

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Game

Home Sector: GEK

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: Research and Design

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 3 **CC:** 25

Endurance: 4

Agility: 5

Athletics: 5 Brawling: 5 Dodge: 5/10

Melee Weapons: 5 Sneak: 5 Throwing: 5

Chutzpah: 2

Bootlicking: 2/4 Bribery: 2 Con: 2 Disguise: 2

Fast Talk: 2 Golddigging: 2 Interrogation: 2

Intimidation: 2 Motivation: 2 Spurious Logic: 3/5

Dexterity: 7

Demolitions: 7 Energy Weapons: 5/12

Field Weapons: 7 Forgery: 7 Missile Weapons: 7 Projectile

Weapons: 7 Sleight of Hand: 7 Vehicle Weapons: 7

Mechanical Aptitude: 10

Electronics: 5/15 Juryrigging: 6/16 Mechanics: 5/15

Nuclear Engineering: 10 Surveillance: 10

Scrubbot O&M: 10 Autocar O&M: 10

Jackobot O&M: 3/13 Flier O&M: 10

Docbot O&M: 10 Boat O&M: 10

Warbot O&M: 10 Vulturecraft O&M: 10

Transbot O&M: 4/14

Moxie: 8

Biochem Therapy: 5/13 Biosciences: 8

Chemistry: 2/10 Data Analysis: 8 Data Search: 2/10

First Aid: 8 Habitat Engineering: 8 Paranoia: 3/11

Perception: 6/14 Security: 8 Survival: 2/10

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Red jumpsuit, Infrared shirt, socks, shoes and underwear (all dirty),

Laser pistol, 2 Red barrels (3L), Pocket protector (II armor on

pocket), 5 pencils, Bag of dice (1I), Axe (3I), 3 iron spikes (2I)

Armor: _____

Plasticreds: 51

DAMAGE

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Game-R-GEK

Secret Society: Seal Clubbers (Wildlife Wrestling Federation)

Mutant Power(s): X-Ray Vision, **Power Attribute:** 6

BACKGROUND

You were never popular as a junior citizen. Everyclone in Troubleshooter school picked on you just because you failed hygiene inspection...and picked your nose...and memorized the rule book for every game just so you could win every single time because you were better than all of them and you just wanted to grab a warhammer, strap on a girdle and gauntlets and scream "2D4+26, motherboarder!"

But no. You stayed quiet, and played the good citizen. You pretended that their words didn't bother you, because you knew, late at nightcycle, after everyone was asleep, you were no longer merely Game-R-GEK, mild-mannered scientist, you were "Agar the Axe," mighty-thewed barbarian warrior who slew all in his path!

Then you discovered the Seal Club. In the WWF you could get together with others just like you. Clones who appreciated the difficulty of lifting that bar of soap, and who would help you sneak Outside for parties where you called each other stupid names, fought dangerous monsters and brought them back so the society elders could reward your experiences and you could go up in "level." Now you just wait each daycycle for those wondrous "campings," where you can live as Clone was meant to live!

ANNOYING PERSONALITY QUIRKS

Game-R isn't comfortable in social settings, and looks down and mumbles when asked a direct question, biting his nails or scratching himself. When on a subject he knows something about, however (electronics, the Outdoors, and—he thinks—fightin') he won't shut up, ignoring the facts if it helps his point, quoting Computer publications, and whining that it worked that way the last time. You know the type; play it.

TREASONOUS POSSESSION

Camping Sourcebook and Catacomb Guide, the tome which teaches clones survival techniques from the old days when everyone lived in underground dungeons and collected treasure, the natural way of life.

BEST ONE-LINER

"Let me tell you about my character...hey...wait up! Guuuuys!"

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

To take a yearcycle off from Troubleshooting so you can kill rabbits Outdoors, for which the elders would no doubt grant you many levels in the WWF.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

Agar obviously outclasses their puny fighting abilities. You'd better convince them to let you lead this mission as the most experienced warrior. As far as you can tell, Ninge-R-SPY is some kind of thief. Don't let her near your stuff.

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Flow

Home Sector: PWR

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: HPD&MC

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 4 **CC:** 30

Endurance: 6

Agility: 7

Athletics: 4/11 Brawling: 7 Dodge: See back

Melee Weapons: 7 Sneak: 7 Throwing: 7

Chutzpah: 8

Bootlicking: 8 Bribery: 8 Con: 8 Disguise: 4/12

Fast Talk: 3/11 Golddigging: 5/13 Interrogation: 8

Intimidation: 8 Motivation: 6/14 Spurious Logic: 8

Dexterity: 5

Demolitions: 5 Energy Weapons: 4/9 Field Weapons: 5

Forgery: 1/6 Missile Weapons: 5 Projectile Weapons: 5

Sleight of Hand: 4/9 Vehicle Weapons: 5

Mechanical Aptitude: 2

Electronics: 2 Juryrigging: 2 Mechanics: 2

Nuclear Engineering: 2 Surveillance: 2

Scrubbot O&M: 2 Autocar O&M: 2

Jackobot O&M: 1/3 Flier O&M: 2

Docbot O&M: 2 Boat O&M: 2

Warbot O&M: 2 Vulturecraft O&M: 2

Transbot O&M: 2

Moxie: 6

Biochem Therapy: 8/14 Biosciences: 6

Chemistry: 5/11 Data Analysis: 6 Data Search: 6

First Aid: 3/9 Habitat Engineering: 2/8 Paranoia: 6

Perception: 4/10 Security: 6 Survival: 1/7

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Red and black tie-dyed jumpsuit, Red undershirt and underwear, Open-toed moccasins, Old Mercedes hood ornament on string around neck, Laser with "Blowing in the Wind" stenciled on the side, 2 Red laser barrels (3L)

Armor: _____

Plasticreds: 35

DAMAGE

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Flow-R-PWR

Secret Society: Mystics (Thompson Hunters Cabal)

Mutant Power: Charm, **Power Attribute:** 7

BACKGROUND

High-clearance citizens just don't understand, clone. They're out of touch. All they think about is Commies and The Computer. They go to their service group to put algae on the table, like Ozz-I and Harr-I-ETT. They never look for enlightenment, never look past the walls of the Complex into the cosmos to find out what life really means, never take so many Happy Pills they can't get up the next daycycle and just lie around and feel.

Never trust anyone over Orange.

The Commies are gone. All that fighting in NAM Sector and everywhere else should stop, and you can sit around and grok each other. The only real treason is treason against yourself, clone. The crimes, they are a-changin'.

You tried to get your fellow workers in HPD&MC to organize a big peace rally in WUD Sector where everyone would have sing-alongs and take Happy Pills, but The Computer refused to sanction that WUD schlock. On the bright side, It recognized your devotion to good morale and promoted you to Red Clearance to be a Troubleshooter. That should be cool. Maybe you can be Happiness Officer and help them all reach the next level of enlightenment.

TREASONOUS POSSESSION

Backpack of pamphlets protesting the war in NAM Sector.

BEST ONE-LINER

"Come on everybody/smile on your clone brother/let's all get together and/drug one another right now."

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

Maybe you could find a bunch of other free-thinkers and Mystics and start a commune. Someday you'd like to get one of those moped transbots and drive across Alpha Complex.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

Game-R-GEK seems quiet and contemplative. He might have reached the next level of enlightenment, where silence is the ultimate answer. Maybe you should ask. Ging-R-ICH is a tool of The Computer, trying to keep the people down! You wouldn't mind if he got stuck on the boot end of a riot.

TREASONOUS/SECRET SKILLS

Special Zen method of dodging by letting the energy of the universe move you: Tantric Ducking 4/11

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Ninge

Home Sector: SPY

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: Power Services

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 8 **HTH Bonus:** 1 **CC:** 80

Endurance: 7

Agility: 8

Athletics: 5/13 Brawling: 6/14 Dodge: 7/15

Melee Weapons: 6/14 Sneak: 6/14 Throwing: 4/12

Chutzpah: 4

Bootlicking: 4 Bribery: 4 Con: 4 Disguise: 1/5

Fast Talk: 4 Golddigging: 4 Interrogation: 4

Intimidation: 4/8 Motivation: 4 Spurious Logic: 2/6

Dexterity: 7

Demolitions: 7 Energy Weapons: 7 Field Weapons: 7

Forgery: 7 Missile Weapons: 7 Projectile Weapons: 7

Sleight of Hand: 7 Vehicle Weapons: 7

Mechanical Aptitude: 2

Electronics: 2 Juryrigging: 2 Mechanics: 2

Nuclear Engineering: 1/3 Surveillance: 1/3

Scrubbot O&M: 2 Autocar O&M: 1/3

Jackobot O&M: 1/3 Flier O&M: 2

Docbot O&M: 2 Boat O&M: 2

Warbot O&M: 2 Vulturecraft O&M: 2

Transbot O&M: 2

Moxie: 5

Biochem Therapy: 5 Biosciences: 5

Chemistry: 1/6 Data Analysis: 5 Data Search: 5

First Aid: 5 Habitat Engineering: 5 Paranoia: 7/12

Perception: 4/9 Security: 5 Survival: 5

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Baggy Infrared pajamas (Red jumpsuit is at the cleaners),
Red scarf you tie over your eyes, Red underwear, Laser pistol, 2
Red barrels (3L), "Nunchaku" (two glass bottles tied together, 2I,
only works once), "Sai" (three knives taped in fork-like shape, 2I,
but very hard to hold), Ninja-toe (spike attached to boot, 2I), Funky
ninja grappling hook (no string)

Armor: Big metal turtle-pattern shell (II)

Plasticreds: 105

DAMAGE

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Ninge-R-SPY

Secret Society: Romantics (Chops-O-KEY's 36 Chambers of Shaolin)

Mutant Power: Invisibility, **Power Attribute:** 4

Real Service Group: Internal Security

BACKGROUND

You were but a poor Infrared, not yet assigned a Service Group, not a plasticred to your name, when your entire creche was murdered. You used your newly-discovered mutant power to hide...and watch. Traumatized, you fled the sector, swearing to use your precocious martial arts abilities to seek Ree-V-NGE (the guy who killed them...). Wandering aimlessly through the Complex, alone except for your ninja-toe, you first met Sif-U.

Impressed by your ability to run around in black pajamas and look slick, he took you in and introduced you to the Romantics, teaching you the fighting arts of the ancients, extolling you to keep practicing and learn the advanced moves like hitting in slow motion or from three different angles. He encouraged you to act like the great master, the Infrared Bruise-LEE, ripping off your shirt as you charge into battle and never learning to act no matter what happens. An honest spirit is *your* kevlar.

You were happy to become a Troubleshooter, as it allows you to walk the Complex, righting wrongs, drinking tea, and killing lots of people to promote inner harmony. Surely, that is the one true way.

TREASONOUS POSSESSION

Instructional copy of *Desert Kickboxer*. You also have a tape recorder with batteries and a half-hour blank tape, given to you by Internal Security. It's not treasonous, but you keep it hidden.

BEST ONE-LINER

"Uhhhh." (Clutches wound, speaks with lips out of sync.) "You're pretty good. But you are still no match for my Seven Star Praying Transbot spinning backfist!" (makes whooshing noises and kicks opponent in groin)

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

To have a Sixthday Morningcycle cartoon made of you and your clone-sisters.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

Only Mist-R-TEA seems to appreciate the power fists have over mere lasers. The others are too set in their ways to appreciate the ancient wisdom. Ayn-R-AND fits a criminal personality profile. If you can find out her secret weakness, you can destroy her.

TREASONOUS/SECRET SKILLS

Old Reckoning Cultures (martial arts movies) 2/7

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Mist

Home Sector: TEA

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: Armed Forces

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 9 **HTH Bonus:** 1 **CC:** 120

Endurance: 8 **Macho Bonus:** 1

Agility: 7

Athletics: 5/12 Brawling: 7/14 Dodge: 7/14

Melee Weapons: 2/9 Sneak: 7 Throwing: 7

Chutzpah: 3

Bootlicking: 3 Bribery: 3 Con: 3 Disguise: 3

Fast Talk: 3 Golddigging: 3 Interrogation: 3

Intimidation: 7/10 Motivation: 3 Spurious Logic: 3

Dexterity: 4

Demolitions: 4/8 Energy Weapons: 7/11 Field Weapons: 1/5

Forgery: 4 Missile Weapons: 4 Projectile Weapons: 2/6

Sleight of Hand: 4 Vehicle Weapons: 3/7

Mechanical Aptitude: 6

Electronics: 6 Juryrigging: 4/12 Mechanics: 6

Nuclear Engineering: 6 Surveillance: 6

Scrubbot O&M: 6 Autocar O&M: 6

Jackobot O&M: 6 Flier O&M: 6

Docbot O&M: 6 Boat O&M: 6

Warbot O&M: 6 Vulturecraft O&M: 6

Transbot O&M: 3/9

Moxie: 4

Biochem Therapy: 4 Biosciences: 4

Chemistry: 4 Data Analysis: 4 Data Search: 4

First Aid: 4 Habitat Engineering: 4 Paranoia: 4/8

Perception: 4 Security: 4 Survival: 4

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Baggy Red jumpsuit, undershirt with sleeves ripped off, Steel-toed boots (2I), underwear, socks, 25 kilos of gold necklaces with Teela-O mirrors (about 6 meters of chain, total), Big gold rings (2I when punching), Earring with shredded paper hanging from it, Laser pistol, 8 Red barrels (3L), Monkey wrench (2I), Tattoo of LIP across the knuckles of one hand, and TON on the other.

Armor: Kevlar vest under mirrors and chains (L2P1)

Plasticreds: 173

DAMAGE

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Mist-R-TEA

Secret Society: Frankenstein Destroyers (Botty Smashers)

Mutant Power: Adrenaline Control, **Power Attribute:** 4

BACKGROUND

Yearcycles ago, The Computer gathered the most noble Troubleshooters in Alpha Complex, a selfless group of heroes who righted wrongs and fought crime and had moral messages for young citizens and best of all, had their own vidshow. They were the best of the best. Specimens of clonehood at its finest. The Alpha Team.

And you were their water boy.

But, wow, did you idolize them. You wanted to be just like them, so you joined the Armed Forces and learned to fight and blow stuff up and look real mean, but still, The Computer never noticed your dedication. So you looked for traitors to turn in to show that you, too, could be a hero. But someone always got to it first. Some bot.

Guardbots caught thieves before you noticed anything was missing. Warbots fought the most dangerous Commies and mutants. Even cookbots reported dress code violations before you could get to a com unit. How you hated them.

So you framed one. Stuck some ginseng in a docbot's circuits and it just went berserk. When you destroyed it before it could amputate a Violet citizen's leg, you finally got promoted to Red, to join the Troubleshooters. But there's so much further to go...and so many bots in the way...

TREASONOUS POSSESSIONS

50 kilos of tea of various flavors—Chamomile, Sleepytime, Lemon Lift, Ginseng, Caffeine-O-Matic—and complete set of fancy china with cups, saucers, creamer and sugar dish, carried in backpack.

BEST ONE-LINER

"I pity the fool who mess with my Darjeelin!"

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

To destroy all cookbots and vendingbots so we can return to the clonefamily dinner hourcycle, where everyone cooks their own food.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

Ging-R-ICH is entirely too smug. What's he hiding? Maybe he's in league with the bots. That punk trash goes down if he gets in your way. One thing's for sure, Flow-R-PWR is no bot-head. Maybe you can trust her.

TREASONOUS/SECRET SKILLS

Tea Ceremony 1/5, Scone baking 1/5

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Ging

Home Sector: ICH

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

REGISTERED MUTANT

Service Group: CPU

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 2 **CC:** 25

Endurance: 6

Agility: 4

Athletics: 4 Brawling: 4 Dodge: 2/6

Melee Weapons: 4 Sneak: 4 Throwing: 4

Chutzpah: 9

Bootlicking: 5/14 Bribery: 3/12 Con: 9 Disguise: 9

Fast Talk: 5/14 Golddigging: 5/14 Interrogation: 4/13

Intimidation: 9 Motivation: 5/14 Spurious Logic: 5/14

Dexterity: 5

Demolitions: 5 Energy Weapons: 5 Field Weapons: 5

Forgery: 4/9 Missile Weapons: 5 Projectile Weapons: 5

Sleight of Hand: 5 Vehicle Weapons: 5

Mechanical Aptitude: 7

Electronics: 7 Juryrigging: 7 Mechanics: 7

Nuclear Engineering: 7 Surveillance: 2/9

Scrubbot O&M: 7 Autocar O&M: 7

Jackobot O&M: 7 Flier O&M: 7

Docbot O&M: 7 Boat O&M: 7

Warbot O&M: 7 Vulturecraft O&M: 7

Transbot O&M: 7

Moxie: 7

Biochem Therapy: 7 Biosciences: 7

Chemistry: 7 Data Analysis: 3/10 Data Search: 3/10

First Aid: 7 Habitat Engineering: 7 Paranoia 4/11

Perception: 4/11 Security: 3/10 Survival: 7

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Neatly-pressed Red jumpsuit with yellow Registered Mutant pinstripes, Necktie, undershirt, underwear and boots, Laser pistol, 4 Red barrels (3L), Hand-held multicorder with tape of Lim-B-AUH's morning talk show, 12 "Anti-Choice" bumper stickers (very popular in Alpha Complex)

Armor:

Plasticreds: 30 (see back)

DAMAGE

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Ging-R-ICH

Secret Society: Politiclones (Republiclams)

Mutant Power: Polymorphism, **Power Attribute:** 5

BACKGROUND

You always wanted to be popular. Even as a young citizen in ICH Sector, you dreamed you'd go far. You wanted to become a High Programmer so you could fly around Air Course One and eat candy in MNM Sector with The Computer's seal on it, and get given lots and lots of plasticreds, and tell everyone what to do and they'd have to listen. At the very least, you wanted to get to Orange Clearance so you could get some calamine lotion and do something about that damn rash.

It didn't take long for you to realize that you would never go far if you played by the rules. As soon as you found out you had a mutation, you registered it, just like The Computer told you, but were you rewarded for your honesty? No! It just made everyone suspicious, and forever ruined your chances of promotion. Two-faced, they called you...

Until you met the Politiclones. They showed you it doesn't matter if you're nice, or follow the rules or are any good at what you do. That's a newt point if you're popular. Suck up to higher clearance clones so you can get promoted. Promise favors, borrow plasticreds and spread nasty rumors about anyone you don't like, and you'll go far. Heck, you've made it all the way to "Leaker of the House," the official Republiclam in charge of spreading secrets and rumors about the Democats. What more can you ask for?

TREASONOUS POSSESSIONS

500 embezzled plasticreds from Republiclam funds. You can't let your secret society members know you have them, or you'd lose serious face.

Bottle of Orange Clearance calamine lotion for rash.

2 semi-auto slugthrower pistols, each with 20 slug rounds (a gift from friends in NRA Sector)

BEST ONE-LINER(S)

"You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. Later. Maybe. No promises. I don't recall. I was out of the loop. I plead the Fifth."

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

To steal a High Programmer's flybot and fly it around the Air Course One racetrack in WDC Sector.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

Game-R-GEK looks easy to manipulate. Get him on your side early. Mist-R-TEA may be a problem. Try to get backup before showing him who's in charge. Flow-R-PWR is definitely not your type. Spread vicious rumors until someone else kills her, but don't risk getting blamed yourself.

Player Name: _____

Name Designation: Ayn

Home Sector: AND

Security Clearance

IR R O Y G B I V UV

Clone Number

1 2 3 4 5 6

Service Group: Technical Services

ATTRIBUTES

Strength: 3 **CC:** 25

Endurance: 5

Agility: 5

Athletics: 5 Brawling: 5 Dodge: 7/12

Melee Weapons: 2/7 Sneak: 5 Throwing: 5

Chutzpah: 9

Bootlicking: 9 Bribery: 2/11 Con: 9 Disguise: 9

Fast Talk: 5/14 Golddigging: 4/13 Interrogation: 9

Intimidation: 9 Motivation: 6/15 Spurious Logic: 4/13

Dexterity: 4

Demolitions: 4 Energy Weapons: 5/9 Field Weapons: 4

Forgery: 4 Missile Weapons: 4 Projectile Weapons: 4

Sleight of Hand: 2/6 Vehicle Weapons: 4

Mechanical Aptitude: 5

Electronics: 2/8 Juryrigging: 2/7 Mechanics: 5

Nuclear Engineering: 5 Surveillance: 5

Scrubbot O&M: 1/6 Autocar O&M: 1/6

Jackobot O&M: 1/6 Flier O&M: 5

Docbot O&M: 1/6 Boat O&M: 5

Warbot O&M: 1/6 Vulturecraft O&M: 5

Transbot O&M: 5/10

Moxie: 9

Biochem Therapy: 9 Biosciences: 9

Chemistry: 9 Data Analysis: 9 Data Search: 9

First Aid: 3/12 Habitat Engineering: 9 Paranoia: 5/14

Perception: 9 Security: 9 Survival: 1/10

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Red jumpsuit with inside vest pocket, cap, Red undershirt, Black boots, underwear, and socks, Laser pistol, 3 Red barrels, Synthleather gloves, FountainBed™ portable water-filled mattress

Armor:

Plasticreds: 220

DAMAGE

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| -2 | -4 | -6 | Unc. | Dead | Real Dead | Whoa! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stun | Wound | Maul | Unc. | Killed | Blown to bits | Vaporized |

Name: Ayn-R-AND

Secret Society: Free Enterprise (The Invisible Hand)

Mutant Power: Precognition, **Power Attribute:** 5

BACKGROUND

Your teachbot taught you nothing. At age five you decided to learn everything on your own, and woe betide anyone who argues. At Technical Services and with Free Enterprise, you were valued for your skills and determination (and superior intellect, of course). There is one purpose in your life: to re-establish common sense in Alpha Complex by making sure anyone who disagrees with you is killed, demoted or (preferably) driven into abject poverty through their own stupid non-capitalist decisions.

And it was all going so well...

Then The Computer recognized the danger of your brilliance, and attempted to destroy you by sticking you on this Troubleshooting team full of barely cognizant morons. You've only known them a daycycle, and already you can see the future—time after time of them walking blindly into death and needing you to bail them out.

But you won't give up. Whatever job you are assigned, you will do to perfection. You will make the Troubleshooters the base of your new world order, by showing them that nothing good in life comes free. You'll help them, certainly, but only if they give back something of equal value.

At least that way, if they never wise up, you'll still have all their money.

TREASONOUS POSSESSIONS

One-dollar bill, section of model train track, tube of red lipstick, and a pencil and notepad you use to write contracts (for implicating other clones in case of your death). Anything else, you'll sell.

BEST ONE-LINER

"A *one-liner*? I would sooner die than allow so much as one word forged in the fires of my superior brain to be butchered, reduced, quoted out of context, satirized, reduced to the same level of triviality as the common herd, or edited. Further—" (*Continue for three hourcycles or 1,000 pages, whichever comes last.*)

SECRET TREASONOUS DESIRE

At nightcycle, your creche-mates say you talk in your sleep, saying, "Please... please...just one intellectual debate. One modicum of rational discourse on the free market and man's independent will. One...dialectical... CHAT!" Your mates haven't reported the frenzied sobbing yet, but it's only a matter of time.

KNOWLEDGE OF TEAMMATES

They are all superficial idiots who need conversion to your cause. Ninge-R only respects brute force. Game-R-GEK might have potential in another twenty yearcycles. Flow-R's idea of "thought" needs to be expanded beyond mind-altering chemicals. Mist-R is the sort of faithful worker upon which society depends, but you're not sure about the hairstyle. The clone you wish death and financial ruin upon is Ging-R-ICH; the parasite of the highest order, the traitor who takes no responsibility for his actions.