

BATTLETECH™

MISSIONS

Character _____ Player _____ Cert _____

Mission: 3030-04

The Race for Fort Dunedin

Carbonis, Duchy of Orloff, Free Worlds League

May 26, 3030

Mission Results

- Win the race to the depot.
- The race to the depot is a draw.
- Lose the race to the depot.
- Opposing 'Mech/Combat Vehicle destroyed by party (+1 XP each) (x_____)
- Enter the Depot _or_ capture the OPFOR's key. (+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

- Battlemaster BLR-1G (8,501,243 C-Bills)
- Charger CGR-1A1 (7,520,370 C-Bills)
- Ostron OSR-2M (5,040,960 C-Bills)
- Firestarter FS9-H (3,046,950 C-Bills)
- Griffin GRF-1N (4,957,107 C-Bills)
- Victor VTR-9B (8,044,319 C-Bills)
- Orion ON1-VA (6,674,500 C-Bills)

Additional Rewards

Proto CASE upgrade kit:

You may add a "Prototype" CASE module to a torso that has ammo in it. The Prototype CASE takes up one crit slot (so there must be space for it). Prototype CASE critical slots are not "Roll Again", but instead if the CASE is hit it no longer functions - so subsequent crits to ammo in that location count as regular ammo explosions. If prototype CASE is used to protect the 'mech from an ammo explosion, or if it is hit, mark off a box from this cert.

GM Signature _____ Game Date _____

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MISSIONS

Mission: 3030-04 Debrief
The Race for Fort Dunedin
Carbonis, Duchy of Orloff, Free Worlds League
May 26, 3030

With the Free Worlds League forces either broken or retreating, there's nothing left between you and Fort Dunedin. With the Fort having been interfacing with your keycard while the enemy was driven away, the large metal doors slowly begin to slide open. Inside is what appears to be an SLDF repair bay, except this one's been stripped clean. Everyone disperses inside, some even still in their mechs as they begin to look around hoping to find anything operational. After what feels like hours, only a single stack of crates is found, and one of your lancemates still in their mech moves them outside for the dropship to pick up.

Once back into orbit, the mood is rather somber. With the story of the Gray Death Legion having been on everyone's mind as they opened that door, finding only some crates is disappointing. Still, with all of the heavy fighting you've done these past few days, the payout sure has been good. Everyone is still alive, and you'll be able to coast for months as you pick up supplies and spare parts.

Suddenly though, Scotty bursts into the room, panting as he throws up his thumb to point behind him.

"I got the crates open..." He wheezes. In a flash of motion, everyone files out and down to the mechbay to see what he found. Inside one of the open crates looks to be a large container of some sort.

"It's CASE." Scotty says with a smile, coming to rest his arms on the railing. "It's not a lifetime supply, but it's enough to pass a few uses around to you all. If you put your ammunition into it instead of a normal bin, someone shooting it wont core your mech." The smile on his face, however, tells you that's not the end of the good news.

"That's not all though, these crates weren't supposed to be left here, but I guess they were in some sort of rush and so they couldn't grab everything. The thing is, they're still labeled with the destination, and while the coordinates are good, the system they lead to isn't labeled on any modern star maps. It has to be an SLDF cache, something hidden where no one would find it."

The news stuns the room into silence. The chance of finding ancient technology isn't gone, and there is now a path forward.

"It's a system in the Capellan confederation, we should radio them with what we've found." You nod, but you're not listening anymore. Everyone disperses quickly after that, finding their own spots on the ship to be alone with their thoughts. What could be in this cache? It could be the last contract you ever had to go on, or it might put you in the history records forever. After torturing yourself with possibilities, you figure a walk around the ship will do you good. As you make your way around, you pass by the bridge and overhear your comms officer, Jenny, relay something to Sarge.

“Sir...” She says. “The Capellans have responded to our report.”

“Already?” Sarge replies, footsteps following his question. Jenny’s response comes with a wary tone.

“Yes Sir. They say they will meet us there.”