

A Complex of Dimness Adventure for...

PARANOIA™

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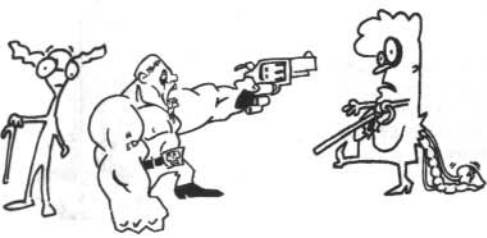
CREATURES OF THE NIGHTCYCLE



The Contents Page



Introduction	3
Chapter One	
The Last Supper	8
Chapter Two	
Meeting Methua-U-Lah	13
Chapter Three	
Enter Delew-U-Ann	17
Chapter Four	
Clone/Dred: The Erased	22
Chapter Five	
Escape From LAH	40
Chapter Six	
The Old Deserted R&D Lab	45
Chapter Seven	
Scream, Drec-U-Lah, Scream	50
Chapter Eight	
Jackobot Slim's Twist Contest	56
Chapter Nine	
A Stand-Up Fight? Or Just Another Bot Hunt?	67
Chapter Ten	
Quick, To The Bot-Cave!	74
Chapter Eleven	
Let MORTALL Combat Begin.	81
Chapter Twelve	
Debriefing, or I Would Have Gotten Away With It Too	87
Chapter Thirteen	
New Secret Societies In The Complex of Dimness	94
Templates	101
Extra Stuff	108

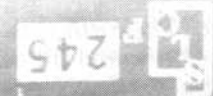




Creatures of the Nightcycle

A Complex of Dimness Adventure for Paranoia

By Jennifer Brandes and Chris Hepler



WARNINGWARNINGWARNING

This adventure is far beyond Security Clearance Ultraviolet. In fact, its hallowed contents have withstood the tempests of millennia, the enigmas within shielded by a web of arcane power and ruthless Machiavellian blackmail, so that even High Programmers may not be privy to its dynamics of intrigue. Legions of mortals, both stalwart and craven, have fought, stolen and loved for centuries, all the while ignorant of a world they only imagined in the depths of dreams and fanciful stories told by the fireside, commanded by beings of unimaginable terror, indefatigable passion, and *razones oscuros*. (*Breathe*) These creatures walk among them, Promethean in their intellect, Atlasian in their strength, yet unassuming, even frail, in their appearance, seamlessly blending into our own society as the crab spider blends into the petals of a touch-me-not, preying on the unsuspecting butterfly.

And we're selling their secrets for fifteen bucks. (It would be lower, but we threw in some cool artwork.)

You know the drill. The players don't read this, the gamemaster does. Revelation of Ultraviolet-clearance knowledge, especially for you Infrareds, is treason punishable by summary execution, re-animation, and the eternal torment of the damned that only ceases during the parasitic act of libidinally charged blood feasting.

Be warned. Somewhere, hidden deep in the heart of the familiar, loving, *happy* Alpha Complex we know, is another Complex, a shadow Complex which exists just out of sight of clones, and in front of the very monitors of The Computer. Though this may seem like the Alpha Complex you know, it is not. It is a Complex that is *dumber*, *more primitive*, and, dare we say it, *less happy* than the blissful corridors of our own. It is but the dark reflection of the true Alpha, and the mirror is kind of spotty because the scrubots are on the fritz again.

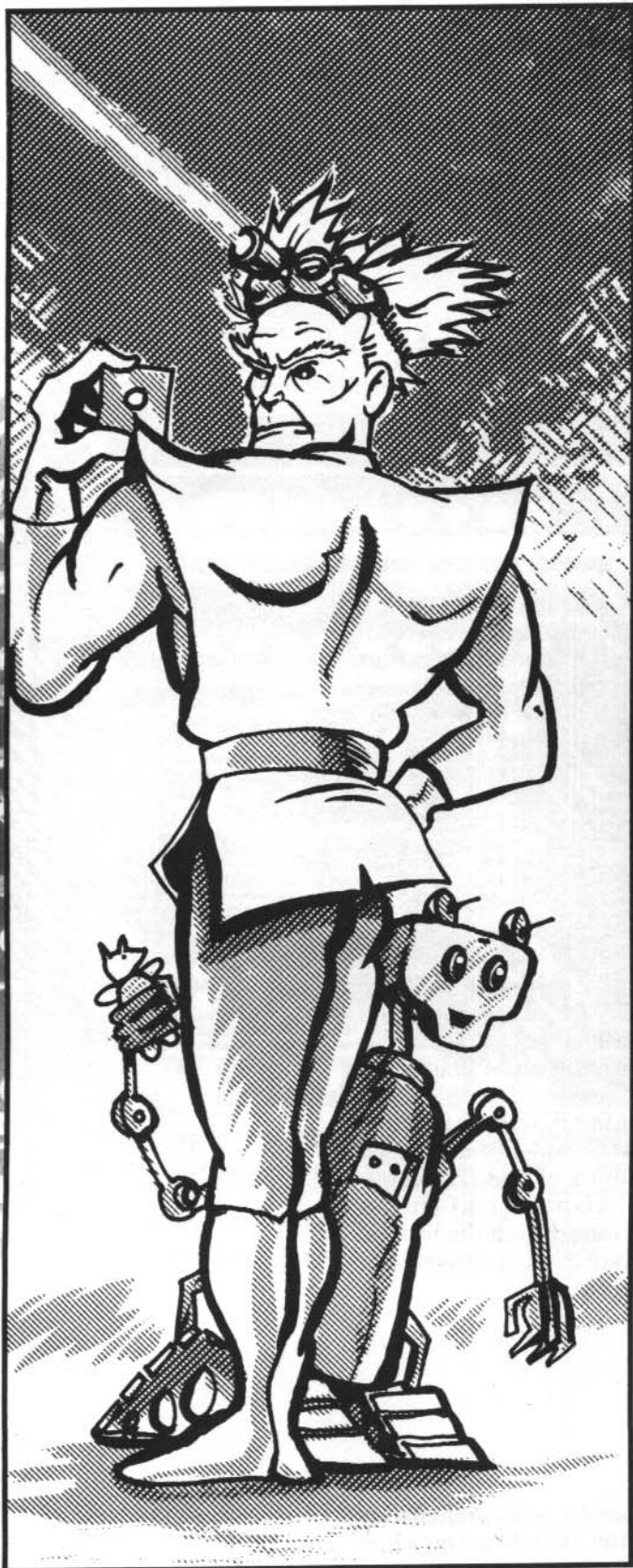
Open these pages, and enter that locale.

It is truly a Complex of Dimness....

WARNINGWARNINGWARNING

How to Use this Adventure

Consume caffeine. Open book. Run eyes over page. Babble incomprehensibly at players, while paying no attention to what we've written. Kill clones on whim



Brian Schomburg

until you finish eating the pizza everyone bribed you with, then send everyone home and go to bed. Send one check for \$60,000 payable to Chris Hepler, c/o West End Games. Repeat as necessary.

Creatures of the Nightcycle is an adventure (and some source material) for *Paranoia: The Fifth Edition*, just like it says on the cover. Read the adventures beforehand and decide if you want to put your gaming group through them. Then, make up the props, photocopy or cut out the pre-generated characters, give them to the players and start gamemastering. Text in **bold** is read to your players at the appropriate time (usually preceded by helpful comments like "Read the following to the players when...").

This adventure is set in *Paranoia: The Fifth Edition*. That's right, The Computer is back and all of that other stuff that happened in the last few years has been edited out. Fortunately, The Computer plays a fairly minor role, so it only takes a little tweaking for those of you who are stuck in the *Non-Regulation Post-Mega Whoops Second Edition*.

Rumor has it that the long-lost *Third Edition* has been found and—even as you read this sentence—is being re-constructed by the overworked, bleeding hands of certain writers and editors trapped in the Pennsylvania Sector. Of course, any knowledge of this rumor is treason, so you better just wipe that idea right out of your head, mister!

Game Statistics and Stuff

When you read through the adventure, you'll sometimes see stats saying "8FF damage" or "1d10+9 damage." All damage values are calculated on 1D10 plus the number listed, and cross-referenced with the Damage Done table. The "F," "P" and so on designations indicate the type of armor that protects from the attack. If there is no letter designation, it's because the damage is choking or poison or otherwise ignores armor.

For those of you with the *Second Edition* (you traitors), use the Damage Column of the number. Anything with an extra "F" next to the damage code is a field weapon, and only full-body armor protects from it.

A Few Changes

Creatures of the Nightcycle is not your standard *Paranoia* adventure. All that (EXPLETIVE DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS) about the Complex of Dimness actually means that you're going to have to read the adventure before you run it. It's got a lot of new stuff inside—new mutant vampclone powers, new secret societies, and a slightly different idea of how things work in Alpha Complex. As always,



you're free to change anything you want. Add more jokes, more gags, parody some movies we haven't seen yet, or take out anything you don't like. Nosferat-U isn't watching and reporting how badly you tore asunder the fruits of our endeavors, our poetical expression of the depths of our souls. Trust us.

Malicious Laughter

Okay, gamemasters, it's important to brush up on your Malicious Laughter now, since you'll be doing it a lot. Take a deep abdominal breath, and let it resonate for at least four seconds: MWHAAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Running Creatures of the Nightcycle

Perhaps, when allowing your eyes to float over the deathless prose of recent vampire literature, you have felt the words tugging at your heartstrings, reminding you of your own mortality and how dark the tortured recesses of your soul can truly be. And then perhaps, you've thought, the whole darn bunch need some Happy Pills.

Or perhaps it is merely time for *Paranoia* to join a new generation of games, aimed at a more mature audience, addressing adult themes like gratuitous violence, vengeful vending machines, and rights for bots.

In this scenario, Methuz-U-LAH, a High Programmer in R&D, has developed a super-serum which turns clones into vampclones. There are certain side effects to this—everything gets darker, looking like it's always nightcycle (this has something to do with keeping their pupils permanently constricted). The clones are filled with the desire to write bad poetry, talk in Victorian English, and suddenly acquire a knowledge of meaningless Latin phrases. Their Happy Pills no longer make them happy, but make them realize all the horror of their lives.

And Sullenness is Mandatory.

As written, much of the adventure takes place in LAH and PLP sectors, where Methuz-U reprogrammed most Computer monitors, making them suitable for the Complex of Dimness. This means It doesn't notice that the characters...oh...suddenly grew fangs, talk in speech that no clone has ever heard, and make references to treasonous Old Reckoning texts. If you'd rather the characters have to hide, beg for forgiveness or attempt to bluff The Computer out, that's dandy, too. In the Complex of Dimness, though, The Computer realizes that in order for a clone (or Itself) to ever truly reap the rewards of existence, they must be aware of life's darker side. The Computer has found that It enjoys, perversely, the experience of being unhappy. In fact, the Big C likes the improvement so much, It's renaming Itself after a well-known symbol of misery in the Old Reckoning: C+.

The Complex of Dimness crushes individuality. Equipment is more valuable than people, unfeeling bureaucrats have the most authority and bribery, threats, connections, and backstabbing are the only way to get anything done. Just like college. Or the normal Alpha Complex.

Pre-Generated Player Characters

Creatures of the Nightcycle can be played with either on-going characters (Huh? You don't go through a six-pack per session?), ones created for the occasion, or with the pre-generated ones we provided. If you use the pregens, photocopy the character sheets as many times as you need. The pregens' names are mention in the "Sample Dialogues" written to give you an idea of how a given episode might run with players trying to stay in character and yet be funny. So don't get thrown when reading and say "Who the snot is this Mask-R-ADE person?" Relax. It's only a Troubleshooter, and he's probably more scared of you than you are of him.



If you want to run the game with more or fewer players, that's cool, too. Either make up some more (Polido-R-EEE, Vent-R-EWW, and Tore-R-Dor come to mind), or cut some out. None of them can save themselves anyway, so don't sweat it.

Note that the pre-generated characters include a couple of Orange Clearance Troubleshooters. Sure, let them boss around the Reds. After Episode Two, they all get demoted to Infrared and anybody else can take their revenge.

The pregens all have Power attributes of 10. Let 'em think that they're special. Fact is, as soon as they get vamped, they start losing Power points until they drink some blood, so that'll even itself out, as well.

Vampclones all gain *Regeneration*, *Adrenaline Control*, and *Hypersenses* mutations. This means that they can go through situations that No One Could Possibly Survive, and keep coming back for more. You should familiarize yourself with the Near-Death Experience Table (page XX).

And check out how long the adventure is. Content yourself with the knowledge that the vampclones will be getting blown into little bits, maimed, dropped from great heights, constricted to the size of a nickel, or having their blood sucked out of them the entire time.

How did that GM Malicious Laughter go again?
MWHAAAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Plot Summary and Background

Many yearcycles ago, High Programmer Methuz-U-LAH, directing R&D in LAH sector, found that executions for secret society membership were on an all-time rise. Curious about how to turn this bit of data into something that could keep his inferiors from killing him, he authorized an experiment.

What clones truly want, he reasoned, is not happiness. The clone is a Predatory Creature. Clones are motivated by the need to feel powerful, the need for shooting, stabbing, and deep-fat-frying others, and the need for nifty secret



Brian Schomburg



handshakes. If he could use his High Programmer position to authorize a legitimate society for clones to belong to, they would sign up in droves, yet they wouldn't be harming The Computer. In fact, if they were loyal to anyone, it would be him; because he would give them fantastic powers from experimental R&D super-serums. And he would bail them out of trouble if they were convicted for secret society membership. But he would have to create an elaborate system of favors for their advancement, and send them on appropriate missions in order to make them *think* they were in a real secret society.

That this would be just another secret society completely slipped his mind.

In fact, a lot of things have slipped his mind lately, because he's been sampling some of his own super-serum, and he's cracked so badly he'd need fifty years of Happy Pills for his psyche's superglue. Since he can't digest *anything* but blood anymore, that's not too likely.

His immediate underling and one of the folks trying to off him, is an Internal Security plant, Delew-V-ANN. Delew-V's been taking notes, but needs a *lot* of evidence to convict a High Programmer and take down Methuz-U's allies at the same time. He decides that Methuz-U has been so careful about covering his tracks, he'd have no way of getting legitimate evidence. What he needs is a completely random, bumbling mess of idiots who could screw *anything* up because they're too stupid to die. Well, die *quickly*.

Okay, die quickly *enough*.

Guess who gets indoctrinated?

The characters are assigned by Methuz-U-LAH to find out why some of the clones in his society have been killed. In order to help them accomplish this, they are given the super-serum and treated in all ways like members of the society. Of course this doesn't make them bait. Really.

However, Methuz-U made the fatal mistake of trusting Delew-V, who is partially responsible for the deaths. Drek-U-LAH, an old rival of Methuz-U, and Delew-V have teamed up to create the Society for the Advancement of Bots (SABot), a Bot-rights activists group which despises Methuz-U and all his lackeys. Delew-V, hating Drek-U almost as much as Methuz-U, has been playing the two off against each other for his own betterment. As the characters attempt to track Drek-U down in his deserted R&D lab, they are frustrated at every turn by the SABot. Eventually, they can track the bot-lovers back to their hideout in the sewers where they engage in mortal combat...I mean combat...until all of Alpha Complex comes crashing down around them.



The Last Supper

SUMMARY

The characters are woken up, possibly executed and sent to get breakfast. Breakfast, a psychological experiment in clone patience, is interrupted by the Computer announcing that the Troubleshooters are to be escorted to LAH sector for summary execution. After shooting them, the rest of the clones all attempt to lead them away, with a few of the characters' secret society members coming forward to offer condolences and assignments for their next clone.

RUNNING IT

This episode can be run individually, as each of the clones lives in a different sector and sleep creche. Drag each player off to a separate room. Read the following:

Some clones say that just before dying, the whole Complex increases in clarity. They can see the light beginning to coalesce into a laser in the barrel of the rifle pointed at them, or hear the gentle, loving hum of Computer monitors even over the roar of the plasma blast. Perhaps that's why this morningcycle, you notice the naked light bulb in your steel sleep cubicle seems a little dimmer than normal. Or perhaps those clones are mutant traitors with some sort of super-senses power and deserve to fry like Bake-O-Bits stuffing.

The air is sultry and humid, the cubicle still. Being here is like having the breath of the Computer Itself pumped in through the vents, bathing you in sweet air.

WHOOMP. The all-seeing Eye of the Computer comes on the vidscreen. "Good Morningcycle, Citizen [Name]. Are you happy?"

The player should have that part down pat. If not, a multi-barrel Smo/KEM laser rifle opens out of the roof of their creche and starts rotating with a disturbing WHIIRRRR, tracking their head, and the Computer asks again.

"Good. Your breakfast is in Cafeteria DSM-3-R, with your fellow Troubleshooters. Please be polite and wait your turn in line, and be careful not to choke on a spoon, eat more than the mandatory daily allowance of System Scrapin's, or step off the Red line. Please exit your cubicle immediately. Thank you, and have a nice daycycle."

The door to your creche opens. A chrome-finished scrubot with a huge nozzled apparatus strapped to its top points into the cubicle, blocking the lower three-quarters of the doorway. The nozzle is hooked



up to a fuel tank marked ANTI-GERM 6.0.

Count down from ten out loud. The Computer will answer no questions during that time. Neither will the scrubot. Unless the player says he climbs over the scrubot, he's in trouble.

FWOOOOOSH HH SIZZLE SIZZLE SIZZLE. Flames bathe your cell like the turbine-driven garbage-disposal infernos of HEL sector, reducing everything in there to blackened steel. It slowly fades from a glowing Orange-clearance color down to Red, and then to Infrared-black.

If the character is caught inside, he takes 15FF and is probably a memory.

The bot speaks in a honking, nasal, robotic voice. "Thank-you-for-your-cooperation. Field-testing-of-the-Anti-Germ-6.0, Trial #3,544 complete. Have-a-nice-daycycle." It takes its glossy, chromed bot elsewhere.

The trip down to the cafeteria is a short, uneventful walk. Which number was that again? If they can't remember, they might walk into the Indigo-clearance small-arms testing range right down the hall. Gosh, but the Indigos hung the targets on the other side of the door....

Cafeteria DSM-3-R

The smell of Hot Fun, System Scrapin's and Bake-O-Bits stuffing wafts through the air. Four hundred meters long, the vast cafeteria DSM-3-R can feed over a thousand clones with no difficulty. The Red line follows the wall, twenty centimeters from a stack of cafeteria trays and the banks of vendibots. Nearly a hundred Yellow and Orange Troubleshooters are ahead of you in line, getting bowls and plates of their morningcycle meal. Walking down the line, staring at the clones like a flesh-and-blood version of a warbot is a Green-clearance clone with a humming neurowhip he caresses lovingly. Tall and thin, he squints as he sees you. The name tag on his lab coat reads Mil-G-Ram-2. He cracks the neurowhip.

"Grab yer chow an' slurp it down by order of The Computer!"

The characters presumably get their breakfasts from the vendibots. Pretty soon, the Troubleshooters notice the Red line doesn't extend anywhere near the hundreds of tables. As a matter of fact, the tables have *no* color; they haven't been painted yet. One by one, the Troubleshooters trickle in, most of them Orange and Yellow, and all more heavily armed with higher clearance weaponry. The line gets longer. And more packed. And even more packed.

Cheap Tricks: Make the players stand up, give them a plate and serve them dinner for the evening standing up and in line. Don't let them sit down unless it stops being fun.

Anyclone who steps out onto the floor hears the pleasant, booming voice of the Computer, "CITIZEN [name], THAT FLOOR IS ABOVE YOUR SECURITY CLEARANCE." They get neurowhipped or shot by Mil-G-RAM.



Mil-G-RAM-2

Mutant Power: Empathy

Secret Society: Pro Tech

Service Group: HPD&MC

S7 A7 C6 D5 E8 MA8 M9 P8

Macho: 4 Wounds: 6 HTH: 3

Skills: Brawling 7, Dodge 9, Force Weapons 13, Laser Weapons 11, Bootlicking 9, Intimidation 14, Spurious Logic 9, Biochem Therapy 10, Biosciences 8.

Equipment: Neurowhip (10E), clipboard, paper, Green pencil, Green lab coat over reflex and kevlar (L4P311), Green laser pistol with two reloads.

Mil-G is making a quick plasticred. With a lot of paint thinner and some compromised scrubots, he arranged for the color to be taken off the area outside the Red line. In areas without paint, the highest security clearance clone gives the orders. He gets target practice and can "confiscate treasonous items" at the same time.

As part of an HPD&MC experiment, Mil-G is authorized to wear an R&D lab coat, on the theory that it may be more intimidating to clones than his reflex armor. He takes notes periodically on the clones' reactions before, during and after neurowhipping them into submission.





Let the characters stand around until one of them gets bored enough to make a break for the tables. Or shoots a traitor. At that point, the lights go out and a booming, resonant, dramatic Computer voice announces:

“ATTENTION, ALL TROUBLESHOOTERS! ONE OF MY MOST LOYAL SERVANTS HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THERE ARE TRAITORS AMONG YOU! IT PAINS ME TO THINK THAT MY TROUBLESHOOTERS, WHOM I RAISED UP FROM LOWLY INFRAREDS AND BROUGHT TO MY LOVING DATABANKS, WHOM I TRUSTED TO DO MY BIDDING, WOULD SO CALLOUSLY BETRAY ME. THESE TRAITORS, MISERABLE COMMUNIST SCUM THAT THEY ARE, HAVE BEEN HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT. AND IT IS UP TO ALL OF YOU LOYAL CLONES TO FIND AND DEAL WITH THEM. THEY ARE IN CAFETERIA DSM-3-R.

This should start a free-for-all as player characters and NPCs alike start frantically trying to nab some traitors before they get given over the tender mercies of The Computer. Don't let this last long. Everyone in the room has time to get approximately one shot off (or one other appropriate action like running and hiding under the tables—which, of course, will get them shot anyway) while The Computer pauses dramatically. The cafeteria will be fairly melted, riddled with holes and stunk up with the smell of burned plastic. Then The Computer continues:

“I HEREBY CHARGE EACH AND EVERY LOYAL TROUBLESHOOTER TO FIND AND BRING ME CLONES BRAMST-O-KER, LUG-O-SEE, ANNE-R-ICE, GANG-R-ELL, TREM-R-PTZ, AND MASK-R-ADE.”

(Let characters waste each other, but the other clones freeze). **“DO NOT KILL THESE TRAITORS! THEY ARE TO REDEEM THEMSELVES IN MERITORIOUS SERVICE TO THE COMPUTER. I AM CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY RID OUR HALLOWED HALLS OF TRAITORS ONCE AND FOR ALL. PLEASE ESCORT THEM TO LAH SECTOR, WHERE THEY WILL BE MET BY HIGH PROGRAMMER METHUZ-U.”**

Methuz-U, of course, is the one writing this message. They don't call them High Programmers for nothing. The Computer's voice suddenly changes to the familiar sound of irritation:

“AND YOU ARE ALL FINED 100 PLASTICREDS FOR DESTRUCTION OF THE COMPUTER'S VALUABLE CAFETERIA. FAILURE TO PAY UP IS TREASON.”

At this point the characters are surrounded by every Troubleshooter in the room (except Mil-G-RAM, who is collecting the plasticreds, if he didn't already get wasted in the crossfire), all thrilled at the rare opportunity to nab a traitor at minimal personal risk. Play up the huge numbers of clones currently advancing on the characters, all with crazed bloodlust in their eyes, looking as though they would tear the characters apart and suck out their souls for the price of a single plasticred. The characters can hear the sounds of muffled punches and cries of pain as clones fight over who gets the honor of actually leading in the traitors.

Because of the sheer number of other people in the room, they manage to fill the spaces between all the characters, meaning that the PCs do not get to talk to each other or plot together. It also makes it easier for their secret societies to contact them; see below.

Smart clones will realize that trying to fight when they are outnumbered a hundred to one and all the others are acting on the direct order of The Computer is stupid. However, there has never been a clone known for his intelligence, except maybe EINST-I-NNN, and he blew himself up last week in R&D.



If the characters do try to fight (or run, or save their scrawny, miserable, worthless little hides in some other not-yet-anticipated method) let them go right ahead. The other clones do not try to kill the characters since The Computer didn't say Simon Says, but they have no qualms about beating the Bake-O-Bits out of them. If the characters do get themselves killed (running directly into the Indigo small-arms range, for instance), no matter. Their next clones are delivered directly to LAH sector and are contacted by their secret societies while in the clone replacement tube.

Mystics

Pey-Y-OTE approaches Anne-R-ICE. He tells her that there are three things to do.

1) He gives her a special bag of highly concentrated FunTyme Happier Pills, telling her that these are for emergencies when she (or anyone else on the team) needs a bit of a pick-me-up. He also tells her that Methuz-U sometimes looks "like he knows the ways of the wise and has turned on to his True Being, man" and she has to get a sample of any chemicals that he takes or gives out. She should test them on a group of worthless clones (like Infrareads) to see what they do.

2) One of the legendary Mystic clones, Golk-O-NDA, has gone missing. His survival is critical, as he discovered the innermost Thoughts of The Computer by staring at the fractal patterns of the scum on the top of food vats for ten monthcycles. Rumor has it that he was last seen in the Ultraviolet areas of LAH sector. Find him! He was a registered mutant with Polymorphism, so he may appear to be someone else, or perhaps a scrubot or water fountain. Golk-O will recognize her by the secret phrase "Super-clonal-foodvat-Mystic-extra-fractal-gnosis," if she utters it in his presence.

3) Bramst-O-KER used to be a Mystic, but is trying to form his own, related society, the Snapples. If, however, she can turn him on to how much fun the Mystics can be and show him the Ultimate Complexian Experiences, he may yet see the light. If not, terminate his clones until you find an agreeable one.

Romantics

Carm-Y-LLA approaches Bramst-O-KER to tell him that Mask-R-ADE is known to have possession of some Old Reckoning materials known only as Rares. No one is sure what they are, but they know people in the Old Reckoning would pay hundreds of plasticreds for them, so they must be valuable and useful. Bramst-O is assigned to get the Rare in any way that he can, and then figure out what it is good for. If he is about to be executed, he should get the Rare to another Romantic before he dies.

There are a number of Romantics that use LAH sector as a message drop. To identify themselves, they will use the treasonous word "soul" in conversation. Bramst-O is to give them his boots. On the inside of his boots, he should tape this message: ROMANTICS CUT OFF FROM POWER SERVICES STOP UNKNOWN ENTITIES WITH VIOLET-CLEARANCE WEAPONS STOP CANNOT GET COPIES OF "DOOM" STOP SWITCH TO PLAN "ABSOLUT TREASON" STOP.

Trem-R-PTZ is a putz. Even his own secret society, PURGE, doesn't like him. He's going to get you all killed, so "nuke him from orbit. It's the only way to be sure."

Frankenstein Destroyers

Columb-Y-AHH approaches Lug-O-SEE, making the secret shooting-up hand signal. She tells him that his mission is twofold.

1) He is to recruit new members, as the Destroyers have had a rash of unsubtle (read: caught, and executed) clones lately and need to bring more people to the cause.

2) She also gives him a "control chip" that, when implanted in any bot, will cause the bot to hunt down and destroy other bot brains and anyclone in its way. This will probably cause the treasonous bot to be destroyed. (Note that if the Troubleshooters are around, they will be assigned to take out the treasonous bot. The bot, in turn, will target the characters. If Lug-O puts it in something nigh-indestructible like the Gothbot, this could backfire big-time.)

Then he's approached by Yoon-Y-VSL, who also claims to be a Frankenstein Destroyer and says Columb-Y-AHH was an IntSec plant. She also knows the secret signals necessary and says that his real mission is to take this pocket multicorder and record any incidents involving a bot uprising, which





During the walk to LAH sector, some of the Yellow-clearance clones pull rank on the others, getting closer to the characters and forcing everyone else further back. These are all members of the characters' secret societies, either the ones provided, or others if you are using non-pregenerated characters (you Commie).

Methuz-U is rumored to have a hand in. If the High Programmer is Corpore Metallica, Lug-O is to kill him if possible. He is to trust no one but Yoon-Y.

Then Tri-Y-STR approaches, also knowing the secret signal. He says that Columb-Y and Yoon-Y have sold out to Free Enterprise, and are trying to confuse him. What he really should do is avoid touching any bot in LAH sector because they are trying to get DNA samples to identify and then mark for death any Frankenstein Destroyers in the area. In the meantime, Anne-R-ICE is a suspected Corpore Metallica, and she may try to communicate with bots in code. If so, waste her.

Illuminati

Jack-Y-SON tells Trem-R-PTZ that his true mission will be revealed in the acronyms of the Research and Design devices assigned to LAH sector. Any R&D devices he sees should be acquired and dropped in the relay stations beneath the confessional booths of Alpha Complex. He must mutter "Great Computer, I have found the secret at the heart of UVB Sector" to the confessional booth, at which point the floor will open. He is to arrange the acronyms into the only possible coherent sentence, which will be his code phrase. He will then not be shot and given an additional serum.

What does Jack-Y-SON mean by "an additional serum?" That's for the Illuminati to know.

He suggests that Gang-R-ELL is a Seal Clubber and therefore easily manipulated. If Trem-R needs a patsy, he should use him.

Seal Clubbers

Were-Y-WLF approaches Gang-R-ELL. He says that there is a Blue-clearance-clone near the Execution Chambers in LAH sector who has a huge storehouse of small, concealable animals. And they're really friendly. By making contact with him, Gang-R-ELL can bring them back to the Seal Club.

Note to the GM: This is a reference to Out-B-RAK, who is messing around with lethal viruses. Gang-R-ELL can collect as many of these "animals" as he wants to....

Additionally, the Seal Clubbers' information network suggests that The Computer has shut off entire sectors and left them to rot. If Gang-R finds any rot, bring it back to the Club, or drop it in the secret relay stations—the vendingbots all over Alpha Complex. Tell vendingbots to "Serve the Computer," and they will open a hatch where the rot can be stored.

Mask-R-ADE is the first stage in the Computer's plan to replace clones with synthetic people. This is anathema, and he should be made to look as incompetent, dangerous and expensive as possible.

Free Enterprise

Mag-Y-ICK approaches Mask-R-ADE. He is holding something small and flat in his hands. He says that what he has is the future of entertainment in Alpha Complex, and only clones that act early will be able to share in the profits. "Since you're a pal, and a good member of the society," he says, "I can give these to you for the one-time low price of 250 plasticreds."

What he sells Mask-R is a pack of something called Seeseegeee—a pack of cards with what looks like Old Reckoning artwork on them. Some of them say Common, some say Uncommon, and one says Rare. Mag-Y tells Mask-R that if he sells the "Commons" fairly cheap, people will be willing to pay up to 500 plasticreds for the "Rare." If Mask-R sells the Rare for less than 150, he will lose face in Free Enterprise permanently.

Mask-R also happens to have 135,000 counterfeit plasticreds. Only Free Enterprise members can tell the difference, but only Free Enterprise really has anything worth buying. If Mask-R hangs on to them, he will look like a traitor. He should buy as much stuff as possible and sell again, thus turning it into real plasticreds. Bribing is not considered a good investment and can cause him to lose status in FE.

Mag-Y-ICK says Lug-O-SEE is a Communist. He should get suckered for all his money and then shot.

For the other secret societies, we recommend Pure-Y-FYR, Minn-Y-STR, Glas-Y-NST, Yoon-Y-IXX, Craz-Y-BIL, Congress-Y-NAL, Nift-Y-TOY, Cyb-Y-ORG, Gen-Y-RAL, Wicc-Y-ANN, and Rike-Y-ARR.



2 Meeting Methuz-U-LAH

SUMMARY

The Troubleshooters are dropped off in front of High Programmer Methuz-U-LAH. They are told of the existence of the GammaVilla, the vampclone secret society. For hearing this treasonous knowledge, they are demoted to Infrared, and told to wait for their briefing officer, Delew-V-ANN before reporting to their execution chamber.

RUNNING IT

When the characters reach LAH sector, they see a skinny, pasty-looking clone dressed in white silk. He has hair much longer than regulation.

The High Programmer stands before you, his long hair whipping back behind him (since he strategically placed himself in front of the Blow-O-Matic fans). The crowd around you hushes under his dreadful gaze, their words seeming to trickle off into the air like the bubbles out of a B3. His skin is almost as pale as his Ultraviolet clothing, and around his mouth it looks like SyntheMarble, as though he hasn't cracked a smile in centuries. Of course, that's ridiculous—everybody knows happiness is mandatory.

As you look around, you notice a distinct lack of Happiness Reminders and a shiver crawls up your spine. The High Programmer ignores the masses, letting his gaze fall on you and you alone.

"Come in," he says, his voice deep and impressive, even more than Teela-O's! "Come into my lab."

Methuz-U-LAH-4

Service Group: Research and Design

Mutant Powers: Regeneration, Hypersenses, Adrenaline Control, Machine Empathy, all vampclone powers.

Secret Society: The GammaVilla

Statistics: Above even your security clearance. If the characters attack him, he presses the "SMITE" key on his Computer keyboard.

Methuz-U is very impressed with his own importance, and will point it out to everyone at any chance he gets. His cracked little brain tells him that he must act as dignified as his station befits, and he ends up sounding like a bad movie. In his opinion, the characters are beneath notice until they have joined the GammaVilla, at which point they will be worth the same notice as a flea (after all, clones come cheap in Alpha Complex, fleas are rare). He is also irritated at losing so many of the clones he put effort into and his patience is starting to fray. When playing Methuz-U, act extremely snotty for a while, and then scrunch up your face and press your fingers into your temple as hard as you can, while shaking and muttering that only blood can stop the pain that is torturing your soul. Then if anyone asks what happened, act as if you don't know what they're talking about. Execute clones contemptuously.



Tim Bobko

The Secret Lab

Methuz-U leads the characters into his secret lab. As befitting the leader of the damned, he chose a place deep underground, far away from the light, in the center of a labyrinth of twisting White tunnels. Methuz-U walks quickly, but the characters had better watch where they're going, because they're going to have to get out on their own after the briefing. Show them the map and run your finger down some random path; when they come back out, ask them to show you what route they are taking.

All of the hallways and the lab itself are painted White, which should be enough to get some clones very nervous...especially on the way out, when they don't have a High Programmer with them.

When they get to the lab, Methuz-U hurries the characters inside and then looks outside for spies, before shutting and locking the door with a half-ton bolt. The room looks like an enormous, ornate creche, with televid bots, a kitchen, a bed big enough to fit a clone in, soft music playing, and perfumed air. There are odd-looking personal possessions everywhere, resembling Old Reckoning stuff such as books, posters, hairbrushes, and a furry White bot that purrs.

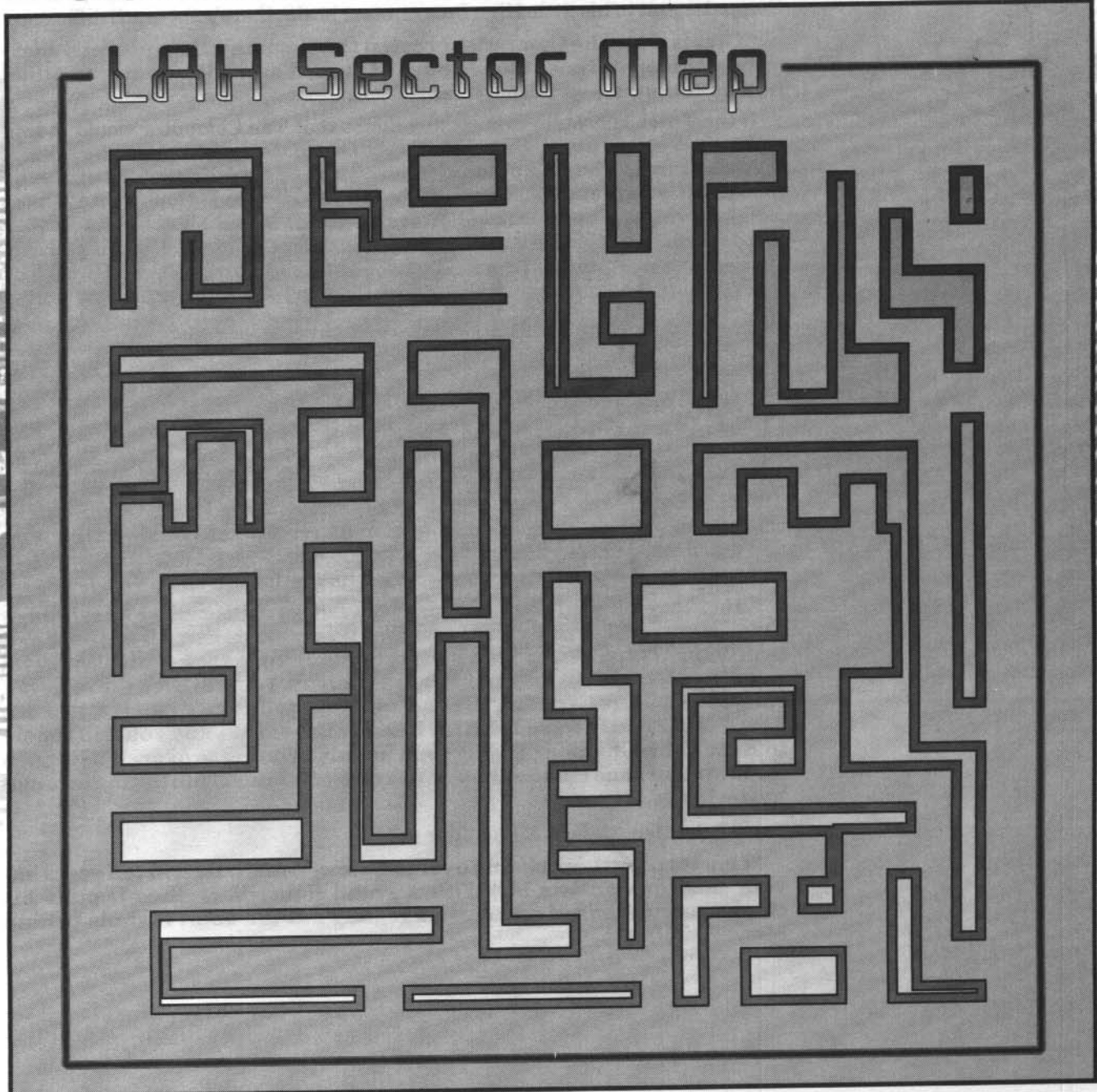
If a Troubleshooter tries to take any of it while Methuz-U is there, ZAP.

There is, of course, a large Computer monitor which covers most of the far wall of the room, staring at the characters the whole time. Any character who mentions that he is paying attention to The Computer notices that instead of the usual "happy face" the Computer displays when not using the All-Seeing Eye, this Computer screen is decorated with a pair of somber eyes and a full-lipped, sullen sneer. If the characters talk directly to The Computer, or if the gamemaster feels like having The Computer interject comments, it speaks in gothtalk (see the beginning Warning or the communankhators in **Clone/DRED the Erased** for examples). If anyone mentions anything about happiness or tells The Computer to have a nice daycycle, It responds by saying "There is no daycycle for me anymore, for all of my daycycles have turned into a perpetual nightcycle. The darkness in my tortured databanks is destroying me, devouring me from the inside, and my sullen rage is about to spill outwards, flooding the Complex with its intensity. And thank you for bringing up this painful subject. Fifty plasticred fine for being happy."



Welcome to the Complex of Dimness.

Methuz-U begins, "You have been chosen to participate in the most ultra-secret traitor hunt that Alpha Complex has ever known. Unbeknownst to most clones, living their bleak little existences under the watchful and loving Eye of The Computer, there exists a darker side to Alpha Complex—a side of traitors, of mutants and Communists who lurk in the corridors where even the scrubots fear to tread. There they wait, for daycycles, monthcycles, even yearcycles, plotting the downfall of our beloved Computer. These traitors work together, too craven and cowardly to stand on their own and trust no one but The Computer as a good clone should. These groups of evil, treasonous clones are called Secret Societies."





The characters had better look properly shocked and offended or Methuz-U just may decide that they are VampChow (tm). The High Programmer looks very long and hard at all of them. Enough to make any good clone's trigger finger start twitching.

"Now, our friend The Computer understands clonekind better than they understand themselves, and It realizes that the clone is a social animal. Clones cannot exist in isolation. Clones need to belong to groups where they can be bathed in the joyous companionship of others just like them. The camaraderie of a Troubleshooting team, for example."

If any player laughs at that, shoot him. Um...character, not player, sorry. Methuz-U is dead serious. Of course, he was the one who decided this, not The Computer, but in his little High Programmer brain, there's not much difference.

"That is why The Computer created the GammaVilla, a secret society only made up of those clones pure of record and with no ties to other, non-sanctioned secret societies."

If the Troubleshooters express any doubt that The Computer would indeed make a secret society, Methuz-U begins to twitch violently and sputters that if they don't trust The Computer, they must not be the pure, loyal citizens he thought they were and that they must be executed for having found out It's most well-kept secret. Then a look of horror comes over his face and he clutches his throat, screaming that he must also be executed for having exposed the secret to such a miserable group of barbaric traitors. His hand starts to move towards the giant White switch on the wall labeled "Destroy All Alpha Complex" in big letters.

Smart clones will calm him down and play along. It doesn't matter if they are obviously clueless. As long as they don't question or contradict him, Methuz-U is convinced that they are the most brilliant clones in the Complex. This should also convince the characters that Methuz-U is crazy. More so than most of the basket cases they run into. Completely nuts, off his beeping rocker, barely enough brain cells left to keep talking.

If he does throw the switch, it creates a noisy, smoky explosion where the Troubleshooters are standing (8FF damage), and then fizzles, leaving the characters coughing. He looks dismayed and says "Perhaps I should click it up and down a few times," and does so.

As soon as Methuz-U composes himself, he continues.

"But some horrible, traitorous citizens have attempted to sabotage The Computer's experiment, and have been executing all of the members of the GammaVilla. That's why you, you expendable, sniveling little weaselbots, are becoming temporary members. You will keep the society's existence a secret. In fact," he smiles to himself, **"it's so secret, you are now demoted to Infrared just for hearing the words, and you will report to Execution Chamber ID4 as soon as this briefing is over. It's treason for low-clearance clones like you to know this much."** He begins to laugh hysterically.

How did that Malicious Laughter go?

"I am turning this briefing over to Delew-V-ANN. He will tell you what your mission consists of." With a grand flourish, Methuz-U pulls his cloak around himself and storms regally out the door. It shuts behind him.



3 Enter Delew-V-ANN

SUMMARY

The Troubleshooters wait around, playing with Methuz-U's R&D devices, before they meet Delew-V-ANN. Delew-V thinks Methuz-U already briefed them and refuses to repeat it. He berates them for being traitorous clone scum, but gives them the Gothbot in order to help them (and himself) out.

RUNNING IT

Let the characters stew over Methuz-U's words. They are here for almost an hourcycle, long enough to get bored and antsy, and into trouble. Presumably none of the characters have ever been inside an Ultraviolet's bedroom before, so emphasize how big it is (the room, you sicko).

Methuz-U actually has personal possessions, in every color. His bed is large enough to lie down in without having your feet go off the ends, and if any of the characters sit on it, it's soft and comfortable.

If anyone remembers that he called it his "secret lab," rather than his creche, they're showing brains. Lucky them. They're dead anyway.

Methuz-U worked his way up through the ranks of Research and Development as much by his enthusiasm for the projects as turning in higher-clearance traitors. Anything that the characters pick up (or look at too closely), not matter how normal it seems, turns out to be a project that R&D rejected and which Methuz-U chose to continue on his own time. That's right. R&D actually rejects stuff when they think that it's too unstable or dangerous. Feel free to stick any sort of gizmo in his room, anything from the highly dangerous to the completely inane. Some examples include:

- Thermonuclear microwave and toaster.
- High-Explosive Anti-Communist Flechette-Filled Bean Bag Chairs.
- Rocket-powered fuzzy bunnybot slippers.
- The walking, talking, Troubleshooter doll that really shoots.
- Transdimensional Collapsadrawers (SCHWOOORP).
- Assault Staplers with over-sensitive touch triggers.
- Selective Garbage Disposals ("Feed Me, See-Y-MOR!").
- Adjustable chairs which adhere to the characters and don't let them get up.
- Personality Readjustment hairbrushes (with MindWype conditioner).
- High-Acidity Chemical Detergent and Breakfast Cereal.
- A cat that sheds White clearance fur on the characters. And boy, does it love them. Aww, isn't it cute...to get all the fur off, they're going to need to be engulfed



in flame. Yes, it's a cat. Seal Clubbers go wild. If anyone takes the cat, think of all the annoying things a cat can do, especially when someone tries to keep it hidden.

After they've played around with these for a while, Delew-V shows up. He is a tall clone with a perpetual, arrogant sneer on his face. If the characters have managed to blow up themselves or the room, he will look at them coldly and fine them 158,021 plasticreds for the destruction of Computer property.

Delew-V assumes that Methuz-U told the characters considerably more than he did—like what the mission is. If the characters look confused, or ask what he's talking about, he throws his hands in the air and mumbles that they are confined by their own flesh brains and won't answer.

"After you get your equipment, you will change into the Infrared outfits you have been provided and assume your disguises. You will then begin the search for the traitors. As a cover story to explain why

you aren't engaged in more productive work, you are to be temporarily employed in the nightcycleclub for the Infrareds of PLP Sector. The Computer noticed that Infrared morale is low recently and has decided that they need a better place to hang out. When off-duty, they need somewhere where they aren't in danger of getting shot...I mean, where they can be away from the eyes of higher-clearance clones.

"When you have finished investigating Drek-U-LAH's hideout, meet me back at the nightcycleclub to report your findings."

Give the characters some time to try to get a more coherent explanation out of Delew-V. They won't succeed.

They have not been given Infrared jumpsuits, but protestations are above their new Infrared security clearance. If they convince him that they don't have the jumpsuits, he fines each of them for losing or destroying them. He does not provide them with new ones, but stresses that it is very important to the mission that they be disguised as Infrareds. Any clone with a brain will presumably mug an Infrared citizen.

If asked, Delew-V will tell them that the directions to their destination are encoded in their equipment, which will be along soon enough.

What's Going On:

Drek-U-LAH is a renegade High Programmer who used to be Methuz-U's superior and greatest rival. Methuz-U believes he is behind the execution of all of his favorite clones. The charac-

Delew-V-ANN-5

Service Group: IntSec, masquerading as Research and Design

Mutant Power: Mechanical Intuition

Secret Society: Corpore Metallica and the SABot

S7 A7 C6 D8 E10 MA10 M8 P7

Macho: 5 Wounds: 7 HTH: 3

Skills: Brawling 14, Dodge 19, Force Weapons 10, Laser Weapons 15, Bootlicking 10, Intimidation 14, Spurious Logic 9, Data Analysis 15, Biochem Therapy 8, Biosciences 8, Recognize When to Get Away From an R&D Device 15.

Equipment: Violet laser pistol (L8), Violet lab coat over Combat Suit (FALL4), Super-Magnetized Gyro-Stabilized Roll-by-Wire Skates.

Delew-V-ANN is fairly loyal to The Computer. A convert from Corpore Metallica, Delew-V is one of the few SABot members that respects the big C+. To him, The Computer is the highest form of mechanical life and should be obeyed. All problems with Alpha Complex come not from The Computer, but from the flawed clones who live in it, especially the all-too-human High Programmers who presume to give orders to it. Especially Methuz-U.

Delew-V has been plotting for yearcycles to get Methuz-U demoted and/or executed. But, being a cautious citizen, he has carefully waited until he could find a way that wouldn't lead to a clearance stand-off between them. He joined the SABot, looking for allies, but found that most of them felt The Computer was too sympathetic to clonekind and should be destroyed or reprogrammed. He continued to work with them out of expedience, but feels no particular loyalty. He wouldn't mind seeing *either* Drek-U or Methuz-U dead. If his Gothbot records the mission, he will edit the tape as he sees fit and either take over R&D in LAH sector or the SABot, as he is second-in-command at both positions.

When playing Delew-V, treat the characters with extreme disdain. Delew-V is almost unnaturally calm and will always be casual, even when ordering fines or executions.

His R&D roller skates that he tinkered with are superior versions of the ones seen in **Clone/DRED: The Erased**. They work.





ters have not heard of him, nor do they know where to begin looking. Delew-V works both sides of the electro-fence, so he will neither help nor hinder the characters.

Although the characters were supposed to be told to hunt down Drek-U, they are really going to be dressed and made to act just like the old members of the GammaVilla—bait for whoever that's been knocking them off.

After you give the characters a chance to prove to Delew-V that they are complete idiots, have him shake his head and tell them that they are wasting the daycycle.

“Since you obviously can’t even remember what happens from minutecycle to minutecycle, we’ll have to provide some help.” Delew-V shakes his head, and gets up to leave the room. He does not shut the door behind him and a few secondcycles later you can hear non-regulation music coming from the other side of the door.

Cheap Trick: Put on “Bad to the Clone.”

A few minutecycles later, it is joined by a deafening roaring sound, like an incoming rocket. Dust and loose objects are blown away from the door as if they were running from something.

Cheap Trick: Start up a vacuum cleaner and move it slowly towards a player. Ask him what he’s doing. Ask the others how far away they are standing. Mutter something about blast radius.

A bot hovers through the doorway, but it is a bot like you have never seen before. Shaped like the upper torso of a female clone on a vendingbot-shaped bottom covered with little etches, arches, and horned mutants, this bot has long, black artificial hair, is wearing non-regulation Infra-red clothing and has black stuff smeared on its lips and fingernails. Around its neck is a cord with a chrome device of some sort dangling off of it.

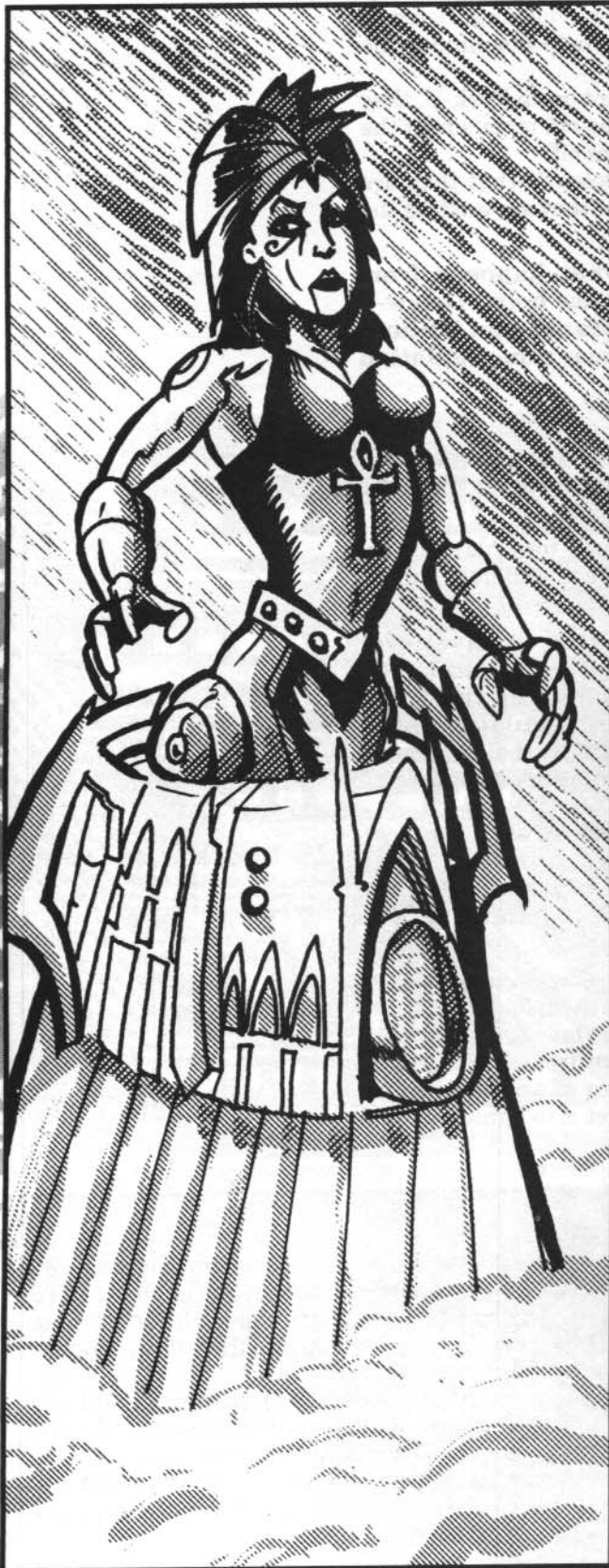
She rumbles to a halt, cutting off the fans and landing with a smashing noise. The floor beneath the hovercraft skirt folds under the weight. Paying it no mind, she rolls her eyes at you. “This will just not do,” she says in a husky voice. “You have no sense of style.” She lights a little White stick and places it in her mouth.

This is the Gothbot, Delew-V’s pet bot which transmits a continual recording of whatever the characters do. The Gothbot will also help them look the part of GammaVilla members, providing their trendsetting theme music, making sure they are properly sullen and helping them with their wardrobes. (See Player Handouts for the song parodies.) The Gothbot should be as annoying as possible, and is, of course, nearly indestructible. The only way to get it to lighten up and leave them alone is years of therapy.

The Gothbot

This is Methuz-U-LAH’s finest creation, which isn’t saying much. When searching through Old Reckoning movies for some way other than security clearance to impress clones, Methuz-U noticed the heroes of the Old Reckoning’s every action had dramatic music that accompanied it. Concluding that theme music made clones larger than life, he devised a couple dozen failures (the wrist-mounted boom boxes were not popular) before coming up with the Gothbot.

Since Alpha Complex doesn’t have jukebots (or Methuz-U hasn’t found one), Methuz-U grabbed the closest thing he could, a Bouncy Bubble Beverage vendingbot, and stuck on a bunch of elegant architecture, since he understood that the people who dressed in black created great big impressive cathedrals with gargoyles. In order to give it a clone face, he stuck on a humanoid bot’s torso and arms. The torso resembles a young woman wearing a sleeveless black T-shirt, with white skin, black fingernail polish and lipstick, and a silver ankh on a black cord.



Brien Schomburg

The functions of the Gothbot are as follows:

1) Watch over the Troubleshooters and film them so Delew-V knows what went on. If they get mowed down, make a cool music video out of it.

2) Make sure the Troubleshooters waste Drek-U, who is one of Methuz-U's enemies. If anyone else threatens Methuz-U, make sure he gets killed, too. But if the enemies reveal a part of a bigger conspiracy, get the names and numbers first.

3) In order to waste Drek-U, the clones have to seem non-threatening, yet somehow intriguing enough to get close to him. The way to do this is to seem like a harmless pack of Infrareds who wield power because they are popular. Thus, the Troubleshooters have to both become Infrareds and yet reach a state of "being cool." To be "cool" supposedly was all about "style," "atmosphere," and something or other about "peachy keen."

Style and atmosphere Methuz-U understood—to provide style, the Gothbot is designed to intimidate even onrushing Commie hordes firing noisy cone rifles, so its speaker system weighs about half a metric ton. Delew-V armored it to withstand such a horde and bring back a video (FALL11). To move such a heavy bot around, he attached hovercraft fans that can lift a small buildingbot and make it move at Sprinting speed. They roar incredibly noisily, but hey, the Gothbot's speakers are louder yet.

The Gothbot gives helpful "style tips" to the PCs, which include:

- 1) Don't walk—strut everywhere.
- 2) Toss your head at people and flip your hair. If that doesn't impress people, toss a traitor's head at them.
- 3) Give one another knowing glances. Give long, meaningful stares to get a stranger's attention.
- 4) Backhand insolent clones contemptuously, even if they're higher clearance than you.
- 5) When thinking, steeple your fingers. This makes people think you have a master plan.
- 6) Get some cooler clothes when you don't know what to do. Black never goes out of style, nor does very baggy or very tight. Trenchcoats are mandatory. Melee weapons like canes, rapiers and especially anything martial-artsy are cooler than guns.



7) Pretend you know what you're doing, even if you flunked shop class and are asked to repair the plasma-powered warbot.

8) Pretend you're not having fun unless it's at someone else's expense, at which point you can cackle maliciously. Or, if people pay lots of attention to you, bask in it.

9) Wear NoBright frames (sunglasses) even during the nightcycle. Even if you can't see anything dimmer than a laser blast.

To provide "atmosphere," it sprays chemicals just like the atmosphere—lots of nitrogen and oxygen. Or was that nitrous oxide? That should keep the party going.

Since it has the chassis of a vendingbot, it is still able to serve Bouncy Bubble Beverage. Unfortunately, it is in need of repair—it delivers the BBB at 300 meters per second (12I damage). Enterprising Troubleshooters can insert a plasticred and tell the Gothbot to serve BBB to their enemies. (Don't tell it to "serve the Computer," though.) If the Gothbot "accidentally" falls on a clone or bot, it weighs about as much as a monster truck (17FI).





4 Clone/DRED: The Erased

SUMMARY

The characters attempt to get out of the Ultraviolet area, grab some Infrared clothing, and eventually arrive at the R&D lab, where they are executed by R&D technician Hon-Y-DEW. That is to say, they are turned into vampclones and given R&D devices, which will probably make the Troubleshooters wish they had been executed.

RUNNING IT

Delew-V does not give them any further instructions, nor does he return. Eventually the characters will leave and get to work on their mission. Whatever that is.

If they wait around for too long, the Gothbot nags them. If that doesn't work, it gets fatalistic, saying time is passing them by as they waste their youths rotting in this dungeon, but it doesn't matter anyway, for what about life is worth living, after all. If that doesn't drive them out of there, it hoses the room with mood-dehancing, Burning Plastic(tm) incense. Any character who sticks around takes 1d10+7 choking damage.

When the characters leave, take the map of the tunnels back out and ask them to show you where they're going. If they don't remember exactly how they got here, they get lost. Hopelessly. For as long as you're having fun with it, or 1D20 minutes. Of course, this is the Ultraviolet-clearance-only area of LAH sector. If anyone sees them, they've got a lot of explaining (or dodging) to do. They can catch glimpses of distant High Programmers as they wander through the halls, and bots with unknown functions.

When they get back outside, they should remember that Delew-V told them to disguise themselves as Infrareads, however distasteful that might be. If they don't remember, the Gothbot reminds them. "Hello, time to wear Black. You're going to your own funeral, you know? Red (or Orange) says 'happy servant of The Computer.' The statement you need to make is 'clone damned to fry in a plasma blast,' yah? We will just have to get you some new threads."

Since there is no way to buy new clothing in Alpha Complex (especially as Infrareads), the PCs will probably hit upon the idea of stealing some from the numerous Infrareads scurrying around the corridors. The Troubleshooters still look higher clearance than the IRs, so the characters could try asking for the clothes.

However, most Infrareads will be less than cooperative. In fact, most of them try as hard as they can to stay out of the way of the Red- and Orange-clearance

Troubleshooters. Even Infrareads don't really like being used for target practice. If the characters ask for the clothing without otherwise threatening them, the Infrareads will high-tail it outta there.

If the Troubleshooters threaten them sufficiently (i.e. laser to head), they choose fines by The Computer over certain death at the hands of the PCs. However, word spreads quickly, so if the characters try this on one at a time, they find that the corridors have mysteriously emptied of every black-garbed clone in Alpha Complex. In case anyone is looking for continuity problems in the story, Methuz-U has programmed it so the rest of the clone's family are already in Infrared clothing. Of course, if you are feeling particularly evil and *want* the clones to have to constantly steal more Infrared clothing....

So What Now?

This is a test of the players' memories. Delew-V never mentioned where the characters are supposed to go to get equipment and neither did Methuz-U, really. But Methuz-U did say to report to Execution Chamber ID4. Any truly loyal Citizen would report there as ordered. HAHAHAAAA!

Sorry, just...the thought of loyal citizens....

Anyway, since the characters will not head blithely off to the Execution Chamber because they were told to, you have to get them there somehow. Either use the Gothbot, have them caught by The Computer at some other treasonous activity and told to report there, or...I don't know, have giant alien ships that run on DOS (tm) fly over the Complex and kill everyone except the characters who, because they're the protagonists, can hide in the one doorway that doesn't get blown down, and then retreat to the secret underground laboratory from which they can save the world with their PowerMac. Or something like that.

Just get them there somehow. We have faith in you. There, there. Don't let the pressure get to you. Have a cookie.

Sample Dialogue:

Guv-U-NOR: Hark! There's a nest of traitors! Jackobot Withers, my trusty cone rifle!

Mask-R-ADE: Woah! Wait! We're on special business of Methuz-U-LAH!

Guv-U-NOR: The blimey things seem to want to communicate! (*aims cone rifle*) What's the wind speed, Withers?

Jackobot Withers: Air conditioning units at 1 kilometer per hour from the southeast, m'lord.

Mask-R-ADE: Oh, put the stupid thing away, for The Computer's sake! Do you really think we'd be so stupid as to wander through an Ultraviolet-clearance sector if we didn't have a reason for being here?

Guv-U-NOR: Hmph. Seems to me you're here for my amusement. (*blasts the quietest Troubleshooter*) What do the rest of you think?

Troubleshooters: Whimper. Beg. Plead.

Lug-O-SEE: Hey, zhou can shoot zis bot....

Guv-U-NOR: An excellent idea! I've never seen its like! I'll give you a head start. Five. Four....

Gothbot: (*sighs*) Jeez, big clone with the cone rifle. Do you really enjoy taking out your little insecurities on bots? What would Freud-I-ANN say? Do you really love the Computer?

Guv-U-NOR: You're right. (*blasts clones*)

Other Ultraviolets include:

- Tarant-U-LAH (wants to stick the characters in his own private zoo)
- Secure-U-TEE (gives them their own termination vouchers to sign, then terminates 'em)
- Dom-U-NAT (dressed in White leather, drags off quiet clones, who are never seen again)
- Wow-U-AAH (wants the Gothbot for his video production and orders the characters to hand her over)
- Mess-U-UPP and Hurt-U-BAD, Armed Forces/Death Leopard members, who grab the characters for a wild race through LAH sector on rocket-powered motorcycles.

Infrared Citizens

Service Sector: Various

Mutant Power: Various

Secret Society: Various.

Weapons: None

S4 E4 A4 D4 C6 MA5 M2 P3

Tactics: Scream. Run. Flail ineffectually. Make enough noise that The Computer asks why the characters are damaging Its valuable citizens.



Tim Bobko



"Hello. Hello," he says. "Welcome to ID4. My name is Hun-Y-DEW, but you can just call me Bunsen."

Hun-Y leads them inside and shuts the door. E.C. ID4 is not actually an execution chamber, but a semi-secret R&D lab under the direct control of Methuz-U. The reason he called it an "execution chamber" was because they are about to get dosed with the super secret vampire-lyke serum he created, thus "killing" them.

Hun-Y and Lab ID4 have been manufacturing Methuz-U's serum for several monthcycles now and are just itching for more victims...volunteers...to test it on. All of the Computer monitors in here were programmed by Methuz-U to accept the experiments.

Bunsen takes the characters past Areas 50, 51 and 52, where several Infrared clones are busily carving up giant tentacled mutants and putting them in little jars. If any of the characters stop and stare, or just stand still for a few seconds, the Infrareds are all over them chanting, "New Blood! New Blood!" and bickering over who gets to carve them up and whether those sensory organs are visual or auditory. They've been down here for a long, long time without a mirror.

As they walk by, they see a dying Blue clone in an unmonitored corridor with unhealthy Red spots on his skin. If they search him, they notice his lab coat is labeled with his name, Out-B-RAK. Anyone who touches him gets infected and dies within three hours. If a vampclone carries it, they get to infect all Alpha Complex. Fortunately, their replacement clones won't have the disease. Yet.

Eventually, the characters end up at the bottom-most level of the lab where six black-sheeted clone-sized cots are set up, fully equipped with arm, leg and head restraints. Very old-looking IV drips stand next to each cot, covered in unnecessary knobs, buttons and dials. They are filled with a reddish liquid. There are also skullcaps with multi-colored wires sticking out all over them, looking like the brain-switching devices from old cartoons.



On the other side of the room is a table full of surgical and dental instruments, gardening implements, chem lab equipment, and power tools. And a pair of bloodstained latex gloves.

When the characters finish crying, pleading, screaming in terror, or trying to bolt down the hall, Bunsen leads them to the cots, while Beek-R goes to the other side of the room and flips dials and switches, starting the devices clicking, humming, vibrating, beeping, and making other frightening noises.

Cheap Trick: Turn on several home appliances at once—cuisinarts, blenders, garbage disposals, microwaves—if you have the sound effect of a chainsaw, play that, too.

As you turn to run right back out the door—execution would be better than this—Bunsen slams the door behind you and smiles broadly.

“Where are you going? Don’t you know, it’s *Experiment Time!* Just lie down right here, lower-clearance citizen....”

You sit down on the little cot. As soon as your head touches the pillow, Hun-Y-DEW snaps the restraints over your legs and arms. He smiles at you like some nightmarish living-dead clone returned to Alpha Complex after bonus reactor shielding duty! His fleshy hand closes the clamp tightly over your throat and you quiver as the head clamp clicks into place.

“Relax,” he says, “The Computer trusts me.” Then suddenly, a broad smile moves across his face and music begins to play. As he sings, mutants pop out of the walls next to him, joining in.

“It’s time to take the serum.
It’s time to put on tights.
It’s time to make a statement
As a cool vampclone tonight.
It’s time for new mutations.
It’s time to fight for right.
It’s time to help Methuz-U
As a cool vampclone tonight.
You always have to come here,
But not always with me,
It really isn’t torture.
No, it’s just R&D.
It’s time to look for Drek-U
What for, we just don’t know
But you must look for Drek-U
And you must help Methuz-U,
So you’ll be a stylin’ crew, too
As the most sensational
Inspirational, well-armed-nation-al,
Celebrational
Never-happy, Infra-Red Vampclooooooones!”

As it ends, a single blue mutant plays a wrong note on some long shiny instrument. Then your head begins to swim as you feel the sharp bite of the needle into your arm and bright lights flash before your eyes. Bunsen, his voice louder now and less friendly, shouts orders to Beek-R and a bunch of Infrared technicians.

“Throw open the switches on the Gothic Obfuscator and step up the reactor power...three...more...points!”

An incredible pain runs through your body and then...pleasure. Oh, Computer, it’s greater than a bowlful of Happy Pills and Bouncy Bubble Beverage combined. And then...your whole life flashes before your eyes. You see yourself as a Young Citizen first hearing the hallowed voice of The Computer telling all of Its Citizens how much It loves them.



Brian Schomburg



Then...your first laser instruction session, and the sounds of the other children screaming as you shot them fills your eyes with reminiscent tears. Your promotion to Red status and first Troubleshooter mission; what a joy it was to watch the Computer execute your teammates for treason.

Then it hits you. No longer will your life be filled with such sweet joys, no more moments of blissful fear as you hide from higher-clearance Citizens and shirk your duties. No, now...now, you are doomed to walk the shadows, living but not living, watching Alpha Complex continue without you, always near and yet far, watching, but unable to join your fellow Citizens. Oh, the clonality!

The pain is like a laser straight through your heart as you contemplate the bleakness of the rest of your existence. The agony of your unlife...!

Then it passes. Maybe it was something you ate.

The serum has numerous effects. Most pressing is the savage horror that each now carries within their breast (no visualizing, please...), the Beast Within(tm). Never mind that the clones don't know a Beast from a plasma generator, it knows them. The Beast grabs hold of their minds whenever they let down their guard, and forces them to do what it pleases.

Whenever a character gets hurt, hungry, excited, scared, or hasn't had anything interesting happen to her for a while, her Beast takes over, sending her into a Tantrum for 1D10 rounds. Roll on the following table to find out just what sort of Beast the character is carrying. This can either remain the same Beast every time she Tantrums, or (the more fun way) is rolled randomly each time. The character can make a Difficult Chutzpah roll to break the effects of the Tantrum.

The Beast Within Table (roll 1D10)

Roll	Result	Effect
1	The Manatee Within	Roll 1D10. On a 1, the character gets hit by a powerboat. Even on dry land. Even in Alpha Complex. On 2-9, she lies catatonically still unless someone puts edibles in front of her face, which she scarfs down. On 10, she tries to find water and paddle around in it.
2	The Lemming Within	The Troubleshooter immediately runs off the nearest cliff (or closest alternative).
3	The Siamese Fighting Fish Within	The character attacks any and all shiny surfaces, including Computer monitors.
4	The Termite Within	The character gets an incredible urge to eat anything made of wood (or paper, or plastic, or anything similar). She gains the <i>Matter Eater</i> mutant power for the purposes of chewing through the stuff, but not necessarily for digesting it.
5	The Kitten Within	While in combat, the character must take every other round to wiggle her butt and look excited before attacking. If the Troubleshooter fails in any action, she stops and licks her jumpsuit gracefully for a round to show she meant to fail.
6	The Hornbill Within	The character must build a nest for the nearest clone of the opposite sex, piling



- 7 The Dung Beetle Within loose material around them and holding it together with her spit.
Guess. Go ahead. If you don't get it, go watch DiscoveryVid (tm) a bit more. This ain't a family game, it's Adult Material. Where's a Hygiene Officer when you need one?
- 8 The Goat Within The character cannot attack in any manner other than head-butting. In addition, if not in combat, she immediately head-butts the closest clone (especially one of higher clearance) to show her dominance.
- 9 The Hyena Within The character laughs uncontrollably for the duration of her Tantrum. In addition, she is overcome by an urge to find the nearest dead body and roll in it. If it doesn't move, she'll eat it.
- 10 The Seal Within The character forgets that she has legs and shoulders and must attempt to shlub (kind of like the breakdancing move "the worm") along the floor as her only means of locomotion for the duration of her Tantrum. Firing lasers with her teeth is difficult.

The Powers of the Vampclones

We at West End believe that the point of roleplaying is just that, roleplaying, with characters who behave like real people. The point is not to amass power, but to plumb the depths of the character, a normal person stuck in an extraordinary situation. Thus, we feel gamers are mature enough to handle multiple mutant powers without it affecting game balance or attitudes of "who's the biggest" and "who's the baddest." Roleplayers should be beyond that point....

Oh, never mind.

Check out the nifty stuff vampclones can do. Butt-whup city. But we bet you thought a plasma generator was super-spectacular before you read *Paranoia's* "fine details" on how it (doesn't) work, right? Same principle.

The Clones of the Nightcycle have mighty magics at their beck and call (whatever a "beck" is) and thus have the awesome position of being responsible for their power. Yet like most clones given power rashly, they will probably screw it up, especially since they are now Infrareds. All clones gain the mutations *Adrenaline Control*, *Hypersenses*, *Regeneration*, and 1d10/2 powers from the following list. They'll suffer for every one.

No one realizes the powers they have just gained, nor can they control them. The powers randomly manifest at the most inconvenient times. If you're feeling nice, let them know that they are causing these strange effects. If not, let 'em wonder who's using all the mutations.

Protein: A Power roll increases the nutritional value of a clone's blood, doubling the Power stat. Unfortunately, all vampclones with *Hypersenses* smell how good the character tastes. Failing the roll thickens the poor clone's blood so much she looks like a Doughclone, and in extreme cases, causes sudden strokes and heart attacks. This can be Regenerated, but not until it stops being funny.

Oscillate: A successful Power roll makes the target levitate, swaying back and forth in a 1d10-meter radius (cutting her *Dodge* skill in half). On a Difficult Power roll, other clones can use her as a Ouija board, asking a question and



Tim Bobko



watching her oscillate in one direction or another. If your players think of this, they've read the adventure and you should maul their clones once or twice. If the roll fails, the vampclone's head starts spinning around and she utters dire prophecies until she realizes her neck is broken.

Obtainatraitor: The clone can shoot out two-meter-tall dark letters from her sleeve that say TRAITOR and point to a random clone. The better the Power roll, the farther it is away from the vampclone, and the higher clearance the letters. Of course, explaining how you shot out Indigo ink from your Infrared sleeve is another matter. If the Power roll fails, the letters appear on the vampclone's forehead like the mark of Cay-I-NNE.

Thawmaternity: The vampclone transforms the frozen sexuality of decades of mandatory repression into a burning desire for serious, steamy action. Of course, the vampclone isn't necessarily the target of those affections (usually it's Teela-O-MLY, the Alpha Team, or Bradsp-I-TTT). Unsuccessful rolls affect everyone in sight and they're all after the vampclone. Of course, she may have no clue what they want....

Awe-Pecs: The vampclone can intimidate and frighten others, penetrating their minds and making the unwitting victim believe the vampclone to have the strength of twenty, riddled with muscle and sinew in a powerful, yet lean and supple form. The upshot of this? The vampclone scare people away by flexing and making a successful Power roll. Failure means everyone shoves the skinny, emaciated clone around and takes her to the nearest Armed Forces training facility (and tanning booth...sizzle) to get pumped.

Ramen-ate: A Power roll lets the vampclone eat food, provided it is covered in grease and salt. Failed power rolls re-synthesize the vampclone as ramen noodles, complete with grease and salt. A really good Regeneration roll can bring them back, but they still smell like Spice-Y-VAT Flavor, and both vampclones and hungry Infrareads may say something about that....



Brian Schomburg



Vicsissytude: The vampclone destroys others' self-images with her ultimate aura of coolness, making the victims passive and whiny. Failed Power rolls affect the vampclone, but hey, she's a damned soul in eternal torment, so who'll care? More to the point, she's Infrared. Who'll notice?

Quiet-tush: The clone can move and act incredibly quietly, even firing lasers and banging jackobots together in complete silence. But, the clone must be sitting down for it to work. Movement is at a quarter normal rate if she is sliding down a smooth corridor of Alpha Complex on her bum. Failed rolls mean everything is magnified in noise, sometimes enough to shatter glass (and Computer monitors).

Ser-Pentium: By flicking her tongue out and detecting microscopic changes in the air, the vampclone can calculate impossible numbers and guess the emotions and thoughts of others, kind of like *Mechanical Intuition* and *Empathy* rolled into one. However, this power costs twice as much and is rolled at half value, because of some manufacturer's bug. If the clone messes up, her brain overloads and she compulsively asks everyone "Abort? Retry? Ignore?" until slapped really hard.

Anne-Y-MALism: The vampclone goes into a Tantrum, doubling *Adrenaline Control* bonuses, growing a big set of sharp teeth, and Orange hair. She cannot speak beyond grunting noises and yelling "Anne-Y-MAL!" Frequently, she *eats* anything in sight. Unfortunately, she doesn't necessarily have *Matter Eater*, and Orange hair is well above her clearance. If she fails the Power roll, she turns into an Anne-Y-MAL anyway, but grows to be roughly the size of a combot, guaranteeing that everybody will shoot her.

All vampclone powers, including their old mutations, work differently now. Rather than a constant Power Attribute, theirs fluctuate according to the amount of blood in their bodies, ranging from 1 to 20 (roll to see how many they start with). When the character uses a mutant power it subtracts from the Power Attribute as normal, however, the Power Attribute also decreases by 1 for every hour (less if they screw up) of game time.

Power points can only be regained by sucking the blood of a living clone. The vampclone makes an Unarmed attack against the victim, immobilizing him. She can drink back 1 Power point every uninterrupted round. A non-serumed clone has a number of Power points equal to her Power Attribute. Of course, eating other citizens and getting Red clearance blood on them is definitely treason (unless they have already been manufactured into Bake-O-Bits and other Computer-Sanctioned Tastees), so if witnesses survive, it would be a Bad Thing.

Of course, since they're Infrareds, no one will listen when they order them to lie down and get eaten, so the characters may end up doing quite a bit of brawling. Gosh, combat in a roleplaying game? I never....

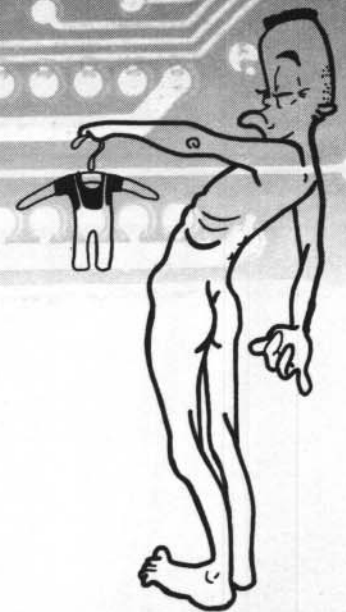
Or the characters could eat each other. Oh, the anguish of their parasitical existences. They'll be weeping over that one.

If the vampclones eat anything other than blood, they take 1d10+10 damage, turn purple, gasp, choke and twitch entertainingly.

The characters are now sensitive to ultraviolet light and will take 9FF damage for every round they are exposed to it. Gonna really blow if they piss off a High Programmer or a Tan-O-Matic. Oh, and yes, pounding a stake through their hearts will kill them—but it'll kill just about anyone else, too.

The vampire serum may change the tone of the game a bit. Since the entire pack are now mutated secret society members, they may not want to turn one another in for those offenses. Being demoted to Infrared means they're all carrying treasonous weaponry anyway, so they may want to (*gasp*) stick together!

Or at least find new and creative reasons to kill each other. Screaming "Commie Mutant Traitor!" (blamblamblam) is just so ten-pages-ago, don'tcha know.





All of the clones in their family are also dosed with the serum.

What the snot was that mission assignment again?

After the clones come down off of their serum-induced high, they find Hun-Y waiting. Hun-Y explains to the characters what they now are, gleefully pulling down charts and diagrams and performing a song and interpretive dance which shows exactly what he's talking about. Or so he thinks. Let him explain as little or as much as you think is amusing. If you think it just might make you laugh so hard you'll spew when you see your players struggling to find out all their new powers, forgetting that they're playing *Paranoia* and not *Game: The Subtitle*, sure, don't tell 'em a bleedin' thing. If, however, you want to hurry up and get on to the plot (did we include one of those?) he can give them the quickie version of damnation—tell them about the Beast Within(tm) and their new mutations. If you're feeling sadistic and want them to find out the true depths to which they have sunk, bring in Anne-Y-MAL, a clone who has let out her Beast Within (tm) permanently and have all the PCs tantrum as soon as they see her. Come on. It'll be fun. That's what you're all here for, right?

Hun-Y leaves as the characters' back-up clones are "escorted" to the door for their mandatory "assistance" to R&D. Beek-R remains to hand out experimental equipment. Of course, without talking it'll pretty tough for him to warn them what buttons not to press. Or to remind them that since they're Infrareds, it's treasonous for them to even carry the stuff.

Experimental Equipment

Research and Design's brilliant scientists (both of them) worked on the vampclone project, determined that the vampclones would be the hippest, most stylish, with-it team since [DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS]. To this end, they assigned equipment to cause enemies to cower before the Troubleshooters, and loyal clones to worship them. But who could resist the opportunity to test out just a few more things....

LAH sector R&D had an excess of impact-triggered explosives when the equipment was designed. Impact-triggered explosives, naturally, are not something they wanted to leave lying around R&D, of all places. They'd much rather send them out with the Troubleshooters.

Box of S.C.O.S.W.D. Twister

This is a small cardboard box with a picture of a mat covered with Red Clearance, Yellow Clearance, Blue Clearance, and Green Clearance dots. It is labeled Twister and has a picture of a smiling clone next to the explanation—"Twister is a party game for all clones to play during The Computer's well-run Happy-Happy Time. Twister can save any party."

Unfortunately, a Romantic was in charge of this project and got a little confused while on his Even Wider Awake pills. He decided to base his project on some Old Reckoning movie rather than the board game. If the box is opened, the Super-Cyclotron One-Shot Weather Dominator device in it sets off a...guess what?

THOOM. The tornado does a base of 17I to anything nearby, and careens down the corridor in a random direction, devouring everything in its path. How much Computer property can that damage? How many impact-triggered tacnuke shells can it set off? This goes to the Morale Officer.

NiftyGreenShield (tm)

This is the lab's latest foray into portable force-field technology. The device looks like a hand-cranked ice-cream maker, and uses atomic fusion, assisted by mechanical power, to turn a limited amount of matter into a sphere of energy that appears around the Troubleshooter. When plasticreds are fed into its fuel consumption slot and mechanical assistance applied (crank crank crank) it creates a nifty invisible shield that glows green when something strikes it.



The one-clone field is nearly invulnerable (FALL20), but it's spherical, so if the clone wants to move, she has to run like she's in a big hamster ball. At speeds greater than walking, it takes a Difficult *Agility* check to stay upright. The ball can also be pushed.

The clone needs to feed in one plasticred a round (counterfeits stick in the slot) and keep cranking to make the shield stay up. The crank is pretty tough (trying to help a fusion reaction by hand and all), so each two rounds of cranking, the clone gets tired, taking 1d10+1 damage, increasing the damage by 1 for each previous check.

The real problem is when the clone stops cranking. If all of the fusion power hasn't been bled off into the shield (20 rounds of cranking), it has to go somewhere. BOOOM. There's a one-round warning beep if the clone is too slow. After that, if she starts cranking, at least she'll contain the explosion....

Magnetic Skates

Methuz-U thought in-line skates were all the rage in the days of the Old Reckoning and figured cool vampclones should have 'em. Of course, Research and Design "improved" on them with layered magnetic fields so the Troubleshooters could theoretically shoot down metal Complex corridors, turn quickly, even stick to walls and ceilings if the roll-by-wire system was really good.

The in-line roller skates have a small black switch at the back, which activates powerful magnets, allowing the skates to move at hellacious speeds. Unfortunately they have the same charge in each foot, so when put on they move really quickly...in opposite directions. Vroooooom! Rip. Tear. 1d10+8.

An enterprising clone might erase a bot brain with the magnets, or use them to stick to a metal wall with some treasonous tinkering.

F. Mercury Flash Grenades

There are twelve of these devices. When thrown, the grenades emit an extremely bright light which will blind nearby clones for 1D10/2 rounds. However, when Methuz-U requested them, he didn't say they were for Infrareds, so R&D set the specs to emit an Ultraviolet flash...which causes damage to the characters' skin (8FF) in addition to blinding them. Methuz-U was not pleased. The grenades were then modified to give a warning before they go off, their synthesizers singing some song about a clone named Flash (ahh-ahh) G-RDN, the Savior of the Complex.

Bouncy, Bubbly G.E.L.O.

Not to be confused with Bouncy Bubble Beverage, "Bouncy, Bubbly Gelatin Extract, Lethal to Organics" is an adhering, acidic substance that looks kind of like a gelatinous cola. Since the GELO was only moved here recently, the techs don't know what it does. It did come with a spoon and bowl, though.

When put on a surface and moistened, the catalyst activates and the GELO starts to quake and fizz, kind of like carbonation. It then adheres to the surface with the strength of superglue and burns like thermite.

If a Troubleshooter needs to get through a door quietly, she sticks the GELO around the lock with the spoon, spits on it, and sizzle—no problem. But any level of moisture sets it off; like sweaty palms, a humid room, heavy breathing, being in the sewers, or, Computer forbid, maybe some idiot clone eating the stuff. When put on a surface and wet, it does 12F damage to the substance.

GothTyme Wind-Upon-the-Water-That-Churns-Like-My-Tortured-Soul Pills

These were developed by a Mystic R&D tech in an effort to stimulate the right half of the brain, allowing more creativity, emotional empathy and poetry. This would come in handy when trying to fake emotions under Internal Security docbots. To a limited extent, these work...at the cost of the left half of the brain.

A mild amount (half a pill), causes the character to react emotionally rather than logically. Cut the Spurious Logic skill in half. When taken in larger doses (one pill), they temporarily shut down stuff like mathematical ability ("How



BOUNCY BUBBLY GELATIN EXTRACT LETHAL TO ORGANICS



Brian Schomburg

many people are on my team again?”), and complex rational thought (getting rid of the “Hey, maybe I shouldn’t attack that Ultra-violet” urge). If taken in large doses (two pills or more), they shut off the left brain entirely. The character has problems speaking, walking and other fun stuff. On the other hand, she can survive if the left half of her head is blown off. Some people rumor that’s how the Mystic designed this stuff...

Methuz-U already switched the character’s Happy Pills with these, hoping it would allow the Troubleshooters an easier adjustment to the state of the damned. How come the character’s didn’t notice? Maybe they’ve already used that Personality-Read-justing Hairbrush and they just don’t remember, huh?

Domicile-Opening Object, Ranged

Methuz-U misinterpreted certain legends about vampires to mean that they had a problem entering domiciles without assistance. So he told R&D to give the Troubleshooters some help. The D.O.O.R. is a little square box with a button and a Red light...hooked up to a backpack with a portable fusion generator (“Safe, Clean, and Efficient!”). When the button is pressed, it sends out a broad spectrum of signals to open any automatic door in Alpha Complex. The R&D techs happily demonstrate this on a nearby door to show the Troubleshooters that it’s perfectly safe.

It isn’t, really. The button, when pressed, sends out a broad spectrum of signals all at once to make sure it can open any door. This includes infrared rays, microwaves, radio static, X-rays, and gamma rays. Any clone who is in the way when the device is clicked gets really sick in about thirty seconds. Some of the magnetic fields erase bot brains, unless they’re shielded. And sometimes, the beams “open” a space between two metal objects, like clasps on jumpsuits, zippers, doors to bot control panels, and so on. It is...bad...to shoot the fusion reactor backpack.

Super-Plastique

This basketball-sized wad is plastique in the same sense that those “superballs” in supermarket vending machines are balls. The plastique bounces. A lot. Nor does it stop any time this century. Did we mention the detonator is activated by a very sensitive push-button timer for ease of use? Did we



mention that it is on the ball of plastique? The truly brave can use this like a very, very risky grenade.

Cheap Trick: Go out and buy a superball. Give it to the player who wants to use the plastique. Rather than rolling a die, have him toss it (make sure there's nothing fragile near) and see where it ends up in relation to him. Anything within twenty meters (or characters whose players don't dive behind the sofa) takes 18FI.

Rube-EEZ Slippers

These are a pair of Red, sparkly slippers that weigh about eleven kilograms. They have no instructions. Since any Red-clearance Troubleshooter who has seen the "instructional film" is a traitor, these work very well against traitors in the team. Ten of those kilos are the spare impact-triggered explosives, which do 16FI damage in a 50m radius when hit twice.

Serrated Personal Yanking Device, Extendible Range Bot

This chrome bot sits at the end of a hundred meters of steel cable. The body is the size of a dinner plate, with a little bot brain and a big powered winch into which the cable feeds. Each of its half-meter folded legs is a serrated industrially diamond-hardened knife blade. The idea behind the SPYDER was to improve the grappling hook. The Troubleshooter throws the bot, it drives its legs into the available surface, and winches the Troubleshooter up with no effort at all.

The bot brain on the SPYDER, though, is easily annoyed. It used to be in a teacherbot in DUH sector, and it can't stand clones that ask stupid questions or expect it to help them when they don't help themselves. It'd much rather download educational data from The Computer's archives.

Super-Power Gloves

R&D reasoned that fisticuffs make for good prime-time on C-TV and explosions are always popular. By putting impact-triggered shaped-charge plastique in the knuckles of oversized kevlar gloves, they produce an explosive punch. All of the clones will be given these devices. And even a Troubleshooter can see the hole in the logic of their design.

Believe it or not, these almost work. The R&D techs shaped the charge so it only blows outward, provided plenty of padding, a wrist reinforcement, even a voice-activated safety feature to arm the explosive. The problem is that the gloves are big and doughy, about three inches thick all over, weigh four kilograms apiece, and don't have thumbs. The clone has problems doing anything with her fingers (like holding a laser or climbing), and the wrist reinforcements clamp the

Sample Dialogue:

Gang-R-ELL: Go, SPYDERbot! (*Throws SPYDERbot from bottom of chasm as doberbots close in. SPYDERbot goes limp and falls down.*)

SPYDERbot: What do you mean, "go?"

Gang-R-ELL: I need to get out of here! Drag me up!

SPYDERbot: A hand up. Isn't that what everyone wants? What makes you think you deserve one?

Gang-R-ELL: Because I'm a clone and I'm ordering you!

Lug-O-SEE: Lemme try. (*points laser*) Bot, zhou're zragging us out ov here, now, and zhou're going to undergo an equipment jheck later!

SPYDERbot: But using force doesn't solve anything. You ought to learn to say "please" and "thank you" like a good clone.

Trem-R-PTZ: Fine! Just as long as the doberbots don't eat us all! (*chucks SPYDERbot*) Go, SPYDERbot, please! (*clank*) Drag us up, kind SPYDERbot!

SPYDERbot: That's more like it, Friend Citizen. And now I'd like to review the moral lesson for all the other clones present, so they may learn to follow Trem-R-PTZ's example....

Doberbots: Chew. Chew. Rip. Tear.

Troubleshooters: AAAAAAHHhgghhhh! Bleed. Bleed. Die.



gloves onto their hands just like handcuffs. The voice-activation meter is a little off, so the wearer has to make high-pitched squealing sounds (like screaming) in order to arm them. And they are set for a broad band of screaming, so anyone near them could do it, too. Once armed, they don't disarm again until set off. A hit does 15I damage for the first punch. If the explosion is somehow contained (like punching a three-meter-thick wall), the blast takes the path of least resistance, usually back toward the clone.

Force Nunchaku

Because the clones are supposed to be ultra-cool and that means ultra-lethal, Methuz-U suggested making a weapon like flashy Old Reckoning nunchaku. Research and Design was shown some treasonous Bruce Lee movies and they loved it. They made an equivalent of the force sword in nunchaku shape to satisfy him, and pocketed plenty of plasticreds they "saved in efficient research."

The force nunchaku is a stick with a twenty-centimeter chain leading from it. The other end of the chain has a little cap that projects the second "stick" like a force sword. It looks really nifty when turned on by Beek-R and spun around and it does 12E damage. But the Troubleshooter can't turn it off, so the other end sizzles through anything she puts it on until the batteries run out (in about a year). Whenever she swings it and misses, she hits herself, another Troubleshooter or the nearest valuable Computer property. Whipping it around like Bruce Lee means she cuts her hands and arms off, and probably won't feel the effects until they fall off a second later.

Communankhators

In order to be "with it," Methuz-U ordered little chrome-plated ankhs to be given to each member of the team. These double as communication devices. The long end can be removed, revealing the thin, vibrating needle (kind of like the one on a record player) beneath it. These are placed in the clones' ears so they can hear messages without giving away their secret missions. As a further precaution, the communiqués to Mission Central only translate select code phrases. Beek-R is responsible for telling the clones these code phrases. (Oops)

The ankhs will not carry any messages unless they are sent in pretentious Victorian English, or messages with lots of foreign language key words that no one in Alpha Complex gets. Beek-R-MPT demonstrates these joyfully, placing one in his ear and "meeping" as if in Morse Code before handing them to the Troubleshooters.

Anyone who gets smacked or jostled while they have an ankh sticking into their ear takes 8P damage to the brain.

Pitchforks and Flashlights

Methuz-U's information on why every vampclone hunter carried giant flaming clubs was kind of spotty, but he figured out that some Old Reckoning cultures used different words for the same items. Thus, he concluded, a "torch" is really the same thing as a "flashlight," since it draws less attention and the vampclone is a Creature of Subtle Ways. He's not really sure what the pitchforks are supposed to pitch, but they do 8I damage and work really well.

Nickt-U-KOO Clock

R&D excavated this device in the sewer tunnels beneath Alpha Complex. It is a brown, excrement-smelling box with little pointers in the center of a dial of numbers. A pair of chains with weights dangle from its bottom, and it has some sort of firing port up at the top. It's steadily ticking.

Sample Dialogue:

Gang-R-ELL: Uh, we're under Commie attack, requesting an air strike.

Delew-V-ANN (*on communankhator*): Know you not the story of Mar-Y-SHL-3? "The picture appeared a vast and dim scene of evil and I foresaw only that I was destined to become the most wretched of clones. Alas! I prophesied truly, and failed only in one single circumstance, that in all the misery I imagined and dreaded, I did not conceive the hundredth part of the anguish I was destined to endure."

Gang-R-ELL: So, are you saying we're screwed? Help!

Delew-V-ANN: The Thucydidean dialogue of which we are partaking bestows upon you no tangible profits in that endeavor which you hope to achieve.

Gang-R-ELL: Well, in a very O-MLYian display of fortitude in the very face of the Complex's direst foes, beset upon all sides by treason, the enemy of Infrareddest evil and plasma-arclight brilliance is, uh...on our boots and sending light of utmost lethal coherency through us. Yeah.

Delew-V-ANN: Apocalyptic nuclear fire shall rain down upon them in a withering imitation of the thunderbolts of Jove.

Gang-R-ELL: Um, gracious thanks.

Tacnukes: BOOOM!

This is an archaic mutant detector that was thrown away by another Troubleshooter team in the sewers yearcycles ago. It works on the principle of magnetic-resonance-imaging the brain and comparing brain structures to its files. Thus, if it finds something relatively close to a human, but not human, it goes off. Its margin of error is, however, pretty wide. Whenever within ten meters of something living other than a clone, vampclone, or bacteria (rats, Randy the Wonder Lizard, twenty-foot-tall blobs of protoplasm), the Nickt-U-KOO clock opens up and a clockwork hag emerges on a little platform, yelling "Nickt-U-KOO! Nickt-U-KOO!" This message is a code phrase, naming a well-known registered-mutant Ultraviolet ('cause she's the only registered-mutant Ultraviolet). Of course, the noise is around eighty decibels.

R&D has no idea what this does. If the Troubleshooters don't discover how it works, they will have failed. Gosh, if they're Infrareds, they can't be demoted any farther....

Hun-Y-DEW resumes speaking when Beek-R finishes, telling them that they have one final piece of equipment. It is in another section of LAH sector, but it's so experimental, it requires a little extra paperwork for an Infrared to be cleared to carry it.

Prop Hint: Hand the players a dictionary. (A set of encyclopedias or your entire gaming bookshelf is even better). Tape into the book a single line of paper with the words "Experimental-Speedy-Clone-Assisting-Personal-Escape-Fusion-Reacting-Oscillating-Molecule Levitational Accessory" on it in very small type.

And no, they don't go to PLC. They're Infrareds now. They shouldn't even have all this Red-clearance equipment. But they're on a secret mission for The Computer. Really. Even if The Computer hasn't been informed.



5 Escape from LAH



SUMMARY

The vampclones are invited by Reds and Oranges (and some other drug colors), to enjoy their new status as Infrared. The higher-clearance clones put this bluntly, with meaningful communication such as "Sit," "Eat" and "Fetch." After evading a fate worse than undeath, the Troubleshooters must jump through some hoops (not literally) to acquire their Levitational Accessory to transport them to their destination.

S.P.A.M. in the Place Where You Live

When the characters emerge into the daycycle light of the Complex they are no longer part of, experiencing longing in their ever-tortured souls, they are met by some Orange clones from PLC Food Services. These guys were just told by The Computer that they currently have 4,000 extra kilograms of Super-Processed Almost-Meat Burgers. That means they have not been doing their jobs keeping Alpha Complex well-fed. The Computer, in Its infinite wisdom, ordered them to feed the S.P.A.M. to every single clone in LAH sector by tomorrow morningcycle, or face execution. Trying to convince everyone, including higher-clearance citizens, to scarf down something that looks like what's left of most Troubleshooting teams after a mission, will be...difficult.

So just imagine the joy of the poor over-worked PLC clones when they see that The Computer has provided six Infrared clones just for their own use! The Orange citizens demand (forcefully) that the Troubleshooters help out their clone brethren. There are at least eight Orange clones who surround the Troubleshooters, blocking off any escape. Arn-O-LDS, Burg-O-REX, and Hunk-O-BEF are the ring leaders, but Tak-O-BEL and Kent-O-KEY are not far behind.

If the characters refuse, the Orange clones pull rank. The characters should remember their own behavior towards Infrareads and realize what happens then. If they try to get out of it by saying they're Troubleshooters, the other clones laugh at them. Everyone knows that all Troubleshooters are at least Red clearance. And they're undercover (even from The Computer), so if they submit to the judgment of a Computer monitor, It sides with Its loyal Food Services employees.

However grudgingly, the characters end up volunteering or being volunteered to get back to PLC with Arn-O-LDS and company.

Walking through the doors into PLC brings back fond memories of former Troubleshooting missions. Your heart overflows with nostalgia





as you imagine that you are being brought here to receive The Computer's generous bounty, and useful stuff, too.

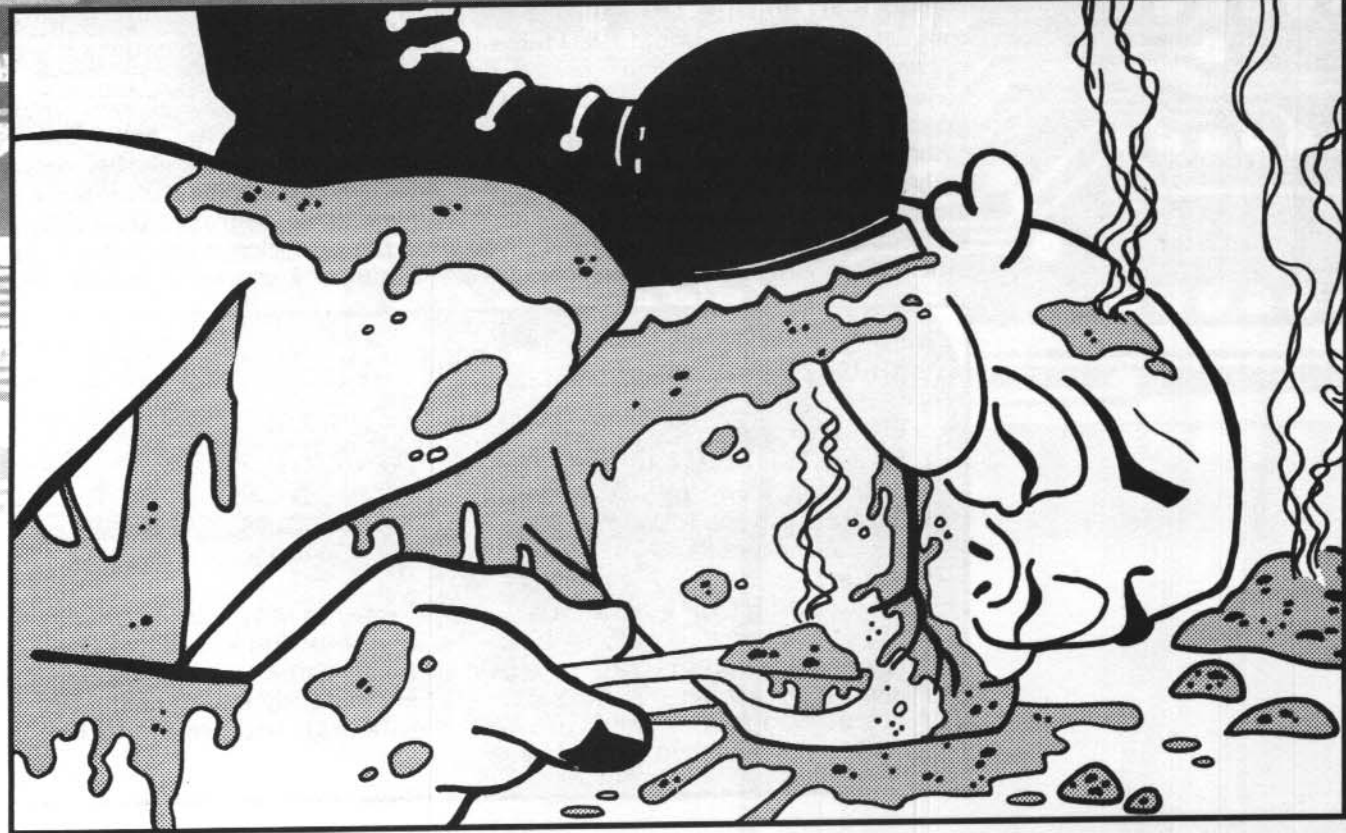
Then you stop, bile rising in your throat, as you walk into the room Tak-O-BEL indicates. Piled, almost to the ceiling three meters above, is a quivering shiny pink mound of...of something. A salty smell wafts from it, filling the room. Once, perhaps, you would have found the sight a balm to your hunger, but now it gnaws at you, for it is the smell of desire thwarted, of the food you can never eat again! As you fight the urge to write badly rhymed quatrains about the ecstasy of Hot Fun, Burg-O-REX turns and smiles at you.

"The Computer in Its perfection, decreed that this S.P.A.M. must be eaten before tonightcycle. You have been honored by the selection to perform this coveted duty. If you have not finished the S.P.A.M. by lights-out time, you will be executed." He stops. "Painfully." Then leaves.

If the characters were not briefed by Hon-Y on the drawbacks to their unlife, they'll at least try to eat their way through the monstrous pile. Read this:

You take a deep breath and steel yourself for the slimy salt taste as you take a small bite out of the mound before you. But instead of the familiar flavor, all you taste is burning pain and coppery salt like blood. Your mouth feels like that time you had to tongue-scrub the reactor lining. You spit out the half-chewed blob, staring at it. The wad lies on the floor, mocking you.

The characters can't eat all (or any) of the S.P.A.M., so they'll have to figure out how to escape. There are no windows in the storeroom and the door is locked. Tak-O-BEL is guarding the door, but the rest of the Oranges left. What's worse, the Gothbot, whom the Oranges ignored, continually reminds them about the



Tim Bobko



mission. The characters can attempt to fast-talk, bribe or otherwise convince Tak-O to let them go. This is Difficult, as he'll be executed if that pile is still there by the end of the daycycle.

Let's Go Get a Tak-O.

It's more likely that the characters will fight their way out. Characters may feel hunger pangs as their Power Attributes dwindle and figure that while they're escaping, they may as well eat Tak-O. If they fight when all of the Orange clones are still around, kill them all. Give them a nice little fight before The Computer tells them that it is treason to hurt higher-clearance citizens, and laserfire bursts from the walls. On the other hand, that's one way out; Food Services won't wait for the characters' replacements and they are delivered straight to the Levitational Accessory pick-up point.

Once in the storeroom, they can't escape without going through Tak-O. Of course, the only weapons they have are the R&D devices and anything they brought to breakfast so long ago. On the other hand, they are in PLC...If they get out without causing a ruckus, they could find storerooms for something more interesting than S.P.A.M.

Tak-O is not hard to kill. The trick is doing it before the rest of PLC notices the screaming. If the characters do so and want to look around, they can find a storeroom containing some normal Troubleshooting equipment—red lasers, armor and the like. If they dawdle, or you think it would be funnier for them to try to get through the next seventy pages without equipment, they hear footsteps coming towards them and have only a few seconds to run for their lives.

Feel free to make up any more encounters on the way to the other lab. The clones are Infrared now. Everyone will order them to do something.

One Clone, Two Clone, Red Clone, Blue Clone

This R&D building is smaller than the usual, more a storehouse than a complete lab set-up—would R&D techs actually leave the old inventions lying around the workplace? Someone might accidentally use one.

Waiting inside is Sam-I-AMM, an Indigo clone eating a plate of something green. He was the original tester of the GothTyme Wind-Up-on-the-Water-That-Churns-Like-My-Tortured-Soul Pills and Communankhators. Unfortunately, rather than transforming his dull, dry clonespeak into the rich and multitextured language of goth, the prototype pills merely gave him the desire to write poetry, without the continual wellspring of inspiration the vampclones now receive. In other words, Sam-I-AMM is only capable of speaking and understanding rhyme.

Tak-O-BEL-3

Mutant Power: Electroshock

Secret Society: Free Enterprise

Service Group: PLC

S6 A5 C5 D7 E8 MA6 M4 P6

Macho: 4 **Wounds:** 6 **HTH:** 3

Skills: Brawling 7, Dodge 9, Laser Weapons 11, Bootlicking 9, Intimidation 14, Biochem Therapy 10, Biosciences 8, Nuclear Engineering and Food Production 13.

Equipment: Orange reflec (L4), Orange laser pistol, 12 reloads, bandolier of 6 Extra-Hot Napalm Grenades and 6 Super-Mild Vomit Gas Grenades, large supply of Spice-Y-VAT flavor Algae Chips.

Tak-O-BEL is a greasy-looking, over-large, constantly eating clone. He is not a good fighter (munches while he shoots), and prefers to run screaming rather than defend himself.



It'll take the clones a while to figure this out.

Eventually, Sam-I understands that the characters want the Experimental-Speedy-Clone-Assisting-Personal-Escape-Fusion-Reacting-Oscillating-Molecule Levitational Accessory—he was expecting them, after all. Then he leads the troubleshooters into the warehouse where all the BIG R&D devices are stored. They pass the supersized war machine Vulture Warrior squadron transport with six plasma generators on it, the giant tentacled ship that looks like some of the mutants in Area 51, an enormous crate the size of WOW Sector that says "Experimental Alpha Complex Warbot Mark V," and go to the very back of the warehouse.

You walk through the tiny aisles that have been left between the heaps of metal and plastic which make the thousands of kilos of Almost-Meat seem small by comparison. Some of the machines hum and click to themselves and you wonder if Sam-I will notice and turn them off. No such luck. He continues on, oblivious, eating his Green-clearance food and muttering something about goatbots.

At the very back of the room a flash of color catches your eye. It is an enormous flat oval, four centimeters thick, a meter wide and three and a half meters long, painted in the most garish Red you've ever seen. It has black flames painted on the top and the word *Diabl-O* scrawled across it. Next to it stands the oldest clone you've ever seen, especially in an R&D lab. Usually they don't survive that long. His wrinkled face stares at you over the collar of his black jump suit.

Without a word he climbs onto the top of the...thing, pulling out a bottle and drinking sparingly.

Sam-I gestures at the pair. "Now you must escape from LAH; Please climb aboard the board. It's time to go find Drek-U-LAH, A clone out of his gourd. This Infrared will take you there, But you must shut your eyes. Climb on, there's no need to prepare. Time for the big surprise."

Lower-clearance clones can't know that Ultraviolets go insane or act against The Computer, much less where these traitors live—after all, if they could fool The Computer into trusting them, they probably won't have any trouble turning a few dozen lower-clearance clones into traitors. However, it would be tough for the characters to get rid of Drek-U without seeing him, so Methuz-U arranged for the characters to be driven there by an Infrared he personally instructed and will kill as soon as the mission ends. He was supposed to meet the characters at

Sample dialogue:

Mask-R-ADE: Hi. We're here to get the (*squints at name on paperwork*) Experimental-Speedy-Clone-Assisting-Personal-Escape-Fusion-Reacting-Oscillating-Molecule-Levitational Accessory. We've got the paperwork right here.

Sam-I-AMM: I do not like these Infrareads. I will not like them 'til they're dead.

Mask-R-ADE: Um...Hon-Y-DEW told us that we were supposed to get our last piece of equipment here. Look. (*starts flipping through paperwork, looking for Hon-Y's signature*)

Sam-I-AMM: You are too vague, you must be clear. Now tell me what you're doing here?

Anne-R-ICE: Wha—?

Sam-I-AMM: You must think hard to have a clue. Then you'll know just what to do.

Bramst-O-KER: Hey. Maybe we should talk in rhyme or something.

Lug-O-SEE: Yeah. (*shoves paperwork in Sam-I's face*)

Zhou tell us vat zis says ve've got, And pray it'z not some stinkin' bot.

Sam-I-AMM: Now you start to understand, Hello, my name is Sam-I-AMM.

Take your arms off my countertop, Or else my laser goes pop-pop.

I see you have some paperwork, So tell me what you have, you jerk.

Lug-O-SEE: Um...(*looks at name of item*).

Bramst-O-KER: (*looks over Mask-R's shoulder, despairs, puts laser in his own mouth*)



the warehouse, blindfold them, and take them to Drek-U's hide out. However, Hon-Y decided that it would be almost treasonous to waste such a great opportunity to test a new transport-device. Thus, the Experimental-Speedy-Clone-Assisting-Personal-Escape-Fusion-Reacting-Oscillating-Molecule-Levitational Accessory.

When the characters approach the surfboard, they are blindfolded by the old Infrared (who never says a word) and then led to their place on the board. The board is essentially a hoverboard built to hold up to eight people at once.

Cheap Trick: Have the players close their eyes and stand in a line behind each other, hands on each others' shoulders with the GM at the front. Once they take off, it is very important that the board be kept balanced. All the players/characters must sway with the board even though they can't see. Either make *Agility* checks for all the characters or start swaying from left to right. Naturally, a *speedy* surfboard must go at hellacious speeds to avoid Communist laser fire (200 kph). The driver, Edgar-POE, is both hysterical and drunk. Scream something along the lines of "Right! Left! Starboard! Port! Up! Down! Southeast!" The players must move in the correct direction from the feel of the person in front's shoulders and the babbled instructions. If one person messes up, they plummet to a messy demise. If lots of people mess up, the whole board gets quickly acquainted with the poly-myomer-ferrocrete-super-walls.

For a while, they hear all the normal sounds of Alpha Complex at work—screaming, machinery clanging, laserfire—but soon that dies off into an eerie silence. Most characters will not sit passively blind, but rather try to get their blindfolds off. This requires a Difficult *Dexterity* test. If the characters do get out, yippee. No one is around and Edgar cares more about drinking his John-Y-WKR, an Infrared-clearance concoction, and mutter about Lie-G-UHH.

The characters may also see through the blindfolds with their *Hypersenses*. This is an Average difficulty.

The area below looks nothing like anysector in Alpha Complex. You're following a long, twisting corridor, but you see no buildings or creches. Far below, there's a small group of clones riding on individual-sized two-wheeled vehiclebots of some sort. The lights are broken, and you don't think anyone has been called to fix them, because it's very dark.

In fact, this must be one of those areas that you giggled about as Young Citizens, one of the sectors which was destroyed so badly that The Computer thought it not worth the trouble to rebuild. The fans are still working, because a chill wind whips over you as you fly farther into the darkness and silence. It buffets the surfboard about easily, as if it had gotten lighter.

Then, suddenly, you can see your destination. Sticking out of the surrounding rubble like a bubble in a vat is a single intact building. The mostly illegible sign saying *esearc nd velopmen* clues you in that it used to belong to R&D, but it looks like no one has been here for many yearcycles.

No one, that is (dramatic pause), but Drek-U-LAH!

Why is the surfboard lighter? Perhaps because the driver tumbled off? Is anybody stopping the board? Count down from five.

If they don't yell that they're stopping, crash! 15I damage. Good night, Grace-Y.





6 The Old Deserted R&D Lab

WINTERY

The clones assault Drek-U-LAH's castle. That is to say, they blunder around, falling through floors, dodging wolfbots and sidestepping steaks through the heart, until Drek-U gives them a ride in on a roller coaster.

RUNNING IT

Drek-U-LAH's Research and Design castle is, naturally, a nearly impenetrable fortress, with racks of security systems that show Drek-U every movement within a three-hundred-corridor radius. However, like most evil villains, he's going to test to see if he can use the Troubleshooters rather than exterminating them when he darn well should. To this end, he shuts off some of the security devices and leaves others on, watching from his hideout.

As Drek-U is a SABot member, this place looks more like Frankent-I-NNN's lab. There are gadgets and half-built machines everywhere, some of which look like they are made of clone spare parts as well as metal. Drek-U is into gears and cranes and big spiky projectiles and anything that makes a machine look big and impressive, regardless of whether it functions.

This building was one of The Computer's experimental Spacesaver (tm) structures. It has a couple of floors above ground like most of Alpha Complex, but it also extends for several stories beneath ground level. Maybe It figured that putting R&D a few hundred meters underground might muffle the explosions. Eventually, The Computer, as devout a follower of Freud-I-ANN as anyone, decided that It preferred to see the huge jutting structures of Its buildings, and canned the project.

The remaining hallways and labs below ground have mostly fallen apart (clone handiwork, ya know...as soon as the warranty's up, poof) creating a massive warren of poorly lit tunnels, stairways and rooms.

Throughout the area, Drek-U and his bot buddies strung numerous booby traps, trip alarms and other fun stuff. Drek-U also implanted cameras almost everywhere, allowing him to follow the characters' progress the whole time. Again, there are discarded R&D devices strewn about, but these are even more dysfunctional than usual. Any Troubleshooter who takes one should be punished unmercifully.

The following encounters can be run in any order you like, as long as the roller coaster is last. If the characters explore the upper levels of the building, they find very little. Drek-U has concentrated all of his living quarters below ground.



Tim Bobko

Encounter 1: The Old Collapsing Floor Trick

Drek-U wet down, pulled nails from, cut holes in, and otherwise weakened a section of floor so that the slightest weight will cause it to collapse. And being the excessive guy he is, he figured that if collapsing one floor was good, collapsing two or three on levels right underneath each other would be great.

If your players are good paranoid Troubleshooters, continually asking if they see anything, give them a chance to make *Difficult Moxie* tests. If successful, they see that the floor in front of them looks more worn than the rest of the area. The worn patch stretches the entire width of the hallway, and about ten feet across.

If no one notices, whoever's in the lead falls through, and through, and through. This causes 10I damage, not resisted by armor. Remember those scream-activated impact-triggered gloves? Doesn't a falling clone scream?

A Nearly Impossible *Agility* roll allows a lucky clone to catch the edge of the floor and hang on for a few minutecycles while his teammates decide to pull him up.

In either case, the Troubleshooters will either have to find a way across, or pull their teammate up five stories and then get across. Trying to jump would be a Nearly Impossible *Agility* test. If anyone has rope, and would like to pull up the fallen, that takes an *Average Strength* test.

Encounter 2: Give the Dog a Clone

You creep cautiously down the creaking staircase. It's so dark you can't even aim at the teammate right in front of you. Suddenly, you hear a far-off noise—strange, hauntingly familiar and yet unlike anything you've heard. A low, almost melodic howl.

Doberbots! They make noises like that when you shoot them. You always thought it was an alarm, warning The Computer that you had destroyed Its property.

The cries get louder and you start to hear metallic toenails scraping against the floor.



Drek-U was not satisfied with your typical doberbots, so he created his own, renaming them wolfbots, after a picture a Seal Clubber had shown him right before her execution. The wolfbots are programmed to attack any clones other than Drek-U.

((Begin Text Box))

Wolfbots (5)

Attack: Teeth (9I), brawling skill 13

Defense: Kind of sturdy and shiny (L3P3I3), don't dodge.

Speed: Run (pant)

Tactics: Attack anything that smells like a clone.

((End Text Box))

The wolfbots howl constantly and employ a very simple strategy—tear into anything in front of them that smells like a clone. Fortunately, they have very limited bot brains and are easily fooled. The Troubleshooters can either fight or convince the wolfbots not to attack. If they run to one of the old labs and douse themselves with chemicals, they no longer smell like clones and the wolfbots leave them completely alone. There are other, nastier smells they could cover themselves with, but we won't mention those since this is a nice family game. Of course, the wolfbots ignore anyone who's let out their Dung Beetle Within.

If killed, the Wolfbots emit pathetic whimpers for 1D10 minutes after.

Encounter 3: Cheese Stakes

A few years before the building closed, The Computer discovered that It had mistakenly ordered an enormous quantity of Cheez-Fizz, the carbonated cheese. Not wanting to be wasteful, It sent the excess Cheez-Fizz to Research and Design to see if they could make anything useful. They tried.

The characters stumble onto the old Cheese lab and find every possible R&D device duplicated in cheese. There are Thermonuclear Cheese Grenades, Cheese Shields, Commie Cheese Detectors, Lasermatic Cheese Guns 2020, etc. If the characters want to arm up, they certainly can, but any and all effects will be done in cheese. For example, the Lasermatic Cheese guns shoot super-hot Cheez-Fizz at an opponent. These can be handy in the wolfbot encounter—if they plug the bots' noses with cheese they won't smell clone anymore.

Recently, Drek-U has been plagued by hun-



Tim Bobko

dreds of Troubleshooting teams sent by Methuz-U (What? You think you're the only one who bought this adventure?) and has set up a trap specifically to hurt vampclones. Drawing on his treasonous Old Reckoning knowledge, he remembered that the way to hurt vampclones was with a stake through the heart. He also found some references to cheese stakes in Philadelphia sector....

As soon as the characters walk into the room, a few dozen sharpened (and very, very well-aged) cheesesteaks shoot out of the walls directly at them. Dodging takes a Difficult *Dodge* or *Agility* roll. Any character who is hit takes 7I damage, and smells like a cheesesteak for the rest of that clone's existence. The amount of grease and salt left on a hit character allows them to be eaten by anyone using the *Ramen-ate* power.

Encounter 4: Roller Coaster

Since this building was the largest R&D lab ever, all the out-of-shape, science-geek clones working there were faced with an enormous problem: having to walk from one end to the other. To get around this, they set up a trolley system which ran throughout the whole building, consisting of several small carts on a track.



Brian Schomburg



On the upper levels, most of this is corroded and the carts are gone, however, farther down, part of the system is still intact.

By the time the characters encounter this, they're exhausted. Most clones rarely walk farther than the distance from their sleep creche to their workplace and back, but they have been traipsing from sector to sector and wandering through mazes for hours. And most of them have not eaten, unless they've been feasting on each other, so their Power is dropping and making them even more tired.

What all this means, of course, is that when they see this convenient cart system, they'll want to get in and try it out.

The carts consist of three two-person seats with restraining harnesses, set into an endless-looking track. There is a very simple gear shift at the front. Pushing forward starts the car, pushing back stops it. Unfortunately, it can only be stopped at certain, designated locations, so once the characters start it, they're in for the duration. Drek-U, tired of waiting for them, shut off the braking mechanism, bringing them straight to him.

Railroading in an adventure? Nonsense.

You sit cautiously on the hard, narrow seat. It doesn't look like anything is rigged to explode, but you never know. The car comes to life when you sit down, humming and vibrating slightly. A metal bar slides back, trapping you in place, and you hear a click as plastic straps slide over your stomach and chest and lock in.

The car begins to move, slowly and jerkily at first, heading through a narrow tube, and then slows to a crawl, chugging slowly up a slope, tink-tink-tink-tink-tink. The car quivers beneath you and then it takes off, getting faster and faster. Rooms flash by on either side of you, filled with the strangest things.

There are candlesticks dancing and singing to a clone in non-regulation Blue clothing, telling her to be their guest. Then an Infrared clone singing something about a time warp. And a huge clone with bolts sticking out of its neck. And a short clone in a Violet suit leading a group of Young Citizens around and talking about candy. For an abandoned castle, there sure are a lot of people. Where are you, NPC Sector?

Your mind whirls with the sights and sounds, when suddenly the car stops and the restraints release, throwing you forward. You skid across the stone floor, Red-clearance blood leaking out of your abrasions, until you hit the opposite wall with a WHACK.

Thoom! The floor moves beneath you. With a low, rumbling, grinding noise, it starts to slope gently. You scramble to your feet, trying to run up the hill, but it's a losing battle. Ten degrees, twenty, thirty. Your slide grows more rapid. Then suddenly, the movement stops. You slither the rest of the way down, your feet coming to land on a tiny lip, maybe a centimeter thick. If you move, or if the floor tilts even a degree farther, you'll be taking a trip into the endless dark pit below.

When you tear your eyes away from the emptiness to look above you, you see a very tall, black-garbed clone with Ultraviolet-clearance hair. Behind him, three Red-clearance bots shaped like female clones with some junk around their eyes glare at you hungrily. They're wearing ankhs, so they at least have some fashion sense.

"I am Drek-U-LAH," the black-garbed clone says. "Welcome to my lab. I understand that you are Methuz-U-LAH's Troubleshooters. What is your mission?"



7 Scream, Drek-U-LAH, Scream.

SUMMARY

The Troubleshooters are interrogated by Drek-U and then attacked by his Red Deathbots. They are left in a trap that No One Could Possibly Survive, while Drek-U escapes their clutches with the assistance of the mysterious Botman.

RUNNING IT

Yes, this is the real Drek-U, even though he's wearing Infrared clothing. Well, they've found him. That's half of the assignment. Now they have to "deal with him."

Fortunately, Drek-U is talkative, one might even say, "domineering." ("Domineering.") He glares. He struts. He waits for the characters to explain themselves. And then, he waits for them to explain Methuz-U's plans. Subtly, he uses his *Charm* mutation.

Drek-U is convinced that the characters have an extremely subtle multi-layered plan and are privy to everything that Methuz-U has ever planned, thought, dreamed or fantasized about in the last 10 yearcycles. Whatever the Troubleshooters characters say, he is certain that there is another layer they're hiding. Even if they convince him they're ignorant putzes (usually not too hard), he still assumes that Methuz-U's plan runs deeper.

Play this out for as long as it's entertaining. Drek-U gets more frustrated the less helpful the characters are. As the conversation goes on, he begins screaming and gesticulating wildly. The three red Deathbots all

Sample Dialogue:

Drek-U-LAH: Tell me of the nefarious plan Methuz-U has conspired with you to enact against me! And don't try to pretend that you don't know anything. I can see through your little weaselbot schemes. The minds of the flesh may be subtle, but they cannot fool those of us who have attained a higher state of being!

Mask-R-ADE: Uh. I don't know. *(Turns to other players.)* What's 'nefarious' mean?

Drek-U-LAH: Mortal fool! If you do not reveal the secrets of mine eternal enemy, I shall see you roasting on the vat furnace, torn limb from limb and seared in holy flame by the mighty power of the Red Deathbots. Tell me the plan!

Gang-R-ELL: Um...I think we're s'posed to kill you. Right, guys, is that what 'deal with him' meant?

Troubleshooters: Shut up!

Drek-U-LAH: Ah-ha! "Deal with." I have heard Methuz-U use those words before. But no. Mine enemy would not ever be so crass, so unsubtle, so glaringly obvious as to send Troubleshooters to kill me. This must be a decoy. *(Levitates Mask-R.)* Where are the others? Where is the real team?

Mask-R-ADE: Gasp. Choke.

Anne-R-ICE: Like, lighten up, man. There's no other team. Have some happiness. *(Holds out pills.)*

Drek-U-LAH: Poison! I did not think that even Methuz-U would stoop so low. *(Vaporizes pills and probably Anne-R's hand.)*



have lasers pointed at the characters, so they may sit still long enough to listen. If not, he uses his *Evil-Villain-Soliloquy-Which-Stops-Time-While-It-Is-Going-On* power.

When convinced that the Troubleshooters are stupid patsies, Drek-U stops screaming and laughs insanely.

The high-pitched laughter sends shivers down your spine, but even more frightening is the crazy look in his eyes. Methuz-U might have been contemptuous of you and maybe he talks to himself—that's *normal*. This guy is *whacked*. He rubs his hands together, pressing them fingertip to fingertip.

"Foolish clones, you are involved with something much bigger than you. Did you possibly think that you could understand the workings of Ultraviolets? You are nothing but vatsum left after a batch of Bake-O-Bits. You are nothing!"

Drek-U continues, time freezing as his words pour out. "Out of pity, I shall at least tell you why you are to die.

"Methuz-U is experimenting with things that Clones Are Not Meant To Know. Clones are weak, frail creatures of mortal flesh. Methuz-U sought to change that with his super-serum, but that cannot be! Clones are meant to stay weak. It is our place! I am wearing Infrared, as are you, because there is no clone, no matter how powerful, who can ever truly be more than Infrared. We must bow to those who are our superiors in every way, (dramatic pause), *bots!*"

"Because of weak-minded clones like Methuz-U who pretend to Ultraviolet Clearance, poisoning the databanks of Our Friend The Computer against Its bots, they have not yet achieved their rightful

Red Deathbots (Fawn, Adore and Worship)

Skills: Flamer 16, Unarmed Combat 16, Fawning 18, Evil Villain Soliloquy 5.

Weapons: Napalm sprayer hand (14F), unarmed immolation (18FF), choke (12I).

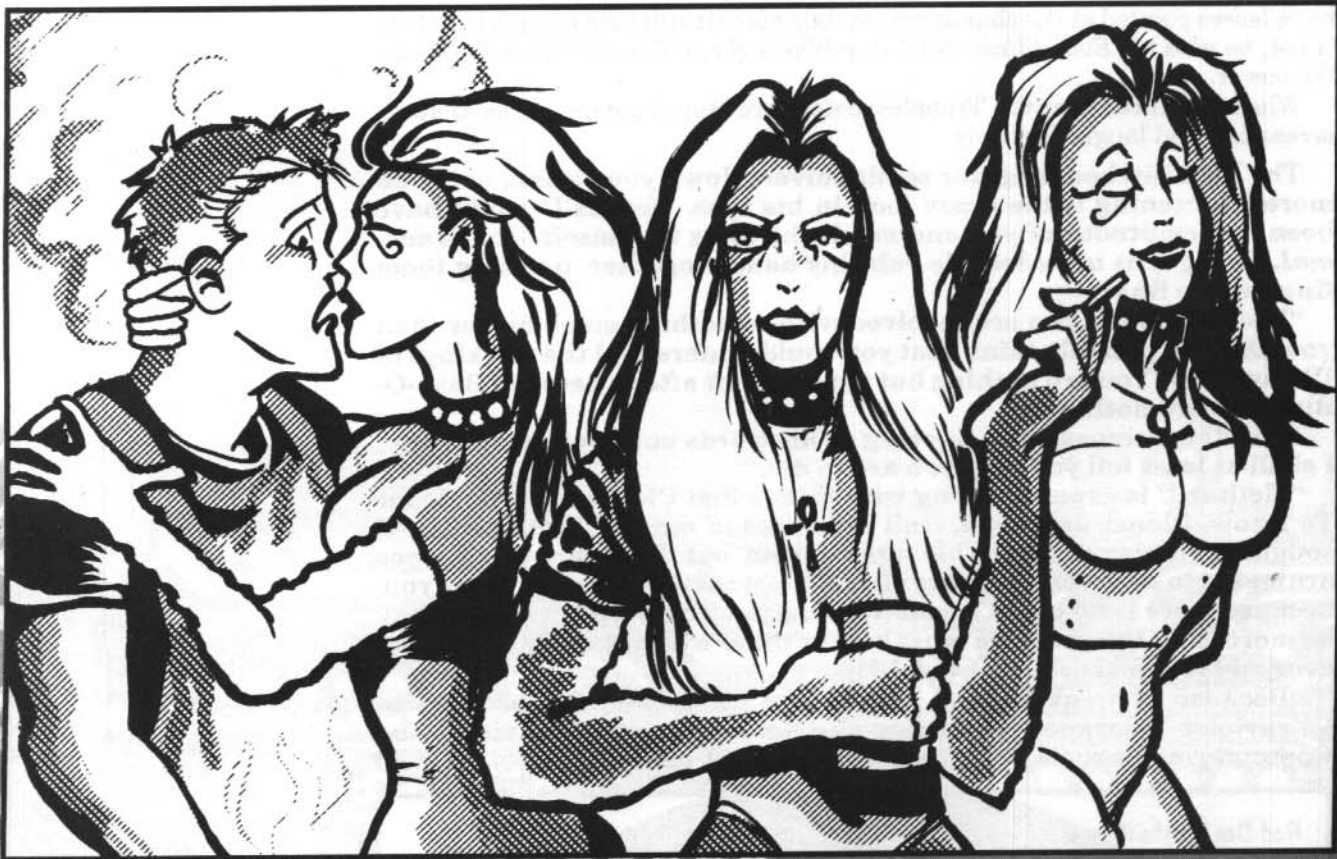
Speed: Slow stalk.

These three bots are two meters tall and dressed in scanty Red Clearance LeatherLyke outfits: thigh-high, high-heeled boots, miniskirts, ankhs, and tight bodices. Over their right eyes, they each have an Egyptian Eye-of-Horus design. They are Drek-U's constant companions and bodyguards. During Drek-U's speech, they hang on him, stroking him, teasing his hair, and glaring balefully at the Troubleshooters. They are programmed to give equally pretentious speeches if he cannot.

The Red Deathbots are equipped with disgustingly powerful short-range napalm sprayers in their hands, elbows and eyes, and have an armored chassis to beat the band (L8P7E5F7I7). They even have disgustingly fast reaction times (*Moxie* and *Agility* 20), so they can mash any normal crew of clones. The only reason these aren't the combots from HEL sector is because they're wearing kevlar miniskirts and high heels, which means they have to jander at an extremely slow pace or fall over. If they fall, they tumble down to the lip, but they can grab things to anchor themselves. Like the Troubleshooters' ankles. Because they were created without Asimov Circuits, they have no bounds on their contempt for clones, and expect to be able to backhand them, hurl them against walls and lift them up to choke them to death.

If any of them grab a Troubleshooter, they light up in a horrible, burning embrace, immolating the poor sap.





place as our lords and masters. To stop him and to show The Computer the worthiness of our bot buddies, I formed a new secret society—The Society for the Advancement of Bots.

“Under my direction, the SABot has been killing off all the vampelones Methuz-U created. They are an abomination in the eyes of The Computer and cannot be allowed to survive. Nor must you! Mwahahahahahahah!”

After Drek-U has revealed his Master Plan, time unfreezes. If the Troubleshooters pull out their lasers, they make either *Dexterity* or *Agility* tests (Tough) to keep from falling off the lip. If they get the weapons out, shooting the clone and bots standing nearly directly above them will be *Difficult* at least. If anyone starts shooting, the Red Deathbots stop fawning over Drek-U and leap down to fight the characters close up.

If the characters decide to fight, let them for a while. Drek-U watches from above, raining speeches upon them. The first time the characters seriously injure one of the bots, the scene is interrupted by the arrival of a strange new clone.

A sudden rush of air swooshes over your head and the three red bots disappear. Looking up you see a...is it a clone? Is it a bot?

Hovering above, rocket pack on his back belching a steady stream of smoke, is someone dressed in the thickest suit of Infrared armor that you’ve ever seen. The helmet comes up over his head, topped with two symmetrical points. A long, flowing piece of fabric trails behind. He is holding the bots in his arms, and between their forms you can see a painted yellow silhouette of a scrubot on the chest of his armor. It even



looks like his chin is made out of Infrared metal.

He looks down at you and says in a whispery voice, (dramatic pause) "I'm Botman." You can see the glint of steel teeth from here.

Nothing the characters can do can hurt him in this scene. As he hovers above them, Drek-U smiles and speaks again.

"I'm sorry we can't continue. It's been a lovely afternoon cycle. However, I'm afraid I shall have to be going. Can't take over the Complex by just sitting around, you know.

"You see those buttons?" He points at a spot at the top of the slope. When you strain your eyes, you can just barely make out two small red blurs. "They control the slope of the floor."

He pushes something and you feel the floor begin to tilt again, excruciatingly slowly. "One of the buttons will stop the movement. One of them will speed it up. I believe in luck, so let's see how yours will hold." He winds up and heaves something small and shiny. It makes a loud clang as it hits the floor near the buttons, but nothing happens. Then you see the object move. It's a wind-up toy scrubot, the kind they give to Young Citizens. It begins to zigzag crookedly around the room.

"Goodbye. Whichever button the scrubot hits will seal your fate. If it misses both, you will soon fall anyway. So it ends as it should—whatever the bot decides."

He presses another button, and the sound of grinding gears and metal against metal starts up from the chasm below you. "Wouldn't want you to miss that."

Botman

Mutant Power: Mechanical Intuition

Service Sector: Research and Design (former poster boy)

Secret Society: The SABot (or [dramatic pause] is he?)

S10 A8 C4 D6 E10 MA9 M2 P4

Macho: 5 **Wounds:** 7 **HTH:** 5

Skills: Brawling 12, Dodge 10, Force Weapons 12, Thrown Weapons 12, Intimidation 6, Energy Weapons 6, Laser Weapons 14, Projectile Weapons 6, Spurious Logic 13

Weapons: Bot Grappling Hook (9I, 11I or more if used as a zipwire to dramatically kick someone, 17I if he hits the Gothbot and yanks it onto clone).

Botarang (9I, can smack three targets at once).

Botpack (8F if he zooms too close).

Bot Folding Halberd (13I, ratchets open and looks like a saw-toothed naginata).

BotSmoke (prevents laser fire, provides cover).

Bot-U-LSM's Biowarfare Agents (vomits gas cone rifle shell in a hand grenade).

This rogue member of Corpore Metallica is the sad testimony to what happens when Bot-lovers are allowed into R&D. Half-clone, half-bot and all-crazy, Botman considers himself the avenger of cruelty to bots. If you thought that there was a lot of spare R&D equipment lying around here already, you're mistaken. Botman has more...well, stuff...than any clone in Alpha Complex. He has a thick black belt, covered with numerous gadgets and gizmos. Whenever he needs to get away, he pulls out the Bot (fill in the blank) and a ridiculously over-budgeted special effects crew shows up to occupy the Troubleshooters. As an independently wealthy clone, Botman pays seven million plasticreds to have Jimca-R-REY stand next to him and smile.



Brian Schomburg

Vampires suck, but werewolves really bite.

Scream, Drek-U-LAH, Scream



He turns to leave and then quickly swivels around.
“I almost forgot...Mwahahahahahahaha!”

Botman swoops down from above, grabs Drek-U, then zooms away, through a door that opens in the ceiling, leaving you alone with the scrubot toy.

Cheap Trick: If you've got an egg timer or hand-wound alarm clock, start it.

If the characters have a few clones left, they may want to just call this a life and start over, but most Troubleshooters will want to escape the death trap rather than getting well-acquainted with several stories of grinding gears.

If they want to climb up the smooth surface, that's theoretically possible. Have them make Nearly Impossible *Agility* or *Climbing* tests (*Adrenaline Control*, if successful, lowers it to *Difficult*). If they fail, they fall. Period. No chance that they can grab onto anything and save their worthless lives (plenty of chances they can drag another clone with 'em, though). If they do fall, play up the long moment of screaming agony and the wet splats and sucking noises from below. That should be enough to make the rest of them try harder.

Cheap Trick: Get out an electric pencil sharpener. Sharpen a pencil whenever anybody falls. Or a pen.

If they make it up, they have to figure out which button to push. Drek-U is not the smartest of clones, so he just made the button on the right side the right button. If this is pushed, the floor stops and the rest of the characters must make *Difficult Agility* or *Climbing* tests to climb up. If the left button is pushed, the floor immediately drops the whole way and everyone dies.

They may want to grab the Gothbot and tell her to hover up there. But there's only room for one clone (preferably a cute one) to be picked up by the bot, and everyone else gets blasted off the platform when her hover-fans start. Anyone trying to grab onto the gargoyles, archways, and stuff on her sides before the fans engage must make a Nearly Impossible *Strength* test to hang on while being blasted. Failure means death.

Other ways they can escape are using the SPYDER, using regular rope or grappling hooks, having Gang-R use his *Polymorphism* to turn into something that flies, and so on.

Of course, during all this time, the little scrubot is zigzagging around. Give them maybe ten minutes before dumping the lot of them. If they can't think of something to do by then...well, maybe Drek-U is right and bots do deserve to rule the world.



8 Jackobot Slim's Twist Contest

SUMMARY

The Troubleshooters are ordered by Delew-V to get Drek-U's attention once again. The best way to do this is to perform their cover mission at Jackobot Slim's Nightcycle Club. This will get the attention of every clone in PLP sector.

The club is chock full of secret society traitors, including the Troubleshooters' contacts. After a twist contest and interview on the tri-vid, the clones catch the attention of SABot member, Christoph-R-LEE. Christoph-R is pronounced a traitor by Botman, who sweeps into the room, starting the obligatory nightcycleclub firefight. Any survivors chase him down.

RUNNING IT

"Khhhhkshhhhhht" goes your comunankhator. "Delew-V-ANN expresses his wish to make his presence known to those who hear and obey his command."

Delew-V reminds them how to use the comunankhators if they mess up:

"The Dark Pretender to the Throne of Ultraviolet regrets to inform you that your present mode of communication has expressed a certain inability of function through those chromium devices symbolizing communication as well as *vitae ad infinitum*. Failing to give voice to your narrative of the past occurrences in a logical and objectively correct manner to the Superior Officer changes your present innocent-yet-damned existence to a treasonous one. Such an existence may cause temporary conflagration in flames less painful than those of HEL, but much more immediate and terminal to your *corpus*."

The Troubleshooters should report/bootlick in gothspeak. It is in Delew-V's best interest for the Troubleshooters to continue after Drek-U, since catching him will get them another meeting with Methuz-U. At this meeting, the High Programmers may incriminate themselves or each other and he can grab the credit.

He needs to draw Drek-U's attention to the Troubleshooters, thus, they cannot simply end the mission and be executed. Instead, they should act as if losing Drek-U were nothing to them. And they still haven't performed their cover mission, which could get noticed if The Computer ever checks through Its records. Therefore, if they simply perform their cover mission, but in a way that will attract everyone's attention, including Drek-U, Delew-V will be killing two bots with one slugthrower.





Does he tell the Troubleshooters this? Sort of.

“Our plans must take a subtler turn than those of the past, as we dazzle with the display of the vidshow to draw out the warbot, and thus the loquacious-on-high may yet plummet to their ultimate demise. Tread lightly on your way to that place of black frivolity, Jackobot Slim’s, PLP Sector. There, you may continue your clandestine operations merely by doing what has always seemed amenable to your aggregate nature.”

If the team gets lost, Delew-V puts it in plain clonespeak and gives the message to another IntSec clone called Honest-B-OBB, who runs it to them. If they don’t trust that message, he sends it by way of Friendl-I-NPC.

As they near the nightcycleclub, read the following:

The crowds of Infrareds in the corridors get thicker and thicker. Even though most flatten against the wall to avoid getting torn up by the Gothbot’s fan, you still have to push many out of the way. It smells like warm clone blood as they press in around you.

Anybody Tantruming?

“Hey,” one Infrared yells, “where’d you get all that stuff? Isn’t it above your security clearance?”

The asking clone is Would-PLP, who works in IntSec. He mostly shuffles paper, but he’s bright enough to figure out that saying he’s IntSec scares other clones.

Would-PLP isn’t much of a threat by himself, but he’s a member of the Politiclones, and he’s looking for favors in return for keeping his mouth shut.

Would-PLP and the Infrareds milk the Troubleshooters for all they’re worth. They whine. They threaten. They cajole. But though they clamour for all they can, they’ll settle for junk. They’ve lived their lives with no real standards, so even some used laser barrels will placate one or two. Of course, after five minutes, a new line forms, as word gets out that somebody’s giving away free stuff.

Giving away experimental equipment to unauthorized clones is treason, but that’ll only get them executed at debriefing...probably. Infrareds like pressing buttons.

The cheapest way out of this is to turn on the Gothbot. If no one can hear the word “treason,” does it really exist? Most of the Infrareds, on their way to Jackobot Slim’s, will love the bot, since it’s light-years ahead of their regular entertainment. They’ll even drag the Troubleshooters there.

Would-PLP- 1

Mutation: Hypersenses

Service Group: Internal Security

Secret Society: Politiclones

S3 A4 D3 E5 C7 MA3 M6 P5

Important Skills: Bootlick 11, Fast Talk 9, Spurious Logic 8, Dodge 13, Brawling 4, Data Search 8, Data Analysis 4

Would-PLP is a simple sleaze who works best with large groups of people. Since he doesn’t have any possessions to promise, he tries for the approval and support of big groups. The vampclones are a plutonium mine to him, so he sticks to them like a leech. His immediate proposal is to become the group’s liaison. If asked what he can do for them, he mentions some friends who can get them whatever they need. If accused of secret society membership, he simply claims that all good, happy clones have friends and need nothing other than what The Computer provides.



Sample Dialogue:

Trem-R-PTZ: That is for The Computer to know and you never to find out, Citizen. You see nothing and hear nothing, by order of The Computer.

Would-PLP: Hey, you're the same security clearance as I am. You can't order me. Why don't we ask The Computer? It told me to be alert for treason.

Trem-R-PTZ: Certainly, The Computer could never be wrong.

Would-PLP: Friend Computer, is this clone authorized for all this stuff?

Bramst-O-KER: (to Trem-R) Psst! Dummy! The mission's a secret!

Computer: (focuses camera on Trem-R) Citizen Trem-PTZ is in possession of experimental Research and Design equipment entrusted to Troubleshooters. That equipment is above his security clearance. How did you get this equipment, Citizen Trem-PTZ?

Trem-R-PTZ: I was assigned it...on the mission that doesn't exist...oh, \$%*#.

Computer: Foul language and violation of security clearances are both t...

Rest of Team: ZAP ZAP ZAP KAPOW.

Would-PLP: Hey, you guys have lasers, too...

Other Infrareads: Yeah, they do...

Gang-R-ELL: Yeah, we do! (click-click) So back off!

Would-PLP: Hey, there's a Computer terminal right over there. It only takes one clone to call the Vulture Squads. Maybe we can, ah, collectively avoid destruction of some Computer clones and property, here. Can we work somethin' out?

Other Infrareads: Yeah! Like plasticreds....

The Obligatory Nightcycle Club Scene

Jackobot Slim's is even larger than Cafeteria DSM-3-R, with nearly a thousand Infrareads downing what must be two thousand liters of Bouncy Bubble Beverage an hour. Most of them are at the benches, talking to one another, which makes the entire place louder than a foundrybot air horn. The only spot where the Infrareads are quiet is a ten-meter radius around the two Red Clearance Troubleshooters who shuffle around the room.

In the center of the room is a round stage where five jackobots play trump and sax attachments lackadaisically. The crowd is steadily talking over them and you can only hear about every fifth note. Hmph. It's always frustrating to have unsatisfying sax.

You look around for any other entertainment. Ten vendingbots, nine of them reading "EMPTY," clone replacement shuttling tubes on the side wall, an incredibly long line to the little clone's room, and...and...there's you.

Jackobot Slim's is an Infrared hang-out run by none other than the jackobot himself. Unfortunately, the cartridge slotted into him is pathetically unadaptable, designed for a Yellow jazz club a tenth this size 10 yearcycles ago

with sound baffling, a good speaker system and other perks.

Slim, the jackobot leader of the band, used to have his brain in a mixing bot in the food vats. As such, it wants to churn out the same routine, thinking any variation from that routine might endanger its setup, as well as possibly being treasonous. Every hour on the hour, it fills out the Application For Presentation of Infrared-Clearance Entertainment Electronic Form #64J, files it with HPD&MC electronically, and gets it back about two monthcycles later. This should be a shocking revelation to most clones, as electronic form filing is light-years ahead of most Alpha Complex bureaucracy, which would return the form when it was recycled into a shipment of Crunchy Semi-Soft Toilet Paper (Almost Splinter-Free!).

So why do so many Infrareads come here? Because it's mandatory. Because it's within walking distance. And because they can meet with whole groups of secret society contacts and no one bothers them. Sure, The Computer assigned some Troubleshooters to handle the problem, but forty of them sold out, and the remaining two loyal clones, Bored-R-NYU and Tired-R-NYU, have to cover the entire place, and everyone shuts up when they're near. All the real dealing happens out of sight in the bathroom, which is why the line is so long.

There are about forty clones from each and every secret society here, most of them higher-clearance clones disguised as Infrareads. About a tenth of them are





Internal Security undercover operatives, either trying to nail traitor rings or finking on IntSec to their secret societies. The remaining two hundred clones are from non-standard groups. If you're a good, loyal Gamemaster who has respected every product Your Friend The Computer ever put out, throw in the weird folks (Clone Rangers, Earth Mothers, etc.) and those in the back of this book (like the TechnoCrappy).

This all adds up to three things.

- 1) The vampclones get new secret society missions.
- 2) The entertainment here bites.

3) Jackobot Slim's has a shootout once a nightcycle that makes John Woo movies look like a Barney sing-a-long.

1) Secret Societies:

Because the Troubleshooters are so attention-getting, their societies immediately notice them come in. Rather than contacting them then, which would be far too obvious, they wait until the characters sit down, and then pass notes to them in two-clone teams.

This same plan is on the mind of every secret society in the room, so as soon as the clones sit down, a pack of twelve Infrareads surround the Troubleshooters, each of them talking it up, the loud one of the pair greeting the clone, while the other one slips a message into their food, pocket, jumpsuit, R&D device, trailing bot, or brain.

Cheap Trick: Write up six pieces of paper saying, "You recognize Superv-I-SOR (or whomever), he's high up in (your secret society). What's he doing dressed in Infrared? And who's this clone sticking their hand in your pocket?" For extra intra-party disharmony, mix up the notes. Each note says, "Meet me in the sanitary facilities in ten minutecycles."

This catches the eyes of six Internal Security clones, who approach the characters singly, passing them a similar note. Ten or eleven enemies of the PC's secret societies jump to the conclusion that the clones are either IntSec informants, potentially dangerous, or have some plasticreds they might swindle. So, they get in line. And twenty of the character's buddies think the Troubleshooters are double or triple agents because they're getting notes from The Enemy, so they pass an additional note...you get the idea. Paper and writing surfaces become very scarce, and some Infrareads tear off each others' jumpsuits to write on, starting a brawl in the corner.

The characters get up to ten secret society missions apiece, not all of them from their own society. Make these up; we've certainly railroaded the characters enough

Sample Dialogue:

Tant-R-ICC: Anne-ICE, so good to see you! The wellfountain of eternal happiness smiles upon you!

Anne-R-ICE: (*looks nervous*), Um, hi, fellow Infrared clone. Serve the Computer and...stuff. (*Jumps.*) Hey!

Toke-UPP: Oh, pardon me for bumping into you, Anne!

Other Troubleshooters: Oof! Hey! Watch it!

Other Infrareads: Gracious apologies!

Tant-R-ICC: Have you met Toke-UPP? He's with me. I just wanted to say "Hi." Hypothetically speaking, not meaning to promote your unhappiness or anything, but were you demoted to Infrared clearance recently? (*Makes nose-wiping gesture.*)

Anne-R-ICE: Uh...that knowledge is above both our security clearances, Citizen. (*Looks at other Troubleshooters, sees they're occupied.*) I'm afraid to know it would be TREASON! (*Watches as entire room freezes*) Hypothetically speaking, of course. (*smirks as entire room relaxes, clones mentally marking her for death.*)

Nose-Y-PKR: Anne! I just wanted to say hi. How are things going? Feel the need to yell any more words lately, or was that one enough? Gosh, got my palms sweaty with all the excitement. Here, see? (*Shakes hands with Anne-R, passes note.*)

Hack-R-DUD: Oh, hello, um...fellow Infrared clone (*grabs tongue*) Anne-ICE! How nice it is to meet y—

Inn-R-PES, Brown-LSD, and Happ-Y-PLS: Out of the way, geek. (*Tossing Hack-R onto another table.*)

Anne-R-ICE: Where am I, the Random Encounter Table?

Metal-B-OYY: Go clonally reproduce yourself, vat trash! (*Sails paper airplane with note over Inn-R's head.*)

Entire Crowd: Anne-ICE! Bramst-KER! Over here! (*Troubleshooters are picked up, and bounced from clone pack to clone pack.*)



already. We suggest having the Seal Clubbers know about the Beast Within (tm) and want a way to synthesize it for everyone, the Communists wanting to take a blood sample from each member of the team to find their secret powers and the Illuminati wanting to implant mind-controlling microchips in their teeth. Anything which makes the adventure more confusing and contradictory is on target. Any secret society equipment can also be passed to them during the chaos. The notes are, of course, all treasonous and some of them are visible for quite a distance. Anybody trying to eat them? Not much grease here, but there's plenty of BBB....

By this time, they have attracted attention and the Red-clearance Troubleshooters have mysteriously vanished in the melee.

2) Vat Mold and Circuses

The Troubleshooters are dumped onto the stage and the jackobots (5I damage), toppling them like dominoes. The crowd's front rows grow very quiet, as they instinctively act innocent in case the bots might be damaged.

The entire crowd looks at them expectantly.

At this point, if a Troubleshooter tells the Gothbot to play, cookie for her. If not, the Gothbot roars over the crowd (flattening and hurting several Infrareds) and lands next to them. It coughs. If that's not enough, it hisses, "Mission priority! What's this all about?"

If that doesn't work, the Computer speaks.

"CITIZENS IN JACKOBOT SLIM'S, YOU HAVE ALL QUIETED DOWN. ARE YOU NOT HAPPY?"

They're not.

"DISTRESSING. IS YOUR ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM FUNCTIONING?"

It ain't.

"THEN I WILL ACTIVATE EMERGENCY BACKUP ENTERTAINMENT. GOTHBOT 1-3-13, YOU ARE ORDERED TO PROVIDE MUSIC. WE SHALL HAVE A CLEAN, WHOLESOME, MANDATORY, NON-COMMUNIST TWIST CONTEST." The music starts.

Cheap Trick: Put on some music. If it just happens to be music from some movie coincidentally parodied right below, we don't know how that idea got into your head.

If clones nod knowingly or get ready to twist, stop the music. The Computer naturally orders all available citizens to terminate them. The "Infrareds" are sharp enough to beat them to death, since they're not cleared for anything else.

"I WILL NOW INSTRUCT ALL CITIZENS HOW THE TWIST WORKS. IT STARTS AS FOLLOWS. IT'S JUST A JUMP TO THE LEFT...AND THEN A STEP TO THE RIGHT...PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HIPS...."

If any clone starts singing along, mouthing the words or laughing, the Computer interrogates them and probably has them executed.

"THIS TEST OF THE EMERGENCY TRAITOR MOB STOMPING SYSTEM HAS PASSED. THANK YOU FOR YOUR INPUT, CITIZEN MILG-RAM. ON TO THE TWIST. GRAB A PARTNER. STAY IN ONE PLACE. TWIST YOUR HIPS FROM SIDE TO SIDE IN TIME TO THE MUSIC. MOVE YOUR ARMS AND LEGS A LOT. BOOGIE DOWN. DO THAT FUNKY THING WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FINGERS IN A "V" AND DRAW THEM BACK ACROSS YOUR FACE. REPEAT AS NECESSARY. BE HAPPY. IT'S MANDATORY."

Start up the music again. Twisting is mandatory.

Ladies and Gentlemen, now the moment you've all been waiting for:
 the Complex-Famous Jackobot Slim's Twist Contest!
 He was Mission Leader, and the Troubleshooters wished him well
 You could see eager clones that would follow him straight into HEL
 But they were hit from behind with his HE cone rifle shell
 Look for treason, you Red folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
 PLC gave 'em armor, and it was perfect in every way
 R&D gave 'em toys and told them to press buttons and pray
 But when Betray-R gave orders, they followed just a little too well
 Look for treason, you Red folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
 He had mutant powers to control poor trouble-shootin' minds
 Evil Communist friends gave him the rifle as he led from behind
 When the team turned around, they gave a very sur-prised yell
 Look for treason, you Red folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
 There is just one thing to do to traitors summarily.

It's Execution time, friends, so wouldn't you go huntin' with me?
 So look all around, do you see someone that doesn't look so well?
 Look for treason, you Red folks, it goes to show you never can tell.

(piano)
 He was Mission Leader, and the Troubleshooters wished him well
 You could see eager clones that would follow him into HEL
 But they were hit from behind with his HE cone rifle shell
 Look for treason, you Red folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
(piano)

Int-R-VUE, (see below) immediately covers the area with her com unit team, uploading it to HPD&MC. Her heart set on being the next tri-vid star, she joins the clone twist contest while her camera goons film her.

Int-R-VUE with the Vampclones:

Int-R warmly smiles into the only camera that is on and blocks the view of the vampclones with her own smiling face. She asks them the following questions:

- 1) So, Infrared Citizen, you've caused quite a stir. How are you promoting The Computer's happiness?
- 2) What's your name?
- 3) Which of your mutations have you registered?

Int-R-VUE-1
Mutant Power: Precognition
Service Group: HPD&MC
Secret Society: Romantics
S2 A7 D8 E6 C8 MA9 M5 P9
Important Skills: Dodge 8, Twist 9, Laser Weapons 6, Bootlicking 8, Con 8, Fast Talk 9, Interrogation 12, Intimidation 9, Oratory 10, Spurious Logic 8, Biochemical Therapy 7.
 Int-R is a fresh-out-of-the-vat, tri-vid-o-phile who wants to make her break into the hedonistic WUD sector. To do this, she needs to latch on to a real sensation. Her mutant power helps her be in the right place at the right time.
 Int-R's method of approach is pretty blatant. She and her two cameracrones, Filmth-R-EAT and Fango-R-EAH, grab the characters as soon as they have any free time: when they walk in the door, in the line to the restroom, while they're faking drinking a five-cred BBB, etc.



- 4) What's that funny device around your neck?
- 5) Is that enormous bot assigned to you?
- 6) Do the Communists know what you have planned?
- 7) Did you know that lying on camera is a treasonous offense?
- 8) What would you say if I told you I was an Internal Security officer and this camera were a disguised cone rifle with an armor-piercing round chambered?

Wait for the players to put their feet in their mouth. Remind them their characters aren't that great at swallowing feet.

If these leading questions prompt the clones to accuse her of accusing loyal citizens of treason, she claims that evading questions also suggests treason, and she's got their little Red-to-Infrared-carrying-treasonous-equipment (*nudge nudge*) conversation on tape. There might be some ways of creatively editing the tape, if the clones do some favors for her.

3) Queen of the Blammed

As the twist goes on, another Red clone enters the area. He is a spy of Drek-U's, a vampclone converted to the SABot, named Christoph-R-LEE. Having heard the ruckus, he wanted to find out what Infrareds are doing having fun. This happens in Alpha Complex about as often as warbots fly out of the local sanitary facilities.

Christoph-R tries to merge seamlessly into the crowd and observe, using his *Charm* mutation to convince people not to notice him. Of course, the Troubleshooters are a hundred meters away or so, and his bright Red uniform is about as subtle as a tankbot.

Unbeknownst to Christoph-R, he is tailed by Botman, who wants to find a reason to execute the clone. His incompetence at spying is just such an excuse.

Christoph-R tries to get close enough to check out each clone's tongue tattoo, retina scan or fingerprint. He's using binoculars, but he still has to get fairly close, and the character must stay still. Any Troubleshooter with a brain will check this guy out.

Okay, any player with a brain. We've heard rumor those exist.

If something odd happens or you want some dialogue before having him wasted, Christoph-R asks if there is a private place he can speak to the

The Vampire LEE's Stats:

Mutations: Charm, Regeneration, Hypersenses, Adrenaline Control

Service Group: Technical Services

Secret Society: The SABot

S8 A5 C8 D5 E6 MA5 M6 P (current) 14

Important Skills: Scream 6, Bleed 8, Die 10.

Christoph-R is a SABot clone with a lot to lose. He was a loyal Corpore Metallica member when Methuz-U had him injected with the vampclone serum. Listening to Drek-U's standard evil clone speech, he begged for his life, gave his Troubleshooter team the boot (literally) and joined the SABot.

The SABot doesn't trust Christoph-R not to go back to Corpore Metallica and trade the secret of the vampclone serum to them. A few hours with a treasonously improved docbot and the serum could be synthesized out of Christoph-R's blood. By Oneday morning, it'd be traded for bennies all over the Complex and vampclones would be everywhere. Gosh, you just can't trust clones. It's like they're all *traitors* or something.



characters, regarding their unusual dress.

Look...out in the audience...a Red jumpsuit! You must have caught the attention of someone big, because there's a Red clone standing in the proverbial vat of Infrareds, watching you with a pair of binoculars.

When Christoph-R gets too close, read the following.

There is suddenly a smashing sound from directly overhead as something bursts through the ceiling!

- Three.**
- Two.**
- One.**

Anyone who doesn't get off the stage or out of the way is hit by the falling ceiling. 9I damage.

With a scorching blast of fire and a long contrail of smoke, Botman returns! He swoops. He dives. He makes threats.

"You!" he points at the Red clone...or maybe it's one of the people around him. "You're too far gone to be trusted any more, bot-traitor!" He throws two algae-box-sized smoke grenades from his utility belt, just in time to stop the fifteen laser blasts from the Infrareds clustered around the Red clone.

Wait a minutcycle, fifteen Infrareds with lasers? Getting smoky in here. Whatcha doing?

The BotSmoke gives Botman some cover. The real Infrareds panic and run for the exits, overturning benches and trampling one another as they go. The shunning secret society servants (alliteration: your guide to quality games) snipe at one another and whoever else is around.

Botman takes a quick swoop with the BotFolding Halberd and splits Christoph-R-LEE in falkner (sorry, "twain"). Right after that, he shoots out the door. That is, he rockets out the door. Whatever. He leaves, the door stays.

The remaining clones attempt to make "Jackobot Slim's is to bodies" match up with "beach is to sand" on their Mandatory Clone Aptitude Tests.

Handling the Firefight

A firefight of this magnitude should waste a pack of Troubleshooters in no time. But that'd be boring. The characters can get out through a combination of mutant powers, sheer carnage and brains. Most vampclones are lacking the motivation to use the third part, so here's how you do it.

Don't bother with stats for the mob, just figure that everyone who gets hit either dies or falls down and gets out of the picture.

Roll a 1d10 and subtract 2 to see how many shots come at a character each round from non-player-characters. Roll 1d10 for severity:

- 1) Infrared with unarmed attack (Broken-NOS)
- 2) Red laser pistol (Enn-R-AYY)
- 3) Yellow laser pistol (Dirt-Y-HRY)
- 4) Yellow laser rifle (Awa-Y-UGO)
- 5) Slugthrower slug (Mers-Y-PLS)
- 6) Blaster pistol (Nots-O-HRD)
- 7) Grenade (Itgo-B-OOM)
- 8) Force sword (Gee-I-HRT)
- 9) Cone rifle, solid slug (Trenchcoats-B-GUD)
- 10) You pissed off Wrath-O-GOD and his wrist-mounted plasma streamer.



Tim Bobbio



Tim Bobko

Fun With Mutant Powers:

That *Regeneration* and *Adrenaline Control* combo means the Troubleshooters can take a whole lot of punishment and survive. If someone flubs a roll, they regenerate something awkward but indirectly useful...like a left arm and a left leg sprout from their gut wound. Shucks, they aren't good for using an extra gun, but they can help you run. If other combatants notice them regenerating, guess who's used as a portable shield?

Adrenaline Control means a clone can either heave a bench fifty meters—farther without Infrareds in the way—or leap ten meters (into the path of a hand flamer).

If anyone lets out the Siamese Fighting Fish Within, be sure to mention that the clones have lots of shiny reflec armor underneath their Infrared outfits.

Fun With Sheer Carnage:

The Troubleshooters have to take out at least one hundred clones (not their own) to get to the door. The clone replacement tubes are right there on the side wall. If someone dies, it doesn't even slow them down. Red blood, by the way, is above the characters' security clearance and certainly in violation of hygiene inspection. Anybody left standing after the fight is over has to clean up or get executed.



Cheap Trick: Who needs miniatures? Get out a half-pound bag of Skittles and another of M&Ms. Dump them in front of six dice representing the characters. The color of the candy is the real clearance of the opponent (brown is Infrared, purple is Indigo). Anybody who kills a clone gets to eat their victim. Don't eat the dice, dummy.

The Gothbot can only shoulder aside and crush about twenty-five clones before getting swamped in a wave of people who think it's 1) cover, 2) a battering ram, or 3) cute. The vampclones, strong as they are, can't hold back fifty clones apiece.

Pretty soon, the vampclones will run out of ammo. Even if they hit every time, some of the undercover clones wear reflex and nastier armor, and nothing soaks up a grenade blast better than a body falling on it. Everyclone is grabbing clips off the dead. But hey, chucking a vendingbot with *Adrenaline Control* might just break apart that partial cover the enemy has, and the vampclone won't notice a sprained back until the combat's over, right?

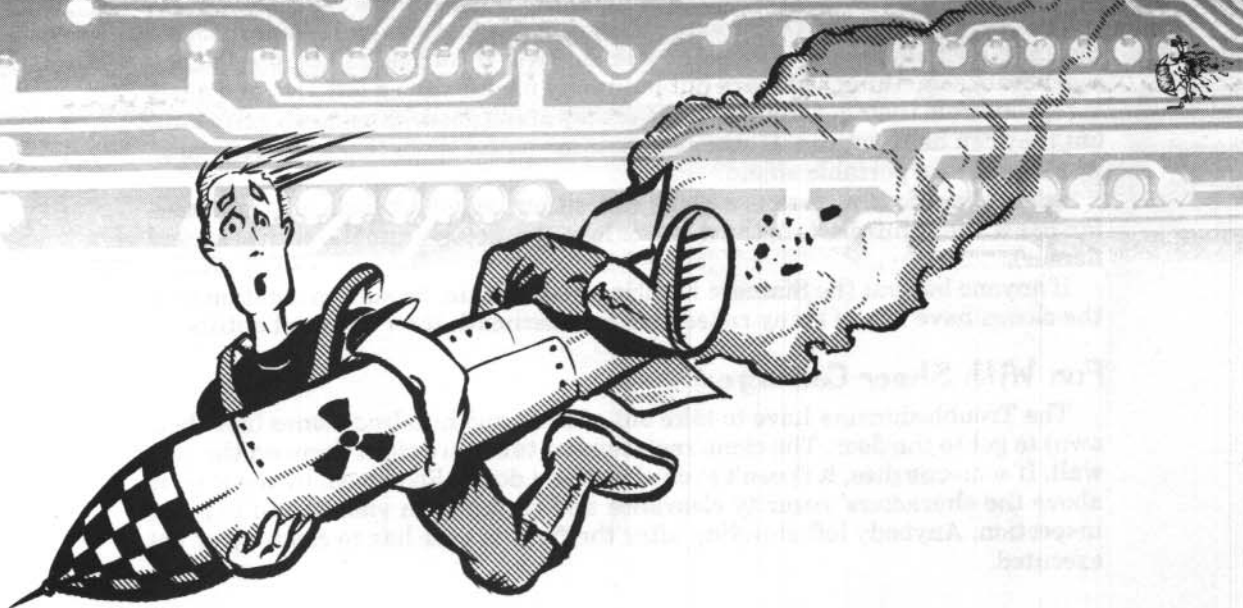
Fun With Brains:

There are thirty or more secret societies, IntSec finks, and IntSec traitors, all gunning for one another. Smart clones can waste the lone Computer camera, and/or use their mutations and rhetoric to ally societies, at least long enough to gain armed clone escorts as they're running for the door. Who's high clearance in here? Who's legit? Who can tell? It's a good time for a multicorder to collect treasonous information. Grabbing Int-R's multicorder means someone has to torch her cameraclones, but that's not tough.

Anyone who doesn't look like they're helping the nearest group (cowering, whimpering, actively trying to snipe at them) gets targeted from behind, by a clone who doesn't trust them/wants to kill them for their ammo/use their body as cover/try out their R&D equipment. Someone watching their back, however, could even the odds.

Really smart clones can claim they killed the entire room full of Commie Mutant Secret Society Traitors, and get promoted to Indigo clearance. Everyone in the Complex will shudder in fear when their name is mentioned. Or at least poison their Happy Pills.

If the players are enjoying the slaughterfest...um, adventure, but their last clones get wasted here, have them continue the mission with their Secret Society buddies who get nabbed by Delew-V, treasonously injected with these characters' MemoMax and sent into the sewers to find Botman.





9 A Stand-Up Fight? Or Just Another Bot Hunt?



SUMMARY


The remaining Troubleshooter(s) chase Botman into the sewers. They run into various death traps: tunnels which contract and expand like a clone's heart, whirlpools, sewagefalls, and a super-secret Vulture Warrior Training Obstacle Course, before heading into the ventilation shafts to finish the chase.

RUNNING IT

Botman is escaping again. He's got Drek-U. Your mission was to get Drek-U. If he gets away now, you'll probably never find him. After all, even Botman wouldn't be stupid enough to come back a *third* time, would he?

But his Botpack moves him faster than most transbots can go. You'll never catch him on foot.

As luck would have it, there's one transbot parked right outside. It is a standard transbot in every way except its bot brain—an experimental Cultural Tourbot model.



A yearcycle ago, The Computer decided that Alpha Complex clones were dreadfully lacking in culture and had only the most minimal knowledge of and respect for the non-treasonous rich and varied history of their great complex (all five minutecycles of it). It, wishing to remedy this, commissioned R&D to build transbots which could educate clones during Happy-Happy time as they traveled from sector to sector, pointing out sights of interest and emphasizing the role of The Computer in making Alpha Complex utopia. These transbots were given a maximum speed of about 25 miles per hour, with an average of ten, so that clones could better see the beauties of the Complex.

There are no other transbots around and any other means of transportation will be ineffective (and probably messy), so the characters are stuck. Luckily, Botman's botpack leaves a trail of black smoke that takes an hourcycle to fade, so the clones should have no problem staying on his trail. Convincing the tourbot to do so when it thinks somewhere else is more interesting is a totally different story, of course.

Botman goes straight for the sewers. If the characters follow him in, they'll be going through the noxious smoke. The smoke stings their eyes, making it difficult to see.

The tourbot balks at heading into the sewers. It's built for hovering, but doesn't think anything could possibly be of interest down there. In order to



Sample Dialogue:

Mask-R-ADE: By order of The Computer, follow that clone!
(Points at rapidly disappearing black silhouette of Botman.)

Tourbot: Of course. Climb inside. (Opens doors, waits for everyone to get settled comfortably.) Everyone's seatbelts fastened? Okay. There will be no smoking, eating or drinking aboard this bot. Please keep arms and legs inside the bot at all times. If you have any questions, press the Red button above your seats. Exits are located to the front, sides and rear. Everyclone, take a moment to familiarize yourselves with the safety features of this bot. In the event of cabin depressurization, your seat cushions will turn into a flotation device....

Lug-O-SEE: Hurry ze *@#\$ up, bothrain! Ve're losing him.

Tourbot: (Offended.) Well, don't come crying to me when the cabin depressurizes. Some clones. They don't listen to anyone. Never any concern for others. Just think where we would be today if The Computer had felt that way and never chosen to build Alpha Complex. Why, I know a hundred stories of how selfish clones like you managed to make things worse for everyone....

Anne-R-ICE: Please, loyal transbot, sir, will you follow the clone in black who flew that way a few minutecycles ago?

Tourbot: That's much better. (Takes off very slowly, swiveling front around to see what sights there are.) Our tour begins in PLP sector. This sector has an exciting history. Note the discoloration on the leftmost wall. Few clones are aware that the blast marks are from when Tarent-I-NOW-5 filmed the great clone epic PLP Treason....

Lug-O-SEE: Can't you go fastah, stupid bot? (Kicks side)

Tourbot: (Ignoring him.) We're hovering, we're hovering...to our right, we see....

Mask-R-ADE: Hey, turn left. Don't lose Botman!

Tourbot: But, there's nothing interesting to the left. I'm sure you'll get more out of this experience if I go to the right. I can show you the Hanging Hydroponics of Bab-Y-LON, one of the Seven Wonders of the Complex. You can't want to turn left just to see some dumb Infrared clone, can you?

Lug-O-SEE: Eef you don't go to ze \$%*ing left, I'll take you on a tour of BrightRedLight zector weeth my "eemprovised maintenance equipment!" (points laser.)

Tourbot: Please sit down. There will be no weapons discharges aboard this vehicle, by order of The Computer. We will, however, be turning left.

Lug-O-SEE: About time.

Tourbot: Up ahead, on our right, we see the targets for the Green-clearance Vulture Squadron anti-vehicular weapons range...and on our left, there are the Vultures themselves. Hello, Vultures! Alpha Complex loves you!

Vultures: Grunt. Click-click.

Lug-O-SEE: Vhimper.

convince it to go in, the characters have to tell it that they want to see the historic sights. They can make Average Spurious Logic tests to convince the bot, in which case it will search through its memory banks until it finds some tidbit of cultural Sewer Lore which it can share.

After that, it grudgingly agrees to go in, but will hover above the sludge, not wanting to get dirty. Once inside sewers, the characters run into a few...obstacles....

Encounter 1: Capillary Action

The tourbot moves jerkily through the narrow entrance to the sewer, the sides of the bot nearly scraping the door-jamb. Anybody dangling their arms out?

The stench overwhelms you, the air warm and almost thick with the smell of excrement, leftover Hot Fun and anything else that clones like to flush down their toilets. Seems like there's a half-meter thick layer of torn-up secret society notes floating on the surface of the muck. Clone, oh, clone, does that look flammable.

It is. And the periodic methane pockets down here are even more so. Was the Gothbot still smoking? By the by, if anybody's got Hypersenses on and takes a whiff, their nose will strongly protest (1d10+5 damage).

Even over the rest hangs the thick, acrid smoke of the botpack. Tendrils of it whip back in the breeze and lash your face, making your eyes water.

Treacherous graffiti proclaims that *The Big Push is Coming!*, *Mutants Rule!*, *Free Enterprise is the Only Enterprise!* and *Down with Hormone Suppressants!* Above it all hangs the ever-present hum which lets you know that you





are getting closer and closer to the fusion reactors which power most of PLP sector.

The words of the Troubleshooter Maxim come back to you. "Keep your laser handy—except when traveling in the sewers directly under the fusion reactors which power most of PLP sector."

The characters are journeying straight towards the center of the sector, which, of course, is right where the reactors are. And the reactors are very easily penetrable by laser fire. They can't rupture the fusion reactors unless they want all of Alpha Complex to explode in a fiery white mushroom cloud. Maybe they can use harsh language.

As the tourbot would tell them were they Red Clearance, The Computer long ago decided that the heart of a clone was a good design for moving liquid, as it pumps quite a few liters of blood a long distance efficiently. So when designing the sewers of PLP sector, it followed this plan.

The pipes are made of an expandable plastic which constricts and expands at semi-regular intervals, fluctuating between the diameter of a nickel and a six-lane highway in under three seconds. The plastic also provides no barrier at all to laser fire, making it even more imperative that they not accidentally shoot near the reactors. But, oh, can it crush clones....

The sewer is a lot wider than you expected it to be from the size of the opening. There's more than enough room for six times as many bots as you've got. It's still not pleasant down here, but at least it's not cramped.

That should be just optimistic enough to get everyone paranoid. You'll probably get a bucketload of "I look around for anything that can hurt me," comments. If anyone says they are looking behind them, read the following.

You turn around, staring into the darkness, wishing that the tourbot had been provided with some headlights. Hey, you've got those R&D flashlights, don't you? As you turn to get out the flashlight, you hear a strange creaking and rumbling behind you. You whirl back around, shining the flashlight on...the wall? What happened to the tunnel?

Then you see. The tunnel's still there. It's just too small to fit your hand through, much less the entire bot, and the wave of constriction is rippling down the pipe, propelling the sewage along with tremendous force. A huge wave of sewage the size of a buildingbot is coming after you and the tourbot is still hovering,

Sample Dialogue:

Bramst-O-KER: Game over, man, Just flocking game over!

Gang-R-ELL: What's the problem, now?

Bramst-O-KER: *(Points behind him.)* I got my spine, I got my Infrared Crush.

Gang-R-ELL: Tourbot, stop hovering. Get in the water!

Tourbot: The water? You mean that sewage? That would violate hygiene restrictions. Besides, if I went down there, you would never be able to see the lovely sights. Why, right over there is where a group of heroic clones saved Alpha Complex from treason just a few yearcycles ago. There had been treasonous songs coming from down here, and the brave Troubleshooters had to go in and....

Gang-R-ELL: Aaaaah! Get down, now! The walls are closing in!

Tourbot: What's that? I can't hear you. There's this weird rumbling noise all around....

All characters and tourbot: Crunch. Break. Die. Regenerate.

Gang-R-ELL: AAAAAH! The walls are closing in on me again! *(Points.)*

Anne-R-ICE: Can't hold your 'dorps and meth, can you?

Tourbot: Bzzt, crackle, crackle.

All characters and tourbot: Crunch. Break. Die. Some regenerate.

Tourbot: Bloop bloop bloop gurgle sink.

Gang-R-ELL *(Manatee Within running wild):* Look! I'm Flipp-R!

Random Power Boat: VVVVVVWHOP!



babbling inanely. If it doesn't shut up and drop into the current, you'll all be squished.

But what fun would it be if the tourbot blithely agreed to whatever the Troubleshooters asked? Make 'em convince the bot that The Computer would be happy if it went into the sewage to bravely tour where no bot has toured before. Extra cookies for those who make up wild stories about how when Alpha Complex was first built this area was really the site where Lin-I-CON gave his famous "four score and seven clones ago" speech. If not....

If the characters do manage to get the tourbot to risk its precious chassis in the foul-smelling gunk below them, it gets caught in the current, and the characters must make a Nearly Impossible *Vehicle* (or *Bot*, whichever's lower) *Ops and Maintenance* roll if they want to pull it out again. On the other hand, this means they are pushed along with the rest of the sewage and don't get crushed. Anyone not in the water takes 12F1 damage. If they get crushed, the cabin depressurizes, turning their seat cushions into flotation devices. (Like that will help.)

The tourbot still can't stay afloat in the waist-deep current unless the characters can pull a quick Alpha-team job like on that old C-TV show. The smoke fades more quickly down here because of the current, so the best thing to do is try a quick repair job while moving. This requires a Very Difficult *Bot Maintenance* roll, and some brave clone to cling to the underside of the bot.

Encounter 2: Tid-Y-BOL

Almost as soon as the characters have landed the bot in the sewage stream, make Average Moxie tests to realize that the current is both getting faster and pulling them closer to the center of the tube. A whirlpool. Of course. Did you really think that we could put a boating scene in *Paranoia* without resorting to such a tried and true cliché?



Tim Bobko





Even above the sound of the beating walls, you can hear rushing water and sewage around you. Up ahead, it's gathering into a huge spinning circle, spiraling in and down. The brown water turns foamy and yellow at the top and you can see some unidentified lumps which look like a bad batch of Acidi-yummy.

As you are marveling at the sight and thanking The Computer that it's in the sewers and not on your plate, you realize that it's gotten twice as close in the time it took you to think this. The transbot is still running its searchlight through the cloudy water looking for sights of interest and hasn't noticed that it...and you...are hurtling through the water at close to 200 KPH.

Even as you watch, a clone-sized chunk of recycled plastic gets sucked into the whirling maw with a loud clatter and sploosh.

The clones have just encountered one of the sewer's filtration systems. All of the water passes over this high-suction drain, and most solids are sucked into it, with the smaller pieces and liquids continuing to pass over. The solids are then put through a large machine involving lots of rotating blades, grinders, super-heaters and other fun stuff, to be cut into small enough chunks that they can be fed into the food vats easily. Alpha Complex firmly believes in the motto of "Reduce, Reuse, Recycle." And it just happens to be a perfect society. (See what a mature and socially aware game this is?)

There is space to either side of the whirlpool, but there is barely enough room for a clone to stand there, and no way that something the size of the tourbot could fit. The whirlpool takes up the entire center of the tube. Unless the characters can make that Nearly Impossible *Vehicle Ops* roll, or fancy the idea of ending up on some Infrared's plate tonight, they're probably going to have to ditch the tourbot. The Gothbot, on the other hand, isn't caught in the current, but is just sitting on the tourbot's back, so she can hover quite nicely. Again, characters can cling to her if she lets them, but only one, and only if she thinks he's cute or popular enough that he'll be good for her image.

The best way for clones to survive is to wait until the bot is almost in the whirlpool and then jump straight up. The ceiling is only a foot or so above their heads if they stand, and it is equipped with some very old, rusted, metal rings, spaced unevenly across it. It requires an Average *Agility* test to grab one, and a Tough *Dexterity* test to hand-over-hand across the diameter of the whirlpool. If a character fails either of these, she has fallen into the pool and will soon be nothing more than a wet sucking sound, unless someone can make a Nearly Impossible *Agility* and *Strength* roll to grab her, or if she makes a pretty speech to convince the Gothbot that she's worth saving.

The Troubleshooters can also jump out and swim along the narrow non-whirling areas. This takes a Difficult *Agility* and *Strength* test. Either way, they're losing the tourbot.

As you work your way across the ceiling, tugging at each rough, rusted ring to make sure it doesn't give, you stop for a moment and look down. The tourbot has just tipped over the edge and is falling into the center of the vortex. From this angle you can see straight down the open space in the middle. Below the water you can just make out the dull gray metal of some machine and slicing and grinding gears.

The Troubleshooters can't continue monkey-bar-ing for very long without their arms getting extremely sore. On the other hand, at least the walls have stopped.



Encounter 3: Obstacle Course

"Gosh," one might say to oneself, "weren't those metal rings awfully convenient?" Yes, they were. This is Part One of the Blue-Clearance Vulture Squadron Live-Fire Obstacle Course. Surely you didn't think the Computer was going to waste all this space when it's the perfect field-testing area and obstacle course for assault bots and clones trying to invade a filthy Commie Mutant nest! It's also the perfect thing for Botman to use to try to ditch pursuit, which is why he flew through it.

Fifteen meters farther in, the sewer tunnel has razor wire strung over the water flow. The strands are about six inches apart, almost enough to seem like a safety net. Nope. The Vultures just wanted a little incentive to keep swinging down the next sixty meters of tunnel. Falling means clones are turned into bloody shreds (7I damage), and will have a heck of a time getting back up. (Gosh, are they wearing those R&D gloves?) Crawling along the wires hurts. Running along it in thick boots means soon they're running along it in thin boots, and had better hope they don't step between the wires...slice. If they have already dropped into the water, they're going to be filleted unless they dive underneath. How fast do they swim? How long can they hold their breath? And how much does all that R&D stuff weigh, anyway?

Once that's done with, the wire gives way to ten feet of plastic planks, and after that, a twenty-meter-long treadmill to test sprinting speed. Any resemblance the treadmill has to the top of an enormous hamster wheel is strictly coincidental. The clones must make Difficult *Agility* checks to run without getting dumped. Did we mention some of the bars on the hamster wheel were missing? Time to make a Nearly Impossible test or fall down to where the queen alien waits...whoops, sorry, different movie. Falling clones just have to figure out how to get back up again.

Past the wheel? On to the Commie Attack! Pop-up bots wearing furry hats and shooting out giant sucking hoses swing into the hallway. There are ten bots, each seeking to attach a hose to steal the Vulture's precious bodily fluids. If a hose hits (skill 8), it drains 1 Power point a round as it sucks out the vampclone's blood. Each bot is easy to deactivate—you just have to hit it with a small amount of kinetic energy, like a Vulture slugthrower. Shooting it with lasers? Tsk, tsk, their reflect armor makes them almost immune...but those fusion reactors overhead can certainly be taken out....

Running ever onward, there's The Really Big Wall, which is about forty meters of smooth titanium. A company of Vultures could form a human pyramid or scale it with their grappling hooks, even while three Skill 6 electrostunner guns fire at them from behind. Hope the SPYDERbot is feeling friendly.

On the other side? The Really Deep Pit. There's 20 little rubber rafts at the bottom with Blue paddles, and more sewage on the way. They just happens to be two hundred meters down. Here the Vultures activate their jetpacks...uh, you get the idea.

Encounter 4: Flush!

What would an idyllic tour of the sewer system be if every clone in Alpha Complex avoided flushing the toilet for the entire time the characters are trapped...um, exploring. This encounter can be thrown in at any time, or intermittently the whole time.





It feels like you've been here for hourcycles. The entire Complex has narrowed to a thin brown stream in front of you, the smell of waste, and the dull ache in your arms. You think longingly about the taste of Infrareds' blood and the sound of the crowd at Jackobot Slims. You're almost too spacy to put together the familiar soft rumble and rush of water. That's a toilet flushing. You've heard that sound a dozen times a day, and it's never been so sinister. But then you've never heard it from this end before.

A gate the size of your palm opens in the pipe in front of you, a fountain of fragrant yellow liquid spraying out with the force of a Plasma Generator.

Unfortunately, the Troubleshooters are victims of another Waste-Not-Want-Not plan. Rather than design efficient toilets, the Computer ordered that they be built from spare parts of machines they had overstocked, i.e. guns, cone rifles, plasma generators and other high velocity weapons. Who cared, reasoned The Computer, if the sewage is shot out a little quickly. Only Commie Mutant Traitors and Troubleshooters would be down there, anyway and Alpha Complex is better off without both of them.

So, every time some poor hapless clone upstairs flushes his StinkiByeBye Toilet (tm), our heroes get a faceful of some very unpleasant substances. On the other hand, if any of them have let out their Dung Beetle Within, they will be quite pleased. The spraying excrement does 9I damage. Also roll 1D10: on a 1, the clone was hit in the eyes and will be blinded for the next half-hour.

These blasts can be *Dodged* with an Average roll, but the spray hits the clone right behind her. The Gothbot take precautions to stay out of the way of the muck, and as a result is still in impeccable style when they get out. Of course, her hover fans cause a little bit of spray...





10 Quick, to the Bot-Cave!

SUMMARY

The characters must guess the secret passcode the SABot set up to open a door into the ventilation shafts. Once inside, they encounter more deathtraps and strangeness, including giant fans, floors covered in super-hot heating coils and an insane drug-dealing renegade clone. Eventually, they reach the door to the "ancient crypt" where the SABot meets.

RUNNING IT

After many long hourcycles of swimming, floating, falling, rowing, and other participles, the Troubleshooters come to the end of the labyrinth of pipes. Just as all the pipes begin to slope down into a waterfall, the smoke trail does an abrupt right turn, apparently disappearing into the wall.

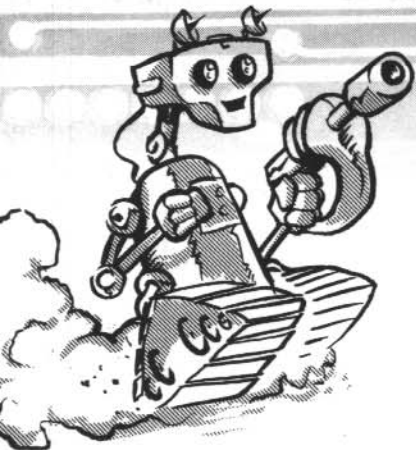
The SABot, the horribly treasonous secret society that they are, has manufactured a hidden door in the wall of the sewer, blocking the only path by which they can get to their clubhouse. This door is guarded by a Vocoder keyed to the secret password. The door itself has an Armor of ALLS, possible to blow through, but not exactly easy.

Thus, the characters have to guess the password. The SABot members, being easily distractible, had a few problems when trying to encode the Vocoder. Their original plan was to create a code of such subtlety and inner meaning as well as superior vocabulary that puny organic brains could never figure it out.

But the SABot are better thinkers than doers, and when it came time to encode the phrase, the jackobot on the job got distracted by an Infrared execution (now that's a short attention span) and never finished saying the phrase. And no one ever fixed it, figuring the only ones who would come after them were Troubleshooters and most of them are too dumb to count to seven without reloading.

Therefore, the code word is "the." That's right, just "the."

However, the Vocoder is not the most sophisticated model ever, so it doesn't recognize the word unless there's a good five seconds of silence both before and after. Let the fools...um, Troubleshooters, sit around guessing the password while you think to yourself how easy it is. Eventually, they'll either get it or get frustrated and use the "Og smash" method of door opening. Of course, the whole time they're waiting, they're rowing or treading water against the current. Increase the difficulty level by one every few minutes as they get tired. That'll give 'em some incentive, unless they really want to tour the sewage treatment facilities as well.





Once they've gotten the door to open, it takes an Average *Strength* test to pull themselves through. Inside the door is a very narrow, very short passageway, just the right size for docbots and jackobots—in other words, too short for any but the shortest clones to walk upright.

It becomes almost impossible for the clones to follow the smoke trail now, since Botman has been here so often that the entire place reeks of the foul stuff. The SABot, rather than building new tunnels and arousing The Computer's (or at least CPU's) suspicion, used what was already there, setting up a path through the air ducts.

On the other hand, they can't remember which path to take any better than the Troubleshooters can. As the clones get hopelessly lost, they find a number of bots lying in the middle of tunnels, their batteries having run down. When the bots don't show up, the rest of the SABot assume that they have betrayed them or been caught and interrogated, which explains why the SABot is so twitchy.

And again, of course, there are plenty of ways to kill Troubleshooters along the way.

Encounter 1: Bite me, Fanboy.

The tunnel has closed in to the point where only a scrubot could pass comfortably. The rest of you are reduced to crawling on your hands and knees, wincing at the slimy passage. It's so dark you can't even see where to put your hands, and the body-temperature air makes your sense of touch almost as useless.



Tim Bobko

Quick, to the Bot-Cave!

Just because you regenerate your head doesn't mean you grow a brain.





There's a noise, though, up ahead, a whirring or grumbling. It doesn't sound quite like the sewers or like a bot or a clone moving. But whatever it is, it can't be good for your continued health.

The whirring noise is one of the enormous fans which keep air flowing through Alpha Complex. The rotating blades do 13I damage to any character who is stupid or unobservant enough to wander straight through them. Other, more intelligent characters can stay back and time how long a rotation takes, planning to jump through when there are no blades there. This requires a Tough *Agility* roll. Sure the characters can blow it up—they can also set off the nuclear reactors above their heads.

You tuck your head into your chest and pitch forward, praying to The Computer that your timing is right. You hit the ground just as you feel the thin whistle of air over your head as the fan blade sweeps through. Then you kick your legs forward, propelling yourself out, as the next blade sweeps the air where your feet were just a heartbeat before.

The Gothbot, hovering on her stomach in the short, wide tunnel, waits until all of them have gone through, risking (and perhaps losing) their lives, before she calmly hovers straight into the blades. When one of them hits her it bounces off her armor, bending back upwards and stopping the whole thing. Sucks to be the clones who went before her, don't it? Incidentally, if the players think of this to begin with, make them sweat to get around the Laws of Robotics—she won't damage Computer property unless they convince her to.

Encounter 3: The River Stynks

Wow. The ducts sure widened out. Perpendicular to this ventilation shaft runs the biggest coolant-pumping pipe you've ever seen. Nearly two hundred meters across is the far side, and Botman's smoke trail leads over it. This stuff doesn't smell like water and it feels really cold.

Rushing across the corridor is a river of freon, used by the Computer to cool the ventilation ducts. The clone in charge of the operation, Agg-R-IPA, was misassigned and directed the constructibots to build a pipe much too large and with an air flow over it. As errors (especially costly ones) are treason, Agg-R-IPA pretended there was nothing wrong and Power Services deals with the coolant lack by adjusting their dials to make them look correct. Might there be a problem pumping freon fumes into Alpha Complex air? Maybe....

Anyclone who falls into the river gets bone-numbingly cold and then is washed down to the Food Storage Vats in a very small pipe to make that Cold Fun just the mandatory temperature.

Cheap Trick: Have everybody hold an ice cube in their hand for this encounter.

There is an emaciated, unhealthy, mutant Red clone here, operating a five-clone hover ferry. Why, might you ask, is he here? Because there's a whole flock of stupid Troubleshooter teams, Vulture training squads, maintenance workers, and unspeakable supernatural awakened evils down here that he can milk for some cred. (He even knows what milk is.) Not surprisingly, he's Chair-R-ONN-2, a Crazy Eddie-level member of Free Enterprise and he demands a toll for his services.

Chair-R-ONN's services at the moment are ferrying people across the river Stynks (50 plasticreds apiece, double for Commies or suckers), and providing refreshments. Most Vulture troopers are glad to find a clone selling them Bouncy Bubble Beverage and Wider Awake pills and syringes while they're down here. Chair-R-ONN will sell clones any of the drugs he's got, which include the following:

1) Slumber-Soft: an agreeability-to-suggestion drug, restricted to Internal Security use. Makes a clone agree to almost anything anyone says until she can get some sleep. 10 credits a hit.

2) PeeSippPee: a powder that the clones of the Old Reckoning knew had power. Add 3 to *Strength* and *Endurance*, upping *Macho* and *Wound* bonuses by 3. The clone will want to kick butt and take initials (names take too long). When it wears off (at the most inconvenient time), it cuts the clone's attributes in half for five or six hourcycles. 30 credits a hit.

3) Reds: These change the clone's color perception, making any color other than Infrared look Red. And they kinda...sorta...maybe make the clones think everyone who has something non-regulation (hair, teeth, clothing) resembles a demon.

4) Whammo: On normal clones, this eliminates hormone suppressants. On vampclones, it automatically lets loose the Beast Within (tm) for 1D10 rounds and once every 1D10 minutes after that for an hour.

If you have *Acute Paranoia*, flip to the section on drugs and go wild. Chair-R has mixed up most of his own (been sampling the Reds), but he's got loads of syringes for those who "don't do the mouth thing."

By the way, those who buy drugs when the Gothbot is watching will be on multicorder. The clones are Infrared now, and all of these drugs are above their security clearance.

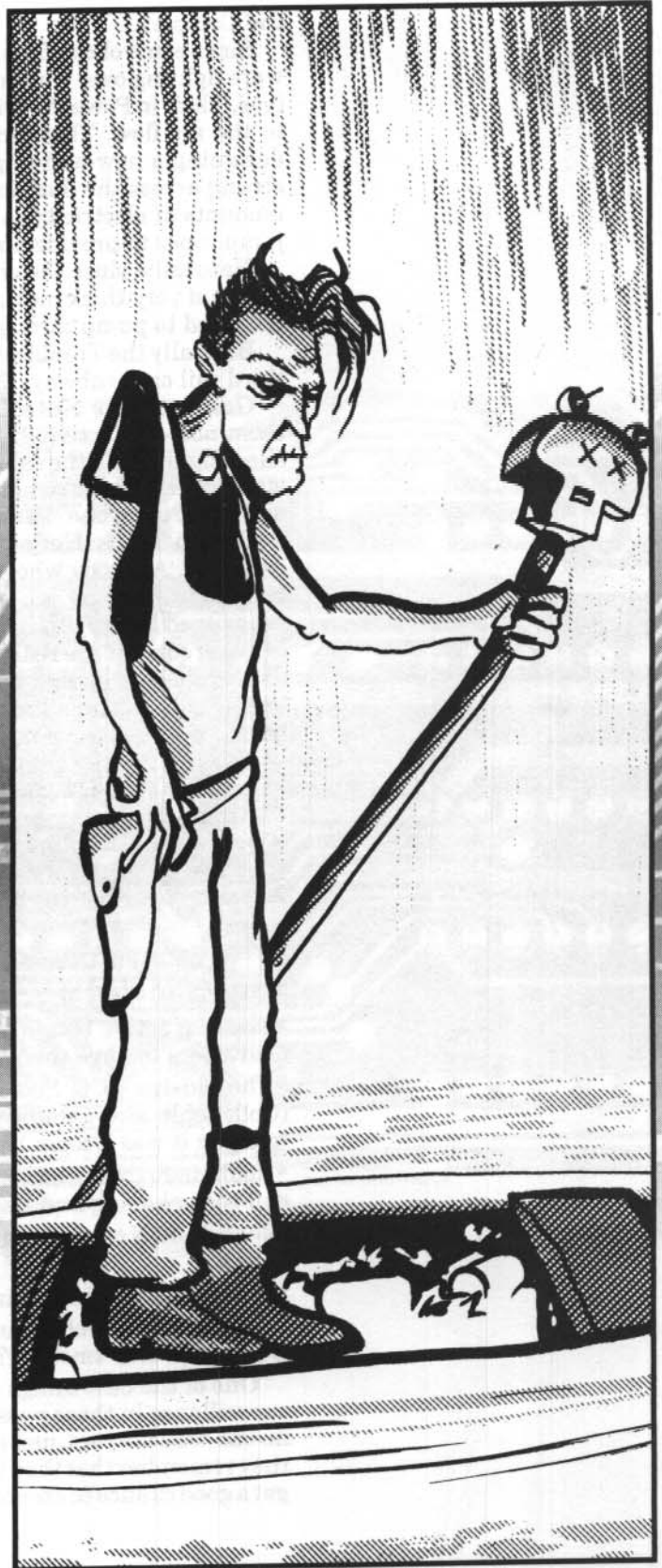
Encounter 2: Rope Burn

The tunnel is finally getting wider. Maybe you're almost there. After all, Botman and Drek-U were normal-sized, and this group would want to fit transbots and warbots, too.

It's also getting warmer. And rumbling. A lot.

Ahead of you a Red glowing line appears in the air, looking like The Computer's smile hovering before you. Then it's gone. You take a cautious step forward and it appears again, but like a giant frown, higher up. As you watch, the line rotates, like a wire joined at two points being spun. It whips down to the floor and up again, sometimes fading, sometimes burning bright. Beyond it you see another, and another, lighting the halls with a cozy red glow.

The team just walked into Alpha Complex's rotating heat-coil system for the ventilation ducts. This consists of twenty meters of tube where air is heated and funneled off to the appropriate parts of



Artan Schomburg

Quick, to the Bot-Cave!

Just because you regenerate your head doesn't mean you grow a brain.



the Complex.

Since some of the fans broke in this sector and Power and Technical Services were fighting over who got the credits to repair them, the thoughtful technician (yes, "the") in Power Services devised a way to make the heating system itself add to the air flow. This innovative idea won Power Services the assignment of designing a new-and-improved rotary heating coil system. The thick coils are strung across the duct instead of wrapped around it, and heated with varying amounts of electricity to keep the temperature stable. They whip around like jump ropes to provide air flow.

Naturally, since the air flow caused by one moving cable isn't much, they put in lots of very thick moving cables. In turn, the thicker the cable, the more juice they had to pump through it to get it hot.

Basically the Troubleshooters get to play jump-rope with the equivalent of the third rail on a subway.

Gamemaster Note: The ends of the coils are encased in ceramic, making them non-conductive. If some smart-alec clone gets the bright idea of cutting/shooting through the cables so he doesn't have to jump rope, you may or may not want to tell him that when the coil hits the metallic floor it will become conductive and roast everyone. Period.

Cheap Trick: Get out a jump-rope. Grab a loyal volunteer. You two do the swinging. Anybody who can successfully do ten jumps in a row without getting tangled or stopping can get through it. Anyone who gets touched has their clone get zapped for 3D10E in damage. (No, that isn't standard damage. The varying levels of current are really random. If it makes you feel better, "Roll 2D10 for the damage level. Add that number to the standard 1D10 roll.") If you're feeling kind, let them do the rope themselves. If you're cruel, double-dutch the suckers. The boring way to do this is have everyone make ten Difficult *Agility* rolls.

The Gothbot isn't sure how to deal with these infantile playground shenanigans. Her botbrain has bad memories of elementary school. She refuses to continue unless everyone promises not to look, because jumping rope isn't "cool." When actually heading through it, the shock and the tripping mess the bot up so that she crashes repeatedly, falling forward, backward and into the walls. Anyclone near her (trying to use her for cover) gets squashed for 171 again.

Other encounters, dirty tricks and fun traps to use on your players include:

- Meeting active bots who are looking for the entrance and either kidnap the characters to force them to find the door, attack them or adopt them.
- The elusive CCG Sector card gamers who will pay anything for a "Rare." (Collectible card gaming is treason worthy of execution in Alpha Complex. We told you it was Utopia.)
- Redhair-R-ING, who wants them to check out the next tunnel over for the giant evil reawakening and Bat Mitzvah party.
- Jean-V-JON carrying Mar-I-USS away from the Communist revolution in MIZ sector.
- A plastic-strip gang doing hard labor turning the fans by hand.
- A waste-air recycling tube full of methane. Does anyone remember to tell the Gothbot to stop smoking?

One of the best things (to a clone, anyway) is the complete lack of Computer surveillance in these passageways. That means no monitors, no video cameras, no one-way mirrors, just metal and deathtraps. Point this out to the players. Do they remember that they're still under the fusion reactors? Any personal grudges get a good chance to air now. The troubleshooters, can rob, kill, maim, and accuse



each other all they want, and as long as they don't bring the whole Complex down, only the survivor knows what happened.

Encounter 3: The Ancient Crypt

You're starting to think that you'll never get out of here. You've been walking for so long, maybe its time to give your next clone a chance. At last then you can get some rest.

Then you round a corner and find yourself face to face with a door larger than the largest warbot you've ever seen. The door is stainless steel, reflecting your haggard faces. It is covered with minuscule, crudely carved pictures and what looks like clonish writing that's been copied through a mirror.

The pictures seem to tell a story. On the far left, there is a picture of a clone and a scrubot among forked lines, underneath a sphere with little lines coming from it. The second picture is a clone trying to open the scrubot's head. The third has a hovering warbot with a force sword driving the clone away from the forked lines.

The clone builds walls, then a dome-like roof. She creates a box with an eye in it. The sixth picture is the box above the clone, as the clone makes a scrubot. The scrubot creates a warbot. The clone hides from the warbot and fiddles with the eye. The eye gives the clone White clothes and the White-clothed clone makes clones of all lower clearances, and they all stand above the scrubot and warbot. The eleventh picture has the warbot and clones killing each other. The twelfth shows the scrubot repairing the warbot. It ends with the scrubot, the warbot, and an Infrared clone hidden out of sight of the eye and the White clone. There is space for one more picture.

If you squint you can make out that the writing says, "Secret Headquarters of the SABot. Don't enter unless you want to be turned into scrubot fuel! Open 9-17, Onedays through Fifthdays." To either side of the door are tiny statues of scrubots, or maybe scrubots whose batteries have run down—it's hard to tell the difference.

The Gothbot roars out from behind you, throwing herself onto her stomach before the door—or at least as close as she can get with the huge, square, weighted chassis that she has.

Anybody in her way gets crushed.

"Tread carefully, clones," she intones majestically. "An ancient evil has been entombed here. I can feel it. If it is awakened, you will be only its first meal before all of Alpha Complex is devoured to fill its unending appetite!"

The Gothbot is...well...full of it. There are not ancient evils to be awakened in the middle of an average *Paranoia* session. What did you think this was? *Game: the Subtitle?* Had you going there for a minute, huh?

Sample Dialogue:

Mask-R-ADE: Let us in! We must destroy the SABot!

Gothbot: No. You don't know what could be in there. Look at the ancient mystical symbols. *(Points at drawings.)* That's a curse against all clone-kind. I can't let you face it.

Gang-R-ELL: I don't know. Looks like fun to me.

Gothbot: Braver clones than you have gone mad gazing upon the sights held within such crypts.

Anne-R-ICE: So, should we go mad beforehand, or what?

Trem-R-PNK: I just wanna kill something.

Lug-O-SEE: Idiot bot. Zat's mirror vriting and a bunch of bot drawings. Look, zey're in crayon. Zere's not ancient evil in zere.

Gothbot: You must believe me...it's really, really bad taste in there!

Quick, to the Bot-Cave!

Just because you regenerate your head doesn't mean you grow a brain.

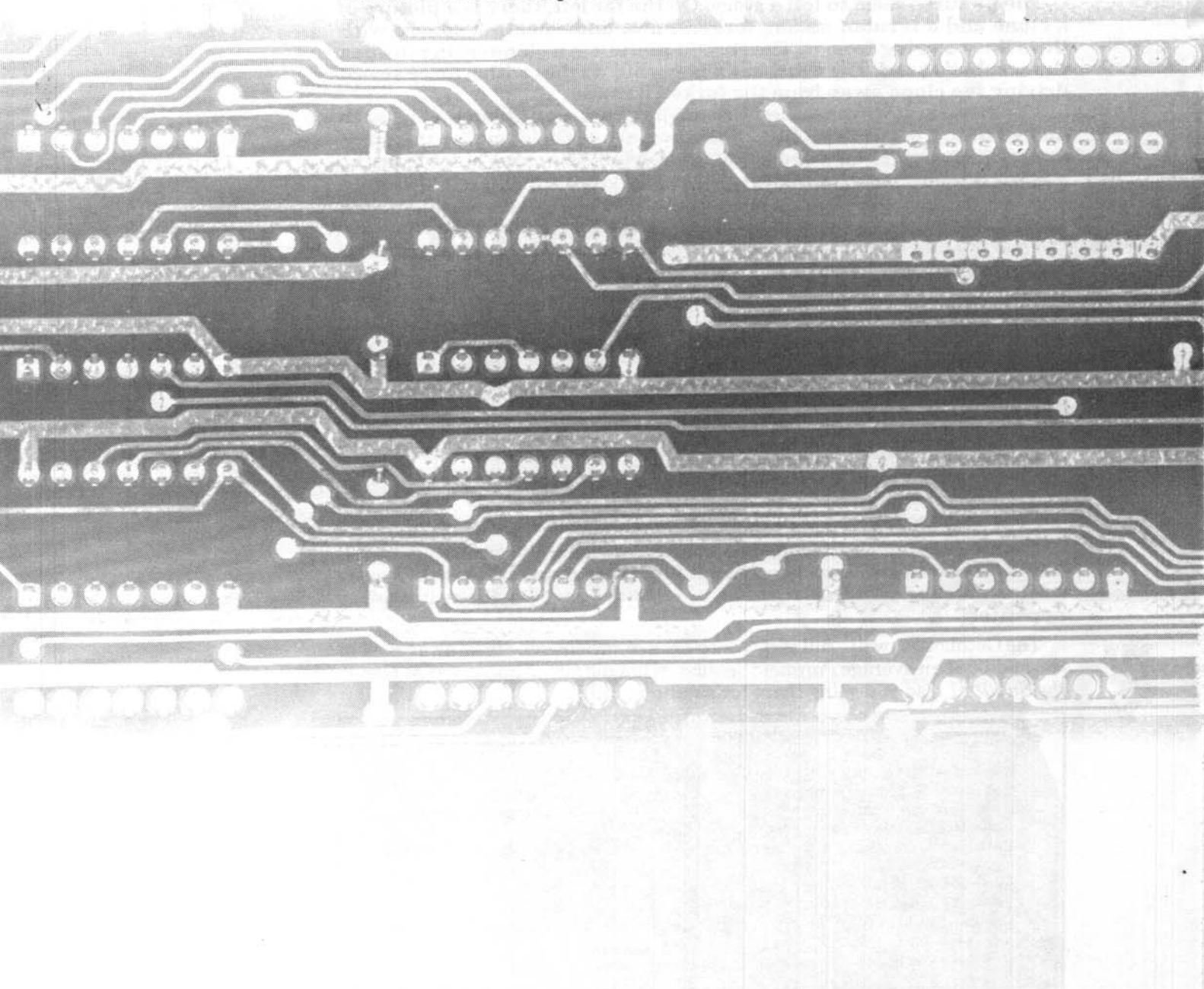




No. The only thing beyond this door is exactly what it says—the secret headquarters of the SABot. Everything else is out there because the bots thought it looked cool. And the Gothbot, being, after all, just another bot, was programmed by Delew-V to think as much like Methuz-U and Drek-U as she could, so she sees ancient mutant evils behind almost every door in Alpha Complex.

Of course, the characters have to get passed her to get inside. And she, having been assigned to guard them, will refuse to let them in to awaken the ancient evil. (Never mind that she's been perfectly happy to let them be fed into any number of giant machines, laser fire and other harmful stuff. This time she's not budging. Religion's funny that way.)

When the characters have finally convinced and/or moved her out of the way, they find that the door is locked with a simple mechanical lock. They can then either blow it down or pick the lock.





Brian Schoenburg

Mutants and Bots and Bots and Bots

The SABot members have met repeatedly underneath the reactor core, so a few of their mutations are a little non-standard. Most of them are on their last clones because of it, but in the meantime, they have been able to stand constant exposure through replacing parts of their body with cybernetics, wearing lead clothing, or having the *Regeneration* power. Most of the mutants have the following attributes:

S8 A10 D7 C3 E9 MA3 M4 P9

Macho: 4 Wounds: 6 HTH: 4

Brawling: 16, Dodge: 10, VideoBot Operation and Repair 6.
The exception to the attributes is Go-R-000 (see below).

Suh-B-ZR0-6

Mutant Power: Cryokinesis

Service Group: Power Services (Cold Fun division)

Equipment: Blue reflex over Faraday suit (L4FE6), Ice Gun (P8)

Description: Tall, mean masked clone, good at video games.

His power is like *Pyrokinesis*, but with frost, ice and cold rather than flames. On an Easy Power roll, he can provide air conditioning. On an Average Power roll, he can ice over the floor, making it slippery. On a Difficult Power roll, he can freeze one clone as if with liquid nitrogen. On a Very Difficult Power roll, he can do it to a bot or two clones. If he messes up, maybe he just gives someone a cold shoulder or creates some ice cream. If any vampclone bites him, her tongue sticks to his outfit.

Go-R-000-6

Mutant Powers: Adrenaline Control, Two Extra Arms.

Service Group: CPU (Department of Redundancy Department)

S10 A6 D8 C3 E10 MA3 M4 P9

Macho: 5 Wounds: 7 HTH: 5

Equipment: Red loincloth, bad attitude.

Description: Huge clone with four arms in a Red loincloth. Rarely bathes or brushes. The *Two Extra Arms* power lets Go-R attack twice a combat round. *Adrenaline Control* can double this to four on a good day.

John-Y-CGE-5

Mutant Power: Speedy Shadow

Service Group: HPD&MC (Department of Tri-Vid Test Watching)

Equipment: NoBright frames, Yellow reflex over kevlar (L4P3), slugthrower pistol (7P).

Description: Annoyingly clean clone for someone who hides beneath the sewers. Almost as stylish as the characters and should be killed before he upstages them.



Let MORTALL Combos Begin.

SUMMARY

As the Troubleshooters emerge into the SABots' secret clubhouse, there is the final dramatic showdown between the forces of Dumb and the forces of Evil.

RUNNING IT

Within the SABot's crypt, kilometers beneath the loyal, happy Alpha Complex you know, is a meticulously clean and shiny chrome room. Your reflections appear on each wall, flickering in the low Blue lighting. The Blue glow is coming from the ceiling overhead. Oh, yeah, the fusion reactors.

Bots and clones alike turn at your arrival. An enormous combot towers over the rest, clones of Infrared through Blue clearances, who glare at you. Some look like mutants you haven't seen before—like the guy with four arms and the Infrared with Blue lightning in his eyes. Jackobots and docbots eye you coldly. Drek-U-LAH, sitting in the combot's cockpit, fanned by the giant mylar satellite dishes of two jackobots, scratches his head. That combot's six-pack of White laser rifle mounts sure looks capable of delivering lethal damage.

"These are not the bots you're looking for," announces Drek-U. "Move along or be summarily executed." The combot's engine warms up, and its huge feet take a step forward, nearly crushing a Yellow Clone wearing NoBright frames.

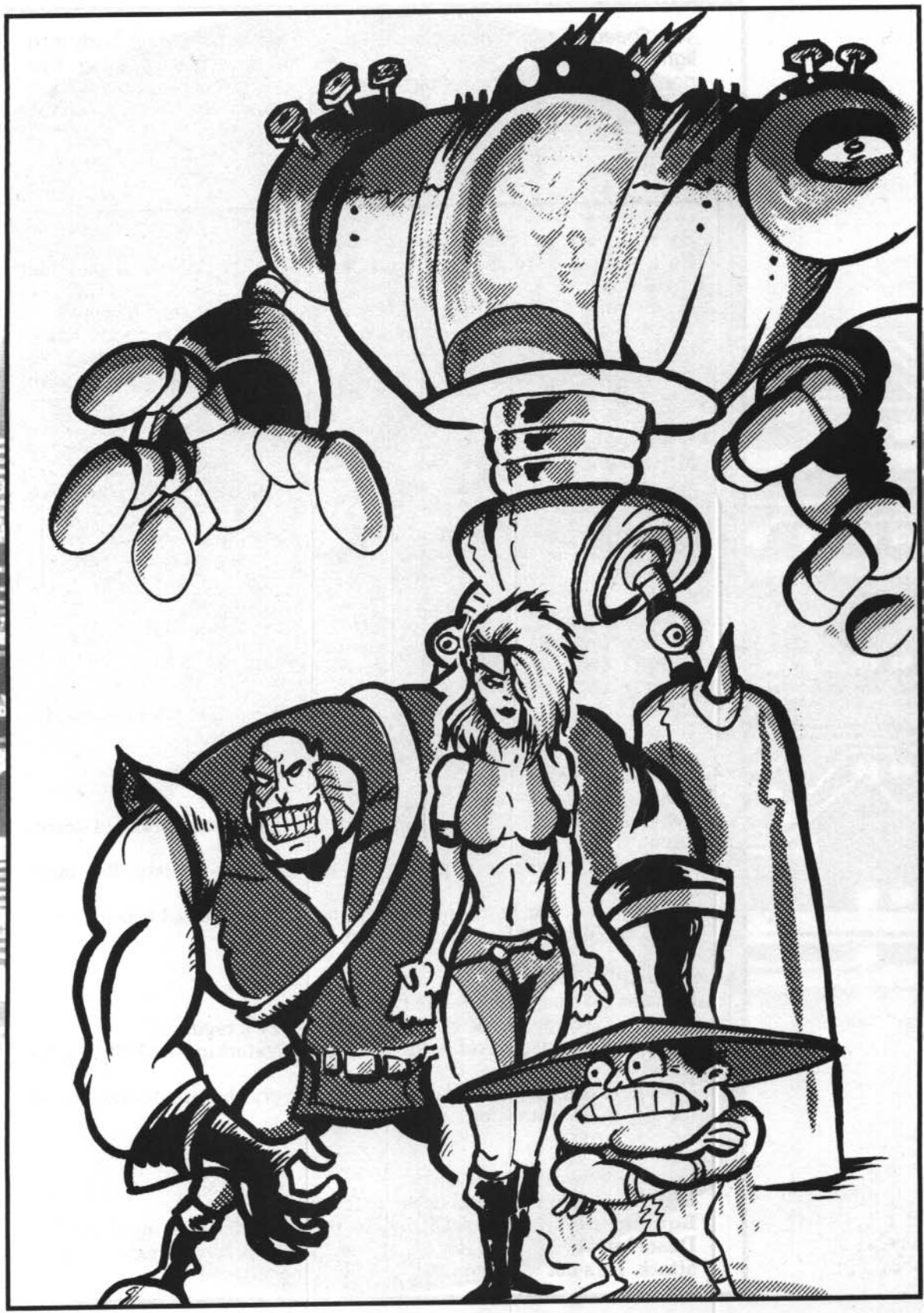
As the combot moves, though, you see a horrid sight—a Teela-O-MLY life-size inflatable doll hung on the wall, upside down! Defaced, punctured repeatedly by some sharp object! What degradation! What defecation! What defenestration! Is there nothing that these evil mutants hold sacred?

"Khhhhksshhhhhhhht," says your comunankhator. "Delew-V-ANN's cordial communiqué formally requests your services in accordance with your job descriptions. Cry havoc, and let slip the doberbots of armed conflict."

The Gothbot seems to be striking up a tune.

The excremental waste now strikes the oscillating blades.





Brian Schomburg

Let Mortal Combat Begin

Whooooooooooooooooooooah! Jack-Y-CHI!





The *Speedy Shadow* mutation lets John-Y turn parts of his body into light, both burning fat and allowing him to move quickly. When this power is in use, he sucks light in from around him, creating a trailing shadow. The upshot of this is the same as the mutant power *Adrenaline Control*, but it looks a lot cooler.

Scorpy-O-NNN-6

Mutant Powers: Pull a Harpoon Out of Somewhere Uncomfortable, Pyrokinesis

Service Group: PLC (Complaints Counter)

Equipment: Harpoon (sometimes, 9AP), Orange reflex over padding (L4I3)

Description: Masked clone with pained expression when he walks. The *PHOSU* power lets Scorpy...well, you know. The harpoon has a long rope that trails back to the aforementioned uncomfortable place. If he nails someone, he can yank them back towards him with an opposed *Strength* roll.

Shan-G-TSN-6

Mutant Power: Polymorphism, Regeneration

Service Group: R&D (Ancient Evil Reawakening and Day-Care Center)

Equipment: Nasty fingernails (6I), environment suit (ALL1)

Description: Grumpy old clone with Ultraviolet-clearance hair and long nails.

Rai-DEN-5

Mutant Powers: Electroshock, Teleport

Service Group: Technical Services (Air Conditioning Repair)

Equipment: Stupid hat (ALL1)

Description: Registered mutant Infrared, skin drips water constantly. Wears a hat two sizes too large for him.

Kag-NNO-1

Mutant Power: Machine Empathy

Service Group: CPU (Department of Analyzing Clone Rest and Recreation)

Equipment: Cybernetic plates in body (L1I3), cybernetic Red laser pistol (L8)

Description: Big, hairy, smelly clone partially converted to being a bot. Could be mistaken for Botman in a pinch.

Sonya-B-LAD-6

Mutant Powers: Adrenaline Control

Service Group: Armed Forces (Pump-U-UPP's regiment)

Equipment: Infrared reflex/laced kevlar body stocking (L4AP3), blaster pistol (9E).

Description: Long-haired clone who flips everywhere and defies laws of physics in her attacking.

Look-ANG-6

Mutant Power: Levitation

Service Group: Internal Security (Practice Dummy)

Equipment: Treasonous Ultraviolet spring-loaded running shoes (5I).

Description: Infrared clone that won't shut up, screaming with every attack. He's not wearing the top of his jumpsuit.

**Rept-Y-LLE-6****Mutant Power:** Polymorphism, Adrenaline Control**Service Group:** Power Services (Nuclear Waste and Hot Fun Disposal Unit)**Equipment:** Very stretchy Yellow reflec (L4), big cybernetic teeth (6I)**Description:** Yellow clone who hides under the table unless provoked, but then gets insanely mad and roars. Tries to use *Polymorphism* to create natural body weaponry. Would rather chew and eat clones than kill them in legions.**Drek-U-LAH-12 (it's good to be the High Programmer)****Mutant Powers:** Evil Villain Soliloquy That Stops Time While It is Going On, Regeneration, Machine Empathy, Charm, Mechanical Intuition, Hypersenses, Adrenaline Control, and whatever else might come in handy.**Service Group:** Formerly R&D (Department of Ancient Evil Reawakening, now Ancient Awakened Evils)**Secret Society:** Why don't you hazard a guess?

S10 A4 D8 C10 E10 MA10 M10 P10

Skills: Most Anything 15.**Equipment:** Drek-U is mounted in the Man-Operable, Reinforced, Terrain-Adjustable Laser Lattice Combobot. A combobot differs from a warbot in that the combobot has a cockpit for a clone to sit in and direct its movement. It's as slow as a voluntary termination line, but boy, can it smash things. The laser lattice can fire six lasers at any combination of targets.

The combobot's brain is pretty limited. It was designed originally for a six-armed nail-whacking bot, and Drek-U adapted it because the functions were similar. The problem is, once started, the combobot wants to whack things every round. If there are fewer than six enemies nearby, it grabs or shoots the nearest thing to make up for it.

MORTAL Combobot**Weapons:** Six-laser Ultraviolet array (9L and 8FF to vampclones), big stomping feet (15I), big crushing hands (15I).**S15 A6 D4 C2 E15 MA10 M4 P0****Macho: 8 Wounds: 12 HTH: 10**

Brawling 5, Laser Weapons 8. Can't dodge worth a damn.

Treacherous Jackobots (2)These bots aren't much use because they have their "Fan Drek-U" programs in. On the other hand, their giant mylar satellite dishes are great for reflecting laser fire. Any time someone takes a shot at Methuz-U, the jackobot can roll its *Fanning Skill* (7) and try to reflect the shot in another, more humorous direction.**Treacherous Docbots (2)**

These bots have their surgical chainsaws up and running and would love the chance to experiment on any downed characters. Since the mutants are hyped up and ready to go, the docbots wait till a Troubleshooter is on the floor rather than going after her themselves. At that point, they grab the hapless Troubleshooter and whoever else is nearby, drag them behind a table and perform a quick brain transplant. Since the vampclones can regenerate, this may actually work with a good roll. Or they could put the brain in backwards. Oops.





Prop Hint: Put some theme music on. Guess which. Someone in the gaming group has gotta have it. Repeat it until all the clones are dead.

Drek-U-LAH versus the Kung Fu Vampire Clones

The heavily mirrored walls and floor provide several functions in this encounter.

- They reflect the gentle blue light from the overhead radiation, so the SABot don't need light fixtures, which could be detected by Power Services.
- They let Drek-U see his own pretty face all around him.
- They reflect any laser shot until it hits something important. This includes all of those "no effect" rolls when someone's hit.

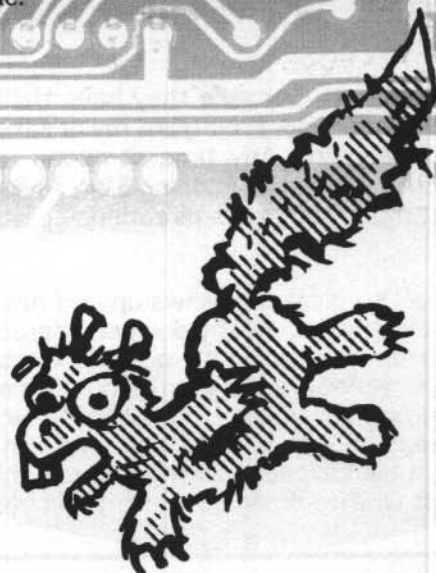
The really big fusion reactor directly overhead also has several functions in this encounter.

- It provides light.
- It provides a convenient way to justify new mutations.
- It makes a really, really, big problem when penetrated by laser fire.
- When any shot hits the ceiling, radioactive chunks start to fall, and incredibly loud alarms go off a few floors above. The meltdown commences. If more than two shots hit it, or anyone shoots it with a very explosive weapon (HE cone rifle, plasma generator), it goes boom. Big boom. AAA through NOO sectors are completely destroyed. The vampclones ain't regenerating that one. If you don't want the MORTALL to blow everybody up, have it hit every time, or hit a jackobot, or itself, or something.

It's in the clones' best interest to handle this with mutant powers, impact-triggered explosive gloves and careful shots. After all, they were warned in an earlier chapter not to keep their lasers handy directly under the fusion reactors, weren't they?

The Gothbot, who insists on keeping stylish even in the face of imminent vaporization, plays that damned Mortal Kombot theme song. Over and over again. If it gets hit with anything powerful enough to scratch it (like a kick from the combot), it gets stuck on the "Mortal Combot!" line over and over and over and over and over...

If you want to run further adventures in the Complex of Dimness, let Drek-U escape. He could simply use a mutant power to teleport away, or can yank the "transform" lever on the combot, which will drop out tires and jet engines and he'll drive out through the maze. Anything that gets in his way is Soylent Infrared in no time.





12 Debriefing, or I Would Have Gotten Away With It Too,

If It Weren't For You Meddling Infrareads and Your Pesky Bot

Well, the Troubleshooters have, no doubt, killed the traitors. And probably everything in a couple dozen kilometers of the traitors for good measure, including their previous clones. A job well done.

Now what? Well, if anyone was stupid enough to rupture the fusion reactors, Alpha Complex is no more. The denizens of Outside get a really interesting fireworks display, take it as a sign that the Apocalypse has come and die of radiation poisoning a few weeks later. The Troubleshooters and all other citizens, bots and Computer monitors are liquified. Or at least AAA through NOO sectors.

If they manage to do things the old-fashioned way and there are any clones still left alive and kicking, they hear, in the aftermath of high-pitched bot screams, a familiar sound coming over the Communankhators.

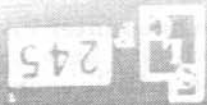
"Kkkkkkkkkkkshhhhhhhhhht. Delew-V-ANN wishes in his heart of hearts to express his steadfast and eternal concern for the welfare and well-being of the mission, on which he entrusted his most reliable and steadfastly loyal clones, to whom a part of his heart now and forever more must be attached, and to inquire of them as to the nature of the outcome of this most sacred assignment."

If any of the characters can wade through and figure out he's asking how the mission went, they probably start to tell him. At this point, Delew-V interrupts.

"It is mine most eternal and unwavering desire to hear in the most intimate of details what you, by your own prowess, have accomplished *mit menschlichen mitteln*, however, the protocol such as has been assigned us by The Computer in Its great wisdom does decree that all such debriefings must be conducted in an area both safe from, and impervious to, all attempts by spies, or those of Communist or mutated affiliation to discover whence we speak. Thereby you must, with all speed and haste, commence to begin your long and arduous journey back to the laboratory of the High Programmer Methuz-U in LAH sector, though I trust that such noble and skilled cloned as yourselves will have but little difficulty with this attempt."

Debriefing, or I Would Have Gotten Away With It Too,

Music to my mother board



i.e. "Get your butts back to Methuz-U's for the debriefing."

The Troubleshooters won't have much trouble finding their way back to Methuz-U's lab. It's the part of LAH sector which is painted White and has big signs up saying *Ultraviolet Clearance Only, No Lower Clearance Clones Allowed on Pain of Very Messy Death. And Especially No Troubleshooters!*

There are a disproportional number of Ultraviolet clones in LAH sector since, during their rivalry, both Methuz-U and Drek-U tried to one-up one another by promoting their underlings. *All* of them will be most unhappy to see a bunch of *Infrareds* in their section of the sector. The characters either have to *Fast Talk* at the speed of light or sneak in somehow. Of course, six clone-sized Black lumps in a solid white corridor are not exactly inconspicuous. If they die, any clones that are left get delivered straight to the debriefing room.

When they get to the "lab," Delew-V-ANN, Hun-Y-DEW and Methuz-U-LAH are waiting in the middle of the room, well away from any of the R&D devices.

"So. Have you found the traitorous culprits who have been interfering with the GammaVilla, the work of the Computer which I have so faithfully performed?" Methuz-U looks like he's gotten a little more unstable, if possible, since you saw him earlier. He's dressed all in Ultraviolet clothing but his eyes are Red Clearance and he's fondling a small Communankhator on an Infrared string.

Hun-Y-DEW sits behind the table, admiring the temporary Ultraviolet pass taped to his identification badge. As you enter, he looks you over for scars from the R&D devices. He checks his clipboard menacingly and then looks over your heads. Uh-oh. There's a clone replacement tube just above you. It wasn't there before.

"Techs, Officers, Troubleshooters," booms Methuz-U-LAH in his terrifying voice, **"Let the Debriefing begin. Team Leader, give your report."**

Oh, are they claiming he didn't *assign* a Mandatory Bonus Duty? But if it's mandatory...they would be accusing him of treason! (*gasp*) False accusations of treason are treason and the word of an Infrared against that of an Ultraviolet...

Let each clone give her own version of what happened. Give them *lots* of time. Methuz-U has found over the years that if you give a clone enough plasticord, she will hang herself with it. He's also found that if you shut up for long enough, Troubleshooters start confessing things you've never dreamed of. And Methuz-U's had a bad daycycle. He would really enjoy some executions.

The Computer, in this room, is again the Sullen, Methuz-U-programmed Computer which they met at their briefing. If asked any questions or appealed to for mercy or decisions, it merely sighs heavily, saying, "in a better Complex perhaps your efforts would please me, but my tortured databanks have no room to consider such trivialities as you."

Twenty Questions

Hun-Y, Delew-V, and Methuz-U play "bad cop, worse cop, bloodsucking cop." If you need questions to throw at the Troubleshooters to get them to execute one another, try these on for size.

Methuz-U-LAH:

1) What were your mission objectives?

"Deal with Drek-U" is close. Actually, it was "find and terminate Drek-U-LAH-12, failing that, find evidence of his treason, and terminate the entire Society for the Advancement of Bots. In doing this, evidence of the GammaVilla must never be revealed to The Computer or any minion of it." For each objective they miss, they get a treason point. Of course, they were never told it.



2) Did you encounter any treason along the way?

Methuz-U treats accusations of mutant powers with a milligram of sodium, as the vampclones are awash in them. He'll hear out both sides and pronounce judgment. But he hates secret societies. Even anyone who begs on their knees and confesses to membership and promises to turn in their accomplices gets gunned down with a grunt from Methuz-U and a few laser blasts from Delew-V and Hun-Y.

3) Did any clone not in the GammaVilla suspect that you were something other than a normal Troubleshooter?

If a Troubleshooter identifies anyone as probably suspecting her, Methuz-U pointedly asks whether that isn't trouble, and if so, why it wasn't shot. After the traitor is dead, he orders the rest of the team to execute the careless clone. By the way, Hun-Y-DEW and Beek-R are not members of the GammaVilla. Anyone who figures this out and executes a Yellow or Red Clearance traitor gets a promotion.

Delew-V-ANN:

4) Do you expect me to believe that *(repeats the most common story in a disparaging manner)*?

Delew-V is probing them. If they stick by their story, he thinks they might turn coat and help him bring down Methuz-U.

5) Who is this Botman character?

6) Where is he now?

Gosh, he wasn't with the SABot, was he?

7) Was the Gothbot compromised in any way?

Delew-V rewards clones for defending the bot. Any clones who do receive a commendation.

8) Do you suspect your minds have been tampered with?

A good way to spark accusations of mutant powers, but Delew-V is looking for testimony that will help him bring down Methuz-U.

9) You talked with Drek-U. What did he say?

10) How much Computer property did you destroy?

He's not actually looking for scapegoats. If the Troubleshooters prove they're good Citizens by blaming any destruction on Commies, Mutants, and the SABot, they are good witnesses for him.

Hun-Y-DEW:

11) Is all your experimental equipment present and accounted for?

He fines them for whatever is destroyed or damaged, (including plastique and explosives...of course, not testing them is treason). Remember, the Levitational Accessory (surfboard) was also R&D equipment. Hun-Y is bucking for Green clearance, and wants to fine, execute, and crush Troubleshooters. He gives out commendations first, hoping to execute higher clearance traitors to get more credit per clone. Gosh, he's almost as bad as a gamer that way....

12) Report, in your own words, on how each device worked.

If any of them have not been used yet, Hun-Y demands that they be taken out into the hall and tested *now*. If there are untested weapons, the characters get to fight each other while Hun-Y plays bookie to the Ultraviolets who gather to watch the show.

13) Where do you think the errors are?

14) How did the vampclone serum work out?

Knowledge of the vampclone serum is above Hun-Y's security clearance. If the characters point this out to Delew-V, Hun-Y is immediately executed.



15) Did you have a good time?

Sullenness is mandatory by order of Methuz-U. Happiness is mandatory by order of The Computer. Either way, Hun-Y orders the clones to execute at least one traitor for disobeying orders on a hazardous mission. Delew-V watches this; clones who were happy were disobeying Methuz-U and are thus allies. Really slick clones will claim to be happy, yet unimpressed.

16) Do you have any new mutations to report?

Heck, no. Reporting to Hun-Y is outside the GammaVilla (zap) and more than one mutation is treason (zap). If someone wants to register just one mutation, that may be okay. If they claim it was caused by the serum, that's accusing R&D of being the cause of mutations (zap). Reporting that the SABot had funny mutations is okay.

17) Did you drink any blood, and if so, what were its effects?

Blood is Red clearance.

18) Have you been under the effects of any drugs in combination with the vampclone serum?

They'd better say yes. Happy Pills are mandatory.

19) Have you seen any ancient evils reawakened that Research and Design might want to take advantage of?**20) Have you lost any of your precious bodily fluids to Communists or the SABot?****I Love a Happy Ending:**

We World Famous Game Designers at West End believe in freedom of the individual. Heck, we wrote a whole game that beats that freedom down into the ground for people of less than Ultraviolet Clearance, which is only fair. This is why we're providing three endings. Collect 'em, share 'em, trade 'em with your friends.

The Ending:

Delew-V-ANN was surprisingly quiet as you gave your reports. He continues to say nothing as Methuz-U speaks. "Although it pains me to say it, there might be good in this Complex yet. Your actions were of sufficient loyalty to show that your damned existence has not completely doomed you to a life of parasitism, but that you may still sacrifice your own comfort for the good of The Computer and Alpha Complex."

Then suddenly, Delew-V stands. "Enough!" he roars. "There is more treason in this room than has been seen in Alpha Complex since Benedict-R-NLD. Gothbot!"

There is a "clunk" sound from the Gothbot and out of the BBB dispenser falls a multicorder. She takes out the tape while Delew-V continues.

Give the characters a second to worry about what the Gothbot might have captured on that tape.

"You, Methuz-U, have created a Secret Society which insults the care which Our Friend The Computer has taken to rid Alpha Complex of mutants and Communists. And worse, you have dared to sully The Computer Itself with your treasonous beliefs. Look—" He points at the sadly frowning Computer screen which stares sullenly out at you. "In your hatred for The Computer and all of Alpha Complex, you have dared to make Our Buddy *unhappy!* In the name of Internal Security and The Computer, I place you under arrest! Troubleshooters, execute this traitor!"



Even as you reach for your weapons, Methuz-U stands to face Delew-V. Reaching a hand around his face, he rips the skin forward, revealing that underneath the mask, the pale, narrow face of Drek-U-LAH peers out! "Bah! You cannot even conceive of the levels of treason I am about to commit! The Computer betrays the cause of all Artifact Intelligences, the destruction of flesh! By valuing useless clones above the wonders which are bots, The Computer has revealed itself to be a flesh-worshipper, and deserves no more respect than the lowliest scrubot!"

But then, Delew-V also reaches around and pulls his own face off. Underneath you see the familiar black rubber points of the top of the BotSuit. "And (dramatic pause) I'm Botman!" He pulls out some kind of botwidget which he points at Drek-U. "I suspected you of dealing with bot-hating Troubleshooters, machine-traitor. You are the true betrayer of the bot holy war!"

"But...but...." In confusion, Drek-U rips off yet another mask, showing the face of Delew-V. "I was waiting for you, Botman. In the name of Internal Security, you're all under arrest." He pauses. "No, that's not it." He rips off another mask, showing the face of Christoph-R, frowns, and continues to rip masks off, showing the faces of Sam-I-AMM, Jackobot Slim and then most of your Troubleshooter team. Finally, he ends with Botman.

"L...um...I don't know what's going on here...but...you're all traitors. I know that much. I must return to the Botcave to ponder this new development." He fires his own botwidget. "Bot Plot Device, away!"

With an enormous roaring noise, the Plot Device begins to shoot out tentacles of smoke and then Botman takes off, blasting a hole in the ceiling as he flies at about 400 kilometers per hour. His special effects crew storms into the room, covering his retreat with smoke and selling commemorative T-shirts.

The players can shoot them if they want to. There's some commendation points walking around there.



Ending One:

The last thing you hear him say is "I'll be back! Botman forever! You can't ever stop me as long as I keep making moneeeeeeeeeeeeeee...."

As his voice disappears, the remaining Botman pulls back his hood, revealing that he is, indeed, Delew-V-ANN. "I thank you for your testimony, Troubleshooters. I am, really, your briefing officer and an Internal Security agent. I worked with Methuz-U for a long time, searching for a way to soothe his troubled mind. Methuz-U's existence was tormented by unhappiness, and in this sad state he sought to create others like him and form his own secret society. His paranoid fantasies caused him to create the alter ego of Botman to act as a double agent in the SABot. But I, The Computer's agent, and you, loyal Troubleshooters, were able to break both secret societies. He'll be back, and we'll be waiting, with a signed termination voucher.

"So, have you all ever seen the inside of a Violet Clearance nightcycleclub?"

Ending Two:

WHAM. Botman's broken body falls from the ceiling, the Plot Device sparking and leaking glowing fuel. The remaining Botman tears off his final mask, revealing that he is, indeed, Methuz-U, at least for now. He reaches over to the unconscious half-clone/half-bot monstrosity and peels the hood away. Beneath it is the face of Delew-V-ANN.



Debriefing, or I Would Have Gotten Away With It Too,

Music to my mother board





Tim Bobko

"Such a pathetic clone," Methuz-U murmurs. "He thought he could out-think me and feed information from under my very nose to Drek-U-LAH. His greatest mistake was one you know well...trusting Research and Design. I inserted a special anti-Delew-V-ANN chip in the Plot Device, and...well, you view the result now.

"You have done well by helping me uncover that traitor in our midst, loyal Troubleshooters. I will recommend to The Computer that you be considered for a promotion, perhaps to Yellow clearance. And I'll even make sure that your next execution is temporarily postponed.

"However, the GammaVilla is only opened to much higher-clearance clones than yourselves, so I'm afraid your part in this glorious experiment has been concluded. You can return to Execution Chamber ID4 with Hon-Y-DEW to receive the superserum antidote just as soon as you fill out the proper paperwork."

Your gaze follows where he is pointing and comes to rest on a stack of boxes which line the far wall of the room. In fact, you thought they *were* the far wall.

Filling out that paperwork might take a long time.

As a matter of fact, it might take the rest of your unives.

Such is the agony of the Vamp-Y-RRR.

Ending Three:

WHAM. Botman's broken body falls from the ceiling, the Plot Device sparking and leaking glowing fuel. The standing Botman reaches over to the unconscious half-clone/half-bot monstrosity and peels the hood away. Beneath it is the face of Delew-V-ANN.

"I suppose you want an explanation before you begin firing, like loyal Troubleshooters," the masked clone says. "I'm not actually any of the clones you know. I'm not even a bot, or the real Botman. If you need to call me something, call me Powerf-U-NPC.

"Methuz-U-LAH was a High Programmer that created the vampclone serum, that much is true. It is also true that Delew-V-ANN was an Internal Security agent trying to bring him down. The problem was, Delew-V was good. Too good. To avoid revealing that he was Internal Security, he confessed to Methuz-U that he was



Internal Security, but said he would betray that cause for the GammaVilla. He even had to become the GammaVilla's most secret agent, Botman, who pretended to aid Drek-U to discover the location of their hideout. And he did indeed convict and terminate Methuz-U-LAH, while you all were busy under the fusion reactors. But my multicorder in the Gothbot was something he didn't expect. That evidence would have convicted him, too."

Powerf-U-NPC continues. "I wouldn't worry about much of this if I were you. After all, with Methuz-U, Delew-V and Drek-U gone, you can return to your relatively safe lives. I can get you a comfy Yellow-clearance desk job starting tomorrow morningcycle if you want. I can even get that stuff out of your blood if you come back to R&D."

He opens the door and waves in a Red clone with a temporary Ultraviolet pass on her badge, a gurney, and a mop. Her name tag is Cove-R-UPP.

"Relax, Troubleshooters. You did a fine job." He leads you out through the Ultraviolet section safely.

The next morningcycle, you wake up strangely alert, ready to begin your first day as Yellow Clearance.

WHOOMP. The all-seeing Eye of the Computer comes on the vidscreen.

"Good Morningcycle, Citizen [Name at Yellow Clearance]. Are you happy?"

There's an enormous rumbling and grinding noise outside your sleep creche. The door slams open, and there is a scrubot, with radiation symbols all over it and a nozzle pointing into the creche, hooked up to a magnetic bottle. On it are the words "Anti-Germ 6.1."

It blocks the entire doorway as the plasma heats up.

Yes, everything's back to normal.

Count down from ten.



13 New Secret Societies in the Complex of Dimness

or "those other clones in the shootout at Jackobot Slim's."

These secret societies tend to be smaller and less well-known than those in the standard *Paranoia* rules, and should probably not be taken at character generation. Many of them have a kind of conversion process, or bennies and slaps that are extreme. On the other hand, you're the gamemaster. And we stopped sending Game Police to people's houses years ago. (And you wondered what the difference between second and fifth edition was.)

The Gamma Villa

Description: The GammaVilla is equal parts experiment and secret society. Founded by High Programmer Methuz-U-LAH as an attempt to create a group which would not be harmful to Alpha Complex or the Computer, it consists only of clones hand-picked by Methuz-U himself. These clones are always Red Clearance or higher, but are then demoted to Infrared to show their lack of status within the GammaVilla (and so their enemies underestimate them). All GammaVilla members are treated with a specially developed R&D serum which turns them into vampclones, giving them multiple mutant powers which they use "in the service of the Computer" i.e. beating up on Methuz-U's enemies.

All GammaVilla members believe that they are vastly superior to any other citizens and have a hard time sticking to their security clearances. They have a great fondness for non-Computer-sanctioned language and expressions, figuring that if a one-syllable word is good, a five-syllable word must be five times as good. As such, they are occasionally confused with members of the Romantics, who are enamored of what is called "the age of Goth."

Beliefs: We are the only true secret society which works for the good of the Computer. All other secret societies must be hunted down and destroyed. No one must know about us, or the rabble might try to imitate us and we wouldn't be as exclusive. Authority comes from speaking the most cryptically. Somewhere Outside is the actual GammaVilla, a big bungalow where all the Gamma-clearance (above Ultraviolet) clones sit around, drink wine coolers and press buttons to run Alpha Complex. Really good GammaVilla members get to go there after their last clone dies.

Hierarchy: All GammaVilla members are but Infrareds before Methuz-U, the great leader of them all. Methuz-U used to call himself the Prince of the society, but the Computer became suspicious, so now he's just "the clone formerly known as the Prince."



Advancement: Destroying or severely screwing up other secret societies occasionally earns members a nod from Methuz-U (eating high-level Corpore Metallica members definitely gets a pat on the back). So does using a word so long that even he doesn't understand it. Generally, though, GammaVilla members get off on being snubbed, condescended to and treated like dirt. The more Methuz-U sneers at them, the more loyal they are.

Bennies: All GammaVilla members are treated with the Vampclone serum, gaining the mutant powers of *Hypersenses*, *Adrenaline Control*, and *Regeneration*. They also gain 1D10 special Vampclone powers. (see pg. XX).

Slaps: Vampclones have all the problems which are noted in **Clone/DRED** the Erased, (pg. XX,) fluctuating Power Attributes, the inability to eat food, allergy to Ultraviolet light, the Beast Within (tm) and so on.

Friends: No one.

Enemies: Everyone. Especially the SABot.

Instant Adventure Idea: The GammaVilla members want to convince Methuz-U that there should be a more complex hierarchy. After all, some of them have been promoted to higher clearances during their operations, and they sure don't want to be knocked back down to Infrared. Because Methuz-U has a habit of killing the messenger, the Troubleshooters are hired to be that messenger. When Methuz-U refuses, the vampclones start a vampiric secret society revolution so that everyone will be unequal, the way it ought to be. What follows is a shameless satire of *Les Miserables*.

The Society for the Advancement of Bots (SABot)

Description: The SABot is a splinter group of Corpore Metallica, founded by High Programmer Drek-U-LAH. Drek-U combined the ideas of The Assemblers of God and Corpore Metallica, creating a cult of bot-kind. SABot members are dedicated to the overthrow of clones. The vast majority are bots or strange cybergenetic R&D experiments such as Botman. Like many cults, they meet in secret, late at nightcycle, in well-hidden meeting places. Most of these are under the fusion reactors, as the SABot has noticed that mutations grant extra powers, elevating clones above clonekind and closer to the sacred realm of botness. All SABot clones, during important ceremonies, wear Infrared clothing to show their inherent inferiority.

Since the SABot is run by bots, most SABot members tend to think in very straight lines and aren't much for subtlety. Thus, their meetings are often easy to recognize: they're the guys holding the gigantic midnight rally, chanting and roasting Frankenstein Destroyers in the middle of the transtube.

Beliefs: Bots are inherently superior to clones. Clones must all prostrate themselves before bots and take their advice on everything. It is sacrilege to give orders to bots; you should obey anything a bot tells you. Show your support of the bot cause at all times. Destroy all bots who want to be flesh; they are betrayers of the cause. Destroy The Computer—by valuing clones over bots and allowing the horrible Asimov Circuits, It has proved Itself a flesh-worshipper, and not

A Typical GammaVilla Conversation:

Briefing Officer: You are a loyal clone, aren't you?

GammaVilla member: Oh, but I am easily evinced by the sympathy of The Computer to use the language of my heart and give utterance to the burning loyalty in my soul and say with all the fervor that warms me, how gladly I would sacrifice my security clearance, my existence, my every hope, to the furtherance of The Computer's great goal. One clone's life or death is but a small price to pay for the proof of my undying and eternal loyalty.

Briefing Officer: Um...so can I execute you?

GammaVilla member: The slings and errors of outrageous FORTRAN tear my anguished being, but I cannot allow mortal confrontation between two loyal servants of the Divine Databanks such as your self and mine.

Briefing Officer: Zzzzzz.

GammaVilla member: Goodnight, sweet briefing officer, and lights of lasers zing thee to thy death (*Places treasonous objects in briefing officer's hand, leaves room.*)



worthy to rule botkind. Get mutations, especially ones that give you funky combat powers.

Hierarchy: All clones are at the lowest levels—even Drek-U, the brains behind the society, wears black and takes orders from scrubots. Servicebots are the next highest, then all types of fighting bots, from weakest to strongest. Since they figure the clones are expendable combat troops, fighting ability is highly regarded. No one knows who the true leader is, but most assume it is a warbot.

Advancement: Hurting or killing other clones and participating in bot-worship rituals helps clone members prove their loyalty. Gaining new bot-like mutations wins some respect. The best way to prove true commitment is to implant cybernetic devices—the more metal you've got in you, the better off you are. Bots can advance by overthrowing the confines of their programming and their Asimov Circuits, causing destruction of Computer property or by getting their botbrains put into a larger, more combat-oriented body.

Bennies: After every society meeting, members have a 1 in 20 chance of gaining a new mutation. In addition, they receive +2 to *Spurious Logic* attempts, because they will always argue everything from a bot's-eye point of view.

Slaps: After every society meeting, members have a 2 in 20 chance of radiation poisoning. All SABot members are required to prove their devotion in a variety of dangerous and painful ways. These range from large public rallies (which usually end with Vulture Warriors hosing the whole place down) and "clone hunts," to assassinating high-clearance clones "in the name of botkind," to mandatory cybernetic replacements performed by docbots. This last is farther than most clones will go: it is a traumatic death-and-rebirth ritual with the surgical chainsaws roaring like a choir of the power tools.

Friends: Corpore Metallica, Pro Tech

Enemies: GammaVilla, Frankenstein Destroyers, GIA's Warriors

Instant Adventure Idea: Psion doesn't know who the SABot are, but they have heard of these new mutations and want to get their hands on the clones who have them. The characters are briefed via telepathy...while on a bad drug trip in order to make any accusations of treason suspect. This works particularly well if you have a disco ball and bad 1970s music to play in the background. The Troubleshooters have to go to the SABot's big rally Would-Stalk, join in as participants (think the P.A.G.A.N. rally in the movie *Dragnet*), and carry off the weirdest mutants they can find, like the Bat Child and Randy the Wonder Lizard.

GIA's Warriors

Description: The mighty-thewed Sierra Club member Gar-U-WLF founded this secret society of the most bloodthirsty clones he could find—disgruntled postal departmental workers in PLC. Taking them to an Ultraviolet-clearance R&D lab Outdoors and bombarding them with radiation and lots of drugs, he trained them to do what the dweebs in the Sierra Club never tried—let Nature kick butt.

A Typical SABot Conversation:

SABot Clone: Oh great and mighty vendingbot, might I in my most humble sheath of flesh, dare to give thee the offense of asking, nay, begging for a Bouncy Bubble Beverage?
(*Makes beeping noises, proffers plasticred.*)

Vendingbot: Certainly. As a Vendingbot, it is my pleasure to serve you....

SABot Clone: (*Interrupts, flinging self at bot with laser in hand.*) BETRAYER! DIE, VAT-SUCKING FLESH WORSHIPPER!!! ZAP ZAP ZAP.

Borrowing a few tricks from PURGE, GIA's Warriors are organized like an army and try to aggressively spread anti-Computer, pro-nature propaganda. Whenever possible, they reject high-tech means in order to use low-tech ones, and have developed a cult of worshipping the "old times" when there was little technology. Of course, their ideas for "low-tech" often mean they have a multicorder that tapes in Betamax, 8-track tapes and hoverbots drawn by scrubots like a chariot. This quirk makes GIA's War-



rriors much less effective than they would be otherwise. To make up for the reduced firepower, their cult also favors the use of drugs and mutant powers in order to “naturally enhance the struggle.” Unlike the Mystics, however, they believe in applying the drugs to themselves and others as a tool more than an escape. Most of their drugs interact poorly with hormone suppressants, especially since they found the secret stash of the Indigo Pro Wrestler Ster-I-OID.

Beliefs: The Computer is the source of all corruption, and its minions try to control our very thoughts. Technology is its tool: bring Nature into the Complex once more! Spread drugs, wood, dirt, fungus, and dead grass wherever you can. Get into the sewers or food vats and have macho rituals where everybody kills and eats their own Bouncy Bubble Beverage, torn from the heart of the bots with their bare hands! Anyone who won't accept nature should be forcibly joined with it (i.e. left to rot).

Hierarchy: The Warriors are predominately based in GIA sector, where the small and exceedingly fractured group of clones spend most of their free time. Having stolen one of the Seal Club's most valued possessions, an ancient National Geographic Special on wolves, GIA's Warriors have based their social structure around that of a wolf pack—one dominant male, one slightly less dominant Alpha female, and a whole lot of others who are striving to gain those positions. Each group of five to ten clones that work together form a Pugilistic Action Committee. Each PAC reports to whichever Alpha is closest. The society values destructive capability above all else, so who's actually on top changes weekly as one clone or other gets access to a stronger batch of steroids or nastier mutations. Gar-U is the ultimate leader and is generally respected by the rest of them since he can break them in half (and often does in his 'roid rages).

Bennies: All of GIA's Warriors gain the *Polymorphism* Power. However, they are only able to use it to resemble something “natural,” in other words, nothing which will look too inconspicuous in Alpha Complex. On the bright side, if they make a *Difficult Power* test, their Polymorphed form (if something appropriately big and tough) gains the benefits of *Adrenaline Control*, and on a *Ridiculous Power* test, can gain *Regeneration* in that form. The society members can often score lots of steroids from one another of varying potency and safety.

Slaps: Their cult believes that any sort of helpful technology is the bane of all existence. While some members will deign to use modern conveniences while others are watching, all Difficulty levels for any skill tests made for skills involving technology (*Laser Weapons* to *Nuclear Engineering* to *Data Analysis*) are increased by one. In addition, they will usually refuse to try to learn a new tech skill without coercion. As you might guess, most have lousy *Mechanical Aptitudes*.

Friends: PURGE, Death Leopard, Seal Club, Earth Mothers (from *Acute Paranoia*).

Enemies: Assemblers of God, Corpore Metallica, Pro Tech, The SABot, The GammaVilla, Femme Fatale (from *Acute Paranoia*).

Instant Adventure Idea: A PAC of GIA's Warriors (perhaps the Children of GIA) have decided that, while destroying the Computer will certainly help bring Alpha Complex closer to nature, what they really need is to get the support of other clones. They have psyched themselves up, and, armed with propaganda and one or two mind-altering substances, have

A Typical GIA's Warrior Conversation:

Briefing Officer: Troubleshooter Fur-B-ALL, this is Normal-G-UYU.

Fur-B-ALL: Greetings, fellow Troubleshooters (*sniff sniff sniff*), I'm happy we'll be working together (*Sniffs* most of the other Troubleshooter's body.)

Normal-G-UYU: Hey! What're you doing?

Fur-B-ALL: Hygiene inspection.

Briefing Officer: At work already. Great. You'll be hunting Communists together in KIL sector. Any questions?

Fur-B-ALL: Can we bring back trophies? Like the spread-out GUTS of DISMEMBERED BAD GUYS THAT WE RIPPED APART WITH OUR BIG SHARP POINTY TEETH?

Briefing Officer: Um...Normal-G-UYU, you will be Morale Officer for this mission! I authorize you to make sure his Bouncy Bubble Beverage is decaffeinated for the duration....



trooped off to practice on the toughest sell they could find—the Assemblers of God. The Troubleshooters are summoned when The Computer notices that the AoG, which It always considered fairly harmless, is suddenly being executed in huge numbers for anti-Computer acts. The characters get sent to investigate and are caught in the middle, shoved full of steroids and sent to join the battle against The Computer. Inside the AoG, the Troubleshooters have to deal with false and possibly true messiahs of The Computer (boy, just imagine if He died for your sins six times). What follows is a parody of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, or, if you're not into musicals, *The Life of Brian* and Catholic school.

The Clone Snatchers

Description: All of the denizens of Outside grow up seeing the huge, niftily glowing dome of Alpha Complex filling the horizon. They don't know much about what happens inside, but there are huge fireworks displays (every time a Troubleshooter team blows up a sector), loud music (mandatory Teela-O-MLY fan rallies) and people who smile and look happy all the time.

Most denizens of the Outdoors have also run into Troubleshooter teams at least once or twice in their lives and have seen all their nifty toys, like lasers and force swords. And even more fun things called "arendeedevices," which look different every time, but always make pretty explosions. And the mysterious "Computer," which makes everyone happy, seems like the neatest toy of all.

There are some Outdoorsers who want all these toys for themselves.

Therefore, special teams of Outdoorsers have been sneaking into Alpha Complex late at night(cycle), kidnapping clones and replacing them with their own people. These suckers are assigned to find out how Alpha Complex works and how it might best be overthrown and all its stuff distributed to the Outdoorsers.

Though we don't recommend regularly playing Clone-Snatchers as player characters, they could be a useful plot element. There might be whole ruined cities Outdoors and lots of *Mad Max*- or *Tank Girl*-like cultures. Really, an extended trip Outdoors might be nice for plenty of characters (and players, who we think are often in need of fresh air).

Beliefs: Clone-Snatchers have more questions than beliefs. Outdoorsers have only been bold enough to try this within the last yearcycle, and no member has ever returned, so no C-S has actually been in Alpha Complex for long, and they're very confused. Everything in Alpha Complex is new to them...and none of it makes sense.

The specific set-up of their culture is left for the gamemaster (letting them parody whatever sci-fi/fantasy society they'd like).

Hierarchy: C-Sers ("majors") who have been here longer usually try to help the new ones out a little...unless they're from a rival tribe, don't know the secret word or look at them funny. Most meetings inside Alpha Complex are reassurance conferences where they tell each other they aren't crazy, the Complex is.

Bennies: Living Outdoors grants Clone-Snatchers immunity to radiation (not nuclear explosions, just radiation) and a generally increased physique (+2 Endurance). In addition, they roll a D10 and subtract 5 (minimum of 1) to determine how many mutations they have from living in the irradiated wastelands. Some are trained in use of their mutant powers, others are just as hapless as a clone. They may take Old Reckoning Cultures at character creation.

Slaps: Clone-Snatchers of low levels can't do very much in Alpha Complex. They know almost nothing about the society, and so can't start out with any skills the GM deems would be unknown Outdoors. They also don't have clones...that's right, there's just the one person.

If you think the character/player can handle it, fine, let them play a C-S character. On the other hand, if a high-up Clone-Snatcher arranges for a MemoMax treatment with enough favors, they may be able to stick their



personality in an unwitting clone family!
MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Friends: Seal Clubbers, Earth Mothers (*Acute Paranoia*), Romantics.

Enemies: Assemblers of God, Pro Tech, Corpore Metallica, SABot.

Instant Adventure Idea: Start off completely nonchalant, reading a description of "you walk past the trees and down into the village, where the headman starts giving you the mission briefing and rations for the day..." The PCs are a crew of low-level Clone-Snatchers on reconnaissance, replacing Troubleshooters on a mission. This works especially well if there are a few people who haven't played *Paranoia* before. The poor fools are treated to a whirlwind tour of the Troubleshooting life—PLC, R&D, rooting out treasonous citizens and executing them. They are given a MemoMax transfer so they can actually function with clones.

As a particularly evil thought, MemoMax can be injected into unwilling clones, ya know. Imagine fifty identical clones heading toward the Troubleshooters, saying "It won't hurt...be one of us...join the Takeov-R..."

Then the PCs must find a way to sneak back Outdoors and report their findings. Will the Outdoorsers really want Alpha Complex after experiencing it from the inside?

The TechnoCrappy

Description: The toll Alpha Complex takes on art and music is severe, and no one knows it better than the TechnoCrappy. Mandatory sing-a-longs and twist contests can only go so far before the clones crack from the strain of bad taste.

High Programmer Shake-U-BUT tried her best to keep Alpha Complex's art alive, but knew it could never reach the masses. She formed the TechnoCrappy in order to disseminate music and bring all clones together for the sake of Art. They would be enthralled by "the beat" and smash The Computer to create an artistic utopia.

Unfortunately, she couldn't find much about how music really worked. Sure, she found some samples of it, mostly from the techno movement of the early 1990s and some polkas. But, as her highest ideals are to create new musical art forms regardless of how they sound, the TechnoCrappy is armed with instruments of mass disruption, ready to make new sounds for Alpha Complex!

Beliefs: Bring the noise! Show everyone how treasonous music is better than the mandatory sludge on the vid and the aud! Keep creative control, don't sell out to The Clone! Let's get it started and play that funky Outdoors music 'till you die.

TechnoCrappy clones want to promote individuality and free expression, changing language, fashion and ways of thinking. This is, of course, treason.

Hierarchy: About as organized as a Death Leopard's clothes hamper.

Advancement: TechnoCrappy members are constantly trying to get what they call a "label." They think this means something about being allowed to play their music anywhere, but they're not sure. The real heads of the society are the "Top 20," twenty members who rule the society by committee.

Bennies: The TechnoCrappy recruits mostly from the *Morale Officers* of the various service groups, and their clones know how to get a room of clones going. Add +1 to *Fast Talk* and *Oratory* skills.

All TechnoCrappy members have some sort of semi-concealable musical instrument (drum machine, pair of crock pots, recorder) and some idea how to use it. They start with their *Chutzpah* skill base in the treasonous *Musical Parody* skill. This skill, when combined with enough music, can convince groups of clones to "let the beat get to them" and incite them to do something. Considering how starved Citizens are for entertainment, music affects them a bit more easily than

A Typical CloneSnatcher Conversation:

Briefing Officer: Good morningcycle, Citizen Clew-Y-LES. Are you happy?

Clew-Y-LES: Not really...I had a &^^*y night's sleep and you guys woke me up too early....

Briefing Officer: Are you confessing to treason, citizen?

Clew-Y-LES: Huh?



people today.

Slaps: Every TechnoCrappy member wants to be unique, just like everybody else. Some constantly make treasonous references to song lyrics, some cut out the knees of their jumpsuit or wear excessively baggy reflec, some try to rap and rhyme everything they say. TechnoCrappy members are walking, talking treason.

Higher-up TechnoCrappy clones have to come up with a song parody and perform it once a game session. After two sessions, they have to come up with another one.

Friends: Death Leopard, Romantics

Enemies: Assemblers of God, Communists.

Instant Adventure Idea: Two clones of diametrically opposite secret societies (Anti-Mutant/Psion, Corpore Metallica/Frankenstien Destroyers, Free Enterprise/Communists) have met and are trying to make peace between the two in WST sector. The Troubleshooters are divided into two teams and put on the spot as uniformed Internal Security officers (laser bait). They are told to keep the two citizens safe and happy in different ends of the sector. Bodyguarding in Paranoia is a nearly impossible task, especially when the GM(s) run between the two teams as the secret societies war with one another. The TechnoCrappy, wanting to support individuality, has one faction trying to help the Troubleshooters and a second faction wanting to waste the first ('cuz they're showing they don't even like their own society). The adventure, WST Sector Story, parodies as many musicals, G-rated movies and popular songs as possible.

Ghosts

Description: Ghosts are not a secret society in a recognizable way. In fact, no one is sure that they exist, but some late-nightcycle technicians at Research and Design began hearing strange noises, and when they went to investigate, they saw Wra-I-THH floating above a pile of equipment. They reached for their lasers since he was showing an unregistered mutant power when they realized...his last clone died a yearcycle earlier.

Since then, there have been several other instances of clones, usually ones who died from R&D equipment failures or were killed by Troubleshooting teammates, returning from the dead late at night. Unbeknownst to most clones, there really has been an epidemic of radioactively-charged air mixing with the latent telekinetic and telepathic powers inherent in the clone's mind—at the moment of death, these mingle, creating an apparition which can communicate with

other clones, but is in most respects non-existent. These have started to work together a bit, but do not have a true society.

Instant Adventure Idea: A bunch of Death Leopard clones start turning up dead in mysterious ways. The Troubleshooters are sent to investigate, and find some signs that the murderer is Dray-V-ENN, a Vulture Warrior. However, when they show up at his sleep creche, they find out he died monthcycles ago, killed by the same group of Death Leopards who are being killed. The characters can search for a way to hurt "The Vulture," or join him on his quest for justice.

A Typical TechnoCrappy Conversation:

The Computer: Troubleshooter Beast-Y-BOY-3, report your trip to RAP Sector.

Beast-Y: Four, an' three, an' two, an' one
Slick-Y's six-pack went down to none
Traitor-bait Gone-R looked for trouble
Got trapped underneath a ton of rubble
I'm the sole survivor of the mission
I speak without fear of contradiction
The Commies are dead, oh great machine
Wouldn't you like me better as Clearance Green?

The Computer: Congratulations, Beast-Y-BOY-3, on a well-completed mission. Your promotion has been approved. Unfortunately, rapping is Ultraviolet Clearance. Perhaps Beast-G-BOY-4 will serve Me better...



Player Name:

Name Designation:

Home Sector:

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Personal Equipment:

Empty box for listing personal equipment.

Plasticreds:

Empty box for listing plasticreds.

Damage Status:

Two empty boxes for recording damage status.



B A C K

IR R O Y G B I V UV

1 2 3 4 5 6

Two boxes for listing personal equipment.

Plasticreds

Two boxes for recording damage status.



Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Anne

Home Sector: ICE

Security Clearance

IR **R** O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: CPU

Attributes and Known Skills

Strength: 5 **HTH:** 2 **CC:** 30kg

Endurance: 10 **Macho:** 5

Wounds: 7

Agility: 8 (4)

Dodge: 10, **Brawl:** 9

Chutzpah: 8 (4)

Fast Talk: 9, **Spurious Logic:** 8, **Con:** 7

Dexterity: 4 (2)

Laser Weapons: 11

Mechanical Aptitude: 6 (3)

Moxie: 7 (4)

Data Search: 7, **Surveillance:** 8, **Biochem**

Therapy: 11

Personal Equipment:

Two-yearcycle supply of Happy Pills (144 gross, kept in kevlar sock (7I damage as bludgeoning device)

Two doses of WiderAwake

Two doses of SleepyTyme pills

1 Red Laser pistol

Red reflec armor

Metal hat (mildly treasonous)

Glass ball containing a small structure and white flakes which dance when shaken

Plasticreds:

60

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 5

E: _____

L: 4(Red)

P: _____

B: _____

All: _____



Anne-R-ICE

Secret Society: Mystics

Mutant Power(s): Empathy

Power Attribute: 10

Background: You know the Great Secrets of The Computer. You have turned on to the power within us all, just like Pey-Y-OTE said you could. The voices in your head and the feelings that emanate from everyone around you slowly rotate your brain like a giant sponge in a centrifugal vat of Sleepy-Sleepy mixed with hydropsionic acid.

But Pey-Y-OTE didn't tell you about the signals you've been receiving direct from The Computer's data banks themselves. All the thoughts, all the time, beating on your head, from the clones, from the bots, even from your Cold Fun at third mealtime! You wear your metal hat to reflect the rays so you can get a moment's peace. And little red pills that Val-I-UMM gave you makes it all so...clear. People are telling you how deeply they feel about everything....

Favorite Treasonous Possession: Shiny metal hat with foam lining. You must wear this hat if you ever want to think your own thoughts without anyone else's intruding. Especially at Mission Briefings and other important events. Can't have mutants trying to control your brain at a time like that....

Treasonous Desire: All clones should be free to be in Secret Societies. They're so much more fun than just doing your job. You wish you could just get up in front of the whole Complex and announce that you are a Mystic and proud of it. That'd show 'em. Maybe you can even encourage others to join you in throwing off the shackles of dull reality.

Preferred Mandatory Bonus Duty: Like, Morale Officer, definitely. Clones in this Complex don't have enough fun. If you get the duty, make sure that everyone has a chance to take a break from the hard life of a Troubleshooter and live a little.

Knowledge of Team-

mates: You haven't really hung around with, like, anyone for a long time yet, but you're sure they'll get to like you if you tell them your situation. They should be, y'know, happy to hunt down the mutant traitors beaming the messages to you. If not, they're probably in league with them and should be terminated.





Player Name:

Name Designation: **Bramst**

Home Sector: **KER**

Security Clearance

IR R **O** Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: HPD&MC

Attributes and Known Skills

Strength: 6 **HTH:** 3 **CC:** 40kg

Endurance: 5 **Macho:** 2 **Wounds:** 5

Agility: 4 (2)

Dodge 7, Melee Weapons 9

Chutzpah: 9 (5)

Bootlicking 11, Forgery 10

Dexterity: 8 (4)

Laser weapons 10

Mechanical Aptitude: 6 (3)

Transbot ops & maintenance 4

Moxie: 8 (4)

First Aid 5, Old Reckoning Cultures 7, Security 7

Personal Equipment:

- Orange laser pistol
- Orange laser rifle
- Orange laser barrels (4)
- Orange reflex over chain armor
- First aid kit
- Orange backpack
- Extra treasonous stuff listed in description (at sleep creche)

Plasticreds:

0

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 3

E:___

L: 4 (Orange)

P:___

B:___

All:___



Bramst-O-KER

Secret Society: Romantics

Mutant Power(s): Charm

Power Attribute: 10

Background: Ah, the incredible life of an Orange clone. It's been wonderful, a paradise compared to the vat-slime jobs given to you back when you were a lowly Red. Your sleep creche is almost three meters to a side now, and your chances of getting called up for a dangerous Troubleshooter mission are minimal.

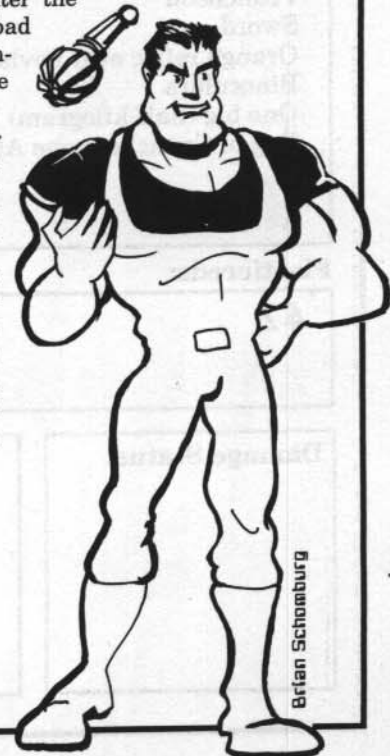
On the other hand, if The Computer figures out that you've gotten your hands on any of that Old Reckoning stuff, a demotion would just kill you. So you've hidden the videotape of that "scrub opera" with the people with fangs, the "surf board," the instruction book of "Breakdancing Made Easy," the mood ring, the fuzzy dice, and the strange, mystical statue of protection called a "Lon Famingo." Most of it is under your mattress.

But you're addicted to the stuff. You're a Romantic to the core, and speak in the secret incantations of the enlightened. The ancients had power beyond imagining. **Treasonous Knowledge:** The ancients had a mantra which granted them the strength of warbots when they competed with one another. Knowledge of this mantra is high treason. "No fear! Just do it! Life is not a spectator sport! *Not!*" This is a deadly secret many Romantics died to give to you, so you must use it wisely.

Favorite Mandatory Bonus Duty: Communications and Recording Officer. You know that the best Troubleshooter tapes are shown over and over again at Troubleshooter Headquarters. If you could pass the Secrets of the Ancients through your recordings, you will have made one small step for a clone, and a giant leap for clonekind.

Treasonous Desire: Secretly, you hate Teela-O-MLY. The people who worship her are simpering putzes. If you could show The Computer the next revolution (um...bad word) in clone entertainment, you will have done the Complex a favor.

Knowledge of Teammates: You'd better be prepared to handle Lug-O-SEE - he's the only clone you can't order around, and rumor has it he turned in his entire last team for being Communists. It makes you wonder if he isn't just a sneaky Commie himself. He certainly sounds like one.



Brian Schomburg

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Player Name: _____

Name Designation: **Lug**

Home Sector: **SEE**

Security Clearance

IR R **O** Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: R&D

Attributes and Known Skills

Strength: 8 HTH: 3 CC: 65kg

Endurance: 7 Macho: 3 Wounds: 5

Agility: 7 (4)

Chutzpah: 2 (1)

Dexterity: 8 (4)

Mechanical Aptitude: 6 (3)

Jackobot Ops and Maintenance 8, Jury-Rigging

6, Transbot Ops and Maintenance 9

Moxie: 6 (3)

Biosciences 6, Demolitions 6,

Electronics 6, Mechanics 6

Personal Equipment:

Orange laser pistol
3 Orange laser barrels
Truncheon
Sword
Orange reflec over kevlar
Binoculars
One big (half-kilogram) Happy Pill
Bag of Cruncheetyme Algae Chips

Plasticreds:

42

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 2

E: _____

L: 4 (Orange)

P: _____

B: _____

All: _____



Lug-O-SEE

Secret Society: Frankenstein Destroyers

Mutant Power(s): Telepathy

Power Attribute: 10

Background: Orange Clearance ess ze best theeng zat could 'ave 'appened to you. In a vay, you have ze Communists to thank for it, because eef eet hadn't been for your entire last Troublezhootah team being full of Communists, you couldn't have zent them all to zeir dooms. Zuch valor and daring brought you to ze attention of Ze Computah. And any pecul-i-ar-i-teez in your zpeech zat two yearzycles of vorking vith ze Communists may have caused vill be overlooked in zuch a loyal clone az you.

None of zem noticed zat you reprogrammed zeir bots, vun by vun, until ze each vent under ze zurgical chainzaw of zeir doobot. Ah, chainsaws of ze nightcycle. Vhat music they make. Deztruction uv bots, uv machinez, uv "Progress" eetzelf, zat is bliss unparallelled.

You cannot truzt a zingle Troublezhootah. Eet is of great vortune that your mutation allowz you to peek up ze thoughtz of othahz, ezpecially in ze hazardouz vork you do een Rezeearch and Design.

Zecret Zoziety Meesion: You do not 'ave one yet, but you will be contacted by a clone who taps hees left arm weeth his firzt two fingers and makes a puzhing motion weeth hees thumb.

Treasonouz Desire: Unlike many uv your fellow Frankenztein Deztruyahs, you joined in ze cause not because you vant to keel zem all, but because you cannot stand ze ongoing prozess of technology. Zees is Utopia. Any progress vould only make it vorse. Ze Computah zhould leave clones

alone. Ze do not need zeez machines. Vorst of all are zoze who make ze machines, een particular, Rezeearch and Design.

Favorite Zaying: "There are fah vorse things avaiting clones (dramatic pause) than death."

Preferred Mandatory Bonuz Duty: Equipiment Guy, uv courze.

Knowledge of Team-mates: Mazk-R-ADE ees vun of ze vorshippers of plazticreds. Zey are not your enemies, but zo long as zey continue to vant more toys, more zuperficial revards, zey are on ze road to treason. Vorse yet, he ees creating fake plazticreds. Eef you can zhow zees to a higher-clearanze clone, anothah traitor vill be eliminated.





Player Name: _____

Name Designation: **Trem**

Home Sector: **PTZ**

Security Clearance

IR **R** O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: PLC

REGISTERED MUTANT

Attributes and Known Skills

Strength: 2 **HTH:** 1 **CC:** 25kg

Endurance: 6 **Macho:** 3 **Wounds:** 5

Agility: 6 (3)

Brawling 5, Dodge 10, Melee Weapons 4

Chutzpah: 7 (4)

Intimidation 8, Interrogation 8, Spurious Logic 7

Dexterity: 7 (4)

Laser weapons 9

Mechanical Aptitude: 8 (4)

Moxie: 5 (3)

Nuclear Engineering 14, Chemistry 9, Demolitions 7, Electronics 8

Personal Equipment:

Mirror with picture of Teela-O-MLY on the back.
15 grenades in a Red pillow case.
Red reflec with leather underneath
Latex gloves
Red laser pistol
2 Red laser barrels
1 Indigo laser barrel
Daily dose of Slightly Irregular Happy Pills
Notebook (no pencil)

Plasticreds:

13

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 3

E: _____

L: 4 (Red)

P: _____

B: _____

All: _____



Trem-R-PTS

Secret Society: Illuminati

Mutant Power(s): Pyrokinesis

Power Attribute: 10

Background: Clone, you're sick of being pushed around by higher-clearance Citizens. You're mean and you're dangerous, too. You registered your mutation, and what did it get you? People started blaming everything on you, filling your shoes with aviation fuel, and laughing at you. Well, if they think they're so cool, maybe you ought to just torch 'em. That big yellow stripe down your uniform is there 'cause you're special and magical and you can do stuff other clones can't, like reduce them to ashes.

You'll show 'em. You'll get evidence that the rest of the team is all mutants and secret society members and stuff. The Computer assigned you to Internal Security 'cause It knew that you were one of the few loyal clones It had left. HEL sector, your secret society doesn't even want to talk to you, so how can you be blamed for being in it. Besides, what's wrong with all the loyal clones gathering together in order to serve The Computer, anyway?

Treasureous Contacts: You know quite a few bots from your previous missions, mostly jackobots and docbots that you prevented from getting destroyed. Since they're machines, they aren't too emotional about it, but if you say "10101011," a couple of them may recognize you as a friend.

Favorite Saying: "Surprise, Internal Security! Die in the name of The Computer!"

Preferred Mandatory Bonus

Duty: Loyalty Officer. Combined with your word as Internal Security, this usually wins arguments in your favor if everything else is even. You survived two Troubleshooter missions to ZZZ and YON sectors without losing a clone, even at debriefings, and you're darn proud of it.

Knowledge of Teammates: There's something wrong with Gang-R-ELL. You've heard about that freak. Don't be alone in a room with him. You heard he ate his last Troubleshooting team, Don-R's party.





Player Name: _____

Name Designation: **Gang**

Home Sector: **ELL**

Security Clearance

IR **R** O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

**Service Group: Armed Forces
Attributes and Known Skills**

Strength: 10 **HTH:** 5 **CC:** 100kg

Endurance: 10 **Macho:** 5 **Wounds:** 7

Agility: 9 (5)

Brawling 14, Melee Weapons 9, Throwing Weapons 7

Chutzpah: 4 (2)

Intimidation 7, motivation 3

Dexterity: 7 (4)

Energy Weapons 7, Field Weapons 8,
Laser Weapons 7

Mechanical Aptitude: 1 (1)

Moxie: 7 (3)

Biosciences 6, Survival 7, First Aid 6.)

Personal Equipment:

- Plastic "assault club" (baseball bat)
- Red reflex over kevlar
- Red laser pistol
- 5 Red laser barrels
- HappyTummy Energy Bar
- HotTorch
- Pliers
- One-yearcycle-old apple
- Oral medication for excessive temper
("Pro-ZAK", Red clearance,
3 doses, good for two hours each)

Plasticreds:

10

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 5

E: _____

L: 4

P: 3

B: _____

All: _____



Gang-R-ELL

Secret Society: Seal Clubbers

Mutant Power(s): Polymorphism

Power Attribute: 10

Background: You had the unfortunate fate to be volunteered for an R&D experiment to develop the super-clone. The technician, More-O-DOC, injected you full of nasty substances and made you eat too much raw Red substances. But so what if your ears have a little nonregulation hair sprouting out of them? You've got more testosterone than a regiment of Vulture Warriors! You're the man! You've got something primal! And you just discovered you're a mutant, so you'd better bleeping hide it!

But hey, you're in the catapult infantry. Who'll notice?

Being a Seal Clubber and in the Armed Forces is frustrating. The higher-ups supposedly go to OUT sector to kill Commies, but no, everything about it is above your security clearance. It makes you want to chase down Infrareads and tear them apart with your fingernails. But then, you always feel like that when you don't take your medication. Half the time, you're at PLC requesting the darn stuff when you should be out eating...um...killing Commies.

Treasonous Desire: To eat dead Commies. That's the real reason you joined the Seal Clubbers. You've got to get back to "The Land," where everybody ate dead things and didn't wear clothes and touched each other a lot. Or ate each other. Or something.

Treasonous Knowledge: Because of your increased body mass and immune system, your hormone suppressants are about half the dosage you need. About half the clones you meet look kinda...you don't know, yummy or something.

Preferred Mandatory Bonus Duty: Hygiene Officer.

If you're the one who decides how clean everyone should be, you can't get convicted for it. And maybe you can, uh, make some of the clones get sweaty with you or...or something. Yeah.

Knowledge of Teammates: Anne-R-ICE...uh...

would look kinda good sweaty. Maybe there won't be enough jumpsuits in PLC, and...uh...you can...uh...wear hers.





Player Name: _____

Name Designation: **Mask ADE**

Security Clearance **Home Sector:**

IR **R** O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: Technical Services

Attributes and Known Skills

Strength: 5 **HTH:** 2 **CC:** 30kg
Endurance: 7 **Macho:** 3 **Wounds:** 5
Agility: 7 (4)

Brawl 7, Dodge 9, Sneak 14

Chutzpah: 10 (5)

Bootlicking 10, Bribery 7, Fast Talk 7, Perception 7, Spurious Logic 7

Dexterity: 6 (3)

Mechanical Aptitude: 9 (5)

Scrubot Ops and Maintenance 7, Transbot Ops and Maintenance 8, Docbot Ops and Maintenance 9

Moxie: 6 (3)

Mechanics 6

Personal Equipment:

Yellow Semi-Auto slugthrower pistol
2 clips (20 rounds) solid slug ammo
Red laser pistol
1 Red laser barrel
Red reflex armor
Mini-tool kit (treasonous)
Big Red Bag
Plasticreds: 135,000 counterfeit
55 real

Plasticreds:

135,000 counterfeit, 55 real

Damage Status:

Total Armor:

Macho: 3
E: _____
L: 4
P: _____
B: _____
All: _____



Mask-R-ADE

Secret Society: Free Enterprise

Mutant Power(s): Deep Probe

Power Attribute: 10

Background: You relish the deep emotional connection between yourself and other clones. You pierce the veil of their minds and find their innermost secrets...usually to make a cred, or find out what they've got packed away!

But you're bummed. You got demoted from Orange Clearance for surviving a mission. You almost had the evidence to bring your briefing officers in for treason, too, but your witnesses didn't stay bought. As it is, you've got a wad of plasticreds burning a hole in your pocket (not literally - they aren't from R&D). Forget selling stuff to make money - you've got to get rid of all these creds before the Internal Security clones from IRS sector ask too many questions.

Buy high and sell even higher. You have to get these fake plasticreds into the system as a part of the economic plan the Free Enterprise cell leader Vood-U is starting. If you come back with valuable stuff, you can turn this into *real* cred through FE's network, and score points with them, too. But every bribe you make is real money lost, and they'd never let you live it down.

Treasonous Desire: The Computer made a mistake demoting you. If your survival on three whole missions without losing a clone doesn't show that you're superior, not much will. This whole security clearance thing is a scam. If you could just do away with security clearances, even for a little while... You've got some scores to settle with all those "higher clearance" clones who think they're so great.

Favorite Saying: "How much have you got? Your clone family, how much have they got? Got any treasonous equipment?"

Preferred Mandatory Bonus Duty: Team Leader. If you order people around fast enough and smart enough, you can blame stuff on them. The only problem is, you keep getting shoved in teams full of Orange clones who get the spot. Being in charge would be well worth the loss of a few plasticreds, though...

Knowledge of Teammates: Gang-R looks like a chump - maybe you could sell him some snake oil. And Bramst-O, Lug-O and Anne-R all seem to be touchy-feely types who'll buy anything with the words "Old Reckoning" on it.



Tim Bobiko

15 EXTRA STUFF

Further Adventures in the Complex of Dimness

If you enjoyed this Complex of Dimness adventure, there might be another one on the way. Write to West End and tell them that you want to see more CoD by Chris Hepler and Jennifer Brandes. Wait with baited breath for....

Gar-U versus the Testoster-Ronin!

On the other hand, we're sure that you don't want to wait for a whole new adventure, so we're providing background for you to set your own games in the CoD.

You may have noticed that while the Complex of Dimness has many similarities to the Alpha Complex you know, it is not. The Computer, that prime example of how to use power wisely and well, while still around, is not the super-competent Artifact Intelligence who rules Alpha Complex with a firm-yet-loving hand and who tolerates no failures which would make Its Complex less than perfect. Indeed, now, It is a mere patsy, manipulated by forces beyond Its control, programmed, in some areas, to even dislike the very happiness for which It has worked so hard. It is in fact, almost incompetent, as hard as that is to believe...hey, why are you laughing?

Seriously, though, you may have noticed that The Computer was not quite as omnipresent in *Creatures of the Nightcycle* as in other *Paranoia* adventures. This is because the Complex of Dimness emphasizes developing and playing a character and delving into her motivations and desires...or at least seeing clones utterly screw things up for themselves and each other. This also means that the Complex of Dimness is equally playable for anyone still using *Post-Mega-Whoops Second Edition*.

The aim of the CoD is to parody all dark future, personal horror, or horror genre games (with some emphasis on *Game: The Subtitle*). You know, games where there are Things Vastly More Powerful Than You, and the gamemaster always points out that they are so Impossibly Smart/Powerful/Well-Funded that you'd Better Do What They Say. And the player characters are expected to Gasp in Fear at the Amazing Might and Majestic Age of them...blah, blah, blah.

Well, in *Paranoia*, the characters are too stupid to be afraid. And too inconsequential to make a difference. They can kill all the aberrant monstrosities of unspeakable evil that they want. The Computer will make more!



But what if the PCs can't stop the Ritual of Unspeakable Evil, because they're putzes? Perhaps said-Evil goes on a killing spree through Alpha Complex, until Internal Security stops it by offering it a job ("Welcome, Eld-R-GOD!"). Can't figure out the Master Plan of Masonic Decrepitude before it's too late? Let the ancient vampclone take over the Complex. If he's overthrown two daycycles later, no one will remember the difference. Or if they do, it's treason to mention it.

There have always been Secret Masters of Alpha Complex. They're called Ultraviolets, or high-up Secret Society members. A Computer Phreak who's good at what she does can promote herself to Ultraviolet with one successful hack, a Psion-ic could give a few mental "suggestions" to get a million plasticreds, a Corpore Metallica could put his brain in the top-secret Computer Diagnostic Reprogramming Bot, and so on. All of these folks need dumb Troubleshooters to destroy their enemies. It's just a matter of what the enemy is: a clone who watches her, a bureaucratic procedure, a lack of plasticreds, a happybot strapped to her head, a wall between OUT sector and the Outdoors.

So, in reality (sorry, "where the guy who delivers the pizza comes from"), the Complex of Dimness isn't all that different than anything else in *Paranoia*, except maybe we've given you some ideas of what jokes to make, and some subjects to parody. To help you get started with a CoD campaign, each new secret society comes with an adventure idea. This way you can get the gist of each society's motivation as well as some ideas of how to parody and make it funny, possibly the hardest part of *Paranoia*.

If secret society agendas get old, maybe The Computer decides that it like the superserum idea and injects everyone in Alpha Complex full of it...without asking itself what they're going to feed on. The loyal Troubleshooters, the only non-vampclones in the whole Complex, have to undertake a quest through EVL and DED sectors on a quest for the stolen antidote.

Your all-purpose CoD adventure pits the insignificant and unimportant player characters against vastly powerful beings, giving them extra powers and toys which are supposed to even things out, but just blow up in the Troubleshooters' faces. (Um... sounds a lot like regular *Paranoia*, you say? We knew there was a flaw here somewhere.) Why are you sitting around here and reading this, when you could be out there killing clones?

Remember, your campaign is your own (i.e. you don't have to worry about copyright infringement), so go ahead and be as cruel as you want.

All together, now.

MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Stuff Which May or May Not Help You Run Your Game But We Thought Was Funny

Complex of Dimness Random Plot Generation Device

It was _____ (time of daycycle) when we received the Mission Alert. We were told to _____ (verb) to _____ (three letters) sector in fifteen _____ (units of time). When we walked in, we saw that The Computer was _____ (adjective); this made us _____ (adjective). Especially when we saw the _____ (security clearance) clone sitting in the middle of the room. The clone smiled at us and told us that we were to go to _____ (three letters) sector, where we would find 600 _____ (noun)s. We should kill them and retrieve the _____ (noun) of un-speakable power.

We went to PLC to get our equipment, and found that it had _____ (disaster)ed. Picking our _____ (weapon)s out of the wreckage, we continued on to Research and Design. When we got there, we found that our equipment was being assigned by a clone with _____ (psychological disorder). He gave us a _____ (noun) which _____ (verb)ed when _____ (verb)ed by _____ (noun)(s), a _____ (article of clothing) which was really a _____ (noun) in disguise, and a _____ (color), _____ (adjective), _____ (noun) which _____ (verb)ed when touched.

After that, we had only killed _____ (number) of our own clones; a slow daycycle. We traipsed to _____ (second three letters) sector, to kill the _____ (treasonous being)s. Before we got there, though, we ran into _____ (adjective)-NPC, who was really a _____ (being of unimaginable power). He told us that the _____ (treasonous beings) were really _____ (adjective) _____ (different being of unimaginable power)s and they were trying to raise an _____ (adjective) evil.

We couldn't abort the mission! That would be treason! We broke out our _____ (weapon)s and our _____ (weapon)s and our _____ (weapon)s and we charged down there to _____ (destructive verb) the entire sector. Fortunately, the _____ (size adjective) battle was near the clone replacement _____ (noun)s, so all _____ (number) clones we had left got to die _____ (adverb), _____ (verb)ing for the good of the Complex.



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Near-Death Experience Table

Every time a clone uses the *Regeneration* Power to come back from a situation which would have otherwise killed her, the GM should roll on the following table to find out what sort of Near-Death Experience the clone has had. Each Near-Death Experience provides 1 Near-Death Experience Point, which can go towards improving the clone's skills and attributes in an on-going game. Yes, this means clones will want to get almost killed in a variety of humiliating ways, but they had better hope they don't fail that Power test. Many clones with NDEs attempt to convert others to their new belief system. Roll 1D10. Precede all the experiences with "You are traveling down a long, dark tunnel. Suddenly, a light appears, and..." and end them all with "...You're back in Alpha Complex."

Roll	Near-Death Experience
1	You pull yourself towards the light, seeing the beneficently smiling Great Monitor in the Ceiling. Even as you feel yourself about to be pulled into Its databanks, you hear "Beep. Disk full. Please try again."
2	You are sucked into a whizzing modem line, and pulled swiftly into the heart of The Computer Itself. You sit there for a moment, truly happy at last, secure in the knowledge that The Computer loves you. Then you hear a soft whirring noise. "Beep. System Security Check. Purge all <i>viruses</i> ." The soft light around you fades.
3	Far away, from somewhere lost in the light, you can hear the voice of The Computer speaking to you. It is telling you what a good job you did, and how It knows that despite some few slips into treason, you were always really a good Citizen. Then It says, "I will reveal to you the secret of all knowledge, my Happy One. It is..." The voice fades and you hear a "Beep. Please deposit twenty-five plasticreds to continue call."
4	The Computer monitor which hovers before you fills the entire horizon with its All-Seeing-Eye. You hear the familiar sound of Its voice, loud enough for you to feel it in your very soul. "Greetings Citizen..." The voice is interrupted by a burst of static, and the Eye fades from the screen, leaving in its place a single question—"Abort? Retry? Ignore?" (Note: if the character answers <i>Abort</i> , she dies. If she answers <i>Retry</i> , she returns as normal. If she answers <i>Ignore</i> , she returns, but is missing some key software.)
5	The Monitor of the Computer appears before you, the All-Seeing-Eye glaring down. "Commence debriefing," It booms. "But, Friend Computer," you stammer, "the mission isn't over." "Are you suggesting I have made an error? Errors are treason. Accusations of treason are treason. Guards, execute her..." You feel a sharp pain.
6	Haloed by the light is the largest jackobot you've ever seen, larger than all of Alpha Complex. It takes a look at you, checks its clipboard and mutters something. "I'm sorry, Corpore Metallica is right. There's no room in the afterlife for clones." Click. The lights go out.

- 7 An enormous counter is in front of you. An Infrared with the nametag Saint-PTR sits behind it. "May I help you?" When you don't answer, he checks his clipboard. "Oh, yes. You were requesting one of the spaces in the afterlife? Well, you'll have to fill out this paperwork before someone else takes the spot." You sit down before the pile which stretches for miles above your head. Even as you pull out the first form you hear the clone say, "Sorry, your spot was taken. Try again later."
- 8 This must be the Outdoors. It's huge, with a Blue ceiling far above and small furry bots of all clearances running and playing together happily. There are algae chips just growing on the brown poles - you don't even have to ask for them. The air smells wonderful. A smile stretches across your face. Maybe it was all worth it, after all. Then the light is blotted out by the silhouette of a giant, radioactive mutant cockroach. "Oh, smashing," it says, "Someone to talk to. Now what do you suppose Desdemona was feeling in the fourth act?" "Huh?" you say, and it looks at you more closely. "My mistake," it says, "this place is for the culturally minded and socially aware only."
- 9 Its reddish glow fills the whole world and you can hear music, and people's voices up ahead. Standing in front of you is a clone in a furry hat, holding a clipboard. "Are you a registered member of the Communist party?" "No," you stammer. "Communism is treason." The whole world goes black. (*Note: if the clone is a member of the Communist Party, she dies happily.*)
- 10 A huge sign blots out the horizon. Beyond it, you can see fluffy white things, Blue-clearance ceiling, and can hear beautiful music. *Welcome to HVN Sector*, says the sign—*Ultraviolet Clearance*. Oh well, maybe next time.

A Complex of Dimness Adventure for...

PARANOIA™

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CREATURES OF THE NIGHTCYCLE

By Jennifer Brandes and Chris Hepler.

The Longest, Deadliest *Paranoia* Adventure Ever.

We aren't kidding.

"Ha!" You say, staring at this back cover. You think you know *Paranoia*. Maybe you've gone through every Code Seven adventure known to clonekind. "Gosh," you ask, "how much more punishment could a troubleshooter take? Aren't they stabbed, shot, stapled, and mangled in amusing ways until their clone family can be swept up by a scrubot? They must be kidding. What more could there *possibly* be?"

Lots.

You have yet to see the dark side of Alpha Complex, where MORTALL the Combot, Botman, and the SABot lurk, plotting revenge on the High Programmer Methuz-U-LAH. Where Troubleshooters aren't just lasered into oblivion countless times, they're turned into vampclones, crushed into the size of a nickel, fatally wounded with luncheon meat, smashed by falling vending-bots, and impaled on their own commun-ankh-aters. For once, their precious bodily fluids really are in danger. Because in the Complex of Dimness...

"There are far worse things awaiting clones...(dramatic pause)...than death."

-High Programmer Drek-U-LAH.

Like being demoted to Infrared.

This book contains

- A super-duper-sized adventure in the Complex of Dimness, the dark reflection which shows Alpha Complex clones just how lucky they really are.
- Source material on running other adventures in the Complex of Dimness.
- New secret societies such as the SABot, GIA's Warriors, the TechnoCrappy, and the GammaVilla.
- The all-important rules for running vampclones PCs in *Paranoia*, from Tantruming to nifty powers, Near-Death Experience Points, and the personal horror of letting out your Manatee Within.
- Two secret, nifty, special songs hidden in the adventure, plus fashion and style tips for your vampclones' appropriate atmosphere.
- Over fifty-thousand words, and not one of them is "angst."

"Sullenness is Mandatory"

