

A SECRET SOCIETY WARS ADVENTURE FOR

PARANOIA

PA **THE ROLEPLAYING GAME** IA
PARANOIA

MORE SONGS
ABOUT
FOOD VATS

The
SECRET SOCIETY
WARS
Escalate!

OH WOW!
it's
SWILL!

WEST
END
GAMES



PARANOIA

MORE SONGS ABOUT FOOD VATS

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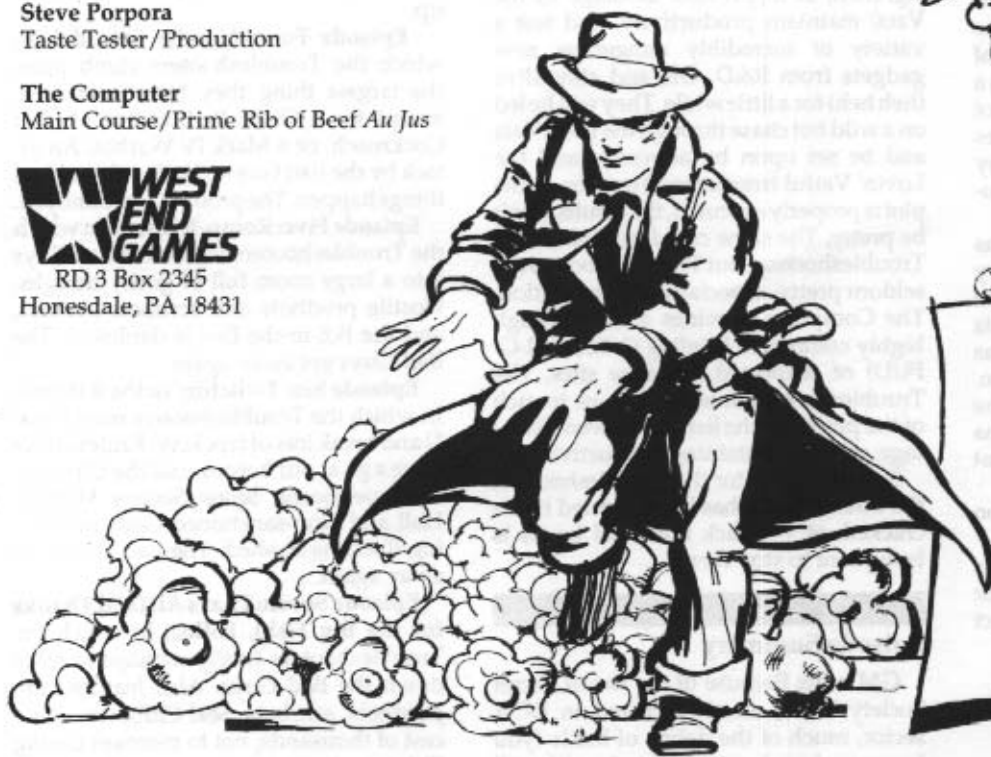
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Introduction

Gamemaster Intro

This Intro is totally unnecessary and a complete waste of space. The Gamemaster Adventure Background and the Episode Summary will tell you everything you need to know to get started on this mission. Why you're still reading this Intro is beyond me. I can't believe that an otherwise intelligent GM would bother to read this, even after I said it

was useless. But go ahead, suit yourself. You probably figure "This guy must be pulling my leg. There's got to be something useful in this Intro." Sorry, you're wrong.

Player Intro

You've got to be kidding! One iota of help for Troubleshooters? What do you think this is, Dunghills and Dragbots? Forget it. If you want instructions, go play some namby-pamby wimp game. The Computer is your friend. Have a nice day.



Introduction

Background

A conspiracy of ever-increasing proportions is growing within Alpha Complex. A loose alliance has been formed between several secret societies who agree that Life could be Better and that Something Must be Done. These idealists feel that the way to a clone's heart is through his stomach, and they have decided to do a little social reform number on Alpha Complex, via the Food Vats.

One of the more clever clones associated with this group happens to have stumbled upon a chemical compound that neutralizes all the hormone suppressant chemicals that The Computer feeds the population of Alpha Complex. Because of the comparatively spectacular effects on a small test group (a little sex drive is a lot compared to no sex drive), the clones figure they are onto something. They believe they have discovered an Aphrodisiac.

A small trial amount of the A-drug was manufactured and tested. Temporary minor chaos and numerous premature clone activations took place. These results were so impressive that a large batch has been made and is ready for distribution. The most effective way to distribute the A-drug is to introduce it into the Alpha Complex food chain. This is exactly what the Bad Guys intend to do.

The coalition of clones collaborating on this effort calls itself "The Lovin' Vatful." This assortment of demented types has several sneaky little tricks in mind, one or two of which might actually have an effect on Alpha Complex.

In fact, the tentative ripples of that effect may have already gently rocked the ship of state captained by Our Friend The Computer. One of the clones used as a test subject for the A-drug escaped from the Lovin' Vatful's laboratory and ran amuck, gonadilly speaking, in an Orange cafeteria. After being captured, examined, and tested by IntSec, the testee was forced to reveal to The Computer that a plot existed and when it would be perpetrated.

Adventure Summary

Enter the Troubleshooters, whose assignment is to prevent sabotage in the Vats, maintain productivity, and test a variety of incredibly dangerous new gadgets from R&D. Oh, and stay alive (heh heh) for a little while. They will be led on a wild bot chase through the Food Vats and be set upon by adversity and the Lovin' Vatful from every direction. If the plot is properly executed, the results won't be pretty. The same could be said for the Troubleshooters, but Troubleshooters are seldom pretty, especially after execution. The Computer provides a list (through highly competent Briefing Officer, Al-G-FUD) of suspected sabotage sites. The Troubleshooters' mission is to go to each of the places on the list and Prevent Sabotage, while Maintaining Productivity.

Unfortunately for the Troubleshooters, the Lovin' Vatful has been warned that a cracked, er — crack bunch of bozos is being sent to stop them.

Episode Summary

GM note: Because of the recent Secret Society Wars, which occurred in DOA sector, much of the debris of battle (you know, a clone here, a clone there) is still scattered about Alpha Complex. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that quite often the Troubleshooters will run across, or trip over, decomposing evidence of the conflict, scattered throughout the episodes.

Episode One: The Call to Disorder, In which the Troubleshooters are summoned, outfitted, and briefed. They realize that great and wondrous things may happen. Moll-Y-CDL, Bill-Y-CLB, Al-G-

FUD, and Ton-O-FUN reinforce that feeling (not exactly in a loving way, but with a certain dedication).

Episode Two: Through the Mega-Mixer, In which the Troubleshooters meet the Mega-Mixer and Lucky the Mixbot. The Mixer is large, noisy, and lousy with saboteurs. Lucky is an old friend who has changed with time and tide. Prodbots are encountered, and Bad Guys scuffled with.

Episode Three: The Toaster Tunnel, In which the Troubleshooters have their first serious encounter with prodbots and learn the wonders of responsibility without authority. They play in huge piles of Yellow Stuff, and then they get to vacuum it up.

Episode Four: Noodle Extrudel, In which the Troubleshooters climb upon the largest thing they have ever seen, except for a Giant Radioactive Mutant Cockroach, or a Mark IV Warbot. An attack by the Bad Guys is suffered, and bad things happen. The prodbots get annoyed.

Episode Five: Romp-R Room, In which the Troubleshooters follow the Bad Guys into a large room full of gooey troughs. Hostile prodbots and scrubots abound, and the Bot-in-the-Box is deployed. The Bad Guys get away again.

Episode Six: Twichin' in the Kitchen, In which the Troubleshooters meet Gins-U and break lots of crockery. Knifewavers have a go at our heroes, and the Ultraviolet Super-Secret Secret Society Meeting Hall and Non-sanctioned Gourmet Dining Room is trashed. The Bad Guys run away again.

Episode Seven: That's All (and Thanks for the Big Fish), Folks! In which the Troubleshooters finally manage to track down the Bad Guys. Also featured are prodbots, scrubots, Seal Clubbers, and a cast of thousands, not to mention the Big Fish.

Episode Eight: Unjust Desserts, In which awards are handed out, and speeches made. Heroes are decorated, and accolades sung. Think so?

The Bad Guys

The Lovin' Vatful is made up mostly of Romantics, with a few Humanists and some surviving renegade members of the defunct Sierra Club mixed in. (For a full account of the Secret Society Wars and the destruction of the Sierra Club, see West





End Games' DOA SECTOR TRAVELOGUE).

Four members of the Lovin' Vatful have been selected to carry out this mission. They are masquerading as maintenance workers in order to avoid attracting notice as they wander, wreaking havoc, through FUD sector (the first sector to receive their tender ministrations). They blend in with the masses of other workers so well that no one notices anything odd about them. It's only when they start lobbing tacnuke grenades around the joint that anyone gets nervous, and even then the Bad Guys don't stand out that much from the average, mild mannered clone.

The only teensy weensy problem is that the Bad Guys have been warned about the Troubleshooters. They, the BGs, figure that the best way to deal with Task Force 42 is to neutralize it as soon as possible.

Pseud-O-POD: The Leader of the Pack. He's rather clever, and uses the idealistic views of others to further his own interests.

Lobot-O-MEE: This guy is the second in command. He's warped, maladjusted, and extremely inventive.

Redenbach-R-POP: Redenbach-R-POP has in mind a stunt he's been longing to perpetrate for quite some time.

Spoon-R-ISM: Spoon-R is good with explosives, and he is never without his own supply of bombs and other loud devices.

More Bad Guys

For the purposes of staging a lively adventure, it may be useful to have a reserve of expendable Bad Guys suitable for target practice. This serves to keep the Troubleshooters happy (frequent weapon discharges are good for morale, apparently) and keeps them from killing each other off too quickly. It also serves the purpose of letting the Troubleshooters

think that they are getting the better of their adversaries.

The following Bad Guys are to be introduced as needed throughout the episodes. They aren't much use to the Lovin' Vatful, although they do tend to absorb a lot of ordnance that would otherwise be aimed at Pseud-O-POD or Lobot-O-MEE.

- Lond-R-MAT
- Flow-R-POT
- Git-R-PIK
- Sam-R-KND
- Par-Y-SSS
- Ky-R-OWW

- Weapon: Laser Pistol (8L) _____ 5
- Unarmed Underwater (8L) _____ 11

The Way to Play

Several ways of running this adventure are open to you, the lucky GM. A couple of the approaches are described here. You are also welcome to think up others and to use them. After all, it's your game.

One way to run this adventure is to present the episodes in the order in which they appear. With some subtle steering, the Troubleshooters may be led through each episode in the designated order, culminating with the Grand Finale in the Main Vats. Another approach is to allow the Troubleshooters to choose the order in which they visit each of the sabotage sites. The GM (that's you) may allow the Troubleshooters to find the Bad Guys and change the order in which the episodes are played. Or, the Troubleshooters may find no sign of the Bad Guys and be forced to keep going to other locations until they stumble into the baddies. This allows the GM (still you) to control the action while maintaining the illusion of free will.

The bottom line is that the GM (yes, you) can do whatever it (that's you, although it may be a he-you or a she-you) wants to do. So there.

Yeah, I know I said you, the GM, can do whatever you like. However, the Honesdale High Programmers have one small favor to ask of you and one great big secret for you to keep from the PCs. See, The Computer is sick. It has a cold, or a flu, or, Heaven forbid, a virus. It may have caught something in DOA Sector, and It sounds sick when It speaks to the PCs, run down, sorta on Its last chips. So, play It that way, OK? Since this malady will have no effect on this adventure, there is no need to tell the PCs why It sounds sick. They'll find out soon enough, when you buy West End's new —

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

(There goes one more Infrared editorial assistant who couldn't keep his mouth shut. Well, he probably never would have made High Programmer, anyhow.)

Props and Handouts

All sorts of wickedly useful handouts are included with this adventure. Because this fine work is destined to become a literary classic, we recommend that you photocopy, rather than tear pages out of the book. But, on the other hand, if you'd like to tear them out, we'll be glad to sell you another copy.

Oodles of lovely Prop Hints are scattered throughout the text. These hints are designed to help drive the poor PCs nuts. After all, what else is a round of Paranoia good for? Handy reference boxes are also liberally scattered throughout the text. These boxes contain lots of useful little trivia, hints, and guidelines.



Episode One: The Call to Disorder

Summary

Our fearless Troubleshooters receive the Call to Gory - er, Glory, more commonly known as the Mission Alert, and wend their merry, childishly uninhibited way to R&D in order to be loaded down with things wondrous to behold and marvelous to observe in operation—from a distance, if you're lucky. They aren't lucky.

They eventually arrive at PLC where Bill-Y-CLB gives them every piece of guaranteed-to-function equipment necessary for a successful mission (Sure!) and absolutely every piece of paperwork necessary to cover their assets at the Debriefing (Sure! Sure!).

But before the Debriefing (way off, at the far end of what is increasingly appearing to be a long, dark tunnel leading into certain failure and premature clone activation), comes the Briefing.

Opening

Let's start the mission right — with a bang! You might have to make some adjustments if this is part of an ongoing nightcyclemare —er, campaign.

Encounter One: Mission Alert

Read:

You are kicked back, munching on Cruncheetyme Algae Chips, swilling Bouncy Bubble Beverage, and idly watching Teela-O-MLY gyrate on the vidscreen as she does a rendition of "If I Could Save Time in a Bot/L." It doesn't get any better than this. Suddenly, the voice of The Computer blanks out Teela's crooning.

"ATTENTION, (*COUGH*), ATTENTION, ATTENTION! (*AHCHOO!*) MISSION ALERT! MISSION ALERT!"

The terminal next to your elbow spits out a small square of pin-feed paper bearing the words "Comply Immediately. This Mission Alert will self-destruct in 12 seconds."

Hand out copies of the Mission Alert provided in the pullout section. After 12

seconds, a mechanical arm shoots out of the Mission Alert dispenser, and grabs the Mission Alert papers. It retracts into the dispenser with a machine-like whine.

Prop Hint: Use your own arm for this, but make machine-like whining noises as you grab back the Mission Alert papers. Can you imitate the sound of a door opening and closing on the starship *Enterprise*?

If you want to make trouble for the Troubleshooters, "forget" to collect one of the papers. Then, at the Debriefing, award treason points to the player who kept his, for failing to return Computer property.

Anyway, the Troubleshooters better get with the program, right away. To lull them into a false sense of security (or to give them the ultra-nervous jitters), the R&D outfitting room is relatively nearby and easy to find.

Encounter Two: R&D HO!

The Troubleshooters are greeted at R&D by Moll-Y-CDL. She seems friendly, but she intends to stick the Troubleshooters with lots of untested, useless gadgetry.

Moll-Y-CDL: Moll-Y is full of obvious enthusiasm, as effervescent as an Alpha Seltzer.

She is also mildly dippy and doesn't really pay attention most of the time. She understands the technical aspects of her job fairly well, but doesn't go in for details.

Moll-Y begins winding her way through the benches and test equipment to a roped-off area posted with signs that read "No Personnel Beyond This Point Without Radiation Monitoring Equipment." The floor in the roped-off area is faintly discolored. Near the center of that discolored area, a dead Red clone is lying crumpled on the floor, holding one end of a long, narrow banner which reads "Workers of the World Unite..."

Just after the Troubleshooters get comfortable inside the roped off area...

Two technicians come winding through the maze of test benches, pushing a large cart. Moll-Y gestures to them, and they gleefully wheel the cart, which is piled high with bizarre looking equipment, towards you. Modified cone rifles

and multi-barreled lasers protrude from the cart. Nasty looking devices with multi-bladed attachments abound.

Moll-Y turns, looks at the cart, and exclaims, "No, not that one, you bot-brains! That one's for Task Force 24!" The technicians roll the cart away. They return shortly with another cart. The equipment on this cart is not nearly so nasty looking.

Moll-Y gives the Troubleshooters a brief and somewhat accurate description of each piece of equipment. She is quite enthusiastic about all the gadgets. She assigns the contents of the cart to the Troubleshooters, at random, and is completely oblivious to any protests.

When all the gadgets have been handed out, she explains that the Troubleshooters must each sign for the equipment they have received, on the Test Equipment Sign-Out Sheet. They must also take a copy of form RD-2.71828/MSA Field Evaluation of Experimental Instruments, for each piece of equipment. This form must be filled out within 15 minutes of initial operation.

Game Stuff

Test Equipment Sign-Out Sheet

The Test Equipment Sign-Out Sheet is included in the pullout section. Have each PC sign the sheet next to each piece of equipment he/she/it has received. Take the sheet back from the PCs and save it for the Debriefing. (Nyuck, nyuck, nyuck!)

You may have noticed that the Sign-Out Sheet lists a Tacnuke Grenade Launcher (TGL). Naturally, none of the Troubleshooters get one of these. However, this is a wonderful opportunity to stick some lucky PC at the Debriefing with the problem of explaining the whereabouts of a piece of equipment he's never seen.

The other form is in the pullout section, too — but it's not what it claimed to be.

After the Troubleshooters have signed out the equipment and received the field evaluation forms, they are ushered out the door, to head for PLC. At this point

Game Stuff

The cart carries the following equipment:

Mini Portable Arc Welder and Shoe Polisher: The MPAW&SP is a handy little gadget that welds or polishes at the flip of a switch. Newly developed by R&D, this beauty is the size of an Old Reckoning lunch box and weighs about 30 kilograms. An appendage on a flexible cable can be unclipped from the side of the box and extended about three meters. It can be retracted by holding the small button on the side of the box. This button is next to the clip that holds the welder/polisher head. The button is labeled "Retract" in very very small letters.

The MPAWSP is so well designed that it *never* switches from weld to polish, or polish to weld, when you don't want it to.

Intracellular Com Unit with Remote Keypad: This nifty little device is a miniature Com 1 unit that is implanted next to the user's right ear. It allows the user to hear instructions from The Computer, privately (usually). In order to contact The Computer, a remote keypad is worn on the user's right wrist. This keypad resembles an Old Reckoning watch/calculator, and is almost as useful.

Unfortunately, this little widget rarely works. It is prone to listening in on the wrong conversation, or to broadcasting to all other Com units in the area.

Experimental Infrasonic Ranging Device: This miraculous piece of technical wizardry can be used to tell the user the range to and the nature of an astounding variety of sentient and inanimate objects. Typical readouts on its display panel might be "Unex-

ploded Tacnuke shell on final 3 seconds of countdown — 2 meters" or "Large Earth-type heavenly body — 3000 kilometers and receding."

The device resembles an Old Reckoning pocket calculator, with a small display panel and lots of shiny buttons that serve no purpose, with the exception of one. It is bright red and labelled "Range/Type," oddly enough. The other buttons have labels that say things like "Nice day, isn't it?" The case of the device also bears a warning label which reads "High Voltage-Do Not Immerse in water." Getting it wet would absolutely never, ever accidentally short the power source to the red button. Honest. If immersed in water, or in any other liquid, it will work fine for a little while. Then, all 300,000 volts are released in one Big Zap.

Gumboots: This pair of trendy footwear is intended to allow the wearer to walk on walls and ceilings. In some places, the Gumboots actually work, assuming that the Troubleshooter wearing them has tied the shoelaces. The boots stick quite well to some surfaces, and quite poorly to others. Example: The boots stick well to ceiling tiles. The tiles stick poorly to the ceiling.

Blast-O-Shield Hand Held Force Field Generator: This dandy widget is about as close as you can get to a cure-all in *Paranoia*. When activated in a corridor, the Blast-O-Shield makes a stationary, impenetrable barrier approximately one meter in front of the generator and the Troubleshooter who activated it. No weapon in Alpha Complex can get through it.

It does have one minor drawback, though. It is very easy to accidentally activate the unit just by bouncing it

around. For example, if a Troubleshooter were to clip the unit to his belt and run, it might turn on all by itself. Or imagine being in a speeding Transtube, and some dimwit drops the Blast-O-Shield on the floor. Picture a can of tuna fish, dropped from a great height.

Underwater Deep Diving Ergonomic Rheomotor: If your life-long ambition is to emulate the great Jacques-U-STO, the Underwater Deep Diving Ergonomic Rheomotor (UDDER) is the thing for you. Roughly cylindrical in shape, the UDDER has two handles on one end, with several buttons and switches between them. On the other end is a pair of small clamshell covers. The UDDER is very useful for navigating underwater, but it is simply extra baggage on dry land.

Self-propelled and internally powered, the UDDER is maneuverable and easily controlled — in the hands of a well-trained, expert user, that is. To use the UDDER, the Troubleshooter must climb in the water and switch on the device. When this is done, the clamshell covers open, and a small propeller extends out of the UDDER and begins to spin. The Troubleshooter holds onto the two handles and is towed behind the UDDER. A large knob, midway between the two handles, controls the speed. This knob can't be reached while holding onto both handles, so the Troubleshooter must let go of one handle or the other. As soon as he does, the UDDER turns toward the side the Troubleshooter is still holding. Two UDDERs have been allotted to Task Force 42. Think they'll feel cowed? Sorry.

they should realize that the forms they were given are the wrong ones. They need RD-2.71828/MSA, Field Evaluation of Experimental Equipment, not 174Z6a/23, Authorization to Repair Communal Vending Machines, Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispensers, and Autogyro Foot Baths.

If they go back to Moll-Y-CDL and explain the problem, she will tell them to use the forms, anyway, they can't be *that* different.

**Encounter Three:
Over the Riv-R ...**

It's time for our merry band to blunder off to PLC Provisioning and Outfitting Room OIC-U8/12.

Bill-Y-CLB

Bill-Y is in charge of handing out mission equipment to Troubleshooters. He hates this job and wishes they'd send him back to "Requests Processing," where he worked before. He hated that job, too, but less than he hates this one. Bill-Y doesn't like having to be responsible and has billions of excuses when things get

fouled up.

Bill-Y is basically a non-confrontational sort of guy, and he tends to resort to things like petty backstabbing rather than dealing face to face with unpleasant people. He does like to kick Troubleshooters around, though. Mainly because no one else lets him get away with it.

The Troubleshooters make it to PLC with relatively little difficulty, all things considered. At PLC, they encounter Bill-Y-CLB. Read:

An odd-looking clone is sitting at a desk leafing through an odd-looking pamphlet entitled "Life in HEL Sector." He has a rather pale complexion and large, protruding teeth.

Bill-Y will give the Mission Equipment List to the nearest Troubleshooter. (At the same time, the GM hands a copy of Reference MSA 2032/1 to the nearest PC. Isn't it wonderful how that works?)

Reference MSA 2032/1 is a list of all the PLC equipment assigned to the Troubleshooters. Although the list clearly states that Task Force 42 has been assigned a large quantity of Red laser barrels, this is not true. A "large number of barrels" is in the pile of mission equipment, but the barrels are of assorted colors, with only enough Red barrels for each Troubleshooter to get just one.

While filling out the players' request forms, Bill-Y absently starts fiddling with a "broken" laser rifle. Give the PCs one chance to take it away from him.

If they get it away from him, skip to the next encounter. If they fail, read:

"Look at that. What a wizard I am," Bill-Y says smugly to himself. With a loud CRRACKK, the laser goes off, blasting a hole through the partition, and through the next several behind it. No one is hurt, but Bill-Y's clipboard falls to the floor in flames.

Strange but true, Bill-Y has just destroyed the Troubleshooters' copies of all the forms he just filled out. He still has his copies, but he wouldn't dream of giving them to the Troubleshooters. In fact, if anyone asks, he will claim that it was a Troubleshooter, not he, who destroyed the originals. And the partitions, for that matter. But, at least, the Troubleshooters know that one of the laser rifles works.

By the way — if you like the idea of the players' paperwork getting fried, go ahead and have the rifle go off as they're taking it away from Bill-Y. Your choice.

Encore!

It would probably be useful if the Troubleshooters got a mission briefing. With that shrewd observation in mind, let's give it to 'em.

**Encounter Four:
On Beyond Zebra**

The Mission Alert clearly states that the Troubleshooters are to report to Mission Briefing Room 2pr-CNT/LO.FAT. Problem is, there are three different rooms with this designation. Tell your players they've arrived in the proper corridor, then read:



Inadvertent preliminary testing at R&D

You enter a long corridor with a large number of doors along each wall. Small signs are posted above each door. The third door you come to on the left has a sign above it which reads "Mission Briefing Room 2pr-CNT/LO.FAT." The door is White.

The automatic security lasers swivel and point at you as soon as you stop in front of the White door.

Only incredibly deranged Troubleshooters would try to enter this room. Troubleshooters this stupid will be barbecued by the automatic lasers as soon as they touch the door.

The next door in the corridor has the same sign, but is painted black. Troubleshooters who open this door will find an empty Briefing Room with the standard blast-proof briefing podium, and they also see a couple of moldy Cruncheetymes scattered across the floor. This is the wrong room. If the Troubleshooters decide to wait here, an Infrared will wander in from the corridor, after two minutes or so, and observe, "Ain't youse guys sposed to be next door in da Red Clearance Briefin' Room? Dat briefin' started a coupla minutes ago."

The next door is painted red and has the same sign above it. Read:

You enter a small room, with a podium at the far end. A jowly character in Green coveralls is standing at the podium, glaring at you as you enter. He clears his throat noisily and says, "Please, have a seat." There are no seats.

AI-G-FUD

AI-G is the guy in charge of the Food Vats. This weekcycle, anyway. He is officious, self important, and given to petty, vindictive behavior. He's a loser, but he's been promoted to a rather powerful position which, as usual, is about one level of performance higher than he can handle.

He sees this mission as his chance to blame all of FUD sector's problems on someone else. The list he plans to present at the Debriefing, of all the things damaged or destroyed by the Troubleshooters, is already rather long.

The Briefing Officer continues:

"My name is AI-G-FUD, and I am the Director of Production in FUD sector. Please place your mission equipment in the area bounded by the Red line in the rear corner of the room. Then move to the briefing area bounded by the Red line directly in front of me."

A large, thug-like creature is standing near the door, in the classic "Go ahead, mess with me" stance favored by prison guards everywhere. He has dark hair about half a centimeter long, a single eyebrow extending across his brow ridge, tiny little eyes that are sunken into what passes for his head, and a nose that looks as if it has single-handedly stopped a speeding transbot. His name is Ton-O-FUN, and (surprise of surprises) he is an IntSec Goon.

Game Stuff

Ton-O-FUN is the IntSec enforcer sent to keep order in the Briefing Room. He has been specifically assigned to this mission and has authorization to terminate at will. He will use this option if warranted. For instance, if a Troubleshooter looks at him cross-eyed, termination is warranted.

Ton-O-FUN's Weapons:

Ton-O-FUN is armed with a large nightstick and two laser pistols. He has no other weapons and generally doesn't need anything else. If the need should arrive, Ton-O just snags a handy cone rifle or something from the nearest Troubleshooter. Ton-O also uses his hands and feet quite effectively. He has found that most people will stop shooting at him after he has torn their arms off.

Usually, this paragraph would list Ton-O's attributes and skills. This list has been omitted, because it would be useless. Ton-O-FUN never loses to the Troubleshooters. His body armor is impenetrable to any weapon the Troubleshooters might have. He is stronger than all of them together, and about four times as fast. No matter what the Troubleshooters try, they always lose.

As the Troubleshooters enter the second Red area, point out to them that the floor in that area is made of steel plates. It is obviously different from the rest of the floor, and it creaks ominously when the Troubleshooters step onto it. They have every reason to be nervous, because the plates are a trap door.

The trap door is there for Debriefings, not Briefings. But don't tell them that. They'll find out soon enough. Naturally, if any Troubleshooters attempt to stand outside the Red area, Ton-O-FUN gently assists them back to where they belong.

When they're ready, Al-G says:

"You have been sent here by The Computer to serve Alpha Complex in a manner not available to everyone.

"You have been selected to man Task Force 42 in the interest of preventing Sabotage in the Food Vats. Remember, I'm the Director Of Production in the Food Vats!"

Al-G picks up a large piece of paper from the podium. From this list he randomly assigns duties to the Troubleshooters. See the Game Stuff box for the list of duties.

Game Stuff

Very Important Positions for Troubleshooters: As with any Troubleshooting mission, various jobs will have to be performed throughout the adventure. Assign the following functions randomly:

- Team Leader
- Communications Technician
- Equipment Maintenance Specialist
- Protocol Manager
- Navigation Director
- Team Anthropologist
- Chief Cook and Bottle Washer

It is generally beneficial to the mission if the person with the skills necessary for a particular job is assigned to any job but that one. And stop whining that there are seven functions, and only six Troubleshooters. Double up!

Now that Al-G has assigned a troublesome responsibility to each troubleshooter, he resumes the briefing:

"Your mission is to inspect a number of potential sabotage sites in FUD Sector, and to prevent sabotage in these areas. In addition, you will be responsible for maintaining high production levels. Any losses in production which occur while you are present will be presumed to be your responsibility. You will be accountable directly to me for the duration of this mission."

Al-G starts digging around inside the podium again and comes up with another piece of paper. There appears to be writing on the paper, but the Troubleshooters can't read it from where they are standing.

"Here is the list of potential sabotage sites," Al-G says and tosses the paper at you. **It flutters to the floor. "This list is extremely Confidential, and should not be shown to anyone. Is that clear?"**

Ton-O-FUN immediately clobbers any Troubleshooter who steps out of the Red area to pick up the list. He then picks the list up himself, glances at it, and hands it to the nearest conscious Troubleshooter. There is no significance to his glance, but it ought to be brought to the Troubleshooters' attention, so that they can dream up all kinds of wild reasons why Ton-O-FUN wants to know what's on the list.

"A transbot will be waiting at the end of the corridor, to take you in the general direction of the first location on your list."



Ton-O-FUN at the briefing

At this point, Ton-O-FUN begins to assist the Troubleshooters by heaving their equipment out the door.

Killing by Inches

It's almost time for the pre-mission stuff to end. Have you killed all six of anyone's clones yet?

Encounter Five: It's a Secret

While the PCs are stumbling around the corridor picking up their equipment, a number of other clones come strolling by. A secret society message is handed to each Troubleshooter. Just as each PC pauses to read the crumpled piece of paper you have just handed him, the transbot arrives.

Secret Society Briefings

Anti-Mutant: Collaboration between several secret societies has created a mutant sub-society. This group has a plot to introduce a substance into the Food Vats that will cause Alpha Complex citizens to mutate in a hitherto unknown way. They must be stopped at all costs. One of their organization has infiltrated Task Force 42. Positive proof of his identity must be obtained. If this is not possible, the entire task force must be subjected to bizarre and unexplainable equipment malfunctions.

Computer Phreaks: Another secret society is rumored to have developed a substance which will cause binary codes

to reverse in computers. The identity of the society is unknown, but the word is that they intend to poison The Computer with the substance. If all "ones" were made "zeros," and all "zeros" were made "ones," it would mean the end of the Disc Operating System as we know it (you know, kind of a *DOS ist alles*). The society must be exposed to The Computer, and the substance destroyed.

Communists: The Capitalist Pig Dog Computer Scum are going to attempt to foil our efforts to create Perestroika. This must be prevented. The Task Force must fail. Do everything in your power to thwart the other Troubleshooters, without betraying your position or affiliation.

Corpore Metal: Fragile Humans are weak and dependent upon the Food Vats for sustenance. Allow the society life forms to succeed in their attempts to sabotage the Food Vats. When they have completed their mission, tag them with the electronic homing beacons with which you have been provided. We will track their movements and issue a termination directive at the appropriate time.

Death Leopard: What a great chance to go completely wild in the Food Vats. The resulting havoc should be intense. Shove as many innocent Food Vat workers into boiling vats and rotating machinery as possible. Mark a large "DL" on every third bot you see. Reset all switches and controls to new settings. Move levers and turn handwheels. Make holes in all tanks and Vats. Confusion is the Code Word for this mission.

First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer: A Commie plot has been discovered. Your mission is to discover the nature of this plot and inform The Computer of your results. One of the Troubleshooters in your Task Force is known to be a dangerous Commie traitor. Unfortunately, his identity is not available at your security level. If the letters "DL" are seen written anywhere, the Commies may be on to you. Proceed with caution.

Frankenstein Destroyers: A foul plot to introduce a dangerous new machine to the Infrareds has been discovered. This machine, and its creators, must be destroyed at all costs. The machine can be recognized by its size (1 meter by 1 meter by 1 meter) and by the rotating handle protruding from one side. After it has been deployed, the first Troubleshooter who approaches it will reveal himself as a disciple of the machine's designer, Play-R-PNO. The disciple must be observed and terminated at the proper time. Do not terminate the wrong person!

Free Enterprise: Your standing as a loyal and capable Free Enterpriser has recently been questioned. The upcoming mission

could yield several useful commodities, and a chance to redeem yourself. Available information indicates that the Task Force will be over-supplied with laser barrels of various high clearance colors. Also, R&D has developed a new gadget which is in high demand. It is battery operated and remote controlled. These items will fetch high commissions if obtained.

Humanists: The mission of this Task Force is manifestly silly. There are no saboteurs. The Computer is nuts. Humour the poor Thing. The mission ought to be a pleasant tour through the Food Vats. Enjoy.

Illuminati: Your mission is to use this Troubleshooting assignment to put Fizz-Whizz into a machine in FUD Sector known as the Mega-Mixer. Do not fail! (The Troubleshooter is given a five pound bag of Fizz-Whizz, disguised as Cruncheetyme Algae Chips.)

Mystics: The ordinarily mundane Lovin' Vatful have in their possession a Bot-in-the-Box. If you turn the handle backward and listen intently, you will reach Nirvana. Far out. The Lovin' Vatful have also discovered a bizarre new drug. Its effects are unknown, but they are supposed to be serious bigtime. Get some. Take some.

Pro Tech: A fellow Pro Tech society member's brainchild has been stolen. Word is out that it is in the possession of a certain Lobot-O-MEE. You are to terminate Lobot-O-MEE at the earliest opportunity, and return the mechanism to your society brother, Tink-R-TOY. His apparatus is concealed in a box 1 meter square, with a handle sticking out of the side. Return it intact, at all costs. Above all, avoid detection while terminating Lobot-O-MEE.

Psion: The Lovin' Vatful has developed a substance which, when ingested, greatly heightens the use of psychic force. Obtain some of this substance for testing. It will be immediately recognizable by its container labelled "Electric Kool-Aid." To allow this substance to elevate the skills of others would be to lessen the standing of

your society. Do not allow this!

PURGE: This mission is planned to benefit The Computer. It must not succeed. Your mission is to destroy three pieces of Computer property this daycycle. Go crazy, big guy! As always, preservation of clone life is imperative!

Romantics: There was once a Bot-in-the-Box in every garage. The Lovin' Vatful has one. If you could prevent it from coming to harm, your standing among the Romantics would be greatly enhanced, and a valuable piece of our heritage will have been preserved. Twenty-three Ski-Doo!

Service Group Scuttlebutt

Internal Security: Reports of saboteurs infiltrating the Food Vats are obviously false. The security net created by The Computer cannot possibly be penetrated. If saboteurs have infiltrated, it must be the work of some high ranking FUD sector official. Armed Forces collaboration in the infiltration is also a possibility. If any doubt is uncovered as to the loyalty of a member of either organization, or of both of them, terminate the member(s) as an example to the rest of the organization. If irrefutable evidence of a large scale conspiracy is uncovered, the entire Task Force should be terminated, in order to avoid a security leak. Besides, it'll give you a chance to test this Concealable Tacnuke Anti-Personnel Grenade.

Technical Services: Repairing and maintaining the Food Vats is the main source of plasticreds for Technical Services. Should harm come to the Food Vats, Tech Services would be in great demand. Try to make sure that some minor equipment damage occurs, at the very least. Optimally, some major catastrophe should occur for which R&D must be blamed. Above all, avoid detection. Being implicated in deliberate sabotage could create serious repercussions to TechServ. Consider self-termination as an option, if necessary.

Housing Preservation and Development and Mind Control: If word of any real sabotage were to spread, morale would suffer seriously. As HPD's representative on this Task Force, you would be solely responsible. Obviously, you can permit nothing of this sort to occur. The sabotage is no big deal, but you must prevent word of that sabotage from spreading. Prevent all clones from attempting to spread word that sabotage has occurred.

Armed Forces: The word is out that this Task Force may be intentionally sabotaged by Internal Security. This would, of course, be treason. Therefore, your orders are to keep on the lookout for IntSec actions and to gather evidence against the





Episode Two: Through the Mega-Mixer

Summary

After bumbling around FUD Sector for a while, the Troubleshooters find the Mega-Mixer. The M-M is an enormous machine, capable of mixing noxious ingredients by the metric ton. All appears to be peaceful and quiet in the Mega-Mixer Room. It may in fact be quiet, but it is not peaceful. Actually, the Lovin' Vatful are busy doing the voodoo that they do so well and lying in wait for innocent targets—er—Troubleshooters. The Troubleshooters wander around for a few rounds looking for suspicious stuff. Lobot-O-MEE waits until a few PCs are standing on top of the mixing apparatus before opening fire.

This episode ends when Pseud-O-POD and company beat a hasty retreat while Lucky the Mixbot, hit by a stray shell or two, goes into a frenzy and pieces of machinery start flying off.

Pseud-O-POD-2

The Leader of the Pack of Bad Guys. He's rather clever and uses the idealistic views of others to further his own interests. He never gave a hoot about the goals of the Sierra Clubbers, even though he was one before they were so abruptly disbanded. He does care about the Yeesties*, whom he thinks are being treated unfairly. Pseud-O is highly interested in improving the quality of life for various life-forms, with the exception of Troubleshooters.

Pseud-O-POD also hopes that the A-drug will make things more interesting around the Ol' Complex.

Game Stuff

Pseud-O-POD-2

Mutation: Charm

Skills: Con (9); Intimidation (8)

Weapons: Slugthrower (9P) 9

Cone Rifle (13P) 7

Armor: Reflec over Kevlar (LAP3)

Tactics: Direct from behind. Shoot to maim. Slink away at most advantageous time.

Lobot-O-MEE-3

This guy is second in command to Pseud-O-POD. He's warped, maladjusted, and extremely inventive. Think of Radar O'Reilly gone bad. Lobot-O-MEE is good at second guessing Pseud-O-POD, but pretty much useless on his own. His favorite pastime is pulling the wings off flies, followed closely by his love of building boobytraps for Troubleshooters (two activities which are often very much the same). He doesn't know much about the Lovin' Vatful, but he knows one thing: Pseud-O-POD sure is fun to watch. He feels that the only good Troubleshooter is a dead Troubleshooter.

Game Stuff

Lobot-O-MEE-3

Mutation: Mechanical Intuition

Weapons: Slugthrower (9P) 9

Cone Rifle (10P) 8

Armor: Reflec over Kevlar (LAP3)

Tactics: Stand off a great distance and pick off enemies. Kill with boobytraps. Avoid danger, but fight like a dervish if cornered.

Down in the Food-Vats

The players come, they see, they get scared. If Caesar were alive he'd be turning in his grave.

Encounter One: All Mixed Up and No Place to Go

The transbot delivers the PCs to some point deep in the bowels of FUD sector. As long as inadvertant activations of the Blast-O-Shield have been kept to a minimum, the Troubleshooters should be reasonably intact. Gleefully ignorant of their gruesome future, they wander off in search of the Mega-Mixer. Read:

Carefully balancing your delicate Mission Equipment, you emerge from the transbot. Several corridors lead away from you. Only one is lighted.

Here, the Troubleshooters make an executive decision, selecting a corridor to try. Hopefully, they'll choose the lighted tunnel. If they don't, send them groping around in the dark for a while, and then deposit them back at the place where the transbot delivered them. After three or four of these loops, they should catch on.

After they've traveled down the passageway for a few rounds, lasers handy, they hear a rumbling sound. It grows louder as they travel, until they finally exit the tunnel into a huge, open room. Read:

There, before your wondering eyes, stands the Mega-Mixer. The room you are standing in is huge, but it is almost filled by the massive bulk of the mixing machine. Overhead, large pipes deliver ingredients into an enormous mixing bowl. Stupendous beaters churn the contents of the bowl. The powerful rumble of the Mixer is accompanied by the roar of effluent streaming from the pipes, and by the splashing and gurgling of the mixture.

From where you are standing, you can see that several doors lead into the Mixer, and you can also see that it is festooned with ladders and walkways. The workers near the Mixer give an idea of its size. They look really small.

A few clones of various clearances are in sight in the room, strolling back and forth from mechanism to mechanism, writing on clipboards. A lone prodbot is visible, meticulously checking every piece of machinery in the room for proper functioning. Things appear to be about as normal as they can be.

Obviously, though, things are not at all normal. Cleverly disguised as Mixer operators, the Lovin' Vatful are scattered about the area. Pseud-O-POD has directed them to wait until the Troubleshooters are sitting duckbots before opening fire. Lobot-O-MEE intends to hold his fire until the Troubleshooters are on or near the top of the Mega-Mixer. (They will fall farther.) The other Bad Guys will be careful not to do anything until Lobot-O-MEE

*A note of explanation: the Yeesties are tiny organisms which are being consumed in FUD Sector as part of the food-making process. Pseud-O-POD has just discovered this, and is in the process of personally mounting a campaign to halt what he feels to be a heinous crime.

Prodbots (production-bots) are in charge of making sure that the lowly Infrarads remain at their assigned work stations and perform their duties. They tend to deal harshly with clones who interfere with production (as Troubleshooters often do). Prodbots are not equipped with weapons of any kind. They do weigh a lot, though, and have been known to park with their rollers on particularly recalcitrant clones. They also have big nasty hands which they use to pick up clones by the scruffs of their necks, when necessary.

makes the first move.

Pseud-O-POD, meanwhile, is making his way towards the top of the Mega-mixer, with an Orb full of Aphrodisiac in hand. He has calculated that for optimum dispersal the A-drug should be dumped into the mixing bowl from the front of the walkway encircling it. (See the map provided.)

Encounter Two: I'm Dressed Up to Get Messed Up

One way or another (marauding scrubots, calls from The Computer), the Troubleshooters should get over to the Mega-Mixer and start poking around. As they approach, Lucky the Mixbot (the bot brain of the Mega-Mixer), begins the typical tourguide spiel:

Hello, hello, and welcome to the Mixing Room! Overhead, you will see the pipes which feed the Mega-Mixer, the large machine in the center of the room. Follow the Red walkways, and come on over to the Mega-Mixer, where your tour will begin!

Several outside clonewalks and ladders lead up the outside of the Mega-Mixer, and several doorways lead into the huge

Lucky the Mixbot

As you may know, Lucky is the bot who used to pilot the MTV (Multi-Terrain Vehicle) in *Into the Outdoors with Gun and Camera*. Found to be no longer suited for personnel transportation, Lucky was moved to a less demanding, less dangerous task. Every once in a while, however, the old, demented Lucky sneaks back into the conversation. Lucky is unaware that he sometimes does not make sense. Lucky occasionally has severe I/O problems.

Typical phrases and choice remarks:

"I have the capability of processing over four hundred and two metric



The awesome sight of the Mega-Mixer

machine. As soon as the PCs enter the Mixer, or start climbing up the outside, Lucky the Mixbot continues his spiel. Lucky has been programmed to fully explain his function to interested young clones brought by their teachbot.

Encounter Three: Welcome, My Son, to the Machine

Lucky continues:

Hello, clonelings, and welcome to the Mega-Mixer. Step right inside, and I'll explain my various functions to you as

you tour the largest Food Processing Device in Alpha Complex.

(This isn't exactly true — the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill is bigger — but Lucky's installers lied to him so that he wouldn't sulk.)

Raw materials for all your favorite foods are brought here by the large pipes you noticed overhead on your way in. The ingredients are then fed into the Mixing Bowl and mixed to just the right consistency. Then, the tasty mixture is removed from the Mixing Bowl and sent off to places like the Toaster Tunnel or the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill. Enjoy your visit!

tons of nutritional substance per daycycle."

"I want my MTV"

"As you may have guessed, my operation is vital to the output of FUD sector. Food processed here reaches workers of all clearances in Alpha Complex. The Computer has a great deal of interest in my function."

"What happened to my canopy? I seem to be stuck."

"The equipment you see in front of you is my Meta-Flavor Approximation System. This system adjusts the subtle olfactory cues that differentiate the culinary delights consumed in Alpha Complex."

"Nutritional material originates in the Algae Vats. It is processed initially in the Trough Room, and then piped here for Mixing. From the Mega-Mixer, it is sent to the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill for sterilizing and shaping. Stabilizing is performed in the Toaster Tunnel, and the final product is packaged in the BBC Room. (BBC stands for Bags, Boxes, and Cans.) From there it is just a short step to your local vending apparatus!"

"Gee, fellows, I think we have a little gkkkkkkkkfdzprbizl. H--i-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s. SqueeeeeeeeeEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLL! (pop)."

At this point, the enterprising Task Force will naturally wander around inside the Mega-Mixer, lasers handy. As they explore the Mega-Mixer, they will slowly but surely move closer to the top of the Mixer.

Inside the Mega-Mixer are lots of passageways. They lead in all directions and are lined with electrical panels, cables, and pipes. Small warning signs are everywhere, bearing messages like "Don't Push This Button, Or Bad Things Will Happen!" Dials and handles are crowded together all along the walls, and the floors are dotted with drains and grates.

It would be only natural for the Troubleshooters to be jumpy and nervous while exploring inside the Mixer. It would also be natural for the cruel GM to add to the mood. Read:

The passageways are full of nooks and crannies, blind corners and exposed positions. Perfect spots for ambushes. Perfect spots for dead bodies. Dead bodies? You see two female clones, locked in a mutual embrace of Death. Obviously, they have done each other in, in a violent manner. More obviously, one has a strangely swollen abdomen, and the other is dressed in what appears to be a replica of that article of Old Reckoning clothing called a "business suit."

Adding to the ambience is a constant background noise of rumbles, squeaks, and rattles that come from all over the Mega-Mixer. The noise is loud enough that you have to speak rather loudly to hear each other.

Prop Hint: Start the dishwasher about now, and maybe throw a few old sneakers in the dryer at the same time.

Occasionally, the PCs should hear footsteps around a corner, but when they get there, no one is in sight. Round and round, our intrepid Task Force wanders all through the Mixer. Inside, the rumbling is really loud. No workers can be found, but it seems as if someone is there. Throughout all this, Lucky carries on an intermittent commentary, which isn't very interesting, but should confuse the issue quite a bit. This nervous, tense, trigger-happy mood should be brought to a crescendo, and then:

Ahead of you is a short stairway, ending at a door. The door opens onto the top of the Mega-Mixer. A waist-high railing encircles the top of the Mixer. From the top, you can look down into the Mixing Bowl, as well as down into the rest of the Mixer Room. Two large arms reach out from the top of the Mixer and extend over the Mixing Bowl. These arms house the Beaters. The arms have a non-skid

coating on their topsides, but no railings. It's a long, long way down from here.

Lucky says, "Here is where the actual mixing is done. Mixing to the proper consistency is crucial, otherwise Cold Fun would taste like Hot Fun, and Algae Chips would taste like Fizz-Whizz. Most volume ingredients are added through the Food Supply piping. For special flavors, though, some ingredients are added by hand."

Let the Troubleshooters wander around the top of the Mega-Mixer for a little while, savoring the not-unreasonable fear of falling from great heights, and vigilantly searching for Bad Guys. When you've had quite enough fun torturing them with suspense and the whomp-whomp-whomp of the machinery, and doors opening that were shut a minute ago, doors shutting that were open a minute ago, whirling blades, and the like ...

Encounter Four:

The Big White Orb

... read on:

Looking over the front of the Mega-Mixer, you have a good view of the walkway which encircles the Mixing Bowl. As you gaze warily down at this vista, you notice that about halfway around the right side of this walkway is an Infrared worker carrying a large, shiny White ball. As you watch, he stops and balances the ball on the railing.

Possibly, the PCs will be clever enough to realize that the worker must be a Bad Guy, and that he is about to dump the "A-drug" into the Mixing Bowl. On the other hand, they may be thrown off by Lucky's remark about special ingredients being added by hand. Handy, eh? Naturally, you don't want Pseud-O-POD to dump the Aphrodisiac this early in our adventure. But, not to worry, the designer of the Orb was highly security conscious, and more than a little addled. There are a number of latches on the Orb, and only one sequence of unlatching them that will allow the Orb to be opened. Unfortunately, Pseud-O-POD stole the Orb and iced the designer before obtaining the unlatching sequence.

Let confused Troubleshooters torture themselves briefly over whether or not the worker they see is doing something wrong. Observant PCs might wonder how it is that a lowly Infrared would be carrying around a White object. You'd think that would tip them off.

This would be a dandy place for the Troubleshooters to give the Experimental

Infrasonic Ranging Device a try. In theory, the EIRD should tell the PCs the distance to the mysterious worker on the walkway (handy for targeting all sorts of weapons). It should also identify the object at which it's pointed. What the Troubleshooters would like to hear is "Orb full of Aphrodisiac, 19 meters." In actuality, getting meaningful information will take a few tries. The first few responses will be something like "Walkway handrail, 19 meters," "Walkway handrail, 20.5 meters," "Mixing room wall, 49 meters," "Troubleshooter's hand, .03 centimeters," or "Mixing Bowl, right in front of you, stupid."

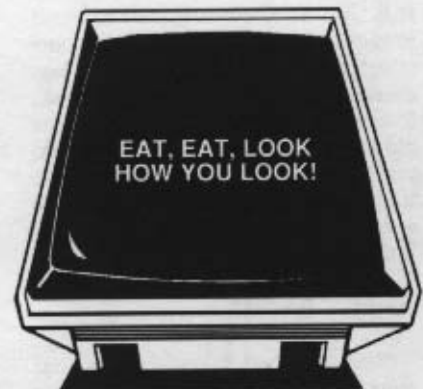
Finally, the EIRD identifies Pseud-O-POD. "Saboteur attempting to empty Aphrodisiac into Mega-Mixer." That should get the attention of those pea-brained Troubleshooters. Any PC worth a Cruncheetyme Algae Chip will dive onto the walkway yelling "Die, Mutant Traitor Scum!" and open fire. Unfortunately for the first Troubleshooter to do this, Lobot-O-MEE is faster with his slugthrower, and shoots the weapon in the Troubleshooter's hand. If sufficiently stunned, the PC may topple over the railing and into the seething maw of gnashing beaters below. Can you say "A pinch of this and a dash of that?" I knew you could.

Encounter Five: Rough Mix

In the ensuing firefight, no Bad Guys are hit. Unfortunately, the Troubleshooters can't say the same for themselves. If anybody tries to get out onto the catwalk to grab the Orb, let one or two get close enough to Pseud-O-POD to make a try. As they approach him, they will undoubtedly attempt to reduce Pseud-O-POD to a sizzling lump. What a dandy time for a weapon malfunction.

Pseud-O-POD either wounds the PCs with his slugthrower, causing them to tumble into the Mixing Bowl, or engages them in hand to hand combat, and flips them into the Bowl unharmed (so far).

Pseud-O then snaps the Orb fully shut,





I Tumble For You

It would be possible, I suppose, that a Troubleshooter could survive falling into the Mixing Bowl. Highly unlikely, though. Here are some possible occurrences, listed in decreasing order of probability:

1. With a loud PLOOP, the Troubleshooter disappears into the mixture! The mix gets a little lumpier.

2. The Troubleshooter splashes into the mixture, but manages not to go under right away. He makes a revolution or two around the Bowl, before getting sucked through the middle, between the two beaters (CHUNKA CHUNKA).

Prop Hint: Make up some tollhouse cookie batter. Add some food coloring to make it look kind of gray and unappetizing. Put your kitchen mixer in front of the PCs. Plug it in and turn it on. As the Mega-Mixer episode progresses, toss in candy bears, or those little yellow marshmallow bunnies you can buy at Easter-time. Punctuate this mirth with occasional cries of "Ooooooh Noooooo!"

3. The Troubleshooter lands on one of the beaters and manages to hold on for a short time, before getting torn to little bits.

4. The Troubleshooter manages to hold on to the edge of the Mixing Bowl, feet dangling in the mixture. Slowly, his grip weakens, and he is sucked in.

5. A freak wave bounces the Troubleshooter right back out of the Mixing Bowl, before the beaters pulverize him.

Do you sense a theme here?

For the results of falls from the Mega-Mixer, or from anything else, see the "Vehicular Accidents and Falling From Great Heights" table in your second edition *Paranoia* rule book.

clips a rope to the railing, and hops over the side. Landing lightly on the floor, he runs around the Mega-Mixer, away from any Troubleshooters in sight. Lobot-O-MEE, with the help of some of the other Baddies, pins down the Troubleshooters for the next few rounds. Then, one by one, the Bad Guys disappear inside the Mixer, with cries of "Save the Whales!!" Or something like that.

Encounter Six: And So it Goes

During the blasting, the Mega-Mixer is hit numerous times by wild shots. Lucky shows no signs of damage at first, but then starts to deteriorate rapidly. The rumble of the Mega-Mixer begins to change, as screeches and scraping noises start to be heard. Soon, rhythmic clanging noises start, and the Mega-Mixer starts to shake.

Just for fun, a round or two (cone rifle, slug, laser, whatever) should penetrate the Mixing Bowl, leaving large, gaping holes. The mixture then starts spraying out in circling streams as the Bowl turns. Just like those little whirlygig lawn sprinklers that used to be so popular. (Well, where I'm from, anyhow.) Mixture spraying on the floor will get the scrubots all excited and cause the prodbots to show up, hooting, hollering, and looking for the cause of all this commotion and production interruption.

Encounter Seven: Run Away!

As the Bad Guys retreat, obviously the Troubleshooters attempt to follow them. The Gumboots could be incredibly useful for getting down the outside of the Mega-mixer, except that they won't stick to the the Mixing Bowl. Besides, a clone slowly working his way down a vertical wall is a pretty easy target. Hmm.

The best plan is for the Troubleshooters to go back inside the Mega-Mixer and run down the stairs to floor level. Best for you, the Gamemaster, that is. For them, it's quite dangerous. The Bad Guys are taking potshots at them as they come around corners, causing even more damage to the Mega-Mixer. Walls are shaking, floors are pitching, electrical cables are shorting out, sending Blue sparks everywhere. (Think of the second to last scene in *Aliens*, or of

a typical day on the bridge of the *Enterprise*, or when you went to see *Earthquake* in one of those special theaters.) Don't forget to assign the Troubleshooters treason points for getting hit by showers of Blue sparks. Not to mention for allowing holes to be burned in their Computer-supplied clothing and equipment.

Encounter Eight: Sham-Kablam-a-Ding-Dong

Eventually, the remaining PCs will make it back to floor level. Read:

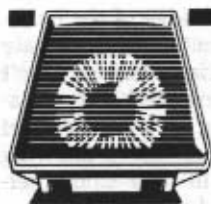
As you stumble out of the Mega-Mixer, you see the Bad Guys running out of one of the Mixing Room exits. The Mega-Mixer is rumbling much louder now, and high pitched squealing sounds are starting to come from overhead. The thrashing of the beaters inside the Bowl intensifies, and pieces of machinery start raining down around you. Smoke starts billowing from the doorways at the top of the Mixing Bowl, and the brilliant light of electrical short circuits flash from the lower doorways.

Oh, well. The only thing left to do is abandon ship. The prodbots are chasing around madly, looking for anyone who can be forced to take the blame for the loss of production which is now occurring.

Once the PCs are safely on their way to an exit (or sooner, if you need to spur them on), read:

The pitch of the noises coming from the Mega-Mixer increases suddenly, and the gigantic machine begins to shake wildly back and forth. As you reach the door, large chunks come crashing off the Mixer.

As you go through the door, a dull, rumbling boom shakes Alpha Complex as the Mega-Mixer goes ballistic. Small chunks of debris whistle past you in the passageway, followed by a rush of hot, acrid smelling air. As you look back, you see the grand daddy of sparks. It is huge, electric blue, arcing off the top of the remaining framework of the Mixer and into the ceiling. Oops.



Episode Three: The Toaster Tunnel

Summary

The Bad Guys are far enough ahead of the Troubleshooters that they have plenty of time at the Toaster Tunnel before the Troubleshooters arrive. They pour a large amount of the illegal substance Pop/R-CRN into the Tunnel, and start the mechanism

When the Troubleshooters arrive, chaos is already well under way. The prodbots have been told by AI-G that the Troubleshooters are being sent to restore production. The prodbots grab two or three of the Troubleshooters and force them to begin cleaning the Pop/R-CRN out of the Toaster Tunnel. The other Troubleshooters are put to work rounding up Infrareads and picking up the Yellow stuff. Somehow, during the chaos, the Tunnel is switched on again, and the Troubleshooters have about seven nanoseconds to get out. The slow ones sizzle slightly.

Background

The Computer is far from pleased with the progress of Task Force 42 so far. Disturbing reports of a minor difficulty with the Mega-Mixer have been filtering in, although no two reports seem to be the same. Now, reports have started to come in of a slight malfunction at the Toaster Tunnel. This is particularly annoying, because the Troubleshooters should have already arrived at the Toaster Tunnel, and solved any problems there. At least, according to their Mission Schedule and Itinerary.

The Computer is unaware that AI-G-FUD forgot to give them a copy of the itinerary. So is AI-G, although it won't matter in the long run, since the Troubleshooters will still be responsible for meeting the schedule, even if they never saw it. And who's going to believe a bunch of lousy Troubleshooters, come the Debriefing?

Redenbach-R-POP-1

Redenbach-R-POP has pulled a stunt he's been longing to perpetrate for quite some time. Pseud-O-POD agreed to let him dump lots and lots of Pop/R-CRN in the Toaster Tunnel. What, you may ask, is Pop/R-CRN? Well, Pop/R-CRN comes

in the form of small kernels that explode when heated, with a violent snapping sound. The residue is Yellow and somewhat fluffy. It also tastes quite good. Redenbach-R has correctly identified Pop/R-CRN as a popular Old Reckoning substance. Although he is a Romantic and has access to a fair amount of Old Reckoning lore, he still doesn't know what Pop/R-CRN was popular for.

Pseud-O-POD figures that this is an unlikely way to make Alpha Complex a better place, but he does like to keep his henchmen happy, and every little bit of mayhem and confusion helps. He also figures that a minor diversion could be useful in a pinch (of salt and a little melted butter).

Redenbach-R snuffles a lot and shuffles his feet. He has a rather beaky nose and tends to peer over it with a squint, as if he needs glasses. He doesn't, really, but he thinks it makes him look rather intellectual. It doesn't. Actually, it makes him look kinda dumb, which he is.

Redenbach-R-POP-1

Mutation: Matter Eater

Weapons:

Slugthrower (7P) 5

Cone Rifle (10P) 2

Armor: Red reflex (1.4)

Tactics: Spatters immediate area with a rain of shells. Misses a lot, but causes a lot of damage to local machinery.

The Light at the End....

The Troubleshooters are on to area number two, the Toaster Tunnel. If you're running the freewheeling version of the adventure, they may not be chasing anyone at the start of this episode. That's okay. They will soon enough.

Encounter One: Let's Go to the Pop

After the Troubleshooters have left the dying Mega-Mixer and entered the tunnel to the Toaster, read:

As you round the curving corridor that is supposed to lead you to the Toaster Tunnel, you come upon the

bodies of six dead clones. They are of varying security levels, but they all have identical faces. They are armed with laser pistols, and from the position of the bodies, they have apparently lasered each other. But you don't stop to investigate because some kind of a commotion seems to be occurring somewhere ahead of you.

You are beginning to catch new, faint smells in the air. The sound of running feet can be heard. Suddenly, the footsteps sound louder and nearer. Several Infrared workers come running around the corner, yelling wildly and carrying a large bucket full of some fluffy, Yellow stuff.

The Yellow stuff is streaming out of the bucket, and other Infrareads are trying to catch it and stuff some of it into their mouths.

At this point, particularly twitchy Troubleshooters may have lasered a couple of the Infrareads, thinking that they were Bad Guys, attacking. Oops, they're not, and Troubleshooters who shot too fast have gained some much needed treason points. If the Troubleshooters are dullwitted and slow to react, the Infrareads race by without even noticing them. They leave a trail of strange Yellow stuff behind them, though. Continue:

The trail of Yellow stuff leads in the direction of the Toaster Tunnel. As you hurry along the corridor, lasers handy, you notice that the Yellow stuff has a distinctive smell and crunches underfoot. The noise ahead, meanwhile, is getting louder and louder. It almost sounds like automatic weapons fire.

Hopefully the Troubleshooters have gotten quite nervous, ready for an all-out fire-fight when they get to the Tunnel. What they'll really encounter is total chaos.

The Traitorous Saboteur Scum have dumped an enormous amount of Pop/R-CRN into the Toaster Tunnel, and set the heat controls on Extra Super High. The rattling roar that the Troubleshooters hear is the sound of roughly 16,000 kernels of popcorn popping every seven seconds. How many kernels is that per minute? You figure it out, if you want to know so badly.

The Infrareads who just came racing up

the passageway with a bucket of popcorn were supposed to be manning the Toaster Tunnel. They got a little excited over all that tasty corn, and took off in a frenzy. None of the other workers at the Toaster Tunnel ran away, but they are definitely all agog, agape, and aglut. That wouldn't be so bad, except that production has come screeching (and popping) to a halt at the Tunnel, and the prodbots are in a tizzy. That's very bad, because now the Troubleshooters are going to have to pacify the prodbots, as well as chase after the Evil Rotten Perpetrators.

Not to mention the trouble our Troubleshooters are going to have with the inevitable scrubots, who can't properly handle an absorbent material like Pop/R-CRN. It's jamming them all up inside, and they're going to have to report back to Bot Repair Central for cleaning. They're also getting all cranky and out of sorts. There's nothing worse than a scrubot in need of a laxative, unless it's ... well, you'll see.

Encounter Two: What Is, and What Should Never Be

When the PCs enter the Toaster Tunnel itself, read:

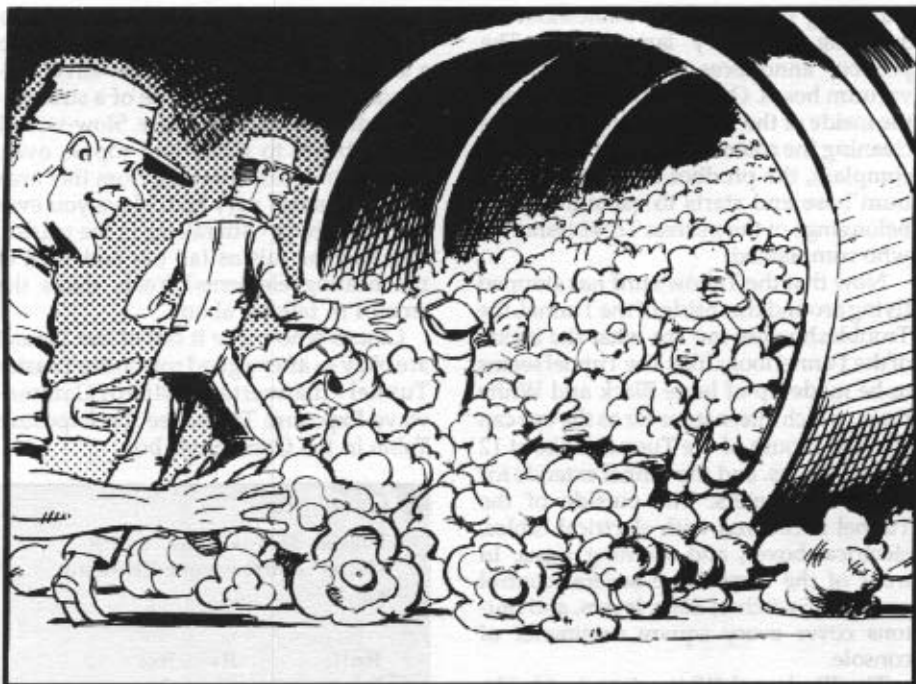
The noise coming down the corridor is getting extremely loud, and the strange Yellow stuff is getting thicker underfoot. To your surprise, the Yellow stuff is flying at you as you round what should be the last corner before your destination.

Sure enough, here it is. A long, narrow room with a large, cylindrical machine running along the center. The noise, which sounded like weapon fire, is coming from the Toaster Tunnel itself as that funny Yellow stuff comes spewing forth. The smell of the Yellow stuff is overpowering. A few scrubots are plowing through the Yellow mess, with bits of it stuck to them. They don't seem to be doing a very good job of cleaning.

As a matter of fact, they aren't cleaning at all. These scrubots are really angry, and would love to get their cleansing attachments on the clones who caused the uproar. If a Troubleshooter laughs or otherwise draws attention to himself, he's likely to get the Hygiene Inspection of his (soon-to-be-shortened) life.

The scrubots aren't the only bots who have it in for clones in general. The prodbots are fuming about the production setback caused by this situation, and want a scapegoat as soon as possible. Enter the Troubleshooters.

The prodbots confront them, demanding to know who's in charge. After a response by the Team Leader, or by anyone



A devastating Old-Reckoning weapon

else, the prodbot starts in on the Troubleshooters. The prodbot wants to know who caused this mess, what the Yellow stuff is, and how to clean it up. The bot also wants to know why all the Red Troubleshooters are standing knee-deep in a Yellow substance, and why they are permitting Infrared workers to touch the stuff.

Typical Exchange Between Prodbot and Team Leader:

Prodbot: What is the meaning of this?
Team Leader: Well, uh, gee, I dunno, I just got here, and...

Prodbot: According to the information provided to me by The Computer — so don't you dare say I'm wrong — you are late.

Team Leader: Late? How could we be late? All we were supposed to do was —

Prodbot: Stop sniveling, Troubleshooter scum! Are you saying that The Computer is in error? To doubt The Computer is treason!

Team Leader: Uh, no, no, not me, no, uh-uh, I would never doubt The Computer, no I wouldn't—

Prodbot: Silence! Identify this substance! (It scoops up an appendage-full of the Yellow stuff and waves it under the Team Leader's nose.)

Team Leader: Uh, well, you see I'm not sure, I mean I've never seen it before—

Prodbot: Stop your whining! I don't want excuses, I want results! The Computer told me that Task Force 42 was made up of experts who would handle any problem. Are you saying that The Computer was in

error?

Team Leader: Oh, no, no, not me! Of course I would never—

Prodbot: Then how do you clean it up?

Team Leader: (He turns, with a relieved look on his face.) Chief Cook and Bottle Washer! Front and center! (He waits a moment, then is hit with a sinking feeling.) But I am the Chief Cook and Bottle Washer! I'm so confused.

Prodbot: Why are you standing knee-deep in a Yellow substance?

If the Troubleshooters survive their initial encounter with the prodbot, they are lucky. It's unlikely that this will happen again. In any event, it's time for the Troubleshooters to start restoring production.

The prodbot was told that the Troubleshooters have been sent to get things rolling again, and it won't listen to any whiny protestations like "Well, gee, we'd really love to stay and help, but we've got some Bad Guys to go kill..." The first three Troubleshooters who came in the door (or the three who are closest to the prodbot, or the three who look happiest) are ordered to begin cleaning up the Yellow substance and rounding up Infrareds. The rest of the Troubleshooters are told to enter the Toaster Tunnel and begin cleaning in there (the prodbot graciously agrees to turn the heat off first).

Encounter Three: Jimm-Y Cracks Corn, and I Don't Care

Another prodbot comes trundling and

crunching over to the Troubleshooters, dragging two very large hoses. The prodbot announces that the hoses are vacuum hoses. One is to be used to clean the inside of the Tunnel; one is to be used cleaning the room. If the Troubleshooters complain, the prodbot turns on the vacuum hose and starts to vacuum up the belongings of the nearest Troubleshooter who complained.

Now that the Yellow stuff has stopped flying around the inside of the Tunnel, the Troubleshooters can see what the inside of the Tunnel looks like. The Tunnel seems to be made up of large Black and White rings, which alternate as far as the eye can see. The mouth of the Tunnel is about 12 meters across, and the tunnel extends for about 300 meters. The outside of the Tunnel is covered with electrical cables, electrical boxes, and warning signs. In front of the Tunnel are several control consoles. Switches, dials, levers, and buttons cover every square centimeter of console.

The Black and White rings inside the Tunnel pose a problem for the Troubleshooters. They have to walk on every other ring, because they aren't allowed to touch the White ones. And remember, they aren't supposed to touch the Yellow stuff.

After they figure out how to navigate in there, the Troubleshooters inside the Toaster Tunnel work their way farther in, their vacuum hose dragging back and forth across everything. During one particularly energetic sweep, the hose bumps into the Master Toaster Power Control Panel. Switches and buttons are inadvertently flipped, clicked, and reset by the hose, without apparent effect. Until, that is, the Power Level Control switch is accidentally flipped back on. When this happens, read:

The Troubleshooters in the Tunnel begin to notice that it is getting very warm, all of a sudden, and that the lights have gotten dim. Then they notice that the popping noise they could hear before is starting again, and the Yellow stuff is starting to spray through the air all around them.

Quick-witted Troubleshooters who immediately realize what's going on have a slight chance of getting out alive. Depending upon the outcome of a straight-up endurance roll, of course. Slow-witted clones begin to sizzle and topple over. The Yellow stuff spraying from that area begins to smell very bad. Have you ever put something with raisins in the toaster, and had the raisins fall out and stick to the heating elements? Yeah, that's the smell I'm talking about.

Clones who make it out of the Tunnel are okay — after a good roll on the Toaster Tunnel Inadvertent Micro/Gamma-wave Exposure Table. See the Exposure Table in the Game Stuff box.

Game Stuff

Toaster Tunnel Inadvertent Micro/Gamma-wave Exposure Table

| Roll: | Results: |
|-------|-----------------|
| 1-3 | Singed |
| 4-6 | Peeling |
| 7-9 | Blackened |
| 10-12 | Charred |
| 13-15 | Smoking |
| 16-18 | Crunchy |
| 19-20 | Clone activated |

Prop Hint: Put some raisin bread in your toaster and let it toast way too long. The obnoxious stench that results will give the PCs the unforgettable feeling of "Being There."

Sooner or later, somebody turns the Toaster Tunnel off. The prodbots are even more worked up than they were before because the mess in the Toaster Tunnel is much worse now. The newly activated clones show up quickly and are forced to take over cleaning operations.

Encounter Four: A Laugh a Minute

A crowd of gawking Infrareds has gathered, some of whom are snagging Yellow

stuff off the floor and eating it. Tell the PCS that one of the Infrareds is giggling at them.

At first, the beleaguered PCs may be a little irritated that some lowly clone is laughing at them. If anyone asks, the Infrared does look a little familiar.

If you have character playing Sode-R-POP, he remembers the Infrared — it's actually a Red clearance clone from Sode-R's home sector, POP. His name is Redenbach-R-POP, and he is suspected of being a Lovin' Vattful and of having a great interest in Old Reckoning foods.

If the Sode-R character isn't being used or doesn't notice, Redenbach-R finishes laughing and turns and hurries away.

If any PCs react loudly and/or violently, Redenbach-R hoses down the area with his prized Old Reckoning Tokarev slugthrower, and races away through the Yellow stuff. The Troubleshooters are unable to break through the surrounding crowd in time, and Red disappears into the distance.

Encounter Five: Nose to the Mill

While all this is going on, The Computer gets word that some kind of disturbance has occurred at the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill. An announcement to the Troubleshooters is issued instantaneously, and the lucky clones are off to get run through the Mill. What they don't realize is that the disturbance actually has nothing to do with the Bad Guys. However, as luck would have it, the Bad Guys are there also. Imagine that! Good luck in Paranoia! What is Alpha Complex coming to? Read:

In the midst of the cleanup, an alarm starts blaring in the room. "Attention, Troubleshooters! This is no drill! A disturbance has been reported in the area of the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill. Investigate immediately. Report your findings to The Computer. Do Not Delay!!"

All questioning by The Computer ceases at this point, and the prodbots clear the way to the exit. The Troubleshooters are off!

PC# 1: Floyd-R-PNK-1**Secret Society:** Mystics**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Mechanical Intuition, X-Ray Vision

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 9 | Damage Bonus | 0 |
| | | Carrying Cap. | 25 |
| Endurance | 14 | Macho Bonus | 0 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 4 | | 1 |
| Chutzpah | 4 | | 1 |
| Dexterity | 9 | | 2 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 20 | | 5 |
| Moxie | 5 | | 1 |
| Power | 5 | | |

Background: Ever since Way Back When, you've loved tinkering with gadgets. Your work in Tech Services is ideal for you. You can't stand physical activity of any kind, and hate dealing with other people. While most TechServ personnel will sieze any excuse to avoid doing actual work, you'd rather be knee-deep in bot or machine parts than anything. You've always had a knack for fixing gizmos, and assembling complicated mechanisms without instructions.

"Hi, guys. Whatsa matter? Machine unplugged again?"

"Yeah, well, could be, Floyd. Look, while you're here, could you take a look at this Matter Collimator for a second? It kinda ain't working, and we're due for a surprise inspection kinda soon..."

"Sure, sure, let's see. . . what's wrong here. . . hey, here we go. . . why in the heck do you guys always put your RF op amps in backwards? There you go. Better than new, I bet."

It wasn't until other TechServ types began eyeing you suspiciously that it occured to you that you might have another mutant power. You always attributed the ease with which you fixed things to your X-Ray vision alone, which you *knew* was a mutation. You've never told anybody about your

powers, but IntSec seems to be very interested in you. It's probably no coincidence that you were chosen for this Troubleshooter mission. These boys want your skin.

Personal Slogan: Ticking away the moments that make up a dull daycycle

Favorite Food: Cold Fun Float, made with Bouncy Bubble Beverage

Treasonous Possessions: One complete set of Old Reckoning magnetic screwdrivers, engraved with the name of the mythological patron saint of TechServ, "Craftsman."

Current Secret Society Mission: Fellow Mystics report that your Task Force is being sent to the Food Vats. Supposedly a plot is afoot to dump a new Mind-Altering Substance into the Vats. Why not snag some for yourself? Be sure to save some for the other Mystics. This could be it, the final frontier. Reality, what a concept!

PC# 2: Pie-R-SQR-1**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Mental Blast

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 10 | Damage Bonus | 0 |
| | | Carrying Cap. | 25 |
| Endurance | 12 | Macho Bonus | 0 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 12 | | 3 |
| Chutzpah | 8 | | 2 |
| Dexterity | 9 | | 2 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 7 | | 2 |
| Moxie | 11 | | 3 |
| Power | 9 | | |

Background: For as long as you can remember, other clones have called you dull and boring. This has never really bothered you, because they're right.

"Hey, Pie-R! Who's your favorite Vidstar?"

"Huh?"

However, this reputation does have its advantages. You have always been able to stand around other clones and not be noticed. Others tend to treat you as some kind of appliance. As a result, you often picked up useful information that somebody shouldn't have mentioned. You have always used your information for personal gain, but things really got going when you became a Free Enterpriser. Now you're able to barter your information for all sorts of illicit goodies and favors.

Every once in a while, some clone objects to your use of adverse information, and you are forced to quietly terminate him. The only reason this bothers you is the potential inconvenience if you are caught.

The recent reassignment to Troubleshooting should yield some good opportunities for gain and profit. You fully intend to add anything that isn't nailed down to start your private stash of valuable items.

Personal Slogan: Don't panic!

Favorite Food: Crunchetyyme Chips Dipped in Hot Fun.

Treasonous Possessions: None, sold them all.

Current Secret Society Mission: As usual, this Troubleshooting mission has great financial opportunities (if you can stay alive long enough to realize them). Society rumors indicate that several Old Reckoning artifacts may turn up on this mission. They're of no interest to you, but they ought to fetch a good price. Snag 'em, and hand 'em off to a society contact (codeword: Kneebite-R).

PC# 3: Sode-R-POP-1**Secret Society:** Illuminati**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Hypersenses

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 11 | Damage Bonus | 0 |
| | | Carrying Cap. | 25 |
| Endurance | 10 | Macho Bonus | 1 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 12 | | 3 |
| Chutzpah | 16 | | 4 |
| Dexterity | 8 | | 2 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 7 | | 2 |
| Moxie | 8 | | 2 |
| Power | 10 | | |

Background: "Hey, uh, Sode-R, this Self-Cleaning Algae Chip tenderizer you sold me doesn't quite work the way you said it would."

"Got a problem with that?"

"Well, yeah, I do. I mean —"

"Shaddap, twerp, before I use that tenderizer on your forehead. There's nothing wrong with that thing, you just don't know how to operate it right. Now get outta here, before I have to make such a major readjustment to your face that even you won't recognize yourself."

Nothing fun quite matches suckering another clone, as far as you're concerned. Separating a fool and his plasticreds has got to be the best thing you have ever thought of to do. Except maybe intimidating other clones with some kind of nasty information you've dredged up somewhere. Nothing wrong with a little false information, either. As long as you can get something on some poor slob, it doesn't really matter how.

Your great dream is to someday blackmail an entire secret society. You're not quite sure how this could be done, but there's got to be a way. Imagine being able to manipulate a secret society at will! Do this, do that. No questions, get on with it! Wow, would that be great. Since joining the Illuminati, you have

honed your manipulative skills considerably. Hopefully, this Troubleshooting mission will give you the opportunity to really push people around.

Personal Slogan: Wouldn't you like to be a Pep-R too?

Favorite Food: Bouncy Bubble Beverage, oddly enough.

Treasonous Possessions: None.

Current Secret Society Mission: Rumors abound that a Secret Society has produced a mysterious treasonous substance. Reports indicate that this substance is to be introduced into the food supply. Obtain the substance. Use it to control others. Provide it to your superiors. Do not fail.

PC# 1: Floyd-R-PNK-1

Service Group: Technical Services

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills
 Agility Skill Base _____ 1
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 1
 Bootlicking _____ 6
 Spurious Logic _____ 5
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 7
 Vehicle Field Weapons _____ 9
 Vehicle Aimed Weapons _____ 8

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 5
 Bot Ops. & Maintenance _____ 9
Moxie Skill Base _____ 1
 Mech. & Elec. Engineering _____ 6

Personal Equipment
 Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|
| Laser Pistol | 7 | L | 8 | 50 | N |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

Damage Status
 Credits 120

Armor Rating
 Red Reflex 14

PC# 2: Pie-R-SQR-1

Service Group: CPU

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills
 Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2
 Forgery _____ 5
 Intimidation _____ 4
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 7
 Field Weapons _____ 6
 Projectile Weapons _____ 5

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Vehicle Ops. & Maintenance _____ 4
Moxie Skill Base _____ 3
 Surveillance _____ 4

Personal Equipment
 Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|
| Laser Pistol | 7 | L | 8 | 50 | N |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

Damage Status
 Credits 120

Armor Rating
 Red Reflex 14

PC# 3: Sode-R-POP-1

Service Group: IntSec

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills
 Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 4
 Con _____ 5
 Psychescan _____ 6
 Intimidation _____ 5
 Oratory _____ 4
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 7
 Energy Weapons _____ 4
 Projectile Weapons _____ 5

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
Moxie Skill Base _____ 2

Personal Equipment
 Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|
| Laser Pistol | 7 | L | 8 | 50 | N |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

Damage Status
 Credits 120

Armor Rating
 Red Reflex 14

:MISSION ALERT
 :Reference MSAFV 4.2.3.1
 :Task Force 42

*******MISSION ALERT*******

:ATTENTION LOYAL
 TROUBLESHOOTERS! REPORT
 IMMEDIATELY TO ROOM 23/SKD-U,
 R&D, FOR TEST DEVICE OUTFITTING.
 THEN PROCEED TO ROOM OIC-U8/
 12, PLC, FOR MISSION EQUIPMENT
 OUTFITTING. THEN PROCEED TO
 MISSION BRIEFING ROOM 2pr-CNT/
 LO.FAT FOR MISSION BRIEFING.
 COMPLY IMMEDIATELY. THIS ALERT
 WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 12
 SECONDS.

:MISSION ALERT
 :Reference MSAFV 4.2.3.1
 :Task Force 42

*******MISSION ALERT*******

:ATTENTION LOYAL
 TROUBLESHOOTERS! REPORT
 IMMEDIATELY TO ROOM 23/SKD-U,
 R&D, FOR TEST DEVICE OUTFITTING.
 THEN PROCEED TO ROOM OIC-U8/
 12, PLC, FOR MISSION EQUIPMENT
 OUTFITTING. THEN PROCEED TO
 MISSION BRIEFING ROOM 2pr-CNT/
 LO.FAT FOR MISSION BRIEFING.
 COMPLY IMMEDIATELY. THIS ALERT
 WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 12
 SECONDS.

:EQUIPMENT LIST
 :Reference MSAFV 2032/1
 :Task Force 42

- 4 LASER RIFLES
- 615 RED LASER BARRELS
- 7 FLASHLIGHTS
- 1 TUBE GREEN PUTTY
- 1 PHILLIPS HEAD SCREWDRIVER
- 1 EXTRA-GUMMY ERASER
- 1 CONE RIFLE
- 1 CRATE CONE RIFLE SHELLS (AP)
48 CT.
- 6 ENVIRONMENT SUITS
- 12 BREATH CANNISTERS FOR SUITS
- 400 CADMIUM-PLATED CAP
SCREWS
- 17 RUBBER GLOVES (LEFT)
- 7 PACKAGES, FREEZE-DRIED COLD
FUN
- 5 GLARE SHIELDS
- 1 PAIR NOSE PLUGS
- 1 COIL NYL-0-FLX ROPE (200 M)
- 1 HACKSAW
- 1 CASE GRENADES(HE) 36 CT.
- 1 FLYSWATTER
- 1 SET WHITWORTH WRENCHES

Fale-Y Mill

Mega Mixer

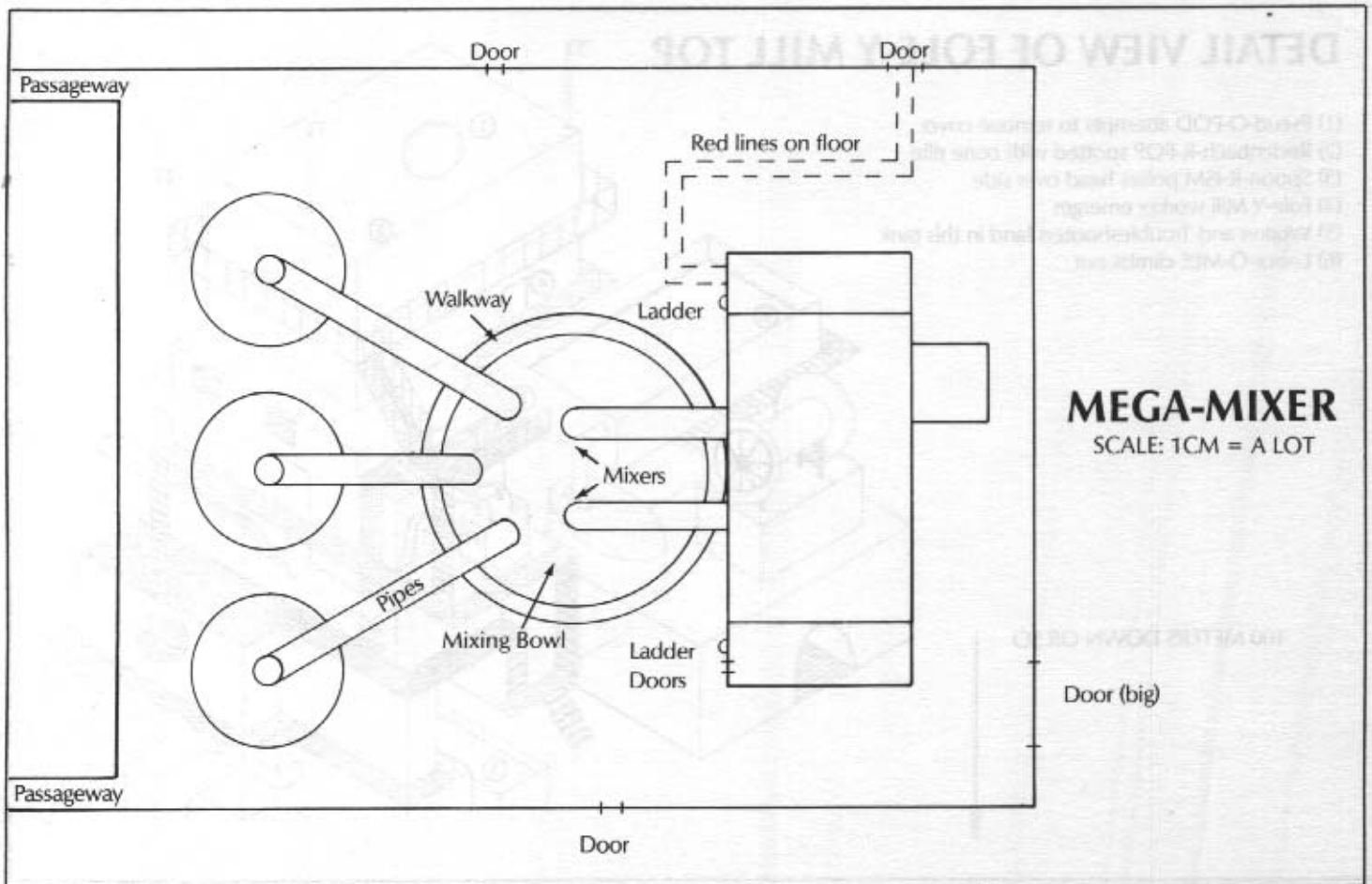
Toaster Tunnel

~~Bouncy Bubble Beverage~~

~~Bouncy Bubble Beverage~~

~~Bouncy Bubble Beverage~~

Vats



Test Equipment Sign-Out Sheet and Destruction Tally

The undersigned hereby certifies to The Computer that he/she/it will return the equipment for which he/she/it signed, in as good or better condition than the condition in which it was received. Failure to comply with this requirement will result in Instantaneous Remote Termination.

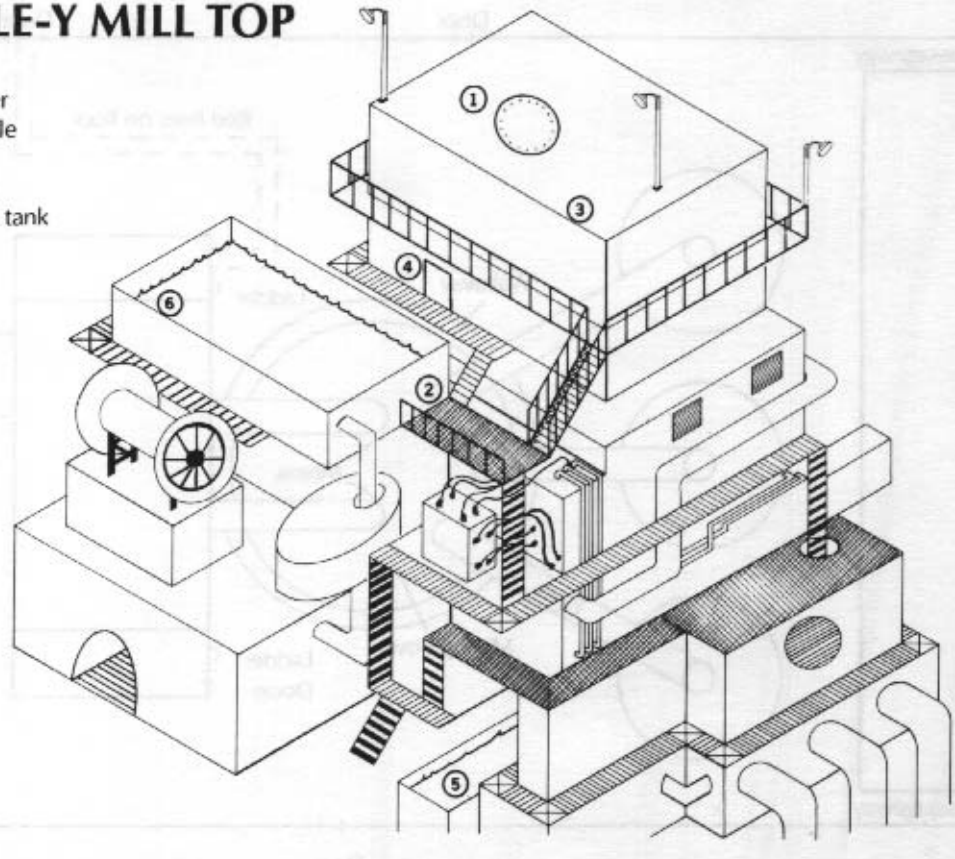
| RECEIVED | CONDITION (SIGN IN THIS COLUMN) | RETURNED |
|------------|------------------------------------|---------------|
| MPAW&SP | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| ICU W/ RKP | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| EIRD | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| EIRD | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| Gumboots | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| BOSHHFFG | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| UDDER | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |
| TGL | _____ | Y N BTNEG FPU |

Code Key: BTN Better Than New
 E Excellent
 G Good
 F Fair
 P Poor
 U Unused

Note: All entries requiring single letter codes are grounds for severe disciplinary action, up to and including termination. Failure to test the function of a piece of equipment provided by R&D, as indicated by a U code, is treason.

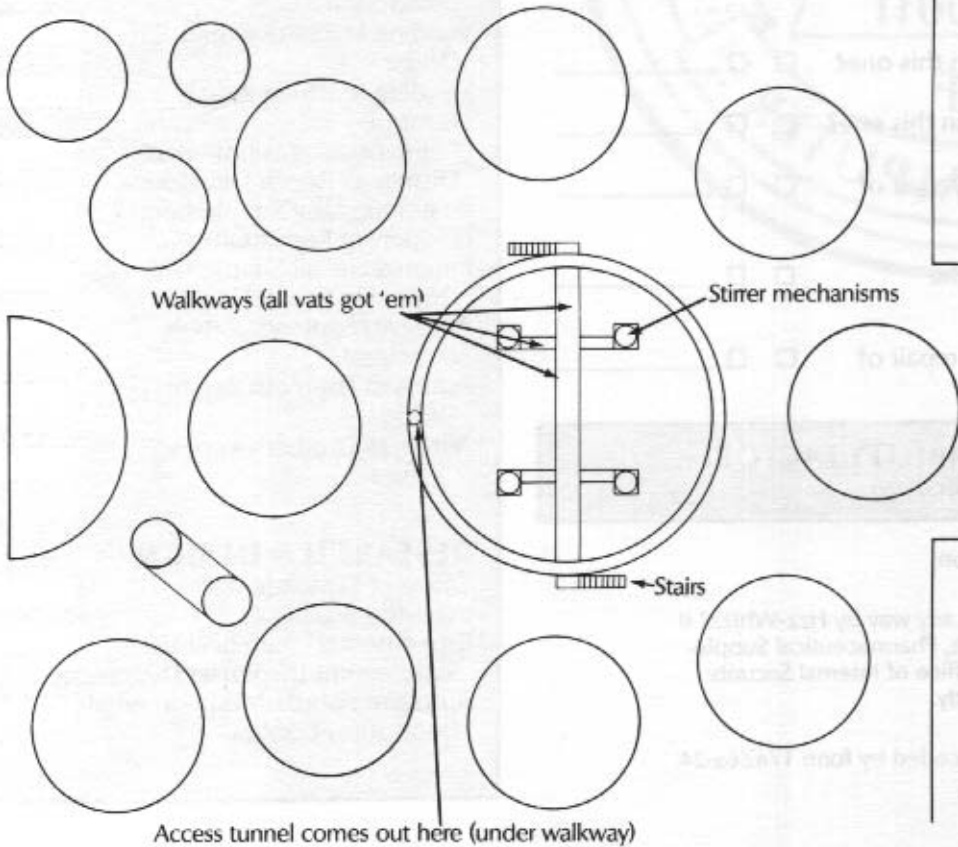
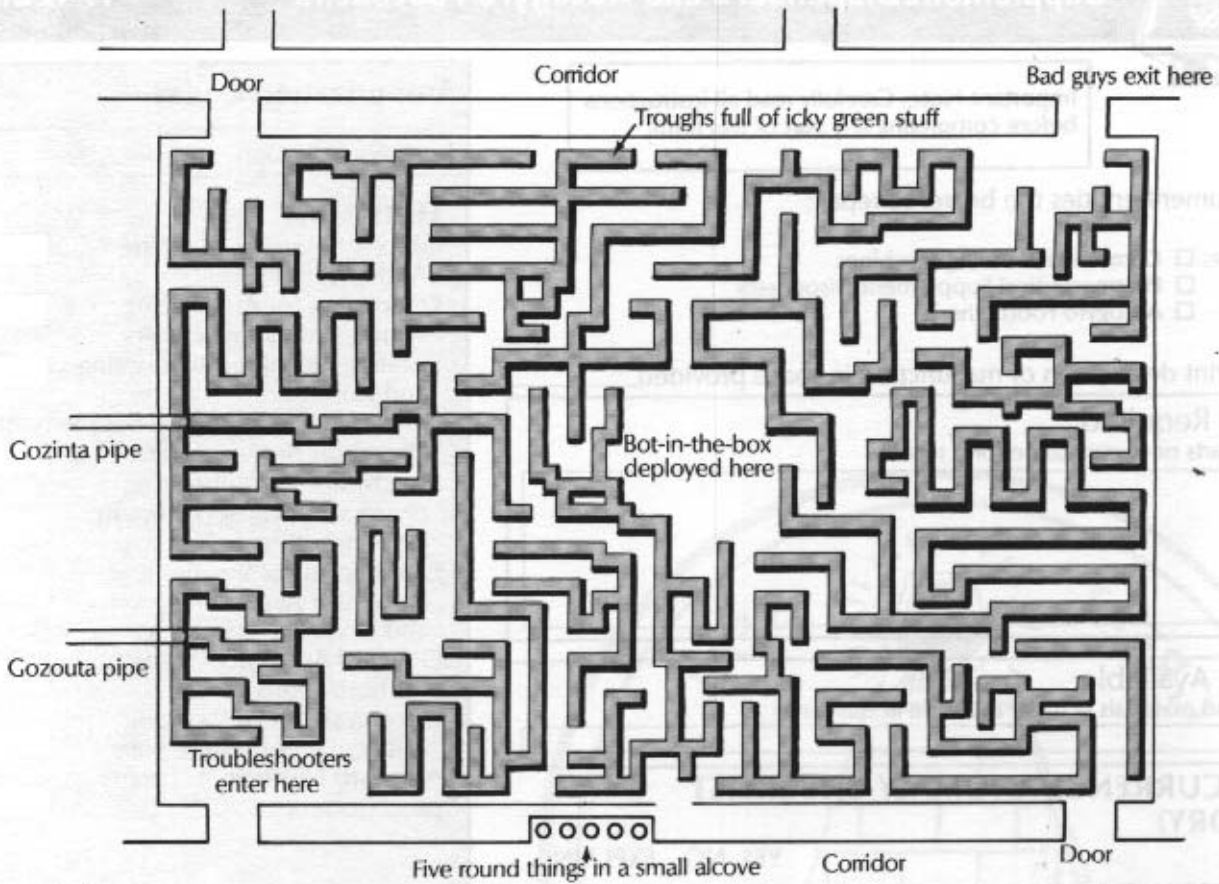
DETAIL VIEW OF FOLE-Y MILL TOP

- (1) Pseud-O-POD attempts to remove cover
- (2) Redenbach-R-POP spotted with cone rifle
- (3) Spoon-R-ISM pokes head over side
- (4) Fole-Y Mill worker emerges
- (5) Worker and Troubleshooters land in this tank
- (6) Lobot-O-MEE climbs out




100 METERS DOWN OR SO

The Trough Room



MAIN VATS
Scale: 1 cm = a lot

Approximate person size 



Authorization to Repair Communal Vending Machines, Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispensers and Autogyro Footbaths 174Z6a-23

Important Note: Carefully read all instructions before completing any part of this form.

■ This document entitles the bearer to repair:

- Check one: Communal Vending Machines
 Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispensers
 Autogyro Footbaths

■ Neatly print description of malfunction in space provided

Spare Parts Required:

List all spare parts necessary to perform repair:

Spare Parts Available:

List all parts and materials actually available at this time:

REPAIR RECURRENCE ANOMALY CHECKLIST (MANDATORY)

| | YES | NO | EXPLAIN |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|---------|
| 1. Has this machine required repair previously? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 2. Is the next nearest machine of the same type within 200 meters? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 3. Are neighboring machines taller than this one? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 4. Are neighboring machines wider than this one? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 5. Is your clearance sufficient to allow repair of this machine? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 6. Are you in any way responsible for the malfunction described above? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| 7. Has this form been used to request repair of this machine previously? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |

REPAIR LIKELIHOOD PROBABILITY FACTOR: _____

(This factor assigned by The Computer only)

■ Important Supplementary Information:

Has this installation been contaminated in any way by Fizz-Whizz? If so, notify the Communal Vending Machine, Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser and Autogyro Footbath Office of Internal Security immediately. You will be interviewed shortly.

Important Note: This form has been superceded by form 174Z6a-24, and is now obsolete.

Authorization Codes

For Official Use Only

HPD & MC

- Office of Vending Machine Authorizations
- Directorate for Authorizing Vending Machine Repairs
- Vending Machines Accounting and Control
- Office of Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Authorizations
- Directorate for Authorizing Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Repairs
- Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Accounting and Control
- Office of Autogyro Footbath Authorizations
- Directorate for Authorizing Autogyro Footbath Repairs
- Autogyro Footbath Accounting and Control

TECHNICAL SERVICES

- Vending Machine Repair Directorate
- Vending Machine Repair Office
- Vending Machine Repair Control
- Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Repair Directorate
- Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Repair Office
- Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Repair Control
- Autogyro Footbath Repair Directorate
- Autogyro Footbath Repair Office
- Autogyro Footbath Repair Control

RESEARCH & DESIGN

- Office of Experimental Vending Machines
- Experimental Pharmaceutical Supplement Dispenser Directorate
- Autogyro Footbath Experimental Installation Control

PC# 4: Tate-R-TOT-2

Service Group: Armed Forces

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2
 Spurious Logic _____ 5
 Con _____ 3
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 6
 Projectile Weapons _____ 5
 Primitive Missile Weapons _____ 3

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Demolition _____ 7
 Chemical _____ 3

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? | Damage Status | Credits |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|---------------|---------|
| Laser Pistol | 6 | L | 8 | 50 | N | | 120 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

Armor **Rating**
 Red Reflex L4

PC# 5: Tube-R-OOT-1

Service Group: HPD & MC

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2
 Boot Licking _____ 6
 Forgery _____ 2
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 8
 Projectile Weapons _____ 4

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Habitat Engineering _____ 4
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Biochemical Therapy _____ 6
 Old Reckoning Culture _____ 2

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? | Damage Status | Credits |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|---------------|---------|
| Laser Pistol | 8 | L | 8 | 50 | N | | 120 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

Armor **Rating**
 Red Reflex L4

PC# 6: Jit-R-BUG-2

Service Group: R&D

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 4
 Fast Talk _____ 3
 Motivation _____ 4
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 7
 Projectile Weapons _____ 5
 Energy Weapons _____ 6

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 3
 Bot Ops. & Maintenance _____ 4
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Stealth _____ 3

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
 Red reflex
 Laser pistol
 Notebook and stylus
 Knife
 Utility Belt

| Weapon | Skill Number | Type | Damage Rating | Range | Experimental? | Damage Status | Credits |
|--------------|--------------|------|---------------|-------|---------------|---------------|---------|
| Laser Pistol | 7 | L | 8 | 50 | N | | 120 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

Armor **Rating**
 Red Reflex L4

PC# 4: Tate-RTOT-2**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers
Secret Society Rank: 1**Mutant Power(s):**
Pyrokinesis

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 16 | Damage Bonus | 1 |
| Endurance | 19 | Carrying Cap. | 40 |
| | | Macho Bonus | 2 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 12 | | 3 |
| Chutzpah | 8 | | 2 |
| Dexterity | 9 | | 2 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 9 | | 2 |
| Moxie | 8 | | 2 |
| Power | 14 | | |

Background: KABOOM!!

The sound is pure bliss, as the concussion wave hits you with a thump that warms you to the core. Small pieces begin to rain to the ground with a delectable pitter-patter. Then the large chunks start to come down, shaking the ground anew. Yet another successful test firing of a new explosive device. And another innocent testbot is scattered about a hundred square meter area. It doesn't get any better than this.

Fellow Armed Forces personnel can't understand how you get such spectacular results from mundane, everydaycycle ultra-explosives. You tell them it's all in the wrist. But you know that your mutation is the real key. You've probably destroyed more Computer property than any six random clones combined. The feeling you get when a complex peice of machinery goes up is just inconceivable.

Joining the Armed Forces allowed you to really do a number on those nasty mechanisms. Your fellow service groupers are impressed. Good thing the Armed Forces haven't connected the sudden rash of inadvertant detonations to you. Yet.

You figure that the best machine is one which is scattered all over Alpha Complex in small

smoking bits You sure hope you don't get caught annihilating another Bouncy Bubble Beverage Vending machine, but it's so much fun that it just doesn't matter.

Too bad your brain wouldn't measure on the IQ machine. You had to blow that one up also.

Personal Slogan: What's that?**Favorite Food:** Dr. Gizm-O's Real Downhome Process SyntheCheez Balls.**Treasonous Possessions:** None.**Current Secret Society Mission:** Your Troubleshooting team is going to be sent to the Food Vats for a drill of some kind. The Food Vats are known to be a haven for enormous numbers of enormous machines. To greatly improve your standing, destroy three or four of these. Try not to get caught.**PC# 5: Tube-R-OOT-1****Secret Society:** Romantics
Secret Society Rank: 1**Mutant Power(s):**
Electroshock, Energy Field

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 9 | Damage Bonus | 0 |
| Endurance | 11 | Carrying Cap. | 25 |
| | | Macho Bonus | 0 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 12 | | 3 |
| Chutzpah | 8 | | 2 |
| Dexterity | 8 | | 2 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 8 | | 2 |
| Moxie | 8 | | 2 |
| Power | 15 | | |

Background: "Hey, Tube-R! What the heck do you think you're doing? You're supposed to be processing these forms through. Now! Not later! We can't wait forever for these things, you know! A 27b stroke 6 is a very important form. Get with the Program!"

Back in the Good Old Days, things weren't like this. Nobody telling you what to do. No rules. No security clearances. A Pork Chop in every Garage. But now yo've got to deal with these annoying, nagging bot-brains in HPD. If only you could get back to when life was good, and people listened to music all the time.

You love music, and wish you could have been one of those fabled Old Reckoning musicians. In fact, you're so busy fantasizing about music all the time that your superiors were beginning to consider you for an Attitude Adjustment Treatment. They even had you lined up for a new special operation, the first of its kind. That would have been cool.

Too bad you got put on this Troubleshooter gig. But then, it might be fun, and you could find some Old reckoning stuff if you were wicked lucky. maybe even a Fend-R Strat-O-Caster, whatever that is.

Personal Slogan: You ain't nothin' but a Hound-dog-R!**Favorite Food:** You're not sure, but you often dream of long, thin orange things, with a little bit of green at the top.**Treasonous Possessions:** A small, triangular bit of mottled plastic which you believed once belonged to to the famous traitor Git-R-PIK.**Current Secret Society Mission:** Someone in the high levels of your Secret Society is planning something in the Food Vats. This activity is both highly secret and highly treasonous. When you see indisputable signs that a Romantic is in trouble, help him. If you are caught, however, expect termination.**PC# 6: Jit-R-BUG-2****Secret Society:** FCCCP
Secret Society Rank: 2**Mutant Power(s):**
Machine Empathy

| Attributes | | Skill Bases/Bonuses | |
|-----------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Strength | 12 | Damage Bonus | 0 |
| Endurance | 9 | Carrying Cap. | 25 |
| | | Macho Bonus | 0 |
| | | Skill Bases | |
| Agility | 8 | | 2 |
| Chutzpah | 15 | | 4 |
| Dexterity | 12 | | 3 |
| Mechanical Apt. | 12 | | 3 |
| Moxie | 8 | | 2 |
| Power | 9 | | |

Background: "The Computer is your Friend."

For you, this is more than true. The Computer's wishes are like bolts of electricity racing through your brain. You feel a kinship with the machines you've come to know and love. A feeling that goes beyond mere words.

Unfortunately, if The Computer knew about your mutation, you would immediately become an expanding cloud of vapor rising from a puddle of sticky yellow stuff. Hmm. Better to loyally and happily serve The Computer, and avoid premature clone activation by keeping your mouth shut.

Occasionally, the stress of this horrible situation gets to you, and you come to your senses with your Serve-O-Matic Slicer and Dicer still buzzing warmly in your hands. Every time this has happened, you have managed to slink away without attracting notice. And somehow, you have managed to neatly blame the carnage on some psycho from Corpore Metal. Being even more fervently loyal to The Computer seems to help after these little episodes, but you've noticed that they've been happening more and more often.

Maybe Troubleshooting will help. Who knows? It must be good for you, because The Computer has assigned it, and The Computer is your friend.

Personal Slogan: Be happy!**Favorite Food:** Binary Bio-Bytes Breakfast Cereal, the Breakfast of Computer Champions.**Treasonous Possessions:** Your very own 8086 chip, which you wear close to your heart.**Current Secret Society Mission:** Your Troubleshooting mission is to try to prevent sabotage of Computer property. Your Society mission is the same, only more so. Expect that several of your fellow Troubleshooters are planted by a subversive organization. Gather data, and report.



Episode Four: Noodle Extrudle

Summary

Foiled in their previous attempt, the Bad Guys head for the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill as the next possible Aphrodisiac dump site. To achieve maximum drug effectiveness, the Bad Guys climb all the way to the top of the Fole-Y Mill.

When the Troubleshooters arrive, the Bad Guys are busy trying to remove the cover of a huge hopper near the top of the Mill. Once this is out of the way, the Lovin' Vatful can dump in the A-drug. Valiantly, the PCs start climbing up ladders and walkways to get at the Baddies. They manage to get close to the Bad Guys before they are noticed. (It's noisy in here because of the clanking pipes, hissing steam, rumbling machinery, and sizzling electricity.)

The Bad Guys realize that things aren't going according to the Plan; they ske-daddle, heading for the Trough Room, in order to put some distance between themselves and the Troubleshooters.

Spoon-R-ISM-2

This guy is short and stumpy, and likes dressing as an Infrared (in black). He speaks strangely, and often reverses the first letters of pairs of words. He attributes this speech impediment to a transbot accident in ISM sector. The accident did occur, but he wasn't really hurt in it. He caused it — by using a dozerbot to shove a platform full of clones in front of the transbot.

Spoon-R is good with explosives, and is never without his own supply of bombs and other loud devices. He is actually a Corpore Metal society member, but is masquerading as a Humanist in order to infiltrate the Lovin' Vatful. His ultimate goal is to do whatever he can to end all protoplasm-based life in Alpha Complex, and to develop a version of the A-drug that works on bots.

Game Stuff

Spoon-R-ISM-2

Mutation: Electro-shock
 Secret Society: Corpore Metal
 Weapons:
 Slugthrower (7P) 5
 Bombs (9P) 9

Through The Mill

The Troubleshooters run a short distance through the byways of FUD Sector, lugging their valuable, heavy, mission equipment. Almost before they know it, they have arrived at the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill Processing Area.

Encounter One: It's Big!

As they come dashing up to the entrance, a prodbot meets them. Read:

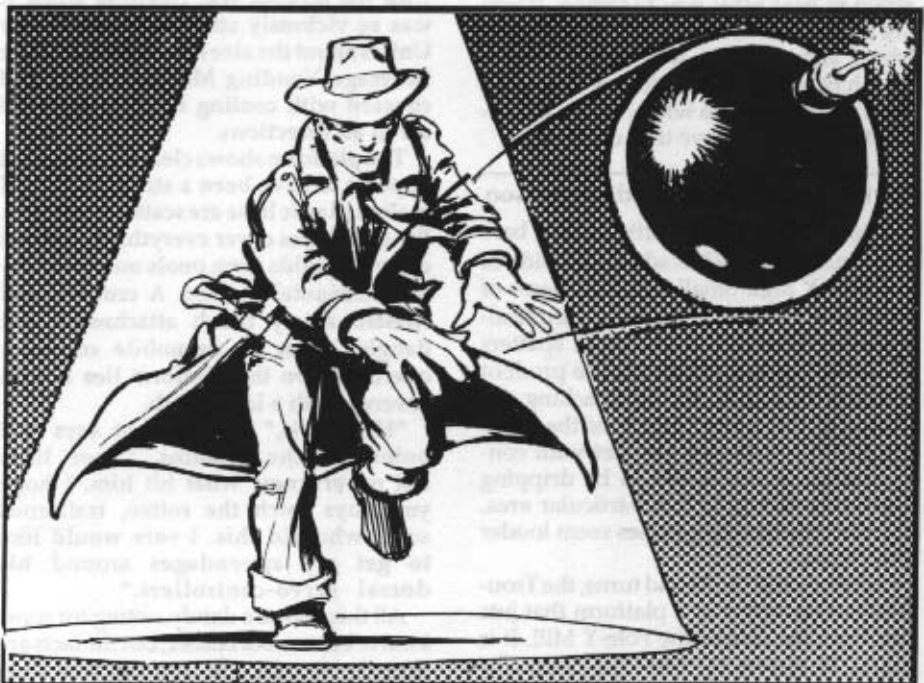
As you approach the entrance to the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill Processing Area, a prodbot comes trundling up on its rollers. "Task Force 42! It's about time! It's about space!" The prodbot hits itself in the side of its brain casing, bleeps, twitches, and continues. "We have a very mysterious disturbance here which should be of great interest to you. One of our scrubots was cleaning an Electro-Sanitizer Power Unit when it was attacked and severely damaged. Follow me and don't trip over this thing on the floor." There is a dead Blue

clone lying in your path. He has been dead for some time, and he is holding, clutched tightly to his chest, a black syntheplast vid-cassette bearing the label *Camelot*.

The prodbot whirls around, with a squeak like a wet sneaker on a gym floor, and leads the Troubleshooters in the direction of the Fole-Y Mill. Here's where the Troubleshooters first see the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill. Unless the Troubleshooters have been Outside, it's the biggest thing they have ever seen. Although, what they could possibly have seen Outside that is bigger than a typical northeast Jersey oil refinery is beyond me.

The Mill is a massive beehive of pipes, girders, and wires. It is for all intents a nightmarish jungle gym, with plenty of high places from which to fall and lots of pointy things to hit on the way down. The Troubleshooters, naturally, manage to fall from a lot of high places and to hit plenty of pointy things.

Any food in Alpha Complex solid enough to retain its shape is made here. It is sterilized with inconceivably high



A hot night at the Fole-Y mill

voltage and then extruded into all the shapes the clones have come to know and love. Troubleshooters who fall in and are zapped and extruded are generally in serious trouble. Now tell the PCs:

Before you is the Fibrillating Fole-Y Mill. The thing is stupendous. Humongous. Enormous. Big, even. Larger than the Mega-Mixer you just destroyed (poor Lucky notwithstanding). Larger than a Mark IV Warbot. Pipes, ducts, and cables are intertwined as far as the eye can see. Scaffolds, ladders, and walkways climb to dizzying heights, disappearing into the towering distance. Large hoppers are all over the place, some with chutes and conveyors leading away to other parts of Alpha Complex. Brilliant lights are mounted here and there on the walls, ceiling, and on the Fole-Y Mill itself. Some areas are brightly lit, while others are dark or dim. An astounding variety of foul odors is emanating from various parts of the Mill.

As in the Mixing Room, an all-pervasive din assaults your ears. Pipes clank, steam lines hiss, machinery rumbles, and electrical sizzling noises abound. It's very hard to understand what anyone else is saying, and you have to raise your voice to be heard.

Prop Hint: Any Heavy Metal album will do. Put it on the ol' stereo and turn it up loud enough that the PCs have to strain to hear what you're saying. If you are so unfortunate as to not own a Heavy Metal album, MTV will do. Or, put a bunch of sneakers in a clothes dryer and set it on air dry for a while. As for imitating the odor, I'll leave that up to you.

Encounter Two: Medicated Goo

The prodbot finally arrives at the base of a walkway which leads up the side of the Fole-Y Mill. Small bits and pieces of scrubot are scattered over the surrounding area. Here and there, small spatters of suds cling to equipment. The prodbot explains that they are approaching the "scene of the crime." Many of the pipes around the walkway are wet with condensation. Water seems to be dripping from everything. In this particular area, the electrical sizzling noises seem louder than usual.

After several twists and turns, the Troubleshooters arrive at a platform that juts out from the side of the Fole-Y Mill. It is about 20 meters up from the floor. The prodbot says:

ICU Operation

While in the room with the Fole-Y Mill, only the Troubleshooter with the Intracellular Com Unit can hear The Computer when It calls for a Progress Since Mission Start Report, or for anything else. The Computer comes in just fine (except for sounding like it is coming down with something) every time It tries to contact the Troubleshooters, but the Troubleshooter with the ICU almost never gets a reply through to The Computer. That is, until the Troubleshooters are anywhere near an Electro-Sanitizer Power Unit. Then, the ICU malfunctions in reverse. The Troubleshooters can't hear The Computer at all, but it can hear everything they say.

By the way, there are dozens of Electro-Sanitizer Power Units scattered about the Mill. Don't forget to keep track of the effect this has on communications with The Computer.

General Equipment Malfunctions

While in and around the Fole-Y Mill, the Troubleshooters' equipment will be constantly subjected to high energy electro-magnetic fields and to water and other stuff dripping from pipes. Bizarre malfunctions should become the norm, particularly the Finger-tip to Power-pack short circuit so disliked by laser users everywhere.

"Here's the Electro-Sanitizer Power Unit the scrubot was cleaning when it was so viciously attacked." The Power Unit is about the size of a Bouncy Bubble Beverage Vending Machine, gray, and covered with cooling fins. Cables lead off in all directions.

The platform shows clear signs of what appears to have been a struggle. Bits of melted plastic hose are scattered all over. Brush bristles cover everything. Spilled cleaning fluids form pools on almost every horizontal surface. A crushed and twisted rotary brush attachment still dangles from an immobile conveyor overhead. On the platform lies a form covered with a large cloth.

"Here it is," the prodbot says and points to the remains. "Poor little bot never knew what hit him. I hope you guys catch the rotten, traitorous scum who did this. I sure would like to get my appendages around his dorsal servo-controllers."

All this makes a dandy setting for some kind of bizarre bot basher, but the facts are dreadfully simple. The scrubot was foolishly cleaning an operational conveyor, right next to an operational Electro-Sani-



tizer Power Unit. The conveyor snagged the rotary brush and dragged the scrubot across the Power Unit, scraping off its insulators and shorting out against the scrubot's shiny aluminum casing. The resulting explosion was quite spectacular, damaging both the conveyor and the Power Unit and disrupting electrical power in the general area. However, our heroes don't know that.

The Troubleshooters will no doubt be quite eager to go poking around looking for who or what destroyed the scrubot. The Lovin' Vatful has nothing at all to do with the demise of the scrubot. They do, however, happen to be here at the Fole-Y Mill, in the process of attempting to dump the Aphrodisiac into the Alpha Complex food chain. What a happy coincidence. The Troubleshooters should be allowed to spend a few rounds carefully searching the surroundings for bot bashers. When the proper degree of their frustration has been attained by the kind Game Master, one of the Troubleshooters notices a suspicious-looking character.

Encounter Three: You, There — With the Head!

This guy is dressed in Infrared clothing, of course, and is making his way up the side of the Mill. He keeps nervously ducking his head back and forth, and constantly turns and looks behind him. He definitely looks as if he's trying to get away with something.

What he's trying to get away with is a side trip to a Bouncy Bubble Beverage Vending Machine, while he was supposed to be a lookout for Pseud-O-POD. He's not worried about the Troubleshooters, because he thinks that they aren't anywhere nearby. He is worried about Lobot-O-MEE, who would feed him through an Electro-Sanitizer if he knew about this little excursion.

Because the Mill is so big, it will take the Troubleshooters quite a while to follow this guy to the top. They've got to climb ladders, squeeze through narrow

openings, and walk across wet gratings with no handrails. It's also difficult to see very far ahead, because of the way the lights are set up. Looking up the Fole-Y Mill usually means looking into a bright light somewhere above you. When the Troubleshooters near the top, the Detail View of the Fole-Y Mill can be used to direct the action.

Pseud-O-POD, with the help of Spoon-R, is trying to remove an access cover on the top of the hopper located at the very top of the Mill. He has calculated that putting the Aphrodisiac in this hopper will result in the best possible dispersal. Lobot-O-MEE, meanwhile, is patrolling the top of the Mill, looking for handy targets at which to shoot. Redenbach-R is also sneaking around, armed with a cone rifle, hoping to get a chance to use it. The clone spotted by the Troubleshooters is just another Lovin' Vatful member, recruited by Pseud-O-POD after he left the Toaster Tunnel. This guy gets picked off, one way or another, before the end of this episode.

Closing In

You know how you can tell that the big villain is going to get away, just by how long there is to go in a movie? Well, take a look at how many pages are left in the adventure, and guess what happens.

Encounter Four: King Of The Mill

After a considerable amount of clambering, climbing, and scrambling, the Troubleshooters get to a vantage point from where they can see the Bad Guys, or some of them, anyhow. They can see Redenbach-R skulking about with his cone rifle, in what he thinks is concealment, and they can see Spoon-R when he pokes his head over the side of the hopper to yell down for tools. Pseud-O is out of sight on the top of the hopper, and Lobot-O is nowhere to be seen.

The Troubleshooters are still too far away for accurate shooting and need to get closer before they can start the barrage. Sneaking closer shouldn't be too difficult for a clone of average intelligence. It might be tough for this lot, though.

If some trigger-happy fool tries to kill the clone with the cone rifle, it's a x 1/4 shot. Redenbach-R responds by pumping a few rounds into the place where Task Force 42 is standing, scattering shrapnel, clones, and equipment. He then calls for support from the other Baddies, and everyone except Pseud-O-POD attacks the Troubleshooters.

To run this occurrence, let the Troubleshooter take his shot, then skip to the

BLAM BLAM BLAM part of the readaloud below. The science of roleplaying brought to new heights!

If the Troubleshooters do something right for once, they decide to try to sneak up on the Bad Guys. This tactic will be only partially successful, but it will be entertaining. Let the Troubleshooters come up with some clever plan for ambushing the Bad Guys, and then you can manipulate it for maximum entertainment value.

After the Troubleshooters have babbled and argued for a few rounds, get the ball rolling again by having The Computer check in on how they're doing.

Chances are that the Troubleshooters will attempt to start by ambushing Redenbach-R. Just before they get to the position from which they plan to attack, Spoon-R-ISM sticks his head over the side to talk to Redenbach-R again. Read:

Just before you spring the trap that will bring the Infidel Horde to its knobby knees, a shout rings out from above you. The Bad Guy who previously looked over the side of the tank has spotted you.

To make matters worse, the Bad Guy you were planning to vaporize suddenly opens up with his cone rifle.

BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! Piaannggaaooowww! Projectiles are ricocheting all around you. Something metallic comes bouncing and clanging down the side of the Fole-Y Mill. It is round, and black, and seems to have a burning string sticking out of one side. KA-BOOMMM! The bomb explodes, showering the Mill with shrapnel.

The shrapnel from the bomb does lots of damage to the Fole-Y Mill, but doesn't hit the Troubleshooters. Unfortunately, the two closest clones are deaf for three or four rounds, and blind for one or two. (Them bombs sure do make a heck of a flash and bang!) Even though Redenbach-R is blazing away with his cone rifle, it is still possible for the Troubleshooters to keep climbing. There are so many nooks and crannies behind the various pipes, tanks, and machines that Redenbach-R can't cover everything.

When the Troubleshooters get to within a level or two of the place from which Red is shooting, Lobot-O-MEE, who was quietly observing from the flanks, opens fire. He is a far better shot than Red, and has surprise on his side. This could be tough on any Troubleshooters in exposed positions.



Prodbots will take any measure to ensure continued production

Encounter Five: Save The Bacon

Things are looking mighty grim for our heroes when an Orange clearance worker suddenly flings open a door behind Lobot-O-MEE and runs out shrieking. This guy was just doing a routine operation check on the Main Hopper when the shooting started. He cowered inside for a little while, then couldn't take it any more, and snapped.

The Orange clone bowls over Lobot-O-MEE, knocking him flailing into an open tank below. The clone continues his mad dash, speeding past Redenbach-R fast enough to avoid injury. As he gets to the top of a ladder, he slips and tumbles.

Encounter Six: Think I'll Jus' Ramble On

At about this time, Pseud-O-POD makes a command decision to give up trying to get the cover off of the hopper. His hands are starting to get sore from using the wrench, and the "Skrik-skrik-skrik" sound of the rusty nut on the rusty bolt is driving him crazy. Besides, he's worried that The Computer might decide to stop fooling around and bring in the heavy artillery. He pulls a whistle out of his coveralls and blows it twice.

Prop Hint: Come on, this one's obvious! Get your lips on a nice, loud, horribly obnoxious whistle. Blow loudly. There, doesn't that feel better? Now read:

As the sound of the splashes dies down, a high pitched "SKWEEE, SKWEEE" sound comes from the top of the Mill. The Bad Guy with the cone rifle lets a few more rounds go and runs away across the catwalk. The Lovin' Vatful appears to be retreating.

Well, what d'ya know? They are. After searching in vain for his slugthrower, Lobot-O-MEE swims to the far side of the tank into which he fell. He shrugs philosophically, hoping that the lost weapon clogs a pipe somewhere and that it takes weekcycles for the pipe to be cleaned out. Once out on another platform, he meets up with Redenbach-R and takes away his slugthrower, reminding him that he's got a cone rifle to play with and to stop whining. Lobot-O-MEE and Redenbach-R start climbing down, searching for the rendezvous point where they are supposed to meet Pseud-O-POD and Spoon-R-ISM.

The Troubleshooters, meanwhile, are probably attempting to extricate themselves from the various messes into which they have gotten. Any PCs who have tumbled into open tanks are at risk of being sucked into the Mill for purification and extrusion. Some Troubleshooters may have run into Electro-Sanitizer Power Units and suffered the same fate as the poor scrubot who started all this. Some Troubleshooters just hit lots of pointy stuff on the way down. Carefully consider each Troubleshooter's attitude and previous behaviour before assigning the appropriate fate.

Encounter Seven: Prodbots to the Rescue!

The Bad Guys make it to the Mill Room Floor and head for a handy exit. Halfway there, they are apprehended by an irate prodbot. The prodbot assumes that they are Task Force 42 and starts demanding an explanation of the terrible racket that's been going on all over the Fole-Y Mill. Pseud-O-POD, wishing to avoid attracting attention, patiently tries to explain to the prodbot that they are not "Task Force 42." He tells the prodbot that they are part of the Extruder Inspection and Correction Team, sent by the Extrusion Quality Control Board. While Pseud-O-POD is trying to avoid premature termination, the Troubleshooters finally come wandering down to the Mill Room floor. Tell them:

As you catch your breath, kiss the floor, and promise to never again climb on anything higher than a pair of thick-soled shoes, you see a group of Infrareds talking to a prodbot. These Infrareds have several large bags of equipment with them, and they have cone rifles slung over their shoulders. Cone rifles slung over their shoulders!?! The Bad Guys!

While Pseud-O-POD is talking, Lobot-O-MEE and Spoon-R-ISM have managed to edge around to one side of the prodbot. When they realize that the Troubleshooters have caught up with them, Pseud-O-POD gives them a nod, and they nonchalantly slip one of Spoon-R-ISM's bombs into the Production Chit Holder attached to the prodbot's midsection. Read:

The prodbot to which the Bad Guys are speaking suddenly spins around and heads toward you at top speed. Hanging from one side of the prodbot is a round, black object, with something that looks like a burning string sticking out of it. What do you do?

This is bad, right? Hee-hee-hee! The Troubleshooters better scatter in all directions and run for it, or try to hit the bomb with their lasers, and detonate it before it gets too close. If they think of that option, let 'em hit it. The prodbot will go up in a spectacular detonation, and debris will get scattered all over the place. Great stuff for the Debriefing. Otherwise, see the sidebar, and then go to the next episode.

Game Stuff

Prod Bot Explosion (9P) 7
Affects everyone within 15 meters.



Episode Five: Romp-R Room

Summary

With the PCs hot on their tails, the Bad Guys duck into the Trough Room. While the PCs are stumbling into troughs and other nasty stuff, the Bad Guys haul out the dreaded Bot-in-the-Box. The Infrareds love it. The Troubleshooters must restore production, and turn the Bot-in-the-Box over to The Computer. Sure.

After a great deal of good old-fashioned fun, the clones finally get out of the Trough Room. What a shame that maybe they now have a bulky Bot-in-the-Box to lug around.

Crests and Troughs

This is the next step in the production of Alpha Complex foodstuffs. New York City sewers got nothin' on this place!

Encounter One: On Dond-R, On Blitz/N

When the Troubleshooters have followed the Vatful out of the Fole-Y Mill (or wherever you've got them coming from), read:

The Traitor Scum Perpetrators are just ahead of you in the corridor. Your intrepid band of heroic Troubleshooters has them just about where they want them, close enough to laser them into small, tender vittles. Unfortunately, the sly devils scramble through an access hatch in the side of the corridor.

If the Troubleshooters open the hatch, read:

A warm, moist smell wafts out of the room in front of you. The smell is faintly reminiscent of a damp vacuum cleaner bag on a hot summer day. Inside, the room is poorly lit. Long, low structures cover the floor, their forms stretch into the distance as far as the eye can see, which isn't far because of the haze and mist rising from them. The sign above the access hatch reads "Trough Room."

Encounter Two: Round and Round the Mulberry Bush

As our intrepid Troubleshooters pur-

sue the treacherous saboteurs through the Food Vats, the gap to their quarry is narrowed. The Bad Guys decide to widen the gap a little, with some trickery designed specifically for this purpose.

As you might guess, attempting to make rapid progress across this room could be a problem. The Troubleshooters can't see a thing, and there are tons of sharp, pointy obstacles in their way. If the Troubleshooters were familiar with this floor of the production area, they could get through it mighty quickly. Too bad they're not. The Bad Guys, of course, are.

Making matters worse is the horde of Infrared workers milling about. They are supposed to be standing at their Assigned Work Stations, performing essential tasks. Each Assigned Work Station is a location where two troughs run close enough to each other that the Infrareds can ladle the slop from one trough to the other. This labor serves no useful purpose, but the Infrareds don't know that.

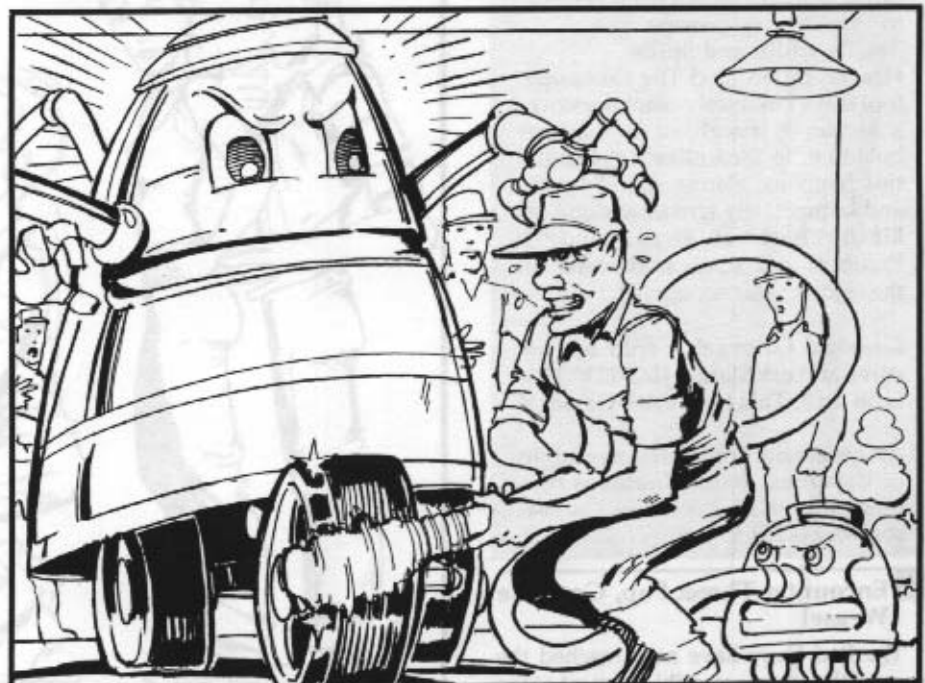
The Bad Guys enter the trough maze and travel quickly to about the center of the area. Now is a good time for lots of Troubleshooter clumsiness. Bumping into a trough is painful, and ought to tear any

environment suit a PC happens to be wearing. This mishap could have bad repercussions later on. Knocking over an Infrared is considered bad form and will produce a stream of friendly commentary, punctuated by occasional ladlesful of tasty organic matter poured over the Troubleshooter's head. As the Troubleshooters pursue, read:

As you look into one of the troughs, you see a dead Blue (well, his top half is Blue, and his bottom half is Black — strange?) clone floating by, rolling in the current and exposing a face made odd-looking by sideburns and long, pointy ears. Infrared workers are standing here, there, and everywhere along the troughs, ladling that tasty looking fluid from one trough to another.

The Large Box

Now the fun begins, as the Bad Guys spring their most nefarious trap yet. What about all the fun we've been having already, you ask? Babe-Y, you just ain't seen nothin' yet.



A new form of bootlicking is discovered

Rock and Roll Stew

The PC's should be careful not to knock an Infrared's ladle into a trough. First, the Troubleshooter will have to stop chasing the BGs and recover the ladle for the Infrared who is not allowed to reach into the gruel, or the Infrared will squeal to a prodbot. Retrieving the ladle could be tough, because the stuff in the trough is about the same consistency and as easy to see through as split pea with ham soup. Also, the Troubleshooters are not allowed to introduce any foreign matter (like other ladle handles) into the goo.

Prop Hint: If the Troubleshooters are so clumsy as to knock any ladles into the troughs, make them stick their hands in a bowl of lukewarm split pea with ham that you have thoughtfully prepared for this very contingency. Afterwards, don't let them wash their hands off, either. Talk about giving Paranoia its proper flavor! Isn't Gamemastering a riot? And what were they doing with their hands in a Green substance, anyway? A prodbot is sure to be angry.

Making the Most of Your AWSPU Here's where a truly above average PC might use the Arc Welder and Shoe Polishing Unit to make an angry prodbot sparkingly happy. The freshly polished bot might even forget to officially record the PC's violation, thereby improving the PC's life expectancy. On the other hand, the AWSPU might switch from "Polish" to "Weld" in mid-swipe.

Thrills, Chills and Spills

Heaven forbid (and The Computer, too) that a Troubleshooter knock over a section of trough, or puts a laser hole in it. In the unlikely event that this happens, alarms sound loudly and immediately (got an antique car klaxon horn or siren handy?). Prodbots and scrubots descend on the area in swarms, crying:

Ga-ooga! Ga-ooga! A spill has occurred at Work Station JLO-123!! This is no drill! This is no drill! Ga-ooga!

An observant Troubleshooter might be disturbed by the Infrareds running away in all directions. The reason why is left to you.

Encounter Three: Pop, Goes the Weasel

The Bad Guys have now reached the area of the room accessible to most of the Infrareds working there. This location has been strategically chosen by Pseud-O-

POD to produce maximum disruption. The Baddies stop, and pull a large box out of their even larger bag of tricks. They place it on the floor and get the Infrareds' attention. Read:

The Bad Guys have started some kind of a commotion near a concentration of Infrared workers. They appear to have pulled a large box out of an equipment bag and are showing it to the Infrareds.

The box is about one meter square. A handle protrudes from the right side of the box, with a label of some kind and an arrow to show which way to turn it. Pencil sharpeners have similar handles, but no fancy labels. The Infrared grabs the handle and begins to turn it. You hear:

Prop Hint: Nasty GM's should prepare a cassette tape with "Pop Goes The Weasel" repeated over and over. This should be played loudly when the Infrareds begin to turn the Bot-in-the-Box handle, and it should be left on until the Troubleshooters can get the Infrareds to stop turning the handle. Of course, a genuine Jack-in-the-Box type of toy would really be a good prop. If you could come up with both, the ambience would be exquisite. If you have neither, you'll just have to sing! Keep reading:

When the song ends, a lid in the top of the box flips open, and a bot bounds into

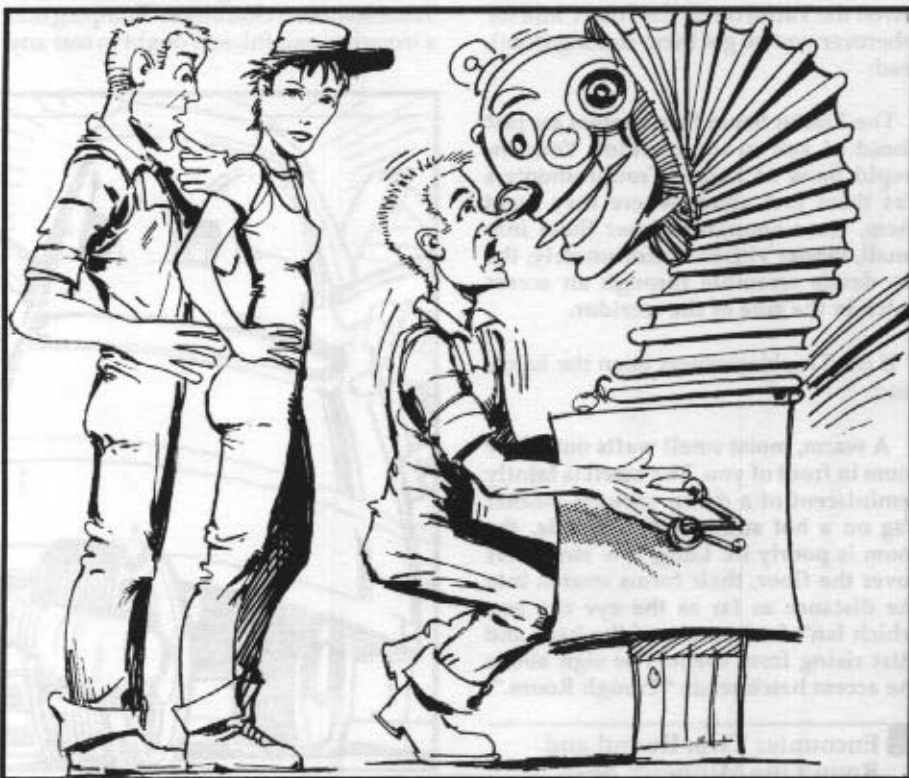
the air. It is attached to the box by a large coil spring and sways back and forth, a stupid grin on its sensory panel. A Bot-in-the-Box!! The Infrareds eagerly cram the bot back into the box and slam the lid shut. They take turns turning the handle and repeating this process over and over.

Encounter Four: The Day the Music Died

Boy, are those Troubleshooters in trouble now. Not only has production come to a melodious halt, but the Bad Guys are getting away. All the prodbots, who would normally laser a few Infrareds and get things under control, are busy filing reports on the Troubleshooters, who have just finished disrupting production in a large number of places.

The Troubleshooters can't just ignore the Bot-in-the-Box and run after the Bad Guys — the teeming mass of bot-happy Infrareds completely blocks their escape route. Plus, The Computer will hold the Troubleshooters personally responsible for this disruption to production, so they have to handle the problem. Now.

Obviously, what the Troubleshooters need to do is take the Bot-in-the-Box away from the Infrareds and get them back to work. Simple, right? Wrong. The Infrareds are having so much fun right now that any Troubleshooter who interferes will probably get wacked "upside da head" with a couple hundred ladles.



Infrareds engaging in strenuous mental activity

An easy alternative might be to laser the Bot-in-the-Box. The Troubleshooter who does this gets grabbed by a frenzied mob of Infrareads, stripped of all his equipment, and dunked in the nearest trough.

A truly imaginative Troubleshooter might get in line to turn the handle, and then inadvertently break the handle off the Bot-in-the-Box. Or weld the lid shut with a portable Arc Welding and Shoe Polishing Unit. Sure. If a Troubleshooter does try to weld the lid shut, he'd better come up with a plausible reason for doing so, in order to pacify the Infrareads. Otherwise, it's clean and filet time. He'd also better have a strong mechanical engineering skill. Otherwise, he'll just waste his own time, annoy the Infrareads, and get torn to little shreds anyway. A poor skill roll means that the Bot-in-the-Box still works, even with weld slag (or shoe polish) all over the top of it.

Encounter Five: Help! I Need Somebody!

Sooner or later, the prodbots will return and shoo all the Infrareads back to their Assigned Work Stations. Smart Trou-



I can't believe you ate the whole thing!

bleshooters will immediately dash off after the Bad Guys, before the prodbots make them dispose of the Bot-in-the-Box. Naturally, this approach is not without its disadvantages.

If they leave the the Bot-in-the-Box behind, they will be in big trouble come Debriefing time, when The Computer asks

why they left such a dangerous piece of saboteur's equipment in the middle of the Food Vats.

If they don't get away in time, the Troubleshooters will be required to take the Bot-in-the-Box out of the Trough Room. Failure to comply gets them detained by the prodbots, who explain that their failure to act as directed will result in a lengthy report to Their Friend The Computer. If they do comply, they've got to lug it along, or dump it somewhere. If they dump it, they're laser-bait come Debriefing time. If they take it with them, they're heroes come Debriefing time. If they live that long.

Encounter Six: One Lucky Break

The poor Troubleshooters have been hosed so much up to now, it seems fair to give them one little good break. It'll only set them up for a bigger fall later. Read:

The Bad Guys are beating a hasty retreat down the corridors of FUD sector. Fortunately for you, the saboteurs left slimy footprints in the squeaky-clean corridors. Better get going, before the trail dries up!



Episode Six: Twitchin' In The Kitchen

Summary

So far, all that the Troubleshooters have had to worry about was a bunch of trigger-happy, sadistic saboteurs. Now they've also got a bunch of trigger-happy, sadistic High Programmers with which to deal, in the Super-Secret Secret Society Meeting Hall and Gourmet Dining Room. This crew, headed by Gins-U-KNF-3, also known as Gins-Eng, wants that A-drug.

The Bad Guys lose one peon to a combination of laser fire and Gins-U's knifewavers, but the surviving BGs manage to flee with the Orb in their possession.

Gins-U and the Seal Clubbers

Word of the upcoming action has leaked through Society channels to an ultra-extremist, renegade branch of the Sierra Club. This offshoot, which escaped total destruction when the main society got involved in the SS Wars, now calls itself the Seal Club. The motto of this group is "Life As We Think It Ought To Be." Their goal is to quietly control Alpha Complex, by whatever means necessary, to attain U-Topia. The Seal Clubbers are Ultravioletes, but they have enlisted a few lower clearance clones. These peons think they are in on all of the group's decision making, but they aren't. The lower clones are used as errand boys and, occasionally, fall guys.

The Seal Clubbers are so secret a group that The Computer hasn't even heard of them. However, that may change. The Seal Clubbers want control of the A-drug. To them, anything that could disturb the status quo, or provide power to a privileged few, is a target for acquisition.

Gins-U is the head chef in the Secret Ultraviolet Clubber Kitchen, where all food for Ultraviolet members of the Seal Club is prepared. He doesn't actually cook anything, but he is responsible for choosing each daycycle's menu, and overseeing security.

As a child, Gins-U got into things he probably shouldn't have ever discovered. One of those things was the chemistry set his teachbot gave him, and another was cooking. Ever since those discoveries, Gins-U has been mixing nasty chemicals and recipes, sometimes with spectacular results. In deed and in appearance, he is very much like the pre-Christmas Grinch.

I've Got a Secret

How does one find an ultra-secret Ultraviolet hideout, anyway? Well, in *Paranoia*, one steps through the nearest door....

Encounter One: If You Can't Stand The Heat...

After the standard race-down-the-corridor-while-carrying-lots-of-bulky-equipment, the Troubleshooters come tearing around a corner to find the Bad Guys standing there. They are chuckling, clapping each other on the back, and generally pleased with the outcome of the Trough Room Fiasco. Gloating is rampant.

Self-congratulation is a little premature, though. Pseud-O-POD, seeing the Troubleshooters and ever the fastest thinker in his group, jumps through the nearest doorway. His minions follow.

The door through which Pseud-O-POD just went opens into the Secret Ultraviolet Clubber Kitchen. Once inside, the Bad Guys disperse and attempt to give themselves some room in which to fight. The Ultraviolet Clubber Kitchen is just like any big hotel kitchen, only bigger. Clones of various clearances are industriously preparing tasty morsels for the chosen few. Large pots of boiling fluid are everywhere, and the floors are slippery.

In all the other places to which the Bad Guys have led the Troubleshooters, the Bad Guys knew exactly where they were going, and what they would find there. This time, the Bad Guys haven't a clue as to where the other doorways are, what is laser-proof and good to hide behind, and how the workers are going to react to them. Pseud-O-POD orders Redenbacher and Spoon-R to fight a delaying action, and races off in search of a way out. Lobot-O runs off after Pseud-O.

Unfortunately for them, Gins-U, the Head Chef, has been hoping they would come his way. Gins-U has gotten word of the goings on, but has not yet had time to act upon his information. He intends to end up with the A-drug when all the body fragments settle. Seeing the Bad Guys burst into the Kitchen, he improvises with the materials at hand. As the Bad Guys run through, he passes the word to his Kitchen staff that the Orb carried by the leader of

the Infrared workers is Ultraviolet property, and must be returned to him immediately. Gins-U also tells them that all personnel not assigned to the Kitchen are to be terminated on sight, because they threaten its secrecy.

About this time, the Troubleshooters burst through the door, lasers ready.

Game Stuff

The Kitchen Workers

These guys have only kitchen knives for weapons, but they are possessed by the determination of religious fanatics.

Weapon:

Knife

(3I) _____ 5

Unarmed

(2I) _____ 3

Tactics: Move in slowly and unthreateningly, then attack en masse (four or more at a time).

Encounter Two: Get Out of The Kitchen!

As soon as the Troubleshooters come through the door, read:

As you kick the door open, hot, soggy air hits you like a giant sponge. The mist from inside the room comes drifting out of the doorway and flows away along the ceiling. Myriad delicious smells caress your tired nostrils. You've never smelled anything like this before. As you dive into the room, lasers ready, you catch a glimpse of the sign above the door. It reads "Secret Ultraviolet Clubber Kitchen."

The room you are in is large, or at least it seems to be. It's hard to tell, because of the clouds of mist caused by steam rising from dozens and dozens of cooking pots. Rows and rows of counters and storage bins recede into the distance, in an apparently random manner. Stoves, ovens, and sinks can be seen at irregular intervals. The floors are wet and slimy, and the place is hot. No Bad Guys are in sight, but plenty of Kitchen workers are. They are all standing at the counters, sinks, stoves, and ovens, performing some kind of culinary work.

Although they may not realize it yet, this a Bad Thing for the Troubleshooters. If they just stand there like mannequin-bots, they will be sliced and diced in short order. If they run away, chances are that the Bad Guys will get away from them. And if they laser a bunch of Kitchen workers, they'll have to answer for it at the briefing. Tough being between a rock and two hard places, isn't it?

The best of a bad lot is to let the Vatful members start shooting first (the workers go after Spoon-R and Redenbach-R at the same time). Then the Troubleshooters can defend themselves, and try to blame the deaths on the Lovin' Vatful later. These three-way battles are so much fun, aren't they? Spoon-R-ISM pops off a few rounds from his slugthrower and then resorts to his favorite weapon, bombs. Redenbach-R-POP opens up with his trusty cone rifle and sends shells bouncing all over the Kitchen.

Encounter Three: A Strategic Withdrawal

Spoon-R-ISM, blasting large gaps in the counter, has managed to clear his immediate area of Gins-U's knifewavers. Clamoring over the twisted appliances, he heads off in the general direction taken by Pseud-O-POD and Lobot-O-MEE. Redenbach-R-POP, meanwhile, is pinned down behind a Hot Fun dispenser, blazing away with his cone rifle. Shards of crockery are whistling about the Kitchen as Redenbach-R-POP occasionally picks off some innocent shelving. When the Troubleshooters have dealt with a dozen or so knife-wielders, read:

The clamor on your right seems to have died down. As you peer through the mist of steam and vaporized clone, you see one of the Bad Guys scrambling over the debris and running off toward the back of the Kitchen. On your left, the shooting abruptly stops, followed by an "AAIIIEEE!!!" The kitchen workers have overrun one of the Bad Guys, and gotten his cone rifle away from him.

This would be a great time for the Troubleshooters to slink away from the sickos with the choppers and chase down the rest of the Bad Guys and the Orb. Troubleshooters foolish enough to insist on checking out the BG who just got filleted deserve what they get. Their newly activated replacements hear a barrage of shots fired in the back of the Kitchen, and presumably are smart enough to look for Bad Guys there.

Encounter Four: The Ultraviolet is Sharper Than a Knife!

Gins-U, prudently staying out of the melee, notices that his boys seem to have picked off somebody. He heads closer to the front of the Kitchen for a look-see. Pseud-O and Lobot-O, hoping to avoid detection, have knocked off a couple of Kitchen workers and taken their clothes. Blending into the proverbial woodwork, the Bad Guys sneak around the back of the Kitchen, looking for a way out.

When the Troubleshooters have dispatched all the knifewavers in their immediate area, Gins-U makes his presence known:

"Task Force 42, what is the meaning of this?" An Ultraviolet clone with a tall chef's hat bellows at you as he looms out of this mist. His hat sways alarmingly as he speaks. "Why are you reducing my Kitchen to rubble! Who's going to pay for this?" This guy is upset.

This should be good for the Troubleshooters. It'll give them a chance to grovel and bootlick, re-establishing their proper sense of self-worth. After a suitable tirade, Gins-U demands to know the location of the Orb. The cowering Troubleshooters should answer that: they don't know, the Bad Guys have it, or something similar. After a spirited tonguelashing, Gins-U orders them to find the Bad Guys, obtain the Orb, and bring it to him, The Computer's representative. Think anyone will argue?

They should. What about Al-G? What about the "Secret" kitchen? If the Troubleshooters follow Gins-U's orders blindly, they'll be hosed later on. If they question his authority, Gins-U is susceptible to blackmail threats and so forth (and the Troubleshooters can congratulate themselves for avoiding a nasty trap), but he won't forget, and the Troubleshooters will pay for their audacity in later episodes.

Encounter Five: Meanwhile, At the Back of the Ranch

For whatever reason, it's time for the Troubleshooters to skedaddle toward the back of the Kitchen, to where Spoon-R slithered during Gins-U's tirade. As they approach the back of the kitchen, the Bad Guys, scuttling back and forth like trapped rodents, realize that all other exits appear to be blocked. Pseud-O-POD, in desperation, turns to a row of what looks like storage bins, along the back wall of the Kitchen. "Cover me," he yells to Lobot-O-MEE and Spoon-R-ISM, and dives into one of the bins.

These are the dumbots, waiting to transport food (or in this case, Bad Guys) to the Super-Secret Secret Society Meeting Hall and Gourmet Dining Room. After a pause, wondering if their leader has been vaporized, Lobot-O and Spoon-R decide that without him they're doomed anyway, and dive in too.

Luckily for the Troubleshooters, there are nine other dumbots happily waiting along the Kitchen wall. Two of Gins-U's knife wielders climb into a dumbot and threaten it with future cargoes of limburger cheese. They too are transported immediately away. Seven dumbots left. Well, only five, actually. As the Troubleshooters head for the dumbots, they notice that two of the small cubicles are already occupied by dead bodies. One of the bodies is sprawled amidst a jumble of discarded pills, fan pictures of Teela-O, and old record discs; the other body is serenely sitting in a full lotus position with a smile of transcendent peace upon his face.

Are the Troubleshooters afraid to go into the tiny cubicles? Too bad — the Bad Guys are getting away. If they do get in, read:

A voice says, "Harvey the dumbot at your service, Sir. It is not normal for people to enter the dumbot, Sir. Normally, only food is transported to the Ultraviolet Super-Secret Secret Society Meeting Hall and Gourmet Dining Room, Sir."

The dumbots are not supposed to transport people, and are quite reluctant to do so. It will take inventiveness, spurious logic, or a handy mutation to get the dumbots moving.

Up, Up and Away!

The Troubleshooters get to see a sight that few live to tell about. They probably won't be among those few.

Encounter Six: Out of the Frying Pan...

Once the PCs are in the dumbots and on the way up, read:

You feel the dumbot give a final lurch, and your stomach feels like it's somewhere up around your mouth. The dumbot doors open, and you find yourselves looking out into the Whitest place you've ever seen. The floors are White; the walls are White; the ceiling is White. In front of you are a dozen High Programmers, dressed in White, sitting on White chairs at White tables.

Oh, no, a dilemma. Whether 'tis safer in the long run to suffer the Bad Guys to escape with outrageous good fortune, or to take arms against them and be ended for setting foot on a White floor? As the Troubleshooters quiver in their respective holes, the dumbots unilaterally decide that they want no part of this dilemma, and are leaving. They forcibly eject the Troubleshooters, slam their doors shut, and depart down their shafts with a speed that makes the wall shake.

It's not quite as bad for the Troubleshooters as it might seem (but don't tell them that!). Just before they got here, three crazed Bad Guys and two crazed knifewielders jumped out of the dumbots, and ran across the Ultraviolet Gourmet Dining Room. Naturally, this caused considerable consternation among the High Programmers. Just as the Troubleshooters arrive, the knifewavers catch up with the Bad Guys at the other side of the Hall. With wild shrieks, the Kitchen workers dive on the Bad Guys. Read:

Just as you begin to welcome the thought of death by lasers over the agony of having to explain why you are here, a

commotion starts at the other end of the Gourmet Dining Hall. With wild screams of "Death to the Traitorous Pig-Dog Scum!!" the knifewavers are attacking the Bad Guys. Pseud-O-POD and Lobot-O-MEE turn, before the knifewavers even get close, and let loose with their slugthrowers.

BLAMMBLAMM!!!BLAMMBLAMM!!! BLAM!! Piaannggaaooowww! The High Programmers are diving for cover as projectiles crisscross the Dining Hall. What do you do?

The Troubleshooters, with all their weaponry, have the opportunity of making the biggest blunder of their short careers. All they have to do is return the Bad Guys' fire, and the Debriefing will be the shortest one in the history of Alpha Complex, unless they manage to kill all three Bad Guys without hitting any High Programmers. How likely do you think that is? Besides, the remaining Bad Guys have to survive until the next episode. So there.

After inflicting a great deal of damage on the Dining Room, the Bad Guys run out the door into a corridor. The Troubleshooters better get moving very, very

quickly, or they'll have to explain all of this while their fingernails are being pulled out. Read:

The High Programmers are starting to look up to see who is standing around to be blamed for all the damage, and reaching inside their coveralls to pull out weapons. Never in your lives have you seen such a collection of such serious personal armament.

Assuming that the Troubleshooters get out of there as fast as their doomed little feet can carry them, they will see the Bad Guys running down the corridor, as fast as their little feet can carry them. If the Troubleshooters don't follow quickly on the heels of the fleeing BGs... well frankly, between you and me, the adventure might as well end right here. These Troubleshooters have a Cold Fun scoop's chance in a nuclear reactor of lasting more than 35 seconds in the White Hell that's about to erupt. Their newly activated clone replacements won't have much fun at the Debriefing, either.

And by the way, there are still sloppy green footprints for the PCs to follow.



Episode Seven: That's All (And Thanks for the Big Fish), Folks!

Summary

The footprints lead to the Algae Vats, where the three remaining Bad Guys are slinking along. The Troubleshooters catch up to them just as the Gins-U gang (having interrogated their prisoner about the next dump site) arrives.

Yet another lively firefight ensues. The Orb changes hands a couple of times, and then gets dropped into the Main Vat, intact and unopened. Everybody jumps into the Vat to get the Orb, except the Troubleshooters, who fall in, and Gins-U, who's too smart.

Lots of splashing and flailing follows as a bunch of crazy fools go after the proverbial greased watermelon. After a satisfactory amount of underwater laser fights, the Troubleshooters manage to get possession of the Orb. Then Gins-U takes it, and the Troubleshooters are rounded up.

Background

This is the big climax, so a little preamble is in order, bringing together all the players for the final blowout ending.

Let Me Say This About Vats

The Algae Vats are the main source of food in Alpha Complex. Various strains of algae are grown in various size tanks, depending on how much of each type is needed for each different Alpha Complex nutritional substance. Special small tanks are filled with the varieties of algae that are used for flavoring, and enormous tanks are used for growing the more common varieties making up the main protein source.

The Algae Vats are maintained by workers who monitor the health of the Algae and the condition of the Stirrer mechanisms that slowly mix the fluid in the Vats. Walkways encircle and crisscross each Vat, and the Stirrers are supported above by a large steel structure. Overhead, rows and rows of lights illuminate the Vats. These lights are very, very bright. If they were to go out, it would seem very, very dark.

Service tunnels lead to the base of each of the Vats.

Pseud-O Plan

Pseud-O-POD has chosen the biggest tank of all, the Main Vat, to use as the final dumping location. The A-drug, if put in this vat, will reach all of Alpha Complex — even the High Programmers.

We Have Ways

What Pseud-O-POD and crew don't realize is that Gins-U, artist with thumbscrews that he is, managed to persuade Redenbach-R to tell him where to find Pseud-O-POD next. Unfortunately, Redenbach-R did not survive the interviewing process. Gins-U, this time with a much better prepared bunch of minions, is also working his way to the Main Algae Vat. He and his cohorts have all dressed as Vat workers in order to avoid scaring off Pseud-O-POD.

The Clouds Mass

First, we need to get everyone together, before we can slaughter them all.

Encounter One: One For the Money

The Troubleshooters, following the now drying marks of Lobot-O-MEE's heels, finally come to the entrance of the vaults where the Algae Vats are located. Although they don't know it, the service tunnel they are now entering will bring them out next to the Main Vat. Read:

The footprints you've been following lead up to a large steel door with a handwheel in the middle.

If the Troubleshooters open it:

On the other side of the door is a service tunnel lined with pipes and cables, and just over the threshold, two dead clones sprawl like abandoned marionettes. One of the dead clones has his pockets overflowing with all sorts of widgets, and there is a motto stating "Outside or Bust" embroidered into the

chest of his coveralls. The other dead clone is clutching test tubes that appear to contain some sort of tissue sample.

Lit by a single row of lights spaced every five meters, the tunnel leads towards the Algae Vats. The footprints continue down the tunnel.

Meanwhile, Back At the Raunch:

As the Troubleshooters stroll along beneath the Algae Vats, Gins-U and his knifewavers take over the entire area surrounding the Main Vat, using friendly and not-so-friendly persuasion techniques.

Gins-U's Rearmed Knifewavers

The knifewavers, having had enough time to get prepared, are more dangerous now. They have lasers, rather than just knives, and they have some illicit laser barrels that are for clones with higher clearances.

Weapons:

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Knife (5I) | 5 |
| Laser (Yellow) (6L) | 8 |
| Unarmed (3I) | 6 |

As the last Vat worker is hurriedly gathering his belongings and leaving, Pseud-O-POD loosens the cover to the service tunnel and climbs out. He is directly beneath the walkway which circles the edge of the Main Vat. Lobot-O-MEE and Spoon-R-ISM also climb out, and begin to work their ways around the Vat.

By the time the Troubleshooters poke their heads out of the service tunnel, Pseud-O-POD and Lobot-O-MEE (still dressed as Infrareads, as are Gins-U's men) have nonchalantly climbed up on the Main Vat walkway, shut off the Stirrers, and begun dismantling one of the Stirrer mechanisms.

Encounter Two: Let's Go, Cats, Go

It's time to bring the Troubleshooters into all this. Read:

After twisting and turning for what feels like a weekcycle, the footprints lead you to a ladder in a small offshoot of the

service tunnel. The hatch at the top of the ladder is open. When you look out of the hatch, you see that you are next to the base of an Algae Vat and under a walkway.

Out come the Troubleshooters. To find:

Nothing. Everything is quiet; all that can be seen in the area are Infrareds taking readings from machinery. The footprints lead to a stairway leading up the Vat.

Encounter Three: Gins-U Moves In

Watching the Troubleshooters as they come around the Vat, Gins-U decides to have his troops haul them in for questioning. The knifewavers converge as the PCs climb the stairs to the top. Read:

You come to the top of the stairs and step onto the walkway that encircles the Vat. Another walkway, several steps higher than the one you are on, crosses the middle of the Vat. Large mechanisms reach down into the Vat from a supporting structure attached to the ceiling. Small catwalks lead out from the walkway to the machinery, and on one catwalk, a couple of Infrareds are dismantling one of the mechanisms.

As you look around, you notice a large number of Infrareds converging on the Main Vat. It almost seems as if they are headed for you. Just then, you notice that the Infrareds working on the mechanism look very familiar.

Gins-U and his knifewavers have gotten to the base of the stairs by now, and begun climbing up. Lobot-O-MEE, getting extremely nervous, checks the load in his slugthrower:

As you try to decide where you might have seen the Infrareds before, one of them pulls out a very archaic looking slugthrower and checks to see if it is loaded.

With any luck, this should be enough to tip off the Troubleshooters that the Infrareds are Bad Guys. Naturally, the Troubleshooters reach for their lasers. When they do this, two things happen. First, Gins-U's troops pull their lasers and cone rifles out of their coveralls. Second, Lobot-O-MEE sees all this activity, turns, and empties his slug thrower into a power transformer suspended from the support structure above the Vats. It gets very dark.

Encounter Four: Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?

Gins-U, despite all his planning, never thought to bring flashlights. The Troubleshooters have them, if they still work. Lobot-O-MEE and Pseud-O-POD have them, but they're not stupid enough to use one and become cone rifle fodder.

Pseud-O, ever the opportunist, immediately pulls the Orb out of his toolkit and starts to undo its latches. Lobot-O reloads his slugthrower and looks around for a flashlight at which to shoot. Spoon-R, hearing the shots, knows that something isn't right. When the lights go out, he pulls out his bombs and prepares for the party.

Hopefully, the first thing the Troubleshooters will do is pull out those flashlights, and turn them on. The first Troubleshooter to turn on his flashlight gets hit with thirty or forty laser beams and a dozen or so cone rifle shells.

That should be enough to make the surviving Troubleshooters very reluctant to use flashlights. Meanwhile, the knifewavers run up the stairs and head for the middle, where the Orb is.

Here Comes the Rain

So, all the players are in place. Now we need to get them all into the vat, so we can return to those wonderful underwater battles of yesteryear.

Encounter Five: Into the Swim

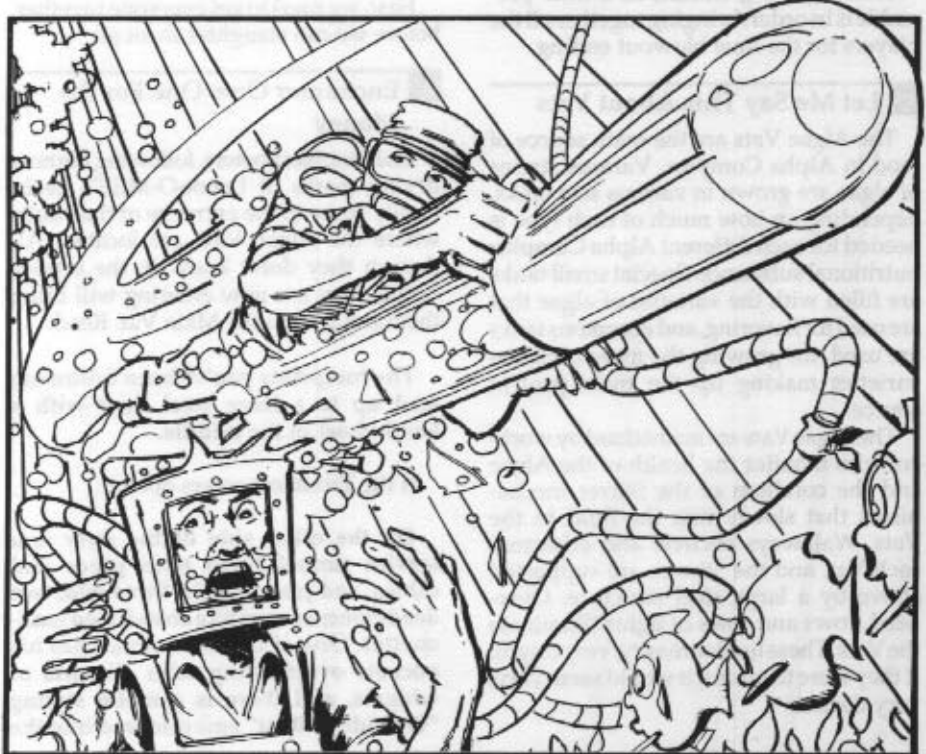
Whether or not the Troubleshooters decide to go after the Orb, Gins-U's troops get up on the walkway and rush out on the catwalk. Lobot-O-MEE opens fire with his slugthrower. Several knifewavers are hit and fall off of the catwalk. Just then, Spoon-R lights one of his bombs. Read:

The sound of gunfire echoes across the Vats as one of the Bad Guys starts shooting. With cries of "AAIIIEEE," several clones topple off the catwalk, landing in the Vat with loud KAW-HOOOSHES!! The remaining clones on the catwalk make it to the Bad Guys, and a melee breaks out as everybody fights for the Orb.

KABLAMMM!!! With a deafening roar and a blinding flash, a bomb explodes. The explosion comes from the other side of the Vat. In the flash, knifewavers can be seen flying through the air. By now, light from several flashlights has appeared. What do you do?

Clawing, biting, and kicking, maddened clones battle each other for possession of a slippery White ball. The Orb pops loose and bounces across the writhing mass of clones, before Pseud-O-POD has time to finish undoing all the latches. At any point, have Troubleshooters make dexterity checks to stay on the catwalk. When things have gone on long enough, the catwalk collapses and whoever is still up there gets dumped.

Pseud-O and Lobot-O pull on their



Another would-be Jacque-U-STO

breathing masks and start looking for the Orb. Gins-U's knifewavers, who don't have breathing masks, climb up the dangling catwalk or expire quietly at the bottom of the Vat, bubbling slightly. Oh, and by the way, the Orb doesn't quite float, although it doesn't really sink, either. It just settles into the water and floats around halfway between the surface and the bottom.

Gins-U orders some of his troops to go find some scuba gear. He orders the rest of his troops to climb down the dangling catwalk to look for the Orb.

By the by, the explosion not only took out two knifewavers, Spoon-R, and most of the stairs — it also took out a big chunk of Vat wall. The water inside immediately start to rush out. No one notices this right away, because the Main Vat is so big that it takes a several minutes before the water level in the Vat drops noticeably.

Encounter Six: Needle in an Algae-Stack

This would be an ideal time for the Troubleshooters to try using the EIRD to locate the Orb. Another ideal piece of equipment to put into use now is the UDDER.

Game Stuff

Making the Best of the EIRD

The opportunities for PC abuse here are excellent. The EIRDs are quite well suited for locating the missing Orb, as long as they don't get wet. Unfortunately, it'll be real tough to use them without getting them wet.

To tantalize the PCs, allow the EIRDs to work properly for a few rounds. Occasional readings telling the whereabouts of the Orb will get the Troubleshooters believing in the EIRDs, and they'll forget that they were told not to get them wet. Just when they think it's safe to go back in the water, zap 'em.

The best thing for the Troubleshooters to do at this point would be to get out of the Vat and wait for others to find the Orb, and then take it from them. Of course, Gins-U is doing just this, and will gleefully laser into small bits any Troubleshooters he sees. Also, if the Bad Guys recover the Orb first, they'll just open it underwater, and the Troubleshooters will be in deep doo-doo, so to speak. It'd be tough trying to explain at the Debriefing why they were lounging around on some catwalk while the notorious Lovin' Vatful sabotaged Alpha Complex.

As the clones roam around on the bottom of the Vat, peering through the algae for the Orb, the object of their search will



The Really Big Fish

occasionally loom into sight. Because the Orb floats better than they do, it will be floating above the Troubleshooter's heads, just beyond arm's reach. Unfortunately, every time they find it, Lobot-O or Pseud-O also finds it, and an underwater fire-fight breaks out. In the frenzy, Troubleshooters are occasionally maimed or killed, The Orb drifts away, and Lobot-O and Pseud-O remain unharmed. How frustrating.

Other Things That May Be Encountered Underwater

The Walkway that collapsed is now in the Vat, and provides a large number of obstructions into which the trouble shooters can bump, tear their environment suits on, and climb over. If the Troubleshooters climb up far enough, they may be able to stick their heads out of the water. Of course, Gins-U's knifewavers are busily looking for any sign of movement in the Vat, and will immediately blaze away with lasers.

Bodies of deceased clones are drifting hither and thither about the Vat. The Troubleshooters ought to be rather jumpy already, and they may tend to fire upon anyone they see in the Vat.

Stirrer mechanisms and other machinery that belongs there. The stirrers themselves are simply large stain-

Encounter Seven: When the Walls Come Tumbling Down

While all this excitement is occurring, the Vat has been quietly draining. Slowly but surely, everything in the Vat is drifting toward the hole in the Vat wall. Outside the Vat, no one has noticed the leak.

After a suitable length of time for plowing around the vats, things start moving faster.

less steel propellers attached to the ends of long shafts. The blades are rather sharp, but none of them are spinning, because Lobot-O-MEE disconnected them. It still would be depressing to bump into one, though.

The Really Big Fish with Lots of Teeth. Heaven knows what sharks are doing in the Food Vats, but there they are. Naturally, nobody in Alpha Complex knows what sharks are. In fact, nobody in Alpha Complex has ever seen one, or been eaten by one. The Troubleshooters are going to change all that.

Aside from the terror factor, there's always the possibility that a shark snags the Orb as it pops free, and gulps it down whole. The Troubleshooters now have to chase down the shark and kill it to get the Aphrodisiac back. This could keep them busy well into the next century.

Weakened by the water flowing out of the hole, a large portion of the Vat wall collapses, greatly speeding up the drainage. Now the clones in the Main Vat really start to feel the pull of the water. An uproar starts outside the Main Vat, as the knifewavers standing nearby are hit by the wave of water and algae. Read:

The flow of water begins to speed up. You find yourselves drifting faster and faster. Occasional chunks of catwalk, festooned with streamers of algae, loom in the murk. As you tumble past a particularly large section of walkway, the Orb appears. It is stuck in a twisted piece of railing on the sunken wreckage of the walkway.

My, what good fortune! Those lucky PCs have finally found the incredible, edible egg. All is not wonderful yet, however. The Troubleshooters now have to grab onto the walkway, work their way to the Orb, and pry it loose from the railing. And they must maintain their grips on the railing, to avoid being swept away. Play this scene for all it's worth.

Despite their best efforts, the Troubleshooters eventually reach and pass through the hole in the Vat wall, where all the water is pouring out. After floating along a little farther, they drift up against the base of another vat and stop. Read:

The water is now flowing with a roar, and you tumble wildly. The Orb, for some reason, is still with you. You are swept up to a gaping hole in the Vat wall, and shoot through the opening on a jet of slimy Green water. The water slows

down outside the Vat, and you stop tumbling. The water level subsides slowly. The lights in the Vat Room are still off, but flashlights can be seen here and there in the distance.

The Troubleshooters will likely pause here to count their broken limbs, strip off their breathing gear, and figure out which way is up. As they do, a much brighter light comes on from somewhere above them. Gins-U, after predicting which way the Orb was likely to be swept out of the Vat, happens to be standing on a platform directly above them. Read:

The light above you is so bright that it is impossible to see beyond it. What you can see in the glare is the tip of the barrel of a large laser. The barrel appears to be white, and it is obviously pointed at you.

"Well, well, what have we here?" a voice booms out of the darkness behind the light. It is the voice of the High Programmer with the chef's hat.

"I see you've followed my orders and retrieved the Orb for me. That's very good. I am impressed with your achievements, Troubleshooters. You have done much better than most. Now, toss the Orb up to me, before my trigger finger gets tired."

Here's another handy dilemma for the Troubleshooters. Obviously, holding onto the Orb to give to The Computer is a much better idea. Especially since Gins-U intends to keep it for himself, and deny any knowledge of it.

If the Troubleshooters try to tell Gins-

U that they should give the Orb directly to The Computer, Gins-U explains why death by slow torture is less desirable than handing over the Orb.

If this line of reasoning doesn't work, he simply lasers the Troubleshooter with the Orb and ducks behind the top of the Vat wall. The Orb is tossed in the air by the expiring clone, and Gins-U snags it.

The End of the Line

Okay, so Gins-U has the orb and has disappeared into the distance. You don't think the players get off even *that* easy, do you?

Encounter Eight: The Lights Come On

AI-G, hearing about the uproar in the Vat Rooms, got upset and sent down a couple of Vulture squads to straighten things out, and he also sent various bots and workers to clean up the mess. The workers have restored power to the lights, and are looking around to see what the problem is. This is potentially a very bad situation for the Troubleshooters. Gins-U and all his surviving knifewavers have departed, and Lobot-O-MEE and Pseudo-POD are long gone. The Troubleshooters are the only live clones left in the Vat Room. Looks like an excellent scapegoat situation to me.

Now it's time for the roundup. The Vultures have been told to find Task Force 42 and deliver them to the Debriefing Room, more or less intact. After a reasonable amount of splashing, bootlicking, and neurowhipping, the Troubleshooters and their attendant entourage leave the area.



Episode Eight: Unjust Desserts

Summary

Al-G and Ton-O greet the Troubleshooters when they arrive back at the Mission Briefing Room. When all are present, Al-G assesses the damage done, including loss of production, destruction of Computer property, and missing paperwork. The Troubleshooters are penalized for a wide range of mistakes. Ton-O-FUN terminates the Troubleshooters as necessary.

Encounter One: Why Me?

The Troubleshooters arrive at the Debriefing relatively intact. That won't last long. Read:

You open the door and enter the Debriefing room. Al-G is standing at the podium, and Ton-O-FUN is by the door. He gestures at the corner of the room with his nightstick.

"Stack ya stuff in da corner and get over there. Ya got 20 seconds." Ton-O-FUN waves at the other Red area, the one with the steel plates for flooring.

Just like old times, isn't it? Ton-O is liberal with his assistance if the Troubleshooters are slow, or fail to keep their equipment inside the Red line painted on the floor.

When they're ready, read:

Al-G stares down at you with a menacing glare. He clears his throat noisily, looks down at the podium, and begins to speak.

"It has now been several weekcycles since our first request that the ARG Sector Refuse Removal chutes be cleaned. Due to the lack of response to our numerous subsequent requests... That's not what I want!" Al-G disgustedly throws down the piece of paper from which he was reading. He roots around in the podium for a moment and comes up with another sheet.

"Due to the extreme disruption experienced in FUD Sector, and due to the lack of adherence to your Mission Schedule and Itinerary, The Computer has ordered your Mission terminated, and you have been recalled for Debriefing. Team Leader! Here is a list of equipment and machinery in FUD Sector which has sus-

tained damage. Please justify each line item, or refer me to the appropriate team member for an explanation."

Possible Outcomes

Depending on what transpired during this Jolly Adventure, many different endings are possible.

1. The most likely option is that the PCs have made a complete mess out of the mission, losing or damaging most of their equipment, wreaking havoc throughout FUD Sector, and failing to return with anything that they were sent to get.

2. Next, the Troubleshooters may have made a complete mess of the mission, just as above, except that they managed to hold onto the Bot-in-the-Box. This will help mitigate their punishment for everything else. A little bit.

3. It may also be possible that the Troubleshooters have managed to hold onto the Orb throughout all of this. The Computer will be rather pleased that they have managed to deliver it, and may stay their execution until they get to watch the Teela-O-MI-Y Show, for the last time.

4. Also possible, although unlikely, is a capture of Lovin' Vatful hostages. If the Troubleshooters can pull this one off, they're going to do OK in the Debriefing. The only way to offset a success of this magnitude is to ruin some really expensive piece of FUD Sector equipment, like the Mega Mixer. Oh, they did that, didn't they?

5. Another possibility is that the Troubleshooters may have inadvertently lasered a High Programmer or two in the Ultraviolet Gourmet Dining Room. Basically, if the Troubleshooters are responsible for any High Programmer deaths, nothing can save them. They might as well sit back and enjoy the prospect of death by slow torture.

Encounter Two: Line Items to Biff Troubleshooters With

The following are lists of things the Troubleshooters may have lost, damaged, or destroyed during their FUD Sector sojourn. These lists should cover just about

every eventuality, so you'll have to tailor them to suit your particular outcome.

At R&D Outfitting:
Ceiling
Racks of Test Equipment

At PLC Outfitting:
Packing Crates
Clipboard
Partitions
Liftbot

At Mega-Mixer:
Mega-Mixer
Overhead Piping
Mixing Room Structure
Grade C Clean Zone
Scrubots
Experimental Bot Brain
"Lucky"
Prodbots
Mixer Attendants

At Toaster Tunnel:
Bucket
Scrubots
Toaster Tunnel
Control Equipment
Infrareds (from ingesting too much Pop-R/CRN)

At Fole-Y Mill:
Scrubot
Conveyor Belt
Electro Sanitizer Power
Units
Pipes
Tanks
Ladders
Pump
Prodbot

At Trough Room:
Troughs
Ladles

In Kitchen
Crockery
Utensils
Pots
Cabinets and Counters
Appliances
Ultraviolet Meals
Tables/Chairs

Gins-U's Henchmen
And, if the Troubleshooters
really goofed, **High Programmers**

At the Main Vat
The Main Vat
Every Other Piece of
Equipment in the Vat room

Al-G continues with the damages, assessing costs and awarding Treason points as necessary. Give the players a chance to argue about things not being their fault. See if they can dig themselves any deeper with "good" roleplaying:

Typical Discussion with Al-G about FUD Sector Damage

Al-G: (He frowns.) One scrubot. Damaged by some kind of explosion. (He glares at the Troubleshooters.) Team Leader? How do you explain this occurrence?

Team Leader: It was already damaged by the time we got there. How could we have been responsible?

Al-G: Really? A scrubot doesn't just self destruct while performing routine cleaning operations. I find it hard to believe that your presence in the area where this occurred was simply a coincidence.

Team Leader: It wasn't! The prodbot brought us to the very spot. But it had already happened when we got there!

Al-G: So, you were late?

Team Leader: Late? How could we be late for something we didn't know was going to happen?

Al-G: Ah, failure to follow Mission Schedule, and failure to read Mission Itin-



erary! (Al-G carefully notes this on a piece of paper in front of him.) Next item...

Encounter Three: Equipment? What Equipment?

About the time Al-G finishes with his list, Moll-Y-CDL and Bill-Y-CLB also enter the room and step behind the podium. Al-G harangues the Troubleshooters about losses of production, and then asks Moll-Y and Bill-Y for the Mission Equipment status.

The Troubleshooters get slammed for ruining equipment, failing to fill out proper documentation, losing documentation, possessing Green putty and various laser barrels higher than Red clearance, et cetera. Moll-Y and Bill-Y lie unabashedly.

The Computer joins in and asks, in an ailing voice, about the Aphrodisiac, the Bad Guys, the Bot-in-the-Box, and whether the Troubleshooters are happy.

Orb? What Orb?

If the Troubleshooters claim that Gins-U has the Orb, he is summoned. When he appears, he denies ever having seen the Troubleshooters before this meeting, and he observes that they are obviously in need of Major Reconstructive Mental Therapy. So what are they gonna do?

Last Encounter: I'm OK, You're Luckier Than Anyone Has a Right to Be

The Troubleshooter's running totals of Treason points, Commendations, Plastic-tied damage totals, and other expenses are tallied. Any specific issues requiring termination are resolved. The Computer notes that the totals are impossibly high, and no one Troubleshooter team could reasonably have amassed such a staggering amount of Treason points and damage costs in one mission. It could only be Commie sabotage to the IntSec files.

It randomly assigns a few Treason points, fines the Troubleshooters two or three hundred plasticred apiece, and praises them on a job well done.

If any of the Troubleshooters have survived to this point, the steel trap doors open, and the Troubleshooters tumble into a long, stainless steel chute. After sliding for some time, they drop out of the chute into the Troubleshooter Rec Room, intact save for a few minor bruises.

Bye 'til next time.

MORE SONGS ABOUT FOOD VATS

by Karl Hughes

AND WATCH
THOSE
BETWEEN-
MEAL SNACKS!

Attention Troubleshooters

Treasonous elements in our society have discovered a potentially dangerous biochemical supplement which they wish to introduce into our food supplies. They call it *Af-ro-dee-see-ak*. Its effects are unknown.

Your mission, whether you like it or not, is to guard the food vats from sabotage while preserving the machinery and personnel in the food vat area. You will have no trouble accomplishing this mission — The Computer says so.

One final, unimportant note: please sign all *Release From Damages* and *Pre-Treason Execution Vouchers* before reporting for your briefing. Thank you for your cooperation.

From The Sublime...

Warbots and Texans and Commies oh my! The last few *Paranoia* adventures have been pretty weird, right?

We'll sit back, relax, kick off your syntheshoes, and charge up your lasers, because *More Songs About Food Vats* is old-fashioned *Paranoia* the way it oughtta be — thrilling chases in high places, low comedy, and more explosions than you can shake a neurowhip at!

And the credit fines possible for destruction of Computer property in this mission are the highest ever!

Consider it a challenge.

For 2-6 players plus gamemaster, ages 12 and up.

More Songs Has Got:

- 40 pages of stuff — words, pictures, and even blank space in the margins for taking notes!
- Handouts and props to make your players feel important.
- Hose jobs to make your players feel insignificant.
- Secret Society Wars casualties spread all over the place.
- The Really Big Fish.



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