

Volume

1

The: Republic's Fury

BattleTech – Faction War - Missions

New Alliances

VERSION 1.0

FACTION WAR

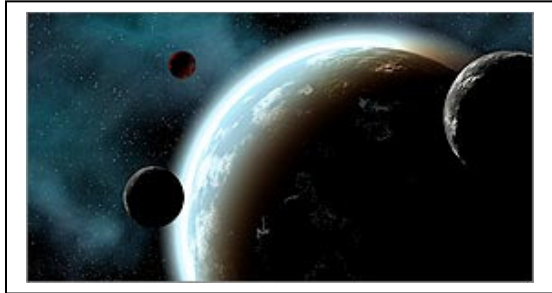
Faction War Mission Book

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Ft. Worth, Texas
Email: Exarch@darkagepress.com

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Tilling The Hay

In the long dark time before the spring, seeds grow.

Some seeds grow plants others sprout sedition. –

General Torger Egil Thorbjørn, Strughill City
3139.

The dripping water echoed in the ruins, a place that had come to mean so much to so many. It was time for the meeting to begin, and yet Edgar hadn't come. Edgar was never late, today he was. With so many people waiting at the gathering Ania knew something had gone wrong. All her fears were coming true; he had been caught, the Yakuza had found out about the stolen arms, the Black Coats had taken him, the military was waiting just outside to take them all away. Stillness would not come to her, nor peace. Just before her fears overwhelmed her, just at the moment when she would have to take flight from this place, the door opened and in walked Edgar.

"Yes yes, everyone it is time to begin the meeting." He said calmly. "I have met with the leaders of the FFA and they have accepted our request to join them." Everyone started talking to him all at once. The noise level grew to dangerous levels. Since the fall of the Republic they hadn't had peace. The police monitored everything, and Black Coats took away those they deemed dangerous. House Liao wanted his people to bow, to become sheep. Many had bowed, but these people would not. A few, Edgar one of them, were not sheep but wolves ready to pounce. He wanted the time for revolution to be now. The leaders had accepted him but had warned that he had a traitor in his midst. They did not know who it was. And so his charter had been refused. They knew of his action and were well pleased but couldn't accept him into their ranks until they were sure that his house was clean. Truthfully he knew they had only accepted his request because his family had ties to House Davion, albeit small but it was enough. His charter had been refused but not rejected. He still had time to clean house and find the traitor, to assemble the people of his district and help bring about the change his people needed.

After the meeting the people broke into their usual groups to discuss and plan. It always seemed disorganized. Today he had been the presenter of the topic. His discussion had covered basic city survival. Something he'd been practicing and perfecting for months in the ruins outside the city. The people here seemed to be drawn to him, and yet there was no leader, no one to organize them. They listened but were not committed to anyone. That would change today. Summoning his courage he strode to the center of the crowd. *It's time to become a leader.* He thought. Speaking loudly he said, "Good people. Today we are but a group. In our time we

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have all seen: freedom, from oppression; peace, through the unity of The Republic; and now oppression, by the hand of House Liao. I know we are not led, as we all discuss the courses we pursue and come to a group decision. In times of war a leader must rise to lead those he seeks to defend. You all know me and what I stand for." Allowing his words to trail off into the silence of those looking at him he thought, *Now, it is time, it is my time.* He continued, "It is not through greed or the desire for power that I say this to you. I am claiming leadership over our group. I will organize us into more than a militia; we will be an army and a force to be reckoned with. Those of you that would follow my lead, those of you that have the courage to stand and do what needs to be done I accept you. If you follow me, some of you may not rise to be more than a foot soldier or a cook under my command, but you will all be treated with value. Some of you will rise to command. I see and will no longer accept the yolk of a master that seeks nothing but to take from us. I ask you to stand with me. Those that choose not to, I tell you now that you will be protected, but you are citizen. In this district I am declaring martial law. Those that choose a different path, your service, though gratefully accepted in the past, is no longer needed and you will leave the meeting place now. For the rest we leave here and go to the sanctuary my men and I have constructed. Brandon and Thane wait here and make sure none who are not part of the military follow, for them their time with us is over." With those final words he turned and began walking down the street.

The silence that followed was only broken by the crunching of stones and dirt under Edgars heels, it resembled the sound of crushing bones.

October 16, 3139 It has been bitterly cold today. Why did this have to be the worst winter on record? The Capellans seem to sense that something is coming, but they do not know what it is. Perhaps they failed to learn from their history, or it is their arrogance that they think a people that truly had freedom under The Republic would bow like dogs. The citizens seem calm and ready to accept that which is coming. I met with the General Thorbjørn this morning, what a mind. His tactics and concepts are amazing. I am glad he trusts my leadership enough to give me a command over the people of my district. He showed me the Great Hall today. Had I not seen it with my own eyes I would never have believed it was possible that the FFA would have a facility with the armaments of war. Real 'Mechs, not construction equipment, lined the bay. Where they obtained them I'll never know. I thought my district had done well when we captured battle armor from a Capellan military base, but that seems small compared to what I saw this morning. I have selected my most competent men and women to train with me. Those suits will protect the people of my district and break the shackles binding us to the Capellans. I have named my battle armors Rising Sun.

The FFA request for assistance from House Davion has been sent. I believe it will make it into the correct hands. I had requested to be the one to deliver the message, but was denied. Ambassador Ghursen was sent. I was assured that his training and time spent as the ambassador to The Republic would serve us well. I have to believe that the general knows what he is doing. I can only hope that the Federated Suns will acknowledge our cause and come to our aid.

January 1, 3140 The dark mother's grasp has not let up and everything seems frozen. We received word that the Federated Suns have graciously consented to providing us with aid. In

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exchange for that aid we have to accept their rule. If we are to have any hope of finding independence it lies with them. Only the upper level leaders were allowed to cast a vote. The general pulled in everyone to today's meeting. I don't think I've seen a room more filled with prominent people. I was asked to cast a vote, me! I helped decide the fate of a people today. I am glad I chose to side with House Davion, with reservations though. And so it was agreed, we have declared for House Davion, with reservations. The ambassador has left to take our answer to them. I had not thought his ability to maneuver through the tangled web of politics would have been as strong as they are. I am now glad I was not sent.

March 3, 3140 The time for war is upon us. We have not received word from Ambassador Ghursen, we do not know what House Davion's answer will be. We can no longer wait for that answer. We have learned that the Capellans have decided to bring a larger military force to our world. They seem to have figured out that the people of this world, the farmers, have decided to Till the Hay.

Smoke billowed up, black smoke blotting out the sky. The DropShips had landed and disgorged their cargo in the form of metal death machines: 'Mechs, tanks, battle armor, and men. It matters not as we are ready for them. They are the dogs and they will heel. Today they will remember that the people of Arboris will not accept rule of another. I only pray that House Davion's forces arrive in time. If this ends up my last entry, and it is found, let it be known that I did my best to protect the people. Lieutenant Edgar Nuthian-Davion March 15, 3140.

CHAPTER 1: TILLING THE HAY

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Company C: Trinary CS/WoB: 2 Level IIs

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Battalion C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level III

Point Value: 300

PC (Planetary Conditions): Determined by player 2 (see Special Rules below)

Objectives:

The Defender: Defender is treated as the FFA. The FFA objective is to achieve at least a minor victory or the planet will be treated as having remained in control of the Capellans. At the beginning of the game the Defender may roll 2d6 to determine if House Davion has sent aid. On the roll of an eleven or twelve House Davion has sent aid. To represent this the Defender may deploy up to one Lance (four 'Mechs) of 'Mechs no sooner than half way through the engagement. These units must come from destroyed units under his command. If no units have been destroyed the Defender may not use this special rule.

The Attacker: The attacker is treated as House Liao. House Liao seeks to break the will of the people and make them submit to their will. To represent this the Defender must choose two units at the beginning of the game. These two units will represent General Thorbjørn and Lieutenant Edgar Nuthian-Davion. The Defender must write these two units down on a piece of paper. At the end of the game: For each of these units destroyed adjust the victory level down one class for the Defender. For example: The Defender secures a Major Victory but Lieutenant Edgar was killed in the engagement. The Major Victory is adjusted down to a Minor Victory. For these two units only: For each of these units destroyed the Attacker gains \$1000 C-Bills in Salvage in addition to any other salvage. The Attacker's objective is to eliminate his opponent.

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition). If a planetary condition is allowed it must be randomly chosen, but may not be a Spring or Summer type of PC. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play option: Playing Cards selection may be used.



Swords and Snakes

Without the need for conquest, without the desire for power, man would stagnate and perish. – Sergeant LeBlon, aboard the DropShip *Falling Star*, March 12, 3140.

The bridge was quite and felt empty. House Davion's DropShip *Falling Star* sped through space towards SpaceDock *Briar Patch*. Lieutenant Dickson had taken command of the vessel after Captain Theodor Righels disembarked for personal leave. The mission was a simple one, take command and meet up with *Briar Patch* for repairs and service. The Clockwork perfection under Righels had evaporated and had been replaced with an easy sense of duty. The men and women under him seemed to appreciate the relaxed atmosphere. It was not often that you worked under a commander that demanded perfection but relied on you to produce simply because you wanted to. Dickson's style of command had somehow transformed the crew into a more than capable batch of marines. The engineering staff had led the charge, a request from a private to breakdown the drives and rework them so that they were functioning to a peak 100% began the cascade of work. Taking his underlings lead the chief of engineering also requested overhauls, and his staff rose to the call. Soon a hum overtook the ship, a buzz, a need to produce and work harder than they had ever worked before.

The work aboard the ship had ended just as it had begun, quickly and assuredly. That was six hours ago, and now it seemed like the crew hadn't wanted it to end. They had never worked harder nor more determinedly to: repair, all the ships equipment; clean, all the ship's areas; and ready the ship for whatever possibility lay ahead. It seemed odd to Dickson that a ship destined for repair and refit had already been repaired and updated to the best specs. It seemed the crew truly was under his command and they approved. Now less than one hour out of dock he felt a sense of loss over coming him. His first full command would end with little more than a jump and a dock. Perhaps he would have another.

"Status." He said to the helmsman.

"On course, nothing to report." The woman reported.

"Carry on." He replied.

CHAPTER 2: SWORDS AND SNAKES

Sitting in the command chair, something he had only done while monitoring the ship for the Captain while he was asleep, he brought up the ship logs and scanned them for unusual activity or incidents; engineering, maintenance, security, all systems and the crew...normal.

Just under the one hour mark which was promised to him marked the docking of his ship with *Briar Patch*. Giving the orders for the crew to ready to depart, after the customary docking procedures had been accomplished, Dickson rose from his chair and turned. There on his bridge stood the Admiral of the Fleet.

"Permission to come aboard Lieutenant." Admiral Dagfinn Morten requested.

"Permission granted." He replied.

He'd never talked with the Admiral or anyone of his station. Today seemed to offer promise. The Admiral's cadre of people followed them into the ready room where they would meet and discuss the reason for the visit.

Sitting in the head chair, Dickson surveyed the men at the table. Most of them were advisors, but not all. The discussion began with the Admiral belting out, "Lieutenant, inform your crew that their shore leave has been cancelled." After which Dickson informed all his section chiefs that shore leave had been cancelled and updated their logs to reflect the order. He knew that his crew would have the orders carried out in seconds.

"It is my sad duty to inform you that Captain Righels was killed today."

The shock must not have displayed on his face as Morten continued after only a slight pause. "I wish I didn't have to be the one to inform you, however, I was here on official business and wanted to extend my personal condolences. I have known the Captain for many years and know his talents will be missed by all." He said with finality. "We'll be inspecting your ship and refitting it as required. You will be informed shortly who the new Captain will be." The Admiral stated flatly.

"Understood." He replied.

The chrome rails shown with the brilliance of a star, as did all the other surfaces of the ship: engineering, medical, hanger bays, crew quarters, security, and the bridge had all been made perfect under his command. The inspection and refit was completed two days after it began. The military inspectors had: come, reviewed the crew, gathered their data and left. A week had passed and still nothing but silence from command. Dickson continued his command of the ship, and oversaw the routine of orders and status reports for a ship that had no new orders or status changes. The monotony of it did not get to Dickson, nor did it bother the crew. Everyone and everything under their control was; calm, silent, and ready.

The end of the second week brought a summons to the Admiral's office. Dickson felt it would be for an introduction to the new Captain for *Faling Star*. He'd prepared his uniform to perfection, steeled himself for the meeting, and was well prepared to hand over command. Entering the Admiral's ready room he came to attention and introduced himself, "Lieutenant Dickson reporting

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as requested sir." Glancing around the room he became confused, only the Admiral and his aid de camp were seated. In front of the Admiral was a rather large stack of folders.

"At ease Dickson."

"Yes sir." He replied moving into an ease stance.

"I'm sure you're wondering why we kept you and the crew on board for so long with little or no word. I'm also sure that most captains would have been irritated at having non-standard personnel: crawling all over their ship, interrogating the crew; digging through computer system, pulling information and records; and accessing every area of the ship for god knows what, but not you. These documents in front of me are your records. It's every shred of information we could pull on you. In my tenure I've never seen a ship switch command and go from requiring total refit and upgrade to needing minor touch ups. To me that signals command. I don't know what happened under Righels command. After having interrogated all the levels of your crew, including the department heads including the head of engineering and security, I do know this." The Admiral said coldly his eyes narrowing, a wolf watching its prey. "You are a man to be reckoned with. I will have my eyes on you and you had better not screw this one up." Then the Admiral relaxed a bit and leaned back in his chair, he continued "Effective immediately you are being promoted to Captain and being assigned command of *Falling Star*."

Now shock could be seen on his face, but Dickson answered as in his typical fashion, "Yes sir."

Looking at his aide he said, "Have Nelson come in now."

The aide pressed a button and spoke quietly. "He will arrive shortly sir."

Ignoring his aide, whom he didn't particularly care for, Admiral Morten gestured to the chair across from him indicating that Dickson was to have a seat. While they were waiting the Admiral began the chat with, "I'm actually quite impressed by your records son." His head whipping to the side he barked at his aide, "Phearson!"

The aide jumped in his chair, "Sir!"

"I love doing that to him." Admiral Morten confided in Dickson. "Bring us something to ease the wait, Scotch with a back." The aide hurried off to his assigned task.

After everyone, except the aide, had their drinks and had been chatting awhile the ready room door opened and in sauntered the smarmiest looking man Dickson had ever seen. He stood at what was less than casual attention and whimsically said, "Reporting as requested, admiral."

Turning to Dickson the Admiral spoke, "This is Sergeant LeBlon. He commands Tango Company, for some reason the misfits in his group seem to like him, and anyone sent to command them mysteriously come up missing." Turning to LeBlon he said, "But you wouldn't know anything about that would you LeBlon?"

"No sir, I wouldn't know anything about that situation." He replied with an almost cocky flair.

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"No I guess you wouldn't. He and his company have become known as The Bulldogs. They're a misfit ragtag group of ruffians that seem to somehow come out the other side smelling like roses. So he gets his command, no one asks any questions, and the job gets done. Which is fine by me, because some day he'll screw up and then I'll be there to clean up him and the mess. Until then we're stuck with him. You're the lucky winner Dickson. You get to carry this lump of shit on your ship. Command has its perks, but new commanders get the bottom of the barrel. I wanted to warn you that he and his men won't interfere with your ship or your crew as long as they don't interfere with them. I would caution you to nail everything down and when this is through count your fingers and toes. It wouldn't surprise me if you'll be missing a toe or two when this is over." He said looking at LeBlon with a bit of contempt. "Captain Dickson, here are your orders. In brief you'll be taking this chum bucket into Liao territory to drop them off for a little party the Capellans have invited us to. LeBlon, Captain Dickson will ferry you to the planet. I rather like Dickson and *Falling Star* and I would hate to get upset if his first command mission was screwed up because of you or your men, am I clear on that fact?"

LeBlon had somehow seated himself without anyone noticing. Peering from behind his boots and looking at the two he casually said, "My men? What on earth makes you think they'd be any trouble?"

Dickson's crew had somehow managed to survive the trek across space with only "minor" disruptions. LeBlon had been every bit of trouble the Admiral made him out to be. Yet Dickson and LeBlon somehow seemed to get along just fine, and under his command Dickson's crew seemed to meld with LeBlon's crew, an odd match but one that worked. Some of Dickson's military ways seemed to have rubbed off on LeBlon, which trickled down to his men; and some of LeBlon's ways had seemed to rub off on Dickson, which filtered down to his crew. It could never be said that it changed either or their crews but it made them somehow fit together.

The mission was to meet up with several other Federated Sun ships just over the border in Capellan space. The Capellans had raided across the border into FedCom space and had: killed an ambassador, stolen several tanks and 'Mechs, and raided a Davion research laboratory. The laboratory had been the final straw. The truth was that the orders had come from a minor noble on a planet that seemed to have less ties to the Capellans and more ties to independence. When the refusal for justice had come back from House Liao there was no choice left but to act. The planet had to be taken, and the Snakes beaten with Swords.

CHAPTER 2: SWORDS AND SNAKES

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Company C: Trinary CS/WoB: 2 Level IIs

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Battalion C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level III

Point Value: 300

PC (Planetary Conditions): For this engagement with the exception of 20" around the board edge all terrain shall be considered paved and players should attempt to use as many buildings as is possible. PC: Determined by player 2 (see Special Rules below) city parks are permissible.

Objectives:

The Defender: The Defender is treated as the House Liao. House Liao attempts to repel the attacking forces. The Capital city Gethin lies on Chimera, the planets only continent. The planetary governor Lucian Rogstad is a Capellan at heart but greedy. His ambitious plan to raid FedCom space and send the spoils to the Capellans was working. It worked until the Federated Suns had had enough. Rogstad's desires may have finally gotten the best of him. In order to keep The Capellans satisfied and maintain his position as Planetary Governor he's decided to defend the planet from the Davion onslaught without assistance from House Liao. The Defender must force a draw or greater or the planet could revert to Davion control. Objective: Repel the invaders with no assistance.

The Attacker: The Attacker is treated as House Davion. It was yours before The Republic, it is time to call the flock home. The over ambitious planetary Governor has raided Davion space for the last time. The DropShips have landed and the retaking of the planet has begun. In a brash move Sergeant LeBlon and his company have requested being hot dropped behind enemy lines in the capital city. Will this be the end of LeBlon or will this simply be another feather in his cap? To represent this the Davion player chooses one lance of 'Mechs and those 'Mechs will be treated as The Bulldogs for the purposes of this engagement. Lance Leader LeBlon has a skill of 2/3 all other units in The Bulldogs have a 3/3. These skills do not change the costing of the units nor do they become part of your army roster at the end of the mission. You may only deploy The Bulldogs and one other Lance of 'Mechs until half time (as determined by the Agent) has been reached. At half time you may deploy the remainder of your BattleForce.

Objective: Take and Hold. Secure the capital city by the end of the game, which is accomplished by deploying infantry units in base contact with the buildings and obtaining control of 1/3 of the buildings by the end of the game. Control of the building is defined as 1) Uncontested control of building is a non-damaged unit touching the building for a full game round. 1a) Control of a building may also be achieved by having more units in base contact with a building. The final way to control the capital is to achieve a major victory.

CHAPTER 2: SWORDS AND SNAKES

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender unless a single player's faction is House Davion, then that player must participate in the event as House Davion. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition), which must be an arctic condition if one is chosen. If a planetary condition is allowed it must be randomly chosen, but may not be a Spring or Summer type of PC. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play option: Playing Cards selection may be used.



The Duke

It is not for the lesser to question his better, it is his place to obey. – Duke Aaron Sandoval

Looking out the window, down on the people moving around his DropShip. *Ants*, he thought. Turning around he calmly walked over to the enormous and very intricately designed table, the centerpiece to the room. Seated at the far end of the table was Erik, his *dear* cousin. It bothered him slightly that Erik had sided with an enemy and had attempted to wrestle control from him, but only slightly. In retrospect he knew it was something he would have done as well. There are things that you overlook, family actions being one of them.

"Have the preparations been made?" He asked Erik. In truth he knew the preparations had been completed as he'd followed up on the orders he'd given him. Checking on loose ends and making sure they are closed was just how he worked. He hadn't risen to command the level of power he did, the respect he was owed, simply by letting things fall into place without some assistance. Sure he and Erik were still at odds but this issue involved both of them and so he'd called for a truce, this one time he needed Erik. Cautiously they'd agreed that this time they would put the past behind them and form a loose alliance.

"They are complete, but surely you know that. Just as I have followed up on your actions I know you've followed up on mine. Tedious work double checking everything that needs doing but necessary. You know I am still leery of allowing myself to trust you."

"I'm well aware of the trust issues, however, as we both require the cooperation from one another I believe we can set aside the past for this particular situation so that we can accomplish a singular goal, wouldn't you agree?" Aaron said flatly.

"Of course I agree. The issue I'm having is not one of trust in you it is trust in Lieutenant Apocci. He has aspired to, and achieved, a level of incompetence that is only matched by Bannson's failure to achieve nobility status." At that both men chuckled.

"He is something else isn't he?"

CHAPTER 3: THE DUKE

"Yes he is. The thing that is amazing to me is that we haven't acted yet, I'm sure you have your reasons and I'm willing to wait, but you do realize that House Liao will be ready for us don't you?" Erik question.

"I'm aware of the facts. Politics have tied our hands, we have no choice. We have to wait for Lieutenant Apocei."

"Why...just exactly why do we have to wait!" Erik all but screamed at Aaron.

With a calm determination, his head slowly tilted back as his eyes scanned up to meet Erik's eyes. The two warrior cousins locked eyes. Erik was more physically fit, while Aaron was the intellectual one. They needed each other for the coming conflict, but neither was willing to give. It was Aaron that came up with the solution. "I have the solution to our troubles." He said.

"And that would be?" Erik replied angrily.

"It seems the problems we're both facing stem from our dear friend Lieutenant Apocei. I just happen to know your best scout has been shot and won't..."

"Shot! What are you getting at?" Erik screamed.

"I happen to know that he was shot in the arm, merely a flesh wound, but he will have to sit this battle out. And since his 'Mech is out of commission it will be out of commission to." Aaron said moving to his desk and picking up his communicator.

"Aaron what are you about?"

Engaging the com Aaron signaled his aide de camp, "Bendaten, would you please shoot Erik's scout and then decommission his 'Mech?"

"WHAT!"

"Make sure you don't wound him too badly, we just want him to be unable to make the upcoming engagement."

"Aaron!"

The aide replied, "Affirmative sir. Out."

Turning to leave Erik screamed over his shoulder, "This is not over Aaron!"

"Erik! Erik! Stop Erik!"

"What!" Erik said stopping at the door and half turning. "WHAT!"

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"It seems to me that if your lead scout is out of commission then we both have an issue that needs solving. I only know one person that can fit the bill. Of course the only scout 'Mech I have is a Flea. And the only person that I can trust to pilot it on this extremely important mission is our dear friend Lieutenant Apocei."

The concept took a moment to sink in but Erik saw the possibilities. "He won't do it. He'll refuse."

"But dear cousin....how can he? After all, I'm The Duke."

CHAPTER 3: THE DUKE

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: (2) Level II

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Lance C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Platoon/Squad C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Point Value: 300

PC (Planetary Conditions): Player 2 decides if there will be a PC or not. Player 1 may add or subtract 10% from the roll.

Objectives:

The Defender: The Defender is treated as the House Liao. House Liao attempts to wipe out the initial invasion force. If successful in routing the Sword Sworn player before half time (half time as determined by the Agent at the start of the game) the House Liao player receives an additional \$10,000 in C-Bills from the chancellor. If Lieutenant Apocei is slain, his 'Mech is treated as salvage for House Liao.

The Attacker: The Attacker is treated as either Sword Sworn (Apocei is slain) or House Davion (Apocei survives). You may deploy only 1/2 of your force during the first part of the game. When the Agent calls half time you may deploy the remaining portion of your force at any non occupied region of the board. Apocei is deployed anywhere along the half way marker between the two deployment zones. His mission is to reach 10" away from the House Liao board edge and return to the deployment zone of the House Davion player's board edge. Achieve VC3 if this is accomplished.

Objective: Route the enemy and achieve at least a minor victory.

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender unless a single player's faction is House Davion/Sword Sworn, then that player must participate in the event as House Davion. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition), which must be chosen randomly. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play option: Playing Cards selection may be used. Attacking player is assigned, outside of his Army List, a Flea 'Mech. This 'Mech contains Lieutenant Apocei. Apocei is a 3/3 Pilot. Apocei's 'Mech is not part of the Davion Players Army list, but will be added to his Army List IF 1. He is a House Davion player, and 2. If Apocei survives the mission AND completes his objective.



Against all odds

From the past we find strength to stand, albeit alone, against those that would seek to turn us away from The Republic. We will not bend. – Gerald Murgden, General HRG

Having found peace after so much strife the people of Hisen are unwilling to bend. We stand for the future, a new golden era is coming. The time of The Republic may have passed but The Fortress Republic will one day tear down its walls. Levin WILL return us to a new era of prosperity. It is for that day, for the future of what will come and what must be, that we stand ready. For The Republic, for our people, we stand ready for the future. I ask you to stand with us as the darkness of war approaches us once again.

Smiling and extending a document to the General, his aide de camp Fimnow Chuin said, "General Murgden that speech was exactly what the people needed. I have assembled the district leaders in the war room."

"What? Oh yes yes...thank you Chuin." Examining the documents his brow folded into what had become its normal appearance. "Has the request been sent?"

"Yes General, *Talon* made it out of system minutes before the Capellans arrived."

The General stopped walking. His aide stood ready for any order that would come out of the General's thoughts. Minutes passed, and yet he stood frozen. Finally he spoke, "I had not anticipated our enemies would have arrived so soon. Go to my ready room and inform the leaders to ready their sectors and inform them I will contact them each individually. Meet me in the war room when you have dispatched them."

"Yes General."

Hastily he moved to the war room. Entering the room, filled with banks of computers and all levels of tactical crew leader, his massive six foot seven inch frame, as always, brought all eyes to him. Imposing accurately describes him. "Time to planet fall?" he questioned.

CHAPTER 4: AGAINST ALL ODDS

"We estimate three hours General." A technician called out.

"Campbell, what's the status?" He called out to Tara

"I anticipate their targets to be grid six, fifteen, and zero. I calculate that their main force will land in the Drakmar District." Tara stated.

"I trust your assistance will continue once I leave for the battle?"

"As you know my presence here must go undetected. I am happy to assist you in your time of need. Your people and their determination to support The Republic must be protected. I will do what needs done here and will remain here until your Captain can arrive to take over."

"Until it is time for us to meet at the table of peace, I stand ready to lead my people in the Levin Way. Until peace." He said raising his clenched fist to heart as he bowed. He turned and left the command center to Tara Campbell's competent control.

Leaving the command center he walked a short way to his quarters, finalized some paperwork and left for the hangar. On the way he grabbed his com and entered the channel to his man at Base Fire Storm. "Lieutenant Hunter."

"This is Hunter, over."

"What is the status of the operation?" The General questioned.

"All batteries are on line and we are ready." Lieutenant responded.

"You have approval to fire at will once targets are in range." The General stated

"Affirmative, Hunter out."

After driving to the hanger he exited the vehicle and entered the hanger. The HRG were in their BattleArmor awaiting his arrival. His enormous suit was awaiting him in the bay. After suiting up the General signaled Team Freedom to move out. As they left the hangar Murgden looked skyward. Checking his HUD and checking the time he assumed that Operation Fire Storm would soon be attacking. The team saw the first of the DropShips entering the atmosphere. From the mountains came the first of many surface to space attacks. The intense heat from the bombardment gun could be felt at the particles from the massive weapon ignited the DropShip making destroying it. The general thought, *This might just work, if the Dragoons answer our call for help. We might just win this war against all odds.*

CHAPTER 4: AGAINST ALL ODDS

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: (2) Level II

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Lance C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Platoon/Squad C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Point Value: 350

PC (Planetary Conditions): Player 2 decides if there will be a PC or not. Player 1 may add or subtract 10% from the roll.

Objectives:

The Defender: Place a marker within 10" of your board edge. This marker represents the DropShip deployment zone. The deployment zone is 4" x 4". You must deploy your forces within contact of this zone. If you have an Iron Wind Metals DropShip you may use that miniature instead.

The Attacker: The Attacker is treated as either Sword Sworn (Apocei is slain) or House Davion (Apocei survives). You may deploy only 1/2 of your force during the first part of the game. When the Agent calls half time you may deploy the remaining portion of your force at any non occupied region of the board.

Objective: Route the enemy and achieve at least a minor victory.

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender unless a single player's faction is House Davion/Sword Sworn, then that player must participate in the event as House Davion. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition), which must be chosen randomly. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play option: Playing Cards selection may be used.



Desire

To lead and conquer that is the Dragon's way. To conquer the weak so they may be led, that is the Fury's Way. – Katana Tormark, Dierion

The ship slipped silently through space on course and target. These people had been her people and would be again. Their time for rebellion was at an end. "Com, bring the HUD online. Set for coordinates 316.233." Tormark stated flatly. It was the warrior way to order and expect to be obeyed. *It was foolish of the Combine to expect the populace of Pike to submit. Almost a year ago the populace struck back at the hand of those that sought to be their masters. Peace negotiations, talks and delays. That time is at an end.* She thought.

"Dierion status undetermined. Nothing unusual to report." The com station replied.

"What is it you are looking for?" Alex Rosenthal asked. He was her lover, and sounding board. He had been passed to her after she retched command of this sector from several prominent Combine nobles. It wasn't so much that he was handed to her as it was a way for him to move away from the weaker towards the stronger. Initially she had denied his services and had almost thrown him in a dark dungeon, she'd even almost had him killed at one point. His insight and demeanor somehow replaced something she'd lost in her previous life with The Republic and so she had allowed him to stay. Now, several years later, he had somehow wormed his way into her heart. She had though no man could do that again, and yet he had. What they had could not be called love, but it was more than master and servant.

"I have a feeling as if we are inches away from something but cannot see it. I know we are close to the Fortress but those lines are drawn on any map and signals warn of your approach so that is no it, and yet..." Her words trailing off as she became lost in thought. None spoke until her thoughts were under control again. "Whatever it was, the feeling has passed now. Com, set course for Pike."

"Yes commander." The com replied.

"Are you sure it wasn't something we should investigate?" Alex asked.

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"No, for now we will continue on our way. The feeling was nothing." She said turning to walk with Alex as they began their nightly ritual of touring the ship's many decks. It was whispered that it was two lovers out for a stroll, but none dared speak of it.

After a time the ship powered up again, lights came on and communications began being routed to their intended recipients. On deck General Kurisota monitored the traitors ship communications. As his forces now fell under General Tactius' control he could not engage her without permission. But he could monitor. It was one thing to allow a rabid dog to live, it was another to allow it to live unchecked.

"Inform Tactius of Tormark's movements, and her plans to attack Pike IV." Kurisota stated.

The com officer began the intricate and very delicate procedure of transmitting the information to the General. It would take time, but he was the best com officer under Kurisota and so it would be so, without question.

"General, do you plan on attacking?" The Captain inquired.

"No Captain. We do not have orders to do so, and as we have not located a planet to call home it would not be prudent to deviate from the mission."

"Aye General."

After several hours the packets of information were exchanged. The orders were compiled in an encrypted format only the General and Captain had the key to. "General, I've transmitted the data to your ready room." The com officer signaled over the intercom.

"Have my chiefs of staff assemble in the ready room."

"Affirmative."

The meeting was brief but rewarding. The General ordered a small support lance to Hot Drop on the planet from a shuttle, and Pike IV was sent a message that simply stated, "Tormark arrives, we will aid you. Lance *Raven* to hot drop in zone 1". Revenge in small doses is always satisfying. The General smiled.

Dickson's crew had somehow managed to survive the trek across space with only "minor" jostling from a green pilot. *Why they let these kids pilot warriors into battle I'll never know.* He thought. Jasper's cigar smoke filled the bay. Something about the smoke always made Dickson and his men ready for battle. Jasper only offered up the cigars on rare occasions. No one knew how or where he acquired them, a rare treat to be sure. Jasper was one of those guys that could somehow acquire anything. He'd even somehow managed to wrangle up a Vulture 'Mech and have gifted to the General for his birthday, somehow it'd been delivered in the middle of the night while he slept and was waiting at his front door. The General hadn't been as appreciative of the 'Mech as one had hoped. So Jasper

CHAPTER 5: DESIRE

was sent packing to Yeti Company. That's my company, Yeti. I'm in command of a bunch of hard ass, don't give a shit about anything, looking to fight and die guys. That's what I like. Today we're being hot dropped into the middle of an argument between a planet and that bitch Tormark. Course we're on the side of the good guys. "Alright you some of bitches, suit up! Today we get to sneak into the middle of an argument. Tiny..."

"Aff!"

"Knock that Clan Shit out! You're with us now, how many times I gotta tell ya that?"

"Right Sergeant."

"Tiny, you take Teagan and her lump-o-shit out to the south side of the city. Hunter, you get the job of hunting down and taking out Tormark."

"Dog hunter huh...got it." Hunter replied. Hunter had an unnatural gift of hunting down a prey and taking it out. It was doubtful that he'd be able to take out Tormark or even find her but if the company had even a slight shot at taking her out Hunter was it.

"Hunter, intell says that she has a new 'Mech type. Something called a Nyx. She's extremely good at piloting that thing. I want cams on and recorders linked to the ship if you engage her. That goes for the rest of you too, but don't engage her unless you have to I don't want a bunch of black bags in the cargo hold."

"Sergeant." The pilot said over the com. "T minus two minutes to drop, but I don't have a clear area for deploy."

"Roger." He replied. "Alright boys and girls...time to nut up or shut up."

The bay door opened up, making the bay a whirlwind. The 'Mech and one Kanga moved out and were airborne. The battle seemed well under way. Hunter had held back while the pilot made a sharp turn and sped off towards the enemy's rear area. It was more than a need to hunt down at this point, it was a burning desire.

She had prepared her people for their mission, thought of every possibility, and knew the outcome would be a new planet. The Governor had hold up in his palatial estate but that was a mistake. Monitoring the HUD intently from the bridge of the ship she could see that things were well under way, that the tide of battle had turned against the defenders. Then she saw the signatures of the late arrivals. *What do we have here? Nine units with unidentified signatures, odd.* She thought. As she watched these new participants she had an feeling that things were going to get rough on the ground.

It had been two months since the engagement had started. The intel had come in on several of the unknown units. Whoever they were one thing was sure, they were very good at what they did. They had assisted in routing several of her offensive attacks. They had pulled the governor out of his compound and somehow pulled him off planet, they had defeated more than their share of her military. The populace, perhaps if she leaned on the people of the world. Several cities had already

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fallen and were under her control. No...it was time to act. She signaled to her underling and informed her that she would assume control of the bridge. Once she had gathered her equipment she went to the hangar, entered her 'Mech, a Nyx. Piloting it into the DropShip she signaled the pilot that her strike lance was ready for hot drop and the DropShip took off. A quick review of the files and she was ready. She had studied their tactics and knew her lance could hunt down these invaders. She thought, *A quick hunt and kill, and then I will have what I desire.*

CHAPTER 5: DESIRE

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: (2) Level II

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Lance C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Platoon/Squad C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Point Value: 350

PC (Planetary Conditions): Player 2 decides if there will be a PC or not. Player 1 may add or subtract 10% from the roll.

Objectives:

The Defender: The defender is treated as General Kurisota's Dragon's Fury, aka Republic's Fury. Repel Katana Tormark's forces, kill her if possible.

The Attacker: The Attacker is treated as either Dieron or House Kurita. Defeat the defending planetary forces, kill Hunter if possible.

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender unless a single player's faction is House Davion/Sword Sworn, then that player must participate in the event as House Davion. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition), which must be chosen randomly. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play: players roll to determine initiative each turn. Winner decides if he will issue movement orders first or if opponent will. Players alternate in issuing orders to companies (groups of figures, eg. a Lance).

Special rules:

Defending player receives one duplicate lance from his army roster. The lance should contain medium 'Mechs. The units skill is set to 3. This unit represents General Kurisota's force. Select one unit from this force and nominate it as Hunter. Hunter may not be assisted in targeting Tormark. Hunter's objective is to destroy Tormark's Nyx. If this is achieved defender receives VC3.

Attacking player receives one Fast Strike Lance from his army roster. All units from this Lance must be light 'Mechs. Nominate one of the 'Mechs in this unit and double its movement rate, and add three armor points and three structure points to it. Also, once per game this unit may force one of the other Fast Strike units to become the target of the defenders attack. This represents the Fast Strike Lance's loyalty to Katana. This must be declared prior to the attack roll against her. The Nyx is the only unit that may target Hunter. If Katana destroys Hunter Attacker receives VC3.



Dragon's Roar

It is one thing to be attacked by a noble, after all the great game spurs us all on. But when puppies attack you must train them who is master. – Nobleman Chin, House Kurita

Some engagements go well, others do not. Pike IV seemed like it was a winnable conflict. When that Nyx showed up and started cutting through the ranks it took everything I had to track her down and BREAK her. Something I relish and enjoy, but sometimes when you hit the nest the hornets will swarm. And so it was that we found ourselves on the losing end of the proposition we had made. I still haven't found out how Pike IV made out, perhaps they won. Someday I will find out. Today I sit in my cabin, waiting for word, any word. The Captain was not well pleased with our actions. Sergeant's favorite saying didn't sit well with the Captain, especially when he said it like it was a shield to hide behind. I know he was being flippant, perhaps he'll only get off with a warning. I still believe that the only reason those people had any hope of breaking the leash Tormark was attempting to place on them was because we were there. I don't often find my prey hunting me, but she's good, she's very good.

I've been reviewing the footage from my 'Mech and still can't believe the agility of that thing she piloted. When she knocked me down and stood over me with her weapons pointing at my cockpit, she felt no fear. You'd think that two AC10's resting on the opposite sides of your cockpit window would make you a bit shaky. Not her, she simply illuminated the inside of her cockpit and leaned forward to stare at me. She signaled for a private chat, I obliged. What was said was between warriors and so it will never be written down in any of these journals. Hunter stopped writing and reached over for his personal recorder. Pressing play he listened to her words, and wondered.

What do you call yourself? She questioned seemingly in earnest.

I am called Hunter. He said with a touch of pride.

Cocking her head, as if in thought, she paused a moment and then continued. Her brow creased and anger showed on her face, *You thought to hunt me! Only a fool would seek a Tiger among the wolves. Perhaps you are not as smart as I had thought. None the less we have each other in a stalemate. Do you yield.* It wasn't so much a question as it was a rumination.

CHAPTER 6: DRAGON'S ROAR

Today, Tormark, we die together. He stated matter-of-factly, as if he'd already made peace with the universe. Releasing his safeties he pulled back on his firing mechanisms. Just before the weapons fired she yelled.

"Stop!"

And so he inched his finger off the trigger.

"You are not afraid to die?"

"My only fear is that I won't die in battle."

She powered down her weapons and allowed them to lower. "There, you have your shot. Take it young wolf. Take it and claim the right to say you killed Katana Tormark."

"I will not kill the defenseless."

"You are a fool young Hunter. Your sense of honor stinks of The Republic."

"Well thought out. You are correct. I am Private Theodor Hunter of the Traiarii Protectors." It was then that he moved. He'd been preparing during their chat. He had unbuckled and wormed out of his helmet, released the safeties on the latch of his cockpit door. The two second eject terminated. The entire cabin exploded as his seat ejected straight up into the Nyx. He'd moved to the far side of the cockpit, along the way he'd kicked the door open. Squatting by the computer banks he waited, the hunt was on once again.

She'd never had anyone destroy their 'Mech like this before. It had thrown her off, and the impact from the ejection seat still had her ears ringing. Collecting herself she scanned the area, he'd disappeared. *And crafty. Too bad he hadn't taken the bait, I suppose he gets to live another day.* She pulled her 'Mech upright and turned to leave. That's when it happened. Her cockpit door exploded inward. Part of the door smashed into her neuro helmet, the world threatened to go black.

"Today you become a prisoner of The Republic." Hunter yelled out as he entered the broken door, pistol leveled at her.

She released the controls and shut everything down and pulled the stabilizers off line. The 'Mech toppled to the ground, Hunter was thrown against the wall. The two were suddenly thrown into a melee combat. The combat was: attack, she struck high; counter attack, he arm blocked; defend, duck and jump; parry, thrust arm and strike. The two moved through the cockpit, and out onto the grounds. Hunter had trained in Martial Arts since he was a boy, today all of his training came into play. Extremely well fit and well muscled Hunter knew he would beat her, he knew it like the fire knows it is hot, like the water knows its own level. Thoughts and words were now gone, and had been replaced by action and instinct. The slightest wrong move meant death, or defeat at the least. Finally he was able to grab her arm and launch her into the air. Leaping after her his knee led the way for a killing blow. Her light frame and agility was the only thing that

CHAPTER 6: DRAGON'S ROAR

saved her life. Rolling away she rose. Blood flowed freely from more than one wound, several of her ribs were now broken, and her nose had been damaged to the point where once it was repaired it would never look the same and her beauty would be marred forever.

His eye had gone shut, he wasn't sure he would be able to see out of it ever again, his wrist was broken, and he could feel blood oozing from his ear. He was stronger, and would probably win this engagement, but at what cost?

Her stance went from defeated to ready. She knew this would be her last stance, her last breath, her time had come. She would take him with her if she could. She waited.

The wind wafted past them, tousling her hair. He looked at her and realized she was beautiful. "You know, you are very beautiful Ms. Tormark"

That was the last thing she had ever expected. So close to death, and a seed of life sprouted. He had lowered his stance to repose. "Your words honor me." She said softly.

"It was a pleasure dancing with you." He said with affection. Before he turned to leave he asked a question, "Next time I'm in your region may I call upon you?"

Her answer was swift, and very harsh.

His eyes opened slowly. It didn't seem fair that she had rebuked him so harshly. A first, his prey had escaped and had gotten the better of him. The cold muck he'd fallen in had most likely masked his heat signature. Arriving at his 'Mech he realized someone had powered it down. He began the process of powering it up. There was a note staked to the dash. He knew it was from her and he would read it once he was home. Once his 'Mech had powered up he switched on his com and spoke. "Sergeant, this is Hunter. What is our status?"

"Hunter? We thought you were dead. Rendezvous at pick up Alonzo, out."

I'll never understand why he has to give everything a Spanish male name. Alonzo...right. The carrier was waiting and he arrived hot, and under fire. They were being pulled off planet. The corvette had moved locations. The sky was filled with fighters and other ships. *Time to go,* he thought.

Pulling the note out of his pocket he read it again.

I look forward to dinner. Perhaps next time our meeting will be more fulfilling.

KT

He would hunt her again. Her beauty had infused itself into his mind's eye. Until then he would hunt others, but none would mean as much as she did.

The General had pulled them out of the system, diverting them to Styx. It was a small jaunt across the region to a planet that witnessed the first 'Mech engagement.

As the Republic forces arrived in system the battle was well underway. Combine forces were above the planet engaged in combat with some very capable fighters. In preparation for the question she knew was coming private Uzailia ran the signatures through their data base which had been infused with the knowledge and information from the Republic. It always came up with the answers.

"Private." The deck officer called out. "What does their signature mark them to be?"

"Sir. They are Ronin, a mercenary company." She had already grabbed the intel on the Ronin and loaded it to his data display.

"Transmit me the information on the Ro.." He paused looking at his display. "Good work private." He said as he scanned over the information on them. He signaled the Hastati Sentinel's Corporal to meet him in his ready room. The Corporal oversaw a Battalion of 'Mechs, a Company of vehicles, and a Battalion of men and Battle Armor. He was very good at what he did. His sole purpose in life seemed to be to engage in combat, support the ideals of The Republic, and win battles. The General made him aware of the players in the game. The Combine had given up attempting to negotiate with the Planetary Legate and had chosen to take the planet. Their flaw was that they failed to recognize Styx was still under the protection of The Republic, which is why they were here. It could be a long engagement but the party goers had arrived and Corporal Caius Augustus had been given an invitation.

"Are you ready?" The General inquired.

"Yes General. I am ready and have a plan. We will be victorious; we will make the Dragon Roar!"

CHAPTER 6: DRAGON'S ROAR

Rules of Engagement:

Rules Allowed: Total Warfare, Technical Manual, Tactical Ops, and Strategic Ops.

FW House Rules: Are in effect

Force Distribution:

'Mechs: IS/PF: Lance C: Star CS/WoB: Level II

Combat Vehicles: IS/PF: Lance C: Trinary CS/WoB: Level II

Infantry BA & ProtoMechs: IS/PF: Company C: Star CS/WoB: (2) Level II

Point Value: 300

PC (Planetary Conditions): Player 2 decides if there will be a PC or not. Player 1 may add or subtract 10% from the roll.

Objectives:

The Defender: The defender is treated as either: General Kurisota's Dragon's Fury, aka Republic's Fury; or The Republic. You have two choices: 1) Deploy all your points at the beginning of the game: Objective: achieve at least a minor victory, or 2) Deploy roughly 60% of your forces half way across the board. Deploy the remaining army, at your board edge, after one hour of game play. If you choose this option increase your Point Value by 50. Achieve VC3 by choosing a terrain feature on the board and taking it, and then holding the feature until your reserves reach the structure. The chosen structure must lie within the first 1/4 of your opponent's side of the board. Once your reserves reach the structure the game ends and points are scored. This represents your units successfully routing the Combine.

The Attacker: The Attacker is treated as the Draconis Combine, House Kurita. Your objective is to defeat the defending planetary forces and achieve a minor victory. If you successfully prevent your opponent from taking the structure you gain VC3.

Special Rules: Player 1 may choose to be the attacker or the defender unless a single player's faction is House is represented, then that player must participate in the event as his faction. Player 2 decides if the engagement will have a PC (Planetary Condition), which must be chosen randomly. Rules for PC may be found in Tac Ops. Order of play: players roll to determine initiative each turn. Winner decides if he will issue movement orders first or if opponent will. Players alternate in issuing orders to companies (groups of figures, eg. a Lance).

Holding the Structure: To hold the structure you must have a greater Point Total touching the structure for three turns. After the three turns you have gained control of the structure. Control of the structure is lost if your opponent's force (that is within 15" of the defending units), has a greater Point Total at the end of any turn.