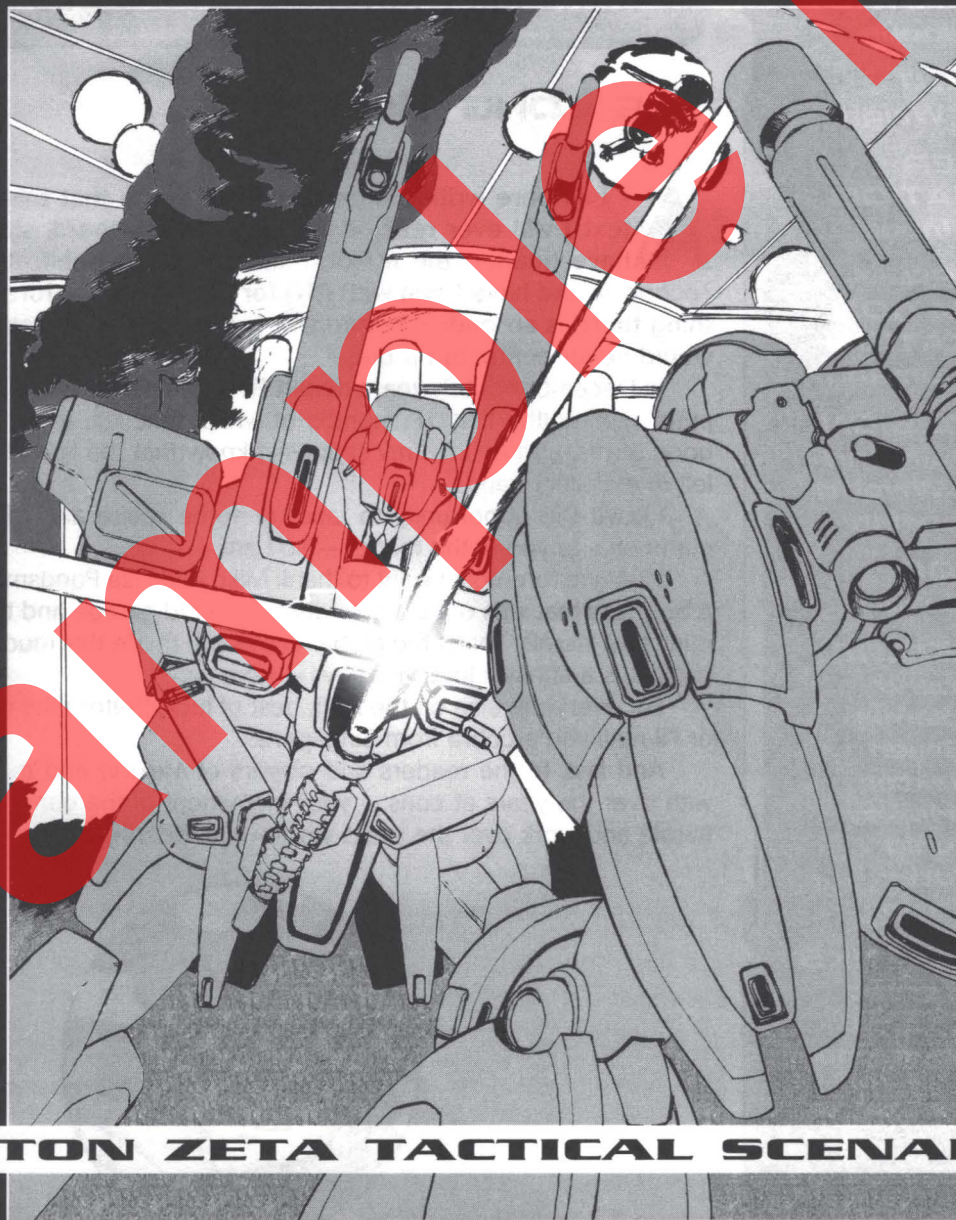


多次元機甲戰士道

MEKTON WAR 1 INVASION TERRA



MEKTON ZETA TACTICAL SCENARIOS

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多次元機甲戦士道
MEKTON
メクトン
WAR
INVASION TERRA

△ Introduction

しょうかい

THE LONG GOODBYE...

As I sit here writing these words, I realize that this is the last item of text I will ever really create on this keyboard, sitting at this desk. I have headed the Mekton line since the publication of the *Mekton Techbook* and have been with RTG for a few years before that. But to everything there is an ending — and this is my ending. In many ways I thought it would never come, but it did.

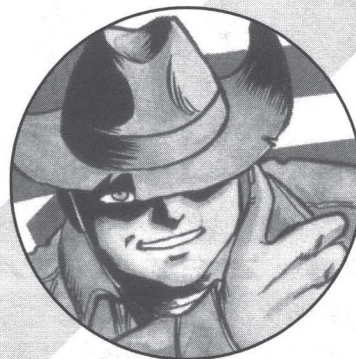
In December of this year I depart RTG to hire on as a writer for on-line computer games (the first 18 months of which take me to Singapore!) I leave on good terms, and despite my sadness I know that the line I have built up will be left in excellent hands.

I have the opportunity to take up some space and offer a few departing comments to you — the reader — so I am.

First and foremost I want to thank Mike and Lisa Pondsmith. They have taken a business that was once a few ideas in a cold garage and turned it into a company that literally spans the globe. They both made this much more than a company. It is a family. I love you guys — take care.

For everyone else on the staff, best of luck. Better take good care of my line or I'll mail you a cobra from Singapore.

And last, to the readers and players of *Mekton* and the people I've talked with over the years at cons — your enjoyment of the game has made all of the hassle and work over the years worthwhile. Keep gaming, and have fun.



Michael MacDonald
Ex-Mekton Z Line Editor

多次元機甲戦士道
MEKTON
WAR 1
INVASION TERRA

△ T.O.C.

コンテンツのテーブル

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R. TALSORIAN
GAMES, INC.

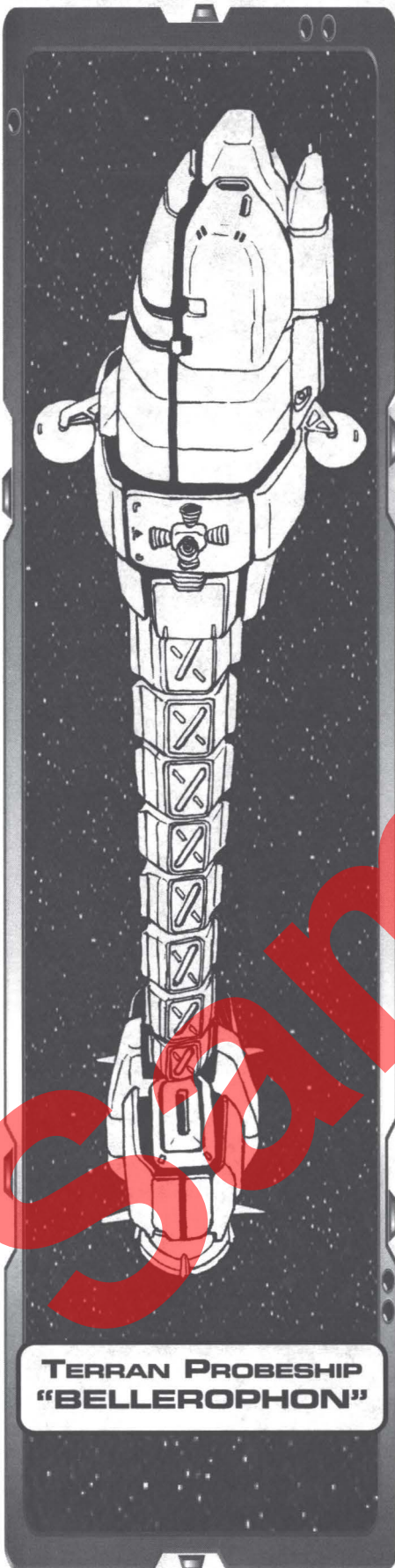
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MEKTON WARS 1: INVASION TERRA

メクトンせんき1・ちきゅうのしんりやく



In the year 2105, the human race had finally reached out to the stars. At long last, the peoples and nations of Terra came to the realization that the only way to conquer the stars was to stop fighting each other and cooperate. The overpopulated planet spread its humanity to its near space, throughout the solar system, then out in slower-than-light vessels to the neighboring stars. In 2069, Porovnel invented the first stargate system, a device capable of transferring matter from one remote location to another; the way to the stars was open. Colonies could be planted and nurtured as outlying sectors of humanity, instead of existing as separated, lonely outposts. With a stargate, you could go from one system to another in a matter of weeks (the transit time to the gate), not years of relativistic travel. And still volunteers and machines probed farther in slower-than-light ships, to discover new worlds orbiting distant stars, to find new lifeforms.

Then the probeship *Bellerophon* found some.

THE EMPIRE

Untold and forgotten eons ago, a race of humanoids in the Kaldaran Nebula developed space travel and the technology of war to a high degree. The reasons for this development were lost; whether this development molded their society or vice versa is also lost in time. The Kaldarans' empire was militaristic, efficient, streamlined for war. In order to maintain manpower, breeding had been relegated to cloning of genetically appropriate warriors, technicians, and support personnel. Officers and other executive types who had proved themselves genetically superior were allowed to breed naturally to improve and preserve the gene pool for subsequent clone batches. All production and industry was devoted to warfare and conquest. Imperial war technology had long since been fixed; the development of new technologies was unnecessary. All social activities were geared to maintaining conquest; command decisions concerned only that purpose. An exaggerated warrior ethos was developed to maintain order among the clone legions, training the warriors to believe in their ultimate superiority and usefulness to the Empire. This bolstered morale ("We are superior, and cannot be defeated."), fostered a condescending obedience to command ("Command merely decides the course; we decide the reality through combat."), and generally kept them from envying the prerogatives of their superiors in command. Clone warriors adopted a code of honor that included honor in capture of prisoners, prisoner exchanges, and loss of honor through refusal to do combat (something that was suspended in the face of obviously dishonorable guerrilla warfare; see below).

The Imperials sent migratory expeditions to other galaxies, including to the Milky Way. These expeditions preserved the purpose of the Empire— to conquer and consume, continually expanding the Empire's domains,— despite the fact that the Milky Way force lost contact with its parent organization, and was operating entirely on its own. Still, it ground "forward" from factory planetoids on the galaxy's rim, conquering all within its path down the spiral arm. At Delta Eridani, an Imperial scout force found and captured the *Bellerophon*. Marveling at finding another humanoid species, the Imperials acquired knowledge of Terra's colonies, language, and military capabilities from the probeship's small crew. They then marshalled their fleets and set out to conquer humanity.

PRELUDE TO WAR

As per normal Imperial doctrine, scouting forces probed the enemy's defenses. Scoutships and mecha conducted raids and lightning strikes on Terra's colony worlds, deliberately trying to provoke a response. When they ran into the poorly armed colonials, they easily evaded or destroyed them. Terra sent armed ships to deal with the problem, but when the ships found the Imperial vessels, they were either scanned and evaded, if they posed a serious threat to the scoutships, or destroyed. Imperial doctrine was to deny any information to the enemy— it wasn't worth the risk of having scoutships captured.

On Terra, members of the UNWO (United Nations World Order) government debated Terra's response. For the first time in 60 years, plans were made for full-scale wartime arms production. Member nations wrangled over who would manufacture what, and where the new divisions of the Planetary Defense Forces would be allocated. The Belt Coalition was authorized to open up its stardock facilities for full military manufacture (something they had been denied for some time, due to political sniping and paranoia) to begin producing ships immediately. New war machines began to pour out of Terra's factories, and a general recruiting drive was begun to swell the ranks of the PDF.

A DAY OF INFAMY

Satisfied that Terra's defenses were inadequate, the Sector Fleet moved on the homeworld. 250 ships dropped out of lightspeed hyperdrive already in formation to envelop Terra. Destroyers menaced the orbital habitats; a squadron swiftly captured the cities on Luna. All unmanned satellites were destroyed to deny their use to the Terrans. Medusa mecha and Furie fighters were dropped to destroy opposition and to clear landing sites for the dropships carrying Gorgon assault units.

PDF forces fought back when they could. Scramjet fighters clawed skyward to test the Imperial ships with nuclear weapons, only to be baffled by enemy electronic warfare and incinerated by Imperial guns. Regular fighters sparred with Furies— when they weren't caught and destroyed on the ground— only to find their airfields destroyed, if they survived at all. Ground forces were more successful; the Guardian mecha were largely destroyed, but conventional armor did well against enemy units, forcing the Imperial fleet to utterly destroy concentrations of armor from orbit. Ten hours after the attack began, the PDF's cohesion was broken and its units dispersed, leaving the Imperials confident that they had conquered Terra. The date was June 21, 2105.

IMPERIAL PLANS GO AWRY

Genetic tests had shown that Terran and Imperial physiology could be easily modified for compatibility. Sector Fleet command sent a ship back to Galactic Command with the message that Terra was an ideal spot for a new command post— already industrialized, pacified, with billions of suitable specimens for the gene pool.

The Imperials soon found out that the Terrans had other ideas. PDF troops, trained in counter-insurgency (the only sort of armed conflict practiced for the previous 75 years), organized small commando strikes on vulnerable Imperial posts within twenty-four hours of the invasion's start. Independent units of troops, tanks, light armor, and even some of the remaining Guardian mecha and aircraft, stepped up assaults and intelligence-gathering as the days passed. Although the Imperials had shut down all satellite and cellular communications, and readily traced FM radio broadcasts, PDF cells maintained their links by way of AM and shortwave radio (which the Imperials ignored) and land-line data-feeds (which the Imperials didn't know about for almost a week), coordinating their attacks for maximum effect.

The results were more deadly than the Terrans knew. Imperial commanders were acutely aware that they only had 5,000 ground mecha and 50,000 troops to pacify an entire world. Each troop lost couldn't be replaced for months; the cloning labs were 164 lightyears away. Each mecha lost was even harder to bear, particularly if the pilot was killed, too.

The Imperials struck back, sending their forces to seek and destroy the troublesome guerrillas. This activity stopped quickly, as they learned that the Terrans had a habit of turning such missions into ambushes, using old equipment stockpiled in neglected armories, new equipment, and equipment stolen from the Empire. The Imperials quickly discovered that an anti-tank missile made to cripple a Talos would maul a Gorgon or Medusa.

The next step was the seizure of world leaders as hostages. Imperial news broadcasts threatened retaliation, first against the leaders, then against the civilian populace, if the PDF did not surrender. Lack of familiarity with Terran culture hampered them here; Imperial command didn't understand that threatening a city population in India wouldn't discourage guerrillas in Europe, or that holding an English statesman hostage for the good behavior of Irish partisans was sheer folly.

Attempts to locate records on possible guerrillas also failed, due to the Imperial doctrine of denying information to the enemy— invading forces had actually been detailed to destroy databases and links. What the Imperials didn't destroy, the Terrans erased or stole.

The standard Imperial management tactic of isolating and controlling a vital resource to maintain control of the populace was more successful. The Imperial administrators soon seized control of food supplies and distribution, using them as bribes to quell urban unrest and obtain native Terran cooperation. Attempts to seize food shipments from Imperial control ended in failure, since all such shipments were booby trapped to ensure that they would not fall into the wrong hands. Reprisals for guerrilla attacks took the form of decreased rations in the appropriate areas.

As the weeks passed, the situation deteriorated. Terran attacks increased in frequency, concentrating on destroying enemy mecha and personnel whenever possible. Reprisals only served to incite guerrillas to more action. By the time a solar month had passed, the Imperial occupation forces were reduced to 70% of their original capacity.





PROJECT PHOENIX

Terran research labs, concealed from Imperial knowledge by camouflage and falsified (or deleted) records, worked feverishly to understand captured Imperial technology and adapt it to Terran equipment. Numerous variants of the Guardian mecha were tried against the invaders with varying degrees of success. The stolid Talos mechatank was always in demand, and there were never enough of them to modify substantially. The real research project, though, was for a mecha design that could be easily adapted to the invaders' fusion power supply and thruster combination, in order to have a combat unit that could be used in space as an all-purpose fighter. From the beginning, the Terrans planned to take the fight to the Empire, hoping to succor Terra and place the Empire on the defensive.

In the end, the choice came down to a reconfigured Guardian and a new model, the Rapier Model Zero, brainchild of Dr. Marcel T. Graves. Dr. Maria Logan, advocate for the Guardian, argued that it would be easier to manufacture—once the Earth was recaptured, the fabrication and assembly plants were already in existence—and pilots were already familiar with it. However, it was decided that the Rapier would be the spearhead of the PDF, as it contained a wealth of improvements scrounged from Imperial technology, and would be more suited for long-range space missions.

Covert factories, and normal manufacturers working on the sly, had been turning out arms for the PDF and various unrelated guerrillas. These factories were coopted to produce parts for the new Rapier. The new mecha, mounted on thruster-driven mechariders (themselves built on Meade-class aerodyne troop-transport hulls), were readied for the "big push", the drive to clear Terra of the invaders.

THE BATTLE FOR TERRA

Imperial commanders had, at least, been happy with their space pacification efforts. The cities on Luna and Mars, and in orbit around Terra, had made no trouble. A commandeered transit station had been renovated to serve as Imperial command headquarters. Of the outposts in the Asteroid Belt and around Jupiter there were only rumors, tales of how the beltlers were happy to be rid of terrestrial government interference. Imperial commanders were only too pleased to let them be for the time, until Terra was truly pacified, for they knew that their ground efforts would come to naught without the threat of orbital bombardment to deter the PDF.

This overconfidence proved to be their undoing. In reality, the beltlers and outposters in the outer planets were devoting their efforts to building a new stargate, and a ship construction facility hitherto unrivaled in the system. Once the stargate was completed, they reestablished communications with the cut-off colonies, calling for the scattered PDF spaceships to rally at the Ceres planetoid. With operating stargates online, the PDF fleet joined the small fleet of armed cutters (corvette-sized attack ships) the beltlers had built.

On August 10, 2105, the new ad-hoc Terran fleet moved out of the asteroid belt, headed insystem to challenge the Imperials. A coordinated wave of guerrilla attacks on Terra itself drew off Imperial attention, as tanks, commandos, and hovercraft attacked Imperial ground barracks, landing zones, and staging areas. The Imperials responded by backpedaling, holing up behind their defenses, and attempting to weather the attacks—the only tactic which had been found to work, since counterattacks invariably ran into ambushes—while spaceships scanned for enemy formations large enough to fire on from near orbit.

As Imperial destroyers dipped lower toward the planet, examples of Terran improvement on stolen Imperial technology streaked upward from mobile launch rails. The Charybdis class destroyer *Jaralam* was totally destroyed by the SOMs (surface-to-orbit missiles), while the destroyer *Okanba* was crippled and had to be towed out of a fatal orbit. Other destroyers were also hit and damaged by the surprise attack.

In retaliation, the fleet drew back and launched almost every transatmospheric assault mecha available, vectoring them to try to outflank the Terrans and destroy what was perceived as a desperate drive to destroy the Imperial ground forces. As it turned out, the Imperials were correct in their assessment of the Terran ground plan, but failed to perceive the space fleet coming in, masked by Luna.

The viciousness of the assault distracted the Imperials enough to allow the Terran fleet to drive on the invasion fleet from a superior gravitational position; the Terrans were first spotted when their braking maneuvers made them impossible to miss. Hastily, the Imperial ships broke from orbit and strove for combat velocity, sickly aware of the fact that the Terran ships had the advantages of speed and lesser gravity pull—so close to Terra, any