

# BATTLETECH™

## MISSIONS

Character \_\_\_\_\_ Player \_\_\_\_\_ Cert \_\_\_\_\_

**Mission: 3030-03**

**Drop It Like It's Hot**

**Carbonis, Duchy of Orloff, Free Worlds League**

**May 23, 3030**

### Mission Results

- Control the access cards at the end of the session
- Get the access cards off the bottom or side edges of the map and/or Kill the atlas pilot. (Can complete both for double reward) (+100,000 C-Bills)
- The access cards are not recovered, left on the ground or an enemy mech steals them back.
- 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

- Atlas AS7-A (9,527,000 C-Bills)
- Centurion CN9-AH (3,529,749 C-Bills)
- Urbanmech UM-R60 (1,471,925 C-Bills)
- Ostsol OTL-4D (5,017,600 C-Bills)
- Trebuchet TBT-5S (4,023,500 C-Bills)
- Grasshopper GHR-5H (6,024,573 C-Bills)
- Cyclops CP-10-Z (9,217,660 C-Bills)

### Additional Rewards

**I Know a guy:** Cross off this cert to purchase any 'mech off of the Free World's League 'mech list that can be used by any Pilot in your stable. Alternatively: Any you may cross this cert off to give a FWL pilot permanent access to any 'mech in your stable that he would not normally have access to - such as a faction 'mech for any other faction.

GM Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Game Date \_\_\_\_\_

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## MISSIONS

**Mission: 3030-03 Debrief**  
**Drop It Like It's Hot**  
**Carbonis, Duchy of Orloff, Free Worlds League**  
**May 23, 3030**

With no more sign of the pirates behind you, you breathe a sigh of relief and stretch your arm. You've never had to so carefully manage your arm actuators, and your carpels are aching. Bringing your mech's arm around to right below the cockpit, you engage the motion locks and flip the release for your windshield. You expect a wash of desert heat, but the weather is strangely comfortable as you step out onto your mech's oversized arm, a hand on your cockpit to steady you. Looking out over the horizon, you watch as your fellow mechwarriors begin to coalesce around you as the sun sets behind them.

A glance down confirms that the keycards are safe, somehow making it through all of this. You reach down to pick them up and give a surely hard to spot thumbs up to the rest of your lancemates. With one last deep breath, you step back into your cockpit and place the keycards down next to your seat. After closing everything up and re-engaging your mech, you radio in confirmation before setting off towards the rendezvous point. The pirates' defenses should be easy to navigate through now that you're coming from the other side, and you doubt there are any more of them hidden in the dunes.

After shifting up the KPH of your speed, you recline back and watch as the rises and dips of the sand blend into each other. The open comms between your lancemates is filled with excited chatter and wishful musing. While you keep mostly quiet, you can't help but glance over to the keycard case next to your seat. After an exhale and a shrug you reach over and pick it up, laying it on your lap while you check to make sure you didn't knock anything on your dashboard. The pirates somehow got through whatever encryption was protecting that case, and you only have to undo a couple of clasps to see what's inside. Whatever you thought this would be, this isn't it. Inside the case is a solid metal rectangle. It's shiny as all hell, and you're left to see your own reflection even inside of your cockpit. You close the case and shake your head, you're sure Scotty will have the time of his life with this when you get back to the drop ship.

After a not so distant journey, you and the rest of the lance reach the extraction point. It's nighttime by now and you're left unaccosted as you load up into the dropship. After a clean entry, and a quick shower, it's off to the debrief, which is being held in the mess hall tonight. Everyone's tired, and fried chicken is being served for dinner, which means no one's leaving anytime soon.

There's no better sound than happy mechwarriors after a successful mission, but Sarge interrupts the cheery conversation and the crunching of food to finish business for the night.

"Okay boys, listen up! Good haul on the keycard tonight. If you've noticed Scotty's absence, it's because he's a little busy with his new toy." After a little chuckle from the room, he continues.

"The Capellans are more than pleased with the progress we've made. They're still hurting

after what the Feds did to them, so they're looking forward to our next update. Luckily for us, we're not too far off from that. The keycard isn't just a door opener, it's also a map. According to the preliminary data on it, there's a mountain range not too far from here that supposedly contains Fort Dunedin. The weather has always been strange around the area, which would explain why no one's ever found it. It's not all mountains up there apparently, so we're going to be heading up to check it out."

"Now for the bad news. While we've got a keycard, there were more than the one that we just took. I was hoping all of them were in that case, but I guess not. That means there's more floating around there. On top of that, Scotty doesn't think those guys you just fought are pirates at all. I mean, an Atlas AS7-A isn't something you just stumble into. Unfortunately, we've got no one to confirm that theory with, but it does mean I'm expecting trouble when we get to the next mission."

"That, though, is a problem to be solved later. You were all great today, enjoy your well earned meal and get some sleep." With that, Sarge pats the nearest mechwarrior on the back and stands up, leaving the rest of you to the meal. Normally, all this talk of keycards, SLDF forts, and strange pirates would have you up all night, but after a day like today, you know you'll sleep like a baby.