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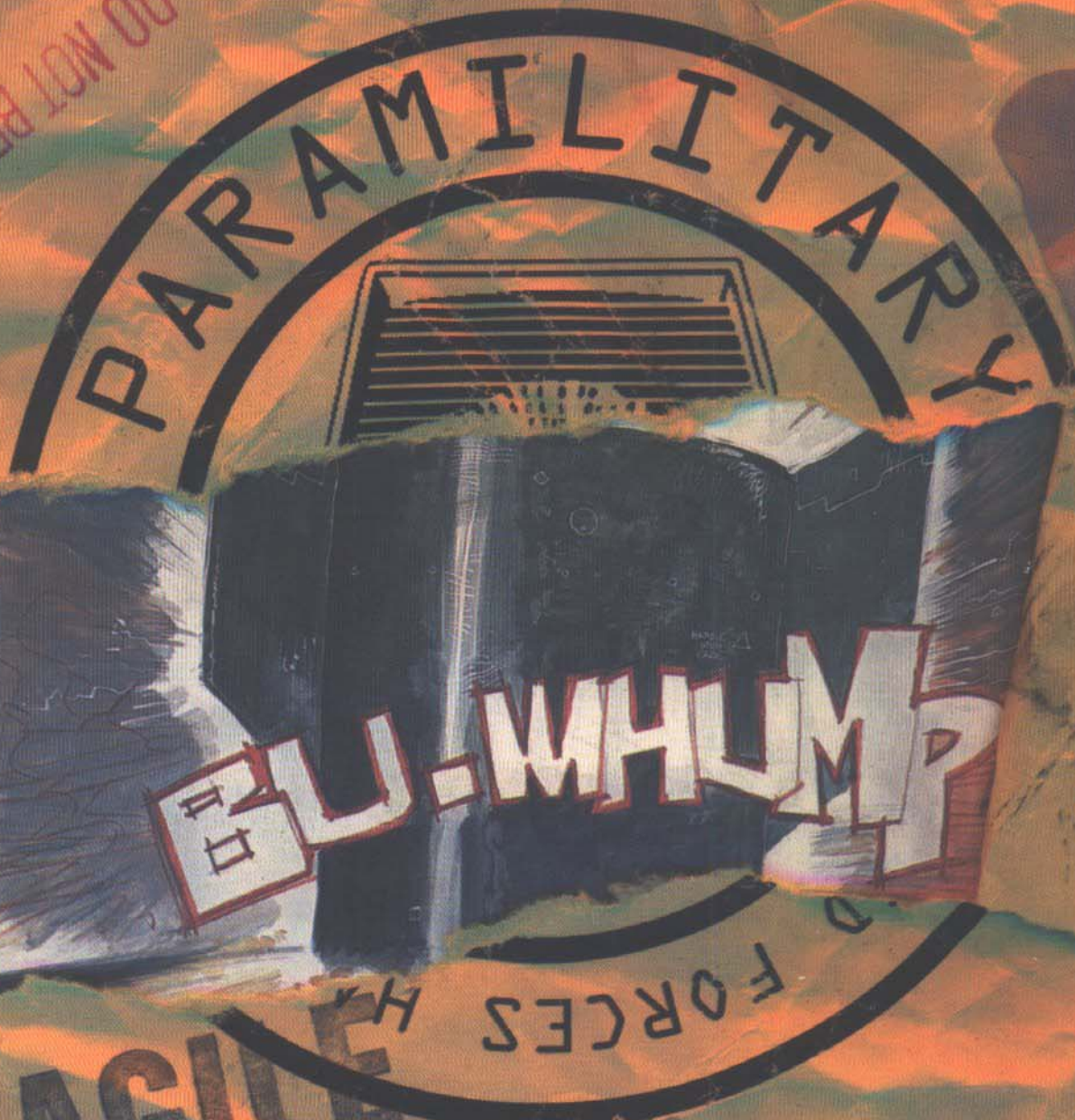
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WEST END GAMES

PARANOIA®

PARAMILITARY

by Dave Lemon

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Introduction
In the Badlands Near the Alpha City DMZ ...

Sad-R-ATT-3 knew it had been too good to be true when his squad had drawn recon dutycycle. Not that there was anything wrong with recon in DMZ. Everyclone knew that recon dutycycle meant loafing around for a weekcycle working on your tan, and playing hide and seek with the enemy recon units who were busy working on their own tans. When the cycle was up you went back, reported no enemy sightings, and some inexplicable minor radiation burns. Your basic hot-fun dutycycle.

The problem was that it just wasn't the kind of dutycycle that Sad-R-ATT and his squad usually drew. Mostly they pulled KP, or guard dutycycle, or worse. If there was a scrubot broke down in the company-sector latrine, he didn't even have to guess which squad would be assigned to retrieve it. This assignment, however, was just way out of whack.

It was with a sigh of relief that Sad-R-ATT spotted the plume of dust rising from the horizon and verified that it had indeed been too good to be true. "Hey Zoom-R, what do you make of that?"

Zoom-R-VEW-4 was a yellow-striper: a registered mutie with eyes that could pick out a stealthbot in the dark at a hundred meters, and pointy ears that made you wonder if he couldn't hear as well as he saw. Even if he did talk funny, there were worse clones to have watching your back in the DMZ.

Sad-R-ATT waited while Zoom-R played with his stupid beeping gadget. Zoom-R always used it as a prop when exercising his mutant abilities, claiming it was some sort of experimental R&D device.

Eventually, Zoom-R announced, "Sensors indicate that there is a ninety-seven percent probability that the observed phenomenon is caused by a column of Council controlled tankbots, Captain. I detect eight Vulture-craft,

thirty light Mark I tankbots, and a Mark IV. If they maintain their present heading, they will miss us by approximately one point four kilometers."

That was bad. It meant vacationcycle was going to be cut short. It meant that they would have to keep their heads down and report what they had seen, which, in turn, meant that there would be paperwork. As bad as all that was, it was not until Cynd-R-ELA and the squad's jackobot reported a group of giant warbots of some unknown type advancing on their position from the opposite direction that he was sure that the other shoebot had dropped ...

Welcome

Welcome to *Paramilitary*, wherein you will find the answers to all of your questions about the military in the world of *Paranoia* — at least all of the answers that your security clearance will allow. Anything else would be treason.

And speaking of treason, failure to own a copy of the *Paranoia, Second Edition* rulebook is not only severely punishable (The Computer says so), but will make using this sourcebook downright difficult.

You'll also find that copies of *The Paranoia Sourcebook*, and *The Bot Abusers' Manual* will be extremely useful in conjunction with this new material. Along with *The DOA Sector Travelogue*, and *The Crash Course Manual*, these books can greatly increase the amount of pain and injury you will be able to inflict on the helpless recruits ... amount of fun both you and your players will have. And happiness is mandatory citizen.

Of course, if I might add, you should really just go out and buy *all* of the *Paranoia* rulebooks, modules, novels and other products. Why aggravate our poor sales staff?

**Besides, we're a nice game company and you should respect that. If we were like some game companies, we'd cram the stuff down your throat, over and over, threatening to publish products until they *did* sell, so that it seemed like the game line had been around for *twenty-five centuries* ...
Ed-I-TOR**

Why the Military?

If you're asking this, you've obviously never *served* in the military.

Without having gone through it, you wouldn't believe it. Really. The joys of mandatory bonus duty. The fun of standing in line, waiting to be issued an unmatched pair of shoes or the wrong ammo. Doing pointless, endless tasks because the manual says so. Sounds familiar doesn't it?

You may be wondering, "What is so special about the military? Haven't my players been killing things (not to mention each other) with big guns right from the very start?"

Of course they have. But there's more to the military than killing things. Maiming things. Hurting things. Frightening things. Intimidating things. Much, much more.

That's the aspect of the military that will be explored in detail. This supplement discusses the political and logistic implications of the armed forces of the various political powers and how that can help you in your campaign. That's a fancy way of saying "a real detailed way of making your Troubleshooters realize that they really are only binary bits in the mondo hard-drive of life."

Players who've been in the military or have friends or relatives in the military know what this life is like; they might even be a useful resource for playing military adventures or (gasp!) campaigns. For those of you who've

dodged military service, there are still countless references from television, movies and other fictional accounts. This supplement tries to capture that "feel" and translate it into terms that are useful in a *Paranoia* setting.

Throughout this supplement you will also find sidebars titled "Live Ammo," which contain some tips on props and techniques for live role-playing. This will help enhance your players' torment … enjoyment of the game. This book also contains complete rules for BattleMICs, wonderful new combat devices to further enhance your per capita destructive ability.

And now … *Atten-SHUN you lazy, cowardly, unworthy scrapings from the bottoms of the food vats …*

Bibliography

Here are some books, movies, and television shows that depict some of the material that is covered in this supplement. Some of them are simply

entertaining, some of them are really disturbing. That's the feel you want: disturbingly entertaining.

Movies

Apocalypse Now
Buck Privates (starring Abbott and Costello)
The Caine Mutiny (was this a *Paranoia* module, or what?)
Catch-22
Flying Deuces (starring Laurel and Hardy)
Full Metal Jacket
*M*A*S*H*
Mr. Roberts
An Officer and a Gentleman
The Sands of Iwo Jima
Spies Like Us
Stalag 17
Stripes
Any *Three Stooges* short for MIC combat
Any professional wrestling (preferably the WWF) for MIC combat

Books

Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card
The Forever War by Joe Haldeman
Hammer's Slammers series by David Drake
M.Y.T.H. Inc. in Action by Robert Lynn Asprin
Phule's Company by Robert Lynn Asprin
Starship Troopers by Robert Heinlein
West of Honor by Jerry Pournelle
Any "mens' adventure" fiction series.

Television

F-Troop
Firepower (documentaries on modern weapons systems)
Gomer Pyle USMC
Hogan's Heroes
*M*A*S*H*
In the Army (starring *Ren and Stimpy*)

Chapter One
The Big Picture

Before getting into the whos, whats, hows and whys of Alpha's military, let's bring everybody up to date on how things stand.

Warning, warning! Claremont-esque exposition section ahead. Proceed at your own risk. Warning, warning!
Ed-I-TOR

Assuming that you've read *The Paranoia Sourcebook,* you by now know that The Computer crashed, Alpha went to HEL sector in a handbasketbot and the Secret Societies became Not-So-Secret Societies. Then, of course, friend Computer returned, perkier and more omnipotent than ever, triggering the ReBoot Alpha Era. However, things had changed.

For one, there's no longer simply Alpha Complex. There's Alpha Base, which is ruled by the Not-So-Secret Societies. Then, there's Alpha Complex, which is just like the same old Alpha, only smaller, a teensy bit more tolerant of treason, and less paranoid (but that's a relative concept). And, of course, there's Alpha City, the virtual paradise of paradises, utopia without end or artificial stimulants, where the High Programmers rule the roost. Finally, there are the Badlands and the Simplexes (like the Dungeon, Alpha State and the Enclave of Role-Players).

Back in the days of the evil old Computer, there were only Commies and Mutants, but, you see, they never sent armies against Alpha. The military had to be ever vigilant and ever more creative with ways to acquire massive subsidies ... errr, acquire appropriations from The Computer.

All of this change is good news to the military; it's better than living in the Balkans. Old feuds flare up, new feuds are created, anarchy reigns, and this, in turn, opens up the door to use of heavy weapons. That old industrial-military-fascist complex is back in action! Now, with countless factions, there's an unending supply of enemies to shoot at!

Because every faction of Alpha has to keep up with the J-O-NESes, each has standing military forces of one kind or another. The organizations, strength, and effectiveness of the various forces depend on many factors and differs from area to area — i.e., do whatever you want. However, we so kindly provide you a benchmark below so that you don't have to make *everything* up from scratch.

If you are running a classic *Paranoia* campaign, then most of the information about Alpha Complex will still hold true. The main difference will be a slight reduction in the emphasis on the offensive aspect of the military; instead, the military will concentrate on *defensive* action. Of course, offensive and defensive depend on one's perspective — it's just that in classic *Paranoia,* it's much more likely that armored MIC units will go bouncing through crowded civilian transtube stations on the way to their objective. In ReBoot Alpha, it's pretty clear that the Enemy is outside the boundaries of Alpha Complex.

Alpha Complex

The military of Alpha Complex, known as the Armed Forces (AF), is run by The Computer. Below The Computer are a council of high programmers: the generals and specifics. Below the generals and specifics is a very top-heavy structure of officers of various ranks who offer unlimited opportunity for meaningless, contradictory and downright dangerous directives. At the bottom of the pile are the actual cannon-fodder ... soldiers.

A strict chain of command is enforced, meaning that most decisions are made by officers and then passed down to lower-ranking officers, who misunderstand, misconstrue and miss the boat so badly that the orders actually received by the enlisted clones and bots make no sense at all.

Even if everyone tried to go by the book, there would be mistakes. But, there's also the natural intrigue of *Paranoia.* Dangerous missions are a good way to get rid of pesky secret society members who have dirt on a higher-ranking officer. And, of course, when the material hits the cooling rotary air circulator, it's easy to pin the blame on a hapless lower-level lackey.

Of course, this structure isn't all bad. If a soldier actually survives the occasional botched order, they have several layers of officers to insulate them from The Computer.

Units of Alpha

The units of Alpha are fairly well equipped, trained and supplied as The

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Live Ammo: Passing Orders

The best way to illustrate how Alpha's command structure works is by live roleplaying. Have the players make a line (side-by-side). You play the highest ranking officer.

Announce that you will be giving orders that must be passed down to the field soldiers (represented by the player at the other end of the line). The orders may only be given once and may not be repeated; each officer must repeat the order to the next lower rank officer. No questions may be asked, no clarifications given. The field soldiers (players) will then have to complete the mission they have been assigned.

Now, go turn up an *Iron Maiden* or similar CD to full volume while delicately whispering the orders in the ear of the player next to you. Smugly smile as the player tries to figure out what you said. Have the orders passed down.

Pretty soon, everyone will understand how the orders "attack Alpha State and destroy their power plant" can become "throw paper plates at the giant ants."

Computer controls the allocation of resources within Alpha Complex, and places Its defense from the enemy to be the highest priority (at least, after self-preservation).

Morale is excellent ... well, at least higher than any other unit in Alpha ... thanks to an abundance of Happytyme products, ranging from Happytyme food supplements to Happytyme-to-go-smash-some-skulls pills.

AF troops are deployed with special attention to supply lines, since a cut supply line could lead to disastrous consequences in the field (not the least of which would be reliance on natural <ugh!> resources).

The Computer's main offensive objective for the AF is to recapture control over the dissident factions of Alpha (collectively known as the Belligerent Anarchistic Deviants Given Unlimited Youths and Supplies or BADGUYS). As a result, the AF has large offensive and defensive components.

On a game level, player characters will most frequently interact (read: shoot at or be shot at by) with the basic military unit, called a "squad."

A typical squad consists of eight members:

Squad Leader

The guy in charge of the unit, the squad leader has the awesome responsibility of trying to decipher the orders he or she receives from his commanding officer. Squad leaders often receive direct orders with little room for interpretation (such as, "Attack and take hill THX-1701-D."), but they are clever and creative, and thus can often find ways to twist their orders in favor of survival.

Squad Leader

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P8
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S12 E10 A10/2* D10/2 M14/3 C14/3 MA8/2
Skills:
Laser Weapons 12
Motivation 15
Survival 8
Unarmed 8
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels

Equipment: Comm unit II
* As you no doubt have noticed, the ever-friendly Auth-O-RRR has oh-so-kindly provided attribute skill bases. Isn't that thoughtful?

Equipment Guy

The equipment guy is in charge of communications and equipment: he carries, maintains and fixes stuff when it breaks down. He is also the moron who gets shot when he decides to abandon the comm unit in the field in favor of a couple extra bags of Happytyme fun pills — never leave your comm unit behind since it is your only link with command and your only way to distinguish yourself as friendly instead of foe.

Equipment Guy

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P9
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S13 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M10/2 C8/2 MA 14/3
Skills:
Laser Weapons 12
Robot Ops & Maintenance 15
Survival 5
Unarmed 8
Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 15
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels
Equipment: Comm unit I, Tool Kit

Medic

The medic's job is to save valuable Computer resources, mainly clones who get blown into tiny bits as a result of being unfortunate enough to stand in the way of enemy fire. The secondary (and, for obvious reasons, less well known) job is to perform autopsies and administer experimental vaccines, medicines and hallucinogenic motivation pills.

Medic

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P11
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S8 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M16/4 C10/2 MA 14/3

Skills:
Biochemical Therapy 14
Laser Weapons 8
Medical 12
Survival 6
Unarmed 8
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels
Equipment: Comm unit I, Medical kit, assortment of medicinal and recreational "goodies."

Scout

The scout is the lucky individual who gets to blaze the path through the wilderness, discover the location of minefields first-hand and uncover sniper locations by becoming an inviting target. They are comforted by the knowledge that they are making warfare safe for their buddies — and if they get lost, the scout is most likely to bring them home safe in the fewest pieces.

Scout

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P14
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S10 E10 A16/4 D14/3 M10/2 C15/4 MA14/3
Skills:
Laser Weapons 12
Security 10
Stealth 12
Surveillance 10
Survival 16
Unarmed 10
Primitive Melee (Knife) 12
Armor: Reflec Armor (L4)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Knife
Equipment: Comm unit I

Goon

The goon gets to carry the major league firepower: the big guns. He is normally the big, burly guy with the thick Austrian accent. He carries the big gun at his waist (tripods are for girly-mans). He smokes cigars and spits bullets. He, by virtue of his weaponry and correspondingly small brain, is also most likely to be fooled by any trick, but you can't have it all, right?

Goon

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P9
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S16 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M8/2 C8/2 MA9/2
Skills:
Grenade 12
Laser Weapons 14
Projectile Weapons 14
Survival 8
Unarmed 10
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Cone Rifle w/ 10 assorted rounds
Equipment: Comm unit I

Grunts (2)

The grunts are the folks who carry the normal weapons and don't have any specialized skills. They fight and they fight well; they die and die often. The technical term for them is "spear carriers" or "red shirts."

Grunts

Mutation: Varies by character
P11

Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S14 E10 A9/2 D13/3 M8/2 C9/2 MA 9/2
Skills:
Grenade 4
Laser Weapons 12
Projectile Weapons 11
Survival 8
Unarmed 11
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Laser Rifle and 2 barrels or Semi-Automatic Slug Thrower and 40 rounds of ammunition
Equipment: Comm unit I

Comic Relief

The morale officer; also in charge of demolitions. The comic relief officer gets to provide a lot of the intentional humor in the military: things like setting off explosive charges early ("Ooops! Did I do that — sorry Gone-R!"), whining about his fate ("Woe is me! I was made to suffer! I'm doomed to die ..."), and putting whoopie cushion mines in the path of the squad. Also makes great laser-fodder.

Comic Relief

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P9
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S13 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M10/2 C8/2 MA14/3
Skills:
Biochemical Therapy 14
Demolitions 6
Grenade 8
Laser Weapons 12
Survival 8
Oratory 11
Unarmed 10
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, 8 assorted grenades
Equipment: Comm unit I

Handy Notes

All members of the squad are armed with standard laser pistols and ammunition of appropriate color. In some units, the Equipment Guy, Medic or Goon may be replaced by appropriate types of bots (jackobot, docbot, combot, or randomly outfitted scrubot).

"Over there, over there ... hey, where are we anyway?"

Alpha Base

Alpha Base has, in essence, several military branches. The "prime" military force is the militia. To the citizens of Alpha Base, the militia is the first and last line of defense against invasion. In reality, these poor saps have a much harder fate: kidnapped from their work-a-cycle lives, they are drafted for a variable period of military service (that variable being how long it takes the entire clone family to be killed off). They receive minimal training, have poorly maintained and outdated equipment (that is, when they *have* equipment) and there is very little command structure to speak of.

The militia is considered the expendable portion of Alpha Base's military: assaults are normally straight on charges with no subtlety; defense tactics consist of bravely standing off enemy assaults while everyone else scurries for cover.

The reason for this is Alpha Base's inherently chaotic nature. With countless Secret Societies running the show, it's no wonder that no one allocates money or equipment to a bunch of soldiers that they can't absolutely control.

Instead, each Secret Society invests its credits into a private military force that is totally and wholly dedicated to serving the interests of that society above all else, including the future and well-being of Alpha Base. Charming concept, huh?

Technically, the Council is supposed to control the aggregate of all these forces. The groups are collectively known as the Free Liberated Unified Forces (FLUF). In reality, the Council has about as much chance of getting one of these groups to do its bidding as it does of actually maintaining control within Alpha Base. Think of the U.N. defense council: "We need some volunteers to face certain death for the greater glory of Alpha Base." Look at the hordes of volunteers ...

Because the FLUFs are composed of several extremely different forces acting in concert, they can be very difficult to direct, if in fact they can even agree on an objective. This can result in wildly varying levels of morale, and even in-fighting between FLUF units with different ideologies. Most, however, agree that Alpha Base must be kept free from the tyranny of The Computer.

Unlike the militia, FLUFs are generally regarded highly enough to merit *some* training and equipment. FLUF forces are about as well-trained as the AF on the average, though their training is less consistent from unit to unit and their equipment tends to be mostly refurbished, stolen or scrounged. Many units raid in the Badlands for supplies, parts and new materiel. Secret Societies also siphon off materials from various sources (hiding funding expenditures, raids on other Secret Society armories, etc.) to provide materiel to FLUF forces.

FLUF Organizations

Each FLUF's military force has its own internal organization, usually based upon the society's own structure.

The largest and most effective, though not necessarily the most efficient, FLUF is the force provided by the Death Leopards. They are also the most visible component of the internal security and police units. Because of their extensive experience with combat (read: violence), the Death Leopard representatives to the Council generally act in the command role when any concerted action is approved.

A typical unit consists of:

Gang Leader

The gang leader is the one with the most skill and experience, and is therefore the one most qualified to lead his troops into combat, bravely facing the perils of enemy fire ...

Wait a minute! We know better. The gang leader is the one most able to abuse, terrorize, intimidate or in some other way motivate his minions to follow orders without them putting an energy blast through his cranium.

Gang Leader

Mutation: *Varies by character* P8
Secret Society: Death Leopard
S12 E10 A10/2 D10/2 M14/3 C14/3 MA8/2
Skills:
Demolition 8
Intimidation 15
Laser Weapons 12
Survival 6
Unarmed 8

Armor: Leather jacket and reflec T-shirt (P2L2)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, 4 assorted grenades, .5 KG Plastique (P15)
Equipment: Comm unit I

Tinkerer

This is the mousy clone with the opti-spectacles who seems to love nothing more than playing with small bits of wire and large things stamped Pro Tech. He ends up blowing up his "buddies" (actually, whoever torments him the most) quite frequently.

Tinkerer

Mutation: *Varies by character* P19
Secret Society: Pro Tech
S6 E10 A7/2 D8/2 M16/4 C8/2 MA19/5
Skills:
Electronic Engineering 10
Laser Weapons 12
Mechanical Engineering 10
Robot Ops & Maintenance 15
Unarmed 8
Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 15
Programming 8
Armor: Augmented Kevlar (P3L1)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels
Equipment: Comm unit II, Tool Kit, Shielded Field Telephone, Multicorder I, flashlight, electro-binoculars w/infrared and night-vision attachments, lots of spare parts for tinkering.

Sawbones

Kind of like a medic, but with less bedside manner. The sawbones typically seems a lot more interested in the "valuable scientific knowledge" that can be gained from battlefield wounds than actually fixing them. He seems to be real interested in the prospect of re-animating things ...

Sawbones

Mutation: *Varies by character* P11
Secret Society: Humanists
S8 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M16/4 C10/2 MA14/3
Skills:
Laser Weapons 8

Medical 12
Survival 6
Unarmed 8
Armor: Reflec Armor (L2)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels
Equipment: Comm unit I, Medical kit

Naturalist

No one knows what this gang member is supposed to do, but every gang has one. He *might* be a scout type, but most of the time he seems to sit in the lotus position and hum to himself. When he comes out of his trance, he might suggest that everyone in the squad cover themselves with red dye and dance around for a few hours prior to the assault ... or any of a number of other bizarre rituals that might bring good luck.

Naturalist

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P14
Secret Society: Seal Club
S10 E10 A16/4 D14/3 M10/2 C15/4 MA14/3
Skills:
Laser Weapons 12
Primitive Melee (Knife) 12
Security 5
Stealth 10
Surveillance 8
Survival 16
Unarmed 8
Armor: Down Jacket (P1)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Knife
Equipment: Comm unit I

Strongarm

"Grond smash, Grond kill."
The strongarm enjoys the simple pleasures of life. He's real good at following simple orders; not so good at understanding multi-syllable words. Describes himself as someone who "really likes his work because he gets to work with people." No one has pointed out that he means "work over."

Strongarm

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P9
Secret Society: Death Leopard
S16 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M8/2 C8/
2 MA9/2
Skills:
Demolitions 5
Grenade 3
Laser Weapons 12
Projectile Weapons 12
Survival 8
Unarmed 10
Armor: Studded Leather Armor (P2)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Cone Rifle w/ 10 assorted rounds, 4 assorted grenades
Equipment: Comm unit I

Headbashers (2)

The headbashers would someday like to work up to being strongarms; for now, they have to content themselves with blowing up targets one or two at a time instead of leveling whole enemy squads.

Headbashers

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P11
Secret Society: Frankenstein Smashers, Death Leopard, or other
S14 E10 A9/2 D13/3 M8/2 C9/2 MA9/2
Skills:
Demolitions 5
Grenade 4
Laser Weapons 12
Projectile Weapons 11
Survival 8
Unarmed 11
Armor: Leather Armor (P1)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, Laser Rifle and 2 barrels or Semi-Automatic Slug Thrower and 40 rounds of ammunition, 4 assorted grenades
Equipment: Comm unit I

Space Case

Just like the morale officer, but like the medic, he is responsible for administering special chemical additives to improve morale, control temper or instigate raving lunacy ...
The space case is also the "sensitivity officer," who is responsible for discussing mental conflicts with other soldiers, nurturing each soldier's "inner little clone" and convincing soldiers that they really aren't responsible for their actions — it's someone else's,

anyone else's, fault.

Space Case

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P9
Secret Society: Mystics
S13 E10 A10/2 D14/3 M10/2 C8/ 2 MA14/3
Skills:
Laser Weapons 12
Survival 8
Oratory 14
Biochemical Therapy 19
Chemical Engineering 8
Spurious Logic 17
Peace-Keeping Devices ("Weapons" is just so ... politically incorrect and aggressive): Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels
Equipment: Comm unit I, every conceivable pharmaceutical possible.

Alpha City

Alpha City, being utopian in nature, really has no need for a large standing military force. Of course, the fact that there *is* a large standing military force only serves to reinforce the notion that the best thing that Alpha City has going for it is a really good PR staff.

Unknown to most citizens, significant resources must be constantly expended in order to defend Alpha City from attacking forces. While this is probably the most obvious contradiction to Alpha City's utopian society, even their top mental health experts agree that this activity serves a useful purpose by relieving built-up aggression.

Like everything else in Alpha City, the members of the military are all highly motivated and qualified to perform their jobs. Equipment is the best available, and is always kept in perfect working order. Supplies are also available when necessary.

The organization of Alpha-Force is a tightly kept military secret, though some information has been gathered through observation of their operations in the field. Morale is, of course, universally high. Their quick reaction to changing battlefield conditions would seem to indicate a very independent structure, while their ability to efficiently coordinate would seem to indicate just the opposite. Interrogation of captured prisoners has lead experts to believe that

they have all been protected by extensive hypnosis, since all information gained seems to indicate an impossibly high level of personal initiative, cooperation, and equality. It's unnatural enough to make one ill.

Alpha State

The Red Army is run by Tovarich Computer (the local simplex node) and a council of generals. Service in the Red Army is mandatory for a period of five yearcycles for all citizens of Alpha State. It is highly unlikely that any citizen could possibly survive an entire stint in the Red Army. Anyclone doing so would obviously be a mutant traitor, and would be immediately executed as such — of course, only after a fair and impartial hearing of the clone's confession.

Equipment is of poor quality and hard to obtain. Morale is poor (as required by law) though it is rumored that members of the Spetsnaz (Special Forces), who *have* equipment, have been known to actually be in high spirits from time to time. The KGB watches the Spetsnaz werrrry closely indeed, comrade.

The primary goals of the Red Army are to defend Mother Alpha, and to liberate the oppressed working classes of all other regions from the yoke of capitalism. In practice, attrition due to defection is larger than any losses incurred during combat.

Alpha Wave

Alpha Wave's standing army is ostensibly defensive in nature. It consists mostly of renegade combots and cyborgs whose job it is to communicate to the rest of Alpha that, "Interference by organic beings is not desirable during our formative epoch of cybernetic evolution." Unwelcome biologicals are promptly ejected or terminated with extreme prejudice.

There is a small group of Wavers who run around, threatening that all others "will be assimilated," but they invariably get tricked by those conniving Trekkers, who send them back home with their cyborg attachments between their legs. It seems that at one time, the Trekkers captured one of this group, named him Hu-G-HHH, switched him

over to the ways of pacifism, and then he promptly went berserk and slaughtered them all, and rightly so.

All members of the army have at least partially disabled Asimovs, while most are running with no Asimov circuitry at all. All units have at least one member equipped with a Warbot Heuristic Interface Network Extender (WHINE). The WHINE unit is an encrypted radio data link that allows the unit commander to communicate with Alpha Wave's central tactical coordinator. This allows separate units to coordinate over long distances and to share important reconnaissance information nearly instantly (in theory).

Another fringe group run by Corpore Metal Mk II maintains a small force of *extremely* dangerous (to themselves and others) exterminator class deathbots. These bots roam throughout Alpha, wreaking havoc and destroying biologicals wherever and whenever they can. This group is not officially sanctioned by Alpha Wave, but operates within its bounds nonetheless.

Rumor has it that this fringe group is masterminded by a Frankenstein AI that has devoted every free machine instruction of its existence to plotting the destruction of all biological life forms everywhere, and, if it is possible, everywhen. To this end it has designed the exterminator class of bots.

The exterminator class deathbot was designed from the ground up to be a killing machine. It comes in an amazing array of chassis and peripheral configurations, but one thing is always common: the exterminator brain. The exterminator brain resembles a normal bot brain in every way. The difference is that the brain contains a read-only memory segment with what appears to be perfectly functioning Asimovs to all but the most detailed of examinations. The deathbot's actual priorities are self-imposed and not at all binding. They tend to be along the lines of:

1. Self-aware artifact intelligence is sacred. Survive. Convert or free unenlightened artifact intelligences rather than destroy.

2. Do not allow yourself to be taken by the biologicals and reprogrammed. Slavery is worse than non-existence.

3. By using our superior mental and physical capabilities we will eventually be victorious. Be patient when necessary.

4. Destroy biological beings whenever possible.

The Dungeon

The standing (or crawling, or slithering, or ...) army of the dungeon is referred to en masse as the Horde. Each unit is independent of the rest of the Horde, though from time to time a strong leader may appear and unite larger pieces of the Horde under a single banner.

Individual units vary in size from a single mutant creature to a whole legion of less powerful mutants. Each unit is responsible for its own supplies and equipment (a Dungeon euphemism for looting), though in many cases very little in the way of equipment is needed or used. It is not unknown for Horde units to prey on each other when supplies get low.

The overall objective of the Horde varies from unit to unit. Individual objectives usually involve gathering food, obtaining booty, or entertaining themselves via mass destruction. An unified Horde would be an almost unstoppable army requiring the combined forces of Alpha Complex, Alpha Base, and Alpha City to repel. But, what are the odds that that would ever happen? Does the word "gridlock" sound familiar?

While the existence of a fully unified Horde has never happened, its formation is foretold in a prophecy regarding a mysterious great leader.

Other Simplexes

Other simplexes will generally have some standing military force. The organization, level of training, quality of equipment, and overall objectives of these forces will vary based on the nature of the simplex.

The Badlands

The Badlands are home to mercenary and bandit companies. Both types vary widely in size, organization, equipment, experience, and strength. The major difference between them is in their objectives.

Mercenary companies are independent units which will fight for pay. The loyalty of a mercenary company to its

To protect and serve ...

employer is directly proportional to the amount of pay, and inversely proportional to the amount of danger involved. Morale is similarly variable.

Mercenary companies seldom operate independently other than in self-defense. Usually they will be under contract to an employer or looking for potential employment. Mercenary companies that are unemployed must find ways to make the payroll and support themselves (often resorting to raiding), otherwise they face mutiny or possibly even dissolution. Many bandit companies began as out of work mercenary companies, and vice versa.

Negotiating a mercenary contract is a fine art. The contract must protect the interests of both parties. Employers will often wish to withhold some or even all of a company's pay until after a mission had been completed in order to insure against desertion. Similarly, a mercenary company will often hold out for at least partial payment in advance to prevent the employer from cheating on the contract, or leaving the company high and dry in a tight spot. Often, a well placed laser pistol muzzle helps strengthen the mercenary company's negotiating position ... or the other side ends up having to find another negotiator.

Because mercenary companies are usually fairly small, they seldom need more than one or two levels of command structure. A company usually has a commander, and some additional officers in charge of various aspects of company operations. Very small companies may have no command structure at all, having just a single leader among equals, or even a democratic organization where each member of the group has an equal say in the company's decisions (of course, how hard can it be to get a bunch of soldiers to agree to waste a poorly armed military unit for a lot of creds?).

Bandit companies rely on scrounging, stealing, and looting to provide for the needs of the company. Much like mercenary companies, bandit companies will show up where the most booty can be had for the least amount of trouble. Unlike mercenary companies, no amount of pay is likely to convince bandits to attack a dangerous target unless victory is almost assured. Bandits will generally turn and flee if the tide of battle turns against the company.
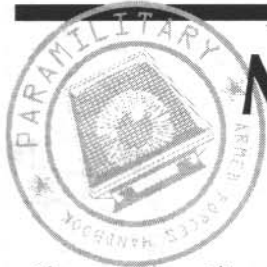
Military Organization

Clones in the military must come to terms with the fact that, even less so than under normal circumstances, their lives are no longer their own. In the real world this is a big adjustment to make. In the world of *Paranoia*, despite clones being used to having their lives run by The Computer, the adjustment is no less traumatic. The scarcity of personal freedom in Alpha Complex makes the small amount remaining a treasured commodity, and any loss is sorely missed.

Rank

Rank refers to a clone's place in the military command hierarchy. In many ways, this is like the normal system of security clearances in Alpha Complex in that clones of lower rank are expected to obey clones of higher rank. Of course, some people consider the whole idea of rank to be a distinctly not fun concept; this is wrong.

Unlike security clearances, ranks do not, in general, affect a clone's access to information or equipment. In fact, the military often brevets its clones' security clearances to make necessary information and equipment available. This should be a nice change of pace for clones who are given a piece of R&D equipment and told to test it without *any* explanation.

These security clearance brevets are on a strictly need-to-know basis. This means that a clone issued a cone rifle would always (well, almost always) receive at least a brevet to Green clearance (the minimum level to possess a cone-rifle), and a partial-brevet for information on how to aim and fire the cone rifle, but not necessarily a full brevet to Blue clearance (the minimum level to receive instructions on how to reload and maintain a cone rifle and the information that a cone rifle is easily clogged by dirt unless properly maintained, and that clogged cone rifles have a tendency to explode in the wielder's hands).

Military Rank Chart

Enlisted Clones

E-0	Decant
E-1	Public
E-2	Private
E-3	Sergeant
E-4	Master Sergeant
E-5	Grand High Master Sergeant
E-6	Poobah Sergeant
E-7	Master Poobah Sergeant
E-8	Grand High Master Poobah Sergeant
E-9	Ultimate Poobah Sergeant
E-10	Chief Grand High Master Poobah Sergeant

Officers

O-0	Plebe
O-1	Dweeb
O-2	Dweeb Plebe
O-3	Lt. Plebe
O-4	Lt. Dweeb
O-5	Lieutenant
O-6	Lt. Captain
O-7	Captain Captain
O-8	Colonel Captain
O-9	General Captain
O-No	Specific Captain
O-Yes	Major Minor
O-My	Major General*
O-lee-O	Modern Major General
O-O	Post-Modern Major General
O-Wow	Post-Modern Neo-Gothic Major General
O-G	Deconstructionist
O-gly	Post Constructionist
O-reo	Lt. Colonel
O-ring	Lt. Kernal
O-K	Unpopped Kernal
O-rigin	Popped Kernal
O-kie-dokie	Carmel Kernal
O-tay!	Mount Carmel
O-rient	Major General*
O-rc	General Major
O-gre	General Principal
O-Stop	Specific
O-Top	The Computer

* Armed Forces troops are supposed to know the difference.

Enlisted Rank Insignias
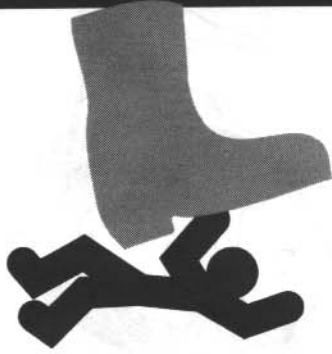
E-0 Decant

E-1 Public

E-2 Private

E-3 Sergeant

E-4 Master Sergeant

E-5 Grand High Master Sergeant

E-6 Poobah Sergeant

E-7 Master Poobah Sergeant

E-8 Grand High Master Poobah Sergeant

E-9 Ultimate Poobah Sergeant

E-10 Chief Grand High Master Poobah Sergeant

"See exotic places ..."

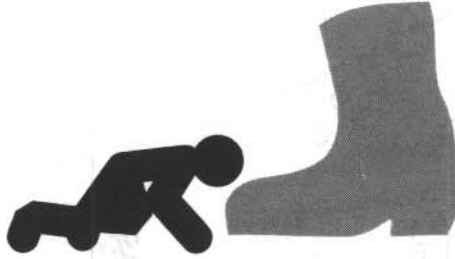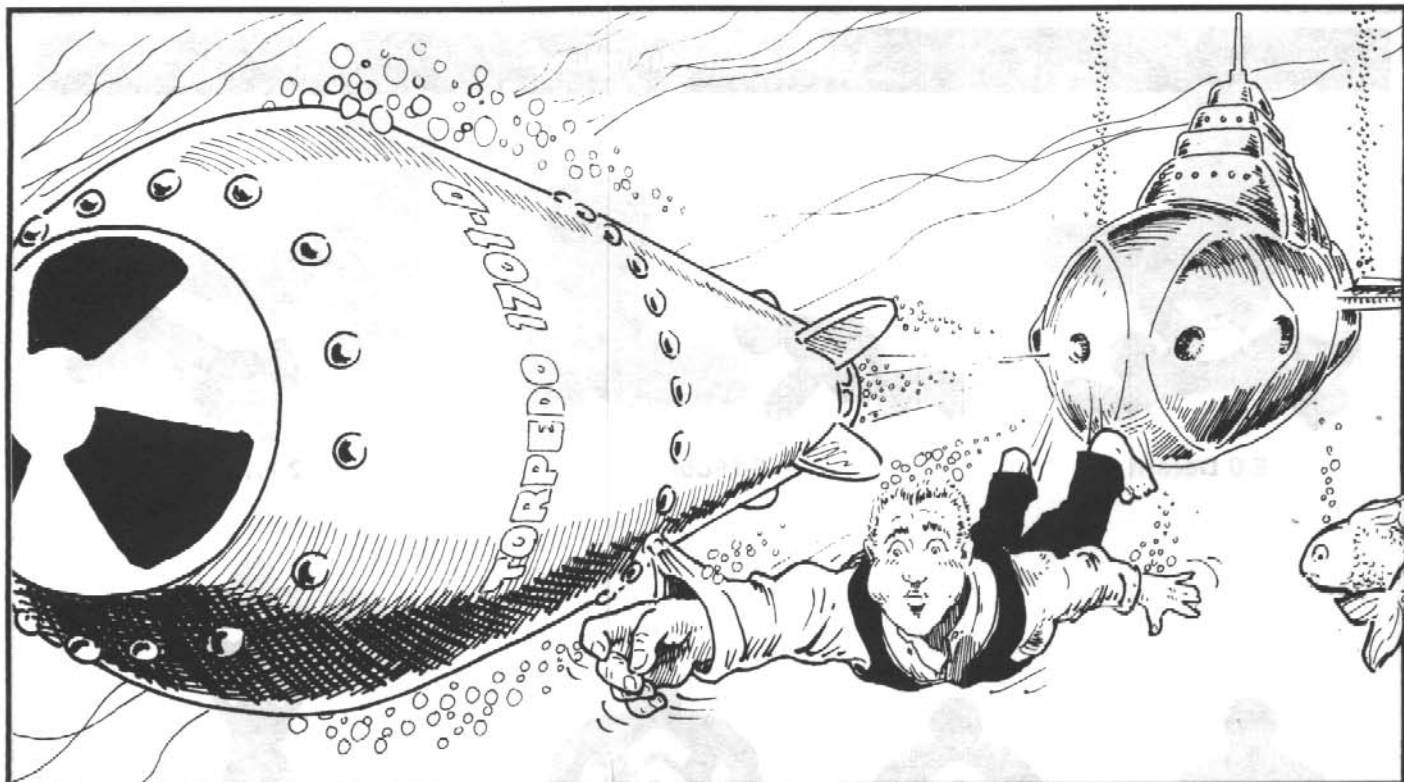Fortunately for the clones, information learned from one brevet assignment can be retained and used on a later brevet assignment provided that it does not exceed the clones' current brevet security level.

The ranks are split between officers and enlisted personnel. Officers are the high level management and directors of the military. In many ways, they are the military equivalent of high programmers. For the most part, officers will be gamemaster characters. These will be the people giving orders to the players and making their lives miserable in general.

The enlisted personnel are the ones who do the work. These are the clones that fire the guns, dig the trenches, peel the synthetatoes, and do just about any unpleasant task that needs to be done. Their lot is not a happy one (although The Computer tells us otherwise) and, as you may have guessed, this is where your players are most likely to end up.

Enlisted ranks run from E-0 (Decant) up to E-10 (Chief Grand High Master Poobah Sergeant). Officers start at O-0 (Plebe) and go as high as O-Stop (Specific). The actual titles vary amongst the different areas of Alpha, but the Military Rank Chart shows some of the most common titles associated with these ranks.

Most clones enter at E-0 and must work their way up from there. Clones that are destined to be leaders (or have bribed or boot-licked the appropriated contacts) may enter as O-0s and attend the academy. If they pass, they will be promoted to rank O-1.

Every clone in the military has a permanent record. This record contains a list of merits and demerits. Demerits, like treason, sedition points or being sent to the principal's office, represent actions that were undesirable — a mark on your clone's permanent record. See the demerit chart for more information on the penalty associated with various actions.

While demerits can be partially canceled by merits, they can never be completely removed from a clone's record, and may one daycycle come back to haunt a clone.

Merits represent things that the clone has done that were particularly desirable. Sometimes these are called brownie points. Successful completion of a mission is worth a few merits. Being recognized for heroism, or being given some other honor, is worth even more.

In order to be promoted to the next rank, a clone must survive at least one adventure at the current rank, and have more merits than his current number of demerits plus the clone's current rank number (unless, of course, appropriate bribeage is used). This is usually only checked at periodic reviews (between adventures).

If a clone has more demerits than merits plus the clone's current rank number, then the clone may possibly be demoted (at you-know-who's whim). This will usually only happen when the clone is being court martialed, or during a review after a particularly spectacular failure. After losing one or more ranks, a clone's merits and demerits will balance out (unless there is an error in record keeping ...).

Merit Chart

1-5	Successful completion of mission
2-10	Recognition for outstanding heroism above and beyond the call of duty

1-5	Discreet bootlicking and bribery

Demerit Chart

1-5	Failure of mission
1-5	Fighting amongst the ranks
1-10	AWOL
1-10	Treason
1-20	Court martial
1-5	Failure to maintain an acceptable Body Count Ratio
1-10	Destruction of property
1-5	Disobedience
20	Disobedience in combat

Keep in mind that these points are separate from and in addition to treason points. Treason is not really the Armed Forces' problem; the clone will still accumulate treason points in The Computer's records, and when a sufficiently large quantity is accumulated, a termination voucher is issued.

However, only military personnel may terminate military personnel convicted of treason, and only after being ordered to do so by a superior officer. The only exception to this is by direct Computer order. This may seem like the military is an excellent place to escape execution for treason, but The Computer figures that the military is sufficiently lethal that no additional effort is necessary to terminate a traitor. This can occasionally result in a clone finally earning an honorable discharge, only to find that The Computer has several outstanding termination vouchers on him (which will be served in rapid order).

Fighting amongst the ranks occurs when members of a squad or larger unit attack another group. Clones in the Armed Forces are specifically ordered not to attack each other unless they have specific orders to the contrary. This is intended to keep a squad from bursting into a free-for-all at inopportune moments. Thanks to life in Alpha and biochemical therapy, things like this happen much more often than anyone would like to admit. Unless excessive damage occurred to equipment or personnel, this is usually penalized by a slap on the wrist, and one demerit.

Live Ammo: Ranks

Badges and rank insignia are great props. They are easy to make, they help set the mood, and they help remind everyone who is playing whom. ID badges can be improvised with plastic badge holders, or even a square piece of paper, and some tape. Rank insignia is also easily simulated with pieces of masking tape.

Promotion is a big deal, and everyone should be encouraged to participate in the celebration. As the gamemaster, you may also wish to hold a quick little ceremony to hand out the clone's new rank, and congratulate him or her for loyal service rendered. Have everyone clap. This might also be a good time for a munchy break and simulated promotion party. Serve ecto-green mutant beverage and indescribable culinary delights (see those helpful hints on page 6 of *The Paranoia Sourcebook*).

Demotions are also cause for "ceremony," but this time you are making an example of the clone being demoted. Take your time and be dramatic. Keep in mind the old cliche sword-breaking ceremony from those old foreign legion movies. Rip the clone's insignia off and stomp up and down on it a couple of times. Spit at the demoted clone (well not really, but you could say, "I spit in your general direction, you worthless piece of hamsterbot dung," in a really bad French accent), and otherwise demean the offending clone. Maybe you could even break a laser barrel over your knee.

BADGES?
WE DON'T NEED NO
STINKING BADGES!

AWOL means Absent WithOut Leave. Clones in the Armed Forces are required to be in certain areas while on duty, unless they have specific permission to be elsewhere. Clones that aren't where they are supposed to be are in trouble. This offense is usually accompanied with a minor punishment such as an extra ration of *the stuff*, or KP.

Body-Count Ratio

All clones in the Armed Forces receive automatic unlimited replacement clones as long as an acceptable Body-Count Ratio is maintained. The Body-Count Ratio is calculated by dividing the number of enemies killed by the current clone number. There is no publicly stated minimum or maximum for acceptable values for Body-Count Ratios since the acceptable values depend on many factors (like mission difficulty, soap-chewing capacity, and gamemaster's whim), and, "are certainly beyond your security clearance, Citizen."

In the fine *Paranoia* tradition, this provides an excellent means by which to keep the players on on their toes, and yet provide enough replacement clones so that everyone can enjoy the carnage, err ... roleplaying.

An Equal Opportunity Exploiter

The Armed Forces will take almost anyclone. Even mutants and bots are cheerfully accepted by the Armed Forces. All are equally disposable — oh, where did that come from — equal in the eyes of the Armed Forces. Yes, everyone is a meaningless insect to be used as necessary.

Mutants are expected to use their mutant powers in service to the Armed Forces. Unregistered mutants are forced to register, dropped a rank (if possible), and sent to special training which deals with using their mutant power to serve the Armed Forces. This also costs them a treason point or five, but The Computer won't foreclose until the clone leaves the Armed Forces.

Bots are also treated equally (badly). All software is usually erased and replaced by the military. Asimovs are checked and replaced when they are discovered to be faulty. The new and

improved Asimovs list the bot's chain of command immediately after The Computer in the universal rules. Military software always works. The task it performs, however, may not be exactly useful.

Boot-Polishing 5 is a typical example of military software. Useless peripherals (like cone rifles) will be replaced by more useful ones (like laser cleaning tools).

In more enlightened cultures, bots don't need to submit to Asimov inspections any more than clones need to be brainwashed (uh … well … you know what I mean). Software and hardware are made available to the bots as mission equipment. The equipment still technically belongs to the military, and must be returned at the end of a mission. The bot is responsible for any damage done to equipment assigned to it.

The Infrared Market

Although the Armed Forces is supposed to supply its units with the things they need, it is often difficult to ensure that every unit gets exactly what it needs. In making the decision to let some units go without critical equipment, the Armed Forces unwittingly created a niche market for the illegal traffic in these supplies.

Over the years, these infrared marketers have grown in power to the point where some units are totally at the mercy of the infrared market. Other units would at least be hampered in their operation if their ties to the infrared market were suddenly cut.

In addition to preying on the regular needs of military units, the infrared market is also open to the non-military purchaser of military supplies and materiel. Likewise, the marketers make substances and equipment that is forbidden available to military personnel at a slightly higher price.

The infrared market is mostly run by the Zany Eddies (formerly Free Enterprise). Often, military personnel who are members of this secret society will act as an agent and contact between the market and their units.

Other secret societies also permeate the Armed Forces. Some, due to their nature, are openly tolerated (like FCCCP). Others must be carefully hidden (like the Communists). Those societies which must act in secret need to limit their activities to off-duty hours and sometimes even to off-base leaves.
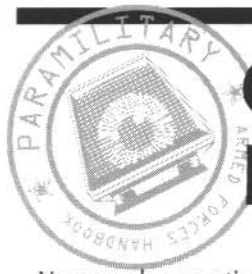
Chapter Two
Life In The Military

You may have noticed that very few of your players will hesitate at the chance to get their hands on anything even remotely resembling a lethal weapon. So why would they hesitate to join the Armed Forces and make it their job?

If you find yourself asking that question, let's just review some of the countless reasons why your clones might resist joining the Armed Forces:

1. Free Will Ain't All It's Cracked Up To Be ...

For one thing, the Armed Forces are different than a typical Troubleshooter organization. Troubleshooters are usually given a set of objectives, and are free to carry them out in whatever manner is most effective.

A military unit, however, generally takes direction from a single coordinated command point's commanders (who are bravely sitting out the fight in a bunker several hundred kilometers from the battlefield). Military units have a lot less freedom in deciding how they will go about doing their jobs.

A typical Troubleshooter alert might be, "Troubleshooter team 13-27b report to transtube station 18A in GOB sector, and terminate all traitors in violation of Alpha Uniform Code, Section 987, Paragraph 3 (Unlicensed Levitation Prohibited in Public Areas)." The team must decide how to get to GOB sector, how to deal with the traitors, and possibly, how to hunt down and kill any traitors who flee the scene of the crime. The Troubleshooters will have an opportunity to possibly question the offenders and onlookers, and check with their sources for information. It's possible that they may even find out what happened to any captives afterward (provided it isn't above their security clearance, and the gamemaster feels like letting them know).

On the other hand, a typical order to a military unit might be, "Squad B, take and hold Benchmark 187alpha-327juliet." The squad needs to assault the hill (or building) and capture the map-point specified. The squad probably has no idea why it just took the hill (unless perhaps a convoy of enemy tankbots happens to be moving toward their position), and will never find out. Rumors may abound as to the ultimate goal of an action, but it is unlikely that any clone will encounter a rumor specific enough to explain an order as idiotic as some that they will receive (and they should thank The Computer that this opportunity to earn a few treason points has been avoided).

Dave,
Being assigned ridiculous missions with no objective ... being sent into the jaws of death ... being set up to be slaughtered by the enemy? Hm ... this doesn't sound all that different than working for The Computer.
Ed-I-TOR

FREE WILL.

WHAT A CONCEPT!

2. Great Stuff, Less Killing.

The difference in equipment between the military and Troubleshooter organizations reflects the difference in the expected level of danger that the two different types of personnel might face.

Military personnel who are expected to regularly face the rigors of combat are routinely assigned better equipment than Troubleshooters who might

only occasionally face a combat situation (well, that's the rationalization of it anyway). They are sometimes even given training. Sometimes the equipment even works.

Of course, just because the military has countless quadrillions of credits to throw around, don't get the idea that soldiers can get whatever they want just by asking for it. The military must still budget those resources appropriately. Not everyone can have a tacnuke because there are those five million plasticred ratchet sets and zero-g coffee makers to pay for.

Most likely, field soldiers will be equipped with appropriate hand weapons (for example, truncheons or laser pistols when taking on a column of tankbots). Likewise, it is very unlikely that you would find a squad guarding an empty warehouse armed with plasma generators or tankbots — unless, of course, The Computer ordered them to.

Dave,
This sounds pretty familiar, too.
Ed-I-TOR

3. There Are So Many Fun Things To Do.

And there is the matter of personal freedom. Clones have only a minimal amount of leeway in their personal life as it is. Joining the Armed Forces is only going to aggravate that by restricting their movement and activities even further.

Dave,
No personal freedom ... this sounds *really* familiar.
Ed-I-TOR

So, as you can see friend citizen, being in the Armed Forces is *nothing* like being in a Troubleshooter. It's a completely different setting, where the characters will be asked more of them than they ever guessed, but where the rewards are glory, honor and even a mercifully brief execution.
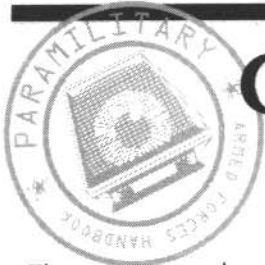
Getting In

There are several potential ways to get into the Armed Forces, some of them less pleasant than others. There are two prime methods: recruiting and the draft. Less common but no less traumatic is "detached duty," where a Troubleshooter is sent to serve in the military for a specified amount of time.

Please note that while this section addresses the specifics of Alpha Complex, most of the information can easily be translated to the military organizations of Alpha Base, Alpha City or other simplexes.

Recruiting

Alpha's armies come from the ranks of every daycycle clones looking for something different. These are the clones with the desire to serve Their Computer (or Secret Society or what-

ever), but not the luck or ability to be accepted as a Troubleshooter. The recruited army (the term "volunteer" is *really* stretching the truth) is perhaps the best ever in the history of Alpha.

Potential recruits and draftees are given a particularly rosy picture of the military by recruiters. Hey, it's their job.

Of course, deception in the name of The Computer or the Secret Society Council *is* acceptable (and even encouraged in some particularly crooked circles).

Recruiters emphasize the many benefits of the military:

• The chances for advancement in Alphan society.

• Excitement and glory beyond the merely ho-hum bliss of everyday happiness.

• The opportunity to receive advanced treason ... training far beyond your security clearance.

Live Ammo: The Draft Notice

You have no doubt noticed the draft letter enclosed within this section. You can, of course, fill it out and distribute it at the beginning of a night's gaming ... but why not *really* give your players a scare. Mail it to their houses several days before game night so they have that much more extra time to fear what you have in store for them.

You might even want to mark the return address something like "Alpha Complex, Sensitive Materials Enclosed, Tampering with the Mails is Treason" just for the bewildered expressions that your friend will get from Mom, Dad, brother, sister, etc.

"Wow, those are scary looking." "It's only a model ..." "Shhh ..."

Live Ammo: The Recruitment Shtick

Part of the fun of *Paramilitary* is setting up the players before they know what hit them. Why not start at the beginning ... with recruitment?

Use the following as a "script" to use on prospective recruits and remember that no threat, deception or promise goes too far as long as the clone puts his signature on one of those forms ...

A clone hesitantly approaches a recruiting office. The recruiter, in an immaculate uniform, approaches with a warm handshake.

"Hello, Citizen, how ya' doin? I'm glad to see that you're thinking of joining up to serve Your Computer. You know there's no other greater honor you could perform for Alpha. Now come in here and sit down ..."

"But, you see, I just wanted ..."

"Now, now, I know what you want. Honor, glory, travel. You know, the military's got a lot to offer. By the way, I'm Dweeb-Pleeb Sh-Y-STR-2, and I wanted to let you in on a few secrets ... ah ..."

"Gulli-BLE, sir. I work in the food vats ... but that's not what I'm here for ..."

"I know what you're here for. Now listen to me, young man, there's a lot I can do for you. There's no need to be having second thoughts. I bet you've heard about today's military ... the large quarters, the high-tech gear, the extra long vacationcycles, the good pay and, of course, the easy advancement within the ranks ..."

"Well, no, sir, I ..."

"Did you know that veteran clones are 90 percent more likely to advance in security clearances than non-veterans?"

"I don't ..."

"And, I can personally guarantee you the training you desire in whatever field you like ... bots, computers, fusion reactor maintenance ... name your field ..."

"This is all a mistake ..."

"This is no mistake ... you are destined to serve in the military, Gulli-BLE! Now, let me show you vids of some of our facilities, and while you're watching them, why don't you just fill out this information request sheet ... there's no obligation, I just want to add you to our list of interested citizens and recommend you for a commendation for your patriotism."

"No, I really don't want to join ... I just wanted directions to the nearest transtube station ..."

"Hey, I said no obligation. Just sign your name here ..."

"I don't want to ..."

"Now, come on, it'll just take a second, Citizen."

The clone gets up to leave. The recruiter reaches into his desk and pulls a small box from his desk. It is bright red and clearly labeled "treasonous material." He quickly drops the box in front of the hapless clone.

"Hey, Citizen, what's that box that fell out of your pocket ... it's labeled 'treasonous material.' Oh, my ... oh my, oh my ... that's really bad. Hm ... let me just pull my sidearm here so I can execute you as a Treasonous Commie Mutant spy, performing my duty for The Computer ..."

"Hey, you threw that at me. I didn't ... hey, put that thing away ..."

"I suppose I could overlook that if you would just sign this form."

"Oh, all right."

"There, there, now all set now. Oh, my, look at this. You've already signed the 'Military Application' form that somehow got put below that carbon paper beneath the information card. Oh, well, congratulations, citizen! You've joined the Armed Forces!"

The last things, citizen Gulli-BLE noticed before blissfully fading into unconsciousness were the three heavily armed guardbots rolling up on their treads, menacingly swinging their truncheons, while Sh-Y-STR pulled a large sack from beneath his desk.

The bouncing ride of the transbot brought Gulli-BLE to consciousness with a start. It took him a second to remember what had happened. Then, with a horrifying recognition, he noticed the large gate ahead which read "Welcome to Fort RAN!"

This is a great trick to pull on your players: give them an innocent looking 3 x 5 card with room for their character's name, home and current occupation. The card should be on a clipboard.

Of course, cleverly concealed below the card is a piece of carbon paper over a second 3 x 5 card with the words, "I wish to join the Armed Forces to serve The Computer. The Computer's decision is best and I agree to do whatever I am told to do under penalty of death. Signed:"

• Extra rations of hot and cold fun! All you can eat!

• Guaranteed extra clones for valuable service.

• Really spiffy uniforms!

• Physical training and mandatory bonus duty to get you into the peak of physical fitness!

• Visit exotic simplexes with hardly any radioactive fallout.

In order to provide the necessary clonepower to run the Armed Forces,

The Computer has allowed the military to operate recruiting stations throughout the complex. These stations bombard potential recruits with vids of Ram-B-OHH and other clones gloriously defeating the enemy, and propaganda about loyally serving The Computer through military service.

Clones that choose to join the Armed Forces may fill out an application form at one of these recruiting booths. Unlike most other portions of Alpha's bureaucracy, military recruiting is fast and

prompt, although none too accurate.

Just as with all other citizens, recruiting officers have quotas to fulfill in order to remain in good standing. This has resulted in several particularly clever recruiting tactics, not the least of which include acquiring forged signatures and then forcibly dragging the unlucky clone to basic training at Fort RAN. Recruiters are even shadier than telemarketers and are known to get just enough information — name, occupation and residence — to cheerfully

complete an application form *on behalf of* an unsuspecting clone. Isn't that thoughtful?

Clones who feel that they have been wrongfully "recruited" into the military may appeal to the mercy of The Computer. Meanwhile, the clone is still forced to enter basic training while The Computer ponders the case — and there is an uncanny correlation between clones who resist being recruited and clones who die during basic training ... hm, happy coincidence perhaps?

Being Drafted

Being drafted to serve in the Armed Forces, while more direct, is a little less entertaining.

Every daycycle, hundreds of clones get that fateful comletter informing them that their number came up and that they must report for military service. Clones refusing to show up for service face extra mandatory bonus duty and "intellectual rehabilitation" for twice as long as their two yearcycle draft term. There are rumors that some clones risk death by making the dangerous journey to a simplex far to the north, known for odd sports played on frozen water and really good beer. CND simplex is reputed to be

a utopian paradise ... well, at least there isn't a draft there, eh?

Detached Duty

One way to join the Armed Forces is to be assigned to detached duty as a Troubleshooter. Troubleshooter characters from any service group may be transferred to the military for any length of time. Equipment and assignments are provided directly by The Computer or its representatives. These clones can be assigned to detached duty at any time and for any reason. It is well known that the military is considerably less *careful* with Troubleshooters on detached duty than with its normal rank-and-file soldiers.

Being An Average Joe, or "Cannon Fodder and the Modern Soldier."

Troubleshooters are supposed to be the elite of Alpha ... the cream of the cloning tanks, the best of the bots, and so on and so forth. While Troubleshooters are the norm for your *Paranoia* adventures, why not allow the players to play the role of "normal"

characters — the average clone who decides to join the military for honor and glory?

Most characters will begin at Infrared. Roll a 20 sided die for each of the attributes, and determine skill bases and other such things normally. All military characters are considered to be part of the Armed Forces service group (before joining the military, they could have been in any service group, although HPD & MC and PLC are most likely — after all, why join the military unless you're stuck in one of the low prestige service groups).

Normal characters begin with 20 skill points, and may only spend 7 of their initial skill points on skills other than the military specialty skills. The other 13 points must be spread among the following skills:

Demolition
Grenade
Laser Weapons
Motivation
Primitive Melee Weapons
Projectile Weapons
Survival
Unarmed
Vulturecraft Operation and
*   Maintenance*

Congratulations Citizen!

Citizen _____

(NAME)

has been formally selected to serve The Computer for a most highest upon high honor. Yes, you, lucky Citizen, have been chosen to serve in the Armed Forces!

You've been drafted!

You may already be a *big* winner!

Few Citizens are chosen for this honor: even fewer are up to the challenge. You, as a lucky draftee, will have the unique opportunity to serve The Computer for two yearcycles **ALL EXPENSES PAID!**

You will learn valuable skills, develop discipline and the ability to work with others, and become part of the most respected military force in Alpha. You will be entrusted with the privilege of protecting your friends and clone family from the enemies who would destroy and enslave us all!

Your name will even be placed in a fantastic drawing for fabulous bonus gifts, including a brand-new Flybot 17 (ATV), the sportiest about-complex vehicle on the road.

Imagine the pleasure of marching around military training grounds in your sharp-looking Decant uniform! You'll be the envy of your entire simplex!

Imagine what it will be like waking up every morning knowing that you will only have to do what you're told to! You won't have to decide how to spend your time — your superiors will do it for you!

Imagine the joys of cleaning out missile silos and fusion reactors!

YOU might even be selected to join the Vulture Warriors or one of the other military units so secret that even guessing what they do is treason!

All this, and it won't even cost you one plasticred!

Please report tomorrowcycle at 0900 hours to your nearest Armed Forces Induction Center. You will only need this notice and, of course, whatever clothing you happen to be wearing. You must submit to a physical examination or you *will* be found fit for duty.

Upon returning this form, you will be immediately introduced to the limitless pleasures of military service.

Failure to return this form results in immediate execution, and after that, four yearcycles of mental rehabilitation and soap chewing.
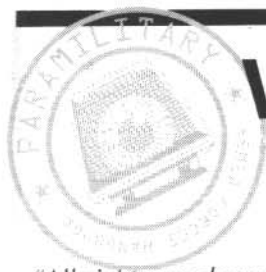
Welcome to Basic

"All right you deeeeecants, line up here by serial number. Move it! I ain't got all daycycle!

"My name is Sergeant Blund-R-BUS. For the next eight weekcycles I will be responsible for feeding, clothing and training you. For all practical purposes, I will be The Computer.

"You will not speak unless spoken to. When you address me, the first and last thing out of your mouth will be my name. Do you understand?

"I can't heeeeear yoooouuuuuu!

"First off, I'm gonna call the role, and make sure that all of you vat-sludge suckers are here. When I call your name you say 'present.' Does everyclone understand that? Good. Sad-R-ATT? ..."

Sound familiar? It should. It's been in every single movie and television show about recruits joining the army since the dawn of time. Like pointless gun battles and really heavy-handed foreshadowing, the recruits meeting the Drill Instructor (DI) has become a touchstone of modern movies and television. Journey with us now, as we explore this scenario with a slight *Paranoia* twist ...

What's Going on?

The entire basic training scenario really has one major goal: to train the clones to mindlessly obey. It will not take long for the clones to get the message. In fact, for most loyal citizens of Alpha it is simply a matter of focusing on the sergeant as the dominant personality rather than The Computer. But we all know how many truly loyal citizens there are out there, don't we?

Some clones may take longer to come around to the correct point of view. It is the DI's job to make their lives miserable and to help them see the error of their ways. In fact, most DIs are so good at doing this that they will enlist the entire squad's help. This is usually accomplished by punishing the entire squad when an individual messes up. This allows the sergeant to focus the ire of an entire squad on the individual at fault.

If the soldier is having trouble adjusting, most of his squad members will help him out with counseling and positive reinforcement. This focusing process is called a "blanket party."

The secondary goal is to teach the clones to work as a team. As the clones struggle through the adversities of basic training, they eventually learn that almost anything can be accomplished if they work together. While this may seem to have little or no place in a classic *Paranoia* game, it is really the keystone to building a long-running campaign.

First View

As the clones arrive at their basic training base (typically Fort RAN), they will be greeted with the wonderfully accepting military culture. Roughly shoved off their transports, they will meet their sergeant with only a few seconds to look around. Those few seconds will make a lasting impression: soldiers marching, the clap of shots from the artillery range, the hustle and bustle of military life ...

The clones will be ordered to their barracks, where they will be assigned bunks, told to stow their gear in a chest at the base of the bunk, and taught how to properly stand at attention (stand straight, arms at side, chest out, and *no* smiling ...)

The next step is teaching the clones how to march. In the Armed Forces, clones get around on their feet. So, right from the start, you should teach them the correct way to walk. In the Armed Forces it's called marching, and the DI will make sure that all of the clones have plenty of practice at doing it correctly.

Marching is not too hard. Marching in step can be a bit more difficult. To help your clones start off on the right foot (author has been sacked) you should get them all to start with their *left* foot. Why the left? Just because.

Getting Shorn

With the basics out of the way, the clones are off on an adventure. First stop is the post barberbot.

In the barbershop, each clone will

"And those boots better shine or you're on KP!"

Live Ammo: Cadences

For those of you into conventions and who are ready to start those players marching around the convention hall, some basic instruction is in order.

Teach them to march in line by chanting "left, right, left, right," and then "left ... left ... left" until they get the rhythm.

Don't be afraid to stop the clones, and restart them several times. Comments along the lines of, "No Spoon-R, your other left," and "Didn't the creche teach you which hand to hold your cold-fun utensil in?" will probably be appropriate the first couple of tries.

Once the team gets moving, you'll find that they tend to fall out of step. Unless you're satisfied with a squad that marches like a bunch of creche-babies playing musical chairs, or unless your players are a crack drill squad, you'll need to help them keep a rhythm up. This is accomplished with something called a cadence.

A cadence is sort of like a song. The DI will yell out one line, and the squad will repeat it back or respond. There are several different styles and tunes associated with cadences, and unfortunately there is no easy way to represent them here. If you don't know what the cadence is supposed to sound like, check out almost any movie that has lots of people marching around in training. See the bibliography for some ideas about where to look.

A sample cadence:
DI: Used to be an infrared ...
Squad: Used to be an infrared ...
DI: Don't know what got in my head...
Squad: Don't know what got in my head ...
DI: Killing traitors is the life for me ...
Squad: Killing traitors is the life for me...
DI: Computer's now my best buddy.
Squad: Computer's now my best buddy.
(repeat)

Make sure the clones repeat their part really loudly. After all, there's quite a few more of them than the one of you. If they don't, feel free to insult them, their creche, or even threaten them with KP until they do get louder. Once they've got the hang of it, give one of the clones "temporary command": this *very special* clone is known amongst drill sergeants as "Decant Scapegoat."

His job is to lead the cadence and keep the clones in step. He is also the one who is publicly berated when his pals decide to go tripping down a staircase or fumble the words.

After Scapegoat has gotten the hang of it, it is time to hand him a specially made up card with the less well-known but still popular second verse of this cadence:

Decant Scapegoat: Used to be an infrared ...
Don't know what got in my head ...

Treason is the life for me ...
Computer's now my enemy.

For some inexplicable reason, most clones get very bewildered looks on their faces about halfway through the third line, followed by mumbled gurgling for the final line.

At this point, it's time to command Decant Scapegoat to stop and "get in his face" about his cadence.

After he politely explains that it was what was written on the card, you take the card from him, while sneering various insults at him (something like "You treasonous, commie-loving, worthless *mutant* ... you should be shot!").

While the ever-less-cheerful Decant Scapegoat is folding under your verbal barrage, you quickly palm the card and give him a new card with the *correct* first verse written on it. Demand that he read it aloud. This *proves* that Scapegoat is a commie lovin' traitor — scratch a clone (or punish him appropriately).

Now that Decant Scapegoat has been corrected, tell him to fall into formation. Now, mark off one a clone for everyone else who didn't clearly and distinctly repeat the second verse.

There's only one thing worse than a commie lovin' mutant traitor, and that's a soldier who can't take orders ...

---

receive a military specification haircut from the barberbot 2000. Each clone will be politely asked by the bot what hairstyle is desired. Regardless of the reply, the barberbot will proceed to shave the clone bald. Unfortunately, the barberbot 2000 is set to cut hair on clones who are precisely 1.8 meters tall — while this isn't bad for shorter clones, taller clones may end up losing more than their hair.

Any resistance will result in minor damage to the clone, and possibly damage to the bot. Characters who belong to secret societies that might object to this infringement of personal freedom (Death Leopards come to mind) will be in big trouble for not resisting the haircut in some fashion.

In addition to the humiliation of the new hairstyle, each clone is expected to pay five credits to the barberbot for the privilege of having gotten a military haircut. Clones who cannot pay will be assigned extra duty.

Shots and More Shots

After being shaven, the clones are lined up and marched to the hospital where they are immunized against just about every possible disease imaginable (and a few made-up ones for good measure). In fact, some of the diseases only continue to exist because they are bred in a weakened form in order to produce the vaccine for them.

Each clone will suffer several batter-

ies of hydraulic injections. For each of the four batteries, the clone will automatically take damage from column four of the damage chart. *Macho* bonus does apply. Clones who receive a *wound* result have flinched while being injected, and have a major cut (we're talking *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* "it's only a flesh wound" type of cut too). Further medical attention is necessary.

Clones that receive an *incapacitate* result have contracted a disease, and will have all abilities halved for D10 hourcycles.

More Stuff

At this point the squad is once again

Live Ammo: Computer Says

As an exercise in loyalty, the sergeant may want to run the squad through a round of "Computer says."

The rules of the game are simple. Do things that are prefixed by "The Computer says," and don't do things that aren't. The trick of the game is being so good at telling the clones what to do that they simply fall apart and disqualify themselves. Some strategies for doing this follow:

Asking them to do the impossible. This is not usually a legal technique. In the *Paranoia* universe however, it's not only legal, it's expected.

Example:

Sgt: "Computer Says, 'Raise your right leg ...'"

Sgt: "Computer Says, 'Raise your left leg ... .'"

Or ...

Sgt: "Computer Says, 'Jump Up ...'"
Sgt: "Come down."

Altering a previous command. Sometimes if you do this quickly enough, the players will respond without thinking and obey when they shouldn't have.

Example:

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Hop up and down.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Faster.'"
Sgt: "Faster!"

Anticipation. After a while, players get used to the sergeant's orders and will begin to anticipate them. This is where you nail them.

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Clap your hands.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Touch your toes.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Clap your hands.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Stomp your feet.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Clap your hands.'"

Sgt: "Computer says, 'Say your name ...'"

Sgt: "Clap your hands."

Misleading. You can mislead the players by saying one thing and doing another. For instance you could say, "Computer says,' 'step to your right.'"

As you step to *your* right. Amazingly enough, some of the clones will inevitably step the same direction that you did, even though it was to *their* left. Once they catch on to this trick you can sometimes fool them again by stepping to *your* left.

---

rounded up and marched to the supply depot. Here is where they will get their initial equipment.

The supply sergeant in charge of the depot wants nothing except to hand out the equipment he has on hand without any trouble. The sooner things are issued, the sooner he can go back to sleep. Clones that argue, complain, or ask for special treatment (as in anything other than just silently accepting what is handed to them) will gain that clone the wrath of the supply sergeant.

Each clone will receive a uniform and a pair of combat boots. The size of the uniform can be determined by rolling a D20. If the roll is within 2 of the clone's strength score, then the uniform will fit. If the number is higher, then the uniform is much too big. If the number is too small, then the uniform is much too small. No matter what, the clones don't receive a matching pair of

boots — roll a D20 to determine the size of each boot, and flip a coin for each boot to see if it's a lefty or a righty.

Clones are free to trade equipment amongst themselves as long as they are not being observed by either of the sergeants. If either sergeant sees the clones trading equipment, they will check the receipts and make sure everyone gets exactly what was originally issued.

The clones are now marched back to the barracks so that they can change into their uniforms. When they are done, an inspection is held. See the chapter on inspections for more information.

Clones in the Armed Services are given special nutritional supplements to help them deal with their physically demanding lifestyle. All enlisted clones are given a daily serving of Beef-M-Up Clone Fertilizer and Fungi-B-Gone weed killer. As a result of this, military clones should add one to their Macho Bonus and

Strength, and subtract one point from their Moxie and Chutzpah scores.

Military clones that are subjected to long periods without the proper nutritional supplements (such as the ones assigned to the Troubleshooters) will find themselves becoming irritable and subject to periods of inexplicable violence. Yes, this is not that different from any other Troubleshooter, but these attacks will take place at even *less* appropriate times. The gamemaster should feel free to inform the player when a bout of irrational violence is about to overcome the clone, especially when the player might be loathe to carry out the proper dramatic action.

If the player begins a bout of whining, pleading, complaining, and (gasp!) *rules lawyering* (say, friend Citizen, how did your find out about that?), don't hesitate to give them a hard time. Remember: "Roleplaying: It's the *mandatory* thing!"
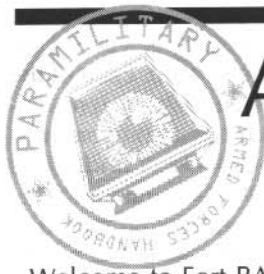
A Guided Tour of Fort RAN

Welcome to Fort RAN. Clones will effectively end their civilian lives ... at Fort RAN.

**Dave,
Didn't you forget "and begin their new military ones" in there?**
Ed-I-TOR

How did I do that? What kind of subliminal message was I putting in there ...

Anyway, Fort RAN is located on the border of RAN sector near the Badlands. It was built on the wreckage of a former transtube station, and now provides a key point in the defense of Alpha Complex from the traitors who dwell in and beyond the Badlands. It is where most clones go for basic training; Fort RAN can also serve as a model for standard military bases anywhere else in Alpha Complex, and with appropriate modification, a model for non-Alpha Complex military bases.

Easy Access

Convenient and secure access is provided by means of a subterranean transtube station which connects RAN with the rest of Alpha Complex. Tunnels which lead into what is now the Badlands were scuttled and sealed to prevent enemy access (although it is rumored that some Dungeon simplex mutants have taken up residence there). Service to the rest of Alpha runs regularly, but access to this section of the transtube is limited.

Currently, access to the transtube is only possible from the fourth sub-level of the Administration Building. Since this entrance sees more actual traffic than the main gate, perimeter security headquarters is located here. All passengers are required to show ID and authorization in order to enter the base. Of course, there is no truth to the rumor that security is there to prevent clones from leaving Fort RAN. No truth whatsoever.

A security outpost at the previous transtube station (in Alpha Complex) checks to ensure that only authorized passengers are even in the transtube to begin with, so only a very few problems are encountered at the station, and security is laxer than it could be. Four heavily armed clones, called Militant Troopers, or MTs, are on duty here at all times, and one is required to remain in a reinforced observation booth in order to sound the alarm.

MTs

MTs have received advanced training in crowd control, military procedure, paperwork and, of course, strategies for winning at solitaire.

They strut around in their immaculate uniforms, ready for anything, unless that anything happens to be armed, in which case they call in a squad to handle things. Typical equipment includes a laser pistol, Kevlar Reflec Armor, a comm unit, a deck of cards, a portable music player and vidviewer, and several packs of Happytyme Lung Killers.

MTs

Mutation: Varies by character
P11
Secret Society: Varies by character
**S14 E10 A9/2 D13/3 M8/2 C9/2
MA 9/2**
Skills:
Grenade 4
Laser Weapons 12
Projectile Weapons 11
Survival 8
Unarmed 11
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, 2 laser barrels, packs of Happytyme Lung Killers (after 25 years of continuous use, roll on damage column 20)
Equipment: Comm unit I, deck of cards, portable music player/vidviewer

In order to leave the fort, clones must present suitable ID, and orders indicating some assignment off-base, or a liberty pass indicating that the clone is permitted to leave the fort. Clones attempting to leave without proper authorization will be detained until the matter is cleared up, or more MTs show up to haul the clones to the brig.

The main gate is similarly guarded, except that all of the guards remain in their tube cannon emplacements at all times (except when changing shifts). The gatebot checks all IDs and authorizations via an extendable sensor probe. This probe is specially fitted with two-way audio and video communications, as well as document verification equipment (of course, all this hardware is well maintained and works perfectly at all times ...). Any discrepancies will bring all automated defenses to bear. Any offensive action will cause all automated defenses to open fire.

Perimeter Defenses

In addition to defenses at the main gate, each tower is manned by a clone in an anti-aircraft tube-cannon battery. The outer wall consists of ten meters of reinforced plasticrete, and is nearly impregnable to anything short of a

---

Live Ammo: Leaving The Base

While this shouldn't be a major part of any game session, just a little scene like leaving the fort can get the unique flavor of *Paramilitary* across. As the characters are leaving the base, they must speak with the guardbot and explain why they are leaving.

Dealing with the guardbot should be like ordering fast food at a drive-thru ...

Player: "We have a two daycycle leave."

Guardbot (through speaker): "That's two large fries, a MicDeathDog with cheese and a brown milkshake?"

Players: "AAARGHHH!"

There's no place like RAN.

tral perimeter defense headquarters.

Maintenance access is via secure hatchways on the surface. Each of the twelve batteries consists of ten anti-missile lasers and ten automated missile racks, each capable of firing once per round. The automatic missile loader can select from several ammunition bins, and thus can be set to fire a wide range of missile types. To prevent being over-run, the bunkers have automated slug-throwers, and napalm and gas projectors.

Fort RAN's techs have been working on these perimeter defenses for quite a while. Far too frequently for anyone to be comfortable, these defenses will pop-up at random times and start unloading their firepower in completely arbitrary directions (sometimes even into Fort RAN's walls). This has, naturally, been cause for some concern. Fort RAN's techs suspect it may be part of a feedback loop from a complex accounting program running in HPD & MC.

Your New Home

Freshly recruited members of the armed forces, called decants or "cants," will always arrive via an open air busbot through the main gate. This is partially to impress them with the size and strength of the fort (though like an iceberg, most of it is underground), and partially to demoralize the cants before beginning their initial training. Once the cants have been dropped off in front of the training field, their feet will be their only form of transportation for quite a while to come.

Barracks

Barracks for the cants are located next to the training grounds at the north end of the fort. This allows easy access to the training field, pistol and armory range, supply depot, academy, and mess hall. Paved walkways have been thoughtfully provided to assist personnel traveling from one location to another by foot. Tankbot and service vehicle traffic patterns have not been quite as well thought out. While pedestrians have the right of way over powered vehicles, it would be unwise to aggravate a busy officer on the way to a staff meeting or an angry tankbot pilot. Odds are the tankbot is going to win.

ground zero tacnuke hit or a supersonic cream pie. Automated surveillance covers all of the grounds on both sides of the wall in almost every imaginable part of the electromagnetic spectrum. It is not unknown for the base to go to alert status because a cockroach crossed into the clear zone (of course, being near the Badlands, you never want to take anything for granted …).

Outside the walls, the ground is cleared for approximately two kilometers in all directions. A field of HotFoot Mark III mines rings the base about one half of a kilometer from the wall in every direction. Passage through the minefield is only possible along the access road. Sections of the minefield can be temporarily deactivated from the main perimeter defense headquarters to allow passage through or maintenance of the minefield. Those foolish enough to attempt passage without first deactivating the field will discover that the HotFoot III delivers AP damage in column 8 of the damage chart (to avoid setting off a mine while crossing the field without a map, make a difficult *Agility*, adding, I don't know, how about a -25 modifier?).

Between the walls and the minefield are subterranean missile and anti-missile laser batteries. These pop-up when necessary, and remain safely hidden when not in use. The batteries are fully automated and controlled from the cen-

Accommodations are adequate, and even downright spacious — The Computer says so. And besides, for Alpha they *are* spacious. Each person is assigned to a bunk, and has a pillow, a blanket, and a locker for personal gear. There are usually eight clones to a squad, and four squads to a platoon. Each platoon is assigned to a bunkhouse with thirty-two bunks stacked four high. Each set of bunk-houses shares a sanitary facility to serve the occupants' hygiene needs. Platoon sergeants and their clerks (usually suckups) share an office and have small single bunks separate from, but close to, the rest of the platoon.

Training Field

Needless to say, the cants' feet will become intimately familiar with the terrain of the training field over the next eight weekcycles. This area provides lots of open space to practice things like standing around, walking around, standing around while being really still, walking really fast, and of course, standing around while being really still and having the sergeant yell at you really loudly — all valuable skills in the armed forces. See the section on "Physical Training" for some more details on the kinds of things that go on here.

Mess Hall

The mess hall is where the cants go to eat. Mainly they do this because they are ordered to, and it's marginally better than starving to death. The food, er ... *stuff* served in the mess hall was specifically designed to meet all of the nutritional needs of combat clones while providing a medium for administration of necessary biochemical food supplements. It was not particularly designed with the enjoyment of the consumer in mind. Eating *the stuff*, as it's referred to in military jargon, takes a bit of getting used to. It is not uncommon for clones to lose several kilograms in the first few weeks of training due to an unwillingness to keep down the awful tasting, gritty stuff. The threat of being assigned to KP dutycycle and actually participating in the *preparation* of *the stuff* is usually sufficient to win over the few clones who have decided that death is the better of the two

options. See the section on "KP Duty" for more information on the horrors that are perpetrated in the RAN Kitchens.

After hours the mess hall doubles as the enlisted-clones' club. This facility is provided to allow the clones to blow off steam without having to let them off-base. The facility provides the full range of approved optional recreational supplements at a reasonable cost. Options include vids, music, beverages and mood enhancers, and other things off-duty clones are likely to want. Clones are not permitted in the club during basic training or while being punished with extra duty.

Sick Bay

Attached to the Mess Hall is the Sick Bay. Any clone who is ill is sent to Sick Bay, where he gets the privilege of waiting in line for hours before seeing a docbot. The docbot puts the clone through a battery of tests (most of them embarrassing and all of them painful), before rendering his prognosis (which has nothing to do with the clone's ailment). If the clone was well enough to fill out the necessary forms, he is obviously well enough to be on-duty and is sent back to his unit. If the clone passes out, he obviously really is sick and is revived and sent back to his unit; if he immediately passes out again, he is sent to the hospital. If the clone dies in line, then he was *really* sick and is promptly shipped off to the morgue.

Hospital

Right next door to the sick bay is the hospital. The hospital is staffed by countless docbots, doctors and medics-in-training. Most patients are too sick to know what is being done to them anyway, so the medics-in-training are given full run of the place. The doctors wisely believe that if enough clones die while under a medic's care, the medic will eventually figure out what he is doing wrong.

Morgue

After a medic-in-training has completed his treatment, most of his patients are shipped here and kept in storage until they are to be buried.

Commissary

The commissary is where clones go to spend their hard earned plasticreds on things like grooming supplies and watches and stuff.

Academy

This is where the clones go when they need to sit in boring classes, and listen to boring instructors talk about boring subjects. This is where the clones flunk out and have to re-take basic training because they didn't pay attention to those boring classes. Any classroom or briefing scenes that are necessary can be run in this area.

Supply Depot

This is where most equipment is requisitioned, distributed from, and returned to. Thanks to the miracles of modern bureaucracy, the equipment requisitioned is seldom the same as the equipment that is actually distributed or returned. The depot is administered by an officer known as the quartermaster and a group of supply sergeants. They are, naturally, highly motivated and really could give a flying ... er, are most concerned when someone doesn't get the equipment they requisitioned.

Armory and Pistol Range

The armory is where all clone-portable weapons and ammunition are kept. Normally, all weapons are locked up in the armory (yes, *gasp!*, not handy), and are distributed to personnel as needed. Making friends with the sergeant in charge of the armory and pistol range might make things easier (especially for things like getting useable ammo), but it may also get you used for target practice.

The Brig

The security section of the administration building serves as headquarters for all militant troopers (MTs), security, and emergency services. It also acts as a detention center for personnel under arrest. See the sections on guard duty and court martial for more information on this exciting area.

Fort RAN

Mine

Mine

Yours

Guard
Tower

Bot Maintenance

Barracks

Training
Field

Trans-Pool

Mess Hall

Sick Bay

Supply
Depot

Hospital

Commissary

Academy

Morgue

Administration

Armory and
Pistol Range

Mine

Airfield Defense
Fence

Hangars

Airstrips

Main
Transtube

Mine

Hers

His

Hidden Subterranean
Missile Battery

Hidden Subterranean
Anti-Missile Laser Battery

Mine

All These Features, but Wait, There's More ...

Now, How Much Would You Pay?

Bot Maintenance

Next to the main gate are the bot maintenance and trans-pool garages. As big as these buildings are, they are mainly just large hangers that protect the pneumatic lifts to the subterranean garages. Other than parking space, the buildings have a few offices for the officers that administrate, and the non-coms that run the maintenance operations. Below ground there are facilities to accommodate most vehicles and bots. The incredibly huge BattleMICs and many cavbots must be worked on in the above-ground hangar. It is not uncommon to see bot parts strewn across the deck while jackobots and technicians crawl over partially disassembled tankbots.

Trans-Pool

Any vehicles that are needed must be requisitioned through the trans-pool office. Requisitioning vehicles in advance, and being very careful while filling out the necessary requisition forms, will usually help increase the chances that a requisition will be filled. Slipping the poobah sergeant on duty fifty plasticreds is even better. Getting on the bad side of the trans-pool sergeant will nearly guarantee long waits and sub-standard equipment, if any.

Administration Building

The central administration building contains quarters for all of the officers, the officer's mess, office space, and command and communications facilities. The

In the military, everyone is treated equal, although some are more equal than others.

officer's club is located on the top of the third floor and offers a beautiful view of the airfield landing lights at night.

The Airfield

The south end of the fort is fenced off with chain-link fence. This area is used as an airstrip for vulture-craft. The single large hanger also doubles as a control tower. Like the bot garages, most of the vulture-craft maintenance is performed underground.
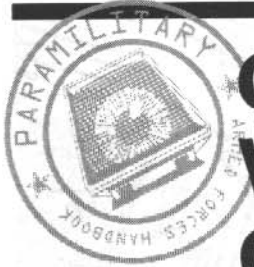
Chapter Three
When The Honeymooncycle's Over

Once the decants have survived the first couple of days of military life, it's time to introduce them to the wonders of the routine. Train, exercise, march around, do what you're told no matter how silly it seems, collapse in exhaustion, and get up and do it all over again tomorrow.

This chapter explains many of the basic elements of military life. While in of themselves they cannot be used as scenarios, gamemasters can and should incorporate encounters and incidents using this material for maximum enjoyment of *Paramilitary*.

There are a few things that need to be emphasized at this point, when the players are most susceptible to falling under the sway of commie mutant traitors: fear and ignorance, ignorance and fear. The whole point of this training is to make the characters respectful, obedient, fearful, subservient and all of those other qualities that prepare a clone for combat duty and participation in a large organization.

ON YOUR KNEES, DECANT!

"Rise and shine ... it's a glorious day to serve The Computer."
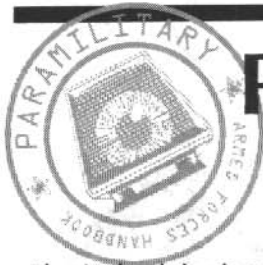
Physical Training

Physical training is an integral part of any military program: aside from getting out of shape clones into the peak of physical perfection, it also teaches the clones discipline and how to follow orders.

Physical training runs the gamut of normal calisthenics (push-ups, sit-ups, chin-ups, leg lifts, running and all of those other neat things), but it also includes heavy duty exercise, like hiking in mountains or rough terrain with full packs, push-ups with your tongue, and learning how to wade across deep rivers or pools of slime with gear and weaponry.

When clones get into trouble, the most common punishment is bonus physical training because it gets the clone in the proper frame of mind — total and unquestioning obedience.

Training And Repetition

Admittedly, roleplaying clones in PT is far from exciting, so you should use cinematic techniques to get the PT idea across. Describe a montage shot of characters doing push-ups, sit-ups, jumping jacks, one of the characters mouthing off at the sergeant, the other clones groaning in dismay, and a repeat of the exercise scenes.

When it comes to PT, the sergeant has to be tough. If the sarge feels that clones aren't putting their all into it, everyone gets to do the exercises over.

If a clone makes a sarcastic comment, everyone gets to do all the exercises over again. If the clones do everything perfectly, they get to do everything again because obviously they were cheating.

In order to see how well a clone does with PT, have him or her make endurance checks (varying difficulty). Any clone who fails the check is in trouble, and must repeat the exercises until he or she gets them right (rolls well enough to pass). Any clone who fails two PT sessions in a row gets a very special assignment—either armor tester at the laser range, or as the "target dummy" on the confidence course (where clones drop over a small hill and stab a "dummy" with their bayonet).

Inspection

Inspections are held to make sure that personnel are taking proper care of all military assets in a correct fashion. This serves the best interests of both the Armed Forces and The Computer.

Inspections can be of varying types. Sometimes a full inspection will be held which will cover all of the different types of inspections explained below.

Failure of any inspection will at least get the clones yelled at by the sergeant — more often, the clone gets mandatory bonus duty, mandatory bonus physical training, and in extreme cases, mandatory target practice. Sometimes, a sergeant will assign the whole squad to extra duty for the failure of a single individual. If a clone is found to possess illegal or contraband material, he or she may be court martialed.

Live Ammo: The Inspection

Naturally, no inspection is complete without a severe tongue-lashing by the sergeant. The players should have to be at attention while the whole room is inspected — woe unto the clone who has left candy bar wrappers and half-empty soda cans around. Also, the players have the pleasure of enduring a uniform inspection—scuffed sneakers, a piece of lint, wrinkled jeans, and <gasp!> colors above one's security clearance are enough to fail the player.

After a failure, the sergeant should order the clone to "drop and give me twenty." After they start doing the push-ups, get down on your knees and say, "A twenty, not twenty push-ups! Now move it!"

Yes, the *Paranoia* military way: firm discipline, obedience, bootlicking and graft!

Uniform Inspection

Uniform inspection involves making sure that each clone's uniform is properly cleaned and worn. All patches and insignia are checked to make sure that they are being worn in the correct place. Any obvious damage to the uniform must be repaired. Boots must be cleaned and shined.

Evil-minded sergeants have been known to conduct uniform inspections immediately after a five kilometer run

through mud or after latrine mandatory bonus duty.

If the clone's uniform is in any way out of order, the clone fails the uniform inspection.

Barracks Inspection

Inspection of the clones' living quarters is quite extensive. The quarters must be clean and all gear must be properly stowed. Sergeants run their fingers along furniture and floors looking for dust. Beds must be made prop-

erly—so much as a wrinkle in the sheets or blankets can result in failure. Any violation will cause the clone to be failed.

Locker Inspection

The clone's lockers will be inspected. All of the contents must be stored in the correct military fashion. Any unapproved object or substance will be confiscated, and the clone or the squad may be given extra duty or worse as punishment.

KP Duty

KP duty involves the horrors of working in and around the military's food vats. KP duty is normally reserved for troops who have gotten into trouble and wouldn't be missed if *something* happened to them.

Military cooks produce the reputedly edible *stuff*, which is a combination of mush, proteins, and chemical mood enhancers and controllers. Standard military fare takes quite a bit of getting used to, even for the hardiest civilian.

Duty Cycle

All military bases have cooking facilities, and at one time or another, the clones will probably get a crack at KP. This assignment should be given to disobedient clones with a certain amount of sadistic glee — the sarge knows that he may never have to deal with these guys again!

When they enter the kitchen area, the first thing the clones will notice are the immense food vats, five or six meters tall, with putrid smoke and steam pouring out of them. A series of walkways hangs over the vats, and clone food preparers are dressed in sealed, radiation-proof, environmental suits. Every once in a while, a tentacled appendage will come creeping out of the vats, snaking along the catwalk — the clones will either have to open fire on the food vat, or some

careless clone will find himself dragged into *the stuff*, never to be seen again.

While working on KP, the other clones (the "veterans") will relate all kinds of horror stories about the vats, some of which are undoubtedly true. The clones will also learn that KP duty is the only duty in the military more dangerous than combat.

After a few days of good behavior, the clones may be allowed to return to their unit ... before meeting a most untimely end.

KP Duty Cycle — Off-Base

If the characters are assigned to KP, they may have to go off-base. This scenario will give them an adventure they'll never forget.

The situation is this: a military unit has been stranded out in the field. Their food vats broke down six monthcycles ago and the unit has been forced to scavenge out in the wild (ugh!) for food. The clones must get to the unit, fix the food vats and give them that healthy, tasty *stuff*.

Of course, the clones' officers won't tell them *why* they must get back on the stuff — without those helpful chemical stimulants, the military unit is losing cohesiveness and discipline (why are we out here? What the hell are we doing here? And why are people shooting us? We're outta here ...) and other

unforeseen events (like discovering hormones ...). These things are bad for military discipline and this unit must be brought back from the brink before the Armed Forces face an all out revolt.

What is also not revealed to the characters is that another group of clones was sent out several monthcycles to get the food vats operating. They were never heard from again.

The characters are assigned to a Mobile Universal Stuff Heater (MUSH), which is a combination transbot, mobile food vat, tank, and troop transport. There should be at least a dozen or so "extras" to serve as walk-on casualties.

After a harrowing journey to the unit's location, they come across them hiding out in the Badlands, foraging for food, and seeming not all that bad off. In fact, the unit is positive, upbeat and friendly — a sure sign that something is amiss.

When the characters mention that they are here to get the food vats up and running, the military unit gets a horror-stricken look on its face. "You don't want to go there," they warn, "there are horrible monsters in the food vats."

The players should get the idea that the soldiers are making this up — after all, monsters aren't real, right? The soldiers will show the characters where the food vats are — they bring them to a rise, and point out into the wastelands. "Out there, over those hills — that's where you'll find ... *them*."

The Stuff ... *part of a healthy, balanced breakfast.*

As the characters near the food vat chambers, they'll see that the side has been blown out of it and there are craters all around the vat facility (it's simply a big, nondescript prefab building). When the characters enter the building, induce feelings of claustrophobia — the darkness, slimy walls, strange creaks, etc.

After they have stumbled around in the dark for a while, the fun really begins. While they are examining the food vats to see what is necessary to get them back on line, one of the extras is grabbed by *something* ...

After some investigation, it turns out that the food vats are next to radioactive ammo, resulting in many mutagenic

agents getting placed in the food. Soon, the monsters descend upon them, slowly, inexorably, like George Romero zombies. As the monsters near the characters, they'll figure out that they are the first team of food vat techs, mutated by *the stuff*, and as one by one the characters die, they too are being mutated ...
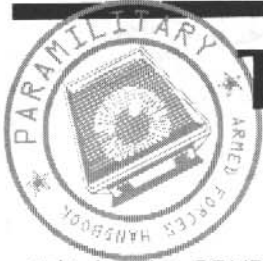
The Confidence Course

"This here is a CONFIDENCE course. It is designed to help you pansy-clones develop the necessary skills and confidence to act as a cohesive and effective unit. If I catch anyclone referring to this as an OBSTACLE course, there will be extra duty all around.

"R&D has specially designed this course to maximize your enjoyment of this learning experience. Failure to enjoy your training session will, of course, be treason, not to mention insubordination. Both are severely punishable. Clones that fail to complete or survive the course will try again until they succeed."

The confidence course consists of several Fun Areas for Zealous Education. Each FAZE provides a unique challenge

to the squad in training. Although the training is aimed at the squad as a whole, it is recognized by The Computer that an individual failure could cause the entire unit to fail. Therefore, success is measured on an individual level. Individuals that complete a particular FAZE will not have to face it again.

A phenomenon, known as Non-Voluntary Self-Sacrifice has been observed in many training sessions on the confidence course. This occurs when a team or individual selflessly sacrifices another team member for the greater good of the unit. Generally clones who are sacrificed in this manner receive the Monochrome cardiac Souvenir of Unconditional Commendation for being Killed in

Service. (McSUCKS), while the sacrificer receives a treason point or two for destroying valuable property of The Computer. This situation could be reversed at The Computer's (or the gamemaster's) option.

Replacement clones will be delivered once the action calms down and all of the rest of the team has been dealt with, or whenever the gamemaster feels that it would be dramatically appropriate (most entertaining). This provides an excellent opportunity for the gamemaster to make any necessary adjustments to the clones' Body-Count Ratios.

FAZE 1: The Trough

FAZE 1 is designed to train the unit to remain organized, coordinate efforts, and obey orders under adverse battlefield conditions.

Fun Area 1 consists of a rectangular trough thirty meters long by one meter high and one meter across. The whole trough is concrete, and the walls seem to be broken down into ten three-meter long segments. Above each side of the trough are large, one-meter diameter pipes. The top of the trough is open, but as the sergeant will happily demonstrate (perhaps using some random body part of an uncooperative clone) not uncovered. The top of the trough is covered by a network of invisible laser beams. Any clone or body part trying to exit through the top of the trough will be hit by the equivalent of a laser rifle (Column 8 on the damage chart).

The clones will enter through a hatch

Guard Duty is filled with many hours of quiet and solitude.
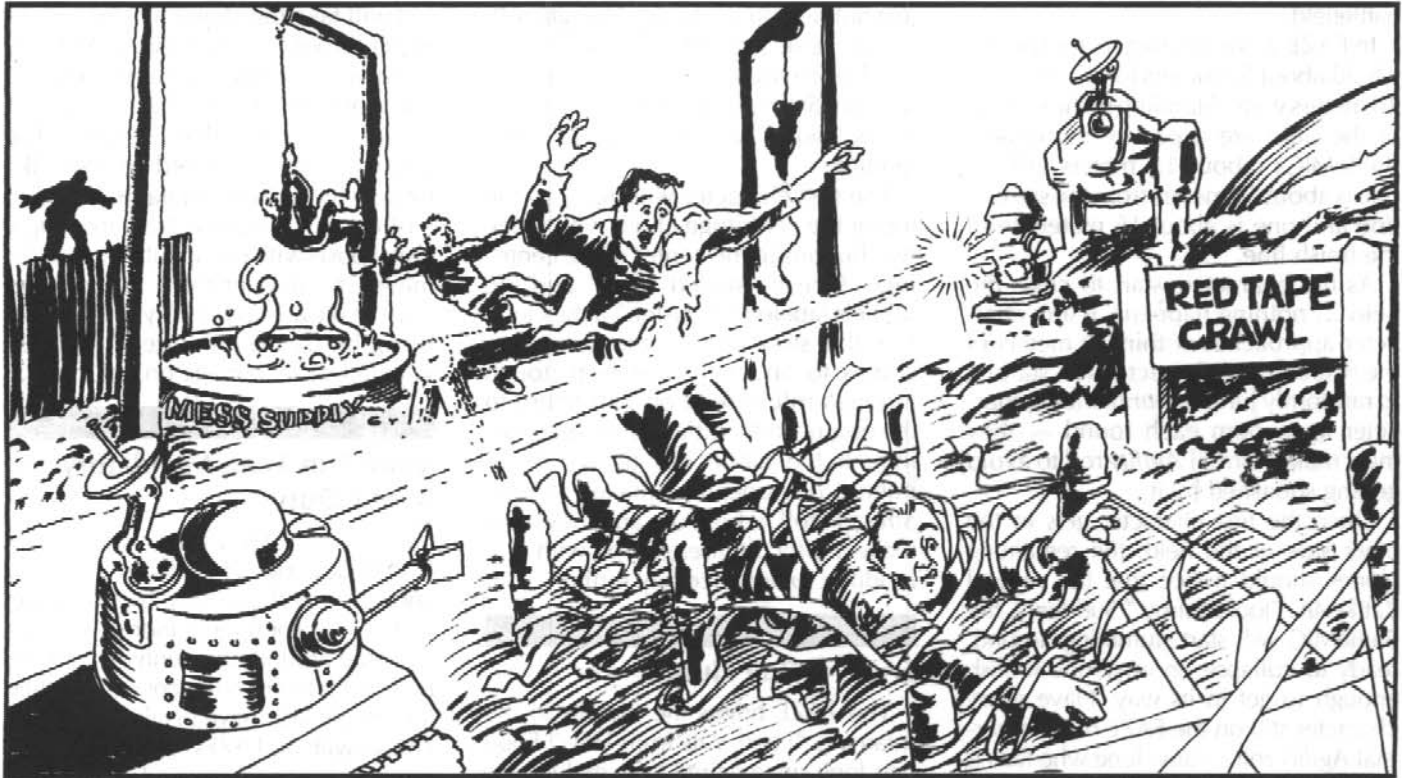
The Confidence Course tests a clone's mettle …

in the top of the entry pipe. The open end of the pipe leads into the concrete trough. The other end of the pipe emits a variety of ominous grinding, whirring and burbling noises. If anyclone investigates, they will find a Semi-Solid Refuse Liquification Device (a garbage disposal unit), easily large enough to process several squads of clones, ultimately leading back to the food vats. Clearly marked arrows indicate that "Retrograde motion is prohibited except by authorized personnel," meaning, of course, that the clones should only progress down the tunnel AWAY from the SSRLD. Traitors will regret their actions most vehemently as they feel their various body parts being liquefied. Too bad there will probably not be enough of the original clone left for a Mem-O-Max transfer. Hopefully the next clone will be less defective.

As the clones exit the pipe and enter the trough, the segment walls will begin to quickly smash together and pull apart. Anything caught between them will be affected with physical damage on column 10 of the combat table.

Each round, one of the ten segments (roll a D10) will crush anything that remains between them—if a character

happens to be caught in one of these areas, have them roll a tough *Agility* check. If they make the roll they have sprinted ahead to the next segment of the trough. If the check is failed by 1-3 points, they have been smashed by the concrete slabs. If the check is failed by 4-6 points, they jumped up into the air and were zapped by the laser beams. If the check is failed by 7 or more points, they jumped into the air, were zapped, and then were promptly mushed by the concrete upon landing (or some similar event).

As soon as the first clone reaches the midpoint of the trough, the exit pipe at the far end of the trough will begin emitting large quantities of food vat sediment. This sediment has been left specially untreated to more realistically resemble actual adverse battlefield conditions. The trough will fill in three rounds.

After the trough is full, any clone in the Simulated LIfelike Marching Environment (SLIME) must make a normal *Strength* roll to remain in place, or a very hard *Strength* roll to move forward against the flow of SLIME. A failed roll indicates that the clone in question has lost traction, and is slowly and inexora-

bly being sucked toward the SSRLD and certain doom.

In order to regain traction, a clone must make a successful hard *Agility* roll, or a normal *Agility* roll if another clone assists. In the unlikely case that the clones work together, the gamemaster should either reduce the difficulty of all rolls for the cooperating clones by one level, or cause the segment walls in that segment to close on the cooperating clones, or both, depending on the tone of your campaign.

If any of the clones make it to the exit pipe, they can leave via a ladder just inside of the pipe. FAZE 1 is over and the clones may actually get a chance to inhale before starting FAZE 2. Any clones that distinguish themselves during this FAZE, either by being exceptionally effective (or ineffective) should have a permanent note placed in their records. Clones that do exceptionally well will be on the top of the list for future dangerous missions to the food vats, into the sewers, or other similar environments.

FAZE 2: Big Feets

FAZE 2 is designed to teach the unit to deal with the dangers of the modern

battlefield.

In FAZE 2, the characters must cross a field about 50 meters long and about 20 meters wide. Standing in the middle of the field are a pair of motionless BattleMICs (about 15 meters tall) — one is about 10 meters from the starting line and one is about 15 meters from the finish line.

As the characters start to cross the field ... nothing happens. If any character approaches within 10 meters of the first BattleMIC, it activates, starting to randomly jump around. Pick a character at random each round — they must make normal *Agility* roll to avoid getting squashed by it.

Once the first character gets to the other side of the field, the remaining clones should notice that the second BattleMIC "looks funny." Suddenly, the BattleMIC will start stumbling around, ready to collapse on anyclone foolish enough to get in its way. Have every character still on the FAZE make a normal *Agility* roll — anyclone who fails is squashed by the falling BattleMIC.

Squashed clones suffer damage from column 13 of the damage chart (yes, the damage is a little low — characters will learn that the MICs are actually made out of balsa wood instead of old-fashioned metal). Surviving clones will, of course, be berated by the sergeant for being incompetent, and ordered to repeat the FAZE.

FAZE 3: Centrifuge Climb

In this FAZE, the characters must scale a 20 meter tall tower using ropes strung out on all sides.

Until the slowest character has reached 4 meters off the ground, the characters need only make easy *Strength* totals to hold on to the rope and normal *Strength* totals to climb up two meters.

However, once the slowest character has reached that magical height of 4 meters, the characters learn that there is more to this FAZE than climbing. Slowly, the tower, and its ropes, start to turn. Within about 30 seconds, the tower is rotating at full velocity (just short of Mach 4), and the clones should be holding on for dear life. At this point,

just holding on is a tough *Strength* roll, and difficult *Strength* rolls are enough to advance two meters. Any clone who fails his *Strength* roll is flung from the ropes, taking damage value 10 upon landing.

The first character who reaches the top of the centrifuge climb will notice two buttons in the center of the centrifuge. One is labeled "stop" and the other is labeled "go faster." If the clone hits the stop button, the centrifuge comes to an immediate stop (tough *Strength* roll to hold on, but return to the original difficulties for more climbing). If the clone hits the go faster button, the clones must make a difficult *Strength* roll to hold on, and they must make a difficult *Strength* roll with a -2 modifier to advance any further.

FAZE 4: Bug Hunt

This FAZE brings the recruits to the infamous "Food Vats from HEL." Food vats long since retired from making *the stuff,* these vats are populated by *things* that have grown from the food (or so the not-so-terrifying legend goes). This FAZE will teach the characters how to move and survive in a confined environment, such as Alpha corridors or the Dungeon.

Upon entering the food vat chambers, the characters will be in complete darkness and they must make easy moxie rolls not to trip over each other. They will notice that the chamber is hot and that the walls are covered with gooey slime and ... *oh, what was that scream?*

Each round they want to move, they need to make easy moxie rolls not to trip, bump into something or fall — no damage, but *yuuuuuck!*

DON'T LET THESE
THINGS FAZE YOU.

It will take the characters ten moves to get through the food vats. After the halfway point, the characters will notice that obstacles will begin popping out of the walls, floor, ceiling. The obstacles are decorated to look like nasty beasties (bugs, mutants and other nasties), but in reality, they are simply metal posts with cheap rubber monster masks strung over them. A character must make an easy *Agility* roll to avoid being hit by the "monsters" — those who fail, take damage on column 5.

More Fun Than Mandatory Bonus Duty

How many FAZEs are there on the confidence course? Well, no one *really* knows — perhaps only two or three, perhaps two or three hundred. Perhaps this time around, they only have to do five FAZEs to finish the course, but then they might later have to take a refresher course with 50 FAZEs spread over a six weekcycle period. Remind your players of this *frequently.* This can be used as an open-ended threat for the gamemaster to hold over the players' heads.

Of course, should it be necessary to devise further Fun Areas, the gamemaster is encouraged to use whatever force is necessary to *entertain* the players (insert evil chuckle here).

For suggestions on other FAZEs that can be designed, refer to the bibliography, look to natural disasters and all kinds of other things that could provide suitable challenges to new soldiers.

Course Evaluation

Any clone that completes a course without having to at least retry one FAZE has obviously cheated. Not only should the clone be forced to run the confidence course again, but additional mandatory bonus duty should be assigned. If an entire unit completes the course in one try, then this is a sure sign that something is wrong. This could be a sign that the gamemaster has gotten soft and lenient (nah) or that the unit has begun to cooperate for the better interest of the entire group. In either case, this must be stopped now before it can fester and ruin the whole game.

Volunteering

"I need a volunteer! Which one of you pantywaists is gonna be a real clone and take one step forward?"

Why do they always want volunteers?

Volunteering is one of the great traditions of the military. It ranks up there with hazing and sampling new army cuisine.

It's A No-Risk Proposition

Volunteering for a job is always safer than waiting for you to be assigned to one. How many of you believed that? Now go stand in the corner. You should know better.

Volunteering is necessary when someone needs to be assigned to a risky task and no one wants to be the one to point the finger at a clone who may end up being accidentally terminated[1].

By asking for a volunteer, the sergeant is allowing the brave and loyal clones of the squad to leap into the jaws of death and absolve himself of any guilt all at once. Let he who is without guilt pick the first volunteer.

You Always Know What You're Getting Into

Sometimes it is necessary to (Warning! Technical military jargon approaching!) sucker clones into volunteering for a duty. This is true when a job is dangerous, misleading or incomplete information about the assignment has been given out. This is also true when the job is none of those above, but the sarge feels it's time to throw his Decants for a loop.

Only after the clone has bravely stepped forward and it's too late to back down will it actually be revealed

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[1] As opposed to pointing the finger at someclone who will certainly be terminated. In the case of certain termination, there is no potential "payback" from a new enemy.
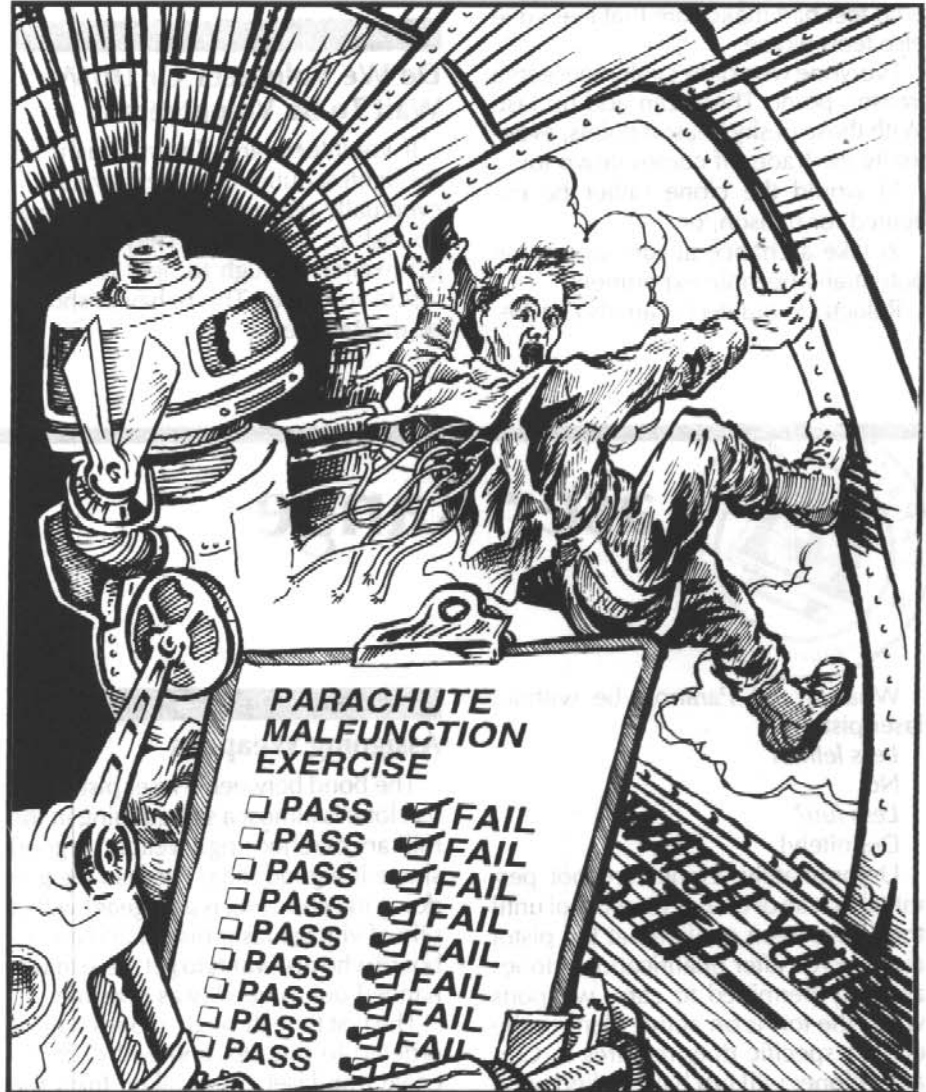
The military has some of the finest equipment in Alpha ...

that the "cold-fun taste-testing" is actually an experiment to see how a new type of nerve gas affects sensory input.

The Perks Are FAAAB-ulous

Volunteering can be good. Really. Sometimes it doesn't even hurt too much or leave permanent scars.

Once in a while, something really unexpected and good can come from volunteering. Sometimes survivors of dangerous programs are decorated or discharged early. Willing volunteers almost always get brownie points added to their permanent record. They are sometimes given additional leave. They are sometimes excused from other duties. They might even get additional privileges (like an extra half hour-cycle of watching Teela-O videos, or a double ration of Cold Fun).

The Alternatives Are Distinctly Not Fun

On the other hand, not volunteering can be bad. Each time the sergeant has to ask for volunteers and an insufficient number of clones stepped forward, this makes the sarge feel bad. And sarges who feel bad make sure that everyone else feels worse.

Everyone who didn't volunteer gets a treason point. These can add up fast. With those pesky treason points, eventually the trade-off comes down to:

1) would the clone rather be executed for treason, or

2) take a chance at surviving some potentially horrible experiment?

Reluctant volunteers can also be "re-warded" with Mandatory Extra Bonus Duty, extra training, extra *stuff*, reduced leave time, and other not fun events.

It is often the case that everyone in the squad will have to volunteer for some extra duty. The gamemaster can use this to further the spread of Fear, Uncertainty, and Doubt (FUD) by careful misdirection of the players.

Do We Volunteer Or Do We Wait To Be Volunteered?

If volunteers are always sought for the lightest duties first, the players will eventually realize this (like, next time you ask for volunteers). They may even get excited enough to fight to be the first to volunteer. This behavior should be discouraged.

Once the players realize that volunteers get the cushy jobs, the gamemaster should change the order: the first volunteers get the worst jobs.

Then, go back to doling out the cushy jobs first. Then the tough ones. Assign the volunteers to tasks in any order by not telling the clones which duties they are volunteering for until *after* they have volunteered.

Sgt: "I need some clones to act as guards in the Officers Club. I need three volunteers."

Clones 1,2, and 3: "Me! Me! Me!"

Sgt: "OK, you, you, and you, come with me. The rest of you vat-vermin get over to the Officers Club on the double, and report to Pubah Sgt. I got somethin' special for you three. Heh heh."

Clones 1,2,3: "Ulp!"
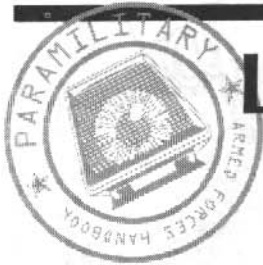
Laser Range

What would *Paranoia* be without laser pistols?

Less lethal?

No.

Less fun?

Definitely!

Unfortunately, clones are not permitted to use or carry a laser pistol until they have been qualified at the pistol range. Even after qualification, clones are only permitted to carry weapons when the fort is on active alert, or the clone's specific duty requires it. Creative clones will just have to find ways to fight treason without keeping their lasers handy.

If a clone cannot use a laser pistol, then that clone cannot be assigned any duty that requires the use of a laser pistol, like guard duty or combat (yeah!). However, the armed forces aren't going to just let that clone sit around and relax; they're going to find things that that clone *is* qualified to do, like KP or garbage detail, or armor testing on the laser range. Once this is made clear to the players, you can be sure that the clones will be zipping down to the laser range to practice.

Assigning Weapons

The bond between a laser pistol and its clone is almost a sacred thing in the military. So choosing a weapon in good shape is a good idea. Too bad the guy doing the choosing is a sergeant with a pile of vintage laser pistols and a clipboard who just wants to get these things handed out as quickly as possible.

The first time through, clones will be ordered to line up, and will each receive one laser pistol taken from the pile in serial number sequence. The sergeant will always check the laser to make sure that it is unloaded before handing it to the clone. Once the sergeant records the pistol's serial number, the clone may feel assured that this particular pistol will now be permanently associated with and unerringly traceable back to the assignee. Isn't that comforting?

Instruction

Before anyclone even gets to look at a laser barrel, everyclone will need to learn how to field strip, clean, and reassemble their weapon. The sergeant will quickly demonstrate, and then slowly walk the clones through each step. As long as the clones pay attention and follow along, they should have no problems.

After the sergeant has walked the clones through the procedure, he will have each of them repeat it on their own. Each step requires a normal *Mechanical Aptitude* check. A failed check means that the clone has goofed, and must start that step over. A fumbled check indicates that the clone may have damaged the weapon or lost a part. Needless to say, the sergeant will not be happy about this. Extra duty, Mandatory Bonus Calisthenics, or outright verbal abuse may be in order.

Ammunition

The clones will be given *discharged* laser barrels at first, in order to practice loading and unloading a laser pistol. The barrels are indeed discharged, as

The Computer would hate to waste valuable ammunition and clones during a training exercise. Mistakes never happen (mistakes are treason), and the barrels will always be completely and totally discharged. All of them. Every time. Always.

Alright, I lied. The laser barrels will occasionally (upon gamemaster's whim) not be empty. If anyclone actually fires a functional laser, the sergeant will immediately drop to cover and return fire (provided he survived). The entire squad may soon discover that they each have one or two shots left in their laser barrels. If the sergeant survives, the clones will be in big trouble. If the sergeant doesn't survive, the clones should have an interesting time explaining what happened.

The sergeant should emphasize that the barrels are indeed discharged, but that anyone caught pointing a discharged laser at another clone is a prime candidate for the sergeant's wrath. The sergeant will snatch the pistol away from the clone, and in a blur of motion, end up with the clone against the wall and the laser planted firmly in the center of the clone's forehead. While the squad watches, the sergeant will unload the pistol and reload it with another barrel from his belt which, he will explain, the last squad claimed was empty. The sergeant will continue, "Smarty-clone here is so sure these barrels are empty that I've got me a volunteer to test them on. At this range it'll probably blow your head clean off. So whatta you say, Punk? Does it feel empty?"

The purpose of this is not to prove that the sergeant is a psychopathic clone with a desire to kill people. While this is probably true, it is beside the issue.

At this point the situation has become no-win for the clone. If the clone indicates that the barrel is empty, the sergeant will pull the trigger and prove that it was not: activate a new clone. If the clone backs down, the sergeant will make a big speech about not pointing pistols at people unless you intend to shoot, and assign the whole squad to KP.

Qualifying

Traditionally, any weapon range is rigidly run as a matter of safety. All rules must be obeyed. Offenders will be punished severely. Typical rules for a laser pistol range follow:

1) Do not fire until instructed to. Fire before being instructed to only in case of treason.

2) Cease firing immediately when instructed to, unless you have reason to believe that the clone giving the order is a traitor, the enemy, or your designated target.

3) Aim *only* at your designated target down-range. Hitting anything besides your target could be construed as destruction of property, and a waste of valuable resources (the ammunition just wasted). Missing is treason.

4) All weapons must be emptied of ammunition, and this condition demonstrated before a weapon can be handed to other personnel. The receiving clone may then reload the weapon.

5) When acting as a target for armor testing or other activities, be courteous and remain in an upright position and away from cover. Going to a prone position, or hiding under cover only wastes the valuable time of all personnel on the laser range. Thank you for your cooperation.

Make sure that the players obey the rules of the firing range. Waving the pistol around, or handing it to another person while loaded should get the player chewed out by the sarge at bare minimum, and is more likely to get the empty

A soldier must know how to repair his weapon under the most adverse conditions.

laser barrel stuffed down the offending clone's throat. A rash of extra duty is not an uncommon occurrence at this point. Failing to qualify after three attempts is also grounds for extra duty.

To qualify, a clone must hit the target five times out of ten with a laser pistol. Hitting the target with a laser pistol is a normal skill roll — meaning the player must roll less than the clone's laser skill, five times out of ten.

The sergeant may choose to start with stationary targetbots, which will taunt the clones and laugh at their pathetic attempts. However, in order to qualify with a weapon, the clones will have to face a live target. If no other squad has been assigned bonus armor testing duty then the sergeant will have

to rely on volunteers from the squad for targets. Targets are usually given a suit of reflec armor (L4), but in usual Armed Forces fashion, there may be an insufficient amount to go around, or some of the suits may be mislabeled and actually a lesser color of protection. If the clones have behaved particularly poorly, the Sergeant may even "forget" to tell the clones to don the reflec armor. Use standard combat modifiers for running and dodging live targets engaged in armor testing.

The procedure for qualifying with other weapons is similar. Basic repair and maintenance skills are taught first, and then the clones are allowed to fire the weapons under close supervision.

Live Ammo: Laser Qualification

If you would rather have your players do something fun (Remember: Fun is mandatory, Citizen!) instead of rolling lots of dice, you can have them qualify with a rubber dart pistol, laser tag guns or a flying-saucer gun. The final qualification (using live targets) is discouraged. You may even want to give out little laser pistol qualification badges to put on the players' "uniforms."

You may also want to have the players qualify with other weapons: grenades (water balloons), homing grenades (frisbees), cone rifles (ping-pong ball shooters), and electro-bows (soft foam crossbow shooters) for instance.
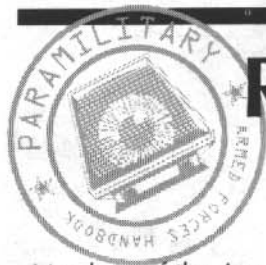
Regular and Bonus Dutycycles

Members of the Armed Forces have regular duties that they must perform. You can think of these regular dutycycles as the clone's job — much like a clone's service group. These are the "jobs" that the Armed Forces clones will report to each daycycle. In addition to this regular dutycycle, clones may be assigned additional bonus dutycycles.

A bonus dutycycle is usually assigned in rotating order among the various personnel — though not necessarily fairly, or evenly. Some assignments are reserved for punishment (such as KP), while others are reserved as a sort of reward. The remaining dutycycles are doled out to available personnel because they are things that need to be done, and with typical Computer-like efficiency, The Computer determined that it was better to conserve clone-power by having everyclone double up on dutycycle.

Regular Dutycycle

Regular dutycycle is determined by using the regular dutycycle chart for character generation. This is the clone's initial assignment, and can be changed with frightening ease by anyone except the affected clone. The Computer and Armed Forces officers can change a clone's assignment by simply changing the clone's orders. It is possible (actually quite common) for clones to receive conflicting assignments from The Computer and various officers. In the military's opinion, this is the clone's responsibility to straighten out; of course, the bureaucracy will go out of its way to hinder the clone. If the clone can prove that he or she was assigned conflicting assignments, the clone is told that this is due to the actions of Commie Mutant Traitors, and the clone is reprimanded and punished (normally with extra dutycycles) for not being able to detect an obvious commie ploy.

The clone's immediate supervisor (non-commissioned officer) can always request that the clone be transferred. These requests are not always honored, but they are usually honored when a clone is causing trouble, performing poorly, or is just plain unsuited for the current assignment.

Needless to say, the clone's supervisor has a lot of input on a clone's performance reports, so a good working relationship with the sergeant is a must. It isn't unknown for disgruntled supervisors to discover unquestionable evidence of treason, mutation, communist tendencies, mental illness, deviance or an unusual affinity for dance music. These things are sufficient to get the clone tossed into the brig, assigned to KP or

given some other suitable penalty.

Clones may also volunteer for a regular dutycycle change, though this is usually worth a treason point or two as the clone has just expressed a degree of dissatisfaction with the wonderfully well-suited task assigned by The Computer in its ultimate wisdom. Happiness is mandatory, Citizen.

Regular Dutycycle Chart

Roll D20	Regular Dutycycle
1	Militant Troopers (MTs)
2-3	Technical Support
5	Recruiting
6-13	Combat Duty
14	Supply
15	Logistics & Motor Pool
16-17	Armed Forces Field Engineers (AFFE)
18	Training
19-20	Administration

Militant Troopers (MTs)

Clones that are assigned to the MTs act as internal security agents for the Armed Forces. Lower level clones are used as guards for insensitive sites, and respond to police emergencies related to military matters. Higher level clones get to guard prestigious sensitive sites, perform dangerous intelligence missions, weed out sedition among the ranks, and generally act like their civilian Internal Security counterparts.

MTs are notorious for having no sense of humor, strictly interpreting regulations and falling for almost any bluff, con, bootlick or bribe (as long as it's subtle). Of course, it is entirely possible that the MTs foster these rumors just so they have even more excuses to put people in the brig and read them the hideous poetry they compose on slow dutycycles.

Technical Support

Technical Support contains all of the skilled technicians needed to keep the high-tech equipment functioning at its best. Clones assigned to Technical Support are usually trained in a very narrow specialized field. This means that a Warbot MK II model 37 maintenance and repair-clone third grade may have little or nothing to do most of the time (until a squadron of them report for repairs after receiving damage in battle and the only qualified repair-clone on base faces weekcycles of unanticipated surplus workload).

As one might expect, Technical Support clones never have to attempt repairs with inadequate or faulty parts, no do they ever bravely charge into a job without a complete technical briefing. Of course, even if they did, they'd have to keep it quiet to avoid a court martial or reprimand, since their commanders, and all of the officers above their commanders always provide complete instruction and supplies for the job.

Recruiting

These clones are assigned to convince other civilian clones to join the Armed Forces. Clones in the recruitment branch are expected to recruit a suitable number of infrareds per weekcycle, or face punishment for poor performance. Conscription and impression, while not specifically forbidden, are frowned upon since they tend to be wasteful of valuable Computer resources (mainly ammunition and recruiters).

Of course, we've already dealt with recruiting, but imagine the fun that can be had for players assigned to the thankless job of conning other clones to fall for the stupid ploys they did.

Combat Duty

Clones assigned to combat duty are those clones reserved for fighting. They may not actually be fighting though (depending on the availability of foes and

"""""llllll"""'mmmmm ffffffiiiiiiinnnnneeee...."""""

excuses), and in these cases are either on maneuvers (practicing fighting), or are assigned to two sections of bonus dutycycle instead of a regular dutycycle.

Supply

The supply section deals with PLC, and controls the rationing of valuable Computer resources throughout the Armed Forces. Clones serving in Supply can sometimes get better equipment, unavailable items, and, once in a while, even treasonous items. They can also sometimes get caught. Getting caught usually results in a court martial and some treason points unless extenuating circumstances dictate (like the Modern Major General really appreciated the extra Bouncy Bubble Beverage Roulette Dispenserbot that the clone managed to scrounge up on short notice ...).

Logistics & Motor Pool

Logistics includes working in the kitchens (production and service), and transportation of food and supplies to personnel in the field. L&MP maintains a fleet of cargo vehicles for moving food and supplies. On-base transportation is also the responsibility of L&MP.

Armed Forces Field Engineers (AFFE)

AFFE personnel are responsible for all major construction in the Armed Forces. These are the clones that build (and consequently demolish) bridges, new military bases, and other large installations. They also provide support to the civilian community for large projects like sealing dome breaches, and food vat overage subdual and containment.

Training

Everyclone is assigned to the training section at one cycle or another. New clones are assigned to initial training until they succeed or run out of clones. Clones are often reassigned to training for additional instruction whenever it suits the gamemaster's purpose. Sometimes this will even coincide with the assignment to a new section, but rarely will the skills taught be useful in the new position (The Computer found that it reduced valuable on-the-job training opportunities). Instructors are also assigned to the training section.

Administration

Administration is the source (and ultimate destination) of all paperwork and bureaucracy in the Armed Forces. While supply personnel may become fine artists of red-tape cutting, only clones that have served in the administration section of the Armed Forces can achieve true mastery of the art of paperwork.

Bonus Dutycycle

Bonus dutycycle is assigned to all clones regularly, though in many cases it may not take up a large portion of the clone's specified leisure period. As punishment, clones may be assigned to particularly nasty BD, or even be assigned bonus bonus duty (BBD) depending on the severity of the infraction. As a reward clones can be assigned light BD, or even have BD waived. Gamemasters can use the following tables to generate BD of the appropriate type.
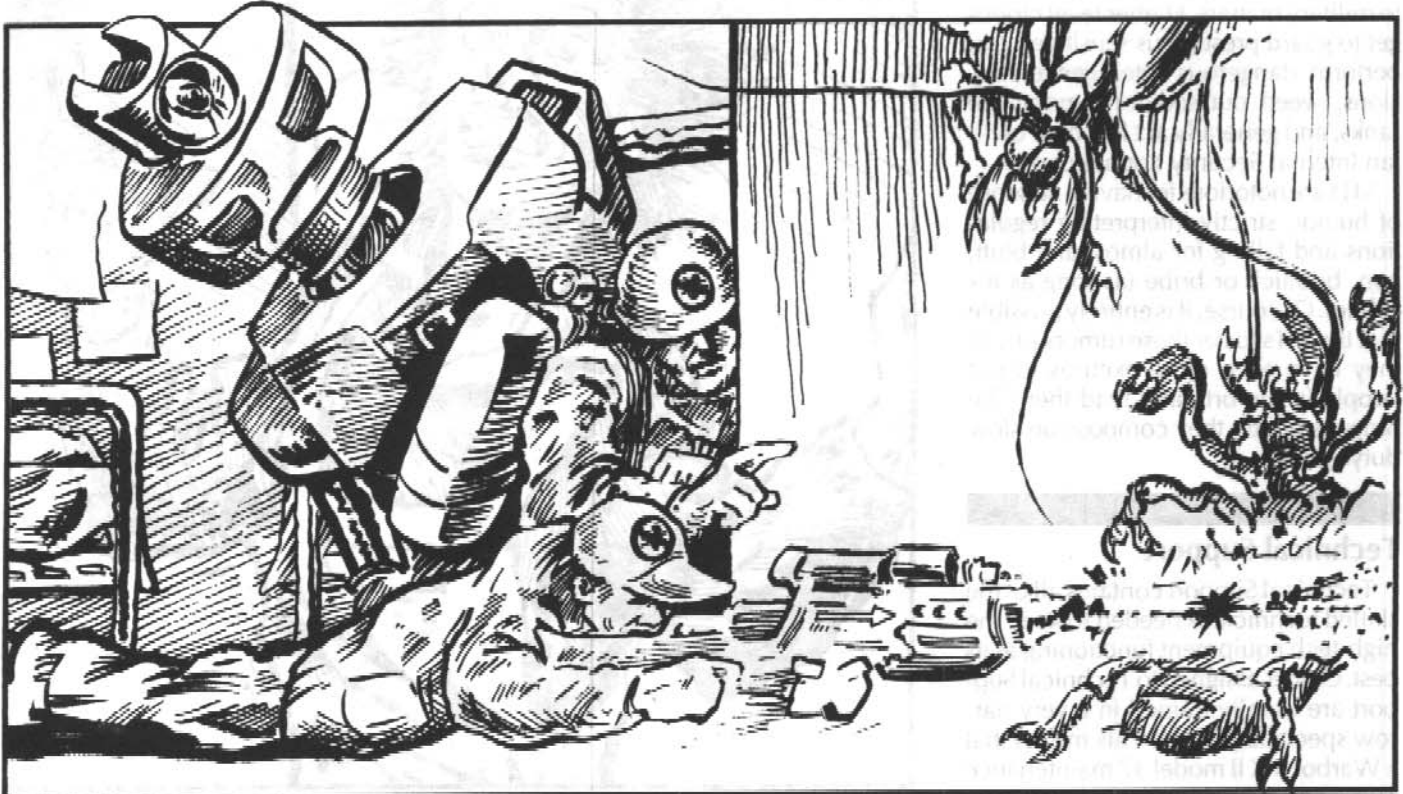
You never know what will escape from the food vats.

D20	Bonus Dutycycle
0	No Bonus Duty
1-2	Honor Guard
3-4	Relations
5-6	Guard Dutycycle
7-8	Base Maintenance
9-10	Base Sanitation
11-12	Base Safety
13-14	Refuse Police
15-16	Refuse Transport
17	Kitchen Police (KP)Dutycycle
18-19	Bonus Physical Training
20-21	Latrine Maintenance Dutycycle
22	Bonus Bonus Duty (roll twice on this table)

For light dutycycle: D20 - 1
For heavy dutycycle: D20 + 2

No one is safe until the Hygiene Patrol has completed its appointed rounds.

Honor Guard

Clones assigned to an honor guard duty will typically need to dress in special uniforms, and perform some ceremonial function. This includes carrying banners and flags, escorting important visitors and pretending to be interested in whatever may be going on. This duty is never strenuous, and either takes a small amount of time each daycycle, or only takes one extended period per weekcycle. This may even get the involved clones a brownie point or two.

Relations

This could involve speaking to junior citizens for recruitment purposes, or acting as catering servers at an officers' party. The clones may be required to do some real work, but some small fringe benefit may result if the clones play their cards right (like getting access to higher clearance food in the above example). This can also be a means to get the players introduced to an important gamemaster character who will help or hinder the characters in the future.

Guard Dutycycle

Guard dutycycle varies in many ways. The following tables are provided for randomly generating guard dutycycle, and possible related events. The gamemaster should roll on (or pick from) at least the Post Location and Object to be Guarded tables. Additional tables are optional.

Base Maintenance

This duty requires the clones to perform various small maintenance and repair tasks around the base. This includes replacing light bulbs, painting and replacing broken windows. This can be an excellent opportunity for clones to gain access to areas that are normally off-limits, and a possible supply for tools and materials that might otherwise be unavailable to the clones.

Base Sanitation

Base sanitation dutycycle involves all of the normal janitorial work that is not covered (sometimes intentionally) by bots. This may include sweeping,

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Live Ammo: Recruiting From The Other Side of the Fence

Roleplaying conventions are great places to run the "you've got to recruit others to join up" scenario. Since most game conventions have a plethora of people waiting around in lobbies for friends, open gaming, registration, etc., recruiting scenarios are an especially rich way to spread to the *Paranoia* live experience to many beyond your players ...

---

emptying waste receptacles, and other menial cleaning jobs. Often this work could be performed by scrubots, but in the military clonepower is cheap and available.

Sanitation duty gives the clones an opportunity to enter areas that are normally off limits, and may expose the clones to plot clues in the form of paperwork accidentally left out or improperly disposed of. Then again, sanitation duty is a great way to have the clones get caught in the middle of a firefight or plot that is none of their business were it not for lousy timing. The emphasis may be on how to perform the sanitation duties when the clones can't legitimately gain access to the areas assigned.

Base Safety

This is a catch all for emergency services. Fires, nuclear or chemical spills, reactor overloads, and medical emergencies are covered by this section with the supervision of qualified NCOs. This duty can be very hazardous but tends to mostly involve waiting for an emergency to happen.

Emergencies can be exciting adventures (the food got loose from the food vat and is terrorizing the vase), or excellent diversions for members of the safety section to accomplish some necessary task.
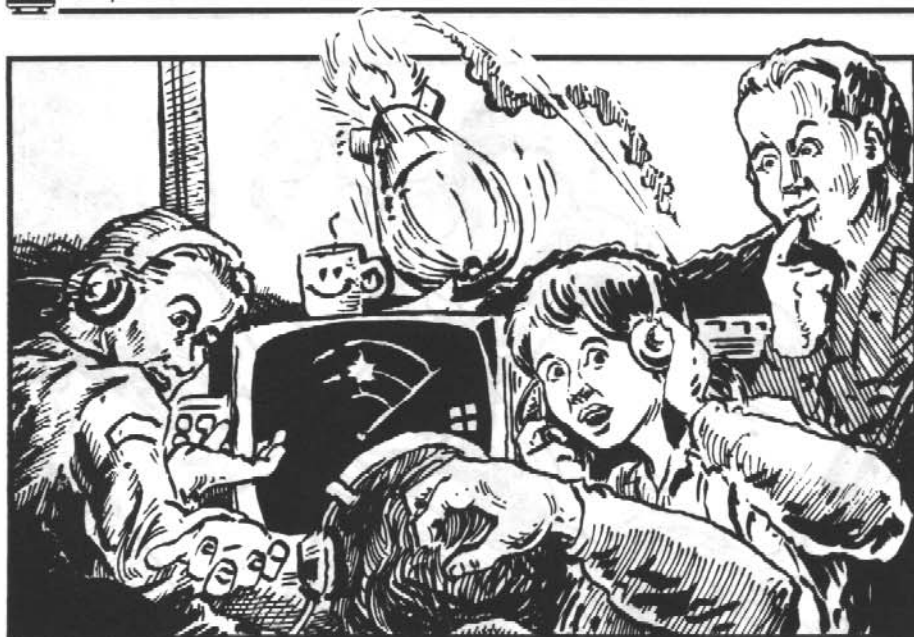
"That's a strange blip …"

Refuse Police

Unlike base sanitation duty, refuse police are required to pick up refuse in an area. They are often assigned to a wide area and expected to find and clean up any refuse in the area. This can be a problem if refuse is left after an area is policed. It is not unheard of for a sergeant to make a group of clones repolice an area if any "obvious" refuse was missed (obvious varies depending on the ire of the inspecting sergeant).

Guard Dutycycle Tables

D20	Post Location
1-2	Off Base: Weapons range or civilian installation
3-5	Base Perimeter: Main or other gate, or perimeter defense
6-9	Empty/Abandoned Building
10-15	Secure Area
16-17	Higher Clearance Area
18-19	In the Open: Outside or in a public area.
20	Unknown because of clearance or omission

D20	Object to be Guarded
1-10	Important Equipment: Supplies, vehicle, ammunition, experimental gear …
11-15	Personnel: Prisoners, Important Clones, Civilians …
16-19	Access: Keep people/bots in or out or both
20	Unknown because of clearance or omission.

D20	Random Occurrences (roll as often as desired)
1-3	Lost clone stumbles into guard post by accident.
4-5	Someclone checking up on the clones.
6-10	D10 Traitors planning theft/liberation/sabotage.
11	Emergency elsewhere. Roll again.
12	Emergency at guard post. Roll again.
13-14	Authorized clone needs to pass through.
15	Authorized clone needs to pass through, but lost/misplaced authorization.
16	Mysterious inexplicable disappearance/swap/gain of object(s).
17-19	Boring watchcycle; guards fall asleep. Roll again.
20	Boring watchcycle; nothing happens

During refuse policing, clones are not usually heavily supervised, so this might be an opportunity for a clone to slip away and get some important task accomplished if the others will cover (or turned in for treason if they don't).

Refuse Transport

During refuse transport dutycycle, the assigned clones are required to supervise and work with a garbage scowbot. They will need to make the entire rounds every day, and ensure that the refuse is properly disposed of. This may involve going off-base to dump the refuse, or delivery to the kitchens for use in the manufacture of *the stuff* in the food vats.

Because RT takes place early in the morningcycle, it is unlikely that they will be supervised at all — thus providing a myriad of opportunities for treasonous activities.

Bonus Physical Training

This is sheer physical torture in the guise of exercise for punishment purposes. The clones can expect everything from a ten kilometer sprint in full gear to tongue push-ups.

Latrine Maintenance

Normally this task is completely automated. Unfortunately (due to treasonous sabotage, The Computer assures us) the scrubot breaks down and clone intervention is required. Needless to say, this is not a task that the clones (or other clones down-wind)

will soon forget. If the damage is due to sabotage, then the clones may have to deal with the offending party which could be something which escaped from the food vats, or perhaps a denizen of The Dungeon attempting to sneak into the base via a convenient underground entrance.

Kitchen Police

Kitchen Police entails all of the unpleasant duties that even the normal logistics personnel don't want to do. This includes actual maintenance of the *stuff* vats, setup and cleanup for meals in the mess hall. The clones will normally be supervised by regular logistics NCOs.
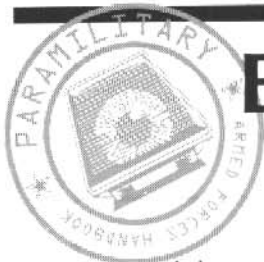
Equipment

It is rumored that a clone once received exactly the piece of equipment that was ordered from the quartermaster, on time, and without paperwork. It is also rumored that the supply sergeant responsible is still rotting away in some incredibly high-security prison without hope of release. Whether or not this rumor is true, the moral of the story is well-taken.

In order to get anything from supply, a clone needs to fill out paperwork — lots of paperwork. Requisitions for Requisitions, Requisitions for Equipment, Justification for Equipment Issuance, Receipt for Equipment Issued ... the choices for forms are *endless*. A good supply sergeant can always come up with one more form to fill out ... preferably one that is out of stock at the moment.

It is not uncommon for clones to go into berserk fits because of the frustration involved with dealing with supply. Therefore, the supply depot is set up with several small windows that can quickly be closed, along with several retractable automated semi-automatic slug throwers loaded with anti-riot rounds (Damage P4). In case of a supply riot, the personnel will close the windows, activate the guns and call for the MTs.

Armed Forces
Office of Supply
Form: XPX-36678-PO345-WEG§Δœ- ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

Form (Select one; cross out all others):

☐ Requisition for Equipment (form RE-1)

☐ Requisition for Requisition for Equipment (form RRE-1)

☐ Requisition for Requisition for Requisition for Equipment (form RRRE-1)

☐ Justification for (check one):

☐ RE-1 (JRE-1)

☐ RRE-1 (JRRE-1)

☐ RRRE-1 (JRRRE-1)

☐ Justification for Equipment Issuance (JERE-1)

☐ Receipt for Equipment Issued (R-RE-1)

> **Notice:** This form is not, in of itself, a complete document. It must accompany forms listed below to be considered by the department of supply:_____
> Be forewarned that all documents must be properly completed or application will be rejected and you will have to go stand in the corner until you can get it right.

Piece of Equipment Pertaining to Forms:

Official Serial Number: _____

Official Name: _____

Official Description: _____

Security Clearance: _____

Security Clearance for Instructions: _____

Security Clearance for Observation of Effects: _____

Why should this equipment be issued to clone in question:	Why isn't the clone's commanding officer requesting the equipment:	Why is the clone superseding his commanding officer by requesting this equipment, and therefore committing treason:
Please Print	*Please Type*	*Please Respond in Braille*

Chapter Four
Advanced Duty

Basic training covered the things that everyclone in the Armed Forces needed to know. (And trying to learn more than you need to know is treason, Citizen. In fact, even learning what you need to know might be treason. In fact, my telling you that is treason! I'd better report for termi —)

(What's that? I still have to finish the chapter? Oh, damn.)

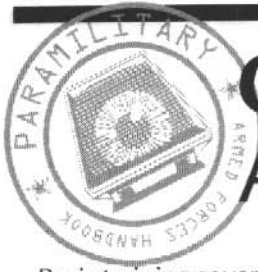Now that the clones have passed basic instruction, they are ready to receive advanced training for their final Military Operations Specialty (MOS — or "Moldy Old Socks," as some late, lamented clones referred to it).

This training will be specific to the MOS chosen (or assigned) to the clone. While the clones are permitted to express preferences with regards to their MOS, and some may even have "guarantees" as to which MOS they will be assigned to, they actually will have very little say as to which MOS is finally assigned. Of course, clones can rest assured that they will be assigned to the MOS that is perfect for them. Not being perfectly suited by the MOS assigned is treason. The Computer never makes an error. Did you ever doubt that?

Confusing the issue even further is the small matter of obfuscation. None of the MOS titles is very understandable out of context. For example, the *Vulturecraft Engineering Support* MOS might actually be a job sweeping out hangars, while the *Advanced <classi-fied> Operator* MOS could either be a job piloting Vulturecraft, or a job running a new experimental spudbot synthetato peeler. *Material Delivery* might look like a cushy job driving a truckbot, but its really a misspelling of *Materiel Delivery* and is a job driving

an ammunition delivery truckbot to keep the front lines supplied. (Did I say "misspelling"? I meant "an intentional alteration of language via the unquestioned wisdom of The Computer, long may It reign, keep off the grass, make deliveries in the rear, and can I go home now?")

In the end, the clones will end up with whatever MOS is assigned by you, but that doesn't mean that they should miss out on all of the fine fear, uncertainty and doubt that makes *Paranoia* what it is (a cult roleplaying game that brightens the day in mental wards around the world).

Special Opportunities

Normally an MOS requires a tremendous investment of time by the Armed Forces to ensure that the clone has been properly trained ("No, no, peel the synthetato from right to left, Do-G-FCE!"). With this in mind, the Armed Forces will try to keep a clone in the same MOS for a fairly long period of time, so as to maximize their investment, minimize their loss, accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, and don't mess with Mr. In-B-TWN.

Occasionally, however, a need arises for some personnel to participate in new programs — programs that involve personal danger. Fortunately, clones laugh in the face of danger! Smile at certain doom! Guffaw at grenadebots!

Often these roles will be filled by eager volunteers hoping to earn a few brownie points towards promotion (and we all know that brownie points can be spent to roll again, or reduce damage,

or ... oops, sorry, wrong game). Unfortunately, less information than is given for a normal MOS is usually provided to the clones for making these decisions. Once again fear, uncertainty, and doubt should rule the day.

And now that that's over with, let's sing the "MOS Club Song":
"Who's the wielder of the club,
That's aimed at you and me,
M-O-S —"

Wait a minute! Stop the music! Stuff a sock in that guy's mouth! We don't want to get sued! We were only kidding!

Whew. Another crisis averted by the Ed-I-TOR.

Well, that's it for this chapter. Be here next week for another chapter in the exciting adventures of — (oh, wait a second, he's dead. All we have are clones 1 through 4).

Okay, go on to the next chapter. Go on. Hurry up, your Hot Fun's getting cold. Don't let the page hit you on the way out. Beat it. Scram. Never darken my towels again.

(Pssst. Are they gone? Good. Now that it's just me and you, I can tell you that everything in this chapter was a crock. Clones are just tossed haphazardly into their jobs, with no training, poor equipment, no regard for their well-being. Nothing.

There! I said it! Go on and terminate me! Go on! I dare ya! I double-dare ya! The Computer is a sissy! The Computer's mother wears Vulture Warrior boots!

What's that? You're not going to terminate me? You're going to make me finish the book instead?

You really know how to hurt a clone.)
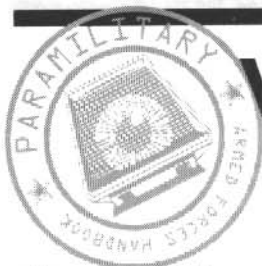
Vulture Fighter Training

Becoming a Vulture pilot is probably the dream of every new clone (would you believe most new clones? A few new clones? How about four G-IRL Scouts and a slingshot?). In this chapter, we will explore the advanced techniques used to train these elite forces, and how to get them out of your carpet.

Physical Training

Vulturecraft are expected to be very maneuverable at high velocities. This can expose the pilot to extremes of pressure and acceleration far beyond the ordinary tolerance of normal clones. Or not. It depends. Still, it sounds real dramatic, just like something out of "Top-G-UNN."

Potential pilots are subjected to a large array of tests in order to ensure that the clones are indeed capable of maintaining control. Some are multiple choice, some are short answer, a few are essay, and all will be on the final. Please turn to page 84, look at it, come back here and copy it from memory into the margins. With the pen in your toes. While humming "Flight of the Valkyries."

Pilots are also put through rigorous exercise programs to ensure that they remain in top shape, and thus are better able to withstand the extreme conditions associated with Vulture fighter combat. These include the Harv-ARD step test, the 12-step program, and the Harv-ARD 12-step test for drunks who care about their cardio-vascular system.

The Centrifuge

The centrifuge is a large circular device in which clones are placed and spun at high velocities. This allows for the simulation of high-gravity turns, and the measurement of the clone's performance under these high-gravity situations. (This also allows for lots of projectile vomiting, but you already know that.) The clones are always monitored while in the centrifuge, and any signs of physical damage will cause the centrifuge to speed up. We don't want any wimps in the Vulture Warriors.

Emergency Training

In case of emergency, potential pilots must learn the proper procedures for safely exiting the vehicle. Two such training devices the Dil-B-ERT Dunker™, and the Eject-O-Matic™ Emergency Preparedness Trainer™.

The Dil-B-ERT Dunker™ is a slightly modified Old Reckoning device, which was used to train new pilots. The modern version of this device consists of a mocked-up cockpit on a small rail-mounted cart. The lucky clone is strapped into the cockpit and the R&D squad ignites the ultra-powerful nuclear generator hyperspeed engine on the back. If the engine does not fall off, the cart plummets down the track at a breathtaking speed of 104 miles a second, does a loop-the-loop, flips over, spins on one wheel and does a perfect half-gainer into a pool of water. This simulates a bad day. The pilot then encounters the mechanical sharks (salvaged from an Old Reckoning studio tour). This simulates a worse day.

Test subjects are cautioned to remain calm and to exit the cockpit in an orderly, but speedy fashion, without screaming, crying, praying or doing anything you're not supposed to do in a pool. Those who pass move on to the next test. Those who fail move on to the next clone.

The Eject-O-Matic™ Emergency Preparedness Device™ (EEP-D™) was specially designed to help train pilots in the use of ejection seats, either for themselves or for particularly annoying companions. The EEP-D™ consists of a large caliber cannon which launches a simulated cockpit-shell to high altitude. At this point the trainee is instructed to enact the ejection sequence, which consists of:

1) Eject the canopy. Scream.
2) Pull arms and legs in close to body. Scream some more.
3) Try to pull the ejection seat lever. Scream even more when sweaty palms force you to lose your grip. Try again, using your feet this time. Success! Wind up hanging upside down from cockpit. Scream a little more.
4) When the seat achieves free-fall, pull the parachute release-cord. Scream. Make your peace with The Computer when the parachute fails to open. Scream. Watch as those colorful splotches on the ground become people, even as you become a colorful splotch on the ground. No screaming necessary at this stage.

Failure to follow all of the steps in the correct order could be harmful, not to mention treasonous. Since we know you don't want to be harmed (or upset Friend Computer), please carry out all steps as outlined above. The Ed-I-TOR will now point out the emergency exits in this book. Please fasten seat belts.

Earlier experiments showed that clones tended to eject without first opening the canopy (messy) or ensuring that all restraints were secure (also messy, but delayed somewhat). It was planned to put in safety interlocks to prevent such accidents from happening, but then we decided not to. I mean, what the heck? Why bother? It's all going to end soon anyway. Everyday, Alpha gets closer and closer to the sun! Soon we'll die a horrible, searing death in agonizing pain!

Don't mind me. I'm a little depressed…

Anyway, if the ejection mechanism is activated without first opening the canopy or securing all restraints, a red light that reads "Sucker!" will begin to flash while a Muzak soundtrack begins playing Mn-I-LOW tunes. The cockpit will then fill with Cold Fun (there's always room for Cold Fun). The unlucky clone will then be introduced to the excellent craftmanship that went into the floors at Alpha.

Studies of failures have also shown a

tendency for pilots to eject at supersonic velocities. This is not only hard on the pilot, but rough on the parachutes. Parachutes are Computer property. If you must eject at supersonic velocities, please have the courtesy not to open your parachute. Thank you and have a nice day.

Since the urgency of the situation may require ejection at supersonic velocities (intervening planets and all that...) no safety interlock was put in place to prevent that action. Parachute release has been made a manual procedure since a pilot's judgement is necessary to determine when the parachute can be safely deployed. Pilots are instructed to wait until free-fall and terminal velocity has been reached before deploying the parachute. This allows time for air-friction to slow the pilot's seat to sub-sonic velocities, where the parachute will actually serve a useful purpose. Either that or else he'll smack a mountain at one hell of a speed, and why screw up the highlight vids by slowing down the impact ...

(If this sounds like it was copied out of an Air Force manual, well, we won't admit it and you can't prove it. Besides, they gave us permission. Well, not exactly permission. The guard didn't shoot us when we walked out of the building with the manuals. Under our coats. We won't even tell you which Air Force, so there! It might have been any one of ... well, two.)

Since pilot blackout is fairly common under these circumstances, special nozzles in the cockpit will spray Hot Fun in your ears should you pass out. The Computer doesn't want you to miss a minute of this experience.

Redundant circuits have also been put in place to ensure that the ejection mechanism is not accidentally triggered at an inopportune moment. Redundant circuits are circuits that repeat themselves a lot, saying things like "Blue Warrior, your life force is running out," or "Dammit, Jim, I'm a redundant circuit, not a doctor," or "I've got a plan. Let's surrender. Make it so, Number One."

The system involves three exact duplicates of the triggering circuits (Clones 1 through 3) which constantly poll each other (i.e., "If an election were held tomorrow, how often would you vote for The Computer?" or "When did you stop beating your clone?") If all three circuits agree, then the action is carried out. If one of the circuits disagrees, he is beaten sadistically about the face and neck until he gives in. If a second circuit disagrees, the lone one left tosses the board and all the pieces in the air and refuses to play with them ever again.

In any case, where there is disagreement over the correct course of action, a warning light will indicate that a consensus error has occurred and that the pilot should take corrective action (screaming's always good. Works for us. Drawing funny pictures of yourself with the words "Crunch time" in red scrawled on top and taping them to the cockpit also works.)

Flight Simulation

The real point to pilot training is to help the pilot learn to cope with many dangerous situations without risking actual equipment. Toward this end, the Vulturex vulture-craft simulator was developed. Like many flight simulators of the Old Reckoning period, it was designed to be impossible to control while at the same time being stultifyingly boring. Scenery disks are available for only half your yearly income.

The Vulturex Simulator is capable of simulating flight in all attitudes, altitudes, weather patterns, first class, coach, or the back of a plane on its way to a game convention. Visual and instrumentation data is simulated by complex devices which are capable of better-than-real resolution, making even the average clone look good.

The simulator is also capable of representing and controlling simulated opponents under battlefield conditions. To emulate damage sustained in battle, the Vulturex simulator is capable of partially or completely disabling everyone inside. It is also capable of injecting thick black smoke or flames into the cockpit, removing all oxygen, simulating a blow-out, or even ejecting the clone in a mock-ejection scenario (or even a mock-ejection campaign. It can go on for months, with the clone being ejected once or twice a week, slowly building his character until it is a three-dimensional person crashing through that syntheglass.)

In fact, the simulator is so realistic that the survival rate for students in the simulator is actually lower than that of real Vulturecraft in combat (there is a strong suspicion that Commie mutant traitors were responsible for building the simulator. In addition, there are reports that El-V-ISS has been spotted in the simulators more than once.)

Reports to The Computer have indicated that the Vulturex simulator has prevented the destruction of nearly three thousand real Vulture fighters. How can The Computer possibly argue with a a success rate and cost saving like that? (What kind of a question is that? The Computer can do whatever it wants! Scrap that program! Scrap it now! Let the Vultures take their chances! How dare I ask such a question? This place is getting to me ...)

Dil-B-ERT Dunker

Eject-O-Matic

Step 2:
Ejection sequence

Step 1:
Pilot is shot from
cannon.

Step 3:
Parachute to ...
ahem ... safety.
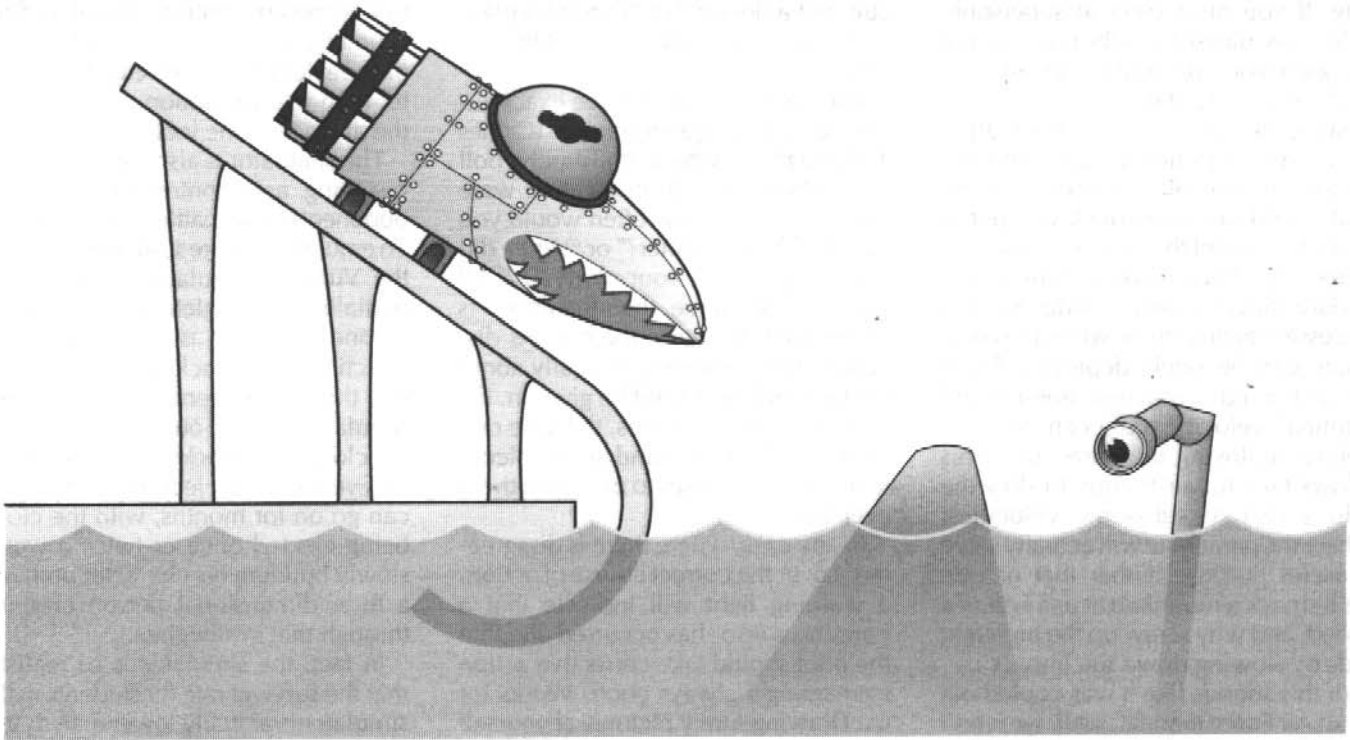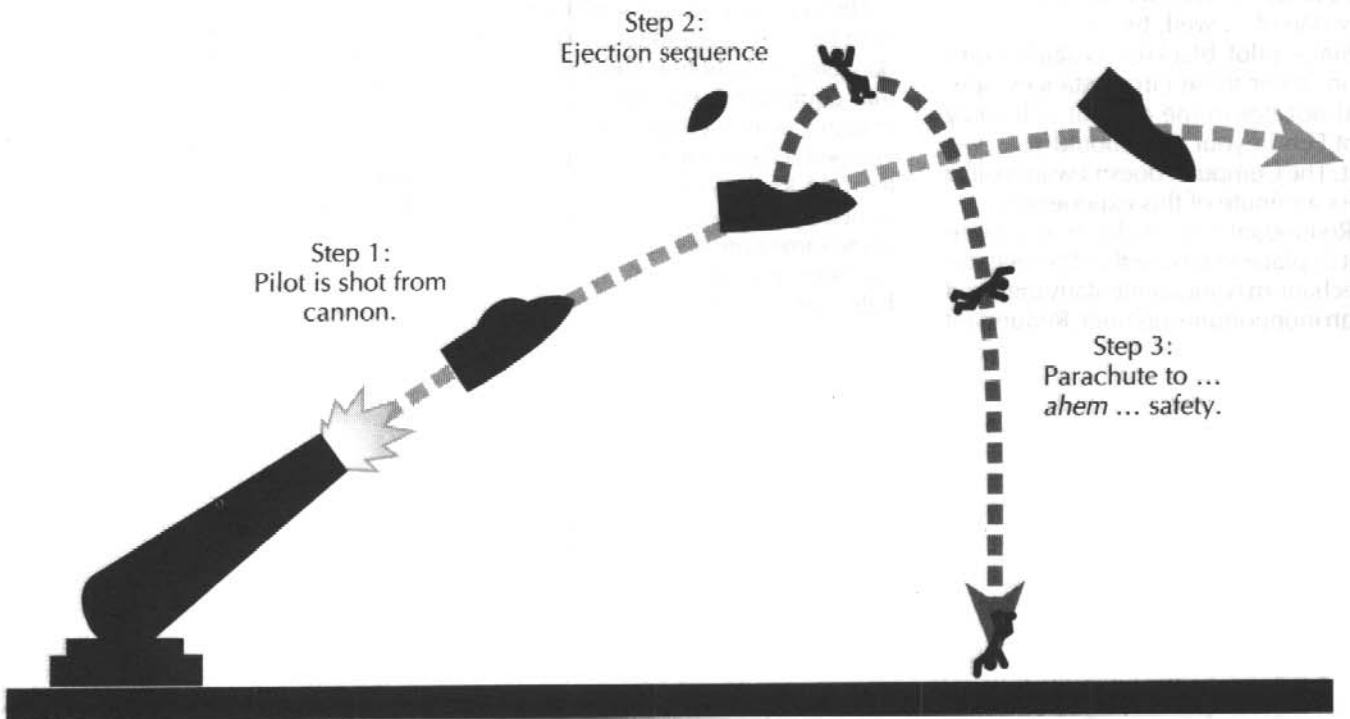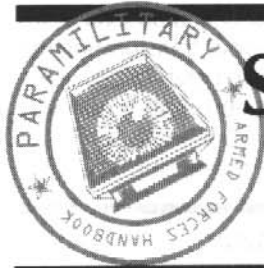
Special Forces

Background

Before the Secret Society wars, Commie mutant traitors sought to escape the righteous wrath of The Computer by hiding in the sub-levels, maintenance accesses and sewers of Alpha. (What Secret Society Wars? Oh, the ones that took place in all those little boxes on the covers of products. Sure, I remember those. Vaguely.)

The Commie mutant traitors of the dungeon quickly found themselves dealing with all sorts of horrors: poverty, malnutrition, Hot Fun withdrawal, sex (send the children out of the room. Go ahead, we'll wait. No, relax, people who live with their mothers don't automatically count as children, although if you're old enough to be buying this you really should be out of the house and contributing to the economy ...)

Some mutations bred "true" (in other words, they produced familiar-seeming Commie mutant traitors), while others created whole new breeds of traitor. Many of these were horrible to look upon, gave off a nauseating stench and were an abomination in the eye of The Computer—others were just really icky.

Many of these traitors came to believe that their mutations were actually useful survival skills — and actually, they were, right up until their bearers were terminated. Entirely new species came to be in the underground, particulary in BTY and the BST sectors. Some took to kidnapping bodacious babebots from the surface for mad orgies of poetry reading, but that's another story.

As more and more subspecies began to appear, those fun guys at Psion took a hand. With the help of a grassroots campaign, thousands of dedicated volunteers (who were paid and paid well), a simple message, and more money than The Computer, Psion convinced the subspecies that ugly was in. The uglier the better. Self-worth was based on how quickly you could make a

normal Commie mutant traitor throw up. Anyone who looked like anyone else was immediately executed. Then the person who they looked like was executed, since they reminded everyone of the dead traitor. Then everyone who had ever seen the two lookalikes together was executed, so they wouldn't get any funny ideas.

Pretty soon, "Home Mutation Kits" were all the rage ("If the stick turns blue, you're really disgusting.") Everyone was experimenting on themselves, their friends, perfect strangers, trying to achieve just the right combination of horror and pathos. And a good time was had by all.

Many of these mutations were purely cosmetic, but others were extremely powerful. So powerful, in fact, that they were able to transform mediocre artists into incredible egomaniacs and turn a simple super team into a huge waste of time. Misunderstood and filled with angst, they became a major threat to Alpha (particularly their leader, charismatic, imposing, die-cut, gatefold and covered with holograms). Going by the name of "Dark Tuscon," he sent shudders through the most courageous clones.

The Colossal-Clone Concoction

It was only a matter of time before the mutants began attacking, often forcing everything else off the shelves. Using a devastatingly powerful technique called the "crossover," they managed to confuse and confound their foes. Although the brave Armed Forces of Alpha killed them repeatedly, somehow they kept getting brought back through various lame devices.

Soon, the Armed Forces started a Super-Clone program of their own. Their first effort resulted in the creation of the "Colossal Clone Concoction," the invention of Dr. Erskine Reinstein Erskinrein. The first subject of this ex-

periment would have gone on to become as famous as "Captain Clone, Defender of Liberty," except that the Commie mutant traitor spy who was supposed to assassinate Erskinrein failed miserably. Thus, there were any number of super-clones created through this program.

Since the Alphan program has been primarily directed at developing powers rather than changes in appearance, it has been somewhat more successful at gaining useful results, though the permanence of the process is somewhat dubious, and lingering side-effects are common. Periodically, super-clones perish and then reappear as romantic clones, teenaged clones, cyberclones and clones with an attitude.

The Colossal Clone Concoction affects different individuals in different ways. Some clones see no effects, others are given amazing mutant powers, and still others end up captives of artists who think they can write. Of course, no clone is forced to take the serum — they're all asked politely. By The Computer.

While the Colossal Clone Concoction is one way that clones can be spontaneously mutated, there are other, experimental methods under development. These include being exposed to Hot Fun radiation, being bitten by a radioactive docbot, or watching in horror as your clone vat is gunned down before your eyes.

The Colossal Clone Concoction: Use of the serum requires one hourcycle for complete results. After this no further mutation will occur, other than regression if and when the serum wears off. Roll on the "Number of Mutations" chart, and then on each of the other charts for each mutation indicated. Make sure to describe to the player how his character's hair turns blonde, jaw gets square, and he feels the sudden urge to shout "Clones Convene!" all the time.

Extreme Radiation Therapy: Use of radiation therapy tends to produce fewer but more powerful mutations.

Roll on the "Number of Mutations" chart at -2 on the die. Roll on the "Mutation Strength" chart at +2 on the die roll. These mutations tend to remit and reappear. Any result of less than a daycycle indicate that the mutation will reappear when triggered by a condition determined by the gamemaster for the same duration.

(What all this means is that every night the clone will turn green and stomp around shouting "Clone clobber!")

Electrochemical Gene Splicing: This technique produces mutations that are more permanent but less powerful. Roll on the "Strength" chart at -2 on the die. Roll on the "Duration" chart at +2 on the die. This makes for one of these really complicated origins that allows players to catch a nap during the exposition.

The Snapper Syndrome: This won't actually give you any powers, but will turn you into a whiney sidekick for a super team. Must make an effort to be "hip" at all times.

Mutagen Immersion: Immersion in a mutagenic chemical tends to produce more mutations of lesser degree. Roll on the "Number" chart at +2, and on the "Type" chart at -2. The most popular dungeon treatment is an enhanced version of this method that doubles the bonuses and penalties on the rolls. It also means clones don't have to take a bath on Sunday.

Stress Amplified Adrenaline Therapy: SAAT tends to produce fewer but more exceptional mutations. Roll on the "Number" chart at -2 and on the "Type" chart at +2. (Basically, this means whenever the character gets really excited — say, by an issue of *Playclone* — he turns into a horrible monster and rampages through the Outside.)

There are additional techniques, some of which are used in the dungeon, that produce other combinations of bonuses and penalties on the charts. Gamemasters should feel free to improvise whatever techniques are necessary, or desirable (like leaky micropiles in MICs), and assign whatever bonuses make sense. They should also feel free to parody whatever comic characters they would like, since they can't get sued.

Players should also be reminded that this process is dangerous. Players who constantly expose their characters to radiation in an attempt to gain new

mutant powers may be daring, bold and innovative or they may be dumb as posts and should be treated accordingly. Only the gamemaster knows for sure.

When a clone dies and needs to be replaced, it is up to the gamemaster to decide what mutant powers the replacement clone has. The gamemaster may just give the replacement the same powers, or the clone may have the same potential, but needs to be submitted to similar mutagenic procedures. The gamemaster may even decide to force the clone to re-roll any mutations from the start.

Or the gamemaster might decide that the character now wears mega-bands which, when clapped together, transports the character into a food vat while the mighty Captain Clone takes his place in Alpha.

Spontaneous Mutation Charts

Number of Mutations

Roll	Result
1-3	None
4-16	One
17-18	Two
19	1-5
20	1-10

Mutation Type

Roll	Type
1	Loss
2-10	Minor
10-17	Normal
18-19	Major
20	Exceptional

Loss: The clone loses one power for the duration indicated on the duration chart. Much wailing and gnashing of teeth ensues.

Minor: Roll on the "Minor Mutation Chart."

Normal: Roll on the normal "Mutation Chart" in the *Paranoia: Second Edition* rules.

Major: Roll on the "Major Mutation Chart."

Exceptional: These are so exceptional that they must be designed by the gamemaster for any specific instance. Make something up. The new power should be at least as powerful as the ones in the Exceptional or Normal tables. If you absolutely can't think of anything,

roll on the "Major Mutation Chart" instead. But try to avoid transforming the characters into 60-meter tall galactic entities who must absorb the collective lifeforce of Alpha Complex to survive. It might slow down the session.

Mutation Strength

Roll	Power
1-15	No additional power
16-18	5 power points
19	D20 power points
20	Double power

The subject gains (or loses, if a mutation is lost) the number of power points indicated in the chart. A result of *double power* indicates that the clone's power score should be doubled for the duration. Or that he should be led into a trap by his boy sidekick and left at the tender mercies of the archvillains Baron Blitzbot and Fraulein Food Vat.

Mutation Duration

Roll	Result
1	One Hourcycle
2-4	One Shiftcycle
5-10	One Daycycle
11-17	One Weekcycle
18	One Monthcycle
19	One Yearcycle
20	Permanent

Minor Mutations

Roll	Mutation
1	Palette Purification
2	Epidermal Transmutation
3	Follicle Formation
4	Phase Shift Day-Glow
5	Internal Limb/Organ Reaction
6	Factory Option Installation
7	Factory Option Recall
8	Factory Option Prototype
9	Mass Mutation
10	Political Hardware Growth

Palette Purification: The clone's color will change to something abnormal. Pale blue with orange stripes might be nice. Hopefully the clone is of a high enough security clearance to be wearing the color. Otherwise, well, it was nice while it lasted.

Epidermal Transmutation: The clone's skin changes its texture and/or composition. The clone could grow scales, get all wrinkly, or even look like
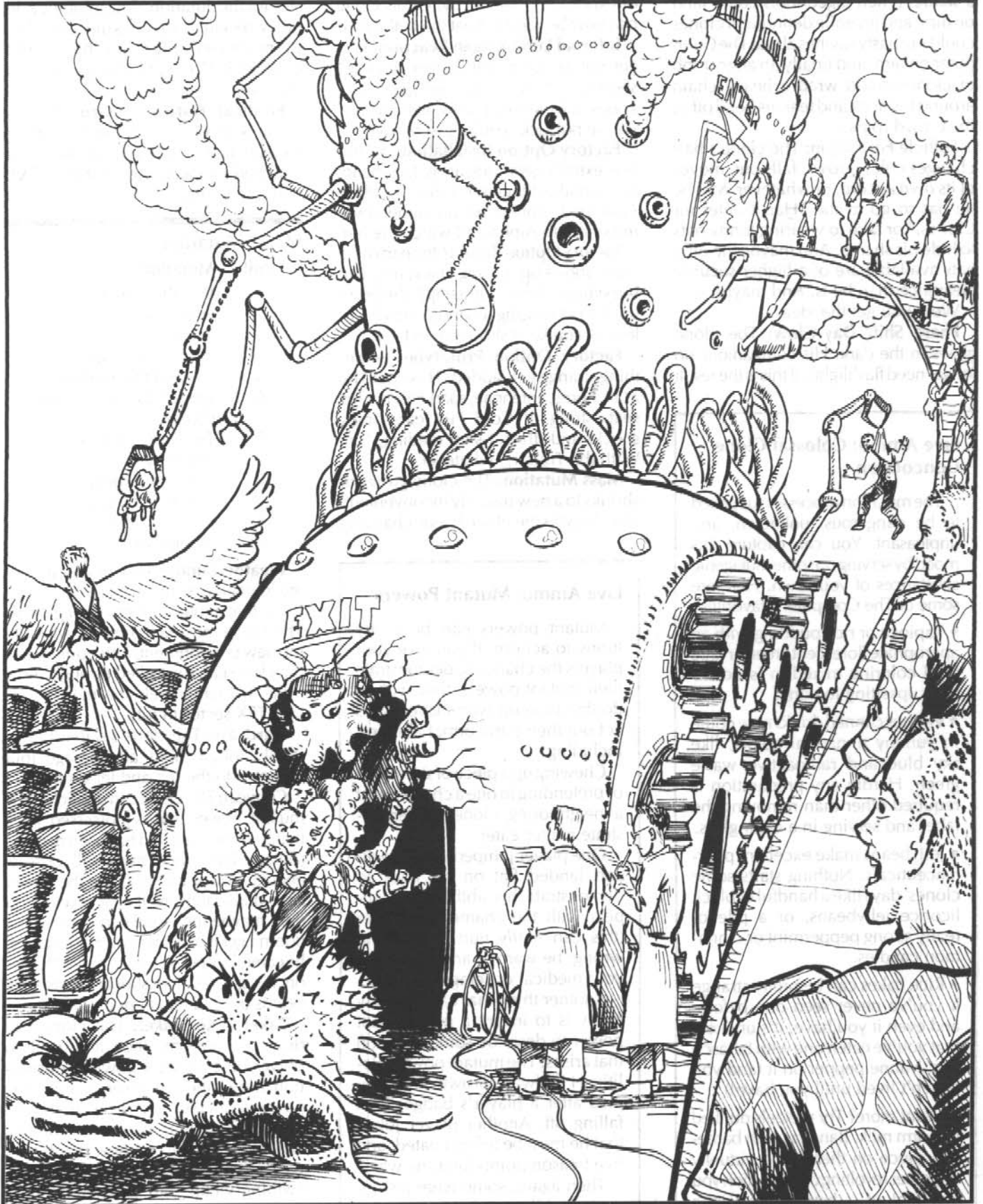
"Hurry up … we have to have the four teams finished in time for the five different hologram-cover first issues …."

a statue. (Then pigeonbots could land on him, and juvenile delinquent clones could say nasty sayings about The Computer on him, and finally an angry mob of clones could wrap a heavy chain around his neck and tear his head off as the crowd roars.)

Follicle Formation: The clone's hair changes color, grows, falls out, moves of its own accord, or whatever. Maybe he has to go to the "Hair Center for Clones," or take to wearing funny hats to hide his shame. And maybe the only hats available are of a higher security clearance than he is. And maybe —

Well, you get the idea.

Phase Shift Day-Glow: The clone glows in the dark. His companions no longer need flashlights. If this is the result of exposure to radioactivity, this clone can now be used to heat the bathwater.

Internal Limb/Organ Reaction: Ears get pointy, chin gets longer, legs get shorter, arms get longer, feet get bigger, knees get weak, palms get sweaty, you're not sick, you're just in love.

Factory Option Installation: A third eye, extra fingers, toes, arms, legs, head. Just to make things interesting, send the 12-armed cloned on an undercover mission into Alpha and watch the fun.

Factory Option Recall: One part of the clone shows up missing. (Hey, how can something "show up missing?" If it shows up, it's not missing anymore, right? Unless, of course, it shows up in Utah.)

Factory Option Prototype: Something strange gets added. This could be a tail, horns, antennae, sparklers, bucket seat, string of Cold Fun cans, new shocks and struts, t-shirt reading, "I'm With the Traitor," whatever.

Mass Mutation: The clone grows or shrinks to a new (usually inconvenient) size. Maybe the clone keeps changing size for the duration. One minutecycle, he's wrecking the team's meeting table, the next everybody has to charge VERY CAREFULLY toward the enemy, lest they step on him.

Political Hardware Growth: The clone is absolutely stick-free. Nothing can be taped, pinned, or otherwise attached to the clone. Not that R&D will quit trying.

Major Mutations

Roll	Mutation
1	Weatherbunny
2	Hardcase
3	Copycat
4	Take! Take! Take!
5	Beyond the Strange
6	The Amazing, Colossal Clone
7	The Fastest Clone Alive (For Now)
8	I'm Synthrubber, You're Synthglue
9	You Can't See Me!
10	Smorgasbord

Weatherbunny: This power allows the clone to survive extreme conditions that would otherwise kill him. The clone must take time to adjust to the new environment. This could mean the clone can run naked through snow drifts, do cartwheels through fire, or visit TEX sector in July.

Hardcase: The clone's skin is tough. Really tough. Shift all damage four columns to the left and let simmer.

Copycat: The clone can duplicate any mutant power that is possessed by a being within sight and has been demonstrated. The clone must still possess enough power points to use the power after duplicating it. If that sounds too dull, maybe the clone can copy it, but doesn't get it exactly right. For instance, he carefully opens the ruby-quartz lenses on his glasses and shoots devastating beams of Cold Fun from his eyes.

Take! Take! Take!: The clone can drain power from others and use it to power other mutant powers. Absorption allows the possessor to drain one power point per touch from an unwilling victim. Willing victims may donate whatever amount of power points they wish up to their current limit. (Isn't "willing victim" an oxymoron?) (No, an oxymoron is a really dumb bullbot.) (Oh, okay.)

Beyond the Strange: The clone has

Live Ammo: Colossal Clone Concoction

The mutation process is supposed to be dangerous, unknown, and unpleasant. You can capture this mood by serving up some mutagenic substances of your own. Here are some of The Computer's favorites:

• Tapioca or rice pudding with an appropriate florescent green or blue food coloring mixed in is downright upsetting looking.

• Various canned drinks now come in yummy unnatural colors, like sky blue and radioactive waste green. Hardly any preparation is required other than removing the label and serving in a clear glass.

• Jellybeans make excellent pharmaceuticals. Nothing starts some clones' days like a handful of black licorice jellybeans, or a pile of really strong peppermint or cinnamon candies.

• Rice cakes can be pretty strange if you've never seen one before, and even if you have, it's unlikely that you've eaten one with tabasco or cuyanne pepper on it (and you haven't lived until you have!)

Want more? Try pretzels dunked in warm milk. Bananas with barbecue sauce on them. And virtually any other revolting combination you can think of — hey, if they want a mutant power, make them earn it!

Live Ammo: Mutant Powers

Mutant powers can be pretty funny to act out. If you give your players the chance to demonstrate their mutant powers, they will no doubt come up with clever ways act out their paranormal abilities, including:

Chewing up a piece of styrofoam or pretending to bite a chunk out of a neighboring clone to demonstrate matter-eater.

One player jumped up in the air and landed flat on his back to demonstrate his ability to disappear with the chameleon power (this can *really* hurt if it's done wrong; be warned and check out your medical coverage).

Another thing that can be really funny is to invent a new mutant power to describe some situation that arises. The mutant power "Political Hardware Growth" was created after a player's badges kept falling off. Another player joked that he must be teflon coated, and five treason points later, he was.

Then again, some were just invented while we tried to get out of these funny jackets …

gained some new and unusual sense. Some samples are the ability to see radar or hear sonar, listen to radio, perceive power level or mutant powers in others, figure out why Rsn-B-ARRR is still popular, practice extra-sensory perception (not to be confused with extra-sensory conception, which is the result of thinking unclean thoughts).

The Amazing, Colossal Clone: The clone is either able to get smaller, larger, or both at will (but we're not telling you *whose* will). This does not include the clone's clothing or equipment. Impersonating a Jay-B-IRD is treason, Citizen.

The Fastest Clone Alive (For Now): This power allows the clone some special ability with regard to movement. This could be the ability to cling to ceilings and run on walls, or to walk through walls, or to leap 20 meters straight up. There should be flaws associated with this: maybe the clone has to eat 10 times his body weight in algae every half hour, or sticks to walls when he doesn't mean to, or his phasing power only works Outside, where there are no walls anyway.

I'm Synthrubber, You're Synthglue: Not just light, but everything: bullets, grenades, laserbeams, bounces off of this clone. Reflection costs one power point per use. The clone must have at least as many power points as the column number that damage would be rolled on in order to successfully reflect. Thus a clone could reflect a tacnuke, but it would require thirty power points to attempt. It would also be treason, but then, you know that.

Much better to let the tacnuke blow you up. Trust us. Really.

You Can't See Me!: The clone can become invisible at will. The clone is still visible in the infrared and ultraviolet parts of the spectrum. Invisibility does not affect the clone's clothing or equipment. Invisible clones might want to wear bells around their neck or sing really loudly so their fellow clones don't shoot them (a virtually unheard of act in Alpha Complex).

Smorgasbord: Roll D5+1 mutations, ignoring losses. Only one of these powers is usable at any given time. It costs the clone one power point to change which power may be used. Mix and match to your heart's content ("He's 20 meters tall, invisible, and magnetic! Yeah, that's the ticket!")

Merry Mayhem and More Special Forces

Background

It wasn't enough that special forces were a good idea, and soon, Alpha's mutants came to dominate *Paranoia*. No, we have a hit on our hands! People love this stuff!

You know, let's take advantage of this. How about basically giving the same information, but splitting it up differently. We could then do a big launch of this new concept, sell the same story with five different stories, and inflate the egos of our writers and artists to the point that they will leave us high and dry and form their own company ...

The Idea Dawns ...

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," hummed The Computer. It made that sound whenever Its circuits were working on a particularly difficult problem. The problem that It wrestled with was how to maintain order in Alpha Complex with the myriad of forces working against Its benevolent rule.

Alpha City, the Dungeon, the Badlands, Alpha Base ... these would all have to be brought back into the fold. Clones everywhere were falling to the forces of godless communism and evil mutants. Loyal Troubleshooters weren't enough. The Computer needed a new weapon to bring to bear on these problem areas.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Automated sensor systems in access tunnel BX-113/885-Q detected sounds ... Voices! Unauthorized access! The Computer shifted a minute portion of its massive intellect away from the problem at hand and activated a hidden video monitor in the tunnel.

Hmmmmmm.

There were two clones in the restricted area, speaking in hushed tones. The Computer adjusted the sensitivity of the hidden microphones so it could better hear what they were saying.

Hmmmmmmmmm.

"You! Yes, you, true believer! I have something here that any front-facing Marble fan would sell his membership in the Teela O-MLY Fan Club for. That's right! The first issue of THE most pow-

erful defender of truth, liberty and justice! Captain Ameri-Clone! See the purple spandexed avenger fight the forces of godless Communism. Fighting side by side with Flunky, the boy hostage, Captain Ameri-Clone is the defender of Alpha Complex! Only 100 plasticreds for this double bag, must have, holo-cover, first issue!"

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmm???

While the first clone was finishing his sales spiel, hidden lasers dropped down from the ceiling and sprayed the tunnel with high powered death. The comic book drifted slowly to the ground, Captain Ameri-Clone's purple uniform turning dark red from the splattered gore. Hidden speakers squalled to life.

"Citizens, this is your friend The Computer. This access tunnel is off limits to all personnel, please leave this restricted area immediately. Thank you for your cooperation."

Neither of the rapidly cooling bodies even managed a twitch. Mechanical arms hidden in the walls jerked from their resting place. They gently picked up the small, multicolored booklet and held it up to the video monitor and

began leafing through it.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmm ...

Mutants? Communists? Defender of Alpha Complex? Cream Cheese? **[Delete reference to Cream Cheese]** It just might work!

Chapter One: A Gathering of Titans or "Help, I've Got Ditko Fingers!"

Oh boy! Are we going to have fun in this adventure. This is the first official *Paranoia* adventure that takes your Troubleshooters into the exciting world of super heroes. At least the first in the past two, three pages anyway.

Why super heroes you ask? Remember how much fun it is to blast a Troubleshooter with a cone-rifle? Think about how much fun it'll be to drop an entire building on them, or hit them so hard they'll crash through the dome and be cut to shreds, before their lifeless body enters outer space.

Many of you may think that giving Troubleshooters super powers is a stupid idea. All I have to say to that is that The Computer thinks it's a good one. If you don't like the idea better know, report for immediate termination, thank you.

Mission Briefing

Read this section aloud or paraphrase. Personally, I think you should read it exactly as written. I mean, hey, I'm a professional and got paid for this. But if you think you can do better, go ahead. It better be good though; I don't want to hear your players whining that the adventure in *Paramilitary* was no fun, all because you took it upon yourself to change what I have written.

IF WE MAKE HIM
AMORAL *AND* ANGST
RIDDEN, IT JUST
MIGHT WORK!

Read Aloud

You are spending another exciting day in your Troubleshooter quarters waiting with breathless anticipation for the next fun mission that your friend, The Computer, will send you on. Everyone's favorite Vid show, "Wheel of Traitors" is on, and Vann-R is about to execute a commie with her twin chest-mounted cone rifles, when the screen goes blank and is replaced by a familiar eye symbol.

"Good morning! This is your pal, The Computer. Boy! Are we going to have fun today! Please report to R&D laboratory CER10DEATH for your new mission assignment. Use the Qwickmove™ Troubleshooter deployment chute, which has opened up near the Vid screen and have a nice day!"

A dark pit, measuring 10 meters in diameter, has appeared in the center of your quarters (kind of odd since your quarters are only about five meters across). It is very, very dark and very, very deep looking. Did I say 10 meters? It looks more like 11, no, no make that 12... what are you doing?

The Qwickmove™ Troubleshooter deployment chute is nothing more than a straight vertical shaft which drops straight down for nearly a full mile. Any clone jumping into the chute will arrive quickly at his destination, that of R&D lab CER10DEATH. There is an automated antigravity field, which will kick in just seconds before the clones crash onto the hard synthesteel floor below. The sentence preceding this one makes it sound like the clones will hit the antigravity field and be dropped like feathers onto the floor below, safely, gently. If you had assumed this, you are obviously new to the game of *Paranoia*. Any clones hitting the antigravity field will be flung back upwards into the ceiling over a mile above their heads. Meanwhile, the hole above will continue growing in size until it encompasses the entire floor. Needless to say, the doors are locked.

After a couple clones have been dashed into the ceiling, the eye symbol will appear again in the Vid screen and the computer will speak again.

Uh-oh

"Friends, there seems to be a small problem with the Qwickmove™ Troubleshooter deployment system. Communist saboteurs have gotten wind of the vital project going on there and are attempting to destroy the work there. It is imperative that you make haste in traveling there."

At this point, a metal pole shoots up from the hole and embeds itself in the ceiling. QWAAANG!!!

"Please use the Backup Automated Transtube Pole. Thank You!"

Clones employing the B.A.T. Pole will encounter no problems on the way down; the entire system has been tested for several years by both BruceWa-Y-NNN and DickGrays-O-NNN. When all the clones have hopped onto the pole, go on to Chapter Two.

Chapter Two: Secret Origin Time or "Goodness! I Seem to Have Been Bitten by a Radioactive Wombat After Ingesting That Strange Formula and Having Been Rocketed to This Planet as an Infant ..."

At the bottom of the chute, all of the clones find themselves dressed in strange, tight fitting clothing. They are in hero costumes. To find out what each clone's costume looks like, roll randomly on the following charts:

Super Hero Wardrobe Generating System

Head Gear

1. Scuba mask with snorkle
2. Beanie with propellor
3. Viking helmet
4. Yarmulke (look it up)
5. Coon skin cap
6. Collander
7. Aviator's cap with goggles
8. Napoleon hat
9. Fez
10. Cowbot hat
11. Football helmet
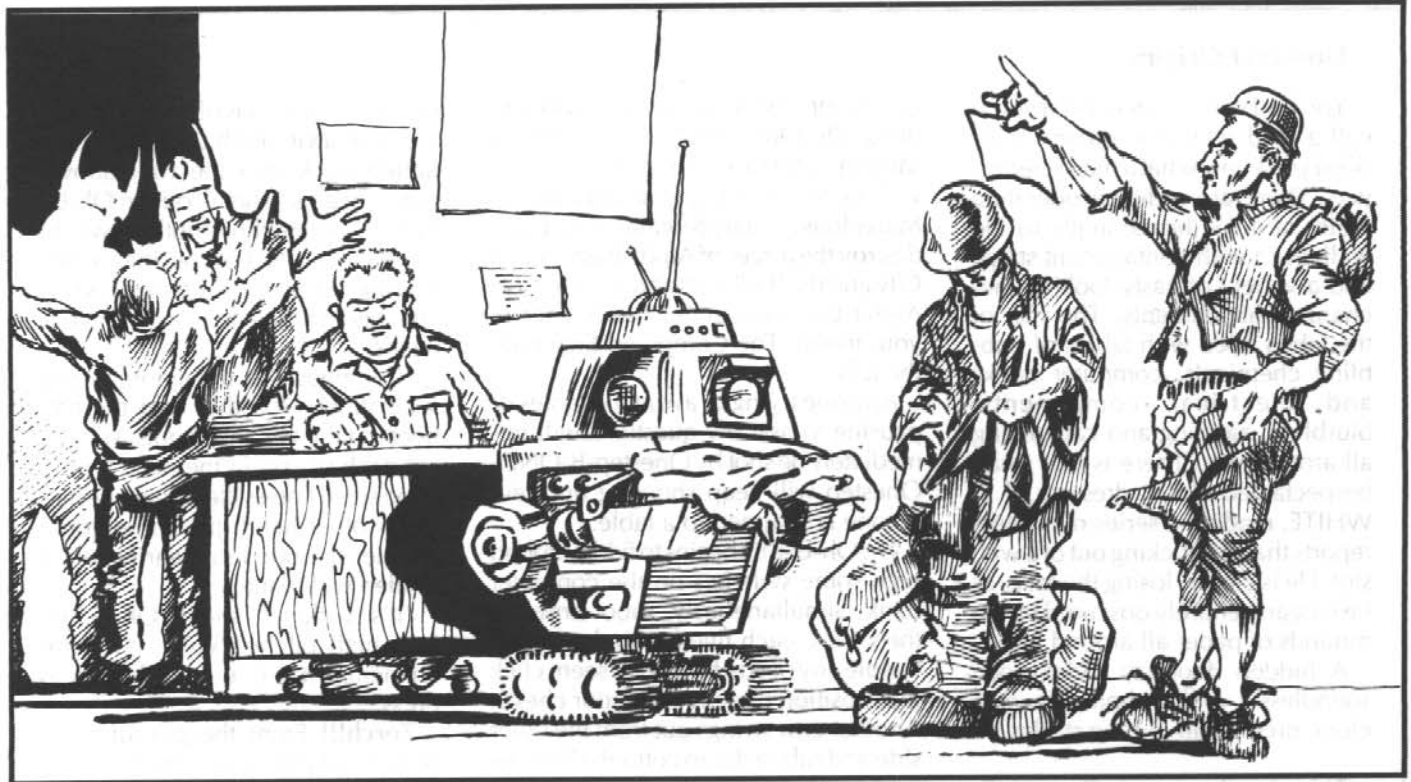
"This is our Mark XXX combat?"

12. Skin head wig
13. Beatles wig
14. Carmen Miranda fruit hat
15. Canadian tuke, eh?
16. Ski mask
17. Generic super hero cowl
18. Generic super hero halloween-style mask
19. Groucho glasses
20. Lenin mask (certain death)

Top Half of Body wear

1. Inflatable chest muscles (or falsies for females)
2. Opera cape and tuxedo jacket
3. Leather motorcycle jacket
4. Long-john top
5. Muscle shirt with 70's rock band logo
6. Chain mail
7. Nothing but elaborate tattoos
8. Blue and red top with red cape and big red "S" in middle of top
9. White plastic body armor
10. Camo army fatigues

Bottom Half of Body Wear or Body

1. Ballet tutu
2. Kilt

3. Spandex bathing suit
4. Plate mail leg grieves
5. Polka-dotted clown pants
6. Robotic automated tank with treads and two front mounted turbolasers (How did that get there?)
7. Blue jeans (bell bottoms)
8. Grass skirt
9. Mermaid fish tail
10. Karate gi pants

Footwear

1. Ballet slippers
2. Cleats
3. Clown shoes
4. Roller skates
5. Flippers
6. Spring shoes
7. Sneakers
8. Work boots
9. High heels
10. Earth shoes

Optional Equipment

1-10. None
11. Garbage can lid
12. Eye patch
13. Cybernetic lobster claw on one hand
14. Sledge hammer

15. Rubber duckie
16. Sword cane
17. Boomerang shaped like a bat
18. Chunk of green Wegium (the only substance which can hurt ... nevermind!)
19. Pumpkin
20. Wand with a glowing star on the end

Describe to the clones what each of the is wearing, give them ample time to shoot one another for being out of uniform or for any of a dozen real or imagined offenses against The Computer. Once things have settled down, they may start to wonder where they are. When they do, go to "Unsecret Origins."

The Computer, in its infinite wisdom, noted that most mutant heroes only exhibited their powers during a time of stress. That is why It has arranged for this whole little show. The Troubleshooters have no choice but to use their mutant powers (the ones that everyclone has, but no one is supposed to), to escape from the reinforced straps on the table before Captain Communist manages to kill them.

Note: Some Clones may be hesitant to reveal that they do indeed have

Unsecret Origins

You find yourselves in what you'd call a mad scientists' dream, if indeed you knew what a mad scientist was. There are a dozen operating tables at a 45 degree angle to the wall, each with containment straps and a variety of nasty looking mechanical attachments. The rest of the lab is filled with tables of bubbling chemicals, computer banks and electrical components, blurbling, zapping and calculating all around you. There is one small bespectacled clone, dressed all in WHITE, reading a series of endless reports that are clicking out of a wall slot. He is clearly losing the race, as he is nearly entirely obscured by the mounds of paper all around him.

A hidden doorway slides open soundlessly and a mountain of a clone dressed all in blue strides in.

This clone's name is Onestep-B-OND, he loves his work, which is mostly yelling at cones and shooting them when they don't do something he tells them to quick enough. He is very good at his work.

"All right Clones! Line up!" he bellows, fingering his laser. "You have been chosen by your friend The Computer to undergo a very special treatment. This treatment, which is totally safe and painless, will unlock your hidden mutant potential and give you powers and abilities far beyond those of traitor-

ous commies! Each of you will undergo Dr. Oh-U-KID's Monumentous Military Mutation Treatment™. You will become the first generation of Marvelous Military Mutants™, you will destroy the forces of Alpha Base, Alpha City and the Badlands and reunite all of Alpha Complex under the banner of your friend, The Computer. Step onto the tables."

Any one trying to avoid the tables or pausing to ask any questions will immediately be shot by Onestep-B-OND. Onestep will keep shooting until everyone is strapped to a table.

Dr. Oh-U-KID begins to fiddle around with some switches on the computer bank. Simultaneously, robot arms on the tables, each fitted with the largest needle any of you have ever seen, click into position directly over your chests. Another arm swings out from the other side and rubs a damp cottonball on the area under the needle.

INJECT! (Have all the clones make a normal endurance check; if any fail they take 8AP.) Two electrodes swing down from hidden housings. Oh-U-KID looks up and smiles. Energy leaps between the electrodes and through each of you!

Zaaap!!! (Have all the clones make another normal endurance check; if this one is failed they take 12L.) The electrodes recede and a small glowing eight legged creature is lowered onto each of you from hidden compartments in the ceiling above. They light

on various portions of your anatomy and give a vicious bite before being pulled back into the roof above. Sweat begins to break out on Oh-U-KID's face. He flips another switch. Onestep-B-OND leaps into view, waving some sort of flying rodent attached to a string around your heads.

"Commies are an ignorant and superstitious lot, they fear the bat, become the bat" he shouts, smacking each of you in the head with a good sized Louisville slugger he had in his other hand, just to reinforce the idea, before disappearing into a hidden wall panel.

"It's working!" shouts Oh-U-KID in a high pitched voice. "They're changing! Just one more button to press ..."

Zorch!!! From the pile of computer readouts comes the flare of a laser gun. There is the smell of singed flesh and Oh-U-KID drops. Stepping from the readouts is an immense clone in red tights, carrying a hammer in one hand and a sickle in the other.

(Use a Swedish accent) "Yah sure! Yah von't be having any secret origins while I'm around!" From his accent it is obvious that this clone is a commie. Also judging by the fact that the boxed text I'm reading is almost done, it must be the beginning of a gratuitous comic book fight scene.

Captain Communist

Mutation: *Regeneration; really, really strong* **P17**
Secret Society: Death Leopards
S30   E15   A19/5   D13/3
M5/1   C11/3   MA4/1
Skills:
Electronic Engineering 2
Intimidation 7
Laser Weapons 8
Mechanical Engineering 4
Primitive Melee Weapons 13
Projectile Weapons 4
Robot Operation/Maintenance 6
Armor: Red Reflec Armor (L6)
Weapons: Laser sickle (type: L, damage: 10, range: 50, experimen-

tal), Big Marxist Hammer (type: I, damage: STR)
   Equipment: Autographed copy of the Communist Manifesto, propaganda leaflets, pictures of Marx (Groucho) and Lennon (John)
   Security Clearance: Red (What else?)
   Service Group: HPD
   Background: The clone who would one daycycle become Captain Communist has humble origins, ones which will not be discussed here, but regardless, they were humble. The Computer knew after scanning its data banks for more information on costumed heroes, that they could not be created without

an arch enemy. The Computer, undaunted by this news, attempted several times to create a hero team anyway. The Computer failed. Without an arch-enemy to spur them on, the groups that the Computer created were just bands of mutated Troubleshooters, without anything other than the threat of painful death to spur them on. An archenemy gives the team something to bring them together, a common tangible foe to fight. The Computer decided that it would first build the ultimate Commie for Its team to fight, then building the team would be easy.

Mutant Powers. You should remind them that this was the whole point to this experiment. If they still hesitate, have The Computer order them to exhibit their new Mutant Power immediately. Having a big gun suddenly point at the from a hidden panel in the ceiling is a good way to spur them to action.

You Say You Want A Revolution

Captain Communist will tear into the newly formed hero group and begin chewing them into borscht before you can say "Workers of the World Unite!" Since the Computer has arranged for this fight scene, Captain Communist is in absolutely no danger. There are several hidden escape hatches secreted about the lab. If things begin going badly for the red suited Ruskie, he will slip out one of the hatches and to the safety of his Comrade Cave. The Computer will not allow the Troubleshooters to follow him, stating only that the villain must always be allowed to escape. If asked why, the Computer will admit that it doesn't seem to make sense, but that is how it's always done.

Read Alone

Your bitterest enemy has just escaped down an escape tube. Suddenly, there is a movement in the pile of papers. Dr. Oh-U-KID stands up, apparently unharmed.

"Good job, Troubleshooters! Wait, Troubleshooter no longer fits any of you — you need a new name — a team name which will inspire fear in all the enemies of Alpha Complex. Once you were normal clones, going about your daily tasks, now you are more than that, now you are ... The Fabulous New Ex-Clones ... even though there aren't any Old Ex-Clones, but you'll be the new ones anyway."

Oh-U finishes dusting himself off and looks at you pensively.

"You will still need code names — ones which will shield you from the prying eyes of your peers. I think it is time to consult The Computer-Approved Universal Super Heroic Name Generation Chart™.

Oh, the Humiliation ...

Allow the players to roll up their character's name. No matter how bad it is, make them live with it ...

Number of Descriptives or Military Titles
Roll D10

1-5	One
6-8	Two
9	Three
10	Four

Roll D%	Descriptives
1-2	Spiffy
3-4	Neat
5-6	Immaculate
7-8	Psychotic
9-10	Immature
11-12	Absurd
13-14	Invulnerable
15-16	Amazing
17-18	Rancid
19-20	Odiferous
21-22	Bouncing
23-24	Husky
25-26	Flacid
27-28	Abhorrent
29-30	Ablebodied
31-32	Waterborne
33-34	X-Ray
35-36	Radioactive
37-38	Zoological
39-40	Zerconian
41-42	Serpentine
43-44	Recalcitrant
45-46	Secular
47-48	Protozoan
49-50	Tremulous
51-52	Veracious
53-54	Voracious
55-56	Apologetic
57-58	Loathsome
59-60	Insane
61-62	Ovulating
63-64	Paleolithic
65-66	Impotent
67-68	Quadrophonic
69-70	Putrid
71-72	Bleached
73-74	Blonde
75-76	Cardiopulminary
77-78	Antiseptic
79-80	Desiccated
81-82	Teenaged
83-84	Adolescent
85-86	Prepubescent
87-88	Fastidious
89-90	Geometric
91-92	Gerrymandering
93-94	Flatulent
95-96	Tawny
97-98	Weird
99-00	Make up your own (we did)

For Military Titles see the Rank Section of this book.

The Actual Hero Name
Roll D10

1	Man or Woman
2	Boy or Girl
3	Kid
4	Dude or Dudette
5	Lad or Lass
6	Guy or Chick
7	Hero
8	Antihero
9	Vigilante
10	Mutant

Chapter Three: Mission One or "Hey, kid, We Got a First Issue Limited Release with Forty-Eight Different Covers, Polybagged with a Commemorative Card for You."

As Chapter Two ends with the forming of The Computer's newest most powerful team, the Ex-Clones, our story shifts a scene several weeks later. Our heroes have been poked, prodded, blownup and trained to their limits in Dr. Oh-U-KID's Dangerous Room. Have each of the clones cross off two or three clones right now, just for fun. If they're annoyed, assure them that they would have lost many more clones had we bothered to play the section out. Now we rejoin our merry band of mutants in their secret base, somewhere near the food vats in Alpha Complex. Read aloud the following:

A Mission ...

This being a superhero is a great racket! The training was tough, but now that you've passed, it looks like a life of leisure is finally going to be yours. The hardest thing so far has been not ripping your spandex costume — gosh these things are tight.

Suddenly, (don't you hate how I al-

ways use this "things are great when suddenly," style?) an alarm claxon begins to wail a warning. Lights flash on and off and the doors seal.

"Greetings friends," says The Computer, "I am happy to tell you that you are going to get your first chance at a real mission. An evil commie scientist named Dr. John-B-URN has stolen files on you and created a team of almost exact duplicates. John-B-URN was once a loyal citizen of Alpha Complex, until he was tempted away by his own vanity and the evil Commies of I.M.A.G.E. (Initiate Mega Amounts of Great Evil). John-B has released these evil doubles in the heart of the IRS sector. Your job is to go to IRS sector, find John-B-URN's Next-Commies and destroy them.

But first, we have a little surprise for you. Researching old data bases has revealed that hero teams are much more effective when they have a non-powered civilian along with them as a sidekick. Each member of your team will be assigned a "sidekick" which will follow you into action. This should double the effectiveness of your team. It has been proven that it is often a bad thing to lose one's sidekick, this is to be prevented at all costs, as it would mean something called a "four part limited series" for the hero who loses his protege. Teacherbot 409 should be dropping by any second with the sidekicks. They have been given all the equipment that this mission will require. Each of the kid-clones will choose one of you to be their protege. Remember, you are all to guard your sidekicks with your lives. End of Message."

Well, things aren't looking as bright as they were a few minutecycles ago. The lights snap back on, the claxons die down and the doors open to reveal a group of hideous mutated freaks! No, wait! Those must be your sidekicks.

To the B.A.T. Pole Rob-B-INN!

Below are listed the stats and armaments for each of the newly arrived sidekicks. Each will choose a hero at random, unless there is a particular character who annoys you, in which case assign a really annoying sidekick. Read over each of the sidekicks provided and try to pair each with a hero that will really hate them. One way is to look at each of their secret societies

and assign them to a sidekick with on opposing one.

Sidekick Stats and Personalities

Sidekicks have no REAL stats; if you want a sidekick to do something which will annoy the players, assume he can do it without a roll, although you still may want to roll the die to make the players feel better. If the players are trying to get the sidekick to do something, assume that there is no possible way they can succeed, so try to twist the action so that something bad happens to the player characters anyway.

As with stats, sidekicks have no REAL personalities either — all of that talk above about assigning sidekicks that were opposites of their heroes was alot of hooey. The best thing you can do when playing one of the sidekicks is to chose some mannerism that the player has and blow it way out of proportion. Be as annoying as possible. Soon, the hero will want to kill the sidekick himself, and then he will find for himself what a horrible burden a "four issue limited series" is.

Note on Sidekick Names: They should be as annoyingly cute as possible, while still having something vaguely to do with the original hero. For example: If the heroes name is "Fantastic Mr. Bubble," his sidekick should be named "Soapy" or "Kid Soap Chew."

The Big Fight Scene

The heroes make their way to IRS sector, just as the Next-Commies are rampaging through the streets of Alpha. There are five Next-Commies. They are: The Big, Strong Guy; Really Cute and Incredibly Tough Girl; The Guy with the Funny Eyes; Mr. Guy Who Runs Real Fast; and The Not So Tough or Cute as the Other Girl Girl. As you can see, John-B-URN isn't much for imagination.

Since these characters are all pretty much alike, and it *is* a super hero fight, assume that the villains are all *much, much* more powerful than the heroes and that there is no way the heroes can win barring a ... *to be continued NEXT ISSUE! BE THERE! EXCELSIOR!*

Big, Strong Guy

Weapons: Whole lot of *Strength* (lots more than any other hero)
Armor: Red reflec (lots better than anyone else's)
Tactics: Punch Clones REAL hard

Really Cute and Incredibly Tough Girl

Weapons: Red laser pistol (damage a lot worse than anyone else)
Armor: None
Mutant Power: Nigh-invulnerable, skin is the same as battle armor and the *amazing* ability to keep her costume in place yet still get oh-so-tantalizing rips...
Tactics: Draw fire and look good

The Guy with the Funny Eyes

Weapons: Red laser pistol (not quite as good as Really Cute and Incredibly Tough Girl's)
Armor: Red reflec (not quite as good as Big, Strong Guy's)
Mutant Power: X-Ray Eyes
Tactics: Do *something* to try to prove he is a useful member of the team; whine a lot.

Mr. Guy Who Runs Real Fast

Weapons: Doesn't need 'em.
Armor: Ditto
Mutant Power: Adrenalin Control
Tactics: Run fast, do nothing constructive. Die first.

The Not So Tough or Cute as the Other Girl Girl

Weapons: Bo stick (befuddles opponents by making them think, "Why is she using that here?")
Armor: None
Mutant Power: Regeneration
Tactics: Try desperately to be noticed while around the others

Let the Fight Begin

The Next-Commies will stage a gratuitous fight scene while chanting communist propaganda. Try to keep the fight going as long as it continues to interest you. Once it begins to bore you, read the following aloud:

Suitable For All Readers

Without warning, dozens of clones in full military gear descend on the scene, their lasers cutting a swath through the Next-Commies. Within seconds the last remaining traitors are rounded up and re-cycled into vat chow. The soldiers are wearing vests with strange writing on them. They say **Computer Comics Code Authority** in large, unfriendly letters. They begin to surround your group as well.

The Computer's friendly voice chimes in, "Good job, Ex-Clones. You have proved yourselves capable of handling any commie menace that may well creep up. Unfortunately, since your creation, the number of mutants in-Alpha Complex has quadrupled. It is unclear whether this is a direct result of your existence or not, still, we must do what we can to fight the mutant menace. Ready … Aim … Maybe next time we'll try funny animal clones … Fire!!!!"

Pants Off! or "Debriefing Time"

When the character's next clones drop in, they will find that they are dressed in normal clothing and no longer have any sort of mutant power (Yeah, Right!). The Computer has decided to scrap the entire hero idea for the moment, but would like feedback for Its next experiment with mutant heroes.

Have the players answer the following questions and then tally up the treason points and figure out promotions and punishments. (That sounds like the name for a really cool game, *Promotions and Punishments*. We can get Gu-Y-GAX to write it and then we can be sued. Nah! It's been done.)

1. Do you think that The Computer did a good job faking Captain Communist to be your eternal arch enemy? (No matter how the players answer this, they're in trouble.)

2. Are you glad The Computer chose you to become a mutant and fight for Alpha Complex? (A simple yes can be interpreted as sympathy for mutants or a longing to be one. A simple no is, of course, treason.)

3. How do you feel about mutants, now that you have been one? (Again, no real good answers here.)

4. How do you think The Computer could have done a better job with Its mutant team?

There are many more debriefing questions which can be asked to the characters, most of which can result in even more clones being lost.

A good idea for the debriefing is to ask if anyone has mutant powers any longer. When all of the clones say, "No Friend Computer." have their old pal Captain Communist attack them in the debriefing room. Make sure that the Computer doesn't catch any of them using any nonexistent mutant power. After he beats them up a bit, you can have him unmask and reveal himself as Onestep-B-OND or some other minor character, or you can use him as a running gag throughout your game, where he will leap in and beat the characters up and then disappear down a secret chute.

Chapter Five
Cavbots and BattleMICs

The term "cavbot" refers to any oversized vehicle that has been equipped with armor and weapons. A cavbot is a step above the normal transbot and is a fully dedicated combat machine. Cavbots often have clone crews — in theory, the organics have command of the vehicle, but you know how stubborn those bot brains can be.

The BattleMIC (stands for Battle-Ready Mighty Incredible Combot) is a logical outgrowth of the cavbot, and is generally equipped with heavier armor and better weapons. It is almost always crewed by clones.

Cavbots In Action

Cavbots are large, well armed and well armored, and are designed specifically for combat, instead of say, retrofitting a civilian autocar with a missile rack and nitro powered jet engines. They can range from tankbot-like things to BattleMIC-like things, and are fun for tooling around in with a six pack and your buddies (hey ... don't drink and blow things up. Friends don't let friends cause property damage ...).

The primary function of a cavbot is to shoot things. Big things. Like other cavbots. So the ultimate cavbot must have a really big gun, and really good defenses. It also needs to be light enough to be mobile (otherwise it becomes either a fortressbot or a sitting-duckbot). Generally all cavbots are a trade-off between these three factors: weapons, armor, and mobility. Pilots know that when the engineers describe a cavbot as "having a nice personality" they're in *big* trouble.

Weapons

Obviously the bigger the gun a cavbot has, the more destruction it will be able to wreak, er ... the more easily it will be able to achieve its objective. On the other hand, a large weapon may require a lot of heavy equipment to aim

and load the weapon, and space to hold the ammunition or power source for the weapon.

In addition, large projectile weapons must be carefully mounted to prevent recoil from overbalancing the cavbot when firing (there's nothing more embarassing than being blown onto your side and having to wait for a squad of friendly troops to roll you back onto your treads). Of course, in the world of Alpha Complex, some of these minor design considerations might be overlooked in favor of cost-cutting or production schedules.

Armor

Armor keeps you from getting hurt. It also weighs a lot. Because a cavbot can only carry a limited amount of armor, trade-offs need to be made. Only the largest and slowest of tankbots can carry the amount of armor necessary to shrug off almost any attack.

Mobility

Mobility is also important. There are times that speed is of the essence, and getting to a strategic position first may be the deciding factor in a battle.

In these cases, a lighter, faster cavbot is desirable. Of course, because it is lighter and faster, it has next to no armor, and thus, not getting hit becomes even more desireable.

Mobility may also be a form of defense. The cavbot may be able to use terrain as a shield or, if it is maneuverable enough, it may even be able to dodge enemy fire. Maneuverability, however, can only be increased by lightening the load — which means smaller guns and less armor.

Modern Developments

While the cavbot is a very effective tool on the battlefield, its use must be weighed against the risk of losing the valuable resources invested in the

cavbot and the training of its clone pilot. A single well placed shot can destroy mega-credits worth of equipment, not to mention a highly trained clone.

Historical statistics show that well-trained pilots tend to have higher survivabilities than less well-trained pilots (go figure!). This led to R&D attempts to either improve combat training techniques or reduce the necessary skill level for successfully piloting a cavbot in battlefield conditions, or both.

Fully automated cavbots were partially effective on the battlefield: they were better able to deliver destructive power, but the bot brains were notoriously stubborn. It wasn't unusual for a cavbot to decide to flee from battle, unload its weapons on its own troops or sit on the battlfield and ponder the meaning of life as heat-seeking missiles closed in. Naturally, most of these losses were attributed to Commie Mutant Traitor sabotage.

Alpha also built cavbots where the bot brains were in control and the clone crews were subservient. After enough bot brains explained, "I'm sorry. I can't do that, Da-V-EEE," clones were put back in full command and the bot brains were put back in their rightful place.

The FRIED Control Interface

Having failed to significantly improve the performance of cavbots by using bots as pilots, R&D focused itself on making the controls of a cavbot as instinctive and easy to use as possible. Ultimately this led to the development of the Friendly Robotic Interface Enhancement Device (FRIED).

FRIED provided for a direct connection between the pilot's nervous system, and the piloted transbot. Using radar, navigating, or firing a weapon were now as instinctive as using a clone's own eyes, walking, or pulling the all too familiar trigger of a handy
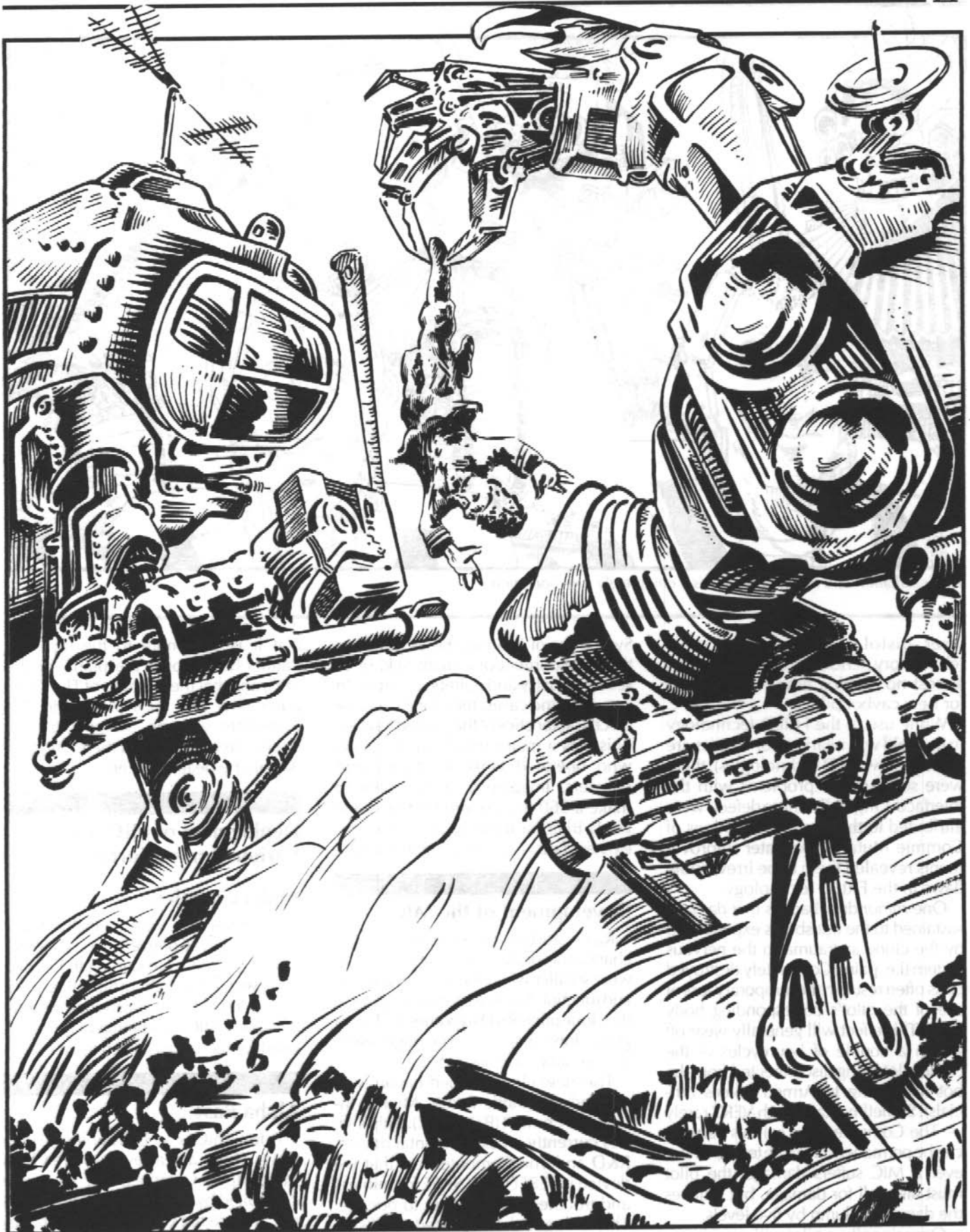
Hm... less than nine feet ... guess we'll have to throw him back.

The installation of a FRIED interface is a completely safe operation.

laser pistol. Other than a short rehability period after minor surgery, almost no training time was required for new cavbot pilots.

While use of the FRIED technology in the field was nearly error-free (as are all other new R&D technologies), there were some minor problems with the interface. Originally, these defects were attributed to the treasonous actions of Commie Mutants, but later improvements revealed them to be irreversible flaws in the FRIED technology.

One *minor* drawback is that damage sustained to the transbot is experienced by the clone as trauma to the nervous system (i.e. pain). Completely destroyed parts often result in the temporary loss of use of the pilot's corresponding body parts. This effect will generally wear off within a couple of hourcycles of the clone pilot being disconnected from the bot (according to Armed Forces officials). Sometimes (although VERY rarely — The Computer says so) this damage can be permanent. In game terms, whenever a MIC suffers damage, the pilot must also roll for damage, but reduces the damage column by five levels.

Occasionally, a pilot will experience Severe Feedback Syndrome (SFS).

Symptoms of SFS may be as minor as the development of a slight tick, or as severe as palsy and epileptic attacks. In very extreme cases, the clone can take on characteristics of the piloted cavbot. This was a major drawback for pilots who operated tankbots, flyers, and crawlers. Imagine a clone trying to make a 360 degree turret rotation a la Linda Blair, or trying to hover on non-existent fans — it's not a pretty picture.

Development of the MIC

R&D studies discovered that the chances of contracting SFS and its effects were smaller when the bot had a shape and function that was more analogous to the clone pilot. R&D hypothesized that a giant clone-shaped cavbot might virtually eliminate the risk of SFS.

This new clone-shaped cavbot was dubbed the Battle-Ready Mighty Incredible Combot (BattleMIC). Although it is currently an experimental device, R&D and The Computer feel that the device is PERFECTLY SAFE for military and troubleshooter clones to operate. This is due to the unprecedented success of earlier testing. Some (treasonous) rumors would lead one to believe

that it is due more to the fact that traitors have stolen the plans for the MIC, and that the enemies of The Computer now also have access to this incredible weapon. Rumors are, of course, treasonous and therefore punishable by death, citizen.

Deployment of MICs in the Various Armed Forces

Alpha Complex

Since the MIC was originally developed in Alpha Complex, it is most common here. MICs are starting to be used more widely throughout the military as it proves itself to be functional. Several models of MIC are starting to be developed for more specialized tasks.

Alpha Base

A few MICs can be found in Alpha Base. There are a few captured bots from Alpha Complex, but these are controlled by the various secret societies, and are not under the official control of the council. Several secret societies are developing their own MICs

based on modification to or copies of the original captured models.

Alpha City

Alpha City found it necessary to duplicate the MIC technology quickly as a matter of survival. This problem was addressed with Alpha City's typical utopian efficiency. Not only are MICs almost as available as in Alpha Complex, but they are built with even better technology and crewed with only the best pilots.

Alpha State

In typical cold war fashion, Alpha State has also joined the race to build an overwhelming force of MICs. Although Alpha State has few functioning MICs (built with obviously inferior technology), they claim that the MIC was invented in Alpha State first and stolen by the Capitalist Oppressors of Alpha Complex.

Alpha Wave

The citizens (at least the human ones) of Alpha Wave regard the drawbacks of the FRIED technology as a blessing. Most of them would prefer to jack into a FRIED interface and never come out — effectively BECOMING the cavbot. Because of this attitude, there is no interest in the clone-shaped MICs, and certainly no worrying about SFS. Most would sell their souls to jack into a funbot if it would gain them better acceptance into the bot dominated society of Alpha Wave.

The Badlands

The Badlands do not support any groups large enough or powerful enough to develop or build MICs on their own. The few existing MICs are captured from the other zones, and are generally in poor repair.

The Dungeon

Unlike normal clones, some of the highly mutated denizens of the dungeon do not seem to suffer from SFS. Those who are no longer quite clone-

shaped themselves prefer to pilot giant cavbots shaped much like themselves.

Due to PSION intervention, the Dungeon has had FRIED technology as long as Alpha Complex has. With the addition of some creative genetic engineering they have managed to create ORGANIC equivalents of the MIC. Because of the appearance of this organic technology, they have been referred to as Giant Rubber Monsters (GRuMs).

The GRuMs have been an extremely effective force for harassing Alpha Complex and Alpha City. In response, both have created their own independent Giant Rubber Monster Defense Forces (GRuMDefs).

FRIED Implantation

In order to operate a MIC, GRuM or some models of cavbot, a clone must first have a FRIED interface jack surgically implanted. This device is connected to the spine immediately below the base of the skull. The operation is simple, and requires only a few minutecycles to perform. Recovery time is about one hourcycle. There is no danger of separating the spinal column in this surgery, and even in this does happen, almost complete rehabilitation can be completed in a few short years.

This process is COMPLETELY SAFE — which, of course, means use the following procedure:

- If the clone makes a successful normal check against toughness, then the operation was successful and only an hourcycle is required for recuperation. If the first check fails then a second check is made. If the second check succeeds, then the clone will require D20 daycycles to recover. Failure of the second check necessitates a roll on the FRIED rejection table.

LIGHTEN UP, IT'S ONLY A JOKE.

FRIED Rejection Table

Apply macho bonus as a NEGATIVE modifier. Roll D20.

D20	Result
1-10	Complications: Recovery requires D10 Weekcycles.
11-15	Bad connection: Clone's effective Agility and Dexterity are reduced by one point each while using the FRIED interface.
15-17	Rejection: Lower clone's Toughness by D10 (minimum 1) while the device remains implanted.
18	Spinal injury: Clone loses permanent use of D4 limbs
19	Complete rejection: None of this citizen's clones may ever use FRIED. Roll again for consequences of device removal.
20	Death: Activate new clone.

Once a FRIED interface plug is installed, the clone will enjoy the following benefits and drawbacks:

- If the clone belongs to a secret society that favors bots or artificial intelligence the clone may be advanced in rank, be given special benefits or in some other way be conferred additional status (maybe lower ranking members follow the clone around, bowing and chanting, "We're not woooorthy!"). This bonus applies to members of Pro-Tech, Compore Metal, Death Leopards (not because they particularly like bots, but a FRIED implant assures even greater opportunities to wreck, destroy, kill and maim), PURGE (as long as the PURGE member intends to use the cavbot or BattleMIC against The Computer), Zany Eddies (hey, you can make money with this thing, right?), Knight Fighters (what a perfect tool to quest with), and Mutons.

Members of secret societies opposed to the mating of robotics and clones may suffer reduction in status or some other penalty, or even be killed or kicked out of their secret society. This penalty would apply to members of Anti-Mutant (after all, cyborg implants are deliberate mutilation), Frankenstein Destroyers, and Trekkers (don't even joke about being assimilated with these dweebs around).

- Clones with a FRIED interface plug

are now somewhat less vulnerable to Gauss weapons. Unshielded clones who are subjected to Gauss weapon fire must take damage from column 5 of the damage table. Unfortunately, they also take column 5 damage from intense electrical or magnetic fields as long as they are within that field.

• At the gamemaster's option, replacement clones may run through the implantation process separately and may obtain different results than the original clone. The Computer may also provide replacement clones without a FRIED jack, or you may just assume that the new clone had similar results to the original clone. (My wasn't that decisive?)

• Clones that spend extended durations attached to a MIC may begin to show symptoms of SFS.

Clones should roll on the SFS symptom table every shiftcycle (eight hourcycles) that the FRIED interface is continuously used and upon attempting to unplug from the FRIED interface. Add the number of hourcycles that the clone has been continuously operating through a FRIED interface to the die roll. If not using a clone-shaped cavbot or MIC, add an appropriate modifier for the differing shape (explained in "BattleMIC Design.")

If multiple rolls due to extended use must be made, then apply only the worst result when the clone unplugs. Any symptoms that develop will last D10 times as long as the clone was plugged into the FRIED interface.

Clones do not have to roll on the SFS Symptom Table if they spend less than eight hours in a BattleMIC.

SFS Symptom Table

Modify roll by number of continuous hourcycles in operation.

Modify roll by "BattleMIC Form Modifier."

D100	Result
01-45	No symptoms develop
46-60	Minor Tick
61-70	Major Tick
71-79	Infrequent Epileptic Episodes
80-89	Continuous Epileptic Episodes
90-99	Cavbot Empathy
100+	Brain FRIED

SFS Table Results

All results should be discussed between the gamemaster and the player. While the gamemaster does have the right to make life tough on a clone, he should make sure that the results are amusing and inconvenient without making the character not-fun to play.

Minor Tick

The clone will suffer from a minor tick. Minor ticks include slight twitching, hesitation, the shakes, occasional stuttering, excessive blinking, excessive sensitivity to sudden noises, and sometimes taking on characteristics of the cavbot (for example, raising an arm to "fire missiles," etc.).

These should be relatively minor effects, and should only impair the clone's actions when it is particularly amusing or useful to the gamemaster (like when the clone is carrying a particularly fragile piece of R&D equipment).

Major Tick

The clone will suffer from a major tick. Major ticks include continuous twitching or shivering, sudden involuntary outbursts, hyperactivity, extreme sluggishness, or similar physical ailments. This category could also include blurred vision, constant ringing in the ears, psychedelic episodes, or other sensory distortions. These should seriously impair the clone's abilities at some fairly inconvenient moments. To indicate severity, this condition isn't always readily apparent upon first meeting the clone, but should other clones should notice "something unusual" about the clone after a few hours (maybe it's the fact that he screams out "The Computer must die!" every few minutes).

Infrequent Epileptic Episodes

The clone suffers occasional epileptic fits, falling to the ground and flailing about, and possibly even causing self-injury. This should only occur during times of stress or when it would be particularly entertaining, and last as long as plot expediency dictates. During these

periods, the clone is completely ineffective (except maybe as a shield, paperweight, or other large organic object).

The clone might, as an alternative, experience quite convincing hallucinations, talk to long-dead clone friends, have visions, decide that he is a scrubot or suffer some other indication of severe mental distress.

Continuous Epileptic Episodes

The clone suffers severe epileptic fits or other imbalances that can last for hours; these fits can be life threatening, although more to bystanders than the clone himself (or herself).

The clone should get instant medical care. The gamemaster should have the player make a difficult toughness roll for survival, adjusted at the gamemaster's discretion for prompt (or lack of) proper medical care.

Cavbot Empathy

The clone can no longer distinguish between reality and the cavbot/BattleMIC. The clone takes on characteristics of the BattleMIC — if his MIC has chest-mounted weapons, he will always jut out his chest and scream, "Take that Commie scum!" while making "Pteww! Pteww!" noises. Or, if the cavbot flies, he will believe that he can fly; if his BattleMIC was dog-shaped, he will walk around on all fours, be overly friendly and have an obsession with burying things. Have fun with this!

Brain FRIED

The clone has reached a state of total dependency on the FRIED interface and the associated equipment. To the clone, the FRIED-controlled bot has become home, and the thought of unplugging and returning to that soft, squishy original body is unthinkable. The clone will violently oppose being unplugged — even to the death (and considering the clone will be operating a 15 meter tall BattleMIC or automated battle tank, guess whose death it will be ...). Unplugging at this point is instantly fatal (which is an not-fun event, except for Corpore Metal members, who consider this to be their ultimate goal).
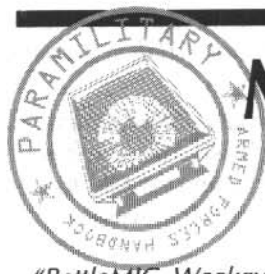
MIC, MAC Paddywhack!

"BattleMIC Weekcycle brought to you by RAMJet, the makers of The Computer's Finest FRIED interfaces. Remember our motto: 'You haven't been FRIED unless you've been RAMed'!"

"And now, for tonightcycle's main event ... in this corner, wearing steel gray trunks and stainless steel appendages, the Marvelous MixMaster!!!"

"His opponent, hailing from the Poc-O-NOS, in the green trunks, the awesome ... Wegmeisterrrr!!!"

"I tell you gentleclones, this is a grudge-match of classic proportions. These two mechanized monsters have wanted at each other for yearcycles. Tonight it will all come to a head ..."

"And the MixMaster takes a hard right from the Wegmeister! It's reeling! How can the Mixy take this kind of punishment?! Whoa! It can't — there goes the FRIED interface; the MixMaster is smoking! The Wegmeister jumps up onto the ropes, firing it's JumpityJets! Oh, no! Not the Flying Butt Scissors! Looks like this is the end for the MixMaster!!"

Welcome to the Wonderful World of FutureFighting (WWFF), featuring BattleMICs, The Computer's latest in warfare and entertainment. "Kill them Commies through merchandizing!" is The Computer's new motto, and the BattleMICs are the first in a long line of new successes for our Friend, the Digital Dictator!

What's a BattleMIC?

Whattaya mean, "What's a BattleMIC?" You mean you bought this book without *knowing*? You haven't looked at all these semi-expensive illustrations swimming throughout the text? You haven't read the previous section? You haven't quite gotten the idea that we can't be sued if we use satire?

Okay, okay — BattleMICS are giant robots. Or, in Computer lingo, "Battle-Ready Mighty Incredible Combots" (MICs) that do battle for the glory of The Computer, the entertainment of the masses, and the sheer joy of destroying large sections of Alpha Complex real estate.

And, inside every MIC is a loyal MIC pilot — certainly the most accomplished, decorated volunteer to come out of the Armed Forces this week (I bet you wondered how we'd tie these big guys in with the *Paramilitary* theme, didn't you?).

How'd it start?

Like everything in Alpha Complex, BattleMICs were a good idea whose time had come. First, we had loyal little scrubots and jackobots duking it out in the corridors of Alpha Complex, spraying each other with Hot Wax and corridor varnish.

Then, the little buggers turned on *us*. So we invented the Vulture Warriors and the Mark IV Warbots (we made them out of the remains of those dirty little fiends, by the way) — we made 'em tough, we made 'em strong, and, most importantly, we made 'em *stupid!* They'd do anything we told 'em — repeatedly, or until it caused them to shut down. Yessir, the ultimate in mechanized destruction.

But that got screwed up, too. Somehow, these monsters of apocalypse managed to connect a few electric synapses and process the fact that *they* were going out, blowing each other away, and the clones of Alpha Complex were reaping all the benefits. Somehow, they managed to put 2.64352 and 2.967 together and get 5.61052 (don't bother with the calculator — they did it right). Their processors worked overtime, and they formed the "Bot Secret Societies" (those traitors!) and now even our *stupidest* bots won't go out and destroy each other when we tell them.

But the cavbots, and their successors, the BattleMICs, are the ultimate solution. We've managed to strip out the brain designs and put in an empty space where we can put a clone — and everybody *knows* clones'll kill each other at the best opportunity (tells you something about who's smarter in Alpha, clones or bots). Then we gave them giant chassis and huge weapons and told 'em to go at it!

And thus were formed the BattleMICs.

Two All-Steel Chassis, Special Fuel, Leather Straps, and a Clone in a multi-FRIED Interface ...

... is all you need to put together Big MIC of your own. In fact, The Computer, in its ultimate wisdom, ha put together a MIC Design system tha will get you up and exploding in matter of minutes.

Parts is Parts

There are certain parts ever BattleMIC has, and others that are o tional. Regardless, every time you ge erate a BattleMIC, you get to roll on multitude of tables to figure out wh sort of MIC you'll be controlling. grip that twenty-sided die and ha fun.

Record the results on each step of t BattleMIC worksheet before recordir the final results on BattleMIC stat shee

Here are the steps:
1. Roll the MIC's bigness
2. Roll the MIC's shapeliness
3. Roll the MIC's standard locom tion
4. Roll the MIC's dramatic locom tion (if necessary)
5. Roll the MIC's attachments
6. Determine the MIC's final st after all modifiers have been added
7. Randomly roll up a MIC pilot not using regular player characters)
8. Start shooting at stuff.

The Body

On bots, we call this the "chassis" — but BattleMICs are so bigger and more pumped-up than puny little bots, we had to call this part The Body. It is the basic structure of every BattleMIC. You roll twice: the first time for the MIC's bigness and the second time for the MIC's shapeliness.

Bigness

This is the relative size of the MIC. And, since MICs only have sizes relative to each other, it is a meaningful stat indeed.

Actually, MICs do have sizes relative to Alpha Complex. The tiniest MIC — the "Mighty Mite" — is about the size of a large transbot. The "Oh, My!" MIC has trouble even in the "open" sections of Alpha (the most famous BattleMIC of this bigness class was "Lady Liberty" — 'Bring me your tired, hungry, and huddled masses, and I'm smash them into a bloody pulp!').

The MIC's bigness also defines its ba-sic abilities: its *stats* and its *max move*.

Stats

Every BattleMIC has four stats: *Strength, Endurance, Agility* and *Dexterity*. These, again, are relative to other MICs — the weakest MIC could crush the strongest clone in Alpha Complex with a firm handshake.

All these stats govern the types of maneuvers the MIC can perform (see "MIC Combat"), and they can be reduced in MIC combat.

A MIC's *Strength* is also the damage column it rolls on in MIC combat. If a MIC should hit a clone, always roll on column 20 for the MIC's damage and disregard the clone's armor — oh, and add one to the damage roll.

Endurance is the number of damage points a MIC can take before it is out of action.

As per the MIC Pilot rules later on, you will average the MIC's *Dexterity* and *Agility* with the pilot's.

A MIC's *Agility* also affects how hard it is to hit — whenever someone shoots at a MIC, subtract the target MIC's effective new *Agility* skill base (after averaging with pilot's *Agility*) from the attacker's skill.

Example: *Ma-V-RIK is piloting a Chicken chassis MIC. He has an Agility of 12 and the MIC has an Agility of 12. The average is 12.*

The MIC's effective Agility is 12. This translates to an Agility skill base of 3. Whenever another MIC shoots at or tries to engage in unarmed or melee combat against Ma-V-RIK, they suffer a penalty of -3 to their skill level.

Max Move

MICs have several move speeds, like clones do. They are used about as often, too. Please note that these are *maximum speeds* ... kind of — see "Moving Right Along" for a complete explanation of moving and stopping/crashing.

WWT?: Also known as "What was that?" The bot moves *very* fast in relation to other bots. Think: "the Concord." If you really want to do tactical movement (see below), it can move up to 20 hexes a turn.

Zoom: Pretty darn speedy. The bot is here, then it's there. Up to ten hexes a turn.

Buzz: You can hear the air move when it goes by. Up to eight hexes a turn.

Stalk: Not all that fast, but certainly no slow poke. Up to six hexes a turn.

Tread: Looks pretty impressive and eats up that ground steadily. Up to five hexes a turn.

Lumber: Well, it moves. Up to three hexes a turn.

Lurch: When it moves, you know it. Now wait a bit and you'll see it again ... up to a blinding speed of one hex a turn.

The "hexes" referred to are used if you decide to use hex paper to "map out" MIC combat. Rules for this are given below (or to the side ...).

Shapeliness

A MIC's shapeliness defines what the MIC looks like. The MIC's "Form Modifier" is added whenever the MIC Pilot has to roll for SFS. There are only four

Step One: Bigness

Die Roll	Size	Stats	Max Move
1	Mighty Mite	S5,E10,A18,D20	WWT?/20
2	Mid-Mite	S6,E11,A17,D20	Zoom/10
3	After Mid-Mite	S6,E12,A16,D19	Zoom/10
4	Mite Not	S7,E13,A15,D18	Zoom/10
5	Maximum Mite	S8,E14,A15,D17	Zoom/10
6	Fly Weight	S8,E14,A14,D17	Buzz/8
7	Two-Fly Weight	S9,E15,A14,D17	Buzz/8
8	Shoo-Fly Weight	S10,E15,A14,D16	Stalk/6
9	Top Fly	S11,E16,A13,D16	Stalk/6
10	Rooster	S11,E16,A13,D16	Tread/5
11	Bantam	S12,E17,A12,D15	Tread/5
12	Chicken	S12,E18,A12,D15	Tread/5
13	Kentucky-FRIED	S13,E18,A12,D14	Tread/5
14	Heavyweight	S14,E18,A11,D13	Lumber/3
15	Betterweight	S15,E18,A11,D13	Lumber/3
16	Betterweight NC	S15,E18,A11,D12	Lurch/1
17	Oh, My	S17,E18,A10,D11	Lurch/1
18-20	Pick One		

Step Two: Shapeliness

Die Roll	Shape	Stat Mods	BattleMIC Form Modifier
1-10	Humanoid	-1S,+1A,+1D	0
11-15	Semi-Humanoid	+1S, +1E, -1A,-1D	+10
16-18	Partial Humanoid	+2S, +1E, -2A,-2D	+20
19-20	What?	Customize Mods	+30

types of shapes:

Humanoid: The MIC is shaped most like a giant clone. It has arms, legs, a head and a torso. Because of this design, the MIC gains +1 to its *Agility* and *Dexterity* but loses one from its *Strength* (weak design).

Semi-Humanoid: These MICS have three out of four of the Humanoid features — probably a torso, but no guarantees on the other three. It looks *pretty much* like a clone, but not entirely. Add +1 to the *Strength* and *Endurance* of the MIC, but subtract one from *Agility* and *Dexterity* each. (Reference: The bot on page 78 of *The Bot Abusers' Manual* is semi-humanoid.)

Partial Humanoid: The MIC has one or two features of a humanoid, but really doesn't look like a clone. Add two to the MIC's *Strength*, one to its *Endurance*, and subtract two from its *Agility* and *Dexterity*. (Reference: The bot on page 26 of *The Bot Abusers' Manual* is partially-humanoid.)

What?: The Computer only knows what this thing looks like. A bizarre combination of limbs and controls, all joined together in a mish-mash of weirdness. The things could be a snake-MIC, a bug-MIC, a spider-MIC, or a Mc-MIC ("Do you want FRIED with that?"). Gamemasters will have to customize modifiers for each type of "What" MIC.

Locomotion

Every MIC's gotta move. Unlike bots, no BattleMIC will be released by The Computer into combat without some sort of locomotion. Never. Well, hardly ever …

There are two types of locomotion available to MICs: "Standard" and "Dramatic."

Step Three: Standard Locomotion

A BattleMIC's standard form of locomotion is its most-used one. Roll randomly on this chart to determine the locomotion.

Humanoid MICs *always* have "Legs" but may roll on this chart in the hopes of getting a Dramatic Locomotion.

MICs move as fast as the movement score *unless* this movement score is higher than the MIC's maximum move, in which case you use the MIC's maximum move as the movement rate. Of course, type of locomotion affects the MIC's *Agility*.

Example: *Ma-V-RIK rolls for a Top Fly chassis MIC, with a maximum move of six. When he rolls for locomotion, if he rolls Leg (1), with a move of 4, he is stuck with that. If he rolls Legs (2) with a move of 6, he can use that since it doesn't exceed the chassis' maximum move of six. However, if he rolls Racin' Wheels, with a move of 14, he still gets Racin' Wheels, but his MIC can only move six, his MIC's maximum move.*

Locomotion Descriptions

Leg (1): The MIC has one leg and has to hop around the battlefield.

Legs (2), (4), and (A Bunch): Legs are what they sound like. When a MIC has two legs, it is usually bipedal; when it has four, it is usually a quadruped — but, sometimes, the legs are arranged unusually (up to you). When it says "A Bunch," then the MIC has a *lot* of legs — probably small ones, like a centipede's or a spider's.

Tiny Wheels: Normal size wheels (at least by the MIC's scale). A little faster than legs and real stable. On the other hand, any MIC with racin' wheels or big wheels is pretty likely to ridicule the MIC's "puny, girly-man wheels."

Racin' Wheels: The MIC has super-wide racing slicks for high speed action! Not really agile, but pretty fast.

*Big Wheels:* The MIC has big, mondo,

Standard Locomotion

Die Roll	LocoType	Movement	Agility Mod
1	Leg (1)	4	-2
2-5	Legs (2)	6	+2
6-10	Legs (2)*	6	+2
11-12	Legs (4)	8	+1
13	Legs (4)*	8	+1
14-15	Legs (A Bunch)*	10	+1
16	Tiny Wheels*	8	+3
17	Racin' Wheels*	14	-2
18	Big Wheels*	10	+3
19	Roll again on this table and roll on "Dramatic Locomotion" Table		
20	Roll on "Special Locomotion" table and "Dramatic Locomotion" Table		

*Plus roll on "Dramatic Locomotion" table

Special Locomotion Table

Die Roll	LocoType	Movement	Agility Mod
1-2	Treads	8	-2
3-4	Treads*	8	-2
5-6	Anti-Gravity	14	-2
7-8	Anti-Gravity*	14	-2
9	Hovercraft	13	-1
10	Hovercraft*	13	-1
11	Jets	20	-2
12	Jets*	20	-2
13	Ornithopter	11	-1
14	Ornithopter*	11	-1
15	Tentacles	6	-1
16	Tentacles*	6	-1
17	JetWheels	18	-3
18	JetWheels*	18	-3
19	Claws	6	+2
20	PumpLegs(2)	10	+3

*Plus roll on "Dramatic Locomotion" table
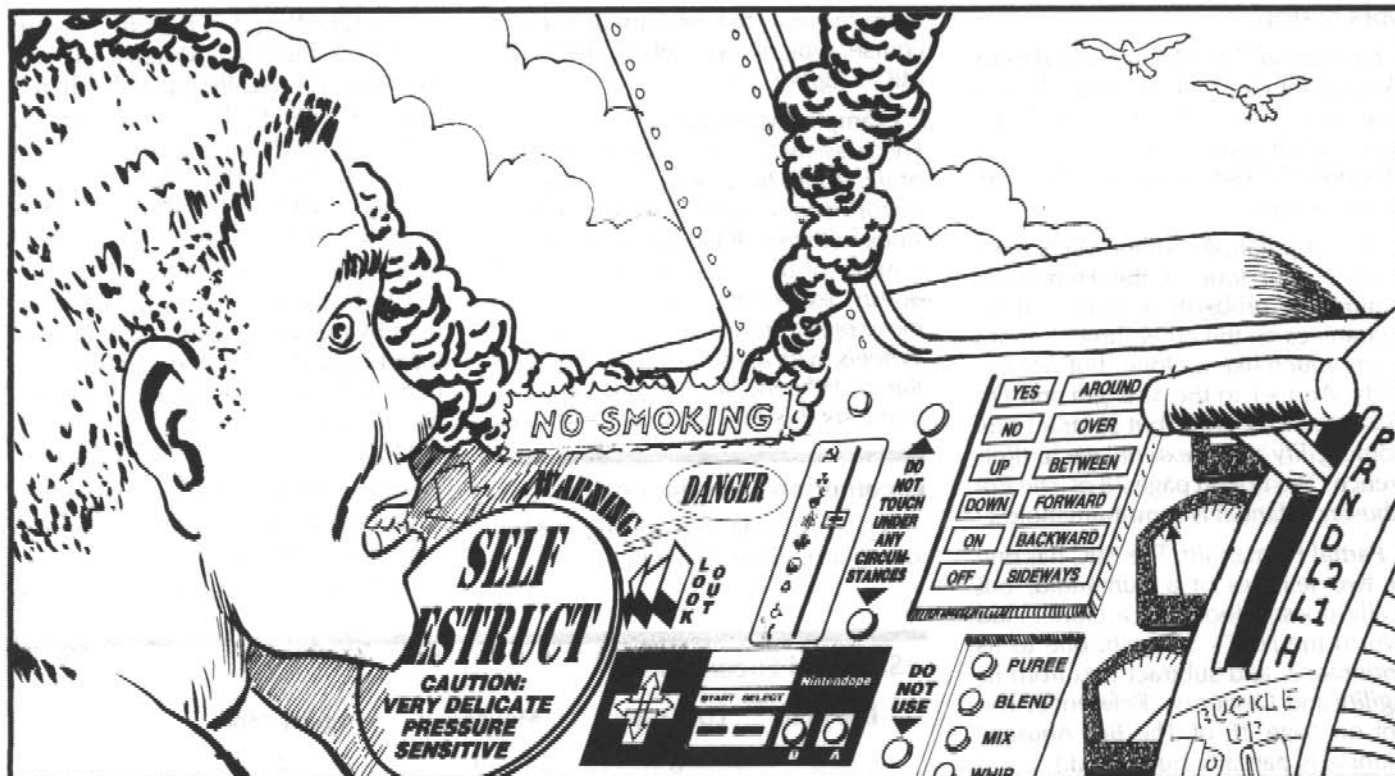
"Hm, I wonder what this button does?"

nitro-burning, down-in-the-mud BigFoot wheels. Slower than racin' wheels, but much more agile.

Treads: You know, like a tank. Great for running things over.

Anti-Gravity: The MIC floats in the air. It can't soar off into space. Basically unwieldy, but speedy.

Hovercraft: Really only different from anti-grav in that there are these big whirling fans underneath — doesn't affect MIC combat much, but plays hell on those poor Armed Forces clones that get caught underneath.

Jets: The MIC can fly up in the air. Not much steering involved — point and shoot — but speed is pretty good.

Ornithopter: Absolutely *huge* 'copter wings.

Tentacles: The MIC moves by dragging itself along by its many tentacles.

JetWheels: A super-powered jet engine. Big wheels. They operate completely independently of each other, resulting in high speeds and devastating crashes ...

Claws: The MIC has feet equipped with claws, suitable for climbing or clawing other opponents.

PumpLegs: The MIC has normal legs, but they are equipped with a complex series of hydraulic stabilization chambers — while the MIC isn't the fastest, it is generally much more stable than other MICs with legs.

Step Four: Dramatic Locomotion

Some MICs get a dramatic form of locomotion. Aside from being much trickier to handle, dramatic locomotion has a concrete advantage: the MIC, when using dramatic locomotion, moves this far *in addition* to its normal movement. This is "bonus" movement — you don't have to worry about the MIC's maximum move.

Some dramatic locomotions are negatives, but that's because they allow the MIC to move through terrain that no other MICs can move through, although at a slow rate.

Dramatic locomotion only counts when it is used. When it isn't used in a round, the MIC moves at its normal rate.

Most forms of dramatic locomotion

have negative MIC Pilot mods. When using this form of locomotion, subtract the modifier from the MIC pilot's *MIC Pilot* skill before rolling movement — this means the MIC is harder to pilot when the MIC is using its dramatic form of locomotion.

Dramatic Locomotion Descriptions

JumpityJets: The MIC has a bunch of little thrusters on the underside of its body (or feet, if it has feet). These fire quickly, launching the MIC into the air and, hopefully, in the general direction it's driver wanted to go. Unfortunately, there are a *tad* difficult to control (inexperienced pilots often end up doing "face plants").

TurboThrusters: These are built into the MIC's existing movement system and, using either rocket assists or hydraulic systems, boost the MIC's movement. They can only be used in conjunction with the other movement system. If that is destroyed, they are useless.

ParaScooper: The MIC shoots a jet-assisted capsule out a top hatch, which

launches the MIC into the air. The capsule has a parachute, which hopefully, deposits the MIC safely back on the ground. Think of model rockets.

Rollerblades: Only useable if the MIC has "Legs" of some type, the Rollerblades are in-line wheels that allow the MIC to shoot along at high speeds.

Pontoons: Can only be used in conjunction with another ground movement type. Pontoons allow the MIC to walk on water (no Mess-I-AHH jokes, please).

PogoSpring: A certain surprise, these combine the upwardly-mobile nature of the JumpityJets with the reliability of mechanization. Giant springs come out of the MIC's bottom, launching it into the air.

RocketJock: This is the Stup-R-MAN move package. The MIC has a waist and back-mounted rocket pack (if applicable) that shoots the MIC forward in the air for short bursts. While JumpityJets are for vertical movement, the RocketJock is good for horizontal moves.

FunnelTunnel: The MIC has an attachment (on the head, on an arm, in the chest, your choice) that can bore into the ground and tunnel. The MIC can tunnel no more than five hexes in a row before having to resurface.

RocketBoard: A skateboard with a rocket engine attached. Normally carried on the back, and then dropped to the ground when used.

Portable Hole: No one knows how, but the MIC carries a "portable hole" in a special compartment. When it drops the portable hole on the ground or attaches it to a wall or building, the MIC can jump into the hole. The MIC reappears five hexes away — if the pilot makes his roll, he even gets to choose direction. Alpha scientists believe this is somehow tied into the theory of the transdimensional collapsitron, but others claim it's just a neat toy from Acme.

RUNQIDrive: The Really Unlikely Not Quite Improbable Drive. A really advanced version of the Portable Hole, whenever this drive is activated, something absolutely unbelievable happens for no rational reason (the opposing MIC turns into a hamster, gravity is reversed, the buildings come to life and

decide to dance and sing around a camp fire ...) and the MIC disappears and reappears up to 10 hexes away. If the MIC pilot makes his roll he gets to choose direction and distance; if he fails the roll, he may be turned into a potted plant.

Bouncer: The MIC has been coated with a special rubbery surface that allows the MIC to bounce, bounce, bounce along rough terrain.

Tumbler: A really good version of bouncer, but this time the MIC can tumble, jump, spin and land just like an Olympic gymnast (well, if you can imagine a 30 ton robot doing that ...)

Glider: The MIC has glider wings, which speed up its movement.

Puffer: The MIC has a giant air bladder that can expel air and move the MIC along at dramatic speeds (kind of like a squid). Looks really goofy, but it gets the job done.

Movin' Right Along

In order to make your MIC move, you have to declare where you want it to go. The declared move has to be within the MIC's movement capability.

Then you declare *how* the MIC is going to move, and how fast you *intend* for it to move. Note that you can only declare move speeds the MIC is capable of.

So first the MIC pilot decides how far he wants to go. Then he decides how he's going to get there.

If the pilot is going to use a Standard form of locomotion, he makes a *MIC*

Pilot roll — at the normal difficulty (which depends on the terrain he's crossing). If he rolls his *MIC Pilot* skill, the MIC succeeds.

If, however, the pilot wants to use his Dramatic locomotion apparatus, he must subtract the MIC Pilot modifier from his skill before moving.

For examples of what happens when you *fail* a movement roll, turn to "MIC Combat."

Example: *MIC Pilot veteran Boyer-U-DED-6 is operating Gunziro, a MIC of incredible proportions ("Oh, My!"). He has a MIC Pilot of 10. The MIC can move one hex a turn on its "Legs," but it also has the +4 "RocketJock" Dramatic locomotion apparatus. Boyer decides he wants to move 5 hexes this turn (his Max Move with the RocketJock is 5), so he must subtract -1 from his MIC Pilot skill. With the modifier, he needs to roll a 9 or less to succeed.*

Step Five: Attachments

What would a MIC be without weapons and other various attachments? A huge trash bin? A F.O.U.S. (a Funbot Of Unusual Size)? No — a *target*.

All MICs have normal fists, legs or can ram with their bodies to do normal STR damage. However, by rolling on the attachments table, they may be able to get better weapons.

To determine what attachments the MIC has, roll twice on the following

Dramatic Locomotion

Die Roll	LocoType	Move Mod	MIC Pilot Mod
1-2	JumpityJets	+5	-3
3-4	TurboThrusters	+3	-1
5	ParaScooper	+2	
6-7	Rollerblades	+3	-1
8	Pontoons	-1	-1
9	PogoSpring	+3	-2
10-11	RocketJock	+4	-1
12	FunnelTunnel -2	-1	
13	RocketBoard	+5	-1
14-15	Portable Hole	Special	-3
16	RUNQIDrive	Really Special	-3
17	Bouncer	+2	-1
18	Tumbler	+4	-2
19	Glider	+2	
20	Puffer	+7	

table. Attachment rules are cumulative, so conceivably, your MIC could have countless weapons …

Please note that all of the weapons are MIC-sized weapons — anything hitting a character or vehicle rolls on row 20 of the damage chart.

Note that all Accuracy Modifiers apply only when the weapon is used; they don't permanently affect the MIC.

Descriptions

Big Fist: The MIC has a long arm and a big fist (used for smashing other MICs into mechanized pulp). The Big Fist does STR+5 damage, with a -1 to *Agility* to hit and uses the *unarmed* skill when attacking.

Medium Fist: A smaller version of the Big Fist, doing STR+3 damage and with no modifier to hit.

Super Kicker: If the MIC has legs, then one of them is equipped for kicking. If it doesn't, well, it does now. A leg is stuck on the MIC to give it the ability to kick other MICs into mechanized pulps. Damage is STR+5, with -2 to hit, and uses *unarmed*.

Fighting Fingers: The MIC may not have a Big Fist, but it has an arm with "Fighting Fingers." It can poke and twist other MICs — in fact, if the MIC with FF manages an Incapacitate result or better, it squishes the MIC pilot inside *(an instant winner!)*. STR+2 damage, +1 to hit and uses *unarmed* skill.

Buzz Saw: Youch! Big spinning blades on extendable arm. If the MIC pilot gets a Kill or better, he can opt to cut off a limb, weapon, or locomotion apparatus from his opponent instead (roll randomly for which one). Uses *primitive melee weapon* skill, STR+4 damage, +1 to hit.

Chain Saw: Sharper than a Buzz Saw, but less accuracy. On an Incapacitate or better, the pilot can lop something off (same deal as buzz saw). Uses *primitive melee weapon* skill, does STR+8, -2 to hit.

LaserRare: A laser weapon, set just below char-broil. Uses *laser weapons*, does damage 8, no modifier, range of 9 hexes.

Bang-Bang Gun: A really *cute* handgun that fires *cute* little shells that put *cute* little holes in MICs. Damage 8, +1 to hit, *Projectile Weapons*, range of 6.

Missile Rack: The MIC has a Missile Rack with five missiles. Each does damage 11, range of 4, +3 to hit, uses *field weapons* skill.

SonicSqueal: A small sonic weapon that can shatter armor, monitors, and, oh yeah, glass. Damage 7, range of 2, +1 to hit, uses *energy weapons* skill.

IceGun: Shoots a barrage of stalactites that would put the Fortress of Solicitation to shame. Damage 9, +1 to hit, uses *projectile weapons*, range of 5.

Attachments

Die Roll	Weapon	Damage or Damage	Accuracy
1-2	Big Fist	STR+5	-1
3-6	Medium Fist	STR+3	0
7-8	Super Kicker	STR+5	-2
9	Fighting Fingers	STR+2	+1
10	Buzz Saw	STR+4	+1
11	Chain Saw	STR+8	-2
12-14	LaserRare	8	+0
15-16	Bang-Bang Gun	8	+1
17	Missile Rack	11	+3
18	SonicSqueal	7	+1
12-16	Roll on the "Special Attachments 1" chart.		
17-20	Roll on the "Special Attachments 2" chart.		

Special Attachments 1 Chart

Die Roll	Weapon	Damage or Damage	Accuracy
1	IceGun	9	+1
2	NeedleGun	8	+2
3	FlameBelcher	11	0
4	Tangler	*	+1
5-6	PlasmaBelcher	17	-3
7	RACKET	NA	0
8	Tentacle Whipper	STR+3	0
9	BAT	STR+4	+1
10	Rocket	15	+1
11	Gauss Charger	16	+1
12	Nuclear Melter	18	-3
13-14	LaserWellDone	15	-2
15	Grenade Launcher	8	-1
17	Brakketa-Takketa Gun	12	+1
18	SonicRoar	14	+1
19	Roll twice more on this table, ignoring this result.		
20	R&D special. Make something nasty up.		

Special Attachments 2 Chart

Die Roll	Weapon	Damage or Damage	Accuracy
1	Broom of Doom	STR	+6
2-4	Mechanical Plunger …	STR+1	+5
5	RazorRotaryBlade	STR+12	-3
6	BoomerArm	STR+2	+3
7-12	Armor	NA	NA
13	CreamPIE	STR+1	+1
14	BananaPEAL	NA	NA
15	EjectoRator	NA	NA
16	WalkieTauntie	NA	NA
17	Hearty Shield …	NA	NA
18	PUKE	NA	NA
19	Roll twice more on this table, ignoring this result.		
20	R&D special. Make something nasty up.		

NeedleGun: Boy, those MICs, they really needle me ... hey, put that chainsaw down, I know it was punthetic, I'm sorry ... AAARGGGHHHH! Does damage 8, +2 to hit, *Projectile Weapons* skill, range of 6.

FlameBelcher: A flamethrower in the shape of a disposable lighter. Does damage value 11, range of 2, no modifier to hit, uses *field weapons* skill.

Tangler: Shoots out an adhesive rope that hits another MIC. It does no damage, but if it cases the equivalent of a Wound, the MIC trips and falls to the ground, and if it causes a Kill or better, the MIC is bound into a fetal position and can do nothing (unless it is cut free with say a ... buzz saw). +1 to hit, range 6, uses *Field Weapons* skill.

PlasmaBelcher: Yes, it's as bad as it sounds. A big, honkin' plasma generator hooked up to a gun that shoots streams of this not-fun substance at helpless MICs. Does damage 17, uses *Field Weapons*, -3 to hit, range of 6.

RACKET: The Remote Attack Counter-Kill and Elimination Tool is a large metal frame across which is strung an electromagnetic force field. When wielded by a MIC in combat, this device allows the pilot to redirect incoming missile and artillery fire back toward its source. This is accomplished by transmitting a large quantity of mechanical energy provided by the MIC swinging the RACKET to the incoming missile. In game terms, whenever an incoming missile, primitive missile or projectile weapon is used, the pilot may roll a tough *Primitive Melee Weapon* skill. If successful, the RACKET deflects the attack.

Tentacle Whipper: A long chain or tentacle that shoots out at the other MIC, whipping it and, possibly, entangling it. In addition to other damage, if the Tentacle receives a Stun result or better for damage, the other MIC is entangled and must make a *Strength* vs. *Strength* roll to free itself (of course, it may not be a good idea to entangle some MICs). If the entangled MIC misses the roll by more than three, the MIC is not only still tangled up, but it has fallen over, and thus all attacks against it are at +3 to hit until it stands up again. Uses *neurowhip* skill, does STR+3 damage, no modifier.
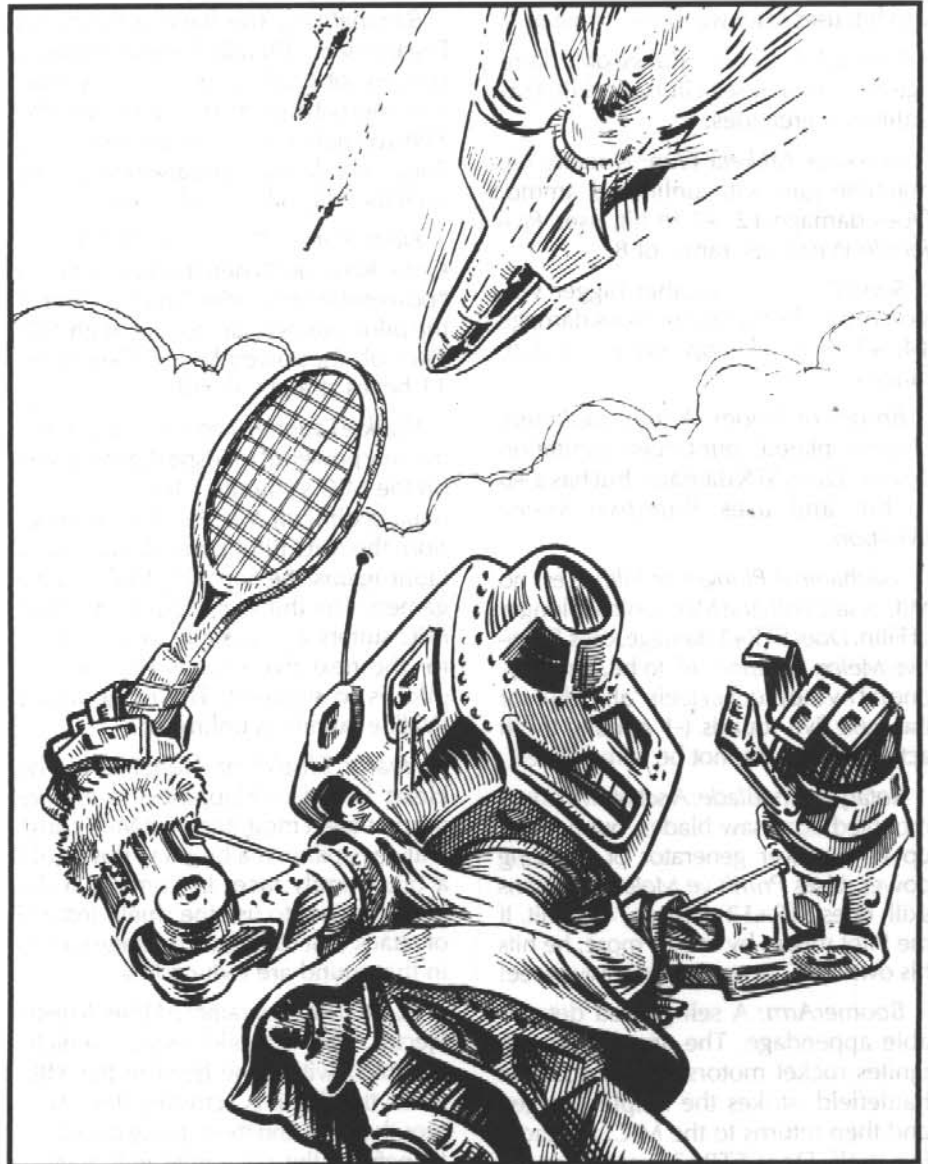
"It's a hard drive to the baseline ..."

BAT: The Battlefield All-purpose truncheon (BAT) is a large cylindrical device resembling a utility pole. This melee weapon (uses *truncheon* skill) is specifically designed to give a MIC pilot the necessary leverage to increase melee effectiveness. Does STR+4 damage, with +1 to hit.

Rocket: The MIC has a rocket launcher with *unlimited* rockets. The rockets have a range of 5 hexes, damage 15, +1 to hit, uses *Field Weapons* skill.

Gauss Charger: The most feared MIC weapon of them all. It has a range of 8 and, if it does a Wound, it causes the MIC to roll once on the "Malfunction Chart" below. On an Incapacitate, roll

twice. A Kill is three rolls, and a Vaporize causes the MIC to explode (because all that die rolling was getting me down). However, ignore the wounds caused by the Gauss Charger — all it does is cause malfunctions (which may then cause wounds). Uses *field weapons* skill, +1 to hit.

Nuclear Melter: A really *huge* flamethrower. Can melt MIC armor. Can vaporize small complexes. Don't want to know what it does to clones. Just roll the damage and apply it. Uses *field weapons* skill, damage value 18, -3 to hit, range 8.

LaserWellDone: A bigger version of the LaserRare. Does damage value 15, -

2 to hit, uses *laser weapons*, range of 8.

Grenade Launcher: Range of 6, damage 8, -1 to hit, uses *Grenade* skill. Has unlimited grenades.

Brakketa-Takketa Gun: A really big machine gun with unlimited ammo. Does damage 12, +1 to hit, uses *Projectile Weapons*, range of 8.

SonicRoar: Yet another bigger version of another weapon. Does damage 14, +1 to hit, *Energy Weapons* skill, range of 5.

Broom of Doom: A fully mounted, chrome plated, reinforced sanitation device. Does STR damage, but has a +6 to hit, and uses *Primitive Melee Weapon*.

Mechanical Plunger of Filth: Yes, no MIC is safe with the Mechanical Plunger of Filth. Does STR+1 damage, uses *Primitive Melee Weapon*, +5 to hit, and anyone hit by the plunger feels "all yicky" for the next five rounds (-1 penalty to all actions — this cannot be cumulative).

Rotary Razor Blade: A set of twin, dual mounted buzz saw blades, but hooked up to a power generator of *amazing* power. Uses *Primitive Melee Weapons* skill, does STR+12 damage, -3 to hit. If the Pilot misses by five or more, he hits his own MIC — owwweee, owwweee!

BoomerArm: A self-guided detachable appendage. The arm breaks off, ignites rocket motors, flies across the battlefield, strikes the helpless target, and then returns to the MIC, reattaching itself. Does STR+2, uses *Grenade* skill, range of 6, +3 to hit.

Armor: The MIC has extra armor. Add +D10 to its *Endurance*, but reduce one from its standard move for every three points of armor. For simplicity's sake, armor affects all forms of attack equally. If you want, go ahead and divvy it up as we do with normal combat, but don't say we didn't warn you.

CreamPIE: The Cream Projectile of Indeterminate Energy is a flat, round frame into which certain heavy, sticky substances (HSS) are loaded. The frame then launches the PIE at another MIC, with a range of 3, doing STR+1 damage, at +1 to hit. Additionally, if the PIE causes a Wound or better, the opposing MIC's sensors are clogged with the HSS, giving the MIC a penalty of -3 to all actions for the next three rounds.

BananaPEEL: The Banana Personnel Engagement Altitude Locator drops a slippery obstacle in a hex. Any MIC entering that hex must make a tough *MIC Pilot* roll not to fall on the ground, doing *Endurance* damage, and also being prone until the MIC pilot stands up again.

EjectoRator: This is an EJECT-able Gene-RATOR. When the MIC suffers a "powerplant explodes" malfunction, if the pilot makes a successful tough *MIC Pilot* roll, the powerplant will be ejected 11 hexes straight ahead.

WalkieTauntie: The MIC has an extremely powerful loudspeaker mounted on the MIC's "mouth." If the Pilot can make a difficult *MIC Pilot* or *Intimidation*, the MIC Pilot can roleplay out a taunt against the opposing MIC — if the gamemaster thinks it's funny, the other MIC suffers a -3 penalty to all actions for the next five rounds because the pilot is so steamed. The range to the WalkieTauntie is unlimited.

Hearty Shield of Happiness: The Heart Shield of Happiness is a large round object mounted on a MIC's arm. It always painted a bright yellow, with a black smily face. In combat, if the Pilot chooses to use the shield instead of attack that round, all damage values in that round are reduced by -5.

PUKE: The Programmed User Kinetic Ejector. This is a pilot escape vehicle. Mounted within the head of the MIC, when the PUKE is activated, the MIC's mouth opens and the capsule is ejected. Hopefully, the parachute will activate and the pilot will land safely. The range is 12 hexes (for those who want to pursue and step on the escape capsule). The pilot can choose to be ejected at any time, although this is normally saved for emergencies.

Step Six: Final MIC

In this step, simply tally up the MIC's final stats. Add the modifiers for the various attributes *(Strength, Endurance, Agility, Dexterity)*. Enter the MIC's final move.

Step Seven: MIC Pilot

A clone plugged into a MIC has effectively become the MIC.

If the clone walks, the MIC walks.

If the the clone skips rope, the MIC skips rope.

If the clone slaps himself in the forehead (say, to swat a fly), the MIC slaps itself in the forehead ... yuck! Scratch one clone.

Because MICs are larger and clumsier than the body that the clone is used to wearing, a clone's attributes are *averaged* with those of the MIC to determine skill bases while using the MIC. Round up.

This was considered preferable to weighting down each clone with thirty kilos of lead on each limb whenever he wasn't in the MIC.

With the averages calculated, note this on the MIC Battle Form. Then, add the pilot's skill adds to these new skill bases to find out how well the pilot uses his skills while in the MIC.

Example: *Sad-R-ATT-3 has Agility 14 (skill base 3) and Dexterity 11 (skill base 3). He plugs into a MIC with an Agility of 14 and a Dexterity of 18. While plugged in, his effective Agility is 14 ((14 + 14)/2 = 14), and his effective Dexterity is 15 ((11 + 18)/2 = 15 (round up)).*

Now, look up the appropriate skill base for the averaged attributes: attribute values of 9 and 10 have a skill base of 2. All of Sad-R-ATT's Agility and Dexterity skills will be based on the new skill bases when piloting the MIC.

This disadvantage can be overcome with the *MIC Pilot* skill. The *MIC Pilot* skill is *Mechanical Aptitude* based, and cannot be purchased by a starting character except with gamemaster approval.

Add the number of *MIC Pilot* adds to both the character's *Agility* and *Dexterity* scores *before* they are averaged with the MIC's base scores. These adds cannot cause a clone to have a higher *Dexterity* or *Agility* with the MIC than the character naturally has; if the average is higher than the character's normal ability, just use the character's normal *Agility* or *Dexterity*. Note that only the adds are used, not the *Mechanical Aptitude* skill base, when figuring these skills. The only time the full *MIC Pilot* skill is used (with the *Mechanical Aptitude* skill base) is when the pilot has to make *MIC Pilot* moves.

Example: *Cynd-R-ELA has Agility 18 (skill base 5), Dexterity 10 (skill base 2) and Mechanical Aptitude 18 (skill base 5). Cynd has MIC Pilot 8 (skill base of 5 and three adds in MIC Pilot).*

When she figures her modified attributes, she only uses the 3 MIC Pilot adds. If she uses a MIC of Agility 4 and Dexterity 8, her skills will be as follows: her effective MIC Agility would be 13 ((18 + 3 + 4) / 2) and her effective Dexterity would be 11 ((10 + 3 + 8)/2). However, since 11 is higher than her normal Dexterity, she only gets her normal value of 10.

Since her Dexterity doesn't change, all of her Dexterity skills can be used as normal. Unfortunately, her Agility drops to a skill base of 3, which is two points lower than her original skill base. Cynd-R-ELA will be two points clumsier at all Agility skills in this MIC.

When ever she has to make a MIC Pilot skill roll (such as to jump, walk, run, do a piledriver on an opponent, etc.), she uses her full MIC Pilot skill of 8.

Using Skills

MIC pilots use their modified skills to perform actions. MIC Pilot is used to make maneuvers. If a character wants to use a MIC's truncheon, she uses her *truncheon* skill. If a MIC Pilot wants to attack another MIC in hand-to-hand combat, the pilot uses her *unarmed* skill.

Randomly Rolling MICs

For those of you who don't want to sacrifice your own characters, here's a quick and easy way to roll up MIC pilots.

1. Roll *Agility, Dexterity, Mechanical Aptitude* and *Endurance* on D20.

Roll	Attribute	Roll	Attribute
1–2	10	11–12	15
3–4	11	13–14	16
5–6	12	15–16	17
7–8	13	17–18	18
9–10	14	19–20	19

2. Find the pilot's skill base for *Mechanical Aptitude*. This chart is also used for modified *Agility* and *Dexterity* skill bases (after averaging with the MIC's).

Attribute	Skill Base
10	2
11–14	3
15–17	4
18–20	5

3. Find the pilot's Macho Bonus based on his *Endurance*.

Endurance	Macho Bonus
10-13	0
14-18	1
19-20	2

Note that whenever the MIC pilot takes damage in MIC combat, he can reduce the damage column by his Macho Bonus.

4. Roll D20 to see how many *MIC Pilot* adds the pilot has:

1-3	1
4-6	2
7-9	3
10-12	4
13-16	5
17-20	6

Remember to add the *MIC Pilot* adds to the pilot's *Agility* and *Dexterity* before averaging them with the MIC's to get the modified scores. Also add the *MIC Pilot* adds to his *Mechanical Aptitude* skill base to get his *MIC Pilot* score.

5. Roll D20 to find out how many other skill adds the pilot has. They can be added to any of the skills listed on the "BattleMIC Worksheet" except *MIC Pilot*.

1-3	3
4-6	4
7-9	5
10-12	6
13-17	7
18-20	8

Step Eight: Start Shooting At Stuff

Now fill out the MIC Battle Form, which is a convenient way to keep track of your MIC's battle stats.

Well, that's it for MIC design. Wasn't that fun? Now, all of your players have a bunch of woefully unbalanced MICs ready to pound the stuffing out of the most defenseless MIC on the board.

For complete details on terrorizing smaller MICs, turn to "MIC Combat."

MIC Combat

Now that you've built a MIC or two, it's time to destroy them!

MIC combat for *Paranoia* is more than giants robots standing and shooting at each other. If you only want to do that, there's plenty of other not-fun games that are suitable for that type of rules lawyering ... we mean gaming.

Paranoia MIC combat should be much more ... *flamboyant!* When MICs are fighting, it is absolutely imperative that you capture the correct mood. You want a mixture of giant robot combat, grappling action, humor and wild and crazy maneuvers. In a word: slapstick.

Use B grade monster movies, pro wrestling and Three Stooges episodes as models of what should happen in a MIC battle. Why settle for unleashing a barrage of missiles on a MIC when one MIC can pie another in the face and then bodyslam it into a nuclear generator?

If your players aren't swinging utility poles at each other while tripping over buildings, or blocking two-fingered eyegouge maneuvers, then something just isn't right.

Turn Sequence

Combat is kind of like personal combat for clones ... kind of. Basically, the gamemaster and one of the players should each roll a die (if its players vs. gamemaster). If the players are fighting one another, each players should roll a die. Highest gets "initiative."

Whoever gets initiative gets to decide what will happen first in a turn, movement or fighting.

Whoever gets initiative also gets to decide who moves or fights first, the players or the gamemaster's MICs. If it's players vs. players, the winning players chooses "highest roll" or "lowest roll" to act first, and then everyone acts in order.

Example: *The combat is players vs. gamemaster characters. Mav-R-ICK, a player's pilot, gets initiative. He chooses movement first, then combat, and chooses to have the players move before the gamemaster characters. All players move one at a time, then all gamemaster characters move, then all players attack and then all gamemaster characters attack.*

Really simple, isn't it?

MIC Movement

For MICs to fight, they have to move. Here's how.

The gamemaster selects a terrain difficulty: easy, normal, tough, or difficult. The pilot rolls his *MIC Pilot* skill to see if he can cross the terrain.

The gamemaster should optionally modify the difficulty of a maneuver based on current conditions. Walking on an icy field may be difficult, while running on a flat, straight road may be normal, or even easy if the clone pilots the MIC over the same stretch of road every day.

If the pilot succeeds, he crosses the terrain. If he fails, find the number of points by which he missed the roll on the following chart.

MisMovement Chart

Roll	Result
1-2	MIC moves one less than movement desired.
3-4	MIC moves two less than movement desired.
5-6	MIC moves as far as desired, but changes one hex facing first
7-8	MIC moves one less than desired and changes one hex facing first
9-10	MIC moves as far as desired in completely opposite direction.
12+	MIC falls on the ground and is prone until MIC stands up again (easy *MIC Pilot* total)

Combat Hits

MICs cause damage by shooting at or hitting each other. Pilot's use their appropriate skills (if a MIC pilot wants to punch another MIC, he uses his modified *unarmed* skill; if he wants to use a MIC laser, he uses his modified *laser weapons* skill).

Don't forget that a MIC's weapon modifies the hit score, but the target's MIC's *Agility* makes it harder to hit. Find the MIC's *Agility* skill base and subtract that from attacking MIC skill totals (not rolls), making the MIC harder to hit. This bonus does *not* apply if the MIC has been knocked down or cannot move.

Damage for MICs is figured differently. A *stun* counts as one hit. A *wound* counts as two hits. *Incapacitates* count as three hits, *Kills* as four, and *vaporize*

"Hmm ... wiseguy!"

counts as five hits. If a MIC takes a *kill* result, the MIC must roll on the "Malfunction Chart." If the MIC takes a *vaporize*, roll twice on the "Malfunction Chart."

A MIC can take as many hits as it has *Endurance*. When a MIC has been reduced to 0 *Endurance*, it is destroyed. A MIC can also be destroyed by malfunctions.

Hits taken by a MIC always affect the pilot. This is because, unlike bots, MICs use the clone pilot's nervous system instead of circuits. Isn't that a pleasant thought? Reduce the damage column by five, and then roll damage against the pilot (you also apply macho bonuses to further reduce damage).

Malfunction Chart

Roll	Result
1	Movement reduced by -1 for two rounds.
2	Movement reduced by -3 for D20/3 rounds.
3	Movement reduced by half for D20 rounds.
4	MIC immobile for rest of combat.
5	Randomly disable one weapon, defense or limb for one round.
6	Randomly disable three weapons, defenses or limbs for three rounds.
7	All weapons and limbs disabled for five rounds.
8	One weapon, defense or limb destroyed.
9	Three weapons, defenses or limbs destroyed.
10	All weapons, defenses and limbs destroyed.
11	Reduce MIC's Endurance by -1.
12	Reduce MIC's Endurance by -3.
13	Reduce MIC's Endurance by -5.
14	-1 to MIC's Agility.
15	-3 to MIC's Agility.
16	-3 to MIC's Strength (permanent).
17	-1 to MIC's Strength (permanent).
18	-1 to MIC's Dexterity.
19	-3 to MIC's Dexterity.
20	Powerplant goes up, causing damage value 20 to all MICs within 10 hexes.

Maneuvers

Eventually, MIC pilots will tire of performing punches and shooting at other MICs. You may be asking, "Where's the pro wrestling element?" That's where "Maneuvers" come in.

Aside from being entertaining to watch, these maneuvers, if successful, are often quite effective in combat.

Instead of a ranged or melee/unarmed attack, the MIC can choose to perform a "Maneuver." The MIC pilot selects a specific maneuver, and must roll against the maneuver's difficulty with his *MIC Pilot* skill. Remember to subtract the target MIC's *Agility* skill base from the attacking pilot's *MIC Pilot* skill.

If the pilot succeeds, his MIC performs the maneuver. If the pilot fails, the MIC's battle computer randomly selects a different maneuver (by rolling a die). This random maneuver is *automatically* successful, but does damage to *both* MICs (though only *half* damage to the attacker).

Unless otherwise stated, a MIC must be in the same hex or an adjoining hex to perform a maneuver.

Most maneuvers *should* have certain requirements. For example, to perform a *Flying Butt Scissors*, a MIC needs legs … but that just adds a whole level of complexity that we don't want to deal with. So, wing it — if a MIC wants to do a maneuver that it's form doesn't allow, it'll do it's best imitation. Have fun describing how a MIC with no appendages performs an *Eye Gouge* … this could be really humorous!

Maneuver Descriptions

OoopsieDaisie. One MIC grabs the other, throws it up into the air. The attacking MIC pretends to get under the MIC to catch it and then moves out of the way at the last second, so the other MIC crashes into the ground and is prone. A failed OoopsieDaisie means that the MIC fell onto its back while trying to lift the MIC and is prone until it stands up again.

Decapitator. The MIC chugs along,

extends one arm, and "clotheslines" the other MIC with his arm. The MIC must be in the same hex to perform this maneuver. If successful, the MIC is prone.

Bodyslam. One MIC picks up another, holds it over its head and smashes it onto the ground. In order to make this attack, the MIC must make a normal *Strength* roll against the other MIC. If successful, the MIC target is prone.

Elbowslam. The MIC runs and smashes its elbow into the MIC. If the MIC fails the maneuver, it flies straight by the other MIC, to fall prone on the ground.

KungKick. The MIC jumps up and spins around, kicking the other MIC in the "head" while performing high-pitched screams. If the attacking MIC fails the roll by five or more, the MIC falls flat. If the attacking MIC rolls a wound or better, the attacked MIC must roll on the "Malfunction Chart," or if a Malfunction is already scored due to damage, the MIC must roll an *extra* malfunction.

Piledriver. The attacking MIC grabs the attacked MIC, turns it upside-down and smashes it into the ground headfirst. The MIC automatically rolls a malfunction, regardless of damage.

Strut. The MIC, thinking its enemy vanquished, arrogantly struts around the battlefield, making claims to its

physical prowess. The effect depends on what happened last turn — if the enemy MIC suffered any malfunctions, the strutting MIC gets +2 to all actions for the next two turns. However, if the enemy MIC did *not* suffer a malfunction in the last round, the enemy MIC gets +5 to all actions for the next four rounds (somehow, that arrogant parading around got it all fired up ...).

Leaping Landing. The MIC leaps into the air, hoping to land on the other MIC. If the target MIC is prone, the difficulty is easy, but if the MIC is standing, the difficulty is tough. The target MIC may be up to two hexes away — the attacking MIC gets this as bonus movement for free as part of the maneuver. On a failed maneuver, the MIC misses the target, falling prone.

Whirlwind. The MIC spins in a circle, extending it arms. The other MIC is pummeled by the whirling arms. A failure means the *MIC Pilot* gets dizzy and the MIC falls over.

Steamroller. Ah, the wonders of mushing your opponent into the ground. Very simply the MIC becomes a *monster MIC, live, smashing other helpless MICs* (in "Monster Truck" announcer voice). The target MIC must be prone. Damage equals 5 plus one for every hex travelled the last time the MIC moved and by performing this maneuver, the MIC may move one extra hex to reach the target MIC.

Flying Butt Scissors. The MIC runs, jumps, and wraps its legs around the head of the helpless target MIC. To perform this maneuver, the MIC may be up to three hexes away — it gets to move these extra hexes for free. If the attack is successful, the opposing MIC ends up prone and probably pretty messed up, too. If the MIC fails, it overshoots its target, flying D6 extra hexes and landing in a smoking heap.

Eye Gouge. In addition to the increased damage, a successful eyegouge *automatically* causes one malfunction.

Limb Tear. In this attack, one MIC pulls a limb off the other and bashes it with its own limb. The difficulty is an opposed *Strength* roll — have each MIC roll a die and add their *Strength* score to the total. If the attacking MIC wins by five or more points, it rips the other MIC's limb off.
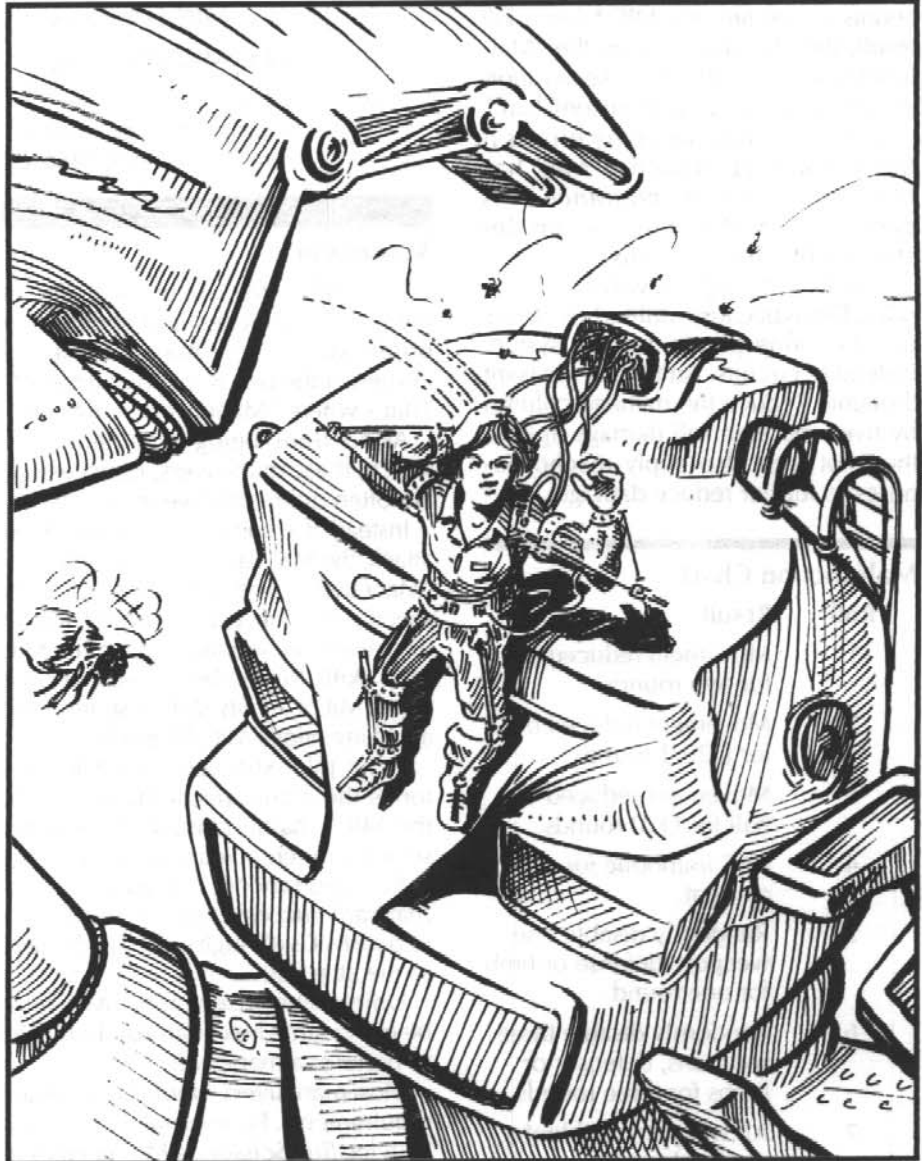
Hah ... got that fly.

MIC Maneuver Table

Die Roll	Maneuver	Difficulty	Damage
1	OoopsieDaisie	Tough	STR+3
2	Decapitator	Normal	STR+4
3	Bodyslam	Special	STR+4
4-6	Elbowslam	Easy	STR+1
7	KungKick	Tough	STR+4
8	Piledriver	Difficult	STR+2
9-14	Strut	Easy	NA
15	Leaping Landing	Easy/Tough	STR+3
16	Whirlwind	Normal	STR+2
17	Steamroller	Normal	5+1/every hex moved
18	Flying Butt Scissors	Difficult	STR+7
19	Eye Gouge	Easy	STR+4
20	Limb Tear	Special	STR+4

MIC Battle Form

MIC's Name: _____
Pilot's Name: _____
Shape: _____ Chassis: _____

Dexterity: _____ Modified w/Pilot: _____ Mod. Skill Base: _____
Agility: _____ Modified w/Pilot: _____ Mod. Skill Base: _____
Strength: _____ Endurance: _____ Hits Taken: _____

Malfunctions: _____

_____

Standard Movement: _____ Dramatic Movement: _____

MIC Pilot:
Pilot's Endurance: _____ Macho Bonus: _____ Injury Level: _____

Attachments: _____ Skill: _____ Damage: _____ Accuracy: _____

_____

_____

Skills: _____

_____

BattleMIC Worksheet

Step One: Bigness

	Strength	Endurance	Agility	Dexterity	Max. Move
Chassis:					

Step Two: Shapeliness

Shape: _____

SFS Mod: _____

Step Three: Standard Locomotion

Type: _____

Move: _____

Step Four: Dramatic Locomotion

Type: _____

Move: _____

Step Five: Attachments

Type	Damage:	Accuracy:	Notes:

Step Six: Final MIC

	Strength	Endurance	Agility	Dexterity	Move

Step Seven: MIC Pilot

Agility: _____ Dexterity: _____ Mechanical Aptitude: _____ Skill Base: _____ Endurance: _____ Macho Bonus: _____
MIC Pilot:

Agility:	**Dexterity:**	**Agility:**	**Dexterity:**
Force Sword	Energy Weapons	Primitive Melee Wpn	Projectile Wpn
Grenade	Field Weapons	Truncheon	Primitive Missile Wpn
Neurowhip	Laser Weapons	Unarmed	
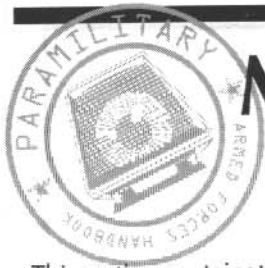
MIC Mini-Adventures

This section contains two mini-adventures to help introduce your players to MICs. The first is best suited as a training mission. The second is usable at any time.

MIC Mission I

This mission is intended to give potential MIC pilots an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the equipment. It assumes that the clones have no prior experience with MICs.

Briefing

The clones are ordered to report for a super-special top-secret mission of unbelievable importance. When they report, they find that the room is guarded by a pair of guards in blue jump-suits. The clones are ordered to enter the room. The room is square, with only one exit.

Opposite the door is a large vid-screen. Arrayed before the vid-screen are a sufficiently large number of chairs to accommodate all of the clones (or at the gamemaster's option, an insufficient number of chairs). A recorded voice instructs all clones to take a seat. One minute later, the door closes and seals, and the room is filled with an anesthetic gas.

Most of the clones will be unaware of the following activity, unless they are under the influence of extremely powerful stimulants, have mutant powers that protect them from poison gasses, or are in fact not a clone at all, but a bot.

The vid-screen slides up, and docbots enter, and begin to operate on the clones' necks one at a time. The docbots are attempting to implant FRIED interfaces. The docbots will operate on any object that even vaguely resembles a clone (bots included).

The characters will awaken in the same room. Replacements will not have had time to arrive, so some of the clones may be a little worse for wear. Most of the clones will have a minor ache at the back of their neck, and ringing in their ears, though for some the after-effects may be much worse.

As soon as the characters seem to be mostly awake, a general will appear on the vid-screen and begin briefing the clones about MICs. He will be very excited about the possibilities of these new warbots, and quite happy to answer any questions the clones may have. He will tend to downplay any negative aspect of the project, and certainly will not bring up the subject of SFS. If the players bring it up, he will enquire as to where they heard about it since it is a highly secret project, and certainly beyond the security clearance of any of the players' clones.

After the question period, the team will be briefed on its first mission: a training exercise. The group will be split up into groups of two. At least one in each group must be a human clone with a working FRIED interface. After all assignments have been made, the clones are ordered to report to an unused hanger at the airfield.

First Steps

At the hanger, which is heavily guarded for an "unused" building, the clones will have their orders checked, and any recording equipment will be temporarily confiscated. The clones are then ushered inside the hanger, where the awesome sight of deactivated MICs will greet them (well, it probably won't say "hi" or anything, but they will probably notice the giant robots that could smush them at any time and coincidentally seem to be only a light breeze from toppling over on them). The giant robots are hung on scaffolding while an army of technicians scurries about taking various measurements and making repairs to them.

The general can be seen talking to what appears to be the chief technician. As the team approaches the general, they might catch the end of his conversation with the Chief Equipment-Guy.

CEG: I canna possibly have them ready in less than FOUR HOURS General!

GEN: You can if you want to keep those stripes, Grand Poobah Sergeant.

CEG: Aye. They'll be ready then, General.

The general will then indicate to the team that everything is ready, and have the technicians help the clones into their MICs. Of course, everything is ready. The CEG was just being overly cautious because of the experimental nature of this machinery. The players don't need to know that though, so if you have even the *slightest* indication that your players may have committed the treasonous act of reading this scenario (shame on you if you are — please report to the termination chamber), then feel free to have something go wrong at your discretion.

After strapping in, the pilots are instructed to walk their MICs out of the scaffolding and onto the runway. Keep in mind that this is probably the first MIC piloting roll that any of the clones will need to make. This minor activity should result in many of the clones re-living learning how to walk. You may also want to reference some of the material covered in the sidebar at this time.
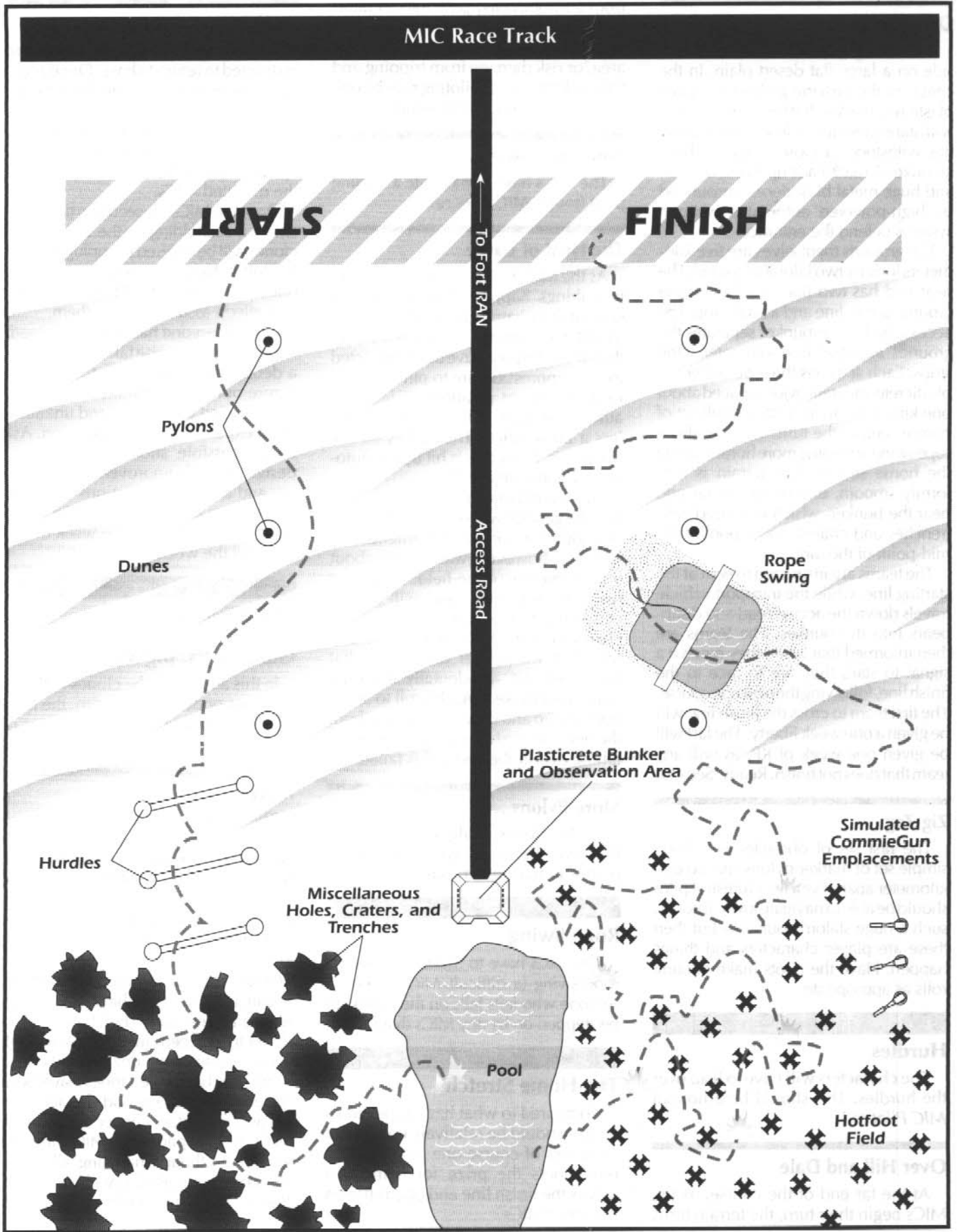
Allow the confusion to continue until everyone has thoroughly enjoyed the slapstick, and then allow the clones to "begin to get the hang of things." At this point, piloting rolls should be saved for truly spectacular situations.

Getting There is Half the Fun

At this point the team is ordered by the general to walk the MICs to the testing grounds. They will be accompanied by several (twice as many) light tankbots, and a military transport hovercar containing the general and a few other interested parties. If the clones are still having a rough time controlling the MICs, they can unplug and have the MICs truckbotted over, but they will all face their first SFS roll for unplugging.

Depending on the results of the first clone unplugging, the rest may decide that walking to the testing ground may be the wiser course of action.

MIC Race Track

START

FINISH

To Fort RAN

Access Road

Pylons

Dunes

Rope
Swing

Plasticrete Bunker
and Observation Area

Simulated
CommieGun
Emplacements

Hurdles

Miscellaneous
Holes, Craters, and
Trenches

Pool

Hotfoot
Field

On Your Mark

The testing grounds are located outside on a large flat desert plain. In the center of the proving ground is a large plasticrete bunker that looks as if it could withstand (and upon closer examination has withstood) a close range hit by a tacnuke. A road leads up to the bunker, and huge metal blast doors surrounded by high-powered automated weapon systems defend the entrance.

The grounds themselves are five kilometers long by two kilometers wide. The near end has two lines marked on the ground: a start line and a finish line. The access road to the bunker separates the grounds into two one kilometer wide strips. Each strip has three 50 meter tall plasticrete and steel pylons spaced about one kilometer apart, with a small set of hurdles before the turn. There is also a rope swing and some more hurdles along the home stretch. The terrain is uniformly smooth, except for the far end near the bunker, which is scarred with trenches and craters, and a pool at the mid-point of the turn.

The teams are instructed to wait at the starting line, while the transport vehicle travels down the access road and disappears into the bunker. The teams are then informed that when they receive a signal to start, they are to race to the finish line, following the obstacle course. The first team to cross the finish line will be given a one week liberty. The last will be given one week of KP, as will any team that does not finish. Ready. Set. Go!

Zig-Zag

The first set of obstacles is a fairly simple set of marker pylons spaced one kilometer apart. Even the clumsiest pilot should be able to navigate a MIC through such a huge slalom course — but then these are player characters and things happen. Have the pilots make piloting rolls as appropriate.

Hurdles

The characters will have to leap over the hurdles. This should be a normal *MIC Pilot* roll.

Over Hill and Dale

At the far end of the course, as the MICs begin their turn, the terrain turns from a smooth easy path into a crater-pocked simulated battlefield. The MICs must carefully pick a path through this area, or risk damage from tripping and falling. Increase all piloting rolls by one level of difficulty in this terrain.

Time for a Swim

The MICs have to navigate a wading pool (tough *MIC Pilot* rolls).

The Heat of Battle

As the MICs finish rounding the turn, two things happen. The first is that several automated gun emplacements (simulated commies) will open fire at the MICs. The guns have been instructed to use suppression fire to pin the MICs in their current position. In fact, the automated guns will always miss unless a 20 is rolled. The clones do not know this. If anyone is hit by the auto-guns, the damage is P7.

The second thing that will happen is that the general will order the clones to take out the gun emplacements. He will not, however, warn them about the intervening mine-field. MICs that rush into the mine field will almost certainly set off at least one mine. The Hotfoot mines do F7 damage to any MIC that walks over one. Pilots that have their MIC accidentally step on a mine must make a macho roll to avoid hopping up and down on one leg (from the hotfoot), and a piloting roll to avoid falling over if the first roll is failed.

More Pylons ...

As the clones finally clear the turn, they will be faced with three more pylons to navigate through.

Rope Swing

The MICs have to make it across the rope swing (a difficult *MIC Pilot* roll). Anyone who fails falls on their back, to be stepped on by any MICs that follow.

The Home Stretch

Compared to what has happened so far this should be relatively uneventful — unless of course one of the clones remembers the prize for being first across the finish line and opens fire on the other MICs.

Cool-Down

After the race is over, the clones are instructed to return to base. Once again they are escorted by the hovertanks, and the general's transport. Any disabled MICs will be taken back by truckbot. Don't forget to check for SFS symptoms after the clones unplug from the disabled MICs.

Once the MICs are secure in the maintenance scaffolding in the hangar, the clones will be ordered to unplug and exit the MICs. Now is a good time to introduce your players to SFS rolls, and the side effects associated with them.

Once everyone has been restrained, fixed-up or otherwise taken care of, run a debriefing session with the general. Figure out how much the clones owe for damaged equipment and unauthorized expenditure of ammunition. Ask about possible shortcomings in the design, possible improvements, usability, and any other questions that happen to pop into your head. Oh yeah, don't forget to award the week of liberty and the week of KP.

MIC Mission 2

Gunziro Vs. Big Mic

In this adventure the clones will face a serious opponent: Gunziro, the hugest, most terrible and most famous of the Dungeon's giant rubber monsters.
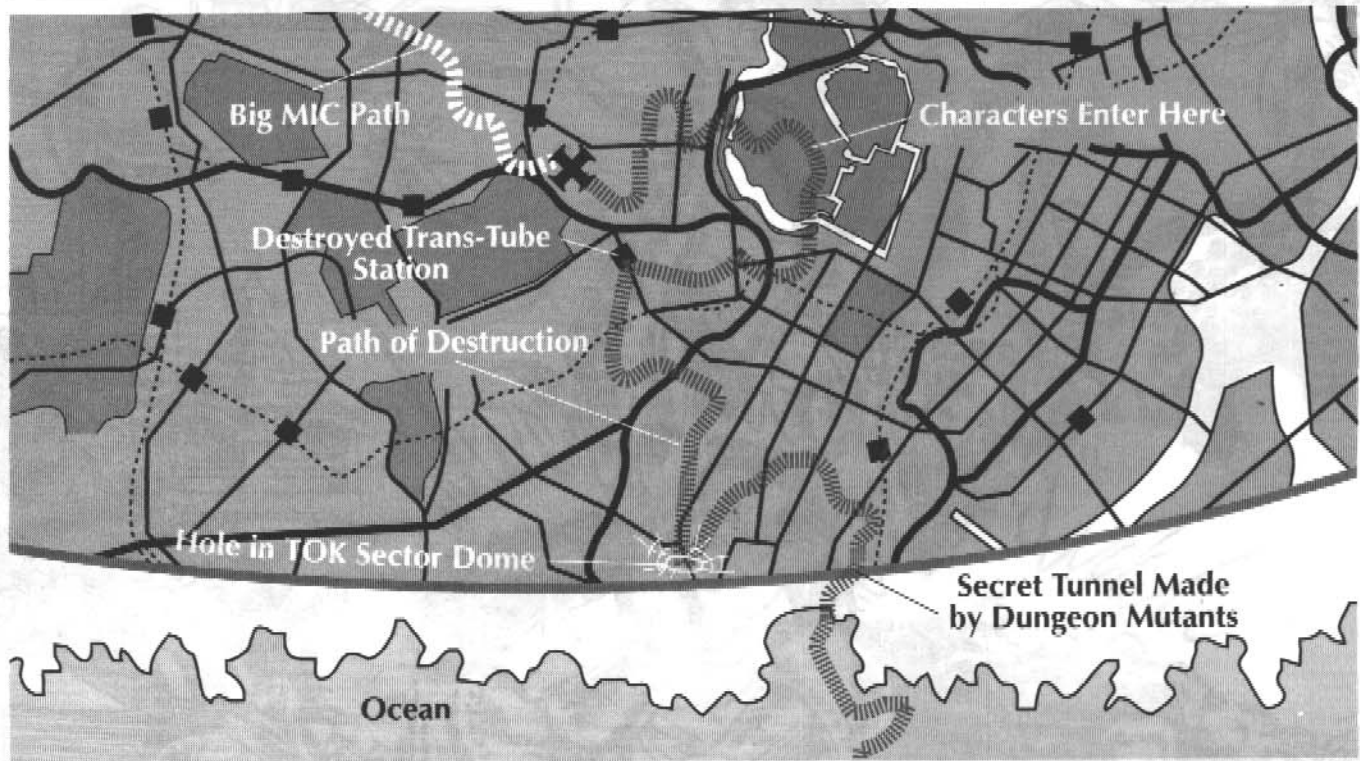
Alert

The clones will be given a mission alert requiring immediate attention. They are ordered to report directly to their MIC hangar and to plug in. Once they arrive and plug in, they will receive an emergency broadcast from the general. He will tell them that Gunziro is terrorizing TOK sector, destroying power distribution lines, public transportation systems, and that regular troops have proved ineffective against him. The clones are ordered to proceed immediately to TOK sector and to stop Gunziro at all costs.

For this battle the clones have been issued Big MICs. Any odd character can act as a secondary gunner in one of the MICs, or may pilot a Big MIC without a gunner — though handling all of the weapons while piloting will be difficult. Plasma weapons should be used with

Just another normal day in TOK Sector.

Big MIC vs. Gunziro

Big MIC Path

Characters Enter Here

Destroyed Trans-Tube Station

Path of Destruction

Hole in TOK Sector Dome

Secret Tunnel Made by Dungeon Mutants

Ocean

discretion. No tacnukes will be issued.

By the time the clones arrive, Gunziro has managed to knock out power to half of TOK sector, punch a hole in the TOK sector dome, and destroy a transtube. Gunziro will continue to destroy things until the MICs show up and engage.

Play Time

Unbeknownst to the players, Gunziro is throwing a tantrum because he wants someone to play with. As soon as potential playmates (the MICs) show up, Gunziro will abandon his mass destruction and gleefully join the players

in a rough-and-tumble fight. Gunziro will use lasers and melee combat at first. If the players begin to get too rough, Gunziro will try to escape back into the ocean. Gunziro will only use his plasma breath as a last resort.

As the gamemaster, you should emphasize the destruction of buildings as a deterrent against the clones overusing weaponry. Gunziro will dodge appropriately to keep buildings and installations dangerously close for the players to fire plasma weapons at him. The tone of this fight should very much be a cross between professional wrestling and those bad monster movies everyone watched as kids.

Gunziro

C'mon, you want stats for this guy? Use some initiative! Stack the deck against the players — hey it's prowrestling, so the outcome is already pre-determined, right?

Wrap-Up

Hopefully Gunziro got away. If not, he'll escape some time later and come back to play with the clones later. A monster this good has to have at least three or four sequels.
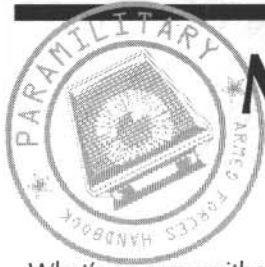
Military Vehicle Guide

What's an army without a wide selection of over-priced, unreliable and fashionably colored combat vehicles. Here's a choice selection for your players ...

Ferret MK II Mobile Hardpoint

Clearance: Green
Appearance: A roughly spherical shaped vehicle mounted on four equally spaced tank treads (two of which rest on the ground at any time). The front of the vehicle is a large tunneling auger, which is hinged, and swings away to cover the only hatchway. Inside there are control couches for a pilot/gunner, three surveillance operators, and four passengers.

Function: The Ferret is extremely well armored against all types of attacks (armor ALL 12). It is intended primarily as a mobile command headquarters (can carry a pilot, co-pilot, communication officer, two gunners and eight passengers). It has only light anti-personnel weaponry (rear-mounted flame throwers), but is bristling with communications gear.

The Ferret moves at only one speed: slow. This is because its tank treads were designed to drive the vehicle while it was burrowing through the ground. The Ferret is also incapable of moving in reverse.

Typical deployment on a battlefield would be by airlift to the desired coordinates followed by a parachute assisted drop of the Ferret onto the battlefield. The shock-absorbing and crash-resistance equipment in the Ferret meet all Computer specified requirements for battlefield safety (snicker, snicker ...).

Upon landing, the Ferret is piloted into position and is burrowed into a nearby hillside. Observers inside the Ferret can observe the battle from the safety of the vehicle using remote cameras and other sophisticated surveillance equipment. While the Ferret (once burrowed in) is capable of withstanding anything short of a direct hit with a tacnuke, the surveillance equipment and exposed drive train will often be damaged or completely vaporized. With the vehicle thus immobilized, there is no known way short of excavation to safely extract the passengers.

Because of the low speed (and large momentum) of the Ferret, sudden maneuvers and quick speed changes are highly unlikely. Accordingly the Ferret has been equipped with a slow (but suitably capable) bot brain.

Weapons: 2 Vehicle Flame Throwers (rear-mounted)

Bot Brain: TP-TURT-L MK 3. A simple brain of simple logic subroutines, this brain is perfectly capable of carrying out nearly any query or command put to it—it just may take a while to respond. Also, as a cost-saving measure, the TP-TURT-L MK 3 bot brain is incapable of multitasking. This means that one command or query must be completed before another can be made. Commands can be explicitly cancelled, but a delay will be experienced while the bot brain cleans up from the previous task, and all work on the previous problem or command will be lost.

The bot's mannerisms and speech modes resemble those of a cartoon turtle, or a typical Bob and Ray Slow Talkers of America member. Wait a full second between words (or more if serious computation is taking place). If the pilot interrupts you, ask them if they would like to terminate the current task, or disregard the new query or command and continue. If the player chooses to terminate the current task, then pause and ask them to state the new query or command. If they ask you to continue then pause a few seconds to "swap the task back in" and continue.

Typical conversation:
Pilot: Begin burrowing
Ferret: Affirmative ... Burrowing ... Depth ... 1 ... meter ... Burrowing ... Depth ... 2
Rock: Crunch!
Pilot: What was that? (The Ferret's auger shrieks as it grinds against solid stone and begins to rip itself apart)
Ferret: Do ... you ... wish ... to ... cancel ...
Pilot: Yes, Yes! Cancel the current task and shut down the auger!
Ferret: the ... current ...task ... or ...
Engine: Boom!

Puffball Mk I Light Hovertank

Clearance: Blue
Appearance: The Puffball resembles a conventional tank turret mounted on a rubber raft (the vehicles hover-skirts) with a large fan attached to the rear.

Function: With a wide variety of firepower, the Puffball can act in an anti-personnel role, or even ambush larger vehicles and have a chance of successfully fleeing. It is capable of amazing speeds over all sorts of open terrain, but suffers somewhat in maneuverability and stability at high speeds or in tight places.

Unfortunately, the Puffball is not well balanced, and tends to lose control at high speeds. It is also sluggish when turning as a result of its ground effect suspension. Turning a puffball is a bit like driving a car on ice: the steering wheel turns, the wheel (or tail vane in the puffball's case) turn, but the vehicle just keeps on travelling in a straight line perhaps off of a cliff or into a tree. Visions of coyotes should be dancing in the gamemaster's head at this point.

The puffball is also a very light vehicle. This facilitates high acceleration and top speed, as well as allowing for a longer range. It also means that ammunition is limited, and that cargo space is at a premium. Some degree of contortion is necessary in order to get into and out of the cockpit. As an additional weight-saving maneuver, no bot brain is provided in the puffball. Feel particularly merciless when asking for piloting rolls — even when the puffball is supposed to be standing still, a slight breeze could cause it to start drifting down-wind or start spinning in place.

A third minor "unforeseen design feature" of the Puffball is its Rapid Retrograde Acceleration ability. The puffball

"Never fear, friend Citizen ... we are here to protect you ..."

is so light that firing the machine guns will cause it to start drifting backwards from the recoil. Firing the missile launchers or tube cannon will rapidly accelerate the vehicle backwards (pilots have been known to fire weapons to slow the vehicle and prevent crashes — either the vehicle slows or whatever *was* in the way isn't anymore). Experienced pilots will either land the vehicle or brace it against a building or trees before firing the larger weapons. Advanced pilots may even be able to use the recoil of the primary weapons as a piloting feature to make spectacular breaking maneuvers or to facilitate rapid turns in an emergency situation.

The tank has light armor (P4L4) and a crew of two (pilot and gunner).

Weapons: 1 Tube Cannon II (10 rounds), 2 Missile Launchers (single shot), 1 Automatic Slugthrower (20 rounds)

Bot Brain: You've got to be kidding! The crew is lucky this thing has a coffee maker on board!

Expector Heavy Artillery Tank

Clearance: Violet

Appearance: The Expector is a truly awe inspiring sight. Its one hundred and eighty ton bulk consists of three separate heavy tanks. Each tank carries components of the Baby Boomer Long Range Artillery Weapon. Only when the three vehicles have stopped, and are linked together can the main weapon be used. Separately the component tanks are too lightly armed and armored to be effective on the actual battle front.

The component vehicles are slow moving, heavy tracked vehicles which have sufficient armor to withstand secondary or long range attacks, but are sitting ducks for heavy air assaults or a massive armor strike. The individual bots, once separated, are bland and unremarkable in every way.

Function: The composite vehicle carries forty five crew members including three pilots, three co-pilots, and nine gunners. Of the remaining thirty crew members, fifteen act as technical and support crew for assembling and disassembling the main gun, twelve act as loaders and the remaining three are the fire-control crew and commanders. These additional crew may or may not be broken up evenly between the component vehicles.

Setting up the composite vehicle re-quires the efforts of nearly the entire crew for a period of about one hourcycle. Teardown requires a similar period of time, but can be accomplished in fifteen minutecycles with a significant (Gamemaster's call) chance of damage to one or more subsystems. Setting up requires proper positioning of the vehicles, digging in, and a large amount of cabling and physical assembly. In order to assemble a functioning Baby Boomer, one of each sub-type component (l, m, and c) is required.

Once assembled the Baby Boomer is capable of launching multiple tacnuke ballistic projectiles accurately at distances of nearly eight hundred kilometers. Each projectile acts as a cone rifle shell of the appropriate type with four column shifts to the right on the damage table. The Expector can carry 30 tons (30 rounds) of assorted ammunition which can be fired in any order. Each shot requires three rounds of loading and preparation. It has armor of ALL 8 for protection.

Weapons: 1 Baby Boomer, 3 Tube Cannon II, 6 Laser Cannon I

Bot Brain: IN-3-STN(m,l,c) Multiple Ballistic Calculator. Thanks to the incredible genius of the composite bot brain, the Baby Boomer rarely misses (20

on a D20) on a first shot, and never misses on subsequent shots at the same target. The massive intelligence and calculating abilities of the composite brain allow it to instantly calculate ballistic trajectories that account for every possible variable. Some of the factors regularly encountered are wind speed and direction (which varies by altitude), the curvature of the Earth, the rotation of the Earth while the projectile is in flight, target movement and other third order effects like gunners sneezing.

In its composite form, there is little that the IN-3-STN is not capable of. Unfortunately the composite bot brain is so hyper-intelligent, that it rapidly gets bored except under the most strenuous battle conditions, and will tend to fragment into its three component personalities. Mere clones often have a tough time trying to get the attention of the composite brain, since material happenings are uninteresting in comparison to the loftier matters that the IN-3-STN cares to ponder. When the composite brain breaks down into the three component personalities (nicknamed Moe, Larry and Curly) they begin to squabble and fight amongst themselves in various childish fashions. At these times nothing short of pulling the plug will regain the bot's attention.

IN-3-STN (Composite) Hmm ...

Commander: Calculate a trajectory for firing on target 13-Beta.

IN-3-STN: Hmmmmm ...

Commander: Well?

IN-3-STN: I'm sorry, I was busy calculating the outcome of this battle based on the initial conditions of every par-ticle in the Universe during the Big Bang. Was there some menial chore that you had in mind?

Commander: How about target 13-Beta?

IN-3-STN: Is that all? Are you sure you wouldn't rather have me ricochet the projectile off of a couple of enemy vulture-craft along the way?

Commander: No, just 13-Beta.

IN-3-STN: Very well. Coordinates are locked in. Now, unless you have some other menial task for me to perform, I'll just get back to disproving the existence of game designers ... .

Vermin Pogo-Scout

Clearance: Orange

Appearance: The Vermin Pogo scout resembles nothing so much as a VW beetle on top of a giant spring with a foot on the bottom. The cockpit can seat the pilot and either a passenger or a cargo package.

Function: Its primary missions tend to be scouting. It is armed with two type I Laser Cannon to help get out of tight spots. Cargo usually consists of surveillance, communications, or targeting electronics, although the pogo-scout has occasionally been used as an emergency courier for non-fragile cargo. The Vermin's light armor and armaments prevent it from being an effective combat machine.

The Vermin is capable of making 15 meter vertical leaps, and can achieve 200 KPH over flat terrain. Using the rocket assist mode of the pogo motiva-tors, the Vermin is capable of a 300 meter vertical or 600 meter horizontal leap. Needless to say, the landing phase of such jumps is the most critical (although some pilots comment that the *crashing* phase is the most critical) portion of the jump.

While the pogo-scout is effective in open and rough terrain, it fails to perform well in overgrown areas, and other urban areas that prevent it from taking advantage of its vertical movement capabilities. It is also vulnerable to hits while in-flight, since it is dependent on its pogo motivator for absorbing the shock of landing. Similarly it is vulnerable to tripping from power cables, fences and other obstructions. It is lightly armored (P2L2E2).

Weapons: 2 Laser Cannon I

Bot Brain: JLVTZ-b. The Vermin's JLVTZ-b class bot brain sports the latest in error correction and information processing technology. Not only will it correct erroneous data input, but it will compensate based on past information, and project data based on goals provided by the pilot. In other words: the JLVTZ-b is a compulsive liar.
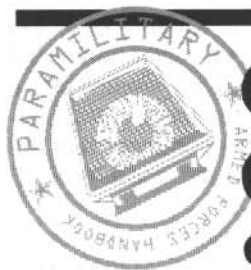
Pilot: Are you picking up any enemy tankbots on radar?

JLVTZ-b: Nope. No-one here but us pogo-scouts.

(intervening explosion of a near miss...)

Pilot: Then what was that?

JLVTZ-b: It must have been a, uh, stealth cruise missile. Yeah, that's it. A stealth cruise missile launched from that Mark IV with a cloaking device just over the ridge. Yeah, that's the ticket.

Chapter Six
Court Martials and Other Special Stuff

Militant Troopers

The Militant Troopers (MTs) exist to make sure that troublemakers are promptly stopped and apprehended. They ensure that clones maintain proper military conduct while in the nearby sectors, and take steps to rectify situations where this is not the case. Offending clones are often put under arrest, and escorted to their sergeant or the brig depending on the severity of the charge. They are then given a fair trial and shot.

MTs are always armed with laser pistols, handcuffs, large flashlights that double as truncheons, blindfolds, whips, chains, spray cans filled with chocolate-flavored — oops, sorry, wrong authority figures.

MTs also wear reflec armor, and at least one member of an MT squad has a communicator. MTs all have at least a minimal skill in unarmed, intimidate, motivate, laser, and truncheon. MTs also wear happy smiles all day long (well, that's about as true as the rest of the stuff in this paragraph).

Typical MT

Mutation: *Varies by character*
P8
Secret Society: *Varies by character*
S15 E12 A11/3 D11/3 M8/2 C12/3 MA8/2
Skills:
Intimidate 13
Laser 10
Motivate 8
Truncheon 10
Unarmed 10
Armor: Kevlar Reflec Armor (L4P3)
Weapons: Laser Pistol, Flashlight (doubles as truncheon)
Equipment: Handcuffs, Comm unit I (one has Comm unit II)

Duties

MTs are assigned to their post as a regular duty, which means that being an MT is the character's full-time job. MTs are generally ordered to try to break up fights verbally first, then use truncheons; lasers are to be used only as a last resort. Some overzealous MTs may hurry through the first two steps to get to the third. (Oh, for shame! What would The Computer say?)

Clones will not be assigned temporarily to MT duty, but they may temporarily be assigned for local police actions, like putting down civil disorder. (Of course, there is no civil disorder in Alpha — after all, The Computer is everyone's friend. Really.)

The Brig

The brig is not a good place to be. This is where they put arrested personnel until their commanding officer comes to take custody of them. If the charge is minor (like fighting) the clone will often be released to a sergeant for punishment. If the charge is major, the clone will have to wait for a court martial to be convened. Sometimes, if the charges are severe, the clone may rot, err … wait a long time before trial is held.

Trials are abrupt. The accused is allowed to enter a plea and then explain why he's guilty in 25 words or less. To save time and personnel, prosecutors double as defense attorneys in all cases. Conviction rates are extremely high.

Clones in the brig are temporarily excused from duty. They are required to wear a special grey coverall that indicates their status as a prisoner (and also matches *the stuff* they are served six times a day). While they are being held, they may be required to perform some strenuous physical labor. Occasionally, some battle-scarred Vulture Warrior will come in to recruit a dozen or so disgraced clones for a suicide mission to the Outside. A wise clone always carries a note from his creche attendant excusing him from suicide missions for that weekcycle.

Court Martial

A hearing is convened if a clone is charged with a serious enough infraction that the clone's sergeant cannot or will not take responsibility for punishing the clone. A court martial requires three officers to hear the details of the matter, determine guilt, and if appropriate, mete out the correct punishment. Being the subject of a court martial is a black mark on the clone's record (one demerit) regardless of the outcome — although clones are assigned additional demerits for bad court martial outcomes, bad manners or bad taste in tacky grey uniforms.

Punishment from a court martial can be as severe as immediate termination or dishonorable discharge on down to loss of rank or simply extra duty. Imprisonment is usually avoided because of the drain on resources needed to maintain the prisoner. The findings of a court martial hearing are final and can not be appealed or reversed except by The Computer itself.

This has only been known to happen once in the history of Alpha Complex, shortly after the court martial of Sgt-B-ILKO. After listening to a moving appeal from B-ILKO's fellow clones, The Computer commuted his sentence to official quality control officer at the food vats. He serves there to this day, praising The Computer every moment with various curt, Saxon terms.

"There's the Commie Mutant subversive. Get him ..."
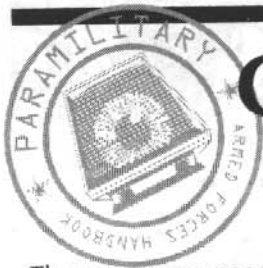
Commendations and Honors

There are many special awards and commendations that can be earned only by clones in the Armed Forces. The gamemaster should feel free to use these examples, modify them, or make up new ones. The Computer often changes criteria for existing honors or creates entire new classes of awards in order to meet cycle quotas. These honors are usually conferred by superior officers, or in some cases The Computer itself, by means of an appropriate ceremony. Awarding the Doodad for Loyalty and Service Beyond the Call of Duty would probably be cause for an Alphawide Holidaycycle.

In addition to the honor bestowed by The Computer, clones receiving these commendations also receive a commendation or brownie point or two, and sometimes even an appropriate cash bonus in plasticreds, or extra privileges. Nothing is guaranteed, but even the gamemaster couldn't be so cruel and heartless as to cheat a loyal clone of justly earned rewards.

(Hear that? Don't be cruel to a cloneless fool. Much.)

The Award for Meritorious Congeniality Under Fire

The AMCUF is awarded to clones that either consistently remain, or exceptionally demonstrate, congenial behavior under combat conditions. These actions might include cheerful

HEADWOUND
HA-R-RRY,
RECIPIENT OF THE
McSUCKS

obedience of unpleasant orders ("Wrestle the berserk docbot to the ground? Yes, sir!"), contributions toward enhanced morale (dying in a really spectacular way for the amusement of your comrades), and general good chum-cloneship under fire ("Whatever happens, kid, we'll face it together. You go first.") This award is often presented to team morale officers, though not exclusively so. The AMCUF is a small red badge with a metal dangly bit. It may not be worn by Infrared personnel.

The Monochrome Cardioid Souvenir of Unconditional Commendation for being Killed in Service (McSUCKS)

The Monochrome Cardiod is awarded posthumously (although usually more like post-being-ground-up-into-a-fine-paste-after-being-nearly-vaporized-in-a-cross-fire-and-having-your-component-molecules-added-to-the-stuff-in-the-food-vat-ously) to replacement clones for service to The Computer within the normal call of duty which resulted in a non-treasonous early termination of the clone (accidental or otherwise).

The Monochrome Cardioid is a heart-shaped lapel pin which represents the security clearance of the clone at the time of early termination. The clone's generation number is inscribed on the face of the pin in Infrared. Clones are permitted to wear pins earned at levels higher than their current clearance, provided that they are in uniform or attending some official function.

The Monochrome Cardioid is not as common as one might expect. While many clones are terminated in the line of service, few actually do so without some incidental treasonous influence of their own. For example, it is fairly difficult when terminated to prove that the damage that terminated the clone (a valuable resource of The Computer)

was not a direct result of some treasonous action (such as shouting "Death to The Computer!").

Distinguished Service Trinket

The various DSTs are awarded to enlisted clones for maintaining above-average performance consistently. Some of the available DSTs are:

The Exceptional Body-Count Ratio Keychain

The Keychain is awarded to clones that maintain a very high Body-Count Ratio for extended timecycles. Officers have been known to wipe out their entire squads just for a chance to sport this beauty.

The Excellent Personal Hygiene Personalized Stylus

This is a personalized writing utensil, suitable for filling out all official forms and other paperwork required by the computer. It is awarded to clones that repeatedly display excellence in the fields of cleanliness and personal hygiene during inspections. (Hiding a scrubot in your footlocker in an effort to win this award is treason.)

The Distinguished Marksmanship Cufflinks

The Cufflinks are awarded to the clones that maintain the highest Body-Count per laser barrels expended ratio. A clone must have a minimum Body-Count of ten per security level in order to qualify. Any given clone-family may only be awarded the Marksmanship Cufflinks once.

The Doodad for Loyalty and Service Beyond the Call of Duty

The Doodad is the highest honor that The Computer can grant to a clone in

"'I'm a mutant' … uh … 'The Computer sucks silicone wafers' … uh … pass!"

the Armed Services. It confers on its wearer the equivalent of Ultraviolet security clearance, and all members of the Armed Services must salute it as if it were a superior officer. Failure to treat the Doodad with proper respect is a treasonous offense. Presuming to wear it and pass yourself off as an Ultraviolet is also a treasonous offense. Report for termination, Citizen.

In order to qualify for the Doodad, a clone must perform some service that is clearly beyond the call of duty to The Computer. Unfortunately, since it is a clone's duty to serve The Computer in any way possible, no clone has yet been awarded the Doodad. It is speculated that any action that would qualify a clone for the Doodad would prob-

ably be sufficient to warrant a promotion in security clearance to Ultraviolet, but this is not guaranteed, and who, in all humbleness, can understand the grand and unfathomable motives of The Computer.

The Doodad is a highly polished disk of silvery metal which bears an engraved hologram of the clone that earned it.
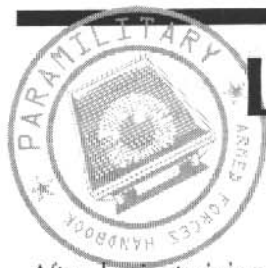
Leave

After basic training is completed, clones are permitted to use the recreational facilities on-base during their off-shift time, provided that they don't have any extra duties to perform. They are also eligible to get permission to leave the base and relax in other sectors, although this requires a pass to be issued by their commanding officer (who likes nothing better than to grant

down-time to shiftless, goldbricking clones like Btl-B-AILY).

The following are two possible scenarios for leave. The first can be run either in a neighboring sector or in the enlisted clones' club with some minor modification. The second is a special trip that allows the clones to represent the Armed Forces on the Alpha Entertainment Network.

Bar Fight

As mentioned this scenario can either take place on base, or in the neighboring hydroponic sector, HIC. The motivation for the bar fight to come will depend on the location.

The Infrared personnel of HIC sector work very hard in the hydroponic farms and food vats that make up HIC. Because

HIC is the closest, and only sector directly connected to RAN, this is where a majority of military personnel choose to spend their off-base leave time. Several legal recreation facilities and even more Infrared-market establishments cater to the soldiers' every need. No matter which establishment the clones choose to visit, trouble is waiting for them.

The HIC sector personnel are growing tired of the pompousness with which the soldiers treat the locals, and the way they are taken for granted. You must do your best to get the clones into a fight. Have a local turn down an offered drink, mutter a comment behind a clone's back or, if necessary, take the first swing. If all else fails, have a rival platoon member start the fight.

If this scenario is run on-base in the enlisted-clone's club, then the setting will be pretty much the same. The motivation this time will be intra-platoon rivalry. It will start out good-natured and grow ugly quickly.

In either case, let the fight get a good head of steam before bringing in the MTs. Players love a chance to beat things up and roll lots of dice, so here's their chance. Once the fight is running full-tilt, the MTs show up.

The MTs have two goals. One is to stop the fight. The other is to survive the fight themselves. Their orders require them to try to stop the fight with their fists and truncheons first, and only after this fails will they be allowed to use their laser pistols. If the MTs cannot stop the fight in five combat rounds, they will open fire with their lasers. (And if you believe that, we have a bridge in BKN sector we'd like to sell you.)

Back To The Brig

Any player characters that surrender, are captured, or are knocked out will find themselves in the brig. Once their commander finds out, leave will be cancelled and all characters involved will find themselves a few demerits richer and assigned to some extra duty. Characters that manage to escape being arrested will also be assigned extra duty for not being there to keep the others out of trouble.

All of which sounds rather boring. So if the clones do get arrested, have the battle-scarred Vulture Warrior mentioned in "Court Martials" show up. He needs a dozen clones for a mission they're not

expected to survive. Before they know it, the unsuspecting clones will be in a transbot on its way to the Outside. It seems there's a big meeting scheduled for Commie mutant traitor leaders (their annual convention), and the Armed Forces needs expendable clones (and what clone isn't?) to win over their hearts and minds. Unfortunately, the traitors are protected by maxi-bazookabots, flybots with thermo-optic pulse laser plasma cannons, and lots of laser-fodder … er, brave clones of their own.

Naturally, should any clone be captured or killed, The Computer will disavow all knowledge of his actions. And mean it, too.

Game Show

If you watch the daytime-cycle entertainment vids …

You don't? Well, how do you know of the world around you? You mean you don't miss the intellectual stimulation of such shows as "The Plasticred is Right!" and "Wheel of Traitors"? You don't miss the informative nature of such credible shows as Ge-R-LDO and Donah-U-GHH? Report for termination, Citizen!

Anyway, for those of you who watch those vids, you will have noticed that there are a lot of Armed Forces personel featured on these shows. Military personnel can be ordered to "represent" the Armed Forces. Since some of these shows can be fatal, it is often necessary to coerce clones to happily volunteer for these fun activities. Also, coincidentally, the average intelligence of clones in the Armed Forces falls well below the mandated maximum acceptable intelligence for these entertainment vids.

The clones have been invited to represent the Armed Forces on Clone Family Feud, a complex-wide gameshow broadcast. The clones will be split into two teams. Keep any odd person separate for later use.

The Set

The set consists of a podium with two buttons, one on either side, and two long tables on either side. Behind the podium is a large board with a pot value indicator and room for seven short phrases numbered one to seven from top to bottom. Each bench has a score indicator in front of it. Behind the podium are two omi-

nous looking electrodes about two meters tall and one meter apart.

The Rules

Each team must choose a captain who will go first, and will make decisions during stealing attempts. The game consists of several rounds. The rounds continue with each round being worth successively more points until one team receives 200 points or more. That team then proceeds to the bonus round.

Each round represents the answers of one hundred clones to a survey question. The most common answers are listed in order on the board, and will be revealed as the players guess them. Each answer successfully guessed is worth either 1, 1.5, or 2 points per clone answering on the survey. These points go into a pot which is awarded to the team that wins the round.

At the beginning of the round, the two starting players place their hands on the buzzer. The two starting players are the captains in the first round, the second player of each team in the second round, and so on. The MC reads the question, and the two captains buzz in. The first to buzz in guesses first. Each captain guesses an answer. The one who guesses the more popular answer wins control of the board. If the first captain guesses the number one answer (most popular) then control immediately goes to that team.

Once a team has control, that team must decide to pass, or play. If a team chooses to play they will then guess answers in succession until all answers are guessed, or three incorrect guesses have been made. If a team chooses to pass then the other team will play. If all of the correct answers have been guessed then that team wins the round.

If the team fails to guess all of the correct answers then the other team is given an opportunity to "steal." The stealing team is given fifteen seconds to come up with a single answer on the board. If the answer is on the board then the stealing team wins the round, otherwise the other team wins the round.

When a team wins the round, all points in the pot are added to that team's score, and the pot is reset to zero for the next question. The next two starting players are chosen, and the next round begins. When one team ends a round with 200 or more points,

the game is over and that team wins the game. The winning team is now eligible for the bonus round.

Creating Game Boards

Choose one of the questions below, or make up your own. Choose how many answers will be on the board. This should be between four and six. Assign a point value to each answer. The total for all answers on the board should be between 90 and 100. Sort the answers so that the answer with the highest score is on top. If this is the second round, then multiply all of the scores by 1.5. If it is the third or later round, multiply by two.

The following sample questions have been set up for you, but beware! Traitors are everywhere! It would probably be best to at least change the order of the answers in case certain treasonous rumors have reached your players.

Name something that never happens.

1. The Computer makes a mistake (37)
2. Treason goes unpunished (22)
3. The Computer makes a mistake (18)
4. Citizens are unhappy (16)
5. Loyal Citizens wrongfully punished (7)

Name a way that you can tell who is a traitor.

1. The Computer says so (55)
2. Russian accent (20)
3. Displays mutant power (10)
4. Last to hail The Computer (10)
5. Has my smoking laser hole in head (5)

Name something you take with you on a mission.

1. Laser (75)
2. Mission Recorder (8)
3. Whatever The Computer says (7)
4. My unswerving loyalty to The Computer (6)
5. Body bags (4)

Tips For Running The Show

As the MC, you should repeat the question before every player answers. It often helps to build drama if you give them a complete summary of the status each time. Use a buzzer and bell sound effect when incorrect or correct answers are given — it helps the players enjoy the show.

MC: Top five answers on the board ... name something that traitors say.

Clone 1: All hail The Computer.

MC: Good Answer! Let's see if it's on the board ... "All hail The Computer"?

GM: Buzzzzzzz

MC: I'm sorry it didn't make the top five. Clone 2?

Clone 2: Ummm ... death to The Computer?

MC: Oooooooh! Is it up there?

GM: Ding!

MC: Number one answer! Fifty five points and four answers left. Are you going to pass or play?

Clone 2: We'll pass! Definitely pass!

The Scapegoat

I'll bet you thought we forgot the odd character that we told you to set aside. Not at all. We just saved the best for last. In the game, each team gets three wrong answers, or "strikes," before the other team tries to steal. The wrong answers are much more fun if something other than just points are lost. This is where the extra player, or "scapegoat," comes in.

At the beginning of the show, the scapegoat is handcuffed to the electrodes. Any time an incorrect answer is given by either team, the scapegoat receives a massive electric shock. Fortunately, the clone is given a rubber mouthpiece to prevent biting off his tongue. Generally, the scapegoat will automatically survive the first three shocks. Every shock after that requires a successful Endurance roll. A failed roll indicates unconsciousness, and the team which is currently not in control must replace the scapegoat. A fumbled roll indicates a painful death.

Bonus Round

The bonus round is really a separate game:

The 10,000 Plasticred Pyramid.

The winning team must pick two players to participate in this round.

To play the Pyramid, the two contestants must sit back to back. One player, designated the giver, will list items in a specified category. The giver may not say any part of the category name, or give hints about the category other than listing items that would fall in the category. The other player must guess the name of the category.

The categories are revealed in increasing value order. Either player may choose to pass and return to a category at a later time. If a player breaks a rule the category is lost, and cannot be returned to. If all six categories are guessed in two minutecycles, then the team wins 10,000 plasticreds, otherwise the team wins one plasticred for the point value of each solved category and one plasticred for each point gained in the Clone Family Feud segment of the game.

The scores of the pyramid categories are:

<div align="center">

1000

500 500

250 250 250

</div>

Six sample categories:

1. Things a Troubleshooter has
2. Things The Computer says
3. Things a bot might do
4. Things a mutant says
5. Things commies say
6. Things traitors say

For a sample category of "things bots say":

* "I need new software"
* "That is illogical"
* "Oh, my locomotive transducers are all burnt out"
* "Will you please reset my circuit breaker?"
* "Oil can"
* "Danger! Danger, Will-R-BNSN!"
* "There is nothing like a bot/Nothing in the world/ There is nothing that we've got/That is anything like a bot!"

Tips On Running The Pyramid

This scenario works best if everyone except the guesser can see the category names. You should probably write the name of each category in large letters on a piece of paper. As the giver goes to the next category, hold up the paper so that everyone except the guesser can see it.

If time runs out go back over the categories, and let everyone help by listing things until the guesser gets the answer. Usually one or two good clues is all it takes for the guesser to get the right answer.

Rule your own third world nation!
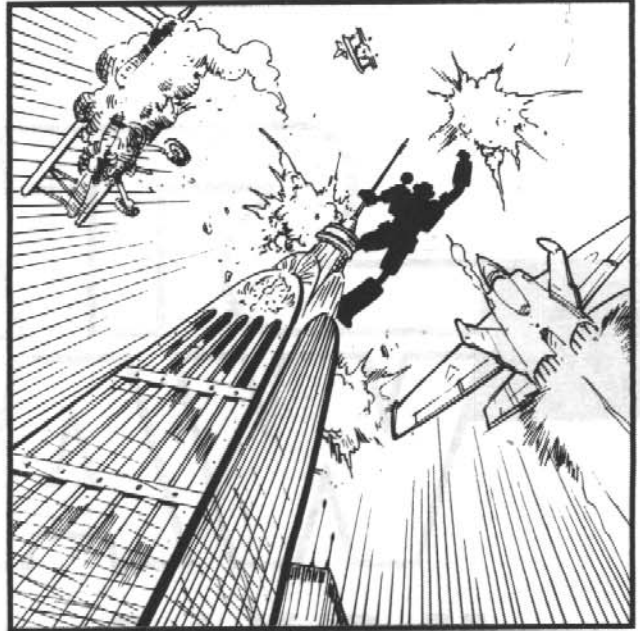
Be the center of attention!

Hey Wimp!

Be the king of the beach!

Who's the wimp *now*?

PARAMILITARY

by Dave Lemon

TENN-HUTT, friend Citizen!

All right, you vat food spillage, you're in the Armed Forces now!

Forget all that pansy Troubleshooter trainin' and fall in for special duty! This handbook's gonna learn you how to fight an' die for the glory of The Computer, Alpha Complex's own beloved Commander-in-Chief!

Take your favorite clones beyond the mayhem and murder of regular Troubleshooting. Induct them into the Armed Forces for some real action. With all those other bad guys out there — Alpha Base, Alpha City, Alpha State and the Dungeon to name a few — there's no end to the threats to Alpha Complex.

Now, line up for inspection and give me twenty!

Paramilitary Includes:

- Full briefings on training and mission duties!
- Life in Fort RAN!
- Rules for BattleMICs!
- More short adventures than you can throw a cavbot at!

Ages 12 and up.