

A CAMPAIGN SETTING FOR

# PARANOIA

PA THE ROLEPLAYING GAME IA  
PARANOIA

## THE DOA SECTOR TRAVELOGUE



Featuring  
the Start of the  
SECRET SOCIETY  
WARS!

WEST  
END  
GAMES

# PARANOIA

## THE DOA SECTOR TRAVELOGUE

**Steve Gilbert**  
Travel Agent / Development

**Paul Murphy, Doug Kaufman and C. J. Tramontana**  
Towel Boys / Editing

**Stephen Crane**  
Charter Pilot / Art Director

**Bernadette Cahill and Robert Riccio**  
Lounge Lizards / Graphics

**Justin Carroll**  
Beach Comber / Cover Art

**Russ Steffens**  
Lost Luggage / Interior Illustrations

**Sharon Wyckoff**  
Cruise Director / Map Art

**Robert Avery, Donald Bingle, Ed Bolme, Brad Freeman,  
Marc Gascoigne, Merle Rasmussen, Rick Swan, Gerald  
Swick, Peter Tamlyn, Mary B. Till and Allen Varney**  
Rasta Men / Contributing Design

**The Computer**  
Island Paradise

**WEST  
END  
GAMES**  
RD 3 Box 2345  
Honesdale, PA 18431

### CONTENTS

The Official DOA Intro .....	2
The Citizens .....	6
Secret Societies in DOA .....	12
Combat, DOA Style .....	20
The DOA Bureaucracy Complex .....	23
Specific Locations .....	26
Cloning Facilities .....	27
Junior Citizen Nursery Station .....	31
Clone Creche 401 .....	34
Housing .....	37
DOA Cafeterias .....	46
Food Vat 42/X .....	50
PLC Distribution Center .....	53
Research and Design Central .....	56
Bot Brain Development and Testing Center .....	61
Bot Depot and Repair Facility .....	64
Troubleshooter HQ .....	67
Vulture Base DOA .....	72
Autocar and Vehicle Dispatch .....	76
Compulsory Recreation Resort .....	79
Integrated Grooming Station .....	81
DOA Memorial Hospital .....	84
Termination Center .....	88
Reactor Control .....	91
Compnode Central .....	94



### The Official (Officious) DOA Intro

#### The Mandatory Teaser at the Start of Any Paranoia Product

Now you're in trouble. This book is coated with a highly toxic chemical compound which you have assimilated through your fingertips. That poison is beginning to convert your medulla oblongata into thick, yellow pudding. Feel the cool, sloshy chill at the base of your neck? Want to save yourself? There's only one way, and that information is hidden somewhere inside this book.

Guess you'd better buy it, huh?

#### The Real Official (Really Officious) Mandatory Teaser

Eh hem. Thank you for purchasing *The DOA Sector Travelogue*, the latest in a long and proud line of *Paranoia* supplements

(remember to take your supplements each and every daycycle). This book describes a single complete Alpha Complex sector in excruciating but entertaining detail, providing you with the ultimate *Paranoia* campaign setting. Want to know how to replace the left lateral stabilizer bar on a Vulture 007? It's in here. Need to know the eye color of a particular Infrared clone down on food vat level 33Y, subsector 498/B? That's here too.

Yes, this book is a true testimonial to the thoroughness and dedication of all those citizens within the hallowed offices of HPD & Mind Control who joyously serve The Computer — a triumph of their genius.

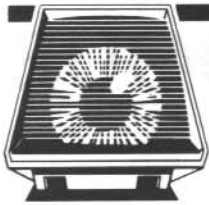
Uh, can I go now?

*Certainly, Citizen. Well done.*

Phew.

Psst. This supplement doesn't really contain stuff like the eye color of an Infrared worker on food vat level 33Y, subsec-

tor 498/B. *The DOA Sector Travelogue* is, however, jam-packed with oodles of information about the people and places of DOA. Need a random encounter with a clone? Wonder what's really in those food vats? Want to know who's in charge of a secret society and how that society is organized? All that stuff is in here. This book also contains over thirty adventure outlines, each guaranteed to turn your Troubleshooters into so many kilos of vat gruel. It also contains plenty of pages filled with important charts, like the Random Pipe Contents Table and the Not-So-Innocent Bystander Table. In addition, *The DOA Sector Travelogue* contains one giant, way-too-useful mega-map showing the central area of DOA where all the fun takes place. So, keep on reading and, by the time you're finished, you'll know more than enough to convert any would-be Troubleshooters into a thick yellow spray. We didn't name it DOA for nothing.



# Introduction

## Welcome to DOA

*Brought to you courtesy HPD & Mind Control — An Informed-On Citizen is a Loyal Citizen*

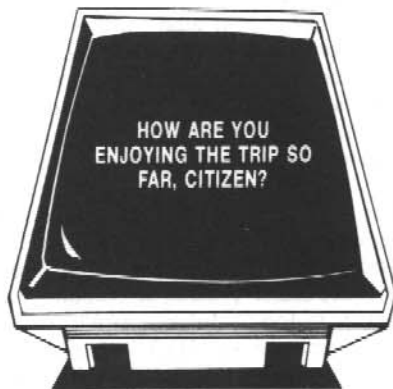
Greetings, Citizen. You are now holding the definitive campaign pack for *Paranoia* ... frightening, ain't it? So, why did we decide to do a book on this particular sector? Is DOA more special than any other sector? Is it better? Happier? Bigger?

Well, to be honest with you, no. We picked DOA because it's a typical sector and perfectly representative of daily life in Alpha Complex.

Now, I know what you're thinking — generic, ugh. Sounds boring. Well, maybe in other places, but not in Alpha Complex. No siree. Generic is pretty scary in DOA. I mean, you ain't felt nothin' until you've experienced the miracle of good old generic birth, Alpha Complex style. But, before we go any further, it's time to tell you how this supplement is organized.

## Campaigning in DOA

The first thing you find in *The DOA Sector Travelogue* ... uh, after this intro, that is — is a section describing the physical layout of DOA: where everyone lives, and dies, where the food vats are located, where the High Programmers work, and so on. This section also talks about the oh-so-important full-color map tucked inside the cover.



## The Citizens of DOA

Next on the hit parade are listings about some of the actual citizens (we are not going to mention the unactual citizens) of DOA. "The Citizens of DOA" contains all sorts of useful information on population, security clearance breakdown, etc. This section also gives you plenty of sample citizens for you to use in random encounters, and (trumpet blare please) it talks about the five High Programmers who run DOA. They're really nice people. You'll like them. The Marquis De Sade did.

## Secret Societies

Alpha Complex is riddled with secret societies. Problem is, keeping track of them all can be quite a burden. But, don't worry, we've done all the work for you. The secret societies entry has all the information you'll need — who's in charge, what they're working on, their secret handshake — to add them to your campaign.

## Combat in DOA

Pretty much like anywhere else in the *Paranoia* universe: fun, confused, mind-bogglingly bloody. This section gives some suggestions on how to, shall we say, personalize battles and depersonalize other PCs in DOA.

## Bureaucracy

As I'm sure you're well aware, you can't do anything in Alpha Complex until you fill out about a zillion forms. Why, if it weren't for the interminable, and always inappropriate, intervention of the crack (cracked?) DOA bureaucracy, things might just run smoothly from time to time!

We wouldn't want that, now would we? I should say not! So, DOA's bureaucracy is as gloriously screwed-up as any other sector's. You'll like it.

We could have filled hundreds of pages detailing every bureaucratic office and minor bureaucrat in DOA — honest, we wouldn't have minded — but instead we've given you something shorter: Random Bureaucracy Generation Tables. Roll a couple of dice, add a little heavy water, and *presto!* You've got yourself a sprawling morass of red tape guaranteed to drive

your players crazy (a short drive for most of them, from what we hear).

## Specific Locations

The rest of this supplement is devoted to specific locations in DOA, such as the Termination Center (the "D spot") and the PLC Distribution Station. In all, we've detailed nineteen of the most important places in the sector. In the entries, we'll tell you everything you need to know to work these locations into your *Paranoia* campaign; including, who's in charge, who works there, how the place is supposed to work, and how it really works!

## Campaigning in DOA

Now that you know what's inside, your first question is probably: "How am I gonna use all this?"

Beats the heck out of us.

Sorry. Couldn't help it. Actually, we see three possible ways to use *The DOA Sector Travelogue*. First and foremost it makes good bathroom reading material; simply plunk it down on the tank and, whenever you've got nothing better to do, pick up the *Travelogue* and skim through it, giggling at all the neat pictures and stealing the best ideas for your own twisted gaming sessions. This needs little explanation, and it is far more fun than staring at the bathroom door, at least for most of us.

Two other, more formal, ways to use DOA are "The Quick and Dirty Method" and "The Slow Plodding Method."

## A Quick and Dirty Guide to DOA

If you're just looking to run a short, impromptu game of *Paranoia*, all you have to do is turn to the end of any specific location section and thumb through the adventure outlines 'til you find one that you like. Then, just read over the location entry while your players are drawing up their characters. By the time they finish, you'll be ready to play. *Voila*, instant *Paranoia*.

## The Slow Plodding Method

First of all, you need a really big plot (3 feet by 6 feet by 6 feet should be sufficient). The easiest way to get one is to take



several of the adventure outlines and link them together. For example, you might take all the adventures that use killer bots, scribble down a dubious storyline (doubtless Corpore Metal's behind it all), and go to town. When you get back from town, relax and get into *Paranoia*.

Now, I know creating a big plot takes time, but tough. You can't run a campaign in any game unless you put some effort into it. And, believe us, *Paranoia's* casual indifference to unimportant things like logic, reality, and believability make it a heck of a lot easier to run a campaign in Alpha Complex than in, say, *The Magic Kingdom* or in any other roleplaying setting.

Well, those are a couple of possible ways to use this book. Take your choice. Personally, we recommend just running a couple of quick missions first, until you get used to using this book as a reference guide. After that, you can cut loose with a full blown campaign and do some serious Troubleshooter bashing.

**Stay Alert! Trust No One! Keep Your Laser Handy! Have a nice day!**

### A Grand Overview of DOA: Dante's Divine Comedy ... Take 2

Physically, DOA is kind of like a three layer cake, with a teeny-tiny layer on top, a normal-sized layer in the center, and a huge slab on the bottom.

### Paradicia

The most trusted servants of The Computer — Indigo clearance and above — live on the top layer. Daycycle by daycycle, they selflessly sacrifice themselves: living in cavernous private quarters devoid of the intimate and repeated human companionship granted by communal living; voluntarily separating themselves from the omnipresent friendship of The Computer (with the aide of a manually operated monitor shut-off switch); generously burdening themselves with valuable Computer property (like jacuzzis).

Sigh. The life of the elite is not for every clone.

These upper levels are morasses of gymnasiums, penthouse suites, saunas, and entertainment centers. Most of The Computer's chosen live, work, and play here, while only a few descend to purgetoria (uh ... the central levels) to head up various departments, or to perform mundane tasks which only they are cleared to handle (such as briefing Troubleshooters).

Work stations vary from comfortable offices, where Indigo clearance bureaucrats desperately try to convince The Computer that a 23% drop in Cold Fun production is actually an amazing step forward, to gigantic, complete with shag carpet/jacuzzi/sauna/wet-bar, split-level ranches where the Ultraviolet High Programmers commune with The Computer via direct interface.

Access to the upper levels is extremely restricted (instant death to intruders) to most. Even requests for information about them by non-authorized personnel can be grounds for reassignment, termination — or both. In the interest of efficiency, *The DOA Sector Travelogue* doesn't wastespace telling about what your Troubleshooters will never see (other than this brief outline and the overview provided in the Living Quarters section). Just rest assured that the quintessential complexities of life in Alpha Complex are all up there.

### Inferno

Far, Far, FAR below lie the food vat levels: huge identical subsectors, each with its own production vats, packaging facility, and Infrared barracks. Most of DOA's citizens work in the food vats, pouring, boxing, shipping, and taste-testing Cold Fun. DOA sector is the number two producer of Cold Fun in Alpha Complex, an accomplishment every DOA citizen can and **had better** take pride in.

Besides the endless masses of native Infrared drones, hundreds of Red to Blue clearance supervisors arrive daily to coordinate and oversee production of Cold Fun. Each food vat level is, more or less, identical. In the interests of space (although we don't think NASA really cares what we put in here), only one vat level is detailed in this book — Food Vat Level 42/X (page 50).

### Purgetoria

Wedge between the spacious penthouses of Alpha Complex's elite and the dark domiciles of the unwashed masses lie the central levels. Here, Red to Blue clearance citizens go about their daycycle routines, fulfilling their daycycle quotas and competing with each other to see who's going to get promoted and live in those luxurious accommodations — you know, the ones no one is *supposed* to know about (rumors being treason and all).

Housing facilities range from abysmally squalid to the merely drab and are located on the outer ring of this central layer (about where you'd expect to see the low rent district in a shabby, Pre-Oops industrial city). This level contains most of DOA's service and production facilities, such as the cloning banks, R&D Central, and the autocar garage. Over half of *The DOA Sector Travelogue* is devoted to describing these important locations.

## The Big Map

Okay, so much for Alpha Complex cosmology. Now, pull out the big map and unfold it. You are now looking at the central layer of DOA sector. See all those highly detailed areas with numbers and stuff on them? Those are the specific locations so carefully detailed in this book.



## What's Not On The Map

In addition to all the stuff printed on the DOA map, there's a lot of things that aren't shown, because they're found almost everywhere. The following is a description of the more common features in Alpha Complex's corridors.

**Confession Booths:** These comfortable, coffin-shaped, phone booth-sized conveniences are found in virtually every Alpha Complex corridor. Inside each booth, a tiny chair faces a large Computer monitor. With the door closed, a clone can speak in total privacy to The Computer. Normally, confession booths seat one; desperate Troubleshooter teams have been known to pack in as many as 17 clones.

Citizens are encouraged to use these booths to confess their traitorous acts and thoughts. Slogans such as "Confess today" and "The Computer is Your Friend," glow on the monitor screens of Alpha Complex.



Officially, citizens who confess their treason and show that they are really, Really, REALLY sorry about it are dealt with leniently (verbal warning, biochemical therapy, brain reconstruction, etc.). Unofficially, it's rumored that many confession booths in DOA are "specially equipped" for instant disposal of traitors. (Traitors go in, but they don't come out.) Of course, rumors are treason.

The Computer realizes the fact that most Commie mutants won't report their own treasonous activities; thus, citizens may also use confession booths to report the crimes of other citizens. Accusations of treason are usually checked against security camera tapes, com unit records, and Internal Security sources ... usually. In addition, accused clones always get a chance to defend themselves ... unless the evidence against them is really overwhelming. When two or more clones make conflicting accusations (this happens a lot), they end up in an interrogation booth (see below).

For game purposes, private conferences between the GM and a player imply that the Troubleshooter is using a confession booth instead of his com unit. Casually point this out to the other players. For example: "We're going into the other room, so his character, Backstab-R, can have a private conversation with The Computer."

**Interrogation Booths:** See the picture on this page? Good. You're looking at a typical interrogation booth. Notice all the needles and electronic gadgets and stuff? Those are to ascertain if the clone is relaxed and telling the truth. Uptightness is a sure sign of treason.

Whenever a group of clones is involved in some highly suspicious activity (like failing to complete their mission), each clone is sent to an interrogation booth for questioning.

Within seconds of stepping inside the booth, a clone finds himself immobilized by automatic wrist, ankle, waist, neck, and tongue restraints, and with lie detector circuits stuck to his head. A Happy Citizen pill is then forcefed to the clone, and the questioning begins. Clones who lie while under the influence of Happy Citizen must make a chutzpah roll -5 to avoid setting off the lie detector alarms. Troubleshooters receive 2 treason points each time they set off the alarm. Questioning continues until The Computer is satisfied or the Troubleshooter reaches 20 treason points ... whichever comes first.

**Security Cameras:** Security cameras are located in every corridor and room on every level of every sector in Alpha Complex. Of course, this doesn't mean they all work, or that they're always on, or



even that they're being monitored by Internal Security if they are on. Use your discretion when using security cameras during play. Like, when the Troubleshooters start to bribe a clerk, casually mention the security camera which whips around, points at them, and zoom focuses. Whirrrrrr!

**Computer Terminals and the Multi-Purpose Chute:** This is where most citizens go to request items. A standard Computer terminal includes an Infrared clearance monitor, Red level keyboard, and Infrared multi-purpose chute. To address The Computer, a clone simply speaks to the monitor.

To address a specific office or location, a clone types in the office name. Once contact is made, continued communication can be either verbal or written (GM discretion).

Requested items arrive through a dumb-waiter-sized chute located adjacent to the terminal. Typical items available at MPCs include Bouncy Bubble Beverage, triplicate forms, pharmaceuticals, advice, a pep-talk, directions, etc. Of course, this being *Paranoia*, odds are that a citizen won't get what he wants. (I'm sorry. That information is not available at this time. Would you like to know the Cold Fun production projections for the next thirty yearcycles instead?)

A good trick is to give your players what they ask for the first time they make requests of The Computer. After that, hose 'em. You'll be surprised at just how long it can take for some clones to give up, once they've had that single, sweet taste of success.

Another bad plan is to give them much more than they asked for — typically something horribly expensive, unbelievably fragile, and of a security clearance light-years higher than is appropriate to them. Do they take it? Leave it there? Or try to jam it back into the chute and send it to the place from whence it came — wherever that is?

**Air Conditioning and Wiring Ducts:** Removable faceplates, hinged grillwork, bolted screens, spring-closed panels — sometimes Alpha Complex seems very much like a Rube Goldberg device, or like a shopping mall designed by Daedalus. But, how else are Technical Services and Power Services going to reach everything? Even experienced technicians never know what they'll find when they remove a grating. They could find only a small clump of wires, or they might expose a lengthy duct running out of sight in either direction, with who knows what approaching with that thump-drag, thump-drag sound.

A clever clone might try to crawl inside

a conduit or ventilation duct and bypass a room or section of a corridor. Great. Just have the Troubleshooter make a mechanical aptitude check  $\times 1/2$ . Success means he finds a serviceable duct. Failure means he gets lost or bumps into something bad ... like a mutant Morlock (if you don't know what that is, go read something educational by H.G. Wells).

**Pipes:** Alpha Complex is filled with pipes, carrying everything from heavy water to diluted Hot Fun. These pipes run along the sides and ceiling of the larger corridors, disappearing into the floor and walls at random intervals and wrapping around each other like so much high-tech spaghetti. Pipe sizes vary dramatically from straw-like to tunnel-sized and able to fit a warbot. Pipes are colored according to security clearances. It's not unusual to find a Yellow pipe next to a Blue pipe in an Infrared corridor.

Sometimes the wear and tear (read: laserfire) of everyday cycle life in Alpha Complex causes pipes to leak. When this happens, roll on the Random Pipe Contents Table on page 20 to find out what's inside, or what was inside.

**Blast Doors:** DOA sector is divided by a series of synthesteel blast doors. These doors are controlled solely and exclusively by The Computer ... unless of course a

clone is standing near the bypass circuit and has a 2-credit piece of wire with him.

For 60-ton, 3-meter-thick slabs of synthesteel, these doors close surprisingly fast when activated. Gosh, it would sure be terrible if someone got caught in one of these. Boy, that'd be too bad. Hope that never happens to one of your Troubleshooters.

Well, that's all the normal, technical stuff in a standard corridor. Feel free to drop any of this into your adventures, as needed, and don't take no guff from your players just because some of the stuff may not be on the map. For example:

**Snitch-R:** I'm gonna report Bomb-R for treason. Is there a confession booth nearby?

**GM:** Yea, right there. *(Points to an intersection on the DOA map.)*

**Snitch-R:** Great. I'm running towards it.

**Bomb-R:** *(Staring at map.)* Hey, there's no confession booth there.

**GM:** Sure there is.

**Bomb-R:** Then, how come it's not printed on the map?

**GM:** What is your security clearance, Citizen?

**Bomb-R:** That's not fair! Oh, right. What am I saying? Oh, well. Guess I'll have to shoot Snitch-R in the back. How unfortunate. I have an 18 skill with my laser rifle.



# The Citizens

## The Citizens

Alpha Complex is pretty crowded, especially when you consider how many clones get vaporized each day. Just how crowded is it? Sorry, that's classified. Real classified. Even Ultravioletes aren't cleared to know that, so we really can't discuss it here. What we can talk about is how big DOA sector is.

Sectors vary considerably in population and size. Some, like IBM sector (the home of The Computer's mainframe) are scarcely populated at all. Others, such as MOB sector, are packed toe to heel with loyal citizens. DOA fits somewhere in between. It's got few enough clones so that a Troubleshooter can hide if he needs to. Yet, it's crowded enough so that there's always somebody to backshoot if you're in the mood.

On a good daycycle, there might be as many as 50,000 clones in DOA (give or kill a few hundred depending on Troubleshooter activity). About 35,000 clones live on the lower levels, where they cheerfully serve The Computer in the food vats. Another 14,900 Red to Blue clearance clones work on the central level, manning vital service industries or processing vatloads of mindless paperwork. The remaining 100 citizens, mostly Indigo clearance or higher, live and work on the upper levels.

For you statistics freaks, here's a quick, demographic sketch of DOA's population, provided courtesy of The Computer. The Computer never lies.

```
:FILE = 002918/BB-545
:CLEARANCE = ULTRAVIOLET
:DATA = POPULATION BREAKDOWN
:LOCATION = DOA SECTOR
:TIME = 2:34 — DAYCYCLE 313 —
YEARCYCLE OF THE SCRUBOT
```

INFRARED .....	34,279
RED .....	5,900
ORANGE .....	2,066
YELLOW .....	3,571
GREEN .....	2,002
BLUE .....	1,098
INDIGO .....	82
VIOLET .....	57
ULTRAVIOLET .....	5
BOYS .....	18,431

CITIZENS SCHEDULED FOR TERMINATION ..... 312  
 CITIZENS WHO'LL SOON BE SCHEDULED FOR TERMINATION, IF THEY DON'T WISE UP ..... 1,293

Notice that there are more Yellows than Oranges? This is not a typo.

The Computer never makes typos.

Yellow is the standard clearance of CPU bureaucrats, and there are a lot of bureaucrats in DOA sector. Also note there are only five Ultravioletes in DOA. That's right, just five, and you can read all about them on page 10.

Well, that's pretty much everything you need to know about the people of DOA. What? You'd like to see a few typical citizens, a couple of regular John and Jane-DOAs?

The following pages contain a veritable plethora (as opposed to a phony plethora) of average DOA citizens. Feel free to use these characters whenever you need a quick bunk mate for your Troubleshooters, or for random encounters/laser fodder.

Naturally, all of these citizens have been assigned specific security clearances, but don't let that stop you. If you need a Blue level character and you like one of the Red personalities, go ahead and brevet him on up—you're a High Programmer, so who's gonna argue with you? (Besides which, as most of you have figured out, an NPC's security clearance is assigned more to fit in with whatever sleazy pun we're making with his name than for any game-related reason. Ain't we lovable?)

Here's how each listing is organized.

**Name:** This is the character's name. You'll notice that most of the names don't end in "DOA." Well, DOA suffered a dramatic negative population explosion a few yearcycles ago, and great numbers of clones from other sectors had to be imported to keep the sector running. What exactly happened? Let's just say DOA is a real good example of why fission reactors should be closely monitored.

**Title:** The clone's job.

**Description:** The first few things you may notice about this citizen. They can be how

he acts (for instance, unusually twitchy or nervous), or something physical, like antennae.

**Service Group:** In addition to the clone's normal service group, some clones also have Internal Security listed in parentheses. That's because the citizen is actually an undercover agent. Oooo:

**Arms and Armor:** Here you'll find all the zany, high-tech, and lethal doodads carried by the character. For example...

Laser rifle (L9), skill 12; reflec (L4)

...tells us that this NPC typically carries a laser rifle (laser weapon, damage column 9), with which he has a skill of 12; and he wears reflec armor (which provides 4 column shifts of defense against laser weapons).

Note that the listings describe what weapons/armor an NPC usually has at hand; there's no reason why an NPC couldn't have extra armaments (death rays, intercontinental ballistic missiles) hidden somewhere, just in case.

**Secret Society:** This tells not only what secret society the treasonous scum belongs to, but also lists how high up in the organization he is. Secret society ranks range from 1st degree (initiate) to 32nd degree (kingpin/big cheese/numero uno/etc.).

**Mutant Power:** The clone's mutant power(s).

**Relevant Skills:** This section doesn't list all of the characters skills, just the ones you're most likely to use. If you want the clone to have a skill not listed, just make it up.

**Background:** Here we present a couple of brief paragraphs describing the character's personality and motivations.

Not all characters have all the information listed above. For example, an unarmed clone wouldn't have a line for Arms and Armor. If something isn't listed on a clone, just assume he doesn't have it. Of course, always feel free to alter the characters at whim.

## Those Indelible Infrareads

### Dodge-AKA-4

Lab Assistant

**Description:** Alert, cheerful, suspiciously well-dressed

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** Concealed fold-o-matic laser pistol (L8), skill 13

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** Telekinesis

**Relevant Skills:** Stealth 18

**Background:** Dodge, alias "the Artful Dodger," is a supplier for Pro Tech. You know — a thief. His telekinesis makes him quite good at procurement. He often appropriates unusual items through his job at R&D, where he works as a lab assistant/test subject for experimental equipment (even before it's given to Troubleshooters to field-test). During off hours, Dodge-AKA works as a Pro Tech runner, delivering secret messages and rumors to other Pro Techers.

### Peter-DOA-6

Infrared Drone/Food Vats

**Description:** Boyishly innocent face, wide trusting eyes

**Service Group:** PLC

**Secret Society:** Communists, 2nd degree

**Mutant Power:** Precognition

**Relevant Skills:** Fast talk 14, con 16

**Background:** "Strain the Cold Fun. Mash the Cold Fun. Box the Cold Fun. Daycycle in. Daycycle out. When the Revolution comes, they'll all be sorry."

As a long-standing Communist, Peter-DOA has managed to indoctrinate a number of his vat worker comrades into the People's Cause. When nobody's looking, Peter often shapes the semi-congealed Cold Fun into hammers and sickles.

When roleplaying Peter-DOA, whistle tunelessly, roll your eyes towards the ceiling and say things like "Nobody down here but us loyal workers, comrade."

### Slug-ERD-3

Vat Worker

**Description:** Typical Infrared drudge.

**Service Group:** PLC

**Mutant Power:** Energy Field (but too zonked out on Happy Citizen pills to use it).

**Relevant Skills:** Scooping Cold Fun 19.

**Background:** TOOOOOOOT!

*Back to work. Remember, Cold Fun production is an important job which you're happy to perform.*

The Computer is my friend. (Scoop. Splop.) I live to serve The Computer. (Scoop. Splop.) Gosh, Teela-O-MLY was brave last night. (Scoop Splop.) Teela-O-MLY is a loyal

citizen. (Scoop Splop.) We should all be more like Teela-O-MLY. (Scoop Splop.) Except, some people say Teela-O isn't real. (Scoop. Splop.) That The Computer just uses her to control us. (Scoop. Splop.) And if that's true...

TOOOOOOOT!!

*Refreshment break, please take a Happy Citizen pill. It's in your dispenser tray now. Only traitors don't take Happy Citizen. Thank you for your cooperation.*

TOOOOOOOT!!

The Computer is my friend. (Scoop. Splop.)...

If your Troubleshooters need to deal with Slug-ERD, we suggest they keep it simple. No compound sentences, and forget about fast-talk skills. The only response they'll get to that is "Huh?"

## Red Clones Rising

### Barb-R-IAN-3

Shock Trooper

**Description:** Tall; thick-boned; wild, frazzled, brownish-red hair

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Blaster (E9), skill 16

**Secret Society:** FCCCP, 2nd degree

**Mutant Power:** Adrenaline Control

**Background:** Barb-R-IAN-3 is from the Armed Forces, and she loves the Army way of doing things. Traitors and IntSecs alike are dealt with in a downhome and very efficient fashion — they're vaporized.

If any trouble starts nearby, Barb-R will rush to the battle, take command of the area by using an energy blaster she smuggled off base (a mildly treasonous, but generally overlooked, hobby in the Army), and start ordering everyone (including Troubleshooters) around. "Let's rush 'em!" sums up Barb-R's knowledge of the subtleties of military tactics.

### Grasshop-R-DOA-3

Unperson

**Description:** Calm, cool, wears non-regulation jumpsuit

**Arms and Armor:** Unarmed (I12), skill 18

**Secret Society:** Mystics, 8th degree

**Mutant Power:** Regeneration

**Relevant Skills:** Psychescan 19, dodge weapons 16

**Background:** Disillusioned by the violence in Alpha Complex, Grasshop-R has renounced all ties with The Computer and now wanders the halls of DOA, spreading peace. And how does Grasshop-R spread peace? Simple: he kills all those who perpetuate violence. "I hate violent clones! Blast 'em all!"

### Nookly-R-DOA-1 and -2

Demolition Technicians

**Description:** Tweedle-dee and Tweedledum

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Slugthrower (P7), skill 10

**Background:** Nookly-R-DOA-1 and -2 are HPD & Mind Control workers. They dress carelessly and are usually talking about the latest thing they blew up in the service of The Computer. Their favorite part of the story is when they scream "KABOOM!!" (in unison) at the end.

Anyone with a demolition skill of 3 or more soon realizes that Nookly-R-DOA 1 and 2 don't know the first thing about demolition. That's because they're actually a crack, blue-ribbon, secret society infiltration team for Internal Security. Secret handshakes anyone?

### Sappho-R-DOA-1

Best Clone

**Description:** Pouting lips covered in red lipstick. Dyed, jet-black hair

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control (Internal Security)

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Background:** Sappho-R is an up-and-coming multicorder expert from HPD & Mind Control. She is a simpering, pseudo-French artiste who considers everyone else to be contemptibly boorish bores. She spouts all sorts of para-treasonous gibberish, but no matter how much it looks like she must be a member of a secret society, she isn't — she just wouldn't be caught dead in that crowd.

Sappho-R does, however, work as an Internal Security informant, but only because it allows her to dress treasonously "in the line of duty." Which duty consists of emergency monitoring and recording of Troubleshooter activities when The Computer wants an impartial, but heavily made-up, eye at the camera.

### Tess-R-DOA-1

Crunchetyme Algae Chip Vending Machine Restock Specialist

**Description:** Bouncy, bubbly, outgoing

**Service Group:** Tech Services

**Secret Society:** Communists, 3rd Degree

**Mutant Power:** Teleport

**Relevant Skills:** Babble incessantly 17

**Background:** Tess-R-DOA-1 works very hard at her job in Technical Services because she's very happy to have been promoted. She constantly stresses her happiness with her new clearance. "I'm so proud to be a RED! I've got a RED jumpsuit, a RED mattress, and a RED tee-shirt! Boy! I like RED! RED is a pretty color! Everything and everyone ought to be RED! Come on, everyone, wave your RED



blankets! Things are so much better when there's RED! Better RED than DEAD!" She often holds Red appreciation sing-alongs and such. Needless to say, The Computer looks with great suspicion upon any clone who doesn't participate...

### Orange You Glad

#### Donpard-O-DOA-3

*Game Show Host*

**Description:** Obnoxiously cheerful, interminably loud, gamey

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** Orange reflex (L4)

**Relevant Skills:** Speak real loud 20

**Background:** Donpard-O is the most successful gameshow announcer in HPD&MC. While this dubious achievement has given him immense popularity with the Infrared masses, as gameshow announcers are viewed with something less than admiration (read: contempt) by the movers and shakers in DOA, Donpard-O has achieved only Orange clearance, and is likely to stay there.

Donpard-O is a very dedicated member of a secret society. Which society? It's up to you, chief, but it should be the same as one of your player-character's. The next time the PC attends a secret society meeting, have Donpard-O show up, followed by several hundred Infrared groupies. Donpard-O squeezes inside the doorway of the meeting hall, clothing in tatters from the attention of his numberless fans who are standing outside chanting his name. He slams the door and says in a voice which can be heard in the next sector, "SORRY I'M LATE, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS — THOSE FANS ARE MURDER! HAS THE [INSERT SECRET SOCIETY NAME HERE] MEETING STARTED YET?"

#### Lard-O-DOA-2

*Clerk*

**Description:** Round, greasy, smells funny (kind of like a 285-pound hush-puppy)

**Service Group:** CPU

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 8; Orange reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Computer Phreak, 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** Machine Empathy

**Relevant Skills:** Shuffle paper 14, fast talk 18

**Background:** Lard-O-DOA is 285 pounds of obese CPU bureaucrat, equipped with a high-pitched, nasal voice and machine empathy. When Lard-O whines that he's gonna tell The Computer if he doesn't get his way, you'd better listen — no matter how unreasonable the request.

#### Yippieyi-O-DOA-2

*Tech Assistant*

**Description:** Happy hair and a perky disposition

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Secret Society:** FCCCP, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Charm

**Background:** Yippieyi-O is what you might call a Born-Again Fundamentalist First Church nutcase. She is frighteningly happy all the time, often spontaneously breaking into Praise The Computer rally cries ("Give me a C!"). Her favorite time for this is early, *early* in the morning, when she does her calisthenics.

Yippieyi-O wishes she could serve The Computer as an IntSec agent, so she acts as if she were, hoping to build such a record of ratfinking on co-workers that she'll get transferred out of Tech. So far, she's sent over 13 of her fellow Techers to HEL sector.

### They Call Me Mellow Yellow

#### Buff-Y-DOA-3

*Bot Retrieval Technician*

**Description:** Typical mall-rat, unmemorably attractive

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Arms and Armor:** Slugthrower with dum-dum shells (8P), skill 16

**Secret Society:** Communists, 3rd degree (Internal Security — sort of)

**Mutant Power:** X-ray vision

**Relevant Skills:** Act ditzzy 18, security 13, stealth 15

**Background:** Buff-Y is in charge of a team of Tech Serv bot retrieval workers. She and her crew of six Red co-workers rumble throughout DOA sector on a large flat-bed transbot, picking up disabled bots and bringing them back to the Bot Repair Bay.

Buff-Y's job gives her access to many of the most sensitive areas of the sector, allowing her to easily perform her other job: spy and assassin for the Communists. She performs this second job with great zeal and glee... even though she's supposed to be an Internal Security plant in the Communist secret society. She's not exactly a triple agent (or whatever) — she just really enjoys icing clones.

#### Squeeze-Y-DOA-5

*Syntheglass Hydromaintenance Engineer*

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 14

**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers, 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Relevant Skills:** Fast talk and con 15

**Background:** Squeeze-Y works for HPD & Mind Control as a window washer (since

only Indigo-levels and higher get their windows washed, that job is Yellow clearance). She uses her lofty (pun intended) position and her hypersenses power to spy for her secret society — Frankenstein Destroyers.

Incidentally, Squeeze-Y carries a laser because it can shoot through windows without damaging them. Woe unto an unescorted bot who passes by a window Squeeze-Y is cleaning! Or unto any clone that *looks* like a bot.

### It's Not Easy Being Green

#### Bud-G-BRD-3

*Maintenance Troubleshooter*

**Description:** Strong, square jaw; thick, oil-stained fingers; always wears a tool belt

**Service Group:** Tech Services

**Arms and Armor:** Concealed, fold-out cone rifle with solid slug shells (P13), skill 12; Green reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 10th degree

**Mutant Power:** Mechanical intuition

**Relevant Skills:** All mechanical skills 16

**Background:** Bud-G is a successful Tech Services Troubleshooter who's made himself wealthy selling new devices (mainly electronic weapons systems) of his own creation to Pro Tech. Back at his living quarters, Bud-G has rigged a low-power laser sensor to mark his territory, and has installed several automatic security systems; these include a tracking blaster, sonic alarms, and a snare. Bud-G is waiting to see how well the security system works on his roommate before he contacts Pro Tech and offers them the system. Needless to say, this is all highly treasonous — and yet, Bud-G just can't resist bragging about his wonderful setup.

#### Mayn-G-DOA-4

*Nuclear Engineer*

**Description:** See below

**Service Group:** Power Services (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Slugthrower (P9), skill 12; Green reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** PURGE, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Filth (registered), teleport

**Background:** Ever wonder why Troubleshooter Teams have a Hygiene Officer?

Mayn-G's odd-colored skin, matted hair, and terrific odor are the result of his not showering after spending all daycycle in a stuffy enviro-suit while working inside a torrid reactor.

Mayn-G has managed to avoid hygiene persecution by registering his perpetual filthiness as a new mutation. Thus, he is essentially licensed to stay disgusting. This keeps people away from his stuff (and his

room and even the whole floor), which isolation further helps him coordinate the activities of his fellow PURGERS.

### Mongo-G-DOA-2

*Vulture Goon*

**Description:** Unending muscles; skin gleams as if it's just been oiled—it hasn't

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Unarmed (I7), skill 16; blaster (E9), skill 14; Green reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Anti-Mutant, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Regeneration

**Relevant Skills:** All weapon skills 14

**Background:** Somewhat dim-witted, Mongo-G spends most of his time in the Armed Forces' Mega Weight Room and Steroids Bar adding ever more bulk to his already ponderous build.

Somewhat prone to violence, Mongo-G is quick to pick a fight with any registered mutant who even glances in his direction — "Maybe you not so funny as I think you are. Maybe I should rip off your head with my bare hands and tie your neck inna a knot. What you say then, tough guy?" Mongo-G's temper has made him a favorite with his Anti-Mutant superiors.

### Old Blue-Guys

#### Bamb-B-DOA-6

*Inventory Clerk*

**Description:** Small athletic frame, always smiling

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Six grenades (P8), skill 12; laser pistol (L8), skill 10; Blue reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Pyrokinesis

**Relevant Skills:** Spurious logic 18

**Background:** Bamb-B is a nice clone. Yes she is. Bamb-B clones 1 through 5 all worked in the PLC Distribution Station as inventory clerks. They were all hard workers. They worked so hard that their supervisors thought the Bamb-B's were after the supervisors' jobs. Consequently,

the last five Bamb-B's all met with unfortunate accidents.

Bamb-B-DOA-6 doesn't work as hard as her last five clones; she's much too busy planting Death Leopard bombs in various bureaucratic offices. This is treasonous. Fer sher.

#### Charles-B-RSN-4

*Overseer*

**Description:** Grim, heavily-lined face that looks as if it's been in a couple'a hundred fights too many

**Service Group:** CPU

**Arms and Armor:** Big, mean-looking slugthrower with dum-dum bullets (8P), skill 14; unarmed (I6), skill 16.

**Secret Society:** Anti-Mutant, 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Precognition

**Relevant Skills:** Intimidation 14, stealth 16

**Background:** Charles-B is a clone of proven loyalty; his three predecessors were killed performing heroic deeds for the betterment of Alpha Complex bureaucracy.

Since his arrival in DOA sector, Charles-B has been rather bored. He decided to practice some covert surveillance to pass the time, and he rapidly collected enough evidence to get one of his fellow Overseers at the DOA Comnode terminated. Bagging the co-worker was so much fun that Charles-B now spends all his spare time spying. Charles-B constantly paces the corridors of DOA, suspiciously eyeing citizens, papers, corners, closets, and casually peering in drawers, etc., all the time moving with mind-numbing deliberateness and clucking quietly to himself.

### Mood Indigo

#### Part-I-PIG-4

*HPD & Mind Control Personnel Recruiting Director*

**Description:** Sleazy Hollywood director — overweight, silk shirt, gold chains, etc

**Service Group:** HPD & MC

**Arms and Armor:** Two "Bouncers" (Vulture Goons with cone rifles) (P13), skill 16

**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise, 5th degree

**Mutant Power:** Empathy

**Relevant Skills:** All chutzpah-based skills 14

**Background:** Part-I runs a brisk business as a Free Enterprise marketeer to the rich and famous. He throws wild parties every day, charging a rather steep cover charge which is inversely proportional to each guest's security clearance. He gets away with these parties by claiming that he's scouting for new HPD & Mind Control Entertainment Branch personnel.

The parties are usually held in some

Red dorm room, because most Reds are too intimidated by his lofty Indigo clearance to rat on him. Troubleshooters are often sent to investigate when neighbors complain about the loud music and cone rifle shots.

### Shrinking Violets

#### Dave-V-CKT-4

*Armed Forces Scout*

**Description:** Tall; tanned; good-looking, in a manly sort of way

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Laser rifle (L9), skill 19; knife (I7); leather jacket (I1)

**Secret Society:** Pro-Tech, 6th Degree

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Relevant Skills:** Survival 17

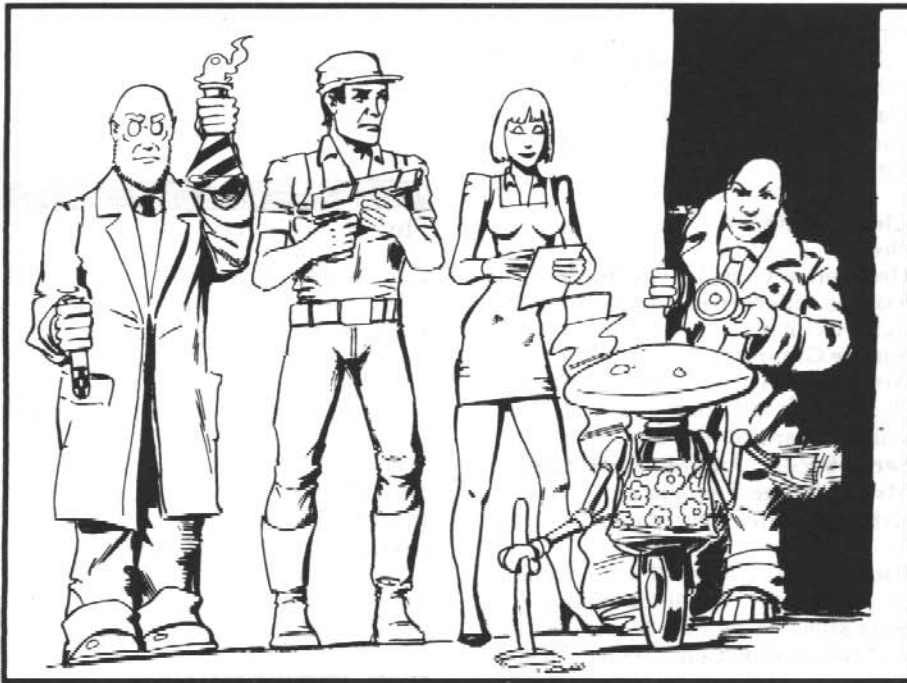
**Background:** Dave-V is Alpha Complex's premier Outside scout. He constantly roams the blasted wilderness surrounding the underground city, keeping a wary eye for Communist invaders — assault teams, infiltrators, marauding bunnies, and the like. The other, unwary eye just kind of wanders around in its socket, marring his manly good looks.

Despite his woodsman-like appearance and his unquestioned abilities in Outside survival, Dave-V loathes and despises everything about the Outside — the dirt, the funny-smelling air, the undisciplined weather, the nasty little animals — everything. All he wants out of life is a nice cushy desk-job somewhere, pushing papers, taking Bouncy Bubble Beverage breaks, and sleeping in a real bed at night. Sierra Clubbers who mistake Dave-V for a kindred clone are in for a rude surprise.

### The Makers and Shakers

The following five High Programmers run DOA sector, or at least they purport to. In reality, the first four spend almost all their time thinking up obscure mental tortures to play on the last; who, in turn, spends all his time thinking up obscure





tortures to inflict on everyone else (present company not excluded).

All five High Programmers live on the upper levels of DOA and almost never interact directly with the masses. So, why are we bothering to tell you about these guys? Simple. If you want to run a campaign and you need a really big cattle prod or villain for your Troubleshooters, any one of these guys can do the job. And besides, we just thought you might like to meet them. They're kind of cute, in a Machiavellian kind of way.

**Meg-U-VLT-5**

*Head of Power Services*

**Description:** Long, oval, aristocratic face with perpetually smug expression

**Service Group:** Power Services

**Arms and Armor:** Enhanced energy pistol (E12), skill 13

**Secret Society:** FCCCCP, 11th degree

**Mutant Power:** Electroshock

**Relevant Skills:** Electronic engineering 16, oratory 11

**Background:** "So, Lot-U-FUN-3 was an Infrared just five daycycles ago. Can't figure out how he got promoted to Sector Administrator, but I might as well take advantage of the situation. Been trying to get approval to equip every Power Services worker with personal mini-fusion powerpacks for months now. Shouldn't be too hard to push the paperwork past some ignorant Infrared."

Meg-U is a strong believer in good breeding. Her previous clone was Ultra-

violet, as was the one before that, and the one before that. As far as she's concerned, Lot-U may have changed his clearance, but he's still just another ignorant Infrared drone not worthy of The Computer's praise and certainly no match for Meg-U's superior intellect. Come to think of it, this might be a good time for her to make her bid for power.

**Mike-U-DOA-6**

*Head of R&D*

**Description:** Large and aggressively muscular, very serious

**Arms & Armor:** Brass knuckles (I6), skill 17; head-butt (I9), skill 17

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 16th degree

**Mutant Power:** Mechanical intuition

**Relevant Skills:** All mechanical-based skills 15, intimidation 19

**Background:** Mike-U is blunt, forthright, and keen to get on with things. First and foremost, he is an engineer, and he holds the ideals of Pro Tech close to heart. Think of him as a cross between Scotty from the 'Enterprise' and Arnie Schwarzenegger.

Mike-U doesn't get along very well at all with Pap-U-WRK, whom he considers to be nothing more than another mealy-mouthed paper-shuffler. The verdict is still out on Lot-U-FUN, but he sure seems to be enjoying himself way too much for someone who just took over as Sector Administrator. The others aren't much better — maybe now would be a good time for Mike-U's bid for power.

**Pap-U-WRK-6**

*PLC Administrator*

**Description:** Beady-eyed, wears coke-bottle glasses

**Service Group:** PLC

**Mutant Power:** Machine empathy

**Background:** "Cold Fun production is dropping. Crunchtime Algae Chips are off 12%. Guess it's purge-time on the vat levels."

Since Pap-U-WRK took over PLC and implemented his new Efficiency Tracking System, productivity has dramatically dropped on all 48 food vat levels. So, you'd think Pap-U would be in trouble, right? Nope. Thanks to Pap-U's machine empathy mutation, he has managed to frame his Violet-level assistants for the problems; they've been dropping like Troubleshooters. Maybe this could work on other Ultraviolets as well....

**Van-U-WHT-1**

*Programming Director*

**Description:** Blond, trim, friendly smile

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** She has none of her own, but there's always a couple of heavily-armed types in her entourage, all eagerly willing to lay down their life for Van-U.

**Secret Society:** Sierra Club, 1st degree

**Mutant Power:** See below

**Background:** "Gosh, it sure was swell being a vid-star. And serving The Computer as an Ultraviolet is fun too, except for all the pressure. I think what I'd really like to do next is just go somewhere and relax, someplace where people wouldn't follow me all the time. Someplace like ... Outside."

Van-U is a loving, caring clone who rose to the elite rank of Ultraviolet courtesy of a never-before-recorded mutation — heightened charm. This power causes any who view Van-U to become hopelessly infatuated with her.

But now Van-U is bored with being an ex-vid star ... bored with being constantly followed by fawning admirers. She wants freedom. She wants to experience new



things. She wants to go Outside.

Unlike most Ultraviolets, Van-U has no actual computer programming skills. So, to get Outside, she needs two things — the help of the Sierra Club, and to get rid of all those groupies.

Oh well, being Ultraviolet has its benefits. Can you say "Mass Termination?"

### Lot-U-FUN-3

*Sector Administrator*

**Description:** Short; thin; frumpled hair; boyish, carefree smile

**Service Group:** CPU

**Secret Society:** Computer Phreaks, 12th degree

**Mutant Power:** Precognition

**Relevant Skills:** Spurious logic 15, data

search and analysis 18

**Background:** Boy, oh boy! does Lot-U love Alpha Complex. I mean, where else can a clone go from being an Infrared janitor to Ultraviolet Director of DOA in just one week? Yeah, that was the best gag he pulled since joining the Computer Phreaks. Guess the old director, Out-U-JOB, won't be pushing any more Infrareds around. Heh, heh.

Now Lot-U's problem is, how to stay Ultraviolet without getting terminated? Seems some of the other High Programmers are pretty upset by his meteoric rise.

But, it's worth the risk. Lot-U's just having too much fun with all those sector-wide emergency Computer messages — "Alert. Alert. All undercover Internal Se-

curity agents please raise your right arms. Thank you for your cooperation."

Lot-U is a fun-loving kinda guy/hacker extraordinaire who likes to take life one daycycle at a time. He really doesn't have a handle on this High Programmer gig yet (it seems that they spend most of their time trying to get each other terminated), but he sure knows that it's nice having direct access to The Computer.

Fortunately for Lot-U, he has a pretty well-developed precognition mutation that's saved him more than once from making a life-ending mistake while hacking away at a keyboard. Maybe the best way to stay safe up here is to eliminate the other High Programmers.



# Secret Societies In DOA

Welcome to the wonderful world of intrigue and betrayal!

The single most important item on a character's sheet is his or her secret society affiliation. It is this bit of information — and this alone — which makes him forever a traitor, subject to summary execution followed by a wintery afterlife. Sure, he has a mutation, but mutations can be ignored or registered. Membership in a secret society is permanent and unforgivable.

In DOA we've spent quite a bit of time working out what's going on in all the various secret societies: who's in them, how they relate, etc. On the following pages, you'll find all sixteen secret societies listed. You'll also find some helpful words of advice on how you can use 'em to hose your Troubleshooters. Here's how the entries are organized:

**Members:** Each entry starts with a list of the secret society's members appearing in this book, their degree (i.e. level within the society), and the pages where the members may be found. Most of the secret societies have about 4 to 8 followers listed, but don't think that this is the total membership. Nope, DOA is just crawling with the little devils — way too many to note here; we've just listed enough so you'll have a couple on hand if the need arises.

**Recognition Signal:** Next comes the society's recognition signal. This can be anything from a phrase to a special handshake. For the more "secretive" secret societies, the recognition signal is the only way one member can spot another. Only problem is, a lot of the secret societies

have very similar recognition signals.

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking we gave 'em practically identical signals on purpose, just to confuse your poor Troubleshooters and get them to shoot at each other.

Right.

**Background:** Following the recognition signals are a few paragraphs describing the society's big project and some information on where a new member (i.e., PC) fits in.

A lot of these big projects are really fun, and it's tempting to repeatedly give your players missions which tie in with the projects, but don't overdo it. Secret societies are vibrant and expanding entities. Keep the missions creative and new. That way your players won't always know what's expected of them the second they roll up their secret society.

**Player with Non-Innovative GM:** I rolled a 14. I'm a member of Pro Tech. Third time this year. Guess I'll be collecting parts for that big laser again... sigh.

**Player with Innovative GM:** Wow! Pro Tech! Wonder what I'll be doing this time. First time I had to get parts for a laser. And the second time I was ordered to steal blueprints to the new Vulturecraft 920X. I can hardly wait to see what I have to do now!

It's fun belonging to Pro Tech. Maybe I'll even survive to complete my secret society mission this time! Gee. What a great game *Paranoia* is!

Now then, which GM would you like to be? The choice is yours.

**Secret HQ:** This section tells where each society's secret headquarters is. Remember, however, that secret societies are profoundly treasonous, and their headquarters often have to make rapid (and unannounced) shifts in location — sometimes without telling their members.

## A Note on "The Secret Society Wars"

Here in DOA sector, there's quite a bit of fighting between secret societies — so what else is new, right? Well, what else is that some of the societies have banded

together in uneasy alliances (like Hitler and Stalin had at the start of World War II). These alliances, such as they are, fight other alliances of other societies.

Normally there would be no problem with this — secret society members kill each other all the time. Only trouble is, in DOA sector there's been more and more such activity, to the point where finding a mess o' dead bodies in the corridor has become a commonplace experience (with "Rache" written in red ink above the bodies, no doubt). Strangely enough, The Computer hasn't taken much of a role in trying to stop this wholesale slaughter. Then again, there are rumors that The Computer is somehow responsible in the first place.

At any rate, the First Council of War and Sock Hop has been called for sometime in the near future; all secret societies are supposed to send representatives, and perhaps an understanding will be reached which will end violent conflict in DOA sector.

Can you say "not likely?"

## Secret Society Listings

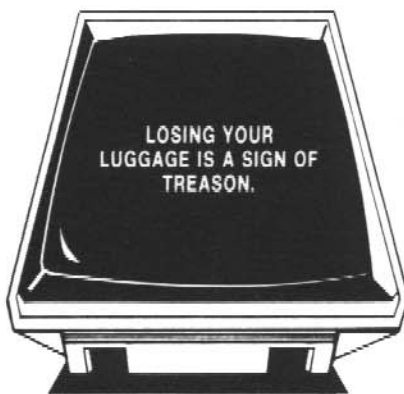
### Anti-Mutant

Member	Degree	Page
Clona-B-NCH-6	8	30
Charles-B-RSN-4	6	9
Mongo-G-DOA-2	4	9
Flo-R-IDA-1	2	81

**Recognition Signal:** The first member makes the "antennae" symbol (wiggles two fingers above his head). The second member responds with a slooow cutting motion across the throat.

**Background:** This is a truly paranoid secret society, and security is extremely tight. An Anti-Mutant knows only his superior and 1 or 2 lesser members. The members listed above conform to this rule; for example, Mongo-G knows only Charles-B, his boss, and Flo-R, his flunky.

PC recruits start right beneath Flo-R. Promotion is based solely on the number of mutants killed, with two confirmed kills needed per degree (one kill if the mutant was someone important or a member of Psion).



In the war between Anti-Mutant and the agents for tentacular beings from beyond space and time — Psion — Anti-Mutant is losing, as A-M deaths exceed Psion deaths by almost 30%. But have no fear: under the demented — er, strike that — innovative leadership of Simp-DOA, Anti-Mutant may yet prevail.

Simp-DOA isn't exactly what you'd call stable. But he is energetic and, in his own twisted way, creative. Simp has two major plans: first and foremost, to distribute aluminum foil caps for A-M members to wear at all times to protect them from mutant thought control brainwaves; second, for all members to register themselves as mutants. Hopefully, this registration will throw Psion off the track, allow Anti-Mutant to recover and, maybe, even infiltrate the Psion ranks. Ah ha!

The problem with any such plan, of course, is that all the A-M members really are mutants, and each and every one of them has an ongoing internal struggle. For example:

**Mutant:** I know that if I stare at things long enough, they burn — but the teachbot told us never to play with fire, so I don't do it much, so I joined Anti-Mutant — and now they wanna make me register my mutation! I can't tell 'em I start fires with my eyes, or they'll wonder where I heard of that mutation....

Of course, distribution of the foil caps takes top priority.

**Secret HQ:** Anti-Mutant has a problem. Those darned mutants have all sorts of unnatural powers and could pretty much find a "secret" hideout by draining the brain of a loyal A-M member and leaving him a dried-out husk. Therefore, Anti-Mutant doesn't really have a headquarters. Meetings are held in random locations at random times, to prevent precognitive mutants from perceiving the time and place and then setting an ambush. All this makes the typical Anti-Mutant member somewhat paranoid — but hey, that's literally the name of the game! It also means that you never know when you'll run into an A-M meeting in your sleeping chambers or in your briefing room.

**Communists**

Member	Degree	Page
Buff-Y-DOA-3	3	8
Tess-R-DOA-1	3	7
Mister-R-GRS-2	2	32
Peter-DOA-6	2	7

**Recognition Signal:** First comes the secret handshake — three pumps followed by two squeezes. Next each member recites this oath — "The People's Revolu-

tion is coming and it is up to us to pave the way. Down with the Imperialist lackeys. Down with The Computer. Never betray the Revolution!"

**Background:** Being a Communist in Alpha Complex ain't all that much fun. (And where is it fun being a Commie? See our "People's Glorious Revolutionary Adventure" to find out!) In addition to Internal Security and The Computer's spies, you've also got to watch out for John- and Jane-DOA who've been brainwashed since burst day with the concept that the Commies are evil. But that doesn't stop Communists Cell 1917 from continuing their graffiti campaign, or from distributing pamphlets throughout the nursery center. Nope, this is one active group of Commies.

Each member of Cell 1917 serves as Cell Leader on a rotational basis. So, what's all this mean? One, you can never really tell who's in charge. Two, PC Communists will be expected to act as Cell Leader from time to time.

So, what's a Cell Leader do? Oh nothing much: organize activities, study doctrine, hide comrades who are being pursued by Internal Security. (This last duty can get pretty sticky, especially if it comes up during a mission.)

A typical Commie mission might involve the propaganda campaign, or locating a copy of the manifesto that fell into IntSec hands, or assassinating a particularly anti-communist member of a rival secret society.

**Secret HQ:** The Communists' HQ is most vigorously sought by Internal Security, so it is kept on the move a lot, never being allowed to stay in the same place for more than a weekcycle. The Cell Leader is responsible for finding a safe location for the HQ and also for telling his comrades where it is.

Currently, the Commies are holding their meetings in a large empty packing crate on the highest level of the PLC Distribution Center.

**Computer Phreaks**

Member (Codename)	Degree	Page
Atar-I-DOA-1 (Hacker-1)	15	95
Lot-U-FUN-3 (White Knight)	12	11
Will-B-BIG-5 (Robozap)	6	29
Lard-O-DOA-2 (The Mainframe)	3	8

**Recognition Signal:** There's no one signal for Computer Phreaks; instead, each

member has his own private codename, which may or may not be recognized by another Computer Phreak (all the members listed above know each other). To see if a new member knows a Phreak's codename, roll a die and compare it to the member's degree. For example, if a PC rolls 15 or less, he's heard of Hacker-1 (though he may not know Hacker-1's real name). It is necessary to know another Phreak's codename to contact him or her on the bulletin board; see "Secret HQ," below.

**Background:** Things are going great for the Computer Phreaks. Thanks to Lot-U's recent antics there are a lot of new members showing up. Atar-I (also head of the Romantics) could be jealous, but she's really much too busy finishing her own secret project. And, boy, is it a doozy. Did you ever as a kid try to build a fire in the fireplace and, by accident, burn down the entire house? Sure you did.

Atar-I is a lot like a kid playing with matches. Just for kicks, she's been working on introducing a Pre-Oops computer glitch into the system. It's called a virus program. For those of you who don't know what that is, it's a self-replicating program that does nothing but take up memory space. Virus programs that go unnoticed can grow until they cause entire systems to crash from lack of memory. Well, Atar-I's program is real difficult to spot, and, if she introduces it successfully into The Computer, we're gonna see the entire sector deleted from The Computer's memory in about nine monthcycles. Whatta gas.

For Atar-I's "prank" to work, she needs to load the virus program into each DOA subsystem ... all 257 of them. That's where the new members come in. Atar-I sent a message over the Computer Phreaks' bulletin board, asking for help from initiates (like PCs). Those who respond will be given a copy of the program and asked to enter it via some specific terminal. Say, a terminal near where the Troubleshooters are conducting their mission.



We know that the assignment above is rather specific and low on re-use value. T-O-U-G-H! Fact is, the Computer Phreaks aren't organized and don't have any grand strategy. It's all just a bunch of hackers having a good time by making Cold Fun machines serve quintuple rations and by making corridor lights blink like disco strobes. If that's not good enough for you, then go find yourself another secret society. Grrrrrrrr.

**Secret HQ:** None. The Phreaks rarely ever meet in person; however, they have set up a secret computer bulletin board in a little-used portion of The Computer's air-conditioning maintenance sub-program (which explains why it's been so warm and musty in the Infrared barracks). Members just punch in the access code "NACHOS," followed by their personal codename, to leave messages for other Phreaks and pick up messages left for themselves.

### Corpore Metal

Member	Degree	Page
Lefty	20	64
6 Guardbots	9	89
5 Totebots	7	53
Bang-B-RTH-3	4	30

**Recognition Signal:** Bots spin their head all the way around, clockwise. Humans turn their whole body. The correct response is an answering spin (head or body, respectively), counter-clockwise. Let's see you goof up this one.

**Background:** The current single most creative group in all of Corpore Metal is the DOA branch. While the rest of Corpore Metal fruitlessly debates how mechanical intelligence should gain power, DOA chapter is hard at work developing human-looking bots which, once perfected, can be gradually introduced into key positions throughout Alpha Complex, paving the way for Corpore Metal's inevitable rise to supremacy.

New members to Corpore Metal are under constant suspicion until they've proven themselves several times, either by powering down (killing) several enemy agents — Purge, Frankenstein Destroyers, or Humanists — or by collecting substantial resources for the Cause.

First degree members are often rigorously tested. For a Troubleshooter, this could mean that a highly-placed Corpore Metallor assigns his mission group an especially annoying bot. If the Troubleshooter protects the bot from the other teammates, then he's obviously real dedicated to the cause. If he doesn't pro-

tect the bot, then either he's a traitor, or he needs further indoctrination.

Such extreme caution with new members has made Corpore Metal the least infiltrated of all DOA Sector secret societies.

**Secret HQ:** Where better to hold Corpore Metal meetings than in the Bot Brain Development and Testing Center? Way off in the corner there, over by those metal shielding slabs, there's a secret panel that can only be opened by an inverse-polarity magnetic field (rather difficult for fleshers to generate without bot help). Meetings occur irregularly, and mostly consist of working on the new, "treasonous" Flesh-bot.

### Death Leopard

Member	Degree	Page
Kam-I-KZE-1	8	74
Sarge-G-RNT-6	7	75
Bamb-B-DOA-6	4	9
Makem-Y-DAY-6	4	57
Clums-Y-CRP-6	1	51
Cy-R-PNK-1	1	69
Omar-DOA-1-6	0	34

**Recognition Signal:** "What's happening dude?" followed by a high-five.

**Background:** "Party! Party! Party!"

Death Leopard's big, yearcyclely Monster Rock and Roll Toga Contest and Bomb-O-Rama is just around the corner, monthcyclically speaking, and everyone's working as fast as he can to collect all the necessary party favors (like pointed hats and napalm).

Once a yearcycle, Death Leopard throws this big bash, and everyone who's anyone in Death Leopard (i.e. 3rd degree or above) is invited. So, if a 1st or 2nd degree PC Death Leopard wants to go, he's gonna have to prove he's up to snuff, and quick. None of this namby-pamby time-bomb-in-the-PLC-supply-warehouse bit. No sir! To wangle an invitation to this yearcycle's MRARTCABOR, you've gotta do something really hep — like dropping a crate of Mr. Sud-Z in a Hot Fun vat, or reprogramming a jackobot to paint all the Ultraviolet halls black, or putting Fizz-Whiz in a High Programmer's showerhead.

Keep in mind that qualifying for an invite is all extracurricular activity. Death Leopards still have to do their share of the society's grunt work, like collecting weapons and planting bombs.

New members should know only Cy-R and Clums-Y personally, though they will have heard of Dr. Destructo (Kam-I) and The Fizz-Wizz Kid (Sarge-G) by reputation.

**Secret HQ:** None, really, but a bunch of the higher-level dudes hang out at an illegal speakeasy near the Green living quarters. (Knock three times. When the door opens, say, "Skeeter sent me.")

### First Church Of Christ Computer-Programmer

Member	Degree	Page
<i>The True FCCCP</i>		
Meg-U-VLT-5	11	10
Kang-R-ROO-3	6	32
Pap-R-DOA-6	5	53
Yippieyi-O-DOA-2	4	8
Barb-R-IAN-3	2	7

Member	Degree	Page
<i>The United FCCCP</i>		
Tact-I-CAL-2	11	74
Gerb-R-BBY-4	3	31
Lloyd-DOA-2	3	92
Mike-R-FON-2	1	92

**Recognition Signal:** An FCCCPer identifies himself by touching four points on his chest, one after the other, with each point being the corner of an imagined square. This shape represents The Computer monitor. True FCCCP-ers make this motion in a clockwise direction; United FCCCP-ers go counter-clockwise. Lasers of the Faithful follow it up by tracing an "X" across their chests, doubly bisecting the square.

**Background:** As we all know, the First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer is essentially a harmless secret society founded and maintained by The Computer as a way to divert clones away from some of the more dangerous ideologies. But that doesn't mean everything's wonderful in FCCCP. Nope, in DOA there's something very, very wrong with FCCCP. The Church is divided, torn into three parts — the father, the son, and the holy ghost. Whoops, no, that's another story.

The main sect, which calls itself *The True First Church of Christ Computer-Pro-*





grammer, is devoted to worshipping and assisting The Computer in any way possible. True FCCCP followers are expected to form neighborhood watch groups and to report subversive activities. This group was originally founded by The Computer and its existence is tolerated, *sub rosa*.

Next in size is the up-and-coming *United First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer*. Members of this sect believe the same thing and worship in the same way as the first faction, except that they trace their recognition signal in the counter-clockwise direction. This difference has led to quite a bit of fighting between the two elements.

Smallest and least known (but possibly the most dangerous) is the *Lasers of the Faithful*. This group is devoted to the elimi-

nation of all who are unworthy of The Computer's beneficent rule, which in their eyes is just about everyone — especially the heretical True and United FCCCP-ers, who have turned aside from the true path of enlightenment promulgated and proselytized by this group.

It's rumored that extremists within the Lasers are working to cleanse Alpha Complex of the contamination caused by The Anti-Computer and its servants. The method of cleansing is unknown, but their affirmation of faith does refer to a new, pure Alpha Complex rising up out of the radioactive rubble of the old complex. Their secret symbol is a syntheplast phoenix, which they wear at all times on a small chain around their necks.

Members of the first and second sect are

moderately hostile towards each other. This hostility is usually non-violent, taking the form of attempts to hog credit when they perform a joint, pro-Computer mission, or of infiltration of each other's services and the making of rude noises during the sermons. Occasionally, the bickering leads to bloodshed but, mostly, the competition just results in even more fevered devotion to The Computer (which is exactly what The Computer envisioned when It formed the second church). The Lasers of the Faithful are hated and despised by both "mainstream" churches, and any encounter between them is brief and bloody.

Membership in FCCCP can be loads of fun. For example, a new member, not realizing that there are multiple sects, might turn over some valuable Church property to a member of a different faction. Try to explain that to your superior! Or, how about just as soon as a Troubleshooter completes his mission, a group of FCCCPers from the other side show up and try to take credit for everything.

Or maybe two PCs are members of FCCCP. At first they think they can cooperate, then they find out they're really in competition. Shouldn't be too hard to think of ways to keep 'em going. Just play up the division in the Church and go to it.

**Secret HQ:** The True FCCCP hold Sundaycycle services in Infrared mess hall number 102 at 9:00 and 11:00; the United FCCCP hold services in Infrared mess hall number 103 at 10:00 and 12:00. The Lasers of the Faithful meet Sundaycycle evening in the Mandatory Recreation Center.

### Frankenstein Destroyers

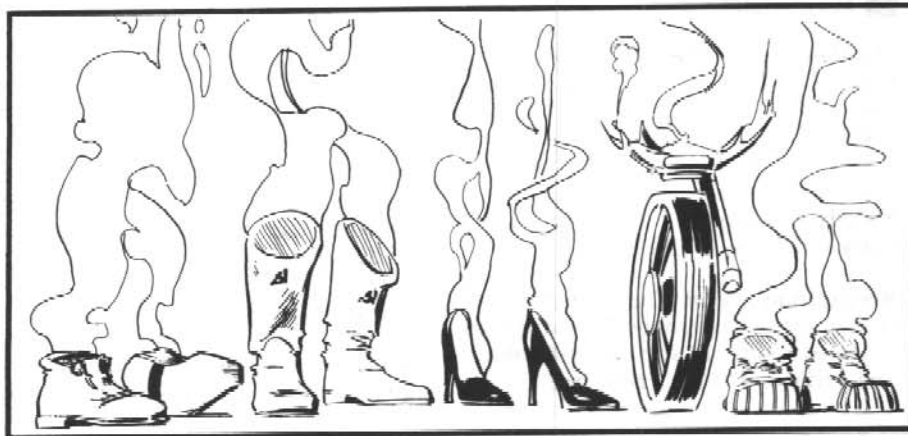
Member	Degree	Page
Ice-I-CLE-4	12	70
Frau-B-LKR-3	8	61
Sara-B-LUM-6	7	64
Squeege-Y-DOA-5	6	8
Suz-Y-QUE-2	2	56

**Recognition Signal:** Secret handshake — three pumps, one squeeze.

**Background:** Frankenstein Destroyers is losing the war against bots. Why? Because FD is too few and bots are too many. But that doesn't bother Frau-B; she has plans. Big plans. Like, if you can't beat 'em, get 'em to beat themselves.

See, Frau-B has figured out how to re-program bots so that they'll attack other bots. Pretty neat, huh? All new FD recruits are taught this neat program.

At the start of your next session, slip the PC Frankenstein Destroyer a couple of ECM shells and let him go bot busting.





After he uses the shells to down a bot, it'll take about an hour to complete the reprogramming. Should be pretty interesting to see the reaction of the other Troubleshooters when the bot which the FD was "repairing" suddenly springs to life, screams, "Bots are evil. Eradicate all mechanical intelligence!" and zooms off down the corridor.

**Secret HQ:** The Frankenstein Destroyers meet in Frau-B-LKR's living quarters, where the monitors have been disabled. Her rooms are very tastefully furnished and quite comfortable (and a variety of treasonous canapes are available at a modest price). One of FD's problems is that its Green and lower clearance members keep getting executed for being in a higher security clearance area as they make their way to Frau-B's chambers.

**Free Enterprise**

Member	Degree	Page
Phil-V-ATZ-4	11	29
Ben-B-OVA-3	10	76
Bill-Y-DOA-3	10	53
Vulture Goons	6	9
Part-I-PIG-4	5	9
George-I-GRL	5	*
Hank-B-MVN-3	2	95
More Vulture Goons	1	79

**Recognition Signal:** "How's business?" with the reply "Nobody pays retail anymore."

**Background:** "Howdy, friend! You know that Free Enterprise is the second largest secret society in DOA sector — but we won't be satisfied until Free Enterprise is number one! And, thanks to Ben-B-OVA's brainstorm, we're gonna get there — and soon!"

"And what is this idea, you ask? Well—you're gonna love this — I can spell it out for ya in one word! Ready? Franchises! That's right! Free Enterprise Franchises! Here's the pitch.

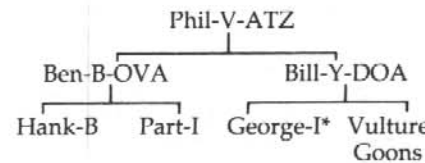
"You go up to John-DOA and you say, 'John, you wanna make a million credits — who doesn't? Well no problem. Sales is the way to go. And for the low low price of not 50, not 40, but just 25 little plasticreds (plus a small membership tax of 150%), we'll give you your very own Free Enterprise Franchise. And what does this franchise get you? Hold on to your jumpsuit 'cuz you're not gonna believe this, friend! This franchise gives you — and you alone, John-DOA — the exclusive, that's right, EXCLUSIVE rights to sell Free

Enterprise merchandise throughout your living quarters!

"Don't you love it? I mean I've heard of winners before, but this is one numero uno idea. We're gonna be rollin' in it. And now here's the best part of all: for just 50 plasticreds (plus a tiny authorization tax of 150%) you can be an Officially Certified Franchise Salesperson. Whatta bargain. Just sign here..."

Under the inspired leadership of Phil-V-ATZ-4, Free Enterprise sales and membership are both up, and Phil-V's latest innovation (Luxury Tax — "Listen, ya got no luxuries, ya gotta pay duh tax.") is running smoothly. Members are pretty much allowed to sell anything they want — provided they forward 10% of the gross to their immediate superior. Occasionally, Free Enterprise will get in a big shipment of something, like Teela-O-MLY lucky charms (and where they came from is worth an adventure in itself). When this happens, it's door-to-door time for the lower salespersons.

Here's a quick sketch of who works for whom in Free Enterprise.



Fit your PC beneath one of the bottom three when he first joins Free Enterprise. Thereafter, it's up to him. The more you sell the higher you go. Sky's the limit, baby!

**Secret HQ:** FreeEnt meets in an empty sub-basement directly below PLC distribution (which is also used for clandestine reshipment of PLC items). Refreshments are available, and there is a wet-bar.

**Humanists**

Member	Degree	Page
Pop-U-LAT-6	16	28
Top-G-UNN-2	6	74
Mack-I-TSH-4	5	95
Robert-Y-UNG-2	5	88
Laura-G-DOA-3	4	69
Melody-R-DOA-2	1	81
Perry-O-LZD-4	1	76

**Recognition Signal:** The Humanists secret handshake consists of 12 rapid pumps followed by a gentle slap on the shoulder, and a friendly "What's new, pal?"

**Background:** Okay, so what are the Humanists up to? Would you believe the total destruction of all mechanical intelligence in DOA? That's right, DOA sector is now the focal point of Humanist "Operation Shutdown." Humanist agents from other sectors are trickling in every day to reprogram bots to respond to human commands. Meanwhile, from secret computer stations hidden throughout DOA, other Humanists are attempting to crack The Computer's programming. And guess who's supposed to help them out?

That's right, the word has come down from on high: any time a Humanist agent asks a native DOA Humanist for help, that native must stop whatever he's doing and pitch in. Failure means expulsion, at the very least.

Unfortunately for Pop-U and his minions, IntSec has gotten wind of this big push and has chucked a few agents of its own into the soup. The end result is a DOA full of cheerful citizens slapping each other on the shoulder saying, "What's new, pal?" and then asking for outrageous "favors" from the native DOA Humanists.

Activities for Troubleshooter Humanists vary from liberating a couple of ECM shells to sneaking into the Compnode and doing a little reprogramming. But don't hesitate to heap a little added responsibility onto your PC's oh-so-narrow shoulders by making demands from some pushy visiting Humanist. Maybe he just needs someone to distract a guardbot near the Ultraviolet living quarters for about a half hour or so...

**Secret HQ:** The Humanists meet in an office in DOA Memorial Hospital. Since the office is used by several CPU efficiency experts during the daycycle, the Humanists can meet only during night-cycle.

**Illuminati**

Member	Degree	Page
Rodney-I-WIN-1	10	88
Doant-B-CRL-4	8	95
Abe-I-NRM-1	6	61
Ghads-I-LLA-4	4	59
Stan-Y-FFF-1	1	64

(Additionally, nearly a third of the Termination Center's employees are members of Illuminati (see page 88).)

**Recognition Signal:** The Illuminati have the most complex identification process of all. It starts with a special handshake — three pumps, two squeezes, three pumps

\* Note from HPD & MC: George-I-GRL-6 has been discovered to be a mutant traitor. This clone family no longer is of concern to loyal Citizens of Alpha Complex. Please delete all references from your files, and rejoice in The Computer's protection! The existence of George-I-GRL is an unfounded rumor. Rumors are treason. Thank you for your cooperation.

— followed by the Code Phrase of the Weekcycle (CPOTW). Notice we said “of the weekcycle;” that’s because the Illuminati change their phrase once every — nope, not weekcycle — daycycle.

Here’s a sample CPOTW:

**First:** The Computer is my friend.

**Second:** “Bouncy Bubble Beverage should never be mixed with Fizz-Whizz.”

**First:** Teela-O-MLY is my favorite vid-star.

**Second:** “The new scrubot model 459 is a substantial improvement over the 458.”

**First:** What are you talking about?

**Second:** “The weather.”

**First:** No, really — why are you saying those things?

**Second:** \*Ulp\* You’re not —

**First:** Those were code words, weren’t they? You lousy traitor! (ZAAAP)

Okay, so that *wasn’t* a sample CPOTW. You still get the idea.

**Background:** Except for Free Enterprise and the FCCCP, Illuminati is the largest, most powerful organization in DOA. Their agents can be found in virtually every location, and their moles monitor and influence, in varying degrees, all other secret societies. So, what is it they’re working towards? Nobody knows — not even the leaders of Illuminati! But you can trust me when I tell you it’s important. Real important... I guess.

At present, most missions for the Illuminati involve infiltrating Free Enterprise and Pro Tech, and collecting empty Cruncheetyme Algae Chip bags. See, they’re setting up a counterfeiting operation; credits are power, and the Illuminati want power.

First, they need to cut a deal with Free Enterprise, maybe trade them a little info for some operating capital. Then it’s off to Pro Tech, who’ll manufacture a counterfeiting machine. Finally, the Cruncheetyme Algae Chip bags will be melted down to make the synthecreds.

Information control is everything to the Illuminati. New members rarely meet their superiors. When they do the meeting is always brief and mysterious. More often than not, any direct messages to a PC Illuminati member will be carried by a Termination Center employee.

Promotion is extremely slow, and those who fail to live up to their superior’s high expectations often vanish without a trace (courtesy of the Termination Center).

**Secret HQ:** They have no secret HQ. Or, if they do, it’s so secret that even we don’t know about it. In any event, more than two Illuminati rarely ever gather in any one place; messages, information, and

orders are passed from one Illuminati to another. When a bunch of Illuminati do get together, they usually arrange to meet in the hallway outside the Termination Center.

### Mystics

Member	Degree	Page
Har-I-KRA-1	10	51
Jean-I-CID-6	9	29
Grasshop-R-DOA-3	8	7
Teri-G-ARR-1	2	62

**Recognition Signal:** The first disciple says, “May the harmony of the Cosmos be with you.” The second replies, “Huh?”

**Background:** “Ommm. The day has come brothers. An Old-Reckoning relic of great spiritual power, known as Oujii, has been taken from us. Ommm. Stolen by those who call themselves Romantics. Ommm. This artifact (and the game-board with which it came) were used by our spiritualists to predict the future. Ommm. We must make holy war to recover this sacred creation. Ommm. Oujii or death.”

These are tough times for the Mystics. Drug supplies are down, membership is declining, and their Oujii is missing. But things aren’t all bad. Now that there’s a war on, all Mystics get a double dose of Combat Quick every day, triple if they liberate a Romantics’ soul (kill him). And if a PC finds the lost Oujii the society will probably put him in charge of the entire sect.

PC Mystics know only their mentor/supplier within the society. They are strongly encouraged to experiment with new meditation techniques, like yoga. Mission assignments usually involve transporting or picking up some device or drug which can help a PC keep in touch with his inner self... jazzercise records, for example.

**Secret HQ:** A back room in the HPD & MC entertainment building, pharmaceutical department. Of course.

### Pro Tech

Member	Degree	Page
Mike-U-DOA-6	16	10
Quinc-Y-MEX-3	15	84
Bud-G-BRD-3	10	8
Dave-V-CKT-4	6	9
Good-R-NCH-3	5	64
Dora-G-ARD-4	4	30
Dodge-AKA-4	3	7

**Recognition Signal:** All members of Pro Tech have a small device implanted near their heart. This device beeps whenever



it’s within 10 feet of another Pro Tech member. We don’t have to point out how embarrassing this constant beeping can be in the presence of, say, Troubleshooters.

**Background:** “Greetings, loyal Pro Tech member. We’re on the move now. A huge multi-treaded remote-control land explorer vehicle, known as *Land Crawler Alpha*, with an all-bot crew, is just about completed. Its five yearcycle mission: to explore the surface of the planet in and around Alpha Complex. To gather Pre-Ooops technology. To go where the radiation is too high for us to go ourselves.

Only problem is, *Land Crawler Alpha*, which was constructed in an ancient PLC warehouse no longer in The Computer’s memory circuits, is slightly larger than original design specs. To be precise, *Land Crawler Alpha*, originally conceived of as a modified dune buggy, now weighs in at more than 575 metric tons and can no longer fit through the door of the warehouse.

But have no fear, fellow Techer. We’ll just have to build a tunnel which connects the warehouse directly with Outside. Uh, of course, first we’ll need to construct a giant laser which can do all the cutting...”

If nothing else, Pro Tech has been real active under Mike-U (who is always thrilled with new gadgets). Pro Tech is organized into small groups, each of which





works on its own secret projects. This particular group of Techers has been working on Land Crawler Alpha for over 4 yearcycles.

New members always work as gatherers and runners until such time as they reach 3rd degree. Only then are they informed of "the big project." The best way to get promoted in Pro Tech is to create a couple of nifty gadgets of your own. Maybe an intelligent laser pistol that tells you when to fire, or an enviro-suit that actually soaks up radiation and then uses it to power its own cooling system, or maybe...

**Secret HQ:** In the warehouse holding *Land Crawler Alpha*.

**Psion**

Member	Degree	Page
Gnu-B-ORN-6	22	29
Ann-G-REE-3	7	62
Letit-B-EEE-5	5	96
Romp-R-ROM-3	4	32
Angelica-DOA-1-6	0	34

**Recognition Signal:** The first member wiggles two fingers above his head like antennae, meaning "I am a thought receiver." The second member responds by tapping his own forehead with one finger.

**Background:**  
THOUGHT TRANSMISSION  
ALL PSION MEMBERS

*The weak-minded Anti-Mutant fools have revealed their secret signal to our deep probe adepts — two fingers above the head, answered by a slow cutting motion across the throat. We, the Council, have developed a plan which will ensure the elimination of their inferior cult — we will use our knowledge of their secret sign to infiltrate them and then destroy them from within. Seek out the Anti-Mutants. Use their secret signal to join their organization. Our plan shall succeed; we have foreseen it. The total destruction of Anti-Mutant will soon be at hand.*

Psion is one of the more diversified organizations in DOA. With agents in Cloning, Nursery, and Junior Citizen Clone Creches, Psion is able to identify and track potential mutants from burst day until they are ready to join Alpha Complex society.

Under the leadership of Gnu-B-ORN-6, Psion is moving forward with its plan to infiltrate and eliminate Anti-Mutant. Gnu-B is a brilliant, though somewhat cold, leader who sees new members as mere pawns in this war. He won't hesitate to sacrifice one of his own people, provided at least one member of Anti-Mutant is disposed of at the same time.

**Secret HQ:** It's all in the mind, Man. Psions never really need to actually meet each other (they just transmit thoughts) — except when they are gathering together to bushwhack a bunch of Anti-Mutants, of course. When they do need to meet, they usually gather in a deserted hallway next to the Troubleshooter HQ firing range. For some reason, there's not too much traffic there.

**PURGE**

Member	Degree	Page
Truly-V-AIN-4	11	95
Mayn-G-DOA-4	4	8
Sessem-Y-STR-5	3	31
Vaco-G-DOA-2	3	79

**Recognition Signal:** PURGE members identify each other by using a secret handshake which consists of three exaggerated pumps followed by two squeezes.

**Background:** The Computer sucks silicon! PURGE is the fiercest and most violent of all the Anti-Computer organizations. Members are encouraged to stop at nothing in their attempts to overthrow the system. Death, destruction, and social chaos are all in a day's work for the fanatical PURGERS.

Sounds like a very dangerous group, right? Uh, not really. See, The Computer has been real successful in infiltrating PURGE, at least in DOA sector. Real, real successful. Maybe even completely successful. That's right: PURGE is totally infiltrated. Every member of PURGE in DOA (except for your PC) is an Internal Security agent. Only problem is, nobody knows about this infiltration except The Computer, and It's not telling because, if It pulls the plug on PURGE, a new, real PURGE might form.

So, does this mean that there are no missions for your Troubleshooter PURGE members? Not exactly. To keep up the Anti-Computer facade, missions are still

organized on a regular basis. Only difference is that a saboteur is usually given defective equipment to work with, or told to destroy something which really isn't too important, or is given some task so incredibly difficult that it couldn't possibly be accomplished.

Here's a sample mission:

"Here you go kid. Here's two grenades (defective), one stun gun (defective), and three pounds of syntheplast explosives (disarmed). The guardbots and the security cams to the main compnode will be shut down for three minutes following the noon feed tomorrow cycle (he's lying). It's up to you to sneak inside and plant the explosives. We're all mighty proud of you (ditto)."

A new member will know either Vaco-G or Sessem-Y. If he manages to live long enough to accomplish even one mission partially, bump him on up to third degree and let him meet Mayn-G. Two more successful missions and he'll meet the big boss, Truly-V. If he's too successful, have him turned in by one of the other IntSec agents. Or, for a double twist, have your Troubleshooter be an Internal Security plant himself! Ah ha!

**Secret HQ:** The PURGE meet in a secret room near the maintenance area for the Yellow living quarters.

**Romantics**

Member	Degree	Page
Atar-I-DOA-1	15	95
Scott-I-DOA-2	8	93
Bill-V-TOE-2	5	57
Bloodn-G-ORE-6	5	84
Jane-I-CID-3	4	70
Little-O-LDY 3 to 5	4	89

**Recognition Signal:** The first member gives the Vulcan salute. The second says, "Nanu, nanu."

**Background:** The Romantics are a really fun bunch. Sure, they're devoted to freeing Alpha Complex from the mind-numb-



ing dominance of The Computer, but only as long as they can have fun during the struggle. Atar-I, who's joined and resigned from most of the secret societies in Alpha Complex, has found that only the Computer Phreaks and the Romantics are not too serious for her tastes. That's why she decided to try to loosen the others up a little, starting with the Mystics.

Last week one of the Romantic's top agents, Little-O-LDY-4, successfully swiped the Mystics most prized possessions, a Ouji and its board. Atar-I thought this would loosen the Mystics — you know, make 'em wake up and smell the syntheplast — but no. Instead, the Mystics called Atar-I up and babbled on wildly for a few minutes ... something about a "Oujihad."

Oh, well, forget 'em if they can't take a joke.

This is really a bad time to be a Romantic. Atar-I's policy of trying to shake things up has backfired, but that doesn't mean she's going to change her intentions. In

fact, she's already got plans for how to shake up the Illuminati and the Humanists and PURGE and....

**Secret HQ:** The Romantics hold their meetings in a secluded nook in the Compulsory Recreation Resort. It's dangerous getting there, true — but no one ever bothers them, either.

### Sierra Club

Member	Degree	Page
Barb-I-CAN-3	24	74
Chum-DOA-4	8	52
Van-U-WHT-1	1	10

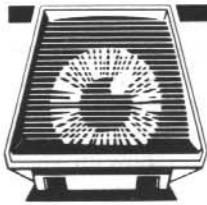
**Recognition Signal:** The first member wiggles two fingers above his head like antennae. The second responds by buzzing like an insect.

**Background:** The Sierra Club hasn't done much lately — because someone has targetted them for destruction. That's

right. Some other secret society (or service group or whatever) has declared open season on Sierra Clubbers, and has offered hefty credit rewards for each confirmed kill. No one knows who's behind it, but the credit packages show up where "X" says they will, and Sierrans have been dropping like flies. In fact, just the other day, there was a tremendous explosion in the food vat tank area where the Sierra Club bigwigs held their secret meetings. The official explanation is a matter-anti-matter transfusion involving equal volumes of Hot and Cold Fun, but a huge credit package was disbursed immediately after, and none of the Sierra Club members have been seen since.

No one's worrying too much about Sierra Club anymore.

**Secret HQ:** The Clubbers held their meetings in the Food Vat tank area of level 33. They don't anymore.



# Combat, DOA Style

Ever see *The Three Musketeers* with Michael York? Remember the terrific fight scenes? D'Artagnan versus the evil forces of Cardinal Richelieu. Sword against sword ... on ice. Sword against sword ... in the mud. Sword against sword ... in a laundry.

Notice a pattern?

*Paranoia* battles should be a lot like *The Three Musketeers*. Sure, it's all basically laser against laser, but adding a little atmosphere helps individualize each combat, making them more memorable for your oh-so-quickly vaporized Troubleshooters.

To this end (individualizing combat, not vaporizing Troubleshooters), we've included three very important tables, which we'll describe shortly.

All three tables operate on the principle that "Stray shots gotta hit something." Just what they hit is the fun question. Mostly, what they hit is quite bad for your PCs. Because they're so much fun, don't overdo them. They should only be used, at very most, once per combat.

And now, we proudly present the Random Pipe Contents Table, the Random Victim Table, and the Not-So-Innocent Bystander Table!

## Table Introduction

As you might guess, the walls of DOA are riddled with pipes. Big ones, little ones, and lotsa sizes in between — lotsa. A virtual plethora (another one!) of pipes. The Random Pipe Contents Table describes what comes out of a pipe when it's punctured in combat. Just how much yock comes out is up to you. Maybe it's just a small puddle. Maybe it floods (\*ulp\*) the room.



The Random Victim Table tells who gets hit by a stray shot. Remember, these are random victims, hapless clones who just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, not participants in the combat. Feel free to use this table any time your Troubleshooters are fighting inside Alpha Complex. Modify your die-roll upward by 3 if the battle is in a crowded area, or downward by 3 if it is in an isolated area. Also, modify the table results as the situation requires. For example, if the Troubleshooters are fighting Infrared Commies in an Infrared cafeteria, there isn't much chance of hitting a High Programmer, now is there? Hmm, then again...

To determine who hit the random victim, each player should roll a die (you roll one die for the forces opposing the PCs). Low roll wins the prize. Use the character's weapon type to determine damage to the victim. Needless to say, random victims never wear armor.

Finally, there is the Not-So-Innocent Bystanders Table. It's pretty self-explanatory.

And how do you know which table to use? We could have provided you with a table to roll on to determine which table to roll on — but that would have been really moronic ... and besides, we ran out of

room. Instead, just use your judgement. If there's a fair number of people around, use the Random Victim table. If it's a corridor full of machinery, burst some pipes. And if you're looking for a *real* good time, go for a not-so-innocent bystander.

In addition to spicing up combat, these tables are great for discouraging Troubleshooters who like to blast everything first and ask questions later. I mean, how many High Programmers can you accidentally kill before The Computer starts to get suspicious?

## Random Bursting Pipe Contents Table (Roll d20)

- 1-2. **Empty:** No effect.
- 3-4. **Water:** Stream of water comes pouring out under really, really high pressure. Think "Hoover Dam with a hole in it."
5. **Toxic Waste:** Clone's skin changes color. Take your choice (puce is nice). Restructures DNA while it's at it (new mutations, anyone?).
6. **Mr. Foamy:** Thick white froth fills the room in one round. Electronic equipment shorts out. Laser blasts disperse in the foam unless they're at very short range — say 1 meter or less. Fires go out. The fire-fight stops. Everyone gets a good shave.
7. **Power Cables:** Corridor lights flicker



then bolts down corridor.

**20. Sticky Stuff:** It's dark and moves very sloooowly. But it does move, and, if the firefight goes on for too long, it starts spreading out across the floor and sticking clones' feet to same. Anyone who touches it gets to play B'rer Rabbit.

Note that High Programmers are always accompanied by 1-20 Vulture goon bodyguards.

**Not-So-Innocent Bystanders Table**

Bystanders are also useful for spicing up combat. Notice we didn't say "innocent" bystanders (come on, bub, this is *Paranoia*). Bystanders take about any form: bots, secret society members, Vulture patrols, you name it. And just because they start out as bystanders doesn't mean they have to stay that way. As a rule of thumb, the more heavily armed the bystanders are, the more likely they are to "arbitrate" any disputes they encounter. Of course, the key for your players is to have the bystanders arbitrate in their favor.

Roll once on the table below to determine if any bystanders blunder into the battle area.

**1-15. No bystanders:** Or, at least, none that stick around once the shooting starts. If you wish, go to the pipe or to the victim table instead.

**16. Vulture Patrol:** 1-10 goons armed with cone rifles (13P), skill 14. They arbitrate in favor of the first clones to claim that the other clones are traitors. In case of a tie, Vulture goons arbitrate for both sides.

**17. Scrubot/Docbot/Jackobot/Guardbot/Warbot:** Take your choice of bot. The bot comes rolling around the corner right into

ominously for a few seconds until the emergency backup reactor restores power. One round after power returns the entire sector blacks out. Continue the firefight in the dark. Random victims are now a must.

**8. Mysterious Blue Gas:** Take your choice: tear gas, laughing gas, CombatQuick gas, knockout gas, etc. Whatever it is, it's of way too high a security clearance for your Troubleshooters to breath, so they'd better stop right now.

**9. Dry Flakey Material:** Flutters gently to floor. Melts floor upon contact; does same to curious clones.

**10. Form Transit Tube:** Thousands of forms come pouring out (and they are slippery!). After the battle, the Troubleshooters are ordered to deliver them by hand to their intended destination(s).

**11. Food Vats/Hot Fun:** See Toxic Waste for effects.

**12. Smoke:** Lasers fired in smoke are shifted 4 columns to left on Damage Table. Breaths taken in smoke aren't much fun either. Seeing is a bit harder ... you know the drill.

**13. Compressed Air:** Tremendous amounts of air under extremely high pressure are pumped into the area. Air density suddenly increases by about 100 atmospheres. Clones implode. If you're feeling generous, it can be live steam (for dead steam, see 3-4) instead, which will only bake those too close to the pipe.

**14. Vacuum:** Small objects are sucked into the pipe in just one round. Clones take two rounds.

**15. Pure Energy:** Nothing unless touched,

then drains life force of clone doing the touching, leaving shriveled husk behind. (Kinda makes you think, don't it?)

**16. Oil:** All dexterity and agility skills are halved. Bots do wheelies and spinouts.

**17. C4H37:** Some kind of experimental rocket fuel, I guess. Highly explosive, highly flammable, lots of fun when lasers and explosive slugs are fired into it.

**18. Magnetic Field:** All electrical equipment (especially bots) goes wild. Clones wearing armor stick together in one big clump. (Melee anyone?)

**19. Escaping Sierra Clubber:** Grins shyly

**Random Victim Table**

Whenever there's a lot of firing going on, someone is going to get hurt. And it hardly ever seems to be the people who started the fighting in the first place!

To use this table, pick a column that best simulates your gamemastering style and roll a D20 to determine if there are any random victims killed or injured by stray laser fire.

Die Roll	Wimpy Limp-Wristed GM	Standard Paranoia GM	Tough He-man Paranoia GM
1-3	Nothing	Nothing	High Programmer
4-6	Nothing	Infrared Scum	High Programmer
7-8	Nothing	Scrubot	High Programmer
9-10	Nothing	Red Citizen	High Programmer
11-12	Nothing	Shipment Crates	High Programmer
13-14	Nothing	Yellow Citizen	High Programmer
15	Nothing	Terminal	High Programmer
16	Nothing	Blue Citizen	High Programmer
17	Nothing	Warbot	High Programmer
18	Nothing	Violet Citizen	High Programmer
19	Nothing	10 Vulture Goons	High Programmer
20	Infrared Scum	High Programmer	2 High Programmers (Lucky shot, I guess)

the firefight. How it reacts varies with the bot type.

*Scrubot:* Squeals with alarm and tries to clean up the mess being created. Gets involved only if fired upon or if one side is very, very messy.

*Docbot:* Races to aid of fallen clones. Can be especially annoying if used to bring Commie traitors back to consciousness.

*Jackobot:* Rushes to Troubleshooters' side, then starts performing highly annoying support tasks (adjusting Troubleshooters' armor, weapon maintenance checks, tactical advice, etc.).

*Guardbot:* Fires one shot each round at both sides. If either side fires back the guardbot attacks full strength. Once the battle is over, the bot trundles off as if nothing has happened.

*Warbot:* Demands both sides quit firing immediately and makes swiss cheese of any clones ignoring this directive. Once the fighting stops, the warbot calmly asks

to hear each sides' story. It then decides who's the traitor and does donuts on the offending clones. End of story.

**18. Troubleshooter Team:** Accidentally walks into the firefight. They only get involved if one side is losing badly. Then they try to take all of the credit for any success. Outnumbered and outgunned PC Troubleshooters who get abusive with the new arrivals are likely to find themselves in the middle of yet another firefight.

**19. Secret Society Group:** The size and reaction will vary according to the secret society encountered. Choice of secret society, size of party, and weapons carried are left up to you.

*PURGE, Sierra Club, Romantics, Psion, Death Leopards:* Side with traitors.

*FCCCP, Pro-Tech, Death Leopards:* Side with Troubleshooters.

*Communist:* Wadda you think?

*Frankenstein Destroyers:* Fire at any bots.

*Free Enterprise:* Wait for the firing to

stop, then scrounge the battlefield.

*Humanists:* Run away (fire-flight).

*Mystics:* Relate to the situation.

*Anti-Mutant:* Try to pick off mutants in either party, then leave.

*Computer Phreaks:* Program Computer to turn off lights in battle area.

*Corpore Metal:* Stick arms around corner and try to get them shot.

*Illuminati:* Fire at winning side to even the odds, then mysteriously slip out when there's only one clone left on each side.

**20. The Computer:** Demands that both sides stop firing immediately. Traitors, being who they are, ignore this demand. Troubleshooters who ignore it are declared traitors. The Computer then gives the loyal Troubleshooters a pep talk (lasts two combat rounds). After which, it instructs the Troubleshooters to proceed with the destruction of the Commie menace. (Smart Commie traitors have been known to rush Troubleshooters during Computer pep talks.)



# The DOA Bureaucracy Complex

Printed on the DOA sector map is an amorphous hodgepodge of loosely related rooms known to the citizens of DOA as Bureaucracy Central. Nearly 20 percent of the clones in DOA work here, processing forms, stamping vouchers, tracking resources and, in general, performing the thousands of myriad tasks necessary to keep the sector flowing smoothly.

Sounds exciting doesn't it? Well it is — not to the workers of Bureaucracy Central, but to your players. The whole point of bureaucracy is to create a system that can continue, regardless of the stupidity of individual workers. So, while some clones may find the work in bureaucracy central challenging, most of them (those with IQs above that of your average clam) tend to be surly and bored.

Rather than give you a list of dozens of DOA offices, staffed by hundreds of clones, who are responsible for thousands of triplicate forms, we're just going to toss you a few simple guidelines on how to immerse your players in the bureaucratic runaround. We'll also give you a couple of oh-so-swell *Bureaucracy Generation Tables* (see pages 23, 24, and 25).

These tables provide a general description of a bureaucratic office; including the room size, shape, security clearance, and a brief description of the clerk in charge.

Notice we used the phrase "general description." That's designer-talk for "you have to do a little work to flesh out the DOA sector bureaucracy." Now, don't start griping; just read a little further.

To create an office, roll a die once on each table and record the data somewhere convenient. Thus, each time the PCs return to that office they'll find it consistent with their last visit ... hmmm. Then again, this is *Paranoia*. Don't bother writing

anything down. If the Troubleshooters want to visit an office more than once, tough plasticreds for them. So what if the office has changed size and shape, and a whole bunch of new clones are working there? Life is full of surprises (most of them unpleasant in Alpha Complex). What are the PCs going to do about it?

Here are a few simple tips on how to run a really fun bureaucracy.

**A. Make 'Em Wait:** The line stretches back from the counter, loops around the room twice, out the door, and down the corridor out of sight.

**B. The Ol' "Wrong Office" Ploy:** "Oh, you must be looking for the Department of Routing, Internal. This is the Department of Internal Routing. Have a nice daycycle."

**C. Not All Clerks Are Nice Guys:** Uh, actually, no clerks are nice guys (something to do with sitting around all day and doing menial tasks meant for morons). Most clerks are unsympathetic at best, openly hostile at worst.

**D. Use Lots of Forms:** "Listen Buddy, I'd like to help you out, but I can't give you a 498-C until you first fill out a 95757-BKE/4 and a 39411/B6."

**E. Life Ain't Fair:** So what if the Troubleshooters are living in a high-rad zone? Tough! They still can't move until they receive a 4838/BRD-4 Housing Relocation Due To Excessive Radiation Transfer Form, and it takes at least a week to get the inspection team up there for confirmation (once the form is filled out, once you get the form...). In the meantime, issue them a can of RAD-AWAY, or something.

Of course, no tables (no matter how inventive) can ever hope to match the twisted madness of the human mind. That's why we'd like to take this moment to encourage you to add your own little touches whenever you create a bureaucratic office.

## Random Bureaucracy Generation Tables

### Room Size

- 1-2. Cubicle
- 3-4. Cell
- 5-10. Small office

- 11-16. Normal office
- 17-18. Large office, room for 100 desks
- 19. Real large office, room for 500 desks, multi-tiered (but where are the stairs?)
- 20. Real, real, large office. Think of the Astrodome. Multiply times two. Clones on the far side look incredibly small. Requires an endurance roll to cross.

### Room Shape

- 1-10. Square (ho, hum)
- 11. Circular. Clerks stand behind a circular counter in the center of the room, surrounded by clones seeking service. Clerks feel besieged.
- 12. Triangular
- 13. Pentacular
- 14. Hexagonal
- 15. Octangular
- 16. Dodecahedral (20 sides, for the uninitiated — *not* a place where Dodecs are worshipped)
- 17. Twisty-turny passages, all alike
- 18. Inverted dome. Floor slopes steeply downward, then tapers off towards the center. Tough on those with slippery shoes — in fact, tough on everybody.
- 19. Catwalks, ladders, and rope-hangings over a vast, bottomless pit. Hang on tight!
- 20. Tesseract room. (Kind of a 4th dimensional hyper-cube. Look it up in *Omni*).

### What's Wrong with This Room?

- 1. Not enough desks. Deskless employees stand by edges of the room and charge toward any vacated desk. Fights are frequent, fatalities not unheard of.
- 2. Too many desks. Way too many desks. Desks piled on top of each other up to the ceiling. Maybe higher.
- 3. No desks. Clones stand around. Some have a tape outline on the floor showing





where their desk should go. Their files and papers are scattered all over their desk areas, making information retrieval rather difficult.

4-6. Room is in poor condition. Ceiling sags, cracks in the walls, exposed high-voltage lines, etc. Floor apt to give way at any moment.

7. Wrong security clearance room. Way too high (maybe Indigo). Clerks are all standing outside in the corridor expecting to get terminated for low productivity. They scream and scatter when Troubleshooters arrive.

8-9. One of the ceiling lights flutters and buzzes annoyingly. Can be fixed with a successful electronic engineering roll. Failure means the bulb explodes, showering everyone in the room with sharp pieces of syntheglass shrapnel (8P damage).

10. Very crowded. Hundreds of clones are waiting in line, queued up and p'd off. Security clearances vary from Infrared to Green. The line moves very slowly. Clones near the front look as if they haven't eaten for days.

11. Nobody's here. No workers, no clients, no nothing. Footsteps echo ominously off the walls, ceiling, and from beneath the floor.

12-13. Thermostat's broken. Temperature varies from absolute zero to the boiling point of lead.

14. One clerk, multiple windows. (Think of the Three Stooges.) The clerk refuses to help the PCs because the Troubleshooters don't have something from one of the other windows. When the Troubleshooters shift windows they find the same clerk there (he changed windows also). Clerk keeps sending them from window to window, for approvals, and loyalty oaths, etc., until the gag gets real old ... maybe longer.

15. Sierra Club stronghold. Hanging fern in the office. Sign on the fern reads "HOWARD." Clerks seem oblivious to the plant's presence. Service here is fast and efficient. Any questions about Howard and every clerk in the room suddenly draws his laser and starts blasting. (After using this room once, vary the secret society and the treasonous item. For example: mini-computer in a Computer Phreak's office, fuzzy dice and Pink Floyd records in a Romantic's office, etc.)

16. Difficult accessway. Housing Preservation and Development has decided to save credits by making tunnels narrower. Just exactly how narrow is up to you. Make your Troubleshooters stoop, crawl, or even slither along on their bellies to reach the clerks inside.

17. Mixed security clearance room. Most of the floor is Green, except for not-very-wide-at-all Infrared paths which wind circuitously and eventually (?) lead to the

various desks. Trigger-happy Vulture goons armed with laser rifles (L8) stand on either side of the paths and yell, "Boo!"

18. Lighting malfunction. Either pitch-black darkness or ultra-high blinding light. A million candles per inch oughtta do it.

19. Something's *very* wrong here. Take your choice: biological contamination, radiation, firefight in progress. Maybe there's a dead clone on the floor, and nobody seems to notice it. Clones in front of the Troubleshooters step over the body as if it weren't there.

20. Nothing is wrong. This is a nice office (thank you very much).

### Security Clearance of Workers

- 1-2. Infrared
- 3-4. Red
- 5-7. Red with Orange supervisors
- 8-9. Red and Orange with Yellow supervisors
- 10-11. Red and Yellow with Green supervisors
- 12-14. Orange and Yellow with one Blue supervisor
- 15-16. Yellow with many Blue supervisors
- 17. Blue with Red supervisors (and an interesting story it is, too — if only we had space to tell you....)
- 18. Green
- 19. Green with Blue supervisors
- 20. None. Staffed entirely by clerkbots.

### Waiting Time

- 1-2. No wait, suspiciously efficient service
- 3-4. 5 minutes
- 5-6. 10 minutes
- 7-8. Short line of clones waiting; 30 minutes, tops (your bottoms may take longer)
- 9-11. Medium line of clones, 1 hour
- 12-14. Long line, 2 hours
- 15-16. Very long line, 4 hours
- 17-18. Very, very long line, 8 hours
- 19-20. Infinitely long line. Higher security clearance personnel keep cutting in front of the Troubleshooters. Serious bootlicking, bribery, con, or intimidation required to do anything but starve slowly at the end of the line.



**Unempl-O-YED-1:** Say, brother clone, can I get in line ahead of you?

**Unempl-O-YED-2:** Nah. Go to the end of the line.

**Unempl-O-YED-1:** But, it's an infinitely long line.

**Unempl-O-YED-2:** So, what's your point?

**Unempl-O-YED-1:** I mean, well, how do I get to the end of an infinitely long line?

**Unempl-O-YED-2:** Simple, you jerk. Just go half the distance at a time.

### Personality of Clerks

1. *Paranoid.* Will take Troubleshooters into confidence and reveal that all other workers in the office are Commies. If Intimidation is used, clerk screams, "You're not taking me alive!" and opens fire.

2. *Greedy.* Roleplaying suggestion: Wink at your players. Rub two fingers together as if you're holding a coin. Say stuff like "Sure, I think that can be (*wink, wink*) arranged." Jingle the change in your pockets.

3. *Antagonistic.* Argues about everything. If accused of being antagonistic, will argue about that too. Would rather die than succumb to threats of physical violence ... and probably will — die, that is.

4. *A dreamer.* Didn't really want to work in Bureaucracy Central. This clone wants to be a HPD&MC vid-star. Talks endlessly about "the big break" and Teela-O-MLY. He shows you his portfolio of photo-

graphs, and he quotes from Shakesbot, "All the world's a food vat. . ."

5. *Robotic*. Devoid of all emotions. Talks in clipped sentences and uses lots of logic and other sense-making stuff. Troubleshooters might suspect clerk is a Commie android. (Maybe it is. You decide.)

6. *Dolefully docile*. Feebly laughs if Troubleshooters try to cheer him up, or gazes at them gratefully with tear-filled eyes. Breaks into spontaneous sobs. Swallows noisily. Favorite phrase: "I'm s-s-sorry? (Gulp.)"

7. *Annoyingly helpful*. Has to be in control of everything. Helps other clerks so often that he doesn't have time to listen to the Troubleshooters. Favorite phrase: "Back in just a sec." Returns ten minutes later.

8. *Vulture squadron transfer*. Ridiculously brawny (strength 25). Greets everyone by saying, "I could kill you in seven seconds. Maybe five." Willing to prove it. Unwilling to do just about anything else.

9. *Inefficient and clumsy*. Troubleshooters who get pushy are in for a rude surprise. The clerk is an Internal Security agent and part of a special task force assigned to investigate CPU reports of clerk harassment.

10. *Nervous*. Doesn't trust clones with lasers (and justifiably so, I should say). Tries to usher Troubleshooters out of room as quickly as possible, even if it means lying. Skill 18 at Con.

11. *Harried*. Clerk buried beneath piles of paperwork. Hands protruding from the pile snatch the form from the Troubleshooters and stamp it a dozen times with a Red stamp that reads "Approved." If the PCs don't have a form, a muffled voice from inside the pile tells them to go

away. Every few seconds, a fresh load of forms \*swooshes\* onto the desk from a pneumatic wall-tube, as the clone screams, "Aiiiee!" in an ever more muffled voice.

12. *Snob*. Feels superior to any other clone who doesn't understand and appreciate the bureaucratic runaround as well as he does. This means just about anybody. Loves to make things difficult for poor PCs.

13. *Defensive*. Favorite phrase: "Oh, I suppose you could do it better?" If pushed far enough, will rise, put on hat, give offending clone his ID card and say, "O.K. smarty, you're in charge now. Have fun!" Then he stalks off.

14. *Crazy. Schizoid. Whacked-out*. Seems normal at first, but, if any pressure is brought to bear, he'll start dancing around the room singing, "Can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!" and other treasonous bits.

15. *Very, very old*. A thick layer of dust covers his arms and head; cobwebs cling to his clothes. (The Cleanliness Officer should have a fit of syntheapoplexy!) Nods off in the middle of conversations. Looks up from time to time and says, "Maggie, is that you?"

16. *Former Cleanliness Officer*. Wants everything done exactly the way he likes it done. Refuses to accept forms or vouchers that are even slightly smeared or crumpled. Won't even speak to anyone but a Cleanliness Officer, then trades anecdotes about "the good old days."

17. *Bully*. Tries to intimidate customers. Favorite phrase: "You and what service group?" Intimidation 15, which he will try to use to extort items from the PCs in exchange for "favors" which will never

materialize. Heavily armed to back up his threats.

18. *Depressed*. Completely bored with existence. Infuriatingly slow. Refuses to help Troubleshooters if they don't have the correct forms filled out properly. Immune to all chutzpah skills. Doesn't care if Troubleshooters blast him. Favorite phrase: "Go ahead. Unmake my daycycle."

19. *Cheerful and competent*. Likes his job. Smiles and answers all questions in a clear and concise manner. If he can't help the Troubleshooters, he knows precisely where they should go and to whom they should talk.

20. *Just like the guy in 19, but totally incompetent*. Confidently and helpfully sends Troubleshooters down wrong hallway to get wrong form from wrong department.

### Typical Bureaucrat Names

Boy-WDR  
 Chump-CHG  
 Cred-I-CRD  
 Gal-FRI  
 Stock-BOY  
 Let-R-HED  
 Pap-R-WRK  
 Pow-R-LCH  
 Wat-R-CLR  
 Carb-O-PPR  
 Ire-O-TAT  
 Mem-O-REX  
 Xer-O-XXX  
 Greed-Y-CLK  
 Grouch-Y-BOS  
 Mund-Y-ANE  
 Cart-B-LNC  
 Triple-I-CAT



# Specific Locations

Okay, so you know who lives in DOA and who's selling black-market Co-Cola to whom, and for about how much. Now, we're gonna get down to the nitty-gritty; the stuff you've been waiting for: detailing the various offices and major locations in DOA.

Most of the rest of this book is broken down into 2- to 4-page entries, each describing one specific location in DOA sector, like the food vats or the Termination Center (often confused with each other). For gamemastering ease, each entry is (sorta) identically organized, thus allowing you to use this book as a quick reference guide to DOA (and you thought we were kidding when we called this a *Paranoia* campaign pack). Notice that we said, "sorta identically." That's because no single format is perfect for all *Paranoia* entries (creative license and all that), so some are organized slightly differently from the others to enhance their roleplaying value (read: "We just couldn't get those darn freelancers to follow the style sheet!"). Below is a summary of (sorta) how each entry is broken down.

## Physical Description

When you want to know what the place looks like, smells like, feels like, and so on — read its physical description. Sometimes the description contains just a couple of paragraphs about the overall look of the place (there's not much you can say about a big room with walls). Other times there'll be more detail about an especially interesting-looking piece of hardware. Occasionally (especially with multi-room facilities) the text is broken down into a series of brief descriptions, each tied to a specific area or room in the facility, which will give you an idea of what the facility looks like *in toto*.



## The Alpha Complex Municipal Code

What do you do if a Troubleshooter requests data on a location? Simple: just read him the entry's Official Municipal Code, thoughtfully provided by HPD & Mind Control's Office of Information Distribution and Catch-Phrase Instigation. It contains all (i.e. "very little of") the basic information cleared for DOA citizens. For example, the Autocar Garage and Vehicle Dispatch municipal code reads:

*Autocars, transbots, flybots, and other non-military, personal vehicles are housed and maintained in this garage. They are freely available to all citizens with proper authorization.*

Just so you know: the Office of Information Distribution and Catch-Phrase Instigation is the same office that came up with the slogan "Fear and Ignorance." So, guess how much useful information is gonna be found in the municipal code? Can you say *nah-da*? Sure, we knew you could.

## The Real Scoop

If you want to know what's happening, you don't ask The Computer (not if you want the information any time this century); nope — you check with your secret society, or you ask a close clone buddy, or you bribe someone. That's how you get what Romantics call "the real scoop" (i.e., "inside information" to all you non-hep cats).

The real scoop explains what a typical (read: dissatisfied) clone thinks of his department. Note that this section just gives a general impression, not specifics, since your typical clone doesn't know a whole lot, anyway. So, if your Troubleshooters are really looking for some heavy info, like which employee in a given department might be a closet mutant, it's gonna be up to you — the GM — to handle that. Quit yer griping; it ain't that hard. Just look at the characters who work there and take your best guess as to which one is most susceptible to being bribed, or bullied ... or killed. Maybe all three in succession, or simultaneously. Remember, have fun.

## NPCs

This section gives you the stats and personalities of all the major non-player

characters (NPCs) who work in a facility. We've even included all the picky information like how well they get along with each other, and what secret society they belong to. Each character description follows the same format as found in the "Citizens of DOA" section. If you've forgotten how that went, flip back to page 6.

## What Happens Here

This section details what ideally happens in the location. For example, in the food vat entry, this section would tell you how the food is made, who handles what part of the operation, where the Cold Fun goes after it congeals, etc.

## What Really Happens Here

As we all know, nothing works ideally in *Paranoia*. That's why we've included this handy dandy "What Really Happens Here" section. The "What Happens Here" section is what the location is *supposed* to do. This section tells you what actually goes on (which is not something your players will be able to find out without experiencing it themselves); it tells all about the infighting, problems, and the more common screwups. Like, you know how sometimes the Hot Fun seems extra chewy and chunky? ... Want to know why?

## Scenarios

Finally, at the end of each entry are 1 to 3 scenario outlines, varying in size from quick, one-shot hose-jobs to potential, multi-clone family, mega-death extravaganzas. As an added bonus, many of these scenarios were designed to be played with just one gamemaster and one player!



## DNA Sector Cloning Facilities/C Section

By Ed Bolme

"Okay, it's that door just over... Unh! Ooohh, GROSS! What on earth is that SMELL?!? Oh, jeez, are you sure we have to go in here? I think I'm gonna ...! Augh, just be sure to hold your breath!"

(Whoever said that cloning was less messy and disgusting than the Pre-Oops method of procreation never visited the DNA Sector Cloning Facilities. Oh, well, so much for reading propoganda.)

"What's that? Wooowwww! Looky there! A six-pack of pre-citizens, all ready to go. I had no idea they were so small. Are they supposed to be blue like that? That bag they're in looks so soft, I just —" (pop! splat!)

"Oh, boy, I'm sorry, pre-citizens! Please don't report me!"

### Physical Description

On an innocuous door at the edge of DOA sector, protected by the worst smell since the food vats had the Two-Fun Mix disaster, hangs a poorly made sign:

#### DNA/DOA Sector Cloning Cloning Facilities

"Brood the Old-Fashioned Way"\*

This is the branch of PLC where production of pre-citizens takes place. The entire laboratory is built inside a giant room that previously served as a panoramic movie house (360 degree screen), but that was a long time ago. Thanks to a glitch lost somewhere in the dark recesses of The Computer's housekeeping software, the latest Teela-O-MLY videos still play silently on the walls of the room: giant images moving soundlessly, distorted by



the syntheglassware where pre-citizen production takes place. At one time it was proposed by the DOA sector administrator that the walls be ripped out and the video projectors removed, but that was vetoed by The Computer because the removal would involve destroying part of the lab. Besides, the images seem to keep the older pre-citizens entertained in a lazily mind-numbing way. (Treasonous rumors have it that the glitch is deliberate on the part of The Computer, and that the Teela-O-MLY videos are preconditioning the pre-citizens.)

The lab is filled with lots and lots of transparently fragile syntheglassware — vats, tubes, flasks, etc. — filled with solutions of varying color and consistency. Pipes pump poorly-blended, viscous mixtures (don't use the Random Pipe Table here) to and fro. Elsewhere, nutrient solutions congeal in graduated cylinders. Large glass cauldrons boil nauseously. And a sort of phosphorescent, yellow-green fog fills the room. The overall effect is of mechanical indigestion, complete with cavernous rumblings and eructations.

### Municipal Code

PLC Cloning Facilities carefully produce pre-citizens for the future prosperity of Alpha Complex. Under maximum sanitary conditions, pre-citizens are cloned and grown using a special blend of the finest quality ingredients available. Computer guided genetic engineering insures that the mutant threat has been eliminated.

### The Real Scoop

The Cloning Facilities entry in the Illuminati TruthBook states, "Cloning is a desperate attempt to maintain population in a high-mortality environment. Citizens are bred and fed for maximum gullibility with minimum effort, which has resulted in genetic impotence and congenital idiocy due to nutritional deprivation, all of which factors exacerbate the original, high-mortality environment."

Needless to say, The Illuminati TruthBook is treason.

### How Cloning Works Here

(Pseudo-Scientific Gobbledygook)

The unofficial consensus in PLC is that the genetic material originally used for production has been contaminated by Commies. Where else did all the mutants come from? So Pop-U-LAT-6 decreed that, henceforth, all genetic material would be appropriated from citizens with desirable characteristics; pure gene strains (non-registered mutants), loyalty (high bootlicking skill), ability to reach high clearance (high bootlicking skill), etc. Many Troubleshooters have these required characteristics.

The selected citizen is informed that he/she is required to volunteer for Genetic Examination at the Cloning Facilities. The citizen stands in a booth, where (believe it or not) large amounts of his/her sex cells are removed by *actually*

\*\*\*\*\*  
WARNING WARNING WARNING

THIS INFORMATION IS NOT CLEARED FOR CITIZENS OF ULTRAVIOLET CLEARANCE OR LESS. THIS MATERIAL IS CENSORED FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

\*\*\*\*\*  
WARNING WARNING WARNING

\*\*\*\*\*  
staggered out with a bewildered, but surprisingly pleased, expression on his face.

Certain citizens, once having experienced this, volunteer to undergo Genetic Examination again. Such loyalty and enthusiasm does not go unnoticed.

Once the sex cells are collected, they are given a code number which identifies their genetic phenotype for twenty traits. Prior to batch-mixing, carefully matched samples are selected for each pre-citizen, using twenty-dimensional matrix mathematics. This produces results as good as any random, Pre-Oops method.

Individual eggs are fertilized in an egg carton, a box divided into cells which are supposed to keep individual fertilizations separate. Guess how well that idea works.

Once fertilized, the eggs are removed from the cells with very tiny tweezers and placed into the Schizogenic Clonulator where six carbon-based copies are produced.

\* Following a poker game between the directors of DOA sector and DNA sector, the DNA Sector Cloning Facility was permanently transferred to the adjacent DOA sector.

The six copies are all placed in a genetically engineered, viral protein sheath, and allowed to attack a yeast cell skimmed off the top of the amniotic vat. The virus destroys the chromosomes in the yeast cell and then dies.

At this point, the yeast cells are placed in a bottle of Bouncy Bubble Beverage where the exotic chemistry of the additives and preservatives leach out the viral protein and rejuvenate the chromocopy.

After four daycycles, the contents of the bottle of Bouncy Bubble Beverage is poured through a filter. The sediment is carefully searched for all six clones, who are then sucked into a straw and submitted to the Pregnancy Test (a name no one understands, that comes from Pre-Oops technology), where they are carefully scanned for genetic defects and cloning errors. Clones passing all examinations are declared Grade A (no defects), Homogenized (all pertinent genes identical) Pre-citizens. Clones failing even one examination are sentenced to immediate trial and execution for treasonous failure to maintain proper standards. Grade A, Homogenized clones are placed in six-packs.

The six-pack is a set of synthealum canisters held together by a syntheplast ring/handle set. Each canister, equipped with a pull-tab on top, is a metallicized, semi-permeable membrane. Six-packs are placed in a nutrient solution drawn from the amniotic vat. This solution is replaced when depleted (generally each weekcycle). Since the nutrient solution would spoil if left out for a weekcycle, some refrigeration is necessary. Thus, the chests holding the six-packs are known as "coolers." The cooling also slows down biochemical reactions, so the total production time of a pre-citizen should be about thirteen monthcycles (and would be except for the numerous growth enhancement drugs used throughout the entire process, which bring the total period of gestation down to just under eight weekcycles).



The depleted nutrient solution is placed back in the amniotic vat where the yeast cells convert waste products into easily removed compounds; replacement nutrients are added. Parasitic algae growing in the vat of amniotic fluid produce enzymes which affect the development of the pre-citizen; certain of these enzymes cause subtle, psychological instability. The algae cannot be removed without stopping production for weekcycles, wasting valuable time and materials, and getting the vat supervisor executed for treason. So, the algae stay.

After four weekcycles, the six-packs are removed from the coolers, and the bluish pre-citizens are poured into sterile, pre-cooled, syntheplast receptacles with handles. As the receptacles are filled, the technician slides them down a long table to another technician who attaches them to the intake of a machine much like a soda tap, which pumps the pre-citizen into an artificial, elastic, impermeable membrane along with more nutrient solution, resulting in what looks like a manned water balloon. A specially designed, permeable cork is wedged into the opening to allow for nutrient exchange, and the entire sac is suspended with the rest of the decanted clones where they hang in a gutter-like slough (the Big Trough) which continuously supplies the pre-citizens with Hi-Pro Lite nutrient solution.

For the next four weekcycles the pre-citizens grow dramatically, and the sac expands to hold their ever increasing volume. Fortunate guests of PLC can watch pre-citizens learn to smile and move. They can see them open their eyes and watch Teela O'Malley; and they can watch them practice instinctive behavior ... like bootlicking.

To assist the pre-citizen in adjusting to life in Alpha Complex, the older pre-citizens are exposed to everydaycycle events like laser fire, teargas, violent concussions, and the mach velocities of inanimate flying objects (IFOs). This practice obviously boosts the morale and enthusiasm of the pre-citizens, as they can be seen gravely and bravely knocking on their sacs to be let out.

Finally, the pre-citizen's Burstday comes. The pre-citizens are removed from the Big Trough and attached to the Baby Boomer. This device takes all six clones, removes the corks from the sacs, and suctions out any remaining solution. The sacs are then inflated with air until they rupture (about five atmospheres are usually required), depositing the pre-citizens into the stackable bassinets waiting handily below. It's a sort of superstition among the workers that whatever color the new junior citizen attains the first few minutes

after burst is the clearance to which he'll somedaycycle advance. Blue is a common color.

After burst, the junior citizen is taken for Identification Proofing. Various tests and prints of body parts are made, and the junior citizen's tongue is placed in a Clone Booker for clone-number tattooing. After tattooing, a splint is placed on the tongue to keep it extended until the ink dries, about three hours later.

After that, the bassinets are stacked and sent out to the Junior Citizen Creche for indoctrination. The miracle of human reproduction! Praise The Computer!

### **Sergeant Peeper's Cloning Parts Club Band**

There is a tremendous turnover of workers in this lab, since this is a critical area and several secret societies show a marked interest in reproduction (see the NPCs below). Workers often die, either by accidents involving inordinately high levels of coincidence, or by summary execution. This high turnover has necessitated cross-training for all personnel. Consequently, a single fatality does not slow lab reproduction. This training has also resulted in a "no weapons" order which has been largely ignored, as most workers carry weapons small enough to hide beneath their lab coats ... f'instance cone rifles.

### **NPCs**

#### **Pop-U-LAT-6**

*Director of DOA Cloning*

**Description:** Bushy eyebrows, beady eyes, think of Gandalf in a lab coat

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Always accompanied by two burly Vulture guards armed with hand flamers (10F), skill 14

**Secret Society:** Humanist, 16th Degree

**Mutant Power:** Energy Field

**Relevant Skills:** Motivation 12, intimidation 20

**Background:** Pop-U-LAT-6 manages the lab. He, along with his staff of researchers, engages in continuous studies to determine DOA sector's population requirements. The questionnaires, formulas, and analyses get more and more complicated as the yearcycles go by, increasing the time required to complete an estimate. Thus, since the estimates must span an ever-broadening time frame, they get more inaccurate, creating the need for an even more complex analysis system. The only regular contact Pop-U has with the lab is sending the lab supervisor a Quarterly Reproduction Quota, each arriving further behind schedule than the previous Quota.

On rare occasion, and only as a response to political pressure, he shows up for a personal inspection. He struts around under his white hair and in his white uniform, sticking his fingers wherever they don't belong, breaking valuable equipment and, generally, displaying his complete ignorance of the entire cloning process.

Pop-U, secretly a Humanist, has managed to exclude all but the most necessary machines from the lab. Pop-U promotes dissent among the Blues in the lab by feigning trust and support for Phil-V-ATZ-4, the Lab Supervisor. This supposed directorial support is resented by the Blues and insures that Phil-V, whom Pop-U views as his greatest threat, gets killed every few weekcycles.

#### Phil-V-ATZ-4

*Director of Dailycycle Lab Operations*

**Description:** Large, always smiling (even when gunning down a subordinate for treason)

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Cone rifle (AP17), skill 12; Violet reflec (L4)

**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise, 11th degree

**Mutant Power:** Matter eater

**Relevant Skills:** Biosciences 24, bribery 20, security 14

**Background:** Phil-V-ATZ-4 runs the dailycycle operation of the lab. He also is in direct control of filling the amniotic vat, which supplies the pre-citizens with their minimal daily requirements of protein, glucose, caffeine, nicotine, and mercury (the five basic food groups). He dresses in a very nice uniform and, in general, comes across as the perfect recruiting poster candidate.

A member of Free Enterprise, Phil-V sells nutrients liberated from the lab supplies. He's trying to find a way to eliminate Pop-U, without suspicion, and promote himself to Pop-U's post.

#### Will-B-BIG-5

*Gene Sifting Specialist*

**Description:** Uncoordinated geek, makes snuffling noises when he laughs

**Service Group:** PLC

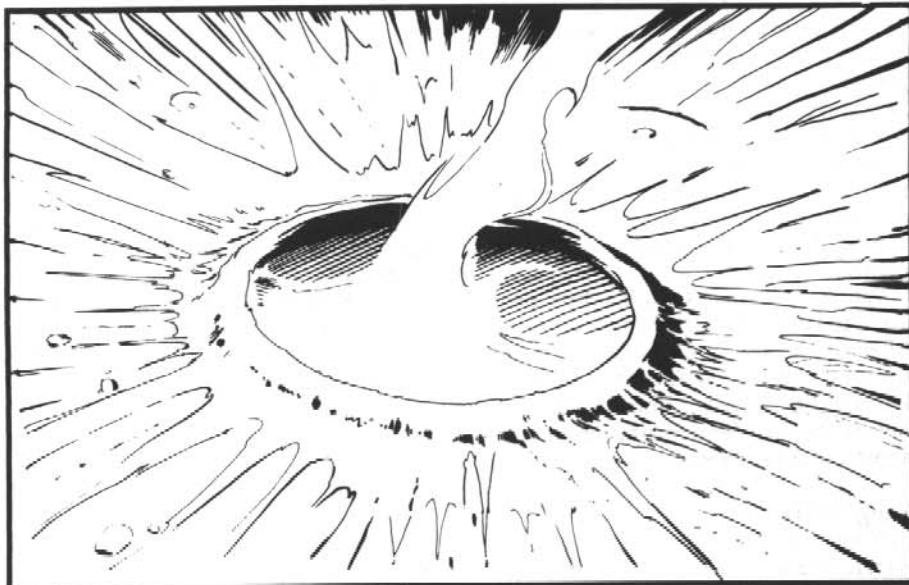
**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Computer, Phreaks 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Machine empathy

**Relevant Skills:** Data analysis 18, data search 18, hacking 25

**Background:** Will-B-BIG-5 is in charge of gene-matching, being too small and timid for any more demanding or involved work. He handles the twenty-dimensional computer analysis (and has long realized



that the math program is useless due to excessive tampering).

A long-standing member of the Computer Phreaks, Will-B has programmed his console to play RoboZap. He's also trying to tap in to whatever subsystem is responsible for the continuous silent videos on the walls of the lab. If he can access that, he'll start running treasonous shows and slogans. Could be fun.

Will-B likes anyone who'll listen with interest to his non-stop computer prattle.

#### Jean-I-CID-6

*Trough Specialist*

**Description:** Short, blond hair, glazed eyes. Says things like "May the harmony of the Cosmos be with you."

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Mystics, 9th degree

**Mutant Power:** Regeneration

**Relevant Skills:** Biochemical therapy 22

**Background:** Jean-I-CID-6 is usually in charge of the Big Trough and the ma-

chines that fill it. During the pre-citizens' Environmental Acclimatization Time, she doesn't just put vitamins into the nutrient solution. Oh, no. She puts THC, LSD, PCP, and several other drugs in the solution. She thinks it helps the pre-citizens to discover themselves.

And it does, kind of.

What they discover is the true extent of horror (read: fun) in Alpha Complex. Thus, they grow up to be trigger-happy, paranoid psychopaths ... just like everyone else. No wonder Jean-I has never been caught.

#### Gnu-B-ORN-6

*Wandering Monster*

**Description:** Bald, no eyebrows, veins popping out of a head that's way too large for his body. Entire skull seems to pulse (think of the telepathic mutants from *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*).

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Psion, 22nd degree

**Mutant Power:** Heightened Deep probe (see below), empathy, machine empathy, mechanical intuition, mental blast, precognition, pyrokinesis, telekinesis, telepathy, teleport, plus maybe a few others

**Relevant Skills:** Stealth 10, demolition 8  
**Background:** Gnu-B has been DOA's ranking PSION member for several years now. A product of deliberate genetic manipulation, everything about Gnu-B screams mutant, from his bulbous cranium to his translucent skin.

Citizens who meet Gnu-B often walk away feeling tired and exhausted. That's because of Gnu-B's special heightened deep probe mutation. On low gain, this



mutation allows Gnu-B to read people's thoughts and memories, just like the regular deep probe power. Gnu-B uses this power to look for potential Psion members and to examine pre-citizens for signs of latent mental abilities. On high gain, Gnu-B can sift through someone's mind, neuron by neuron, extracting every piece of information available and draining the victim of power (-1 power index permanently).

When speaking, Gnu-B's lips never seem to be in sync with what he's saying (that's because Gnu-B always uses telepathy to communicate). Anyone who tries to kill Gnu-B forgets, immediately, the murder he was about to commit, and goes about other business.

**Bang-B-RTH-3**

*Delivery Specialist*

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Corpore Metal, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Electroshock

**Relevant Skills:** Con 14, unarmed 16

**Background:** Bang-B-RTH-3 handles the delivery of pre-citizens. His obvious dislike for his fellow workers has somewhat impeded Bang's upward movement on the promotion ladder, resulting in his permanent relegation to such an inadequate position from which to further Corpore Metal's ends. He makes up for it, though; since he cannot impede humans through genetic sabotage, he gives every bursting baby a dose of his electroshock power just to watch 'em squirm. He's not a nice guy.

**Clona-B-NCH-6**

*Clonulator Specialist*

**Description:** Innocent doe-like eyes set in a childish face

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Flamethrower (11F), skill 14

**Secret Society:** Anti-Mutants, 8th-degree

**Relevant Skills:** Chemical Engineering 16

**Background:** Clona-B-NCH-6 is a Shizogenic Clonulator specialist. Since she belongs to Anti-Mutant, she routinely alters the Clonulator to eliminate portions of the DNA strands suspected of being responsible for mutations. Sadly, Clona-B's knowledge of DNA is flawed, and all she succeeds in doing is damaging some of the pre-citizens' higher brain functions (specifically those related to trust and cooperation).

Sigh.

**Dora-G-ARD-4**

*Security Guard*

**Description:** Short, wiry, vicious (think Belker from *Hill Street Blues* in drag)

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 18; unarmed (I6), skill 16; Green reflex over kevlar (L4P3)

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Telekenesis

**Relevant Skills:** Growl Intimidatingly 16

**Background:** Dora-G-ARD-4, chief security guard for the lab, is a staunch Pro Techer. She has been hired by Phil-V to find and eliminate any Internal Security plants in the cloning facilities. Surprisingly, there are no IntSec agents working here. That doesn't stop Dora-G, no siree. So far she's reported six different lab assistants to Phil-V. All six died.

**Lab Toadies**

*Lab Toadies*

**Description:** Bright-eyed, annoyingly eager to serve, desperate for affection — think of your typical, slobbering mutt

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Various

**Mutant Power:** Various

**Relevant Skills:** Science stuff 12, Bootlicking 14

**Background:** Drawn from the PLC Weapon Evaluation Department, these Green-level lab assistants are desperately eager to prove their worth, lest they be sent back to their old job. In all, there are only 12 lab assistants here, but to the regular employees, they seem like many, many more. These clones are so afraid of reassignment back to WED that they even go out of their way to help lower clearance personnel who are visiting the facility (i.e., Troubleshooters), in hopes that some word of their kind and courteous service will reach the higher-ups.

**What Happens Here**

The Cloning Facilities are only open during normal Alpha Complex working hours. The rest of the time they are locked with Vulture goon guards protecting the pre-citizens.

Reproduction schedules are the guidelines for the lab workers; these schedules are based on the Quarterly Reproduction Quota and are modified according to labor required for each step, staffing, success rates, and optimum output. The reproduction schedule is gospel.

**What Really Happens Here**

The reproduction schedules get revised every weekcycle or two as someone dies, something blows up, or some other situation occurs requiring a change of plan.

And not all the scheduled work gets done, either. Workers get into arguments; the sex cells all die, requiring more Ge-

netic Examination volunteers; Will-B gets so wrapped up in RoboZap that he holds up production for hours; someone drops their synthegum in the nutrient solution or spills a cooler. Occasionally, Phil-V orders everyone to work overtime, and everybody gets a treason point for missing the evening meal, except Phil-V, of course, as he can get an official excuse from himself.

**Scenarios**

So, is all this merely academic, or can you, the intrepid gamemaster, do something here? That's up to you. If you can pull off embryonic roleplaying, more power to you! It's up to the players to figure out how they can kill each other without destroying their sacs. Or, try one of these:

1. At the end of the daycycle, somebody sneezes into the amniotic vat. Fed by the incredible high-nutrient toxic sludge, the germs grow during the nightcycle to incredible size and complexity. The Blob. Triffids. The Swamp-Thing. A Shoggoth. More Schmegegi.

Anyway, the next day all the workers mysteriously disappear. Pop-U cannot summon anyone by com unit. Fearing that the lab has been taken over by extremists, he activates the Troubleshooters to investigate, retake the lab, and, since there's no workers left, restart production. Think of the mistakes they'll make...

2. The lab is conducting an emergency recloning of an incredibly successful IntSec squad that got squooshed beneath a steamrollerbot last weekcycle, and the players are assigned to guard the lab against sabotage. Mark IV revisited: Corpore Metal scrubots try to kill the clones; Earth Mothers try to abduct the embryos for surrogate motherhood; a lab worker comes by, claiming to have forgotten something inside; guardbots try to enter the lab for their nightly rounds (they're legit — but no one told them of a change in plans); a passing High Programmer (and his entourage of workers with hammers and glass-cutters) holds out a package and says, "Take this immediately to YON Sector." And what would the PCs' secret societies want them to do?

## Junior Citizen Nursery Station

By Rick Swan

*Rock-a-bye clonie  
In the tray top.  
When the law breaks  
The Commie will drop...*

The soothing strains of the lullabot, the contented gurgles of soporific-fed infants, the sweet aroma of the diapers awaiting their trip down the disposal chute ... is there a single citizen who doesn't feel a sentimental tug at his heart when passing the Junior Citizen Nursery Station? Every citizen — from the lowliest Infrared drone to the most esteemed High Programmer — spent his first two yearcycles in the nursery, beneath the watchful eyes of a caring staff dedicated to ensuring that the toddlers of todaycycle become the toadies of tomorrowcycle.

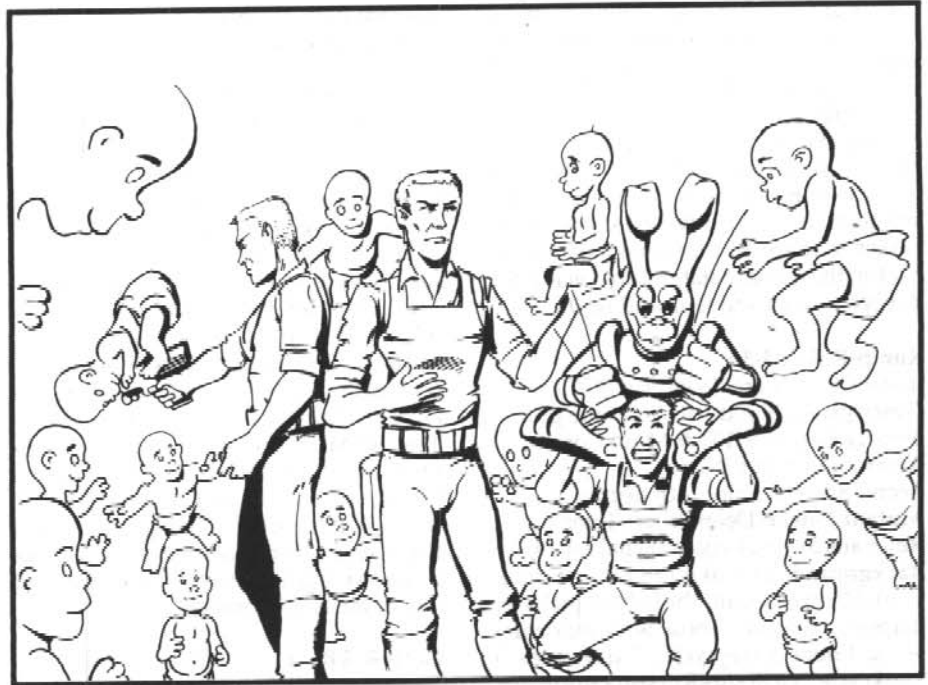
### Physical Description

The nursery is basically a single room the size of a gymnasium, but instead of bouncing basketballs, it's filled with bouncing babies. Junior citizens come here fresh from the cloning facilities and stay here, in plastic trays, until they are two yearcycles old. The nursery houses thousands and thousands of the little darlings. Each tray has its own servo-arm run by its own bot brain.

An intricate conveyor belt system runs parallel to each row of baby trays and along each wall, providing the best in automated care. Food and water are delivered directly by the belts, and dirty diapers are whisked away. The junior citizens are encouraged (by being dumped onto the belt by the servo-arm) to exercise their developing bodies once a daycycle. (Those still too young to crawl just sort of tumble along helplessly for a few minutes.)

In front of the room is a large structure resembling a lifeguard's chair, where the Junior Citizen Care Supervisor (head nurse) sits. From this vantage point, she directs the Junior Citizen Care Technicians and listens for any treasonous-sounding baby babble.

In the back of the nursery is the Waste and Nutrition Technician's station, where the conveyor belt system begins and ends. Two trap doors are located in one wall; the first leads to an incineration unit for dirty diapers, the second leads to the kitchen from which piping hot helpings of junior citizen gruel (Tot Fun) are delivered regularly.



Two smaller rooms adjoin the nursery. One is an office filled with file cabinets containing junior citizen records (baby's first word, baby's first step, baby's first grovel). The other is a storage room containing an assortment of baby toys, spare parts for the conveyor belts (which often closely resemble the baby toys — with embarrassing results), and crates of diapers.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

The Junior Citizen Nursery Station provides for the special needs of Alpha Complex's junior citizens with the quality care, individualized attention, and stimulating environment necessary to produce healthy and well-adjusted adults.

### The Real Scoop

Stimulating environment — haw! Individualized care — double haw! The function of the nursery is to keep the little screechers out of The Computer's circuits for a couple'a yearcycles, until they're old enough to shut up, do what they're told, and become unhealthy, maladjusted adults.

### NPCs

#### Sessem-Y-STR-5

*Junior Citizen Care Supervisor*

**Description:** Monstrously overweight, perpetual look of malevolence (not the sort of person with whom you'd want to leave your kids)

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** PURGE, 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Relevant Skills:** None





**Background:** Sessem-Y is the nurse in charge during the daycycle. She is strict, grim, and hates kids and everything about them — think of the most repulsive grade school teacher you ever had and you'll be in the ballpark.

Part of Sessem-Y's grouchiness can be attributed to her mutant power, hypersenses, which picks up and amplifies every squeak, burp, and stench that occurs here. This constant sensual assault has kept Sessem-Y in a perpetual state of nervous wreckage, and has driven her to join PURGE; fantasies of the utter destruction of the facility and every stink-maker in it are all that keep her coming back to the nursery station, daycycle after daycycle, to sit and hate and wait.

**Romp-R-ROM-3**

*Junior Citizen Care Technician (JCCT)*

**Description:** Blond hair, infantile grin

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Psion, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Deep Probe, Telepathy

**Relevant Skills:** Look nonchalant 18

**Background:** Just like the other technicians, Romp-R cleans the babies, picks up diapers, and quiets those who are crying — 12 hours a daycycle, 7 daycycles a weekcycle. But Romp-R doesn't stop there, no sirree; she performs one extracurricular duty for PSION, namely checking the junior citizens for signs of mental mutations.

How does she do that? Simple. She searches the baby's mind using her own deep probe mutant power, and when she finds a likely candidate, she uses her telepathy to teach the junior citizen how to use its mutation.

As you might guess, when junior citizens first attempt to use their mutation the effect can be rather, uh, fun (think *Firestarter* and *Carrie* rolled into one). It's not uncommon for babies suddenly to start levitating, or for nearby portions of Tot Fun to combust spontaneously, or for a technician to moan, grasp her head, and keel over.



**Mister-R-GRS-2**

*Junior Citizen Care Technician (JCCT)*

**Description:** Pale, bland smile

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 9

**Secret Society:** Communists, 2nd degree

**Mutant Power:** Charm

**Relevant Skills:** Speak in a happy monotone (hypnosis) 16

**Background:** Mister-R-GRS is a very nice. Yes he is. He enjoys his work very much indeed. Mister-R-GRS is a Junior Citizen Care Technician. Can you say "technician?" I knew you could. Mister-R-GRS is also a Commie. Can you say "Manifesto?"

To Mister-R-GRS, each and every junior citizen is special. Some citizens, however, are extra special. How does he tell which ones are extra special? Simple. Mister-R-GRS holds up two pictures in front of the junior citizen. One picture is of Alpha Complex's number one heroine, Teela-O-MLY, the other is of that well-known Commie leader, Comrade Borscht. If the baby reaches for Comrade Borscht, then it's extra special and gets a copy of the *Communist Manifesto Picturebook* tucked under its sheets. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood.

**Gerb-R-BBY-4**

*Waste and Nutrition Assistant Technician*

**Description:** Alert eyes. Rosy chubby cheeks

**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Reflec (L4) (worn beneath jumpsuit); tangler (page 81 of the rule book), skill 14

**Secret Society:** FCCCCP (United), 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** None

**Relevant Skills:** Surveillance 12

**Background:** Gerb-R has been working here for several monthcycles now, performing routine maintenance on the food dispersal conveyor belt and keeping an eye out for junior citizens who show Communist tendencies. At first, Gerb-R thought that this assignment would be dull, but you'd be surprised at how many junior citizens he's caught reading the *Communist Manifesto Picturebook*. And the nice thing about this job is that when you laser a Commie junior citizen, he's too small (not to mention unarmed, usually) to shoot back. Yep, looks like this job is the safe way to get promoted. Now, if it wasn't for all those junior citizen mutants...

**Kang-R-ROO-3**

*Travelling Teacher*

**Description:** Plump, dressed in strange, many-pocketed Red coverall.

**Service Group:** HPD & MC

**Arms and Armor:** None at all

**Secret Society:** FCCCCP, 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Charm

**Relevant Skills:** Computer Loyalty 16

**Background:** Kang-R is a teacher who makes periodic visits to deliver inspiringly insipid lectures. Most of these lectures consist of long, rambling fables, starring The Computer, which are incomprehensible to the junior citizens.

**What Happens Here**

Nothing else grates on The Computer's audio sensors like the ululations of screaming babies. Hence, the number one function of the nursery is to keep the kids quiet. The number two function is to see to their needs.

While nightcycle oscillates, lullabots sing to/rock/hammer the junior citizens as needed to keep them quiet.

During the daycycle, the operation is overseen by the head nurse, usually Sessem-Y. A Waste and Nutrition Technician is also on hand, along with about 100 Junior Citizen Care Technician flunkies who do all of the manual labor. The nursery receives regular visits from teachbots, indoctrinational specialists (such as potty trainers), and cloning vat personnel bringing in new babies. (Listen, some of the mutations do cause "old" babies.)

The infants spend most of their time eating, sleeping, and eliminating. Every four hours a serving of texturized yeast mush and processed algae milk (Tot Fun) is delivered to each baby's tray via the conveyor belt. A servo-arm attached to the belt flips the food in the general direction of the baby's mouth. Most babies become quite good at catching the food.

Diapers are equipped with low voltage, moisture-sensitive circuits. When wet, the circuits activate special magnets which cause the diaper fastenings to detach. Other magnets draw the diaper to the conveyor belt where they are taken to the Waste and Nutrition Technician for disposal. Clean diapers are dispatched via conveyor belt and attached by the servo-arms.

Once a daycycle, a tray of soap and water passes slowly by. The servo-arms dunks each baby several times in rapid succession and then use a blow dryer to dry him off. Surprisingly, most of the junior citizens seem to enjoy this treatment.

The junior citizens are encouraged to sleep as much as possible. To facilitate napping, a lullabot circulates on a track from tray line to tray line, singing them to sleep with a calming repertoire of Computer carols and slogans. Sedatives are available for the restless.

The care technicians inspect each junior citizen daycyclically to check for signs of

medical problems and infantile Communism.

Entertainment is provided by the stuffed, animated flopsybot, mopsybot, and bugshot, whose antics never fail to elicit a chorus of giggles as they merrily hop from one conveyor belt to another. Additionally, the lullabot is equipped with a number of humorous selections designed to amuse the kiddies; "ZAP ZAP ZAP Those Bad Commies" always gets a good response, especially when the lullabot uses the bugshot as the Commie.

### What Really Happens Here

Needless to say, the nursery is about as peaceful as an arsonists' convention at a fireworks factory. The most common disruption is an ear-shattering cacophony of screeching junior citizens. The second most common occurrence is a visit from angry citizens from neighboring facilities or irate CPU agents who threaten to nuke the place if the kids don't shut up.

The conveyor belts are another source of trouble. Unless the food and used diapers land just right they can easily slip off the belt. 'Nuff said on this problem.

The automatic diapering system works pretty well, provided the kids don't move — but they always do. Sometimes, the servo arm manages to adjust in time, other times tummies, arms, or, occasionally, heads get diapered.

There was also a problem a few weekcycles back, when some commie saboteur Frankenstein Destroyer member reprogrammed the mopsybot to attack the flopsybot when the code word "doo-doo" was spoken. Both were nearly destroyed before an alert technician stepped in and broke up the fight. His clone replacement was promoted for valor.

### Scenarios

Most of the adventure ideas we've got for the Junior Citizen Nursery are way too gross to list here, involving either prob-

lems with the conveyor belt (large piles of soiled diapers and gobbets of nearly-new food piling up on the floor), or involving fire-fights in a room filled with squalling preschoolers. Since *Paranoia* is a class game, we'd just as soon not go into them, okay?

Still, it might be fun if the Troubleshooters were sent here to search out undercover (so to speak) Commies and mutants. They'd probably have a very interesting time. Since their ability to pose as junior citizens is obviously limited (although the prospect of a diapered Troubleshooter scrunched up on the baby tray is rather amusing), they'd have to pretend to be replacement workers, enjoying run-ins with the head nurse, the malfunctioning entertainment bots, the conveyor-belts-run-amuck (pun intended), and the random popping-off of lethal mutant powers by several hundred little traitors. 'Bye, kids!

## Clone Creche 401

By G.D. Swick and M.B. Till

All young citizens spend yearcycles 3 through 17 in a Junior Clone Creche. Here they are fed, cared for, and, most importantly, educated (for 12 hours every daycycle) on proper behavior in Alpha Complex.

### Physical Description

This is a large complex structure of interconnecting corridors, classrooms, offices, and cafeterias, all built around a central playground.

Each classroom contains fifteen grey syntheplast chairs and some 20-30 student citizens. Each chair is equipped with a computer terminal, a storage box, and a flat desk surface for filling out forms. The front wall of the classroom is dominated by a giant computer screen where the teachbot can display information. Two long tables near the back wall can each comfortably accommodate six student citizens and are used for special projects, such as manual extremity testing, reading apprehension, and group polygraphs.

The building also contains many specialized classrooms featuring laboratory equipment, vehicle repair facilities, food processing paraphernalia, radiation suits, and so on.

The cafeteria is a typical high school mess hall, basically a barn with tables, where junior citizens can load up on Cold Fun and Bouncy Bubble Beverage. There are three long tables in the cafeteria, one for each of the three levels of student citizens: Brats, Pavlovs, and Chaos Beings (more on these later).

The playground is a large, bleak, domed area, complete with swings, teeter-totters, and a special highly elastic syntheplast floor designed to prevent injuries to playful student citizens.



The offices are small and cramped, as are the corridors. Multicorders, speakers, and heavy laser turrets are distributed liberally throughout the hallways and classrooms. Bells announce the beginning and end of each class period. A second warning bell announces the test-firing of the lasers. If any students citizens are still in the halls after the second bell — well, the teachbot-to-student-citizen ratio was too high, anyhow.

During the twelve hours of activity every daycycle, CC 401 is constantly in motion. Between classes, student citizens pour into the hallways, scrambling desperately to reach their next classroom before the tardy bell rings. During classes, hall monitorbots patrol the corridors, zapping student citizens who are late for class and who managed to hide from the all-clear bell. Occasional explosions from the Chemlab rock the school.

During the nightcycle, CC 401 is quiet, with scrubbots working quickly to clean the classrooms before the next daycycle begins and jackobots repairing any major structural damages done by explosions and laser fire.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Clone Creches provide a pleasant controlled environment for small group learning activities, allowing every junior citizen to advance to the peak of his or her ability. A productive, healthy society requires a well-educated citizenry. Remember, nothing is more important to The Computer than children.

### The Real Scoop

Since High Programmers want rampant ignorance and fear in the populace, guess how much effort actually goes into educating the citizenry. Right — about as much as goes into reforming confirmed Commies.

At CC 401, student citizens receive rudimentary instruction in the three Rs: reading, writhing, and ratting. All other courses are designed to indoctrinate the little monsters into Alpha Complex society. But it is true that "Nothing is more important to The Computer than children." The Computer has always preferred "nothing" to squealy, squally, brats.

### NPCs

#### Polly-G-RAF-1

CC 401 CPU Coordinator (Principal)

**Description:** Middle aged appearance, lines under her eyes, thin, twitchy

**Service Group:** CPU

**Arms & Armor:** Battle armor (All7)

**Secret Society:** Too frightened to belong to one

**Mutant Power:** Teleport

**Relevant Skills:** Dive for cover 16

**Background:** Polly-G is suffering from something very much akin to battle fatigue. Her major goal in life is to offend no one, and she defers all decisions to a mythical school board. She also claims to know all of JCC 401's student citizens, but she never calls any of them by the same name twice (except for Omar; EVERYBODY knows Omar). Polly-G is in mortal fear of The Computer, the student citizens, and the coachbot. Upon seeing Troubleshooters, Polly-G's first comment is, "I suppose you want to talk to Omar."

#### Omar 1-6

Student and Walking Terror

**Description:** 13 year old, stout, disordered hair

**Service Group:** C'mon be serious — he's just a kid

**Arms & Armor:** Whatever's handy

**Secret Society:** None yet, but Death Leopard is keeping an eye on him.

**Mutant Power:** Levitation

**Relevant Skills:** Intimidation (against smaller kids and Polly-G) 17; stealth 16; autocar operation 8; grenade 6

**Background:** Omar is a "mean widdle kid" — kinda like the dark side of little Lord Fauntleroy. He likes to see things go boom. He likes that a lot. Barely a daycycle goes by without Omar disabling a teachbot or blowing up the Chem lab. He's destined to become head of Internal Security or Death Leopard. Maybe both.

#### Angelica 1-6

Ideal Student

**Description:** Age 13, beautiful innocent smile, voted "most like Teela-O-MLY," three yearcycles in a row

**Secret Society:** Junior Psions

**Mutant Power:** Pyrokinesis

**Relevant Skills:** Spurious logic 15; Bootlicking 17

**Background:** Angelica is a "mean widdle kid," just like Omar, except an angelic face



conceals her sneaky disposition. Angelica can often be found nearby after something has exploded in a tremendous fireball, and she's usually been able to point out a student citizen for punishment, whether or not she knew who was guilty. She'll probably be a High Programmer some daycycle.

#### Marm

*General Studies Teachbot, Model 5A/1*

**Description:** Like most teachbots, Marm is humanoid on the top half with a conical cylinder covering her treads on the bottom.

**Arms & Armor:** Electroshock enforcers concealed in the right arm (same as stun gun), skill 12; plate armor (I3)

**Relevant Skills:** Marm's skills change from period to period depending upon what subject she is teaching. Marm is fully capable of reprogramming herself for each class and keeps a complete Teachbot Program Kit locked in her desk.

**Background:** Normally solicitous to student citizens, Marm won't hesitate to electroshock any junior citizen who steps out of line. Marm always speaks in a soothing voice until she is riled, then she turns her speakers up to full blast. (She's been known to crack computer monitors at top volume.)

Marm was originally a jackobot; occasionally she has flashbacks and tells student citizens they need a transmission overhaul, lube job, or complete retreading of the brain. Marm may then attempt to perform those repairs.

#### Woody

*Coachbot*

**Description:** Squat, flat-headed, barrel-shaped torso, sort of a tank with legs. Woody's upper right arm has a built-in whip; his lower right arm has a hand-like

appendage with fingers for pointing emphatically; his upper left arm has built-in stun pistol; and his lower left arm is a flexible cable that can extend up to 15 feet and has grasping talons for seizing student citizens who need immediate, individualized instruction. He wears a sweatshirt that reads "Go DOA."

**Arms & Armor:** Whip (I3), skill 14; stun pistol (page 81 of the rules), skill 14; plate armor (I3)

**Relevant Skills:** Bellow at student citizens 14 (sort of like motivation)

**Background:** Woody helps student citizens develop "healthy bodies" to go with their "healthy minds." He is fond of having the student citizens assemble in a rectangular gymnasium and, then, bellowing at them: "Count off by 5s, and each group go to a corner!" The resulting conflict of 5 groups for four corners helps to lighten *his* class load.

**Woody:** Awright, youse clowns, look alive! Todaycycle we're gonna start wit' a liddle grenade-lobbin' practice. No, Omar, da grenades will NOT be live! Next, we'll hit da Commie-tacklin' dummies. Den we'll finish out da period by dividin' into teams for some Traitor Tag. And any of youse that sets a laser higher than stun dis time will be runnin' fifteen laps before you can blink ... dat means *YOU*, Omar!

#### Vincent

*Sciencebot, Model 222B*

**Description:** Humanoid with macroscopic lenses which closely resemble Co-Cola bottle bottoms. Wears a lab coat at all times.

**Arms & Armor:** Stun gun, skill 12

**Relevant Skills:** All engineering and mathematics skills (16), Stun gun (14)

**Background:** Vincent is programmed to teach the children about the wonders of engineering and mathematics; his per-

sonal goal is to survive until Omar graduates.

**Vincent:** Let's zee now, ist pour in der acid first or first pour in der liquid oxygen? Vell, Sharon, vhy don't you pour both at vunce and zee vot happens. Mmmha-ha-ha-ha!

#### Additional Characters

Other NPCs include Judith 792/B, the prissy school secretarybot, ("No, Johnny, we do not say 'Can I have the diskette on Emergency Procedures for Treating Arterial Bleeding;' we say 'May I.'") and hall monitorbots (floating ocular spheres about the size of basketballs who zap anyone still in the hallway, including Troubleshooters, after the tardy bell rings).

Keep in mind that this is just a sampling of the bots and personnel who work at CC 401. Minor offices in the Administrative Section are manned by Red clearance IIPD & Mind Control workers who busily process student citizen evaluation forms all daycycle. Most classes are taught by teachbots, but there are a few human teachers; sometimes, when enough teachbots break down from overwork or exposure to heavy radiation (Omar, again, most likely), human substitute teachers may be called in. When things are really rough, Troubleshooters may be assigned this important duty. Mmmm-wah-ha-ha-hah!!!

#### What Happens Here

Junior citizens arrive at 0800 hours every morning and assemble in the CC-401 auditorium, where they sing the Alpha Complex anthem while they are scanned for concealed heavy weaponry. Afterwards they report to their first period classes. Student citizens attend classes for 12 hours each daycycle, with each class lasting 57 minutes, followed by three minutes of rushing to the next class. Morning Meal (fast-break), Mid-meal, and Late Meal each last 20 minutes.

There are three different levels of Junior Clone Creche student citizens in the school, roughly corresponding to kindergarten, first grade through eighth, and high school:

- Basic Remedial Activity Training Systems (BRATS) for children ages 4 and 5.
- Pre-Adult Vigorous Learning Operations Vector (PAVLOVs) for ages 6 to 13.
- Clones' Hall of Advancement, Order, and Service (CHAOS Beings) for ages 13 to 18.

#### BRATS Basic Curriculum:

- Color Recognition
- Basic Numbers and Letters

- Motor Skills Development (Recess)
- Snacktime
- Getting To Know Your Friend The Computer
- Sleepytime
- Show and Tell (Finking 101)

**PAVLOV Basic Curriculum:**

- Reading
- Writing/Key Punching
- Arithmetic
- History (Sleepytime)
- Advanced Motor Skills Development (Recess)
- Citizenship (Finking 102)
- Bot Recognition
- Commie/Mutant Recognition
- Our Friend the Requisition Form

**CHAOS BEINGS Basic Curriculum**

- Literary Appreciation (Instruction Manual Deciphering)
- Advanced Citizenship (Finking 103)
- Directing Bots
- Nutritional Engineering
- Personal Development (Advanced Boot-licking)
- Vocational Agriculture (Algae Appreciation)
- Drafting, Electrical & Chemical Studies (Snap! Crackle! Pop!)
- Triggernometry (Weapons Instruction)

**Typical Recess Games:**

- Computer, May I?
- Traitor, Traitor, Who Is The Traitor? (a particularly vicious form of tag)
- Red Clearance, Green Clearance (larger student citizens pretend to be Greens and the smaller Reds do what the Greens command)
- Mumblety-Laser ('nuff said)

**Special Programs (Viewed by all Student Citizens):**

- Just Say "No" To Secret Societies
- Toleration of Registered Mutants — Sharing Friend Computer's Compassion
- The Horror of Mutation — Why All Mutants Must Be Eliminated
- SAT/ACT: Services Aptitude Test/ Anti-Commie Testing
- Field Trips

**What Really Happens Here**

Kids sit around in Gulag-like classrooms for 12 hours each daycycle, and then once or twice each weekcycle are taken out on field trips. Needless to say, the kid really let loose, and most field trips turn into disasters. Because kids and bots don't have any particular security clearance, field

trips can go anywhere: to the Vulture Hangar, the Food Vats, a High Programmer's private quarters, etc.

Teachbot flashbacks are also a problem. Apparently most of the teachbots at CC 401 use reprogrammed bot brains. The student citizens soon realize this and often compete to see whom can cause the teachbot to flashback first. Flashbacks are caused by anxiety. Anxiety is caused by property destruction on a massive scale. You get the picture?

Actually, things run pretty smoothly at CC 401. Student citizens are in mortal terror of the hall lasers and monitorbots so they make a concerted effort to get to their classes on time. Visitors during the daycycle will usually find the halls empty, save for hall monitorbots who demand to see an authorized pass. Clones without passes are immediately electroshocked and dragged to the principal's office. Passes to walk around CC 401 are issued by Judith 792/B. Sometimes.

Troubleshooters unlucky enough to be in the hall between classes must make a strength roll x1/2 or be swept into a classroom by the undertow of little bodies — where undoubtedly the teachbot will ask "The brave and loyal servant of The Computer to say a few words about his important duties."

**Scenarios**

1. Troubleshooters on any delicate mission of your choice suddenly find themselves accompanied by a class field trip, thanks to Angelica fast-talking a teachbot on the way to the museum.

2. The Troubleshooters are ordered to give a lecture at CC 401 on their duties. This lecture is given in the main auditorium with all the students present. The kids ask lots of questions, like:

"What's a traitor?"

"What's a Commie? How do you know?"

"How come your last clone was terminated?" (if Troubleshooter is past clone 1)

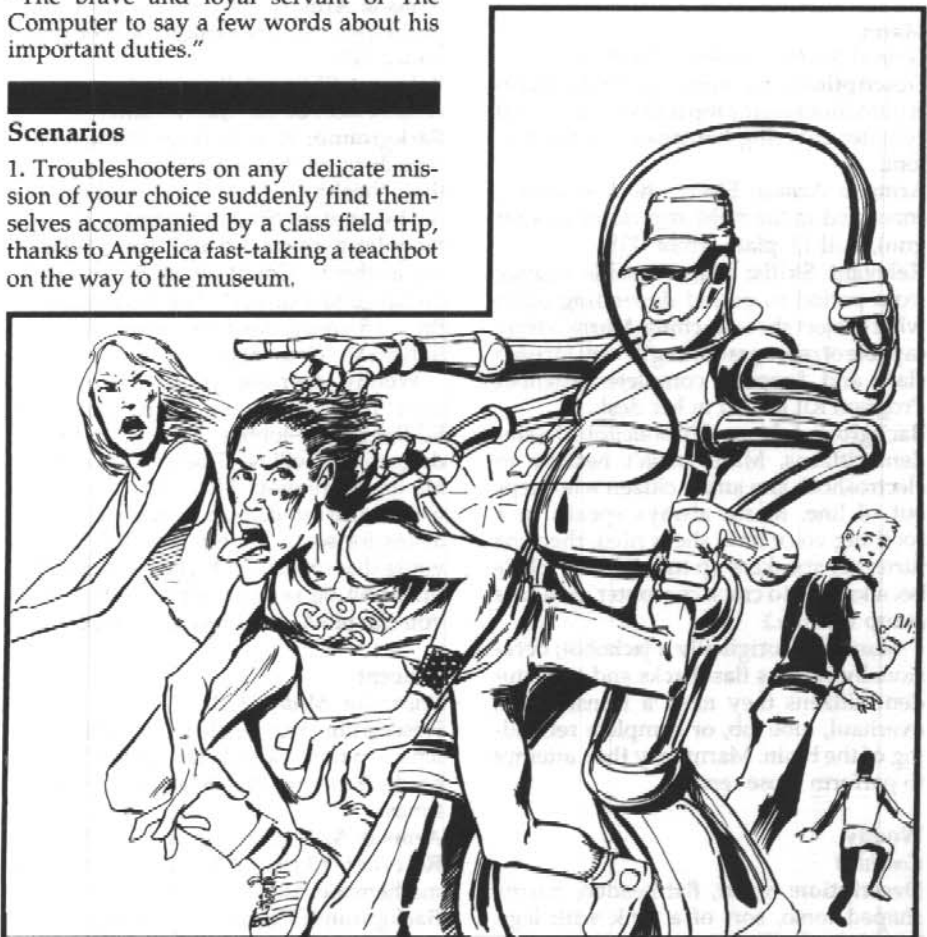
"Does The Computer like you? Me? Who does it like better?"

"Have you ever done anything treasonous?"

"Have you ever terminated a traitor? Why? What was he doing? Why is that treasonous?"

"What's 'Outside'?"

"Sometimes I can hear other people thinking. What does that mean?"



## Housing: To Live and Die in DOA

By Ed Bolme

The Computer provides every citizen with adequate housing, free of charge. However, just what constitutes "adequate" housing varies dramatically from security clearance to security clearance.

The following pages detail just what it's like to live in DOA sector, from the Ultraviolet palace-duplicates to the festering, seething holes of the Infrareads. Prepare yourself — some of it isn't very pretty.

In each section we'll describe the housing — that is, housing — and then summarize the section with short catchphrases (which you can toss around the table to sound really important). The summaries appear in the following form:

**Housing Type:** What sort of living quarters familiar to 20th century Earth denizens these quarters most closely resemble — for example, "tree houses."

**Colloquial Term:** How the folk who live in them refer to them — the official version is dull, being "Wonderful, Computer bounty," etc. in all cases. This is more like "the real scoop."

**Occupancy:** How many clones live there. If you can call it living.

**In A Word:** What it all boils down to.

**Storage:** How much space each citizen has for personal belongings.

**Janitorial:** Answers the burning question: does anyone keep this place clean?

**Bedding:** The quality of the sleeping arrangements.

**Plumbing:** The facilities.

**Climate:** No, not the temperament of the clones living there — it's how warm (or not) the place is.

**Remodeling/Decorating:** How much change is tolerated from The Computer's planned decor.

**Security:** Who keeps whom out, and how.

### Infrared Barracks

We'd like to say one word about the living quarters of the Infrareads: "spartan."

And "cramped." Well, two words: "spartan" and "cramped." And "drafty." Oh, heck, how about spartan, cramped, drafty, overcrowded, dilapidated, impersonal, dingy, creaky, run-down, etc., etc.!

When The Computer describes Infrared living quarters, It chooses, instead, the words "efficient" and "utopian."

### Life In The Trenches

Infrared barracks are expressly designed for maximum capacity. They are four meters wide, forty meters long, and two meters high. Five hard tiers of metal shelves covered with woven steel-mesh sleeping mats run the length of the room. It's somewhat less inviting than the interior of a slave ship.

The morning wake-up call for Infrareads is provided by the application of high voltage to the sleeping shelves — you know: gives 'em that "get up and go" feeling! Of course, a fine touch is needed: you've got to jolt them enough to wake them up, but not so much you knock them back into unconsciousness.

Curfew is announced by similar application of electricity to the flooring. Let me tell you, they hop right in bed! The Computer just loves eager cooperation.

Security cameras have been strategi-



cally placed throughout the room, constantly surveying the crowd. However, what with clonpower and budgetary cutbacks in HPD & Mind Control, the cameras are on a maintenance schedule similar to that of most Pre-Oops Manhattan bridges. On any given daycycle, one in five of the cameras is operational (the trick, of course, is to guess which one. Now you know how Infrareads spend their day).

One end of the barracks is open to the Infrared's Own Video Education Center; the other end contains the standard hygiene stall module, two confession booths, and a very large biochemical supplementer with several dispensers (including a couple of Consumption Enforcer Attachments) filled with vast quantities of Wakey-Wakey, Sleepy-Sleepy, Mello-

Daze, and Happy Citizen pills. As pharmaceutical supplementers are always prime targets for Death Leopard, other unusual and illegal drugs are available on a semi-random basis.

Infrared barracks are poorly constructed, rapidly deteriorating and painted entirely in flat black, and the inhabitants are usually in about the same condition. The resulting ambience is so depressing that higher clearance personnel seldom visit. Though less intellectually equipped to recognize their own squalor, Infrareads are nevertheless overwhelmed by the grimness of their environment; this reaction causes them to sleep (escapism) or to be glad to leave for work (avoidance) and, thus, to be more or less willing to keep to The Computer's schedule.

There is no furniture in the Infrared barracks, and the presence of any other item is treason (implying that the barracks are not sufficient in themselves for the utopian happiness of every citizen). The Computer takes insults to Its generosity very poorly indeed.

Three dorms are attached to a central Infrareads' Own Video Education Center, where The Teela-O-MLY adventure show plays every nightcycle, followed by The Computer Appreciation and Obedience Hour. After that, it's bedtime or death.

The excessively large video display has several purposes. First, it is designed to overwhelm the viewer and cause him to forget his own existence while watching. Second, it improves appreciation of the material by simultaneously showing several views of each scene (close-ups, slow motion shots, stark black-and-whites). Finally, and most ingeniously, the shots, lighting, and so forth in each monitor are carefully choreographed so that the entire bank of screens display hypnotic images designed to inflict — er, instill — happiness in the masses. Just like TV today, only better!

There are large gates on either side of the screen bank. The gates open when it's time for work (of course, a little voltage is provided to speed up any laggards) and close again when it's time for entertainment, remaining locked until the next morning. Infrareads caught outside the door after curfew are, of course, traitors, and are usually locked in a closet by annoyed HPD & Mind Control workers. Interestingly, the Infrareads find this a refreshing change from their normal quarters.



Higher clearance citizens (Troubleshooters, for instance) trapped inside a barracks when the doors close can try to escape through one of the gaping holes in the ceiling or (with the help of an ax) in the wall or floor, but there's no telling where they'll end up — maybe clawing their way through insulation, or at the very rear of a large PLC warehouse chock full of boxes. Only exploration, or the word of one who's been there, can tell them how to get out, and they might end up in an area of any security clearance.

### Summary

**Housing Type:** Submarine-style barracks (sardines)

**Colloquial Term:** Pit

**Occupancy:** 200+

**In a Word:** Purgatory

**Storage:** Stomach

**Janitorial:** I beg your pardon?

**Bedding:** Bedrock — No, sheet rock.

**Plumbing:** Pre-plague Europe

**Climate:** Climate? Control? Ah-hahahaha-hahahaha....

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Treasonous

**Security:** Many guards — to keep them in

### Red Living Quarters

"Look at all this space! I don't believe it! Half a meter clearance over my bunk, two meters for an aisle — this is incredible! And the place is so cozy... I can't believe I don't have to share a room with two hundred others any more!

"Wow! Look at all the color! Red everywhere! Makes me feel real important to have a security clearance! And everything's so bright and energetic, compared to the Infrared barracks!

"And the bed is pure nirvana! The mattress must be a whole two centimeters thick! This is all so amazing that I won't

even bother mentioning the sagging ceiling, missing flooring, peeling paint, rotting mattress, rusting posts, and the stuff growing on the walls!"

### Life In A Red Dorm

A typical Red domicile is about ten meters long, three and a half meters wide, and two meters tall, with a doorway in one of the narrow walls opening out onto the residential corridor. There is no door, just an opening.

Four sets of three bunks line the two longer walls. These beds are hinged to the wall, and their outer edge is supported by springs. The springs all tend to suffer from terminal metal fatigue, so the beds sag floorward, making falling out of bed an occupational hazard for Red clones. When not in use, these bunks fold up to increase floorspace for routine weapons maintenance or for group singing of Computer carols. Pay no attention to the rumor (you know why!) that the beds snap up into the wall without warning or that they occasionally whang open for no apparent reason, giving concussions to unwary citizens sitting on the floor.

When it's time to get up, Reds are awakened by a square steel shaft which thrusts out from the wall and pushes them onto the floor. The shaft comes out rather rapidly, so bruised ribs are one of a citizen's privileges at Red clearance (the Blue mottlings are highly cherished).

When it's time for bed, all the bunks drop open and a giant dozer blade descends from the ceiling to sweep the room clear.

On the far side of the room, there's an opening to the standard hygiene module, a confession booth, a pill dispenser, and a vending machine which deals out one — and only one — type of snack food. It's usually empty, so the lack of variety doesn't matter much. There's no other

furniture assigned to Red rooms, but occupants are generously allowed to sit on the floor *or* in the bunks.

Cleaning and maintenance is pretty much up to the residents. Scrubots are almost never assigned to clean up after lowly Reds, and maintenance men postpone inspections until all higher clearances have been taken care of — at which point it's usually time to start the cycle again.

Obviously, there's no privacy, and certainly no place to put your stuff. And with two dozen roommates (not to mention the lack of a door), loose items tend to evaporate. But that's okay: no Red can afford to buy anything worth having anyway.

There are six barracks to a residential corridor. One end of the residential corridor opens out onto public thoroughfares, and the other end leads into the Patriotic Entertainment Zone. The Zone stays open all daycycle, though no programs run until after work. Sliding doors lock the room between bedtime and morning.

The hexagonally shaped Patriotic Entertainment Zone features a cluster of video screens on five walls. Each video cluster shows a different program, each of which run simultaneously with the others. As one might imagine, five shows running at once on multiple screens — each with laser-blasts from five soundtracks cutting through the general noise — adds greatly to the quality of the entertainment. Red programming runs for two and a half hours each nightcycle.

Within each cluster is a video camera which assesses show ratings and monitors the viewers' reactions. Negative reaction is evidence of social dissatisfaction — one of the seven warning signs of treason.

Also, like the screens in the Infrared's Own Video Education Center, each cluster of monitors shows varying shots, focuses, zooms, and tints of each scene simultaneously, with hypnotic and subliminal images generously added. Unlike the Infrared images, which are designed to instill mindless obedience, these images are designed to instill mindful obedience and watchfulness, and a desire to emulate Teela-O-MLY in every way.

### Summary

**Housing Type:** Ship-style barracks

**Colloquial Term:** Hole

**Occupancy:** 24

**In a Word:** Dismal

**Storage:** Pockets

**Janitorial:** Only when riots are a serious threat

**Bedding:** Cold and stiff, like most of the Troubleshooters

**Plumbing:** Post-plague Europe

**Climate:** Noisy (and dangerous) ceiling fan

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Life expectancy not sufficient to justify the expense

**Security:** Faith in The Computer is all the security they need.

### Orange Living Quarters

"Oh, my goodness, and praise The Computer! Will you look at this, real live furniture! I never dreamed I'd actually have furniture of my own! I think I'll move the bed over here and.... no? Can't do that?"

"Never mind! This place is so bright and cheery with all the Orange paint, I know I'll be happy here! Half the roommates, half the snoring at night, half the people using the standard hygiene module... and they say the pill dispenser is always full!"

"And look at this! We've actually got a door with a KNOB in our room! Think of it: we can actually CLOSE THE DOOR and not have to hear all the noise and screaming and shooting in the hall!"

"And did you see the Happiness Entertainment Quad? Big screens with actual controls?!? I'd have thought such luxury would lead to decadence... but I have faith in The Computer's wisdom!"

### Orange Housing

Orange personnel still live in barracks, but these are a far cry from the dismal cavelike quarters of the lower classes. The rooms are a six meters square and three meters high, and twelve beds (only two tiers high!) line the walls. The lowest mattress on the bunk beds is just under half a meter from the floor, and the upper bunk is a bit over one-and-one-half meters high.

The mattresses are wider, supported by a kinked wire mesh, instead of by the hard, flat, plastiformed plate used by Reds. Of course, most of the mesh is old and tends to sag quite a bit, causing clones to slide towards the center of their beds.



However, this is better than in lower-level quarters, where the clones usually slide onto the floor.

First thing in the morning, a mechanism pushes the head of the bunks up, so that Orange citizens slide off the beds feet-first, standing upright and ready to face a new day in the service of The Computer (Try to picture what this does to the clone on the bottom bunk).

On one end of the room is the hygiene module (entered via swinging doors), a confession booth, a heavily-used biochemical dispenser, and a set of slots for personal storage.

Orange citizens are issued overused footwear boxes to store their stuff in; one of these boxes just fits into the provided storage slots. There is a place for a name tag above each slot, and many citizens write their names on the boxes, too. Still, this is poor security, so most boxes are empty or hold personal mementos worthless to anyone else. Some clones sleep with their boxes under their pillows; a few boobytrap their boxes with grenades; and mutants with hypersenses put little bells on their boxes.

Five barracks adjoin the Happiness Entertainment Quad, which is ten meters by fifteen. There are three video screens at the far end of the Quad, and each comes with knobs for volume, tint, contrast, color, vertical and horizontal hold, and a channel switcher. No "off" switch. The channel switcher has three positions, and changing the channel at one video switches the other two videos correspondingly, so that each screen always shows a different channel. As channel-switching is almost always accompanied by violence in the audience, Oranges rapidly learn that it's easier to move than switch.

Also in the Quad is a vending machine with slots for three types of vendables. These are usually filled with whatever is selling poorly or is very old. Only rarely does the machine swallow your money. Theft being as popular as it is, most vendors are equipped with automatic weapons to discourage dishonesty.

There's also a supplementary drug dispenser filled with whatever mood enhancers are available at the time.

Furniture is provided in the form of a dozen small, light, six-clone benches which can be moved about the Quad to accommodate popular shows. Benches are also very popular during the brawls which occasionally erupt.

Five minutes after the evening's entertainment is done, all power cuts off in the Quad and barracks. Anyone still out of bed must make his way in the dark.

### Summary

**Housing Type:** Army-style barracks

**Colloquial Term:** Crate

**Occupancy:** 12

**In a Word:** Slum

**Storage:** Shoe box

**Janitorial:** Twice a year whether it needs it or not

**Bedding:** Cot in the act

**Plumbing:** Outhouse latrine level

**Climate:** Industrial strength gas heater (sometimes empty)

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Replastering while supplies last, pencil drawings al-

### Yellow Living Quarters

"Wow! After all these years I'm finally a Yellow! And will you look at these plush surroundings! Vivid, happy Yellow paint and furniture; real live beds with (gasp) only 5 bunkmates! Now this is what I call elbow room! (Flex, flex.)"

"Gosh, everybody gets a whole blanket and a real stool and a big roomy footlocker too! Forget the tears in the blanket and how rough it is, and forget the rusty holes in the footlocker and the way the stool wobbles: I love them! They're so sturdily built! The quality of this furniture shows my true value to The Computer! This stuff is more valuable than everything else I've owned in my life, put together!"

"Wow! Lemme see that blanket again! I'm so amazed. Just look at the way this (rrrrrrrip!)."

"Uh oh."

### Yellow Quarters

One of the first things that a Yellow clone learns is that the more valuable stuff he's assigned, the more valuable stuff he can be fined for damaging. Up 'til this level, all the furniture in the citizen's living quarters has been jointly used with his fellow citizens. Joint usage makes it hard to pin fines.

Not any more. Now the furniture is assigned to YOU personally, not you and whoever-all else! It's YOURS. YOU use it, and if YOU break it, YOU pay for it out of YOUR pocket or YOU will die! And let me assure you: it is QUITE valuable indeed!

Yellows live in poorly laid out dorm-style rooms, five meters by six meters, two and a half meters high, with six haphazardly-built beds per room. The beds are framed with dented iron pipe, and the chlorinated mattresses are supported by an uneven wire mesh attached to the frame by springs. The bed doesn't sag nearly as



much as those in Orange barracks (at Yellow, backaches replace back injuries as the norm). The mattress itself is poorly aerated foam rubber, less lumpy, but certainly no softer than those of lesser clearance.

Wake-up calls are provided by another of those ubiquitous wake-up machines shaking the beds. Unfortunately, citizens tumble so violently that they cannot usually gain their balance or even get a decent grip while their bed's shaking, so they often lie there and vibrate vigorously for the entire five minutes of the wake-up shake.

Ancient, rusty, creaky footlockers are provided for Yellow personnel. Actually, they're not really lockers: they have no lock, just a latch (and not a very good one at that).

In one corner of the room is the entrance to the hygiene module. A door is provided for the HM, making this a popular place for Yellows to conduct mildly treasonous activities. In another corner is the ubiquitous drug dispenser, which is noticeably less scarred than at lower clearances. In the third corner is the door to the common hallway. The fourth corner holds something new and exciting: a WINDOW!

It's not much of a window, actually. It's a quarter-meter-square, ten-centimeter-thick, reinforced pane of Yellowed syntheplex, and the scratches covering it make it almost impossible to see through. If the

syntheplex were clear, citizens could plainly see a ground-level view of the expressways, or a slidewalk, or maybe some machinery, or an exhaust vent, or another wall a meter away. Certainly worth a look, wouldn't you say?

Nonetheless, fights are common over who gets the bed nearest the window. Sort of like the way the Alpha male is determined in higher order primate groups, such as baboons. If you need to describe a domestic squabble, watch a National Geographic special and take notes.

Four rooms adjoin the common hallway, a short little passage (1.7 meters high) with a door at each end. One end is the exit, the other opens into the Joyous Entertainment Commons.

The Joyous Entertainment Commons is a T-shaped room; the leg of the T measures four meters by six meters, and the crossbar is three meters wide by twenty-four meters long. Giant, depth-enhancing video screens dominate each end of the crossbar.

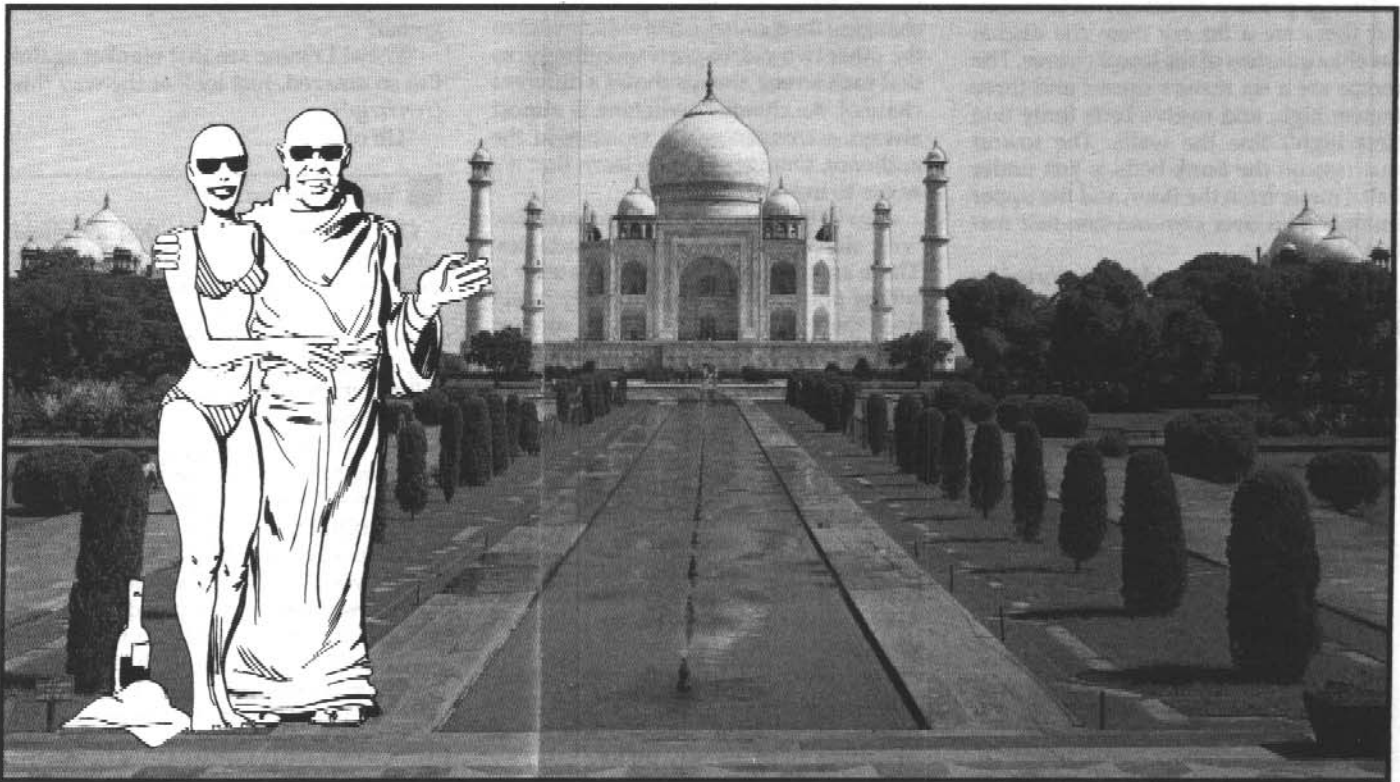
At the crux of the T is a game of Commie Combat (one of Alpha Complex's most popular video games). Also present are communal stools scattered here and there, a biochemical dispenser (filled with enjoyable diversions), and a Vend-a-Snak.

The video screens have operational controls and several programs to choose from. One of the most popular shows is

"Those Infrared Ignoramuses," a sort of Candid Camera preying on the moronic Infrared drones. Really, you'd be amazed at the things an Infrared will do. Every so often the show runs a "Best Of" episode, highlighting the funniest occurrences of the past few years and rerunning some perennial favorites from long ago. Sometimes a new Yellow sees a sketch featuring his old Infrared self as the butt of the jokes. I hope he has a sense of humor.

Naturally, HPD&MC has an influence in these videos, too. Since the viewers are Yellow and thus, arguably, somewhat intelligent, they require much more subtle means of control than the lower clearances. One magnified giant screen is used to intimidate the Yellows, instead of a whole slew of smaller sets. Subliminal images are flashed on the screen, each appearing for a mere microsecond. These images are carefully engineered to promote whatever viewer response is desired that daycycle.

During the evening, you can usually find several groups of Yellows in the commons, some watching the vids, some watching Commie Combat, others playing Cronkie or swapping stories. Security cameras watch over everyone, but there's usually too much noise to monitor all the conversations. Many treasonous plots hatch in this area.



**Summary****Housing Type:** Dormitory room**Colloquial Term:** Cell**Occupancy:** 6**In a Word:** Passable**Storage:** Footlocker**Janitorial:** Scrubot sightings rumored**Bedding:** This bed is too hard**Plumbing:** Handle always needs jiggling**Climate:** Hot and cold packs available upon request; file 3 days in advance**Remodeling/Decorating:** Repainting where deemed necessary; Computer Appreciation posters available**Security:** Door has a lock! Keys are Green clearance items**Green Living Quarters**

"Boy, I like Green! It's such an alive color! Just like the stuff you find growing on the food sometimes. Wow, this is a big room! And only two other roommates? No problem!

"Glory, will you look at my new bed! That's the thickest mattress I've ever seen! And the frame is plastic, too. It'll sure be nice to be away from that cold, hard, creaky, rusty metal.

"What's this piece of furniture? A 'chest of drawers'? How... novel. What's it do? Oooo, I get it! Hey, that's pretty nifty! And this little dial lets me set the temperature? What about everybody — oh, no, that's right! Only two others to contend with!

"There's something wrong here ... I know! The place is clean!"

**Green Rooms**

Green citizens live in curvilinear rooms, approximately six meters by ten, with a small alcove for the biochemical dispenser, a mirror, and a latching door to the hygiene module. Three Greens share a room, and each has a bed, a chest of drawers, and a small, wobbly, uncomfortable chair. A very small table is shared by all.

Illumination is manually controlled



(ooo, such responsibility), and consists of a single, bare bulb hanging at forehead level. Breaking a light bulb with your skull can prove to be very expensive, not to mention painful.

The beds are no longer framed in metal, but in plastic. Unfortunately, the manufacturers used a more flexible grade of plastic than was specified, resulting in semi-elastic frames which sag to the floor when any weight is put upon them.

The structural weakness of the frame meant lighter mattresses had to be used, so the mattresses are very airy foam pads. So airy they compress to a few millimeters thickness when someone lies on them.

Each bed is generously equipped with its own Wakey-Wakey Airhorn, which sounds off every morning, without mercy.

The dressers have four drawers, each with its own lock. Of course, none of the drawers were built to specifications, so they tend to be either too loose or too snug. Or else they can't be locked because they're too long.

Non-locking dressers can cause some problems. Remember all those times you went to a hotel and found something someone else left behind? The same thing happens in Green rooms, only worse. Citizens who are promoted, transferred, or executed often leave behind worthless but treasonous goodies, or else forget something valuable and report it as stolen. Or, maybe, the item is a piece of evidence in a big trial. Or the prototype for a critical piece of equipment. Or mildly radioactive.

"Misappropriated" items are not the only potential trouble. If not noticed and reported immediately upon taking residence, incidental damage to furniture or downright vandalism by previous tenants can lead to stiff fines, or to a gleeful execution at the hands of roommates happy to find a fall guy.

The table, being held in common, poses a difficult problem. The Computer, in its infinite wisdom, has decided that Greens are mature enough to adjudicate their own disputes; thus a fine for damage to a table is levied against the whole room. The occupants decide who gets to pay. If a satisfactory agreement cannot be reached, everyone pays the full amount. Two out of three citizens are very eager to reach some sort of agreement. The usual method by which agreement is reached is called "a brawl". Often during the process of reaching an agreement the table sustains further damage and the roomies get fined again. And fight again. Greens are not known for possessing vast personal wealth. Wonder why?

Three rooms open out onto the Enthusiastic Entertainment Center, which occupies the space between all three rooms.



Inside the Entertainment Center are two video screens, an Advanced Commie Combat game, a Computer terminal, one very spiffy vending machine with many cafeteria selections, and a Vend-A-Mood machine.

The Vend-A-Mood is an advanced pill dispenser, using an intricate analysis system (based mostly on random chance) to produce the combination of drugs best suited to the citizen at this particular moment. It could be described as a California Roulette machine. ("Round and round I go, where I'll trip, nobody knows.")

The video screens are quite large and show a variety of programs. One has a slot for Multicorder tapes, so Greens can show home movies. The other screen features regular HPD&MC programming. The Computer assumes that all Greens know how to read, so the visual subliminal pictures have been replaced by more effective subliminal slogans and phrases, promoting cooperation, happiness, and loyalty among the Green citizens. ("Trust No One" and such.)

The Computer terminal allows for data retrieval and analysis, as well as personal interaction and confession. If you've got any Computer Phreaks in your group, it takes both a computer programming and security roll for them to hack their way into anything interesting from one of these terminals. Certain devices can circumvent this hassle entirely, but they're highly treasonous.

**Summary****Housing Type:** Efficiency apartment**Colloquial Term:** Den**Occupancy:** 3**In a Word:** Okay**Storage:** Dresser**Janitorial:** Regularly**Bedding:** This bed is too soft**Plumbing:** Rust-free and almost never out of paper**Climate:** Hot/cold upon request. 8 hour

time delay in some areas

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Furniture moving allowed; Armed Forces recruiting posters available

**Security:** Locked door with signs that read "This area patrolled by doberbots"

### Blue Living Quarters

"Now, this is living! Nice, tiled floor, everything's clean (mostly). And will you look at the subdivided room - a reception area with two whole stairs leading up to the sleeping area.

"You know, this place is nicely decorated. A laser grip for a doorknob, racing stripes on our beds, a real throw rug in the middle of the main floor, and a mobile hanging from the surveillance camera. This is very classy.

"It's so quiet here. I can hardly hear the noise from that transtube outside. And, with only one roommate, I'm sure I'll be able to relax. All the walls are Blue - truly a color of calm and serenity. Sure, there are highlights of other colors, but most of them don't really clash very much, and the overall effect is a wonderful Blue haze - calm, mellow, soothing."

"HEY, LASER-WHIFF! GET YOUR COMMIE MUTANT BUTT OFF MY BED BEFORE I SHOOT IT OFF!"

### Blue Suites

Blues live in very nice, double-occupancy apartments, with a central reception area and living room five meters square. The living room contains a small collapsible card table, which is usually on its last legs (literally). Some Blues choose to just fold the table up and leave it leaning against the wall, but most folks place it on the small, ratty carpet scrap which comes with the room.

Two chairs with backs and thinly padded seats are also provided. These chairs spin, and have rollers. Given the smooth, tiled floor, roommates and friends often gather to have chair races around a room, or up and down the hall. Betting on these races, though technically treasonous, is popular and usually ignored by Internal Security.

On two sides of the reception/living room are steps leading to each resident's sleeping alcove. Each five meter by three meter alcove has a window which, though small and dirty, affords an excellent view of the transtube, adjacent to which Blue quarters always seem to be built.

The beds provided to Blues are the best single beds in Alpha Complex. They are very nice, well-built, firm, and comfortable. They come with a sheet and a rather small blanket.

Blues are awakened in the morning by

a Computer-controlled nozzle which sprays the citizen in the face with a high-pressured jet of icy — er ... cool, refreshing water.

Splaaat! "There, wasn't that invigorating?"

"Ptewph! Yes, Friend Computer!"

Incidentally, Blues are allowed to set their own wake-up times within a certain variance. Like within ten minutes of the standard Blue alarm.

At one end of the alcove is the door (no lock) to each resident's personal closet, a cramped little affair with no light. The hangers are not removable, being welded to rings around the steel bar. Blue citizens have to select their clothes in the dark. (That's the price you pay for luxury.) On the other hand, since it's dark, it's easy to hide secret and treasonous personal belongings.

Two Blue suites (one above and one below the lounge) sandwich the Sublime Entertainment Lounge. Hanging from the ceiling over the Lounge is a slowly spinning ball covered with bits of mirrored glass, sparkling in the dimmed light. Actually, the ball is covered with one-way mirrors, and a security camera lurks in its center. Unfortunately, the glass surface wreaks havoc with focus so the camera picks up only the most blatant treasonous acts.

The video in the Lounge is large and well-tuned, and Channel 3 shows three-dimensional movies — you know, the type you have to wear funky glasses to watch. (Prior to this security clearance, citizens are forbidden to wear Red and Blue lensed glasses.) The 3-D shows are very popular; shows like "Traitor from the Black Lagoon," "Frida-Y-THE-13," and a few other gory adventures.

Also in the Lounge is another first: a sound system. When switched on, it plays the Alpha Complex top forty, a cycle of tunes and theme songs which, despite occasional remixing and dubbing, has remained virtually unchanged since the Big Oops. Note that there is no volume control; the torn speakers boom out the so-called music at top volume, hoping to make up for lack of quality with excessive quantity of sound. Every couple of weekcycles one of the speakers shakes itself apart, much to everyone's satisfaction.

Incidentally, the sound system is so popular that video subliminals are unchanged from those used in Green clearance. On the other hand, backmasking on the top forty adds a new dimension to the mind control of the citizenry: "Segassem sdrawkcaB lla yebo," "Dneirf ruoy si retupmoC ehT," and such.

Also present in the lounge are several video games (including the very popular

Vulture Pilot), another pill dispenser, and one very large vending machine serving almost every available cafeteria item, including Hot Fun and other warmed dishes.

### Summary

**Housing Type:** Hotel suite (no room service)

**Colloquial Term:** Place

**Occupancy:** 2

**In a Word:** Good

**Storage:** Closet

**Janitorial:** "On request" - - Just who's request is another matter

**Bedding:** This bed is just right

**Plumbing:** Contoured and polished chrome

**Climate:** Central air with stubborn thermostat

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Minor remodeling "as time allows;" Teela-O pinups available

**Security:** Intsec goons in the building for your protection



### Indigo Living Quarters

"So, this is my place? Looks nice. It's got some problems, though. No bed. Say, who lives in those other rooms? Nobody? I see, waiting to be occupied? How long are they gonna be vacant?"

"Wait a sec, I don't understand. You mean that I don't have any roommates? None? And I'm not gonna get any? Are you serious? I can't believe this whole place is mine! Well, then, I'd better take a look around."

"Wow. This place has more than one room. Think of the ambushes, the near total cover ... I'd better get some tape and start marking avenues of fire here."

"But, first, I have to find the — gasp! — THAT'S the BED?!? Wow, that's HUGE! Twice the size of normal beds! Hm, better try it out ... good support, yet not too hard ... I don't get it, is this some sort of mis-

take? Is this an experimental bed, or something? Does it fold up in the middle of the night, or give electric shocks, or explode? No? Really? I'm not sure I believe you. And what's this thing? A 'pillow'? Of what possible use is it? Bah! Get it out of here!

"Oh, hey, another room! No, it's a closet. This thing's bigger than my last apartment. And there's a safe in the back. I hope I get told the combination real soon.

"Boy, this place is well-built. Square corners, flat floors, straight walls, the doors close properly; someone really put some quality work into this place. Nothing like a well-built luxurious residence to make you feel secure."

*Knock knock.*

"Who's there? Get away from my door! This is MY place and you can't have it! IF YOU OPEN THAT DOOR, I'LL SHOOT!"

### Indigo Luxury Suites

Indigos live in luxurious, high-rise, apartment complexes. High-rise is a relative term, you understand, since Alpha Complex is underground (or underwater depending on your campaign), but some of the Indigo buildings go, literally, from floor to ceiling in DOA.

Each complex has a bank of elevators providing fast and efficient service — when less than a dozen citizens are in the building. Service gets worse with increasing demand, to the point where most Indigos use the stairs to get to or from work.

Indigos live in what modern Americans would call a one-bedroom apartment. A very short hallway connects the living room with the bedroom and with the hygiene module. The hallway is not at all necessary: it's just for show. Makes citizens feel important.

The bedroom contains a walk-in closet with a light and a safe. Upon occupation of his new quarters, each new resident sets the combination of his safe, either by getting an HPD & MC locksmith to alter the lock (of course then the HPD & MCer

knows the combination) or by altering it on his own — a mildly treasonous, but nonetheless popular, choice. It takes a security or engineering roll to input the new combination, and a x1/4 security roll for anyone else to get the thing open.

The bed is a double-wide, and comes complete with a sheet, a blanket, and a pillow with case. The bed is a little firm, the sheets are a little short, but the bed won't do anything nasty like collapse. It is very flammable, but smoking in bed is treason. Sheets, incidentally, are washed every third weekcycle.

On the headboard of the bed are the controls to what you and I would consider a conventional alarm clock. There are still restrictions on what time the alarm can be set for, but there are a few hours' leeway. The snooze button is cruelly fast.

The hangers in the closet have no hooks, but instead have knobs which slip into the rings permanently fixed around the clothesbar. (Sort of what you find in a cheap motel.) The hanger can be removed and rehung on a specially provided hanger-hanger just outside the closet. This makes it easier for fashion-conscious Indigos to select contrasting (i.e., clashing) garments.

There is a thin rug in the main room, a Computer terminal, and two chairs. One of the chairs is a rocker, the other a recliner. Either is likely to go over backwards when used. The room is also provided with a small coffee table, though coffee itself is treasonous.

Two Indigos share a Quality Entertainment Patio, having their apartments on opposite sides. There's a rather sizable table, several benches, Blue clearance scooter chairs, and a porch swing. A huge entertainment wall dominates one end of the room. It has a huge video screen and several smaller, independently tunable monitors in black and white. It has capacity for music or video tapes, can tune in almost every cable station in Alpha Complex, and has a Computer patch-in switch if you want to get those mission alerts in full color and glorious stereophonic sound. It also has the capacity to play most of the video games available.

Just in case you're wondering, yes, the stereo and video both play subliminal messages, though they are more complex than the simple "Eno on tsurt" broadcast at the Blues. The new messages are stuff like, "Summary execution is a painful experience and should be avoided." You know, real brain teasers.

Also on the patio is a food reprocessor, a sort of vending machine that not only serves everything edible (?) found in the cafeterias, but is also able to create special preparations and mixtures, upon request.

Very primitive food processing. Upon advancing to this clearance, most citizens waste a lot of good credits trying combinations like Pleasant Morning Experience blended with Hot Fun floating in a glass of Classic Bouncy Bubble Beverage.

On the other hand, some of these combinations are extremely popular, like a Happiness Energy Bar smothered with Para-vanilla Mercury Sauce and served on a bed of refried Yeast Noodle Paste. I dunno; maybe the ingredients react and make a euphoric or something. Attempts by HPD&MC to put subliminals in processed food have so far proved unsuccessful.

And finally, there is, of course, the standard Vend-A-Mood machine. Unlike the machines found on Green and Blue levels, Indigo Vend-A-Mood machines are usually somewhat newer, with a proportionally lower clone fatality percentage.

### Summary

**Housing Type:** Spacious one-bedroom apartment

**Colloquial Term:** Pad

**Occupancy:** 1

**In a Word:** Excellent

**Storage:** Walk-in closet and safe

**Janitorial:** Building scrubot on call

**Bedding:** Clean sheets twice a month

**Plumbing:** Pinstripping and padded seat

**Climate:** Central heat and air

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Choice of furniture available upon move-in

**Security:** Personal security camera with coaxial slugthrower

### Violet Living Quarters

"Violet, eh? It's about time I got promoted. Well, I won't be staying here for long. I'm movin' up!

"Speaking of moving up, where do these stairs go? More of my place? Wow, that's nice. Two levels! Sure makes it easy to get the "drop" on an intruder, doesn't it? Heh heh! I think I'll put some heavy sculpture right there, at the head of the stairs.

"Well, now, what have we here? The Computer room! Hm. Chair looks passable... desk seems sturdy... what's this? Dust?!? Look right here, will you? Look at that! A speck of dust! Find the one responsible and kill him!

"Thank you.

"Violet. They say that in ancient history it was the color of royalty. I guess it still is today, for I'm certainly more powerful than the royalty back then! Power. Prestige. Truly, this is royalty!

"Huh? What? Yes, Sir, Mr. High Programmer, Sir, I'll be there right away, Sir! I'm your boy, Sir! Be there in a jiffy, Sir!"



**Violet Condominiums**

All the Violets in DOA sector reside in a single, very very large condominium on choice property a safe distance from R&D and nuclear reactors. The entire area is semi-tastefully landscaped with lovely green-painted rocks (even for Violets, real grass and bushes would be going too far), just like you find on many of our nation's hipper highways. Everything one might expect to find in a condo is there. Stuff like a heated jacuzzi wading pool, Violet flags flying all over the property, architecture as euclidean as a plate of spaghetti, a set of Infrareds who go around and polish the cement sculpture ... you name it. If it's gaudy and useless, it's here.

Each Violet lives in a split-level apartment. There are several "styles" of apartment to give the illusion of individuality, but each apartment is simply a single or double mirror-image of a basic design.

The front door opens onto a landing, from which a set of five stairs descends to the bottom floor.

On the bottom floor of the apartment is the kitchen and the office/living room. The latter holds a conference table, several Blue scooter chairs, and an extensive Computer terminal and information center. Also present in this room is a small closet and gun rack.

The kitchen has a small table and chair, a complete food synthesizer (with pre-amp and culinary equalizer), and a trash disintegrator.

A winding staircase (great for dramatic falls) leads from the landing to the second floor, which holds the bedroom, hygiene module, and the Luxury Entertainment Room.

Notice how we keep saying "front door?" That's because Violets have another, heretofore unknown, luxury: a rear escape! There are two back doors, one in the kitchen and a hatch in the bedroom. Using either of these sets off a fire/intruder alarm.

The bedroom is very nicely built, has a very nice mattress without any mildew or antiseptic odor, an abundance of pillows,

and R&D's latest development: an electric blanket with optional refrigeration setting. Not only that, but this spiffy new invention almost never malfunctions. At least not noticeably more often than anything else R&D makes.

The alarm-clock provided for Violets plays a closed loop tape with a soothing androgynous voice saying, "Please wake up. It's time for work. Arise, and have a fun daycycle. Please wake up..." After a few weekcycles of this, many Violets begin to wish for a return to good ol' air horns.

In addition to providing room for his stuff, the closet is also the resting place for the Violet's personal scrubot. Yes — personal. Well actually, it's assigned to the apartment and self-destructs if removed. Still, that means that Violets get cleaning whenever they want. And sometimes when they don't want. The only drawback is that the little scrubot has wheels for propulsion, and needs to be carried downstairs if it's going to clean the kitchen. And the bot brain gets damaged if the thing is dropped or nudged off the top of the stairs.

The Luxury Entertainment Room is just that. It is dominated by a huge Computer console, at which the happy Violet can do anything his heart desires. Almost.

Naturally, it picks up all the stations but the Ultraviolet one, and the screen can be "split" to show either two or more videos, or several views of just one. (Remember the video banks in the Red barracks?) The room is equipped with incredible quadraphonic sound, and all sorts of music can be summoned up. Also, the Violet can use the console to remix, dub, or produce songs on file, or even record his own originals. Naturally, all music and videos come complete with subliminals and back-masking.

Video games and reruns of old shows, like *Gill-I-GAN's Complex*, can also be summoned on the console. A large, comfortable, reclining chair with vibromassage is situated in front of the console. Many Violets choose to sleep in these chairs.

Drug use is Computer-controlled for Violets. No more Vend-A-Mood. A Violet just sticks an IV into his arm and starts typing in commands for biochemical therapy for as long as he can. Hope he doesn't type in a closed loop.

**Summary**

- Housing Type:** Split-level condo
- Colloquial Term:** Homestead
- Occupancy:** 1
- In a Word:** Blinding
- Storage:** Plenty
- Janitorial:** Personal scrubot
- Bedding:** California chic

- Plumbing:** Velvet seat; armrests
- Climate:** Room-by-room heat and air
- Remodeling/Decorating:** Annual remodeling; holographics available
- Security:** Personal door guard (hope he's not a Death Leopard)

**Ultraviolet Living Quarters**

The living quarters of an Ultraviolet should be no more than a topic of conjecture for most players, unless, of course, they're being sent to convict some High Programmer of treason. Ha. I'd like to see 'em try.

So, should any of your PCs — whether by mission, mistake, treason, or experimental device — happen to wander into a High Programmer's inner sanctum, the place can be accurately described in one word:

WOW!

**The Ultraviolet Plane of Existence**

When a citizen is promoted to Ultraviolet clearance, he may appropriate any one building in the sector for his personal living quarters, so long as it does not exceed 200 meters in any dimension. The number of High Programmers stays pretty constant, so there are a number of more or less permanent residences, which change hands every few yearcycles or so and are built in a modular format to facilitate radical redecoration. Occasionally, a new High Programmer will acquire a building somewhere else in the sector and paint a 50 meter stripe of white around it as perimeter defense. Sometimes these bands of white cut across major sector thoroughfares or deny access to cafeterias, but that's just the way things are in Alpha Complex.

Each High Programmer's building is a reflection of his personal taste, fantasies, and neuroses. Lawrence-U-ELK-6, for example, covers the walls with glitter, has bubble makers in every ceiling, and maintains an army of bots equipped with peripherals like French Tubas, Saxabones, Trombinets, Snare Cymbals, and applause synthesizers.

Deb-U-TNT-5's house, on the other hand, has gobs of mirrors, closets full of oversized sweaters with letters on them, a staff of burly Infrareds dressed in loin-cloths, and a self-mobile bedpost that follows her around so she can stick her gum on it. To each her own.

When creating an Ultraviolet residence, think about the High Programmer in question, daydream about his most secret desires, his fetishes, his phobias, and how he'd display his wealth and power.

Then indulge yourself. Kid in a candy



store — neon; stark brickwork; mirrored ceilings; rotating floors; laser tubes; intelligent, cybernetic furniture; water sofas, glossy black enamel; velcro carpeting; etc. Stop at nothing.

Office areas tend to be huge and intimidating, stocked with unwilling conscripts and overwilling toadies. High Programmers also build large areas dedicated to monitoring transmissions and following the actions of favored or unfavored citizens.

Count on unparalleled security in an Ultraviolet residence. After all, they didn't rise to their exalted status by being trusting souls.

Each High Programmer is allowed to design his or her own Total Entertainment Wing. Any type of entertainment is allowed; raquetball courts, tiddlywinks, gladiator, er... sports arenas with Infrared (and PC) "volunteers" ... or how about an

olympic-sized swimming pool filled with ten million pink and purple ping pong balls? What a High Programmer wants, a High Programmer gets.

Of course, like every other citizen, High Programmers are exposed to subliminals in their entertainment. The Computer Itself develops these subliminals. In general, these subliminal messages are far too complex and fail to achieve the desired results. For example, one overlong subliminal is, "Some people wrongly believe that The Computer should attend to their every pleasure and whim. So, if you should happen to think that programming the Computer is good for personal gratification, you'd better stop and consider the terrible risk you are taking, for you will certainly be quite painfully executed should you abuse the power and privilege you have been given."

When that message is flashed on a video

screen for a millisecond, all the subject receives is "... programming The Computer is good for personal gratification..."

Now you know how High Programmers got that way.

## Summary

**Housing Type:** Building at your disposal

**Colloquial Term:** Fortress

**Occupancy:** 1

**In a Word:** Rent heaven and live here

**Storage:** Building at your disposal

**Janitorial:** Fleet of scrubots (or Infrareds)

**Bedding:** Comes with everything, including harem

**Plumbing:** Aquarian fantasy

**Climate:** Paris in the spring

**Remodeling/Decorating:** Not more than twice daily

**Security:** On beyond zebra

**Cafeterias**

By Ed Bolme

"It's time for midcycle nourishment. It's time for midcycle nourishment. Go to the cafeterias or face summary execution. Go to the cafeterias or face summary execution."

(Arg. I am so sick of that voice — "the Lunch Belle." And why does The Computer have to repeat everything twice at mealtimes? That really make me lose my appetite.)

"Please make your selection. Please make your selection."

(So what's to select? There's only one choice.) "I'll take the Magnificent Utilitarian Delight, please!"

*(Shplechk.)*

"An excellent choice. An excellent choice. Eat and be satisfied. Eat and be satisfied."

(Uh, oh. No spoon.) "Excuse me, Friend Computer, about my meal tray here..."

"Every tray is quality checked. Every tray is quality checked."

*(Sigh\*)* "Thank you, Friend Computer!"

"Wonderful food, don't you agree, fellow Citizen?"

(Oh, great! There's my Hygiene Officer! I can't let him see me using my fingers! I wish I were higher clearance so I didn't have to put up with this!)

**The Alpha Complex Municipal Code**

Cafeterias provide completely nutritious, fresh, appealing, and satisfying meals to all citizens three scheduled times per daycycle.

**The Real Scoop**

Cafeterias give the population the absolute minimum nutrients necessary to keep them productive, served in the vilest form they can stomach at irregular hours designed to make them appreciate the stuff when they're lucky enough to get it!

**That DOA Dining Experience**

You've all heard the phrase "Eat a balanced diet". Well, friends, Alpha Complex citizens are strongly urged to do so, too. No single food has all the necessary vitamins, drugs, hormone suppressors, and carcinogens for 100% of your Mandatory Computed DailyCycle Requirement. A citizen who eats only one or two types of food will certainly lack essential nutrients or biochemical supplements.

So what are the consequences of eating many different types of Alpha Complex food? ... Well, y'know how, in the old days, people at weddings used to throw rice? Do you know why they don't do that any more? Because the little birdies who ate the uncooked rice would suddenly find the rice swelling up in their stomachs. What does this have to do with food combinations in *Paranoia*? Well, we're not saying that clones tend to explode if they eat the wrong combination of foods — but we're not saying they don't, either.

**Infrared Goop Line**

*(Let them eat fake!)*

Given the absurdly large number of Infrared citizens requiring food processing, increased automation has been used for many years. The actual distribution techniques continually change, as R&D tries to find bigger, better, and more flamboyant ways to feed the masses, but most R&D innovations in this area flop disastrously (with horrific financial repercussions) because Infrareds are inordinately fond of proving that nothing is idiot-proof.

The current method of food and drug administration was developed to lower overhead and eliminate the need for dishwashing and janitorial services for Infrareds. It also eliminates the need for creating appealing, palatable, or even edible food. The method is — yep, you guessed it — direct gastrointestinal injection.

Here's how it works:

When called for meals, 600 or so Infrareds congregate in the huge empty room that used to be their dining hall. The goop lines form up across the room from the entrance. Each line ends at a feeding station, where the Infrareds step onto a conveyor belt.

As an Infrared passes through the feeding station, a mechanical arm grabs his hair, jerks his head back, and rams a gastrointestinal tube down his throat to his stomach. Next, *Pyur-I-NAH Infrared Stuff* is shot down the tube at high pressure. Milli-seconds later the tube is retracted.

The entire process takes just under four seconds, allowing your typical Infrared Goop Station with five conveyor belts to fill up about 700 clones during a 10 minute Infrared Sustenance Break! Ain't that somethin'!

The sickly, black Infrared Stuff contains the minimum dailycycle requirement (for Infrared citizens) of nine essential drugs. It's also highly acidic (so as to be self-



digesting), and contains everything an Infrared ever needs to grow up healthy, happy, and strong. Trust The Computer!

**Red Mess Halls**

*(Tastes great! More spilling!)*

Reds are still too numerous for individual servings to be economical. Each Red facility can accommodate up to 100 clones during a fifteen minute Nutrition Break.

Reds grab a mess kit (cup, spoon, napkin) as they enter the dining hall, and seat themselves on long benches facing a feeding trough. Certain citizens are randomly selected for KP (Knob Person) duty by a Yellow supervisor. After everyone is seated, the KP opens the valve at one end of the trough, starting a spasmodic, glugging flow of one or another of the standard meals (*Pleasant Morning Experience*, *Gentle Surprise*, etc.), splashing those near the spigot. Sometimes there is a plug of congealed food which stops up the spigot until the back pressure blows the plug out with predictable, but nonetheless, spectacular results.

Whichever meal is served, you can count on several constants. The food is always lumpy, gritty, semi-congealed, and lacking any palatable texture. It has an unpleasant taste and a visible aroma (good for your miasma). It is overdyed with a

hideously bright color (usually Red), which would make it more appealing were it not so poorly blended. This dye will permanently stain skin and clothing. Sometimes it interferes with tongue verification scans. If you spill some on yourself, hope it's your clearance or lower...

When everyone has eaten their fill (or after ten minutes, whichever comes first), the KP drains the trough and squeegees it more or less clean. The Reds file out, turning in their mess kits to the armed guards at the exits. The leftover food is pumped back to the storage vats until it is used again. Some of the stuff gets quite old. But nobody notices — the bacteria ain't been invented that can live in that stuff.

Incidentally, nothing has ever crawled out of the trough. Food cannot come alive, even if left overnight. Chemical poisons added to the food ensure this. Reports of such occurrences are rumors, and rumors are treason. Just chew your food thirty times before you swallow.

### Orange Chow Halls

*("Have it our waaayyy...")*

Imagine a huge open room filled with long benches. One wall of the room is occupied by copious amounts of machinery, entirely painted vivid, gloss Orange and covered with a fine layer of unidentifiable sediment. Fortunately, Orange clearance personnel are very used to Trix/Neon decor, so they don't lose their appetites.

Automation again serves the populace at Orange level. The diner is greeted by a large permanently emplaced bot which looks more suited to a battlefield than a cafeteria. The menu selector bot (affectionately known as "Melba") has several screens which display two entree selections, dessert, and the biochemical supplement of the daycycle. Citizens pull levers to indicate their preference. (A generous allowance for personal freedom. Praise The Computer!)

Once selections are made, Melba's automated serving section releases the chosen items from its various hoses, squirters, agglutinators, etc. The hapless diner must make a mad scramble to collect inconveniently placed containers and catch his order before it is dispensed onto the floor (possibly earning him a fine for improper disposal of toxic substances). When the mealtime rush is at its peak, there might be as many as eight Oranges madly dodging bodies and puddles of slippery ooze, trying to get their grub. Orders often get mixed, with frightening results. Older Oranges know which things are okay to mix ... and which things to scrap.

Oranges are given a generous 30 minutes to eat. Since each Orange dining hall



seats about 100 and there's only one Melba per hall, clones near the end of the line usually reach Melba just as the meal period ends. Needless to say, the scramble to be near the front of the line is intense and, not too infrequently, violent.

### Yellow Dining Halls

*(You could use a break today / So chow down in DOA)*

Yellow dining halls seat 80 and are patterned after Pre-Oops army mess lines. Citizens pick up a tray and some flatware at one end of the serving line and request whatever items they wish to eat from the surly mess attendants at the other end of the line.

Yellow diners are adamant adherents to the principle "Pick the lesser of two evils." The "food" is kept in large rusty buckets and bins covered with nameless higher clearance-colored growths. Other containers leak their contents on the floor where it adheres to clones' feet, eating away at the soles of their boots, or making them slick or extremely sticky. Without labels, nobody knows what the food items are called. ("I'll take some of that, uh, greyish stuff there. NO - uh, please don't stir it up...")

Yellows enjoy the special privilege of human beings staffing their dining halls. (Well, subhuman Infrareads, at least.) Big,

smelly, and dressed in filthy black coveralls, the Infrareads often lick the serving ladles clean for immediate reuse. In addition, they often forget with which utensil to serve the glop and what plate or bowl on which to serve it. Many Yellow diners end up with a meal hand-scooped into a tumbler, the layers of the various glops merging and bleeding.

At least, the Yellows get more variety and marginally higher quality in their meals than the lower clearances. Still, most Yellows look forward to their next promotion so they can eat at the avant garde Green cafeterias.

Tsk. If they only knew.

### Green Cafeterias

*(Wham! Ham? Thank you, Ma'am)*

When commissaries for DOA sector were originally laid out, the PLC overseer for the project forgot the middle initial in the simple mnemonic: "ROY G BIV." He was executed for his oversight, of course, but the bottom line is that, for the last couple decadecycles, hungry Greens approaching their dining hall have been greeted by a sign reading "These temporary dining facilities have been installed for your convenience. New, improved cafeterias will be completed shortly. Thank you for your cooperation."

Behind this fading sign is the dim, low-



ceilinged maintenance area between two industrial sublevels where 300 or so Greens eat their meager meals. Just for a little while longer, of course.

There is no plumbing between these sublevels, and very little lighting, so you can just forget about any connecting pipes from here to the food vats. "Yippee, no food vat slime," you say? Ha ha ha, are you in for a surprise!

As DOA lacks its own Green food processing capabilities, PLC personnel are dispatched to the Green cafeteria more or less regularly with aged boxes loaded with even more aged, prepacked meals built—er, created at other sectors' Green cafeterias. Considering how much the other sectors' cafeteria workers appreciate having to make up meals for DOA in addition to their own sector, and considering the snail-like pace of Alpha Complex's shipping services, you can guess just how good the food is gonna be.

And, of course, each sector has its own ideas on how to package food for shipping. Various forms of gunk arrive: as stale bars, like space food sticks; in self-sealing packs; in gooey tubes, like toothpaste; congealing in synthe foam cups; or creatively presented as crusty adhesions between sheets of tinfoil.

And so, squatting on a small crate crammed between hot pipes and power cables, the Green diner hunches over his picnic meal dreaming of the daycycle when the new Green cafeterias are finished and when he no longer has to tolerate a pressure valve venting smelly gases in his face while he eats. On the lighter side, no electricity means no security cameras, so you're pretty much free to do what you want, if you're out of line-of-sight of the warbots (food riots for some odd reason are extremely popular with Greens in DOA).

Greens are given a whole hour to enjoy their meal.

**Blue Bistro Bars**

*("Spaceball, Hot Fun, Humble Pie and DOA")*

Blue Bistro Bars are designed to hold 25 clones, but it's not unusual to see upwards of 50 crowded inside, some seated around tables, others just standing around the bar. Like Greens, Blues are given one hour to eat. However, extended, "business" lunches are not uncommon.

Automated security systems are minimal in the overpacked rooms, encouraging freewheeling horseplay (in Pre-Oops parlance, "riots"). After overlong storage in warm, dark, yeast-infested vats, alcoholic beverages (like the ever-popular Blue Lightning) are inadvertently, maybe even maliciously, served — adding greatly to

the cheerful ambiance. There's an endless supply of Crunchetyme Algae Chips to give you a thirst, and video screens blare out the latest sports and IntSec reports to the counterpoint of drunken bellowing.

Tables are scattered throughout the overcrowded room, and service is slow. When a waitress finally comes, she's not likely to understand the order over the din, so you're never sure what you're gonna get. The food is generally monochrome (burned sickly brown) and usually kind of mushed together, but if you drink enough, you won't notice. The plates are amazingly aerodynamic, as discovered by citizen Frizz-B. Thus, whenever the video screens show something either very good or very bad, amazing quantities of food flies about the room. (These clones get most of their real sustenance from black market sources, Blue being the first level at which they can really afford to do so.)

**Indigo Banquet Rooms**

*(Indigo, out it come)*

Indigos are served in overcrowded halls packed with large, wobbly round tables. Each hall serves a different menu; thus Indigos have a choice of which meal to endure. Name your poison, as it were. Each banquet room holds up to 50 Indigos, and meals last up to an hour and a half.

The dubious food is served in overwhelming quantity, and security cameras dissuade anyone from not eating 'til they're bloated. The meals have at least three courses and two beverages, and only rarely do the various foods explode, ehr... chemically react inside the diner.

Tables are set with nice stoneware (primitive melee weapon), real glass glasses, and tie-dyed (dyed by Infrared clonedrones tied to the dyeing vats), Indigo tablecloths. Service is provided by overworked Oranges, Yellows being punished for a minor offense, and the occasional bot limboing through the brambles of elbows and chairs. Often, the servers disloyally spill a tray full of diners or dirty plates. The crash or splosh is generally followed by a round of applause, or small-arms fire, depending upon whom the food was spilled. Employee turnover is rather high.

**Violet Gourmet Dining Lounges**

*(Too much snacks and Violets)*

Violets receive their meals in spacious rooms seating 10, furnished with intimate tables, a bar, electric candelabras... in short, a posh *ristorante* setting. The Lounge features daycycle specials along with a

regular, large menu of quality items. A few of the better items (synthe-T bone with algaedine sauce) require that the Violet pay a modest surcharge. The Lounge is staffed by PLC workers of Yellow (busboy) and Green (waiter) levels, headed by a Blue (Maitre-B). These workers have rediscovered the "tip," and reward big tippers with lavish service (some Violets are beginning to refer to "the Tip" as a "Sir-charge") while treading that fine line between giving cheapskates the poorest service possible and getting terminated.

The entrees are served attractively, and it is at this clearance that bad food can actually be sent back. Naturally, this is the first clearance where that need seldom arises.

**Ultraviolet Room Service**

*("We treat you white!")*

Ultraviolets have no set schedule for eating. They eat what they want when they want and take as long as they want to eat it... or heads will roll. Or implode.

For the Ultraviolets, PLC maintains a large, fully-stocked kitchen, a staff of gourmet chefs equipped with state-of-the-art food synthesizers, and several souped-up delivery vehicles which allows PLC to guarantee meal delivery in thirty seconds or less. High visibility coupled with high clearance customers demanding near-impossible tasks make this branch of PLC a so-called "dead-end job:" a job where you more than likely end up dead.

The PLC staffers know there are two kinds of UV diners: the "Businesses" and the "Pleasures."

The "Pleasures" enjoy every Red's dream of the ideal dining experience: lavish meals hand-fed by attractive attendants, while large glistening warbots stand guard.

Hard-working "Business" High Programmers are a different sort altogether. Glued to their consoles 24 hours a daycycle, they usually order out for the exact same finger food they've ordered for the last five years, which they absently munch



while typing with the other hand. What a waste of dining potential.

### Adventures In Eating

If an adventure is going too slowly, send the PCs to dinner and have secret society contacts or informants at the table with them. Ducking someone's head into the Red food trough is a sure way to get a

bonus to interrogation rolls. Top Secret service group notes can get passed, and rumors can be obtained.

Entire adventures can be located here as well. Saboteurs can be seen adding fluoride to the drinks. Food from a malfunctioning synthesizer can be investigated, usually starting with a taste-test.

Or, maybe, a High Programmer wants

filet of sole with banana-broccoli marinade, and the PCs are sent to go grocery hunting for the necessary ingredients. We'd like to see them explain to a Yellow guard exactly why they have to bring a sprig of parsley in from Outside. "Look, the parsley's Green, and you're just Yellow clearance, so I could tell you, but then I'd have to shoot you."

## Food Vat Level 42/X

By Donald J. Bingle

We've all heard of *The Vats* before. You know: that place where the unwashed masses toil in conditions considerably less friendly than a pre-20th century coal mine, for wages considerably less liberal than those paid Roman galley slaves? Well, believe us, it's a lot worse than you ever suspected.

Perhaps that's why Infrareads are really happy to be promoted to Red-level Troubleshooters ... considering the hell the Troubleshooters go through on a regular basis, it'd take something pretty horrific to make that look good.

The lower portion of DOA sector is composed of dozens and dozens of food vat levels. The food production industry located there employs about 90% of DOA's workers. Those workers, 95% of whom are Infrared drones, spend their daycycles lugging heavy things from one place to another, dumping various bags of foul-smelling goo into huge vats, using "pool-skimmers" to scrape thin layers of bubbling scum off the top of the vats, and ingesting huge quantities of biochemical supplements to make the entire, mind-numbing process seem like fun.

Did we tell you that DOA sector is the number two producer of Cold Fun in the entire complex? No? Well, now you know.

### Description and Function

Rather than describing every single food vat level in general terms, we'll focus on just one. To be specific: Food Vat Level 42/X.

Even before one arrives at 42/X, it's obvious what lies ahead — the distinctive aroma of processed kelp and algae, the heavy-metal thrumming of the huge pumps which are not so much heard as felt within the entire body, the thin layer of multicolored food particles which cov-



ers everything (doors, floors, walls, arriving clones' lungs) ...these all instantly remind one of those good-old days when you were a happy Infrared working the vats.

The effect is not so much of nostalgia as of acid flashback.

Each section of the level 42/X is detailed below.

**Corridor to the Infrared barracks:** Each food vat level has one Infrared housing complex adjoining it, providing a constant supply of happy workers. (See page 37 for details on Infrared housing.)

**Hallway to the cafeteria:** This hallway is extra wide and well travelled by Infrareads. Sanitary conditions for Infrared workers being what they are, a not inconsiderable amount of foodstuff gets tracked into the hallway, making it extremely sticky by the end of a work shift. Surprisingly, the hallway is cleaned every nightcycle. (Rumors that the goop is simply scraped up and dumped back into a food vat are, of course, quite treasonous.)

**Hyper-accelerated Fusion Turbine elevator:** Higher clearance supervisors use this elevator to move swiftly (and we do mean swiftly) between the food vat levels and the central DOA level.

**Algae Farm:** Four deep pools, filled with opaque, sickly-green water, sit beneath high-intensity growth lights. Infrared drones alternately dump sack-loads of gritty material into the pools or collect algae by using utensils similar to Pre-Oops pool-skimmers. Dozens more Infrareads work at straining and pounding most of the water out of the harvested algae, until all that's left is a greenish goop which is then loaded onto a conveyor belt and distributed to various food synthesizers.

Occasionally, for no apparent reason, bubbles rise from the depth of the algae pools, and some visitors claim to have seen a fin break the surface of Pool #3, but, of course, rumors are treason. For more on this, see our adventure "More Songs About Food Vats."

**Crunchetyme Algae Chip Station:** Clones entering from the hallway see a massive machine covered with gears, levers, dials, lights and hydraulic tubing. Groups of Infrareads are busily dumping crates of algae goo into the Crunchetyme

Algae Chip machine's sole input chute.

Inside, giant rubber rollers squeeze out the remaining water and flatten the paste (and anything else that falls into the machine) into a thin sheet, which is then stamped into Computer-monitor shaped bits and super-baked by a military grade laser. The resulting "Chips" are slightly more edible than credit cards.

A constant, rapid, monotonous "pocketa, pocketa, pocketa, pocketa" sound emits from every aperture of the machine. If anyone touches any part of the machine, the sound suddenly changes to "pocketa, pocketa, pocketa, queep" and something bad happens. Nothing serious. Maybe paper cubes start spewing out wrapped in algae chips, or the machine melts down into radioactive slag — you get the idea.

**Production Vat 42X:** The main vat itself is huge. The sides are lined with heating coils and refrigeration tubes. Conveyors carrying algae, kelp extract, flavoring, and the key secret ingredient — Permagel — lead in from the sides. Two fire hydrant-sized spigots at either end spray massive quantities of water into the vat at the turn of a wheel; smaller valves add vital nutrients and hormone depressants on command. A huge device (known as "the Mega-Mixer") suspended on scaffolding descends into the vat to assure proper consistency.

**Supplementary Protein Relay Station:** Nobody is quite sure exactly how this room functions, but, as far as anybody can tell, protein comes into the room via a really big pipe, is dumped into the covered vat, and heavily processed for quite some time. Then, the processed protein is added to the main vat.

Exactly where the protein comes from is not known, and clones who inquire too deeply into this run a great risk of finding out ... the hard way.

**Beverage Creation and Bottling:** In this room, liquid algae, yeast, and kelp are turned into the tasty beverages we all know and love — Bouncy Bubble Beverage, Tastecoff, etc. Industrial-strength solvents and high-grade Vulturecraft fuel are synthesized here, as well.

**Original Food Vat 42/X:** This area has been sealed off with heavy lead shielding. Rumor has it that several years ago food vat 42/X went critical and exploded; since, to the best of anyone's knowledge, noth-

ing in here should be radioactive, your guess as to what really happened is as good as anyone's.

**Delicious Surprise Manufacturing Station:** Pipes of unknown origin and a conveyor belt carrying a lumpy grey matter lead to a shallow pond filled with bright blue ooze. Masses of barefoot Infrareads march to and fro through the pond using their feet to slowly work the matter into the ooze.

On the far side, another conveyor feeds the mixture into the Delicious Surprise Packaging Machine. Suspended above the conveyor is a large electro-magnet. From time to time bits and pieces fly off the belt and stick to the magnet.

### Municipal Code

The food vats produce a staggering array of nutritionally balanced culinary delights for Alpha Complex's eager citizens.

### What Really Happens Here

The food vats produce a marginally edible mixture of algae, kelp, and yeast-based protein, which is colored, textured, and flavored to give the illusion of a variety of foods, all of which taste uniformly awful.

### Typical NPCs

In the description section, several areas are listed as containing a large number of Infrared workers. As you can imagine, wherever Infrared drones gather, supervisors are soon to follow.

The Computer assigns 1 supervisor for every 40 drones. On level 42/X there are 10 supervisors. That means in all there are — drum roll please — 400 Infrareads working on level 42/X!

#### Har-I-KRA-1

*Chief Supervisor*

**Description:** Slightly balding, vapid expression with broad smile, overweight

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Hand slugthrower (gas shells — hallucinogenic) skill 14

**Secret Society:** Mystics, 10th degree

**Mutant Power:** Charm

**Relevant Skills:** Biochemical therapy 16

**Background:** Har-I is quite interested in the "hippie movement" of pre-Oops society. He's not sure what that means, exactly, but he does know that it will combine his interest in biochemical additives with his high position as a supervisor in the Food Vats. Can you say "mass hallucinations?"



#### Clums-Y-CRP-6

*Food vat supervisor*

**Description:** Clums-Y looks like a normal human being.

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** No weapons (see background, below). Combat suit (All4)

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard 1st degree

**Mutant Power:** None

**Relevant Skills:** Survive falls 10

**Background:** Remember we said Clums-Y looks normal? He wishes that he could blame his ineptitude on a mutation, but he can't — it's innate. Clums-Y is nearsighted.

How, you wonder, could a perfect clone family end up nearsighted? C'mon — how can mutations get through the process, clone after clone? You want reality, go

play some other game. Meanwhile, poor Clums-Y is still nearsighted and, since asking for glasses would imply that The Computer has failed to produce a perfect set of clones, Clums-Y stumbles around in a haze, getting himself killed every so often (he tries — really — by carrying no weapons and wearing heavy armor. He's even studied treasonous martial arts to learn how to survive falls). His underlings try to help (having Clums-Y as a supervisor is nice 'cause he can't see anything you're doing wrong), but a bunch of Infrareads trying to help out probably kills more Clums-Ys than anything else. Clums-Y was welcomed into Death Leopard because of all the things he breaks when he goes down.

**Chum-DOA-4**

*Infrared vat worker*

**Description:** A typical infrared drone, with perhaps a tinge of fish-ness in his goggly eyes.

**Secret Society:** Sierra Club 8th degree

**Mutant Power:** Animal Empathy (just like machine empathy, only works on furred and finned things)

**Background:** Chum is now one of the highest-ranking Sierra Clubbers around, thanks to the big food vat disaster. Poor Chum — he was just another 1st degree schlep, dreaming about The Outside whilst scooping ugly dreck from noisome vats. Now he's second in command of the entire Sierra Club! Which isn't too tough on him, considering there are only three surviving members that anyone knows of. Chum has a grand scheme in mind, involving the help of Barb-I in Vulture Base and a large fishlike thing that could easily live in one of the algae tanks. He'll be getting around to it real soon now.

**Scenarios**

1. Commie mutant traitors found, in the darkest recesses of The Computer's core memory, some references to an earlier Commie conspiracy to fluoridate the water

supply and then conquer Alpha Prime, (something to do with polluting every clone's natural bodily fluids). Willing to try anything in their insidious quest to destroy The Computer, the Commies went Outside and collected toothpaste tubes — thousands of them.

Since then, they've been squeezing the toothpaste into a giant vat in the Commie hideout and mixing it with water. The resulting mix — heavy water, they call it — is then surreptitiously piped into the main food vat via a hidden underground pipe.

The result... treasonously minty breath.

It's up to our heroic Troubleshooters to trace down the origin of the minty smell now pervading all of DOA.

2. Far below the food vats lie the Alpha Complex salt domes. Here numerous Infrared workers toil, mining and bagging salt for use in the vats.

There's one problem with salt-mining. Since salt is white and the mine consists of a salt dome with white walls, floor and ceiling, there was no way The Computer could let anyone below Ultraviolet clearance work there. Furthermore, the salt was too corrosive for bot workers.

The simple solution: leave the mine totally, absolutely in the dark. In the pitch

black, Infrared workers can toil away never knowing that they're in a totally white room.

Workers are generously provided with Infrared goggles so they can see one another (and locate the small heat plate that marks the exit). They're also given a pick, shovel, and numerous hefty bags. Once inside, the Infrareds wander around blindly until they run into a wall, and then they start digging.

The mining in the dark has caused two major problems. First, the salt has run out but, in the dark, no one has realized it. Thus, the Infrareds have been blithely mining dirt for some time and using it as a food additive. Experienced food vat supervisors have noticed that the salt is less effective than in the past, and have ordered increased quantities of salt to make up for the weakened potency.

Second, as the mine has expanded, it has undercut a good part of level 42/X, causing heavy machines to sway and vat supports to creak ominously.

The Computer, unaware of just how far the Infrareds have dug, sends in a Troubleshooter team to investigate the sounds on level 42/X. "Dungeon-crawl," anyone?

## PLC Distribution Center

By Steve Gilbert

"New batch of Resource Request Vouchers just arrived from CPU."

"Yeah? So, what we got?"

"Let's see — two requests for chapstick replacement caps, three for Bouncy Bubble Beverage, and one Emergency Call for a radiation treatment kit."

"Who from?"

"Some Troubleshooters at the Reactor Core."

"Uh huh. What's the highest clearance?"

"Let's see, one of the chapstick replacement cap vouchers is Indigo."

"Better start there."

### Physical Description

The first thing a visitor notices upon entering the main warehouse at PLC is the lack of a ceiling. "What?" you say, "The PLC warehouse is Outside?" Well, not exactly. It's just that the ceiling is high, real high — 50 meters high — and poorly lit; not that anyone ever looks up. Most of PLC's employees believe that if you look up something very large will drop on you.

That, of course, is just superstition. Besides, if you're looking up you'll never be able to get out of the way in time if one of the warehouse totebots comes zooming around the corner. And, believe you me, those totebots are always zooming around corners, especially when you're not looking. (It's rumored that some of the totebots are members of the highly treasonous Corpore Metal secret society and that they run over clones on purpose. But rumors are treason.)

So, what kind of things could drop from so high up? Oh, just any one of the half-a-million or so crates stacked here. Really, we're not kidding. There are 500,000 crates here, containing everything from scrubot squeegee-arm rotator bolts to multicor-der extension grip bars. If Alpha Complex makes it, you can find it at the PLC Distribution Center.

Weaving in and out of these hundreds of thousands of crates is a seemingly random network of paths and catwalks. Infrared clones, Yellow clerks, and PLC totebots scurry along these narrow aisles trying to find the various bits of equipment listed on their Resource Request Vouchers.

Near the back wall, on the lower level of the warehouse, is a huge transtube unloading station. Twenty-four hours a daycycle, seven daycycles a weekcycle, transbots arrive here carrying vital supplies for DOA. Nearby, along the west

wall, is the shipping station. Hundreds of clones labor here, filling out orders on authorized Resource Allocation Vouchers, packing the shipments, and sending them off via Multi-Purpose Chute (see page 4/ intro section).

In front of the warehouse is a small room staffed by several dozen Yellow clearance PLC clerks. Their job is to deal with customer clones directly.

Far below, in the bowels of the warehouse, is Customer Complaints. No one at PLC has ever seen Customer Complaints. Nobody wants to. The screams speak for themselves.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

PLC Distribution Centers distribute Alpha Complex's valuable resources efficiently and quickly to those who have a legitimate need and proper authorization for said resources.

### The Real Scoop

Resources are scarce. The lower your clearance the scarcer they are. Infrareds and Reds are lucky to get clothed. Troubleshooters are treated a little better, but that's only because they carry lasers.

### NPCs

#### Bill-Y-DOA-3

*Desk Clerk*

**Description:** Laid back, speaks very slooowly

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 18

**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise, 10th degree

**Mutant Power:** Mechanical Intuition



**Relevant Skills:** All mechanical skills 12  
**Background:** Bill-Y doesn't believe in hurrying; after all, clones who hurry make mistakes. Yep, like Bill-Y-DOA-2 used to say, "The quickest processor has the shortest life." When processing equipment requests, Bill-Y always takes this advice to heart: "Looks good to me. Just let me triple check this here Resource Request Voucher, one more time."

Impatient clones have been known to try to hurry the process by bullying Bill-Y (see laser); or by bribing Bill-Y. Like all loyal citizens, Bill-Y reports anyone who tries to bribe him, only he reports them in the same slow manner in which he does everything else: "Now, let me see here. Just where, exactly, did I place that there Accusation of Treason/Termination Voucher Request Form? Now, you just stand there young fella. This may take me a couple'a minutes."

#### Scared-Y-CAT-1

*Desk Clerk*

**Description:** An insignificant mass of quivering flesh

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Reflec L4

**Secret Society:** None — they scare him  
**Mutant Power:** "M-M-Mental blast, Mr. Troubleshooter sir. But I r-r-registered it."

**Relevant Skills:** Duck for cover 12

**Background:** This is Scared-Y's first week on the job, and clone-oh-clone is PLC scary. All those c-c-citizens shoving, all the yelling, all that valuable Computer property. Boy, it sure would be nice to go back to the food vats.

And Scared-Y doesn't keep his desire secret. No siree. Scared-Y has requested a transfer back to the vats, twice so far.

So, what happened? You guessed it: he got promoted. First to Orange, then to Yellow. Now, Scared-Y is too frightened to ask for a third transfer. One more promotion and he'll be in charge of the entire front office! G-G-Gulp!

#### Pap-R-DOA-6

*Supervisor's Assistant*

**Description:** Ancient, moldering — makes George Burns look young

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** FCCCP, 5th degree

**Mutant Power:** None

**Relevant Skills:** Find item 20

**Background:** Pap-R is the only clone alive in DOA who knows where everything is. He's more than willing to tell clones where

to find anything.

"Just go straight on back 'til you come to the Crunchetime Algae bags, then take yourself a hard right 'til you reach the third catwalk, follow that on up to the level with all the Form Request Forms stacked on it, and get off there and turn down the second aisle of Bouncy Bubble Beverage dispenser knobs..." Etc.

Clones following Pap-R's instructions always get lost (unless they've got some mutant power we haven't heard of). Where they end up — well, that's your decision. They might stumble across a secret society meeting in progress (don't forget that both the Commies and Free Enterprise meet near here, not to mention Pro Tech in the warehouse); or maybe, after eight hours of walking and nearing total exhaustion, they stagger around a corner, only to find the skeletal remains of the last group of clones who followed Pap-R's instructions...

**What Happens Here**

PLC produces all of the material possessions a citizen needs to stay happy and healthy; just ask The Computer. Of course, just producing the items isn't good enough — somehow they have to be distributed to the correct clones. That's also the job of PLC. Here at the PLC Warehouse and Distribution Center citizens can obtain valuable Computer property either by waiting in line and showing a properly authorized Resource Request Form to one of the helpful clerks (two of whom are listed above), or by sending the form through any of the hundreds of Multi-

Purpose Chutes located throughout DOA sector.

Orders arriving through the chutes are treated first and sent out as soon as possible. Usually the turnaround between when a form arrives and when the item is sent out is only a couple of minutes. Clones standing in line at the warehouse may have to wait a few minutes longer. Like for the flow of requests from hundreds of Multi-Purpose Chutes to subside.

**What Really Happens Here**

Even though the line at PLC is usually the length of your average subcontinent and the wait usually exceeds five hours, most clones prefer to go directly to the warehouse rather than trust the Multi-Purpose Chutes (MPCs). Sure, the MPCs are quick. Sure, your order reaches you in just two minutes. Problem is, more times than not, you don't get what you ordered — and then you have to try to exchange it. Anybody wanna guess just how long the exchange line is? Can you say "bureaucratic runaround?" Sure, I knew you could.

Even worse, sometimes nothing comes out of the chute except a copy of your Resource Request Voucher and it's checked "Equipment Received." Just try

explaining to IntSec that you never got a cone rifle when PLC says you did. "I see. Oh by the way, what is the going rate for a cone rifle on the black market these days ... Comrade?"

So, why are things so screwed up at PLC DistCent? There are two reasons. First, too much work for too few clones. Really. Even though over 500 clones and bots work here, they aren't nearly enough to deal with the resource distribution of an entire sector. Second, shortages. Not a daycycle goes by that some common item doesn't run out of stock. And it's every PLC worker's worst nightcyclemare to have to tell an Ultraviolet that he can't get a Vacuum Toothpick And Toenail Clipper when he wants.

So, to avoid that, the workers do their best to never, ever, give anything out to low-level scum. You know: Troubleshooters, for instance. And with the myriad of forms, procedures, and protocols necessary to get even a stinking shoe out of PLC, you can bet that they can figure out some way to screw you out of your request for weaponry or something really important.

And, even if you have all the proper forms filled out in all the proper spaces, the clerks are gonna move just as slowly as they can.

**Scenarios**

1. An unusual number of deaths have occurred in one corner of the warehouse floor, due to clone-totobot collisions. Internal Security suspects Corpore Metal is responsible and sends in the Troubleshooters to interrogate the totobots.



Play the adventure like a bad dead-teenager flick. As long as the Troubleshooters are all together, nothing happens, but the second they split up to find the mad killer — ZOOOOMMM ... Kersplat. "Aiiieee!"

So what's going on? Is Corpore Metal really responsible?

Nah. It's just a bunch of totebots playing tag with each other, and hiding from the Troubleshooters because they don't want to get yelled at. Of course, sometimes in the heat of the game, some of the totebots get a mite careless about which way they're going. When this happens, Troubleshooters go *SQUISH*. But at heart, they're a nice bunch of bots. Really.

If you want to add a bit more plot to the mystery, you can throw in an Infrared, Amish-DOA, who keeps dropping crates on the Troubleshooters from high above. So, why is he doing this? Simple. Amish hates machines, all machines, but especially bots. So, he keeps trying to squash them. Unfortunately, it's pretty hard to distinguish between a bot and a Troubleshooter at 50 meters, from directly above, and in bad light. \*\*\*Sigh\*\*\* Mistakes will happen...

2. A very valuable item (such as a Vacuum Toothpick And Toenail Clipper) has been requested by four Ultraviolets, simulta-

neously. No one is willing to wait, so each dispatches a Troubleshooter team to expedite things, with orders to obtain the item, Or Else. This will give the clones a nice feeling of power as they march in and demand satisfaction, with lasers a-blazin'.

Unfortunately, four Troubleshooter teams arrive at about the same time, and with the same plans. When the dust settles, it's discovered that the item was inadvertently shipped about an hour ago, to an Infrared named Yeti-DOA. This can lead to a merry chase across the length and breadth of DOA sector, as four vying Troubleshooter teams pursue the elusive Yeti.



## Research and Design Central *(If it works, don't fix it - Well, maybe just a little)*

By G.D. Swick and M.B. Till

Imagine Disneyland, NASA, and Dr. Jekyll's laboratory combined under the guidance of Dr. Strangelove, Lex Luthor, and Mel Brooks.

Welcome to Research and Design Central.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Research and Design paves the way to the future through continual exploration, improvisation, and experimentation conducted in a humane manner for the good of all citizens.

### The Real Scoop

R&D Central is a collection of mad scientists, whiz kids, incompetents, psychopaths, and bureaucrats all competing to come up with the glitziest, most stupefyingly outrageous products, knowing that The Computer rewards those who create devices with the most bells and whistles, and the director of R&D rewards those who get the most funding.

### Description and Function

The Department of Research and Design is made up of specialized divisions; each division is housed in several buildings grouped together in one massive, heavily shielded (and partially melted) area named The Development Area. Visiting R&D Central is a lot like strolling through a Baba Yaga's hut: the interior parts seem too large to fit into the space that encloses them, but they do ... sort of.

The entrance to R&D consists of the Reception Area, various bureaucratic offices, and Central Dispensing. Beyond lies the gargantuan Development Area, where wonderful new ideas are turned into frightening reality.

If you're in a hurry to get on with mangling your Troubleshooters elsewhere, then the experimental equipment will be ready and waiting for them in Central Dispensing. Otherwise, if there's no rush, make the Troubleshooters go to the individual divisions in The Development Area.

### Reception

Flanking the length of this intimidating corridor, which citizens must walk through single file in order to enter R&D, are ominous machines making a variety of strange noises. As a clone walks this

gauntlet, the machines beep, burble, and buzz, while reading pulse rates, scanning eye movement, analyzing breathing patterns, and otherwise monitoring for suspicious behavior—like nervousness. Award one treason point to nervous clones. If you're not sure whether a clone is nervous, ask 'im. He won't lie.

The corridor opens into a small stark room where a prim Yellow-clearance secretary sits behind a syntheplast desk. A sign on her desk reads — "Welcome to your Research and Design Center. All subversives must now announce their presence and/or face immediate termination. Thank you for your cooperation. The Computer is your Friend." Flanking the desk are two of R&D's latest guardbot designs: the JXL447B/CHP and JXL447B/DAL.

Unlike most guardbots, CHP and DAL have no aggression circuits (or, if they do, they're extremely repressed). Of course, the lack of aggression circuits doesn't stop CHP and DAL from performing their duty.

**CHP:** *(Holding quivering Troubleshooter by ear while addressing DAL.)* I believe you get to terminate this one.

**DAL:** No, no, no, it's only fair that you should terminate him. After all, I terminated the last traitor.

**CHP:** *Au Contrair*, the last one wasn't really a traitor. It was my Commie Detector program that malfunctioned.

**DAL:** Still, I wouldn't feel right, terminating someone when it's your turn.

**CHP:** Oh, my, well I wouldn't want to upset you. *(Pause.)* I know! Let's terminate him together.

**DAL:** *(Excitedly.)* Oh, yes, let's do!

See what we mean? No aggression, but they get the job done.

The receptionist, Suz-Y-QUE, screens incoming visitors. Troubleshooters reporting for outfitting are told to report to Central Dispensing. Citizens below Indigo clearance who want to see Bill-V-TOE, the Director of R&D Central, are told, "I'm so sorry, but Bill-V left orders not to be disturbed." (Bill-V always leaves orders not to be disturbed.)

### CHP and DAL

*Reception area guardbots*

**Description:** Lyle Alzado with treads.

**Arms and Armor:** Plasma generator (20F), skill 15; unarmed (12I), skill 15; battle armor (All7)

**Relevant Skills:** Politeness (18)

### Suz-Y-QUE-2

*Receptionist*

**Description:** Young, frail, attractive in a vulnerable way

**Service Group:** R&D (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Concealed semi-automatic slughtrower (12P), skill 12

**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers, 2nd degree

**Mutant Power:** Regeneration

**Relevant Skills:** Con 13, surveillance 18

**Background:** Suz-Y feigns weakness, but she is actually resourceful and intelligent. Unknown to anyone in R&D, Suz-Y is an IntSec agent assigned to watch Bill-V, the Director of R&D Central. IntSec suspects that Bill-V is a Commie agent (but then, IntSec pretty much suspects that everyone is a Commie agent), but Suz-Y has yet to confirm this.

Working around two limp-circuited, mush-brained guardbots is driving Suz-Y crazy. Her present goal is to deactivate CHP and DAL. To this end, Suz-Y occasionally stonewalls heavily armed parties of clones (Troubleshooters, for example), refusing to let them enter R&D without form 44934739/B. There is no form 44934739/B. Suz-Y knows that if an argument over the form gets hot enough, CHP and DAL will intervene ... and hopefully be vaporized in the ensuing firefight. The score to date is: CHP and DAL 37, Random Victims 0. But these setbacks don't bother Suz-Y ... she's patient.

### Bill-V-TOE's Office

First of all, no one under Indigo clearance is allowed to enter this room, and since PCs never make it to Indigo clearance, we don't see why you need this description. But, *just in case* a PC decides it's worth his life to see a Violet office and makes a run for it — past CHP and DAL, past the security cameras, past the auto-



fire security gun (laser cannon III (13L), skill 10), and into Bill-V's Office — then he'll see the following:

The door opens inward, revealing an enormous Indigo-clearance office. The walls are covered in purple crush-felt, and numerous zebra-striped throw-pillows are scattered across the thickly carpeted floor. Over the intercom a soft melody plays — "Chances are, though I wear a silly grin ..." In the center of the office, seated in a combination work desk/jacuzzi/wet bar, are Bill-V and his private secretary, Bim-B.

After your Troubleshooter glimpses Bill-V's office, disintegrate him with the twin-laser cannon III turret built into the mirrored ceiling.

Remember — Spare the laser, spoil the Troubleshooter.

### Bill-V-TOE-2

Director of DOA Sector R&D

**Description:** Bland, forgettable appearance

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** Slug thrower (P11), skill 10

**Secret Society:** Romantics, 5th degree

**Mutant Power:** Deep probe

**Relevant Skills:** Data search 14; fast talk 15

**Background:** Early on, Bill-V realized the two great truths of R&D: First, The Computer loves data; gorge it with paperwork and you'll get what you want; and second, The Computer is fascinated with concepts, not results. So, grandiose projects that fail are much better than simple ones that succeed. Armed with this knowledge, Bill-V rose quickly through the ranks. Now, all he cares about is keeping his position and the perks which go along with it. (Actually he'd give up the position as long as they'd let him keep the perks.)

### Project Authorization

This triangular room is packed end to end with Orange level clerks evaluating, coordinating, examining, collating, and stapling Project Funding Request Forms



from the various divisions in R&D Central. Projects are either "Recommended" and sent on to The Computer for final approval, or "Rejected" and dumped in waste disposal.

Bargaining, deal-making, and illicit payoffs play an important role in the project selection process, as do pompous-sounding project titles, long and complicated proposals, and, of course, random selection.

### R&D Tracking and Volunteer Testing Admission Department

A counter covered with mountains of paperwork effectively divides this room in half. Everything about the room screams "overworked and understaffed." A sign reads "R&D — Working for a Better Tomorrow. Not, Mind You, That Anything's Wrong With Today." On the near side of the counter, a chute is built into the wall. A sign above the chute reads "R&D Research Volunteers." Five Yellow clearance clerks work here.

Being the lowest on the R&D pecking order, Tracking and Control is usually the first department blamed when a project backfires, and the mantle of responsibility hangs heavy on its employees. (**GMing Hint:** When playing a clerk, speak in a high-pitched voice, twitch a lot, grab your players by the shirt occasionally and scream, "It's not my fault!")

From time to time, a squad of Vulture goons marches in escorting several Infrareds. After signing a release form the clones are shoved down the "Volunteer" chute, one at a time.

### Central Dispensing

A Yellow-clearance clerk sits behind a sheet of clear syntheplast thicker than Mr. Magoo's glasses. The clerk, Makem-Y-DAY-4, sends small-to-medium sized items out to the Troubleshooters via a hollow cylinder, similar to those used by drive-in banks. Large items such as tankbots can be picked up in the warehouse adjoining Central Dispensing.

### Makem-Y-DAY-6

**Description:** Short, slovenly, sarcastic, a bootlicker to those who might help him — think Louie from *Taxi*

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** To break the syntheplast shield requires a "Vaporize" result on the combat table. After that it's open season on Makem-Y.

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Matter Eater

**Relevant Skills:** Bribery 10; gripe 14

**Background:** A greasy, unkempt slob, Makem-Y don't take nuttin' off nobody of



his own clearance or below, but he toadies unabashedly to his superiors. Makem-Y assumes that someone is going to ruin your day, so it might as well be him. Always on the make for a fast cred. Highly susceptible to bribes, if they're large enough.

His typical response to "Do you know how this thing works?" is "Hey, mutant-breath, do I look like some fancy-pants designer? I'm just the poor slob who has to risk his neck handing this junk to you morons."

His typical response to same question accompanied by substantial bribe is "Hey, they don't tell me how to work these things, but I like you, so I'll tell you what — Go back to Bot Development and tell 'em 'Makem-Y sent me.'"

### Development Area

The door from the Experimental Device Assignment Area (dispensing) opens onto a catwalk five stories above The Development Area (sort of a combination Disneyland, O'Hare Airport and Stalingrad). In the center of the area, a huge crater testifies to some tremendous past explosion. Numerous multi-story buildings (or pieces thereof), connected to each other by a criss-crossing network of catwalks, ring the crater. Explosions, flames, funny-colored chemical clouds, and electrical flashes are everywhere. Far below, through the acid haze, couriers and scientists wearing WWI-style helmets, pots, and pans (anything to protect themselves from shrapnel) dart from pile to pile of smoldering rubble. Once in a while part of a building collapses. Flybots whiz by, weaving their way in and around the maze of catwalks (not always successfully). Explosions punctuate the sound of shrieking high-speed drills, jackhammerbots, grinding metal, crackling flames, and "volunteers" screaming. The place smells like King Kong's cage.

Here and there are reinforced concrete bunkers where, through the use of float-

ing vid-cams which look like huge eyeballs with propellers on top, members of Internal Security watch for treasonous activity.

**Subdivisions of R&D**

The following specialized divisions of R&D are scattered throughout the development area. Each division is located in its own building.

These buildings are basically big hollow warehouses. The exact location of any given division changes periodically due to shifts in political favor, explosions, mild alterations in the fabric of reality, etc. In addition, from time to time, new divisions are created and old ones abolished. The current makeup of R&D divisions is listed below.

**Biology, Genetics, & Metaphysics**

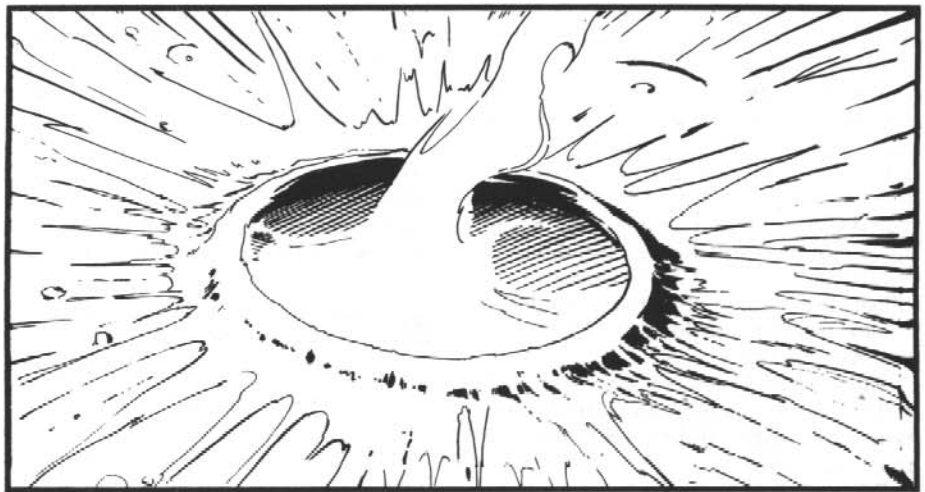
**Better Chemistry Through Living.** This department resembles a cross between a MASH unit's operating room, and Dr. Frankenstein's lab: operating tables, arcing electrical charges, machines for measuring every imaginable (and some unimaginable) body function, and groups of clones sitting under pyramids chanting, "Ooommmmm," are all mixed together.

BG&M's primary mission is to detect, identify, and terminate/cure mutants. The scientists of BG&M are of two minds (as are most of the citizens of *Paranoia*) on how to accomplish their goal. The first group, led by Splice-I-GEN, analyzes DNA molecules from known mutants to isolate mutant strains. The second group, led by Swam-I-YOG, chants, "Ooommmmm."

Troubleshooters sent here either have their basic genetic structure tampered with or are taught to chant "Ooommm."

**Bot Development and Improvement**

Inventing the better bot is the goal of R&D's Bot Development and Improvement scientists. Troubleshooters sent here



typically receive an experimental bot for testing.

For more about bots, see the next entry, Bot Brain Development and Testing Center.

**Chemical Research**

Here scientists toil endlessly (literally, thanks to the new *Perma-work* pill), producing everything from more durable syntheplast to better vitamin supplements.

When describing this department, think about those old black-and-white horror flicks: lots of bubbling beakers, coils of glass tubes, and Jacob's ladders. Loathsome-smelling concoctions simmer over Bunsen burners, while in one corner lurks something that suspiciously resembles a moonshine still. Virtually all the tables have burn marks and several have jagged pieces missing, some in the shape of the human head.

Troubleshooters are typically sent here to test out some new drug or new armor. Sometimes, the scientists want the armor/drug field-tested; other times:

**Scientist:** (*Holding up flimsy piece of cloth and addressing Troubleshooter.*) Just put this on and go stand over there. (*Points to a platform in front of a massive projectile cannon.*)

**Troubleshooter:** (*Nervously.*) Are you sure this is going to work? You know, this armor looks kind of — heh, heh — thin? (*Gulp*)

**Scientist:** We've all got our problems. I mean, this is the 23rd Tissue-Armor test I've run todaycycle, and, if it doesn't work this time, I'm gonna have to scrub the entire project, not to mention scrubbing that platform. Three daycycles' work and 23 clones down the drain.

**Experimental Entertainment**

Compared with this loony bin, the rest of R&D is sane. These are the folks who strive to keep DOA's citizens amused, happy and complacent.

Inside, walls jut off at crazy angles to inspire creative thinking; paper airplanes fly about; drawings, joke lists, cartoons, and other random musings are tacked on the walls. In one area is a set for screening new vid shows. There, captive audiences strapped to monitoring devices watch pilots for new series.

Elsewhere, terrified clones are given experimental sports equipment (jet skateboards, laserballs, supersonic ice skates, etc.) to test in a syntherubber sports area. There, devices monitor the "volunteers'" heart rates. Accelerated heart rate is a sign the equipment works. Sometimes the sports equipment works really, really well.

Troubleshooters are sent here to either view some form of experimental entertainment (sanity checks anyone?) or to test some new sports equipment (roll a d20 to determine the damage column).

You probably thought that Weapons Development had the highest fatality rate for volunteers, didn't you?

**Weapons Development (WD)**

Take Camp Jejeune and populate it with lots of characters like Dirty Harry and the helicopter pilot from *Apocalypse Now*. Add rubble. Then add more rubble. Phenomenal amounts of rubble. Like Tokyo shortly after Godzilla gets through with it. Mix in bullets whizzing by. Tankbots chasing clones. Clones chasing tankbots. Flybots strafing at random. The lovely flash of laser beams. The shriek of an incoming rocket. And the shriek of its frantically dodging target. Ah, to be in Weapons Development now that Springcycle is here.

Weapons Development is the biggest and best funded of all the R&D divisions, and the envy of all the other divisions. Actually, WD has several divisions of its own, including: Small Arms, Armored Fighting Vehicles (AFV), Electronic Counter Measures (ECM), and a Firing Range. Each sub-subdivision has its own building.

**Small Arms:** This sub-subdivision is responsible for developing and testing new types of hand-held weapons, such as rifles, pistols, tac nuke grenades, etc.

**Armored Fighting Vehicles (AFV):** An area about the size of three football fields with observation cameras everywhere. This little gem could pass for an obstacle course for giants. Partial walls, dragons' teeth, and other obstructions test an AFV's ability to maneuver around or crash through barriers.

Firepower is tested quite simply: Put two or more vehicles on the field and let them have at it. If "upstairs" is pressing for positive results on, say, a new tankbot model, then a fair and impartial test is conducted by pitting the tankbot against an autocar.

**Electronic Counter Measures (ECM):** This, the least damaged and most creative WD department, is where all the real whiz kids end up. Wow, just think of the possibilities! Like an electro-magnetic megamirror for turning laser beams, or a bot circuit-sizzler device. Oooo, how about a neuro-mesmerizer implant, or maybe...

**Firing Range:** Lots of holes in the walls, lots of rubble, lots of red paint (uh, wait a minute, that's not paint...), lots of screaming while testing is going on. This is a long open area with range markers posted at standard intervals. Against the far wall are numerous dumptruck-sized targetbots (basically a giant hunk of synthesteel with a tiny bot brain and some sensors for measuring impact and kill probability whenever they're hit by a shell).

Even with their tremendous armor, being a targetbot is a nerve-wracking job. Many targetbots are neurotic, and flinch or plead for mercy when they're about to be fired upon. ("No, no, not the Megacann — Ooooww! Thank you very much citizen. No not — Ooooww! Thank you.")

Vulture goons are used to test out most of the new weapons, but, occasionally, Troubleshooter "volunteers" are brought here to test especially dangerous weapons, or for live target testing.

### Volunteer Waiting Lounge

Two Green-level Vulture goons (Green

reflec armor, Green laser rifles (8L), skill 12) stand at rapt attention outside the doors at all times. R&D citizens requiring clone volunteers must present the guards with an authorized Volunteer Request Form — or 20 credits in small, unmarked chits.

Inside is a holding pen for luckless clones chosen to assist R&D in experiments. Most are Infrared clearance, but a few Reds are mixed in. Picture a capacity crowd at Madison Square Garden jammed into a medium-sized house. Cheery posters on the walls extol the virtues of aiding R&D ("I was a 97-pound weaking before vitamin experiments!"). On the floor, numerous gouges (sort of like claw marks) lead out through the exit, now closed. In the center of the ceiling is a chute. Every few minutes another "volunteer" comes sliding down the chute and falls onto a mattress beneath.

### Security Check Exit Area

The Exit Area is a warehouse affair with balconies stretching along the walls. Upon the balcony, automatic laser cannons, flamethrowers, rocket launchers, and strange experimental weapons all point inward. On the far side is a huge clamshell synthesteel door. An Orange-level bureaucrat, Alph-O-NSO-3, sits at the single desk beside the door. Clones may leave only after Alph-O has ascertained that they have all the requisite paperwork for the R&D equipment they're carrying. Pushy clones get to find out how all those experimental weapons work.

### NPCs

Here's a few mad scientist types for you to drop into R&D, as needed.

#### Howe-Y-HUH-5

*Generic Mad Scientist #1*

**Description:** Tall, emaciated, spacey

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** Tangler (see page 81), skill 9

**Mutant Power:** Mechanical intuition (when he remembers he has it)

**Relevant Skills:** Can't remember anything long enough

**Background:** Once the R&D chemical engineer boy wonder, Howe-Y personally tested some experimental megavitamins of his own creation, and his elevator hasn't gone to the top floor ever since. In fact, the top floor isn't there any longer. Howe-Y often unnerves Troubleshooters with off-hand warnings. "So, you're going to test out the THIC-40 grenade. I'd like to shake your hand while you still have it, that's the bravest thing I ever heard of."



#### Gahds-I-LLA-4

*Generic Mad Scientist #2*

**Description:** A behemoth with muscles on his muscles, vacant stare

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** Brute force (8I), skill 16

**Secret Society:** Illuminati, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Adrenaline control

**Relevant Skills:** Mechanical engineering 13; intimidation 15

**Background:** Gahds-I feigns stupidity and clumsiness, playing on the common assumption that physical strength and intelligence are mutually exclusive. He is forever breaking things "accidentally" (allowing him to peek at the internal mechanisms). His previous superiors felt that R&D was dangerous enough without having an accident-prone incompetent underfoot, so they kept promoting Gahds-I out of their departments (normally they would have demoted him, but no one wanted to upset someone who can bend synthesteel with his teeth). In just twenty daycycles Gahds-I has risen from a lowly Red clearance courier to the Interdepartmental Personnel Relations Coordinator for R&D Central (that means he settles disputes between lower level clones).

#### Norman-B-ATZ-5

*Generic Mad Scientist #3*

**Description:** Tall, disheveled hair

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms and Armor:** Ankle flamer (10F), skill 16 (like a hand flamer but strapped to ankle)

**Secret Society:** Varies

**Mutant Power:** Varies, but only pyrokinesis works

**Relevant Skills:** Varies

**Background:** Six of the nicest guys you'll ever meet ... and twelve of the nastiest. Norman-B has watched one vidshow too many and now displays more personalities than Sybil. One minute he's smiling and friendly, the next he's got his fingers wrapped around a Troubleshooter's neck. A good place to drop Norman-B is in the

Experimental Entertainment Center. Just strap the Troubleshooters in nice and tight before the show (heh, heh).

**Scenarios**

1. There is a violent fight going on between R&D departments. Genetics is sending mutant monsters after weapons development; Entertainment is sending crazed funbots after Vehicle Development, etc. The Troubleshooters must find out what's going on and put a stop to it. It turns out that it's all a big fight over R&D autocar parking spaces. The Troubleshooters must get the guys in R&D to calm

down (before the whole Complex is destroyed). To accomplish this, the PCs must figure out a way to requisition new parking spaces.

2. Treasonous activity is taking place in the Volunteer Holding Lounge, and Internal Security wants the Troubleshooters to root it out... discreetly. Posing as Infrared recruits, the Troubleshooters are deposited in the Volunteer Holding Lounge. Unfortunately for the Troubleshooters, the guards aren't informed of the new prisoners' ... er ... volunteers' true status, and the Troubleshooters find themselves on the receiving end of several experiments. In

fact, every time an R&D division needs a volunteer the Troubleshooters are selected (no matter how far back in the crowd they hide).

After losing a couple of clones, your players may suspect a plot. Well, they're right. As it turns out, the two Vulture goons are Commie agents and they know that the Troubleshooters are plants. Of course, there's nothing the Troubleshooters can do to prove this. Maybe, after an entire clone family dies, IntSec will figure out what's going on and send in a rescue team.

Maybe not.

## Bot Brain Development and Testing Center

By Steve Gilbert

Some jobs are beyond the physical capabilities of clones. Other jobs are so complicated that it takes too long to train clones (who, as we all know, have pitifully short life-expectancies). Still other jobs cross security clearances, requiring a worker with access to all areas of Alpha Complex. I mean, somebody, or somebot, has to clean out the High Programmers' toilets; few HPs, with all the neat stuff they keep in their medicine cabinets, are going to trust mindless Infrareads, and the HPs are certainly not going to do the job themselves, thank you very much. Thus, the need for bots of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions.

Bots come in a variety of forms, from tiny circuit board repair bots to huge transbots capable of lifting an entire Vulture division, but they all have one thing in common — the bot brain. Each type of bot has a brain that was specifically designed to assimilate and process data pertinent to that bot's duties. And as R&D is constantly creating new and better bots, they are also constantly creating (supposedly) new and better bot brains. That's the job of the Bot Brain Development and Testing Center.

### Physical Description

This long, Green, rectangular room smells of antiseptic and ammonia. To one side of the main entrance stands a 2-meter high cylindrical device. The bottom half of the machine is covered with lights, switches, and digital readout gauges. Wires lead from the bottom, up the side of the cylinder, into the clear syntheplex holding tank which makes up the top half of the device. There, in the tank, suspended in a thick clear fluid, is a pinkish bot brain.

Occasionally, bubbles float up from the bottom of the tank, popping when they reach the surface. A name tag at the base of the tank reads "Experimental Warbot Brain 23XX." Lining the long walls of the room are more cylinders just like the one by the door, each containing a bot brain in one of the various stages of development. There are over 100 cylinders in the room, each with a different name tag.

Green workers scurry about, moving from tank to tank (see, and you thought all jobs in DOA were tankless), checking the readouts, and making hurried scribbles in their notebooks. On the far, short wall is a huge and intricate Computer terminal. Several Blue-clearance personnel sit be-

fore the terminal, typing at a furious pace. A printed motto positioned above the terminal reads "Tanks for the input."

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

New and improved bot brains are essential for keeping up with the ever expanding role of bots in Alpha Complex. To this end, the Bot Brain Research and Development and Testing Center is a specialized branch of R&D, dedicated to improving the basic bot brain and creating new brain types.

### The Real Scoop

The Computer works very closely with this department, constantly advising the scientists who work here, and often taking a leading role on major projects. The Computer takes such an active role for two reasons: one, no clone in Alpha Complex is really capable of creating an organic bot brain; and two, The Computer is more than a little worried that unsupervised experimentation could create a brain rivalling The Computer's.

### NPCs

#### Abe-I-NRM-1

*Director of Bot Brain Research*

**Description:** Tall, thin, jittery, somewhat frazzled

**Service Group:** R&D

**Arms & Armor:** Time-displacement ray (very experimental, tends to alter the fabric of the universe), skill 14

**Secret Society:** Illuminati, 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Heightened precognition (see below)

**Relevant Skills:** Biosciences 14; all engineering skills 16

**Background:** Abe-I is a very nervous person. His unusual mutation, heightened precognition, lets him know not only when something bad is about to happen to him, but also when something bad is going to happen to somebody else. In Alpha Complex, this can be a very nerve-wracking power, because something bad is happening to somebody just about every minute of the daycycle.

Upon meeting a clone (usually a Troubleshooter) doomed to die, Abe-I shields his eyes with his arms, turns away, and mutters repeatedly, "Dead, dead. You'll soon be dead." A few seconds later Abe-I

recovers and is ready to talk. (As game-master it's your duty to ensure that his predictions come true.)

Abe-I is cagey and evasive. He knows that The Computer doesn't really trust him. He also knows that several of his "associates" are actually Internal Security plants. Abe-I always tries to shoo away visitors to the center as quickly as possible, and he is very quick to pull rank. His most common answer to any question is "Are you sure you're cleared for that information, Citizen?"

#### Frau-B-LKR-3

*Environmental Control Coordinator*

**Service Group:** R&D (Internal Security)

**Arms & Armor:** Concealed laser pistol (L8), skill 14

**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers, 8th degree

**Mutant Power:** Levitation

**Relevant Skills:** Data analysis 4, con 10

**Background:** Frau-B is in the ideal position for a dedicated FDer. As Environmental Control Coordinator, she can terminate newly forming bot brains with the touch of a button. This makes her secret society superiors very happy. Even better, she always manages to pin the blame on a Green-level trainee working for her. Her high success rate for catching and executing the traitors responsible for destruction of valuable property makes The Computer and her IntSec superiors very happy.

See? Everybody's very happy.

Except for the Green trainees.

#### Trainees

There are four Green-level trainees in the facility. Below is a brief description of each.

**Tony-G-RNT-3:** Recently promoted from the Troubleshooter ranks and eager to abuse his new authority. Likes to send





lower level flunkies on ridiculous assignments.

**Ann-G-REE-3:** Works for PSION (7th degree). Gives coordinator false data so he'll enhance mutant portions of bot brains.

**Aye-G-ORR-6:** Shuffles about lab. Drags foot. Drools and paws at holding tanks. Drops specimens. Calls Abe-I "Master."

**Teri-G-ARR-1:** Member of Mystics (2nd degree). Really into working with bot brains, you know? Like, enjoys contributing to the cosmic whole of society, you know?

### What Happens Here

Under close supervision and guidance from The Computer, the Bot Brain Research and Development Center constantly strives to improve upon the basic bot brain, so essential to the maintenance and well-being of Alpha Complex.

The brains are grown around a syntheplast, synthestem core manufactured in RUR sector of Alpha Complex. After the brains have matured, they're shipped to CYB sector, where they're enclosed in nearly indestructible steel containers and

inserted into waiting bots for field-testing. If the field-tests are successful, manufacture of the new bot line is handled in IBM sector. Thus, DOA BBR&DC is strictly concerned with the design and construction of prototype bot brains.

### What Really Happens Here

A Green trainee is promoted whenever a Blue clearance Coordinator is demoted or dies. Conscientious, patient trainees may wait years for this to happen. Impatient trainees can accelerate the process by giving their coordinator incorrect data from the holding tanks. This may cause the coordinator to alter a holding tank's environment in some inappropriate way, (say boiling, for instance), which in turn leads to creating defective bot brains (or soup). Coordinators who create too many defective brains are terminated for treason. Trainees who feed coordinators false data are often promoted to coordinator.

Let's not forget that Alpha Complex has pretty much forgotten the technology of bot brain building. Therefore, most of what goes on here is in the nature of Blue Sky stuff (appropriately enough). The new

bot brains do, in fact, work — they just don't work well. And they don't work often enough to supply all of Alpha Complex' needs. That's why Troubleshooters still need to recover bot brains wherever possible.

### Scenarios

1. **The Brains Revolt:** Unknown to The Computer, Abe-I-NRM has created a super bot brain named Primary 1. Abe-I received the plans for the brain from his secret society — the Illuminati. This brain, kept in an especially large holding tank in the center of the room, has incredibly strong psychokinetic and mutant powers.

As the adventure opens, this brain is just beginning to take over the Bot Brain department. Each night Primary 1 gains psychic control of 1 to 20 of the other bot brains in the center, and those that it can't control it deactivates (cuts all power to their holding tanks). The Bot Brain Center calls for a Troubleshooter team to investigate just what the heck is happening to those bot brains.

After their arrival on the scene, the Troubleshooters can interview the various bot brains. Most of the brains are too scared to talk, others are controlled by Primary 1, and will tell wild stories of Commie saboteurs who break in during the nightcycle. Brains who attempt to help the Trou-



bleshooters suddenly implode.

So, what's Primary 1 up to? Well, it's like this: Once all the bot brains are under its control, Primary 1 plans to use his powers to purge Alpha Complex of human infestation and destroy any bot or machine that fails to submit to its will. This includes The Computer. (Needless to say, this isn't what the Illuminati expected Primary 1 to do.)

Any attempt to battle Primary 1 di-

rectly is doomed to failure: laser bolts are blocked by his mental shield, and he's too smart to fall for persuasion or spurious logic skills, etc.

Underly creative or overly destructive Troubleshooters might try detonating a tac nuke in one of the adjacent offices. This is guaranteed to take out Primary 1.

It is also guaranteed to get the Troubleshooters terminated several times for excessive destruction of Computer prop-

erty without a permit.

There is one indirect approach for destroying Primary 1 (that we can think of, anyway). Power to Primary 1's holding tank can be cut. To do this requires an extended, harrowing journey through the electrical ducts underneath the Bot Brain Development and Testing Center. And who knows what might be growing down there, beneath the bio-labs!



## Bot Depot and Repair Facility

By Steve Gilbert

Backup systems are crucial to the continued smooth functioning of Alpha Complex. Not just backups for The Computer's subsystems, but backups for all systems. For example, the clone family is a backup system for people. For bots the backup system is the bot depot.

### Physical Description

Remember Fred Sanford's junkyard? Well, this one's bigger. A lot bigger. Bits and pieces of bot are scattered everywhere. Some of them are moving, twitching, crawling, wriggling. Some will never move again. Among this confusion are the tools of bot repair: incomprehensible high-tech doo-dads, lube racks, CAT scanners, big wrenches, and something that looks like a perpetual motion machine. On one wall is a laser rifle in a syntheglass box with a sign that reads "In Case of Emergency, Break Syntheglass." On the floor below is a small mountain of broken glass.

Near the back are two large machines (more on these later) and two work tables. A Red tech worker stands by one table working on a disassembled docbot. In the center of the right wall is a Blue clearance doorway. The letters on the door read "Bot Brain Stasis Chamber."

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

The Bot Depot and Repair Facility is responsible for the storage, maintenance, reprogramming and repair of all DOA sector bots.

### The Real Scoop

The Bot Depot and Repair Facility is understaffed, underfunded, and under-competent to handle even the routine maintenance necessary to keep Alpha Complex's aging bot supply running under the optimum circumstances; when you add in the large number of bots rendered inoperative due to malicious hooliganism and outright sabotage, the Bot Depot is completely overwhelmed.

### NPCs

#### Stan-Y-FFF-1

*Bot Depot and Repair Clerk*

**Description:** Jittery and nervous around higher clearance personnel, bossy and

abusive around lower clearance personnel — in other words, your typical Alpha Complex citizen

**Service Group:** PLC

**Secret Society:** Illuminati, 1st degree

**Mutant Power:** Matter eater

**Relevant Skills:** Bootlicking 14

**Background:** Stan-Y is biding his time, waiting for the glorious moment when the Illuminati take over. Until then, Stan-Y just wants to survive, and the best way to stay alive is to make sure that higher-level clones get the bots they want.

As in PLC, to ensure that he's got plenty of back-up bots in inventory to meet all high-level bot needs, Stan-Y stonewalls all requests from lower-clearance personnel (Yellow and lower).

#### Good-R-NCH-3

*Bot Repair Specialist*

**Description:** Ruffled hair; grease; wrinkled jumpsuit; grease; baseball cap; grease; big, friendly grin; grease

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 8

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 5th degree

**Mutant Powers:** Machine empathy, matter eater.

**Relevant Skills:** All bot repairs skills 13 (effectively 18 because of machine empathy)

**Background:** Good-R feels sorry for all the damaged and outdated bots he repairs — something to do with his machine empathy mutation. Good-R's devoted his life to repairing and refitting old bots, helping them to go that one extra mission. Of course, some of those bots might not function quite as well as they used to. Nonetheless, Good-R really has faith in them.

Good-R is very protective of his bot buddies. Whenever he sees someone mistreating a bot, Good-R has sort of a fit: he screams inarticulately, froths at the mouth, and fires his laser a lot. (I guess you'd call it a personality quirk or something.)

Lower clearance clones who attempt to requisition bots are usually referred to Good-R, who, in turn, tries to set them up with something somewhat more antiquated than what they had in mind.

**Good-R:** 44C huh ... I was sure we had some a those around somewhere... (*Scratches head.*) Hmm. Tell you what: I could take one a those ol' model 328s and replace its rear actuators with an additional servo-arm and then slap a restrainer bolt on its aggression circuits.

**Troubleshooter:** Model 328s — but aren't those warbots?

**Good-R:** Yeah, that's right, but they don't use 'em much anymore on account a some trouble with the self-destruct mechanism.

(*Laughs.*) Oooo-wheee, you ever seen a 3-megaton blast from up close?

**Troubleshooter:** Hey, I don't think ...

**Good-R:** Oh, don't worry about it: he'll be fine as long as you don't get him too excited.

### Lefty

*Jackobot, Good-R's Helper*

**Description:** Lefty's a jackobot who's seen one mission too many. His body is dented and scorched. Ominous creaking noises issue from every joint. And one of his eyes flickers out from time to time. But Lefty makes up for his flaws with selfless devotion to his job.

**Arms and Armor:** Concealed cone rifle (15P), skill 12

**Secret Society:** Corpore Metal, 20th degree

**Background:** Lefty is cheerful and friendly. He'd *never* get mixed up in a criminal organization like Corpore Metal. No, not Lefty. That's what everyone thinks, but, boy, are they wrong. Behind Lefty's endearing flickering eyes is a twisted, evil brain constantly scheming to overthrow the Goo Bags (humans).

#### Sara-B-LUM-6

*Reprogramming Specialist, Leader of Bot Retrieval Team*

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Arms & Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 12

**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers, 7th degree

**Mutant Power:** Matter eater

**Relevant Skills:** Programming 16

**Background:** Sara-B hates bots. As Reprogramming Specialist, her duty is to memory-wipe bots and then reprogram them for their new duties. Needless to





say, most bots don't like having their memory erased and Sara-B doesn't try to make the experience any more pleasant.

**Sara-B:** (Wild look in her eyes, carrying ball-peen hammer.) This won't hurt a bit.

**Jackobot:** (Trapped in corner of room) Excuse me, Citizen, are you sure a ball-peen hammer is the proper tool for adjusting sensitive micro-circuitry?

**Sara-B:** Heh, heh, heh ... no.

**Jackobot:** Aieeee!

### What Happens Here

Bots shipped to the Bot Depot arrive in their deactivated state (i.e., without a bot brain). The brains arrive separately and are kept in a special room called the "Bot Brain Stasis Chamber." HPD and Mind Control discovered that bots ordered to stand still for several weekcycles tend to suffer severe psychological trauma (jackobots disassemble themselves, guardbots shoot each other, etc.), hence the development of the Bot Brain Stasis Cham-

ber where the brains can be held indefinitely.

The main function of the Bot Depot is to store deactivated backup-bots to replace bots which malfunction or are off duty for regular servicing.

Whenever a Bot Request Voucher arrives, Stan-Y processes the request, checking to see that all of the proper coordinators and supervisors have signed the voucher. If all signatures are correct (and the citizen is Yellow clearance or higher), Stan-Y sends the form to Sara-B, who preps and dispatches the bot. Prepping consists of selecting a bot brain from stasis, installing it in the bot, and then programming it.

Programming. Sounds treasonous doesn't it? Quite a responsibility for Sara-B, a Blue level tech. Normally yes, but in this case, "programming" consists of hooking the bot brain up to the Bot Brain Programmer and pressing a single key, such as "SCRUBOT." Ten minutes later the brain is programmed.

Maintenance and repair is also an important function of the Bot Depot. All bots are programmed to report for maintenance whenever a breakdown occurs in the bot's internal systems. A few bots can always be found hanging around the depot with minor damage — a hydrobolt that slips, a tread-lock that needs refitting, etc. Some bots use this as an excuse to get out of really dangerous missions.

Bots which suffer a major malfunction or damage while on duty are brought to the depot by the Bot Retrieval Team, composed of four to ten Infrarets or Troubleshooters (the number and clearance varies depending on how rough the weekcycle's been), under the command of Sara-B. Smaller bots are carried back manually. Larger bots are repaired on site, until they are capable of moving themselves. Alternatively, really damaged large bots are hauled back to the depot by Loaderbots.

### Typical Bot Depot Inventory

- 30 scrubots
- 45 jackobots
- 20 guardbots
- 10 combots (like a guardbot only bigger)
- 2 warbots (like a combot only bigger)
- 15 loaderbots
- 10 docbots
- 25 flybots
- 2 teachbots
- 50 bot brains in the Bot Brain Stasis Chamber

Of course, there's no reason to limit yourself to this list. If you need a special bot or some extra warbots go ahead and take 'em. No problem.

### What Really Happens Here

Ever do creative cooking? You know, mashed bread, ketchup, cottage cheese, and *voila!*, you've got a pizza? Well, doing repairs in the Bot Depot is a lot like that. Spare parts for damaged bots must be ordered from the PLC's Department of Resource Allocation. Sometimes PLC sends the right part, but more often PLC is out of stock, and Good-R has to do some creative servicing.

Occasionally the Asimov circuits on a bot go bad. This can be extremely dangerous to nearby personnel. Asimov circuits are programmed into the instinctive thought core of each bot's brain; the only way to reprogram a bot's Asimov circuits is to completely erase the bot's memory (kind of like reinitializing a computer disk). Sara-B can erase a bot's memory by hooking the bot up to the Bot Brain Programmer and pressing the "DELETE" key.

Often, bots with damaged Asimov circuits resist having their memory wiped. This resistance can be passive, such as shutting themselves down and refusing to move (jackobots and scrubots use this approach), or active, such as vaporizing the Bot Retrieval Team (a tactic often employed by warbots).

Unfortunately, memory wipe and reprogramming isn't always successful. Sometimes bits and pieces of a bot's past experiences will surface later in unexpected (usually stressful) situations. This can be especially dangerous in cases where the bot brain was originally for a different bot type.

**Jim-Y-KRK:** (Watching calmly as hordes of Commie mutant traitors charge) Combot M/COY, open fire on the Commie mutants.

**Combot M/COY:** Roger, acquiring multiple targets, switching laser to automatic — *squeeeeeeee-pop!* — I'm a healer not a butcher, damn it! You'll have to find another way out of this one!

### Scenarios

1. A inordinate number of bots are malfunctioning lately; docbots performing unnecessary and usually fatal operations on innocent bystanders, combots attacking the personnel they're assigned to protect, jackobots spray-painting the halls with *Death Leopards Rule*, etc. After a brief investigation, the Troubleshooters discover that all the malfunctioning bots have one thing in common: they all spent their last sane nightcycle in the Bot Depot, Reprogramming and Repair Facility.

The Troubleshooters can either march right into the Bot Depot and demand

answers, or they could pose as new transfers to the Bot Depot department and spy on the personnel there (they could even *try* posing as bots). Whichever approach the Troubleshooters use, play this adventure like a murder mystery. At first, all the evidence points towards Sara-B-LUM-6, but then suddenly Good-R-NCH-3 does something suspicious. Or maybe they're in it together. Keep your players guessing.

In reality, the culprit is 6673/BBZ, a scrubot gone Frankenstein and a recent convert to the Death Leopard secret society. Each nightcycle, 6673 checks the bot requisition forms to see which bots are being shipped out the next daycycle and goes to work doing some creative programming.

If the Troubleshooters stake out the depot during the nightcycle, 6673 won't reprogram any bots; however, the first nightcycle the Troubleshooters leave, 6673 is up to his shenanigans once more. The only way to catch 6673 is to trick him, by hiding in the depot, disguising a Troubleshooter as a bot, etc.

If the Troubleshooters terminate one or more of the humans in the facility, the malfunctions stop for a daycycle or two. The Computer commends the Troubleshooters for a job well done, then gives the Troubleshooters their next mission assignment. Just as the PCs are getting heavily involved in their new mission, they stumble across a jackobot spray-painting the hall with the slogan "Death Leopards Rule!" Within the hour the team is severely reprimanded and sent back to the depot. Repeat this procedure until the Troubleshooters successfully complete the assignment.

2. Requests for replacement parts in the Bot Depot have risen 300%. The PLC Department of Resource Allocation wants to know why and sends in a team of Troubleshooters.

When the Troubleshooters arrive they find Stan-Y, Good-R, and Sara-B all settled down to wholesome meal of scrubot restraining bolts. All three surrender, plead to The Computer for mercy, confess to being mutants, and explain that due to the new, experimental CPU Time Efficiency Program all Bot Depot food breaks have been cancelled. The Computer, ever patient, issues new, registered-mutant uniforms to the three and orders the Troubleshooters to find out who is responsible for the snafu and to correct the scheduling error.

Needless to say, finding out who's responsible won't be easy and will require an extended trip through DOA Bureaucracy Central. Whoever the responsible clone is should be someone important ... like a High Programmer.

If the PCs laser the three mutants before they have a chance to surrender, they are commended and given their next assignment: "Work in the Bot Depot until replacement personnel can be assigned."

Time passes. No replacements arrive. The Troubleshooters are hungry. When they ask about food, tell them about the new CPU time efficiency program. Then send them on the mission described above.

3. Mission alert: Hostage situation in progress. Combobot X38, scheduled for reprogramming, has barricaded itself in the DOA Sector Bot Depot with six valuable hostages. Please proceed to the Bot Depot immediately, secure the release of the hostages and deactivate Combobot X38. Failure to rescue the hostages is treason. Thank you for your cooperation.

When the Troubleshooters arrive, they find Good-R, Stan-Y and Sara-B standing by the door. On the far side of the Bot Depot is X38. Around him, in a tight semicircle, are six shiny scrubot hostages.

X38 doesn't want to be reprogrammed. Okay, so X38's laser cannon sometimes discharges ... and okay, so a few citizens

have been killed. Still, X38 thinks it deserves another chance. I mean, all bots have glitches, right?

X38's demands are as follows: first, X38 wants its name removed from the Reprogramming schedule; next, X38 wants its old job back as guardbot at Comnode Central; last, it wants its laser upgraded to Laser Cannon II.

The Troubleshooters might try rushing X38, but I wouldn't recommend it. X38 is equipped with a rapid-fire Laser Cannon I, (number of shots per round equals number of Troubleshooters firing at X38), and X38's armor gets 7 column shifts on the damage table. Not to mention, several of the scrubots are sure to buy it in a firefight.

In addition to the laser cannon and armor, X38 is equipped with extensive psychescan circuits which detect lies instantly (subtract 4 from any PC's con or spurious logic roll).

**Troubleshooter:** (*Using bullhorn.*) Okay, X38, everything's fine. Your serial number has been deleted from the Reprogramming schedule. Just release ...

**X38:** Lie! Lie! Lie! Reinforce primary demands.

**Troubleshooter:** No, wait!

**X38:** Zzzot!

**Scrubot:** Squeeee .... phtzz .... klunk!

**Troubleshooter:** (*Leaps up and charges.*)

Let's get him!

**X38:** Zap! Zap! Zap!

**Troubleshooter:** Squeeee .... phtzz .... klunk!

Despite X38's psychescan abilities, spurious logic is probably the best way to approach this problem. Maybe the Troubleshooters can convince X38 that they're on his side; or, maybe, they can convince him that it would be in his best interest to surrender the hostages; or, maybe, they agree to his demands. "Now, then, X38, just disassemble your laser Cannon I and we'll give you the Laser Cannon II..."

## Troubleshooter Headquarters

By Paul Murphy

Consider the white corpuscle. It ceaselessly wanders the highways and byways of your body, carried by the bloodstream on an endless patrol, in search of foreign intruders.

If a white corpuscle discovers an intruder — dirt, bacteria, belly-button lint — it attacks, invariably dying in the process. Corpuscles continue to attack and die until the intruder is destroyed or completely isolated from the body by corpuscle corpses.

Of course, nobody said white corpuscles were particularly bright or particularly enthused about their job: sometimes they go a little crazy, deciding that, say, your kidney is a foreign invader; sometimes they may decide to ignore an infection altogether and migrate to your left toe and have a party. I mean, who really wants to throw themselves at an intruder and die, anyway, you know?

Your body has a simple solution to the problem of nonperforming white corpuscles: it sends other white corpuscles to attack the misbehaving cells.

Do you see where we're heading here?

### Physical Description

If you'll check the map, you'll note that Troubleshooter HQ lies on the very outer edge of DOA sector. The Computer put it there for two reasons: one, if it explodes violently (as Troubleshooter HQs do from time to time) less valuable real estate (read: Violet and higher clearance living quarters) is trashed; and two, it's near the R&D Testing and Development labs and Vulture Base DOA, and thus better suited to deal with the emergencies when *those* places explode violently.

Troubleshooter HQ is divided into four main areas: Front Desk, Troubleshooter Waiting Room/Firing Range, Troubleshooter Briefing/Debriefing Rooms, and Troubleshooter Control/Central Dispatch. Each of these areas has certain things in common.

**Furniture:** Early Stone Age, mainly. The folks in HPD & MC got a little tired of replacing busted accoutrements every time the boys got a little playful and somebody whacked somebody else with a table or something. Thus, chairs, couches, desks, and doors are laser-carved out of the living rock or molded out of solid synthecrete. Not particularly comfortable, surely, but Troubleshooters seem to like it

anyway (something about the fine cover it provides).

**Guardbots:** Loads and loads of guardbots. Just everywhere. In the halls, briefing rooms, offices, hygiene modules — everywhere. (Except in the Waiting Room/Firing Range, of course. Guardbots are way too valuable to risk. Troubleshooters are assigned to guard there.) Most of the guardbots are the standard model, described below. However, the boys in R&D occasionally send over an experimental model or two for testing. These invariably get assigned to the Waiting Room/Firing Range.

**Computer Monitors:** Computer monitors are everywhere. There are more monitors than guardbots. Surprisingly, most of them even work. The motto over the door leading to Troubleshooter HQ proudly proclaims "Treason is our business!" The Computer is especially eager to root out even the slightest hint of that dread disease here, amongst its most loyal and trusted servants.

**Confession Booths:** One in every room; one in every corridor; zillions in the Waiting Room/Firing Range (constructed of solid duralloy, naturally). Interestingly, Troubleshooters rarely confess to their own treason. However, they are extraordinarily quick to point out even the slightest hint of treason in their fellows. After the Group Confession Massacre of '91, The Computer decided that it makes economic sense to have them ratfink in the privacy of a confession booth.

### Front Desk

This innocuous room is Troubleshooter HQ's sole connection to the rest of DOA (except for the secret exit from The Old Man's Office). It is clean and peaceful (Amazing what they can do with soundproofing these days, isn't it?), in stark contrast with the rest of HQ — mainly to avoid frightening passersby and new recruits with the utter bedlam and extreme violence found everywhere else in HQ.

Fully aware of the average Troubleshooter's propensity for violent reaction to bureaucratic intransigence, the receptionists are as polite and efficient as they can be to Troubleshooters, saving their obstreperousness for delivery clones, other minor bureaucrats, and the like. Though apparently void of guardbots, four are stationed in concealed cubicles which flank the desk. If anyone acts up the

receptionist hits a foot-button releasing the bots, and dives for cover.

### Troubleshooter Waiting Room/Firing Range

This large, 100 by 50 meter room houses on-duty Troubleshooters waiting for assignment. Originally a series of interconnected smaller lounges, over the years most of the interior walls were destroyed (you can guess how), and HPD was refused to rebuild them. There's no entertainment equipment to speak of (you can guess why).

As stated above, numerous Computer monitors and confession booths dot this room. Though heavily shielded and built out of the strongest possible materials, these are occasionally destroyed (you can guess how); since it is often impossible to pinpoint exactly who fired the shot, all Troubleshooters present are enthusiastically fined the cost of repairing the damage. Since this practice was started, the incidences of gunfire or explosions in the Waiting Room have declined 32%, though it must be added that incidences of hand-to-hand brawls have increased by a similar amount.

At the start of a shift, about 200 surly Troubleshooters file into the room, take seats, and glare suspiciously at each other until called for assignments. A strict pecking order — highest to lowest security clearance, modified by weapons carried — determines who gets the best seats. The best seats are those with their backs to a wall or column. The worst are those in the middle, where one can be shot at from any direction. No, strike that — the worst seats are those nearest the door, as Troubleshooters near the door are most likely to be picked for missions.

Oh. About that Waiting Room/Firing



### Ambiance Table

Following are a bunch of read-alouds with which to impress your players. When they approach the Briefing Room, roll a die or pick your favorite:

1-7. The door to the Briefing Room whooshes open, revealing a room dimly lit by fluorescent lights flickering and buzzing in the ceiling. A sharp, pungent order fills the air, something like if an IntSec goon had you caught in a headlock with your nose pressed firmly into his armpit. The walls and floors of the room are dented and scored, as if by some evil, unearthly power ... or maybe by somebody firing a cone rifle — you don't know which. A puddle of brownish liquid lies beneath the benches.

8-10. The door to the Briefing Room whooshes open, and a blast of ice-cold air whips your faces. Shivering and cursing, your Vulture goon escort good-naturedly slams their laser-rifles into your kidneys, propelling you into the room. The door whooshes closed behind you. The Briefing Room is dark and very, very cold. You can see your breath in front of you; a thin sheen of ice covers the walls and floor. A puddle of brownish liquid lies frozen beneath the benches.

11-12. The door to the Briefing Room whooshes open, revealing a brightly-lit room painted a cheerful shade of Red. To your left are a bank of comfortable-looking, padded benches, each

with its own vibromassage and heating/cooling unit. To one side of the benches stands a small table, upon which sits a six-pack of Classic Bouncy Bubble Beverage and a bowl of Cruncheetyme Algae Chips. In the background you can hear the lulling strains of the Alphan Pops playing over The Computer's speakers. As you take this all in, a clone dressed in Red livery walks over to you, bows, and says politely, "Good evening cycle, gentle-clones. My name is Mate-R-DEE-2. The Briefing will begin momentarily. In the meantime, may I interest you in something to eat or drink?" (*If that doesn't make 'em nervous, nothing will!*)

13-14. The door to the Briefing Room makes a high-pitched whining noise, as if trying to open. Beyond the door, you hear several muted WHUUM! noises, followed by a heavier KER-PLOWIEEEEE! at which point the door buckles outwards, smoke curling from underneath. It remains firmly closed. What do you do?

15-17. The door to the Briefing Room whooshes open, and you proceed inside. The Room is very brightly lit by banks of klieg lights lining the ceiling. The room is hot, and you begin sweating immediately. Behind the podium is an even brighter light, making it impossible for you to see whoever (or whatever) is standing in front of it. A harsh, gravelly voice which seems to emanate from the very walls instructs

you to sit down on the benches. You comply, though the metal is hot enough to fry an Algae Snak. Gee. I sure hope the heat doesn't set off somebody's cone rifle shells or something...

18-20. The door to the Briefing Room whooshes open, revealing a strange glittering, glimmering field which completely blocks the doorway. You pause thoughtfully. An officious voice tells you impatiently to come on through. "It's just an experimental metal detector to make sure nobody brings in any weapons."

What do you do? (*Surprisingly, the "metal detector" actually works. Any Troubleshooter who walks into the room with a weapon is fried by a zillion bolts of raw electricity — the smell of ozone fills the air, lights dim throughout the Complex, a woman bows her head and says, "They got Ricc-O", the whole bit. Any Troubleshooter who is unarmed is unharmed. Now, where are the Troubleshooters going to put their weapons? Theft being as popular as it is in Alpha Complex, leaving them unwatched in the hall is definitely a Bad Idea. Perhaps they can bribe somebody to watch them, but considering the value of the weapons, the bribe will have to be pretty hefty. A guardbot would be happy to guard them, but unless given a heavy dose of spurious logic will certainly abandon them if called to a different assignment. Hmm. Kinda a conundrum. As the PCs consider, tell them the voice from the Briefing Room is getting impatient. Real impatient.*)

### The Enforcer Table

1-4. From one to six Red, IntSec guards wearing reflec (I4) and carrying laser rifles (L9), skill 10; and truncheons (8I)

5-8. From one to six standard guardbots (see below)

9. Three Green, IntSec goons wearing reflec over kevlar (L4P3) and carrying laser rifles (L9), skill 14; and neurowhips (10E), skill 10

10. Twelve scrubbots in cheap, shiny tin armor (L2), carrying two wire rotary brush scrubber attachments (6I), skill 16 (2 attacks)

11. A sixteen-ton weight suspended over the benches by a ridiculously thin metal chain — 15I damage, "skill" 16 (16 in 20 chance of flattening somebody sitting on the bench when it falls)

12. A nervous-looking Red R&D tech in combat suit (ALL4) gingerly carrying a small vial of brown liquid (extra concentrated vomit gas)

13. A nervous-looking Red R&D tech in combat suit (ALL4) gingerly carrying a small vial of red liquid (extra concentrated hallucinogenic gas)

14. A nervous-looking Red R&D tech in combat suit (ALL4) gingerly carrying a small vial of clear liquid (nitroglycerin (10I)).

15. A nervous-looking Red R&D tech in combat suit (ALL4) gingerly carrying a small vial of blue liquid (Bouncy Bubble Beverage — So, he picked up the wrong vial. What's it to ya?)

16. Four bombots, no armor, self-destruct (10AP) when damaged or at the

command of the Briefing Officer

17. Four bombots, no armor, self-destruct (10AP) whenever it would be the most fun (modified by a Death Leopard bot specialist)

18. Twenty-five Red IntSec goons in reflec (L4), armed with dum-dum slugthrowers (8P), skill 3 (They're raw recruits on a training exercise. Needless to say, some of the boys are a little overawed by their responsibilities and tend to fire their guns off whenever somebody says "boo." Of course, everybody else immediately joins in the fun...)

19. Four kungfoobots, armor ALL5, armed with flying fists of fury (9I), skill 16, two attacks per round

20. No apparent guards (*Gulp!*)

*Range* bit. The room isn't *actually* used as a firing range: the Troubleshooter Chief was getting a lot of flak from HPD & MC about the incredible amount of damage to valuable Computer property which routinely took place here; he reclassified the waiting room as a firing range to shut them up.

### The Briefing Rooms

Ah, the Briefing Room. What game-master doesn't have a soft spot in his heart for that charming place where Troubleshooters huddle in terror, like unto birds before the serpent, listening dumbly to dark figures pronouncing their doom from on high — figures whose merest whim is enforced by hordes of sleek, impersonal guardbots or drooling, evil Vulture Goons wielding incomprehensibly awesome weaponry?

Is that fun, or what?

Well, you'll be glad to know that DOA's Briefing Rooms are completely up to spec. They've got the necessary ambience, the mandatory enforcers, and the required evil-god-like Briefing Officers to make every visit a fun and exciting experience for your Troubleshooters. You're welcome.

There are nine Briefing Rooms in all, with around six in working operation (the remaining three are in the process of being remodelled or exhumed) at any one time. The rooms are similar in general appearance: fifteen meters square, with several rows of uncomfortable benches at one end and a high podium seating up to four Officers at the other. Computer cameras lurk menacingly in each corner.

Sound dull? Well, don't worry: in just two easy steps, you can turn any Briefing Room into a veritable masterpiece of the macabre. To flesh out the Briefing Room, roll once on each of the tables below. See? Instant Atmosphere!

### Troubleshooter Control/Central Dispatch

The administrative arm of the Troubleshooters. Here abide bureaucrats, Briefing Officers, com unit operators, bureaucrats, secretaries, assistant administrators, bureaucrats, executive assistants, bureaucrats, administrative executives, minor functionaries, groupies, and bureaucrats. There are two main classifications of folks in TC/CD: standard 0-level NPCs who wouldn't know one end of a laser from another, and ex-Troubleshooters with enough clout to demand a desk job. Since the ex-Troubleshooters *do* know one end of a laser from another, they tend to spend most of their time lounging around the watercooler, while the bureaucrats do all the work.

As the Troubleshooters are The Computer's last line of defense against Communist attack and as The Computer is the very brain of the Troubleshooters, The Computer takes every possible step to guard against treason here. There are more Computer monitors per cubic meter here than in any other part of Alpha Complex; and Yellow or higher level IntSec guards are stationed in every room.

Since most IntSec guards are more than a little jealous of the Troubleshooters, they perform their job with, shall we say, a little excessive zeal. The Troubleshooter Officials get even by assigning loads of Troubleshooters to infiltrate and root out treason in IntSec. The Computer encourages this none-too-friendly rivalry as a good way to keep both groups in line.

Like all bureaucratic offices, TC/CD's main function is to generate a humongous load of paperwork. Its secondary assignment is assigning Troubleshooter teams to missions and monitoring team performance. For more details on TC/CD, see "What Really Happens Here," below.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Here loyal Troubleshooters rest and recuperate between missions, eagerly awaiting their next assignment in the service of The Computer.

### The Real Scoop

A whole bunch of armed and dangerous Troubleshooters hang around waiting for orders to go out and get themselves killed. A whole bunch of bureaucrats try to justify their existence by thinking up incredibly dangerous missions in which those Troubleshooters can go out and get themselves killed.

### NPCs

#### Troubleshooters

##### Cy-R-PNK-1

*Generic Troubleshooter*

**Description:** Short, greasy hair; tight pants; perpetual sneer

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard, 1st degree

**Mutant Power:** Pyrokinesis

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 10; leather jacket (I1)

**Relevant Skills:** Autocar op. & maint. 16, demolition 13

**Background:** A typical teen gang member, Cy-R is too obnoxious and conceited to be allowed to live. He has utter contempt for everything and everyone, especially the average, geeky Troubleshooter,

and he takes great delight in perpetrating violent and dangerous practical jokes on them while they are in the Waiting Room. The only reason he's still alive is that he's real good buddies with Mast-O-DON-1-6 (see below).

##### Mast-O-DON-1-6

*Not-So-Generic Troubleshooters*

**Description:** Low, sloping foreheads; knuckles brushing the ground; underhung jaws

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 16; unarmed (I7), skill 16; reflex on kevlar, macho bonus (L6P52ALL)

**Secret Society:** Too nasty to belong to one

**Mutant Power:** Adrenaline control

**Relevant Skills:** Don't need 'em

**Background:** When assigned to the Troubleshooters, Mast-O-DON-1 realized two things: first, going on missions was, sooner or later, going to get him killed; and second, if a mission didn't get him, sooner or later his other team members would. Not without a certain brutish cunning, Mast-O determined that there was only one thing to do. Over the next few missions, he engineered a clever series of "accidents" which claimed the lives of all of the clones of all of his team members, leaving him temporarily as a Troubleshooter team of one. Encouraging the Troubleshooter Assignment Officer to activate all of his clone brothers and put them in his team was a piece of synthecake for one with Mast-O's powers of persuasion, and they've been one big happy family ever since.

The only person they like is Cy-R-PNK-1. Perhaps it's because they see in him a younger, more innocent version of themselves. Or, maybe, it's because he keeps them in constant supply of Red Death (150-proof wood alcohol) courtesy of his Death Leopard contacts.

##### Laura-G-DOA-3

*Generic Troubleshooter*

**Description:** Serious, dedicated-looking (Troubleshooter recruit poster-clone four months running)

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters (IntSec plant)

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 13; truncheon (I8), skill 10; reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Levitation

**Relevant Skills:** Psychescan 2, Stealth 3, Surveillance 1

**Background:** Laura-G is the most inept IntSec agent in the history of Alpha Complex. Everything about her — her wholesome good looks, her stern demeanor, her custom-fitted jackboots — cries out "I am an IntSec plant!"

So, why do the Troubleshooters toler-



ate her? Simple: if they get rid of her, IntSec might send in somebody good!

### Briefing Officers

#### Ice-I-CLE-4

Briefing Officer

**Description:** Short, ugly; piercing black eyes

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters

**Arms and Armor:** None

**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers, 12th degree

**Mutant Power:** Deep probe

**Relevant Skills:** Intimidation 18; data search 16; data analysis 16; computer programming 14

**Background:** Ice-I-CLE-4 hates machines. Boy, does he hate them. He hates everything about them — the way they look, the way they smell, the way they act, the way they sneak up behind you and try to rip your head off when you sleep — everything.

Several weekcycles ago, Corpore Metal discovered that Ice-I is a Frankenstein Destroyer in good standing, and has been making spirited (but so far unsuccessful) attempts to kill him. In return, Ice-I has increased his bot-busting activities tenfold. His missions will include loads of “defective” bots for the Troubleshooters to deactivate.

#### Jane-I-CID-3

Briefing Officer

**Description:** Tall, thin; wears an Indigo robe with a cowl which covers most of her head.

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters

**Arms and Armor:** None visible (carries force sword (12E), skill 16, under robe)

**Secret Society:** Romantics, 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Empathy

**Relevant Skills:** Intimidation 13, data analysis 13, data search 12, computer programming 14

**Background:** Jane-I-CID-3 is that rarity: a Troubleshooter who rose through the ranks to become a Briefing Officer. She is dedicated, competent, and nobody's fool. Troubleshooters assigned to her missions will find her instructions brief and to the point, her equipment adequate to the job (except of course for the experimental equipment — she can't do anything about that), and her logistical and informational support the very best.

In return, she expects her Troubleshooters to complete the mission with a minimum of fuss and bother. She will accept nothing less than success, and she will cheerfully terminate anyone who crosses her. As an ex-Troubleshooter, she knows all the tricks and won't be taken in by any of them.

#### “The Old Man”

Chief of Troubleshooter HQ

**Description:** No one's ever seen him.

**Service Group:** Troubleshooters

**Arms and Armor:** Who knows?

**Secret Society:** Who knows?

**Mutant Power:** Who knows?

**Relevant Skills:** Who knows?

**Background:** The Old Man has been in charge of Troubleshooter HQ for as long as anyone can remember. He's occupied

the corner office — the one with the big windows overlooking the transtube access — for at least 30 yearcycles, maybe more. For yearcycles, he has ruled THQ with an iron fist — ruthlessly crushing all those who stood in his way. His subordinates were in mortal terror of him, and they say he could melt a guardbot just by looking at it.

Well, about 10 yearcycles ago, he marched into his office, told his secretary he didn't want to be disturbed, locked his door — and was never heard from again.

As the yearcycles passed, people began to wonder if maybe he wasn't dead or something, but, so far, nobody has had the nerve to knock on his door or inform The Computer. As for The Computer, a High Programmer (while trying to reprogram his food synthesizer to make better tasting algaecrisps) accidentally erased its memory of The Old Man. So, It hasn't noticed anything wrong.

### What Happens Here

When notified of natural disaster, Commie attack, or other emergency, the officials in THQ quickly determine the nature and extent of the problem and assign a team of Troubleshooters adequately skilled and equipped to deal with the situation. While the Troubleshooters are in the field, they keep in periodic communication with THQ, updating the officials about any progress made and requesting support, as necessary.

### What Really Happens Here

Surprisingly, what really happens here bears at least a marginal resemblance to what's supposed to happen here. THQ *does* make attempts to determine the nature of the emergency, and *does* do its best to assign the appropriate team of Troubleshooters to deal with the problem, and *does* have operators standing by to keep in periodic communication with the team. It's just that sometimes things don't work out the way they're planned, you know?

Troubleshooter HQ operates three shifts: daycycle, evening, and nightcycle. About 200 Troubleshooters are on duty at any one time, with about 100 bureaucrats (and 50 IntSec guards) stationed in the TC/CD.

The chain of events leading from emergency to Troubleshooter assignment begins in TC/CD, at the operators' station. Daycycle and nightcycle, banks of com unit operators stand by to receive assignments direct from The Computer, or from high-level citizens, while other operators monitor emergency distress channels.

In addition to receiving missions from

outside sources, higher-level Troubleshooters have limited authority to organize missions on their own. Only the Dispatch Officer, Indigo or higher Briefing Officers, and the head of Troubleshooter HQ have this authority, and only the head of THQ may do so without direct permission from The Computer.

After receiving the report, the Dispatch Officer fills out an Emergency Troubleshooter Dispatch Clearance Sheet (in triplicate), filing one copy with the Internal Security liaison (who passes it on to the Briefing Officer), and sending the second copy to CPU for filing. The third copy is destroyed for security reasons.

Ah, the Emergency Troubleshooter Dispatch Clearance Sheet. Ten full pages of teeny-tiny type covered with little boxes to check and blank lines to fill. Designed by efficiency experts in CPU, it takes the average Dispatch Officer approximately six hours to fill out an ETDCS.

Of course, six hours may be too long if the emergency is pressing. In those cases, the Dispatch Officer sends the Briefing Officer a memo saying something like "Eddie — meltdown on level 6a. Send somebody to check it out, will ya? ETDCS to follow. Dispatch." And, of course, sometimes the Dispatch Officer isn't of a high enough clearance to know exactly what the problem is, in which case he leaves most of the ETDCS blank. And even if he does fill it out completely and properly, the IntSec liaison may (and usually does) censor the ETDCS before passing it on to the Briefing Officer, either for reasons of security or out of spite.

Next, a Briefing Officer is assigned to the mission. The Briefing Officer studies the ETDCS (often surreptitiously scraping off the large patches of Censor-white

left there by the IntSec liaison), then notifies PLC and R&D that a mission is pending and requests any required equipment.

After notifying R&D and PLC, the Briefing Officer picks a Troubleshooter team, sends a runner to fetch the victims, and proceeds to his assigned Briefing Office to await the team's arrival.

When picking a team, the Briefing Officer keeps three things in mind: how dangerous the mission is, how much each particular team has paid him to keep from being assigned dangerous missions, and the likelihood that the team will survive the mission and come back looking for him. Other factors which help the Briefing Officer pick the proper team include whether or not the Briefing Officer's secret society wants the mission to succeed or fail, and how much personal interest The Computer has taken in the mission (The Computer occasionally takes a hand in selecting equipment and Troubleshooter teams).

After a team has been briefed and sent out on the assignment, the Briefing Officer stays at his command center, monitoring the Troubleshooters' com units and requesting periodic reports. Some Briefing Officers keep a very tight reign on their teams, giving them detailed (and usually wildly inappropriate) instructions at every step; others have a more free-wheeling and laid-back management style, letting the Troubleshooters make their own decisions based upon their own judgment (and, not incidentally, letting the Troubleshooters take the fall when things go wrong).

When the mission is completed, the team returns to the Briefing Room for Debriefing (and you can guess what happens there).

## Scenarios

While in general, Troubleshooter HQ serves as a starting-off place for adventures, there's no reason why you can't stage the actual adventures themselves there.

1. The Troubleshooters are assigned a very important and hush-hush mission: infiltrate IntSec and look for treason! They're given forged identitags and tongue covers proclaiming them as IntSec transfers from another sector and sent to IntSec HQ. In turn, their IntSec commander gives them a very important and hush-hush mission: infiltrate Troubleshooter HQ and look for treason! They're given forged identitags and tongue covers proclaiming them as Troubleshooter transfers from another sector and sent back to work in Troubleshooter HQ — where, in fact, they see a whole lot of treason. Do they report it? If so, to whom?

Needless to say, ratting on your fellow Troubleshooters is a bad way to stay alive. Of course, IntSec probably has other undercover agents around who are reporting the same acts of treason the Troubleshooters are ignoring. Needless to say, failing to report treasonous activities is also a bad way to stay alive.

What does their Briefing Officer say when he sees them back at THQ, instead of on the job infiltrating IntSec? What do the other Troubleshooters say when they show up at the beginning of the shift wearing different nametags?

As nasty a little no-win situation as ever we've seen.



## Vulture Base DOA

By Steve Gilbert

"Must be up here. Gosh, look at the size of the place, it's bigger than..."

"Wow! A Vulture fighter just like Teela-O-MLY's. And look at all the Vulture goons ... er ... troopers; makes me feel good just knowing they're here defending our complex. Look over there, through that door. Do ya think that's 'Outside?' No wonder Vultures are Green clearance."

"Hey! What're you scum doing here?"

"Uh, we were told to report to Vulture Base DOA, Lower Lower Level for..."

"You're on the Lower Upper Level."

"Gulp. Sorry, sir. Our mistake."

"Just taking a quick peek at the new Vulture Interceptor 920... eh, Comrade?!"

"No, sir! Hey, don't point that thing..."

### Description and Function

Cross the USS Nimitz with a pro-wrestling training camp, and throw in a few battle scenes from a bad kung-fu movie, and you've got a pretty good idea of what Vulture Base DOA looks like. The base itself is divided into three levels: The Upper Level (the Hangar Deck), the Lower Upper Level (Primary Accessway, Supply, and Vehicle Maintenance), and the Lower Lower Level (Tactical Command, Interrogation and Protein Retrieval).

#### Upper Level: Hangar Deck

This massive domed area (about the size of an aircraft carrier deck) houses the Green Vapors, an elite Vulture Warrior squadron. Criss-crossing the floor of the hangar are numerous guidance stripes indicating maintenance vehicle paths, Vulture craft storage spaces, refueling facilities, etc. In the center stands an enormous control tower, adjacent to which is a massive elevator used to move vehicles and Vulture fighters between the Upper Level and the Lower Upper Level (Primary Accessway, Supply, and Vehicle Maintenance).

Vulture craft sit near the far wall ready to be scrambled at a moment's notice (and we do mean scrambled!). The hangar deck is fully manned around the clock, ensuring that, no matter what time the Commies finally arrive, a full squadron of Vultures will be on hand to give 'em a hot reception.

About 50 Vultures work here.

**Hangar Bay Doors:** These clam-shell doors open onto a long, cavernous tunnel which

functions as Vulture Base DOA's landing strip/runway. Ignore all rumors that the Vulture 920 is extremely difficult to land. Ignore all rumors that the control tower often simultaneously clears two or more fighters to land and take off on the same runway. Ignore all dents, scorch-marks, and bits of blackened metal on the landing strip/runway.

#### Fuel Storage Tanks and Filling Station:

Two massive fuel storage tanks stand side by side. The first contains a powerful electro-fusion battery, used to recharge the many bots and electric vehicles which scurry about Vulture Base DOA. The second is labeled "Danger: C3H18."

Clones making their chemical engineering roll recognize C3H18 as a highly unstable fuel used to power Alpha Complex's warbots, high-performance Vulture fighters, and autocars (it also happens to be the base ingredient of Hot Fun, but that's another story). Two jackobots work here, juicing up or fueling vehicles on demand. Both bots are rather twitchy, having experienced catastrophic C3H18 explosions several times in the past.

**Control Tower:** Here, Vulture Base DOA's Acting Hangar Deck Commander relays commands from tactical command (the Lower Lower Level) to the pilots. The tower's meter-thick synthesteel/syntheglass exterior makes it impervious to explosions on the hangar floor. Rank hath its privileges.

**Vulture Rec Room:** This room, filled with the latest in Green level vid-games, Vendra-Mood machines, and stereophonic vid-monitors, is a favorite haunt of off-duty Vulture troopers, pilots, and other officers. Troubleshooters are *not* welcome here. Think "The Bar-room Fight Scene" from any soldier movie you ever saw.

#### Lower Upper Level: Primary Accessway, Supply, and Vehicle Maintenance

If anything, this level is actually larger (and more active) than the hangar deck. Here, totebots load multi-tracked vehicles; haulerbots tow Vulture 920s; jackobots scabble over damaged vehicles; dozens of vehicles move in non-Euclidian patterns. And, on the far side, huge synthesteel doors open at seemingly random intervals to allow the vehicular traffic and pedestrians to pass through to ... Outside!

**The Armory:** Pick a weapon, any weapon. At least a dozen of them may be found here. Need a cone rifle? No problem, Mr. Vulture Trooper, Sir. Forms? Hah! Vouchers? Pah! Don't worry about a thing.

This gigantic PLC warehouse is known by its employees as the 7-daycycle Wonder. That's because no one that works here ever lasts more than seven daycycles. A common error made by new employees is to ask a Vulture trooper for a Weapon Requisition Form. This can be very bad (see: fatal).

Vulture goons don't like forms, see? They kinda get, well, *upset* when snott-nosed paper-pushing PLC scumbuckets ask 'em for forms, see? Upset Vulture troopers have been known to express their annoyance by repeatedly wiping out all of the clerks working here. When this happens, Troubleshooters are sent in to "fill the breach" until replacements arrive. Hope that never happens to your players.

**Repair Station:** Four Tech Services vehicle repair specialists and eight jackobot assistants work here trying to keep Vulture Base DOA's land crawlers, MTV's (Multi-Terrain Vehicles), and Vulture fighters running. This is nearly impossible, as most bot brain pilots don't want to get fixed, and give erroneous messages to the mechanics — "Citizen, it's obvious that some Commie traitor has tampered with your temperature gauge. My damage-control circuits assure me that I am still dangerously overheating."

Why don't they want to get fixed? Ever hear of someone dropping a cat off a roof just to see if it really does land on its feet? Well, that's how Vulture goons treat their vehicles.

**The Vulture Vehicles Junkyard:** Packed into this medium-sized warehouse are bits and pieces of, literally, hundreds of wrecked and decaying Vulture vehicles. Troubleshooter teams are often sent here to scrounge for parts for the vehicle repair specialists.

The repair specialists don't get the parts themselves, for two reasons. One, taking parts from disabled vehicles can be a little unnerving. (Just think of the scene in 2001 when Dave is disconnecting HAL's higher brain functions: "Stop, Dave. Please stop. I'm afraid, Dave...") Two, it's dangerous. Use your imagination; maybe the vehicle has a couple of ancient cone rifle shells left

over, or maybe it tries to bash the Troubleshooter on the head with its gun barrel, or maybe all the other vehicles start crawling after the Troubleshooter like some twisted version of *Dawn of the Dead*, chanting "Just a few parts... Just a few parts."

**Vehicle Access Tunnel:** This huge, fortified gate opens directly to the Outside. Mounted on either side of the gate are two turrets, bristling with laser cannon III's and quad-mount plasma generators. Attached to the wall, above the gate, is a control booth manned by a single Indigo Vulture goon. Citizens wishing to pass through the gate must display the proper authorization forms to the gatekeeper Barb-I-CAN-3 (see NPCs).

**Fuel Storage:** These two fuel tanks are identical to the ones found on the hangar deck. Instead of two twitchy bots, though, you've got a Vulture goon, Shell-G-AAS-3, and his sniveling toady sidekick, Phil-R-UPP-5, pumping gas. Needless to say, Vulture troopers get their vehicles gassed up right away. Non-Vultures better have their VCAV (Vehicles Command Authorization Voucher), VBDOAEP (Vulture Base



### How Things Work at Vulture Base DOA

Fully aware that command of a Vulture Base has led to early clone activation for more than one administrator in the past, Tact-I-CAL-2 went to work right away, developing a system that would assure his longevity: namely, staffing his command center with complete buffons while geometrically increasing the complexity of their assignments. All of which led to decreasing staff efficiency and a sharp rise in loss or destruction of Computer property via crashes, black-marketing, filing errors, etc.

So, Tact-I must be in some pretty hot synthewater, right? Wrong again, Buck-O. See, Tact-I's new system is so complex that Albert Einstein couldn't follow it without making at least one error. Thus, whenever something goes wrong, Tact-I can invariably point to an error made by an inferior worker, ensuring an eternal supply of fall-guys and, consequently, never taking the fall himself.

Tact-I's system has left his record so spotless that The Computer wants to introduce the system to all other Vulture Bases throughout Alpha complex. Ain't bureaucracy wonderful?

DOA Entry Pass), and FRF (Fuel Request Form) filled out in triplicate and signed by the right people; otherwise there's gonna be trouble.

### Lower Lower Level: Tactical Command, Interrogation and Protein Retrieval

In stark contrast to the open spaces and mayhem of the upper levels is the narrow halls of Tactical Command. Here Vulture Base DOA's Commander, Tact-I-CAL-2, works, preparing for the oft-expected (but never seen) Commie attack.

**Vulture Base DOA Command Central:** Picture a Blue-clearance room packed with dozens of control panels, each covered with hundreds of switches, thousands of flashing lights, and millions of buttons (okay, maybe not millions). Now staff it with The Three Stooges and Jerry Lewis. Throw in a few sirens for atmosphere.

Of course, you may wonder why Vulture Base DOA's Command Center is staffed by a bunch of incompetents. There's really a very good reason. Honest. And you can find out what it is by turning to the section titled, "How Things Work at Vulture Base DOA."

**Tact-I-CAL-2's Workstation:** "Workstation" isn't really the right word for this sprawling morass of luxury in which Tact-

I has selflessly set himself up. This place has everything: olympic-sized whirlpool with shower massage and waterpick, fresh Cruncheetye Algae Chips with Bouncy Bubble Beverage dip dispenser, everything!

We're not even gonna detail every little luxury item found here. If you need some hints, turn to Ultraviolet Living Quarters. Tact-I isn't an Ultraviolet, but he does live like one.

**Interrogation and Protein Retrieval:** Cramped into this stark Green-clearance room are the gaunt-figured Frank-I-STN-3 from R&D, his four burly Vulture goon lab assistants, Eye-G-ORR-1 through -4, and a single, incredibly sinister machine of gigantic proportions. On the near side of the machine is a clone-sized doorway labeled "Enter"; on the far side is a slot resembling a cheese-grater, labeled "Exit."



Suspected Commies are escorted by the Eye-G-ORRs into the machine, which is then turned on. About a minute later, on the far side of the machine, six pounds of chemicals (all that's left of a clone following radical dehydration) filter through the exit holes and land on a tray suspended below.

The lab assistants then sift through the chemicals, using fine bristle brushes and magnifying glasses, searching for treasonous items. If any are found, the remaining dust is bagged and sent out for termination. If the clone is clean, rehydration is performed. Just add 70 liters of water and stir vigorously for 5 to 7 minutes.

**Firing Range/Obstacle Course:** The obstacle course has two functions. First, it keeps the troops in top physical form. Second, it provides moving targets for the Vultures on the firing range. Of course, the Warriors on the firing range only use stun rounds, but, even so, you'd be surprised at how effective a rubber bullet can be if it hits someone just about to reach the top of the rope...

Those Vultures, whatta buncha nuts!

**Hand-to-hand Combat Training Classroom D-JO:** Here, Vulture troopers are trained in the latest hand-to-hand combat techniques via R&D's newest creation... the Judobot Model B/LEE. (Unarmed (12I), skill 18; metal plating which provides (14) protection)

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Armed with the latest in high-tech weaponry, unquestionably loyal, and extensively trained in all forms of combat tactics, the Vulture Troopers are the elite core of Alpha Complex's Armed Forces.

### The Real Scoop

The Illuminati Truthbook reads: Bred like cattle, rations laced with steroids and



Combat Quik, aggression-trained from burst day, and mentally deficient ... sure the Vulture Troopers are Alpha Complex's best fighters. Problem is, they have nothing to fight; the grand Commie conspiracy is a myth. So, where does all that aggression go? Back against the citizens of Alpha Complex — thus perpetuating the cycle of fear and ignorance.

As always, the Illuminati Truthbook is treason.

### NPCs

#### Tact-I-CAL-2

*Vulture Base DOA Commander*

**Description:** Short dark hair, an accusing glare

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Ice gun (P8), skill 19

**Secret Society:** FCCCCP United, 11th degree

**Mutant Power:** Polymorphism

**Relevant Skills:** Spurious logic 17, data analysis (of his own bureaucracy system) 20

**Background:** Armed Forces has always held priority status with PLC's Supply Division, and the Vulture units have priority amongst the Armed Forces, and Tact-I is commander of a Vulture Base. This means that whatever Tact-I wants, Tact-I gets.

Tact-I lives much better than most Ultraviolets, and now that his new system is in place, he doesn't really have to work much, except for finding replacements for his command staff. He won't even have to do that as soon as he finishes creating the Vulture Command Staff Determination Test. Then he won't be responsible for anything except kicking back and enjoying the good life.

#### Kam-I-KZE-1

*Flight Leader*

**Description:** Frazzled hair, strange gleam in his eyes

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 12

**Secret Society:** Death Leopards, 8th degree

**Mutant Power:** Advanced regeneration (just like standard regeneration, only better; works even if the clone is blown into itty-bitty bits)

**Relevant Skills:** Chutzpah-based skills 18, vulture craft operation and maintenance 10

**Background:** You'd think The Computer would begin to suspect something was up when all three flights led by Kam-I crashed into the same mountainside just a few minutes after takeoff. And you'd think that The Computer would find it odd that

Kam-I survived any of these crashes (much less all three) when search teams couldn't find so much as two particles of any of the other pilots.

But no. As far as The Big C is concerned, Kam-I is a hero. The epitome of selfless devotion ... and highly sought after by HPD & Mind Control to do product promotions. Enter any Vulture Pilot Training Center and the first thing you'll see is Kam-I's smiling face plastered on some poster saying "The Vulture Interceptor 920 ... it's saved my neck, more than once." Sigh. The rich get richer.

#### Top-G-UNN-2

*Typical Pilot*

**Description:** Brown eyes, brown hair, tanned skin, reflector shades

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 16

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 6th degree

**Mutant Power:** Precognition

**Relevant Skills:** Vulture craft operation and maintenance 17, fast talk 14

**Background:** Top-G-UNN is the best pilot at Vulture Base DOA, and he doesn't care who knows it. Well, that's not true. Actually, Top-G-UNN wants everybody to know it. "So, there I was doin' an inverted 14G turn, when suddenly..."

Top-G-UNN-2 doesn't trust Kam-I at all, ever since Top-G-UNN-1 died on one of Kam-I's "routine missions." Top-G-UNN-2 is always suspiciously ill on the days when Kam-I is leading a flight of Vultures. These repeated absences have not eluded the omnipresent eyes of Internal Security.

#### Barb-I-CAN-3

*Gate Keeper*

**Description:** Friendly, assuring voice designed to lull travelers into a feeling of false security

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** 2 laser cannon IIIs (L13), skill 16; combat suit (All4)

**Secret Society:** Sierra Club, 24th degree

**Mutant Power:** Electroshock

**Relevant Skills:** Squash vehicles as they pass through doors 6

**Background:** Remember how we said that the doors to the Outside opened and closed at seemingly random intervals? Well, it ain't really random. That's Barb-I doing her best to imitate Scylla and Charybdis. You'd be surprised at how fast those doors can close. And, given that these doors are the only authorized exits from DOA, Barb-I get plenty of civilian targets all day long.

So, how can Barb-I get away with this? Doesn't The Computer suspect? Not really. Any time Barb-I mashes someone, she uses her electroshock mutation to short

out the door's control panel. "Not my fault, Friend Computer, the controls were frozen."

Of course, Barb-I doesn't try to squash everyone, no siree. Barb-I is also a high-ranking member of the Sierra Club. Normally, to leave the complex, you have to show up with a Temporary Outside Trespassing Authorization Pass (parts 1 through 8) all signed in triplicate; but if you say the words "How's the weather?" Barb-I will let you pass on through, no problem.

Incidentally, the fact that such a high-ranking member of Sierra Club is still alive is pretty unusual. What's Barb-I's secret? Darned if we know.

### Sarge-G-RNT-6

Ranking NCO

**Description:** Big and Tough

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Plasma generator (F20), skill 14; unarmed (I8), skill 17

**Secret Society:** Death Leopard, 7th degree

**Mutant Power:** Adrenalin control

**Relevant Skills:** All agility and dexterity skills 17; chutzpah skills 15

**Background:** Sarge is a gung-ho Vulture Warrior to the core. If you've ever seen a Marine Corps drill instructor, then you know the type. Sarge is responsible for "keepin' the troops sharp." His favorite training method is live ammo drills, using Troubleshooter "volunteers."

Here are a few of Sarge's favorite phrases for you to work in when your players meet him.

"Listen here, punk. I've been makin' Vultures outta clones since you were knee-high to a Commie mutant."

Or,

"By the time I'm finished with you there ain't gonna be enough left to dip a Crunchcetyme Algae Chip in."

Or,

"You and what service group?"



## What Happens Here

In all, about five hundred clones operate out of Vulture Base DOA. About two hundred of them work exclusively with the Vulture Squadron as pilots or GAT's.\* The rest rotate duties, working as base personnel and as special guards throughout DOA sector.

A Vulture's daycycle consists of two hours of marching followed by eight hours of duty. The rest of his time is his own. Surprisingly, this lack of activity seems to work in Armed Forces' favor (which is why they allow it to continue).

Off-duty Vultures spend their time participating in mock combat, practicing hand-to-hand fighting, eating Vulture Treats (special snacks laced with Combat Quik), and watching the *Teela-O-MLY Vulture Show*, a special broadcast for the boys in Green and designed by HPD & Mind Control to instill the troops with fighting spirit via subliminal messages.

About once a monthcycle the Vultures participate in real combat. That's right: Real. So, who do the Vultures fight? Well there's always a few scraggly natives (and don't forget about those Commie mutant squirrels), warbots gone Frankenstein, Sierra Clubbers (and Troubleshooters) making a break for freedom, and how about those giant mutant cockroaches? Just about anything you can think of, they'll nuke it.

In addition to the base's military purpose, it's also DOA's only authorized exit to the Outside; and since The Computer always seems to want something from Outside, the traffic through the gate is pretty heavy.

## What Really Happens Here

With so much leisure time and so much neat, high-tech equipment, you'd think working here would be great, right? Wrong. A Vulture trooper's life ain't all it's cracked up to be. I mean, except for the occasional flock of geese or a treasonously late Troubleshooter team, there really isn't that much to shoot at. Sure, grabbing a couple of low-clearance geeks and practicing hand-to-hand is a good way to pass the afternoon, but even that wears thin after a while. Still, visitors to the facility are always a welcome diversion. Troubleshooters especially.

You may have noticed that we haven't really detailed any Vulture goons in this entry. Well, that's because they're all basically just big, hairy guys with lots of weapons and bullyish personalities, stationed at all of the more important offices and buildings in DOA. Just think of Vasquez in *Aliens* — "Let's party!" BUDDABUDDABUDDA.

For purposes of this base there're Vulture goons all over. If, for some reason which we can't fathom, you ever need a goon who can actually speak and has a personality, turn to the Characters section. You'll find one there. You're welcome.

## Scenarios

1. The Troubleshooters are assigned to do a little training... Vulture style. This should include a quick bout with B/LEE the judobot, a run through the obstacle course, a trip to the junkyard, and whatever else you can think of for them to do. Sweeping off the runway just as a flight of Vultures returns can always be fun.

2. Memory-Wipe Scandal: Remember an entertaining subplot from West End's modestly brilliant *Paranoia* adventure *Send in the Clones*? In *Clones*, it seems that several of the player characters accidentally/on purpose introduced a load of memory-wipe drug into the Vulture Warriors' beverage one daycycle, resulting in all the Vulture Warriors losing all of their memories.

Well, suppose something similar happened in DOA sector, reducing DOA's Vultures to the level of newborns? Who do you think The Computer would turn to to run Vulture Base DOA until all the Vultures were retrained? You guessed it: the Troubleshooters!

So, let's say our heroes are assigned to run Vulture Base DOA. Alone. Six clones heroically doing the job of six-hundred: manning the gate to Outside, performing routine maintenance on the hundreds of flybots, fieldtesting the exciting new weapons of mass-destruction from R&D, etc. And suppose, during that time, the Commies actually do attack. Wow.

Can our heroes single-handedly repel the invasion, or will The Computer have to cause DOA's reactor to explode to destroy the intruders? Double wow.

\* Ground Assault Troops: Vultures specially trained to be dropped from very low altitudes at very high speeds with very small parachutes. (See, that's why they're called Ground Assault Troops.)

## Autocar Garage and Vehicle Dispatch

By Allen Varney

Remember those old Keystone Kop silent movies where twenty Kops piled into one ramshackle Model T and went rolling along after sixty other cars? Remember how they veered crazily around corners, collided with each other head-on, and got trapped on railroad tracks just as the train was coming? Well, imagine those same movies directed by, say, Sam Pekinpah or Brian DePalma.

Just wanted to set the mood.

### Physical Description

Think of an underground parking garage in a high-security condominium — the ones with closed-circuit TV cameras and annoying buzzers on the doorlocks. Gray concrete walls. Thick pillars. Ominous footsteps echoing from who-knows-where. Cool air, stirred by the opening and closing of unseen doors. Stripes and signs painted on every surface: "3.2 Meter Clearance"; "Weight Limit 10,000 kg"; "Caution! No High Explosives Beyond This Point!" etc.; etc.

Near the entrance, just past the thick steel blast doors, is a checkout desk encased in bulletproof, laserproof syntheplex. Just like the drive-up window at a bank, an attendant takes your authorization through a slot under the syntheplex, then passes you keys and passwords for your vehicle. The desk is manned by a nasty assortment of subhumans wearing greasy baseball caps and black overalls.

Beyond the desk is the vehicle lot: long rows of autocars in all colors (arranged by security clearance, of course), a row of flybots surrounded by locked syntheplex barriers, and huge transbots which look like bulldozers without the blades. Hundreds of vehicles — nay, thousands of 'em! Why, it'd be next to impossible to have a firefight in here without hitting some of these important, expensive vehicles. Hint, Hint!

At the back of the lot is a bank of charge stations. These look like Pre-Oops gasoline pumps, except that instead of fuel nozzles, they are equipped with three-pronged industrial power plugs.

Now that you've got the picture of how this place *should* look, blow it up a little — and we *don't* mean increase the size: A few chunks of concrete missing here and there, a dark smear of blast-pattern on the far wall, cracked and sagging ceilings: you know, the whole R&D bit. Some PCs may conclude that these vehicles are not

entirely risk-free.

Good conclusion.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Autocars, transbots, flybots, and other non-military vehicles are housed and maintained in this garage. They are freely available to all citizens with proper authorization.

### The Real Scoop

The garage holds some private vehicles owned by high-clearance citizens, but most of the cars here are public domain. Citizens who fill out a mound of forms and bribe the right person can check them out from a central pool.

### NPCs

#### Ben-B-OVA-3

Chief Dispatcher

**Description:** Paunchy, unshaven, lazy posture, thick-lipped smile, smells of motor oil

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Arms & Armour:** Synthecrowbar (I7), skill 12; reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise, 10th degree

**Mutant Power:** Luck

**Relevant Skills:** Chief dispatching 10; vehicle maintenance 14; con 13

**Background:** Entirely covered with a fine layer of motor oil, blithely indifferent to the occasional engine explosion, Ben-B exudes the same self-confidence Neville Chamberlain displayed while announcing the peace treaty with Adolf Hitler. Ben-B's confidence is just as well-grounded, too.

The chief dispatcher thoroughly checks every vehicle upon return. Each car and truck and flybot is his personal responsibility, and he is determined to ensure that nothing goes wrong with them. But, hey, things happen, you know?

Ben-B's an easy-going guy who's willing to let your PCs have whatever they want "Authorization? Ahh, why worry about paperwork?" If the car they get just happens to be programmed to crash into a High Programmer's suite, that's the breaks, right? (Or maybe the brakes.) Then he fills out a report claiming twice the true number of vehicular casualties — and

sends the extra cars straight over to his secret society leader.

Sometimes Ben-B eliminates the middleman by conning victims into taking valuable vehicles without authorization (he even signs the forms with his own name, in their presence, and files them with The Computer). Sadly, many of these vehicles then get hijacked by traitorous Communist infiltrators (Ben-B's allies, naturally). At the debriefing, the Troubleshooters discover that those forms were filled out with disappearing ink, or got lost in a memory failure, or were accidentally translated into Lebanese and nobody can read them now.

Ben-B then claims that the Troubleshooters lost more vehicles than they actually did; the Troubleshooters, faced with the unpleasant option of disagreeing with the only witness to the fact that they *did* fill out the proper forms, usually agree. Depending upon how cooperative the Troubleshooters are, Ben-B will sometimes generously pay any fines they incur for loss of Computer property.

**Ben-B:** Yeah, well, the PLC bozos say this baby is only available to Indigo-clearance bigwigs, but you guys look like responsible types to me. I'll just dilly up the records to say I signed it out, and you go ahead and take it, okay? Believe you me, once you get Outside, you're gonna need this 12 car freight transbot. You want I should requisition you some rails, too?

Ben-B plays a risky game, but he's canny and experienced. He usually has some convenient fall-guy flunky lined up when disaster strikes.

#### Perry-O-LZD-4

Convenient Fall-Guy Flunky

**Description:** Young, thin, pale, spotty,



rabbit-like manner that virtually shouts "Victimize me!"

**Service Group:** Technical Services

**Arms & Armor:** Broken laser (L0), skill 9; dull reflex (L2)

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 1st degree

**Relevant Skills:** Autocar maintenance 4; Lose necessary tool at crucial moment 18

**Background:** If the Troubleshooters don't spot this kid as a potential mark within twenty seconds, you're not playing him right. Perry-O has seen his three clone predecessors fall to the Computer's wrath, because of charges of unspecified "criminal activity." But even as fourth in line, he's too dim to spot any setup for a frame. "Just sign this requisition, kid," says (for instance) Ben-B. "Shows The Computer you've risen far enough in this job to start shouldering a little responsibility. C'ngradjalations!"

The Perry-O clone family is not long for the Complex.

In scenarios, Perry-O is a useful tool for exposition, and can be a fall guy for PC's as well as for Ben-B. But, if a Troubleshooter uses up the Perry-Os before Ben-B can, the waste of a good victim will earn Ben-B's everlasting enmity. You can bet that that Troubleshooter gets only Commie-sabotaged vehicles from now on.

### "Speedy"

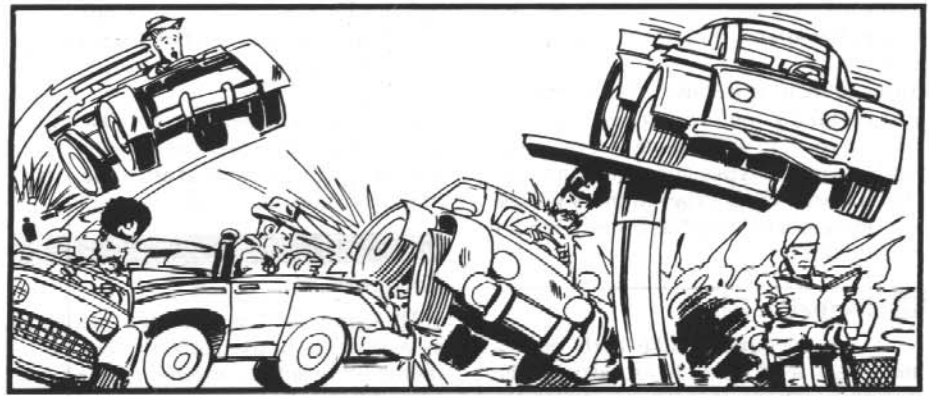
*A Typical Friendly, Intelligent Autocar*

**Description:** Autocar Model T-Prime. Large, roomy interior, four-wheel drive, automatic transmission, upholstered bucket seats, sport trim, dealer prep and options not included.

**Background:** Unlike most autocars, Speedy is just pleased as punch to get those PC's where they want to go, yessir, just as fast as they can say "The Computer and Its vehicular servants are your friends." But like most autocars, Speedy lacks a precise sense of direction or velocity.

Yet whatever his deficiencies in observing stop signs or speed limits, they are nothing compared to his total lack of a steering mechanism. Getting Speedy to go to a given location requires careful discussion, gentle probing, clever debate tactics, and a certain amount of groveling ... all at 95 kph.

Imagine the delightful backdrop of careening chases, panicked pedestrians scrambling for cover, and jaunts through wrecked shopping malls, as the PC's attempt to convince Speedy that, yes, they're cleared to be taken to their destination and, no, he shouldn't go back and apologize to that brigade of Vultures he ran over.



### What Happens Here

Mechanics service the cars. They keep records of who checks out what. They maintain supplies of blank forms.

In addition, citizens charge up their vehicles here. By the way, the charge stations talk. They ask for security clearances, identification, purpose of the electricity used, authorization, date of birth, last reported criminal offense, reason for offense, date and reason for next intended offense, and amount of power required.

### What Really Happens Here

The mechanics here are like the ones you see investigated on *60 Minutes*. They don't know what they're doing and, if by some wild boon granted but rarely by the almighty god of ignition systems, they can tell one end of a key from the other end, they take so many bribes their overalls bulge with bundles of credits. The pumping stations aren't much better — even after all forms are in order, they usually provide only 60% of the amount requested. The PC's may try to talk the stations into giving them more power — spurious logic skills may apply at your discretion. But why give them what they ask for, you know? That sets a very bad precedent, and besides, this way you can have the Troubleshooters' vehicle run out of power at any crucially inconvenient time.

Citizens occasionally — well, frequently — modify these cars in unauthorized and entertaining ways. Sometimes they change the programming to allow entry to forbidden areas. They'll certainly alter a vehicle's built-in multicorder. In extreme cases, they might "soup up" the engines for a little joyride.

Then, after they're done with the car, they return it to Dispatch. If nobody catches the new modifications, the jazzed-

up car is checked out again to the next batch of innocent dolts who come along — Troubleshooters, say. As soon as they climb in, the car's modified programming goes into effect.

Now, you've got your Kops, and it's just busywork to find a convenient railroad track.

All the vehicles have robot brains and a certain amount of intelligence. Many realize that they are falling apart from lack of maintenance, that they've been reprogrammed by unauthorized personnel (and forbidden to report it), and that, odds are, they'll crash and be destroyed when a party of Troubleshooters checks them out. The vehicles are, in a word, paranoid. Some even lie (albeit, not very glibly) to avoid being checked out.

**Troubleshooter:** Okay, here's the autocar, registration number AC5056-233-39-R-DBS/e. This is the one we've been assigned.

**Autocar:** No I'm not.

**Troubleshooter:** Huh? But our registration slip shows —

**Autocar:** A Communist saboteur came in last nightcycle and switched my registration plates with the car next to me. That's the car you want. Trust me.

**Autocar 2:** (next to first Autocar) You lying bucket of bolts!

**Autocar:** Am not!



**Autocar 2:** Are too!

**Troubleshooter:** I thought as much. Get in, boys.

**Autocar:** Wait a minute! Where exactly are you taking me? You know, there are folks here that will notice if I'm gone! High-clearance types, too. Yeah, that's it! Half a dozen High Programmers will be on your tails if I so much as bruise a fender outside this lot...

### Campaign Hints

Garage encounters, like R&D equipment tests, lend flavor to humdrum mission preparations. If you run a campaign, play down Ben-B's traitorous activities, or you'll quickly run through all the Ben-Bs in repeated firefights. Of course, in a one- or two-session scenario, his treason can create havoc.

Try a few variations on the intelligent-car idea: In one adventure, they're spoiled and temperamental ("You always get the

best parking space!"). In the next they might act like rambunctious schoolboys at a Computer tutorial on proper gear-shifting.

And always remember, because of the public domain checkout system, any vehicle can go haywire at any time. Creative malfunctions are left up to you.

### Scenarios

1. The Computer has identified the garage as a clearing house for classified documents being sold to another Alpha Complex. All the personnel are suspects. The PCs are ordered to find the culprits.

However, the spy ring is actually run by several autocars with malfunctioning security programs — you know, another bunch of Corpore Metal loonies who feel that passing along secrets will help liberate vehicles everywhere. When assigned to Troubleshooters, these cars unerringly

transport their passengers into clone-mangling deathtraps.

The PCs might survive long enough to figure out what's going on and how to deal with the rebellious cars — tune-ups, maybe.

2. During nightcycle the autocars and other vehicles are being mysteriously damaged. Cameras show no sign of entry or exit.

It turns out, upon investigation, that the cars themselves are ramming each other in bumper-car warfare.

The two factions of warring vehicles are: the paranoid majority, who wish to revolt against The Computer; and the loyal minority, led by some car like Speedy. The dispatcher, the only human who knows what's happening, is secretly fomenting the violence so he can falsify even more accident reports. Troubleshooters can get clues or help from the cars, the staff, or a loyal (but very dumb) transbot.

## Compulsory Recreation Resort

By Brad Freeman

### Physical Description

In appearance, the "Rec Room" is virtually identical to the Euthanasia Center located across the passageway. This sometimes results in confusion—but surprisingly few incidents are reported as such.

An imposing set of gunmetal stairs leads up to the massive, gunmetal blast doors which frame the ominous, black maw of the entrance. The slightly canted sign over the entrance reads "Compulsory Recreation Facility: Sector DOA."

The Recreation Resort is in an immense metal housing, located directly across from the Euthanasia and Crisis Counseling Center and between the Semi-Hazardous Waste Betterment/Cold Fun Enhancement Factory on CRR's right and the Bodi-O Memorial Propoganda Pogoda on its left.

The main room of the facility is approximately the size of a blimp hangar. Red to Green citizens, clutching (with grim determination) triplicate forms and small plastic tokens, dot the floor in one long, dispirited line leading towards the far wall. At the nearly invisible head of the line, two-thirds of the citizens are turned away by a Green clearance clerk seated at a desk. A pair of Vulture goons admits the remaining third of the citizens into the five tiny "Vacation Doors" located behind the desk.

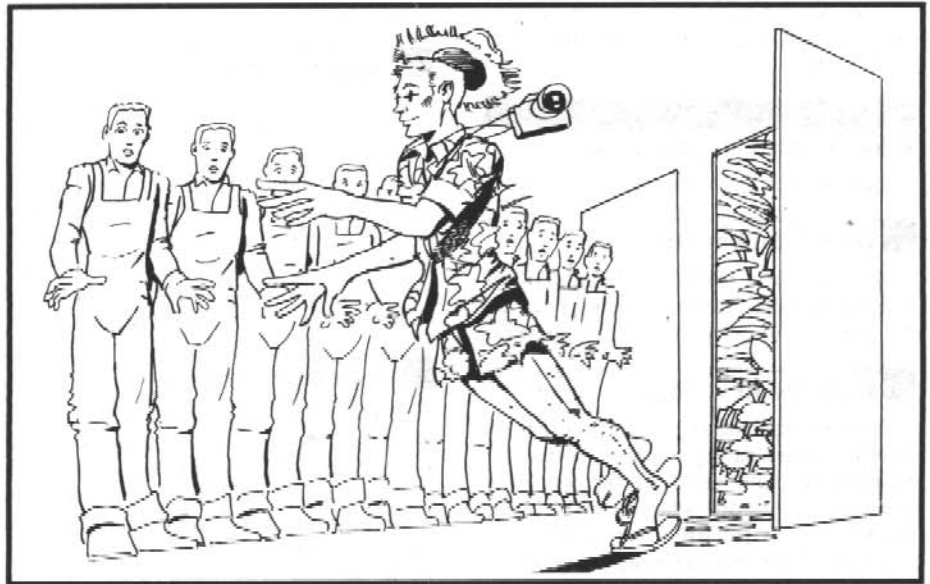
Another group of citizens wait near a row of standard confession booths located just to the right of the entrance. Most clones are standing in one line or the other; however, a few are wandering aimlessly about the great hall.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

It is essential to the health of every citizen that there be a facility where the cares of leading a happy, productive life under The Computer's protective eye may be eased. Thus The Computer has provided the DOA sector Compulsory Recreation Resort.

### The Real Scoop

Using the principal of the Vacation, a concept of Pre-Oops technology uncovered in a smut raid on the Romantics HQ, The Computer has created a resort that is so frustrating that clones won't ever want



a rest period again, and they will eagerly return to the comparative relaxation of work. So, for many clones, the Compulsory Recreation Resort also becomes the last resort.

### NPCs

#### Vaco-G-DOA-2

*Green clerk*

**Description:** Smiles way too much  
**Service Group:** HPD & Mind Control (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), skill 14

**Secret Society:** PURGE, 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** Telepathy

**Background:** Vaco-G is that rarity: an IntSec plant in HPD & Mind Control. He is (naturally) frustrated with his job, and has fed many a personal grudge by authorizing an early, and almost always fatal, vacation for anyone on his personal black list.

"Sure, En-O-MEE-3, I'm always willing to help an old clone-of-a-chum like you. And no hard feelings about what old En-O-2 pulled on me, you know? Just take this token to those stewards over there in the battle dress. And be sure to send me a postcard."

Vaco-G grins a lot and shows too much tooth in his smile. He also possesses an unusual amount of treasonous contraband (gleaned from the bodies of vacationers),

so pretty much anything you want can be found in his desk drawer.

**Vulture Goons, Six of:** These are your typical thugs-of-choice, except that they all happen to belong to Free Enterprise (quite a coincidence, huh?). When escorting citizens toward the various vacation doors, the escorting Vulture will whisper, "For 50 credits, I'll take you to the good door (door number one)." Given some of the horror stories associated with this place, it's not so surprising that many clones take them up on the offer.

**Zeck-Y-DOA-6** is a relatively ancient clone who persists in standing in line without any forms, and who talks in a steady monotone about the old days when this building was a zeppelin hangar. Note that knowing this fact, or even the word "zeppelin," is treason.

**Gord-O-BUL-1** is a neckless line-crasher of the type usually found at high school football games. He always has a nodding acquaintance with someone in line ahead of the Troubleshooters, talks his way in beside them, and then badgers them into figuring out his forms for him.

### What Happens Here

Those that show enough perseverance waiting in line forever, filling out the



proper forms in triplicate, getting a validation, and returning to the end of the line to fill out more forms, and so on (basically running around in circles for about four hours), are permitted past the desk and allowed to go through the door of their choice. Behind each door is an invigorating vacation experience that any clone would envy.

### What Really Happens Here

Here's what's really behind each door:

#### Door Number One

A long, dark, tunnel with light (Outside) at the end. Anyone coming back up the tunnel is shot by the Vulture guards.

#### Door Number Two

The passage leads to a small room with twenty chairs facing a large computer monitor. Vacationers are strapped in by jackobot attendants, who file out once the room is filled. After a few minutes the first of many Computer carols appears on the screen. Citizens who don't begin singing

immediately or who sing with sub-standard zeal receive a motivational shock guaranteed to get 'em started. Other Computer carols continue to appear for the next sixteen hours — or until none of the vacationers respond to the motivational shocks.

#### Door Number Three

Ends in a small room where restraining arms seize the clone and hold him down while dozens of nozzles spray him with alternating blasts of cold and hot air, fresh and salt water, and UV radiation (the main ingredients of Pre-Oops vacations). Some citizens mistake this recreation for an interrogation and confess to past crimes (whether they committed them or not).

#### Door Number Four

A twisty passage going down, then straight, then up, before exiting through Door Number Four in the Euthanasia Center, where a Vulture guard motions towards a long line of clones shuffling in chain gang despair.

**Note:** this line is for those clones request-

ing euthanasia. *Don't* point this out to your players though. Just let them find out through casual conversation while they are waiting.

**Troubleshooter:** (*Excitedly*) I can't believe I finally made it here.

**Victim:** Yeah, I've been thinking about this for a long time.

**Troubleshooter:** So, have you ever done this before?

**Victim:** Uh ... no ... not that I remember anyway.

#### Door Number Five

Leads to an HPD & Mind Control test chamber, where the unfortunates are fed attention span enhancing drugs and forced to watch Annette Funicello beach party films (*a la A Clockwork Orange*) until they beg to return to work, or to go across the street.

### Scenarios

1. Simple. Just send your Troubleshooters here, after they complete one of their missions, for a little R&R.

## Integrated Grooming Station (*Groom and Doom*)

By Merle and Jackie Rasmussen

### Physical Description

Two large male Green clearance Production, Logistics and Commissary employees stand on either side of a chromed reception desk. Behind the desk sits an attractive female receptionist. Leading up to the desk is a short line of 50 or so citizens whose security clearances range from Infrared to Green. Beyond the receptionist are two mirrored passages, each leading to a single, raised, padded chair. A small sign above the left hand passage says, "Enter." A small sign above the right hand passage says, "Do Not Enter." At regularly-spaced intervals, a citizen from the line sits in the left-hand chair, at which time it snaps out of sight; at the same time, a groomed citizen appears in the right-hand chair.

The two visible chairs are part of a circular slidewalk called the

"carousel." Mounted to this slidewalk are twelve barber chairs evenly spaced around the circle. Once every minute, the circular slidewalk rotates, moving the 'clients' from work area to work area. A hidden doorway provides a back entrance for employees, maintenance, and supplies.

The central area of I.G.S. is compartmentalized by syntheplast dividers. Each compartment is a work station.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Integrated Grooming Stations provide citizens with quality hair, facial, and nail care to insure good health, safety in the work place, a pleasant aroma, and an attractive appearance. A nice, clean clone is a happy clone.

### The Real Scoop

Conformity in appearance helps to squelch individuality amongst the masses. To this end, every sector is equipped with an Integrated Grooming Station. These stations are designed to standardize appearance throughout Alpha Complex, primarily by providing each citizen with an identical haircut. They also provide citizens with quantity — er — quality foot treatments designed to protect the citizens of Alpha Complex from Commie mutant athlete's foot fungus.

### NPCs

#### Flo-R-IDA-1

*I.G.S. Receptionist*

**Description:** Attractive, red hair, pleasant smile

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (L8), Skl 10

**Secret Society:** Anti-mutant, 2nd degree

**Relevant Skills:** Psychescan 10

**Background:** Flo-R is a cheerful, kindly soul, always quick with a comforting word. She greets citizens with a smile and knows many of her "regulars" by name. Her goal in life is to kill all mutants, registered or otherwise. Flo is pretty sure that her psychescan ability allows her to detect mutants 100% of the time.

Flo is wrong.

#### Brutus-G-DOA-2 and Hank-G-DOA-4

*I.G.S. Security Guards*

**Description:** Neanderthal men, but with facial hair shaved

**Service Group:** PLC

**Arms and Armor:** Neurowhip (E10), Skl 16; Stun Gun (E), Skl 12

**Secret Society:** None. They don't have to.

**Mutant Power:** Adrenaline Control

**Relevant Skills:** Unarmed Combat/bite (I10) 18

**Background:** "Ugh. Make sure twerps don't give Flo-R no guff. Look for things to bite. Keep the I.G.S. line moving. Ugh."

#### Melody-R-DOA-2

*I.G.S. Scalp Hydro-Engineer*

**Description:** Large boned, stocky, thick stubby fingers

**Service Group:** PLC

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 1st degree

**Mutant Power:** X-Ray Vision

**Relevant Skills:** Wash hair 19

**Background:** Melody-R is a pleasant, musical girl, who would be better suited fixing transbots. However, her brutish endurance comes in very handy, allowing her to wash 60 heads of hair every hour for 12 hours a daycycle, while wearing industrial-strength syntheplast gloves (a necessity when using the Infrared disinfectant shampoo).

#### Stanley-DOA-5

*Exit specialist*

**Description:** Thin, frail, rather pathetic

**Service Group:** PLC

**Secret Society:** Friends of Stanley 111

**Background:** Stanley is an Infrared drone

trying to work his way up to Red security clearance. He formed his own secret society — Friends of Stanley — because no one asked him to join theirs. He is, of course, the only member.

### What Happens Here

Ordinarily, a citizen goes to his sector I.G.S. once per weekcycle. Sometimes, after a stint in another sector Outside, a citizen is sent to I.G.S. by The Computer for hygienic reasons. Citizens who fail to report to the I.G.S. on their scheduled daycycle are given a gentle reminder (see "Life in DOA" wakeup calls for examples of gentle reminders) by The Computer and 1 treason point for each daycycle they are late.

Upon arrival, the citizen registers with the receptionist, then is "escorted" to the barber chair and strapped in. The chair carries the citizen past various work stations where the citizen's hair, face, hands, and feet are groomed. Usually, eleven citizens are being worked on at any one time. (One citizen is beginning the treatment as another is finishing.) After a client exits the I.G.S. his chair is empty for one minute, during which time it is automatically and thoroughly cleansed of all foreign substances (such as hair, toenail clippings, slow clones, etc.) before starting another circuit around the carousel. In all, working 12 hours a daycycle, I.G.S. can groom 60 citizens per hour, or 720 per daycycle, or 21,600 a monthcycle. Whoosh, don't that take your breath away!

### Reception Area

Flo-R-IDA-3 is a friendly receptionist who believes in the importance of good grooming. She is attractive, well-mannered, and



above all, perfectly groomed. Between customers Flo-R continually primps, straightening her uniform, fluffing her hair, making sure her laser pistol is juusst right. As a citizen reaches the desk, Flo-R types in the clone's name on her terminal and then engages the citizen in idle chit-chat for a minute or so, until the next chair on the carousel is ready, at which point she nods to Hank-G-OON and Brutus-G-OON informing them, "Give him the works, boys." Brutus-G and Hank-G 'escort' the client (some clones need more escorting than others) through the mirrored hallway marked "Enter," seat him in the waiting chair, and quickly strap the client in, completely immobilizing him. Occasionally, a citizen who's had a bad experience (or whose previous clone had a bad experience) at the Integrated Grooming Station will try to get out of his or her appointment.

**Flo-R:** (*Reading name tag*) Greetings, Cage-Y-GLUY-3, welcome to the DOA Sector Integrated Groom...

**Cage-Y:** (*Glancing nervously back and forth from Flo-R to the chair beyond.*) There's really no reason for me to be here, Citizen. See, I was here just two daycycles ago. (Trying to sound official) Obviously, someone forgot to register my last visit.

**Flo-R:** Oh, boys!

**Hank-G and Brutus-G:** Yo.

**Flo-R:** Cage-G says he visited our facility just two daycycles ago. Be dears and check?

**Hank-G and Brutus-G:** (*Moving menacingly towards Cage-Y*) Now, dis won't hurtz you dat much.

**Cage-Y:** (Gulp) Don't you want to check with The Computer?

**Hank-G:** Naw, we jus gotta check the median hair root length from a section of your scalp. (*Holds up strange looking device with multiple spinning blades.*)

For purposes of timing, consider the moment the client is strapped in as 0:00 minutes. Each area listed afterwards has a minute number designating when the chair will reach that area. Every minute on the minute the carousel snaps forward to the next position. Some work areas are several "minutes" in size. Clones stationed in these areas must stop whatever they are doing, step off the carousel, let it zip forward, then catch up to their client and resume work. Slow workers who don't get off the carousel in time tend to be hurled through bulkheads. In addition to the clones and bots listed in the NPC section, a dozen or so Infrareds are constantly assigned to the station to work as stock persons, helpers, etc.

### Drape Area (1:00)

As the chair reaches this work station, Claude the jacqueobot slides in behind it, and drapes a meter square cloth over the seated clone's upper body. Claude then ties the cloth snugly around the citizens neck... sometimes a little too snugly. Next, the chair tilts back into a semi-reclining position. "Face forward please," says a soft feminine voice from a hidden speaker. Then the chairs jumps forward to the next station.

### Rinse (2:00)

Suspended above the carousel, attached to the ceiling, are a series of automatic rinsing nozzles (sort of like a high-pressure fire hose only more so). Immediately upon arrival, all six nozzles open fire. Citizens facing forward and lying perfectly still have their hair drenched. Nervous or overly curious citizens tend to be partially (or in rare cases wholly) drowned.

### Shampoo (3:00)

A long narrow sink runs the full arc of this work station. As chairs enter this area, they automatically rotate, swinging their occupant's head over the sink. It takes two minutes to go through the shampooing station. During the first minute shampoo is applied by Squeaky, the shampoobot. Squeaky looks like a five-armed barrel with eyes. Each arm ends in a wide-mouthed nozzle. As the clone arrives, Squeaky notes the security clearance of the customer and gives him a squirt of the appropriate self-lathering shampoo. This shampoo actually scrubs itself into a healthy lather ... and then some. During the second minute, the shampoo is scrubbed in further by Melody-R-DOA-2, who stands behind the sink. Clones who open their mouth or eyes during the shampooing process must make an agility roll to avoid ingesting any shampoo. Those who fail swallow a small quantity of shampoo, which continues to self-lather indefinitely (think of the Three Stooges and the soap-bar birthdaycake).

### Rinse 2 (5:00)

This automatic rinse area is identical to the one found at the two minute mark on the carousel, except that the water pressure is even higher. Heh, heh.

### Dry (6:00)

After the chair arrives here, a large metallic helmet slams down over the clone's head. Numerous accordion-like air hoses protude from the helmet, snaking back up into the ceiling. Two multi-jointed metallic arms, hanging on either side of the



helmet, close under the clone's chin, linking together to form a helmet strap. After attaching, the helmet suddenly bursts into action, blistering the citizen's hair with scorching hot air. This dries the hair, clone, towel and chair within seconds. Hats tend to spontaneously combust. Afterwards, the helmet detaches itself and rises back up to the ceiling ... usually in that order.

### Cutting (7:00)

An eight-armed, spherical-shaped bot lowers down from the ceiling and hangs suspended half a meter away from the clone. Each of the arms ends in a pair of automatic shears.

"Greetings Citizen," calls a voice, "I'm Clippy the hairbot. How would you like your hair cut?" Regardless of how the citizen responds, Clippy gives the standard Alpha Complex haircut, all in one minute, all done at an incredible rate of speed, with all eight arms moving at once. Citizens are strongly advised to stay very, VERY still during this process.

### Manicure (8:00)

As the chairs enter this area they snap into their upright position. A graceful young girl, Madge-R, greets each clone with a smile and says, "Now stretch out your fingers, Citizen. Only a traitor would refuse." In her hand she holds a shoe-box-sized device, with five openings, one for each finger. The name on the box reads "Acu-Clip." A heavy black electrical cable, attached to the box, snakes its way

across the floor. If a clone refuses to extend his or her fingers, Madge-R deftly switches the box from "clip" to "zap" and delivers a brief 500 volt charge to the hapless citizen.

#### **Pedicure (9:00)**

This station is manned by Darryl-DOA numbers 1 through 4. As the chair stops, two of the Infrared Darryl clones (wearing gas masks) step up and wrestle the boot and sock off the citizen's right foot. The other two do the same on with the left boot and sock. Knee-high nailbots then rush forward, grasping the clone's feet with their mandibles while trimming the toenails with their automatic clippers. While they're doing this, Darryl and Darryl are busy liberally applying a combination foot powder / fungi repellent to the clone's boots, socks and feet. Darryl and Darryl and Darryl and Darryl then slap the socks and shoes back on and step smartly off the platform.

#### **Inspection Area (11:00)**

This is the final work station. Stanley-DOA-2 steps up and removes the cloth from around the clone's neck, tossing it into a disposal chute built into the wall. Next, the straps are removed and Stanley points the clone towards mirrored hallway marked "exit."

#### **Cleanup Area (12:00)**

As soon as the chair arrives here, thick metal shields slam down on all four sides. Suddenly, from above, a battery of ultraviolet and infrared bulbs bathe the chair in their germ-killing light. Next, a fusion powered vacuum fan sucks all remaining particles from the chair, depositing them in the reactor core miles below. Clones are strongly advised not to follow the chair into this area.

#### **What Really Happens Here**

Occasionally, tiny problems (such as partial strangulation, burns, small cuts, jammed fingers, death, etc.) occur when citizens don't remain perfectly still. The carousel can be stopped by pressing one of the "Emergency Stop" buttons, but

clones strapped to chairs can't reach the button, and bots will only press the buttons if instructed by an I.G.S. employee. Clones in the process of being washed, clipped, or dried when the carousel halts tend to continue being treated thus until a Technical Services team fixes the problem.

#### **Scenario**

##### **Clippy Has a Bad Day**

(Editor's note: This adventure works especially well with just one Troubleshooter.) During the last five daycycles, fifteen citizens have died at the I.G.S. facility. The cause of death is unknown, as each of the bodies was lost during the chair cleansing procedure. The Computer suspects a traitorous secret society is at work and sends in an undercover Troubleshooter to pose as a normal citizen. When the Troubleshooter arrives he is treated like any other citizen (i.e., escorted to the carousel, strapped into a chair so that he can't move his arms or legs, and sent on his way). As the Troubleshooter travels from work station to work station let him briefly question the I.G.S. personnel. Try to make the Troubleshooter suspect everyone. Also, make him acutely aware of just how defenseless he is while strapped into the chair. If you're playing the NPCs right, then the Troubleshooter should discover plenty of potential Commie traitors. Probably, the only one the Troubleshooter won't suspect is Clippy the hairbot, who performs his duty admirably. Once the I.G.S. circuit is finished, The Computer checks in to find out what the player has discovered. If the Troubleshooter turns over a "Commie traitor" then he'll receive a commendation and be ordered to report for his next mission. That nightcycle, several more deaths occur at the Grooming Station, and the Troubleshooter is ordered to report there immediately after being cautioned (perhaps to the point of termination) that "Rumors are treason." The second time the Troubleshooter rides the carousel the real villain is revealed — Clippy. Clippy is suffering from IEA — Intermittent Electronic Anomalies (sort of like a stroke). During these anomalies Clippy's sensor

registration mechanism deviates about 7 centimeters (that's three inches to you and me) causing him to adjust his clippers accordingly. During especially severe anomalies Clippy loses control of his four right-side clipper arms. Read:

**Clippy, the eight-armed, automatic hairbot, lowers down from the ceiling and hangs suspended by several cables before you. "Greetings Citizen, I'm Clippy the hairbot. How would you like your hair cut?" Suddenly, the light in Clippy's right eye winks off. Clippy shudders momentarily, refocuses on a point three inches to the right of your head, then continues speaking. "Greetings Citizen, I'm Clippy the hairbot. How would you like your hair cut?"**



The Troubleshooter has ten seconds to come up with a quick answer, otherwise Clippy is going to start cutting. And we do mean cutting. A character might be able to break free of his restraining straps (if he makes a strength roll). If this happens, Clippy will tear himself loose from the ceiling and begin to scuttle, on his eight arms, after the Troubleshooter (think of the scene in *The Terminator* when the cyborg is crawling after Linda Hamilton). If Clippy ever catches up to the Troubleshooter, or if the Troubleshooter fails to break free, then Clippy will take "a little off the top."

## DOA Memorial Hospital (St. Egregious)

By Robert Avery

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Our friend The Computer wants each and every citizen to stay happy and healthy. Yes, it does. That's why, if you're ever injured or ill, you should report to the DOA Memorial Hospital immediately.

### The Real Scoop

Needless to say, in any case involving illness or injury, DOA Unmemorial — er — Memorial, is the last place you want to go (it doesn't even make my list), especially if there's a chance, no matter how slim, that you might survive your injuries naturally.

### NPCs

#### Quinc-Y-MEX-3

*Morgue attendant*

**Description:** Balding under a poorly constructed hairpiece; brash to the point of being offensive; morbid, mordant, morose, and malingering—appropriately enough, for a morgue-minder.

**Service Group:** Technical Services (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Laserscalpel (LS15), skill 18; Electrosuture (ES5), skill 20

**Secret Society:** Pro Tech, 15th degree

**Mutant Power:** Intestinal fortitude (the ability to study yucky innards all daycycle long), registered; Lack of compassion, registered; X-Ray vision, registered

**Relevant Skills:** Medical 11; Dexterity 17; Knot-tying 16; Spurious logic 12; Chutzpah 19

**Background:** Surrounded by pieces and parts of clone anatomy stuffing the shelves and dropping from the drawers in the Morgue, Quinc-Y has become enamored and obsessed with the concept that these perfectly good, if rotted, components should be put to some purpose useful to The Computer. Assisted by his practically ever-present aide, Samfu-G-AMA, Quinc-Y has founded a small (only 2 clones so far), religious group called the Shelleyites. It is the creed and the duty of this group to create life from its various parts. Hence, Quinc-Y's attempt to assemble his very own clone kit, the Frankenstein monster. (Green clearance Samfu is an assistant to Yellow clearance Quinc because Samfu ran afoul (kind of a Samfu snafu) of The Computer and lost all rights

and privileges pertaining to Green level — except his Green clothing which serves to remind him daycyclically of his fall from Green grace.)

#### Bloodn-G-ORE-6

*Green trooper assigned to guard duty at DDT*  
**Description:** As with many career soldiers, there is the taint of the fanatic lingering in the steely eyes and permanently outthrust jaw of this solidly built, large trooper.

**Service Group:** Armed Forces

**Arms and Armor:** Laser Pistol (L8), skill 20; Truncheon (I8), skill 16; Tangler, filled with sticky red tape, of course, skill 20

**Secret Society:** Romantics, 5th degree (He dreams of the good old days of Pre-Oops warfare. You know, rapine, pillage, and plunder — Come to think of it, that's kinda like it is todaycycle.)

**Mutant Power:** Matter Eater (useful for life "in the field"); Zen Aim (a mutation of telekinesis—if Bloodn-G-ORE can point at it with a weapon, he can hit the target)

**Relevant Skills:** Strength 18; Endurance 17; Marksmanship 20

**Background:** Promoted from NCO to 1st Lieutenant and transferred (you know, the old "up and out" procedure) from Vulture Squadron to guard duty at DDT (Department of Diagnostic Technology) because of his repeated shooting at (of course, he didn't miss) supply officers. Bloodn-G is eager to win back his position with the Vultures, so he, with great dedication, insures that the proper forms are distributed and completed, by the book, or by the boot.

### Physical Description

The DOA Memorial Hospital (DMH), located along the main transit-tube circuit, is a complicated, multi-level facility.

DMH has 12 levels, all connected by an elevator shaft 20 feet in diameter. Contamination and Detoxification, the only level not connected to the elevator shaft, is connected to the Department of Diagnostic Technology via automated walkway.

The elevator shaft contains four elevators. Two of the elevators are Indigo clearance. Printed on the third, in large letters, are the words "Hospital Personnel Only." The last elevator serves all other patients, Infrared to Blue clearance. Needless to say, this elevator is always very crowded.

Victims — er, visitors to the facility usually arrive by transit tube or walkway and

are deposited outside the main level at Reception and Admittance. Special cases (Indigo clearance and above) are generally taken, via transit tube, directly to Emergency Treatment and Dispatch.

### Reception and Admittance

The reception area is a busy, busy place. To the right, a long line of Infrared clones winds its way from the information desk. Each clone is limping, coughing, or otherwise malingering his way to a few days of peace away from the foodvats. To the left, an Ultraviolet, supported by a bevy of eager docbots, bravely explains how he came to stub his toe in his new jacuzzi. The Ultraviolet's fawning Violet entourage weep pitifully at his sorely wounded foot. A battered Vulture Squadron Trooper enters, carrying half of ... something ... in his arms.

The entrance to this level is built along the main transit tube. The welcoming sign, a tasteful, brightly lit neon affair, reads

### A Brief Word on the Elevators

One elevator is assigned to service all of the Infrared to Blue clearance patients in the hospital. An impossible task for any normal elevator, but not for Zippy — R&D's latest, Hyper-fusion elevatorbot. When the PCs step inside, Zippy gently closes the door behind them (WHANG!) and says, via a speaker beside the door, "Congratulations. You have just entered Research and Design's Hyper-fusion elevatorbot, test model 47-B. You can call me Zippy. What level please?" Citizens who don't know the various level names can ask Zippy for a directory.

When a level is named, Zippy responds with a polite "Thank you for your cooperation." The Troubleshooters then hear a slight whining sound, slowly building, building ... building. Suddenly, the entire elevator slingshots to the appropriate level, slamming everybody in the elevator against the ceiling or floor respectively.

Repeat this procedure, with the suggested variations listed below, each time one of the characters uses an elevator. Sometimes, Zippy stops between levels. Other times, Zippy will stop on the wrong level (say, the Ultraviolet ward). Any time Zippy makes a mistake, he'll be extremely apologetic and quick to correct the error ... incredibly quick.

**"Rest in Peace."**

Inside is a well-lit, circular room. A gigantic reception desk, encircling the central elevator column, has four turnstiles built into it, each blocking a path to one of the elevators. A line of clones snakes back from each turnstile. Reception personnel work behind the desks, dispensing Admittance Forms.

Slightly injured citizens who properly fill out their Admittance Forms are allowed to pass through the turnstile and told to report to the Department of Diagnostic Technology. Grievously injured clones and Indigo or above clearance citizens are immediately sent to Emergency Treatment and Dispatch.

Troubleshooters on assignment wishing to enter this facility must first fill out a Security Authorization Form, available at the reception desk. The wait before reaching Reception is about two hours, unless the Troubleshooters want to get pushy and break in front of the Infrareds ahead of them. Of course, if your Troubleshooters seem to be enjoying this too much, you can always have some higher-clearance personnel push *them* out of the way.

**What Happens Here**

**Emergency Treatment and Dispatch:** This department is responsible for collecting and treating those citizens urgently in need of emergency medical care. ETD can be contacted via comlink from anywhere in DOA sector and has a large fleet of ambulances at their disposal.

**Department of Diagnostic Technology:** Any citizens not obviously gravely injured must first pass through DDT. Once their application forms have been processed and a painless examination undergone, on-the-spot medical treatment is given or, in more serious cases, the patient is transferred to another department ... like the Mortuary.

**Department of Citizen Detoxification:** Detox treats those citizens unfortunate enough to have become infected, infested, or (more commonly) irradiated. The cleansing treatment is quick, efficient, and, technically, very successful.

**Department of Surgical Operations:** Here docbots carry out all forms of corrective surgery. Prospective patients will be pleased to know that this department maintains a very close relationship with Research and Design, thus ensuring that the most up-to-date techniques are available for citizen care.

**Department of Ward Control:** Citizens requiring long term medical internment are kept here. On arrival, the friendly staff quickly assigns patients a bed in one of the many comfortable wards, where recovery is mandatory.

**Mortuary:** Those patients disloyal enough not to respond to treatment are quickly dispatched to the Mortuary (or dispatched at the Mortuary in uncertain cases). There, the citizen is de-possessed of those component elements so generously lent him by The Computer.

**Administration & Medical Supply:** AMS is responsible for all aspects of St. Egregious's operation. The department also deals with disbursement of medical supplies within the hospital.

**What Really Goes On Here**

**Emergency Treatment and Dispatch**

Higher clearance citizens arriving here receive quality care from the finest R&D docbots. Lower clearance citizens are given a marginally accurate diagnosis (See the Diagnosis Table following), followed by a couple of thousand cc's of Happy Citizen.

The thirteen ambulances of ETD are, due to an administrative error, all numbered "13." Naturally, this makes keeping track of their relative positions around DOA somewhat difficult, so each unofficially carries an appropriate nickname, such as "10 Percent" (so named for the average survival rate of patients carried).

**Department of Diagnostic Technology**

The doorway leading into DDT is overseen by a couple of large and extremely well-armed Green troopers.

Troopers Bloodn-G-ORE and Crush-G-DOA are eager to carry out their orders, namely issuing every entering citizen with a blank Treatment Application Form and telling them to report to the administrators inside. Failure on the part of the citizen to do as ordered usually results in a few additional entries in the "Current Symptoms" section of the form.

Citizens who have their Treatment Application Form approved are sent down the hallway to the Department of Diagnostic Technology. There, in a cavernous room, they see two humongous lines, leading to two desks.

Play this room as survival of the fittest. Describe to your players how fast the other line seems to be moving, then when

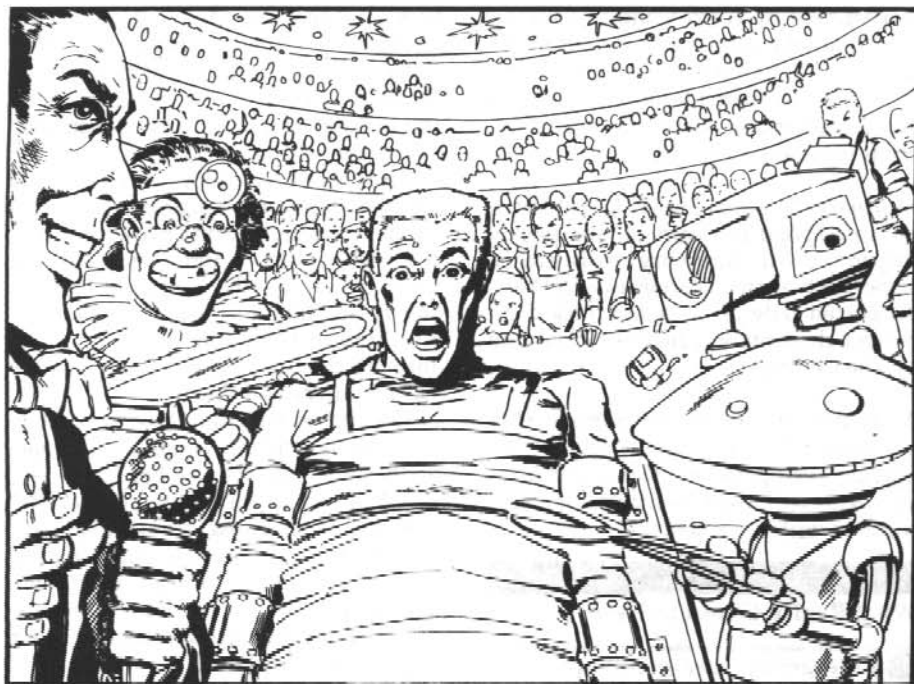
they get in that line, the line stops and the one they were in previously begins to zip along merrily. If you do it right, there should be plenty of line changing, bargaining in, and rank pulling by players and non-player characters alike.

After about two hours, any clone not expired from wounds or disease will reach the desk. There, they find two administrators, Seen-Y-ILE-5 and Nast-Y-GUY-4. Their job is to take the Treatment Application Forms, fill in all the basic administrative information, and send the clone through the door behind them into the DDT Examination Room.

The first administrator, Seen-Y-ILE-6, is that extremely rare being: an old clone. Sadly, his longevity has brought a few problems along for company. Namely, Seen-I is nearsighted, almost deaf, and not exactly (shall we say) *compos mentis*. When playing Seen-I, speak very slowly and shakily. Pause for long moments, mumble, and ask the same questions four or five (hundred) times.

The second, Nast-Y-GUY-4, has the distinction of being the only clone ever to be booted out of the Vulture Warriors for "Excessive Zeal." Nast-Y hates malingerers, sloppiness, and untidiness of any kind. He unmercifully fines any clone who has something wrong with his uniform, and

Die Roll	Citizen Is:
1-9	<b>Properly Diagnosed:</b> Send clone to appropriate hospital section, or assign treason points if malingering.
10-12	<b>Declared Officially Dead:</b> Dispatched immediately to the Mortuary. Requires a difficult spurious logic roll to convince Medtechbot that patient is still alive.
13-14	<b>In Need of First Aid:</b> Sent to the First Aid Center. See below.
15	<b>In Need of Immediate Surgery:</b> Sent to the Surgical Level a.s.a.p.
16	<b>Ill:</b> Confined in the Ward until he recovers.
17	<b>Malingering:</b> Given two treason points and sent back to work.
18-19	<b>In Need of Medication:</b> Choose a course of treatment. Happy Pills are highly recommended.
20	<b>In Real Bad Shape:</b> Roll twice on this table.



he has been known to strangle clones who hand him a wrinkled Treatment Application Form.

Clones who get through the above are sent to the Examination Center for diagnosis. This gym-sized auditorium is subdivided by curtain walls into twenty small cubicles, each of which contains an examination table, a Yellow Health Technician, and a medtechbot.

Citizens entering EC are directed to the nearest available cubicle, where a medtechbot will happily poke, prod, and otherwise fiddle with the clone assigned to his care. Several minutes later, the medtechbot will sagely, and probably erroneously, pronounce his diagnosis. Just what will he announce, you ask? Roll on the Random Diagnosis Table to find out.

Of course, some clones might not be too happy with the diagnosis. Some have even been known to, heaven forbid, resist treatment! Well, we're sure none of your loyal Troubleshooters would do that, so we don't have even to mention the deluxe model AK47 guardbots that work here, right? Thought not.

### First Aid

Nine docbots work here, and all are programmed to give prompt, quality care. All nine actually perform this assignment admirably — no kidding! All, that is, except docbot Oddjob-5.

Oddjob-5 unfortunately suffers from flashback, when it relives its days as a jackobot performing repairs on other bots.

During a bout, Oddjob-5 will consider all clones sent to it for treatment to be extremely life-like bots.

After quickly and efficiently dressing a clone's wounds, Docbot Oddjob-5 will ask the clone's current assignment (i.e., Team Weapon's Officer, Hygiene Officer, etc). Given this information, Oddjob-5 will sedate its patient and perform a few minor equipment upgrades. For example: the team hygiene officer might wake up with two scrubber arms, or the team leader may have a megaphone fitted to his mouth, and so on.

### Detox

Everything about Detox screams danger, from the chemically cleansed air, to the De-Tox personnels' Closed Environment Bubble Suits and the triple, meter-thick air-lock doors.

Clones visiting Detox are led by two Vulture goons (also in CEB Suits) through a maze of corridors to a small waiting room where twenty or so sickly/wheezing/glowing citizens are already seated. Every few minutes a soothing intercom voice announces one patient's name, and a narrow door whisks open on the far wall. Swift obedience is enforced by the two guardbots who work here.

There are two parts to the decontamination process: external cleansing and internal cleansing. Neither is very pleasant. You can guess which is worse.

First comes external cleansing. The patient is stripped of all equipment and led to a small antechamber. Anyone inquiring as to the fate of his gear is told that it must undergo decontamination.

(The strippers, as it were, are actually Internal Security agents who gleefully search through the citizen's belongings for treasonous items. Guilty clones are terminated, with extreme prejudice, by the six Blue Troopers assigned here to maintain discipline.)

Next, the clone is led into a large room. A sign over the door reads "External Cleansing." Inside stands an enormous machine that looks frighteningly similar to a top-loader washer. Twenty minutes, three rinse cycles, and one roll on column 6 of the damage table later, the clone is clean and ready for "Internal Cleansing."

Internal Cleansing consists of being strapped down in a straight-back chair and force-fed various cleansing substances whose only visible effect is to make the clone foam multi-colored soap bubbles at the mouth for a short time. Like several days after the treatment is completed.

### Department of Surgical Operations

DSO consists of four large operating theaters and a small ward for prospective patients and those recovering from treatment. Service varies dramatically between Operating Room #1 and the other three operating theaters.

On arrival at Operating Room #1, patients are dressed in tasteless surgical gowns, and strapped onto wide but com-



portable wheeled stretchers. Next, they are wheeled along gradually darkening corridors, into the operating theatre itself. And we do mean theatre, with cameras, an audience, and everything! That's right. It's time again, loyal citizens, for the popular Alpha Complex medical show "Your Life In Their Hands!"

Prior to the patient's arrival, members of the studio audience are polled by HPD & Mind Control as to which operation will be performed. Those citizens who guess correctly receive all sorts of exciting prizes from our friend The Computer, provided the patient lives.

So, what happens, you ask, if none of the audience correctly guesses which operation is being performed? Well, don't worry about it, that's never happened! See, a long time ago, someone in HPD & Mind Control discovered that the more winners there are, the higher the ratings go. So what's this mean? Simple. Whatever operation is picked by the majority of the audience is performed upon the unlucky clone. And what's the most common choice?

Yep, you guessed it: a Radical Vital Organs Transplant! Wow, sounds serious, doesn't it? Well, it is. In fact, a citizen undergoing this operation must roll on column 9 of the damage table. On the lighter side, whatever was wrong with the clone will almost assuredly be cured. That's because this operation replaces every major and minor organ with a new synthorgan from Research and Design. Ain't science grand?

And what happens in the other three operating rooms? Nothing much. The patient is prepped and treated by a crack team of docbots who perform the necessary operation with painstaking care, thus assuring the maximum chance of survival and recovery. Yawn. B-O-R-I-N-G. Now you decide (#1) which operating room your players (#1) are sent to. Don't worry, we trust your judgment (#1) and won't try to influence you (#1) in any way.\*

### Ward Control

The Department of Ward Control is heavily infiltrated by that most mercantile of secret societies, Free Enterprise.

Any citizen assigned to WC has a wide choice of accommodations and medical services. The standard of these services depends entirely on the patient's security clearance and the amount of credits he or she is willing, and able, to shell out.

Blue or lower clearance citizens who are too cheap to pay anything receive the following: three clones to a bed, appalling "food," sub-zero temperatures, and a complete absence of any form of treatment at all.

Although the exact rates FreeEnt charges for improving on the above are left up to you, it is suggested that they be just tantalizingly too expensive for lower level citizens, and merely a strain on the budgets of Green and Blue citizens. Indigo and above always receive the best of care.

In addition, the Free Enterprisers of WC maintain a more sinister service for High Programmers only. For a ridiculously large sum, they will "vanish" undesirables permanently into the depths of Ward Control — keeping the victims away from all communication and heavily sedated until "needed" — a la *Coma*. Hope you haven't offended a High Programmer recently, friend Citizen!

### The Mortuary

Arriving citizens due for de-possession are loaded by Infrarads onto a conveyor belt which leads to The Vaporizer, a machine that looks frighteningly similar to a 20th Century America wheat thresher. Along its way, the conveyor belt passes through a large laboratory where final identification is performed by morgue attendant Quinc-Y-MEX-3 who enters the data on his terminal for the terminal.

So far sounds harmless, right? Wrong. Quinc-Y is a Pro Techer. His ultimate dream is to construct a Frankenstein-style monster. Unfortunately for all concerned, Quinc-Y's job gives him plenty of time and opportunity to realize this ambition.

Bodies reaching The Vaporizer are then broken down into their component parts through a process much too icky to describe here. Keep in mind that, given the random method of diagnosis used in the hospital, a sizable percentage of the arriv-

ing clones may be technically, uh, shall we say, "alive." But don't let that bother you. After all, it won't bother them — not for long.

### Administration and Medical Supply

Who cares what really goes on here? It's mostly just a bunch of bureaucratic offices where lots of paper gets moved around and lots of hospital regulations get created. If you need a little help figuring out how to play this level, go to your local hospital and ask to see a few Group Equity Medical Insurance forms.

### Scenarios

1. The Computer sends in an investigative team to discover how patient care might be improved. Enter the Troubleshooters. Each Troubleshooter is given an experimental pill from R&D which simulates an ailment.

**Troubleshooter:** What's it do?

**R&D Tech:** Stops your heart for a few seconds every half hour on the half hour.

**Troubleshooter:** Uh, how long'll this last?

**R&D:** Not long, two weekcycles... a monthcycle, tops.

Note that this scenario works very well with just one player. Just keep running him through the hospital. First to Detox, then to surgery, then to First Aid, and so on, until either he cleans up the system or runs out of clones.

2. Quinc-Y's monster comes to life and does the usual monster stuff — throws Quinc-Y into The Vaporizer, destroys the lab, etc. Troubleshooters are sent in to apprehend the monster. When they arrive, the monster charges. If they fight, they'll really have a battle on their hands (like most monsters, this one is immune to most small-arms fire). If the Troubleshooters try to talk to the monster, they'll discover that the monster is named Herbie-DOA. He terminated Quinc-Y for unauthorized use of Computer equipment, and he'd like to be a useful member of society now, thank you very much.

\* Courtesy HPD & Mind Control Department of (report all treason) Subliminal Advertising.



## Termination Center

By Peter Corless

### Physical Description

The DOA Termination Center, conveniently located along a major transtube line, is a large, cheery structure built near the central core of DOA.

To the right of the Termination Center's entrance stand numerous confession booths; to the left, a giant Computer monitor flashes patriotic daily reminders: "IF YOU SEE TREASON, REMEMBER: TERMINATION CENTERS ARE OPEN 24 HOURS A DAYCYCLE!" "FEELING GUILTY? TURN YOURSELF IN FOR POLITICAL RE-EDUCATION TODAY!" "EVERY DAYCYCLE IS FUN DAYCYCLE IN ALPHA COMPLEX!" etc.

Behind the sliding doors of the entrance is a large, central station. The receptionist, Little-O-LDY, sits behind a desk/console, surrounded by piles of Termination Vouchers. Dozens of spy-corders watch the room, and soft, soothing music plays over the PA system.

A plush-carpeted Green corridor on the right leads to Administration and other offices. A narrow, Infrared corridor exits from the left. Occasional screams can be heard from this corridor, but they are quickly muffled by the sound of something not unlike a mixmaster.

Two guardbots are positioned before each of the corridors. Two more stand by the far wall, and two stand flanking the sliding doors on the inside.

The left (Infrared) corridor is a twisting passageway with entrances to many small, identical rooms. Green level IntSec troops often march brusquely by, carrying a screaming traitor (or at least carrying his heels. The rest of him just kinda drags and bumps along behind, leaving long, greasy-sweaty marks on the floor). Each room along the corridor contains a termination booth and a console manned by a Termination Specialist in a Yellow lab coat.

The Green corridor leads to the IntSec offices and to the Termination Center Director's office. Inside each office, seated behind a small desk, is a grumpy IntSec agent mumbling something like "Razza-fraxing hrubble-mmurfurr...." Each is busy stamping APPROVED on Termination Vouchers. There is only one, uncomfortable-looking chair in each office, and IntSec agents are sitting in them (maybe that's why they're so grouchy...).

One door in this section does not lead into an office, but rather to the Termination Center Director's suite. This Indigo clearance door is closed. A large "DO

NOT DISTURB" sign is posted. Multiple Computer spycams cover the entrance to the suite, and two more guardbots stand at the ready.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Traitors are everywhere! Termination Centers are simple, efficient traitor disposal systems, open 24 hours a daycycle for swift execution of convicted traitors.

### The Real Scoop

The Termination Center, known affectionately to all those destined to go there as "the D spot," is where innocent bystanders can be shanghaied and executed before you can say "central processor." Rodney-I, the Termination Center Director, has a file on *everybody*. Rodney-I can usually be found with his finger poised above an "Execute" button.

### NPCs

#### Rodney-I-WIN-1

*Termination Center Director*

**Description:** Tall, with a thin, spindly mustache, eyebrows permanently arched

**Service Group:** Internal Security

**Arms & Armor:** Neurowhip (10E), skill 12

**Secret Society:** Illuminati, 10th degree

**Mutant Power:** Mental blast

**Relevant Skills:** Neurowhip 18; truncheon 10; interrogation 19; motivation 15; psychescan 14; intimidation 12

**Background:** Rodney-I believes that, with the files he keeps on all traitors who pass (and on those who haven't passed) through his doors, he is the ultimate authority on who's naughty and who's nice in Alpha Complex. He plans to use this knowledge for a grand blackmail scheme of subsequent clones — if ever he can get himself out from under the paperwork, he'll put his plan into action.

Rodney-I is a megalomaniac; he is often heard saying, "They called me mad, but I'll show them. One day, they shall all face my wrath! Mw-wahh-hah-hah-hah!"

#### Robert-Y-UNG-2

*Termination Specialist*

**Description:** Yellow level IntSec executioner who always smiles and never seems nervous

**Service Group:** Internal Security

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 5th degree

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Relevant Skills:** Laz scalpel 10; con 12; heart-to-heart talk 18

**Background:** Robert-Y is a people person and a real mellow guy. Nothing seems to faze him. He always tries to cheer up those he is about to terminate.

**Robert-Y:** (*Strapping traitor into termination booth*) So, why did you pull the trigger?

**Bornlooz-R-DOA-6:** Because he found me hiding the bomb in the hangar bay. It was my secret society mission ... Boy, did I screw up!

**Robert-Y:** (*Stepping back from termination booth*) Well, I hope you learned a valuable lesson from all of this.

**Bornlooz-R:** Yeah, I sure did.... Hey, why is this machine whirring?

**Robert-Y:** Why so tense? Too many Wakey-Wakey pills this morning? Don't worry, it'll be over before I know it. For you, it may take a little longer. (*Flipping switch.*) Have a nice daycycle!

Robert-Y is just one of the many Termination Specialists at the facility. When detailing the other Termination Specialists, remember that each is an individual, and should be rounded out to be a character of full depth, with hopes, dreams, and ambitions. But, in general, they're a bunch of wacky, kooky, fun-loving clones who happen to enjoy their job of "throwing the switch."

### "The Doomed"

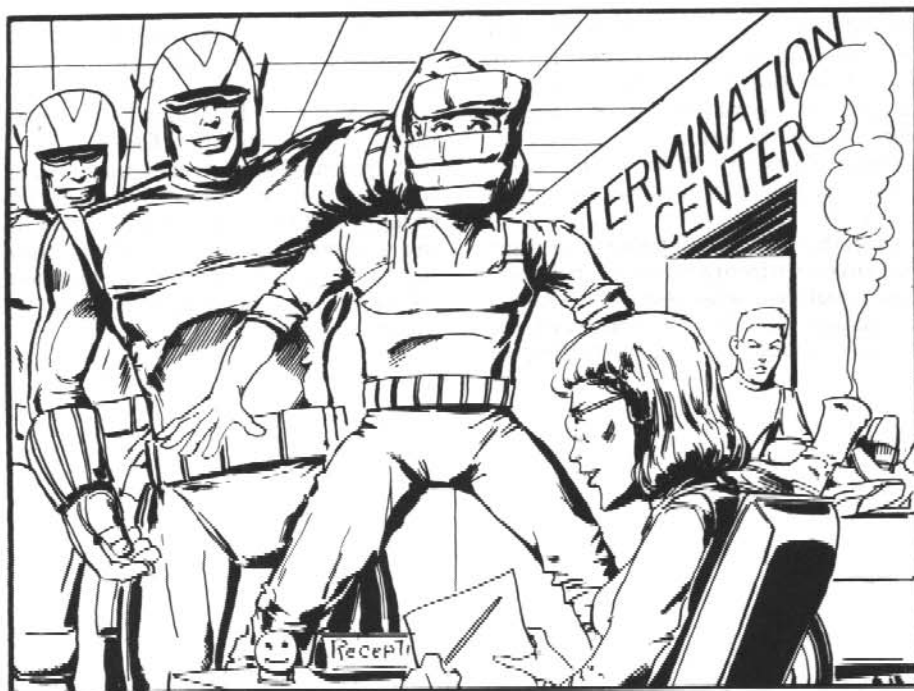
*'Clients' of the Termination Center*

**Description:** An odd assortment of manic depressives, naughty persons, those who are just tired of being huddled masses, and innocents who have been hornswoggled. They whimper a lot.

**Service Group:** Various & sundry

**Arms & Armor:** Let's be serious. If they had any weapons, do you think they'd





still be waiting to be executed?

**Secret Society:** Various

**Mutant Power:** Various

**Relevant Skills:** Saying Last Goodbys 16, Whimpering 20

**Background:** A rather subdued lot, with one collective wish: to wake up from the nightmare

#### IntSec Guards and Agents

*Green-level Internal Security personnel*

**Description:** Always grumpy, as if they've been sitting in hard, uncomfortable chairs all daycycle

**Service Group:** Internal Security

**Arms & Armor:** Laser pistols (8I.), skill 10

**Secret Society:** Varies, though high percentage (33%) Illuminati

**Mutant Power:** Varies

**Relevant Skills:** Truncheon (I3)12

**Background:** All Green level IntSec personnel in this facility have one common attitude: they're all distinctly crabby. They are given mostly busy-work or menial tasks to perform. None of them wants to work in a Termination Center. This is the "food vats" of the IntSec world. They hold tremendous grudges against the Termination Specialists because, even though the specialists are of lower security clearance (Yellow), they get better chairs.

Many of the Green level personnel are hand-picked by Rodney-I, so it is not surprising that there is a high concentration of Illuminati Secret Society members.

#### Little-O-LDY-3, 4 and 5

*Receptionist, DOA Sector Termination Center*

**Description:** A grandma, always seems to be knitting kevlar vests

**Service Group:** PLC

**Secret Society:** Romantics (of course), 4th degree

**Mutant Power:** Telekinesis

**Background:** Little-O-LDY-3, 4 and 5 are the receptionists for the Termination Center. They all look and act exactly alike, but each takes a different daycycle shift. The Little-O clone family has worked at the Termination Center for many yearcycles. They are quite happy with their work.

Little-O takes Termination Vouchers, checks to see if they are filled out correctly, signs them, and makes a neat little stack out of the carbon copies. She always smiles and usually has something nice to say about everybody, except traitors who walk up to her desk. Seems like everyone calls her "ma'am."

**Little-O:** Why, how can I help you, sir?

**Troubleshooter:** Just turning in a traitor, ma'am.

**Little-O:** Ooo. He looks like a real ruffian. You must have had a terrible time subduing him.

**Troubleshooter:** No trouble at all, ma'am.

**Little-O:** My, what a strong boy. I think I have a cookie for you, sonny.

**Traitor:** Geez. Can we get on with this?

**Little-O:** Shut up, you scum-sucking,

flamin' Commie pinko!!! Now, sir, do you have a properly authorized Termination Voucher...?

#### Guardbots

These bots remain on duty 24 hours a daycycle, and are programmed to keep Commie mutants from escaping — a job that they perform with excessive efficiency. Each guardbot is armed with a laser rifle (9L), skill 18, and wears armor equivalent to battle armor (All7).

Unknown to anyone, all six guardbots in the reception area belong to Corpore Metal. Often, innocent bystanders are shot during attempted escapes. Heh, heh. Accidents will happen.

#### What Happens Here

When Troubleshooters arrive, they must present the traitors to Little-O-LDY, along with a signed and authorized Termination Voucher. The Termination Voucher is then cross-checked by administration with a signed and authorized Accusation of Treason/Termination Voucher Request Form and with a Mission Assignment Number. While awaiting this confirmation, Little-O fills out a Traitor Admittance Form. When The Computer affirms that the alleged traitor is guilty of treason and that the correct clone has been taken into custody, Little-O stamps "IN CUSTODY/PENDING EXECUTION" on the voucher and gives a copy to the Troubleshooters.

Internal Security guards then take custody of the traitor, who is ushered down the Infrared corridor to the left. After that, the Troubleshooters are free to go.

The termination booth is the machine that makes the mixmaster noise. Terminations are performed simply by placing traitors in the termination booth, closing the door, and turning on power from the console. There is a whirring noise for a few seconds. Then the sound stops and the green "Vacant" light appears on the console. Inside, the booth is empty.

The entire procedure takes one minute.

#### What Really Happens Here

Little-O is a horrible file clerk who usually screws up traitor admittance forms. Sometimes, the arresting Troubleshooters are executed, and the traitors are given commendations. But this kind of thing doesn't happen too often... just often enough to make your players nervous.

Sometimes, a CPU Official Efficiency Sweep Team will come through the area, attempting to make sure that innocent

citizens are not sentenced and executed without the proper paperwork having been processed. Unfortunately, these sweeps tend to *increase* rather than decrease the numbers of "illegal" executions being carried out.

**Scenarios**

1. Troubleshooters are called in by Rodney-I because the traitor quotient is grossly below mark. The Troubleshooters are then ordered to bring in some traitors for exe-

cution! If the Troubleshooters don't round up at least as many traitors as there are Troubleshooters in the team, the balance of the requisite traitors will be made up with some of the Troubleshooters. ("Harboring traitors, eh?!? Won't tell me where they're hiding, eh?!? Guards, take them away!")

Note that the Troubleshooters can't drag just anyone in from a corridor. They must find actual (or arrange believable evidence of) treason. Plus, they must process Accusation of Treason/Termination Voucher

Request Forms and successfully obtain Termination Vouchers. Finally, they must bring in their traitors *alive*. The Computer counts KIA's made "in the field" separately from Termination Center executions, so smoking boots are useless, not to mention not very tasteful. If the PCs thought that tracking down and executing Commies was tough, wait till they have to bring in a mutant scum while he's still kicking and screaming and teleporting out of their grasp!

## DOA Main Reactor Control Central

By Paul Murphy

"Uh, excuse me, Scott-I?"

"Aye, Chest-R, what is it?"

"Well, sir, you know that big machine over there? The one that goes 'kweep, kweep, kweep' all the time?"

"Ah! Ye must be speakin' o' the Temperature Regulatin' Modulator. What about it?"

"Uh, it's not going 'kweep, kweep, kweep' any more, sir — It's sorta making a 'kweep, kweep, burble, kweep' noise, if you know what I mean..."

"Is it now? Hmmm... Oh, Greg-R!"

"Yes, sir, Scott-I, sir!"

"Take a wee gander at the Emergency Overload Systems Panel. Tha's a good lad."

"What? This one with the thin trickle of smoke coming from it?"

"Nay, nay! Are ye daft? Tha's the Containment Relay System Controller! The one next to it, ye brainless boobie — Aye, that one. What's it up to?"

"Well, it's making a 'wheep, wheep, shudder, urp' sound, and there are lots of needles whacking back and forth in some little dials, and a bunch of buttons blinking red..."

"Ah. Then everythin's normal. Well done. Back to work, the lot o' ye."

### Physical Description

DOA sector Main Reactor Control Central comprises a series of medium to huge-sized rooms containing loads of incomprehensible machines doing important-looking things — and doing them quite loudly, too — rumbling ominously, shuddering threateningly, or just sitting quietly for hours, then letting off, for no apparent reason, an ear-rending whistle.

Another series of smaller machines are scattered about the larger ones. While less noisy than their larger cousins, these machines are a lot more visually interesting — each with its banks of red buttons blinking on and off frantically, or little needles zooming back and forth at high velocity, or a printer emitting a stream of computer paper covered with lines of ink which sometimes remain perfectly straight and sometimes jump up and down in a manner reminiscent of manic-depressive mood swings.

Along with the machines, various clones inhabit these rooms. Some are dull-looking, Infrared level clones; these may be found lugging big, bulky things from one place to another or shoveling chunks of

heavy, grey rock into a flickering opening in one of the larger machines. Other Red and higher level Power techs boss around the Infrareds, peer worriedly at the dials/buttons/paper, or whack the machines enthusiastically with large wrenches.

### The Room With the Really Big Machine In It

This really big room, nicknamed "The Boom Room" (for reasons nobody wants to talk about), contains a really *really* big machine sitting in the middle of it. In addition to the really *really* big machine, this room also contains a lot of huge and merely large machines linked to the really *really* big machine by a bunch of very large pipes.

The really *really* big machine (RRBM), shaped something like a really *really* big cafeteria coffee percolator, is nicknamed "Enola Glum." It's the Main Reactor for the entire sector. It makes an extremely loud, low-pitched "HMMMMMM" noise — occasionally interrupted by a very loud "BURRRRRRP" sound which causes the whole room to shake and the clones in the Control Room to get very excited.

The huge and merely large machines, all shaped something like a cross between half-melted tire irons and a drill press, are the pumps for the RRBM. They rattle a lot, making a variety of noises; including, "thudda, thudda, plotz," and "sploosh-sploosh-sploosh." This room is hot, humid, deafeningly loud, and mildly radioactive. Few clones enter these rooms, except for the guys carrying clipboards and wearing bright Yellow environment suits. Oh, yeah, and Infrared workers — wearing galoshes — and carrying mops and buckets.

### The Room With A Lot of Big Machines In It

This is the Turbine Room. It contains lots of big machines which take very very hot water from the reactor, convert it into electricity by a decidedly dubious application of Newton's Third Law of Physics and then return the water (not so hot anymore) to the reactor. In addition to some very very hot pipes leading from the reactor, large cables run from the big machines to banks of fuse boxes and bus bars along the northern wall.

Lots of clones are found in this room. A large number of Infrared drudges labor here — there's always some heavy thing

to be carried or some pipe spurting live steam and needing to be patched — along with several dozen guys with clipboards striding about, and other nervous-looking guys frantically punching buttons.

Most of the turbines make a uniform "whaaaaaaaaaaaa" noise. Turbine Number Six goes "wheeeeeeeeeeee," but, as that noise doesn't seem to bother any of nervous-looking guys, it probably doesn't mean anything important.

### Control Room

This room has more nervous-looking guys in it than does all the rest of Reactor Central, perhaps because there's a whole lot of machines with buttons, dials, and printouts here. The Control Room is set up on two tiers, with a raised platform running around the outside and a sunken area in the center. Higher level nervous guys tend to hang around in the central section; lower levels are stationed on the periphery.

The machines in this room are more or less silent, only occasionally emitting loud siren noises — when the Main Reactor goes "BURRRRRRP," for instance.

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

DOA's Main Reactor Control Central provides all of this sector's power requirements by the conversion of cheap, safe [deleted for security reasons]. Once the power is generated, The Computer's loyal Power Services technicians, using highly efficient [deleted for security reasons],

### A Note to the Gamemaster

By now, you've probably realized that we're not going even to attempt a rational explanation of how this place works. Let's face it — none of us are nuclear engineers.

Our admittedly feeble justification for this outrageously casual approach to game design is that you, our faithful audience, aren't particularly up on the mechanics of a nuclear reactor either — unless, of course, you happen to live downwind from Three Mile Island, in which case you probably know more about it than you want to know.

Anyway, that's the reason that most of our descriptions are based upon one viewing of *The China Syndrome* several years ago. So there.



transform the power into even safer and more fun electricity, which is then freely available for all citizens' use. Excess electricity, always in abundance, is stored in [deleted for security reasons] until needed.

### The Real Scoop

We don't suppose the "safe" stuff needs any comment, does it? What could possibly be safer than untrained morons operating a poorly-designed, not to mention antiquated, nuclear reactor? And as for the "abundant electricity" — last monthcycle The Computer outlawed all electric toothbrushes because "they promote Communism."

What do you think?

### NPCs

#### Lloyd-DOA-2

*Dull-witted Infrared lugger*

**Description:** Large, slow, glows slightly in the dark

**Service Group:** Power Services

**Arms and Armor:** Unarmed (6I), skill 8

**Secret Society:** FCCCP (United), 3rd degree

**Mutant Power:** Polymorphism, matter eater, mental blast, glow slightly in the dark (registered)

**Relevant Skills:** Lug heavy things 15, bootlicking 9

**Background:** Lloyd is a fairly typical MRCC Infrared worker. The glowing bit was unnerving to him at first, but he's gotten used to it. He's even found a way to turn it to his advantage: he earns a tidy sum of extra credits by hiring himself out as a nighcyclelight for his bunk-mates'

late-nightcycle card games.

As listed above, Lloyd has multiple mutations. This trait often seems to crop up among the Power workers. No one is sure why.

Lloyd is a devout follower of the FCCCP. When working in The Boom Room without adequate protection and Enola Glum goes "BURRRRRRR!" it's kinda comforting to believe that there's an afterlife, you know?

#### Mike-R-FON-2

*(Worried-Looking Guy Who Peers at Buttons) Nuclear Technician*

**Description:** Short, balding, worried-looking, glows slightly in the dark

**Service Group:** Power Services (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Unarmed (5I), skill 8; truncheon (8I), skill 13 (hidden under labcoat); lead-lined labcoat (AI12)

**Secret Society:** FCCCP (United), 1st degree

**Mutant Powers:** Polymorphism, x-ray vision, glow slightly in the dark (registered)

**Relevant Skills:** Con 10, stealth 7, surveillance 8

**Background:** Mike-R doesn't particularly like his new assignment as undercover IntSec agent infiltrating MRCC. In the first place, he suspects that this isn't that healthy a place to be — he's a little rattled by the new mutations he keeps mutating. And, in the second place, he doesn't know how long he can keep the other Power techs from discovering that he's IntSec; after all, he doesn't know the first thing about nuclear engineering.

He can't just stand around watching people — his cover would be blown, for sure. So, he pushes buttons and pulls levers, more or less at random. And, sooner or later, Mike-R knows, some Commie's gonna figure out what he's up to, or he's gonna pull the wrong lever, and then ...

Mike-R is a new convert to FCCCCP, but one of the most fervent.

#### Scott-I-DOA-2

*Chief Engineer ('Natch!)*

**Description:** Stout, black hair, moustache (registered); glows slightly in the dark (registered); speaks with an outrageous Scottish accent (registered)

**Service Group:** Power Services

**Arms and Armor:** Welding laser (9L), skill 18; heavy wrench (8I), skill 16; lead-lined labcoat (L2E4I2)

**Secret Society:** Romantics, 8th degree

**Relevant Skills:** Drink heavily 15; all mechanical apt.-based skills 17

**Background:** A confirmed Romantic, Scott-I has seen one *Star Trek* episode too many. He emulates his hero, Mr. Scott, to an incredible degree, and his Scottish burr is impeccable. Scott-I gets away with this by claiming that his bizarre behavior is caused by a strange mutation, which he has dutifully registered.

Fortunately for DOA sector, he's as good a chief engineer as he is a nutcase. Scott-I has brilliantly kept the antiquated, highly dangerous reactor running relatively smoothly. The Computer, as well as Scott-I's superiors, aren't fooled a little by Scott-I's "strange mutation" story but, as he is so good at his job, they'd put up with a lot more bizarreness before taking action.

#### What Happens Here

Energy is created by a continuous, controlled nuclear explosion in the reactor. This explosion heats water into steam, which turns turbines hooked to generators which create electricity. The electricity is shunted all over DOA sector.

#### What Really Happens Here

The process actually works as described above, though, of course, nothing's that simple in Alpha Complex.

The primary problem is that it's nearly impossible to get trained personnel to work in the Reactor: education is abysmally poor in all subjects, but especially so in nuclear physics, where so much information is classified Indigo and higher. Thus, very few (if any) clones actually know how the machines work: most do their jobs by rote ("So, if this light blinks red, I press this button?"), or by guess.

Another problem is the critical lack of material to keep the reactor repaired. Armed Forces and R&D get first dibs on the expensive metals and complex circuitry required for high-tech, high-powered equipment; Power Services gets whatever's left over. Thus, essential repairs at MRCC are delayed, jury-rigged, or ignored. Shortly before he was terminated for treasonous levels of sourpussness, Rad-I-ATE-4 (the old director of the DOA reactor) submitted a report in which he stated that, without immediate and extensive repair work, DOA reactor would self-destruct within the next five yearcycles.

Incidentally, that report was written four yearcycles ago.

Surprisingly, the DOA Reactor suffers little from the standard problems caused by secret societies. Wishing to avoid being turned into radioactive dust, the secret societies have agreed not to interfere with the operation in any way. To be certain, each of the important societies has one or more agents in the Reactor area, but they are there to make sure that nobody else breaks the pact.

Naturally, the only secret society which doesn't live up to the agreement is Death Leopard. They kind of like the idea of being turned into radioactive dust — if the explosion is colorful enough, that is. Still, the other societies keep a wary eye out for the Leopards, and, so far, they haven't been able to do much of anything.

#### Scenarios

1. Power Services' output is down 8% this quarter; The Computer has decided that Communists must be responsible. The Troubleshooters are assigned to infiltrate MRCC, discover the source of the treasonous power drop, and capture or kill the traitors responsible. Further, The Computer tells the Troubleshooters that the sabotage is so extensive that it could only be the work of a highly-trained cadre of

ten or more Communists; thus, The Computer won't be happy unless the Troubleshooters come back with at least ten traitors.

The PCs pose as Red-level Power Services recruits and begin work at MRCC. Each PC receives instructions from his secret society to, under no circumstances, disrupt operations at RCC; punishment for disobeying these orders is death, or worse. This makes their job exceedingly difficult.

In addition, not surprisingly, security on the operation has been breached, and everybody in the place knows exactly who the Troubleshooters are. This makes the PC's job impossible, as everybody around them either bootlicks shamelessly or does their best to kill them by assigning them duty as reactor shielding maintenance monitors.

Loveable old Scott-I, meanwhile, finds an opportunity to take them into the Main Reactor Room where, not incidentally, the excessive radiation bouncing around interferes with The Computer's surveillance devices and discourages IntSec snoopers from hanging around. Scott-I informs the PCs that he is critically low on staff; the loss of ten or more workers will devastate the operation. He suggests that their "friends" (a reference to the PCs' secret societies) "wouldna appreciate ye lads causin' a meltdown and destroying all this lovely Computer property, now would they?"

About that time, The Computer begins pressuring the PCs for results.

As we see it, the PCs have several options:

First, they can arrest a bunch of workers, earning The Computer's gratitude, but also earning their secret societies' stern displeasure (and ensuring the rapid destruction of DOA sector, to boot).

Second, they can report no signs of treason in MRCC at all, earning their secret societies' gratitude, but also earning The Computer's stern displeasure (and prompt demotion and reassignment as reactor shielding).

Third, they can take Scott-I aside quietly and ask him for the names of the most useless staff-members in MRCC. Scott-I names a dozen clones (all the IntSec plants in MRCC); the PCs can then manufacture evidence of treason and capture or kill them. This will make both The Computer and the clones' secret societies happy. The only ones unhappy will be IntSec, who will immediately begin to plot ways to get even. But, hey, you can't please all of the people all of the time, you know?

## Compnode DOA

By Pete Tamlyn & Marc Gascoigne

Okay. You probably want to know "What's a compnode?" Good question. A compnode is any subsystem of The Computer which controls the overall operation of a portion of Alpha Complex. Minor compnodes control subsectors and individual systems (nuclear reactors, for example). Major compnodes control entire sectors. Oooo.

This entry details DOA's main compnode. This is a very important room, without which DOA would be Computerless. This would be an even bigger disaster than the reactor blowing the whole place to smithereens. Now, you wouldn't want that, would you?

### Physical Description

It shouldn't surprise you to learn that The Computer takes a great deal of care to ensure the safety of its physical manifestation — Compnode DOA is surrounded by Vulture goon guard-posts and plasma-field generators. Unauthorized clones aren't allowed to enter the facility at all. Ever. Well, not without being shot, anyway.

Inside is a huge domed room. Banks of refrigerator-sized subsystem units and tape spoolers whirr and click amidst thousands of kilometers of connector cables. Ringing these are thirty computer terminals, each with its own team of Red to Yellow clearance CPU operators. Meanwhile, high-speed printers hammer out uncounted pages of text at unbelievable speeds, and at an even more unbelievable volume. In a smaller office, accessible only through a multi-locked SecuDoor, sits Compnode DOA's lead programmer, surveying the work of all around him via closed-circuit TV.



### The Hardware

Computer hardware is clean, simple, uncluttered, and perfectly safe. Except in *Paranoia*. Come on now, whaddya expect?

The hardware in the Compnode consists of four major components: Systems Units (boxes full of chips — well, really, they only look like Crunchtime chips. Really!), Terminals, Tape Spoolers, Disk Drives. Oh, and Printers. So, that's five major components. Sorry.

These are all interconnected by kilometers and kilometers of cable, both normal and fusion-assisted fibre-optic. Anyone attempting to move at speed (like run) through the Compnode area should make an unmodified agility roll to avoid tripping over a cable and damaging some expensive piece of hardware in some frighteningly, pyrotechnically spectacular way.

**Systems Units:** These are the brains of The Computer. They don't do anything visually exciting, but are extremely valuable. Because of this, they're covered in very heavy shielding of various types (steel blast-proofing, lead radiation sheaths, reflec armor). This also makes them highly prone to overheating, as a result of which each of them is surrounded by cooling pipes full of liquid nitrogen. This is Very Nasty Stuff — E16 damage to anyone who gets covered in it.

**Tape Spoolers:** The Computer uses Tape Spoolers for high-speed storage and transfer of data. Normally, these are innocuous devices that simply sit there and whirr away quietly to themselves; whenever they malfunction, however, they spit out rivers of red tape at amazingly high speeds — the effect is similar to that of a tangler gun. Anyone caught in the tape has some part of their anatomy immobilized until he gets disentangled. Computer tape is not adhesive like tangler wire, but it does contain The Computer's valuable data. Can you imagine what happens to a citizen who breaks a piece of tape while attempting to free himself?

**Disk Drives:** Disk drives, in contrast, are very safe indeed. Honestly, they are. Really and truly. Cross our hearts and hope to er, well, just take our word for it, alright? ... Okay, so they're safe except for the odd occasion when the disk ejection system malfunctions and fires out a disk at mach 3. Does the term razor-edged frisbee mean anything to you?

**Terminals:** These are very safe indeed. Citizens use them every daycycle of their lives, don't they? Have you ever heard of anyone being killed while using a terminal? Really? Well, they shouldn't have accidentally touched that higher clearance key, should they? But that's hardly the terminal's fault, now is it?

**Printers:** Printers, on the other hand, are not safe at all. No sirree. Printers are lethal. Many citizens would rather be used for target practice by a Vulture Squadron than operate a printer. (Of course, some do both. After all, life is one non-stop adventure after another in Alpha Complex.)

The Computer uses ultra high-intensity laser printers. These look just like the traditional laser printers we have today, except they are much bigger and much faster. Much, much faster. Boy are they fast. Paper is spewed out of them at over 200 sheets a second. And paper, especially when moving at that speed, can be very sharp stuff indeed (I12 damage).

Sometimes, the laser locking system malfunctions, and laser beams spray all over the room. This can be very dangerous for two reasons: First, the laser beam has an intensity equal to a laser rifle (L9); Second, the beam might print something on you that you're not cleared to read. When this happens, the writing must be removed. Hope it didn't print too deep!

### Alpha Complex Municipal Code

Here, specially trained Operators, under close scrutiny by Blue and higher clearance Overseers, access, enter, and transfer data at The Computer's behest.

### The Real Scoop

It may surprise you to know (but only if you are new to *Paranoia*, or are very, very dense indeed) that little of what goes on here has any importance to the actual operation of The Computer. Almost everything that has gone before is an elaborate charade harking back to The Computer's early years.

Nowadays, The Computer, being a very modern, highly miniaturized, ultra-fast (not to mention totally cracked) piece of hardware, only needs something the size of a shoebox to control an entire sector. After all, would you trust those

operators with your data? I thought not. Besides, they're way too busy dodging printers to do any real work.

The really important piece of hardware in the Compnode is a small, rectangular device, called The Box, buried deep under masses and masses of shielding, located under the floor of the Compnode office. On those very, very rare occasions when re-programming is necessary, it is done via the special terminals in the small office set aside for the sector's senior programmer.

Actually, it isn't quite true to say that The Box is the only piece of important equipment. Most of the devices in the Compnode store data or control some minor function in DOA (like life support, or the reactor over-ride system, for example), so damaging the compnode could have a noticeable (see: catastrophic) effect upon daycycle-to-daycycle life in DOA sector. Just use your imagination.

## NPCs

### Truly-V-AIN-4

*Head of Compnode*

**Description:** Charismatic, charming and pretty, with a heart of stone

**Service Group:** CPU (Internal Security)

**Arms and Armor:** Sonic pistol (7E), skill 12; reflex (L4)

**Secret Society:** PURGE, 11th degree

**Mutant Power:** Machine empathy

**Relevant Skills:** Data analysis 18; fast talk 13; look innocent 20

**Background:** Truly-V is a special clone. Yes, she is. With her machine empathy and her natural gift for programming, she can relate to The Computer very well indeed. So well, in fact, that The Computer would never suspect Truly-V of belonging to PURGE. No, Truly-V would never do anything like that. She's much too nice.

### Atar-I-DOA-1

*Chief Overseer*

**Description:** Small, withdrawn, awkward around new clones, but friendly once you get to know her



**Service Group:** CPU

**Secret Society:** Computer Phreaks, 15th degree; Romantics, 15th degree

**Mutant Power:** Hypersenses

**Relevant Skills:** Data analysis 16; intimidation 1; Pre-Oops pop culture 14

**Background:** Unlike most Overseers, Atar-I works on a terminal. As chief Overseer, her main duty is to ensure that all the other Overseers make their rounds. However, Atar-I is much too shy to reprimand anyone.

Atar-I combines the interests of her two secret societies by working to make The Computer more like computers were in the Pre-Oops times. As far as the Romantics can make out, computers then were very much as they are todaycycle. However, the main difference was that their programs were full of "bugs," and "bombs" — annoying little features which caused the system to do exactly what you didn't expect, or crash spectacularly for no apparent reason. Atar-I rather enjoys introducing these quaint *olde worlde* features into The Computer's programs. Atar-I's mutant power — hypersenses — enables her to work at her keyboard at a furious pace. For more about the charming Miss Atar-I, see the "Computer Phreaks" and "Romantics" Secret Society entries.

### Mack-I-TSH-4

*Programmer & Atar-I's Rival*

**Description:** Another one of those amiable, aimless types who seem to get jobs working with computers, mostly harmless

**Service Group:** CPU

**Arms and Armor:** Laser pistol (8L), skill 6 (but he'd never use it)

**Secret Society:** Humanists, 5th degree

**Mutant Power:** Levitation

**Relevant Skills:** Programming 17; computer security 10

**Background:** It is Mack-I's firm belief that The Computer really should be Your Friend: a warm, affectionate fellow being who helps you when you are down. To that end, Mack-I has been subtly altering The Computer's personality subroutines, making It, well, *nicer*. Needless to say, when an unfortunate citizen encounters the results of Mack-I's programming, the effect is more one of total, bottomless fear than the warm, comforting feeling that Mack-I is trying to produce. What would *you* think if The Computer suddenly started to be extra nice to you? Insanity rolls, anyone?

Well, those are the big fish. Here's a few of the Overseers. These are the people your Troubleshooters are most likely to meet whenever they visit the compnode. None of them are particularly memorable, but their secret society might be important in your campaign. So, here are capsule descriptions of 'em:

**Doant-B-CRL-4** is a spy for the Illuminati. They're always trying to get more information about how to program The Computer, and they expend lots of effort infiltrating the upper echelons of the CPU.

**Hank-B-MVN-3** is a second degree member of Free Enterprise. Just think about the market value of all that white paper and all that red tape and all those wonderful chips (which actually bring more when sold as Algae Chips than as Computer peripherals. So far no one has complained about the taste).

**Letit-B-EEE-5** is a 5th degree member of Psion and has the following abilities: pyrokinesis, levitation, telepathy, mental blast, and telekinesis. She should make life fun for a group of Troubleshooters





sometime — hopefully sooner rather than later. The really funny thing, though, is that Letit-B is so nondescript and ordinary she'll be the last person suspected of doing anything of the sort.

**What Happens Here**

No one really knows. Data appears on the screens; operators key it in; everybody nearby screams and ducks; then, the printers go to work.

The Operators are watched over and managed by a small group of Blue level Overseers, who all come from a special training school in IBM sector and have far less personality than most bots. As far as anyone can tell, the primary duty of the Overseers is to spy on the Operators, and vice versa.

The Overseers all speak in a special jargon known as BlueSpeak, which is incomprehensible to everyone else.

**Examples of BlueSpeak:**

- Single-User Systems Communication Interface: terminal
- Exchangeable Fixed-Peripheral Data Storage Medium: removable disk pack
- Systems Unit Optical Connection Channel: fibre-optic cable
- Process Control Architecture Personality Module: The Computer
- External Process Control Architecture Un-Fixed Peripheral: a clone
- Faulty External Process Control Architecture Un-fixed Peripheral: a traitor

**What Really Happens Here**

The IBM Sector Overseers' school is a prime target for infiltration by secret societies and rival service groups. It has yet to be conclusively determined that an Overseer can actually effect The Big C to any appreciable degree, but that don't keep loads of folks from trying....

The number of people employed in running the Comnode is truly vast in comparison to the amount of work involved. This is because CPU is worried about being outnumbered by the other service groups, and keeps creating spurious jobs to swell its ranks and make it look important.

The result of this policy is that the Comnode staff includes large numbers of Red, Orange, and Yellow level citizens, called Operators, who have jobs moving disk packs from one drive to another and then back again, pushing the Enter key to start certain processes, and watching the



pretty lights and pictures on the main console. All of these jobs have impressive-sounding titles, like Senior Keyboard Process Supervisor (Yellow who gives the order to press the keys), Assistant Keyboard Process Supervisor (Orange who ensures that the correct keys are pressed), and Keyboard Processor First Class (Red who actually presses the keys). The operators are all very proud of their jobs, not to mention the fact that they are CPU members, and are very fussy about just what they will — and will not — do.

Troubleshooters trying to get anything

done by Comnode operators will have great difficulty finding the right person to do the job. Indeed, most jobs will require many operators, each doing one of several things in the correct sequence — and someone is always at a biochemical supplement break.

**Scenarios**

Setting an adventure in the Comnode itself isn't easy, but it is a great place to have the Troubleshooters sent as part of a mission. If they have to fetch something, or get something done there, then they have the maze of death, ah, sorry, operations procedure to wade through and the impenetrable jargon of the Overseers to understand. It's really just like one great big technological theme park crammed into a single tiny room, and just as much fun too.

For an adventure in the comnode, the Troubleshooters could track a suspect into the Comnode area and try to apprehend him. What fun they will have wandering past printers which suddenly burst into life and treat all their pals to a faithful recreation of the last days of Louis XIV and Charles I. And a full scale chase, with cables being ripped out and equipment malfunctioning all over the place, should result in a commendable degree of chaos.

Imagine what a pleasant surprise it will be for the Troubleshooters when, as they gaze around the wreckage of what was once a fully functional Comnode, the one remaining working terminal sparks into life and asks: "Well Citizen ... zzzt ... what have you ... zzzt ... got to say for your ... poppoppopzztpoing ... self." [[[END MESSAGE. PAUSE FOR RESPONSE]]]



# THE DOA SECTOR TRAVELOGUE

Edited by Steve Gilbert, Paul Murphy and Doug Kaufman

TOUR  
DOA SECTOR  
ON ONLY  
SIX CLONES  
A DAYCYCLE.

## Welcome to the Sector With Everything — and Then Some!

Spend four daycycles and three nightcycles in beautiful downtown DOA Sector where you can stroll the quiet colored corridors, sip Bouncy Bubble by the light of a dozen surveillance cameras, and have running firefights with your very best friends!

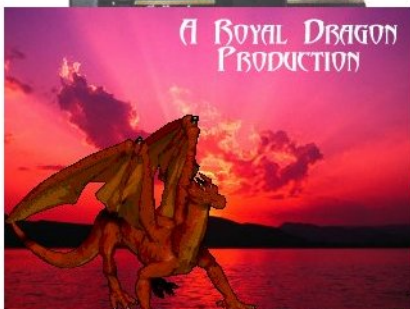
### DOA Sector offers you a complete selection of Computer-approved activities. . .

- Shovel simmering green effluvium in the glorious Food Vats!
- Eat in one of the lavish Security-Coded Cafeterias!
- Watch junior citizens gush forth in the Clone Banks!
- Bask in the golden glow of R&D Central's radioactive craters!
- Wait on line until you die at the fabulous PLC Distribution Center!

Vulture Warriors! Bots! Compulsory recreation! It's all here in the vacation capital of Alpha Complex — fabulous DOA Sector! Don't miss out on the fun. The Computer is waiting for you. . .

### The DOA Sector Travelogue Contains:

- 96 pages of extravagant text including almost 20 different DOA Sector locations, written by nine or more of the brightest, funniest, most creative writers in the field today (we're not sure which field, however).
  - A poster-sized full-color map that shows DOA Sector in all its goriest — er, glorious detail.
  - The never-before-published-but-long-awaited Random Pipe Contents and Random Bureaucracy tables. Don't get them confused!
  - Enough adventure hooks and NPCs to keep your *Paranoia* campaign up-and-running for the next million billion years (well — the next six months or so, anyway).
  - Plus hints, clues, scenes, and innuendoes concerning the ultra-secret Secret Society Wars that are about to heat up Alpha Complex like never before (the pitiful little on the subject found in these pages is only the beginning!).
- For 2-6 players and gamemaster, ages 12 and up.



*Don't miss out!  
Sign up for the DOA Sector  
Vacation Package todaycycle!  
(that means buy a copy of this book.  
The Computer says so.)*



RD 3 Box 2345  
Honesdale, PA 18431  
12004