

Solaris Sentinel

July 2001

Edition X

Welcome to the Tenth edition of the Solaris Sentinel! This edition has some special treats for you in the form of a Mechwarrior 3 scenario! That's not all of, of course. Starting with this month, I'll be giving a run down on the new Upgraded 'Mechs found in Record Sheets: Upgrades. The conclusion to the short story from last month is here, along with more hex base and terrain making techniques. Also, to start up a little interest, I have a friend "researching" the various Mechwarrior computer games and preparing an article about them. Hope you enjoy this edition! Remember to check for updates to the painting contest! Enjoy!

Ross Koga
Editor and Publisher



It's here!! I repeat: IT'S HERE! The Solaris Sentinel Brush Master Contest is officially open to the public! Starting at the first of June, I began advertising for this and have gotten initial results. I have rules up on the Solaris Sentinel home page for the three categories:

General: for the painters that don't general sell their work and paint for the fun of painting, you may submit 2 'Mechs with two pictures of each 'Mech. The reward for winning this will be a 'Mech painted by Ross Koga, and possibly modified by The Ogre.

Master: this category is for the likes of the painters that successfully sell their minis or whose skill plain scares other painters out of the contest. The reward for winning this category is an online graphic for the web site of the winner.

Lance/Star/Level II: this category is open for ALL painters, regardless of your skill. You may submit two lances/stars, with two pictures of each. Prize will be a mini painted by Ross Koga and possible modified by The Ogre.

E-mail me at daishi_dvs_2@hotmail.com with submissions, comments, threats, intimidations, or questions!

As you can see, this will be a fun event for everyone and I hope that everyone can abide peacefully by the judges decisions. **I AM NOT JUDGING**, so if your mini doesn't win, don't get upset with me! I'm entering the contest as well, although it will be in the master's category. So, go grab your brushes and paints, and get to painting!! Good luck!!!

Ross Koga
Editor and Publisher

Editorial: The BattleTech Community



The other night I was talking to George “Skyhigh” Blouin about his site, Solaris 7, miniatures, and the general reputation of the larger web boards out on the Internet that cater to the BattleTech On-Line Community. The idea of a Community. That conjures up images of a place where one goes to get help and take part in productive discussions concerning our favorite hobby, BattleTech. Yet, it so often happens that this is not the case. You drop into Solaris 7 or Sarna and are immediately greeted with large-scale flame wars from time to time. Sarna was even shut down once because its owner and creator was so disgusted at the general level of indecency that was taking place there. Why is this happening and what are the causes? I have a few fingers to point and I'll do so now.

One, the old guard, the people that have played since it was called BattleDroids and are proud to let you know it. These people generally despise the Clans, Field Manual Tech, and level 2 in general. They have a tendency to claim that they know better from their experience alone and that since you use the accursed level two technologies, you are inherently munchkin. They are stuck in 3025 and don't want to leave. Basically, they **are** the Clans: they are unable to adapt to a changing environment. They ridicule and tear down, hell bent on trying to conform the rest of the Community to their old vision of BattleTech. These people can at times be an instigator of trouble.

Two, the green munchkin, and I use this term to full meaning. They are the ones who have a captured Clan factory for their rouge Clan Mercenary unit and build custom level 3 tech OmniMechs that come straight off the line with only one configuration. These people seem to have no clue as the way things REALLY are in the BattleTech story line and could care less. They take offense to being called a munchkin and answer back to the old timer with heated words. And thus a flame war is born.

The finale member of the community I can stereotype is the “regular”. This individual is one that has been on-line for a while and is an even mix of old-timer and green munchkin. These people try to not offend many with their views and are generally loyal to one faction or delight in playing them all. They also try to help others that want information for the most part and are slow to name-calling in any flame wars they might find themselves in. Although not perfect, they generally are good bunch.

If a discussion is going sour, jump in and apologize for the jerk that is being rude and crude and offer some real advice, not just some self-ego-inflating ridicule.

Now, with my stereotyping done, you are probably mad because you feel I have labeled you into a particular group? Note this: each group is at fault and can be blamed for some of the reputations that the two large Community sites have. Old Guards cling to the past and try to criticize others for their living in the present. Green Munchkins cause trauma by their total lack of reality or their total lack of knowledge and inability to comprehend what they are doing to the Community. The Regular is also to blame here, believe it or not. Many won't take the time to straighten out the green munch. These individuals tend to ignore the old guard, as they know that they can't change them.

Okay, what can be done here, or do you even see a problem? Myself, I've always hated posting on Sarna because I was attacked once when I first joined the community. The hostile attitudes of quite a few people are our main problem. Right about now we need to be coming together, not coming apart at the seams. One of the things I've noticed from my short ride on-line with the Community is that there really isn't an influx of new players on-line. Part of the blame can go to FASA, but part of it is on US. New people are treated badly and are run off. At this time we need as many new players as we can get, especially with no news from WizKids.

What we need is for the experienced veterans to show some kindness, for crying out loud, and show the new players how it should be done. If a discussion is going sour, jump in and apologize for the jerk that is being rude and crude and offer some real advice, not just some self-ego-inflating ridicule.

So, in conclusion, what can be done? Well, first look in the mirror and see what you have contributed to the Community, be it good or bad. Then, evaluate how you can make it better. When you are tempted to tell someone, “YOU SUCK,” please refrain! God, I sound like a mother right about now.

::End Rant::

Till next time!

Ross Koga
Editor and Publisher
Solaris Sentinel

For more info, check out this site: <http://www.winternet.com/~mikelr/flame1.html>

“Urban Wrecker”

{The ending}

John stabbed the peddles of his jump jets once more and descended off of the 95 meter tall building, locking his sites on the battered *Canis*. The *UrbanMech* IIc fell like a lead weight, even as John applied more thrust to break his fall. The damaged left torso jet acted up again, causing his ‘Mech to veer slightly. John gave up trying to control the ugly “walking trashcan” and concentrated on landing the 30 ton light-assault ‘Mech. *There*, he thought. *That reflecting pool should work nicely*. The *UrbanMech*’s feet impacted into the pool, splashing tidal waves in all direction. John whipped his torso to the right, firing a double burst from his UAC-10 autocannon, spreading shells into the back of the Star Colonels’ *Canis*.

This was the final moments of battle and John could feel it. Star Commander Rick and John were all that was left of the demi-star that had undertaken this trial. They were attacking the lone survivor of Star Colonel Dakari Topol’s star, his personal *Canis*. *In true Rho form*, John thought, *we are breaking the Clan honor code willingly*. John caught the illumination from Rick’s lasers as the *Incubus* unleashed it’s arsenal on the remaining frontal armor of the *Canis*. With his targeting crosshairs firmly over the *Canis* rear torso, John launched another double burst from his cannon, striking the non-existent armor of the *Canis*’ left torso and left arm. The shells pounded the skeleton of the arm, snapping it in two like a tooth pick. The Star Colonel didn’t even seem to notice as he fired at the *Incubus*. This raised John’s eyebrow. *Fine, don’t look back here. Have a few more rounds!*

John triggered his cannon again, the barrels spinning out of control as they let lose another double blast of shells. The whining of the gun continued until two clips of ammo were spent. John heard the familiar sound of clips being ejected and fresh clips being chambered. The *Canis* did not move, even as Rick let loose with more laser fire to the frontal armor. John shrugged his shoulders and then let loose with another blast, spearing deep into the internals of the assault ‘Mech. The ‘Mechs ammunition for one of it’s autocannons spilled out onto the round, some of it rolling into the pool that John was wading in. Rick’s lasers cut into the assault ‘Mech from the front again, but this time, the *Canis*’ right arm came up, sending two laser bolts in the direction of the *Incubus*. John heard a scream from Rick as the first bolt lanced into the head. The screams died as the second bolt followed the first, ending Rick’s life. The *Incubus* stood there for a few more seconds, waving in the wind. Then gravity took over, and the ‘Mech began to wobble; first forward, then back. The legs gave out and the machine fell to the ground like a rag doll a child was

through playing with.

Blind rage settled over John as he triggered an Alpha strike into the back of the *Canis*. The shells all hit in the left torso, sheering it from the big assault 'Mech. The 'Mech kept it's feet and turned to met it's finale aggressor. John waited for the next clip to load into his autocannon, then let loose another burst, striking the center torso of the *Canis*. The *Canis*' right arm ER large lasers drilled holes in the *UrbanMechs*' torso armor. The autocannon on the *Canis* remained surprisingly silent, but John noticed that the barrel had a gapping hole in it from one of Rick's assaults. He stopped watching the assault 'Mech and opened fire once more, this time striking the engine in the center torso. The *Canis* staggered, and fell to the ground. John looked at his computer consul and realized he had destroyed the big 'Mechs extra-large engine. Well, that takes care of that, he thought.

"Galaxy Commander, I now ask for the right to form my own star. This defeat for you should prove my skill. And about the posting, I will decide that as well. Seyla."

{Sorry for the short ending, but I forgot that the end was really this short! I played my g/f using the exact forces listed, and this is the actual outcome of the battle. She killed my Incubus in one turn with two ER LL shots to the head.}

Solaris Simulator- Starting Up!

As I sat at work assembling lawn mowers the other day, an idea struck me. Funny what can enter your brain when you're sitting around doing manual labor and not really thinking. One of the things that strikes me about BattleTech is that fact that communication is not really a problem when it's your lance against a friends. Well, what if we got each 'Mech a pilot? That would make things A LOT more interesting! So, to begin the Simulator series off, I went on IRC and began getting volunteers for the battle. So far, all of the 'Mechs in the Inner Sphere SLDF company are taken as well as the Clan force. This battle is planned to be played out on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of July. In the future, I plan to cater to groups who want to gain some coordination or just want to have a good time, probably with smaller battles like lance vs. lance or star vs. star. I hope this will be a fun way to start looking at BattleTech, hope you will to!

Ross Koga
Editor and Publisher

-Gamer's Union-

Your one stop shop for all your BattleTech needs, Gamers Union caters to those who can't find minis, sourcebooks, scenarios, or technical read-outs. Ed "HToM" Karl runs this service, bringing you the cheapest prices in town and guaranteeing you quality. Having done business with him, I can assure you he knows his stuff and is fair and honest. If you are looking for a particular mini, chances are Ed has it up for sale, so swing buy and check

him out! Oh, and don't forget to register before you shop! <http://www.gamers-union.com>

Interview with Brian "Piranha" Plunkitt

How long have you been painting miniatures?

Seriously... I'd say about 4 years.

What got you started painting BattleTech Miniatures?



When I started playing BattleTech. Cannot have a bunch of bare minis running around the field. Might as well leave them in the blister!

What is your most favorite paintjob you have done on a 'Mech?

Right now... my Clan Wolf *Mad Dog*.

What's your favorite painting technique and why?

Do not really have one. I have a hard enough time just deciding on what color to use!

Any pointers you could give on your favorite techniques?

Paint what you like. If it makes you happy, that is all that matters.

How do you regard some of the other "master" painters on the net, such as Dave Fanjoy, J. Frazier, or Ron Smith?

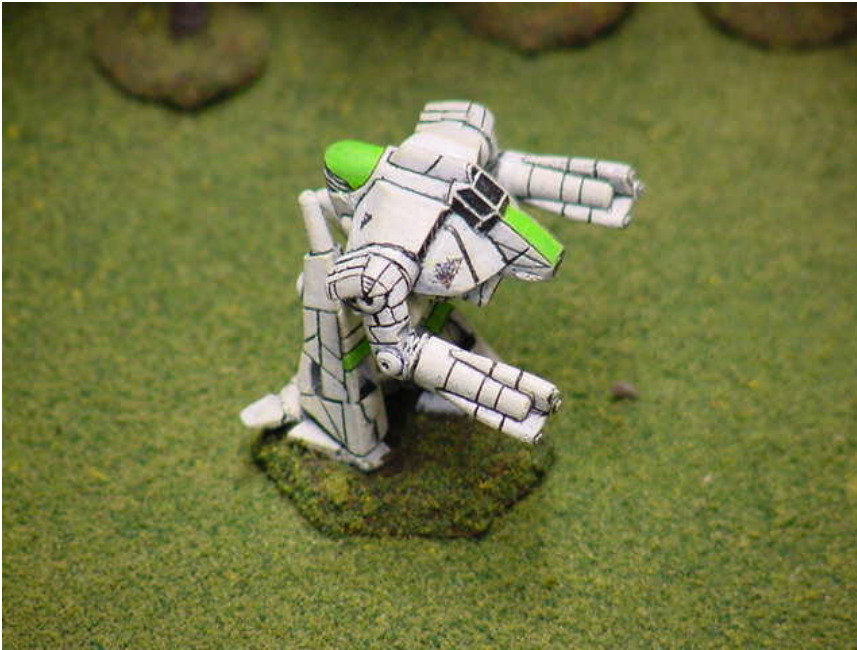
Ron Smith is arguably the busiest man in the BattleTech painting field. His camo patterns cannot be beat. Dave Fanjoy is a master of the airbrush. He is also the only person I know willing to sit down and hand paint hexagons on a BattleTech figure. The guys at The Mini

Factory (Jan, Kevin, Lee, and Scott) are all on their way up. And I would keep my eye on Michael "Bannockburn" Lanebner. He is going to put us all out of a job!

Any interesting stories you might want to relate?

Fanjoy and I game from time to time. You would think that when the two of us would get together, the table would be full of nicely painted minis. Not the case. It is full of bare minis half assembled or 'Mechs that are in desperate need of stripping. Only a couple of nice minis are ever on the table and they are usually the first to die.

Describe the decal process and do some free advertising for yourself!



The decals are white backed to stand out on the darkest of paints. They are printed with a special printer at 2400 dpi. That is why most of the best painters use my decals. Each sheet of emblems comes in 4 sizes. I can also do custom decals.

Visit Brian's site at <http://www.evilnet.net/~scrapyardmecha/>

'Mech of the Month – A Look at Record Sheets: Upgrades

The first 'Mech I decided to highlight was the CGR-SA5 *Charger*. This 'Mech, while not as fast as the "traditional" *Charger*, can still reach speeds of it's predecessor with the MASC system. Lack of jump jets can also be a hindrance, but not necessarily a large one. This 'Mech has "cavalry unit" written all over it. Speed is the name of the game, with the MASC

helping it a lot. I have used this version of the *Charger* once, and didn't use it as a cavalry unit. I ended up using it in a defensive roll, which was quickly run over by Capellan 'Mechs. The *Yu Huang* that assaulted the SA5 *Charger* quickly broke it. Of course, the *Charger* only hit 1-4 times with the LB-20X, while the *Yu Huang* hit all 4 times. So, here is your first glimpse at a Record Sheets: Upgrades machine, enjoy!

Type/Model: **Charger CGR-SA5**
Tech: Inner Sphere / 3062
Config: Biped BattleMech
Rules: Level 2, Standard design

Mass: 80 tons
Chassis: Endo Steel
Power Plant: 320 Light Fusion
Walking Speed: 43.2 km/h
Maximum Speed: 86.4 km/h
Jump Jets: None
Jump Capacity: 0 meters
Armor Type: Standard

Armament:

- 2 Streak SRM 6s
- 3 ER Medium Lasers
- 1 LB 20-X AC

Manufacturer: (Unknown)

Location: (Unknown)

Communications System: (Unknown)

Targeting & Tracking System: (Unknown)

Type/Model:		Charger CGR-SA5	
Mass:	80 tons		
Equipment:		Crits	Mass
Internal Structure:	122 pts Endo Steel (Endo Steel Loc: 3 LA, 7 RA, 2 LL, 2 RL)	14	4.00
Engine:	320 Light	10	17.00
Walking MP:	4		
Running MP:	6 [8]		
Jumping MP:	0		
Heat Sinks:	12 Double [24]	0	2.00
Gyro:		4	4.00
Cockpit, Life Support, Sensors:		5	3.00
MASC:		4	4.00
Actuators:	L: Sh+UA+LA+H, R: Sh+UA+LA+H	16	.00
Armor Factor:	247 pts Standard	0	15.50

	Internal Structure	Armor Value
Head:	3	9
Center Torso:	25	40
Center Torso (Rear):		10
L/R Side Torso:	17	27/27
L/R Side Torso (Rear):		7/7
L/R Arm:	13	26/26
L/R Leg:	17	34/34

Weapons & Equipment:	Loc	Heat	Ammo	Crits	Mass
2 Streak SRM 6s (Ammo Loc: 1 LT)	LA	8	15	5	10.00
1 ER Medium Laser	RT	5		1	1.00
1 LB 20-X AC (Ammo Loc: 3 LT)	RT	6	15	14	17.00
1 ER Medium Laser	LT	5		1	1.00
1 ER Medium Laser	HD	5		1	1.00
CASE Equipment:	LT			1	.50
TOTALS:		29		76	80.00
Crits & Tons Left:				2	.00

Calculated Factors:

Total Cost: 17,751,240 C-Bills
Battle Value: 1,717
Cost per BV: 10,338.52
Weapon Value: 2,634 / 2,323 (Ratio = 1.53 / 1.35)
Damage Factors: SRDmg = 41; MRDmg = 13; LRDmg = 0
BattleForce2: MP: 4, Armor/Structure: 6/5
Damage PB/M/L: 6/5/-, **Overheat:** 1
Class: MA, **Point Value:** 17

Created with HeavyMetal Pro

Mechwarrior Scenario

by

Nadin Brzezinski

This scenario is meant for four to six players, preferably beginning characters. This scenario should be easy to adapt to any ongoing campaign with little effort, but is also a good beginning for a campaign. It does require a specialist in Security Systems, a specialist in computers and an engineer or two. Hired guns will be good for team security.

“Good you decided to come.” Mister Osprey starts, while shifting his eyes from side to side. Looks like he is nervous about something. You are in a middle class eatery, catering to people out for lunch, in a white class area of town. New Avalon seems to be a bustling city. Though the media is starting to support Katherine’s claim to the throne. “Please take a seat. We have arranged for lunch.” The staff brings you whatever you order within reason.

“Look, I need you to do a job. Seems Doctor Mathias Martell has found a new targeting system. I need you to get the data. Data is power, and frankly coming out of there with a full Targeting System will be impossible. The darn thing weights two tons. It’s based on the Sloane 220. <as you meet his gaze with empty eyes> the Tarcomp in the Clint. You know the predecessor to the Clan targeting Computer.

As you ask questions Mister Osprey reveals information slowly. The data is at two places. The main research lab at the NAIS, and Doctor Martell’s house. Actually in his computer drive. Yet, the drive is secured by a computer firewall, which makes hacking a possibility, though distant. (If the players should decide to do this, first they have to log on to a network, easy. Once they get to the Fire Wall it will require a couple rolls at TN 30 just to get pass the firewall. And then decreasing rolls to play inside the computer. No roll under TN 20. If they should fail it... that will alert the authorities and they will have to lay low for a couple of months) Professor Martell’s house is located in an upper class apartment building with integral security. The NAIS would not have it any other way, since the Professor does work at home a good percentage of the time.

If you ask Mister Osprey who wants the info, he will tell you that you are getting paid to do it, not to ask question. And if he told you, he would have to kill you. In the end you should have the feeling that Osprey is his current ID, not necessarily his real ID. Though the contract is very good. They will pay you half a million ComStar Bills now and a million and a half on completion, as well as a way out of New Avalon, anywhere in the Inner Sphere or even the Periphery.

Mister Daniel Osprey.
House Liao Maskirovka Agent.
Strength 4
Body 5
Dexterity 6
Reflexes 5
Intelligence 7

Willpower 6
Charisma 6
Edge 5
Social Standing 5

Traits

In for life.
Enemy (Regional Director of MII6, Khatil)
Combat Sense
Commission 3
Alternate Identity.
Wealth 5
Well Equipped 5
Addiction 2 KZ

Relevant Skills

Perception +4
English +4
French +2
Mandarin +5
Pistols +3
Computers +4
SMG +2
Security Systems +5
Streetwise Davion +3
Streetwise Liao +5
Demolitions + 3
Blades +6
Military Martial Arts +6
Negotiations +3

Mister Osprey is a short man with slight epicanthic folds. His jade green eyes belly intelligence, but his constant jittery feet reflect his need for KZ. His hair, worn to the current fashion, is jet black and his skin has a slight olive tint to it. Though his accent is cultured and makes you believe he was born on New Avalon. He is also wearing whatever is in fashion on the planet, and passes very well for a mid level company executive on this rock.

Information. The GM should give this data slowly to the players. Mister Osprey is using the Players to get this information since his own team never got to planet. MII4 seems to have a handle on what is going on. Yet, he needs the information or his masters on Sian will not like him, and losing a couple of these foreigners is just fine.

Once you accept he tells you where the objective is. Doctor Martell's apartment is at Hanse Davion Boulevard and Broadway, a busy corner in the upper class area of New Avalon. The apartment is actually the penthouse of a 30 level apartment building. The main entrance of the apartment building is guarded by a security guard attached to the local police. This is not

a rent-a-cop, but a professional police officer, with radio communications to the local police station, which is but five minutes away.

If the players decide to scope the target, there is a small restaurant, Weizzman's Café, across the corner. It is a deli style restaurant. The owner is Mister David Weizzman, an older Jew, who keeps a kosher style establishment. (For the GM reference, yes it is a New York Style deli). Mister Weizzman knows the locals very well, since many of the building's residents eat at the deli on a regular basis, including Doctor Martell. Doctor Martell is very well known by the old man, since the Professor likes the thick barley soup with dark bread and butter, coffee, the newspaper and a good chat. The man will also tell stories of the Liao attack on the NAIS back during the Fourth Succession War, which was exciting to the man. He is chatty about the residents of the building and this should give the GM an opportunity to create a stock of NPCs to populate the place. You know old Miss Smith, who lives on Apartment 302, and never comes out until well into the afternoon. Of course there is Mister Alvarez, who leaves when old Mister Weizzman is opening about 0600 hours and does not come back until well after the local star sets down. He also knows the schedule that Professor Martell keeps. Professor Martell goes to the NAIS only on Monday and Wednesday, the rest of the week he works at home. But if the players seem too curious the old man will get suspicious and clamp down. Though he is a very good source of information.

The first problem in penetrating the building is the security guard, but sanitation workers are not even given a second look. The elevator for the domestic service does reach all the way to the top, once they find it. But it does require the players to punch a code. (Security Systems, TN 18, The electronic Bypass Kit will only make it 16). If they should decide to charge in instead of using finesse, the police will show up in oh four combat rounds, as in twenty seconds.

Once inside, they find a very orderly apartment, which was cleaned that morning. The computer is in an office off the main living room, and there is a chance that Martell will be there. If the professor is there, use the stats for a passerby, he is not a combat person, and his relevant skills would not help him in a combat situation. Though he will first die than reveal where the file for the Targeting Computer is..

Once you reach the computer, first off hope the players brought a disk to record the data in. Second off, they need to get over the security system. The system will be broken by a crypto roll of TN 20. After all they do not need to go through the fire wall. Of course identifying the real article from all the gibberish in there will require an engineering roll with a TN 22, after all you may know what a Sloane 220 Lockover system is, but your character probably doesn't. Once they succeed in their mission, what do they do with the professor if he was there? And did they leave any evidence behind? Did your PCs bring gloves, or did they leave finger prints all over the place? This will determine how hard it will be for the PCs to get off planet. After all, how do you flee if they know who you are? And if they killed the Professor, though very Maskirovka, will also add murder in the first degree to the charges, once MII4 and the police arrive on scene.

If and when you get off planet you will be able to travel to the Chaos March, where hiding

from MII4 will be easier. Now if the party decides to leave the Inner Sphere and go hide in the Periphery... House Liao will provide you with the passage to do so. And yes, you are now In for Life with the Maskirovka, who knows exactly what you did. And did I mention that they will deduct the JumpShip fee from your fee? Not that you can protest after all. In the end the players should end with 50, 000 ComStar Bills.

If the players take too long, or the GM decides to jump tracks.

III4 was successful in stopping most of the Maskirovka Operatives, but they still know that the Mask will try. Hence they have kept an eye on the same building you have. Sooner or later they will get suspicious. But, as long as you have not done a thing, they cannot arrest you. Enter Agent number two. As you seat in the deli enjoying some herring, on black bread and tea... you see this dark tainted man come in. He wears dark shades, and a very well tailored business suit. He approaches the players, with some of his friends taking strategic positions. He takes out of an inside pocket his MII4 badge, and you can see the Autopistol on a shoulder holster with a fairly good perception, he wants you to see it. (TN 8)

“Agent Charles Fitzpatrick, MII4.” He states with a melodious voice. “Before you gentlemen (and ladies) decide to do anything rash, my boys have taken position. And no, you are not under arrest, but please give me an excuse.” (Yes he has an attitude and the GM should portray this) If the players decide to make a perception they see several gentlemen wearing suits, nod to them. A couple will even pull their heavy coats to the side, revealing Rorinex SMGs. Definitely the players should feel trapped, and if they do anything rash, that is the excuse Agent Fitzpatrick needs to bash heads. And in this case only rolling a two will fail the perception. They are being that obvious.
Use the stats for soldiers for his boys in MW 3.

Agent Fitzpatrick.

III4 Federated Suns.

Strength 6

Body 5

Dexterity 6

Reflexes 7

Intelligence 5

Willpower 5

Charisma 5

Edge 5

Social Standing 4

Relevant skills

Martial Arts Military +6

Pistols +5

Intimidation +6

Interrogation +5

Blade +3

Perception +5

English +5
Tactics Infantry +5
Leadership +4

Yes, the players should have the feeling that they annoyed somebody high up.

“Now that we have an understanding, we are going somewhere we can talk. Cafes and restaurants are for rank beginners.” The man says with scorn. If you follow him there will be as many Avanti Hover cars waiting outside as PCs. They will ask each player to get into a different car, and they will drive you to a Ministry of Intelligence and Operations safe house on New Avalon. On the way over the agent will make polite conversation trying to find out what you people were after. Oh and the windows are tinted and you really cannot see where they are taking you. Once you arrive after a good two hours drive, (mostly in circles) you enter the safe house. There you will meet Colonel Stark, seating at a table. Colonel Stark is the Planetary Commander for MII4 and wears a pristine uniform. The man asks you to take a seat across him. He knows he is safe, after all his goons are there and any weapons you had were taken away from you.

“Nice going there boys. So who hired you to try to steal something we care too much for?” If you try to deny it, he will just play recordings of all the questions you have been asking. He will meet your eyes. “Look boys spying usually gets you a bullet after a very public trial. But I’m a nice guy. Lead me to this man, and I will let you go, with about 10,000 C-Bills and your life.” If the players decide to play ball with MII4, they will be able to give enough information for the boys at MII4 to nail the Liao Mask Agent, who will be tried, convicted and shot. If they do not, well the players are looking at some jail time because they have enough circumstantial evidence to charge them with spying. But not enough to earn the players a bullet.

After MII4 takes the Liao agent down, assuming the players played ball, Colonel Stark invites the players to his office. Going through security screens should make the players somewhat nervous. In his office they meet Doctor Martell, who is a short man. He also wears glasses and has a twitch of his left hand. “You realize boys that you almost gave House Liao the data for a Clan Targeting Computer? We are close to finalizing the development.” The Colonel starts. Then he asks you to seat down. “We think we can use you. If you care to join. We are going to plant some false leads on Solaris Seven, the Game World. We think we can make them bite. And it looks like you had nothing to do with it. Just in case, we can give you a second ID, and some training.” (Note this offer will only be made if the party has NO Liao affiliation players, or if the Liao affiliation player decides to resign all his ties with his former house.)

XP. If the players do extremely well on either track 8 points plus whatever extra the GM decides to give. Otherwise look at the guidelines in MW 3.



7th Ghost Atlas by Sal Crump

Well, that concludes this issue of the Solaris Sentinel. Sorry for amount that I had to write, but real life interfered with my other writers. Hopefully next month will have more variety. Should also include an interview with Randall Bills and some more terrain articals and tactic stuff. So, stay tunned! Have a great summer and I hope to see you next time, for edition 11!! Enjoy!

Ross Koga
Editor and Publisher
Solaris Sentinel