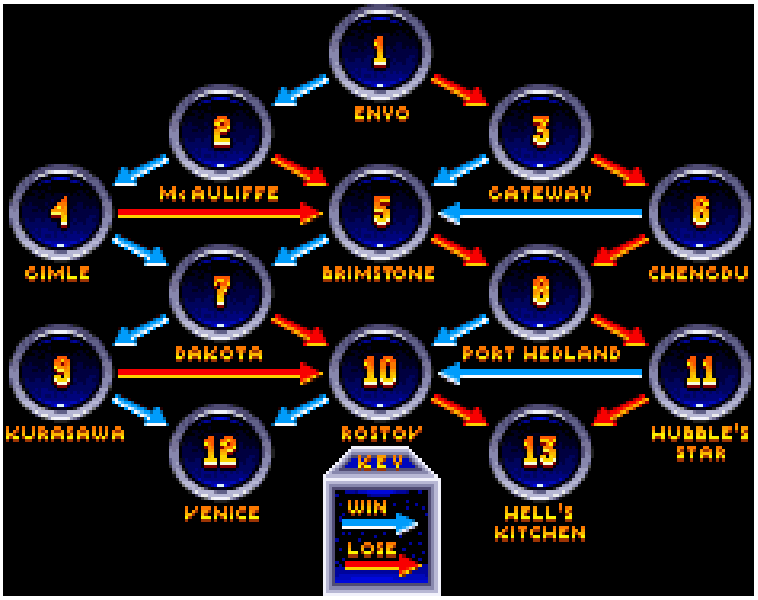

WING
COMMANDER
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ORIGIN FX


CAST
Colonel
Paladin
Iceman
Bossman
Knight
Angel
Hunter
Spirit
Maniac
Maverick
Shotglass

$C = callsign (dipstick)
$R = Rank shepdip
$N = Name dipstik user
$L = Wingmans kills
$K = Your Kills
$T = Time
$D = Date
$S = Sector
$A= Award

Cast		
Name	**Rank**	**Callsign**
Peter Halcyon	**Colonel:**	
Michael Casey	**Major**	**Iceman:**
Chen Kien	**Major**	**Bossman:**
James Taggart	**Major**	**Paladin:**
Jeannette Devereaux	**Captain**	**Angel:**
Ian St John	**Captain**	**Hunter:**
Joseph Khumalo	**Captain**	**Knight:**
Tanaka Mariko	**1st Lieutenant**	**Spirit:**
Zach Colson	**1st Lieutenant**	**Jazz:**
Todd Marshall	**2nd Lieutenant**	**Maniac:**
Christopher Blair	**2nd Lieutenant**	**Maverick:**
Etienne Montclair	**2nd Lieutenant**	**Doomsday:**
Sam		**Shotglass:**



Your Funeral

Few Kills	Moderate Kills	Many Kills	Last Mission
Farewell, $C. You'll be missed. We are gathered here to pay tribute to one of our own, $R $N. It is always sad to lose a pilot... ... but it is especially difficult when he is as young as $C. He died without even a chance to prove himself.	We are gathered here to pay tribute to one of our own, $R $N. In just a few missions, $C began what would surely have been a brilliant career. Now that career has been cut short. Who can say what $C might have accomplished for the Confederation?	We are gathered here to pay tribute to one of our own, $R $N. Without a doubt, $C was one of the Confederation's finest pilots. Time after time, he led the Confederation forces to victory. Now, as the Kilrathi enemy begins to flee the Vega Sector we bid farewell to a true hero.	We are gathered here to pay tribute to one of our own, $R $N. As we all know, the campaign for the Vega Sector has been long and hard. No one fought harder to hold back the advancing Kilrathi horde than $C. Now he has made the ultimate sacrifice for the Confederation.



Wingman's Funeral



Spirit	Hunter	Bossman	Iceman
Colonel: We are gathered here to pay our last respects to a good friend...			
Colonel:...and one of the Terran Confederation's boldest defenders. Lieutenant Mariko Tanaka was one of our youngest pilots... ...but also one of our most promising. Her death robs both our own hearts and the future of the Confederation.	**Colonel:** Captain Ian St. John was the maverick of the *Tiger's Claw*. He pushed us to look at things in new and different ways. Now that we are without him, we must remember to keep an open mind... ...and look for unconventional responses to the Kilrathi challenge.	**Colonel:** The Terran Confederation has lost one of its best leaders... ...Major Kien Chen, whom we all knew as Bossman. Many of us, myself included, turned to Major Chen for advice from time to time. Now we must find our own answers.	**Colonel:** Major Michael Casey was easily one of our most brilliant pilots. Though he rarely opened his heart to his fellow officers... ...I feel sure that he would have wanted to die as he did... ...in combat with the Kilrathi, at the controls of a starfighter.
Company! Atten-SHUN! Prepare arms!			
Maverick: Goodbye, Spirit ... I hope I can fill the gap you leave.	**Maverick:** The Rec Room won't be the same without you, Hunter. Goodbye.	**Maverick:** I hope someday I'll make you proud, Bossman. Goodbye.	**Maverick:** So long, Iceman. I'll see that the Kilrathi pay for what they've done.
Fire! Fire! Fire!			



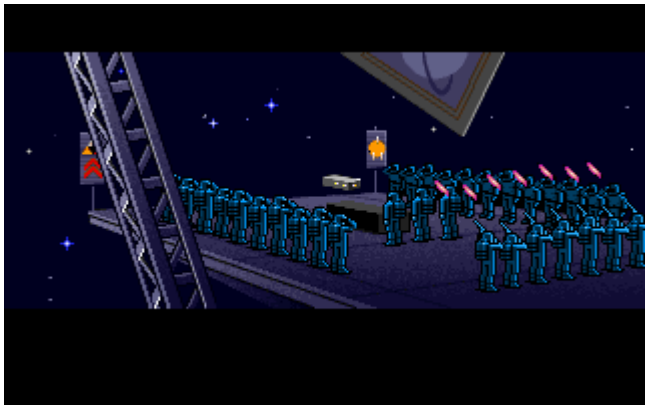



Wingman's Funeral

Angel	Paladin	Maniac	Knight
Colonel: We are gathered here to pay our last respects to a good friend... …and one of the Terran Confederation's boldest fighters.			
Colonel: We are here to bid farewell to Captain Jeannette Devereaux... ...our friend and comrade-at-arms. The *Tiger's Claw* will miss both her piloting skills... ...and her fiery devotion to the Terran Confederation.	**Colonel:** Major James Taggart, one of our most seasoned veterans... ...has fallen in battle with the Kilrathi foe. We will all miss Paladin's friendship, his wealth of experience... ...and his tales of the first battles against the Kilrathi.	**Colonel:** Now we say goodbye to one of the newest members of our Squadron... ...Lieutenant Todd Marshall, whom we all knew as Maniac. His enthusiasm and confidence were models for us all... ...it is a shame to see his career end so soon, and so unfortunately.	**Colonel:** Sadly, we must now say goodbye to Captain Joseph Khumalo. Despite the pressures of the war we fight... ...Captain Khumalo was always unaffected by the madness around him. He remained an island of stability for us, in a sea of insanity.
Colonel: Company! Atten-SHUN! Prepare arms!			
Maverick: *Au revoir*, Angel. We will carry on the fight for you.	**Maverick:** Goodbye, Paladin. I'll try to remember what you've taught me.	**Maverick:** Goodbye, Maniac. I swear I'll get the furball that took you down.	**Maverick:** Don't worry, Knight. We'll finish the job for you.
Colonel: Fire! Fire! Fire!			







Colonel Halcyon's office. 1650 hours, $D.



Colonel: $N. Come in. I need to speak with you.
Maverick: Yes, sir?

Rank Advancement	No Advancement
Colonel: I've been speaking with sector command. The brass have been reviewing your record, and I have good news... The order came in this morning ... I've been authorized to promote you. Congratulations, $R $N. Keep up the good work. **Maverick:** Thank you, sir. I'll do my best. **Colonel:** Glad to hear it.	

More Topics of Conversation	Next Topic
Colonel: Now, another thing I need to speak to you about...	

Ship Destroyed	Next Topic
Colonel: That ship you just bailed out of cost over a hundred million credits. It'll be weeks or months before the *Tiger's Claw* receives a replacement. **Maverick:** I know, sir. **Colonel:** If you have no choice but to eject, then do it... ...but don't let me catch you bailing out of a ship you could've flown home.	
Colonel: You're about to receive a Golden Sun for ejecting and surviving... but you only get one of those per career. After that, ejecting just wastes the Confederation's starfighters. **Maverick:** I understand, colonel. I'll keep it in mind. **Colonel:** I'm counting on it, $R.	

More Topics of Conversation	Next Topic
Colonel: Just a moment, $C. I have one more thing to tell you.	

Squadron Transfer				No More Topics
Colonel: We'll be leaving $S soon, and I need to make some personnel changes. Effective immediately following the jump, you'll be reassigned.				
To Killer Bees	**To Blue Devil**	**To Star Slayer**	**To Black Lion**	
Colonel: You'll be flying Hornets with the Killer Bees again.	**Colonel:** I want you in a Scimitar-class medium fighter, with Blue Devil Squadron.	**Colonel:** I need you in Star Slayer Squadron, flying a Raptor-class heavy fighter.	**Colonel:** I want you in one of the new Rapier-class mediums, in Black Lion Squadron.	

Wining Path	Losing Path	
Maverick: Yes, sir You won't be sorry!	**Maverick:** Have I done something wrong, sir? **Colonel:** It's nothing personal, $C. Just a simple matter of attrition. As we lose ships and pilots from various squadrons... ...I have to shift personnel to keep the maximum number of fighters	

	active. **Maverick:** I see, sir.	
Colonel: Good. I'm glad to hear it. That's all, then, $R. Dismissed.		

Hangar deck. 1700 hours, $D.



The Bronze, Silver, or Gold Star	The Terran Confederation Medal of Honor	The Golden Sun
Colonel: For meritorious conduct in confronting the Kilrathi enemy...	**Colonel:** In consideration of his valorous service to humanity... leading the forces of the Confederation against the Empire of Kilrah... taking a decisive role in the Vega Sector Campaign... and commanding the squadron which accomplished the pivotal victory...	**Colonel:** For bravely sacrificing his vessel and endangering his life... in combat with the Kilrathi enemy...
Colonel: in the $S System, on or about $E, the Terran Confederation is proud to present the $A to $R $N.		
The Bronze, Silver, or Gold Star	**The Terran Confederation Medal of Honor**	**The Golden Sun**
Colonel: Your courage is exemplary of the Confederation's finest defenders.	**Colonel:** History shall number you among the greatest heroes of humanity.	**Colonel:** Your devotion to the Confederation honors all humanity.
Colonel: Good job, $C. Congratulations. **Maverick:** Thank you, sir.		
Filled with pride, you meet the applause of your fellows.		



Rec Room



Shotglass: Belly on up, friend, and take a load off.
You must be $C. I'm Shotglass. Welcome aboard the *Claw*.
Used to be a pilot myself...
...till the fleabags shot me up so bad I couldn't fly.
I guess I flew with most every pilot on the *Claw*.
So if you want to know how one pilot or another flies...
...old Shotglass is the guy to ask!
Stop by when you're off duty and we'll talk more.

Angel: *Bonjour*, Lieutenant. You are called $C, no? I am called Angel.
I am just reviewing some figures on our recent encounters with the Kilrathi.
You would like to know what I have learned, perhaps?
The Dralthi is the Kilrathi fighter seen most in this sector.
These figures show that 1.4 missiles are required to destroy the Dralthi,
while over seven direct laser hits are necessary to destroy the same vessel.
I hope this information is useful to you, Lieutenant.

Paladin: Och, laddy, take a seat an' tilt a glass with ol' Paladin.
I recall once when I was just a lieutenant like yourself there...
We were flyin' patrol o'er Accord, the fourth planet in the Alliance System.
These four Kilrathi Salthi came zoomin' in with the sun at their backs...
Angel: What is the point, *monsieur*? There is one, *oui*?
Paladin: I was leadin' up ta it, lass.
That day, we learned that a Salthi will always turn ta the left...
It's got somethin' ta do with the way 'er engines an' ducts are arranged.
So when you tail a Salthi, watch ta the left...
That's where 'e'll go when 'e makes 'is break!

Mission Briefing,
Enyo System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: We've got a lot of work to do, people, so let's get to it.
The *Tiger's Claw* dropped from jumpspace seven hours ago, at 0800.
Blue Devil squadron had first patrol. You Killer Bees have the next shift.
You rookies'll be flying with experienced pilots on your first missions.
I want the rookies to fly as wingleaders. You vets keep an eye on the kids out there.
Here are the assignments.
$C, you're leading Alpha wing.
Spirit will fly on your wing. She's quiet, but she knows the ropes.
You're the wingleader, but if Spirit talks, you be sure and listen. Got it?

Maverick: Yes, sir.

Colonel: Good. Here's your patrol plan, then.
Computer, display Alpha.
You'll check three possible jump points, at about 20,000 klicks out.
There are asteroids near Nav Points 2 and 3, so stay on course.
Any questions?
Spirit: Yes, commander. What are we to do if we encounter the enemy?
Colonel: Engage, if the odds look good. Let $C make the call.
Next is Beta wing...

Your thoughts wander as the commander makes the rest of the assignments.

Colonel: ...and back to the *Tiger's Claw*.
Remember ... this is no trainsim. If you see the enemy, he'll be out to kill you.
Be sure you do it to him before he does it to you.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">You Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">You Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Welcome back, $C. Looks like you survived your first trip out.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: I see you made it back. . . barely.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Spirit's Alive</th><th>Spirit's Dies</th><th>Spirit's Alive</th><th>Spirit's Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td>Spirit: He is a very able pilot, commander. It is an honor to fly on his wing.
Colonel: That's high praise coming from Spirit. You should be proud, $C.</td><td>Maverick: But Spirit, sir. She didn't make it back...
Colonel: This is a war, son, not some flight simulator.
Young men and women die in wars. She knew that when she signed up.
You didn't do anything wrong $C, so don't hold yourself responsible.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: After a performance like that, you're both lucky to be alive.
Spirit, I know you can do better than that.
Spirit: I'm sorry, sir. I shall try to do better in the future.
Colonel: And you, $C. What have you got to say for yourself?
Maverick: Nothing, sir. I won't make any excuses.
Colonel: Good, because there aren't any.
If you two don't shape up, you'll both be flying garbage scows.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: I hear it got pretty rough out there. How are you feeling?
Maverick: I'll be alright, sir.
Colonel: It's not going to get any easier.
Today it was Spirit that didn't come home...
...tomorrow it may be you.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: In any case, you flew well out there. I've reviewed the mission report from your flight recorder.</td></tr>
</table>

You got away pretty clean, sir!

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

Let's go over the mission report.	
Your Kills	**No Kills**
You got $K of the hairballs, $C...	Recorder shows no kills for you, $C...
Spirit's Kills	**No Kills**
and $L Kilrathi for Spirit.	and Spirit came up empty.
Spirit's Alive	**Spirit Dies**
	And of course, Spirit didn't make it back.
Award/Reprimand	**None**
Drop by my office in a couple of hours, $C ... I need to speak to you.	
That's all, then. Dismissed.	

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hear you flew with Spirit yesterday, $C.	
Spirit's Alive	**Spirit's Dead**
Shotglass: She's a quiet little thing, but she's a heckuva flier. She's rock-steady, follows orders, don't fire till she's sure of her shot. I was always glad to have Spirit on my wing when I was still flying.	**Shotglass:** Damn shame she didn't make it back. Don't take it personal, kid. Spirit was a good flier, and she knew the risks. Still, I wish I had my hands on the fleabag that got her!

Hunter: You're $C, right? They call me Hunter, mate. G'day.	
Spirit's Alive	**Spirit's Dead**
Hunter: Spirit 'ere was tellin' me about your tumble with the hairballs.	
Hunter: Sounds like you really mixed it up out there. 'At's the way, isn't it, mate? Just you and some hairball, twistin' about, tryin' t'get a missile lock... Formations, uniforms, medals, wingmen ... that's all sheepdip. All a bruce can count on out there is 'imself and 'is missiles.	

Spirit: *Konichi-wa*, $N-san. Please take a seat. If I may say so, you are doing quite well.	
Flew Well	**Flew Poorly**
Spirit: Colonel-*sama* is most pleased with your performance thus far. There was no need to praise me before him, though, honorable $R. The credit for a mission's success is due its leader, not his assistants.	
Spirit: I see by your expression that you do not believe me. I assure you I speak what is in my heart.	
Flew Well	**Flew Poorly**
	Spirit: We both survived to challenge our enemies another day. No mission from which you return is a total failure. Remember that. Our race needs live pilots far more than it needs dead heroes.

Mission Briefing, Enyo System, $T hours, $D.
Forty minutes into the briefing...

Spirit is Alive	Spirit is Dead
Colonel: Epsilon Wing is $C and Spirit.	**Colonel:** Epsilon Wing is you, $C. We're short on manpower, so you'll be flying solo.
Colonel: You'll be escorting a Drayman-class transport to its jumppoint. Computer, display Epsilon. Let's take a look at your flight plan. You'll rendezvous with the transport upon launch. Escort it to Nav Point 1... ...and on to Nav 2, where it will initiate jump sequence. Once it's jumped out, you'll return by the most direct route. Remember...your job is to make sure that transport jumps out. I don't want you leaving her to chase down bogies. If the enemy retreats, you stay with the transport. Questions?	
Spirit is Alive	**Spirit is Dead**
Spirit: Yes, sir. Why is Nav 1 so far out of the way?	**Maverick:** Yes, sir. Why is Nav 1 so far out of the way?
Colonel: There's an asteroid field between the *Tiger's Claw* and the jumppoint. A fighter might navigate it, but a Drayman 'sport would never make it through. Anything else? All right, then. Let's get to work. Squadron dismissed.	

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Drayman Survived</th><th colspan="2">Drayman Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Good job out there, $C.
The 'sport jumped right on schedule. You covered her well.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Pretty hectic out there, eh?
Maverick: Yes, sir. It got pretty busy.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Solo</th><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th><th>Unknown</th><th>Unknown</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Maverick: Thank you, sir, but Spirit deserves as much credit as I do.
Spirit: $C-san is too kind, sir. I only flew on his wing.</td><td>Maverick: Thank you, sir. I'm sorry about Spirit.
Colonel: I know, son. Spirit was a good pilot, and a loyal friend.
But the transport jumped out on schedule, so her death was not for nothing.</td><td>Colonel: At least the 'sport jumped out intact.
If it hadn't, you'd have been headed for the infantry on the next 'sport out.</td><td>Colonel: I don't know if you were hot-dogging or asleep at the stick...
...but you better make sure it never happens again!</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: At any rate, that was some nice flying.</td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">Well, let's review the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">$C, you took out $K Kilrathi...</td><td colspan="2">$C, you came up empty...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingmans Kills</th><th colspan="2">Zero Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Spirit got $L of them.</td><td colspan="2">and Spirit struck out.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Cap-ship Jumped</th><th colspan="2">Cap-ship Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">The Drayman 'sport made its jump on schedule.</td><td colspan="2">We lost the Drayman.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th><th colspan="2">Wingman ok / Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And of course, Spirit didn't make it back.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Award/Reprimand</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $C ... I want to see you in my office in a couple of hours.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">That's all, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Rec Room

Shotglass: That's Iceman and Knight over there.
Knight's a darned reliable pilot...
a solid shot, a steady flier.
Not flashy at all ... He's sort of a craftsman. Gets the job done, though.
Iceman, though, now he's an artist.
Best pilot on the *Tiger's Claw*.
Lives to fly and to fight. He's totally ruthless, and completely deadly.
Some of the pilots say he's got freon for blood...
...at least, that's where he got the call sign.

Knight: $C, right? I'm Knight. Welcome to the Blue Devils.
Ever flown Scimitars before? I think you're going to like them.
A Scimitar isn't quite as fast or nimble as a Hornet...
...but she's got twice the armor, as well as heavier guns.
Iceman: And she handles like a Centaurian mud pig.
Knight: Iceman here'll try to tell you speed and handling'll save your butt...
..but I'll take an extra three centimeters of durasteel plating any day!

Iceman: $C. They call me Iceman.
Don't let Knight fool you.
The Scimm's a gun-heavy slug.
Forget finesse ... just head straight in, guns blaring.
Give me a ship that takes skill...
A Raptor, even a Hornet...
...or one of those new Rapiers...
If half of what they say is true, the Rapier's a true artist's ship!

Mission Briefing. McAuliffe System, $T hours, $D.
Fifteen minutes into the briefing...

Colonel: Alright, then. Beta wing will be led by $C. Paladin, you'll be flying on his wing. **Paladin:** An' I canna tell you 'ow I'm lookin' forward to it, Colonel. **Colonel:** Right. Since we jumped into the McAuliffe system just a few hours ago... ...we're still running preliminary patrols. $C, you'll be flying a four-point route, checking several potential jump points. Here's your flight plan... Just fly to the Nav Points, and make sure they're clear. Long-range scanners indicate some sort of debris near Nav 3... We have reason to believe this might be a Kilrathi mine field... ...so be especially careful in that area. Questions? Alright, then. Delta wing is Iceman and Angel...
You listen as the colonel completes the mission assignments.
Colonel: That's everyone. Last questions?
No hands are raised.
Good. Let's get to work. Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Well flown, $C.
You handled those fleabags like an old pro.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Ran into a few hairballs, I hear.
Maverick: Yes, sir. The locations were autologged in the flight recorder.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th><th>Unknown</th><th>Didn’t Reach All Nav Points</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Thanks, sir. Having Paladin on my wing made it easy.
Paladin: Now laddy, don't brag on me, or the colonel'll start expectin' more from me!</td><td>Maverick: You don't have to say that, sir. I shouldn't have let them get Paladin.
Colonel: It happens, $C. It's part of war.</td><td>Colonel: At least you made all the Nav Points.

Your recon will be very useful.</td><td>Colonel: I've already sent out another patrol to check the jump points you missed.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">So let's go over the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You skragged $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td>I see no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Paladin did in $L himself.</td><td>and Paladin came up empty.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And we lost Paladin.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>I want to see you in my office after you've had a shower, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">That's all, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Rec Room

Shotglass: You met Maniac and Bossman over there yet?
Maniac's a real lunatic...a good pilot, but way too erratic.
He was just comin' up when the fleabags put me outa commission.
Just between you and me, I'd rather fly alone than with Maniac on my wing.
Bossman's another story, though.
He's a real team leader.
A crack pilot, with 17 years behind him.
Flown ever'thin' in the Terran fleet...
and blown up at least one of every class the Kilrathi have.

Bossman: Sit down, $C. They call me Bossman. I've been watching you.
You look good for a rookie.
You handle yourself well in a dogfight...
...but we're going to be facing some bigger ships soon.
Maniac: All right! Some serious action!
Bossman: A lot of young pilots get excited when they see their first destroyer...
Maniac: Just what do you mean by that, Boss?
Bossman: ...they lose their heads and go straight in for the battleship.
Then a light fighter they forgot about blasts them from behind.
Big ships move slow and turn like pigs.
Thing to do is clean up the fighter cover first...
...then go in for the battleship.

Maniac: Hey, $C. I'm Maniac. Glad to meetcha.
Bossman says we're gonna see some action against some battleships soon.
I can't wait...
Dodging flak and fighter cover to make a missile run at a destroyer...
Man, that'll be a rush!
Get in there quick, waste the mama cat...
...then pick the kittens off one by one.
That's the way to do it!

Mission Briefing.
McAuliffe System, $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Well, boys and girls, things are getting ready to heat up.
The Confederation is getting ready to mount a major offensive...
...so we're expecting several supply ships within the next 48 hours.
But scanners show increased Kilrathi activity in this system.
We've got to clean up the enemy presence here at McAuliffe...
...before the tankers and 'sports start to arrive tomorrow.
We've detected a large bogie about 90,000 klicks out.
It jumped in about 20 minutes ago, and seems to be headed this way.
It might be just a transport, but it's probably a small warship.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin is Alive</th><th>Paladin is Dead</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: $C, you and Paladin are going to go out and get a look at it...</td><td>Colonel: $C, I want you to go out and get a look at it...</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: ...and destroy it if you can.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin is Alive</th><th>Paladin is Dead</th></tr>
<tr><td>Paladin: Faith, lad, but that'll be a challenge...</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Here's your flight plan...
If the bogie continues its present course and speed...
...you should meet it here, at Nav 1.
We've detected a fighter escort in the area as well...
...so be on the lookout for additional bogies.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">The colonel quickly goes through the rest of the assignments,
dispatching other wings to check out other bogies in the system.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Squadron dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Destroyed Ralari</th><th colspan="2">Ralari Escaped</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Nice job, $C.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Didn't get her, eh?
Maverick: No, sir. I'm sorry.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin’s Alive</th><th>Paladin’s Dead</th><th>I.D.’d Ralari</th><th>Didn’t I.D. Ralari</th></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="2">Colonel: You too, Paladin. Congratulations to the both of you.

Paladin: The kid did all the work, sir. I was just along for the ride.</td><td rowspan="2"></td><td>Colonel: Well, no matter. You got close enough for your computer to make her.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: We've already downloaded your recon from your flight recorder.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2" rowspan="2">Maverick: Those Kilrathi destroyers really aren't much to worry about, sir.
Colonel: I don't know, $C. They had you outgunned as well as outnumbered.</td><th>I.D.’d Ralari</th><th>Didn’t I.D. Ralari</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Colonel: Too bad you didn't get closer ... we could have used a positive ID on her.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">I dispatched a squadron of Raptors to intercept. She won't get past them.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">Now, to review the mission...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Recorder shows you killed $K, $C...</td><td colspan="2">Recorder shows no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th><th colspan="2">Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and $L killed by Paladin.</td><td>and none for Paladin.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">And Paladin didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">I.D.’d Ralari</th><th colspan="2">Didn’t I.D. Ralari</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">By the way, we've identified the big bogie as a Ralari-class destroyer.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Destroyed Ralari</th><th colspan="2">Ralari Escaped</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Good job taking her out.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $C ... I want to see you in my office in an hour.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">That's all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hey there, $C. Get you somethin'?	
Paladin is Alive	**Paladin is Dead**
Shotglass: I'm glad to see you and Paladin gettin' along so well. He'll be retirin' soon, you know?	**Shotglass:** I'm glad to see you and Paladin were getting along so well. He was s'posed to retire soon, you know?
Shotglass: Been flyin' fighters for twenty-odd years...	
Paladin is Alive	**Paladin is Dead**
Shotglass: ...and now they're puttin' him out to pasture.	**Shotglass:** ...and he buys it a month before his retirement.
Shotglass: He and I used to fly together back before the war started. Darn good man ... the old *Claw'll* miss him.	

Bossman: $C, sit down. I want to compare notes with you. I've been watching the way Dralthi maneuver... ...and I think I've noticed something. Seems to me that when you're hot on a Dralthi's tail... ...and he pulls a loop to shake you... ...he always goes up or down, never to the side. Ever notice that?	
You shrug in tentative agreement	
Bossman: Well, they do ... always up or down, never left or right.	
Paladin is Alive	**Paladin is Dead**
Paladin: Y'know, lad, I believe you're right.	
Bossman: I think it's because those big wings block their vision to the sides... ...but above and below -- between the wings -- their vision is clear.	

Paladin: I'd like ta tell ya, laddy, s'been good flyin' with you.
We'll be pullin' outa McAuliffe soon...
...an' the colonel likes to shake up the wings every now an' then.
So let me give you one last piece of advice...
...a young wingman ain't goin' ta stick by you the way I have, lad.
That's no criticism of 'em, lad, just a fact.
A youngster's got a name to make and a career to think on...
...'e'll be lookin' to make a hero of 'imself.
An old man like meself, on the other hand...
well, I'm just wantin' to make it back so I can retire in one piece.

Mission Briefing.
McAuliffe System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: We're going to be leaving McAuliffe late tomorrow...
but first, we've got a half-dozen 'sports and tankers coming in.
With at least one Kilrathi carrier in the system,
...we're expecting the hairballs to make a play for most of the 'sports.
Here are the assignments for transport escorts...

The colonel makes the assignments for the wings. You draw the final run...

Paladin Alive	Paladin Dead
Colonel: $C and Paladin will take the last detail.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll be flying the last detail solo.

Colonel: Computer, display Psi.
You'll rendezvous with a Drayman-class tanker here, at Nav 1.
As soon as it arrives, the tanker will head for the Tiger's Claw.
It'll be moving at top speed, and won't deviate from its shortest course...
So you'll have to protect it from any attackers.
Stay close ... don't let enemy fighters draw you away from the tanker.
Now, one more thing, boys and girls...
Intelligence indicates Bhurak Starkiller may be in the system.
Angel: Bhurak Starkiller, sir?
Colonel: He's one of Kilrah's best ... flies a Salthi light fighter.
Our records credit him with 64 kills, counting fighters and battleships.
So let's all be extra careful out there, alright?
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin's Alive</th><th>Paladin Dies/Solo</th><th colspan="2"></th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Well done, gentlemen. The tanker commander asked me to commend you both.</td><td>Colonel: Good work out there, $C. The tanker skipper asked me to thank you.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: So we lost the tanker, $C? That's going to cost all of us, you know.
Maverick: I know, sir. But there were just too many enemy fighters...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Bhurak Dies</th><th>Bhurak Alive</th><th>Paladin Alive/Dies</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: And my personal congratulations for dispatching Bhurak Starkiller.</td><td></td><td>Maverick: Paladin and I couldn't handle all of them at once...</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: I'm just glad to get that 'sport back to the Claw, sir.</td><td colspan="2" rowspan="3">Colonel: I understand, son, but we were too short-handed to send two wings.
If we're going to win this war...
...we're all going to have to do the work of three men.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin's Alive</th><th>Paladin Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Paladin: Now, don't go discountin' the fun in givin' the hairballs a black eye, lad.</td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">Enough of that, though. Let's review the mission...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You racked up $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td colspan="2">No kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th><th colspan="2">Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Paladin got $L of the hairballs.</td><td>and Paladin came up empty.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive / Solo</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">We lost Paladin out there.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Bhurak Dies</th><th colspan="2">Bhurak Alive</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And you shot down Bhurak Starkiller...
Everything else aside, $C, that was excellent work.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And I want to see you in my office later, $C.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Meanwhile…

Win: Gimle System	Lose: Brimstone System
	
Terran Research Colony, McAuliffe VI. Kilrathi marines invading McAuliffe's civilian research installation, met desperate and resourceful Human scientists. Armed with improvised weapons and remarkable courage, the researchers manage to kill or capture the entire Kilrathi platoon.	Terran Research Colony, McAuliffe VI. As the Tiger's Claw and other Terran warships meet defeat in space, Kilrathi marines invade the scientific colony on McAuliffe VI. Dozens of humanity's most brilliant scientists are murdered as the ruthless Kilrathi storm the peaceful, harmless installation.

Gateway System

Rec Room

Shotglass: That's Iceman and Knight over there.
Knight's a darned reliable pilot...
a solid shot, a steady flier.
Not flashy at all ... He's sort of a craftsman. Gets the job done, though.
Iceman, though, now he's an artist.
Best pilot on the Tiger's Claw.
Lives to fly and to fight. He's totally ruthless, and completely deadly.
Some of the pilots say he's got freon for blood...
...at least that's where he got the call sign.

Knight: $C, right? I'm Knight. Welcome to the Killer Bees.
You're flying a Hornet right now, right? Ever flown a Scimitar?
It isn't quite as fast or nimble as a Hornet...
...but she's got twice the armor, as well as heavier guns.
Iceman: And she handles like a Centaurian mud pig.
Knight: Iceman here'll try to tell you speed and handling'll save your butt...
..but I'll take an extra three centimeters of durasteel plating any day!

Iceman: $C. They call me Iceman.
Don't let Knight fool you.
The Scimm's a gun-heavy slug.
Forget finesse ... just head straight in, guns blaring.
Give me a ship that takes skill...
A Raptor, even a Hornet...
...or one of those new Rapiers...
If half of what they say is true, the Rapier's a true artist's ship

Mission Briefing. Gateway System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Welcome to the Gateway System, boys and girls. These are the assignments for preliminary patrols...
The commander quickly makes the assignments for Alpha, Beta, and Gamma wings.
Colonel: Delta wing. That'll be you flying lead, $C. Paladin, you'll be flying wingman. **Paladin:** An' a pleasure it'll be, colonel. **Colonel:** Right. Computer, display Delta. You'll follow a simple three-point route, gentlemen. Just fly to the Nav Points, and make sure they're clear. We're picking up some debris around Nav Point 1. Probably just asteroids, but it could be a Kilrathi mine field..., ...so be especially careful in that area. Questions? Alright, then. Epsilon wing is Iceman and Angel...
You listen as the colonel completes the mission assignments.
Colonel: That's everyone. Last questions?
No hands are raised.
Colonel: Good. Let's get to work. Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Flew Well		Flew Poorly	
Colonel: Good job out there, $C. You made it look like you been at this for years.		**Colonel:** Met some fuzzballs out there, eh? **Maverick:** Yes, sir. I've already transferred their coordinates to the main computer. **Colonel:** Looks like we've got a serious Kilrathi presence here.	
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**	**Reached All Nav Points**	**Missed Nav Point(s)**
Maverick: I wasn't half as smooth as Paladin here, sir. Now laddy, don't brag on me, or the colonel'll start expectin' more from me!	**Maverick:** Thank you, sir. I'm sorry about Paladin. **Colonel:** It happens, $R Get used to it.	Tactical will be glad to get your report.	**Colonel:** I've already dispatched a wing to survey the Nav Points you missed.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

I reviewed your mission report upstairs.	
Your Kills	**No Kills**
You skragged $K Kilrathi, $C...	I saw no kills for you, $C...
Wingman's Kills	**No Kills**
and Paladin did in $L himself.	and Paladin came up empty.
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**
	And the hairballs got Paladin.
Awards/Reprimands	**None**
Oh, and $C, I want to see you in my office after you've cleaned up.	
That's all, then. Dismissed.	

Gateway 2

Rec Room

Shotglass: You met Maniac and Bossman over there yet?
Maniac's a real lunatic...a good pilot, but way too erratic.
He was just comin' up when the fleabags put me out of commission.
Just between you and me, I'd rather fly alone than with Maniac on my wing.
Bossman's another story, though.
He's a real team leader.
A crack pilot, with 17 years behind him.
Flown everything in the Terran fleet...
and blown up at least one of every class the Kilrathi have.

Bossman: Sit down, $C. They call me Bossman. I've been watching you.
You look good for a rookie.
You handle yourself well in a dogfight...
...but we're going to be facing some bigger ships soon.
All right Some serious action!
Bossman: A lot of young pilots get excited when they see their first destroyer...
Maniac: Just what do you mean by that, Boss?
Bossman: ...lose their heads and go straight in for the battleship.
Then a light fighter they forgot about blasts them from behind.
Big ships move slow and turn like pigs.
Thing to do is clean up the fighter cover first...
...then go in for the battleship.

Maniac: Hey, $C. I'm Maniac. Glad to meetcha.
Bossman says we're gonna see some action against some battleships soon.
I can't wait...
Dodging flak and fighter cover to make a missile run at a destroyer...
Man, that'll be a rush!
Get in there quick, waste the mama cat,
...then pick the kittens off one by one.
That's the way to do it!

Emergency Briefing. Gateway System, $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: We've got a Code Red alert, people.
At least half a dozen Kilrathi fighters, coming in fast.
With Blue Devil and Star Slayer squadrons out on patrol...
...you Killer Bees will have to stop them yourselves.
We've got two Hornets in space already...
...and we'll scramble the remaining wings at double-time.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin is Alive</th><th>Paladin is Dead</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: $C, you and Paladin will be first out the launch tube.</td><td>Colonel: $C, you'll be first out the launch tube.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Iceman and Dragon will be next...
...followed by Bossman and Redbird.
Remember, people, this is for all the marbles...
Stop these fighters, or you'll have no place to land!
So let's get to it!
Squadron dismissed!</td></tr>
</table>

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Excellent work, $C.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: Welcome back, $C. Looks like we all came through it.
How's the Tiger's Claw, sir?
Colonel: We took considerable damage, especially to the flight decks.
One hit blocked the launch tubes just before Iceman and Dragon launched.
That's why we couldn't get anyone out there to back you up.
That's all right, sir. At least we all lived though it.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin is Alive</th><th>Paladin is Dead/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: You too, Paladin. Congratulations to the both of you.

Paladin: You might say I was inspired ta a great effort, Colonel.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: I just did what had to be done, sir.
Colonel: You fought off the Dralthi before we could even launch the next wing!</td><td>Paladin is Alive/Solo</td><td>Paladin is Dead</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td></td><td>All except Paladin, that is.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">We've already gotten a mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>It shows you took out $K, $C...</td><td>It shows no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and $L for Paladin.</td><td>and none for Paladin.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And Paladin didn't make it back, of course.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>And $C ... I want to see you in my office in an hour.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">That's all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Gateway 3

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hey there, $C. Get you something?	
Paladin's Alive	**Paladin's Dead**
Shotglass: I'm glad to see you and Paladin gettin' along so well. He'll be retirin' soon, you know?	**Shotglass:** I'm glad to see you and Paladin were gettin' along so well. He was s'posed to retire soon, you know?
Shotglass: Been flyin' fighters for twenty-odd years...	
Paladin's Alive	**Paladin's Dead**
Shotglass: ...and now they're puttin' him out to pasture.	**Shotglass:** ...and he buys it a month before his retirement.
Shotglass: He and I used to fly together back before the war started. Darn good man ... the old Claw'll miss him.	

Bossman: $C, sit down. I want to compare notes with you. I've been watching the way Dralthi maneuver... ...and I think I've noticed something. Seems to me that when you're hot on a Dralthi's tail... ...and he pulls a loop to shake you... ...he always goes up or down, never to the side. Ever notice that?	
You shrug in tentative agreement.	
Bossman: Well, they do ... always up or down, never left or right.	
Paladin's Alive	**Paladin's Dead**
Paladin: Y'know, lad, I believe you're right.	
Bossman: I think it's because those big wings block their vision to the sides... but above and below ... between the wings ... their vision is clear.	

Paladin: I'd like ta tell you, laddie, s'been good flyin' with you. We'll be pullin' outa Gateway soon... ...an' the colonel likes to shake up the wings every now an' then. So let me give you one last piece of advice... ...a young wingman ain't goin' ta stick by you the way I have, lad. That's no criticism of 'em, lad, just a fact. A youngster's got a name to make and a career to think on... ...'e'll be lookin' to make a hero of 'imself. An old man like meself, on the other hand... ...well, I'm just wantin' to make it back so I can retire in one piece.

Mission Briefing. Gateway System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, folks, we'll be pulling out from Gateway tomorrow...
...but before we do, we've got a few tankers and 'sports coming in.
Since yesterday's attack on the Tiger's Claw...
...it's clear we need to be especially vigilant in escorting these ships.
Now, here are the assignments for transport escorts...

The colonel makes the assignments for the wings. You draw the final run...

Paladin's Alive	Paladin's Dead
Colonel: $C and Paladin will take the last detail.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll be flying the last detail solo.

Colonel: Here's the flight plan...
You'll meet a Drayman-class transport here, at Nav 1.
As soon as it arrives, the 'sport will head for the Tiger's Claw.
It'll be moving at top speed, and won't deviate from its shortest course...
So you'll have to protect it from any attackers.
Stay with her ... don't let enemy fighters draw you away from the tanker.
I've got one more bit of intelligence to pass along to everyone.
We believe Bhurak Starkiller may be in the system.
Angel: Bhurak Starkiller, sir?
Colonel: He's Kilrah's hottest pilot in the Salthi light fighter.
We don't know where he's likely to turn up...
...but one wing or another is bound to run into him.
So look alert out there, all right?
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><th>Paladin's Alive</th><th>Paladin Dies/Solo</th><td colspan="2" rowspan="2">Colonel: So we lost the 'sport, $C? That's going to cost all of us, you know.
Maverick: I know, sir. But there were just too many enemy fighters...</td></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Well done, gentlemen. The 'sport's skipper asked me to thank you both.</td><td>Colonel: Good work out there, $C. The tanker skipper asked me to thank you.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Bhurak Dies</th><th>Burak Escapes</th><th>Paladin's Alive</th><th>Paladin Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: And my personal congratulations for dispatching Bhurak Starkiller.</td><td></td><td>Maverick: Paladin and I couldn't handle all of them at once...</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td colspan="2">Colonel: I understand, son, but we were too short-handed to send two wings.
If we're going to win this war...
...we're all going to have to do the work of three men.</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Maverick: I'm just glad to get that fuel back to the Claw, sir.
Paladin: Now, don't go discountin' the fun in givin' the hairballs a black eye, lad.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Enough of that, though. Let's review the mission...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You racked up $K, $C...</td><td>No kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Paladin got $L of the hairballs.</td><td>and Paladin came up empty.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>We lost Paladin out there.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Bhurak Dies</th><th>Bhurak Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td>And you shot down Bhurak Starkiller...
Everything else aside, $C, that was excellent work.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>And I want to see you in my office later, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Gimle 1

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hey, there, $C. Welcome to the Gimle System...
...vacation spot of the Empire of Kilrah!
Gimle's habitable world is one huge forest...
Kilrathi nobles and officers come here to hunt with their bare claws.
I hear they bring human POWs here and turn them loose in the woods...
...just so those hairy brutes can get their kicks by huntin'em down!
Man, I'll be glad when we kick those fleabags outta the sector!

Angel: Ah, *bonjour*, $R
I have been reviewing our data on the Kilrathi starfighters.
Our information indicates that in all cases...
...their side armor is weaker than that to the front or rear.
Iceman: One more reason not to play chicken with a Jalthi.
Angel: Indeed, *monsieur*. The best attack line would be from the flanks.

Iceman: Let me give you a tip, kid...
Never rush a Jalthi head on.
A Jalthi carries six front-mounted laser cannons...
First shot takes out your shields...
...next'll blow through the cockpit into the reactor.

Mission Briefing.
Gimle System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls, listen up.
We've just jumped into the Gimle System, and we've got some work to do.
Gimle has been occupied by the Kilrathi for some time.
The Claw is not the first Terran ship to arrive...
...we've got a handful of battleships already in system.
Most of these ships are currently under attack by Kilrathi...
...so we'll be dispatching fighters to help in their defense.

The colonel quickly assigns the wings. Yours is the sixth assigned.

Colonel: $C, you'll lead Zeta Wing to assist an Exeter-class Destroyer.
Angel will fly on your wing.
Here's the scenario...
The Exeter is currently at Nav 1...
...her skipper reports at least three Kilrathi fighters in the area.
You'll head straight for the Exeter, and help in her defense.
When the Kilrathi have routed, come on back home.
Any questions?
Okay, then. Let's go burn those hairballs!
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Exeter Survives</th><th>Exeter's Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: I just got word from the skipper of the destroyer, $C.
Well done. Those Jalthi are the best the Kilrathi have.
Maverick: They were pretty tough, sir. But we got the job done.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: We picked up the destruction of the Exeter on our sensors, $C.
That ship was crucial to Confederation strategy in this sector...
Losing her is going to cost us dearly.
Maverick: I know, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td>Angel: Actually, mon colonel...
...the Confederate Raptor has only a 34 percent chance against the Jalthi.
Colonel: All the more reason to be proud of yourselves, Captain Devereaux.</td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Well, let's review the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You took out $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td>That's no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>while Angel got $L.</td><td>and Angel came up empty.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>The Kilrathi took Angel out.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Be in my office in an hour, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">That's all, then.</td></tr>
</table>

Gimle 2

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. How's it goin'?
You heard about those new Rapiers? Ever'body's talkin' about 'em.
I'm not so sure about 'em, though.
I flew jus' about my whole career in Scimitars an' Raptors.
Liked the Raptor best, even though she didn't handle too good.
She sure was fast once you got her goin', though!

Hunter: $C, mate Have you 'eard the news?
The Claw's gettin' a prototype Rapier to test fly!
I've been lookin' over the specs on 'er.
She's tagged a light fighter, but she's better armed than a Scimitar.
There's a pair of laser cannons, for distance work...
...an' a set of neutron guns, for the dirty infightin'!

Maniac: I'm lookin' forward to seein' one of these new Rapiers!
They say she's got tougher shields than anything in the fleet.
She must be just about invulnerable!
Hunter: 'Ang about, there, mate...
She may 'ave God's own shields, but she's armored like a light fighter.
If they knock down the shields, she's no tougher than a Hornet.
Maniac: Wow, I never thought about that...

Mission Briefing.
Gimle System, $T hours, $D.

Twenty minutes into the briefing...

Colonel: ...and the last patrol will be Omicron wing.

Angel is Alive	Angel is Dead
Colonel: That'll be $C and Angel.	**Colonel:** You'll be flying solo on this one, $C.

Maverick: Right, sir.
Colonel: It's a simple, three-point patrol route.
Let's take a look at your flight plan.
Computer, display Omicron.
Just fly by each Nav Point, watching for signs of enemy activity.
There's a field of what looks like asteroids around Nav 1...
...so watch yourself in that area.
Now, there's just one more thing about this mission I need to mention...
We've just gotten a pair of prototype starfighters, Rapier-class.
We've just received a prototype of the new Rapier-class fighter.
The brass wants to know how the Rapier performs in action...
...so I want you to put her through the paces.
Hunter: Good job, $C, you lucky bloke Let me know 'ow she feels!
Colonel: Now, I don't want you going nuts out there, $C...
This is a hot piece of hardware, but it hasn't been tested under fire.
No one really knows what she can do ... or what she can't.
Maverick: understand, sir. Don't try anything too fancy...
Colonel: Good.
Now, if there aren't any questions...
All right, then. Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Welcome back, $C. What'd you think of the Rapier?
Maverick: She's quite a ship, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Reached Nav 1 or 2</th><th>Did Not Reach Nav 1 or 2</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: She slid through the asteroids at Nav 1 well enough.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Destroyed 2 Gratha</th><th>Destroyed 1 Gratha</th><th>Did Not Destroy Gratha</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: And she handled real well against a wing of Gratha near Nav 3.</td><td></td><td>Maverick: She didn't feel too good against a wing of Gratha near Nav 3, though.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: And what did you think, Devereaux?</td><td rowspan="5"></td></tr>
<tr><th>Flew Well</th><th>Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td>Angel: I must agree with the $R, mon colonel. It is quite a vessel.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Angel: I believe that it will prove more effective even than the Raptor...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Gratha(s) Destroyed</th><th>No Gratha Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td>Angel: ...especially against the more nimble Kilrathi fighters.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Very well, then. I'll pass that along to Tactical.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">I've already reviewed your flight recorder's mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You skragged $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td>I saw no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Angel did in $L herself.</td><td>and Angel came up empty.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And the fleabags took out Angel.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Oh, and $C, I want to see you in my office after you've cleaned up.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Gimle 3

Rec Room



Shotglass: You hear what they're sayin' in Blue Devil Squadron?
Word is, one of their boys ran into Dakhath on patrol yesterday.
You know Dakhath, right? The Kilrathi ace that flies a Dralthi?
He's got 78 confirmed kills, counting fighters and capital ships.
They say his name means 'Deathstroke' in Kilrathi...
...'cause how he gets his jollies.
He likes to shoot pilots who've ejected as they wait for a pick up.

Knight: So, $C. Now you've flown a Rapier. You like it?

You nod as you sip your drink.

Knight: I read that we're getting the first Rapier squadron on active duty.
Colonel's already named the squadron Black Lion...
I wonder who'll be assigned to it?

Iceman: Lot of talk going around about this Dakhath guy.
Well, don't sweat that fuzzball too much.
Knight: Casey ran into Dakhath a couple of years ago, near Planck's Star.
Iceman: Dakhath got his rep by shooting helpless men...
...but he's not so tough if you're still in your ship.
Watch him when you're on his tail.
He likes to burn out with his afterburners...
or he'll try to get behind you with a kickstop.

Mission Briefing.
Gimle System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls...
...we got several groups of bogies on the move.
Either the Kilrathi are pulling out of Gimle...
...or they're gearing up to push us out.
Either way, we got to find out what they're up to.
First up on the hit parade is what looks like a squadron of fighters.

Angel's Alive	Angel's Dead
Colonel: $C and Angel will fly Tau Wing to check it out.	**Colonel:** $C, you're flying Tau Wing to check it out.

Colonel: Computer, display Tau.
Nav 1 indicates their last confirmed position.
We believe the bogies are Dralthi...
...and we estimate their present location here.
If you think you can take them, go ahead and engage...
...but break off if the squadron turns out to be too big to handle.
Remember, $C, I need information worse than I need heroes.
Any questions, then, Tau Wing?



Angel's Alive	Angel's Dead
Angel: I have heard that the Kilrathi ace Dakhath is in this sector...	**Maverick:** I've heard Dakhath, the Dralthi ace, is in Gimle. Is that true?

Colonel: We believe he may be, so be careful.
Dakhath is very dangerous ... we need to know if he's here.
Maverick: Yes, sir.
Colonel: Right, then. Let's move along.

The colonel runs through the rest of the assignments...
...dispatching four more wings to check out other bogies.

Colonel: All right, then. Squadron dismissed.

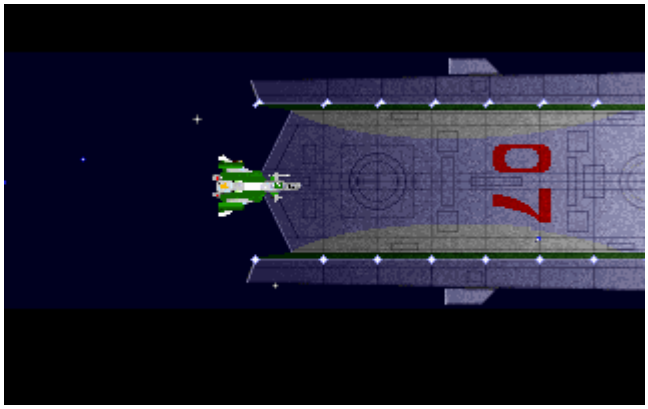


Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: How'd it go out there, $C?</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Meet Two Dralthi Wings</th><th>Meet One Dralthi Wing</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: Well enough, sir. They were Dralthi ... two wings, nine in all. Dakhath was leading the second wing.
Colonel: Did you take him out?</td><td rowspan="2">Maverick: They were Dralthi, sir. At least five of them.
It didn't look good, so I decided to break off and report in.
Colonel: Probably the best decision, under the circumstances.
I'll dispatch a strike wing to clean them up.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Dakhath is Dead</th><th>Dakhath is Alive</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: I believe so, sir. His ship blew up, at least.
Colonel: Excellent. Good work, $R.</td><td>Maverick: No, sir. He got away.
Colonel: Oh, well. At least we've confirmed his presence in the system.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">I've got your numbers from the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You killed $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td>Nothing for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Angel got $L.</td><td>and none for Angel.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>And Angel didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">I want to see you in my office later, $C.
Yes, sir.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">All right, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>



Meanwhile…

Win: Dakota System	Lose: Brimstone System
	
Outside a Kilrathi Military Installation, Brimstone System. As Terran starfighters gain control in space at Brimstone, a daring band of Human saboteurs strikes a major Kilrathi base. With the destruction of this installation, the Kilrathi hold on the strategic Brimstone system is broken.	

Brimestone 1

Rec Room



Shotglass: Hey, $C. Get you something?
Been awfully quiet 'round here since we jumped into Brimstone.
Scuttlebutt is that there are four Kilrathi bases on Brimstone II...
...an' we're lookin' at some serious action, real soon.

Hunter: G'day, $C ... pull up a chair.
Maniac an' I 'ave just been tradin' war stories...
...trying to come up with some clues on 'ow the Kilrathi think.
Maniac: That is, WHEN they think.
Hunter: Oh, they'll surprise you, sometimes, mate.
Their favorite trick is to set up a good ambush...
...so if you see a lone furball with a broke wing, watch y'self.
'E's got mates right around the corner.

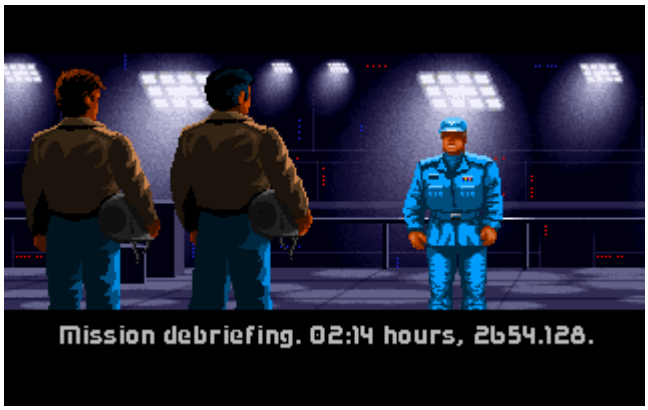
Maniac: Have a seat, $C.
Hope we see some action soon...
...I'm looking forward to scoring some more kills.
By the way, I hear we'll be flying together.
They say you're almost as good as me.

Mission Briefing.
Brimstone System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Good morning, boys and girls. Welcome to the Brimstone System.
As you know, there are several Kilrathi military bases on the second planet.
We are here to scout the system before a possible Confederation invasion.
Maniac: Way to go, Chief! Finally, we get some real action!
Colonel: That will mean a heavy patrol schedule...
Maniac: Patrol schedule? Aw, hell, that's no fun!
Colonel:...as we gather intelligence on the strength of local Kilrathi forces.
You're first in the rotation, $C. For your wing, I want you to take...
...Maniac, I think. He seems to be anxious for an assignment.
Maniac: Oh, sure. Send me.
I wouldn't want you to trouble Iceman or Hunter with a routine patrol.
Colonel: Stow it, Marshall. There's always lavatories to scrub, if you'd rather.
Maniac: …
Colonel: I thought so.
Now, let's look at your patrol plan, $C.
It's a simple three-point route, with a few asteroids near Nav 2.
Keep alert. We really don't know what to expect out there...
...but we know we're in hairball territory.
Just fly your route and get back with a report...
...and if Maniac gives you any static...
...you have my permission to shoot him to pieces.
Maverick: Should I use missiles, sir, or ship's guns?
Colonel: Guns, $C. Save your missiles for important targets.
Maniac: What?!
Colonel: Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.



<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew well</th><th>Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Nice work out there, $C.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: So you ran into a few furballs out there, $C?
Maverick: Yes sir. Looked like they were expecting us.
Colonel: Don't let them get the jump on you, son. You may not come back.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: You both handled a dangerous situation well.
Maniac: Thanks, Chief. We were just too much for 'em.
Maverick: It got pretty rough, but we came through it.</td><td>Maverick: Thank you, sir. I only wish Maniac had made it back, too.
Colonel: He got careless, $C. Don't let it happen to you.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Let's go over the report from your recorder.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You toasted $K of their ships, $C...</td><td>No kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Maniac got $L of the hairballs.</td><td>and Maniac struck out.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Maniac bought it out there.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>And I want to see you in my office later, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Brimestone 2

Rec Room

Shotglass: Hey there, $C. Get you something?

Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Shotglass: How'd you like flyin' with Maniac? I wouldn't trust the kid myself ... too damn reckless. He's lookin' to be famous, an' its gonna get him killed. I just hope he don't take anybody with him when he goes...	**Shotglass:** Don't feel too bad about Maniac, $C. I been watchin' that kid since he hit the *Tiger's Claw*. He was always reckless. Miracle he didn't get himself killed before.

Bossman: Ah, $C. Sit down.
The colonel told me we'll fly escort for several incoming ships soon.
Since you are still new to the *Tiger's Claw*...
...let me give you a few pointers on escort missions.
First, it is better to strike a course parallel to the larger vessel...
...than to try to circle it as it moves toward the destination.
Maneuver a little behind and to one side of the larger ship...

Paladin is Alive	Palidan is Dead
Paladin: ...so you can see it as you fly alongside it.	

Bossman: Then set your speed to match its pace--usually 100 or 150 klicks.

Paladin is Alive	Palidan is Dead
Paladin: But speed back up to 200 or 250 if you meet Kilrathi, lad... It's easy to forget to hit the juice when you first see the hairballs.	

Paladin: Chen here 'as got some clever things to say about flying escort, lad...
...but I've got a bit to add myself.
The most important thing is to keep your eye on your scanner.
Bossman: Major Taggart is correct, $R. Pay special attention to your scanner.
Paladin: When you're flyin' up close to a big ship like a transport...
...she can block out half the sky
Your scanner'll show enemies on the other side of 'er.

Mission Briefing.
Brimstone System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls.
We're gearing up for a major assault on the Kilrathi bases on Brimstone II.
Headquarters has dispatched several more warships to this system...
...they'll be coming in over the next few hours.
Here are the assignments for rendezvous and escorts...

The colonel makes the assignments for the wings. Yours is the last...

Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Colonel: $C and Maniac will take the last run.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll fly the last run on your own.

Colonel: Here's the flight plan...
You'll meet an Exeter-class destroyer at Nav 1, right here.
You'll fly straight to Nav 1, to make the rendezvous on schedule...
...but you'll bring the destroyer back via Nav 2.
This will keep the Exeter clear of the asteroids between here and Nav 1.
Be sure and stay close to the destroyer.
If you run into enemy fighters, they'll try to draw you off...
...so their wingmen can get a clean shot at the Exeter.



Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Maverick: How close do you want us to stay, Colonel?	**Maverick:** How close do you want me to stay, Colonel?

Colonel: Within 5,000 klicks, in a dogfight. Closer when you're just cruising.
Maverick: Understood, sir.
Colonel: Good.
That's it for today, then. Let's get to work.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Exeter Survived</th><th colspan="2" rowspan="2">Exeter Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Good job, men. The Exeter's pulled into formation with the Tiger's Claw.</td><td>Colonel: Good job, $C. The Exeter's pulled into formation with the Tiger's Claw.</td><td colspan="2" rowspan="2">Colonel: I hope you enjoyed your little outing... Would you like to explain why I'm looking at you, but not the Exeter?
Maverick: I'm sorry, sir ... There were Kilrathi everywhere at the rendezvous.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: I'm glad to hear it, sir. We ran into a little trouble out there.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maniac: Yeah, the fleabags were all over that jump point like a cheap suit...
Maverick: Nothing we couldn't handle, though.</td><td></td><td>Maverick: Maniac and I couldn't keep up with all of them.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: You seem to have dealt with it adequately.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Losing that destroyer may cost us this system, $C.
We can't afford that kind of loss if we expect to hold this sector.
Maverick: I understand, sir.
Colonel: I had planned to move you over to a Raptor, with Star Slayer squadron...
But now ... well, we'll just have to see how you do in the next few days.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">Enough of that, though. Let's review the mission...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You took out $K of them, $C...</td><td colspan="2">No kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Maniac wasted $L of the hairballs.</td><td colspan="2">and Maniac came up empty.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">And Maniac didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And I want to see you in my office later, $C.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Brimestone 3

Rec Room



Shotglass: Hey, $C.
Y'know, a couple of boys from Tactical were in here earlier...
They were sayin' it was gettin' ugly in on the planet, Brimstone II.
The Kilrathi bases planetside are startin' to get desperate...
Looks like the furballs're ready to try just about anything.
One fellow said it'd all come down to supplies.
If they can get enough supply ships past us to the planet...
...their bases on Brimstone II might throw off our blockade.

Knight: Hello, $C. I was just trying to draw Casey here into a conversation.
We're expecting to strike a number of Kilrathi supply convoys soon...
I was hoping to get some advice from our quiet comrade.
Iceman: Shoot 'em from behind.
Their armor is weak around the engines.
Couple of good shots in the pipes...
...and she blows. Boom. Game over.

Iceman: $C.
Colonel says we'll be going after transports soon.
Just one thing to remember with big ships...
Missiles.
Save your missiles for the mother ship.
Your guns won't even scratch their paint...
...so when you're out of missiles...
...it's time to head home.

Mission Briefing.
Brimstone System, $T hours, $D.

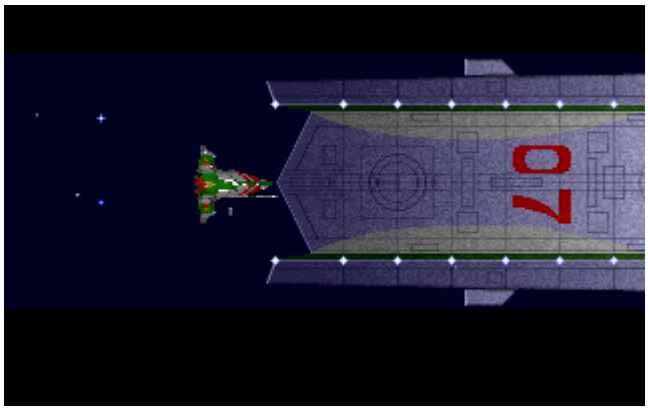
Colonel: As you know, people, several warships have arrived in the last 48 hours.
Most of these have headed in to beseige Kilrathi bases on Brimstone II.
Under this blockade, the planet is desperate for munitions and supplies.
The Empire has dispatched dozens of Dorkir 'sports...
...hoping at least a few of them will get past us and in to Brimstone II.
Our mission is to make sure they don't get there.

Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Colonel: $C, you and Maniac are first up.	**Colonel:** $C, you're first up.

Colonel: Computer, display Rho.
We've got a large bogie near Nav 1.
Tactical is pretty sure this is one of those inbound Dorkir.
We've detected at least four smaller bogies nearby...
...so watch out for fairly strong fighter escort.

The colonel quickly assigns the rest of the wings...
...sending them to intercept other transports headed for Brimstone.

Colonel: Every tranpsort that gets past us drags the seige out another week...
...so look sharp and don't let your target get past you.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew Well</th><th>Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td rowspan="4">Colonel: So she got by you, eh?
Maverick: I'm afraid so, sir. The fighter cover was just too tight.
Colonel: Tactical thinks that ship was carrying ground-to-space missiles, $C.
We have no idea how many ships and men those missiles will cost us...
...but one ship or even one man is more than humanity can afford to lose.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Nicely done, gentlemen.</td><td>Colonel: Good job, $R.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Tactical believes that 'sport was carrying ground-to-space missiles...
...if they'd gotten to the planet, our losses would have been devastating.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maniac: I figured it was some sorta missiles, chief. You should have seen the explosion! It was like a supernova!</td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Well, let's go over the mission report from your flight recorder.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Recorder credits you with $K kills, $C...</td><td>Recorder shows no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>...and Maniac gets $L kills.</td><td>...and none for Maniac.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Diesp</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>And Maniac didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $C ... I want to see you in my office in an hour.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">That's all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Meanwhile…

Win: Dakota System	Lose: Port Hedland System
	
Outside a Kilrathi Military Installation, Brimstone System. As Terran starfighters gain control in space at Brimstone, a daring band of Human saboteurs strikes a major Kilrathi base. With the destruction of this installation, the Kilrathi hold on the strategic Brimstone system is broken.	**Outside a Kilrathi Military Installation, Brimstone System.** As Kilrathi starships defeat the Terran Confederate fleet in space, Human commandos make a daring raid to sabotage the Kilrathi base. But their desperate mission fails when they are discovered by a patrol of Kilrathi soldiers!

Chengdu 1

Rec Room

Shotglass: So, $C. Here we are in the Chengdu system.
Ever been to the planet Nanjing, before?
Wonderful place. Not a single higher animal native to the planet.
But it makes up for that with bugs ... big ones.
They got six-foot-long huntin' insects in the forests...
Colonists call 'em bugbears, and they stay clear of them.
No idea why anyone'd settle here.
They say there's lots of hydrocarbons...
...but it just don't seem worth it to me, with all them bugs

Angel: Ah, *bonjour*, $R.
I have been reviewing our data on the Kilrathi starfighters.
Our information indicates that in all cases...
...their side armor is weaker than that to the front or rear.

Spirit is Alive	Spirit is Dead
Spirit: Making it doubly foolish to close head on, into the enemy's guns. **Angel:** Indeed, *mademoiselle*.	
Angel: The best attack line would be from the flanks.	

Spirit: *Konichi-wa*, honorable $R.
Captain Devereaux and I were just discussing the enemy's shields.
She was pointing out an excellent tactic I have used myself.
Angel: When tailing the enemy, it is good to fire several volleys of lasers...
...while keeping an eye on his sheilds in your targetting computer.
Spirit: Once your lasers have brought his shields down...
...then fire a heat-seeking missile to finish him.
Angel: Data indicates a missile is over twice as likely to destroy a fighter...
...if it hits when her shields are down.

Mission Briefing.
Chengdu System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: We've got a Hornet coming in from patrol with four Krant on her tail.
$C, you and Angel are going to go out and see that she gets back safe.
It's Valkyrie, of Yellow Jacket squadron, on her way back in.
She's got a fix on a *Ralari*-class destroyer in system...
...so it's vital she get back to download her mission report.
Computer, display Epsilon.
Here's the scenario...
This is Valkyrie's current position.
She's got a wing of four Krant on her tail...
They're within 20,000 klicks and closing.
You'll rendezvous with her, and cover her retreat back to the Claw.
We need the data in her computer, so keep her safe.
And remember, there's at least one Ralari in this system...
...so stay alert out there.
Questions, $C? Angel?
Maverick: No, sir. We'd better just get out there
Colonel: All right then, get to work.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Valkyrie is Alive</th><th>Valkyrie Dies</th></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies.</th><td rowspan="2">Colonel: So the hairballs got Valkyrie, eh?
That's going to cost us, $C.
Now we've got at least one Kilrathi warship loose in the system...
...and no idea where she is or what she's up to.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Good work protecting Valkyrie, you two. She just touched down.</td><td>Colonel: Good work covering Valkyrie, $C. She landed right behind you.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Tactical is downloading her mission report right now...
We'll have full information on that Ralari any minute.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Found Ralari</th><th>Did Not Find Ralari</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td rowspan="6"></td></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Actually, sir, we did run into the Ralari.</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: Actually, sir, I did run into the Ralari.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Good. The boys in Tactical will be glad to get your data on her.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Ralari Destroyed</th><th>Ralari Survives</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: She won't be giving us any trouble...</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th></th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: We scattered her atoms across the system!</td><td>Maverick: I scattered her atoms across the system</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3"></td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Excellent work, $C</td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">I haven't seen the mission report yet, so fill me in.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>I got $K of the hairballs, sir...</td><td>I came up empty, sir...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Angel got $L.</td><td>and Angel was blanked.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And the Kilrathi got Angel.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">I see...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>I'll want to see you in my office later on, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">That'll be all then, dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Chengdu 2

Rec Room

Shotglass: You hear what they're sayin' in Blue Devil Squadron?
Word is, one of their boys ran into Dakhath on patrol yesterday.
You know Dakhath, right? The Kilrathi ace that flies a Dralthi?
He's got 78 confirmed kills, countin' fighters an' capital ships.
They say his name means Deathstroke' in Kilrathi...
...'cause how he gets his jollies.
He likes to shoot pilots who've ejected as they wait for a pick up.

Knight: So, $C. You've heard about that new fighter, the Rapier?

You nod as you sip your drink.

Knight: I read that we're getting the first Rapier squadron on active duty.
Colonel's already named the squadron Black Lion...
I wonder who'll be assigned to it?

Iceman: Lot of talk going around about this Dakhath guy.
Well, don't sweat that fuzzball too much.
Knight: Casey ran into Dakhath a couple of years ago, near Planck's Star.
Iceman: Dakhath got his rep by shooting helpless men...
...but he's not so tough if you stay in your ship.
Watch him when you're on his tail.
He likes to burn out...
...or drop behind you with a kickstop.

Mission Briefing.
Chengdu System, $T hours, $D.

Ten minutes into the briefing...

Angel is Alive	Angel is Dead
Colonel: Next up is Iota Wing, $C and Angel.	**Colonel:** Next up is Iota Wing. $C, you'll be flying solo this time.
Colonel: We've got an Exeter-class destroyer that's headed for Ymir System. You'll fly escort as it heads for its jump point. Let's take a look at the screen... Computer, display Iota. The jump point is here, at Nav 1. Look alert out there, as you may need to guide the destroyer. We have detected several asteroid fields in the area... ...and we believe there may be Kilrathi fighters nearby as well. Questions?	
Angel is Alive	**Angel is Dead**
Angel: *Oui, mon* colonel. Is it safe to take an Exeter through such asteroids?	**Maverick:** Yes, sir. Is it safe to take an Exeter through asteroids like that?
Colonel: We've plotted a safe course through the asteroids for the Exeter... ...but you'll need to be alert for ambush from among the debris. Ordinarily, we'd fly around the asteroids... ...but that destroyer has to be at Ymir too soon to allow the longer route. Anything else? All right, then. Squadron dismissed.	

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: So the Exeter jumped out all right? **Maverick:** Yes, sir. We ran into that Kilrathi ace, Dakhath, and a wing of Dralthi... ...but we held them off until the destroyer got away. **Colonel:** Dakhath, eh? I'd heard he might be in system. Good work, keeping him off the Exeter. What happened to him in the end?			
Maverick: We got him, colonel. Blew him to little bits. **Colonel:** Excellent! I'll see that the brass hears about this!	**Maverick:** He got away, sir. I'm sorry. **Colonel:** Oh, well. At least we're certain he's in the system now.		

Colonel: I understand the Exeter didn't make her jump.
Maverick: No, sir. She didn't even make it to the jump point...

Maverick: We lost her in the asteroids on the way.

Maverick: No, sir. We ran into a squadron of Dralthi at the jump point.
That Kilrathi ace, Dakhath was leading the wing.
We never had a chance, sir. There were just too many of them.
Colonel: Dakhath, eh? I guess its no surprise that we lost the Exeter, then.
You're awfully lucky to have made it back yourself.
I know, colonel.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

Well, let's hit the numbers on the mission report.		
Your Kills	**No Kills**	
Recorder shows $K Kilrathi destroyed by you, $C...	Recorder gives you no kills, $C...	
Wingman's Kills	**No Kills**	**Solo**
and $L for Angel.	and none for Angel.	
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**	
	And Angel didn't make it back.	
Awards/Reprimands	**None**	
I want to see you in my office later, $C. Yes, sir.		
All right, then. Dismissed.		

Chengdu 3

Rec Room

Shotglass: Knight tells me the colonel's movin' you to Blue Devil Squadron.
That'll put you on a Scimitar, like I flew when I was your age.
Darn fine ship in her day, though she looks a little outdated now...
The Scimitar mounts a pair of mass driver cannons...
...instead of the Hornet's lasers.
They fire a lot farther than laser bolts, and hit with more punch...
...but the projectiles move a lot slower.
That makes you use 'em closer up, in spite of the extra range.
Still, those extra klicks are good against big, slow ships, like tankers.

Knight: Hey, $C, you hear about the new assignments?
The colonel said he's moving you to a Scimitar in Blue Devil Squadron.
Ever flown Scimitars before? I think you're going to like them.
A Scimitar isn't quite as fast or nimble as a Hornet...
...but she's got twice the armor, as well as heavier guns.
Iceman: And she handles like a Centaurian mud pig.
Knight: Iceman here'll try to tell you speed and handling'll save your butt...
..but I'll take an extra three centimeters of durasteel plating any day!

Iceman: $C. They call me Iceman.
Don't let Knight here fool you about the Scimitar.
It's a gun-heavy slug.
Forget finesse in a Scimitar. Just head straight in, guns blaring.
Give me a ship that lets me use my skill...
A Raptor, even a Hornet...
...or one of those new Rapiers
If half of what they say is true, the Rapier's a true artist's ship!

Emergency Briefing.
Chengdu System, $T hours, $D.

Code Red alert, everyone.
We've got six Kilrathi Gratha headed for the *Tiger's Claw*.
You Killer Bees are the only squadron available...
...so you're going to have to stop them before they can blow the *Claw*.
They've already taken out one of the two Hornets flying guard...
...so we know they mean business.

Angel is Alive	**Angel is Dead**
$C, you and Angel will be first to launch.	$C, you'll be first to launch.

Hunter and Redbird will take the next launch...
...then Maniac and Turtle, if they haven't disabled the launch tube.
Take this one personal, people...
They're after YOUR ship this time.
Now let's get into space!
Squadron dismissed!

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Claw is OK</th><th colspan="2">Claw is Damaged</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Good job, $C.</td><td colspan="2" rowspan="2">Glad to see you made it back, $C. That was pretty messy out there.
How's the carrier, sir?
She took some bad hits, $C.
They went straight for the launch tubes.
That's why we never got Hunter and Redbird into space.
Well, at least we survived the attack...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>You and Angel really made the difference out there!</td><td></td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Hunter deserves just as much credit, sir.</td><th>Wingman's Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td></td><td>All except Angel, that is.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Oui, mon colonel. They were in space before the last four Gratha got here.</td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You people managed to turn the Gratha before Maniac could even launch!</td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">We've already gotten a mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You racked up $K, $C...</td><td colspan="2">Nothing for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th colspan="2">Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Angel got $L.</td><td>and none for Angel.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">I want to see you in my office later, $C.
Yes, sir.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">All right, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Meanwhile…

Win: Brimstone System	Lose: Port Hedland System
	
	Outside a Kilrathi Military Installation, Brimstone System. **As Kilrathi starships defeat the Terran Confederate fleet in space, Human commandos make a daring raid to sabotage the Kilrathi base. But their desperate mission fails when they are discovered by a patrol of Kilrathi soldiers!**

Dakota 1

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. Glad to see you again.
We just jumped in to Dakota System, you know.
It's basically an agro colony, but they've had an outbreak of Watson's Disease.
The colonists here're a proud bunch, an' they waited to call for help.
That's bad news. Watson's can wipe out a whole city in just a few weeks.
There's no cure yet, but the Confederation's 'sportin' in a vaccine.

Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Hunter: C'mere, mate. Maniac's teachin' me 'ow to fly. Can you believe it? **Maniac:** Someone better -- you're dangerous, and not just to the Kilrathi. **Hunter:** I'm dangerous? I'm dangerous This from the guy who goes to afterburners the instant 'e smells a target **Maniac:** Well, at least I go after 'em. Some of you old guys don't always do that. **Hunter:** I 'ate to admit it, mate, but you're right about some of the old guys.'	
Knight, Paladin, some others, they must be cat lovers...or pacifists. But don't lump me with that lot, mate. The more Kilrah blood I smell, the nastier I get.	

Maniac: Hey, $C? I feel like griping about wingmen. Care to join in?
Take Knight, for example. He flies like an old lady. No vision...
...and he couldn't find a target if his wingman's life depended on it.
Hunter: Which it usually does...
Maniac: Yeah. And Angel...Always studying, planning. Just fly, I say.
Hunter: Anybody on the the *Claw* you don't mind flyin' with, squirt?.
Maniac: First off, let's watch the squirt cracks. And second...
'Course there're a couple of pilots I don't mind flying with.
You're not too bad, Hunter -- almost as good as me. And there's Iceman...
Ice is scary, man. I mean, I'm in this for the flying...
He's in it for the killing, I think.

Mission Briefing.
Dakota System, T hours, $D.
Twenty minutes into the briefing.

Colonel: As you may have heard, there's been an outbreak of Watson's Disease here.
It's spreading across the fourth planet, Fargo, like wildfire.
If we don't get a vaccine down there soon, that colony's history.
We've been ordered to provide primary cover for medical transports.
Your job will be to cover the Draymans as they come and go.
Gamma wing will consist of $C and Knight.
I'm counting on you two to come through...
...and so are the colonists down on Fargo.
Computer, display Gamma.
You will proceed first to Nav 1, escorting an outbound hospital ship.
Your objective is to protect her from the Kilrathi until she makes her jump out.
Once she's gone, go to Nav 2, where you'll rendezvous with another 'sport.
Bring this Drayman back to the *Tiger's Claw* in one piece...
...she's the one carrying the vaccine for Fargo.
Any questions?
Maverick: No, sir.
Knight: None here, Colonel.
Colonel: Very good. That's all gentlemen.
Dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">Colonel: $C, it's good to see you. Let's have your report.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">First Drayman Survives or Skip Nav1</th><th colspan="2">First Drayman Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: Yes sir. We ran into bogies at Nav 1, but we took care of them.
The Drayman's on her way to her destination!</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: We ran into heavy fighter cover at Nav 1, sir.
We lost the Drayman in the battle. She didn't make her jump.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Colonel: I see, $C. What about the inbound Drayman?</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Second Drayman Survives</th><th colspan="2">Second Drayman Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: She should be in formation now, sir.</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: We were jumped by a wing of Jalthi, sir. They trashed the 'sport.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Colonel: It seems that Knight couldn't handle it, $R.
Maverick: He did his job, sir. He helped bring the Drayman home.</td><td>Maverick: We barely got out of there with our lives, sir.</td><td>Maverick: Those damn furballs took out Knight, too.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: That's true. And that vaccine will save thousands down on Fargo.
Maverick: That's what matters, Colonel.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Dammit, $C. Fargo was depending on those medical supplies.
well, maybe we can get another hospital ship there in time...</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">I've reviewed your flight recorder's report of your mission, $C.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You shot down $K, $C...</td><td>You didn't score at all, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Knight ripped $L.</td><td>and Knight didn't take any out.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">I'll need your written report concerning the transports by 0800, $R.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Oh, and $C...come see me when you're done with your post-mission duties.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Dakota 2

Rec room

Shotglass: $C! You're big news lately.
Heard you had to take out some Krants last time out.
Glad to see you made it back in one piece. Those babies can be tough...
...but I hear the Jalthi's even tougher.
One of those six-shooters on your tail, you can kiss it goodbye.
But I'll bet if you get low an' behind a Jalthi, you'd toast it.
She's got no rear visibility, and big ol' bullseye exhausts.
Bad design no matter how many guns she's got up front.
Just jam a missile up those rear pipes and – BOOM! No more kitty.

Knight: Hey, $C. Have a seat.
I've heard some talk lately that burns me up.
Someone's saying I'm unsafe to fly with...and that I'm a cat-lover.
Well, I won't stand for that kind of slander. It's not true.
I may not be as high-flying as Hunter, but I get the job done...in one piece.
But hey, you're not the guy to complain to...after all, we've flown together now.
You know you can count on me. It's just a matter of trust.
Thanks for the shoulder, $C.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Spirit: Join me, $C. Knight is poor company and I feel the need to talk...	**Spirit:** Welcome, $C. Join me won't you? I am in need of company...
I have been studying the history and progress of the war... ...and I see that things are going fairly well for us. To maintain our position, we must be ever diligent, ever alert... We must fight as if there were no tomorrow, for in truth... ...that is the case. Every day, the Kilrathi bring up more troops. They challenge us harder each time we fly. The very future of humanity rests with us. A heavy burden... ...but one we must bear. For if we don't, who will?	

Mission Briefing.
Dakota System, $T hours, $D.

Ten minutes into the briefing...

Colonel: ...which brings us to our patrol wings.
Lambda wing will fly a three point patrol.
Things have been quiet lately...too quiet.
The Kilrathi are definitely out there. Problem is, we don't know where.
Your job will be to locate the enemy and report back to the *Claw*.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Colonel: $C, you and Knight will investigate. $C will lead the mission.	**Colonel:** $C, with Knight gone, you'll take this patrol alone.

Maverick: Understood, Colonel.
Colonel: Your patrol will be as follows...
Computer, display Lambda.
As you can see, there's not much to go on...
There's some debris near Nav 1. Could be rocks, could be mines...stay alert.
The jumppoint at Nav 2 seems to be clear...
As does Nav 3. Make the rounds and return with your report.
Unless you have questions, that's all.
Maverick: Are we cleared to engage any targets we sight, Colonel?
Colonel: Definitely. Use your judgement, though. I don't want to lose any more pilots.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Wingman Alive		**Wingman Dead**
Welcome back, gentlemen. What is the situation?		Welcome back, $C. What's the situation.
Reached Nav 1		**Did Not Reach Nav 1**
There was a welcoming commitee among the rocksat Nav 1, but they aren't going home.		
Reached Nav 2	**Did Not Reach Nav 2**	**Did not Reach Nav 1&2**
We spotted a Ralari-class destroyer at Nav 2.		Nothing much to report, sir. No sign of the Kilrathi.
Ralari Destroyed	**Ralari Escaped or Did Not Reach Nav 1 & 2**	**Did Not Reach Nav 2**
She and her escorts gave us some trouble, but we took her out in the end. Excellent, $R. That's the kind of report I like to hear.	We tried to get in for the kill, sir, but they fought us off. I see. We'll send a strike wing after her. Still, sir, I'd have rather taken her out.	

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

Let's go over your flight recorder data.		
Your Kills		**No Kills**
You got $K, $C.		You washed out, $C...
Wingman's Kills	**No Kills**	**Solo**
and Knight scragged $L.	and Knight struck out.	
Ralari Destroyed		**Ralari Survived**
Again, good job on destroying that Ralari.		
Awards/Reprimands		**None**
And $C ... come to my office in an hour.		
Dismissed.		

Dakota 3

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. How's about a cool drink and a tall tale? Word is, we're pullin' out soon. Hopefully, it's for Kurasawa System. There's some Kilrathi colonies to beat up on when we get there. Also, I heard that one of the Kilrathi Aces is flyin' 'round these parts.

Paladin is Alive	Paladin is Dead
Shotglass: Go ask Paladin ... I think he's tangled with him before.	**Shotglass:** Ask around ... someone's got to have heard something about him.
Shotglass: Take care of yourself, $C.	

Paladin is Alive	Paladin is Dead
Bossman: Ah, $C. Join our party.	**Bossman:** Ah, $C. Join me. We have not had a chance to talk much.
Bossman: We have done well to this point. I believe you have played a major part. However, should we falter now, I fear that we will be pushed back to our colonies. But that is not likely. You, myself, all of us can affect that outcome. Think about that when next you fly. It will guide your actions.	

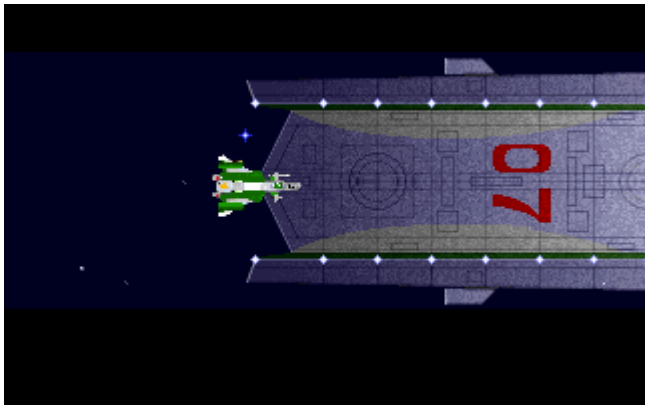
Paladin: Well now, lad. 'Tis good to see you again. Have a seat and tilt a glass. I hear ol' Shotglass rumblin' on about one o' the Kilrathi aces. Last I 'eard, laddie, the only ace around these parts was Bakhtosh Redclaw. T'was back a few years when I had a tussle with him. He's one o' their nobles, so it's said. While most Kilrathi look at humans as animals... ...he thinks that we're not even that high or mighty. Anyhow, lad, I was servin' on a cruiser when he led a Jalthi attack on our ship. He's easily the deadest aim that Kilrah's got to offer. He took out four o' me mates before we knew what hit us. Keep an eye out for him, lad. He's a tough warrior.

Mission Briefing.
Dakota System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: No time to waste, people, so let's get to it.
Xi wing reports a Kilrathi supply convoy moving into our attack range.
We can't pass up a target like this...so Epsilon wing is going to take it out.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Colonel: We can't spare any backup, $C. You think you can do this alone?	**Colonel:** $C, you will lead Knight on this one. You boys think you can pull it off?

Maverick: No problem, sir.
Colonel: There is something you don't yet know, $C.
Our spotters have placed a Kilrathi ace, Bakhtosh Redclaw, with the convoy.
He's a Kilrathi nobleman, and the deadliest shot in the entire Kirathi navy.
Here's the scenario for this one.
You'll first intercept a Dorkir-class tanker at the jumppoint near Nav 1.
Blow her to bits and proceed to Nav 2.
At that point, you should sight at least one Kilrathi troop transport.
Those transports are your main objective ... and probably the best defended.
You are to engage and destroy all Kilrathi transports. No survivors.
You watch yourself with Redclaw, but concentrate your fire on the 'sports.
You launch in three minutes.
Dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="5">Colonel: Good landing, $C. How did things go out there?</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Tanker Destroyed</th><th colspan="2">Tanker Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Maverick: The tanker's been nailed, sir. She went up in a flash.
Colonel: Good job. How did you fare against the troop carriers?</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: The tanker got away, sir.
Colonel: Hmmm....that's not good, $R. How did you fare against the troop carriers?</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">First Transport Destroyed</th><th colspan="2">First Transport Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Maverick: We took out the first transport without too much problem...</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: Those furballs were on us too quick for a shot at the first transport...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Wingman’s Alive / Dies</th><th colspan="2">Solo</th></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Second Transport Destroyed</th><th>Second Transport Survives</th><th>Second Transport Destroyed</th><th>Second Transport Survives</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: ...the second one was tougher...but we got her too.</td><td>Maverick: But the second transport was too well defended. We never got a clean shot at her.
Colonel: I see. Well, one of two isn't bad, $C. We'll take what we can get.</td><td rowspan="2">Maverick: ...but the second Dorkir didn't get away. We nailed her.
Colonel: Good. At least we've hindered their plans, if not ruined them entirely.</td><td rowspan="2">Maverick: ...and the second Dorkir slipped away in the heat of battle.
Colonel: What? You missed them both? What were you doing, $R? Sleeping at the stick? We needed to kill at least one of those troop 'sports. You blew it, $C.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: I knew that you boys could do it. That's damn good work.</td><td>Colonel: I knew you could do it, $C. That's damn good work.</td><td>Colonel: You two have done well today.</td><td>Colonel: You did well today, $R.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Bakhtosh Dies</th><th colspan="2">Bakhtosh Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">According to the log, you shot down Bakhtosh Redclaw. My congratulations.</td><td colspan="2">You also let Bakhtosh Redclaw escape. I was hoping to remove that thorn from our side.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="5">According to your flight recorder...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">You wasted $K of the fuzzballs, $C...</td><td colspan="2">You came back scoreless, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Knight took down $L.</td><td colspan="2">and Knight didn't get any kills.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3"></td><td colspan="2">Knight got wasted this trip.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">$R, stop by my office after your shift.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="5">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Meanwhile…

Win: Kurasawa System	Lose: Rostov System
	
Human Colony on the water planet, Hurricane, Port Hedland System. After the Terran fleet has defeated the Kilrathi at Port Hedland, Hurricane's planetary defences head off a last-ditch Kilrathi assault.	Human Colony on the water planet, Hurricane, Port Hedland System. While Kilrathi vessels over Hurricane gain control of Port Hedland space, a wing of Dralthi fighters descend to attack settlements on the surface. The defeat of Hurricane's colonists is swift and complete.

Port Hedland 1

Rec room

Shotglass: Welcome back, $C. Heard about the TCSO show?
I hear the Bob Hope holo's a riot. I love ol' Ski-nose...
Retired almost five centuries ago, but you can't keep a good comic down.
But seriously, I hear the show may not make it. Too many kitties nearby.
Young punks mostly, but in Grathas - top-of-the-line bad news.
The furballs must think their kittens're better than our vets.
And they might be right, if you're talking about a kitten in a Gratha.
Even an amateur's dangerous in one of them...

Hunter: C'mere, mate. Maniac's teachin' me 'ow to fly. Can you believe it?
Maniac: Someone needs to -- you're dangerous, and not just to the Kilrathi.
Hunter: I'm dangerous? I'm dangerous
This from the guy who goes to afterburners the instant 'e smells a target
Maniac: Well, at least I go after 'em. Some of you old guys don't always do that.
Hunter: I 'ate to admit it, mate, but you're right about some of the old guys.'
Knight, Paladin, some others, they must be cat lovers...or pacifists.
But don't lump me with that lot, mate.
The more Kilrah blood I smell, the nastier I get.

Maniac: Hey, $C. I feel like griping about wingmen. Care to join in?
Take Knight, for example. He flies like an old lady. No vision...
...and he couldn't find a target if his wingman's life depended on it.
Hunter: Which it usually does...
Maniac: Yeah. And Angel...Always studying, planning. Just fly, I say.
Hunter: Anybody on the the Claw you don't mind flyin' with, squirt?
Maniac: First off, let's watch the squirt cracks. And second...
'Course there're a couple of pilots I don't mind flying with.
You're not too bad, Hunter -- almost as good as me. And there's Iceman...
Ice is scary, man. I mean, I'm in this for the flying...
He's in it for the killing, I think.

Mission Briefing.
Port Hedland, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: I know you're all excited about tomorrow's TCSO show, but...
Maniac: Yeah -- bring on the babes!
Colonel: That'll be enough, Maniac.
We've got work to do. Alpha Wing's up first.
You wait for the commander to come to Eta Wing and your mission. Then...

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Colonel: $C, Knight, you're on escort duty today.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll be flying solo today. Escort duty.

Colonel: There's a Drayman coming, carrying vital supplies...
Maniac: And some vital babes!
Colonel: Bring it home safely. This is your flight plan...
You'll head straight for Nav 1 -- the Drayman's jump point.
Wait for her there, but be careful...
... we've had reports of heavy enemy activity in the area.
The 'sport has orders to make a beeline for the Tiger's Claw.
Stay with her. Simple as that. Questions?
Maverick: Yes, sir. You said there's heavy enemy activity. Any details?
Colonel: The Kilrathi have been moving heavy fighters into this sector, $C.
I expect you'll be running into Gratha, maybe Jalthi...
The pilots all seem to be rookies, but there are lots of them.
Anything else?...Good. That's all then.
Be careful and remember -- I want everyone back for the TCSO show!
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th>Drayman Survived</th><th colspan="2">Drayman Destroyed</th><th colspan="2">Drayman Survives, Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="3">Colonel: That was an impressive display of teamwork, gentlemen. With the supplies on that 'sport we can kick Kilrah tail in this system. And the TCSO show will go on as scheduled. Good job all around.
Maverick: It was dicey there on the way back, sir, but we did the best we could.
Colonel: Dicey's an understatement, $C, and your best was pretty damn good.
Word is you took on several Gratha Let's look at the mission report.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Another 'sport lost We might as well just surrender...Any excuses?</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Tough mission, $C. You brought the 'sport home, but lost Knight.
Maverick: He was a solid flyer. He'll be missed.</td></tr>
<tr><th>On Return</th><th>At Nav 1</th><th>On Return</th><th>At Nav 1</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: No, sir. Gratha jumped us on the way home. We just blew it.
Colonel: We can't afford to 'just blow it', mister Let's see how you did...</td><td>Maverick: No, sir. Gratha jumped us before we ever rendezvoused with the 'sport.
Colonel: This just won't do, people. Let's get the mission report over with...</td><td>Maverick: We thought we were home free, sir. Then some Gratha jumped us...</td><td>Maverick: They came out of nowhere. Knight and I just couldn't handle them...
Colonel: Get a handle on yourself, $C. Knight knew the risks...
And we needed those supplies. You did your job.
Let's go over the mission report.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You took out $K, $C...</td><td>No kills this time, $C. Maybe some Squadron in the rec room would help.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Knight took out $L.</td><td>Knight...no kills.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Fine work.</td><td>Just one more thing, $C, in the future, take better care of your wingman.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And I want to see you in my office later, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Port Hedland 2

Rec room

Shotglass: $C How's it goin'?
Heard you had to take out some Gratha tryin' to bring that Drayman in.
Glad to see you made it back in one piece. Those babies are tough...
...but I hear the Jalthi's even tougher.
One of those six-shooters on your tail, you can kiss it goodbye.
But I'll bet if you get low an' behind a Jalthi, you'd toast it.
She's got no rear visibility, and big ol' bullseye exhausts.
Bad design, no matter how many guns she's got up front.
Just jam a missile up those rear pipes and -- BOOM No more kitty.

Knight: Hey, $C. Have a seat.
I've heard some talk lately that burns me up.
Someone's saying I'm unsafe to fly with...and that I'm a cat-lover.
Well, I won't stand for that kind of slander. It's not true.
I may not be as high-flying as Hunter, but I get the job done...in one piece.
But hey, you're not the guy to complain to...after all, we've flown together now.
You know you can count on me. It's just a matter of trust.
Thanks for the shoulder, $C.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Spirit: Join me, $C. Knight is poor company and I feel the need to talk...	**Spirit:** Welcome, $C. Join me won't you? I am in need of company...
Spirit: I have been studying the history and progress of the war... ...and I fear things do not go well for us. We are in grave danger, and must be ever diligent, ever alert... We must fight as if there were no tomorrow, for in truth... ...that is the case...every day, the Kilrathi bring up more troops. They penetrate deeper into human space each time we fly. The very future of humanity rests with us. A heavy burden... ...but one we must bear. For if we don't, who will?	

Mission Briefing.
Port Hedland, $T hours, $D.

Five minutes into the briefing...

Colonel: ...next, Xi Wing.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Colonel: That'll be $C and Knight.	**Colonel:** You'll go solo this time, $C.

Maverick: Yes, sir.
Colonel: Today's mission is a four-point patrol route.
Computer, display Xi.
You'll pass through each Nav Point, checking for enemy activity.
There's a field of what looks like asteroids around Nav 2...
...and another at Nav 4.
Now, remember, you ran into heavy fighters last time...
and you can expect more of the same this time out...
In fact, intelligence reports that enemy traffic is heavier than ever.
And our people on McLaren think they've spotted a new capital ship class.
We're calling it 'Fralthi.' If you see it, observe as closely as you can.
Any questions?
Maverick: Sir, if we spot this 'Fralthi,' should we engage?
Colonel: There's no need for heroics, $C. Just come back to tell us about it.
Anything else?
All right, then. I'll expect a full report when you get back.
Dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Welcome back, $C. What's the word on the debris at Navs 2 and 4?</td></tr>
<tr><th>Reached Nav 4</th><th colspan="2">Did Not Reached Nav 4</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Nav 4 was nothing -- just an asteroid field, easily bypassed.</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: Sorry, sir, but we never made it to Nav 4.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Reached Nav 2</th><th colspan="2">Did Not Reached Nav 2</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Nav 2 was a Kilrathi mine field -- tricky flying getting through there.</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: Sorry, but we were waylayed before we got to Nav 2, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Okay, now let's cut to the chase -- any sign of the Fralthi?.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Did Not Find Fralthi</th><th colspan="2">Found Fralthi</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Sorry, sir, but there were no Kilrathi capital ships to be found.</td><td colspan="2">Maverick: Yes, sir, and she's something to see. A large, heavily armed cruiser.
And she has launch capabilities. She's like a smaller, faster Claw, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><th>Fralthi Destroyed</th><th>Fralthi Escaped</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Well, maybe we'll spot her some other time...if she really exists.</td><td>Maverick: Or, I guess I should say, she WAS something to see...
And she HAD launch capability ...
We got her, sir! We got her!
Colonel: Well, gentleman, I am impressed. That's one for the record books.
The brass will be very happy to hear this. Congratulations!</td><td>Colonel: Save the rest for Tactical, $C. Anything to add, Khumalo?
Knight: $C's right, sir. The Fralthi is one tough ship...
...far more impressive than the Ralari. I'd add just one thing...
The Kilrathi were all over us as soon as we showed up...
Fighter cover was high, like they couldn't afford to lose the Fralthi.
I'm betting they only have a few of them, maybe just the one...
Colonel: Possible. Let the Intelligence boys figure that out.
Full report by 0900.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Anything else before we turn to the mission report? No? Good...</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="4">A scan of your recorder shows...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You trashed $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td colspan="2">I saw no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Knight took care of $L himself.</td><td colspan="2">and Knight came up empty.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman's Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">And the damn cats took out Knight.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Oh, and $C - my office, after you've cleaned up.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Port Hedland 3

Rec room

Shotglass: Hello, my boy. How's about a cool drink and a tall tale? Word is, we're pulling out soon ... maybe for the Rostov System. Remind me to tell you about a little place I know, when we get there. I heard that one of the Kilrathi aces is flying around these parts.

Paladin is Alive	Paladin is Dead
Shotglass: Go and ask Paladin...I think he's tangled with him before.	**Shotglass:** Ask around...someone's got to have heard something about him.
Shotglass: Take care of yourself, $C.	

Paladin is Alive	Paladin is Dead
Bossman: Ah, $C. Join our party.	**Bossman:** Ah, $C. Join me. We have not had a chance to talk much.
Bossman: There is little time remaining to turn this war in our favor... Should we fail now, I fear that we will be pushed back to the Homeworlds. But there is always hope. You, myself, all of us can affect that outcome. Think about that when next you fly. It will guide your actions.	

Paladin: Well now, lad. 'Tis good to see you again. Have a seat and tilt a glass. I hear ol' Shotglass rumblin' on about one o' the Kilrathi aces. Last I 'eard, laddie, the only ace around these parts was Bakhtosh Redclaw. T'was back a few years when I had a tussle with him. He's one o' their nobles, so it's said.While most Kilrathi look at humans as animals... ...he thinks that we're not even that high or mighty. Anyhow, lad, I was servin' on a cruiser when he led a Jalthi attack on our ship. He's easily the deadest aim that Kilrah's got to offer. He took out four o' me mates before we knew what hit us. Keep an eye out for him, lad. He's a tough warrior.

Mission Briefing.
Port Hedland, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: We've got a Code Red out there, people...
Every Confederation ship in the system is under attack.
The rest of our fighters have been deployed...you Blue Devils will defend the Claw.

Knight is Alive	Knight is Dead
Colonel: $C and Knight...you two will form the final wing. $C will lead.	**Colonel:** Since Knight's no longer with us, you'll fly Sigma wing alone, $C.

Colonel: Listen close, boys, there's a complication...
One of our destroyers has sighted another Fralthi-class cruiser...
You'll need to move to assist the Exeter against several fighters...
...before you can continue on to attack this new Fralthi.
Computer, display Sigma.
First, you'll need to assist in the defense of the Tiger's Claw.
We'll have two more Scims in space before you...
...but there are four Jalthi closing with the Claw, so it won't be easy.
When you've cleaned up the Jalthi, move on to Nav 1...
...where you'll help defend one of our Exeters against a wing of Gratha.
If you're still in good enough shape after turning the Gratha away...
...I want you to fly on to Nav 2, the last known fix on this Fralthi.
Take a crack at her, if you can, but try not to get yourself killed.
That Fralthi has to be where all these fighters are coming from.
If we can take her out, we won't have so many furballs to worry about.
Very well. Good luck, boys.
Dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Glad you're back, $C. Let's have your report.

Exeter Survived	Exeter Destroyed
Maverick: The Exeter's safe and sound, sir. **Colonel:** Well done. She's too valuable a piece of hardware to lose.	**Maverick:** We've lost the Exeter, sir. Those damn Kilrathi had it in for us. **Colonel:** That's not good news, $R. Go ahead.

Fralthi is Destroyed			Fralthi Escaped
Maverick: It was quite a scrap, sir, but the Fralthi is history			**Maverick:** We got in over our heads this time, sir. Those furballs were too vicious...and the Fralthi got away. **Colonel:** That's not the report I like to hear, mister. We had to nail that ship. I'm afraid we're going to have the Kilrathi laughing at us. I'll read the rest of your report later...in my office.
Wingman Alive	**Wingman Dies**	**Solo**	
Colonel: Congratulations to both of you.	**Colonel:** Congratulations, $C. Of course, Knight will be mentioned in the log for his sacrifice.	**Colonel:** Congratulations, $C. I guarantee that you'll be mentioned in the log.	

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

According to your flight recorder...

Your Kills	No Kills
You did get $K of the fuzzballs, $C...	You came up empty, $C...

Wingman's Kills	No Kills	Solo
and Knight shot down $L.	and Knight came away with no kills.	

Wingman's Alive	Wingman Dies
	And Knight got trashed out there.

Awards/Reprimands	None
$R, I need to see you in my office, now.	

Dismissed.

Win: Rostov System	Lose: Hubble's Star System
	
Human Colony on the water planet, Hurricane, Port Hedland System. After the Terran fleet has defeated the Kilrathi at Port Hedland, Hurricane's planetary defences head off a last-ditch Kilrathi assault.	Human Colony on the water planet, Hurricane, Port Hedland System. While Kilrathi vessels over Hurricane gain control of Port Hedland space, a wing of Dralthi fighters descend to attack settlements on the surface. The defeat of Hurricane's colonists is swift and complete.

Kurasawa 1

Rec room

Shotglass: $C, how's it going?
So here we are, in Kurasawa. Kilrathi call it *Warach Tha*, they say.
Empire's s'posed to have several bases on an' 'round the fourth planet...
...so I guess you boys'll be seein' some serious action soon.
Still, we're not the first Terran ship here...
I heard the Kilrathi in system are already half beat.

Angel: *Allo*, $C. You have a moment, no?
The Colonel has directed our crew chiefs to prepare our Rapiers for battle.
I had hoped we would have flown them more before now. *C'est la vie*.
Should you get the chance, let me know how they fly. It is *tres* important.
Au revoir, $C.

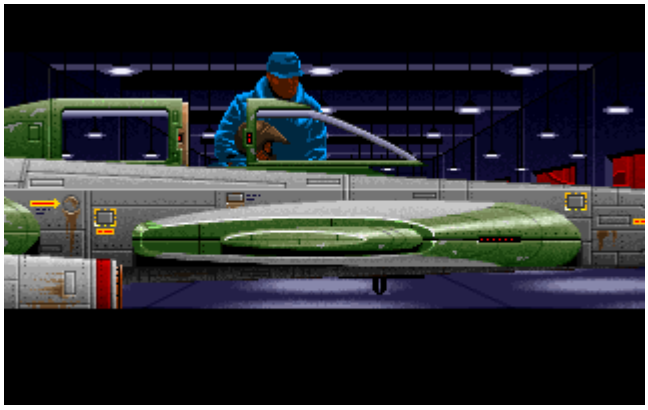
Maniac: $C, am I glad to see you.
I'm going insane listening to Angel talk about fuel-to-acceleration ratios.
I'm about to go insane listening to Shotglass talk about the old days.
Heard that we're about to raid some fuzzball bases. That'd be great
I haven't shot at anything in a week...
...and I'm starting to get restless.

Mission Briefing.
Kurasawa System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls. Let's get to work.
First, I want to congratulate you all for your efforts at Dakota.
Our successes there were crucial to recent developments in the war effort.
The Kilrathi advance has been halted...
...and now the Confederation is on the offensive.
Now we're moving on the Kilrathi bases in the Kurasawa System.
These bases are vital to Kilrathi command and communication in the sector.
The Empire is currently trying to ferry troops and supplies to these bases...
...in a frantic attempt to defend them.
I'm sending my best pilots, in my best fighters, to head off these supplies.

The commander assigns several wings, led by Iceman, Hunter, and other aces.
Your assignment comes last...

Colonel: Theta is especially vital, so I'm sending you, $C, with Bossman as your wing.
Computer, display Theta Wing...
We've detected several Kilrathi fighters circling two nearby jump points.
One Dorkir-class transport has already jumped in here, at Nav 1a.
You'll intercept and destroy it, then move on to Nav 2...
...where another squadron of Kilrathi fighters awaits an incoming 'sport.
When you've taken care of any 'sports that appear at Nav 2...
...return to the *Tiger's Claw* via Nav 1b, in case there are any late arrivals.
Questions?
Bossman: Yes, Colonel. Do we have any intelligence regarding the contents of the 'sports?
Colonel: Nothing definite, Major...
...but that first Dorkir is especially well guarded.
It must be something -- or someone -- the hairballs don't want to lose.
If that's all the questions, then let's get into space.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D

Colonel: Welcome back, $R. Let's have your report.	
Nav 1a Dorkir Survived	**Nav 1a Dorkir Destroyed**
Maverick: Yes sir. We weren't able to take out the Dokrir at Nav 1a.	**Maverick:** Yes sir. We nailed the Dorkir at Nav 1a.
Nav 2 Dorkir Survived	**Nav 2 Dorkir Destroyed**
Maverick: We were unable to bag any transports at Nav 2.	**Maverick:** We got another 'sport at Nav 2.
Nav 1b Dorkir Survived	**Nav 1b Dorkir Destroyed**
	Maverick: We took out one more at Nav 1b, on the way back in.
Colonel: We've determined that the first Dorkir was a command staff ship, $C...	
Nav 1a Dorkir Survived	**Nav 1a Dorkir Destroyed**
Colonel: Missing that one will set us back somewhat.	**Colonel:** Blasting that one should cripple their chain of command. Good job.
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**
	Maverick: Unfortunately, Bossman isn't coming back, Colonel. **Colonel:** Bossman was a real pro. He'll be missed.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

I've read the flight log of your engagments, $R.	
Your Kills	**Zero Kills**
You took out $K of the fuzzballs, $C...	The log shows you came up empty, $C...
Wingman's Kills	**Zero Kills**
and Bossman got $L.	and Bossman struck out.
I'll go over your report in detail later.	
Awards/Reprimands	**None**
You did well out there, $C. Stop by my office after you've finished your paperwork.	
That's all. Dismissed.	

Kurasawa 2

Rec room

Shotglass: Take a load off, $C. I've got good news.
We just got a report from the seige force over Kurasawa IV.
The CSS Suffolk just torched a Kilrathi communications station.
That should keep those Kilrathi jerks in the dark for a while.

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
	Shotglass: My regrets about Bossman ... he was a good man

Shotglass: I'll let you know if I hear anything else. See you, $C.

Knight: Good day, $C. Heard you're flying a Rapier these days.
Is it really as quick as everyone says? I've got to see it in action.
I just got back from a patrol out near Kurasawa IV. That was a nightmare.
Me and Lightning were jumped by a couple of wings of Gratha.
We managed to take out five of them before they got Lightning.
If we'd had those Rapiers, I bet that we'd never have taken a hit.
They're good ships. You're lucky to get to fly one out.

Spirit: *Konichi-wa*, $C-san. Do you have time to share?
I am inspired by the reports of our successes. We are doing well.
Still, I am sure that there are many battles left to be fought.
The Kilrathi will not be vanquished until they are beaten on their own territory.
Beware a desperate enemy, $C. They will stop at nothing to defeat you.
Until we meet again.

Mission Briefing.
Kurasawa System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: O.K. Boys and girls, we've been lucky.
Less than 4 hours ago, we received a Code Blue transmission...
It seems our boys captured a Ralari-class destroyer in the Port Hedland System.
Sector Command wants to use this ship in our siege here at Kurasawa.
I've given my assurances that we'll bring her in intact.
I'm sending a wing to rendezvous with the Ralari and escort it to the *Claw*.

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
Colonel: Bossman and $C, This one's yours. $C will fly lead.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll fly this one alone.

Maverick: Understood, Colonel.
Colonel: Here's the scenario...
Computer, display Omicron.
The Ralari entered the system at the jumppoint near Nav 1.
There's an asteroid belt along the way. Keep your eyes peeled for trouble.
Once you've arrived at the rendezvous point, you'll escort the destroyer back here.
One other note. Our sensors show a Kilrathi force approaching at high speed.
They must have been sent to prevent us from getting the Ralari. Expect a tough fight.
That's all, gentlemen.
Dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Raleri Survives</th><th>Ralari Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: The captured Ralari has pulled into formation with the Claw. Good job, $C</td><td rowspan="8">Colonel: Explain yourself, $R. Why did you lose the Ralari?
Maverick: We couldn't stop the fleabags, sir. They came in too hot to handle.
Colonel: That's not acceptable. We lost a full company of Marines aboard.
That's going to reduce the effectiveness of our ground troops fighting on Kurasawa IV.
You've let me down, $C. I expect that won't happen again.
Maverick: No sir, it won't.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Same for you, Major Chen. You both are a credit to the Confederation.
Bossman: The credit belongs to $C, sir.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive/Dies</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: I can't take all the credit, sir. Bossman played a major role.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Colonel: Too bad he didn't make it back.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Let's review what happened out there...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>$C got $K of the hairballs...</td><td colspan="2">You came off without a kill, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and $L for Bossman.</td><td>and none for Bossman.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">I commend you on bringing back the Ralari.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $C ... I'd like to talk to you in my office in two hours.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Kurasawa 3

Rec room



6

Shotglass: Good morning, $R. How's tricks?
Have you seen the news trids that they're showin' in the mess hall lately?
Mostly reruns, last I saw.
I mean, can't we ever get any new shows? What happened to the Confederate News Network?
It's getting harder to know what's going on before everyone else does around here.
After all, I've got a reputation as an omniscient bartender to uphold.

Hunter: Say there, mate. Got a minute?
I've 'ad a chat with the Colonel. 'E says we'll be flyin' together soon.
Let me give you a few notes on my style...before we launch.
Right off, I'm not as crazy as some people say. I've just got me own ways.
'Long as we take a crack at any fuzzballs we see, I'll be 'appy.
Also, it never 'urts to check out ev'ry angle. Even if that means going against the plan.
After all, you just might find something you'd miss otherwise.

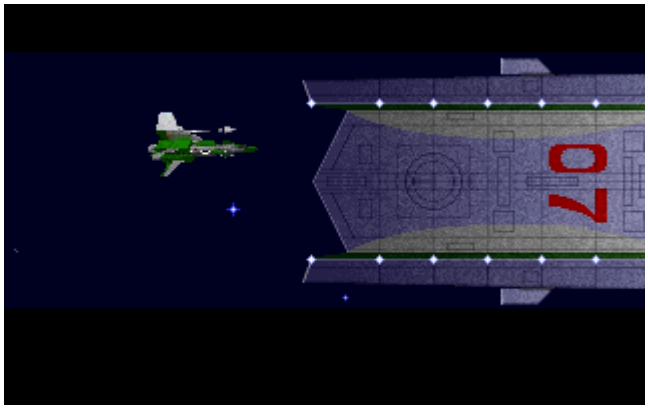
Iceman: $R.
Looks like we've got the hairballs on the run.
But I won't sleep well until they're out of the sector...
Still, I'd like to get my hands on one of them...
...face to face...
...to answer for what they did to my family on Vega VII!

Mission Briefing.
Kurasawa System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, people...here's what we've got.
We've received a tight-band transmission from the *Formidable*, an Exeter-class destroyer.
She's just come from a scrap, and she's in rough shape
Your mission will be to rendezvous with her, and guard her against further attack.
Hunter and Waxman, you get the duty. Hunter will fly lead.
Maverick: Excuse me, sir?
I served on the *Formidable* back at the Academy.
If possible, I'd like this mission.

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
Colonel: Very well, $C, you and Bossman get the nod. $C will take the lead.	**Colonel:** Very well, $C. Understand that you're on your own.

Maverick: Thank you, sir.
Colonel: Here's the flight plan.
Computer, display Chi.
You are to proceed directly to the *Formidable*, which jumped in at Nav 1.
The destroyer has reported a minefield between Nav 1 and the *Claw*.
Once you've arrived at the rendezvous point, you'll escort the destroyer back here.
You should return via Nav 2, and avoid the minefield entirely.
Be on guard. The Kilrathi would love to take out an Exeter-class ship.
Dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Exeter Survives</th><th>Exeter Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Good to have you back. What's the status of the destroyer?
Maverick: She's been put into tow, and is powering down for repairs.
Colonel: Good. You've earned us one more ship we have to use against the hairballs.</td><td rowspan="5">Colonel: What happened to the Exeter, $N?
Maverick: We couldn't stop all of the Kilrathi, sir. There were too many.
Colonel: We needed that ship, $C. There's no time to wait for a replacement in our strike force.
We've already gotten our next operation order. We're leaving tomorrow.
You need to do better, $C. I've come to expect results from you.
Maverick: Yes sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Both of you have done a fine job out there.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Alive/Solo</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Colonel: I heard about Bossman. He was a good pilot.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Let's review your performance...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>$C, you destroyed $K of the Kilrathi fighters.</td><td colspan="2">You didn't score at all, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Bossman killed $L.</td><td>and Bossman came up blank.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Exeter Survived</th><th colspan="2">Exeter Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td>Why don't you go and see Commander Della Guardia on the Formidable?
She's already asked to meet her escort.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th colspan="2">None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Stop by my office after mess, $R. I'd like to speak with you.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Meanwhile…

Win: Venice System	Lose: Rostov System
	
Primitive alien village, Rostov System. As the Kilrathi fleet flees Rostov before the advancing Human warships, a handful of Kilrathi marines are stranded on Rostov's jungle world, where they are captured by the native sentients, the Mopoks.	

Rostov 1

Rec room



Shotglass: Here we are at Rostov System, $C. You ever hear much about it?
Her third planet's a jungle world, with a native race of primitive sentients.
That means the Confederation won't colonize officially, except for scientific missions.
Of course, that just leaves the planet open for unregulated settlement.
Grey towns is what they call these unauthorized colonies.
They're full of the usual spaceport scum-and-villainy crowd.
There's a little place on Rostov III I know, Rita's Cantina...
Great place to visit, but don't go in uniform!
If you go, tell Rita ol' Shotglass sent you...she'll look after you while you're there.

Hunter: G'day $C. Grab a chair and have a cold one, mate.
Best way to ready yourself for a good scrap.
Iceman: That's your opinion, Hunter.
Hunter: That it is, mate. After all, someone's got to show our boys how to relax.
But don't let the Colonel catch you tippin' before a mission, though.

Iceman: $C.
Rostov System's full of asteroids...
...heavy mineral resources.
Since the Confederation's never officially settled it...
...'cause of the native sentients...
...we're us at a disadvantage defending against the Empire.
That just makes Rostov more attractive to the Kilrathi.
Minerals, jungle world, primitive race for slaves...
The hairballs want this one bad...I can feel it.

Mission Briefing.
Rostov System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Settle down, people. We've got a job to do, so let's get to work.
As you know, Rostov System has been off limits for authorized colonization...
...because of the presence of the native sentient species, the Mopoks.
Yet the system contains a profusion of mineral-rich asteroids...
...attracting the attention of the Empire of Kilrah.
Unfortunately, the Kilrathi don't place the same importance on alien races that we do...
...so we're here to defend the system, its natives and its resources.
We've received reports from our scientific missions on the third planet...
...indicating the presence of Kilrathi warships in the system.
Our first job here is to recon the system, and locate all hostiles.
$C, you'll lead the first patrol wing.
Iceman will fly your wing.
Here's your mission plan.
You'll recon four potential jump points on this one.
We suspect the Kilrathi are running supplies near Nav 2 or 3...
...so be especially alert in those areas.
And keep your eyes open for asteroids...
...there are several rather dense asteroid fields in the area.
Any questions?
Maverick: Colonel, if we spot supply ships near Nav 2 or 3, do we engage?
Your call, $N. But if you decide to go for it, make sure you make it count.
We can't allow the Kilrathi to establish a base in this system.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Glad to see you back aboard, $C.</td><td colspan="2">Colonel: I see you made it back...somehow. You flew like you slept through flight school.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="2">Iceman: He looked good out there, Colonel. Colonel: You both did, as I expected you would. Good job.</td><td>With Kills</td><td>Zero Kills</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: I will be watching you both. Slip again and you won't see the flight deck soon.</td><td rowspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Too bad about Iceman. At least he took some furballs with him.</td><td>Colonel: Too bad about Iceman. I wish he had taken some furballs with him!</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3"></td><td colspan="2">Colonel: Remember, if you lose the edge out there, you'll be the next pilot sealed in a box.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Let's review the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>You destroyed $K of the enemies, $C...</td><td>The log shows you bagged nobody, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>...and as expected, Iceman tagged $L.</td><td>...and suprisingly, no kills for Iceman.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Dorkir Destroyed</th><th>Dorkir Escaped</th></tr>
<tr><td>The recorder also shows you downed a Kilrathi supply ship. Good work.</td><td>You blew a chance to kill a Kilrathi supply ship. That may cost us, $C.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And sadly, Iceman didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Report to my office after your shift, $R ... we have some business to discuss.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">That is all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Rostov 2

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. You look like a man who could use a drink.
I've invented a new drink named for this system...
I call it the Rostov Hairball...
...for all those Kilrathi ships on the rocks out there in the asteroid fields.
Stop by when you're off duty and we'll have one.

Knight: Hello, $C. Have a seat.
I hear the Kilrathi are hungry for the minerals in those asteroids out there.
My guess is that they'll try to send in some heavier ships...
...so it's probably a good idea to hang onto a couple of missiles...
...in case you meet something big in the later stages of a mission.
That way, you'll still have something with punch to throw at the big boys.

Maniac: Hey there, $C. How's it goin'?
I sure wish that I could see some more action.
But the Commander won't let me on the flight deck.
He's still upset about that 'sport that I accidentally skragged...
Man, it wasn't my fault...I can't control a missile once it's launched
No one can! How am I supposed to stop it from acquiring a Drayman as its target?
Besides, a transport should know enough to stay out of a fighter's way.

Mission Briefing.
Rostov System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Listen up, people. The Kilrathi are strengthening their position within this system. Tactical reports several new bogies jumping in around the system. We've just gotten a confirmed fix on a Ralari-class destroyer.	
Iceman is Alive	**Iceman is Dead**
Colonel: $C, you and Iceman get this one.	**Colonel:** $C, you've got this one to yourself.
We can't let them keep that kind of firepower at our backs. Your mission will be to engage the Ralari and destroy it. We don't have a tactical report of its escort ships, but rest assured they'll be there. We're counting on you to succeed.	
Iceman is Alive	**Iceman is Dead**
Iceman: We'll take her down, sir.	
Here's your strike plan... If the Ralari moves as we expect... ...you should encounter her at Nav 1. You'll have to fly through an asteroid field... ...but that should allow you a measure of surprise.	
Colonel Halcyon assigns the rest of the squadron to investigate other bogies.	
Colonel: ...which should provide a safe corridor for our reinforcement ships. Squadron dismissed.	



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Flew Well</th><th>Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Good work, $R</td><td rowspan="3">Colonel: Couldn't take her out, eh, $C?
Maverick: No, sir. I'm sorry.
Colonel: That costs us, $C. We can't afford to risk another crack at her.
If we can't reestablish a position of strength soon...
...we just might lose this system.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: You too, Iceman. You both did your job well.
Iceman: No problem.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: The destroyer never stood a chance, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td></td></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Even though they had us outnumbered and outgunned.</td><td></td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Let's go over your mission log...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Report shows $K Kilrathi for you, $C...</td><td>Report shows no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and $L for Iceman.</td><td>and none for Iceman.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>And we've lost Iceman.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Ralari Destroyed</th><th>Ralari Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Again, good job on taking out the Ralari.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $N...come to my office after you've finished your shift.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">That's all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Rostov 3

Rec room

Shotglass: Have a seat, $C. This place is getting empty these days.
I hear you've been flying the Raptor. She's a good ship, fast but a bit clumsy.
It's an aggressive ship...if you're an aggressive pilot.
I'd bet you could stand off a Gratha or two with that kind of ship.
Oh well...you've probably got a better feel for the ship than me.
Pay no mind to this ol' has-been.

Angel: *Bonsoir, mon ami.*
I have heard that the Kilrathi are sending in their best pilots...
It is my goal to encounter with one of their aces and shoot him down.
But, I have not had the chance to engage one yet.
If you are so lucky, you will try to kill him at all costs, *non*?
That is the best way to ensure our victory.

Spirit: Greetings, $C-*san*.

Maniac is Alive	Maniac is Dead
Spirit: Have you heard what happened to Lt. Marshall on his last mission?	**Spirit:** Have you heard what happened to Lt. Bhutto on his last mission?

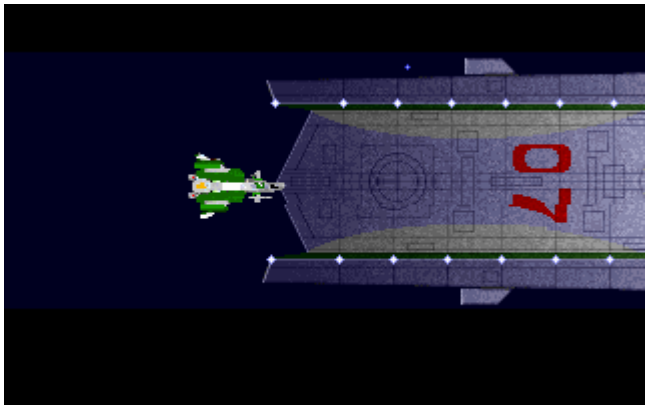
Spirit: It is remarkable that the brilliant young lieutenant has not yet destroyed the *Tiger's Claw*!
He was pursuing a Dralthi as it rushed toward one of our transports.
He locked a heat-seeking missile on its exhaust and launched...
...but at the last minute, the Dralthi looped back towards him.
The missile lost its lock on the enemy, and acquired the transport as its target.
The transport's engines were severely damaged, and the ship was soon destroyed.
It is vital that one consider what is beyond his target before firing...
...as the lieutenant's unfortunate example demonstrates.

Mission Briefing.
Rostov System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Let's go, people. There's no time to waste.
About an hour ago, Tactical got a fix on a large bogie jumping into the system.
We don't know what she is, but she's big. Very big.
We need a visual on her, so Tactical can decide what to do about her.

Iceman is Alive	Iceman is Dead
Colonel: $C, you and Iceman are going to go take a look.	**Colonel:** $C, I want you to go out and get a look at her.

Colonel: Find out what you can, but make sure you get back with a report.
And watch your back...the Kilrathi wouldn't send her in alone.
Maverick: Understood, sir.
Colonel: Good. Now let's go over the scenario...
We have a fix that puts her here, near Nav 2.
You can proceed through Nav 1, avoiding the asteroid field along the way...
...or you can pick your way straight through the rocks.
Tactical says neither route is significantly better, so it's your call.
Do you have any questions, $C?
Maverick: No sir.
Colonel: Good. Let's get out there, then.
Squadron dismissed.



Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Let's have that report, $R $N.

Did Not I. D. Fralthi	I. D. Fralthi	Did not Reach Nav 2	Destroyed Fralthi
Maverick: Yes sir. We couldn't get too close...just near enough to ID her class. **Colonel:** Based on your sighting, what is she? **Maverick:** Definitely a Fralthi-class cruiser. The situation was too hot to risk a close pass. **Colonel:** Very well, $C. Now we'll begin assembling a strike force. **Maverick:** I'd like to play a part in that sir. **Colonel:** No, you've done your job.	**Maverick:** Yes sir. We were able to get a close look...she's definitely a Fralthi-class cruiser. 'Bout as big as the 'Claw, and easily faster. **Colonel:** Good work. We've already got a strike team on stand by, ready to engage her.	**Colonel:** You've got a lot of nerve coming back to this ship, Mister. When I give you an assignment, I intend for you to carry it out. Without any data on that bogie, we're withdrawing from the system. If we weren't strapped for pilots, I'd ship you back to Proxima!	**Maverick:** Yes sir. We were able to get a close look...she WAS a Fralthi-class cruiser. 'Bout as big as the 'Claw, and easily faster. **Colonel:** I don't know how you managed it $C... ...taking out that Fralthi will certainly shake up the Kilrathi command. Let's go over your mission log...

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

Were you able to bag any of the enemy?

Your Kills	No Kills
Yes sir. I got $K of the hairballs.	No sir. I wasn't.

Wingman's Alive	Solo
And you, Iceman. How many did you get?	

Wingman's Kills	No Kills
I killed $L, sir.	None sir.

Awards/Reprimands	None
Very well. $C, report to my office in one hour.	

That's all. Dismissed.

Hubble's Star 1

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. Sure is quiet around here.
Y'know, Hubble's Star sure isn't where I thought we'd make a last stand.
I mean, we've got active colonies here...research stations, too.
Coming here just invites those Kilrathi fleabags to strike our civilians.
The thought of that steams me up.
You guys can't let us down, $C. You've got to beat those hairballs back.
If you don't, well...

Mission Briefing.
Hubble's Star System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls. Listen up.
Things haven't gone well for the Confederation. In fact, they're pretty sour.
We've got to stop the Kilrathi here. The colonists in this system are counting on us.
I'm sending out several wings to scout the area...
Hunter, you and Flashfire will fly the first run.
$C and Bossman will fly backup.
Hunter: 'Scuse me, Colonel. I've 'eard Dakhath Deathstroke may be in this system.
Colonel: That's the initial report. We haven't confirmed it yet, though.
Remember, people...Dakhath is ruthless. He'll try to kill you in your ship, or out of it.
Computer, display Kappa
Your patrol should be uneventful, $C. We're expecting some fuel tankers soon...
...so we need to be sure the nearby jump points are clear of hostiles.
Do a thorough sweep of the area and return to the '*Claw* with a report.
Questions, gentlemen?
Very well. Let's look sharp, people.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Flew Well</th><th colspan="2">Flew Poorly</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Glad to see you back aboard, $C
$C did a job out there.</td><td colspan="2">I see you made it back...somehow.
You flew like you slept through your flight training!</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Dies</th><th>Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="2"></td><td>Wingman's Kills</td><td>Zero Kills</td><td rowspan="2">I'll be watching you both. Slip again and you won't see the flight deck soon.</td><td rowspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><td>Too bad about Bossman. At least he took a few furballs with him.</td><td>Too bad about Bossman. I wish he'd taken some furballs with him!</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td colspan="2">Remember, if you lose the edge out there,you'll be the next pilot we seal in a box.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Let's review the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>Zero Kille</th></tr>
<tr><td>You destroyed $K of the enemy, $C...</td><td>The log shows you bagged nobody, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>as expected, Bossman tagged $L.</td><td>and suprisingly, no kills for Bossman.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Both Dorkir Destroyed</th><th>One/Both Dorkir Escape</th></tr>
<tr><td>The log also shows you downed a two Kilrathi supply ships. Good work.</td><td>You blew a chance to kill two Kilrathi supply ships. That may cost us down the line.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>And sadly, Bossman didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>Report to my office after your shift, $R ... we have some business to discuss.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Nothing else. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Hubble's Star 2

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey there, $C. Can I get you anything?	
Bossman is Alive	**Bossman is Dead**
Shotglass: It's good to see you and Bossman working together.	**Shotglass:** I hate to see Bossman go. He was a real pro.
Shotglass: At any rate, I'd watch my back when you're out there. Scuttlebutt is, another furball Ace was shipped in to take us down. S'pose to be their best shot. You might ask around, see if anyone's heard anything.	

Bossman: $R, have a seat. I want to discuss our next mission.
Personally, I enjoy flying with you...
...but I think I've noticed something.
Sometimes, you seem to get a little excited under enemy fire.
Keep a cool head out there. If you don't, you might not make it back.
I've been in this business a long time.
I don't like reporting that I lost my Wing Commander.
You're a good pilot, $N. Stay that way.

Paladin: Och, lad, this old body wasn't made to sit and wait.
I'm ready to fly me next shift...especially with Baktosh Redclaw in system.
He's Kilrah's top gun, lad. You'd be wise to listen to ol' Paladin.
He flies a Jalthi, so don't go head to head with him.
There's no reason to be civil with 'im...
...so if you get a clean shot at 'im, ya take it, lad.
You'll need every break you can get.

Mission Briefing.
Hubble's Star System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: As you all know, we're beginning to run low on fuel.
We've got fuel tankers inbound that will need escort to the '*Claw*.
With the Kilrathi strike force that's moved in here at Hubble's...
...we're expecting the furballs to try and stop our 'sports.

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
Colonel: $C and Bossman will escort the first pair.	**Colonel:** $C, you'll bring in the first pair solo. We can't spare a wingman for you.

Colonel: Hunter will take the last detail.
Computer, display Omicron.
You'll rendezvous with the two Drayman tankers here, at Nav 1...
...then escort them back to the *Tiger's Claw* at top speed.
You must protect them from any attackers. The '*Claw* has to have that fuel.
Are there any questions?
Good. Let's bring those 'sports in clean.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Drayman Alpha Survived				Drayman Alpha Destroyed			
Colonel: Welcome back, $R. What's the status of Drayman Alpha? She's unloading her cargo now, sir.				**Colonel:** Welcome back, $R. What's the status of Drayman Alpha? We lost her to those fleabags, sir. **Colonel:** And Drayman Beta?			
Drayman Beta Survived		**Drayman Beta Destroyed**		**Drayman Beta Survived**		**Drayman Beta Destroyed**	
Drayman Beta will be docking soon.		We lost Drayman Beta sir. There were too many fighters to stop them all.		We brought her in sir. She's unloading her cargo now.		She's gone too sir. There were just too many fighters... **Colonel:** That's no excuse, $R. Do you understand how badly we needed that fuel? Yes sir.	
Wingman Alive	**Wingman Died/Solo**	**Wingman Alive**	**Wingman Died/Solo**	**Wingman Alive**	**Wingman Died/Solo**	**Wingman Alive**	**Wingman Died/Solo**
Colonel: Excellent. You and Bossman are both to be commended.	**Colonel:** Excellent. You are to be commended, $C.	**Colonel:** You both did what you could. We'll have to cope with the fuel we received.	**Colonel:** You did what you could, $R. We'll have to make do with the fuel we received.	**Colonel:** You both did what you could. We'll have to make do with the fuel we received.	**Colonel:** You did what you could, $R. We'll have to make do with the fuel we received.	**Colonel:** I don't think you do. Your failure, gentlemen,may force us to evacuate our colonies.	**Colonel:** I don't think you do. Your failure, $C,may force us to evacuate our colonies.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

Let's review your mission report...		
Your Kills	**No Kills**	
We show $K kills for you, $C...	Looks like you were blanked, $C...	
Wingman's Kills	**No Kills**	**Solo**
and Bossman got $L of the hairballs.	and Bossman came up empty.	
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**	
	We lost Bossman out there.	
And we know about the 'sports.		
Awards/Reprimands	**None**	
I want to see you in my office later, $C.		
Dismissed.		

Hubble's Star 3

Rec room

Shotglass: We're scheduled to leave Hubble's Star tomorrow.
I just can't shake the feeling that we're running out on these colonists...
I mean, if we cut out, who's going to protect them?
I'd feel better if the *Tiger's Claw* could stick around another couple of days.
Orders are orders, though.

Hunter: Hey there, $C. 'ave a minute, mate?
Rumor 'as it those Kilrathi buzzards sent in another ace.
I'd love to get a crack at 'im, mate. Maybe I'll get a chance yet.
I 'ear every available man's being sent to defend a colony under attack.
Of course, knowing my luck, I'll get stuck on some bleedin' patrol.
Ah well, the colonel knows best. Shotglass! Another round for me and $C.

Iceman: $C.
Hunter: Come on, mate. You can be a bit friendlier than that.
Iceman: No reason to be friendly, St. John...
...not after the way we all flew back at Port Hedland.
No excuse for letting the hairballs kick us around that system.
Maybe we'll even it up here at Hubble's...

Mission Briefing.
Hubble's Star System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: We've got another Code Red situation here, people.
As you know, we've dispatched most of our fighters to defend the colony on Hubble's Star IV.
The main strength of the Kilrathi in system is now attacking Hubble's IV...
...but thirty minutes ago, another flight of bogies jumped into the system.
These vessels disappeared among asteroids about 50,000 klicks from our position.
With most of our fighters away, we're especially vulnerable...
...so I'm sending just one wing to recon these bogies...
...and perhaps make a quick strike against them.

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
Colonel: $C, you and Bossman are going to go see what's behind those asteroids.	**Colonel:** $C, you are going to go see what's behind those asteroids.

Colonel: Computer, display Phi.
The bogies were spotted at Nav 1...start looking for them there.
Go see what they are, and evaluate any threat they pose to our position here.
If the situation looks good, you can engage. $C, that's your call.
Once you've handled them, return to the '*Claw* for reassignment.
Any questions, $C?
Very well. Report directly to me when you return.
Dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Reached Nav 1		**Did Not Reach Nav 1**	
I'm glad you made it back in time to assist, $C. I wondered if there would be a ship for you to come back to.		I'm glad you both made it back in time to assist. I wondered if there would be a ship for you to come back to.	
All we saw at Nav 1 were some Krants, sir. No sign of a strike force. No, that force came here...and they brought their best with them.		I wasn't able to make out anything near Nav 1.There was no sign of a strike force. No, that force came here...and they brought their best with them.	
Bakhtosh Killed	**Bakhtosh Escaped**	**Bakhtosh Killed**	**Bakhtosh Escaped**
It would have been better had Bakhtosh Redclaw gone up in a fireball.	Fortunately for us, Bakhtosh Redclaw won't be going home...ever.	It would have been better had Bakhtosh Redclaw gone up in a fireball.	Fortunately for us, Bakhtosh Redclaw won't be going home...ever.
Wingman Alive	**Wingman Dies/Solo**	**Wingman Alive**	**Wingman Dies/Solo**
You both did well. Repelling that assault surely cost the Kilrathi dearly.	You did well, $R. Repelling that assault surely cost the Kilrathi dearly.	You both did well. Repelling that assault surely cost the Kilrathi dearly.	You did well, $R. Repelling that assault surely cost the Kilrathi dearly.

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

I've read the report of your performance in the assault...		
Your Kills	**No Kills**	
You wasted $K, $C...	You didn't tag any fuzzballs, $C...	
Wingman’s Kills	**No Kills**	**Solo**
and we show Bossman with $L.	and Bossman came up empty.	
And most importantly, the 'Claw repelled their attack.		
Awards/Reprimands	**None**	
$C, stop by my office in a half hour.		
Dismissed.		

Meanwhile…

Lose: Hell's Kitchen System



Primitive alien village, Rostov System.

While the Kilrathi starships conquer the Human fleet at Rostov, Kilrathi marines round up the native sentients, the Mopoks, and execute the Human scientists and soldiers who defended them.

Venice 1

Rec room

Shotglass: So, $C, here we are in the Venice System, in the heart of Kilrathi space.
Course, the hairballs have their own name for it ... *Kharak Tar*, I think.
Its habitable planet is a water world, like Port Hedland's.
We call it Venice 'cause of ancient ruins on it, sinkin' into the ocean.
But the Killie-cats aren't supposed to like the water...
...so they put their base in the system in an orbital station.
Tactical thinks if we find that station and take it out...
...we'll take out the brains of the Kilrathi operations in the whole sector!

Hunter: $C, mate! I understand we'll be flyin' together for a while.
Colonel's just moved me over to Black Lion squadron and Rapier fighters.
I can't wait to get out in one of these new Rapiers, mate!
As I recall, she's got both lasers and neutron guns, right?
The lasers were designed for firin' at a distance...
...an' the neutron guns for extra punch up close!

Paladin: Och, laddy, glad to 'ear that Khajja bloke was done in.
I 'ad a run in with Khajja a while back.
'E's the coldest furball I've ever seen!
I was flyin' with Dragon, out of Yellow jacket squadron...
We ran into Khajja the Fang while we were flyin' watchdog on a tanker.
We shot 'is wingmen to bits, and put 'is own shields and lasers out...
...but still 'e keeps comin'!
We're tight on is tail, but 'e holds 'iscourse and fires off a missile.
One shot, right up the tanker's tailpipe, and she blows, big as day!
An' while Dragon an' me are dodgin' 'er debris...
...the hairy bastard makes 'is escape!

Mission Briefing.
Venice System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, boys and girls. Welcome to Venice.
Confederate Sector Command believes this system is vital to the Kilrathi.
Some intelligence reports indicate that Kilrathi High Command...
...may be located in a starbase somewhere in this system.
If that is the case, we need to find it as quickly as possible.
We'll immediately commence an intensive schedule of recon patrols...
...to identify all vessels and large objects in the system.

The commander quickly assigns four wings to patrol missions.
Yours is the fifth assignment.

Colonel: $C, you'll lead Epsilon Wing. I'm putting Hunter with you.
Hunter: Glad to be on your wing, mate!
Colonel: Here's your route, gentlemen.
Computer, display Epsilon.
You'll fly a four-point patrol.
At the first Nav Point, you'll fly by one of our own Exeters.
From there on out, though, you'll be in unknown territory.
Now there's a lot of debris floating around out there...
...and we believe that a lot of it is going to be Kilrathi mines.
You'll be flying near debris at Navs 1, 2, and 3, so be careful.
And I want a report on the locations of any mine fields you encounter.
Any questions, $C? Hunter?
Maverick: What kind of enemy ships do you expect us to encounter?
Colonel: Since this is a major Kilrathi base system, we expect a strong enemy presence.
You could meet almost anything out there.
Hunter: When we spot them, Colonel, do we mix it up?
Colonel: $C'll have to make that call...
...but I'd recommend engaging anything up to a Ralari.
Now, if there aren't any questions...
All right, then. Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Welcome back, $C. Did you hit all your Nav Points?

Reached All Nav Points

Maverick: Yes, sir, all four.

Colonel: Run into anything unsual out there?

Wingman Alive

Hunter: Nothin' we couldn't 'andle, colonel.

Met Khajja

Maverick: Met Khajja the Fang out near Nav 4, flying escort for a Ralari.

Colonel: Oh? I'd heard he was in the system. How'd you do against him?

Khajja Escaped Ralari Destroyed

Maverick: He got away, sir, but we did manage to blow the Ralari out from under him.

Colonel: Well, that's what's important. We'll have other chances at the Fang.

Khajja Escaped Ralari Escaped

Maverick: He slipped by, sir, and the Ralari got away, too.

Colonel: Damn ... At least we know where they are now.

Khajja Killed Ralari Destroyed

Maverick: Nailed him, sir. Got the Ralari, too.

Colonel: Excellent job! Congratulatio ns, $C.

Khajja Killed Ralari Escaped

Maverick: Took Khajja down, but the Ralari got away.

Colonel: I see. Next time, I want you to concentrate on the big ship, though...

...even the best fighter pilot isn't as dangerous as a destroyer.

Reached Nav 4

Maverick: Ran into a Ralari with a squadron of Krant flying escort near Nav 4.

Colonel: Oh? How'd you do against her?

Relari Destroyed

Maverick: Got her, sir.

Colonel: Good job That's one less furball battleship for us to choke on!

Relary Escaped

Maverick: She got away, sir, but my computer has her route and speed on file.

Colonel: That's what counts. I'll send a couple of wings after her.

Wingman Dies

Missed Nav Point(s)

Maverick: No, sir. Ran into some trouble and had to turn back early. We got chewed up pretty bad at Nav 3, so I decided to pull the plug.

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

All right, then, let's go over the numbers...

Your Kills

You skragged $K of the Kilrathi fighters, $C...

Zero Kille

I saw no kills for you, $C...

Wingman's Kills

and Hunter did in $L himself.

Zero Kills

and Hunter came up empty.

Wingman Alive

Wingman Dies

And the fleabags took out Hunter.

Awards/Reprimands

Oh, and $C, I want to see you in my office after you've cleaned up.

None

Dismissed.

Venice 2

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. I hear you ran into Khajja the Fang out there yesterday.			
Khajja is Dead		**Khajja is Alive**	
Shotglass: Colonel said you did him in		**Shotglass:** Too bad he got away...	
Shotglass: Man, that hairball's needed killin' since I was a rookie. One of the pilots from Killer Bee squadron was in earlier...			
Dakhath & Bhurak are Alive	**Dakhath is Alive**	**Bhurak is Alive**	**All Ace's are Dead**
Shotglass:...said that both Dakhath and Bhurak Starkiller may be here soon.	**Shotglass:**...said that Kilrathi ace Dakhath would be comin' to Venice soon.	**Shotglass:**...said that ace Bhurak Starkiller would be comin' to Venice soon.	**Shotglass:**...said the Kilrathi'd be sendin' their top aces after us soon.
Shotglass: Thought you might like to know, so you could keep an eye out.			

Maniac is Alive	**Maniac is Dead**
Bossman: $C, have a seat. Lt. Marshall and I were just discussing tactics.	**Bossman:** $C, have a seat. I'd like to talk tactics with you.
Bossman: We're likely to be coming up against an increasing number of big ships. It is important to know how to approach them. When attempting to destroy a large ship, such as a Fralthi... ...I prefer to attack from the rear. A large vessel's armor is always weakest around the engines.	
Maniac is Alive	**Maniac is Dead**
Maniac: I hear the Kilrathi build 'em that way on purpose, Boss... ...to make the captains keep their noses pointed toward the enemy **Bossman:** I have heard that as well, Lieutenant... ...though I see no reason to believe Kilrathi captains are so cowardly.	

Bossman is Alive	**Bossman is Dead**
Maniac: The Bossman here might like to come at a big ship from behind...	**Maniac:** A lot of flyers will tell you to come at a big ship from behind...
Maniac:...but I like to approach the big ones from the side. They've got all their missiles to the front... ...and most of their guns to the front and the back.	
Bossman is Alive	**Bossman is Dead**
Bossman: True enough.	
Maniac: If you come in from the side, you'll have time to get in close... ....then you can really let the sucker have it	

Mission Briefing.
Venice System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: After extensive reconnaissance of this section of the Venice System...
...our patrols have located and identified a number of Kilrathi vessels.
In our next several missions, we'll be engaging and destroying these ships.
Our fighters will be working with fighters from the carrier Kyoto...
...which has recently joined us in the Venice System.
$C, you're first up with Nu wing.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: I'll keep Hunter on your wing for now.	

Colonel: You'll be going after a Fralthi with a couple of the *Kyoto's* fighters.
Computer, display Nu.
You'll rendezvous with two Rapiers, Foxtrot Wing, from the *Kyoto*, here.
From this point, you'll proceed to Nav 1...
...skirting the edge of an asteroid field.
Then you'll head on to Nav 2, the last reported position of the Fralthi.
She can't be far from this point, and she's an awfully big bogie.
You shouldn't have any trouble finding her.
Questions?

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: I'd guess a Fralthi'd have a fighter escort, Colonel...	**Maverick:** Do we know what sort of fighter escort the Fralthi has with her?

Colonel: She'll be well-guarded. Tactical says to look for Gratha on wide patrol...
...and either Salthi or Krant flying close escort.
Anyone else?

Bossman is Alive	Bossman is Dead
Bossman: Have we gotten a position on the main Kilrathi base in the system, Colonel? **Colonel:** Not yet, Kien, but Tactical's narrowed it down to a few possibilities.	**Maverick:** Have we gotten a fix on the main Kilrathi base in the system, Colonel? **Colonel:** Not yet, $R, but Tactical's narrowed it down to a few possibilities.

Colonel: If that's it, then let's get into space.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Found Fralthi</th><th rowspan="2">Did Not Find Fralthi</th></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Nicely done, gentlemen.</td><td>Colonel: Excellent job, $R.</td><td rowspan="8">Colonel: Didn't even find the Fralthi, eh?
Maverick: No, sir, I'm afraid not.
Colonel: Well, then, it's your lucky day, because it doesn't matter.
Maverick: Excuse me, sir?
Colonel: Tactical has managed to locate the Kilrathi starbase in the system...
Once we've taken that out, the Fralthi you missed isn't going to matter.
But let's go over your numbers, just for practice...
Maverick: Yes, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Fralthi Escape
Wingman Alive</th><th>Fralthi Escape
Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th>Fralthi Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td>Hunter: Don't make sport of us, Colonel. We did our best, but the ruddy bastard--</td><td>Maverick: What do you mean, sir? The Fralthi got away ... we didn't even scare her.</td><td>Maverick: Thank you, sir. That Fralthi was a tough--</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Oh, the Fralthi, that's unimportant compared to what was in your computer.
Tactical started analyzing your log as soon as you arrived and downloaded.
That Fralthi was in direct contact with the Kilrathi starbase...
...and Tactical can use the intelligence you gathered to find it
They'll have her location pinpointed within the hour</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Hunter: Colonel, that's bloody incredible! When do we go take 'er out?</td><td>Maverick: That's fantastic, sir! When do we move against her?</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Soon, very soon. For now, though, let's go over your mission report...</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Computer credits you with $K Kilrathi, $C...</td><td>Computer shows no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Hunter gets $L to boast about.</td><td>and none for Hunter.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>And Hunter didn't make it back.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And $C ... I want to see you in my office in an hour.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">That's all. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Venice 3

Rec room

Shotglass: Seen the news on the trid lately?
Looks like the Kilrathi are startin' to pull out of the sector
We chased them out of Brimstone, Kurasawa and Gimle...
...and now they're pullin' out of Tartarus and Nifelheim, too
It looks like Venice is goin' to be where they make their stand...
...and we'll be here to help kick them out of Vega Sector.
It's history in the makin', man

Hunter: I was thinkin', mate. There's somethin' we might want to try...

Paladin is Alive	Paladin is Dead
Hunter: Paladin, 'ere, tells me tha' the furballs 'ave been plantin' mines around...	**Hunter:** I've 'eard the hairballs 'ave been plantin' mines around the system...

Hunter: I was thinkin' we might try to use those mines to our advantage
If we're dogfightin' near a mine field, why not try to lead 'em into it?
There'll be more of them than there are of us...
an' if we concentrate on the avoidin' the mines...
...while they're thinkin' of shootin' us,
...they might just run into a few mines by accident

Paladin: Och, $C, lad.
Things are lookin' up, aren't they?
I've 'eard the Kilrathi are pullin' all their ships in...
...gatherin' 'em all 'round that starbase we've been lookin' for.
But they're s'posed to 'ave mined the system pretty 'eavily.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: Not to worry, mate! Their mines'll blow up their ships as soon as ours. **Paladin:** Hunter here thinks their mines can be used against them... ...but I'm not so sure.	

Paladin: I say you can't be too careful when you're flying through a mine field

Mission Briefing.
Venice System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: As some of you have heard, we've pinpointed this system's Kilrathi base.
The *Tiger's Claw* will begin to move into position to strike that base.
Because Venice is a vital Kilrathi system...
...we expect significant resistance as we move the *Claw* into position.
For that reason, I'll be dispatching wings to fly on her flanks...
...to head off any attacks from the sides as we move.

The colonel assigns wings to fly above, below, and to port of the Claw.

Colonel: $C, you'll guard our starboard side.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: Hunter will fly your wing again on this mission.	

Colonel: Here's your route...
Computer, display Phi.
This is essentially a three-point patrol...
...except that you'll rendezvous with the *Tiger's Claw* at Nav 3...
...instead of returning to the *Claw's* original position.
Be on the lookout for any enemy vessels in the area.
It's safe to assume any Kilrathi you see is headed to attack the *Claw*...
...so your orders are to immediately engage and destroy all enemy ships.
Any questions?
Maverick: What kind of opposition are we looking at on this one, sir?
Colonel: Hard to say, $C. This is a crucial base for the Kilrathi...
...so they'll send their best to defend it.

Dakhath is Dead	Dakhath is Alive
	Colonel: Dakhath Deathsroke is supposed to be here, so I'd be watching for him.

Colonel: Now, if that's all the questions...
All right, then. Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Glad you made it back, $C. Those Gratha were giving us a hard time.

Reached All Nav Points	Did Not Reach All Nav Points			
	Wingman Alive Ship Undamaged	**Wingman Alive Ship Damaged**	**Wingman Dies/Solo Ship Undamaged**	**Wingman Dies/Solo Ship Damaged**
	Maverick: It was just an accident that we got here in time, sir...	**Maverick:** We only turned back early because I thought we were too shot up to go on.	**Maverick:** It was just an accident that I got here in time, sir...	**Maverick:** I only turned back early because I thought I was too shot up to go on.

Cleared All Nav Points	Did Not Clear All Nav Points
Maverick: We ran into some opposition along the way, sir, but we got past 'em.	**Maverick:** I ran into some opposition along the way, sir, but I slipped past 'em.

Colonel: We expected that. Just what did you come up against?

Dakhath Still Alive				Dakhath Already Died		Did Not Reach Nav 3
Maverick: Dakhath Deathstroke escorting a Ralari near Nav 3. **Colonel:** Dakhath, eh? You take him out?				**Maverick:** Mostly a Ralari with a couple of Dralthi for escort.		
Dakhath Dies Ralari Escaped	**Dakhath and Ralari Destroyed**	**Dakhath Escapes Ralari Escaped**	**Dakhath Escaped Ralari Destroyed**	**Ralari Destroyed**	**Ralari Escaped**	**Maverick:** A few fighters. Nothing out of the ordinary, sir. **Colonel:** Glad to hear it, $C.
Maverick: Yes, sir, but the Ralari got away. **Colonel:** Well, you either hurt her or scared her off, because we haven't seen her.	**Maverick:** Yes, sir. Blew the Ralari up as well. Excellent! **Colonel:** That explains why we haven't seen any big ships moving in.	**Maverick:** No, sir. He and the Ralari both slipped away. **Colonel:** Hmmm. I wonder why they haven't attacked the Tiger's Claw, then.	**Maverick:** No, sir, he got away. But we did nail the Ralari. **Colonel:** If you had to make a choice, that was the right one. Good work.	**Maverick:** They didn't get past us. **Colonel:** Good job, $C.	**Maverick:** She got away, sir. **Colonel:** Well, she never made a run at the Claw, so she must've broken off.	

Did Not Reach Any Nav Point
Colonel: Just what do you think you're doing back here? You're rendezvous is still 60,000 klicks away **Maverick:** I thought it would be best if-- **Colonel:** You don't get paid to think, mister. You get paid to fly From now on, you fly when you're told, where you're told... And right now I want you to fly your backsides down to the galley... ...while I send a real pilot or two out to do your job!

No Mission Breakdown

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">All right, then, let's go over the numbers...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You skragged $K of the Kilrathi fighters, $C...</td><td>I saw no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman's Kills</th><th>No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Hunter did in $L himself.</td><td>and Hunter came up empty.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman's Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>And the fleabags took out Hunter.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">And I want to see you in my office after you've cleaned up, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Venice 4

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. You hear about Nifelheim and Tartarus?
Our boys have kicked those damn hairballs out of both systems.
They had footage of the ground battle on Tartarus on the trid.
Man, it was great
Our marines, marchin' through the streets of the biggest Kilrathi colony...
...linin' the fleabags up and loadin' 'em onto prison ships.
They're goin' to ship 'em back to Kilrah, lock, stock, and barrel.
Me, I'd put 'em to work minin' salt or harvestin' fungus...
...but I don't reckon that'd work out too good.
I'm just happy to see 'em bein' sent out of the Sector...
...so we can have a little peace again
Pity this damn war's cost us so many good people.

Angel: Ah, $R $N. *Bonjour*.
I have heard that the Kilrathi have sent all of their best against us now.
Since Venice is the last contested system in the sector...
...we will face the finest pilots they have left to them.
I have been reading the records of their leading aces...

All Aces Dead	Dakhath is Alive	Bhurak is Alive	Bakhtosh is Alive	Khajja is Alive
Angel: ...but it appears that their best known pilots have all died!	**Angel:** To date, Dakhath Deathstroke has destroyed 86 of our starships and fighters.	**Angel:** Bhurak Starkiller has defeated 64 of our best pilots.	**Angel:** The Baron Bakhtosh Redclaw has 75 kills to his credit.	**Angel:** Khajja the Fang leads the Empire of Kilrah with 99 victories. *Mon dieu*, I hope that none of us will be his hundredth

Paladin: Och, lad, I reckon this fight's just about over.
About bloody time, too, that's what I say!
I spent me entire career fightin' the Kilrathi...
...you dinna ken how much it means to me to be here...
...now that we're about to run their fuzzy tails out of the sector

Mission Briefing. Venice System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: All right, people, this is the big one.
We've discovered that the enemy base here in the Venice System...
...is the Kilrathi High Command for this entire sector.
We'll be moving in for the final assault on the starbase today.
The Kilrathi will expect us to come in with all of our capital ships.
That means they'll be looking for us in a few hours.
Tactical has determined that if we send in a handful of starfighters...
...we'll be able to hit them before they've gathered around the base.
We'll send several wings to punch through the perimeter to the base.
Here are the assignments for each wing...

The colonel quickly runs through the wings of Black Lion Squadron.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: $C, you and Hunter will head straight in, along this route...	**Colonel:** $C, you'll head straight in, along this route...

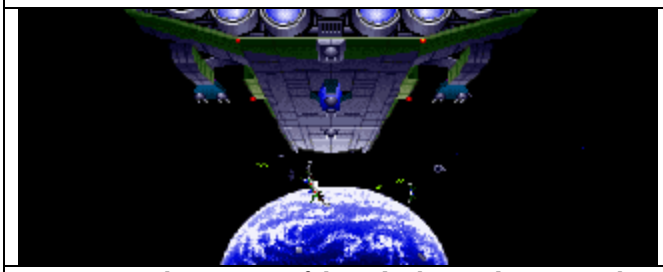
Colonel: Computer, display Omega.
Your first objective is the Fralthi-class light cruiser at Nav 1.
She'll have fighter escort as well...
...but you're just to slip past them--don't stick around to dogfight.
Then it's on to the Kilrathi base, here at Nav 2.
There will be lots of fighters around the base, but try to ignore them.
You're main objective is to take out that base.
Questions?

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: What are we supposed to take the base out with, anyway, Colonel?	**Maverick:** What are we supposed to hit the base with, sir?

Colonel: Your missiles. Save them for the base...
...because your ship's guns will be useless against anything that big.
Anyone else?
All right, then. Let's get to work.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="2">Starbase Destroyed</th><th colspan="3">Starbased Survived</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th>Wingman Alive</th><td colspan="3" rowspan="4">Colonel: Glad to see you back, $C. I followed you on the sensors.
You made a good run at it. We've got more ships moving in now.
It's just a question of time before that base surrenders or blows.
I Maverick: 'm glad to hear it, sir.
That base was just too heavily guarded for one fighter wing.
Colonel: I understand, $C. But it was worth a shot.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Colonel: Congratulations, $C You just finished the Kilrathi in Vega Sector!</td><td>Colonel: Congratulations, men! You just finished the Kilrathi in Vega Sector!</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Hunter: Oy, Colonel! Don't go all misty on me!</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: Thank you, sir. We were very lucky--</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td colspan="3" rowspan="2">Colonel: If you want, you can join me in Tactical to follow the battle.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Hunter: Now, 'old on there, mate I'd say talent 'ad a bit to do with it as well</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: No false modesty, $R. You're entitled to be proud of what you've done.
Maverick: I suppose it was pretty impressive, wasn't it, sir?</td><th>Solo</th><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><td>Maverick: Thank you, sir. I'd like that.</td><td>Hunter: I was plannin' on headin' to the Rec Room...
...so I could tilt a glass while I waited for news.
Join me, $C?
Maverick: I'll go with Hunter, sir. We'll catch the news there.</td><td>Maverick: Thanks, sir. But I thought I'd head for the Rec Room...
...maybe drink a toast to Hunter's memory.
Colonel: Good idea, son. I'll join you down there, once things settle down.</td></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="2">Hunter: 'At's the spirit, $C! Let's go see Shotglass for a little celebration!
Colonel: Not so fast, there, Hunter...
You two are the guests of honor at a little ceremony upstairs!</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: I'd say so. You're the guest of honor at a little ceremony upstairs!</td><td colspan="3">Colonel: All right, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

	
Destroying the remains of the Kilrathi naval power in the sector, the Tiger's Claw closes in for the kill, and the last Kilrathi planet in the sector falls!	

Next: Secret Missions

Hell's Kitchen 1

Rec room

Shotglass: So, $C. Here we are defending Hell's Kitchen...
...and its third planet, Toadstool, the most miserable world in the sector.
Its hot and muggy, with nothing but overgrown fungus for trees...
...and no way to dry anything out.
Only reason anyone lives here is to harvest the molds and funguses...
...that go into the best antibiotics and vaccines.
Still, Toadstool's only got facilities for a few thousand folks...
...and refugees from the big colonies we've lost will be arriving soon.
There's more than 100,000 people coming in from Gateway alone.
It's gonna get ugly down there on the planet, $C. Mark my words.

Knight: Back in a Scimitar again, eh, $C?
Just be sure and remember her limitations, and you'll be all right.
She's slower than anything in the Confederate fighter fleet...
...but she's still a match for most of the Kilrathi fighters.
Try to get in close, where your mass driver guns are most effective...
...and don't forget that two of those missiles are dumbfire.
They just fly straight out ahead of you, with no guidance system.

Paladin: Och, laddy, I ran into that Khajja bloke, not long ago.
'E's the coldest furball I've ever seen
I was flyin' with Dragon, out of Yellow jacket squadron...
We ran into Khajja the Fang while we were flyin' watchdog on a tanker.
We shot 'is wingmen to bits, and put 'is own shields and lasers out...
...but still 'e keeps comin'
We're tight on is tail, but 'e holds 'iscourse and fires off a missile.
One shot, right up the tanker's tailpipe, and she blows, big as day
An' while Dragon an' me are dodgin' 'er debris...
...the hairy bastard makes 'is escape!

Mission Briefing. Hell's Kitchen System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: I don't have to tell you that our backs are against the wall here...
Of all the systems the Confederation held in Vega Sector...
...only Hell's Kitchen, Planck's Star and Alliance are still ours.
We've got refugee ships coming in from all over the sector.
For the next few days, we'll be busy making sure they arrive safely.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: $C and Hunter will take the the first run...	**Colonel:** $C, you'll take the first run...

Colonel: Here's your flight plan...
You'll fly to Nav 1 to meet a Drayman jumping in from Chengdu.
Bring her straight back here to the Claw.
She'll be heavy with passengers, so she'll be moving slow.
That 'sport will be carrying hundreds of civilian refugees, $C.
I'm talking about children and old people...
...not trained soldiers or mercenaries.
So I want you to be very careful on this one.

The colonel quickly runs over the remaining assignments.

Colonel: One more thing, people...
We know there is at least one Kilrathi cruiser already in this system.
We expect the enemy patrols near jump points to be heavy.
We believe several Kilrathi aces are on board...
...including Khajja the Fang, whom some you have already met.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: Bloody glad to hear it I'll be glad to 'ave another go at 'im!	

Colonel: So everyone look alert out there.
Squadron dismissed.

IS this Hunter or Paladin? If Hunter Let Wedge know.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="3">Drayman Survived</th><th colspan="3">Drayman Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: That was quite a feat, bringing a 'sport in through all those fighters.</td><td colspan="3">Colonel: I understand you lost your Drayman.
I'm afraid so, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Khajja Still Alive</th><th>Khajja Already Dead</th><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Colonel: Especially with Khajja leading one of the enemy squadrons!</td><td></td><td colspan="2">Hunter: It's a bloody shame, all those families and kids...</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Maverick: Just did what had to be done, sir.</td><td colspan="3" rowspan="4">Colonel: Don't take it too hard...
Tactical badly underestimated the Kilrathi presence in the system.
There's not a pilot alive who could have brought that 'sport in...</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Hunter: Was bloody good, Colonel...</td><td rowspan="3"></td></tr>
<tr><th>Khajja Dies</th><th>Khajja Survives</th></tr>
<tr><td>Hunter:...gettin' the chance to do the Fang for all 'e's done to our mates!</td><td>Hunter: I'm just sorry the fuzzball got 'way from us!</td><th>Khajja Already Dead</th><th>Khajja Still Alive</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>Colonel: ...not through that kind of coverage.</td><td>Colonel: ...especially with Khajja the Fang leading the final squadron.</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>Hunter: I'd bloody well like to get my hands on that right bastard!
Colonel: You're not alone in that, Hunter.</td><td></td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="2">Let's run over the mission report...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Your Kills</th><th>Zero Kille</th></tr>
<tr><td>You racked up $K of the hairballs, $C...</td><td>No kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th>Zero Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td>and Hunter got $L of them.</td><td>and Hunter came up empty.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>We lost Hunter out there.</td></tr>
<tr><th>Khajja is Killed</th><th>Khajja Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td>And you took out Khajja the Fang.
Damn fine flying, taking that hairball down!</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td>I'll want to see you in my office in an hour or so, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Hell's Kitchen 2

Rec room

Shotglass: Hey, $C. I hear you ran into Khajja the Fang out there yesterday.			
Khajja is Dead		**Khajja is Alive**	
Shotglass: Colonel said you did him in!		**Shotglass:** Too bad he got away...	
Shotglass: Man, that hairball's needed killin' since I was a rookie. One of the pilots from Killer Bee squadron was in earlier...			
Dakhath and Bhurak are Alive	**Dakhath is Alive**	**Bhurak is Alive**	**All Aces are Dead**
Shotglass: ...said that both Dakhath and Bhurak Starkiller may be here soon.	**Shotglass:** ...said that Kilrathi ace Dakhath would be comin' to Hell's Kitchen soon.	**Shotglass:** ...said that ace Bhurak Starkiller would be comin' to Hell's Kitchen soon.	**Shotglass:** ...said the Kilrathi'd be sendin' their top aces after us soon.
Shotglass: Thought you might like to know, so you could keep an eye out.			

Maniac is Alive	**Maniac is Dead**
Bossman: $C, have a seat. Lt. Marshall and I were just discussing tactics.	**Bossman:** $C, have a seat. I'd like to talk tactics with you.
Bossman: We're likely to be coming up against an increasing number of big ships. It is important to know how to approach them. When attempting to destroy a large ship, such as a Fralthi... ...I prefer to attack from the rear. A large vessel's armor is always weakest around the engines.	
Maniac is Alive	**Maniac is Dead**
Maniac: I hear the Kilrathi build 'em that way on purpose, Boss... ...to make the captains keep their noses pointed toward the enemy! **Bossman:** I have heard that as well, Lieutenant... ...though I see no reason to believe Kilrathi captains are so cowardly.	

Bossman is Alive	**Bossman is Dead**
Maniac: The Bossman here might like to come at a big ship from behind...	**Maniac:** A lot of flyers will tell you to come at a big ship from behind...
Maniac: ...but I like to approach the big ones from the side. They've got all their missiles to the front... ...and most of their guns to the front and the back.	
Bossman is Alive	**Bossman is Dead**
Bossman: True enough.	
Maniac: If you come in from the side, you'll have time to get in close... ....then you can really let the sucker have it	

Mission Briefing. Hell's Kitchen System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: The situation is getting worse, people.
The Confederation's lost Planck's Star...
...and the Kilrathi forces there will be headed for us next.
Since we're expecting an increased hostile presence...
...we'll send wings to recon every bogie in the system.
$C, we've got a half-dozen bogies circling about 85,000 klicks out.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: I want you and Hunter to go check them out.	**Colonel:** I want you to go check them out.

Colonel: Computer, display Theta.
They're circling a point here, at Nav 1.
It looks like they're waiting for something to jump in.
It could be just a tanker or a 'sport...
...but it might be the first of the Kilrathi warships from Planck's.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: Do we make a play for 'er, colonel, or is this just a look-see?	**Maverick:** Do we engage, colonel, or is this strictly recon?

Colonel: Even if it turns out to be a Fralthi...
...she'll never be as vulnerable as when she first jumps in.
Anything else?
All right, then, let's get out into space.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Colonel: I haven't seen the mission report, $C. What did you find out there?

I. D Fralthi			Did Not I.D. Fralthi	Did Not Reach Nav 1
Wingman Alive	**Wingman Dies/Solo**		**Maverick:** Nothing, sir. The fighter cover was too heavy.	**Maverick:** Didn't get to see anything before I had to break off and come home.
Hunter: One of the big cruisers, Colonel...				
Maverick: It was a Fralthi, sir, with Gratha flying escort. **Colonel:** A Fralthi, eh? Did you destroy it?				
Fralthi Destroyed		**Fralthi Escapes**		
Wingman Alive	**Wingman Dies/Solo**			
Hunter: Yes, sir! We took the monster out!	**Maverick:** Yes, sir. Took the monster out.	**Maverick:** No, sir. With the Fralthi and all those Gratha together...		
Colonel: Really? Excellent work That's just the sort of initiative mankind's going to need to survive.		**Maverick:**...there didn't seem to be any point. I thought it would be best to return and report.		

Bhurak Still Alive	Bhurak Already Killed
Maverick: Bhurak Starkiller was leading a wing of Salthi to intercept us.	

Reached Nav 1	Did Not Reach Nav 1
	Maverick: The furry bastard stopped us cold We never made it to Nav 1.

Your Mission Breakdown

I see. Well, $R, why don't you give me the numbers for the mission?

Wingman's Kills	No Kills	Solo
Hunter knocked down $L of them.	Hunter struck out. Everyone has an off day, mate	

Your Kills	No Kills
I managed to take out $K myself.	I came up empty.
Wingman's Alive	**Wingman Dies**
	Hunter didn't make it back.
Bhurak is Killed	**Bhurak is Escapes**
Bhurak Starkiller is out... permanently.	
Fralthi is Destroyed	**Fralthi Escapes**
And the Fralthi was destroyed.	
Awards/Reprimands	**None**
All right, $C ... I'll want to see you in my office in an hour.	

Dismissed.

Hell's Kitchen 3

Rec room

Shotglass: Seen the news on the trid lately? Looks like the Kilrathi are startin' to land marines on Toadstool. That's the only habitable world in the Hell's Kitchen system, you know. If the Kilrathi can push our people off, we're finished here They ran some footage of the fightin' on the planet... ...and it wasn't pretty. I don't think our boys can keep the Kilrathi off the civilians much longer. Sure is quiet around the rec room these days.

Hunter: I was thinkin', mate. There's somethin' we might want to try...	
Iceman is Alive	**Iceman is Dead**
Hunter: Iceman, 'ere, tells me tha' the furballs 'ave been plantin' mines around...	**Hunter:** I've 'eard the hairballs 'ave been plantin' mines around the system...
Hunter: I was thinkin' we might try to use those mines to our advantage If we're dogfightin' near a mine field, why not try to lead 'em into it? There'll be more of them than there are of us... ...an' if we concentrate on the avoidin' the mines... ...while they're thinkin' of shootin' us, ...they might just run into a few mines by accident!	

Iceman: Ah, $C, hello. Things are looking bad, aren't they? I've heard they've begun to plan for the evacuation of this system. The Kilrathi seem to be everywhere lately... ...and where they're not, they've left their mines behind them!	
Hunter is Alive	**Hunter is Dead**
Hunter: Not to worry, mate Their mines'll blow up their ships as soon as ours. **Iceman:** Hunter thought their mines could be used against them... ...but I'm not so sure.	
Iceman: I say you can't be too careful when you're flying through a mine field	

Mission Briefing. Hell's Kitchen System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: I know everyone's giving all they've got...
...but the Kilrathi keep throwing more at us.
Sector Command has ordered the evacuation of civilians from Hell's Kitchen.
I thought they were evacuating people TO Hell's Kitchen, sir, not from it...
They were, $C. But the Kitchen turned out to be just a stopover.
So it's our job to hold the system as best we can...
...to cover the Confederate retreat.
Right now, several of our vessels are under attack around the system.
We'll be sending wings out to help in their defense.
$C, you'll fly Mu Wing to assist an Exeter-class Destroyer.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: Hunter will fly on your wing again. **Hunter:** Once more into the breach, mate!	

Colonel: Here's the situation...
The Exeter is currently at Nav 1...
You'll head straight for her, and help in her defense.
She's under attack by at least four Dralthi...

Dakhath is Alive	Dakhath is Dead
	Colonel: ...apparantly led by the Deathstroke, Dakhath.

Colonel: So I want you to get over to that Exeter as fast as you can.
If you're intercepted, simply evade and proceed to Nav 1.
You are not to engage any enemy vessels en route, understand?

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: Aw, colonel, that takes the fun out of it!	

Maverick: I understand, sir. No distractions, no delays.
Colonel: Good. Any last questions?
All right, then. Let's get out there.
Squadron dismissed.

Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

<table>
<tr><th colspan="4">Exeter Survived</th><th>Exeter Destroyed</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Colonel: I just spoke to the commander of the destroyer, $C. Excellent job. He was very impressed.
Maverick: Did the best we could, sir. The gunners on the destroyer get some credit, too.</td><td rowspan="2">Colonel: Tactical picked up the Exeter's destruction on sensors. Every warship we lose costs civilian lives...
...because we won't be able to protect all the refugee transports.
Maverick: I know, sir.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="3">Dakhath Alive</th><th>Dakhath Dead</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">Colonel: Did you run into that furry bastard, Dakhath?</td><td rowspan="8"></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Did Not I.D. Dakhath</th><th colspan="2">I. D. Dakhath</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Maverick: No, sir. If he was out there, I never saw him.</td><td colspan="2"></td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th><th>Wingman Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies/Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>Hunter: I'll wager 'e turned an' ran when 'e heard we two were on the job!</td><td></td><td>Hunter: Bloody right, we did. Gave 'im what for, as well.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="2"></td><td rowspan="2"></td><th>Dakhath Killed</th><th>Dakhath Escapes</th></tr>
<tr><td>Maverick: Yes, sir! Took him out, too.</td><td>Maverick: I saw him, sir, but he managed to flee intact.</td></tr>
<tr><td></td><td></td><td>Colonel: Good work, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th>Dakhath Escapes</th><th>Dakhath Killed</th></tr>
<tr><td></td><td>Colonel: At least you managed to take out that rabid fleabag, Dakhath. That doesn't make up for the Exeter, but it was good work.
Maverick: Thank you, sir.</td></tr>
</table>

Colonel’s Mission Breakdown

<table>
<tr><td colspan="3">Well, let's review the mission report.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Your Kills</th><th>No Kills</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">You took out $K of the Kilrathi fighters, $C...</td><td>That's no kills for you, $C...</td></tr>
<tr><th>Wingman’s Kills</th><th colspan="2">No Kills</th><th>Solo</th></tr>
<tr><td>while Hunter got $L.</td><td colspan="2">and Hunter came up empty.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Wingman’s Alive</th><th>Wingman Dies</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2"></td><td>The fuzzballs took Hunter out.</td></tr>
<tr><th colspan="2">Awards/Reprimands</th><th>None</th></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">Be in my office in an hour, $C.</td><td></td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="3">That's all, then. Dismissed.</td></tr>
</table>

Hell's Kitchen 4

Rec room

Shotglass: The Kilrathi scum have taken Toadstool...
Just heard the news. They've got complete control of the planet.
Since Planck's Star and Alliance fell, that was our last world in the sector.
The order to pull out will have to come soon...
Damn shame, too. Millions of people dead, dozens of worlds lost...
...just 'cause the Empire of Kilrah can't stand havin' neighbors.

Angel: Ah, $R $N. *Bonjour*.
I have heard that the Kilrathi have sent all of their best against us now.
Only our presence in this system prevents their control of the sector...
...so we will be facing only their finest pilots from now on.
I have been reading the records of their leading aces...

Dakhath is Alive	Bhurak is Alive	Bakhtosh is Alive	Khajja is Alive
Angel: To date, Dakhath Deathstroke has destroyed 86 of our starships and fighters.	**Angel:** Bhurak Starkiller has defeated 64 of our best pilots.	**Angel:** The Baron Bakhtosh Redclaw has 75 kills to his credit.	**Angel:** And Khajja the Fang leads the Empire of Kilrah with 99 victories. *Mon dieu*, I hope that none of us will be his hundredth!

Paladin: Och, lad, I reckon this fight's just about over.
What a bloody disappointment it is, too...
I spent me entire bloody life fightin' the Kilrathi...
...and now they chase us 'ome, with our tails between our legs
Bloody damn shame, 'at's what it is...

Mission Briefing. Hell's Kitchen System, $T hours, $D.

Colonel: Well, ladies and gentlemen, it's all over.
The last refugee transport has left Hell's Kitchen for the Home Worlds...
...and we've been ordered to pull out of the Vega Sector.
The entire Confederate fleet is falling back to Proxima Centauri...
...to prepare for the defense of Deneb Sector.
I need a volunteer wing to fly a mission that may well be suicide.
I won't ask for volunteers until I've briefed you all on the mission.
Computer, display Psi.
The *Tiger's Claw* is currently here.
There's a Kilrathi destroyer -- a Ralari -- near Nav 1, here, and closing.
The *Tiger's Claw* is headed for her jump point here, at Nav 2.
There are dozens of enemy fighters in the area.
I need someone to head off the Ralari, and detain or destroy her...
...while the *Claw* prepares for her jump.
I want to point out that there are no guarantees on this one.
The *Tiger's Claw* won't be able to wait for you once she's ready to jump.
Whoever volunteers stands a good chance of being left behind...
Maverick: I I'll do it, sir. I'll take that chance.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Hunter: 'At's the spirit, mate! Colonel, I want to fly 'is wing.	

Colonel: All right, then. It's decided.

Hunter is Alive	Hunter is Dead
Colonel: This is a very brave gesture. Good luck out there, gentlemen.	**Colonel:** This is a very brave gesture, $R. Good luck out there.

Colonel: Squadron dismissed.

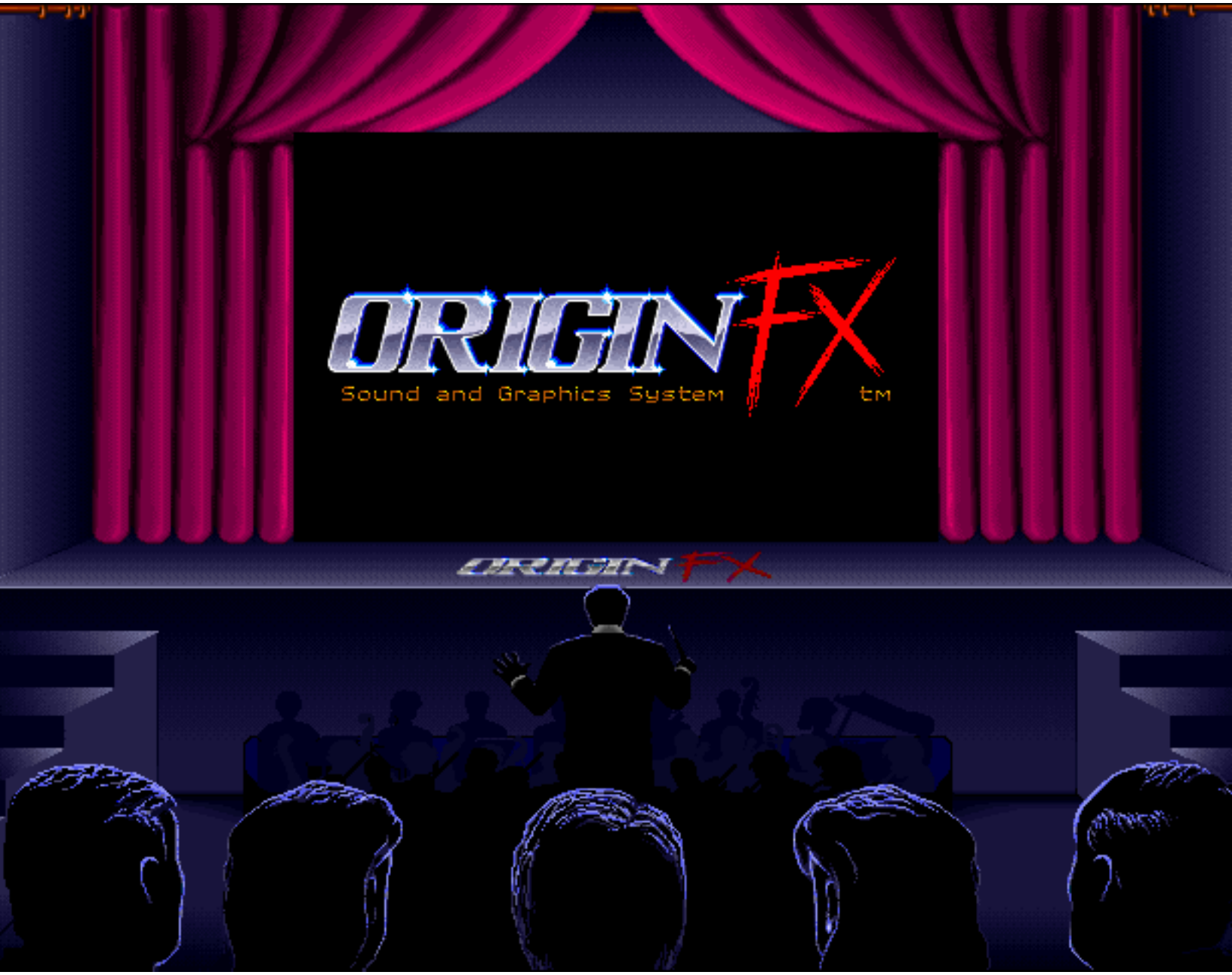
Mission debriefing. $T hours, $D.

Krants Cleared	
$C Glad to have you back on board We were able to follow most of your engagements on long-range sensors... Brilliant flying...absolutely brilliant. If we'd all flown that well throughout the campaign... ...we might not have been chased out of the sector like this. Thank you, sir. Are we ready for the jump? Yes, $R, we should be making the jump any second now...	Dammit, $C! What are you doing in the hangar? There's still a wing of Krants plugging the Claw with missiles I know, sir. I was just too shot up. She would have broken up on me any second. It's too late to scramble more fighters to take them out. You better hope the Claw's gunners can hold those hairballs off... ...because you just bet all our lives on it

Colonel's Mission Breakdown

We'll go over your numbers while we wait for it...		
Your Kills		**No Kills**
You took out $K of the Kilrathi fighters, $C...		No kills for you, $C...
Wingman's Kills	**No Kills**	**Solo**
while Hunter got $L.	and Hunter came up empty.	
Wingman's Alive		**Wingman Dies**
		The damn fleabags took Hunter out.
That's all, then. It's all on the bridge crew from here...		

	
Fleeing from the overwhelming Kilrathi forces in the sector, the Tiger's Claw manages to jump out. Barely. There'll be other sectors, other battles…	


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