

AURORA

THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:
EDEN FORCE OPTIONS
SILCORE VARIANT RULES
FICTION, FICTION, FICTION!



AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE
TABLE OF CONTENTS
VOLUME 7, ISSUE 1

Shades in the Night... <i>Editor's Message</i>	2
About the Authors <i>The Whos and Copyright Information</i>	3
North MP Unit <i>House Rules for Heavy Gear Blitz! by Talon Waite</i>	5
Kraut Patrol <i>Graphic Novel set in Gear Krieg by John Bell</i>	6
Matryoshka <i>Fiction set in Heavy Gear by Chris Gunning</i>	9
Shenron's Sweetdicolous Houserules <i>House Rules for SilCORE by Talon Waite</i>	13
Strangers Things <i>Fiction set in Heavy Gear by Scott McIntyre</i>	16
Eden Force Options <i>House Rules for Heavy Gear Blitz! by Kevin Heide</i>	20
Jovian Koma <i>Gallery Image set in Jovian Chronicles by John Bell</i>	26
Where the Truth is Hidden <i>Fiction set in Heavy Gear by Brandon Keith Fero</i>	27
Alfie's Tanners <i>Graphic Novel set in Gear Krieg by John Bell</i>	36
Submission Guidelines <i>How to Submit Material to Aurora</i>	39
Article Suggestions <i>What Aurora is Looking For</i>	40

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE SHADES IN THE NIGHT

From the Editor...

The essence of all beautiful art, all great art, is gratitude.

— Friedrich Nietzsche

You've probably noticed that this issue is about a month late. And you may have been wondering why... or perhaps even wondering if Aurora would slip gracefully into the night after six glorious years.

The answer to the second one: not a chance! We will gracefully continue our light show of fan material for the DP9 universes, so long as there is material for there to show!

Nicely, this dovetails with the answer to the first question. At submission time we had less than enough articles to publish the magazine, and so we chose to get the word out and delay a month. The delay also gave us time to give some thoughts towards Aurora's future.

Again, we are not going anywhere. Looking back, it has been six amazing years of publication: all the articles, our contributors, and the enthusiasm shown for both the magazine and the DP9 games. It has been fabulous. And to keep that fabulosity going, we want to grow. Grow to entice more readers, grow to a greater pool of contributors, and grow to serve the needs and wants of you, the gaming public.

How can Aurora serve you, your creative needs, your playing needs, your GMing needs, your audience (for your work) needs, and more? Send us your thoughts at auroramag@gmail.com...

And we here at Aurora HQ invite you to become an Aurora ambassador! Your duty, should you take the commission, is simply to talk us up whenever you get the chance, be it on a forum, at your local game shop, your gaming buddies, online, etc. Let everyone know we are a welcoming bunch and all our material is submitted by regular readers and fans. Some of our contributors have even gone on to be hired in the industry. We are a great bunch and we're a great place to hone your skills.

I've tweaked the submission guidelines a bit as well – please check them out at the end of the issue.

It's 2013. The 13th baktun has started, and on our clean slate we're ready to fire things up. May the year be filled with joy, peace, and gaming. May the only combat that sees the light of day occur on the gaming table and not in the world proper.

Welcome to issue 7.1 of your Silhouette Magazine.
Game on,

Oliver Bollmann
Aurora Magazine Editor

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ENLIST TODAY!



OFFICIAL-DP9

"Official" Dream Pod 9 rules, updates and materials can be found in the Gear Up magazine, available at DP9's store on RPGnow.com.

HOME BREW RULES

All material inside Aurora is fan submitted and are not regarded as official and do not change the games or the DP9 game-universes as written in the books. Aurora material may not be used in tournament or other official play and may differ from current or future books. Any Aurora rules or material should only be used if all players agree upon their inclusion before play.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Brandon Keith Fero (thanatos_storm@hotmail.com) -- *Where the Truth is Hidden*

I would just like to thank Kannik for all of his hard work on this e-magazine, I'd like to thank the ladies and gentlemen who have worked so hard on Heavy Gear and to all their family members who have supported them, and to the fans who have continued to make the game both fun, and the forums just the right amount of 'real' for me to keep my head straight. Finally, I thank God for granting me blessings to live and work well, and I pray He blesses you all deeply in the coming weeks. Until the next issue, God bless.

Chris "Praetorian" Gunning (shapeshifter13@hotmail.com) -- *Matryoshka*

John Bell (jakarnilson@magma.ca) -- *Alfie's Tanners, Kraut Patrol & Jovian Koma*

He gets labeled a "walking-talking encyclopedia." He draws what goes through his mind. He builds what he can't afford. He walks what others would take a lift for. He'd probably trade in his bike for a real, working Ferret; but then again, who wouldn't?

Kevin Heide (savage_bastard9999@yahoo.ca) -- *Eden Force Options*

Hello from the west coast!

Oliver Bollmann (auroramag@gmail.com) -- *Editor*

It all started in a hobby store one day twenty odd years ago with an odd box containing something called Top Secret. Since then games have just become a big part of his life. He's been in love with the DP9 universes since the first HG release and began his direct involvement with the Pod crew a couple of years ago. He also runs a gaming imprint *Kannik Studios at rpgnow*:

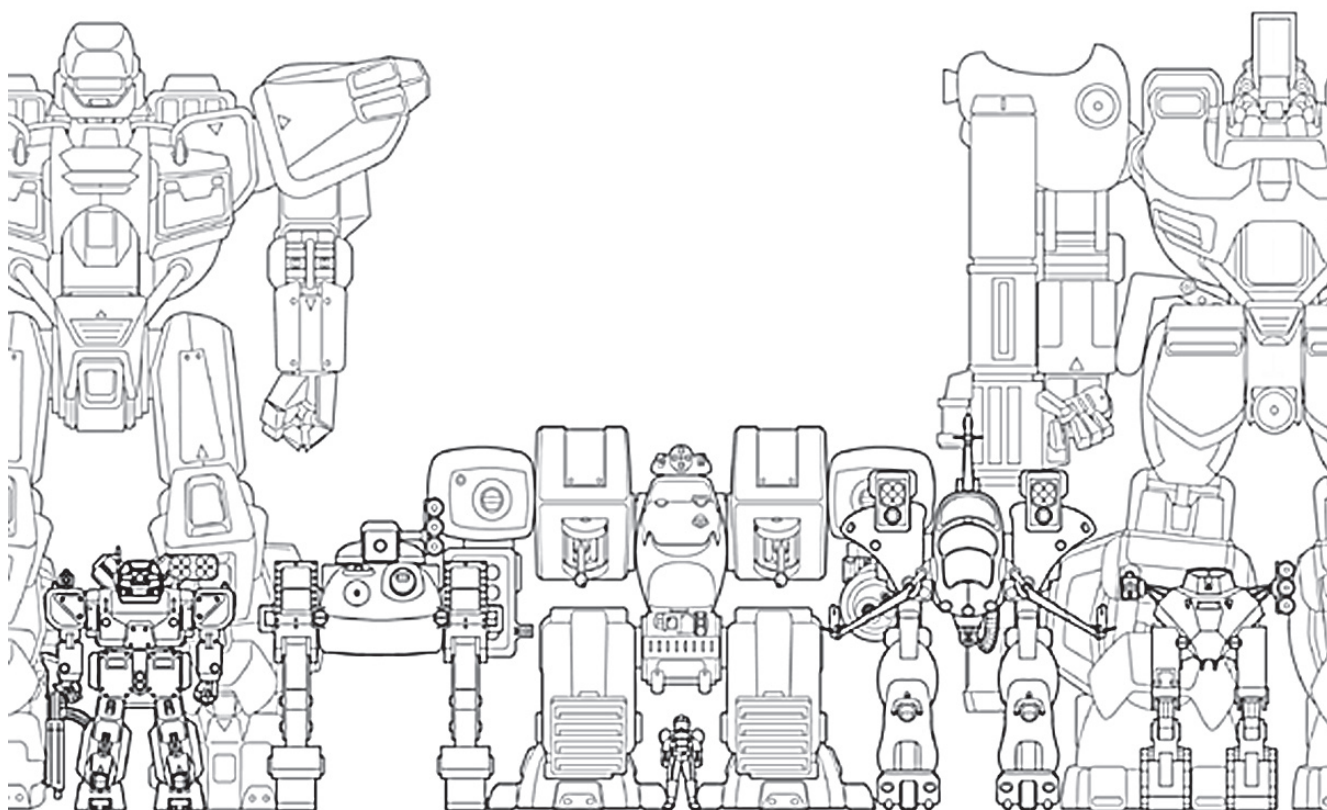
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AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ABOUT THE AUTHORS



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Aurora Magazine, Volume 7, Issue 1, Published February 1st, 2013

Since I first started playing heavy gear I have always felt that the North needed M.P. squads. For the longest time the fluff aspect of it did not fit because the North does not have the problems that the South does. Though, awhile back I got inspired and figured they do not need to be exactly like the South. They appear to function in the same role, but actually are an advanced Urban Assault unit underneath, so the Northern M.P.'s were born on my desktop. They are based on the Southern M.P. squads and the Northern Ranger Squads.

OVERVIEW

The M.P. squads in the north originated from the need to help keep their growing military population honest and to help quell tensions between civilians and military personal. The truth is that this was just a cover function for the M.P. squads. In reality the Northern M.P. Squads are actually trained for advanced Urban Warfare for repelling attacks in cities and to be dropped in urban areas for assault or defense missions if so required.

ARMIES

Northern Guard	Specialist
Northern Lights Confederacy	Specialist
United Mercantile Federation	Specialist
Western Frontier Protectorate	Specialist



HOME
BREW
RULES

Mandatory Swap Options for Various Faction Restrictions or Generic Swap Options:

- Cheetah to Ferret for -30 TV
- Cheetah to Weasel for -25 TV
- Cheetah to Stripped Down Hunter for -40 TV
- Cheetah to Bobcat for -15 TV
- Jaguar to Hunter -25 TV

BASIC UNIT + SKILLS

ALL STANDARD LOADOUT

Combat Group Leader

1x Jaguar
Attack: 2
Defense: 2
Electronic Warfare: 2
Leadership: 2

Standard Loadout:
FGC, MPZF, APGL, VB

2x Jaguar

Attack: 2
Defense: 2
Electronic Warfare: 2

Standard Loadout:
FGC, MPZF, APGL, VB

2x Cheetah

Attack: 2
Defense: 2
Electronic Warfare: 2

Standard Loadout:
FG, APGL, VB

Options

- Up to two members may swap their FGC for a LAC (F, Reloads) and HHGs (F, Limited Ammo 3) for +0 TV
- Any Cheetah may swap its FGC for an MRF (F, Reloads, Sniper System) for -5 TV
- Any Cheetah may add Airdroppable for +5 TV
- Add a Recon Drone to any model (max one drone per model) for +10 TV
- Add a Hunter Killer Drone to any model (max one drone per model) for +5 TV
- Any Member that does not have a LMG may add one (FF, no reloads) in a torso mount for +5 TV
- Upgrade the Combat Group Leader's Jaguar to a Thunder Jaguar for +10 TV
- Upgrade any members Attack and Defense to Level 3 for +10 TV
- Turn one member into a Second in Command (Leadership 1) for +10 TV

Veteran Options

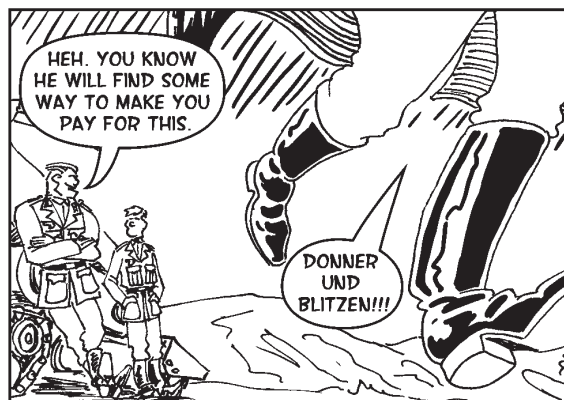
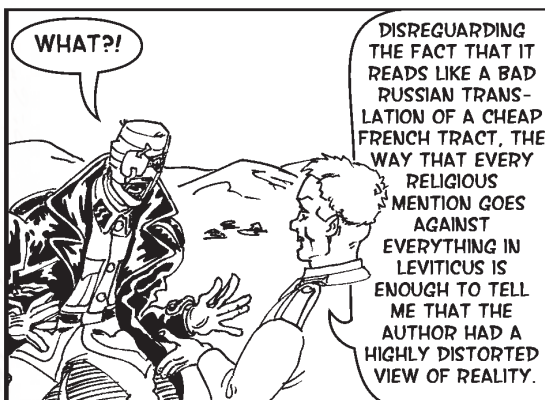
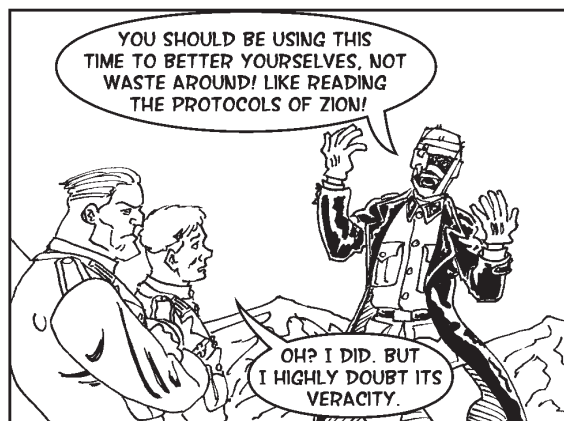
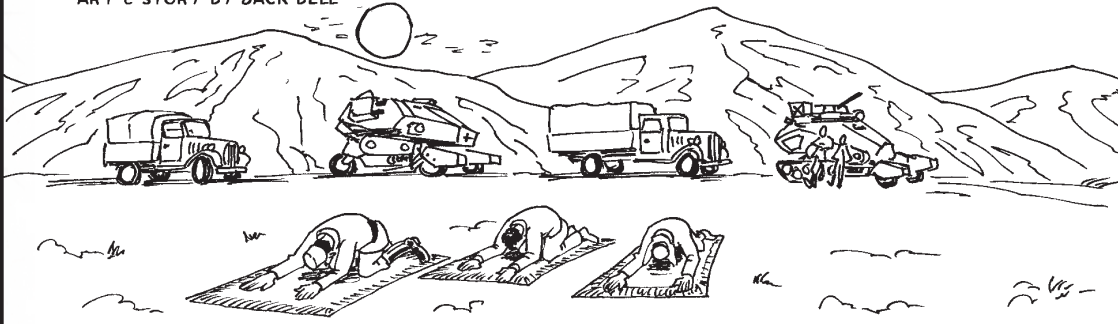
- Up to two additional members may swap their FGC for a LAC (F, reloads) and HHGs (F, Limited Ammo 3) for +0 TV
- Increase the Combat Group Leader's Leadership skill to Level 3 for +10 TV
- Increase the Second in Command's Leadership skill to Level 2 for +10 TV
- Add Field Armor (An Additional Sturdy Box) to any member for +10 TV
- Upgrade both Attack and Defense to Level 4 to any member for +10 TV
- Any Cheetah may be upgraded to a Strike Cheetah for +0 TV
- Any Jaguar may replace its FGC for a MAC (F, Reloads) and HRPs (F, RoF 4) for +10 TV

JOHN BELL

1940 - DECLARED TRAITORS BY THE NAZI PARTY, OTTO KNACKER AND TRAUGOTT HUNDT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WORK UNDER THE ORDERS OF SS HAUPSTURMFÜHRER SCHRAUBER AND THE MYSTERIOUS DR. KRAUSS. THEY ARE NOW THE...

Kraut PATROL

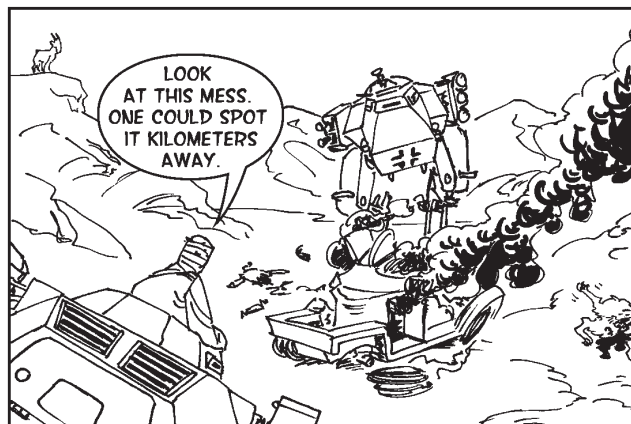
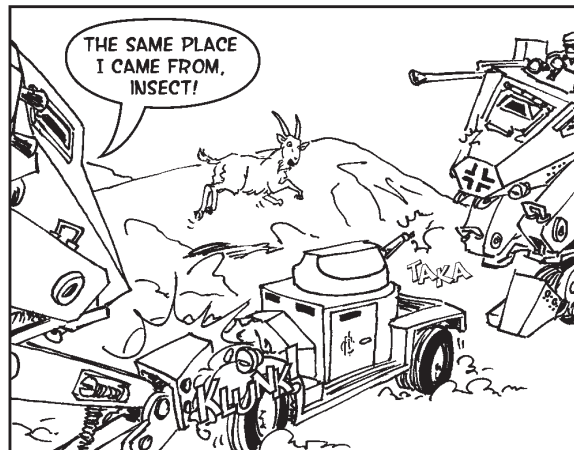
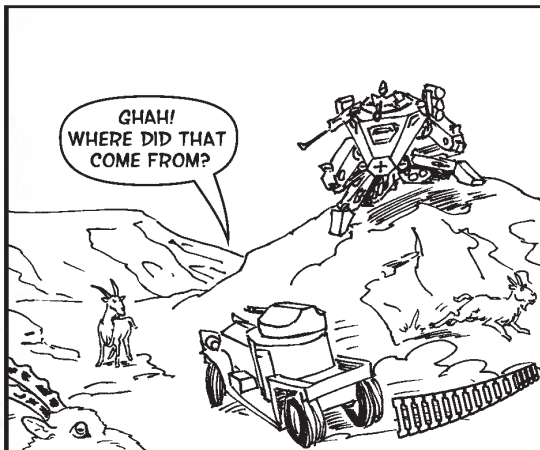
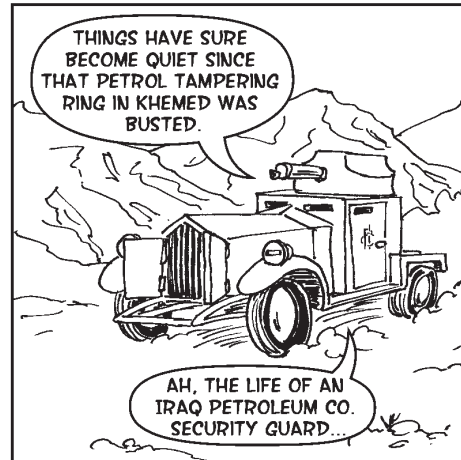
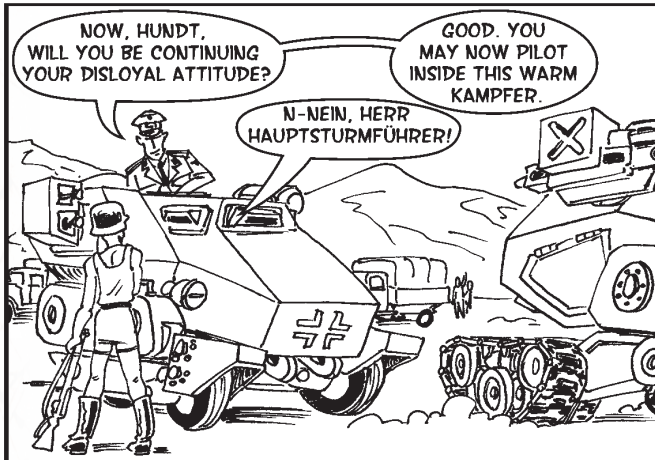
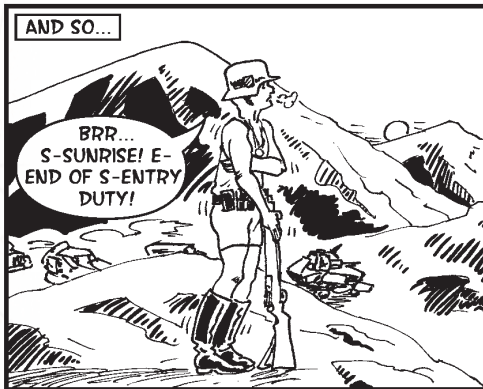
ART & STORY BY JACK BELL



NOTE: THERE ARE CLAIMS THAT HITLER AND THE NAZIS BELIEVED THAT THE EARTH WAS HOLLOW, AND WE WERE ON THE INSIDE!

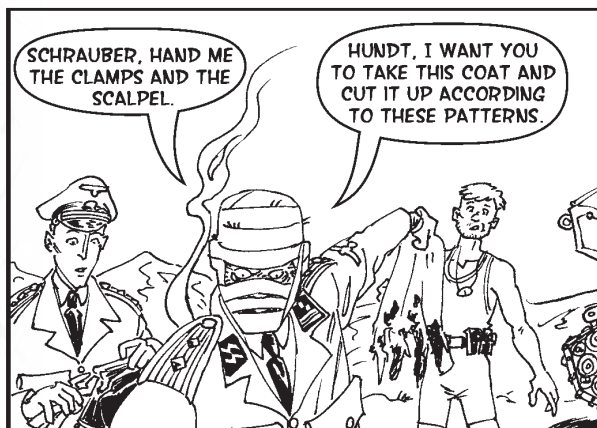
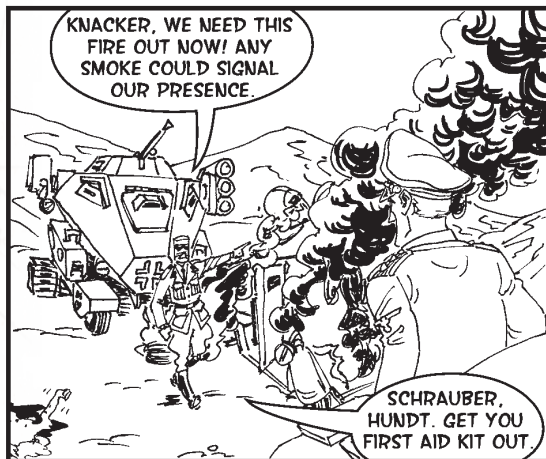
AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

KRAUT PATROL

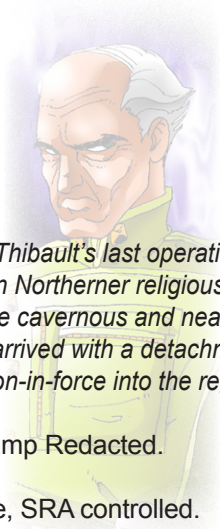


AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

KRAUT PATROL



NEXT TIME: TILTING THE BALANCE WITH THE GOLDEN SQUARE



It was a precious few weeks after Thibault's last operation – rooting out a bunch of stubborn Northerner religious fanatics that had taken root near the cavernous and nearly-empty city of White Rock. The cult arrived with a detachment of Norlight troops that had made recon-in-force into the region.

Dateline: TN 1941, Date/Month Stamp Redacted.

Location: White Rock MILICA Base, SRA controlled.
[OCCUPIED]

The specifics regarding how a routine military operation had left behind a religious cult was something the SRID's Behavioral Forecasting Cell was still wrestling with. Whether he liked it or not, Thibault's team's role was concluded, which allowed him an extended period of long overdue R&R. His time back in civilization was spent healing bumps, bruises, a fractured finger, and what was left of his social life. At least the physical stuff could heal.

He hated the VTOL ride back from Port Oasis. It was long and uninteresting. It was also very, very cold since the Republic always seemed to assign the aging hoppers with failing heaters to the Port Oasis – White Rock shuttle. Thibault stared out the window at nothing in particular – reminiscing on his leave. Sunny Port Oasis. Warm Port Oasis. Comfortable Port Oasis.

The city of White Rock was not Port Oasis by a long shot. It wasn't even really a city anymore. It was a desiccated shell of what once was a great fortress-city. The stubborn natives that remained in White Rock were broken. The ravages of war, occupation, disease, and a loss of confidence made the Rockians living symbols of the dispirited hollowed-out nature of their city. They were creepy. Even taking the monorail and community elevator through the city to get to the MILICA base was unnerving. Thibault counted the number of people he saw. Five. He saw a grand total of five people. Only two of them looked like they were natives. The others look too healthy and too alert to have been anywhere near White Rock during the Interpolar War.

Thibault reached the outer ring of security for the base. He showed his i.d. to the series of bored guards as he descended deeper and deeper into the most heavily controlled parts of the MILICIA base. The last few stages that demanded biometrics to prove and re-prove his identity were particularly monotonous, so he let his mind wander. Though Operation Fallback was successful and the Northerner-

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

MATRYOSHKA

CHRIS GUNNING

born cult was taken to heel, he never did get the closure he wanted. He was sure NLCS intelligence was behind the cult, feeding them money and resources into this deeply volatile. The cult was broken up, the leaders under custody, and the operation was closed. Done. Neat, if not quite tidy.

.....

The last pedantic biometric requirement chirped a disgustingly happy tone and cleared him to enter the interrogation suite. He scowled at the little device, pretending he could project his distaste for being back in White Rock on the circuits and electrons of the biometric device.

"Okay Hans, what is so important to pull me off of vacation?" Thibault asked of the mousy man staring though the nearby one-way glass.

"Thibault? Finally. Here. Come here. This is messed up, man." Thibault sighed, and took a few moments to gather himself and prepare to jump back into the saddle. "Thibault? Seriously man, we need a senior SRID lead on this one. You got voluntold since... well... you weren't here to say otherwise."

Oily sarcasm rolled off of Thibault's lips, "Great. Thanks for sticking up for me, Hans."

Thibault walked forward, but detoured just long enough to pour some of the room temperature coffee into a decafoam cup. He sidled up to Hans. Neither man looked at the other. Instead, both men stared forward at the spartan room through the smoky glass. Inside was a simple metal table and two chairs. No other adornment was apparent, though Thibault knew that the room was covered in surveillance gear.

In the left-hand chair was a plainly dressed Rockian, clearly identifiable by his pasty white skin and pale green eyes. The remaining people of White Rock, former Humanists forced into the arms of the Southern Republic, all lived deep underground in the womb of the mountains. Few saw the sunlight more than a handful of times in a cycle, especially now with the city under defacto military rule.

Thibault toggled the audio, but kept the volume low so he could concentrate on what Hans was about to say. At this point, Thibault only wanted to hear the cadence and tone of the voices inside to get a feel for the atmosphere and intensity of the interrogation. The speakers projected low voices, measured, and largely conversational. Thibault shifted his attention to Hans, but continued to stare forward.

In the right-hand chair sitting across from the Humanist was another of Thibault's colleagues, Greg Abeyratne. Abeyratne was the product of a migrant family, having lived a portion of his childhood in the North, Badlands and South. It was lucky happenstance Greg came of age in Port Oasis, where he eventually set down roots. Greg was Thibault's best interrogator. He used his heritage as a wanderer to build the trust of his target faster than any other SRID agent. There was no one that Thibault wanted on a sensitive op more than Greg, except maybe Hans.

Standing next to Thibault, and running through the details of an in-brief, was Hans Rothchilde. Rothchilde was Thibault's number two, and a Republican through and through. A second-generation military intel man, Hans' intellect and wit were razor sharp. He could see through a lie, formulate a response, and word it in such a way so as to catch the subject stumbling over his story's inconsistencies – all the while eating a sandwich and watching the latest earth-rules cricket update. Hans was never off his game, the perfect Sous-Commandant for Thibault.

"Enough with the dramatic pause, Hans. What do we have here?" Thibault demanded.

"We got another insurgency group in our midst, boss." With that, Hans snuck a glance at the raven-haired Thibault. No reaction. "We uncovered them six days out. A Temoin civilian working within the MILICA stationed here funneled the information to us. It was sheer luck the tip didn't get immediately rejected and deleted, but something about it stuck in the handler's head. Story goes that the Handler went back to the entry later that night before the server purged, and did a little follow-up. Good thing she did. She got the goods, got it over to us, and we came up with... this." Hans unfolded his arms and expressively presented the prisoner in the interrogation room.

"Humph. We knock out a bunch of unruly and unlikely choirboys, and now we got, what, a traditional insurgency group?"

"Got it in one, boss." Hans responded, this time catching Thibault's sidelong glance.

Thibault looked through the glass and watched Greg do his thing. Slowly, deliberately, Greg drove the prisoner's will into the ground. Switching from disinterested, friendly and then aggressive attitudes, Greg kept his subject off balance and unsure which questions were probing and which were

misleading. Thibault smiled. This would be easy. He never allowed his subject more than a few seconds to think about anything other than the increasingly complicated story he was weaving.

To occupy himself and give Greg the time he needed to do his job, Thibault reviewed the interrogation tapes. The image on the screen never really changed. Greg refused to allow his subject to go to the bathroom.

By hour six, the Humanist wet himself and asked to be cleaned. Greg refused the request. This was by the book, Thibault noted. Before the war, Humanists were a fastidious people. Forcing the subject to sit in his own filth would unnerve him. Thibault chuckled quietly, Greg must be just as uncomfortable as the Humanist in a hermetically sealed room that was surely amplifying the urine stench.

.....

More reviews. Thibault refreshed his coffee with the sludge stubbornly clinging to the bottom of the pot. He rubbed his eyes and compared the transcripts.

Then he saw it. A single word. Innocuous, really. Both Greg and Hans missed it. Thibault rewound the tapes, getting to the timestamp to verify the word. Verified.

"Anathema."

The Humanist muttered the words in hour three. Angry and dejected, the Humanist cursed under his breath, saying the word "anathema". Thibault called Hans over. Hans was slow to respond, raising Thibault's ire.

"Dammit, Hans! Get over here. Now." Hans double-timed it over.

Thibault showed Hans the transcript and the tape, as much to show Greg the specifics as to verify that Thibault hadn't misinterpreted the recording. Hans confirmed.

Thibault locked eyes with Hans. "Shut it down. Shut it down now."

"You got it." Hans cued the microphone and told Greg to suspend the interrogation. Greg looked at the one-way mirror, confusion on his face. After a pregnant pause, he shrugged somewhat, demanded the Humanist remain sitting, and exited the room. He stormed up to Hans.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

MATRYOSHKA

Before Greg could say anything, Hans pointed to Thibault, who was still pouring through the transcript.

"How did you miss the reference to 'anathema', Greg?" Thibault asked without looking up.

"What do you mean?" Greg took the two sheets of paper offered by Thibault. He read the sheets quickly. He dropped the papers, still frustrated his interrogation was suspended.

Thibault sighed. "'Gropian Anathema.' It's a religious term awkwardly merged with the Gropian philosophy. Think about that. It's a term of faith used by a supposedly militant secularist. It doesn't add up. You should have caught that."

"Shit. Yeah." Greg picked the papers back up and read through the relevant portions of the interrogation again.

"So there it is. The Behavioral-Forecast Cell warned us this might be coming. We had enough religious Northies running around here throughout the war. Humanist society completely collapsed here and everywhere west of Perth. Death, desolation, and the failure of Gropius' vision left a void in their soul." Thibault looked up at the ceiling and pinched the bridge of his nose. He imagined the mountain of paperwork this revelation would require. A melding of brutally logical decision-making from the Gropian cult with the chauvinism of the Revisionist church was nothing but bad news for the Southern Republic and its remaining allies. Thibault reflected that the melding of the two philosophies would likely open up discordant and hypocritical conclusions he could drive a Barnaby through. That didn't really matter, he was sure. Faith doesn't feed on internal consistency to make sense to its followers.

The Humanist, who still sat as ordered, was much more than he appeared. Almost nine total hours of interrogation by one of SRID's best and he never cracked. That act alone was an act of amazingly powerful will. Only brainwashing and specialized counter-intel training could have resisted Greg's interrogation techniques, and Thibault was sure the Humanist wasn't a specially trained operative. That left just one option – the Humanist was deeply faithful in a way the Gropius cult could not replicate.

Thibault knew, deep down, the subject had been religiously conditioned to refuse their techniques. He was a fanatic, one who likely synthesized two anti-Republican philosophies into something new and dangerous. Were it not for a subtle slip of the tongue, the prisoner would still appear to simply be yet another pro-Humanist insurgent.

Yet, he was much, much more. A single word put it all together. The Northerner cult Thibault's cell just broke up, the decayed social structure of the White Rock refugees, and the need for revenge. The pieces were all there.

The prisoner was likely an evolutionary step in the wrong direction for the Republic's goals in the occupied territories.

If Thibault and his team acted quickly and decisively enough, they might be able to contain the spread of the philosophy. Assuming the philosophy hadn't spread outside of White Rock, the most effective weapon would be fear. Luckily, SRID knew fear.

Greg looked at Hans who looked at Thibault. "Okay, so what do we do?" Greg asked.

Thibault turned back to the one-way glass and looked at the Humanist. "How important is the guy?"

"He's no one," Greg responded immediately. "He's a devout. I thought he was Gropian, but that's clearly not the case. Either way, he doesn't know much. If he knew anything, I would have pulled out at least some hints by now. He doesn't have the goods."

"You sure?" Thibault pushed. He could not afford to make a mistake at this stage. Protocol was clear if this was simply a bag-carrier.

"I'm one hundred percent."

"Did you get any names?" Thibault thumbed the transcript pages.

"Yes, he did." Hans jumped to Greg's defense. "I ran the bio-data when Greg pulled a couple names. They checked out. Most are residents here. A couple registered to the Badlands. Two of them came up positive as insurgents and we have them in custody as well. I'm confident we have enough to use."

"Anyone know we grabbed him off the street?" Thibault asked.

Greg tapped on his data assistant. "Rumors mostly. We made sure at least a couple people saw us take him."

"Good," Thibault nodded. "Follow the book, guys. Let's send this... cult... a message. I'll call in the details."

Greg nodded. He turned and walked back in to the interrogation room.

"No! No! Gropius' eyes, no! Please, I am not ready for the time after! I will d--" The Humanist's faith broke at the very moment he saw the gun and Greg's workmanlike stare. Thibault ignored the desperate protests from the Humanist as he picked up the secure line and waited for the indicator to confirm high-integrated encoding. The pleas did not last long. The sharp bark of Greg's sidearm ended the Humanist and his entreaties to 'Lord Gropius.'

"Sparrow's Nest? This is Mountain Heart. Tell the Behavioral-Forecasting monkeys they got one right. Code Theta-four. Suspect interrogated for nine plus seven. Suspect resolved. Meat will be deposited as an advertisement. Further details will be sent front channel. Mountain Heart out."

There would be some questions as to why Thibault had his subject eliminated so quickly. There would be a cursory inquiry at such a highly classified level no one who actually cared would ever see it. Thibault was ready. He had done this before and had the regs on his side.

Fear and uncertainty would be his weapons of choice with the cult. The dead Humanist was the first real shot in a war that hadn't yet started.

At least, for Thibault, it was something new.



WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR FLIGHT: Welcome to White Rock



SHENRON'S

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE SWEETDICULOUS HOUSE RULES TALON WAITE

For the Silhouette Core Rules Version 003.1 with the related Jovian Chronicles Second Edition and Heavy Gear Third Edition games.

SKILL COMPLEXITY (Sil-Core):

Instead of adding the difference between the characters Skill's Complexity and the items (or tasks) Complexity to the roll consult the following table and apply the bonus to the roll instead:

SKILL COMPLEXITY	
Complexity Rating	Bonus (added to the roll)
1	None
2-3	+1
4-5	+2
6-7	+3

Designer Notes: This idea came about due to the ease of gaining high bonuses on Skill Rolls at character creation or quickly through character advancement. Due to the systems design, characters with high Complexity Ratings become broken entities that can almost never fail at Skill "X" without taking into consideration the various other modifiers.

VEHICLE DAMAGE (Sil-Core with Jovian Chronicles)

Vehicles have a number of "Wound" boxes that are based of their size rating and are crossed off as damage is taken. Broad dice penalties apply to all actions within said vehicle to mimic damaged parts, systems, etc. Though, the standard system damage rules can be applied if a system is targeted specifically.

Take the vehicles size rating and divide it by three (round up) and add 3 (The extra three are two mimic big dents, scratches, and the general bulk of said vehicle). Ships with multiple parts calculate each section Wounds separate and the penalty applies to all actions involving that section. Once one section is destroyed, all of the ships actions gain a -1 modifier on all rolls per part destroyed. If the last wound box is checked off and there is no remaining damage to be applied the vehicle in question is useless and can flee to safety but if that last wound

box was checked off and there is remaining damage to be applied then vehicle is considered overkilled and the pilot must make an ejection roll. As or Mook rules, do not factor in the bonus 3 wound boxes.

For example, an Exo with a size rating of 14 would have 8 Wound Boxes; ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐.

All vehicles would consult this table to determine how much damage is taken per attack and what negative modifiers are incurred (if any).

VEHICLE DAMAGE (JC)		
Type of Damage	Wounds Taken	Negative Modifiers (do not stack)
Light	1	None
Medium	2	-1 to all actions
Heavy	3	-2 to all actions

Designer Notes: This idea or a version of it was originally conceived in trying to re-work things with Heavy Gear Arena. This version was modified to work with the systems found in Sil-Core and the Jovian Chronicles game line. Plus, the System Damage rules feel very un-cinematic, rigid, and not dynamic to me.

VEHICLE DAMAGE (Sil-Core with Heavy Gear and HG Arena)

For this rule to make sense, you must ignore the Sil-Core and Arena specific stat blacks for all gears and use the Data Card entries for said gear in the Heavy Gear Blitz books.

The gear gains 2 "Wound" per box of damage that the gear possesses and then add 2 to the total (The extra two are two mimic big dents, scratches, and the general bulk of said vehicle). These wound boxes are checked off as damage is taken. Broad dice penalties apply to all actions within said vehicle to mimic damaged parts, systems, etc. If the last wound box is checked off and there is no remaining damage to be applied the vehicle in question is useless and can flee to safety but if that last wound box was checked off and there is remaining damage to be applied then vehicle is considered overkilled and the pilot must make an ejection roll. For mook rules, do not add the additional 2 and/or factor in one damage box less from the Data Card information in Heavy Gear Blitz. For example, a Hunter Gear would have 10 wound boxes; ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐.

**HOME
BREW
RULES**

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

SHENRON'S SWEETDICULOUS HOUSE RULES

All gears would consult this table to determine how much damage is taken per attack and what negative modifiers are incurred (if any):

VEHICLE DAMAGE (HG)		
Type of Damage	Wounds Taken	Negative Modifiers (do not stack)
Light	1	None
Medium	2	-1 to all actions
Heavy	3	-2 to all actions

Designer Notes: This is more akin to my original idea to help smooth out the combat system in Arena and have players take their RPG characters and put them right into a gear from the Heavy Gear Blitz rules.

ATTACK ROLL MODIFIERS THE COME FROM SPEED (Sil-Core with Jovian Chronicles)

Consult the following table:

SPEED ATTACK ROLL MODIFIERS	
Hexes Attacker Moved	Modifier to Attack Roll
0	+2
4 or Less	+1
5+ to Maximum Movement for Combat Speed Mode	+0
Any Movement in Top Speed Mode	-2

Designer Notes: Again, another attempt to ease book keeping and make things simpler. I think it also helps to avoid some of the over complexities on combat and makes it more enjoyable.

DEFENSE ROLL MODIFIERS THAT COME FROM SPEED (Sil-Core with Jovian Chronicles)

Option 1:

Ignoring the Defender Modifier Table on page #124 of the Sil-Core Rulebook for the most part and consult the following table instead:

SPEED DEFENSE ROLL MODIFIERS (1)	
Hexes Defender Moved	Modifier to Attack Roll
0	-2
4 or Less	-1
5+	+0
Maximum Movement	Modifier per Defender Modifier Table (p124 of SilCore Rulebook)

For example, if you had a Wyvern exo that moved at any speed besides maximum distance for either Combat Speed or Top speed the player would consult the table above to help determine the speed incorporated part of the total Defense Roll modifier until the Wyverns turn comes up again. If the Wyvern moves at maximum speed in either mode (Combat or Top) his modifiers would look like this until the Wyverns turn comes up again:

Type	Combat Speed (Defensive Mod.)	Top Speed (Defensive Mod.)
Walk	3 (-1)	6 (+0)
Space	12 (+2)	24 (+3)

Designer Notes: This is my preferred option though it is fair to give all of the players a copy of this so they understand what tactics and options are available to them during combat. This was designed to get rid of a lot of the complicated book keeping.

**HOME
BREW
RULES**

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

SHENRON'S SWEETDICULOUS HOUSERULES

HOME BREW RULES

Option 2:

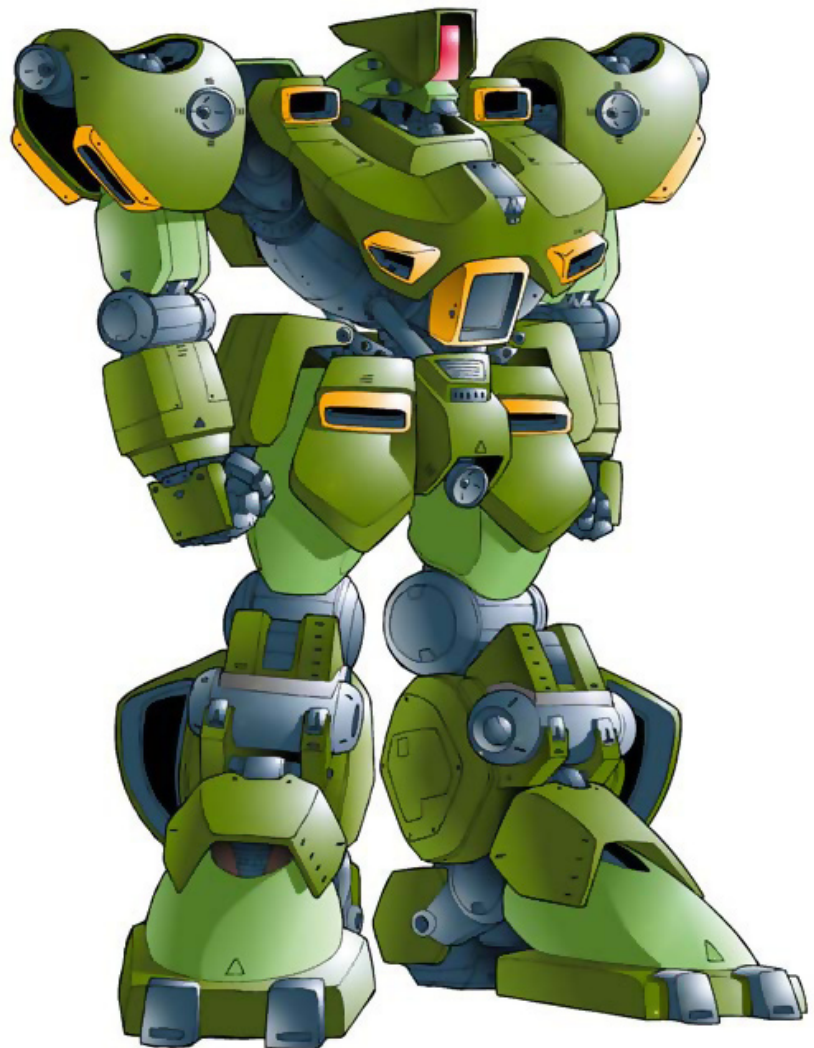
Consult the Defender Modifier table on page #124 of the Sil-Core main rulebook (bottom left hand corner) and compare your vehicles Combat speed and Top Speed rating to the table. The resulting modifier is your vehicles static defense modifier as far as speed issues are concerned. For example, Wyvern Exo Suit as the following speed listing of;

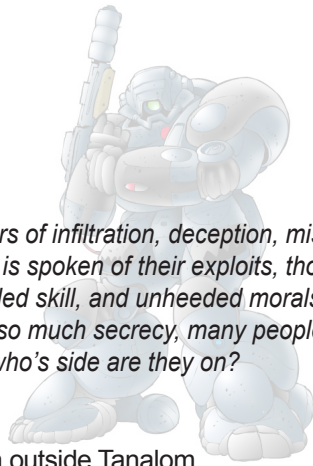
Type	Combat Speed	Top speed
Walk	3	6
Space	12	24

So, the static defense roll bonus from speed for the Wyvern Exo (that does not include other modifiers) would be;

Type	Combat Speed (Defensive Mod.)	Top Speed (Defensive Mod.)
Walk	3 (-2)	6 (+0)
Space	12 (+2)	24 (+3)

Designer Notes: This is a quick and dirty option that saves both sides from constantly references tables. Though, in practice is can lead to some extended combat scenes.





Les Étranger: masters of infiltration, deception, misdirection and destruction. Little is spoken of their exploits, though what is speaks of unparalleled skill, and unheeded morals. But with so much power, and so much secrecy, many people wonder just who's side are they on?

4th Autumn, TN1939

An unspecified location outside Tanalom
00:43

Oliver let out a long low whistle as the Barnaby's hatch opened and their support squad marched down the boarding ramp. "Man, where did the commandant lay hands to these beauties?" Sitting in the open cockpit of his Snakeye, lit only by the ominous red glow of his gear's readouts he nodded to the first of the five green and tan Cuirassiers to pass him.

To his left Sergeant Pilant's gear twisted at the waist to face him, the finely tuned Green Mamba whisper quiet in the midnight jungle. "Caporal laPierre, you've been with the regiment long enough that you should know better than to ask questions you shouldn't know the answer to."

The man shook his head, smiling wanly, almost demonically with the sinister lighting. "No ma'am. We're SRID, it's our jobs to ask questions. The important thing is which answers we bother to report," he raised his gear's laser and sighted along the barrel of it at a nearby copse of trees, "and which answers we keep from being reported."

"Alright men!" the sergeant addressed her squad, one of the best in the regiment, though the darkness and background noise of the dense Esperance jungle. They each had their cockpits opened, including the Cuirassiers, allowing them to communicate effectively without breaking radio silence. "The Lord Protector has declared that we can't let the SRA really relax. The war might be over, but we need deRouen to think the Humanists are still coming for him if Operation Heartstrike is to be successful. Remember people, we don't need real heroics tonight, this is a tiny bump in the long game." Everyone nodded, most of them had only the vaguest idea of what Operation Heartstrike was, but Valice Pilant was among the Lord Protector's most trusted cadre commanders, and he had explained the full glory of his plan to her and a few others.

"Poser squad goes in, we've arranged for some additional fire support for you guys, they've been deposited closer to Tanalom and will answer the call if needed, channel 14. Watcher squad is mostly to make sure nothing untoward happens to the posers, and that, should things go downhill, that the posers won't be compromised." She saw several of the poser squad members

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE STRANGERS THINGS SCOTT MCINTYRE

shift uneasily in their seats. They all hoped that would mean eliminating anyone attempting to capture them, but they knew they were already dead men as far as the SRID was concerned, and it was very hard to question a corpse. She pressed on with the briefing, "Once the hornet's nest is sufficiently stirred you are to pull back and melt into the green. We've prepared suitable blinds, the locations of which have already been uploaded to your navigation computers. At that point the Watchers primary job is to dissuade any pursuit.

"Attack time is at 04:00, and we've got a two and a half hour march ahead of us, so lets move out, eyes and ears open. And boys," she turned towards the collection of NuCoal gears as they began to form up, "Try not to scratch the paint up too badly, we just got them detailed." The soldiers shared a laugh as they began to march into the darkness. "Vive la sud!" The laughter paused as they repeated the shouted cheer.

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Samus tracked along the treeline with his autocannon in the wee hours of the morning. The MILICIA man's night had so far been as exciting as any other on watch outside the loose fence line that was the best the city of cottages and artists could call a ring wall. Tanalom had always been a nightmare to defend. With the population spread out over such a large area, an entire MILICIA legion had been posted to the city, despite its surprisingly easy integration into the Republic.

The Jaeger's radio crackled to life. Lieutenant Velinueve's baritone boomed through the silence of the jungle as he called roll. One by one the compagnie's gear pilots reported in "Monitor 7 here, sir I..." the young man, stationed perhaps sixty meters to Samus's left hesitated for a second, "...I think I saw something in the treeline, sir."

Samus was instantly alert, scanning more intently through the dense jungle foliage. The Lieutenant's voice came back over the comm, probing him for confirmation. "I haven't seen anything yet sir but it's darker than Gravedigger's sense of humor out there. They could have a Mammoth and I'd barely... wait." Suddenly the jungle burst into light as Monitor 7 was swarmed by a hail of gunfire. Samus' eyes adjusted to see a Cuirassier emerging from the jungle. It was carrying an anti-aircraft gun, designed to bring down enemy fliers, the weapons massive rate of fire made it nearly as deadly as the mighty Junglemower typically mounted on the Support Cobra.

Unlike the youngster Samus wasn't some fresh faced cadet. He reacted. His light autocannon spit death into the night, several shells bouncing off the otherwise occupied strike gear. He wasn't

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

STRANGERS THINGS

so focused, however, to miss the second green and tan gear emerge from the trees to his right at a flat run. He dropped to one knee as the bazooka shell sailed over his gear's shoulder. "Lieutenant, Humanists! Lieutenant!" The radio screamed and squealed with static. "Merde! Do these freaks carry ECM to? Monitor 7, you still with me?"

A metal canister spun out of the night and the drone of the AA cannon abated for a moment as its pilot moved to dodge the hand grenade. "Yes, caporal, I'm.... I'm still here." Samus grinned in admiration for the sheer ruggedness of the simple Jaeger chassis as the young pilot dragged his gear, filled with smoking craters, to its feet. "Where did they-"

Samus fired over the youngsters shoulder as a second bazooka armed Cuirassier came into view. His shot spoiled the gear's aim but the bazooka shell still blew the other man's gear's leg off at the knee, sending the abused vehicle tumbling into the underbrush.

"Mon...r si... oni... ven, hold po...tion. Movi... to suppo..." the lieutenant's voice grew strong through the wailing static as he drew closer to Samus' position. Monitor 8, who had been posted on the far side of Monitor 7 could already be seen closing on the far Cuirassier. Unfortunately the woman's ageing Rattlesnake was even less of a match for the high tech gears than Samus' Jaeger. "Cavalry's here boys!"

Samus turned his head to see the lieutenant's King Cobra emerge from the trees behind the fence. It had taken the MILICIA officer every string he knew how to pull but he'd gotten the ride of his dreams. The heavy assault gear's particle cannon belched blue thunder and the lead Cuirassier staggered back, the smoking hole in its right pauldron sending fingers of static electricity skittering across its entire side. Samus was just about to welcome the officer to the battle when a point of brilliant scarlet appeared on its camera lens.

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Oliver smiled as the King Cobra's head exploded, instantly killing the charging pilot. The sturdy, thick bored tree creaked under his gear's weight. The perch was perilous, if the plant suddenly failed the six meter tumble might well kill him, and could certainly leave him combat ineffective. But it afforded him the best vantage point of the battlefield. Behind the still falling remains of the King Cobra he could see other cobras and pythons advancing through the darkness. Checking the charge on his laser's capacitors he switch tasks and opened a tight beam comm laser. Several hundred meters behind him the

laser located and locked onto the raised antenna of a waiting Command Naga, who passed the provided information to his two companions over additional laser beams.

Oliver smiled again as the entire forest around the advancing heavy cadre was racked by explosions from the hidden Sagittarius' rocket pods. He then watched as the Cuirassiers pushed deeper into the former Alliance city's periphery. The attack point had been chosen carefully, the imposter gears crested the hill just inside the fence line and Oliver waited in his perch, the sound of gunfire and additional volleys from the striders attesting to the minor resistance the strike team encountered. A short while later black smoke and an ominous red glow made itself known over the hill as one of the city's biggest vinyards began to burn.

The cuirassiers came back over the hill at a gallop, tight beam signalling indicating to him they were under heavy pursuit, a fact he relayed to the balance of Watcher squad before putting a laser bolt through the sensor eye of a running sidewinder.

The borrowed NuCoal gears ran a well panned pattern through the woods, leading the MILICIA gers on a merry chase until they were well outside visual contact with the city, Oliver picking off stragglers as they went. As the MILICIA gears raced into a clearing the final trap was sprung. Two gunner green mambas and a blazing snakeye black mamba from watcher squad appeared as if from thin air, pinning the pursuers in a three way crossfire. The Cuirassiers turned and added their considerable firepower to the assault, and soon nothing but smoking wrecks marked the remains of the MILICIA.

Oliver climbed his gear out of the tree, snapping branches steadily as he went. The cuirassiers were all accounted for, if a bit worse for wear. The one which had been struck by the King Cobra before Oliver had put it down had its right arm dangling powerlessly at its side, though it still hefted it's MAAC with its left hand. A few others were missing chunks of armor, the command gear's antenna had been shot off, but overall a job well done.

As the gears marched back into the waning darkness at a trot the pilots popped their hatches again to be able to communicate. The leader of the imposters smiled broadly at Oliver "A good morning's work, wouldn't you say?"

The sniper nodded back to the other pilot, "Indeed, and I'm glad my stock broker knew to drop most of my Tanalom Winery stocks yesterday." The two laughed, sometimes being dirty rotten bastards had its advantages.

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AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

STRANGERS THINGS

4th Autumn, TN1939

Office of the Prime Minister of the Southern Republic, Port Oasis
17:25

Lord Protector Jaques Molay sat in the opulent office, sipping the glass of Tanalom Winery '26. An excellent vintage. The door opened and his counterpart from the Estates General stormed in, his daughter swirling in his wake. "utter madness for them to provoke us like this!"

The woman nodded an icy greeting to the Lord Protector as her father settled himself into the seat behind his desk. "What exactly, Prime Minister, is this 'utter madness' you're facing?" Molay knew full well the situation his colleague referred to, but waited for confirmation.

DeRouen threw his hands in the air in frustration, "This morning, there was a Humanist attack on Tanalom. The war just ended, surely they can't be wanting us to continue exterminating their misbegotten freaks."

Molay set his glass down and prepared his next line carefully "Are you sure it was the Humanists, Louis?"

Louise had sat beside the Lord Protector and set a file folder on the desk in front of him, "Gun-cam footage and recovered wreckage confirms they were the Humanist's new 'Cuirassier' gears, and we found indication of a Penarion of Sagittariuses in the area providing fire support."

Molay lifted the folder and leafed through it, as impressed by what wasn't there as by what the SRID had managed to recover. He made a mental note to congratulate Sergeant Valice personally for her team's performance on the mission. "It certainly looks like them, but perhaps they were imposters, the CNCS trying to stir us again to internal conflict so they can try to lay claim to the Alliance again." They both looked at him skeptically, he shrugged nonchalantly, "Stranger things have happened."

The Prime Minister's eyes narrowed a fraction. "Have your contacts given you some clue that would make you think that, Jaques?"

Molay lay the folder back on the desk, his face neutral though he knew he tread a razor thin line. "No, this is the first I've heard of it, but in my previous occupation being able to think of the most far fetched unlikely scenario was often an asset."

The leader of the republic settled back into his chair. Molay didn't look at Louise but he could sense from the corner of his eye that, though her father had been mollified she still held her doubts. She was a canny one, his spied had gathered little information on her, there was some suggestion she had ties to the Order of the Falcon, but they hadn't been able to prove it as such. She spoke after a moment "Regardless, the Humanists appear to be the source of it, though there's little strategic point to assaulting Tanalom."

Molay leaned forward over the map the senior deRouen had brought up over the small holotable. "I don't know if there's little point. We discovered first hand during the war that White Rock is almost impregnable, the Humanists would be much more aware of that than we ever were. And Tanalom is within easy striking distance of both Perth and Port Oasis. Whoever controls it is nearly swinging a sword of Damocles over the other's head. It is almost indefensible, this is true. Perhaps we should consider a proper ring wall around the core of the city?"

The other man balked, as Molay knew he would, at the suggestion of such a project. The cost to the Republic's war ravaged economy, and to him politically for spending that money on a former Humanist city before the Leagues existing city states were rebuilt, was simply too high. "No. No, I think we will simply deploy more troops, Louise and I were discussing it and the 4th SRA Legion can be redeployed from Ashanti, I think."

That surprised the Lord Protector, the 4th was a well respected Legion, and Ashanti was a highly prized deployment, the resort town and the 'openness' of its people keeping the troop's morale high. Tanalom was practically latrine duty by comparison. "Are you sure that's wise, my friend? The 4th has done nothing wrong, to put them on what would typically be MILICIA duty might create you some new enemies. Perhaps the 6th Legion from Siwa Oasis would be a better choice." The 6th was known colloquially as the 'No Luck Legion', most of the regiments that had suffered the disfavour of the Estates General, the Curia, or both had been moved to that legion. "While the nature of the mission might be distasteful, the scenery should seem almost idyllic after Siwa, and no one is going to object to them receiving another punishment deployment."

The younger deRouen answered him. "We had considered it, but we fear if we were to punish the 6th again we would be pressing them to the edge of mutiny."

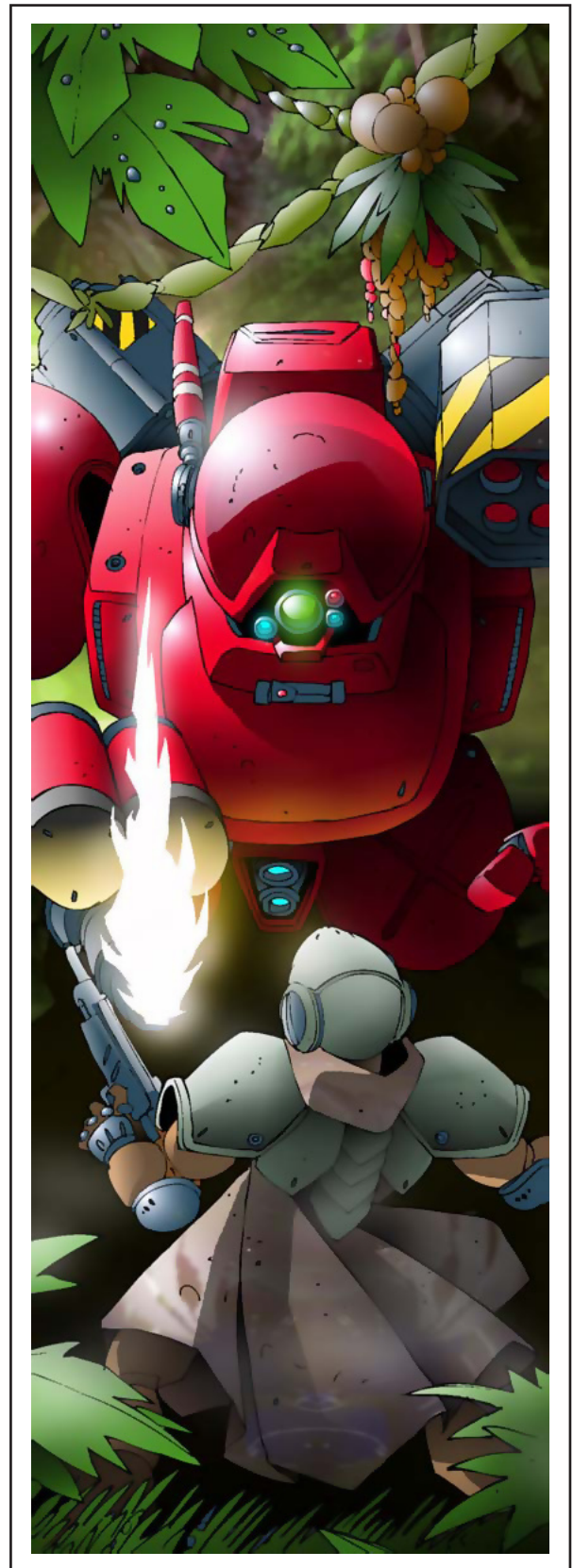
AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

STRANGERS THINGS

Molay nodded sagely, “A wise concern. Hmm,” he made a show of mulling over the options, “perhaps you could mollify them with new equipment? The Sand Demons have been slated to carry out field tests of the Diamondback for nearly 5 cycles and that keeps getting pushed back, the Green Hell, well, they’re still running Sidewinders in their strike squads, perhaps they’re due to get the new version of the Hydra that RHI has been harping about, the one with the SMS? And the Buffalo Soldiers, well, they’ve still got a couple compagnies of Scythians, don’t they? Tanalom probably still has repair facilities ready to keep them operational.”

The two politicians nodded to each other. “You make good points,” the senior of them finally admitted, “I’ll have to consider it. But I still don’t understand why the Humanists would even do this sabre rattling. Perhaps it was a rogue Dekarion, foolishly hoping to reclaim their founder’s city? The Humanists never struck me as ones to stand on symbolism, but they’re become decidedly unstable since the Twin Falcon got out.”

Molay nodded, he hadn’t considered that possible tract for the Prime Minister’s suspicions, but he couldn’t dismiss it without raising more suspicion. Instead he shrugged, “It’s possible, as I said, stranger things have happened.”



JUNGLE SURPRISE



*No bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat;
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original.*

Universal Column Options:

The following upgrades are available for all Columns and Sections. Options available within a specific Combat Group supersede this List.

Universal Army Commander Upgrades:

Army Commanders must be designated by choosing a Combat Group Leader and pay +10TV for a +1 to the CGL's LD Skill. Additionally the CGL model may upgrade its Defense and EW skill by +1 for an additional +5TV per skill per action. The Army Commander must be mounted in a Golem.

Universal Skill Set for Columns

Combat Group Leader

Att: 2 Def: 2 EW: 1 LD: 1

All other Members

Att: 2 Def: 2 EW: 1

Universal Skill set for Infantry Columns

Infantry Skill: 2 Armor: 8 Command Base: +1 Comm

Universal Veteran Upgrades:

The following skill upgrades are available as Veteran Options for every model in any Veteran Combat Group. Each set of Skill upgrades may only be taken once per model. Some Combat Groups may list a Specific upgrade as a General option; in this case the General option replace the Veteran Option.

Single Action Models:

+1 to Attack and Defense skill: +10TV

+1 to EW skill: +5TV

+1 to CGL LD skill: +10TV

Two Action Models:

+1 to Attack and Defense skill: +20TV

+1 to EW skill: +10TV

+1 to CGL LD skill: +10TV

Three Action Models:

+1 to Attack and Defense skill: +30TV

+1 to EW skill: +15TV

+1 to CGL LD skill: +10TV

**HOME
BREW
RULES**

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE EDEN FORCE OPTIONS KEVIN HEIDE

Infantry Column Upgrade:

+1 to Infantry Skill: +15TV

Field Armor Upgrade:

Add 1 Sturdy Box (Golem only): +10TV

A model may not have more than 5 Damage Boxes. The Field Armor upgrade can only be applied once per model.

Best of the Best:

One Veteran Combat Group in a PL3 or 4 Army may be "the best of the best". If the Combat Group is not infantry it may upgrade each models Attack and Defense skill up to level 4 for +10TV per level per action. The Combat Group Leader and any model that have ECM, ECCM, or Satellite Uplink may each upgrade their EW skill to level 4 for +5TV per level per action. If "Best of the Best" Combat Group is an Infantry Platoon it may upgrade its Infantry Skill up to level 4 for +15TV per level

Universal Infantry Options:

Standard Infantry Upgrades

(Armor may only be applied only once per section)

Medium (+1) Armor per section

Heavy (+2) Armor per section

Sniper and Spotter Teams

A Veteran Sniper Team may swap it Sniper Rifle for an Anti-Gear Rifle for +5TV

A Veteran Spotter Team may swap it TD2 for TD4 for +5TV

Combat Group Leaders:

The Combat Group Leader [CGL] are designated as the first listed model in the Column. Combat Groups are read from left to right. In Column with a single model, the model becomes the Combat Group Leader.

Infantry Regiment (IR)

Army cannot be built at Priority Level 4. At least two Infantry Platoons of any type must be purchased

Benefits

Up to four Infantry Platoons can benefit from a single veteran slot expenditure

Golem Regiment (GR)

Must have at least two Alpha Demi-Columns

Benefits

Any Combat Group Leader (CGL) may increase their EW skill by 1 for +5TV per CGL.

Airborne Regiment (AR)

All models must have the Airdroppable trait. Models that have the airdroppable trait as a Loadout must purchase it.

Benefits

Any Support Point expenditure used on Reserves allows two Combat Groups to be held in Reserve. Additional any Combat Group (CG) already in Reserve may spend an additional SP to place the CG in Guaranteed Reserves.

IR: Spec GR: Core AR: Core
Alpha Demi-Column: Combat Group Leader: EW: 2

Line: 95TV

Consists of 1 Marshall Standard, 1 Constable Standard, 1 Support Constable, 1 Dragon Constable

Assault: 85TV

Consists of 1 Dragon Marshall, 1 Dragon Constable, 2 Constable Standard

Support: 105TV

Consists of 1 Support Marshall, 2 Support Constable, 1 Constable Standard

General Options:

- Add up to two Constable Standard for +15TV each
- One Constable can have either the Support Loadout for +15TV or Dragon Loadout for +5TV
- One Constable Standard can be swapped for Marshall Standard for +10TV
- One Constable Standard can be given the Archer Loadout for +5TV
- Any Marshall can increase their Leadership to 2 for +10TV

Veteran Options:

- If take the 2nd Marshall can be upgraded to 2ic and be given Leadership 1 for +10TV
- One additional Constables Standards can be given the Dragon Loadout for +5TV or Support Loadout for +15TV
- Any Constable Standard can be given the Archer Loadout for +5TV

IR: Elite GR: Aux AR: Aux
Beta Demi-Column: Combat Group Leader: EW: 2

Line: 105TV

Consists of 1 Marshall Standard, 2 Man-at-Arm Standards, 1 Man-at-Arm Gunner

Assault: 110TV

Consists of 1 Dragon Marshall, 2 Man-at-Arm Standards, 1 Man-at-Arm Dragon

Support: 115TV

Consists of 1 Marshall Standard, 1 Man-at-Arm Standards, 2 Man-at-Arm Support

General Options:

- Add up to two Constable Standard for +15TV each
- Up to one Constable Standard can be swapped for a Marshall for +10TV
- Any Constable Standard can be swapped for a Man-at-Arms for +10TV each
- Any Marshall can increase their Leadership to 2 for +10TV
- One Man-at-Arms can have either the Gunner Loadout or Dragon Loadout for +0TV, or Support Loadout for +5TV

Veteran Options:

- If take the 2nd Marshall can be upgraded to 2ic and be given Leadership 1 for +10TV
- Up to two Man-at-Arms Standards can be given the Dragon Loadout, Gunner Loadout for +0TV or Support Loadout for +5TV

IR: Core GR: N/A AR: Aux
Foot Infantry Multi-Column

Foot Infantry Multi-Column are composed of two of the Section from below and combine the cost to form the Multi-Column. Each Section is comprised of two Columns, while each Column is composed of three Bases. Each Column is composed of three bases equipped with Rifles and CR, One of these Bases includes a Heavy Weapon that listed in the Section description. All Infantry Heavy Weapons have the stabilizer trait.

Line Infantry Section: Light Machine Guns 30TV

Anti-Vehicle Section: Anti-Gear Rifle 40TV

Grenadier Section: Grenade Rifles 40TV

Assault Section: Rocket Launchers 45TV

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

EDEN FORCE OPTIONS

Mortar Section: Light Mortars 50TV

Spotter Team: Target Designator (2) 10TV

Sniper Team: Sniper Rifle (Infantry Skill 3, Stealth 2, Armor 9) 20TV

General Options:

- Any Assault Section may add Infantry AGMS (Range 6/24, LA3) to their Rocket Launcher for +5TV each Column
- A Sniper Ream may swap it Sniper Rifle for a Laser Sniper Rifle for +5TV
- Line Infantry Section may swap their LMG for Chain Guns for +0TV

Veteran Options:

- Any Section or Team may increase it stealth rating by 2 for +5TV per section or team
- Add Para Loadout to the platoon for +20TV
- The Multi-Column can be upgraded to Amphibious for +25TV

IR: Core GR: Core AR: N/A
Beast Rider Multi-Column

A Beast Rider Platoon is composed of up to two Sections of two Columns each. Each Column is composed of three bases equipped with Rifle and CR. One of these bases includes a Heavy Weapon choice that is listed in the Section Description. Pick one Section from below. A Beast Rider Platoon must contain 2 Sections before a second Beast Rider Platoon can be purchased. Beast Rider Platoons can never be airdropped. All Heavy Weapons have the Stabilizer Trait.

Line Cavalry Section: Light Machine Guns 50TV

Anti-Vehicle Section: Anti-Gear Rifle 60TV

Grenadier Section: Grenade Rifles 60TV

Mortar Section: Light Mortars 70TV

Mounted Spotter Team: Target Designator (2) 20TV

Mounted Sniper Team: Sniper Rifle (Infantry Skill 3, Stealth 2, Armor 9) 30TV

General Options:

- A Sniper Ream may swap it Sniper Rifle for a Laser Sniper Rifle for +5TV
- Any Assault Section may add Infantry AGMS (Range 6/24, LA3) to their Rocket Launcher for +5TV each Column
- Line Infantry Section may swap their LMG for Chain Guns for +0TV

Veteran Options:

- Any Section or Team may increase it stealth rating by 2 for +5TV per section or team

Huni Mounts

Each Section or Team is mounted on a Huni mount (Animal - Size: 3, Walker 8/15 MP, Jump Jets (1), Amphibious, x3 DM Melee Bite Attack (AI, M), Stabilizer for Heavy Weapons)

IR: Aux GR: Core AR: Spec
Mounted Infantry Multi-Column

A Mounted Infantry Platoon is composed of up to two Sections of two Columns each. Each Section is mounted in either Jophi (ORV) or on ATVs. Each Column is composed of three Bases equipped with Rifles. One of these bases include a Heavy Weapon that is listed in the Section Description. Choose one section from below. A mounted Infantry Platoon must contain 2 Sections before a second Mounted Infantry Platoon can be purchased.

Mounted Line Infantry Section: Light Machine Guns 40TV

Mounted Anti-Vehicle Section: Anti-Gear Rifle 50TV

Mounted Grenadier Section: Grenade Rifles 50TV

Mounted Assault Section: Rocket Launchers 55TV

Mounted Mortar Section: Light Mortars 60TV

Mounted Spotter Team: Target Designator (2) 15TV

Mounted Sniper Team: Sniper Rifle (Infantry Skill 3, Stealth 2, Armor 9) 25TV

General Options:

- Any Assault Section may add Infantry AGMS (Range 6/24, LA3) to their Rocket Launcher for +5TV each Column
- A Sniper Ream may swap it Sniper Rifle for a Laser Sniper Rifle for +5TV

**HOME
BREW
RULES**

Veteran Options:

Any Section or Team may increase its stealth rating by 2 for +5TV per section or team

Add Para Loadout to the platoon for +20TV

All-Terrain Vehicles [ATV]

ATV mounted infantry squads gain a second movement type (G 8/16). The secondary does not benefit from the Improved Off Road Perk, though infantry can still use their walker movement which does benefit from the Improve Off Road. Infantry on ATV are Size 3 Units.

Jophi [ORV]

ORV function like ATVs, but add 2 to any existing Infantry Armor rating and Infantry mounted in Jophi do not count as having Stabilizer Trait on their Heavy Weapons. ORVs lose the +1 Defense modifier unless at Top Speed. Infantry on ORVs are Size 4 Units.

Golem

Constable – VLAC, VB, APGL

Variant:

Support – LGL, VLRP/32, VB, APGL

Dragon – MFL, VLRP/32, VB, APGL

Archer – VLAC, VLRP/32, VB, APGL

Marshall – VLAC, VB, APGL, VLRP/32

Variant:

Support – LGL, VLRP/32, VB, APGL

Dragon – MFL, VB, APGL, VLRP/32

Man-at-Arms – MRF, APGL, VLRP/128, VB

Variant:

Dragon – HFL, APGL, VLRP/128, VB

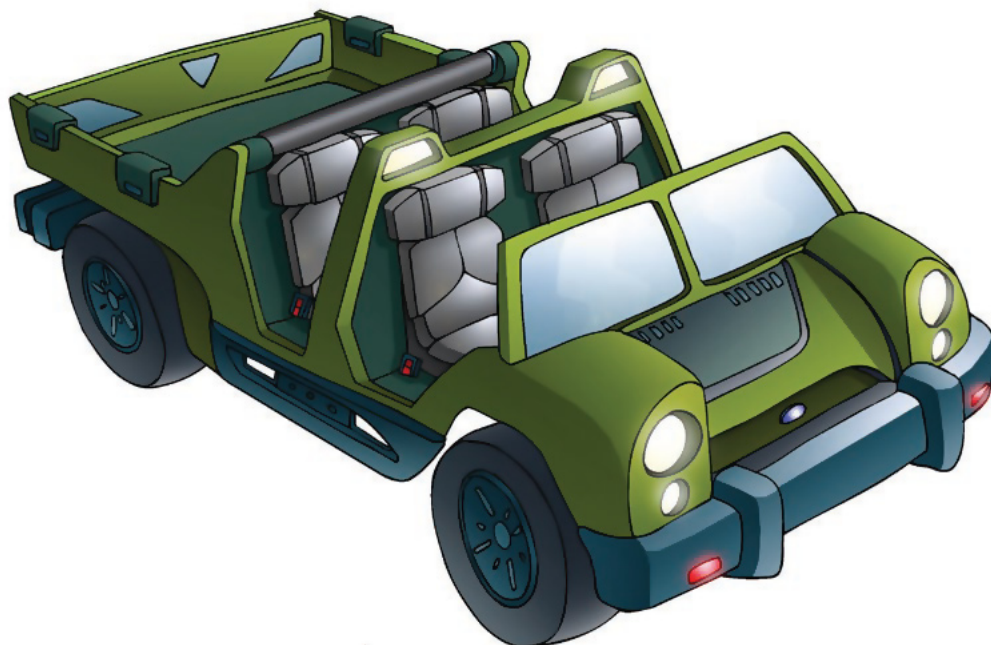
Support – LGL, APGL, VLRP/128, VB

Gunner – LAC, APGL, VLRP/128, VB

Note: The possible Combat Groups could be added:

Gabor Amphibious “Golem” (from Life on Eden)

Bug Swarms (Possible but not required, if it looks too much like Utopia)



HOME BREW RULES

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE EDEN FORCE OPTIONS

Archer Constable



HEAVY GEAR
BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	3

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 7 OVERKILL 21

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 4

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
VLAC	F	0	12/48/∞	x6	2	R	
VLRP/32	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	4	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Dragon Constable



HEAVY GEAR
BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	3

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 7 OVERKILL 21

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 4

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
MFL	F	+1	4/16/--	x7	1	IF, AE1, SB, M	
VLRP/32	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	4	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Dragon Man-at-Arms



HEAVY GEAR
BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	4

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 11 OVERKILL 33

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 5

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
HFL	F	+1	6/24/--	x9	2	IF, AE2, SB, M	
VLRP/128	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	6	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Dragon Marshall



HEAVY GEAR
BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	0
LD	AUTOCOMM	4

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 9 OVERKILL 27

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 4

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6) ECM (1), ECCM (1)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
MFL	F	+1	4/16/--	x7	1	IF, AE1, SB, M	
VLRP/32	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	4	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE EDEN FORCE OPTIONS

HOME
BREW
RULES

Gunner Man-at-Arms



HEAVY GEAR BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	4

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 11 OVERKILL 33

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 5

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
LAC	F	0	12/48/∞	x8	2		
VLRP/128	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	6	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Support Constable



HEAVY GEAR BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	3

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 7 OVERKILL 21

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 4

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
LGL	F	-1	6/24/∞	x15	2	IF, AE2	
VLRP/32	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	4	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Support Man-at-Arms



HEAVY GEAR BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	-1
LD	AUTOCOMM	4

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 11 OVERKILL 33

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 5

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6)

NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
LGL	F	-1	6/24/∞	x15	2	IF, AE2	
VLRP/128	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	6	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

Support Marshall



HEAVY GEAR BLITZ

ATT	DETECT	2
DEF	SENSORS	0
EW	COMM	0
LD	AUTOCOMM	4

SPD	STOP	CBT	TOP
W 3/5	-1	0	1
G /			
ATTACK	1	0	-1

ARMOR 9 OVERKILL 27

ACTIONS 1 SIZE 4

DAMAGE L H C

PERKS Airdroppable, Arms

FLAWS Expose Auxiliary

AUX Jump Jet (6) ECM (1), ECCM (1)

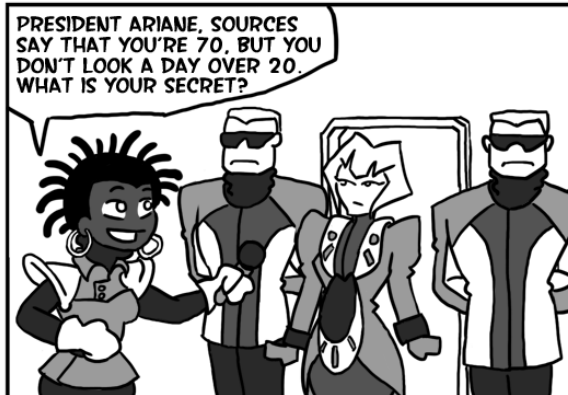
NAME	ARC	ACC	RANGE	DAM	ROF	TRAITS	ROUNDS
LGL	F	-1	6/24/∞	x15	2	IF, AE2	
VLRP/32	F	-1	6/24/∞	x8	4	IF	
APGL	F	-1	6/24/--	x4		IF, AI, AE3	OOOOO
VB	F	0		S+2		M	
Physical				S		M	

JOVIAN KOMA

JOHN BELL



I WONDER WHAT CEGA CALLS HER...





"Boss, we got a situation."

25 Autumn, TN 1945
2461 hours
Isolde Spa, Penthouse Suite
Lyonesse, United Mercantile Federation

Geraint Forzi felt the twinge of annoyance enter him as soon as he heard the voice of one of his men interrupting his bath. Tessa sat on top of him, staring down at him and obviously more than a little curious to see how he would handle the situation, given the circumstances. At first Geraint thought about simply dismissing Trevor and dealing with him later – a couple broken digits, perhaps – but it occurred to him that Trevor was one of the few who he hadn't caught snooping on Tessa when she was in such a state with their boss. He'd had to remind quite a few of the men not to look at his lady, and sometimes in not the gentlest of ways.

"Cover up," he ordered, and Tessa Niedlich-Lywin, the city administrator of Lyonesse, the capital of the United Mercantile Federation, did as she was told without even batting an eyelid.

Geraint felt a small heady rush off that, but toned it down and instead focused on his man. Trevor wasn't in the inner circle of trusted confidantes with the son of the Forzi Cartel's leader, but he was a solid sort, not unintelligent, and he had an eye for situations that needed to be dealt with swiftly. "Enter."

Trevor walked in, and Geraint noticed that even though Tessa was covered in a now-wet silk robe that would have garnered 1,000 marks on the market, and probably twenty thousand to any photographer that could catch the way it clung to her curves, Trevor was still staring at the wall opposite him, so that he could only see Geraint in his peripheral vision. Geraint admitted then that he was starting to like the man's style a great deal more. "Boss," the rocky voice of the muscle was strained. "Someone's trying to get in contact with Andre Croft."

Geraint almost swore that the candles surrounding the room actually sputtered, and he felt Tessa's legs tighten around his own in an unconscious reflex to the name. She had reason to hate the man; it had taken a fair amount of kompromat to maintain her position as city administrator after the now-defunct independent photographer had caught a grainy image of her with Geraint, right here, at the entrance to the Isolde Spa, ten cycles ago. Geraint had gone out of his way to post muscle and

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN BRANDON KEITH FERO

eyes at every corner that could hide a camera in the seasons following, and had worked several angles to make sure his sweet girl could stay right where she was, heading the city's administrative board while she took her direction from him, thus keeping he and his branch of the Cartel out from under the Lyonesse Police Force and the Federal Intelligence Agency, and its de facto leader board, the Joint Intelligence Council.

He knew Tessa wanted to explode, but she had not become the city administrator simply because of her amazing good looks, or because she was his sweet. Far from it. The woman was a ruthless and altogether charming creature who could smile at a man with such kindness he would forget that she had him under her thumb, only to discard him later with all the cold and brilliant calculation of a maniacal genius. The fact that she held her tongue also told him she wanted him to handle this his way. Looking at Trevor fully, he kept his inflection almost careless, "Who might it be?"

"She is a new journalist with the Rapid City Guardian news," Trevor explained slowly. "Lana Yevet-Banner."

Geraint let a low hum escape his throat as he turned and looked at Tessa, who turned her own eyes to him and nodded once, speaking softly in her low soprano, "I know her. She attended several of my meetings when Treasurer Stamens was sworn in. She's highly regarded as being trustworthy, diligent, and persistent reporter. She hardly lets her opinions color her articles, and there are rumors that she'll be slated to have her own show within the next two seasons."

Geraint turned it over in his mind, and swiftly came to the conclusion that trying to make this new reporter disappear would cause more trouble than it was worth. Too many people likely knew her. Croft, on the other hand, was 'old news', and while the accident involving his hands that Geraint had 'arranged' had reached the Inquirer, it only made the tenth page, and that in a small excerpt done by a loyal friend of Croft's who subsequently left the subject alone, at Croft's own behest. The man had learned his lesson, and remained quiet for these many cycles, but now the information he might have could prove dangerous.

"I believe the time has come for Mister Croft to be given a formal farewell," he mused quietly. "Trevor, make it quick and natural. No reason for the man to suffer."

"Understood, boss," Trevor's answer was simple.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

When the bigger man turned and started out the door, however, Geraint had a thought occur to him, "Travor."

The man paused and quirked his head sideways so that his ear was facing in Geraint's direction, but again he did not turn around, or end up facing Tessa. Geraint smiled at the man's dutiful nature, and stated, "Take Mindi and her boys with you. I'm sure the two of you can get along splendidly while you go see Mister Croft. You do know where he is, don't you?"

"Yes, boss, he's moved out to the Quinn Range, some little town called Mary's Bluff."

"Good man."

After Travor left, Tessa slipped off the robe and settled down against him. "So, Mindi? Don't you think her men will be somewhat upset that he is coming along with them?"

"Mindi can make her own decisions just fine, and I think she and Travor will make a wonderful team. Just like you and I, sweet." Geraint smiled. "Now, where were we again?"

That was when his PIT chirped at him. Now Geraint felt his eye twitch, and he was not the least bit surprised or unhappy when he saw Tessa grab hold of the PIT and slap it into speaker mode, "Who is this?"

"Oh, Tessa, is that anyway to treat an old friend?"

Geraint's lip turned up slightly at the sound of Chrystof Donnel's voice. The man placed in charge of all the Forzi operations against both the capos of the Kolson and Granis affiliates was the last man on Terra Nova he wanted to speak to, especially when he was on vacation. "What do you want, Donnel?"

"I just wanted to ask if anybody had troubled you with this news about this reporter lady talking to Croft?"

Geraint glanced over at Tessa, who blew out a breath and answered for him, "Yes, we know of the situation. It's being handled."

"I'm sorry, Tessa, sweet, but I need to hear from Geraint."

Geraint's fist came down on the side of the tub – not only for the fact that he despised 'the surgeon', but the fact that the man referred to his lady as 'sweet' irked him to no end. His voice rose slightly, "Enough, Donnel, what do you want to tell me about this?"

"I just wanted to let you know that it's already been handled."

Geraint and Tessa both looked at one another, and Geraint stared back down at the PIT as if he could stare into the man's eyes directly, "What do you mean, 'it's already been handled'? I just sent Mindi and her boys out to take care of Croft."

"Oh, well, you can do that as you wish, but I took the liberty of renting out a car for Miss Yevet-Banner personally... plus a modification on the air bags and brakes."

Tessa's voice cut in, "That girl is a rising star in the media networks, Donnel! If she dies, there is going to be an investigation made by men who I have very little kompromat to deter!"

"Tessa, you're in a spa, you should watch your stress levels," Donnel's voice mocked. "And anyway, it's already done. If my calculations are correct, the lady should already be in the Quinn Range. A cheap, made-in-Timmins brake installation and faulty air bags on the vehicle will result in a sadly catastrophic crash which will, even more sadly, end the star's career... but I'm sure she will not suffer much."

Geraint's voice was low and lethal, "If this comes back on us, Donnel, I'll have my father deal with you personally."

"You forget your place, boy," Donnel answered. "Your father may be capo, but I have been his best man for more than forty cycles! You should be thanking me for doing this for you, not threatening my throat when I already have enough kompromat with your dealings with the Kolsons!"

"The only dealings I have with the Kolsons are strictly territory and business, Donnel, as per my father's instructions," Geraint shot back. "This is a delicate time, and you are going to blow it if this woman survives, so there is no kompromat to be had. Consider that the next time you decide to go around and over my head in matters. Good night."

He jabbed the PIT's 'finish' button, then turned and looked at Tessa. She stared back at him, then sighed and shook her head, "It's a pity... she was so pretty, too."

.....

25 Autumn, TN 1945

2610 hours

2 kilometers south of Mary's Bluff, Quinn Range, United Mercantile Federation

The storm that had whipped up out of the northeast was coming on steadily, and the cooler temperatures promised to bring driving sleet and snow. Despite the cold biting wind that

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

blew around him, Trent kept his focus on the task at hand. It wouldn't be much longer before Mary's Bluff would be covered in snow drifts, and with it the town would once again be isolated from the rest of the planet. No one came to Mary's Bluff unless they were seeking a tourist attraction or solitude. The former was provided by the two friendly hotels with their ski slopes, some of which ranked as some of the most difficult challenges in several trideo sports networks.

The solitude of Mary's Bluff was very much in supply, since Trent hadn't seen anyone in days. That was why Trent was grateful that he would be done before the storm fully hit. With another slow, measured movement, he grabbed the tree in front of him with the worker Gear's left manipulator, then sawed through the trunk underneath with his right arm's chainsaw. The Prairie Dog Gear was old, but it worked well. This was his third trip to the lower side of the low mountain, and with it he had plenty of firewood stored up for the coming winter. He started making his way back toward the cabin, carrying a log in each manipulator. Even with the power assist of the Prairie Dog, it still required muscle to keep the controls up instead of letting the logs drag in the mud, and Trent had no intention of having to clean the logs before preparing and cutting them.

That was when the lights caught his attention. Trent stopped where he stood and peered at the twin lights that were approaching along the little road that led towards his cabin. A car? Here? Now?

He started walking up the hill a bit more to flag the stranger down – perhaps they were just lost – when he noticed that the car was moving faster than it ought to. He instantaneously made the key logical jump. Brakes were out. Of course, in this country, no urban sedan could be expected to handle well, but whoever was driving wasn't in the least bit in control of the vehicle. They were just trying to keep the thing on the road.

The two logs he carried went by the wayside as he saw the driver overcorrect and whip into a sideways slip. The lead wheels began to flex dangerously, and then it started into a slide.

Trent pushed down onto the foot pedals, and the Prairie Dog dutifully burst into a run, and instantly a torrent of cold rain fell down like God himself was punishing the driver. The Dog was a working Gear, it didn't have a neural net per se, which left it all up to the pilot to time things right. But Trent didn't need a neural net for this. He put both arms up and knelt down when he saw the car flip onto its side, both manipulators held out almost in a hug to stop the car from going any further. The collision threw his head back into his seat, but he knew both the car and the

Gear had come to a stop. Gently, he pushed the car back onto its wheels, then hit the button to open the cockpit. Climbing down, he walked over to the driver's door and peered in, only to see a beautiful dark-skinned face leaned against the corner of doorjamb.

He opened the door and knelt in, feeling the cold wet rain drenching his skin. He looked her over. She was put together wonderfully, light chocolate skin, all natural curves, and she made the slightly fashionable suit jacket and skirt look very appealing, but the swelling knot on her head wasn't a good sign. She could have a concussion, and out here that could spell serious trouble. She, too, was drenched through by the rain, but looking at her raven hair Trent was taken aback by the fact that he actually felt attraction. Now wasn't that a fool thing to be thinking of at a time like this?

"Hey," he pleaded, shaking her arm slightly. "Hey, wake up."

There was a muffled moan from between her full lips, but not much movement. She wasn't unconscious, but she was seriously dazed. "My car...?"

"Listen, you've been in an accident, just hold on one sec, okay? What's your name?"

"Name...?"

"Miss, what is your name?"

Her chocolate eyes opened at that point, and he inspected them. Not out-of-focus, no real bad motion, no unnatural dilation, so that meant no brain damage that he could tell from the obvious signs. Her lips formed the words, too soft for him to hear, and then she cleared her throat and he noticed she was a high alto, "Lana. My name is Lana. Lana Yevet-Banner. Are you Andre Croft?"

"Croft?!" Trent's eyes widened. "That old geezer's back at the stead, probably gorging himself on his latest helping of the trid news."

Her hand came up to his bicep and gripped tight enough to cause him to think she wasn't half as bad off as she appeared, "You know him?!"

"Look, first things first, let me get you out of here," Trent muttered, reaching over and unbuckling her seat belt.

"My car...?" Lana was looking around.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

"What fool idea came to your head to make you drive out here in this weather in this city get-up is beyond me," Trent stated firmly. "It's a wreck."

"Oh," Lana's eyes turned to focus on him again as he wrapped an arm around the small of her back to help her out of the wreck. "Wait, what's your name?"

He glanced at her, and his first name started to come to his lips, then he paused and shook his head, "Trent. It's Trent."

"You... did you just save me?"

Lana was looking at him intensely, and Trent just shrugged. "Wasn't any big thing. My Prairie Dog's taken harder beatings. Here, come on, one, two, three."

He lifted, and she climbed out, but even as they stepped out into the cold air and cold rain she shivered and grasped hold of him, "Cold!"

"Relax!" Trent answered. "Come on, up you go."

He set his hand on her bottom to give her a push up into the cockpit of the Prairie Dog, and ignored the temptation to squeeze. Even still, it was kind of difficult not to notice just how great she felt. Throwing down his urges, he climbed up into the cockpit and motioned to the car, "Is there anything in there you need?"

"My... my PIT, please, it's in my backpack."

Trent returned to the ground and made his way over to the vehicle and inspected it once again. He ticked off mentally what he could tell from the situation. It was a brand-new car, a Z500, built by LexTex, an easy 50,000 marks on the market today. It had all the latest bells and whistles. That didn't make any sense. LexTex cars were high on their safety ratings. His first judgment had been off. Something was wrong with this whole situation. Why did she need to talk to Andre, of all people? He swooped in, snatched up the backpack, then caught another, smaller bag. Picking it up, he peered in, and caught sight of a dozen different shampoos and oils. It appeared that Miss Yevet-Banner liked to pamper herself a great deal. He took that, too, and when he handed them to her she blushed and thanked him for the thought.

Fifteen minutes later, Trent was still wondering about the car's condition when he brought the worker Gear to a halt outside the homestead. Once Lana had climbed out, he followed her up onto the covered porch of the cabin. He had it built in a modified

L shape, with the front end aimed towards the road, and the back end, where Andre had his bedroom, at the back facing the barn. It was a two-story, made out of solid brick and mortar, and with the front porch covered it could have passed for a castle keep of some ancient Earth duke, if not for the reddish-brown color of the bricks. Walking up to the door, he punched in the sequence for the door, and it unlocked with two loud clicks. He pulled the door open, then ushered her in.

Lana's reporter's instincts took over and she quietly took it all in. Despite the shake of her crash, she recognized that the keypad was state-of-the-art geometric build, with a sequence of randomly moving dots that had to be aligned at exactly the right to unlock the door. On top of that, the door's locks weren't small; they were literally durasteel bars that seemed to run through the entire length of the door, covered on both sides with a thick wood covering to make it appear as though it were just wood until one saw from the side that it was actually durasteel plating. The hinges were not hinges at all, but another six-centimeter-thick bar of durasteel that allowed the door to be swung open easily and ran the entire length of the door.

She wondered what possessed a man to create such a formidable defense at the very entrance to his own home, but decided not to ask. When he came up behind her, however, she was shocked to feel him grabbing at her shirt's tail. "What the hell are you doing?!"

She turned and tried to slap him, and on reflex he caught her wrist and looked at her, his baritone voice matter-of-fact, "You're soaked through to the bone, and it's just shy of freezing outside, plus wind chill of -2 degrees. You need to get out of these wet clothes so you can dry off and avoid hypothermia."

Lana crossed her arms in front of her, "That doesn't give you the right to undress me!"

She saw his jaw working slightly, and his eyes seemed almost black when he spoke again, "Alright. You can use my bedroom."

"Trent?"

The older voice caused Lana to whip around just in time to see the shorter, bald man walk in, rubbing slightly at his eye with a hand that looked warped wrongly somehow, and her heart thundered within her as she recognized Andre Croft. "Mister Croft?" she ventured.

The man peered at her slightly, and then his eyes widened, "Lana Yevet-Banner?!"

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

"I am so glad to meet you, sir," Lana rushed over and took Andre's hands in her own, and Trent felt like he'd been decked with a body-blow from a linebacker.

"What, you know this woman, Croft?" Trent kept the strain out of his voice and managed to sound only puzzled.

"No, you young idjut, I don't know her, but I know of her! Don't you ever watch the news?"

"Can't say that I do, much," Trent answered while crossing his arms in front of himself. "So?"

"The lady you are mistreating so abusively is one of the finest reporters the UMF has had in the past ten cycles!" Andre gushed as she patted her hands with his own. "Prophet be bloody, boy, I've followed her since her first reports hit the air!"

Trent noticed that the woman was ducking her head slightly at the praise, but she also appeared to be very pleased with the compliments. "Shiny for you," he grumbled to himself. "Look, she came out all this way to see you, she just got in an accident out on the road, might have a concussion, and now she sees you and appears to be ready to talk up a storm. I'm going to get the Prairie Dog up in the barn."

With that, he turned around and left.

"Come, sit, sit," Andre entreated as he led Lana over to the fireplace and set her down in Trent's leather chair. "Warm yourself by the fire, dear. Tell me, what is it that an old man like me can do for such a shining journalist?"

Lana's heart could hardly contain her excitement as she leaned over. Despite the cold that was chilling her through her clothes, she talked swiftly, "Mister Croft, I need to ask you about this."

Andre's body stilled as he felt her fingers clasping his own. Gnarled and distorted, his fingers were warped out of proportion. They were completely incapable of ever handling a camera again properly. If he'd had the money, he could have had surgery to reset the bones, or grow him some new digits, but he hadn't had the money didn't have the insurance, either, after the magazines that had taken his picture and paid him a small sum promptly informed him that their health benefits were no longer valid, due to "extenuating circumstances."

For the first time in over ten cycles, Andre felt fear as Lana's inquisitive eyes turned to look up into his.

.....

Trent didn't waste any time. The storm was getting more serious than the forecasters had predicted. But that was why Trent always kept an ear out on the radio for the lovely voice of Ma Rosman. At just over 70 cycles, her voice had the sweet melody of a woman who was at peace, and he'd heard her predictions. She had knowledge of the local weather patterns that far outweighed the national forecasters. This northeaster promised to be close to tempest-strength, and that meant trouble for anyone out on the roads after it hit. According to Ma Rosman, once it was over they could expect another two weeks of clear weather before the first real snows hit.

He brought the Prairie Dog to a complete stop within the barn and turned off the V-engine, listening to its steady chug wind down before climbing out. Having done so, he walked over to the small cabinet in the center of the barn and opened it, withdrawing one of the orange medicinal bottles and tapping out a pair of large 1,500-milligram horse pills. He chucked them back with a long swig of water and then glanced over at the far corner of the barn. The tarp that covered the machine in that corner hadn't been moved, so he could rest easy. Andre had never asked any questions about the hulk that was hidden there, which was partially the reason why Trent trusted him. He had no doubts that the man, still a journalist at heart, would have a thousand questions for him if he ever wanted to talk about it, but Andre Croft understood the value of a man's privacy.

Walking out of the barn and down the covered walkway that joined the barn to the house, Trent felt something turn over in his gut when he heard raised voices. Now what fool thing had happened in the span of five minutes that he didn't know about?

Coming to the back door that led into the kitchen and then on to the living room, he heard the voices much more clearly once he entered, "- I'm not telling you anything about this, Miss Yevet! For Prophet's sake, leave it alone!"

"Mister Croft, I need to know what you know! Please!"

He had only just enough time to enter the living room to see Andre backed up into his seat with a look that he recognized as fierce terror. Andre's look as fixated on Lana's intent stare. Frustrated, Trent noticed the fuming beauty seemed to have no trouble sitting in his leather chair when she was sopping wet. "Andre, what did I tell you about getting her to change her clothes?" Trent demanded.

"She seems perfectly fine to me, boy," Andre said, and Trent recognized the pale look in the man's face.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

"She's shivering like a leaf," Trent retorted. "And she's getting my upholstery soaked."

He wasted no time grabbing the woman by the bicep and lifting her up; even with her clothes steaming slightly from her vicinity to the fireplace he could feel that she was freezing.

Lana snapped at Trent, "Let go of me!"

"Ma'am, I'm not letting go of you until you get yourself dried off and changed into some new clothes," he growled loudly.

He started dragging her towards the east side of the room, where his bedroom was located, when he felt her hand slam his shoulder, "I said let go, Mister Trent! I'm not a prisoner!"

Pinning her with a glare, he answered, "No, you're not a prisoner, but you're a damn fool of a woman to be worried about asking whatever questions you've been asking when you've got no business doing anything else other than warming up. God in Heaven be merciful, ma'am, do you not understand that you could have died back there?"

That gave her pause long enough for him to push her up the stairs to the second floor. Once they reached the top, he gave his bedroom door a quick shove with his left hand. Then he grabbed her by her shoulders and gently pushed her into the room. He noticed the way that her eyes were taking in the surroundings... the queen-sized bed pressed up against the east side of the room, the large window that was shuttered on the south side, the large drawer on the north wall and the second fireplace located on the west wall directly next to them. He pointed, "Top drawer is towels and sweaters, second drawer down is underwear, socks and pants. That door in the far corner there is the bathroom. Water's hot, and it's free, but it takes awhile to heat after the first five hundred gallons go, so don't waste much. Get dried off and changed."

She turned to say something to him, but he shut the door behind him and turned to look at Andre. The older man wasn't exactly ancient by most standards, just a tad over sixty cycles, but premature aging and a lifetime spent chasing danger hadn't been very kind to his face. Still, he was witty, with a good heart, if cantankerous at times. Walking over next to the fireplace to avoid the stutter of cold that wanted to cause his own body to shiver, Trent leveled him with a stare and asked in a low voice, "Alright, Andre, spill it."

Looking up at him, Andre just shook his head, "You forgot to include yourself in the equation, boy. Seems to me you caught more of the rain than the lady did."

"I'll be shiny once you tell me what she asked you that's got you running scared," Trent fired back. "Four cycles you've been here, old man, and I've seen you stare down some nasty stuff without losing your composure. I leave for just shy of four minutes, and this woman's got you backed into a corner like a dawg pup ready to bolt."

Andre shook his head again and answered, "Listen, just go in there and get some clothes and change... I'm not ready to talk about this."

Trent stared down at the man's face. What was going on here? He turned and headed back into the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee to help him start thinking.

.....

Lana was more than a little perturbed with the man known as Trent. He seemed to have no trouble with manhandling her around as though she were a sack of grain, and the fact that he had the nerve to call her 'a damn fool of a woman' had instantly reminded her of some unsavory men she had had to deal with in her time as a waitress. It had cost her nearly two cycles of her teenage life dealing with drunks and brawlers who had little else than a hole in the ground to go to after they had their fill of ale and beer, and who presumed too much with her looks. In the UMF, you either climbed the corporate ladder in some way, or you ended up in the poor lower class, and after seeing how the lower class lived Lana was convicted and swore she would never return to the streets without it being part of the job.

Even while she furiously opened up the cabinet, Lana was struck by the solid build of the room. It certainly didn't have a woman's touch, rough and hand-tooled, but it was warm, insulated against the cold outside, and considering what had just happened she was grateful to find that Andre Croft wasn't living in the shanty shack that so many of her colleagues had predicted she would find him. She had prepared herself to find a small one-room cottage filled to the brim with mismatched clothes and steel plates and a small stove; instead she stared down at neatly-folded, plush dark blue and grey towels and thick wool sweaters.

After she had wrapped her hair up underneath a towel, she snatched a second towel up and stripped out of the clothes and set them up on the coat rack that stood next to the fireplace. That was a rustic and antiquated convenience she had never thought about, but it made absolute sense to dry your clothes off, especially in this weather. A shocking bolt of lightning lit the window pane outside the shades, followed by the thunder that almost rattled the window, and Lana shivered as she

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

remembered the stunning cold before being wrapped up in the arms of the man who had saved her. After she had wrapped the towel around her she made her way over to the window, staring down at the low drawers that lined that side of the room. The top was scattered with several items... an ancient football covered in glass – the kind started by the ancient Americans – several trideo vids showing four different families smiling and waving to the camera, and in one corner there was a Bible, leather-bound, with what appeared to be a metal ashtray next to it. The ashtray gave her pause, however... it didn't look normal.

She walked closer to it, breathing in the scent of tobacco ashes, and was just reaching for it when she heard the door open. Instantly she whipped around and shouted, "What are you doing?!"

Trent stared at her for one long moment, and immediately she tightened her arms around her bust, trying to make sure she was covered completely. Before she could get another question out of her lips, though, he stated, "It ever occur to you that I might be a little soaked too, ma'am?"

"Stop calling me 'ma'am'," she huffed. "I'm twenty-seven cycles, not seventy, and even then I wouldn't have a man call me that."

"You'll get used to it as you grow into it." Trent walked over to the drawer, and Lana's eyes almost popped out of their sockets as she watched him strip off the wet shirt.

Her eyes took in his shoulders and back... lean, muscled, but not overly so. He wasn't built like a man who hit a gym every day, just a man who worked hard at his job and had acquired some strength from it... or perhaps more strength than could be seen. Lana wasn't certain, but there was something about the way that he carried himself that told her he was stronger than he appeared. It made something inside her quiver as she recognized that this was a man who knew dangerous situations and handled them regularly. She felt her thumb rubbing her lower lip while she watched him fling the shirt over towards the fireplace, the sopping cloth landing in a steaming crumpled mess on the bricks in front of the fire, which was still burning brightly. His voice rumbled, "It's not polite to stare."

Her eyes widened as she realized he was looking at her through the reflection of the photograph that was situated on top of the dresser, and she huffed, "Then why are you?"

"You're nice to look at."

Lana's jaw nearly dropped. She wasn't a hussy, and she wouldn't dare be ogled like one, either, not even by a handsome lug of a logger. She reached over to the drawer next to her and pulled out the nearest solid object she could find – what looked like a bullet on the end of a string – and tossed it at him with a grunt. Instantly his hand came up around and snagged the rope and twirled it around his wrist, and his eyes continued to stare at her through the reflection. At that point Lana felt fury boil inside her veins, and she grabbed another object – a pipe – and threw it. He caught that, too, then turned and shouted, "Stop throwing things at me!"

"Stop catching them!" she answered back.

"I'm catching a lot things today," he bit off angrily. "The one thing I can't seem to catch is a break to do what needs doing and move on with my life, so if you would please do me a favor and turn around."

Lana worked her jaw for a few moments, but for the first time in she didn't know how long she didn't have an adequate response to what was just said. Feeling the flame in her cheeks, she turned around and faced the shades that covered the window. She caught his muttered, "Thank you."

Hearing him undoing his pants, she swallowed and felt her cheeks burn even brighter, and she whispered, "Can you please move a little faster?"

There was a pause and the sound of the pipe and the bullet slamming on the top of the dresser, and he muttered, "Do me another favor. Don't talk about moving or speed right now."

She almost turned around to look at him, "I wasn't-!"

"Just don't." She stopped just in time to avoid catching a glimpse of too much, but what she saw she instinctively liked. Even without seeing him, Lana could feel the vibration of his tone. "I am warning you with everything that is holy within me, if you look at me right now, you will regret it."

Lana Yevet-Banner had many things on her mind, but regret was the last thing when she turned to face him. She felt her heart thunder in her chest as she saw him standing there, steaming, with only a pair of spandex undershorts on. But it wasn't the attire or his physicality that caught her attention... it was the scars. He had turned to look at her fully now, and her eyes counted. Three... five... nine scars that she could see. All plastered across his chest and stomach. Five of them were

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

short, sharp gashes in his skin, puckered against the paleness of his stomach, two appeared to be large and circular, punched straight into the right side of his chest, and the other two were lacerations that probably came from a knife.

Lana's voice was barely a whisper. "What... what happened to you?"

Trent's jaw worked slightly, and she saw now that his eyes were a slight hazel that worked into a darker color, closer to a dark green, and then he shook his head. "That's none of your concern, ma'am."

"Lana," she stated softly, and despite herself she took a few steps around the edge of the bed towards him. "My name is Lana. Try it."

Trent's brow furrowed, and she actually felt his control from where she stood. He had a will as tough as durasteel armor, and amazingly, Trent felt himself about to break. He could also see that she knew it by the way she looked at him. Lana felt a welcome rush flow through her veins at the thoughts that entered her mind. Those thoughts disappeared the moment he turned to the dresser and withdrew a deep, mahogany-red wool sweater and tossed it onto the bed next to her, followed by a pair of spandex underpants and some black denim jeans. "They're washed," he stated firmly. "Should fit you fine."

He threw on another pair of deep blue denims and then a long-sleeve white shirt before walking out. For all that she had been through in her short lifespan and the many situations she had needed to escape from, Lana could feel the emptiness left in his wake, and realized a part of her sorely wished he hadn't left. She reached over and stretched her hand across the wool sweater, and the softness of the material comforted her. It smelled like him. Twenty minutes later, after she had regrouped with a nice, hot shower and braced herself for facing the man again, Lana walked out into the living room, only to be greeted by Andre's face looking at her from his usual chair. On the leather chair there was a towel and a heating pad. Andre pointed to the items, "He put those there to get the water up, and also to keep it warm for you."

She looked at Andre. "Where is he?"

"In the barn out back," Andre answered kindly. "Probably cutting up more wood. Truth be told, Miss Yevet, I'm not sure if I could have done the same if I were his age."

Lana's cheeks flamed, and she muttered, "He's not just a logger, is he?"

"Trent?" Andre's voice chuckled. "He's no logger, but the teams around here like to use him because he's good with the saw and comes cheap. He's helped the neighbors with several dozen buildings, makes furniture on the side, works leather and fur rugs – wolverines, mostly."

"Wolverines?" Lana peered at Andre. "They're all in zoos, mostly clones or genetic re-engineers."

"You must not have heard," Andre murmured. "Back during the Alliance, a couple dozen of the beasts got free. Then a dozen more. Folks figured the animals wouldn't last a week, but they thrive out here. Trent there, he likes the animals. They're solitary, they go where they want, they eat anything that'll nourish them, and they take care of their young. He likes tracking them. Hunts only one or two at a time, and he doesn't use snares, always with a rifle and his wits with Trent."

Lana sat down, soaking up the heat from the pad and also noticing that the jeans she wore were very snug on her hips and backside. She asked, "These aren't for a man... does he have a wife?"

"No," Andre answered. "He makes odd things now and then and sells them, I just told you."

"But that's not who he is," Lana turned insistent. "Those scars didn't come from logging accidents."

Andre Croft looked at the young woman with the patience born of grueling hours of skimping by on very little, "You'd have to ask him. I don't ask questions that I don't want to know the answers to anymore."

Lana stared down at the fireplace, "Not since Geraint Forzi had his way with you."

Andre's fingers clenched into the sadly-warped fists they had become, and sighed. "I know the kind of woman you are, so I know there's very little point in trying to deter you. The answer is yes. Geraint Forzi did this to me. But that is all that you need to know, Miss Yevet. Heed an old man's advice. Don't do what you're trying to do."

Watching the flames slowly eat away at the lowest log, Lana felt the fear emanating off of the man opposite from her. But it wasn't fear for himself. He was fearful for her. "They don't have any kompromat on me." She turned and looked at him. "I'm here to find the truth and expose them for who and what they are, Andre."

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

WHERE THE TRUTH IS HIDDEN

"I wanted to earn myself a paycheck that would put me in the spotlight," Andre spoke softly. "But you're made of purer stuff than I. That's why I'm insisting on this. You already escaped one accident, which is more than enough."

The mention of the accident chilled Lana to the bone, no matter how warm it was. "What?" she whispered.

"You think they wouldn't know what it was you were doing? You think a 50,000-mark car would just lose its brakes on a day out here in these rough mountains? Lex brags all the time about the safety standards of his cars... front, side and rear airbags, but Trent told me what happened. They didn't deploy. Brakes went out. That doesn't happen by accident, Lana." Andre looked to the front door and continued. "They were responsible for it."

"I can expose them!" She spoke loudly and straightened up in the chair, staring fervently at him. "I can bring the proof before the public's eyes, and-

"Do you think everyone doesn't know what's going on? Do you think that people are truly that naïve?" The hardness in the man's voice stopped her cold. "They've got kompromat on men and women who are in charge of some of the most powerful arms-dealing companies on the entire planet. Do you think you can ever shout loud enough, or fast enough, that they would be too afraid to finish what they started with you?"

Lana turned quiet. "So you think I should just give this up and continue on about my way."

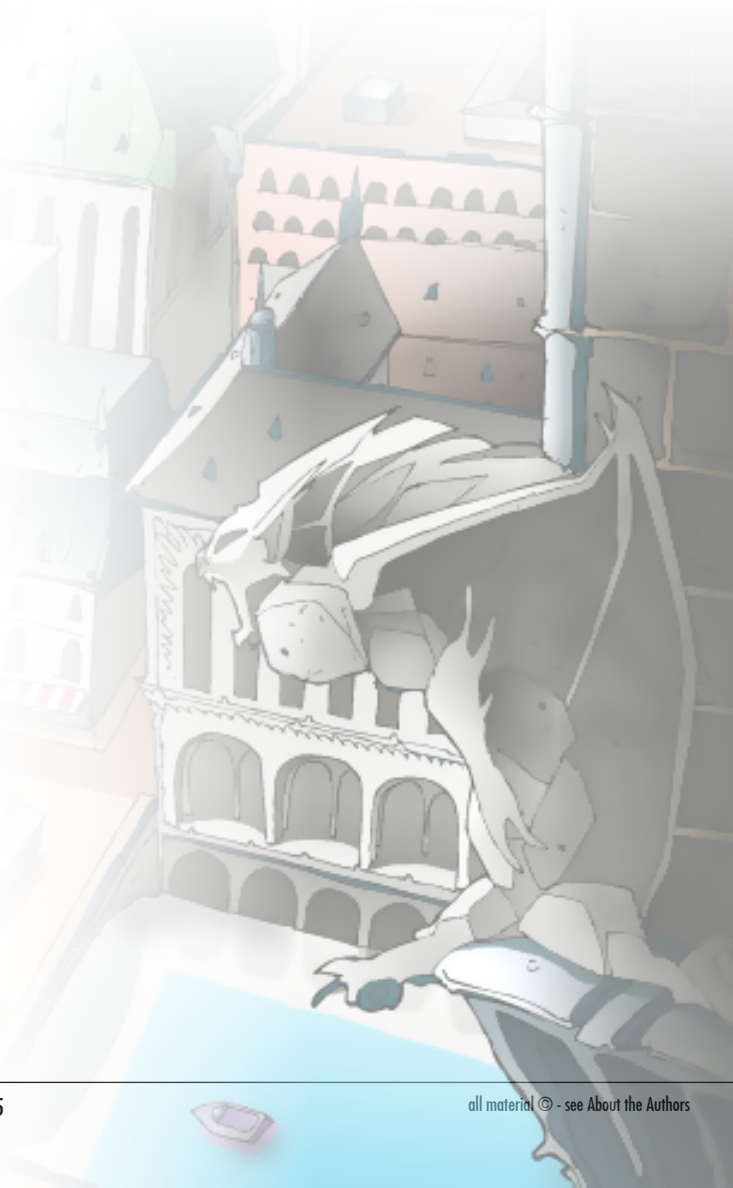
"I know you should," Andre ground out. "That's what I'm telling you. Geraint Forzi may have let me keep my life, but there aren't as many who are "cultivated" like him, and he works around some of the most ruthless men and women in the Federation, perhaps even within the entire Northern hemisphere. Even Aaron Logan, man that he is, wouldn't use up his resources to try and take down the capos with what he has."

For a long time, there was silence between the two of them. Lana worked over everything that she had within the confines of her mind and also what she had stored in her PIT and her dataglove. For two whole cycles she had been on the trail of the Forzi cartel, gathering evidence, using her spare time as a waitress to gather more information while she worked other stories and earned her reputation as a top-caliber reporter. Now, with her career truly starting to take off, she was set to throw down the biggest bombshell of a story. There was no way for anyone to make her back out -- except if they ended her life before she could air it.

She shivered, and Andre looked up at her with a sigh, "I'm going to sleep. I suggest you do the same, Lana. Just take me for the coward that I am, please, and do the brave thing. Let this go."

Before Lana could open her mouth to answer, the old photographer was up and out of his chair and beating a hasty retreat to the back end of the house, where his own bedroom was situated. Lana sat there another twenty minutes, the silence of the room interrupted by the happy crackling of the fireplace. She needed some answers from somewhere, and if nothing else, she had one other man she needed to talk to. Strangely, the prospect frightened her more than the thought of facing down the Forzi cartel.

To Be Continued...



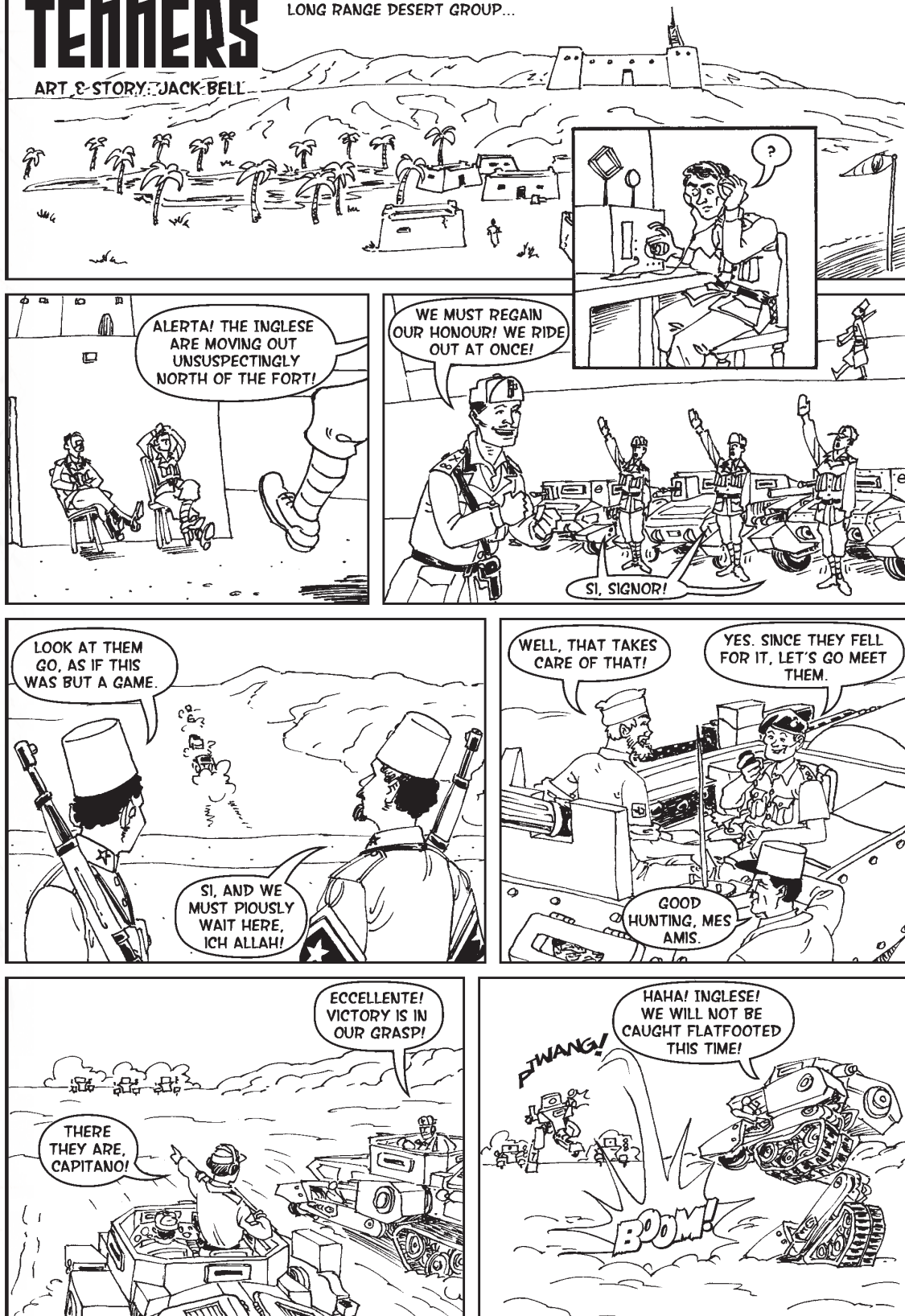
ALFIE'S TENNERS

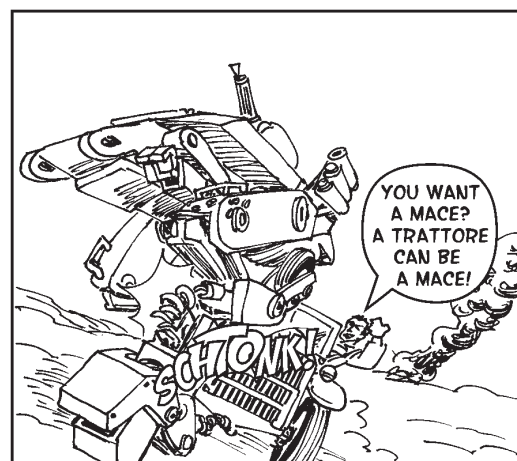
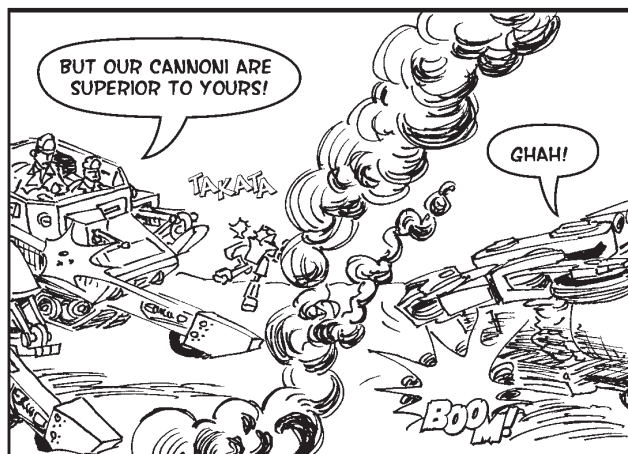
JOHN BELL

ALFIE'S
TENNERS

ART & STORY: JACK BELL

FEB. 1941. IN SOUTHERN CYRENACIA LIES THE OASIS OF KUFRA, SEPARATED FROM MOST OF CIVILISATION BY HUNDREDS OF KILOMETRES OF BARREN DESERT. BUT FROM HERE, ONE CAN STRIKE AT ANYWHERE IN LIBYA AND EGYPT. THIS IS THE PRIZE THAT COL. LECLERC, OF THE FREE FRENCH FORCES, IS AFTER, AND WITH HIM IS LT. ALPHONSE MARCH AND HIS WALKER TROOP, UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE LONG RANGE DESERT GROUP...

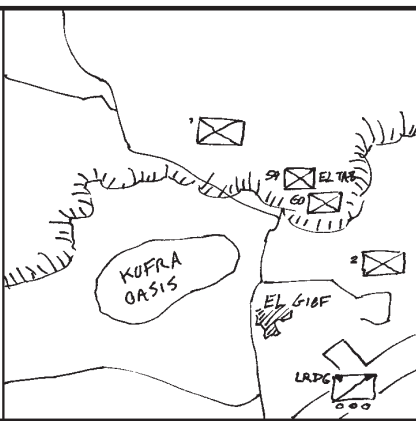




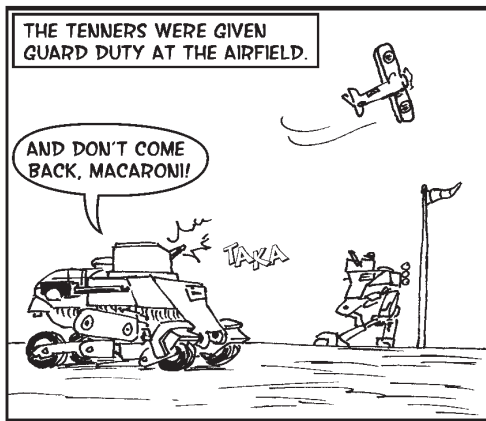
AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ALFIE'S TENNERS

FOLLOWING THE BATTLE ON FEB. 17, THE LECLERC COLUMN LAID SIEGE TO THE FORT AT EL TAB. WITH 350 TIRAILLEURS SÉNÉGALAIS AND TWO 75MM MOUNTAIN GUNS, LECLERC FELT HE COULD OVERCOME THE 280 ASKARIS AND HANDFUL OF ITALIANS LYING BEHIND THOSE WALLS...



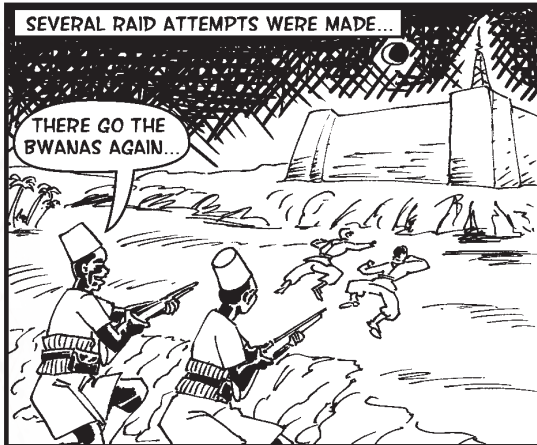
THE TENNERS WERE GIVEN GUARD DUTY AT THE AIRFIELD.




AND DON'T COME BACK, MACARONI!

TAXA

SEVERAL RAID ATTEMPTS WERE MADE...



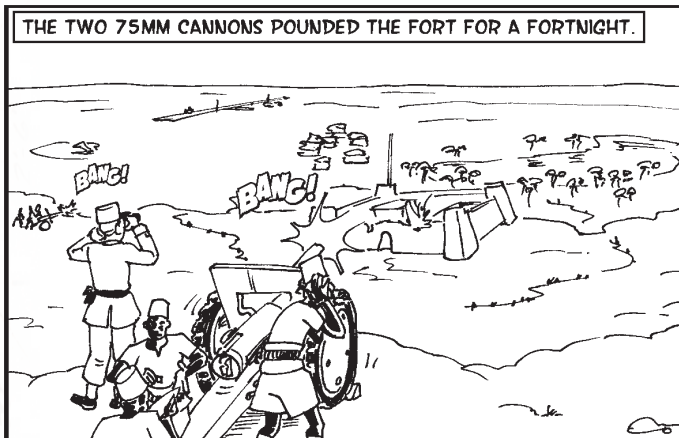
THERE GO THE BWANAS AGAIN...



FLANQUONS-NOUS!


ONLY TO COME BACK WITH NOTHING TO SHOW!

THE TWO 75MM CANNONS POUNDED THE FORT FOR A FORTNIGHT.



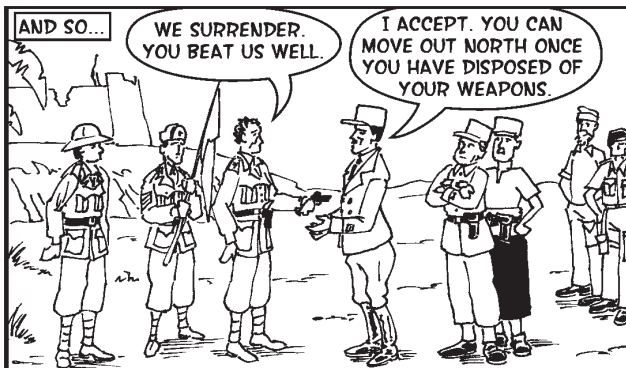
BANG!

BANG!




WHAT DID HE THINK, HANDING OVER THE COMMAND TO ME? I CANNOT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS...

AND SO...



WE SURRENDER. YOU BEAT US WELL.

I ACCEPT. YOU CAN MOVE OUT NORTH ONCE YOU HAVE DISPOSED OF YOUR WEAPONS.



I SAY, MARCH, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PERFECT PLACE FOR THE LRDG TO STRIKE OUT FROM.

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT. I EXPECT WE'LL BE NEEDED BACK IN EGYPT.

NEXT TIME: THE GERMANS ARE BACK! THE TENNERS COULD USE SOME BATTLE AXES AND OTHER NEW TOYS!

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Article Guidelines

The Aurora Magazine focuses on the worlds created by Dream Pod 9. As such, we are primarily interested in, but not limited to, articles dealing with SilCore and Blitz! rules (variants, additions and explorations of the rules) and on fiction, mechanized designs, equipment, artwork and similar ideas that draw on the established DP9 universes. This does not mean, however, that articles that are generic in nature or that do not deal with unique or original material, only that the focus is on exploring Silhouette and it's attendant universes.

Any article that is a promotion piece for another product, be it an excerpt or a lead-in to another product, must be clearly defined as such within the article body.

No articles will be accepted that use another's Intellectual Property or Copyrighted material without an included signed permission to use said material.

Fiction may be a one-off or serial based, as desired. Please note that long works of fiction may be split into multiple pieces over multiple issues for length reasons; if you are writing a long story it is best to indicate breaks in the story (chapters, for example) that allow us to chose the best point to split the story, if necessary. Stories are encouraged to be accompanied by Silhouette CORE or Blitz! rules detail of some kind, be it stats for characters or equipment in the story, game scenarios, mechanized designs, new rules or explanations of how to simulate aspects of the story using the Silhouette/Blitz rules. This is not a hard requirement however, and stand-alone pieces will be considered and published.

Aurora is also looking for original artwork. Art may be used to accompany the article and/or for the cover of the APA as well as individual pieces. Please see below for copyright information regarding images.

Submission Guidelines

All work for Aurora should be submitted in an .rtf or .doc file. The text within should be in Arial 10pt font, and single-spaced. Hard returns should be used only to separate paragraphs (with a double hard return) or with bullet points and list items. Do not indent paragraphs. You may use italics, boldface or bullets where deemed necessary.

Tables may be included in the submission. Preferably, tables should be created with minimal lines between cells, instead using background colour and/or cell spacing for clarity. Tables may also be included in courier-font/fixed-formatting. Identify these kind of tables with the following: <<<Table>>>

The article's title should be clearly noted at the beginning of the file, followed by a short (less than 75 words) introductory text. This introductory text can either be a synopsis, a quote, story, etc. It will be used at the beginning of the article to 'set the stage'.

The file should end with the Author's name(s), contact information (if desired) and a short bio (optional). This information will be placed on a Contributing Author's page in the magazine.

Please spell check and proofread your article. English or American spellings may be used as desired.

Photos, drawings or images should be accompanied by photo credits as well as a brief description/caption for each photo (optional). Indicate within your article where the images are to be included like so: <<<Image_Filename.ext>>>. Images should be sent at a maximum of 150dpi for greyscale or colour images, 300dpi for black & white images (1-bit). Given the size of a page, images should be no larger than 7 by 7 inches (18 by 18 cm). If we need a higher resolution image, we will contact you. Images should be compressed with an appropriate method; please check the quality of your images before sending.

Copyright Guidelines

Quotes or information that are attributable to other sources are permissible in appropriate quantities, and should be identified/cited (including page numbers), preferably within the article. Be sure that each quote is written exactly as it appears in the original source.

If you wish to include photos/drawings/images with your article, please provide the photo credits (artist/photographer/illustrator and subject if applicable). You may only submit images for which you have obtained permission to include in your article.

All articles and images used by Aurora remain in the copyright of the original submitters. You, as the author, must consent to release the article for publication by Aurora, with the knowledge that Aurora will not provide any compensation other than what has been listed above, and that Aurora, as an online magazine, will be downloaded by third-parties in a PDF format. All work for Aurora is volunteer-based. Should DP9 decide at a later time to compile and sell articles within a contract will be negotiated with the author at that time.

The End Print

Please send all submissions to the following email address:

auroramag@gmail.com

Thank you everyone for your interest, and we look forward to seeing your submissions soon!

Deadline for Submissions for Issue #7.1: March 15th 2013

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ARTICLE SUGGESTIONS

Historical Articles

Under this broad category are pieces meant primarily for illuminating or detailing something within the game universe. This can be truly historical in nature (describing history), detailing a region, the language, customs, architecture, technical systems, corporations, social structure, music, and more, to name a few. Articles may either be written from a neutral point of view (impartial observer from above) or written 'in character', that is, in the manner such information may be presented if it were available in the game world. See the Historical Accuracy note, below (especially important for this category).

Fiction

Any story (narrative with characters) that takes place within the established DP9 game worlds falls under this category. See the Historical Accuracy note, below, and also see the submission guidelines for further requirements.

Modules

Also known as adventures, a written collection of plot, character, and location details used by the gamemaster to manage the plot or story in the DP9 RPGs. All manner of modules are open for submission, from espionage to social to military to a combination of all three. Module submissions must be detailed enough for the GM to run the entire adventure, including descriptions and dispositions (where applicable) of major NPCs, locations, accessories and story/plot. See the Historical Accuracy note, below.

Scenarios

These are the tactical equivalent of modules, an encounter between two (or more) factions set up for combat. A complete scenario will detail the background of the encounter (the why), the forces engaged (the who – what physical units at a minimum, regiment and designations to go the full way), the map and terrain (the where) the victory conditions (the how) and any special rules or conditions (the what). Scenarios should be designed to be balanced for each side, either via the types/numbers of units or through special circumstances or conditions. If the scenario is not balanced this must be mentioned in the background. See the Historical Accuracy note, below.

Note: Historical Accuracy

Aurora is committed to accuracy within the established DP9 worlds. All articles that take place 'within' the game world should be checked for its accuracy within the established timeline, faction dispositions, available equipment, etc. Please double check your work! You may also submit your article clearly marked as "Alternate History" and if published the article too will bear this mark. Be sure, if you submit this way, to provide in the background all that is necessary to describe what has changed.

Designs

New mechanical designs/vehicles/ships for use in the DP9 worlds. Designs must be legal and use either the latest SilCore rules (including all errata and the FAQ) or Blitz! rules. Please indicate which design rules were used. Mechanical designs should fill a void that is not already covered by another unit. Background and a description must be included with the design, while artwork is optional and preferred. See the Historical Accuracy note, above.

Artwork

Aurora accepts all artwork for consideration, no matter the media type (rendering, sketch, painting, etc) within the rules set herein. Miniature photographs will also be accepted (dioramas encouraged!). Artwork must relate to an established DP9 universe and be easily identified as such. Artwork with nudity, racial undertones, sexism or sex will not be considered. See the submission guidelines on how to submit images.

House Rules

Original rules for the Silhouette/Blitz! system and modifications to existing rules. All rules submittals must include an explanation of the rule's purpose, the rules themselves clearly written, and an example of the rule in play. If you are tweaking rules that exist within the game already, please clearly denote those as well as the reference to where the original rules reside. Do not copy any existing game rules text, only note what is changed from the existing rules.

Note that all rules will be clearly marked as "House Rules" or "Home Brew Rules" when published within Aurora, to distinguish them from official rules that can be used at tournaments, conventions, and etc. Around the home gaming table, however, we all love house rules!

Tactics

Have you won countless battles? Have a strategy you would like to share? Write a tactics article. Usually this type of article will be in a step-by-step (or turn by turn) format to illustrate the tactic. An introduction and conclusion is required to create a complete package and to convey to the reader where the tactic is applicable and how it came about.

Miniatures/Modeling

Any article on preparing miniatures, painting, terrain making, sculpting, foliage techniques, etc will be accepted. Photographs and/or diagrams are strongly encouraged.

Something Else!

We pride ourselves on the creativity of our gaming friends. If you have something else to contribute that's not listed here, please submit it!