

With the loss of the hyperpulse communication grid and the near blackout of information flowing to the seat of power in the Republic of the Sphere, the Knights of the Sphere begin to dispatch their most capable warriors to determine the future of the Republic. With factions already beginning to form, a Knight may need to depend upon brute force to achieve his mission. Such is the case when Knight of the Sphere Mason Dunne attempts to visit the Wolf enclave on the world of Sheratan to ascertain their allegiance.

The Republic of the Sphere Mason Dunne



Knights Hall, Santa Fe
North America, Terra
Prefecture X, The Republic
Late August 3132

"A Stone for your thoughts," Ezekiel Crow said in his deep, measured tones. Mason glanced at Ezekiel out of the corner of his eye. At a little over 80 kilograms and just over a meter and a half tall, with dark brown hair and blue eyes, Crow looked rather plain to be a Paladin, especially when he wore a non-descript single-suit in place of his usual uniform.

"I was just thinking how the things we take for granted are the things we most often know next to nothing about," Mason said. He turned and saw an expression he couldn't place flicker in Crow's deep blue eyes.

"Yes, even I took the Republic for granted," Ezekiel replied quietly.

That was not what I meant, Mason thought, but something about Crow's expression sealed his lips. There was steel, tempered and honed, behind the gray-man façade. Perhaps another day, he mused, *after the HPG has been reestablished, we shall see what lies beneath.*

"What do you think of the latest news?" Mason asked, picking up the conversational thread Ezekiel had started. After all, he might be a Knight of the Sphere, but a Paladin was the ace.

"Nothing. Rumor. Innuendo. Gossip. We are playing the ancient telephone game, with each planet relaying its information to JumpShip captains, who then spread the word—inconsistently and incoherently. I don't believe any of it, unless a Knight brings it to me."

"Then why send me?" he couldn't help asking. *Mason Dunne—Ghost Knight, undercover agent for the Knights of the Sphere—doesn't do this kind of thing.*

"Because if Kal Radick does indeed support these 'Steel Wolves,' then the Republic is in far greater danger than we thought," Ezekiel said heavily. "Find out, and bring me news I can trust." Mason nodded despite his misgivings; with very, very few exceptions, one didn't say no to a Paladin.

Steel Wolves Daneel Wolf



Clan Wolf Enclave
Near Gellen's Heights, Sheratan
Prefecture IV, The Republic

Daneel Wolf strode with purpose through the enclave, not even attempting to hide his revulsion from his companions. *This is what we've become?! he thought with contempt.*

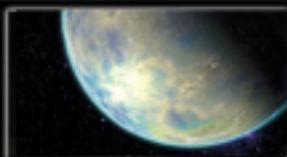
Located scant kilometers from the capital city of Gellen's Heights, what had once been a thriving Clan Wolf Enclave had deteriorated until he could scarcely recognize it. The crisp, spartan lines of Clan buildings had become blurred with neglect, graffiti and advertisements. *Advertisements!* When had his Clansmen become filthy merchants, only caring about where the next credit would come from?

He passed through the open gate into a small courtyard filled with children at play, and his mind reeled. At play. Look at them! They appear to be almost seven, by Kerensky! Why are they not in training? They might not have sibkos and the genetic program here, but he'd seen lesser establishments maintaining the traditions better than these surats! It was as bad as he'd feared. Kal Radick was correct. Another half century, and the Wolves would no longer exist in the Republic, subsumed by the avarice and laziness of Spheroids.

Passing quickly through an open door into the administrative building, he surprised a homely female, who gave a disgusting squeak of fear. Scarcely pausing in his stride, he kicked the leader's door open. The explosive crack of the latch breaking was loud in the confines of the tiny office. The man behind the desk, shocked, stood and confronted the intruder. "What is the mean—"

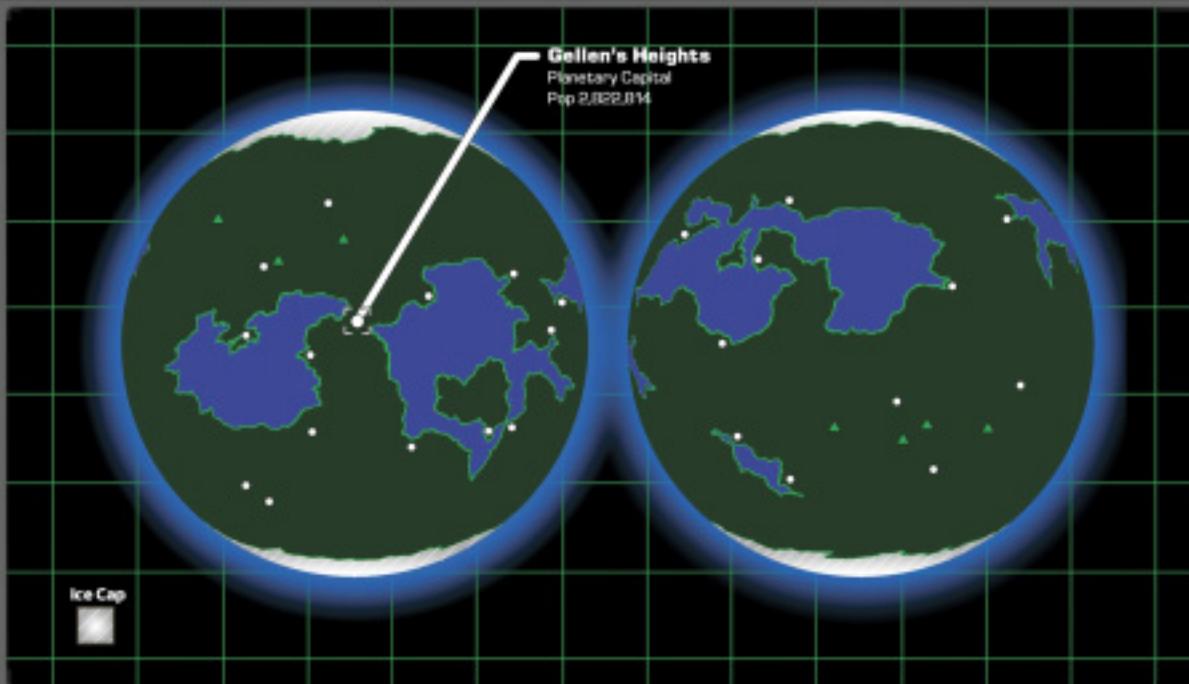
Daneel unleashed his fury with a right hook that flung the man headlong against the wall. In a growl that befitted his nickname of "Blackwolf," Daneel finally spoke between bared teeth. "I have just dispatched you in a Trial of Grievance," he snarled. "This wasted lot of Wolf warriors is now under my command."

Planet Detail: Sheratan



Planet: Sheratan
Gravity: .9
Eq. Temp: 31° C
Surface H₂O: 40%
Population:
116,000,000
Governor:
Alex Ravenswood
Planetary Legate:
Josef Sparrow

©2002 MIBROL, LLC. All Rights Reserved. MIBROL™, MIBROL™, Dark Age™, WIZKIDS™ and WIZKIDS are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of MIBROL, LLC. Patent Pending.



MECHWARRIOR[®]

DARK AGE

Scenario: Specter of Hostilities

Background

Kal Radick has surreptitiously sent out many of his warriors in an effort to begin rounding up small Wolf enclaves in The Republic and bending them to his command. The Republic of the Sphere becomes aware of this activity and sends a Knight, Mason Dunne, to investigate just such a situation on the planet Sheraton. Daneel Wolf, who is already in the process of taking over the Wolf enclave there, does not even attempt to deceive the Knight about his intentions—and combat immediately breaks out.

Objective

Each side is attempting to destroy the other.

Army Size: 300 points; 3 actions per turn.

Rules Set: *MechWarrior: Dark Age*

Time Limit: 60 minutes

Setting the Scene

Player 1 is the Steel Wolves player. Player 1's battleforce must include at least 1 Steel Wolves unit. Player 2 is representing the Republic. Player 2's battleforce may include units from any Faction. Players may place terrain as per the standard *MechWarrior: Dark Age* rules.

Special Rules

None

Victory Conditions

Use standard *MechWarrior: Dark Age* victory conditions.

Battlefield Map

