

BATTLETECH™



MISSIONS

Character _____ Player _____ Cert _____

Mission: 3029-06a

Stop that Boat!

Graves Hallow

December 17, 3029

Mission Results

- Prevent all but one enemy mech from getting on the boat
- Prevent all mechs from getting on the boat (Bonus Objective) (+100,000 C-Bills)
- More than one enemy 'mech escapes (Mission Unsuccessful)
- Opposing 'Mech/Combat Vehicle destroyed by party (+1 XP each) (x_____)

Mech Status

- Mech Survived
- Mech Severely Damaged
- Mech Destroyed

Pilot Status

- Pilot Survived
- Pilot Killed

C-Bill Reward _____ XP Reward _____

Salvaged Mechs

- Catapult CPLT-C1 (5,790,124 C-Bills)
- Cataphract CTF-1X (5,998,053 C-Bills)
- Raven RVN-3X (2,922,525 C-Bills)
- Vindicator VND-1R (3,181,083 C-Bills)
- Charger CGR-1A5 (7,756,769 C-Bills)
- Dervish DV-6M (4,989,967 C-Bills)
- Atlas AS7-A (9,527,000 C-Bills)

Additional Rewards

Aerospace Strike

After your time on Sarna, you've earned some 'cred with your friendly aerospace forces. For each use of this cert you may call down a single Heavy Strike Aerospace mission (BMM pg78)

GM Signature _____ Game Date _____

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MISSIONS



Mission: 3029-06a Debrief
Stop that Boat!
Graves Hallow
December 17, 3029

You find yourself and the rest of your lance at a newly reopened mechwarrior bar in the city of Backtal called "Max's". After months of being on the run, either pursuing or being pursued, it's really nice to just sit down and have a nice cold beer for a change.

Of course, that's the problem with planets being at war. The beer tends to run out. When the light and heavy Davion guards arrived they did bring beer with them, but apparently not enough to share. Max does have some beer, but it's skunky Capellan crap that he had lying around before the Feds arrived. He does convince you to try something he calls Baiju, which he asserts is a Capellan delicacy going back millenia, since before mankind left Terra.

So, what the heck: You try it. He serves it to you in tiny cups at room temperature from a bright red bottle with Chinese writing all over it. Everyone raises their glasses, and, as Max instructs you, downs it quickly.

Hooboy.

Sam manages to sum up most of your feelings about it the most succinctly, describing it as tasting vaguely like what would happen if you mixed jet fuel with Scotty's Heat Sink Hooch, left it in the hot sun for, like, six months, and then sprinkled the remains of an infantryman who'd run afoul of the business end of a 'mech grade PPC over it. Oddly enough, Jingyi, who is from the Confederation originally, rather likes the stuff, but he's the only one.

Whatever. There's general concensus that if you guys never see Sarna again it'll be too soon. Fortunately, you've already got your next contract lined up.