

INFINITY
CODE ONE

**DIRE
FOES**

VOID TANGO

DIRE FOES MISSION PACK BETA



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HLÖKK STATION

"Hlökk is the name of a Norse valkyrie. It actually suits this station well, because for anyone who isn't a dusty, sweaty prospector, this is a place that will lead you to death, out of sheer boredom and repugnance."

Giacomo Casanova, NOC Operative with SWORDFOR. Beginning of his operational report (Day 1).

Originally, Hlökk Station was a prospecting station built by the Concilium-based company Viotti-Sokha Inc. on asteroid [8374] 2149 HV16 for the purpose of exploiting the potential riches of this astronomical object. Even though the asteroid itself turned out to be not very productive, its advantageous location on the edge of the Brisingamen Belt, close to several entry and exit routes for mining and cargo ships, made it a lucrative and bustling source of income for Viotti-Sokha. Very soon, the corporation started to rent out abandoned tunnels to prospectors and carriers to turn them into cheap housing and warehouses, and sold exploitation rights to open new tunnels. Leisure options and the number of docking bays were increased, and Hlökk Station became a hot spot for anyone working on the outer edge of Brisingamen.

However it was the discovery that the peculiar mineralogical composition of the asteroid was particularly fertile for a specific strain of Haqqislam-patented bioluminescent fungus that provided this station with an industry of its own. Abandoned tunnels and those newly drilled were soon transformed into fungi farms. Bioluminescent fungi are an inexpensive solution very popular among meteorheads with limited budgets. But they need to be replaced quite regularly if they aren't taken care of properly, something that hardly anyone does, as everyone prefers to pay for new ones rather than spend any time on them. This requires a constant replacement circuit, which is favored if the production center is close to the routes that meteorheads usually take, as is the case with Hlökk Station.

This industry's success in Hlökk is based on three factors: first, the convenient location of the station, second, the ideal mineralogical composition of the asteroid, and last (but not least) how economical this industry is. Mushroom farms are cheap to set up, since they require little more than heaters and a basic irrigation system for the fungi that cover the tunnel's walls and ceiling. The most expensive cost is the water, which is always scarce in Hlökk, and this created a new business opportunity for those hauling ice from other asteroids, and it increased the daily flow of people in and out of this asteroid.

Currently, this station is probably one of the busiest spots in the outer area of the belt, and the largest not under control of Corregidor. These features make it a free port, as well as a place where shady stuff happens, which has turned it into a place of interest for Bureau Aegis. However this organization's budgetary and personnel constraints, aggravated by the current context of armed conflict, have prevented it from setting up permanent headquarters there. This power vacuum has led to independent organizations such as the Guild of Independent Prospectors, as well as large corporations such as Minescorp, gaining great relevance and influence in the activities conducted at this base. It's an unstable situation that if not addressed could be exploited by the Combined Army and become a source of more serious problems.

A report by Ensign Katherine Cho, Psi Unit, O-12 Military Intelligence, at the request of the Concilium Coordinated Command.

BRISINGAMEN

"Exclusivity is for the weak, and the weak deserve nothing more than to be forgotten."

This maxim is true for Minescorp, a company whose size, power, and influence make it unafraid of competition, because it knows that under the right circumstances it can overwhelm any business adversary.

This is unless an exclusivity agreement keeps it away from a source of wealth like the Brisingamen Asteroid Belt in the Concilium system. Of course, every license is only good as long as the courts say it is, and Minescorp's pockets are deep enough to afford all the hard-ass lawyers it takes to turn that license into a worthless bit of paper. But until this happens, the company doesn't necessarily need to remain idle, and can send its own ships to prowl around the confines of the asteroid belt, sheltered by the gray areas of the legal agreements, and to exert pressure on the weakest: the independent prospectors from Concilium. These brave souls, who are part of a cluster of Concilium-based companies, were the only ones other than Corregidor who trusted in Brisingamen's possibilities. They are also the ones who took the risks, and now that the belt has proven to be profitable, they must fight, both in the courts of law and in the void between the asteroids, to prevent vultures like Minescorp from taking away everything they have strived and suffered for. But Minescorp is relentless and will go to any lengths to achieve its goals and boost its annual profits. And if that means stepping outside the bounds of law, it won't be much of a problem, because even if it could be proven, it won't be an issue that Minescorp's hard-ass lawyers can't handle.

So it is that Hlökk Station, one of the few asteroidal bases in Brisingamen belonging to the above-mentioned Concilium cluster, instead of Corregidor, and which is located in the outer area of the belt, has ended up becoming a nest of saboteurs and corporate agents. Minescorp ships enter and exit the station mixed with those of independent prospectors, and Starmada can't stop them without probable cause. It's a legally ambiguous situation in which there's little the Bureau Aegis fleet can do, at least overtly—because this kind of situation is why SWORDFOR has undercover agents. They intervene when the judges and prosecutors of the Section Statera can't grant SWORDFOR the freedom of action it needs to get the job done. And out of all its undercover agents, there's no one better than Giacomo Casanova, or at least that's what he says...

IN AND OUT

The only thing that could convince Giacomo Casanova to accept a mission in such a miserable place as Hlökk Station was the promise of a quick and smooth operation. There could be nothing further removed from his usual operating environment than an independent mining station, the exact opposite of what he's used to. Casanova is used to luxury and refinement, to high-profile operations, to always mingling with the best of social and corporate elites, a milieu greatly elevated beyond stations with basic life support, rationed water and oxygen, and synthetic food.

Of course, if there is one rule that always holds true in the intelligence operations business, it's that when someone tells you "a quick operation: in and out," you know that things are bound to get messy and that, inevitably, something is likely to go sideways. In this kind of mission, "quick" refers to the speed at which everything will go downhill. However the main problem here is that Casanova's relationship with Bureau Aegis doesn't allow him to reject a mission.

So there he was, in a crappy cantina in a stinking orbital, feeling sorry for himself after a fruitless week in which his corporate-liaison cover had not produced any useful information, when his fortune changed suddenly and a wingless angel sat beside him at the bar.

Fine, maybe it is a bit excessive and cheesy, but if you knew Casanova and had been away from the comforts he's used to for as long as he has, you'd give him a little break. It's true that the girl was a bit too manly and stocky to match Casanova's preferred beauty standard. Also, she smelled like she hadn't showered in a week, which was probably the case because she looked like a freelance prospector, which suggested a life of hard work and few pleasures. But she had a pretty, inviting smile, and that was a lot more than anything Giacomo had seen in his time at Hlökk. So, our tireless charmer was already displaying his best smile when she blurted out:

"It looks like you're curious about Minescorp's activities on this dusty rock. How much are you willing to pay for some info they don't want known?"

Casanova's smile didn't change a bit, but his hand moved imperceptibly towards his concealed sidearm while he ascertained with a brief glance that no one was listening, and that this wasn't a trap. No one seemed to pay them any attention, so he got a good look at his interlocutor. Her clothes, her strong arms, and the calluses on her palms suggested that she was a prospector. However, the patch with two crossed shovels that the young woman wore on the shoulder of her coveralls gave a particular explanation about her muscles and calluses: they were the mark of a fighter. This lady spent as much time working as a prospector as she did busting the heads of those who annoyed the Guild of Prospectors. He sensed she was an ally rather than an enemy trying to set him up, but he preferred to play along and pretend he had not identified her affiliation.

"I probably can't pay as much as a beauty like you deserves, but I can pay enough to make you happy. I actually have quite a reputation in that regard..."

Yes, Casanova always brags about having a way with women, though this particular woman seemed more interested in a quick transaction than his charm. The fact is that a comlog-to-comlog funds transfer convinced the prospector to tell him everything she knew, information that confirmed Giacomo's suspicions, filling in the blanks of the investigation he had been carrying out over the last few days.

Apparently, Minescorp was acquiring outlying tunnels to turn them into warehouses for some unknown purpose. In addition, this corporation had purchased a bioluminescent fungi farm through a shell company, and it seemed that its whole output was being corrupted, making it toxic. One toxic batch of bioluminescent fungi could cause the entire installation crew, and everyone aboard their ship, to be put on medical leave. This could jeopardize not only many independent prospectors, but also Concilium mining companies and even some Nomad prospectors, thus creating a void that Minescorp would be ready to fill.

It was time to launch a raid on that farm, but this he would not do alone. Casanova knew well how aggressively corporations reacted when they wanted to protect their dirty secrets, and however tough and strong this prospector may look, it would be better to request a small raiding party from his Bureau Aegis colleagues. He knew what to say to his handler: it would be a quick and smooth operation, in and out...





THE GUILD OF INDEPENDENT PROSPECTORS

As the saying goes “no man is an island,” and this is true even in the stellar void, perhaps even more so. Despite proudly claiming to be “independent,” most of freelance space miners have joined together to form the so-called Guild of Independent Prospectors. This organization, which extends beyond borders and systems, is an absolutely necessity for individual miners who dare stand up to the corporate giants, as well as for handling the red tape and bureaucracy of government agencies. The Guild also offers support regarding insurance and legal and medical assistance, and has set up a fund for the widows and orphans of its member prospectors. Even though it's always overloaded with work and short on funds and resources, it's the only safety net these space adventurers have at their disposal.

Freelance prospectors lead very hard lives. Lured by the promise of fortune hidden in the asteroids, they all dream of finding a rock containing a large seam of some precious neomaterial that will grant them a life of luxury and wealth. The truth is that there are only long, dull days aboard old, run-down ships ahead of them, followed by intense physical labor drilling asteroids and placing probes to locate the seams, which, however rich they may be, don't usually yield that dreamed-of wealth. But this is a vocational job, a job for dreamers, for those who will only lose their hope of making a great fortune the moment they lose their lives, but never before, no matter how difficult things get for them. Stubborn and hardheaded, prospectors are a particular type of meteorhead, true space people who value their independence above all else and would never share the fortune they hope to find with any nation or corporation. For this reason, even though many of them are Nomads in origin, this is not always the case, and nationality is not a characteristic that defines them, especially if it would require them to pay some kind of taxes. A freelance prospector does not need anyone, except perhaps another freelance prospector.

And for all those cases where they may need help, the Guild of Independent Prospectors is always there for them, because sometimes even lone wolves must run in packs, especially when there are other larger, stronger predators at large in the wild. So some of the Guild's areas of expertise are problem-solving and conflict resolution, be it at the negotiating table or in a shadowy alley. And they have trained

and expert personnel for both tasks: negotiators and problem-solvers, or as they call them, “Shovels.” But why “shovels?” Because there is no better tool or better friend for a freelance prospector than a folding shovel: they are strong and solid and of course good for digging. And that's precisely what the Guild's Shovels do: they bash up their problems and then bury them.

There are no schools or training centers to become a Shovel. The Guild's Shovels are affiliated prospectors who have proven themselves to be resolute and relentless, and who are willing to come forward when called upon in exchange for a fee and a good incentive plan. There are all kinds of Shovels; some are more subtle and some are less so, but in general one could say that they are the knuckles of this space-miner association, the kind of people it's better not to cross. As meteorheads say: “Never drink so much that you can't see if the person next to you is wearing a patch with two crossed shovels. Otherwise you may end up messing with the wrong guy or girl and having to check the terms of your dental insurance.” These are the Guild Shovels, the hardest among these people who need to be tough just to survive.

APPARENTLY UNRELATED

“Make the enemy work against themselves.” Shasvastii recitative.

On Tuesday Maria Kaufmann, Minescorp's Regional Operations Director, was three minutes late for a project follow-up meeting, something unprecedented for her. Two days later, an unidentifiable body missing its Cube was found in the sewage system of the city of Edda. On Friday, that same week, Maria Kaufmann presented to the corporation's board of directors on Concilium a bold plan to eliminate their competition at the outer edge of the Brisingamen Asteroid Belt.

Three apparently unrelated events, yet all of them were part of the same Shasvastii covert operation. Its main objective was to use a human corporation to establish a clandestine base of operations in Brisingamen to send their agents to any location within the system. But its secondary objective was to encourage confrontation between the different human factions and to create as much confusion as possible. And the strategy presented by the Shasvastii agent who was posing as Maria Kaufmann aimed at this end. Her intention was for the corporation to purchase secondary tunnels in the bustling Hlökk



Station to use as back-up depots and safe houses for their activities in the area, which could also be used by a Shasvastii raiding team operating under the cover of Minescorp.

The second part of the plan was to buy a few fungi farms and corrupt their output in order to poison and kill all those who used them. This would disrupt mining activity in the belt, which would be bad for the human war effort and Concilium's war economy. Moreover, it would further aggravate the long-running confrontation between PanOceania, the Nomad Nation, and Concilium over the asteroid belt. It would be an economic and commercial dispute which, if properly manipulated, could lead to a more violent and even warlike confrontation. It was the Shasvastii recitative applied in real life.

It was a good plan, and Tunnel-Crumbler Sargosh, Commander of the Shasvastii raiding force, was very proud of the progress they were making. Each stage of the plan was successfully implemented, one after another, and no one suspected the Shasvastii presence in Hlökk. Sargosh had even managed to infiltrate a couple of teams into Concilium Prima, which would arrive on the planet hidden in the cargo holds of Minescorp transports.

Now however, a Shovel from the Guild of Prospectors and a corporate agent are asking questions and showing great interest in the fungi farms run by Minescorp's shell companies. But this is no problem; if they're so keen on visiting them, Sargosh will see to it that they never leave the farms alive, either thanks to the efforts of his raiding team, or because of an unexpected toxic discharge from those fungi. One way or another, the deep tunnels of Hlökk Station will be the grave of those two meddlers. But not before Sargosh ensures that they haven't revealed this to anyone else nor jeopardized this carefully crafted plan.

VOID TANGO: SPECIAL CHARACTERS



SARGOSH, TUNNEL-CRUMBLER OF THE JAYTH CUTTHROATS

A special kind of courage is needed to be a Jayth Cutthroat, to venture into the claustrophobic darkness of the tunnels of Jayth-2, with their invisible and unforeseeable dangers. And more so, one needs to be a special kind of Cutthroat to become the team's Tunnel-crumbler. This is the key position of a Cutthroat unit; every group has one and it's on their ability (or lack thereof) that the survivability of the team as a whole rests. The Tunnel-crumbler is the lone vanguard, they are the first ones to contact the enemy, assess the level of threat and decide the proper course of action.

A Tunnel-crumbler can begin an engagement, taking advantage of the element of surprise and keeping pressure on the enemy until the rest of the team arrives, or to withdraw to meet them to fight or run, and if the level of threat demands it, honor their name and blow up the tunnel to halt the adversary's advance. This is the reason why the Tunnel-crumbler is always the first to attack and the last to withdraw, always being the ones closest to the enemy, because in a fraction of a second they must decide whether or not to take that daring decision, since the chance of burying the Cutthroat team when collapsing the tunnel is very high.

Amid the underground darkness there's no shadow heavier on the shoulders of a Tunnel-crumbler than that of death, always lurking. Sargosh knows this well. He's one of the most senior Tunnel-crumblers of the Shasvastii Expeditionary Forces' Cutthroat teams, basically one of a kind, as the life expectancy in this line of work tends to be short: either you retire, or you die. The thing is, Sargosh has been a Tunnel-crumbler longer than the statistics could have predicted, and he knows his time is running out, inexorably marching towards the hour of certain death. It's not that he hasn't faced death on many occasions, on the contrary. Once, during the fierce combats for the sewers of the city of Raamudin, on the Tohaa front, he was so badly overwhelmed by a detachment of Reex Escorts that he blew up the tunnel, disregarding any notion of safe distance. When he woke up, his left arm was trapped under the debris, his team having already left, being unable to reach him, and he could hear the Tohaa advance party removing rubble while looking for survivors. That was a bad sign: the Tohaa don't take prisoners, so it was his arm or his life. He barely managed to return to his lines, hemorrhage made him so weak he collapsed in front of a patrol of Nox Troopers.

Emergency services implanted Sargosh with a bionic arm and he immediately returned to action. His cybernetic implant is a constant reminder of his mortality, of how fleeting life is, so what little time he might have left he'll enjoy to its fullest, so when death comes to face him for the last time, he'll have no regrets whatsoever and he'll welcome it with a fierce smile and open arms, even if one of them is bionic.





CASANOVA, NOC OPERATIVE

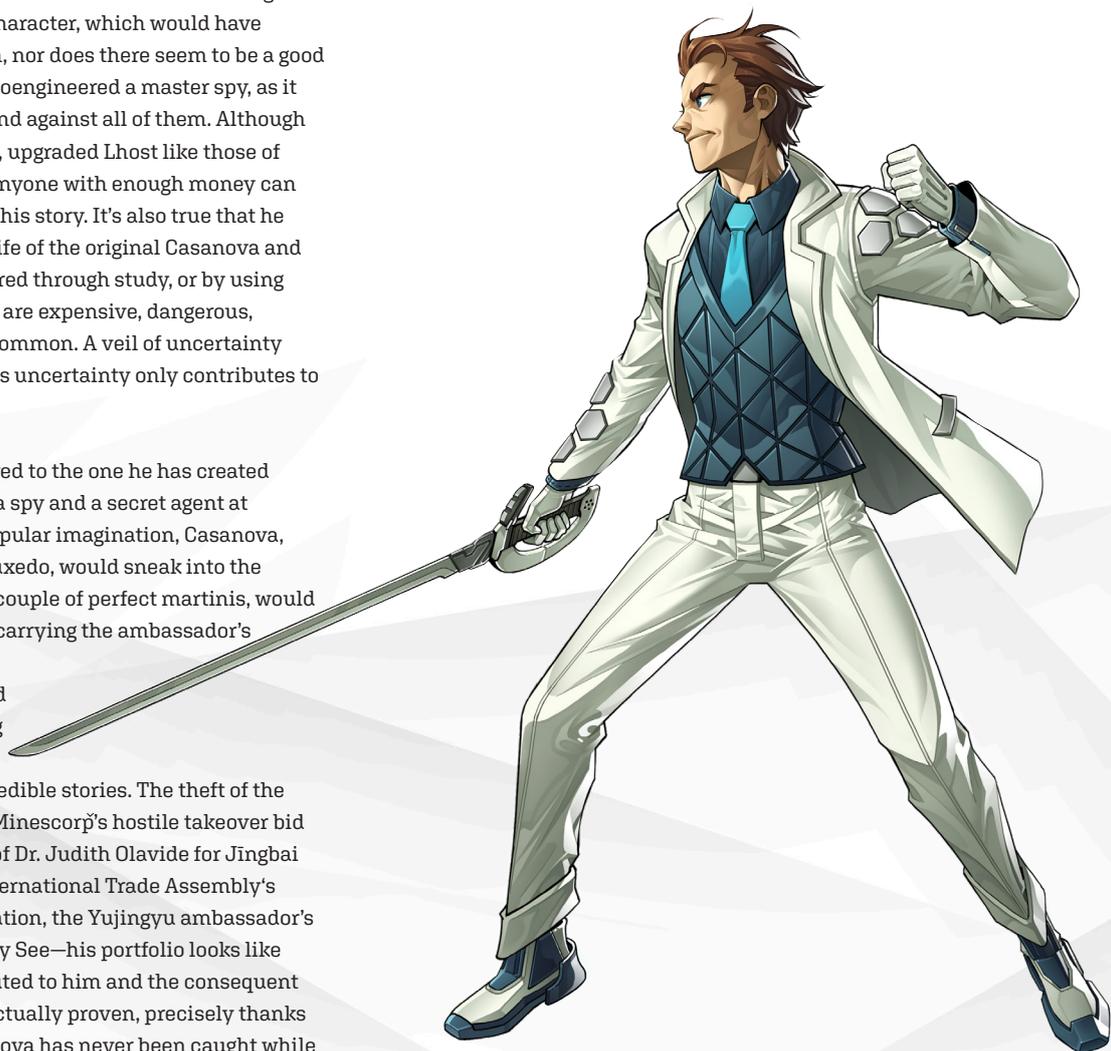
"I don't like violence. But you are forcing my hand, and now you'll find that, even if I don't like violence, I do have a certain knack for it."

Casanova, Bureau Aegis NOC, while suggesting the security team at Yu Jing's embassy get on the ground with their hands behind their heads after they surprised him inside the Ambassador's office, with the safe cracked open and some classified backups in his hands. San Pietro di Neoterra. Neoterra.

Myth and reality, both concepts are intertwined in the figure of Casanova, both the historical and the present-day one. An adventurer, a bon vivant, a spy, a womanizer—Casanova was all this in the 18th century, as is the man who calls himself Casanova today. How much of what Casanova himself wrote in his memoirs before he died is true? We cannot be sure, just as we don't know how much is real in the data we have about the current Casanova. He claims to be the real Casanova, a Recreation of the original, but he is elusive when asked about his past, which does not make it easier to accept a story that already has little credibility. Only ALEPH and a few large corporations can undertake such a huge project as a Recreation. However when asked about Casanova, every one of them have denied having developed such a program. There are no records of ALEPH having carried out a project involving this character, which would have required Bureau Toth's authorization, nor does there seem to be a good reason for any corporation to have bioengineered a master spy, as it turns out Casanova has worked for and against all of them. Although it's true that he has a state-of-the-art, upgraded Lhost like those of Recreations, this is something that anyone with enough money can acquire, so this does not corroborate his story. It's also true that he has extensive knowledge about the life of the original Casanova and about his time, but this can be acquired through study, or by using memory implants, even though they are expensive, dangerous, illegal, and, consequently, not very common. A veil of uncertainty seems to surround Casanova, but this uncertainty only contributes to magnifying his legend.

This legend only pales when compared to the one he has created regarding his professional career as a spy and a secret agent at the service of private interests. In popular imagination, Casanova, his manners as immaculate as his tuxedo, would sneak into the ambassador's reception and, after a couple of perfect martinis, would make his escape through a gunfight carrying the ambassador's secrets in one hand and his lover in the other. It's a scene not far removed from reality, as his reputation among intelligence services as a master of fake identities is riddled with incredible stories. The theft of the classified information that allowed Minescorp's hostile takeover bid on Villaür Platinum, the exfiltration of Dr. Judith Olavide for Jingbai Corp, the termination of the Mars International Trade Assembly's agreement with Compass Transportation, the Yujingyu ambassador's fall from grace at the NeoVatican Holy See—his portfolio looks like the stuff of legend, full of jobs attributed to him and the consequent accusations, none of which can be actually proven, precisely thanks to his unmatched skills, since Casanova has never been caught while

carrying out any of these jobs. However, "never" may be too categorical a word. As the story goes, during a job known as the Bohemian Lights Scandal, Casanova met his match and was arrested by Jack Watson, also known as the "Sphere's Greatest Detective," who was still working for SWORDFOR at the time. Apparently, Bureau Aegis offered Casanova a suspended sentence in exchange for his services as an undercover asset. If this story were true, it would mean he proceeded with his career in the usual way while he also served as an informant for this O-12 law-enforcement agency, carrying out occasional jobs when he was required to. However, apart from the absurdity of picturing a rogue like Casanova wearing a badge, there are clear indications that this rumor originated in the offices of Yānjīng, the StateEmpire's intelligence service, which was very unhappy about losing their valuable asset at the NeoVatican and which is well-known for never forgetting and never forgiving. It's one more story that adds to the legend of this man who has already been a master spy, a bodyguard, a duelist in exclusive Aristeia! circuits, and a reporter. However, amidst all this uncertainty, the one thing that is undeniable is his ability to fascinate us, either using his own name or one of his many other aliases such as Jacob Newhouse, Mr. Seingalt, or Jakob Neuhaus. This is Casanova, the greatest seducer in the Human Sphere.



DIRE FOES MISSION: VOID TANGO

WHILE TRYING TO PROTECT THE INTERESTS OF HER FELLOW PROSPECTORS, A SPACE MINER IS CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE BETWEEN A SHASVASTII RAIDING FORCE AND AN O-12 BUREAU AEGIS TEAM THAT BELIEVED IT WAS JUST GOING TO TAKE DOWN A CORPORATE SCHEME. TUNNEL-CRUMBLER SARGOSH WANTS TO CAPTURE HER TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH SHE KNOWS AND WHO ELSE SHE'S TOLD, WHILE CASANOVA CANNOT HELP BUT ACT LIKE SHE'S A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—EVEN IF SHE'S NO DAMSEL AT ALL!

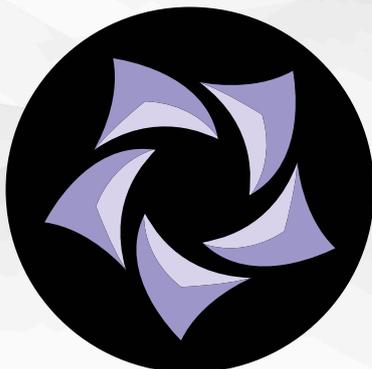
MISSION OBJECTIVES

15-POINT GAME	25-POINT GAME	30-POINT GAME	OBJECTIVE POINTS
IF YOU HAVE 4 TO 7.5 SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	IF YOU HAVE 7 TO 12.5 SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	IF YOU HAVE 7.5 TO 15 SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	1 OBJECTIVE POINT.
IF YOU HAVE 8 OR MORE SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	IF YOU HAVE 13 OR MORE SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	IF YOU HAVE 15.5 OR MORE SURVIVING VICTORY POINTS.	2 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
KILL MORE ENEMY ARMY POINTS THAN YOUR ADVERSARY.			3 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
CONTROL THE FREELANCE PROSPECTOR AT THE END OF THE GAME.			2 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
DOMINATE THE EXCLUSION ZONE AT THE END OF THE GAME.			3 OBJECTIVE POINTS.

FORCES AND DEPLOYMENT

SIDE A and SIDE B: Both players will deploy on opposite sides of the game table, in Deployment Zones whose size depends on the number of Army Points in the Army Lists.

SIDE	ARMY POINTS	SWC	GAME TABLE SIZE	DEPLOYMENT ZONE SIZES
A & B	15	3	24 in x 32 in	8 in x 24 in
A & B	25	5	32 in x 48 in	12 in x 32 in
A & B	30	6	48 in x 48 in	12 in x 48 in



SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

EXCLUSION ZONE

The Exclusion Zone is the area covering 8 inches (4 inches for 15-point games) either side of the central line of the game table. Any Special Skill with the Airborne Deployment (AD) or Superior Deployment Labels cannot be used to deploy inside this area.

DOMINATE EXCLUSION ZONE

The *Exclusion Zone* is considered Dominated by a player if he has **more** Victory Points than the adversary **inside** the area. Only Troopers represented by **Models** or **Markers** count. Troopers in a Null State do not count. Markers representing weapons or pieces of equipment (Mines, for example), and any Marker that does not represent a Trooper also does not count.

A Trooper is considered inside the Exclusion Zone when more than half the Trooper's base is inside it.

LOW GRAVITY

The area of operations is close to the core of the asteroid, where the gravity is low, and Troopers will make good use of that advantage. All Troopers get a **+1 inch** Bonus to their first *MOV* value.

This Bonus will be applied to any Skill with the Movement Label.

KILLING

Troopers are considered Killed by the adversary when they enter Dead state, or they are in a Null state at the end of the game.

Troopers that **have not been deployed on the game table**, as a Model or Marker, at the end of the game will be considered to have been Killed by the adversary.

THE FREELANCE PROSPECTOR

There is one Freelance Prospector placed in the center of the game table.

In this scenario, the Freelance Prospector is a Neutral Model that cannot be activated or moved by any player.

Players can use the Freelance Prospector model from the Dire Foes Mission Pack Beta: Void Tango.

CONTROL THE FREELANCE PROSPECTOR

The Freelance Prospector is considered to be Controlled by a player when they are the only one who possesses a Trooper (as a Model, not a Marker) in *Silhouette* contact with her. There cannot be any enemy Model in base contact with the Freelance Prospector. Models in a Null state do not count.

TOXIC ENVIRONMENT

At the end of the game, before counting Victory Points, each player will make a **Saving Roll of Damage 10 against BTS** for each of their Troopers who has **BTS 0** and is **outside the Exclusion Zone**. Those Troopers that fail this Saving Roll will be considered to have been Killed by the adversary.

END OF THE MISSION

This scenario has a limited time frame, so it will automatically finish at the end of the **third Game Round**.

If a player starts their Turn with all Troopers in their Army List in a Null state, the mission will finish at the end of that Player Turn.

NARRATIVE MODE

This scenario can be played in Narrative Mode, reflecting some of the events of the recent history within the Infinity universe.

Narrative Mode. Scenario Special Rules

Side A. In Narrative Mode, Side A will always be an O-12 army.

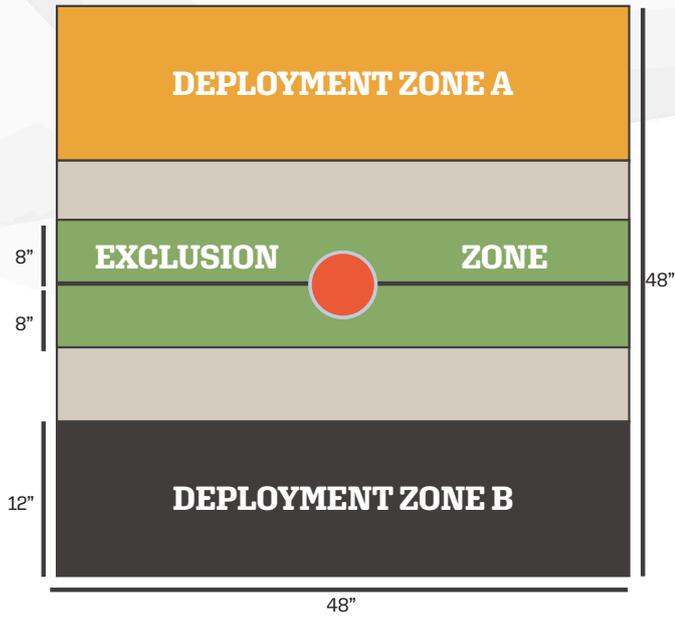
The O-12 player can add the NOC Operative Giacomo Casanova without applying Cost or SWC. This Trooper does not count towards the Combat Group's limit of ten Troopers.

Side B. In Narrative Mode, Side B will always be a Combined Army force.

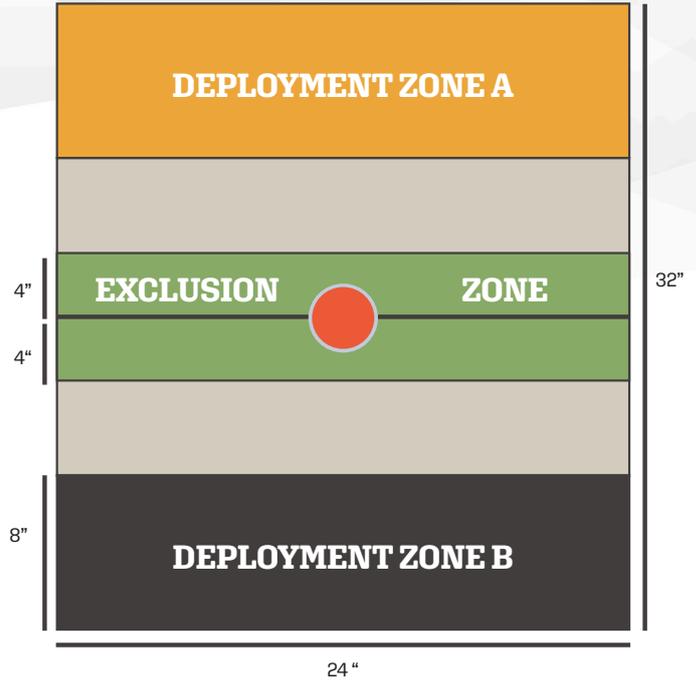
The Combined Army player can add the Tunnel-crumbler Sargosh without applying Cost or SWC. This Trooper does not count towards the Combat Group's limit of ten Troopers.



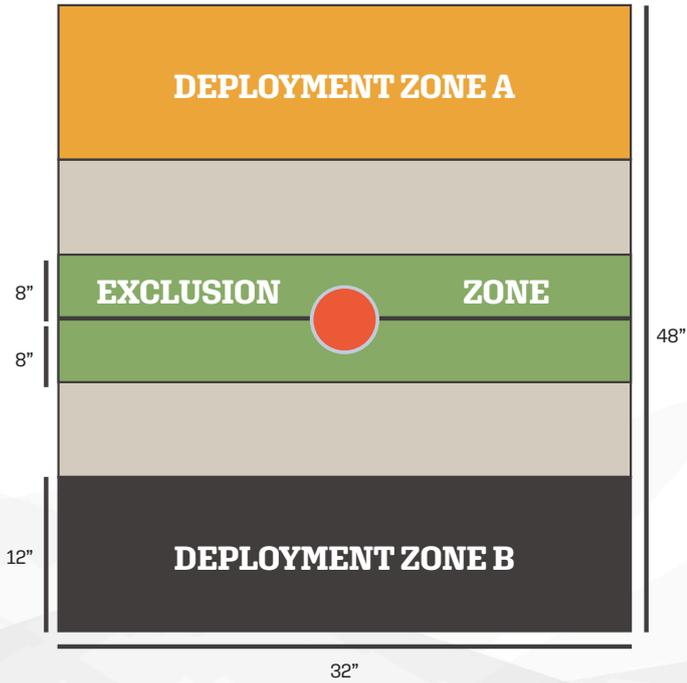
30-POINT SCENARIO



15-POINT SCENARIO



25-POINT SCENARIO



 **FREELANCE PROSPECTOR**

