



# MINIATURE RULES



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THE DAWN OF  
LOOT



# Miniature Rules

A Cavalier Cavalry Production

This collection serves as not only as an archive of the body of “Miniature Rules” work, but as a bit of an insight into the creative process in making it. But, as it is set inside someone else’s playground, there are but a few formalities to go over.

This work is FREE, and a fan-based work. It may not be sold for any amount of money, or traded for value. It may not be printed and sold. It may not be thought of in a manner that inspired greedy thoughts.

This work is mine, and may not be re-attributed to someone else. Not even to another fictional persona. The author and artist remain “Douglas Cedric Glendower”, or his offline identity of you don’t need to know that.

The depictions contained within are from the universe known as Battletech. Battletech, Battlemech, ‘Mech, the house names, certain character names, certain unit names, certain unit types, and a whole host of other things I’m probably forgetting are the trademarks of Catalyst Game Labs under license from Topps, Inc. This is a work of parody.

The name “Miniature Rules” in a glowy Trajan font is mine too. I’m not sure how I will claim it, but I’m doing it now. Grrrr.

Miniature Rules #1  
Version 1.0

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Dedicated to:

**The Keeper.**

Because it’s been so much fun using this crappy comic to open a door to so much fun every year in San Diego, whether they appreciate this or not.

If this comic is produced as a musical, it’s subtitle must be:  
“Springtime for Kerensky”.

## The Comics:

Episode 1: Lootbag Commando	Page 5
Episode 2: Training Day	Page 6
Episode 3: Postponing Your Revolution	Page 7
Episode 4: The Retaking of Filvet	Page 8
Episode 5: A Pile of (Deleted)	Page 9
Episode 6: Thunderdome	Page 10
Episode 7: Trial of Possession	Page 11
Episode 8: The Fall of the Star League, Really	Page 12
Episode 9: Commando Raid II	Page 13
Episode 10: Difference of Opinion	Page 14
Episode 11: National Resource	Page 15
Episode 12: Casting Call	Page 16
Episode 13: The Cloak of Invisibility	Page 17
Episode 14: NAIS Refit	Page 18
Episode 15: Blazing Command Couches	Page 19
Episode 16: Ticonderoga Trials	Page 20

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If you want it your way, you'll have to match our bid of 2 stars of 'Mechs, and a point of fighters and Elementals, surat!<sup>(TM)</sup>





The inaugural comic in the “Miniature Rules” series. The story really just came about by accident. I was noting how the Commando had the arm that stuck out, and I could easily just photoshop a bag for it. I wanted to take pictures of my new terrain and the Lao Hu and Cestus were my best looking paintjobs at the time. I didn’t have a script or anything, just took about eight or nine pictures.

This is the first appearance of the “Lootbag Commando”, which became my moniker, and therefore this comic has the unofficial title of “Lootbag Commando”. The Lao Hu and Cestus are referred to as “The Capellan Twins.” Not readily apparent, the Cestus features the words “Born to Kill” on it’s upper torso, these were written in real Sharpie.





This idea came to me a day or two later. I had just begun to re-read the *Blood of Kerezensky* trilogy and it had always struck me as kind of funny that Phelan would get all concerned about the type of 'Mech he was facing when the real key to his problem was that it was shooting at him. Forest-tree dilemma. Fortunately our intrepid line developer does not have the same problem.

The Catapult is from *PlasTech*, and the Marauder is a 3rd Edition Box Set mini. I picked up the 3rd Edition from a store in Santa Monica that still had one, and two copies of CityTech 2nd Edition, even after FASA shuttered it's doors. I also maintain that this comic is keeping me from being canonized, which may be good because usually you are canonized.





“One moment of perfect beauty” - Kosh the Vorlon, *Babylon Five*.

That's what this comic was for me, about 12 minutes after the previous comic. Jade-Hellbringer's luck has become the stuff of legend, and we really needed an origin story for him. Now that he's commander of the Watch and respectable... well... that just makes him a bigger target.

The dice are a collection of older Reaper dice and Chessex Darkage dice. Gale Force Nine hadn't yet released theirs. The die with Roman numerals is also made by Chessex, and if I had just kept my mouth shut I might have been able to trade them to OnlyCatFud for his Reaper Steiner dice, misstruck in Kurita red.





I wasn't going to let Dark Age off the hook, and after reading how the Davion "Outback" had broken away, I knew I had an easy target. I had bought only five boxes of the original set, so I had about 30 "Peasant Companies". I was a little disappointed that the first panel didn't get more comments. It's the same layout from "Lootbag", only with the lights turned off... "DARK Age"... oh, never mind.

The tractor was bought at the dollar store, I should send it to Spamalot for Block-It. Most of the Dark Age minis I got came out damaged. The Koshi's arms don't move, the Spider is missing it's fins, and the Centurion... actually isn't mine, it's Cosmowolf's. First guest mini!





Ah, the old, old discussion: “How much ‘fiat’ can Mike Stackpole fit into the books. I don’t know if he’s a ‘Davionista’, but his books did have a good deal of emphasis on the people of the Federated Suns. If they could package it up and travel with it, I imagined the results would have been something like the above.

Second guest mini is the Longbow from 3rdCrucisLancers. He sent me four ‘Mechs after a big game of his, and I gave three of them to my nephew, TheDavionKid, for his birthday. I needed a Longbow for my force, so I painted up an Atlas for my nephew in Sword of Light colors so his three ‘Mechs would have someone to pick on. Frame three was the first picture I took that I felt came out perfectly. The Hatamoto oozes haughtiness.

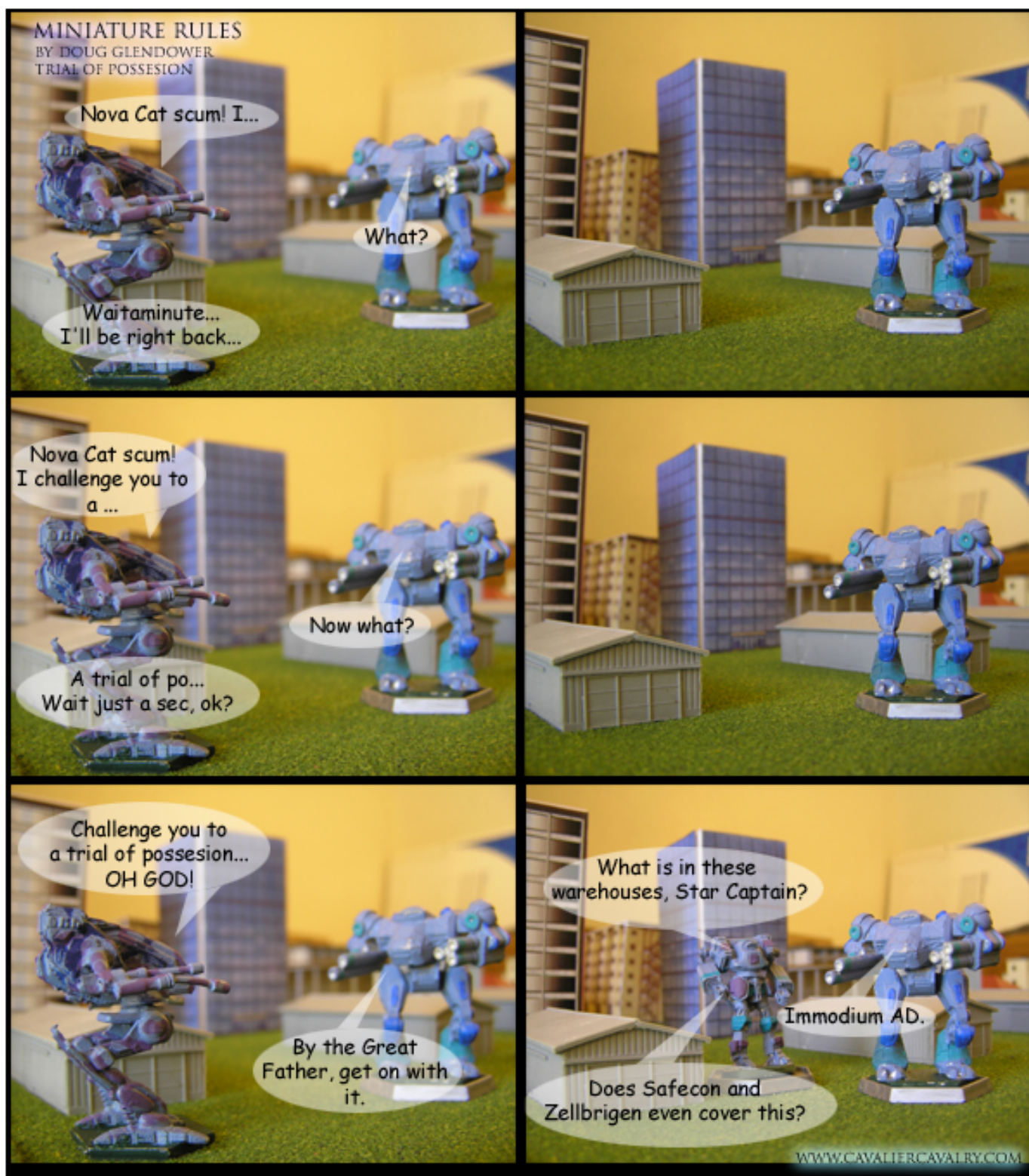




This idea came to me while reading one of the many comedy threads down in the Mechwarrior Hall where Miniature Rules resides. Any time there's a duel, it seems like good old Mad Max III gets bandied about, but realize... that phrase is awfully general.

This was my first real problem with yellowing. There are lots of reasons for it. I'm shooting in bad light, towards a light sitting in front of a mirror. I also had a bunch of stuff mis-set on the camera, and after this I sat down and read the owners manual for the first time ever. I'd only owned it for two years, what the hell. The Highlander is my first miniature I'd bought, but I didn't paint it for a long time. My friend Todd (Raven) gave me some pointers, and it was a quantum leap over what I'd done to at the time.

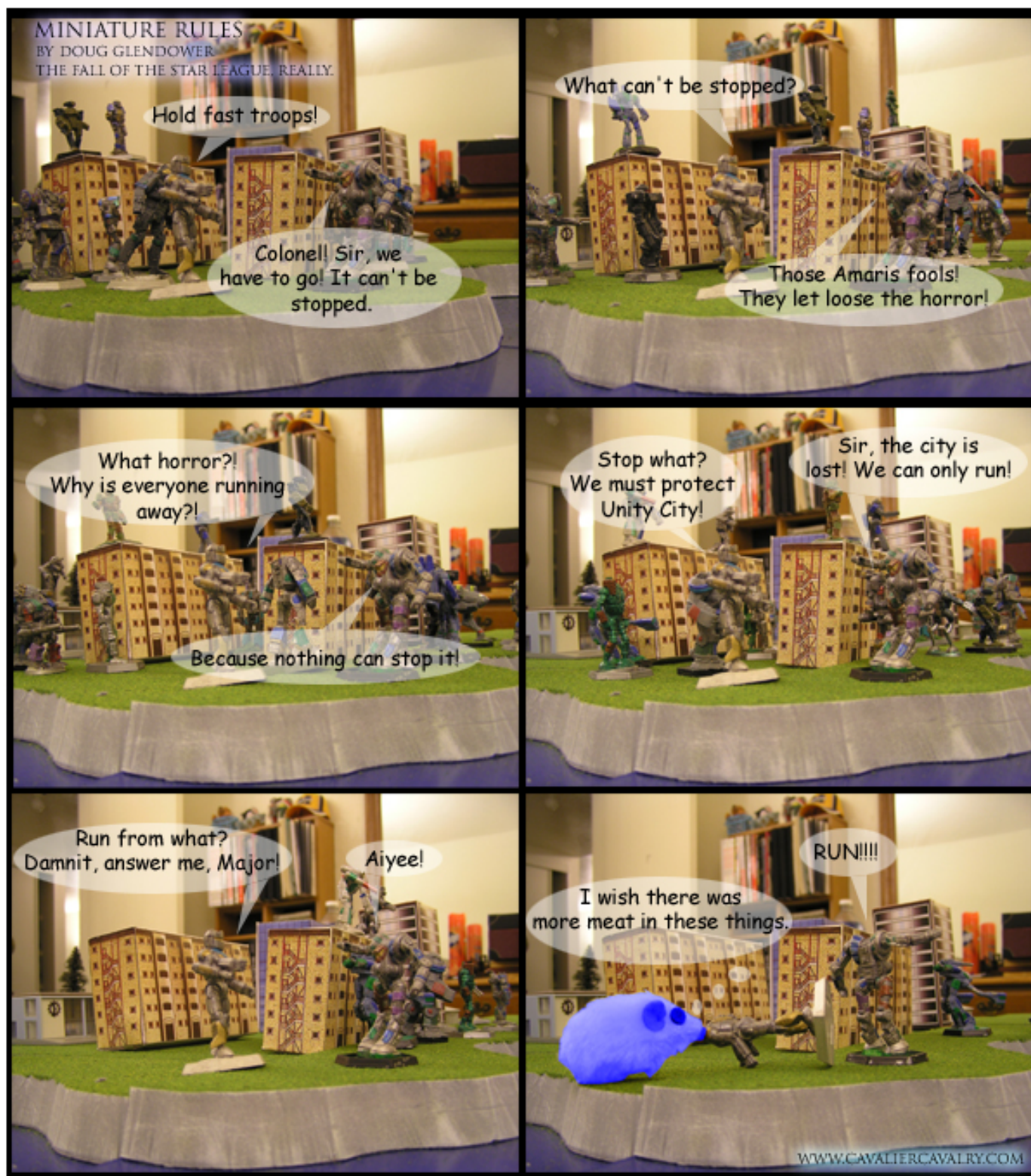




You know, toilet jokes are the staple of juvenile humor, but I think this comic took it to a whole different intellectual level. The Clan system of trials is kind of a joke anyway, but imagining the bargaining under sub-par levels led me further and further down the road until finally I had to pull over and use the restroom. The Vulture is still there.

The Vulture was an act of kindness. When I was working at the local car dealer as a security guard, I took my Battletech stuff to while away the time. I left one of my cases in the guard shack, and lo and behold, one of the people down there took it with 48 of my 'Mechs, along with our coffee maker and space heater. AceWreckingCrew took pity on me and gave me some miniatures to begin the process of rebuilding. This is still in his colors.





Ah, the fear of the dreaded Blue Wombat. We all know what it is supposed to be, we don't feign ignorance here. And once unloosed, no pair of pants are safe in the Mechwarrior Hall.

The buildings are cardstock, printed from templates found at Sarna.net. The Blue Wombat is played by a yellow cat toy, which at one point was vaguely mouse-ish. Of special note, the movement of the 'Mechs was actually shot over about 12 images, not six, and made an interesting, if short, stop-motion movie.





The Orions, if it isn't obvious enough, represent two Marik factions, which ones I leave to my humble readers. It is a common enough set up for the whole "Marik Civil War" trope to come up on the forums that our intrepid little Lyran Heistmeister to use against these two unfortunate guards.

I painted these Orions three minutes before filming, and it shows. That Purple one in particular sparkles. The buildings are my old Marklin Zs, this time the "large modern suburban house" playing the role of a Marik bank. Sharp eyes will notice the building just to the right of it is the "Capellan" bank, so this must be a seriously contested world...





I've seen this joke before, I'm just not sure where. I decided to "BattleTech" it up, however. I'm almost sure it was one of those "two villains at once" episodes of Batman, maybe the Poison Ivy-Harley Quinn one. Not sure. Still, in the BattleTech Universe, there's got to be few things that are more distracting than a Canopian Pleasure Circus, and I really wanted to fit one in.

The circus tent is a coffee filter with red stripes added. The Canopian 'Mechs are my wife's. Todd "Mastergunz" Farnholtz will strip and clean that Phoenix Hawk up in a later Miniature Rules. I did the detail on the Centurion. Opalin did the rest, and has a smooth hand for drybrushing 'Mechs.





What truly is important to an army? The guns it uses, the flow of ammo, it's means of movement... or is it the meals the troops get to make the other stuff happen? Well since food's rarely a problem for the REMFs, they've got to operate on something else ...

This features my favorite standing visual gag in just about every game I run where there's a water crossing. Labeled structure is labeled. That is the CD jewel case of Columbia Record's digital issue of Billy Joel's 1986 album, *The Bridge*. The buildings are a mish-mash of Cardstock and Marklin Z. The coffee mugs are whatever I had lying around, one's a drug rep freebie, one's a bad Christmas gift, the last is older than most people on the forums.

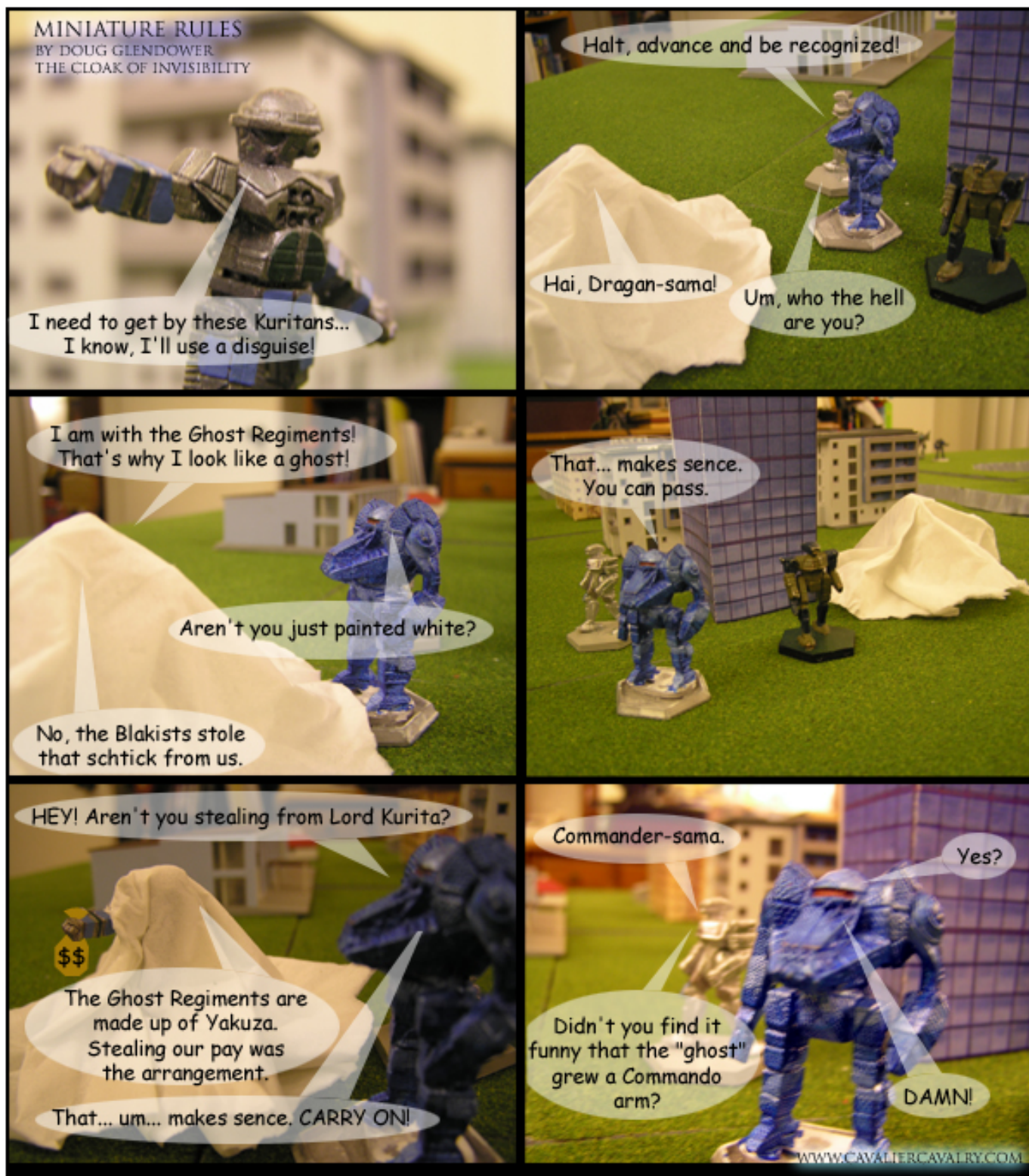




We pick on JadeHellbringer, but by god, he tries. He plans a good force, uses some of that strategy or tacticoool thinking, plays against Slade... but in the end, the dice fall and everyone dies. Just like Joanna and rocks.

This, of course, is inspired by JHB's infamous demovitvational poster of a pile of boulders with the caption "FALCON GUARDS: Keep digging, they're under there somewhere." The camera is a Fuji FinePix, the dice are Chessex factory rejects, which somehow seem apropos. I actually had to spot-light the cockpit of "JHB" in this scene as the shadows would cover up the gold cockpit circle, and all you could see was the big pile o' dice. One must show off the leading man, or nearest facsimile there of, right?



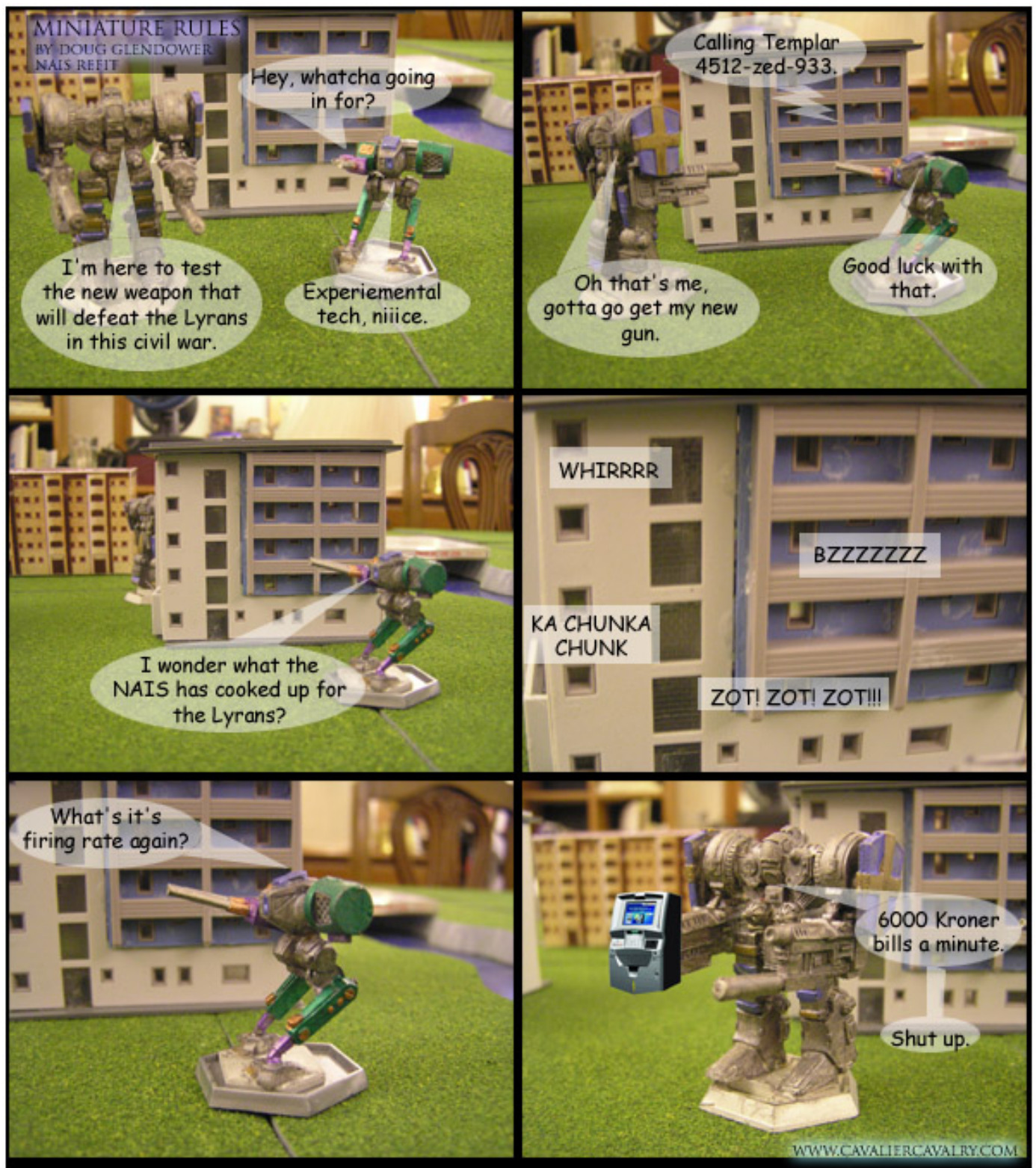


There's dumb, and then there's DUMB. Obviously when one has a 'Mech, yet has angered the Coordinator one too many times, you pull boring duty he's convinced you cannot screw up. But you are going to prove him wrong... about the "not screwing up" part.

Believe it or not, the other Panther is painted. In bright silver, with dark silver highlights. Or as I like to call it "fail." I'd originally planned to cover the Commando with regular tissue, but it was too floppy. We had to get these "towels for car cleaning" from the dollar store to even come close to a "ghost" effect.

I cannot spell "sence", and Photoshop 6 has no spell check. Deal with it \*sunglasses on\*

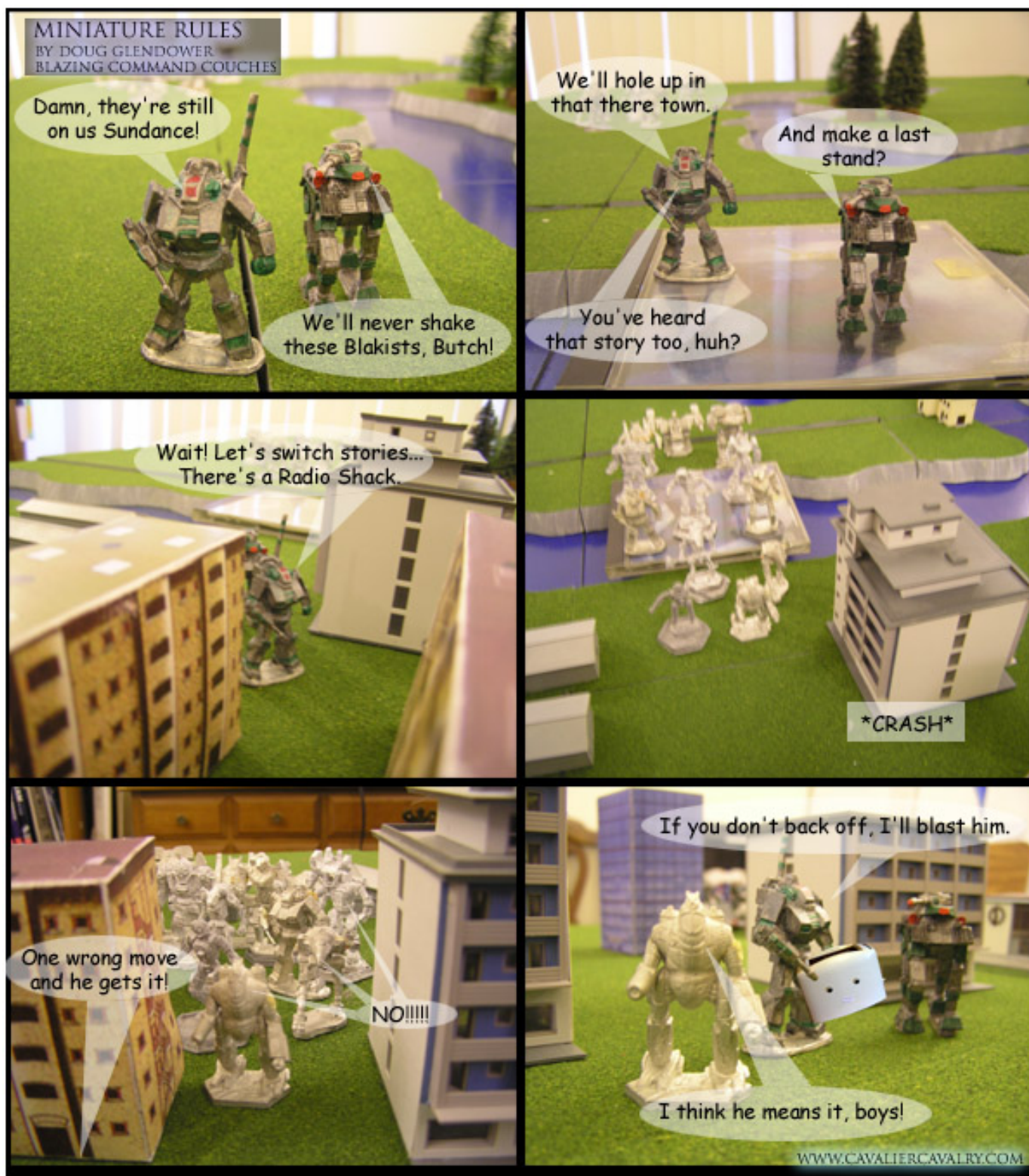




The NAIS is always on the leading edge of technical acumen since it was created in a whirl of Stackpolium in 1986 or so. It stands as the Federated Suns dogged ability to get ahead in the areas of technology and war, even as some kid on the planet of Broken Wheel is terribly confused by his planet's name because he's never encountered the concept of a "wheel", let alone why it may be broken.

Everyone asked me the same thing: How did I kitbash that little ATM onto that Templar, and which Barbie set can I get it out of. It's a real ATM, and Photoshop. Barbie accessories are still safe from marauding Marauders seeking to put out 6000 KBM fire rates, much to the despair of the 2nd Royal Guards.





Old movies inspire us, make us greater, and set up wonderful homages. So it doesn't matter if you're Robert Redford and Paul Newman or Cleavon Little and Gene Wilder, sometimes you just have to draw on your pop-culture knowledge to save your bacon from the fire. Unless it's Kevin Bacon, he can burn.

The Wobbie Horde, eleven unpainted pewter miniatures, and the silver on silver Panther from a few comics ago. I, for some reason, can see Slim Pickens driving that Spector, and yes, no actual toasters were harmed in the making of this comic, even if most of the Horde would be eventually painted in other colors, after I painted up a real Blakist force.





Silly. That's what the Clans are to me. I had enough problems with a single enemy regiment holding a world, now we have like, 15 'Mechs to a world. In the Dark Age we have a 12 year old, a poster of a 'Mech, and something really stupid like "Malvina Hazen" or "Alaric Wolf" running around. But if we wanted gritty, dark, realism I guess we'd all play "Enlist" or something. (Some of you did, and thanks for the service).

The Arcas is a light grey on white that, on the game table, works better than the crappy Panther I painted, along with that Stormcrow. I like to image this as a trial between a way too rigid clan like "Smoke Jaguar" and the world's most trippy Goliath Scorpion. What he does with the pencils is best left to every individual's imagination.



# FIN

For now.



**I IS SO SRY, WER  
U USING THAT LOKEE,  
JADEHELLBRINGER?**

**Someone had to ask  
all the hard questions.**

**Too bad all the answers came in  
inconvenient comic strip format.**