

AURORA

THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:
FICTION, FICTION, FICTION!
NORTH MP UNIT
REFLEX SIGHTS FOR HGB



AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE
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SHADES IN THE NIGHT

From the Editor...

As game masters, we often put on our diabolical caps and wring out the most amazing schemes, conspiracies, obstacles, adventures and world-shattering events to put the characters (and the players too, at times!) through. It's great fun, and creates more than enough memorable moments to spend a few evenings reminiscing about.

But what happens when the everyday shows up and throws a complication into things?

If we look in our own (probably non-adventurous) lives it can be surprising just how often the most seemingly innocuous of events, or the most mundane yet unexpected of things, can set into motion great escapades of problem solving, struggle and heroics, creativity and even personal growth. Which all sounds very similar to what we would expect from a well-crafted adventure.

Maybe there's a burst pipe on your ship in deep space, and suddenly the everyday routine becomes a narrow walk between burning bright or being a derelict. Or a continual series of computer crashes blinds the ops room of your outpost just as you begin your daily patrol. Perhaps a letter informs the lieutenant that his brother has been in a car crash. What if someone in your regiment won the lottery? Failed a test? Or just plain lost their credit card and has to dispute some charges.

It needn't be confined to the world of RP, these kind of events can show up in your weekly tactical games. A scenario requiring your squad to transport new sewer pipe through bandit-filled territory is one starting point. Or just throw the C3 equipment out the window and everyone needs to communicate through hand signals. Two squads of your army partied too hard last night and now suffer random bouts of lousy accuracy, punctuated with bouts of great bravery and surprising skill. And over here we have a bridge built by a shoddy contractor, upon which your battle is currently taking place...

A string of mundane-inspired events would probably grate on the nerves quickly – after all, most of us probably play to get a shift from the everyday. Interspersed throughout the grander arc of adventures or tactical scenarios, however, these events provide a great break from the relentless fantastical obstacles our units and characters negotiate seemingly on a daily basis. These are the daily challenges of real life™ and as such can make our immersion just that much deeper, and bring a smile to our faces in recognition as we go through them.

This issue we find ourselves blessed with a delicious abundance of fiction to carry us through the end of the year. Dig in and be sure to drop by on the forums or on Facebook to let us know how we're doing. Volume 7 of Aurora starts in January! Aurora Magazine exists to let you, our readers and authors, shine. It is our intent to give full voice to the passion of the players of DP9's games, and having met and corresponded with many of you, I know that passion is there. We love these worlds and we love to play in them. Share your passion with all of us here in these pages – we are at your service. Submission guidelines are found at the back of the issue, and we welcome just about everything.

Let's make 2013 a bumper year for Aurora and all of us fans.

Welcome to issue 6.4 of your Silhouette Magazine.

Game on,

Oliver Bollmann
Aurora Magazine Editor

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OFFICIAL-DP9

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

HOME BREW RULES

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

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Brandon Keith Fero (thanatos_storm@hotmail.com) -- *No More Skeletons & Quick Reflex Sights*

I have always enjoyed writing about Heavy Gear. The richness of its fiction provides a man like myself with many opportunities to find ways to tell a story. I hope that you enjoy it as much as I did, and that the house rule offers everyone enjoyment in Heavy Gear Blitz! May God bless you, and Gear up!

Jason Dickerson (JDDWolf@yahoo.com) -- *From the Pod*

Jason is the Line Editor for Heavy Gear and has been an advocate of all things Heavy Gear since the first edition came out. He is also the founder and President of the Save the Asp Society (S.A.S) on the DP9 Forums.

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

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

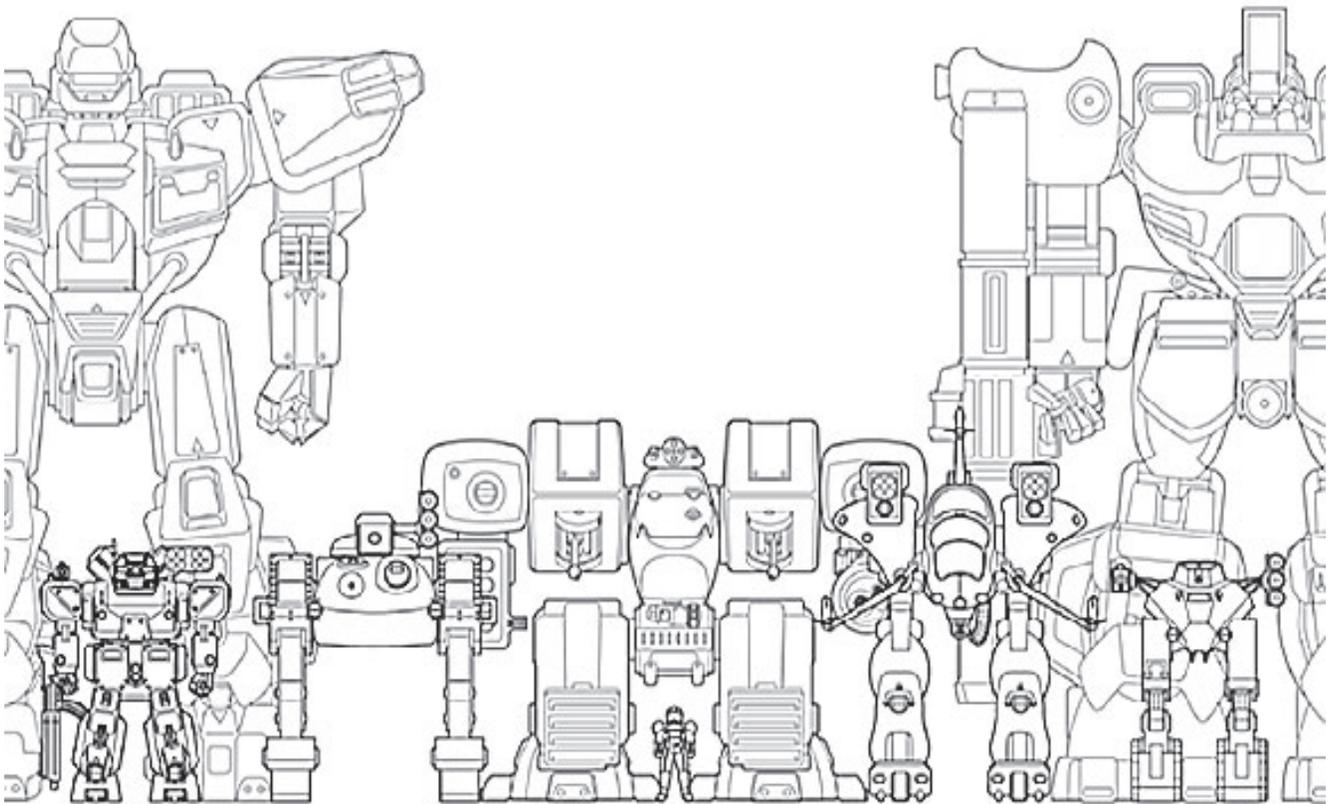
Oliver Bollmann (auroramag@gmail.com) -- *Editor & Voices in the Dark*

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

http://rpg.drivethrustuff.com/index.php?manufacturers_id=291

Talon Waite (talontheomnipotent@gmail.com) -- *Northern MP Squad*

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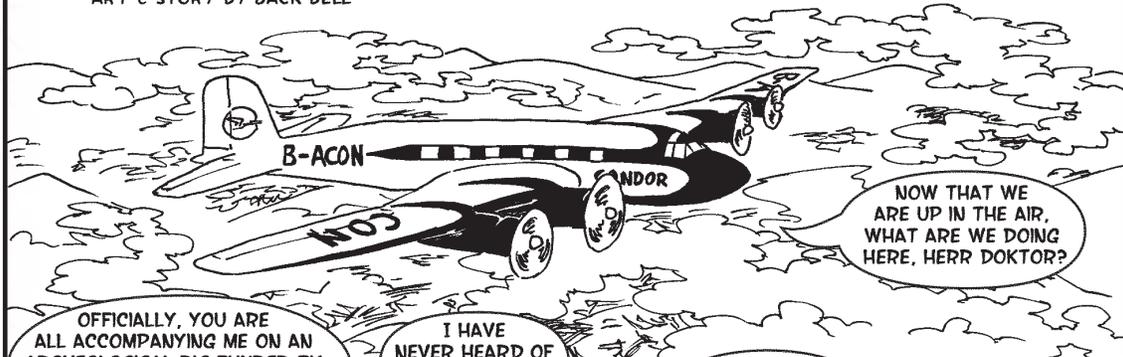
KRAUT PATROL

JOHN BELL

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

Kraut PATROL

ART & STORY BY JACK BELL



NOW THAT WE ARE UP IN THE AIR, WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, HERR DOKTOR?



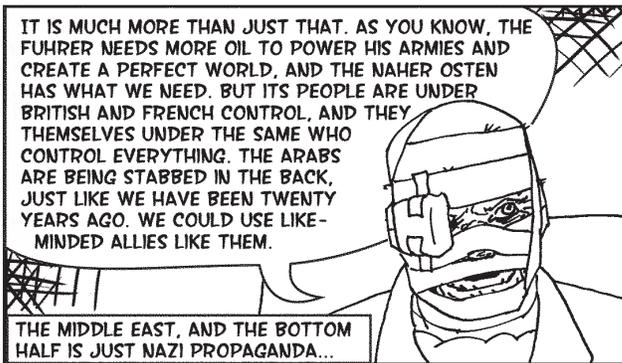
OFFICIALLY, YOU ARE ALL ACCOMPANYING ME ON AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG FUNDED BY THE DEUTSCHES ARCHÄOLOGISCHES INSTITUT AND MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY.

I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THIS MISKATONIC, HERR DOKTOR.



OF COURSE YOU HAVE NOT, DUMMKOPF! I PICKED IT OUT OF A DECADENT AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

A GREAT ALIBI TO SMUGGLE EQUIPMENT, HERR DOKTOR!



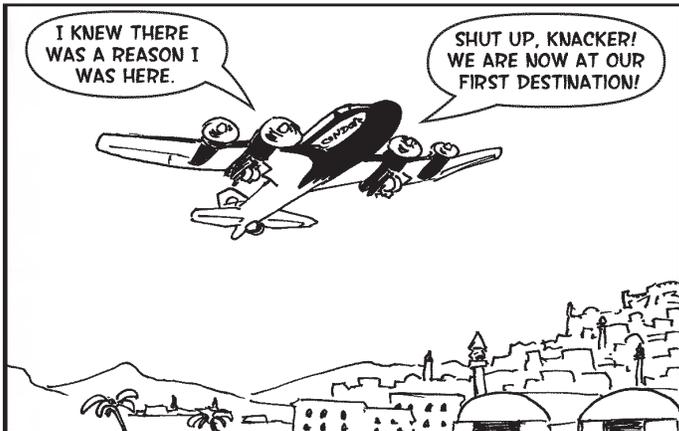
IT IS MUCH MORE THAN JUST THAT. AS YOU KNOW, THE FUHRER NEEDS MORE OIL TO POWER HIS ARMIES AND CREATE A PERFECT WORLD, AND THE NAHER OSTEN HAS WHAT WE NEED. BUT ITS PEOPLE ARE UNDER BRITISH AND FRENCH CONTROL, AND THEY THEMSELVES UNDER THE SAME WHO CONTROL EVERYTHING. THE ARABS ARE BEING STABBED IN THE BACK, JUST LIKE WE HAVE BEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO. WE COULD USE LIKE-MINDED ALLIES LIKE THEM.

THE MIDDLE EAST, AND THE BOTTOM HALF IS JUST NAZI PROPAGANDA...



THEY ARE BRAVE. I HAVE SEEN IT MANY TIMES IN RUDOLF VALENTINO MOVIES!

JA, JA, HERR SCHRAUBER, BUT THOSE ARE THE WAYS OF OLD. WE WILL TEACH THEM THE NEW WAY, WITH KAMPFERS AND AIRPLANES!



I KNEW THERE WAS A REASON I WAS HERE.

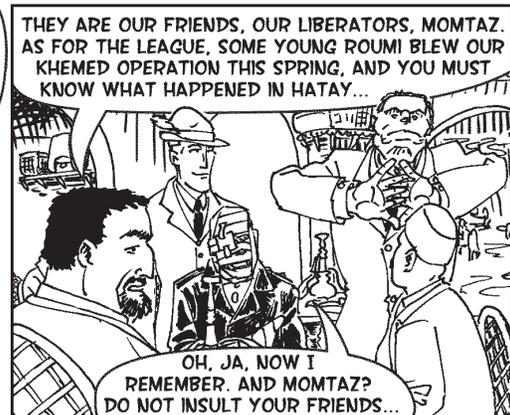
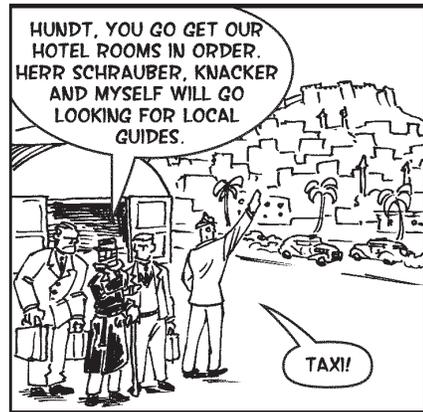
SHUT UP, KNACKER! WE ARE NOW AT OUR FIRST DESTINATION!



WELCOME TO ALEPPO, MESSIEURS. I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE IT HERE.

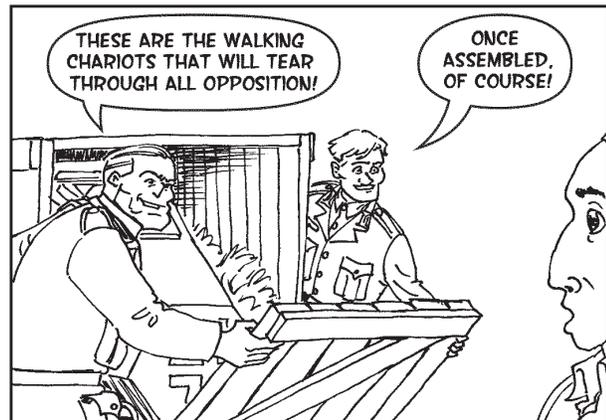
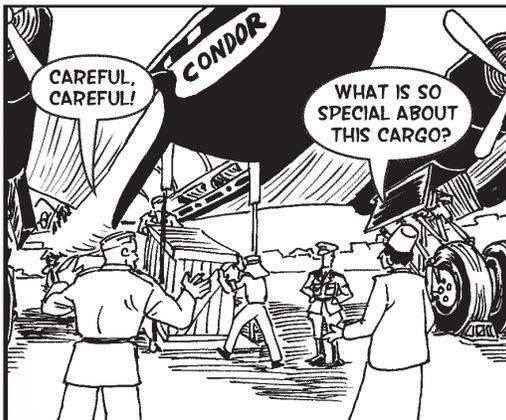
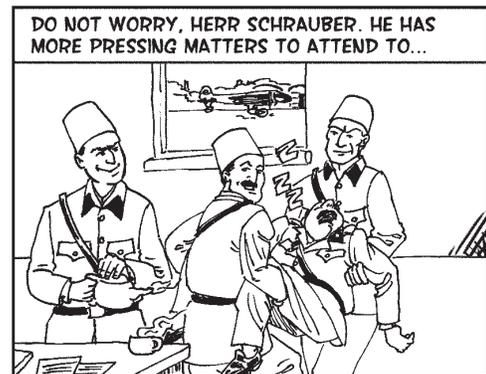
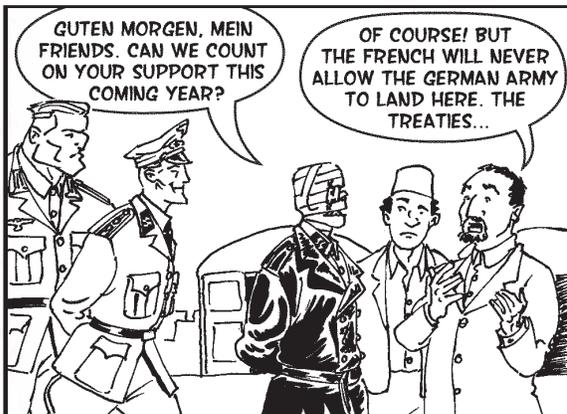
DANKE.

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KRAUT PATROL

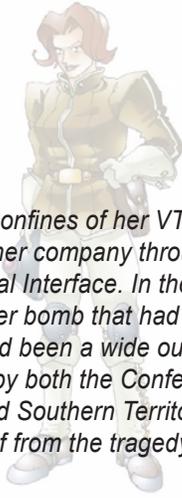


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KRAUT PATROL



NEXT TIME: THE PATROL GOES PROWLING THOUGH THE DESERT!



Natalya Korolov sat within the confines of her VTOL craft, quietly checking back in with her company through the Heads-Up Display of her Personal Interface. In the stunning wake left behind by the anti-matter bomb that had detonated inside of Peace River, there had been a wide outpouring of sympathy and help offered by both the Confederate Northern City-States and the Allied Southern Territories to see the city-state given relief from the tragedy.

5 Autumn, TN 1939

For Natalya, however, it was proving to be a very great opportunity. With Paxton Arms in turmoil and all its operations temporarily ceased, her own company, Northco, was in a perfect position to attain greater dividends from the chaos. She glanced outside at the surrounding scenery... the Fossenwood hills were a beautiful sight, especially when lit up by the moons of Terra Nova.

Previously she had thought that this opportunity had been lost with the destruction of Peace River. But the man she was to meet tonight had survived, and more, he still had the prototype of the equipment that she sorely desired. Not one to take any chances, she had enlisted five of her best pilots from Northco's Gemeinsam Guard to stand in place until she was certain that there would be no chance of her contact escaping with the technology still in his grasp. Certainly, she could have her company's best and brightest to create such technology in two or three cycles, but then there would still be legal issues... the man and his companions had been crafty enough to know to patent his designs, all of them, and if it came up in legal courts the technology would be bogged down, or worse, her company would lose in the courts, if the right palms were greased against her. If there was anything that she had learned in her 61 cycles of life, Natalya had learned that the ends justified the means in every situation.

She saw the vehicle's lights long before the small Elan appeared, driving slowly, carefully, which was advisable in the wildlands. Still, she smiled when she heard her squad's leader, Duball, speak softly in her earbud, "Identity confirmed. No passengers."

Natalya stepped out of the VTOL confidently and checked over the stocks of Northco while the all-terrain vehicle continued its journey towards her. The Interpolar War had given Northco a chance to show its true muscle, and now she would have something that would trump the snakes easily. Behind her, the VTOL pilot, a large and strapping man who was one of her bodyguards, stepped out and made his way to her side. Her contact had been explicit in stating that there was to be no one

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BRANDON KEITH FERRO

but herself and the pilot in the VTOL. If there was anyone else he would leave without a moment's hesitation. Well, she had upheld her part of the bargain. There wasn't anyone else in the VTOL. Then again, there were five of the very best Gears on the market sitting out there in the distance, their batteries running power silently to their limbs and weapon systems. Three Panthers and two Black Cats, equipped with the best stealth technology and gunnery equipment that Northco could afford; and Natalya could afford a lot at this stage in her life. She doubted the man had come with even a pistol to his name.

When he finally stepped out of the jeep, Natalya let her smile grow wide and welcoming. She raised her right hand and waved, "Lovely night for a drive, Mr. Pols."

The man walked around in front of the jeep slowly, his average frame and height hidden behind a pair of eyeglasses that were rather trendy in their own right, if a little out of fashion for the current day. And he was cradling a shock-proof box in front of him as if his life depended on it. Natalya's eyes gleamed in the Elan's headlights, "I see you've brought us your package, also, as promised."

"Yes," Pols answered, licking his lips and glancing around at the foothills. "You're alone?"

"Just myself and my pilot, as you can clearly see," Natalya answered, her smile never leaving her lips.

"And what about my position, and the money you offered for this?" Pols asked.

"Ah, no foreplay," Natalya said, her smile growing predatory. "I like that in a man. Getting right to business is always enjoyable for me."

She glanced over at her pilot, who turned around and walked back to the VTOL. Pols immediately took two steps back towards his Elan, and Natalya held up her hand, "Hector, please move a little slower. You are making Mr. Pols is nervous."

Hector answered with a quiet 'yes, ma'am', and moved slightly slower, taking his time while he reached into the back of the VTOL and pulled out a large briefcase and returned to her side. In her ear, Natalya heard Duball's voice again, "Target vehicle is clear. No contacts, ma'am."

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“So, Mr. Pols, - or shall I call you Jaime?” she spoke pleasantly, almost flirting with the man in front of her. She had discovered that such talk often set a man’s mind on other pursuits, and it was easy to tell that Pols was a man whose youth had not left him. “You show me yours, I show you mine?”

Jaime’s tongue flicked over his lips again, and while she could not quite see his eyes from here she could tell when a man was interested in her. It was a shame that she would have to see him suffer an accident, when such a brilliant mind might have been interesting to probe for other secrets. Or, considering that he had a wife, perhaps he was just doing that because he was nervous. When Jaime opened the box and showed her the contents, Natalya immediately felt her heart beat faster within her breast at the view awarded her of the weapon sight, which was far too large to be put on any infantryman’s rifle. This was what she had come for.

Pols had described it as a quick reflex sight. He had been working with a few of his comrades on designing a weapon sight for Gears that could be attached to any number of autocannons and rifles, of several different calibers, and used interchangeably. Although she was no engineer herself, Natalya understood the basic concept behind the design, and it had struck her that she had never asked the same of her own designers before. Using the ‘look-to-kill’ computer routines that were most commonly employed by aircraft pilots and some of the heavy tanks, the Gear’s pilot was able to look in the direction of an enemy and then designate the weapon to be brought online and fired automatically, rather than having to use wasted motion of aiming and firing, which was the norm. At the short range that most combat took place in the present-day warfare of highly mobile and agile humanoid combat vehicles, this quick reflex sight was technology that could change the outcome of any future conflict.

She started to step forward to have a closer look at the sight, her pilot right beside her, but Jaime took a step back, stating frantically, “No! Let me see what’s in the briefcase first!”

“Jaime, Jaime,” Natalya shook her head slightly and smiled at him, dropping the pretense of toying with the man now that she knew she had what she wanted. “Why did you come out here all alone? Don’t you know that the Fossenwood is considered wildlands to those of Rapid City? There are lots of dangerous animals in these woods... animals that do not mind hunting humans, or eating them, for that matter.”

“You-“ Jaime’s eyes now flicked over to the pilot, then back to her. “You promised to pay me! 1 million marks, and a position in Northco! Safety!”

“I did not maintain my position of CEO of the most powerful arms industry corporation because I liberally handed out gifts to slightly-gifted thinkers and dreamers, Jaime,” Natalya used a derisive snort to underline her feelings about the offer that was agreed on. “To be honest, the amount of money I spent on the fuel and on the ammunition for this little meeting was costly enough. In fact, too much.”

She glanced over at Hector, who reached into the briefcase and withdrew a WebTech 9mm pistol. There was a muffled pop, and he fell backwards. Natalya’s eyes followed him as he fell, limp as a ragdoll, with a single dart sticking up out of his neck. Looking back at Jaime, she saw his right hand holding a pistol... it appeared to be of Humanist make, if she were any right judge of weaponry. Slowly, she raised her hands and smiled, “I see you did come armed after all.”

She waited to hear the crack of a 25mm cased round breaking the sound barrier and tearing this man apart. Instead, a figure seemed to melt into existence beside Jaime, the Night Eel stealth suit – a Southern Republic commando’s standard gear - moving with absolute silence and the precision of a trained operative. Natalya’s face slowly drained of color as she whispered softly, “Red, red, r-”

The pitched squealing of a high-powered electronic warfare burst in her ear caused her to jump. A jammer? Reaching up with both hands, she pried off her earbud and the PIT and threw them to the ground. Staring hard at the commando, she shouted, “I’ll have you killed, snake!”

“Non,” a voice answered softly, and Natalya’s eyes narrowed as she recognized it as a young lady’s. “You will not, Korolov.”

Natalya looked over the Night Eel suit, and cursed herself for not recognizing the female form underneath it before. What was worse, she felt a twinge of jealousy as she recognized that the form underneath it was... very youthful. Perhaps even beautiful. “You know who I am. You know I am not alone.”

“You mean this?” The second woman’s voice to speak was over a loudspeaker on her left, and Natalya’s eyes swiveled around to look as a Gear appeared out of the darkness, barely silhouetted in the headlamps of the Elan. But it was like no Gear she had ever seen before. This one was all angles, clearly a stealth Gear of some kind, but the design was foreign and unknown to her. It moved with absolutely no sound until it had come within a scant thirty meters of her, and even then she could hardly hear the footsteps of the machine as the pilot raised her prize in the air; the head of the Panther that Duball had piloted. Natalya’s

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stomach churned within her sickeningly as the enemy Gear wiggled the head almost with a lunatic's pride, and Natalya practically leapt out of her skin when the pilot tossed the head in her direction. Her eyes had immediately shut to avoid the sight of Duball's head, but the second woman's voice spoke simply, "There is no other head than that, Korolov. Duball and his men are sleeping as soundly as Hector there."

Her eyes peeked through her lids slightly, and sure enough, laying at her feet, there was only the Gear's head, void of any human head within. Looking back up at the Gear, she tried to see some identifying markings, but there were none. It was an amazing machine in and of itself, but what was astonishing to her was the fact that both voices that had spoken to her were females. And how did she know who her pilots were? Who were these women? Who were they working for? Natalya shouted at the one in the Night Eel suit, "Too cowardly to face me without a mask, snake?"

The Night Eel's owner lifted her helmet off with ease, and Natalya's shock only deepened as she realized that it was no woman... it was a girl! Now closer to them, she could see the girl's eyes were a deep brown, her hair black and tied back in a ponytail that ran down her back, and her face was so youthful, still growing into womanhood, with full pouting lips and dusky skin that spoke of African descent. The babe could hardly be more than 20 cycles! Her lips returned to their small smirk as she asked, "A baby? The Republic sends a bébé to do a woman's work?"

The girl stared at her for a moment, and Natalya felt like the girl was actually humoring her more than irritated with her, which only made her feel even more disgusted. How could she not have planned for the eventuality that Pols might attempt to play both sides against one another? She began to mentally curse him in the three languages known to her until the girl spoke, "Mr. Pols will not be working with Northco. He will be starting his own company with funds from a private investor, and transferred to the city-state of Marathon, where he will continue with his designs as an independent businessman."

Natalya felt her lips wanting to twitch into a snarl at hearing these bold statements from the lips of a Southern girl who – wait, Marathon? Why was Pols being allowed to go to Marathon? Her eyes shifted back and forth between the Gear and the girl. They were keeping Pols in the Federation, no less? She felt some of her confidence returning back to her immediately at the prospect of keeping this man under her company's thumb. She could easily crush him or remove him from the picture at any time. Let them believe they had won. Even as she straightened up from her previous defensive position, the girl continued in a voice

that had grown steel in the slight pause between sentences, "If his company should be suddenly attacked, whether by slander, by propaganda, by hackers, or by any other means that might attempt to terminate his business prematurely, you will carry the penalty, Korolov. If Pols, or any of those he employs, or any of their loved ones or friends should incur a mishap or 'unfortunate accident', you will carry the penalty."

"Is that a threat?" Natalya felt her molars almost grinding in the back of her throat at the audacity of this Southern whore giving her orders.

Something hit her, and she fell to the ground in the same instant that the pain shot up her right shoulder before exploding in her brain; it was like a hot needle had been forced straight through her flesh. Natalya's outcry was of both rage and unrestrained agony, and she barely had time to clear her eyes of the tears that were blinding her before she realized she was staring down the barrel of a small 3mm pistol that the girl was holding over her head. Her blood ran cold as she stared at the girl's face, which was now shadowed such that she looked like a female version of the Grim Reaper. "This is Threat," the girl mentioned softly, and she turned the pistol in her right hand sideways to show the French word 'Menace' embossed in silver on the side. "And this is Fact."

There, in her left hand, sure enough, was a much larger 10mm pistol, the silver-embossed 'Fait' recognizable, and it was now aimed down into Natalya's right eye. The girl's voice was seething; Natalya realized in that instance that this girl hated her. Not what she represented; the girl hated the woman she was aiming the weapon at. She was not in the least bit afraid of the name Natalya Korolov, and looked more than ready to end the life of the CEO of the most powerful arms dealer in the Confederated Northern City-States without a second thought or care. The girl spoke, firmly, "Get this through your head, heifer. I'll pull the trigger on the penalty. You will not add anymore skeletons in your closet. I'll send you on to God to see whether He sorts you out in heaven or in hell. And unless you have had some great change in that rock you call a heart, I'm guessing you'll burn. Comprend?"

The tears in Natalya's eyes were no longer angry; for the first time, fear dominated her whole being. She was going to die. "I'm not the only CEO in the Federation! I cannot be responsible for what others do!" she exclaimed.

"You can," the girl answered, her hatred evident in her tone. "And you are now, Miss Northco CEO. So keep all your dawgs in check from using whatever tricks they have to put Mr. Pols and his company at risk."

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Natalya's mind spun as the pain continued to creep through her brain and she tried to decipher a way she could salvage this. "We needn't be enemies!" she stated. "I can help him, and you!"

The girl's eyes narrowed; in the shadow cast on her face from the headlights of the Elan, they had taken on the appearance of black holes. "Do you need another threat?"

Natalya's heart nearly stopped, and she shook her head ferociously. "Très bien," the girl whispered. "There's a good girl."

"Cheri," the second woman's voice spoke from the Gear, and the girl and Natalya both glanced at the Gear to see it tapping its rifle to its left wrist.

"Au revoir, Korolov," the girl stated. Returning the larger pistol to its holster, she reached into another pocket and tossed down a small box with a red cross on it. When Natalya opened it, she found a small needle containing some sort of clotting agent as well as painkillers.

The pilot's voice drew Natalya's attention to her as she stated, "Your men are on the other side of the VTOL. They will be unconscious for the next six hours. Don't think to try and call for assistance or for someone to track us down. By the time your personal interface is running again, we will be gone."

The Gear slowly moved back from the light, and the sudden rushing air that came with the ignition of a fire caused Natalya to jerk back away from the Elan as it was set ablaze. She scrambled back in fear of being burned to death, staring at the fiery inferno and hearing the pilot calling out from the darkness, "So you do not catch cold, or have some of those dangerous animals creep out of the night, oui, mademoiselle?"

Natalya sat there for the longest, trying to place the face of the girl. She had a habit of keeping records on assassins and other commando units from the entire world over, just so that she would be able to identify who they were upon sight. Without her PIT, though, she was alone, with no contact to her databases, and already the shock of the bullet in her shoulder had taken its toll on her memory. Who were they? Southerners? It did not make sense for Territorial Arms to keep Jaime Pols in the UMF. They would want him safeguarded within the Republic's borders, where even Natalya's contacts were few and sporadic at best. Les Temoinnes were always there, and every deep cover agent she had ever dispatched into that region had been out of touch with her for over a season. She hardly ever spoke with them, just to ensure that their lives and the information that they

gathered was kept safe until she could extract them. Still, there was nothing in her memory that could recall the girl, or this Gear. One matter was clear, however; the girl was an operative, and she had not been lying about pulling the trigger on any penalty involving Natalya. Somewhere, she could hear a pack of dawgs howling. Natalya shivered.

.....

"You won't have anything to fear from Korolov," the girl mentioned to Jaime as she maneuvered her own Gear further north into the foothills beside the lead pilot's machine. Their battery power was only drained a quarter of its full charge, and the massive six-ton machines moved with a stunning silence as they picked their way between the undergrowth and trees that would lead them to the city-state of Marathon. "She is ruthless, but she isn't a fool."

Jaime was sitting in the passenger's seat of an Antelope, this one acquired by the commandos from a nearby town and carrying fake plates. It was another precaution that they had taken in order to avoid suspicion. The Elan and the Night Eel suit could temporarily convince the Northco CEO that she was dealing with the Republic, but where they were going they wouldn't need to be driving around in a Southern-made vehicle that might attract attention. It was better to stay under the radar until they could be certain that their operation was a complete success and Jaime was secure in Marathon. The other woman who was driving the Antelope was older than the girl or the lead pilot, but she had an impressive tally of her own that most would never know about. They liked their privacy.

Keying the throat microphone they had given him before he had started driving to meet Korolov, Jaime asked, "How did you know that she wouldn't pay me or give me a position in Northco?"

Beside him, the driver answered softly, "Korolov likes to keep her company's work in-house. It took a minor miracle for the Northern Guard generals to convince her that she should condescend to work with Shaian Mechanics on the development of the Kodiak as well as several other projects. You're only one man, and coming from Peace River, you could be easily disposed of and made out to look like you were the unfortunate refugee who didn't make it to safety. The world is a big place, after all. But we needn't worry about her anymore. So can we trust you to send us your design after you have started up your company?"

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

NO MORE SKELETONS...

Jaime felt a small shiver run through his spine at the way the lady described the situation, and then looked up at the girl's Gear, "Yes. I will honor your request. You have given me my life. But I never asked what you call yourselves, Miss Felleaut."

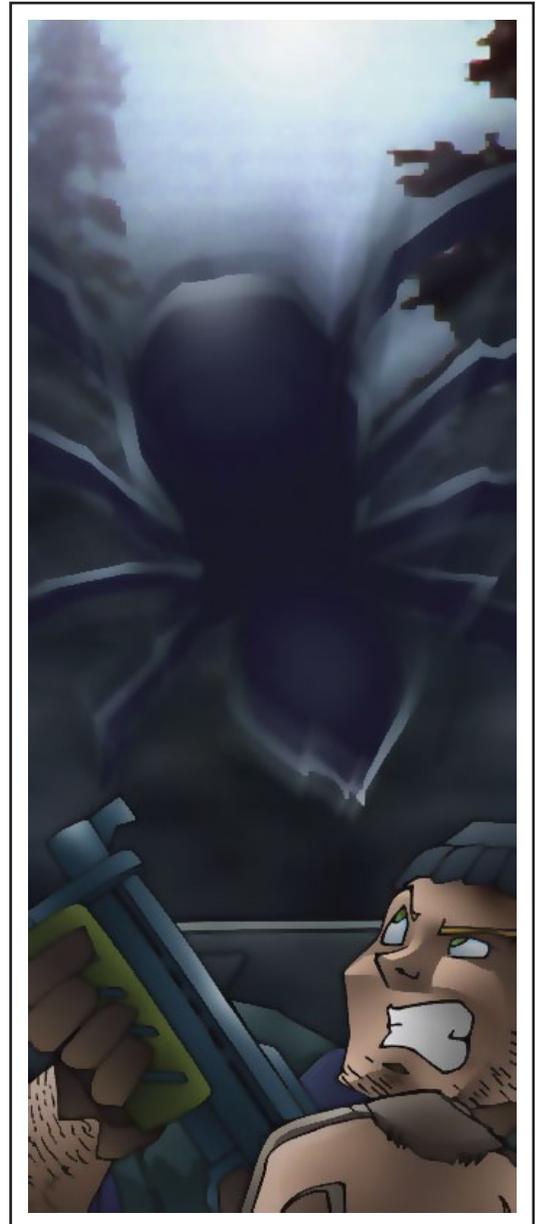
Telessa Felleaut's lips curved into a slight smile. At only twenty-three cycles old, she was an anomaly among the women here. All of them had seen cycles of combat and conflict, carving out safety and protection for their city-state in the midst of a war that had been without meaning or sense. Behind them, the sound of a muffled pop caused Jaime almost to jump out of his seat, but their lead pilot's Gear only twisted her machine's torso around to look at the third Gear in their squad. "Two, One, report."

"No contact," their Two element answered softly. "I think one of my coolant bags just burst."

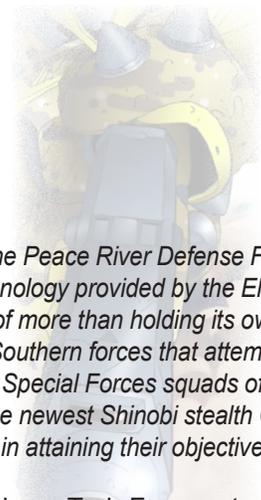
"Copy," One answered. "Five, keep moving."

Jaime glanced over at the driver, who was no Gear pilot herself, but she answered his silent question, "The Humanists warned us that it might happen. The coolant gel fills the void spaces in the interior of the Gears, lessens their noise and thermal signature. But the bags aren't tough enough to take the stress. The technicians won't like having to clean the gel out the compartments, but we deemed it a necessary fault to make sure we went undetected from the Geimensam Guard's finest."

"To answer your earlier question, Mr. Pols," Telessa spoke from her machine as they topped another hill and scanned their surroundings slowly. "We are the Night Widows."



NIGHT WIDOWS DROPPING IN FOR A VISIT...



Early on in the Interpolar War, the Peace River Defense Force revealed that its updated technology provided by the Elite Project gave it the capability of more than holding its own against both the Northern and Southern forces that attempted to cross them. In particular, the Special Forces squads of the PRDF that were equipped with the newest Shinobi stealth Gears were extraordinarily effective in attaining their objectives.

When the Northern Guard's Mekong Task Force entered into the league of the Mekong Dominion, the leader of the Dominion, Taipan Aaron Logan, revealed his true colors by beginning an intense assault on the task force. During this particularly fierce fighting, several PRDF SF teams were infiltrated to observe their possible enemies' tactics, techniques and procedures. While in these confined spaces, however, the Special Forces squads revealed in their after-action reports that there were many times when they found themselves stumbling into heated skirmishes with both Northern and Southern units where their typically long-ranged rifles served them less than ably.

Although this was written off in the minds of many as a necessary evil of jungle warfare, a small team that worked under Project Talon took deeper consideration on the matter. The handful of weapons designers collaborated with the pilots and came to the conclusion that the intense electronic warfare used by all sides meant that skirmishes and battles were occurring at ranges that were far less than previously anticipated. Quietly, the designers took it upon themselves to begin creating a new weapon sight.

Cross-referencing the most common weapons in use by Gears – the hand-held autocannon or rifle – the designers came up with a targeting sight that was revolutionary in its thought process. Previous sights for autocannons and rifles were integral gun cameras that processed targeting data and sent it to the Gear's fire control system and neural net to be projected on the pilot's VHUD helmet to engage targets. This new weapon sight was designed with a two-way connection, not only transmitting data to the fire control computer, but also receiving information from the pilot's sensor systems. Aptly dubbed a 'quick reflex sight' by the designers, it allowed the Gear's pilot to look in the direction of an enemy vehicle and identify it before the weapon's targeting systems could. The pilot could then 'draw down' his primary weapon system on the enemy vehicle and engage with vastly increased response times in short-range 'knife fights'. A hybrid of the 'look-to-kill' targeting systems in use by multiple aircraft, hoppers, tanks and some striders, the quick reflex sight took nearly two cycles to complete.

In 1939, the team began field-testing their sight and was rewarded with ecstatic reviews from the Special Forces pilots who had agreed to escort them into the Badlands for the testing just outside the White Sand Desert. As the team returned home, however, a band of marauders appeared out of the dunes and ambushed their small team. Despite being outnumbered four to one, the PRDF squads were able to decimate many of their attackers in very short order, only to discover that the team had been taken captive. Only Jaime Pols, the head designer, escaped capture. Only hours later, en route back to the Peace River, the sky lit up, and the team discovered the horrifying news that their city-state had been obliterated by an anti-matter bomb. Jaime's mind was devastated at the prospect that his wife and family, who had been a part of the peace process that was being discussed between the North and South, were now dead, and went into a state of catatonic shock. While the team tried to sort out what had happened and what should be done, a small team of stealth Gears of an unknown origin appeared out of the darkness and offered them assistance. They identified themselves as a part of the New Coalition from the city-state of Prince Gable. They also reported that they could confirm that the dignitaries and other individuals, including Jaime's wife, had been on the maglev and were not, in fact, dead, although Jaime's mother, father, and two brothers were listed among the missing.

Grieved for the loss of his close family, Jaime quietly agreed to the newcomers' offer to be escorted to the North, as far north as possible, where he and his wife could be allowed to settle in different surroundings and given time to heal. The PRDF team, although wary of these NuCoal forces, agreed to report to Jaime's wife that her husband was not dead, and that they would take the quick reflex sights they still had to their superior officers.

Elsewhere, the marauders who had taken hold of the rest of the weapon design team – chiefly Andrew Lossi and Hugh Ferdinand – were engaged by a force that included the Southern Republic Army's Fifth Gear Regiment, the Tin Men, and the 62nd Anperschirde Jager Regiment. Grateful for their rescue, the men were astonished to discover that their loved ones had all perished in the destruction of Peace River, and requested that they be allowed to assist the two regiments by providing them with their new technology. Intrigued at the prospect, both regimental commanders agreed and gave them safe escort to Port Oasis, where the designers sought refuge by seeking a private audience both Prime Minister deRouen, his daughter Louise, and Lord Protector Molay. They were summarily accepted and provided a business of their own, to the complaint of Territorial Arms. These complaints were swiftly silenced by several warnings from the Prime Minister that no one was to interfere in their work.

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

QUICK REFLEX SIGHTS

In the North, Jaime Pols attempted to make contact with the head of Northco, Natalya Korolov, in order to secure himself similar safe passage through the Federation. His escorts cautioned him against this action, explaining that the woman was well known in certain circles for being ruthless in her dealings where it came to business, and insisted that they be at the pre-arranged meeting in the event that she proved untrustworthy. After making their intentions clear to Korolov that no hindrance would be tolerated by them, the NuCoal commando team was able to escort Jaime to the city of Marathon and, once Jaime and his wife were reunited, they vanished without a trace.

Meanwhile, the PRDF team handed over their technology to their superiors in the Defense Force, and it was promptly noticed by members in the Westphalia Cabinet, and implemented into the designing of the new Claw-series Gears that would begin going through the prototype stages. It was only in TN 1942, when the Claw-series began their first field trials, that the Westphalia Cabinet was made aware that the entire team was in fact alive. Offers to return to the first new oasis towers being built by the PRDF fell on deaf ears in both the North and the South... Jaime and his wife were expecting their first child, whom they would name after his father, and the remaining members of the design team in the south had begun to heal from the grievous loss of their families and build new lives in a relative state of peace.

Through this auspicious meeting with members of the Westphalia Cabinet, Jaime, Andrew and Hugh came to find that all of the original design team had survived, and the former partners agreed to compete with each other, but also share in ideas and processes that they had come up with on their own spare time apart from one another. Several demands had been made by the Lord Protector Molay of the southern team to create similar quick reflex sights for his forces, particularly those equipped with the lethal Snakeeye Black Mamba and its sniper laser cannon. Andrew and Hugh were quick to point out that attempting to further increase the accuracy of a weapon that already traveled at the speed of light would be a lesson in futility, and discarded the offer as merely a politician presuming too much. In the North, Jaime faced a different predicament, as he was given information that several CEOs of other prospective businesses were chafing at the fact that Natalya Korolov was not pressuring the up-and-coming Tridekon Sights company. Rumors abounded that the CEO was growing soft in her old age. During one of the Cabinet meetings, however, Jaime Pols showed the major CEOs a rare form of courage as he made an appearance with his wife and now one-cycle-old son, telling them firmly that any further attempts at backstabbing or ruthless business practices would result in Tridekon Sights shutting down their facilities in Marathon, moving back to the Badlands, and having no further dealings with any customer located in or associated with the United Mercantile Federation.

In TN 1943, Jaime and Andrew released their prototypes once again to prospective customers. Jaime, living up to his word, offered his sight not only to the North's factions, but also to the member city-states of the New Coalition. Andrew and Hugh's company, Old Armadillo, offered their prototypes to the 69th MILICIA Gear Regiment and the 5th SRA Gear Regiment, but swiftly found orders coming in from the Southern Republic, the Mekong Dominion, and a dozen different emirs. Both companies retained a very stalwart and honorable reputation for being swift to take into consideration all offers and feedback, and also remained separate from some of their less scrupulous business associates. And while they remained separate from Peace River, they did not forget their former nationality, and were quick to answer any and all questions concerning the use of their design for the men and women who continued to protect the newly-opened oasis towers. The men and women who had lost everything now found new loves, new friendships, and a new lease on life.

With the gunnery performance reviews showing marked increases in FIBUA (Fight In Built-Up Area) situations, several senior officers asked Tridekon and Old Armadillo if these new quick reflex sights could be fixed to any given weapon. Ordinarily, the shortest answer they received was no. Several longer answers involved the specific 'look-to-kill' routines being optimized for a specific set of parameters and calibration that were specifically within the ballistics of rifle and smoothbore cartridges. Rockets, mortars, and other indirect fire weapons, as well as bazookas, all followed drastically different ballistics characteristics that required greater calibration for accuracy in these knife fights. Unknown to Tridekon and Old Armadillo, these same questions were already being implemented into the Black Talon Claw-series, but there were only a select number of people who knew about them.

The latest whispers before the arrival of the Eighth Fleet revealed that both Old Armadillo and Tridekon Sights were continuing progress in creating a quick reflex sight for fragmentation cannon and snub cannon, but these rumors so far seem to be speculative at best.

HOME BREW RULES

Quick Reflex Sights

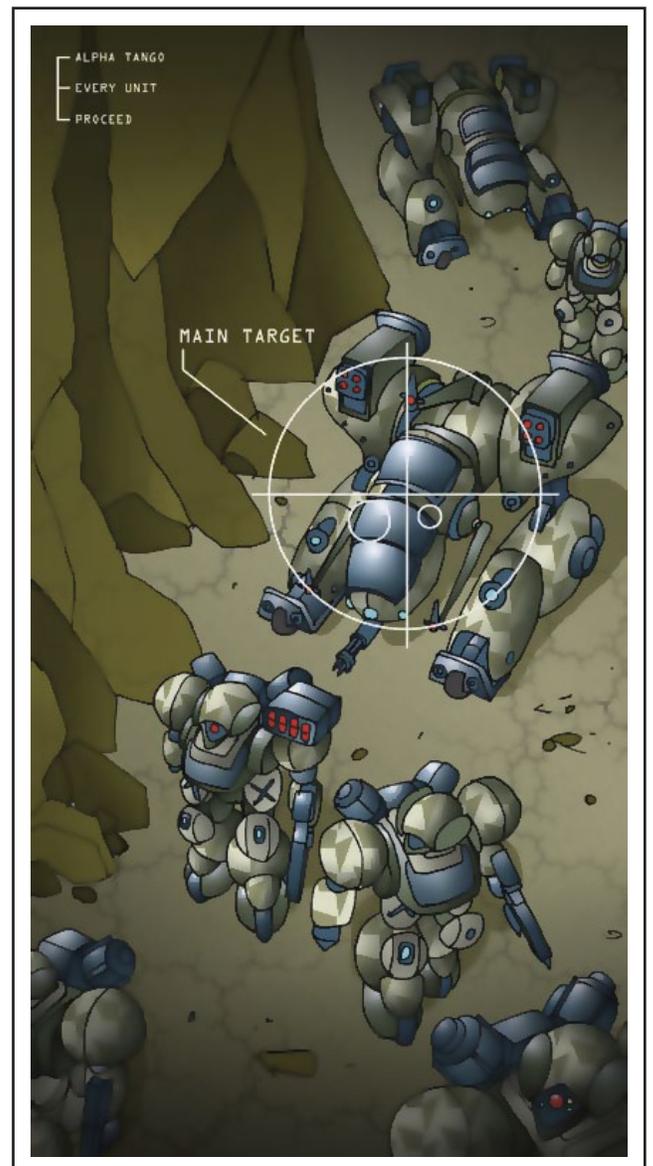
The following factions may use the Upgrade in their Gear, Airborne and Special Operations Regiments for the listed TV cost to any Veteran Squad. Infantry and Armor Regiments may equip the Upgrade to one Veteran Gear Squad per 1000 TV.

- Northern Guard, Norlight Armed Forces, United Mercantile Federation, Western Frontier Protectorate Army
- Southern Republic Army, MILICIA, Mekong Dominon, ESE w/ SRA Ties, ESE w/ MD Ties
- Prince Gable, Lance Point, Fort Neil

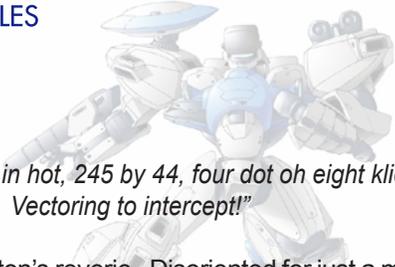
GAME RULES

Any Model in a Veteran Squad that is equipped with a Light, Medium, Heavy Autocannon or Rifle may have its gun equipped with a Quick Reflex Sight for +5 TV per Model.

The Accuracy of the Autocannon or Rifle is increased to +1 within Optimal range.



AIMING FOR A QUICK VICTORY



*"Bogeys coming in hot, 245 by 44, four dot oh eight clicks.
Vectoring to intercept!"*

The call broke Winston's reverie. Disoriented for just a moment, his hands began to angle the throttles even as his mind lurched into the present. Pushing the thoughts of his loved one aside, he frantically took in cockpit that was his world. The viewscreen before him displayed the endless inky blackness of space, pierced only by the sharp flares of his wingleader as she angled her Pathfinder towards the phantom craft. AN INTERCEPT! HERE? NOW? The glowing patterns that hovered before him told the story that he could not yet visually see: three spacecraft, burning hard, sensor signatures so small they may have been missed if not for their intent on their prey. I'M PREY? IS THIS FOR REAL? The computer painted the picture, duly reporting its assessment that the combination of acceleration, sensor return, distance between exhaust patterns, and countless other minutia could indicate only one thing, and that was interceptors.

But whom was intercepting whom, now?

THIS SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING RIGHT NOW. The sector had been a calm one. Easy, really, something that relieved Winston when he was assigned just a couple of short months ago. Fresh from the academy and still feeling oh too fresh, piney fresh when compared to the distinct musk of long time spacers. He relished serving as a pilot, and he knew what it might come to. That there could be combat. But out here? Like this? Out of nowhere? WHY? His deft touch feathered his thrusters with precision as he fell in line behind the other Exo Armour. "Any ID, Tat?"

He expected no answer. Today indeed was a day for surprises.

"No." And then, "That bothers me. Buck up Winnie, this could get hot fast."

He felt more than heard Tatyana's businesslike tone. She thought this was serious. AH CRAP! She was an amazing personality, Tatyana, that is, as silly and jovial as anyone on the ship yet capable of also exhibiting the intensity and focus of a laser. If he wasn't already in love with another he might entertain the thought of asking her out. Not that command structure dating always worked out that well...

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE VOICES IN THE DARK

OLIVER BOLLMANN

FOR FRITH'S SAKE, PAY ATTENTION! He yelled at himself internally seconds before the klaxon from his Exo blared. "We've got a fish!" came the curt shout over the comms. "Cross and break with double puff!" Winston didn't need telling twice. OK OK OK DO IT DO IT DO IT, NOW, JUST LIKE TRAINING! He leaned, jammed his left foot down and rotated the control sticks. His Pathfinder angled dangerously towards his wingleader's, even as hers did likewise.

Computer-generated sound screamed in place of silence as the two craft crossed by each other close enough to high-five. As they passed, Winston flicked his fingers once, twice, leaving two EW pulses in his wake. Abruptly, he rotated his torso to face his attackers and cut all thrusters. SHHHHHHHHH. At the longest ranges, missiles were not always the best killers. If you acted soon enough. Confuse it, create a great target, and then go dark. Winston watched his readouts as the missile sharked the tasty EW pulses. The displayed sphere of maneuvering grew smaller and smaller as the missile gained velocity. By the time its fuzzy logic circuitry determined that the pulses were but bait it could affect no one. Sensing its failure, it exploded, in hopes of damaging something.

Winston paid it no heed. The interceptors were nearing. "Free and engage," came Tatyana's curt command as her Exo breathed plasma fire once again, angling off in a new direction. Winston took in a deep breath. SO LET'S DO THIS. Twisting at the waist he brought his own Exo on a new line and cut in his thrusters for two seconds, shifted, burned for one second, curling him up and over one of the incoming craft. Shifting one more time he pulsed four times, vectoring down a line that at the current angles would have him skim just over the top of its engines.

Not that he expected the angles to stay current at all. Not without some help.

Swinging his Exo's arm up brought his beam cannon to bear on the closest bogey. BREATHE, CALM... Letting hand, eye and computer work in concert, Winston aimed it at the nose of the craft. It was still at range, but he wasn't going for a knockout punch. THIS'LL BRIGHTEN UP YOUR DAY, were the sardonic words greeted the flash of his weapon, but his actions were already two steps ahead. Not leaving a chance for his target to react he fired another shot even as the first one connected. The pilot distracted, rocked, momentarily blinded, or all three, the enemy craft moved in a straight line long enough to be hit by his second shot. By then Winston's Exo had angled to for a perfect intercept and burned full. At less than a klick, giving all appearance as though it was on one knee and braced to fire, it unleashed its beam cannon in a shot beautifully lined up with a joint-like fold in the enemy interceptor.



AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE VOICES IN THE DARK

For three heartbeats only faint traces of static blue discharges gave any indication that his weapon had made any mark. Confirmation came in a gout of flame and debris that erupted opposite the entry point. Spinning sideways from the strict mother of Newton's laws the craft actually slowed as reaction mass spewed out from its wound. OK. OK. OK. GOOD. MAYBE WE'LL LIVE. Winston snapped his head around wildly, looking to take in where the other crafts might be. OH, HE LOOKS MAD.

Bearing down on him a second interceptor seemed to be made of only gun barrels. They winked evilly as the enemy pilot fired... missing by inches from an evasive jink and hard burn that Winston did not remember initiating. TOO CLOSE! Winston kept the throttle slammed and rocketed. GET AWAY, GET AWAY. Weapons fire continued to erupt around him. GOTTA SHAKE... His Exo twisted, turned and spun as the two craft spiraled in their deadly dance, rough and tumble in the arena of eternity. GAH, THEY'RE TOO GOOD. Try as he might, he just could not shake off the other craft.

The klaxon sounded in his cockpit once more. SMEG OH SMEG! At the close ranges, missiles were often the best killers. GAH, WHAT'S THAT? In the furball, Winston's Exo had come upon the lifeless shell of his earlier kill. An idea flickered. THAT'S THE STUPIDEST IDEA I EVER HEARD! Winston arched backwards in the linear frame, his Exo doing likewise as he jammed his toes into the foot thruster switches. Fire tracing the soles of his Exo, he gracefully traced a backwards handspring, huge hands grasping onto the floating carcass. WHAT AM I DOING? Curling into a ball Winston brought the downed interceptor and held it out in front of him, closing his eyes tight...

Wham! No computer generated sound was required; the physical force of the impact reverberated through the structure of his Exo. Slammed forward against the restraints of the linear frame, Winston held on tight. A second burst of light flared. AAAARGH! Reflexively he pulled the craft tight to his Exo. Seconds passed. LOOK, YOU HAVE TO LOOK! MOVE! He heaved the wreckage away and pulled a quick burn on a random vector. Scanning around he saw only one thing, and that was the Exo of his wingleader, looking straight at him.

UHHHHHHH. "All clear, sir?"

The voice that returned had a definite touch of amusement. "We're clear. You fly interesting, Winnie."

"Th.. thanks." WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO SAY TO THAT? "Um, any idea what this was all about?"

"Not yet. Too much strange behaviour. I'll inform the ship and we'll debrief when we get back."

CRAZY STRANGE! "Roger that." I MEAN, WITH THE SINGLE MISSILE, AND THE FACT THIS HAPPENED AT ALL, AND...

"Listen Winnie, stay focused! Stuff it aside until we get back to the ship – we've still got to finish our patrol, and who knows what else may be lurking out here."

WELL, I GUESS I DESERVED THAT "Got it."

They pulled together in formation, took one last sensor reading of the area, and resumed out towards their nav point. THIS IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED... BUT I LIVE TO LOVE FOR ANOTHER DAY. Winston smiled a little smile.

GUESS THAT'S HOW ITS GONNA WORK.

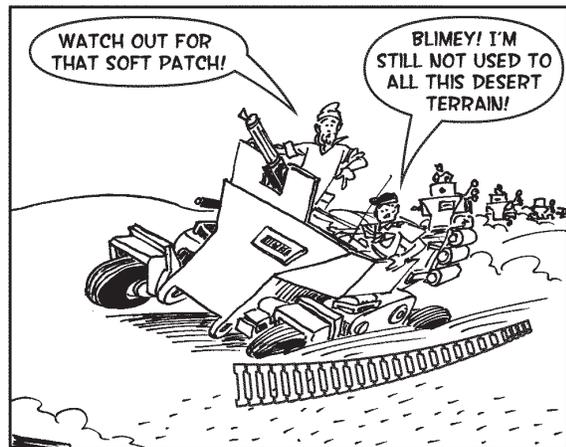
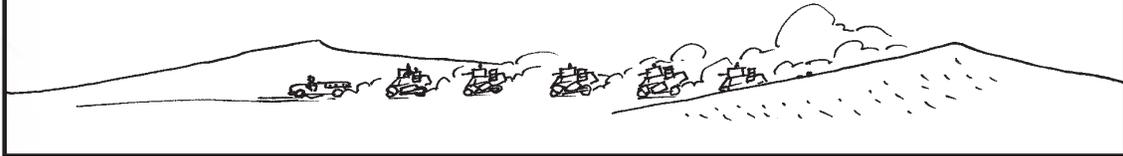


JOHN BELL

ALFIE'S TENNERS

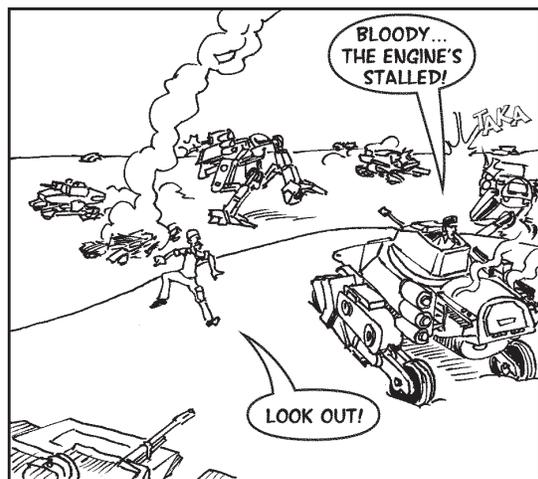
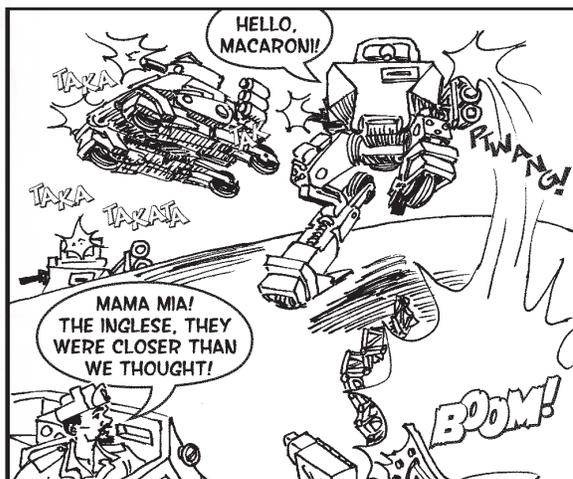
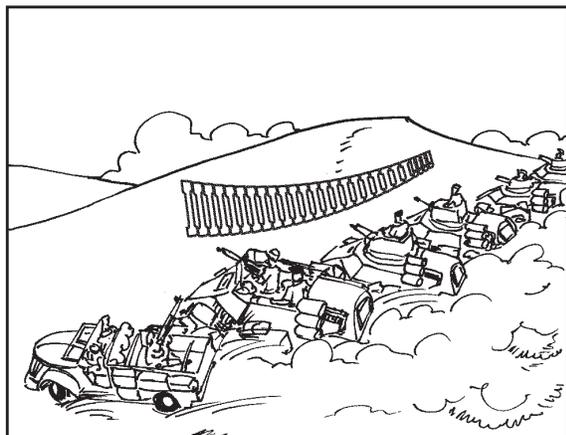
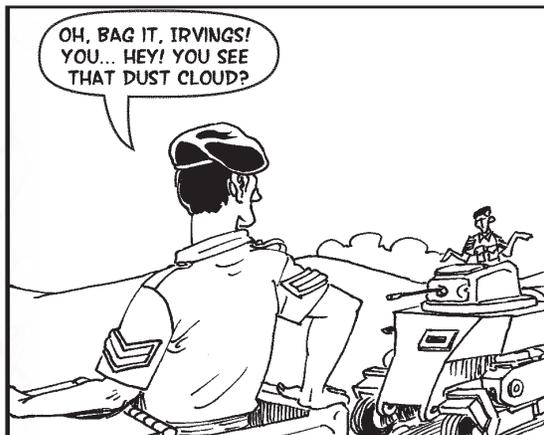
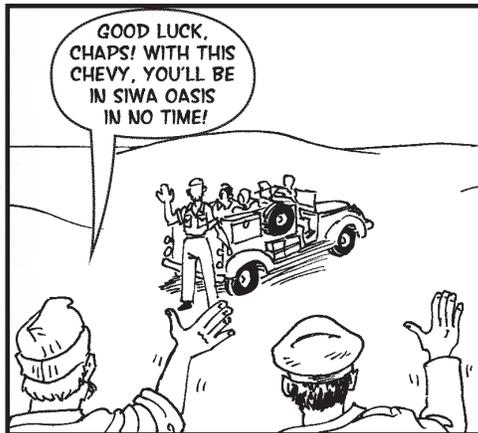
ART & STORY: JACK BELL

FEB. 1941. LT. ALPHONSE MARCH AND HIS WALKER TROOP HAVE ARRIVED IN ALEXANDRIA TOO LATE TO TAKE PART IN OPERATION COMPASS, THE BRITISH ARMY'S PUSH TOWARDS BENGHAZI IN LYBIA. INSTEAD, THE BRASS HAVE ASSIGNED THEM TO ASSIST THE LONG RANGE DESERT GROUP (ALSO KNOWN AS THE DESERT SCORPIONS) TO GAIN SOME DESERT SAVVY...



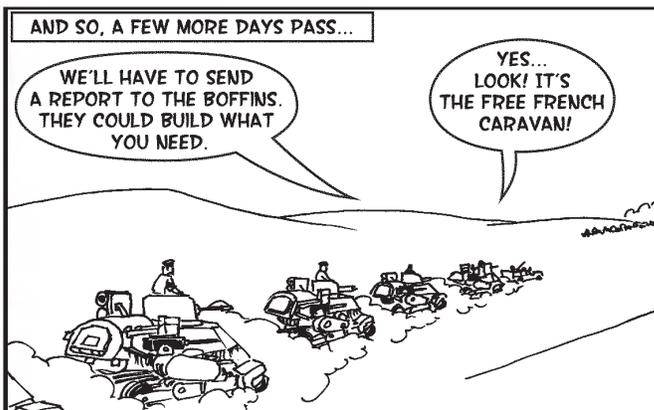
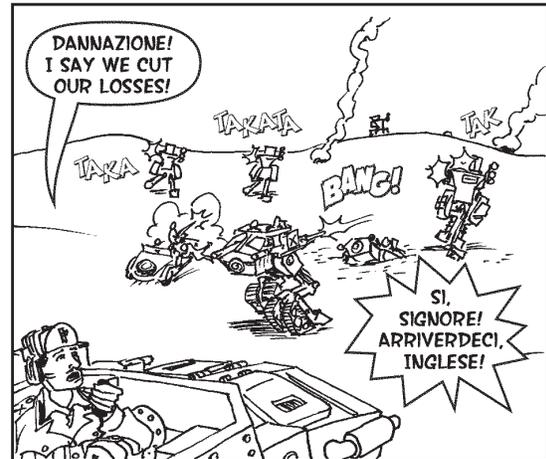
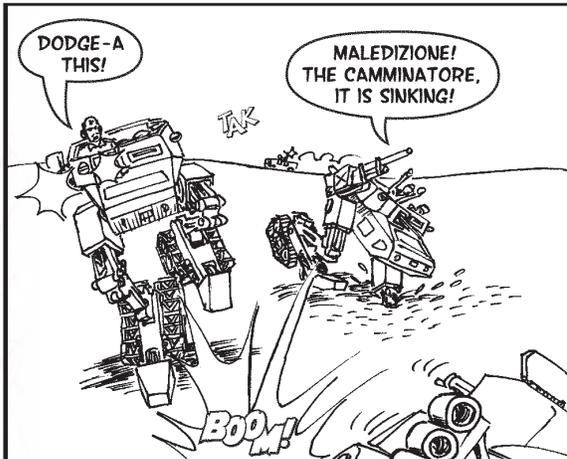
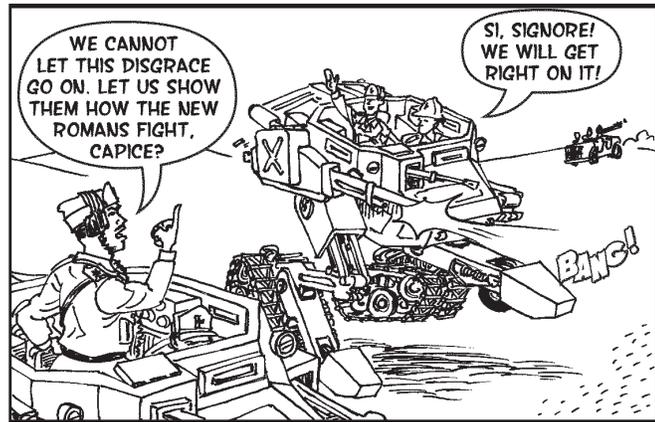
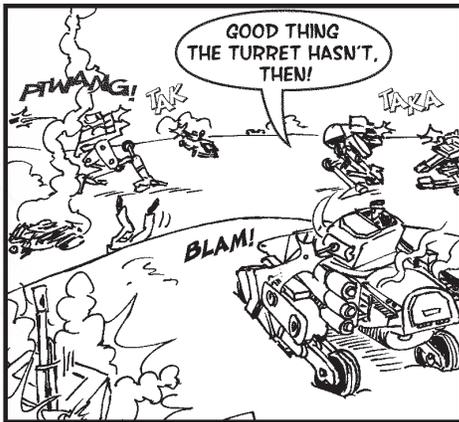
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ALFIE'S TENNERS

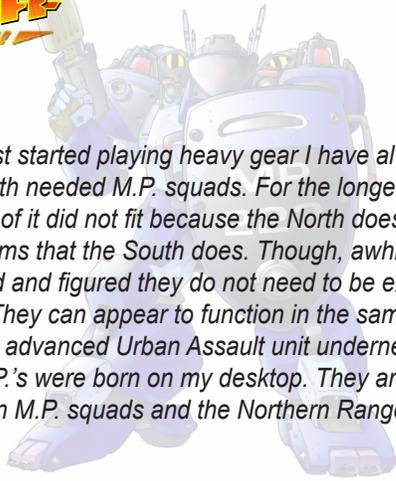


AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ALFIE'S TENNERS



NEXT TIME: FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE DESERT, AND A FORT? DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T BE A REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE.



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

OVERVIEW

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

ARMIES

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

**HOME
BREW
RULES**

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE
NORTH MP SQUAD
TALON WAITE

BASIC UNIT + SKILLS

ALL STANDARD LOADOUT

Combat Group Leader
1x Jaguar
Attack: 2
Defense: 2
Electronic Warfare: 2
Leadership: 2

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

2x Cheetah
Attack: 2
Defense: 2
Electronic Warfare: 2

Options

- Up to two members may swap their FGC for a LAC (F, Reloads) and HHGs (F, Limited Ammo 3) for +0 TV
- Any Cheetah may swap its FGC for an MRF (F, Reloads, Sniper System) for -5 TV
- Any Cheetah may add Airdroppable for +5 TV
- Add a Recon Drone to any model (max one drone per model) for +10 TV
- Add a Hunter Killer Drone to any model (max one drone per model) for +5 TV
- Any Member that does not have a LMG may add one (FF, no reloads) in a torso mount for +5 TV
- Upgrade the Combat Group Leader's Jaguar to a Thunder Jaguar for +10 TV
- Upgrade any members Attack and Defense to Level 3 for +10 TV
- Turn one member into a Second in Command (Leadership 1) for +10 TV
- Any cheetah may be swapped for a Hunter for -15 TV

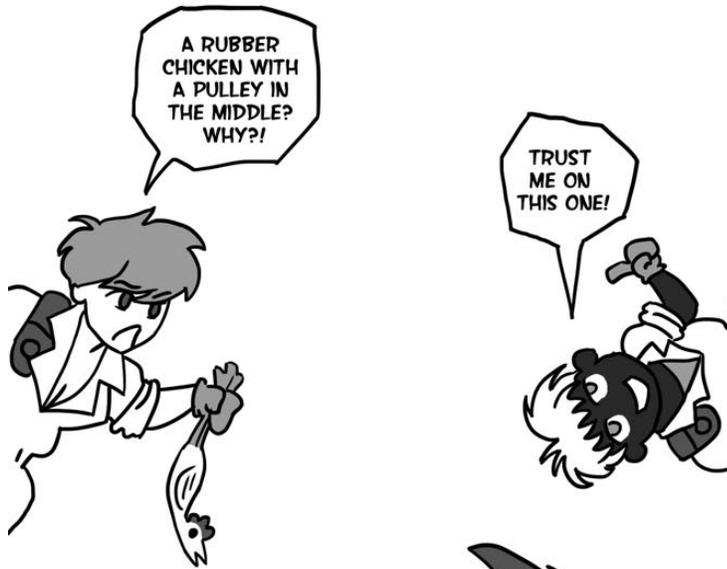
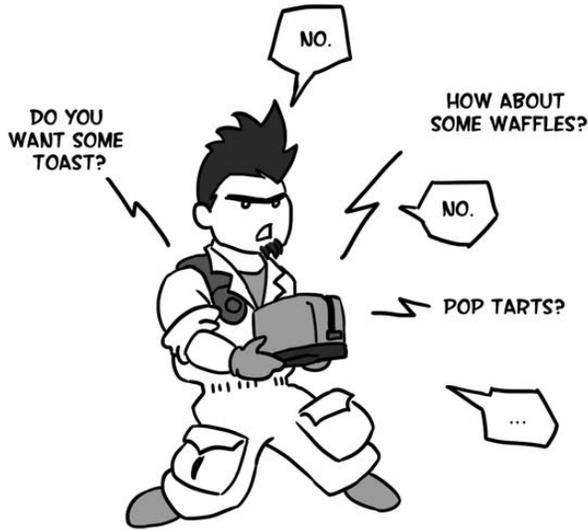
Veteran Options

- Up to two additional members may swap their FGC for a LAC (F, reloads) and HHGs (F, Limited Ammo 3) for +0 TV
- Increase the Combat Group Leader's Leadership skill to Level 3 for +10 TV
- Increase the Second in Command's Leadership skill to Level 2 for +10 TV
- Add Field Armor (An Additional Sturdy Box) to any member for +10 TV
- Upgrade both Attack and Defense to Level 4 to any member for +10 TV
- Any Cheetah may be upgraded to a Strike Cheetah for +0 TV
- Any Jaguar may replace its FGC for a MAC (F, Reloads) and HRPs (F, RoF 4) for +15 TV

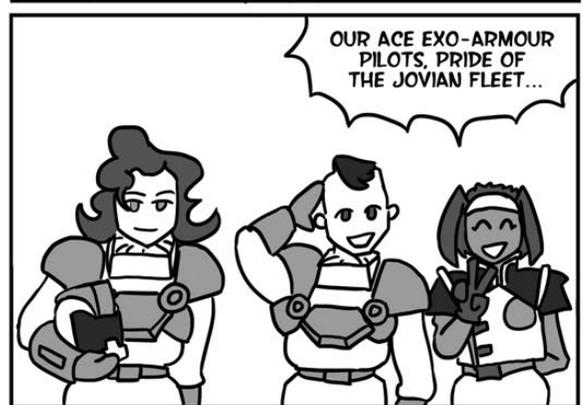


JOVIAN KOMA

JOHN BELL



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AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Article Guidelines

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

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

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

Fiction may be a one-off or serial based, as desired. Please note that long works of fiction may be split into multiple pieces over multiple issues for length reasons; if you are writing a long story it is best to indicate breaks in the story (chapters, for example) that allow us to chose the best point to split the story, if necessary. In keeping with the nature of the magazine we ask that fiction be accompanied by Silhouette CORE or Blitz! rules detail of some kind, be it stats for characters or equipment in the story, game scenarios, mechanized designs, new rules or explanations of how to simulate aspects of the story using the Silhouette/Blitz rules. This is not a hard requirement, and you may request that another contributor be asked to create the rules support based on your story.

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

Submission Guidelines

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

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

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

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

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

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

Copyright Guidelines

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

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

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

The End Print

Please send all submissions to the following email address:

auroramag@gmail.com

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

Deadline for Submissions for Issue #7.1: December 20th 2012

AURORA: THE SILHOUETTE MAGAZINE

ARTICLE SUGGESTIONS

Historical Articles

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

Fiction

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

Modules

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

Scenarios

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

Note: Historical Accuracy

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

Designs

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

Artwork

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

House Rules

Original rules for the Silhouette/Blitz! system and modifications to existing rules. All rules submittals must include an explanation of the rule's purpose, the rules themselves clearly written, and an example of the rule in play.

Note: Blitz! Rules

House Rules covering existing Blitz! Rules will be limited. New Rules covering areas of the game not explicitly contained in the existing rules (as found in the Blitz! line of books) may be submitted freely. House Rules that modify or replace the written Blitz! ruleset (as found in the Blitz! line of books) will be forwarded to the line developer for review and comment. They will then contact you if the idea may proceed forward. Note that this applies only to the Blitz! line -- rules may be freely submitted for any other SilCore game.

Tactics

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

Miniatures/Modeling

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