

HANDBOOK: HOUSE LIAO

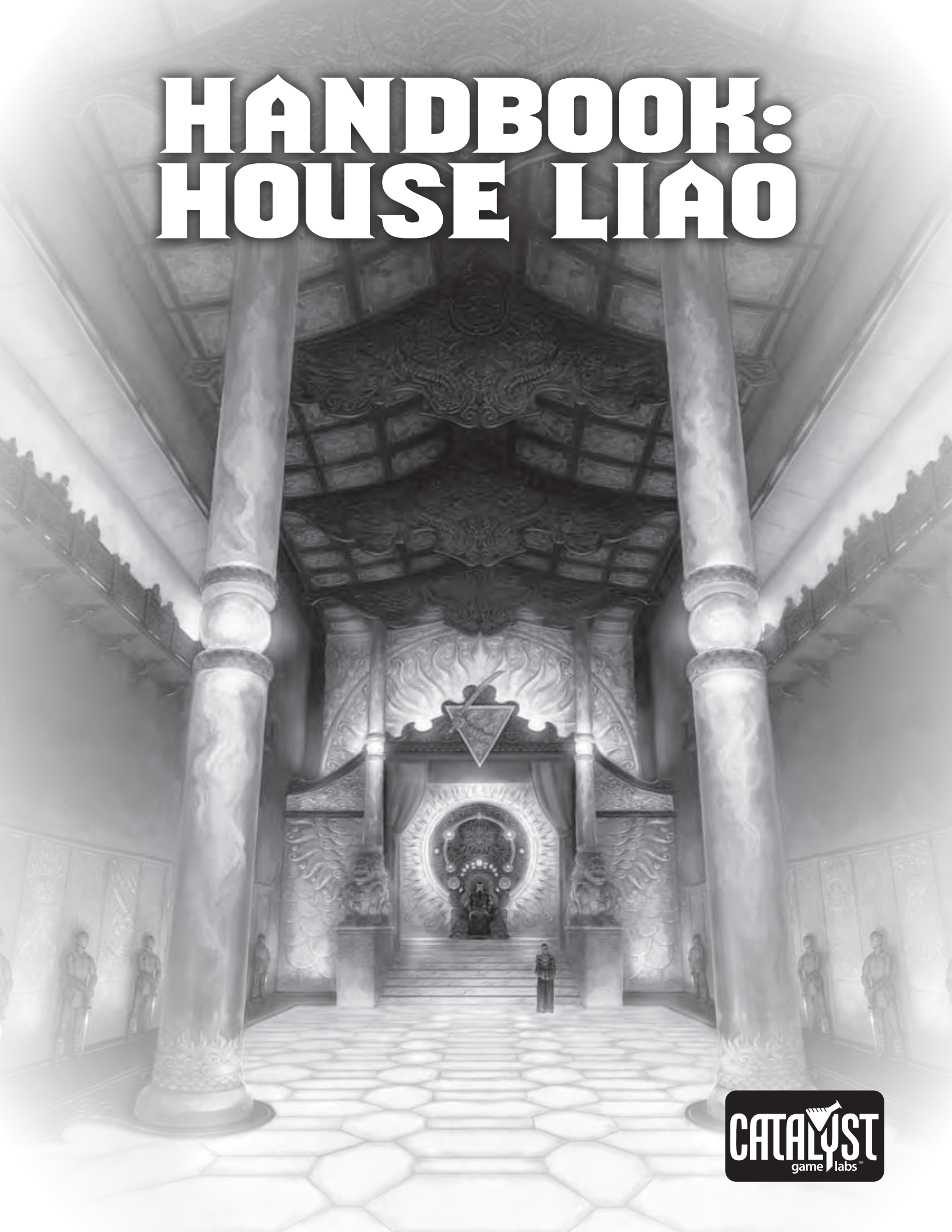


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AID AND COMFORT

NUWA BADLANDS

HUNAN

LIAO COMMONALITY, CAPELLAN CONFEDERATION

12 APRIL 3067

Sao-wei Tzu-Chien Hao watched Hunan's sun rise over the distant lip of the Bloodrime Mountains from the cockpit of his *Vindicator*. He paused in his shaving, turned the pocket-size electric razor off and set it on his lap. The sunrise was beautiful, red and gold and blue all at once, and it bathed the Badlands in blood-red light that shifted toward yellow the farther the light reached, as if the sun was melting bloody snow from the land. He chuckled. *Bloodrime indeed*. He resumed shaving.

The razor's quiet buzz overshadowed the sounds of his 'Mech at rest—weapons off, reactor on standby, with a trickle of power to keep the circuits warm and the cockpit heater running. His sensors were reading in passive mode, drinking in whatever data their collectors might receive and pinging his heads-up display with anything the simpleton computer thought he might be interested in. A new caret appeared on the HUD, near the *Vindicator's* foot. *Yes, child*, Hao thought. *I know Si-ben-bing Howard is awake*.

The infantryman waved haphazardly at the 'Mech's cockpit. The NCO wiped the stubble on his chin and grinned up at Hao, then turned around and began rousting his platoon. One of the APCs' big diesels turned over, belching black smoke into the chilly morning air. The whole camp began to move as the sun climbed higher over the mountains.

Hao put his razor away and wiped his shorn chin with a towel. No new messages were waiting in his queue. *Sanchez was quiet during the night, then*. Hao's jaw clenched. His mind filled the silence with the sizzle-pop of human-fed fires in Chandler. Sanchez's men had come through, burned out the farming hamlet for being Capellan sympathizers.

They were citizens, Hao told himself. Capellans, yes. But citizens, not sympathizers. Hunan was again a Capellan world—it wasn't sympathy to accept that. It was reality. Sanchez and his band—so-called "resistance fighters," a hundred or so men with rifles and a few vehicles—were insane, trying to turn the people of Hunan against the Chancellor's rule. The Confederation had liberated Hunan.

It was time Sanchez learned that. Hao keyed his comm. "Any word from the scouts?"

Beneath him, *Si-ben-bing* Howard—sergeant in the old ranks—held a hand to his helmet, listening. He looked up at the *Vindicator's* cockpit and shook his head. "Morning, sir. Nothing. Tracks into the Badlands, still."

"Then we pursue," Hao said. "One hour for breakfast, and we break camp."

"We'll be moving in forty, sir," Howard said.

Hao clicked the comm off. The Home Guard NCO would have his troops loaded in thirty minutes or less, unless Hao missed his guess. He'd been impressed with the man. Howard, along with his platoon of riflemen and two old Condor hover tanks, had been assigned to *Sao-wei* Hao and ordered to deal with Sanchez and his

men. They'd been on the trail for two weeks, through Hunan's outback and now into the Badlands—craggy bluffs, arroyos and deep, narrow canyons.

Ambush ground, if Sanchez had anything heavy enough to threaten the infantry's armored personnel carriers, much less Hao's forty-five ton *Vindicator*. A BattleMech should be enough to cow Sanchez's men into surrender—so thought the Diem, anyway—and they'd be able to have nice, public trials.

By Hao's clock it was twenty-nine minutes when the lead APC rumbled into motion, followed by one of the Condors. Hao fell into the center of the formation, sensors active.



"He knows you're coming after him," the farmer said.

Hao and Howard were standing along a fence row in waist-high neowheat. The farmer, clad in hardy denim, was pointing to the east, deeper in the Badlands. "Came through here about midnight, he did. Told me he was running from the Home Guard—said there was a 'Mech after him." The farmer peered up at the quiescent *Vindicator*. "Guess he was right."

"How many men with him?" Hao asked.

"I saw a dozen or so," the farmer said. He frowned. "Buncha trucks, though. Big, eight-wheel jobs. Full beds, too."

"Cargo beds?"

The farmer nodded. "Couldn't see what they were full with, though."

"You gave him food?" Hao asked.

"Sure, some bread, a bit of ration cans we had in the basement."

Hao met the farmer's gaze. "You have aided a criminal."

"I gave food to a man with a gun, sir." There was no fear in the farmer's voice, and he held Hao's stare with no hesitation.

Howard cleared his throat. "He left right off, then?"

The farmer nodded. Hao considered asking another question, then thought better of it and turned away. Howard made their goodbyes and followed him to where he waited at the foot of the *Vindicator*. Two other men waited as well, the vehicle commanders of the Condors.

"He was here," Hao said once Howard was with them. "Last night."

"Not far, then," the Home Guard armor sergeant said. He looked toward the Bloodrimes.

"I want you two to move ahead. Reinforce the scouts, recon in force. If you encounter Sanchez's band, attack to disable and hold them in place until we can move up." He gestured to himself and Howard. "I'll stay with the APCs and provide escort for the infantry." The two Condor commanders nodded and moved toward their tanks. Hao looked at Howard. *Do I...*

"You think I was wrong to accuse the farmer," Hao said.

Howard glanced at the retreating tankers and then askance at Hao. Hao nodded. "I would've done the same in his place," Howard said. "Man comes into my home, man with guns, men. I give him what he wants and get rid of him."

Hao nodded. "Then you do nothing but aid him."

AID AND COMFORT



AID AND COMFORT



"Maybe so—but I preserve my family."

"Yes—by passing the responsibility for dealing with him on to the next family. The next man, the next man's daughters." Hao leaned in close, almost whispering. "Every man cares for his family, *Si-ben-bing*. Even Sanchez, I suppose. But we are all family—all Capellans, all citizens. Monsters must be stopped—and if not in your home, then the next one. Or the next one. Because they're always stopped in the last one." Hao frowned. "Even if they kill every living thing in the previous ones. Like Sanchez did in Chandler."



It was near evening when Hao saw lightning flash off the undersides of the heavy clouds that had rolled across the Bloodrimes all afternoon. He urged the *Vindicator* forward at its fastest pace and signaled the APCs to keep up. More light flashed off the clouds, fast quick-snaps of yellow and red. Cannon fire, reflected from the ground. The Condors had found Sanchez.

"*Sao-wei!*" came the call on the radio—one of the RTOs in the Condors. "We have them. Two kilometers forward, in a canyon. We left a beacon at the head—come quickly. They've got heavy machine guns and LAWs."

Hao signaled his receipt and urged the *Vindicator* forward. The APCs belched smoke again, treads tearing at the blue-black soil as they flung their cargoes of soldiers forward, toward the sound of guns. The beacon guided them to the entrance to the canyon—it was right near the foot of the Bloodrimes, sinking into the depths like a fissure. Hao ordered the infantry to dismount and follow. He stepped past them, weapons ready.

The canyon wound around and down. In moments the crests above him had risen to a hundred meters over his cockpit, but after a last switchback they opened into a long, somewhat wide canyon—perhaps six hundred meters long and a hundred across. To an infantryman, enormous.

The walls seemed to press in on Hao, in his *Vindicator*.

One of the Condors was on fire, half-flipped on its side, its turret askew. Several of the crew had survived the wreck and were crouched behind it, firing deeper into the canyon with their sidearms. One crewman had an assault rifle—tracers from it sank into the darkness.

"Report," Hao shouted. His sensors were absorbing information, but the canyon walls reflected a lot. Ghosts filled his HUD as his processors sorted them out. A stream of heavy-caliber bullets banged across his 'Mech's chest, scratching the armor.

"*Sao-wei*—thank God you're here!" The other Condor burst from cover behind an outcropping, racing back toward him. The turret was spun about, shooting back over the tank's rear. Fire belched from the barrel as the autocannon threw fire. "There's no room—" The crewman's voice cut off with a grunt.

A half-dozen light anti-armor rockets burst against the Condor's rear skirts—shoulder-fired infantry rockets—but their warheads were enough to penetrate the Condor's light armor. Air spilled out of the plenum chamber, dragging sparks across the rocky ground

as the Condor dogged to the left. Its turret tried to track back, but the crooked elevation threw its aim off. Shells burst against the canyon walls, a dozen meters from the floor.

"There's no room to maneuver," the Condor commander ground out, hacking. "Rockets are killing us, but if we dismount, their machine guns will get us."

"Where are they?"

"Back in the back—good positions, all the heavy weapons in defilade. We put a lot of rounds back there—don't know if we hit anything." The man's voice was thick, the way a MechWarrior's sounded when he'd been in the cockpit for too long without water. Hao knew that feeling, like there was sand in your throat and gums and no amount of hocking would get it out. "We can't see 'em."

"Let me," Hao said. He shoved the *Vindicator* forward, right arm raised. The big Ceres particle projection cannon that replaced the *Vindicator's* fist gathered itself and belched a gout of ions into the back of the canyon. Blue-white light flashed, and just like lightning beneath dark clouds, briefly illuminated the positions back. The Condor crewman had been right. Hao saw several positions, heavy weapon barrels pointing forward. Men scurried like ghosts, backlit for an instant, but that instant was enough. Hao kept his 'Mech moving forward.

LAWs streaked out, a dozen or so. Several struck the *Vindicator's* legs, pitting the armor there, but failed to penetrate. Hao compensated for the slight tremors, watching his PPC recharge indicator with one eye. He squeezed the trigger as the indicator flickered green, unleashing the hellish battery again. Blue-white flashed. Men moved. Hao marked their positions in his memory. Machine guns blazed at him, slamming slug after slug impotently against his armor. Hao chuckled—the techs would complain about the patching, so many small wounds.

But that comes later...

"Surrender," he boomed from the *Vindicator's* external speakers.

More rockets. He stepped the *Vindicator* to the side and touched a different trigger. Five long-range missiles streaked from the *Vindicator's* chest-mounted launchers. They spiraled in, orange-white drive motors glaring in the evening twilight. Explosions backlit Sanchez's forces, igniting several small fires. Hao grinned. Those fires were enough.

"Where do you want us, *Sao-wei?*" *Si-ben-bing* Howard asked. Hao looked into his HUD, saw the icons for the infantry platoon gathering behind him at the mouth of the last switchback.

"Stay there," Hao said. "Watch for stragglers when they surrender. I don't want any of them escaping."

"And if they don't surrender?"

"They will."

Hao strode forward, guided by the fires from his missile attack, and began to hit the weapon emplacements with his PPC. Each flicker of blue-white lightning destroyed a long-barreled machine gun or the spinning clusters of a mini-gun. Men flew through the air, flash-cooked by the PPC's hellish temperatures. A white flag appeared finally, with a flashlight shining on it so the Home Guard would see it. Hao held his fire, ordered his men to do the same. His cockpit radio crackled—a broadcast on the common channel.

AID AND COMFORT

"We'll be leaving now," a man's gravelly voice said. Sanchez. Hao'd heard it on the holovids.

"Surrender," Hao replied. "You cannot escape."

"Neither can you," Sanchez said. "Look up."

Above Hao's head, to the left, an explosion burst out of the canyon wall a dozen or so meters from the lip. Dirt and rock fell, a massive slide, filling a full twenty meters of space out from the wall almost forty meters deep. The explosion had been flat-white and sharp—high explosive.

"We've mined the whole rim. You let us go or we'll all die here, Capellan. There's a trail out the back—we'll leave the vehicles, that'll look good on HV for you. But we're walking out of here. Or else I'll bury your shiny 'Mech and your tanks and that passel of soldiers you've got lingering in the rear."

"That's suicide."

"You're not killing me today, Capellan," Sanchez said. "And if you are, I'm not going alone."

Hao swept his sensors across the rim. Now that Sanchez had armed them, the *Vindicator's* sensors picked out the tiny EM sources from scores of bombs. He wasn't bluffing. The one he'd lit off must've been a planned demonstration. The rest were too close together—igniting one would set them all off. He looked back at the cluster of infantry—they were helping the crews from the downed Condors, who'd started moving that way as soon as the shooting stopped. Hao switched channels on his comm panel.

"Howard. Run, right now. Make for the APCs."

"Sir—"

"That's an order, *Si-ben-bing*. RUN."

He was too far away for even the *Vindicator's* microphones to hear the order, but the infantry disappeared back around the curve of the switchback. Hao eyed the charges. *They might make it.* He turned his comm back to Sanchez.

"—going to be, Capellan?"

"One last chance to surrender before I kill you," Hao said.

"You heard my terms."

"So be it." Hao closed his eyes for a moment, thinking back on the conversation with Howard at the farm. *I could let them go. I'd probably even get a commendation for saving the 'Mech.* He opened his eyes. *But that would mean putting Sanchez in someone else's home. That would endanger the citizens of Hunan—and by extension the Confederation. Sanchez was my problem.*

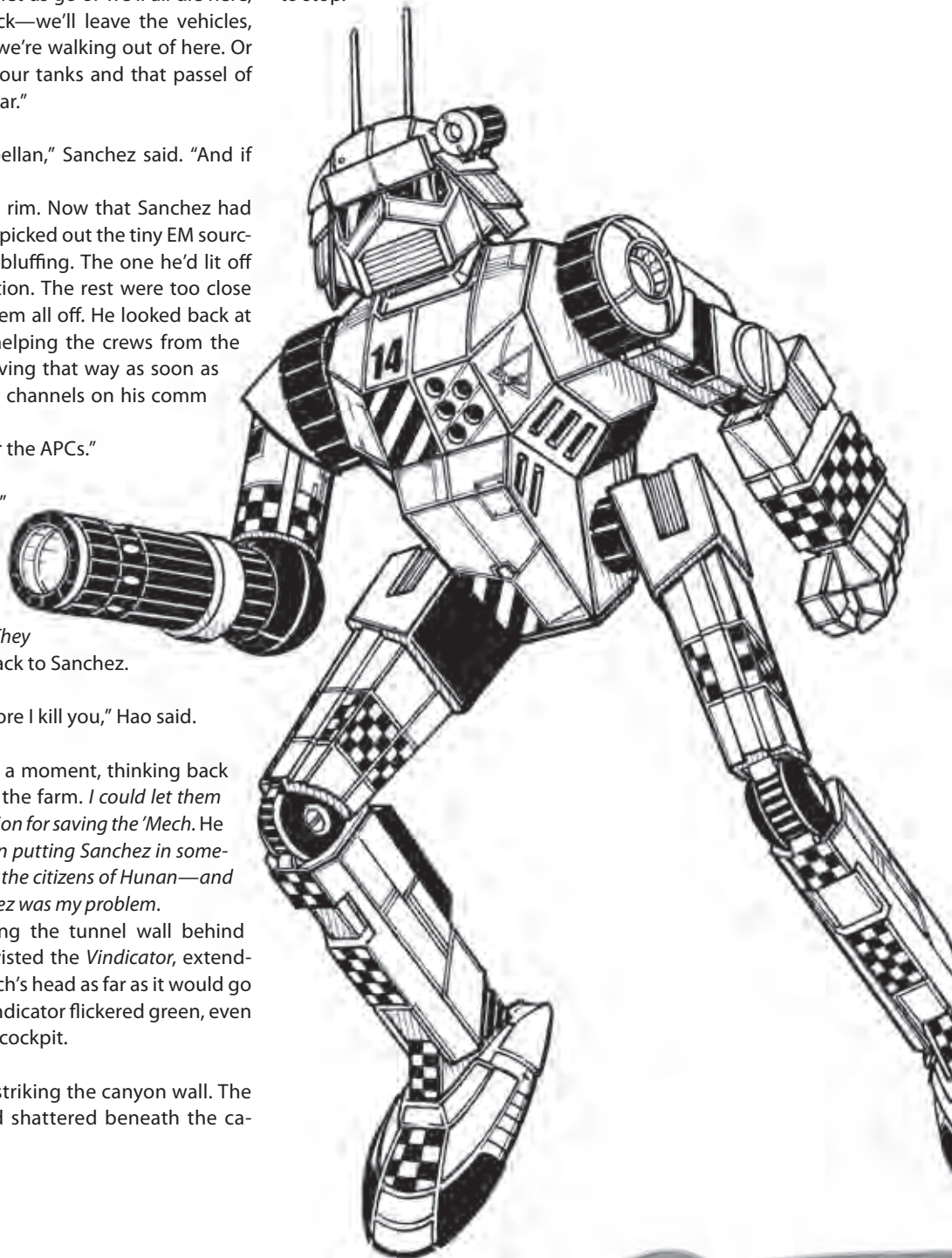
The PPC flashed to life, collapsing the tunnel wall behind Sanchez's position. *No escape.* He twisted the *Vindicator*, extending its arm even as he turned the 'Mech's head as far as it would go in the other direction. The recharge indicator flickered green, even as a handful of LAWs flashed past his cockpit.

"Stop!" Sanchez screamed.

The PPC flashed again, this time striking the canyon wall. The hard rock absorbed the energy and shattered beneath the ca-

ress of accelerated ions—instants before the explosives erupted, flashing around the canyon's rightward rim. The medium pulse laser on the *Vindicator's* head spat light at the left wall, triggering the charges there. Smoke obscured the cockpit, drowning out his sensors. A scream filled half the comm before it disappeared beneath squelching static. The *Vindicator* rocked, shuddered. Hao wondered—*maybe I'll—*

A thousand tons of rock crushed the forty-five ton BattleMech to the ground and beneath it, interring it with the men it had come to stop.



INTRODUCTION

The history of the Capellan Confederation is the history of sacrifice. It is the history of millions of like-minded individuals assembling together for the common good, forsaking personal gain for the benefit of their children and their children's children. The labor of billions: of soldiers and doctors and technicians and craftsmen, spent across centuries to build the solid foundation of the oldest Inner Sphere polity. That is the dream of every Capellan citizen, the dream that many together can accomplish more than one alone.

No dream, of course, survives contact with reality unscathed, and the dream of the Capellan Confederation is no different. For every visionary Chancellor like Sun-Tzu Liao, we have suffered the predations of Calvin the Mad or the self-indulgent schemes of Maximilian Liao. Capellans are proud of their heritage, proud to be citizens of a nation strong enough to accept its own past misdeeds. Indeed, in his missive to begin compiling this text, the Chancellor himself wrote, "...and be certain that the information presented is objective and as true as possible—polishing the rough edges from history does little for its students. If we have not always shone in the best light, then we must admit when that light was darkened. The truth is the most powerful tool we have to shape the future. Be honest in your studies, rigorous in your conclusions." In assembling this history of the Capellan Confederation, we have attempted to find the truth in every situation, whether or not it shows the Confederation or the House of Liao in a favorable light.

Most every Successor State in the Inner Sphere (and not a few Periphery realms) has branded the Confederation a totalitarian regime under the iron fist of the Liao family, or a corrupt socialist state held under the heel of vicious, greedy nobles. While it is true that the Confederation operates under a socialist political structure, it would be incorrect to label us a police state, or to say that the Liao family rules absolutely. The citizens of the Confederation have a say in the way their state is run, both in their support of the Chancellor and in their choices for the various other arms of the Capellan government. The rule of law operates in the Confederation, just as it does in the other Successor States—and if the Capellan citizen is perhaps more likely to allow his government the benefit of the doubt, this is to the Confederation's credit as an entity that inspires loyalty.

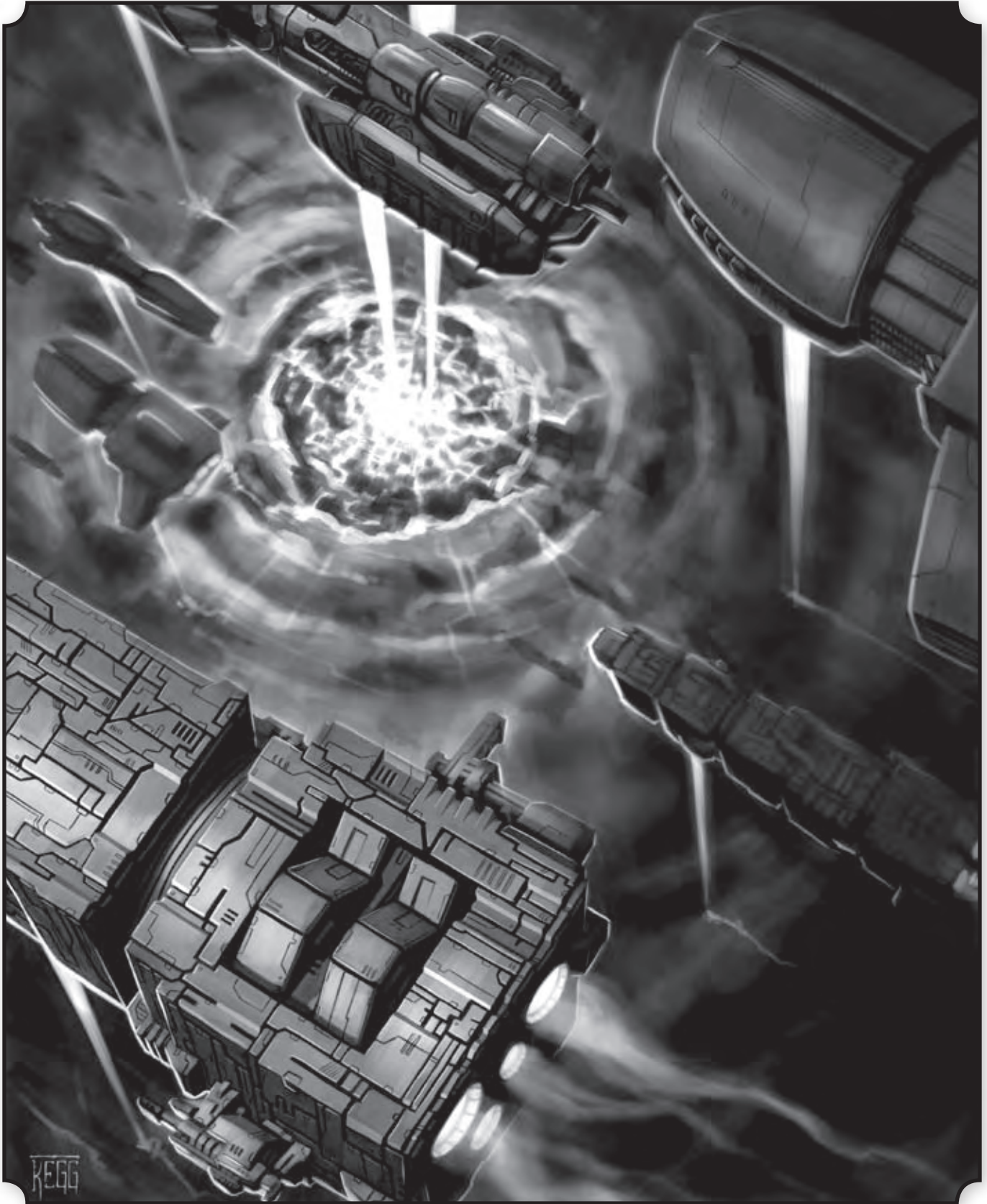
With this project, we have attempted to show the truth of Capellan life: an honest accounting of our realm's history, as well as realistic reports on the functions of our various Ministries of government. We have provided an overview of our heroic Capellan Armed Forces, as well as primers on citizenship and the rights of our citizens. Per the Chancellor's instructions, we have endeavored to be as objective as we can. Not all of our history is clothed in the successes we might have wished for, but we have taken great pains to remove the cloak of deception wherever possible.

The best-known document of this sort to precede ours was the study of House Liao published by ComStar in the mid-3020s. As most historians will acknowledge, that book was little more than propaganda perpetuated against the Confederation by a ritualistic order devoted to furthering its own aims at the expense of the peoples of the Inner Sphere. Full of contradictions and inaccuracies, it did far more harm than good to serious scholars of the Capellan state, and we have made every effort to see its errors corrected here.

We are doubly indebted to the Chancellor and his government for allowing us to forward this project on to the Star League offices involved in educating the various Member States about each other. As citizens loyal to the man chosen as the very first First Lord of the new Star League, we are honored to provide this treatise on the realm of the Celestial Wisdom, Chancellor Sun-Tzu Liao.

*Most humbly and responsibly,
Doctor Oliver Carakov, University of Sian Press, 3067*

HISTORY OF THE NATION





"In the strength of the state lies the safety of the people; from one to the other, and neither alone. This is what makes Capellans strong. This is what gives us strength, and balance where others have none. Yin and yang—man and nation."

—Franco Liao, 2367

In July 2367, Franco Liao drafted the Statement of Pan-Capellan Unification, the document that more or less created the Capellan Confederation out of the smaller states that filled the Capellan Zone. In practice, those states had been cooperating well enough to be a de facto realm, but it was Franco Liao's drive and charisma that brought the Confederation as we know it into being, and his iron will and discipline that kept it alive through its turbulent early years. To understand the Capellan experience, it is necessary to understand the formation of the Liao family—no other single family has held such sway over the course of the Confederation.

STRENGTH IN BELIEF

"I learned in Hong Kong the danger of being a small state in the sea of larger nations. If we are to survive, we must move away from our regional differences. In space we can be free. Among the stars, we'll find room enough for all of us, and in that space we'll find safety."

—Elias Liao, 2188

The history of Elias Jung Liao presented in the ComStar Liao document is that of a chimera: at first a conservative politician of a tiny state, then the vicious and bloodthirsty leader of a resistance movement, and then again the resourceful and intelligent colony head. We cannot say with any certainty which of those versions of the man are true—or, indeed, if all of them are—but we can make certain assumptions. A man who enters politics and gains a reputation as a conservative might later in life become a radical zealot. What is uncommonly rare, however, is for that zealot to suffer the trauma of having his family killed and then run away to a new world and become a man of peace and prosperity. After centuries of ComStar's "stewardship," Terran records are suspect, so we will focus on the history of Elias Liao that we can document: the history of the founder of Cynthiana.

ELIAS LIAO

Born in 2141 in the Hong Kong Free State on Terra, Elias Jung Liao was the son of an English politician and a Nepalese university professor's daughter. He grew up in the Free State and entered that tiny state's politics, rising to the position of Third President before the Free State was overrun by Republican China. Most histories agree that he fled to Nepal and his wife's family, but after that the accounts are muddled. Most Capellan histories claim he spent the years before he left Terra in 2188 in quiet contemplation and simple work, earning his Nepalese family significant profits and perfecting his economic theories. Terran histories provided by

ComStar archivists paint a different picture, that of a power-mad terrorist responsible for hundreds of deaths.

According to ComStar histories, a simple politician with practically no means to do so exploded out of the Himalayas, decapitated twenty-six separate countries and murdered hundreds of government functionaries in his quest to return Terra to a more simple, anarchic form of society. This reign of terror ended in 2188 after Elias and his organization allegedly bombed a Beijing suburb with "fusion weapons" that destroyed a mere few blocks. Fusion weapons. A poor man in the Himalayas.

Whatever the cause, all histories agree that in 2188 Elias' family was attacked in their Himalayan village (how ComStar can call prefab cold-weather housing a "fortress" has long been a topic of debate among Capellan scholars) and his wife and two young daughters were killed. Elias, his eldest son Victor and Victor's brother, David Paul Liao, escaped the attack and fled Terra aboard a colony vessel.

Landing on the world he named Cynthiana in 2189, Elias Liao took charge of the small group of settlers who'd come with him (many of them having abandoned the colony vessel's original world in favor of following Elias) and spent the next thirteen Terran years laying the foundation of an economic powerhouse. Recognizing that the planet was too rugged for industry, given the limited colony population, he instead focused on agriculture, importing livestock and flora and developing Cynthiana as a food world. This choice earned the planet respect and currency, as nearby worlds came to depend on it for food stocks less expensive than Terran food shipments.

The founding of Cynthiana and the almost-uniform admiration accorded Elias Jung Liao in the planet's earliest histories are some of the most telling evidence against the ComStar theory of his earlier life. No matter what his charisma, the Terra of the late 22nd century was not a world where people would embrace a former pathological murderer as leader in an unknown environment. A man responsible for the murders attached to Elias Liao's name would have been killed out of hand—perhaps not by tribunal or other authority, but surely by a single aggrieved vigilante.

Had Elias been the rabid terrorist he has been portrayed as, he never would have fled Terra. The death of half his family would have set him on a path of vengeance comparable to Jinjiro Kurita's slaughter of Kentares. A man who had never flinched at killing heads of state, members of Parliament and bureaucrats by the score would have spent his last breath slaughtering the inhabitants of the world who had taken so much from him.

Instead, Elias Jung Liao took what family he had left beyond Terra's reach.

Every source available agrees that Elias Liao died of natural causes in 2202 at the age of sixty-one, a victim of the harsh years of opening a new world and the hardships of living hand-to-mouth in the Himalayas for so long. Cynthiana was officially renamed Liao shortly after his death, by referendum of its citizenry—and despite opposition from Elias' sons, Victor and David Paul. They bowed to the wishes of the planet's population, recognizing that the will of the people outweighed their personal desires, and Liao became

HISTORY OF THE NATION

the birth world for the dynasty that would protect and expand the burgeoning Confederation for centuries to come.

CYNTHIANA

Cynthiana, named for Elias Liao's murdered wife, was a pastoral planet with grasslands that covered most of its continents. Its lack of significant terrain features made its climate very pleasant—without mountains to thrust the warmer air high into the cooler atmosphere, powerful storms rarely developed—and ideal for agriculture. Of course, the early settlers often found the lack of varied terrain stressful in itself. "We're never leaving Kansas again," was a common joke among early prospectors, as they surveyed the planet and found only grassland after grassland.

Elias Liao took advantage of the planet's prairies. After discovering that local biology could accommodate several off-planet species, he began aggressively importing plants and animals. His prizes were several breeding sets of Eridani stallions, which he turned into sought-after sport lines with a few years of selective breeding and careful management. The colonists also quickly learned to domesticate the massive herds of Liao buffalo that ranged across the savannahs, finding them a ready source of native digestible food. Losses to the deadly Liao cougar were heavy, though a massive hunting program eradicated that species from the world within a century.

CONFEDERATION GENESIS

"In few other areas of space could you find such a disparate group of rabid independents who share so many views on so many issues. We were like family already, in the Capellan Zone. Certainly we fought like brother and sisters."

—Franco Liao, 2370

The birth of the Capellan Confederation was the final growth spurt after more than a hundred years of small-scale warfare and the rise and fall of small, multi-world associations and governments all battling each other for supremacy. Not until House Davion invaded Capella did the realm come together, created from an emergency union of several of the most powerful Capellan Zone states.

FOUNDING MEMBERS

Aside from Liao and the republic it would found, a number of other realms had risen to power in nearby space by the time events came to a head in 2367.

Liao and Capella

Since its founding in 2189, Liao (formerly Cynthiana) had quietly built itself into an economic powerhouse. A succession of Liao-

TIMELINE: CAPELLAN ZONE

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|---|--|---|
| 2086: Terran Alliance forms from the Western Alliance. | 2245: St. Ives Mercantile Association forms on St. Ives. | Association. St. Ives resists, losing several worlds but retaining their autonomy. |
| 2176: Sarna Supremacy forms on Sarna. | 2250: Sian Supremacy forms on Sian. | 2278: Marlette Association founded on the edge of Davion space. This new state will immediately and repeatedly clash with the Tikonov worlds. |
| 2189: Elias Liao founds Liao Republic on Cynthiana (later known as Liao), after fleeing political persecution on Terra. | 2270: Capellan Hegemony forms from the Capellan Republic. More expansionist than the previous regime, the ruling Aris family has great territorial ambitions. | 2288: Capellan-Sian forces lift siege of Highspire, cooperating in a way that provokes the Sarna Supremacy. |
| 2194: Jurdan Aris founds Capellan Republic on Capella, for many of the same reasons Elias Liao fled Terra. | Capellan Renaissance begins, a period of unprecedented growth and learning in the Hegemony (and to a lesser extent in the surrounding states of the Capellan Zone). This will last until the emergence of the Terran Hegemony, which will spell the end of colonial dominance in technology and learning. Sarna Supremacy begins 12-year boycott of Capellan Hegemony. | 2304: Palos and Wei secede from Sarna Supremacy; support for their succession by Paula Aris and the Capellan Hegemony is the flashpoint for war. |
| 2193: Chesterton Trade League forms on Chesterton. | 2271: Capellan Ballet Interstellar forms. | 2305-09: Capellan Hegemony-Sarna Supremacy War |
| 2202: Elias Liao dies. His son, Victor Liao, becomes next President of the Liao Republic. | 2272: Capellan Hegemony annexes Ingersoll Concordium, the first in a small series of expansions that will provoke conflicts with the Sarna Supremacy and even the nascent Free Worlds League. The worlds of the Concordium are absorbed with little conflict. | (2308) Liao merchant marine defeats Free Worlds League fleet, annexes Arboris |
| 2218: Library of the Capellan Republic opens on Geifer. | | (2309) Free Worlds League blockades Liao |
| 2220-25: Jurdan Aris negotiates formation of Capellan Co-Prosperity Sphere, a mutual-defense organization to protect Capella. | | 2302-06: Marlette Association occupies Mirach, Mira, Mersartim and Almach, and clashes with Tikonov Grand Union. The Tikonovs mount a successful counterattack, but trouble at home will soon have disastrous effects. |
| 2225: Sarna Supremacy Premier Emmanuel Denevieve orders attack on Capellan Co-Prosperity Sphere, which fails thanks to the rapid response to an attack on Capella. | 2273: Flush from their victory at Ingersoll, Capellan Hegemony attacks St. Ives Mercantile | 2308: General Diana Chinn attacks into Marlette Association space and wins several early, |
| 2243: Tikonov Grand Union forms on Tikonov. | | |