

BATTLETECH™



MISSIONS

Character _____ Player _____ Cert _____

Mission: 3029-04a (Federated Suns)

Crash Landing

Wilds of Canoshal, Sarna, Capellan Confederation

September 7, 3029

Mission Results

- Prevent the enemies from stealing or scanning the blackbox (Mission Successful)
- Half the Players must not be severely damaged or destroyed (Bonus Objective) (+100,000 C-Bills)
- The Capellans escape with the intel (Mission Unsuccessful)
- Opposing Mech/Combat Vehicle destroyed by party (+1 XP each) (x_____)
- (Secret Objective): Capture the raven with the EW equipment undamaged (+100,000 C-Bills)

Mech Status

- Mech Survived
- Mech Severely Damaged
- Mech Destroyed

Pilot Status

- Pilot Survived
- Pilot Killed

C-Bill Reward _____ **XP Reward** _____

Salvaged Mechs

- Vindicator VND-1R (3,181,083 C-Bills)
- Raven RVN-1X (2,261,025 C-Bills)
- Charger CGR-1L (7,662,120 C-Bills)
- Cicada CDA-2A (3,705,217 C-Bills)
- Phoenix Hawk PHX-1 (4,067,540 C-Bills)
- Crusader CRD-3R (5,686,009 C-Bills)
- Stalker STK-3F (7,463,825 C-Bills)
- Cyclops CP-10-Q (9,149,260 C-Bills)

Additional Rewards

Heads Ups

When the head of your mech would be hit during the determining hit location step of the firing phase, you may spend a charge of this cert to reroll the hit location.

GM Signature _____ **Game Date** _____

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MISSIONS



Mission: 3029-04a (Federated Suns) Debrief
Crash Landing
Wilds of Canoshal, Sarna, Capellan Confederation
September 7, 3029

It's a long march from the dropship crash site to the new bivouac in a place called Graves Hollow, and you find yourself there a bit after dark. After several months on Sarna, however, you're starting to get used to "Roughing it" in makeshift portable shelters. They're somewhat better than tents, and they definitely could be worse. You've heard horror stories of pilots living in their 'mechs for weeks on end, and so far you've managed to avoid that fate. Still, that might explain the stink that can permeate the cockpits of some of the older 'mechs out there.

Far more troubling is the fact that, after several months on planet, the Lancers have run out of that excellent Lyran beer that you stocked up on back before you left Lyran space for the Federated Suns. You've been subsisting on confiscated Capellan beer for the past two months, and it's a really poor substitute. War is hell, as they say.

You suspect that's why you haven't seen Henrik as much lately. But he's at the Bivoac bar when you get there strung out from the long march. He hands you a glass of..something. You've heard rumors that the Crater Cobras have starting distilling moonshine using old heat sinks for their tubing. You really hope you can still see after this.

"The Combined command is worried that the Big Mac are about to make their move. So far we've been giving better than we've been getting in this campaign, but that can't last. Pretty soon they're going to put together that we're outnumbered two to one. The Screaming Eagles want to make their last stand here in Graves Hollow - the thick trees should make any assault slow and give the defenders a significant advantage, so it's a pretty solid plan. I've heard grumblings that the Cobras have some other plan - something involving an old factory, although they were being pretty cagey about the details. I'll let you know when I do."

You all look rather suspiciously at each other, him, and then, finally, your "drinks".

"Drink up", Henrik says, draining his. "It'll put hair on your chests."