

PARANOIA[®]

PARANOIA

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ParaNormal



For ages 12 and up.

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PARANOIDIA®

PARANORMAL

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Introduction

Welcome, Welcome! Welcome to the first *Paranoia* vlip-book! No, no — it is too late to put it down now ... you are in my power! Bwah-ha-ha-hah!

Vell, okay ... if you have to go get something to drink, Ah'll wait ...

Ah, back so soon? Vere vas I? Oh, yes:

You are in my power! Your vill is mine! I have taken over your mind!

Oh, The Computer has already done that? Bats! Oh, vell, I guess I'll just have to talk about this book you have in your hands.

It's Scary, Kids!

If you are faint of heart or pregnant or not at least 42 inches tall, you should not be on this ride ... but you can read this book! Yes, it is *very* scary, kids, *very* scary! Can't you tell from my outrageous Transylvanian accent how scary it is?

No? Vell, I haven't been using a lot of "W's" lately.

Beware! Beware! *Beware!*

Ooooo, isn't that *scary?*!

Maybe Not

Okay, okay, so maybe the book isn't all *that* scary — but it is funny. At least, it better be. I mean, "Revenge of the Vampire Troubleshooters" sure *sounds* like it's going to be funny, and I think "Twilight Clone" has potential.

But, iv you don't like those, you can just flip the book over and take a look at CTv, The Computer's Tevid service. Over there, things aren't as scary (*bwah, hah, hah, ha!*), but they're pretty funny, too.

Of course, I think draining people of their blood is pretty tasty, so vhat do I know from funny?

Is it in 3-D?

Vell, no. It vas *supposed* to be. I mean, they *promised* me that I'd get to host a 3-D *Paranoia* project. But, as you can see, there are no vunky red and green glasses included. I vas told this vould mean most people couldn't read the book anyway — how many people have Green security clearance? — but

I think it vas a cost-cutting measure.

Maybe that's vhy my tux is a rental. I'm gonna talk to my agent about this.

But ...

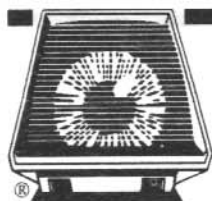
There are still some other nifties to this book, though. Holding the book with the CTv cover facing you, take a look in the upper right-hand corner of every right-hand "outside" page. There, you will see Flip-R-DIE, a Troubleshooter who is the first to be fully animated by The Computer's flip-book technology. By flipping the pages, you can see Flip-R-DIE go through a quick adventure. If you buy six copies of this book and hold them together (which I strongly recommend), you can see Flip-R-DIE-1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 go through their motions, one after another!

Vell, maybe you could just vatch six times.

So, get with it! Read the book, flip the book, run the adventures! Do this now, or I vill come to your house and force you to vatch scary movies!

Ooooh, scary, kids!





Tales from the Twilight Clone

by Ed Gibson

Picture if you will, a typical Troubleshooter team, on a typical morning-cycle in Alpha Complex. They arise from their bunks to the soothing sounds of alarms and laser fire. They take their Wakey-Wakey and Happy Daze pills, force down a meal in the cafeteria (it didn't give up without a fight), and report to Troubleshooter Headquarters to await their next mission. Little do they know that their next mission will lead them to an encounter with (insert weird music here) "The Twilight Clone" (end weird music).

I. Mission Alert!

Attention! Attention! Have a nice day! Failure to have a nice day is treasonous! All citizens who are not having a nice day must report to the nearest Termination Center for counseling! Please note that auditions for the Stupid Troubleshooter Tricks segment on the LETT-R-MAN show have been moved from NBC sector to CBS sector. Troubleshooter Team Silver Truncheons, report to briefing room 2222 in CIA sector immediately; however, if you prefer a different mission,

please report to citizen CLYV-B-RKR in HEL sector. He is conducting research into the reactivation of clones after involuntary failure of life sustaining functions, attributed to prolonged exposure to elevated temperatures and pressures. Have a nice day!

II. Mission Briefing

The Troubleshooters arrive in CIA sector with no difficulty. If they contact The Computer, It is friendly and quite willing to tell the Troubleshooters how to find their briefing room. It is also willing to send a transbot to deliver them. The transbot is clean and doesn't have any of the quirks that recycled bot brains are known to exhibit.

Veteran *Paranoia* players will be getting very nervous by this time.

The briefing room is clean and does not show signs of previous damage. As the clones enter the room, Tra-Y-TOR-2, the briefing officer, rises. Read aloud:

"Welcome, Troubleshooters. I hope that you had a pleasant journey. I am Tra-Y-TOR-2, the briefing officer for this mission. You have been selected for a special mission by The Computer, and I am pleased to inform you that The Computer has created extra clones for your group to ensure your success on this mission.

"Your group has been chosen to infiltrate Alpha State. The Computer will provide training, so you can maintain your cover as Commies fleeing from Alpha Complex. After you have completed your training, you will seek out SCAIR-Y-GUY in TWZ sector. SCAIR-Y-GUY can help you infiltrate Alpha State. Once you gather information on discontent in Alpha State and recruit spies in Alpha State, you

will return and present a full briefing to The Computer. Do you have any questions?"

The clones may have some questions, but Tra-Y-TOR will assure them that their questions will be answered during their training. The number of clones that they have now is classified, but effectively unlimited. The reason for this is that the Troubleshooters will be taught treasonous ideas, and The Computer wants to minimize the number of clone families which are contaminated by Communist propaganda.

Once the clones' questions have been answered (or, rather, avoided), training will begin. Tra-Y-TOR pushes a button on his desk and a low hum fills the room; this is an experimental device to prevent physical or electronic surveillance of the briefing room. Only rarely does the device become stuck on one frequency until a clone's head explodes from the sonic vibrations. The device has the beneficial (?) effect of preventing mutant powers from passing through the barrier, in either direction. Tra-Y-TOR begins:

"Okay, citizens, it is time for your first lesson. Everybody repeat after me: 'Death to the Silicon Tyrant.'"

This is the fun part. The players will probably kill Tra-Y-TOR-2. That is okay; Tra-Y-TOR-3 will show up with a group of Blue Vulture troopers, who will vaporize the Troubleshooters. The Troubleshooters' replacement clones are disarmed before they arrive. The lessons continue.

"I am a Commie traitor, and proud of it."

If the Troubleshooters continue to attack Tra-Y-TOR, continue terminat-





Gee, do you think the Briefing Officer is setting you up? Nah, what are the odds ...

ing them until they learn that they are not to harm their teacher. Any Troubleshooters who repeat what Tra-Y-TOR says are treading a thin line between sounding too enthusiastic (which is treasonous) and not sounding enthusiastic enough (which is also treasonous). A player may refuse to repeat a treasonous comment once by claiming that he is too loyal, but, after this, he must follow orders or be considered a traitor. Continue to ask them to say Commie and traitorous things until they start to repeat after you without thinking. Then say "Mutants are people, too." Your players will probably repeat this, which gives the traitors an opportunity to learn that Commies are okay, but mutants are right out. ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

Here are a few additional lessons for the loyal Troubleshooters:

1. The Computer sucks silicon!
2. The Computer should provide for all clones equally, regardless of security clearance.
3. Greetings, Comrade.

4. The Computer is a capitalist tool!
5. Alpha Complex is perfect, except for The Computer.
6. Alpha State is utopia for the working-clone.
7. Property belongs to clones, not to The Computer.
8. (Cheer) "Commies, Commies, they're for me! Red's not a clearance, it's a thing to be! Yay, Commies!"
9. (Sultry voices) "Hey, comrade, why don't you Commie and see me some time?"



You can also teach the Troubleshooters secret Commie handshakes (grasp right forearms, then wrists, then hands, then lock thumbs and make flapping motions while whistling like a bird), secret recognition symbols (jump up and down on one foot while patting yourself on the head and rubbing yourself in the stomach — or is it the other way around?), and you can give them Commie food to eat (red jelly beans, oatmeal with red food coloring, borscht — this is the fun part; since no one in Alpha Complex really knows what borscht is, you can call any really disgusting food you feed them borscht, even if the players know what borscht really is).

Once the Troubleshooters have been sufficiently indoctrinated with Communist propaganda (and several have made trips to the local Bodily Refuse Relief Center), their training is complete. Each clone is given the treasonous skill of *Communist propaganda* at skill level three (plus the skill base). A graduation ceremony is held. Read the



following (and glare at any clone who does not fill in the blanks).

I [state your name], being of diminished mental capacity, do solemnly swear that I am acting with complete loyalty to The Computer. I will not use my mutant power of [state your mutant power] in any manner that would not be acceptable to The Computer.

Furthermore, I am seeking out the Communists in Alpha State of my own free will, not under orders of my secret society, the [state your secret society].

Finally, I will not reveal my knowledge of Communist propaganda to anyone in Alpha Complex. This I solemnly swear, and when I fail The Computer, I will go to the termination center cheerfully singing the praises of The Computer.

Please note that this pledge is almost entirely treasonous, but instead of executing the traitors who repeat it, I suggest that you execute anyone who does not repeat it for failure to follow orders. Otherwise, note this pledge as more evidence against the traitors when you get to the debriefing.

Note: Any Troubleshooter who actually says "state your name here" or "state your mutant power" or "state your secret society," whether as the attempt at a lame joke or in a pitiful gambit to avoid stating these things will be forced by Tra-Y-TOR and his Vulture Troopers to:

1. Be shot repeatedly through the head and neck (immediately mark off one clone)
2. Recite the speech again (the re-

placement clone will have to do it — any more shenanigans result in #1 again)

3. Stand on a safely-balanced chair (both the player and the Troubleshooter) and sing a song praising Commies in a loud enough voice that anyone in the house/gaming area/whatever who is not involved in the game will look in the room and leave, shaking his or her head and saying, "They should get out more."

III. Visiting RND

Congratulations, Troubleshooters! You have completed your training with flying colors! Report to Got-U-NOW in RND sector; he has some equipment to ensure the success of your mission.

The Troubleshooters know how to get to RND sector, but they don't know how to find Got-U-NOW. Of course, there are a lot of clones standing around who may be able to help. The trick is to find someone who has the time to talk.

Read aloud (eventually):

You make your way down a blackened and cracked corridor towards the sound of muffled explosions. Ahead of you stand two huge blast doors which slowly open at your approach. As the doors open, smoke and flame rush out towards you. Although painful, you are only slightly burned by the flames. Passing the first doors, you hear them slowly close behind you. Ahead of you, the inner blast doors are glowing white hot. Finally, the inner doors open and you observe a worried looking clone in a green jumpsuit with yellow stripes.

The Green level clone is TR-G-ETT-1, who has registered his mutant ability of Regeneration (power score 20). He is presently testing the effectiveness of an experimental shield. The shield is one meter square and is impervious to all attacks (of course, the rest of his body is unprotected). You can use the following table to determine what testing is underway (or choose one that your players would enjoy):

1. Tacnuke
2. Napalm
3. Acid
4. Air to Surface missile
5. Surface to Clone missile
6. Bouncy Bubbly Beverage
7. Hot Fun
8. Cold Fun
9. Radiation
10. All of the above.

If the Troubleshooters are unlucky (what are the odds?), they could end up within range of one of these attacks. The shield preserves enough of TR-G-ETT's body for his regeneration ability to work, and he will reassemble in about two minutes. He could end up with extra or unusual appendages.

The survivors have about one minute between the time that he regenerates enough to be able to talk, and the time that the next attack occurs. For this reason, the characters will have to undergo several attacks before they get all the information they need. Roll for damage columns randomly.

Hang in there, Babyclone

Got-U-NOW has an office which overlooks the testing area of RND sector. TR-G-ETT points out the office windows, which are at least 75 meters above ground level. A series of metal rungs are set into the wall below the office windows, forming a ladder. There is also a large metal hand that sticks out of the wall below the office. The hand is twenty meters long and ten meters across. As the Troubleshooters look up, they see the hand swat aside a missile that was headed for the windows. The missile falls to the ground and detonates. The ladder is the only means of entrance to Got-U-NOW's office.

Eventually, the Troubleshooters will have to undertake the climb. The climb is strenuous, so I prescribe Strength and Agility checks (pick the level of difficulty) as needed to reach an acceptable death toll. In addition, there is a 4 in 20 chance that a missile comes dangerously close to a climbing individual. In this case, a Chutzpah check (to maintain composure) and a Strength



check (to hang on) are required. Unless the Troubleshooters contact Got-U-NOW (or figure something else out), the mechanical hand will knock them off the ladder about 50 meters up. Refer to the "Vehicular Accidents and Falling From Great Heights Table" for details.

Read aloud when appropriate:

Gasping for breath, you reach the top of the ladder and discover a heavily reinforced door. In the center of the door is a shiny metal knob.

This door, for some unknown reason, opens outward. Unless the Troubleshooter has taken special precautions, he will be very surprised when he turns the knob and the door opens towards him. In fact, he is so surprised, that if he doesn't make a *tough* Agility roll, he will fall to the ground. (Whether he takes any of the other Troubleshooters with him is left to your discretion.) Once the players know that the door opens out, they do not have this problem. Finally, all of the Troubleshooters are inside. Read aloud:

You enter a magnificent office. One entire wall is glass, and it offers a panoramic view of the explosions occurring far below you in the testing area. The floor is white carpeting, except for a small black mat near the door. The mechanical hand, whose acquaintance you have already made, knocks a large missile aside. Even so, the missile's explosion rocks the room that you are in, and the protective glass is bowed in by the pressure. A tall citizen in the robes of a High Programmer stands on the other side of the room. Just as he begins to speak, you notice a small green mutant fly up and land on the wrist of the metal hand.

Got-U-NOW is obsessed with Old Reckoning adventure movies. He is quite flamboyant (think of him as one of the three musketeers). He talks constantly and expects the characters to listen intently to every word. He puts down any character who lost a clone on the climb as being worthless and weak. He says that he has made the

climb with one arm and one leg tied behind him, and asks if any of the characters are brave enough to make the climb like this. He points out that it is much easier to descend than to ascend. If the group declines his challenge, he denounces them as cowards. Anyone who tries will gain a little respect; anyone who tries and succeeds will be killed — only a mutant or Got-U-NOW could possibly succeed, right?

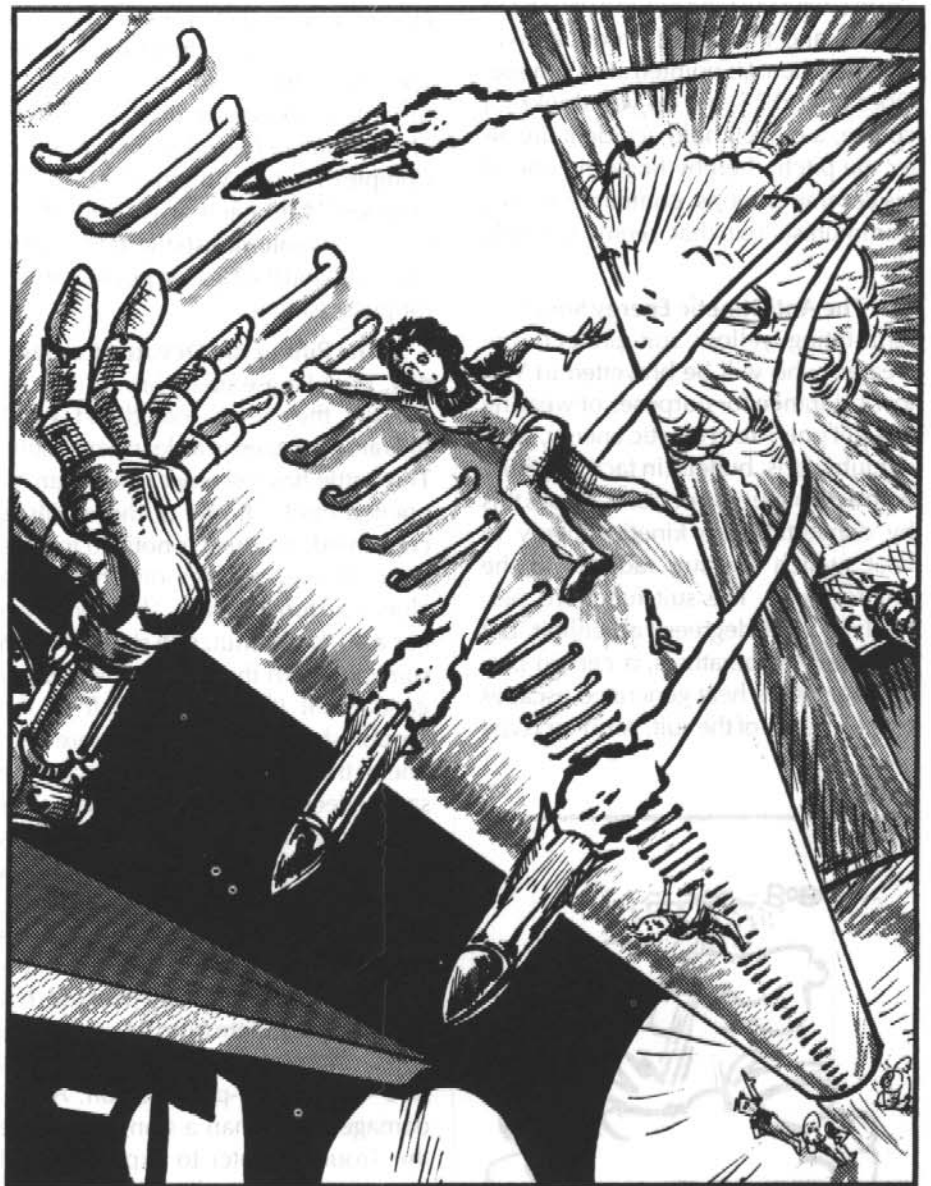
Got-U-NOW reads the list of special (experimental) equipment and allows the Troubleshooters to divide it up as

they see fit:

1. The Red Menace Disguise Kit.

This item looks like a black plastic bag six inches deep and a foot in diameter. Pulling the bag over one's head (don't try this at home) will cause the disguise face to adhere to the Troubleshooter, creating a perfect disguise. This process requires four rounds, and the Troubleshooter must make an easy Endurance roll each round or take a wound (due to suffocation and shock).

The disguise is the face of the famous Alpha State children's television hero, Mickey Marxx. It has two large round



Looking for a hand-out?

black ears and a long black beard. The wearer should be encouraged to sing the theme from the Mickey Marxx show:

"Who's the leader of the State, that cares for you and me? Mickey Marxx! Mickey Marxx! Forever, let us hold our hammer (and sickle) high, high, high."

"Come along and sing this song and join the C-party. M-I-C K-E-Y M-A-R-X-X. Mickey Marxx! Mickey Marx!"

Players are encouraged to come up with additional verses.

2. The Commie Detector. This is a two meter long, green plastic tube that seems quite flexible. The instructions say to swing the tube around your head rapidly and the sound produced will change when it is pointed at a Commie. Does it work? What do you think? Of course, a clone could accidentally alter the pitch, thereby fingering one of his comrades (oops, companions) as a Communist, but that seems unlikely (?).

3. The Anti-Kinetic Energy Suit. This form-fitting yellow suit protects the wearer (who will be brevetted to Yellow clearance for purposes of wearing this suit only) from kinetic energy, such as clubs, falls, bullets (in fact, anything with a damage type of P or I). It does this by converting the kinetic energy to heat, which the suit radiates to the environment. The suit functions perfectly at -454 degrees Fahrenheit, but at higher temperatures, a certain percentage of the heat generated escapes to the interior of the suit. Any P or I type

damage is ignored, but subtract six from the damage code and apply this as fire damage directly to the wearer.

4. Utility belt of Useful (well, mostly useful) (well, non-harmful) (oh, generally nonfatal) Pouches. For those of you that are more familiar with *The Other Game™*, here is an item to make feel you at home in Alpha Complex. This belt has from 2 to 799 (D20+D20*D20-1) pouches of various sizes, shapes, and colors.

If the clone thinks real hard about some specific item, and opens a pouch; he may (referee discretion) find what he was thinking of in the pouch. In order to preserve play balance, the clone should not always get what he wanted (I bet that I didn't have to tell you that). Once a pouch is opened, it disappears forever, or until it returns in *The Complete Encyclopedia of Alpha Complex Trash™*, Volumes 1-95 (available for 74.99 each at your local retailer). This volume lists the item's value in credits and the treason points earned for possessing it.

5. The Pills of the Devoted Communist. Ten of these small, brown (betcha thought they were red, didn't you?) pills are packaged in a clear glass bottle. The bottle has a screw top and can be opened easily. If one of these pills is consumed, no effect is noticed for one hour. However, after one hour, the clone will turn beet red. The clone then has a +1 to all Chutzpah skills used on someone with the *Communist propaganda* skill (this includes all of the Troubleshooters). Ingesting more than one of these pills will usually have the same effect. However, the gamemaster should roll a D20. If the number is under the number of pills taken times two (counting the first pill ingested, even though one pill will not cause this effect), the character will gain this Chutzpah bonus and turn beet red, but will begin to inflate from the inside. He will grow, eventually, to three times his size — in a roly-poly fashion. Any P damage (other than a stun) will cause the Troubleshooter to explode. Until then, halve his Agility and Dexterity attributes.

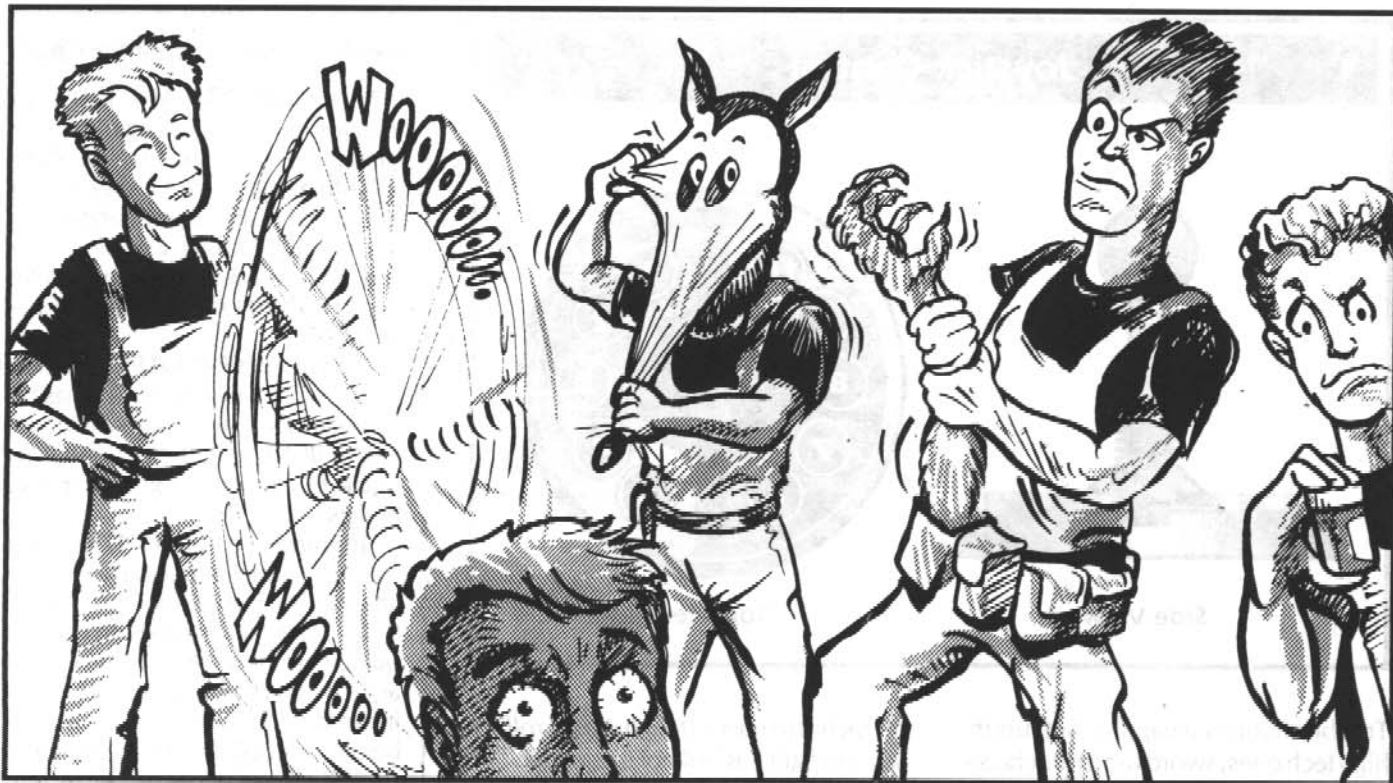
6. The Healing Beads of the High Programmer. These are ten small brown pills packaged in a clear glass bottle (hey, don't they look a lot like those other pills? Bet you'd never get them confused). If a hole is made through all ten beads (*tough* Dexterity check) and a clone wears the beads around his neck, the clone will *never* die. Of course, if he takes an *incapacitating* wound, the beads generate an energy field that severs the neck, but that leaves the head totally functional. If a bead is swallowed, the clone is immediately *stunned* for one round and will lapse into the stunned state when under stress.

Note: Puncturing the beads listed under description #5 is a bad thing. Bad things happen when you do that — really bad things. *Unpredictable* bad things. Unpredictable bad things that sometimes involve the release of large amounts of potential energy or extreme exothermic reactions. Don't mix the two pills up. And hope that the High Programmer gives them to you in the right order. If you are all a bunch of vat-sucking wimps (i.e., you refused his challenge earlier), he may just mix the bottles together, even.

7. Emergency Clone Re-Hydrator. This is a small blue rubber sack with a hose coming out of one end. If the hose is connected to a water supply and an emergency dehydrated clone capsule is placed in the sack, the dehydrated clone will be activated, including the Memory Max transfer. If a liquid other than water is used, the results are unpredictable. This will allow clone replacements in Alpha State. Note: If two capsules are placed inside, the Troubleshooter will *not* turn into a large, pear-shaped, green, beaked Martian. That might violate the copyrights of some Saturday morning cartoons that the author has not watched, has no knowledge of, and would never rip off for ideas anyway.

8. Emergency Dehydrated Clone Capsules. There is a glass vial for each Troubleshooter, filled with dozens of tiny pills. The pills are the color of the Troubleshooters' current security clearance.





Boy, it's a good thing we've got R&D on our side. Just imagine if they were our enemies ...

9. All-Important Fail-Safe Rescue Device. This is the one item the High Programmer will, unfailingly, explain in detail. When the Troubleshooters absolutely, positively, definitely need to be retrieved from Alpha State, they should push the red button on this little black box. They should only do this when their mission is over. It will assure them safe passage back to Alpha Complex.

Yeah, right.

What Got-U-NOW isn't saying he doesn't actually know — so he can't be mind-read or tricked into telling. This box is a compressed-heat generator. When the button is pushed (and there is a safety, so it cannot be accidentally pushed), warm air will rush out of the box's other five sides. The warm air will feel comfortable and refreshing.

For about a second.

Then, the heat will grow with increasing intensity. Within two rounds, the box will be projecting so much heat that anything within a 100 meter radius will burn or melt (or explode, as appropriate). In two more rounds, the radius

is expanded to 500 meters. Then the box will form a mushroom cloud and "go away."

Transportation back to Alpha Complex is by clone replacement only. Anyone who has gone through six clones (i.e., they've been using the capsules to have more than six clones) is finished — the capsules will be destroyed in the "heat wave," and The Computer will not supply more clones. Anyone who gets out of the heat radius in time can make their way back to Alpha Complex — see the end of this adventure, below.

Down Below

If any of the characters are watching the green creature (last seen on the metal hand, above), they notice that it has begun to claw and bite the mechanical hand. Got-U-NOW is incapable of seeing the creature; if the Troubleshooters attempt to point it out, he suggests that not paying attention during a briefing is treason.

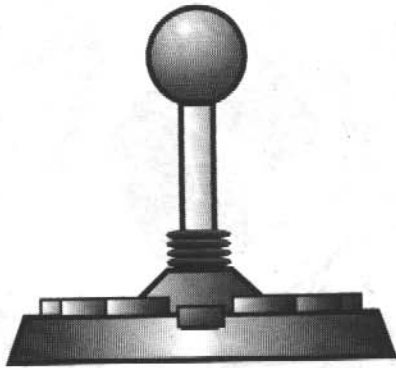
As time goes by, the hand starts to

slow down and will eventually break off. Once the hand breaks off, a nuclear missile crashes through the window and vaporizes the clones (including Got-U-NOW). Should this happen, start over at the beginning of the trip to RND sector with the replacement clones, just like the entire incident never happened. Eventually, the Troubleshooters should decide to kill the green creature.

The creature is a Genetically Reproduced Electronic Malfunction Inducing Nomad. The GREMLIN (note that the creature has even affected its own acronym) was developed (and freed) by a member of the Frankenstein Destroyers who worked in the RND R&D labs. It has the new mutant ability of Electronic Disruption, which may cause electronic devices within 50 meters of itself to function erratically. The mechanical hand is too big for the GREMLIN to affect, and the missiles are moving so quickly that there is no noticeable effect.

So, what good is this power, you might ask? Well, it can affect the

Joystick Control



Side View



Top View

Troubleshooters weapons, but just the high tech ones; swords and truncheons will still work fine. Of course, trying to melee a flying creature while holding on to a ladder 75 meters above ground will be an exhilarating experience. The GREMLIN's small size forces all the Troubleshooters to halve their melee skills when attacking it. (Please note that this is only if they use both hands to attack the creature. If the Troubleshooters want to attack and still hold on to the ladder — the wimps — their melee skills are quartered).

The GREMLIN's tough skin counts as 14 armor. It can bite (skill 10, damage column 4) or make two claw attacks (skill 8, damage column 2). Any successful hit, even if it does no damage, forces

the victim to check (*tough Agility roll*) to see if he still has hold of the ladder.

If the players are resourceful, they can attempt to control the hand manually. There is a joystick and a panel of ten buttons. The joystick controls the rotation of the hand on the wrist, while the buttons have various functions:

Button 1: Cause the hand to make a fist

Button 2: Extends the thumb

Button 3: Extends the index finger

Button 4: Extends the middle finger (will not work for underage Troubleshooters)

Button 5: Causes the hand to strike the wall wherever the palm is facing

Button 6: Extends the ring finger (will not work on devout bachelor or bachelorette models)

Button 7: Causes the hand to clap (what is the sound of one hand clapping? Now you know)

Button 8: Extends the pinkie (if only there was an ear large enough to stick it in)

Button 9: Causes the hand to shake hands (of course, without another hand, this is kind of lewd)

Button 10: Causes all fingers, except the middle finger, to make a fist (really won't work for underage Troubleshooters)

Random Clone Encounter Chart

1: Infrared (JO-NAH) This clone mutates into a huge whale. He then attempts to swallow the Troubleshooters with his bite (skill 12, damage 10). A result of incapacitate or above indicates that the target was swallowed and will perish in 5 rounds unless freed. JO-NAH's bulk acts as ALL-7 armor.

2: Red (WYR-R-WLF) This clone mutates into a werewolf. She has two claw attacks (skill 16, damage 8) and a bite (skill 14, damage 10). She is immune to all attacks except for silver bullets.

3: Orange (GH-O-STT-1) This clone slowly becomes insubstantial and then attacks the Troubleshooters. GH-O-STT's touch (skill 6) does no damage, but lowers the victim's security clearance by one (Orange to Red, Red to Infrared, etc). If the target is drained below Infrared, he becomes insubstantial as well. How can GH-O-STT do this? Who knows? Those are the rules — live with it.

The victim is now GH-O-STT's next clone and will attack his fellow Troubleshooters. GH-O-STT cannot be harmed by normal weaponry, but is vulnerable to Bouncy Bubbly Beverage. A bottle or can of Bouncy Bubbly Beverage is treated as a grenade when thrown at GH-O-STT. GH-O-STT will not follow the Troubleshooters if they flee.

4: Yellow (GRZL-Y-BAR) This clone mutates into a grizzly bear. He has two claw attacks (skill 16, damage 10). If both claws hit, GRZL-Y-BAR squeezes the victim (damage 16) and bites (damage 12). This clone's Macho Bonus reduces all attacks by four and it is so fierce that it will fight on until it suffers three *kill* results (a vaporize still takes it out).

5: Green (GANN-G-RYN) This clone mutates into a slimy ball about one meter in diameter. Its touch (skill 8) causes flesh to rot immediately, and the rotting spreads until the victim's entire body is consumed. Attacks with edged weapons will cause the ball to split into equal halves, and each half can attack independently. Fortunately, the creature is vulnerable to fire (+4 damage columns).



(roll D20)

6: Blue (VYMPR-B-ATT) This clone mutates into a dog-sized bat which will attempt to drain blood from our intrepid Troubleshooters. The bat attacks with its bite (skill 10, damage special). The bite always does one wound damage and causes the loss of a D20 of Endurance. If Endurance drops below zero, the clone's life functions stop. In three daycycles, he would normally revive and become another VYMPR-B-ATT, but, instead, he will awaken in bits and pieces in a large Food Vat — "People! You're eating people!" His next clones, however, will be activated immediately upon his "death" (or, actually, after the combat).

7: Indigo (FRNK-I-STN) This clone is notable for the huge bolts sticking out the side of its neck. It does not visibly change, but attempts to strike the Troubleshooters with its powerful fists (skill 8, damage 14). FRNK is healed by being struck with energy weapons (this healing can be saved until needed) and reduces other weapons by two damage columns. FRNK is really dumb, so if a Troubleshooter he is not currently attacking starts being friendly to him (giving him trinkets or presents), FRNK will befriend that clone and hug him — to death. Then FRNK will wander off, depressed. "I'm so alone."

8: Violet (EEE-V-ILL) This clone does not attack. Instead, he cackles maniacally and takes on the appearance of a crimson devil. His frightening appearance forces sanity rolls for all Troubleshooters who do not immediately flee his presence. He will continue cackling and flames will shoot out of his eyes (and miscellaneous orifices) and he'll do all other kinds of stuff (and the sanity rolls continue). In actuality, this clone has just eaten in RND sector cafeteria — he is not undergoing a transformation at all.

9: Ultraviolet (Q-U-JOE) This high programmer has ten Indigo Vulture Troopers as his bodyguards. For this reason, when Q-U-JOE mutates into a giant, black and tan german shepherd, the Troubleshooters probably want to run away. Unfortunately, Q-U-JOE is faster than the Troubleshooters, and his bite (skill 12, damage 14) is worse than his bark (skill 12, damage 1).

10: Computer Terminal (any) This computer terminal is afflicted with St. Virus' Dance, which can be passed on to humans (imagine that). The terminal appears to be damaged, since random electrical sparks surround it, and the monitor flickers on and off. St. Virus' Dance causes random electrical fluctuation in the victim's body. This is best represented as uncontrollable body movements at the wrong time. For example, stepping in front of a speeding transbot, or pulling the pin on your napalm grenade when you are standing in an elevator. This condition can be passed along within a clone family during the Memory Max transfer process. If the Emergency Clone Re-Hydrator was used, it is possible that the virus will spread between Troubleshooters.

11: Scrubot (any) This is a perfectly normal scrubot. When the Troubleshooters say that they want to see SCAIR-Y, it leads them up and down corridors for thirty minutcycles. They end up in a room in the depths of TWZ sector, quite near the food vats. The room is full of huge pots, which are covered with moldy growths (several feet thick). The floor is covered with oil and more mold, as are the walls. In fact, fill the room with all manner of dirty, scummy, messy items, since this is what is really scary to the scrubot.

12: Jackobot (any) The jackobot will tell the Troubleshooters how horrible its life has been. Why, just a few yearcycles ago, it was beloved by The Computer, and now it is getting old and rusty. Nobody looks after it, The Computer never writes, etc. It whines as long as the Troubleshooters listen about how it is unappreciated and no one is grateful for the sacrifices it has made.

13: Ten Green Vulture Troopers (mean-looking) They will mutate into a centipede-like creature with twenty legs, nine body segments and a single head. Each of the body segments and the head has two green laser eyes (skill 8, damage 8). The head will shout orders to the body segments, which react appropriately. The legs are perfectly synchronized.

14: Transbot (any) When the Troubleshooters say they want to see SCAIR-Y, it opens its doors and welcomes them aboard. There are six chairs, no seat belts, and no controls in the interior. The transbot carries them off at a high rate of speed. After a few minutcycles, shutters on the front of the vehicle open to reveal that the transbot is playing "chicken" with another transbot in a narrow tunnel. "Now *this* is really SCAIR-Y" says the transbot as it impacts with the other transbot, vaporizing everyone on board.

15: Docbot (any) The docbot attacks immediately with the implements on its four arms. These are two scalpels (skill 6, damage 5), chainsaw (skill 4, damage 9), and staple gun (skill 8, damage 3, range 20). The docbot fights to the death; if it wins it will attempt to treat the Troubleshooters with *medical skill* of 15.

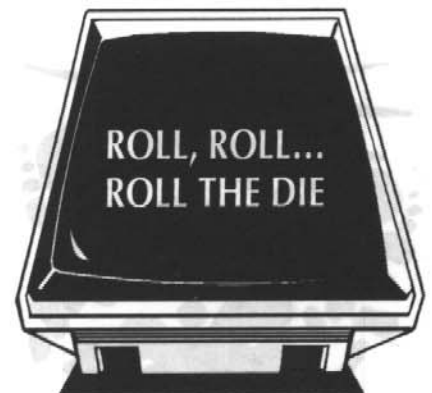
16: Roll two more times (we couldn't think of anything else)

17: Roll three more times (we still couldn't come up with anything)

18: Referee choice (another clever way of saying, "Hey, we couldn't come up with anything else")

19: All of the above (a really mean way of saying "Hey, we really couldn't come up with anything else — really")

20: SCAIR-Y-GUY (Yep, it's him) This clone is small and suspicious; he will ask the Troubleshooters to prove that they aren't spies for The Computer. What it takes to convince him is up to you — they should probably use their *Communist propaganda* and do a lot of silly roleplaying. Proceed to the next section only when they convince him.





Being slapped by the hand inflicts damage on Column eight, as well as forcing attribute checks to stay on the wall. Being squeezed by the hand inflicts damage on Column four the first turn, the damage Column increasing by four for each additional round of squeezing. The hand has an *unarmed* (get it?) skill of five (against Troubleshooters), but only one against the GREMLIN (due to its size and speed). The hand can only be damaged by the GREMLIN; nothing else will affect it.

IV. A Journey into the Twile-I-GHT Zone

Now that you have been issued your special equipment, you are ready to meet your contact. Got-U-NOW orders you to go see SCAIR-Y-GUY in TWZ sector. He will be able to sneak you into Alpha State.

You are welcome to make it as easy, or as difficult as you like, to find TWZ sector. Feel free to throw in any weird encounters you like. If the CCCSNs are still around (why not?) they might get their orders confused and try to whack the Troubleshooters. Or, maybe, rival Troubleshooter groups or Vig-I-LNT clones are trying to eliminate the Troubleshooter team because of the CCCSNs.

One possibility is for the Troubleshooters to meet future clones of theirs. These clones may be trying to stop the Troubleshooters from making a tragic mistake, or merely trying to speed up their own activation. These future

clones should only speak in cryptic, unhelpful warnings and fire large caliber weapons from the future (well, from a few hours in the future, anyway).

Once the Troubleshooters make it to TWZ sector, they seek out SCAIR-Y-GUY. The Computer has no knowledge of this clone, so contacting The Computer will just give them an opportunity to gain some treason points. If the Troubleshooters ask a passerby how to find SCAIR-Y-GUY (see "Random Encounter Chart" below), the clone or clones will say "So you really want to see SCAIR-Y?" When the party replies in the affirmative, the clone mutates into a horrible monster and attacks the Troubleshooters. This will occur at least twice before SCAIR-Y-GUY is encountered.

If you are feeling sadistic, feel free to use all the encounters and blame the

difficulty in finding SCAIR-Y on bad die rolls. Finally, the group meets SCAIR-Y-GUY. He will ask them the standard question (above); if they blow him away, return to the random chart before they encounter his replacement clone.

V. Into Alpha State

SCAIR-Y-GUY provides the team with false identification and passes into the KGB sector of Alpha State. He will lead them as far as Alpha State, but will not enter. The Troubleshooters may encounter something on their journey. I suggest that you pick several encounters from the encounter table that you didn't use. During the trip, SCAIR-Y-GUY will ask questions and ensure that the Troubleshooters answer in the proper (Communist) manner. He leads them to a guardhouse and gives them their travel passes. The guards challenge visitors by saying "It's not how big your hammer is." The correct response is "But how you use your sickle." SCAIR-Y-GUY tells the Troubleshooters the password and then leaves.

There are four Red-level guards at the gate. They are wearing red reflex armor and carry red laser rifles. The guards issue the challenge and look at the passes in a bored manner. The guards do nothing unless they are attacked. The Troubleshooters discover that KGB sector in Alpha State looks pretty much like any sector in Alpha Complex.

VI. I'm an Alpha State Commie, Yes I Am

Now that the Troubleshooters are in KGB sector, they need to start determining the level of satisfaction with the Communist society in Alpha State, as well as look for recruits to serve The Computer. The biggest problem the Troubleshooters face in accomplishing their mission is due to the organization of KGB sector. Alpha State sends Troubleshooters to KGB sector to learn how to successfully infiltrate Alpha Complex. Everyone in KGB sector has been ordered to act like typical Alpha

KGB — Haven't I Heard This Before, Comrade?

Those of you who have read Ed Bolme's *Paranoia* novel entitled *Title Deleted for Security Reasons* may recognize this sector name as the operating area of a particularly adept Troubleshooter, James-B-OND, as well as an efficient Troubleshooter HQ (which proved to be a very suspicious thing indeed).

This is not that sector.

After the events detailed in that novel, KGB sector was overhauled, renamed, and blown up by The Computer. Just to be on the safe side, after it was repopulated and everything was running again, The Computer blew it up again and renamed it again. It then ruled that there will never be another KGB sector in Alpha Complex.

KGB sector, the new one, was created about thirty hourcycles later. But it does not exist. Or it does. Whatever. Don't ask The Computer — that would be a *bad thing*.



Complex clones in order to provide the proper training. Therefore, the Troubleshooters are going to be shot as traitors for repeating the Communist propaganda that they were so carefully taught.

In addition, every citizen professes loyalty to The Computer. Several encounters have been defined below; you should be able to improvise similar ones. Eventually, the Troubleshooters must return to Alpha Complex.

The Computer in KGB sector

The Troubleshooters will notice that there are at least as many computer terminals here as there were back in Alpha Complex. The terminals are clean and polished, generally appearing to be better cared-for than those back home. The natives of KGB sector appear to use the terminals regularly, contacting The Computer with questions and reporting on their neighbors. If the characters use one of the terminals, they are not connected to The Computer, but to a clone who has been carefully trained to imitate The Computer. If the Troubleshooters reveal their secret mission, they are sternly lectured on the need to maintain secrecy and assigned treason points. "The Computer" will not have any specific information, but the controller is quite adept at the standard Computer-like responses, such as "That information is not available at your security clearance." The characters will not be able to gain any information to indicate the true nature of KGB sector, but "The Computer" will not recognize that they are spies from Alpha Complex, no matter what they do. Instead, he thinks that they are Alpha State trainees with excessively melodramatic natures. Of course, failure to report on their progress will be noted at the debriefing, along with giving secret information to the Communists.

Pardon me, Sir — Mind Answering Incriminating Questions?

At some point, a dour clone dressed in an expensive red suit sticks a microphone in the face of one of the Trouble-

shooters.

"Hello there, I'm DAN-R-THR and this is Sixty Minute-Cycles. Tonight's story, do the schools in Alpha State deserve a red star? Let's test these citizens and see how they do."

He proceeds to ask the following questions (and any others you feel like asking):

1. What is the difference between Alpha State and Alpha Complex?
 2. What should a clone be loyal to above all other things?
 3. Is it better to have loved and lost or never to have loved at all?
 4. What is the goal of The Computer?
 5. What is the goal of the Communists?
 6. What is the sound of one hand clapping?
 7. Why are you here?
 8. Why is anyone here?
 9. Why do you say that?
 10. Why ask why?
 11. Why not?
 12. Because I asked.
 13. Don't give me that.
 14. Hey, I'm just doing my job.
 15. Well, if you're going to take that attitude ...
- And so on.

Once the Troubleshooters have answered the questions, DAN-R-THR turns and addresses a pale orange clearance clone. "Well, Mr. K-O-TER, you have heard your students, and I don't have to tell you that their answers were shocking. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Mr. K-O-TER (shown on a bid-screen) hems and haws and lectures the



Troubleshooters for not paying attention in class. DAN-R-THR turns to question a passing clone. As soon as the camera turns away, the characters will be executed as incompetent spies. However, if the players react quickly, they can run away before the shooting starts.

KID-I-TYM!

A group of junior citizens are observed chasing a man with large black ears and a long black beard (Mickey Marxx). The man is spattered with Cold Fun and several scrubots are following the mob, making a futile attempt to clean up the mess. The young clones are shouting "Better dead than red" and "Commies go home" as they chase the hapless actor.

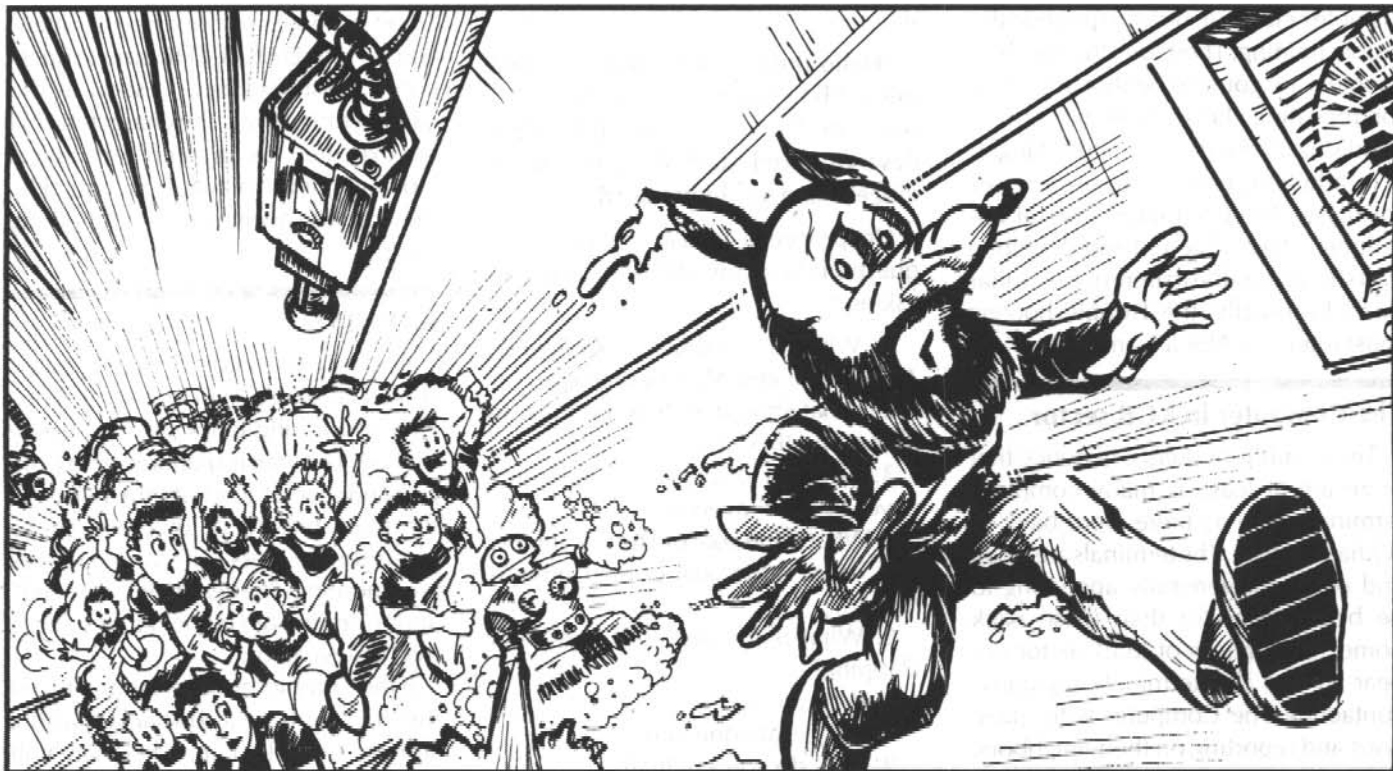
If the Troubleshooters attempt to aid the man, they are also attacked with a shower of Cold Fun. The man will accuse them of treason for jeopardizing their mission by coming to his aid, and will assign them treason points.

If they help the youths catch Mickey, he is doused in Cold Fun and then sprinkled with Crunchee Tyme Algae Chips. The junior citizens thank the Troubleshooters for being such devoted enemies of Communism and point out that Communism is an abomination.

Should one of the Troubleshooters be wearing the Mickey Marxx mask, he receives the same treatment as the real Mickey. Only maybe one of the little Urch-I-NNN's is armed with acid instead of Cold Fun ...

Complain, Complain, Com — ZAP!

A group of Infrareds are sitting around a barracks (quality equivalent to Yellow housing in Alpha Complex) complaining about Communist sabotage and saying how well everything functions when The Computer is in charge. The rest of the Infrareds agree with him. One of their main complaints is that Bouncy Bubbly Beverage is much better than its Communist-promoted replacement, Cadre Cola. The workers also complain that they are getting bored, because the Commies keep



Oh, \$#!^*%@\$\$!!!

breaking equipment, so they don't have as much work to do as in the good old days. If the Troubleshooters ask the Infrareds, they hear complaints about everything.

What? More Complaints?!

A team of Red Troubleshooters are standing around a statue in the center of a major street. They can be overheard complaining about guarding this stupid statue, and hoping a Commie or

mutant will cause a disturbance, so they can have some excitement. If asked, they tell the Troubleshooters that Commies are threatening to blow up the statue of noted armed forces hero RAM-B-EAU. They make it clear that they would really like to get their hands on some Communist sympathizers. Hmmn ... maybe for a sizeable bribe, the Troubleshooter team would agree to attack the statue for practice? Huh? Whatta you say? Aw, c'mon — it'll be fun.

VII. Debriefing

Your team has returned to Alpha Complex to make its report. As you enter the debriefing room, you avoid small puddles of an unidentified liquid on the floor. You are careful not to jostle the arms of the Vulture Troopers who stand with their backs to the walls of the room, their cone rifles carefully aimed at the red circles on the floor that mark where your group will stand. Tra-Y-TOR enters the room through a door

in the back of the room and sits on a podium surrounded by reinforced glass. Tra-Y-TOR says "The Computer is anxiously awaiting your report on the status of the Communist menace in Alpha State. Please make your report with no further delay."

The team should now make its report. The Team Leader is allowed to go last, the order of the other clones is immaterial. Note any treasonous accusations or admissions for future use. The team's report on Alpha State must be consistent from clone to clone. If there are disagreements over what the findings were, the team will be encouraged to work out the discrepancies on their own. Once the survivors agree on the report, the debriefing continues.

If the team reports that all the clones in Alpha State love The Computer, and want to stop the Commie menace, please read the following:

Tra-Y-TOR stands up and begins to speak. "That is the most entertaining story that I have heard in yearcycles. It is unfortunate that you did not put as



much effort into completing your mission as you did in fabricating your mission report."

A red light begins to blink on a monitor near Tra-Y-TOR. "I'll get that message in a minute, but in the meantime, you are the worst Troubleshooters that I have ever seen! You obviously never went to Alpha State, but hid and concocted this story. Guards, execute them all," concludes Tra-Y-TOR. He turns to the monitor, while cone rifle rounds start flying around the room. As everything begins to go black (and red, and orange), you see the final line of the message blinking on the monitor:

**** Top Secret — For Your Eyes Only ****

Alpha State is training spies to infiltrate Alpha Complex. The training is being done in Alpha State, KGB Sector. Heroic Troubleshooters have just completed their mission to investigate — recommendation: promotion and reward.

Signed, JMS-B-OND (not the guy from the novel)

**** End Message ****

If the team reports that all the clones in Alpha State hate The Computer, and want to take over Alpha Complex, please read the following:

Tra-Y-TOR stands up and begins to speak. "You have served The Computer loyally and well on this mission. Your mission has been a complete success and commendations are in order. You are all promoted one security level and will each receive a 250-credit bonus for the successful completion of this mission. You will receive new assignments in recognition of the valuable training that The Computer has given you on this mission."

These awards are in addition to any extra awards (or penalties) you wish to heap on the Troubleshooters as ascertained from their debriefing statements.

Unfortunately, possession of the *Communist propaganda* skill makes it impossible for the team to continue as Troubleshooters. So, after they are promoted, they are assigned new positions. Of course, the promotions are to

positions where their treasonous knowledge cannot corrupt any other clones, and their multiple replacement clones serve a useful purpose. The following are typical assignments for the ex-Troubleshooters:

1. Mobile Radiation Sensor: The Troubleshooter is dispatched to the site of a suspected radiation problem. If the Troubleshooter falls over, then the radiation level is too high. If the Troubleshooter maintains his footing, he is shot for possessing an unregistered mutation (resistance to radiation). Post-humorous (yes, that was intentional) promotion is assured.

2. Emergency Reactor Core Patch: The Troubleshooter stands around a nuclear reactor waiting for a leak to occur in the cooling mechanism. He then, like the little Dutch clone, puts his finger, or hand, or head, or chest into the hole, thereby preventing the coolant from escaping. The coolant does not kill the Troubleshooter. Instead, he gets to roll on the Mutant Power Table in the basic book four times. Then he rolls a D20. This is his new Power attribute — sort of. The Troubleshooter has to divide his Power attribute by the number of mutations he possesses (in any amount he wishes), so that each mutation has a different Power control number. For example, Mut-I-BOY has five mutant powers after the coolant leak (A thru E). He rolls a 16 on a D20. He might arrange his separate Power scores as follows:



Mutation A: 5
Mutation B: 3
Mutation C: 2
Mutation D: 3
Mutation E: 3

3. Docbot Training Volunteer: The Troubleshooter volunteers to allow his body to be used to train docbots on how to best save a clone's life. Roll a D20. That's the damage column of the first healing attempt. If the character survives, promote him and roll a D20 again. That's the damage column of the second attempt. If he gets to Ultraviolet before he dies, he can retire to the Home of the Maimed High Programmers — crowded, but comfy. If he dies, he does not get promoted, but his replacement clone (remember, since he is no longer on his mission — he only gets a total of six clones) can continue.

4. Production, Logistics, and Commissary Forms Counter: This individual performs inventories of the number and quantity of forms in use by PL&C. There are many warehouses that only contain forms. This position is relatively safer (although there are a lot of nasty things hiding in old warehouses) than the preceding jobs, but is very boring. Have the Troubleshooter make four sanity rolls. If he fails one, he is shipped off to R&D as a test subject. If he succeeds at all of them, he is dissected by R&D (how can anyone stand such boredom?!).

5. Junior Citizen Education: The Troubleshooter becomes a Junior Citizen Instructor at the DAY sector Care Center for the Small and Criminally Insane. After all, there is no way he or she can influence clones with Communist propaganda *there*, is there?

6. Troubleshooter Team Leader: Through a clerical error, the Troubleshooter has been transferred out of the Troubleshooters *into* the Troubleshooters. He wakes up to:

Attention! Attention! Have a nice day! Failure to have a nice day is treasonous! All citizens who are not having a nice day must report to the nearest Termination Center for counseling! Please note that auditions for



the Stupid Troubleshooter Tricks segment on the LETT-R-MAN show have been moved from NBC sector to CBS sector. Troubleshooter Team Silver Truncheons, report to briefing room 2222 in CIA sector immediately; however, if you prefer a different mission, please report to citizen CLYV-B-RKR in HEL sector. He is conducting research into the reactivation of clones after involuntary failure of life sustaining functions, attributed to prolonged exposure to elevated temperatures and pressures. Have a nice day!

II. Mission Briefing

The Troubleshooters arrive in CIA sector with no difficulty. If they contact The Computer, It is friendly and quite willing to tell the Troubleshooters how to find their briefing room. It is also willing to send a transbot to deliver them.

Etc.

The whole mission repeats itself for this Troubleshooter. Everything happens exactly the same. Over and over again. Forever.

VIII. Epilogue

Submitted for your approval, this tale of a group of Troubleshooters whose meeting with The Twilight Clone led them beyond the boundaries of Alpha Complex, indeed beyond the boundaries of reality. Their journey led them to Alpha State, but what they found in Alpha State forced them to reconsider the values that they had embraced in the past.





Revenge of the Vampire Troubleshooters

by Charles Ginsburg

... or "Is that a stake in your pocket or are you just happy to serve The Computer?"

Summary

Bram Stoker ignited the modern world with his novel *Dracula*, portraying the evil count in a terrifying light. *Nosferatu*, the famous silent film, terrified moviegoers and continued the modern fascination with the Lords of the Undead. Bela Lugosi's film adaptation of Bram Stoker's novel was, for many, the defining screen moment of the Cold Count's legend.

Of course, there are those of us who prefer his later portrayal of Count Dracula in that even more famous work *Abbott and Costello meet Frankenstein*.

In this scenario, we find our intrepid Troubleshooters falsely accused of vampirism and shipped to a far off containment compound for wayward nosferatu. Here, the Computer plans to carefully monitor and control the vampires.

You guess which vampiric interpretation we're taking.

Here also, a coterie of vampires are carefully planning to monitor and control their own fates, the fates of all in the compound, and some daycycle (dare I say?) the World. Oh, yeah, the Troubleshooters also have to convince a perfectly happy village that life under The Computer is a barrel of laughs, negotiate with two Zen masters, a mischievous Yeti and hordes of the undead, and learn how to cook gelo47 brand gelatinous food product for twenty-five of the living and the undead or else be thrown off a thousand-foot cliff until dead, or at least until they show signs of remorse.

Confused? Just wait, it gets worse.

Editor's Note

You may find that the following *Paranoia* adventure more than occasionally rambles through tired old schtick to clichéd gag and back again. Reading this product may cause dizziness, constipation and sores on your lips. Reader discretion is advised.

Episode One: Bits of Bytes about Bites in the Night ...

The Computer is ever-vigilant of threats to Alpha Complex. Some have even gone as far to suggest that It is at times too vigilant. You will be happy to be informed that those individuals who suggested The Computer was too vigilant were soon found to be Commie sympathizers and were promptly shot, kicked, dismembered, and shot again. Just goes to show, you can't be too vigilant.

Recent reports tell of a new threat that has come to haunt the concerned circuits of The Computer. Research tells of a scourge arising again out of ancient legend. The epidemics of anemia and insomnia. Too many "procedural irregularities" at the clone vaults and the blood banks. Some clones are only detectable on certain types of sensors. Some have simply gone missing. The suggestion boxes, normally an efficient way of facilitating communication and understanding between the hierarchical levels of Alpha Complex, as well as ferreting out traitorous Commie scum, are now filled to bursting with odd complaints and suggestions. Requests to work only

nightcycles, requests for a feasibility study on replacing jumpsuits with cloaks and capes, complaints about bats and rats stalking clones at night, and other odd suggestions have found their way to the top of the pile.

Also, the Voluntary Mutant Registration forms are citing the same clustering of abilities: "Hideous Strength; the Ability to Cloud Men's Minds; Glowing Red Eyes; Metamorphosis into Bat, Wolf or Mist."

In addition, Reportage Against Treason (RAT) forms are beginning to tentatively inquire whether a citizen's ability to not be killed when shot, electrocuted or poisoned counts as mutation.

An ancient evil has awoken. The Undead walk the well-lit halls of Alpha-Complex. Actions must be taken. These creatures are tough and ruthless (as opposed to rough and toothless).

They are quite clearly a valuable Computer resource to be tenderly nurtured. The logical plan is to screen the suspected clones and/or Troubleshooters, impound the positives, then ship them off to a remote, guarded complex.

Of course the screening will have to be extremely rigorous. It would be tragic if Troubleshooters who weren't vampires were accidentally included.

Fortunately, such an error would be—criphthong! Error Message 423 Doppler btangg btanngg btannggg! <ahem>, resume dialogue—unthinkable...

It Begins ...

Welcome Troubleshooters. Welcome to Class-L Alpha Complex! Troubleshooters are in their quarters in Alpha Complex. All are handed the Routine Citizen Suspect of Hideous Treasonous Deceptive Practices Form to fill out.



Troubleshooters filling out this form are hooked up to a lie-detector machine which works by carefully monitoring changes in body temperature and pulse rate. Any clever Troubleshooter who suggests that this is perhaps not an ideal method for detecting individuals known for spending several centuries at room temperature without so much as a heartbeat will be questioned ruthlessly in regards to his or her surprisingly keen knowledge of a high security clearance level topic. In fact, only a treasonous Commie scum spy or a vampire would have access to that information.

Ask the big-mouthed Troubleshooter flat out if he's a vampire. If he says "aye" sedate him and ship him to camp. If he says "nay," sedate him and ship him out, as he must then be a vampire in order to evade the machine.

All the Troubleshooters are deemed vampires, immediately sedated, tattooed, boxed, and shipped to Class-L (rhymes with "Castle") Alpha Complex. The tattoo is located under the left armpit and reads "aution-Cay, his-tay lone-cay's a ampire-vay. Andle-hay ith-way are-cay." Tell the Troubleshooters about this at any point you feel like in the scenario.

The Class-L

Class-L Alpha Complex is a remote territory controlled by The Computer. It is located high on a flat-topped mountain somewhere (Transylvania, the Rockies, really anywhere you like as MegaWhoops has done considerable

geologic redecoration).

The top of the mountain is a gently sloping bare stretch of solid rock maybe a half-kilometer in diameter. The lower western edge of the peak contains the mouth of a difficult rock-climbing route leading up the mountain. A three hundred meter wide patch chock full of garlic, wolfsbane and hawthorn blocking passage to the path from the rest of the peak is guarded and maintained by a small troop of heavily armed bots.

An indigo line marks the border of the patch. Two fifty-meter tall guard towers mark the mouth of the route. The sheer mountain cliff is minimally terraced such that there is a treacherous half-meter wide ledge every fifty meters down or so, also growing wolfsbane, garlic and hawthorn. Oh, there are land mines there, too (just in case).

At the higher end of the peak is the Compound and its grounds. There is a nearby peak to the east where a small village can be seen. To the west is a huge mountain ridge that rises hundreds of meters above the Compound. Both are separated from the Compound by a chasm hundreds of meters deep and a hundred meters wide at the narrowest points. Small weather-altering

bots flit about the peak lacing the clouds over the chasm, but not over the peak itself, resulting in a constant drizzle (and an occasional lightning bolt) into the chasm. At the bottom of the chasm surrounding the mountain is a furious stream, hidden by mist.

This scenario is set up in loose episode format. However, the setting is such that there's no real reason to discourage minor side-excursions. Troubleshooters can run, but they can't hide.

Arrival

Read this aloud:

You are slowly coming out of a deep sleep to find yourselves rocking gently in a soft, dry, dark womb-like environment. The only discomfort is something dry and bulky seems to be in your mouth. You also realize your movement is severely restricted.

Allow the Troubleshooters to discover for themselves that they are surrounded by styrofoam peanuts and bubble wrap and are all packed together in a large wooden crate.

There are styrofoam peanuts in their mouths, and spitting these out enables

What kind of characters are appropriate for this adventure?

Allow players to play any Red or Orange character they like, though one player should have a mutation that allows him or her to turn into a bat, wolf, or a five foot wide ball of string. This is easily engineered as mutagenic accidents are a fact of life (if you call it living) in Alpha Complex.

The others are all suspect for varied reasons, which include: having glowing red eyes, pointy teeth, a Transylvanian accent, the inability to stop drooling at the sight of blood, having had a previous clone killed by a piece of wood through the heart, being immersed in running water, or from accidental injection with garlic extract.

If no one in your campaign has had a Troubleshooter do any of these things, run a short scenario in which all of these things become Mandatory.

For example, The Computer could make the character wear plastic F.A.N.G.S. (Fun And Never Ghastly Sucky-things) which, in turn, make him talk in a "Transylvanian" accent (nobody in Alpha knows what that accent sounds like, so anything could be it). If that's too taxing, impale a Troubleshooter through the heart with a wooden stake, immerse him in running water (like, water flowing out of the local nuclear reactor cooling towers), or inject him with a gallon of garlic extract — if none of those things kill him, well, he





Routine Citizen Suspect of Hideously Treasonous Deceptive Practices Form

Distributed by the Office of Information Collection and the Office of Forms and Vouchers, PLC

■ Are you thirsty? If so, would you prefer a lick of salt or tasty human blood? If not, when did you consume bodily fluids of other clones last?

■ Does the sun ever bother you? How?

■ Does the lack of sun ever bother you? Why?

■ Are you ever bothered by your indifference to the sun?

■ If you had to choose between biting someone in the neck or the ankle, which would you prefer?

■ Explain why you think you are being asked to fill out this form, using only adverbs.

■ Have you ever been surprised at failing to notice the complete lack or surplus of the presence of dark cloaks in your wardrobe?

Yes No

■ If you could turn into a bat, would you?

Yes No

■ If you answered the last question, explain the source of knowledge of the treasonous word "bat," as it is not an element of Alpha Complex education. Erasure on this form is treason.

■ Is there anything you'd like to add?

Yes No

■ Is there anything you'd like to subtract?

Yes No

■ Complete the following sentence. "The creatures of the nightcycle, what _____."

■ Thank you for cooperating in this investigation, traitor.



Y'know, if I didn't know better, I'd think those two furry clones were doberbots from Ho-G-UNN's Traitors ...

the Troubleshooters to breath easier. Excessive movement increases the rocking sensation, violent movement violently so. If you want, you can roll for motion sickness, nausea, and vomiting, but even if any of the Troubleshooters disgorge their last several meals, they aren't fooling anyone — they're still vampires.

Their only personal possessions, not counting packing materials, are the jumpsuits on their backs.

Breaking a hole in the crate requires a *normal*/Strength roll, and success will reveal a patch of sky and a parachute in operation, and possibly a glimpse of mountains and chasms. Inform the Troubleshooters that the more they try to free themselves, the closer they seem to be to plummeting into the chasm. Any Troubleshooter who decides to take the long jump can squish himself on the mountainside. His clone replacement will show up at the landing zone.

Barring real desperate changes in flight plan by the Troubleshooters, they land more or less near a large X in the center of the complex. Any who have some sort of flight abilities will be shot down by the encircling bots and their replacements will land at the X.

Give a description of what they can see. It is near sunrise, and the light of dawn is just reaching over the mountain to the east, touching the radio antenna of the Compound.

Attempts to go north or south are fine, just mark off a clone if anyone

decides to go over the edge.

To the west, going over the indigo line will result in warning shots from the bots in the guard tower. Warning shots that result in rolls off Damage Column 16 (they're really accurate). The bots will not engage in any other form of social intercourse.

If they attempt to jump off the cliff using the parachute, they will float gently into the river where the rapid current will wash them over a steep waterfall which will dash them to pieces.

It is important that the Troubleshooters not feel that they've been punished for their inventiveness. Make sure to tell them of exquisitely beautiful veins of crystal, brilliantly colored patches of lichens, and the breathtaking view from the top of the waterfall that could only be seen by taking these actions. Then splatter their brains all over the landscape.

In the all too likely event that replacement clones are eventually required, they'll be dropped the same





way to this same spot.

From here, the Troubleshooters will have their crates opened by two dull-witted Infrareds who they can abuse as much as they want. But, assuming that they eventually head east and try to go in, over, or around the gates to the Compound, read the following aloud:

The gates to the building swing open of their own accord. Behind the gates, the large double doors similarly swing open, without appearing to have been touched. A figure in a dark blue suit and flowing cape steps out. He glides towards the gate. He is dead pale. He has high arched brows, his black hair is slicked close to the head, displaying a prominent widow's peak. His eyes are a piercing hypnotic black. When he opens his mouth to speak, you notice his sharp, prominent canines. They bark and fidget near his feet. Oh, and he has sharp teeth, too.

Read in your best, or worse, Transylvanian accent:

"Gleetings Citizints. I am the supervisor of the Class-L Alpha Complex. My name is Prince-B-LUD. Ve are thousands of leagues from Alpha Complix and you may find our procedures rather foreign. Ve have no food processing units. It is among your duties to provide for the, heh heh, nutritional needs of the citizens here. I am certain that led-blooded Troubleshooters such as yourselves will pour every last drop of your being into your work. I am a reasonable supervisor and I will do what I can to make sure you do not find your tasks to... what is the word... draining?" (Insert hideous laughter here.)

He turns, expecting you to follow. You notice that the sun's light reaches the top of the door he enters at the precise instant he walks through it. He is still chuckling as the doors slam shut behind you.

(**Note:** Anyone who is still outside will have to wait until the doors open up again. Let the Troubleshooter try to climb in and fail, open the doors and fail, and fight off the gypsy hoards that attack incessantly three minutes after the gate shuts, waving their truncheons,

spiked tools, and torches madly while they crucify the Troubleshooter. And fail. The replacement Troubleshooter will find himself with the rest of the party.)

A Prince of a Guy

In spite of the "Prince's" demeanor, he is not a vampire. He is a member of the race of creatures most adept at the art of disguise, the Yeti.

The Yeti are not well known for this ability, for obvious reasons. You've never heard of an easily recognizable master of disguise, have you? It's like being an internationally famous secret agent.

Most of the *True History of the Tall Dark Furry Furies* is well shrouded in secrecy. They have masqueraded their true nature more deftly than the vampires have done with theirs. Which is why vampires unerringly end up staked through the heart, with garlic stuffed in their mouths, and their heads torn off. Yeti end up living long lives in the mountains, wandering the forests, and hosting long-living talk shows and televised dance parties.

One of the very few historic eras where the existence of their numbers nearly came to light was during the late twentieth century. A gaggle of highly marginal periodicals began featuring more and more stories on "Bigfoot" and "The Abominable Snow Man."

In order to divert scrutiny, an entire tribe of Yeti disguised themselves as a

certain swivel-hipped, sneering singer, recently deceased, and roamed the gas stations, convenience stores and swap meets of the Old American Midwest. Their ploy worked, as a plethora of swivel-hipped, sneering singer-sightings drove the Yeti far off the front page.

The "Prince" has taken on his current identity (his true name is a series of grunts, belches and grooming actions) in order to sow strife, discord, and whimsy among the vampires. He believes that by raining on the vampire's masquerade, he diverts attention from the Yeti. He's also very at-home in this mountainous surrounding.

His disguise is perfect; there's no way the Troubleshooters can detect he's not a cadaverous creature of the night. He uses high-tech gizmos and secret passages both to play a vampire and to fend off the real vampires. He is stronger than a vampire, and will typically attempt to escape attack.

If effectively attacked in a fashion that would kill your run-of-the-mill vampire, he will go through dramatic death throes, make a melodramatic parting speech about the centuries of loneliness, cry out in agony, and release a secreted cannister of pressurized gas that will fill the room with a blinding mist. He will then leave the area by means of a secret door while leaving behind a fake skeleton in his clothes which will crumble to dust and blow away when approached.

He will not acknowledge anything about the incident the next time he appears, and the actual vampires appear embarrassed by his display. They will pointedly ignore his death scenes, and will change the conversation if asked. If necessary, he will forcibly change conversationalists as well — he's a lot stronger than most Troubleshooters.

Vampire Secret Societies

Vampires are generally members of one of two rather divergent Secret Societies. The first, the Young Urbane Human Parasites (YUHPpies), just want what everyone really wants: a good



life, a nice place to live, and the total domination of all life on Earth.

However, they're vampires, so a fulfilling family life isn't an option. And they're all residents of Alpha Complex, so the second item on their wish list is right out too. They're shooting for the third option. They tend to get along really well with Illuminati enclaves, though both groups tell themselves that the other doesn't realize that they're just using them to achieve their own objectives, the fools.

They tend to dress neatly, have a high self esteem, work hard to attain superior positions, hoard the nicest equipment, and kill anyone who gets in their way. Dickq-U-ARK, reputed to be centuries old, is their leader.

The second group, the PUnk Human Parasites (PUHPpies), differ largely from the YUHPpies in that they have more or less accepted their lot, and just want to have a good time. A real good time. Like, parties that ordinary citizens would have to burn two or three clones on.

There are two general groups of PUHPpies. The first is a group that are generally unhappy, or at least only seem happy when acting like they're unhappy or angry. They're called the Sick PUHPpies, and they tend to dress like punks or bikers, and behave in an antisocial manner.

The other large group of PUHPpies are real happy, even grateful for their dead lifestyle. They're called the Dead PUHPpies, and spend a lot of time playing music, making art, and traveling around. Their vampiric nature is



proof against nearly all poisons, and they have taken advantage of this to delve deeply into the arena of recreational pharmaceuticals. Which, theo-

retically, shouldn't affect their undead physiologies, but they sure seem to be affected.

The two groups of PUHPpies tend to get along well with each other, though violent bloodbaths often occur when they both want to play their own kind of music at parties. Both groups of PUHPpies are often manipulated or simply dominated by the more highly organized YUHPpies, as is the case in this scenario.

Not surprisingly, the YUHPpies like to try to use the PUHPpies for their own evil ends. PUHPpies aren't really happy about it, but sort of realize that the YUHPpies have thought out a lot of this world domination stuff, and it would

Concerning Vampires in *Paranoia*

Many of the other clones in the Compound are actual vampires. *Paranoia* vampires are pretty much like vampires from most parts: sunlight, stakes through the heart or immersion in running water kills them.

Crosses held by True Believers (Troubleshooters have been, of course, raised to be Ye of Little Faith — though FCCCCP members and Romantics may have an edge) and garlic can hold them off (not because they are actually vulnerable to it — Transylvanians have a notorious loathing for Italian food); they're inhumanly strong; they can change into bats, wolves or mist; and they need blood to keep going.

In terms of combat, a wound in the chest (using a nice stick of wood) is required to kill them, but wooden weapons hitting elsewhere work as normal (except that they won't add up to a kill) and an *incapacitate* or *kill* result from other types of weapons will result in only a noncumulative *stun*.

Gamemasters are bound to keep to the same rigid rulings and internal logic that hold sway in vampire movies. This means, do whatever is cool, funny, scary or sells popcorn. Did a vampire you developed as a character get killed too quick? A ferret comes

along, pulls out the stake and hides it under the couch. Are the vampires too tough? A freak torrential down-pour caused by a glitch in the weather bots washes away a few.

If the players complain, threaten to run *Advanced Drudgeon and Drabble*®, using all the rules from all the versions. That'd be pretty funny and scary itself.

In general, vampires will tend to conceal their true nature. Hey, this is *Paranoia*, doesn't everybody? In this campaign the vampires will be fairly obvious, but will try to have excuses ready for their behavior in case someone brings down an Official Inquiry which could result in the vampires being deemed too vicious to live. You may wish to mention to the Troubleshooters that the end result of all previous Official Inquiries has been nuclear devices being used. Allegedly, this mountain used to be much taller.

Anyone acting with too much knowledge of vampires, or talking to too many people about vampires, or changing into a bat in polite society may be confronted with threatening the status quo and making many vampires very unhappy. That is a very dangerous hobby. Vampires "take care" of their own.





A Dead PUHPy, A Sick PUHPy, and a YUHPy — if you can tell which is which, you're standing way too close.



be kind of cool if everyone were vampires, cause wild parties would be, like, really easy to find. The YUHPpie parties like, totally suck (pardon the pun), too, so everyone would realize that PUHPpies are, like, way cooler than YUHPpies and the PUHPpies could, like, take over and stuff. Both kinds of PUHPpies get along real well with Death Leopards, and some are actually members of both groups.

Typical Yuhppie/Puhppie conversations at a party:

Yuhppie: Boy, the mesquite-broiled To-Fun is tasty!

Sick Puhppie: What are you talking about? Yer a bloodsucker like the rest of us; you eat any solids you'll just puke it up all over yer natty indigo jumpsuit.

Y: Maintain the pretence of humanity, wastrel, or I'll have your liver mesquite-broiled!

S.P.: Yeah, yeah. Say, you mind if I go bang my head against yer exposed brick wall in time to the music? I really like to get into this song.

Y: (Sigh) No, go knock yourself out.

Or:

Dead Puhppie: No, man, it's cool, being a vampire means you can pull all sorts of bad craziness, and you still get to live forever!

Death Leopard: But, man, we get all these clones out the wazoo! My mission in life is to, like, leave the world weirder then when I entered it, and I'm still only on my

sixth clone.

D.P.: I forgot about that. Like, how many clones do you get?

D.L.: I dunno, man, but it's gotta be more than six!

Some Vampiric Abilities

Vampires are capable of making zombie slaves out of corpses. These have

the same stats as the original, but they are pretty mindless (an improvement?), and can only attack using *unarmed combat* at half of their original skill level. They can take twice the normal damage (roll twice on whatever column you achieve), though, so they must effectively be killed twice to keep them down. They can't use weapons,

Concerning the Map for This Adventure or, More Accurately, the Lack Thereof

If, at various points in the scenario, the Troubleshooters feel like wandering the compound, let them do so. Make up rooms as you like.

Gamers, in our exhaustive experience, will be somewhere within two extremes. First there are those who really enjoy mapping, enjoy planning escape routes, setting up contingency fall-back sites, predicting likely secret door locations and who like to get a head start on planning how they're going to add on additions to the place after they've killed all the lawful inhabitants and assumed ownership. This type will make clear, detailed maps which you can then refer to when they backtrack. If this description matches you, then you can go ahead and map the place out beforehand.

I belong to the opposite extreme. I find I have to regularly check with my gamemaster to find out what planet we're on, whether it's an undersea or a desert adventure or whether we're in space or something. But I always have fun.

The worst type, which I'm afraid is actually the majority of gamers, think they're like the first group, but are actually as cartographically incompetent as I am.

Everybody remembers that lousy afternoon when an hour of long furious, bent and bloody battling was "disallowed" when Frank and Carl got into a furious argument on how none of this could be happening because the entire party and all the monsters were somehow in a meter

wide closet which was actually supposed to be a solid stone supporting wall of the castle.

If this "make it up as you go along" system breaks down and the players start demanding that rooms stay in fixed positions, take whichever of the two paths is easier. Either say "Oh yeah, you're right" and take the player's word on it, or else insist that the room is as you say it is now and you don't care if it's changed from what you said before or that its geometrically impossible. Let them think it's like, "Ooh, scary stuff, kids, all the rooms keep changing and we're entering the H.P. Lovecraft school of hideously alien impossible architecture." If the group gets ugly, cover the rest of the page and let them see the next paragraph.

THE GEMMASTER IS RIGHT AND YOU AND ALL WHO THINK LIKE YOU ARE WRONG! STOP ARGUING AND HAVE FUN, DAMMIT! FAILURE TO HAVE FUN IS TREASON AND WILL BE PUNISHED BY DEATH AND PARKING TICKETS YOU HAVE TO GO TO COURT FOR! YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED ...

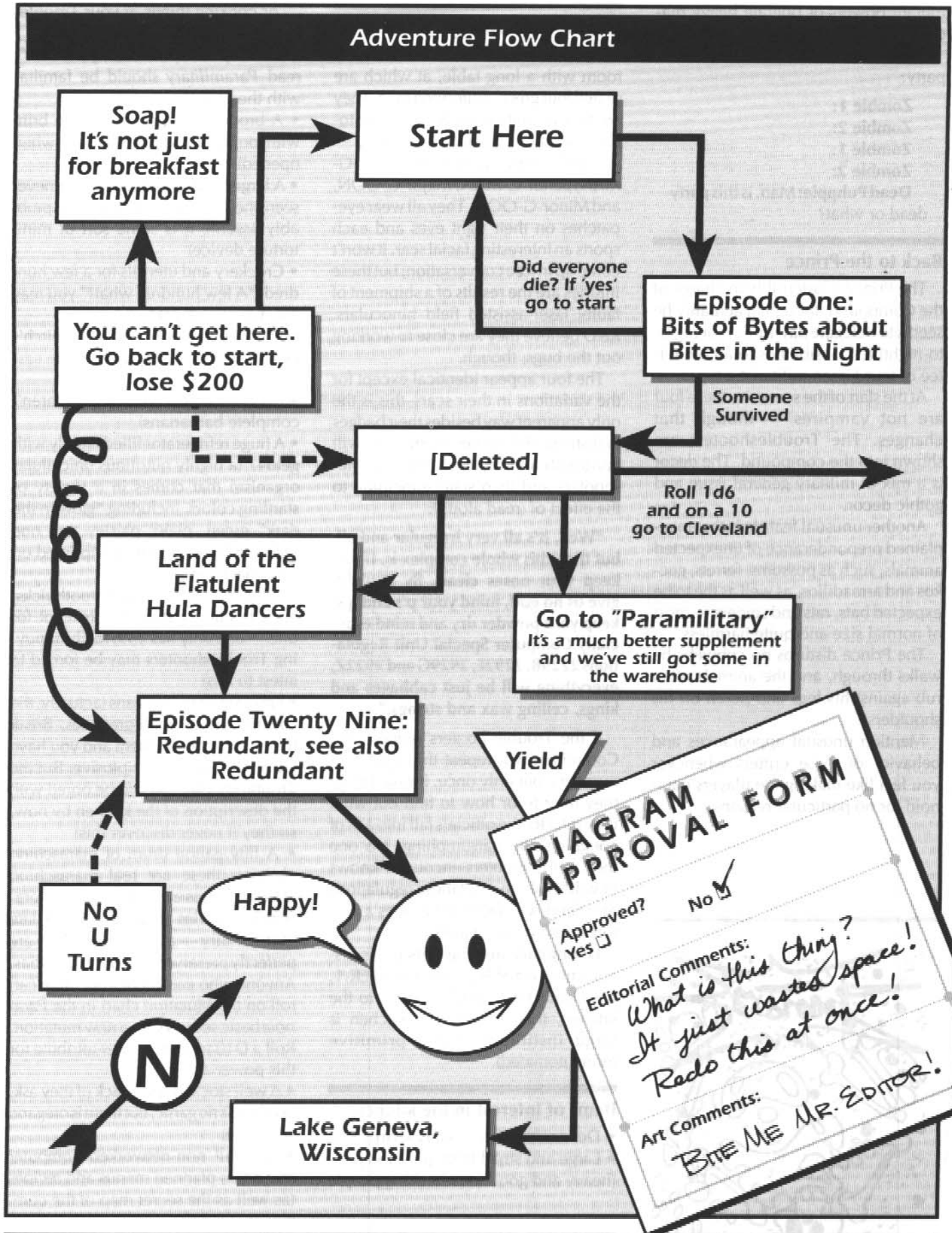
Hey, you're welcome. After all, it's usually the guy who buys the book that ends up being gamemaster, so I feel we should make your life easier. I don't know why every game doesn't come with a page like this.

PS: If the players are *still* ugly, feel free to drop a few Lovecraftian-style monsters on their heads and say "I told you so."





Adventure Flow Chart



mutant powers or operate heavy machinery.

Typical Conversation at Zombie party:

Zombie 1:

Zombie 2:

Zombie 1:

Zombie 2:

Dead Puhppie: Man, is this party dead or what?

Back to the Prince

The Prince is ostensibly in charge of the Compound, though in actuality he seems to delegate day-to-day (or night-to-night) responsibilities to a committee of four Green militaristic types.

At the start of the scenario, these four are not vampires — though that changes. The Troubleshooters are shown into the compound. The decor is a mix of military general issue and gothic decor.

Another unusual feature is the unexplained preponderance of unexpected animals, such as possums, ferrets, geckos and armadillos, as well as the to be expected bats, rats and spiders — most of normal size and quite harmless.

The Prince disturbs no cobwebs he walks through, and the animals often rub against his legs and perch on his shoulders.

Mention unusual appearances and behavior of these critters whenever you feel like making the players paranoid for no particular reasons.



Moving Right Along ...

The Troubleshooters are shown to a room with a long table, at which are seated four green-uniformed men. They are the Committee, in charge of day-to-day operations at Alpha-Complex.

Their badges state they are Junior-G-MAN, Senior-G-MAN, Major-G-OON, and Minor-G-OON. They all wear eyepatches on their right eyes and each sports an interesting facial scar. It won't come up in idle conversation, but these injuries are the results of a shipment of faulty laser-assisted field binoculars. R&D believe they are close to working out the bugs, though.

The four appear identical except for the variations in their scars—this is the only apparent way besides their badges to distinguish between them. They will harrumph and mutter at the Troubleshooters and then state something to the effect of (read aloud):

“Well, it’s all very irregular and all, but then this whole complex is. If you keep your noses clean, fly straight, give us no guff, mind your p’s and q’s, keep your powder dry and mind especially Computer Special Unit Regulations 2229B, 2292E, 2929G and 2922Z, everything will be just cabbages and kings, ceiling wax and strings.”

If the Troubleshooters request, the Committee will repeat the regulation numbers, but only once. If asked what they refer to or how to find out what they refer to, the officials fall into a fit of coughing and harrumphing. No one the Troubleshooters encounter knows or will tell them what these regulations are. Senior-G-MAN next pushes a button summoning an aide.

During this time the Prince has disappeared. An aide enters, G-O-FER-1, who leads the Troubleshooters to the kitchen, then leaves. The kitchen is large institutional and primitive (nonautomated).

Items of Interest in the kitchen:

- Dozens of knives (really sharp)
- Large and small huge pots and pans (heavy and good for whacking people

— or cooking things, if your Troubleshooters are into that)

- Several potato peelers (anyone who’s read *Paramilitary* should be familiar with these)
- A broom closet stuffed to the brim with potatoes (which spill out when opened)
- A large food processor (having never seen one, the Troubleshooters will probably assume it is some sort of mini-torture device)
- Crockery and utensils for a few hundred (“A few hundred what?” you may ask. Go ahead; ask)
- A large oven (as in, “I can fit a witch’s head or two small children inside easily”)
- A small microwave (hey, they aren’t complete barbarians)
- A huge refrigerator filled largely with gelo47 (a highly nutritious unicellular organism that comes in a variety of startling colors, including “glow in the dark” green, plaid, paisley and one with old Sunday comics imprinted on them backwards)
- Fifty boxes of wooden toothpicks, each holding a thousand (except for one — one only has 999; really annoying Troubleshooters may be forced to attest to this)
- Fifty large cans of beans (actually, the “beans” are all mini-grenades. Break the little “stalk” off them and you have a Column 5 impact explosive. But the Troubleshooters should be bored with the description of the kitchen by now, so they’ll never discover this)
- A fifty gallon drum of maraschino cherries (these are real maraschino cherries but, as everyone knows, maraschino cherries produced in the late 20th century — as these were; they are perfectly preserved — cause mutations. Anyone who eats more than three can roll on the Mutation chart in the *Paranoia* basic set and gain a new mutation. Roll a D10 for their Power attribute for this power alone)
- A well stocked spice rack (if they ask, no, there’s no garlic, but there is oregano — a clue)
- A small non-networked computer that holds planned menus and recipes (as well as the secret map of the com-

pound, but the map looks like a decorative spice cake, so Troubleshooters will have to make *data search* and Moxie rolls to find it and figure that out — you decide on the difficulty, based on if you want to make a map or not; there's other stuff in the computer as well — see below)

- And a locked walk-in freezer with a frosted-over window (no matter how hard the Troubleshooters try, they cannot see inside the window — and it will resist all types of attacks. If the Troubleshooters open the door, make a big deal of how they can't see inside because of the mist, and they'll have to enter. Also mention that the door

doesn't seem to want to stay open, and they have to make easy Strength rolls to keep it open. Don't make them want to go in there, but make believe there is something important to be found. Inside, there are freezer-burned meats, vegetables, and a dead Troubleshooter that will come to life and attack — whoops, no; that's in another adventure, this freezer is used for other stuff as described below)

Other Stuff

They shouldn't have enough knowledge to know to look for them, but there are no wood skewers, spoons,

rolling pins or other wooden implements. Silver is right out, too.

At this point, there is a puff of mist in a corner of the room no one was watching and the Prince walks forth. He inquires after the Troubleshooters' health and how they are getting along with their duties (work in comments and puns about "blood"). He mentions that supplies are dropped from a supply plane every fourth day at four in the afternoon — just like yesterday. They can contact Alpha Complex using a radio located in the communications tower. Should they need further supplies or equipment, they should call by no later than noon of that day. He then walks in the locked freezer. The door is locked behind him. No matter what they do, the Troubleshooters cannot follow.

Episode Two: What We Did in the War Against Gelo47

The small kitchen computer then beeps and its screen informs the Troubleshooters that they are to begin preparing gelo47 for twenty, and that they should eat before serving the others.

There are one hundred rectangular servings in the fridge, and four servings are required for a single person's meal.

What C-O-SBY-1 doesn't know... the truth about Gelo

Gelo47 represents a triumph for molecular biologists, in that they were able to develop a continually renewable food source that has minimal production costs and requires a minimum of preparation. Simply leave a bowl of starter culture, water and essential salts under a heat lamp, and it will continue to produce more of itself.

Unfortunately, gelo47 also represents a triumph for the field of evolutionary biology. Several mutant strains of gelo47 have arisen which are both animate and intelligent. Some are merely mischievous, others are malicious and malignant.

Gelo47

Mutation: Only if you think it's funny P11



Watch it Wiggle, Hear it Giggle; Leap at your face, splatter all over the place ... It's Gelo47, nitro-gelatin.



Secret Society: Foodstuffs for a Better Tomorrow (see Pg. 513 of *The Paranoia Cookbook*)

S2 E20 A9/2 D13/3 M8/2 C9/2 MA 9/2

Skills:

Unarmed 9

Imitate Gelo-sized thing 19

Fast Talk 10

Hop about 9

Dodge 9

Stealth 11

Nuclear Engineering 15*

*No one will ever know how the gelo47 learned this skill, or how they practice it, and that is for the best — if anyone ever finds out, it will probably mean the end of life as we know it.

About one half of the gelo47 in the fridge are mischievous, four are nasty. One is nasty and capable of accurately mimicking other objects. It's being saved for tomorrow's lunch. Refrigeration keeps the stuff dormant.

When the Troubleshooters bring the stuff out to serve, it will start acting up. Should a Troubleshooter eat one of the dormant milder mutants, it will start screaming ("He's eating me! Help! Help!") as soon as it is down the Troubleshooter's throat.

They have high, squeaky "cartoon animal" voices. The stuff will wriggle around inside, a pseudopod or two will try and crawl out the character's nose ("Run for it, man, I'm done for! Save yourselves!"), some will be swallowed ("AAHH!!! He's dipping me in acid! Agony! Agony!") some will leave by way of mouth, most likely with the help of the Troubleshooter.



If spooked by someone tasting their brethren, the huddled masses will yearn to be free and will scatter. They move by short jumps with the aid of pseudopods. If they can bounce from any sort of height, they can continually bounce at that height, and will be extremely wriggly and difficult to catch. They are capable of growing pseudopods that function as arms or legs or as small eyes which peer around corners. They are not capable of causing much damage, but they will hide wherever they can (including inside Troubleshooters' clothing), grab cutlery and spill a little blood (not doing a lot of damage), and tipping over objects.

They will often try and hide among the inanimate gel squares, instantly blending in. If they find the maraschino cherries, they will immediately start tossing these around among themselves while continuing to bounce about, singing festive maraschino cherry-tossing songs.

The four vicious viscous ones can jump as ferociously as a killer rabbit (about a hectare or 27.8 cubits; see diagram, "How We Did It" —Editor), and are capable of strangling a Troubleshooter if someone doesn't help him pull it off. They'll take three actions to strangle someone. They can also grab cutlery and stab effectively. These will be lethal if swallowed. The four can also merge into one bigger, meaner entity, capable of strangling a Troubleshooter in one action.

If left in a closed environment at room temperature for ten rounds with the milder animate gelo cubes, they

will corrupt them to their own evil nature. If this type gets its pseudopods on the maraschino cherries, they'll use themselves as slingshots and try and put someone's eye out.

For combat purposes, treat the milder versions as being scrambled when they take a *stun* result, the nastier when they've taken one wound. They do get +4 *dodge* bonus when they can bounce.

Both varieties can be permanently killed by heating (or microwaving), or rendered dormant by chilling. Beating, mashing, slicing, dicing or making julienne fries out of the stuff will slow them down for a minute.

It is apparent that gelo47 has been on the menu often, as animate varieties may be found about the compound and in the surrounding countryside. Feel free to include a cube or two of either type throughout the adventure. There's always room for gelo47!

Post Paramdial Dip

Shortly after lunch is contained, the door to the freezer will open and Luigi, a bot, rolls out. He has a writ of command certifying he is to be treated as Yellow. He is insulting and rude and French and will complain bitterly at the state of the kitchen after the war with gelo47. He asks why no one consulted the hints section in the recipe computer as soon as trouble began. If you know how to curse in French, go ahead.

Read aloud or construct your own insulting French tirade here:

"Imbeciles, they surround me with imbeciles. Why, this lot is no better than the group they brought in last week. I was not surprised, you know, when they were all involved in a quintuple murder-suicide-boating accident."

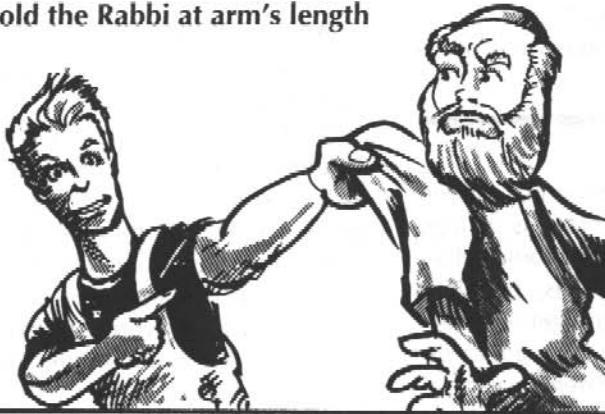
Luigi will volunteer no other information, though, if pressed he will look around, and, in a conspiratorial tone, divulge numerous gourmet cooking hints. These hints have nothing to do with food products the Troubleshooters have ever come close to, let alone yield any information which will help the Troubleshooters in this scenario.



HOW WE DID IT

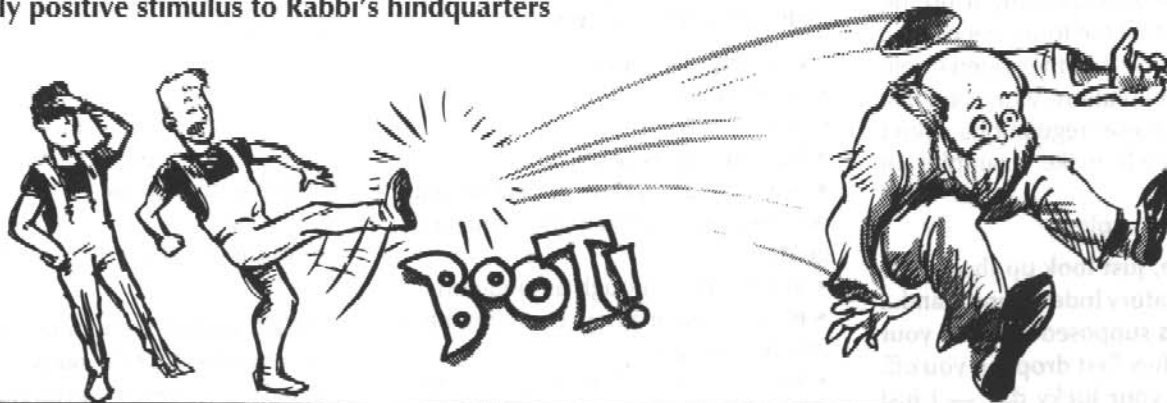
WEST END SCIENCE
AT WORK FOR A BETTER
TOMORROW

Hold the Rabbi at arm's length



Do not hold closer;
Rabbi may bite

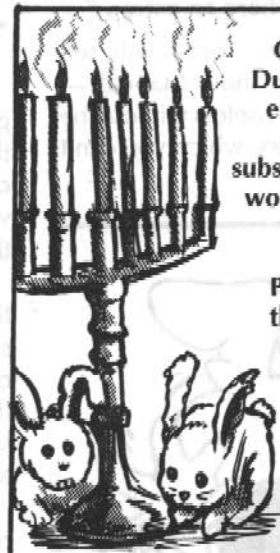
Apply positive stimulus to Rabbi's hindquarters



Measure distance carefully



And there you have it, the Rabbi —



Our apologies. Due to a clerical error, the word "Rabbi" was substituted for the word "Rabbit" in the previous explanation. Please perform the test using a Rabbit, not a Rabbi. Rabbits are generally heavier and will not give you an accurate reading.



He then ushers the Troubleshooters out of the kitchen and says he will ring for them when they will be needed to serve lunch.

The next trouble that comes shooting our heroes' way is Tootsifr-O-OSI-3. He is a librarian/black market book seller that will trade the Troubleshooters vital information in exchange for whatever he can get. He works harder at being a vampire in the financial sense more than anything else, and would much rather swindle blood from someone than take it. He knows all and is not afraid to charge an arm and a leg. Literally.

He will welcome the Troubleshooters to the Compound, and will offer to answer questions about their new surroundings. He will disavow any knowledge of vampires, but will answer generally innocuous questions. If the Troubleshooters don't bring it up, he will mention that the four Greens let a lot of things slide, but they often quote a handful of regulations when you first get here. If these regulations aren't followed, they'll make examples of you.

Dramatic examples.

"Of course, just look up those regs in your Regulatory Index Manual and... What? It was supposed to be in your crate when they first dropped you off. Well, this is your lucky day — I just happen to know where an extra..."

Roleplay this out. Tootsi will sell them the Regulatory Index Manual — which is, of course, useless without the BRAN Manual Index, which you can't

get without a Regular Deposition Form, which he will sell you if you will first purchase the Irregular Request Form and a packet of suppositories. All this and more, for one or two pints of blood ... each.

None of which will actually get the characters anything useful. But, after a little while (and a lot of blood), Tootsi will tell the Troubleshooters the book is in the library.

The Library

The Regulatory Index Manual is found in the library. The library is a large room nearby filled with bookshelves crammed with pamphlets, booklets, textbooks and slithering gelo47 creatures reading up on nuclear engineering. There is no apparent organizational scheme to where things are kept. Most of the material here is staggeringly dull and/or useless.

Examples of Topics:

- Building specifications on water purification fixtures
 - Melting points of alloys of zinc
 - Managerial guides on dealing with people who read too many managerial guides
 - Weight loss through amputation
 - How to make a beer can lamp back into a beer can
 - Instructions on how to be an automatic elevator operator
 - How to defrost a no-frost refrigerator
- See? They aren't even funny.

Tootsifr-O-OSI-3 will immediately grab the Regulatory Index Manual off the shelf and only give it to them (it's over their security clearance) if they will give him two meters of cloth from their uniforms (each).

He can be bargained down to half that. If threats come up, he'll merely state that his succeeding clone will outrank their current ones and he'll get them all killed for sedition (and, as we know, he's a vampire and not that easy to kill).

In actuality, if they *do* manage to kill him, his new clone will just show up and demand a bribe in exchange for him not getting them all killed.

The book has entries for the regs

mentioned, which simply refers the reader to volumes 2, 3, 12 and 143 of Regulatory Delineations.

"What? You don't have the Regulatory Delineations Volumes? Man dey mess up. Jeez, the Regulatory Index Manual is no good to you without dem! Look, I like youze guys, so I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do..."

These exchanges will continue (again) for, well, as long as you still think it's funny. Things to get from Troubleshooters include any potentially useful items they might have picked up, articles of clothing or portions thereof, hair from their scalps or their eyebrows, and quantities of blood he'll withdraw with a syringe ("I don't indulge myself, you understand, but I've got dis sick friend ...").

If they happen to have not remembered all the regulation numbers, he can pull a few strings, call in some old favors and ask a friend of his who was in the room during their briefing (funny how they didn't notice him ...). 'Course this guy's pretty easily spooked, so he'll need something to grease the wheels a bit.

Reasons to keep them trading include:

"Well, yeah, dose numbers after the lines of gibberish tell you which code manual you'll need. What do you mean, dey didn't give you the code books?"

"So the appendices are separate editions, of course dey're not included in the regular price!"

"Well yeah, those are the regulations printed in clear, plain Bossa Nova Yiddish Pidgin Latin. You don't mean you never studied it?"

"Don't understand what it translates into? But it translates everything you need to know into Brest-Litovskian Hindi! Yeah, its a Bossa Nova Yiddish Pidgin Latin/Brest-Litovskian Hindi phrase book..."

Before they get to what the regulations actually are, there is a loud set of chimes and Luigi's voice calling for the kitchen personnel to return immediately. If the Troubleshooters won't go,





Whattsa matta wit you? Donna you wan no Tutsi-Fruitsi Cold Fun?

Tootsifr-O-OSI-3 will insist they must. If they still don't go, have them dragged off by Luigi's bot helpers or attacked by a huge gelo47 monster — "You killed my brudders, you doity rats; now I do for you!"

Episode Three: Lunch is Served, Troubleshooters are Toast

In the kitchen, something smells delicious. There is a large, covered silver (aluminum, actually) serving tray. It contains roast goose with all the trimmings.

As this is likely outside the characters experience, describe it as a large bird or possibly a huge fat bat (it being a bat would explain the lack of feathers), suffering third degree burns and covered with fresh vegetation. Attempts at first aid will be heroic but futile.

Luigi uses a key attached to one of his arms to lock the cover down onto the tray, then instructs you to get the gelo47 back out of the fridge, and to take the

silver tray to the Committee, the gelo47 to the rest of the troops. The cover doesn't come off with anything less than a crowbar.

Luigi directs the Troubleshooters to the dining hall. The dining hall has rows of tables seated with about twenty mainly Reds and Oranges in flawless uniforms. Against one wall is a raised area where the Committee and their aides sit at a table with a white tablecloth, flowers and settings with at least twelve items of silverware each.

As soon as they enter, one of the members of the Committee yells at them to get their mangy carcasses up here immediately. He then takes the Troubleshooters to task for their violation of the very regulations they were specifically instructed to take heed of.

Reg. 2229B: No Troubleshooter shall present himself for meals in torn, disheveled or incomplete uniform.

Reg. 2292E: The possession of printed material not immediately relevant to the Troubleshooters current task is strictly forbidden (and no reading ma-

terial is necessary for delivering dinner).

Reg. 2929G: No Troubleshooter shall engage in hand-to-hand combat with a renegade gelatinous food product without immediately (prior to said combat) consulting relevant passages from "A Laboratory Guide to Cloning" by Maniatis, "79 More Things I Like to Do with Gelo" by Lush Pinhaughd, and "The Art of War" by Sun Tzu.

Reg. 2922Z: No Troubleshooter shall act in a manner lubricious, quaning or overdeening while undergoing ruxhm.*

*As far as I know, none of these words have any known meaning, although they could be words Jack Vance once thought of but never got around to using. Please remember that the possession of a dictionary, thesaurus or the more obscure "A Guide to Words I Haven't Gotten Around to Using Yet in Novels" by Jack Vance would be a serious violation of Reg. 2292E.

If no one has been killed yet, or if everyone but one or two people has



been killed, use this as an excuse to waste their clones. After chewing out the Troubleshooters, Major-G-OON-1 tells them that, as punishment, they have to take on the grungiest, most dangerous and demeaning assignment on the Complex: X4423 duty.

In order to inflict maximum abuse on the Troubleshooters, first ask them if their orders are clear. If they say no, abuse them for their ignorance; if they bluff and say yes, quiz them and then, again, abuse them for their ignorance.

X4423 turns out to be kitchen duty. Give every opportunity for one of the Troubleshooters to say "But we're already doing kitchen duty." This does two things, it gives Major-G-OON-1 an excuse to yell at them to cover up his own ignorance, and gives the Troubleshooters reason to turn on the one who spilled the beans. Major-G-OON-1 glares at the Troubleshooters, then turns and confers angrily with the Committee. "O.K. then, X4424 duty." If any of the Troubleshooters ask what X4424 duty is, they get yelled at, beaten up, or shot, then told it's classified.

Episode Four: Much Ado about Nothing, with Lunatic Diversions

The Troubleshooters are ordered back to the kitchen. En route, a state of critical non-emergency occurs. A loud klaxon sounds, flashing lights come on, red emergency lighting comes on, oxygen masks pop out of the ceiling (dangling a couple feet out of reach)



inflating life rafts are shot out of secret compartments at incredibly high rates of speed, and thick, steel safety doors come rumbling down, sealing the Troubleshooters off in a hallway.

The P.A. system comes on and a series of voices are heard. If you like, you might want to tape this beforehand and then play it for the Troubleshooters.

"Attention! Please ignore this alarm. Please ignore this alarm. Please ignore this alarm. Nothing is wrong. A state of martial law has been declared and anyone spreading panic or hinting that we're all going to die, that we might all die horribly, or even going so far as to suggest that hideous creatures are among us that are going to drain our very lifeblood, will be shot! I repeat, ignore this alarm! Spread no panic!"

There is the sound of a laser hitting something moist, a dull thud, and then a different voice comes on.

"Attention... Um... Never mind. Forget anybody said anything. Go about your normal lives, and don't listen to anybody who happens to mention oh, say, animate dead, cadavers drained of blood or umm ... No. No! Not You! AAAHHHHH!!!!"

Static, then a bit of dead air. A new voice comes on. This voice sounds playfully menacing and quite calm. It sounds a little bit like the Prince's accent.

"Attention. Attention. This has been a test of the emergency broadcast system. Had this been an actual emergency you would all be dead by now.

Return to your normal functions and ... pleasant dreams."

Suddenly, a secret passage opens and a man clad in a really dark blue camouflage jumpsuit steps out. It is Prince-B-LUD in disguise. He is carrying a gun in one hand, a hand grenade in the other, and a knife and an unlit cigar in his teeth. The badge on his chest reads Colonel-B-LAG. If attacked he will either kill or take a Troubleshooter hostage, then speak.

"Look," he says, "I'm going to say this once and once only. Just once. I haven't got a lot of time, I don't like to repeat myself, I hate to blather on, I'm not one for small talk and I'm just not comfortable with public speaking. Commies are about to take over the Compound.

"They're based on the neighboring peak of Oompah mountain. Go over there and learn what you can about them. Don't tip your hand by engaging in hostilities; just find out what you can.

"X4424 duty is establishing a counterinsurgency espionage network. Don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise. If you don't believe me, I've got this tape of their coded transmissions. Decode it and find out when their secret society, the Grey Hand, is going to strike.

"Also, a hideous secret society of undead mutants is struggling to take over control of the complex. And if that weren't bad enough, grasshoppers and squirrels from another dimension have moved into my brain and they're starting to nest.

"But that's my problem. The first two are yours. This book will help you get across the chasm to the Oompah's village. Remember that many of the undead can be killed by a sharp piece of wood thrust through the heart. No time for questions, I have to leave now, and where I'm going you can't follow. That door's retaining mechanism is broken; if all of you heave together you can probably lift it."

While saying this he gives one of the Troubleshooters a satchel, and pulls

the pin from the grenade in his hand, not releasing the trigger mechanism.

"I'll need to create a diversion here as soon as you guys are on the other side!"

When the Troubleshooters are getting set to heave, he releases the trigger mechanism and starts counting "one Mississippi, two Mississippi ..."

The door will refuse to budge.

After "Two Mississippi," Colonel-B-LAG will pause for a second and points to the other door saying, "Actually, I guess I broke the mechanism in that door. Try that one instead."

Assuming they take his advice, the other door can be lifted with a shriek of tortured metal (it sounds a lot like a tortured Troubleshooter, only moreso). Otherwise, everyone marks off a clone and is wheeled in again, in wooden crates.

Regardless, the last sight anyone sees of Colonel-B-LAG, he is diving for one of the walls right before a tremendous explosion. The alarms go off and the doors go back up a minute later, and everything seems normal.

There are the shredded remnants of two life rafts, and four broken plastic paddles. If the Troubleshooters search for secret doors for two rounds (basically, if they ask you twice) they'll find a hidden secret door about the size of a double bed, which is pulled down by a brass lighting fixture. If the Troubleshooters decide to do so, they'll find a double bed with a teen-age peasant couple making out — "Ooosef" and "Kootrina."

Makin' MegaWhoopy

Oosef's and Kootrina's major concern is that nobody tells their parents what they are doing. If the Troubleshooters are polite and decent to the young lovebirds, and ask nicely, they'll show the Troubleshooters how to get to their home village of Oompah. They say they'll meet them in an hour at the "X" in the center of the peak. After saying they'll do this, or without any warning if the Troubleshooters are hostile or threatening, they'll both bounce their weight on



First the Prince, now Colonel B-LAG. Aren't Yetis simply the greatest masters of disguise you've ever seen? How would you know?

the bed, it will spring back into place (in the wall), and they'll escape by a secret door they have a key to.

If any Troubleshooters are on the bed, they'll be slammed into the wall, will hear a heavy door slide open and close, but will not be able to move. This door is not at all obvious, and cannot be opened without either a key or a sledge hammer and some serious work.

The satchel contains a book, and a portable tape-player with a tape inside. The backpack contains an eight-meter by half-meter elastic space age polymer band and several hundred meters of thin, strong line.

The book cover reads "Whylee Ko-Y-OTE's Book of Foolproof Snares and Ingenious Rapid Transit Devices." It provides instructions and diagrams detailing precisely how to construct useful transport devices such as giant sling shots, catapults, rocket boosted roller skates and magnetism assisted handgliders, as well as intricate dead-falls involving big rocks, see-saws, cannons, and anvils. It also includes a section on treating injuries common to treacherous cliff country, and a recipe for Faux-Rapid Desert Fowl, which substitutes rocks, sand, cacti and bird seed for the bird.



The tape-player is a prop you can use to add realism. Get a tape of real cheesy music. While this is a matter of highly personal taste, yodelling, polka music, or syrupy children's songs may suffice. Taping the more inane children shows off the TV also works well.

If you can't find anything exceedingly annoying, tape something mildly annoying seven or eight times in a row. Familiarity will breed contempt. Begin the tape with the voice of Colonel-B-LAG saying that this tape will self destruct thirty minutes after it's begun playing, so it's imperative it be listened to continuously. Another example of a shtick you stick with as long as you think it's funny.

Don't crank up the volume, as inflicting high decibel polka tunes on an unsuspecting gamer is a violation of the Geneva (Wisconsin?) Conventions. Continue gaming. There is absolutely no need to have the music at all relevant to the game, though if you feel up to it, you can drop hints and try to induce the idiotic paranoia of over-analysis on your Troubleshooters ("Guys, if we could figure out what 'the Barrel' is and exactly when and where we're supposed to roll it out, I'm sure we'd get the key to this whole conspiracy. Why are you guys looking at me like that?").

Encore, Encore!

The Prince shows up again, and again he appears from a misty corner of the room that no one is looking in, makes small talk, and asks how X4424 duty is

progressing. If anyone volunteers information, his eyes will flash, and the one or two Troubleshooters closest to him must roll versus their Chutzpah or act as though hypnotized, and he will berate all for desecration of clearance procedures. In mid-rant, however, he will suddenly stop and listen intently. The two closest to him realize he smells a little singed.

"The Children of the Night. What music they make!"

It's early afternoon and no one else hears anything. He will then smile and glide down the hall and, when he is a few hundred meters a way, will glide straight up a wall until he is out of sight of the Troubleshooters. Unless the players question you about it, don't mention that the singed smell smelled like Colonel-B-LAG's explosion.

Episode Five: First Blood Loss

The next encounter occurs as soon as the Prince is out of sight, or it can be shifted to other points of the scenario if you like. Coming from down the hall, two nurses (in Orange and Red clearance uniforms), Sisterg-R-ACE-2 and Brotherrough-O-USE-3, appear, smiling, while a squat med-bot, slowly waving scalpels, large syringes and restraining arms rolls after them.

When they're close to the Troubleshooters, several lights blink on the med-bot and the safety doors come clanging down again. The woman, Brotherrough-O-USE, sweetly informs the Troubleshooters of a terrible blood bank shortage and asks for volunteers.

Unless they all agree (and I'd be kind of surprised if they did), Brotherrough-O-USE pertly tilts her head to one side and says: "Well, citizens, there's two ways we can do this. Either we get one pint from each of you, or" (cheeks dimpling, sharp canines prominent) "we can get the same number of units from just one of you."

If the Troubleshooters don't decide to turn on one of their own (and I'd be kind of surprised if they didn't), the nurses and the med-bot will grab the Troubleshooters one by one and with-

draw a pint from each of them. Roll dice when the players say they're attacking the vampires; it'll make them feel useful. Both nurses are inhumanly strong and feel cool to the touch. They will lick clean the site of insertion after they're done. You can make up stats for the nurses if you want — the important thing is that they win easily; they have Strength and Agility stats over 20, so they shouldn't have too much of a problem.

All have hypodermics loaded with tranquilizers that will knock Troubleshooters out for ten minutes. The tranquilizers don't work on vampires. Knives don't cut the vampires. They seem impervious to everything the Troubleshooters might have except the toothpicks (remember them from the kitchen), and the "refried exploding beans" (which don't hurt them, but they might get some stun results). The toothpicks will stick in the vampires and make them very angry, but have no other obvious effect (unless they are hurled with a lot more force than the Troubleshooters should have access to).

If not jabbed with toothpicks, they will maintain a condescending bedside manner. If jabbed repeatedly with toothpicks, they will dismember the offending Troubleshooter(s). The beans don't really put them off one way or another — though enough resistance will irk them.

Assuming the vampires get what they want, Brotherrough-O-USE will thank the Troubleshooters sweetly for their service to The Computer, and they will have the doors raised and walk away, sipping from the blood bags.

Episode Six: More Run-ins, Some Running Away

As soon as the Troubleshooters are done with this bit, one of the Committee stumbles into sight about fifty meters down the hall. His green uniform is torn, his badge ripped off, a ragged wound on his neck. He is disoriented and disheveled. He looks at the Troubleshooters, blurts out "The Horror!



The Horror!", screams and runs off in a different direction.

Immediately after, a Yuhppie, OLD-Y-ELR-2, a Sick Puhppie, VIV-Y-ANN-5, and a Dead Puhppie, T-O-BIE-5, rush in. OLD-Y-ELR-2 and VIV-Y-ANN-5 are obviously looking for someone, T-O-BIE-5 is tagging along, singing to himself and trying to pick out a tune on a mandolin. VIV-Y-ANN-5 appears to be sniffing out a scent, and seems torn between the Troubleshooters and the direction the Green took off in.

OLD-Y-ELR-2 looks at the Troubleshooters and says something to VIV-Y-ANN-5. T-O-BIE-5, in a loud happy voice, says "Yeah, that might fit!" He then proceeds to strum and sings (to the absence of any real tune) "Oh, we'll break the new guys in at" (slaps mandolin) "Nigh—t-cycle, when they're at their lowest ebb."

At this point, VIV-Y-ANN-5 takes the mandolin from him and smashes it over his head. T-O-BIE-5 looks befuddled, then laughs. "Ohhh, I get it!" he looks at the Troubleshooters and says, "Hey, don't get freaked, man, I

was just singing about some other kitchen staff we were going to ..."

VIV-Y-ANN-5 shuts him up by taking one of the mandolin strings and throttling him with it. T-O-BIE-5 will readily squeak out, "Hey, man, it's almost impossible to tune these things again when you do that." It's apparent that a normal clone wouldn't survive such an attack, but T-O-BIE-5 just seems vaguely bummed out.

When they do go off, they drop the remnants of the mandolin, and if the Troubleshooters think to pick it up, the neck can be used as an effective stake. The body won't work well as the wood is composite and thin. If the Troubleshooters don't decide to move up to where the vampires are by now, they won't get a chance to interact with them before they take off.

If the Troubleshooters try and talk to them, OLD-Y-ELR-2 will be smooth and evasive, VIV-Y-ANN-5 will be loud and abrasive, and T-O-BIE-5 will be clueless and mellow.

They'll try and get away in the direction the Green ran as fast as they can.

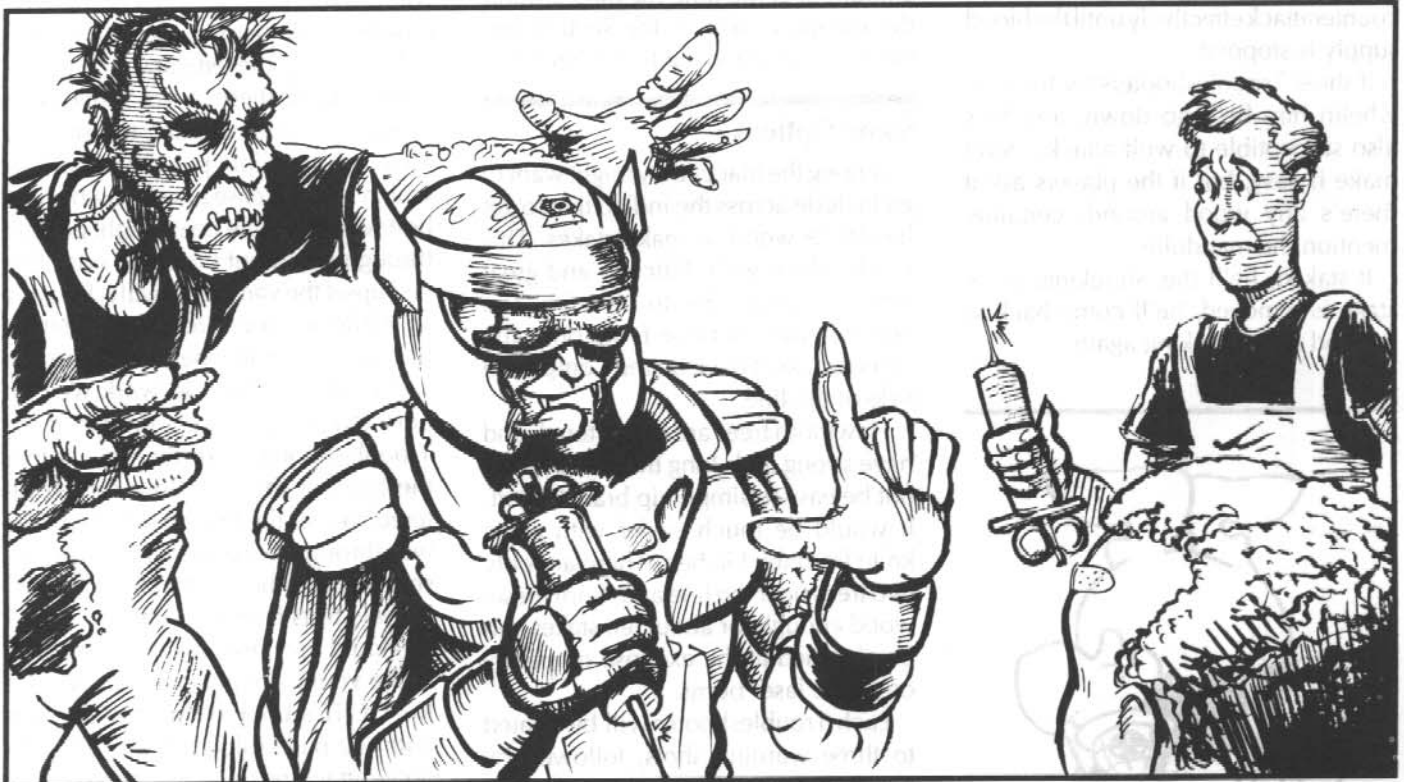
They run faster than the living, and if the Troubleshooters follow them, they'll eventually hit a dead end. If a shape-shifting mutant goes bat or wolf, they'll do the same and still be faster.

Episode Seven: Stake-'Em-Up

Allow the Troubleshooters to travel for a few minutes in whatever direction they're headed. The next encounter is largely an opportunity for them to kill a vampire, as, unless they've been very clever, they shouldn't have had the chance to yet. They're approached by DONO-Y-NOT-2, a security officer who's become a vampire, and his zombie slave PETERL-O-RRE-2.

DONO-Y-NOT-2 is wearing light battle armor, but his face appears pale and thin. His eyes are obscured by his helmet, and his canines are not easily visible as there is a microphone headset over his mouth.

PETERL-O-RRE-2 is similarly clad, but he walks like a zombie, his lips are obviously sewn together, and he smells like rotting flesh. His bulging, unseeing



Now, now, it will only sting for a moment ...



eyes can only be seen if his helmet is removed.

DONO-Y-NOT-2 will question them as to recent explosions in the neighborhood, whether they've been approached by person or persons impersonating high ranking officials. He will act suspicious and anxious no matter what is told him. He will tell whoever has volunteered the most information (true or false), that he must do a blood test to test the veracity of the Troubleshooter's statements.

He takes out a syringe and, if not stopped, will insert it in the Troubleshooter's arm, attach a catheter to it and then connect it to an electronic device worn as a band on his forearm.

A few seconds after this happens, whoever makes a Moxie roll will notice a thin line of red on DONO-Y-NOT's neck, starting at his collar and leading to his mouth. Further observation reveals that it is a thin plastic tube carrying blood from his wristband to his mouth. If questioned, he'll begin gulping furiously and direct PETERLO-RRE to attack. DONO-Y-NOT can be wrestled to the ground, but will not counterattack effectively until the blood supply is stopped.

If three Troubleshooters try to overwhelm him he'll go down, and he's also susceptible to wolf attack. Don't make it easy, but if the players ask if there's any wood around, certainly mention the mandolin.

If staked, he'll die, shrieking. If the stake is removed, he'll come back to life and start attacking again.

If his body is looted, the Troubleshooters will notice two unusual needle guns with no ammo, that seem that they would work with large needles. The guns have a battery that propels the projectiles from the chamber, and these batteries are still charged. The gun does damage on Column 9.

If they ask, yes, toothpicks would fit in the chamber and work as projectiles. If they don't figure it out now, they'll get hints later.

Episode Eight: Ramblings

At this point, the Troubleshooters have a few options as to where they go. Obvious ones are listed, but these are not mandatory scenarios. Should they wish to go places not covered, but which seem like reasonable things to do, allow it. They are going to be held responsible for dinner, but they are not going to be reminded of it until it's far too late to prepare gelo47. Persuade them to get to Oompah; have zombies or skeletons chase them if need be.

If they get through the following scenarios or if they've spent a respectable amount of game time messing around the complex, skip to the section entitled "Bungee-Diving for Lichens."

Some Options

Among the places they might want to go include across the indigo line to get hawthorn wood to make stakes. This can be done with difficulty and great personal danger due to laser fire. The bots will not continue firing once the clones make it back on the Compound side of the line.

Hawthorn trees are small, tough and have strong inch-long thorns, so it will not be easy to simply rip branches off. It would be much easier with a big knife from the kitchen. There are only two trees near the line and, from these, wood enough for about ten stakes can be obtained at the expense of mainly cosmetic laser burns.

Each Troubleshooter will be treated to three warning shots, followed by normally-targeted laser shots. The first warning shot will be near the feet, the

second warning shot will singe the feet, and the third will set the Troubleshooter's footwear on fire.

Attempts to summon medical aid from the Compound will result in the med-bot showing up, attempting to extract more blood and afterwards saying, "The doctor will be with you shortly." After it leaves, no one else will show. Further attempts to get aid from the bot will result in further blood being drawn. The nurses will not venture outside while the sun is up.

Episode Nine: Getting There is Half the Casualties

If the Troubleshooters have enlisted the aid of Ooosef and Kootrina, they will be waiting at the X. They have a crossbow with a thin strong line attached to the quarrel. You know the rest. An *normal* Agility roll is required to cross. The crossbow quarrel is wood. They each have a crossbow, and, if nicely asked, they will barter or even make a gift of one of them, along with ten thin, short quarrels, though they have only the one rope, which they will leave bridging the chasm. The crossbows do damage on Column 6.

A note on the efficacy of fighting vampires with these things. While these seem a real logical thing to use, they have an incredible penetrating power which is in this case a real drawback. A bolt which hits the heart might go right through it and out the other side. This will upset the vampire greatly, but only slow him down for a round, as the stake has to stay in the heart to keep the sucker down. They do work well on bots and zombie slaves though. If the Troubleshooters take the time, either the bolts or the crossbow can be altered so that the bolts don't go all the way through, but don't let the Troubleshooter make the roll (Mechanical) until he field tests it on a vampire.

Should they not have the assistance of the young couple, study of Whylee Ko-Y-OTE's book shows two sections with the page folded down. They involve attaching several hundred feet of thin line to a five foot wide ball of string





which is then projected by means of a giant rubber band anchored between two large boulders across a great chasm. Sketchy notes then detail training a homing pigeon to pass the string around a natural rock formation and fly it back to you, gently pull the string to pull the rope, attached at your end, back to you, so then you have a firmly anchored rope across the gulf which may be easily crossed.

The second section with a page folded down regards a means of propulsion based on the simple "anvil dropped on the see-saw sized lever propels user towards goal" premise. This method does not seem currently applicable, but you don't need to tell the Troubleshooters that.

There are dated notes about the technique in the margin written in long hand.

Episode Ten: The Village of Oompah

The place looks more or less like your typical late nineteenth century East European village. Villagers tend small crops, flocks of goats and gels47 cubes, and children run about. The Troubleshooters will be greeted warmly and asked if they're here to help with the, you know, *trouble*. *Them*. Those types over there. The strangers yonder. The kleinegalumphingmenschen.

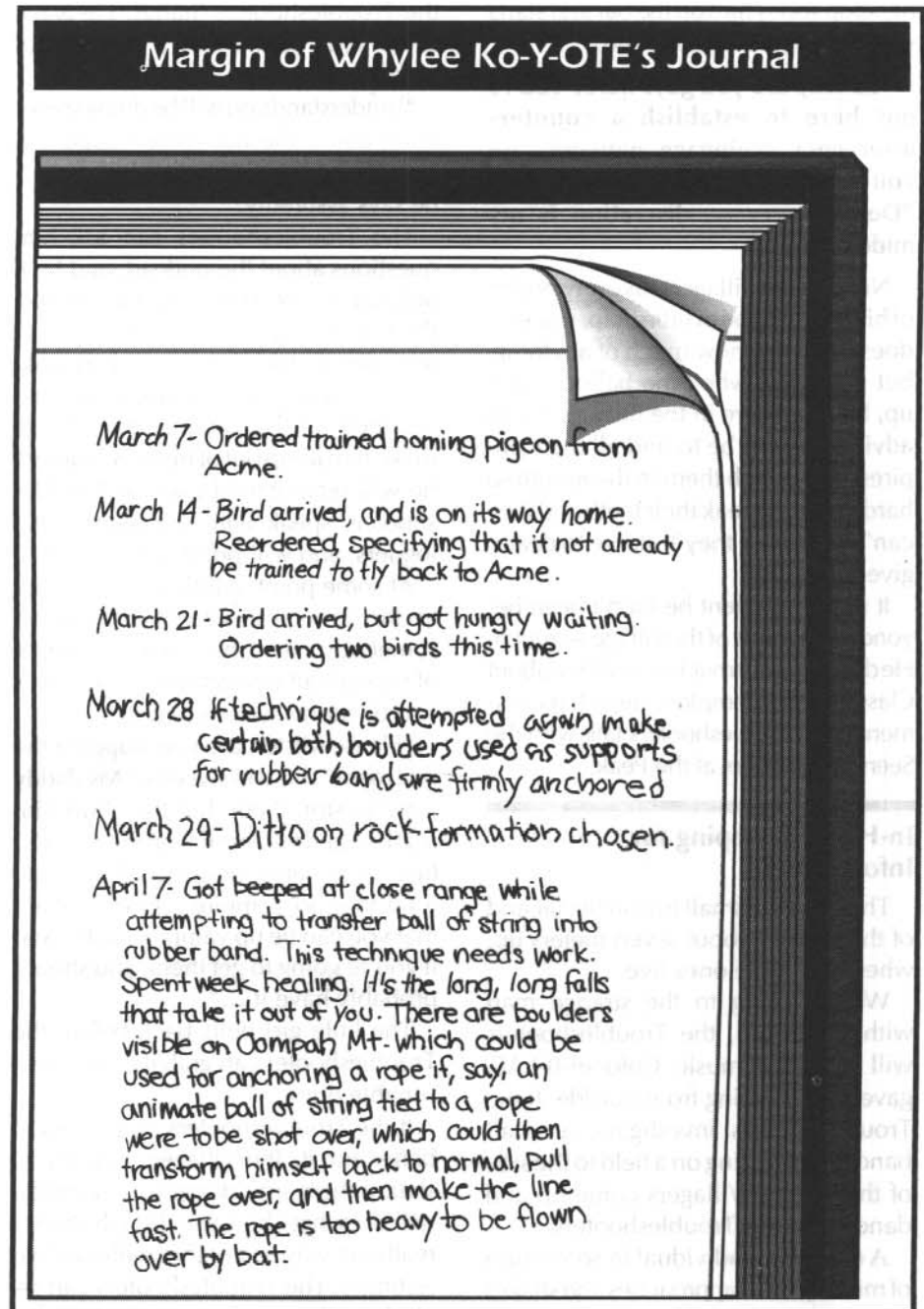
No matter what the Troubleshooters say, they'll be directed to the Grey Hand Tavern, the only one in town.

Serving in the Grey Hand

The tavern is a simple two-story lodge, bar and tables below, with stairs leading to doors on the second floor which overlook the common room.

There are a handful of villagers in the tavern, including a portly barkeeper who will take the Troubleshooters order, though it's doubtful he knows of any of the same refreshments the Troubleshooters do, and vice versa.

Before long, there is a commotion above, a door flies open and out jumps a strange figure. He is tall and doughty, with flowing blond hair, a naked Samu-



March 7- Ordered trained homing pigeon from Acme.

March 14- Bird arrived, and is on its way home. Reordered, specifying that it not already be trained to fly back to Acme.

March 21- Bird arrived, but got hungry waiting. Ordering two birds this time.

March 28 If technique is attempted again make certain both boulders used as supports for rubber band are firmly anchored

March 29- Ditto on rock-formation chosen.

April 7- Got beaped at close range while attempting to transfer ball of string into rubber band. This technique needs work. Spent week healing. It's the long, long falls that take it out of you. There are boulders visible on Oompah Mt. which could be used for anchoring a rope if, say, an animate ball of string tied to a rope were to be shot over, which could then transform himself back to normal, pull the rope over, and then make the line fast. The rope is too heavy to be flown over by bat.

rai sword thrust through his belt (if asked about it, he'll say "Not to worry, it's not sharp"), and an atl-atl strapped to his back. The tip of his nose has been cut off. He will pose for an instant, hand on his hips, then vault over the railing, land lightly on the bar, and then hop directly in front of the Troubleshooters. The barkeep grimaces and wipes where he stood with a rag.

"Ah HA!" the strange man says, grinning. He'll then embrace or attempt to embrace all the Troubleshooters, with

the exception of any bots, who he'll eye curiously.

"Ah Ha!" He says again. He'll grin for a second, and then try for another round of embraces. He'll keep this up all day if the Troubleshooters let him. If the Troubleshooters ask him who he is, or what he wants or what his problem is, he'll jump back up on the bar and say, "Why, I'm Captain Nonose, Vampire-Slayer." It is apparent from the clientele's absolute indifference that they have seen this bit before. The



barkeep shoos him off the bar and starts wiping it again. Read aloud:

“So why are you guys here? You’re not here to establish a counter-insurgency espionage network, are you?” he asks, winking furiously. “Don’t worry — discretion is my middle name.”

None of the villagers take any notice of him. He will be of little help, since he doesn’t really know much of anything, but promises, when the balloon goes up, he’ll be there in the thick of it. His advice tends to be to find all the vampires, and punch them in the mouth so hard that you break their teeth and they can’t bite. Then they’ll starve to death, given time.

It is fairly evident he hasn’t been beyond the bounds of the village — much. He doesn’t know much of anything about Class-I Alpha Complex. He will recommend the Troubleshooters talk with the Seers Cataloguers at the Peak.

In-Home Shopping for Information

The Peak is a small hill on the far end of the village, about seven meters up, where two wise ones live.

While talking to the strange man with the sword, the Troubleshooters will hear the music Colonel-B-LAG gave them coming from outside. If the Troubleshooters investigate, a small band is performing on a field to the side of the village. Villagers come up and dance with the Troubleshooters.

A corpulent individual in some form of military dress approaches and shakes

the Troubleshooters’ hands. He is the town Vlhurgermeister, a position of authority.

“I understand you will be doing something about the nonsense happening over there. The undead and whatnot,” he says assuredly.

The Troubleshooters can ask him questions about the undead, and he’ll actually prove fairly knowledgeable, though he may recommend some folk remedies that don’t work, such as soaking your feet in vinegar and then waving them at the vampire in order to make him jump out of his skin. If asked, he will recommend that the Troubleshooters speak with the Seers Cataloguers, and will point out their hill.

At some point, a little girl comes up to the Troubleshooters and tugs on somebody’s leg. She holds up a length of rope about ten feet long with leaves and blossoms woven into it.

“Please Mister, are you stopping the bad men?” she asks sweetly. “My daddy went to stop them, but they hurt him real bad and then he fell off the cliff. But he told me before how to make a magic rope that no vampire can cross, and that you can tie up vampires with. And if you’re going to get them, you should probably have it ...”

The little girl pulls back before the Troubleshooter can grab it, “For a reasonable price.”

If the Troubleshooters don’t wish to barter for it, the villagers will try to shame them into doing so. It actually will do what she says, though there’s really no way to tell that without field testing it. The Troubleshooters can really have the rope for a song — literally. If the entire team starts singing along to “The Beer Barrel Polka” with the townsfolk, the girl will be so impressed that she’ll give them the rope. (Gamemaster Note: Have the little girl, or the fat man, suggest this — and make the players sing along at the table.)

The band will stop playing after an hour, and the villagers will get bored and wander home. If the Troubleshooters wish to see the Seers, their hill is easily accessible, and is a rather simple scramble up, though not all of the team can fit comfortably on the top.

One seer is a human, one is a bot. They both wear seersucker suits and are sitting in lotus positions. They will smile and nod to all questions, then rephrase the question in a way that is entirely unhelpful. Smile and pause before answering.

Question: What is the best way to kill vampires?

Answer: No, my son, you must think first what way vampires can be killed best!

Question: Um, I suppose so. So, if I were to think of what way vampires can be killed best, what would I be thinking of?

Answer: Ah, my son — there you have it. When you can think of the way that vampires can be killed best, you will have the answer to your question.

Both seers will answer, both speaking in the same benevolent, grandfatherly voice, though the human couldn’t be much over thirty. When the Troubleshooters get fed up with this and are about to leave, the man will toss them a bag of fortune cookies, saying that this is perhaps what they are after. If you want to get fancy, get fortune cookies, photocopy and cut out these fortunes and stick them in. If you don’t want to go to that much trouble (and just what have the players done lately to make your life enjoyable?), you can just photocopy these and cut them out, or you could just read them.

Episode Eleven: Bungee-Diving for Lichens!

At this point, two warbots will fly over from the Compound and land near the Troubleshooters. Read aloud:

“Attention, citizens. You are denizens of Class-I Alpha Complex who have absented yourselves and have neglected X4423 duty. Either transport yourself to the food preparation area immediately, or we will terminate you here and deal instead with your replacement clones back at the Class-L.”

The Troubleshooters notice that the rope that they got here on has either





Fortune Cookie Fortunes



Someone close to you is highly radioactive. Decontaminate everyone you love or make new friends.

With a throaty laugh she slowly pulled off the scalene triangle of flimsy black silk lace and (continued next cookie)

Wise bot say: A grape leaf in your ear is more pleasant than a fig tree growing from your navel.

If you ate this fortune, don't worry, you don't have a tapeworm.

Buy low, sell high.

Look over your left shoulder.

Buy high, sell low. Declare bankruptcy.

See other side.

To be Red is to be Yellow, to be Yellow is to be Red, to be Red and Yellow is to be Orange.

Truly it is written: Why look here, the joke is in your hand.

This fortune is deleted for security reasons.

Gee, you know toothpicks work really well in some kinds of needle guns.

If you can read this, you've exceeded your security clearance.

The cookies are fine—it's the fortunes that are poisonous.

Though it is said that a kind man is made of cheese and a kind thought of ranch dressing, those crates your replacement clones come in are certainly made of wood.

Dr. Hans Velsing, eminent authority on the occult, once kept a list of tips for Nosferatu nabbers in his housekeeper Helga's computerized recipe file. Look under "Steak Dishes."

Surf's Up! Space is Big. Life is Hard. See Spot Run. Run Spot Run. Run and spot Shatterzone at an ill-lit and oddly smelling game supply store near you.
(This fortune a paid advertisement for West End Games)





snapped or been cut at the Oompah end. The Troubleshooters have no other rope (except the magic one), and the warbots won't give them a chance to get any.

The warbots will ignore requests to fly the Troubleshooters over. Instead, they'll chuckle evilly in anticipation of shooting the Troubleshooters.

There are large wooden planks, a boulder located at the base of the Seers' hill which can serve as a fulcrum, and the Seers obligingly produce a large anvil at the top of a hill. Presumably, the ball of string is going first, but if they want to send a clone over the brink first, by all means encourage them. There are no notes in the margin of the book about this one. After watching either the ball of thread unravel or a clone not so much fly across as plummet into the gulf (think about it, man, do you think that trick would actually work?), the warbots will kind of look at each other and say, "You know, now that I've seen it, I guess it does make kind of a lot of sense to just fly you guys over."

The Troubleshooters are flown over and marched to the kitchen where the entire Committee is waiting for them. There they will be dressed down, interrogated, insulted, and injured or killed (depending on how low they are on clones and how well they roleplay it out), as they are diminishing the Compound's efficiency by wantonly disobeying orders and not seeing to the sustenance of the inhabitants. If X4424 duty is mentioned, they are yelled at for mentioning classified material. Anyone mentioning Colonel-B-LAG gets

killed first, then asked questions later.

The Troubleshooters are then offered the opportunity to redeem themselves in the eyes of the Compound. Their hands are tied behind their backs, they are blindfolded, and elastic rope is used to manacle their right legs together. They are then solemnly marched to the side of the cliff. At the very edge of the cliff, they are asked if they want to take their blindfolds off before they go. If they do they get to see that the rope tying their legs together has been fastened to a piton driven into the rock. They are then ordered off the edge. They are, of course, bungee jumping.

This is not a great way to perform a bungee jump, however, as they are banged about against the rock face on their way up. The rope stretches about fifteen meters down. The last three meters of the drop, there is a deep rock chimney under which they are suspended for a brief instant, then the rope snaps them back up. In terms of determining injury, have them make a *tough* Agility roll to see if they avoid damage. Use the 0-5m column of the "Vehicular Injury and Falling From Great (exactly what's so great about it?) Heights" table, ignoring a *kill* result. Or not.

The Troubleshooters are then hauled up and yelled at for not grabbing any lichens. *Of course* the Troubleshooters are supposed to be scavenging for lichens, what *else* does it normally mean when a group is manacled together and ordered off a cliff? Have some *sense*. The Troubleshooters will be given the heave-ho again. This time, when they get to chimney, Colonel B-LAG is waiting for them. He is firmly anchored to the rock with ropes tied to several pitons driven into the rock. There was no sign of him the last time he was here. He reaches out a hand for the Troubleshooters. Give two or three Troubleshooters the option of grabbing him. If no one does, they'll be snapped back up.

If Troubleshooters are trying to grab lichens, have them make *tough* Agility rolls to do so, and also roll to avoid being damaged. The third bounce there will be no sign of him, the fourth he'll be back. If the Troubleshooters opt to

hold onto him, he'll quickly fasten the Troubleshooters to the rock and start talking. Read aloud:

"Everything's going exactly according to plan. Tomorrow you must return to Oompah and start proselytizing the virtues of Alpha Compound. Don't worry, I'll come back and threaten you if you forget. Also, the vampires will try to take you tonight. Be on your guard. If a man wearing a black carnation offers you advice, take it. Here's some lichens." (hands Troubleshooters a canvas backpack) **"Any questions?"**

He'll answer some general sorts of questions, won't answer anything personal or too particularly useful. While he's talking, he's taking a large bundle of dynamite out of a pocket and is absent-mindedly holding the fuse near a lit cigar. He'll light it during the first lull in the conversation, then cut the Troubleshooters free. As the cord has been stretched, it will lose some of its elasticity, and they will dangle just out of reach of rock for an uncomfortable minute.

Colonel B-LAG will shrug and say "I can't waste this, I'm real low on fuses and explosives. Try and roll with the blast." The cord will suddenly yank them back up, just before the explosion. Back up top, there are many questions. What was the blast, did they get lichens, did they, oh, say, see any vaguely apelike furry humanoids with large feet, why are the lichens in the bag sealed in plastic packaging, that sort of thing. No answers will be really well accepted, but keep at the Troubleshooters until they come up with some good lies.

Episode Twelve: Shooting Fish in a Barrel of Monkeys

The Troubleshooters are marched back to the kitchen and left alone. There are notes on the computer about how to prepare lichens. There are enough lichens for dinner. If the Troubleshooters got the hint from the fortune cookie about there being tips for killing vampires in the computer, they may notice an entry that seemed



innocuous enough before but now seems like it may have some significance. The title reads "Dr. Hans Velsing's Garlic-Stuffed Steaks and Other Apocryphal Preparations."

The entry reads as follows:

"You'll think me mad that I write this. The Undead live. Or well ... I guess 'live' isn't the right word. The Undead exist.

"Well, actually, *Undead* isn't a wonderful term either, as to the literal-minded it merely means not dead or alive. In actuality, I guess I'm referring to any individual without normal bodily processes (NOT including those with simple 'irregularities'; I refer to the lack of circulation, respiration and good temperature) who tends towards insomnia, thin, pallid features, prominent canines, a lack of reflection in mirrors and a thirst for blood, particularly human blood.

"Their thirst drives them to terrible deeds and gives them desperate strength. It also somehow gives them the ability to change into wolf, bat, or mist by the organism somehow taking a desperate downwards leap to lower rungs on the evolutionary ladder. Or, at least, the food chain.

"If I could only inflict vampirism on my pet orangutan Pertwence, I am certain he would metamorphose to coyote, shrew and morning dew, thus proving my theory of the geometrical relationships between the species and the elements. That would show that braggart Pynchon!

"No matter, my paper should be accepted by the academy regardless. On a practical note, the creatures (vampires, not orangutans) are dreadfully fierce and can apparently only be destroyed by either direct exposure to sunlight, immersion in running water or by carefully but firmly inserting a shaft of wood through the heart. Their heart, not yours.

"They may be distracted by crosses, garlic, beautiful women who remind them of their first paramours, and carefully stored blood, which they will often chase after and devour. Alternatively one may ...



We need brains ... CLICK, CLICK, CLICK ... we need brains ... CLICK, CLACK, CLICK ... in a butter garlic sauce ...

"Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Scrub the animal carefully, as for opossum, and make sure no hair is remaining. Glaze the eyeballs and remove the lids. Rub with soft butter and insert whole cloves in the skin, every three inches, in a decorative diamond pattern. Pineapple rings may be used as an exotic garnish and an apple in the mouth also adds to a festive holiday mood. Cook for twenty minutes for every pound, basting every half hour. Serve piping hot on a bed of cool greens.

"Try serving with Tomatoes Florentine or Mango butter. Bon Appetit!"

So endeth the entry. Dinner preparations go exactly like lunch preparations. As a matter of fact, about a third of the "lichens" are actually animate gelo47 in disguise. These like to do the same types of things the mild type does, except they'll try and disguise themselves as similarly sized objects.

Examples of disguises include: Teela-O-MLY collectable figurines, rocks, small wooden treasure chests, cacti, a cube of gelo47 (for the unimaginative ones), glass globes with snowmen inside that snow when they are shaken, gold rings inscribed with "One Ring to Rule them all ...," etc.

There are two nasty types that will mimic vicious critters or unpleasant objects, i.e. a face-grabbing alien, a vampire bat, a ferret with an attitude, animate hedge-clippers, a wooden mallet, an animate pair of pliers, etc. Luigi will come out again after dinner is subdued, carrying the locked and bolted dinner tray.

He looks around and slaps his head unit in disgust. "Maybe it is just as well that you will not be so long here." He'll seem surprised that the Troubleshooters don't know that they're supposed to be gone soon, and will say no more. Dinner is similar to lunch. The Committee's dinner is lobster. Describe this delicacy as a large red insect-like creature with a crunchy exoskeleton and gooey interior. If you need more excitement, the lobsters could be undead as well.

"Brains ... we need brains ..." (click, click; snap, snap)

Have the Troubleshooter or Troubleshooters carrying the tray make a *tough* Moxie roll to notice that Major-G-OON does not cast a reflection in the tray. The others at the table cast a reflection, but if the Troubleshooter notices that, see if he makes an *easy* Moxie roll to notice that almost none of the other members of Class-L Alpha Complex besides the Troubleshooters cast reflections. He can freak out about this if he likes, but no non-player character will pay much attention to him.

Another *easy* Moxie roll (anybody's) made will reveal that everyone who isn't casting a reflection is only toying

with their food. The Troubleshooters notice it's starting to get dark out. The night descends swiftly in these mountains.

Episode Fourteen: Night Raid

G-O-FER-2 approaches the Troubleshooters and tells them that they'll probably want to retire to their quarters. He doesn't reflect in the serving tray, but they'll have to act real odd and get close to the serving tray and peer at his reflection in it to determine he doesn't.



Their quarters are in the "Vest Ving." He points east, down the hall. If they follow his directions, they notice nicely crocheted vests displayed on the wall. If they decide to hide, they're welcome to do so; just move the approaching encounter to wherever they wind up. Again, make up rooms as you like, I still don't feel like drawing a map.

There is a door marked "kitchen staff quarters." Inside is a large room with six beds, a door to a small lavatory, and bare walls except for a mirror near the door. The door to the hall locks. As soon as the Troubleshooters lock it, (or just soon if they don't decide to lock it), the door opens and Prince-B-LUD enters.

He scowls, waves his hand at the mirror, and it shatters into sparkling dust motes. "Prideful things. They bloat one's vanity and thereby divert valuable Computer resources. Don't you think?" He'll stay and make small talk or go through a melodramatic death scene if the Troubleshooters decide to stake him. Either way he'll leave soon.

Towards midnight, the Troubleshooter are awakened by a loud thumping at the door. If they've decided to post a guard, they'll be able to decide where they are in the room before the attack.

Knock, Knock ... What's There?

The dead are here. Should the Troubleshooters open the door, or should it be broken down, they each see the zombie remnant of one of their previous clones. Try and take the dead clone that died in the most interesting manner, so they'll still have the signs of that death.

The zombies will fight until their second death. Behind the zombies is Major-G-OON, barking Compound orders that are more or less ignored.

"Come on, use aiki-jitsu, just like I taught you! Get back in formation! Hit them hard in the throat, don't just try and bite their faces! What did we spend all that time drilling for?! Come on, you maggots, put some spirit into it!"

If the Troubleshooters can't afford to lose more clones, or if they're just making no headway at all, have one or more of the zombies carrying a weapon that it can't use, but that the Troubleshooters can (anything with more than one moving part is hard for a zombie to understand).

If the Troubleshooters can somehow get to Major-G-OON and take him down (staked or toothpicked to death), the zombies will keep attacking, but will attack whoever is closest, including other zombies.

If the Troubleshooters take them too easily, throw more zombies and vampires at them. Decide this while the fight is still going on so you don't get the stopgap feel of gamemastering ("What, you guys finished those last monsters I gave you? Well, um, have some more") to make it seem more threatening.

If the Troubleshooters are doing *real* well, send the next wave crashing through a wall in the room at them. At some point, get a fire started. This can either be done by giving the Troubleshooters a hand flamer, flamethrower





I suppose, at this point, the phrase "Don't Panic" would be pretty pointless, huh?

or even a plasma generator (you never know what these zombies'll find next ...), or by having one of the zombies accidentally drop a torch.

When the fire gets going, and monsters are still coming, and things are starting to look hairy, you can either let them make a break for it down the hall, or you can have a secret door open up. Either way, Prince-B-LUD is waiting for them, wearing a black carnation behind his ear. Read aloud:

"Come vith me if you vant to live." he says, and turns without seeing if the others are following. It looks like the only way out is to follow this, the Prince of all bloodsuckers.

The Troubleshooters may be jumped along the way by single attacks of vampires, zombies or gelo47, if things seem dull. Let them find discarded equipment and armor — this will allow them to cause much more massive destruction without actually accomplishing anything. The Prince leads them along winding secret passages that spiral downward. Eventually — when you have had a fill of throwing miscellaneous bad guys at the Troubleshooters — he comes to a dimly lit cellar with four wooden crates.

"You must hide in these crates; it's the last place they'll think to look for you."

The crates are coffin-shaped, but the Troubleshooters will not know the significance of that. Mention it to them after they're inside.

The Prince will do all he can to get the Troubleshooters into them, 'cause he thinks it's funny to have the few individuals who aren't vampires hiding out in coffins. He will order, cajole or force them into the crates, doubling up if necessary. As the gamemaster, you should help. Have the Undead and their allies pounding on the door to the secret room, have Cthuloid monstrosities start oozing out of the walls, and start asking for sanity rolls. Anyone who won't slide willingly into a coffin can have his next clone show up already packaged.

Once everyone is in, the Prince'll slide bolts shut, trapping the clones inside. A fan comes on as soon as the bolts is slid, so it is obvious that ventilation is not a problem. It should be obvious that a flame-type weapon is a real bad one to use in this situation, but certainly don't discourage them if they like. Just to be annoying, I'm going to say there's no way out of these, but if the players are clever and figure out a smart way to do it, let them get out, have them killed in an unfair fight, and then have their replacement clone(s) wheeled in and left in the crate (inactive) until morning.

Episode Fifteen: Stake for Breakfast, Good for your Soul, Bad for your Heart!

The Troubleshooters are awakened by Captain Nonose, Vampire-Slayer. He's got a mallet in one hand and a stake against the heart of one of the Troubleshooters. Let them talk their way (not a roll) out of this. It isn't that hard. If they choose to fight, all Dexterity and Agility skills are halved as they are extremely cramped from the close quarters last night. Captain Nonose will not be hard to get talking, especially if he gets going on a soliloquy.

He will open only one coffin at a time. If the Troubleshooters manage to effectively attack him, he will run away.



Cramped legs will prevent the Troubleshooters from keeping up with him. Once the Troubleshooters are out of their coffins, those who make *normal* Moxie rolls realize there is a strong smell of smoke in the air. Give those who didn't make the roll either real bad hay fever or a head cold as it will soon become apparent that the fire has swept through much of the Compound.

Going up the staircase they came in, the Troubleshooters see that the Compound is barely still standing, and sunlight streams in through huge gaps in the wall and ceiling. No one seems to be about except bots, futilely attempting to repair the damage.

If the Troubleshooters choose to investigate the kitchen, Luigi is bustling about, reorganizing. If the Troubleshooters wander elsewhere, skip ahead to "B-LAG's End." The kitchen has only three walls, but Luigi seems to be getting things into some kind of shape. Gelo47 dart playfully amid the ruins. Luigi greets the Troubleshooters a little less rudely than normal.

"Good morning. This fire business, very dreadful. Were I to know who was responsible, I would break their little red wagon into dozens of pieces! You haven't heard, have you? I do not know where the next meal is coming from."

If the Troubleshooters fess up (I said "if," I'd be as shocked as you if they told the truth), he will berate them loudly and start throwing knives. If they act reasonably and blame those darn Commie Mutant Traitors in our midsts,

he will nod his head in agreement. Luigi has seen no other survivors of the fire, and is not worried about the Troubleshooters cooking the next meal. As a matter of fact, he begins making a potato and maraschino cherry omelet for the Troubleshooters.

Episode Sixteen: B-LAG's END

Suddenly, a figure comes forward from the ashes and stands in the doorway. It is Colonel B-LAG, wearing a backpack and carrying some small electronic devices.

"I'm glad you all made it. I have some devices here that will make our work easier."

He goes 'round and sticks a small medallion on the shirt-fronts of all the Troubleshooters. If no one complains, he gets away with it; if they try and stop him, he tosses the medals at them and they stick.

"These are security devices to ensure your whole-hearted cooperation. If you shirk your responsibility to The Computer, these will either detonate in a small but lethal explosion, or will jab a poisoned needle through your heart. Sometimes both happen. This is for your own protection."

(He won't explain that last comment; it's complete nonsense as far as I can tell.)

"You all need to leave the Class-L immediately, go back to Oompah village, and proselytize on the virtues of Alpha Complex. If you fail to do so, you will be killed."

If the Troubleshooters attack the Colonel, the first Troubleshooter to move explodes.

"You'll be needing these, too." He tosses the Troubleshooters the backpack. "All I ask is a two minute speech from each of you, saying in your own words what you like best about Alpha Complex and The Computer, and why the citizens of Oompah should apply for asylum. There's a soapbox set up outside the tavern. It doesn't have to be a monologue, it can involve music,

art or belly-dancing. To increase your motivational speaking ability, the least effective speaker will be blown up. In case of a tie, you both get maimed. And if you get yourselves killed before you get there, I'm going to stick more of these gizmos on your replacement clones."

With that, he takes a small keg marked "gunpowder," pours some down his throat, and washes it down with a swig from a bottle marked "gasoline." He then bolts out of the room while starting to light a cigar. The Troubleshooters hear a loud explosion, and that is the last anyone sees of Colonel B-LAG.

The first Troubleshooter to try and remove the medallion, or to suggest they don't need to go to Oompah, explodes. As will the second, third, etc. The backpack contains large rockets marked "ACME," high impact springs, another rubber band, and a fold out hang-gliding kit. If the players have offered you munchies or a drink lately, let them get across to Oompah easily, otherwise, kill a few. Succeeding clones show up in their boxes with medallions attached (in the village).

Once they all make it over, give the players three minutes to prepare, more if they're getting into it. The Troubleshooters don't see Captain Nonose, and nobody knows where he is if they ask. Make the players stand, one at a time, on something soapbox like, and give their spiel. Give them exactly two minutes. Pretend to take notes during everyone's speech. After everyone has





Treasonous vampires use a Junior Citizen Scout Doll in an effort to outsmart loyal Troubleshooters.

gone, have everyone vote on who did the best job, who did the next best, etc. Then blow up one of the Troubleshooters at random.

Episode Seventeen: Dark Designs, Bad Night

During this time, something odd, that is, something *new* and odd, has been happening at Class-L Alpha Complex. The weather bots have begun flying faster and faster circles around the Compound. The drizzling has stopped and a great mist is enveloping the peak. The villagers are murmuring worriedly to each other and are seeking shelter indoors.

The tavernkeeper comes over to the Troubleshooters and speaks.

"You better stay with me. We've seen the dark ones get past their guardians before, and they may be in the village before long. You can sleep in the common room. Whatever you do, don't invite anyone in, don't give permission for anyone to come in, don't

do anything that might imply that you allow entry."

Assuming the Troubleshooters go with him, he takes them to the inn. If they decide to tough the night out outside, they're dead meat in the street. In the tavern's common room, while the tavernkeeper is closing the door, Captain Nonnose skulks in. The tavernkeeper sags a little. The Captain sees the Troubleshooters and puffs himself up.

"Well met, men. We'll make our stand here."

The tavernkeeper bars the door and heads off to bed, shaking his head.

Oh, That Evil Night ...

Outside, the night is evil. Mists occasionally seep through cracks in the door. Moaning winds change to moaning voices and back again. The door starts creaking, then there is a knocking.

Vampires will try to gain entrance through several ploys. In real life, I

suggest you send out for food towards the end of the fight last night. If it comes while you are still doing this bit, allow one of the players to get the door, in which case in the game make that into that Troubleshooter opening the door to the inn, and a vampire or two rushing in. Yes, it is a cheap shot, and I am proud of it. While logistics on this will be difficult, data suggests that approximately 85% of gaming groups will not get the delivery guy knocking at the right time, about 15% will get him or her coming in just perfect, and .0001% will be cranked up enough to attempt to stake the delivery guy after letting him in.

We consider this a reasonable risk.

Ploys the vampires will use include someone wanting to use the restrooms, a roving hygiene officer doing a random spot check, a young couple whose car has broke down, someone claiming that they may have already won 10,000,000 credits if they'll just order a few magazines, someone claiming to be a friend of Debbie's, a horde of



young female voices asking if this is the place where the wet chamois contest is ("Oh yes, and this is no weather for all of us to be out here wearing nothing but a thin drenched slip of soft silk between us and that darn cold mist"), etc.

Assuming the Troubleshooters aren't that stupid, Captain Nonose will fall for pretty much all of these, and will have to be injured or sat on all night. If the door is opened, and someone asks a vampire or vampires in, they will enter and attack, but will only come in one at a time. If the Troubleshooters are having a real bad time, the Innkeeper and his sons will come to the rescue with crossbows. It isn't necessary to make this a killer fight.

Episode Eighteen: The Fickle Flicker of Hope

After a restless night, the morning is dark and bleak. The voices gradually fade, but the mists stay, and the sky barely lightens. The tavernkeeper rises and opens the door to go look at the Compound.

The mists keep the Compound enshrouded, but something looks different. The weather bots' wings look different; they now flap slowly, like giant bats' wings. The remnants of the building cannot be seen through the mists.

The villagers begin to gather at the tavern. Stock is taken of those killed in the night. Suddenly, the Seers Cataloguers enter. All gasp, and people murmur that they never leave their little peak like this. The bot is carrying a box about the size of a breadbox,

Interlude on the Wet-Chamois Girls

After the adventure, show the players this box:

Players: The girls in the wet chamois shirts were really out there! They were the one "ploy" that was real. Just a half-dozen of the most attractive girl-clones you've ever seen, trapped with their bare-chested male roadies (who just don't seem to be interested in the girls, but would much prefer members of the Troubleshooter team, if they are necessary — otherwise, they volunteer to stand guard outside while everyone else is having fun).

Gamemaster: If the Troubleshooters do open up the door to let the wet chamois girls in, they are really out there — it is not a trick. See the "Players" entry for details.

which they bring to the Vlhurgermeister. He opens it and takes out what looks like an old fashioned bomb; a big black sphere with a foot-long fuse. The villagers gasp. The Vlhurgermeister speaks:

"This is the Intense Incense Incendiary Device. Long have we waited for men of valor who could use this to eradicate the scourge of our lives. And now they are among us."

Captain Nonose swaggers forward and attempts a speech, but is silenced.

"No, Captain, you're ... needed at home. Besides, you're a clueless pinhead. I was referring instead to the valiant ones among us —"

He gestures in the general direction of the Troubleshooters, but, instead shouts:

"Koorl and Looigi!"

Everyone turns to two burly men next to the Troubleshooters, who both beg off, one citing an allergy to incense, the other an old Vootball injury that acts up in misty weather. The villagers seem at a loss. See what the attitude of the Troubleshooters is. If they're used to doing stupid things in the name of valor (like they probably are if they've been playing those other games) they may well volunteer, in which case let them.

If they don't, then pressure them into it, bribe them into it, threaten them into it, or guilt-trip them into it.

Ooo, La, La ... KABOOM!

The Troubleshooters can now, because of their "experience," make it across to the Compound easily — where they have to detonate the bomb. But things are different. The warbots have changed — they wear long black hooded cloaks and one carries a scythe.

Everything at Class-I Alpha Complex has changed, in fact. It is now "Castle Alpha Complex." The vampires have seized total control of the robots and have reprogrammed them to act and dress in a Gothic fashion.

The Troubleshooters have to avoid the robots, who will attack them in a less efficient, but more melodramatic, manner now, and they have to wait until sundown to light the bomb — sundown is as far away as you like it.

Episode Nineteen: The Last Supper

Eventually, the Troubleshooters should make their way inside the Compound, at which point the bots will stop attacking them. Inside, they are met by about fifteen out-and-out vampires, wearing either classic elegant vampire garb, trashy punk "vampire-esque" clothes, or tattered remnants of Alpha Complex uniforms. A motley horde of zombies about thirty strong are standing in the background.

The Troubleshooters are stripped of everything weaponlike, including the Device — unless they fight (this is not a good idea). One of the Committee, in





Please remember what The Computer said, "The Warbots circling the CLASS-L are only here for your protection." The sickles, robes and death-masks must be optional equipment.

dark green overly-formal wear and a white ruffled shirt speaks:

"Where is the body of our brother? You cruelly overcame him in the night and hid his body somewhere on this mountain. Where is it?"

Last the Troubleshooters knew, the vampires' "brother" was alive and directing zombies to kill them, unless they got lucky and killed him. Nonetheless, they will be questioned, threatened and lightly tortured until they come up with a location. As they don't know, it's unlikely they'll guess right. The likelihood is further diminished by the fact that you've just been making up rooms as you went along, and all of those have burned down anyway.

After the harassment ends unhappily for all parties involved, the Troubleshooters are locked in a basement with five Dead PUHPpy guards. One of them is T-O-BIE, who does not remember meeting the Troubleshooters before.

Eventually, a troop of vampires, including one of the Committee, enter.

He speaks:

"Our brother's body has not been found. You will be happy to know that tonight will be your last night on kitchen duty. Tonight you will feed us one last time."

He smiles, displaying prominent canines (the ones the Prince had following him around, no doubt). The Troubleshooters are marched into the kitchen. The guards wait outside the door.

The kitchen has been more or less restored, but the computer is no longer



functioning. Well, actually, it is functioning, but in a new capacity — as a flowerpot for small sprigs of basil and parsley.

Luigi eventually comes out carrying the silver serving tray, the cover already locked on. He is unchanged, except that he seems glad to see the Troubleshooters. "I am sorry tonight is your last. I understand you were involved in the fire and, well, no hard feelings." He turns and goes, leaving the tray. The guards enter and direct the Troubleshooters to the dining hall. The dining hall has been redone, it is now elegant in a grim Gothic fashion. There is a large banquet table, candelabras, lilies and a silver table setting for each of the Troubleshooters.

There is a huge stained-glass window with the image of the castle being struck by lightning. The sky in the window is an unsettling dark red setting sun. The sun is shining through the window, bathing the room in a blood-red murk awash with sinister shadows.

The Troubleshooters are seated, with



a Sick PUHPpy guard behind each. Escape attempts will be quickly quelled. The three Committee Greens rise and start pacing. One speaks.

“What we have here is a failure to communicate. You flaunt our wishes. This will be your final meal.”

He signals to the guards, who tuck napkins under the Troubleshooters chins. Another yanks the lid off the tray to reveal <gasp> Major G-OON. He has been prepared as per Hans Velsing’s maid’s recipe, complete with the cloves, the pineapple slices, the apple in the mouth. As an additional amusing flourish, there is a large stalk of kale sticking out of each ear. There are large wooden skewers which appear to intersect with his heart at a variety of angles. He seems very dead, even for one of the undead.

The vampires gasp in rage and disbelief. The guards grab the Troubleshooters’ shoulders and pin them to their chairs. Suddenly, Prince-B-LUD bounds from out of nowhere up onto the table, and begins howling and screaming.

“The Full Moon! The Fool Moon! It blinds me, it tears my soul, it drives my mind from me! I’m, I’m ... Hawoooh! Hawooooo!”

He then proceeds to pull a Lon Chaney impersonation, goes wolf-boy, shredding his cloak in the process. In doing so, the Device rolls out from a pocket, landing near the feet of the Troubleshooters. He then runs out, bowling over vampires and zombies in his way.

Suddenly, (but not as suddenly as the Prince, ‘cause he’s already finished his bit), the stained glass window shatters, raining ruby shards in a crimson crystalline cascade as Captain Nonose crashes through the window, swinging from a rope. He lets go of the rope at the pinnacle of the swing, shouts “Yo Ho!”, executes a dazzling series of dynamic backflips and lands, tragically, on his neck, killing himself instantly.

On a positive note, however, the window’s destruction has allowed the last fading sunbeams to shine on to the table, killing the Troubleshooters’ guards and one of the Committee who was standing too close (not Major-G-OON). The rest are unharmed in the shadows. The sun has not yet set, the Device won’t light yet. A phalanx of twenty zombie guards lumbers towards the Troubleshooters. Weapons available to the Troubleshooters include butter knives, two iron candelabras, and Captain Nonose’s possessions — which include a blunt katana, usable as a club, and a complete croquet set, with two stakes, usable as stakes, and four mallets, usable as clubs or, if broken, stakes. Escape will seem like an attractive option, as the crack caused by Captain Nonose’s entrance is huge, reaching from ground level to about fifty feet in the air. Encourage them to leave. As they flee the Castle, zombies and skeletons are clawing their way out of their graves and grabbing at the Troubleshooters ankles.

Episode Twenty: Blood Will Tell

The Castle never looked more ominous. You might want to prepare a tape with Bach’s Toccata in D or the Mars theme from Holst’s “The Planets” or the fight music from *Star Trek* or all three. After those, dub on the cheesy music that you used earlier, the polka schlock or whatnot.

The Troubleshooters get to fight zombies and skeletons until the end of the creepy/martial music at which point the cheesy music comes wafting over from Oompah. The Troubleshooters

realize the sun is down, and that the signal has been given. Assuming the Troubleshooters have had the presence of mind to have either a light ready or the means to start a fire, they manage to get the thing lit. At this point, something really impressive happens that gives the Troubleshooters the fire-power they need to kill the vampires, the ten guardbots, the two warbots and the fifty or sixty zombies.

What, You May Ask

In planning the finale, I came up with a number of ideas, but felt that some play groups might feel a certain idea was either not flashy enough, or too goofy, or too derivative of classic mythology or a Max Fleischer cartoon. Ergo, consult the following list of impressive finales, and just use the one or ones most appropriate for your Troubleshooters. Some are individual, some are for the whole group.

Acquisition of Superhuman Characteristics

1. Troubleshooter feels his chest itching, and exploration reveals a large tattooed “S” and a small tattooed “TM.” Troubleshooter has superhuman strength, flight, and invulnerability.
2. Troubleshooter feels his nose itching, sneezes with a loud “Shazoo!”, is struck by lightning and finds himself dressed in red and again superhumanly strong, flighty and invulnerable. He also has an addiction to cheese.
3. Troubleshooter is knocked to the ground by the attacking undead, then feels something odd and bulky in his back pocket. Examination reveals it is a can of something green and foul-looking, for which the Troubleshooter has a immense hunger for. Swallowing it brings on an allergic reaction which squeezes one eye shut, causes the forearms to swell to the size of hams, and constricts the throat, changing the Troubleshooter’s voice to a raspy nasal growl. He is inexplicably strong and fast. He also has “a hankerin’ for the open sea.”
4. Another turns green and gets big and stupid and strong. If he was already





"Oh, no! It's Deus Ex Machina Man! Well, I guess he'll wrap things up around here!"

stupid, he gets *real* stupid. Anything he hits gets mused. Anything that hits him gets mused.

5. Another is struck by lightning, finds it exhilarating, and realizes he can call down bolts of lightning on command. His accuracy isn't the greatest, but what the hey.

6. Another finds himself in the repaired body of Captain Nonose, in the castle. He is capable of heroic leaps, acrobatics and soliloquies, but not much else.

7. Another finds himself in a purple dinosaur suit with no obvious zipper, and no obvious abilities above and beyond those of mortal man. He immediately feels nauseated and repulsed by his own appearance and goes berserk against the zombies, ineffectually attacking them with his rubber teeth. They have no effect, but he is, apparently, unreachable in his new outfit.

8. Another finds himself with the strength of ten men.

9. Another finds himself with the strength of three men, two women, a cocker spaniel and a parakeet named Petey.

10. Another finds himself mentally linked to all the gelo47 on the peak, and he can command it at will. However, he must hum the theme to "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" while the gelo47 march.

Acquisition of Useful Items

1. Troubleshooters find they are wearing weightless armor which makes them invulnerable to attack, but not being dropped off the cliff.



2. The ground cracks open and a rock with swords sheathed in it appears. Each sword can only be removed by a certain Troubleshooter, and is hideously powerful. They are easily wielded by the Troubleshooters, and will kill a vampire each swing, cleaving it in twain. Or in clemens — I could never get those two right.

3. Same as above, except there are real powerful lasers capable of frying vampires. Sunny-side up or over-easy; makes no difference to me.

4. Same as 2, except the swords can't be removed. That is, unless one of the Troubleshooters pronounces himself "the one true king." In that case, the Troubleshooter is struck by lightning (but remains unharmed) and withdraws the sword. There is another blinding flash, and the sword turns into a silver microphone (useable as a club against vampires or zombies). The Troubleshooter is immediately promoted to Blue clearance and provided with matching footwear.

5. The ground cracks open, and out pops a crate of portable sun lamps, some assembly required ...

6. Plasma generators for everyone! They work on vampires, the sun being plasma, don't ya know.

7. A crate full of miscellaneous grenades, some marked, one marked "experimental thermonuclear device which will destroy the entire peak and all on it."

8. A Sherman Tank in full working order. If only you had the keys ...

9. A Vulture Warrior 920 which the Troubleshooters will have to alternatively trick, grovel and threaten before

it will do as they say.

10. The master controls to all the bots on the peak. With manual in Brest-Litovskian Hindi. Hey, start hitting buttons ...

Miraculous Events and Assistance

1. The Fifth Cavalry charges up the mountain path and holds the vampires down so they can be staked.

2. A voice yells "The Eagles are coming, the Eagles are coming!" Arriving will be either a couple dozen helicopter sized-birds (mutated so that they must whirl their wings instead of flapping them), a Green-clearance uniformed Vootball team, or a moon probe. Or all three. They will offer their assistance, such as it is.

3. In the fading sunset, the image of an immense scale can be seen. Spectral figures are dumping handfuls of what seems to be iridescent dust in the pans, but are obviously unhappy with the results. The scales tip one way, and the vampires and zombies explode.

4. Baby-faced cherubs boil out of the ground like bees from a hive and cheerily behead the vampires while singing.

5. The Troubleshooters all feel like dancing. They really do. Make them do it in reality. It starts raining as soon as they start, but will stop when they do, too. Tell them they've flooded out the vampires as soon as you've had enough amusement.

6. Intense garlic and perfume washes over the table (if you like, you can make up a batch, but it will reek and people will look at you funny. If they already do, they'll look at you funnier), as the vampires all wither and burn, screaming.

7. The peak is filled with a ghostly, white light, as the Troubleshooters find themselves filled with a brilliant radiance. They find themselves craving the taste of vampire. They are twice as strong as your a normal vampire, and each Troubleshooter can eat five before feeling full. Zombies are still revolting, and must be killed.

Special Mega-Happy Ending

Just before the fuse reaches the Device, whoever makes a Moxie roll has





an Epiphany. He realizes the whole thing has been a setup, and he should snuff the fuse. He does so, the "vampires" come staggering out, and putting it all together, the Troubleshooter realizes that nobody is actually undead, it's just clever makeup and amputations, and they've all been fed psychoactive drugs. Someone grabs Prince B-LUD and pulls off his mask, saying, "Now let's find out who's really behind all this!"

It's the Vlhurgermeister! He was just keeping up a reign of terror in order to keep his position in the upcoming elections.

"And I would have gotten away with it too, if it hadn't been for you damn meddling kids!"

Final Battle Notes

Keep it fairly intense, ridiculous, or intensely ridiculous as you like. Certainly don't be afraid to kill a couple characters. Toss in whatever sort of elements from the suggested endings

that you like. The bots will come into play in whatever numbers are needed to keep it interesting.

If the vampires are a tough fight, there is no need to throw the bots at the Troubleshooters at the end. The bots will demand explanations for recent events, as the overriding of their programming has confused them.

The Troubleshooters can either settle in at Class-L Alpha Complex, as a place different adventures may be based from, they can go live among the villagers of Oompah. The supply plane will land the next day and investigate. Depending on how well the Troubleshooters explain the new architecture (or lack thereof), the solo pilot will either ignore the new situation, attempt to persuade the Troubleshooters to fly back with them, or will report the situation to Alpha Complex.

If you want the characters back at Alpha Complex, a squadron of Vulture soldiers is sent out to snag them.

There is a final interrogation when the

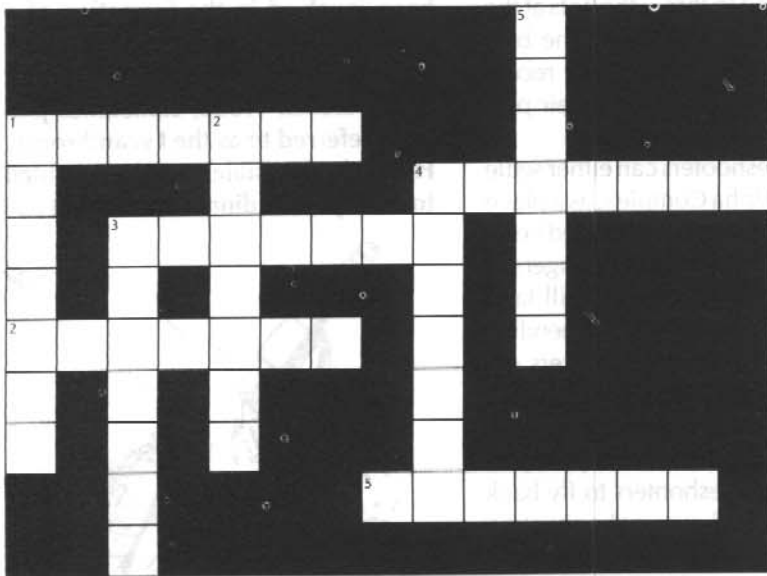
Troubleshooters try to explain what happened or, more wisely, lie. There is a final communication from Prince B-LUD.

"Greetings my old friends. I have been involved in the formation of a new outpost whose mission is to categorize mountain lichens. We are called Lichen Troop, sometimes jokingly referred to as the Lycanthropes. Heh-heh. If possible, we'd be delighted to have you for dinner some night ..."

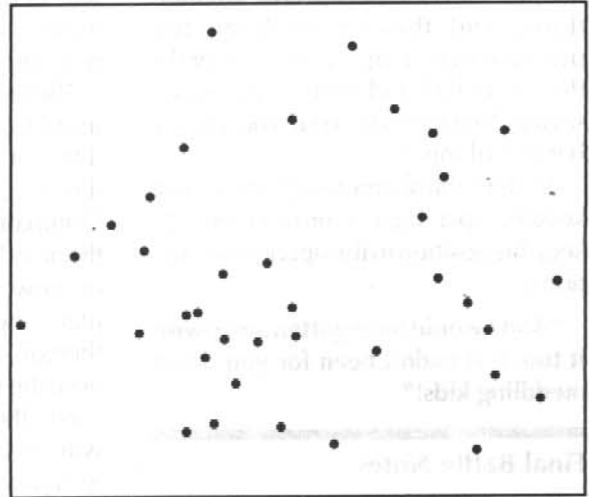




Beek-I-MAN's Activity Page O' Fun



Connect the Dots



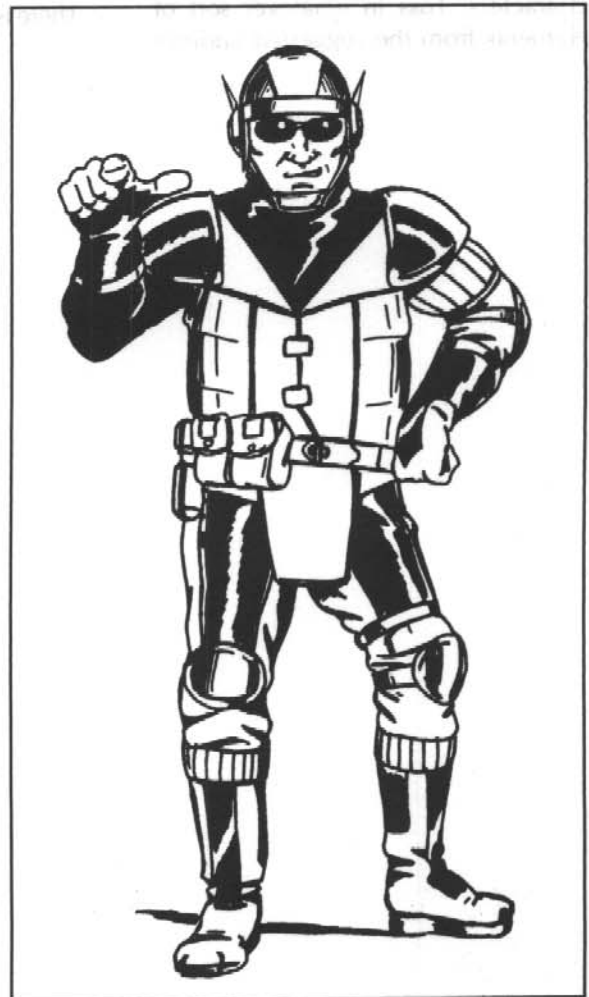
Across

1. A Troubleshooter who does not obey The Computer without question.
2. A citizen of Alpha Complex with an unregistered mutant power.
3. A citizen of Alpha State with a *registered* mutant power.
4. A Troubleshooter who, when accused by a citizen of higher clearance of treasonous activity, proves that higher clearance citizen to be incorrect in his accusation.
5. A Green clearance citizen is moving north along a transtube at 30 kph. A Yellow clearance citizen is moving west along a transtube at 50 kph. An Infrared clearance citizen is standing at the point of impact. He is a _____.

Down

1. A seven-letter word that means "dead as anything you can think of that's really, really dead."
2. What you would call anyone who doesn't complete this puzzle completely.
3. What you would call anyone who comes up with any excuse at all for not completing this puzzle completely.
4. What you would call anyone who, even under the most understandable and logical circumstances, avoids completing this puzzle completely, correctly, and to The Computer's complete satisfaction.
5. What you are.

Color the IntSec Trooper NOW!



Answers:

1. Traitor 2. Traitor 3. Traitor 4. Traitor 5. Traitor 6. Traitor 7. Traitor 8. Traitor 9. Traitor 10. Loyall