

A POST CRASH ADVENTURE FOR

PARANOIA

PA THE ROLEPLAYING GAME IA

PARANOIA

GAMMA-LOT



Featuring the
return of Randy
the Wonder
Lizard!!!

WEST
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GAMES®

Gamma-LOT

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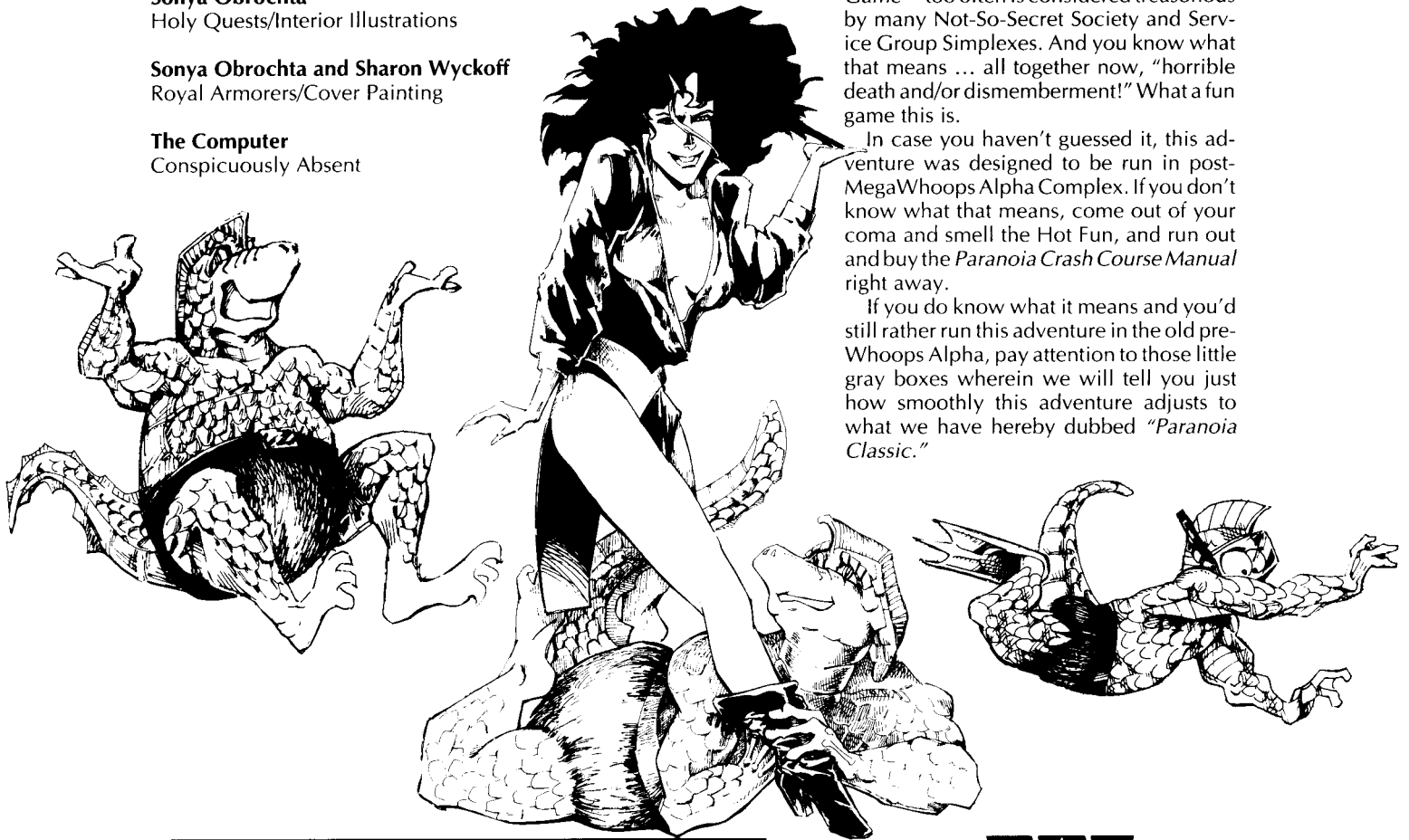
What Goes *Spoof*!

If you have never played *The Other Game*™, the one with dragons and wizards and things, then you might not get the feel of this little spoof right off. Go play *The Other Game*™ for a little while.

That's enough! Playing *The Other Game*™ too often is considered treasonous by many Not-So-Secret Society and Service Group Simplexes. And you know what that means ... all together now, "horrible death and/or dismemberment!" What a fun game this is.

In case you haven't guessed it, this adventure was designed to be run in post-MegaWhoops Alpha Complex. If you don't know what that means, come out of your coma and smell the Hot Fun, and run out and buy the *Paranoia Crash Course Manual* right away.

If you do know what it means and you'd still rather run this adventure in the old pre-Whoops Alpha, pay attention to those little gray boxes wherein we will tell you just how smoothly this adventure adjusts to what we have hereby dubbed "*Paranoia Classic*."

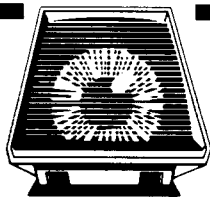


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Introduction

Preparing to Play

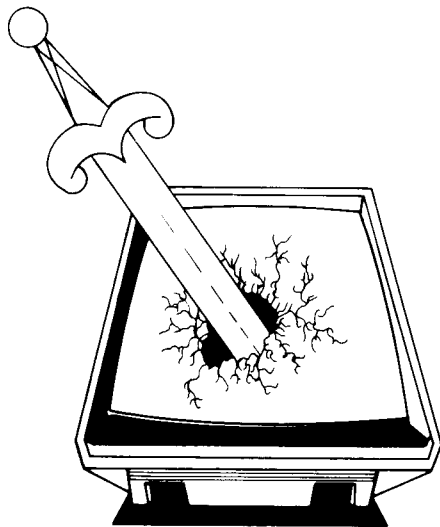
In this adventure, the first non-Vulture Warrior/Post-Crash *Paranoia* adventure of them all, the Troubleshooters are hired by the Bureaucratic Empire to send an errant wizard and his kingdom back to where they belong. At least, that's what it *seems* like this adventure is about. Here's what you get:

Adventure Materials

Magical Force Barrier: This adventure was sealed in a magical force barrier by one of our resident R&D priests. It's not quite perfected yet, or else you wouldn't be reading these words. In future releases, you'll have to do some serious "bickering" to gain access to shrink-wrapped adventure material. What? You don't have anything to offer the priests? Better go out and scam some algae muffins, or N-Dura-Cell packs or something, Buck-O!

Would-Be Wizards and Warriors: Somewhere around here are some pregenerated Troubleshooters ("Our Gang" to be precise) suitable for play through this worthy adventure. If you're currently involved in a post-MegaWhoops campaign, you probably won't need the pre-gens, but otherwise feel free to use and abuse them as you see fit.

Removable Scroll Pages: A large chunk of this bad-boy can be pulled out, without ripping the whole bugger to shreds. These



ancient parchment scrolls bear maps of mystic places like the Tunnels of Doom and not-so-mystic places like Alpha Complex, LOT Sector (or what's left of it). Study them well student, for you will look very silly trying to set up the little iron figures if you don't!

Note: This adventure is a sequel of sorts to *Orcbusters*, one of the classic *Paranoia* adventures found in *The Computer Always Shoots Twice* product we put out a couple of years ago. While it would be nice if you played that first, it is not required for enjoyment of this adventure.

Adventure Background

Every good adventure deserves a sequel, and with that in mind, we present for your gaming enjoyment ...

The Return of Randy

(or "How to Cash in on the Success of a Previous Good Product")

The Time: *Many moons ago, Kimosabe.*

The Place: *A modest castle on a small island in a magical land many dimensions away, formerly home to three powerful wizards.*

The Scene: *A semi-friendly and slightly plumper-than-before lizard man sits atop a golden throne in his newly redecorated throne room. Many similarly dressed, or rather undressed, female reptilians move to and fro, bearing gifts of nookie, frankincense, and whatever the heck myrrh is.*

"Dull, dull, dull" moans Randy, self-proclaimed emperor of Gilla C'anse magic island.

A comely female (as far as lizard men go, she's quite a looker) chimes in brainlessly, "Ever since the wizards left, it's been pretty quiet around here all right."

"Yeah, well, at least they're no longer using you for experiments. Bring me my dancing wenches!"

Randy pauses for a moment to think, while waiting for the next show of a regular feature here on Randy's Island.

"Experiments," he mumbles, "now that's not a bad idea. Maybe the wizards left some books on magic for me to study. After all, I am a Wonder-Lizard."

Emperor Randy the Wonder Lizard grabs a white marble-sized object from a bowl and munches it down thoughtfully.

Reaching into the bowl again, his hand fishes to no avail.

"I want more!" he demands, and leans back to enjoy one of his favorite luxuries, naked dancing lizard-girls. Randy smiles as his own eyes glaze over once again.

"It's good to be the King," he growls, and forgets about magic — for awhile.

#

Time: *Not as many moons ago as the last scene, and in fact, not even one moon ago.*

Place: *Same lizard's island, same lizard's castle, same lizard's throne room.*

Setting: *Same lizard, aka Randy, stands in the center of a small silver circle engraved into the stone floor. A green duffel bag, a frozen human torso on a string, and a large book lie at his feet. He is wearing only a red and white took (Canadian hat) and has a pair of dark sunglasses in hand.*

"Well, girls, it's time to go!" Randy croons expectantly.

At that, a dozen of those lizard bimbos, wearing considerably less than a Boris Vallejo character, run forward and smother the Wonder-Lizard in bimbo lizard kisses.

"Oh, don't go Randy! We love you! Please stay!" they coo in unison.

"No, no, I must go. The teleport spell has already been cast. Step back! I can't be sure when this sucker'll go off."

"Good luck getting that Transsensual Collapsible whatchamacallit," calls Connie.

"That's Transdimensional Collapsatron!" Randy beams. "And it's going to make me the most powerful Wonder-Lizard in the Universe!"

"Ooh," Connie smiles, "and will I be your queen then, Randy darling?"

"Yes, my dear, you will."

"But isn't it dangerous?"

"Yep," says Randy proudly as he places the black sunglasses on his reptilian snoot, "but sometimes honey, you just gotta say 'What the —'"

(Poof!)

With that, Randy and his possessions teleported to a far off dimension known as *Paranoia-land*, specifically Alpha Complex, LOT Sector — or what's left of it.

"Good riddance," mouthed the oft-abused and degraded concubines.



Emperor Randy prepares for takeoff.

"Damn straight," replied Connie. "I hope the little pervert arrives inside a wall. Now, girls, let's remake this island in OUR own image."

And the island became a new paradise, filled with lusty lizard women. Connie would become queen in time, by her own scaly hand. But that is another story ...

Randy Goes to Alpha Complex

(or "We're off to be a wizard.")

Randy the Wonder Lizard eventually arrived you-know-where: Alpha Complex. This time, however, Randy had a few magical tricks up his sleeve. The first thing our mystical little magician did was cloak himself in an invisibility spell, in order to avoid the mechanized meddling his masters found so distasteful during their last visit here.

It is a little-known fact that, during an encounter not previously worth detailing in *Orcbusters*, Randy's masters encountered a small group of people who seemed strange but sympathetic to their plight. This secret society called themselves the Knights of the Circular Object (see following section on the KCO).

While friendly, enthusiastic, and somewhat cute as pets, the KCO were soon found to possess no magical powers whatsoever and were therefore wholly useless to the wizards. However, Randy remembered these Alpha throwbacks and decided to seek them out in their secret hideout.

But the Alpha that Randy so fondly remembered was not the nasty, chaotic

post-MegaWhoops world into which he now teleported. Things had changed, for the better as far as Randy was concerned, and he liked to think that he was responsible for all of it somehow. In any event, he still had little trouble finding the KCOs, who had set up a rather conspicuous little simplex of their own.

Mutually Beneficial Convoluted Plan

The KCO and Randy got along just great, as Randy promised to protect them from the wrath of rival simplexes in exchange for a little help setting up some Troubleshooters. (Guess who?)

For the benefit of you gamemasters, here's what Randy's a-thinkin':

A) The best way to become the most powerful Wonder-Lizard in the universe is to get a Transdimensional Collapsatron.

B) The best way to get a Transdimensional Collapsatron is to have someone bring it to you.

Paranoia Classic Note

If you want to set this adventure in pre-Whoops Alpha Complex, there are several simple surgical procedures you can perform on the plot to make it fit like a glove.

Simply replace the Bureaucratic Empire with The Big C himself, making sure to provide the Troubleshooters with the customary mission briefing, and beef the KCO back up to its pre-Secret Society Wars numbers. Now just tweak the background notes and introductory read-aloud accordingly and voila! A perfect fit.

C) Everyone in Alpha Complex always sends Troubleshooters out to do their dirty work.

Therefore, D) Randy the Wonder-Lizard must somehow make whoever owns these machines send out Troubleshooters armed with one, so he can steal it.

So Randy and the KCO launched an all-out offensive on LOT Sector, and have set up their own little simplex kingdom, aptly named Gamma-LOT. (They wanted to use a name other than "Alpha," and "Beta-LOT" was too much like a new casino). Why LOT Sector? Well, you see, LOT Sector is part of a Bureaucratic Empire Simplex.

Randy's goal is to convince The Bureaucratic Empire (the most likely inheritors of The Computer's Collapsatron stockpile) that somehow a whole section of Alpha Complex was switched *in toto* with another dimension, namely one filled with magic and monsters (like in *The Other Game*™).

The Empire, Randy believes, will eagerly wish to avoid the same sort of trouble that had previously plagued The Computer, involving "those infrareds" (i.e. the wizards from *Orcbusters*). He reasoned that they will naturally want to send the whole place back to where it came from, and have the valuable sector returned to them at the same time.

Naturally, the Troubleshooters that they hire for this mission will need a Collapsatron Mark II to do this, along with the coordinates of the other dimension (obtained from whoever or whatever is behind the switcheroo in the first place). That's where Randy, disguised as the great and powerful wizard Mer-LOT, comes in.

Boy, sounds like the Troubleshooters are walking right into all sorts of messy predicaments now, doesn't it? Horrible dragons, long sharp jousting lances, modified TDC Mark II's, wizards with fireballs, warriors with swords, deadly quests, demons, zombies, and teleporting across the dimensions, just to name a few. Bring along a few extra clones, guys and gals, this one's gonna get grisly.

Of Magic and Monsters

(or "How *The Other Game*™ is abused herein.")

Okay, so this is not your typical kosher *Paranoia* adventure. But then again, what is? And you bought it once before, even twice, 'cause we reprinted it the first time and you still bought more.

Anyway, here's our introductory section on magic and monsters. The details are ironed out at the beginning of Episode Four, when all of this suddenly becomes real important. Go ahead, jump there now if you can't resist.

What you need to know about the first

three episodes, which all take place in the Whoops-torn dome of Alpha Complex, is that only Randy wields actual magic, and he is the only monster-type monster the Troubleshooters face here. The other "monsters" the party faces are androids, cyborgs, bots, whatever you call 'em.

So, for now, do whatever it says for Randy and the other magical beasts, without question. All that you need to know is that everything you need to know is on an as-you-need-to-know basis. Anything else you might need to know, you will know, when it is time to know it. You know?

The Knights of the Circular Object

Since much of this adventure involves these slightly strange guys and gals, and one of the pregenerated PCs is a KCO member (a real good reason to play "Our Gang"), maybe you should know a little bit more about them. You should know even more by having read *Acute Paranoia*, you cheapskate!

The Knights of the Circular Object have a dream of returning Alpha Complex to the simplicity, freedom, and honor of the feudal period of Earth's history. They make their own armor, train with antiquated weapons, and dabble in once-treasured poetry and philosophy.

Each of these citizens has a normal name, which once-upon-a-time was used when relating to other clones and The Computer, as well as a secret society name, for use within the society only. These names include titles, and there is nobility attached to certain trades and lineages, patterned after middle ages nomenclature, of course.

The Secret Society Wars had taken their toll on all of the "fringe groups" as well as the mainstream secret societies. The KCO in particular have suffered great losses and now only a few dozen are left. Their king, King R-TOR, has currently formed an alliance with the wizard Mer-LOT (aka Randy in disguise), in order to use the power of the powerful sorcerer's powerful powers to defend them against the numerous, aggressive and much better armed simplexes.

Desperate times called for desperate measures, and after all, Wizards and Knights are supposed to be on the same side, aren't they? By the way, King R-TOR is a mean SOB with a sword, and not too bad with a laser either. His troops are the best of the rest, evidenced by the fact that they are still alive, and their comrades aren't.

Player Introduction

(or "Could you hold your head right there for just a few more seconds?")

It doesn't really matter if you use "Our Gang," your old *Orcbusters* dudes, or some other PCs that have somehow managed to survive the crash. Since all of the unique equipment (and there's a LOT of it) is assigned during Episode One, they can be just about anyone to start with.

Once the group is together, and the potato chips have begun to fall in between the cushions of the sofas and chairs, read your players this neat little introduction:

It's a miserable day in the steamy, sweaty, crumbling Complex, but you won't have much time to enjoy it. There's work to be done already.

You've been hired by the Bureaucratic Empire to investigate some strange things happening in LOT Sector, somewhere in their massive simplex. Probably Commie Mutant Traitor things, but what difference does it make anymore? — as long as the pay is good.

They've managed to work some kind of a deal with the R&D priests, and it seems you'll be outfitted with top-of-the-line weaponry. Your orders are to exercise maximum restraint, and under no circumstance harm the weird inhabitants of LOT Sector. This is a reconnaissance mission only. Of course, they didn't say anything about doing some serious property damage, now did they?

You are supposed to be issued standard communications gear and be in constant contact with the Empire's head honchos. They've told you that failure to report hourly is "treason," and that failure to complete the mission properly is treason. Also, failure to exercise maximum restraint is treason, and failure to follow orders is treason. Then they told you to have a nice daycycle.

These Computer-lovers are always talking "treason," and you really don't give a clone's butt about that kind of stuff anymore, but they also told you that any of these violations constitutes a breach of



Pro and Anti-Computer Groups

If your players' Troubleshooter team is anti-Computer (and therefore unlikely to accept a mission from the hated Computer-loving Bureaucratic Empire), have the Empire contacts who hire them disguise themselves and make the PCs agree not to ask their true identity. Their cover story is of a Death Leopard Simplex that lost a sector to this supposed dimensional foul-up. If the PCs ask questions (like, "Where did Leopards get a Collapsatron?") you'll have to think fast ("Oh, we just, y'know, liberated it.") Hey, roleplaying at its best!

If your group is pro-Computer, there's no problem — they should do whatever the Empire tells them. In fact, you can probably push them around a little more, if you want to. And you really ought to want to.

contract, and that's a no-no.

Okay, so it's not the most glamorous of missions, but it'll put food in your stomach for awhile. And besides, what else is there to do now that the vidshows are gone?

Note that the communications gear is always on, and the Empire is always listening to the PCs. They still have to report every hour, and don't tell them they're being listened-to unless they make a technical skill type roll while examining their gear. And oh yeah, taking apart Empire gear without the proper authorization forms is treason. Bummer.

N-n-n-no C-c-c-clones?

Fear not, brave Troubleshooter! The wise game designers have seen fit to grant you a reprieve—sort of.

As you should know full-well after reading the *Paranoia Crash Course Manual*, having clones show up after your PC buys it is not too reliable in the post-Whoops 'plex. In fact, it usually doesn't happen at all.

But because this particular mission is of extreme import to the Bureaucratic Empire, they have made special arrangements with the Clone Priests, which will provide each Troubleshooter with the standard number of clone replacements while on this mission.

So Where's the Catch?

Well, you see, the Clone Priests would only agree to the deal if they could try out some new experimental mutations they've got gene-spliced into the Troubleshooters' clones.

Naturally, the Troubleshooters don't know about this, but when they try to use their mutant powers they'll find out — in a hurry. All you, as GM, need to do is this:



When a PC bites the dust for the first time, he or she is replaced by one of the new experimental clones. After this time, if one of the players announces the use of one of his or her mutant power, roll on the *Experimental Mutant Powers Table* (found in the center pullout section) to see which one of the new, experimental mutant powers that clone now possesses instead.

Each time that a new PC clone attempts to use a mutant power, after the death of the previous clone, roll on the table. Keep in mind that if a PC announces the use of a self-directed power like “adrenaline control,” he or she becomes the “target” of the experimental power. For example, if a PC tries to use his “Polymorphism” power and you roll the “Melt” experimental power as its replacement ... well, you get the idea.

Adventure Overview

Episode One, The Tournament: The Troubleshooters are outfitted like medieval knights (and damsels) and quickly trained in the arts of chivalry and war (not necessarily in that order). A short tournament

between the PCs will test their skills and provide a good excuse for some wanton violence and destruction, as well as replacement clones to get those spiffy new mutations into play (heh heh).

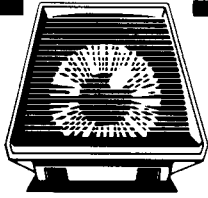
Episode Two, Gamma-LOT: The Troubleshooters go to LOT Sector on a reconnaissance mission. Therein they find an entirely new world called Gamma-LOT, apparently having been teleported in from another dimension! After exploring further, they return with a disturbing report for the Bureaucratic Empire.

Episode Three, Mer-LOT’s Test: The Troubleshooters are issued a TDC Mark II and given instructions to find and befriend Gamma-LOT’s leader, the wizard Mer-LOT. Mer-LOT should have the information necessary to set the TDC Mark II properly, insuring the proper trans-dimensional removal of Gamma-LOT and the subsequent return of the real LOT Sector. To obtain an audience, Mer-LOT has a test for the PCs ... slay a dragon! As always, things don’t go quite as planned, and everybody gets (Poofed!) back to ...

Episode Four, Ye Old Britannia: The Troubleshooters find themselves in King Arthur’s Britain! There’s no Computer here either, but also no TDC Mark II — and therefore no way home. Mer-LOT is a fake, and the real Merlin informs the party that Morgana the Sorceress now has the TDC Mark II. A bizarre quest for the Five Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Objects of Power and Doom ensues.

Episode Five, The Castle of Demons: Morgana’s castle has arrived in not-so-merry Sherwood Forest. Robin’s Unhappy Guys join forces with the PCs, Randy the Wonder-Lizard, the KCO, and King Arthur’s Knights of the Round Table to recover the TDC Mark II from her evil clutches. Ooh, what action!

Episode Six, There’s No Place Like Home: Some people must stay, some must go, but do the PCs really want to go back to the chaos and depression of post-Whoops Alpha Complex? If they do, what then? Decisions, decisions, and almost all of them treasonous.



Episode One: The Tournament

Summary

The Troubleshooters gather at R&D, where they are outfitted with some rather unusual non-standard issue equipment. Oh yeah, and the R&D priests also want to run a "mock" contest to see how well the new devices work ...

Background

The R&D priests work with, though they are not a part of, the Bureaucratic Empire. They are a separate entity, with their own armed forces and internal security.

However, the Empire has many resources, many of which the R&D folk wouldn't mind getting ahold of. So they often cut deals. And Troubleshooters.

Also, a lot of KCO members were killed in the Secret Society Wars. Their equipment was there for the taking and the R&D weirdos naturally paid the highest price for all items not disintegrated. After much logical analysis, the geniuses assembled the following suitable "disguises" for the Troubleshooters. If you are using "Our Gang," then the appropriate character for each cover is detailed in parentheses afterwards. Otherwise, let the players pick among themselves (if you're a nice guy) or choose for them (if you're playing *Paranoia* correctly).

Encounter One: Dressed to Kill

The PCs are ordered to report to the R&D central temple immediately to be outfitted for their new assignment. Some things never change.

Read this to the players when they have arrived at the R&D central temple and have finished getting to know each other better. If you need to modify these items to fit your own party, go ahead. We're not keeping score — yet.

The floor in front of you slides away and racks of odd equipment rise from below. Robed monks chant strange, haunting hymnals as the equipment is displayed before you. Vid-panels indicate that each rack has been assigned to a different Troubleshooter.

Behind each rack is a weird mechanical horse. These animal-bots are also assigned to specific members of your party.

Give each player the appropriate Equipment Description from the pullouts. If you're not using "Our Gang," give them out as you see fit.

After they've had time to read the physical description of what's on their rack, the PCs will be very quickly briefed on each item described below. In other words, read the following descriptions very quickly, as if the files were rolling quickly off a computer monitor screen, which in fact they are. All the game effects for these items can be found in the big sidebar.

The Medieval Knight ("Our Gang" assignment Span-KEY)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of an ancient warrior. Thou art Team Leader. Pay close attention.

There is a set of strange COMBAT ARMOR, including protective headgear and a separate body shield. The highly polished armor provides protection against all known attacks, with a Protection Effectiveness Rating of 3. It is hot, heavy, and bulky to wear. Thy vision shall be partially restricted, and above all, don't go swimming.

Thy weapon is a slightly modified FORCE SWORD. The weapon appears to be of primitive design, but is actually quite up-to-date. It glows brightly when wielded. We have detected no design defects yet.

Thy mount is a CHARGER-BOT, armored in Combat Armor with an All 2 Protection Rating. The 12-foot long NEUROLANCE is used both to stun and gore your opponent. It is most effective at long range.

The Ogre Champion ("Our Gang" assignment Pea-TEA)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of a mythical monster called an Oh-GAR. Thou art Team Guardian. Pay close attention.

This long metal FLASH SPEAR generates a bright flash of light if thrown. It is

capable of rendering the optical senses of an enemy inoperable (i.e. it blinds 'em real good). If set into the ground, charging attackers impale themselves, taking twice normal damage.

This large wooden CLUB is a primitive impact weapon. For best results, extend the arms in a fulcrum-like manner, taking full mechanical advantage of maximum applied kinetic energy upon the cranial appendage of an opponent.

This piece of tattered synthetic animal fur is a LOINCLOTH. It protects thy private parts from damage, and keeps thee from being labelled a blasphemer for Immodesty Violations. It is pleasantly air-conditioned.

A plastiform MASK of an Oh-GAR shall adequately disguise thy true appearance. The mask is hot and uncomfortable, but does offer class 1 protection against all attacks.

Thy MOUNT is too weak to bear thy weight adequately, but our experts calculate that it will do for trips not to exceed 1 minute. In the storage bins attached to the sides of thy mount is a month's supply of Yumi-Rations for thy party.

The Delicate Princess ("Our Gang" assignment Dar-LAH)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of a soft and delicate princess. Thou art Team Spokesperson. Pay close attention.

Thou hast been issued a valuable BALL GOWN of almost no use whatsoever. If thou findest a use for it, report back to R&D central temple immediately.

Your weapon is a small armor-piercing SILVER DAGGER, used to poke holes in enemies. It is best used up-close and personal.

The black bag holds 5,000 credits worth of gold coins, usable as currency only within LOT Sector. A full accounting of its use must be presented upon the completion of this mission. Get receipts for all expenditures. Failure to be frugal is blasphemy.

Thy mount is swift and thy saddle soft. Ride side-saddle, like a lady. Failure to ride side-saddle is a violation of your cover. Blowing your cover is blasphemy.



The Powerful Wizard ("Our Gang" assignment - Buck-WET)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of an infrared mystic called a Wizard. Thou art Team Technician. Pay close attention.

Thy mystic garb includes a PURPLE CLOAK and a POINTY HAT. They serve no known useful purpose. However, this long metal rod is thy WIZARD STAFF and conceals an electronic riot-prod (the activation stud is at the base of the handle). If contact is made, the victim is electrocuted.

The realistic-looking artificial proboscis is a cleverly disguised holoprojection device. It has been tuned to match thy brain-wave patterns precisely, and will obey thy commands. Use it to project believable illusions of blasphemous creatures and equally blasphemous, totally impossible powers. Take care, as improper use of this device is blasphemous in the extreme.

Thy mount's storage compartments hold the TOOLS of thy religion, an Old Reckoning paper book and writing implements. Improper use of these devices might compromise your cover, so learn them well. Failure to do so is blasphemy.

The Hobbit Thief ("Our Gang" assignment Por-KEY)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of a mythical munchkin called a Hob-BIT. Thou art Team Security Chief. Pay close attention.

The clothing before thee is your Hob-BIT costume. Hob-BITs are notorious thieves and very childlike in behavior. Since thievery is blasphemy, as is immaturity during any mission assignment, thou must do thy best to convince the enemy that thou art indeed from the land of BIT, without committing blasphemy. Good luck.

To aid you as Security Chief, thou hast been assigned the latest LOCK-MAKING AND SECURITY DEVICE REPAIRING TOOLS. Use of these devices for anything other than non-blasphemous acts is considered blasphemy.

A small SILVER DAGGER like that wielded by the Princess is for thy personal protection only. Use it wisely and avoid blasphemy. Remember — "Keep thy current strong and thy wavepoint pure" (book of Transistors and Microchips, chapter 12, verse 23).

Thy mount is a SMALL PONY with a primitive ladder made of hemp fibers for easy access and egress. The saddle is equipped with hand-grips for your safety. Thy storage compartments are empty, so thou art in charge of recovering significant

items of religious significance. Failure to bring back suitable items is highly blasphemous and may render thee subject to summary excommunication.

The Righteous Cleric ("Our Gang" assignment Alpha-FAH)

Friend, thou hast been assigned the following devices for thy use on this mission. Thy cover is that of an Old Reckoning blasphemer called a cleric. Thou art Team Observer. Beware of blasphemy. Pay close attention.

All clerics wore WHITE ROBES. It is not understood why, but it is blasphemy not to, as stated in the book of *Fusion Reaction and Micro-Surgery*. Failure to impersonate a blasphemer to the complete satisfaction of the gods Risrich and De'sann (see the *Paranoia Crash Course Handbook* for further details on these R&Deities) and/or of the Empire, is blasphemy and/or treason, respectively.

This strange GOLD CROSS is very valuable if melted down, but not valuable in its current form. It has no apparent use. Thou must, during the course of thy mission, discover what this device was used for. Failure to do so is a violation of a mission objective and a breach of contract.

The metal grenade-shaped WEAPON has not been suitably tested. We believe there is a substantial possibility that it will explode at any time. For our safety and for the safety of the R&D central temple, thou art to deploy this weapon only when outside this simplex, and then only with extreme caution. Failure to deploy the weapon during the course of the mission is blasphemy.

Thy mount's storage compartments contain a large supply of HOLY WATER and TASTELESS WAFERS. They were recovered from known traitors and their use is unknown. Use with caution.

Encounter Two: Deadly Tests

(or "How to properly begin a *Paranoia* adventure.")

As soon as the PCs have decked themselves out in their new disguises, The R&D priests have some "tests" that they would like to run. Naturally, this was part of the deal with the Bureaucratic Empire, and the Troubleshooters are contractually obliged to comply.

The priests ask them to mount their charger-bots and lead them to a hexagonal hall in the center of the temple. An R&D tech-bot escorts the PCs to separate corners and then leaves. Speakers echo forth the following announcement:

"Attention Friends of Risrich and De'sann. Thou art hereby commanded by holy writ to test these sacred items in real-life situations. Some of these devices hold unknown properties that it is our divine imperative to examine.

"Thou art hereby commanded to battle-test this equipment in the following pairs. Failure to do so constitutes a breach of contract and termination of mission agreement. It is also highly blasphemous.

"The Knight shall battle the Oh-GAR.

"The Wizard shall battle the Cleric.

"The Damsel shall battle the Hob-BIT.

"Once one of you in each pair has wounded your foe, the winner shall be crowned victorious and receive special



High fashion comes to Alpha Complex.

Game Stuff

The Knight

The Force Sword shorts out for ten minutes if immersed in water. The normal problems associated with Force Swords have been fixed in this model.

The Lance must be grounded to the neck of the mount when used for an attack. If it is not, and a successful hit is scored, the PC is attacked by the E attack as well.

Force Sword: 13E
Lance: 10I 2E (20I in charge)
Armor: All3

The Princess

Anyone who tries to make their mount run cannot ride side-saddle without falling off. The dagger is of high quality, modern alloys, and is rated slightly higher than the generic medieval variety.

Dagger: 8I
Gown: 1I

The Hobbit

The dagger is identical to the one wielded by the Princess above. Also, take time to describe this particular disguise to the players, as next to the long nose and pointy hat on the wizard, the button overalls and Lord Fauntleroy hat included in this get-up looks by far the most ridiculous on a full-grown Troubleshooter.

Dagger: 8I

The Wizard

Keep the Wizard Staff away from water! Also, rubber gloves are needed to wield it safely — otherwise, the user receives an 3E zap! Note that the staff is treated as a club for impact damage purposes, so combining a Zap! with a Smash! is a deadly combination indeed. In the game, each type of attack is rolled for separately.

The holo-nose projects illusions no bigger than 10'x10'x10', and is by no means perfect (big surprise). Fully 50

percent of the time (1-10 on a d20), the brain signals are misread and therefore, misguided. The GM has complete creative leeway here, but here are some examples of how this particular phenomenon works:

Example 1: The PC states that he wants to make a 10 foot deep pit appear in front of his adversary, so that the creature will stop at its brink, or become disoriented and fall down. If this were to malfunction: A) the pit might appear behind the target; B) the seed from a large cherry or peach might appear in-between the PC and the target, or C) the pit might be only be 10 inches deep, and therefore pretty much useless.

Example 2: The wizard desires to conjure forth an illusory ogre to scare away a charging horde. The item might backfire by: A) bringing forth an exact duplicate of the Oh-GAR costumed PC, causing much confusion; B) the ogre might appear and immediately flee, leaving the summoner to his own devices; or, C) the ogre might perceive the summoner as the threat and attack him!

The holograms do no real damage, and so are most useful for causing trouble, setting up diversions, or tricking your enemies long enough to get the upper hand. Illusions require constant thought to maintain, and no other actions besides walking may be taken. Range is about a mile, as long as the target can be seen, so strange things may indeed be on the horizon.

The R&D priests forgot to mention that the book is filled with blank paper (having been erased due to blasphemous content). They also forgot to mention that rubber gloves needed to safely use the Wizard Staff are stuffed in a corner of one of the horse-bot's storage compartments, underneath the empty inkwell so graciously provided by the R&D fundamentalists.

Staff: 8I 5E

The Ogre

Sometimes, if a one is rolled to hit, the flash of the Flash Spear accidentally goes off in melee, blinding the wielder (as well as anyone within a five foot radius). Also, blindness is only temporary, lasting for just 1d20 minutes.

The club, like all things wooden, goes (Poof!) in intense fires rated 10 or higher (like those expelled from the lungs of dragons, or from the hands of wizards, f'instance).

The Ogre mask melts horribly, suffocating the wearer, if exposed to great heat (like that expelled from the lungs of dragons, or from the hands of wizards. Do you see a pattern here, yet?)

The loincloth provides 1I protection for the abdomen area only, if you are using the Hit Location Table for assigning damage. If not, it should provide no protection against anything except a cold breeze.

The mount dips in the middle when ridden by someone as big as Pea-TEA and has no armor or saddle. The rider falls off the moment he urges his mount into a gallop.

Spear: 9I + flash (18I if charged)
Club: 8I
Loincloth: 1I (abdomen)
Mask: All1

The Cleric

The "grenade" is actually a hollowed out grenade shell, filled with heavy lead, and now supposed to be used like an Old Reckoning club-like impact weapon called a MACE. Throwing it is almost useless (treat as a rock) and a sign of impending mental collapse.

The water is normal and useful mainly as a side dish to the food carried by the Ogre. The wafers are only mildly nutritious and somewhat dry.

Mace: 9I
Robes: 1I

reward upon the completion of this mission. The wounded party will be healed free of charge.

"Therefore, there will be three reward vouchers available for the three victors.

"FINALAND MOST IMPORTANT RULE OF THE TEST: Thou art not to cause the death of thy foe! Unauthorized termination is blasphemous, and violators shall be subject to immediate excommunication.

Thou art merely testing thy new equipment. Failure to adequately test thine equipment is also blasphemous. There is no conflict in these orders. Begin thy test."

The PCs should begin right away as delay could be construed as blasphemy. Note that a large laser turret is mounted high in each corner of the hall, and the lone entryway is sealed. Numerous cameras positioned about the chamber help the R&D priests evaluate the contest.

Note that using a mutant power in this combat is blasphemous, but the priests do not execute blasphemers until after the first round of combat. Also, the victors of each separate contest are not supposed to battle one another. If they do, the priests let them fight until one is left and then execute the

victor for disobeying orders (thus saving three valuable reward vouchers).

The match-ups are accompanied by a few clues on how to win and/or survive each contest. The players are not to be told this information, or even have any of it hinted at. The GM should instead use this information to taunt slain characters who complain about the unfairness of the conditions of test like so: "But you could have succeeded by (fill in the blank), so there!"

The Knight vs. Ogre: The charging lance and the set spear both do double damage if a hit is scored. This battle might be very short indeed if a clonekabob is rolled.

The Way Out: The safest way for the Troubleshooters to finish the fight, without killing each other off, is to use their weapons for one round (thus testing them), and then battle it out in hand-to-hand combat (thus testing the various types of armor being worn).

While the loser might need a docbot, it is unlikely that a hand-to-hand battle will result in death.

The Wizard vs. Cleric: Note that the Holy Water of the cleric short circuits anyone carrying the Riot-prod, or anyone using the mutant power of Electroshock.

The Way Out: Since the staff does not have to be used with the shock power on, and because the cleric is almost completely defenseless, the wizard can just beat the fluff out of the Holy Roller with a blunt instrument.

If the cleric figures out the mace, the fluffing might go in the other direction. As long as the victor doesn't continue to mash the loser once he falls, the fallen character should be repairable.

The Damsel vs. Thief: Pretty simple fight, one dagger vs. another dagger. If the fight takes too long, zap them both for blasphemy, i.e. they were "stalling," indicating an unwillingness to follow orders.

The Way Out: These two pip-squeak PCs shouldn't be able to kill each other unless they use mutant powers, or they choose to slit the gizzard of the loser.

Encounter Three: To the Victor

After the fight is over, those who remain victorious and who are not slain as blasphemers get to divide the remaining three vouchers evenly. If the three vouchers do not divide three for one PC, or one for three



Some things are not worth getting paid for.

PCs, the priests do not divide a voucher, or award another. Dissatisfaction with the priests' decision is blasphemy.

The voucher can be worth anything you want, like a string of microchip rosary beads, or a free copy of *Salvation Through Microprocessing* by Bill-Y-GRM. Just make sure it wasn't worth losing a clone for.

Once clones have been outfitted and vouchers awarded, the PCs are escorted to the edge of LOT Sector and presented with a final communique before their departure.

"Remember friends, thou art not to traipse around killing everything in sight. That is one reason why thou hast been given such antiquated weapons. Thou art to report back hourly. Praise be to the R&Deities. Amen."

With that, the sub tunnel vents to LOT Sector are opened up, and the PCs are sent into ... Episode Two!



Episode Two: Gamma-LOT

Summary

The Troubleshooters are led to the edge of LOT Sector. First they must find their way in, and then figure out what the heck has happened here. They see all sorts of odd things, like knights, damsels, fair grounds, monsters, and a castle called Gamma-LOT. Along the way, they're exposed to much danger. What fun they will have, and how happy they MUST be.

Encounter One: "He fall down and go ... BOOM!"

Once the PCs have walked, run, or crawled down the tunnel towards LOT Sector, read them the following:

After a short trip down the tunnel, you arrive at the main entryway to LOT Sector, formerly a part of the Bureaucratic Empire simplex. The main doors have been shut, and the controls slagged with laser fire. A number of dead men lie in front of the doors.

The dead men were Empire officials sent in earlier, and were obviously killed with cutting weapons like swords, and not lasers or guns. A sign tacked to one of the bodies says in flowing, arcane script: "If ye are not of Gamma-LOT ... KEEP OUT!" Ask your players if they are grateful for their disguises. Remember, the Empire is listening to their answers.

Game Stuff

Grenade: A 'Cuss-A-Buntch™ special.

Attack is 111 at a roll of 13 for each Troubleshooter within 20 meters of the door.

By the way, the officials were killed so that Troubleshooters would be sent in (Randy figures Troubleshooters are the only ones likely to be stupid—er, trusted enough to carry a Collapsatron). Seems to have worked.

Anyway, the Troubleshooters might best examine the doors before they try to open them. If they don't, the 'Cuss-A-Buntch™ grenade planted behind the doors blows the entrance and the Troubleshooter into little bitty pink bits o' goo. A new clone

should arrive in a few moments, but no scrubots come to scour the area clean. Life without The Computer can get messy.

The bomb can be activated by any heavy touch, so throwing something at it from a distance is the best way to get the doors open safely (no fun there). If the grenade is deactivated by carefully burning a hole through the door and delicately disarming the triggering mechanism (sniff, sniff), the doors still must be opened somehow or a larger hole cut out.

The doors have been welded shut from the inside. The grenade is still the best bet to get them open. If the PCs succeed with all this, and choose to keep the grenade for later, make sure you forget to tell them how sensitive the triggering mechanism is ...

Encounter Two: With a Little Help From Your Friends

Once the door is opened, read:

The tunnel into LOT Sector is obviously useless. Masses of twisted metal mix with collapsed earth and stone from above, while mangled wires spark millions of volts into whatever they touch.

Suddenly, one of your com-units crackles to life. The voice of an Empire Bureaucrat pipes through. "Attention Troubleshooters. We have calculated another entrance for you into LOT Sector. Just down the hall is an access panel to what used to be the Alpha Complex Air Recirculation Tunnels (ART).

"Be warned. Some sections of the ART have been breached by the Water Removal Tunnels, or WART, and are unsanitary. Also, beware of any large reptilian beasts in the ART/WART complex. Good Luck."

The PCs' mounts can fit in the six foot square tunnels, as long as the PCs walk them single file. This isolates whoever is in the front and back very nicely.

The PCs aren't monitored by security systems in the tunnels, but the Empire is always listening ...

Encounter Three: The Dark Forest

If the PCs choose to disobey the Empire's orders and begin clearing the debris from the main tunnel entrance to LOT Sector,

they come across a Buntch more 'Cuss-A grenades ... as many as it takes to convince them that continuing this way is a bad plan.

When the party heads into the ART system, read aloud:

As you enter the tunnels, you immediately notice that all is not right. Instead of the usual reassuring sheen of stainless steel, the tunnels have been painted a strange brownish color to look like chaotic pathways through a deep, dark organic complex.

The tall brown things appear old and gnarled and look a lot like the rotten algae-stalks you've been waiting on line to get these days. The things are much taller of course, and thankfully, don't smell anywhere near as bad.

No ceiling is visible through the illusory canopy of giant vegetables. A sign painted at the turn up ahead reads "Do Not Pass Further. The King's Realm is Well-Guarded. Only The Truest of Knights Can Survive the Dark Forest."

The walls have been painted by the KCO, in order to provide a first defense to Gamma-LOT. "Defense?" you ask. Oh yeah. Well, they put some converted rec-bots and such into the "forest" as well. These have been modified to do nasty things to anyone sent in. Since no one leaves Gamma-LOT anymore, anyone in these tunnels is a target. There's also a few extras that even the KCO don't know about. More fun.

Note that the PCs do not have a map of these tunnels. For simplicity's sake, use the following system:

Roll 1d20 every few moments or so, and refer to this table. Ignore any rolls that don't make sense, or go ahead and use them if the PCs aren't mapping their route.

Die Roll Tunnel ...

1-3 Turns left.

4-6 Turns Right.

7-11 A cross passage intersects at right angles.

12-14 The tunnel makes a T with a new perpendicular tunnel.

15-20 The tunnel goes on.

In the true spirit of *Paranoia*, it really doesn't matter whether the PCs map or not, or even if they have a clue where they are going. The paintings go on ad infinitum, as

do the tunnels. After a set period of time, they'll come across the exit, but not before we've had a little fun.

The following encounters come in any order you want, but this order comes highly recommended.

Encounter Four: Great Balls of Steel

As soon as the PCs get grumpy enough to begin mapping this little maze, or they start griping to you about how boring mazes are, do the little mealy-mouths a favor. Read:

The usual low rumbling of the servomotors and gizmos running constantly in the background gives way to a loud rolling sound. Ahead of you, you see a very large rec-ball coming towards you. However, it looks like its grav panel has been shorted out, 'cause it's not hovering gently through the air, as usual.

Now, much to your sudden horror, the two thousand kilogram metal sphere is rolling very quickly towards you. Your Junior Creche physics class warned you about heavy objects with loads of momentum. Now, it's time to do your lab work.

The ball squashes anyone or anything it gets near. Your own GM's map of the tunnels so far ... you have been keeping a map haven't you?... can tell you whether the PCs and their mounts can make it to a corner or not. If you have no map — wing it.

If one PC bravely leaps forward to stop the great ball, he or she of course gets squished. However, the ball gets jammed up against the wall and the floor and the body, thus saving the rest of the group. Actually, even if a Troubleshooter or his mount gets flattened accidentally, the ball is stopped, but a heroic death is part of the game right? There is no way to avoid the ball, except by dodging into a tunnel. The ball moves too quickly to be outraced, but PCs are welcome to try. As the old saying goes, "I don't have to outrun the IntSec recruitment squad. I just have to outrun you!"

The Empire is always listening, and awards 50 extra creds to whoever saves the party deliberately — but only five if it's by accident. The next clone on deck for the PC does not get the creds, however, since logically they did not earn them. Instead, the bonus goes to the Empire's Widows and Orphans fund.

Oh yeah. Throwing one's mount into the path of the ball may be logical, but destroying assigned equipment is considered blasphemy by the R&D priests. They'll deal with it later, though.

Encounter Five: "We're Gonna Pump You Up!"

The PCs should just begin to catch their breath after the great ball attack when a group of reprogrammed muscle-bots move in to defend "their forest." Read this:

Up ahead, four seven-foot-tall humanoids are walking toward you. They wear Oh-GAR masks just like you were assigned and are covered in furs. They are armed with spears, but are marching in single file and crouching low. One steps forward.

Attacking first is good here, except that the Empire said not to. Oh well. If a seemingly friendly PC, like the Oh-GAR character, approaches, they greet him and let him pass, then turn and start poking him with holes (remember, anyone in the tunnels is fair game). Otherwise, the Recbots attack the party after a suitably ludicrous parley session (see character notes in the sidebar) and a big fight scene commences!

Note that a Troubleshooter with the proper technician/bot skills can jump on the back of one of these bad boys long enough to pull his plug. A good electrical jolt or sword shot might do the trick as well. In any case, make this one a bruiser battle, as these bots were made for punishment.

The furs they wear are synthetic and glued to their plastiflesh covered bodies. These bots look very human, but after taking a little damage their robotic natures are revealed.

The bots have no knowledge of use to the Troubleshooters, but if reprogrammed might serve as real fine bodyguards. The Troubleshooters'll need them, too. If not now, sometime soon.

Encounter Six: Those Darn Reptilian Beasts

You knew we couldn't resist throwing in something having to do with monsters in the sewers, right? Well, yes. No matter where the Troubleshooters are, after they've

Game Stuff

Recbots: Pleasant ex-recreational assistants, who are now programmed to kill anything in sight. They respond to verbal requests, always speak in a pleasant and easy-going manner (with funny accents, natch), and are extremely gracious while trying to kill you.

Armor: Heavy plate, 14

Weapons: Spears (9l) ____ 11
Club fists (5l) ____ 15

Tactics: Slug it out with the Troubleshooters while crying out exercise slogans in funny accents: "Look at dose flabby pecs!" "I turn you into a real man in one month!" "Eat your spinach!"

Game Stuff

Giant Green Lizard-Things with Long Pink Tongues: Pretty basic, straightforward monster-types. Real ugly.

Weapons: Tongue(snag,

no damage__16

Chew/Swallow (10l) ____ 11

Armor: Thick hide (13)

Tongue (big — gooey) (1l)

Tactics: Catch with tongue and swallow food. Belch raunchily.

cleaned up and moved a wee bit onward, we've got nasty giant lizard-things right out of *The Other Game*™ for them. Read:

The walls ahead begin to narrow, and soon you see flashes of pink trailing around the walls. As your light penetrates further, you see two sets of very large snake-like eyes watching you from up ahead.

Then, rushing quickly toward you, using their suction cupped paws to grip the walls, are two humongous green lizard things. This is bad, but it gets worse.

Their tongues are a good 10 feet long and leap out from their mouths with amazing agility. Those teeth don't look like they're made for munching algae either. Lunch time.

If a tongue hits, it wraps around the victim and draws him forward into the waiting jaws of death. Jawed victims are bitten once for good measure and then swallowed whole, suffocating in stomach acids and lizard goo in three minutes. They must be rescued from the outside.

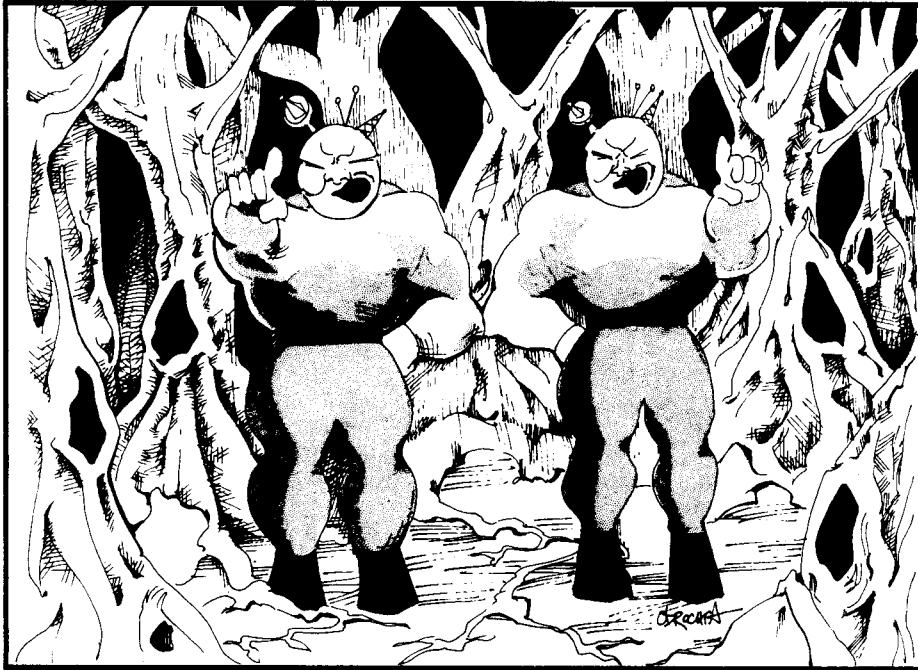
Any monster who gets its tongue snipped off retreats like a cowardly lion, or gets really angry and bites twice as hard. You decide which, depending on if you like the person or not and whether this is their place or yours you're playing at.

Encounter Seven: You Never Get a Second Chance to Make a First Impression

This one is just downright mean. The floor in front of the PCs has been weakened by "mysterious forces." As soon as 300 pounds or more is on this 12' long by 6' wide stretch of tunnel, the whole thing collapses, throwing the hapless victims into a cross-running WART tunnel. They are immediately befouled in all manner of old rags and smelly water.

They won't drown in it if anybody helps them immediately, but they'd better rescue the knight first. If there's any debate, the trash gets recycled and clean new clones get broken out of cold storage.

Remember to modify any subsequent encounters with malodorous characters in the rest of this episode.



The deadly dangers of the Dark Forest.

Encounter Eight: The Grand Bizarre Bazaar

The PCs finally reach a row of three exit vents. The first two lead into more collapsed tunnels, but the third leads into a whole new world. Read:

The air vent opens behind a large plastic hedge. As you pass beyond the greenery, you see a strange new world unfold before you.

The walls of this large gymnasium have been painted with what can only be murals of the Outdoors. To the north is a beautiful gold and silver castle, entered apparently through a class four padded breach lock entry port, painted to look like an Old Reckoning metal gate.

To the east, south, and west are painted brick walls, with mountains, streams, and rolling green hills behind them. A huge guard house to the south must be attached to the collapsed tunnel entrance to LOT Sector.

All around you are clones dressed much like yourselves, except that these citizens seem serious about their garb. The chamber is laid out like a medieval bazaar, with Alpha Complex jackobots dressed in strange clothing hawking a variety of wares.

Some are selling outlawed and unidentified goods, while others dance, play music, and otherwise entertain the small crowd of clones. Most of these people flow in and out of the golden castle room.

This area is, of course, the small "town" protected by Gamma-LOT, the golden castle. A merchant's fair is held every day in this town square, and since there isn't much to do or much money to do it with, most people sort of just browse a lot.

The GM should emphasize the odd mix of medieval citizens using Alpha Complex devices. Many devices are laid out as works of art! Now, we all know that these people are actually brainwashed and bewildered former residents of LOT Sector, but the PCs don't and the plan is to make them believe something else entirely.

The few dozen remaining members of the KCO are artisans, craftsmen, knights, poets, philosophers, ministers, courtesans and damsels. They have all been carefully taught to say that this is Gamma-LOT, and that an errant spell cast by their king's high minister, Mer-LOT the Magnificent, brought them to this strange place quite a while ago, and they've been trying to make the best of it ever since.

These people seem quite sincere and easy to talk to, because they've been warned and trained not to reveal their true identities through mind scan or deep probe mutant powers.

Oh yeah, if the PCs ask, Mer-LOT can often be found in Gamma-LOT Hall advising his liege lord, King-R-TOR. Note that the citizens call their king Arthur, like the old books, but the PCs will no doubt translate everything into Computer-ese, so we'll leave them like this for now, to avoid confusion with the real McCoys in the last

half of this epic tale. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Encounter Nine: Not So Good

Goods

The PCs might wish to take this opportunity to pick up some much needed hardware. Ironically, this is the best place to pick up a few illegally modified, much-too-colorful-for-you type blasters and reflex.

Since these people despise such devices, and since they are trying to play stupid new kids on the block, they sell such goodies for a song (only half credits!). The GM should use discretion in giving out new weapons, but not too much. The Empire is listening in and has its last laugh when the PCs return with their report.

Wise PCs take notes until they come back later, or stash the goodies for now, "mysteriously" losing them before returning to Alpha Complex proper.

Some of the citizens have tampered with these devices, either for fun or just mischief, in the hopes that they'd learn something new, or blow up the Troubleshooting infidel who used it next. Double all chances for malfunctions of any purchased devices, at least until they backfire once and are repaired, or are incinerated in the ensuing blast.

Otherwise, treat the market square as cute but ultimately useless to the PCs. Only the information leading them to Gamma-LOT Hall is important.

Gamma-LOT

This is what the adventure is called, so it must be a pretty important section. Right? Nah. It's neat and kinda funny a little, but actually the real death-fest begins in the next episode. Of course, the PCs need the information contained within to get there, so maybe it's important after all. Hmmm.

Encounter Ten: The Circular

Object

When the characters pass through the archway with the golden castle painted around it, read your players the following glorious tale of myth and magic:

Ahead of you, within the golden room, lies a large circular table made of glass inlaid with silver. Seated around the table are a dozen men scattered amongst a score of chairs. Many of these men are engaged in wining and dining, as well as fondling fair maidens.

As you enter further, an armored warrior moves forward to greet you. A small white scrap of paper magically affixed to his shield names him as Sir Ramik Bole,

Duke of Poteri. "Welcome to Gamma-LOT, fine sirs. Where dost thou hail from?" he asks.

The PCs can lie or tell the truth. If they tell the truth, the Empire takes note of it and Sir Bole bluffs a mystified "What is Alpha Complex?" response. Next, Sir Bole runs around the table, introducing each knight in turn. Yes, some of these are pretty bad, but there were worse we could've used too.

- Sir Vale Lance, the Watcher
- Sir Rocco of the Desert
- Sir Osis of the Liver
- Sir Tanly Syre the Obsequious
- Sir Tech of Wizardry
- Sir Jerry of the Brane
- Sir Renderor the Fleet of Foot
- Sir Vival of Thefittest
- Sir Reelist the Abstract
- Sir Han Surhan the Madman of Pakistan

Just because happiness is no longer mandatory doesn't mean you can't force your players to laugh at these puns, or at least groan.

When the PCs finally get to have a word in edgewise, they are seated at the table for food, drink, and some nookie from the not so maidenly maidens. Good stuff all around. Here are some typical Troubleshooter questions and KCO answers, to help you with the dinnertime conversation:

Q: Take me to your leader.

A: King-R-TOR is at the Lists with his bride Gwen-I-VER, watching the jousting tournament.

Q: Where is Mer-LOT?

A: Ask the king.

Q: Are these chicks/hunks all taken?

A: No (or you may decide that they are — and if they are the PCs'll have to fight to the death for them).

Q: Where did you come from?

A: Mer-LOT was supposed to be casting a spell of protection that would make us invulnerable to Mordred's armies. I guess it sort of worked, kinda.

Q: Who is Mordred?

A: One bad mo. He's invulnerable to weapons made by man. (GM only — but not by Computer, or by the gods Risrich and De'sann!).

Q: What's that funny symbol on your shields?

A: That's a gamma. Haven't kept up on your Greek now have you?

Some of this might seem unimportant to the Troubleshooters now, but we have the whole adventure in our hot little hands, don't we? We know where they're going to go. Sort of like playing god or telling the future, now isn't it?

Anyway, the idea is to feed and refresh our hapless heroes and get them to go to the Lists (the next encounter). Have as much fun as you want, but if they take too much

time, have the Empire make a note, and then call them. A paraphrase of the following is sufficient: "Get off your duffs and get cracking! Laziness is treason. Move out!"

Nookie with treasonous maidens on the Round Table may be very kinky and loads of fun, but it is certainly consorting with the enemy in the extreme. Now that is supposedly okay in this adventure, right? Well, the Empire has always taken a dim view of nookie, since of course they never got any and continue to choose not to get any, even though everyone around them now *is*. Spoiled sports.

Encounter Eleven: The Lists of Ash-BEE

When the PCs finally make it to the Lists, read them the following description of the venue:

This ex-recreational chamber has been converted into a medieval style tournament courtyard. A long stretch of low fence serves as the jousting run, while archery targets line the far wall.

Long bleachers are filled with cardboard cut-outs of spectators and a few live ones as well. Piped-in cheers, like those once played by The Computer during "Gladiator 3000" matches, accompany the events.

On the field, one knight charges back and forth, lance in hand, piercing rows of



The Complex has surely got ... no more romantic spot ...

target dummies. Dozens of these targets lie scattered across the field of battle and numerous other knights lie wounded by their tents.

A scruffy bearded knight approaches you. "Hi there! I'm Percy Vale, Lance-R-LOT's agent and promoter. You-all are new around here?"

"Well, if you plan on meeting with the king, you'd better take on my boy here. No rogue warriors can approach the king unless their leader has shown his worth in combat before the eyes of the throne. So, like to prove yourself in a little joust? I'm already taking bets at five to one against you."

Whichever PC chooses to joust Lance-R-LOT deserves to get air-conditioned, the hard way. Lance is a master with all weapons, but has a soft spot (in the head) for the queen.

There is a 50/50 chance that Lance-R-LOT turns to salute the queen before each joust. This, of course, is the perfect opportunity to stick him in the side while he's not looking. While totally within the rules for *Paranoia*, the KCO frown heavily on such things, and declare such scoundrels "black knights," forever banned from tournaments.

However, The Empire does award anyone who kills Lance-R-LOT a hefty 2500 credit bounty. Lance-R-LOT just happens to be the best damn knight in the KCO, and is responsible for 90 percent of the Bureaucratic Empire's fatalities during the takeover of LOT sector. They're willing to lift their "don't harm the natives" rule just this once. Too bad the PCs don't know that.

Cheating aside, the rules for a jousting contest are simple:

A) Both men start a hundred yards away from each other, on either side of the long, low fence.

B) The two riders spur their mounts towards each other, leveling their lances (which have had the ends wrapped in cloth) until horizontal.

C) Ka-Boom! The riders try to knock their adversary off their mount with the lance, while at the same time avoiding a similar fate by carefully positioning their shield in defense. The process is continued until ...

D) Whoever falls off first, loses!

E) If both combatants fall off, and each remains conscious, they are brought their swords (dulled, of course) from their squires (who wait nearby). The two men are supposed to wait until each is fairly armed.

F) Whoever is left standing wins.

G) If a weapon breaks, the other man is supposed to wait for a new weapon to be provided.

H) Killing your opponent, except by accident, is a no-no!

I) All of this is extremely tiring.

All sorts of possibilities here for treachery, honor, deceit, and blood-lust.

The Charger-Bots are gyroscopically balanced and obey vocal and bodily commands, so neither rider should have any problem with their mounts. Two List Monitors see that all weapons are blunted and that the ends of the lances have been covered in cloth. Of course, the characters could remove such cloth and sharpen their blades, but that wouldn't be fair! Also, it takes at least 50 gold crowns and some fancy talking to bribe a List Monitor.

Rolling to hit with the lance is a simple roll (1/4 dexterity if the attacker has no Primitive Weapon or Lance skill), but if a hit is scored, a shield roll from the struck party is required.

A successful shield roll means that the lance was blocked and the roll to determine whether the knight was knocked off is made with a -10 bonus (see below). What, the PCs don't have a shield skill? What a shame. Guess you'll have to use 1/4 dexterity for that, too.

If a hit is scored, whether or not it was partially blocked, an agility roll is required. Naturally, if it is failed, the target falls to the ground.

The limit on any single bet is 10 gold crowns.

Encounter Twelve: Time to Split

No matter what the outcome of the jousting tourney (the king only requires a challenge be made and fought, not won), the PCs are brought before King-R-TOR and presented as "questers of great wisdom."

Game Stuff

Lance-R-LOT: Knight of Gamma-LOT and kick-butt fighter.

Description: Stronger than a fork-lift, better looking than any PC could ever hope to be, able to blind people with those pearly whites, and quite certainly everything *Paranoia* stands against.

Armor: Plate (13)

Shield _____ 14

Weapons:

Long Sword (101) _____ 19

Lance (111, 5 if blunted) _____ 20

Tactics: He's the greatest fighter in the realm. So who needs tactics?

The king is a rather boring fellow, too self-indulged to see that his wife is fooling around with his favorite knight, and too old to be an effective warrior. He is kind of smart, but certainly not smart enough to see that he's being used by Randy. So, if the party does any significant role-playing at this stage, play King-R-TOR as an old, slightly pompous, fool, who was good in his time, but now ... eh.

The king closes the jousting tourney and gives the PCS some haughty rhetoric about this great place and its great people. Meanwhile, Gwen-I-VER flirts with a PC (preferably male), and while this isn't important now, it will become very interesting later on.

The PCs finally get to ask the king some questions. The king can tell them all the same stuff as his knights, but won't tell them how to find Mer-LOT until after he has "consulted with my errant wizard." Before the PCs get a chance to argue, the com-unit gives a whistle.

"That's it, Troubleshooters. Return to Empire Central for further orders. Have your report ready and in triplicate. There's treason afoot and it must be stopped at all costs!"

Remember to have some fun in the Dark Forest again if you're so inclined. Maybe that ball got loose, or maybe the floor's weak in other places as well. Most importantly, twist them royally if they didn't make a map the first time they came through.



Episode Three: Mer-LOT's Test

Summary

This is where the fun really begins. We've got dragons, beheadings, treason to the left of you, blasphemy to the right, and a slightly temperamental Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II (surprise, surprise). Twice the problems, twice the fun, none of the calories.

Encounter One: The First Report

After the PCs make their way back to the Bureaucratic Empire simplex to report on what they have found, an Empire bureaucrat briefs them on phase II of their assignment. Read:

"Good work, Troubleshooters. You have gathered adequate information to prove what we had suspected. The Commie Mutant Traitors currently infesting LOT Sector were brought here by the bumbling of a dangerous wizard named Mer-LOT. Since we cannot have such traitors around our beloved complex, the logical choice is termination.

However, we sort of need that part of our simplex back the way it was, and well, before the big you-know-what, these "wizards" had given The Computer (may it rest in peace) trouble. They wield strange treasonous powers, capable of much chaos.

Therefore, a little tact is called for in this situation. We are hereby assigning you the task of returning these beings from whence they have come. To do this, you are hereby assigned a brand new piece of thoroughly-tested equipment, the Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II."

You now notice a few R&D priests opening a large sealed crate very carefully behind you. From inside, they gently pull forth a strange, small round glass globe, its surface seemingly divided into six equal areas. It looks like somebody took six vid-monitors and melted them all together. They place the shiny silver machine gently at your feet and run hastily through a shielded blast door.

"This is the latest model of the previously tricky little dimension swapper. There is no danger. All the bugs have been worked out and all systems have been completely tested. A child could operate it. Trust us.

"All you need to do is plug in and tell

the device the inter-spacial referential coordinate tri-pairs that indicate your ultimate destination and it will do the rest.

"There is only one problem. More data input is required before the exact reference tri-pairs can be ascertained. Only one being has this data: the Infrared wizard Mer-LOT. Phase II of your assignment, should you choose to accept it, (and the doubling of your previous payment) is to befriend this Commie Traitor so as to gain more data about his plane and dimension of origin."

Hand the players the handout entitled "Questions for Cousin Mer-LOT" now, and don't give them nearly enough time to read it before Empire bureaucrat continues:

"Turn the Collapsatron to 'receive' and ask Mer-LOT these questions. Once you have the data, leave the TDC Mark II in the middle of LOT sector, with the auto-timer set. You will have 30 minutes to evacuate LOT Sector before the dimensional zones are switched back."

The bureaucrat leaves the PCs a few minutes to talk amongst themselves before they are again escorted to the ART entrance to LOT Sector. If, by some freak chance, the Troubleshooters decide not to accept phase II of the mission, have a squad of Empire goons surround them and take them prisoner. They *tried* to play fair ...

Next, transport them to the med-labs for immediate injection of a timed explosive capsule. This microscopic device is injected into the PCs' carotid arteries, and can be detonated at any time from a secret location. It's a tiny explosion, just enough to kill the victim instantly. Unless the PCs cooperate, the Empire will detonate the explosives, and since they are constantly monitoring the Troubleshooters' progress, one false move and ...

In other words: ACCEPT THE MISSION!

The Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II

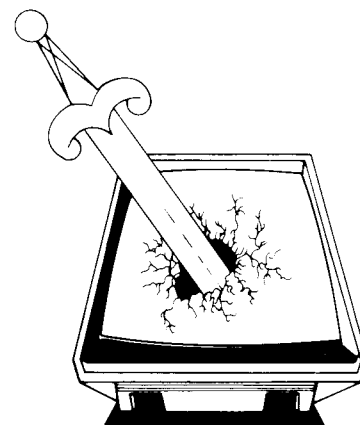
(or "Look Ma, no cord!")

Okay, so what's a Transdimensional Collapsatron anyway, and what's new and improved about a TDC Mark II? Good questions, Nosey One.

In the interest of making you a happy ultraviolet-class citizen, the following section has been taken from that original masterwork, the *Operations Manual for the Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II*, and slightly edited by the Bureaucratic Empire. Blanked out passages are still classified, and scraping away the ink over the words is considered treasonous in the extreme by the Empire.

"The TDC Mark II is the latest generation of dimensional transit systems hardware, produced exclusively for Alpha Complex by XXXXXXX XXXX and Clones. It features multi-planar probability generation sub-system software and a new type of XXXX XXXXXX XXXX engine. It requires equal mass exchange between the two points, technically referred to as POINT A and POINT B. There is no POINT C. Trying to locate POINT C is treason.

"New features include A) battery powered operation, to save on replacement power cords and allow operation in non-electro-serviced environments; B) a thirty minute auto-timer, to prevent the many incidents of accidental termination experienced during early tests of the Mark I; C) a slick new, easy-to-use design incorporating the latest in multi-view ports, allowing full 360 degree view of XXXXX X and XXXXX X from all angles, just prior to final activation, and D) unique 'receive' button and full communications software programming to



allow verbal interaction between user and Collapsatron.

"The Mark II is reliable, rugged, and easy to operate, unlike the Mark I. Take good care of your TDC Mark II and it will provide you with many hours of safe inter-spatial enjoyment. Store in a cool, dry place.

"Batteries Not Included."

If the PCs ask, the Empire has graciously arranged for the R&D priests to insert fresh new batteries into the DC-powered TDC Mark II. Each of the PCs have been double-billed for these expensive little battery packs — natch.

Encounter Two: Once More Into the Breach, Comrade

Remember to throw some nasty things in here and give the PCs LOTs of abuse before they reach Gamma-LOT Hall. Not making a map at this stage of the adventure is asking for trouble, especially if the PCs believe all this hokey about getting out alive and auto-timers and stuff. We all know what's really gonna' happen, don't we?

Encounter Three: King-R-TOR's Quest

Any attempt to meet Mer-LOT directly is doomed to failure, as Mer-LOT sees no one, and in fact, no one ever sees Mer-LOT these days. Rumor has it he's hard at work trying to get back to wherever "home" is. (Of course, that's a rumor carefully planted by Randy/Mer-LOT himself.)

So, the PCs go through the "same old same old" until they get back before King-R-TOR. Then read:

You are in the great hall of Gamma-LOT, seated at the south end of the circular table. The Knights of the Circular Object are with you and the gathering commences as King-R-TOR enters the chamber.

The King greets the PCs (who should still be in costume) as returning heroes from a successful quest. He also asks what they want. It should go something like this:

Q: Can we speak to Mer-LOT?

A: I'm sorry, but Mer-LOT is very wary of newcomers. He specifically instructed me that only those outsiders who fulfill the Great Quest should be allowed to meet with him.

Q: So what's the Great Quest?

A: (At that question, the knights snicker a little and look around everywhere but at you.) Uh, that's simple. You must find Mer-LOT himself, who is hiding nearby and is guarded by his familiar, the All-Powerful, Lord of the Heavens and the Burning Earth, Twice World Heavyweight Champion of

the Multiverse, and six-time winner of the trans-dimensional wrist-wrestling and shishke-bob char-broiling title — Poof the Magical Dragon.

Q: What the heck is a Poof the Dragon?

A: Poof is a giant winged beast as tall as an archer's tower, as big as a keep, capable of melting a diamond with one miniscule blast of his fiery breath. Aside from that, he's nothing special.

Q: Where are Mer-LOT and Poof hiding?

A: Somewhere in the Maze of Death, beneath the great hall of Gamma-LOT itself. (The Knights of the Circular Object start squirming in their seats. A number retire to the "Little Squire's Room.")

If the PCs ask any more questions, say "I don't know," "it's not in the module," or lie through your teeth. If they refuse to go on the quest, say "No quest, no Mer-LOT!" Also, killing everybody here is considered treason, since the Empire believes the usual unwarranted terminations might offend the wizard, and that would jeopardize the mission. Yes, that's treason too.

Eventually the PCs will have to go on the quest to find Mer-LOT. When they decide to go, lead them to a grate behind the throne (which happens to be on what used to be a stage).

Encounter Four: The Maze of Death

The Maze of Death sounds moderately impressive but is actually just a series of abandoned stage-hand special effects tunnels connected to some dusty old construction accessways left over from the days when Alpha Complex was built, not created.

Follow the map of these tunnels, and note that the formerly-Computer-controlled laser sentry turrets still work, but only 50 percent of the time. Otherwise, sparks fly around, warning the PCs of their presence, adding to the uneasiness.

Shaded portions of the maze are weak flooring/catwalks. Roll 1d20 whenever any weight more than 50 pounds travels into one of these regions. On a roll of 17 or higher (15 or higher for the warrior) the floor collapses dropping the PC some 1d20 feet. Roll damage as necessary.

Also, the PCs land in the moldy remains of the old industrial septic system of pre-Alpha Complex times. Therefore, some people might not want to associate with that PC any more, and you can bet your illegally modified blaster that somebody's going to turn that person in to the Empire for some hygiene treason points.

Otherwise, it's up to the PCs. If they're smart, careful, and lucky, they get out of here without a scratch. We realize that's



not usually within the realm of *Paranoia*, but the next encounter makes up for it. Promise.

Encounter Five: "It's Show Time!"

(or "How a Wonder-Lizard Gets His Kicks")

This is one of those precious moments every *Paranoia* gamemaster savors: A legal way to trash the entire party of Troubleshooters and it's likely to be completely their fault. Well, maybe not completely ...

You see, Randy has a very nice spell he's been working on for a quite a long time. For all intents and purposes, as long as he has his magical Amulet of Power (left behind by his wizard masters with the other "trinkets"), he can literally become anything he wants, within his own experience and power levels of course.

He has used this to make himself appear as a Wizard and now as a Dragon. He can breathe fire, using his rather impotent fire-ball spell, and he has all the strength and physical power of a real ... well, 98 pound weakling Dragon, actually. We're not even going to give you any real stats for this first combat. It's all Randy's game now. When the PCs reach the outside of the lair, read them the following cheery passages:

The tunnel widens and a large fiery chamber is up ahead. As you start to proceed cautiously down the hall, you begin to see messages scrawled on the wall. They come in the form of painted-on Old Reckoning tombstones and grave markers, with odd little phrases etched into the rusty metal.

"Here lies Gawain — he gave me a pain."

"Here rests Saint George — on his flesh I did gorge."

"Poor Prince Eric bought it hither — beneath my flame his flesh did wither."

PC#1:
 Name Then: Libe-R-ACE
 Name Now: Alpha-FAH

Former Service Group:
 CPU

Security Clearance:
 Private: Red
 Public: Blue

Player Name: _____

Attributes and Skills

Strength (13)
 Damage _____ 0
 Carry _____ 30 kg

Endurance (14)
 Macho _____ 1

Agility (7) Skill Base _____ 2
 Club _____ 7

Chutzpah (10) Skill Base _____ 2
 Motivation _____ 7
 Fast Talk _____ 10
 Bootlicking _____ 8

Dexterity (11) Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 7

Mechanical (8) Skill Base _____ 2

Moxie (16) Skill Base _____ 4
 Medical _____ 10
 Stealth _____ 8
 Data Search _____ 8

Power (6)

Personal Equipment

Synth-Leather Reflec
 Insta-Chop Buzz Cutter
 Laser Pistol
 Personal Hygiene Kit

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Buzz Cutter	8	I	11	—	yes		99
Orange Laser	7	L	8	50	no		

Armor Leather Reflec
Rating I2L4

PC#2:
 Name Then: Hal-O-GEN
 Name Now: Buck-WET

Former Service Group:
 Power Services

Security Clearance:
 Private: Orange
 Public: Green

Player Name: _____

Attributes and Skills

Strength (11)
 Damage _____ 0
 Carry _____ 25 kg

Endurance (9)
 Macho _____ 0

Agility (16) Skill Base _____ 4
 Truncheon/Staff _____

Chutzpah (8) Skill Base _____ 2
Dexterity (15) Skill Base _____ 4
 Energy Weapons _____ 9

Mechanical (17) Skill Base _____ 4
 Habitat Engineering _____ 12
 Jackobot Operation _____ 8

Moxie (8) Skill Base _____ 2
 Electronic Engineering _____ 12

Power (13)

Personal Equipment

Mirrored Reflec (works against all clearance lasers; degrades one level of protection per hit reflected until repaired).
 Reflective paint (5 applications, each application restores armor fully).
 Stungun
 Laser Rifle
 Precision Electronics Tool Kit (hidden in hair)
 20 meters plasticord

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Stun Gun	9	E	p. 81	40	yes		200
Laser Rifle	4	L	9	100	no		

Armor Mirrored Reflec
Rating L7

PC#3:
 Name Then: Cand-Y-BAR
 Name Now: Dar-LAH

Former Service Group:
 Internal Security

Security Clearance:
 Private: Yellow
 Public: Blue

Player Name: _____

Attributes and Skills

Strength (11)
 Damage _____ 0
 Carry _____ 25 kg

Endurance (9)
 Macho _____ 0

Agility (12) Skill Base _____ 3
 Unarmed _____ 14

Chutzpah (18) Skill Base _____ 5
 Fast Talk _____ 8
 Interrogate _____ 12

Dexterity (13) Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 8

Mechanical (7) Skill Base _____ 1

Moxie (15) Skill Base _____ 4
 Surveillance _____ 8
 Old Reckoning Cultures _____ 9

Power (5)

Personal Equipment

Lace and Fishnet Reflec
 Laser Pistol
 Shoe-Blade (Pops out of boot toe-free attack in addition to unarmed)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Shoe-Blade	5	I	3	—	yes		30
Unarmed	14	I	5	—	no		
Blue Laser	8	L	8	50	no		

Armor Lace & Fishnet Reflec
Rating L2 vs all colors

PC#1: Alpha-FAH

Secret Society: FCCCP
Secret Society Rank: 6

Mutant Power(s):
Precognition

Sleeper? No

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang



Loyalties:

Our Gang.

A member of FCCCP, you live in a small Pro-Tech simplex.

You wouldn't mind seeing The Computer re-booted.

Background: If you get teased about this cowlick on top of your head just one more time, you're gonna fry the sucker that says it. You stutter constantly, and some people say you whine. You know it's merely something to set you apart from all the others.

You never stutter though, when speaking in The Computer's name, and preaching its gospel to the unbelievers. The Elders know this is another sign. They have big plans for you — you can feel it.

The Computer has always been your friend, but now that it's gone you have been forced to make new ones. These Our Gangers are a decent bunch of clones, but they lack faith, and it's your sacred duty to show them the way.

It seems that real Honest to Computer Commie Traitors are at work in LOT Sector. Heathen criminals who haven't heard the divine words of "logic," "order," and "happiness." These mutants worship Old Reckoning icons like the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, you'll have to dress up as one of these Commies, infiltrate their den, convert those that are worthy and send the rest of the Commies to eternal damnation. Praise The Computer and darn those who have not seen its righteous fury.

Favorite Song: "The Barber of Seville" which is always sung off-key. One day you'll get it right. Practice, practice, practice.

Favorite Saying: "Though I walk in the Complex of the Shadow of Treason, I shall not fear, for The Computer is watching my every step." etc., etc.

Current Secret Society Mission: Spread the righteous word to the heathens and send them packing. Report all treasonous activity. No matter where you are, what you're doing, or where it has disappeared to, The Computer will hear your prayers.

PC#2: Buck-WET

Secret Society: Illuminati
Secret Society Rank: 3

Mutant Power(s):
Electroshock

Sleeper? No

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang



Loyalties:

Our Gang.

You are an Illuminati member who lives a nomadic existence, traveling from simplex to simplex.

Background: Energy. You know the ebb and flow of electrons like the air you breathe. The power flows through you. You've kept it a secret for a long time, and those special talents helped keep you where you are today — alive.

You really know why your hair stands on its ends, but you tell others it was an old occupational hazard from your days at Power Services. "A zillion volts," you tell them, "day in and day out, leaves its mark on a clone forever."

There isn't anything you can't fuse, fry, start-up, or jump. This is why they made you a privileged one, a man of power. The Illuminati have all of the power, and soon, very soon, what's left of Alpha Complex will power down, only to be replaced by the more glorious flame of the eternal Leader.

This mission sounds like a joke to you. Scout out some Commies? We mean, how do you obtain ultimate power here?

Your only hope now is to do a good enough job that you'll be amply rewarded (get it, *amp* ly), as well as gain some much-deserved recognition for your work. Then the other Illuminati, who still remain hidden among the masses, will see the bright spark that is Buck-WET.

Favorite Saying: "They call me *Mister* WET (pronounced "wheat")."

Current Secret Society Mission: Achieve power, as much as you can, anywhere you can, any way. Your old friends in the Hole-In-The-Dome gang are going to join you on this one — convert Por-KEY to the true path if possible, but avoid the overrated blowhard Span-KEY. He doesn't even know what true powers are lurking right beneath his fat little pug nose. Mortal!

PC#3: Dar-LAH

Secret Society: KCO
Secret Society Rank: 2

Mutant Power(s):
Charm

Sleeper? No

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang



Loyalties:

Our Gang.

You are secretly one of the Knights of the Circular Object, but your cover is that of a Romantic. You live in a Romantic simplex.

Background: You know the whole plan already. All about how the Knights of the Circular Object made a deal with the mysterious Mer-LOT in order to get their hands on a Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II, the most powerful circular object in the universe.

You've even managed to work your way into the good graces of IntSec, due to your former connections there. Your talents at working with other people's minds helps you win friends and influence people, although since the crash, people don't seem to be quite as taken by your charms as they once were. You're still never in need of dates on a Sixday Nightcycle, however. And Span-KEY is always there if you run out of others. Poor little guy.

You're hot, you're powerful, and you can break a man's arm at the elbow in the flash of a second.

When you get the chance, King-R-TOR is yours. Let that tart of a queen have him for now — when the New Order comes to pass, Queen Dar-LOT will rule them all. Too bad you wasted that tac nuke on a drunken Romantic.

Favorite Saying: "Ooh, do you think we should?"

Current Secret Society Mission: Find out what the Bureaucratic Empire is trying to do to LOT Sector and discretely stop it if possible. Your friends at IntSec tell you the Empire's in cahoots with both the R&D and Clone Priests and that something big must be brewing.

Your secret society gear (sword, chainmail bikini) is stashed in Gamma-LOT. For now, secrecy is paramount. Above all, stay clear of suspicion.

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang

Headquarters: "The Hole in the Dome"

Team Leader: Span-KEY

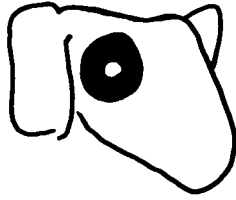
Team Guardian: Pea-TEA

Team Spokesperson: Dar-LAH

Team Technician: Buck-WET

Security Chief: Por-KEY

Team Observer: Alpha-FAH



Group Possessions

Super-Fast Transport Vehicle

Uni-Com Sending and Receiving Kit

Background:

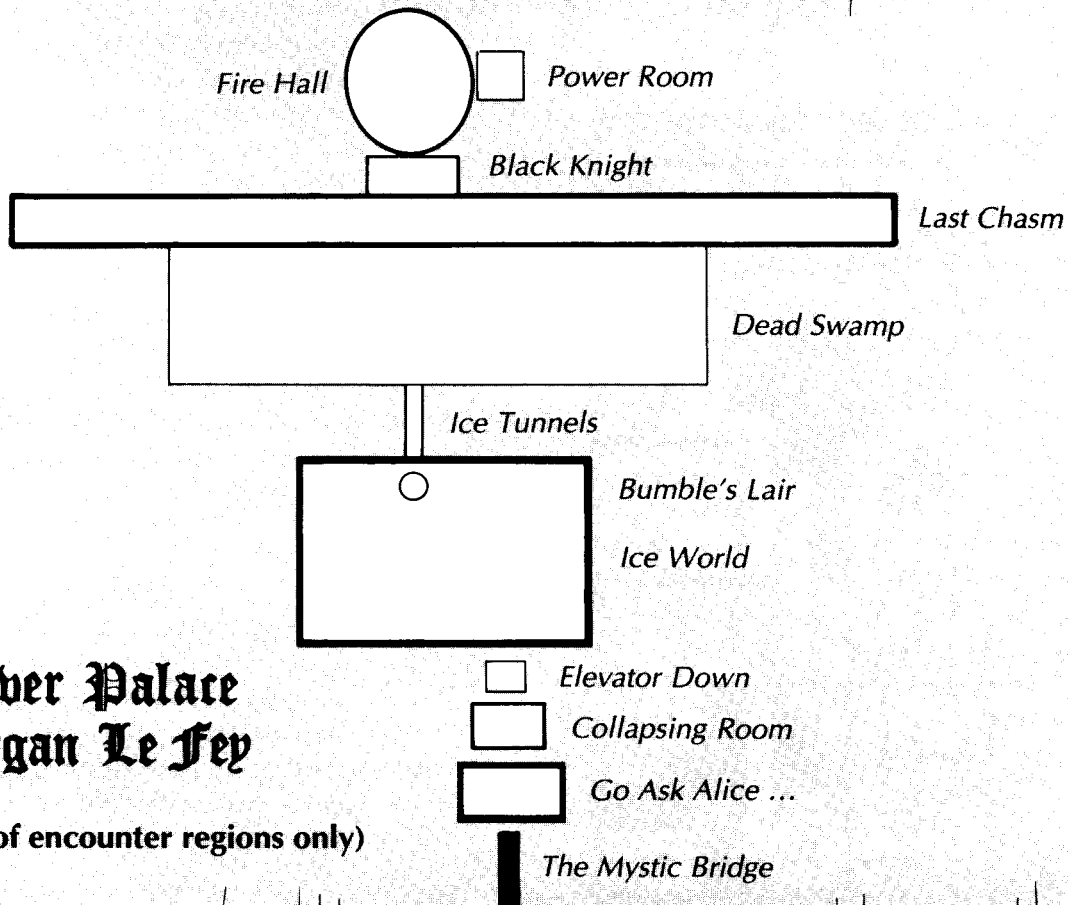
Our Gang was one of the first freelance Troubleshooter teams to form after the crash of The Computer. Originally, these were simply displaced clones who all spent entirely too much time at the "Hole in the Dome," while at the same time living (barely) and working (like dogbots) at various simplexes.

Span-KEY, a former rogue Troubleshooter, saw the logic and possible profit margin in forming a Troubleshooter team, and before long "Our Gang" was a reality. The original name of the group was the "Women Haters Club," but with the forced addition of Cand-Y-BAR (who, at the time, was the only female in the "Hole in the Dome" to own a tac nuke) the team name was changed, as was their attitude toward women.

Our Gang takes on missions from virtually every not-so-secret society, service group, or other organization as long as the price is right. As a group they are officially ambivalent toward the eventual reboot of The Computer, although some of the individual members may feel one way or another about it.

Experimental Mutant Power Table

Roll	Experimental Mutation
1-2	Melt — The target's temperature is immediately raised to melting point, and if it fails a tough Endurance roll in any of the next 3 rounds, it melts away completely.
3-4	Euphoria — If the target fails a tough Moxie roll, it is instantly sent into a state of total euphoria, not unlike being under laughing gas. The effect lasts five minutes per round that the power is used on the target.
5-6	Teelamorphism — The target is instantly transformed into a perfect likeness of Teela-O-MLY. The effect lasts for 15 minutes.
7-8	Machine Antipathy — If the target fails a tough Moxie roll, it is given an extreme distaste for machines. He or she can do nothing for 5 rounds except try to destroy all machines in the general vicinity.
9-10	Magnetism — Target is rendered magnetic, attracting all metallic objects within a five-foot sphere. Effect lasts for 10 minutes.
11-12	Animal Magnetism — same as above, only the target attracts living creatures (including clones, small woodland creatures, etc.).
13-14	Hypersneeze — If the target fails a tough Endurance roll, he or she begins to sneeze uncontrollably for 5 minutes. Skill bases are cut in half for duration of effect.
15-16	Mental Floss — If the target fails a tough Moxie roll, his or her mind is emptied of all thought, rendering the victim a mindless vegetable for the duration of the effect (5 rounds).
17-18	Advanced Matter Eater — Target is instantly transformed into an amorphous blob which absorbs anything it touches and instantly digests it. Duration: 2 rounds.
19-20	Adrenalin Drain — All of target's strength and agility skill bases are cut in half for two minutes, but target may then go without sleep for one week.



The Silver Palace of Morgan Le Fey

(relationships of encounter regions only)

Ref. 2.93kms93/y

Questions for Cousin Mer-LOT

Question#1: What color are the cucumbers in your world and do you often soak them in acids and dead plants for extended periods of time?

Question#2: How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Question#3: What is the greatest game ever created in any universe or parallel dimension?

Question#4: Who was your friend?

Question#5: Who won the 1969 World Series?

Ref. 1A4Z/5 —

Equipment Descriptions

(For Span-KEY)

On your rack lies a huge set of reflect-coated security armor of a very strange design. Obviously, this is the latest model. However, the head console looks more like a can of vat-weed than an electronic scanning set, and a three-foot long kitchen knife lies underneath. A flat plate of metal with a strange symbol engraved on it (like an open-ended infinity sign) also awaits you.

(For Pea-TEA)

Your rack is almost empty. A large plastiform mask of some hideous mutant humanoid lies next to a furry loincloth, a sharpened metal pole, and a primitive club, like the kind seen in the Old Reckoning anthrop displays.

(For Dar-LAH)

This rack holds nothing but an ancient, yet beautiful, woman's dress. A small silver knife and a large sack lie atop the outfit.

(For Buck-WET)

On your rack is a pile of purple cloth and a funny-looking cone-shaped hat. Obviously this is some sort of portable receiving unit. A twisty metal pole lies atop the clothing, while a rather silly looking carrot-shaped nose (with elastic holder) protrudes from beneath.

(For Por-KEY)

A pile of child-sized clothing barely covers one shelf of your rack. A set of silver tools, like those wielded so pleasantly by the dentbots, lies open for inspection. A silver knife, identical to the one on Dar-LAH's rack, lies among the tools.

(For Alpha-FAH)

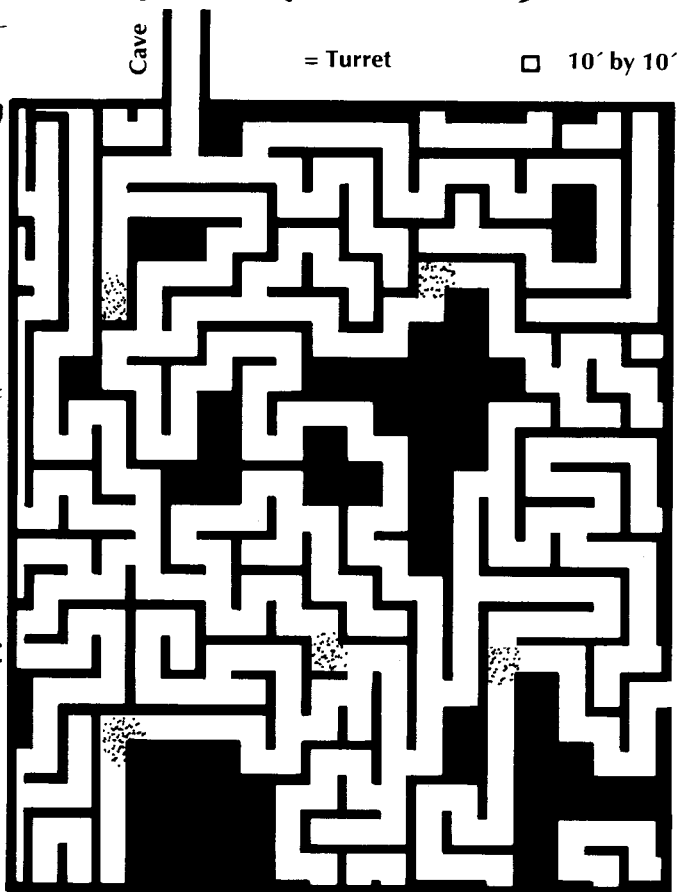
This rack holds only a pile of white cloth, which looks a lot like a docbot's robes, and a pair of golden bars welded together in the middle. This is most likely a special key for some other apparatus. A strange metal sphere with a handle attached lies atop the robes. It looks like an old-fashioned thermal grenade.

The Maze of Death

Cave

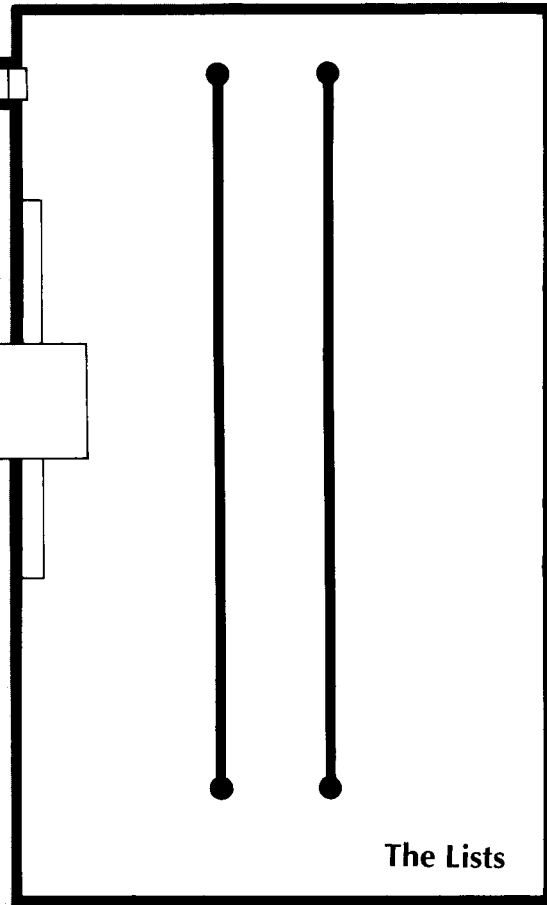
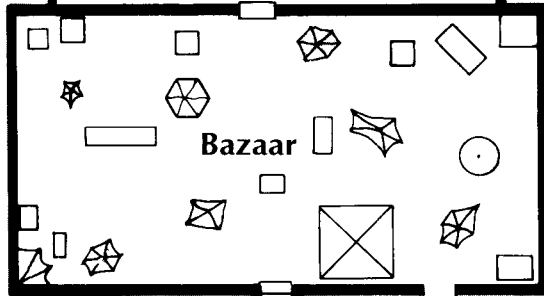
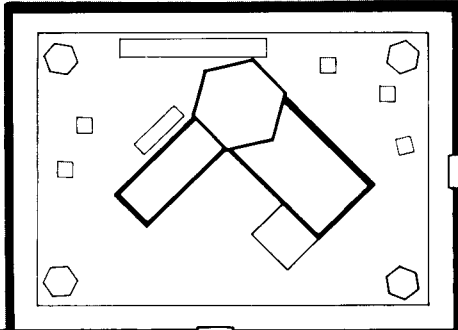
= Turret

□ 10' by 10'



Gamma-LOT

Gamma-LOT Castle



The Lists

To Alpha Complex

□ 20' by 20'

Gamma-LOT



PC#4: Name Then: Emm-V-PEA Name Now: Por-KEY	Former Service Group: Tech Services	Security Clearance: Private: Violet Public: Orange	Player Name: _____
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Attributes and Skills

Strength (9) Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg Endurance (9) Macho _____ 0 Agility (10) Skill Base _____ 3 Grenade _____ 6	Chutzpah (8) Skill Base _____ 2 Spurious Logic _____ 4 Dexterity (6) Skill Base _____ 1 Laser Weapons _____ 3 Mechanical (14) Skill Base _____ 3	Moxie (17) Skill Base _____ 4 Security _____ 18 Surveillance _____ 8 Stealth _____ 9 Mechanical Engineering _____ 10 Power (3)
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Personal Equipment

Spiked Leather Reflec (can make free attack in addition to unarmed)
 Super Gum/Solvent
 Hottorch
 Laser Pistol

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Spiked Reflec	5	I	3	—	yes		100
Orange Laser	3	L	8	50	no		

Armor	Rating
Spiked Reflec	L4

PC#5: Name Then: Bay-B-BUM Name Now: Pea-TEA	Former Service Group: PL&C	Security Clearance: Private: Blue Public: Blue	Player Name: _____
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Attributes and Skills

Strength (19) Damage _____ 2 Carry _____ 60 kg Endurance (16) Macho _____ 1 Agility (14) Skill Base _____ 3 Primitive Weapon Melee _____ 9 Unarmed _____ 8	Chutzpah (8) Skill Base _____ 2 Dexterity (5) Skill Base _____ 1 Energy Weapons _____ 5 Primitive Missile Weapons _____ 5 Mechanical (4) Skill Base _____ 1	Moxie (7) Skill Base _____ 2 Survival _____ 12 Demolition _____ 5 Old Reckoning Cultures _____ 5 Power (6)
--	--	--

Personal Equipment

2 Fragmentation Grenades
 Studded Denim Reflec
 Blaster (10 shots left)
 Switchblade
 Old Reckoning Artifact used to hit hurled spheroids (and heads)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Bat	9	I	10	—	no		50
Unarmed	8	I	7	—	no		
Blaster	5	E	9	50	yes		

Armor	Rating
Denim (Blue) Reflec	L411

PC#6: Name Then: Und-R-CVR Name Now: Span-KEY	Former Service Group: Armed Forces	Security Clearance: Private: Red Public: Violet	Player Name: _____
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Attributes and Skills

Strength (16) Damage _____ 1 Carry _____ 45kg Endurance (9) Macho _____ 0 Agility (14) Skill Base _____ 3 Force Sword _____ 12	Chutzpah (16) Skill Base _____ 4 Motivation _____ 9 Intimidation _____ 10 Dexterity (12) Skill Base _____ 3 Laser Weapons _____ 7 Mechanical (5) Skill Base _____ 1	Moxie (5) Skill Base _____ 1 Survival _____ 8 Power (5)
---	---	---

Personal Equipment

Studded Leather Reflec
 Laser Rifle
 Laser Pistol
 Titanium Knuckles (+12 in unarmed)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Force Sword	12	E	12	—	no		200
Violet Laser	7	L	9	100	no		
Laser Pistol	7	L	8	50	no		

Armor	Rating
Studded Leather Reflec	I2P1L4

PC#4: Por-KEY

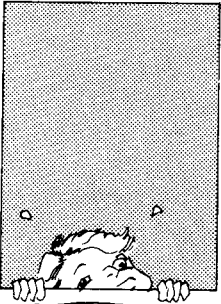
Secret Society: None
Secret Society Rank:

Mutant Power(s):

X-Ray Vision

Sleeper? Yes

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang



Loyalties:

Our Gang.

Once a Computer Phreak, but that's over, now.

This "sleeper" stuff is better anyway! You live with the Tech Services folks for now.

Background: You're short, but you're the best locksmith and security systems guy there is. This mission should show your friends in the garage who's going places.

You've been locked in a technicians' department for most of your life, but since The Computer went down things have changed. Still, strange new places make you nervous. Stay in the rear of the group at all times and never ever take any chances. If they need your special skills however, smile smugly and show them who's the best.

Your small size helps you get into places no one else can, and your special powers of X-ray vision, although somehow not as strong as it used to be, helps you see things impossible for even the most sophisticated radar equipment to detect. You know every bit of hidden equipment the other Troubleshooters are carrying. Such information will serve you well in the field.

A small list of illegal hacking codes is hidden inside your solid boot heel. Only you can read them, because only you have the X-ray vision necessary to see through the boots!

Favorite Saying: "Remarkable."

Current Secret Society Mission: The ultimate hack. There might be a chance for you to bring The Computer back on line!

You'll need sophisticated replacement parts for the job, though. Maybe if you could find one of those Transdimensional Collapsatrons ...

If you can do it, you'll be in the chips (so to speak). You're a sleeper, and you have every reason to believe you'll stay one if The Computer is rebooted, so what could be better than having The Computer back in control and yet not have to obey it? You'll be the envy of every Computer Phreak and programmer in the complex!

PC#5: Pea-TEA

Secret Society: Death Leopards
Secret Society Rank: 9

Mutant Power(s):

Adrenalin Control (registered)

Sleeper? No

Troubleshooter Team:



Loyalties:

Roams with a Death Leopard gang, but lives upstairs at the "Hole in the Dome."

Background: Alright, so you're a mutant. Everybody knows you're one of the "white people with black spots." But you're big, and you can kick the butts of any five clones. So nobody gives you any trouble, not even the Empire, and if they did, you'd squash them too.

You used to be a registered mutant, and your "boost" thing was virtually unstoppable, but lately you haven't felt quite as beefed-up. Here's your chance to break some skulls, nuke some sectors, and blow some Commies to little pieces. Anyone who attacks you first is fair game. You're gonna show the other Leopards how to kill like a real man. Wear the heads of your victims around your waist, if they're not in too many pieces after you've trashed them.

Lasers are for wimps. Hand-to-hand weapons let you see your enemy die and you can feel their hot breath ebb away. Grenades and blasters are used to kill cowards who use lasers. Watch them squirm!

Current Secret Society Mission: Knock off anyone who gets in your way. Destroy all remnants of The Computer. Only your teammates are to be respected. Try to convert them to the side of the Leopard.

Somebody said Dar-LAH was a tough little IntSec cookie. If she's that tough, breed with her and produce strong offspring.

PC#6: Span-KEY

Secret Society: Psion (Anti-Mutant)
Secret Society Rank: 7 (2)

Mutant Power(s):

Regeneration

Sleeper? No

Troubleshooter Team: Our Gang



Loyalties:

Our Gang

You live with the anti-mutants, but are secretly a Psion. Yikes.

Background: This mission's a lemon. You can't even kill these guys, just check them out. What a joke. The best way to solve any problem is to eliminate it — from the neck up.

You're the leader of this team, and who's gonna try to stop you? Show them who's boss and they'll toe the line quick enough. Don't let wimps and gorillas stop the mission for a moment.

But the others are counting on you to bring them a fat fee. Don't let your teammates down, and don't give the weenie Empire minions any excuse to terminate your contract.

Favorite Saying: "It was self-defense."

Current Secret Society Mission: Take out LOT Sector, either according to orders or not. Find out if these are mutants, however. If they are, join them and have them follow the banner of Psion.

Dar-LAH is under your command. Put that IntSec witch in her place, once and for all. (You know she's seeing half the complex on the side, and yet there's something about her that keeps you interested.)



Beyond the tombs lies a huge chamber, an antiquated boiler room filled with rusty metal, super-heated steam, and big rats. Webs of pipes, some caked in rust, some polished and clean, weave around and across the room like arteries through a dying body.

A narrow, crusty bridge spans the chasm. Beneath the bridge is a huge open boiler pot, filled with rusty boiling water, covered in a flaming layer of burning oil and gasoline. The petroleum products are dumping in from a ruptured pipe in the ceiling.

At the other end of the bridge is a doorway like the one you just came through. Above it is a sign, which reads "The Wizard is IN."

The bridge is, of course, trapped, but unless the PCs can fly there is no other way across. When the party is mostly over the big boiler pot, read them the following horrible nightmare:

All of the sudden, out of the darkness, a large red reptilian head peers out of the pipes along the far wall. The rest of the awesome dragon's body now emerges from its lair, and the huge beast begins to speak in a low rumbling voice, dotted with flashes of fire among the boilers and puffs of steam from his nostrils.

"You want to see Mer-LOT? I will let you see him if you trade me something of equal value. Two of your group must jump into the big cooking pot. On their boiled flesh I will feast, and I'll pick my teeth with their bones. The rest of them I'll use in a



Poof the Magical Dragon.

stew or casserole of some sort that I can freeze for the winter.

"You decide who dies. You have but a few moments to save your miserable lives."

Randy is actually a wimp in dragon scales, but he hasn't had a good leg of pig ("long pig" that is) in a long time (the KCO wouldn't take kindly to such a diet). He's also dying to see the party fight it out amongst themselves, thereby weakening them all before the final encounter later on (see below).

In any case, let your players do that *Paranoia* thing called "backstab thy neighbor." Go ahead, let those nasty rivalries they've been nurturing creep up. If the PCs take too long, outright refuse, or attack, Randy flips a small lever next to him, which causes a very large section of the bridge to fall away into the boiler pot.

Any PCs who fall into the pot roll vs. 10F damage for each round they remain in the pot. Since the lip of the boiler is some 10 feet above the level of the water, and the walls are covered in slick burning oil, the unlucky PCs probably end up looking remarkably similar to cooked lobsters.

If the PCs do throw two brave volunteers (or Commie Mutant Traitors) over the edge, Randy still drops the remaining PCs into the water if possible.

If the PCs make it safely across the bridge, Randy (as the dragon) shoots a few basic 4F, 10 foot diameter fireballs at them. Assuming the PCs survive this and start causing him anything remotely resembling pain, the dragon mysteriously flees into the darkness of the pipes, whimpering something about "That's jusst not fair" and "You're no fun anymore."

If the entire party is killed off in this encounter, proceed to the encounter, entitled "Show Time Part II." If your players are too smart for that, skip that encounter and proceed to the encounter with Mer-LOT, entitled "Arise Sir Headless."

One last note: PCs that flee the dragon successfully (tsk, tsk) lose their contract for abandoning the team and failing their mission. Out of the fire and into the laser, eh?

Encounter Six: Show Time, Part II

The Empire sends in the clones again, with the same weapons, but maybe a little wiser. Make a big deal of it as the PCs walk right past the king and his knights and back down into the Maze of Death. Lots of heads are scratched in amazement.

No, no KCOs accompany the PCs. They are obviously cowards, like all armchair warriors, poets, and philosophers.

This time, after the same maze of death stuff, the PCs arrive to find the dragon a little less formidable:

As you peek over the ledge into the boiler room, you can see the dragon sleeping, his belly full. Small trails of smoke rise lazily from his wide open nostrils. The bridge is intact.

Randy intends that the PCs sneak past "the dragon" and head toward the next encounter with Mer-LOT. After the results of the last encounter, the party might indeed do just that. However, most players aren't all that smart at times such as these.

If anyone wakes up the dragon with loud boasting, honorable challenge of some sort, or other such stupidity, Randy goes through the same old "Pay the toll to see the Wizard" speech, throws a few more fireballs, and flees if attacked (i.e. see last encounter).

Now, REAL *Paranoia* characters backstab sleeping monsters, ignobly accomplishing their objectives.

Unfortunately, Randy is not asleep, just stuffed, and is watching their every move. He placed the bridge back up, with considerable effort, just to facilitate the crossing for the party, and he has no intention of being stabbed in the back for his troubles. If the PCs try to "jump on the dragon's back, hacking with their swords, blasting with their lasers, dropping grenades under his rump," or whatever, Randy hauls tail towards the darkness (see next encounter).

Encounter Seven: Arise, Sir Headless!

When the PCs finally get past the dragon, one way or another, and enter the tunnel leading to Mer-LOT, read them the following:

The tunnel bends around a little and things look much cleaner here. Despite the occasional skeleton or two, the place seems almost new. Light comes from ahead, and you hear the sounds of dancing and drunken revelry coming down the hall.

As you peek in to the chambers, you are somewhat surprised to see the Knights and their maidens partying in a huge golden room. Food and drink are everywhere, and the walls are decorated with strange symbols.

An old man wearing a silver skull cap and black robes moves toward you with purpose.

"Welcome, brave knights. I am Mer-LOT. Congrats. You passed my test!"

He begins whispering to you, out of range of the others. "I've been trying to get these wimpy mealy-mouthed ale-drinking excuses for knights to fight for themselves for years now, and look who turns out to be the brave ones ... strangers.

"I guess I couldn't have expected any more. They were cowards back on our own plane and they're even worse here.

The Plot Sickens

Okay, just so you know, the knights are only pretending to be drunk and are trying to do their utmost to get the PCs blitzed. The plan is near completion now, and the knights want all the advantages they can get.

The sweet young lasses here are in on the plot too, and do all they can to set the PCs at ease. A few younger, and coincidentally attractive, knights help out with female party members.

The PCs are beset by nookie-crazed clones, and one male member of the party is chosen by Queen Gwen-I-VER herself. (Note that this should be the same PC she flirted with earlier in the adventure.) The lusty queen has one of her maids deliver a hot note to the PC, instructing him to meet her nearby. Since the knights and the king in particular appear completely oblivious to such subtleties, the coast looks clear for now.

Of course, we know the king is faking it and is not pleased at his mate's infidelity.

Any PCs who take the lusty lads and lasses up on their offers should be penalized for the next few hours as if they were drunk. This is in addition to any penalties incurred for actually getting sloshed on wine. Naturally, whoever joined Gwen gets double trouble and might have difficulty walking, let alone aiming a laser.

What a bunch of losers. Take a drink or two with these fools for now, and then you can ask me your questions. I promise you will be richly rewarded for your efforts."

Randy/Mer-LOT teleports away for now, leaving the PCs to party.

If the PCs think to ask, the knights tell them that they got down here by "using the box-stairs" and point to what is obviously an elevator. The elevator leads up to a not so obvious section of Gamma-LOT Hall, and has been covered over with rubble and debris during the party's previous adventures above.

After a short time partying, the king tipsily stands up, and begins orating:

"Oh great warriors (HIC!). With my great sword and by the power invested me by the Hone of Stoning ... (HIC) ... I mean Stone of Honing, Ax-Calibrator, I hereby declare that ye all should be knighted!"

Everybody cheers weakly and begins to escort you up to the makeshift throne. Beside the king is a large silver rock with a deep, narrow groove cut into it. The king passes his sword blade through the groove and removes it with a SWISH! of sharpened steel.

If anyone with a metal melee weapon, like a sword, uses this large whetstone to sharpen their weapon, the weapon doubles its damage rating for the next ten hits! Additional grindings do not redouble damage, but do wear away large quantities of metal, subtracting 1 level from the damage rating for each new "sharpening."

Whoever Gwen sent the note to, whether they took her up on the offer or not, is knighted first. The king draws his newly sharpened blade, says a few drunken and pompous words, and "inadvertently" slices off the head of the kneeling knave! Send in another clone. The king apologizes profusely and is much more careful next time. That is, if anyone lets him try!

The king does not kill any more PCs, and the Clone Priests dispatch a new (slightly modified) clone pronto! This clone arrives just as the battle in the hall begins (see below).

Encounter Eight: Ask a Stupid Question

After the ceremonies, Mer-LOT shows up again. The PCs may choose this time to ask the questions on their handout. They are reprinted here, with suggested answers, for your convenience. If they forget to switch on the Collapsatron (to the 'receive' setting), make them ask the questions again, and this time give different answers. That'll make them nervous.

PCs should reveal their TDC Mark II at this time. The Knights of the Circular Object gasp out loud at the "magnificent circular object" the PCs bear, and cluster together in a sheep-like huddle of fear, while Randy smiles imperceptibly.

Question#1: What color are the cucumbers in your world and do you often soak them in acids and dead plants for extended periods of time?

Answer: Our cucumbers and our pickles are green.

Question#2: How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Answer: Yes, I can say that three times fast. How about you?

Question#3: What is the greatest game ever created in any universe or parallel dimension?

Answer: A quaint little pseudo-psychotic game called *Paranoia* is pretty good at parties.

Question#4: Who was your friend?

Answer: Well, I was pretty close to a babe named Connie for a while, but that's a long story.

Question#5: Who won the 1969 World Series?

Answer: The Mets never made it to the playoffs in our universe.

(Gasp! He must be a commie. Or at least a Cubs fan. Same difference.)

The PCs might be confused, until the Collapsatron puts in its two creds worth. When the team has finished listening to the last answer, read in an insufferably cheery voice:

The Collapsatron crackles to life.

"Okay Troubleshooters, I've analyzed the information and have calculated the appropriate inter-spatial referential coordinate tri-pairs. It really wasn't hard, with the information your questions provided. You did great. I'm gonna recommend you folks for a promotion or something. Anyway, in case you're interested, the inter-spatial referential coordinate tri-pairs are 36-24-36.

"So just place me in the middle of the Great Circular Table, in the center of the loop of the Gamma-LOT crest. You then have 30 minutes to reach the edge of LOT Sector. You should hurry — if you don't, it may result in permanent transdimensional displacement. See ya."

Encounter Nine: The Big POOF!

Up until this point, Randy's been sitting pretty. The drunk, weakened, shagged-out PCs are just about to leave a TDC Mark II lying unattended right in the middle of the table. Even if the PCs change their mind, the KCOs can quickly overpower them in their current state, and he still wins out.

After the party has left or is captured, Randy figures he'll just reset the coordinates to Gilla C'anse Island (just a wangedoodle south of Nepture) and once there he can figure out how this doom machine really works. Then watch out, here comes the most powerful Wonder-Lizard in the Universe!

Poor Randy. As with all good *Paranoia* adventures, everybody who is anybody gets reamed royally. Even our buddy Randy is no exception. See, the KCO just had a real quick discussion, and they feel the wonderful circular object of power in the center of their hall is an omen. This, they feel, is the way to conquer Alpha Complex. The TDC Mark II has suddenly become a Holy Relic, destined to serve the First Holy Crusade!

Therefore, just as the PCs start to walk away, and say their good-byes, the Knights of the Circular Object attack, with great ululations and cries of "Tallyho!" and stuff like that.

Randy has to think fast, and joins in to help the PCs, since he can't fight all of these guys himself, and figures the Troubleshooters would probably give the TDC back to him if they win. Unfortunately for the PCs, Randy casts low power fireballs (4F) to help his pals, and that isn't gonna help them much at all.



Don't worry about too much combat and stuff, 'cause after three rounds of fighting and treachery, backstabbing and spell casting (not to mention grenade concussions and errant laser blasts), that t30minute timer suddenly has a minor malfunction. My how time flies. All of the sudden, everyone and everything still alive goes (POOF!).
Read:

Suddenly, in the midst of combat, you hear strange sounds coming from the TDC Mark II. Sounds like the old wakey-klaxon going off. Hmmm.

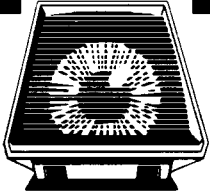
The six screens flash into action and scenes of dragons, Oh-GARs, your outfitting at the R&D central temple, a bridge crossing a chasm of mist, a pile of rocks, and a small flying furry little creature are all you can make out.

Then, the images stop. The Collapsatron says, very quietly, "Oops," and with the sound of a light bulb burning out, it gets real dark and you suddenly get the impression that it was a bad idea to get involved with this mission in the first place.

Fade to black.



Mission hazards do not daunt brave Troubleshooters.



Episode Four: De Old Britannia

Summary

The Troubleshooters arrive in King Arthur's Britain — the real thing this time! The Sorceress Morgan le Fey has the TDC Mark II, and the real Merlin tells the PCs that they must recover five legendary artifacts if they even want to have a hope of stopping her from using the device to rule the universe. A merry quest through many worlds, *Paranoia* style.

Encounter One: Life After POOF!

When your players are ready, read:

You awaken scattered about a field of grass, within a ring of large stone blocks. Some of the blocks are on end, while others lie across these like beams. The structure is rather neat and well-kept.

All around you are the Knights of the Circular Object, moaning with disbelief and looking like they had a little too much algae-mead last night.

Sprawled out on his face is a humanoid-shaped lizard wearing broken dark sunglasses. A pulverized pile of stone is in his right claw, which seems to upset him to no end upon his awakening.

"Oh, no! What are we gonna do now? That wasss my only power sssourssse."

"Uh, hi guysss," he stammers as he starts to back away from you, "I think I left

sssomething in the lab. Don't go away, now, I'll be right back."

At that, he starts to run very quickly — at least he does until he whacks right into the chest of a very sturdy-looking old man wearing a silver skull cap and a robe of crimson and gold, carrying a gnarled staff of oak. His eyes glow slightly red.

The lizard falls to the ground, looks up, and starts whimpering incessantly.

"Hold thy tongue, Wonder Lizard," intones the old man. "I'll not harm you. Yet. As for you gentlemen, let me introduce myself. I am the true Merlin the Magician, and we have a problem."

If the PCs attack, with a wave of his hand Merlin holds them in place and continues with his story.

"You do not belong here, and neither does that odd device you brought with you. Unfortunately, Morgan le Fey has gotten here before me and taken your little interdimensional rift projector for herself. If she learns its secrets, there is nowhere in the universe that will be safe from her and her demonic legions.

"You started this and now you're going to have to finish it. Make yourselves presentable. We're going to meet the king."

The PCs can take some time to ask some questions. If they don't, just keep these answers on hand for later. Merlin has little to hide for the moment.

Q: What happened?

A: Your little device went off a bit prematurely I imagine. The warp put a great stress on you all, and you've been asleep for hours. The Sorceress's minions left you for dead, as Morgana was in a hurry to examine her prize.

Q: Where are we?

A: You mean in time, space, or relative to your home plane? Beginning at the beginning, which is always a good place to start, you are in England, in a dimension far away from your own and a time a dozen centuries earlier.

Q: Why are we here?

A: I don't know. Why are any of us here? I mean, when you get right down to it, it's all rather pointless now isn't it?

Specifically, I think your own stupidity is directly responsible, and Randy's little scheme to sucker you into bringing him a Collapsatron, and the betrayal perpetrated by the Knights of the Circular Object are also indirectly to blame.

Q: Why did The Computer crash?

A: That would be telling.

When the PCs are finished asking questions, or when Merlin gets tired of answering them, he waves his staff three times over the party. In a flash, they all zip over to Camelot for a luncheon with the King. How chic.

Encounter Two: Troubleshooters in King Arthur's Court

After a flash and a golden sparkle, read:

You arrive in the great golden hall of Camelot itself. Real Knights of the Round Table stand in highly-polished stainless-steel armor about a great glass table chased in silver and gold. At the head of the Round Table sits King Arthur, his hair greying at the temples, his sword Excalibur and his wife Queen Guinevere at his side.

"Welcome to Camelot," says Arthur.

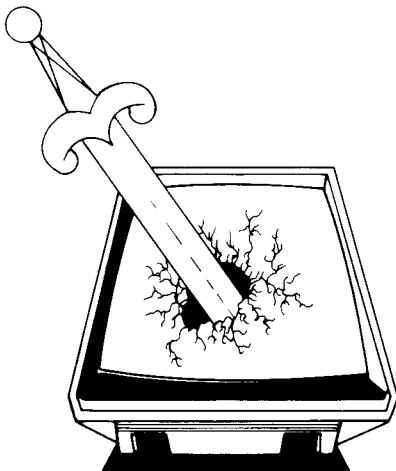
Give the players a chance to make an enemy of Arthur right now, by saying stupid things or being less than humble. When they have made their introductions and all that, read:

"Merlin has informed all of us of our imminent peril and we have come to a decision.

"The Holy Grail must be found, but nay, even Our Lord's Chalice cannot stop my half-sister Morgana and her hordes of demons. All Six Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Objects of Power and Doom must be recovered if we are to succeed.

"Two groups will set out this day. My knights and I, along with your knightly friends, shall quest for the Holy Grail. At the same time, Merlin shall guide you other-worlders through the five deadly quests to the five deadly places in order to recover the five remaining Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Objects of Power and Doom.

Good luck and may God help us all."



Encounter Three: You Take the High Road

(or "We'll get the Objects before you!")

Give the PCs time to scout around, moan about their predicament, or curse the Bureaucratic Empire just for the fun of it. When they seem to be looking at you with soulful eyes asking, "so what now, dude?", bring Merlin back with more good news. Read:

Merlin pops in out of nowhere, near the top of a flight of majestic stone stairs.

"I will transport you Troubleshooters and Randy to the five locations where I know The Five Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Objects of Power and Doom to be kept. I will leave you as close to the objects as possible, but there might be some danger associated with their recovery.

"For this reason I have contacted the Lords of Fate and arranged to attach your remaining lives to your current bodies. You see, all of us have six lives to live and we die many times throughout our seemingly short life spans.

"Back in your world, your Clone Priests use those lives to create simulacrum of your modern form. I have arranged a psychic bridge with the Fates, wherein the few remaining lives you possess back in Alpha Complex will arrive here, in this world, should you meet an unfortunate end.

Running Randy

Randy is forced to go along with the PCs on these quests, much to his vocal dismay. His stats are listed herein, and the GM should allow the players to generally abuse him as much as his former masters, the Wizards of Gilla C'anse Island, always did. Have a lot of fun with Randy, now that he's on the other end of the stick. However, keep him around long enough to reach Episode Five if you can.

Randy never volunteers to do anything, is always last in the marching order, searches for cover at the beginning of every combat, and is generally useless to the PCs except as someone to vent their frustrations on, just like the wizards used to do.

Randy the Wonder Lizard

Mutant Powers: Tongues, Telepathy

Skills: Bootlicking ___17

Fast Talk ___14

Snap Jaws ___11

STR 4 AGI 18 CHU 20 DEX 4
END 15 MEC 1 MOX 6 POW 13

Armor: Leather Hide (11)

"Beware, some of you have already used many of your lives, and should you die on one of these quests, your new form will arrive here, at my side. The remaining party members must complete the current mission without you. Also, those who survive must recover the articles possessed by their dead comrades, and return them here, as these new forms arrive naked as a jaybird!

"You will need powerful magical items to do battle with the Forces of Darkness. These items will permanently give you the power to wield magical spells currently beyond your comprehension.

"These powers might prove very interesting should we become capable of sending you home after all of this is through. In your own time, you might almost be as gods among mortals, much as I already am."

Any doubts the PCs might have about going on these little quests should now disappear immediately, and if your PCs don't start whispering mischievously among themselves, pinch them just to make sure they're not dead.

Encounter Four: Be Vewwy, Vewwy Quiet...

When the PCs are ready, Merlin scouts them out before sending them on their mission. He moves about the party, feeling muscles and examining costumes. He checks the sharpness of their weapons, and their reflexes, like a sergeant preparing for war. The GM can allow the PCs to ask any questions they might have now, about anything so far in the adventure, and should use discretion with the answers. Follow previous Q&A sessions sprinkled throughout this adventure for ideas on how much he knows and what he's willing to tell.

When you and your players are finally ready, Merlin stands back, smiles, and begins again:

"Your first quest involves the recovery of the Iron Gauntlets of Richard the Lion-Hearted. The powerful gloves give you the strength of a giant when worn. Unfortunately this didn't help poor Richard very much at the time, but it might help you a lot if you survive to go on to the next quests."

POOF!

All of a sudden, you find yourselves at the edge of a great black bowl-shaped depression. The pit is littered with the bones of many men. A huge steaming hole in the middle of the pit leads deeper into the lair.

Now, most fantasy people would think that a horrible dragon lairs here, but a

lonely bunny by the name of Waskal Wabbit is the cause of all this destruction.

The first PC to enter the depression is instantly assaulted by this rather fresh little gray-and-white bunny. Waskal flies through the air, hovers in front of the PC, cries out "I LOOOVE you!" and plants his buck-toothed smile right on the character's lips.

Game Stuff

Waskal Wabbit: Lonely Bunny

Description: Little gray-and-white furry bunny with big teeth and full lips.

Weapons: Chomp (4I) ___ 11

Kiss of "Death:" Paralysis ___ 20

Armor: Soft fur (1I)

Maximum Speed: Turbo Leap

Tactics: Leap into the air from safe cover and plant kiss upon opponent, drag into lair and chomp.

The character is then paralyzed with sleep poison, whereupon the bunny drags him deep into the lair. In ten rounds, the Waskal begins chomping (see the sidebar) on the chosen PC. He stops chomping and goes a-kissin' when another PC steps forward.

Grenades, lasers and hand-to-hand melee are inadvisable, as all attacks vs. Waskal are at half skill, and missed shots *always* strike a nearby victim instead of the bunny.

A better way defeat the bunny is to kiss him first when he attacks. The bunny instantly befriends that character, leaps onto his or her shoulder, and defends his master to the death. Note also that the poison works only on humans, so sending in Randy (good luck) is a way to succeed.

Once the hare has been split, or befriended, the PCs can proceed into the Tunnels of Doom at their leisure, and recover the gloves.

All You Need Are Gloves

The Gauntlets give the PC wearing them immense strength (30, means: skill base 8, carry 80kg, 10I unarmed damage, and +1 macho bonus if parry possible) and allow that character to cause a small earthquake once a day in an area 250' in diameter. Any creature or object caught in the earthquake will fall into the cracks of doom unless they

Randyness

During this encounter, Randy tries his best to get his hands, and teeth, on the little bunny. He's getting hungry and likes little furry things like this. If the PCs befriend the bunny, they should be careful, as their latest comrade might get swallowed up, lickety-split.

make an agility check. Oh yeah, the area of effect is centered on the wearer of the gauntlets, but don't tell that to the player.

If all the PCs die (they'd have to really try to die), they appear next to Merlin, naked in Camelot, and are sent back again to get the Gauntlets. The GM can have Merlin give the players hints beforehand if they are too lame to do it all themselves.

Otherwise, when the PCs return to the edge of the depression with the Gauntlets in hand, Merlin teleports them back to Camelot, replaces lost party members, and proceeds with the next mission.

Encounter Five: Lava Nice Day

When the PCs have brought the Gauntlets back to Merlin, read:

"Well, that could have been better guys. Then again, it could have been worse. Anyway, you got the Gauntlets.

"The next Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Object of Power and Doom you must recover is the Golden Ring of Bobo the Hoggit. Forged by the Elemental Lords of Air, it gives the wearer unlimited invisibility and the power to fly.

"I read about some other stupid Hoggit throwing this wonderful ring into an active volcano! He thought he'd destroyed it, but I happen to know it landed on a ledge a few feet above the magma pool.

"Good luck getting this one, guys and gals. Think of it this way, you don't have any horrible monsters to fight."

POOF!

You arrive at a cave which seems to enter the very heart of a huge active volcano. Rivers of magma pour down the sides of the crater all around you and the ground beneath your feet quivers and quakes with the power of all the earth.

Once inside, the PCs find a long, narrow ledge, leading into the very heart of the crater. The place reeks of sulphur and is unbearably hot. The Warrior PC, or anyone in full armor, must make an endurance check every melee round he remains in here or pass out from the heat.

Six agility checks are necessary to scale the 90 meters of jagged lava rock cliff leading down to the edge of the magma pool. Subtract 15 meters for each successful check made before a failure.

Such a powerful ring will certainly be coveted by its possessor most fiercely, and is a precious gift indeed.

The Preciousness

The ring allows you to fly no faster than walking, but the invisibility works even while attacking. Unfortunately, nobody can

More Randyness

Randy wants the ring **BADLY!** If he gets it, there's no telling what mischief he'll get into later on. He'll even try to steal the ring off of a dead or unconscious PC, if he can get away with it.

If Randy does get the ring, he behaves quite oddly about it and begins calling it his "preciousness." This incessant whining, accompanied by Randy's sneaking around, should make the PCs worried indeed.

see the invisible PC, making it very likely that somebody somewhere is gonna accidentally hack, shoot, or nuke the sneaky fella. If the invisible wearer of the ring dies or goes unconscious, they do not turn visible again, making for all sorts of fun later on.

The ring turns anything worn by the PC, or picked up, invisible as well, but doesn't turn things invisible if they are just touched once or grasped. Example: a rock picked up turns invisible immediately, but the mountain the PC just touched won't be affected.

On the negative side, the ring has a hypnotic power which literally possesses the wearer. Slip the player of the PC who wears the ring a note stating that if he or she loses it, the PC dies. Of course this is not true, but let him or her think that they must do anything to keep the ring.

As before, once the PCs leave the volcano, they are teleported back to Camelot, and missing members are replaced (arms, legs, clones, etc.). However, some items are probably slagged and Merlin gives those PC some cheap replacements.

Encounter Six: Courage

After everyone has recovered from the last encounter, read:

"Well," Merlin says. "At least now that you've got the ring, you won't be falling into anymore lava pools.

"This next one is pretty easy. There's this lion in the forest that you need to beat up, because in his lair is the Twig of Timid the Enchanter. This powerful staff actually has a huge fire elemental locked up inside, and the wielder can call on his power to blast fireballs indiscriminately. He's also immune to all known forms of fire, magical or otherwise.

Game Stuff

The Not-So-Cowardly Lion

Weapons: 2 Big claws (10I) ___ 16
Big teeth (12I) ___ 14

Armor: Furry hide (I2)

Maximum Speed: Cat speed



"Now that I think of it, maybe I should have sent you here first. Oh well, hindsight is 20-20. Ready to go? Sure you are."

POOF!

You are standing on the edge of a forest. A signpost up ahead reads "Welcome to the Forest of Ozzy. Lion season is OPEN."

After wandering through the forest for a while, the PCs are jumped by a huge lion, wearing a pink bow in his hair and a scroll tube around his neck.

This is the Not-So-Cowardly Lion ('N.S.C.' to his friends) and he's a nasty guy. The easiest way for the PCs to deal with him is to steal or blast his scroll, as this ancient magical device is a Scroll of Courage, which makes the wearer brave and ferocious.

If the scroll is removed or destroyed, the lion becomes quite cowardly and starts whining much like Randy does. If Randy is still alive, he'll boldly kick the lion a few times while he's down.

If the PCs still have the scroll, he asks for the scroll back in exchange for showing them where his lair is and giving them the Twig of Timid the Enchanter, who was eaten many moons ago by this same lion. This works fine, and the lion (at least) keeps his word and shows the PCs the safe path through the treacherous swamp (see below) and gives them the twig.

Other outcomes are not so simple for Our Heroes. Here are the more likely possibilities:

Possibility: The PCs destroy the scroll or otherwise lose it after taking it from the lion.

Outcome: N.S.C. tries to flee to his cave. He can be tracked to the edge of a dismal swamp, where his trail disappears.

Possibility: The PCs kill the lion while still in the forest.

Outcome: They have to find the swamp themselves. Throw in a few encounters with wandering forest beasts to soften them up.

Even More Randyness

Randy is his usual self here. He'll be petrified of the brave lion, and push around the cowardly lion. Also, Randy tries to convince the PCs that he is a "master tracker, like all lizard men." If the PCs trust him in the forest or swamp, they are sure to get lost and into lots of nasty trouble.

Handing Randy the Bravery Scroll causes the little green spud to challenge everything the party meets, always negating any chances for surprise by the PCs. Randy always sends his "underlings" in to do the dirty work, though, so the party's laughing is likely to be short-lived, as the challenged creatures attack them!

The Swamp

No matter how they get there, the swamp contains a deadly disease. Anyone who wades into it (unless the lion shows them the safe path over the hidden stepping stones) must make a tough endurance roll or catch the bug. Unless treated with a successful medical roll (and how will they even know they need it?), the affected PC will die in two hours by painfully rotting to pieces in front of everybody else. How embarrassing.

The lair is easy to find from the edge of the swamp (you can almost see it, there through the mist ... just a short wade away).

In the lair are N.S.C. (if still alive) and four of his lion brothers and sisters. They each have N.S.C.'s stats, but with skill of 11 for both claws and bite. If the PCs haven't arranged a bargain, all the lions must be defeated in order to recover the Twig.

A Twig With a Difference

The twig indeed gives total invulnerability to fire, but remember some fire-like attacks are more than just heat and flames. Also, the fireballs generated by the twig (8F damage in a ten meter radius) are awfully big for a single target, so their uses might be limited, or enemies might be made very rapidly in the heat of combat (so to speak).

As before, the PCs must return to the edge of the forest to get back to Camelot. If the PCs got lost in the forest/swamp or kept no track whatsoever of where they went, penalize them for a while. A few more wandering monster encounters could be thrown in here for fun. Then tell them they've accidentally run across the exit.

Encounter Seven: Femmes Fatal

When the PCs return from the forest of Ozzy, read:

Merlin surveys your battered group and shakes his head.

"This mission is perhaps your most perilous. In fact it is so perilous I feel that there just might be too much peril to send you in there at all. Ah, well.

"On the island of Splash are a race of half-naked female warriors called Hanas. They are ruled by an incredibly dangerous and tempting mermaid. You must recover the Pearl Necklace of ZeeZee-Topless to complete your quest.

"The necklace allows you to breathe underwater, to cause great rushing rivers of water to spring from your hands, and to actually become a huge kind of white shark called a Jawz.

"It is a powerful artifact and should prove very useful in our quest. It's fairly attractive with an evening gown as well."
POOF!

Water washes up on your feet, as you find yourself standing on a golden beach under beautiful blue sky. The sun is beating down heavily and half-naked women chase after poor helpless slave men up and down the beach.

Atop a sand dune, in the mouth of a huge water-filled giant clam, lies the object of your desires, Queen ZeeZee Topless herself. A beautiful pearl necklace adorns her neck.

"Ooh," she says as her subjects turn around to admire the fresh meat, "what do we have here? Why don't one of you handsome guys come over and we'll ... discuss physics, hmmm?"

Despite cliches, the queen is actually looking for an in-depth discussion of relativistic physics from the smartest member of the party. Any PCs that try smooth-talking their way into the queen's good graces get the cold shoulder. Some sample questions ZeeZee might ask include the following:

"What do you think of Schroedinger's Cat?"

"If I've just been traveling at the speed of light, am I younger or older than I look?"

"Is the speed of light the maximum speed attainable in the universe, or just the universe we're stuck with?"

The actual PC response is not important. However, as long as it comes from a smart PC, and it sounds viable, she'll be impressed. If not, she tries another member of the party.

Once thus impressed with mental prowess, ZeeZee immediately entreats this lucky male party member to join her for a "clam bake."

Whoever does so learns the true meaning of ecstasy under the tossing waves. The clam lid is closed and they can breathe underwater as long as they're kissing. But when the nookie ends, so does our hero's

life as the clam lid is jammed shut.

Oh well. ZeeZee apologizes and returns the limp form of the PC along with the necklace he "so richly earned."

If the PCs are having trouble figuring out things to do, see "Randyness Once More." And sooner or later, Merlin's gonna pop in and take them all home if they don't show up voluntarily.

By the way, any PCs who start blasting up the beach have to fight some very powerful amazonian men and women. These people love and fight for a living and should teach the PCs a few things about hand to hand combat.

Da Poils

The necklace gives the wearer the ability to breath underwater, but does not empower the wearer to swim or move freely unless they choose to invoke the shark form. The only problem with becoming Jawz is that the PC no longer has any control over who he hunts; whether they be friend or foe, they all look like fair game to him.

Encounter Eight: Beanstalking

When the PCs have returned (or been collected, as need be) Merlin says:

"Well, that was fun now wasn't it? Time to get back to work though.

"This is your last quest and this one should also be a piece of, ahem, cake. Some stupid giant has the Lightning Rod of Zeus in his castle above the clouds. The rod shoots lightning bolts and makes you immune to all forms of electricity.

"I can't pinpoint the cloud castle, as it

Randyness Once More

Randy naturally misses his dear lizard-queen, Connie, and the rest of his entourage as well. He begins suavely introducing himself to the local babes, and when one turns out to be named Connie (by sheerest coincidence of course), Randy starts screaming out her name.

The female in question is not as smitten with the slimiest member of the party as Randy would have liked, and she begins running down the beach in terror. This chase scene goes on until the trip is over, or until Randy is stopped.

Whenever a PC is accomplishing something, Connie runs through, closely followed by the lonely little lizard man who is calling out "woop woop woo!" over and over again. Any PC who rescues the poor girl earns her devotion and earns Randy's wrath (ooh, scary). This can come up later on, at the GM's discretion.

constantly shifts altitude and so on, so I'll put you at the bottom of a weird ladder that is sure to lead you where you want to go. Now, don't forget your magic beans ..."

POOF!

A huge green beanstalk leads thousands of feet up into the sky above you, where a cloud seems to be hovering in place.

Anyone except the guy with the ring has to spend an hour climbing this damn beanstalk. It's easy enough to do, just boring. If you're feeling charitable, you can just say "Okay guys, you're there," instead of having to wait an hour for your players to get there. Just for fun, you might as well penalize them by 1 on all skill rolls while they're up here, for fatigue. Okay, now read:

At the top of the beanstalk is a huge cloud land with a magnificent castle in the middle. Even from here it is obvious that the castle is giant-sized.

Game Stuff

The Giant

Attack: Swat (15l) ____ 14

Armor: Macho bonus (All5)

Speed: 4 times as fast as a PC

Tactics: Stare stupidly at PC. Swat anyone who tries to harm him, or to take his possessions without asking. Eat said swatted people.

The first person to check out the cloud falls through the ground and all the way back down the beanstalk, unless they have the ring. The pathway is over to the right of the stalk and cannot be seen, only felt. Contrary to popular belief, you cannot walk on clouds.

Inside the castle is a huge cyclops, who used to be a normal giant before his Grouse that Laid the Golden Egg poked his other eye out. That same grouse is currently being slowly turned on a spit over a low fire. That spit just happens to be the Lightning Rod of Zeus the PCs are looking for.

But don't forget to also mention the giant-sized toothpicks, large splinters of wood, big birthday candles, and captured rods, staves, and wands from other stupid travellers, which all look like a fabled rod to characters who have never seen one.

If the PCs figure out which rod is which, they can try to use the ring of invisibility to

steal the grouse and the rod and then flee for their lives.

The only problem with this plan is that giants eat a lot, and almost anything. After fifty years of pulling beans off that nasty stalk, this guy's ready for some meat and he's gonna smell Troubleshooters in the air. And invisibility does nothing for sound or smell. The giant has a big nose and smells Troubleshooters on a roll of 1-15. His hearing is pretty good too, with a roll of 1-10 to hear even teeny, tiny little footsteps.

The cyclops also runs four times faster than the "short legs," but if the PCs get enough of a head start (i.e. they waited until the giant went to sleep or something), they might make it to the bottom of the stalk (it's an hour's climb, remember) and then be able to burn it down using the rod and twig.

If the giant catches the PCs on the path or beanstalk, it should be noted that he climbs the beanstalk like a monkey climbs a tree. He also does it much faster than six-foot tall Troubleshooters.

Instead, the PCs might just feel bold enough to attack or trick the giant outright. The giant is very strong, effectively strength 40, but not very bright, about an 3 for brains. Unfortunately for the PCs, anything they say is going to sound very suspicious to the big lunk-head, so some skillful moves need to be pulled to get the better of this oaf. The giant is particularly susceptible to bargains involving "magic beans," new and improved golden grouses, or bionic eyeball replacements.

Poisoning the grouse is a very *Paranoia* thing to do here, but about 10 times the poison required to kill a normal man is needed to drop the giant permanently. Anything less acts as a sleep potion of varying length (GM discretion). A kiss from Waskal, for example, would knock the giant out for about 10 minutes.

Rods, Lightning Bolts, Zeus & Such

The lightning bolt from the rod is 80 feet long. Any further away and the target is missed. The bolt does 8E damage to a single target, thus avoiding group disasters. However, there's a 1 in 20 chance that a lightning bolt goes awry. Choose randomly between all creatures in range, or pick someone you secretly don't like (or who'll

Still More Randyness

Randy is the great random factor here. If anyone ticked him off in the last encounter, Randy nominates that person to steal the grouse or do whatever is the most dangerous thing needing to be done.

Also, unknown to Randy or anyone else in the adventure, the Wonder Lizard is allergic to golden grouse. This shows up at the most awkward time, like when a PC is anywhere near the grouse or the giant. Randy might sneeze a lot during this encounter.

To make matters worse, Randy foolishly eats the grouse as soon as he gets his hands on it, even if that means sitting down right next to the giant's fireplace. Poor Randy! He starts sneezing uncontrollably after his first bite and gets very, very ill.

get the biggest laugh out of the players or you).

Encounter Nine: Well, We're Waiting!

After the PCs make it to the bottom of the beanstalk, they go POOF! again, but this time they return to Camelot with no more objects to recover. Read:

You return to Camelot with the five remaining Mighty Magical Mystical Majestic Objects of Power and Doom, and you find the Knights of the Round Table gathered around. King Arthur stands up with an angry look on his face.

"Where the heck have you guys been? We found the Holy Grail in an old lady's house south of Malden. She was using it as a planter. We've been waiting forever for you to get five simple little magic items. Meanwhile, Morgana is taking over Sherwood Forest!

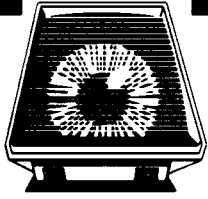
"Mount up men! It's time to ride! Demons begone!"

Just then, Merlin pops in again and whispers to you.

"Hey, don't worry about it. You guys did great. Anyway, those fools never do things the easy way. We'll be outside Morgana's palace hours before they even hit the edge of the Sherwood.

"And a one, and a two, and —" yes, you guessed it ...

POOF!



Episode Five: The Castle of Demons

Summary

Merlin has transported the PCs to the very edge of Morgana's realm, in the heart of Sherwood Forest. While Robin Hood and his Unhappy Guys wait for the Knights of the Round Table, the PCs are sent to find a way through Morgana's extensive magical defenses.

A Troubleshooter's nightmare follows as they travel through Morgana's silver palace of demons, right up until the final confrontation with Morgana herself, and her extra-special bodyguard. Holy Mordred, Merlin! The nasty get nastier.

Encounter One: Welcome to Sherwood!

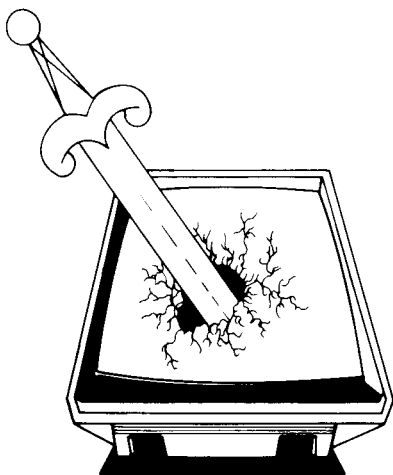
After the customary *POOF*, keep reading:

Merlin teleports your team into the very heart of Sherwood Forest. On a hill overlooking a valley stands Robin of Loxley and his Unhappy Guys. These once brave and merry fellows are all crying.

"Merlin," Robin calls out, "look! Morgana's dropped her evil castle right on Maid Marian."

As you peer down you notice two feminine legs jutting from beneath a great silver palace.

"Sorry, Robin," says Merlin. "Maybe you and the boys should wait for Arthur to arrive. Give us a few hours to scout the place out."



You start walking down the hill, getting closer and closer to the oddly shaped silver palace. The structure looks like a bunch of silver cones inverted and then mashed together where they meet the ground.

"Listen, guys," announces Merlin, "me and Morgana used to have something going on a few centuries back and I'm still pretty sensitive about it. Because of that, the strange witch knows whenever I'm anywhere nearby, and that would spoil our element of surprise."

"I'm going to fly around out back of the castle and draw Morgana's attention away from your Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II device. I understand she's figured out how to work the darn thing and now she's just waiting for the batteries to recharge."

"We don't have a lot of time and you're on your own from here. If you run into any problems within the castle, I'll try in pop in a replacement body or two when I can. That bridge up ahead is where you must begin. Arthur will storm the castle as soon as he arrives. Good luck and have a nice day."

With that, Merlin pops away again, leaving you at the bottom of the Valley of Illusion.

Encounter Two: The Mystic Bridge of Peril

Give the Troubleshooters a minute or two to formulate plans, then read this as they approach the bridge:

A strange old man stands at the entrance to a rickety old rope bridge, spanning what looks to be about a 12,000 meter deep, smoke-filled moat surrounding Morgana's castle. A large catapult sits next to him.

"Halt!" cackles the old man, "do not pass farther. You must answer my riddles three to pass into the Palace of Illusion. You cannot fly across the gorge of peril, and you cannot walk the bridge safely. Stand in the Cup of Travel and await."

The Cup of Travel is the catapult. The old man is an illusion and cannot be harmed nor dispelled. The bridge is also an illusion, so running "over" it casts you into the great gorge. New characters appear, courtesy of Merlin, at the far side of the gorge.

Flying across gets you just far enough to have no chance to turn back, once you sight the huge puce water worm flying up to swallow you whole. See previous paragraph for details on continuing the adventure.

No, the safest way to cross the bridge is to step into the catapult and answer the foolish old man's questions. Failure to correctly answer any of these questions causes the catapult to immediately lurch the unhappy PC into the gorge and into the waiting mouth of the aforementioned hungry puce-colored worm.

Successfully answering all three gets you tossed over the gorge, into a big pile of pillows strategically placed to receive successful answers.

Question#1: What is your favorite color?

Answer: This answer must be the Troubleshooter's *private* security clearance. Anyone who answers with his public clearance is launched from the cup.

Question#2: What is it you seek?

Answer: "The Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II" is the only correct answer to this one.

Question#3: Who was your friend?

Answer: As a nod to the glory days of *Paranoia*, "The Computer" is the correct answer here, not "Connie."

Once a Troubleshooter has answered all three questions successfully and has made it across, the old man unexpectedly changes the third question for each subsequent PC:

First New Question #3: What is the minimum roll required for total vaporization upon impact with the bottom of that gorge?

Answer: This question refers to the Damage Table in the *Paranoia Second Edition* book. Therefore, any PC who even attempts an answer either reveals himself as having a private Ultraviolet clearance (since only Ultraviolet clearances are cleared for knowledge of the *Paranoia* rules), or he reveals himself as having information that he is not cleared for.

That aside, the correct answer is "19," the minimum roll necessary for vaporization after a 12,000 meter drop.

Second New Question #3: How many nature babes does it take to unscrew a light bulb?

Answer: Two. One to unscrew the bulb,

and one to stand by in case the first babe accidentally falls off the chair, dies, and doesn't have any clones to take her place.

Third New Question #3: If Ridin-G-HUD goes to the bickering post to buy two dozen algae-muffins for her grandmother, and the muffins are three and a half creds a piece, but she only has five creds, two Val-U plasticards, a quarter deca-cred and a transtube token, how can she arrange to purchase the remaining muffins?

Answer: Anything violent suggested by the PC will suffice as an answer to this question. Anything else won't.

If the PCs answer any one of these new questions correctly, the old man gives up and goes home, leaving the bridge unattended. If they blow them all, he goes back to the original question #3 for any remaining PCs.

Encounter Three: Go Ask Alice

When the party reaches the other side of the bridge, read:

After dusting off the feathers, you look up. A large silver archway leads into the castle. On a table next to a mouse-sized hole in the wall are three vials: one white, one orange, and one black. A sign hanging above them reads "Drink Me."

The white potion is deadly poison. Replacements arrive back before the archway. (Troubleshooters should know better than to fool with Ultraviolet-class objects). Optionally, you can have this potion work for Ultraviolet citizens.

The orange potion causes the PC to grow tremendously (kind of like a promotion from Red to Orange used to). This won't kill him, but does crush anyone left in the room who doesn't run back out of the entrance as fast as he can. Two drinks of the orange potion causes the PC to balloon so large that he squirts out of the archway and feeds that monstrous worm for a week.

The black potion shrinks the PC to the size of a mouse (somewhat akin to an Infrared), hence the mouse hole. Two draughts and (Poof!), no more character.

The orange potion counteracts the black

A Bit O' Randyness

Of course our not-so-brave Wonder Lizard has no idea what not to drink, so this time he'll let the Troubleshooters go first. He is feeling a little hungry right about now, so whoever shrinks down to mouse size might have a little trouble with a certain ravenous snap-jawing lizard ...

Randyness-A-Go-Go

Believe it or not, Randy might be of some help here — unintentionally, of course. If the PCs are all about to be splattered, you might want to be lenient and do the following:

Randy becomes frustrated with the entire palace thing and screams out loud "I'm sick and tired of doing that fool wizard's dirty work! Merlin's a weenie!" Naturally, this is the secret password and it disables the trap.

potion and vice versa. After a drink, each vial magically fills back up for the next drinker.

The mouse hole leads to the next encounter, natch. Anyone who possesses a potion cannot pass through the archway, no matter what they try. The only way to continue on is to leave the potion behind.

Encounter Four: Feeling A Little Flat?

When any PC passes through the archway, they enter a small stone room with a metal door on the far side. If the PCs search the room (without touching the metal door), they can discover etched grooves in the floor, like stone sliding on stone. If anyone touches the metal door, read:

As you touch the metal door, the mouse hole behind you slams shut as a grated portcullis drops from the ceiling; the walls to the left and right of you begin to slowly close in, with the sound of stone grating on metal. What do you do?

The only way to safely bypass the crushing walls is to speak Morgana's super-special, secret password, "Merlin's a weenie."

If they trigger the trap, the PCs in the room have three combat rounds before they are crushed (the trap then resets). The gauntlets can rend the bars in one round, or stop the walls in two (causing the gears to grind against each other and break), but that assumes that the PC in question acts quickly and has a kind heart.

The gushing water from the pearl necklace has the same effect on the walls as the gauntlets. The Lightning Rod of Zeus, if zapped at the metal door, shorts out the mechanism behind it and stops the walls. It also ricochets around the room, striking anyone within with E6 damage.

Going Down?

If and when the trap is disabled (whether or not it was triggered), the metal door is easily opened. Any PCs who were smushed

in the room are replaced back at the edge of the gorge, just outside of the keep. They must drink the black potion and run quickly to catch up. Then read:

A surprisingly modern looking elevator stands in the middle of the next room. A button labelled "down" is inside.

The elevator takes the PCs down to the next encounter, the "Immigrant's Song." It also imperceptibly causes the PCs to grow back to their normal size. Don't tell them. Let them figure it out if they can.

Encounter Five: The Immigrant's Song

After a lengthy ride in the elevator, read:

You have been descending in the elevator for many minutes now and things are starting to get a little cold. Finally, the elevator stops, and the doors open up into a frigid land of ice and snow. The wind whips against your faces, stinging your skin and half blinding you.

The GM map shows the location of the Great and All-Powerful Abdominal Snowman's Lair. His name is Bumble and he is in great pain. Seems he never learned to brush and floss properly after every meal, even after his good friend Rudolph showed him how. Now he's got a toothache, and unless somebody's got dentistry on their character sheet and can get this guy to "chill out," the PCs probably have a big fight on their hands.



A dangerous predator.



Game Stuff

Bumble the Abdominal Snowman

Weapons: Clawed Paws x2
(16) ___18

Big Nasty Teeth (inoperative)

Armor: Quilted Northern Bumble
Hide (All1110)

Only a large cloth bandana wrapped around his enormous furry head gives any clue as to Bumble's predicament, and he won't talk (it hurts too much) unless someone mentions the word "toothache."

By the way, Bumble is immune to all cold and cold-based attacks, but has no protection against fire.

If his toothache is cured, Bumble leads the PCs to his ice lair and warns them about the falling icicles down the tunnels. He can't join them as he can't go very far down the ever-narrowing tunnels. If the PCs kill Bumble they have to find his lair by themselves.

Visibility is 10 feet and people start slowing down after only five minutes in the snow. Their fingers and toes begin freezing immediately.

In another five minutes, they are unable to move, and fall helpless to the ground. Their toes, fingers, ears, and noses freeze solid. Even if they are rescued now, these appendages are useless from now on. Another ten minutes finds our PCs are much closer to popsicles than people.

Dead PC replacements arrive at the Bumble lair and should call their friends over if they are smart. Locating, thawing out, and recovering their old items is another story entirely.

When the PC group goes down the tunnel, read:

The ice caves that served as the Bumble's lair are getting warmer as you proceed. Following the heat, you see a tropical swamp up ahead.

If the PCs spoke with Bumble, skip the following two paragraphs. Otherwise, read:

Suddenly, the roof starts falling down on top of you as the icicles drop like heavy spears onto your heads.

Each PC is "attacked" by three spears. A successful agility roll against each icicle is needed to avoid being skewered. Skewered PCs are replaced outside the tunnels, at the edge of the Dead Swamp.

Encounter Six: The Swamp Full O' Dead Things

(or "Adventurers don't die, they just rot away.")

When the characters make it to the swamp (one way or another), read:

The swamp really smells awful, but at least it seems to be only waist deep, so you don't need to swim. As you move onward, the waters in front of your party begin to shift and gurgle. Dozens of ex-adventurers, eternally forced to guard this swamp, rise up from the muck and mire. Their eyeballs rotting and flesh dropping from their bodies, these guys couldn't get a date in a women's prison with a handful of pardons.

They don't seem very pleased about this fact of unlife and want to take their eternally-damned frustrations out on you.

Fortunately for the PCs, while there are fifty of these zombies attacking, they are really easy to kill. They're so slow they attack last in every round and they should be treated as normal citizens, like back in Alpha Complex, with respect to damage and ease of termination (about 4I damage

Game Stuff

Jawz: Giant White Shark

Description: 30 feet long great white shark with big sharp pointy teeth.

Weapons: A bite radius the size of DOA Sector. Use PC unarmed combat skill, but damage is 15I, and a bite swallows said victim if man-sized or smaller.

Armor: The PC's armor becomes the hide of Jawz, so the armor rating remains the same.

Movement: Swims quickly.

Tactics: Remember, as Jawz the PC has no control over whom he attacks. As there are about 50 zombies and about five other PCs, the odds are 1 in 10 (or a roll of 1 or 2 on a 20-sided die) that Jawz goes for a PC.

with a skill of 5, no armor). The sheer numbers of these horrible undead are their only danger to the party.

Note that the effective range of the lightning rod's damage is doubled when used on targets in the water, likely doing lots of damage to more than just the zombies.

Also, since this is likely to be the only place where the ability to turn into Jawz becomes useful, the stats for the beast are included herein.

PCs who die here become undead themselves in one round, and must be killed by

More Randyness?

You better believe it. The little lizard's finally found an environment that he can relate to. Bummer! It's crawling with horrible zombies who want Randy to join them!

If (Randy forbid) the Wonder Lizard becomes an undead, he sinks beneath the water level and begins nipping at the ankles of the ever-tasty party members.

the other PCs if they want a clone to replace their lost comrade. Alternately, the novice zombie could join the PCs for the rest of the adventure, as the Holy Grail heals all such wounds.

The only problem with an undead comrade is that his mind is not always his own. There is an even chance that the zombie attacks the party in any upcoming battle. This only reveals itself when actual combat ensues.

Slain PC replacement clones arrive at the edge of the Last Chasm, and can wait for the rest of the party if they so desire.

Encounter Seven: The Last Chasm

(or "We needed a place to use the ring.")
After the zombies are defeated, read:

The swamp drops off sharply, very sharply, into a seemingly bottomless chasm. Water and plant matter, as well as small lizards and fish, all stream constantly off the edge and into oblivion.

On the other side of the chasm is a small archway, with no apparent way to get across. A multi-colored control panel is obvious just inside the archway.

The control panel activates a light bridge across the chasm if a successful tech roll is made. The light bridge is a slowly shimmering plane of white laser light, with flashes of red, green, and blue coursing like static charges of electricity.

While this bridge looks sturdy enough, it is after all only made up of semi-material photons and is completely useless as a means across the chasm. Another tech roll is necessary if the real bridge is to be extended across the chasm.

How to get across the chasm in the first place? The best way is to fly across with the Golden Ring of Bobo the Hoggit. If the PCs have lost the ring somewhere, allow very



The Last of the Randyness?

Could be. You see, if Randy is undead at this point, he streams off the edge of the chasm, carried away by a strong current. (If he's not a zombie, have him fall off the bridge when the PCs make their break for it.) He goes, as always, with appropriate shrieks of dismay and disgust.

In any case, Randy won't return until the final battle (sniff).

well-placed dagger throws to activate the bridge controls. Of course, missed shots can cause a lot of damage as well.

Otherwise, a suspiciously convenient place to throw a rope-lasso is located some twenty feet above the bridge level. Truly hopeless PCs can swing over and work the controls if their aim is good and their limbs strong.

When the bridge is extended and the PCs begin crossing (or if they all start crossing on the ropes), hundreds of demons come out of hiding from their camouflaged positions in the walls, and begin hurling rocks.

Each PC needs make only one agility check to avoid begin knocked off the bridge and into the bottomless chasm (those on ropes must make a difficult check instead). Unless they off themselves, falling PCs don't get replaced for a very, very long time, or just before the final battle with Morgana (at the GM's discretion).

Picking off the demons with laser shots might be fun, but doesn't accomplish much. For dramatic effect, any demons hit by missile fire double up, clutching their chests (whether they were hit there or not), and fall into the chasm. The other demons always stop attacking just long enough to flash black and white cue cards with their scoring of the dive.

Encounter Eight: Battle with the Black Knight

When all the PCs cross the bridge to the archway, read:

The archway enters a tunnel, black and metallic, looking much like the old tunnels of Alpha Complex used to when the lights burned out. Ahead of you, a dimly lit room is barely visible, and a dark figure stands in the center of the room. His black cloak stretches out behind him and his head and body are protected with very nicely detailed black armor. His breathing is labored and loud.

Suddenly, a force field zips up in front of you and you notice one of your own has disappeared. A flash of light in the room in front of you reveals that this comrade is now facing the Black Knight himself!

"I am Mordred," he booms, "and if you want to meet my mother, then you'll have to harm by me first. By the way, I cannot be harmed by weapons forged by mortal man."

Bummer.

"En guard!"

One stunning special effect later and a glowing sword of tremendous power appears in his right hand.

A hidden (tough moxie roll) control panel to the right of the PCs can be hot-wired in three rounds if an engineering skill roll is made. This deactivates the force field and allows the other PCs to aid their comrade.

The PC who gets popped around by the timed teleport spell is the PCs' knight character, whoever that may be. Mordred uses his laser-like saber to cut off one pieces of the unfortunate PC's anatomy. Fortunately, the crippled PC does not bleed to death, as the laser seals all blood vessels in the affected extremity. However, PCs cannot stand on only one leg for very long, and you cannot bite through Mordred's armor.

The PCs have one big thingy on their side. Most of their weapons were forged by either elementals, immortal wizards like Merlin, The Computer (pre-crash) or the R&D priests, who are clones, after all. Therefore, they all affect Mordred quite easily. His armor is very nice however, affording All5 protection even to non-mortal attack forms.

PCs who get hacked to bits arrive in five rounds, behind the force field, even if it has been dismantled. When one PC is killed, another is zapped into the room. Choose one at your discretion (the princess is a good choice if she hasn't lost too many clones). Otherwise, pick the character with the ring (Mordred's armored visor allows him to see invisible things) or the pearl (Mordred's armor doesn't rust).

After their victory, smart PCs (or experienced players of The Other Game™) strip the dead Mordred naked and wear his armor and wield that swell force blade! PCs who wear the armor must speak with a deep voice and cup their hands over their mouth when doing so throughout the rest of this adventure.

Game Stuff

Mordred the Black Knight

Weapon: Force Sword (17E) ___19

Armor: Black Plate (All5)

Tactics: Cut PCs up one piece at a time, laughing and mocking them the while. Take defeated PC's items.

Encounter Nine: Great Halls of Fire!

(or "We've got to fight a what?!")

Now, read:

Another tunnel leaves the Black Knight's Hall and enters into a huge circular room of fire and demons. In the center of the room stands a 20 foot tall monster of a demon with a huge two-handed flaming sword in his claws.

Behind the monstrous bodyguard stands the voluptuous Morgan le Fey, also known as Morgana to her close acquaintances. She's protected by a massive field of surging electricity which stretches across the rear of the chamber.

At this point, show your players the illustration of Morgan provided in the pull-out section. Or you could just keep it to yourself.

The Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II is on a small table beside her, its batteries hooked into the energy field. All along the hideously adorned walls rest hordes of black, white, and red demons. They seem to be waiting for something.

If the PCs try to flee, they quickly discover that the tunnel they entered through is no more. It has been closed with a field impossible to defeat with physical force or magic. (Don't ya' love those?)

"Surrender, or die," calls out Morgana from the safety of the rear. "You cannot win and your heroes have abandoned you. Even now they wait outside this castle, frustrated in their attempts to breach my defenses.

"Do you honestly believe you could even handle my bodyguard here, let alone his minions, or myself? You have a few seconds to talk among yourselves. If your answer displeases me, you will die."

Morgana stops to check the batteries lying on the table.

Heroic and bold (and stupid) PCs will attack, any way they can. The big guy with the flaming sword is the only one close enough to affect immediately.

Most PCs however, might just drop their weapons and bargain for their lives. Morgana offers them eternal life (as an undead minion of hers) if they surrender and strip off their arms and armor.

The PCs would be wise to avoid boring the GM. If the party jumps into melee or just sits there, throw the entire horde at them for a round or two. If they try to stall, bargain, plead for mercy, or otherwise make the



And away we goooo ...

game a lot more fun and entertaining, the ploy saves them a lot of aggravation, because after a few minutes, the cavalry arrives and the algae really hits the fan.

Encounter Ten: The Cavalry

After a few rounds of frenzied melee or bargaining, read this to the players:

Suddenly, a large door opens in the rear of the chamber, to the right of Morgana's force field. The Knights of the Round Table and the Knights of the Circular Object charge in, immediately taking the fight to Morgana's hordes of demons. Robin's Unhappy Guys, really upset about the thing with Maid Marian, follow the knights in and provide aerial support, launching volley after volley of arrows into the flying beasts.

Merlin appears last, and waves his staff majestically. A magical shimmering field of force imprisons the massive demon bodyguard, and unfortunately, you along with it! "Sorry guys," Merlin calls out, "I guess I made it a little too big."

"Well, you're on your own now. I can't let him out for any reason at all. Nice knowing you!"

Game Stuff

Ball-Rug

Weapons: Flaming Sword
(8I + 8F) ____ 20

Immolation (4F) ____ 17

Armor: Demon Hide (All9)

Special Water Effect: When attacking the Ball-Rug with a stream of water, ignore his armor and roll on damage column 4. However, after each use, the force-field fills up by 1/3.

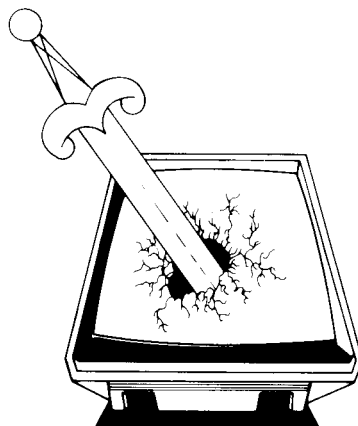
At the wizard's side is a triumphant Wonder Lizard carrying aloft the Holy Grail. Running to and fro, Randy begins to heal each of the fallen Knights with the powers of the Grail.

Morgana is visibly dismayed.

"Merlin, you weenie!" she cries out, "that secret back door was told to you in confidence, so we could have our little rendezvous. Didn't I mean anything to you?"

Merlin smiles and yells back. "Rendezvous this, wench. You used me. You never loved me. I hope your Ball-Rug sits on your head! Demons begone!" Morgana starts to cry, but you have other things to worry about.

The Ball-Rug Merlin was referring to is the big, bad nasty bodyguard that is heading for the PCs at this very moment. Neither they nor the Ball-Rug can escape Merlin's



spell as long as he's concentrating on it. How convenient.

The Knights and Archers have their hands full with the demon hordes, and there seems to be no way to get to Morgana yet, so the GM should just concentrate on the battle with the PCs.

Encounter Eleven: Cutting a Rug

The Ball-Rug has a big sword that does loads o' damage. It also burns its victim when it hits. He also likes to kind-of blow up a little at the end of each round of combat, filling the entire force field with a low-power fireball. The fireballs from the Twig of Timid the Enchanter are useless against the beast. However, the protection from fire still works great!

It is very likely that whoever has the Twig spends the entire combat picking up the other items dropped by fallen characters, while the Ball-Rug concentrates on trashing attacking PCs. By the time the monster gets to the last members of the party, he should be weak enough that somebody with more than one of these items should be able to drop him. Even if the PCs all die, all hope is not lost, as Merlin personally drops the field and battles the monster. Now that the beast has been weakened by the party, it drops down dead in no time.

After the monster is defeated, Merlin calls Randy over to wield the Holy Grail and revives all wounded/ dead/ dying PCs completely. Well, maybe he leaves one PC dead if he had to defeat the Ball-Rug himself ... the one who annoyed him the most ... or the fake wizard. Oh, okay, maybe both.

While Morgana is hidden behind the safety of her electric field, Merlin whispers to the party their last assignment.

"Somewhere around here there must be a power chamber, a generator for that energy field. It should be much like those in your own time, as she has drawn from her vast knowledge of time and space to learn how to energize and operate the Collapsatron. Find it quickly, and shut her down permanently, or we are all doomed. We have but a few moments left."

Encounter Twelve: The Power Chamber

The place on the map where the power room touches the great fire hall hides a secret door leading to the power chamber. If the PCs spread out and search everywhere, weaving amongst the battling opponents, they should find it rather quickly.

Note that the chamber is a sight of sheer bloody carnage. Dead knights bleed into pools of demon ichor, which pours from

the dissolving bodies of the vile otherworldly corpses. Meanwhile, the remaining combatants weave and dodge, claw and bite their way among their dead brethren.

Each searching PC should be required to make two dodge rolls, or be struck by a random weapon blow (either 8l sword or 6l claw). If that PC makes it to the wall, he gets one find roll to locate the secret door (tough moxie).

Whoever finds the secret door should be read the following passage:

As you run your hands along the decorative walls, a demon head jerks backwards. You jump back in startled horror, but it is only a statue. A secret door slides back into the wall, leading to a passage beyond. Sparks of energy and light are visible even from here.

Whoever enters the chamber gets zapped by a couple million volts of elec-

tricity — instant death. Of course, whoever has the Lightning Rod of Zeus can enter unscathed, and this lone person has the fate of the universe in his or her hands. Read:

Beyond the energy barrier lies the great generator room. It looks like it was stolen straight out of Alpha Complex, but is a slightly antiquated model. Numerous dials and voltage meters are everywhere.

If the chosen PC has the requisite mech skills, they can shut the generator off pretty easily. Otherwise, blasting the wall indiscriminately is much more dramatic and works just as well, except that the resulting explosion kills the PC in record time.

■ Encounter Thirteen: Lights Out

When the power goes down, PCs outside the power room see Morgana's force field spark away into nothingness. Then read:

Morgana is no longer safe behind her power field. Her smile turns to a frown and she starts to cry.

"You're no fun anymore! I'll get you all for this. I promise!"

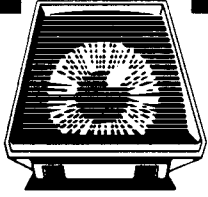
Morgana teleports away in disgrace, leaving the TDC Mark II and its batteries behind. Finally:

The remaining demons lose all contact with their summoner and suddenly disappear, returning in disgrace from whence they came.

The last remaining Knights cheer in unison and start a big drinking celebration with the now Merry Men of Robin Hood, who already has his arm around a lusty lass named Connie.

Merlin walks over to the Collapsatron as the entire castle begins to crumble around you. Looking up above him he yells "Ooooh ..."

*** POOF! ***



Episode Six: There's No Place Like Home

Summary

Here's the adventure wrap-up. The PCs got some big choices to make, and more than a little mayhem to wreak at home if they want. Decisions, decisions.

Encounter Only: Should I Stay or Should I Go?

The PCs got away just in time, as Morgana's castle collapsed (in case you hadn't figured it out). Read:

You all arrive safely in Camelot.

"Whew, that was close," Merlin mumbles and turns to you. "Well, now you've got your little device back, and frankly, I don't want it. I think the Knights of the Circular Object are going to stay here, how about you?"

"Randy, would you like to learn some REAL magic?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," chuckles Randy like a puppy.

"Good then. Well, that's everybody except you guys. You wanna stay in a magical world full of wonder, or are you gonna go home and rule your own world? You certainly aren't planning on going back to your old jobs, now are you?"

"If you ask me, and you haven't, I think that Complex of yours is a bit screwy. Maybe you should straighten it out.

"So what'll it be, sports?"

The PCs have all sorts of options open to them and the GM should let them have as much fun as they want. After all, this has been one hellacious adventure so far.

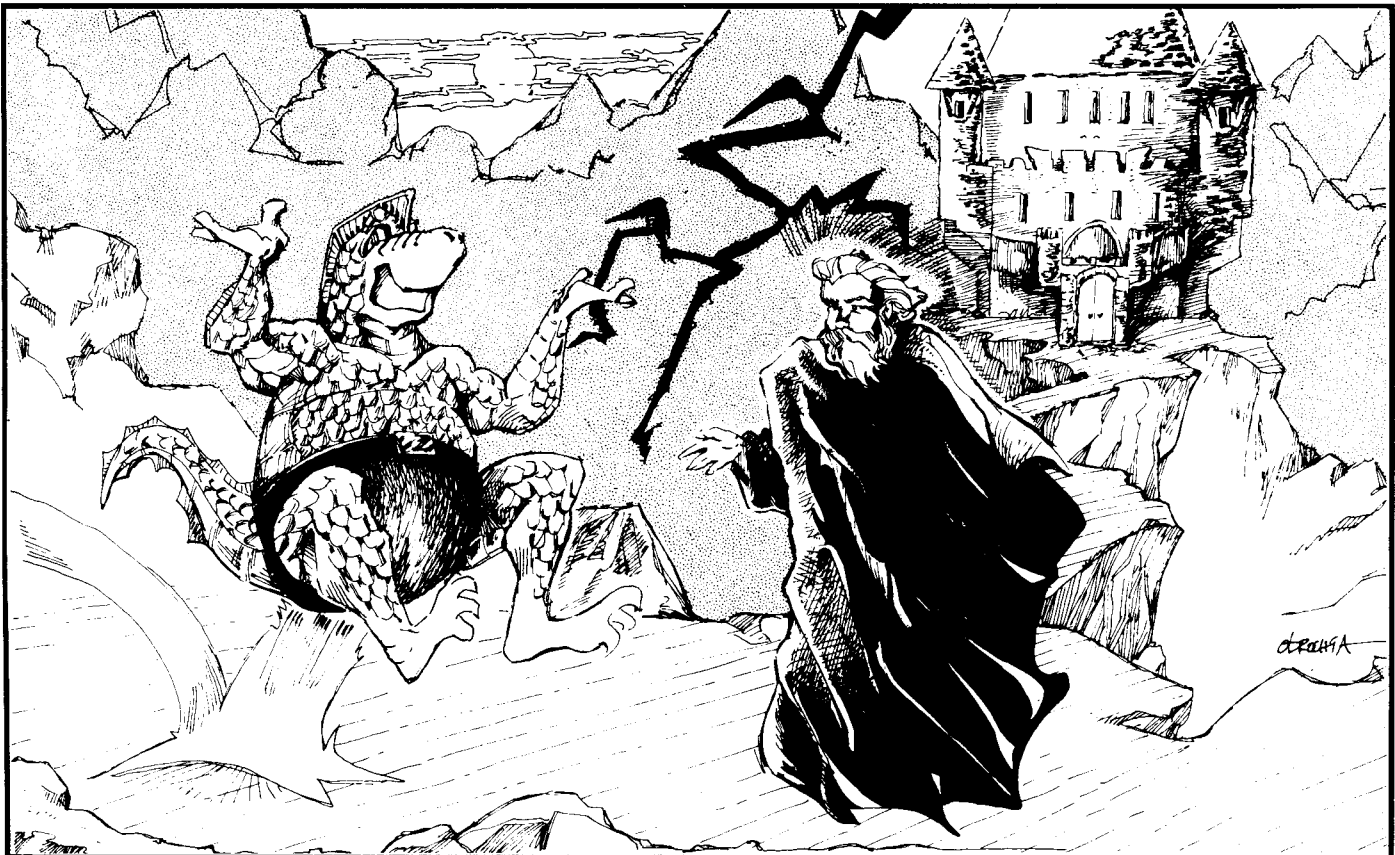
Here's a few likely possibilities and their outcomes.

1) Your players have no imagination and their characters return to Alpha Complex to make their report to the Bureaucratic Empire.

Well, since The Empire has no idea what happened in the other world, just that clones were disappearing left and right, every party member is separated for private debriefing upon their return to the Empire simplex. So many acts of "treason against the Empire and the eventual re-boot of The Computer" have been no doubt committed by all involved that you can save yourself the role-playing time and waste them all now. Such boring PCs deserve a boring ending.

2) All of the PCs return home with naughty things up their sleeves.

The magical powers of the PCs work in



Oy, have we got a sequel for you!

Alpha Complex as well, and they could really start a simplex of their own if they wanted. And a powerful one it would be. They could be strong enough to take on on of the big-time simplexes like the Armed Forces. Who knows?

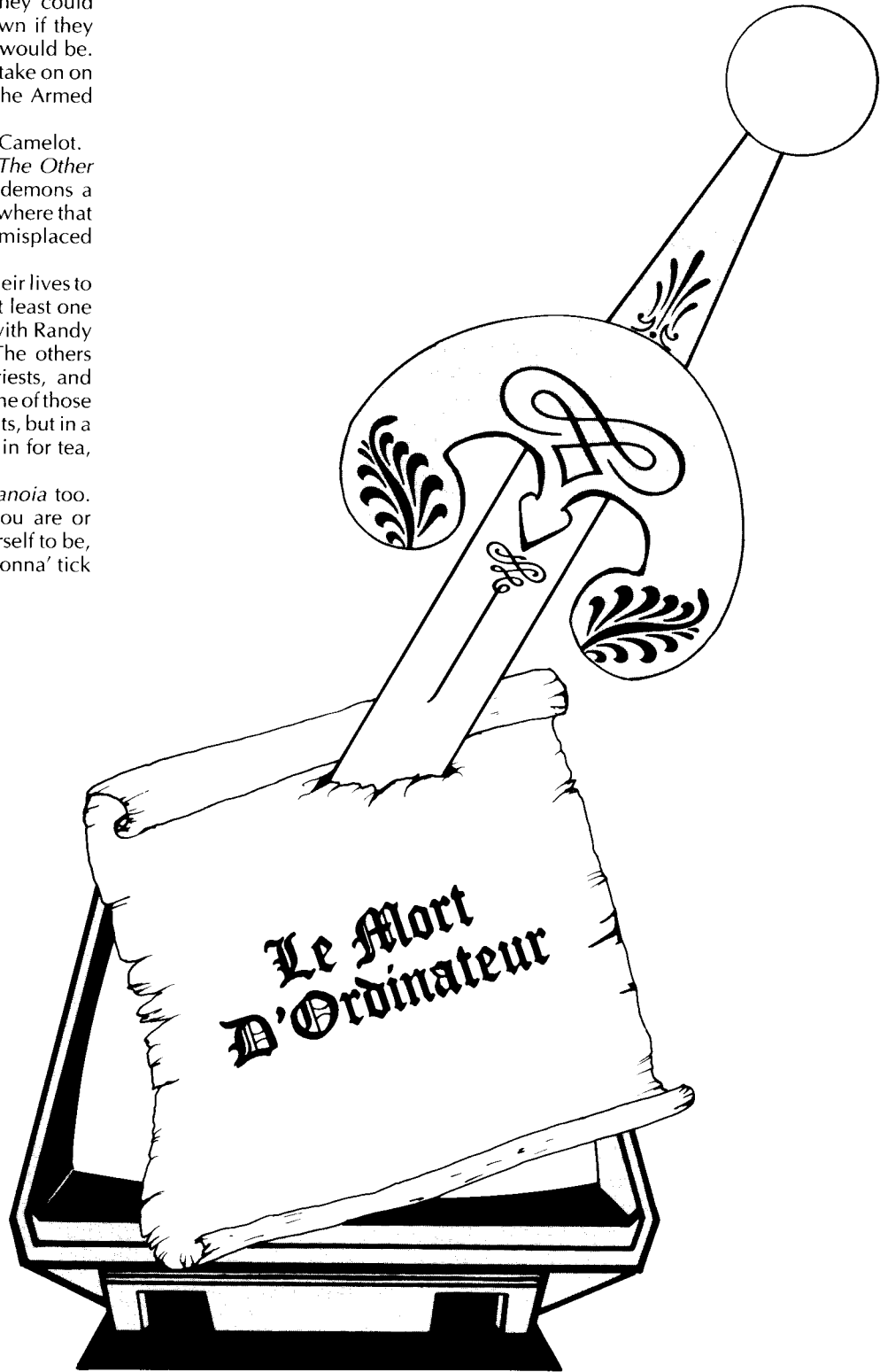
3) The PCs decide to stay in Camelot.

Start a campaign similar to *The Other Game™* with Morgan le Fey's demons a constant threat to the world and where that ol' Holy Grail somehow gets misplaced again and must be found.

The PCs still have the rest of their lives to play with, and Merlin teaches at least one of them the art of magic (along with Randy — who wants to volunteer?). The others become rogues, scoundrels, priests, and knights. They might have to get one of those funky Prince Valiant bowl haircuts, but in a world where demon lords drop in for tea, who's gonna care?

Just don't forget to play *Paranoia* too. Remember, no matter where you are or how safe you might believe yourself to be, or what you do, you're always gonna' tick somebody off.

Always.



GAMMA-LOT

by Grant Boucher

NEVER TRIFLE WITH WIZARDS!

All right, so we know Post-MegaWhoops Alpha is strange, but knights, maidens, castles and dragons in the middle of LOT Sector? What is this complex coming to?

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Who Are These Guys, and Why Do They Look So Funny?

Knight, *n* (ka-NIG-it) [arch.] 1. Mentally deficient clone infected with acute chivalry. —*v.* To accidentally decapitate.

Squire, *n* (Skwir) [arch.] Bootlicking infrared required to suck up to knight.

Dra•gon, *n* (DRAG-un) [arch.] Giant mutant beast with severe attitude dysfunction.

Com•pu•ter, *n* (kom-PYOO-ter) [colloq.] 1. Dead.

Pssst! Guess who's back? No, no one as popular as Elvis. No, no one as dangerous as John Shaft or Freddy Kruger. Think simpering. Think cowardly. Oh for goodness sake, look at the front cover! Yes, it's Randy the Wonder Liz-boy has he got plans! Big plans! Plans involving backstabbing, double-dealing, betrayal, and lots of fear and ignorance. In other words, the usual.

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