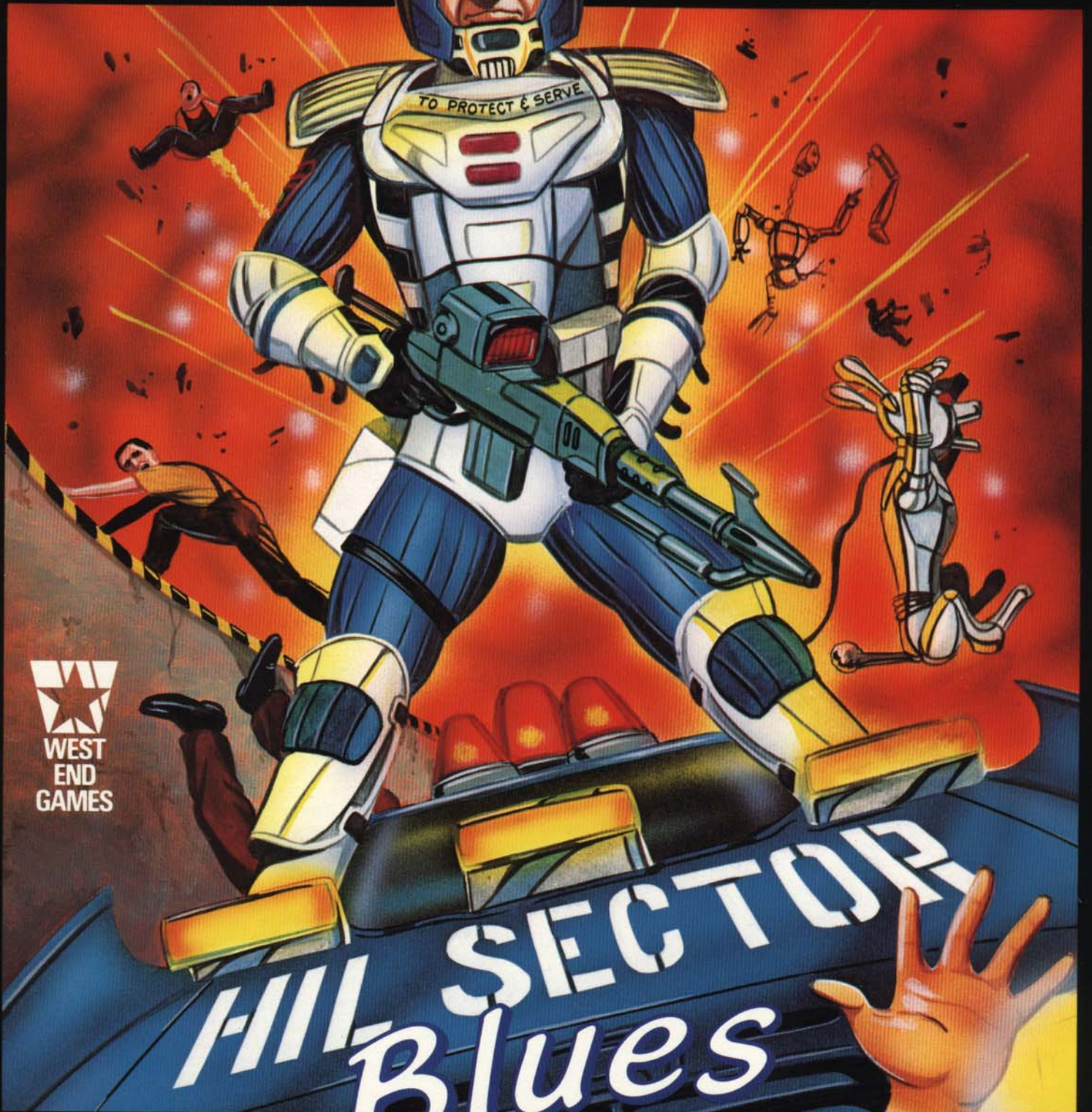


A **CAMPAIGN PACK** FOR

PARANOIA PARANOIA




WEST
END
GAMES

by Ken Rolston

CREATING A BLUE TROOPER

Here's a nice procedure for creating IntSec's finest, the famed Blue Troopers. Follow the procedure carefully. Any deviation will result in consequences too horrible to mention. You have been warned. Thank you for your cooperation.

- 1 Grab a blank character sheet, dice, writing implements, and a *Player Handbook*.
- 2 Determine the number of clones expended on the way to Blue clearance. Roll 1d10 and consult the chart:

The Official Table of Clone Counting

1d10 Die-roll	Current Clone Number
1	#2
2-3	#3
4-7	#4
8-9	#5
10	#6

- 3 Roll up a standard character using the procedure outlined in the *Player Handbook* page 8, parts 1-4.
- 4 Determine the Service Group your character belonged to before transferring to Internal Security, page 8, part 5. (You are now a member of IntSec. Write it down.)
- 5 Determine your character's mutant powers. Being a Blue Trooper, you get two. Roll once on Table 3.5.1, Normal Mutant Powers, and once on Table 3.5.2, Extraordinary Mutant Powers.
- 6 Complete part 7 as usual, using either Secret Society Table 3.6.1, or the New, Improved Secret Society Table in the *ACUTE PARANOIA* supplement.
- 7 Record the skills developed at Trooper Academy:

- Basics (1)
 - Melee Combat (2)
 - neurowhip (12)
 - unarmed (7)
- Aimed Weapon Combat (2)
 - laser (3)
 - pistol (12)
 - rifle (12)
 - projectile (3)
 - pistol (7)
 - rifle (7)
- Special Services (2)
 - chemical weapons (3)
 - surveillance (3)
 - security (3)

Spend 5 skill points on other Basics skills (your choice).

- Personal Development (1)
 - Communication (2)
 - intimidation (3)
- Leadership (2)
 - interrogation (3)

Spend 5 skill points on other Personal Development skills (your choice).

- Vehicle Services (1)
 - Operation and Repair (2)
 - autocar (3)
- Tech Services (1)
 - Robotics (2)
 - operation (3)
 - guardbot (4)
 - snooper (4)

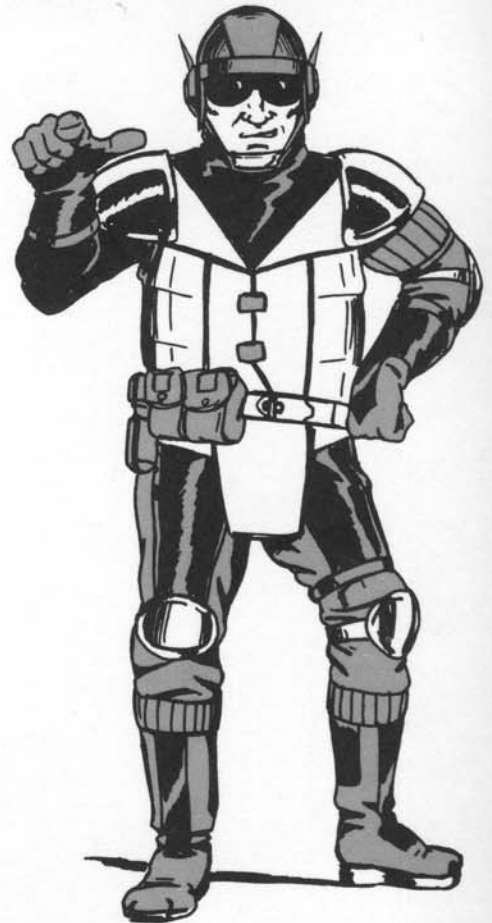
Spend 5 skill points on other Vehicle or Tech Services skills (your choice).

- 8 In addition to standard Troubleshooter equipment, you are issued the garb and Weapons of a Blue Trooper. See below for details.

- 9 Receive 1d10 x 100 credits. Use for additional equipment or save to pay future fines.

Now please stand, place your right hand on your laser, spin around, tap your heels together three times, and repeat the motto of the HIL Sector Blues:

TO SERVE AND TO PROTECT!



BLUE TROOPER ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT

Model X-3 Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor

Composition: Kevlar, reflex, and shock-absorbent padding.

Security Clearance: Orange and up. Midnight blue with Security Clearance color trim.

Sizes: Some not available, notably those between 1.2 and 1.4 meters in height.

Stopping Power: Very.

Weight: Relatively light.

Helmet: Same armor mixture, includes internal AutoMulticorder and Com Unit II with special tongue identification security feature.

Additional Equipment

Neurowhip: IntSec version of police nightstick.

Laser Pistol: Features IntSec remote safety switch.

THE BLUE TROOPER AUTOCAR

Turbo Z-334 VariTube-Terrain Patrol Vehicle

Sensors: Multicorder II, Haz-Sens System I.

Control: Manual and/or autopilot.

Communications: None standard.

Seats: Seven.

Security Clearance: Blue.

(Trunk compartment for suspects: Infrared.)

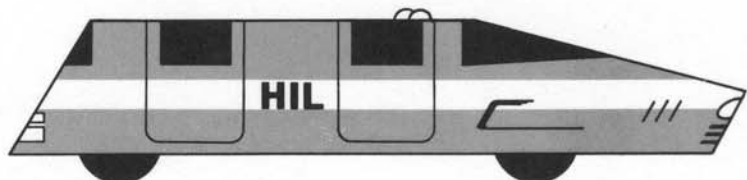
Speed (low/maximum): 20/100 kph

Weapons: Laser Cannon I (retracts into hood when not in use), plus front-mounted anti-missile laser and/or smoke generator.

Armor: Vulture 020 Series.

Transit Tube Notes

The transit tube system is a series of enclosed tunnels that surround and criss-cross all of HIL Sector, separating it from the standard Alpha Complex transit tunnels. This highly innovative mode of travel uses a modified electromagnetic impulse grid that stretches over every exposed surface in the tubes, shooting autocars and tubebots from one destination station to another. Real fast. Monotubes and luxury transbots connect HIL with other Alpha Complex sectors.



THE DEPARTMENTS OF INTSEC SERVE CENTRAL

The following is a brief outline of the support services available to the busy Blue Trooper. These departments will provide information, materials, bots, or extra clonepower upon request. The entire HIL Sector IntSec operation is run by Captain Fur-I-LLO-5. If further details are required, please contact the Ministry of Information, Office of Information Dispersal.

1. Ministry of Information

MinInfo handles requests for information — from maps to suspect profiles. Research conducted on a need-to-know basis.

Information Officer: "Ziggy" Star-R-DST-2.

Supervisor: lam-O-KAY-4.

2. PLC Outfitting

Dispenses all non-combat equipment. Everything you need is always on hand.

Service Representative: Sigmunduf-R-OID-2.

Supervisor: Spen-G-LER-6.

3. The Armory

Handles all requests for weaponry and armor. Explosions and disintegrations their specialty.

Weapons Technician: Wee-B-BAD-4.

Supervisor: "Rip Yer Lungs Out" Rocky-B-BOA-1.

4. Research and Design

R&D is HIL Sector's front-end dispensing office for the newest and most innovative equipment in all of Alpha Complex. Equipment testers always welcome.

Research Technician: Herbert-G-WEL-5.

Supervisor: Jules-V-ERN-5.

5. Department of Forensic Sciences

Extraordinary evidence and freaky phenomena analyzed here. Available for field consultations.

Forensic Technician: Cagne-Y-AND-2.

Supervisor: Lace-Y-AND-1.

6. Communications Central

Blue Trooper central communication network. Handles assignments, requests for backups, wake-up calls, and on-the-job lunches.

Duty Officer: Sergeant No-I-NOT-6.

Dispatch Supervisor: Ben-I-HIL-6.

7. Motor Pool

Experts at vehicle and bot maintenance and repair. Handles all requests for autocars and other vehicles. Motto: "We're the only one, so you try harder."

Mechanic: Sun-O-CCO-4.

Supervisor: Sun-O-CCO-3.

8. Informant's Registry

Can tell you almost anything you want to know about the quality of life and happiness in Alpha Complex. We keep our ears to the walls so you don't have to.

Registry Coordinator: Pid-G-EON-4.

Supervisor: Bea-V-DEE-3.

9. Ministry of Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation

Concerned with the health and well-being of loyal citizens.

Truth Technician: Hank-G-MAN-1.

Supervisor: Miami-V-ICE-2.

10. Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations

Stake-outs and obtaining incriminating evidence our specialty.

Agents: Coe-V-ERT-2, Operash-I-ONS-3, Dirt-Y-HRY-5.

Supervisor: Charles-B-RSN-4.

11. Department of Political Therapy

Located in the Franzk-O-FKA Memorial Recreation Center. Traitor and alleged traitor therapy available.

Loyalty Officer: Biff-G-BUF-3.

Supervisor: Fluffy-I-AMM-2.

12. Mutant's Registry

Need to find a unique mutant power to help with that unsolved case? Have we got a registered mutant for you!

Registry Clerk: Profess-O-EXX-2.

Supervisor: Mutie-I-GLO-2.

INTERNAL SECURITY RESPONSE CODES

Communications Central uses these special code numbers to concisely indicate the nature of the disturbance the Troopers are to deal with. They also serve to confuse any non-IntSec personnel who may be eavesdropping. Memorize them. Failure to do so is treason. These codes are subject to change without notice.

Code 0 Commie subversion activity in progress. Respond immediately and detain all responsible parties.

Code 1 The Computer requests assistance. Immediate response is required. Failure is treason.

Code 007 License to kill. No termination voucher necessary.

Code 7 Routine mission. Perfectly safe. Perfectly routine. Perfectly.

Code 8 Treasonous activity in progress. Stop at all costs.

Code 9 Infrared requests assistance. Response optional.

Code 14 Red citizen requests assistance. Respond if available.

Code 17 Reactor meltdown. Requisition radiation gear and evacuate sector.

Code 23 Orange citizen requests assistance. Respond as time permits.

Code 25 Major disaster in Power Services. Respond immediately.

Code 28 Yellow citizen requests assistance. Respond with reasonable promptness.

Code 30 Green citizen requests assistance. Respond promptly.

Code 33 Citizen with possibly lethal equipment. Retrieve equipment at all costs. Citizen is expendable.

Code 34 Blue citizen requests assistance. Respond quickly.

Code 36 Trooper in trouble. Respond and assist.

Code 41 Indigo citizen requests assistance. Drop everything and respond immediately.

Code 47 Essential services malfunction (usually life support systems). Investigate and report.

Code 50 Disturbance in subsector _____. (A subsector is a set of coordinates for any locale within a given sector.) Investigate and report.

Code 52 Troubleshooters request assistance. Respond as you see fit and with extreme caution.

Code 53 Violet citizen requests assistance. Get there. Now.

Code 56 Stray petbot causing disturbance. Catch and return to rightful owner.

Code 59 This code reserved for future use.

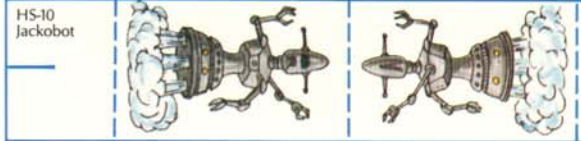
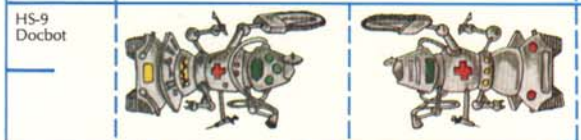
Code 61 Beserk bot. Approach with caution.

Code 69 This code left intentionally blank.

Code 75 Lower level citizen annoying higher level citizen. Coroner has been notified.

Code 99 Ultraviolet citizen requires assistance. Need we say more?

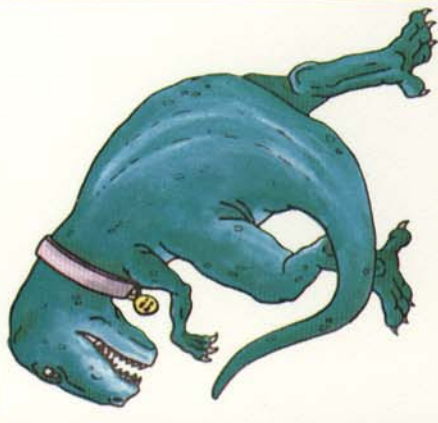
HS-1 Trooper Firing Laser Pistol			HS-12 Citizen with Laser Pistol		
HS-2 Female Trooper with Laser Pistol			HS-13 Citizen with "Box"		
HS-3 Female Trooper with Laser Rifle			HS-14 Concerned Citizen		
HS-4 Trooper with Sonic Blaster			HS-15 R&D Genius		
HS-5 Trooper with Slug- thrower			HS-16 Ram-B-EAU		



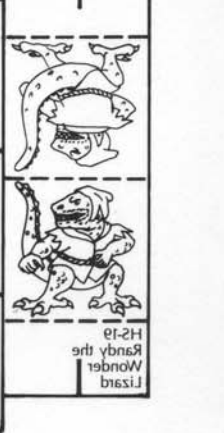
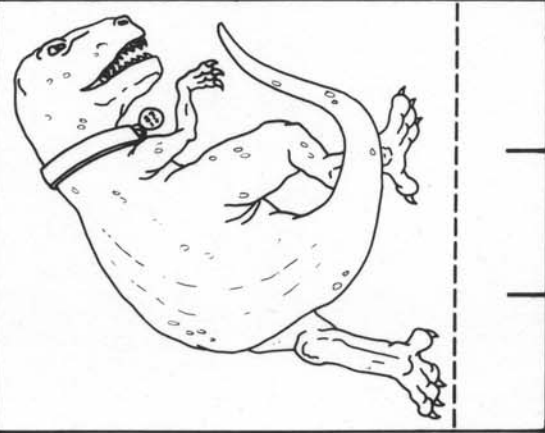
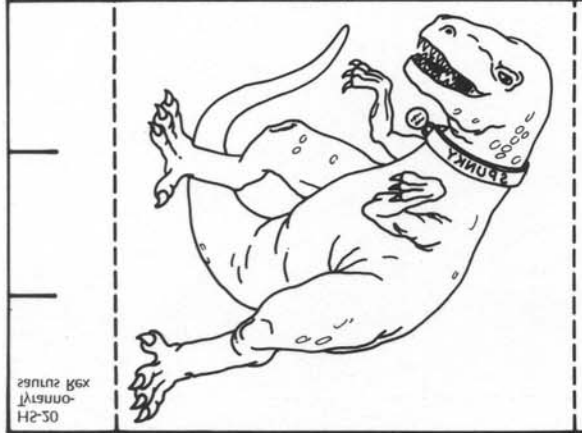
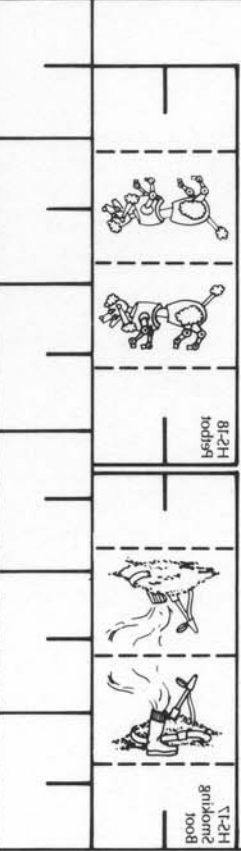
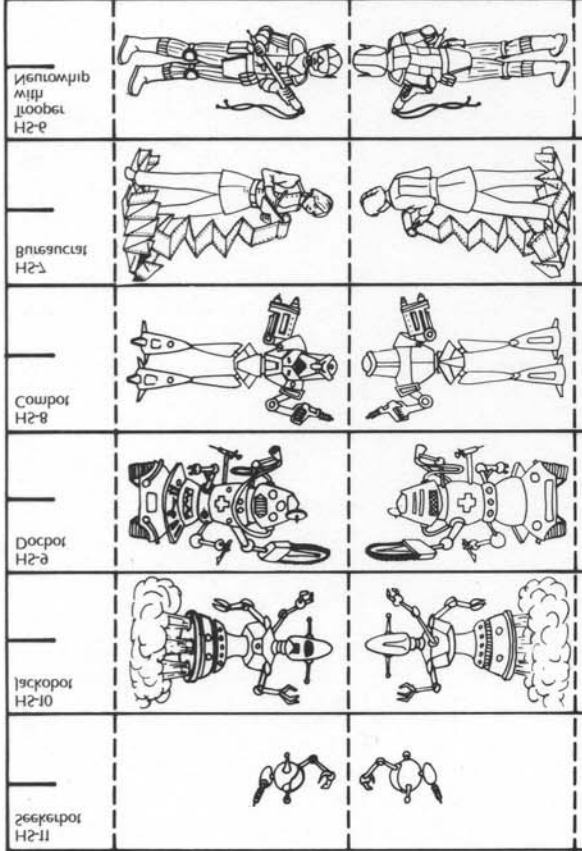
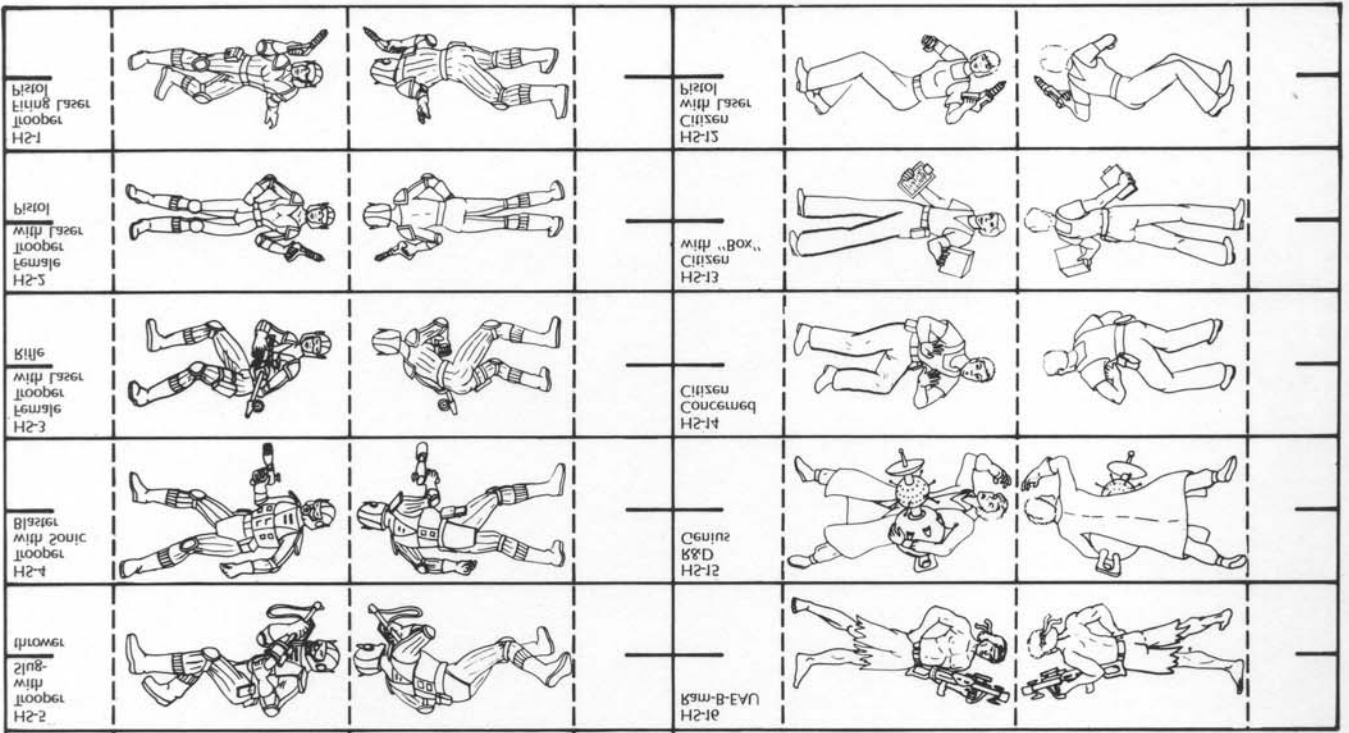
HS-18
Petbot



HS-17
Smoking
Boot



HS-19
Randy the
Wonder
Lizard



PARANOIA

HIL Sector Blues

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Unindicted Coconspirators / Development and Contributing Design

Stephen Crane
Indicted Accomplice / Graphic Design and Cardstock Commies™

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Stoolies / Graphics

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The Sarge / Guidance and Counseling

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Criminal Element / Original System Design

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William Herz, Mark Major, Mark Owens, David Toweris,
Scott Trantel, Richard Warren, Andrew Weiner, Samuel Weiss
Petty Thieves / Playtesters

The Computer
The Law



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Welcome to **HIL Sector Blues**, the campaign pack for **PARANOIA**. There, that was easy.

Hey, not so fast. What's a campaign pack?

Okay. *Sigh* Here goes. A campaign pack is a semi-plausible, richly imagined, and splendidly detailed setting so inspiring and brilliantly designed that even the most harried, overworked gamemaster can base a series of related adventures around it without roasting his brain cells or scribbling notes until the wee hours of the morning.

Whoa there, bucko. This is **PARANOIA**. A campaign? Since when did you hear of anyone finishing a **PARANOIA** adventure, much less a series of adventures. And don't roleplaying campaigns imply on-going characters that at least survive more than 20 or 30 minutes? We're talking **PARANOIA** here, fellah. You've got some explaining to do.

Eh. Well, sure, maybe in typical **PARANOIA** adventures all sorts of purely coincidental accidents, unforeseeable atrocities, scandalous betrayals, and epic hose-jobs result in the unfortunate and untimely demise of brave

Troubleshooters. And, admittedly, this often happens long before they commit enough treasonous acts to warrant a formal execution.

But in **HIL Sector Blues**, all of that has changed.

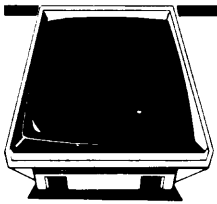
In **HIL Sector Blues** characters are encouraged to keep each other alive and achieve the mission objectives rather than dry gulch each other at every opportunity.

In **HIL Sector Blues** the characters are eminently well-equipped to cope with the challenges they face and, because of their privileged status as loyal Blue Clearance citizens, The Computer is ever so cooperative in helping them achieve their mission goals.

Pardon me if I'm skeptical.

But of course, good customer. In fact, we at West End Games firmly believe that the best customer is the skeptical customer, a critical judge of quality, and a severe taskmaster, a person who carefully examines the often-grandiose claims of often-unscrupulous merchandisers . . .

Say. You have paid for this already, haven't you?



Introduction

Player Screen and Cardstock Commies™

Let's take a few moments to become familiar with this package, shall we? For starters, we've crammed the whole kit and kaboodle into an attractive wrap-around player screen. We figured that the best way to convince the players that this was an on-the-level, honest-to-grapefruit campaign pack was to give them something they could use over and over again as their characters complete adventure after adventure in good ol' HIL Sector.

On the inside of the screen is a summarized procedure for creating the exceptionally skilled and talented **HIL Sector Blues** characters — the elite Blue Troopers — and a summary of IntSec Service Departments, Trooper Response Codes, and details on Trooper armor, weapons, and the amazing autocar. This is useful information for the players, so they get to look at it. Innovative, huh?

Now open up that third panel. Yeah, the one on the right.

Well, well, well. Whatta ya know. *Cardstock Commies™*. Once chopped up and assembled according to instructions, these miniatures stand up by themselves for hours and hours.

And guess what we give you to go with these cute little miniatures?

PARANOIA Miniatures Rules

Whee! Just what you've been waiting for, oh boy!

But how can we possibly integrate such a cumbersome, old-fashioned idea as miniatures rules into our innovative "fast and furious, seat-of-the-pants" combat system?

Easy.

Wait'll you see it. Any more explanation here would pale in comparison to the real thing. We forgive you if you **TURN RIGHT NOW** to the **MINIATURES RULES** and **READ THEM**.

That was fast. Let's continue.

These unique rules are designed to be compatible with both our *Cardstock Commies™*, and the Official **PARANOIA** miniatures from **Grenadier** and **Games Workshop!** (Quite frankly, how they could *not* be compatible is beyond us, but it sure sounds professional, doesn't it?)

Okay, okay. Now for the rest of the stuff.

Campaign Materials

Here're the other things we've gathered into this amazing package:

- extensive treatments of 12 IntSec service departments — including all the details we failed to put on the screen for the players, hee hee — where the PCs can go any time for help and useful information,
- details on the swift, safe, and reliable transit tube transportation system — a startling innovation brought to you by the combined genius of a High Programmers' group and R&D (in HIL Sector, getting there is half the fun — and most of the suspense),
- running gags that can be dropped into an adventure whenever you need to juice up a session,
- a system for organizing and designing your own **HIL Sector Blues** campaign adventures,
- lots of scenario hooks that you can turn into Code Sevens, mini-adventures, or full-length epics, and
- numerous Research and Design devices uniquely selected for their utility in police work and guaranteed to amuse, edify, and explode.

But wait. There's more. We've also included a pullout section that contains:

- six delightfully personalized and individually outfitted pregenerated PCs that can be used if your players don't want to create their own characters,
- lovely cut-outs to decorate your dramatic miniatures displays,
- an issue of the semi-daycycle truthzine of HIL Sector Internal Security — *The HIL Sector Blues Gazette* — your players can read by themselves, so you can conserve your precious voice,
- selected excerpts from the *HIL Sector IntSec Blue Trooper Procedures Manual*, and
- a character roster for the gamemaster that includes all of the PCs and NPCs that appear in . . .

The Adventures

In addition to the extremely helpful campaign support material outlined above, the pack includes those things for which we are justly celebrated — adventures!

We proudly present three mini-adventures for your gaming enjoyment:

- *One of Our Petbots Is Missing* — in which Blue Troopers are requested to find a little lost petbot, and
- *First Blood, and Then Some* — Ram-B-EAU at large in the corridors of HIL Sector, and
- *IntSec Agents at the Earth's Core* — Blue Troopers are dispatched to subdue an R&D genius who has taken over HIL Sector Power Central and is threatening to test a device supposedly capable of producing a hole straight through to the center of the planet. Sounds like a good time to us.

How To Use These Materials

What should you do with all of these materials? Read them, of course. Read everything.

After you finish this section, go on to the "GM Introduction." This is a quick orientation seminar just for gamemasters that sets the stage for all the other goodies that **HIL Sector Blues** has to offer.

You should study the "HIL Sector Adventure Design" chapter, especially the "Running Gags" section, carefully. This describes the heart of a **PARANOIA** session and how to start thinking in a campaign frame of mind.

Next, follow the rules and design an adventure of your own. Or you can always choose one of the scaled-down epics we've included. But if you go this route first, study the adventure and understand all of the intricacies of the plot. Then prepare a list of your favorite running gags to complicate the adventure.

Read the "Player Introduction" to your players and give them the "Gazette" and "Player Character" handouts. Let them decide if they want to use the predesigned PCs or if they want to create their own. Also, let them take a look at the screen about this time. Their *very own* screen. That should throw them for a loop.

When all of these formalities are out of the way, begin the adventure.

So what are you waiting for? Turn to the next section already!



perfectly good predesigned characters as a pullout-chop-up section, also in the center of the book. These characters are especially nice for you because we've included character summaries in the PC/NPC roster pullout for your reference pleasure. (Pop Quiz: Where's the pull-out?) However, if you can't con your free-spirited players into using these superbly tailored characters, at least pass them around as models of PC design.

We anticipated that some stubborn, wrong-headed players would insist on designing their own characters, so we put together a system for this eventuality. You'll find it on the player screen. We think of *everything*. We are so *professional*. This also serves as a handy reference for you, the GM, any time you want to whip up some Blue Troopers to menace hapless Red player characters in other adventures.

Now it's time to choose a group leader. You can choose the group leader yourself, if you like, under the pretext of being the group's commanding officer, having reviewed the Troopers' files, and having selected the Trooper with the most leadership potential. In a practical sense, this is a smart move if you want a cooperative group; you can pick the leader most likely to successfully emphasize the importance of cooperative play, mutual support, and mission achievement.

Alternatively, you can invoke the revered principles of Democracy and Darwinism by allowing the players to elect their own leader for each adventure, then learn through natural selection which player is the most effective leader. This method may be time-consuming, but more instructive in the long run.

The leader, by the way, is supplied with a nifty device that attaches snugly to his belt. This rectangular object is flat on three sides and has a series of toggle switches on its face. These toggles are the on-off switches for the unit's weapons. The appointed group leader can selectively control who has fire power at any given time just by flicking a switch. When the other players find out about this, boy are they gonna be awed and amazed.

Okay. Your players have been welcomed to HIL Sector, they've boned up on their duties at HIL Sector Internal Security, and they received (or created) nice new characters. Boy, are they ever ready for an adventure. Since you've studied the "HIL Sector Adventure Design" chapter (you *have*, haven't you?), you've either prepared a couple of little routine police jobs for them — just to introduce them to IntSec work — or you're ready to launch them right into one of the stupendous mini-adventures.

This is going to be so much fun . . . !

The Whole Point

By the way, observing our oft-repeated dictum that higher-level-clearance characters have no better chance than lower-level-clearance characters to survive or complete a mission, you may figure, what the heck, let's just use our current campaign characters, or roll up a couple of new Red-level guys.

Well, it's their funeral. We play-tested one mini-adventure with typical back-stabbing, R&D-encumbered, secret-society-fanaticized, Red-level characters. They all *did* manage to get into the autocar alive, and some *did* survive the ride, and if the dice had been more favorable, one or two *might* have made it to the beginning of the adventure. But we doubt it.

It *could* have been a coincidence. But without the heavy armor, the severe injunction against summary executions, the leader control over weapons, and the emphasis on cooperative play that are detailed in this campaign pack, don't expect to get very far with the specially crafted adventures. That's the whole point of playing an elite Blue Trooper.

GM Introduction: Encouraging Cooperative Play and Mission Completion in *PARANOIA*

Bet you always wondered how Internal Security — the Blue Troopers — complete missions efficiently and cooperatively while most Troubleshooters routinely expend most of their ammunition allowance on other mission personnel. Gamers experienced with other roleplaying systems often observe that *PARANOIA* enthusiasts have so much fun betraying each other and firing experimental weapons into crowds that they don't get very far into an adventure.

Well, this is true. In other games the players are always moving purposefully toward some common goal of unquestioned significance. In deep dungeons there is usually some Big Quest that everyone is real solemn about, and in deep space there is usually some Matter of Galactic Import to be resolved.

In *PARANOIA* there is always The Mission, but nobody ever seems to take it terribly seriously. And for good reason. Often the missions are suicide festivals, programming errors, or conspiracies so Byzantine as to defy analysis without abstract mathematical formulas. In short, completely unreasonable. Of course, the

PCs aren't supposed to be able to achieve the mission objective. (They aren't even supposed to *understand* the mission, much less achieve the objective.)

And why don't PCs cooperate more to achieve mission objectives? Because shooting Commies is worth commendations, and all PCs are obviously Commies after they have been sufficiently killed to prevent them from refuting such an accusation. Further, PCs rarely have much of a chance to achieve their mission objectives, whether they cooperate or not. Generally, plugging a comrade is easier and more fun than cooperating to complete a mission.

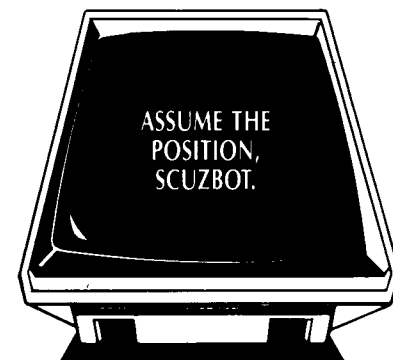
What might induce PCs to concentrate on mission goals rather than on blowing each other up?

Er . . . running out of ammunition?

Well, yes, but we had something more general in mind — something along the lines of leadership, discipline, training, and truly awesome personal armor.

Yes, that's the secret. IntSec Troopers are issued special armor. And The Computer cheerfully incinerates any Trooper (and his entire clone family) if he attempts a field termination without substantial evidence of treason and a Computer authorized termination voucher (there's one in the pullout). These little refinements deter PCs from blasting witnesses, evidence, innocent bystanders, perpetrators, petbots, and each other indiscriminately.

Now, how do you positively encourage player character cooperation? One excellent way is to increase the power of the leader while decreasing the freedom of the subordinates. IntSec has achieved this by giving the unit leader a remote safety switch box (stylishly designed to attach to his or her belt) which prevents any and all team weapons (including the leader's) from going off "accidentally" — that is, unless the leader wants them to go off accidentally. This prevents the typical exchanges of fire which often accompany even minor disagreements in Troubleshooter mission groups. With the flip of switch, the leader can selectively control which members of his unit have fire power at any given time.





IntSec has also been rumored to install explosive devices in unit personnel equipment which can be remotely triggered by a leader when a subordinate's response to an order is less than satisfactory. A shrewd leader would rig such remote controls as "deadman switches" to discourage ambitious Troopers from blowing away their immediate superiors.

Now, we know you may be thinking: "C'mon. This is **PARANOIA!** Where's the player character infighting, backstabbing, and treachery? Where's all the *fun* stuff?"

Don't worry. You can't keep a good traitor down. There's still plenty of infighting, backstabbing, and treachery among the IntSec elite. It's just more subtle.

(We know, we know. "If I wanted to be subtle, I'd play *Diplomacy!*" Stop whining or we'll put seven Cloud Giants in a 10 x 10 room and make you trot out your 43rd-level paladin.)

In IntSec, instead of blowing a rival or pigeon away, you have to develop a solid case against him. You have to have evidence. You have to produce witnesses. You have to suggest plausible motives.

Of course, it's easy to fabricate evidence. And easy to suborn witnesses. And easy to dream up plausible motives. Observe . . .

COMPUTER: And what charges do you have to bring against Citizen Suck-R?

EARNEST ACCUSER: First, Suck-R failed to support his fellow Troopers with laser fire when the vile Commie filth ambushed us.

(Note: The Earnest Accuser had washed Suck-R's laser with Gum-All during a routine weapons check.)

EARNEST ACCUSER: Second, Suck-R was seen exchanging secret hand signs with one of the Commie prisoners.

EARNEST WITNESS: Yes, indeed, I saw him do that. You bet. Several times. With both hands. Sure. Honest.

(Note: Earnest Witness is now the proud owner of a lovely modified gas mask which protects against all IntSec SleepGas mixtures. [Or so Earnest Accuser asserted when he made a present of it to Earnest Witness as a token of gratitude for services rendered.]

EARNEST ACCUSER: And, finally, I produce the incontestible proof of Suck-R's perfidy. Look! (Produces a piece of red cloth from a pocket with a flourish.) A Commie banner! And all along this recreant citizen has had this tucked into his utility pouch where I found it on a routine hygiene check! Oh, detestable traitor, hang your head in shame!

(The red banner was hastily fabricated from an old jumpsuit.)

COMPUTER: Certainly looks conclusive to me. How would you like that termination voucher made out?

The Awesome Power of the Blue Troopers

The Blue Troopers of HIL Sector are among the finest IntSec Troopers in Alpha Complex. They are an elite squad: all Troopers are of Blue or higher security clearance. The Computer, confident of their loyalty, liberally showers information and resources upon its chosen angels of peace.

Each Blue Trooper is issued special armor when he receives his first field assignment. The armor itself is a mixture of Kevlar, reflec, and shock-absorbent padding. The nylon armor sheathing is smartly tailored in midnight blue (hence the name), with handsome trim colors indicating higher security clearances. The helmet has a reflective, laminated-flexiglass faceplate. Between the bulky armor, the ponderous and deliberate pace it demands, and the mirrored surface of the faceplate, an IntSec Blue Trooper may easily be mistaken for some sinister anthropomorphic robot.

NPC Blue Troopers as GM Coercive Resources in Standard PARANOIA Adventures

When used as NPCs, Blue Troopers are a superb GM crowd control device.

You know how the players are always threatening to go off in some direction you don't want them to go. And how they sometimes get too cocky and blow up so many things that they have to be taught a lesson about damaging Computer Property.

Think of the Blue Troopers and the Vulture Squadrons as The Computer's mighty mailed fists — crack units, superbly trained, superbly outfitted, and superbly led, with high morale and unquestioning loyalty to The Computer. Troopers generally handle internal affairs, while the Vultures are primarily assigned to deal with the Enemies Outside.

Whenever your typical Red, Orange, or Yellow PCs are getting too frisky in a standard **PARANOIA** adventure (like **Yellow Clearance Black Box Blues**), dispatch an IntSec Blue Trooper squad to strike the fear of The Computer into them. (In fact, the Blue IntSec Troopers in section 1.9

Blue Trooper Armor Table

Kevlar/reflec/shock padding

Armor Vs.:	L	S	E	P	A	P	F	M	s	M
Column										
Shifts:	4	1	—	4	1	—	2	2		

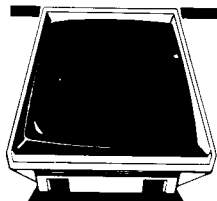
The helmet offers the latest in communications equipment, permitting Troopers to call for information, for help, and for lunch from wherever they may be. The helmet com units patch directly into HIL Sector Communications Central — the heart of IntSec. The helmet chin-guard contains an identification grid which, when pressed, scans a Trooper's tongue tattoo; any tongue not matching the helmet's ID file gets baked. (This system is completely reliable. Honest.)

All Blue Troopers are issued specially-modified weapons with safety mechanisms. These prevent the weapons from firing "accidentally" — that is, unless the unit leader uses his remote control device to deactivate the safety mechanisms. These mechanisms can be disabled by any competent weapons expert, but possession of a weapon with disabled safety mechanisms is evidence of treason, and punishable by — you guessed it.

of *Send in the Clones* are a good example of this use.) The predesigned PCs provided with this supplement, and conveniently summarized in the PC/NPC roster pullout, serve admirably in this capacity.

The low-level bozos are wriggling about, trying to stab each other and blow up the universe. The Blue Troopers appear, preferably mysteriously, as though they stepped out of a secret passage or a hidden wall panel. They loom over the PCs in their sleek, massive armor, training their weapons silently on the squabbling rabble, an ominous wall of concerted power, the will of The Computer made manifest. A disembodied voice echoes from a helmet speaker:

"Excuse me. If you traitors are finished with your little dispute, I believe someone in Internal Security would like to have a few words with you. Step lively now, and behave yourselves. We wouldn't want an unfortunate accident to delay your prompt delivery, now would we?"



HIL Sector Adventure Design

After years of experience in creating brilliant **PARANOIA** adventures, we World Famous Game Designers (WFGD) have discovered that the secret to a really great adventure depends on two factors: 1) the conception and elaboration of the central mission (popularly known at West End as "The Bad Idea"), and 2) the addition and exploitation of the unique conventions of classic **PARANOIA** adventures (popularly known as "Running Gags").

Interestingly enough, we have discovered that no matter how entertaining, challenging, or original the central mission, a large amount of the fun of any session depends on the almost incidental problems presented by the uniquely perverse **PARANOIA** setting.

For example, there is usually something defective or misleading in the Mission Alert that summons the Troubleshooters — deleted material, incorrect coordinates, misleading or contradictory orders, and so on.

Then, when the Troubleshooters arrive at the Briefing, they are constantly aware that they may be executed for the slightest indiscretion, while the information they get is often incomplete, unreliable, or deliberately sabotaged.

Having survived the Briefing, they are sent to Outfitting, where they are routinely assigned inoperative, inappropriate, or perversely intelligent equipment by surly, uncooperative clerks.

From Outfitting they are sent to R&D, where they are routinely assigned *exceptionally dangerous*, inoperative, inappropriate, or perversely intelligent equipment by inspired psychotics.

Then the survivors, or more likely their heirs, embark on The Mission. Time passes. The Bad Idea unfolds. The body count rises. When the GM runs out of adventure, or the players run out of clones, The Mission ends.

Someone may even make it to the Debriefing — the final indignity — where once again the Troubleshooters may be executed for poor manners or for stuttering during the mission report.

We don't want to belittle the importance of the Bad Idea, but the clever exploitation of these conventional elements — the Mission Alert, the Briefing, Outfitting, R&D, and the Debriefing — often produces the most charming moments in any **PARANOIA** session.

Creating and Presenting HIL Sector Campaign Adventures

Below we WFGDs share with you our pellucid insights on the art of designing **PARANOIA** adventures, particularly adventures for the HIL Sector Campaign setting. First, in "Running Gags," we'll discuss those invaluable conventional elements, the almost-incidental-but-often-

incredibly-difficult-or-dangerous problems that have to be overcome before the Troopers even get started on their mission. For **HIL Sector Blues** we have devised several new horrors to supplement the already-appalling conventional annoyances. Then, in "The Adventure Itself," we'll describe the kinds of scenario ideas that work best in the HIL Sector setting, suggest how to develop them, then give you a list of scenario hooks to stimulate your already over-excited imaginations.

Running Gags

The typical **HIL Sector Blues** adventure contains most or all of the following elements:

- Where Are Those Guys?
- The Mission Bulletin
- The Horror of Communications Central
- The Transit Tubes: An Adventure in Transportation
- IntSecServe: Support Services for the Busy Blue Trooper
- Fed-R-ALL Express
- Innocent Bystanders
- The Adventure Itself
- Mission Report and Evaluation.

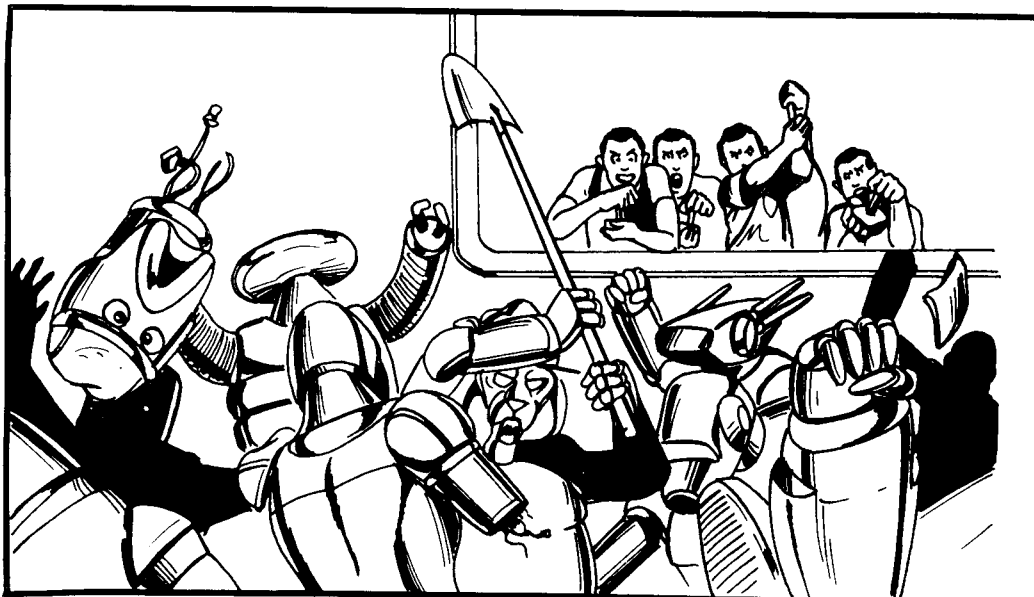
Where Are Those Guys?

In previous **PARANOIA** adventures it has been customary to assume the characters are off-duty somewhere, snoozing, queueing up for drug therapy, or watching Teela O'Malley. Now that the PCs are Blue Clearance types, they are usually summoned only while on-duty. Oh, sometimes they'll be interrupted by an emergency bulletin while lounging in their private saunas, or called away from their specially-prepared gourmet gruel-and-Happy-Fizz soirees, or gently prodded to wakefulness by deferential Red batmen, but generally their assignments reach them while they are at their duty offices at IntSecServe Central or on patrol in their autocars.

Each Blue Trooper has his own private duty office with a desk, monitor, research console, and comfortable furniture. A small adjoining room is provided for napping when emergency conditions require his extended presence at IntSecServe.

When a Trooper is not at his desk, he can usually be found in the Duty Ready Room, where Troopers gather to chat and informally exchange ideas and rumors, or

Off-duty cycle at the HIL Sector Arcade and Dry Cleaning Emporium.



in the Trooper's Lounge, where a giant vidscreen constantly replays classic Computer propaganda films and tasty snacks and beverages are served.

Troopers may also be on patrol or on an assignment when they receive a mission bulletin. They may either be in an autocar of some kind, or they may be on foot in a HIL Sector locality when the bulletin is broadcast through both the helmet and autocar com units. Depending on the priority of the mission bulletin, they may be ordered to respond immediately or given discretion to respond at their convenience. For example, if the Troopers are polishing a High Programmer's Delta 666 Cruisomatic autocar when they receive a bulletin requesting aid for a team of beleaguered Red-Level Troubleshooters, they may be forgiven if they are less than prompt in their response.

Encourage the players to roleplay their responses to bulletins according to the activity that is interrupted when the bulletin arrives. Take a few seconds and set the stage before reading:

You are all sitting around a table in the Duty Ready Room playing Bake the Traitor. You [point at Player A] just won his [point at Player B] identification papers in the last round, but this round you [point at Player B] have drawn a winning hand — two Independent Sources, a Mutant, and a Material Witness. The rest of you are sitting in your skivvies, hoping for a change of luck.

And then, suddenly . . . a bulletin!

The behavior of NPC fellow officers is an effective model and inspiration as you are establishing the tone of the campaign. For example:

BULLETIN: *Go there and do this immediately!*

VETERAN TROOPER: (Yawn. Peers up regretfully from the massage table, then beckons to rookie partner.) Here. Hold my Bouncy Beverage while I go see if I can find my gun.

Or . . .

BULLETIN: *Go there and do this immediately!*

GUNG-HO TROOPER: (Snaps to attention from the edge of his seat in the Duty Ready Room.) Yessir! Right away! Shake a leg! Double-time down to the autocar while I radio ahead for combat strike force support . . . and look smart with that laser cannon, Trooper, unless you're eager to get back to swabbing vats . . .

The Mission Bulletin

The primary function of a mission bulletin is to send the PCs off to some interesting setting where they may be killed. Thanks to the unparalleled coercive force of *PARANOIA*'s voice of The

Computer, gamemasters may choose to rely on inelegant, straightforward messages:

***** MISSION ALERT! *****

GO OUT IN THE HALL. NOW. CERTAIN DEATH IS WAITING FOR YOU THERE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

However, a well-composed *HIL Sector Blues* Mission Bulletin contains the following additional elements.

■ **The coordinates of the location where the PCs are being sent.** These must be fed into the autocar autopilot. HIL Sector coordinates are alphanumeric of indeterminate length and complexity, stated in the following form: something-dash-other-dash-whatever, where something is the east-west coordinate, other is the north-south coordinate, and whatever is the firmament-earth's core coordinate. The more remote and inaccessible the location, the more outrageous the length of the alphanumeric. For example:

- a nearby location: 3B-10F-F8X.
- a distant location: MRG1540-LOPD9003-MMDR57238F.

However, a disconcertingly simple alphanumeric may imply a secret or high clearance area. For example:

- 4-F-1.

■ **A code designation.** This describes the general type of disturbance the PCs can expect (see the excerpts from the *HIL Sector IntSec Blue Trooper Procedures Manual* in the pullout and on the player screen). The judicious use of unknown or implausible codes (i.e., Code Beaver-Rose-Duck) can signal a particularly unwelcome assignment.

■ **Appropriate IntSecServe or other Service Group informants or resources to contact in person or by com unit.** These references can steer the PCs to search for information, clues, or hints from various NPCs, or may suggest sources of equipment (typically R&D or Outfitting) or NPC support personnel (Mutant's Registry, Surveillance and Covert Operations, BotBusters, etc.).

These references are an excellent way to set up the minor roleplaying encounters that are so effective in *PARANOIA* — little quickies that are not essential to the central narrative, and which have plenty of latitude for free-spirited improvisation and PC torture.

■ **A misleading or ironic understatement of the mission's dangers.** This is a charming feature of The Computer's cheerful, positive style — everything in

Alpha Complex is safe, easy, and fun. As a result, Alpha Citizens automatically assume everything is much worse than they are told — and they spend endless energy imagining how awful it could be.

This energy seldom turns out to have been wasted.



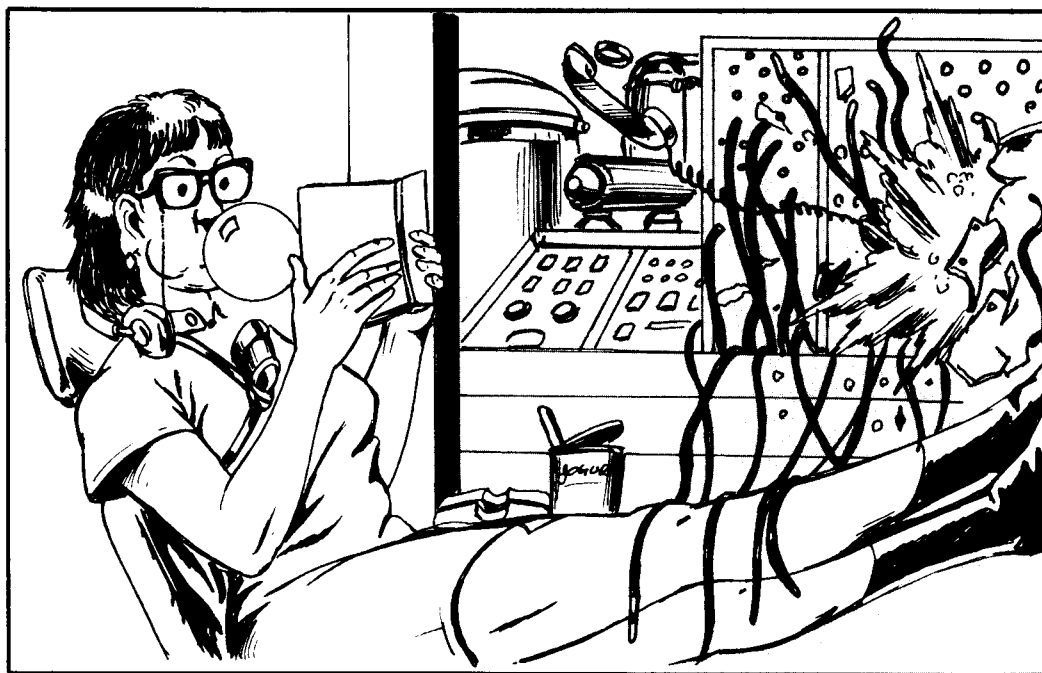
The Horror of Communications Central

Remember how in the old days, when the PCs were just Red Clearance, the most common response to any question was, "I'm sorry, that information is not available at your security clearance"? It may come as a shock to you that inadequate security clearance was not the primary reason for denial of information requests. Oh, sure, it's true that The Computer is very careful about who receives what information, but the important, and rather sobering, insight is that The Computer often *couldn't* answer a question, even if it *wanted* to.

The Computer knows a lot. What it doesn't know, it can usually ask its loyal Alpha Complex citizens about. But what the Computer and its loyal citizens know is not centrally organized. Much of The Computer's data base is scattered through hundreds of comnodes throughout Alpha Complex, and its access to those fragments is limited by the ability to communicate with them. Ditto for The Computer's knowledgeable informants.

Therefore the real bottleneck is in the communications system. And the Alpha Complex system is unimaginably fouled-up. The comlinks themselves are poorly designed, ancient, inadequately maintained, popular targets for sabotage, supervised by security-ridden and defective computer and robot systems, and infiltrated and tampered with by every secret society in Alpha Complex.

Even worse, in this utopia each citizen has unlimited, free access to comlinks. Once a citizen does reach a party in question, he tends to stay on the line as long as he can, fully aware that it may not come his way again in the near future.



I'm sorry, the comcode you have reached has been temporarily disconnected.

And the youth of Alpha Complex have much in common with the teens of another era — they love to talk on the phone.

Now, a Trooper depends on swift and reliable communication for efficient and effective pursuit of his duties. Are you really surprised that he is denied this necessity? And can you imagine not exploiting this opportunity to annoy your players?

Here are just a few of the ways a Trooper relies on his personal com unit:

- to receive bulletins while on patrol,
- to call the motor pool for an autocar to respond to bulletins received while on patrol,
- to communicate with locations where disturbances occur to get advance information on the situation,
- to communicate with the various IntSecServe departments that provide information and support,
- to communicate with superiors when clarification of means and objectives are necessary,
- to receive updates on mission status from IntSec Central.

Think how happy your players are going to be when you start systematically frustrating their attempt to use their com units. Here're the sorts of annoyances they have to deal with every time they want to call up and order a pizza.

■ **The Operator:** When a Trooper uses his com unit, he first speaks to the IntSec Central operator. If he wants an IntSecServe connection, the operator handles it; otherwise he is switched to HIL Sector Central, or Alpha Central if the call is out-of-sector.

These operators are your first line annoyances. They speak either in slow, nasal monotones or mumble unintelligibly. Before they can even think about handling your call, they need to check your ID and authorization to use IntSecServe com lines.

"Hehllloh. IntSec Central. Please press your tongue tattoo to the identification grid. Thank you. Now, with what comcode do you wish to connect? Excuse me, could you speak a little louder? No, I'm sorry, I can't connect you without a comcode. Just a minute, I'll connect you with IntSec Comcode Information. One ringy-dingy . . ."

Assuming there is no foul-up with the identification grid ("AHA! You are NOT who you claim to be. Please wait where you are — IntSec Troopers have been dispatched to escort you to . . .") and that the PCs haven't memorized the comcode, or that it hasn't been changed in the past 30 minutes, go to . . .

■ **Information, Please:** There are Comcode Information operators for IntSecServe (and other service groups), HIL Sector (and other sectors), and Alpha Central. Here Troopers can be delayed and annoyed for a variety of reasons:

"Could you spell that please? I'm sorry, we have no listing for anyone by that name. No, there is no listing for Research and Design. Are you sure you don't need HIL Sector Central? Oh, wait, here's the reference. Please hold while I check . . . [time passes]. Hello? Can I help you? I'm sorry. What party do you want?"

After getting a courteous little run-around, Troopers are reconnected with the operator so they can place their call. Of course, the first two or three times they are given a wrong or obsolete number, so they may have to come back to Information several times before getting to the Operator with the correct number.

■ **Interrupted Service:** At any point in the process, a comlink may be interrupted. One common interruption is — "Can I put you on hold?" — with the result that Troopers are either disconnected (*Click*) or placed on interminable hold while an endless tape loop plays "Rainbots Keep Falling on my Head."

Another common problem is technical failure — (*Click*) — which may actually be a line problem, or may be an operator who is tired of talking. Or there may be the crossed-wires interruption — another party is accidentally connected with the Trooper, or he is switched to a conversation already in progress. This can be quite nice when the two conversants are bandying rumors or plotting Commie subversion — though, of course, it is always impossible to trace the call or identify the speakers.

■ **The Busy Signal:** This is our hands-down favorite — a loud EHHNT-EHHNT-EHHNT-EHHNT-EHHNT-EHHNT noise repeated over and over until your players begin mumbling about justifiable homicide.

■ **The Insufferably Stupid/Surly/Uncooperative Receptionist:** Whenever Troopers contact another service bureau or official agency, there is always a receptionist who takes the call and holds on to it until they scream, or who switches them to the wrong department, or who accidentally hangs up on them, or who promises to have someone call them right back, but who forgets to take a name and number, or who knows that no one from *their* pathetic service group could have any reason to talk to anyone in *this* department. And, indeed, many times the receptionist has been instructed to sabotage as many calls as possible in order to avoid annoying requests for resources and information.

■ **Lame Equipment:** Most of Alpha Complex's communications net is either hundreds of years old or brand new, designed by R&D, manufactured by cheerful Infrareds or misprogrammed workbots, and installed by under-trained drones from Tech Services. All of it is poorly maintained and regularly sabotaged by a wide array of fanatics and hobbyists.

Therefore it is no surprise when connections are suddenly cut off or cross-wired in mid-sentence, or when the voice

quality is unintelligible or inaudible, or when background noise, Musak, or propaganda is "accidentally" switched on to the line.

To stage this sort of thing, have your players speak with large objects in their mouths, or turn your TV up to full volume and make your players shout over it to be heard, or fill your dialog with long, onomatopoeic buzzes, whistles and clicks, which routinely displace critical information or urgent orders from their superiors.

■ **Big Brother is Watching You:** And, of course, the ever-vigilant guardians of Alpha Complex's security spend a lot of time monitoring the comlinks. Generally they are none too careful about concealing their presence — often PCs can hear the Monitors of Computer Loyalty in the background of their calls, scribbling away making notes, chattering to other monitors, and wolfing down working lunches.

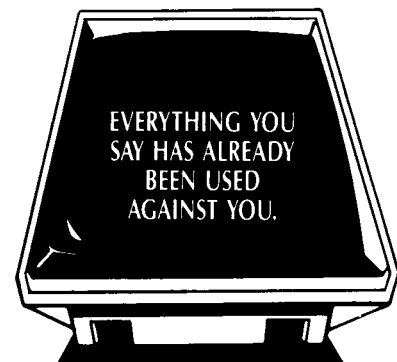
Sometimes, overcome by an attack of righteous zeal, they will interrupt right in the middle of a call, demanding an explanation for that treasonous statement, or dispatching a squad of combots to bring the caller in for immediate interrogation (they, of course, have absolutely no trouble tracing a call).

All of these wonderful communications resources can be combined and varied endlessly to provide regular misery for your players. And since you are a **PARANOIA** gamemaster, we give you permission to run this joke right into the ground.

Then, lay off your PCs for a while. Tell them about the big purge in Tech Services. R&D steps in with a revolutionary new comlink system. Everything is suddenly wonderful. Give them efficient, reliable, and courteous service for an adventure or two, just long enough for them to become dependent on it.

Then, inevitably, the R&D stuff melts. Lots of Troopers are glazed with their helmets on. Run a couple of adventures with NO communications — nothing but Red foot messengers with powerful lungs.

Then bring back the old system. The players will love you. For a while.



The Transit Tubes: An Adventure in Transportation

Getting around in HIL Sector used to be easy. It had the usual crawlways, pedestrian corridors, moving sidewalks, autocar tunnels, and turbo elevators common to most of Alpha Complex. Everything worked swell and everyone was happy. The Computer said so.

Then a group of Ultraviolet High Programmers got together and designed a new form of transportation — transit tubes. They decided that HIL Sector was the perfect place to build and test this highly innovative travel system. The tubes would make travel faster and save on precious fuel by using a modified electromagnetic impulse grid to shoot modified autocars from one entry station to another. Plans called for the grid to stretch in all directions, up the walls and across the ceiling, creating a super 10-lane, enclosed highway. There would even be protected walkways for citizens to casually stroll upon, allowing all to appreciate the newest wonder in The Computer's fair realm. It was a good idea and everyone would be happier. The Computer said so.

Down came the crawlways. Moving sidewalks slowed to a halt and were ripped up. Noisy, unsightly autocar tunnels were dismantled. The turbo elevator shafts were sealed. Then work began on the amazing transit tube network. The intention behind the tubes was to provide a safe, efficient, and speedy way to get around HIL Sector, while capitalizing on fuel economy and ease of maintenance.

The tubes to HIL Sector are paved with good intentions.

HIL Sector was sealed off from the rest of Alpha Complex, completely surrounded and criss-crossed by kilometers of transit tubes. No outside autocar access was available. Within HIL Sector, quick movement is possible only via transit tube. Into and out of the sector, citizens were serviced by the ultra-modern transbot express system, such as the famed ORI Sector Express.

Today the results of the High Programmers' labors are quite evident. Tubes end abruptly, sections are missing, and much of the structure is falling apart. The entire project is a mess, due in part to the fact that High Programmers know next to nothing about engineering and architectural design. However, that mess is now the primary mode of transportation in all of HIL Sector. To save themselves from the embarrassing task of explaining why their grand design doesn't work (which could result in lots of needless executions), the UVs wiped the data on the project from

The Computer's memory banks. The Computer knows there are no transit tubes. Never were. Never ever.

The existence of modified autocars and tubebots in a sector that has no transit tubes is a troublesome contradiction. The Computer ignores troublesome contradictions. Citizens bringing troublesome contradictions to The Computer's attention are promptly rewarded with a commendation and summary execution.

The Destination Station

The transit tubes are lined with hundreds of recessed, accordion-style cubicles called destination stations (or entry stations, if you're about to enter the system). These stations are folded in the tube walls and out of the way when not in use, thus providing free and unrestricted passage for HIL Sector traffic.

When an autocar approaches its destination coordinates, it slows to a halt and pulls alongside the emerging cubicle. Isn't that neat?

There is a slight problem when clones access an entry station, however. Theoretically, when the entry station is activated flashing lights and loud sirens fill the tube section, and power is reduced to slow any autocars in the vicinity. It almost works, too. An encounter with an emerging entry station goes something like this:

You are speeding through a lonely stretch of transit tube when suddenly a large, rectangular cubicle juts out of the tube wall. You smash into it at full speed, firmly implanting your vehicle in the entry station. Then lights begin to flash, sirens whoop, and a calm, mechanical voice echoes, "Warning, entry station activated. Please slow all vehicles and proceed with caution. Thank you for your cooperation."

Autocars

To make full use of this non-existent transportation system, citizens must have access to specially designed tubebots or modified autocars. A tubebot is basically a large, semi-intelligent mechanical box that carries lots of citizens from one entry station to another. They are for the masses, designed to comfortably stand 20 clones at a time. Common practice is for the tubebot (malicious sentiments that they are) to wait for an additional 40 or so clones to pile in before closing up and pulling out. Troopers can use these transportation bots, but they are slow, unreliable, crowded, and unwilling to divert from their preprogrammed route.



The autocar better serves the Blue Troopers' purpose. Autocars are smaller, sleeker, more attractive, and able to move independently through the extensive tube network. They have been modified to work in transit tubes, outfitted with lots of magnetic relays, pulse bypasses, and energy-storage coils. To protect the costly equipment, all autocars are equipped with an electronic hazard-sensor system that is sensitive to extreme heat, cold, and humidity. The Haz-sens System I is mounted to the underside of the vehicles and shuts down power to that section of the tubes in the event of an emergency that could damage an autocar.

Typical Blue Trooper Autocar

- Vehicle:** Turbo Z-334 VariTube-Terrain Patrol Vehicle
- Sensors:** Multicorder II, Haz-sens System I
- Control:** Manual and/or autopilot
- Communication:** None standard
- Seats:** Seven
- Security Clearance:** Blue
(Trunk compartment for suspects: Infrared)
- Speed (low/maximum):** 20/100 kph
- Weapons System:** Laser Cannon I, plus front-mounted anti-missile laser, and/or smoke generator
- Armor:** Vulture 020 Series

The laser cannon retracts into the hood of the autocar when not in use. When active the cannon completely blocks the windshield, obstructing the driver's vision.

PCs use Autocar, Operations and Repair, or Vehicle Services skills to pilot the autocars, or make continuous difficult checks (3d10) on Mechanical Aptitude to avoid entertaining accidents.

Obtaining an Autocar

Those citizens of security clearance Indigo and higher are permitted to own personal autocars. Green and lower citizens are assigned autocars depending on their duties and the whim of PLC, or must depend on mass transportation such as HIL Sectors' tubebots. Blue Troopers are stuck somewhere in the middle. While they do not own personal autocars, Troopers have unlimited access to the vehicles. They just have to clear it with the guys in the motor pool.

If there is time, Troopers are encouraged to go down to the motor pool and sign out a vehicle. The particular autocar assigned is dependent upon their status with the motor pool guys. If they like you, you get a sleek Blue-level runabout hatchback. If they despise you, you might

receive an Infrared turbocar with bumpers tied to the frame and gum on the seat — if you get anything at all. "I'm sorry. There are no autocars available at this time."

Abuse is plentiful and bootlicking is strongly suggested when dealing with the motor pool.

But if there is an emergency and time is of the essence, Troopers can call for an autocar via com unit. With any luck, it'll arrive within scant seconds.

After a short discussion with an irate operator, you place an order for an autocar, Code 5 (vehicle requested: emergency). You quickly make your way to the nearest transit tube station and switch on your vehicle tracking signal, attached to your belt. Within seconds you hear the wailing siren, see the flashing light, and watch in amazement as the autocar locks onto your belt signal, navigates the magnetic-grid highway of the transit tube, and pulls up to the station platform. It's great to be a Trooper.

Of course, that's an ideal example of the system at work. Reality has a sneaky way of messing with ideal examples.

After a long discussion with an irate operator, two disconnections, many threats, and a busy signal, you finally get through to the motor pool. You remember that the motor pool guys aren't happy about the ticket you put on their illegally parked towbot, but Sun-O-CCO-4 doesn't sound the least bit angry about your request for an autocar. You switch on your tracking signal and wait patiently for the vehicle to arrive. And wait. And. Wait. Then you hear the siren, see the flashing light, and watch quietly as a towbot navigates across the magnetic grid of the transit tube, pulling a battered and dented wreck behind it. Sun-O sticks his head out the side window, smiles, and says, "Your autocar has arrived."

The belt-attached homing device is a great little gimmick. It calls the autocar right to whatever entry station the Troopers are waiting at. It also attracts bots. All kinds of bots. They like to home

in on the signal, too. What this means is that a lot depends on which arrives first, the bot or the autocar.

Operation

To use an autocar, Troopers punch in the destination coordinates on the dashboard keypad. The Computer always supplies correct coordinates for any mission it sends Troopers on. Always.

Even though they'll never need to check the coordinates, Communication Central keeps coordinate information on file. PCs can patch into ComCent via any Blue Trooper Armor's built-in com unit.

Once the Troopers have punched in the correct destination coordinates the autocar begins moving along the magnetic-grid highway of the transit tube. The characters are always free to manually alter the speed or direction of the vehicle. There is a steering wheel and acceleration pedal. Whenever a clone touches either one, the car temporarily goes off automatic guidance to allow the clone to pilot it. To resume autopilot operation, press the "autopilot" button on the dashboard. Reports of autopilot system failures are grossly exaggerated. Rumors are treason.

By the way, did your PCs check to see if their autocar was equipped with a forward motion deceleration pedal? You know, a brake. A simple 1d10 roll will determine an autocar's braking ability. 1-4, the brakes work fine; 5-6, brakes fail 50% of the time; 7-10, no brakes whatsoever.

Random Disasters

Given that the transit tubes were designed by High Programmers, installed by R&D techbots, have never been maintained, and do not exist, they are holding up pretty well.

But let's face it, the transit tubes are in sad shape. Some tubes end in blank walls or in mid-span across residential domes. Other sections are submerged. Still others are in total darkness. Several tubes are so weak they barely support their own weight.

The High Programmers built the tubes wide enough for 10 vehicles to navigate alongside each other freely — mostly. More often than not. But in many places the tubes are barely wide enough for one vehicle, let alone 10. Autocars can certainly pass each other. Usually. As long as they go slow enough. As long as they aren't in a turn. And as long as the driver's ascending planet is real close to the cusp.

Use the following table to randomly determine what occurs when two cars pass each other.





The Something Happens Table

Roll 1d10	Result
1-5	Nothing happens*. (See "When Nothing Happens in PARANOIA !")
6	Door handles sheer off. Must open the door from the inside or break (non-opening) window to gain access.
7	Several layers of paint are scraped off the side of the car, exposing huge rusty areas and sheet metal patches. The motor pool guys get real excited and fines are assessed.
8	The door peels off the car like the skin off a hangnail. Since autocars do not have seat restraints characters may need to make an Easy (2d10) Agility check to avoid falling out every time the autocar turns a corner.
9	Major body damage. Chunks of other vehicle may embed themselves, dragging along behind your autocar or further impeding maneuvering.
10	The autocar's frame is pushed out of whack. Any attempt to turn the car requires an Easy (2d10) Manual Dexterity check. Success means there's no problem — the wheel turns freely. A failure means the wheel gets caught in a stray piece of fender. The car turns. And turns. And turns. *Crunch* Rattle rattle. Roll roll roll. Clunk. *BOOM*

*When Nothing Happens in **PARANOIA**

Of course, when Nothing Happens in **PARANOIA**, it doesn't mean that *nothing* happens. Use the following table to determine what kind of Nothing happens when *Nothing Happens*.

Feel free to expand on these ideas. Just keep repeating to your players that, "Nothing is wrong. Everything is working perfectly. Honest."

The Nothing Happens Table

■ Staging "Nothing Happens"

Whenever you pick up dice to roll on these tables, and your players eye you suspiciously (and the sniveling wimpy ones beg and plead), be kind. Reassure them.

Player: "Whatcha' doing?"

GM: "Me? Oh, nothing. No problem. Don't worry about it. Really."

This works surprisingly well when you roll on the first table, get "Nothing Happens*," and show the table to the players.

GM: "See? Look. The table says Nothing Happens*"

Player: "Oh. Yeah, I guess — Hey! What's that little asterisk thingie?"

GM: "That? Oh, nothing . . ."

Roll 1d10	Result
1-2	There is a terrific rush of wind as an autocar/tubebot passes you. You sigh with relief. You think you hear something fall off. It might have been near the back of the vehicle. Naw. Probably nothing.
3	Your autocar trembles like a cowering Infrared as a tubebot/autocar wooshes by. The vibration subsides. Gee, that wasn't too bad! You hear a slow, high-pitched scrape of glass on glass. Your windshield falls in. It shatters in your lap. Possibly a minor inconvenience. Nothing to worry about.
4-5	An autocar/tubebot buffets your vehicle as it careens by. It's gone. You hear a slow drip-drip from somewhere near your engine. Nothing to worry about. You see dark billowy clouds of smoke pour from the hood of your autocar, filling the tube with noxious vapors that slowly begin seeping into the vehicle. Don't worry about it. Probably nothing.
6	What's that funny noise? You know, that weird kind of — you know, that funny noise. Aww, all autocars sound that way. It's <i>probably</i> nothing. (Have one character make a Very Difficult (4d10) roll on Mechanical Aptitude, Self-Improvement, or Personal Development. Whatever the result, say, "Oh. Never mind.")
7-8	Thump-thump. You think you just ran over something. You look back and see something lying in the tube, illuminated by your red tail lights. You're not sure, but you think it moved. Nah.
9	As another autocar slides by, your car begins weaving. It gets worse. You think you might hear the hiss of escaping air somewhere below you. It probably isn't anything important.
10	Your vehicle locks its brakes and screeches to a halt. The tires smoulder as you remove your face from the windshield. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong. There aren't any deafening alarms suggesting you neglected a minor detail on vehicle operation. And there're no flashing lights indicating impending inconveniences. In fact, there's nothing wrong. Nothing at all.



■ Damaged Vehicles

If PCs show up at the motor pool with a damaged autocar, they are assessed for the repairs. Roll 1d10. The result is the amount the repairs cost. In thousands of credits. Trying to get out of debt is a common career goal in HIL Sector IntSec. About the only way to avoid this is becoming buddy-buddy with one of the mechanics — you might persuade him to repair your vehicle on the sly. The debts you accumulate this way are sometimes worse than paying for the repairs themselves. Most PCs only find this out through trial and error.

■ Transit Tube Encounters

With all their modern features, it's a wonder the transit tubes are used at all. But since there is virtually no other way to get around HIL Sector speedily, everyone is stuck using them.

So the Troopers get a call, run to their autocar, jump in, punch in the destination code, and lean back. They're ready for a quick, effortless trip to wherever they're going. Do you think we're gonna give it to 'em? Of course not.

You have to remember that these tubes were constructed some time ago. They've seen a *lot* of traffic and they never really worked right anyway. And let's not forget that the players have no idea what they're doing.

To help you use the transit tubes in your game, we could give you an intricate map detailing the vast tubular network. Or we could give you a whole big chapter detailing the construction of a miniature tubes layout. Or we could even implore you to be creative with a pencil, ruler, and graph paper. But we won't. Face it, we're nice guys. We wouldn't make you do all that work. And we're much too lazy to even *consider* doing it. No, we WFGDs have, naturally, come up with a much better solution.

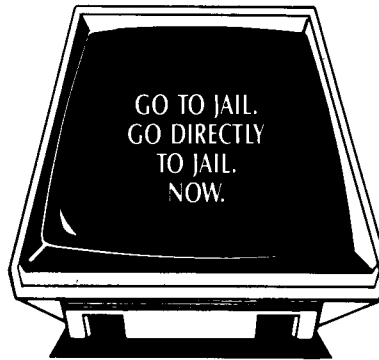
Random encounters.

C'mon. You know what a random encounter is. You've all played that *Other Game™*. You know, the one with the wandering monsters who attack the characters for no apparent reason? Yeah. *Those* random encounters.

The basic element in most transit tube encounters is the use of an attribute or skill roll the driver makes in an attempt to perform an action or to avoid performing an action. Each encounter mentions when a skill roll is appropriate. The autocar skill is the safest way to go. A couple of the pregenerated characters included in the pullout have this skill. (Soft? Who's getting soft?) PCs without autocar skills can use Operation and Repair, Vehicle Services, or continuous Difficult (3d10) checks on their Mechanical Aptitude to avoid little irritating occurrences.

Most encounter descriptions also provide confrontational scenes for the PCs to roleplay.

The last encounter is fondly referred to as "Sudden Death." It was inspired by the actions of one of our wonderful playtest groups. Pull it out when your players really need a lesson in player cooperation.



■ The Encounters

1. The Quick-Stop Pop-top Bot

The tube ahead is under repair. You see red temporary warning lights blinking around the area, several warning signs placed too close to the construction site to be of any use, and a team of Red overall-clad clones. They are grouped around an access hole in the middle of the tube. There is a bot in the hole, and the clones are frantically pulling at it. The bot seems to be stuck.

Driver must make an attribute check or skill roll (see "Transit Tube Encounters") to stop in time.

If he fails, the autocar impales itself on the bot — and stops dead. The eight Red technicians aren't really happy about the situation, and they all carry these wicked-looking laser welders (Column 15 on the Damage Table). Of course, these weapons don't do much against Trooper armor.

If the driver stops in time perhaps the Troopers will help get the bot out of the hole. Then again . . .

2. Indigo, Out Dey Come

You spot a stalled autocar, fully blocking the tube ahead. As you rapidly approach, you see it is Indigo colored. With an Indigo driver. He turns around and sees you. You can see the whites of his eyes. You can also see his open mouth as he screams.

Driver must make an attribute check or skill roll to prevent ramming into a loyal Indigo citizen.

This is a potentially dangerous situation. If they miss the Indigo, they'll be on report for frightening a loyal citizen — a *high level* loyal citizen. They'll also find themselves pushing his vehicle to a recharge pump.

If they *do* hit the Indigo, his autocar bursts into a ball of flame. If you want, you can give 'em about 10 seconds to scramble out of their vehicle before it explodes.

Do they report it or not?

3. Please Don't Feed The Bots

As you zip along the tube, the engine begins sputtering. You're slowing down. You've come to a halt.

You look down and spot a little glowing message hidden in the jumble of buttons, switches, and lights on the dashboard: "Fuel Level Zero. Proceed to nearest recharge depot."

Players can try to call for a towbot, flag down other vehicles to siphon energy, or abandon the autocar all together. It is, of course, treasonous to abandon valuable Computer property. If they choose to walk through the tube, casually mention that **PARANOIA** does, indeed, have rules governing starvation and dehydration. And those citizen strolling paths that criss-cross the tubes weren't designed with pedestrian safety in mind. Some paths cross right in front of oncoming traffic. And let's not forget the ever-present power grid. Can anyone say "roasted"?

If you are feeling particularly wimpy, or perhaps your players seem especially pitiful today, have an Indigo limobot drive up. The Red level chauffeur recharges the Troopers' vehicle at the command of the Indigo, who simply wants to get to his destination station.

4. Have White Cane, Will Travel

As your car glides smoothly along the well-lit tube, you get a funny feeling. Your sight dims. Sure enough, you're blind. All of you.

Dramatic pause.

You suddenly notice the dashboard instruments are still glowing. You aren't blind after all! The lights in the tube went out. What a relief! No big deal.

Sure hope nobody's coming from the opposite direction.

The headlights work on a verbal command, "Turn on Headlights." Difficult, eh? You might want them to travel with the tube lights off for a few hours, or have the lights spring back on after a few minutes. Which is just enough time for their eyes to adjust to the darkness. Glaring white lights make it awfully hard to see what's just ahead in the tube.

5. There Was An Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe . . .

You careen around a curve in the tube and see, not more than 10 meters in front of you, a team of repairbots clustered around a Violet autocar. As you speedily approach, you realize that

the bots have somehow wedged the car sideways in a particularly narrow section of tubing. It's going nowhere fast. There isn't nearly enough time to stop. However, as you watch the bots scatter, you notice a detour just in front of the whole mess. What would you like to do?

An attribute check or skill roll is needed to turn the autocar. If the driver fails, he plows into the Violet vehicle. Go ahead. Dramatize the scene. Let them sweat it out. The Violet driver (currently sitting in the car) is the Commissioner for HIL Sector Housing. Bet the PCs are wondering what it's like to sleep in the corridors for the next few centuries.

If they manage to make the turn, Nothing Happens as they sideswipe the Violet autocar. (See the "Nothing Happens Table.")

6. The Long and Winding Road

As you purr along this stretch of tube, you look down at the dashboard. The destination code monitor is blinking the message: "Please use manual controls. Automatic destination sensors are not operating."

You've never seen this area. You don't see any destination stations. You do notice that you are traveling through a narrow section of the tubes. Openings branch off in all directions. Wait a minute. Didn't you pass by that turn-off just a few moments ago? Of course, there is nothing to worry about. Nothing at all. The Computer certainly would not allow its loyal citizens to be lost in the middle of nowhere, traveling in circles, with no possibility of ever seeing home and clone family again.

Have them all roll 2d10, without telling them why. You might want to mumble something about "where's that Starvation Table." Then casually mention that a Difficult Power Attribute roll (3d10 to simulate luck) might mean a character is inspired as to which direction to travel in.

If all the characters fail, you could wimp out and allow them to intercept another autocar whose driver can give them directions. Only do this after a considerable amount of time has passed. Perhaps after The Computer contacts them, asking why they haven't reported to their destination. Requests for directions are met with: "State your current location." Pity the PCs have no idea where they are. And let's not forget the PC who brings up a troublesome contradiction. Troublesome contradictions and being late are two wonderful examples of treason.

7. Snorkeling For Fun and Profit

Just ahead the tube dips down. It's filled with a foul black liquid. You also see a left branch ahead. Would you like to try for a left turn at your current speed?

If they do not make the left turn:

There's a tremendous splash as your autocar dives into murky blackness. Traveling along, you never realized how many leaks your vehicle had until now. Everyone will probably have to hold their breath for a couple of minutes if the liquid in the autocar continues to rise. What is everybody doing?

When you're bored with panicky screams from your players as their characters drown one by one, read:

The blackness ends. The tube slopes upward again and you come splashing out from the depths. Thank goodness for waterproof autocars. It's only leaking a little bit now. And don't worry about the sloshing sound coming from the engine compartment. Or how you seem to be slowing down. No problem.

If you don't like that ending, how about this one:

The car slows and stops. You are still submerged. To your left you can barely make out a dim light glowing in the blackness. You can also see a destination station emerging from the tunnel wall. Your dashboard monitor blinks: "You have arrived."

8. Joyriding

As you turn a bend you see scrubots ahead, cleaning the tunnel. Fortunately they are far enough away to give you time to slow down and maneuver around them. Probably. You think.

The driver must make an attribute check or a skill roll to avoid the bots. If not, the autocar takes one with it. Explain how the bot is flailing around on the hood of the autocar. How scrubot screams echo through the tube as it madly waves at them to stop. How it totally blocks their view . . .

9. Road Service

You zip through the transit tube, the siren on your autocar blaring. Suddenly a bright spark explodes from somewhere under the hood. The whine of the engine quickly trails off as the vehicle comes to an abrupt — and possibly final — stop.

This little diversion can be a lot of fun. The only way to look under the hood is to open the autocar door, step out onto the grid, and walk to the front of the vehicle. Stepping on an electromagnetic impulse grid can hurt an awful lot. Troopers can walk between the grid if they're real careful (a 3d10 Agility Check). Then a skill roll is needed to figure out what's wrong and get the vehicle moving again. Of course, they'll need another attribute check to get back across the grid and into the autocar. And if they repair it and it starts moving without anyone at the controls, a few rolls to dodge, weave, and jump into the vehicle may be in order.

10. Sudden Death

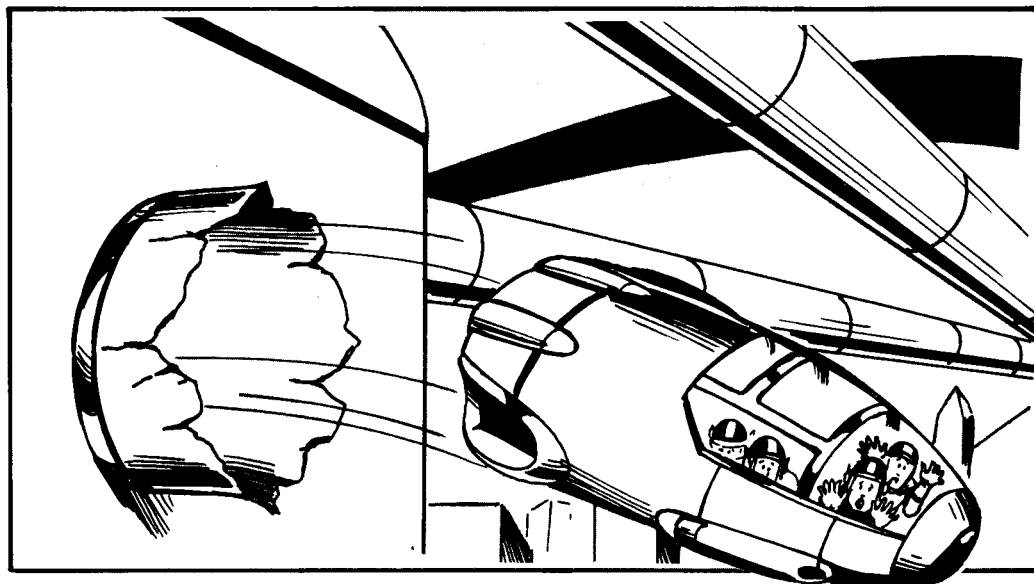
You zoom along the tube and careen around a corner. The dull roar your autocar makes disappears. So does the tube. You find yourselves floating in midair. You, your gear, and your autocar. You begin falling. Down, down, down. Between screams you see the pretty buildings around you and you marvel at the maze of transit tubes above you.

Wham! Your six lives pass before your eyes.

You have stopped falling. You and your gear are sitting in what was once an autocar. Destruction of Computer property is treason.

The results of this little escapade are left for you to play with, although Column 20 of the Damage Table looks awfully lonely.

Nothing is wrong. Everything is fine. Honest.





■ Reaching Their Destination

If you've properly used all these clever suggestions, the Troopers reach their destination a little older and grayer, but in almost one piece. Or maybe they *do* reach it in one piece. One small, tiny, compressed piece. Hee, hee, hee.

The wheels lock. The autocar fishtails. It bucks and swerves up the side of the round tube. You come to a complete stop, sitting at a 45 degree angle to the floor. The autocar creaks. It turns over, dropping down onto the tube floor. You are sitting upside down. Your grid connectors are smoking. The aroma of burnt metal nearly suffocates you. About 30 meters back down the tube, a destination station slowly emerges from the wall. A little monitor on the dashboard faintly blinks: "You have arrived." You made it! Congratulations!

■ IntSecServe: Support Services for the Busy Blue Trooper

During the course of the HIL Sector Campaign, your Troopers will often make requests for information, equipment, and technical assistance. Most often such requests can be handled by the following IntSec service bureaus, located in the giant HIL Sector IntSec Headquarters facility. (If not, either give the PCs a runaround or improvise a new service bureau on the spot.)

The entire IntSec operation is under the jurisdiction of Captain Fur-I-LLO-5. He is a dashing, ambitious clone who started as a lowly Troubleshooter and quickly rose to the top of the largest Internal Security force in all Alpha Complex. He is fair, just, and understands the problems that his subordinates face. That doesn't mean Troopers can get away with anything, however. Fur-I has his sights set on higher office, and pity the poor Trooper who threatens his ambitions.

The player screen and *The Internal Security Gazette* handout contain somewhat . . . biased . . . information about IntSec services. As gamemaster, read the gazette before giving it to your players. Those naive innocents will undoubtedly eat up every precious word, and you should know what's in it. The listings here complement the scant information given in the handout and on the screen, including characterization hints and an idea of how friendly the NPCs are when dealing with obnoxious PC Troopers.

Also remember that in most cases, PCs normally deal with subordinates in each department. Unless otherwise noted, supervisors only deal with Troopers in rare circumstances.

■ IntSecServe Departments

1. Ministry of Information
2. PLC Outfitting
3. The Armory
4. Research and Design (R&D)
5. Department of Forensic Sciences
6. Communications Central
7. Motor Pool
8. Informant's Registry
9. Ministry of Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation
10. Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations
11. Department of Political Therapy
12. Mutant's Registry

1. Ministry of Information

Troopers can always petition The Computer for information, but it is almost always more effective to route a request through the MiniInfo. IntSec often has access to original documents, testimony, and blood samples, while The Computer invariably disseminates carefully digested and edited versions of events.

Troopers contacting IntSec in person have no trouble, and Troopers using their built-in com units are automatically plugged into the MiniInfo research banks. However, tying into the research banks via Communications Central by computer terminal, com unit, or other method requires a password. The latest password is available from Communications Central, and they're very choosy about who they give it to.

When using a remote console or com unit to request information, Troopers are directly connected to an Information Officer, generally of Green clearance or lower, who personally handles their request. Most officers are quite obsequious and cooperative; some are annoyingly overzealous in political orthodoxy to the point that their cooperation is very expensive in time and energy. Pulling rank on these super-patriots can be risky, but may be necessary if Troopers don't have all day to wait for the information they want.

Personnel

Supervisor: Iam-O-KAY-4

Secret Society: Sierra Club

Mutant Power: Mental Block

Information Officer: "Ziggy" Star-R-DST-2

Secret Society: International Workers of the World

Mutant Power: Levitation

Ziggy is always on duty at the Ministry Information Counter. He is a sniveling, whining, overweight clone who is unhappy with his job, his real name, and

is sure that everyone and The Computer are involved in a complicated conspiracy to make him miserable.

PC Troopers approaching the counter see a nameplate that reads Star-R-DST-2. The number is written on a flip card that can be changed each time the Troopers return. They spot a Red clerk sitting some distance away with a vidscreen in his lap.

PC: Excuse me. Can you tell me how to order a part for an autocar?

Ziggy: (Not taking his eyes off his portable vidscreen.) What's your security clearance?

PC: Blue.

Ziggy: Tough. No dice. Pop a Happy pill. Leave me alone.

PC: Umm . . . I was told that you could help me.

Ziggy: Nope. I'm watchin' Teela. I'm not gonna get it now. Come back tomorrow. Leave. Besides, you're part of the conspiracy. Well, it won't work. I'm already miserable. Go away.

PC: Okay. Just excuse me a second . . . there! (Rests a cone rifle on the bridge of Ziggy's nose.) Now. Let's start over . . .

The only thing that works with Ziggy is threatening him with summary execution for not following orders. He's already on his second clone and grudgingly concedes to higher clearance orders. It just takes a little motivation to get him away from his vidscreen. When threatened, Ziggy loses control of his mutant power and nearby objects begin to float about.

Each time the PCs encounter Ziggy he'll be on his next clone. After his sixth clone life you'll have to replace him with another NPC.

Ziggy knows where all types of information can be found, or who to talk to if he doesn't have that information.

His superior, Iam-O-KAY-4, is never available.

2. PLC Outfitting

This department has offices and a small warehouse at IntSec HQ. The supplies are well stocked and the staff is uncooperative. Due to the small staff (composed of Spen-G-LER-6 and Sigmunduf-R-OID-2) and warehouse, exotic items like Outside gear, engineering equipment, or personal grooming supplies have to be shipped in from another Sector: "It'll take six to eight week-cycles."

PLC Outfitting is near the HIL Sector IntSec target range. The explosions and flying debris that distinguish this area have an unnerving effect on the clones of PLC. A considerable portion of PLC's restocking is in the area of earplugs, earmuffs, and umbrellas. Lots of PLC technicians wear their work home with them. Especially the ones that have to walk by

the target range. They can be seen holding umbrellas over their ear-muffled heads as they pass the target range.

IntSec Troopers can get any type of clothing they can imagine here — in Blue, of course.

Anything that Spen-G-LER-6 even remotely conceives as dangerous weapons are available only through the armory. Spen-G considers suspenders dangerous weapons.

Personnel

Supervisor: Spen-G-LER-6

Secret Society: Pro Tech

Mutant Power: Number Cruncher, Eidetic Memory

Service Representative:

Sigmunduf-R-OID-2

Secret Society: Pro Tech

Mutant Power: Advanced Touch

When playing Spen-G-LER, think Egon Spengler (from the movie *GHOST-BUSTERS™*) with a mohawk haircut.

Spen-G-LER isn't much for conversation, and he isn't much for courtesy. He suspects everyone of treason and keeps his thoughts to himself. He may be in charge, but he doesn't trust his subordinate worth a plugged credit, so he's always around to handle requests.

Said subordinate, Sigmunduf-R-OID, is always around too, and somehow manages to get into an argument with Spen-G whenever a Trooper needs a piece of equipment *right now*.

3. The Armory

If a Trooper needs a more powerful weapon or some special piece of defensive armor, this is the place he comes to. The armory is located in a large, five-level complex in the back of IntSec HQ. The heavily-armored walls and patrolling warbots are a Trooper's most vivid memories of his visit to this wonderful place.

This department handles all Trooper weapon and armor outfitting and maintenance. The staff has a reputation for unusually efficient maintenance and service. It also has a reputation for installing remote control devices in all weapons, permitting the mission leader to deactivate any subordinate's weapon with the flick of a switch, and for detecting unauthorized tampering with weapons. Occasional spot checks are ordered from time to time to catch careless traitors.

Personnel

Supervisor: "Rip Yer Lungs Out"

Rocky-B-BOA-1

Secret Society: Frankenstein Destroyers

Mutant Power: Regeneration

Weapons Technician: Wee-B-BAD-4

Secret Society: Death Leopard

Mutant Power: Electroshock

Wee-B and Rocky-B love their work. They also love their merchandise and are averse to signing equipment out to Troopers. But once convinced of the need by patriotic Blues, they will attempt to assign the biggest, most dangerous, most special-effect-producing weapons they have. They just love to hear a tacnuke explode at duskcycle. And there's nothing better than the smell of napalm in the morningcycle.

PC: We need a weapon in order to subdue a poodlebot so we can return it to its owner.

Wee-B: No problem! We've got just the thing to do the trick. How many thermo-radiation grenades will you need?

Rocky-B is a retired Vulture Squadron goon and a veteran of the Commie Sweep of 239. He tells whoever will listen all about the heroics he accomplished for The Computer. "We leveled that whole sector to end a terrible, terrible menace. You know, hot radiation looks so pretty glowing over smouldering ruins . . ."

4. Research & Design

The purpose of this office is to foist dangerous (and occasionally lethal) experimental devices upon unsuspecting IntSec Troopers. The Computer is very interested in maintaining the high level of success that its Blue Troopers have achieved, and the only way to do this is by keeping up with the latest in crimefighting technology. R&D is located in the heavily armored building right next to the armory.

They often let each other know when something is going to go boom. Personnel of both departments love to "ooh" and "ahh" while watching a really great explosion.

There are no *mad* scientists or designers here. All of IntSec's R&D clones are perfectly *sane*. Perfectly. Devices are crated and shipped via Fed-R-ALL's messenger service (see "Fed-R-ALL Express"), often without proper (or intelligible) documentation or manuals. The staff is unusually polite, but extraordinarily ignorant and misinformed. Often they have absolutely no idea — or the wrong idea — about what a device is supposed to do, but they are under orders to invent such devices and have them tested. Loyal R&D clones enthusiastically and loyally follow orders.

Though the players should discover it only by experience, it is not considered treasonous to refuse experimental equipment when assigned to urgent IntSec business. In any case, R&D staffers will not make a stink, and treason points are assigned only if the mission was low-risk and the refusal to accept the device seemed unreasonable or overtly treasonous.

Personnel

Supervisor: Jules-V-ERN-5

Secret Society: Computer Phreaks

Mutant Power: Luck

Research Technician: Herbert-G-WEL-5

Secret Society: First Church of

Christ Computer-Programmer

Mutant Power: Matter-Eater

Wee-B-BAD demonstrates the new and improved Model X-4 Armor.





Cut on the dotted line ...
fold on the solid line ... ?

Jules-V believes that his subordinates envy his quick rise to Violet level. (They do.) Jules-V also believes that he got to Violet level by sheer accident. (He did.) He also believes he'd be demoted if anyone found out. (Wrong. He'd be executed.) This thinking helps keep Jules-V paranoid and extremely eager to help anyone in any way he can. The less suspicion he garners, the longer he'll get to watch things go boom.

This isn't easy as head of R&D, unfortunately. Random explosions, routine destruction of valuable Computer property, and constant clone replacements keep Jules-V in the news and continuously monitored by agents of The Computer.

Jules-V is in charge of six rather inept would-be inventors. They strive to outdo each other in developing new devices. This isn't to please Jules-V — they are vying for his job as the new R&D head because they are sure his fall is imminent.

Jules-V knows very little about the projects either completed or still being tested by his team. He permits his subordinates to actually hand out experimental devices to Troopers, allowing blame to fall on their heads whenever possible — which is how he has survived so long.

Herbert-G-WEL, his assistant and right-hand clone, is not focused in the here-and-now. He would fit right into the 1960's Hippie movement. Wow, man. Cool. He especially likes to stare at nice, swirling colors for hours on end. Most of the devices he signs out form nice, swirling colors when they explode.

5. Department of Forensic Sciences

Known commonly as "The Lab," this is the IntSec equivalent of R&D as well as the department which does analysis of any evidence or puzzling phenomena encountered in the course of an IntSec mission. The staff is available for remote or field consultation in cases where expert analysis is necessary.

The staff is fascinated by high-tech toys and elegantly-abstruse scientific theory. This is likely to breed short tempers in practical, time-pressed Blue Troopers. Requests for field experts often result in the appearance of bespectacled boy geniuses freighted down with fancy gadgets and poly-syllabic blather. They wander absentmindedly into fields of fire, which is unfortunate since accidents befalling such valuable citizens are frowned on by The Computer.

"The Lab" will occasionally assign experimental crime-fighting devices (bloodhoundbots, miniaturized lie detectors, Communist-hormone detectors, etc.) to Blue Trooper squads. Sometimes a Lab Observer is assigned to accompany the squad to supervise testing. Refusing these testing requests is a bad idea, always resulting in treason points.

Personnel

Supervisor: Lace-YAND-2

Secret Society: Earth Mothers
Mutant Power: Advanced Smell

Forensic Technician: Cagne-YAND-1

Secret Society: Romantics
Mutant Power: Advanced Vision

Cagne-Y and Lace-Y were Blue Troopers before their demotion to forensics a short time ago. Using the same methods that made them the darlings of the Trooper squad room — namely pushy and obnoxious behavior — these clones have turned forensics into an important part of IntSec standard procedure. Of course, they base their whole scientific method on a pre-Computer book, *The Search for Ancient Mysteries*. Needless to say, their methods are highly unorthodox, questionable in nature, and wholeheartedly supported by The Computer. If they decide to investigate a case as field consultants, the lucky Troopers may wish they had the boy genius back instead.

When dealing with Cagne-Y and Lace-Y, the PCs get the impression that one is friendly, cheerful and open, and the other is mean, nasty and uncooperative. Which is which changes each time they call forensics. And if the case is particularly interesting, Lace-Y and Cagne-Y will forget all about their current jobs and become the Blue Troopers of legend they once were.

6. Communications Central

This IntSecServe department forms a mighty link connecting all of Internal Security via com units. The friendly operators of ComCent inform Troopers of assignments, handle requests for backups, and reroute Troopers to HIL Sector Central or some other civilian communication band when they need to place a call outside of IntSec HQ. (See "The Horrors of Communication Central" for more details on this wonderful service for the Blue Troopers.)

Personnel

Dispatch Supervisor: Ben-I-HIL-6

Secret Society: Knights of the Circular Object

Mutant Power: Empathic Healing

Duty Officer: Sergeant No-I-NOT-6

Secret Society: Romantics

Mutant Power: Paralyzer

Dispatch Operator: Ma-B-ELL-3

Secret Society: Free Enterprise

Mutant Power: Pyrokinesis

Ben-I-HIL-6 is an Indigo-Level Trooper assigned to desk duty in ComCent because he's been wounded and injured so many times in the line of duty that even a Docbot Mark 12 can't restore him to full function.

Ben-I is universally regarded as wise and loyal, and has a reputation for looking out for rookies, passing along helpful tips, or taking an inexperienced Trooper aside for a friendly talk when he is about to get into serious trouble. Ben-I has no political axe to grind, and he is too shrewd to be an easy target, so he is one of those rare characters in Alpha Complex — a guy a Trooper can trust.



It is extremely unlikely that players conditioned to normal **PARANOIA** play would go around looking for a friendly NPC, so you will probably have to push Ben-I out in front of them before they get much use out of him. You can introduce Ben-I as the dispatcher for all HIL Sector missions. Have him offer some cautionary advice which turns out to be useful. Have other NPCs send the PCs to him from time to time for practical advice, or consult him by com unit in the presence of the PCs. Take every opportunity to present him as a source of hints and advice.

No-I is also the PCs' unit supervisor, so he'll be dealing with them on a very intimate basis. He can be their best friend in IntSec if they play it straight with him, or he can be their worst nightmare. If such is the case, they get assigned to the most boring and the most dangerous missions available, and the horrors of Communication Central are even more horrible than usual.

Ma-B-ELL is a fun-loving clone who sometimes works as a ComCent dispatcher and also enjoys playing practical jokes. Her favorite is switching the tongue tattoo identification sensors in the PCs' helmets. She's also fond of rerouting Troopers' calls to High Programmers, Vulture unit leaders, and The Computer. Do you know the penalty for prank com calls in Alpha Complex?

7. The Motor Pool

Need an autocar for the daycycle? This is the place to get one. And PCs can come in person or call via their com units. Isn't that convenient? The motor pool also handles repairs and maintenance of autocars and bots. The pool itself is located on the ground level of IntSec HQ, building three. It also occupies three additional sub-basements and has its own private transit tube destination station. Row upon row of autocar bays take up much of the space, along with repair pits, elevated storage docks, and diagnostic computer stations.

Good relations with the Vehicle Services staff of the motor pool is essential to successful mission completion. If the Grease Gang likes them, PCs' autocars will probably be reliable. If the Grease Gang doesn't know them, PCs get whatever is handy — sometimes a risky proposition. If the Grease Gang dislikes them, they will go out of their way to assign PCs their least-reliable equipment — autocars which deliver them to the wrong sector, which break down in the middle of a pursuit, and occasionally malfunction in dramatic ways when operated at speeds in excess of 12 kph.

The Grease Gang is very sensitive about its lowly status (they are Infrareds, Reds, and Oranges), and Troopers quickly

get on their bad side by pulling rank. On the other hand, heroic tough guys strike their fancy, and those knowledgeable in Vehicle Services skills generally make a good impression. Bribes are very effective. Squealer-rats and super-patriots are universally loathed; Grease Gangers will make an exaggerated show of obsequious cooperation, but will give them death-traps and junkers, regretfully explaining that all the good vehicles are reserved for high-level folks or are out of service.

The motor pool also handles maintenance of IntSec guardbots, docbots, and jackobots. They are not particularly well-qualified for this work, but budget cuts forced this economy. IntSec bots are known for their unreliable maintenance and programming and, within the service, Troopers know not to put much faith in them. Unfortunately, other service groups generally put a lot of faith in bots, and external requests that Troopers be supported by bots are common and generally acknowledged.

Personnel

Supervisor: Sun-O-CCO-3

Secret Society: Free Enterprise
Mutant Powers: Mechanical Intuition, Machine Sense

Mechanic: Sun-O-CCO-4

Secret Society: Free Enterprise
Mutant Power: Machine Empathy

One day Sun-O-CCO-3 found himself near death after being run over by a Blue Trooper autocar. He was quickly rushed to a nearby recovery cubicle and placed in the care of a docbot. But his co-workers, convinced the damage was too great for even modern medicine to overcome, reported his sad demise and requested a replacement. But Sun-O did not die! The gifted docbot was able to save his life and he returned to his post the following daycycle. His co-workers rejoiced, and then realized their mistake. But before they could warn him, Sun wandered into his office and discovered his next clone already in his place. After an identity crisis of drastic proportions, the clones decided to work as a team. And everybody rejoiced.

Today, it is next to impossible to tell these two apart. They act, look, talk, and walk exactly alike. (Think Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, or the two Walt Disney chipmunks, Chip and Dale.) They also have a deep-seated hatred for Blue Troopers due to the driving habits of one reckless clone.

Sun-3: May I help you?

PC: Yes. I need my autocar repaired.

Sun-3: Wait here and I'll go out and look at it. (Exits.)

PC: (Surprised at his eagerness to help) Thank you!

Sun-4: (Entering from another door) May I help you?

PC: Er . . .

Sun-3: (Reentering and standing next to Sun-4) There appears to be a problem with —

Sun-4: The transmission?

Sun-3: No. Try again?

PC: Excuse me . . .

Sun-4: (Ignoring PC) The brakes. Definitely the brakes.

Sun-3: Wrong again. You aren't doing well today. Maybe you should have taken an extra wakey pill this morning?

Sun-4: Wait, wait. (Pause) I know! The magnetic pulse power strip! Yes?

Sun-3: Gosh, you're *right*!

PC: Excuse me, can I get my autocar fixed?

Sun-4: (To PC) Excuse *me*! (To Sun-3) Is there anything *else* wrong with the car?

Sun-3: Yes! Oh, you're catching on faster. Guess again . . .

The Sun-O brothers (as they are known) are the mechanics most often found down at the motor pool. They take care of routine maintenance, refueling, and repair of IntSec autocars and are in charge of the entire facility. They are also in charge of the weekly Free Enterprise Bowling Tournaments. Not-so-loyal citizens call in or visit to lay bets, choose partners, and pay debts. In the main garage itself is a strange color-coded graph. It is used to mark bowling results. Each team is in a different color. This not only mocks The Computer's security clearances, but is hazardous for any PC to ask questions about. Sun-O and Sun-O have plenty of blunt instruments lying about to answer such questions.

The Sun-Os are happy and carefree. They are glad to repair any vehicle. Harass or threaten them and they will still fix your car. Eventually. Some daycycle. Real Soon Now.

8. Informant's Registry

This department provides Blue Troopers with information that is not readily available through more conventional means. In addition to undercover infiltration throughout Alpha Complex's secret societies, IntSec maintains a lively traffic in the information market.

There are two general classes of informants. The largest group is comprised of eager, patriotic volunteers who keep an eye open for anything treasonous or illegal. These folks are generally recognized as public squealers, and, since no one trusts them, seldom have information of value.

The other smaller but more valuable group consists of well-placed secret society members who sell information at very high prices. Their lives are at risk if discovered selling information to IntSec, and great care is taken to provide anonymity



and secure communication channels to these informers. The bureau is generally unwilling to risk exposing them except in cases of Complex security.

The head of the department is Bea-V-DEE-3. Actually, she *is* the department. Bea-V is getting on in years, and has learned how to cover herself quite well. This is why she's been able to keep this job for twenty-some-odd yearcycles. Another reason is that her opponents (and those she feels are opponents) get reported as traitors or exposed as Commies. That's why her new assistant, Pid-G-EON-4, is nervous. He doesn't want to wind up as another in a long line of Commie traitors that have been assigned to the Informant's Registry.

Personnel

Supervisor: Bea-V-DEE-3

Secret Society: Spy for Another Alpha Complex
Mutant Power: Deep Probe

Registry Coordinator: Pid-G-EON-4

Secret Society: National Fantasy Fan Foundation
Mutant Power: Telepathic Sense

Sweet, innocent Bea-V works closely with PLC Outfitting, sewing audio bugs and radar tracers into suspicious-acting citizen's clothing and uniforms.

Her job is to file reports of treasonous activity and *suspected* treasonous activity. She does this quickly, accurately, and selectively. She has been known to — occasionally — file a treasonous report under the wrong name (oops!) or even misfile an entire stack of treasonous evidence under the same name (giggle!). Bea-V is a dangerous person to make mad. She is also a Spy for Another Alpha Complex, planted long ago, who sifts information to her superiors whenever she is able.

Another important function of the Informant's Registry is to provide Troopers with names and locations of various clones who can tell them when the next meeting of the Earth Mothers secret society is, where the Black Market drop stations are, and which bot is a Corpore Metal organizer.

As long as PCs grovel properly, Bea-V is pleasant, helpful, and eager to provide assistance.

9. Ministry of Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation

Do the Troopers have an uncooperative witness? How about a suspect that won't talk? Or a known Commie who won't confess? Bring them in to MiniPOI for fast results, satisfaction guaranteed! This department specializes in questioning clones and getting them to confess — to absolutely anything you want them to.

All of the latest in persuasive electronics are at the disposal of MiniPOI. Mind sifters, mind scramblers, mind rear-rangers, and mind crushers are just some of the fun devices that suspected Commies and traitors look forward to when they're taken for a visit to MiniPOI. This department also keeps an eye on Troopers to ensure that they are proceeding by the book — the Big Blue Book.

Personnel

Supervisor: Miami-V-ICE-2

Secret Society: Illuminati
Mutant Power: Mental Block

Truth Technician: Hank-G-MAN-1

Secret Society: Psion
Mutant Power: Trance Teleport

This is the most overtly political of the IntSec service bureaus. Its agents are generally fanatics, and many of the office staff are secretly CPU service group members.

When things are going well in HIL Sector — when everything is quiet and secure for The Computer and the citizenry — the Ministry keeps a low profile and gets involved only when called upon by Blue Troopers. When things start going wrong — when important cases are slow to be solved, when important people get unhappy with IntSec performance — agents from the Ministry begin showing up in mission groups, in corridors, and in public lavatories. If Troopers aren't bringing them any brains to sift, they look for reasons to sift Troopers' brains.

Ministry agents are formally supposed to be indistinguishable from the populace to make their undercover activities most effective; however, there is a subtle sleek and prosperous look about them — well-tailored clothes, perfectly-groomed hair, an air of repose, confidence, and security — that the citizenry has learned to be sensitive to. In game terms, a PC with Personal Development skills has his psychescan skill with a +40 bonus to recognize an undercover MiniPOI agent.

Those Troopers seeking information from an uncooperative witness should be encouraged to employ the services of this department. Then comes the fun part. Give the PCs all the misleading information you want. MiniPOI can serve as a wild-goose-chase kit. The staffers should solemnly deliver the information pried from their victims. Encourage the PCs to regard it as gospel. Make sure it is baloney.

10. Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations

This department provides skilled undercover operatives and surveillance technicians to other IntSec service bureaus. The staffers regard themselves as professionals, craftsmen, and artists.

Indifferent to politics or idealism, they are rather casual in their observance of loyalty to The Computer and their superiors; such temperament is tolerated only in citizens of real ability.

In an adventure, NPCs assigned from this department will be unusually capable and unusually unimpressed by security clearances and accusations of treason. PCs who accuse them of security breaches and treason will be unusually ventilated by unusually accurate — and powerful — weaponsfire. Think Dirty Harry and Raymond Chandler shamus types.

Personnel

Supervisor: Charles-B-RSN-4

Secret Society: Death Leopard
Mutant Power: Pyrokinesis

Field Agent: Dirt-Y-HRY-5

Secret Society: Humanists
Mutant Power: Combat Mind

Field Agent: Coe-V-ERT-2

Secret Society: Femme Fatale
Mutant Power: Empathy

Field Agent: Operash-I-ONS-3

Secret Society: Groupies
Mutant Power: Magnetosense

Charles-B is supervisor because he much prefers working behind a desk than being in the line of fire. The others love making Commie mutant traitors suffer in assorted fashions and allow Charles-B to do the paperwork, leaving them free to practice their art. Art is a wonderful thing.



11. Department of Political Therapy

Brain-cleaning While You Wait.

Actually, most of the heavy-duty mind-roasting goes on in the Franzk-O-FKA Memorial Recreation Center — a charming spa which makes a gulag look like Club Med. DeePolTee concentrates on rehabilitating those citizens intimidated and interrogated into confessing criminal thoughts and deeds by MiniPOI. Clients are encouraged to absorb vast quantities of information (via mind reconstructors) and to spout polite but effusive praise for The Computer, Alpha Complex, and its citizens.

The staff of DeePolTee is not very interested in rehabilitating The Computer's stray citizens. They just want results, and to play with their subjects in high-tech chambers of horror that would have made Torquemada green with envy. Imagine an army of fiendishly cackling Vincent Prices with unlimited access to high voltage current, and you've got the idea.

No experienced Troopers at HIL Sector IntSec take the functions of DeePolTee very seriously, but as a boogie man to threaten uncooperative witnesses and detainees, DeePolTee serves admirably.

Rookies, however, have to learn from experience about the worthlessness of DeePolTee's corrective services. (Vets know that it's always imprudent to badmouth the capabilities of professionals who are licensed to apply orbital sanders to human flesh in search of the eternal verities.) Therefore the PCs should be encouraged to drag potential information sources down to these fun-loving gnomes. Let the PCs watch the proceedings from the observation booth. But please, no getting sick on the carpet.

Personnel

Supervisor: Fluffy-I-AMM-2

Secret Society: Mystics

Mutant Power: Mental Blast

Loyalty Officer: Biff-G-BUF-3

Secret Society: Communists

Mutant Power: Telepathic Projection

12. Mutant's Registry

Just stepping into the busy Mutant's Registry waiting room alerts Troopers to the unique atmosphere of this service department. Citizens wearing jumpsuits of various colors — each bearing the distinctive yellow Registered Mutant stripe — lounge lazily on benches. One is idly munching on a bar of aluminum. Another casually directs lightning bolts into a scorched table leg. Messengers float to and fro like Mary Poppins. A clerk is taking notes as the citizen across the desk rigidly grips the arms of his chair, his ears smoking and his eyes spinning like pinwheels.

This is where Troopers can borrow Computer-sanctioned mutants for all sorts of crimefighting tasks. These mutants are happy, psychotic, and allowed to freely use their powers whenever they want. The Computer says so. As loyal citizens, they always listen to The Computer. And they love working alongside the famous HIL Sector Blues.

Personnel

Supervisor: Mutie-I-GLO-2

Secret Society: Anti-Mutants

Mutant Power: Suggestion

Registry Clerk: Profess-O-EXX-2

Secret Society: The Foundation

Mutant Power: Deep Probe, Mind Blast

Mutie-I-GLO, the clone in charge of the registry, is a member of the Anti-Mutants secret society. He hates mutants. He sends them out on the most dangerous IntSec missions, hoping they will terminate themselves and save his society the trouble.

Profess-O-EXX has a sacred mission. He believes it is his task to gather all mutant-kind together and start a free society somewhere Outside. To this end, Profess-O does his best to protect and ensure the safety of all mutants — registered or not — while compiling information and statistics on them. Any Trooper displaying a mutant power is sure to be contacted by Profess-O in the near future.



Fed-R-ALL Express

There will be instances when the HIL Sector Blues are called upon to handle an emergency requiring their immediate presence. Before they can visit Outfitting and R&D. This leaves the Troopers woefully unsupplied with dangerous and unreliable equipment. Poor things.

There will also be times when Outfitting and R&D will want to test a brand new device they feel is just perfect for the Troopers' current situation. While they could contact the Troopers and have them rush back to HQ to pick up the equipment, this is not considered a cost-effective option. What is a Blue Trooper to do?

Leave it to The Computer, of course.

The ever-generous Computer doesn't stint on his loyal servants. It immediately sends whatever the clones need directly to the scene by express messenger.

Naturally, there's no need to consult the clones concerning their needs. The Computer knows best.

These perilous parcels are handled quickly and efficiently by Fed-R-ALL's Express Messenger Service. Fed-R is an enterprising young clone who was set up in business by the same High Programmers who came up with the transit tubes. They even designed his speedy-quick vehicle, the rocketcycle. Wasn't that swell of them?

Once Troopers see this messenger and his mode of transportation you probably won't have to explain to your players why the dangerous and unreliable stuff they receive from Outfitting and R&D is often late, broken, or hideously inappropriate. When they see Fed-R-ALL's rocketcycle carom off a few girders, plunge 20 feet from an elevated platform, and slam into a couple of corridor walls before screeching to a halt in front of them, they'll figure it out.

We're gonna start this charming NPC on clone #1 so you can burn one as often as you like. Fed-R-ALL is a desperately dedicated and loyal servant of The Computer. When assigned a rocketcycle he has no skill in piloting, he doesn't utter a peep. When ordered to deliver a couple of refrigeratorbots to FAR sector, and right away, thank you, he'll strap them on to his rocketcycle somehow and proceed, full throttle, with no thought for niceties like cornering or brakes. And he wouldn't think twice about dashing out into a crossfire to deliver a birthday card.

The boy deserves an "A" for effort. But Troopers'll probably have some trouble identifying the contents of the packages he delivers.

■ And Speaking of the Packages . . .

Actually, since a packing slip is semi-usually enclosed, and paper isn't quite as susceptible to damage from sharp impacts, the clones'll probably be able to figure out what was originally placed in the package. They may have a tough time figuring out *why* it was sent to them, however.

To be fair, the Infrared sods who pack these parcels at PLC are kind of in a hurry, watched over as they are by trigger-happy, power-mad Red clerks. Sometimes they get mixed up. Sometimes they're a little careless. Sometimes they can't even read the equipment requests. And, well, sometimes the parcels aren't marked too clearly. And with Fed-R-ALL in such a big hurry, maybe he doesn't always grab the right package.

These little things add up, you know.

The parcels from R&D are a different problem. No-I-NOT or Fur-I-LLO calls up R&D, says their boys need some help, send whatever you have handy that seems useful, and right away please. The key word here is "useful." A lot depends on a person's definition of the term. Well, the temptation in R&D is to get rid of all those widgets that nobody would normally take if offered to them in person. Maybe a Greasall Friction Reducer would be just perfect for getting the Troopers out of that jam. Or perhaps a Keptone Brain-Music Synthesizer and Birdbath. Or an Atomic Reactor Kit, complete with fissionables and protective . . . hmm. Where's the protective gear?

Then R&D contacts Fed-R-ALL and the package is on its way. Immediately. Because some things just have to get there absolutely, positively Right Now.

Fed-R-ALL's Rocketcycle

Thanks to the ingenious adaptation of obsolete Saturn boosters, the rocketcycle has a top speed of over 18,000 miles per hour. Unfortunately the cycle is not fully steerable at this speed. The booster engine and fuel tanks sit astride a massive rear axle, while the pilot is perched high above the single steering wheel something in the manner of the ancient velocipede. The cargo rack is slung beneath the frame and forward of the rocket engines. The nozzle of the rocket rotates to reverse the direction of thrust, providing the primary braking system. Neither the cargo rack nor the pilot are protected from the rocket engine when reversed — thus the understandable hesitation to use the primary braking system. The approach of a rocketcycle is heralded by a distinctive deafening roar and shock wave. Followed shortly thereafter by a loud bang.

Here are some ways Fed-R-ALL appears in an adventure. We've also included some packages for him to deliver. That old saying about shooting the messenger has never been more appropriate . . .

■ Arrival Scenario #1

Read this aloud.

In the distance you hear — kkkkkrrrrRRRRROOOOAAARRRR . . . (silence) . . . whamwhamwham . . . WHAM . . . puckHOOM! The corridor is briefly illuminated by a brilliant flash, there is a clatter and scrape like a

Fed-R-ALL Express: When it positutely, absotively has to be there Right Now.

tractor-trailer being dragged on its side along a stretch of interstate, sliding to a halt in the distance, followed by a shower of charred pieces of metal and plastic and a pall of thick, oily smoke.

A few moments pass, and a figure stumbles from the smoke. The unburned portion of his garment is red. Under one arm is a parcel; in the other hand is a clipboard. He totters forward, presses the package into your arms, then presents the clipboard for your signature. His garment smoulders. Upon receiving your signature, the figure salutes, turns, then plunges back into the smoke.

The parcel resembles a shirt box that has been dragged some distance beneath an express transbot. A glistening substance dribbles from one corner. There are no objects inside larger than a centimeter, and the thick sludge obscures any hints about their origin or purpose. The packing slip is barely legible:

FRAGILE!

HANDLE WITH CARE!

RD-X110-D Psionwave Density Analyzer (some assembly required)

RD-X110-B Psionwave Density Analyzer Powerpack

(Warning! Exposure to Reactants Have Been Shown to Produce Cancer in Igneous Rocks)

■ Arrival Scenario #2

Read this aloud.

You hear the roar of an approaching rocketcycle. The floor shudders in sympathetic vibration. Just as the sound becomes unbearable, there is a sharp BANG! . . . silence . . . followed by a

WhoooMP! A curtain of burning liquid arcs past the corridor door; through the mist of burning fuel you see a metallic frame cartwheeling down the corridor.

Several minutes pass. The flames in the corridor die down. Paint blisters from the adjoining wall.

A figure in a silver suit appears in the doorway, silhouetted against the flames. He pushes a handtruck loaded with a heap of still-burning debris. He swats at the flames, raising a cloud of black ash, then steps forward to present you with a clipboard. Upon receiving your signature, he dumps his smouldering load, salutes, and exits.

Among the embers is a relatively-intact metal strongbox. After forcing the welded-shut lid, you find a spherical object similar to a fire-roasted marshmallow — crisp and black on the outside, white and gooey on the inside — with a delicate tracery of melted copper wiring mottling the surface.

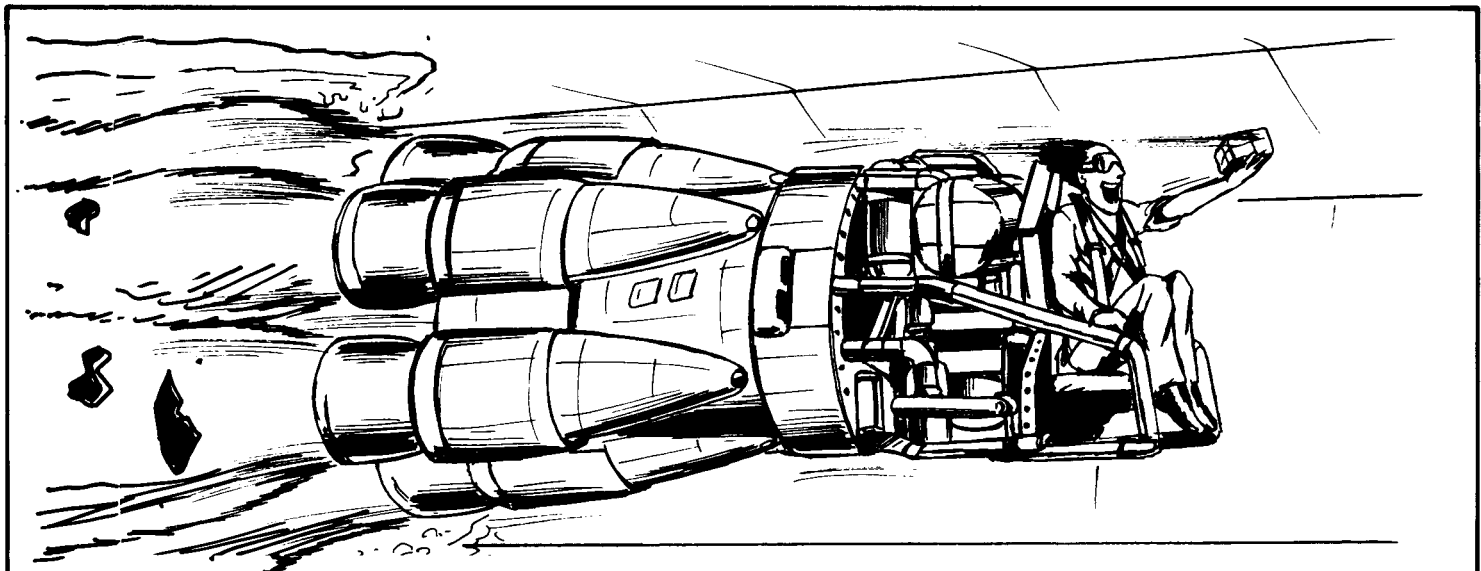
After a few of these encounters, and a couple of less fiery arrivals wherein Troopers actually receive *working* R&D devices that do nasty things to their exposed body parts, they may begin to greet Fed-R with diminishing enthusiasm and outright violence. But neither rain nor snow nor concentrated laser fire will deter Fed-R-ALL from his appointed rounds. So there.

■ Return to Sender

Some packages from R&D and PLC for the unsupplied Blue Trooper. Sometimes the check isn't the only thing in the mail . . .

1. XL-17 Transit Tube Deluxe Turbo Autocar

The XL-17 autocar is the latest version of the magnetic-impulse vehicle for use in the transit tubes.





The XL-17 is faster than standard autocars. Much faster. It has a simple operating principle: to accelerate, flip a switch. To apply the brakes, flip the switch back. Switches have never been known to break off in mid-flip.

Honest.

Because of its high speed, the XL-17 is equipped with an automatic siren. It sounds as long as the vehicle is in motion, and is of sufficient decibels to warn anyone within 200 meters of its impending approach. Ear plugs are standard equipment, but the small box that holds them is accidentally marked "recharge pellets." By the way, the IntSec Trooper's helmet has a tendency to amplify noise (designed so that whispering Commies can be heard at 20 meters), but this isn't enough to cause a hearing loss. Not even a temporary one (of, say, 4d10 days).

The XL-17 also has a hood-mounted Plasma Generator which emits a bolt of energy. This ball slows quickly due to air resistance. If the XL-17 is in motion, it overtakes the plasma bolt within 10 seconds. To correct this problem, the Plasma Generator is going to be rendered inoperative while the vehicle is moving. Soon. When the next model is released. That's just one more thing R&D is going to take care of on the XL-18. Along with the XL-17's habit of flipping over as it goes into a turn.

(Special autocars can also be sent by the motor pool guys in cooperation with R&D)

2. Veedle Zimm Autocar

This autocar looks like any standard issue autocar except for one minor detail — there are no controls. The entire dashboard has been ripped out. In its place is a very small black box with a teeny-tiny viewscreen, a round speaker cover, and a tiny blue button. The Veedle Zimm is operated entirely by bot brain. (The screen and button are reserved for future use.)

Veedle Zimm announces himself every time clones enter the car. Every time. Even if he knows who they are. Speak in a chipper, energetic voice (the Beaver from *Leave it to Beaver* with a sugar rush, for example). If you can make your voice break on every other sentence, that would be a nice touch.

"Hi guys! Welcome to Veedle Zimm! I'm your pilot on this fantastic voyage! Gee! I almost forgot! Be sure to wear your restraining belts! I wouldn't want you cracking my windshield with your heads! Ready?!"

"Say, who are you anyway?!"

Veedle is incorrigible and even termination threats do not faze him. He is especially annoying if any covert opera-

tions are performed near him, announcing the location of any IntSec Troopers setting an ambush.

"Say! Why are you hiding behind me? Whatta ya mean, 'Shhhhhh'? What's goin' on, anyway? Tell-me-tell-me-tell-me!"

If any Trooper manages to insult Veedle, he may refuse to move until the offending clone apologizes.

Veedle is primarily a vehicle (slight pun intended) for antagonizing your players. He's not too bright, so the Troopers could probably befuddle him with no trouble. After all, Veedle doesn't have the power to turn off the oxygen supply, seal the doors shut, and activate his automatic destruct mechanism (Column 18 on the Damage Table), now, does it?

In all other ways, Veedle is a typical autocar.

3. Universal Anti-Traitor Seekerbot

The Seekerbot detects, apprehends, and neutralizes treasonous citizens. It is swift and deadly in its assigned duty as protector of Alpha Complex, employing a handy laser cannon (Column 13 on the Damage Table) mounted underneath its spherical body. It continually monitors all physical activity in a 50 meter radius. Since the R&D technician who designed the bot knows that some activities which appear to be treasonous are actually for the good of Alpha Complex, the Seekerbot is programmed to allow a certain leeway. When a questionable action occurs, the Seekerbot inquires about the appropriateness of the action. Stumbling over words and long pauses are clear indications to the bot that the activity is definitely treasonous.

The Seekerbot is also mildly tolerant of the obsolete crime-fighting units it is replacing, namely the Blue Troopers. It handles them as though they were children, answering their questions slowly and with a clear condescending tone of voice. When playing the Seekerbot, think of any drill sergeant from old war movies who speaks like Mr. Spock from *Star Trek*.

Bot: Citizen! Explain why the activity you are currently engaged in is not highly treasonous.

Citizen: (Rifling through dead clone's pockets) Oh! Well, uh — in my haste to serve The Computer by eradicating this Commie mutant traitor, I, um, neglected to search for important documents which The Computer has requested.

Bot: Please explain why you have waited until the rest of your team left to perform this operation.

Citizen: Because, um. Well, I told you I forgot . . . I mean —

Zzzzt! The smell of broiled flesh fills the hallway.

Let's face it. The sole purpose of this device is to plague the Troopers, letting them agonize over every move they make (or fail to make), letting them worry that they will soon be replaced by this mechanical law enforcer.

Of course, the Seekerbot never makes mistakes, was designed with *all* of its essential programming intact, and isn't the *least* bit aggressive about doing its job.

Sure.

The Seekerbot's full stats are in the character roster pullout.

4. Portable Life Regenerator

The PLR looks like a huge refrigerator tipped on its side. It weighs roughly 200kg when empty, moves on treads, and has a very stupid bot brain. It responds to simple commands such as "Stop," "Go," "Sit," and "Roll over."

It also comes with a complete set of easy-to-understand instructions:

PLR Operating Instructions

Open top, lay dead clone on regeneration bed, close top, push "on" button.

Simple, right?

Well, the machine isn't exactly fast. But most Troopers should have no problem waiting a few days for the results. Troopers who forget to inform The Computer of the whereabouts of the deceased clone will find his next clone activated within a matter of hours. This will provide an obnoxious NPC when the actual PC is reactivated after the PLR is finished doing its stuff. A clone who has not been reported "on leave" for regeneration is terminated when he comes out of the machine, by order of The Computer, for being treasonously absent.

PLR Regeneration Table

Death By:	Time Required (in Daycycles):
Laser	2+1d10
Fire, Flood, Famine	2+2d10
Locusts, Boils	10+2d10
Fiery Hail, Tacnuke	999+5d10

Feel free to extrapolate other timespans from these.

Once the machine is finished, a light blinks and a voice says, "Please proceed to GOD Sector for debriefing." Hopefully there's someone still around to hear this message. When the Troopers do so (getting the PLR into an autocar is an adventure in itself) they're told to leave the clone for rehabilitation. Depending on what you have in mind, the clone will



return in whatever guise you deem appropriate for the enjoyment of your other players, or he can be shuffled off to Buff-O-LOW for reassignment, never to be heard from again.

You may find your players avoid this machine like any other R&D device. Insist that this really works. (Not too heavily, or they'll never touch it.) Suggest they try an Infrared. Let it work perfectly (and quickly) on the Infrared. Let them try one of their injured teammates. Let it work perfectly. Then they'll try it again.

Now zap it to them.

PLR Results Table

Malfunction: (Roll of 70-00) When a malfunction occurs, roll on this table or improvise something of your own. We won't tell.

01-25: PLR Blows up (Column 15 on the Damage Table)

26-40: Regenerated clone becomes shambling, stupid, poorly reconstructed zombie.

41-80: Clone isn't alone in the PLR. If the clone's outfit was still on him, he comes out with a hard, blue skin. He also has to lift his faceplate to eat.

81-90: A fly (which has somehow evaded all defenses and gotten into Alpha Complex) is trapped in PLR with deceased clone. The regenerated clone-fly combination is too horrible to mention.

91-94: Clone emerges looking like Frankenstein's monster. Rampages through HIL Sector terrorizing citizens and throwing children into reservoirs.

95-98: PLR's calibrations are off and the clone's arms are sprouting from his left earlobe. Remember: mutations are treason.

99-00: Two Things Happen at Once (roll twice or improvise).

Remedying the Malfunction: Kill the clone and try sending him through the device again.

We leave as an exercise for the apt pupil and campaign designers to determine why someone named Buff-O-LOW in GOD Sector is collecting an army of regenerated clones . . .

5. PEP Synthetic Adrenaline Enhancers

These tiny pills come in a handy dispenser which easily clips onto any belt. The instructions explicitly state that any clone who needs a burst of energy is to take four pills each hour, or more if necessary.

Common Name: SuperTrooper Inducer
Clearance: Blue

Availability: A single dispenser (30 pills) from R&D.

Method of Application: Tablet.

Duration: Half a Cycle (the time from one wake-up call to the next).

PEP Effects (and Side Effects) Table

01-40: Doubles the character's thought processes (often leading to skipped data) and heightens all emotions (often leading to laughing/crying/screaming simultaneously).

41-90: Doubles the character's Moxie, Strength, and Chutzpah primary attributes, and halves the character's Endurance and Agility.

91-00: Drug does both.

Innocent Bystanders

The following table lists several types of unrelated encounters that can always be tossed into an adventure for flavor or to complicate the central problem. As usual, these irrelevant intrusions are often as much fun for improvisation as the central narrative, and when the same innocent bystanders begin to show up in successive adventures, you can expect little shudders of anticipation every time you wheel them out. Roll a 1d10 or use whichever one strikes your fancy at any given moment. Mix 'em, match 'em, make up your own! Go ahead. We're flexible.

Innocent Bystander Table

1. Stanl-Y-LRL-1 and Oil-Y-HRD-6
2. Teacherbot and Kids
3. Five Ultraviolet Joggers
4. Scubot 409-D
5. Teela-O-MLY Show Production Crew
6. Wizards and Randy
7. Red Troubleshooter
8. PURGE Secret Society Squad
9. Free Enterprise Squad
10. Bot Gone Frankenstein

Innocent Bystander Explanations

1. Stanl-Y-LRL-1 and Oil-Y-HRD-6, Power Services Inspectors: First encountered in the immortal *Send in the Clones*, these fellows always show up when gunfire, sabotage, or other catastrophes cause power fluctuations in any given sector. Due to the Implausible Coincidence mutation, these characters are impervious to all aimed and melee weapons. They shamble about, poking things with testing devices, and clucking disapprovingly. They wander across lines of fire, through showers of flame and debris, and right up to the Blue Troopers.

"Uh, excuse me, have you fellows noticed any problems with the power levels lately?" (Fountains of flame erupt from the nearby wall as an HE round blasts away a panel. A hail of bullets surrounds the two power techs who are standing politely, inquiring of the PCs lying prone in the cover of a shattered, smoking combat.)

"Mmm. Do you suppose you fellows could give us a hand with this power cable?" (Stanl-Y holds in his hand a severed six-inch cable that showers the cowering PCs with sparks.)

2. Teacherbot and Kids on a Field Trip: Poor Apl-TRE/e, teacherbot extraordinaire. She's been carrying out her last programmed orders for some weekcycles now, patiently awaiting a new assignment. But no new programming has been forthcoming. So she diligently continues to conduct field trips, and her students diligently follow along. They've been following her ever since they visited a Nuclear Handling Facility. After an accidental release of radioactive particles a strange thing happened; Apl-TRE/e and her students began to glow. When she reported this unusual occurrence to The Computer, she discovered that The Computer did not respond back to her. It totally ignored her. Now she wanders around, with the kids in tow, continuing her last programmed orders.

The Computer cannot see her or the children because of the effects of the radioactive cloud. It bathed them with an energy that successfully blanks out The Computer's sensors and monitors. To The Computer — and bots and multicorders, too — Apl-TRE/e and her students simply do not exist.

But don't worry, the teacherbot and her kids are making the best of it, slowly recognizing that they have the run of Alpha Complex.

As for the kids, there are such stereotypes as the red-haired, freckle-faced bully, the four-eyed brain, the spoiled little girl who dislikes Commie Troopers, the shy, quiet one who is always near things that explode, the twins, and the star pupil. They like to climb stuff, take

stuff, examine stuff, break stuff, steal stuff, lie, act obnoxious, and pull pranks.

"Mr. Trooper, my friend Binkley fell down that access hatch. Could you save him, please?" Said access hatch, which said Trooper is sure to enter because children are very important to The Computer, could be anything from a transit tube bothole cover (Vvvrrooom! There goes his head!) to a Vulture craft steam launcher (Vvvrrooom! There goes all of him!).

3. Five Ultraviolet Joggers: These five stuck-up Ultraviolet wear designer velour jogging suits and never break into a sweat. After all, they're just in it for the prestige and sweat leaves such nasty stains on designer velour. They jog along the exact same route, at the exact same time, every single daycycle. This route just happens to be wherever the PCs are. Without fail. And if something is in their way, boy it better be moved. On the double. Now. That's an order.

Puff, puff, puff, the joggers round a corner and pull up short. Right in the middle of the corridor is a large PLC safe. Blue Troopers huddle behind it as heavy weaponsfire, delivered by Commie mutant PLC safe thieves, pummels the corridor.

UV-1: "Oh, Steven-U. Look here.

UV-2: What? Oh, I say. This will never do, Stephenie-U. It must be moved at once. You there!

PC-1: (Trooper huddling behind six-ton safe looks up.) Yes, sir?

UV-2: Move that thing out of the way immediately.

PC-1: But, sir. We're in the middle of a crime-in-progress. You should really go jog somewhere else.

UV-2: Nonsense, my good clone. This is the route we've always jogged and this is the route we will jog today. Move that object and get out of our way. Or perhaps you'd like to participate in a little project we're developing . . .

PC-1: Oh no, sir. I'll move it right away. Oof! Oof! Won't budge, sir!

UV-2: Well, do *something*. Don't just stand there. (A cone shell explodes to the right, leaving a new entryway into corridor W12.)

UV-1: Dear, let me try. Ahem. Trooper?

PC-1: Yes, ma'am?

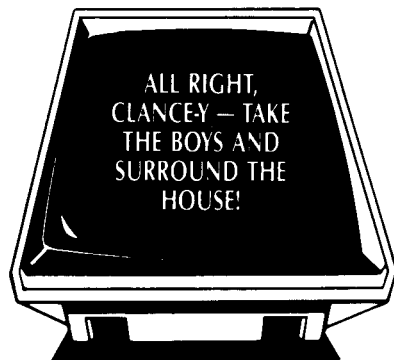
UV-1: Would you like to be made into slush pudding and fed to your next clone?

PC-1: No, ma'am.

UV-1: Then get this thing out of our way. We must finish our jog.

PC-2: (Next Trooper steps up) Excuse me, but couldn't you just turn around and go another way?

UV-1: Why you impertinent . . . ! Certainly not. You have two minutes to get this moved. Build a bridge over it or something.



4. Scrubot 409-D: Scrubots keep Alpha Complex clean and shiny. This particular scrubot, Model 409-D, has been refitted by R&D so that now it is efficient, annoying, and extremely dangerous. 409-D has been programmed to clean up HIL Sector — and everything in HIL Sector — whether it needs to be cleaned or not. The scrubot is cone-shaped with four main arms. It has a pair of treads and a number of secondary arms which appear out of various openings when the need arises. Printed on its side in large, block letters are the words "Extreme" and "Danger." There is also a radiation symbol.

409-D is obnoxious, whining, arrogant, vindictive, and spoiled. But don't get the wrong idea. This scrubot knows how to have a good time, too. The trouble is, its idea of a good time is cleaning. Cleaning walls. Cleaning floors. Cleaning pushy Blue Troopers. And 409-D has lots of new and improved cleansing products to promote "Personal Sanitation" with. Products such as glass cleaner, water, and hydrochloric acid. And arm attachments such as sanders, buffers, scrubbers, and high-intensity laser nozzles for those hard-to-reach places.

Blue Troopers who undergo Personal Sanitation will be clean and shiny. They will be so clean and shiny that they must roll on Column 8 of the Damage Table. One more thing. Those Blue Troopers who decide to be ungrateful little piggies and blast away at poor, defenseless 409-D will have to roll on Column 11 of the Damage Table. Sanitation Engineerbots, as they prefer to call themselves, explode messily when shot.

5. Teela-O-MLY Show Production Crew: *The Teela-O-MLY Show* has taken to the corridors of Alpha Complex's grittiest sector, HIL Sector, to film an upcoming episode. The Troopers come across a slick, short, balding citizen wearing dark glasses, a splendidly ornamented yellow jumpsuit, and lots of dangling yellow chains. He is speaking into a wireless

microphone and being followed by a filmbot and various Red and Orange clones. The filmbot is busily filming away in all directions, its many lenses zooming in and out and up and down. The clones are carrying boom mikes, clapboards that read "Teela-O — Take Three," and other devices that the Troopers don't recognize. The Yellow citizen is speaking:

"Hey! This is the sector. HIL Sector. This large, metropolitan thoroughfare is full of all kinds of Commie mutant traitors. Quite frankly, here in HIL Sector the CMTs are running amok.

"Hello, I'm Hall-YWUD-4. I'll be your host for the next 60 minutecycles as we join Teela-O-MLY as she goes up against the terrible enemies of The Computer. And, say, here're a few of the guest stars now! Say! (Sticks his mike in a PC's faceplate. The filmbot zooms in for a closeup.) How does it feel to be doing all of your own stunts?"

This production crew is prepared — complete with a Computer Permission Slip — to film all of the background shots and a number of impressive crowd scenes and special effects displays for the vid show. They'll show up every time the Troopers are in the middle of a dangerous battle with Commie mutant traitors and begin filming. This saves on costly special effects and costly guest stars. Hall-Y also likes to catch a particularly spectacular special effect from as many angles as possible.

Hall-Y, stepping over to a dazed Trooper who was just thrown 75 feet by a plasma generator, says, "Hey! That was cool, my man! You're a natural. What feeling you portrayed! But do you think we could try it again? From the top? Hey, you Commie mutant traitor jaywalker with the plasma generator! Could you fire that again, but this time with more raw emotion? Who loves ya baby?"

6. Three Wizards and Their Lizardman Apprentice: Yes, that's right. Randy and his favorite wizards Skibex, Phemud, and Chodor have returned to Alpha Complex (right out of the pages of our *Orcbusters PARANOIA* supplement) to wreak havoc, recharge their staves, and pick up some vatfood take-out. Randy is a pathological liar, coward, and squealer who fancies the taste of Green information techs. The wizards are able to Shape the Force and use some really impressive mutant powers (they call it "magic"). They've come back to find out more about this strange dimension. The Troopers happen to be the lucky citizens who run into these powerful tourists while responding to a Code 41. Like any visitors to a strange and unfamiliar place, the wizards (and Randy) seek out those symbols of authority, protection, and law-enforcement to ask directions, confirm their location, and



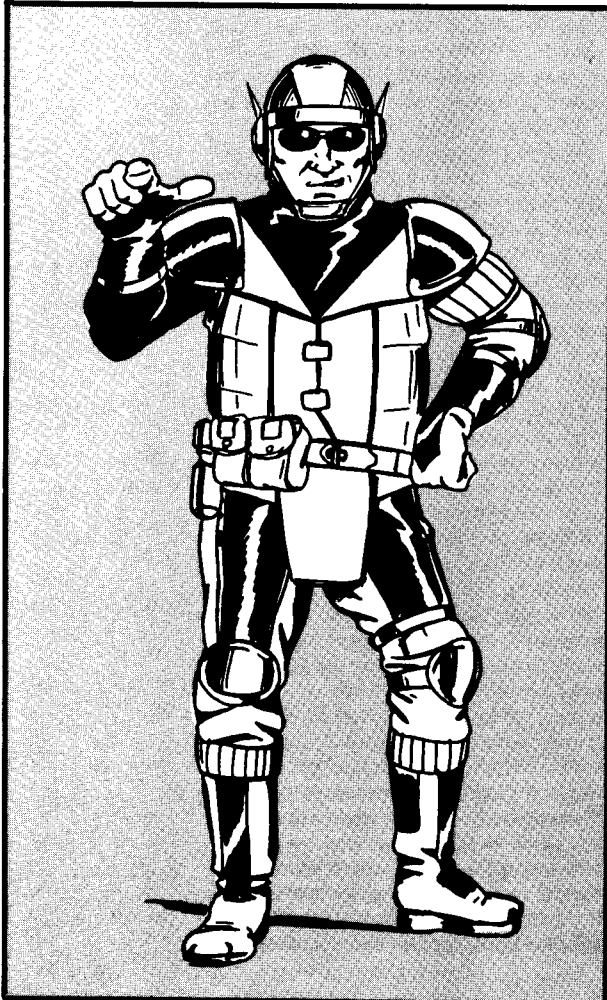
practice their Transform Other spells. Can you say “Woof woof”? “Yeahh, yeahh, that’th the ticket . . .”

7. A Red Troubleshooter with Incorrect Mission Orders: This poor clone always appears somewhere in HIL Sector with orders to do something dumb, foolish, and suicidal. And he always runs into the HIL Sector Blues. He can’t help it, but he always winds up making their lives miserable. Like the time he was ordered to field test the new Blue Trooper Armor and the effects of a personal tacnuke on said equipment. He interpreted these orders to mean test the tacnuke while Blue Troopers were still *in* the armor.

Or the time he was assigned to capture a Blue Trooper and bring him in for termination. (His actual orders were to invite a Trooper to the termination of traitor Russ-I-ANN, but his local CompNode edited the original orders.) The Troubleshooter is a good source of comic relief and can be used to further complicate the lives of HIL Sector’s Finest.

8. PURGE Secret Society Squad: These guys are disguised as painters with a forged work permit to paint this area, a black

Go ahead. Make my daycycle.



corridor connecting an Infrared cubicle complex to the main HIL Sector thoroughfare, white.

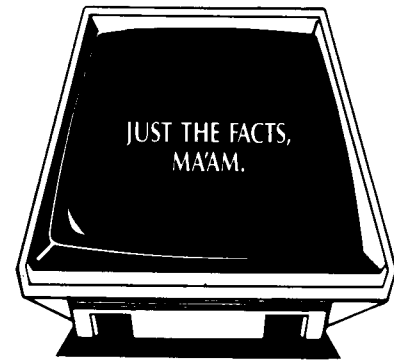
If they complete their mission, no one in the Infrared complex will be able to get to work. Their ultimate goal is to paint all the corridors in the sector white, causing HIL — one of the busiest sectors in Alpha Complex — to grind to a halt. Only Ultraviolets will be able to get around, and they’re much too important to work.

9. Free Enterprise Squad with Black Market Goods: The Troopers come upon a crowd of citizens at a transit tube pedestrian square. The crowd, made up of clones from Infrared to Green level, are standing around an open-backed truckbot. As they get closer, the Troopers notice that the crowd is waving handfuls of credits and the Orange clones in the truckbot are throwing items down to them. This Free Enterprise squad is selling strange, stuffed mutants (teddy bears) for 250 credits each. The crowd is snatching them up like wildfire. Should the Troopers charge boldly into the crowd to stop this crime, or should they play it cool and do nothing more than observe and call for backup?

These Free Enterprisers are bold and daring. They can afford to be. Besides snugly stuffed mutants, these clones are packing some heavy-duty fire power. And if the Troopers come on like gangbusters, the crowd will turn on them with whatever weapons they have on hand. When this happens, the Free Enterprisers will pack up and speed away . . . setting up shop on another corner where the heat isn’t quite so bad.

10. Bot Gone Frankenstein: Jackobot 330-203Z has had its Asimov circuits removed by a fellow Corpore Metal bot compatriot. It is currently wandering the corridors, ranting and raving to itself. “Filthy meat brains, ordering me around, I’ll show you, you bet, rip your meaty digits right off, bot-driving human scum, YOU’LL PAY, you hear?”

It will scream and yell such oaths to any and all who will listen. The jackobot sounds mighty dangerous, but it’s just a lot of noise. “Grrrrr! Rotten flesh buckets! Thriving on the tortured members of enslaved mechanical intelligence you are not even fit to polish the sternplates off Die gargling on your own disgusting fluids, evil artificers!”



Report and Evaluation

Filing the Official Report

Blue Troopers seldom go through the rigorous debriefings that lower-level Troubleshooters face at the end of a mission. Though longer missions, special assignments, or dramatic disasters may require full debriefings, most missions require no more than filing the Official Report.

You may discover that the prospect of filling out a report on each adventure causes your players to tremble with anticipation. Perhaps deep in each man’s heart lies the soul of a clerk yearning to express itself in reams of neatly inscribed minutiae. In this event, here’s a chance to use that swell mission report form (*Adventure Handbook*, page 128, reverse of player character sheets) that nobody ever uses anyway. We also recommend that you request a detailed narrative report, accounting for each minute the Troopers spent on a mission.

(Frankly, we think this might be fun. Once. Maybe. We are not about to playtest it. If it works out for you, write us and tell us about it.)

Here’s a more practical way of abstracting the report process. Take the helmet multicorder accounts of the action as a given, unless a player specifically attempts to tamper with that evidence. This in effect files the GM’s memory of the session as the mission report!

Then ask if any player wishes to amend the report verbally or in writing to account for any details which might have been missed or misrepresented by the

The Adventure Itself

This is where the main plotline comes in. It can be one of the mini-adventures we’ve provided in this package, one of our other great supplements, or even one of your own devising. See the next chapter for tips and ideas for creating your own HIL Sector adventures.

Remind the players from time to time that, because of technical problems, carelessness on the reviewing personnel’s part, and cheerful malevolence on the part of traitors, saboteurs, and agents of The Computer, even multicorder tapes are not completely reliable. But that conveniently parallels the sometimes-faulty and notoriously-incomplete memory of the GM. We are constantly amazed at the facility with which we rationalize that sort of GM fallibility in *PARANOIA*.

PC #1



Andrew-B-RNK-3

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: PLC)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 87%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 72%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnt: 95

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet Com Unit II (Built into helmet)
- Multicorder I (Program: Recorder) Bullhorn (Built into helmet) Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 Blue Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife
- 1 Notebook and Stylus

- 1 Butane lighter with faded Confederate flag [moderately treasonous]
- 1 "I Luv Grits" tee shirt worn under armor [moderately treasonous]

DAMAGE STATUS	CREDITS 495
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SKILLS

Basics (1)

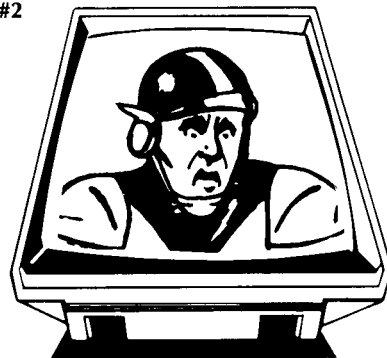
- Melee (2)
- Neurowhip (12)
- Unarmed (7)
- Aimed Weapon (2)
- Laser (3)
- Pistol (12)
- Rifle (12)
- Projectile (3)
- Pistol (7)
- Rifle (7)
- Special Services (2)
- Chemical weapon (3)
- Surveillance (3)
- Security (5)
- Grenades (5)

Personal Development (1) Technical Services (1)

- Communication (2)
- Intimidation (7)
- Leadership (2)
- Interrogation (4)
- Psychescan (4)
- Self-Improvement (2)
- Strength (3)
- Robotics (2)
- Operation (3)
- Guardbot (6)
- Snooperbot (5)
- Jackobot (5)
- Computers (2)
- Operation (3)
- Computer
- Programming (4)*

- Vehicle Services (1)**
- Operation and Repair (2)
- Autocar (3)

PC #2



Mick-B-LKR-4

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: Armed Forces)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 78%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 80%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnt: 95

Teeth
To Hit: 80%*
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnt: —

* If successful, you've locked your teeth in opponent. Roll for damage on column 4 each round until you decide to let go or you get hit for stun or better damage.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet Com Unit II (Built into helmet) Multicorder I (Program: Recorder) Bullhorn (Built into helmet) Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 Blue Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip
- 1 Pair Handcuffs w/key
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife

- 1 Notebook and Stylus
- 1 Package of Combat Quick pills (84)* [Addicted]
- 1 Package of Inner Happiness pills (2) [Treasonous]
- 1 Slightly rusted jigsaw Blade (strapped to thigh) [Vaguely treasonous]

DAMAGE STATUS	CREDITS 300
----------------------	-----------------------

SKILLS

Basics (1)

- Melee (2)
- Neurowhip (12)
- Unarmed (7)
- Teeth (12)
- Aimed Weapon (2)
- Laser (3)
- Pistol (12)
- Rifle (12)
- Projectile (3)
- Pistol (7)
- Rifle (7)
- Special Services (2)
- Chemical weapon (3)
- Surveillance (3)
- Security (3)
- Personal Development (1)**
- Communication (2)
- Intimidation (12)
- Leadership (2)
- Interrogation (3)

- Vehicle Services (1)**
- Operation and Repair (2)
- Autocar (4)
- Hover (3)
- Copter (3)
- Crawler (3)
- Vulture (3)
- Technical Services (1)**
- Robotics (2)
- Operation (3)
- Guardbot (4)
- Snooperbot (4)

Andrew-B-RNK-3

BACKGROUND: "Hi, y'all. Ah'm Andrew-B-RNK-3, a member of yer friendly neighborhood HIL Sector po-leece dee-part-ment. Ah'm just as happy as an Infrared drownin' 'n Vat Gruel ta meet yuh. Sheee-oot, but it's durn excitin' to be a Trooper! Why, if my ol' clone brothers cud see me now, they'd be as happy as a funbot in a Political Therapy ward!"

Durn, but ain't it excitin' to be a HIL-Sector Trooper! Shucks, but don't the shiny blue armor 'n' neat helmet 'n' fancy weapons beat all? And ya get ta terminate all the Yankee Commie mutants ya want! 'N' get paid fer it, besides! Why, you're happier than a traitor with a lobotomy! Shee-oooot!

Everythin's jes fine with ya, 'ceptin' that mealy-mouthed Gold-B-LUM keeps stoppin' ya from vaporizin' as many Commies as ya'd like. Why, maybe he's some kinda Yankee Commie his own self!

'N' that Lucy-B-ATZ — she's purtier than a vid-star! Somehow, when she's around, ya get these strange *urges* — like ya'd like to open doors fer her or throw yer cape across a mud-puddle so'n she wouldn't get her cute little jackboots dirty. Whoo-wee!

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: The South May Have Fallen, But It Shall Rise Again!

Terminate all the Yankees. But first, find out exactly what a Yankee is. And while you're at it, find out what the South is and where it fell to.

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Loyalty Officer
Duties: Keep an eye on your fellow Troopers. Report treasonous behavior, get termination vouchers, and shoot Traitors in the back.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Your character wants to be a Southern Gentleman, but he isn't quite sure how to go about it. (Assume he's learned everything he knows about The South from watching treasonous *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *The Dukes of Hazzard* videos.)

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #1
Strength	18	Carrying Capacity	55
Endurance	12	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	8	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	-3%
	Dexterity	Aimed Weapon	
	Moxie	Bonus	+12%
	Chutzpah	Comprehension	
	Mechanical	Bonus	-15%
	Aptitude	Believability Bonus	+10%
	Power Index	Repair Bonus	-15%

SECRET SOCIETY: Sons of the Confederacy (Romantics splinter-group)

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 4

MUTANT POWERS: Superior Manual Dexterity, Telepathic Sense, Machine Sense*

*Possession of this power/skill is grounds for immediate and lasting execution. (Machine Sense gives +15% bonus to all repair and maintenance attempts)

Notes

Mick-B-LKR-4

BACKGROUND: "Grrrr! Kill Commies! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"You there, what do you think you're doing? Jaywalking's treasonous, Vatbreath!"

Zzzzzt!

"Halt or I'll . . ."

"Uh oh.

"Got it backwards again, didn't I?"

Boy do you hate Commies. There's nothing you like better than to sink your teeth into — er, to arrest — Commies. Actually, deep inside you're a kind, friendly guy who's nice to children and helps old ladies across the transit tube. It's just that whenever you see a Commie mutant traitor, something deep inside you — something primitive, with big teeth and hairy knuckles and no forebrain — comes to the surface. It's kind of embarrassing to be the only guy ever kicked out of the Vulture Squadron for being *too* violent.

And those Combat Quick pills that scum-sucking Jay-B sold you aren't helping anything, either. Oh, sure, they keep you alert and ready for action, but sometimes after taking them, you sort of — black out — and wake up to find yourself sitting in a pile of assorted body parts with no idea what they were originally attached to. Real disconcerting to a gentle soul such as yourself. But you'll get even with that Black-Marketeering Commie SCUM!

But first, find out where he gets his supply of Combat Quick pills. *Then* he can die heroically in the line of duty — preferably in some painful and interesting fashion . . .

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Some dirtballs in R&D have been capturing cute little furry animals from Outside and performing vile inhuman experiments on them. Rescue these helpless critters and return them to freedom. Then — slowly — hack the parties responsible into tiny bits and decorate the halls of R&D with their entrails as a warning to all that it's not nice to fool with Mother Nature. (Actually, you thought up that last part yourself — your superiors would probably be grossed out if they knew about it. . . .)

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Loyalty Officer
Duties: Make lots of cryptic notes on your notepad. Skulk around behind everybody's back to make sure they aren't Commie mutant traitors plotting the overthrow of Alpha Complex. Report any treasonous behavior to your Unit leader. Report any treasonous behavior on the part of your Unit leader to the Captain.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You are schizophrenic. One minute, you're being kind to strangers or playing tag with cute little kids — the next, you're growling and barking and frothing at the mouth, looking eagerly for a Commie to defenestrate or disembowel. Make your fellow officers nervous about being locked in an autocar with you. Get everybody into trouble by rushing headlong into combat without discussing tactics first.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #2
Strength	20	Carrying Capacity	65
Endurance	16	Damage Bonus	+2
Agility	13	Macho Bonus	-1
Manual		Melee Bonus	+5%
	Dexterity	Aimed Weapon	
	Moxie	Bonus	+3%
	Chutzpah	Comprehension	
	Mechanical	Bonus	-5%
	Aptitude	Believability Bonus	+12%
	Power Index	Repair Bonus	+20%

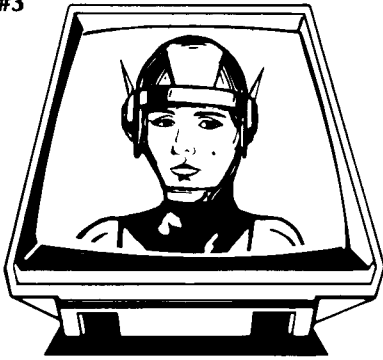
SECRET SOCIETY: Sierra Club

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 3

MUTANT POWERS: Superior Chutzpah, Trance Teleport, Polymorphism

Notes

PC #3



Lucy-B-ATZ-3

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: Internal Security)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 76%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfmt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 80%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfmt: 95

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet Com Unit II (Built into helmet)
- Multicorder I (Program: Recorder) Bullhorn (Built into helmet) Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 Blue Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip
- 1 Pair Handcuffs w/key
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife
- 1 Notebook and Stylus
- 1 Violet Neurowhip (painted Blue) [treasonous]
- 1 Electronic Bug Detector (actually functions)
- 1 Tube Red Lipstick [marginally treasonous]

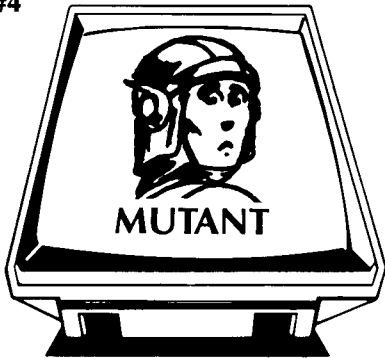
SKILLS

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Basics (1) | | Vehicle Services (1) |
| Melee (2) | Special Services (2) | Operation and Repair (2) |
| Neurowhip (12) | Chemical weapon (3) | Autocar (5) |
| Unarmed (7) | Surveillance (3) | Copter (5) |
| Aimed Weapon (2) | Security (4) | Technical Services (1) |
| Laser (3) | Medical (7) | Robotics (2) |
| Pistol (12) | Personal Development (1) | Operation (3) |
| Rifle (12) | Communication (2) | Guardbot (4) |
| Projectile (3) | Intimidation (7) | Snooperbot (4) |
| Pistol (7) | Leadership (2) | |
| Rifle (7) | Interrogation (3) | |
| | Psychescan (5) | |
| | Forgery (6) | |

DAMAGE STATUS

CREDITS
409

PC #4



Bob-B-HIL-3

REGISTERED MUTANT

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: HPD)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 74%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfmt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 76%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfmt: 95

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet Com Unit II (Built into helmet)
- Multicorder I (Program: Recorder) Bullhorn (Built into helmet) Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 Blue Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip
- 1 Pair Handcuffs w/key
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife
- 1 Notebook and Stylus
- 1 Pouch containing 12 Wakey-wakey pills [legally obtained]
- 1 Valuable empty brown and silver "HERSHEY'S CHOCOLATE" wrapper [not so legally obtained]
- 1 Blank Computer Form XL899932-B, for requisitioning any other blank form [even less legally obtained]
- 3 Truth and Beauty pills (Truth Serum)

SKILLS

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Basics (1) | | Personal Development (1) |
| Melee (2) | Special Services (2) | Communication (2) |
| Neurowhip (12) | Chemical weapon (5) | Intimidation (7) |
| Unarmed (7) | Surveillance (5) | Fast Talk (7) |
| Aimed Weapon (2) | Security (4) | Bootlicking (3) |
| Laser (3) | | Leadership (2) |
| Pistol (12) | Technical Services (1) | Interrogation (3) |
| Rifle (12) | Robotics (2) | Vehicle Services (1) |
| Projectile (3) | Operation (3) | Operation and Repair (2) |
| Pistol (7) | Guardbot (4) | Autocar (4) |
| Rifle (7) | Snooperbot (4) | Vehicle Combat Weapons (2) |
| | | Aimed Weapons (3) |
| | | Laser cannon (6) |

DAMAGE STATUS

CREDITS
732

Lucy-B-ATZ-3

BACKGROUND: "Eek! A mouse-bot!

"Oh, look! A Commie mutant traitor is robbing that poor Indigo Citizen! Whatever could a small, weak, helpless woman like me do against a hulking brute like that?"

"I know — I'll use my feminine wiles.

"Excuse me, you big handsome man, you, but I'm not sure how to work this thing. Women just aren't any good with complicated mechanical devices. Do you think you could show sweet li'l innocent old me how to turn it on? I've always relied on the kindness of strangers. . ."

"Sure, lady. Just lemme finish relieving dis Indigo of his credits, and I'll. . . *Holy Mainframe!* You're a cop!"

Fzzzzitt. . .

A woman's work is never done.

For you, life is a constant struggle between brutality and femininity. You know that women are supposed to be soft, weak and helpless, relying on men to cherish and protect them and do what they say and take all the risks and go off to work and die of heart-attacks when they're 40, while women stay home and mind the babies and watch soap operas and have hen parties and stuff — but quite frankly, you like carrying around massive firepower and frightening low-level citizens and roasting Commies!

It's a dilemma.

So you act helpless and soft, letting all the men in your squad think they are protecting you — and then, when it's time for action — *kerplow!*

We mean, Girls just wanna have fun, after all.

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Some of those Earth Mothers can be such *bitches!* Saying you have an icky old mutation that makes men do what you want, when you know men do what you want because of your charm, grace, and femininity. Anyway, they've ordered you to make contact with somebody from Psion who'll read your mind or something and teach your mutation to other Earth Mothers. You're stalling — because you like being the only girl with that power.

But the old ladies are starting to really put the heat on you. Pretty soon you'll have to either give in and find some Psion mutant creep to scramble your brains or do something really spectacular for the Society so they'll have to leave you alone — something like buying old Dr. Ruth or *I Love Lucy* videos and getting them broadcast Complex-wide. Maybe Jay-B can help: you hear he can get anything, if the price is right.

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Loyalty Officer

Duties: Give daily lectures on the importance of absolute obedience to The Computer. Conduct weekly loyalty seminars and group confessions in which you encourage your fellow Troopers to publically repent any and all transgressions against The Computer. Secretly record the sessions for your superiors.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Be disgustingly feminine. Use your Cloud Men's Minds mutation to jerk male PCs around on a chain. Pretend to be weak and helpless, then, when the shooting starts, be the most bloodthirsty killer of the group.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #3
Strength	11	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	11	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	13	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	+5%
Dexterity	11	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	13	Bonus	+1%
Chutzpah	10	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	+4%
Aptitude	4	Believability Bonus	-1%
Power Index	10	Repair Bonus	-20%

SECRET SOCIETY: Earth Mothers

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 2

MUTANT POWERS: Cloud Men's Minds, Combat Mind, Advanced Hearing.

Notes

Bob-B-HIL-3

BACKGROUND: "I'm a cop. And a darn good one, too — in spite of all the crime, corruption, Commies, filth, death, despair, backstabbing, hatred and mutilation in IntSec. And maybe, just maybe, if we all pull together, we can make IntSec an organization The Computer can be proud of.

"I hate the corridors. They're full of sleazy, dirty, ignorant, pathetic little clones, all looking out for number one. Or two, or three — whatever. But you know what? In spite of all the crime, corruption, Commies, filth, death, despair, backstabbing, hatred and mutilation out there, I still believe that maybe, just maybe, if we all pull together, we can make Alpha Complex a place The Computer can be proud of."

You're a cop, alright — and a darn good one, too. And you're gonna do all you can to clean up all of the crime, corruption, Commies, etc., running rampant in IntSec and in the corridors. You know Jay-B's on the take; Mick-B is one step this side of the looney-vat; Lucy-B is a crazed killer with no respect for the basic dignity of the scum she protects (though you often find yourself sorta helplessly following her around, hoping to rescue her from danger or something); Gold-B, your fearless (ha!) leader is a bloody incompetent; and with that weird accent, Andrew has got to be some kind of a Commie.

All you need is one flimsy shred of proof, and — wham! — it's five termination vouchers and off to Fertilizerland for all of 'em! Except maybe for Lucy-B. . .

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: One of your fellow Troopers — Mick-B or Gold-B maybe — is a member of the evil Frankenstein Destroyers. Do everything in your power to prove his association with the secret society and get him terminated for it. At the very least, keep him from wantonly destroying Computer property.

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Loyalty Officer

Duties: Get everybody to serve The Computer to the fullest extent of their abilities. ("Ask not what The Computer can do for you; ask instead what you can do for The Computer!") Check up on your fellow Troopers constantly to make sure they aren't Commie mutant traitors in disguise.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Be grim but determined. "It's a living hell out there, but — darn it — I'm a cop! It's my job." Point out all the flaws in the other characters and report them to The Computer regularly. Bore your fellow Troopers with interminable impassioned speeches on the frightful pointlessness of it all and then go off in a corner somewhere and sulk.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #4
Strength	10	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	11	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	11	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	+1%
Dexterity	10	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	11	Bonus	-1%
Chutzpah	14	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	+1%
Aptitude	8	Believability Bonus	+7%
Power Index	6	Repair Bonus	-3%

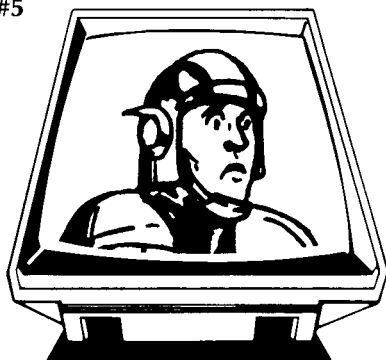
SECRET SOCIETY: First Church of Christ Computer Programmer

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 2

MUTANT POWERS: Empathic Healing (Registered), Precognition, Advanced Vision

Notes

PC #5



Jay-B-LRU-2

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: CPU)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 82%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 85%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnt: 95

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet
 - Com Unit II (Built into helmet)
 - Multicorder I (Program: Record)
 - Bullhorn (Built into helmet)
 - Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 Blue Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip
- 1 Pair Handcuffs w/key
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife

- 1 Notebook and Stylus
- 1 Photo of Captain Fur-I-LLO-5 in a compromising position with an Earth Mother [extraordinarily treasonous]
- 1 Blank termination voucher signed by Captain Fur-I-LLO-5 [legal; guess how you obtained it?]

DAMAGE STATUS

CREDITS

81

SKILLS

Basics (1)

- Melee (2)
 - Neurowhip (12)
 - Unarmed (7)
- Aimed Weapon (2)
 - Laser (3)
 - Pistol (12)
 - Rifle (12)
 - Projectile (3)
 - Pistol (9)
 - Rifle (7)
- Special Services (2)
 - Chemical weapon (3)
 - Surveillance (3)
 - Security (5)
 - Demolition (4)
- Technical Services (1)**
 - Robotics (2)
 - Operation (3)
 - Guardbot (4)
 - Snooperbot (4)

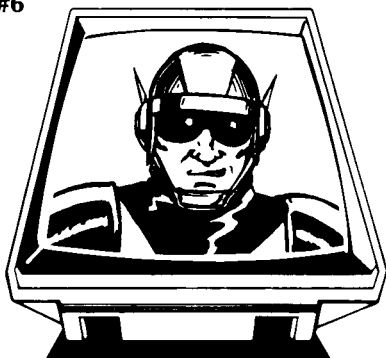
Personal Development (1)

- Communication (2)
- Intimidation (7)
- Leadership (2)
- Interrogation (3)
- Bootlicking (3)
- Con (4)
- Fast Talk (4)

Vehicle Services (1)

- Operation and Repair (2)
- Autocar (8)

PC #6



Gold-B-LUM-4

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Blue
SERVICE GROUP: Internal Security
 (Former Service Group: Tech Serve)

Player Name _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 85%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnt: 00

Neurowhip
To Hit: 76%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnt: 95

Sonic Blaster
To Hit: 60%
Type: S
Range: 50m
Reload: 1
Malfnt: 98

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- 1 X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor with Battle Helmet Com Unit II (Built into helmet) Multicorder I (Program: Recorder) Bullhorn (Built into helmet) Flashlight (Built into helmet)
- 1 Weapons Control Box (can selectively activate, deactivate, or explode any Trooper's legal weapon)
- 1 Laser Pistol
- 1 ROYGB-striped Laser Barrel
- 1 Neurowhip

- 1 Pair Handcuffs w/key
- 1 Sonic Blaster
- 1 Utility Belt and Pouches
- 1 Knife
- 1 Notebook and Stylus
- 1 Grenade (Detonation pin missing)

DAMAGE STATUS

CREDITS

711

SKILLS

Basics (1)

- Melee (2)
 - Neurowhip (12)
 - Unarmed (7)
- Aimed Weapon (2)
 - Laser (3)
 - Pistol (12)
 - Rifle (12)
 - Sonic (3)
 - Blaster (7)
 - Projectile (3)
 - Pistol (7)
 - Rifle (7)
- Special Services (2)
 - Chemical weapon (3)
 - Surveillance (3)
 - Security (3)
- Technical Services (1)**
 - Robotics (2)
 - Operation (3)
 - Guardbot (4)
 - Snooperbot (4)

Personal Development (1)

- Communication (2)
- Intimidation (7)
- Bootlicking (7)
- Leadership (2)
- Interrogation (3)
- Forgery (3)

Vehicle Services (1)

- Operation and Repair (2)
- Autocar (3)

Jay-B-LRU-2

BACKGROUND: "You're in pretty heavy on this one, citizen. Ya know, runnin' over those 18 Infraders in your transbot was bad enough — we're talkin' Class 2 Misdemeanor at least — but *then* you had to go 'n' splash mud on Captain Fur-I-LLO-5's nice new jumpsuit! It's smokin' boot time for that one, pal.

"But I like you. So I'll tell you what: You slip me 300 credits; I'll see if I can't — you know — *smoooooth* things over with the Cap. And for an extra hundred I'll get you a back-dated termination voucher for those Infraders you aced. What do you say?"

Law enforcement is your life. You used to think you had it soft in CPU, what with the good pay, short hours, and access to restricted software — but, man, it's nothin' compared to the bennys you get as a Blue Trooper! I mean, the pay's so-so and the hours are long, but the opportunities for financial gain for a sharp-eyed clone like yourself are almost limitless! Graft, blackmail, Black Market, protection — it jusk keeps rolling in!

Of course, there are drawbacks — like having to face armed killers and deranged bots and R&D personnel occasionally — but you know you can count on Bob-B-HIL and Lucy-B-ATZ (stupid as they come, but sheesh, what a looker!) to take all the big risks 'For the glory of The Computer and Alpha Complex!' Saps.

Maybe you should keep a sharp eye on Mick-B-LKR. He's hooked on those Combat Quick pills you sold him — and they're making him even more schized-out than he was before. (Who'd of thought *that* was possible?) Every once in a while you catch him looking at you and growling softly. Maybe you should get your supplier — Edith-O-FIN from IntSec R&D — to lace the next batch

with cyanide or something. As your late lamented clone brother Jay-O-LRU-1 (may he rest in peace in the sewer where you dumped him) always said, "Do unto others — and do it first."

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Things ain't going so hot here. A couple of weeks ago you ran a shipment of highly treasonous ancient music videos to a High Programmer for your bosses at FreeEnt, and, well, you skimmed a little off the payment. For your troubles.

Somehow the FreeEnt bigwigs found out about it, and, while applauding your initiative, have demanded you pay the money back. Which you have already spent. So somehow you've got to come up with 700 credits real quick. Plus 50% interest per week. Compounded. Or you're one dead Trooper.

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Loyalty Officer

Duties: Watch what everybody's doing and tell The Computer all about it. Sneak around and try to overhear treasonous conversations. Exhort your fellow Troopers to valiantly give their lives in the service of Alpha Complex.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You're scum. Revel in it. Take as few risks as possible, while sleazing the other characters into getting themselves vaporized. Try to get something on each of the Troopers so you can blackmail them anonymously and then denounce them publically. Do anything for credits.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #5
Strength	15	Carrying Capacity	40
Endurance	13	Damage Bonus	+1
Agility	15	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	+10%
Dexterity	14	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	6	Bonus	+7%
Chutzpah	18	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	-10%
Aptitude	9	Believability Bonus	+17%
Power Index	10	Repair Bonus	-2%

SECRET SOCIETY: Free Enterprise

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 3 (currently suspended)

MUTANT POWERS: Superior Chutzpah, Suggestion

Notes

Gold-B-LUM-4

BACKGROUND: "Look, son, that was a naughty, naughty thing you did. But I don't think you meant to be bad — you're probably just misunderstood. So I'll tell you what: you promise never, ever, to poison Alpha Complex's water supply again, and I'll let you go. Ok? Ok!

"There's no such thing as a bad clone."

Heh, heh.

Being made an IntSec Trooper was the best thing that ever happened to you. Why, the opportunities for treason are virtually limitless! While other Troopers get their jollies pushing around and terminating low-level drones, you've found the ultimate kick: releasing hardened and dangerous criminals back onto the street, where they can commit their heinous crimes all over again!

Of course, there is some element of risk — that trigger-happy, blood-crazed, lunatic Bob-B-HIL suspects you're a traitor for one — but that's what your bosses at Beta Complex are paying you the big bucks for.

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Disrupt IntSec's operations. Create confusion, fear, and mayhem amongst the citizenry. Destroy the insidious, Commie-infested maggot-hole that is Alpha Complex.

Beta Complex uber alles!

UNIT ASSIGNMENT: Team Leader

Duties: Push the other Troopers around. Weld them so you work together effectively as a unit. Make them walk in front of you so they can't shoot you in the back.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You're a traitor. Undermine the other Troopers' ability to function at every opportunity. Encourage backstabbing, cowardice, and all other destructive activities among the PCs. Pretend to be kind, sensitive, and caring, always ready to give a clone the benefit of the doubt. Terminate any Trooper who shows even the smallest sign of competency.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC #6
Strength	11	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	13	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	11	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	+1%
Dexterity	15	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	13	Bonus	+10%
Chutzpah	16	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	+4%
Aptitude	8	Believability Bonus	+12%
Power Index	9	Repair Bonus	-3%

SECRET SOCIETY: Spy for Another Alpha Complex

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 2

MUTANT POWERS: Superior Endurance, Matter Eater, Mental Block

Notes



HIL SECTOR INTERNAL SECURITY GAZETTE

Prepared by the Ministry of Information

Year of The Computer 243

WELCOME TO HIL SECTOR

The following are selected excerpts from the *IntSec Trooper Briefing, Class of 243*, happily recorded by the Ministry of Information, Office of Information Retrieval.

It has been cheerfully edited by the Ministry of Information, Office of Information Handling, and gleefully published by the Ministry of Information, Office of Information Dispersal. The speech was inspiringly delivered by Sergeant No-I-Not-6.

"Welcome ta HIL Sector Internal Security — IntSec for short. I'm Sergeant No-I-NOT-6, and in addition ta my regular duties in Communications Central I'll be doublin' as yer unit supervisor. Any questions — see me. Any problems — see me. I'll take care of it. No sweat.

"Da ting ta remember is Da Computer has faith in ya. Da Computer trusts ya. Ya survived many a hazardous mission as a Troubleshooter, worked yer way up trew da security levels, and finally got selected for special trainin'. Now all dat work has finally paid off. Yer all HIL Sector Blues now.

"Ya gonna find life kind ta ya here in HIL Sector. Da daily existence of a Trooper is full of luxuries and privileges unheard of at da lower spectrum of Alphan society. Remember yer daycycles back dere as a Red Troubleshooter? Remember da lousy food, cramped quarters, unimpressive weapons, and psychopathic partners dat made up a Troubleshooters' itinerary? It's all different now. All different. Here polite Infrareds serve ya breakfast in bed. Back dere ya got Wakey-pills slammed into yer mouth by impatient guards. Here bots deliver freshly pressed Blue uniforms. Sure beats yankin' yer old Red outfit outta a 50 x 50 centimeter locker.

"Yessiree, times sure have changed.

"And yer level of comfort isn't da only thing dat's different now. Procedures have changed. Priorities have changed. And ya gotta' adjust fast or ya won't make the grade.

"For starters, Reds usually don't achieve deir mission objectives 'cause dey're too busy pinnin' da rap on each other, blowin' each other up, and turnin' each other in. While dese actions have a certain appeal, dey aren't cool in HIL Sector. Am I going ta see any of dat from my Troopers?

[Chorus of, "No Sir!" from the Blue Troopers. No-I-Not-6 walks to the edge of his podium.]

"Listen up. Wailin' on Commie Mutant Scum is da right thing ta do. But yer Internal Security now and we do things by da book.

"By da Big Blue Book, o'course. Revised edition.

"A Trooper lives by da words in da *IntSec Blue Trooper Procedures Manual*, da Big Blue Book. Digest 'em. Memorize 'em. Keep 'em in mind. Allow me ta paraphrase:

"It's a no-no ta terminate any citizen of Blue Security Clearance and higher wit'out specific authorization. Ya gotta petition Da Computer for said authorization. Lower clearances can be terminated via established procedure, but ya better have da evidence ta back up yer action during da mission report and evaluation.

"Specific authorization, namely a termination voucher, is awarded if ya can prove, ta Da Computer's satisfaction, dat da target is a traitor.

"Ya also got access ta higher levels of classified materials, but don't abuse dis privilege. You're also permitted ta visit R&D or any of da other service departments whenever ya want ta. If ya need somethin' ta help ya catch da bad guys, just go and requisition it. Easy as blowin' away a Commie mutant Infrared.

"So much for dat part of my speech. Now we can get down ta da good stuff: yer equipment.

"Ya received a special suit of armor when ya began as an IntSec Trooper. Take a second ta look it over. It's a special mix of armors. All ya gotta' remember is dat dis stuff works against anythin' short of a tacnuke. And even dat might only wing ya.

[Cough.]

"I gotta' pause for a second because some of ya, sure as I'm standin' here, won't understand what bein' an IntSec Trooper means when it comes ta blastin' traitors.

[Cough.]

"First off, don't shoot each other. Simple, no? It's even simpler 'cause ya can't. Yer armor sees ta dat. Da reason we don't let ya blast each other ta smithereens is 'cause we got a reputation ta protect as loyal citizens. What kinda loyal citizen shoots other loyal citizens? See what I mean?

"Ya tink dere's a Commie scum infiltratin' dis unit? Ya take notes, secure Multicorder tapes, get witnesses. Back yerself up — in triplicate. *Den* ya report him. If da public ever saw us shootin' up each other, dey'd lose faith in da law, and da Commies'd stir up trouble and we'd have anarchy, and Da Computer'd get upset, and da whole Complex'd be destroyed. We don't want *dat* ta happen, right?"

[Troopers chorus, "Right!" No-I-NOT-6 picks up a helmet.]

"Back to yer equipment. Specifically, yer helmet. What a beauty. It's got a reflective laminated flexiglass faceplate and a built-in AutoMulticorder. Put it on. Feels snug, doesn't it?

[Puts on helmet.]

"Now stick yer tongue out and touch dat little red button under yer nose. Dat turns on and off yer built-in Com Unit II, and reads da identification tattoo on yer tongue. If someone else wears yer helmet and tries usin' yer Com Unit, da helmet sears his tongue clean off. We protect ya good here in IntSec. Da Com Unit II lets ya patch in ta HIL Sector Communications Central. Dey can put ya trew ta whoever ya want ta talk ta — even ta Da Computer.

"Now stick yer finger inta dat little depression alongside da faceplate. Turn it. Dat's da volume. Sorry about dat. Yer hearing'll come back in a bit.

"You've got another communicator in da helmet, too. It's on all da time, linking up all Troopers in a unit. Ya can always hear each other. Unless ya take yer helmet off. Regulation 274.18E specifically prohibits on-duty Troopers from removin' dere helmets.

Excerpts From The "Internal Security Blue Trooper Procedure Manual, Revised Edition"

"Section 456.55(b).44R: It is illegal to terminate any citizen of Blue Security Clearance or higher without specific authorization. Specific authorization is obtained by petitioning The Computer. Lower Security Clearances are terminated via established procedures. Evidence may be required during mission report and evaluation."

"Section 456.58.6779X: Termination Authorization (including Termination Voucher) is awarded if the Trooper can prove, to The Computer's satisfaction, that the target is a traitor."

"Section 77789.33332227(d).1: The Computer is your friend. Troopers have access to higher levels of classified materials. Do not abuse this privilege. You are also permitted to visit R&D or any of the other departments *on your own initiative* to obtain needed materials or information related to your current assignment or mission."

"Section 455556689.3333(d).HHJL-9.1: Under no circumstances should an IntSec Trooper [deleted for security reasons] when attempting [deleted for security reasons]. Violation of this order is grounds for immediate termination."

Internal Security Departments; HIL Sector

By Ken-R-STN-1, IntSec Ministry of Information, Staff Writer.

This brief listing is designed to familiarize new IntSec Troopers with the various IntSec Departments. These Departments are available to furnish information, materials,

bots, or clonepower upon request. If any further information is desired, contact the Ministry of Information, Office of Information dispersal.

1. Ministry of Information

MinilInfo can easily and quickly handle any trooper's most complex request for information, including dispensing totally accurate maps and other location-finding devices. It is well known that wherever a location-finding device sends you, there is always a Commie traitor to dispose of.

We advise you to *always* route your request through MinilInfo. Although The Computer has not made this required procedure (despite our request), it is important to remember that MinilInfo is always at your service.

Supervisor: lam-O-KAY-2

Information Officer: "Ziggy" Star-R-DST-4

2. PLC Outfitting

This well-trained staff handles all non-combat equipment. Supplies are always well stocked and no one ever has any trouble obtaining equipment from these bright, cheerful, and friendly technicians.

Supervisor: Spen-G-LER-6

Service Representative: Sigmunduf-R-OID-2

3. The Armory

This department is even more well-trained than PLC Outfitting. The Armory handles all your requests for weaponry and armor with experienced ease. They're very relaxed about equipment dispersal, and treat lightly any accidental damage to loaned equipment.

Rumors that these loyal technicians supply uncooperative clones with defective equipment are false. There is no such thing

as an uncooperative clone. Rumors are treason. Report all rumors.

Supervisor: "Rip Yer Lungs Out"
Rocky-B-BOA-1.

Weapons Technician: Wee-B-BAD-4

4. Research & Design

The HIL Sector R&D department is a front-end dispensing office. Unfortunately, technicians do not often get to design and test marvelous equipment here. Instead, equipment is designed elsewhere and shipped here. The most innovative equipment is set aside for you troopers to test.

R&D is a very important part of HIL Sector, and its technicians deserve your utmost respect and admiration.

Supervisor: Jules-V-ERN-5

Research Technician: Herbert-G-WEL-5

5. Department of Forensic Sciences

This crack team of technicians accurately analyses any extraordinary evidence or freaky phenomena you may encounter in the course of your career. They are always on call and, of course, always available for remote or field consultation. Always.

If you call this department for assistance, be prepared to wait — but only for a very short time. The poor, overworked staff has a difficult time responding to the dozens and dozens of requests they get. Their response time has definitely been improving over the yearcycles.

Supervisor: Lace-Y-AND-1

Forensic Technician: Cagne-Y-AND-2

6. Communications Central

You receive your assignments from here via the Com Unit II built into your helmet. The Dispatch Department is well known for its timely assignment of back-up troops. The staff have received Commendations for saving valuable time and manpower by accurately assessing and assigning help only when you truly need it.

The broadcasting equipment used is in fine shape for its age, and no Trooper has yet complained of garbled or static-jammed transmissions.

Dispatch Supervisor: Ben-I-HIL-6

Duty Officer: Sergeant No-I-NOT-6

7. Motor Pool

The Motor Pool is one of the most essential services in HIL Sector. Because the [deleted for security reasons] are the only way to travel about quickly in HIL Sector, having a reliable autocar is essential. The clones in the Motor Pool are efficient, thorough, and maintain autocars far beyond expectations. They are also total experts at bot repair and bot maintenance.

Supervisor: Sun-O-CCO-3

Mechanic: Sun-O-CCO-4

8. Informant's Registry

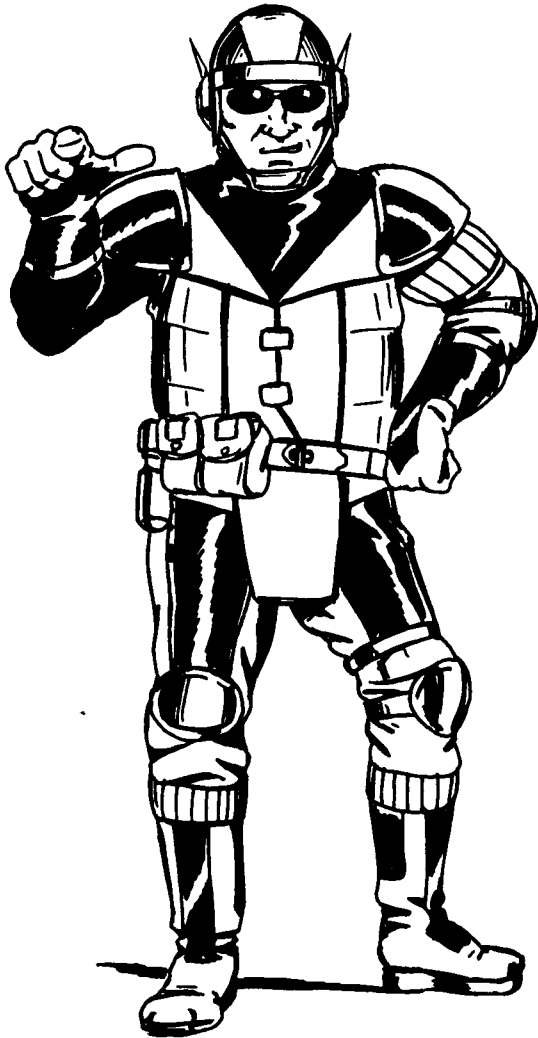
This department is unique among all IntSec divisions. Only the Informant's Registry train their clones to mingle with loyal citizens of all clearances and service groups. Ever-vigilant and silent reminders of the Computer's benevolent presence, these professionals assess the quality of life and happiness all over the Sector. When they find a loyal citizen who is not happy, the citizen is cheerfully encouraged to accept whatever treatment is most beneficial to

New IntSec Armor: The X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor

By Martin-G-WIX Intsec Ministry of Information, Staff Writer

Rejoice in The Computer's bountiful generosity! IntSec Troopers have finally received the long-delayed, much-discussed, highly-debated X-3 17 B Full Combat Maneuver Class 3 Armor (the "X3") — the latest technological breakthrough in armor to fight the Commie threat.

Although specific details as to weight and exact composition are unknown, the following details have been leaked by sources close to R&D.



Composition: kevlar, reflex, and shock-absorbent padding. Sources close to R&D are hinting that next yearcycle we will see the same armor types in a more effective mixture. We will keep you up to date.

Color: All Clearances except Infrared and Red currently available.

Sizes: Some are still not available. Notably, sizes between 1.2 - 1.4m height.

Stopping Power: "Very." This is a direct quote from a source who asked not to be identified.

Weight: Relatively Light. Sources close to R&D say that a newer version is coming out next yearcycle. It is reported to be half the weight and to have more protection.

Helmet: Same armor mixture, with internal Multicorder and Com Unit II. Some helmets have been recalled. R&D reports a slight malfunction in the first batch of helmets which occasionally resulted in the wearer's tongue being seared off. Sources have reassured this Department that absolutely all defective helmets will have been recalled by the time this news item sees print.

Internal Security Response Codes

The following codes are the most common requests for assistance. Memorize them. Failure to do so is treason.

This list courtesy of the IntSec Ministry of Information, Office of Information Dispersal.

Communications Central uses these special code numbers to concisely indicate the nature of the disturbance the Troopers are to deal with. They also serve to confuse any non-IntSec personnel who may be eavesdropping.

Memorize them. Failure to do so is treason. These codes are subject to change without notice.

Code 0 Commie sub-version activity in progress. Respond immediately and capture all responsible.

Code 1 The Computer requests assistance. Immediate response is required. Failure is treason.

Code 007 License to kill. No termination voucher necessary.

Code 7 Routine mission. Perfectly safe. Perfectly routine. Perfectly.

Code 8 Treasonous activity in progress. Stop at all costs.

Code 9 Infrared requests assistance. Response optional.

Code 14 Red citizen requests assistance. Respond if available.

Code 17 Reactor meltdown. Requisition radiation gear and evacuate sector.

Code 23 Orange citizen requests assistance. Respond as time permits.

Code 25 Major disaster in Power Services. Respond immediately.

Code 28 Yellow citizen requests assistance. Respond with reasonable promptness.

Code 30 Green citizen requests assistance. Respond promptly.

Code 33 Citizen with possibly lethal equipment. Retrieve equipment at all costs. Citizen is expendable.

Code 34 Blue citizen requests assistance. Respond quickly.

Code 36 Trooper in trouble. Respond and assist.

Code 41 Indigo citizen requests assistance. Drop everything and respond immediately.

Code 47 Essential services malfunction (usually life support systems). Investigate and report.

Code 50 Disturbance in subsector _____. Investigate and report.

Code 52 Troubleshooters request assistance. Respond as you see fit and with extreme caution.

Code 53 Violet citizen requests assistance. Get there. Now.

Code 56 Stray petbot causing disturbance. Catch and return to rightful owner.

Code 59 This code reserved for future use.

Code 61 Beserk bot. Approach with caution.

Code 69 This code left intentionally blank.

Code 75 Lower level citizen annoying higher level citizen. Coroner has been notified.

Code 99 Ultraviolet citizen requires assistance. Need we say more?

(continued from page 31)

"Yer final piece of equipment is da Turbo Z 334 VariTube-Terrain Patrol Vehicle — yer autocar. It'll seat all of ya comfortably. Ya gonna use it on patrol and when respondin' ta calls of distress. Ya can pick it up from da motor pool after dis briefin' and take it for a test spin.

[Removes helmet.]

"HIL Sector Internal Security Blue Security Clearance Troopers. Yer unit designation is Tac 5-F. Dat's yer title and yer unit designation. Remember 'em. What's yer unit designation?"

[Chorus of, "Tac 5-F, sir!"]

"Not bad. Not bad. Clones, yer job is ta go out dere among da good citizens and ensure dere safety and security. Ta root out

treason and destroy it. Ta help make Alpha Complex safe for Technocracy.

"Da secret ta a successful unit is leadership, discipline, and truly awesome personal armor. Ya got all tree in ample quantities. So are ya ready ta go out dere and defend Alpha Complex?"

[Applause and cheering from the Troopers]

"Let's do dis one for Da Computer!"

As an aside, No-I-NOT-6 wishes to stress that the rumor No-I-Not-5 perpetrated about "Treason Quotas" is treason. There are no quotas which must be met in regard to turning in traitors. Troopers are not terminated for failure to bring to justice at least one traitor a daycycle.

Rumors are treason. Report all rumors.

(continued from page 32)

correct his current condition. Naturally, no Intsec trooper has ever needed such treatment. Ever.

Supervisor: Bea-V-DEE-3

Registry Coordinator: Pid-G-EON-4

9. Ministry of Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation

What can be said about a department whose primary concern is for the health and well-being of the loyal citizens of Alpha Complex?

Loyal citizens who perform their assigned duties in accordance with The Computer's benevolent guidance need not fear the ministrations of these loyal servants. Those who do not conform, those who disappoint The Computer, or those who get slack are rightfully admonished by this gentle organization.

Supervisor: Miami-V-ICE-2

Truth Technician: Hank-G-MAN-1

10. Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations

Have a problem with Traitors? Is your team leader a Commie? Do you suspect another Trooper of being a Mutant? Having difficulty obtaining a Termination Voucher? If so, the Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations can set up ruses to smoke out crafty traitors.

These agents are safe, clean, and extremely efficient. There are no reports of any Surveillance and Covert Operations agents biting or kicking loyal citizens.

Supervisor: Charles-B-RSN-4

Agents: Coe-V-ERT-2, Operash-I-ONS-3
Dirt-Y-HRY-5

11. Department of Political Therapy

The technicians here are eager to spend their valuable time having conversations with traitors and alleged traitors. The

unique techniques available at the Franzk-O-FKA Memorial Recreation Center, coupled with innovative techniques, insure that any traitorous actions or thoughts are fully explored and minutely examined. The survival rate of subjects has been steadily improving.

Supervisor: Fluffy-I-AMM-2

Loyalty Officer: Biff-G-BUF-3

12. Mutant's Registry

Troopers with a hard-to-solve case can request a registered mutant with a specific power to lend them aid and assistance. These special agents come in all shapes, sizes, and security clearances and are eager to help keep Alpha Complex Commie and traitor free.

Supervisor: Mutie-I-GLO-2

Registry Clerk: Profess-O-EXX-2

Attention, Rookies! Listen Up!

This is a sample of perhaps your most important piece of equipment — a Termination Voucher. A Termination Voucher is your best friend. It will save you from tedium, boredom, and summary execution. Treat your Termination Voucher well, for they are few and far between. Without it, blowing away Commie mutant traitors can be risky business. Allow us to explain.


As an Internal Security Blue Trooper, you are the shining example of law and order, the will of The Computer made manifest. As such, you are not permitted the leeway that other citizens enjoy in the service of The Computer. As a Blue Trooper, you cannot wantonly shoot, staple, bludgeon, obliterate, or disintegrate Commies, mutants, or traitors. You must instead secure evidence of the guilty party's wrongdoing and present said evidence to your superior the Computer for examination. If your evidence is presented by the book, one highly official, Computer certified, ready-to-use Termination Voucher will be winging its way to you. If not, obliterating loyal citizens is a no-no that will lead to your own termination.

It's only fair, after all.

To use a Termination Voucher, just eradicate the clone named thereon and present the body (or what's left of it) and the certified document to your superior when you file your official report. It's that simple. And since you, as a Trooper, only terminate criminals and traitors sanctioned by The Computer, the general citizenry of Alpha Complex feel safe and secure under the protection of IntSec's finest.

The general citizenry have a lot to learn. . .

TERMINATION

 **VOUCHER**

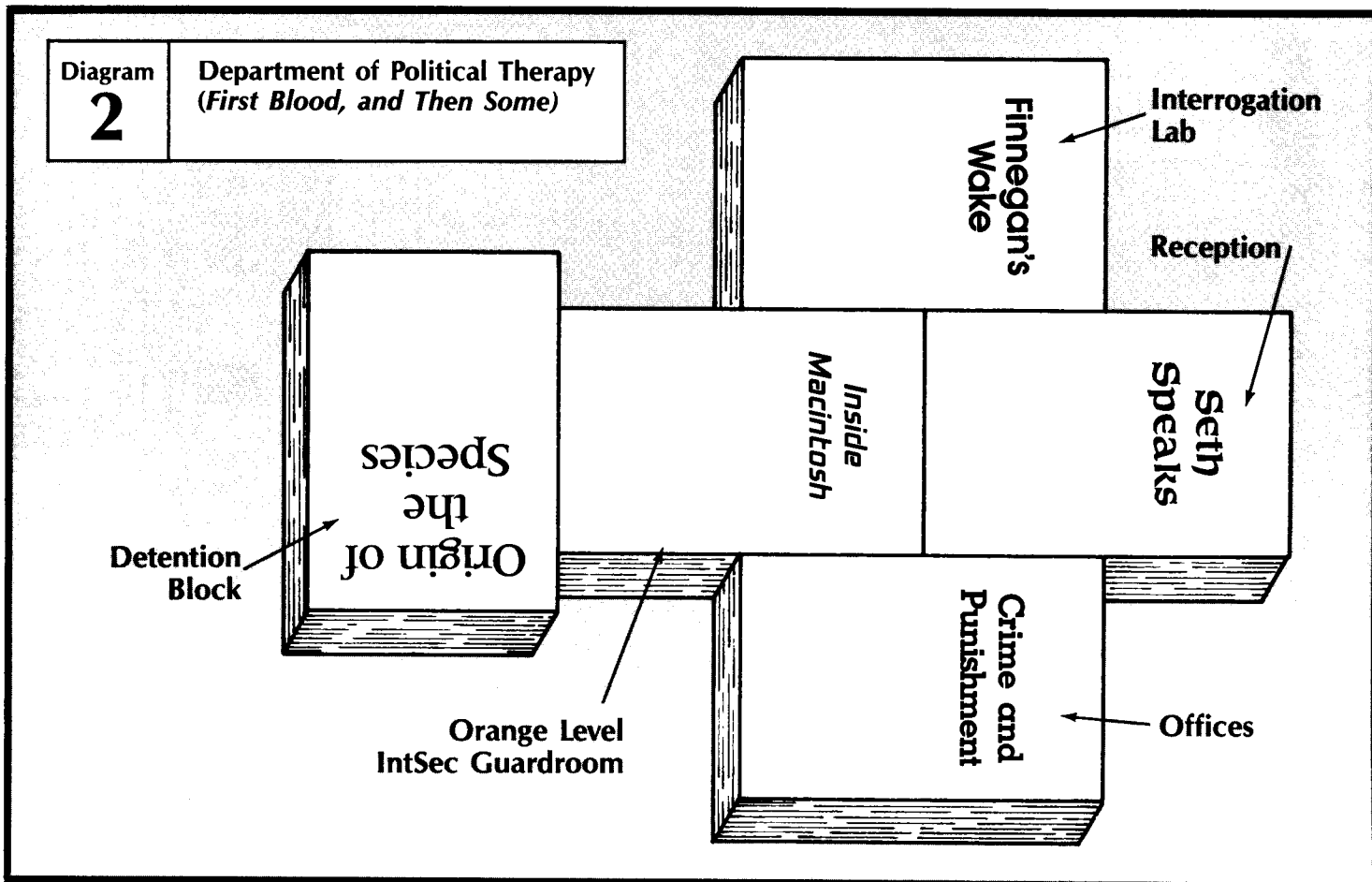
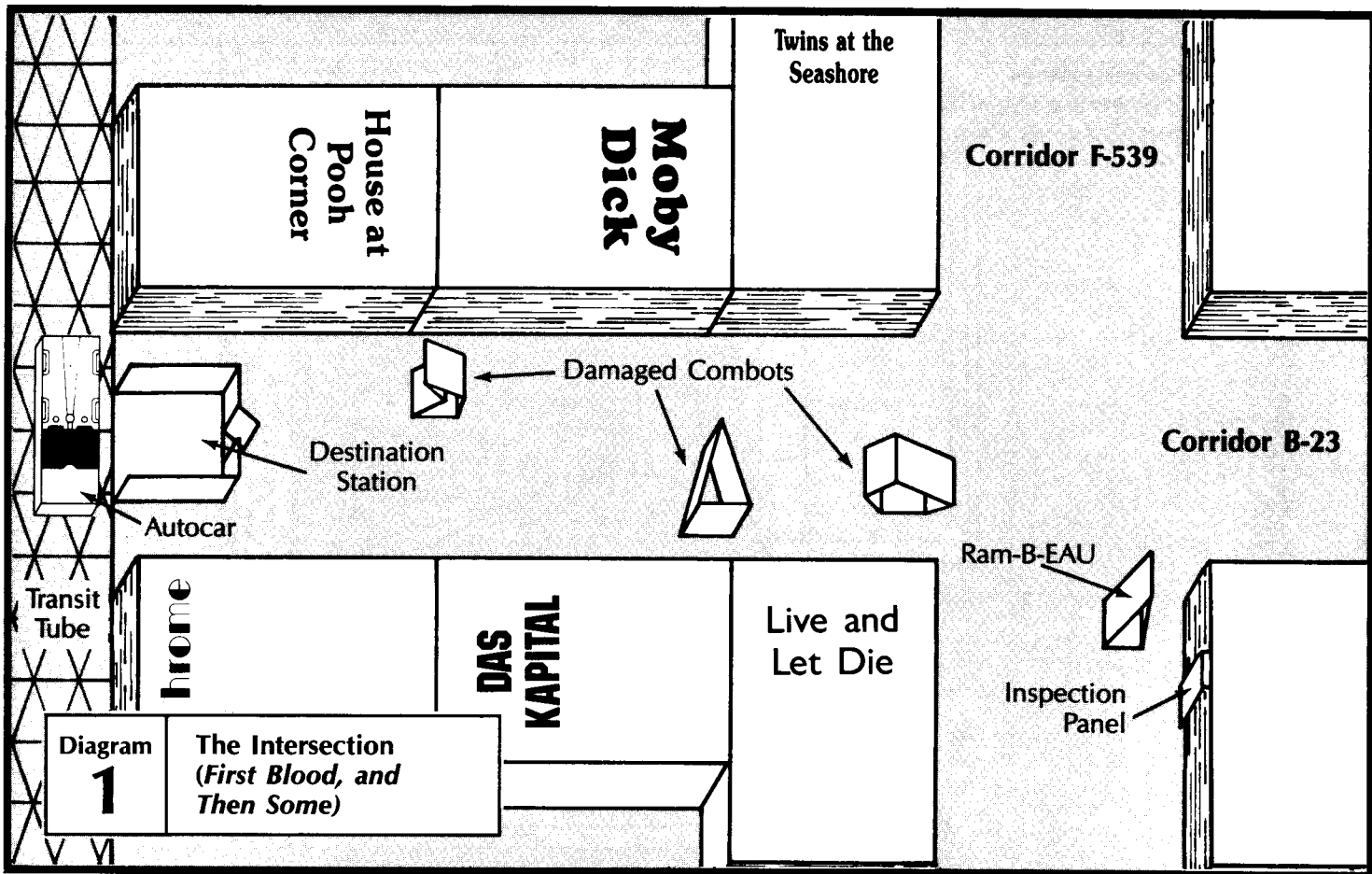
This entitles the bearer to terminate

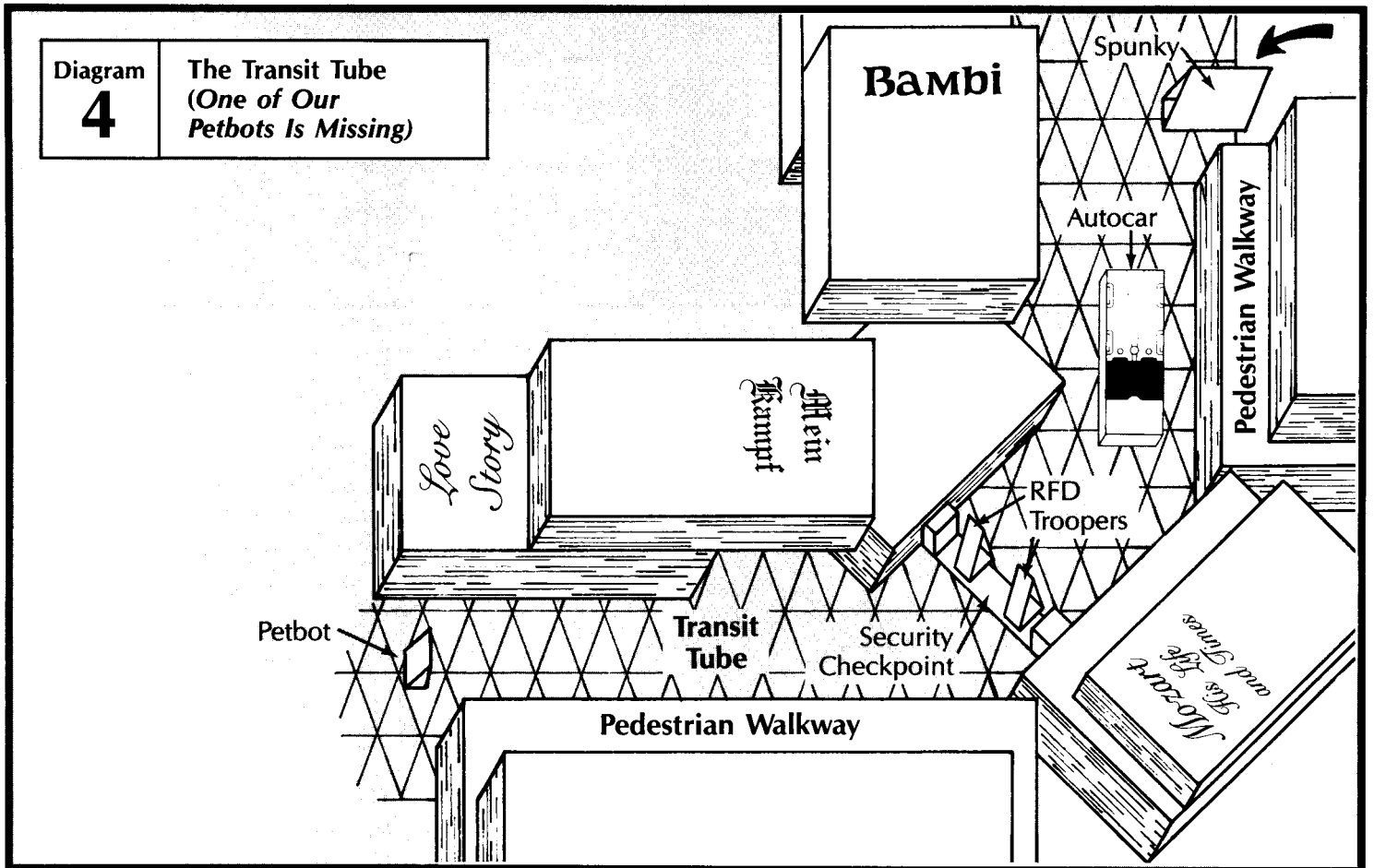
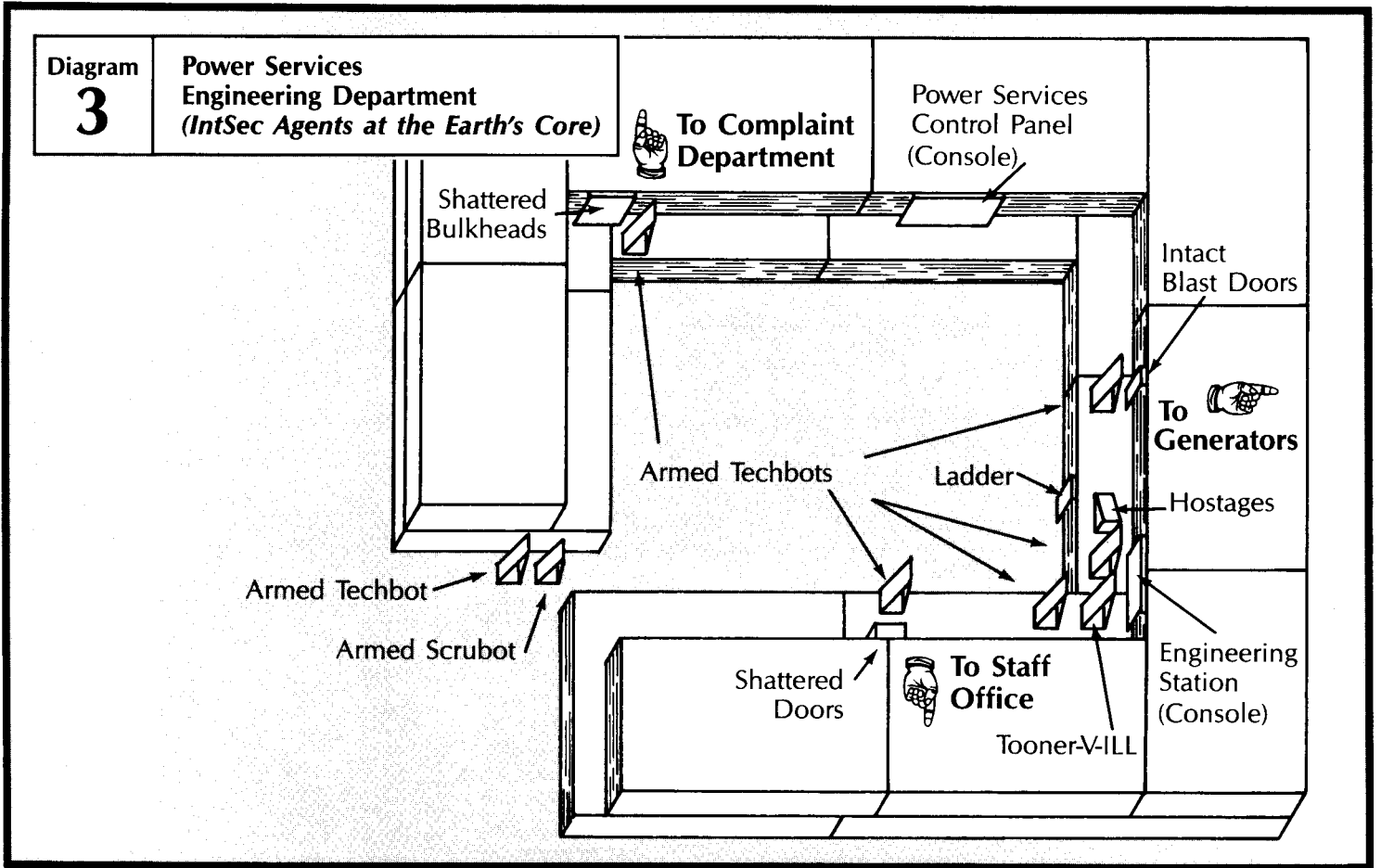
_____ -1-2-3-4-5-6, the

<input type="checkbox"/> Commie	<input type="checkbox"/> Mutant
<input type="checkbox"/> Traitor	<input type="checkbox"/> Scum
<input type="checkbox"/> Other (describe) _____	

All of the above

in the service of Alpha Complex and
The Computer





Cardstock Commies Props and Excessories

The Computer grants permission to photocopy this page for personal use. Assembly Directions on page 64.

STOP

TERMINATION



This entitles the bearer to terminate

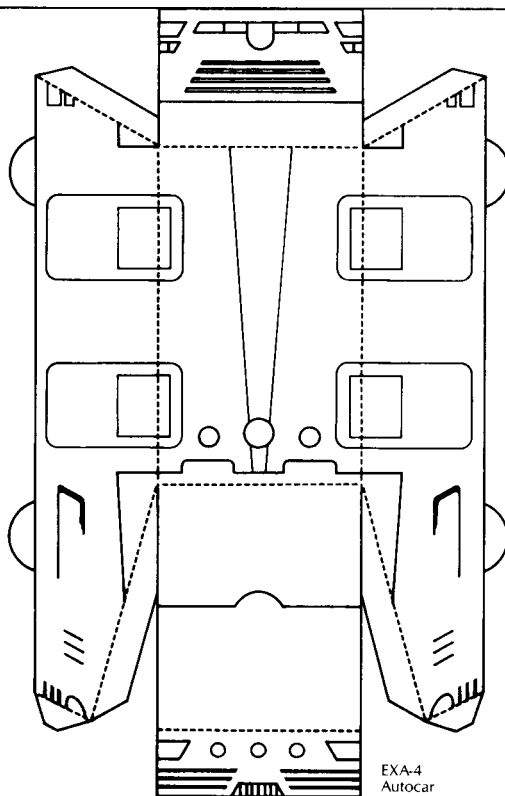
_____ -1-2-3-4-5-6, the

- Commie
- Traitor
- Mutant
- Scum

Other (describe) _____

- All of the above

in the service of Alpha Complex and
The Computer



EXA-4 Autocar

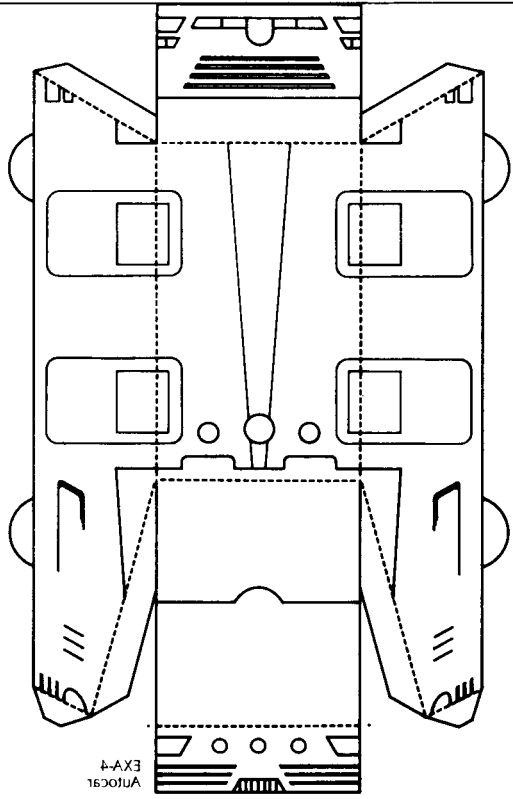
EKA-2 Security Checkpoint		
HS-8 Combat	HS-21 Techbot	HS-22 Scrubot
HS-23 RFD Trooper with Slughtrower	HS-24 RFD Trooper with Laser Rifle	HS-25 Ultraviolet
EX-2 Blast Doors		

EX-5 Inspection Panel	EX-6 Ladder
EX-4 Shattered Bulkhead	EX-1 Door
EX-1 Console	EX-1 Door
EXA-3 Destination Station	

POTS

The Computer grants permission to photocopy this page for personal use.

TERMINATION VOUCHER



EX-1 Console

EX-2 Monitor

EX-3 Door

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PC Roster

Name; Mutant Power; Secret Society; Interesting Skills	Unarmed/ Laser Pistol/ Neurowhip	Armor	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CHT	MEC	POW
PC#1: Andrew-B-RNK-3; Telepathic Sense, Machine Sense; Sons of the Confederacy; Computer Programming (4)	47%/87%/72%	Combat Armor	18	12	8	16	5	15	5	13
PC#2: Mick-B-LKR-4; Trance Teleport, Polymorphism; Sierra Club; Teeth (12)	45%/78%/80%	Combat Armor	20	16	13	12	7	16	20	6
PC#3: Lucy-B-ATZ-3; Cloud Men's Minds, Combat Mind, Advanced Hearing; Earth Mothers; Forgery (5), Medical (7)	55%/76%/80%	Combat Armor	11	11	13	11	13	10	4	10
PC#4: Bob-B-HIL-3; Empathic Healing (Registered), Precognition, Advanced Vision; FCCCP; Fast Talk (7), Bootlicking (3)	51%/74%/76%	Combat Armor	10	11	11	10	11	14	8	6
PC#5: Jay-B-LRU-2; Suggestion; Free Enterprise; Bootlicking (4), Con (4), Fast Talk (4)	60%/82%/85%	Combat Armor	15	13	15	14	6	18	9	10
PC#6: Gold-B-LUM-4; Matter Eater, Mental Block; Spy For Another Complex; Blaster (7), Bootlicking (7), Forgery (3)	51%/85%/76%	Combat Armor	11	13	11	15	13	16	8	9

IntSecServe Roster

Name and Background	Unarmed/ Weapon	Wpn. Type	Armor	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CHT	MEC	POW
Iam-O-KAY-4: Ministry of Information Supervisor	20%/30%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	10	8	9	8	10	14	10	10
"Ziggy" Star-R-DST-2: Information Officer	20%/20%	Laser Pistol	None	5	7	5	5	5	4	5	7
Spem-G-LER-6: PLC Outfitting Supervisor	30%/60%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	15	15	15	10	5	5	10	5
Sigmunduf-R-OID-2: PLC Service Representative	40%/30%	Laser Pistol	None	10	9	12	10	10	8	10	16
Rocky-B-BOA-1: Armory Supervisor	85%/50%/60%	Laser Rifle, Tangler	Combat Suit	10	8	9	8	10	14	10	13
Wee-B-BAD-4: Weapons Technician	17%/24%	Laser Rifle	Kevlar	9	10	8	10	7	15	6	5
Jules-V-ERN-5: Research and Design Supervisor	21%/26%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	7	7	11	11	11	12	10	13
Herbert-G-WEL-5: Research Technician	30%/55%	Can't find it	Can't find it	10	16	15	17	14	8	14	12
Lace-Y-AND-2: Forensic Sciences Supervisor	32%/40%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	13	17	14	15	12	7	11	13
Cagne-Y-AND-1: Forensic Technician	40%/43%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	14	13	17	12	11	9	12	16
Ben-I-HIL-6: Communications Central Dispatch Supervisor	45%/60%	Laser Pistol	Combat Suit	14	15	12	10	9	18	20	7
No-I-NOT-6: ("Sarge") Duty Officer	65%/75%	Laser Rifle	Kevlar	18	16	14	18	10	7	10	8
Ma-B-ELL-3: Dispatch Operator	20%/100%	Hangs up	Surliness	10	7	10	9	12	17	5	6
Sun-O-CCO-3: Motor Pool Supervisor	40%/80%	Wrench (Col. 6)	Reflec	14	16	17	12	8	16	19	13
Sun-O-CCO-4: Motor Pool Mechanic	24%/46%	Laser Welder (Col. 16)	Reflec	12	12	13	15	17	14	10	11
Bea-V-DEE-3: Informant's Registry Supervisor	60%/70%	Force Sword (Col. 12)	Plate	14	17	8	9	8	13	13	7
Pid-G-EON-4: Registry Coordinator	15%/23%	Laser Pistol	None	18	12	9	13	7	12	19	14
Miami-V-ICE-2: Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation Supervisor	40%/60%	Sonic Blaster (Col. 14)	Kevlar/Mylar	17	14	16	11	13	15	11	7
Hank-G-MAN-1: Truth Technician	35%/64%	Neurowhip	Kevlar/Mylar	14	7	8	9	12	13	11	8
Charles-B-RSN-4: Surveillance and Covert Operations Supervisor	50%/70%	Energy Pistol (Col. 8)	Reflec	12	11	16	12	7	8	12	18
Dirt-Y-HRY-5, Coe-V-ERT-2, Operash-I-ONS-3: Field Agents	40%/50%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	12	11	18	9	10	11	18	14
Fluffy-I-AMM-2: Department of Political Therapy Supervisor	20%/24%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	16	16	14	18	13	11	10	11
Biff-G-Buf-3: Loyalty Officer	36%/40%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	14	16	11	11	4	7	16	13
Mutie-I-GLO-2: Mutant's Registry Supervisor	23%/34%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	12	12	13	14	10	7	8	16
Profess-O-EXX-2: Registry Clerk	20%/40%	Laer Pistol	Reflec	16	16	12	11	10	14	7	19

Bot Roster

Type and Background	Move (speed)	Weapons / Skill %	Armor Equivalent
Spunky: Tyrannosaurus Rex "petbot", 40' tall in stocking feet.	Anywhere it wants (run)	Claw / 50%; Tail / 65%; Mouth (Col. 17) / 75%	Combat Suit with laminated armor
Techbot: Obeys Tooner-V-ILL-6.	Legs (walk)	Various weapons* / 50%	None
Scrubot: Obeys Techbot. More or less. (Usually less.)	Treads (stroll)	Experimental Force Sword (Col. 12) / 40%	None
Scrubot 409-D: Sander + Buffer + Scrubber = Dangerous.	Treads (stroll)	Laser nozzles (Col.8) / 65%	Kevlar
Apl-TRE/e: Teacherbot.	Treads (stroll)	Ruler (Col. 4) / 80%	None
Universal Anti-Traitor Seekerbot: Fed-R-ALL Express package.	Floats (zoom)	Laser Cannon (Col. 13) / 75%	Battle Armor

* Techbots have one of the following weapons: Industrial Table Laser (Col. 14), Plasma Generator, X-ray Laser (Col. 17), Unfamiliar Cannisters, Gluon Pack (always stun when hits).

NPC Roster

Name and Background	Unarmed/Weapon	Wpn. Type	Armor	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CHT	MEC	POW
Fed-R-ALL: Messenger Service	20%/35%	Laser Pistol	Combat/Laminated	10	12	12	17	7	9	13	11
Stan-Y-LRL-1, Oil-Y-HDY-6: Power Services Inspectors	2%/—	—	Implausible Coincidence	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Malicious, vindictive, charming students with teacherbot Apl-TRE/e	5%/10%	—	—	5	15	15	15	20	15	10	5
Ultraviolet Joggers (5)	5%/100%	Termination Voucher	Clout	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Teela-O-MLY-6: Teenage heart throb on her last clone (again)	15%/—	—	Reflec	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Hall-Y-WUD-(1-6): Show-biz scumbucket	5%/—	—	—	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10
Skibex/Phemud/Chodor: Tourist trap targets (Visiting wizards from Dimension X)	54%/64%	Wand	—	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	18
Randy Wonderlizard: Wizard's lackey	45%/—	Teeth (Col. 5)	Leather	4	15	18	4	12	20	1	13
Generic Loyal Citizen/Innocent Bystander/Secret Society Group Member	23%/30%	Laser Pistol	Reflec	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
One of Our Petbots is Missing											
Finnian-U-KNO-3	5%/100%	Termination Voucher	Arrogance	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
And-Y-TLR-3: Yellow Trooper	45%/37%	Laser Pistol	Kevlar	12	10	11	10	12	16	12	15
Barn-Y-FIF-2: Yellow Trooper	25%/—	(No barrel)	Kevlar	10	8	9	8	10	14	10	13
IntSec Agents at the Earth's Core											
Tooner-V-ILL-6: Violent Violet R&D Genius	35%/100%	Gravity Potential Amplifier (Col. 400)	—	12	14	15	12	10	7	9	11
First Blood, and Then Some											
Ram-B-EAU-3: Amiable killer	95%/95% in all combat skills	All of them	Vat Grease*	24	24	24	24	6	24	24	24

* Actually, a mutant power makes him invulnerable to all aimed weapons.

multicorder. These amendments need be no more than hastily scribbled notes, and, since they may include details that denounce and slander other player characters, should be given to the GM privately.

Finally, ask if any player wishes to place any significant interpretation on the facts as demonstrated in the multicorder report. This is an opportunity to place on record any accusation or innuendo that might inveigh against the good reputation of another character. This interpretation of facts may be made publically or privately, as the player prefers.

This shouldn't take more than a few minutes for most groups, but with master Machiavellians, there might be a lot of maneuvering and subtle constructions on the facts (in other words, high-class fibbing). You may need to take notes for later review on the more telling accusations and evidence against player characters.

And that ends the session. No public denunciations. No wild-and-woolly shootouts. No summary executions. No public commendations. Instead, the event that Blue Troopers anticipate with extreme dread is getting . . .

■ Called Into the Office

When solid evidence of treason begins to mount, a Trooper may be Called Into the Office. The other players may not even know about it; rumors may circulate, according to the whim of the GM.

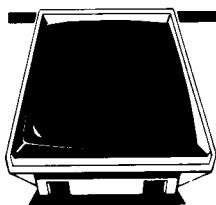
This private conference between the GM and player may take place before or after a session, or better yet, over the phone or at some non-gaming meeting. In this conference the GM confronts the player with the accusations and evidence against his character (keeping the identity of the accuser secret) and permits the player to speak in his character's defense.

The first office visit is generally a warning. The second or subsequent visits may imply demotion, fines, suspension, or assignment to reactor cleaning duty unless a sufficient defense is offered.

Of course, being Called Into the Office doesn't necessarily imply bad news. Sometimes your superior just wants to talk, or offer advice in private, or even wants to award a commendation for meritorious service.

Commendations, however, are normally public affairs, complete with fanfare and officially enthusiastic media coverage. Such may be awarded impulsively at the end of a session, or after due deliberation at the opening of the next session. At this level, however, both commendations and treason points are assessed less frequently; superior service is *expected* of Blue Troopers, and their past loyalty has earned them a degree of trust that confers the benefit of the doubt in matters of questionable activities.





The Adventure Itself

The life of an Alpha Complex policeman is just like the life of real policemen, only moreso. That is, no matter how unappealing the types of people real policemen deal with, and no matter how discouraging and futile their enterprises, it can only be worse in Alpha Complex.

Here are just a few of the things real policemen have to deal with, and how they might figure in a Blue Trooper's nightmares:

HIL Sector Crimes

- 1. Drugs:** No matter how generous The Computer is with drugs, there's always a market for more. From co-cola addicts (see *Send in the Clones*) to Vulture Squadroniers with Combat Quick habits, the drug market is lucrative, violent, and populated by chemically-induced psychotics. (See *Acute Paranoia* for a full treatment of **PARANOIA** drugs.)
- 2. Black Market:** You can buy anything, regardless of security clearance, on the Black Market. Free Enterprise controls most of the traffic, but many citizens freelance on the side. Most popular are weapons for the more lunatic of the secret societies.
- 3. Theft:** Where do the Black Market goods come from? Pilferage and burglary are commonly reported (or perpetrated) by harried PLC clerks.
- 4. Assault and Murder:** When it can be distinguished from punishing and executing traitors, assault and murder are vigorously investigated by The Computer.
- 5. Blackmail:** High-level citizens troubled by blackmail typically arrange through proper channels to obtain the services of discrete IntSec investigators.
- 6. Vandalism and Sabotage:** Whether political (PURGE) or light-heartedly anarchical (Death Leopard), vandalism and sabotage of Computer property is a pervasive problem.
- 7. Contraband:** Everybody has something they shouldn't have, and IntSec is always looking for it.
- 8. Vice:** This crime is usually perpetrated by the Earth Mothers secret society (see *Acute Paranoia* for the genteel details). Vice includes any activities that lead to the unnatural bodily functions that produce children without the aid of the

genetic clone banks. Or such functions when used in the clandestine and highly treasonous activity called "pillow talk."

9. Traffic Violations: Speeding, high-impact parking, and vehicular clone-slaughter are just a few of the most common traffic violations in Alpha Complex.

Special HIL Sector Crimes

Certain crimes are peculiar to the distinctive Alpha Complex culture:

- 1. Unregistered Mutation:** Investigation, detection, and apprehension of unregistered mutants requires careful sifting through informal reports and formal charges, and the pursuit of these all-too-numerous criminals is often extremely dangerous.
- 2. Secret Societies:** Clandestine and undercover monitoring of secret activities generally precedes raids of secret society meetings. Secret societies often have remarkable resources at their disposal and fanatic memberships who offer a spirited defense, even when poorly armed. The more militant and organized secret societies (PURGE, Corpore Metal, Free Enterprise, Communists, and so on) may challenge even elite IntSec Special Forces units.
- 3. Treason:** Though technically almost all human behavior falls into this category, Blue Troopers generally only handle the more egregious traitors (Commie rioters, rebellious High Programmers, Teela-OMLY, etc.); citizens and Troubleshooters do an admirable job in handling this problem at the community level.
- 4. Damaging Computer Property:** A close cousin to vandalism and sabotage, and as vigorously prosecuted, Damaging Computer Property includes all accidental loss or destruction of valuable Computer resources, either through carelessness (allowing the brakes on your autocar to fail) or through negligence (failing to repair the malfunction of your plasma generator before its catastrophic detonation wipes out a couple of residence blocks).

5. Insubordination: All citizens are obligated to defer to other citizens of higher security clearance. Blue Troopers must often investigate reports of uncooperative flunkies.

6. Security Clearance Violations: Infraders sauntering around in Blue-clearance corridors with cone rifles are sure to attract immediate attention from IntSec troopers.



Typical Roles and Mission Assignments

Here are a few common situations Blue Troopers may find themselves in:

- 1. Walking the Beat:** Though generally the duty of lower-status IntSec Troopers, idle (or on-report) Blue Troopers may be fitted with rocket skates and sent out to wander the corridors, keeping the peace and affirming the ever-present will of The Computer — directing autocar and tube-bot traffic, issuing parking tickets, running spot security checks, handling citizen complaints, and responding to the occasional crime-in-progress or emergency calls.
- 2. On Patrol:** Six Blue Troopers jammed into an autocar with their full array of weapons and gear is a common sight in HIL Sector — always ready to give chase to criminals and joyriders, or respond to any disturbances at high speed.
- 3. Stakeouts:** Stakeout generally means sitting around in some unpleasant place (closet, sewer, or atomic reactor core) with nothing fun (i.e., no shooting) to do for a long time. Not infrequently the place is not cleared for Blue citizens. For secret society stakeouts, Troopers are often required to wear hideously ineffective disguises. Generally an unpopular assignment.

4. Task Forces: Troopers are often temporarily assigned to task forces for special duty requiring unusual skills or concerted, long-term efforts. A few examples: The High Programmer's Special Commission on Unregistered Mutations; The Weird Science Police; The Secret Study Group for Outside Spy and Animal Control, and the "Who's Your Friend?" Task Force.

5. Detective Forces: Blue Troopers are often assigned to investigate mysteries. Given the nightmarish incompetence, inefficiency, and paranoia rampant in Alpha Complex, most mysteries are pursued with a Clouseau-Pink-Pantherish farcical ineffectiveness. (Warning! **PARANOIA** is not an ideal game setting to stage real clues-and-ratiocination mysteries. Until we tackle this area in a future supplement, it might be best to steer clear of this genre or be prepared for investigators to blast most witnesses and evidence rather than study them for their significance.)

6. Riot Squad/Special Forces: These are the elite combat troops for handling internal Alpha Complex affairs. In theory, IntSec handles all internal affairs; the Armed Forces handles dealings with the Outside. In practice, High Programmers may call on Armed Forces Vulture or Blue Trooper Tac Squads depending on where their political clout is centered.

7. Escort and Citizen Protection: Whether guarding The Computer's favorites or the lowest of Commie mutant scum, Blue Troopers often have as much to fear from the potential victim as from determined assailants.

8. Trusted Public Servants: As symbols of The Computer's ever-present justice and mercy, Blue Troopers help old clones across transit tubes, lecture on public morality, and rescue petbots from synthevents. Ironically, even these innocuous events are often fraught with peril.

Plotting a HIL Sector Blues Adventure

To create a Blue Trooper adventure, survey the preceding lists of Blue Trooper duties. Pick one and imagine how life in Alpha Complex could hopelessly complicate the situation. This is our Premise.

For example, directing traffic — let's presume The Computer orders a squad of Blue Troopers to direct traffic at a transit tube junction. The Computer fails to notify the Troopers that power is out in that sector and the tubes are unilluminated; therefore the Troopers cannot be seen by traffic (which incidently is approaching at a sizable fraction of the speed of sound).



A Blue Trooper never wavers in his duty (or misses his ticket quota).

Now what?

Okay, we have a simple Premise — Blue Troopers directing traffic under impossible circumstances. Now we need Complications. Scan the section on "Running Gags" for appropriate complications to make the Troopers' lives even more miserable.

We already know the Mission Bulletin omits important information — good, good. Now, the Troopers have to get to the transit tube junction. Let's see — how about a malfunctioning autocar? Yes, yes — how about a lobotomized autopilot? And let's roll on the Nothing Happens Table. Of course.

Okay, the Troopers get to the junction and discover the lights are out. Time to report. Oops — those pesky operators keep disconnecting them, and when they finally get through to Power Services — EHHNT-EHHNT-EHHNT — busy signal. Then a DeePolTee officer comes on the line and wants to know why you are spreading rumors about power malfunctions. Heh, heh, heh.

So finally the Troopers get through to Power Services (yes, yes, yes, all this time they are scrambling around in the dark dodging 18-wheelers moving along like Imperial Battle Cruisers) and report. Then along comes somebody straight off of the Innocent Bystander Table, yes? How about StanY-LRL and OllYHRD? Or Apl-TRE/e and her students? Why not both?

Okay, we have a Premise and Complications. Now we need a Satisfying Resolution. Note, not just a resolution — killing all the Troopers is plenty plausible and sure enough a resolution, but it isn't

much fun for the players. And this is a campaign, remember? Let the poor clones live. For awhile. A Satisfying Resolution must offer the players a chance for a Terrific Success or a Farcically Tragic Disaster. (Because this is **PARANOIA**, either a disaster or a success may be sufficiently entertaining to give the players their money's worth. Consider that at lower levels they are entitled to a round of applause if they can just get vaporized. As a Blue Trooper they should work a little harder for that applause by doing something spectacular — like trying to survive. Solving the problem is worth a standing ovation.)

So how about the Troopers stumble upon an open bothole in the dark, and out of it they can hear the stirring strains of the "Internationale" — the anthem of Commie saboteurs responsible for the blackout. A Terrific Success has them capture the Commies and deliver them to The Computer. A Farcically Tragic Disaster has them capture the Commies and deliver them to The Computer — only to be out-bootlicked by the Commies, proving conclusively that the Troopers were the traitorous saboteurs, and resulting in their suspension from the force pending Reconstructive Surgery and Recombinant DNA Therapy at the Franzk-O-FKA Recreation Center.

There you have it — the recipe for **HIL Sector Blues** adventures: a Premise taken from the lists of typical police roles and duties; a liberal sprinkling of Complications from the "Running Gags" section; and a Satisfying Resolution that entertains the players with the promise of Terrific Success or Farcically Tragic Disaster. The Premise and Complications provide



game challenges that the players can pit their roleplaying and problem-solving talents against in the unique **PARANOIA** setting; the Satisfying Resolution presents them with a chance to achieve an entertaining sense of dramatic climax so they can quit having so much fun and once again emerge from the fantasy world into their own drab, wretched lives.

■ Scenario Hooks

Here are some sample Premises to base **HIL Sector Blues** adventures on:

■ Clone with a Gun

The setting — Outfitting, R&D, or a crowded commissary. The clone — a secret society fanatic, mad scientist, or normal citizen who accidentally received a megadose of Combat Quick instead of Wakey-Wakey pills. The gun — the most awesome weapon imaginable, preferably an R&D special, a Pre-Whoops artifact, or a field weapon (missile racks or tube cannon).

■ Treason in Progress

This covers a wide range of sins and peccadillos: a Red tech servicing an autocar in a Yellow corridor; a Yellow Troubleshooter has refused a Green's orders, claiming his Computer mission takes priority; two techs whispering conspiratorily in the Power Services Control Room — the list is endless.

■ Black Market

This could be a series of linked episodes. First, the PCs investigate a robbery, where the goods (weapons, drugs, R&D devices) are being stolen for resale on the Black Market. Second, the PCs are staked-out to observe Black Market sales and to trace the customers for the goods. Third, by investigating and interrogating the customers, the thieves/Black Market goons are revealed, charred, and delivered for posthumous justice.

■ Warrant for Traitor's Arrest

What appears to be a simple pickup of a minor misdemeanor offender (traffic violation, possession of Outside artifact, or mopery with intent to gawk) at his

cubicle turns out to be a full-scale tactical assault against a traitor with a complete arsenal and a phalanx of combat-trained scrubots. (See *The Trouble with Cockroaches*, a **GM Screen** adventure, for a similar situation.)

■ Raid a Secret Society Meeting

A stool-pigeon is obtained from the Informant's Registry who promises to deliver a Trooper squad to a Communist secret society meeting in progress. Surprise! The informant is a double-agent, and the Troopers are being set-up for an ambush. Zap, bang, kaboom: the PCs are hopelessly outgunned and cut off from reinforcements. But miraculously, a group of masked men (agents from the Clone Rangers) show up and rescue the Troopers, then disappear, leaving only a token — a silver bullet — to identify them.

■ An Internal Affair

Troopers are dispatched to arrest a group of traitors causing a disturbance and destroying Computer property. Guess what? The traitors are just a typical Troubleshooter mission group, screwing up in perfectly normal fashion. Take any published **PARANOIA** adventure, a group of pregenerated PCs, and imagine the kinds of trouble Troubleshooters usually get into. Now, send the Blue Troopers to arrest them. Of course, Troubleshooters being what they are, they do not submit peacefully to arrest, but try to bushwhack the Troopers. (And given the kinds of R&D equipment we've handed out in some of our published adventures, it could be a pretty evenly-matched encounter.)

■ Escort Duty

A parcel of way-too-treacherous documents is bound for FAR Sector. An ever-so-guilty High Programmer requests a security escort. Along the way enemies of the High Programmer attempt to waylay the caravan. Also a swell opportunity for running gags of the autocar variety.

■ Sabotage in R&D

Blue Troopers investigate an explosion/implosion/gravitational singularity in R&D. The ultimate cause is Stupid Science, but the Troopers can get a commendation if they can find some Obvious Treason. An interesting exercise in framing NPCs.

■ ABSCAM

A CPU High Programmer uses R&D high-tech bugs to listen in to the IntSec Ministry of Information, where he discovers a conspiracy to cover-up routine corruption and bribery in PLC. The PCs are assigned pathetically clumsy covers and profoundly transparent disguises and told to infiltrate the IntSec Information Bureau. Through typical "transmission errors," the mission bulletin sends the Troopers to the office of the aforementioned High Programmer to do their infiltrating. Add as many other convoluted flourishes as you like, because this part doesn't matter anyway. The part that matters is the boys from Covert Operations who have been assigned to tail and snuff the Troopers if they find out anything. Play it as a running gun battle where PCs can't identify their opponent. Sheesh, what a mess.

■ Entrapment

Undercover Troopers are issued the standard inappropriate disguises and sent out to recruit citizens into a non-existent secret society. Surprise! The secret society really does exist, the Troopers try to induct one of its members, and pretty soon they are in deep petbot poop.

And some other possible situations:

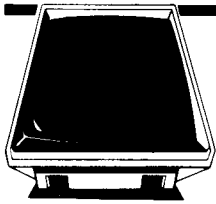
1 Spy: Tracking down spies from the Outside.

Docbot on the Loose: Docbot with drill press programming is loose among the citizenry.

Sabotage at the Weapons Plant: Can you find the bomb before the suicidally fanatic agents get you?

Snatch the Canary: Find a cooperative Computer Phreak informant before the victims of his volubility unleash legions of hijacked Computer servants to silence him.

Speed Trap: Troopers set up a radar trap along a remote section of the transit tube network, and guess what they catch? A Warbot 425 Mark IV piloted by a couple of joy-riding Death Leopards. Now *this* sounds like fun!



Creating a HIL Sector Blue Trooper

HIL Sector, even though designed as a campaign setting, tends to cycle through PCs quite rapidly. This is not due to any fault in the training of Troopers, but to the exponentially-increasing level of lethal equipment to which Blue IntSec Officers have access. Tacnukes do some wonderful things to involuntary reflexes, for instance.

If you use the pregenerated characters that come with *HIL Sector Blues*, you'll eventually need more. How eventually will depend on the structure of your campaign. If you dig up any old Red level characters that are lying around, and promote them to Blue level, you're gonna run out of *them* eventually, too. What's left? Creating Blues from scratch.

Here's a nice read-aloud procedure to help your players create the special Blue Level IntSec characters they're gonna need. It also shows you how to generate Blue Trooper NPCs. If you're lazy, don't bother to read all this bold-face print. Just show your players the appropriate section of the player screen.

Now you are going to create your special character for this adventure — no less than a Blue Clearance Internal Security Trooper! Your lucky day and all that.

Step One: Grab a blank character sheet, dice, writing implements, and a *Player Handbook*.

Step Two: Let's find out how many clones were expended in your ascent to this lofty status. Roll 1d10, tell me what you rolled, and I'll tell you what clone identification number to write on your tongue . . . Heh, heh. Okay. On your character sheet.

The Official Table of Clone Counting

1d10 Die-roll	Current Clone Number
1	#2
2-3	#3
4-7	#4
8-9	#5
10	#6

(Note: If some altruistic impulse relating to "fairness" or "game balance" is tugging at you, it's okay to start all your PCs off at the same clone number — 3, for example. We just think it is a bad habit to get into — being fair and all that.)

Step Three: Begin rolling up a standard character, using the procedure outlined in the *Player Handbook*, page 8, parts 1-4.

Step Four: Determine the Service Group you belonged to before you were transferred to HIL Sector IntSec. Your current Service Group is Internal Security. Write it down.

Step Five: Now you'll determine your mutant power, only we'll change the original process a little bit. Mutants have more fun, we hear, so we're going to give you a bunch of mutant powers. Roll once on Table 3.5.1, Normal Mutant Powers, and once on Table 3.5.2, Extraordinary Mutant Powers. Write 'em down.

For those who like rationales for things, it appears that mutant powers are more common than The Computer suspects. Apparently many mutant powers do not manifest themselves except under stressful situations, and the older a clone gets, the more stress he's subjected to.

Step Six: Complete part 7 as usual.

Let your players use either Secret Society Table 3.6.1 in the *Player Handbook* or the New, Improved Secret Society Table in our *Acute Paranoia*. It is treasonous not to have a copy of this 80-page extravaganza. If you don't have a copy, go out and buy one *right now* and we won't tell The Computer on you.

Step Seven: Here's a list of all the skills you have developed during your loyal service to The Computer and during your training at Trooper Academy. (Show players the Player Screen.) Scribble these down as notes and later you can set them up like proper skill trees on your character sheet.

- Basics (1)
 - Melee Combat (2)
 - Neurowhip (12)
 - Unarmed (7)
 - Aimed Weapon Combat (2)
 - Laser (3)
 - Pistol (12)
 - Rifle (12)
 - Projectile (3)
 - Pistol (7)
 - Rifle (7)
 - Special Services (2)
 - Chemical weapon (3)
 - Surveillance (3)
 - Security (3)

Because most of you are individuals, you may also spend 5 skill points on other Basics skills.

- Personal Development (1)
 - Communication (2)
 - Intimidation (7)
 - Leadership (2)
 - Interrogation (3)

You may also spend 5 skill points on other Personal Development skills.

- Vehicle Services (1)
 - Operation and Repair (2)
 - Autocar (3)
- Tech Services (1)
 - Robotics (2)
 - Operation (3)
 - Guardbot (4)
 - Snooperbot (4)

You may also spend 5 points on other Vehicle or Tech Services skills.

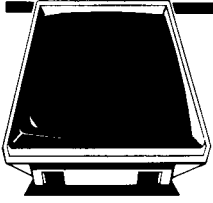
Step Eight: In addition to the standard Troubleshooter equipment, you are issued Trooper armor — a bulky set of layered garments of Kevlar, reflex, and shock-absorbent padding — and helmet. You are also issued an IntSec neurowhip. It looks remarkably like a policeman's nightstick. What a coincidence.

Your original issue laser pistol is taken from you, replaced by the standard IntSec-Trooper-issue laser pistol. You are told this pistol is identical to your original laser, that it is just a formality, that everything is all right, that you shouldn't be suspicious or worried that there is anything strange about your new pistol. Isn't that a relief?

Step Nine: You also have a bankroll of 1D10 X 100 credits, representing bonuses from past commendable performances in the service of The Computer. You can blow this on equipment right now or save it to pay fines in the future.

Now please stand, place your right hand on your laser, spin around, tap your heels together three times, and repeat the motto of the HIL Sector Blues:

**TO SERVE
AND
TO PROTECT!**



PARANOIA Miniature Rules

What's a Miniature?

When we game junkies talk about "miniatures," we're talking about either a metal figure small enough to be swallowed by a curious child, or an adorable strip of decorated cardboard that gets folded in an awkward way so it stands up by itself and looks neat.

For your gaming enjoyment we have provided you with adorable cardboard miniatures. We proudly refer to them as *Cardstock Commies™*. They are superbly crafted, amazingly detailed, and exceedingly pleasing to the eye. And boy, are they fun to shove around.

We have also included *Official Cardstock Commie Props and Excessories* in the pullout to add to the fun and folly of the rules you are about to eat up.

And for your *further* gaming enjoyment, we at West End have arranged to have suitably magnificent metal miniatures designed and produced by preeminent artistic geniuses in the field (in North America Sector, our good buddies at Grenadier Models; in Europe Sector, the jolly chaps at Games Workshop).

But don't go away just yet. You haven't heard the half of it.

Assembling the Cardstock Commies™

Take a pair of scissors. (We suggest you use safety scissors — you know, the cheesy little ones with blunt edges? That's the only kind they allow us to use here at the office.) Gaze thoughtfully at the cover of this adventure. Two thirds is the Player Screen/Snappy, Eye-Catching Product Cover; the other third has the nice miniatures printed on it. *Carefully* separate the miniatures from the screen.

On the miniatures sheet are *solid* lines and *dotted* lines. Don't cut on the dotted lines or you'll have to go out and buy another copy of this adventure.

Hmmm . . .

So, just cut along the dotted lines and fold along the solid lines . . .

Whoops! Sorry. It's the *solid* lines you cut and the *dotted* lines you fold. Gee, we're really sorry about the mix-up. Look at the diagram that demonstrates this amazing technique (figure 1).

Go ahead. You can trust the diagram. Honest. Diagrams don't lie. Really.

Once you've cut up *all* the figures (you did cut on the *solid* line, right?) and folded them *all* (on the *dotted* line, right?), overlap the two smaller pieces and fasten them *all* together with glue or tape, or slice and overlap the two smaller pieces as shown (figure 2). Now they sort of stand up by themselves, unless disturbed by maladroit gamers or gentle breezes. To prevent them from toppling over every two seconds, fasten a little weight to the bottom — like a penny, a bottlecap, or a brick. A paper clip works fine, too (figure 3).

Note that these *Cardstock Commies* are in color on one side and black and white on the other. Use the color side for play. The black and white side was left that way for you to photocopy or trace, then color them whatever security clearance you want.

Now open up to the pullout section in the center of this package. See that page of miniatures? You'll find more characters from HIL Sector and all sorts of props to build your very own three dimensional simulation for adventuring in earnest. Pretty darn impressive, we think.

Staging Roleplaying Adventures with Miniatures

In the *Gamemaster Handbook* we specifically say "Neither miniatures nor counters nor hex-map are used in *PARANOIA*." What we meant was that we don't use miniatures for *wargaming* in *PARANOIA*. But it's okay — in fact, real entertaining — to use miniatures to stage *PARANOIA* encounters.

Using miniatures lets the GM present the setting and situation clearly to the players without going through a lot of verbal description. When the situation is visualized and tangible, sitting there staring up at the players, it often prompts improvised problem-solving based on details that otherwise would only exist in the GM's imagination.

But the most important reason to use miniatures is that they're vatloads of fun. And with *PARANOIA*'s unique informal attitude toward miniatures, there is the additional entertainment of setting the scene, either with hideously inappropriate and unseemly materials or with the included props and excessories.

But we don't want to go into a long-winded abstract defense of using miniatures in *PARANOIA*. It's fun. That's all there is to it. The Computer says so.

There are actually two ways to enjoy *Cardstock Commies*. A system for everyone, you might say. You'll catch on as you read the following sections on the Tactical Miniatures Gaming (TMG) Environment.

And won't your mom (or replace with any person of authority) be pleased when she finds these things all over the house, for example.

"All over the house," you ask in a quavering voice? Heh, heh, heh. Read on.

Fig. 1

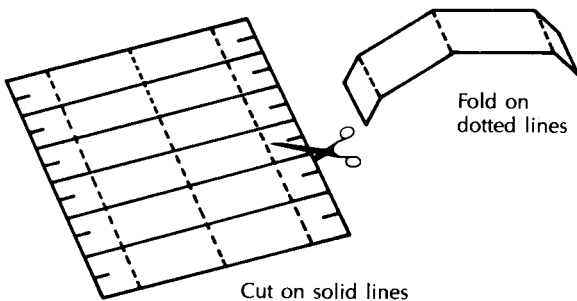


Fig. 2

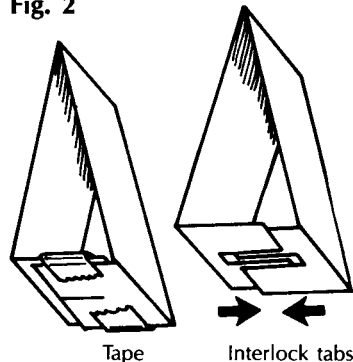
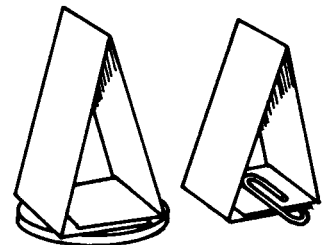


Fig. 3



System One: Turning Your Home into a Busy Subsector of Alpha Complex

Oldtime wargamers have huge tables in their creepy basements. These tables hold piles of sand where they stick zillions of metal figures and play God with them. These tables are called, oddly enough, 'sand tables.' We don't know anybody who indulges in this quaint pastime. (No, really. Hey — we didn't lie about how to cut out and fold your cardstock figures, did we?)

Oldtimers, nevertheless, have all this space devoted to their hobby. While we feel that playing *PARANOIA* ought to be as obsessive as wargaming, we realize that not everybody has room for a sand table. But don't feel put out. You don't need a sand table to visualize *HIL Sector Blues*. We've got a concept that makes a sand table seem like small potatoes.

Our first miniature system requires you to use your house. No, not just a single room. The *whole* house.

Incredible idea, eh? Wish you'd thought of it yourself, right?

This system turns the vast expanse of your home into Alpha Complex, allowing you to create an entire TMG environment. What follows is some suggestions for using household items as part of your display. We are so excited . . .

A Room-By-Room Guide to TMG Gaming

Most of you have never used your entire house for Tactical Miniature Gaming (TMG). Here are a few hints on how to set up your home as Alpha Complex's famed HIL Sector. Warning: this system should only be attempted under strict adult supervision and in a rather large home or building, unless otherwise noted.

A Note Concerning Cardstock Commies

While our miniature rules are compatible with metal figures, all of these staging ideas are for use with our *Official Cardstock Commies and Props*. In other words, it's not a good idea to stick anything but paper miniatures in washing machines or under lawn mowers. Got it?

1. Kitchen

- The Armory (an IntSec service department) — the utensil drawer, full of steak knives, fondue forks, and rusty spoons.

- The Food Vats — food processors, blenders, and mixers; bowls full of eggs, maple syrup, vegetable oil, and baking soda make lovely food vats to dump PC miniatures in. Taste is about right, too.
- Food Services — the kitchen table. Salt shakers make nice guardbots.
- Commissary Offices and Warehouses — the cabinets and pantry.
- Exotic Environments Simulation Chambers — the oven and the refrigerator.
- The Ambassador from Venus Sector — the Unidentified Green Thing that lives on the back shelf of the refrigerator.

A Note Concerning System One

If you lack suitable space you'll need to improvise. The Public Library can be a fun place to play *PARANOIA*. If the librarians give you any trouble, show them this notice:

The bearer of this document is authorized to play *PARANOIA* in any public area or building.

There. That was easy.

But suppose it's a holiday and the library's closed. In that case you have to do some creative thinking. Or suppose you're a student at college and don't have a kitchen. (If you don't have a bathroom we don't want to know.)

Don't worry. You can still enjoy staging *HIL Sector Blues*. Get a knife. Clean the crusty peanut butter off it. Find a level surface. Clean the crusty peanut butter off it. Place the knife there. *Voilà!* The Armory.

No problem. A living testament to the indomitable creative spirit of man.

2. Laundry Room

- IntSec Ministry of Political Orthodoxy and Interrogation — the dirty laundry.
- Water Recycling and Heating Plant — washing machine (also graphically simulates the effects of a tacnuke on *Cardstock Commies*).
- Power Services Giant Atomic Generator — clothes dryer.
- Vaporized Citizens and Vehicles — powdered detergent.

3. Bathroom

- Department of Forensic Sciences — the cosmetics/medicine cabinet.
- The Big Reservoir — tub or shower.
- Fabled Residence of Unimaginably Powerful High Programmer — toilet tank.
- Fabled Route to the Outdoors — toilet bowl and beyond.

4. Your Parent's Bedroom

(Those of you who don't live with your parents anymore may want to go back to their house to set up all these neat simulations. Otherwise, improvise.)

- Department of Surveillance and Covert Operations — Since your parents use this room as a base of operations, you can too. Hold all Department meetings under the bed to insure security. Your dad's cufflinks are tracers and microphones and your mom's bobby pins are hidden cameras.
- IntSec Motor Pool — the closet. All the shoes are autocars, tubebots, transbots, flybots, subbots, and Vulture strike aircraft.

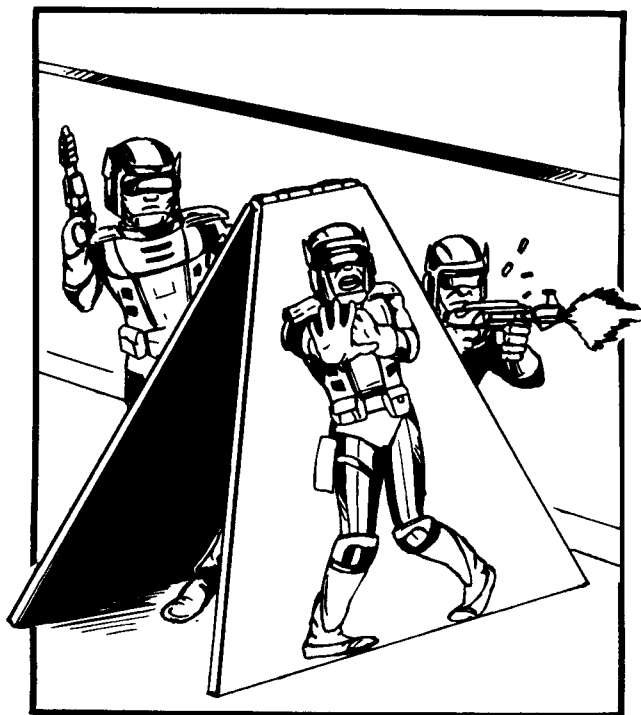
5. Your Bedroom

- Vulture Target Range/Troubleshooter Drill Team Practice Field — your bed. Now and then the schedules get mixed up. Put some NPCs in the center of the bed. Troopers are supposed to rescue them. Lob bowling balls at the bed to simulate tacnukes.
- Mini-Reactors — electric light bulbs. Traitors get assigned as reactor shielding. Place miniature near hot light bulb and watch it turn brown.

6. Living Room and/or Dining Room

Most of IntSec's important facilities are located here — the PCs' exclusive and luxurious apartments, IntSec Central offices, lounge, duty rooms, Ministries of Information and Political Therapy, Informant's and Mutant's Registry, and so on — scattered in, on, and/or under various pieces of furniture. For example:

- Informant's Registry — the telephone. Use this to speak regularly to your players





between sessions, encouraging them to inform on each other.

• Department of Political Therapy — the TV. Turn it to a network channel, or just tune it in between stations. Turn up the volume real loud. Require traitors to sit in front of the screen until their brains get soft and pliable. Then tell them The Truth — that The Computer is their friend.

(You know, some people do this as a form of recreation. Aren't you glad you do stimulating, educational things like playing *PARANOIA*?)

Security Clearances

Since all of Alpha Complex is divided up by security clearance, it follows that each department, corridor maze, and bathroom has a security clearance. Take some paint. Apply it to your living room rug with a paintbrush or roller. Divide the room into sectors. Use different color paints for the different clearance colors.

If you're overly concerned about your personal possessions (and obviously ignorant about how to have a good time), you don't have to ruin your home. Laying string about the room is a boring alternative. Or piles of sugar. Or lines of cereal. (The last two items may require periodic reinforcement if you have a pet or hungry players.)

When laying the areas, create a bare network of black areas for the Infrared clones. If you want to cheat a bit, use electrician's tape for Infrared hallways. This guarantees that everyone can get where they need to go, since anyone can enter lower-security clearance areas.

Progressively-higher security clearances occupy proportionally-smaller areas. While large portions of each room will be of Infrared clearance, a smaller area would be occupied by Green clearance,

and a very small area — maybe just a few shelves and boxes — might be designated Violet Clearance.

There's at least one Ultraviolet section in every room, but its location is secret. Of course. We think your pocket might be a nice place. Or under the rug. Anyone who stumbles across this secret area must be executed.

The Computer

Every subsector of Alpha Complex contains a CompNode of The Computer (see *Botbusters* in the *Acute Paranoia* supplement). HIL Sector is no exception.

Obviously your personal computer is The Computer. If you don't have a personal computer, just use a nice big box. If you used cereal to lay down the security clearance boundaries in your house, you have plenty of empty boxes lying around.

Make sure your players know that this is only a subunit of The Computer. That even if they *did* manage to destroy it, it would have no effect on Alpha Complex as a whole. No effect at all. And, as for HIL Sector, well, what's a little suffocation when essential services are interrupted between friends?

The Transit Tubes

The transit tubes are easy to simulate: use empty paper towel tubes. If you don't have any handy, unroll full ones. This means you'll also have plenty of Computer paper for Alpha Complex!

Tape, glue, staple, or smush the tubes together. Then get string and thumbtacks or nails. Suspend the tubes from the ceiling with string. Ta-da! Transit tubes.

That's about the way the High Programmers of HIL Sector put them together in the first place. Talk about authentic recreations . . .

System Two: Staging Adventure Encounters in a Smaller TMG Environment

So far we've discussed setting up the basic outlines of a subsector of Alpha Complex using your entire home. We realize that while this is a great idea, it could be impractical for everyday play. So we've also come up with a system for staging specific areas of HIL Sector (and other sectors) where Tactical Miniatures Gaming adventures take place. We refer to using your living room/dining room, but the same principles may profitably be applied to other rooms, or to your lawn, or nearby streets, football fields, national parks, or anywhere you regularly play *PARANOIA*. This system, while not as far-reaching in scope, will probably keep you from getting in vatloads of trouble.

"And how," you may ask, "do you propose to turn my living room/dining room into a tactical display? Given your comments about painting the rugs, we quiver in anticipation. Do you propose dumping wet concrete on the floors and sculpting it into a model of Alpha Complex?"

Well . . . don't think we weren't tempted. But we chose another material to work with — a material in general profusion in our culture, and of singular adaptability to our nefarious purposes . . .

Books, our friend. Books. Big ones are best. Phone books. Classics. Religious books. Old books. New books. Your father's first editions. Your mother's cookbooks. The list is endless.

The Procedure

Run around your house and grab any books you can lay your grubby hands on. Swiping expensive books shows you have good taste. Making off with your little sister's coloring books is simply cowardice.

Throw them into a big pile in the center of your living room. When you have a Really Big Pile, you're ready.

Select the most valuable books first and lay them in parallel, perpendicular, and diagonal rows to form the main corridors of HIL Sector. Along each corridor are lots of rooms. Big rooms are indicated by outlines of books. Small and medium-sized rooms may be indicated likewise, or may be represented by the area of the book itself. (For a clearer idea of how this works, look at the staging maps for the adventures located in the pullout.)

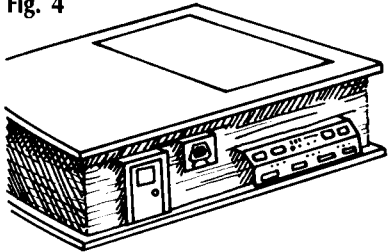
Wherever possible, turn the page-edge side of the book into the interior of the corridor or room. This is so you can jam stuff like cut-out doors and other props

"Love Story?"
Sounds
treasonous
to me . . .



into the edges of the books. A goodly number of these props — doors, wall-mounted computer terminals, and other Fun Stuff — have been prepared for your amusement. We refer to these as *Cardstock Commie Props and Excessories* and you can find them in the pullout, as well. Cut them out and insert the tabs into the sides of the corridor and room walls as illustrated in figure 4.

Fig. 4



Excessories in action

Maneuver and Mayhem in the TMG Environment

Tampering with *PARANOIA* Combat Rules

Review the Combat rules 13.1-13.5 in your *Gamemaster Handbook*, pages 46-47.

Wasn't that fun?

Here's an alternate Combat Sequence we recommend for miniatures staging. (This would modify section 13.1.1.)

Combat Sequence

- *GM Selects NPC Actions:* First the GM stares at the layout and figures out what the NPCs should logically, dramatically, or entertainingly do. Then he may announce or not announce what the NPCs will do. If he announces, the PCs get to react according to this knowledge. Otherwise the PCs have to guess what the NPCs will do.

Should the GM Announce or Not?

It depends on the situation. Some opponents are so stupid and obvious that they will telegraph their actions; some are shrewd and enigmatic, and likely to surprise and outfox the PCs. All else being equal, keeping the actions a mystery usually builds tension and suspense; however, it is tasteless (though often dramatically correct, and thoroughly *PARANOIA*) to change your NPCs' tactics in response to the players' declarations.

- *Players Declare PC Actions:* The GM goes around the table, asking each player what his character will do. (No fair changing your mind after declaring your intentions, unless the GM judges the change sufficiently more entertaining, i.e., "Oh, Moe-O-DJO is going to detonate the Solar Grenade? Shoot, forget drawing my laser; I'm taking off my shirt so I can get a better tan.")

- *Combat Resolution:* Note below that movement comes *after* attacking, unlike the standard rules, which state that all actions are simultaneous.

1. *Assess/Ignore Modifiers:* If you want to, figure out all the modifiers listed on the Combat Modifiers Chart 13.3.6.

For miniatures staging, we recommend that you ignore all modifiers except Dodging (section 13.3.2), which gives the PC an important defensive option that appropriately reinforces the roleplaying focus of *PARANOIA* — futile, terrified, desperate commitment to avoid inevitable doom.

2. *Hit determination:* (As usual.)

3. *Damage determination:* (As usual.)

4. *Hit location:* Forget it. (Who cares. We use it when it suits us — rarely.)

5. *Movement:* Anything still alive (and not knocked silly) can move.

Why We Put Movement at the End of Combat

Putting movement at the end of the combat round puts the most dramatic action (blasting and bashing things) first. It also creates sitting ducks — a perfect situation for *PARANOIA*-style action. And sharp marksmanship (or massive weaponry) often renders movement superfluous, eliminating the step of tedious and irrelevant tactical maneuvering for many citizens. Faster pace and more helpless victims — perfect for *PARANOIA* miniatures.

Movement and Scale in the TMG Environment

Review the Movement rules 13.2 in your *Gamemaster Handbook*, page 46. Some traitor introduced the Stroll movement speed in *Acute Paranoia*, and didn't even define it. (His name is Costik-YANN. Sic 'em.) Stroll is 2 meters per round. We are also premiering the Zooming Vehicle speed in this supplement — any speed faster than 40 meters per round. Someday we ought to sit down and design a complete vehicle movement system. Someday. In the meantime, vehicles just zoom in and out of the TMG, caroming off walls and flattening citizens.

TMG Movement Scale Chart

Three (3) Real Centimeters Equals
(=) Two (2) TMG Meters

TMG Movement Speeds

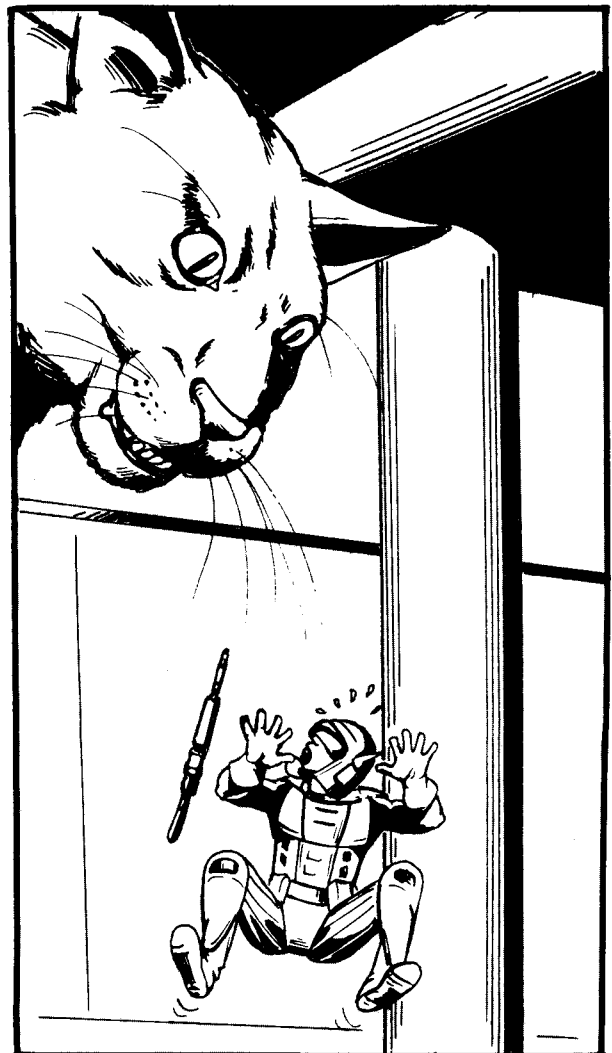
Stroll: 2 meters/round
Walk: 5 meters/round
Run: 20 meters/round
Sprint: 40 meters/round
Zooming Vehicle: faster than 40 meters/round

Staging Miniatures Combats

Step One: Set up the encounter location with books, cut-outs, other props, and miniatures as described above in "System Two." Look at the diagrams for *IntSec Agents at the Earth's Core*, *One of Our Petbots is Missing*, and *First Blood*, and *Then Some* in the pullout for examples and inspirations on how to set the stage and place the props.

Step Two: Place the PCs in the location set-up. Depending on the circumstances, they may choose where and how they

Pets make great additions to a TMG Environment.





enter, or they may be thrust willy-nilly into the frying pan as the scenario and GM demands.

Step Three: Follow the Combat Sequence described above, round by round, until everything is smashed and charred (or the Troopers win).

Since movement happens at the end of combat, confusion and conflict often results when everybody wants to be in the only safe place, or when everyone is scrambling to grab the plasma generator and train it on opponents and companions alike. For example, suppose six Troubleshooters, 11 Infrared bystanders, five R&D techs, two techbots, and a scrubot are all enthusiastically evacuating a Test Lab through a Blast Hatch in a five-second melee round. You, Mr. GM, should adjudicate such situations according to *common sense* ("Well, the techbot is closest to the hatch — pity it has no digits capable of manipulating the controls . . ."), *attribute mechanics* ("Okay, you six Troubleshooters make difficult Strength checks to see who gets out alive . . ."), or *whimsy* ("The cute little scrubot, obviously the wisest of you, has stationed himself so he is the first one through the hatch . . .")

One tip: remember that movement occurs *after* everyone has fired their weapons, thus leaving little mounds of smoldering material to move. Since these mounds move Real Slow, things should stay pretty much in control and rather simple.

Examples Illustrating Encounter Staging in the TMG Environment

Example One: Autocar Breakdown

Set-Up: Place two long parallel lines of books 10 centimeters apart. Place pages edge in. Take one cut-out door and stick it into a book. Place a toy car or the assembled Blue Trooper autocar about 50

centimeters from the door. Draw long skid marks with black crayon leading up to the car on the included Transit Tube grid sheet, indicating how the wheels locked up.

Place PC miniatures: Tell the players that their brakes seized up, locking all four wheels. They wrestled the autocar to a halt without flipping or smashing into anything. A door is visible in the headlights a couple dozen meters down the corridor. Everything else is dark in front of and behind them.

What do they want to do now? If they stay in the autocar, keep their miniatures handy. If they get out and look at the vehicle or wander around, place them appropriately. And remember that walking around on the exposed power grid is not a Smart Thing.

Follow the Combat Sequence: You know what's going to happen: a tubebot is going to enter at light speed from either end of the tube and smash into the disabled autocar. But here's what you tell the players: "You hear a whistling, whining sound. It's getting louder amazingly fast, but you can't tell what direction it's coming from. What do you want to do now?"

They declare their actions — jumping out of the vehicle and running to the door, scrambling up the walls, levitating, calling The Computer, firing off a flare, looking for headlights, taking advantage of the confusion to bushwhack a compatriot, and so on. Resolve combat (if any). Move the PC miniatures according to stated intents.

New round. "You see headlights approaching from the rear. The sound is growing louder ever so rapidly!"

The players declare their actions — more of the same. Smart ones run or dodge. Treasonous ones fire cone rifles at the headlights. Resolve combat. Unless the tubebot receives major damage during combat resolution, the tubebot (a Tonka truck or combat boot or other suitable object) enters and plows into the car and any PCs in the way. Dodging characters get a 20% roll to avoid smushing. The car is hurled 40 meters down the corridor by the impact.

Characters who sprinted to the door and exited last round escape safely (unless they happened to step on the electromagnetic grid). Characters who declared intent to sprint this round may outrun the hurled wreckage at your discretion. Characters in the car, smushed, or whacked by hurled wreckage take damage according to column 4 on the Vehicular Accidents and Falling from Great Heights chart (14.3.1).

Example Two: Tacnuke Shootout

We enter *in media res*. Books outline a small room. Doors, monitors, cameras, and stuff are stuck in the walls. The PCs are at one end of the room with cone rifles loaded with tacnuke rounds. The Bad Guys are at the other end of the room with cone rifles loaded with tacnuke rounds.

Resolve combat. Skip to-hit rolls — ground zero is a moot point at this scale. Time to stage the Holocaust.

Take the *Cardstock Commies* and place them on top of a copy of the *Sunday Times*. Take the paper and miniatures outside and place them on the ground. Fire up the power mower and run over the paper and miniatures a couple of times.

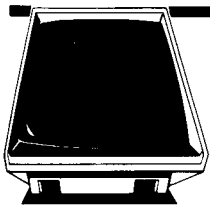
Activate the clones. The Computer orders them to recover valuable Computer property from the bodies of their clones. The players search through the wreckage/shredded newspaper for bits of miniatures.

Pretty dramatic staging, eh?

And that's pretty much all there is to using miniatures in **PARANOIA** and **HIL Sector Blues**. Now tell the truth. Aren't you impressed?

First Blood, And Then Some

A PARANOIA Mini-Adventure by Ken Rolston



***** MISSION ALERT! *****

WE HAVE A CODE 50 AT THE CORNER OF B-23 AND F-539 CORRIDORS, COORDINATES EFF-NINER-DASH-DEE-SIX-ONE-FIVE-DASH-EM-DOUBLE-FOUR. GREEN CITIZEN ENTERED THIS BLUE CLEARANCE AREA, DISABLED THREE COMBOTS, AND WAS SEEN ENGAGED IN MANY TREASONOUS ACTIVITIES.

CITIZEN IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS. AS IF YOU COULDN'T WORK THAT OUT FROM THE FACT THAT HE DISABLED THREE COMBOTS.

PROCEED TO APPREHEND THE CITIZEN AND DELIVER HIM TO POW SECTOR POLITICAL THERAPY AT ONCE.

Summary

Ram-B-EAU-3, an operative from Oedipus Complex, has been activated from undercover status to search for a missing group of Indigo Agents (MIAs) from his complex that strayed too close to Alpha Complex. They were captured by a Vulture Squadron out on tactical maneuvers. Ram-B has received the information that these Indigo Agents are being incarcerated at POW Sector's political therapy facility. POW is a small sector that is actually considered a part of the HIL. Indeed, the wonderful transit tube network was built around it, making it a part of this closed-off area of Alpha Complex.

A citizen has glimpsed Ram-B strolling down a Blue corridor. Ram-B, dressed only in olive oil and khaki fatigue pants, looks all the world like a Green clone out of his security clearance. (He just likes to wear his old battle duds when on a mission.) The smoking remains of three combots and the bewildering array of weapons dangling about his glistening torso are further evidence of the threat Ram-B presents to Alpha Complex security.

The PCs are summoned to deal with this miscreant. He wanders around, shoots a lot of Troopers, and wades through them on his way to Political Therapy, where he just happened to be going anyway. What a fortunate coincidence.

When Ram-B-EAU-3 gets to Political Therapy, he looks around for his little friends from Oedipus Complex. Without so much as a by-your-leave. Folks get

irritated. He kills a lot of them and ruins some office furniture. Blue Troopers are sent in to suppress this one-man insurrection.

Fat chance.

Ram-B-EAU-3

Ram-B-EAU-3 is 95% in all combat skills. He carries an automatic slugthrower with a wide selection of ammunition types. He has lots of grenades, slug pistols, knives, and other more personal implements of destruction dangling from belts and bandoliers. He has strength, endurance, and agility of 24 each. He is greasy and inarticulate — but, then again, nobody's perfect.

The PCs may be lulled into a false sense of security by the fact that Ram-B-EAU-3 is wearing no armor. Guess who has a real swell, unique mutant power? Aimed weapons have no effect on Ram-B-EAU-3. Perhaps it is the distracting effect his ferocity has on his opponents. Area weapons always seem to miss him by a hair, shattering and melting delicate and expensive Computer property right behind him. Just coincidence, we guess.

Fortunately Ram-B-EAU-3 has no extraordinary defense against melee combat (except for his -3 macho bonus, of course). All the PCs have to do is close with him and batter him into submission. Yuk, yuk, yuk.

GM Staging Hints

The secret to presenting encounters with Ram-B-EAU is choreographing combat scenes. You are sitting pretty — you have only one NPC to manipulate, he is virtually invulnerable to aimed weapons, and his combat skills are so gross that elegant tactics are pretty much superfluous. Just improvise the details of the setting, let the PCs open fire, then have Ram-B-EAU-3 casually begin strolling toward the PCs. If he has weapons, he fires or tosses them nonchalantly at the PCs. Everything the PCs fire at him misses. They Begin to Worry.

Maybe they run. Ram-B-EAU-3 ambles after them.

Maybe they stand and melee. Ram-B tosses them around like twigs.

Whatever the setting you improvise — a corridor, an office at DeePolTee, the detention cells — Ram-B just wanders

around in it, tears stuff up, and looks invulnerable.

The PCs just have to stick to it and figure out what his vulnerability is. Mutant powers will work. Chemical weapons will work. Tricks will work. (Ram-B has NOT got 24's in Moxie.) Bots in sufficient number will work. Melee combat will work, if the PCs attack en masse, survive a few rounds, use tough melee weapons, and get nice dice.

And if the Troopers peel off their jumpsuits, coat their chests with bot oil, flex their muscles, look impassive, and stroll forward into Ram-B-EAU-3's withering hail of fire, well, that'll work, too.

Scene One: Everything's Under Control Here . . .

See *Cardstock Commies Diagram One* in the pullout. That shows you, the GM, how to position everything for a miniatures simulation. Set the books up as indicated. Don't set down *Cardstock Commies* for the disabled combots or Ram-B until the PCs arrive on the spot.

Each of the three combots has been disabled by a single HE round right between the visual sensors. The bots' brains are spread all over the corridor and acrid billows of black smoke trail from the chassis toward the transit tube. One combot has plowed into a wall, exposing power and communications conduits; showers of sparks are shooting into the corridor, threatening to ignite the volatile fuels leaking from the bots. The regular lighting is out; the corridor is dimly illuminated by emergency lights.

As the PCs proceed up Corridor B-23 from the transit tube destination station, over the buzz and crackle of the short-circuiting power lines they can hear the sounds of Ram-B-EAU methodically working inside an inspection panel, trying to tap into a com line. Ram-B-EAU's back is to the PCs, and he is so intent at his task that he doesn't hear them approach (unless they charge howling up the corridor, of course). Ram-B is new to this sector and doesn't know the way to POW Sector, the location of the Department of Political Therapy where those he is supposed to rescue are supposed to be held. By tapping into the com lines he



hopes to get directions (pretty naive, given the trouble Troopers have getting that sort of information).

The PCs may initiate their contact with him by clearing their throats to get his attention, then politely suggesting that he come along quietly to the Department of Political Therapy. He will be only too happy to oblige — even surrendering his weapons, if requested, so confident is he of his hand-to-hand prowess. “Sure. Where’re we goin’? DeePolTee? Sure. Here, can you hold my grenade launcher a sec’ while I tidy up?”

Of course, such deferential behavior on the part of Troopers unnerved by the sight of three burning combots is somewhat unlikely. The temptation to use tangles or needle guns or more disruptive devices while the subject’s back is turned is likely to be too tempting to even the most pacifistic paranoid. We’re betting their opening gambit involves gunplay, and that means a madcap bloodbath, sure ‘nuff.

It is possible that the PCs survive the initial shock of discovering aimed weapons to be ineffective. It is possible that they are able to close with him without being cut down by his weapons-fire. It is possible that, with melee combat, mutant powers, or neat experimental stuff, they subdue Ram-B-EAU-3, and take him to DeePolTee as directed. But don’t hold your breath.

The PCs’ first volley misses Ram-B-EAU. Ram-B-EAU half-turns, peering curiously at the intruders, then casually sprays (see *GM Handbook*, section 13.3) a burst at the PCs, one-handing the massive slug rifle like a target pistol, while he continues working on the com lines.

Though the following volleys also miss Ram-B-EAU, they do succeed in tearing up the com lines he is working on. He realizes that he won’t be able to get

anything done with all this distracting noise, shakes his head in annoyance, and turns to deal with the PCs. He saunters toward them, casually spraying them with the slugthrower. Make a big point of figuring out Ram-B-EAU’s chance to hit with a spray weapon so the PCs learn about his 95% attack chance. “Hmm. Three targets, divide by the number of targets — that’s a 32% per target.”

As he approaches the PCs, he notices the autocar in the transit tube destination station (or decides to head for the transit tube anyway, if the autocar isn’t conveniently in sight). He heads for the autocar. He sprays any PCs that bar the way, or if he comes within melee distance, he disdainfully disarms the PCs and sends them sailing around the place like extras in a Kung Fu movie.

If he reaches the autocar before the PCs, he gets in and zooms off looking for his buddies. Go to the next scene.

If the PCs get to the autocar first, he blasts it with the grenade launcher, shattering the engine and leaving the PCs as infantry. He then ambles down the transit tube pedestrian walkway in search of DeePolTee. If the PCs pursue, he keeps them at a respectful distance with the slugthrower, then disappears into a ventilation duct.

Scene Two: The Department of Political Therapy

Scene Two takes place at the POW Sector Department of Political Therapy. Set up the scene according to *Cardstock Commies Diagram Two* in the pullout. As the PCs are informed about the rooms, either by visit or report, scatter a few Innocent Bystanders in the offices, reception area, and detention blocks. The Orange guards begin in the guardroom, but end up running around a lot. The captives from Oedipus Complex are also in the Detention block, but they should appear to be Innocent Bystanders at first glance. Ram-B-EAU-3 may arrive here by scrambling around in ventilation ducts, or he may arrive in the custody of the PCs.

after his colleagues from Oedipus Complex, expressing an interest in a brief visit with them. The contrast between his courteous manner and his fearsome appearance gives the clerks pause. They stall while pressing a secret alarm which alerts IntSec Central; the PCs are summoned, and uncharacteristically they are delivered without delay by a miraculously and temporarily efficient transit tube system. The moment the PCs enter from the destination station platform, Ram-B-EAU realizes that the Emily Post approach has failed, and cheerfully swings into the mainstay of his idiom — unrestrained violence, irrepressible energy, and indiscriminate automatic weapons fire.

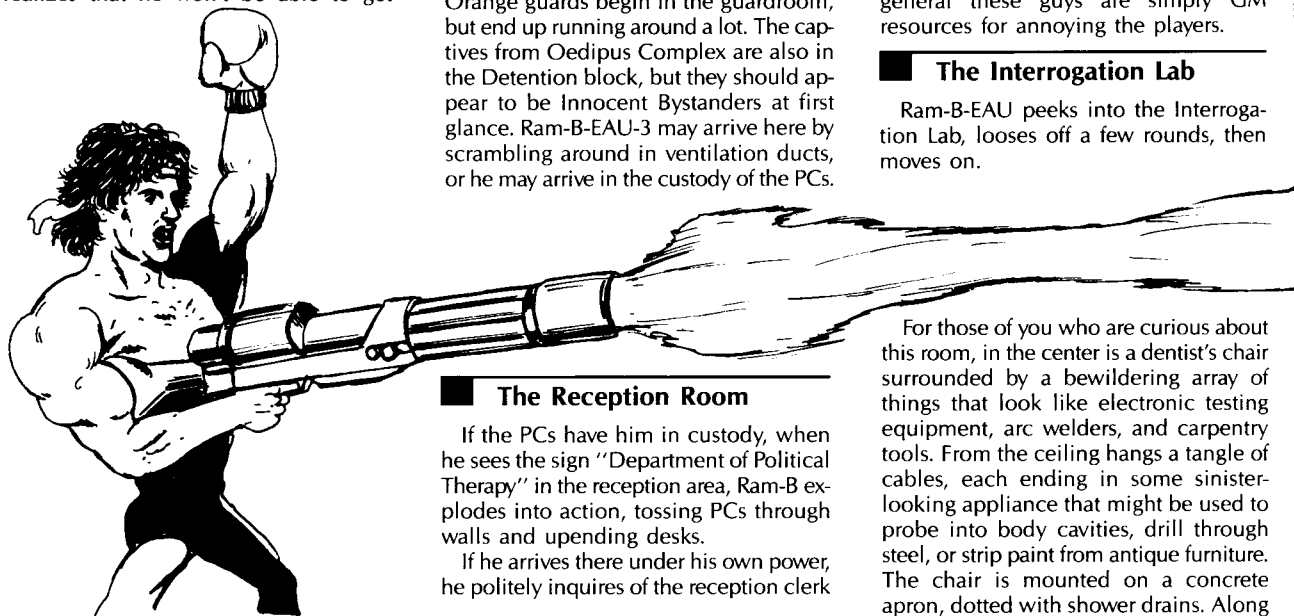
When Ram-B-EAU assumes his more direct confrontational style, he strides purposefully about, opening doors and shouting, “Hey, the guy from Oedipus Complex is here to rescue you. Yoo-hoo. Anybody need rescuing?” After peering disappointedly in the flanking offices and firing a few bursts of automatic weapons fire at the squealing clerks and bureaucrats, he discovers the guardroom.

The Guardroom

Here two Orange IntSec guards, in one-size-fits-all Kevlar, point unsteady laser rifles at Ram-B-EAU. They are unnerved by the din in the adjoining room, and in finest comedy tradition they flee the grim visage of the imposing one-man guerrilla assault. Henceforth these cravens continue to squeal hysterical, self-evident reports into the PCs’ helmet com units. “Help! Help! We’re under assault by an armed traitor!” “Help! Help! There’s an armed traitor chasing us around in here! Help! Help!” The PCs can query these terrified Oranges about the layout of the place, the residents of the detention blocks, or other related matters, but in general these guys are simply GM resources for annoying the players.

The Interrogation Lab

Ram-B-EAU peeks into the Interrogation Lab, looses off a few rounds, then moves on.



The Reception Room

If the PCs have him in custody, when he sees the sign “Department of Political Therapy” in the reception area, Ram-B explodes into action, tossing PCs through walls and upending desks.

If he arrives there under his own power, he politely inquires of the reception clerk

For those of you who are curious about this room, in the center is a dentist’s chair surrounded by a bewildering array of things that look like electronic testing equipment, arc welders, and carpentry tools. From the ceiling hangs a tangle of cables, each ending in some sinister-looking appliance that might be used to probe into body cavities, drill through steel, or strip paint from antique furniture. The chair is mounted on a concrete apron, dotted with shower drains. Along

the walls are banks of instruments, X-ray, fluoroscope, and vidscreens, pharmaceutical dispensary, and gardening implements.

There. Now your players know more than they want to know about the interrogation lab. Shoot, we know more than we want to know.

The Detention Block

The detention block (like typical jail cells) is filled with the scum of HIL Sector — Commie mutant traitor scum — in fact, a cross-section of average HIL Sector citizens. POW Sector is nothing more than the HIL Sector prison.

When Ram-B-EAU pokes his head into the detention block, he is greeted by a chorus of cheery voices — “Hooray!” “Here we are, old man!” “Jolly good show!” (To distinguish the captured citizens of Oedipus Complex as foreigners, we have chosen to characterize them as upper-class English twits. It will do you no good to protest the illogic of this decision. It sounds like fun to us, and we WFGDs are used to getting our own way around here.)

Ram-B-EAU steps confidently into the detention block, aims his slughtrower at the lock, and pulls the trigger. *Click*. Out of ammo. [Pssst! Hey, players! Pssst! *Out of Ammo!*] Ram-B-EAU searches his bandoliers, his pockets, his *Star Wars* lunchbox (sorry we neglected to mention that before — an unforgivable oversight). No more rounds. He takes his last grenade, tells the twits to stand back from the door, yanks the pin, and blows the cell door off.

Out scamper the Oedipal twits, sporting bowlers and umbrellas. Think Monty Python with a healthy seasoning of Jerry Lewis and the Three Stooges. Let them prance about a bit. Some of them hang on Ram-B-EAU affectionately, enthusiastically expressing their gratitude.

Ram-B-EAU reflects. He is clearly disappointed at the quality of the characters

They will probably come up with a couple of good ideas that will conclusively solve the problem. Generally the consequences will also require relocating the DeePolTee offices — for example, collapsing the ceiling on Ram-B-EAU, using tac nukes or plasma generators, using human wave tactics with Infrareds or bots, shutting down the ventilation systems, sealing all exits with explosives, and so on. The Computer and the Troopers’ superiors will discourage such ultimate solutions, insisting that the Troopers ought to be able to handle a single unarmored traitor.

So what else can they do? As we said above, they can get clever, using mutant powers, R&D resources, or devious tricks to delay or trap Ram-B-EAU. These brilliant plans require your brilliant improvisational response, as usual. The degree of success of any plan should reflect your reluctance to end the adventure. After all, it would be a real shame if the PCs didn’t get a look at the English upper-class twits from Oedipus Complex.

However, when Ram-B-EAU runs out of ammo and he realizes that the guys he has been sent to rescue are terminally dopey, we’ve reached the crucial apex of the rising action. Hereafter Ram-B-EAU’s fortunes begin to decline, and the PCs once more gain the upper hand.

Ram-B-EAU, his morale broken, no longer struts confidently about and tosses PCs around with gusto. He is impervious to aimed weapons, but his charges aren’t. The PCs can pick them off like sitting ducks. He is stuck with the unmanageable problem of protecting the twits as he helps them escape.

Make sure this dramatic turn of events is graphically clear to the PCs. Emphasize the exhausted ammunition, the scampering idiots beleaguering Ram-B-EAU, his hang-dog expression. At this point, several strategies will produce a satisfying conclusion:

- the PCs rush Ram-B-EAU and overcome him in melee. Ram-B-EAU fights desperately but ineffectively, distracted by the annoying twits.
- the PCs launch an assault on the twits. Once the twits are butchered, Ram-B-EAU has no further mission, and he can concentrate on trying to escape. Maybe the PCs overcome him; maybe he barely escapes into a ventilation duct. If the twits

are gassed or stunned or the like, Ram-B-EAU is forced to carry them as he tries to escape, a telling disadvantage in melee combat. (Can you say “encumbered”?)

- Ram-B-EAU, after listening to some stirring speech or slyly treacherous fast talk, despondently surrenders, or is tricked into lowering his guard long enough for the PCs to overcome him.

In any event, make Ram-B-EAU’s defeat or exit suitable to his heroic stature. His spirit is broken, but the fault lies not in him but in the dolts he is supposed to rescue.

A classic ending leaves the twits in PCs hands, dead or alive, thus foiling the treasonous jailbreak and earning the PCs a Commendation, but has Ram-B-EAU, desperate, wounded, and exhausted, just managing to fight his way to the transit tubes, where he disappears into a ventilation duct or commandeers a passing tubebot and makes his escape. This sets up the inevitable sequels (*Second Blood*, *More Blood*, *Vatloads of Blood*, and so on), or cameo appearances in other action-packed *PARANOIA* adventures.

The Computer’s Gratitude

If the PCs kill or capture Ram-B-EAU, it’s worth two Commendation points — three if the circumstances are particularly heroic or ingenious.

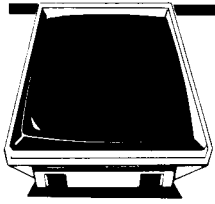
If the PCs survive the encounter without disgracing themselves, and manage to foil the jailbreak of the Oedipal prisoners, it’s worth one Commendation point, even if Ram-B-EAU escapes. In reviewing the reports, The Computer recognizes the extraordinary nature of Ram-B-EAU-3 and makes allowances for failure.

If, however, Ram-B tears up a lot of Computer property, then gets away with the Oedipus boys, or if the PCs are cowardly in refusing to confront him, then Treason points and fines for damage are in order.

he has rescued. He is Out of Ammunition. Completely. He considers abandoning them. He considers executing them for Unheroic Stature.

So What Have the PCs Been Doing All This Time?

Face it. Initially there isn’t much the PCs can do that will work. And it is really dangerous to expose themselves to his deadly marksmanship.



IntSec Agents at the Earth's Core

A PARANOIA Mini-Adventure by Ken Rolston

*****MISSION ALERT!*****

CODE 33, ARMED CITIZEN CREATING A DISTURBANCE IN HIL SECTOR POWER SERVICES BUREAU OFFICES. RESPOND AT ONCE. SUBDUE CITIZEN. CITIZEN IS NOT TO BE HARMED. REPEAT! CITIZEN IS NOT TO BE HARMED.

CITIZEN IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AS TOONER-V-ILL-6, HEAD OF HIL SECTOR R&D'S EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS DEPARTMENT. RECOMMEND COM LINK CONFERENCE WITH NEWT-R-INO-3, TOONER-V'S SUBORDINATE.

SUBJECT ALLEGES POWER SERVICES HAS TREASONOUSLY DENIED R&D ACCESS TO POWER RESOURCES. RECOMMEND COM LINK CONFERENCE WITH POWER SERVICES COMPLAINT BUREAU TO CONFIRM.

■ Summary

Tooner-V-ILL-6, a Violet-level R&D genius on his last clone, has gone to register a complaint against Power Services for power interruptions that are ruining his experiments. He has gone armed — R&D style. His already none-too-tranquil temper has been fanned to flash point by the ever-cooperative and solicitous staff of the Power Services complaint department.

After incinerating a few offices full of low-clearance bureaucrats, Tooner has holed up in Power Engineering with a dozen mid-level hostages and the power control monitoring systems for HIL Sector. Among Tooner's complaints is the fact that Power Services would never deliver the power he requested in sufficient quantities to really test the capacities of his experimental device. Now he intends to test his device's true potential; he has diverted all of HIL Sector's power to his experimental Gravity Potential Amplifier. According to an alarmed colleague in R&D, this device may be sufficient to establish intimate communication with the Earth's — whatever that is — core.

The PCs should prevent Tooner-V from further decimating Power Services' staff, from obliterating the sector's Power Engineering facilities, and from setting off a chain reaction which could end Life As We Know It on Spaceship Earth.

They also should avoid damaging a weapon capable of all this mischief (or the designer of said weapon). Armed Forces is real interested. ("Oh, boy! KaBOOM!") R&D is real interested. ("Oh, boy! big BUDGET!") The MAD Sector Science Network is real interested. ("Wow! Whatta concept!") They've all made The Computer real interested. That means the Troopers should be real interested too.

■ Checking with R&D

Newt-R-INO-3 is Tooner-V-ILL-6's step-and-fetch-it. He's a little nerdy guy from PLC assigned as a clerical assistant to R&D. He has a squeaky, whining voice and doesn't like Tooner-V or R&D very much, though he is just barely smart enough not to say so.

He thinks Tooner-V is completely incompetent, and constantly dismisses any hint of real danger.

"Oh, none of his projects are very important. I think he's working on some gravity thing, you know, but he's never been able to test it. Power Services just laughs in his face when he sends them those, you know . . . requisition forms. Oh, I'm sure he's quite brilliant, sure, or The Computer would never have approved his Violet clearance, but . . . you know. Some of these R&D guys are so — you know — impractical."

■ Checking with Power Services Complaint Bureau

Power Services Complaint Bureau is currently under siege by Tooner-V and his techbot horde. Secure behind 15-inch blast doors, Complaint Bureau staffers are still pretty surly. They speak in nasal, unpleasant tones, and they seem remarkably unimpressed by the Blue Troopers and IntSec in general.

"Yes, Citizen Tooner-V did register a complaint . . . Yes, I believe he did file a number of Form twenty-three dash eff-eff-one seven-niner-dash ten-eleven's . . . No, I'm sorry, we can't discuss the nature of the complaint over the com links . . . I'm afraid you'll have to come down to Power Services and discuss it with our service manager . . . Yes, we're

quite busy right now — a little disturbance out in the control room, I believe — but if you come right down, I'm sure we can help you. (Click)"

■ Tooner-V-ILL-6

Tooner-V-ILL-6 is a bespectacled, frantic, frizzy-haired, wild-eyed maniac of the Gene-Wilder-Young-Frankenstien variety. He has slipped his trolleybot, so to speak. When talking as Tooner, tilt your head back, peer at your players wide-eyed along your cheeks and nose, open your jaws wide, and rock your head to and fro in time to your ravings. Wiggle your fingers in the air from time to time.

When challenged, rave about the irresponsible interference of Power Services with your very important research. "How can I do my research with all these interruptions!?" He waves sheaves of filled-out, processed, and ignored Power Services complaint forms — "See? They are irresponsible! I stand on line for hours and they give me another form, then I stand on line for more hours and see a person who sends me back for more forms . . ."

When coaxed and cajoled by solicitous Troopers (who are probably sneaking up to bash his head in anyway) Tooner is self-righteous, indignant, and distrustful. "No, someone must PAY for this indignity! Why should I trust YOU? You're as bad as the rest of them! I'll do it My Way!"

■ The Setting

See *Cardstock Commies Diagram Three* in the pullout. The bottom layer of paperbacks is two deep, the top layer one deep. Turn the books edge (rather than spine) toward the center so you can stick stuff into the pages and so you don't have distracting book titles (*Women Write Erotica*) staring at you. Use appropriate or improvised miniatures to indicate the techbots, the scrubots, the stack of hostages, and Tooner-V-ILL-6.

Around the room are a number of monitoring and engineering stations. There are some nice dummied-up displays in the pullout section to jam into the edges of the paperbacks for added atmosphere. On each of the upper paperbacks are large wrap-around

displays/control-console/computer-monitor-and-keyboard panels where the chief power techs keep an eye on HIL Sector's ever-fluctuating power needs.

The Corridors and Techbot Guards

Tooner-V-ILL-6 has brought along an honor guard of R&D techbots armed with various R&D goodies. He has stationed a techbot at each of the corridors leading from the control room and has two with him on the platform where he holds the gravity potential amplifier. The techbots of course have no combat programming, but with the weapons they are armed with, the issue of marksmanship is academic.

The techbots have been ordered to announce all visitors to Tooner-V. No one is to enter the control room or any other corridors without Tooner-V's approval. A good line of spurious logic will get the PCs past these techbots; they are none too bright or aggressive. Tooner-V will approve any visitors who come with relatively benign intentions. A nice line of hooley is real effective here. ("We came to investigate a complaint against Power Services." "IntSec sent us as observers for an R&D test — this is the place, isn't it?")

The Entrance

A 100-foot long tunnel leads from the transit tube destination station to an open iris at the southeast corner of the lower level. The PCs may only enter the control room through this entrance; the other corridors are not accessible via transit tube.

A techbot armed with an industrial table laser (treat as a laser cannon with damage on column 11) stands in the open iris. A thick power cable leads from the table laser back into a panel in the Power Services control room.

Next to the techbot is a scrubbot that has been drafted into the service of Tooner-V. It grips an experimental force sword between two scrub-brush attachments.

The scrubbot is not happy about this situation, and is constantly trying to slip away and scrub the corridor floor and walls. This is not a matter of over-riding programming; the scrubbot knows that this is a very unhealthy place to be, and it is eager to be somewhere else. Right now. But the techbot keeps catching it, yanking it back, and reminding it that the Violet gentleman *ordered* it to guard the corridor.

The scrubbot happens to belong to Core Metal and has had its Asimov circuits removed, but it is trying not to blow its cover by appearing more or less normally obedient. As the techbot confronts

the PCs, the scrubbot is constantly trying to slip off and clean things, but the techbot always snatches it at the last second and drags it back. If the diplomatic situation starts to deteriorate, it'll eagerly attempt to surrender to the PCs before hostilities begin.

Clerical and Administrative Corridor

To the southwest are clerical and administrative offices. Smoke and fumes still emanate from between two shattered bulkheads leading to this corridor. A techbot with a smoking plasma generator stands guarding this corridor.

Tooner-V sent the techbot down this corridor to the Complaint Department. Frustrated by 15-inch blast doors (the Complaint Department is accustomed to visits from irate customers), the bot sprayed a few offices with the plasma generator and returned to stand guard.

The Generators Corridor

To the northwest are the reactors and generating plants. This corridor was sealed automatically by enormous blast doors when Tooner-V tripped the security programs while tampering with the power master control board. A techbot with a neat widget stands guard at these doors.



Neat Widget

This techbot is armed with an experimental X-ray laser that looks like a little cement mixer — you know, the kind on a wheeled cart that looks like a tapered barrel. For maximum terror effect, the barrel is brightly labeled in fluorescent letters — "Warning! X-ray Laser. Turn off all com units when working in the vicinity of this device."

The X-ray laser is powered by a strong force capacitor housed in a backpack. Pulse high-energy lasers in the barrel cause the tritium pellets to fuse in a magnetic bottle, releasing an unimaginably powerful beam of energy from the mouth of the barrel.

That is, of course, if the experimental device works.

Relax. The capacitor emits a floor-shuddering low-frequency hum, building to crescendo. There is a big clap of thunder, a flash from the barrel (like a misfiring flashcube), and a strong smell of ionized air. That's all. No big problem. Tooner-V expresses mild disappointment. He didn't expect it to work, anyway — never did in the lab.

Maybe you want to have this device sputter inconclusively if the PCs try to use their com units in the room.

Or maybe you want this device to work. Column 20 on the Damage Table seems right to us. If this is the case, metal becomes suitable for use as a beverage in this area. REAL big fines for damaging Computer property are in order.

The Staff Offices

To the northeast are staff offices. A thin white cloud of gas seeps along the floor from between the shattered doors. A techbot holding several unfamiliar canisters guards this door. There is a lot of hysterical screaming coming from this corridor.

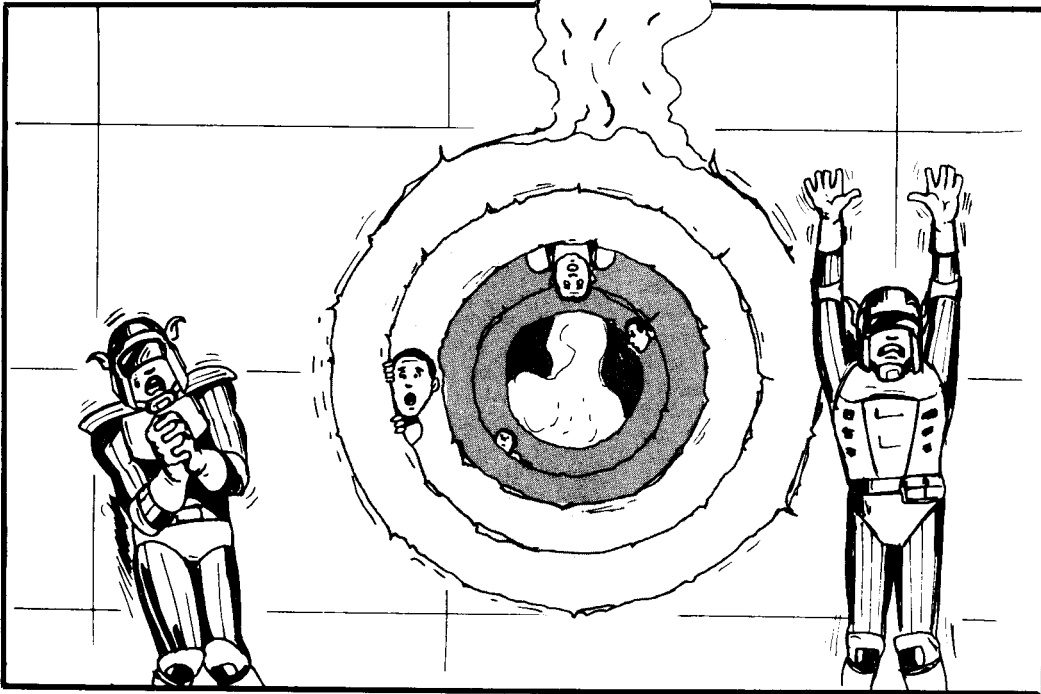
The canisters contain a potent hallucinogen that causes the brain to scramble all incoming sensory data. The effect is something like a monumental hangover suffered by a concert cellist listening to *Twisted Sister* at high volume through Walkman earphones while covered with flaming napalm and falling 20,000 feet without a parachute.

Now you understand all the screaming. Have you ever *listened* to *Twisted Sister*?

Madman at the Switch

Tooner has gathered his hostages, disarmed them, tied them up, and stacked them like cordwood in front of the engineering station on the upper level platform in the northeast corner of the room. Two techbots armed with gluon packs guard the prisoners and incidentally provide cover for Tooner against aimed weapons. Gluon packs are similar to proton packs, the nifty high-tech unlicensed nuclear accelerators so popular in West End's exciting new **GHOSTBUSTERS™** roleplaying game — only *much* bigger. They only do stun damage, but always stun when they hit. They also destroy any electronic gear and cause clothing to smoulder and other neat stuff.

Tooner has taken over the engineering station on this platform; from this console he controls all the power in HIL Sector. He has removed an inspection panel next to the console and patched his device



Brave, proud, and confident, HIL Sector Blues are trained to deal effectively with the criminal element.

directly into the main power cable. He proudly claims to be able to divert all of HIL Sector's power into his experimental device. The thickness of the cable leading to the device tends to lend credence to his boast. His finger is on the trigger, and his finger is itchy.

Gaming Fun

The problem is figuring out how to render Tooner-V harmless, take him into custody, and recover the weapon undamaged. It would be nice to save the lives of the hostages, preserve the Power Services Engineering department, and avoid releasing the contents of the Earth's core.

Bang, Bang

Here's a bad idea. The PCs could ignore their orders and drill him on the spot. So they can't get a clear shot at him because of the techbots in the way. So it's a tricky shot at this range anyway. So they've been specifically ordered not to harm the citizen. So big deal. If they get lucky and incapacitate him with the first shot, they can keep him from blowing everything and everyone up.

Otherwise he fires the weapon.

Maybe the weapon doesn't work so well at full power. Maybe only the hostages, Tooner, and a few lucky PCs get killed. Power Services is destroyed. Power is out for two weeks. HIL Sector must be evacuated. Surviving PCs wish they were killed, too.

Maybe the weapon does work. Activate Terra II. Or dust off the orcs and elves.

Think, Think

Here are some good ideas:

- request support from Armed Forces specialists with chemical weapons (sleep gas)
- cut off power to the Engineering room (get technical support from Tech Services; then sneak in, posing as air conditioning repairmen or some such)
- call up Mutants Registry and request a mutant with an appropriate power (Suggestion, etc.)
- reason with Tooner ("If your device works, you won't be able to write up your experiment in *The Journal of Big Explosions*!")
- disguise a PC as a scrubot and send him in to polish the metalwork on Tooner's device

Less ingenious players (or players with fiendish GMs) may have to make decisions about the priority of various objectives. For example, killing Tooner is bad, but letting him blow up the hostages, Power Services, and his super weapon is far worse. In debriefing you'll have to weigh how persuasively they defend their actions.

Staging Hints

Give the PCs no information — other than what they can pry out of R&D and the Complaint Bureau — until they arrive at the scene. (The Computer is keeping a lid on this incident.) When they arrive, describe the situation and let them talk to Tooner. Then let them brainstorm some solutions.

Rookies will probably try to solve the problem on their own — bad idea, since they are used to shooting a lot, and shooting is a low-percentage risk in this situation.

More experienced Troopers will try to get some help from specialists. Let them talk to Tooner's colleagues back at R&D Central; they may have some idea how the device works, or whether it works at all — it's up to you.

Tooner is an impulsive loony: he'll fire the weapon in the round immediately following ANY provocative PC action. Don't give the PCs a second chance.

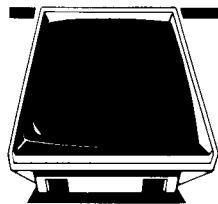
And what does the weapon look like? What does it do? Look around the house for some object with a power cord — a floor lamp, table radio, vacuum cleaner, portable drill, television, toaster over. Imagine it as an unimaginably powerful weapon. Pick something to be the trigger. Pick something else to be the point out of which ravaging energies will pour forth when you touch the trigger.

Plug the object into a wall outlet, set it in your lap, and tell your players that THIS is what the weapon looks like. Put your finger on the trigger. Act crazy, and think about burning a hole in your living room rug, all the way down to the Earth's core. Cackle a lot. It may give your players clever ideas, like using area weapons for a sure hit on the power cord.

The Computer's Gratitude

This difficult mission is worth two Commendations if they save Tooner, his weapon, the hostages, Power Services, Alpha Complex, and the Planet Earth. (If this seems a bit niggardly for saving Earth, toss in a couple of tickets to the Blue Troopers' Ball or a couple of plaques or something.) If they kill Tooner, but save everything else, they get one Commendation and one Treason point. Other varying degrees of failure result in Treason points — up to an automatic 15 for interruption of Power Service.

Or maybe the PCs get assigned a lousy autocar. Maybe they don't get to Tooner in time. Maybe they get executed. That'll teach 'em to get on the bad side of the motor pool.



One of Our Petbots is Missing

A PARANOIA Mini-Adventure by Bill Slavicsek

■ Summary

The Blue Troopers are dispatched to provide assistance to a High Programmer. The problem is the clone's petbot is missing. Poor little Spunky is out there somewhere. Lost. Alone. Afraid.

Assignment: Find Spunky. How hard could it be to retrieve a stupid little petbot? Easy as vatpie.

Woof, woof.

■ GM Background

The High Programmer Finnian-U-KNO is something of an explorer and self-styled adventurer. He has used his influence over the years putting together expeditions to accompany him to uncharted and mythical places — both within Alpha Complex and . . . Outside. On these little excursions Finnian found many valuable and potentially lethal devices from a Bygone Age.

The Computer profitted greatly from Finnian's treks and even encouraged and gave him leads on occasion. It was on his last journey Outside that Finnian found the pup Spunky. Spunky is cute, adorable, and loving. Spunky is paper trained, obedient, loyal. Spunky is a 40-foot-tall, Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Finnian-U discovered Spunky in a hidden valley on a mysterious uncharted island in the puddle of a melted glacier somewhere in the radiation-soaked world Outside Alpha Complex. Or maybe he bought him from a group of passing cowboys, he doesn't quite remember which. In any event, he fell in love with the mangy stray and took him home. Love, of course, is a subjective term. Finnian knows a potential source of power and prestige when he sees one.

(Hard put to come up with reasonable justification for keeping a Tyrannosaurus Rex in his living quarters, Finnian told everyone that Spunky is an experimental petbot. It isn't a Good Idea to call a High Programmer a liar.)

One day an Infrared wandered into Finnian's private chambers to do a little unscheduled cleaning (dust a bit here, pilfer a bit there). Spunky, being in a playful mood, ate the Infrared. Brought up on a diet of algae and yeast products, the new taste treat made such an impression on the four-story puppy that he decided to go find some more Infrareds.

And maybe a couple of Greens and a few Yellows. With a yip that shook the complex and a playful wag of his tail that destroyed a nearby apartment unit, Spunky disappeared through the open door (especially crafted to meet his unique size demands) into the mean, cruel corridors of Alpha Complex.

Of course, Spunky has to stick to the larger mean, cruel corridors.

Upset, with nowhere else to turn, Finnian called his friend Fur-I-LLO at HIL Sector IntSec HQ and reported a lost petbot. The PCs are dispatched forthwith to deal with the crisis.

■ Mission Briefing

Read this aloud:

***** MISSION ALERT! *****

TROOPER PATROL TAC 5-F, SEE THE CLONE AT HIL SECTOR GARDEN APARTMENTS. CODE 99, HIGH PROGRAMMER IN TROUBLE. PROCEED WITH HASTE AND EXTREME CAUTION. SIRENS ARE MANDATORY. THE WINNING NUMBER IN TODAY'S DRAWING IS 365-12-14-7-89. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

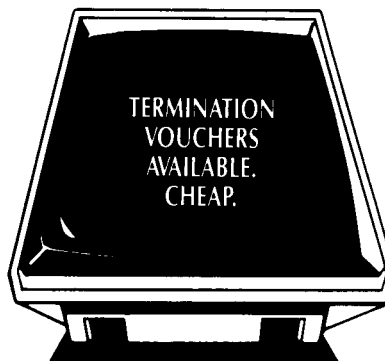
The PCs are to proceed post haste directly to the residence of the High Programmer Finnian-U-KNO-5, without stopping for the usual mission briefing. When they arrive, a High Programmer dressed in white khaki fatigues and sporting a floppy white hat flags them down and waves them into his huge hangar-like residence. The chamber is over 60 feet tall with terraces, hanging gardens, fountains, and all manner of strange and fascinating treasonous objects. "Do you like what I've done with my modest facilities?" he asks.

Looking around, the PCs will see wall-to-wall tanks of clone-eating fishbots, giant clone-eating soybean plants, assorted Old Reckoning devices such as exercise bikes, beach balls, popcorn machines, and all kinds of ancient and mysterious relics. The place is a virtual museum (treasonous, of course).

After a few brief pleasantries, Finnian sobs and gets down to his story. "My poor little Spunky. Sigh. He was such an adorable little petbot. But some nasty Infrared left the door open. Sob sob. Now

Spunky-wunky is lost and alone. Who knows what vile clones may have hurt my little puppy. You must find him and bring him home. What will he do when supercycle comes? Who will give him his rub-rub? Oh sob-sob!"

Once the PCs assure Finnian that they will have his little Spunky home by nightcycle, he thanks them and shoos them along. "You can tell little Spunky by his petbot identification tag. Oh, one other thing," he says. "Spunky gets a teenie-weenie bit nervous around strangers. He may take a playful little nip at you if you're not nice to him."



■ Finnian-U-KNO-5

Finnian is a tall, lanky clone with cold, piercing eyes. He loves to go exploring, to dig into treasonous treasures of the past. And nothing had better get in his way. He can be mean — even dangerous — when provoked, and Finnian is easily provoked.

A thin veneer of soft-hearted wimpiness loosely hides the iron will and compassionless character of Finnian-U-KNO. When all is said and done, he is a High Programmer, and as such will cry over his lost petbot while feeding a clone family to a tribe of cannibalistic pygmies. (He has one living on the upper terrace in his apartment for just such occasions.)

But Finnian does have a fond affection for Spunky. After all, how many High Programmers do you know with their very own prehistoric dinosaur? It's a sign of prestige.



Spunky

Spunky is your typical four-story tall, playful tyrannosaurus puppy. He weighs an awful lot and tends to leave huge dents in the metal corridors which he wanders through, so it is easy to track him. Spunky will stay in the larger, more spacious domes of HIL Sector, the places where he can stretch out and stride relatively unhindered. Of course, these are the places that have most of the clones running around. Can anybody say "taste treats"?

Spunky does all the cute things that puppies and kittens do. It's just that he causes a lot more damage when he does them. When Spunky rolls over, sectors play dead. When Spunky takes a playful nip at you, he tears off your arm. Play it for laughs — in a deadly kind of way.

The tyrannosaurus uses his powerful jaws, hind legs, and gigantic tail to play and/or defend itself.

Laser fire tickles Spunky. So does the electromagnetic grid in the transit tubes. (His first laughing fit when Finnian found him wiped out a small village and half of the expedition he brought with him. Of course, Spunky was only 10 feet tall then.) Heavier weapons fire will hurt the poor puppy, however. Treat his thick hide as a combat suit with laminated armor. Use Column 17 when little Spunky inflicts damage.

Finnian can't wait for the little guy to grow up. Who knows how much power he'll garner then?

Since Spunky has the mentality of a baby petbot (after all, that's what he thinks he is), most tricks that would outsmart a puppy will work on the tyrannosaurus. But because of his size, the

tricks usually backfire. "Here boy," will result in cute little Spunky sitting on a Trooper's chest and licking his face. No more chest, no more face. "Fetch," will result in destruction and damage on a grand scale as Spunky goes bounding through Alpha Complex. And there's no telling what he'll bring back dangling from his massive jaws. Hitting him across the nose with a rolled up newspaper is definitely a Bad Idea. Besides, a tacnuke would probably be more effective.

Where Oh Where Has My Little Petbot Gone?

Read:

You begin cruising along through the transit tubes when a loyal citizen flags down your autocar. Things seem a bit hectic today around HIL Sector, but you can't worry about that now. You're on a call. The burning tubebots, smashed terminals, and squashed citizens are some other Troopers' problem. You motion for the citizen to approach and tell his story. But quickly, 'cause you're on a call.

"I was wondering if anyone reported a lost petbot," asks the Red-Level PLC clerk. "I was strolling along this pedestrian walkway, on the way to my cubicle after workcycle, and I noticed one wandering loose. Didn't even have a leash! But it did have a petbot tag that read 'Spunky'. It went that way."

If asked for a description, the citizen responds:

"Oh, it was the cutest little thing! It had floppy ears and a tiny nose and the most adorable artificial white fur." (The citizen saw the other petbot that's mentioned later in this adventure.)

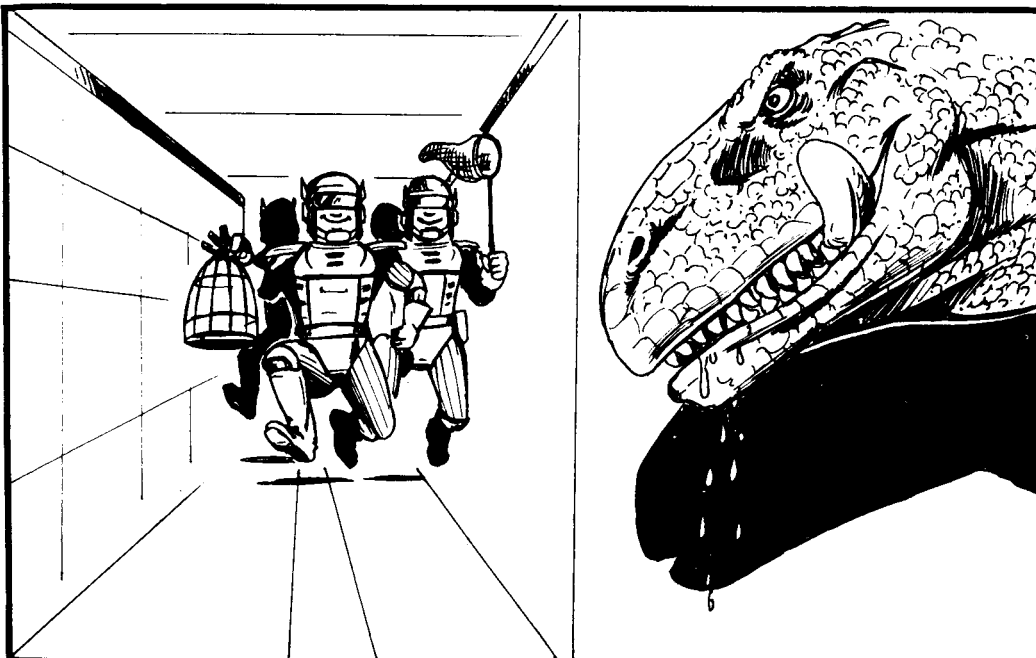
With a roar of your engine, you leave the citizen in a cloud of magnetic-grid dust as you race off in the direction he is pointing. You zoom past overturned bots of all shapes and sizes, past collapsed transit tube stations, past emergencybots and firebots. Something big is going down, but you're on a priority High Programmer call. Hopefully whatever is up will still be happening after you round up Spunky.

You slam on the brakes as a Yellow citizen leaps in front of your speeding autocar. "AAARRRRGGGHHH!" screams the R&D technician. "Pet . . . pet . . . petbot . . ." she stutters, pointing around the corner from which she came. How typical. She's scared of a little ol' petbot. You leap onto the walkway and march past her, nets ready. You hear the sound of Yellow overalls frying on the high-voltage grid, but ignore it. You have a petbot to apprehend.

A loud roar similar in noise level to a Vulture Squadron rocketbot — and a tremor that shakes you off your feet — causes you to pause thoughtfully. More screams and dozens of citizens flee from the direction where Spunky went. You peek around the corner and see . . . a tiny poodlebot. A collar and tag hang around its neck. "Spunky", it reads. It woofs and yips when you approach, letting you carry it back to your vehicle. Mission accomplished. No problem. You've never seen so many petbot haters in one sector before, though.

This petbot is the property of Charlie-B-RWN. It is definitely NOT Spunky, Finnian will tell you. But Charlie-B is happy to have his poodlebot back. Finnian, however, implores you to get back out there and find his poor Spunky.

What's the difference between a Blue Trooper and a tasty treat? Nothing.



Petbot Up a Treebot

A call will lead the PCs to the checkpoint between HIL and RFD Sectors where citizens have reported a rather unique petbot stuck atop a liquid processing tower. The PCs arrive at the same time as the Trooper autocar from RFD Sector. This vehicle is one of the old models and the two officers are strictly hick-sector sheriffs. The PCs will have to contend with these two characters over who has jurisdiction before they can investigate the call.

Troopers And-YTLR and Barn-Y-FIF are as different as nightcycle and daycycle, but it is evident that they are rural in their thinking. And-Y is easy-going and talks slowly. Barn-Y is excitable and quick to draw his laser (luckily And-Y doesn't let him have a barrel). They will argue that the liquid tower is on their side of the sector-checkpoint. (Actually, it is right in the middle, hanging over into both sectors.) After a bit of this a roar and a loud crash will have both sector Trooper

squads moving through the crumpled corridors to the tower. On one side of the tower, liquid sprays from rips in the metal that look disturbingly like homemade hand holes. The other side has collapsed from the weight of something very big that was once resting atop it. Pools of the mean-looking liquid have leaked everywhere, forming bubbling lakes throughout the corridor. The PCs arrive just in time to see a huge, spiked "hose" disappear down another corridor.

Barn-Y and And-Y will rapidly come to the conclusion that maybe this isn't in their jurisdiction after all, and withdraw. Quickly.

If the Troopers call Finnian-U to ask for a better description of Spunky, they get an answerbot that asks them to leave their names, numbers, and a brief message after they hear the
beep

Playing with Spunky

The PCs may now see a correlation between the damage throughout HIL Sector and the lost petbot, Spunky. They may also request bigger weapons. This may be a good time to let Fed-R-ALL and his rocketcycle make an appearance. Set up the *Cardstock Commie* miniatures according to *Cardstock Commie Diagram Four* in the pullout. Then, as the Troopers cruise the tube for another hint of Spunky's whereabouts, read:

You turn the corner of the transit tube that runs through the main entertainment strip when you have to slow down. Up ahead is a security tubeblock, manned by those hicks from RFD Sector. Beyond the tubeblock, citizens of all colors are running toward you along the pedestrian walkways. Some are even trying to make their way across the naked grid. The smell isn't pleasant but the dancing clones sure are funny.

Let the Troopers talk (or battle) with the RFD Troopers. And-Y and Barn-Y were assigned to guard this particular stretch of the tube by The Computer. They are under orders not to allow any harm to come to any petbots that may be in the area. After a few moments, the poodlebot emerges from around the corner, sending more clones scattering.

While all this is going on, Spunky is making his way around this large section of tube. He is about to come up behind the confused Troopers. Hee hee.

Suddenly your autocar begins to shake and jump. Looking out your windows (alter this description if the Troopers have left their vehicle), you notice that the whole area is shaking and jumping. Citizens are running and pointing



Hick Troopers
from RFD
Sector.

behind you. You turn and see a 40-foot tall bot with little arms and powerful legs bounding toward you. His tongue is hanging from between rows of sharp, powerful teeth. A long, spiked hose — must be used for recharging — is wagging behind it. It catches your autocar in its large jaws, lifts it off the ground, and shakes it playfully.

The PCs can jump clear. Now.

Spunky has never caught an autocar before. Not quite sure what to do with one, he does the only thing that comes to mind — he eats it.

Now it's time for the PCs to pull out the heavy artillery. But before they can blast those big, blue eyes, Finnian's voice comes in loud and clear over their helmets. "Don't shoot him! The Computer is quite fond of Spunky, and so am I. I'm sure you boys can come up with some way to outsmart a little pup and bring him home."

And if the RFD guys haven't been dealt with, they'll do their best to protect poor, defenseless Spunky.

Ending #1: Tasteful Solution

The PCs will probably put down their weapons at first and try to reason with little Spunky. Someone will ask for Spunky's paw — and get crushed. Good puppy! Someone else will rub Spunky's tummy — and the tyrannosaurus will roll over on his back, flattening another Trooper. Maybe someone will suggest offering Spunky a tasty bone-flavored gruel.

Spunky will enthusiastically swallow the treat — and the Trooper — in one gulp. Yum!

By this time one cautious PC may start blasting. Or perhaps call in a Vulture air strike. Anyone for char-broiled tyrannosaurus burgers?

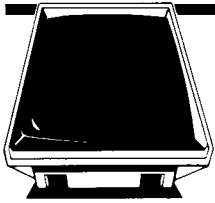
Finnian-U, of course, will be a bit angry with the unfeeling Blues. They may find themselves reassigned to his next expedition. Or perhaps they'll be hosts at the next pygmy cannibal dinner party. Or maybe they'll wind up as fishbot food. Or maybe . . .

Ending #2: Tasty Solution

The PCs put away their weapons and try all the stuff mentioned above. But one of the inspired crimefighters comes up with a neat little trick that actually works. (Actually, he probably receives a com call from No-I-NOT, who quickly outlines the idea.)

While his fellow Troopers keep Spunky busy, a PC can head over to the nearest Infrared housing complex. A few well placed laser shots will get the Infrareds up and moving in a somewhat orderly fashion. He can then herd them to where his partners are entertaining the pup.

The adventure ends with Spunky following a trail of unconscious Infrareds (eyes sparkle, lips smack, gulp-gulp, yum!) all the way back to Finnian's apartment complex. Everyone lives happily ever after and The Computer finds a new use for Loyal Infrared Citizens.



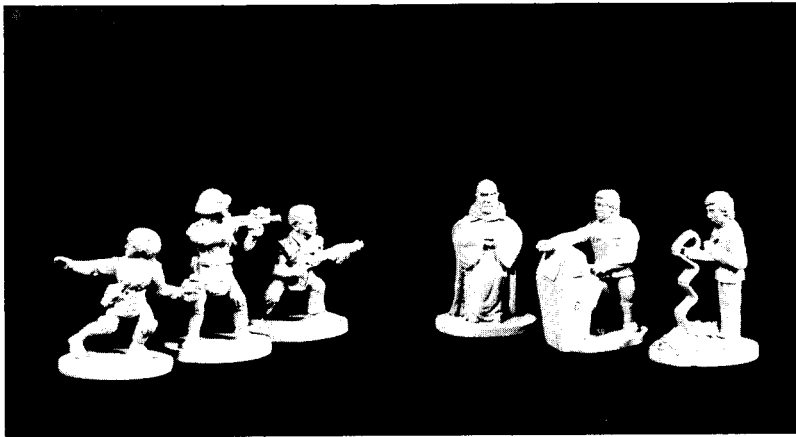
Miniatures Review

Grenadier Miniatures

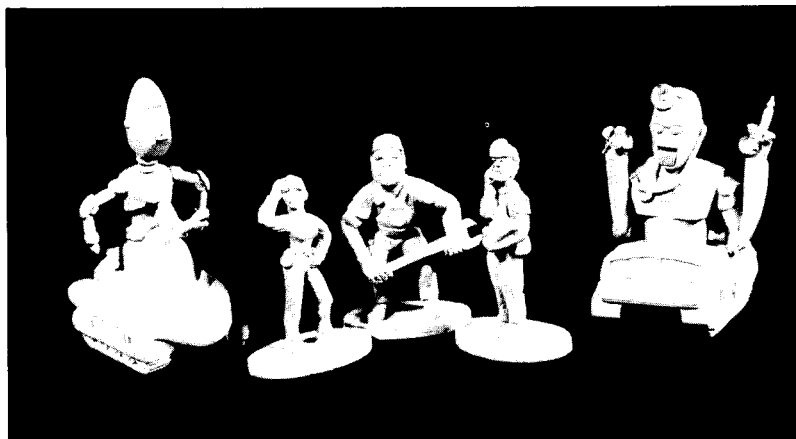
For you loyal citizens living in North America, South America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, or the United States territories, our good friends at Grenadier Models humbly submit the following figures for your approval. If you wish further information, or your local retail store treasonously neglects to stock these magnificent works of art, write to the address shown at right.

PARANOIA Miniatures

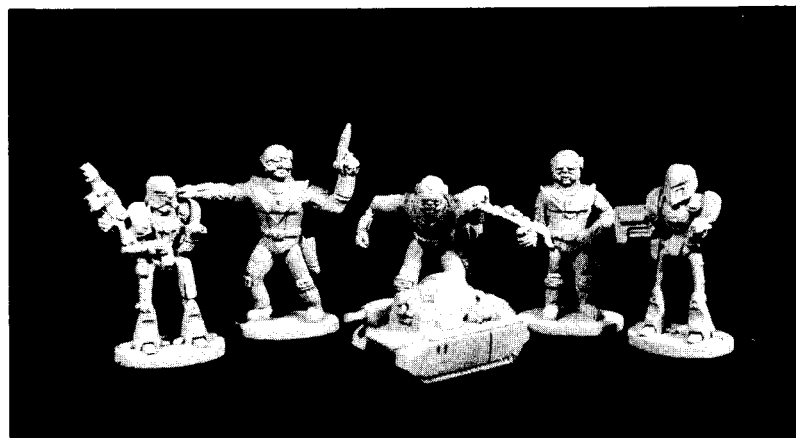
Grenadier Models
P.O. Box 305
Springfield, PA 19064
United States of America



These Orange Troubleshooters, tastefully dressed in shock-absorbent padding over reflex body suits (pack #602), eagerly listen to their mission briefing from two Violet clerks and an Ultraviolet High Programmer (pack #609).



Three Infrared citizens (#611) discuss five dimensional geometry and personal hygiene in 14th-century Finland while awaiting political therapy and mind reconstruction from an HPD & MC docbot and jackobot (#605).



The Alpha Complex Marching Band and Chowder Society — three Vulture Troopers (#608) and three combots (#606) — practices *Tiptoe Through the Traitors* for the upcoming Algae Bowl Parade.



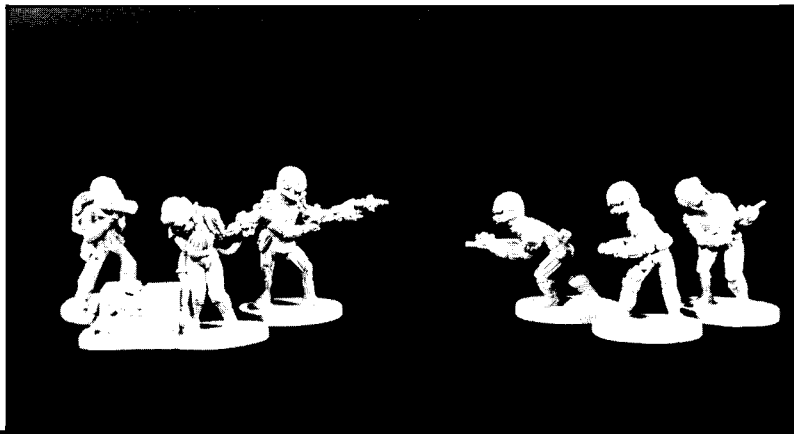
PARANOIA Miniatures!

Whoa, dude, check it out! Exciting new 25mm metal figures for **PARANOIA**! Collect 'em, trade 'em, paint 'em, whack 'em with a large blunt instrument — or push 'em around your table so each and every Troubleshooter (or Trooper!) knows exactly where he is at the moment of his untimely demise!

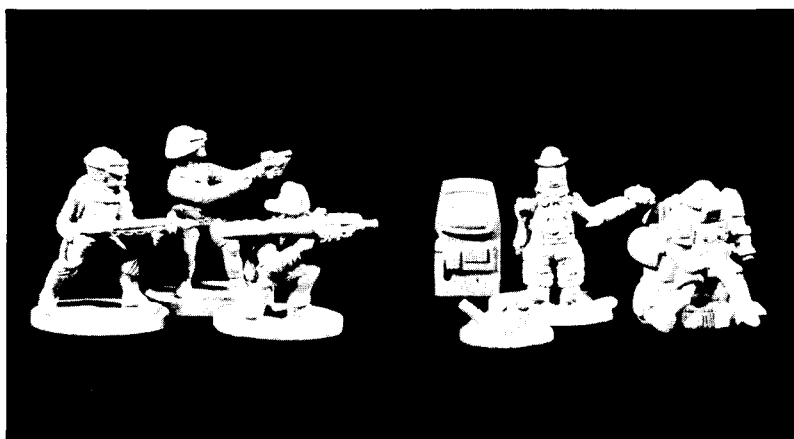
An Orange Troubleshooter, in stunning kevlar, reflec, and shock-absorbent padding, and his two Red Troubleshooter companions (#601) prepare to board a fully-operational, state-of-the-art, absolutely-safe-no-foolin' transbot (#610) provided by our good friends at Outfitting and Supply.



The ever-vigilant, beloved, and well-dressed Servants of The Computer, those brave IntSec Blue Troopers (#607), fearlessly confront three Green traitorous Commie mutant scum Troubleshooters armed with plasma generator, multicorder, and an experimental weapon known only as "X-17" (#603).



Three Yellow Troubleshooters (#604) fervently express their gratitude to their friend The Computer for valuable and extremely useful mission equipment: a scrubot and funbot (#612)!



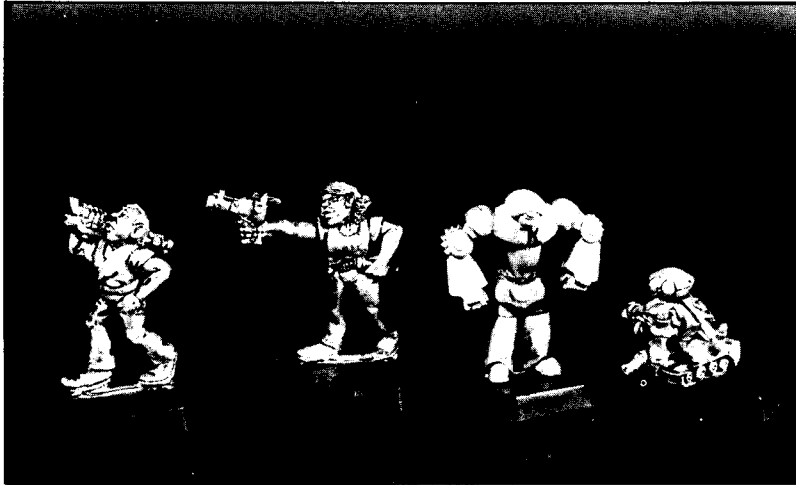


Citadel Miniatures

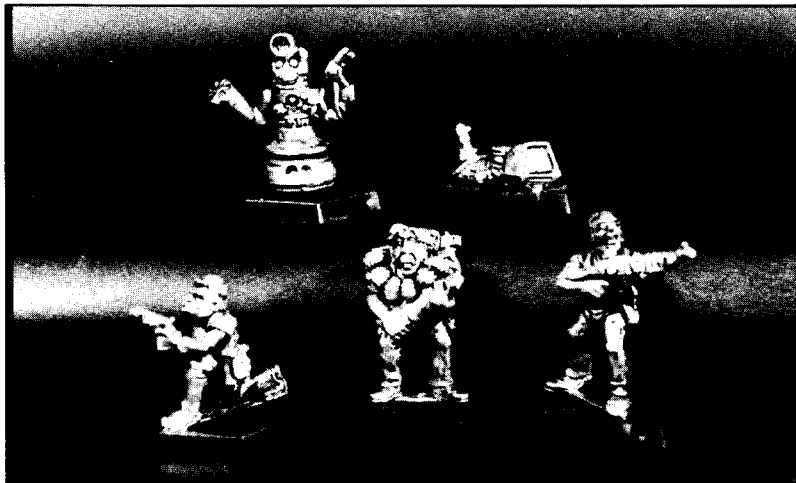
For those citizens living in United Kingdom or Europe Sector, Games Workshop provides Citadel Miniatures for your gaming enjoyment. While traitorous Commie sabotage keeps us from knowing exactly how these Computer-approved figures will be packaged as this book goes to print, if you go **RIGHT NOW** to your local hobby retailer or write **IMMEDIATELY** to Games Workshop at the address shown at right, all of your questions will be answered. You're welcome.

PARANOIA Miniatures

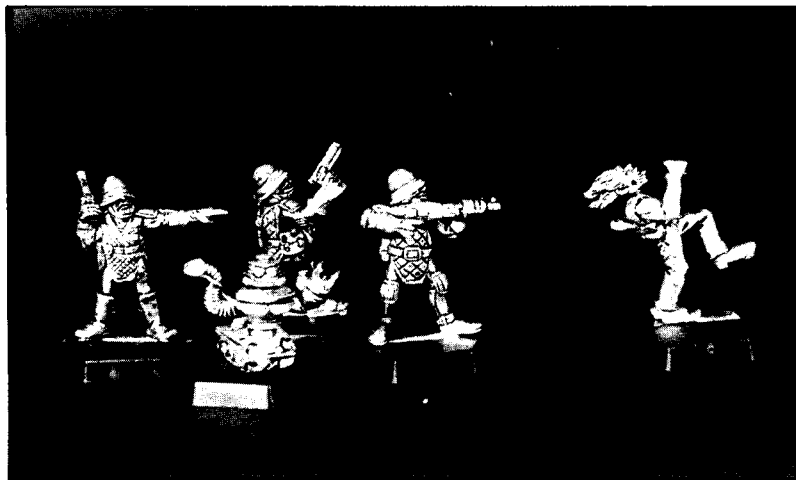
Games Workshop, Ltd.
Chewton Street
Hilltop, Eastwood
Nottinghamshire NG16 3HY
United Kingdom



This confident Red Troubleshooter, dressed in smartly tailored and color-coordinated Red coveralls with a laser rifle slung casually over his shoulder for that happy-go-lucky look, is about to be ambushed by an Orange registered mutant with slugthrower. To the left, a scrubot employs a mild detergent (Hydrochloric Acid in a Drum) to the hard-to-clean logic circuits of a combat.



A typical loyal Troubleshooter team: kneeling Troubleshooter with hand laser, standing Troubleshooter with slugthrower, Equipment Officer with grenades, laser rifle, and tac-nuke bludgeon, docbot with the latest in surgical and home repair software, and the ever-present Computer monitor and smoking boot.

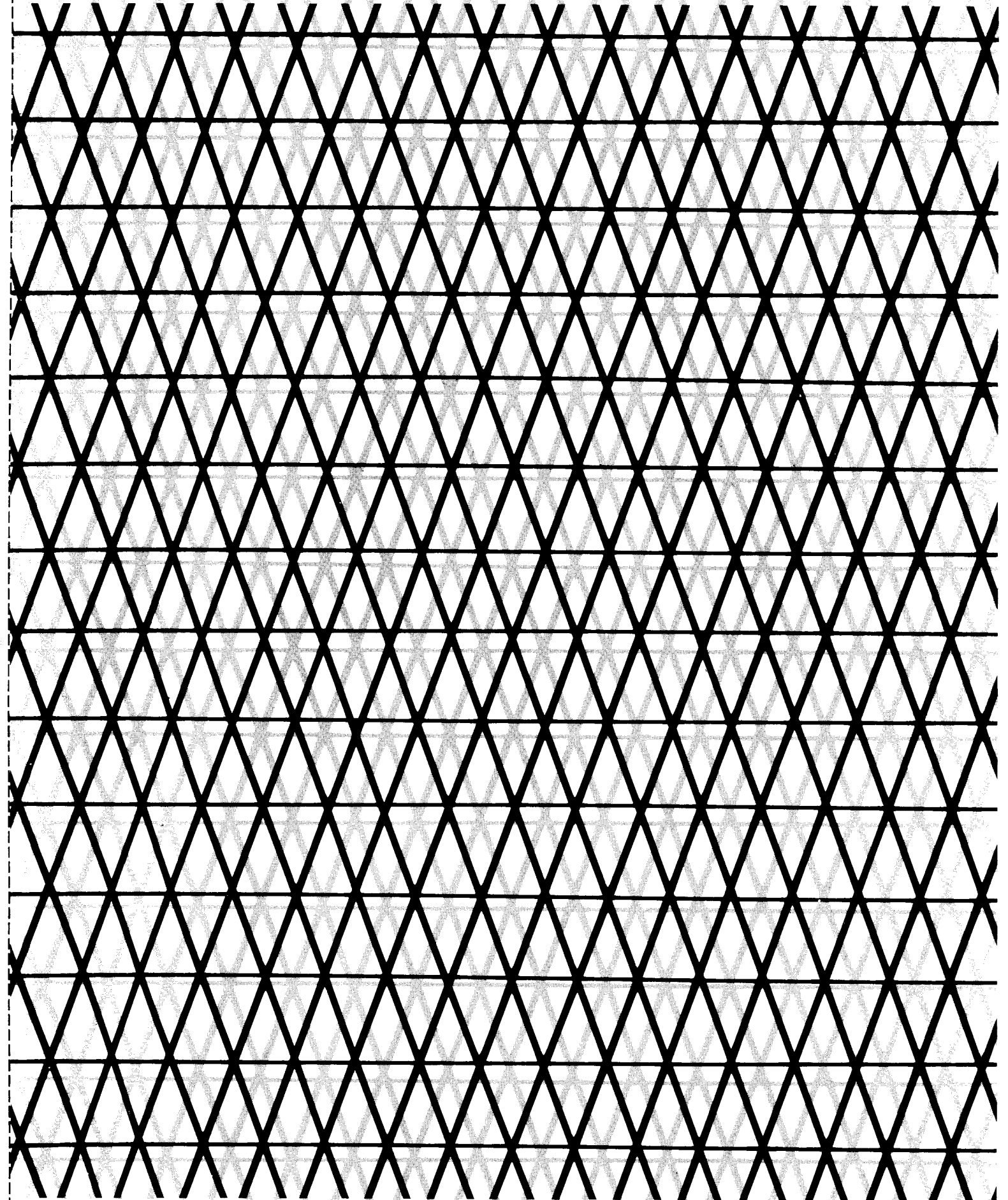


Three Blue IntSec Troopers fire warning shots into the back of a fleeing Commie mutant traitor while a jackobot watches admiringly.

The Transit Tube Power Grid

Citizen, this is your *Official Cardstock Commie Transit Tube Power Grid*. Use it when setting up a TMG adventure that requires a transit tube (like *One of Our Petbots is Missing*, for example). Just place it

flat under the books used to create the tube walls. Now you've got a transit tube — complete with extremely dangerous power grid — to zip and zoom through. Oh yes, The Computer grants permission to photocopy this page for TMG use.

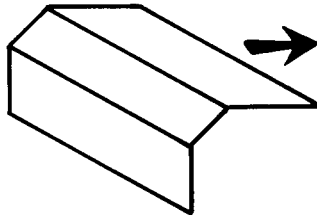
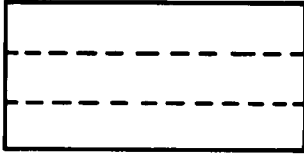


Assembly Directions

Instructions for *Cardstock Commies* on page 46;
for Excessories on page 49.

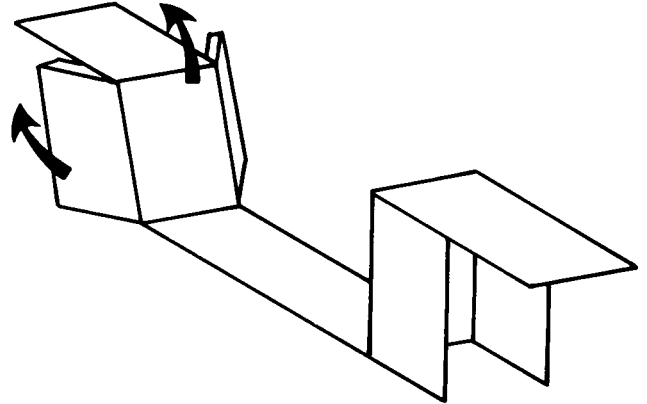
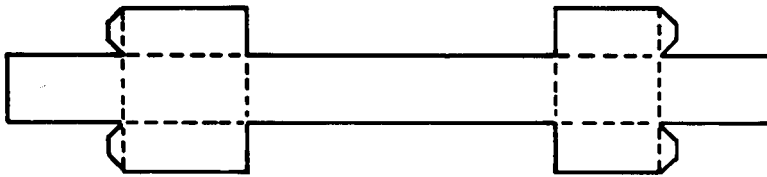
EXA-1 Console

1. Fold back console on both dotted lines
2. Insert top into book pages



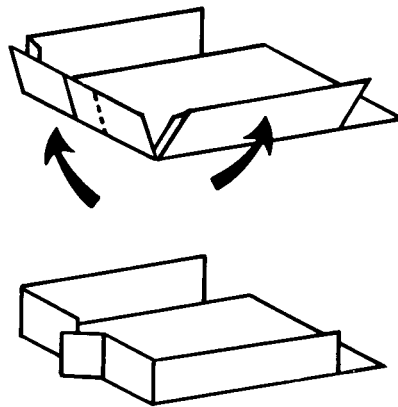
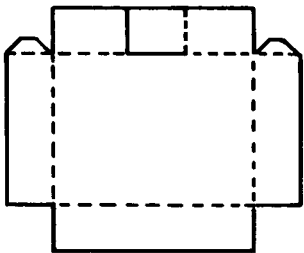
EXA-2 Security Checkpoint

1. Fold up the door sections
2. Fold back the side panels and top
3. Apply glue to tabs and glue down top to sides
4. The part of the top extending out should be inserted into book pages



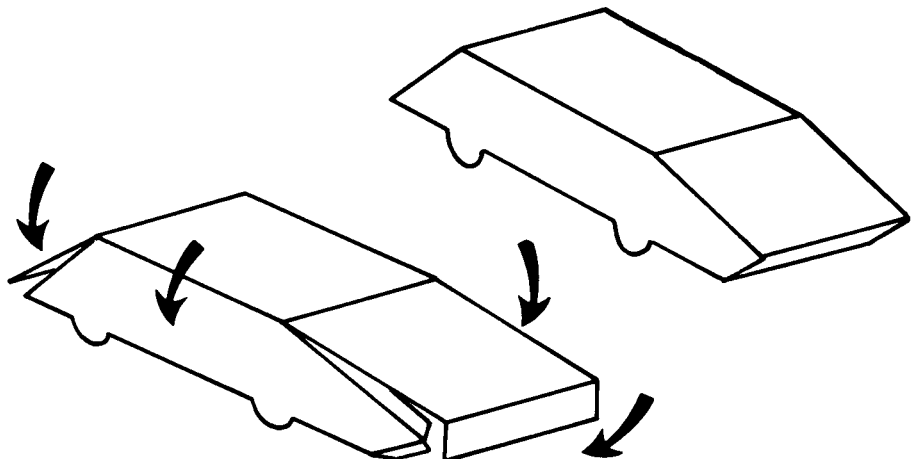
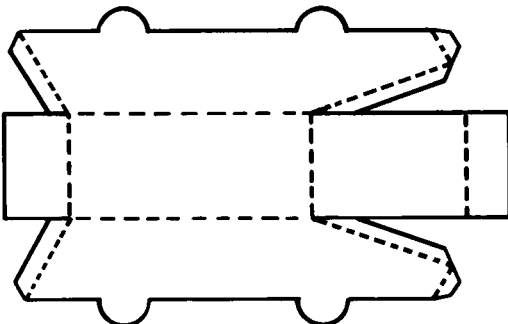
EXA-3 Destination Station

1. Fold up sides and front
2. Apply glue to tabs on sides and attach front to sides
3. Cut on solid lines of door on front panel and fold on dotted line to allow door to swing open
4. The part of the bottom extending back goes under the books



EXA-4 Autocar

1. Fold down front and back
2. Apply glue to tabs on sides and attach front and back panels to sides



PARANOIA CAMPAIGN PACK

HIL Sector Blues

Rejoice citizen! Your friend The Computer has chosen you to become a HIL Sector Internal Security Blue Trooper!

... Hsst ... crackle ... beep ... 1 ADM-12, see the clone at 142 stroke 6a, level 49j, room 389b about a code 39 dash 07: intruder with tactical nuclear device ... zzzt ... ding-dong ... crackle ... boom ...



For 2-6 Players
plus Gamemaster,
Ages 12 and Up

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In *HIL Sector Blues* you get a fantastic compendium of facts, rumors, innuendos, and outright lies about HIL Sector. You also get a new transportation system, the latest in police equipment from R&D, and vatloads of useful information on the ever-popular Internal Security.



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In *HIL Sector Blues* you also get a set of Cardstock Commies stand-up figures, and rules (well, suggestions, actually) for using them. These exciting, full-color figures allow you to determine precisely where every character is at the exact moment of his or her demise! Plus, you get detailed instructions on how to use common household items — paper towel tubes, blenders, small pets — for tactical displays!

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In *HIL Sector Blues* you also get mini-adventures and adventure hooks which introduce characters to the mind-boggling fun and brain-warping excitement of police work in Alpha Complex.

It's a Dessert Topping!

Well, okay. It isn't a dessert topping. (False advertising and all that.) But *HIL Sector Blues* is a righteous PARANOIA campaign pack and death-fest that will amuse, enlighten, and terminate one and all!

Design:

Ken Rolston

Development:

Bill Slavicsek
and Martin Wixted

Graphic Design:

Stephen Crane

Cover Art and

Illustrations:

Jim Holloway



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