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Number One in a Dynamic 3-Issue
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THE HUNGRY DOGS

PERSONNEL

JACK HERMAN
SCRIPT

STAN TIMMONS
PENCILS

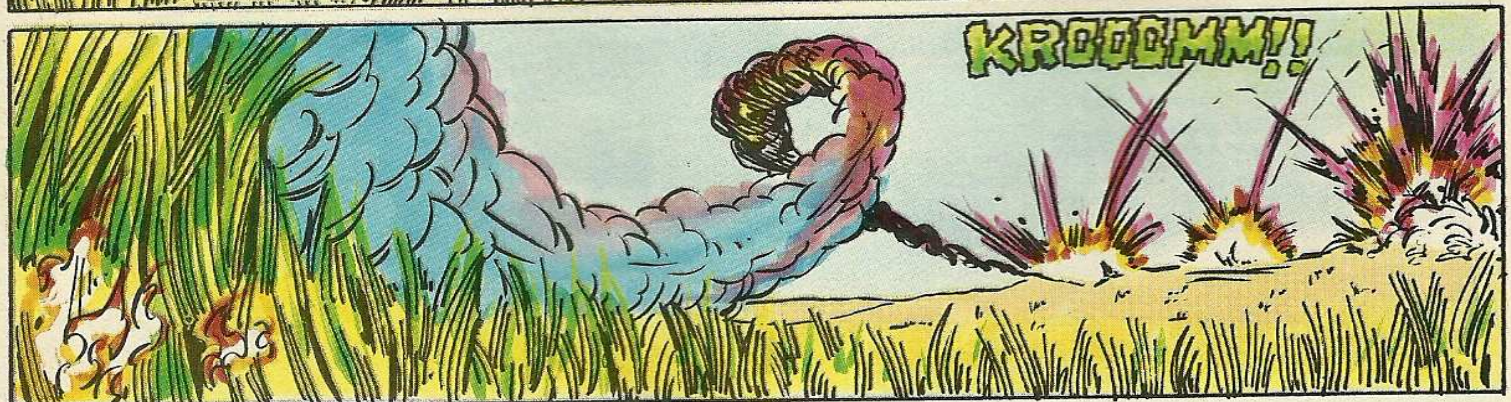
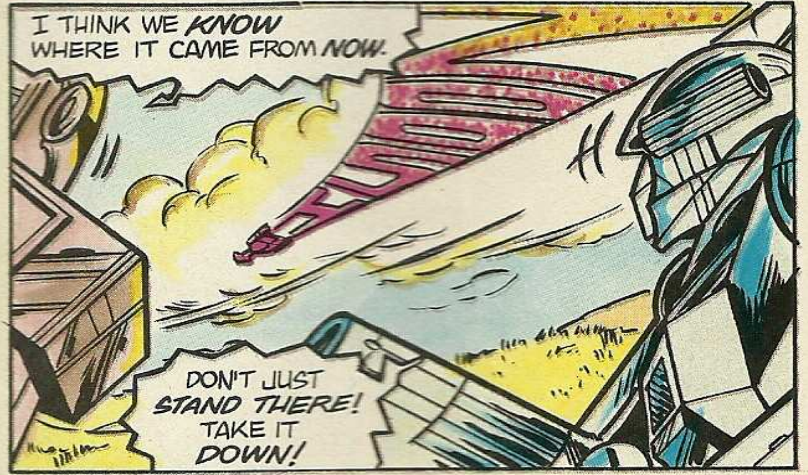
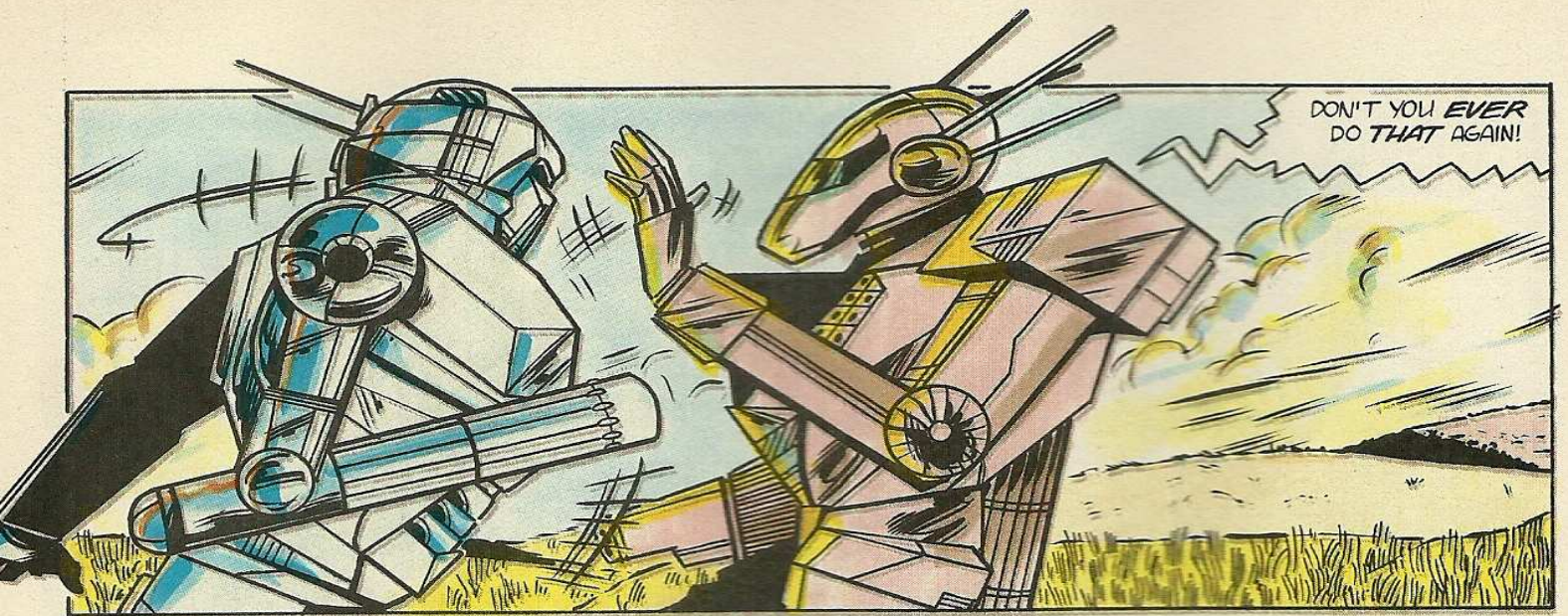
DAN PANOSHIN
INKS

DARYL ISAACS
COLORS

RAY MURTAUGH
LETTERS

JOHN STEPHENSON
EDITS

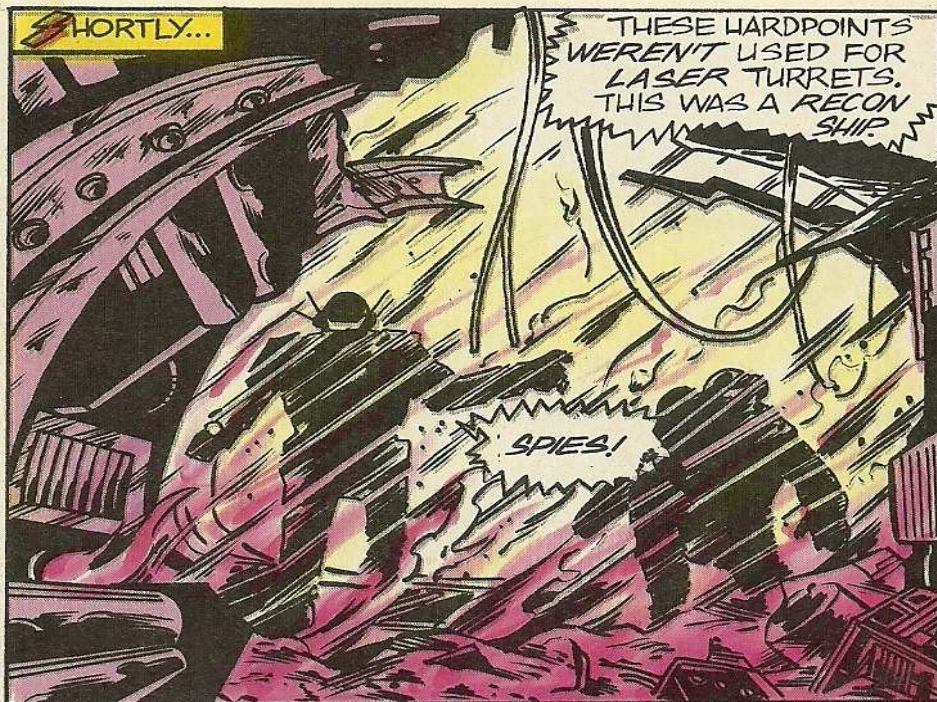






WOW! LOOK AT THAT!
I HIT THE COCKPIT
WITH A LASER BURST.

NO YOU DIDN'T
I HIT THE FUEL TANKS
WITH A JAGUAR LRM
MY SECOND ONE.

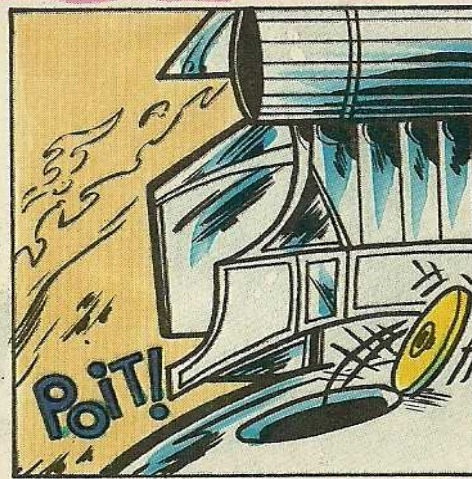


SHORTLY...

THESE HARDPOINTS
WEREN'T USED FOR
LASER TURRETS.
THIS WAS A RECON
SHIP.

SPIES!

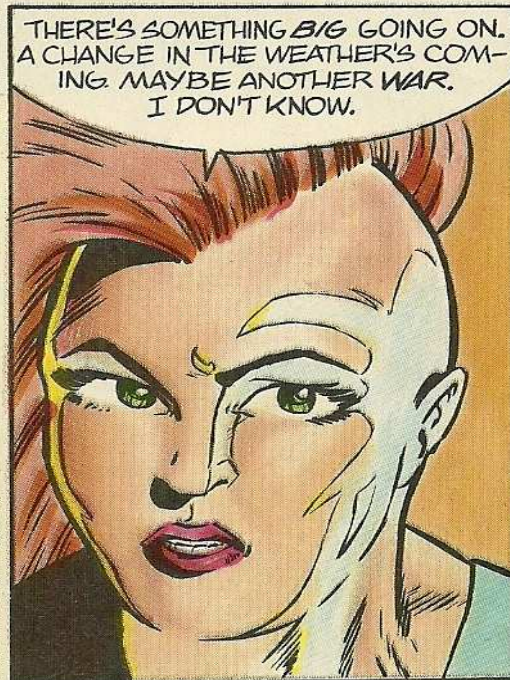
CAPPELANS, AND WITH ENOUGH
SCANNING EQUIPMENT TO
PUT THE MAKE ON OUR WHOLE
REGIMENT. WE'RE TALKING
MAJOR ESPIONAGE OPERATION.



WHAT WORRIES ME IS NOT THAT THEY
RISKED CROSSING THE BORDER
TO CHECK US OUT, BUT THAT THEY
RISKED BRINGING MECHS WITH THEM.



THEY SEEMED
PRETTY DESPERATE TO
FIND OUT WHAT
WE'RE UP TO.



THERE'S SOMETHING BIG GOING ON.
A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER'S COM-
ING. MAYBE ANOTHER WAR.
I DON'T KNOW.

"CORPORAL NAZERINE LUGOSI.
TRANSFERRED TO US FROM OUR
GOOD FRIENDS AT THE 8TH REGI-
MENT. NOW, JUST WHAT SHALL WE
DO WITH HER?"

THE TEMPORARY OPERATIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CRUCIS LANCERS, 2ND REGIMENT, SERVING THE FEDERATED SUNS (THE HOUSE OF DAVION) ON THE PLANET STURTEVANT IN THE CAPPELAN MARCH, ALONG THE CAPPELAN BORDER IN THE YEAR 3015. (3025 CURRENTLY)

SHE'S BEEN STATIONED HERE FIVE DAYS AND WE'VE YET TO GIVE HER A PERMANENT ASSIGNMENT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN GIVE HER THAT WILL MAKE HER TRANSFER, OR BETTER STILL, TO WASH OUT!

NOW, WHAT ABOUT HER WAR RECORD?

SHE COMES FROM A PRESTIGIOUS FAMILY LINE OF MECHWARRIORS, RAISED IN THE STRICTEST OF MILITARY TRADITIONS, ETCETERA, AND SO FORTH.

I WANT TO KNOW HOW SHE GOT DECORATED. THE FIRST TIME, IN HER FIRST BATTLE.

HER PERFECTLY RESTORED GRIFFIN THAT HAD BEEN IN HER FAMILY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS WAS DESTROYED.

THE APPARENT CAUSE OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS WE SPOKE OF EARLIER.

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE-- AH-EM, RECRUITED THREE OF THE LOCALS, CAPTURED AN ENEMY VINDICATOR AND RETURNED TO THE BATTLE IN TIME TO SAVE HER LANCE FROM BEING WIPED OUT.

MMMM. LOSING A PERFECTLY RESTORED GRIFFIN. PITY. WE'LL HAVE A HELL OF A TIME REFITTING PARTS FOR THE VINDICATOR.

COMMANDER TREMENS, YOU WISHED TO SPEAK WITH ME?

NOK NOK

YES, I DID. WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING YOUR POSITION HERE.



EXCUSE ME, SIR BUT WHILE ON PATROL WE RAN ACROSS A CAPPELAN SPYSHIP.

THEY BROUGHT MECHS IN WITH THEM.

I SCANNED YOUR REPORT, CORPORAL. WE LIVE ON THE CAPPELAN BORDER SPYING IS PART OF THE INDIGINOUS ENVIRONMENT. YOU DID YOUR JOB. THAT'S ALL I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT.

YES, SIR.



NOW, I'M GOING TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, CORPORAL. I DON'T WANT YOU HERE. BUT I'M STUCK WITH YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

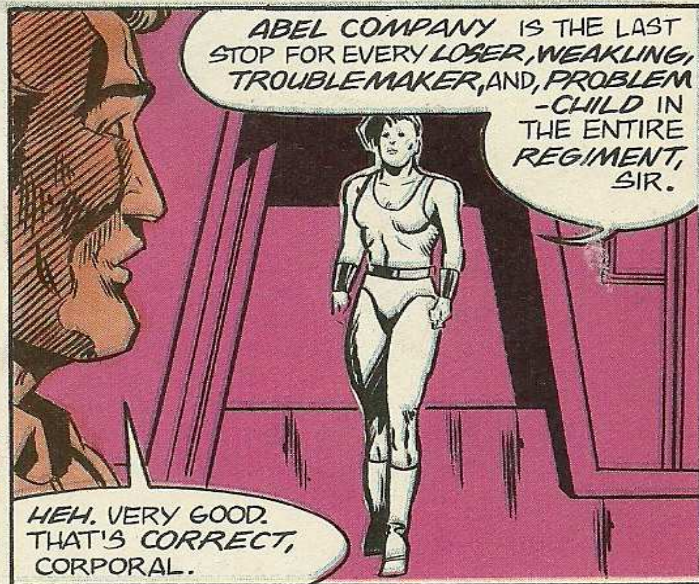
YES, SIR.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT ABEL COMPANY IS CORPORAL?

YES, I DO. MAY I SPEAK FRANKLY, SIR?

AS LONG AS WE'RE BEING HONEST WITH ONE ANOTHER, CORPORAL...



ABEL COMPANY IS THE LAST STOP FOR EVERY LOSER, WEAKLING, TROUBLEMAKER, AND, PROBLEM-CHILD IN THE ENTIRE REGIMENT, SIR.

HEH. VERY GOOD. THAT'S CORRECT, CORPORAL.



AS OF 1100 HOURS, YOU ARE TO TAKE COMMAND OF ABEL COMPANY, ATTACHED TO THE DOG LANCE. YOUR RANK WILL REMAIN UNCHANGED AS THIS IS NOT A PROMOTION.



DO YOU HAVE ANY FUTHER QUESTIONS?

NO, SIR. I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT I'M PROUD TO HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE THE FIGHTING SECOND IN SUCH A DISTINGUISHED POSITION-

SIR...

SIAN, CAPITAL OF THE
CAPPELAN CONFEDERATION.
CHAMBERS OF THE MINISTER
OF ECONOMICS.

TELL THE CHANCELLOR
THAT HE AGREED TO GIVE
CERES METALS THE MINING RIGHTS
TO TIBOLT AND THAT IT IS HIS
RESPONSIBILITY TO KEEP
THE AREA UNDER CONTROL.

AS YOU CAN SEE, TIBOLT
LIES AT A PRECARIOUS
POSITION.

IT LIES ALONG
AN AREA OF THE BORDER,
THAT HAS LONG BEEN
DISPUTED.

YOU'VE PUT DOWN
SETTLEMENTS AND
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY TEAMS
INDISPUTABLY CLAIMING THE WORLD
AS CAPPELAN. FOR OVER SEVEN
YEARS NO ONE HAS DISPUTED.
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE
NOT TELLING US.

ACCESS TO TIBOLT
WILL BE GRANTED AS SOON
AS THE CHANCELLOR DEEMS
IT APPROPRIATE.

SOMETHING MUST BE GOING ON
THERE! JUST REMEMBER, IF YOU NO
LONGER HAVE TIBOLT WE'LL
SIMPLY DO BUSINESS WITH
WHOEVER DOES!

TELL THE CHANCELLOR THAT WE
ARE DISPLEASED WITH THESE COSTLY
AND UNNECESSARY DELAYS. WHOEVER HAS TIBOLT
SHALL GET OUR SPARE MECH PARTS AND RAW
MATERIALS, THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!



I HAVE JUST MET WITH THE CERUS METAL REPRESENTATIVE. I CAN MAKE NO PROMISES AS TO THE CEMENTING OF OUR AGREEMENT.

THE CHANCELLOR HAS MORE PRESSING MATTERS AT THE MOMENT.

THE ENEMY HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A MERCENARY UNIT FROM THE FEDERATED SUNS. THE 1ST REGIMENT OF MILLER'S MARAUDERS. THEY WILL SUCCEED IN TAKING THE CITY UNLESS THE MECH UNITS FROM THE SMALLER MINING OPERATIONS CAN GET THERE IN TIME.

BUT WHY, COLONEL RIDZIL? WHY WOULD THE HOUSE OF DAVION DARE TO DO THIS?

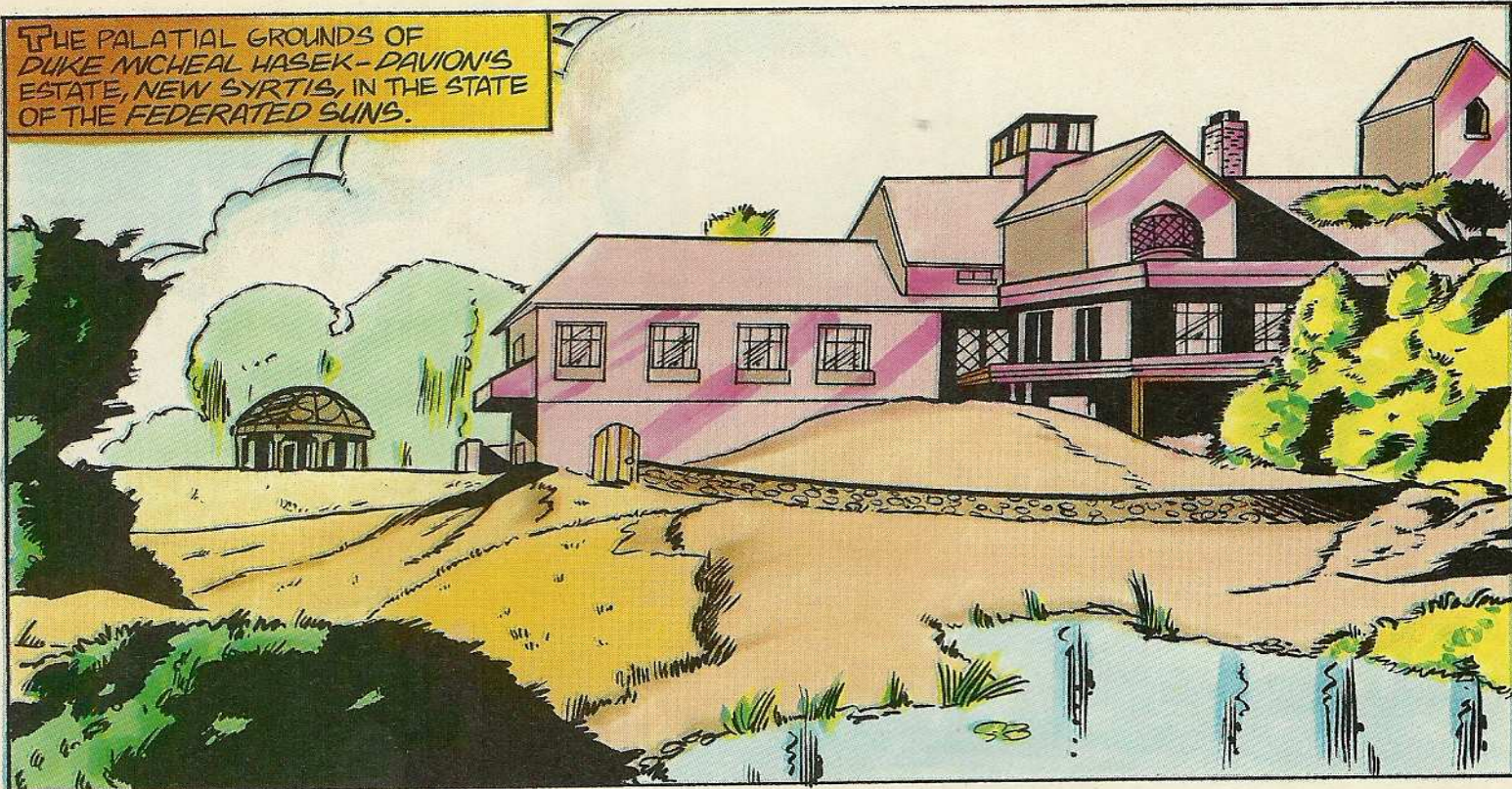
I HAVE SPOKEN TO THE MINISTER OF GEOLOGY HE MAINTAINS THAT THERE IS NOTHING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO BE HAD ON TIBOLT.

PERHAPS THE FEDERATED SUNS REALLY DO WANT WAR AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF RELATIVE PEACE.

PERHAPS THEY ONLY WISH TO TEST US OR EMBARRASS US.

WHICHEVER, THE CAPPELAN CONFEDERATION AND THE HOUSE OF LIAO CANNOT AFFORD TO SHOW ANY SIGN OF WEAKNESS, BE IT POLITICAL, ECONOMIC, OR MILITARY.

THE PALATIAL GROUNDS OF DUKE MICHEAL HASEK-DAVION'S ESTATE, NEW SYRTIS, IN THE STATE OF THE FEDERATED SUNS.



EYES OF NEW AVALON AWAY FROM THE *DRACONIS* FRONT AND MAKE THEM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE OF WHAT WE DO HERE IN THE *CAPPELAN* MARCH. EH, FENCIK?

YES DUKE, BUT YOU'RE RISKING YOUR *RELATIONSHIP* WITH THE *CAPPELANS*, PUTTING *MAXIMILLION* IN A POSITION FROM WHICH HE CANNOT *PEACEFULLY* BACK DOWN!



WHEN YOUR BROTHER HEARS THE PRINCE, HEARS OF THIS HE JUST MIGHT HAVE YOUR SON REMOVED FROM HIS HOUSEHOLD GUARD AND THROWN IN *IRONS*!

ALL KINDS OF THINGS MIGHT HAPPEN.



AH! BUT THAT IS WHY I DON'T EVEN TELL YOU ALL MY SECRETS, FENCIK. *TIBOLT*, THAT TINY LITTLE WORLD, MISPLACED BY FORTUNE HAS THE *STUFF* OF *DESTINY* UPON IT.

OH, AND BY THE WAY FENCIK, I DO BELIEVE IT'S THIS BOY'S *FEEDING TIME*.



GRUCIS LANCERS, MOBILE
OPERATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
2ND REGIMENT QUARTERS
OF ABEL COMPANY.

HEY
THERE, WHAT'S
THE *PROBLEM*,
PARTNER?

DAMN IT!

SLAM!

PHEEEEEEEW!
YOU'VE BEEN *BUSY*, PAL!
HOW DID YOU GET
ALL THOSE?

I *EARNED* 'EM
HOW DO YOU *THINK*?

SPANG

MUST'VE BEEN A
HELL OF A BATTLE.
OR SEVERAL BATTLES,
MORE LIKE.

YOU
TRYING TO
INSINUATE
THAT I DIDN'T
EARN THEM OR
SOMETHING? LIKE
YOU COULD DO
BETTER?

YOU GOTTA
TELL ME ABOUT
'EM SOMETIME.

I WASN'T
INSINUATING
ANYTHING. I DIDN'T MEAN
NOTHING BY IT...

AAAG!

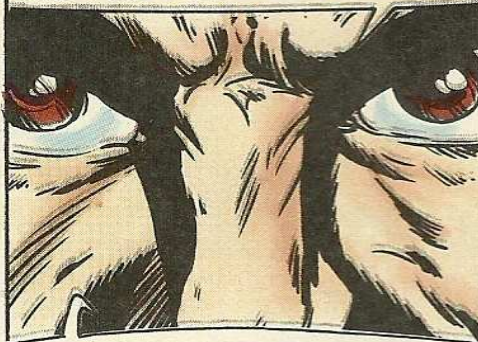


NOW LISTEN, YOU DRIVE A **VALKYRIE**, DON'T YA? THAT **PIECE OF CRAP** ONE WITH THE **FAULTY LEG ACTUATORS**?



YEAH...

WELL SO DO I PAL, ONLY **MINE'S** IN **GOOD SHAPE** AND I INTEND TO **KEEP IT** THAT WAY. NOW THAT I'M IN THIS REGIMENT LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT BETWEEN US.



WHEN IT COMES TIME TO DECIDE WHICH **VALKYRIE** GETS THE **SPARE PARTS**, YOU'RE ALWAYS STANDING **SECOND IN LINE**. **PURPETUALLY**. GOT THAT?

WHAT ARE YOU **TALKING** ABOUT? WE DON'T GET TO **DECIDE** THAT KIND OF STUFF. THE **UNIT OFFICERS** GOT...



DON'T TRY TO **SLIDE ME!** EVEN IF YOU GOT TO **SLIP** SOMEBODY SOMETHING, YOU DO IT!



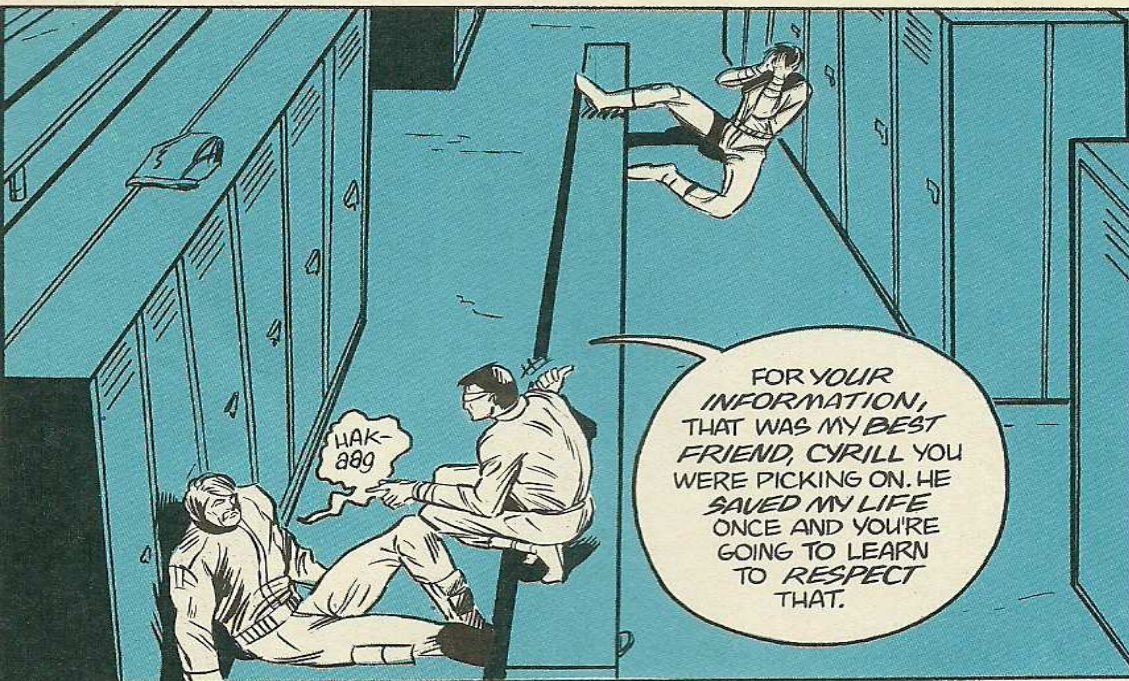
WELL--



IF YOU **INSIST**...







ABEL COMPANY! FALL IN!

OH, GREAT.
SNAP INSPECTION.

THAT MEANS
WE GOT US A NEW
COMMANDING
OFFICER!

MY NAME IS CORPORAL LUGOSI
AND I AM NOW IN COMMAND OF
ABEL COMPANY FOLLOWING THE
UNFORTUNATE DEATH
OF SERGEANT MARTIN.

HEY, I'M A CORPORAL AND I'VE
BEEN HERE OVER THREE YEARS
HOW COME THEY DIDN'T PUT
ME IN CHARGE?

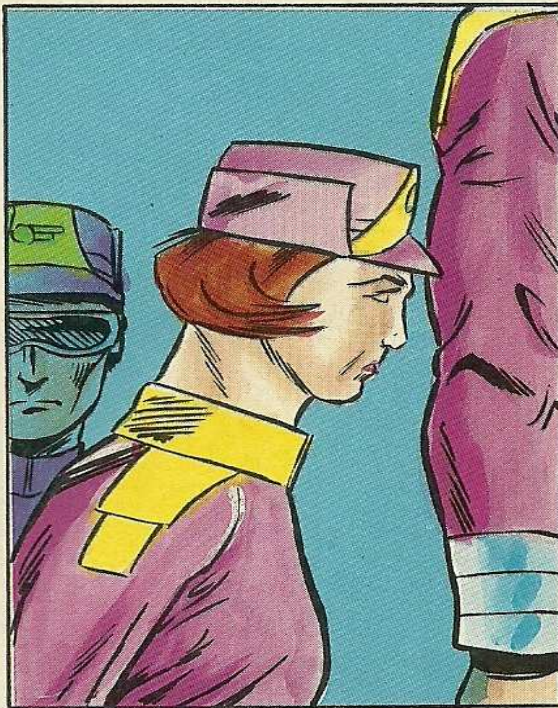
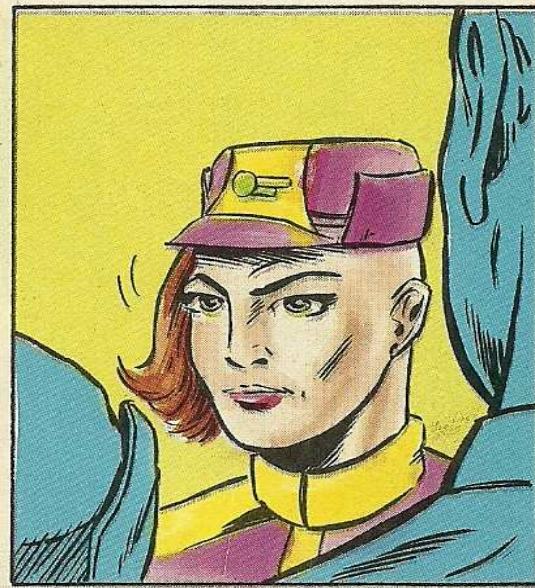
IT'S NO
SECRET WHAT
THEY THINK OF
US HERE AT ABEL
COMPANY. THEY CALL
US THE DOG LANCE,
THE SHEEP LANCE,
AND THE GOAT
LANCE.

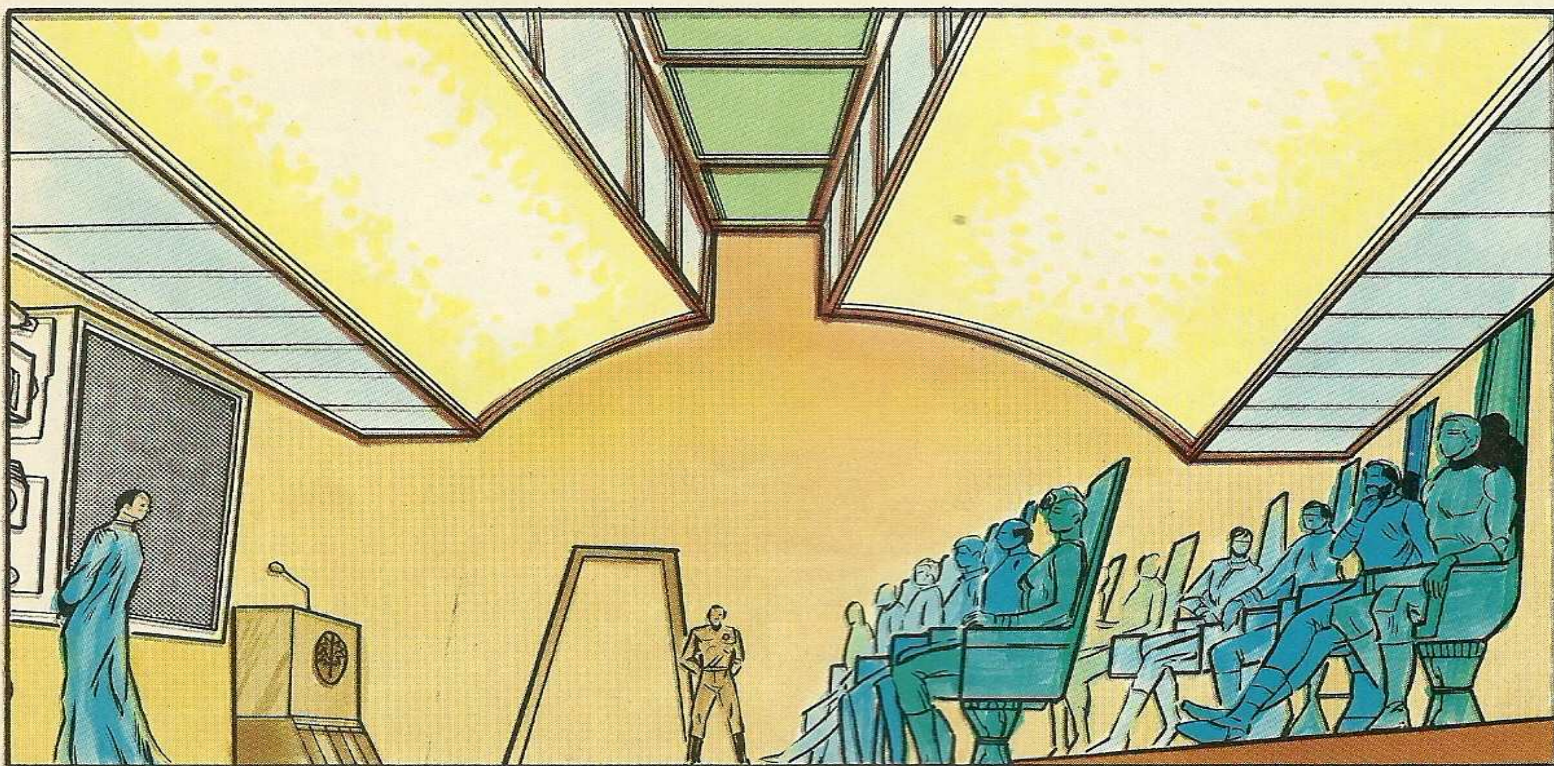
IF YOU WANT
TO SURVIVE TO
MAKE SERGEANT,
SHUT UP
WILL YOU?!

BUT THAT
DOESN'T CHANGE
THE FACT THAT YOU'RE
ALL MECHWARRIORS.
AND MECHWARRIORS
ARE THE TOUGHEST
SONS-OF-BITCHES
TO EVER GET
INTO A FIGHT.

OH, NO!
WE GOT
LUGOSI!

UNFORTUNATE
MY...!





THIS IS **TIBOLT**,
ON THE **CAPPELAN**
BORDER.



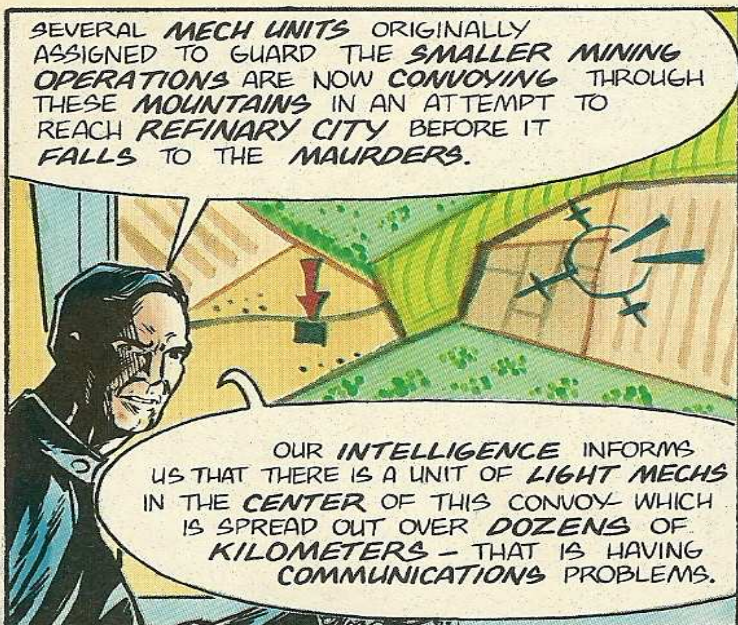
THERE'S
A **CAPPELAN MINING**
OPERATION ON THAT WORLD THAT
IS CURRENTLY IN THE PROCESS OF
BEING CAPTURED BY A REGIMENT
OF **MILLER'S MAURADERS** WE ARE
TO **PROVIDE** THE MAURADERS
WITH **COVERT, STRATEGIC,**
AND **LIMITED** ASSISTANCE.

THE **HEAVIEST** FIGHTING SO FAR IS
HERE AT **REFINERY CITY** WHERE AN
OUTNUMBERED FORCE OF **CAPPELAN**
HUSSARS ARE OFFERING
HEAVY RESISTANCE.



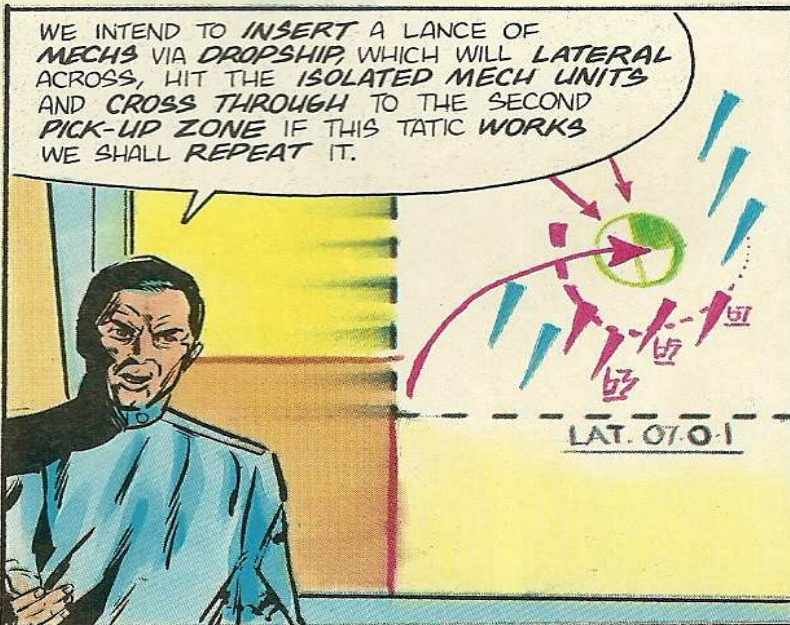
TWO
DROPSHIPS WERE
STATIONED AT **TIBOLT**.
ONE WAS **DESTROYED**.
THE OTHER **DAMAGED**
AS IT **RETIRED** TO
ITS **JUMPSHIP**. **CAPPELAN**
REINFORCEMENTS ARE
LIMITED.

SEVERAL **MECH UNITS** ORIGINALLY
ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE **SMALLER MINING**
OPERATIONS ARE NOW **CONVOYING** THROUGH
THESE **MOUNTAINS** IN AN ATTEMPT TO
REACH **REFINERY CITY** BEFORE IT
FALLS TO THE **MAURADERS**.

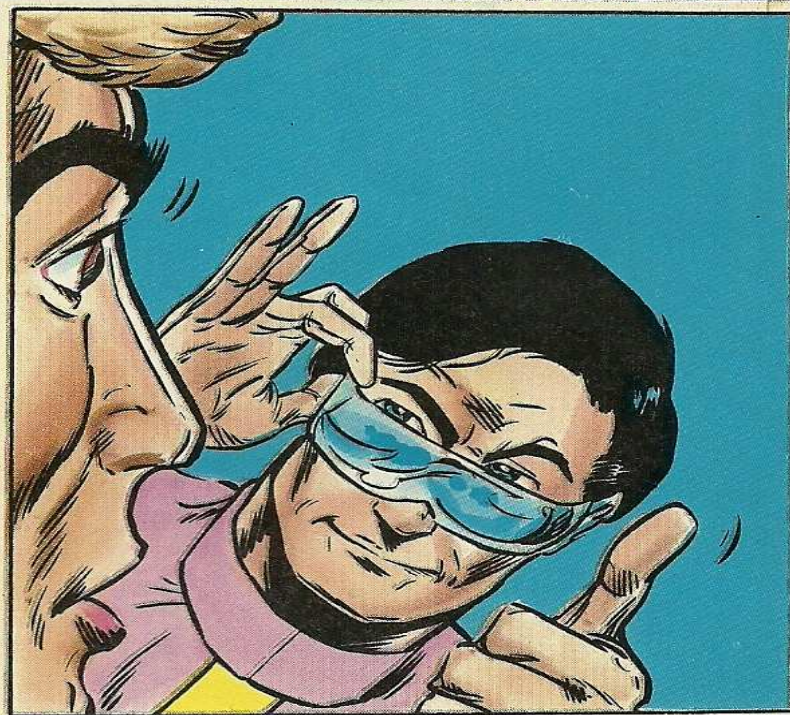


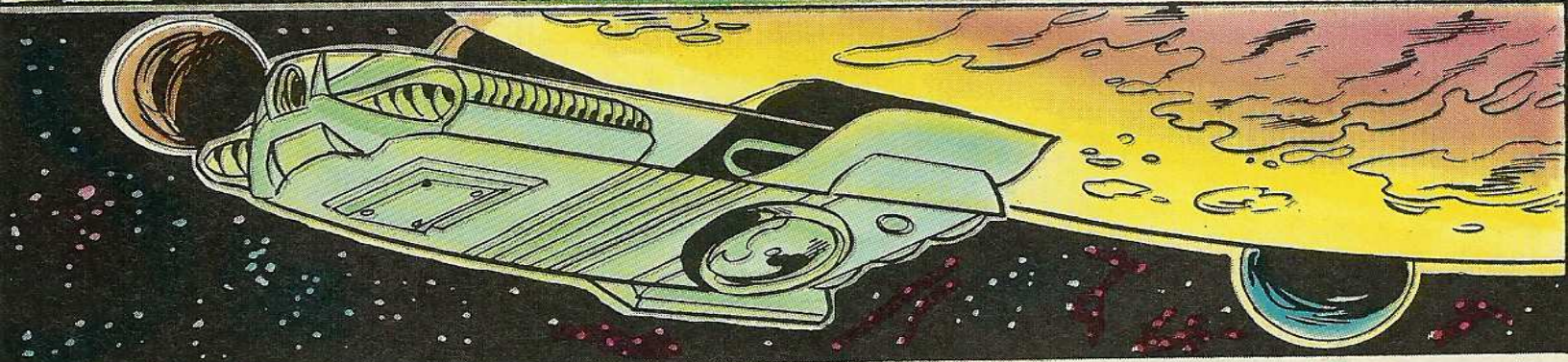
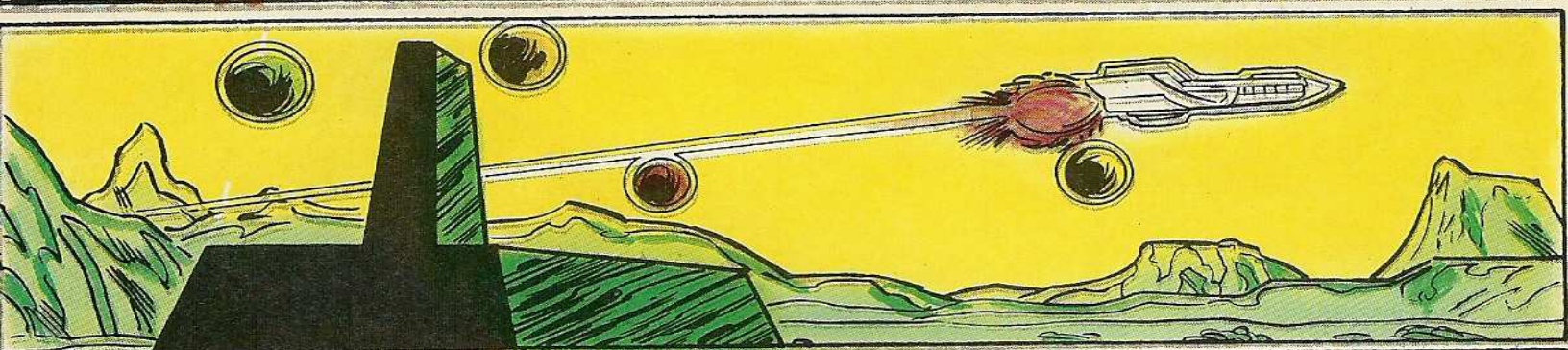
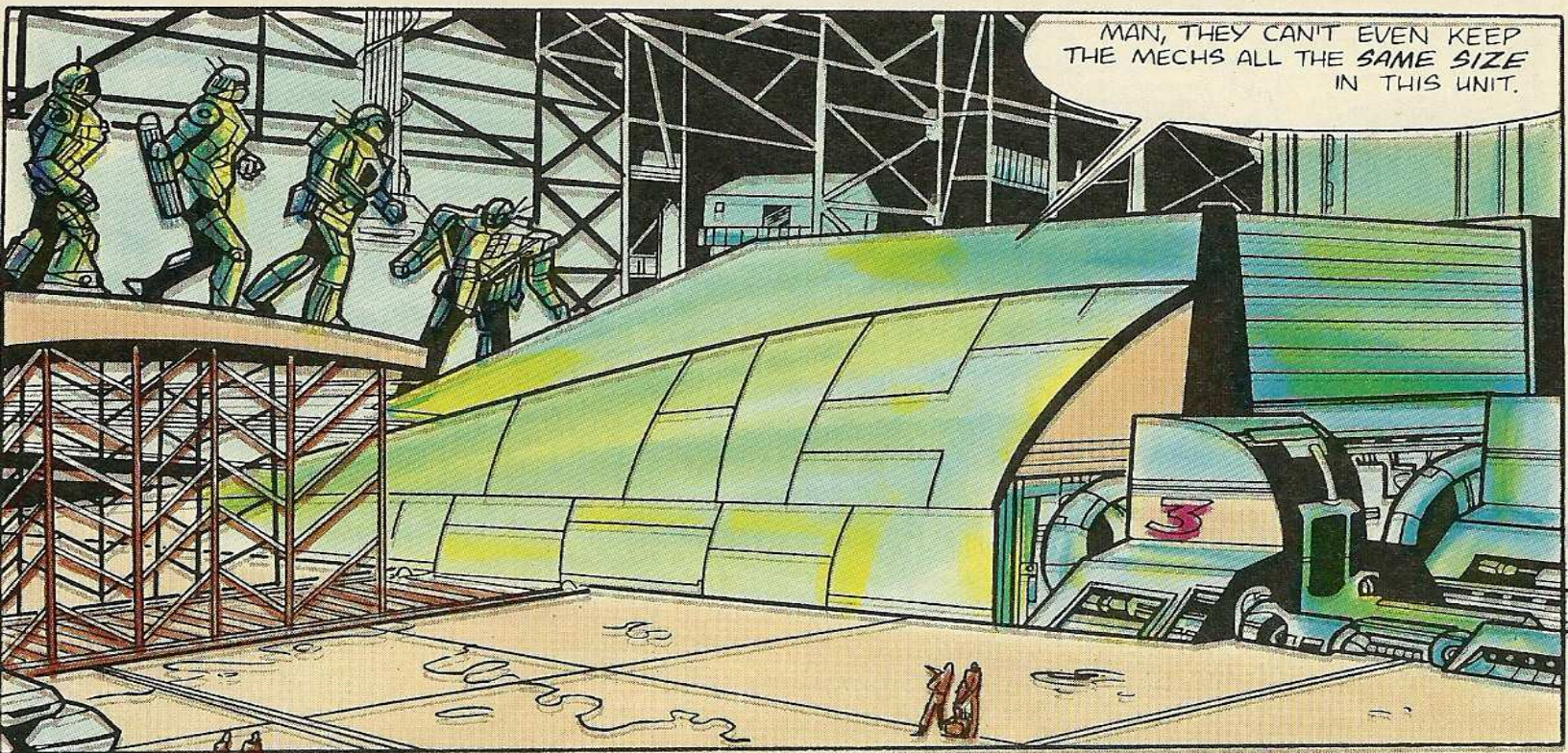
OUR **INTELLIGENCE** INFORMS
US THAT THERE IS A UNIT OF **LIGHT MECHS**
IN THE **CENTER** OF THIS **CONVOY** WHICH
IS SPREAD OUT OVER **DOZENS** OF
KILOMETERS - THAT IS **HAVING**
COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS.

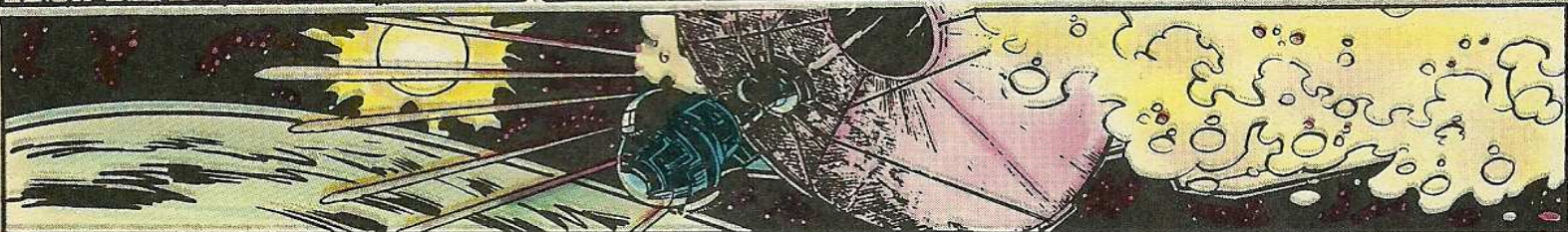
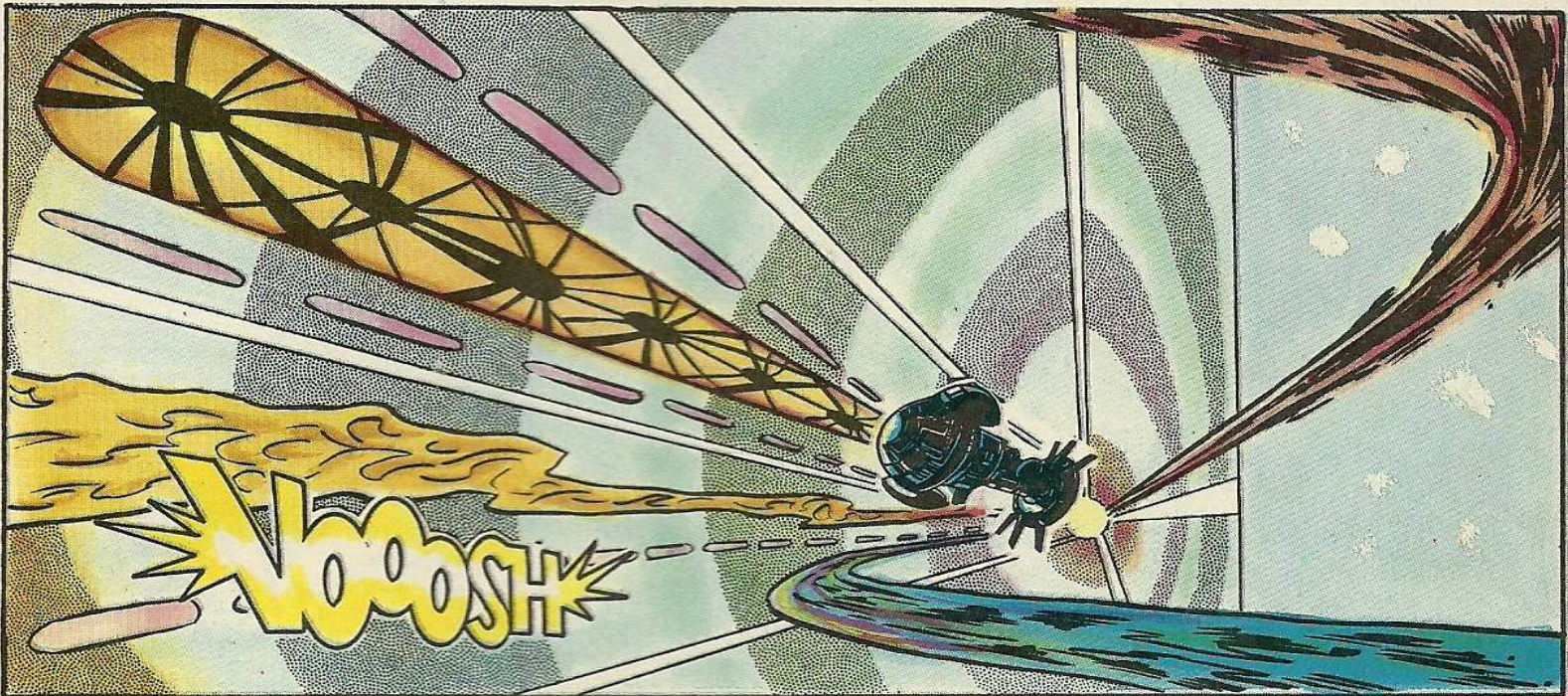
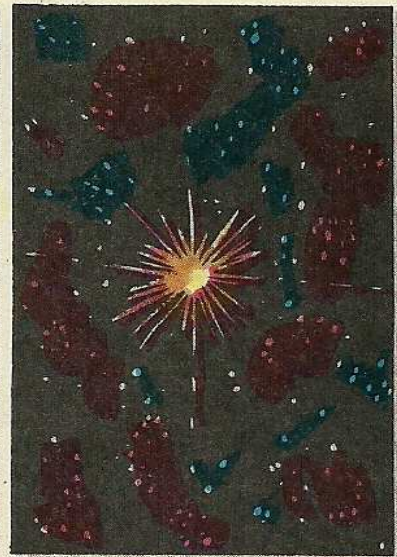
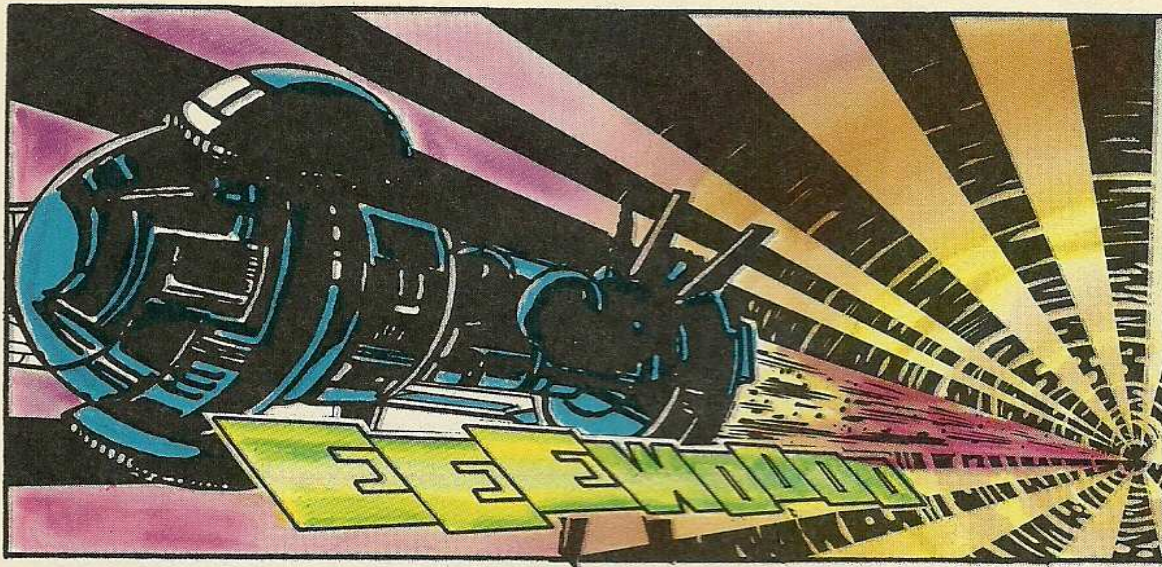
WE INTEND TO **INSERT** A **LANCE** OF
MECHS VIA **DROPSHIP** WHICH WILL **LATERAL**
ACROSS, HIT THE **ISOLATED MECH UNITS**
AND **CROSS THROUGH** TO THE **SECOND**
PICK-UP ZONE IF THIS **TATIC** WORKS
WE SHALL **REPEAT** IT.

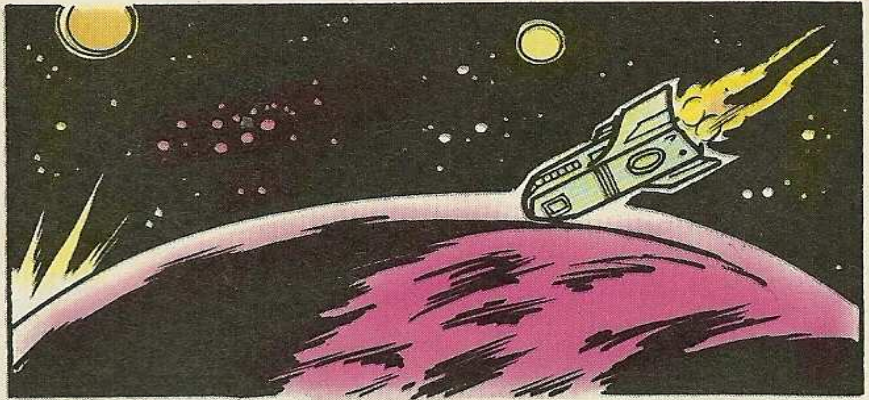
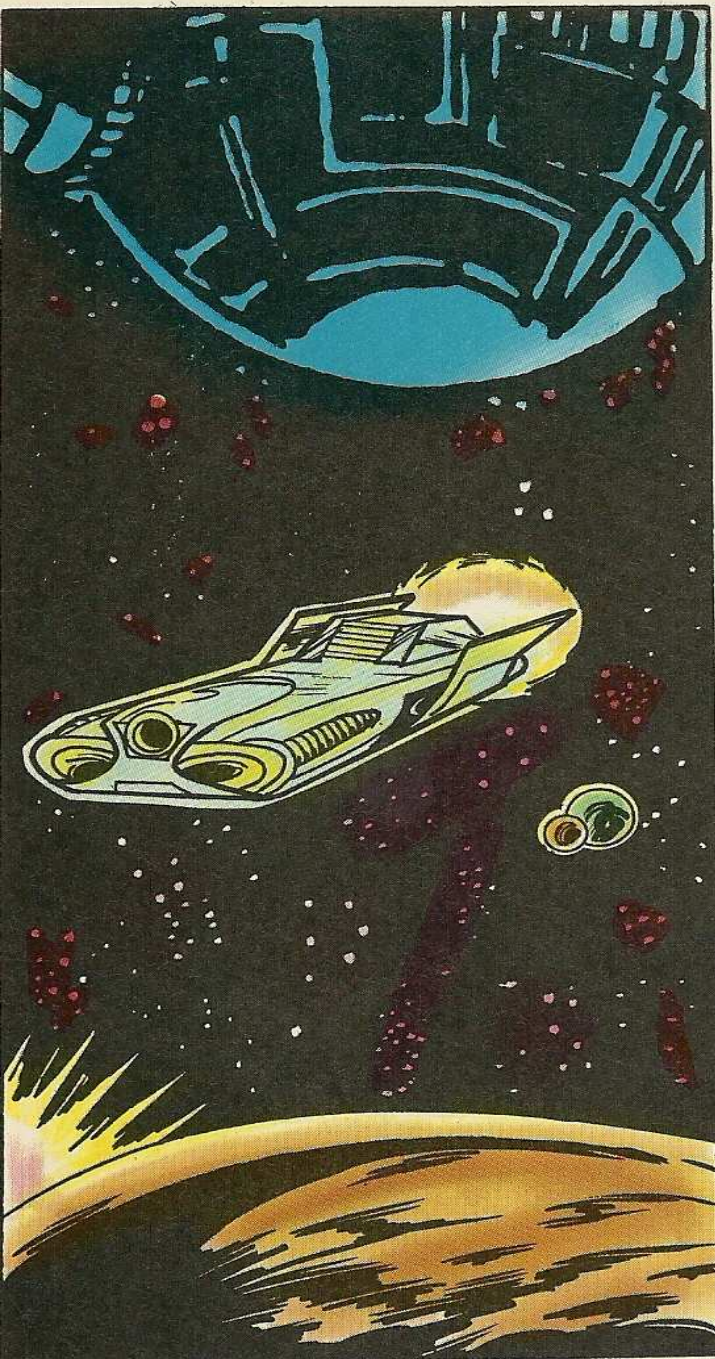


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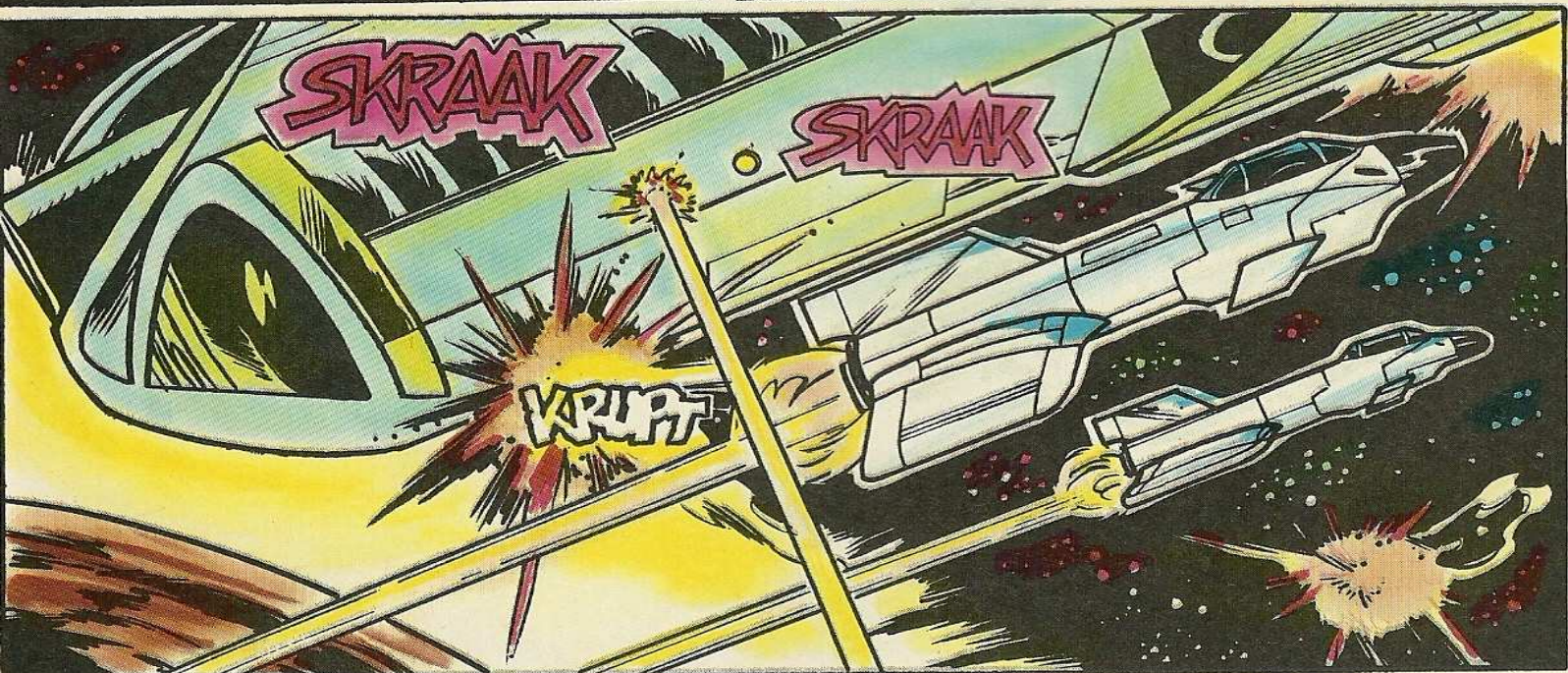


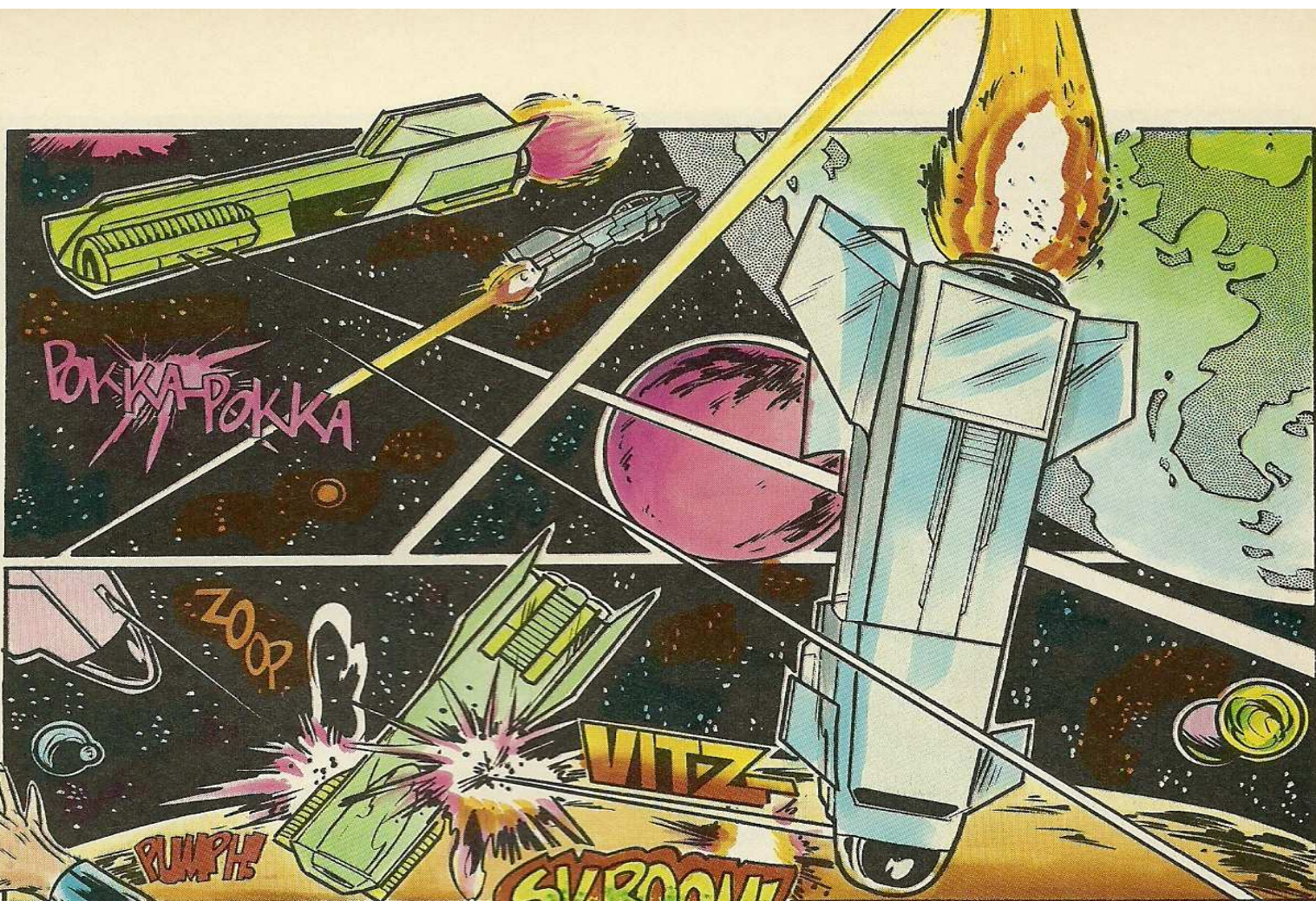




FEDERATED SUNS
DROPSHIP APPROACHING
TIBOLT ORBIT.

MAN, THESE GUYS
HAVE BEEN KILLING US!
LET'S DO THEM SOME
SERIOUS DAMAGE!



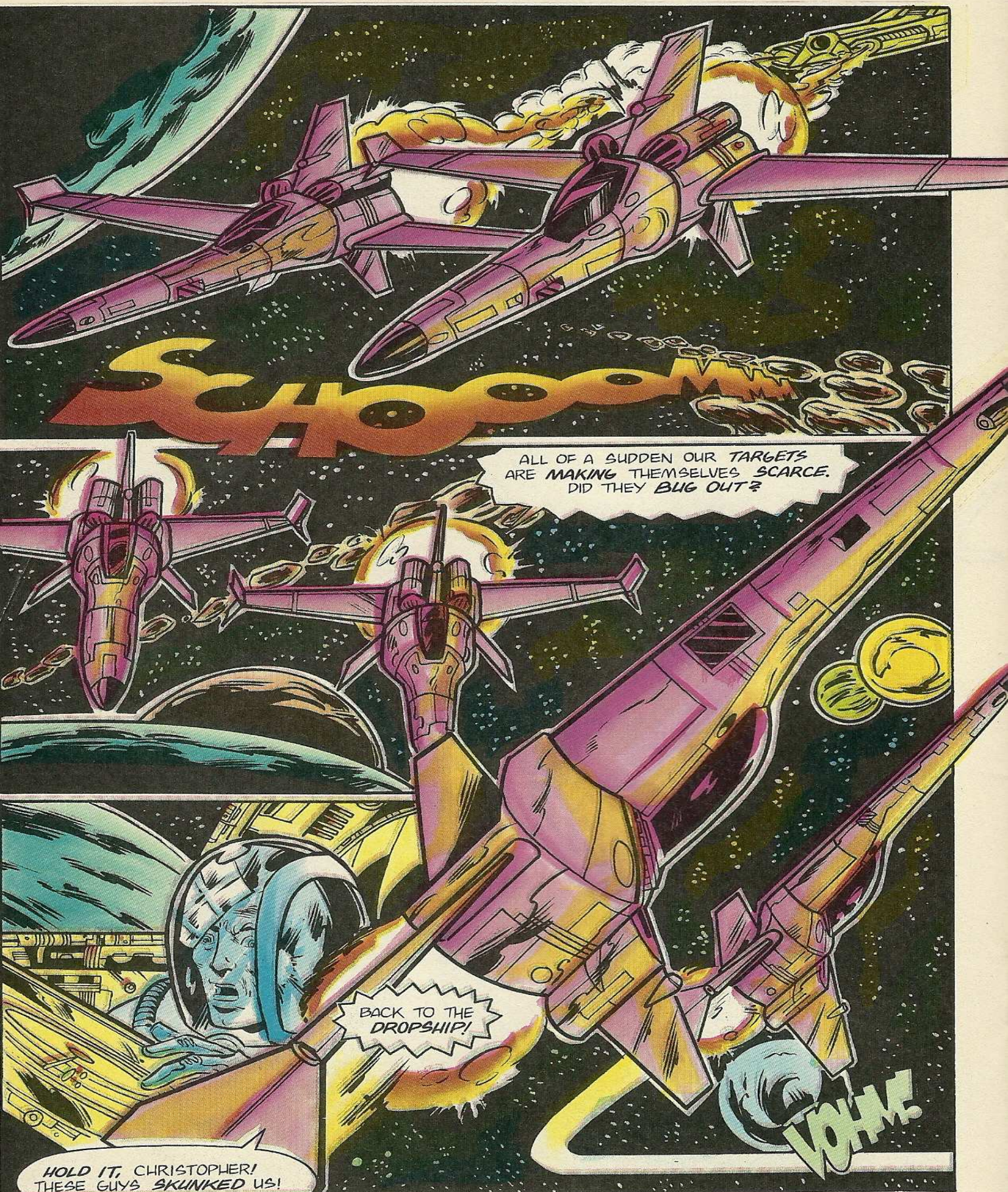


DAMMIT! THAT CAPPELAN
DROPSHIP MUST'VE LEFT ITS AEROSPACE
FIGHTERS BEHIND TO GUARD
AGAINST ANOTHER DROP!

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE UP, FROSE.

INTELLIGENCE
NEVER SAID
ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS!

THEY DIDN'T
DISAPPOINT
US!

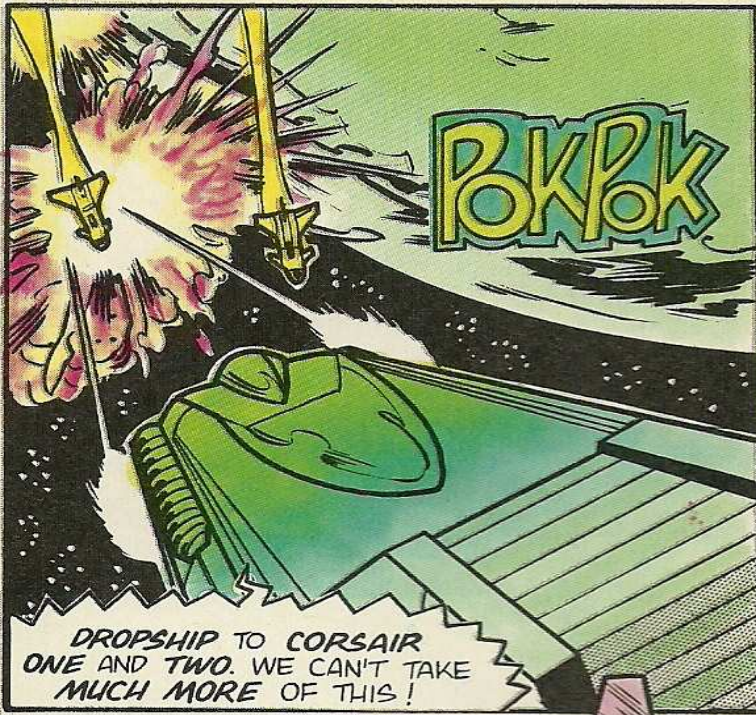


ALL OF A SUDDEN OUR TARGETS
ARE MAKING THEMSELVES SCARCE.
DID THEY BUG OUT?

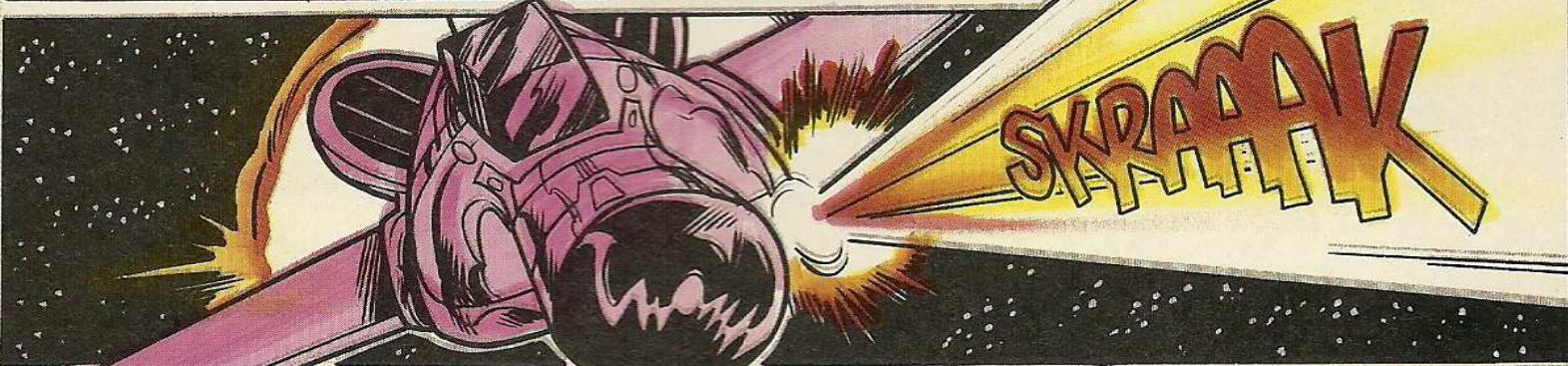
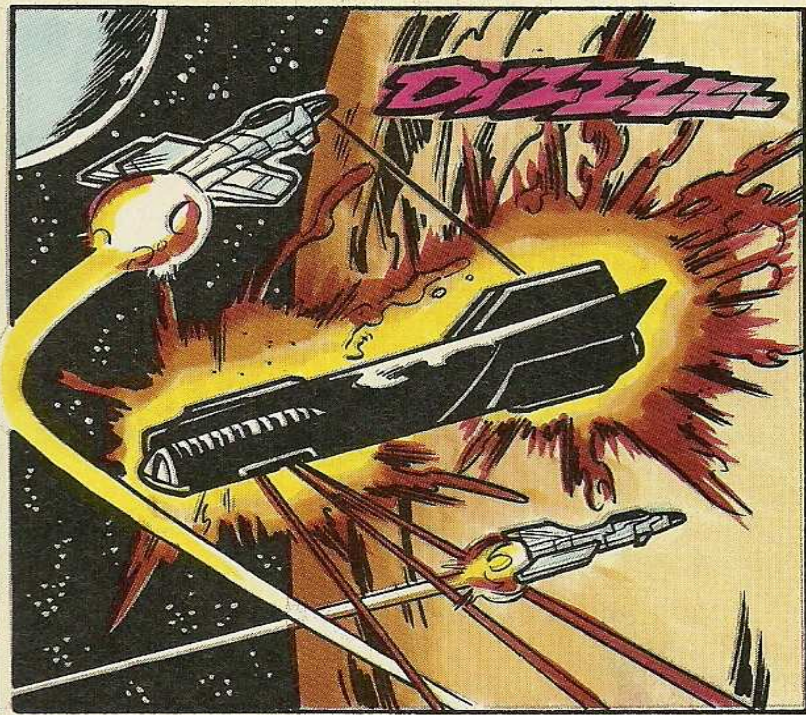
BACK TO THE
DROPSHIP!

HOLD IT, CHRISTOPHER!
THESE GUYS SKUNKED US!

VOW!



DROPSHIP TO CORSAIR
ONE AND TWO. WE CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE OF THIS!





SPAK-SPAK-SPAK



BROOM!



KBLOOM!



YEAH, ALL RIGHT!

CLAPCLAPCLAP

NICELY PLAYED, GENTLEMEN. YOU WANT TO PUT 'EM BACK IN THE HANGER OR DO YOU WANT TO FOLLOW US DOWN?

OH, I THINK WE'LL FOLLOW YOU DOWN, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

NO PROBLEM.

GET YOURSELVES PREPPED, DOG LANCE.

WE'RE GOING IN!

next:

Cafe Walker

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STORY BY

John Stephenson

ART BY

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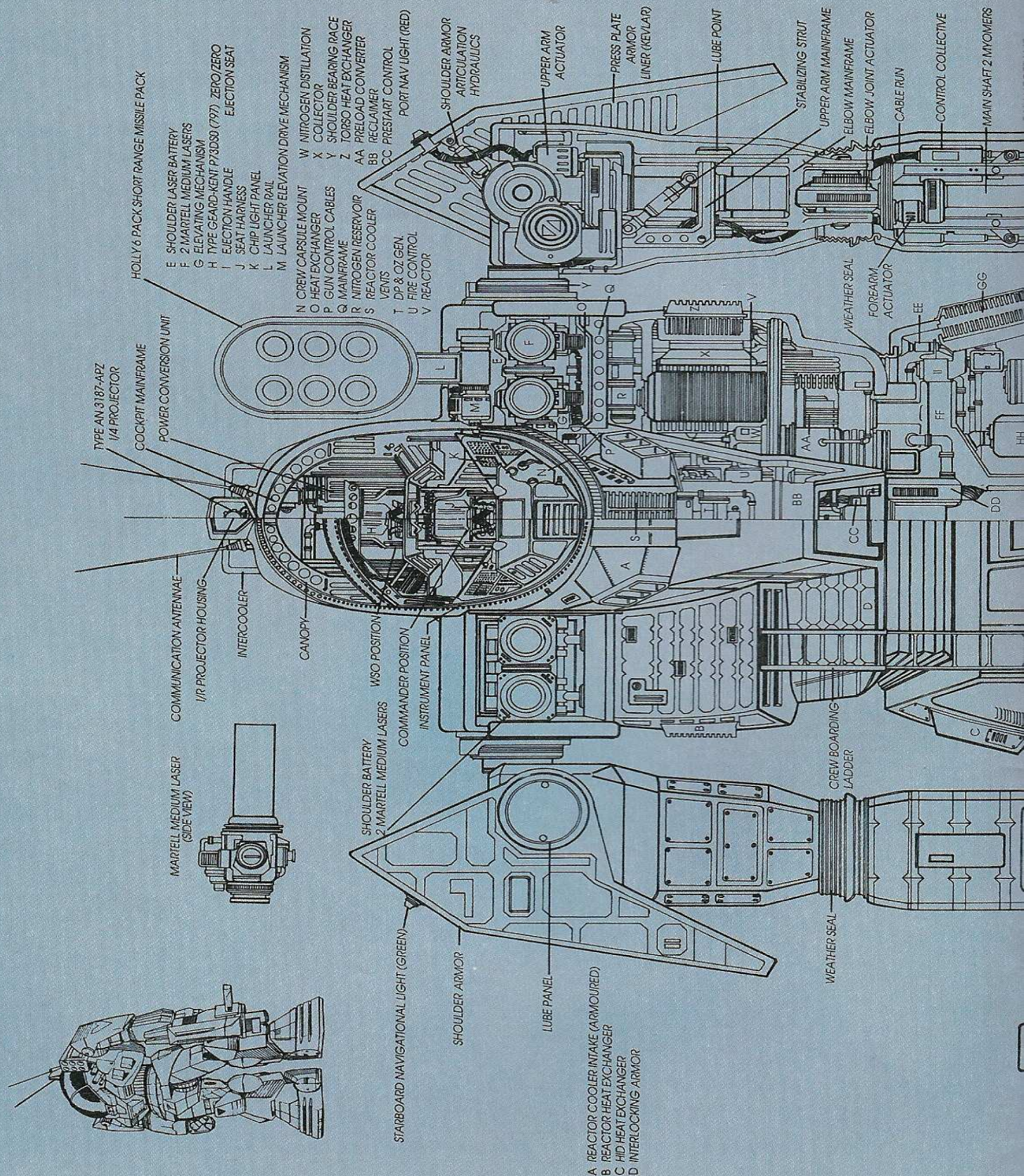
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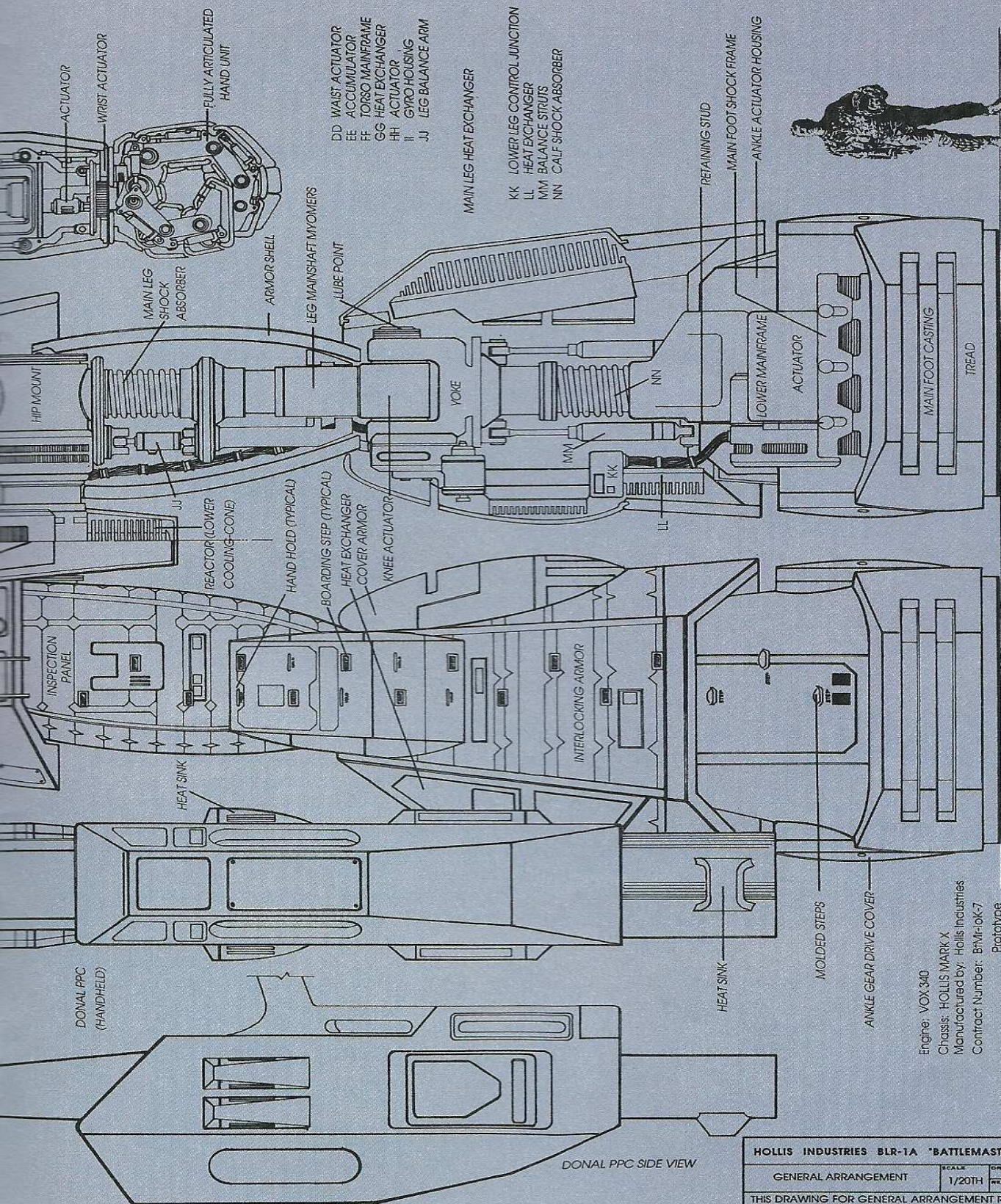
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BATTLEFORCE™

SMALL UNIT ACTIONS IN THE 31st CENTURY

Welcome to **BATTLETECH!**

"This is a world you pray you won't be sent to when you die."

For those of you already familiar with this incredibly popular role-playing game, you'll be able to enjoy presentations of actual games that the book's creators have played. The situations, characters and battles have all been fought and the results, as always, are unexpected. We have tried to bring the same adventure, excitement and unpredictability you've experienced in your games.

Now for the few of you who have *never* played a **BATTLETECH** game, (and shame on you!), here's a bit of background on the world and weapons you'll meet in this series.

THE SUCCESSION WARS

A Dark Age has befallen mankind, the result of over two centuries of bitter war. Where once the United Star League reigned, five Successor States now battle for control. Each House seeks mastery over the others, but none can conquer unaided, and none can be trusted as an ally. Thus, campaign follows campaign and battle follows battle — all without lasting victory or defeat.

Thousands of planets have fallen into chaos and barbarism, ruled by men who are nothing more than thieves and brigands. The advancement of technology has not only ceased, but the equipment of the past cannot be produced by present-day worlds. The huge war machines, the BattleMechs, can no longer be built, and the Successor Warlords must strip their wrecked machines to find needed spare parts. Now, the Succession Wars are fought over water, ancient machines and spare-part factories.

WEAPONS

The battlefields of the Succession Wars are dominated by the most powerful war machines ever built, the BattleMechs. These huge, man-shaped vehicles are faster, more mobile and more heavily-armed than any 20th-century tank. Equipped with charged-particle beams, lasers, rapid-fire autocannons and missiles, they pack enough firepower to flatten anything other than another 'Mech. A small fusion reactor provides almost unlimited power, and 'Mechs can be adapted to fight in environments ranging from sun-baked deserts to subzero arctic icefields.

Tanks and lightly-armed jeeps can also be found on 31st-century battlefields, and small, fusion-powered fighters control both the skies and space. The

battlefleets of the Successor States were nearly destroyed during the First War and, since the ability to reconstruct faster-than-light craft has been lost, these small fighters are the first line of defense for any planet under attack, either in orbit or in the atmosphere itself.

THE 'MECHS

BattleMechs are grouped according to weight in four basic varieties: *Light*, *Medium*, *Heavy* and *Assault*.

Light 'Mechs range in weight from 20 to 40 tons. The most inexpensive BattleMechs, *Lights* are the second most common type on the battlefield today. Used mostly in reconnaissance, their above-average speed and jump capability usually allows them to skirt heavy fighting to get a look at enemy formations.

Whatever their assets, *Light* 'Mechs must still stay out of the way of their larger brothers. Even in numbers, they are no match for heavier 'Mechs.

Medium 'Mechs are the armies' real workhorses of the Inner Sphere. They range from 40 to 60 tons. By far the most common 'Mech, they also provide the most variety in design. Found in all units and on most worlds, *Medium* 'Mechs usually end up doing the real dirty work.

Heavy 'Mechs are among the 'Mech elite. Piloted by commanders and the most experienced warriors, they are the major force on the battlefield. With their capacity to give and take enormous amounts of damage, *Heavy* 'Mechs can usually be countered only by other *Heavy* units.

There is nothing more awe-inspiring than the sight of a unit of *Heavy* 'Mech — at 60 to 80 tons — lumbering toward some hapless foe.

Assault 'Mechs are the kings of the battlefield. Although rare and often kept out of battle, one *Assault* 'Mech is usually the equal to a whole lance of other 'Mechs. The well-designed *Assault* 'Mech fears nothing and its physical attacks can, at the very least, cripple any target.

Unfortunately, there are *very few* well-designed *Assault* 'Mechs. The early designers ignored the 'Mechs' ability to mount tremendous amounts of weaponry and simply emphasized size — 80 to 100 tons — resulting in 'Mechs whose only real combat asset is physical attack.

Beginning this issue, we will feature a designer's "blueprint" of various 'Mechs so you may become more familiar with the incredible weaponry that is...**BATTLETECH!**

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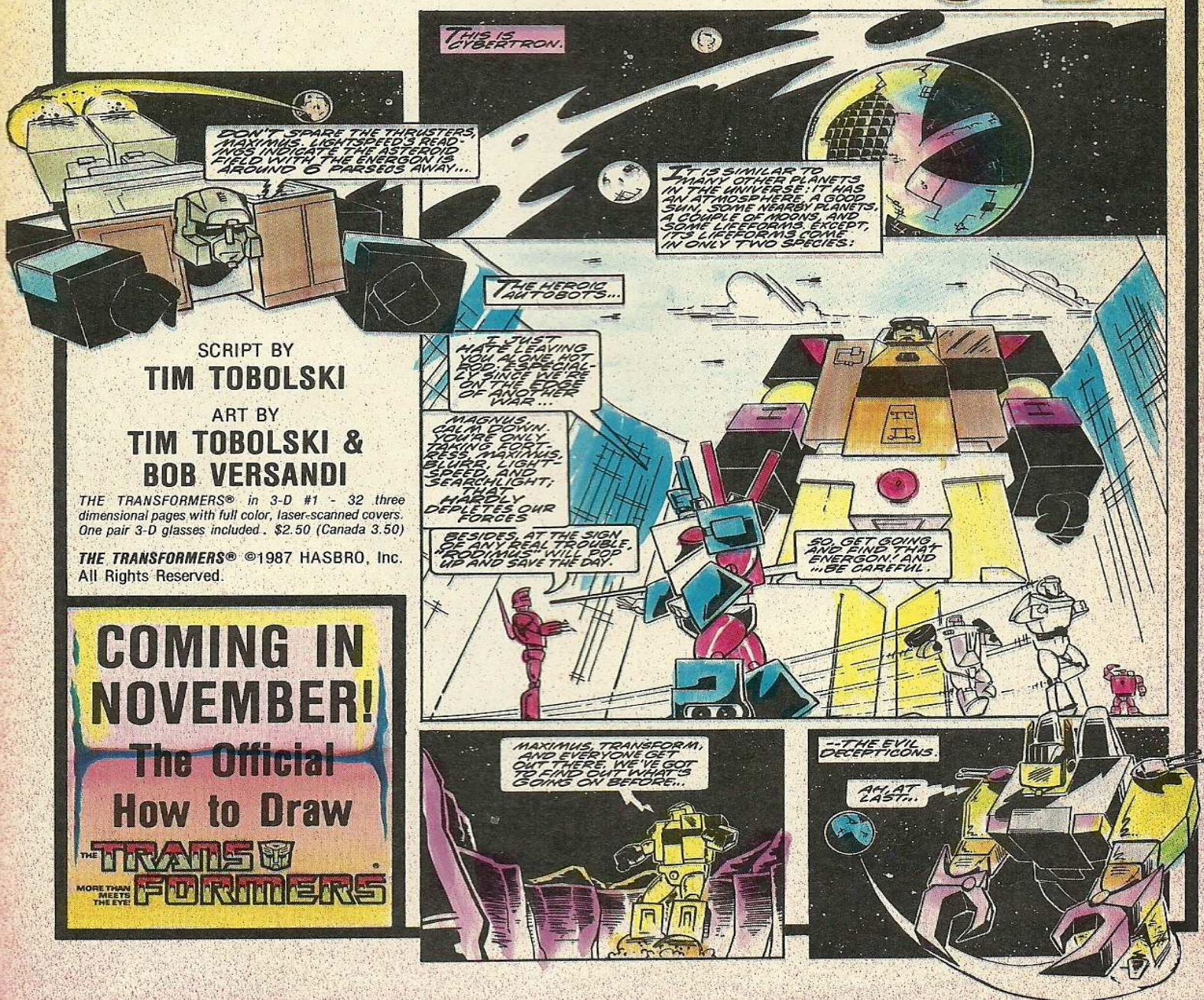
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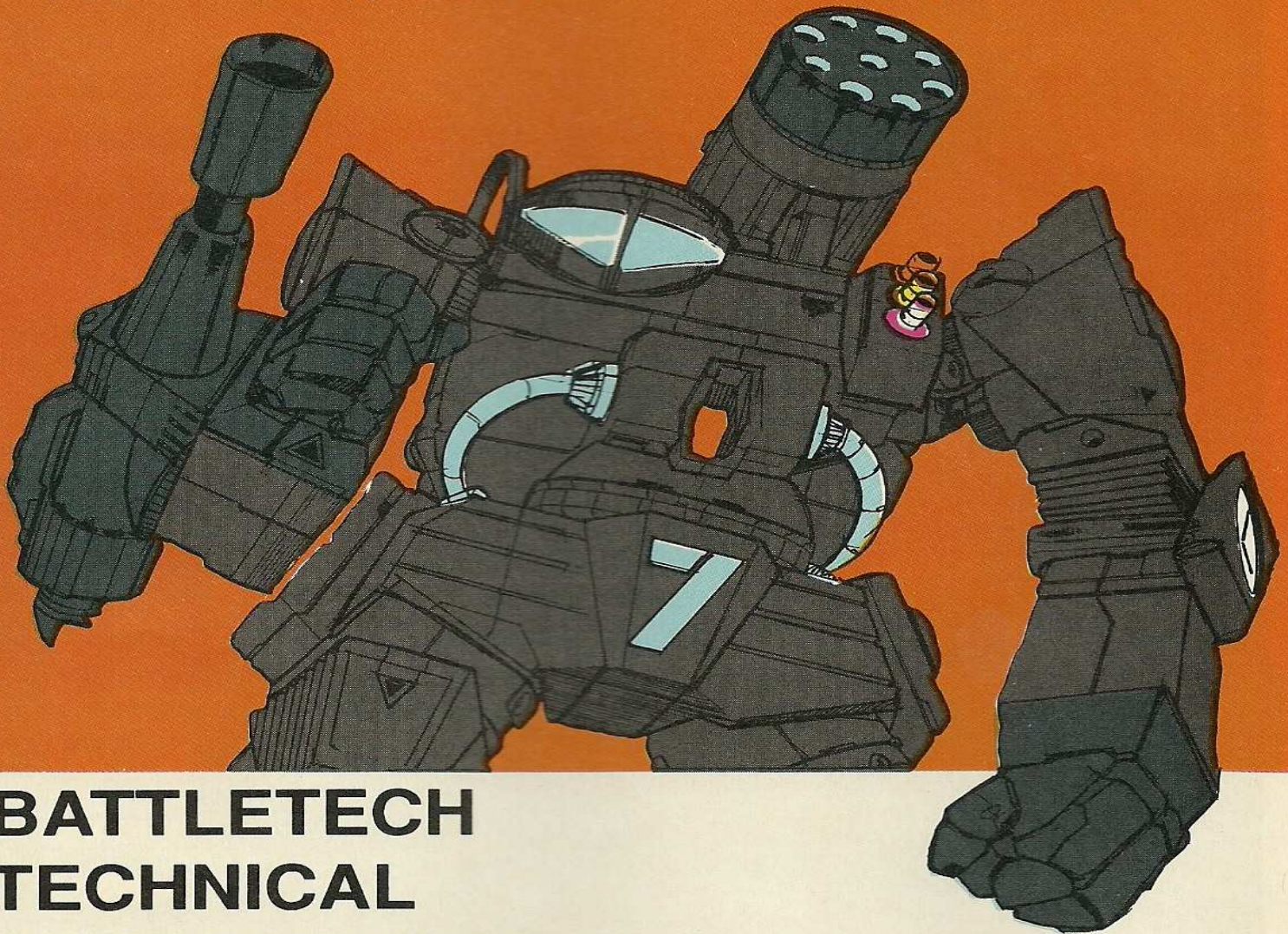
**IT WAS A ROUGH PLANET.
THEY NEEDED 1,000 LAWMEN.
THEY GOT ONE.
HE WAS ENOUGH.**

It was a lousy planet, but it did have oxygen. Earth named it New Texas and forgot about it. Then one day, Kerium was discovered on New Texas—the rare, fantastically expensive, mineral that powered Earth's spaceships. A town was founded and it was a reckless one. Outlaws roamed the streets and openly terrorized the merchants and miners. The town needed a 1,000 lawmen—it got ONE. Bravestarr—he was enough.

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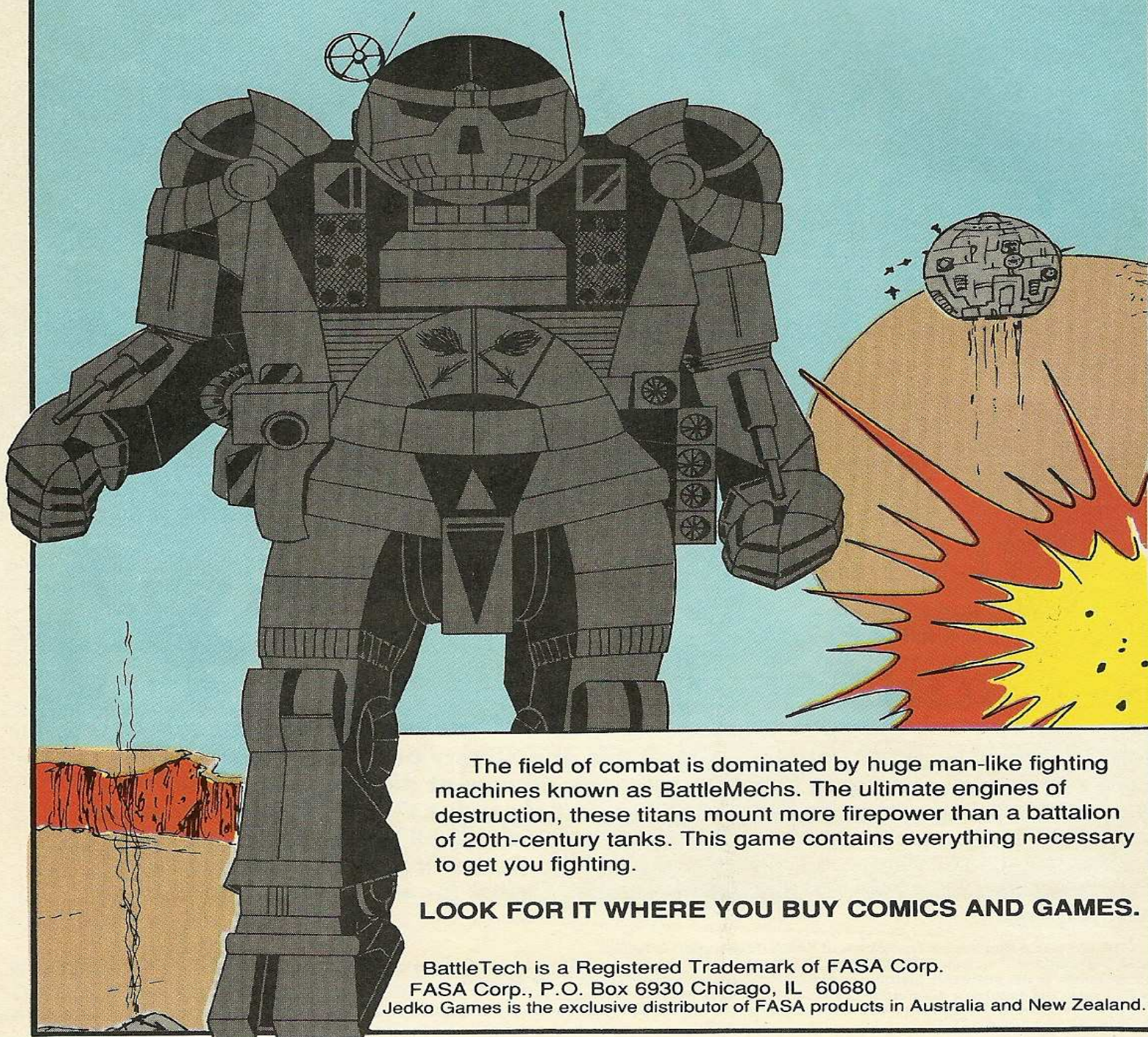
This Technical Readout lists the capabilities and history of the most common pieces of military hardware used by the major houses of the Successor States in the year 3025. Focusing on Battlemechs and Areospace Fighters, this volume also discusses important combat and support vehicles as well as the rare Land-Air Mechs. In all, 55 'Mechs, 15 fighters, 3 LAMS, 4 Dropships, and 12 Vehicles are described and illustrated, making this volume a must for all, from historians to MechWarriors.

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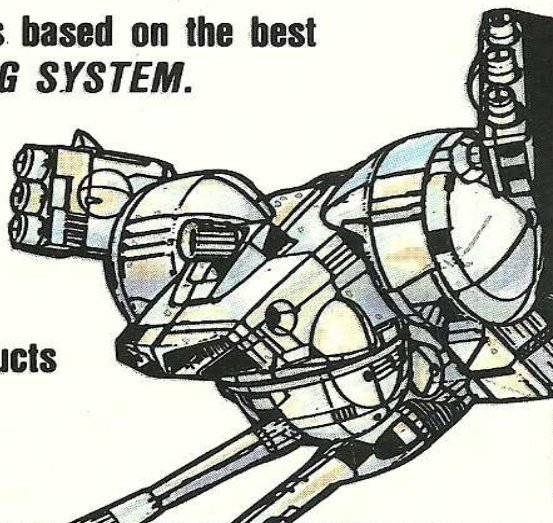
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