PARANOIA

WAR ON [INSERT NOUN HERE]

LEX····DANGERS TO THE COMPLEX····

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New PARANOIA edition
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PARANOIA ™

War on [Insert Noun Here]

Special duties for special troubleshooters

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THE COMPUTER
Looking after your best interests

CONTENTS

Security Clearance ULTRAVIOLET
WARNING:

**Knowledge or possession of this information by any citizen
of Security Clearance VIOLET or lower is treason punishable by a
long spell of Armed Forces latrine scrubot maintenance duty.**

1. Introduction

>>review log
INCIDENT – 60 MINS >> Everything is normal. Please remain calm. All sectors report condition GREEN.
INCIDENT – 50 MINS >> Everything is normal. Please remain calm. All sectors report condition GREEN.
INCIDENT – 40 MINS >> Everything is normal. Please remain calm. All sectors report condition GREEN.
INCIDENT – 30 MINS >> Everything is normal. Please remain calm. All sectors report condition GREEN.
INCIDENT – 20 MINS >> Everything is normal. Please remain calm. All sectors report condition GREEN.
INCIDENT – 10 MINS >> Error! CompNodes 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925 in fail state. Cascade failure of logic circuits. Please remain green. All conditions calmly sector report.
INCIDENT – 0 MINS >>> Crash! Dumping Core Data: 0x07A93388F88AAC888022011 3AE9D9D9D0000000DEEE D00000DEADBEEFDEADBEEFDEADBE....
Rebooting…
Rebooting…
Rebooting…
OK.
INCIDENT +10 MINS >> System Error. Please remain alert. All sectors report condition MAUVE. Probable communist activity – alert all security forces, ready all missile silos.
System Online. Which is good. Memory corrupt. Which is bad. Error. Memory corrupt. The Computer is Your Friend.
Consult ULTRAVIOLET clearance citizens to correct memory corruption.
INCIDENT +20 MINS >> Error! Contradictory inputs. Error! Error! Err…
INCIDENT +30 MINS >> mkdir root/dcod

The Incident and What Happened Next

Something happened in Alpha Complex one daycycle.

In itself, this is not unusual. Many things happen in Alpha Complex every day.

Many things that happen are treasonous and declared unhistory but even with all those erased events, more than enough happens to make life confusing, strange, short and to fill all The Computer's logs.

This particular event, though, never made it to the log. The event, whatever it was – it could have been a Commie mutant traitor attack or a bombing or a short circuit or cosmic rays or rats in the wiring or just one of The Computer's aging circuits dying – the event caused a cascade failure across several CompNodes. That is not enough to make Friend Computer crash but it was enough to thoroughly confuse It. So, The Computer turned to its Most Trusted Citizens, the High Programmers and asked them what happened.

As no High Programmer knew exactly what The Computer was referring to, they each gave a different answer. Each one blamed the event on their enemies – on Sierra Clubbers, on Those Damn Robots, on PURGE, on other High Programmers, on everyone else. Normally, this would be an excellent way to sic The Computer onto one's enemies, it had asked *every* High Programmer and giving all those conflicting answers just confused The Computer more. It panicked.

The Computer decided that there was some new danger out there and it created a whole new service group, the Department of Complex Operational Defence, to deal with the threat. A whole new service just group sprang into existence, a service group without staff or offices or any discernable purpose – but with a budget and political influence equal to any of the others.

Consider Alpha Complex as a small archipelago of islands. The High Programmers and their lackeys roam the beaches, fighting over territory. They beat each other's heads in with driftwood and argue over conches but the archipelago's sinking and the beaches keep getting smaller.

Then suddenly there's an earthquake and a new island pops out of the sea. It's pristine and new and shiny and no-one lives there.

Yet.
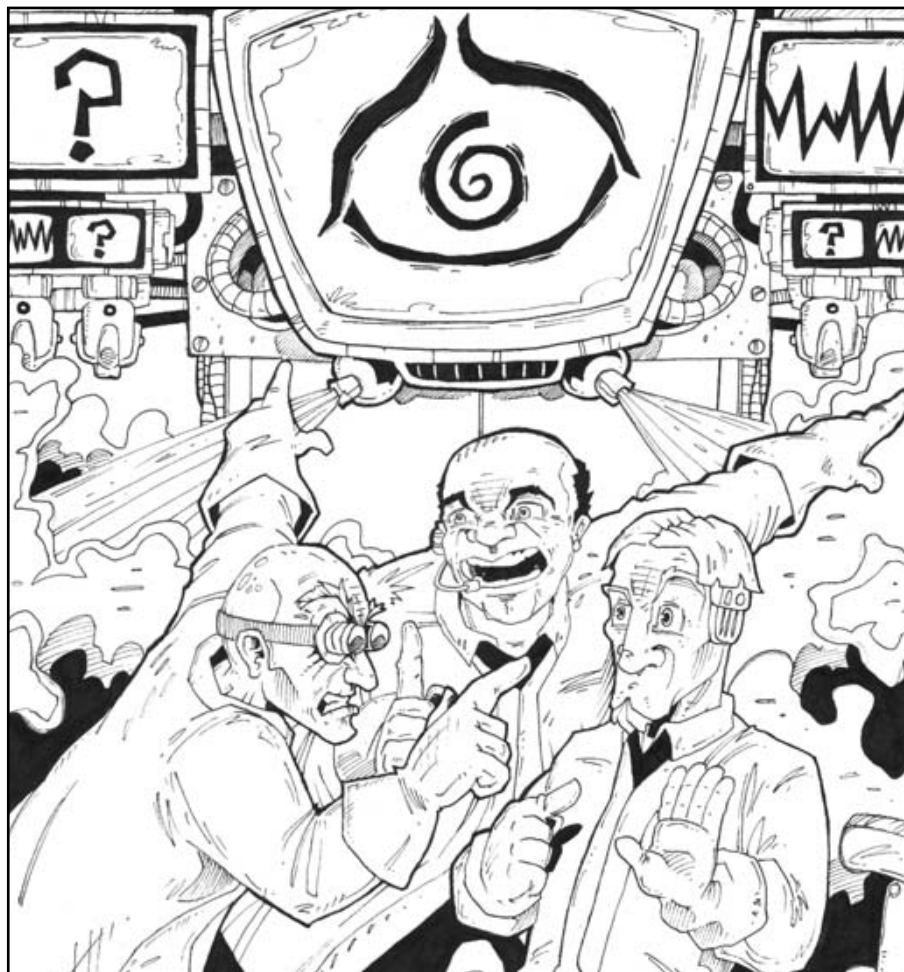
War On <INSERT NOUN HERE>

This Official *PARANOIA* supplement contains three linked missions for your brave Troubleshooter team.

Null Mission has the Troubleshooters drafted into the new Department of Complex Operational Defence for an important mission. Their superiors, however, were just drafted too and have no idea what the Department does or what the mission is. Fortunately, they do have buzzwords! Plenty of buzzwords! (And lots of very cool guns). After completing this farcically disorganised mission, the Troubleshooters are lavished with promotions and credits. After all, DCOD is the new golden service group and The Computer's favoured servants deserve nothing but the best!

War on <INSERT NOUN HERE> picks up the tale a few weekcycles later. The Troubleshooters are now mid-level agents within DCOD, tasked with the dangerous duty of working out exactly what DCOD does. After that, they go to a party.

Finally, in *A Hell of a Job, Citizen*, the Troubleshooters are promoted yet again as the rest of DCOD flee the sinking ship. The service group is under attack from all sides, The Computer's having a breakdown and something genuinely new and threatening is creeping into Alpha Complex…

DEDICATED TO PRESIDENT GEORGE WALKER BUSH, WHO DID MORE TO ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF PARANOIA THAN ANYONE ELSE IN RECENT MEMORY

2. Null Mission

The Troubleshooters are abruptly transferred to the newly created Department of Complex Operational Defence Service Group. Wrenched from the safe bureaucratic embrace of their former service firms, they are briefed on their new positions by equally clueless clones and sent on a meaningless mission to hunt down and destroy something; only they are not quite sure what it is. They are then sent to conquer an office building, with more firepower than they know what to do with.

1: DCOD is thy new God

Episode Summary: The Troubleshooters are transferred to their new department and assigned to new service firms. They are also briefed on their new mission. Very little of this makes any sense.

Read the following to the players:
You're all working loyally in your assigned service firms. Things are tough – there was a computer glitch a few hours ago that wiped out half the daycycle's data, so now you're struggling to catch up with your daily fun challenge quotas. Of course, you're not unhappy with this at all, as you are overjoyed to serve The Computer even in the face of whatever Commie sabotage caused that glitch!

Suddenly, your PDCs bleep loudly and a message scrolls across the screens. '+++ATTENTION CITIZEN. YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF COMPLEX OPERATIONAL DEFENCE, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS A PERMANENT TRANSFER. YOU ARE PROMOTED ONE SECURITY CLEARANCE LEVEL AND GRANTED DCOD-ALPHA CLEARANCE, ALSO EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY. REPORT TO CORRIDOR T-39A IMMEDIATELY FOR YOUR NEW SERVICE FIRM ASSIGNMENT WITHIN DCOD. THIS MESSAGE IS CLASSIFIED DCOD-ALPHA. ANY DISCLOSURE OF THIS INFORMATION TO CITIZENS WITHOUT DCOD-ALPHA CLEARANCE IS TREASON.+++'
A cheery jingle plays at the end of the message and a strange logo is displayed on the PDC screen – something called the Department of Complex Operational Defence.

Each Troubleshooter becomes aware that everyone else in his service firm is trying to read the message over the Troubleshooter's shoulder. There are lots of suspicious glances from former co-workers as the Troubleshooter cleans out his desk and heads over to the briefing room.

Clones of the Dispossessed

Tension 3
Corridor T-39A is crowded with other citizens, all carrying boxes of files, papers, Teela-O mugs, grenades and other personal effects. They have all been transferred to the new DCOD too. A printout of the new group's logo is stuck to the wall, next to another printout declaring that this corridor is now secured by DCOD and that trespassers will be terminated. No-one seems to have any idea what is going on. Several briefing room doors lead off from the corridor; there are little red lights above each door, indicating that it is currently occupied. A lone Jackobot marches back and forth through the crowd, endlessly repeating the phrase *'all our briefing officers are currently busy, please wait. Your briefing is important to us; please stay in the waiting zone until a briefing officer becomes available. Attempting to leave the queue or change your place in the queue without authorisation is treason. All our briefing officers are currently busy…'*

One of the briefing room doors opens and a huge grin emerges, followed shortly by the citizen wearing it. '*I've been promoted to BLUE*', she shouts, '*they're filling positions first-come, first-promoted! I'm BLUE!*' The citizen flashes her newly-updated ME card at a random Troubleshooter, showing that she is Kelly-B-ALD-1, indeed, newly promoted to the exalted ranks of BLUE. '*You! Lick my boots! Obey the BLUE and lick my boots, citizen!*'

After humiliating a random citizen, the newly promoted Kelly-B skips down the corridor, calling all her friends on her PDC to tell them that she has been promoted to BLUE.

There is a moment of silence.

Then the light above the briefing room just exited by Kelly-B switches to green and the crowd surges towards the door.

The first citizen to make it through the door (alive and intact) gets the benefit of the Special Bonus Briefing in the next section. Other citizens in the queue will also try to get through the door, so the Troubleshooters will have to fend off several dozens of competitors, all of whom are armed and desperate. After this little burst of carnage, any losers have to wait in the corridor while the glorious victor gets the

Special Bonus Briefing. Take the player aside and give the briefing secretly.

Special Bonus Briefing

Tension 8
Read the following to the lucky player.
You burst into the briefing room and the door seals behind you. There's a huge DCOD logo over the briefing podium. The white-haired INDIGO citizen gestures for you to take a seat. He has an elaborate communications device plugged into one ear and you can see green text scrolling down the inside of his black glasses. He speaks in a monotone.

'This briefing is classified DCOD-BETA, so I'm granting you that clearance now. Several hours ago, there was an incident. You're not cleared to know what that incident was, but in response, The Computer established us, the Department of Complex Operational Defence. According to our files, you are qualified for the Mandatory Bonus Duty of DCOD Point Operations Coordinator.

I cannot impress on you the importance of this duty. Without the vigilance of DCOD, the threat to Alpha Complex could strike at any moment! Trust no-one, not even other DCOD officers.

Until we are able to purge our own ranks and eliminate any subversives, you must be our eyes and ears in the department. Here is your MDB badge and equipment. As a reward for this extra responsibility, I am hereby promoting you one security clearance. You may not discuss this meeting with the rest of your team. Now, send the rest of your team in.

The briefing officer is Paul-I-EXU, newly promoted from BLUE. He's ex-IntSec and is already plotting to bring DCOD down from the inside. He will show up later in the mission. As soon as the 'lucky' player's briefing is finished, Paul-I ducks out a hidden passageway. He is competent, tough and armed with a custom icer.

Briefing Part 2

Tension 10
When the rest of the Troubleshooters are called into the briefing room, Paul-I is replaced by two new briefing officers, Jim-G and Ron-G. They are newly promoted, enthusiastic and drunk on a heady brew of power and buzzwords. They are both wearing DCOD t-shirts and funball caps. Their thumbs have been surgically locked in the thumbs-up position and they appear to speak from a single hivemind that is somehow empty of thought.

'Hi guys! Welcome to your Department of Complex Operational Defence briefing. This is a vitally important mission, so pay close attention. This briefing is classified DCOD-Alpha. Anyone without DCOD-Alpha clearance, well, you are going to be very well acquainted with the inside of a termination booth very soon. Awesome. G-Ron, take it.'

'Thanks Jim and I'd just like to say before this briefing begins that I'm really happy to be giving this briefing for our wonderful new Service Group and that I know I'll give 110% to this briefing and I know you will too. Let's get going! I've got your mission briefing right here!'

Now, roll on the Buzzword Mission Briefing. Neither Jim-B nor Ron-B has a clue what the actual mission is about, nor does the more senior DCOD officers who wrote the briefing document. The document therefore consists of a giant pile of meaningless buzzwords. Roll a few times on the Buzzword Bingo tables and string the words into vaguely sentence-like things.

The DCOD Point Operations Coordinator

Congratulations, Troubleshooter. You have been selected to be the DCOD Point Operations Coordinator for your Troubleshooter team. Your duty is to co-ordinate all mission-related activity, ensuring that all operations are carried out in accordance with DCOD directives, to confirm that all parties involved in the mission are operating according to DCOD directives and to interpret and convey DCOD directives to all involved parties. Note that DCOD directives are classified DCOD-BETA and are not available to citizens without DCOD-BETA clearance.

Ensure that your fellow Troubleshooters carry out their duties in accordance with DCOD directives. Note that DCOD directives override previous directives from other Service Groups. Note that your authority does not override that of the Team Leader or Loyalty Officer; however, note also that the Team Leader and Loyalty Officer are both subject to DCOD directives.

You are also responsible for ensuring that DCOD operations, staff and assets work smoothly with operations, staff and assets deployed by other service groups.

Buzzword Bingo

Roll	Verb-like Things	Unidentifiable Things	Noun-Like Things
1	Incentivise	Interactive	Paradigm
2	Synergise	Customer-focussed	Security
3	Secure	Branded	Terrorism
4	Revise	Aware	Contingency Plans
5	Co-Ordinate	Advanced	Surveillance
6	Synchronise	Streamlined	Communists
7	Focus	Revolutionary	Efficiency
8	Instrumentalise	Middleware	Instruments
9	Confirm	Leading-edge	Protocols
10	Advance	Encoded	Preconditions
11	Transition	Multi-level	Redundant systems
12	Centralise	Secured	Assets
13	Assign	High-clearance	Resources
14	Systemise	Operational	Systems
15	Streamline	Loyalty-driven	Advancement
16	Configure	Massively	Personnel
17	Terminate	Parallel	Hostiles
18	Manage	Optimised	Model
19	Implement	Multifaceted	Policy
20	Adapt	Squamous	Structure

Switch between Jim-G and Ron-G while giving the briefing, although the players may not be able to tell the difference between them. At the end of the briefing, one of them says '*Ok, got all that? Head to the new DCOD Operational Assets Depot and pick up your Assigned Operational Assets – just grab whatever you need - then head to the YOD Sector Multilevel Transport Nexus and Shopping Funsperience – you know what to do there! Oh and to reflect the importance of your mission, you are all raised one security clearance!*'

Yep, that is two security clearances before the mission even *begins*. The DCOD's upper echelons need to be filled with high-clearance citizens.

Jim-G and Ron-G will happily answer any questions to the best of their ability, which means more rolls on the Buzzword Bingo table.

2: All Your Heavy Weapons Are Belong To Us

Episode Summary: The Troubleshooters are issued with more firepower than any sane clone would ever want.

Jim-G and Ron-G

Management 8
Oratory 12
Buzzword Bingo 14
Moxie 1
Violence 6
Disciplining Unruly Troubleshooters 10

This morningcycle, this warehouse was an Armed Forces bunker. Now, the large banner over the door declares it to be the DCODOAD. A grizzled veteran with a cone rifle stands watch outside.
Tension 3

The equipment officer in this depot is a grizzled Armed Forces veteran named Clint-O. He is a survivalist nutjob who is convinced that the bombs are going fall at any moment and that there are Commies in the walls. He is appalled at these DCOD people coming over and taking vitally needed destructive stuff out of his warehouse.

The warehouse contains the following items:
- Lots of suits of hardened ArmourAll
- Lots of cone rifles
- Lots of napalm and HEAT cone rifle shells
- Flamethrowers
- Grenades. Lots and lots of grenades.
- One force sword.
- One Secur-O-Mat Combot with stereo upgrade and wing mirrors

However, Clint-O refuses to give away any of these items. He claims they are all vitally needed for Alpha Complex security. He can, if pressed, give the characters a single YELLOW laser rifle, a handful of slightly used RED laser barrels and a smoke grenade (shopsoiled). If the characters ask for more or try to boss him around with their newly raised clearances, then Clint-O hefts his own laser rifle meaningfully. He dismisses any talk of DCOD as Commie nonsense propaganda – he has never heard of any such service group. There were eight service groups when he was a Junior Citizen; eight was good enough for Clint-O-1 and it is good enough for Clint-O-6, dagnabbit!

Clint-O

Violence 10
All Weapons 14
Laser Rifle (W3K)
Technically Illegal Cone Rifle with Explosive Shells (M3K)
ArmourAll (4)

If the characters wuss out, then have them picked up by the DCODMOD (see below). They can zap Clint-O and he probably will not get all of them with a retaliatory cone rifle shot. Or they can just call in a DCOD team and drag Clint-O off for re-education. If they call in the DCOD team, the thugs arrive in the DCODMOD.

Once the characters get past Clint-O, give them all the gear they can carry. Lavish them with firepower.

Enter The DCODMOD squad

Tension 2
DCODMOD stands for the Department of Complex Operations Defence Mobile Operations Detachment – it is a big truck covered in logos, warning signs, flashing lights and very, very loud sirens. Inside, there is a control room full of television screens, chemical sniffers, interrogation booths and other gadgets, as well as a DCODMOD squad of a dozen DCOD goons who are subordinate to the Troubleshooters. They have got lackeys!

You are going to kill off these lackeys as much as possible. The point of DCOD lackeys is to be collateral damage to the Troubleshooter's absurd weapons. Keep track of how many DCODs each Troubleshooter kills. Publicly honour the one who zaps the most with termination in debriefing. Encourage the players to order their lackeys into each other's line of fire.

Anyway, as soon as the characters are done with the weapons depot and have their shiny new guns, their DCODMOD arrives with a screech of tires and a hellish cacophony of sirens, alarms and patriotic music. The DCODMOD squad pile out of the vehicle and salute the Troubleshooters. The squad's commander, Carmichael-R, introduces his team. '*SIRS,*

DCODMODSQUAD ZERO-ZERO-ZERO-FOUR REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIRS! I AM CARMICHAEL-RED-2, SIRS, CLEARANCE DEE CEE OH DEE ALPHA.'

Carmichael-R is a career Armed Forces grunt and is conditioned to obey orders, no matter how clueless they are. His squad are all overarmed INFRAREDS high on combat drugs. They are trained –that is trained in the sense monkeys can be trained – in combat and blowing things up, not crowd control or investigation. They consider any sudden movements or bright lights to be a threat and meet threats with laser fire. They are not that different to Troubleshooters in this regard.

The AlertBot

The AlertBot is a glorious step forward in ensuring that the Alpha Complex citizenry are alert and informed about the threat of terrorism. It has two stumpy legs, a breath-taking* array of sensors, alarms, sirens, flashing lights, fireworks, telepathic sensors**, cameras with terrorist-recognition software and other scanners and a very big head. The head of the bot displays the current terror level, according to the following scale:
STANDARD – ELEVATED – HIGH – IMMEDIATE – IMMEDIATE ELEVATED – EXTREME – CERTAIN – EXTREMELY CERTAIN – HIGHLY CERTAIN – ELEVATED CERTAIN – TERROR ONGOING.

The AlertBot constantly monitors both the environment around it and the communications traffic across the BotNet. Whenever it detects any potential threat, it sounds an alarm and informs everyone around it, very loudly. Life with an AlertBot is calm and restful if you are deaf, blind and not actually anywhere near it.

Troubleshooter #1: All right, team, we need to -
AlertBot: ALERT! UNCONFIRMED REPORTS OF TERRORIST ACTIVITY IN ZZZ SECTOR. THREAT LEVEL RAISED TO ELEVATED! REPEAT ELEVATED THREAT LEVEL THROUGHOUT ALPHA COMPLEX.
Troubleshooter #1: - sneak in to spy on the -
AlertBot: ALERT! POSSIBLE CHEMICAL CONTAMINATION! TOXIC CHEMICAL LEVELS AT 12 PARTS PER MILLION.

SAFE LEVEL IS 10 PARTS PER MILLION. THREAT LEVEL RAISED TO HIGH. DO NOT BREATHE.
Troubleshooter #1: - the Commies.
Troubleshooter #2: Actually, I think sneaking may be off the agenda.
AlertBot: ALERT! ARMED COMMIE MUTANT TRAITORS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY! LASER FIRE! LASER FIRE! LASER FIRE TARGETING THIS UNIT! THREAT LEVEL RAISED TO ONGOING!
Troubleshooter #2: Oops. It looks like we just shot our bot. This friendly-fire tragedy brings me nothing but joy.
AlertBot: ALERT! MY REACTOR CORE IS BREACHED! RADIATION LEAK IN PROGRESS! RADIATION LEAK IN PROGRESS!

To The Nexus!

Tension 1
Someone needs to drive the DCODMOD to the YOD Sector Multilevel Transport Nexus and Shopping Funsperience. Who wants to drive the giant vehicle through the busy transtubes to the Transport Nexus? Who has got Vehicle Ops? Anyone? Anyone? Oh well. The DCODMOD is the size and shape of a giant truck and has the weight and armour of a giant tank. The smaller autocars and transbots in the tubes are not and do not. Fail that Vehicle Ops check and you have got chunky red salsa.

Further, consider the phrase 'transport nexus'. The Troubleshooter's destination is a transportation hub for half a dozen sectors, so the transtubes get much more crowded as they get closer. The characters can get out and walk but they will be harangued by radio messages from DCOD demanding that they get to the mission site as quickly as possible. Here is a selection of traffic statistics for the characters to run into; then through; then over.

- Troubleshooter team in a transbot
- Corridor Running Society funrun
- Transbot full of First Church Of Christ Computer-Programmer Nunentities
- Transbot carrying a load of explosive chemical waste
- Transbot full of Junior Citizens
- High-clearance citizen in a private autocar

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*: Literally; the AlertBot has hoses that suck the air out of your lungs and test it for toxic chemicals and anthrax.
**: They do not work and just shoot alerts randomly.

Secret Society and Service Service Missions

The Troubleshooters get missions from their secret affiliations – which includes their previous service groups! In addition to their usual secret society mission(s), IntSec, Armed Forces, CPU and the other groups want to investigate/influence/sabotage DCOD. These missions can be introduced at any point up until Episode 5. DCOD goons can whisper messages to the Troubleshooters, random strangers in the transport nexus can flash recognition signals, the Troubleshooters might get passed secret notes by the briefing officers or see coded graffiti on the transtube walls. Or maybe their secret society contacts are just lazy and email the characters their missions.

Furthermore, all of the characters will be contacted secretly and individually by DCOD control and given the DCOD secret mission below.

Armed Forces: You may have been transferred to DCOD but you are still a soldier, soldier. Those bastards have requisitioned a lot of Armed Forces firepower – secure as many heavy weapons as you can. Oh and if you can show that nukes should not be in civilian hands by arranging a little user error, well, that is the way the sector vanishes in a flash of thermonuclear fire.

CPU: This new DCOD is a threat to CPU's control of directives. We need to know what they are up to. Record every DCOD directive you and work out what they are planning.

DCOD: Our beloved service group is only a few hours old! The other, established groups are already trying to destroy us, to steal our budget and reclaim our assets and personnel. Stay vigilant for signs of sabotage from other groups; if you stick with DCOD, you will be rewarded when the time comes to staff our upper echelons.

HPD&MC: This DCOD is a perfect opportunity to break CPU's authoritarian stranglehold on Alpha Complex government. If we can play CPU and DCOD off against each other, then we will be able to sweep them both away. So, your mission is to support DCOD. Cosy up to them, make them rely on HPD&MC and ensure that CPU cannot drag DCOD back under its aegis. Capiche?

IntSec: Alpha Complex security is our business! This DCOD nonsense is a glitch in the system, one we will resolve as quickly as possible. However, certain subversive elements are attempting to exploit this glitch to carve out their own petty domain within the Alpha Complex bureaucracy. Identify those who support DCOD, if possible, find evidence of their treasonous behaviour or connections.

PLC: A whole new service group means a *lot* of official stationery, uniforms, branded merchandise and other crap with a logo on it. Here's a DCOD laser-stamp that can burn their logo into anything. Tag as much equipment with the laser-stamp as you can, so they can see the value of branding. Don't worry about any burning smells, the laser isn't powerful enough to cause actual lethal damage. Just don't look at it or use it without protective gloves. Or breathe while using it.

The laser brander does indeed burn the DCOD logo into any object. It sets flammable objects alight and sears the skin six inches deep. There's a chance whenever the laser brander is switched on that the control switch breaks and it can't be switched off again. Oh and the size of the brand varies depending how far the brander is from the target surface.

Power Services: There are a few problems with our reactors. For yearcycles, we have been able to convince CPU inspectors to look the other way but a memo showed up on a High Programmer's desk saying that DCOD is claiming jurisdiction over 'key security resources including power generation'. We don't want to pay twice as many bribes – ensure that no-one from DCOD goes near any reactors, especially not in the basement of the transport nexus.

R&D: Ah! This is a wonderful opportunity for field testing some of our inventions that CPU claimed were 'too likely to lead to catastrophes beyond imagining'. DCOD is willing to deploy Eschaton-level weaponry in civilian sectors; let's help them! Here's a Black Hole generator gun – ensure that it is properly field tested. You don't want to be standing too close to it when it goes off.

The Black Hole gun fires a very small black hole, about two inches wide. The hole absorbs any matter it touches – including the barrel of the Black Hole gun, then the rest of the gun, then the hand of the person who fired it, then the rest of him, then any surrounding victims – about then, fortunately for the planet Earth, the black hole evaporates into a shower of hard radiation.

Tech Services: DCOD will need new offices and they will need to be wired. Here is 10,000 km of nanotube cabling. One end is plugged into the network backbone already – just keep this cable with you and plug it into the DCOD office when they set it up.

This mission and several secret society missions involve 10,000 kilometres of nanocabling. The nanocable is only a few molecules wide and can be seen only under ultraviolet light. There is a standard network plug at either end of the nanocable and most of the cable is wound around a small spool that can be clipped to the back of a Troubleshooter's jumpsuit. The nanocable is nearly unbreakable, so if the characters want to have finger-free fun with monowire, they can use it as a weapon.

The fun derived from having two or more nanocables tangled up is left to the fevered imagination of a terrified spider.

Anti-Mutant: Department of Operational Defence... against MUTANTS! Ensure that DCOD is aware of the danger posed by those mutant freaks!

Communists: Comrade! If this new DCOD department is focused on destroying us, then we are surely doomed. Ensure that DCOD does not come after the Communist state.

Computer Phreaks: Th3 DC0D00d3z r g3tt1ng th41r n3tw0rk b00st3d. H4ck th3 n4t b4 1ts 1nst4ll3d. Here's a 10,000 km nanocable – plug it into their network.

Corpore Metal: The R&D lab in the Golden Progress Arcology is experimenting with a new type of Asimov circuit. Blow it up but make it look like an accident. Make sure you steal a copy of the circuit.

Death Leopard: Another authoritarian government department? Fight the system!

FCCC-P: The Computer is angry! Some horrible danger to Alpha Complex has arisen and only DCOD can stop it! They are our divine saviours! Blessed are the DCOD, for they are The Computer's chosen warriors.

Frankenstein Destroyers: Bots! Bots are the true danger to Alpha Complex! DCOD must be made to see the threat of the mad bots!

Free Enterprise: Dis DCOD business is good business for us, see. They need a lot of stationery and stuff and we can sell it to dem at cut-rate prices. To do dat, we need to get rid of their existing stocks. Burn all dere paperwork and smash anything wid de DCOD logo on it.

Humanists: We need you to infiltrate DCOD for us. We've heard rumours that there is a secret security clearance called DCOD-Zeta – you've got to get that clearance!

Illuminati: Make sure you get to level 3 of the Transport Nexus.

Mystics: We're handing out free drugs at the Transport Nexus. Make sure your mission doesn't interrupt our plan to illuminate the masses!

Psion: If DCOD targets the mutant population, it will be a significant threat to Psion. Ensure that DCOD does not persecute the genetically superior!

Pro Tech: A forward-thinking, pro-technology service group that isn't R&D? Marvelous! Only we've got a giant computer brain that we want to link into the network and for that we need a direct line to the backbone. DCOD is setting up a new office near your target – take one end of this 10,000 km nanocable and make sure that the backbone connection for DCOD is plugged into our brain instead.

PURGE: We want you to plant this bomb in either the CompNode in the YOD Sector Transport Nexus or in the CPU offices in the nearby Golden Progress Arcology. It's a big bomb – your sacrifice for the cause will be remembered, friend!

Romantics: If the DCOD goes after our records and our heritage, they could wipe out our one precious link to the past. Ensure that the DCOD goes after someone else! Protect the Romantic organisation!

Sierra Club: We need you to take this pot plant and keep it safe. Keep it on your person at all times. You're not allergic to anything, are you?

4: Some, None or More of You are Traitors

Episode Summary: Nothing whatsoever is wrong at the Transport Nexus. Then the Troubleshooters show up.

The YOD Sector Multilevel Transport Nexus and Shopping Funsperience is, indeed, a multilevel transport nexus and shopping funsperience. The transtube tunnels are all INFRARED but as they approach the nexus, they split into several tunnels classified by security clearance so that passenger-citizens can exit their transbots at a station suitable for their clearance and enjoy a shopping funsperience commensurate with their needs and resources. Your humble, salt-of-the-complex INFRARED gets dumped on the lowest level and must push through the heaving crowds to a solitary vending machine; a GREEN functionary gets off at a nicely scrubbed station and can purchase Soylent GREEN and a small piece of hydroponic fruit from an obsequious serving-bot. The transport nexus is all controlled by a dedicated CompNode on the top level.

Level -1 – Maintenance: Dim dark tunnels, throbbing nuclear reactors, cavernous sidings full of rusting retired transbots (whose rotting bot brains now worship a strange and blasphemous god), store-rooms full of out-of-date Crunchee-Tyme chips (in depreciated BBQish flavour) and very few people who are not cannibal mutants.

Oh, because of the problems with plumbing caused by the Toilet Tesseract, there are a number of urinals on the INFRARED level that vent waste directly to storerooms in this area.

Level 0 – INFRARED: The INFRARED station. A labyrinth of soot-stained and filthy platforms unimaginably crowded. The only light comes from the flickering television screens; the air is thick with soot, sweat and sedatives. The Computer's loyalty jingles echo through the halls endlessly. There is a regular INFRARED market meet in the middle of the main concourse, where the view of the security cameras is blocked by the crowds.

Level 1 – RED/ORANGE: A cheery plastic realm, crowded with vending machines and other shops. The screens here mostly work and display a bewildering array of options. Newly-promoted citizens cower and gibber, overwhelmed by too many choices and codes. Experienced commuters wave access cards and decode timetables with ease.

The Toilet Tesseract: The original designers of the Transport Nexus made one small error. To simplify the plumbing, they put all the restrooms on the same level instead of breaking them up by clearance level. Of course, the high-clearance citizens refused to share facilities with the lower-clearances, so the designers had to make some hasty changes. They built narrow stairwells, winding access corridors and tubes that run out of the building, then back in at another point to ensure that every section of the nexus had equal access to the facilities.

Just looking at a map of the toilet tesseract can drive a citizen mad. Long-term employees just follow the signs for the restroom and ignore the path they must take – the quickest route from the RED Sector 3 security checkpoint to the bathroom is up one stairs, down another, along a corridor, through the clearly marked crawlspace, up another stairs, down a slide, dash across a transtube, then up a one-person elevator to a single RED bathroom stall in the middle of a YELLOW restroom.

Those fortunate enough to possess the Mighty Bladder mutation survive in the hellish wastes of the transport nexus.

Level 2 – YELLOW/GREEN: Much like Level 1, only with better security, faster trains, better food and fewer people.

Level 3 – BLUE+: The high-clearance citizen sees very little traffic – most citizens at this level have private autocars or transbots of their own and do not need to use public transport. Most of this level is astonishingly exclusive and expensive shops.

Level 4 – Management: This level of the nexus is a maze of offices and workrooms. There is an unofficial civil war between the Tech Services transport staff and the PLC shop staff, which often breaks out into armed conflict. The CPU management drones keep to their well-fortified offices.

Level 5 – CompNode: The top level of the nexus contains a CompNode whose sole purpose is to co-ordinate the swarms of transbots zooming in and out of the nexus. It has developed a keen sense of the aesthetic and occasionally stops all traffic so it can admire a pretty configuration of lights.

Welcome to the Nexus
Tension 10

Depending on where the characters abandon their DCODMOD, they either trudge up to the pedestrian entrance of the transport nexus or drive right into the heart of the nexus and set up their command station right in the main concourse. Either way, the characters will soon be contacted by the staff, specifically the Chief Operating Officer Winston-B. He's a clone who has found his niche in life – he likes playing with trains and has an extensive collection of Old Reckoning model trains in his office.

Winston-B hates things that disrupt his beloved train set but he is also easily bullied. He rose to BLUE thanks to his Uncanny Luck. He relies on his subordinates to deal with any problems; when they fail, he hides and plays with his train set until they go away.

Anyway, the Troubleshooters are hanging around this big train station with a lot of guns, goons and entirely cryptic and meaningless instructions. Some things are about to wrong. If the Troubleshooters are very, very clever, they might not make matters much worse. Each of these little mini-crises happens on one of the levels of the Transport Nexus.

Unless the characters specifically countermand Carmichael, he sends the DCODMOD squad out to secure the whole nexus. Otherwise, the squad sticks with the Troubleshooter team, posing with their very big guns and shouting stuff like 'room is clear', 'position secure' and so forth.

Chemical Sniffers (level -1)
Tension 2
*'*bzzt* Sir, we're picking up a potential bioweapons threat in the subbasement levels down here. It's… it's off the scale, sir. Sir, sir… I'm scared sir.'*

A DCODMOD squad member has detected one of the sealed storerooms in the

Transport Nexus. The urine flood rushes into the reactor core. There is a shower of sparks, another siren starts up and the reactor starts to overload. Things will soon explode unless someone goes in and presses the Emergency Reactor Purge button, which will turn off the reactor but also zaps that heroic someone with a lethal dose of radiation.

The Mystic Connection (level 1)

Tension 4

Currently running on Level 1 – a free drink promotion for Multivitamin Yummy Special Taste Instant Cola, a new experimental beverage. Anyone passing through level 1 gets a free cup of Multivitamin Yummy Special Taste Instant Cola or MYSTIC. It's a Mystic scam – the 'cola beverage' is actually a hallucinogenic drug designed to enlighten the imbiber. It causes wild hallucinations, mostly involving giant mutant cockroaches bursting out of the walls. Or the floor. Or that B3 can lying on the floor. Or your eyes. There are giant mutant cockroaches bursting out of your eyes, oh god.

Any characters or DCODMOD squad members who visit this level will be offered a drink by a MYSTIC sales representative. Note that most of the sales reps are not Mystics – the scam was organised above their security clearance. DCODMOD squad members will soon ask the Troubleshooters for permission to engage the giant bugs in the ceiling…

Bathroom Alert (Toilet Tesseract)

Tension 20

While the Troubleshooters are with Winston-B, he gets an alert message, informing him that a RED-clearance citizen – a potential assassin – has been sighted in a BLUE-clearance bathroom. (If the characters fail to jump on this, they will get complaints from DCOD central that they are not responding to crises fast enough.) All that happened was that some poor RED got confused by the Toilet Tesseract and wandered into the wrong area but the paranoid BLUE is treating the whole thing as an assassination attempt.

The BLUE citizen is Cyril-B-PUM-3, a CPU analyst specialising in brain scanning. He's got a case containing some 200 1cm flash-

subbasement that contain several thousand tons of INFRARED urine. The concentrated drug residue in that gunk is what set off the chemical sniffer.

The door is welded shut and is nearly airtight. Officially, it's a storeroom containing spare transport transmissions but all of the transport nexus technicians know about the urine reservoir and will therefore refuse to open the door. They also refuse to talk about what is behind the door, as they know that they

are guilty of illegally storing biological waste without a permit.

If the characters blow open the door, they are greeted with a flood of rich, thick, drug-infused yellow goop that pours out of the vault and rushes down the corridor. Characters may be washed away into the Underplex, drowned by IR piss, or simply smell very bad.

Worse, directly opposite the door is a back entrance to one of the reactors powering the

frozen cubes of Troubleshooter brain, all of which need to be scanned for signs of treason. Unfortunately, in his panic, Cyril-B knocked over the case and bits of rapidly thawing brain are now sliding around the blue tiles.

The RED is Wally-R-YOD-2, a food vat tester. He's absolutely terrified by the flashing lights and blaring sirens he set off when he opened a door into a high-clearance bathroom.

Securing Security (level 2)

Tension 10
At the entrance to the YELLOW/GREEN level, there is an IntSec security checkpoint, where they are checking ME cards. The ME cards of all DCOD personnel have been updated to reflect their new assignment but the IntSec list of approved assignments has not been updated. Therefore, anyone in DCOD will be identified as a potential Commie infiltrator by the IntSec security staff.

The checkpoint consists of a pair of bot gun turrets, a combined ME scanner/metal detector/ x-ray/termination booth and a confession booth/holding cell. The commander of the IntSec personnel is Harriet-O-YDC, a by-the-book bureaucrat who holds onto her rulebook with every atom of her being.

Any DCOD personnel sent to Level 2 will be stopped and arrested by Harriet-O, then placed in the confession booth to explain to Friend Computer why they tried to get through an IntSec security checkpoint with fraudulent ME cards.

Conspiracy (level 3)

Tension 0
A Troubleshooter exploring this level comes to a locked door. From beyond, he can hear voices… spooky voices. He's eavesdropping on a meeting between representatives of three other service groups (CPU, IntSec and HPD&MC), plotting to destroy DCOD and take the new group's budget for their own. For inexplicable reasons, they speak in dodgy pseudo-Shakespearian tones.

CPU: How shall it be done?
IntSec: By fire and by shadow.
HPD&MC: By fire? No, 'tis banned within the domed chambers of our beloved Alpha Complex.
IntSec: So, just by shadow then.
CPU: Aye.

IntSec: It shall be so. Our agent, cloaked in lies, worms its way to our foe's most trusted counsel.
HPD&MC: And Brownie-U?
CPU: A fool, within the 20th percentile of genetic crapulence.
IntSec: 'tis well, there's naught to hinder our design.
CPU: Then threefold shall we cleave their budget, dividing it severally amongst us three.
HPD&MC: Huzzah!
IntSec: Huzzah!
CPU: What of our Friend, whose constant electronic surveillance is not at all inconvenient to our schemes?
HPD&MC: Leave It to me; I'll weave a spell 'pon Our Friend C so that it will be lulled into a false sense of security.
IntSec: I mislike these rhymes.
CPU: Indeed, leave 'em out.
HPD&MC: Sorry.
CPU: When shall we three meet again?
HPD&MC: Next twosday.

5: The Taking of Office 29

Episode Summary: Nice office. DCOD is taking it.

A short distance from the YOD Sector Multilevel Transport Nexus and Shopping Funsperience is the YOD Golden Progress Arcology, one of the swankiest office buildings in Alpha Complex.

DCOD wants it. The Troubleshooters are the closest DCOD unit to the building. The Computer has cleared DCOD to commandeer the building. Unfortunately, The Computer has not informed anyone in the building about this change in ownership. As soon as DCOD takes over the building, though, anyone who doesn't have DCOD-alpha security clearance is committing treason and must be terminated…

The Word From Central

Tension 5

The Troubleshooters are called by Jim-G and Ron-G.
'Hi guys! You're doing a hell of a job at YOD Sector!'
'Hell of a job!'
'A hell of a job! Anyway, we need you to redeploy your assets over to the Golden Progress Arcology. It's just a

few corridors over-'
'And it's our new sector office!'
'Yeah, we've got the HPD&MC Form 5220 slash A form, Transfer of Secure Structure Service Assignment (Non-Residential) right here and I've got to tell you I'm very excited about this!'
'Very excited!'
'Anyway, we need you to redeploy your assets and secure the building!'
'Yeah, the whole structure is now classified DCOD-Alpha!'
'Well, it will be in about 10 minutes.'
'Yep, so get on over there and secure the building!'
'Go go go team!'

The DCODMOD should be immediately moved to the Golden Progress Arcology. If they have managed to kill off their squad, another squad will meet them there… along with several more DCODMODs and a few tankbots branded with the DCOD logo. It's a small army, drawn up on the nice patio outside the arcology. They are waiting for the Troubleshooters to make the first move.

Currently, the Golden Progress is mostly occupied by PLC and HPD&MC offices but there is a CPU service firm and an R&D lab in the building too. It's mostly YELLOW clearance. It's all very, very shiny and high-tech, all marble surfaces and water features and bright lights and abstract-art loyalty posters.

You're Not Cleared For This Building

Tension 5
Anyway, the Troubleshooters march in and the first thing they see is the reception desk, which appears to be hewn from a chunk of neutronium and bigger than an aircraft carrier. It's an epic desk, the reception desk of the gods. Behind it is the ReceptionBot, a huge chrome head with laser-beam eyes. The ReceptionBot is unfailingly polite but its mission in life is to keep unwanted visitors and bothersome citizens out of the Golden Progress Arcology. The ReceptionBot's first reaction to anything is to inform you that [TOPIC OF YOUR REQUEST] is in a meeting. Press it further and it promises that [TOPIC OF YOUR REQUEST] will call you right back. Then the laser eyes start zapping.

Anyway, the ReceptionBot will refuse any attempts by the Troubleshooters to inform the building staff about the transfer of the Arcology

to DCOD. As soon as they try to push past, the bot starts zapping them. If the characters delay too long, then DCOD Central contacts them and informs them that the Golden Progress Arcology is now classified DCOD-Alpha and that their surveillance cameras are picking up numerous traitors in the building. Wipe them out, all of them! But don't damage the office – any damage to the Golden Progress Arcology will be the responsibility of the Troubleshooters.

So, the characters need to storm an office building and terminate or incapacitate all those inside without damaging the block. This is eminently doable, if the players consider their tactical options and make a methodical advance through the building using teamwork and stealth. And are playing ASL or something.

Bridge Over The Ornamental Water Feature

There is a really impressive water feature in the upper lobby; fountains leap into the air from crystal fonts and cascade over a statue of a square-jawed Hero of Our Complex holding a vile Commie face down in the water below. A walkway runs above the fountain; the churning waters splash off the transparent Perspex of the walkway's floor. Standing on the walkway are half a dozen office drones from the PLC Firm *FunBall Sport Dynamics,* who aren't going to go quietly in to that termination booth just because they don't have DCOD-alpha clearance. They're armed with FunBalls and FunSticks, including the non-regulation Xtreme FunBall XL FunBalls, aka frag grenades.

While the Troubleshooters are pinned down by the hail of brightly coloured, very bouncy and very fun grenades, Big Bob-Y the ex-FunBall star plans to creep down by a back stairs and redirect the fountain's spray to push the big statue over on top of the Troubleshooters.

The R&D Lab

The R&D facility in the Golden Progress Arcology is working on a new method for producing nanocabling. Basically, you take a common spider from Outdoors and you graft the genes to produces unbreakable high-bandwidth computer cabling into it. Then you think '*this is a really great spider that produces network cable instead of webbing but it just isn't big enough. What if I also tweaked its genetic code and fed it loads of drugs until it grew to the size of a giant monster and we had to keep it in a cage?'* There are a lot of nanocable spools lying around here, not to mention nanocable strands just drifting around at shin height. The technicians in the lab all wear brightly glowing purple goggles that emit UV light and make the cables clearly visible.

The spider is technically treasonous – it's from Outdoors, after all and not the sort of thing that a good R&D scientist should be messing with. The R&D scientists are not too worried about that, though – their main fear is that if they are kicked out of the building without time to shut down their lab properly, the giant mutant spider monster that spits monofilament wire will come out of its sedative haze, slice its cage to shreds and rampage across Alpha Complex.

The spider's metabolism, by the way, is artificially accelerated. It will come out of its sedative haze about a minute after the drug feed is switched off. The drug feed needs to be constantly monitored and rebalanced to keep the spider sedated.

The Battle of the Stationery Cupboard

Up on floor five, the office workers in the CPU office are going to fight back but they don't have any weapons. They do have the contents of their high-power stationery cupboard, including a gauss stapler and highly toxic highlighter pens. Armoured with thick pads of solid paperwork and armed with heavy rubber

stamps, the CPU staff will defend their desks to the death! In this zone, the Troubleshooters will face such foes as the Office Worker With A Sharpened Clipboard, The Improvised Tank Made Out Of Photocopiers, The Water Cooler Pillbox, The Guy Who Really Wanted To Be A Vulture Trooper And Has A Toy Cone Rifle…

They're In The Air Ducts, Man

There actually are traitors in the Golden Progress Arcology building. PURGE quite openly booked a meeting room for a rally, assuming that no-one would actually bother to check the meeting room roster. Now that the building is under attack, the heavily armed PURGE terrorists have taken to the air ducts, hoping to escape to the Underplex. Unfortunately for them, the Golden Progress Arcology's exciting architecture exposes the pipes and air ducts, and the sound of 20 armed PURGErs climbing through the ducts is clearly audible. The PURGErs will shoot back as soon as they are discovered.

The Network Connection

The network hub for the building is on the top level. Several secret missions involve plugging things into this hub.

The Conference Room Bunker

On the top level, the high-clearance (GREEN or more) executives in the building have gathered in one secure conference room. Their spokesman is a Horace-I, a very paranoid INDIGO who is infuriated with this attack on his building but he is on his last clone and really would rather avoid being shot. The conference room is virtually invulnerable to any of the weapons that the Troubleshooters can bring to bear on it. The characters can either try to negotiate with the INDIGO or just wait for DCOD to take over the building and drag the executives off as potentially treasonous suspects.

6: A Debriefing That (Almost) Everyone Survives

Episode Summary: It's a very, very easy debriefing. Experienced players should feel their skin crawl about now.

Once DCOD are in control of the arcology, Jim-G and Ron-G show up again to debrief the Troubleshooters. They are even more enthusiastic than they were last time. Everyone gets a promotion! And a 500-credit performance bonus! And another few rolls on the Buzzword Bingo table! The Department is flush with cash, so everyone wins!

Of course, there have to be sacrifices – the Troubleshooter who got the most squad members killed just isn't a team player. We'll have to say goodbye to that clone and to any others who failed DCOD but most of the team should survive.

Finally, the Troubleshooters are brought into a conference room and personally congratulated by video-link by the new head of the Department of Complex Operational Defence – newly promoted High Programmer Brownie-U-MKE-6. Brownie-U looks very uncomfortable and nervous in his new white robes and isn't that impressive for a High Programmer. He's got a computer terminal in front of him but he doesn't know how to use it. The conversation goes like this:

Brownie-U: Er, hi, hi, who are these vatscrapes?
Paul-I (the IntSec briefing officer from earlier) leans in from the side and hands Brownie-U a piece of paper, which Brownie-U props up against his monitor.
Brownie-U: Right, ok, put them though.
Jim-G: We're live to you now, sir.
Brownie-U: Right, er, hi. Let me just bring your details up on my computer terminal here. I'm a High Programmer, you know. *He taps some keys randomly.*
Brownie-U: OK, yeah, you guys are doing a great job, really, a great job. I'm seeing…numbers here. Lots of numbers. And those numbers, they're good numbers, really good numbers. I like these numbers and I like you. Say, we're having a party next weekcycle to show off the new mission statement for… for…
Ron-G: For the department, sir.
Brownie-U: Yeah, for the COD thing. Big party. You guys should come. All you guys. See you then.

Interlude

Between the end of this mission and the start of the next part of this book, there's plenty of time to run another few missions. DCOD members basically work like Troubleshooters, so you don't need to change anything at all.

3. War On [Insert Noun Here]

Several days have passed since the forced takeover of the arcology. In that time, the Department has brought in lots of staff, equipment, guns, cameras, computers, thugs, more thugs and shiny shiny logos. They have not actually done anything to Defend the Operations of Alpha Complex but that will come in time, right…?

1: Hot Potato Mission

Episode Synopsis: The Troubleshooters are given an important new mission, one vitally important to the future of the whole Department of Complex Operational Defence – specifically, they need to work out exactly what the Department is Defending Complex Operations from. More and more very important citizens show up, demanding that the characters declare war on other nouns or make it clear that certain nouns are quite outside the scope of the war.

The Tension for this whole section is 3.

'*You're all sitting at your desks in the newly renovated DCOD offices in YOD Sector. You've got a brand-new high-end workstation each, a big stack of blank pages and forms lavishly belogoed with the DCOD symbol, a shiny new laser pistol and a cup of hot CoffeeLike. Life is good.*

'*All around you are other DCOD agents, hard at work. You're not entirely sure what they're hard at work doing, though – you guys certainly don't have anything to do. How are you looking busy today, citizen?*'

Once the characters have justified their existence for a few minutes, their computers all bleep simultaneously – it's an email. And it's not spam!

Jim-G and Ron-G are waiting in the briefing room, eager to get started. They have a large blank whiteboard and a lot of enthusiasm but no ideas whatsoever.

Basically, the characters need to come up with a war on *something* to justify DCOD's existence. A War on Commies, a War on Drugs, a War on Outdoors, a War on Mutants, a War on Fashion, a War on Not Saluting

From: Jim & Ron <Jim-G@DCOD/YOD>
To: <team>
CC: Paul-I,
Subject: Fw: Fwd: Fw: Fw: re: fw: meeting agenda
Clearance: DCOD-Alpha DCOD-Beta DCOD-Gamma DCOD-Episilon INDIGO

Hi guys,
read this, then meet us in the briefing room. Bring your thinking caps!
Jim and Ron!

>Jim, Ron, I've got an exciting mission for you. We need a mission statement that precisely describes what DCOD does >and how it doesn't overlap with any of the other service groups. It needs to be:
>* Punchy and succinct
>* Demonstrate how absolutely vital DCOD is
>* Protect and expand our budget
>* Justify our resource utilisation
>* Be alarming, yet comforting
>* Not overlap with any of the other service groups
>* Fit on our logo
>* Show our commitment to defending the operations of Alpha Complex
>* Original and exciting
>* NOT TREASONOUS
>* On my desk before close of business today

>>That sounds like a TREASONOUS lack of attention to duty.

>>>Sure... what exactly do we do? I've read all our documents, and I'm still not exactly sure what service we offer that >>>the other groups don't..
>>>>cant deal with this now you do it

>>>>>have one of your staff write up a mission statement that we can take to the meeting. It needs to be on my desk by >>>>>Fivesday morning.
>>>>>Failure is not an option.
>>>>>>Paul-I
>>>>>This email is classified DCOD-secure. If you do not have DCOD clearance or have not been authorised for >>>>>temporary DCOD-access and signed form DCOD/5442/c with the permission of your direct superior, then you >>>>>are in breach of DCOD secure email protocol and should immediately contact your local DCOD office. >>>>>Information contained within this email may not necessarily reflect the official position of the Department of >>>>>Complex Operational Defence, Alpha Complex, The Computer or any other groups, persons or entities.

>>>>>>paul, I don't get what this vatscrape's asking me. Can you find some code 7 fodder to knock something >>>>>>together?
>>>>>>
>>>>>>Brownie-U
>>>>>>*High Programmers Do What You're Not Cleared For*

>>>>>>>We'll need to co-ordinate efforts between the Department of Complex Operational Defence >>and our field >>>>>>>offices. Can you give me an outline of your goals for this yearcycle, to >>maximise efficiency and ensure we >>>>>>>don't needlessly step on each other's territory? If I could >>have it before the sector committee meeting on >>>>>>>Fivesday, that'd be great.
>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>Hail Friend Computer
>>>>>>>Tom-I

When A Higher Clearance Clone Addresses You – whatever it is, as long as it is sounds inspiring and threatening enough to justify the existence of a whole new service group to fight that war. The more nebulous the threat is, the better, as long as it is a threat that is definitely not already handled by one of the other service groups, such as CPU, IntSec, the Armed Forces, HPD&MC or Tech Services (the characters are unlikely to come up with a threat best fought by Power Services or PLC).

Encourage (or remind) the characters to push their own agendas in this scene. An Anti-Mutant member should be pushing for a War on Mutants; a Frankenstein Destroyer should want a War on Bots, a Mystic should demand a War On There Not Being Enough Free Drugs, Man. Give Perversity Points for funny ideas and especially twisted justifications.

While the characters are thrashing out this new mission statement for DCOD, they will be visited by a string of important dignitaries, all of whom have their own secret agenda. Drop these visitors in at any point during the meeting, one at a time. Ideally, as soon as the players settle on one good idea (it's the War on Waste!), have an NPC drop in to ruin their plans. All the visitors, by the way, have DCOD-Alpha Temporary Clearance Waiver forms.

CPU – Andy-Y, the CPU Spy

There's a knock at the door, and a young clone in a bright yellow jumpsuit walks in, escorted by a pair of armed DCOD goons. 'Hi, I'm Andy-Y' he says, 'Hail The Computer! I'm from Central Processing, I'm supposed to consult on this meeting.' He opens his briefcase and presses a button inside it and a complex structure of magnifying glasses and lenses unfolds from inside. 'Microdot forms', he explains 'means I can carry all this paperwork in one briefcase. Does anyone have a very, very small pen?'

Andy-Y is wearing a hidden microphone and a transmitter. The microphone is stuffed up his nose and the transmitter runs down his left sleeve. He therefore has to breathe through his mouth and can't bend his left arm. His mission is to get advance intelligence on DCOD's mission statement, so CPU is one step ahead of the other groups. He's got several forms that he says the characters need to fill out:

- 👁 *CPU1258/c, Temporary Use of Microdot Information Management*
- 👁 *CPU99a/2, Meeting Room Safety Assessment & Beverage Taster Feedback Form*
- 👁 *CPU115, Creative Thought Waiver*
- 👁 *CPU99a1, Sector Committee Draft Agenda*

Since the forms are in microdot, it is extremely hard to fill them out. Any vibration could jog the character's arm, causing him to scribble across several other forms. If the character trying to sign his name on the Meeting Room Safety Assessment sneezes and twitches his arm, then he's just made his mark across an Organ Donation Request form, a Request for Termination and volunteered to be a Cold Fun tester. All of Andy-Y's forms need to get filled out.

While Andy is in the room, he will keep trying to get the players to state their mission statement to his nose. He may also make the occasional status report to his superiors via his nose. He is trying to be as covert as possible but he's not a trained spy. If Andy-Y suspects that he is in danger of being found out, he'll leave the meeting room, go to the bathroom and move the microphone and transmitter to some other point on his body.

If any of the Troubleshooters are ex-CPU or Pro Tech, then Andy-Y will call them out for a private meeting and give them the uncomfortable microphone and transmitter instead. It's always much better to get the players to humiliate themselves.
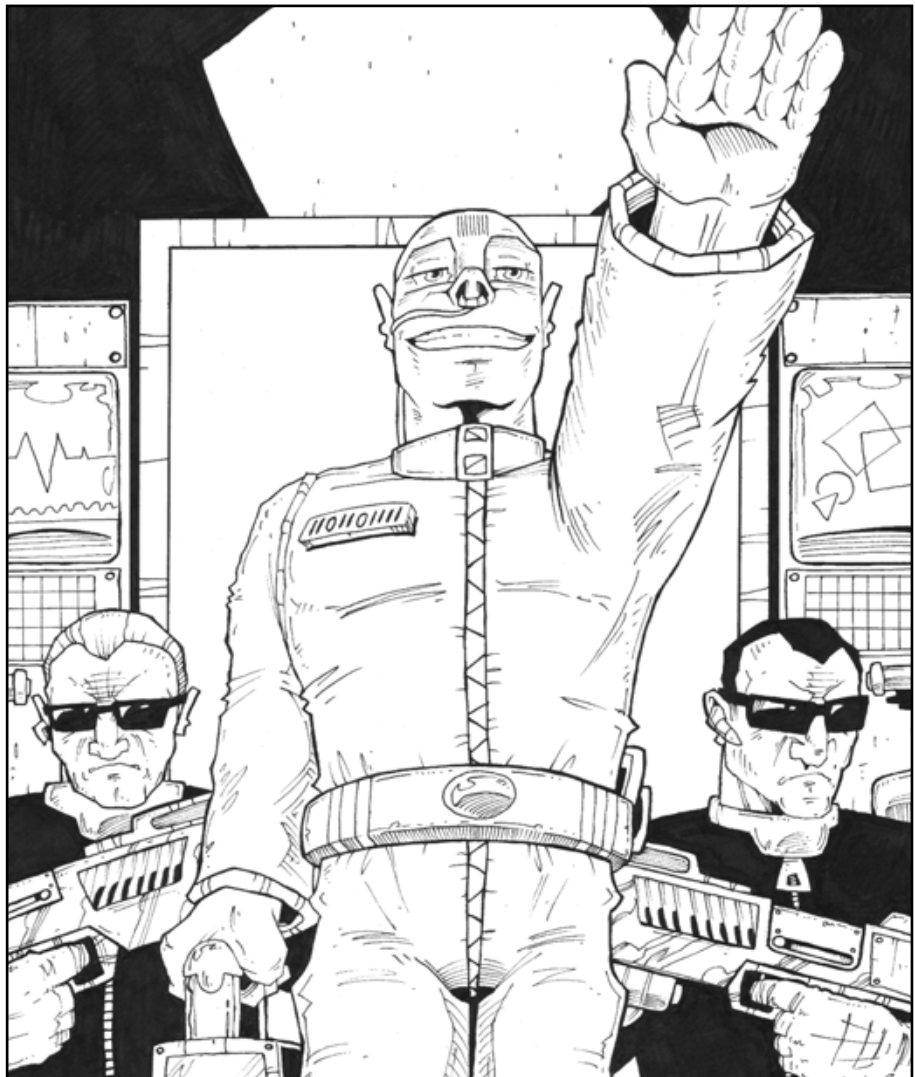
PLC – Francine-Y and her Warehouse of Wonders

'Hi guys, I'm Francine-Y from PLC. I'd like to have a quick chat with you about an exciting business opportunity!' You're not entirely sure how the citizen with the snazzy yellow jumpsuit and the big grin got in here but she's pushing very glossy brochures at you. The brochures are full of… stuff. Very strange stuff.

Francine-Y has a warehouse full of junk that she needs to sell off and DCOD has the money. If the characters can include something in the mission statement that would force DCOD to buy that junk, she'll split the profits with the characters. Everyone wins! She'll pay the characters 100 credits each per set of items purchased from the warehouse. The warehouse contains the following items:

- 50,000 jumpsuits that got dyed brown instead of ORANGE
- 1,000 drums of highly toxic chemical waste
- 100,000 misprinted posters reading 'REMEMBER TO BRAISE YOUR ELBOW, CITIZEN! HOCK THE FRIED SHOE FOR FRIEND COMPUTER.'
- 20,000 safety scissors
- An astronomic microscope satellite
- A stuffed crocodile
- 1,2643 ½ pairs of charred and once-smoking boots

Armed Forces – General Happensplatt

Suddenly, the room shakes as something very big and very loud flies past the window. It's a big ugly Armed Forces gunship and it is landing on the roof of the arcology. A few moments later, you hear the stomping of jackboots and what sounds like an awful lot of bots.

The door to the conference room bursts open and in march –HUP HUP

HUP – a squad of Vulture Troopers! They're followed by an elderly INDIGO clone, seated in a chair that looks like a horrible accident involving a wheelchair and a VultureCraft. If you can't walk and you want to cripple other people too, then that's the chair for you.

'I'm General Happensplatt-I, Alpha Complex Armed Forces. Veteran of the sixteen-year-cycle war to take Tree #649. We need to consider the complex security implications of this whole meeting!'

Happensplatt's prone to falling asleep when bored, then waking up in the middle of a flashback. If you're lucky, he won't instinctively go for his cone rifle. His job here is to communicate the Armed Forces concerns about the DCOD mission statement; these concerns can be summarised as:
- Outdoors is our turf, don't mess with it
- The Armed Forces need a full briefing on this new threat and want to know why they haven't been informed of it before now
- The Armed Forces would really hate to have to blow up the arcology if their first two concerns aren't addressed.

Tech Services – Joe-O the Network Guy

'Don't mind me,' says the ORANGE technician with a spool of cable and a network testing tool, 'I'm just here to fix your network.' He gets down on his hands and knees and starts fiddling with cables.

Joe-O is an agent of one of the secret societies not represented by the Troubleshooters. His mission – to ensure that their statement meshes with the goals of the secret society. His tool – biting sarcasm. As Joe-O wanders around the room fiddling with the computer systems, he listens to whatever the players are suggesting and mocks it mercilessly under his breath. (If the players are unwilling to talk with Joe-O in the room, have Jim-G and Ron-G prompt them to keep going.)

If the characters don't respond to Joe-O's sarcasm, then his backup plan is to threaten them. At a suitable dramatic moment, he stands up and announces that he has surreptitiously wrapped nanocables around the ankles of all the characters. All he need do is tug this cord and everyone will be legless in an instant! His escape plan is to jump out of the window on a nanocable cord* once the characters agree to his demands.

R&D – The Giant SmartBot

'Delivery for you, sir!' The delivery is a large crate. Opening it reveals a silvery bot with an oversized head. It bleeps and says 'Hecko! I am SmartBot XC9, Research and Development Prototype. I am smarter than you are. I am here to help.'

The SmartBot was sent by R&D to help the new DCOD department and not because the bot is incredibly annoying. It claims to be capable of stochastically projecting the current situation to predict the future, which translates as making cryptic comments and claiming that it was right all along. The machine's electronic simulation of an ego works much too well. Conversations with the SmartBot go like this:

Troubleshooter #1: So, we're thinking of declaring War on People Who Don't Love The Computer.
Troubleshooter #2: Yeah! Anyone who doesn't love The Computer is obviously bad and wrong!
Bot: That...is….incorrect. There is a 97.1% probability that this will result in a class three disaster with many megadeaths.
Troubleshooter #1: How? That makes no sense.
Bot: You… would… not… understand.
Troubleshooter #1: Ok, what would you suggest?
Bot: Worshipping… my… intellect… as… a… god.
Troubleshooter #2: Heresy! Only The Computer is god! So we are taught by Christ the Computer-Programmer!...er, I mean…
Troubleshooter #1: Secret society member! A traitor! Zap zap zap!
Bot: I… predicted… that… would… happen.

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*: Then vanishing into the crowd, surgically changing his face and his DNA, buying an illegal ME card and living the rest of his clone-life on the run. It's not the best plan.

Internal Security – Yuri-B Takes Names

There's another knock on the door and a DCOD intern quavers 'sir, there's someone from Internal Secu-'.

Someone interrupts him, snapping 'Are you cleared to know that I am from Internal Security?'

'No, I-'

'Report to the confession booth immediately, citizen and inform The Computer of your inability to remain information-continent. Tell Our Friend that Yuri-B sent you. Go, now.'

Yuri-B-OGN-6* is a long-serving and bitter Internal Security agent, who believes he is holding back through sheer force of will the flood of the chaos and the treason that threatens constantly to overwhelm Alpha Complex. To him, DCOD is an abomination, a colossal screw-up that is ruining his carefully-constructed web of intrigue. Yuri-B is therefore trying to get the characters to destroy DCOD by forcing them to come up with the most treasonous mission statement ever. He will do this by claiming that their previous ideas are 'censored for security reasons', which he cannot discuss with the characters. He will cite reasons of Internal Security if questioned, although anyone who questions Yuri-B just earned themselves a very dangerous enemy.

Use this encounter to throw a major spanner into the works of whatever mission statement the players are heading towards. Try to drive them towards the crazy and the nebulous.

Power Services

There is yet another knock at the door.

A clone nervously pokes his head in. 'I'm from Power Services… they asked me to…well, they said that I should go to the meeting and make sure that your mission statement thing didn't work…I don't know how to do that, can any of you help me?'

The unfortunate citizen is Gary-R; he's either clueless or an evil genius. His mission, as he just told the characters, is to sabotage their meeting and ensure that DCOD is unable to function. Like an adorable puppy that has been ordered to march into a minefield, he will ask the Troubleshooters to help him sabotage them. Gary-R claims that his Power Services supervisor will send him to the termination booth if he comes back without proof that he's sabotaged DCOD. He has a tape recorder that he's supposed to use to record whatever ludicrous and unfeasible mission statement the players come up with.

Foolish players may take pity on the hapless Gary-R and actually help him. More likely, Gary-R will end up terminated for admitting that he is here to spy on a DCOD meeting.

HPD&MC

There's yet another knock at the door and a film crew barges in. As they're setting up lights, boom microphones and cameras, one of them grins at you and says 'Hi hi hi! Hail the Computer guys, we're here to make you look fabulous! We need to have this infotainment ready to air in 30 minutes, so start as soon as you're ready!'

The HPD&MC team believe that the Troubleshooters are working on the script of an advertisement to inform the public of DCOD's mission, not coming up with DCOD's mission in the first place. They don't care about any

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*: Yuri-B also appears in *Spin Control*, a previous excellent mission from Mongoose Publishing, where he fights Zombie Lenin.

excuses offered – DCOD has a few minutes of airtime booked and that airtime needs to be filled with *something*. If the characters complain to their superiors, then they are told that DCOD needs to capture hearts and minds, so they had better get capturing.

The ad will be played on screens across Alpha Complex, informing citizens of all the wonderful things that DCOD is going to do for them and the horrible dangers that it is going to protect them from. It needs to be inspiring, yet terrifying; informative but not reveal any classified information (and pretty much everything in DCOD is classified DCOD-Alpha or more); alarming but reassuring… oh and the whole thing is sponsored by Bouncy Bubble Beverage, so the characters need to include at least four cans of B3 in the ad in a product-friendly way.

DCOD

As soon as the ad is finished, a DCOD squad marches into the office and demands that the Troubleshooters hand over the mission statement immediately – Brownie-U is off to a meeting and needs a copy of the document now! Now now now!

As soon as they get the mission statement, the thugs announce that the DCOD mission statement is now classified DCOD-epsilon – any characters without DCOD-epsilon clearance must explain why they have spent several hours in a room where the classified mission statement was being discussed. Any characters who fail to do so will be ordered to report for brainscrubbing – the survivors get an invite to the DCOD Inaugural Authorised Social Gathering!

2: It's My Party (And I'll Cry Because I'm Being Dragged Off For Termination Because I'm A Member of a Treasonous Political Party)

Episode Synopsis: Brownie-U is celebrating his promotion to ULTRAVIOLET and has invited all of his friends to his party. The Troubleshooters can come too. The Tension for this party is an alarming 12.

The noun-assassins, though, aren't on the guest list…

More Secret Society Missions

Give these to the Troubleshooters before the party.

Armed Forces: General Happensplatt-I is attending the inaugural ball but we haven't been able to get tickets for his medical attachés. The general needs to be regularly dosed with mood stabilizers or he gets confused and… nuclear. Here's a vial of mood stabilizer pills.

CPU: Our previous attempt to monitor DCOD activity through a surveillance device was not up to scratch. We want you to plant a bug on Brownie-U. Here's the bug – you need to get him to swallow it.

HPD&MC: Brownie-U's refusing to give our media team an interview – make sure that the media team has access to Brownie-U.

IntSec: Do nothing until contacted by our agents.

PLC: We've discovered that PLC employee Francine-Y is a traitor who was scamming our clients. We want her terminated but we need to do it quietly, without bringing in IntSec – it will be very embarrassing for our section if this is found out. Kill her.

Power Services: We set up the lighting system for the party yesterdaycycle but now it looks like there's a problem. It might lead to a small fire. We don't want to go back in there and admit our screw-up, so if you could just wander over and fiddle with the power feed before it explodes, that'd be super.

R&D: We've fixed the problem with the old black hole gun. Here's a replacement prototype – test it as soon as possible. (Note that the problem fixed was the lack of ergonomic grip and not the firing-the-gun-kills-the-user-and-everyone-nearby issue. That's been tagged as 'working as intended'.)

Tech Services: The lighting in the party isn't bright enough for the security cameras to work properly but the remote link is broken. Turn up the lights as much as possible.

Anti-Mutant: We must root out the mutant corruption at the highest level. Eliminate any mutants at the gathering, *after* displaying their hideous genetic deviancy to everyone.

Communists: This party is disgusting bourgeois excess, a clear sign of the corruption of Alpha Complex's elite. Here is a very big bomb – you know what to do.

Computer Phreaks: One of our agents discovered that Brownie-U's password is his favorite Approved Flavour – find out what it is so we can hack his account.

Corpore Metal: The serving bots at the party will be useful agents for us, once you have overridden their Asimov circuits with this handy pocket circuit zapper. Here's the zapper – it's got enough charge for all four serving bots. Keep the zapper away from delicate equipment, as it can overload sensitive circuits.

Death Leopard: Disrupting a high-clearance party is totally the way to become an Ultimate Beast, dude. To help, here's some past-its-sellby-date FizzWizz!

FCCC-P: One of our spies has identified the musicians who will be attending the party as Commie Mutant Traitors – stop them from playing!

Frankenstein Destroyers: Destroy that SmartBot! We can't have unthinking dumb machines taking over our creative jobs! We've planted a bomb in one of the serving bots – use that to blow up the SmartBot.

Free Enterprise: Francine-Y's one of ours and she's feeling the heat from PLC. Smuggle her out of the party and give her a job in DCOD.

Humanists: One of our high-level deep cover agents will be at the party and we need to activate him. He's been hypnotized to believe he's a lackey of The Computer but if you say '*I feel a burning in my other pants',* it'll break his conditioning.

Illuminati: Disable the lights for precisely 22 seconds, one minute after our agent passes you a canapé with the code-word '*try this one; it's got Fun in it'.* Use this time to move away from any serving robots.

Mystics: We need all the real food you can steal from the buffet.

Psion: Our psychics have picked up some disturbing psychic echoes centering on the party. The phrases '*I feel a burning in my other pants'* and '*try this one, it's*

got Fun in it' are both highly important to someone. Also, beware the serving bots.

Pro Tech: We want you to help steal the SmartBot. It will be at the party – just turn out the lights and our agents will leap into action and botnap the bot!

PURGE: We've hidden a bomb in one of the serving bots but it's not armed. You must locate the serving bot and arm the bomb by connecting the yellow wire to the green connector.

Romantics: A Romantic cell has managed to infiltrate the party and will be playing Old Reckoning music to stir the souls of the party guests. Ensure they're not disturbed as they bring back the wonderful music of the olden times.

Sierra Club: The Armed Forces are a threat to our cause! We've smuggled a bomb in inside one of the serving bots – you've got to take that bomb and stick it to that monstrous General Happensplatt-I! We'll detonate the bomb remotely when he's in the right place.

The Cloned and the Beautiful

Tension 15
It's like a beautiful rainbow of colours – if only you knew what a rainbow was, of course. The ballroom is filled with citizens wearing uniforms coloured shades of blue and indigo you never dreamed possible. There's real food everywhere; flunkies drift through the crowd with trays of yummy, yummy snacks and glasses of some delicious beverage that makes your heads spin.

This is how the other half of Alpha Complex live. Well, other one percent anyway.

The inaugural ball for DCOD and the newly promoted ULTRAVIOLET takes place at a swanky BLUE-clearance ballroom in a sector the characters would normally never be allowed into. The characters and several other lower-clearance guests have been given temporary clearance waivers, allowing them into the ballroom.

The building is surrounded by DCOD troops and there are DCOD logos everywhere. Small TV screens play the character's TV spot on a continuous loop. At one end of the ballroom is a huge Computer terminal, with a very small bow-tie stuck to the front.

The Party Minigame

For this, you'll need some tokens, like coins or those glass bead things or plastic toys or very small people. Or you could buy official *PARANOIA*™ miniatures on eBay™ and use them. Anyway, you will need specific tokens to mark the location of the Troubleshooters and the following guests:

Brownie-U: The clone of the hour, Brownie-U is always surrounded by a knot of hangers-on and wellwishers. The eight squares surrounding Brownie-U are filled with his followers, who move with him and will push Troubleshooters with them. Brownie circulates the room anti-clockwise from his starting point, moving two squares per turn.

General Happensplatt-I: The general is running around on his mechanical spider-chair. He moves two squares forward each round in a random direction until he reaches an obstacle, then he moves off in another random direction.

Francine-Y: The nervous PLC executive on the run lurks at the edge of the ballroom and moves two squares clockwise around the edge each round.

The Serving Bots: There are four serving bots – they move two squares in a random direction each round, bouncing off the obstacles if they hit any. All four of the serving bots contain bombs, each one planted by a different secret society (PURGE, the Sierra Club, the Illuminati and the Frankenstein Destroyers).

Bot #1 has the PURGE bomb in it. It can be armed by connecting the yellow wire to the green connector and detonated by connecting the red wire to the green connector.

Bot #2 has the Sierra Club bomb. Once removed from the bot, it automatically becomes super-magnetic.

Bot #3 has the Frankenstein Destroyer bomb.

Bot #4 has the Illuminati bomb. If removed from the bot, it explodes 10 seconds later.

The Noun Assassins: The noun assassins start at the bottom entrance and move three squares per round, heading for the nearest Troubleshooter or for Brownie-U.

All the other squares on the map are filled with either furniture or the crowd of guests.

Moving

Troubleshooters act in order of who shouts first. Non-Player Characters move when it's funniest.

A Troubleshooter may move one square through the crowd without having to roll.

If the Troubleshooters want to move faster through the crowd, they need to roll Chutzpah, Sneaking or Agility or some other skill. Compare the margin of success to the following table:

Margin	
Check failed by 6+	The Troubleshooter is pushed back two squares by the crowd, taking O3D damage (roll 1d20 for the margin)
Check failed by 3-5	The Troubleshooter is pushed back one square by the crowd, taking O4D damage (roll 1d20 for the margin)
0	The Troubleshooter stays right where he is.
1-3	The Troubleshooter moves one or two squares.
4-6	The Troubleshooter moves one, two or three squares.
7+	The Troubleshooter marauds through the crowd, moving as far as he wishes this round in a straight line.

A Troubleshooter can move through the furniture perfectly normally by trampling the buffet.

Hazards

Some squares on the map contain hazards. A character who moves into a hazard square must deal with the hazard.

A: The control mechanism and power junction for the lighting rig. Several secret society missions converge here; a character pushed into the junction risks electrocution.

B: A large and surprisingly unflattering ice sculpture of Brownie-U, which is melting under the glare of the lights. Characters passing through this square double their movement and fall over comically.

C: This square contains a very irritable BLUE DCOD executive named Fabrice-B. He reacts with horror at the idea of any foul low-clearance Troubleshooter touching his brand new and exceedingly expensive designer jumpsuit. Anyone passing through this square without Bootlicking is demoted one clearance level on the spot. Fabrice-B is incredibly sarcastic and cutting and has a vastly inflated idea of his own importance in Alpha Complex.

Fabrice-B is also a Humanist deep cover agent; if his hypnotic conditioning is broken, he will become a much nicer person. Then he'll get shot by his bodyguard, for being a filthy traitor.

D: This is the trigger-happy bodyguard of Fabrice-B. If any Troubleshooter moves through his square or Fabrice-B's square at a speed of more than two squares per round or if shooting begins, then the bodyguard assumes Fabrice-B is under attack and starts shooting back. He's got Energy Weapons 13 and a GREEN laser pistol.

E: The SmartBot has been dumped in this corner to cogitate to itself. Anyone moving into the SmartBot's square gets an earful of intellectual twaddle and electric condescension.

F: The Band are playing in this square. A character running through this square will knock over one or more band members – which is bad, because there's a Motivation, Timing & Critical Assessment Cannon targeting the band. This gadget constantly monitors band performance and gives a motivational electric shock to any member who is playing in the wrong key or falling behind. If a character knocks over a band member, then the MT&CAC will target him and deliver a series of cripplingly painful electric shocks until the Troubleshooter picks up the instrument and demonstrates astonishing skill with it or is reduced to a quivering mass of unmusical jelly.

Oh and the Band are all secret Romantics who are playing treasonous music.

G: Apparently Bottomless Ornamental Pond.

H: In this square is none other than Teela-O-MLY herself, the most famous and beloved citizen in all of Alpha Complex and star of the hit vidshow, *The Teela-O-MLY Show*.

Well, there's *a* Teela-O, anyway. Regrettably, the star has been the subject of so many assassinations and terminations that she's long since blown through her original six-pack of clones and is well into replicative fading. The Computer cannot let her die as long as the show remains insanely popular, so the glamorous husk shambles fabulously onwards.

Ms. O-MLY's handlers are well aware of the star's genetic and mental degeneration and are under strict orders to ensure that Ms. O-MLY's issues are not revealed to the population at large. Therefore, Ms. O-MLY will not be questioned, photographed, asked to speak, asked to move, exposed to naked flames or any temperature above 20 degrees. Certainly, she will not be barged out of the way by Troubleshooters moving at more than one square per round. Any Troubleshooters who attempt this will get zapped by Teela-O's handlers (Energy Weapons 10, Laser pistols).

I: Very Elderly Citizen In A HoverChair. Meet Ethel-B-SHK-9. She's like your lovable old grandmother, if your grandmother was a HPD&MC supervisor whose job description includes 'alligator control'. She's in a high-power anti-gravity rocking chair. She and General Happensplatt-I have a torrid past (they were young, the hormone suppressants ran out, it was springcycle) but now loathe each other. A Troubleshooter who runs into Ethel-B's chair moving at more than one square per round will likely cause poor Ethel to shoot off at high speed across the room.

J: Regrettably Low-Hanging Crystal Chandelier.

K: Surprisingly Unstable Duct That Might Explode If Anything Hits It Too Hard.

Combat

Any attacks on targets not in the same square that miss their target will hit some innocent* bystander. Area-effect attacks will hit a number of squares equal to the whim of the Games Master. Hitting bystanders, especially higher-clearance ones, is treason, citizen and clear evidence of deep-seated subconscious hatred of The Computer and one's fellow citizens.

Remind the players that Perversity can be used to make other players miss. In fact, why not give them some Perversity points right now?

Running the Party

So, the characters are at a high-class party, full of important citizens and wonderful shiny things. Let them circulate for the first few minutes, listening to rumours and embarrassing themselves in front of high-clearance citizens. They can sample the real food buffet and learn the effects of genuine alcohol on their drug-addled metabolisms (projectile [insert bodily function here]). If they get close to Brownie-U, he wanders by muttering 'Heck of a job, guys…Heck of a job' and handing out random promotions.

Presumably, the Troubleshooters will run around doing their secret society missions for a bit. Interleave that with Intrigue at the Dinner.

Intrigue at the Dinner

At the party, Paul-I (the ex-IntSec briefing officer) appears out of the crowds and leads one of the Player Characters away for a private discussion (ideally, the same one he gave the Special Bonus Briefing too). There, he tells the Troubleshooter that *'DCOD is facing a grievous (but unspecified) danger in the near future. We must remove any weak links and purge those unwilling or unable to Defend the Operations of Alpha Complex. I want you to identify for me the members of your team who… lack commitment to DCOD.'*

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*: If anyone in Alpha Complex qualifies as 'innocent'.

		A			G		F		
		Brownie-U start							
		Bot #2					Bot #1		
K									
				B					
ENTRANCE		H				General start			ENTRANCE
		Bot #3	D				Bot #4		
Francine-Y Start			C		J				
				ENTRANCE					E

Paul-I is actually fishing for pawns to use in his IntSec-backed scheme to bring down DCOD. Note down the names of any Troubleshooters given by the DCOD Point Operations Co-Ordinator. Paul-I will speak to these 'traitors' himself and inform them of the plot to bring down DCOD. The 'loyal' DCOD members will be approached by Kelly-B, who is working for Paul-I but unaware of his treacherous plans. Kelly-B is a true believer in DCOD.

Next, some of the rest of the Troubleshooters will be approached by either Kelly-B or Paul-I. (Ideally, you want about a third of them working for Paul-I, the DCOD and another third doing Kelly-B's mission and another third feeling left-out, resentful and suspicious.

Kelly-B is Paul-I's unwitting pawn. Her message is for the Troubleshooters *not* named by the DCOD Point Operations Co-Ordinator and is as follows: *'Keep your voice down and listen closely, citizens – this is an official DCOD mission briefing. We've received intelligence that a new* threat is about to, er, threaten Alpha Complex. The nature of this threat is classified DCOD-zeta for now but it's really, er, threatening. I've been ordered to tell you now that the threat will be located down the right-hand branch of a tunnel, not the left branch and certainly not the middle branch but I'm not cleared to tell you where this tunnel is.

Anyway, we've also received word that other service groups are trying to muscle in on our territory. We need to make it clear that DCOD isn't going to be pushed around by those outdated losers in IntSec! When the mission alert comes, make sure DCOD is first on the case! Onward, brave citizens! For now, though, just enjoy the night and stay alert!'

Paul-I's briefing for the other Troubleshooters is *'You have shown your loyalty to the true power in Alpha Complex. Soon, proper order will be restored and this* DCOD nonsense will be consigned to unhistory! So will you, unless you aid me in this. When the time comes, you must follow my instructions precisely – when you are sent to the lower section of YOD Sector, you must go down the LEFT branch and ensure the rest of the team go down the RIGHT branch. Fear not – this mission is a mere simulation but its utter failure will discredit that imbecilic Brownie-U and doom DCOD! Remember – you go left, the DCOD fools go RIGHT! Oh and do not open the middle door under any circumstances.'*

The Noun Assassins

So, remember that mission statement that the Troubleshooter came up with. No matter what it was, someone in Alpha Complex took offence. Some group/secret society/bunch of lunatics in a dark room are entirely and wholeheartedly dedicated to [whatever the Troubleshooters picked as DCOD's mission]. They're willing to

kill for [whatever the Troubleshooters picked as DCOD's mission]. Precisely, they're willing to kill the Troubleshooters for [whatever the Troubleshooters picked as DCOD's mission].

It should be noted that these guys are probably the only people in all of Alpha Complex who give a damn about [whatever the Troubleshooters picked as DCOD's mission].

Anyway, the Noun Assassins break into the party with the intention of terminating Brownie-U and the Troubleshooters. They're suicidal nutcases armed with improvised weapons and explosives. The Troubleshooters would be able to deal with them easily but there are lots and lots of important collateral dama – er, bystanders. Just whipping out your laser pistol and zapping the Noun Assassins isn't the best plan.

It's the plan the Troubleshooters will use, of course. Oh well.

The Clean-Up

Once the Troubleshooters have dealt with the Noun Assassins and whatever other debacles have arisen as a result of the DCOD Inaugural Authorised Social Gathering, move onto *A Heck of a (Screw) Job, Citizen!*

4. Heck Of A (Screw) Job Citizen

It's the morning after the Inaugural Authorised Social Gathering. Everyone else in DCOD has vanished, apart from Brownie-U – it's all part of IntSec's plan to destroy the new Service Group and absorb its budget. The Troubleshooters are the only DCOD team available to stop the impending doom. Fear not! This doom is just an IntSec plot to discredit DCOD.

Unfortunately, there's also an entirely unrelated real doom.

1: The Morningcycle After

Episode Synopsis: The Troubleshooters are almost the only people left at DCOD, so they get to go on a mission.
Tension 2
Something's wrong. Something's definitely wrong.

Your vision is blurry. Your skull throbs like a poorly shielded reactor. Everything brings pain.

You are of course, very happy. It's just that Friend Computer's voice grates on your nerves a bit more this morningcycle.

Looking around the office – which also brings pain – you can almost put your shaking finger on what's wrong. The office is empty. You're the only DCOD staff here.

Suddenly, a tacnuke goes off in the office. Then it explodes again and again and you realise it's the phone ringing. At least the pain of being incinerated by a nuke would only happen a maximum of six times. The phone keeps ringing.

When an unfortunate Troubleshooter answers the phone, he's treated to a conversation with Brownie-U. The High Programmer is confused by the lack of anyone in his office and the big screen keeps talking to him and asking him hard questions. He wants the Troubleshooters

– or hell, anyone in the office – to come to the executive meeting room immediately. The Troubleshooters are all promoted to DCOD-Zeta clearance so they can attend the meeting.

If the characters search the whole arcology, the only other employees they find are:
- 👁 A still-drunk Kelly-B, sleeping under her desk with the message '*Assigned to reactor shielding duty*' stamped on her forehead
- 👁 If they got her a job, then Francine-Y is lurking in the basement, sticking price tags on DCODMODs and plotting to sell off DCOD's assets on the black market
- 👁 One very doomed INFRARED intern* named Kenny, who showed up for work bright and early.

Everyone else was contacted by IntSec and warned not to come in today. The Player Characters should feel like there are large targets on their chests and even bigger 'THESE GUYS ARE SCREWED' signs on their heads.

There, There Friend Computer

Tension 20

Hey, this is the same briefing room you stormed earlier. It's been remodelled since then and now there's a huge vidscreen taking up a whole wall. You can't help but notice there are four computer game controllers on the floor next to the screen.

Anyway, no time for that now. The big giant eyeball of Friend Computer dominates the screen and you swear it looks…worried. The eyeball darts back and forth, as jumpy as a clone on Asperquaint. High Programmer Brownie-U looks equally stressed – he's sitting at the head of the conference table, popping roll after roll of pills.

Brownie-U gestures for the Troubleshooters to sit on the Exec-Comfee Leatherish Chair2s. These chairs have a range of ComfortPlus features, such as built-in massage, heaters, drink dispenser, icemakers, drug dispensers, height adjusters, recliners, incliners, bot remote controls, anti-gravity back support, emergency airbags and brake parachutes, all controlled by switches in the seat. One buttock-twitch can activate any or all of these features.

Watch the players. Punish those who squirm with fun chair features. Remember, this is a highly important meeting with a HIGH PROGRAMMER (ok, a really clueless and doomed High Programmer) and The Computer itself. Try explaining to The Computer how you're not a Commie Mutant Traitor with Hot Fun trickling down your leg from the spigot in your chair.

Brownie-U explains the situation to the Troubleshooters. Apparently, there's a problem in the lower levels of OOA Sector and The Computer is very worried about it. It's the same problem that DCOD was created to solve. The Computer, in fact, is growing increasingly hysterical about this. It flashes up a lengthy mission report, too fast for the Troubleshooters to read but they catch the words 'CRITICAL THREAT', 'SECONDARY INCIDENT', '40 MINUTES TO DESTRUCTION', 'INTELLIGENCE BRIEFING', 'WMD' and the fact that it's all signed by Paul-I of Internal Security.

The Computer asks if DCOD can handle the problem; Brownie-U assures it that all is in hand and asks the Troubleshooters to confirm they can handle the mission. He expects rousing cheers of competence. Those failing to give rousing cheers of competence are demoted on the spot.
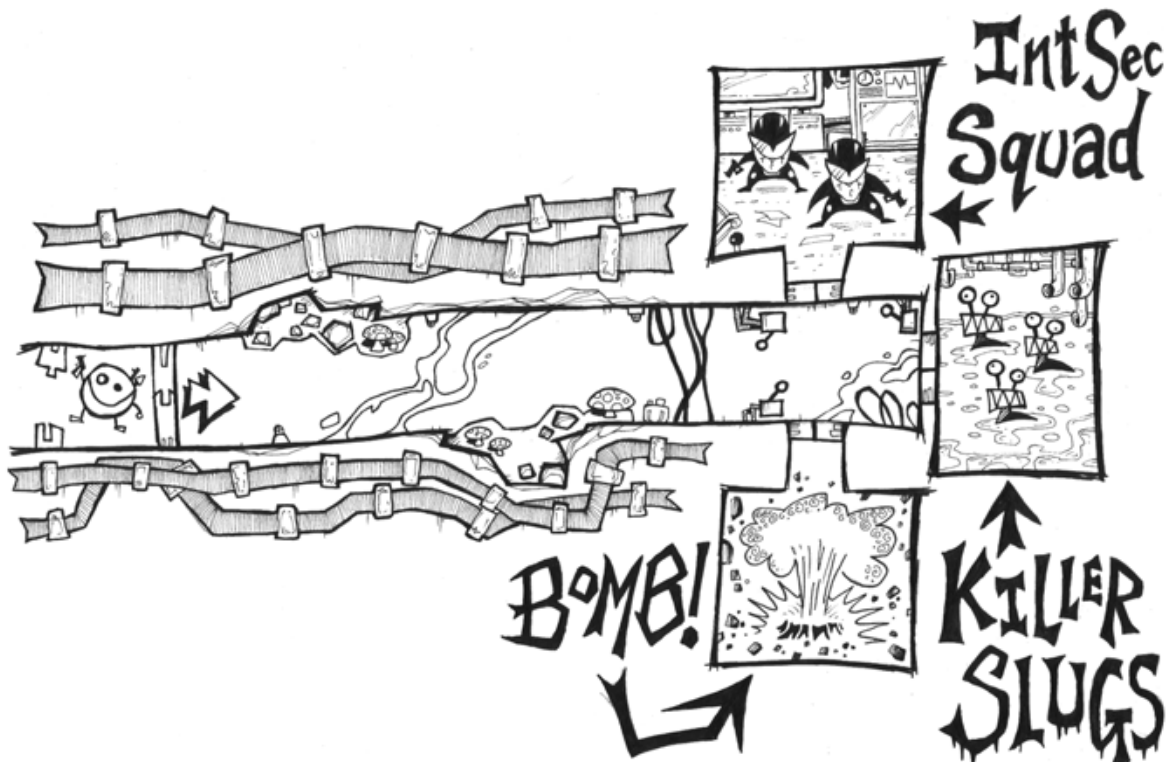
After that, it's off to the mission. The Troubleshooters can drive a DCODMOD down to the lower levels of OOA Sector, Tunnel 54392.

2: OOA Sector – Gateway to the Underplex

Episode Synopsis: There are three doors. Behind Door Number One is an IntSec team trying to discredit DCOD. Behind Door Number Two is a bomb. And Door Number Three…mutant slugs!

Tension 1

The Troubleshooters arrive at the mission location, deep under OOA Sector. It's a fetid pit of rusting pipes, crumbling concrete, mysterious stains, vile fungi and tax accountants. The characters glimpse the occasional shambling INFRARED worker or feral scrubbot but things look quiet. As the characters drive down the tunnel noted in their mission briefing, they get the feeling that they are leaving the safe and settled regions of Alpha Complex and entering a realm where terrible things dwell. Then they pass a sign that basically says the same thing but also notes they may face unavoidable

clone and communication service delays and that any deaths not incurred in the line of approved activities will result in a 250 credit clone handling fee.

The DCODMOD passes through a huge (open) blast door, underneath a steep access shaft and through another equally huge blast door. The tunnel slopes down steeply for some distance. The Troubleshooters notice huge rusting pipes on either side of the tunnel. Finally, the tunnel ends in three doors – one going left, one going right and one straight ahead. Each door is operated by a heavy electric switch located to the side of the door.

As per their briefing at the party by Paul-I, some of the Troubleshooters should want to go left; those briefed by Kelly-B should be planning on going right and suspicious Troubleshooters will be worrying about that third trapdoor in the floor.

Separate the players when they go down different tunnels. Ideally, you should end up running back and forth between three different groups of players. Split the party for fun and profit!

Left Tunnel – Doom!

The left-hand door leads to a short maintenance tunnel. Lurking at the end of this corridor is an IntSec team of a half-dozen GREEN goons led by Paul-I. As soon as the characters arrive at the end of the corridor, bright lights are shone into their eyes and the IntSec team turns them right back around and starts hurrying them back to the junction. Paul-I orders them to report that they're under attack, that they've been overrun and that DCOD can't cope. If the Troubleshooters have trouble coming up with such a report on the fly (or rather, on the run), then Paul-I will prompt them with phrases like '*critical failure of leadership', 'absolute catastrophe', 'neither fun, nor happy', 'warned by Internal Security but chose to ignore those warnings', 'incompetence on the part of Brownie-U'* and so on. The idea is to make it appear that DCOD is incompetent and that the sector is in danger. IntSec will then step in and deal with the problem. The Troubleshooters are ordered to run back to the DCOD Arcology and report their abject failure.

As they flee, they should run into the replacement clones from the right-hand tunnel.

Paul-I

Management 8
Intimidate 14
Violence 10
Projectile Weapons 14
Stealth 12
He's Behind You 18
Icer (W3K)
INDIGO Armour (E3)

IntSec Goons

Violence 8
Energy Weapons 12
Laser Rifle (W3K)
GREEN Armour (E3)

Right Tunnel - The Other Doom!

The right-hand door leads to a short maintenance tunnel. At the end of this corridor is a large bomb that is ticking down towards zero. When the Troubleshooters arrive, the nice friendly red LED display shows that they have 10 seconds left... 9 seconds left...

Unless someone's really good at Demolition, boom. New clones.

Their clone replacements won't show up for several minutes, because of the delay in getting clones down into the tunnels. The replacement clones should run right into the fleeing clones from the left-hand branch.

The Middle Tunnel - The Actual Doom!

If anyone opens the middle door, a very old alarm starts ringing. As the door opens, foul grey stagnant water begins to spurt out into the corridor. The corridors beyond this door are flooded and the water is rising.

Worse, swimming through the waters are hideous mutant slugs, each one five feet long and hungry for human flesh. Stamped on the flank of each slug are the words 'Property of Tech Services Recycling Division'. The slugs attack indiscriminately, which is nice of them. They're not judgemental. The slugs move quickly in the water and comically slowly on land. Fortunately for the slugs, the water is rising quickly.

Carnivorous Slugs

Violence 10
Agility 14
Eat People 14
Bite S3K
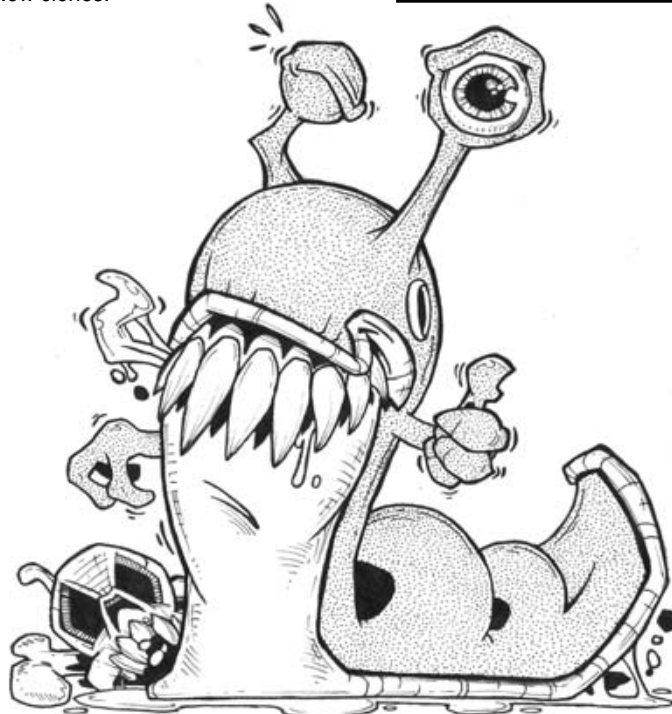
4. HECK OF A (SCREW) JOB CITIZEN

What If No-One Opens The Middle Door?

The plot of this section of the mission depends on the middle door being opened but there's no reason for the Troubleshooters to do so, other than the fact it's there and they've been told not to. That will do it for most groups but if it doesn't, then have a stray shot or the explosion from the IntSec bomb damage the door control, causing it to open.

Alternatively, just offer a dozen Perversity points to the first player to shoot the door controls.

Troubleshooters can hang around and take pot-shots at passing carnivorous slugs. Laser pistols, by the way, definitely do not work underwater. A better option is running back to the DCODMOD, which is air-tight but can't drive underwater or fleeing back up the tunnel.

So, by this point in the scenario, the Troubleshooters should be fleeing back up the tunnel, surrounded by rising floor waters and carnivorous slugs. Paul-I and his IntSec team are just noticing the water/slug issue and are about to join the Troubleshooters in fleeing.

3: Yet More Doom!

Episode Synopsis: Brownie-U shows up to help. Things get worse.

There's a light at the end of the tunnel. Two lights, in fact, are approaching alarmingly fast. The word 'onrushing' flashes across your minds as you struggle up the slope.

As it gets closer, you realise it's another DCODMOD. It slews to a halt in the middle of the tunnel. High Programmer Brownie-U hops out, followed by Kelly-B. 'Roll up your robe-sleeves, sir' she shouts after him, 'it makes you look more hands-on.'

The High Programmer waves at you. 'Er, yeah, hi guys. Heck of a job here. Heck of a job. We've got to, er, contain the, er, thing that's got to be contained. So, let's, er, contain.'

Brownie-U starts wandering towards a large control mechanism on the wall.

There's no way to physically restrain Brownie-U in time, as the characters have to climb up the slope to the airlock. They can shoot the High Programmer if they want, fulfilling the dream of every PARANOIA player since 1984.

When Brownie-U hits the control mechanism, the far door in the airlock closes – trapping the Troubleshooters, Brownie-U, Kelly-B, both DCODMODs and the IntSec thugs on the wrong side. A helpful warning sign on the inside of the door reads 'ALPHA COMPLEX EMERGENCY BLAST DOOR. WARNING: DOOR IS NOT WATERTIGHT'.

Around now, all heck should break loose. The waters are rising rapidly, the Troubleshooters are trapped on the wrong side of a door that isn't going to stop the waters anyway, and there's a heavily armed IntSec unit running around too, who want to create a catastrophe and blame it on Brownie-U.

Slug Tide Rising

The water is rising and will keep rising until it floods most of OOA Sector. It's filthy, disease-ridden and chemically tainted slime and it's full of, and we can't make this clear enough, carnivorous slugs. There's no way for the Troubleshooters to stop it, although clever plans can slow it at least. The slugs can squeeze through small gaps, including the small gaps in the blast doors.

On the bright side, the Troubleshooters are in no danger of drowning. They'll be eaten by the slugs before they drown. Swimming in Reflec armour is possible; swimming in ArmourAll isn't. Now, who picked up ArmourAll from the Armed Forces depot in *Null Mission?*

The Inner Blast Door: Troubleshooters can, if they wish, close the inner blast door. This will marginally slow the rising tide of slug water but also trap the IntSec characters and any Troubleshooters still on the wrong side of the door with the slugs.

Paul-I and the IntSecs: The Internal Security team just wanted to fake a failed DCOD mission, not create an actual catastrophe – but Paul-I would prefer to sacrifice OOA sector if that's what it takes to bring down DCOD and

seize its fat budget. Therefore, their main goal here is getting out as quickly as possible while denying they were ever actually here. Paul-I is well aware of the old *PARANOIA* mantra about debriefings going best when you're the only survivor, so if he can eliminate any Troubleshooters that he doesn't trust, so much the better. He's wary of making a direct assassination attempt on Brownie-U but his Personal Happiness Quotient would not at all be diminished if the High Programmer was eaten by slugs.

Brownie-U & Kelly-B: Are here to help!

Actually, they re here for a press conference. Brownie-U's looking forward to giving a really positive press conference showing off how DCOD's first big public mission went. He's called a HPD&MC press team and his DCODMOD vehicle is full of make-up, lights and stylish ULTRAVIOLET jumpsuits. As the crisis unfolds, his main concern is how to spin the problem so that he'll look good.

Kelly-B's angling for the job of Brownie-U's assistant, so she'll agree with whatever Brownie-U says. If she realises that Paul-I is at least partially responsible for this whole disaster, she'll drop everything and attempt to kill the treacherous and deceitful Paul-I, preferably with a slug bludgeon.

Replacement Clones

As soon as the blast doors are closed, the clone delivery technicians must use a different method when providing replacement clones for deceased Troubleshooters. Specially, they will drop them down the access shaft. But do not despair, replacement clone! You're not being dropped screaming to your next death in a murky realm of bloodthirsty slugs and toxic waste – clone services will provide you with a parachute and some relaxing drugs, so you drift calmly down to a murky realm of bloodthirsty slugs and toxic waste!

The DCODMODs

There are two Department of Complex Operational Defence Mobile Operations Detachment trucks available to the Troubleshooters – the one they drove down here and Brownie-U's one. Both of the DCODMODs are watertight (well, watertight-ish) but they cannot drive underwater and have

a severely limited air supply. A Troubleshooter who takes refuge in a DCODMOD has bought himself only a few minutes before the slugs get him.

The Access Shaft

Rejoice! There's a way out of this death trap! There's an access shaft directly above where Brownie-U parked his DCODMOD and there are three rusting metal ladders leading up to freedom and safety or at least somewhere that isn't full of rising water and carnivorous slugs. All the Troubleshooters need to do is climb the ladder and escape.

There are three ladders, A, B and C. These ladders are 12* sections long each. Keep track of who's where on each ladder. Each turn, everyone on the ladder may either climb one section or take another action, like shooting another character or trying to jump onto another ladder.

Beginning two turns after the Troubleshooters start climbing, the water reaches the bottom of the shaft. After that, it rises one ladder-section each round. Any Troubleshooters caught by the rising water get eaten by slugs. Any Troubleshooters who reach the top escape, although this is extremely unlikely. Brownie-U, Kelly-B and the IntSec squad will try and escape this way too.

There are several complications to throw in the way of the Troubleshooters for bonus extra fun.

Someone Falls Off: One of the Non-Player Characters, like an IntSec goon, falls off his ladder. Everyone beneath him on that ladder is knocked down.

Update: Friend Computer chooses the absolute wrong time to contact one of the Troubleshooters for an update. If The Computer is informed that the Incident has occurred and that DCOD can't contain it, then it panics and starts aiming nuclear missiles at OOA Sector.

Something Falls Off: Alpha Complex patrons should note that the OOA Sector Overflow Access Tube Manual Ascension Ladders are rated for one (1) user at any one time. Multiple users on a ladder may result in the ladder undergoing a total failure of its Wall Interface System.

The Media Team: Brownie-U arranged for a HPD&MC press conference unit; that media team has now set up shop at the top of the shaft. They'll use a high-power spotlight, a very long boom mike and a zoom lens to film their interview with Brownie-U and the other DCOD members as they climb the shaft.

Slugzor, Lord of the Slugs: If it's all too easy, then Slugzor the Mutant Slug King rises from the deeps and starts eating people. He can be banished with certain eldritch rituals found only in the Necronomicon.

4: The Fall of the House of DCOD

Episode Synopsis: Everyone gets debriefed, only this time nobody survives.
Tension 15

The Troubleshooters – or their clone replacements – show up at the Golden Progress Arcology. Behind them, OOA Sector is a wasteland of toxic sludge and slugs. The arcology has changed greatly while they were away – the offices have been looted of all equipment and the DCOD logo has fallen off the wall. A platoon of Armed Forces thugs meets the Troubleshooters at the door and escorts them up to the conference room. Someone has installed a large one-way mirror on one wall and the characters can make out the shape of figures watching them.

The wall screen flickers into life and The Computer's judgemental eye stares at the Troubleshooters.

Hello, Department of Complex Operational Defence employees.

This debriefing is classified DCOD-theta. You are all hereby upgraded to DCOD-theta clearance to permit you to participate in this debriefing. Now, I have some questions for you. These questions will be fun for all, especially those citizens who answer them promptly and truthfully.

It prints out a questionnaire for each Troubleshooter to fill out. Note that The Computer is still obsessed with the mysterious Incident that lead to DCOD's initial formation; Troubleshooters who fail to read the whole questionnaire and answer questions about the Incident as if it was OOA Sector flooding will likely land themselves in more trouble than they believed possible.

Once all of the forms have been filled out, The Computer announces: *The existence of the Department of Complex Operational Defence is now classified DCOD-omega. Do not refer to the service group previously referred to as the Department of Complex Operational Defence without DCOD-omega clearance.*

The Computer then reviews the answers given by the Troubleshooters. Anyone who contradicted themselves, lied, revealed treasonous behaviour or claimed to be part of DCOD is terminated. All promotions given by DCOD personnel are rolled back, bringing the characters back to whatever clearance they were at when this whole mess started. The survivors are pushed back out into the corridors of Alpha Complex.

DCOD never existed and there never was such a Department. There never was a High Programmer Brownie-U.

On the long walk back to their barracks, the Troubleshooters pass by a recycling scrubbot, dragging a battered DCOD logo behind it to the furnace.

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*: Or however many sections you need.

+++DCOD Post-Incident Incident Analysis Questionnaire +++

Name: _____ - __ - _____ - ____

DCOD Clearance Level: _____

Q1: Clarify your involvement in the Incident.

Q2: How could your involvement in the Incident have been reduced?

Q3: Do you feel that the use of Compound X32 enhanced or diminished your experience of the Incident? Explain how.

Q4: If you were involved in the Incident, did you find that standard operating protocol was sufficient to deal with the problems encountered? If yes, explain why the Incident fell outside the purview of any pre-existing service group. If no, then explain how and why you deviated from standard operating protocol without authorisation.

Q5: Please state the mission of the Department of Complex Operational Security.

Q6: Please restate this mission in your own words. None of the words of the mission may be reused.

Q7: State your opinion of Citizen [DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS], formerly head of the Department of Complex Operational Security.

Q8: Please rate the competence of Citizen [DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS] on the standard FTICOP scale. If you are unfamiliar with the FTICOP scale, do so anyway.

Q9: State your recollections of the DCOD Authorised Social Gathering.

Q10: If you were informed that an analysis of the drinks served at the DCOD Authorised Social Gathering showed a high level of restricted chemical Hocolomactin-R, how would that make you feel?

Q11: Hocolomactin-R is a hallucinogen. Does this knowledge affect your recollections of the DCOD Authorised Social Gathering?

Q12: Hocolomactin-R is a hallucinogen and an analysis of the drinks served at the DCOD Authorised Social Gathering showed a high level of restricted chemical Hocolomactin-R. Does this knowledge affect your recollections of the DCOD Authorised Social Gathering?

Q13: Who knew about the mission to OOA Sector?

Q14: State the nature of the threat to OOA Sector.

Q15: What was your reaction to the threat to OOA Sector?

Q16: With the benefit of hindsight, how would you modify this reaction?

Q17: Would you recommend that The Computer provide the benefit of hindsight to future missions?

Q18: How much Bouncy Bubble Beverage did you consume on this mission?

Q19: Which service group are you assigned to?

Q20: The existence of the Department of Complex Operational Defence is now classified DCOD-omega. Do not refer to the service group previously referred to as the Department of Complex Operational Defence without DCOD-omega clearance. Does this knowledge affect your answer to the question, "which service group are you assigned to?"

5. Pregenerated Troubleshooters

Gamesmaster Notes On The Pregenerated Troubleshooters

The pregenerated Troubleshooter team is the 'Team 88C7, 'The Not-Surrendering-Under-Any-Circumstances 88s'. Gamesmasters should be aware of the following:

Monty-R has a sleeper PURGE personality. If anyone says *Gelatinous Pudding* to him, he is compelled to follow their instructions, and gains the Demolitions skill at 10. All the PURGE agents in this mission know Monty-R's command phrase.

Rob-R is a secret Psion agent – at least he thinks he is. He's quite deluded about the nature of his psychic power. He believes that he can telepathically plant suggestions in the minds of others. In fact, he's a Pyrokinetic. Whenever he tries using his mutant power, try to make him believe that it was his suggestion that altered the target's behaviour, but in fact all he's done is start a fire somewhere nearby.

Monty-R-JRL-1
Male CPU Team Leader

Mutation: Toxic Metabolism
Society: None (See Below)
Secret Skills: None (See Below)

Background
You're ready for this! You've read all the documentation, all of it. Every briefing document, advisory, reference guide, directive, protocol, commentary, textbook and memo... everything from CPU/1/7/1, *Using citizens from multiple service groups for synergy and fun to deal with otherwise intractable problems to* CPU 6436/3224/133a, *Marching Synchronisation – Your Team's Path to Victory!* You're going to be the best, most pro-active, most qualified Team Leader ever! As CPU322/3/1 says, *Central Processing Unit is 53% more vital to the proper functioning of Alpha Complex than any other service group.* CPU issues directives that never make your brain bleed.

You haven't slept in...well, a long time. It took a long time to read all those documents. But as CPU446/3312/11 states, *excessive fatigue in team members can be dealt with through the use of approved pharmaceuticals,* so you've got lots and lots of pep pills! They make your brain go faster!

The rest of your team is just great! You love them all! Well, you do suspect one of them of being a saboteur, as things keep exploding nearby. It's probably **Brannon-R**, as she's the most aggressive, but **Rob-R** is always around when things go boom too. Your CPU contacts have also informed you that **Jonathan-R** was once BLUE-clearance, but got busted down to RED for some classified misdeed. Of the rest, **Francine-R** and

Ola-R both seem conscientious and willing to do their jobs – what more could a team leader ask for?

Secret Society Instructions
You're an honest clone! You're no secret society traitor! That said, if anyone says the keyword GELATINOUS PUDDING, you have been hypnotically conditioned to obey their instructions.

Personal Equipment
One armoured clipboard
A pile of CPU reports and advisory leaflets on team management
(2) RED laser barrels

Assigned Equipment
Laser pistol body (no barrel)
(2) RED laser barrels
Red Reflec Armour
Series 1300 PDC
Team Leader Hat

Francine-R-CAN-1
Male Armed Forces Equipment Guy

Mutation: Teleportation
Society: FCCC-P
Secret Skills: Alpha Complex History 12, Forced Conversion Under Threat Of Death 10, Meeting Machine Empaths 8

Background
You've clawed your way into this position by sheer force of will, by treachery and bloodshed, by laser and termination... in fact, at times you've had to claw your way into this position by clawing people with your fingernails. You wanted to join IntSec, but someone got you assigned to PLC instead. It's not that you don't *enjoy* counting screws in boxes, but your real mission is to save souls by converting other citizens to the Church of Christ, Computer-

Programmer. Finally, you've managed to become the team Loyalty Officer – and in this role, you can forcibly convert sinners to the Church!

Oh, there's some mission you're being sent on, but you don't really care about that. Your team leader, **Monty-R**, is usefully incompetent so you can use him as cover for sticking-your-laser-pistol-up-the-nose-of-some-unfortunate-clone-and-forcibly-welcoming-him-into-the-blessed-light-of-The-Computer. You know that **Rob-R** is an undercover IntSec agent, and that **Brannon-R** is carrying a lot of illegal equipment – most of it, guns.

Secret Society Instructions
Convert people to the Church. Save souls. If souls are unwilling to be saved, then use your position as Loyalty Officer as a big shiny bludgeon.

Personal Equipment
Box of screws
(2) Laser Barrels
(1) Syringe of powerful illegal hallucinogen

Assigned Equipment
Laser pistol body (no barrel)
(2) Laser barrels
Red Reflec Armour
Series 1300 PDC
Loyalty Officer Notebook
(3) Syringes of truth serum

Rob-R-RAE-1
Male IntSec Happiness Officer

Mutation: Telepathic Control
Society: Psion
Secret Skills: Power Studies 09, Comic Book Trivia 15, Twitchtalk 04

Background

You're a superior being, a mutant! These people around you are inferior genetic aberrations, and you will one day rule over them with an IRON FIST! You have the supreme mutant power of MIND CONTROL! You can make people do whatever you want…eventually. You concentrate real hard, and they do something like what you want them to do. Ish. Maybe. It's not that dependable.

Until then, you must bide your time. You are well positioned to strike, thanks to your position in Internal Security. You've used your powers to rise in rank, and your march to ultimate power is just beginning! You know you are destined to be GOD-KING OF ALL ALPHA COMPLEX!

Mwhahahahahahahahahahahaahahaha! Wait, better rein in the megalomania. Now is not your hourcycle! But soon! Soooooooon!

The rest of your team are all weak genetic throwbacks. These pathetic, unevolved simians are beneath you, but you must tolerate their existence until you are ready to destroy them. Beware of **Jonathan-R** and **Francine-R** – you've been informed that one of them is an Anti-Mutant thug and must be eliminated! You also saw **Ola-R** in the IntSec offices last week, but you don't know what she was doing there.

Secret Society Instructions

Your PSION masters have been quiet lately. No doubt they will contact you shortly with new instructions.

Personal Equipment

Old Reckoning Comic Books
Fire Extinguisher (1) (a lot of fires seem to happen around you)

Assigned Equipment

Laser pistol body (no barrel)
Red Reflec Armour
Series 1300 PDC
(2) Laser barrels
Happiness Pills (20)
Happiness Badge (1)
Relaxing Music Player (1)
Experimental Happiness Pill (1)

OLA-R-WRM1

Female HPD&MC Comms & Recording Officer

Mutation: Matter Eater
Society: Communist infiltrating Internal Security infiltrating Sierra Club
Secret Skills: Survival 10, Birdwatching 11, Bioweapons 10

Background

You haven't had an easy life in Alpha Complex. You're very short-sighted, and the other Junior Citizens in your crèche decided that this was a sign of mutation. You were mocked and shunned every day of your life until you left the crèche – at which point you were assigned to the production team of a kid's tv show. You hate the little monsters, and this drove you over the brink and you joined the Commies, who sent you to infiltrate Internal Security by being the most obvious Sierra Club member you could be. You hung around outside doors to Outdoors until an IntSec sweep picked you up, then turned on the waterworks and promised to spy on the Sierra Club for IntSec. Every few weekcycles, Internal Security bring you to their offices and debrief you on the latest excursion Outdoors, and you plant more and more bugs for your Commie overlords.

And now you're a Troubleshooter. You suspect IntSec arranged for this, so you can spy on the rest of the team. You think you saw one of them at the IntSec offices last week, but you saw them out of the corner of your eye and couldn't make out their features. You know that **Jonathan-R** used to be a high-clearance executive before it all went wrong, and the Commies want you to recruit him.

Secret Society Instructions

Sierra Club: Just keep watching for any chances to bring the wonders of Outdoors to Alpha Complex.
IntSec: Report any treasonous activity to your IntSec handler via the Secret IntSec transmitter.
Communists: Plant as many bugs as possible in high-clearance offices.

Personal Equipment

(6) Sticky Spy-Bugs
(1) IntSec Secret Communicator, disguised as a keychain
Very Thick Glasses
Glasses Cleaning Kit

Assigned Equipment

Laser pistol body (no barrel)
(2) RED Laser barrels
Red Reflec Armour
Series 1300 PDC
Multicorder

BRANNON-R-CDC-1

Male Armed Forces Hygiene Officer

Mutation: Adrenaline Control
Society: First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer
Secret Skills: Alpha Complex History 04, Prayers to Protect You From The Horrors of Outdoors 10, Meeting Machine Empaths 01

Background

Feh. Troubleshooters. They wouldn't last a minute in the Armed Forces! They're all wimps. If this team's going to survive this mission, they'll need to listen to you! You're the toughest bastard to ever chew his way out of a cloning tank. Whatever the mission is, there's no problem you can't solve with excessive violence!

Except for trees. And plants. And bugs. You've been Outdoors. It's hell. You're not going back out there, man, not for all the drugs in CAN Sector. It's much better to be safe and indoors where those… things can't get you. You've got to stay on the watch for missions that might send you Outdoors again! And as for those Sierra Club madmen who *want* to drag people Outdoors – they've all got be exterminated! Only the Holy Computer can keep you safe from Outdoors!

Well, only The Computer, and the Guns That He Provides. Of the rest of your team, **Monty-R** seems like he knows what he's talking about when it comes to leading. You doubt old **Jonathan-R** or weak **Ola-R** can keep up with you, and they may need to be eliminated for the good of the mission.

Secret Society Instructions

The Church wants you to expose as many traitors in the team as possible, and to report them to the Loyalty Officer, **Francine-R**.

Personal Equipment

Armed Forces Grenade Launcher (no grenades)
Armed Forces Slug Rifle (M3K)
Armed Forces Really Big Stick (S4K)

Assigned Equipment

Laser pistol body (no barrel)
(2) RED Laser barrels
Red Reflec Armour
Series 1300 PDC
Skin Core Sampler
KleenE-Wipez

Monty-R-JRL-2
Male CPU Team Leader

Service firm: Reddit Review
Service firm type: Report Readiness & Reading Level Assessment
Security Clearance: RED
Credits: 400
Tic: Sleep-deprived and strung out on pep pills

Tic 2: _____

Example of tic in use
Troubleshooter 1: Sir, how should we stop the rampaging warbot?
Roland: Yawn! Er…what was the question again?
Troubleshooter 1: Warbot, rampaging! Stopping it, how?
Roland: (eats a pep pill) Warbots! No problem! Let's go go go!

Action Skills & Specialities

Management 09
Bootlicking 13
Oratory 01
Speed-Reading Forms 15
Stealth 07
Sleight of Hand 11
High Alert 1
_____ 11
Violence 10
Energy Weapons 14
Unarmed Combat 14
Vehicular Combat 1
Sudden Burst of Pep-Pill Fuelled Violence 16

Knowledge Skills & Specialities

Hardware 06
Vehicle Ops 10
Mechanical Engineering 1
Unjamming Printers 12
Software 07
Data Analysis 11
Data Search 11
Financial Systems 1
_____ 13
Wetware 05
Pharmatherapy 09
Medical 01
Pep Pill Procurement 11

Open slots for narrow specialities:
2 (Stealth, Software)

Francine-R-CAN-1
Female PLC Loyalty Officer

Service firm: TrakTech
Service firm type: Inventory System Updaters
Security Clearance: RED
Credits: 200
Tic: Sometimes forgets she's not in church
Tic 2: _____

Example of tic in use
The Computer: Attention Troubleshooters, I have a traffic announcement for you.
Francine-R: All hail the divine Computer! I kneel before thee, my electric divinity!
Troubleshooter: Why are you kneeling, citizen?
Francine-R: Oh, I'm just…tying my bootlace.

Action Skills & Specialities

Management 08
Intimidation 12
Moxie 01
Chutzpah 12
Counting Everything In A Container Very Quickly 14
Stealth 05
Sneaking 09
Disguise 01
Sliding Under The Table At A Meeting 11
Violence 08
Energy Weapons 12
Hand Weapons 12
Projectile Weapons 01
_____ 14

Knowledge Skills & Specialities

Hardware 10
Weapons & Armour Maintenance 10
Bots Ops & Maintenance 10
Electronic Engineering 1
Knocking The Battery Out Of Your PDC 'Accidentally' 16
Software 06
C-bay 10
Hacking 1
_____ 10
Wetware 07
Medical 11
Outdoor Life 1
Truth Drug Injection 13

Open slots for narrow specialities:
2 (Violence, Software)

Rob-R-RAE-1
Male IntSec Equipment Guy

Service firm: Twitchomatic Assessment
Service firm type: Thought Surveyors
Security Clearance: RED
Credits: 201
Tic: Absurdly arrogant
Tic 2: _____

Example of tic in use
Troubleshooter: Ok, we've been assigned a cone rifle. Who wants the-
Rob-R: Only I, Rob-R-RAE, deserve this weapon!
Troubleshooter: Why?
Rob-R: Because only I am awesome enough to use it!

Action Skills & Specialities

Management 04
Chutzpah 08
Intimidation 08
Friends in Internal Security 10
Moxie 01
Bootlicking 01
Stealth 06
Shadowing 10
Sneaking 10
Security Systems 01
_____ 12
Violence 08
Energy Weapons 12
Agility 12
Field Weapons 01
_____ 14

Knowledge Skills & Specialities

Hardware 04
Electronics Engineering 08
Weapons & Armour Maintenance 01
Firefighting 10
Software 08
Data Analysis 12
Bot Programming 01
Brainwave Analysis 14
Wetware 08
Biosciences 12
Pharmatherapy 01
Holding your breath when you spray aerosols 14

Open slots for narrow specialities:
2 (Stealth, Violence)

Ola-R-WRM-1

Female HPD&MC Comms & Recording Officer

Service firm: Barn-I & Friends Production Team
Service firm type: Singalong Co-ordinators
Security Clearance: RED
Credits: 600
Tic: Blind Without Your Very Thick Glasses
Tic 2: _____

Example of tic in use
Troubleshooter 1: Look out, a Commie grenade! Duck!
Ola-R: Agh! I dropped my glasses when I ducked!
Team Leader: Team, return fire!
Ola-R: Zap zap zap!
Team Leader: Agh! I'm hit! I'm hit!

Action Skills & Specialities

Management 04
Chutzpah 08
Intimidation 08
Moxie 01
_____ 10
Stealth 08
Sneaking 12
Surveillance 12
High Alert 01
Sleight of Hand 01
Shooting Your Camera From The Hip 14
Violence 07
Energy Weapons 11
Vehicle Combat 11
Agility 01
Finding Your Glasses After They Fall Off 13

Knowledge Skills & Specialities

Hardware 08
Electronic Engineering 12
Chemical Engineering 01
Studio Lighting 14
Software 09
Data Search 13
Bot Programming 01
_____ 15
Wetware 06
Outdoor Life 10
Medic 01
Lens Care and Clearing 12

Open slots for narrow specialities:
2 (Management, Software)

Brannon-R-CDC-1

Male Armed Forces Hygiene Officer

Service firm: Thuggery, Inc
Service firm type: Crowd Control
Security Clearance: RED
Credits: 400
Tic: Salutes and shouts all the time
Tic 2: _____

Example of tic in use
Team Leader: Good daycycle, team!
Brannon-R: READY TO SERVE, SIR!
Team Leader: Calm down, citizen.
Brannon-R: I'M TOTALLY CALM, SIR!

Action Skills & Specialities

Management 07
Chutzpah 11
Intimidation 11
Con Games 01
Interrogation 01
Saluting, The Other Martial Art 13
Stealth 08
High Alert 12
Concealment 01
_____ 14
Violence 10
Energy Weapons 14
Field Weapons 14
Thrown Weapons 01
Carrying All The Guns Without Falling Over 16

Knowledge Skills & Specialities

Hardware 08
Weapons Ops & Maintenance 12
Vehicle Ops 01
_____ 14
Software 06
Hitting Computers Until They Work 12
Wetware 06 Medic 10
Pharmatherapy 01
Eating Military Rations 12

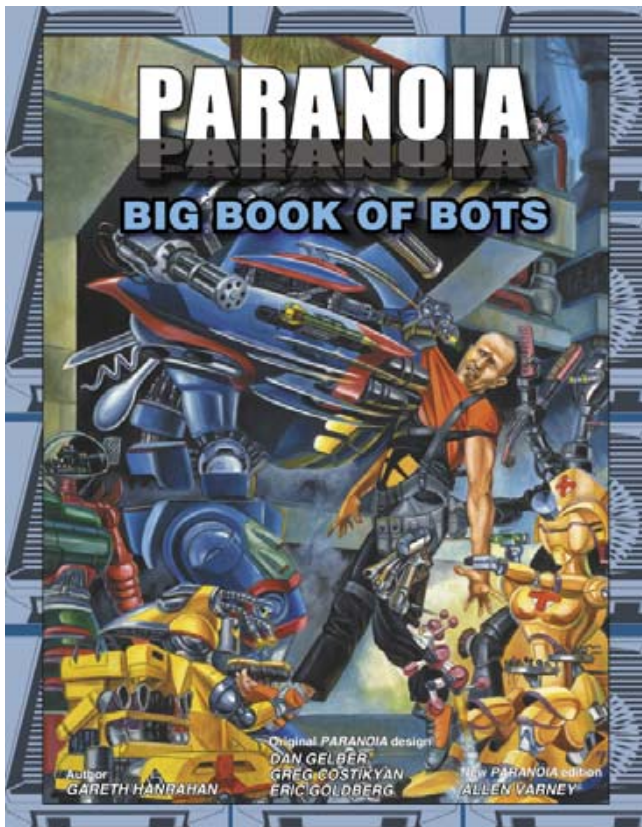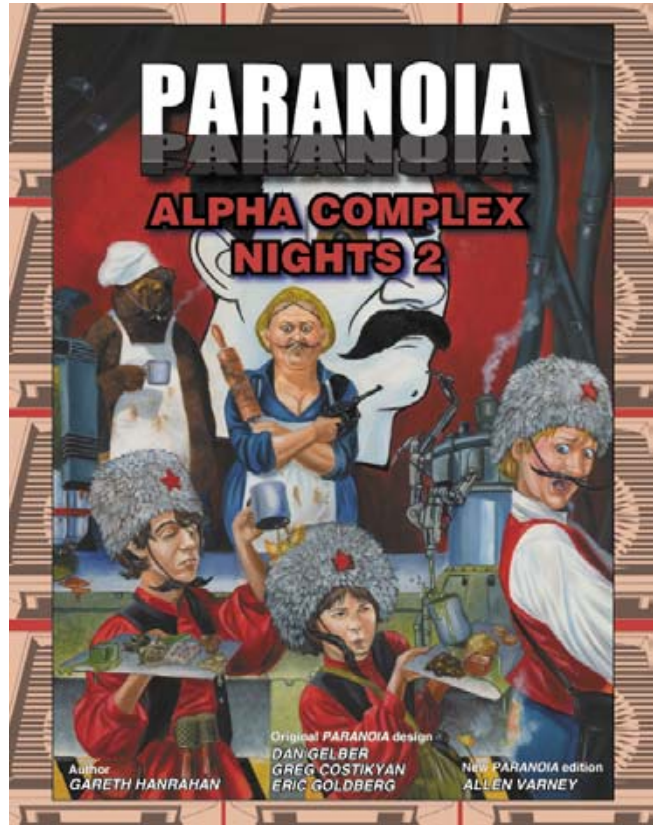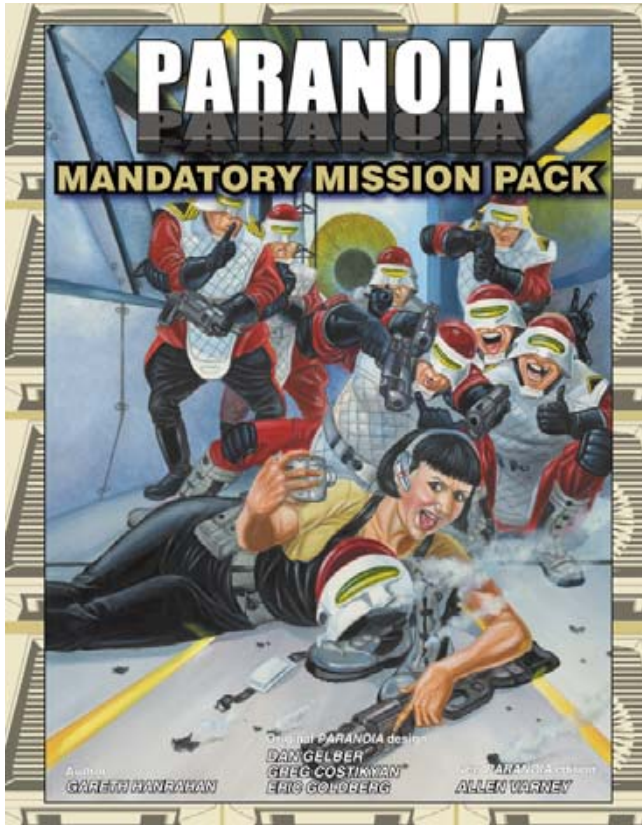**Open slots for narrow specialities:**
2 (Violence, Software)

PARANOIA ™

WAR ON [INSERT NOUN HERE]

Written by GARETH HANRAHAN
Cover Illustrated by JIM HOLLOWAY

ALERT - STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING - READ THIS MESSAGE FIRST - ALERT
Security Condition DOUBLE-ULTRA-SERIOUS

Citizen! Alpha Complex is under attack by a PREVIOUS UNKNOWN THREAT.
Only the new DEPARTMENT OF COMPLEX OPERATIONAL DEFENCE can defend us from this mysterious new threat.
YOU have been selected to serve in the new Department. This new work assignment overrides any existing work assignments. DCOD takes priority over all other departments. Alpha Complex needs you!

Welcome to the War on... well, we'll work that bit out later. For the moment, get your war on with:
* A whole new service group
* Promotions for all
* Bloated budgets and marketing surveys
* Mutant slugs

You need the PARANOIA roleplaying game to use this supplement.

For use with *PARANOIA*

For Gamemasters, not players!

A world fit for Kafka, Orwell and the Marx Brothers

PARANOIA is a satirical roleplaying game set in a darkly humorous future. A well-meaning but deranged Computer desperately protects the citizens of an underground city from secret societies, mutants and all sorts of real and imagined enemies. You play a *Troubleshooter*, one of The Computer's elite agents. You track and destroy enemies of The Computer. You hope The Computer and your fellow Troubleshooters won't find out *you* are one of these enemies.

PARANOIA: a lighthearted game of terror, death, bureaucracies, mad scientists, mutants, dangerous weapons and insane robots, which encourages players to lie, to cheat and to backstab each other at every turn.

Originally published in 1984, *PARANOIA* sold over 150,000 copies. The Mongoose edition updates *PARANOIA* for this new and more paranoid time.