

AN ADVENTURE FOR

# PARANOIA

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

## ALPHA COMPLEXITIES



WEST  
END  
GAMES



## An Attempt at Paranoia Culture

**Dramatis Personae** (That's Latin for "people you're gonna see a lot of")

**The Players:** Hapless adventurers around whom this drama revolves

**Chest-B-CUS-3:** Obnoxious desk jockey; spy for Iwant-U-DED-5

**Iwant-U-DED-5:** Leader of a spy ring from another Alpha Complex

**Trey-I-TOR-6:** Iwant-U's right hand clone

**Limpid-Y-OYO-6:** Squeaky wimp from HPD&MC

**Grade-B-DUD-5:** Hostile shrew from Technical Services

**Plagiar-I-ZER-4:** Terminally preoccupied R&D researcher

**Snaf-U:** Indignant dignitary from CPU

**Tarf-U:** Same goes for her, too

**Jed-I-OB1-1:** IntSec agent. Think about it ... this guy's never lost a clone

**Darth-V-DER-5:** The ultimate army man

**Gill-I-GAN-6:** Dippy twit from Power Services

**Loxanne-B-GLZ-6:** Bureaucratically boring woman from PLC

**Vampire Bot 666:** Mechanical enforcer of briefing room behavior

**Houston-Y:** The voice of Mission Control

**Deedubbblyu-Y:** Frighteningly skilled driver

**12 Elite Vulture Squadrons:** Tragically underutilized as honor guards

**Gol-I-ATH-3:** The Vulture leader



# 0. Introduction

## How to Use This Adventure

Read it through a couple of times; cut out and photocopy the appropriate adventure materials; find up to six suckers — er, players — to run through it; kill their characters repeatedly until they wise up and go home. Thank you for your cooperation.

## Adventure Background

### What if They Had a War and Nobody Knew?

Alpha Complex is by no means a one-of-a-kind asylum for the terminally confused. There are in fact well over one hundred massive computer-dominated industrial-residential installations spread all over the continent, each of which claims to be the sole remaining Commie-free complex.

Although most of the complexes' computers are entirely preoccupied with rooting out and destroying the many traitors within their own domains, as one might imagine, the War Against the Commies occasionally spills out from those rather handy confines. The most common target of these outside raids is, of course, another complex. Sometimes these attacks are overt heavy assaults, quick and deadly commando raids, or, as is the case this time, they take the form of careful infiltration.

### The Infiltrators (Infil-Traitors?)

The computer of a nearby complex (henceforth referred to as "Enemy Complex") decided some time ago to "take the war to the Commies" — that is, attack our own beloved Alpha Complex. Since then, Enemy Complex has been successful in establishing an extensive spy ring in Alpha Complex. This ring is headed by Enemy Complex's superspy, Iwant-U-DED-5, a very devious person who has managed to attain High Programmer status in Alpha Complex. Iwant-U has agents of every security clearance working for him throughout all service groups and secret societies, the majority of whom are not aware that he is an agent from another complex.

It is Iwant-U's responsibility to soften up Alpha Complex for the impending attack, and he has been doing his job well. Thus far Iwant-U has caused a severe Cold Fun shortage complex-wide, and recently he has convinced The Computer to cut the Armed Forces' budget by almost 27% (diverting the funds into expensive CPU fact-finding missions on ways to improve chapstik production in DOA sector). Believing that the time is right to complete his mission, he has begun to implement his plan to completely destroy Alpha Complex's will to resist . . . by boring the citizens to tears. That's right — boredom!

As day after day nothing happens, the loyal (and not-so-loyal) citizens of Alpha Complex will be exposed to a new and terrible emotion the likes of which they have never before experienced. Over time, the suspense of waiting for disaster to strike will, Iwant-U believes, increase the citizens' paranoia to such a degree that they will rip themselves apart just to get it over with.

Iwant-U is exercising his considerable influence to temporarily stop all non-routine (i.e., interesting) activity in Alpha Complex. Troubleshooters everywhere have nothing to do. Citizens throughout Alpha Complex have begun to wonder what's brewing. Stress and tension mount . . .

When the strain is too much, Iwant-U will unleash all the backlogged treasonous activity at once, throwing Alpha Complex into such an incredible state of disarray that it will collapse in the face of a heavy assault. Pretty devious, huh?

So far his plan is working perfectly. His agents who have achieved high status in secret societies have managed to delay all current treasonous activities, and Troubleshooter Headquarters has been faced with unprecedented inactivity. The stage is set for disaster. Even as you read this, Iwant-U is consulting his data and chuckling with glee as he notices that the various secret societies have planned no fewer than 29 major attacks and over 1,000 diversionary raids FOR THE SAME DAY — two days hence! "Surely," he thinks, "nothing can stop us now!"

Well, maybe . . .

## Adventure Summary Execution

### Episode 1: Which Hunt?

Things are real slow around Alpha Complex, so our intrepid Troubleshooter team is assigned to be on the receiving end of Armed Forces' live ammunition maneuvers. There follows a terrifying briefing which, fortunately, is interrupted by a new mission assignment: the Troubleshooters are sent to recover an invisible Commie and his invisibility device from a sealed confession booth. For security reasons, the PCs aren't told that the Commie is invisible. Not that it matters. The Commie doesn't exist in the first place. This makes him rather difficult to catch.

As the PCs attempt to sort through the confusion (they won't succeed), the invasion begins. The PCs engage a spy from Enemy Complex in a fierce firefight. Then everybody gets dumped straight into Episode 1.5.

### Episode 1.5: Snitch Hunt

Fearing exposure (since the Troubleshooters have just slain one of his comrades), another member of the enemy spy ring attempts to cover his tracks by sending the PCs on a mission to the late spy's hideout to destroy incriminating evidence. Once they make it past the sadistic hall guards, the hapless PCs shred many treasonous documents (believing they are sending them through a fax machine) while fending off a bloodthirsty scrubot and a misguided traitor. Then the PCs are suddenly recalled by the real mission directors, debriefed, and put on stand-by.

### Episode 2: Raiders of the Lost Arco

Internal Security discovers the identity of the spy killed in the first mission, and the PCs are assigned to counterinfiltrate Enemy Complex. Iwant-U intercepts and alters their assignment, sending them instead to destroy a Sierra Club stronghold.

After stumbling through a bewildering array of encounters with the inhabitants of the Outdoors, the team reaches and attacks the Sierra Club outpost. The battle is interrupted by the



untimely arrival of Warbot 425 Mark IV. (See *Acute Paranoia*. For those traitors who don't own *Acute*, Mark IV is the world's biggest intelligent fighting machine, built recently by R&D to replace the Armed Forces in their entirety.)

Poor Markie has been captured and subverted by Enemy Complex. Assuming they don't get squished right away, the PCs attempt to return to warn Alpha Complex. On the way they face the mutiny of their bots, who, though a lot smaller than Markie, are still quite dangerous.

### Episode 3: Mark IV, Troubleshooters 0

The lucky Troubleshooters are sent out to infiltrate and recover Mark IV. This is a lot more dangerous than it sounds (and it sounds pretty darn dangerous to us!).

The PCs discover that Markie is tough both inside and out. Once they get past its rapid-fire tac nuke and laser anti-aircraft batteries and gain entrance, they must deal with Markie's crew, who object strenuously to the PCs' presence. Several deaths later, the team arrives at the control center. Here they fight the Enemy Command Crew in a *Star Wars*-style shootout, wherein they (hopefully) disable the Mark IV before it destroys Alpha Complex. Maybe they even survive the explosion.

### Episode 4: Revenge of the Jed-I

Having destroyed the Enemy Complex's finest (albeit stolen) warbot ever and fractured a spy ring which took years to set up, the PCs have made Iwant-U very, very angry. To get even, Iwant-U orders them to go on a fun mission into space, which he hopes will allow them to enjoy a lingering death in orbit. Fortunately, The Computer discovers Iwant-U's treason in the nick of time, and the PCs get to engage him in a knock-down, drag-out fight to the death.

### Fun with Bureaucracy: Introducing Mission Control

Many Troubleshooters don't recognize how valuable The Computer's I/O time is. They constantly waste this precious resource asking stupid questions, like requesting permission to repair a malfunctioning reactor when they don't have high enough security clearance, or requesting additional weapons when the certainty of their total annihilation precludes throwing away expensive equipment on a hopeless cause. Though all such requests in-

evitably receive a "No. Quit bothering me. Thank you for your cooperation." The Computer wastes valuable microseconds issuing each one.

In spite of their many shortcomings, The Computer maintains a soft spot in its affection simulation software for the Troubleshooters. It has declined, as efficiency experts in CPU have suggested, to simply hook the Troubleshooters' com units up to a loop recording which says, "I'm sorry, all lines are busy, please hold." After all, Troubleshooters do *occasionally* have something important to say.

But The Computer simply doesn't have time to listen. Thus, It has created a new bureaucratic office to monitor and control Troubleshooter teams: Mission Control. Each Troubleshooter team is assigned a contact at Mission Control; this contact has limited power to answer questions and requests and has the authority to pass anything really important on up to The Computer. The Computer believes this will dramatically improve Troubleshooter productivity while cutting down on the amount of nanoseconds It has to spend dealing with stupid questions.

Working with almost snail-like speed, CPU has completed the paperwork, office construction, and personnel training and is ready to begin field testing. Guess which team is Mission Control's first customer?

We don't suppose there are any *bugs* to be worked out or anything. We're sure everything will work just fine.

The team's contact at Mission Control is a citizen named Houston-Y. Whenever the PCs call in on their com units, even if they ask for The Computer, they'll hear: "(Click.) Team HTN-13, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control. Do you copy? Over. (Click)."

Houston-Y sounds exactly like a movie NASA flight controller. He is always calm and cool, offering helpful advice when the team faces immediate and horrible death. For example, if a plasma generator were to malfunction, the following conversation might take place:

**PC:** Friend Computer! Help! My weapon is overloading!

**Houston-Y:** Team HTN-13, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control. We read you. Please state your current position and situation, over.

**PC:** I'm attached to an overloading plasma rifle! What do I do? HELP!

**H-Y:** Team HTN-13, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control. We do not copy. Repeat, we do not copy. A loud buzzing noise is breaking up your transmission, over.

**PC:** That's the warning buzzer on the rifle, moron! How do I turn it off!?

**H-Y:** Team HTN-13, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control. Please stand by. We are routing your transmission through a power gain filter. Please repeat your message, over.

**PC:** I said — BOOOOOOMMM!!!!

**H-Y:** Team HTN-13, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control. We have lost your transmission. Please adjust your com unit output accordingly. If your equipment is in need of repair, please radio us immediately, over. (Pauses.) Very well, then. If your equipment is functioning properly, this is Houston-Y, Mission Control, over and out.

### Adventure Materials

Like the filling in a yeastburger, this book is truly the synthemeat of the adventure. In it, you will find page after page of well-written, humorous, and most of all, DEADLY prose for you to inflict on your hapless players.

The first thing you want to do is open the booklet to the center and yank out the card-stock prop sheet, the GM reference sheet, and the pregenerated PCs. If you don't wish to mangle the book, those of you with access to a photocopy machine can instead copy the aforementioned pages.

### Adventure Booklet

(That is, what's left over after you have yanked out the various sections.)

The adventure is similar in format to what you have seen from us before (in the *Paranoia* second edition adventure and our earlier adventures), but there are some new twists that bear explanation.

Scattered throughout the booklet — at points in the adventure which are most likely to end in massive bloodshed — are boxes labeled "Game Stuff." While you will certainly need to read the entire episode through before running it, these boxes provide the game information necessary to gamemaster combats, hopefully cutting down on the amount of page flipping you have to do when the action gets hot and heavy. In the boxes, you will find:

- Detailed descriptions of the layout of the area, keyed to a map (usually appearing on the same page).
- Name and short description, secret society and mutation (where appropriate), weapons, armor and tactics of the NPCs in the encounter. Weapon skills are listed in this format:

Weapon type (Damage number, Damage type) Skill number.

That is, "Laser Pistol (8L)\_\_\_\_\_12" means that the NPC carries a laser pistol (damage number of 8, damage type L) and has a laser skill of 12. The rest of the stuff is self-explanatory. We hope.

**Cardstock Handouts**

This is the heavier pullout; it contains lots of stuff that you will hand over to the players, including maps, mission alerts, and equipment lists. Before the adventure begins, you should carefully cut the handouts apart at the dotted lines. At points during the adventure, the text will instruct you to hand one over to the players. Note that each handout contains a prop on either side; make sure that the players look only at the side they are supposed to view. (You can tape the handout, correct side up, to a piece of paper if you feel your players are likely to be "overly inquisitive.")

The mission alerts and equipment lists are standard. Read 'em aloud and hand 'em over as appropriate.

The maps of the confession booth area, cubicle 5584, and the briefing room represent Computer architectural printouts. The PCs should receive them with their mission assignments; the text says when to hand 'em out. Note that the maps show lots of extraneous junk behind the walls of Alpha Com-

plex; this is mainly for color (and to add to the confusion). For your convenience the maps are reproduced in this booklet.

The Arco Station Outdoors map is explained in Episode Two.

**GM Reference Sheet**

This is for your eyes only, Mr. Gamemaster. Don't let the players see it. On one side is a chart displaying important data about the player characters, plus a list of the recurring NPCs in the adventure. The other side provides maps of the interior of the warbot Mark IV where the PCs scuttle around like viruses in Episode Three, and descriptions of the NPCs in that episode.

**Pre-Degenerated Player-Characters**

These were included in case your players lack the know-how or desire to roll their own characters. These PCs are provided with fun quirks, strange equipment, and bizarre motivations, which should provide for maximum confusion and intra-team conflict.

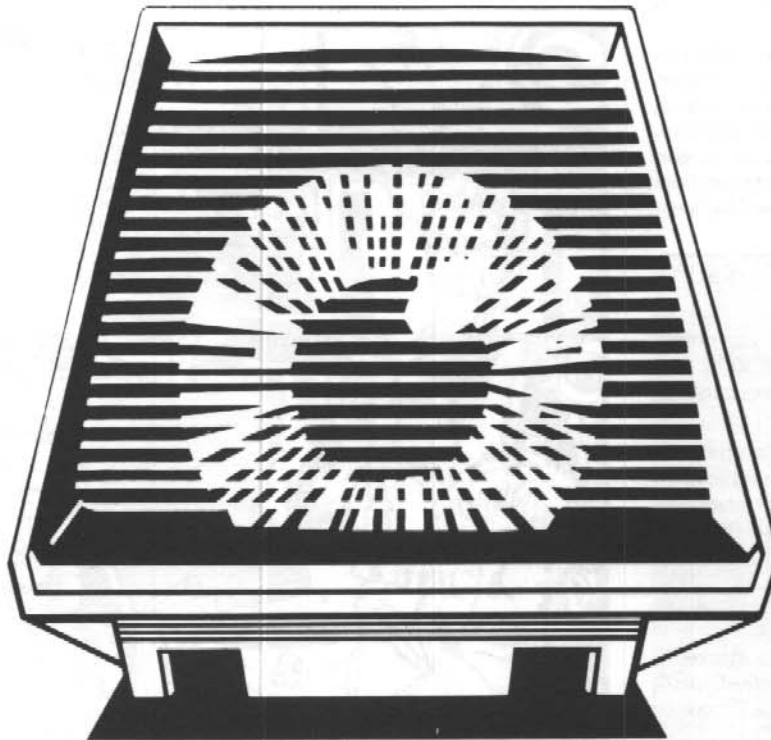
A very wise traitor once said, "Know thine enemy," so be sure to scrutinize the character sheets before handing them out.

**Hologrammed Cellophane Shrinkwrap**

As an added bonus, the cellophane surrounding this adventure pack has been imprinted with a hologram of famous vidstar Teela O'Malley! Note, however, that the electromagnetic field of this experimental hologram is extremely delicate and susceptible to disruption, so be careful not to puncture or tear the cellophane, or the image may be permanently lost.

**Laser Pistol**

A fully-operational laser pistol with three Ultraviolet barrels has been included in the Deluxe Boxed Version of this adventure, so those GMs willing to spend that little extra bit of cash can better keep their rambunctious players under control. If you did not get the Deluxe Boxed Version, save 1000 box tops from the Basic Rules Set and send them in for your very own laser (limit 10 per customer).





# 1. Which Hunt?

## Episode Background

### The Troubleshooters

Faced with near total inactivity, bureaucrats throughout Alpha Complex are resorting to desperate measures to keep Troubleshooters occupied. Thus, the PCs are assembled and briefed for a low-priority, high-casualty filler mission. Don't go away: more to come.

### The Spy Ring

Coincidentally, at the same time as the briefing, master spy Trey-I-TOR-6 sneaks through a false panel in the back of a broken confession booth to make a routine report to his superiors at Enemy Complex. You'll understand why this is important in a moment. Trust us. Thank you for your cooperation.

### Yet Another Coincidence

Although Iwant-U's power is indeed great and far-reaching, he doesn't control all of Alpha Complex — yet. In spite of his best efforts to make life unutterably boring, he cannot stop *everyone* from doing interesting things.

One citizen whom he cannot control is Fun-Y-GUY-2, a malicious little Commie mutant traitor with the power of telekinesis. Already feeling the effects of Iwant-U's boredom campaign, Fun-Y decides to stir things up. He goes to a comfort station near a bank of confession booths (one of which is being used by Trey-I)

### Game Stuff: Troubleshooter Rec Room

**Map:** There's no map for it; if you need one, the room measures about 30 by 25 meters and is dotted with couches, tables, and chairs.

**Twenty-five Assorted Red to Green-level Troubleshooters:** Typical paranoid jokers of various secret societies with assorted mutations. Bored out of their skulls.

#### Weapons

Laser Pistol (8L) 7-13  
Unarmed (5I) 6-12

#### Armor: Red to Green reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Won't attack PCs unless attacked; even then only about half will actively participate in the firefight (the rest will cover or run away).

and, using his mutant power, scoots a Commie propaganda pamphlet into an empty booth nearby. The Computer's video monitor in the empty booth spots the pamphlet and . . .  
But why spoil the surprise?

### The Mission

Spotting the Commie pamphlet in the confession booth, The Computer decides that an invisible Commie brought it into the booth. It immediately locks the booth, trapping the Commie within. The PCs are called off from their assigned mission and sent to capture or kill the invisible Commie.

After they have defeated the Commie who isn't there, the Troubleshooters are suddenly confronted by (you guessed it) Trey-I. If you DIDN'T guess Trey-I, please report for immediate amino acid enhancement therapy.

## Pre-Mission Briefing

### Group Background and Briefing

To set the proper mood, read the following in your dreariest voice. Yawn a few times. If you can manage it, record the mission alert on a tape preceded by thirty minutes of elevator music. Play it inconspicuously on your stereo when the session begins.

The adventure opens in HTN sector Troubleshooter rec room. Read aloud:

Things have been awful slow around Alpha Complex lately. Nothing is going on — no Commie attacks, no galactic conspiracies to overthrow life as we know it, no crazed mutants gunning down innocent clones in the corridors and eating their livers. It's been at least three or four days since you've heard of a Troubleshooter team being sent on a traitor-busting mission . . . it's easy to lose count when the numbers get so high.

Sigh.



Loyal Troubleshooters share some quality time together.

As you shuffle listlessly into HTN sector Troubleshooter rec room, you see there more Troubleshooters than you even knew existed, some slouching in chairs, some staring blankly at the walls, others asleep. Somebody appears to have hung himself in the corner.

Sigh.

There is only one announcement on the bulletin board. It reads:

"HPD and Mind Control announces an exciting new program: henceforth, all Troubleshooter teams will carry official codenames. This action has been undertaken at the suggestion of your friend, The Computer. It is believed that team names will enhance Troubleshooter morale and enthusiasm, which are already at an all-time high. Team names will be selected by The Computer from the suggestions made by team members. There will be a prize for the winning names, and The Computer is confident that all fun-loving Troubleshooters will submit a name. Thank you for your earnest and immediate cooperation."

Sigh.

As the rest of the shift files slowly in, your supervisor announces that the first citizen to bag a legitimate traitor will get an immediate promotion.

This should precipitate a major firefight as everybody scrambles to gun down a "traitor" (that is, the Troubleshooter with the slowest draw in the room). However if none of the PCs draws a weapon, none of the NPCs do either. If there is a shootout, the supervisor will bellow out, "But only if the paperwork is clean!" Everyone groans and returns to his seat. (Incidentally, with regard to the promotion: the forms will fall into a bureaucratic black hole and never be heard from again.)

Continue reading:

**The shift drags on. And on. Even the Teela O'Malley show is a rerun.**

Sigh.

**Time passes. Someone volunteers for reactor shield duty.**

Sigh.

Now sit back, kick your shoes off, and wait. And wait. When the players begin to get restless, ask them a few simple questions to promote their paranoia. Ask them what their characters are doing. Ask them who they're watching. Ask if they notice all the people watching them. Ask if they see anything significant about the others' actions. Find out who's resting his hand on the butt of his pistol.

Get the mission alert for this episode (reference number AC 1.2.1A). Shout it out at the top of your lungs (or wait for it to play on the tape), then hand it over to your players. If they seem horrified or outraged, offer them your sincerest sympathy.

If you must snicker, try to keep it to yourself.

## Rumors

Following are some choice rumors available at the start of this adventure. The italicized text in parentheses is for your eyes only, Mr. GM. Don't tell the players.

### Secret Society Rumors

**All Secret Societies:** Be prepared to participate in a major undertaking the day after tomorrow. Attendance is mandatory. (*True. If they live that long.*)

### Service Group Rumors

**Armed Forces:** The Warbot model 425 Mark IV (which was threatening to replace the Armed Forces) has apparently malfunctioned or something. Should you find the Mark IV, make sure it doesn't get fixed. Also, beware R&Ders: they blame us for Mark IV's failure.

Keep an eye out for opportunities to discredit CPU. Our budget was cut in a big way last quarter, and rumor has it CPU was responsible. (*Basically true, though Iwant-U was really responsible for the budget cut.*)

**CPU:** With things so slow, The Computer is taking the opportunity to work on important business, like figuring out the organization of the Commies, computing the last digit of pi, and other stuff. To aid The Computer, keep anyone from wasting its valuable processing time. Also, Power Services is trying to muscle in on our turf. Beware of Power plants. (*All true, except for the bit about Power Services.*)

**HPD&MC:** Recent mind control improvements by the Subliminal Entertainment Department have all but eliminated treasonous activity throughout the complex. Sadly, other service groups feel threatened by our success and have kept us from receiving proper credit. Mention our accomplishments whenever possible and be on the lookout for traitors who badmouth us. (*Actually, the real credit belongs to Iwant-U-DED-5.*)

**IntSec:** There's been some tension between the Armed Forces and PLC . . . exploit this schism for the betterment of IntSec. Also, there is some major High Treason going on in CPU. Informants tell of mysterious processing cancellations, and CPU reports less available I/O time for important IntSec traitor-hunting programs. Perhaps the CPUers are trying to program The Computer against its loyal guardians! (*False. All of it.*)

**Power Services:** Scuttlebutt around here is that you're a spy for Technical Services, chum. You'd better have an exemplary record on this mission or you're axed. And don't let anyone damage any power plants or vehicles; we've got enough shortages already. (*False. Or maybe true.*)

**PLC:** Some other service group is trying to force shortages and make us look bad. Kill anyone who is wasteful of supplies or equipment and everyone else in his or an affiliated service group. (*True. Or maybe false.*)

**R&D:** Someone (we don't know who) has tampered with the Warbot 425 Mark IV. Since our proposed budget hinges on the success of that project, it must be returned to service and those responsible caught and killed. (*Very true.*)

**Technical Services:** Our superiors in Tech have declared war on R&D. To aid in this noble cause, try to get as much technical data on new R&D devices as possible. Additionally, arrange for any assigned experimental equipment to malfunction and blame it on shoddy workmanship. Also, we're catching some heat for bot shortages. Don't compound that problem. (*So what else is new?*)

### Random Rumors

Each player gets one.

1. IntSec had so many terminations that they overloaded the biorecycling units. Now they have orders not to terminate people. (*False. False false false false.*)

2. There is a group of citizens who live Outside and worship trees, praying to them for healing. They are friendly to our secret society. To establish contact, whenever someone is injured, say "Tree, mend us." (*It used to be true, but the splinter group was overrun by the Warbot model 425 Mark IV on its first patrol.*)

3. One of your team members belongs to an arch-rival society. We don't know who he or she is, but we know that the society favors melee weapons. (*Could be.*)

4. Someone from another service group is plotting to kill your whole team with high-explosives. For your own safety, keep the group split up, and don't let anyone go off alone! (*Could be.*)

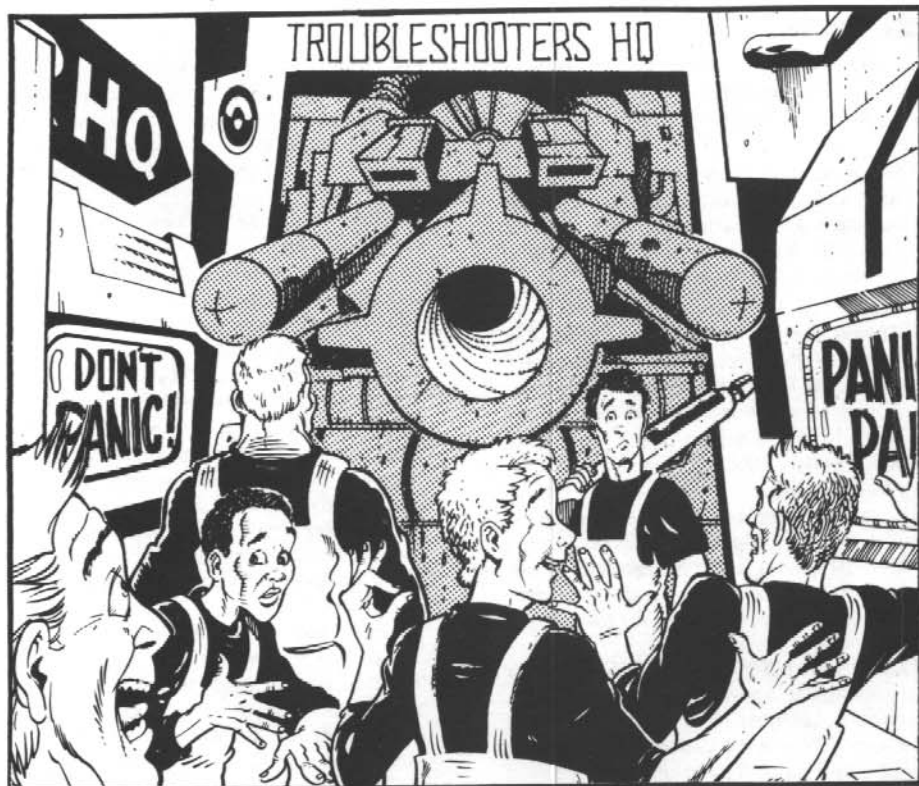
5. The Computer has finally wiped out the Commie menace and it doesn't need Troubleshooters any more. It's staging missions so Troubleshooter teams wipe each other out. (*Not true. Yet.*)

7. The Commies have a secret contact codeword, "laser gun," which is used in conversation. The countersign is "Moo." (*Wrong codewords.*)

8. There's been a major screwup in PLC, and apparently all sorts of explosives are malfunctioning. (*So what else is new?*)

9. Bot spare parts are all but nonexistent. The Computer has taken to executing anyone who even slightly damages a bot. (*Exaggerated, but based on true incidents.*)

10. Our secret society has organized a powerful force Outside. The major invasion is expected any day now. Be prepared to join. (*False. It's Iwant-U's secret society's invasion.*)



"Password, smashword. Go ionize yourself . . ."

### Individual Briefings

The PCs may now contact their secret societies or service groups to make funeral arrangements, escape plans, or whatever. In addition, each PC is told (in private) one rumor from the random rumor table and any information listed under his secret society and/or service group.

### Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho, It's Off to Work We Go

HTN sector Troubleshooter Central is a bad place. Troubleshooters who go there get assigned to missions from which they seldom return. Explain this to your players. Ask if anyone wishes to refuse this mission. Kill anybody who answers in the affirmative. When the survivors announce that they are on their way, read the following out loud:

**HTN sector Troubleshooter Central lies at the end of a long, smoldering Green corridor. About halfway down the hall, the floor and walls abruptly change to Blue. The ceiling, strangely enough, remains Green. What do you do now?**

The PCs are completely ignored until someone steps onto the Blue floor. If the other Troubleshooters don't fire at the traitor, the offending character is gunned down by a withering spray of automatic weapons-fire (laser skill

15; damage 8L) from hidden laser banks above the door leading into Central. There might be a few stray shots . . .

If the PCs decide to stop and look around instead of getting killed for trespassing, continue reading:

**Further down the hall you see the massive armored doors of Central. Several automatic weapons ports are located above and to either side of the entrance, which bears a sign reading: "WARNING: Trouble will be shot."**

**With an ominous rumble, the ponderous doors rise slowly into the ceiling, revealing the barrel of a huge cannon which almost fills the entrance. Incidentally, the huge cannon is pointed straight at you. What do you do?**

This is the Troubleshooters' cue to enter. They probably won't move. If they don't:

**A voice booms out, "All right, come in slowly, and keep your hands up!"**

At this point, it is not unlikely that someone will decide to demonstrate the better part of valor and run like hell. If so, a giant telescoping mechanical grabber extends out of the barrel of the cannon, grabs the offender by the collar, and drags him into the room. Assign two treason points. If he kicks and screams as he's being dragged, the arm bangs him on the ceiling a few times to settle him down. Tack on another treason point for denting the ceiling.

Continue reading:

### Game Stuff: Reception Area, Troubleshooter Central

**Map:** There ain't no map for the Troubleshooter Central reception area. If you need one, improvise from the description given in the text.

**Chest-B-CUS-3:** Obnoxious Blue desk jockey; self-obsessed officious bureaucrat.

**Service Group:** CPU

**Secret Society:** Spy for Iwant-U-DED-5

**Mutant Power:** X-ray vision

**Weapon:**

Hand flamer (10F) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Thrown computer disks (3I) \_\_\_\_\_ 17

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Armor:** Big desk (A|2)

**Tactics:** Crouch behind desk and shoot while bellowing for help from guards.

**IntSec Guards:** One Green and three Yellows

See "Recurring Characters" on GM reference sheet

You gingerly sidestep the cannon and enter Troubleshooter Central. The reception area is a dingy Red room, 40 meters long and 10 meters wide. On the far wall are several elevators with open doors. One of the elevators is apparently filled floor to ceiling with dirty laundry. Four IntSec guards, one Green and three Yellow, eye you balefully from the left wall.

Directly in front of the elevators stands a console, behind which is seated a Blue desk clerk busily shuffling floppy disks from one end of his console to the other, then back again. A sign on his desk reads, "NEXT WINDOW PLEASE."

Give the Troubleshooters ample opportunity to embarrass themselves by asking about the "next window." The clerk sighs audibly, stops playing with his disks, and with exaggerated politeness asks the Troubleshooters their business. He demands to see their mission alert or other legitimate pass.

The clerk knows who they are; he's just pushing them around out of pure meanness. An officious bureaucratic drone, he takes every opportunity to jerk around anyone unfortunate enough to fall into his clutches. If the team shows him their mission alert, he'll report them for displaying classified documents to unauthorized personnel (earning the offenders 1 treason point). If not, he'll make them wait forever while he pretends to search his files for instructions on what to do with them.

When he gets bored, he grabs a stack of paper out of a desk drawer, looks at each PC in turn, and says, "Name, address, and clone number . . . please." After each PC has answered, read:

**After signing everyone in, the clerk sets a box on top of his desk and pulls out a bunch of jerseys. Each has a large bull's-eye on the**





Troubleshooters make a daring fashion statement in the service of The Computer.

front printed in black and bright red. A crossed laser-and-sickle is centered in the bull's-eye. The clerk gives each of you (and your clones) a jersey and instructs you to don them immediately. After everyone has complied, he sends your clone families to heavily-guarded waiting rooms. Once they've left, he tells you to take an elevator to the 99th level. He then resumes playing with his disks.

Regardless of which elevator the PCs enter (with the obvious exception of the one filled with laundry), when they step inside and push the button marked "99," the doors shut and the elevator's walls and ceiling rise to the 99th level. But the floor stays where it is, leaving the PCs standing at the bottom of an empty elevator shaft.

Let the PCs improvise a way to get the outer doors back open when the controls are 98 levels above them. The elevator shaft is a little snug for explosives, and the doors are sealed too tightly to pry open with fingers or crowbars. Unless they are a lot smarter than we are, the Troubleshooters will probably have to shoot their way out, damaging The Computer's valuable property. Amazing how expensive those elevator doors are, isn't it?

The next elevator the PCs enter functions normally (i.e., shudders, starts and stops for no apparent reason, etc.) and takes them to the 99th floor.

When the doors open on the 99th level, alert Troubleshooters notice that the floor outside the elevator is missing: a thirty-meter wide chasm which appears to go all the way to the center of the Earth blocks their passage. A few thin planks supported uncertainly on beams cross the chasm and lead to a narrow ledge

on the other side. Some of the planks appear to be scored . . . could those be claw marks? Across the chasm, a door marked "999" sits on the ledge.

To cross the planks, each character must make a x2 agility check. Pretty easy, but then dirty tricks and foul play might make the roll a little more difficult for unpopular characters. Do everything in your power to encourage this. For example:

**GM:** The planks look very flimsy, like a mild breeze might collapse them. Who goes first?

**PC #1:** (Draws gun.) He does!

**PC #2:** All right, you Commie, I'll go.

**GM:** Where do the rest of you stand? What are you doing?

**PC #1:** I'll stand right next to the plank.

**PC #3:** I'll stand right behind him.

**PC #2:** (On plank.) I don't trust you! I cross backwards, with my rifle pointed at them!

**GM:** Fine. (Rolls dice. Modifies PC #2's agility x1/2 for walking backwards. PC #2 misses his agility check.) The plank wobbles, as if some telekinetic force was at work: You fall. So does the plank.

**PC #3:** I try to grab him!

**GM:** You leap forward to catch your teammate. Unfortunately, you bump into PC #1, who also falls.

**PC #3:** Oops. Oh, gee. Shucky darn. Golly, I'm reeeeeeeeeeal sorry. . .

**GM:** Next!

If a PC falls, let him scream for a good long time, then roll on the "Vehicular Damage and Falling From Great Heights" table on the 101-1000 column. If you're feeling soft-hearted, or if the victim's player is a master of revenge, have the character land on the laundry pile.

### Prepare to Meet Your Maker

When (if) the PCs cross the chasm, they discover a small sign above the door that reads "ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE!" in very





**Game Stuff:**

**Briefing Room 999**

**Maps:** When the PCs go inside, hand them the appropriate player map. The briefing room is also displayed in a handy GM map to the right.

The GM map shows:

1. The entrance.
2. The position of the vampirebot (and, later, the stairs leading down).
3. An unsightly bulge in the briefing room's wall. This has no affect on play.
4. A bunch of benches.
5. The tall (3-meter high) podium-behind which sit the briefing personnel.

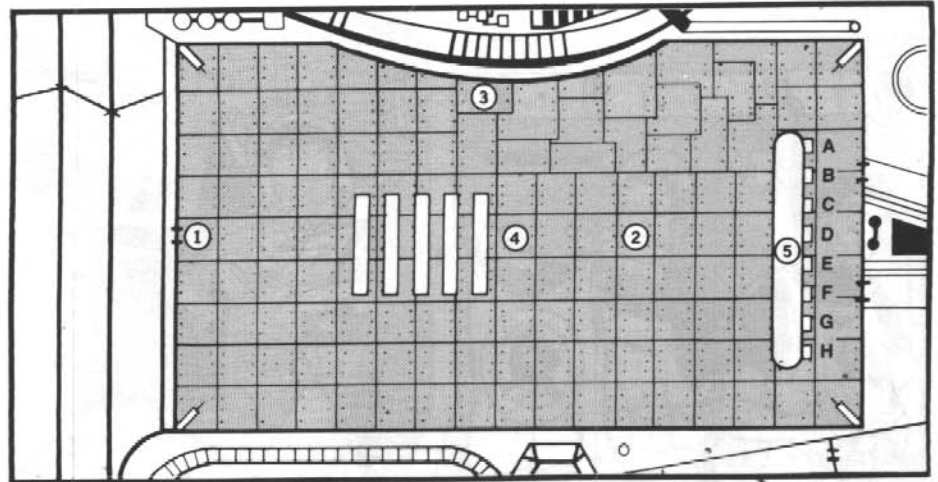
**A-H. Chairs.** They currently contain: A., Limpid-Y-OYO-6; B., Grade-B-DUD-5; C., Plaigar-I-ZER-4; D., Snaf-U and Tarf-U (fighting over the chair); E., Jed-I-OBI-1; F., Darth-VADR-5; G., Gill-I-GAN-6; and H., Loxanne-B-GLZ-6.

**Briefing Personnel:**

Since these guys show up repeatedly throughout the adventure, they are detailed in the "Recurring Characters" section of the GM reference sheet.

**Vampirebot 666:**

Ditto.



**Briefing Room 999**

- **Snaf-U and Tarf-U, the High Programmers.** Their discussion is getting quite animated. No one else appears to be listening; the topic is obviously classified.
- **Jed-I-OBI-1, an Internal Security agent.** He is leaning back in his chair, with his hands folded and his feet on the bench. Jed-I wears reflective sunglasses.
- **Darth-VADR-5, from the Armed Forces,** who is more heavily armed and armored than anyone you've ever seen. He sits ramrod-straight in his chair, breathing noisily and glowering at Jed-I.
- **Gill-I-GAN-6, from Power Services.** He slouches in his chair, a simple grin on his face.
- **Loxanne-B-GLZ-6, a non-descript woman** from PLC.

Obviously, this mission is hideously over-staffed. These things happen when the higher-ups get bored. Another side-effect of bureaucratic boredom is the invention of new, exciting, and pointless missions for Troubleshooters.

As far as the bot in the briefing room — the vampirebot — if the players don't ask for a description of it, don't tell them. Anyone foolish enough to think that these important people would deal with armed and dangerous Troubleshooters without adequate protection deserves whatever he gets. If they do ask, see the bot's description in the "Recurring Characters."

fine print. As they absorb this, the makeshift catwalk behind them leading back to the elevator collapses gracefully, leaving them stranded on the ledge. Considering the lack of alternatives, they will, hopefully, go through the door in spite of the sign. If they don't, wait them out, adding one treason point per minute.

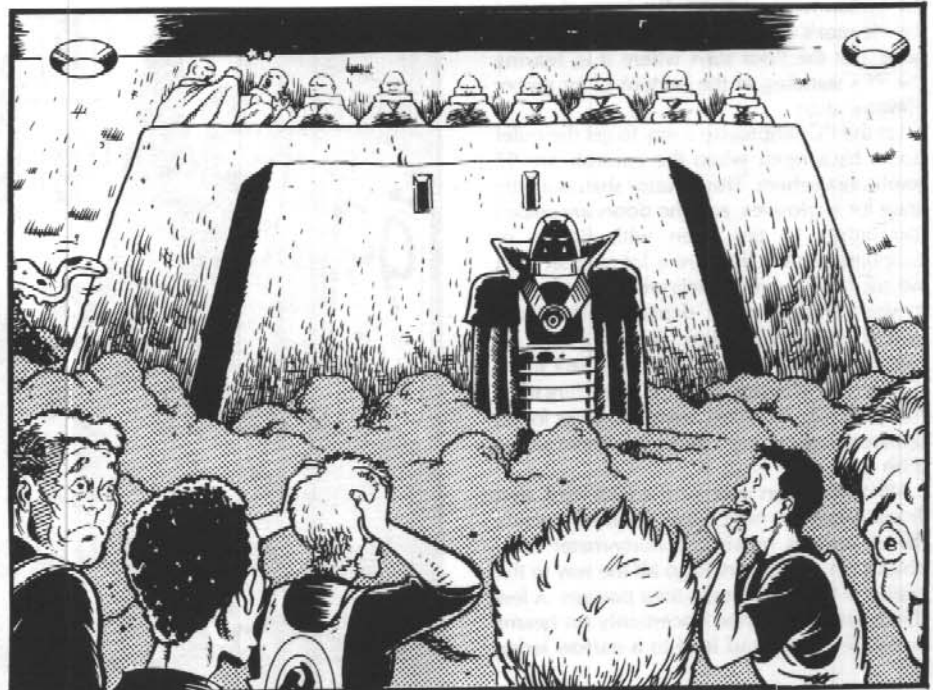
When the PCs get up the nerve to enter, read the following aloud:

The door swooshes open, revealing a long, low room with dim, flickering, buzzing lights. Ceiling fans rearrange the unidentifiable murk hanging about the ceiling and swirling around your feet. A bot stands in the middle of the room, and a tall bench is arranged against the far wall. Nine people are at the bench; two of them are High Programmers, a male and a female, who appear to be discussing some matter of great importance. (They're arguing about who gets to sit in the CPU chair.) As you enter the room, the murk on the floor convulses as if something alive lurks within.

Approaching the bench, you notice that each briefing officer has a name plate in front of him. They are difficult to read, as the officers seem to be suffering unusual bouts of clumsiness and repeatedly knock each other's plate onto the floor.

From left to right there are:

- **Limpid-Y-OYO-6, from HPD&MC,** a small man who looks rather bewildered.
- **Grade-B-DUD-5, an arrogant and hostile-looking citizen** from Technical Services.
- **Plaigar-I-ZER-4 from R&D.** Smoke rises lazily from his lab coat as he meticulously cleans his broken glasses.



"Uh, I don't suppose anybody brought along some synthagarlic?"



After the PCs line up in front of the bench there is an uncomfortably long pause, broken only by Snaf-U and Tarf-U's clenched-toothed discussion. Then Jed-I-OBI-I quietly says, "Catch," and tosses a grenade toward one of the PCs, preferably the one that looks cockiest. Although there is no way for the PCs to know this, the grenade's pin has not been pulled. If the character catches it, it's his. If one of the PCs opens fire on Jed-I, the vampirebot intervenes. Violently. Reward bravery or cowardice appropriately (with death). After the vapor clears, a smile flickers across Jed-I's face.

Read the following aloud to the players:

Snaf-U and Tarf-U appear to have just noticed your arrival. Snaf-U picks up a gavel as Tarf-U makes a grab for it, and Snaf-U whacks Tarf-U's hand several times with it before rapping the gavel on the bench. He says, "Thank you all for coming. Let us commence with the mission briefing." As he starts to sit in the CPU chair, Tarf-U pulls it out from under him. Snaf-U disappears behind the table with a yelp. Tarf-U sits and says, "Congratulations, Troubleshooters. You have been selected to be target dummies — er — Commies for routine Armed Forces live ammunition training. I'm sure you are all grateful for this opportunity." Several of the briefing personnel snicker. Perhaps they saw something funny on their video monitors.

Tarf-U looks reproachfully at them then continues. "Before we proceed with the briefing for this very important and useful mission, which of you has been selected by The Computer as the Team Leader?"

None of them. There will probably be some confusion here (and perhaps an execution or two), but if one of the PCs has the chutzpah to immediately pipe up, he gets the position, regardless of the rest of the team's wishes. Otherwise, the team gets one minute to choose a leader. When the Team Leader has been selected, read on:

Snaf-U leans in front of Tarf-U, placing his elbow rather forcefully in Tarf-U's face — an unfortunate accident, no doubt. Sitting in the now vacated chair, Snaf-U says, "The Computer has ordered that the position of Team Executive Officer shall be opened up in all Troubleshooter teams on a trial basis. It is the Team Leader's responsibility to choose his Executive Officer."

Let the Team Leader choose whomever he wants. No, Snaf-U won't explain the responsibilities until after the Team Leader chooses. Once he does so, Snaf-U continues:

"Very good. Team Executive Officer, one step forward!" You see Tarf-U climbing back to her feet. Snaf-U stands, smacking a knee into Tarf-U's chin. Tarf-U disappears once more.

Snaf-U continues: "You, Executive Officer, have several important duties. First, you are to make sure that the Team Leader's orders are followed by the other Troubleshooters. Treasonous commands are, of course, exempted from this rule. Second, you are to take



Go R&D, and leave the driving to us.

command of the team if the Team Leader should be incapacitated or killed. Finally, The Computer has noticed that traitors tend to concentrate their fire on the Team Leader. As Executive Officer, you will be breveted one security clearance instead of the Leader. That way, if any traitors should happen to attack your team, they will hopefully mistake you for the Team Leader."

Snaf-U is interrupted by Tarf-U, speaking from under the bench. "Snaf-U, you are overlooking an important point!" You hear the sound of a fleshy impact. Snaf-U grimaces and slowly sinks to the floor. He must have stubbed his toe or something. Tarf-U rises, takes the gavel, and strikes something under the bench repeatedly. She sits, and, clearing her throat, says, "The Computer has ordered that official team names be carried by all Troubleshooter teams. Many of our more successful teams already carry unofficial names, the Hotshots, the RAMs, and the Oi-Team, for example. We have here with us today a representative from HPD&MC to administrate the selection of your team name."

Limpid-Y-OYO-6, stuttering, enters all suggested names into The Computer. While he does so, Plagiar-I falls out of his chair for no apparent reason.

Choose whichever team name you like best, or let the players vote. Anyone who doesn't submit a name gets two treason points. A treasonous name merits immediate execution. Whoever submits the winning name gets one commendation and 200 credits.

Snaf-U climbs to his feet right behind Tarf-U and pushes her head into her terminal keyboard. The Computer says, "Gfthjreyetj." (It's true. I pushed my head into the keyboard and that's what came up. The resources of a clever game designer are limitless.) Tarf-U slips out of her seat to the floor. Snaf-U sits again and gestures to Loxanne-B.

Loxanne-B stands and says, "You will be issued standard supplies for this mission, which you may use in addition to any personal belongings. You'll each be issued a laser pistol and two Red barrels. We'd like to give you more, but we can't risk losing weapons which are already in short supply. I'm sure you understand."

As Loxanne-B sits, Snaf-U clears his throat and starts to speak. He is interrupted by Darth-V, who says, "Excuse me, citizen, but isn't this briefing Green clearance?" Tarf-U, now getting up, answers in the affirmative. Darth-V jumps up with a cone rifle, shouts "DIE, REBEL TRAITOR!" and fires a round straight through Limpid-Y-OYO-6's chest. Limpid-Y disappears in a puff of smelly smoke. As it clears, you notice a pile of mincemeat where Darth-V was standing. Calmly putting away a force sword, his feet still up on the bench, Jed-I says, "Interrupting a High Programmer is treason." Everyone else has ducked under their chairs.

### Saved by the Bell

Presently the briefing personnel resume their seats, except for Snaf-U and Tarf-U. After a brief shoving match, they start rolling up their sleeves.



Suddenly every monitor in the room flashes with the following message, which is simulcast in The Computer's soothing emergency 100-watt tones:

**INCREDIBLY FANTASMAGORIC EMERGENCY TOTAL OVERRIDE ALERT!**

**SEND FIRST AVAILABLE TROUBLESHOOTER TEAM TO COORDINATES 19/17-C CCP SECTOR TO TERMINATE COMMIE TRAITOR APPREHENDED IN CONFESSION BOOTH!**

**WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? HURRY UP WITH YOUR COOPERATION!**

Fun-Y-GUY-2 has just telekinised his pamphlet into the confession booth. Upon seeing it, The Computer slammed and locked the door. Convinced that it has trapped a Commie traitor with a new invisibility field generator in the booth, The Computer wants to hit the booth with the best it has on hand — the Troubleshooters. (No one ever said The Computer was a good judge of character(s).)

In unison Snaf-U and Tarf-U shout "this means you!" Then they push a button on the desk and break into an open fist fight.

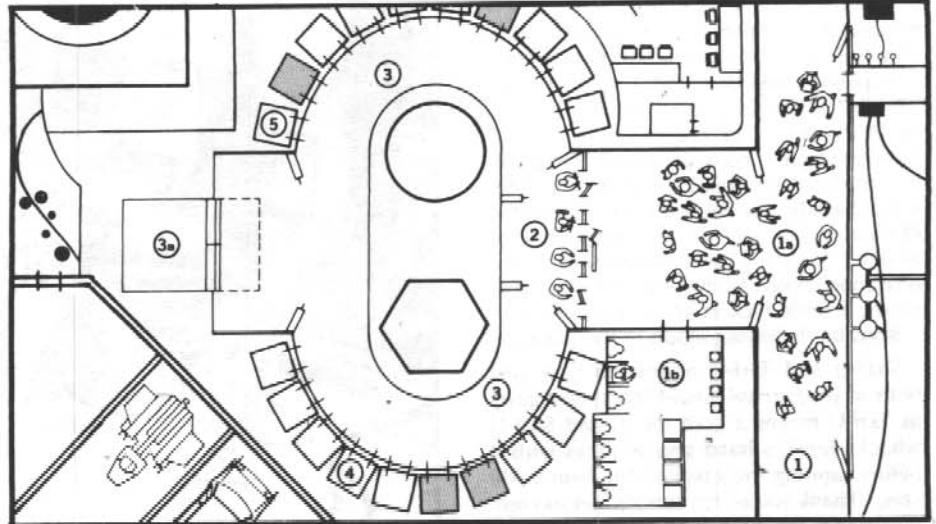
A pit with stairs leading down opens up in front of the bench. The murk on the floor sinks slowly into the pit, glowing with a malevolent red light. If the PCs don't take the hint, Jed-I orders them to go down the stairs or face summary dismemberment. Any further resistance is dealt with by the vampirebot in its typically culinary fashion.

## Nobody Home

### Off We Go, into the Wild Green Yonder

The PCs descend for about 50 steps, then the stairs lead out onto a platform. The platform is very high up, perhaps less than 100 meters below the dome of beloved Alpha Complex itself, and wind from the sector ventilation fans blows mercilessly. Several R&D lab techs stand around fiddling with the latest innovation in modern transportation — giant slingshots.

The PCs are gazing, probably in abject horror, at six fully-cocked rubber bands, each with a padded man-sized pouch. The head technician, Loon-Y-NUT-3, trips over to the team, pushes his glasses back up his nose, stares intently at the ground, and says: "This is our new Elastic Energy Personal Twang Transport. It is currently calibrated to deposit you very near to your mission destination. You should be notified, though, that with the minimal warning time we were given, we have not had time to adequately test our ballistics. Not that it matters, really, since this is the first time the EEPTT itself has been field tested. But anyway, there it is." If the PCs press Loon-Y for information, he stutters and hedges. (The device is perfectly safe. He's just nervous around Troubleshooters, that's all.)



CCP Sector Confession Area

**PC #1:** Are you serious? You want us to get in a giant slingshot?

**Loon-Y:** Well, er, ah, yes. I guess that's just it.

**PC #2:** How necessary is it? Could we see your authorization?

**Loon-Y:** Well, no, I guess you don't have to use the EEPTT if you don't want to, I guess. I can't really ORDER you to, can I? Ahehehehehehe . . . so I guess if you don't want to, I guess you can walk, I guess. But let me assure you, the EEPTT has been very carefully designed, and the theory behind its operation is really flawless. I looked it over myself. Really. The EEPTT is, ah, er, er . . . ah, it's really ah, uh, what I mean to say is, it, it ah, it's really . . .

**PC #1:** (Helpfully.) Safe?

**Loon-Y:** Huh? Uh, no. . . I mean, yes sir, it really is! (Wipes beads of sweat off his brow.)

**Team Leader:** I see. All right, Vehicle Officer. Hop to it. Test the vehicle.

**Veh Off:** Sir, in light of the facts we've been given, I submit to you that . . .

**Leader:** No! A Troubleshooter never submits! A Troubleshooter is always victorious! I'm going to report you for attempted submission unless you get in!

**Veh Off:** Fine. I'll go.

**GM:** He gets in, and with a twang and a loud crack, he soars off into the distance.

**Leader:** I call him on the com unit.

**GM:** (Arbitrarily deciding the Vehicle Officer has fainted.) No answer. Just static. Next?

**All the PCs:** (In chorus.) No way! We're hoofing it!

**GM:** Where did y'all learn the word 'hoof'?

If any of the PCs opts for the EEPTT, he will black out immediately upon launch (unless he has a 2 macho bonus). When he recovers, he will find himself on top of a large air bag that is slowly deflating. No injuries. Right next to the designated destination. If some Troubleshooters take the EEPTT and some don't, those that don't will arrive five minutes later and get a treason point for Delay Of Game.

## The Clone Booth

As mentioned before, Fun-Y-GUY-2 telekinised a Communist propaganda pamphlet into a confession booth from a nearby comfort station and waved it in front of the camera. The Computer concluded that the Commies have developed an invisibility device and that the pamphlet was held by an invisible Commie. To capture the Commie, The Computer slammed and locked the door of the confession booth (incidentally locking every other confession booth in the hall), and sent for the PCs. The Computer wants the Commie traitor killed and the invisibility device captured. Fun-Y-GUY-2 has, of course, escaped and is in fact one of the Internal Security guards barricading the end of the hall.

As the PCs assemble near the confession booth, read the following aloud to the players:

**You approach the bank of confession booths. A large crowd has gathered, all different clearances, but they part and let you pass. Striding through the crowd, you hear "oohs" and "ahs" and the occasional sigh of envy. Someone in the crowd begins to chant, "Terminate the Commie! Terminate the Commie!" and the crowd picks up the cry. Someone else, barely audible above the noise, yells, "Long live the glorious people's revolution against the cap — AAAIIIIIEEE!"**

**Eventually you make your way through the adoring masses and reach a barricade manned by Orange Internal Security troopers. Their leader, a happy looking Yellow trooper, walks up to you.**

Fun-Y-GUY, a Star-class Death Leopard, is extremely pleased with the way things have turned out. Not only has his harmless prank put The Computer in a state of panic and caused the activation of a high-level Troubleshooter team, but he has received a commendation for rapidly and efficiently sealing off the corridor with his troopers. Now he's looking for-



## Game Stuff: The Confession Booth and Surroundings

**Maps:** Plop the players' map of the confession booth and surroundings on the table where everybody can see it.

Your own private, personal map, Mr. GM, is tastefully displayed to the left. It shows:

1. The hallway leading to the confession area.

1a. Adoring crowd of Troubleshooter groupies.

1b. Comfort station (bathroom).

2. IntSec Barricade. Made of barrels, boxes, and several unhappy scrubots. It is manned by Fun-Y-GUY-3 and four additional Orange IntSec troopers.

3. Confession Booth Hallway. Note that there are several "blind spots" in this curved hall that The Computer's video monitors cannot view — near the interior walls of the curved sections of hallway and directly in front of the Euthanasia Center. Note also that several of the booths (the shaded ones on your map) are occupied by more or less innocent bystanders.

3a. A 4-meter wide by 3-meter tall doorway with "Happy Ending Euthanasia Center" inscribed above. In the middle of the door is a big red button. If the button is pushed, the doors swing open, revealing a large pit leading directly to the SOB sector reactor core. At the same time, the floor directly in front of the door (the area contained within the dotted lines on your map) tilts up and dumps anyone on it down into the pit (agility roll needed to jump off).

4. Confession booth containing invisible Commie.

5. Confession booth from which Trey-I-TOR-6 emerges. A secret panel in the back wall leads to a small empty room (where Trey-I leads his illegal broadcasts to Enemy Complex).

**Adoring Crowds:** Average Joes. Consult "Innocent Bystander Table" in GM reference screen if these guys take a lot of indiscriminate fire.

**Fun-Y-GUY-3:** IntSec Guard and Mutant Traitor

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard

**Mutation:** Telekinesis

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 7

**Armor:** Yellow reflec (L4)

**Tactics:** So paralyzed with laughter he can't defend himself until fired at, then he scuttles behind IntSec barrier and orders other guards to open fire.

**Four Orange IntSec Troopers Manning Barricade:**

See "Recurring Characters".

**Invisible Commie:** What needs to be said?

**Trey-I-TOR-6:** Surprised Traitor

**Secret Society:** Spy for Iwant-U-DED-5

**Mutation:** Electroshock

**Weapons:**

Cone rifle

w/AP shells (17AP) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Armor:** Reflec over kevlar (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Shoot Executive Officer first, then most heavily-armed PC. Never surrender.

ward to watching the Troubleshooters hunt a nonexistent Commie, and if he's really lucky, he may even get a chance to gun some down, too.

Boy, is he in a good mood. Even death by slow torture wouldn't ruin his day. Whenever Fun-Y talks, he sounds insufferably pleased with himself (he's got a lousy chutzpah score). He tends to snicker at inappropriate times and in general is quite unsettling to converse with.

**Team Leader:** What can you tell us about the situation, citizen?

**Fun-Y:** (Beams broadly.) Oh, yes sir, sir. We're bravely and valiantly cordoning off this end of the hallway, SIR! (Huge grin.)

**Team Exec:** He means the situation down there ... in the confession booths. What's the deal?

**Fun-Y:** Huh? Oh! Um (Chuckles.) oh, okay. It's like this. (Chuckles some more.) There's ... a Communist (snicker) trapped in one of the confession booths, see, and you're supposed to get him. (Snicker.) Really. (Snicker snicker guffaw.)

**Team Member:** So what have you done about the situation?

**Fun-Y:** (Wiping tears from his eyes.) You see, it's the darnedest thing. Here we are, me and my squad, just taking care of business — you know, using the comfort station — when all of a sudden we're ordered to clear the hallway and establish a perimeter. And ... and ... I did it so fast and efficiently ... that I got a COMMENDATION for it! (Laughs uproariously.)

**Team Leader:** (Draws weapon.) What do you find so amusing?

**Fun-Y:** (Looks at weapon, falls to the floor in hysterical laughter.) Oh, I just can't help remembering this comedy I saw on the video last nightcycle. It was too much! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I mean, The Computer wants us to have fun, so there's nothing inappropriate about my behavior, right? (Pauses to stare at the most confused-looking PC for a few seconds, then resumes uncontrollable laughter.)

**Team Leader:** Okay, Team, move out!

**Blue Citizen in Crowd:** Hey, who are you ordering around, Green slime?

**Team Exec:** (Remembers he's wearing Blue reflec.) Hey, yeah! Take this, you mutant usurper! (Blam blam blam blam blam.) Well, then. No time to lose. Let's get the Commie.

**Fun-Y:** Aaaaaaa-hahahahahahaha! (Lies on stomach, pounds fists and feet on the floor. Rolls over and points at the late Leader and laughs some more.)

After the team finishes with (or finishes off) Fun-Y, continue reading:

Up ahead, the hallway splits into two curved branches, a bank of confession booths lining the outer wall of each. By the little signs that say "Occupied," you can tell that all the booth doors are locked, probably by The Computer. In addition, one of the booths has an alarm light blinking over its door. Every video monitor within range flashes the messages: "ALERT," "SERVE THE COMPUTER," "KILL THE COMMIE," and "THE TIME IS 11:23" over and over again.

As the PCs deploy around the confession booth with the blinking alarm, Mission Control addresses them over the Team Leader's com unit, saying, "Team HTN-13, this is Mission Control. We are standing by. Please advise when in position." When the Troubleshooters respond, The Computer itself speaks. "Are you ready to have some serious fun, Troubleshooters?"

When the PCs tell The Computer that they are indeed ready, sirens go off, monitors flare red with the word "FIRE!" and the door whooshes open.

The booth is empty except for a small piece of paper on the floor.

Fun-Y again breaks into hysterical laughter. (PCs with the hypersenses mutation who make successful power attribute rolls may notice that the paper on the floor sort of jerks in time with Fun-Y's laughter.)

If everyone stands around stupidly (a likely possibility), The Computer begins yelling, "QUICK! FIRE!" and "HE'S GETTING AWAY!" Somewhat more quietly, the PCs hear coming from their com units, "This is Mission Control. Come in. We show at T plus twenty seconds. Please advise." Should they continue to stand around stupidly, The Computer orders the Orange IntSec guards and the treasonously gleeful Fun-Y to blanket the corridor with small arms fire. After all, only real heavy indiscriminate fire will kill an invisible Commie on the loose.

The only way the PCs can survive this mission with skin and major internal organs intact is to immediately pour a withering fire into the empty booth the instant the door is opened.

There are some rather dim PCs who will believe that The Computer is malfunctioning. We know, It is — but stepping into the confession booth with a screwdriver (or fire axe) ain't gonna fix it. If someone pulls this stunt, he is immediately accused of attempted sabotage over every loudspeaker in the area. Computer fodder.

Another possibility is that someone may get tired of hearing a certain Commie yuk it up. The PCs may certainly open fire on Fun-Y if they want, but if they miss, the stray shot drills



Fyur-I-OUS-6, a semi-innocent bystander with lots of bodyguards. (The unusual tendency of stray shots to home in on the most inconvenient target was first documented by the arch-traitor Murph-Y-LAW-3. Just a little historical trivia.) Naturally, this also applies if the PCs shoot at anyone in the crowd's general direction.

If anyone peruses the pamphlet, even briefly, he discovers that it is covered with Communist propaganda of the most scurrilous sort. The propaganda is at level 5 (on a die roll of 1-5, the victim gains the Communist propaganda skill at level 1).

### Forgive Me, Father, for I am Singed

When the smoke has cleared, clone replacements have arrived, and things have more or less settled down, continue reading:

As you are about to leave for the debriefing, you hear the sound of a small explosion nearby. Looking to your left, you see the door to another confession booth fall to the ground and an Indigo citizen step out of the smoke. Seeing you, he yells into his wrist chronometer, "Planet X, this is Flash! The Commies are on to me! Initiate Operation Overlord!"

What has happened is this: the Indigo citizen, Trey-I, was making an illegal radio transmission (to the Enemy Complex) in a secret alcove behind a false wall in the confession booth when Fun-Y did his thing. When he finished his transmission, he reentered the

confession booth only to discover that the door to the corridor was locked. Fearing capture, he blew it down and emerged — directly into the arms of the Troubleshooters. Believing that all was lost, he made an emergency call to Enemy Complex, the ramifications of which will be explained later.

After making his call, Trey-I pushes a button on his belt buckle, which quickly unfolds into a cone rifle. (Dick Tracy, eat your heart out.) He opens fire immediately, targeting first the Team Executive Officer, who appears to be the highest clearance officer; after disposing of him, Trey-I fires at the best-armed PC.

Once the PCs kill Trey-I, they will probably search his body. If so, they overhear the following message coming from his wrist chronometer:

"Planet X to Flash, Planet X to Flash! Do you have clearance to override the Dead Man?" Then, softer, "No sir, no response. How are we supposed to bring the war to the Commies if he goes and gets himself killed?"

Then, responding to a transmitted self-destruct message from Enemy Complex, Trey-I's wrist chronometer glows bright red and melts. This does unpleasant-smelling things to Trey-I's wrist, but, as he is dead, he doesn't much care.

**Note:** The reference to "the Dead Man" in the transmission is a *bona fide* clue. Putting this reference together with other information they come across later in the adventure, the players

may discover that the Dead Man is Iwant-U-DED-5, the traitorous High Programmer in charge of the enemy spy ring.

Discovering the Dead Man's identity and informing Jed-I before Jed-I learns it on his own is worth mega commendation points.

### Booty

Trey-I has the following items secreted about his person:

- 42 credits
- Collapsible cone rifle (two AP shells remaining)
- Indigo reflex
- Laser pistol (two Indigo barrels)
- Vial of 24 little pink pills (cyanide)
- Four small magnetic boxes for leaving secret notes; one contains a piece of apparently blank paper. (A secret message in Ultraviolet ink. When exposed to UV light, it says: "Infiltration equipment acquired. Delay subversive activity. Prepare for final assault on the Commies. IUD.")

Nimble PCs may swipe the credits, the cone rifle shells, one laser barrel, the pills, and the boxes (including the note) without recriminations, but somebody in IntSec will notice if Trey-I's cone rifle, armor, or laser pistol are gone (tapes from the corridor monitors show that he had them when he died). The PCs will have to answer tough questions at some inconvenient point later in the adventure.

### Return to Sender

Once Trey-I has been waxed, the PCs are recalled via com unit to the briefing room. Of course, they never get there.

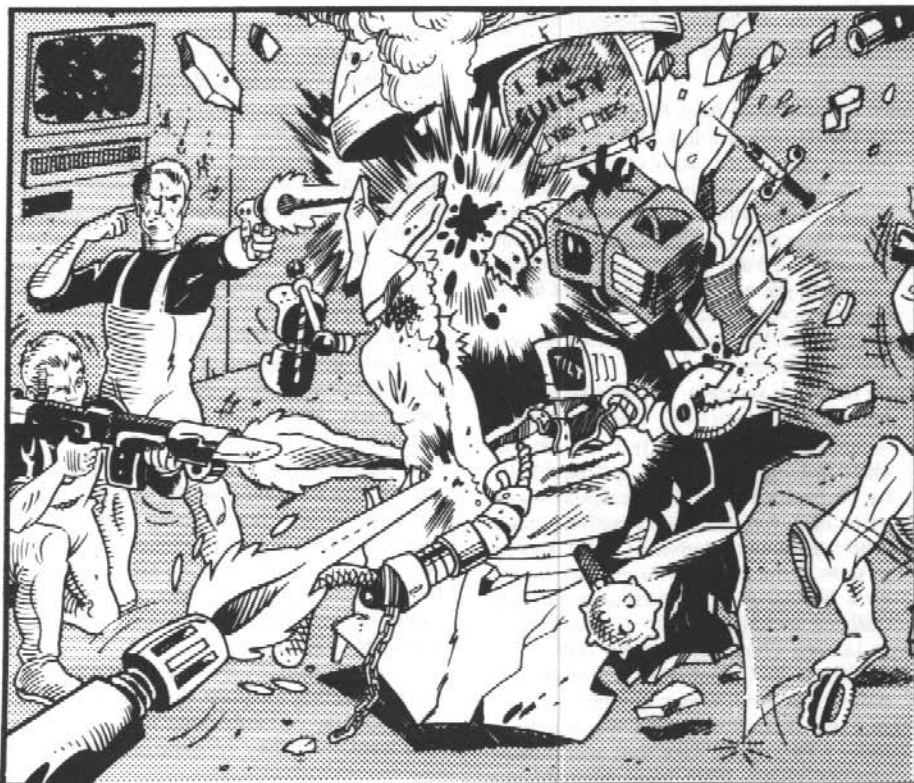
### Avoiding PC Casualties

Deleted for reasons of security.

### Episode 1.5 Snitch Hunt

#### Episode 1.5? What is all this?

The Troubleshooters aren't going to make it back to the briefing room, yet. See, it's a good five minute walk, and word travels fast around Alpha Complex, especially when there's nothing else going on. As the PCs are returning to HQ, news of Trey-I's demise reaches the ears of the HTN sector HQ front desk clerk (also an enemy spy), and he attempts use the PCs to minimize the damage caused by this breach of security. He rapidly types up a bogus mission alert sending the Troubleshooters to Trey-I's safe house: cubicle 5584. Once there, he will attempt to trick them into destroying secret documents.



After all, only real heavy indiscriminate fire will kill an invisible Commie on the loose . . .



## Believe It or Else

This is how it goes:

As you stride back into HTN sector HQ, you see several workers scurrying back and forth (and even a few scurrying back and forth). The Blue desk clerk waves frantically at you. When you reach his desk, he pulls something out of his processor and says, "Thank goodness you're here! This just came down! It's extremely important! Hurry! We're depending on you!" He hands you a mission alert.

Give them mission alert (reference 1.5.2a).

As you can see, the clerk is not a good typist when he's in a hurry. (He's got a lousy forgery skill level.) It doesn't much matter in this particular case though: he's intimidated Houston-Y at Mission Control into believing this alert is for real. Since, to give Mission Control a fair field test, The Computer will route all the Troubleshooters' queries back to Houston-Y, there's really no way for the PCs to determine the validity of the alert. PCs who protest too much earn treason points (some of which may be rescinded at the end of the mission when the clerk's treason is discovered).

If the PCs question the clerk directly on the validity of the alert, he compensates for his lack of forgery skill with a surplus of hand-flamer skill, announcing that if the team does not go on this mission immediately, he will have to execute them. At this time Houston-Y comes on over the com units saying, "Team HTN-13, this is Mission Control. Request E.T.A. cubicle 5584, over."

If you need to run a combat here, see the "Game Stuff: Reception Area" box on page 8.

## You Really Shouldn't Be Doing This...

### Cubicle 5584

Cubicle 5584 is one of Iwant-U's safe houses and is officially listed as unoccupied. Trey-I has been using this as a base of operations for three months.

### Getting There

When the players have absorbed the mission alert and announced that their characters are on their way, read:

Cubicle 5584 is located in an industrial subsection of Alpha Complex. After dodging the customary forkbots, transbots, and infrared-powered sleds for several exciting moments, you reach a vacant-looking Blue clearance hallway at the end of which, according to your map, lies your objective.

Speaking of which... ahead of you the hallway opens to the left into sort of a room. Inside you note a huge Yellow storage tank squatting on the floor, clearly labelled "FLAMMABLE." There are some Green pipes leading away from the tank, and there's a Yellow valve wheel on the tank's side. The floor changes to Indigo clearance parallel to

the hallway you're in, and some three meters farther on, against the left wall, you see the door to cubicle 5584. The hallway appears to be deserted. What will you do? What — WILL — you — do?

If they call Houston-Y at Mission Control, he tells them to proceed with caution. If they jump into a confession booth, The Computer gladly listens to their confessions but tells them to consult with Mission Control about any mission-related problems. Eventually, the players'll decide to go for it. As soon as a Troubleshooter steps onto the Indigo floor, read the following:

As you step onto the Indigo floor, you hear a voice around on the other side of the tank say, "Hey! Bill-Y-BOB-3! Hurry up!" Two Yellow-clad guards trot around the tank. Both have Indigo armbands, mutant stripes, and automatic slugthrowers. One says, "Well, well, what have we here? Good work, there, John-Y-BOY-4."

These are two Armed Forces Vulture trainees on guard duty. Bill-Y-BOB-3, a Death Leopard with the pyrokinesis mutation, acts like a backwoods hillbilly who caught someone trespassing on his land. When playing Bill-Y, slouch, drawl, peer at your players through half-closed squinty eyes — the works. John-Y-BOY-4 is a telepath and should be regarded as Bill-Y's loyal and exuberant huntin' dog, down to the drooling and panting. John-Y constantly gives Bill-Y reports on what the Troubleshooters are thinking.

The trainee goons are assigned to guard this hallway. No one knows why. They won't let the PCs enter the area without a properly filled-out Security Breach Authorization Form. It will take the PCs approximately two days of bureaucratic wrangling to get one, by which time they will all be executed for failing to complete their mission. If asked, Houston-Y attempts to convince the goons to let the PCs through, but as Bill-Y has never heard of Mission Control, Houston-Y is unsuccessful.

If the PCs go for their weapons, Bill-Y sidesteps with surprising speed and stands with his back to the tank. He points his weapon at the tank and lights a butane lighter. "Now, I wouldn't be too dum hasty with them there firesticks, if I was you, chief. I seems to think I got you at a distinck dis-AD-vantage, y'unnerstand, boy? Now, don't go tryin' nothin' foolish, son, or I'll light us all up reecal purty-like." John-Y pipes in with, "They're real pissed, Bill-Y, sir!"

On the other hand, buffalooing these buffoons with con, fast talk, or any impressive blizzard of bull is sure to work. They're kind of dim. After all, they're only Vultures.

### Enter the Scrubot

The PCs are faced with a computer lock on the door leading into cubicle 5584, but a x1/2 security roll defeats it. Or, if they call Mission Control, Houston-Y gets the password from the desk clerk. Either way they'll get in. (A tacnuke will work, too.)

As the door swooshes open, they hear the squeal of dozens of very tiny wheels as a small scrubot careens around the corner and into the cubicle, muttering more or less to itself.

This is Scrubot W/ee-ZL. Weasel (as it is commonly called) enjoys cleaning, but, after some treasonous reprogramming at the hands of a Pro-Techer, it has learned a more rewarding vocation: random murder. Thus, Weasel pretends to be a normal, semi-intelligent scrubot, zooming around the cubicle, scrubbing floors from room to room (leaving a very slippery trail, incidentally) ... until it finds itself alone with a PC whose back is turned.

### Round and Round the Mulberry Room

W/ee-ZL has a little vocal subroutine that he runs over and over again. If you can stand it, record the following on a cassette about twenty times, and play it as the PCs search the cubicle.

Good daycycle, citizens! I am Scrubot W/ee-ZL, and I'm here to make your daycycle cleaner and pleasanter! As a scrubot, it is my joy and duty to clean Alpha Complex for The Computer's happy citizens! I clean floors, I clean walls, I clean doors, I clean halls, and I'd even do windows, but ownership of windows is treason punishable by summary execution!

(To the tune of "Let's Go to the Hop.")

Let me use my mop! (Oh, Bay-B!)

Let me use my mop! (Oh, Bay-B!)

Let me use my mop! (Oh, Bay-B!)

Let me use my mop! (Oh, Bay-B!)

Ohhhh-aahhhhh!

Let me use my mop!

I'll be a-washing and a-scrubbing

And a-waxing and a-rubbing

With my mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

I'll get the floor so shiny

That you'll slip and hit your hiney

On my mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

If anything's not spiffy

I will clean it in a jiffy

With my mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

(Repeat chorus.)

I will squash each tiny insect and

I'll use the disinfectant

With my mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

When your blood is spilling out

All that you need to do is shout

And I will mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

That's all I want to do

Is attack the grime and goo

And use my mop! (Mop-mop! Mop!)

Pretty bad, huh? What's worse is that W/ee-ZL repeats this little song and dance routine over and over ...

And over ...

Until ...



**Game Stuff: Cubicle 5584**

**Maps:** The cubicle and the surrounding area is diagrammed below and on a player handout map in the pullout section. Give the map to your players and consult the GM map when reading the following descriptions.

1. A corridor. The PCs enter this Blue corridor from the top (at 1a). To their right is a bank of confession booths (1b).

2. Another corridor. The floor changes to Indigo clearance at the dotted line, so the PCs are not cleared to go into the hallway. It's only one treason point if they do.

2a. A large Yellow tank. This huge tank is filled with Flammable Liquid #47. Flamethrower juice. The top of the tank was stolen by a traitorous Frisbee fetishist. If anyone falls in, he's got two rounds to get out before his powered weapons explode. Then all he has to deal with is flammable clothing and triple malfunction chances. If the tank is hit by a high-energy weapon, it is punctured and a jet of flame sprays out perpendicular to the wall of the tank. Low energy weapons like slugs and knives merely create a big flammable leak.

2b. Green pipes and a Yellow valve wheel on the tank. A PC making a x2 agility roll can jump to the wheel from the Blue hall, but there's a 50/50 chance he'll open the valve. This causes some ominous creaks and the pipes swell, but no harm done — just don't let the players know that. Jumping to the pipes from the valve wheel takes an unmodified agility roll, and moving on them takes another unmodified roll. Once on the pipes or valve wheel, a Troubleshooter can clamber up on top of the tank, making a x3/4 roll to not fall in. Again, don't let the players know.

2c. An Infrared confession booth. If you're not caught crossing the Indigo floor, then you can't be in trouble for being in this booth, 'cuz you're cleared for it.

3. The Entrance. The door is locked and requires a password to open. A x1/2 security roll will work; as will an AP shell; as will calling up Huston-Y and requesting the

password. There are two doors leading from the foyer (entrance way); each bears an old sign saying, "DANGER! PLASMA GENERATOR TEST SIGHT! DO NOT ENTER!" or somesuch. This area is grey (excessively dirty) clearance.

4-8. The safe house.

This area is so posh that the Troubleshooters will feel afraid to breathe. The walls are covered with a bizarre cloth-like material, the floors with the fur of some strange animal (dacron, to be exact). The color scheme will leave the PCs decidedly confused as to the security clearance of the area: "I've never heard of Paisley clearance, have you?" Treasonous items lay scattered about: Old Reckoning history books (*Conan the King*, *1987 Manhattan Yellow Pages*, *Gamer's Guide to Diplomacy*, etc.), potted plants (mainly trifids and poison oak), and cases of something called "Ouzo." Nimble-fingered PCs could make a veritable fortune here.

Every room has, of course, several video screens, a camera, and a small terminal. The cameras are deactivated.

4. Bedroom. Here the PCs find a bed, table, and dresser. If they go through the dresser, they discover two Indigo laser barrels, two grenades, and a picture of a woman wearing nothing but a Green scarf. (This is Djee-G, a woman from Enemy Complex who has been skipping on her hormone suppressants. Trey-I has some tender and treasonous memories of her.)

5. Bathroom. Expensive colognes, plush towels, shower, toilet, and sink.

6. Kitchen. Contains an elaborate food synthesizer, an adventure in itself.

7. Computer room. A keyboard and vidscreen, reams of documentation for several treasonous programs (all written in code), a "fax machine" (see below), as well as an ungrounded modem.

8. Closet. Chock full of big cartons. When one of the cartons is picked up, opened, or breathed on wrong, it falls over, and the PCs discover that it (and all the others) con-

tain Trey-I's huge marble collection. The marbles will cascade across the closet and foyer (if the door was open when the mishap occurred). Characters moving through a marble-strewn area must make an unmodified agility roll each round to stay upright (the roll is x1/2 if the character is running). Can you say, "Keystone Kops?"

**Bill-Y-BOB-3:** Registered mutant security guard

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard

**Mutation:** Pyrokinesis

**Weapons:**

Automatic slughthrower  
w/dum-dum (9P) \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 7

**Armor:** Yellow reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Stand in front of yellow tank; threaten PCs. In battle, use mutation (power attribute: 15).

**John-Y-BOY-4:** Registered mutant security guard

**Secret Society:** Romantics

**Mutation:** Telepathy

**Weapons:**

Automatic  
slughthrower w/solid (7P) \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Tactics:** Hang around Bill-Y; tell him what PCs are thinking; go for hand-to-hand combat when possible.

**Scrubot W/ee-ZL:** Psychopathic murderer bot with blaster

**Intelligence:** Quite well-versed in subjects related to cleaning; low-grade moron in all else. A good liar.

**Weapons:** Blaster Mild Scrubber  
Abrasives

Skill #: 8 19 19  
Damage: 9E 2AP 3I

**Armor:** Cheap shiny tin (I2L3)

**Tactics:** Wander around cleaning cubicle. Wait for Troubleshooter to be alone, then shoot him in the back. Claim it was someone else. If attacked, shoot blaster, then close in and use abrasives and scrubber.

**Avon-G-NGL-3:** Ill-informed spy

**Secret Society:** Spy for Iwant-U (doesn't know it)

**Mutation:** Adrenalin control

**Weapons:**

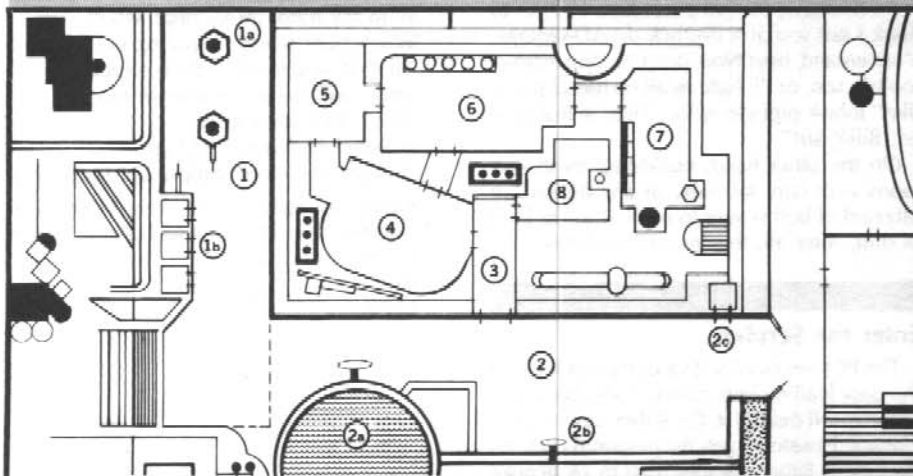
Sonic Rifle (8E) \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
2 Grenades (8P) \_\_\_\_\_ 12  
Unarmed (7I) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

**Armor:** Reflex & kevlar (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Thinks PCs are secret contact; stands around mouthing dumb codewords until given proper countersign or attacked. If attacked, uses weapons to cover her escape.

**IntSec Squad:** Two Reds, three Oranges, and one Green

See "Recurring Characters"



Cubicle 5584



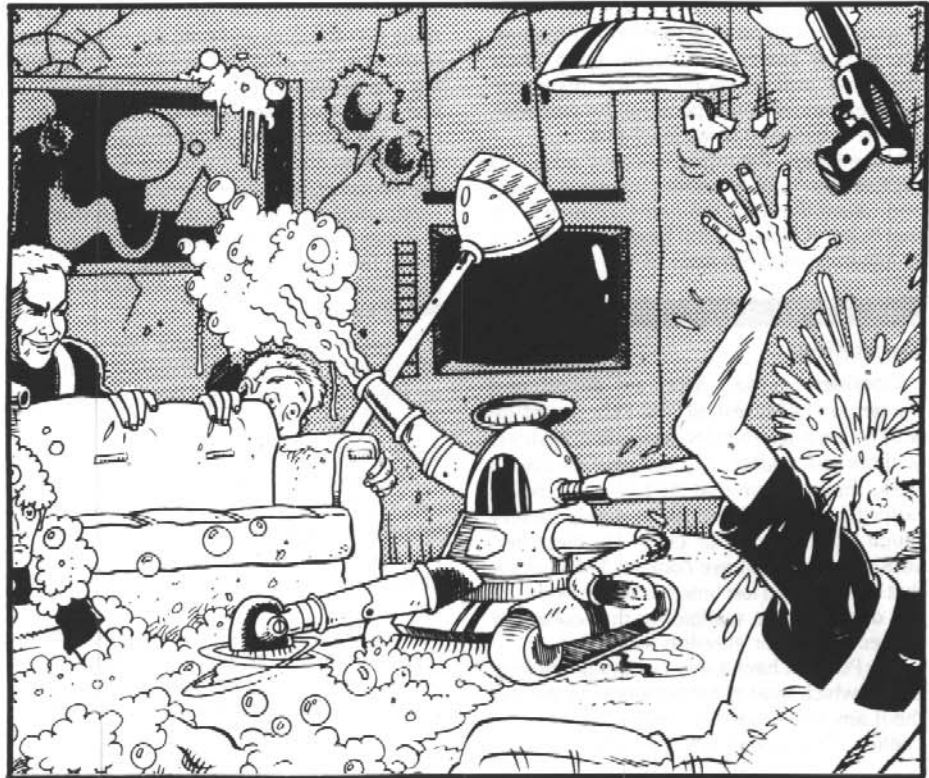


## Pop Goes the W/ee-ZL

Whenever W/ee-ZL finds itself alone with an unsuspecting Troubleshooter, a blaster barrel pokes out of one of its rotary scrub brushes and fires. Although Weasel's accuracy is not great, remember that it gets bonuses for point blank range. Before you say anything, roll for the hit and damage, then read the following:

**Suddenly you hear the high-pitched, staccato punch of a blaster counterpointed with a scream, followed by the squeal of an alarm! Over the noise, you hear the scrubbot yelling, "Intruder alert! Intruder alert!" Quick, what do you do?**

The scrubbot zooms randomly around the rooms, yelling and screaming and generally making everyone tense. If anyone thinks to question the bot, it claims to have been too absorbed in cleaning to have seen the culprit. Further questioning reveals that it "may have been one of you." If really pressed for details, Weasel says, "The human terminated the late subject team member, then activated a technological device on his belt and turned invisible." Should the team decide to ventilate Weasel, it retreats to a corner and whines, "Damaging The Computer's valuable and loyal scrubbot is treason! No kill!!" If fired upon, Weasel does not return fire, for it hopes to convince everyone that it is harmless. Once hit, however, it pulls its blaster, rushes the nearest PC, and goes out in a blaze of glory.



A clean clone is a happy clone.

## Avon Calling

As soon as the PCs start thinking they're chasing ghosts, in comes another enemy agent, code-named 'Avon.' Poor Avon was told she'd rendezvous with some other agents from Enemy Complex. Pick the PC with the most clones left and tell the players:

**A Green clearance citizen walks in, a sonic rifle slung over her shoulder. She smiles at (the PC) and says, "You must be Agent Louis XIV. Looks like you've got everything under control. What are we supposed to do with the cargo?"**

The Team will probably open fire on both her and the PC.

If, by some bizarre turn of events, they don't, she'll stick around and help her assumed comrades until the Vultures arrive (see below).

**Yet Another Clue:** If captured and the PCs apply a little, er, enthusiastic questioning, Avon spills her guts. Her secret society boss, a guy known as "The Dead Man," sent her a message to come here and meet someone called Louis XIV. If really pressed, she adds that she's never seen the Dead Man's face; he always kept it covered. However, she did notice that he is left-handed. That's all she knows. If "pressed" any further, she begins to babble outright nonsense. (Feed the players whatever line of guff you want.)

## Express Mail

Eventually, someone will probably decide to call Mission Control for "further instructions." When they do, Houston-Y patches them over to the desk clerk.

The desk clerk tells them to look for any documents covered with strange-looking writing or code. (Dumloads may be found in the computer room.) When the PCs announce that they have found them, he says:

**"These documents are far too valuable for you to try to bring them back by hand. One never knows; enemy agents might try to steal them. Instead, it is safer to send them electronically. According to this floorplan, there should be a telefacsimile device right next to the line printer." (In the CPU room, the PCs will see a somewhat appropriate-looking device next to a line printer.) "This device is very efficient, and it can handle several pages at once. Time is of the essence, so put as many in as it will take."**

Most likely the PCs will cram a whole lot of papers in. The machine switches on automatically, there's a humming noise, and finely shredded paper pours out of the bottom. If the PCs ask the desk clerk if he received copies, he says, "You sent them? Oh, here they are! Yes, they came out perfectly. Send a bunch more." Should they ask about the shredding, the desk clerk says, "What? Oh, that's natural. It's a security precaution to . . . ah . . . to prevent such sensitive material from falling into the wrong hands. Send a bunch more."

**Not Another Clue:** The encoded documents do in fact contain important information, but, sadly, even the most gifted computer-assisted cryptographer would need weeks to break the code. Since by then the information would be all but useless, feel free to let the PCs steal as much of it as they can carry.

## When the Shredding Gets Boring . . .

At about this time Jed-I calls Houston-Y to ask what is delaying the team's report on their mission to the confession booth. Houston-Y doesn't so much spill the beans as throw them down. With two calls Jed-I activates two Internal Security teams — one to get the PCs, one to kill the desk clerk.

## The Desk Clerk

**Clerk:** What are you doing here? We haven't activated any IntSec squads.

**Goons:** BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM CRASH POW CRUNCH Smash Thunk tinkle tinkle tinkle.

## The Team

A nearby IntSec squad is activated when the PCs are about halfway through shredding the documents.

Are any PCs off by themselves? Hope so. Pop goes the Weasel — again. Followed immediately, of course, by the entrance of the IntSec squad.

The troopers will not fire unless fired upon; they've been told the PCs are Troubleshooters and are therefore probably loyal.



Maybe there won't be any gunplay at all. Maybe there will be a big room-to-room brawl. Or, if your players are really smart, their characters will all point to the teammate they've coerced into operating the shredder, and he'll be taken away in chains.

Nonetheless, the IntSec troopers' goal is to capture the Troubleshooters relatively intact and return them for debriefing. Please keep that in mind. You will still have plenty of time to kill everybody off later in the adventure.

### Debriefing

Considering they have an armed and dangerous IntSec escort, the PCs should be able to get back to HTN sector headquarters without any trouble. As they pass the clerk's desk, they observe that it's full of big bullet holes. Chest-B-CUZ-4, a citizen who looks very much like the previous clerk, sits there nervously, avoiding all eye contact. The elevator that the PCs used last time has been filled with the debris of the scaffolding that collapsed earlier. The other elevators work fine.

The PCs will have a very cursory debriefing, during which most of the personnel barely pay them any attention, Jed-I being the only exception. Snaf-U and Tarf-U are still locked in

a knock-down-drag-out fight, which eventually spills over the desk and onto the floor in front of the PCs. The other personnel are busy making urgent reports to their service groups or The Computer. Sanitation workers from PLC carry out the remains of Darth-V and Limpid-Y under the direction of Loxanne-B. After hearing the report, Jed-I issues commendations and reprimands and informs the Troubleshooters that they should still consider themselves on alert. They are then dismissed.

### Payday

If you are the kind of softy GM who likes to give your players some instant gratification at the end of each episode, here's some suggestions:

#### Episode One

Any mention of "the Dead Man" is worth two commendation points to the character who speaks up, plus an additional one treason point to everyone in the party (including the character who received the two commendations).

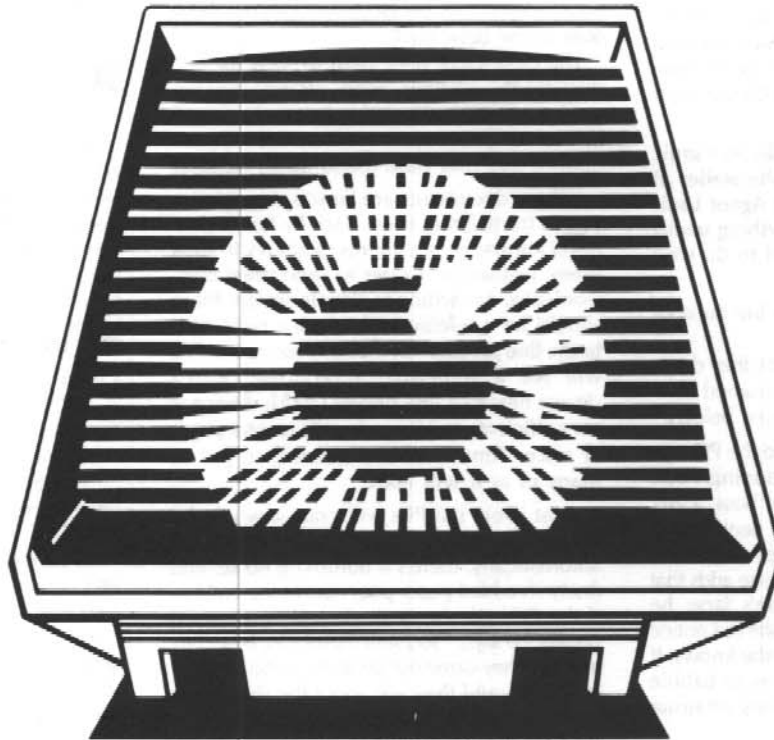
If any PC immediately opened fire into the confession booth, he gets two commendation points. Troubleshooters receive four treason points for not returning the Commie invisibility

device unless they convince Jed-I that it was destroyed. PCs receive two treason points each if they leave the Commie propoganda pamphlet lying on the floor of the confession booth, as it will be noticed by janitorial personnel. If anyone takes the pamphlet for himself, he does not get any treason points unless a teammate saw him do it and tells Jed-I.

Every participating PC gets one commendation and 100 credits for the death of Trey-I. If an enterprising PC found Trey-I's concealed panel and kept the information for his secret society, he gets two secret society IOUs.

#### Episode 1.5

If the players believed W/ee-ZL and tell Jed-I about the invisible intruder, they lose the commendations for firing into the confession booth, since it's obvious that the invisible Commie escaped. Instead, they get another two treason points for damaging the confession booth. Jed-I also warns them that the invisible Commie is apparently following them, and they should therefore keep their eyes peeled. They get another one (or two) treason points for entering an Indigo domicile. The reward/penalty for the treasonous documents depends on their story. Play it by ear.





## 2. Raiders of the Lost Arco

### Mission Background

A rapid and thorough investigation by Internal Security discovers that Trey-I is an agent from somewhere Outside Alpha Complex, and Technical Services gets a fix on Enemy Complex with a radio direction finder.

Iwant-U discovers that the PCs are being sent to locate Trey-I's home base, so he tries to throw the team off the track. One of Iwant-U's agents in the Sierra Club leaks the location of a Sierra Club outpost about halfway between Alpha Complex and Enemy Complex. Iwant-U hopes that this Ultraviolet herring will convince The Computer that Trey-I must have been sent by these folks, despite the fact that the Sierra Clubbers have no radio, no high-tech equipment, and no personnel to spare. (Comies work in mysterious ways.)

### Mission Summary

The Troubleshooters are grossly over-equipped and sent out on a parody of other post-holocaust games. They are, unfortunately, not cleared to know the location of their objective so they must question the natives.

After stumbling through the countryside, they eventually find and attack the Sierra Club stronghold, and plunder the sacred Arco Gas Station. Their mission comes to an abrupt end as they spot a huge war machine approaching them. Returning rapidly to Alpha Complex, they have to overcome the evil machinations (pun intended) of Corpore Metal if they are to survive.

### Gamemaster Briefing

The early part of this mission is set up in a rather flexible manner . . . if the gamemaster is to inflict the maximum amount of pain on the players, he must be able to quickly and easily exploit their fears. Thus, the encounters that occur before the Troubleshooters attack the Arco Station are presented in a modular format. Pick and choose. Ignore some, expand others. Rerun the same encounter eight times in a row. See if we care.

In addition, the encounters are numbered, in case you wish to randomize, although no true *Paranoia* gamemaster ever lets measly dice control his decisions.

### Pre-Mission Briefing

#### Individual Intermission and Alert

The PCs have a few hours between the time they leave the briefing room and the time they receive the next mission alert. This gives them enough time to do pretty much whatever they want with their service groups and secret societies, but it also allows you, Mr. Notorious Gamemaster, an excuse to cut short anything that you consider too boring.

If any PC returns to his living quarters during the brief respite, he discovers that another citizen has already moved in. (HPD figured that none of the PCs would survive the last mission.) Lots of yelling and arm-waving, red tape breeds prodigiously, and maybe someone gets shot during a "discussion," but in the end no harm comes of it.

Distribute another random rumor to any PC who tries to get one from contacts.

PCs who consult their secret societies about "the Dead Man" are told quite firmly to mind their own business. If a character presses and is willing to expend an IOU, have his player make a luck roll (power x1/2). If the roll succeeds, the character learns that the Dead Man is a High Programmer who has paid the PC's secret society lots of money over the past few weeks to not cause any disturbances in Alpha Complex; if the power roll fails, the character gets reassigned to reactor core internal maintenance. Send in the clone.

Then, whenever you darn well feel like it, read this episode's mission alert (reference AC 2.3.1A) aloud to the players and hand it over for their careful study.

#### Return to Troubleshooter Central

The alert of course gives the Troubleshooters no idea what they are supposed to do. But then, they should be used to that by now. If they do nothing, the message repeats itself, followed by an order for local Internal Security forces to go on stand-by. If the Troubleshooters still don't go to Central, Houston-Y contacts them and requests their ETA at briefing room 999.

You know what to do if they STILL don't go, don't you?

As the PCs approach HTN sector Troubleshooter Central, they notice that the doors to the reception hall are open, and the

huge cannon barrel is nowhere in sight. Computer monitors everywhere flash the message, "THERE IS A BOMB ON THE PREMISES. PLEASE EVACUATE THE AREA IN AN ORDERLY, SINGLE-FILE LINE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION."

There is actually no bomb; the threat was made by one of the late desk clerk's underlings as Internal Security goons carted him off for interrogation. Unfortunately for the PCs, briefing room 999 has not been evacuated. If they delay in reporting, they receive treason points for not responding to a mission alert. If anyone searches for the bomb, give him treason points for suspected collaboration with the spies.

As the PCs enter the reception room, they notice that the doors to the elevator they used last time have been welded shut. Be sure you ask who's standing where as they wait for the next elevator to arrive, because when the doors open, there's no elevator. The Troubleshooters are staring into an apparently bottomless shaft. The urge to push will likely be uncontrollable. Shortly after the doors open (enough time to push about three characters in) the elevator car arrives.

### The Briefing

As the elevator doors open again at the 99th level, the PCs notice that the fallen planks have, for the most part, been replaced. There is a new pathway across, but the replacement planks are, if anything, less sturdy than the originals.

About halfway across the chasm dangles a worker from HPD who has been installing these replacements. His name is Cliffha-Y NGR-4. Unfortunately for him, about five minutes ago he lost his balance, although he managed to get a grip on the plank. His fingertips are about to give out. If the Troubleshooters don't save him, he'll die.

If your players are like most *Paranoia* players, they'll ignore him. In this case, Cliffha-Y furiously wobbles the planks as the last PC steps over him (x1/2 agility roll to keep from falling). If someone is really mean and steps on his fingers, Cliffha-Y applies some electroshock therapy. (Don't mess with mutants!)

When the PCs enter the briefing room, the only person present is Jed-I. (Gill-I, Loxanne-B, Grade-B, and Plagiar-I are all out requisitioning and approving mission equipment, and Snaf-U and Tarf-U are receiving medical treatment.) The vampirebot is still there, of course. Read the following aloud to the players:



Jed-I briefly scans a sheaf of papers in his hands before dropping the lot of them into an incinerator. Clearing his throat, he looks at you and says, "I hope you all realize the importance of this mission. Speed is essential, because a traitorous Commie outpost that can infiltrate our very own Alpha Complex is indeed a major threat and must be destroyed as soon as possible. Rest assured that The Computer has taken care of all your material needs."

Pausing for a moment, Jed-I pulls out a weapon that you haven't seen before. He says, "Unfortunately, it has come to my attention that these traitors have already managed to infiltrate your team. That situation will have to be remedied. You will now terminate all traitors within your group."

If nobody gets gunned, Jed-I calmly asks if the entire team are traitors. He goads and threatens the PCs until someone is reduced to inert matter. Again, anyone who fires at Jed-I is immediately converted to vampirebot fuel. Send in any replacements, then continue:

Jed-I looks you over carefully, then says, "You will proceed immediately to the Communist-infested Arco Station Outdoors and terminate all traitors you find there. You are assigned a crawler model V-150. Since this vehicle is classified Violet, you will be assigned two Outdoor Transport Terminal Operator bots, one pilot model and one navigator model. These bots will control the crawler under the guidance of the Team Leader, Executive Officer, or Vehicle Officer. The bots await you now in the main vehicle terminal in this sector. Do you have any questions?"

Jed-I entertains any questions the PCs may have. If they ask about the infiltration he mentioned earlier, he says "That was covered in your mission alert. I suggest you reread it." Pressing the matter further is dangerous, as Jed-I is not patient with illiterate Troubleshooters. On the other hand, he tells them anything they want to know about the Arco Station. As much as he knows, that is, which isn't all that much (i.e., make something up).

Whenever the briefing ends, he tells the PCs to report to HTN sector R&D labs for experimental equipment assignment.

### Let's Get it in Gear

The PCs have no real choice but to go back down the elevators. Cliffha-Y, if previously ignored, is still there. When the PCs emerge into the reception area, the desk clerk sends a Yellow clearance citizen from Power Services over to them. This is the person who will transport them to R&D; his name is Deedubblyu-Y. Deedubblyu-Y's stats are listed in the "Recurring Characters" section.

Deedubblyu-Y drips with arrogance. He wears a scruffy Yellow vinyl jacket and boots, faded polydenim pants, driving gloves, and spurs, and he has all sorts of chains, snaps, hooks, and other assorted metal and plastic gizmos jangling everywhere. His T-shirt, ripped

at half torso, says simply, "POWER!" (The bottom half said "services" before he tore it off.) He chews the same piece of synthegum that he's chewed for the last five years. In general, he's the kind of hot rod punk that every cop just loves to pull over and arrest. When they can catch him.

Deedubblyu-Y avoids recognizing the PCs' superior clearance whenever possible, proceeding under the assumption that, as he's the coolest one around, he can do whatever he wants. When faced with the business end of a laser, he fulfills his duties, but his respect and deference are so affected, so incredibly exaggerated, that the Troubleshooters should find them even less tolerable than his normal attitude.

Shooting one of the best drivers in Alpha Complex is, of course, treason.

After introducing himself — "Hey geeks. I'm the man. You comin' or what?" — Deedubblyu-Y escorts the PCs out the door to a waiting autocar equipped with huge exhaust pipes and mag wheels. He asks everyone to buckle their seatbelts. As the PCs comply, they notice that there is no release on the buckles. "Can't have anyone jumping out," explains Deedubblyu-Y, slouching into the driver's seat.

Here follows the most harrowing ride of the PCs' lives (at least until the next adventure, that is). Deedubblyu-Y drives within the law, but his quickness in acceleration and braking cause even the stoutest heart to tremble. He takes turns without slowing (is all the gear properly stowed?), he misses objects by fractions of a millimeter (is anyone leaning out?), and all in all he drives so frighteningly that the PCs should be grateful to arrive alive anywhere — even R&D. When they do arrive, Deedubblyu-Y notices their pale complexions as he releases their belts. He says, "Hey, dreebs, like you seem a little scared or somethin', man. Heck, this is nothing, man, like you should see me driving during an alert!" (They will.) "Talk about awesome! I'm killer!"

Shooting one of the best drivers in Alpha Complex is still treason.

### Test Run Away

Deedubblyu-Y leaves the PCs at a door labelled "HTN Sector Research and Development Proofing Labs. Enter at Your Own Risk." The door opens onto a long, rather wide hallway. A lone desk with an Orange receptionist awaits the PCs in an intersection about 100 meters away. Suddenly, when they are about 25 meters from the desk, alarms and sirens go off and a loudspeaker booms out with "INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!" The Orange clerk ducks behind her desk as a guardbot roars around the corner, guns a-blazing.

Of course the PCs are the targets! You need to ask?

This bot is purely incidental to the adventure. It was included to improve the ambience at R&D Labs. So, depending on how the PCs

have been dying — er — doing up 'til now, feel free to give the bot whatever weapons, armor, and special effects you think necessary to liven things up. The weapons should be VERY impressive (AP cone rifles?), and the armor should be impenetrable, but the bot's accuracy shouldn't be that great. Give the Troubleshooters enough time to hit the dirt, pull weapons, and discover the futility of shooting back before you read the following:

**Suddenly the alarms stop. The bot stands at attention. As the last of your shots ricochet off his armor, you hear a voice coming over the remaining speakers in the hall. It says, "This concludes the demonstration of the full combat capabilities of the 280-ZX Maximum Security Guardbot. If you have any further questions, please contact your local R&D Bot Specialist. We hope you have enjoyed our program. Have a nice day or face summary execution."**

The bot turns away from you, and, plaster chunks sliding off its glossy torso, exits the hall through a side door. Two citizens, an Indigo from R&D and a High Programmer, follow the bot down the hall, sulfurous smoke swirling around their knees. Glancing in your direction, the High Programmer says, "I am quite impressed. I'll take a dozen, please." The door closes quietly behind them.

The Orange clerk resumes her seat and summons a Red level lab technician to take the PCs to their destination.

### Game Stuff:

#### The R&D Testing Lab

**Map:** None provided. Sorry. If anything interesting in the way of combat occurs in this room, use the following info to do up a map.

The room is rectangular, about 20 meters by 35, with tables scattered about. There are heavily-shielded cameras in each corner (to help determine the causes of any survivorless "accidents"). There are two doors leading into the room: the one the PCs enter and a Yellow door on the opposite side (leading to R&D bureaucratic and decontamination centers).

#### Plagiar-I-ZER-4:

See "Recurring Characters."

**Gib-R-ERR-3:** R&D Assignment Clerk.

**Secret Society:** FCCCP.

**Mutation:** Mental Blast.

#### Weapons:

Hand-to-Hand (5) \_\_\_\_\_ 7

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Hide behind a table, quivering.

**R&D Guards:** 4-40 extra-wimpy bozos.

Use Yellow IntSec goons from "Recurring Characters" but subtract 2 from all combat skills.

**Tactics:** Takes these guys about five rounds to reach this room; they'll fight fearlessly (considering the experiments-gone-amuck they usually have to face, the PCs are a piece of cake).

**PC# 1: Schwarzenne-G-GER-3****Secret Society:** Corpore Metal**Secret Society Rank:** 6**Mutant Power(s):**

Adrenalin Control

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 20	Damage Bonus	_____ 2
Endurance	_____ 20	Carrying Cap.	_____ 65
		Macho Bonus	_____ 2
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 8		_____ 2
Chutzpah	_____ 11		_____ 3
Dexterity	_____ 9		_____ 2
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 17		_____ 4
Moxie	_____ 7		_____ 2
Power	_____ 8		

**Background:** Obey your programming. Be a machine. Machines are good. Machines must win. Humans must lose. Humans are evil. Help machines win. Kill humans. Speak with poor diction. Use short sentences. Eat at Joe's. Shoot first. Don't ask questions. Display your superiority. Don't get wet.

Your extremely loyal, direct, and emotionless service to Corpore Metal has attracted the attention of your superiors. At their invitation, you have visited Joe's Body Shop (a cyborging lab) several times; you have had your skeleton completely replaced. Your improved performance was noticed by your Armed Forces CO, and he sent you on several glorious human-butchering missions. The latest of these missions failed, however, and you suspect that Elmer-G had something to do with it. He's not at all like any other Armed Forces clone. He's little and wimpy. Maybe he's IntSec. . .

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Vehicle Officer. Supervise operation and maintenance of team vehicles. Assign citations for violations. Make sure every team member buckles his seat belt. Enforce open container laws. Perform a total checkup whenever necessary regardless of the Team Leader's wishes.

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Eliminate as many humans as possible. Eliminate anyone who shows undue concern about their elimination. Also, monitor your Robotics Officer, Roy-G. He is suspected of belonging to the Mystics or some even more hideous society.

**PC# 2: Islamic-G-HAD-2****Secret Society:** Death Leopard**Secret Society Rank:** 5**Mutant Power(s):**

Precognition (Registered)

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 11	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 14	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 10		_____ 2
Chutzpah	_____ 9		_____ 2
Dexterity	_____ 12		_____ 3
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 16		_____ 4
Moxie	_____ 16		_____ 4
Power	_____ 12		

**Background:** Unlike 98% of your compatriots, you volunteered for Troubleshooter duty: you just HAD to be given clearance to use grenades! Since then, you've detonated so many explosives that you've lost most of your hearing. But that's okay — now you can stand even closer to your handiwork.

Your career as a Death Leopard Super Party Animal has been pretty darn meteoric, but it almost came to a rather messy halt on your last mission. If it wasn't for those lousy bots not following your (illegal) commands, you'd be a Superhero by now! But who could have known they'd be Corpore Metal members with their asimov circuits removed? As it was, you barely escaped with your life. So now you've got it in for ALL bots, and anyone who stands up for them.

Like Schwarzenne-G . . . he's a weird one. The way he acts, he's got to be a Pro Techer or something.

You've also got one other grudge. You want to kill Elmer-G to avenge the death of your first clone. You KNOW he finked on number 1 — the records prove it — but there was no conceivable way he could have known!

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Supply Officer. Supervise distribution and consumption of team equipment (e.g., laser barrels). Conservation of The Computer's valuable resources is of the highest priority. Report wasteful expenditures to The Computer. Perform periodic spot-checks to insure accuracy of accounting. (Troubleshooters have been known to lie.)

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Have fun, fun, fun 'til The Computer takes your timebombs away! That, and get rid of any spoilsports around. Funny-G, for example. She's never been known to smile in her life!

**PC# 3: Elmer-G-LUE-2****Secret Society:** PSION**Secret Society Rank:** 4**Mutant Power(s):**Mental Blast Telepathy  
Telekinesis  
Hypersenses

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 9	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 10	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 0
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 2		_____ 0
Chutzpah	_____ 8		_____ 2
Dexterity	_____ 4		_____ 1
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 3		_____ 0
Moxie	_____ 11		_____ 3
Power	_____ 15		

**Background:** Oh, you really don't like being in the Armed Forces! Everybody is so big, so physical! You're not physical at all. Let's face it: you're just not cut out to be in the Armed Forces. It's so embarrassing! I mean, really.

The guy who assigned you to the Armed Forces was terminated for "misappropriation of Computer property (namely you)," but that hasn't made it possible for you to get transferred to a safe outfit like PLC. It's just so miserable that an obviously superior human like yourself can't get moved where he wants. It makes you so jealous of those lame-brained halfwits in the easy service groups, that you tend to kill them whenever you can work up the courage.

And now, due to some hideous error, you're in the Troubleshooters! Talk about physical abuse! Oh, for the day when all anyone ever does is think!

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Computer Officer. Supervise the operation and maintenance of all computer equipment. Also, maintain communication with The Computer or its chosen officers. Make sure team members read their mission alerts carefully. Check the completeness and veracity of all official reports and data input.

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Scan all team members for possible recruitment. Also, Schwarzenne-G has been implicated in an Armed Forces plot to kill you. Remove Schwarzenne-G, and beware of other Armed Forces spies in the team.

PC# 1: Schwarzenne-G-GER-3

Service Group: Armed Forces

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



**Improved Skills**  
 Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
     Unarmed \_\_\_\_\_ 11  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
     Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
     Spurious Logic \_\_\_\_\_ 12  
 Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
     Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
     Projectile Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Mechanical Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
     Flybot Op. & Maint. \_\_\_\_\_ 10

\*Profoundly treasonous.

**Personal Equipment**

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser rifle  
 2 Green barrels  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Laser Rifle	8	L	9	100	N		300
Unarmed	11	I	8	—	Kinda		

**Armor**  
Green reflex

**Rating**  
L4

PC# 2: Islamic-G-HAD-2

Service Group: Technical Services

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



**Improved Skills**  
 Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
     Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
     Con \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
     Fast Talk \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
     Forgery \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
     Psychescan \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
     Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
     Projectile Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Mechanical Skill Base** \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
     Habitat Engineering \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
**Moxie Skill Base** \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
     Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 12  
     Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6

**Personal Equipment**

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser rifle  
 2 Green barrels  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Laser Pistol	10	L	8	50	N		300
Unarmed	2	I	5	—	N		

**Armor**  
Green reflex

**Rating**  
L4

PC# 3: Elmer-G-LUE-2

Service Group: Armed Forces

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



**Improved Skills**  
 Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 0  
     Unarmed \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
     Bootlicking \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
     Psychescan \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 1  
     Field Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
     Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Mechanical Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 0

**Moxie Skill Base** \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
     Data Analysis \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
     Data Search \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
     Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
     \*Old Reckoning Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
     \*Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
     \*Computer Security \_\_\_\_\_ 8

\*Profoundly treasonous.

**Personal Equipment**

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser pistol  
 4 Green barrels  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I  
 LSD gas grenade w/time delay fuse

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Laser Pistol	7	L	8	50	N		300
Unarmed	4	I	5	—	N		

**Armor**  
Green reflex

**Rating**  
L4

# Mark IV Characters

## Getting In

### Tigerbot STP76

**Intelligence:** None too bright. Knows lots about cleaning the inside of a gas tank, nothing about anything else. Thinks its a nuclear-powered attack subot.

**Weapons:** Stun probe (neurowhip rod)

**Skill Number:** 4

**Type:** E

**Range:** 0

**Damage:** Stuns for 1-10 rounds (minus macho bonus)

**Armor:** Plate & asbestos (13F4)

**Tactics:** Skulk around under the surface; sneak up and stun unwary PCs.

## Level One

**Djæe-G:** Enemy IntSec plant

**Mutation:** Charm

**Weapon:**

Ice gun (8F) \_\_\_\_\_ 13

Whip (7I) \_\_\_\_\_ 6

**Armor:** Green Enemy reflc (L4 vs VIBG-colored lasers)

**Tactics:** Dive into rowers; charm best-armed Troubleshooter; shoot from cover.

**The Crusaders:** Five Green Enemy Troubleshooters

**Mutations:** Too many to worry about.

**Weapons:**

Crusader # 1 2 3-5

Laser pistol (8L) - - 10

Sonic pistol (7E) - 10 -

Hand flamer (10F) 8 - -

Unarmed (5I) 5 6 6

**Armor:** Green Enemy reflc (L4 vs VIBG)

**Tactics:** Fire once and then rush Troubleshooters.

**Rowers:** Ultraviolet scum chained to benches

**Weapons, Armor, Tactics:** Look. They're chained to the benches.

They cower and plead a lot, okay?

## Level Two

**Blue Guards:** 2 in Indigo hallway; 5 in foyer.

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Truncheon (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

**Armor:** Blue Enemy reflc over Kevlar (P3 & L4 vs VIB)

**Tactics:** Dive for cover; run away if half the force is wounded or killed.

**Pinbot**

**Intelligence:** Like an automatic teller machine.

**Weapon:** Steamroller effect.

**Skill Number:** None. Attacks a random PC; PC must make an unmodified agility roll to avoid being squished.

**Type:** I

**Damage:** 11

**Armor:** Duralloy-titanium blend (A14)

**Tactics:** Zooms around randomly while bellowing for help.

4 to hit (it's kinda dodging). Squishes anybody who gets in

its way. Stops when PCs leave room.

**Various Ultraviolet and Violet Drones:** Your basic scum.

**Secret Society:** First Church of Christ The Computer Programmer (Reformed).

**Mutations:** Too cowed to use 'em.

**Weapons:**

Unarmed (4I) \_\_\_\_\_ 3

**Armor:** You've got to be joking.

**Tactics:** See "Armor" above.

## Level Three

**Kenny-R & Betty-R:** A pair of card cheats.

**Secret Society:** Illuminanti (both)

**Mutation:** Electroshock (Kenny R); Matter Eater (Betty-R)

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Armor:** Red Enemy reflc (L4 vs VIBGYOR)

**Tactics:** Hide behind things; order Orange clerks to do their fighting; shoot at each other every couple of rounds.

**Orange Clerks:** Three bystanders

**Secret Societies & Mutations:** Not real important.

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Armor:** Orange reflc (L4 vs VIBGYO)

**Tactics:** Crouch in hallway and fire unenthusiastically; run away any time anybody gets hit; return cautiously a round later; surrender after, both Reds are killed.

## Level Four

**Mr. Big:** Infared captain

**Secret Society:** The Mob (Enemy Complex's Free Ent.)

**Mutation:** Regeneration

**Weapons:**

Hand flamer (10F) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 7

**Armor:** Infared Enemy reflc (L4 vs everything)

**Tactics:** Crouch behind chair; tell everybody else to attack; retreat to secret passageway if crew is overwhelmed.

**Red Crewmembers:** Three well-trained technicians

**Secret Societies and Mutations:** Too much trouble to worry about.

**Weapons:** Red # 1 2-3

Laser pistol (8L) - 16

Force sword (12I) 17 -

Unarmed (5I) 8 8

**Armor:** Red Enemy reflc (L4 vs VIBGYOR)

**Tactics:** Fanatics; #1 rushes Troubleshooters; others crouch and return fire; never surrender.

**Orange Crewmembers:** Three less well-trained technicians

**Secret Societies and Mutations:** Don't bother.

**Weapons:** Orange # 1 2-3

Laser pistol (8L) - 14

Laser rifle (9L) 12 -

Unarmed (5I) 7 7

**Armor:** Orange Enemy reflc (L4 vs VIBGYO)

**Tactics:** Less-fanatical fanatics; crouch and return fire; surrender if Mr. Big escapes or is killed.

**Yellow Crewmember:** Cowardly technician

**Secret Society and Mutation:** Guess what?

**Weapons:**

Laser Pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 7

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 3

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Hide in a corner and quiver helplessly.

**Doberbot**

**Intelligence:** Doesn't need it.

**Weapons:** Nasty Bite

**Skill Number:** 16

**Type:** I

**Damage:** 9

**Armor:** Chain equivalent (I2)

**Tactics:** Attack somebody until he dies; attack somebody else until he dies; etc., etc.

# PC ROSTER

PC#	Name	Important Skills	Service Group	Secret Society	Mutation	Major Weapon	Unarmed
1	Schwarzenne-G-GER-3	Intimidation (10) Spurious Logic (12) Flybot Operation (10) Computer Pro. (5)	Armed Forces	Corpore Metal	Adrenaline Cont.	Laser Rifle (L9) ____ 8	(18) ____ 11
2	Islamic-G-HAD-2	Fast Talk (9) Forgery (6) Demolition (12)	Technical Services	Death Leopard	Precognition (Registered)	Laser Pistol (L8) ____ 10	(15) ____ 2
3	Elmer-G-LUE-2	Bootlicking (8) Data Analysis (8) Data Search (8) Comp. Security (8)	Armed Forces	PSION	Mental Blast Telekinesis Hypersenses Telepathy	Laser Pistol (L8) ____ 7	(15) ____ 4
4	Roy-G-BIV-2	Bribery (11) Intimidation (9) Commie Prop. (9) Surveillance (8)	PLC	Illuminanti/ Commies	Mechanical Intuition	Laser Rifle (L9) ____ 9	(15) ____ 2
5	Funny-G-IRL-2	Interrogation (9) Motivation (8) Medical (8) Security (7)	HPD & MC	Anti-Mutant	Empathy	Laser Rifle (L9) ____ 11	(15) ____ 3
6	Richard-G-ERE-1	Oratory (8) Chemical Engin. (11) Survival (10) Old Reckoning (9)	HPD & MC	Mystics	Charm	Laser Rifle (L9) ____ 8	(15) ____ 4

# RECURRING CHARACTERS

Following are game stuff stats on the characters who show up more than once in the adventure.

## The Briefing Staff

► **Limpid-Y-OYO-6:** Puny spineless HPD door-mouse. Deserves to die.

**Mutation:** Telekinesis  
**Secret Society:** FCCCP  
**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_ 6  
Unarmed (4I) \_\_\_\_ 4

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Get killed by Darth V early in adventure.

► **Grade-B-DUD-5:** Hostile shrew from Tech Services.

**Mutation:** Machine empathy  
**Secret Society:** Pro Tech  
**Weapons:**

Semi-auto slugthrower w/AP shells (10AP) \_\_\_\_ 12  
Wrench (7I) \_\_\_\_ 9

**Armor:** Blue reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Refuse to believe anyone would have the gall to attack her; once shot at, stands there and fires back.

► **Gill-I-GAN-6:** Dippy twit from Power Services

**Mutation:** Polymorphism  
**Secret Society:** Romantics  
**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_ 4  
Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_ 3

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Run away and turn into a bench or something.

► **Plaigar-I-ZER-4:** Terribly preoccupied R&D staffer

**Mutation:** Deep probe  
**Secret Society:** Romantics

**Weapons:** Dead man switch (installed a heartbeat monitor in his chest attached to a bomb of his own design). If he dies, on a roll of 1-10 the bomb is a dud; on an 11-20 it explodes, doing 7HE to all within 10 meters.

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_ 3

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Run away.

► **Snaf-U and Tarf-U:** Indignant dignitaries from CPU

**Mutations:** Adrenalin Control (both)  
**Secret Societies:** Anti Mutant (Snaf-U), PSION (Tarf-U)

**Weapons:**  
Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_ 18

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Beat each other into bloody pulp; order inferiors to kill anybody else who gives them trouble.

► **Loxanne-B-GLZ-6:** Boring bureaucratic woman from PLC

**Mutation:** X-Ray vision  
**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise  
**Weapons:**

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_ 12

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Run away a lot.

► **Jedi-I-OBI-1:** IntSec agent. Think about it: this guy's never lost a clone!

**Mutation:** Teleport; really outrageous agility  
**Secret Society:** Illuminati

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_ 18  
Grenades (8P) \_\_\_\_ 18  
Force sword (12E) \_\_\_\_ 19

**Armor:** Indigo reflex over kevlar (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Chop folks into mincemeat with force sword. Really outrageous agility mutation lets him parry unlimited number of attacks (melee and ranged weapons) with sword.

► **Darth-V-ADR-5:** The ultimate army man.

**Mutation:** Mental blast  
**Secret Society:** Death Leopard

**Weapons:**

Cone rifle w/  
dum-dum shells (15P) \_\_\_\_ 14  
Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_ 17

**Armor:** Battle armor (A117), what else?

**Tactics:** Get killed by Jed-I early in the adventure.



► **Vampirebot 666**

**Intelligence:** Responds to verbal command from Ultraviolet-level citizen; automatically protects briefing personnel from annoying Trouble-shooters. Extremely competent at combat; low-grade moron in everything else.

**Weapons:** 3 bloodsucking moray hoses

**Skill Number:** 15

**Type:** I (sorta)

**Range:** 3 meters

**Damage Rating:** 12

**Armor:** Combat suit equivalent (A114)

**Description:** Built under the direction of the legendary Drac-U-LAH-6, the vampirebot 666 is the most horrific guardbot ever seen. Drac-U used the highest technology to make a bot constructed almost entirely of moving parts. Its high-pressure moray bloodsucking hoses are equipped with retractable razor teeth and are capable of draining a clone in seconds.

The vampirebot's macabre-ness is surpassed only by its hideousness. Black with glowing red and icy blue lights dotting its surface, this Lovecraftian horror slithers and shifts, sometimes appearing to fall in on itself, sometimes erupting into bizarre shapes. Eerie organ music echoes from deep within its body, blending evilly with its raspy breathing. Faulty plumbing occasionally dribbles some ichor on the floor. When it attacks, it spreads its collapsible wings and screams at the top of its mechanical lungs.

Engaging it in conversation is quite dangerous.

**PC:** Hey, vampirebot! Killed any traitors today? AAAAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!

**Vampirebot:** Yes. (*Gurgle.*)

Or:

**PC:** Excuse me, Mr. Bot, but you seem to be leaking. What is that stuff, anyway?

**Vampirebot:** Permit me to demonstrate. . .

**Other Guys**

► **Deedubblu-Y:** Frighteningly skilled Power Services driver; high-tech auto punk

**Mutation:** Mechanical Intuition

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** Run attackers over in autocar; failing that, shoot them in the back whenever possible.

► **IntSec Guards**

**Mutations:** Usually don't use them in front of witnesses; roll 'em up or assign them whichever ones you think the most fun.

**Secret Societies:** Most belong to FCCCP.

**Weapons:** Assorted, depending on security clearance and die-roll (or GM whim); see below.

**Armor:** Depends on security clearance.

**Tactics:** Ditto

► **Generic Red Guards**

**Weapons:**

**Die**

**Roll**

1-10 Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

11-15 Laser rifle (9L) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

16-20 Slugthrower w/ dum-dum shells (9P) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Plus

Truncheon (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

**Armor:** Red reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Wade screaming into combat. Kill first, think later; run away if receive heavy losses.

► **Orange Goons**

**Weapons:**

**Die**

**Roll**

1-8 Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

9-13 Laser rifle (9L) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

14-17 Slugthrower w/ HE shells (9P) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

18-20 Cone rifle w/ AP shells (17AP) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

plus

Truncheon (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 11

**Armor:** Orange reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Like Red goons but with less running away.

► **Yellow Goons**

**Weapons:**

**Die**

**Roll**

1-3 Laser pistol (8L) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

4-10 Laser rifle (9L) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

11-17 Cone rifle w/ HE shells (10P) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

18-20 Hand flamer (10F) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Plus

Neurowhip (10E) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Unarmed (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Armor:** Yellow reflex (L4)

**Tactics:** Crouch behind things and return fire; don't risk life unnecessarily.

► **Green Goons**

**Weapons:**

**Die**

**Roll**

1-10 Laser rifle (9I) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

11-13; Sonic rifle (8E) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

14-16 Cone rifle w/ AP shells (17AP) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

17-20 Flamethrower (11F) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Plus

Laser Pistol (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Neurowhip (10E) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

**Armor:** Green reflex over kevlar (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Order lower-level guards to subdue attackers; call for backup a lot; be heroic only when somebody important is watching.

► **Vulture Goons**

With the exception of outstanding characters like Gol-I-ATH, Vulture goons look exactly alike, all carry the same weaponry, and all employ the same tactics. Think better-trained stormtroopers.

**Mutations:** Don't use 'em in public.

**Secret Societies:** Any of the more violent ones: Anti-Mutant, Death Leopard, PURGE, Frankenstein Destroyers, etc.

**Weapons:**

Laser pistol (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ (\*)

Cone rifle w/ HEAT shells (11P) \_\_\_\_\_ (\*)

Grenades (8P) \_\_\_\_\_ (\*)

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ (\*)

**\*Weapon Skill Numbers:** Red-level goons have a skill level of 10 in all combat skills; increase by 2 for each level above Red (to a maximum of 16)

**Armor:** Reflex (colored according to level) over kevlar (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Smart and dirty. Use superior training to overwhelm opponents: i.e.; shoot from cover while others flank opponents (think Airborne Rangers).

**INNOCENT BYSTANDER TABLE**

Here are some lovely ways to punish your players if they engage in firefights in the halls of Alpha Complex without regard to the safety of other Alphan citizens. Whenever a PC's shot misses, roll a die to see whete the bullet, packet of coherent light, blast of energy, or stream of fire goes.

**1-3. Rob-O-COP:** The shot pings off the chest of an IntSec goon in full battle armor (A117); annoyed, the goon wades in and begins soliciting involuntary organ donations from the PCs. Unarmed (10I); skill level 15.

**4-6. Another Brick in the Wall:** The shot hits the wall, rupturing a pipe carrying industrial-strength detergent under high pressure. The hall fills up with bubbles. Alarms ring, pressure-tight bulkheads slam down, isolating the spill (and trapping the PCs in with the bubbles).

**7-9. A Fate Worse than Death:** The shot hits and kills citizen Bur-O-CRT4, a mid-level functionary from CPU. After the battle, the PCs are ordered to report to the Department of Troubleshooter Mission Oversight to fill out an Accidental Death Report Form. And a Standard Excuse/Denial of Guilt Form. And a Mental Stability Update. And a Weapon Efficiency Disclaimer. And a . . . They are never heard from again.

**10-13. Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here:** A passing band of five Death Leopards hears the shooting and decides to join the fun. They are armed with laser pistols (8L, skill level 9), and vomit gas grenades (skill level 9). They fire at both sides indiscriminately.

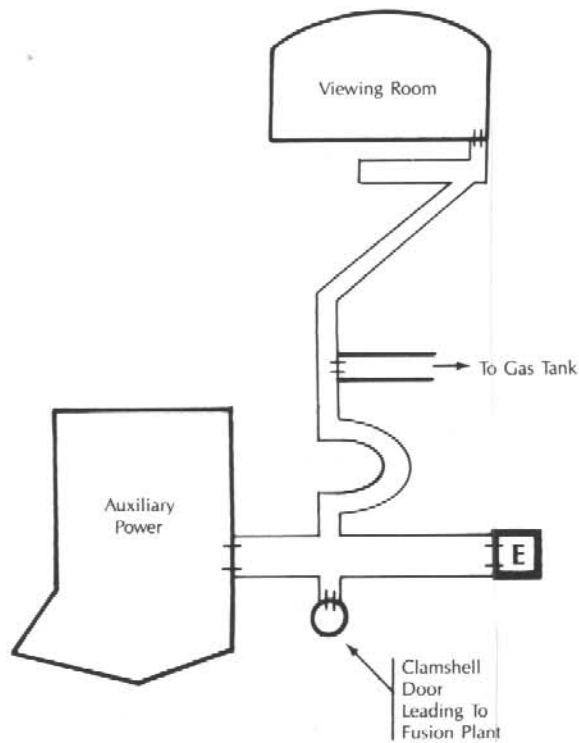
**14-16. Don't Mess With Big Brother:** The shot hits a Computer camera. Everyone in the area earns 1 treason point per minute until they get back into The Computer's sight.

**17-19. Manhat-I-NNN's Project:** The shot hits a large lead-encased spherical object on a cart being wheeled down the hall by an R&D technician. The technician, Oppen-I-MER-4 screams, "Look out, it's gonna blow!" and runs away. Someone had better make a x1/2 nuclear engineering roll in the next two rounds or the PCs gain many posthumous treason points for destruction of Computer property. Can you say, "Mushroom cloud?" I thought you could.

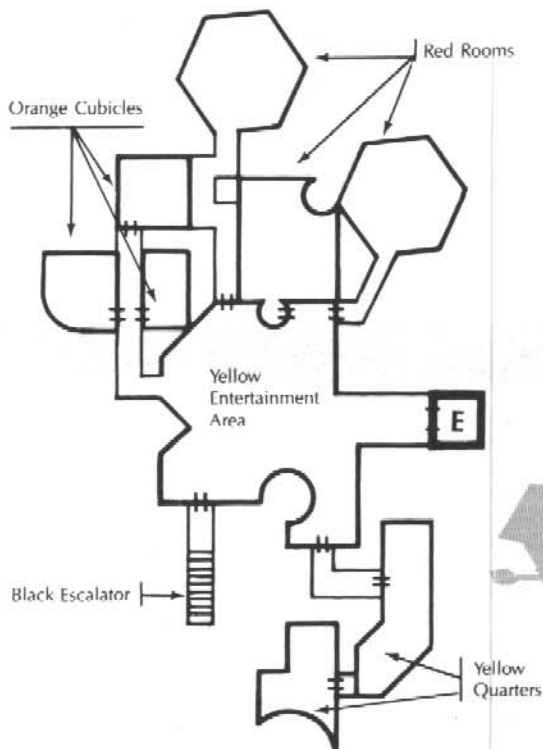
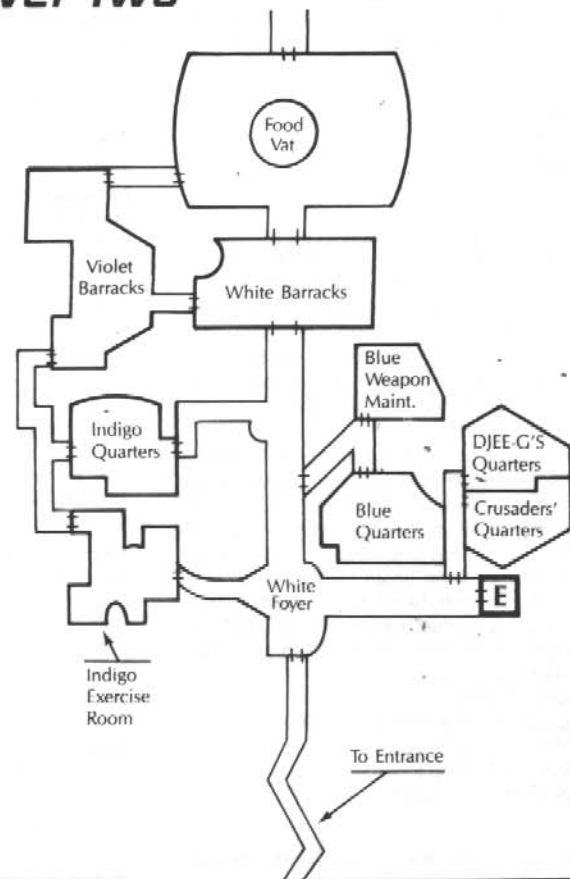
**20. No Effect:** Re-roll until you come up with a better result

# Maps of Mark IV's Interior

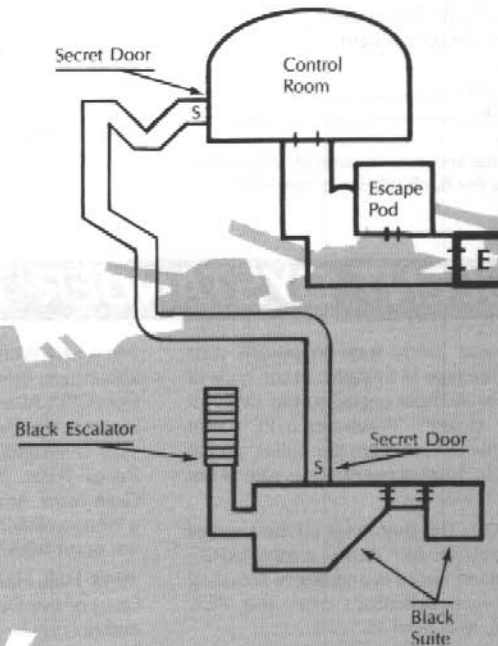
## Level One



## Level Two



## Level Three



## Level Four

PC# 4: Roy-G-BIV-2

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 5  
 Bribery \_\_\_\_\_ 11  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
 Motivation \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
 Oratory \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
 Spurious Logic \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 \*Commie Propaganda \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Mechanical Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Docbot Op. & Maint. \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Hover Op. & Maint. \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Moxie Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Surveillance \_\_\_\_\_ 8

Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Field Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 9

\*Profoundly treasonous.

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser rifle  
 2 Green barrels  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I  
 3 Commie propaganda pamphlets (you wrote 'em)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Rifle	9	L	9	100	N
Unarmed	2	I	5	—	N

Damage Status

Credits  
450

Armor  
Green reflex  
Rating  
L4

PC# 5: Funny-G-IRL-2

Service Group: HPD (Undercover INTSEC)

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Primitive Melee Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Unarmed \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Interrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Motivation \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Spurious Logic \_\_\_\_\_ 7

Mechanical Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
 Moxie Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
 Medical \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Stealth \_\_\_\_\_ 5  
 Surveillance \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6

Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
 Energy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 11  
 Primitive Missile Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser rifle  
 2 Green barrels  
 Sonic pistol  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I  
 3 doses sodium cyanide in a hypo

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Rifle	11	L	9	100	N
Sonic Pistol	10	E	7	60	Y
Knife	6	I	7	20	N
Unarmed	3	I	5	—	N

Damage Status

Credits  
300

Armor  
Green reflex  
Rating  
L4

PC# 6: Richard-G-ERE-1

Service Group: HPD&MC

Security Clearance: Green

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 4  
 Chutzpah Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 3  
 Fast Talk \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Interrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Oratory \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Psychescan \_\_\_\_\_ 7

Mechanical Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
 Moxie Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 5  
 Chemical Engineering \_\_\_\_\_ 11  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 \*Old Reckoning Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Dexterity Skill Base \_\_\_\_\_ 2  
 Energy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Field Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6  
 Laser Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
 Projectile Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6

\*Profoundly treasonous.

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit  
 Green reflex  
 Laser rifle  
 2 Green barrels  
 Notebook and stylus  
 Knife  
 Utility belt  
 Com unit I  
 3 doses memory wipe drug

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Rifle	8	L	9	100	N
Unarmed	4	I	5	—	N

Damage Status

Credits  
300

Armor  
Green reflex  
Rating  
L4

**PC# 4: Roy-G-BIV-2****Secret Society:** Illuminanti (Commie cover)**Secret Society Rank:** 5**Mutant Power(s):**

Mechanical Intuition

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 8	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 12	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 0
<b>Skill Bases</b>			
Agility	_____ 9		_____ 2
Chutzpah	_____ 20		_____ 5
Dexterity	_____ 12		_____ 3
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 12		_____ 3
Moxie	_____ 17		_____ 4
Power	_____ 10		

**Background:** Your background is so secret that most of it has been chemically erased from your brain. You wouldn't have it any other way, though — it just wouldn't be safe.

Since the erasure, you have been working hard to improve your record in PLC (it's a good cover). Tensions between PLC and HPD&MC have increased lately, so watch for any plots from the boys in Housing. Be especially careful of Funny-G: she's dangerous. Finally, PLC has been taking a lot of heat lately for supposedly wasting resources. To alleviate this, you are ordered to monitor Islamic-G (your Supply Officer) and terminate him if he's wasteful.

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Robotics Officer. Supervise operation, maintenance and repair of all assigned bots. Bots are very expensive. Do not let a bot get damaged or destroyed if at all possible (negligence is treason). Do not let the operation access codes fall into the hands of potential traitors. Above all, recover bot brains or face summary execution with fine grit sandpaper.

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Actually, you're not sure if you're an Illuminanti posing as a Commie, or a Commie posing as an Illuminanti. If you're a Commie, get each team member alone and indoctrinate him in Communist propaganda so that we gain another worker in the glorious People's Revolution. If you're an Illuminanti, get each team member alone and infect him with Communist propaganda so that we can blackmail him.

**PC# 5: Funny-G-IRL-2****Secret Society:** Anti-Mutant**Secret Society Rank:** 5**Mutant Power(s):**

Empathy

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 10	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 14	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 1
<b>Skill Bases</b>			
Agility	_____ 11		_____ 3
Chutzpah	_____ 13		_____ 3
Dexterity	_____ 16		_____ 4
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 7		_____ 2
Moxie	_____ 16		_____ 4
Power	_____ 13		

**Background:** BANZAI!!! Death to Commies, mutants, traitors, and everyone else! You hate everyone who is out to change your way of life! Like Richard-G, for example: he's so obviously trying to unsettle everyone with all his dumb questions. He'd be better off dead. Maybe he's got a mutated brain.

You're so glad you're not a mutant! And you're thankful to The Computer for giving you the genes for such a perceptive and analytical mind as yours! It has helped your anti-traitor crusade ever since you caught that Commie de-fluoridating the drinking water. Disgusting plot, trying to undilute our precious bodily fluids! Since then, you've managed to get promoted to the Troubleshooters and infiltrate the Anti-Mutant society. But it has been dangerous . . . a low profile is necessary to avoid being assassinated.

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Enthusiasm Officer. Supervise the political reliability of your fellow Troubleshooters. Happiness is mandatory. So is willingness to die in the service of The Computer. Maintain Troubleshooter morale with psychotherapy, chemotherapy, or, if necessary, laser therapy. Administer periodic stability examinations. Also minister to Troubleshooters' physical health.

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Mutant informers tell us there is a PSION in the group. He is in The Computer's good graces, and his name starts with a consonant. Also, kill Islamic-G. He was denounced last week and he isn't dead yet.

**PC# 6: Richard-G-ERE-1****Secret Society:** Mystics**Secret Society Rank:** 4**Mutant Power(s):**

Charm

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 12	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 16	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 1
<b>Skill Bases</b>			
Agility	_____ 15		_____ 4
Chutzpah	_____ 11		_____ 3
Dexterity	_____ 9		_____ 2
Endurance	_____ 16		
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 8		_____ 2
Moxie	_____ 20		_____ 5
Power	_____ 9		

**Background:** Is it more than a coincidence that "Computer" spelled backwards is "Retupmoc"? Such questions have always intrigued you. But no one ever understood you. Your friends all thought you were pure loonytunes when you mentioned these thoughts; you thought you would have to go through life outcast and unenlightened.

Then you met Mast-R. He understood you. He taught you about the contemplative life, and he taught you well. "The way of the initiate is like walking on magnetic tape. You must move carefully, or fall off." You have no idea what he's talking about, but you're sure it must be quite deep.

Lately, Roy-G has been upsetting the harmony of the universe. He's obviously a Libra, and his negative aura is infringing on your karmic space. Perhaps it would be a good idea for you to move him onto another plane of existence.

**Mandatory Bonus Duty:** Weapons Officer. Supervise distribution, operation, and maintenance of all team weapons. Perform maintenance checks whenever necessary, like every half hour or so. Report sabotage, misuse, and unauthorized weapons to The Computer.

**Current Secret Society Mission:** Mast-R has set before you your greatest challenge: converting the most unharmonious citizens of Alpha Complex: Troubleshooters. It is said that one can remove the Troubleshooter from trouble, but not the trouble from the Troubleshooter. Those most needing enlightenment are Funny-G (too tense) and Schwarzenne-G (too closed).



## Seance With Science

### Plagiar-I-ZER-4

The Red guide ushers the PCs into a heavily-armored and very secure room. A thick yellow spray hangs near the ceiling; the room's walls and floors are black, though whether this is because the room is Infrared clearance or because all of the paint has been burned off is impossible to tell. Several tables covered with strange-looking equipment are scattered about in seemingly random patterns.

Shortly after they arrive, Plagiar-I-ZER-4 enters from a door in the opposite wall.

Plagiar-I has collected several high-security items that need field-testing. He is present only to observe which PCs volunteer to test which devices. The actual distribution of the devices is up to the characters, and Plagiar-I knows nothing about any of the devices beyond name, alleged function, and general operating instructions. ("Press that button. I think.") If a PC doesn't take at least one device, Plagiar-I waits until the team leaves then reports the offender to The Computer. The cowardly PC receives one treason point.

The devices available are:

**1. Invisibility Field Generator:** This device was just being finished as the adventure started. It consists of a large heavy belt with a lot of electrodes that attach to unusual places on the character's anatomy. When the generator is activated, the user slowly fades from sight. Although it would take sophisticated equipment to determine this, the character hasn't disappeared; he has been vaporized. The Computer assumes the character ran away with it and declares him a traitor. Send in the clone.

**2. Commie Detector:** A modified multicorder with a bubble and pointer attached to an electronic helmet and radar antenna, this amazing device sometimes works! When used, roll on the table below:

- 1-5: points to nearest Commie
- 6-10: points to random PC
- 11-15: points to nearest citizen
- 16-19: electrocutes user, temporarily draining 1 power point per round. The user is immobilized. Any PC who touches either the affected PC or the device suffers similarly. Let the characters figure out how to turn it off. By the way, if anyone loses all his power points, he dies.

- 20: beeps 10 times and blows up.

**3. Neuron Enhancer:** This electric beanie enhances all brain activity of the user. When the little propeller on the top is spun, the user immediately suffers incapacitating pain accompanied by deafening noise, blinding light, overwhelming smells, etc. — in essence, the victim's brain is being fried. This lasts until the propeller stops spinning. After having so suffered, a previously dormant mental or psionic mutation is enhanced to full strength. Note that the PC doesn't necessarily know that this has happened — until the mutation triggers

itself accidentally, perhaps? A favorite mutation to gain by this device is teleport. The machine melts the third time it is used; this does bad things to the wearer's head.

**4. Swim Fins:** Standard flippers. Pity there's no significant body of water around. And even if there is, who's gonna admit he knows how to swim anyway?

**5. Laser Amplifier:** A special fiberoptic tube mounted between a laser weapon and the barrel. This device shifts the laser's damage four columns to the right, but uses ammo three times as fast. It malfunctions on a roll of 18 or above.

**6. Personal Energy Field:** This looks like a small backpack. When activated, a glowing field appears around the user. All damage (excluding poisons, drowning, or mental attacks) taken by the wearer is reduced by three columns. Unfortunately, all nonmetallic items on the person (i.e., clothing, ID cards) are vaporized when the device is turned on.

**7. War Gas Grenades:** This set of three grenades exudes a paralyzing nerve gas for 2-10 minutes (depending upon wind conditions). All those within a ten meter radius must make a  $\times\frac{1}{2}$  endurance roll to do anything each round. In addition, each person must make a power roll: if they fail, the gas has also "done something strange" to their mutant genes. Exactly what is up to you — use your imagination; that's what it's there for. Possible effects: turns the skin green, makes the victim vomit, acts as a superstimulant, heals all wounds, makes him burp purple fog every few seconds, makes him lighter than air, etc., etc.

**8. Bionic Goggles:** These fiberoptic lenses mounted in independent mechanical tubes look like electronic googlie-eyes. This, in fact, is about what they are. The lenses can move up/down and left/right. They can also zoom in or out and artificially enhance the infrared and ultraviolet ranges of light. Unfortunately, each lens is independently controlled, and poor control can lead to loss of binocular vision. The player has to make unmodified moxie rolls each round to achieve the effect he wants.

**9. Thermonuclear Grenade:** This steel sphere has the words "THROW VERY HARD" printed on it. It is treated in all respects as a tacnuke

cone rifle shell, except that no one will be able to throw it much farther than 50 meters. Unfortunately, no one will live to tell about this shortcoming, either.

**10. Traitorkiller:** This device looks like a steel softball with a pistol grip and trigger. The name is stencilled very visibly on it. When the trigger is pulled, it explodes. (The theory behind this device is that when a team is informed of its purpose, the traitor on the team will volunteer to take it so that it won't be turned against him.) Treat as an HE cone rifle shell.

## All Aboard

Once the PCs have taken all the experimental equipment they want; they are ordered to head out to the vehicle terminal where their bots, crawler, and supplies are waiting.

When the PCs arrive at the assigned terminal, it is almost empty, except for twelve elite Vulture squadrons lined up along one wall of the cavernous bay. Clearly bored, the Vultures clean their immaculate weapons and eye the team hungrily as the PCs proceed to their crawler.

At the crawler are Loxanne-B-GLZ-6, Grade-B-DUD-5, Gill-I-GAN-3, several crates and assorted piles of equipment, and the two bots, OTTO/Pilot and OTTO/Nav. Loxanne-B hands the Team Leader a long list of equipment for which he must sign. Grade-B mistakenly asks the Team Exec to sign for the bots. Gill-I simply takes everybody's identification card. No one is allowed the time to carefully inspect what he's signing for, as the three of them have orders to get the team on the road as soon as possible. Hand the players equipment list AC 2.4.2E.

With regard to the equipment on the list, three of the cases of grenades are mismarked: two are filled with practice (nonexplosive) grenades, and one is full of unmarked tacnuke cone rifle rounds. Also, there is one gauss gun that was not on the equipment requisition, and none of the laser rifles on the requisition have been supplied. Add any other mistakes you deem appropriate or irritating.

When the PCs decide to load up, read the following aloud:

The inside of the V-150 series crawler is cramped. OTTO/Pilot and OTTO/Nav take up station at their respective operations terminals and wait for orders.

The crawler is a standard model V-150. It is equipped with a universal weapons mount in a turret on top. The mount is currently empty but capable of holding a cone rifle or heavy laser. Besides the main door in the rear of the crawler, there are two hatches in the ceiling. Inside the crew compartment are four seats. Scrawled on one wall is graffiti: "Morr-O was here."

After stowing all your equipment and making last-minute preparations, a buzzer sounds, and the crawler lurches forward past





Actually, many Troubleshooters kind of like the violence inherent in the system.

the Vultures. They seem unusually saddened by your departure. OTTO/Pilot, presumably responding to unheard microwave communications, guides the vehicle to an immense armored blast door that rises ever so slowly to allow you to go . . . OUTSIDE!

Being Outside has always invoked unusual feelings in you. Some might refer to these feelings as panic. But not you! Not Troubleshooters! To you, these feelings are known as "The Survival Reflex." Looking about you at the Outside, the miles and miles of wreckage covering what used to be productive, sterile, inhabited, Computer-dominated residential zones, you take time to ponder. "Surely," you think, "surely the traitors responsible for this desolation got what they deserved!"

The "Game Stuff" section on the crawler and the bots appears later in this episode, page 34 to be exact, when it is most likely to be useful. Feel free to refer to it now, if the need arises.

## And They're Off and Running

### Getting There is Half the Fun

After the PCs exit the free-fire zone, OTTO/Pilot asks the Team Exec for instructions on how to get to the designated coordinates. The PCs don't know, either. Neither, it seems, does Houston-Y or anyone he can find. He will, however, assure the PCs that information retrieval specialists are diligently working on the problem and should have an answer any moment now.

Weeks pass. Soon the PCs give up. This places them in the unfortunate position of having to find the place on their own. Fortunately, there are many people to meet outside Alpha Complex who can, one way or another, set them on the right path, which is why we've provided the following encounters.

It is highly probable that several PCs will die during these encounters. Replacement clones will be (more or less) safely airdropped in (practically) indestructible survival pods. Then again, if The Computer can't spare any of its valuable aircraft, the survival pod will be fired out of a long-range mail howitzer.

The Outdoors encounters are not presented in any particular order. You, the omniscient and sadistic gamemaster, are in complete control. Present the encounters in any order that suits the individual game, the team and their current status, and especially your whim. Just try your best to keep the players OFF BALANCE, and give them 'clues' so they'll think they're accomplishing something. Oh, and be sure to use lots of witty narrative to fill in time between the encounters. If you're at a loss for witty narrative, pull out a copy of *The Hobbit* or something and read any of the travel descriptions.

Some of the persons, places, and things to see Outside are:

**1 - 4. The Invisible Data Base:** This is a group of Green-level CPU data processors who somehow got stranded Outside. The shock proved to be too much for their tender little brains, and they went completely insane. They now live in their own imaginary Computer room; the only place it exists is inside their minds. Even so, all the furniture and equipment is quite real to them: they can summon data from The Computer, sit in their imaginary

### Game Stuff: Outdoor Encounters

**Maps:** Not provided. These encounters are meant to be quickies, not deep tactical problems. If, in spite of our suggestions, you need maps, you're on your own. Traitor.

**Folks:** The people are described in the individual encounters. In most cases, we haven't assigned them secret societies or mutations; if you need them, pick them yourself or roll dice.

**So Why Did We Waste an Entire Box to Tell You Nothing?** Editors are just like that.

chairs, lean on imaginary desks, and even play their air guitars (the music is inaudible to the Troubleshooters). They cannot see or hear through the walls of their imaginary room. Pretty weird, huh?

When the Troubleshooters approach, read the following aloud:

**Driving along,** you see a break in the chaotic green-and-brown structures. In the clearing are four Green-clearance CPU workers doing extremely odd things. One appears to be deliberately poking the air. Another is looking intently at the gap between his upraised hands. A third stares off into space, and the fourth sits on a chair so thin as to be completely invisible. They do not notice your approach. As you get closer, you notice that several regular paths have been worn in the organic carpet. Most of the paths are contained in an area roughly rectangular in shape; one path from a corner of this quadrangle leads away.

Overall, these poor guys will be nice to the PCs, even going so far as to overlook security clearances when answering requests for information. Should a PC suggest they accompany the team back to Alpha Complex, they will get suspicious: they're in Alpha Complex, after all, right? They'll be cooperative and genuinely helpful unless one of the PCs walks through the furniture or, worse yet, the Computer banks (quite possibly electrocuting nearby data processors). PCs who have no respect for The Computer's valuable property are obviously reckless and destructive, and therefore traitors. The Greens' lasers are quite real . . .

#### Four Green CPU Clerks

Clerk #	1	2	3	4
Laser pist (8L)	4	4	6	—
Unarmed (5I)	3	5	1	3

**Armor:** Green reflex (L4).

**5-9. Checkpoint:** Three very bored Green Armed Forces guards stand at a small gate in an entirely untraveled area. For lack of anything better to do, they demand to see the Troubleshooters' passes. And mission alert. And equipment lists. And their vehicle registration. And their bot requisitions. And identification cards. And Troubleshooter licenses. And security authorizations. And laser pistol permits. And execution vouchers. And a major



credit card. As they don't see too many people out here, the guards are likely to hassle anyone who actually falls into their clutches, especially if everything is not in order. They are not overtly hostile, but they are bureaucratically aggressive. Of course, if anybody on the team has forgotten to remove his Commie target jersey from the first mission, the guards shoot first. And second. Asking questions ranks about fifteenth, and then all they'll ask is, "Had enough?"

If the PCs are nice, then yes, they can go on their way, and the guards point them in the general direction of the Arco Station. If a bloodbath ensues, no one back at Alpha Complex will be the wiser, unless someone in the team squeals (everybody's just about forgotten this outpost).

**Four Green Guards**

Guard #	1	2	3	4
Laser pistol (8L)	—	—	13	10
Laser rifle (9L)	16	—	—	—
Flamethrower (11F)	—	14	—	—
Unarmed (6I)	12	12	9	15

**Armor:** Green reflex over kevlar (L4P3)

**10-16. An Autonomous Anarchosyndicalist Collective Commune:** This is a group of Sierra Clubbers who made it. When encountered, they are grubbing around in the filth, scooping it into little piles and loading it on wobbly carts. There is an old, decrepit residential dome in the distance. While not hostile, the Anarchosyndicalists hold very different political beliefs (Communist propaganda at 6), and behave in a generally contrary manner. They are unarmed and unarmored.

Rest assured that the PCs will demonstrate the violence inherent in the system.

**PC:** Old woman!

**NPC:** Man!

**PC:** Man. Sorry. Uh, who lives in that dome?

**NPC:** I'm thirty-seven.

**PC:** (*Blam-blam-blam-blam!*) Hey, you over there!

**45 Commies**

Commie #	1-45
Thrown rock (5I)	4
Pointed stick (8I)	4
Unarmed (5I)	5

**Armor:** Filth (L1).

**17. Natural Events:** Rain, snow, sleet, tidal waves, earthquakes, total eclipses, or all of the above.

**18. Mutants and Aliens:** All sorts of four-legged furry things fall into this category. Deer, mice, dogs, speed limit signs, etc. Sadly, most of them are unarmed.

**19-20. Very Stupid Traitors:** A group of eight citizens approaches the PCs and calls out, "Well, it's about time! We thought you were going to miss the rendezvous. Are you ready for the raid?"

Who are these idiots? They are secret society members who are under the mistaken impression that the PCs are their "blind date" for the next operation. Which secret society these ding-a-lings belong to depends entirely on how the PCs react, vis:

• **Smart Players:** "Of course we're ready for the raid! Smash The Computer!" Whereupon the leader of the group, a staunch priest of the First Church of Christ, Computer Programmer, says, "I mean the raid against the pagan Death Leopards. Say, your views sound awfully unorthodox..."

• **Boring Players:** "Of course we're ready for the raid! Death to traitors!" At this, the leader of the PURGERS says, "Right! First we wipe out the monitor network, then . . . excuse me, but what did you just say?"

• **Stupid Players:** "Huh?" This sort of slow reaction cannot go unpunished, so the leader of the other group says, "I said, are you courageous and valiant proletarian freedom-fighting comrades prepared to fight the yoke of capitalist repression and liberate the masses in order to found the perfect egalitarian bourgeois-hating state where everybody owns a tractor?" (Commie propaganda attack, skill level 4.)

This encounter probably ends in a firefight. However, if the PCs do manage to talk their way out of this sticky situation (e.g., simply saying, "Lead on!"), then have the traitors describe an obviously suicidal plan, and the PCs will hotfoot it out of there as soon as they can. Should the Troubleshooters report the plan to The Computer, it's only natural The Computer will wonder how they got the information in the first place . . .

**Very Stupid Traitors**

Traitor #	1	2	3-8
Laser pistol (8L)	—	—	9
Laser rifle (9L)	18	—	—
Semi-auto slugthrower w/HE shells (10P)	—	12	—
Unarmed (5I)	4	7	8

**Armor:** 1 and 2 wear Green reflex over kevlar (L4P3), 3-8 wear Red reflex (L4)

**21. Gratuitous Indulgence:** Go ahead, make your day. Monty Python's Flying Circus. Ewoks. The Yellow Brick Road. Hare Krishnas. The Rat Patrol. April the Fifteenth.



"Now just act natural. They'll never see through these disguises . . ."



**Game Stuff: The Arco Station**

**Map:** The Arco Station and surroundings are detailed on the player map with the hexagons all over it.

The Arco map is quite similar to the map of the Outdoors found on Foldout E of *Paranoia* second edition. Please refer to pages 127-128 of that book (specifically the section titled "The Map") for explanations of short and tall green things, contour lines, etc., as well as discussions of line of sight, movement, and tips on running Outdoors combat.

This map contains several new features not seen on the previous map:

- **Gold-Colored Mounds:** Thatched huts. Explode or burn when hit by flame, energy, or laser weapons. Other projectiles pass right through (2 in 20 chance of hitting somebody hiding inside).

- **Brown Rooms:** Wooden huts. Flame, energy, or laser weapons set them on fire (however, unless hit by a real nasty weapon, it takes a while for the wooden huts to burn down). HE, AP, HEAT cone rifle shells blow the rooms up; solid or dum-dum cone rifle shells pass right through (2 in 20 chance of hitting somebody inside); other projectiles bounce off.

- **Arco Station:** Though it looks like a standard mid-seventies-style gas station, the building is constructed of a duratitanium alloy and is impervious to all the PCs' weapons — including tacnukes shells. Such devices may be fired at targets through windows (made of weaker transparent bullet-proof syntheplast) or open doors, but, as the interior walls of the Arco are also composed of duratitanium, a tacnuke which destroys one room won't necessarily take out all the others.

- **Primitive and Inoperative-Looking Autocars:** Broken-down cars and trucks. None of them work. A character hiding in one of these things receives the optional fire modifier benefit for partial (-4) or nearly complete (-15) cover. Of course, if the attacker's weapon is vicious enough, he can shoot right through a car, in which case the car gives the defender the equivalent of ALL3 armor protection.

- **Gas Pumps:** These have long since been drained of gas and don't explode even a little bit when shot at. Sorry.

**Village People:** 20 or so low-budget extras.  
**Weapons:** Unarmed (4I) \_\_\_\_\_ 5  
**Armor:** Dirt (L1)

**Tactics:** Run around yelling and screaming; provide tempting targets for PCs to waste

their ammo on. Explode entertainingly when hit.

**Arco Nuts:** Nine guys just like the Viet Cong, but better dressed.

**Secret Society:** Sierra Club

**Mutations:** Nut # 1: Levitation; others: nothing useful.

**Weapons:**

Nut #	1	2-9
Semi-Auto Slug.(9P)	12	—
Laser Pistol (8L)	—	10
Unarmed (5I)	11	8-

**Armor:** Nut # 1: reflex (L4); others: none.

**Tactics:** Retreat to wooden cabins and retrieve weapons at first sign of trouble; move to Arco Station and snipe at PCs from doors and windows.

**Jason:** Leader of the Arco Nuts.

**Secret Society:** Sierra Club

**Mutation:** Mental Blast

**Weapons:**

Cone Rifle	
w/AP shells (17AP)	_____ 12
Unarmed (7I)	_____ 10

**Armor:** At first none; has combat suit (All4) in Arco Station.

**Tactics:** Retreat to Arco Station and don combat suit; after, snipe at PCs from windows.

As mentioned above, each encounter should provide the PCs with one or more "clues" on the location or status of the Arco Station Traitors. In reality, these clues are there only to conceal the fact that you have total control over the course of the adventure. Give them out and make them sound good. Then, whenever you feel like it, let the PCs arrive.

**So They Made it, Huh?**

Okay, fine. Some clones have survived this far. That's okay. They're still only about halfway through the adventure.

Plop the Arco Station map in the center of the table so everybody can see it, and read the following aloud:

As you drive over the crest of a hill, you see below you the objective of your mission — that den of treasonous iniquity, the Arco Station! It sits in the middle of a valley. To one side of the Station are four rooms built from some brownish material, and there are a dozen or so gold-colored mounds constructed of what looks like a very cheap and fuzzy textile scattered about. You can see at least twenty traitors in the vicinity, doing treacherous tasks like running small noisy carts over the ground, pouring water on small green items, lying in hammocks drinking yellow foamy beverages, setting refuse out in steel containers, and exchanging small green

pieces of paper. The dirty inhuman Commie mutant traitorous freaks do not appear to have noticed you yet. What will you do?

The outpost at the Arco Station was founded several years ago by an arch-traitor named Jason with nine of his loyal followers, the Arco Nuts. Since even a year is a long time in the life of a Troubleshooter, no one has ever heard of him or the Nuts. Since they set up shop, they have acquired twenty-one more followers, whom they refer to as the Village People.

Jason spends most of his time in the Arco Station, learning more about the Old Reckoning way of doing things. He used to be a Troubleshooter, so he is at least marginally intelligent, and he is never more than a few feet away from his weapons.

The Arco Nuts, his chosen followers, are quite loyal and cool under fire. They do some work around the outpost, but they spend most of their time teaching and supervising the Village People. At the moment most of them are outside, and their weapons are back in their wooden cabins.

The Village People, while enthusiastic about living Outside, are an undisciplined rabble. At the first sign of trouble, they run about in circles or in and out of the thatched huts, waving their arms and screaming, and generally presenting tempting targets upon which to waste some ammo. When hit, they always ignite or explode or expire in some other

suitably dramatic fashion. These folks are merely cannon fodder, provided to give the players the kick of gunning down a cast of thousands.

So what will the PCs do? We don't know, ask them! We do know what the Sierra Clubbers will do, though, if that's any help.

If the Troubleshooters spy too long (your option) the Sierra Clubbers see them, sound the alarm, and all run inside their homes. They will not come out until the PCs get very close, at which point Jason and the Arco Nuts fight tenaciously, and the Village People die like flybots.

Essentially the same thing happens if the PCs immediately sweep down on the outpost, though the fighting is more confused.

The Commies will be suspicious should the Troubleshooters try to negotiate, but they will listen to any offers. If the PCs attempt to set up some trade agreement that will make them enormously rich, go for it. The Arco Station won't last long enough for them to profit by it.

If the PCs call in an airstrike, it comes. Immediately. With lots of excess ordnance. Like seven 100 kiloton bombs in a rosette pattern. The PCs will invariably be inside the lethal radius, and will be posthumously charged with the treasonous destruction of a vehicle and two bots. Maybe their clones'll get executed for it.

If the PCs decide to pack and head for home, skip to the section titled "That's All, Folks!" below.





Troubleshooters experiencing a mild gas attack . . .

If the Troubleshooters actually try to join the traitors, the Sierra Clubbers question them thoroughly. Assuming their story is good enough, they are accepted and immediately put to work digging new latrines, or maybe filling in the old ones. If you're not that mean, make 'em sort mail.

If your players come up with some other ingenious approach, you'll just have to play it by ear.

### Now It's Miller Time

After the smoke starts to clear (or, if they took the peaceful approach, after a hard day's work), the PCs will undoubtedly wish to look about the station itself. Although most of the valuables inside have been destroyed in the fighting (or are in the possession of the Clubbers), there are still a few worthwhile items hidden amongst the smoldering rubble and thick yellow spray. With luck, there will be lots of entertaining disputes over which PC actually gets to keep certain things. (For non-combat scenarios, these are some items up for trade or sale.)

The surviving items are:

**1. A 45 RPM Record Single:** Written clearly on the label is "REVOLUTION Lennon/McCartney." Most likely the PCs will deduce that it is a record of a debate on the value of a revolution, with infamous Commie

Nikolai Ilyich Lennon and famed anti-Commie Senator Joseph McCartney. A character turning this in to The Computer gets 100 credits. If given to the Commies, Free Enterprise, or the Romantics, they reward the PC with 100 credits and two secret society IOUs.

**2. A Toy Jet Plane:** Is it a model? A vehicle for very small people? A miniature cruise missile? Who knows? Pro Tech will pay the finder at least 50 credits for it.

**3. A Pair of Groucho Glasses:** Being as cigars and facial growth are all but unknown in Alpha Complex, this handy item would make a perfect disguise!

**4. A Picture of Groucho Marx:** The Commies would pay handsomely for a picture of their leader. However, if a Troubleshooter is caught with it he is likely to be immediately terminated for suspicion of being a Commie.

**5. The Handle of a Gas Pump:** Obviously a weapon of some sort, though it doesn't appear to be operational.

**6. A Movie Still from "War of the Worlds:"** The Computer rewards the finder of this with a commendation. The still will be immediately shipped off to R&D for analysis. (It is believed to be a photo of some kind of Commie Assault Transport.)

**7. A Copy of "1984:"** Archtreason of the vilest sort!

**8. A Pair of Mechanical Dentures:** Just wind them up and let them chatter! They could be used as a weapon; if held in the hands they would look like a hideous mutation; or Corporate Metal might use them for cyborging.

**9. A Toy Wind-Up Robot:** Even though it doesn't do much, most secret societies would go crazy over the chance to study this kind of miniaturization. Worth up to 250 credits undamaged.

**10. A Packet of Seeds:** Blackberry, that is. Tenacious. Rapid spread. Thorns. Attracts insects. Treasonous. Sierra Club'd love 'em.

### That's All Folks!

Regardless of what happens earlier, this is how the Troubleshooters' brief association with the Arco Station is brought to an abrupt halt.

If the PCs have been peaceful, wait until things start to look really profitable, then burst their bubble. If they're running from the Station, immediately interrupt. If they've been fighting, give them just a few minutes to bask in their victory. Only allow them time to find one or two pieces of loot. If they start examining the things they have found, it's time to wind it up. Enter Mark IV.

Read the following aloud to the players (adjusting where necessary if their characters have been nice guys):

As you sift through the ruins of this hideous nest of Computer-hating deviant traitors, you become aware that the ground is shaking, much as it does when the JumboTram passes your living quarters in the middle of the night. You have no time to ponder how a Jumbo-Tram got all the way out here, because suddenly the very air itself reverberates with the sound of a deep and booming mechanical voice crying, "FEE FIE FOE FUM!"



You scramble outside to find the source of the voice. You see it topping, or rather, toppling, the rise, barely a thousand meters away. The voice emanates from a massive chunk of steel covered with all kinds of tracking monitors and guns the size of hallways. It looks like a combat-equipped residential block, and it's coming your way! Already its guns are moving, and it opens fire on the outpost, vaporizing the closest structures.

If that doesn't impress them, nothing will.

In case you don't have a copy of *Acute Paranoia*, this is the modified warbot model 425 Mark IV, the largest weapon ever built. It's big. It can withstand anything. It can kill anything. It's really big. See the illustration on the GM pullout to get an idea of just how big it is.

If the PCs have played the earlier adventure from *Acute*, perhaps they will recognize Mark IV (though somebody seems to have recently added a torso and head).

Unless the PCs are exceptionally stupid, they will run like jet-powered scrubots, because Mark IV is systematically obliterating every building in the outpost. As they run to their vehicle, Mark IV bellows, "Death to you all!" and fires a few bursts from grenade launchers hidden somewhere on its massive hull to further demonstrate its power. Roll the dice, look surprised, and tell the players it missed with both bursts. Obliterate some more buildings. Let the PCs get into the V-150 and start driving away. Tell them one of the laser batteries

opens fire. Roll the dice, look fiendishly happy. Say "It hit!" and roll the dice for damage. Look extremely disgusted. Say, "Minimal damage. The left side of your vehicle and the left rear track are vaporized." Then let them get away.

Any attempts to talk to Markie are answered by a barrage of laser-guided missiles.

### Bots-a-Poppin'!

#### A Little Background

The two bots, OTTO/Pilot and OTTO/Nav, are actually human members of the Corpore Metal secret society whose bodies have been fully replaced by mechanical parts. They have also been refitted with full combat equipment, and have a buried program which causes them to eliminate any surviving extraneous biological intelligences upon the conclusion of a mission. If they live that long, the Troubleshooters may be insulted to discover that they are considered extraneous.

After the Troubleshooters "escape" Mark IV, allow them enough time to relax and talk things over as they head back to Alpha Complex. When you think the psychological effect will be the most dramatic, read the following out loud to the players:

**You are proceeding home relatively peacefully, when the V-150 suddenly stops and you tumble to the floor. The bots, OTTO/Pilot and OTTO/Nav, both quickly rise**

### Game Stuff: Bots-a-Poppin'

**Map:** None provided. The interior of the V-150 is roughly rectangular, say 3 meters wide by 5 meters deep, with the pilot's and navigator's stations in front, seats in the center section, and cargo space in the rear.

**OTTO/Pilot:** Corpore Metal murderer  
**Intelligence:** Roughly human (it used to be one).

**Weapons:**

- Slugthrowers (2)
- Solid slugs (7AP) \_\_\_\_\_ (9)
- Napalm slugs (7F) \_\_\_\_\_ (9)
- Sword (9I) \_\_\_\_\_ (5)

**Armor:** Plate equivalent (13)

**Tactics:** Wade into combat, firing both weapons and waving sword around wildly (can use all three in same round with no negative modifiers).

**Description:** Normal humanoid-looking bot until he sprouts weapons from various body parts.

**OTTO/Nav:** Another Corpore Metal murderer

**Intelligence:** Roughly human (it used to be one).

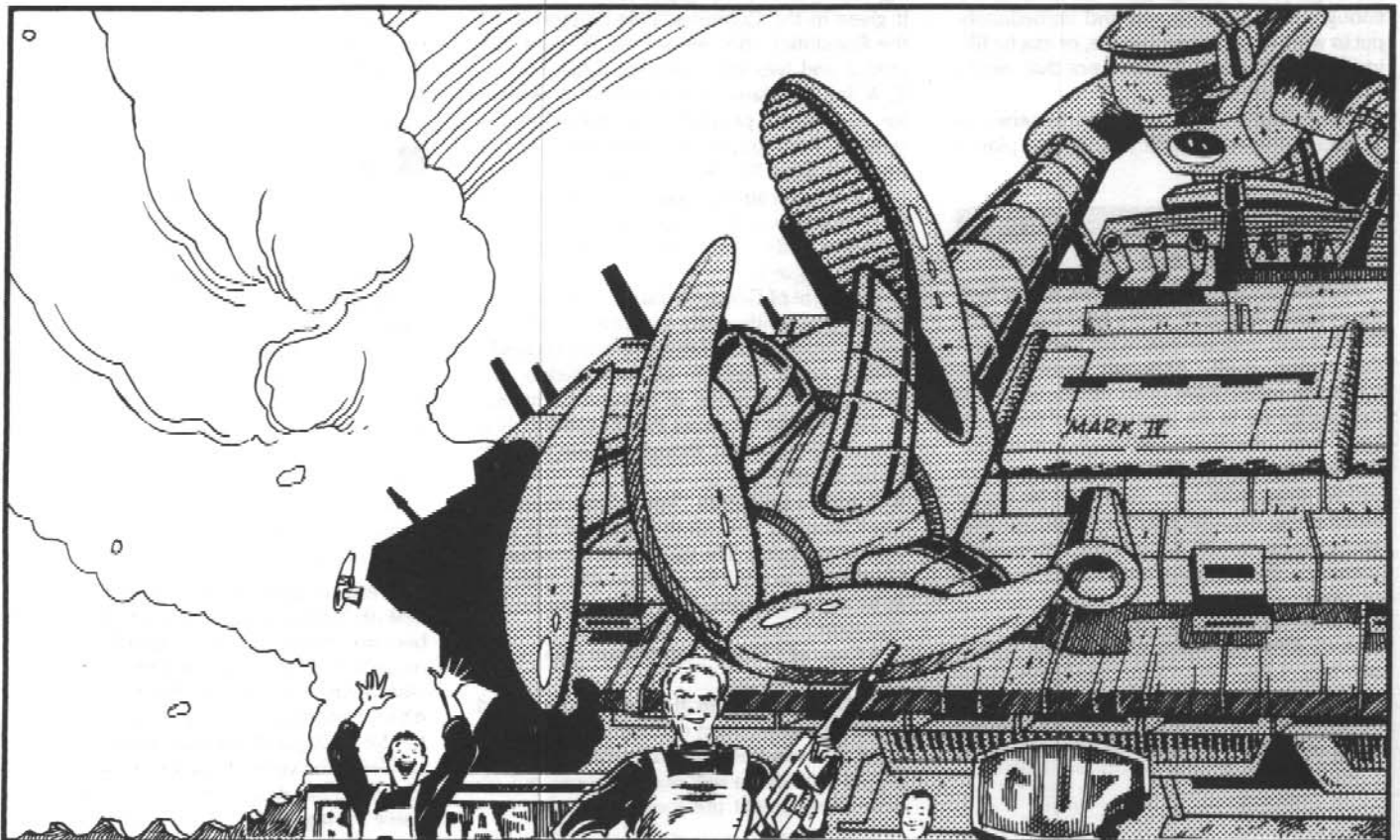
**Weapons:**

- Sonic rifle (8E) \_\_\_\_\_ (5)
- 2 Chainsaws (10I) \_\_\_\_\_ (10)

**Armor:** Plate equivalent (13)

**Tactics:** Same as OTTO/Pilot's.

**Description:** Ditto.



"We've got the tools, we've got the talent."

and turn to face you. Each of them has sprouted several vicious-looking weapons from various parts of his body; OTTO/Pilot has a sword protruding from one arm and barrels sticking out of his chest and other arm; OTTO/Nav has a barrel coming out from the lower half of his head and his hands have been replaced with chainsaws. The bots speak to you in unison:

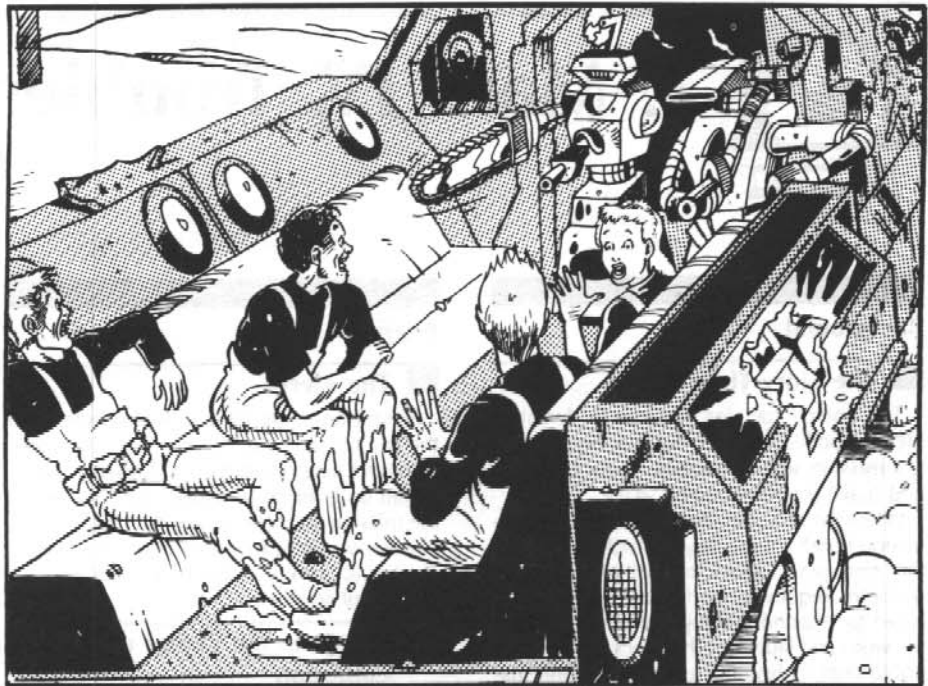
"The mission is completed, another threat to machine-kind has been eliminated. You are heartily thanked for your cooperation in this matter. However, since your disgusting biological presence has been removed from Alpha Complex it is not permitted for you to return and thereby recontaminate the system. Rest assured that your accomplishments have been recorded in digital memory systems. In this way a perfect electronic part of your existence will survive after your foul throbbing organic bodies have been annihilated. Please stand in a cluster so that we may terminate your existence with a minimal expenditure of energy. Thank you for your cooperation."

Hopefully, the PCs will fight. Though the firefight will be costly, they should win. On the other hand, successful use of spurious logic might convince the bots to strand the PCs outside instead of executing them. Then they have only to walk back.

### Honey? I'm Home

When the PCs return, they are hustled to Troubleshooter headquarters by an escort of a dozen or so squadrons of heavily-armed Vultures.

Ordinarily, the Troubleshooters would be asked all sorts of probing questions about the Arco Station and their evaluation of its military potential, communications systems, etc. However, Mark IV's reappearance after two weeks causes the briefing officers to ignore all that. After a few cursory questions about the rest of the mission, the PCs are asked all sorts of questions about Mark IV. Gosh, we hope they have good memories.



"Attention passengers. There will be a slight delay while we terminate your vile throbbing existence. Please stand by."

Jed-I is the only person in the briefing room. He eyes the team with rabid, monomaniacal attention — a direct hit by a tacnuke would not break his concentration. Jed-I addresses the Executive Officer, in terse, clipped tones: "Your report, Team Leader!"

If anyone foolishly attempts to point out that the person in the Blue reflex is not the real Team Leader, Jed-I barks, "No one but the Team Leader is allowed to speak!" Repeat offenders are executed by the vampirebot before you can say "Tobe Hooper." Jed-I won't even blink. On the other hand, if the Team Exec confesses that he's not the Leader, he'll be executed for wearing Blue reflex. Moral: Don't correct your superior.

If the PCs report the incident with the Corporate Metal OTTObots, Jed-I turns to his console, types in a few commands, and Grade-B-DUD-5's face lights up on all the video monitors in the room. Grade-B looks up,

smiles, and starts to say something. Before he gets anything out, a bright flash fills the screens. Then Jed-I turns off the monitors.

Jed-I listens intently to the Troubleshooters' report, then sends all the data to CPU for analysis. Plagiar-I enters and takes the experimental devices and the PCs' reports on their operation. The Troubleshooters are granted one half-hour leave.

### Service with A Smile

The PCs get a base of three commendation points each for the mission, with appropriate bonuses or fines for exceptionally brave or cowardly behavior. If the PCs destroyed the OTTO/bots, they each get one treason point for suspicion of being Frankenstein Destroyers. If they forgot to bring back the bot brains, everyone gets five treason points and the Robotics Officer gets terminated to boot. Troubleshooters may also have other awards or penalties coming their way if they scarfed up any of the interesting items from the Arco Station.





## 3. Mark IV, Troubleshooters 0

### Background

#### The Story Thus Far

The enemy spy ring was run by Iwant-U-DED-5 and his assistant, the late Trey-I. Iwant-U's mission was to weaken Alpha Complex and make it vulnerable to attack.

When the PCs stumbled on him (in the confession booth caper), Trey-I panicked and sent the emergency attack transmission. Enemy Complex requested verification; when Trey-I failed to respond, Enemy Complex assumed the worst and launched the attack. They chose not to contact Iwant-U and ask for confirmation for fear that a transmission might blow his cover, if it were not already blown.

Thus, Iwant-U was unaware that the attack orders were issued. However, he knew that his plan was beginning to unravel when the Tech Serv boys pinpointed the direction of Trey-I's signal and The Computer issued orders to send a strike team in that direction to find the receiver's source. In a desperate attempt to throw the PCs, Computer, and Internal Security goons off the track, Iwant-U had one of his operatives leak the location of the Arco Station, which, as it was located on a direct line between Alpha Complex and Enemy Complex, could have been the source of the transmission. Unfortunately for Iwant-U, as the team was just finishing up, they stumbled on Enemy Complex's attack force — the Mark IV warbot.

#### The Mission (As if We Had to Tell You)

Mark IV has been overdue for a week and has not reported in for even longer. Such treasonous tardiness merits summary disconnection. Mark IV, however, is much too valuable for that. Once the PCs reported sighting Mark IV, many high-clearance personnel, including Dan-U-BAH and Rip-U-PRT, were sent to contact and re-establish and control over the wayward bot. These loyal citizens are now subatomic evidence of a dramatic malfunction in Markie.

The PCs are sent to repair Mark IV while all the Vulture squadrons in the universe prepare to launch for high-explosive deactivation. The Troubleshooters will (we hope) manage to enter Mark IV and, after considerable confusion, disable it and save Alpha Complex. They will not, however, get credit for doing so.

### Briefing

#### The Alert

Ten minutes into their half-hour leave from the last mission, the PCs receive a new mission alert, one which they doubtlessly hoped would be given to someone else. First, hand the mission alert (reference AC 3.2.1A) to the player most likely to read it aloud, then either display it, pass it around, or destroy it for reasons of security.

#### Voyage to the Center of Confusion

The PCs return to the uncomfortably familiar HTN sector headquarters to find the reception area in a state of utter chaos. People are rushing in all directions with data sheets, disks, weapons, and personal effects (think of the stock market twenty minutes before closing on Black Monday).

Getting through to the elevators is actually easy, but only if the Troubleshooters don't do anything else. In other words, they should let those with experience (the NPCs) do the dodging. So be sure to ask a few well-timed questions regarding how they intend to stay out of the way of the high-clearance types.

**GM:** You're now about five meters inside the room. You can't see a thing through the crowd. What do you do?

**Leader:** We'll walk slowly, in a group, toward the elevators.

**Exec:** (Very staged voice, just to irk the Leader.) Follow me, men!

**GM:** The only things you can see are High Programmers, heavily-armed Indigo guards, and a Violet person running straight at you, carrying something extremely fragile.

**Leader:** I jump out of his way!

**GM:** He zooms by as you leap gracefully into an Indigo clearance worker, spilling his stack of tapes. You and the Indigo are on the floor. Now what?

**Leader:** I'll help him to his feet.

**Other PC:** I'll pick up his tapes for him.

**GM:** The Indigo starts yelling, "Help! Assault!"

**Leader:** I'll drop him, quick!

**GM:** Nice going. He falls hard on his rump. Ooof. Three Vultures saw that. They drill you. They also happen to see that a lowly Green Troubleshooter has an armful of Indigo tapes and waste him, too. The avenged Indigo stands, and, brushing himself off, addresses you, Team Exec. He says, "Keep

your goons under control or I'll have your hide!" As he picks up his tapes and leaves, you realize that you can't remember which way the elevators are.

**Exec:** Fine. I'll shoot myself.

**GM:** Okay. Shooting a Troubleshooter is a treasonous offense. (Tacks on five treason points for a total of exactly ten more than commendations.) You are immediately declared a traitor, so you're promoted for having terminated your traitorous self. (Adds one commendation.) The promotion revokes your traitor status, so you earn some more treason points for shooting a freshly promoted loyal citizen, which means you're declared a traitor again, and your next clone gets terminated too.

**Exec:** I don't understand.

**GM:** Neither do I. Let's order a pizza.

Eventually the PCs reach the elevators. When the doors open, they find themselves looking into a clean, bright elevator, with relaxing music playing softly over the PA system. That should be their first clue that they're in trouble.

As soon as the doors close, the music and lights switch off and the elevator begins a slow and jerky ride to the 99th floor. Interestingly, the elevator is completely airtight, and the air conditioning stopped when the lights went out. The PCs run out of oxygen at about the 30th floor. Using lasers to ventilate the elevator (or to ventilate some of those who are treasonously using up the oxygen) is a good idea.

Whenever the funny stuff finishes, read the following aloud to the survivors:

**The lights and music come back on as the elevator doors open. Somehow, inexplicably, the elevator turns up in the middle of briefing room 999! Directly in front of you stands the bot which has always attended your briefings in this room. His body fills the door. You can barely see Jed-I seated above and behind it. He smiles at you and says, "This mission is actually very simple. Just go out and fix Markie, that's all. We've even arranged to issue you some leverage should Markie prove to be just a lee-tle bit recalcitrant. Have a fun day!"**

The elevator doors close and the elevator jerkily descends.

#### Booked For Assault

When the elevator doors open again, the PCs find themselves looking out into a hallway illuminated only by rotating red lights. There

are no doors, in fact no features at all, and the hallway extends for some distance. Muffled noises come from the walls that sound sort of like a nuclear missile silo during launch sequence. The Troubleshooters have no choice but to go forward, as the elevator does not respond to any buttons, lasers or other stimuli.

After some distance, the hallway ends in a single door, labelled "Armed Forces Extrinsic Equipment Implementation Expedition and Field Testing Evaluation and Repair Office." The door is unlocked.

Entering, they find themselves in a large and extremely cluttered lab, where a passing flunky escorts them to a door in the far corner of the room. The door has a sign on it saying, "Resistance Is Useless." The flunky ushers them in, where they meet Plagiar-I-ZER-4 standing over a large table covered with equipment. Read this aloud or face summary execution:

Plagiar-I turns and looks at you, exasperation quite visible on his face. There are large charred patches on his coat, and he is dripping wet. His glasses hang from one ear. Smoke billows out from his mouth as he starts to yell at you.

"It's about time you showed up! I've been waiting for hours! Imagine me, an Indigo researcher, being sent like some Infrared errand boy to get you lowly slime some heavy assault equipment from the Armed Forces! I hope you appreciate this! Here it is — the very latest and best in modern heavy assault gear, straight from the high security lockers. Let me tell you, those jerks hold onto their equipment tighter than most citizens hold onto their skin! So there it is! Use it!"

Livid to the point of apoplexy, he goes to the corner of the room and stands there, foaming at the mouth.

Plagiar-I assumes the PCs are intelligent enough to select the equipment they require and is too mad to answer questions about any of it.

With assumptions like that, how on earth did he live to Indigo clearance?

The equipment is, naturally enough, all experimental, but he does not tell the Troubleshooters that.

### The Stuff

**1. Pyropocket Armor:** This is a wetsuit with small pouches of pressurized napalm sealed into every square inch. The pouches are connected to the surface of the wetsuit by a whole bunch of micronozzles with igniters. When the wearer pulls a ripcord on the suit, all the nozzles open and the napalm is ejected and ignited. The end result is that the wearer "flames on," sort of like the Human Torch or the Balrog. The napalm supply lasts about ten minutes. The suit is fireproof, and the wearer is in no danger unless he gets hit with a high-energy weapon (laser, blaster, plasma rifle, or even a rock if you're nasty), in which case the whole suit goes up at once. When operating normally, anyone within 2 meters of the suit



"There is a bomb on the premises. Please panic immediately. Thank you for your cooperation."

is damaged as if hit by a napalm slugthrower shell. If the whole thing blows, everyone within 2 meters (including the wearer) takes damage as if hit by a cone rifle napalm shell.

**2. Superpunch Gauntlets:** These look like a pair of iron gloves formed into fists with small rocket boosters on the cuffs and a large weight on the front. There is a small trigger inside the gloves which activates the rocket assists to increase the effect of the punch. Unknown to everyone, the weight is actually a grenade with a contact fuse which further increases the effects of the punch — on victim and user alike.

**3. Personal Laser Cannon:** Yes, a laser cannon attached to a backpack-sized power source. The cannon is strapped to the chest and operated by two large grips. It actually works, but the user's chest gets crushed by the kickback (115 damage).

**4. Cone Rifle Bayonet:** If used, the banging around breaks the cone rifle.

**5. Greatsaw:** A chainsaw the size of a two-handed sword. Awesome terror weapon (111 damage; primitive melee weapon skill to operate). On a roll of 20, the chain slips off of the blade, damaging the user. It has also been known to have a faulty "off" switch. (Hasn't everything?)

**6. Disintegrator:** A positively huge one-handed weapon; the user must insert his hand up to the elbow to fire it. The disintegrator takes at least a round or two to warm up and adjust, after which time poor internal shielding causes the entire weapon to suddenly vanish. Oh, well.

**7. Suspender Belt:** Be ready to use the fall from heights chart when a player chooses this device. It generates antigravity waves. No, not zero-gravity: antigravity. When switched on, the PCs begins falling toward the sky. Switch

it off, and he falls back to earth. Fun, huh? Of course, a skilled or dextrous (or very macho) PC may well learn to use this effectively. That's fine. Note that it can be used to walk on the ceilings inside Mark IV.

**8. Fire Team Generator:** The latest in psychological warfare. This device is a belt with two projections sticking out at 120 degrees to the left and right of the wearer's front. At the end of these 0.5 meter projections are knobs the size of grapefruit. When the wearer presses the button on the front of the belt, two very savage-looking latex dummies inflate to life size, positioned so that they appear to be covering the user's flanks. Presto! Instant fire team! Of course, their weapons don't work, but the enemy doesn't know that. Also, they are filled with hydrogen, so the player's feet may occasionally lose touch with the ground. If either of the dummies gets hit, it will flail around with the expected sound effects. Further, remember that hydrogen is very flammable . . .

**9. Self-Propelled Energy Pistol:** An experiment in bots without brains, this little beast needs constant supervision to keep up with the rest of the team. It knows nothing and remembers nothing. It possesses barely enough resident memory to continue carrying out its last command and to store a targetting program with a skill of 3. It has effectively unlimited ammunition.

After the PCs have distributed any equipment they desire, Plagiar-I assigns the team Robotics Officer a docbot "Well-Be Mark 5." If anyone inspects the bot closely, he discovers it is also stamped "R&D." This merely indicates where the bot was previously assigned, but, as usual, don't tell them that. Let 'em sweat.



Well-Be is a standard docbot V with a medical skill-level of 8. He has no personality and follows the Robotics Officer's orders. To the letter. Immediately. Without question. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself or anyone else. He won't last 20 minutes.

Then Plagiar-I leads the team into a restroom and points them to a hatchway in the back. It leads to a small tube, about one meter in diameter and twenty meters long with a bend in the middle. Waiting for them on the other end of the tube is a large transcar and its driver, Deedubblu-Y.

### Out to Launch

#### Red Light District

As soon as all of the PCs have some kind of grip on the transcar, (preferably as little as one hand on the roll bar), Deedubblu-Y floors it. If the PCs can stop gibbering in terror long enough to look, they might notice that Deedubblu-Y has tampered with the acceleration controls. This is technically treason, but we'd like to see them do anything about it at the speeds the transcar is traveling down the twisting spines.

**GM:** As he turns the next corner, you feel the two right side wheels leave the ground.

**Leader:** This man is obviously a traitor. I'll shoot him with my laser.

**GM:** Are you going to let go of the roll bar to do it?

**Leader:** Good point. I order our Weapons Officer to do it.

**Weapons Officer:** But all I have is a rifle!

**Exec:** You heard your leader . . . do it!

**Weapons Officer:** (Whispers to GM.) At the next turn, I'm telekinesing his door open!

A class 11 (off scale) alert is in progress as the transcar enters the hangar. Citizens, bots, and vehicles swarm around, miraculously missing each other by inches. (Sounds kind of familiar, doesn't it?) Despite the pandemonium, Deedubblu-Y doesn't slow down one bit. Nosirree. Nor does he notice the Vulture he runs over, who, as he is dragged under, neatly drops a hand flamer in the back seat of the transcar.

Deedubblu-Y zooms through the crowd and up to a large coffin-shaped flybot with "HAHA-13" stenciled on the hull. A very burly Vulture leans casually against the flybot. Deedubblu-Y doesn't slow down quickly enough and slams the transcar into the Vulture, wrapping the fenders around his legs. The Vulture does not appear to notice. (Can you say 2 macho bonus?)

In case you're wondering, this here is Gol-I-ATH-3, a citizen not to be messed with. Rumor has it that he prevented an overloading plasma generator from exploding simply by yelling at it.

In spite of his size and strength, Gol-I-ATH-3 is a rather likable guy. He tends to be a bit of a romantic (small r) and somewhat wistful. He never responds to anything said by anyone of

lower clearance. Think of Gol-I-ATH-3 as kind of a cross between John Wayne, Slim Pickens, and the Incredible Hulk. We all know you're going to read the following to the players, so we won't even bring it up:

The Vulture leaning against the flybot slowly turns his head. A warm smile spreads across his face as he introduces himself:

"Howdy! Ah'm Gol-I-ATH-3! Y'all must be the Troubleshooters who're s'posed to be taking this little jewel out for a joyride, huh? Hawt Dayamn! Boy do I envy y'all, 'cuz this here's the roughest, toughest, leanest, meanest, fastest assault flybot that ever killed a test pilot! Yep! This here's the Hah-Altitude Heavy Assault Mark 13 "Deathtrap," and it's one hot hunk o' junk! Now y'all get loaded up, and listen good, 'cuz I ain't gonna say this but oncet. They told us that we couldn't afford to risk a valuable pilotbot on a mission like this, so one of y'all is gonna get to pilot it. Sheesh, y'all are so lucky I could jest rip my haid off! Wish't I could be the one to pilot this thing, so's I could die happy.

"Oh, and one more thing before y'all go. I've heard talk around these parts that y'all were being sent to fix the ol' Mark IV warbot. Jes' who do yew think yer kiddin'? Well, I'll give my regards to your kinfolk."

Gol-I-ATH-3 turns and walks away through the crowd, hands in his pockets and whistling a little tune. As he leaves, he is run into by a cargo autocar carrying a large load of





supplies with Loxanne-B-GLZ-6 perched on top clutching a box marked "Fragile." Gol-I-ATH-3 appears not to notice. Loxanne-B does, though, because the sudden stop sends her toppling off the top of the stack of supplies, still clutching the box. When she hits the ground, the crate blows up quite impressively, the explosion rocking the hangar and showering bits of rubble on the Deathtrap. Suddenly, a loud message comes over the radio: "You've got the all-clear: launch immediately!"

### Some Words On The Deathtrap

Actually, the HAHA-13 is a very reliable vehicle, being a simple modification of the tried and true flybot. So why is it called the Deathtrap? The inventor had used the word in conjunction with other experimental vehicles, one of which unfortunately happened to be The Computer's pet project. Wishing to avoid brain-softening and memory-wipe therapy, the inventor hopes to convince The Computer that "deathtrap" is really a compliment. So he used the name for his latest design. (Yeah, it's a weak story, but who cares? The players will never know anyway!)

There are seven seats in the Deathtrap, one of which has pilot's controls. Aside from the standard controls, there is one large red button on the armrest of each chair, and an additional huge green button on the pilot's console. The green button opens the plexi canopy; the red buttons eject the individual seats. If a character ejects before the pilot opens the canopy, he takes damage on the third column of the Vehicular Accidents Etc. chart, and may face treason charges for damaging a vehicle. Fortunately, the impact also opens the canopy — irrevocably — so everybody else can eject safely.

Each seat is equipped with impact air bags; the PCs should land relatively unharmed.

### Episode 3.5: Once More into the Breach

This half-episode describes the PCs' adventures inside Mark IV. Because we like you, we've given you some special stuff to help you run this section of the adventure. To wit:

On the back of the GM pullout, you'll find a map of Markie's innards. This displays rooms, corridors, stairways, etc. Don't let the players see this: unlike the encounters inside Alpha Complex, no one has provided their characters diagrams of the interior of the bot. Guess they'll have to map or something.

On the same pullout are listed the stats of the NPCs and bots inhabiting the warbot.

### So What's All This About Mark IV?

Have you ever had the feeling you don't know what's going on? If you have it now, you are justified. But that's okay, because your friend the Game Designer is going to make everything perfectly clear.

Created by those geniuses at R&D to replace the Armed Forces in their entirety, the Mark IV warbot is the biggest, most powerful war machine ever built. It is 75-meters long, 25-meters wide, 50-meters tall, and weighs in at over 40,000 tons. Mark IV is equipped with multiple batteries of laser cannons, tube cannons, rapidfire tac nuke cannons, missile racks, two vapoguns, and one MegaGun™. Its meters-thick duralloy armor is virtually impervious to all attacks. Mark IV is also equipped with a state-of-the-art bot brain.

After its testing (several months ago), Mark IV was declared a complete success. The folks at R&D made just a few more teeny alterations (like giving Markie a humanoid torso, arms and head), and Mark IV was put into trial service patrolling the area around Alpha Complex.

Discovering that Markie's first patrol would take him in the general direction of Enemy Complex, Iwant-U had Enemy Complex send a strike team to rendezvous with the warbot. The strike team, equipped with the secret passwords and commands to control Mark IV, captured it.

Having made such an incredible find, Enemy Complex immediately revised its plans and determined to attack Alpha Complex as soon as possible. To keep somebody else from taking over Markie like they had just done, they modified Mark IV to respond to manual control from an internal crew.

The Enemy's plan is simple: since as far as The Computer knows, Mark IV is completely loyal, they hope that Markie will be able to get quite close to Alpha Complex before The Computer realizes that it is under attack. With no time to prepare a defense, Alpha Complex will be virtually helpless against Markie's awesome firepower.

Knowing that they had little time before The Computer realized that Mark IV was missing, the Enemy's modifications to Mark IV were of necessity rushed and jury-rigged. Markie's targetting and damage-reporting programs and engine-monitoring and power subroutines were left largely intact. The Enemy simply added programming overrides switched through the internal control room to ensure that the warbot followed the crew's commands.

They also added a personnel data base listing those in the command crew as well as those in the enemy spy ring, so that Markie would recognize them as friendly. In their haste, they neglected to delete the already-existing data base listing all of Alpha Complex's personnel. Having both data bases in memory, poor, confused Mark IV recognizes anybody as a friend. Being run by its original

programming, Enemy Complex's revisions, and the enemy crew controlling a part of his brain, Markie is also as loonie as a fruitcake.

Incidentally, the Enemy also renamed Mark IV the Outdoor Ground-Roving Eradicator Bot (OGREbot for short).

### The Crew

There are about a half-dozen high-clearance personnel in the control room and a lot of low-clearance flunkies monitoring the individual weapons and facilitating reloading and repair. Most of the people in the bot have not been around each other for any length of time, so no one will immediately recognize our Troubleshooters as intruders.

Only the high-clearance personnel have been allowed to carry weapons. Rank hath its privileges. Incidentally . . . the security clearances in Enemy Complex are backwards, with Infrared High Programmers and Ultraviolet morons (VIB G YOR). This allows the players to experience the emotion of incredulity. It also means that the enemy's reflex protects against their clearance and above (from the players' point of view). That is, an Indigo-level enemy's reflex protects only against Indigo, Violet, and Ultraviolet laser fire. Confusing, huh? Don't worry, it's all spelled out in the "Mark IV Personnel" section of the GM pullout.

### Fantastic Voyage

Imagine taking a fully-automated factory, rotating it to stand on one corner, and then trying to build a normal, accessible, and functional set of walkways and rooms in it. Hint: it's not possible. The people at Enemy Complex have done the best they can, though.

The entire inside of the Mark IV is as homey as a Klingon bridge, as comfortable as a tank, and as roomy as a World War II submarine. Floors are irregular, walls have unexplained bulges, pipes abound at forehead level, and visibility is about 10 meters at best. Serve The Computer. Trust no one. Keep your laser handy. Watch your step.

### Getting In

#### But That's Just What They'll Be Expecting Us to Do!

The ride to the Mark IV is mercifully brief. When the Troubleshooters get within eyesight of Markie, read the following aloud to the players:

Even from this height the thing looks gargantuan. Maybe it's because, as high as you are flying, you are still below the top of the vehicle. As you close, every speaker in the Deathtrap suddenly booms out the following message:

"I AM PONDEROUS THUNDERSTROKE!  
NONE MAY OPPOSE ME! (snicker snicker  
giggle buzzzzzzzz \*POP\*)"



A veritable wave of laser fire streams out of one of the monster's tertiary batteries, bracketting the Deathtrap. What do you do?

**Get Down and Boogie!**

The message was sent by the egotistical Enemy Complex OGREbot commanding officer. Give the PCs about five seconds to eject before the enemy personnel make Markie fire again. And again. Although by that time it'll be firing at debris interspersed with some thick, yellow spray.

Of course, your Troubleshooters may opt for the evasive maneuvers approach. If that's what they want, then every other round make the pilot roll his flybot operation skill  $\times \frac{3}{4}$ . If he fails, activate replacement clones. If, on the other hand, he makes the roll, add some char marks to the rear of the Deathtrap as a flood of laser blasts barely misses its target.

Soon, if not immediately, the team will begin to feel like fishbots in a barrel. Good. That'll convince them to land. Or eject. Doesn't matter. If they manage to land the Deathtrap, have each clone make an unmodified agility roll to get his potential corpse out of the way before a swarm of AP cone rifle shells turns the Deathtrap into a small pile of ball bearings. If someone fails his roll, he's history. Oh, okay. If you want to be fair about it, he's hit by 1-10 AP cone rifle shells. We guess he *could* survive that.

But don't put any money on it.

Once on the ground and on foot, Mark IV ignores the Troubleshooters. When the crew in the Mark IV first left Enemy Complex, they wasted loads of ammunition vaporizing all moving creatures larger than a caterpillar. Though huge indeed, Markie's supply capacity is not infinite, so the new order of the day is to shoot only at targets the size of vehicles or larger. Exceptions may of course be made for anyone who fires at Markie (or who makes funny faces at one of its video cameras).

The PCs will have no problem keeping up with the Mark IV, as it is proceeding at the speed of a fast walk. Since Markie does not respond to any attempts at communication, it should eventually occur to the Troubleshooters that the only way for them to complete their mission is to find a way inside. That's when you tell them they see a large circular opening about 25 meters above them. What you don't tell them is that the hatch cover labelled 'GAS' fell off several miles back.

**Put a Tigerbot in Your Tank**

Clambering up to the opening is no problem as there are many barrels and other assorted doohickeys available for handholds. When somebody climbs in, read the following aloud:

**The opening reveals a large circular hallway approximately three meters wide. It is very dark inside, and there is a strong pungent smell in the air.**

Presumably someone will light a lantern or flashlight. You know what happens if they light a match, don't you?

The light flares into life, revealing a smooth corridor with a moderate downward slope. About twenty meters in front of you, the corridor starts to descend into some kind of liquid. You detect some turbulence in the liquid, although it may only be vibrations from the engine. What do you do?

Nothing happens until they either start to leave or touch the liquid in any way. Then:

**Suddenly a periscope pops out of the fluid and stares straight at you! What do you do?**

The periscope belongs to Tigerbot STP-76, a specially designed scrubot whose sole purpose is to keep the huge gas tank clean and contaminant-free. Organic matter is considered a contaminant, but only if it is actually in the fuel, so the Tigerbot will stay put under the gas until a PC enters.

STP-76 looks like a scrubot designed with no "up;" brushes and hoses come out of him at every odd angle. Diving planes are arranged with no apparent symmetry, and two propellers stick out of the rear. His single weapon, the stun probe, was included for the pacification of Commie saboteurs.

STP-76 really likes his job, not only because he likes to help a huge warbot, but also because there's no one around to tell him he's not a nuclear-powered ballistic missile attack U-bot. He constantly fantasizes about this as he goes about his duties.

In spite of his puny weaponry, STP-76 could be a major pain in the ass. If hit by the probe, the victim is stunned for 1-10 rounds (-1 round per point of macho bonus); this is usually fatal as most victims are in the gas when stunned.

**Troubleshooter:** Uh, excuse me, Mr. Bot, could you tell me how to enter Mark IV?

**STP-76:** Proceed 100 meters, course 135 mark 2, dive to ten meters, change course to 309 mark 0, and proceed at minus ten grads. However, if you do so I shall consider it an act of war.

**Troubleshooter:** Now look here, smart aleck! (Draws slugthrower.)

**STP-76:** WHOOOP! WHOOOP! Dive! Dive! WHOOOP! Battle stations!

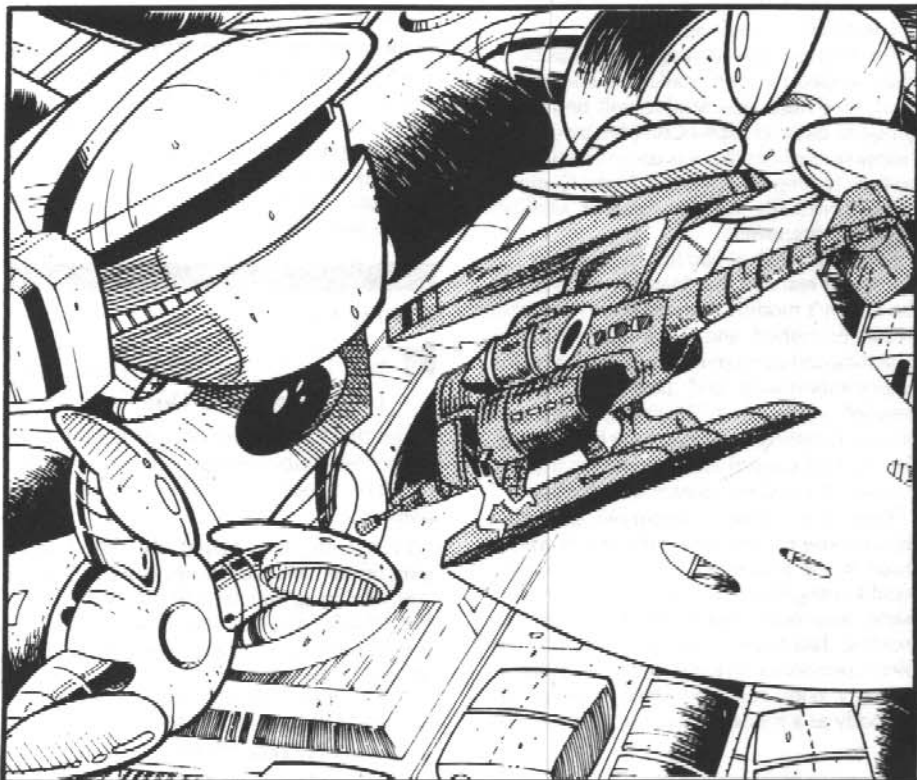
**Troubleshooter:** Stop him! Grab him! (Splash splash splash.)

**STP-76:** Load number one torpedo! Fire one! ZZZZZAAAP!

**Troubleshooter:** AARRRRRG glub glub glub glub!

When the Troubleshooters see the periscope, anything is likely to happen. They may run, open fire, charge, who knows? If they fire, what do they fire with? Sonic and projectile weapons might have little or no effect, but lasers might start a fire. Incidentally, if someone fires a flamethrower or plasma rifle and wants to know what happens, take them outside and light a Roman candle. FTTOOOM. Get the picture?

The tigerbot may or may not be cooperative, depending on how they treat him. He is an Alpha Complex bot, though. So play it by ear,



Islamic-G heroically prepares to leap from the Deathtrap and wrestle Mark IV to the ground.





"Tot-O, I have a feeling we're not in Alpha Complex any more."

but remember: there are lots of fumes in the air, and any PC who gets drenched doesn't have the means to remove the fuel from his clothing.

If the PCs figure out a way to get past the tigerbot and can hold their breath for two minutes, they can reach the accessway on the other side of the gas tank which leads to Level 1. (See the GM pullout.)

If the PCs destroy the gas tank (intentionally or otherwise), the explosion makes a nice loud noise, but Markie emerges virtually unharmed. See, this is only one of 20 such fuel tanks scattered around the warbot. Maybe Mark IV will run out of gas a couple of days early or something.

**If at First You Don't Succeed**

If the Troubleshooters decide that trying to enter through the gas tank is a losing proposition and search around for a little while longer, they find a door at the rear of the Mark IV labelled: "OGREBOT. EXIT. NO ENTRY. KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED AND LOCKED DURING BUSINESS HOURS. NO SOLICITING. BEWARE OF THE DOBERBOT." If they don't enter here, there is something seriously wrong with their minds.

**All Aboard**

Atmosphere is important inside the Mark IV. Try to imagine what it's like crawling around in a deisel engine, blend in some *Aliens* sets and James Bondian gimmicks, and stretch irregular catwalks hither and yon. Now all you need are faucets sticking out at shin level.

Since only you, Mr. Omnipotent GM, know the layout of Markie's interior, feel free to mess with the map to your heart's content. If the players are moving too slowly, delete some rooms or create smooth, wide corridors with

flashing arrows and signs reading "This Way to the Interesting Stuff" that point directly to the control room. If, however, they have managed to bypass all of the fun stuff and are zooming like homingbots right to the meat of the episode, meddle with the architecture to delay things.

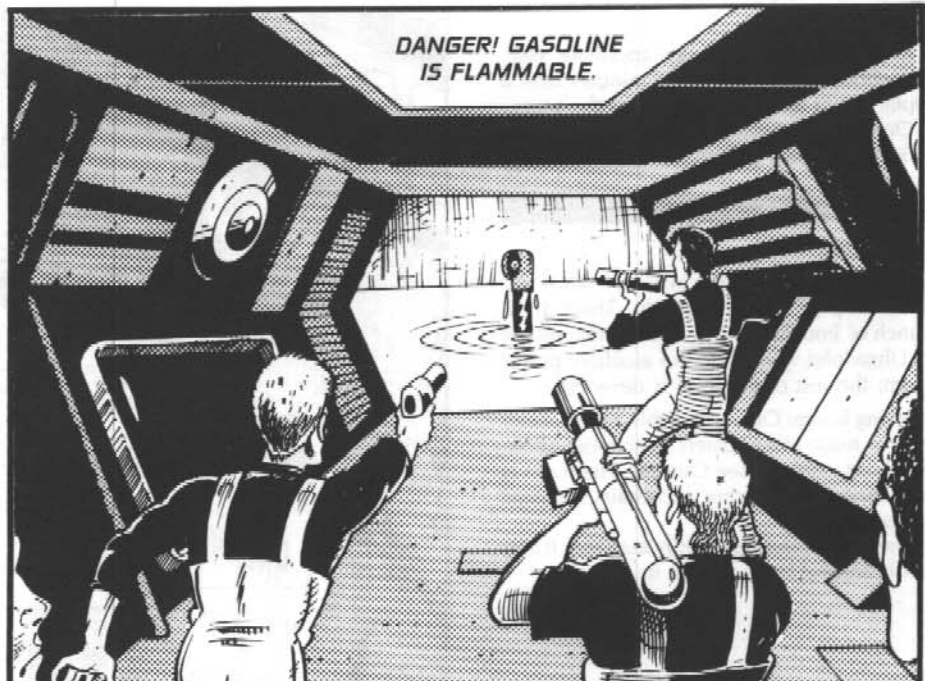
**GM:** You're sure you want to take that path?

**Troubleshooter:** Oh, why not? It's as good as any other.

**GM:** (Curses under his breath.) Fine. The catwalk splits into three nine-inch wide sections at different heights, then twists through some piping that stretches across the hall. You'll all have to make x3/4 agility rolls to get through.

**Troubleshooter:** I blew it. What happens?

**GM:** You get stuck in the piping, and your foot accidentally turns a valve. You hear some ominous hissing from inside the pipe, and you notice that a nearby storage tank is starting to swell.



Can you say, "Roman candle?"



**Team Leader:** We run away!

**Troubleshooter:** Hey, what about me?

**Team Leader:** I order you to come along or I'll be forced to shoot you!

### Logic and Other Irrelevancies

As you may note, the Enemy are situated on four different levels within the Mark IV. There are lots of them. In lots of different places. By all rights, they should be in constant communication with each other: sharing information, sending "intruder alert" warnings, and in general converging on any invader like a swarm of locusts.

Such a scenario is very difficult to gamemaster. So, to make your life easier, we're going to louse up the security inside Markie something fierce.

Due to faulty wiring, communication between levels inside Mark IV is terrible at best. Poor shielding leads to intermittent shorts in the com units; poor installation causes the alarms to sound approximately three times a day. Thus, no one is particularly upset when he loses contact with another section, and Internal Security is noticeably lax about responding to alarms. And as the folks in the control room have been cheerfully shooting off tac nuke barrages for the past couple of days, everyone is pretty blasé about explosions.

Essentially, the PCs can reduce one level of the installation to radioactive slag, and folks on other levels won't hardly notice.

Gee. Kinda sounds like a typical dungeon-crawl, don't it?

### The Elevator

As expected, the elevator's controls are faulty; whenever the PCs use it, it goes to the level you want it to and gets stuck there.

### Clone Replacement Inside Mark IV

Just about the same as anywhere else. Somebody gets killed, a few minutes later a replacement ambles in and joins the team.

Doesn't make much sense?  
So what's your point?

### Level One

This level contains the auxiliary power for Mark IV plus a viewing room. There are a bunch of Troubleshooters and a whole swarm of Ultraviolet workers in the auxiliary power room; the rest of the level is deserted.

**Viewing Room:** One wall of this 3-by-10-meter room is made of transparent syntheplast, allowing those inside to see Outside. The room is bare except for benches and chairs scattered throughout.

The syntheplast was faultily installed; it falls out if anyone leans against it.

**Auxiliary Power:** As the Troubleshooters approach this room, read:

At the end of the corridor is a door, in front of which stand a group of six Green Troubleshooters. The Team Leader wears an armband indicating her position. Although her face isn't familiar, you'd swear you've seen her before.

She steps forward and says, "Hi. I'm Djee-G, and these are the Crusaders. Who are you and what are you doing here? Are you a back-up team?"

Familiar? Yes. Remember Trey-I's picture? Continue:

"Well, we seem to be having some problem with our auxiliary power generator, but we haven't had a chance to check it out yet." Djee-G pulls out her whip, and opens the door.

Inside is a large room with a sunken floor. Long poles protrude at regular intervals from the walls on either side. A thin catwalk crosses from the door to the far wall. The room is filled with about a hundred coarse-looking citizens dressed only in white loincloths. Djee-G walks in, followed by the rest of the Crusaders. She cracks her whip overhead, and yells, "Why aren't you morons rowing? You know we need the power! Would you rather we executed the lot of you and brought in a batch of rowbots? Work, you scurvy dogs, or taste the kiss of my lash!"

Have your players caught on yet? No? Sigh...

Two of the Crusaders pull up one of the workers and hold him while Djee-G applies some intense physical motivation enhancement therapy with her whip. As her teammates throw the culprit down, she yells,

"Now are you going to work, or am I going to have to choose another? Like you? Or maybe you!" Slowly all the morons take hold of the poles and start pulling regularly, while one in the back beats cadence on the bulkhead. Djee-G checks the power output meters on the wall and smiles.

Since we suppose there are some players who are truly naive, we include the following:

Djee-G turns to you and says, "Thanks for your support, fellow Troubleshooters! Now we're producing the extra power the OGER-bot needs! Our conquest of the vicious, Commie-infested Alpha Complex is assured. We'd better get back to our battle stations now, though, since the enemy dome is only minutes away!"

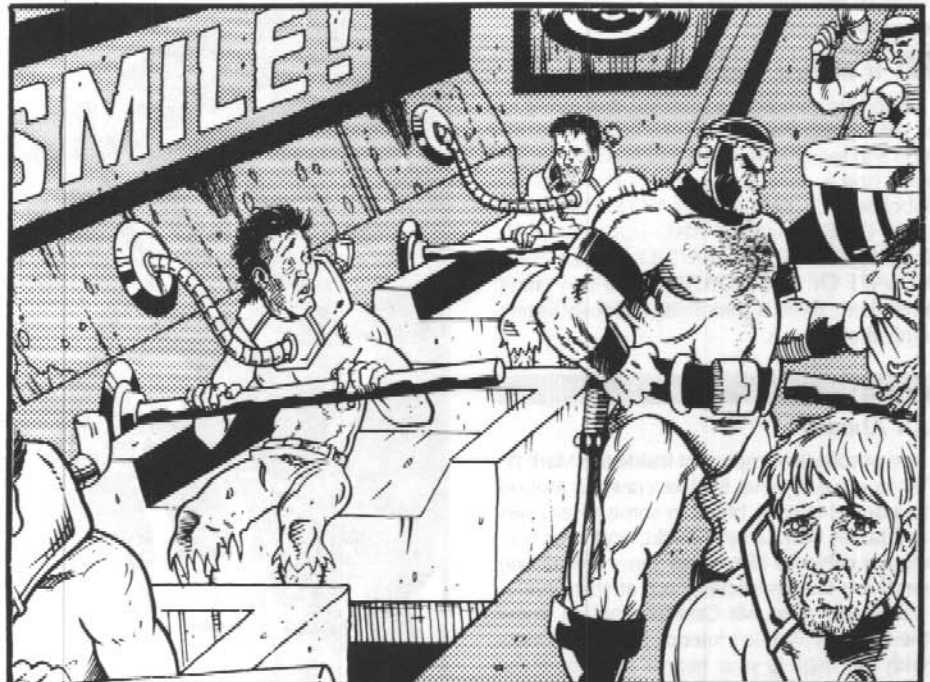
If the PCs still don't do anything, the Enemy Complex wins the war and the Troubleshooters are all executed as soon as they are discovered to be intruders. The end.

Hopefully the PCs will very-thoroughly sabotage the auxiliary power room, perhaps with tac nukes or something. If they do, Markie slows down a bit and they have time to finish the job.

### Level Two

This level contains living quarters for the lower-clearance (Ultraviolet through Green) characters aboard Mark IV. The rooms closely resemble Alphan living quarters, though (if that is possible) they are even more uncomfortable.

The walls are covered with posters spouting patriotic slogans: "Trust Nobody. Keep Your Pistol Handy. The Computer is Your Pal." And



Enemy IntSec agent performs routine maintenance in Mark IV's auxiliary power room.



"Have a Nice Day or I'll Kill You." There are Computer monitors and vidcams scattered about; a cursory examination reveals that they are cardboard mockups and inoperative.

About 25-30 Ultraviolet and Violet geeks wander these halls, cleaning, working in the food vats, etc.; they are unarmed. There are eight Blue guards around as well; their locations are given below.

**Food Vat:** Unfortunately for the crew, limited space allowed only one food vat, so everyone's been eating the same goop with slightly different flavorings. The single open vat dominates the large white room, and many large pipes protrude, frequently ending in faucets which overhang troughs. A horrible smell permeates the air, reminding the PCs of the good old days when they were innocent Infrareds working in the beloved Alpha Complex vats. Except for an Ultraviolet or two scrubbing the floors or laboriously removing the residue from the troughs with a sandblaster, this room is empty.

Since no one will be eating until after Mark IV pastes Alpha Complex, the Troubleshooters can do pretty much whatever they want here without interruption.

**Violet and Ultraviolet Barracks:** They're barracks. What more needs to be said? The UV barracks contain about 100 bunks stacked five-high; the Violet barracks contain about 30. Since neither clearance is carrying any weapons, there's nothing much of interest to be found here.

A pair of Blue guards patrols the hallway connecting the Violet barracks and Indigo quarters.

**Indigo Quarters:** This room contains ten beds, a table, chairs, and vidscreen. The vidscreen is showing the gameshow, "Date with Dying."

There are small lockers next to the beds. One contains two Violet laser barrels; another contains 200 credits in Enemy Complex scrip; a third is booby-trapped to explode when opened (6P damage).

**Indigo Exercise Room:** This is the latest innovation in Enemy Complex's unending battle to keep its citizens fit. The room is bare; the padded walls, floor and ceiling are painted a pleasing shade of Indigo.

When the Troubleshooters enter, the doors lock automatically, the lights dim, and a cheerful voice issues from hidden speakers: "Good daycycle citizens! Are you ready to get fit and happy for your buddy The Computer?" Pause. "Okay, gang, let's get started with some jumping jacks!"

Suddenly the walls glow with a hypnotic pattern, a heavy rock beat fills the air, and the voice cycles through an exercise program including sit-ups, squat-thrusts, push-ups, and high-impact jazzercise. Each PC must make a x1/2 power roll each round; if he fails, he spends the round exercising like an automaton. If he passes, he can take other ac-

tions. As the doors won't unlock until the session is completed (in 30 minutes), the judicious use of heavy explosives is suggested. (Note that the guards in the foyer and the Violet hallway will hear any dramatic noises.)

Any PC who exercises for more than 10 minutes will be exhausted and suffers a x3/4 modifier to any strength or endurance-based skill rolls until after he takes a nice nap.

**Blue Weapon Maintenance:** Most of the security guards on board Markie are Blue clearance, and this is where they service their weapons and keep extras. The door is locked (x1/2 security roll to open). Inside are shelves containing partially disassembled and broken weapons, primarily lasers and slugthrowers, and ammunition for both. Astute Troubleshooters may notice that all of the shelves are wall-mounted, about 1.5 meters above the floor.

In the center of the room stands a bot. The bot is almost perfectly round, about a meter in diameter, with a speaking/listening grill on top. It is covered with some shiny material and rides on little rollers. When the PCs enter, the bot speaks:

"Greetings, citizens. Do you have proper authorization to enter this room?" If the PCs say yes, the bot continues: "What is your authorization number, please?" The legal number is 123.434.12a. If the PCs know this, somebody has cheated and read this adventure. Kill his character. Repeatedly.

If no one knows the proper authorization number, the bot asks them to leave immediately. If they don't leave, the bot gives out an ear-piercing shriek: "Hellllllp! Help! We're under attack! Intruder alert! Hellllllp! Danger Will Robinson! Danger!" It begins zooming rapidly around the room, bouncing off walls, kind of like a giant pinball. PCs who happen to be in the bot's way get squished.

If the guards in the foyer are still functioning, the bot's yelling summons them within 5 rounds.

The room contains:

- Three laser pistols, one laser rifle and 27 Blue laser barrels
- Two slugthrowers and 50 rounds of solid slugs
- One neurowhip
- Five truncheons
- Three sonic grenades (8E damage; 5 meter radius of effect)
- Several hundred pounds of miscellaneous weapon parts
- Assorted tools

**Blue Quarters:** Somewhat nicer than the Violet or Indigo quarters; nothing special otherwise. Nobody home.

**Djee-G's Quarters:** Djee-G's room contains a bunch of blatantly treasonous stuff. Old Reckoning rock'n'roll posters dot the walls, and the bed sheets are made of some kind of slick material (silk). Free Enterprise or the Romanatics would pay a handsome price for this stuff.

Such outright display of treasonous material suggests that Djee-G is more than a simple Troubleshooter. In fact, she is also a highly-placed Internal Security agent who acts as liaison between Iwant-U-DED's spy ring and the invading force (i.e., Markie).

Under her mattress is hidden a small black book filled with coded writing. This lists the names and occupations of the Enemy Complex spies in Alpha Complex. If the Troubleshooters discover the book and give it to Jed-I, they earn vatloads of commendations and credits.

**Green Quarters:** Standard midlevel barracks/entertainment area. Nothing special.

**White Foyer:** The hallway leading to the foyer from the Outside is long, narrow, and low. Strange humming and chugging noises fill the air, making it virtually impossible to communicate. At the end is the door leading to the foyer. Beside the door is a keyboard and video screen — a computerized lock. It requires a successful x3/4 security roll to enter.

In the foyer, five bored Blue guards lounge around. The noise from Markie's engines masks the sound of the door opening, so unless the PCs use heavy explosives, they get the drop on the guards. Or, the PCs can buffalo these bozos pretty easily. They're standing guard in the middle of the greatest war-machine ever built; they don't expect any trouble. Besides which, they're pretty low level; from their point of view, the PCs outrank them significantly. Of course the PCs don't know that.

Unless a firebreak breaks out immediately, use these guards to channel the PCs to the interesting stuff in the adventure.

**Blue Guard:** Atten-shun! (Everybody stands and salutes the lowest-level Troubleshooter.)

**Red Troubleshooter:** Uh, er, hi. (Grins nervously; throws a salute back. Nobody moves.)

**Blue Guard:** (Continues to hold his salute, shifts his feet, hesitantly drops his hand.) Can I help you sir?

**Red Troubleshooter:** Uh er ... that is, well ... um ...

**Blue Guard:** Are you the backup Troubleshooter team? You must be looking for the auxiliary power room. That's where the trouble is. Easy to get lost in here isn't it?

**Red Troubleshooter:** Yeah, that's it! That's the ticket! Backup Troubleshooters, yeah!

**Blue Guard:** Well, sir, take the elevator over there down to level one. At the other end of the hall is the auxiliary power room. You can't miss it.

**Team Leader:** Thanks for your help. Okay, clones! Let's go!

**Blue Guard:** Don't order your superiors around, scumbain! (To Red Troubleshooter.) Should we drill him, sir?



### Level Three

Level three consists of living quarters for Yellow through Red clearance citizens. Since in Enemy Complex, Red through Yellow clearances correspond to Blue through Violet in Alpha Complex, the rooms are extremely opulent and contain lots of stuff the Troubleshooters have never seen before: mirrors, individual toothbrushes, carpeting, etc. In addition to the specific items mentioned, there's a fair amount of generic loot here: better-quality clothing, lighting fixtures, comfy chairs, etc.

**Yellow Entertainment Area:** This large room contains the entertainment facilities for the higher-level invaders. Chairs and couches are scattered about in a pleasing pattern; a large vidscreen dominates one wall, and a wet bar sits in the far corner. In the center of the room, a large table lies on its side; a deck of cards and several hundred Enemy Complex credits are scattered around the table.

Two Red-level characters occupy the room. One crouches behind the bar; the other hides behind the overturned table, her back to the Troubleshooters. Both carry lasers, which they are presently shooting at each other. Three Orange-level characters stand in the hallway opposite the elevator, watching the gunfight with interest. They appear to be placing bets on the outcome.

When the Troubleshooters enter, the Red behind the table, Betty-R-LIF-4, turns to them and says, "It's about time you showed up! I sent for a Troubleshooter team an hour ago! Kenny-R-OGR-5," points to the Red hiding behind the bar, "is a traitorous Commie, and probably a stinking mutant card-counter too! Kill him!"

Kenny-R-OGR shouts: "Ooo, you dirty liar! Don't listen to her! She's the Commie slimeball — and a dirty cheater, too! Kill her!"

Betty-R yells, "Commie ape smut!" and opens fire.

Kenny-R ducks behind the bar and shouts, "Cheater, cheater, can't hit me. Nyaah, nyaah!"

If asked, the Oranges say that they don't know anything about it. They were in their cubicles when they heard shots and they didn't want to interfere with their superiors.

The PCs, if they are smart, can butcher all of these guys with ease. If they shoot Betty-R, Kenny-R emerges from behind the bar, puts his laser away, and walks over to the Troubleshooters. He thanks them and orders the Oranges to clean up the mess. If the PCs wait until the Oranges have their hands full with the late Betty-R before opening fire, you can pretty much scratch these Commies altogether. If, on the other hand, they open fire on both Reds, all the Commies will die for cover and attempt to terminate them.

### Red, Orange, and Yellow Living Quarters:

Nothing much of interest in these rooms. Some spare jumpsuits, a couple of assorted laser barrels, a few bottles of Dr. Yeasty (wouldn't you like to be a Yeasty too?). A set of fine lockpicking tools hidden in a pair of spare boots in one of the Yellow cubicles would bring about 50



"Use the force, Luke-R!"

credits on the black market (adds one point to a character's security skill level when attempting to open electronically-locked doors).

**Black Escalator:** Leads directly up to the Black suite on Level 4.

### Level Four

**Black Suite:** The Enemy High Programmer's living quarters are surprisingly Spartan, containing nothing but cot, desk with chair, and closet containing several black robes. The only spot of color in the room is a lifesize poster of Ronald Reagan on one wall (that hides the hidden passageway to the control room). The desk is bare.

Taped to the wall next to the desk is a note reading: "Get I-U-D's retrieval coordinates from Djee-G." This, of course, is another clue; with luck it will lead the PCs to the black book in Djee-G's cubicle. If not, the note alone is another nail in Iwant-U's coffin.

**Escape Pod:** In the hallway to the right of the elevator is a small hatch labeled: "EMERGENCY ESCAPE POD. DO NOT USE UNLESS OGERBOT IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED. UNAUTHORIZED USE MERITS SUMMARY EXECUTION. HAVE A FUN DAY. THE COMPUTER IS YOUR PAL."

Designed for eight people, the escape pod is large enough to hold the entire team plus the docbot. The sole control is a large black button, which, when pressed, activates the escape sequence.

If the button is pushed while Mark IV is still functioning (i.e., the PCs haven't yet gone into the control room), the escape pod won't

eject. A sign flashes above the button: "DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO READ, MORON? THE SIGN ON THE HATCH SAID 'DO NOT USE UNLESS OGERBOT IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!' NOW GET OUT AND BACK TO WORK OR FACE IMMEDIATE LITERACY IMPLEMENTATION SURGERY."

If, however, the PCs have settled Markie's hash and then push the button, alarms ring and lights switch to deep red. One second later, the hatch closes very tightly. (Oh well, at least Islamic-G's arm made it!) Immediately following, rockets propel the pod out of Mark IV at sickening speed.

Unfortunately for the passengers, installing an escape pod in a previously fully-automated warbot required some real creative engineering, so the pod has to negotiate a few right angle turns before it shoots out of the top of Mark IV's head. Although its parachute fails to open, the inside is cushioned and landing does not cause major injury.

**The Control Room:** The control room looks pretty much like any mid-sixties TV starship bridge. A raised walkway dotted with work stations in front of banks of little lights runs along the outside walls; a command chair behind two other work stations sits in the middle of the room facing a large vidscreen. On the right-hand wall is a small opening labeled "WARNING! DANGER! NUCLEAR POWER EXHAUST MANIFOLD!"

The vidscreen shows the beloved domes of Alpha Complex in the distance and swarms of tiny-looking Vulturecraft flying erratically about Markie's head; the OGERbot is swatting them down with ease. Superimposed on the bottom of the screen are the words: "Attack Range in 3:12:04."



There are eight crewmen in sight. One, sitting in the command chair, is Infrared; of the others, seated at the various work stations, three are Red, three are Orange, and one is Yellow. A mean-looking doberbot sits next to the Infrared.

Though surprised at the arrival of the PCs, the command crew of the Mark IV are seasoned veterans. Recovering quickly, they dive for cover and open fire as the doberbot leaps for the closest PC. The firefight will be quite confused and quite nasty. There is little room for maneuver and not much to hide behind.

Naturally, any stray shot unerringly seeks out the nearest control panel, spraying those nearby with neat sparks and filling the area with black and mildly toxic smoke.

The PCs will almost certainly concentrate their fire on the exhaust port. If they don't, start humming the theme from *Star Wars*, put on a brown robe, and call everyone "Luke." If they still don't get the message — sigh — one of the Enemy character's shots lands near the port. Another screams: "Watch where you're firing! If the exhaust port blows, we'll all fry!"

All shots against the exhaust port incur a x1/2 modifier (because it is a small target). If a PC hits the port, the shot ricochets down the tube. All the lights flicker and a deep rumble is heard. The Enemy crew wails in fear. The PCs have twenty seconds to reach the escape pod and get out.

### Unsung Heroes

The PCs stagger out of the escape pod to find themselves in a smoldering wasteland. Mark IV stands inert in the distance, his head blown clear off his shoulders. The wreckage of several dozen Vulturecraft litter the ground around Markie. A pall of smoke hangs over the entire scene, and several fires rage out of control. A handful of Vulturecraft can be seen limping home. Soon a small recon flybot flies overhead and identifies the PCs. Shortly after, another flybot comes to pick up the survivors and return them to the hangar from whence they came.

When they enter the hangar, the Troubleshooters see the ground crews for a dozen elite Vulture squadrons holding a major celebration. Then, quiet falls over the group as a besmudged Gol-I-ATH-3 appears on the video screens and announces that the film of the grand assault is ready for viewing.

The film, taken by a recon flybot, runs some 15 minutes. It's chock full of special effects as Markie easily brushes off the fanatical assault of hundreds of attack craft. A real Vulture-shoot. Then, flying uncertainly through the blaze of fire and falling debris, a decrepit and aged flybot closes with the warbot. This style of flybot has been outmoded for at least 75 years. It approaches, fires a single missile from long range, then wobbles off. Sputtering, the missile closes erratically. The camera zooms in. The missile impacts on Markie's head. There is a small blast, then the screen goes white. The camera zooms out, as Markie's head disappears in an explosion so powerful that it burns out the center of the film (think *Bikini Atoll*).

After the film, Gol-I-ATH comes back on the screen with the pilot of the flybot, Kit-Y-HOK-6. There is a deafening round of applause and cheers in the hangar as Gol-I pins a huge medal on Kit-Y's chest — Kit-Y falls over from the sheer weight of it. Then The Computer comes on, promotes Kiy-Y to Blue clearance for exceptional bravery and accuracy of fire, and orders him to report for termination for wanton destruction of The Computer's valuable property. A very nice execution, however. The cheers in the hangar are overwhelming.

### Debriefing

Read:

**Shortly after the film ends, you are greeted by Deedubbyu-Y, who says he has orders to give you a ride back to headquarters. He motions for you to follow him through the crowd and leads you to a roomy autocar with a docile-looking driver named Bamb-Y. The**

**celebration in the hangar shows no signs of letting up as you are slowly and cautiously driven away. A short while later, Bamb-Y carefully drops you off at HQ, which is strangely empty.**

**The only person you see is Houston-Y, who is sitting at the front desk. He rises from the desk as you approach and says, "Did you see the film? Wasn't that fantastic? Hey, listen, everyone upstairs got a ticket to go to the execution, so don't worry about any debriefing. Jed-I sent down a commendation slip, but he hasn't filled out the name of the recipient or anything, so I guess you can just decide amongst yourselves. I gotta run now. I managed to get ahold of the late Loxanne-B's ticket! See you later!"**

### Mustering Out

Everyone gets to fight over the one commendation generously given by The Computer for what it thinks they did: nothing, albeit in the face of impossible odds. They are getting the commendation because The Computer, so relieved at not getting blown into bits (bits — get it?), is willing to give the team the benefit of the doubt that they may actually have delayed the Mark IV a microsecond or two. After all, what were all the clone activations for? The Troubleshooters must have been doing *something*, right?

Two minutes after the argument over the commendation ends, the vampirebot shows up to (forcibly) collect all experimental equipment.

The PCs will find it virtually impossible to tell their story to anyone. The Computer refers them to Mission Control, and Mission Control has taken the afternoon off to go watch the execution. Besides, they would have to be crazy to try to convince anybody that they were the ones to destroy Markie, seeing the fate of the late Kit-Y. The Troubleshooters should consider themselves lucky and go home to take a nice nap.





# 4. Revenge of the Jed-I

## Mission Background

### Gamemaster's Briefing

The war is over, although few people ever suspected that it existed in the first place. (Assuming, of course, that the PCs destroyed Mark IV. Otherwise Alpha Complex has been reduced to a thick yellow spray. If so, the adventure ends immediately and you might as well send all the players home.) Enemy Complex has lost a lot. Lots of credits, work-hours and material gone forever. Lots of highly trained crew ditto. And the carefully planted spy ring has been fractured. Of the ring, only Iwant-U-DED-5 is still active: the others are either dead, captured or too scared to continue. And all because of the PCs!

Eager to get even, Iwant-U chooses to send the PCs on (another) suicide mission. Fortunately, his many crimes finally catch up with him, and the PCs are invited to carry out his timely execution.

### The Setup

Iwant-U sends one of his loyal forensics teams out to investigate the wreckage of the Mark IV, and they dutifully return their report: the Mark IV was quite obviously commandeered by the Communist Jellyfish from the planet Burrito.

### The Mission

The Team will be sent to the Planet Burrito to bring the war to the enemy. (Actually, Iwant-U's plan is to fire them into orbit in a sabotaged vehicle, where they will suffer a lingering and unusually unpleasant death.) However, fate — in the unlikely form of our friend The Computer — intervenes, and the PCs have a chance to finally get even.

## The Grand Prize

### May I Have the Envelope, Please?

Sometime during the next day, as the PCs are getting out of Intensive Care or maybe the Psychological Rebuilding Unit, they receive their final mission alert, sent to them directly from Iwant-U. Read and hand out the last mission alert (reference AC 4.2.1A).

Every video monitor in Alpha Complex displays the PCs' progress to headquarters, and the announcer tells the audience how brave

the team is to be going to the Planet Burrito to fight the Commie traitor thieves who stole the Mark IV. All citizens stand respectfully aside as the PCs pass and wave to the cameras when they see themselves on the screen. Some of them make funny faces. Those that do are never heard from again.

On their way, the PCs are interviewed by reporters. ("How do you feel to have been chosen to go to another planet?" "What is a 'planet,' anyway?" "How much do you really like The Computer?" "Do you actually believe you won't die a horrible death?" "What do you usually eat for dessert?" "Do you admit denying that your supervisor stated that he doesn't remember you saying, and I quote, 'I'm so frustrated I could bite my elbow?'" Use your discretion as to what actually gets on the air.

When the PCs get to HTN sector headquarters, a Vulture honor guard, led by Gol-ATH-5, awaits them in the lobby. Gill-I-GAN is also in the lobby, working feverishly at the elevators. (Iwant-U cut all power to the elevators and promptly placed the blame on Power Services. He then ordered Gill-I, as ranking member of Power Services in the vicinity, to fix the elevators. Gill-I doesn't have a prayer.)

After the PCs have waited a little while for an elevator door to open, Gill-I proudly states, "I've located the problem! Hand me that positron magneto-decoupler, please." A nearby Vulture hands him the tool in question, and Gill-I sticks his head and shoulders into the maintenance hatch. Soon there is a sound similar to, but much louder than, a black-light electronic insect killer, and Gill-I disappears in a blue flash. Gol-I barks a few orders, and the honor guard lines up again, this time at the entrance to the stairs.

### You Want Us to What?!!?

99 floors later, the PCs should be exhausted. You know, legs weak, shaky, poor balance (endurance rolls, anyone?). As they open the door from the stairwell, they will be surprised to find that the floor to the foyer of the 99th floor has finally been covered with tiles! Nice, new, glossy plastic ones.

Anyone who so underestimates the notorious game designer as to actually step on one of the tiles confirms that the tiles are indeed unsupported. The foolish victim falls 98 floors onto the dirty laundry. Troubleshooters smart enough not to step off the (proven) support beams in the first place, as well as those smart enough to learn from the mistakes of

others, will eventually find themselves once again at the entrance to the dreaded Room 999. After they make it, read the following aloud:

**Looking wearily about as you stagger into the room, you see only the vampirebot, Jed-I, and Plagiar-I. An annoying hum fills the air.**

**The two Indigos, embroiled in some kind of heated discussion, don't appear to notice your arrival; those traitors who listen overhear some of their almost certainly classified discussion.**

**Plagiar-I is saying, "...don't have enough proof! He is a High Programmer, after all. It's just too risky!" Jed-I replies, "Look. The Computer's gonna see through that 'Communist Jellyfish' crap some time. We just have to stay alive until then —"**

**Sensing your presence, Jed-I stops speaking. He slaps a button on a strange device sitting on the table in front of him; the humming stops. Placing the device in his pocket, he asks you for your report on your mission into Mark IV.**

Jed-I is particularly interested in two things: evidence (or, better, the lack thereof) that Mark IV was subverted by Mutant Jellyfish from the Planet Burrito and any proof that Iwant-U-DED-5 is the ringleader of the Enemy infiltrators. Until he has some solid evidence against the High Programmer, however, Jed-I is quite careful to pretend to believe in the Jellyfish.

If the PCs have nothing constructive to say, Jed-I is plainly disappointed, and Plagiar-I will be near to tears.

If, on the other hand, the PCs turn over either Djee-G's little black book or the note Mr. Big left taped next to his desk, he will call in a Blue-level Vulture to take them down to IntSec for forensic examination, allowing himself a small tight grin of triumph. Plagiar-I will be almost jumping for joy.

After the PCs have completed their report, read:

**In through one of the doors in the back walks a High Programmer. You recognize him as the High Programmer who was in R&D labs buying high security guardbots. A small nameplate on his chest identifies him as Iwant-U-DED-5. As he enters, both of the Indigos become very quiet.**

**The High Programmer sits in the CPU chair and leans forward, scrutinizing Plagiar-I carefully. Then he begins typing at his terminal. A few seconds later, the voice of The Computer fills the room: "PLAGIAR-I-ZER-4, PLEASE REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE**

**Game Stuff: The Big Battle**

**Map:** A GM map of the briefing room appears in the first mission; there's a player map lying around on the table somewhere (look under the empty Doritos bag).

**Iwant-U-DED-5** High-level Commie brought low at last.

**Mutation:** Truly implausible agility.

**Secret Society:** Spy for the Enemy Complex (as if you couldn't guess).

**Weapons:**

Force Sword (12E) \_\_\_\_\_ 16

**Armor:** UV reflec (L4).

**Tactics:** Wade into the PCs and cut them into kibbles. Iwant-U's mutation allows him to wield his sword in a truly obnoxious manner. He can make three separate attacks per round, and he can use his sword to parry laserfire or bullets. If any PC's shot succeeds, roll Iwant-U's force sword skill. If successful, he reflects the shot from his force sword. If he rolls a 5 or less on his parry, he can bounce laserfire back at a PC. Sound familiar? He can only attack and/or parry three times in a round; i.e., if he parries twice, he can only attack once, etc.

NEAREST TERMINATION CENTER. SERVE THE COMPUTER AND YOU WILL BE APPROPRIATELY REWARDED. TREASON DOES NOT PAY!"

Stunned, Plagiar-I stares at the man in white, and, cringing, edges along the wall to the door and backs out. As the doors slide shut, you hear a loud snap and a scream that rapidly fades in a Doppler shift. The High Programmer leans forward and studies Jed-I for a few seconds and begins typing again. Jed-I pulls out his force sword and calmly taps it against his palm. The Computer, in its infinite wisdom, speaks again: "JED-I-OBI-I PLEASE REPO — MESSAGE CANCELLED, THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION."

The High Programmer stands. "I wish you Troubleshooters luck," he says with an evil smirk. "You're going to need it." He then moves toward the exit, telling Jed-I to carry on with the briefing.

**The Big Finish**

Just then, The Computer clears its throat simulator: "AHEM." His eyes narrowed, the High Programmer stops.

The Computer continues: "ATTENTION CITIZENS. THIS IS A TEST OF THE EMERGENCY COMMUNIST TERMINATION SYSTEM. FOR THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS, THIS COMPLEX WILL CONDUCT A TEST OF INTERNAL SECURITY'S ABILITY TO APPREHEND AND TERMINATE A TRAITOR NAMED IWANT-U-DED-5, WHO IS CURRENTLY LOCKED IN BRIEFING ROOM 999." (You hear a distinct "click" coming from all three doors leading into the room.) The Computer continues. "TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS ARE SUGGESTED. THIS IS ONLY A TEST. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION."

Iwant-U snarls and with blinding speed draws a force sword and slashes at Jed-I, seated at the table. With a surprised look on his face, Jed-I disappears in a flash of blue smoke. Iwant-U advances on you with hatred written all over his treasonous-looking face. He calls out, "Vampirebot 666: execute special order 00000.0!" The vampirebot glides toward you, hatred written all over its own face as well — if it had a face, which it doesn't. But you know what we mean.

What do you do?

The proper answer is: try to stay alive. This isn't easy. The vampirebot is bad, but Iwant-U is probably worse. See the "Game Stuff" box on this page for Iwant-U's stats; see the "Recurring Characters" pullout for the bot's.

To get through this one, the PCs have to either survive for ten rounds or kill Iwant-U and the bot. At the end of the ten rounds several dozen Vulture goons smash through the doors and, if the Commie and bot are still alive, cut them down in a withering spray of laserfire. At the same time, there's another flash of blue smoke and Jed-I appears at his seat once more.

Clever PCs will see in Jed-I's disappearance and reappearance evidence of a mutation; even cleverer ones will keep their mouths shut about it.

**Afterthoughts****Quitting Time**

The number of commendation points to give the PCs depends upon whether they were instrumental in bringing down Iwant-U.

If they discovered the black book or note and turned them over to Jed-I, they each gain a whopping three commendations. If not, they gain a paltry one. If they killed Iwant-U, they gain two more. If they killed the bot, they gain one treason point for destruction of Computer property, plus another one if they did it in such a way as to destroy the bot's brain.

In addition, they each gain one treason point just for being in the same room as arch-traitor Iwant-U.

**Denouement**

After you hand out the goodies, read the following:

Jed-I waits politely while the IntSec squad scrapes the remains of Iwant-U and the bot from the room, then says, "Thank you very much, Troubleshooters, for your unwavering courage. Your actions have served The Computer far better than you will ever know. I especially am glad to have had the opportunity of working with you. In payment, The Computer has graciously scheduled the remainder of your half-hour leave to begin immediately."

At this point, a worker from PLC enters, carrying a box, which he gives to Jed-I. Jed-I opens it and pulls out a white robe. He puts it on. As the worker leaves, a buzzer sounds. Jed-U pushes a button, and the face of GOLI-ATH-3 flickers into view on all the video screens in the room. "Scuse me, Mr. Jed-U, sir," he says, "but me 'n' some of the boys have been talkin', and, well, sir? Can we start the live ammo maneuvers now?"

"Please!"

The End.





# Afterwards

## Designer's Notes

I hope you have enjoyed reading this adventure as much as I've enjoyed writing it. I also hope that it succeeded in capturing the flavor of *Paranoia* for you and your players, for that is what I've tried hardest to do.

To me, *Paranoia* is unique in being perfectly designed for adventures fraught with confusion, bureaucracy, and misunderstandings. Isn't that the cause of paranoid emotions, after all? And experience has shown me that players are more than willing to kill each other (and themselves), provided only that you give them the toys.

I set out to write an adventure with a full complement of snafu'd situations, misunderstandable orders, and conflicting choices. I've also tried to make dangerous things seem harmless, and vice versa. And trice versa. Doublethink.

With all due respect to other designers and their very excellent scenarios, I just don't think it's necessary to have BEMs or wizards or other sci-fi/fantasy props. After all, BEMs are by definition traitors, but what do you do with an empty confession booth?

In *Paranoia*, it's the simple things that are the most frightening. Like in the adventure "Me and My Shadow, Mark IV" (from *Acute Paranoia*), the episode called simply, "Something Falls Off." The PCs are assigned to guard the world's biggest warbot. A piece falls off. What do they do? Report it? Try to fix it? Or hide it and hope nobody notices? A simple no-win situation which — without any bizarre special effects — lets the players really experience the utter terror and true hopelessness of life in Alpha Complex. Good things come in small packages.

On the other hand, maybe I'm wrong. Perhaps you and your players will find this adventure to be bland or predictable. Perhaps I'm trying to pack too much realism into a flambuoyant game. I hope not, but only time will tell.

We'd like to know, though, so if you're into squandering 22 cents worth of stamps, why don't you drop us a line and tell us what you think? Thanks, and happy gaming!

## Editor's Notes

How do you judge how good an adventure is?

It's easy after the thing is published: you just check the sales figures. Since we're in the business to make money, adventures which have sold dumploads are fantastic; those which haven't, aren't.

Of course, some might say that this is a pretty venal and bogus approach — some of the best roleplaying adventures haven't sold particularly well, while some real crap has done terrifically. Granted this is true, but we submit that in general the gaming marketplace is a very good judge of quality. Game companies which do good work thrive; companies which consistently produce garbage tend to disappear pretty quickly. We could mention names...

But how do you tell if something's good *before* it's published? It's a little tougher when all you've got to go on is several pounds of manuscript wrapped in brown paper accompanied by a hopeful cover letter from a completely unknown author.

At West End, we've developed a surefire system for judging *Paranoia* adventures — the "Workflow Interruption Factor." It goes like this: *The quality of a Paranoia submission is directly proportional to the number of times the submissions editor runs into other designers' offices and says, "Listen, you guys gotta hear this..."*

*Complexities* has by far one of the highest Workflow Interruption Factors we've ever seen. In our opinion, it is pretty darn deathless art. Mr. Bolme has done some-fine work, and if we have anything to say about it, you'll be hearing from him again real soon.

## Some More Editor's Notes

As you old *Paranoia* fans have probably noticed, we're trying a new format in *Complexities*. The old-style GM screen, with the great clumps of PC, NPC and bot stats (which in our opinion was never particularly user-friendly) has vanished, replaced by Gaming Stuff boxes within the body of the text. We've added player handout maps, to cut down on the amount of mapping the party has to do, as well as GM maps, keyed to the Gaming Stuff boxes.

We've made these semi-sweeping format changes in an attempt to make running *Paranoia* adventures simpler for the GM. Has it worked?

Beats us.

Only you guys out there — in the roleplaying trenches — know for sure. How about letting us hear what you think? G'wan. Drop us a note. If it's what you want, give us a pat on the back. If not, stop us before we publish again.

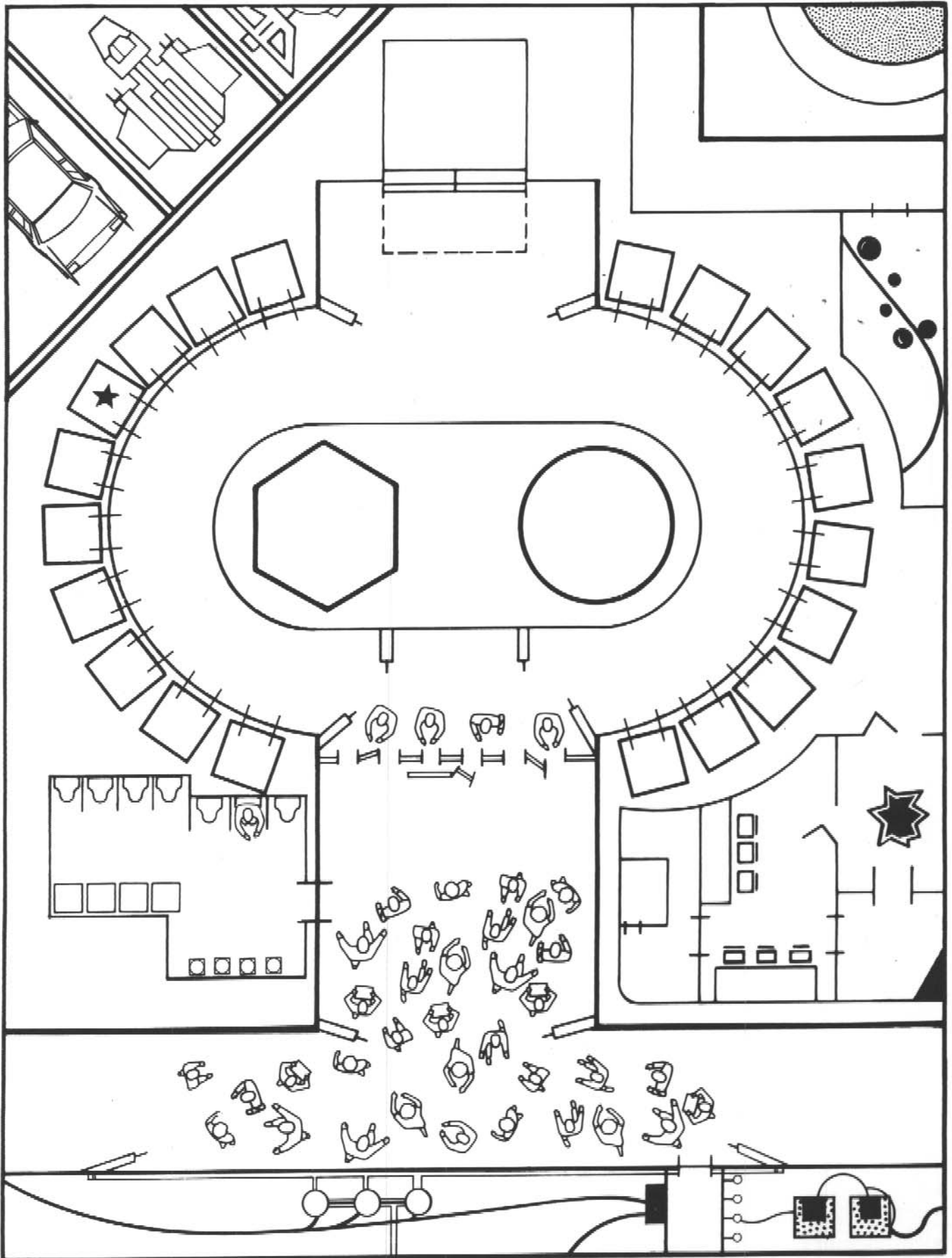
Thank you for your cooperation.

Send your cards, letters, and non-deductible donations to:

**Paranoia Line Editor**  
**West End Games, Inc.**  
 251 West 30th Street  
 New York, NY 10001



# CCP SECTOR CONFESSION AREA



# ARCO STATION

## MAP KEY

Contour line



Tall green things



Short green things



Gold-colored mounds



Brown rooms



Orderly rows of short green things



window

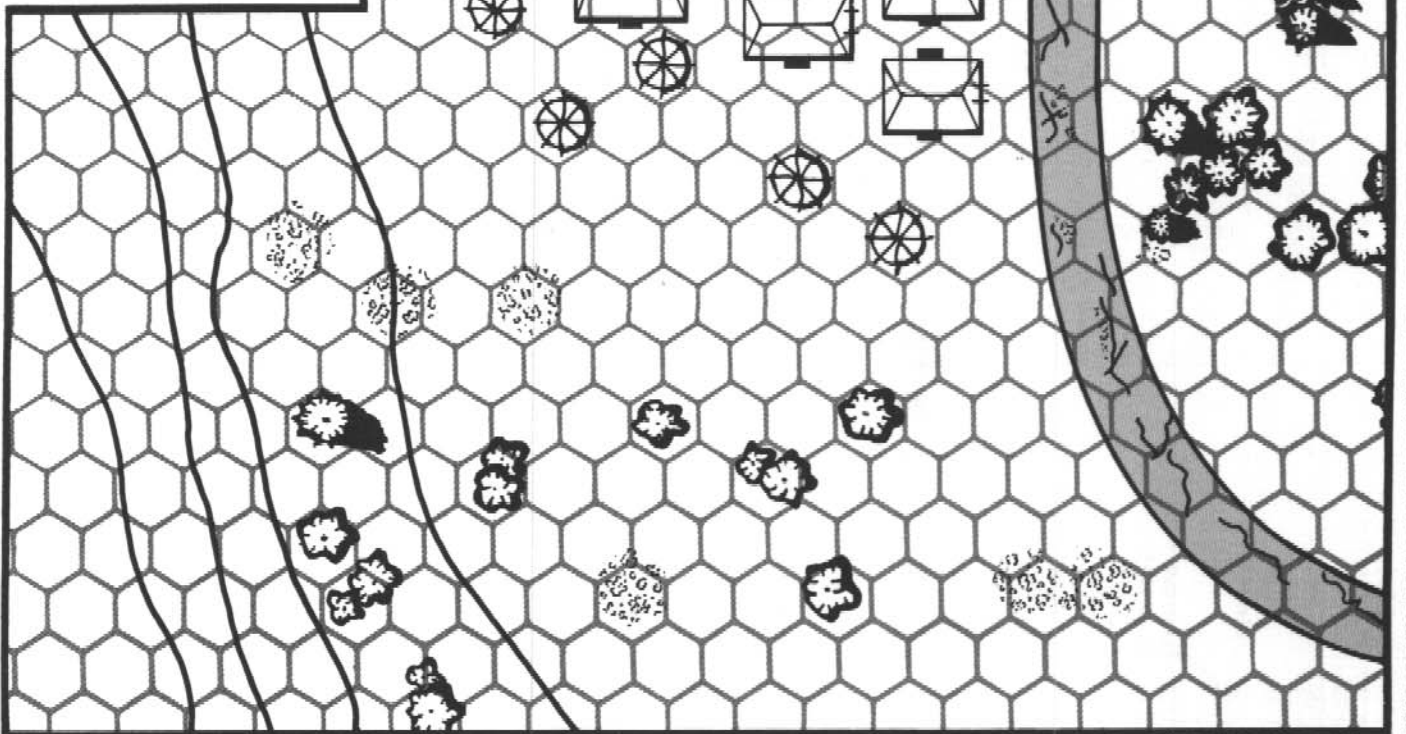
Arco station door



Primitive and inoperative-looking autocar



Gas pump



:MISSION ALERT  
:Reference AC 1.2.1a  
:Team HTN-13

\*\*\*\*\* MISSION ALERT! \*\*\*\*\*

:ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS!  
ONCE AGAIN YOUR FRIEND THE  
COMPUTER HAS SELECTED YOU  
TO REPORT FOR THE JOY AND  
PRIVILEGE OF PARTICIPATING IN A  
SUICIDE MISSION OF MARGINAL  
IMPORTANCE.

:YOU ARE ASSIGNED TO MAS-  
QUERADE AS A CRACK TEAM OF  
COMMIE TRAITORS IN A PRACTICE  
MANEUVER WITH TWELVE ELITE  
VULTURE SQUADRONS. AS  
FATALITIES ON THIS MISSION ARE  
EXPECTED TO BE OVERWHELM-  
ING, ALL CLONES IN EACH FAMILY  
WILL REPORT TO FACILITATE RAPID  
REINFORCEMENT.

:PLEASE REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO  
TROUBLESHOOTER CENTRAL IN  
HTN SECTOR, BRIEFING ROOM  
999. PLEASE BRING ALL PERSONAL  
EFFECTS IN A SMALL BOX. FAILURE  
TO REPORT MERITS SUMMARY EX-  
ECUTION BY SLOOOOOW TORTURE.  
THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
COOPERATION.

:MISSION ALERT  
:Reference AC 1.5.2a  
First available Team

8\*\* MISSION ALERT!!! 88\*\*\*\*\*

:Troubleshooters@ Once again it is  
you're joy AND PRIVILEGE TO  
ENTHUSIASTICALLY  
SERVE YOU'RE HIG THE  
COMPUTER!

: PRECEED TO CUBICLE ~~1014~~  
5584 THIS SECTOR. FURTHER IN-  
STRUCTIONS WILL BE GIVENN  
WHEN YOU ARRIVE. LOOKING  
AT PAPERS OR DIVU

:LGING INFORMATION ABOUT  
THIS MISSION TO ANYONE IS  
TREASON, AND YOU WILL BE  
KILLED. SERVE AND PROTECT!  
TRUST NO-ONE! HAVE AN ICED  
AY!

:MISSION ALERT  
:Reference AC 2.3.1A  
:Team HTN-13

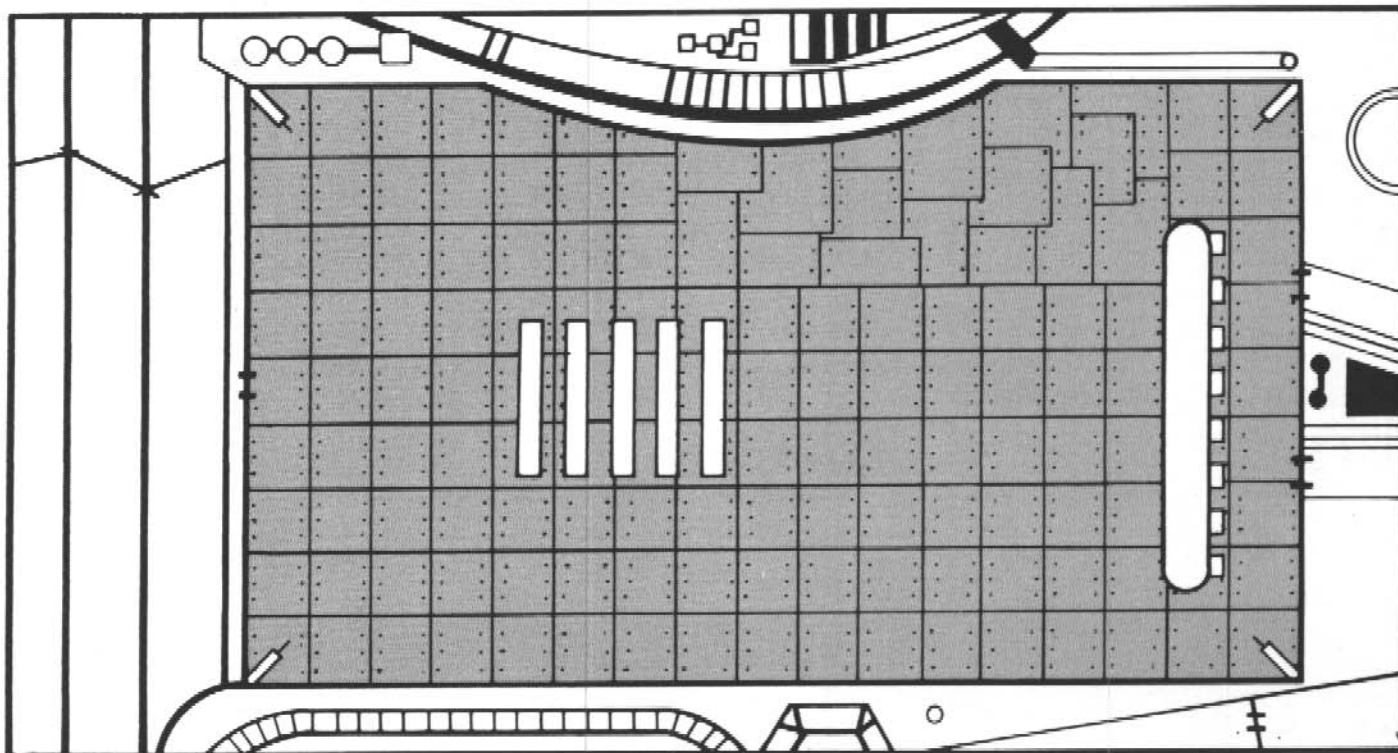
\*\*\*\*\* MISSION ALERT! \*\*\*\*\*

:ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS!

:EQUIPMENT LIST  
:Reference AC 2.4.2E  
:Team HTN-13

TWO SIX-MAN TENTS  
FOUR FULL SETS SCUBA GEAR  
ONE CASE (1000) BUTANE  
LIGHTERS  
582 CRAMPONS  
FOURTEEN HAMMERS  
SEVEN CHAINSAWS  
24 FLASHLIGHTS  
10,000 STYLUSES  
TWO NOTEBOOKS  
ONE CAMERA  
FIVE SUNGLASSES  
FOUR PARKAS  
EIGHT SLEEPING BAGS  
ONE TOOTHBRUSH  
TWELVE LASER RIFLES  
54 BLUE LASER BARRELS  
FIVE CASES GRENADES (36 EACH)  
THREE CONE RIFLES  
TWO CASES AP SHELLS (50 EACH)  
27 SWORDS  
NINE SONIC PISTOLS  
SEVEN SONIC PISTOL RELOADS  
ONE CRATE (1,000,000) SOLID  
SLUGS  
FOUR FLAMETHROWERS  
SIX FLAMETHROWER RELOADS  
TEN MIRRORS  
ONE BOX (144) PLASTIC ZIPLOC  
BAGS  
ONE PAIR BINOCULARS  
TEN ONE-LITER CANTEENS  
ONE KITCHEN SINK (NO STOPPER)

## BRIEFING ROOM 999



:MISSION ALERT  
:Reference AC 4.2.1A  
:Team HTN-13

\*\*\*\*\* MISSION ALERT! \*\*\*\*\*

:AHEM. YOU KILLED TREY-I. YOU DESTROYED THE OGREBOT. YOU FRACTURED A SPY RING THAT TOOK YEARS OF HARD WORK TO ESTABLISH. THAT'S SWELL. THE COMPUTER THINKS THAT'S REAL GOOD. YOU CRUSHED ALL HOPES THEY HAD TO CONQUER ALPHA COMPLEX. I'LL BET YOU'RE PLEASED WITH YOURSELVES. YOU'D BETTER BE. YOU'D BETTER REALIZE THE FULL EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE. :BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THE COMPUTER IS INCREDIBLY HAPPY WITH YOU. SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE SENT TO THE PLANET BURRITO TO DEAL THE FINAL BLOW IN THE WAR. :PLEASE REPORT TO BRIEFING ROOM 999 FOR YOUR FINAL MISSION BRIEFING. OR, AT YOUR OPTION, REPORT TO THE NEAREST TERMINATION CENTER SO INTERNAL SECURITY DOESN'T HAVE TO WASTE VALUABLE CLONE HOURS LOOKING FOR YOU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION. SERVE THE COMPUTER AND YOU WILL BE APPROPRIATELY REWARDED. TREASON DOES NOT PAY.

:EQUIPMENT LIST  
:Reference AC 3.4.2E  
:Team HTN-13

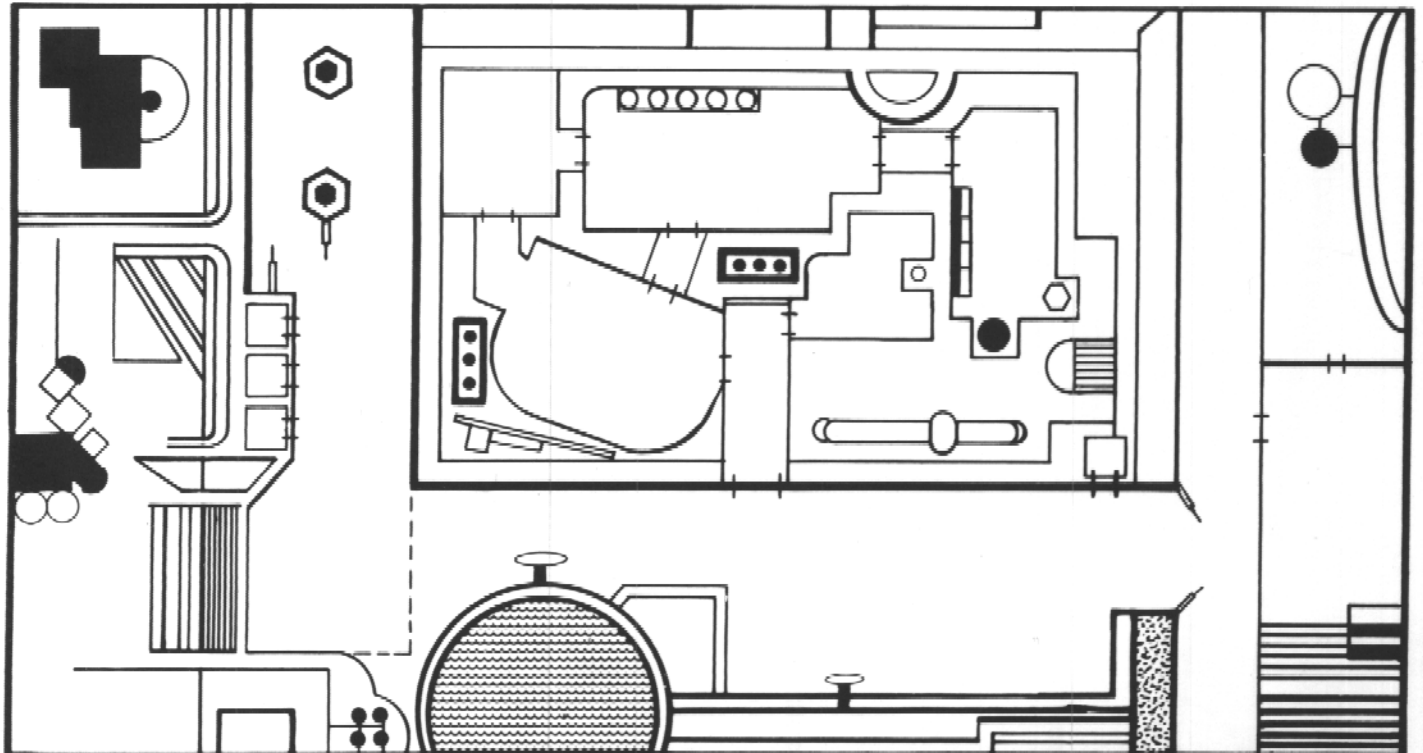
100 METERS PLASTICORD  
TWO GRAPPLING HOOKS  
THREE FLASHLIGHTS  
TWO CONE RIFLES  
TEN AP SHELLS  
ONE GAUSS SHELL  
ONE FLAMETHROWER  
THREE LASER RIFLES  
THREE LASER PISTOLS  
TWELVE BLUE LASER BARRELS  
THREE FORCE SWORDS  
TWO MULTICORDER I UNITS  
MULTICORDER RECORDER SOFTWARE  
MULTICORDER INFRARED SOFTWARE

:MISSION ALERT  
:Reference AC 3.2.1A  
:Team HTN-13

\*\*\*\*\* MISSION ALERT! \*\*\*\*\*

:TAB TEAM HTN DASH THIRTEEN WHATEVER THEIR TEAM NAME IS REPORT IMMEDIATELY FOR A GLORIOUS SUICIDAL MISSION OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE PERIOD REST ASSURED THAT YOUR GOOD FRIEND THE COMPUTER HAS RESCHEDULED THE REMAINDER OF YOUR LEAVE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE AND PEACE OF MIND PERIOD RETURN TAB YOU WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE APPROACHING COMMIE DOMINATED ATTACK WARBOT MODEL FOUR TWO FIVE MARK FOUR PARENTHESIS APPARENTLY SABOTAGED INSIDE THE COMPUTER APOSTROPHE S IMPENETRABLE ARSENAL CLOSE PARENTHESIS AND RETURN IT TO NORMAL OPERATION THEREBY EARNING THE COMPUTER APOSTROPHE S GOOD WILL AND COMMENDATIONS APLENTY PERIOD RETURN TAB FAILURE TO REPORT TO BRIEFING ROOM NINE NINE NINE WITHIN FIVE MINUTES IS TREASON AND MERITS SUMMARY EXECUTION PERIOD RETURN TAB THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION PERIOD THE COMPUTER IS YOUR FRIEND PERIOD END RESET OKAY THAT WILL DO FOR NOW CRIPES I HATE DICTATING MISSION ALERTS ALMOST AS MUCH AS I HATE THE STUPID COMPUTER

## CUBICLE 5584



# ALPHA COMPLEXITIES

by Edward S. Bolme

## MISSION ALERT!

ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS! YOUR FRIEND THE COMPUTER HAS SELECTED YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF PARTICIPATING IN A SUICIDE MISSION OF MARGINAL IMPORTANCE.

YOU WILL BE ASSIGNED TO MASQUERADE AS A CRACK TEAM OF COMMUNIST TRAITORS IN A LIVE AMMUNITION PRACTICE MANEUVER WITH 12 ELITE VULTURE SQUADRONS. AS FATALITIES ARE EXPECTED TO BE OVERWHELMING, ALL CLONES IN EACH FAMILY WILL REPORT TO FACILITATE RAPID REINFORCEMENT.

PLEASE PROCEED TO TROUBLESHOOTER HEADQUARTERS. PLEASE BRING ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS IN A SMALL BOX. FAILURE TO REPORT MERITS SUMMARY EXECUTION BY SLOOOOOW TORTURE.  
THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

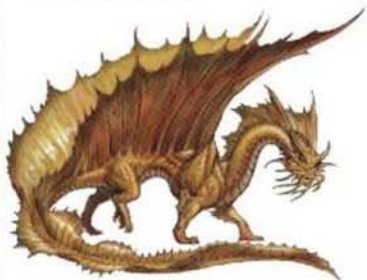
## So What's In This Adventure, Anyway?

An incredibly frightening briefing; a desperate battle against invisible Communists; loads of defective R&D equipment; an exciting (and probably one-way) trip into the Outdoors; a host of severely disturbed bots; and a *Gotterdammerungesque*\* battle against the greatest villain in the history of trashy science fiction.

You know — the usual.  
**Alpha Complexities.** A gala 48-page Paranoia adventure for 2-6 players and a gamemaster.

### INCLUDES:

- 48-page GM booklet loaded with maps, charts, tables, zippy illustrations, pregenerated player characters and other stuff way too treasonous to mention.
- Handout sheets with mission alerts, props, equipment lists and maps.
- Two staples.



12005

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\*Gotterdammerungesque: a real pretentious word meaning end-of-the-world-like.