

DOWN THE TUBES

**An introductory *Paranoia* adventure by
Chris Hepler and Jennifer Brandes**

RUNNING TIME: 2-4 hours

ATTENTION, TROUBLESHOOTERS!

YOU ARE NEEDED FOR A MISSION OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. REPORT TO BRIEFING ROOM VH-1, MER SECTOR.

YOUR VIOLET-CLEARANCE BRIEFING OFFICER IS ENTRUSTED WITH THE SECURITY OF THIS MISSION. FOLLOW ALL HIS ORDERS EXACTLY. DEVIATION IS TREASON. TREASON IS PUNISHABLE BY SUMMARY EXECUTION.

AS TROUBLESHOOTERS, YOU ARE AUTHORIZED TO PROCURE EVIDENCE OF TREASON AND DISPENSE SUMMARY EXECUTION AS YOU SEE FIT. THE COMPUTER REWARDS THOSE WHO UNCOVER TRAITORS MASQUERADING AS LOYAL CITIZENS.

STAY ALERT! TRUST NO ONE! KEEP YOUR LASER HANDY!

Down the Tubes is an introductory demo adventure for 3-8 players of any experience level. The gamemaster should be familiar with the **Paranoia** world. This adventure uses rules from the (still unpublished) Third Edition of the game, so a quick synopsis of the new system is included at the end for your convenience. In addition, six ready-to-play Troubleshooters are available below to minimize preparation time and get into the mayhem.

The mission alert arrives just as the Troubleshooters finish their fifty-sixth consecutive game of educational "Trivial Persecute," so they should be anxious to begin their new assignment.

Adventure Background

Recently, one of MER Sector's many hydraulic tubes -- used to transport water, sewage, pharmaceuticals and spare clones -- ruptured unexpectedly. Normally, this is no problem; once a scrubbot detects the error, a Technical Services repair crew diagnoses the problem and receives the necessary equipment from PLC to perform the repair.

But things are rarely normal in Alpha Complex. Since the Tech crew cannot receive high clearance equipment...such as diagnostic tools...until they diagnose the problem, they had no flashlights to work by, only one crewman's pilfered hot-torch. Thus they quickly discovered that the ruptured tube was leaking methane gas. The resulting explosion destroyed a major fresh-water tube, and the airlock doors shut automatically to contain the flood. With no Techs left alive to report what happened, The Computer assigns the Troubleshooters to find out.

EPISODE 1: BEA-V-ISH AND BOT-HEAD

To enter room VH-1, the characters must touch their tongueprint to the door slot for a conductivity (ZZZT) and identification test. The room itself looks much like the rest of Alpha Complex: a Computer monitor on the wall and modular, lumpy furniture, cold sterility only broken by occasional loud music.

As they enter, they see their all-powerful Violet briefing officer; knowing their fates rest in his capable hands...which are currently engaged in picking his nose. When he sees them, he wipes his hands and begins. Use unusual voices to keep yourself and Briefing Officer Bea-V-ISH distinct to the players.

"Okay, uh, right, you're the Troubleshooters. Cool. I, uh, call this meeting to order. Huh-huh...call me 'sir.' Yeah. So, the, uh, mission you're assigned is to (reads haltingly) investigate MER Sector Piping Length #11583, where-"

The door slams open to reveal Bea-V-ISH-5, identical in all respects to Bea-6 except that his head has been replaced by a chrome skull. He glares pitilessly, smoke wafting off his Violet reflec...and breaks the silence with a robotic **"Heh-heh. Dude, I lived. Your clone number isn't up yet, heh-heh, heh-heh. Gimme the briefing."**

"Dude, you were a grease stain. I'm not going back to cryofreeze."

The two of them finally settle on giving the briefing together. They constantly interrupt each other, try to read alternating lines, and have *no* sense of humor if Troubleshooters mock them. ("Dude, like, that's treason. The rest of you...*terminate him.*" "Yeah, heh-heh! Hey! Terminate him, too.") Bea-V-ISH and Bot-head are a running gag throughout this adventure, constantly ordering the characters into dangerous situations simply because they think it's cool to watch Troubleshooters die.

This is not unusual in **Paranoia**.

Bea-V-ISH-5 and -6 (Judge Dredd Meets South Park): Agility 3, Chutzpah 2, Dexterity 5, Endurance 4, Mechanical Aptitude 5, Moxie 3, Power 4, Strength 4. Service Group: Internal Security. Mutant Power: Pyrokinesis (unknown). Secret Society: Death Leopard (Irritable Raging Anarchists). Skills: Dodge 5/8, Energy Weapons 6/11, Intimidation 3/5, Bootlicking 4/6, Paranoia 4/7. Equipment: Violet laser pistol (3L), Violet kevlar/reflec (L2P2).

The Briefing

Team #831 is assigned to investigate MER Sector Piping Length #11583, corridor 523M, where an unidentified drop in gas pressure ("Heh-heh, I just dropped some gas..." "Shut up!") prompted a call to Technical Services Team #101221. Team #101221 hasn't returned. Team #831 is to find out what happened to them, then complete their mission if the Techs are unable to do so. Anyone who doesn't keep track of all the numbers and asks The Computer for help is assumed to be an impostor and executed.

Bea-V-ISH will keep in touch with them over a com unit assigned to the Communications and Recording Officer (Officers are chosen by B&B on the basis of who looks least likely to do a good job). There is no need for PLC equipment on such an uncomplicated and fun mission, but it is possible to *bribe* or *fast talk* the less-than-brainy briefing officers into giving up a handful of happy pills, a couple of laser pistols and even some ammo on a Tough or better roll.

EPISODE TWO: A CHEAP PLUG

The Troubleshooters head to their assigned corridor. 523J looks all right...as does 523K, 523L...hmm. Emergency densiplast doors have sealed off 523M, and they are bulging outward.

If they radio Bea-V-ISH, he is watching vidshows at high volume and pretends not to hear them. If they ask The Computer for assistance, It tells them to obey their briefing officer. More specific requests, like "why are these doors locked?" is a Normal *data search* test, and receives an answer like, "There is a 90% probability that the doors are locked because there was an accident inside. Do not be alarmed. Troubleshooters have been sent to investigate."

A Normal *perception* test lets the Troubleshooters hear a low, steady plunking as drops of water well through a crack in the wall and hit the metal floor. The tempo increases, becoming a hiss and steady spray. Then another starts, a few meters down.

If the Troubleshooters ask what to do, Bea-V-ISH or The Computer tells them to stop the leaks. Any requests for help "are being processed now."

Cheap Trick: Stick a Post-It note on the wall. That's the first leak. As you talk, periodically stick up more notes, in increasingly inaccessible locations. (The opportunities for Troubleshooters to kill teammates while they are facing the wall, trying to plug the holes, are endless.) The liquid on the other side is building quickly, and wall is riddled with cracks. If help doesn't arrive soon, the whole thing will collapse. The pressure is too strong for cloth, duct tape is Ultraviolet Clearance and Superglue is Yellow. Turn this into a vertical game of "Twister," as they struggle to plug the plethora of leaks. Of course, as soon as all their hands are occupied, other things go wrong. And not an Infrared in sight.

1. Cons-U-MER Reports

High Programmer Cons-U-MER-4 hears the commotion and curses out the clones from an upper-story window. "Well," he says ungraciously, "as long as you've woken me up anyway, the least you could do is bring some BBB." Oops. Disobeying an Ultraviolet is treason. Unplugging the leaks is disobeying The Computer's direct order *and* will flood the place.

A Nearly Impossible *fast talk* roll and some good roleplaying might convince Cons-U to wait until help arrives, but Cons-U has been Ultraviolet for a long time and believes it is his inalienable right to have everything he wants, immediately, on a silver platter, no questions asked. He gets extremely annoyed when peon Troubleshooters "take advantage of him."

If they juggle positions so one clone can get the drink while another plugs his leak with her foot, other high-clearance clones hear the exchange and add their orders: more BBB, some algae chips, a doughnut...far more than a single clone can carry. The Computer monitor is too far from the wall to activate without leaving the leaks, so they can't ask for help.

2. Poster-Traumatic Stress

A Red clone with a bushy mustache and non-regulation furry hat wanders past, carrying a bundle of rolled-up posters. Several meters away, he turns to the opposite wall and takes out a hammer and nails. Wait a secondcycle...those are above his security clearance... And what's he's putting up? Red posters with a Yellow hammer and curved thing on them? That say "Stalin is keen?" "Death to the Digital Dictator...?" Yup. A Commie!

Moth-R-LND-3: Agility 5, Chutzpah 6, Dexterity 5, Endurance 6, Mechanical Aptitude 5, Moxie 4, Power 4, Strength 4. Service Group: Power Services. Mutant Power: Energy Field. Secret Society: Communists. Skills: Dodge 5/10, Projectile Weapons 6/11, Communist Propaganda 10/14, Paranoia 4/8. Equipment: Full auto slugthrower pistol (3P), 4 clips, Red reflec (L2).

If the characters ask the other residents to help, they get a disinterested, "You're the Troubleshooters. You take care of it." Uncovering the leaks long enough to attack means the wall starts crumbling, and laser beams can reflect off his reflector to put even more holes in their wall.

If attacked, Moth-R-LND activates his *energy field*, and whips out his gun. Each bullet that misses them ("I *dodge*." "Oh? Is that what you really want?") has a 5% cumulative chance of destroying the wall. If a clone heroically sacrifices herself to buy the wall a few more secondcycles, she may earn a commendation. If they scream to The Computer, an IntSec squad arrives and gets into a running gun battle with Moth-R (*lots* of holes in the wall), who takes a Troubleshooter hostage. ("You'll never take me alive, Cop-R!" BLAM!)

Their best chance to get out of this alive is to lure Moth-R closer by playing along or tricking him (good roleplaying and a Difficult *fast talk*) then attack with their feet in *Bladerunner* strangle-them-with-your-legs fashion (or plug the holes with feet and elbows while shooting), raising the attack Difficulty by one.

3. A Clean Break

As the pressure builds and more holes open, dirty water begins spilling across the floor. A high-pitched alarm quickly draws a posse of four Scrubbot 409-Ds to the "Cleanliness Emergency." Once they clean the floor, they turn their attention to the Troubleshooters, berating them for leaving fingerprints on the shiny walls. With all the considerable persuasive power of highly corrosive detergent, they insist the characters wash their hands immediately.

Scrubbots: Speed: Jog. **Armor:** L111P1. **Brain:** 1. **Body:** 4. **Skills:** Scrubbing 4/8.

Peripherals: Small arms with water spray, mop, glass cleaner, hydrochloric acid, grease solvent, steel wool brush, floor scraper, and ammonia and bleach hoses. A typical 409 "scrub fu attack" with all of these going turns into a whirlwind of cleanliness: 3I for anyone within range. This includes clones fighting in hand-to-hand, who must *dodge* even during their attack or be struck.

Whether the Troubleshooters move (gush, fwoosh), stay still and get their skin scrubbed off with wire whisks (thus requiring more cleaning to get the blood off), or fight back, that's it for the wall. It gives one final warning creak before shattering. Treat as a 3I explosion (a Tough *dodge* success takes it to 2 boxes, Difficult to 1, etc.).

Troubleshooters trying not to drown make a Tough *Strength + athletics* roll to reach the surface. If they fail, they can hold their breath for a number of rounds equal to their *Endurance*, then begin making *Endurance + athletics* tests against a constantly increasing Difficulty (Normal, then Tough, then Difficult, etc.) every round. On a failed roll, they fall unconscious (and draw breath reflexively, a Bad Thing if underwater) and die unless helped within five minutes. Characters can hold their breath a maximum of five rounds beyond their *Endurance* rating.

In all likelihood, most of their clones will perish. The survivors may hear the com unit activate, a garbled voice saying, "Heh heh. You guys got kinda wet. Maybe I shoulda sent that help you asked for. Come on back."

Additional Encounters

To lengthen this part of the adventure, gamemasters can add the following:

* A teachbot comes by with a posse of 25 bratty kindergartners whom The Computer believes incapable of treason (i.e. believes over the Troubleshooters). They steal the characters' weapons,

money, and clothes, climb on them, try to open the straining door, get lost, get sick, and so on.

* A Computer-sponsored HPD&MC surveyist asks the Troubleshooters for "just a moment of their time" to fill out a survey on their favorite vid programs (answer: the mandatory ones) and whether they should discontinue Crystal BBB.

* An extremely large truckbot stalls in front of the corridor, blocking them in. Its bot brain is stuck in a continual loop. They must either reprogram it (difficult and treasonous), physically move the bot (only possible with another truckbot or multiple people with *adrenaline control*) or manually drive it away (tough *transbot O&M* and the chance to spring an incomprehensible control panel on the players).

EPISODE THREE: RESERVOIR CLONES

When they return to the briefing room, Bea-V expresses great dissatisfaction with their performance. "**Dude, uh, like, which one of you blew up the whole corridor?**" This should get the clones pointing fingers (and lasers). After they waste each other, the Bea-Vs say, "**Like, okay, dude. Go to R&D. They offered some, like, heh heh, experimental equipment to help with the mission.**" "**Yeah. See you in the food vats.**"

Tarent-I-NOH-2, a short, skinny clone in an Indigo bathrobe, greets the clones sullenly at the door to the smoky R&D lab. He is holding a large paper bag filled with all sorts of toys: laser barrels, auto-slugthrowers, grenades... Build this up. Let first-time players think that R&D might actually help them... despite the muffled screams from the back of the building, and other Troubleshooting teams being marched inside at gunpoint.

Then Tarent-I tosses the bag onto a recycling conveyor and leads them inside, griping loudly. "**What the BEEP are you waiting for? Quit gaping at the BEEPing guns! You think these are here for you? You think I just wait around here BEEPing waiting to give you trigger-happy BEEPing Troubleshooters guns? Is this PLC? Did you see a sign outside saying 'Red Trigger Storage?'**"

Since Alpha Complex is PG-13, much of Tarent-I's speech is obscured by automatic editing devices.

As he digs through piles of strange equipment, strapping most of it to various parts of the Troubleshooters' bodies so they don't lose it, he gives long-winded explanations for each piece. "**A stick is a regular death machine, you know. We use 'em on traitors around here all the time. Morningcycle, daycycle, nightcycle. Stick stick stick stick stick stick stick, stick.**"

Naturally, he doesn't mention any of the problems.

They receive the following R&D equipment. It is up to the Equipment Officer to decide who is responsible for what and make sure they test every device and return it unharmed with a full report on its functions.

R&D EQUIPMENT

6 Depleted Uranium Sticks

These inch-thick, five-kilo, two-foot sticks supposedly have a core of very dense depleted uranium from Alpha's reactor excesses (3I base damage). Regrettably, not all the uranium was depleted...each one still gives off radiation, making the holder's hair fall out and gets them very, very sick, *especially* if they are put on a boat. (Tough *Endurance* + *survival* rolls prevent this for an hour.)

1 Trident of Atlantis

This is a salty, fish-flavored piece of chewing gum which contains a chemical compound that allows the clone to metabolize oxygen from inhaled water. Unfortunately, he can now *only* breathe underwater (gasp, thump). Effects last for 4 hourcycles.

6 Sets Grand High PUBAH Gear

The Partially-contained Underwater Breath-Assisting Helmet is Red Clearance SCUBA gear, consisting of a motorcycle-like helmet with a breathing tube that runs from the mouth to a tank of "breathable gases" on the clone's back. In addition, Tarent-I clamps swim fins on the clones' hands and feet (the handfins have to be unsnapped to remove, impossible without an opposable thumb).

The tubes of gases contain enough for the clone to breathe for 3 minutes, after which they need to be replaced (also requiring thumbs). Coincidentally, the 10 tanks of oxygen look an *awful* lot like the 30 tanks of methane the clones receive to replace that lost in the original explosion...

6 Capsules Liquid Oxygen Deep Diving Breath Substitute

These spray-bottle-shaped devices are strapped to a clone's neck so they can spray directly into his mouth. Tarent-I says they contain a breathable liquid for use in high-pressure dives (better known as "that pink stuff from *The Abyss*"). Unfortunately, rather than a liquid oxygen *substitute*, R&D techs just used liquid oxygen. If breathed, the clone's mouth, lungs and stomach freeze, and he dies painfully. In addition, liquid oxygen is commonly used as fuel for space shuttles. If it gets accidentally lit on fire (e.g. laser shot) BOOOM! (6P, 10m radius)

Once they've got all the equipment (including swim fins on their hands) he hands out release forms (see below) for them to sign. **Cheap Trick:** Make the players fill out the forms with stiff hands and no thumbs (i.e. holding the pencil with their palms).

The C.S.S. *Gigantic*

After they sign the forms, Tarent-I leads the clones into the garage where the ultimate marvel of Alphan Engineering awaits them: The Experimental Sailing Universal Craft, the finest lightweight, all-terrain sailing craft that can be constructed for under a hundred credits!

The ESUC resembles a huge shopping cart with a sail, a fan, a movable neutronium shield, and flotation wheels. Emblazoned on its side in big letters is: C.S.S. GIGANTIC. "**The C.S.S. *Gigantic*,**" announces Tarent-I as dramatic music swells and the film switches from black and white to color. "**The largest clone-made sailing ESUC ever. Don't worry if she rides a little low in the water. She is,**" he promises, "**completely unsinkable.**"

Anybody have a bad feeling about this?

EPISODE FOUR: MY CART WILL GO ON

The Troubleshooters, loaded up with experimental equipment (and toolkits, replacement piping and other *useful* stuff, if you're feeling nice), return to Corridor 523M...if they remember where it is.

Getting the 20-meter *Gigantic* moving on solid ground is not easy. The clones must push the contraption to the top of a largish hill (Tough *Strength + athletics* for everyone), then start it rolling and steer it to the correct corridor (Difficult *boat o&m*). When they hit the water, they need to row in sync to keep the momentum up. **Cheap Trick:** Line the players up with their hands out. Tell them to row. Unless they get the motions exactly in unison, the boat tips, sways

or goes in circles.

By the time they arrive, half the sector has flooded. Innocent citizens were forced from their homes, and the hallways abound with stranded clones clinging to desks, beds, and toilets. Their eyes light as they see the valiant Troubleshooters arriving to rescue them...

Of course, the Troubleshooters aren't here to rescue them, probably don't care in the least, and the ESUC can only hold 5 more clones (or 375 kilos) before it starts to sink. As soon as the citizens realize the Troubleshooters are ignoring them, they mob the boat desperately, throwing PCs overboard and swamping the *Gigantic* in bodies. The citizens have attributes of 5, *dodge*, *melee weapons*, and *brawling* at 3-4, and various mutant powers.

The Troubleshooters can either ferry them out a few at a time (a Difficult *motivation* test and some roleplaying to make them agree to wait); try to outrace them (several Ridiculous *boat o&m* rolls); or club and shoot innocent, drowning citizens (thoroughly **Paranoia**). Let 'em play. There are hundreds of citizens, but only 15 or so risk the initial attack.

Trying to use weapons if they still have the hand-flippers on gets a -8 penalty. Slapping the heck out of people is easy (+1 to hit, and -1 damage because of the wide floppy plastic). Ramming people with the ESUC requires a coordinated rowing effort, a Difficult *boat o&m* roll and does 3I damage.

Eventually, as the other citizens smell the blood, they close in, swamping the boat in greater and greater numbers. If the players ask the Bea-Vs for assistance, they find it all funny: "**Heh heh. You want me to call in an air strike?**" "**Yeah. Cool. The Vulture Warriors will love it.**" He ignores any protests and in a few minutes (unless the clones dive off and take cover) they hear roaring flybots, then an ominous whistling as HE cone rifle shells blast the crowd, killing everyone (Troubleshooters included). That'll teach them to ask for help.

The *Gigantic*, naturally, is unharmed. After all, it's unsinkable, right?

Extra Encounters

Depending how many clones the characters have left, you may want to draw this part out further. Try these encounters:

* A gang of Death Leopard pirates have taken over the corridor and defend their territory by ramming the ESUC with speedboats, attacking with cutlasses, forcing clones to walk the plank and so on.

* They find one surviving member of the original Tech crew, pinned beneath a pipe, breathing a trapped bubble of rapidly depleting oxygen. Brave Troubleshooters could dive under and pull the wreckage off him, risking getting trapped themselves...or just shoot, claim he was dead when they found him and take his stuff.

* They see a brand-new and unharmed-looking plasma generator lying at the bottom of the corridor, presumably dropped when someone saw the imminent flood. Let the characters kill each other over who gets it...especially first-time players who don't know how deadly (to the user) **Paranoia** weapons are. It malfunctions on the second use.

The Climax

Once the Troubleshooters reach a fairly clear area near the original pipe, it's time to replace the broken tube. They dive, deep into the darkness. Swimming unencumbered (but able to breathe) is a Tough *athletics* test. If carrying tubes, capsules of methane gas and toolkits, it becomes Difficult.

If the Troubleshooters use the regular oxygen (methane and liquid oxygen are toxic), they can

breathe okay...as long as they're not down for more than 3 minutes at a time. Since it takes more than 3 minutes to find the right pipe, much less put it back together, the clones may want to *juryrig* an airhose (a Normal roll) which runs back to the boat, where the other clones can change the tubes. Do they trust each other? Too bad.

It's a Difficult *juryrigging* roll to repair the tubes. Draw out the descriptions as they find the drowned bodies of the Techies, clear away broken tubing, slowly fit the new tube in place, get enveloped in blackness as a huge shadow blots out the bulb... Hey. Above them is the immense form of a Strainer-Helping Assistant Removal Contraption, it's steely jaws chomping through the murky waves, crushing debris down to recyclable size.

And like on every nature show ever, it's going for the air hose.

SHARC: Armor: ALL2, Brain: 4, Body: 8, Skills: Recognize Debris 1/5, Chomp Stuff 7/15, Swim 10/18, Dodge 1/9 Peripherals: Big teeth (5I), Damage boxes normal.

In the fight with the SHARC, make sure at least one clone gets chomped in half, bursting his container of liquid oxygen. (Sticking it in the SHARC's mouth and shooting it with a laser will waste the bot, sure enough.)

As the LOX floats through the current, it freezes all it touches, an immense wave of icy death, only the tip visible at the surface...

Let the clones try to steer the boat away from the forming iceberg (it'll take a roll of 202, but don't tell them that), but then, alas, CRUUUUNNNCH. One of the water wings which keeps it afloat is ripped clean off. The *Gigantic* is *sinking*! Its weight means that once one side starts to plunge, the whole thing rips in half and-

Must we continue?

Draw this dreadful tragedy out for as long as the players are laughing, then tell them that there is a single piece of plastic siding floating atop the waves. There is room for one clone to pull herself onto it while the others wait in the icy water, heroically sacrificing themselves for their beloved teammate...

Yeah, right. Or they could kill each other for it.

Debriefing

Bea-V-ISH and Bot-head debrief any surviving clones, asking whether the pipes are suitably fixed, what caused the original gas leak (they have no way to know, but they get executed if they don't make something up) and whether all clones were happy and well-fed. Tarent-I-NOH asks for reports on the experimental equipment. Traitors are executed. Survivors are congratulated on a job well-done, and promptly billed 200,000,000 plasticreds for destroying the *Gigantic*.

THE END

Handout #1.

Research and Design

Experimental Equipment Responsibility and Report Form EERF2SV12-1210(194)/11R

Distributed by the CPU Alpha Complex Interdepartmental Relations and Project Coordination Department/Division of Workflow Throughput, Productivity Enhancement, Efficiency Implementation and Buzzword Allocation Bureau, for use with the Research and Design Department of Reductionist Corrections (DORC). Failure to fill out this form correctly is punishable by mandatory volunteerism.

1.0 RESPONSIBILITY TRANSFERENCE

Name: _____ - ____ - _____ - 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle clone number) Date: _____
Mission Number: ____ Service Group: ____ Registered Mutation: _____
Unregistered Mutation: _____ Secret Society: _____

I hereby take possession of this experimental device under my own free will and out of selfless loyalty to The Computer. Any of my protests in written, spoken, or physical form to the contrary to agents of The Computer, Internal Security, and any emergency services medical personnel with whom I may come in contact are false. I understand that in the name of scientific progress, this device may alter or damage my precious bodily fluids, essences, flesh, bone, orifices, cells, atoms, mental capability, spatial or temporal location, perception of reality, spiritual ectoplasmic consciousness, genetic template and derivatives thereof, kingdom, phylum, class, order, clone family, genus, species, political affiliation, and/or happiness quotient.

I also understand I am responsible for the well-being of this device and if it destroys, damages, defaces, or causes unauthorized transportation of Computer property, I will be charged. I further agree to test the device and give a report of its functioning or malfunctioning to R&D.

Signature: _____ . Clone Family "Ditto" Clause: 2 __ 3 __ 4 __ 5 __ 6 __
Equipment Name: _____ Serial Number: _____
Value of Device in Credits: _____ Device Clearance: _____ Designer: _____

1.2 REPORT OF ITEM FUNCTION

Describe, in your own words, what you think the device was designed to do: _____

Describe, in your own words, how you activated it: _____
What happened?: _____

Times used: _____ Body Count: _____ Hit-to-Kill Ratio: _____ : _____

Effective Range: _____ m Traitor-to-Citizen Ratio: _____ : _____

Hygiene Quotient: Good ____ Better ____ Best ____ Bestest ____

I recommend my Experiment Director for a: Promotion ____ Commendation ____ Wrist Slap ____

For Office Use Only

¹Due to recent R&D request, this clause also enters the subject into the Want Not, Waste Not Experimental Organ/Body Part Donation Program. Yes ____ No ____

The clone has agreed to live donation. Yes ___ No ___

The clone is currently in this sector: _____ lives in creche # _____ is broadcasting on this frequency: _____(mHz) or can be identified by the following distinctive marks: _____ Is the clone armed? Yes ___ No ___

If so, with what? _____ Are they good shots? Yes ___ No ___

Experiment Director: _____ - _____ - _____ - 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle clone number)

THIRD EDITION PARANOIA IN A PAGE OR LESS

Skills and Attributes: Both on a 1-10 scale. All skill rolls are 1D20 plus the skill rating plus the appropriate attribute. Skills are listed in character descriptions as the actual skill ratings and the rating combined with their attribute for easier reference (i.e. *bootlicking 5/11* is a *bootlicking* skill of 5 combined with a *Chutzpah* of 6). The skill can be combined with other attributes at gamemaster whim (*Endurance + fast talk* for marathon sessions of shoveling, for example).

Difficulty Numbers: Simple: 5. Easy: 10. Normal: 15. Tough: 20. Difficult: 25. Nearly Impossible: 30. Ridiculous: 35+. When you roll these or higher, you've succeeded.

Cartoon Physics: If you roll a 20, roll again and add. Another 20? Keep adding.

If you roll a 1, roll again and *subtract* the new roll from your skill + attribute to get the final result. (Oops? A 20? Keep going...)

Rolling a 1 (even after a 20) is always some kind of failure. If the skill roll is higher than the target number, you succeed in the action but something bad happens (e.g. you hit him, but hurt your hand). A total of a 0 or negative number means a critical failure: weapon malfunction, meteor hits you, whatever.

Initiative: *Moxie + paranoia*. Highest goes first, then the next highest, counting down. If you get a 40 or more, you go again at the end of the round.

Violence: The number in a weapon's designation is how many little boxes it fills in when it hits you. If someone shoots you with a 5P cone rifle, you take five and are Dead. If they shoot you with a 6AP anti-tank cone rifle, you're (six boxes) Real Dead. The attacker and defender make opposed *weapon skill/dodge* rolls. Whoever gets higher wins; ties go to the attacker. If the target isn't dodging, see **Difficulty Numbers**, above: shooting someone 3 meters away is Easy. A character can *dodge* once (or twice if that's all they're doing that round) with no penalty. Dodging more than that gets -2/-4/-8/-16 penalties.

Making it Hurt More: For every 10 that the attack roll number exceeds the *dodge*, add another box of damage (i.e. a good shot hurts more). Hand to Hand Bonus (Strength 8-10) adds one to the damage of Strength-based melee weapons or punching/kicking.

Macho Bonus and Armor: Macho bonus (Endurance 8-10) reduces the number of boxes taken by 1. Armor subtracts from the damage by its rating, which only applies if it's the same letter designation as the weapon. Most typical armor is either Light (1) or Heavy (2), more than that is serious vehicular stuff. "F" means it's full-body damage or protection.

Explosions: Most explosions start at Dead and are brought down boxes in damage by every 10 the *dodge* roll exceeds their base difficulty. The difficulties are: trapped in a phone booth (Ridiculous), in a 1-meter-wide corridor (Nearly Impossible), can only lie flat (Difficult), can jump behind a desk (Tough), is crouching/lying flat already (Normal), is in a trench (Easy) or is inside a warbot (Simple).

Mutant Powers: Roll *Power* + an attribute or skill appropriate to the power. Machine Empathy? *Power + spurious logic*, most likely. Charm? *Power + Chutzpah*.

Healing: *First aid* or docbot care can heal one box of damage per success level (1 for Normal, 2 for Tough, etc.). Without medical attention, clones heal one box per day. They're made 'a rubber, after all.

New Skills: *Paranoia* lets a clone react to situations before consciously noticing them. *Golddigging* lets a clone judge who in a group is most favorably disposed towards them. *Athletics* lets a clone perform physical feats like running, walking, climbing and swimming. *Disguise* lets the clone disguise himself and others. *Sleight of hand* lets the clone steal from or plant things on other people without them noticing. *Laser weapons* and *energy weapons* are now both *energy weapons*; *force weapons* and *melee weapons* are both *melee weapons*; *thrown weapons* is *throwing*.