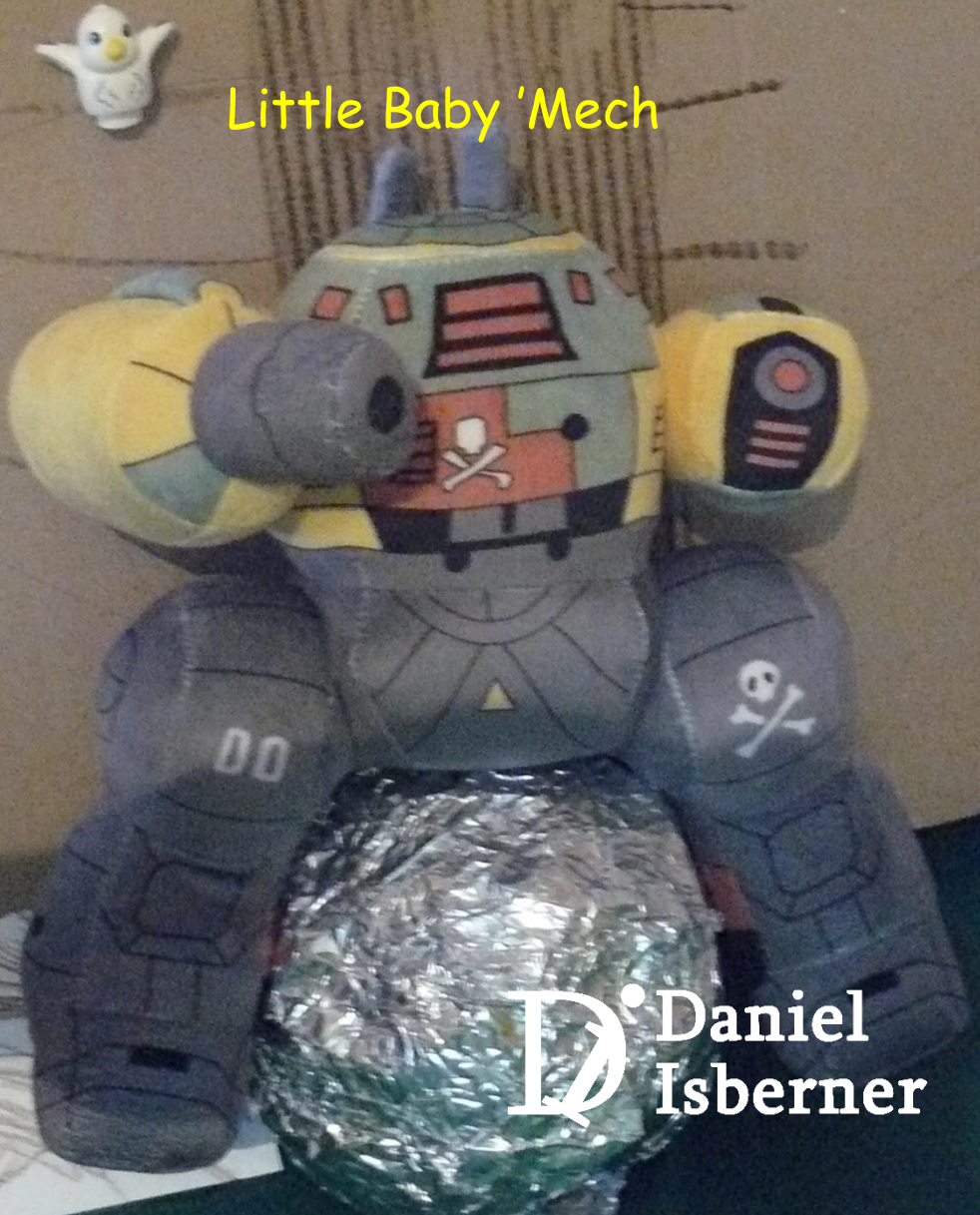


# BATTLETECH™

A Battletech Fan Fiction

Little Baby 'Mech



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„Daddy, can you tell me a story?“

Elisa was nestling in her bed. Her eyes half closed, but still anxious for her daddy’s bed time stories.

“Sure kiddo. Which one do you want to hear?“

“The one about the baby ‘Mech.“

Even through her half closed eyes, she could see her daddy smile. It was not just *her* favorite story.

“Of course. Scoot over, let me get into bed.“

Elisa rolled a bit and waited for her daddy to lie down, then she rolled back and cradled her head on his shoulder and torso. Then her daddy began to tell the story in his soothing story voice.

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There once  
was a little  
baby 'Mech.  
Whenever its  
parents went  
out into

battle, it stayed in the hangar while the techs  
took care of it.

They brought it its bottle and played, played  
games and changed its diapers. Because, you  
know, even baby 'Mechs need diapers or there  
will be coolant everywhere.



But on this day, the Techs were very busy. Something important must be going on, because no one noticed

when the little baby 'Mech woke up and climbed out of its baby sized 'Mech bay. It



rolled on the floor and laughed while it chased a big nickel iron ball down the hangar.



The ball rolled through a door the baby 'Mech had



never seen before. It crawled after it and out into a sea of green grass where the ball had stopped. It tried to get up and close its short arms around the hard ball, but the ball started rolling again

and the baby 'Mech fell down.

Instead of crying, it saw the ball rolling again. Down a slope and ever faster. Giggling



the baby 'Mech threw itself after it and rolled down the slope itself.



Mice and rabbits watched with big eyes as the little baby 'Mech rolled past them, losing its diaper on a root and leaving blue coolant

behind everywhere. Always laughing and giggling.

The ball hit a tree and stopped. The



little baby 'Mech tried to stop, too. But instead, it rolled against the ball.

Still giggling it tried to climb on the ball. This time, the ball stayed where it was. The little baby 'Mech climbed on it and sat down. For a moment, it starred wide eyed into the forest. It



had never seen the forest before. Never had its parents or the techs taken it out of the hangar.

A bird chirped on a tree branch above it and the little baby 'Mech looked up. It tried to clap along with the singing bird, but without its hands on the ball, it slipped

and fell down.

Confused it looked around, only to see the ball had started rolling again.

Laughing the little baby 'Mech chased after it. Not even noticing it was no longer crawling, but walking on its legs. Running. Laughing.



Stumbling. Falling. Laughing. And getting back up. Running. Laughing.

The ball stopped right before a hole in the ground. Fascinated the little baby 'Mech looked into the hole. Yellow eyes looked back and the little baby 'Mech tried to grab those eyes. But the animal was faster. A fox leaped out of the hole and ran into the forest.

The little baby 'Mech fell on its behind and into a puddle of blue coolant.

Now it noticed its diaper was gone. It put its hand into the coolant and smeared it on the



ball. Painted half blue, the ball looked funny.

The little baby 'Mech laughed some more,

but its laughs turned weaker and weaker. It yawned and decided it needed a nap. It put its head on the grass and closed its eyes. Only for a moment.



When it woke back up, it was back in its bay and had a new diaper. It could see its parents standing in the bays next to it, their lights out. Sleeping.

Had it only been a dream?

It looked around and spotted that half blue nickel iron ball.

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Elisa could feel her daddy slowly and carefully taking her head from his shoulder, resting her head on her pillow and putting her blanket over her, but only just so. Because she was already falling asleep.