stalked by Merciful Cleansing II-Alpha.

Leftenant Barbara Franks (Gunnery 3, Piloting 4)
TLR-10A Templar-A

Victory Conditions:

The goal of Merciful Cleansing II-Alpha is to capture a working example of the Federated Suns' new targeting computer; they must also eliminate any evidence of their ambush, so the *Templar's* pilot must not survive.

- The Attacker wins a **decisive victory** if they render the *Templar* inoperable without destroying its targeting computer.
- The Attacker wins a **marginal victory** if they render the *Templar* inoperable, but also destroy its targeting computer.
- The Defender wins a **marginal victory** if it exists off the far right edge of the play area.
- The Defender wins a **decisive victory** if it exists as described above after destroying three or more enemy 'Mechs.

Special Rules:

Attacker Arrival: The attacker arrives during the end phase of turn one, placing one 'Mech on each of the "six" map edges (that is, one on the left, one on the right, and one on the top and bottom of each of the two map sheets).

Sabotage: Word of Blake sympathizers have sabotaged the *Templar*. During the end phase of turn 5, the player controlling Precentor Anderson should roll a critical hit check against the *Templar's* right leg. Re-roll any results of "12."

Optional Rules: If playing with level 3 rules, the *Exterminator* is equipped with a null-signature system.



SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #3

Vive la Patrie!

By Buster G. McCall

Background:

Siouxsie's Banshees
DropShip Spirit
Fort Loudon
Tamar March, Lyrn Alliance
24 December 3062

The Union-class DropShip, *Spirit*, groaned in protest at the infernal temperatures generated by her steep angle of approach into Fort Loudon's upper atmosphere. Captain Siouxsie Nansouty ordered the rapid 2G, 4-day, return to Fort Loudon as soon as she entered the system. Her best response to Victor Davion's call to arms. Victor's call was sure to draw the units stationed on Fort Loudon into what appeared to be a full-scale civil war. Siouxsie wanted to land her returning raiding party on-planet before the conflict engulfed her support personnel left garrisoned near Monterre in the jungle continent of Brunei. This was definitely not the homecoming Captain Nansouty envisioned. Nansouty's 5-month foray into Clan occupied territory had proved extremely profitable. She brought back a large stash of Clan weaponry and expendables at the cost of only one medium 'Mech destroyed, zero casualties. Returning to Fort Loudon was supposed to herald a great celebration to ring in the New Year, not more fighting.

The *Spirit* suddenly dropped as the ship encountered heavy turbulence. The sensation left Siouxsie's stomach somewhere near the back of her throat, but switched her focus from her musings back to the landing at hand. Data feeds connecting the cockpit of her Leopard, a highly modified Thug, to the *Spirit's* sensor array didn't register any hostile craft, but ship-to-'Mech connections sometimes

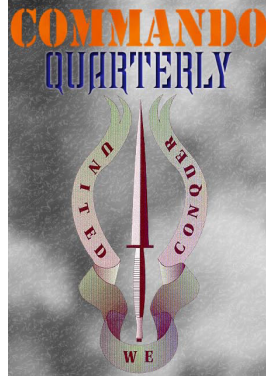
failed. Siouxsie wanted confirmation from the person commanding this ship.

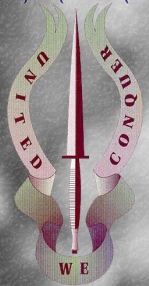
"Captain Pitán, what's going on out there?"

The calm, heavily accented reply belayed the concern Captain Murice Pitán felt for his beloved DropShip as it bucked through the atmosphere over Brunei. "*Capitaine Nansouty, il fait beau*. All is well. No *ci-devants* anywhere on our scopes."

Ci-devant was a term Siouxsie heard several Fort Loudon locals use over the past year. From its use, she figured it must be a derogatory term some native Loudonites, especially the anti-Katherine activists, adopted when referring to any loyalist forces. Her mercenary liaison, Major Lawrence Montkreith, tried to explain the term's origination, born during an ancient Terran revolution in a state called France. Siouxsie remembered studying the French Revolution while at the War College of Goshen, but more as a backdrop to the rise of a young Corsican officer named Bonaparte. Typically, she had dismissed the story as irrelevant and steered the conversation back to the preparations for her expedition into clan space. But now, her own troops were beginning to use the term. Tensions were high between the three major units garrisoning Fort Loudon. Captain Nansouty prayed her troops had not already entered the fray.

Siouxsie sensed the animosity between the house units garrisoning Fort Loudon even before she departed for the deep raid into Clan Jade Falcon space five long months ago. Marshal Orsina, Commander of the Fourth Davion Guards, actively led anti-Katherine movements across the planet. Even submitting signed editorials to the popular resistance newsletter, *Libérateur*. Siouxsie expected Orsina to rally behind Victor's





standard and challenge Major General Ito's Fifth Alliance Guards for control of Fort Loudon. What Siouxsie didn't know was the choice other units on planet would make between maintaining defenses against the Clan threat or joining what promised to be a bloody civil war. With all communication from Fort Loudon down, or jammed, Captain Nansouty would have to wait until she landed at the Zettle Metals mining company spaceport in Monterre's industrial sector to learn more about Loudon's political climate.

Siouxsie felt the *Spirit* slow and rotate roughly 45 degrees in preparation for landing. External cameras focused on the spaceport, searching for any signs of potential enemy activity. Captain Nansouty exhaled a heavy sigh of relief when all she saw were the heavy loaders and other equipment common to an industrial port. Seconds later, the *Spirit* touched down in one of the empty pads.

"*Capitaine*, we have landed safely," proclaimed the now cheerful Captain Pitán, clearly relieved his ship made it relatively unscathed, "*Souhaiter la Bienvenue en Monterre*."

"*Merci* Captain Pitán," replied Siouxsie, "an excellent landing. My complements to the crew. Please leave your sensors active and let me know if anything tall and metallic heads our way."

"As you command, *Capitaine*," Pitán acknowledged.

Siouxsie then gave the sign for techs to lower the ramp. She triggered the automatic disconnects to external communication and power feeds as the bay's restraints freed her Leopard from their protective embrace. Stepping slowly at first to avoid damaging any equipment in the bay, Captain Nansouty gracefully led the three remaining 'Mechs of her command lance out of the DropShip and into the sweltering jungle heat of Fort Loudon's equatorial regions.

"Cap'n, it's sure good to land on a friendly DZ," said the youngest, yet most deadly, member of her company, the crack shot Trent "Headshot" Thiébault, riding a state-of-the-art Enforcer III.

"The kitten's words do not befit a warrior," added Budgie, the massive former

Nova Cat elemental turned MechWarrior. "A warrior lives to sharpen his claws in combat. A warrior does not revel in time away from the fight."

"Oh, lighten up big guy," taunted the indomitable Trent, "we've got to get you a hobby. Maybe you'd be interested in tyin' tin cans to the tails o' stray cats. Oh! But then again, I guess that wouldn't be your cup o' milk."

Budgie gracefully pivoted his Yu Huang toward the much smaller Enforcer III and pointed to his 'Mech's massive LBX-20 autocannon with the stubby barrel of his ER PPC. "I might begin collecting the remains of neurohelmets I have forcibly removed from smart-mouthed kittens."

"Stand down!" ordered Captain Nansouty. "Captain Pitán just reported a lance of unidentified 'Mechs headin' this way. He's tried to hail them, but no response."

Siouxsie gingerly stepped over the remains of a 5th Alliance Guard Jenner as she brought both of her ER PPCs in line with an enemy Highlander. Twin arcs of azure lightening reached out to caress the Alliance 'Mechs already battered torso. Armor flash-boiled and ran in rivulets down the Highlanders legs as smaller, more deadly bolts of ravenous, highly charged particles searched the vulnerable internals for succor. One spark must have located a still full ammo bin. For in the next instant, a series of rippling explosions blasted the back casing from the Highlander, rocking the assault 'Mech violently. The left arm hung limp at the hapless 'Mech's side as the huge machine dropped like a rag doll, face first, to the ground. Battle damage assessment (BDA) registered the 'Mech as still operational, but the uncontrolled fall clearly told of a pilot knocked unconscious from the massive feedback created by the ammo explosion.

Not wasting any time, Siouxsie charged forward to point-blank range and raked the downed 'Mech with six Medium Pulse Lasers. The already taxed heat sinks struggled to dissipate the massive amounts of heat produced by the lasers' focusing 'Mechanisms. Siouxsie was forced to hit her shutdown

override as the emerald beams stitched deep fissures into the back, arms, and legs of the Highlander, but the tough rear armor prevented any serious wounds. Exasperated, Siouxsie drove her foot through the battered torso, crushing the remaining structure and destroying the Highlander's fusion heart.

Glancing down the street, Captain Nansouty noted Budgie's lame, yet still functioning, Yu Huang, laying barely 30 meters from its severed leg and surrounded by at least 14 burning Fenrir battle armor husks. Tactical showed two Fenrir retreating to the north. They were done for the day. Trent still had the Alliance Nightsky on the ropes, but the Caesar seemed to have disappeared after absorbing Siouxsie's last volley. Just as Nansouty started to switch to IR, hoping to spot the heat plum that rose above all but the coolest running 'Mechs, her proximity alarms warned her of an enemy emerging from a side street directly behind her.

Before Siouxsie could dodge out of the street, a violent crash struck her 'Mech squarely between the shoulders, shattering nearly all the Leopard's back armor. Luckily the Caesar's ER PPC missed low and to the right, turning a parked hovercar into a small sunburst shattering any remaining unbroken glass in a nearby bakery. Wishing to avoid any further exploitation of her nearly non-existent rear armor, Siouxsie triggered her jump jets and sailed out of the Caesar's line of sight.

Siouxsie continued to track the Caesar through Budgie's targeting system. The Alliance MechWarrior seemed uncertain about his next move, pivoting back and forth between the downed, unmoving Yu Huang and the building Siouxsie just bounded over. Seizing the opportunity presented by the Caesar's indecision, Nansouty formed a plan. She contacted her number two, putting the plan into action.

"Budgie, don't respond. I want you to play possum. Lay there like your 'Mech's dead. In about eight seconds, I'll give you a target warriors dream of."

Bounding her Leopard back into the street with the Yu Huang directly between her and the Caesar, Siouxsie dropped prone as clumsily and violently as she could. The

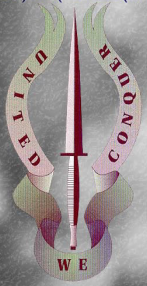
Alliance Caesar immediately turned and moved toward the 'downed' Leopard, apparently looking for an easy kill. Just as the Caesar began to step past Budgie's Yu Huang, both Budgie and Siouxsie rolled to bring nearly all their offensive weaponry to bear on the still confident Caesar. Siouxsie sent five lasers, coupled with one of her ER PPCs directly into the legs and torso of the advancing Caesar. Some of the deadly beams found their way into the vulnerable internals, but all missed the Caesar's vital components. Budgie's strike proved much more lethal. Propelling himself onto his back using his ER PPC wielding left arm; the former Nova Cat toggled for standard ammo in his large bore autocannon, unleashing a deadly hail of fire directly into the Caesar's already battered right side. Under the Yu Huang's withering fire combined with the sympathetic, and equally violent, discharge of the Caesar's Gauss Rifle capacitors, the Alliance 'Mech simply ceased to exist.

Siouxsie made the Sign of the Cross and sent a prayer of thanks to God when she sensed another presence on the street. She deftly righted her 'Mech and faced the new arrival.

Waving his Enforcer III's right hand in a mock salute, Trent bowed to the tactical prowess displayed by his elders then gestured over his right shoulder. "You'll find a one-armed, decapitated Nightsky about three blocks east of here and a couple of squashed Fenrir about five blocks north."

Siouxsie returned Trent's salute then stood in awe as hundreds of locals poured onto the, until recently, deserted streets around the Banshee 'Mechs. Some moved to help Budgie out of the cockpit of his downed Yu Huang while others were leading the surviving Alliance warriors down the street where young and old jeered and cursed the *ci-devants*. Then the crowd began to chant in unison waving old Lyran Commonwealth banners. Captain Siouxsie Nansouty didn't know if this was the type of response Victor Steiner-Davion expected, but she did know she would thank God for another victory and stay here, doing whatever she could to protect these people. The next thing she knew, Siouxsie was

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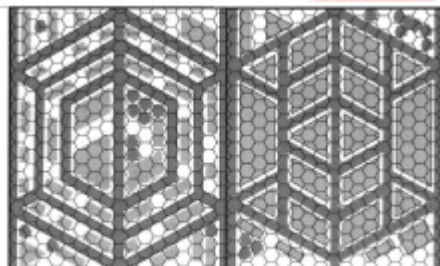


standing on her battered Leopard's shoulder chanting with the people...

Vive la Patrie! Vive la Patrie! Vive la Patrie!

Game Setup:

Lay out the BattleTech maps as shown (hex 1501 is the northeast corner of both maps).



Deployment:

Siouxie's Banshees have moved out of Zettle Metals Incorporated's spaceport to intercept advancing elements of the 5th Alliance Guard.

Attacker:

Enter from the east edge of the board on Turn 1.

First Lieutenant Rudolph von Klebber (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3) Caesar CES-3R (BV 1,775)

Leutenant Christopher Plummer (Piloting 5, Gunnery 3) Highlander HGN-732 (BV 2,206)

Leutenant Aaron Baugh (Piloting 4, Gunnery 4) Nightsky NGS-4s (BV 1,080)

Leutenant Christi Henderson (Piloting 5, Gunnery 4) Jenner JR7-D (BV 669)

1 Fenrir Battle Armor Platoon (Gunnery: 4)
4 Squads, 16 Troops (BV 888)

Defender:

Banshee 'Mechs enter anywhere along the west edge of the board on Turn 1.

Captain Siouxie Nansouty (Piloting: 3, Gunnery 2) Leopard LPD-D1, 3054 (BV 2,400) *

* You can find this 'Mech in HM Pro under the 'MechForce UK 'Mech directory. Looks just like the old Battledroid Cestus

NOTE: May substitute a Victor VTR-10D (BV 2,584)

Budgie (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3)
Yu Huang Y-H9G (BV 2,226)

Trent "Head-Hunter" Thiébault (Piloting 4, Gunnery 3) Enforcer III ENF-6T (BV 2,018)

Special Rules

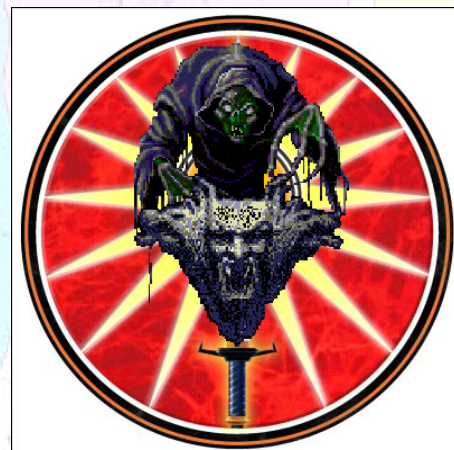
1. The Banshee player may seize the initiative twice during the scenario. The Banshee player must declare this **before** rolling the dice for initiative. This represents Siouxie's knack for anticipating the enemy's next move.
2. The Banshee 'Mechs will not withdraw during the scenario. 5th Alliance Guard 'Mechs will withdraw off the east edge of the board if stripped of all offensive ranged weapons capable of inflicting 5 or more points of damage. The Guard battle armor will withdraw off the north edge only after 12 of the 16 suits are destroyed.

Victory Conditions:

The 5th Guard player wins a total victory if all Banshee 'Mechs are destroyed while only losing one friendly 'Mech (the Fenrir are expendable). The Guards win a marginal victory if the above conditions are met, but two friendly 'Mechs are destroyed (again, the Fenrir are expendable).

The Banshee player wins a decisive victory by destroying or forcing the withdrawal of all attacking units while losing only one unit. The Banshees win a marginal victory if two units are lost while destroying or driving off all attacking units.

Any other result is a draw. Happy hunting.





SIMULATOR TECH: SCENARIO #4

Chasing Death

By Joel Stevenson

Background:

In 3042 the Armed Forces Federated Commonwealth 9th Regimental Combat Team descended upon Tortuga Prime in the Tortuga Dominions. Their goal: The utter destruction of the Pirates Of Tortuga, and capture of their leader, Paula "Lady Death" Trevaline.

Their unexpected arrival caught the Tortugan defeders by surprise, and a running battle ensued.

Situation:

Black Mountains, Outside Raider's Roost
Tortuga Prime
Tortuga Dominions
0627 March 20th, 3042

Following a brutal initial engagement with the Pirates Of Tortuga, the AFFC forces pursued several scattered elements. Pursuit group 4 gave chase as their opponents, believed to include Lady Death, raced towards the Black Mountains, and potential safety.

"I still get shivers just thinking about it. One minute we had the pirates trapped between us and the major. Then the next thing I knew the mountain just exploded. This enormous fireball comes out of the top and crashed down on the major."

I remember hearing her scream right as the eruption hit. I don't really know what happened next, it was all so disjointed. We blew it though. For all the effort we put up after the Major went down, we may as well have laid out the red carpet for the pirates retreat.

That's what gets me the most. If we'd at least brought them in I could have told myself that at least she'd have

been proud of us. At this point I almost hope there isn't an afterlife. I don't think I could stand facing her after we failed her like that."

- From AFFC Lieutenant Sheldon Jackson's personal journal

Special Rules:

Earthquake:

At the beginning of every turn roll 2D6. If the result is equal to 6 or more, an earthquake occurs. After the first earthquake occurs, increase this target number to 10.

The first earthquake is a pre-eruption tremor and imposes a +3 to hit modifier for all weapon attacks during the turn in which it occurs. Additionally, all 'Mechs standing at the start of the movement phase must make a PSR at +3 modifier.

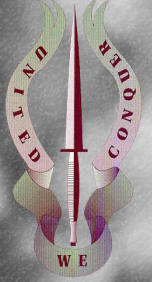
If, for the duration of the game, any additional earthquakes occur, they add a +1 modifier to weapons fire, and require a PSR for each 'Mech standing at the beginning of the movement phase with a +1 modifier.

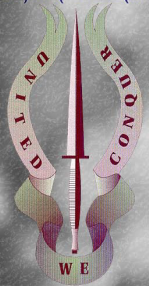
Eruption:

At the end of the movement phase on the turn in which the first earthquake occurs the volcano erupts. The eruption is centered on hex 0808 on the Large Mountain #1 mapsheet, and has a blast radius of 8 hexes. All hexes within this radius are converted to Liquid Magma hexes and retain their current elevation.

Standing 'Mechs within the blast radius take 2D6 points of damage to four randomly determined locations (determine which column of the hit location table to roll on as if the attack came from hex 0808). Prone 'Mechs within the blast radius take 2D6 points of

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damage to every location. In either case, make separate damage rolls for each location.

After the eruption the Magma will spread by one hex each round until it reaches a 10 hex radius.

Exiting The Field:

Unless an attacking 'Mech is missing a leg, it must attempt to exit the field once it meets any of the following conditions:

- Three Pilot Hits
- Two Engine Hits
- One Gyro Hit
- Unable to do 5 or more points of damage with weapon attacks.

Defending 'Mechs may fight to the death.

Gravity:

Due to the increased gravity of Tortuga Prime, all 'Mechs suffer the following effects: Divide the Walking MP of each 'Mech by 1.2 (round down at .5) and calculate a new Running MP.

Calculate the damage for any falls normally, then multiply the result by 1.2 and apply that amount of damage per normal falling rules.

Heat:

Due to the tropical nature of the planet, all 'Mechs generate 1 additional heat point per round.

Magma:

Magma hexes cost 2MP per hex and generate additional heat for 'Mechs standing in and/or moving through them.

Additionally, at the end of the Movement Phase, each 'Mech's moving through Magma takes 2D6 points of damage to all locations exposed to Magma (legs if the 'Mech is standing, all locations if the 'Mech falls while moving through Magma). Furthermore, if a 'Mech both starts and ends its movement in Magma it takes an additional 2D6 points of damage to each location exposed to Magma.

'Mechs moving out of a Magma hex generate an additional 5 points of heat, while

'Mechs standing in a Magma hex generate an additional 10 points of heat.

'Mechs entering a Magma hex may become stuck. For each Magma hex entered make a PSR. If the roll fails, the 'Mech becomes stuck and may make no further movement during that round. A failed roll does not cause the 'Mech to fall, though a 'Mech may fall due to a subsequent failed PSR. At the beginning of the following turn's Movement Phase, make a PSR for any stuck 'Mech. If the roll is successful, the 'Mech may move normally. If the roll is unsuccessful the 'Mech may not move, but may make another PSR in subsequent turns.

A 'Mech that jumps into a Magma hex automatically becomes stuck.

A 'Mech that falls while stuck, remains stuck.

Attacks against stuck units receive a -2 to hit modifier.

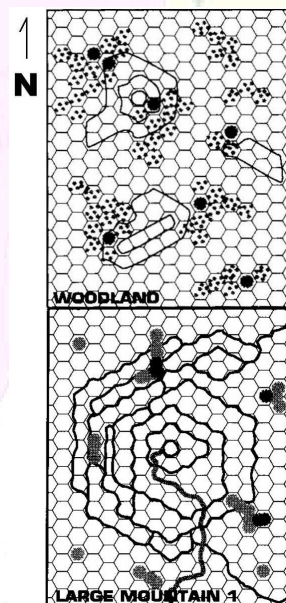
Finally all PSR's made by a 'Mech occupying a Magma hex suffer an additional +4 modifier.

Nonfunctional:

For purposes of this scenario, a 'Mech unit is considered nonfunctional when it loses a leg, suffers two gyro hits, or is unable to inflict 5 or more points of damage with weapon attacks.

Game Setup:

Lay out the BattleTech maps as shown. You will need the Large Mountain #1 map from BattleTech Map Set 5, and the Woodland map from BattleTech Map Set 6. Treat all Woods hexes within 10 hexes of hex 0808 on the Large Mountain map as rough terrain. Treat all water hexes on the Large Mountain #1 map as clear hexes of the same elevation.



Deployment:

See each unit's entry in the following two sections.

Attacker:

The attacker consists of Pursuit Group Four, AFFC 9th RCT. The Enforcer and Blackjack enter through either Large Mountain #1 map hexes 0117 or 0216. The Warhammer and Clint enter through either Woodland map hexes 0101 or 0201.

Pursuit Group Four

Major Janell Sheridan (Piloting 3, Gunnery 2)

Prototype* ENF-5D Enforcer (BV 1334)

*The prototype replaces the Enforcer's Large Laser with an ER Large Laser.

MechWarrior Jay Downes (Piloting: 5, Gunnery 4)

BJ-1 Blackjack (BV 795)

Leftenant Shel Jackson (Piloting: 5, Gunnery: 4)

WHM-6R Warhammer (BV 978)

MechWarrior Argyle Jones (Piloting: 3, Gunnery 2)

CLNT-1-2R Clint (BV 931)

Defender:

The defender consists of surviving elements of the Pirates Of Tortuga. They enter through either Large Mountain #1 map hexes 0106 or 0107.

Pirates Of Tortuga

Paula Trevaline (Piloting: 3, Gunnery 2)

TBT-5N Trebuchet (BV 1296)

MechWarrior Dan Wilson (Piloting: 4, Gunnery: 3)

WVE-6N Wyvern (BV 996)

MechWarrior Tara Vance (Piloting: 5, Gunnery 4)

CN9-A Centurion (BV 772)

MechWarrior Ron Windsor (Piloting: 5, Gunnery: 4)

CHP-2N Champion (BV 839)

Objective

The attacker's objective is to prevent the escape of, and destroy all the defending 'Mechs.

The defender's objective is to escape, exiting through the north edge of the Woodland map, and to destroy as many attacking 'Mechs as possible.

Victory Conditions:

The scenario ends when all the units from both sides have been destroyed, exited the field, or are rendered nonfunctional.

Victory points are awarded as follows:

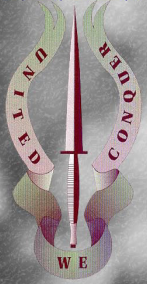
- Per enemy unit destroyed (+ its BV in victory points)
- Per friendly unit lost (- its BV in victory points)
- Per defending exiting the field (+ its BV in victory points)

Aftermath:

Although the AFFC was successful in capturing Lady Death and eliminating the Pirates Of Tortuga within twenty years a new group of outlaws would take over and revitalize the Tortuga Dominions.



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COMMANDO PAINTING GALLERY

Pictures Of 'Mechs painted by various Commandos



"The Toronto Touqued Scumdogs"
Painted by: Martin Plut

The lance was painted using Testors model paints. After priming, the units were painted with a base coat of "Flat Battle Grey". The minis then received a coat of black wash to darken all the cracks and details. A rough gray dry-brush was applied followed by a dry-brush of white. After the course initial dry-brushing, the minis were again black-washed. A final dry-brush of flat gray was applied. The course white dry-brush followed by the second ink-wash is what contributed mostly to the "mottled" effect. A thinned white paint was then absorbed onto an old toothbrush and sprayed onto the minis in a mist/spray manner to augment the "mottled" effect.

Commando Bio:

Martin has been playing BattleTech for over 15 years, since the original release of the box-set. Over the years, he has acquired every BattleTech (non-battledroid) miniature and painted them all with good skill. Martin joined the Commando ranks after the creation of Classic BattleTech by FanPro Games.

Martin was once identified as "Setting the bar of excellence for other Commandos to benchmark" by the ComandoCO during the Martial Olympiad. Great pride was taken with this criticism and hard efforts are endured to keep up to the expectations of his fellow Commandos.

As an Engineering manager, part-time university student, husband and recent father, Martin has difficulties scheduling time for BattleTech events. Efforts have been made by Martin to recruit two new Commandos for the Toronto area that will assist in spreading the love and enjoyment of Classic BattleTech to southern Ontario as well as sharing the glory and truth of the WORD OF BLAKE!

Stone Rhino Painted By Tim Piazzai

I based painted the Stone Rhino black. Then I used a wash of Fortress Grey. The gray was a little thick and washed over the black in a marbled pattern. Then, I highlighted with Red and Orange. I printed out the Decals Scum posted and applied the Commando Logo and painted my Commando number.

Commando Bio:

I have been married for 14 years to my lovely wife Dana and have my daughter Gail (11years old) and son Tony (just turned 22 months). Except for my tour of duty with the Marines, I have lived my life in Michigan. I am just two months short of my 10th Anniversary at Ford Motor Company. All but the first six months have been spent as a Toolmaker/Machining Specialist.

I got introduced to BattleTech in 1987 While stationed at Camp Pendleton CA. I was a founding member of Morguhn's Marauders. In 1988 when I came home I brought a copy of the Marauders home and Introduced BattleTech to my friends. We played BattleTech off and on for some eight years. In 1996 We started up BattleTech playing full time, My job as a Machining specialist provided the time and opportunity (computer controlled machines provide lots of down time while they run) to roll and record all of the Clan Tournaments. I got Clan Star Adder and Goliath Scorpion as my two Clans.

The highlight of my gaming career was back in 1998. My daughter (all of 7 at the time) and I entered a local Bloodnamed Tournament. When the dust settled and lasers cooled, my daughter Gail had won herself the Kerensky Bloodname. A father could not be prouder!





Commando Centurion
Painted By Joel Steverson

I painted this 'Mech with Polly's acrylic paints. I started with a wash of dark gray (I don't primer my mini's) and began layering on different shades of gray, white, and silver, working from dark to light and using mostly dry-brush techniques. The weathering details were added later using a combination of rust colors, and highlights for worn spots. Finally, I finished with a clear coat spray. I chose the Centurion for my Commando 'Mech as it has always been a favorite of mine, and I was particularly interested in seeing how the color scheme would turn out. I found the degree of detail in the miniature challenging enough to make it a rewarding piece to paint.

Commando Bio:

Joel Steverson has been playing Classic BattleTech since 1985. He's been married to his wonderful wife, Lara, for almost four years. Together they have a dog, cat, Greenwing Macaw, but not kids, yet. He works in the Information Technology field, as an e-mail & network administrator. When he's not tied to a computer he enjoys reading, writing, and a variety of outdoor activities – including the recently acquired hobby of skydiving.

Commando Catapult
Painted By Andrew Hall

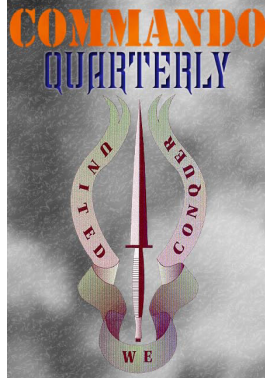
I started with a base coat of grey followed by applying watered down black ink indiscriminately over the 'Mech. A higher concentration was played on top, which allowed the downhill flow of water to carry some ink down to the lower extremities to balance out the concentrations. I then used red ink for the highlights followed by orange ink to give it a reddish-orange appearance. Afterwards, I added details such as warning stripes, writing, commando symbol, etc. For the base, I used a metal file to smooth the sides. Next, using Elmer's glue, I glued on dirt and placed flock above the glue dirt mix.

Commando Bio:

Andrew Hall, an eight year veteran of BattleTech, is currently a pre-health Biology major at the University of Nebraska-Omaha. For an occupation besides student, Andrew is a 3rd year AFROTC cadet and laborer at the Offutt Aero Club. For interests, Andrew is a devoted fan of the Nebraska Cornhuskers and is very involved in politics.



Commando Lynx
Painted By Robert Pigeon



Spaceship Recognition Chart

#1 of 14

Dropships of the Inner Sphere 1 of 3

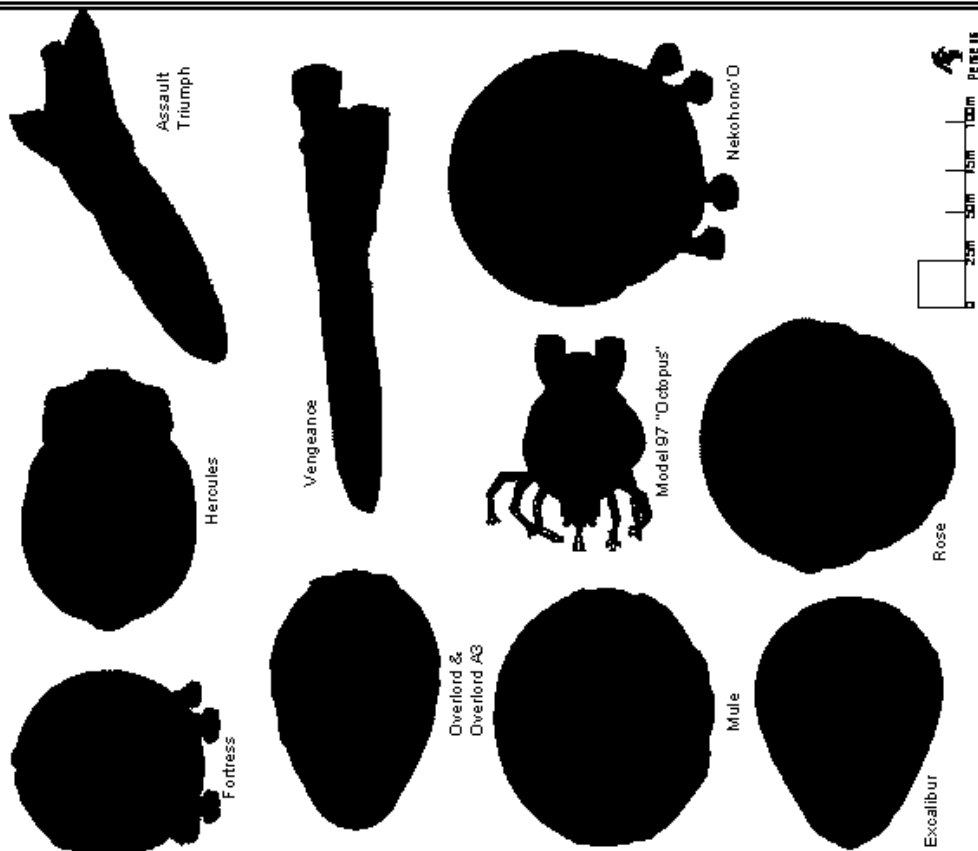


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Spaceship Recognition Chart

#2 of 14

Dropships of the Inner Sphere 2 of 3



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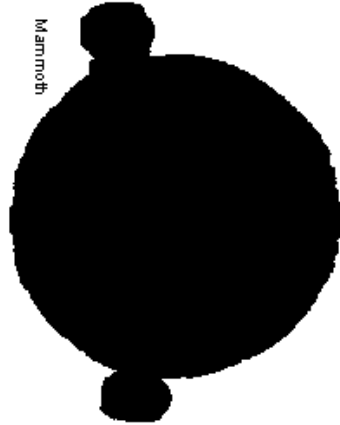
Spaceship Recognition Chart

Droptships of the Inner Spheres of 3

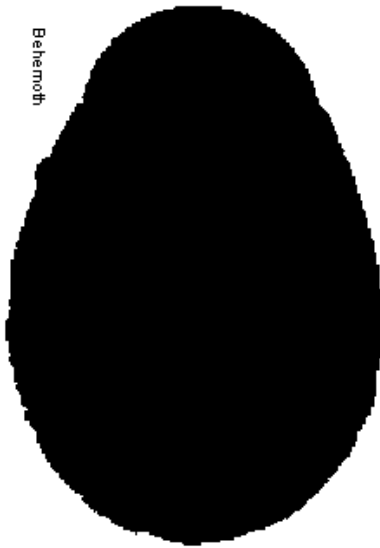
3 of 14



Conquistador



Mammoth



Behemoth



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Spaceship Recognition Chart

Jumpships of the Inner Sphere

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Scout



Merchant



Invader



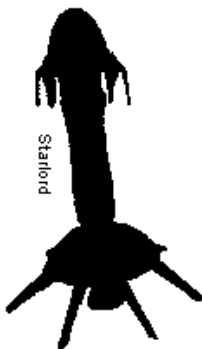
Magellan



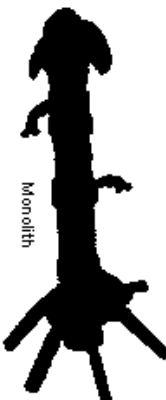
Chimelso



Tramp



Starford

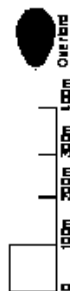
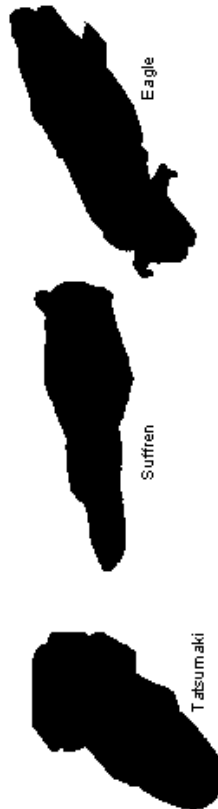
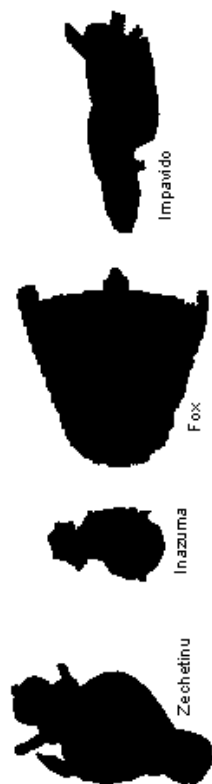


Monolith



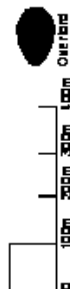
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#5 of 14
Spaceship Recognition Chart
Warships of the Inner Sphere 1 of 2



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#6 of 14
Spaceship Recognition Chart
Warships of the Inner Sphere 2 of 2

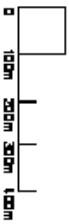


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Spaceship Recognition Chart

#7 of 14

Dropships & Common Jumpships of the Inner Sphere

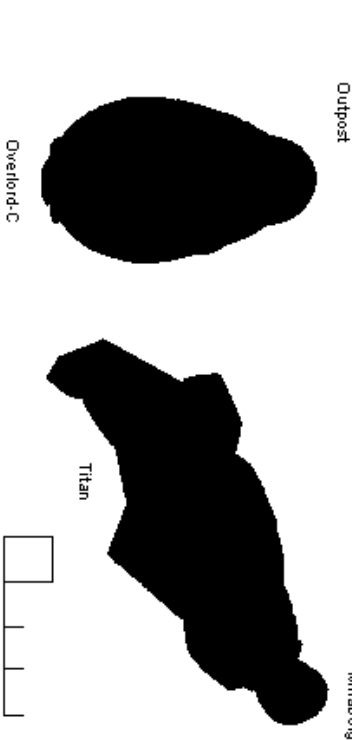
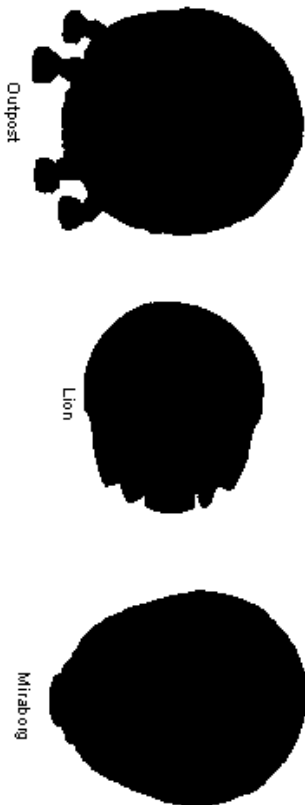
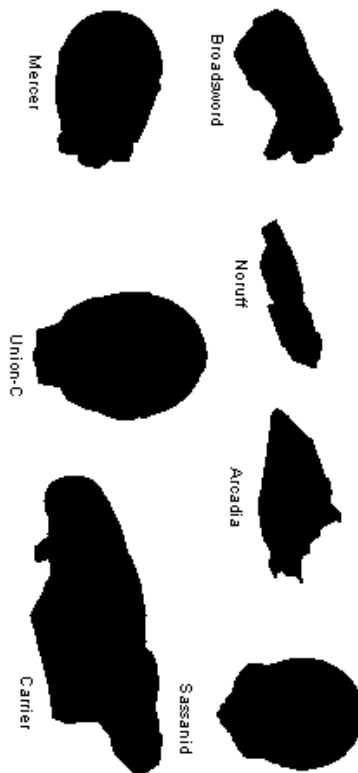


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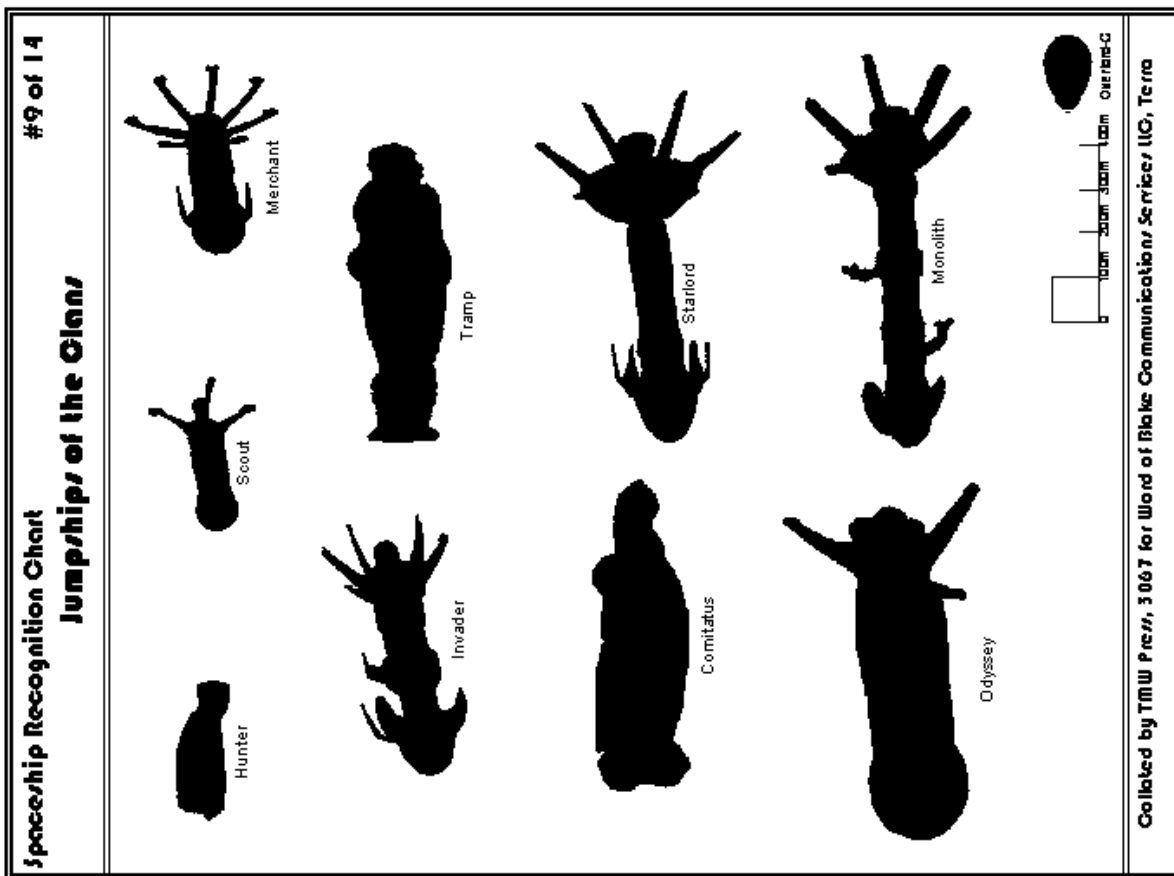
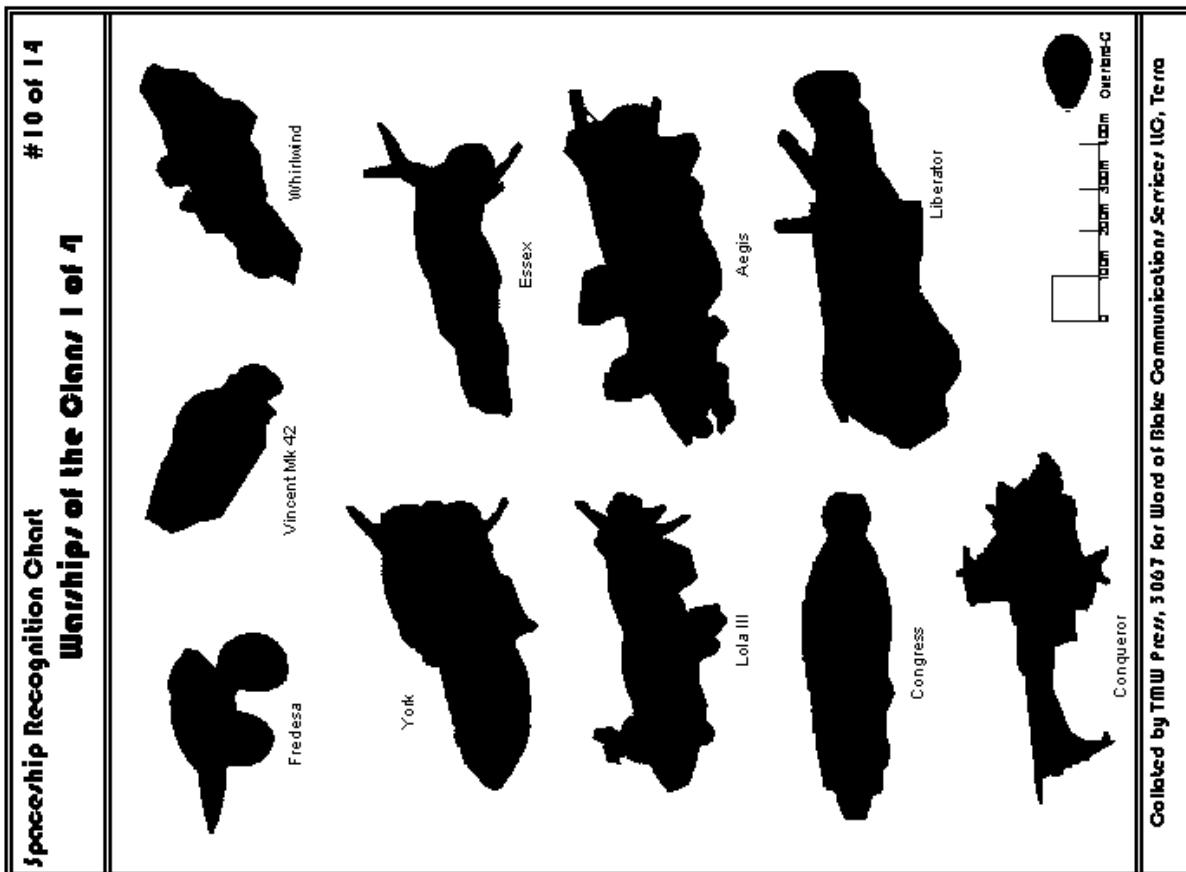
Spaceship Recognition Chart

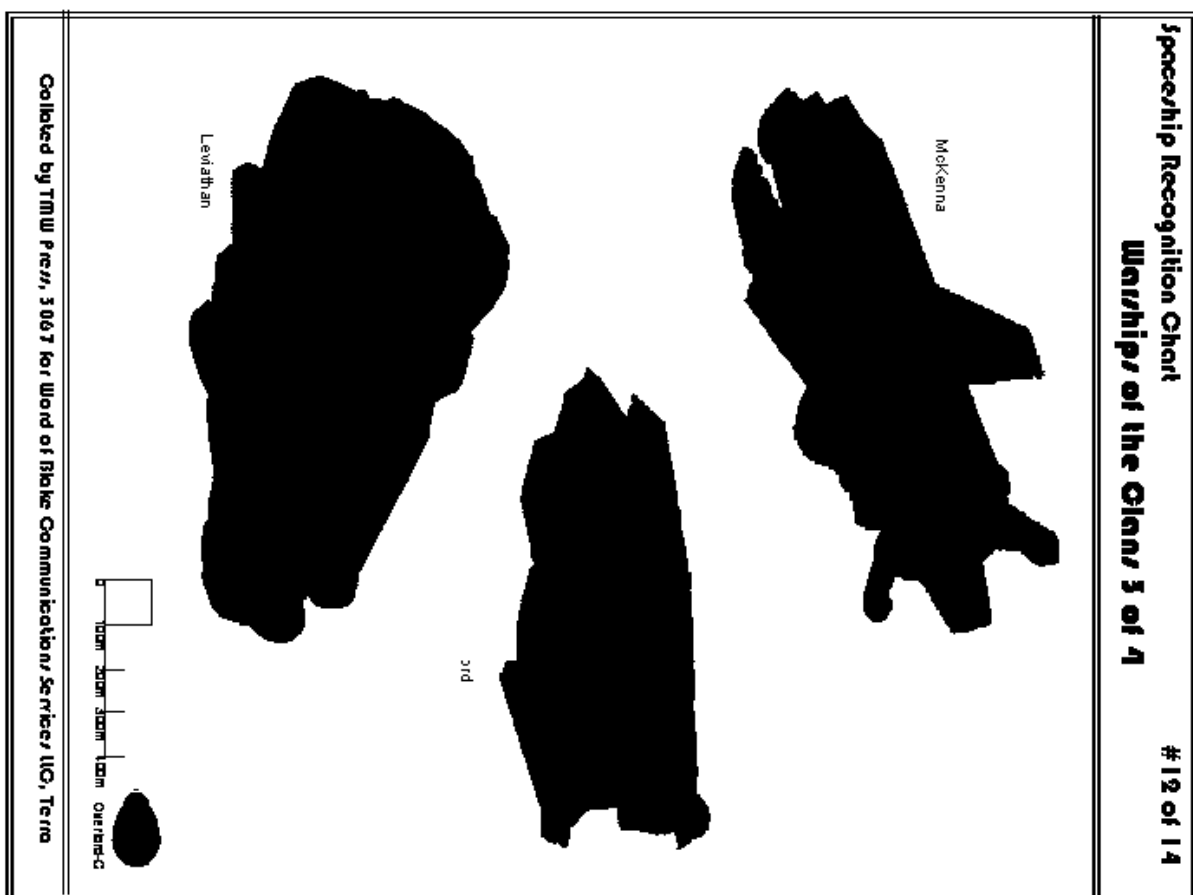
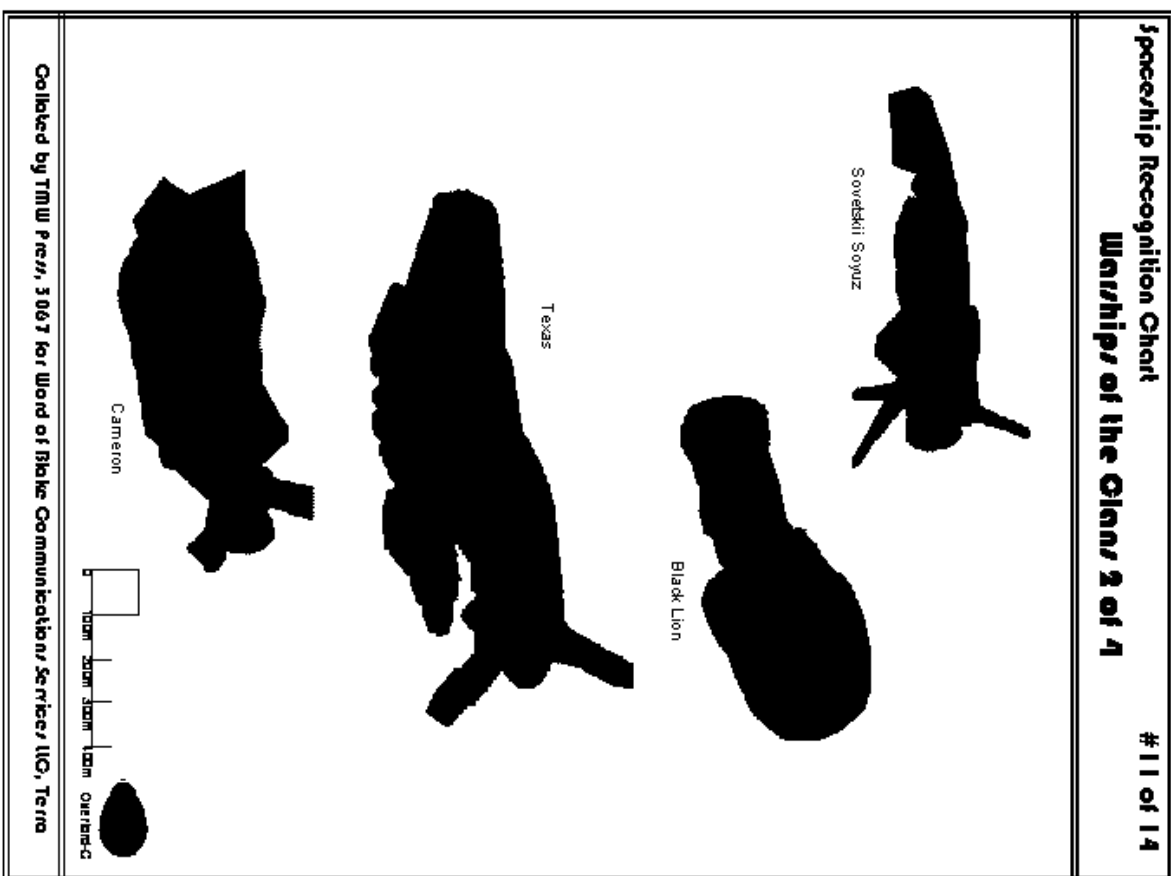
#8 of 14

Dropships of the Clans



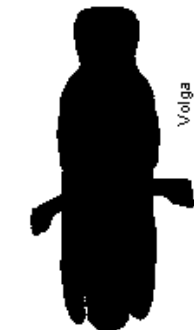
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Spaceship Recognition Chart
Warships of the Clans 4 of 4

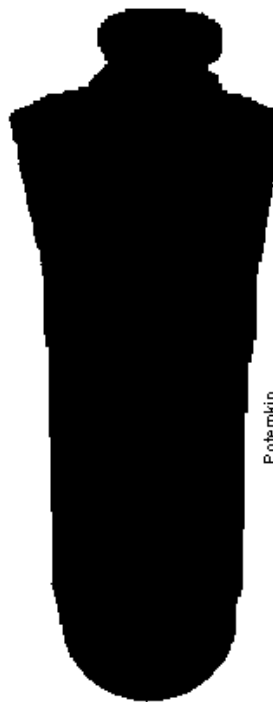
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Volga



Carrack



Potemkin



Overland-C

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Spaceship Recognition Chart
Dropships & Common Jumpships of the Clans

14 of 14



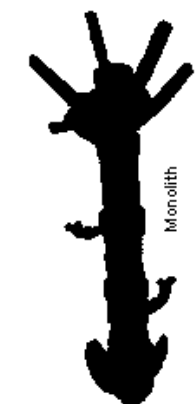
Invader



Merchant



Scout



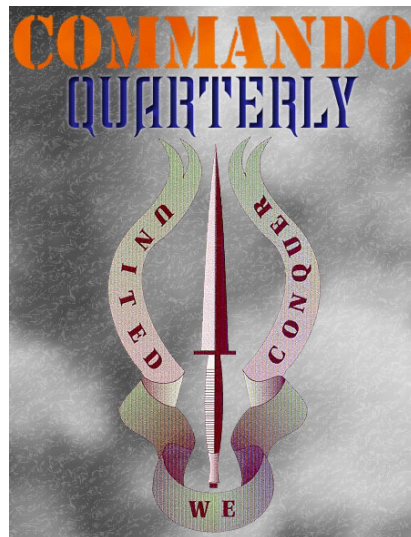
Monolith



Starlord



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A Classic BattleTech Fanzine